



# MUSCLEGIRL

## PART 2

*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.

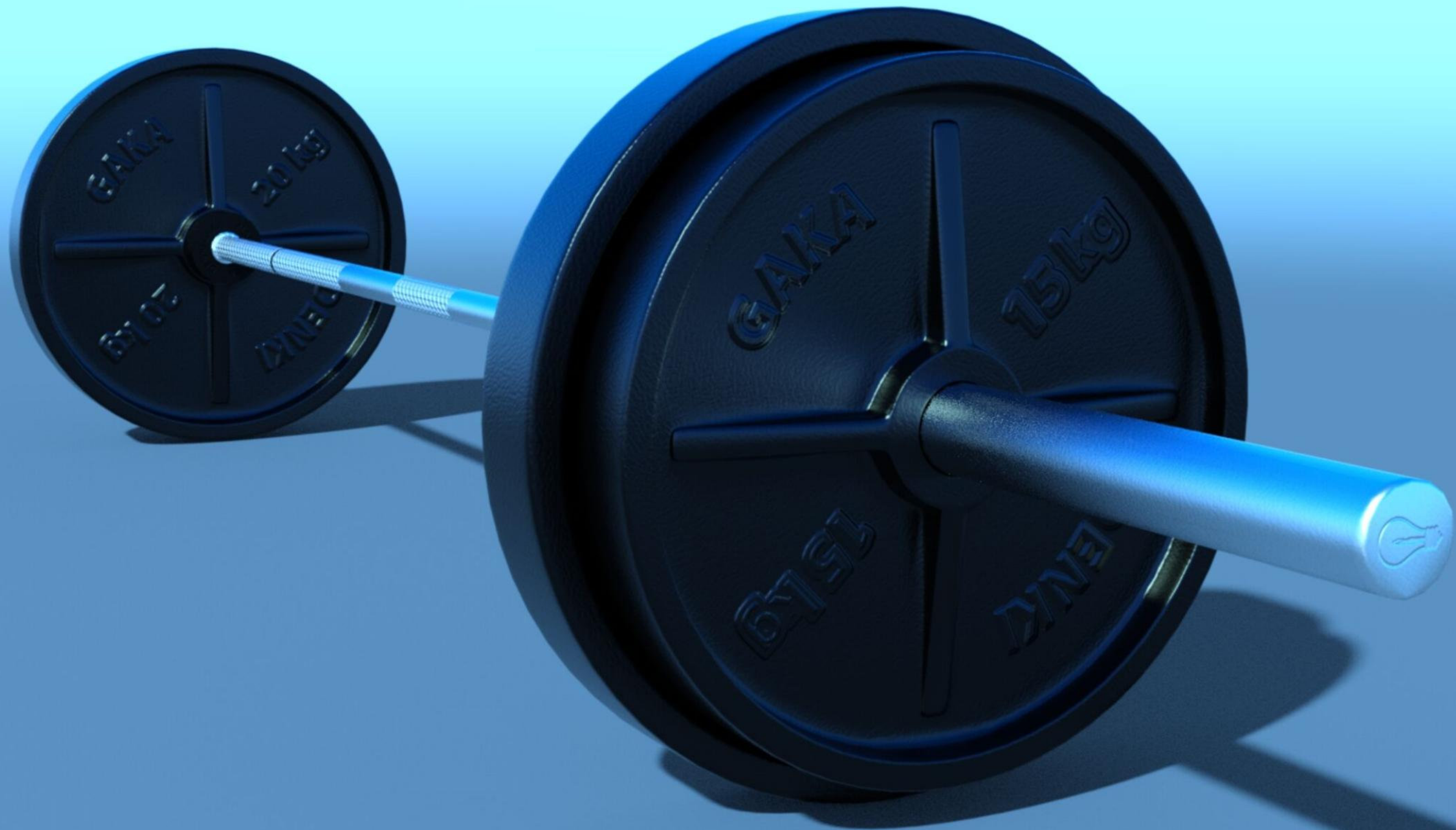
IF YOU FOUND THIS COMIC  
SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT,  
PLEASE LET ME KNOW. ALSO, I DO  
MY BEST TO PROVIDE FREE STORIES  
NOW AND THEN ON MY SITE, FOR  
THOSE WHO ARE NOT ABLE OR  
PREPARED TO PAY FOR THEM.

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

THANK YOU

JAMES

MORE MONTHS PASSED BY. RACHEL'S WEIGHTS GOT HEAVIER AND HER MUSCLES GOT BIGGER, AS SHE SPENT MOST OF HER TIME WORKING OUT LEARNING NEW THINGS ABOUT MUSCLE GROWTH. AND THE PILLS DIDN'T HARM EITHER...



FINALLY, ABOUT SEVEN MONTHS AFTER HE HAD LEFT, NORMAN TOLD HER HE WAS COMING BACK TO VISIT HIS FAMILY IN THE US FOR A WEEK. RACHEL WAS OVERJOYED, AND FELT ENTIRELY READY TO SHOW HERSELF. SHE WAS A BIT DISAPPOINTED THAT NORMAN DIDN'T RIGHT AWAY SUGGEST THAT THEY MEET. RACHEL THEN SUGGESTED A DATE AND A TIME HERSELF. AND SHE ADDED SOMETHING...

ONE MORE  
THING NORM... I  
HAVE A LITTLE  
SURPRISE...

AH...  
THERE EH... IS  
SOMETHING I HAVE  
TO TELL YOU AS  
WELL...

A close-up, profile view of a woman with long, straight blonde hair. She is looking down at a black smartphone held in her hands. The background shows the interior of a car, including a blue patterned seat and a black seatbelt. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the phone and one below it.

YOU CAN  
TELL ME WHEN WE  
MEET NEXT WEEK. NOW  
THERE'S SOMETHING I'D  
LIKE YOU TO DO...

