

MUSCLE CRUSH



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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

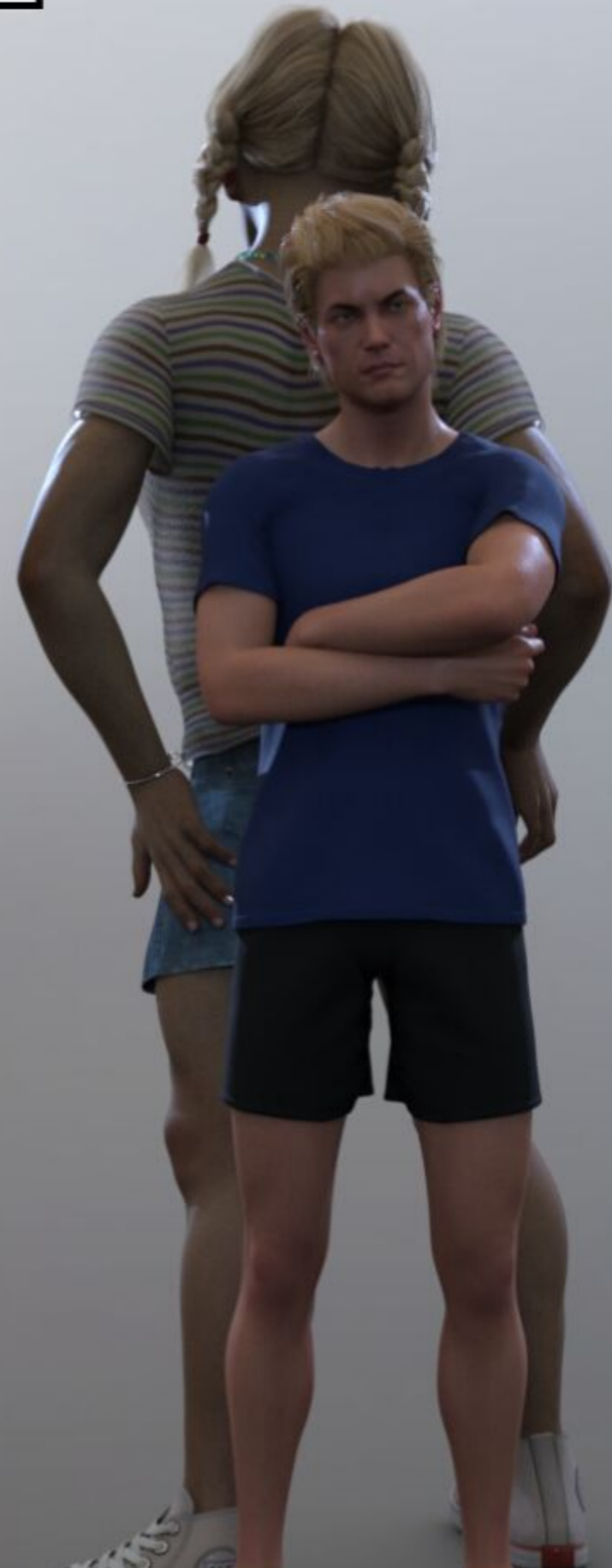
JAMES

STORY AND ARTWORK BY LECTER38

ROB AND BRIDGET WERE SIBLINGS. WITH ONLY A COUPLE OF YEARS SEPARATING THEM, THEY WERE NATURALLY QUITE COMPETITIVE. UNFORTUNATELY FOR ROB, HE GOT UNLUCKY IN THE GENE POOL. BRIDGET GOT THE LION'S SHARE OF THE GOOD GENES, GROWING LIKE A WEED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ROB'S EYES.



WHEN BRIDGET STARTED SHOOTING UP PAST HIM, ROB LEARNED - THE HARD WAY - TO AVOID PHYSICAL CONFLICTS WITH HER. WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY CAME, ROB GLADLY LEFT FOR COLLEGE. SECRETLY HOPING HE WOULD GROW OUT FROM UNDER HIS SISTER'S SHADOW.



WE FIND ROB BACK AT HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWO YEARS. HE HAD MISSED HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. WITH HIS MOM AT WORK, ROB WAS QUICK TO INVITE TIM OVER, WHO JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO CATCH UP WITH HIS BEST FRIEND. AND WHAT BETTER WAY FOR OLD WRESTLING TEAMMATES TO REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS, THAN TO HAVE SOME FRIENDLY WRESTLING MATCHES!

YOU'RE GOING DOWN, BRO!

NOT A CHANCE! YOU'VE GONE SOFT, ROBBY!



A 3D rendered scene of two men sparring in a martial arts gym. The man on the left has blonde hair and is wearing a red tank top and black shorts. The man on the right has dark hair and is wearing a blue tank top and blue shorts. They are both kneeling on a red mat, facing each other in a sparring stance. The man in red is holding the man in blue's hands. The background shows a wooden floor and a blue mat.

SOFT?
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
EAT THOSE WORDS.

HAHA, THEN YOU'RE
GONNA HAVE TO DO A
LOT BETTER THAN THIS,
BUDDY!

ENGROSSSED IN THEIR STRUGGLE, THE GUYS DID NOT HEAR THE NEW COMER AS SHE MADE HER WAY TO THE MATS.

NOW I'VE GOT YOU. GIVE UP MAN!

AWWW... WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

GROAN!





I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING INTIMATE?


