

A woman with long brown hair tied back, wearing a grey ribbed tank top, is leaning forward. A man with short brown hair and glasses, wearing a red shirt, is massaging her upper arm and shoulder. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and white gradient.

MUSCLE THERAPY: YOUNG ELEONORE

J. Stilton
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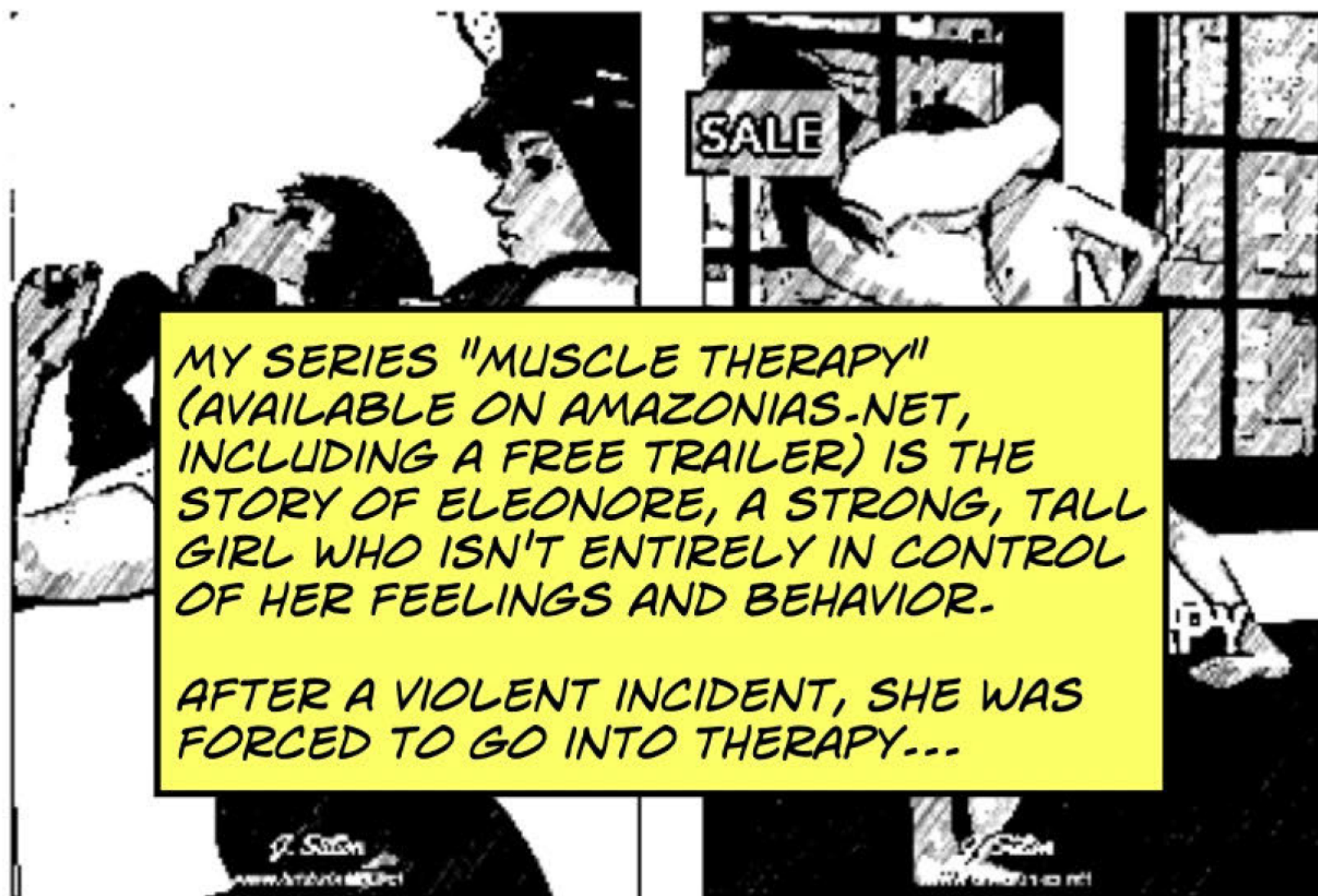
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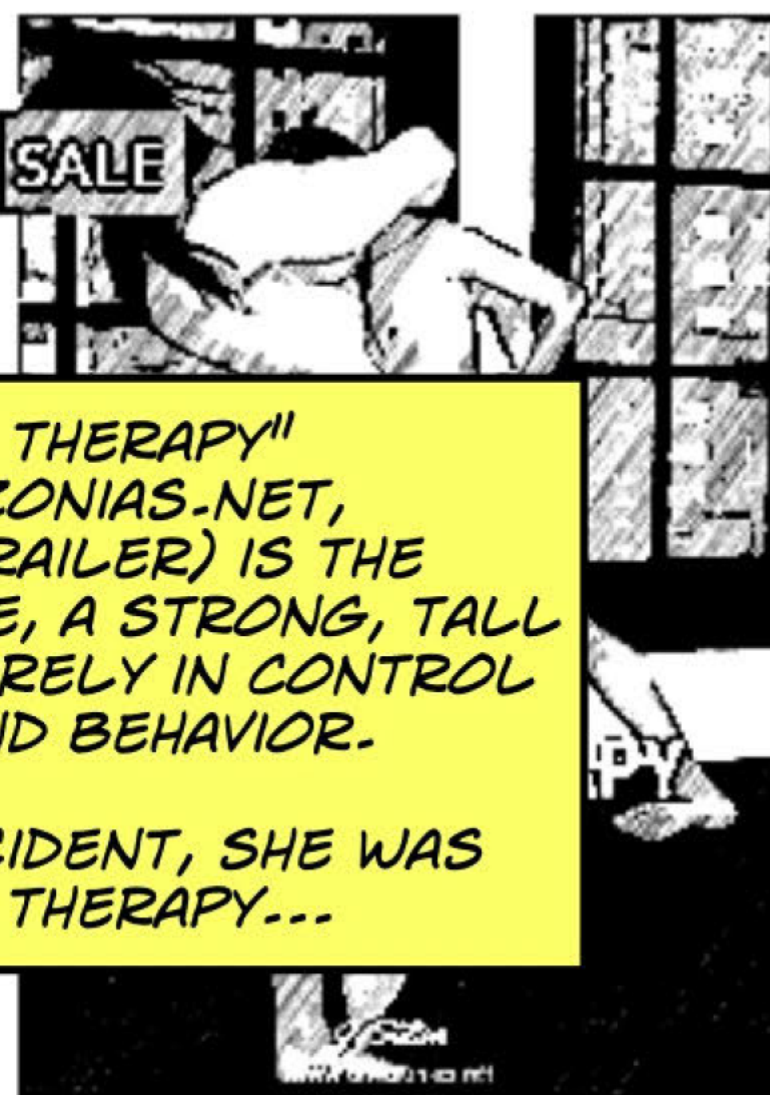
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HER THERAPIST, ERIC HARPER, WAS A VERY SMALL MAN WHO QUICKLY DEVELOPED HIS OWN UNHEALTHY OBSESSION FOR THE MUSCLEGIRL...