OKAY...

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, TWO DAYS AFTER  
NORMAN HAD ARRIVED HOME...  
RACHEL KNEW THAT HIS PARENTS WOULD BE  
AT WORK. SHE RANG THE DOORBELL, HER  
HEART BEATING FAST...

LET'S SEE IF  
HE FOLLOWED MY  
INSTRUCTIONS...



WHEN HE APPEARED, RACHEL COULD SEE THAT NATHAN WAS INDEED WEARING A BLINDFOLD, AS SHE HAD ASKED. HE HAD WONDERED WHY, OF COURSE, BUT SHE HAD JUST KEPT SILENT AND TOLD HIM TO HUMOR HER...

RACHE? ONE SEC, IT'S A BIT TRICKY NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE...

THEY SAID HI, BUT RACHEL DIDN'T HUG HIM OR ANYTHING. THAT WOULD GIVE TOO MUCH AWAY ALREADY. INSTEAD, SHE SAID SHE'D GUIDE HIM BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM FIRST...


ALL RIGHT, SLOWLY SLOWLY...



A young man with brown hair and a red shirt is standing in a field, talking to a large blue robot. The robot has a large blue head and a black body. The man is wearing a red short-sleeved shirt and olive green shorts. He is looking at the robot with a curious expression. The background shows a grassy field and a building in the distance.

OKAY, SO I'M JUST  
GOING TO TAKE TWO  
MINUTES...

ALL RIGHT... I'M  
REALLY CURIOUS  
NOW...




WHILE RACHEL OPENED HER GYMBAG AND GOT INTO OTHER CLOTHES, NORMAN WONDERED... HE WAS QUITE APPREHENSIVE ABOUT RACHEL STILL HAVING FEELINGS FOR HIM. IF SHE THOUGHT THAT AFTER ALL THIS TIME HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT HER, SHE WOULD BE DISAPPOINTED... VERY DISAPPOINTED, ACTUALLY, AFTER THE NEWS HE WAS GOING TO BREAK TO HER SOON...

I REALLY WONDER WHAT SHE HAS IN STORE... HOPEFULLY NOTHING EMBARRASSING...

WHY DOES HER VOICE SEEM TO COME FROM ABOVE ME?

OKAY NORM... NOW I WANT YOU TO REACH OUT SLOWLY WITH YOUR HAND. PUT IT AT THE HEIGHT OF YOUR FACE, AND MOVE IT SLOWLY FORWARD... POINT WITH YOUR INDEX...



I'M NOT GOING  
TO PUT MY HAND IN  
ANYTHING YUCKY, AM I?  
LIKE IN THOSE KID  
GAMES?

HAHA, I'LL THINK  
YOU'LL FIND IT YUMMY  
RATHER THAN YUCKY...

NORMAN WAS NOW TOUCHING SOMETHING  
HARD WITH HIS FINGER...

NOW I WANT YOU TO  
GUESS WHAT YOU'RE  
TOUCHING...

EHM...





I... DON'T  
KNOW... IT'S  
HARD...

MOVE YOUR FINGER  
OVER THE SURFACE,  
SLOWLY...



NORM WENT BACK AND FORTH AND UP AND DOWN WITH HIS FINGER AND FELT THE DEFINITION IN RACHEL'S ABS, WHICH FELT LIKE NOTHING HE EVER FELT BEFORE...

COME ON NORM... TELL ME WHAT IT IS?

REALLY... IT'S STRANGE... IT FEELS LIKE... SKIN? LIKE... SKIN OVER ROCK, OR SOMETHING...



OKAY, LET'S TAKE  
THIS OFF.

DON'T MOVE  
YOUR HEAD, JUST  
LOOK IN FRONT OF  
YOU OKAY?

OKAY...

EVEN WITH THIS VERY CLOSE-UP VIEW, NORMAN  
RECOGNIZED WHAT WAS IN FRONT OF HIM IMMEDIATELY  
FROM HIS OWN FANTASIES AND PICTURE COLLECTION...

ABS...?  
BUT...

LOOK UP  
NOW...



WHA...



I'D SAY IT'S  
GOOD TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN...

T-T- D-D-

A close-up, high-angle shot of a young girl with short, wavy brown hair and blue eyes. She is looking upwards and to the right with a slightly open mouth, as if speaking or reacting. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.

... BUT I CAN  
ACTUALLY HARDLY SEE  
YOU...

AND I SUPPOSE  
YOU CAN'T SEE ME  
VERY WELL  
EITHER...

I'M ALMOST  
SEVEN FEET  
NOW, YOU  
KNOW?

POOR BOY...  
LET ME COME A  
LITTLE CLOSER...

S-S-SEVEN  
F-F-F-F

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE MUSCLES, NORMAN?

IT'S... THEY ARE... HUGE!

NORMAN FINALLY FOUND HIS TONGUE, BUT WASN'T SURE ABOUT WHAT TO SAY. HIS MIND WAS RACING. HOW DID SHE GET SO BIG? WAS IT COINCIDENCE, OR HAD SHE DISCOVERED HIS FETISH AND WAS SHE TRYING TO WIN HIM FOR HER THIS WAY?



YES, NORMAN,  
THEY'RE VERY VERY  
BIG...


MUCH, MUCH  
BIGGER THAN YOUR  
LITTLE MUSCLES...

OOH...

EVEN AFTER HAVING READ ALL HIS STORIES, IT WAS STILL A RELIEF FOR RACHEL TO SEE NORMAN ACTUALLY EXCITED. IMAGINE SHE HAD DONE ALL OF THIS FOR NOTHING, DUE TO SOME MISUNDERSTANDING...!

YOU LIKE HUGE, STRONG GIRLS, ISN'T IT, NORM? YOU LOVE BIG MUSCLES...