TIM WAS SPEECHLESS FOR A MINUTE. THERE BEFORE HIM STOOD ONE OF THE MOST INTIMIDATING GIRLS HE HAD EVER SEEN. HE FELT A STIRRING IN HIS LOINS AS HE EYED HER PHENOMENAL PHYSIQUE.

WHA.. WHAT?
BRIDGET? IS THAT
YOU?

YEAH.. ITS ME LITTLE
TIMMY..
"GIGGLES"

COME ON... DON'T
STOP ON MY ACCOUNT!
YOU GUYS LOOK **SO**
CUTE TOGETHER!





WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE, BRIDGET?
CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE
BUSY? GET OUT!

AND WHAT IF I
DON'T, ROB? ARE
YOU GOING TO MAKE
ME?

OR ARE YOU,
TIMMY?

TIM HATED BEING CALLED TIMMY, AND HE HATED BULLIES AND 'WRESTLING IS GAY' JOKES EVEN MORE. ROB, ON THE OTHER HAND, DIDN'T RISE TO HIS SISTER'S BAIT. HE TRIED TO PULL TIM AWAY, AS HE STOOD UP TO CONFRONT BRIDGET.

SOMEONE NEEDS TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS, LITTLE GIRL!

TIM... EASY...





SHIT!

"LITTLE GIRL?"
ARE YOU SERIOUS,
DUDE?

YEAH..
DEADLY!
ON THE MATS.. RIGHT
NOW!
OR ARE YOU ALL
TALK?

BRIDGET STRAIGHTENED TO HER FULL HEIGHT, OVERPOWERING TIM TO INTIMIDATE HIM. TIM'S ANGER, HOWEVER, WAS OVERRIDING HIS COMMON SENSE. THE BOY WASN'T BACKING DOWN.

DAMN, I KNOW WHERE THIS ENDS...

I AM 6'4" AND 220 POUNDS OF MUSCLE, LITTLE MAN. WHAT ARE YOU, 5 FEET TALL?

5'2" FOR YOUR INFORMATION. NOT THAT IT'S ANY CONCERN OF YOURS.



GOD, MY
SISTER LOOKS LIKE
A SUPERHERO
COMPARED TO HIM!

OH WOW..
I'M GONNA HAVE TO
BE **REALLY** CAREFUL.
I JUST MIGHT BREAK
YOU IN TWO!

OH NO! YOU WON'T
HOLD BACK ON MY
ACCOUNT! I DON'T WANT
YOU MAKING EXCUSES
LATER!





WHAT THE FUCK
ARE YOU DOING,
MAN?
SHE'S TWICE YOUR SIZE!
SHE'S GONNA EAT
YOU ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME.
WRESTLING IS MORE
THAN SIZE AND
STRENGTH.

SERIOUSLY, I
DON'T WANT TO
SEE YOU GET
HURT!

GET OUT OF THE WAY
ROB. THAT SISTER OF
YOURS NEEDS A
LESSON...



A bodybuilder woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a red crop top and black bikini bottom, is stretching her arms behind her head. She is standing in a room with a window with blinds and a poster on the wall. The poster shows three women in athletic wear.

BRIDGET TOOK OFF HER SHOES, STOOD OPPOSITE TO TIM AND ROB, STRETCHING LEISURELY. THE SIGHT OF HER WAS JUST ASTOUNDING! TIM AND ROB STARED FOR A FULL MINUTE BEFORE THEY SHOOK THEIR HEADS CLEAR. IF BRIDGET WANTED TO INTIMIDATE HER OPPONENT - SHE DID - IT WAS CLEARLY WORKING...

OH BOY... HE
CAN'T BE THIS STUPID,
CAN HE?



READY YET, BIG
GUY?... OR DO YOU
NEED MORE TIME TO
STRETCH THOSE MANLY
MUSCLES?



ALL RIGHT, LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU GOT, BOY!

YEAH, AND I'M SURE
WHAT YOU GOT IS
NOTHIN!



TO HIS CREDIT, TIM WAS QUITE FAST AND SKILLFUL, DODGING NIMBLY UNDER BRIDGET'S OUTSTRETCHED ARMS, GOING STRAIGHT FOR ONE OF HER LEGS...



BUT THAT'S WHERE HIS PROGRESS STALLED. HITTING BRIDGET'S LEGS WAS LIKE RUNNING INTO A TREE TRUNK AND IT JARRED HIM QUITE A BIT. HE WRAPPED HIS ARMS AROUND HER LARGE LIMB, TRYING IN VAIN TO MOVE IT.

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE GUY?... SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE HAVING A BIT OF TROUBLE, DOWN THERE.

GRUNTS



COME ON,
LITTLE GUY!
PUT YOUR BACK INTO
IT.

DAMMIT!

THIS IS EVEN
MORE UNEVEN
THAN I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE...




BORED, BRIDGET FINALLY PEELED TIM OFF HER LEGS BY HIS ARMS. SHE STOOD HIM UP IN FRONT OF HER WITH SUCH EASE THAT IT LEFT HIM QUITE STUNNED.

HERE... LET ME SHOW HOW IT'S DONE!

GASP!



A woman with blonde hair in a braid, wearing a maroon sports bra and black shorts, is lifting a man in a blue tank top and shorts. The man is being held in a front squat position. In the background, another man in a red tank top and black shorts is crouching on a blue mat, looking down with a dejected expression. The gym floor is made of wooden planks with blue and red mats. A framed picture of a woman is on the wall.