ELEONORE TOLD ERIC ABOUT SOME THINGS THAT HAD HAPPENED IN HER PAST: EXAMPLES OF HOW, WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER STILL, SHE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR DOMINATING OTHER PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY GUYS.



YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT THAT IN THE
"MUSCLE THERAPY SERIES". YET HERE
WE'LL LISTEN IN AS ELEONORE TELLS HER
THERAPIST YET ANOTHER STORY. IT'S A
DEFINING EPISODE IN HER LIFE...



...of
of education
in
should know
privileges going to this gal
Rose Pinchback
Elle Gomez

SO THIS HAPPENED
AROUND CHRISTMAS
TIME. I THINK I WAS
SIXTEEN...



OUR NEW NEIGHBORS, A COUPLE AND THEIR
TEENAGE SON, WERE VISITING OUR HOUSE,
TO GET MORE ACQUAINTED.

OUR PARENTS WERE HAVING DRINKS, AND MOM HAD SUGGESTED I TAKE THE BOY - WILSON HIS NAME WAS - TO ANOTHER ROOM, TO TALK. I THINK SHE DESPERATELY WANTED ME TO MAKE SOME MORE FRIENDS. INDEED I DIDN'T HAVE MANY AT THE TIME, I WAS JUST SO FOCUSED ON SPORTS. SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT THAT. I GUESS SHE THOUGHT I WAS LESBIAN OR SOMETHING.

AND SO LIKE A GOOD DAUGHTER, I TALKED A BIT TO THE BOY, WHO I FOUND OUT WAS EXACTLY MY AGE, DESPITE BEING A LOT SMALLER AND LOOKING A LOT YOUNGER...

IT ALL STARTED FRIENDLY ENOUGH...

SO, WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO SPEND YOUR TIME ON?

EHM, MOSTLY COMPUTER GAMES...

WHAT ABOUT YOU?





ALL MY FREE TIME
KINDA GOES TO
SPORTS. POWERLIFTING,
MARTIAL ARTS AND
BODYBUILDING...

UP TILL SOME TIME AGO, I WOULDN'T HAVE
SPOKEN SO FREELY ABOUT MY SPORTIVE
ACTIVITIES, FEARING THAT PEOPLE WOULD
THINK THEY WERE UNBECOMING OF GIRLS.
BUT AS THE EFFECTS OF ALL THOSE
WORKOUTS HAD STARTED TO SHOW ON MY
BODY, I HAD STOPPED CARING. PEOPLE
WERE ASKING WHAT KIND OF SPORTS I DID
ANYWAY, SEEING VERY CLEARLY THAT I WAS
SERIOUSLY ATHLETIC.


LATER, I HAD TAKEN ON THE HABIT OF
MENTIONING EVERYTHING BUT THE
BODYBUILDING.

AND NOW, AT SIXTEEN, I WAS ALREADY SO
HUGE THAT I GUESS MY BIG FIGURE COULD
ONLY BE EXPLAINED BY A CONSCIOUS
BODYBUILDING EFFORT.



I EH... KIND OF
FIGURED THAT. WHAT
DO YOU LIKE SO MUCH
ABOUT SPORTS? I FIND
THEM BORING...

OH WELL, I LIKE
HOW DOING SPORTS
MAKES MY BODY REALLY
STRONG AND
POWERFUL...



I HAD ALSO BECOME LESS AND LESS SHY
OF ACTUALLY SHOWING MY MUSCLES AND
SEEING WHAT EFFECT THEY HAD ON OTHERS,
ESPECIALLY BOYS.

AND I LOVE HAVING
BIG MUSCLES, SEE?



UGH, I THINK
THAT'S REALLY
GROSS!

I HAD HEARD COMMENTS LIKE THIS ABOUT MY BODY BEFORE, OF COURSE. BUT THEY HAD NEVER BEEN SO EXPLICIT AND SO IN-MY-FACE.

I THINK THIS WAS ACTUALLY A DEFINING MOMENT IN MY WHOLE... DEVELOPMENT.

I FELT IT VERY CLEARLY: THE DESIRE TO PUT THIS LITTLE BRAT IN HIS PLACE. TO TEACH HIM A LESSON...

I STOOD UP AND TOLD WILSON TO DO THE SAME...

GET UP
UP FROM THE
COUCH...

WHY?

AS HE DIDN'T DO WHAT I SAID RIGHT AWAY, I
SPOKE WITH A BIT MORE CONVICTION. NOT
SHOUTING, BUT WITH A LOUDER VOICE, THAT
PROBABLY REFLECTED SOME IMPATIENCE...