OOOH....  
YES...



I DID THIS FOR  
YOU, BABY. I BUILT  
THIS BODY FOR YOU. I  
KNOW YOUR TYPE  
NOW...

H-HOW DID  
YOU... FIND  
OUT?

A close-up, cinematic shot of a woman with long, wavy brown hair and light-colored eyes. She has a soft, slightly smiling expression. The lighting is dramatic, with shadows cast across her face. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window showing a landscape and some indoor plants.

I READ ALL YOUR  
STORIES BABY. YOUR  
FANTASIES. WHICH STOP  
BEING JUST FANTASIES  
TODAY...

WE CAN PICK ANY  
STORY AND ACT IT  
OUT. I'M THE  
BODYBUILDING GIANTESS  
YOU NEVER KNEW  
EXISTED... LET ALONE  
THOUGHT YOU'D EVER  
MEET...

AND YOU  
KNOW WHAT?

I'VE DISCOVERED IT  
ALL MAKES ME VERY  
HOT TOO...



OOH...  
OH MY GOD...  
THAT'S...

IT'S JUST  
THAT...

WHAT BABY? YOU  
DON'T LIKE IT?

RIGHT AT THAT MOMENT, RACHEL HEARD THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, AND SHE TURNED HER HEAD...

SHIT...  
HERE WE GO...



HEY, I'M BACK.  
REALLY NICE  
NEIGHBORHOOD YOU  
LIVE IN! I SAW-

OH-...

SHOOT, WE  
WERE SUPPOSED TO  
BE ALONE. WHO IS  
THAT?



WHAT'S...  
GOING ON HERE,  
NATE?

OH MY GOD... ARE  
YOU... FOR REAL?

THE GIRL CAME CLOSER, WONDERING HOW THE BLONDE GIRL THAT WAS KNEELING NEXT TO NORMAN WOULD LOOK FROM CLOSE BY. AS SHE APPROACHED, RACHEL GOT UP...



OH MY GOD...  
THIS IS...  
IMPOSSIBLE...

ARE YOU...  
SOME KIND OF  
GIANTESS?

RACHEL IGNORED THAT AND ASKED  
HER OWN QUESTION...

W-WHO ARE  
YOU?

I'M NORM'S  
GIRLFRIEND. WHO  
ARE YOU?




EVEN THOUGH, SOMEHOW, SHE MIGHT HAVE SEEN THIS COMING, THIS NEWS HIT RACHEL LIKE A BOMB... SO THAT SHE LOST ALL HER COMPOSURE. THE DOMINANT PERSONA SHE HAD CASTED HERSELF INTO - BECAUSE SHE KNEW THAT'S WHAT NORM LIKED - WAS ENTIRELY GONE AND HER INSECURE SELF WAS BACK...

G-G-GIRLFRIEND?

BUT...

BUT...



EH YES... SO...  
SHE'S... NATHALIE. AND  
WE MET FOUR MONTHS  
AGO OR SO...

SHE'S SO  
FUCKING PRETTY.  
BUT TINY... SO WHAT  
ABOUT THIS "NOT MY  
TYPE" THING?



ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHO SHE IS, NORM?

AND WHY I CAUGHT HER KNEELING IN FRONT OF YOU, FLEXING HER M-MUSCLES...



THERE FOLLOWED AN AWKWARD SILENCE DURING WHICH RACHEL AND NORM LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, WAITING TO SEE IF THE OTHER ONE WAS GOING TO DIVULGE ANYTHING...




IT WAS NORMAN WHO SPOKE FIRST...

RACHEL IS JUST A FRIEND, NAT. RELAX...

JUST A FRIEND?

A GIANTESS FRIEND SHOWING YOU HER... GIGANTICNESS?

IN... PRETTY SKIMPY CLOTHING, I MIGHT ADD...?



SHE WORKED OUT A LOT IN THE TIME WE HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER AND SHE JUST WANTED TO SHOW ME HER PROGRESS.

NO BIG DEAL BABY. NOTHING TO BE JEALOUS ABOUT...

COME HERE...

WATCHING NORMAN KISS HIS "GIRLFRIEND" SET SOMETHING OFF INSIDE RACHEL. SUDDENLY, THE INSECURITY AND DOUBT MADE WAY FOR ANGER. ANGER BECAUSE SHE APPARENTLY HAD MADE ALL THIS BIG EFFORT FOR... NOTHING! ANGER BECAUSE APPARENTLY THIS BODY SHE HAD SCULPTED WAS STILL NOT ENOUGH. ANGER WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL TINY GIRL FOR STEALING NORMAN FROM HER...

RACHEL FELT IGNORED BY NORMAN AS HE KEPT HOLDING HIS GODDAMN GIRLFRIEND. WAS HE REALLY ABLE TO \*NOT\* GET TERRIBLY EXCITED BY HER BIG MUSCLES? ACCORDING TO DOZENS OF HIS STORIES, SHE WAS THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS... AND THEN SHE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING...

OH MY GOD... IT'S... WHAT WAS THE NAME AGAIN?  
"THE COMPETITION"!

"THE COMPETITION" WAS ONE OF NORMAN'S STORIES AND IT SEEMED TO BE ABOUT A VERY SIMILAR SITUATION: A BOY'S GIRLFRIEND FACES THE COMPETITION OF A MUSCLEGIANTESS WHO MEETS THE BOY'S FANTASIES MUCH MORE...  
RACHEL KNEW EXACTLY HOW IT WENT, AND SENTENCES FROM IT LITERALLY POPPED UP IN HER HEAD. WHY HADN'T SHE THOUGHT OF IT EARLIER?

"THEY WERE STARING AT HER HUGE WATERMELON BOOBS..."

FUCK IT, LET'S DO THIS...

