



MUSCLEGIRL

PART 2

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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.

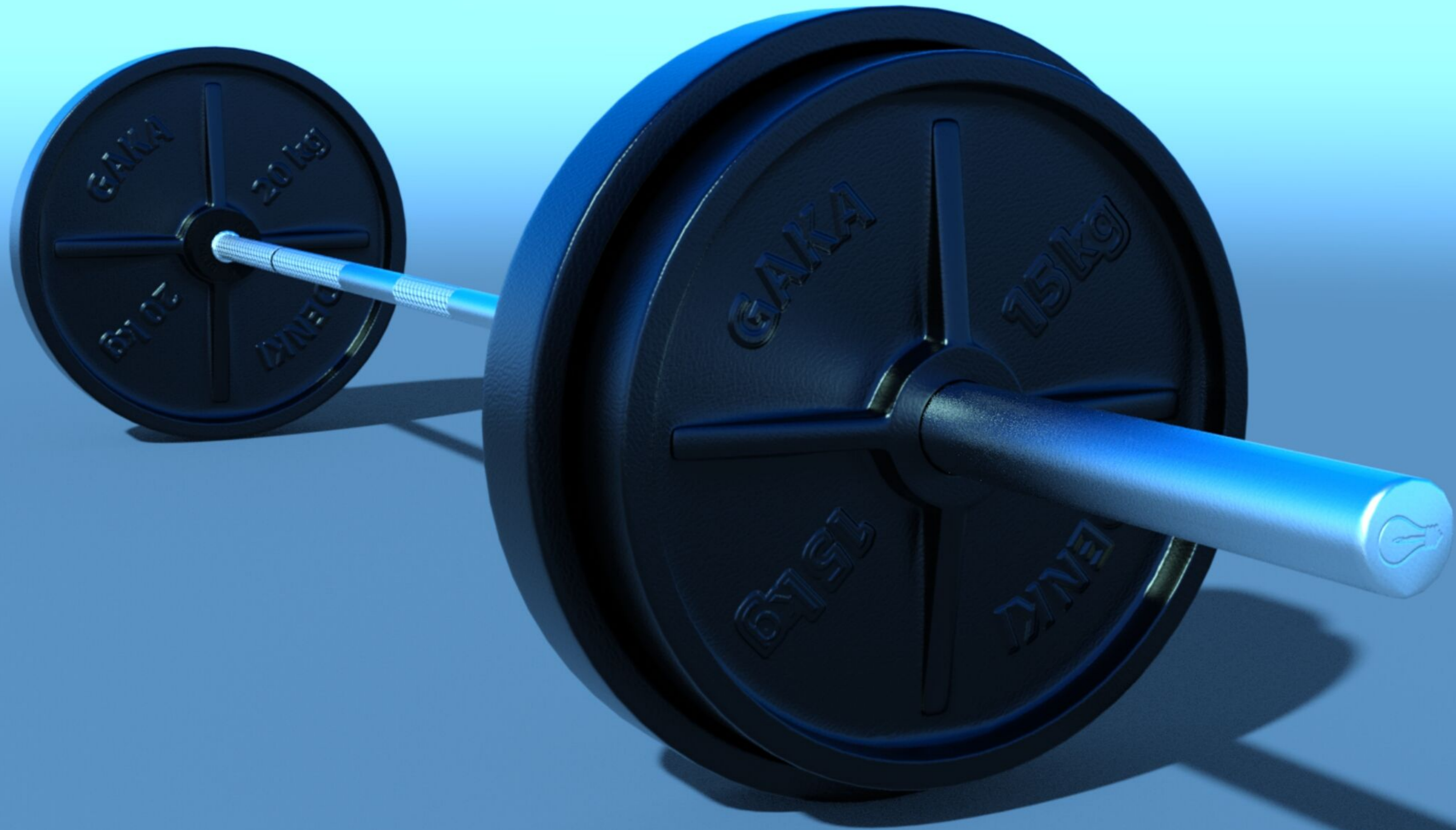
IF YOU FOUND THIS COMIC SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT, PLEASE LET ME KNOW. ALSO, I DO MY BEST TO PROVIDE FREE STORIES NOW AND THEN ON MY SITE, FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT ABLE OR PREPARED TO PAY FOR THEM.

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...



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...





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 CHANGER 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. She is looking through a window pane, with her face pressed against the glass. Her eyes are wide and blue, and her mouth is slightly open in a look of longing or sadness. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of her hair and the reflection on the glass. 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 is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a subtle, enigmatic smile. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features. Overlaid on the image are four white speech bubbles with black outlines, containing text in a simple, sans-serif font. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window showing a landscape and a potted plant.