I SAID GET UP.

TO MY SATISFACTION, THIS TIME THE BOY
OBEYED.

I JUST WANT TO
SHOW YOU
SOMETHING...

WHAT...-





STAND HERE, RIGHT IN
FRONT OF ME, FOR A
SECOND...

EH...
OKAY...



HE SLOWLY ADVANCED
TOWARDS ME. I TOLD HIM TO
GET CLOSER UNTIL HIS TOES
WERE ONLY A FEW INCHES
FROM MINE...

I TOWERED ABOVE HIM. I MUST HAVE BEEN
ALREADY SIX FEET AT THE TIME, AND HE
SEEMED A BIT OVER FIVE TWO OR
SOMETHING...

TELL ME,
WHAT DO YOU
SEE?

WHAT I
SEE?


YES, RIGHT
IN FRONT OF
YOUR EYES,
WHAT DO YOU
SEE?

ACTUALLY, WHAT HE COULD SEE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM WAS ONE OF MY BOOBS. I SAW HIM CONSIDER THE IDEA OF ANSWERING EXACTLY THAT, BUT OF COURSE HE DIDN'T DARE.

AND IT WASN'T THE ANSWER I WAS LOOKING FOR ANYWAY.

I... DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY...

LET ME HELP YOU THEN...



I DIDN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING. I WAS JUST GOING WITH THE FLOW AND MAKING UP THINGS AS I WENT ALONG. ALL I FELT WAS THAT I WANTED TO... DOMINATE THIS BOY. I FELT IT MORE CLEARLY THAN EVER BEFORE. THAT THIS WAS WHAT I WANTED TO DO, THAT THIS WAS WHO I WAS!


YOU'RE LOOKING AT A GIRL YOUR AGE, WHO IS ALMOST TWO FEET TALLER THAN YOU, AND MAYBE EIGHTY POUNDS HEAVIER...

A GIRL WITH BIG MUSCLES, LOTS OF STRENGTH, AND MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS...

FIRST THERE WAS CONFUSION IN HIS FACE,
THEN ASTONISHMENT, THEN FINALLY: FEAR.
I LOVED IT!

AND TO A GIRL LIKE
THAT, YOU SAY SHE'S
GROSS?

I... I D-DIDN'T
MEAN IT LIKE
T-THAT!



I TOOK HIS JAW IN MY HANDS. GENTLY.
HE HADN'T SEEN THAT COMING. HIS EYES
AND HIS MOUTH WIDENED FURTHER...

AH, THAT'S
GOOD TO KNOW.
THEN WHAT EXACTLY DID
YOU MEAN WHEN YOU
SAID **GROSS**?

I EH...



I MEANT... I
MEANT... EH...

HE STAMMERED ON BUT COULDN'T
TALK HIMSELF OUT OF THIS, OF
COURSE. I SQUEEZED HIS JAW JUST A
LITTLE BIT...

AWWW!

I'M STILL
WAITING FOR AN
ANSWER!

I SQUEEZED A LOT HARDER
NOW, AS HE DIDN'T GIVE
ANY REPLY...

AWWW, WHAT
ARE YOU-



TO MY DELIGHT, HE GRABBED MY ARM,
TRYING TO PRY IT AWAY, FOR ME TO STOP
SQUEEZING.

STOP! YOU'RE
HURTING ME!


SEEING HE HAD NO EFFECT ON MY ARM
WHATSOEVER, HE USED ALSO HIS OTHER
HAND. STILL TO NO AVAIL, OF COURSE...

AGGHH



LOOK, WILSON!
LOOK AT MY BIG
BICEP BULGING!

LET ME GOOOOO!!



EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS WAS SO EXCITING:
ME HOLDING HIM, HE UNABLE TO ESCAPE.
SEEING MY OWN BICEP BULGING. HIS
LITTLE CRIES. HIS SMALL HANDS ON MY BIG
FOREARM. ME TOWERING ABOVE HIM. HIS
SMALL, SMALL BODY BELOW ME...