LET ME JUST CATCH UP WITH RACHEL AND THEN I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN, OKAY?

OKAY...

LET'S SEE IF  
YOU CAN REALLY  
RESIST THIS BODY,  
TINYMAN!

... ..  
HERE WE  
GO!

RACHEL DROPPED HER TOP AND AND STRODE TOWARDS THE LITTLE PEOPLE, WHO WERE STILL IRRITATINGLY STUCK TO EACH OTHER...



SO WE'RE GOOD?

ALL RIGHT...

BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANYTHING, RACHEL GRABBED BOTH OF THEM BY AN ARM...

OH MY....!

WHAT THE...

... AND THEN TURNED THEM AROUND AND EASILY IMMOBILIZED EACH OF THEM WITH JUST ONE HAND.

NORM... WHAT IS SHE DOING?

RACHE,  
WHAT'S...  
GOING ON?

SEEMS LIKE  
I'VE GOT SOME  
\*COMPETITION\*  
HERE, ISN'T IT,  
NORM?





COMPETITION  
FOR WHAT? NORM IS  
WITH ME, YOU BIG...  
BLONDE...  
BIMBOFREAK!

RACHE...  
PLEASE?

RACHEL'S NEXT LINE CAME RIGHT OUT OF NORMAN'S STORY - OR AT LEAST AS CLOSE AS SHE REMEMBERED THE WORDS...

LITTLE GIRL... YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE A 300 POUND MUSCLE MACHINE ANGRY...

RACHE...

STAY OUT OF IT NORM!




NOW, LITTLE GIRL,  
YOU MAY THINK THAT  
YOU AND NORM BELONG  
TOGETHER OR  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT...

BUT THE FACT  
IS...



NORMAN LIKES GIRLS  
LIKE ME. BIG AND  
STRONG AND  
MUSCULAR...

OH MY GOD... IT'S  
ALL OUT NOW...

A comic book panel featuring a woman with long brown hair in the bottom left corner, looking up with an open mouth. To her right is the back of a very muscular woman with long blonde hair. Two speech bubbles are present: a large one at the top left and a smaller one below it. The background is a grassy field under a clear sky.

HE HAS A FETISH FOR  
FEMALE BODYBUILDERS.  
HE GETS EXTREMELY  
TURNED ON BY MUSCLES  
LIKE THESE...

WHAT??

YOU ARE  
JUST...  
CRAZY!

OH YEAH?  
WATCH THIS!

HEY LITTLE ONE... I  
KNOW YOU WANT TO BE  
DOMINATED BY HUGE  
MUSCLEBITCHES...

NORMAN COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF... THIS WAS ALL GOING TO END BADLY IF HIS OWN STORY WAS TO PLAY OUT, AND YET, HE WANTED TO SEE IT UNFOLD, AND THE THOUGHT OF IT MADE HIM EVEN HORNIER THAN HE ALREADY WAS. HE GAVE IN, AND WENT ALONG...

SEE HIS FACE? LOOKS LIKE HE COULD JUST COME IF I KEEP TALKING TO HIM LIKE THIS...

YOU LIKE THAT I COULD JUST FOLD YOU AND PUT YOU AWAY UNDER MY ARMPIT, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE SO, SO SMALL...

OOOHHH

YOU WANT TO  
PLAY WITH THESE BIG  
MUSCLES, DON'T YOU,  
LITTLE MAN?  
SAY IT!

OH YES...  
YES I WANT... TO  
PLAY WITH  
THEM...



ARE YOU VERY HARD IN YOUR PANTS RIGHT NOW, LITTLE ONE?

YES...



I DIDN'T HEAR THAT  
BABY. ARE YOU VERY  
HARD IN YOUR PANTS  
RIGHT NOW?

YES!

MM, THAT'S GOOD.  
AND HOW COME YOU'RE  
SO HARD?

HOW COME  
BABY? TELL  
ME!

IT'S  
BECAUSE... YOU'RE  
SO... BIG AND  
STRONG...

YESSS...  
YOU WANNA  
FUCK ME, DON'T  
YOU? YOU WANNA  
FUCK THESE  
MUSCLES.

OOOHH...  
YES...

WHAT THE  
FUCK!

RACHEL LET GO OF NORMAN AND TURNED TO NATHALIE AGAIN...

YOU SEE, LITTLE GIRL... I DON'T THINK YOU STAND MUCH OF A CHANCE, TO BE HONEST...

I'VE READ ALL HIS STORIES, AND HIS HEROES ALWAYS GO FOR THE GIRL WITH THE MUSCLES...

S-STORIES?

A muscular woman with long blonde hair is flexing her right arm, showing off her biceps. She is looking down at her arm. In the foreground, two young men are looking at her. The man on the left is seen from the back, and the man on the right has a surprised expression. The background is a brick wall with a framed picture.

YES, HE WRITES  
AMAZON STORIES. LIKE  
THIS ONE, IN WHICH THE  
BIG GIRL FLEXES IN  
FRONT OF THE  
"GIRLFRIEND"...

OH MY GOD...  
SHE'S EVEN BIGGER  
THAN MY FANTASIES...  
HOW IS THIS  
POSSIBLE?

THAT ARM!  
SWEET LORD,  
THAT ARM!




--- AND THEN WITH HER OTHER ARM, PUTS HER BETWEEN HER BOOBS---

--- WHILE THE BOYFRIEND JUST... WATCHES, WITH HIS LITTLE DICK HARD AS A ROCK---

OH MY GOD...

MMMMM!!!!