UP YOU GO.. NOW,
THIS IS HOW YOU LIFT
SOMEONE, LITTLE
MAN.

WHAT THE...

DON'T WORRY, I'M JUST GIVING YOU A QUICK RIDE.

OH MY GOD!



BRIDGET THEN TURNED AND THREW TIM AT ROB. HER SEEMINGLY QUITE CASUAL MOVE SENT TIM FLYING SIX FEET THROUGH THE AIR...

AHHHH!



... BEFORE LANDING AT THE EDGE OF THE MAT.

WHAT THE FUCK, BRIDGET!
THAT'S NOT WRESTLING!





YOU COULD HAVE
BADLY HURT HIM FOR
GOD'S SAKE!

OH.. DON'T BE SO
MELODRAMATIC, ROB.
HE'S FINE!

DID THE BIG BAD
GIRL HURT THE
COLLEGE STUD? DID SHE
THROW HIM TOO HARD?
DOES HIS LITTLE HINEY
HURT?

CUT IT OUT BRIDGET!
LEAVE US ALONE, OR I'M
TELLING MOM!



YOU LITTLE...
I SWEAR, IF YOU BRING
MOM INTO THIS, I AM
REALLY GONNA GIVE
YOU SOMETHING TO
TATTLE ABOUT!!

DON'T MIND HIM...
I'M FINE.
LET'S JUST KEEP
GOING.



TIM DUSTED HIMSELF OFF AND GINGERLY STOOD UP. HE WAS QUITE SHAKEN BY BRIDGET'S DISPLAY OF STRENGTH, BUT HE WASN'T JUST GOING TO GIVE UP YET.

YOU GOT SOME COURAGE LITTLE MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT!

DON'T GET COCKY, PIGTAILS. SO YOU'RE STRONG... BIG DEAL! THAT'S NOT WHAT WRESTLING IS ABOUT THOUGH! I'M GONNA SHOW YOU!



TIM WAS RIGHT ON ONE POINT: BRIDGET WAS QUITE INEXPERIENCED AT WRESTLING ITSELF. THE SMALLER BOY USED THAT TO HIS ADVANTAGE. HE FEIGNED TO ONE SIDE BEFORE NIMBLY DODGING THE OTHER WAY. HE THEN THREW HIS FULL WEIGHT INTO A TACKLE, HITTING BRIDGET AT THE BEND OF HER KNEE, BRINGING HER DOWN.

YES!



TIM WAS QUICK TO CAPITALIZE, MOUNTING BRIDGET'S SUPINE BODY. STRADDLING HER, HE FELT HER STRONG BODY BETWEEN HIS LEGS. AS HIS CROTCH PRESSED AGAINST HER CHEST, HE FELT HIS AROUSAL RISING, YET FOUGHT HIS EXCITEMENT TO MAINTAIN HIS HOLD. HE LEANED FORWARD AND USED HIS BODYWEIGHT TO PIN HER ARMS ABOVE HER HEAD.

NOW I HAVE GOT YOU.. ANY QUIPS OR JOKES NOW?

OH MY... YOU'VE GOT ME GOOD, HAVEN'T YOU?



BRIDGET SLOWLY BROUGHT HER ARMS UP, SO SMOOTHLY, IT SEEMED EFFORTLESS ON HER PART. TIM GRUNTED AND FOUGHT BACK, TRYING TO KEEP HER PINNED.

NGGHH

OH MY GOD..
I AM SO HELPLESS.
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME,
TIMMY.



THEN, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE YOUNG BODYBUILDER HAD MOVED HER HANDS UNDER TIM AND WAS LIFTING HIM UP STRAIGHT ABOVE HER...

FUUUUUCK!
SHE'S GOTTEN
SO STRONG!

WOAH!!

I BENCH PRESS
MORE THAN MY
BODYWEIGHT LITTLE
MAN. THERE'S NO WAY
YOU COULD HAVE KEPT
ME DOWN!



TIM WENT FLYING AGAIN. THIS TIME AROUND, BRIDGET WAS MORE CAREFUL. SHE DISCARDED HIM TO THE SIDE AND QUICKLY GOT BACK UP TO HER KNEES.

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU A REAL HOLD, LITTLE MAN!



BRIDGET DOVE ON TOP OF TIM, AND THE STRUGGLE THAT ENSUED WAS BRIEF. IN FEW SECONDS BRIDGET HAD HIM WRAPPED UP IN HER ARMS AND LEGS.

THIS MUST BE SO HUMILIATING FOR YOU, LITTLE TIMMY. A COLLEGE STUD.. OUTWRESTLED BY A YOUNGER GIRL.

AHH.. PLEASE.. STOP!



STOP?
I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED
SQUEEZING YET.

AAAAHHH!



ROB FELT CONFLICTED AS HE LISTENED TO HIS FRIEND'S PLEAS AND SCREAMS. HE WAS ANGRY WITH TIM FOR STARTING THIS. HE'D BROUGHT THIS ON HIMSELF AFTER ALL. BUT TIM WAS HIS BEST FRIEND AND, AS MUCH AS HE DREADED GOING UP AGAINST HIS SISTER, HE COULDN'T JUST LEAVE HIM LIKE THIS.

AHH... PLEASE...
ROB.
HELP ME, MAN!

FUCK FUCK FUCK!



