

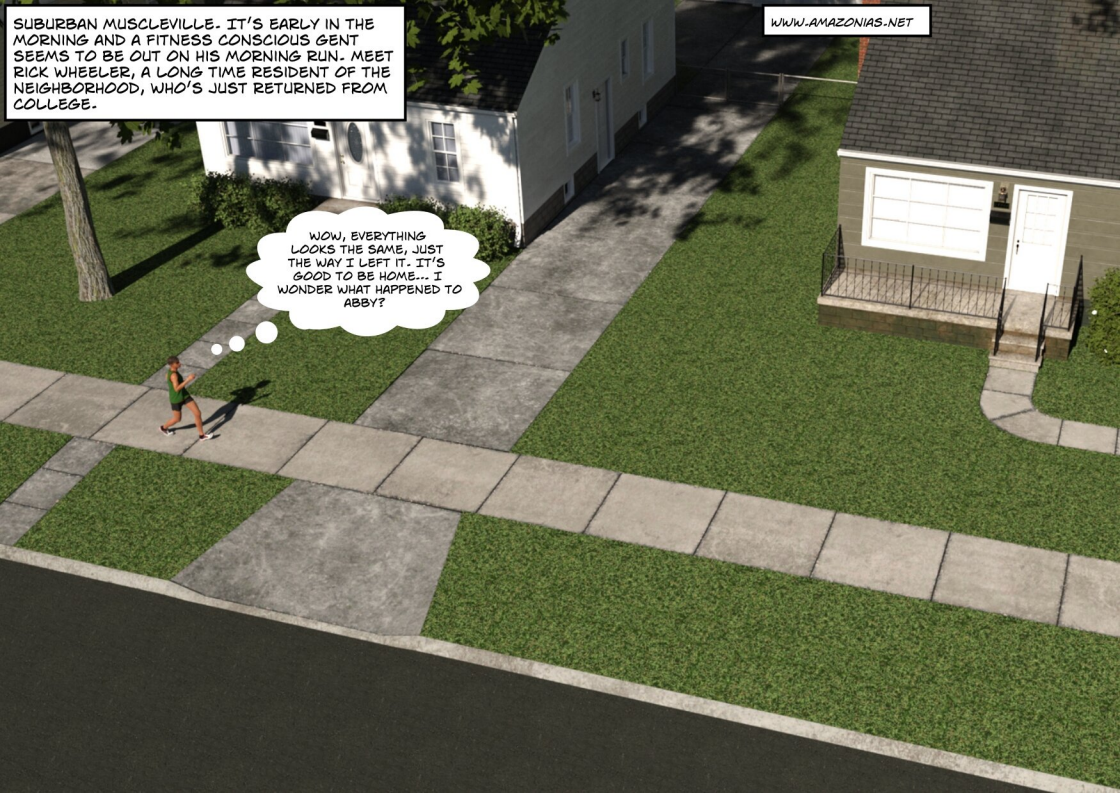


THE REUNION

Muscleville Club
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SUBURBAN MUSCLEVILLE. IT'S EARLY IN THE MORNING AND A FITNESS CONSCIOUS GENT SEEMS TO BE OUT ON HIS MORNING RUN. MEET RICK WHEELER, A LONG TIME RESIDENT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WHO'S JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

WOW, EVERYTHING LOOKS THE SAME, JUST THE WAY I LEFT IT. IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME... I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ABBY?



ABBY (OR ABIGAIL) WAS RICK'S BEST AND OLDEST FRIEND. THEY WERE NEIGHBOURS AND HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE THEY WERE TODDLERS. THEY SHARED EVERYTHING AND WERE LITERALLY INSEPARABLE.

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AS THEY GREW UP, THEY WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, THEY WOULD STUDY TOGETHER, THEY WOULD PLAY TOGETHER. THEY WOULD DO EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, ABBY! I'LL CATCH YOU.

IN YOUR DREAMS, RICKY!

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SUCH WAS THEIR FRIENDSHIP THAT RICK DRAGGED HER TO THINGS THAT SHE HAD NO INTEREST IN. LIKE THE GYM.

THIS IS SO BORING... DAMN YOU, RICKY!

UNNGGHH
... 6... 7...
8...

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IN SPITE OF HAVING NO INITIAL INTEREST, RICK CONVINCED ABBY TO START WORKING OUT IN THE GYM WITH HIM, AND HE SORT OF BECAME ABBY'S COACH.

AM I DOING THIS RIGHT, RICKY?

THAT'S IT, KEEP YOUR ELBOWS CLOSE TO YOUR BODY... SLOW AND EASY... SLOW AND EASY...



MAINLY BECAUSE RICK LIKED DOING THIS ACTIVITY TOGETHER, ABBY STUCK TO IT. OVER TIME, SHE DEVELOPPED SOME GOOD MUSCLE...

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OF COURSE, WITH HIS HEAD START AND BEING A GUY, RICK WAS THE ONE WITH THE BIGGER MUSCLES, LIFTING THE HEAVIER WEIGHTS...

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BUT SOON THEY HAD TO SEPARATE... AS THEY FINISHED SCHOOL, THEY GOT ACCEPTED TO DIFFERENT COLLEGES. FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TWO BEST FRIENDS WERE GOING TO BE APART FOR A LONG TIME. THEY WERE HEARTBROKEN...

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THEY PROMISED TO KEEP IN TOUCH, BUT AS THEY GOT BUSY IN A NEW LIFE IN COLLEGE, SLOWLY THEY LOST TOUCH.

BACK TO
PRESENT DAY.
RICK IS LOST IN
HIS THOUGHTS
REMINISCING
ABOUT HIS OLD
FRIEND AS HE
POUNDS THE
PAVEMENT.