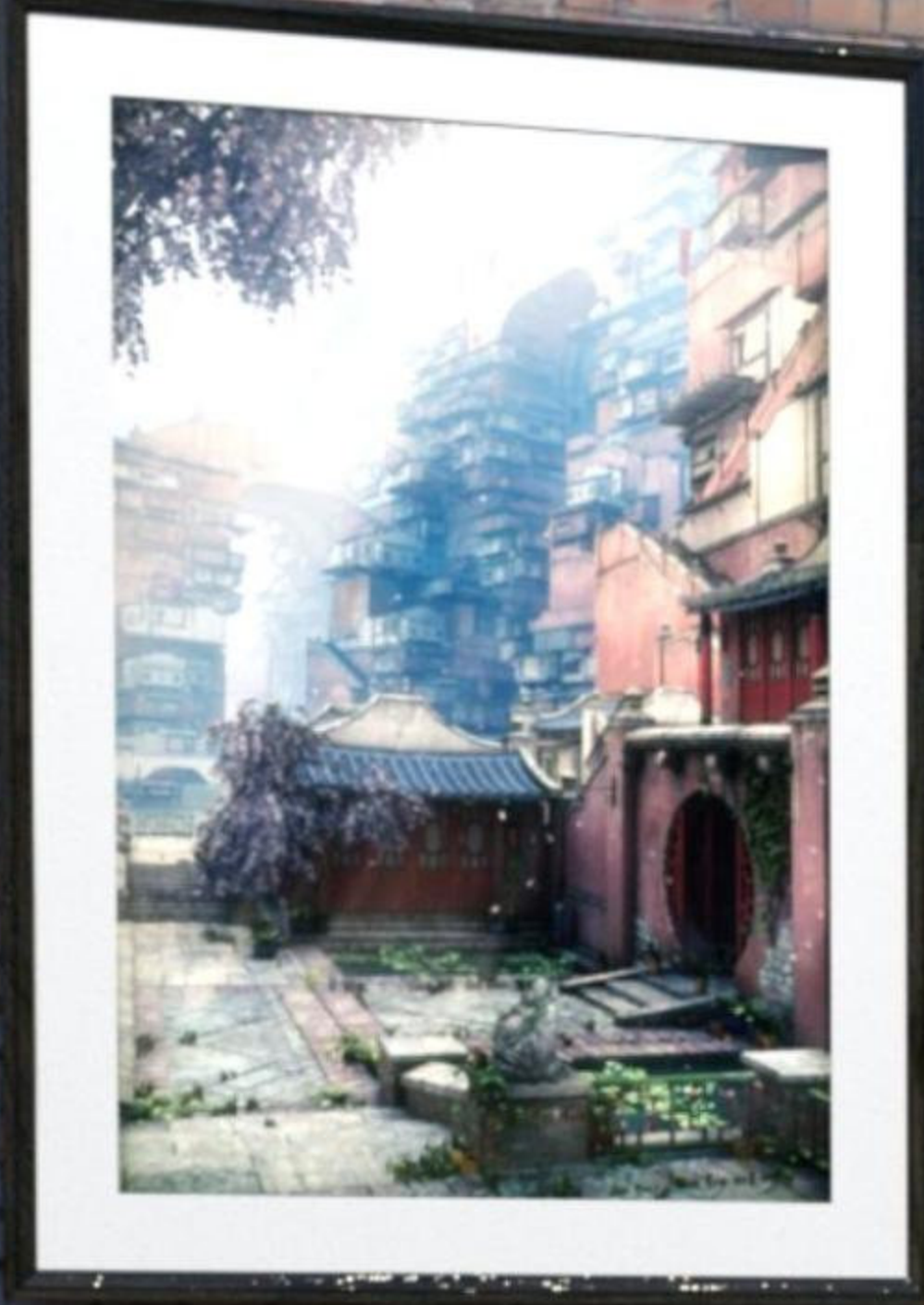


ISN'T THAT RIGHT  
NORM? DO YOU  
REMEMBER HOW THE  
STORY CONTINUES?

NORM JUST COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF...

SHE... LIFTS HER  
OVER HER  
SHOULDER...

LET ME  
GOOMMMMM



THAT'S RIGHT  
NORM...

"SHE REACHED  
OVER, HER MASSIVE  
MUSCLES SEEMING TO  
MOMENTARILY SWALLOW  
THE LITTLE GIRL  
ALIVE..."

OOOHHH

NORM,  
MAKE HER  
STOP!

LET ME  
GOOD!!!

YOU  
FREAK!

NORM! DO  
SOMETHING!


"... AND LIFTED  
HER ON HER BIG  
SHOULDER AS IF SHE  
WEIGHED LITERALLY  
NOTHING"...



I DON'T THINK HE'S GONNA COME TO YOUR RESCUE, LITTLE PRINCESS...

EVEN IF HE WANTED TO, THERE'S NOTHING HE COULD DO AGAINST ME...

I'M TOO STRONG FOR HIM, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...



HE ONLY WANTS  
TO OBEY ME NOW. YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
DON'T YOU, NORMAN?

YES....

NORMAN WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?!

NORMAN'S  
GETTING READY,  
LITTLE GIRL...

NORMAN FOLLOWED THE  
SCRIPT OF THE STORY. HE  
DROPPED HIS TSHIRT AND  
THEN UNZIPPED HIS PANTS...



READY FOR  
WHAT??

FOR HIS  
WORSHIP  
SESSION...



THIS IS WHAT HE  
DESCRIBES IN HIS  
STORIES AS THE  
"DEFAULT SUBMISSIVE  
POSE". HEAD DOWN, IN  
FRONT OF HIS  
MISTRESS...



WHAT THE  
FUCK NORMAN!

MY GOD...  
THERE IS  
SOMETHING KINKY  
IN THIS!

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has dark hair, heavy eye makeup, and is wearing a blue top. Her expression is suggestive, with a slight smile and wide eyes. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of her face, containing text. The background is dark and out of focus.

START LOW  
NORMAN...

WITH MY  
CALVES...