ROB FINALLY JUMPED INTO ACTION. HE GRABBED ONE OF BRIDGET'S ARMS, WITH BOTH OF HIS, AND TRIED DESPERATELY TO FREE TIM. BUT TO HIS HORROR, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE PULLED, HE COULDN'T. HE LEANED BACKWARDS, EMPLOYING HIS BODYWEIGHT, BUT HER ARM ONLY MOVED AN INCH OR TWO BEFORE SHE STOPPED IT COLD.



YOU LITTLE RUNT!!

BRIDGET WAS FURIOUS AT HER BROTHER. SHE QUICKLY GOT UP, PUSHING TIM IN FRONT OF HER, TWISTED HER ARM FREE, AND PULLED ROB DOWN INTO A HEADLOCK. HAVING SECURED ROB, SHE SWITCHED TIM TO A HALF NELSON. HOWEVER, HE WAS TOO WORN OUT TO DO ANYTHING BUT HANG LIMP FROM HER ARM.

YOU WIMP!
GANGING UP ON YOUR
LITTLE SISTER.
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
REGRET THIS.

AHMFFF!



AWWW--LITTLE
TIMMY IS ALL
TUCKERED OUT, ISN'T
HE?

HAVING BOTH GUYS UNDER HER CONTROL, BRIDGET TOOK
THINGS SLOW.
SHE FORCED HER BROTHER'S HEAD BETWEEN HER LEGS,
THEN GENTLY CRADLED TIM'S LIMP BODY IN HER ARMS.

AHH!
MY HEAD..



BUT WE AREN'T
DONE YET, LITTLE
GUY.
JUST *SQUEEZE* A
BIT AND *SQUEEZE*
SOME MORE.

AAARGH!



WHEN SHE FELT SHE'D GIVEN HER BROTHER ENOUGH TROUBLE, BRIDGET STOOD UP, TOGETHER WITH TIMMY IN HER ARMS...

NOW NOW, LITTLE GUY. KEEP IT TOGETHER. THE HARD PART IS OVER. BUT WE ARE NOT DONE YET.

UUGGGG



TIM WAS OUT OF IT AS BRIDGET REPOSITIONED HIS BODY, HOLDING HIM TO HER SIDE WITH ONE ARM. THEN SHE HAULED ROB UP WITH HER FREE ARM, AS HE WEAKLY STRUGGLED TRYING TO GET FREE.

YOU GUYS STILL NEED TO BE PUNISHED FOR TEAMING UP ON POOR LITTLE ME.

AARGH
WH.. PUNISHED?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



BRIDGET HAD THE TWO BOYS SECURE IN HER ARMS, AS SHE MADE HER WAY TO THE LIVING ROOM.

THERE WE GO!
NOW.. ITS TIME TO
DISCIPLINE YOU BOYS.

BRIDGET..
PLEASE.. PUT ME
DOWN.
I AM SO SORRY!



AS BRIDGET REACHED THE COUCH, SHE SWIVELED AND THREW ROB ONTO IT. HIS LANDING- THOUGH SOFTENED BY THE CUSHIONS- KNOCKED THE AIR OUT OF HIM.



MOMENTS LATER, CATCHING THEIR BREATH, THE BOYS WERE SITTING UP AND LISTENING TO THE HUGE GIRL...

I WANT YOU BOYS DOWN TO YOUR BRIEFS, RIGHT NOW!

WHAT.. ARE YOU NUTS? I AM NOT UNDRESSING IN FRONT OF YOU!



BRIDGET QUICKLY GRABBED BOTH GUYS BY THEIR THROATS, LIFTING THEM TO THE TIP OF THEIR TOES RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.



LET ME MAKE MYSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR; THAT WAS **NOT** A REQUEST.

THAT WAS AN ORDER

AN ORDER BY SOMEONE MUCH BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU!

ROB WAS MORTIFIED. HE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THIS HAD HAPPENED, BUT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE.

BRIDGET,
PLEASE!
DON'T DO THIS..



THIS IS LAST TIME I
AM GOING TO REPEAT
MYSELF.
UNDRESS...

NOW!





THIS IS WRONG.. YOU ARE MY SISTER, BRIDGET.

YEAH.. SO? IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YOUR UNDERWEAR BEFORE, BRO.

THE BOYS WERE SLOW TO UNDRESS, WITH BRIDGET BREATHING DOWN THEIR NECKS. WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY DONE, SHE TOOK A SEAT PULLING THE TWO GUYS TO SIT ON EITHER SIDE OF HER.

NOW.. YOU GUYS HAVE TO UNDERSTAND WHY YOU ARE BEING PUNISHED.

NOT ONLY WERE YOU COMPLETELY RUDE TO ME, BUT YOU ALSO TRIED TO CHEAT AND DOUBLE TEAM ME.



AND I WON'T
TOLERATE SUCH
BEHAVIOR



I AM NOT GONNA LIE, BRO. THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU, MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.

NO.. PLEASE.. STOP!



TIM BURIED HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, AS THE HARD SMACKS AND HIS FRIEND'S CRIES RANG LOUDLY IN HIS EARS
HE HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS A WELL ADJUSTED, YOUNG ADULT.. WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE A LITTLE ON THE SHORT SIDE. BUT BEING OVERPOWERED AND HUMILIATED, BY HIS FRIEND'S YOUNGER SISTER... THAT WAS A LOT TO TAKE IN.





NOW ITS YOUR TURN,
STUD.

WAIT..
BRIDGET..PLEASE!