I WONDER WHAT
SHE IS UP TO? SHOULD I
JUST GO VISIT HER
PARENTS? SHIT... I CAN'T
BELIEVE I JUST LOST
TOUCH WITH ABBY...



AS RICK IS LOST IN THOUGHT, WE SPOT ANOTHER RUNNER COMING TOWARDS HIM FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. MUSCLEVILLE IS A FITNESS CONSCIOUS TOWN AFTER ALL.



AS SHE GETS A LITTLE CLOSER, WE GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE OTHER RUNNER. WHAT CAN WE MAKE OUT? OH, SHE'S DEFINITELY FEMALE. AND SHE'S DEFINITELY JACKED!

LOVE THE WARM SUN ON MY SKIN... HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW WARM IT GETS HERE...




AS THE TWO RUNNERS GET CLOSE TO EACH OTHER, THEY BOTH REGISTER THE SURPRISE ON THE OTHER'S FACE...

OH MY GOD!!

OH MY GOD...





THEY ARE SURPRISED,
BUT FOR ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT REASONS
THOUGH! RICK CAN'T
BELIEVE THE SIZE OF
THE GIRL APPROACHING
HIM. SHE SEEMS HUGE!

OH MOTHER... LOOK
AT THAT WOMAN'S
SIZE!?

IS THAT?
COULD IT BE...
RICKY?



THE BIG GIRL COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT IN FRONT OF RICK, STARTLING HIM. BOTH OF THEM CAN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES.

I'LL BE DAMNED!
IS THAT YOU
RICKY?

OH MY
GOD...



A-ABBY?

YES SILLY! OF COURSE ABBY! YOU ARE LOOKING AT ME AS IF I HAVE TWO HEADS!

NOT EXACTLY TWO HEADS BUT... BUT...



ABBY WAS BEYOND
HERSELF WITH EXCITEMENT
TO ACCIDENTALLY RUN
INTO HER OLD FRIEND! SHE
OPENED HER ARMS AND
LEANED IN TOWARDS HIM...

OH RICKY, SO GOOD
TO SEE YOU AFTER
THESE COUPLE OF
YEARS!



AS THE BIG WOMAN
CAME FORWARD,
RICK TRIED TO MOVE
BACK, BUT ABBY
QUICKLY GRABBED
HIM AND LEANED
INTO HIM, WITH RICK
DOING HIS BEST TO
AVOID THE HUG.

C'MERE, GIMME
A HUG!

IT'S GOOD TO
SEE YOU ABBY!



AND THEN SUDDENLY
ABBY TIGHTENED HER
ARMS AROUND RICK
AND LIFTED HIM OFF
THE GROUND AS IF HE
WEIGHED NOTHING!

HUH!?! SHIT,
WHAT IS SHE
DOING?!

GOTCHA! TELL ME
NOW... WHY DIDN'T YOU
KEEP IN TOUCH, YOU
ASS?




RICK WAS AT A COMPLETE LOSS FOR WORDS...

I... I...
I...

WHAT I I I,
YOU IDIOT? USE
YOUR WORDS.

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RICK COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT WAS HAPPENING. FIRST RUNNING INTO ABBY. THEN ABBY HAVING GROWN INTO THIS MASSIVE MUSCULAR GIRL. AND THIRDLY ABBY'S SUBSTANTIAL BREASTS PRESSING AGAINST HIS MUCH SMALLER BODY. RICK'S MIND WAS A MUDDLED MESS.

FINALLY AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF MADNESS, RICK CALMED DOWN AND WAS ABLE TO UTTER A COHERENT SENTENCE.

ABBY... DO YOU... DO YOU MIND PUTTING ME DOWN? IT'S A BIT EMBARRASSING HERE IN PUBLIC...

OH...



ABBY LOOKED A LITTLE SHEEPISH AS SHE LOOKED AROUND. OF COURSE THERE WAS NO ONE, IT WAS STILL EARLY IN THE MORNING.

GOD, THOSE ARMS!

AHH RIGHT. SURE, I MEAN THERE'S NO ONE AROUND, BUT I'LL PUT YOU DOWN OF COURSE...



SORRY... I MEAN,
I GOT A BIT EXCITED
TO SEE YOU... SO UMM...
HOW ARE YOUR
PARENTS?

HEY, DON'T SAY
SORRY ABBY. I WAS JUST
A BIT... YEAH, PARENTS ARE
GOOD, I JUST CAME BACK AND
THEY ARE ON A CRUISE... SO
YEAH, SOME WELCOME FOR
THE COLLEGE RETURNED
SON! HEH!





I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
SAME WITH MY MUM & DAD!
WELL, I'M GLAD I RAN INTO
YOU! YOU WANNA COME
OVER, WE'LL CATCH UP?

YEAH, OF
COURSE...

THE TWO FRIENDS
TOTTED BACK
HOME JUST LIKE
THE OLD DAYS.

I JUST GOT
BACK LAST
EVENING. WHAT
ABOUT YOU?

MORNING,
YESTERDAY
MORNING... SHIT I
CAN'T BELIEVE
RUNNING INTO YOU
ABBY!

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CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT OUR PARENTS DID? JUST VANISHED ON VACATION, LEAVING ME ALONE IN THE HOUSE. I'D IMAGINED A WARMER WELCOME FOR THE DAUGHTER, HUH?

WHAT'S HE STARING AT? MY BOOBS? MY BICEPS?

HUH... YA... I MEAN, SAME WITH ME. THEY SAID WITH DAD'S TRAVELLING THEY RARELY GET A BREAK. SO I WAS LIKE WHATEVER...



AS THEY REACHED HER HOUSE, SHE LED THEM TO THE BACKYARD. AS KIDS THEY HAD SPENT COUNTLESS HOURS HERE DOING ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

REMEMBER THIS BACKYARD, RICKY?