IT WAS... SOMETHING I WANTED TO GET A
LOT MORE OF...

MY NEXT MOVE WAS AUTOMATIC AS WELL: I RELEASED MY GRIP ON HIS JAW AND I LIFTED HIM, WITH JUST MY ONE HAND. WITH MY OTHER HAND, I GRIPPED HIS WRIST.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? LET ME GO!! I'LL CALL MY MOM!


HIS THREAT DIDN'T DISTURB ME AT ALL. BY NOW I WAS SO IN CONTROL THAT I WAS VERY CONFIDENT I COULD EASILY PREVENT HIM FROM GETTING ANY HELP.

HAHA, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT A LITTLE BOY LIKE YOU WOULD DO, ISN'T IT? CALLING FOR HIS MOM?

WHY DON'T YOU START BY APOLOGIZING INSTEAD?

Y-YOU MEAN FOR...

FOR SAYING MY MUSCLES LOOK GROSS, YES...



B-B-BUT I... I
MEAN... IT'S THE
TRUTH... IT G-GROSSES
ME OUT... I CAN'T HELP
FEELING LIKE THAT
C-CAN I?

OH, IS THAT
SO, HMM?

WELL,
THEN I CAN'T
HELP BEING
OFFENDED.

AND
ANGRY.

AND
FEELING LIKE
PUNISHING
YOU...

AND I CAN'T
HELP... WANTING TO
CRUSH YOUR LITTLE
WRIST WITH MY
STRONG HAND...

B-B-BUT THAT'S
NOT THE SAME -
AAARGHH



AS I PRESSED TIGHTER ON HIS WRIST, HE
TRIED TO WRESTLE HIMSELF OUT OF MY
HOLD, PUSHING HIMSELF OFF AGAINST MY
BICEP...

LET ME GOOO!

MMM YES, TRY
TO ESCAPE! SEE
WHERE IT GETS
YOU...




LET'S PUT YOU ON
THE GROUND NOW...

I BENT THROUGH MY LEGS, THROWING HIM
WITH HIS KNEES TO THE FLOOR, AND SANK
DOWN TO THE CARPET MYSELF. I
IMMEDIATELY GRABBED HIS OTHER WRIST
AS WELL....

OOPS, SEEMS
LIKE YOU'RE
EVEN MORE TRAPPED
NOW!

WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS TO
ME?



JUST BECAUSE I
CAN, BOY...

YOU KNOW I
WONDER: HOW GROSSED
OUT WOULD YOU FEEL
IF...



... A MUSCLEGIRL
KISSED YOU, HMM?

WHAT THE FUCK!
NOOOO!!



YOU KNOW I CAN DO IT IF
I WANT TO, DON'T YOU?

DON'T!

I THEN STARTED TO PUSH HIM DOWN, VERY SLOWLY AND GENTLY. I COULD HAVE DONE IT IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, BUT I WANTED TO MAKE IT LAST A BIT, FOR BOTH ME AND HIM TO FEEL MY POWER...





YOU'RE GOING DOWN,
LITTLE ONE!



STILL NOT
APOLOGIZING, BY
THE WAY?

I... TOLD YOU I...
CAN'T...-

WHAT A STUBBORN BOY HE WAS! BUT I LOVED IT! ALL THE MORE REASON TO PUNISH HIM!

I FINALLY PUSHED HIM AGAINST THE CARPET AND STRADLED HIM, HOLDING HIS ARMS TO THE FLOOR. HE WAS NO CHALLENGE FOR ME WHATSOEVER...

KNOW WHAT? IF YOU CAN ESCAPE FROM THIS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE. EVEN BETTER: I WILL APOLOGIZE TO YOU!

GGGHHH




COME ON, TRY
HARDER! I CAN'T FEEL
YOU MOVE AT ALL!

I LET HIM FIGHT FOR A MINUTE, AFTER WHICH
HE WAS EXHAUSTED ANYWAY...