DON'T WORRY
LITTLE GUY. YOU HAVE
BEEN SUCH A BRAVE
LITTLE SOLDIER, SO I'M
GONNA TAKE IT EASY
ON YOU.

SOB!

NOW LET'S GET RID
OF THIS PESKY THING.
IT'S JUST GONNA GET IN
THE WAY.

WAIT.. WHAT?
NO.. STOP!



WHAT A CUTE, LILY
WHITE, TUSH. HURTING IT
IS GONNA MAKE ME SAD,
LITTLE GUY. BUT.. YOU
HAVE TO LEARN YOUR
LESSON!..



NOW.. NOW
LITTLE TIMMY.
I HAVE HARDLY EVEN HIT
YOU.
BE BRAVE.

AHHHH!



THREE SLAPS LATER...

THERE.. THERE..
MOMMY HAD TO PUNISH
LITTLE TIMMY, BUT WE
ARE ALL DONE NOW.

SOB!



BRIDGET GENTLY ROCKED TIM IN HER ARMS,
HUMMING SOFTLY IN HIS EARS.
HE SEEMED TO BE RESPONDING TO HER GENTLE
MINISTRATIONS, HIS SOBS BECOMING QUIETER AND
LESS FREQUENT.
SHE GATHERED HIM IN HER ARMS AND STOOD UP AS
HE GAVE HER A PITIFUL AND CONTRITE LOOK.

I AM SO
SORRY.
PLEASE, DON'T
SPANK ME AGAIN.
IT HURTS SO
MUCH!

I KNOW, BABY. AND
AS LONG AS YOU ARE A
GOOD BOY, NO MORE
SPANKINGS.



BRIDGET GENTLY SWITCHED TIM TO HER SIDE, HOLDING HIM, ON HER HIP, WITH ONE ARM. TIM HAD SURRENDERED TO HER INCREDIBLE STRENGTH AND DOMINANCE. HE GRIPPED HER SOLID WAIST, WITH HIS LEGS, AS HIS HANDS CARESSED HER TIGHT ABS. ROB WAS BEGINNING TO RECOVER. HE SAT UP ON HIS KNEES TRYING REMAIN INCONSPICUOUS. HE HOPED BRIDGET WOULD JUST FORGET HE WAS STILL THERE.

AS FOR YOU, LITTLE WIMP... DON'T THINK I HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU.

I WANT YOU TO STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

JENNA IS ON HER WAY OVER, AND I AM GONNA LET HER TAKE OVER THE REST OF YOUR PUNISHMENT.

WHAT?!





JENNA!? OH MY GOD...

YOU HEARD ME.. NOT A MUSCLE, BOBBIE!

BRIDGET CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO HER ROOM, WITH TIM STRADDLING HER HIP AS SHE SUPPORTED HIS BUTT WITH ONE ARM. HIS BODY SEEMINGLY WEIGHTLESS IN HER ARMS.

SHE HELD HIM CLOSE AS HE BURIED HIS HEAD IN HER SHOULDER. HE TRIED TO HUG AS MUCH OF HER AS HE COULD, HIS SHORT ARMS NOT MANAGING TO GO ALL THE WAY AROUND HER.

THAT SPANKING WAS THE FINAL STRAW THAT MADE TIM REALIZE HOW HELPLESS HE WAS IN HER ARMS... AND HE GAVE INTO IT... AND IT FELT GOOD.

THIS IS IT.. MY ROOM. I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE RIDE HERE, LITTLE GUY.




BRIDGET STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR. SHE TURNED FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER, ADMIRING THEIR REFLECTION.

TIM ON THE OTHER HAND WAS STUNNED AT HOW RIDICULOUS HE THOUGHT HE LOOKED; A GROWN MAN, STRADDLING THE HIP OF THIS YOUNG AND VIBRANT WOMAN.

OH MY... LITTLE TIMMY!
WE MAKE SUCH A CUTE COUPLE, DON'T WE?



A woman with blonde hair in a braid, wearing a red bikini, is adjusting the hair of a shirtless man. The man is looking down. They are in a bedroom with a wooden wardrobe, a colorful rug, and a large mirror. There are plants and a bed in the background.

I AM GOING TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE, LITTLE GUY.

NOW.. I WANT YOU TO BE A GENTLEMAN, DON'T TURN AROUND UNTIL I TELL YOU.

OKAY...



WHEN BRIDGET FINALLY TOLD HIM TO TURN AROUND, TIM WAS MORE THAN HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

COME HERE, LITTLE GUY!



BRIDGET OPENED THE ROBE A TINY BIT, GIVING TIM AN EYEFUL OF CLEAVAGE AS SHE TALKED TO HIM IN A SULTY VOICE

WHAT DO YOU THINK, TIMMY? SHOULD I TAKE THIS ROBE OFF AS WELL?

I..I..
YEEAAH.



TIM WAS LOST FOR WORDS. BRIDGET WAS LIKE A GODDESS; SO BEAUTIFUL, STATUESQUE, AND HER BODY A SYMPHONY OF MUSCLE. HER LARGE BREASTS FIT PERFECTLY WITH REST OF HER BODY. STANDING SO CLOSE, STARING UP AT HER, TIM FELT A LITTLE DIZZY.

TA DA...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, LITTLE GUY?





COME ON, TIM.
SPEAK UP..

YOU..YOOOU
YOU ARE PERFECT!