YES OF COURSE... SO MANY GOOD MEMORIES...

MY GOD... LOOK AT THAT BACK... HER SHOULDERS... FUCK...



SUDDENLY SHE
TURNED
AROUND
SHARPLY WITH
A SLY GRIN.

YOU KNOW THAT US
GIRLS HAVE A SIXTH
SENSE, RIGHT? WE KNOW
WHEN SOMEONE'S
STARING AT US.

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UMMM... I... I...
I WASN'T...
STARING...



ABBY TURNED AROUND AND LEANED IN TOWARDS RICK. INVOLUNTARILY HE TOOK A STEP BACK.

IT'S OK, I DON'T MIND REALLY. I KNOW I HAVE CHANGED A LOT AND I CAN IMAGINE THE THOUGHTS IN YOUR HEAD... YOU CAN TOUCH IF YOU WANT?

T... T... TOUCH?



SHE STRAIGHTENED UP AND ENCOURAGED HIM...

YES, TOUCH. I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN STARING AND I DON'T BLAME YOU. WHY DON'T YOU CHECK OUT MY BICEPS?

OHH FUCK ME...



HAAAAHA... OH FUCK ME? THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA SAY? HAAAAHA... BOY, COLLEGE HAS MADE YOU DUMBER!

SHIT... HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE... THIS IS...

NO I MEAN... I MEAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I AM SEEING... IT'S JUST SO FUCKING BIG AND HARD...



THE BICEP WAS SO BIG THAT RICK'S HAND COULD BARELY COVER A QUARTER OF ITS SURFACE. RICK WAS ASTOUNDED WITH WHAT HE WAS SEEING.

WELL YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT. YOU'RE TOUCHING IT RIGHT NOW. YOU MUST KNOW THAT IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I GOT SO BIG AND MUSCULAR. IF YOU HADN'T INTRODUCED ME TO THE GYM, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE DEVELOPED A PASSION FOR IT. SO I GOTTA THANK YOU...

DUE TO ME? SHE'S KIDDING, RIGHT?

UHH WELL... YOU'RE WELCOME I GUESS?



YOU REMEMBER BACK
IN THE DAY HOW YOU USED
TO PUNCH MY ARM AND MAKE IT
NUMB? YOU WANNA TRY THAT
AGAIN NOW?

HAHAHA, I
REMEMBER THAT...
OH YOU'RE ON. BUT
I'M NOT HOLDING
BACK, I'M TELLING
YOU!



AS RICK'S FIST BEATS INTO HER BICEP, THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE OUTCOME...

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OWWW
SONOFA... MY
KNUCKLES... SHIT
THAT HURT!

OHH GOD, DID I
JUST BREAK MY
SOMETHING?



AS RICK NURSED
HIS HURT FIST,
ABBY BURST OUT
LAUGHING.

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HAHAHA, YOU'RE
HILARIOUS! YOU PUNCHED ME
AND NOW YOU'RE CLAIMING
YOU'VE HURT YOURSELF! HOW
TIMES HAVE CHANGED, HUH?



ABBY SAW RICK'S CONCERNED FACE AND LEANED IN GRABBING HIS SKINNY WRIST.

I CAN MAKE IT BETTER. MAKE THE PAIN GO AWAY.

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WHAT?!

SMACK



ABBY DRAPED A BIG HEAVY ARM ON HIS SHOULDER AND PULLED HIM CLOSER.

FEELING BETTER NOW? HAND HURTING LESS?

YES, YOUR KISS MADE IT GO AWAY...

GOOD. THEN THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ON MY MIND...

WHAT?



ABBY GIGGLED AND SWIFTLY MOVED BEHIND RICK. BEFORE HE COULD REACT, SHE GRABBED HIS UPPER ARMS IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP. SHE WASN'T SQUEEZING, BUT HER NORMAL GRIP STRENGTH WAS QUITE SUBSTANTIAL AND RICK FELT IT.

REMEMBER THIS, RICK?

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GOSH HIS ARMS FEEL SO SOFT... I BETTER EASE UP...

SHIT...



RICK REMEMBERED IT VERY WELL. IT WAS A GAME THEY PLAYED WHERE RICK WOULD TRAP ABBY'S ARMS BY HIS SIDE AND SHE WOULD BE UNABLE TO MOVE THEM. OF COURSE AT THAT AGE, RICK WAS STRONGER.

SAY PLEASE AND I MIGHT LET YOU GO. HAHHAH...

ASS...



OF COURSE
NOW ABBY
COULD DO
A LOT
MORE THAN
JUST TRAP
HIS ARMS.

OOH, LOOK AT THAT.
WHAT A LIGHTWEIGHT! I
CAN TAKE YOU WHEREVER I
WANT... HAHAA... SO MUCH
FUN!

OWWW ABBY!
YOU'RE CRUSHING MY
ARMS... PLEASE GO
EASY, YOU'LL HURT
ME...

ABBY WAS A LITTLE ALARMED AND
IMMEDIATELY LOOSENEED HER GRIP,
WHILE STILL KEEPING HIM IN PLACE.



BUT THE IRONY OF THE SITUATION WAS NOT LOST ON HER.

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MOCKING BABY VOICE
OWW ABBY, YOU'RE
CRUSHING MY ARMS, YOU'LL
HURT ME... WHAT A BABY!

THAT'S NOT FUNNY,
ABBY! PUT ME DOWN
NOW. THIS IS
RIDICULOUS, HOLDING
ME UP LIKE THIS!




RICK HADN'T REALISED IT, BUT THIS WAS NOT THE OLD ABBY WHO HE HAD HOPED TO ORDER AROUND. THIS ABBY WOULD DO WHAT SHE WANTED. THE TABLES HAD INDEED TURNED.