YOU BETTER  
SIT DOWN FOR  
THEM...

NORMAN DID AS COMMANDED AND PUT HIS HANDS AROUND RACHEL'S INCREDIBLE CALVES. HE WAS ALMOST IN SOME SORT OF DELIRIUM NOW, NOT REALLY THINKING OF ANYTHING ELSE BESIDES THESE HUMONGOUS MUSCLES THAT SEEMED TO HAVE COME STRAIGHT FROM HIS FANTASIES...

DESCRIBE WHAT YOU SEE.

IT'S... HARD TO DESCRIBE IN WORDS...





THIS CALF IS  
ALMOST AS BIG AS MY  
HEAD AND IT LOOKS  
FEROCIOUSLY  
STRONG...

MMM... POINTS  
FOR CREATIVE  
WRITING!

REALLY  
LOVED ALL THOSE  
STORES BY THE  
WAY!

YOU'RE VERY  
TALENTED...

OOOH  
OOOH MY GOD!



MY GOD... HE JUST... LISTENS...

SEE, THIS IS THE STUFF HE FANTASIZES ABOUT... TO OBEY AND WORSHIP A WOMAN MUCH, MUCH BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN HIMSELF...

KISS THEM, NORM!

HE JUST... DOES EVERYTHING YOU WANT, LIKE THAT?

HOW COULD HE NOT, BABY? IF I HAVE MUSCLES LIKE THESE, WHICH CAN DO ANYTHING TO HIM...

HMM, SHE SEEMS TO BE CHANGING HER TUNE...

ALL RIGHT NORM, WORK YOUR WAY UP NOW...

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD...

DESCRIBE,  
NORM...

I KISS AND LICK YOUR  
HUGE, GRANITE-CHISELED  
THIGHS ON WHICH THE  
MUSCLES ARISE LIKE  
CONTINENTS OUT OF THE  
OCEANS...

SEE, HE'S GOOD.  
NOW HIGHER. SKIP MY  
PUSSY. WE'LL GET TO  
THAT WHEN I'LL FUCK  
YOU SILLY!

OHHH



SOMEHOW, NO ONE SEEMED SURPRISED WHEN THE NEXT COMMAND CAME FROM... NATHALIE! AND SOMEHOW, RACHEL DIDN'T MIND AT ALL, BUT ON THE CONTRARY, FOUND IT EXCITING...

BOOBS NOW, NORM!

YOU HEARD HER, NORMAN. UP YOU COME!

OH MY GOD, NORM,  
YOU'RE SO PUNY  
COMPARED TO HER! YOU'RE  
STANDING ON TIPTOE AND  
YOU CAN'T EVEN REACH  
HER TITS!

YEAH NORMAN, HOW  
ARE YOU GOING TO  
PLEASE YOUR MISTRESS  
NOW, HUH?

NORMAN REMEMBERED HOW IT WAS IN HIS STORY... WHEN HE HAD BEEN WRITING IT HE'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT HE'D EVER MEET A WOMAN AS TALL AS RACHEL WAS NOW...

EH, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO... OFFER ME A STEP...



I'M "SUPPOSED"  
TO? THAT'S  
CUTE...

BUT OKAY,  
HERE YOU  
GO...

CLIMB  
ABOARD!

NORMAN PUT HIS FOOT ON RACHEL'S...



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... WHO THEN LIFTED HIM TO A CONVENIENT HEIGHT...

WOW! YOU'RE SO STRONG YOU CAN REALLY DO ANYTHING WITH HIM!


EXACTLY...





LOOK AT HIM  
SUCK...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
HAVE BOOBS LIKE ME,  
NATHALIE?



I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
YOUR WHOLE  
**BODY!** MUSCLES AND  
HEIGHT AND BOOBS AND  
POWER AND ALL!

HOW CAN I?

WELL, IT TOOK ME  
A LOT OF HARD  
TRAINING AND  
DIETING...

BUT... I  
HAD A LITTLE  
HELP...

FROM  
SOME...  
EXPERIMENTAL  
PILLS...

SERIOUSLY?



PILLS? SOME  
KIND OF GROWTH  
HORMONE OR  
SOMETHING?

KIND OF. NOW I  
JUST RECENTLY READ  
THAT IN SOME  
CASES...

AN  
EXTREMELY  
HIGH DOSE  
PROVIDES

ALMOST  
INSTANT  
RESULTS!

I ACTUALLY HAVE THE  
PILLS IN MY  
GYMBAG...

RACHEL WAS NOT SURE WHY SHE WAS TELLING NATHALIE ALL THIS. SHE WOULD BE CREATING A LEVEL PLAYING GROUND FOR HER COMPETITOR... BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING TREMENDOUSLY EXCITING IN GIVING THIS POWER TO ANOTHER GIRL...

OH MY GOD...  
I... CAN I... HAVE THEM?

WE  
COULD... TRY.  
I'M NOT SURE IF IT  
WILL WORK  
BUT...

WHAT?