TIM'S STUMBLING MADE BRIDGET GIGGLE. SHE TURNED TO THE BED, TOOK A SEAT, AND LEANED BACK SEDUCTIVELY.

AWWW.. THANKS, LITTLE MAN.

DON'T BE SHY CUTIE, COME CLOSER.



BRIDGET HAD HIM ON HIS KNEES, BETWEEN HER LEGS. TIM WAS ASTOUNDED AT THEIR SIZE AND MUSCULARITY. YET THEY LOOKED SO SMOOTH AND INVITING. HE FOUND HIMSELF INADVERTENTLY REACHING OUT, BET HE STOPPED HIMSELF MIDWAY, SUDDENLY REALIZING WHAT HE WAS DOING.



REALLY?

GO AHEAD.. YOU CAN TOUCH IT!

YES REALLY.. YOU CAN EVEN KISS IT!

THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK TO RELEASE TIM'S INHIBITIONS. HIS SMALL HANDS ROAMED ACROSS THE LARGE EXPANSE OF HER THIGHS, SEEMINGLY LOST. HE LEANED CLOSER, PLACING A GENTLE KISS ON BRIDGET'S INNER THIGH, FEELING THE HARDNESS OF HER MUSCLE WITH HIS LIPS.

OOOOH
THAT FEELS SO GOOD,
LITTLE GUY!



TIM CONTINUED TO WORSHIP BRIDGET'S BODY, CARESSING AND KISSING HER LONG MUSCULAR LEGS. SURROUNDED AS HE WAS BY HER BODY, ASSAULTED BY HER FRAGRANCE... HE SUDDENLY GAVE IN AND DOVE FACE FIRST INTO HER CLOTHED MUFF.

OH MY GOD!...



BRIDGET, FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT DAY, WAS RENDERED SPEECHLESS. SHE MOANED AND SHOOK WITH PLEASURE AS TIM WORKED DILIGENTLY BETWEEN HER LEGS. TIM FELT HER STRONG HANDS AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD PUSHING HIM DEEPER, AS HER LEGS CLOSED AROUND HIM, SEALING HIM OFF FROM THE WORLD. TIM DIDN'T PANIC EVEN AFTER LOSING ALL HIS SENSES. FEELING THE INCREASING PRESSURE ON HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS, HE DOUBLED HIS EFFORTS, ENGROSSED IN HIS TASK.



TIM WAS LOST BETWEEN BRIDGET'S LEGS, THEY SEEMED TO SWALLOW HIS WHOLE BODY. AS SHE QUICKLY APPROACHED HER CLIMAX, TIM FELT THE PRESSURE ON HIS BODY INCREASE TWO FOLD. HE COULDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE... THEN AS BRIDGET ORGASMED, SHE LIFTED THE BOY IN THE AIR WITH HER LEGS!

AAAAHHHHHHH!



SECONDS LATER, TIM WAS ON THE FLOOR, AT THE BIG GIRLS FEET...

OH.. MY .. GOD!
THAT WAS INCREDIBLE,
LITTLE GUY!

ARE YOU OK, TIM?
I GUESS I GOT A LITTLE
CARRIED AWAY, DIDN'T I?

I'M... OKAY



LITTLE LOVER,
YOU WERE GREAT!
THOSE LIPS AND TONGUE
OF YOURS ARE SO
TALENTED!

"COUGHS"
UMM..THANKS!






HERE, HAVE A SEAT..

I HOPE YOU ARE NOT
OUT OF COMMISSION
ALREADY BABY. THERE IS A
LOT MORE REAL ESTATE
FOR YOU TO EXPLORE.

OOOH, YOUR
BICEPS ARE SOOO
BIG!


LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE
ABOUT ME, BABYKINS..



NOW..I WANT
YOU TO LISTEN
CAREFULLY..

I AM GOING TO
SLOWLY OVERPOWER
YOU!
AND I WANT YOU TO TRY
YOUR HARDEST TO
STOP ME.

WHAT?

A woman with a blonde braid and a man in a black mask are sitting on a couch. The woman is wearing a blue and white bikini and has her arms around the man. The man is wearing a black mask and is looking towards the woman. They are sitting on a blue couch with a colorful striped rug on the floor. There are speech bubbles overlaid on the image.

ARE YOU TRYING YOUR HARDEST.. LITTLE GUY?

"GRUNTS"
YES..YOU ARE JUST TOO STRONG!

YES I AM. AND I AM GOING TO USE ALL THAT STRENGTH, AND ROCK YOUR WORLD!

BRIDGET REPOSITIONED TIM ON HER LAP. THIS TIME WITH HIS BACK AGAINST HER CHEST. SHE TIED UP HIS LEGS BEHIND HERS, BEFORE HER HANDS STARTED WORKING WONDERS ON HIM.

SEE.. YOU ARE JUST A HELPLESS LITTLE TOY IN MY BIG STRONG ARMS, BABYKINS.

MOAN!



I COULD DO
WHATEVER I WANT
WITH YOUR LITTLE
BODY.
I COULD SHOW YOU ALL
THE PLEASURE OF
THE WORLD..

OR I COULD HURT
YOU!
LOOK HOW YOUR SMALL
NECK FITS IN MY BIG
HAND!

OH.. BRIDGET,
PLEASE!.. OH MY GOD!

BRIDGET STOPPED ABRUPTLY BEFORE TIM'S RELEASE, AND STOOD UP, LIFTING TIM WITH HER.