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SHIT, HOW'S THIS POSSIBLE. SHE'S JUST CARRYING ME AROUND AS IF I WEIGH NOTHING!?

WHAT'S THE HURRY, LITTLE RICKY? I'LL PUT YOU DOWN, DON'T WORRY. BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I CAN HOLD YOU UP LIKE THIS ALL DAY IF I WANT. YOU DON'T WEIGH THAT MUCH, YOU KNOW...





ABBY CARRIED RICK TO THE BENCH AND BOTH OF THEM SAT DOWN. ABBY WRAPPED A MASSIVE ARM AROUND HIS SKINNY SHOULDERS, HOLDING HIM CLOSE. RICK COULD ACTUALLY FEEL THE HEAT EMANATING FROM ABBY'S BIG BODY...

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I'M REALLY ENJOYING ALL THESE MUSCLES, RICK. I FEEL SPECIAL. LIKE, NO OTHER GIRL HAS THESE KIND OF MUSCLES... LIKE MY ABS FOR INSTANCE. MAYBE YOUR CURIOUS ABOUT HOW HARD THEY ARE?

EH... SURE...

AS RICK LEANED IN TO CHECK OUT HER ABS, WITH ABBY'S MORE THAN PROMINENT BOOBS RIGHT IN HIS FACE. RICK COULDN'T HELP BUT STARE AT THE TWIN GLOBES STRETCHING THE MATERIAL...

OHH MY...



SO... WHAT DO YOU THINK? WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

JEEZ... THEY FEEL LIKE STONES...

WOW!



ARE YOU
STARING AT
MY BOOBS,
LITTLE BOY? WE
WERE TALKING
ABOUT MY
ABS!

SPORT



EH I... I... WASN'T
STARING...

DON'T YOU LIE
TO ME, RICK! THAT
JUST MAKES ME
VERY ANGRY!

ABBY WAS PISSED AND RICK'S DENIAL DID NOT HELP HER MOOD. SHE REACHED OUT A BIG HAND AND GRABBED HIS JAW IN AN IRON GRIP.

OR ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, PERHAPS? IS THAT IT? IS THE BOY TRYING TO PROVOKE ME TO SEE HOW STRONG I AM, HMM?

SHIT.

MMMPPFFF... THAT ARE YOU DOING?



IT WAS OBVIOUS WHAT ABBY WAS DOING, SO SHE DIDN'T ANSWER HIM. INSTEAD SHE CASUALLY LIFTED HER ARM HIGHER AND RICK'S ENTIRE BODY CAME OFF THE BENCH.

THAT'S HOW STRONG, SEE?

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AAAAAAAAAAWWWWWW



ABBY WASN'T SQUEEZING THAT HARD, BUT RICK DIDN'T KNOW THAT. THE PRESSURE HE FELT ON HIS JAW WAS IMMENSE. HE TRIED TO CLAW AGAINST ABBY'S FOREARM, BUT HER FOREARMS WERE SO BIG, HE COULD BARELY GET A GRIP.

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AAARRGGHH!!
MY JAW!

AWWW, SO
CUTE...



ABBY STOOD UP AND LIFTED RICK EVEN HIGHER IN THE AIR. SHE WAS MANHANDLING HIM WITH RIDICULOUS EASE.

RELAX ABBY...
DON'T LOSE
CONTROL...

EH... ABBY...
YOU'RE... REALLY
HURTING MY
JAW...



ABBY KNEW THAT SHE HAD IMMENSE STRENGTH IN HER ARMS. AND SHE DID NOT WANT TO DO ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE TO RICK. SO SHE JUST THREW RICK ACROSS THE BACKYARD WITH A FLICK OF HER WRIST.

I DON'T WANNA HURT YOU BAD, RICK. I JUST DON'T LIKE THAT YOU LIED TO ME. YOU KNOW I'M ALLERGIC TO THAT!

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AAAAAIEEEEE!!



RICK'S JAW WAS SORE,
BUT HIS HEART WAS
POUNDED FAST. WHAT
WAS THIS SUPER
MUSCULAR WOMAN
GOING TO DO TO HIM?

SHIT...
SHE'S REALLY
ANGRY!

I'M SORRY...





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LOOK AT HIM...
LOOKS SO SMALL,
SCARED AND
HELPLESS... HEHEHE...

GOD,
SHE'S
REALLY
SCARING
ME...

ARE YOU REALLY
TRYING TO ESCAPE? HOW
DUMB ARE YOU? WHERE DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA
GO?

I... I...
PLEASE STOP...



ABBY DIDN'T STOP OF COURSE, BUT SHE SLOWED DOWN TO REASSURE RICK.

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OK, I'LL STOP. BUT YOU GET UP THEN AND FACE ME LIKE A MAN.



AS RICK GOT UP, ABBY TOOK A STEP FORWARD AND LEANED IN, SMACKING HIS FACE FLUSH WITH HER PRODIGIOUS CHEST---

HEHEHE,
THIS IS SO
MUCH FUN!

OOPS! WATCH
YOUR HEAD...

AWW

WHAM!



FOR A FLEETING
MOMENT, HIS FACE
WAS PERFECTLY
PLACED BETWEEN
HER MASSIVE
GORGEOUS
BREASTS.



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT, SHE TRUST HER CHEST OUT AND HER BIG HEAVY BREASTS COLLIDED WITH HIS FACE, JERKING HIS ENTIRE BODY BACKWARDS.

OOPS, ONCE AGAIN!

HUH!?



THE FORCE WITH WHICH ABBY HAD BOOB BUMPED HIM WAS SUBSTANTIAL. AS RICK WAS STILL STUMBLING BACK, HE NOTICED ABBY FOLLOWING HIM WITH A SINISTER GRIN.

NO
PLEASE...
WAIT- STOP!