GIVING UP?

WHATEVER!
YOU'RE CRAZY!




MY MUSCLES MIGHT
BE GROSS TO YOU, BUT
I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE
HOW USEFUL THEY CAN
BE, HMM?

NOW... LET'S SEE IF
YOU'RE ANY WISER BY
NOW...

I LOWERED MYSELF FURTHER, PUTTING MY
UPPER ARM QUITE CLOSE TO HIS FACE NOW.

NOW... CHECK OUT
THIS GROSS, BIG BICEP
ON YOUR LEFT...

A woman with dark hair, wearing a grey ribbed tank top, is leaning over a person with long brown hair who is wearing a red shirt. The woman is looking down at the person's head, and her hand is near their hair. The background is a bright blue sky with some green foliage visible in the top right corner.


WHAT YOU WILL DO
NOW, IS KISS IT. AND IF
YOU DON'T, I'LL HURT
YOU. BADLY.

PLEASE....

OH THIS WAS SUCH A DELICIOUS POSITION. HE WAS TOTALLY IMMOBILIZED BY MUSCLES. I WAS IN ABSOLUTE CONTROL! I COULD MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING NOW... I FELT HIS MIND WAS GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER, HIS RESISTANCE DECREASING...

BUT...


YES, LITTLE ONE. IF YOU DON'T KISS THAT GROSS, MUSCULAR ARM, I WILL SQUEEZE YOUR LITTLE NECK WITH IT, AND THEN YOU'LL BE **REALLY** SCARED!



THAT FINALLY SEEMED TO MAKE HIM
CONQUER HIS PRIDE AND STUBBORNNESS...

THAT'S IT
BOY! VERY
GOOD!

KEEP
GOING, UNTIL I
SAY STOP!



IF I COULD MAKE UNWILLING BOYS KISS MY
BICEPS, WHAT COULDN'T I MAKE THEM DO?

OH MY GOD, THIS WAS... THE BEGINNING OF
SOMETHING NEW. THIS WAS... WHAT I WAS
BORN FOR, AND WHAT I HAD BUILT THIS
BODY FOR!

YOU'RE MINE NOW,
LITTLE NEIGHBOR!

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH FURTHER I WOULD
HAVE GONE RIGHT THERE AND THEN, BUT
SUDDENLY I HEARD VOICES FROM THE
CORRIDOR...

QUICK, GET UP ON THE
COUCH. NOT A WORD
ABOUT THIS!

WE WERE CALMLY SITTING ON THE COUCH
AGAIN RIGHT WHEN OUR MOMS WALKED
IN---

READY TO GO
HOME, WILSON?





I THINK MY MOM WASN'T BUYING ANY OF IT,
BUT SHE JUST WENT ALONG...

OH, I'M SO HAPPY
TO HEAR THAT! IT'LL
BE GOOD FOR WILSON
TO HAVE SOMEONE
CLOSE BY TO BE
FRIENDS WITH!





OH YES, I'M SURE
WE'LL BE SEEING A LOT
OF EACH OTHER. WON'T
WE, WILSON?

EH... YES...
SURE...




WE'LL BE
RIGHT DOWN!

AS WILSON GOT OFF FROM THE COUCH,
READY TO RUN OUT OF THE ROOM, I PUT
MYSELF IN BETWEEN HIM AND THE DOOR...

WHAT HAPPENED WILL
BE OUR LITTLE SECRET,
OKAY WILSON?

I... WON'T TELL
ANYONE. BUT... THIS
WAS THE FIRST AND
THE LAST TIME YOU
TREATED ME LIKE
THIS, I HOPE?



YOU'RE A FUNNY BOY
WILSON. WE'RE JUST
GETTING STARTED. IT'S SO
MUCH FUN TO USE THESE
BIG MUSCLES ON
SOMEONE NOW AND
THEN, YOU KNOW...

BUT ALL WILL BE
OKAY IF YOU'RE A
GOOD BOY...