NOT YET, LITTLE GUY. WE HAVE TO PRESERVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE REAL ACTION.

AGHHHH..



SHE TURNED AND THREW TIM ON THE BED. HE BOUNCED ONCE BEFORE REGAINING HIS BALANCE, AND AS HE LOOKED UP, HE SAW BRIDGET UNDRRESSING.

DON'T MIND ME, BABY. I'M JUST GETTING MORE COMFORTABLE.

OH... WOW





WELCOME TO THE GUN SHOW.

BRIDGET.. THERE ARE NO WORDS!

AWW.. THAT'S SO SWEET!



I AM GLAD YOU LIKE
WHAT YOU SEE,
BABYKINS.

YOU KNOW, I'VE
ALWAYS HAD A CRUSH ON
YOU, EVER SINCE YOU AND
ROB BECAME FRIENDS!

YOU DID?

YES, I DID.. AND IT
HAS ALWAYS BEEN A
FANTASY OF MINE, TO
HAVE YOUR TINY BODY
WRITHING BENEATH
ME.



AND YOU WOULD BE COMPLETELY HELPLESS..

MINE.. TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE...

OOOH GOD!



AND YOU KNOW WHAT,
BABYKINS?

WHAT?

RIGHT NOW, I AM
OLD ENOUGH..
AND **BIG**
ENOUGH, TO MAKE IT
HAPPEN.

BRIDGET WASTED NO TIME. SHE TOOK TIM BY THE LEG AND PULLED HIM CLOSER, BEFORE CRADLING HIM OFF THE BED AND ONTO HER LAP.

THERE WE GO, BIG MOMMA IS GONNA MAKE HER BABYKINS FEEL SO GOOD!

oooooh



TIM WAS COMPLETELY ABSORBED BY THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT; HE FONDLED, LICKED, AND SUCKED BRIDGET'S BIG FIRM BREASTS, AS SHE SLOWLY AND SENSUALLY STROKED HIS HARD LITTLE COCK WITH HER STRONG HAND.

OH MY.. THOSE LIPS OF YOURS, BABYKINS..

MMMMM YOU ARE DEFINITELY A KEEPER!.

MMMM!



AAAAHHH!!!

BRIDGET FINALLY COULD NO LONGER RESTRAIN HERSELF. SHE HELD TIM CLOSE TO HER -STILL ATTACHED TO HER BREAST -AS SHE LAID ON THE BED WITH TIM BENEATH HER. SHE DEFTLY MANEUVERED THEM TILL TIM WAS INSIDE HER.



BRIDGET WAS FEROCIOUS, THROWING TIM AROUND LIKE A RAGDOLL. MOVING FROM ONE POSITION TO THE NEXT WITH TIM STILL INSIDE HER, AND ALWAYS UNDERNEATH HER. THEY ENDED UP IN THE AMAZON POSITION AS BRIDGET POUNDED TIM FLAT TO BED.



FINALLY IT WAS OVER. BRIDGET COLLAPSED ON TOP OF TIM AND FOR A MINUTE, SHE JUST LAID THERE. TIM WAS THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED AND BATTERED, YET THE FEELING OF BRIDGET'S INCREDIBLE BODY, PRESSING ON HIM, WAS ALREADY STIRRING HIS LOINS AGAIN. BRIDGET ROLLED OVER TO THE SIDE, PULLING TIM CLOSER. HER ARMS AND LEGS WRAPPED THEMSELVES AROUND HIS BODY AS SHE SNUGGLED CLOSE TO HIM.

THAT... WAS...
INCREDIBLE,
BABY!

I HOPE I WASN'T TOO
ROUGH ON YOU, LITTLE
ONE.

YOU WERE
PERFECT... I NEVER
FELT ANYTHING LIKE
THIS.

NEVER FELT
ANYTHING... LIKE YOU,
BRIDGET!

AWWWWW!





YOU KNOW.. THE
MINUTE I WALKED IN ON
YOU AND ROB ROLLING
AROUND..

IT WAS ALL I
COULD DO TO STOP
MYSELF FROM JUST
JUMPING YOUR BONES,
RIGHT THEN AND
THERE!

AHH.. THAT'S
BASICALLY WHAT YOU
DID.

"GIGGLE"
NO SILLY, I MEANT I
WOULD HAVE RAPED YOU
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ROB.
INSTEAD.. I HAD TO FIND
AN EXCUSE TO GET MY
HANDS ON YOU.



NOT THAT I EVER
NEED ANY EXCUSES...
WITH THESE
MUSCLES.

THEY ARE SO BIG..
AND YOU ARE SO
STRONG, BRIDGET!



I GOTTA TELL
YOU YOU HURT ME,
BRIDGET. MY BACKSIDE
IS STILL SORE FROM
THE SPANKING.

BABYKINS..
THOSE WERE LOVE
TAPS.

IF I HAD REALLY SPANKED
YOU, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN IN ANY SHAPE FOR WHAT
WE JUST DID.



THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT, NOW THAT I HAVE CLAIMED YOU.

CLAIMED.. ME ?

YES BUNNY.. YOU ARE MINE NOW!

A woman with blonde hair styled in a braid is looking at a man. She is wearing a black bra. The man is looking up at her. There are speech bubbles around them. In the background, there is a white wall with a circular wooden frame containing a hanging plant, a small framed picture on a shelf, and a white dresser.

FROM NOW ON, YOU BELONG TO ME, COMPLETELY. SAY 'YES, MISS B'.