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BUT RICK WASN'T CONTROLLING THE SITUATION. ABBY WAS. AND ABBY WANTED TO BOOB BUMP HIM AGAIN. SO SHE DID THAT. THIS TIME A BIT MORE FORCEFULLY.

AND AGAIN

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WHAT THE FUCK!



WHAM

ABBY DID IT AGAIN AND AGAIN, DRIVING RICK BACKWARD, UNTIL HER LAST BUMP SLAMMED HIM AGAINST THE WALL!

AAAARRGGHH!!

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WHAM



AS RICK SLUMPED DOWN THE WALL ON IMPACT, ABBY REALISED MAYBE SHE HAD GONE TOO FAR.

OHH SHIT, WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

GROAN...



AAARRGGHH...

SHIT! RICK...
YOU OKAY?



ABBY GRABBED HIM UNDER HIS ARMPITS AND HOISTED HIM UP EASILY, HIS FEET DANGLING IN THE AIR, HIS HEAD SLUMPED FORWARD.

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RICK...
RICK?

AAAAHHHH...




ABBY LIFTED HIM HIGHER TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM.

LEMME SEE YOUR FACE... ARE YOU OKAY? SAY SOMETHING DAMMIT...

UHH, I'M FINE... JUST A BIT... DAZED

I GOT SCARED, MAN... YOUR EYES LOOK OK, NOT UNFOCUSSED OR DAZED. YOU'LL BE FINE. I'LL JUST CARRY YOU BACK TO THE BENCH...






AFTER BEING SEATED
AND TENDED, ABBY
TOOK HIS HAND AND PUT
IT ON HER ABS...

I'M SORRY
RICK, I WAS TOO
INTENSE. I THINK I WAS
ALSO IRRITATED
BECAUSE... I ASKED YOU
ABOUT MY ABS AND YOU
WERE JUST...
DROOLING OVER MY
BOOBS...

I WAS... KINDA
SCARED OF YOU
FOR A MOMENT,
ABBY...



YEAH I... I GOT ALL
THIS POWER THAT COMES
WITH THESE MUSCLES...
AND IT'S... FUN TO USE IT
BUT... SOMETIMES I DON'T
KNOW MY OWN
STRENGTH...

I UNDERSTAND...
ANYWAY YOUR
MUSCLES ARE REALLY
AMAZING!



BUT THAT'S JUST A
SMALL DOWNSIDE. I'D
SAY OVERALL THE
UPSIDES ARE MUCH
BIGGER...

LOOK AT THESE
ARMS RICKY... THEY'RE
A BIT BIGGER THAN
YOURS, I THINK...

WHY DON'T
YOU FEEL
THEM, HMM?

EHM...
OKAY...



I'LL JUST
TIGHTEN MY FIST A
BIT... SEE HOW BIG
IT GROWS?


OH MY...



THERE, I'LL
FLEX A LITTLE
HARDER. HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN A BICEP
THIS BIG?

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IT'S LIKE...
TWICE BIGGER
THAN THE
BIGGEST I'VE
SEEN!



I THINK
YOU
UNDERSTAND
THAT I LIKE TO BE
ADMIRED FOR MY
MUSCLES, FOR WHICH
I PUT IN A LOT OF
EFFORT, INSTEAD OF
FOR MY BOOBS,
FOR WHICH I
DIDN'T, DON'T
YOU?

I DO...
SORRY
AGAIN...

WITHOUT EVEN REALISING, ABBY'S FREE HAND WENT TO HER BOOB AS SHE FELT UP HER NIPPLE. SHOWING OFF TO RICK WAS EXCITING HER...

ALL THANKS TO YOU, RICKY. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO INTRODUCED ME TO WORKING OUT. AND SEE HOW FAR I HAVE COME...





DO YOU... FIND MY
BODY BEAUTIFUL,
RICK, NOW THAT IT'S
GROWN SO MUCH?

I... DO.
BEAUTIFUL AND...
VERY SPECIAL... NO
ONE ELSE HAS A BODY
LIKE THAT...

A blonde woman with a high ponytail, wearing a blue tank top, is shown from the back, holding the head of a man with short brown hair wearing a green tank top. They are both looking at each other. The woman's muscles are very defined. The man is also muscular. They appear to be outdoors with some greenery in the background.

ABBY SMILED AT RICK'S COMPLIMENTS. SHE GENTLY BUT FIRMLY GRABBED HIS HEAD.

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AWWW... THAT'S SWEET OF YOU. BUT SHOW ME THAT YOU MEAN IT. I WANT YOU TO KISS MY BICEPS.

KISS? YOUR BICEPS?

ONCE AGAIN, ABBY WASN'T ASKING. SHE WAS TELLING HIM WHAT TO DO, AS HER BIG HAND PUSHED HIS HEAD TOWARDS HER FLEXED BICEP.

YES BABY, I'D LOVE YOU TO KISS IT...

O...
OK...



A close-up photograph of a man's face, looking upwards with a wide-eyed, awestruck expression. He is looking at a woman's massive, muscular bicep, which is the central focus of the image. The woman's hand is visible at the top, resting on the man's head. The background is blurred, showing other people in a crowd.

AS HIS FACE GOT CLOSER, HIS ENTIRE FIELD OF VISION WAS FILLED WITH HER MASSIVE BICEP.

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MY LORD, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING... HOW CAN IT BE SO BIG...

WITH THE GENTLE
PRESSURE ON HIS HEAD
PUSHING HIM FORWARD,
RICK GENTLY KISSED
THE BICEP THAT SEEMED
BIGGER THAN HIS HEAD.

GOD... THIS
FEELS SO GOOD
AND SATISFYING...

AS RICK KISSED THE BICEP, THE PRESSURE ON HIS HEAD REDUCED AND SLOWLY ABBY CARESSSED HIS FACE WITH HER BIG HAND.

YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY, RICKY. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO REWARD YOU?

REWARD ME?



ABBY GIGGLED AT HIS CONFUSION. OF COURSE HE HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HOLD ON A SEC...

ABBY WAS SIMPLY ADJUSTING HER POSITION FOR WHAT SHE HAD IN MIND NEXT. SHE HAD LIFTED HIM UP A BIT, AND SHE WAS SLIDING HER LEGS UNDER HIM...

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THEN SHE LIFTED
HER OWN LEG,
WITH HIM ON IT,
AND STARTED TO
TURN...


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AS ABBY STRADDLED THE BENCH, SHE GRABBED RICK'S HEAD AND PUSHED IT INTO HER MAGNIFICENT BOOBS. RICK WAS COMPLETELY NONPLUSSED. BUT HE WASN'T COMPLAINING EITHER!

WHAT THE...





YOU WERE STARING
AT MY BOOBS, RIGHT? SO
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. SEE
HOW THEY FEEL FROM UP
CLOSE...

YOU LIKE THAT, MY
LITTLE MAN?

OH MY GOD... I
DO...



AFTER A LONG WHILE, ABBY FINALLY PULLED HIS HEAD OUT. RICK HAD A DAZED AND HAPPY EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE---

YOU SURE LOOK LIKE YOU DID ENJOY THAT. NOW THAT WAS THE REWARD---

IT WAS A VERY GOOD ONE---



RICK'S CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH ABBY'S BOOBS OVER, SHE STOOD UP AND TOOK HIM TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BENCH.

SO RICKY, BEFORE I BUMPED INTO HAD PLANNED A WORKOUT AFTER MY RUN. DO YOU MIND IF I GET TO THAT NOW?

OF COURSE NOT. ARE YOU... REALLY USING THIS KIND OF WEIGHTS?



HAHA, WHY ELSE WOULD THEY BE HERE? COULD YOU HAND ME THAT ONE PLEASE?


UMMM...





EHM...

ARE YOU WAITING
FOR SOMETHING? I
PLAN TO START MY
WORKOUT TODAY, YOU
KNOW...




DAMMIT... WHY
WON'T IT MOVE?

GNNHHHH...
HUFF...

RICKY,
RELAX. IT'S A
BIT HEAVY I
GUESS...

HAHAHA, THIS IS
SO CUTE...
PRICELESS...



THIS IS NOT EVEN THAT HEAVY, SEE? I AM SURPRISED YOU COULDN'T PICK IT UP... YOU DON'T WORK OUT ANYMORE, DO YOU?

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HOW DID SHE...

AHH... GULP... NOT REALLY...

WHAT HAPPENED,
WHY DID YOU STOP?

I DUNNO WHY I
STOPPED... I GUESS I
GOT BUSY WITH LIFE,
COLLEGE...



A highly detailed digital illustration of a blonde woman with extremely muscular physique. She is wearing a dark blue sports bra with white trim and is lifting a large dumbbell with her right hand. Her muscles are highly defined, particularly in her chest, shoulders, and arms. The background shows an outdoor setting with a blue and white striped umbrella, a grill, and some greenery. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

WELL, I NEVER
STOPPED... I JUST KEPT
GETTING BIGGER AND LIFTING
HEAVIER AND HEAVIER... MMM,
THIS FEELS LIKE A NICE
PUMP...

ABBY FLEXED FOR HIS BENEFIT AND TOLD HIM TO FEEL IT.

IT'S NOT A FULL PUMP, BUT IT'S SOMETHING AT LEAST... WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S INCREDIBLE... SO HARD AND BIG...

NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS, HUH? WHEN YOU WOULD LAUGH EVERY TIME I WOULD FLEX?

HAHA...



IT WAS TRUE: THE TABLES HAD TURNED AND HOW... LIL' ABBY WAS NOW A TALL MUSCULAR AMAZON. AND RICK WAS NOW LIL' RICK.

OWW ABBY, EASY... YOU'RE SQUEEZING TOO TIGHT...

LOOK AT YOUR ARMS NOW, SO SMALL AND SOFT... YOU ACTUALLY USED TO BE QUITE PROUD OF YOUR BICEPS...

AHH YES... THAT WAS A WHILE AGO...



IT WAS TRUE. BACK IN THE DAY, RICK WAS QUITE PROUD OF HIS GUNS AND HE HAD A CHEERLEADER IN ABBY. LITTLE DID THE FRIENDS NOW THAT A FEW YEARS LATER ABBY WOULD DWARF RICK IN ALL PHYSICAL ASPECTS.

I DID IT! I MEASURED AND I FINALLY GOT TO 15 INCHES!

WOOHOO RICKY! WELL DONE!



ABBY WAS FASCINATED WITH HOW MUCH THEY HAD BOTH CHANGED AND SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT FONDLE RICK'S ARM A BIT ROUGHLY.

GOSH, HE'S SO SOFT AND CUTE...

HEY, WHAT IF I'D USE YOU FOR MY WORKOUT NOW?

WHAT?



ABBY JUST LIFTED RICK UP LIKE A BABY. SHE WAS JUST GOING TO GIVE HIM A DEMO.

I'M GONNA USE YOU AS MY WEIGHT. FIRST UP WE'RE GONNA DO SOME BICEP CURLS...

OOOH... DON'T DROP ME PLEASE!

SHIT... IS SHE CRAZY?



AND JUST LIKE THAT, ABBY BEGAN CURLING RICK UP AND DOWN IN BICEP CURLS.

THIS IS... IMPOSSIBLE... HOW CAN SHE BE SO STRONG?!




19... 20...
21... 22...

JUST A FEW
MORE OK?

SURE...
TAKE... YOUR
TIME.