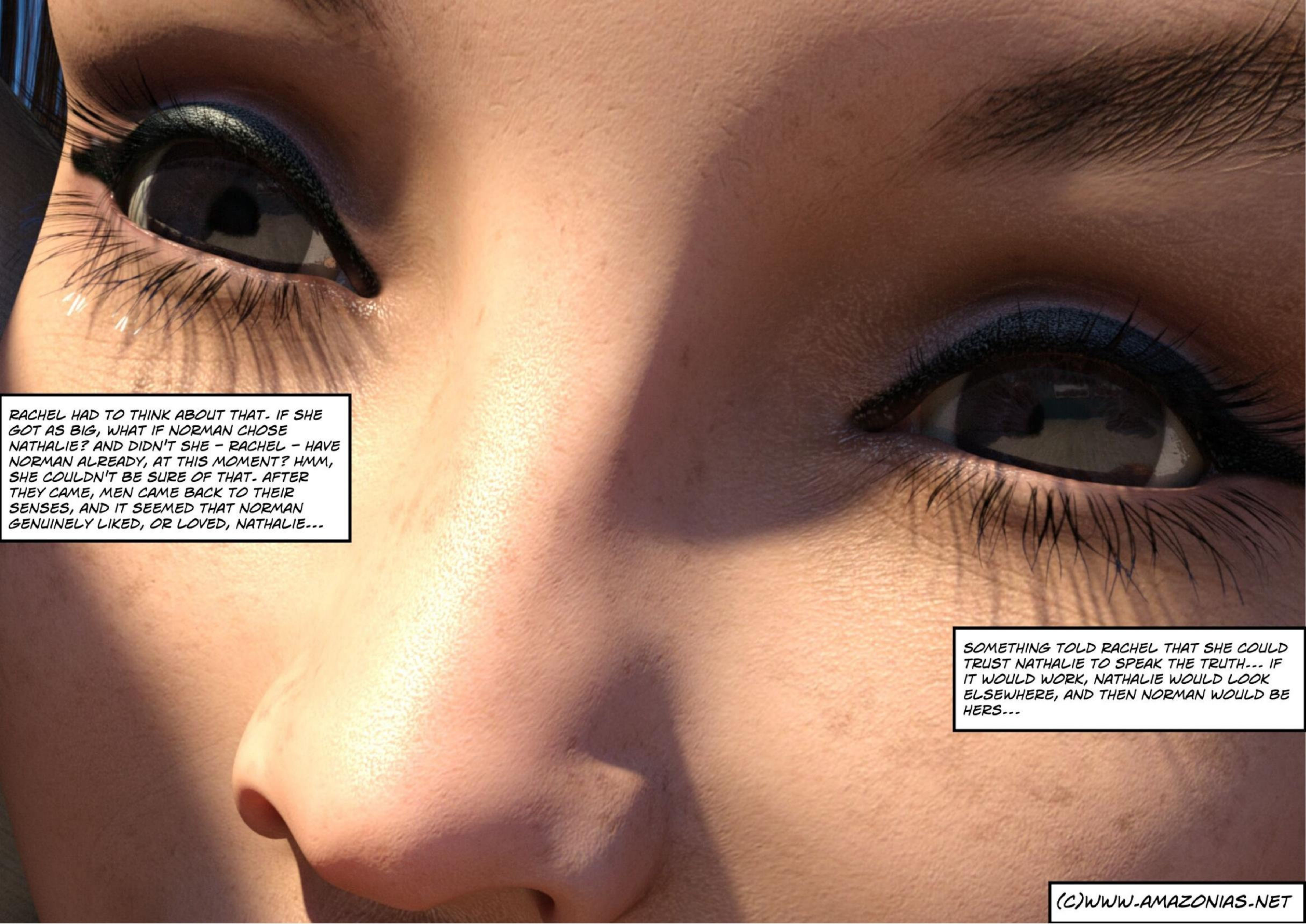
OH PLEASE! LET  
ME TRY THEM!

HMM... WHAT'S IN IT  
FOR ME IF YOU'RE A  
MUSCLEGIRL TOO?

NATHALIE'S NEXT WORDS SURPRISED EVERYONE...

IF IT WORKS AND  
I GET AS BIG AS  
YOU

YOU CAN HAVE  
NORMAN!



RACHEL HAD TO THINK ABOUT THAT. IF SHE GOT AS BIG, WHAT IF NORMAN CHOSE NATHALIE? AND DIDN'T SHE - RACHEL - HAVE NORMAN ALREADY, AT THIS MOMENT? HMM, SHE COULDN'T BE SURE OF THAT. AFTER THEY CAME, MEN CAME BACK TO THEIR SENSES, AND IT SEEMED THAT NORMAN GENUINELY LIKED, OR LOVED, NATHALIE...

SOMETHING TOLD RACHEL THAT SHE COULD TRUST NATHALIE TO SPEAK THE TRUTH... IF IT WOULD WORK, NATHALIE WOULD LOOK ELSEWHERE, AND THEN NORMAN WOULD BE HERS...

THE BEST THING WAS TO SAY YES...

OKAY. BUT IF IT DOESN'T WORK, HE'S MINE ANYWAY. DEAL?

DEAL!

RACHEL TOOK THE BOTTLE OF PILLS OUT OF HER GYMBAG AND PUT ABOUT TEN PILLS ON HER HAND...

HERE YOU GO...

NATHALIE... ARE YOU SURE OF THIS? WHAT IF IT'S... DANGEROUS?



I'VE READ FOUR  
REPORTS OF PEOPLE WHO  
TRIED IT. ALL MEN. IN TWO  
CASES THEY WERE  
SUCCESFUL, IN THE OTHER  
CASES NOTHING  
HAPPENED...

NORM, GET  
HER SOME  
WATER, WILL  
YOU?

A FIFTY PERCENT  
CHANCE...  
AT LEAST FOR MEN...



THERE WAS NO WAY NATHALIE WAS GOING TO BACK OUT, EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS A BIT AFRAID. SLOWLY, SHE MOVED HER HAND TOWARDS RACHEL'S...



AND THEN SHE SWALLOWED...

MAYBE TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES. IF IT WORKS, THEY WON'T BE TORN...

OH MY GOD, IMAGINE...



AND THEN... NOTHING HAPPENED...

DO YOU FEEL ANYTHING?

NOTHING AT ALL...





ARE YOU OK?

WAIT... THERE'S... A FUNNY SENSATION...


THEN SUDDENLY, SOMETHING RIPPLED THROUGH NATHALIE'S BODY. IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE PAIN, BUT IT WAS NOT UNPLEASANT...