YES, MISS B.

GOOD, BABYKINS. YOU ARE LEARNING FAST!

I AM A DOMINANT WOMAN. BUT I AM NOT CRUEL.

YOU WILL OBEY AND FOLLOW MY RULES. AND I WILL MAKE YOU THE HAPPIEST LITTLE GUY.

IF YOU DON'T.. WELL..YOU WILL LEARN WHAT REAL SPANKINGS ARE LIKE, BUNNY!

NOW.. LET'S GO TAKE A SHOWER, BABYKINS.

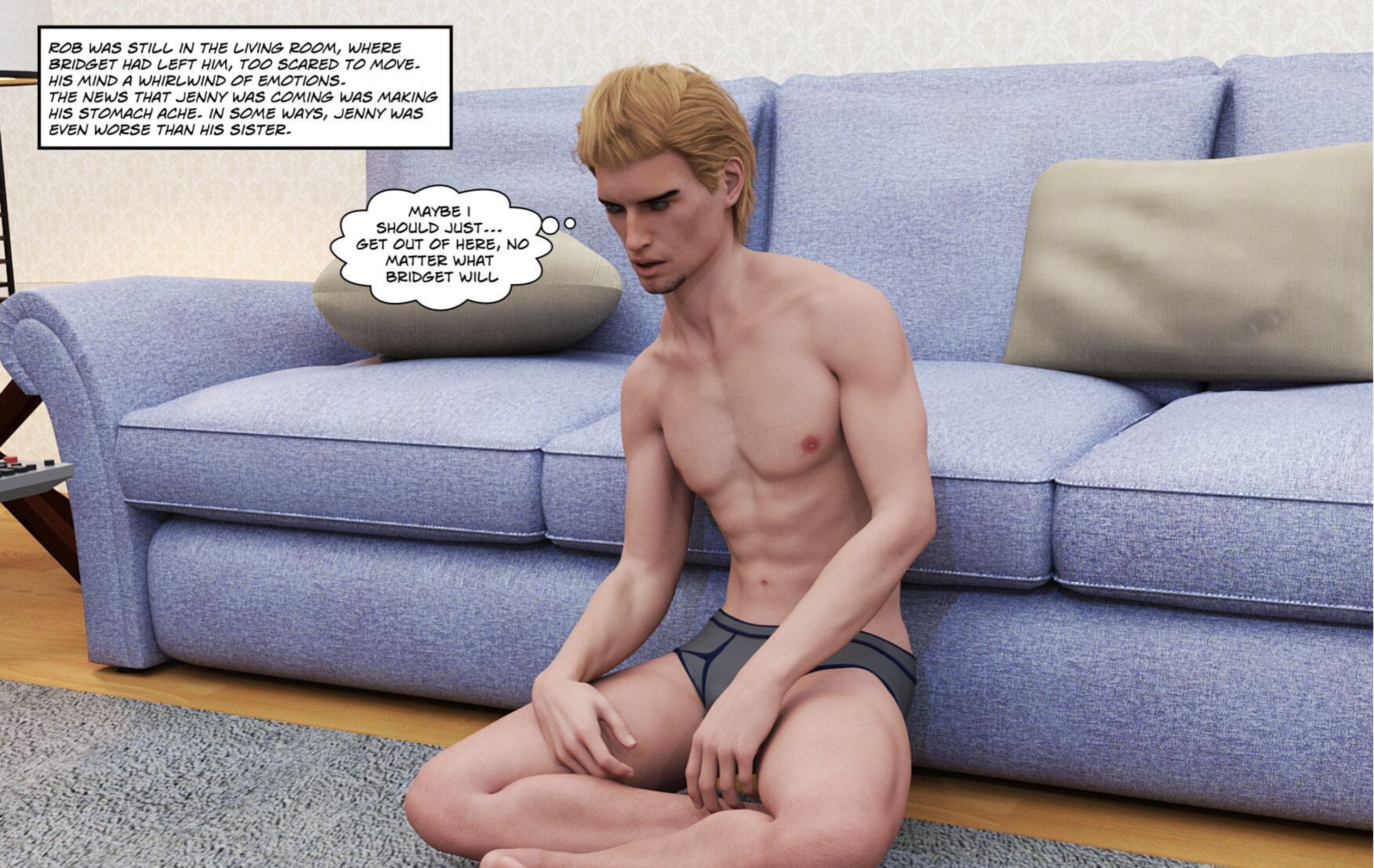
SOUNDS HEAVENLY, MISS B.

YES.. IT WILL BE. YOU DO NEED TO WORK ON A NICKNAME FOR ME, BABY.



ROB WAS STILL IN THE LIVING ROOM, WHERE BRIDGET HAD LEFT HIM, TOO SCARED TO MOVE. HIS MIND A WHIRLWIND OF EMOTIONS. THE NEWS THAT JENNY WAS COMING WAS MAKING HIS STOMACH ACHIE. IN SOME WAYS, JENNY WAS EVEN WORSE THAN HIS SISTER.

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST... GET OUT OF HERE, NO MATTER WHAT BRIDGET WILL



BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE...

WELL LOOK AT YOU...
ALL YOU'RE MISSING, IS THE
WRAPPING AND A BOW.

OH
MY...
JENNY!

LONG TIME NO
SEE, LITTLE ROBBIE!
SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK!
WE HAVE A LOT TO
CATCH UP ON!



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where the strong girls live