39... 40... 41...
42... YOU KNOW
RICKY, I COULD KEEP
GOING ON, BUT I DON'T
THINK I'M GONNA GET A
PUMP WITH YOUR
WEIGHT...

THIS IS SO
HUMILIATING...

TO RICK, ABBY
SEEMED LIKE A
MACHINE. SHE
WASN'T EVEN
SLOWING DOWN
OR TIRING. SHE
JUST KEPT ON
DOING REPS WITH
HIM.



SO... HOW WAS
IT? YOUR FIRST
EXPERIENCE OF BEING
USED AS A BARBELL, I
BET?

UHH...
HEHE, IT WAS
GREAT. YOU CAN
PUT ME DOWN
NOW.


BUT INSTEAD OF PUTTING RICK DOWN, ABBY GIGGLED AND HELD HIM UP HIGHER.

PUT YOU DOWN? NAAH, LET'S TRY SHOULDER PRESS WITH YOU...

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SHIT! SHE CAN'T BE SERIOUS... HOW CAN SHE HOLD ME UP FOR SO LONG?!





GOD, SHE'S
INCREDIBLE...

WILL YOU KEEP
COUNT FOR ME ON THIS
ONE, RICKY? DON'T WANT
YOU TO FEEL
BORED...

UGH...
SURE...



SHIT!
DON'T DROP
ME PLEASE
ABBY!

HAAAAHA... YOU'RE
KIDDING RIGHT? YOU'RE NOT
EVEN A QUARTER OF MY WARM UP
WEIGHT... YOU GET THAT? NOT
EVEN A QUARTER! THERE'S NO WAY
I'LL DROP YOU... YOU JUST KEEP
COUNT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ANYTHING ELSE...

AS RICK
COUNTED,
HE TRIED TO
DO SOME
QUICK MATH.

NOT EVEN A
QUARTER? I'M 135... SO...
540 LBS? THAT'S HER WARM UP
WEIGHT? SHE'S GOTTA BE
KIDDING, RIGHT? BUT... LOOK
AT HER SIZE... I MEAN...

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16... 17...
18...

I WISH I
COULD SEE HIS FACE...
I BET HE'S SHELL
SHOCKED... THAT'S RIGHT
BUDDY, YOUR OLD FRIEND
ABBY HAS GROWN... A
LOT!



ABBY JUST KEPT GOING AND GOING... BY NOW RICK'S COUNT WAS GETTING CLOSE TO 50!

OK, RICK... I THINK I WILL STOP NOW. I MEAN I COULD KEEP GOING ALL DAY I GUESS, BUT YOU'RE TOO LIGHT TO GIVE ME ANY KIND OF SERIOUS WORKOUT... SO IT'S A WASTE OF MY TIME... HOPE YOU DON'T MIND?

UGH, NO... I MEAN I DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR TIME. WE CAN STOP.

ABBY LOWERED RICK GENTLY. MAKING SURE HE WAS STEADY ON HIS FEET BEFORE LETTING HIM GO.

SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN YOU WASTED MY TIME. I JUST DIDN'T REALISE HOW LIGHT YOU ARE. I WAS PLANNING ON DOING SQUATS TOO, BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR WEIGHT IS ENOUGH.

GOSH, LOOK AT HER LEGS... WHY DOES SHE NEED TO DO MORE SQUATS? THEY ARE MASSIVE...

AHHH, SORRY ABOUT THAT... I GUESS YOU'RE REALLY REALLY STRONG, THAT'S ALL...



YOU GUESS? YOU BET
YOUR CUTE LIL ASS I AM
STRONG... IN FACT LOOKING AT
YOUR SKINNY CHICKEN LEGS
GIVES ME A FUN IDEA...

CHICKEN
LEGS? WELL, I
GUESS, COMPARED
TO HERS...

UMMM
SURE... WHAT
DO YOU HAVE IN
MIND?



ABBY SAT DOWN ON THE BENCH AND PULLED RICK CLOSE. RICK HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS ON HER MIND, BUT HE WAS NERVOUS.

SO... IT'S A FUN LITTLE LEG WRESTLING CONTEST. MAYBE THIS WILL GIVE MY QUADS A BIT OF A WORKOUT...

UMM OK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN EXACTLY... BUT IT SOUNDS FUN, SURE...



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE... FIRST YOU SQUEEZE MY LEGS WITH YOUR LEGS AND THEN I SQUEEZE YOUR LEGS WITH MY LEGS... WHOEVER HOLDS OUT LONGER WINS.

HUH?! SERIOUSLY?

DID SHE JUST SAY SHE'LL SQUEEZE MY LEGS WITH HERS? WITH THOSE LEGS? IS SHE CRAZY?




UNFORTUNATELY FOR RICK, ABBY DIDN'T ALLOW ANY OBJECTIONS. SHE SIMPLY PICKED RICK UP AND PLACED HIM ON HER MASSIVE THIGHS, SO HE COULD STRADDLE THEM. BUT HER THIGHS WERE SO LARGE THAT THEY SPREAD RICK'S LEGS WIDE AND HIS FEET DIDN'T EVEN REACH THE GROUND!

UMMM ABBY... THIS IS NOT GONNA WORK, I CAN'T EVEN REACH THE GROUND...

LOOK AT HIM... SO CUTE...

OHH REALLY? OHH YES, I SEE... THAT'S FUNNY...



A muscular blonde woman with her hair in a ponytail, wearing a blue sports bra, is shown from the back and side, looking towards a muscular man. The man is wearing a green tank top and is looking back at her. They are standing outdoors with trees in the background. Two speech bubbles contain text.

HAHAHAHA... I'M
SORRY BUT I FIND
THIS SUPER FUNNY...
YOU'RE SO SMALL, YOU
CAN'T EVEN STRADDLE
MY LEGS AND REACH
THE GROUND... THIS
IS TOO PRECIOUS!