OH MY  
GOD

IT'S...

HAPPENING...

OOOH...



OH YES, IT'S ON  
THE WAY...

I CAN'T SEE ANY-

EH, OKAY...  
NOW I CAN!

AAAAHHH

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, NATHALIE'S BODY GAINED BOTH SIZE AND DEFINITION---


I'M GROWING!

SWEET JESUS, I'M GROWING!



OH FUCK, LOOK AT  
THESE ARMS!

THAT WHAT YOU LIKE,  
NORM? HUH? BIG ARMS  
LIKE THESE?



AND BIG, WIDE,  
MUSCULAR THIGHS?  
THAT WHAT YOU LIKE,  
HUH?

OH GOD YES!

NATHALIE WASN'T DONE. SHE WAS GETTING BIGGER STILL, AND ALSO INCREASING IN HEIGHT...

GOOD THING I ACTUALLY LIKED WORKING OUT...

OOOOHHHHHH

FUCK... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



TWO MINUTES LATER, THE GROWTH SPURT SEEMED TO BE OVER, AND NORMAN WAS LOOKING AT AN ENTIRELY NEW, AND HUGE, NATHALIE...

WOW...

IT'S LIKE... A MIRACLE!



GIRL! REALLY!  
ALMOST AS BIG AS  
ME!

WHAT DO YOU THINK  
NORM... BIG ENOUGH  
FOR YA?

LET ME GIVE  
YOU A LITTLE  
FLEX...

GOD  
YES...

SHE REALLY LOOKS INCREDIBLE. I HOPE SHE WILL HONOR OUR AGREEMENT...

OH MAN, IT FEELS **SO GOOD** TO LOOK DOWN ON YOU LIKE THIS...

HOW DOES IT FEEL FOR YOU?



JUST...  
WONDERFUL!

DAMN YOU'RE  
TINY!



KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, GIRL...

SO, RACHEL, HE'S YOURS NOW, I KNOW, BUT DO YOU MIND IF I PLAY WITH HIM JUST A LITTLE BIT?



JUST CURIOUS  
HOW EASY THIS WILL  
BE...

DON'T FALL INTO MY  
CLEAVAGE, OKAY? OR  
WE WON'T FIND YOU  
ANYMORE...

OOOH



MUSCLEGIRLS GOT  
YOU SURROUNDED  
NORMAN!

OH MY GOD! YOU'RE  
SO LIGHT I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!



OH NATHALIE, I WANT TO... I WANT TO SERVE YOU... RIGHT NOW...

HMM, SOUNDS FUN, BUT YOU ARE RACHEL'S NOW...

I KNOW BUT...  
WELL... MAYBE A  
BRIEF... TRIO?

HMMM...

HE'S GOT A LOT OF NERVE MAKING SUGGESTIONS TO US MUSCLEGIRLS, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE FUN...

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I SAY LET'S PUT THE LITTLE ONE ON THE FLOOR...

AND GIVE HIM ONE RIDE HE'LL NEVER FORGET...



AND THEN HE'LL BE ENTIRELY YOURS...

THANK YOU LORD!

LET'S DO IT!

THE GIRLS PUT NORM ON THE GROUND  
AND PLACED THEMSELVES ON TOP OF HIS  
LITTLE BODY...


KIND OF A DIFFERENT  
ENDING TO YOUR STORY,  
ISN'T IT, NORM?





RIGHT, HE'S ENDING UP WITH TWO MUSCLEGIRLS INSTEAD OF ONE...

LOOK AT THIS BICEP, LITTLE ONE!




HOW DID THAT STORY  
FINISH, BY THE WAY? THE  
WAY HE WROTE IT, I  
MEAN?

OH  
WELL....

THE  
MUSCLEGIRL - ME  
- WOULD HAVE KEPT  
THE GIRLFRIEND - YOU -  
ON HER SHOULDER -  
FLEXING WITH HER  
OTHER ARM, LIKE  
THIS...





...WHILE SHE TOLD  
THE BOY TO ORALLY  
PLEASE HIM...

AND THE  
GIRLFRIEND IS  
WATCHING IT ALL,  
DRAPED OVER THE  
MUSCLEGIRL'S  
SHOULDER...

IT'S... KIND  
OF...  
HUMILIATING...




MMM... SOUNDS  
HOT, THOUGH...

I HAVE A COUPLE OF  
GUYS AND GIRLS IN MIND  
I MAY DO THIS STUFF  
TO...

SO... ARE YOU  
GOING TO LET HIM GO  
BACK TO OXFORD? OR  
WILL YOU COME  
ALONG?

HAVE TO THINK  
ABOUT THAT... I'M NOT  
SURE.  
LET'S JUST FUCK NOW,  
OK? I'M SO FUCKING  
HOT!



ALL RIGHT, GET IN POSITION, LITTLE ONE!

OKAY, HE'S GOING IN HERE TOO...

HE MUST BE THE LUCKIEST BOY ON EARTH...



THANKS FOR GIVING  
ME THESE MUSCLES,  
RACHE!

YOU'RE WELCOME  
GIRL! THANKS FOR  
GIVING ME BACK  
NORMAN!


YOU'RE  
GONNA LOVE HIM...  
HE'S DOING AAH... A  
REAL GOOD... AAAHH  
JOB... DOWN HERE

OOOH... THIS IS  
SOOOO GOOD!



OH MY GOD... I'M  
COMING!

ME TOO!



AND THEN, AFTER THEIR INITIAL RIVALRY,  
THE TWO BUXOM BODYBUILDING BEAUTIES  
CAME LOUD AND HARD, AT EXACTLY THE  
SAME TIME...

... AND SO DID NORMAN, THEIR LITTLE FRIEND, WHO WAS, INDEED, THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE...



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