I'M NOT SMALL..
IT'S JUST THAT...
JUST THAT YOU'RE SO
BIG... AND YOUR LEGS ARE
SO BIG, THEY ARE
SPREADING MY LEGS
APART...

CHUCKLING, ABBY SUGGESTED THAT INSTEAD OF BOTH LEGS MAYBE RICK TRY AND SQUEEZE ONLY ONE OF HER LEGS. RICK WAS MORE THAN HAPPY WITH THE SUGGESTION.

THIS IS BETTER I HOPE? I CAN'T REALLY HELP YOU MORE THAN THIS... YOU CAN START WHENEVER...

HNGGHHHHH...



GOING BY YOUR
FACE AND THE GRUNTING
SOUNDS YOU'RE MAKING,
I'M GUESSING YOU'VE
STARTED ALREADY... YOU'LL
HAVE TO TRY HARDER
THOUGH... I DON'T FEEL
MUCH...

UUUNNGGHHH... IS
SHE TRYING TO TRICK
ME? HOW CAN SHE NOT
FEEL ANYTHING, WHEN I AM
TRYING MY HARDEST?!



RICK GRITTED HIS TEETH AND TRIED HIS DAMNEDEST... BUT ABBY BARELY EVEN REGISTERED HIS BEST EFFORTS...

C'MON RICKY, SQUEEZE HARDER... THIS IS BARELY EVEN A MASSAGE FOR ME... THAT REMINDS ME, I NEED TO GET MY NAILS DONE THIS WEEK....

THIS IS... SO HUMILIATING.

UNNNGGHHH!!



RICK WAS SQUEEZING AS HARD AS HE COULD. ABBY CHUCKLED AND LIGHTLY CARESSSED HIS SKINNY LEGS...

IT'S CUTE HOW MUCH YOU'RE TRYING RICKY... I CAN SEE YOU TREMBLING WITH EFFORT... BUT I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU BUDDY, YOUR LITTLE CHICKEN LEGS ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH. YOU CAN CONTINUE AS LONG AS YOU WANT THOUGH, I DON'T MIND...

UNNGHHH... GASP... I CAN'T SQUEEZE ANYMORE... I GIVE UP...



ABBY GAVE HIM A FEW MOMENTS TO RECOVER, THEN PLACED HIS LEGS IN BETWEEN HER LEGS.

READY RICKY?

UGH...
GULP NOT REALLY...

DON'T BE NERVOUS. THIS IS JUST FUN...



ABBY SLOWLY
BROUGHT HER
LEGS
TOGETHER
TIGHTLY AND
TRAPPED RICK
IN BETWEEN.


Hahaha,
LOOK AT HIS
FACE... SO
SCARED...

NOW I'M
GONNA SLOWLY
START SQUEEZING.
TELL ME WHEN YOU
THINK IT GETS TOO
MUCH...

IT ALREADY FEELS
LIKE TOO MUCH
PRESSURE... CAN YOU
STOP PLEASE...

DON'T BE SILLY...
I AM NOT
SQUEEZING YET.
I'LL START NOW.





HOW ABOUT
NOW? I'VE JUST
FLEXED MY LEGS,
NOT SQUEEZING
THOUGH...

AARRGGHH...
PLEASE STOP!
YOU'RE CRUSHING
MY LEGS, ABBY!

BUT ABBY DIDN'T STOP, SHE JUST GIGGLED WHILE KEEPING HIM IN PLACE.

AAARRGGHH!
PLEASE!

DON'T BE SILLY,
RICK! I AM NOT
SQUEEZING YET. I'LL
JUST GIVE YOU ONE QUICK
JOLT OF POWER. GET
READY.



AS SOON AS THE JOLT OF POWER CAME FROM ABBY'S LEGS, RICK JUST COLLAPSED FORWARD!

OOOOPSY DAISY!
TOO MUCH, HUH?
THAT BAD?

OHH... *GROAN* I
CAN'T FEEL MY
LEGS... OHH GOD...





PLEASE, I'M
BEGGING YOU...
PLEASE STOP, I CAN'T
FEEL MY LEGS...

ABBY IMMEDIATELY RELEASED RICK'S LEGS AND STOOD UP. RICK HOWEVER COULDN'T STAND UP. HE JUST COLLAPSED CLUTCHING HIS THIGHS.

OHH DAMN... RICK, YOU OK? DID I HURT YOU?

LOOK AT HIM... SO WEAK, SO HELPLESS, SO CUTE...

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OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS... MY LEGS... WHAT DID YOU DO, ABBY... I CAN'T FEEL THEM...



ABBY GOT
DOWN AND
CALMED RICK.-

RICKY... YOU'VE GOTTA
CALM DOWN OK? TRUST ME,
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH
YOUR LEGS, I BARELY SQUEEZED
THEM. I KNOW WHAT I WAS
DOING, AND I KNOW NOTHING
HAS HAPPENED, OK? SO JUST
BREATHE...

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OK...
OK...
BREATHE...
OK...



ABBY LIFTED UP RICK'S PRONE BODY EASILY AND PLACED HIM ACROSS HER SHOULDERS IN A FIREMAN LIFT. RICK WAS NO LONGER SURPRISED BY HOW EASILY ABBY LIFTED HIM UP.

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YOU COMFORTABLE, RICK? STAY STILL AND STAY RELAXED, OK...

UHH YEAH... IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN MOVE REALLY...



WITH HER BEST FRIEND DRAPED ACROSS HER SHOULDERS, ABBY PROCEEDED TOWARDS HER HOUSE. THINGS WERE ABOUT TO GET INTERESTING...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, ABBY?

INSIDE THE HOUSE SILLY, WHERE ELSE... YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO WALK RIGHT NOW. ABBY'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU, DON'T WORRY...