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 woman with long brown hair is looking up at the back of a very muscular man. The man's back is the central focus, showing his well-defined muscles. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's back, and another smaller one is to the left. 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 bicep. She is looking down at her arm. Two young boys are looking at her. The boy on the left is looking at her from the side, and the boy on the right is looking up at her with an open mouth, appearing shocked. The background is a brick wall with a framed picture of a landscape.

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!!!!

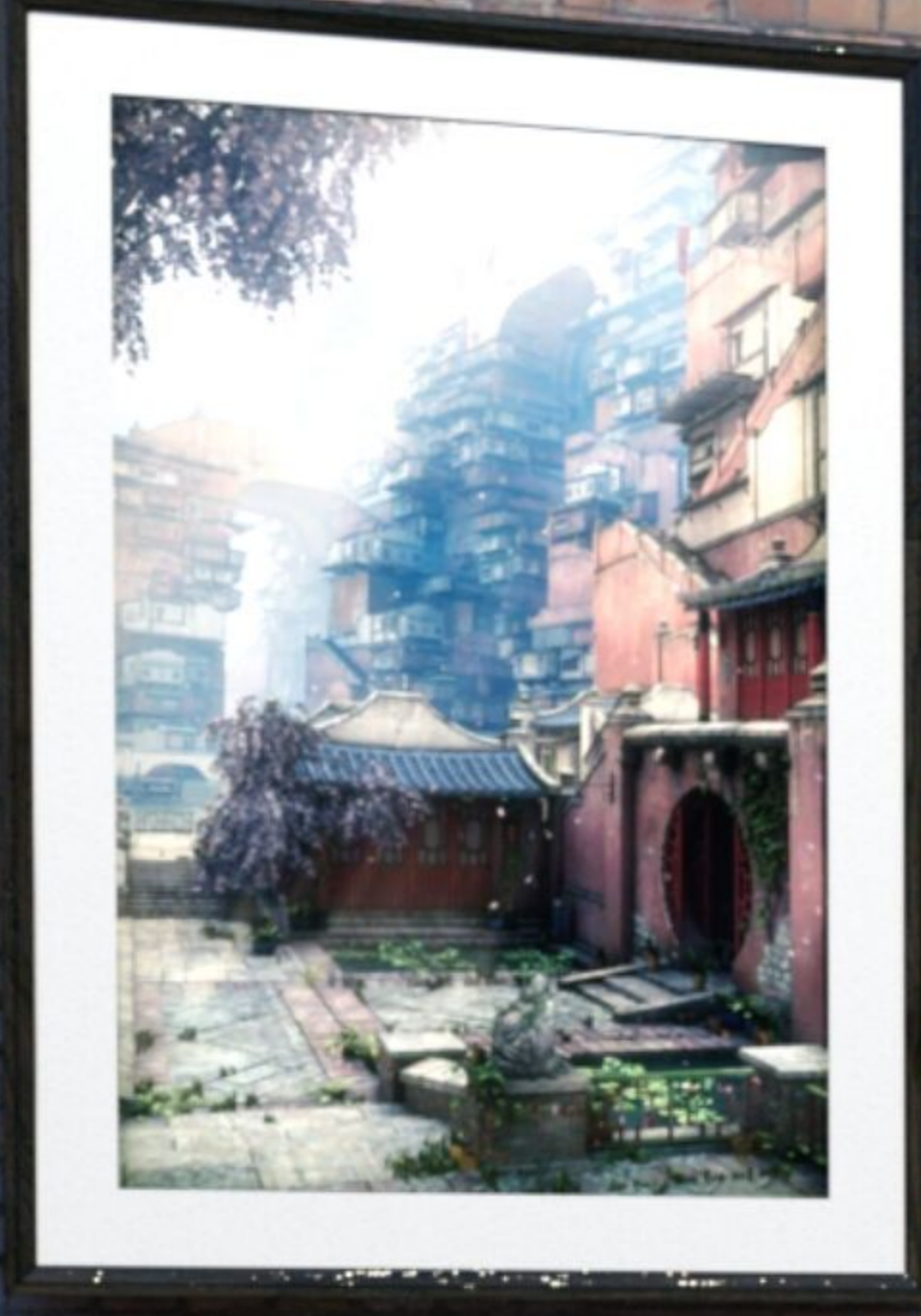


ISN'T THAT RIGHT
NORM? DO YOU
REMEMBER HOW THE
STORY CONTINUES?

NORM JUST COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF...

LET ME
GOOMMMMM

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



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, looking slightly upwards and to the right. She has dark, dramatic eye makeup and is smiling, showing her teeth. Her hair is dark and pulled back. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image, containing text.

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...



A close-up photograph showing a person's hand with light-colored nail polish touching a person's calf. The calf is very large and muscular. A speech bubble is positioned near the calf, and a copyright notice is in the bottom right corner.

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...





WOULD YOU LIKE TO
HAVE BOOBS LIKE ME,
NATHALIE?

LOOK AT HIM
SUCK...

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?



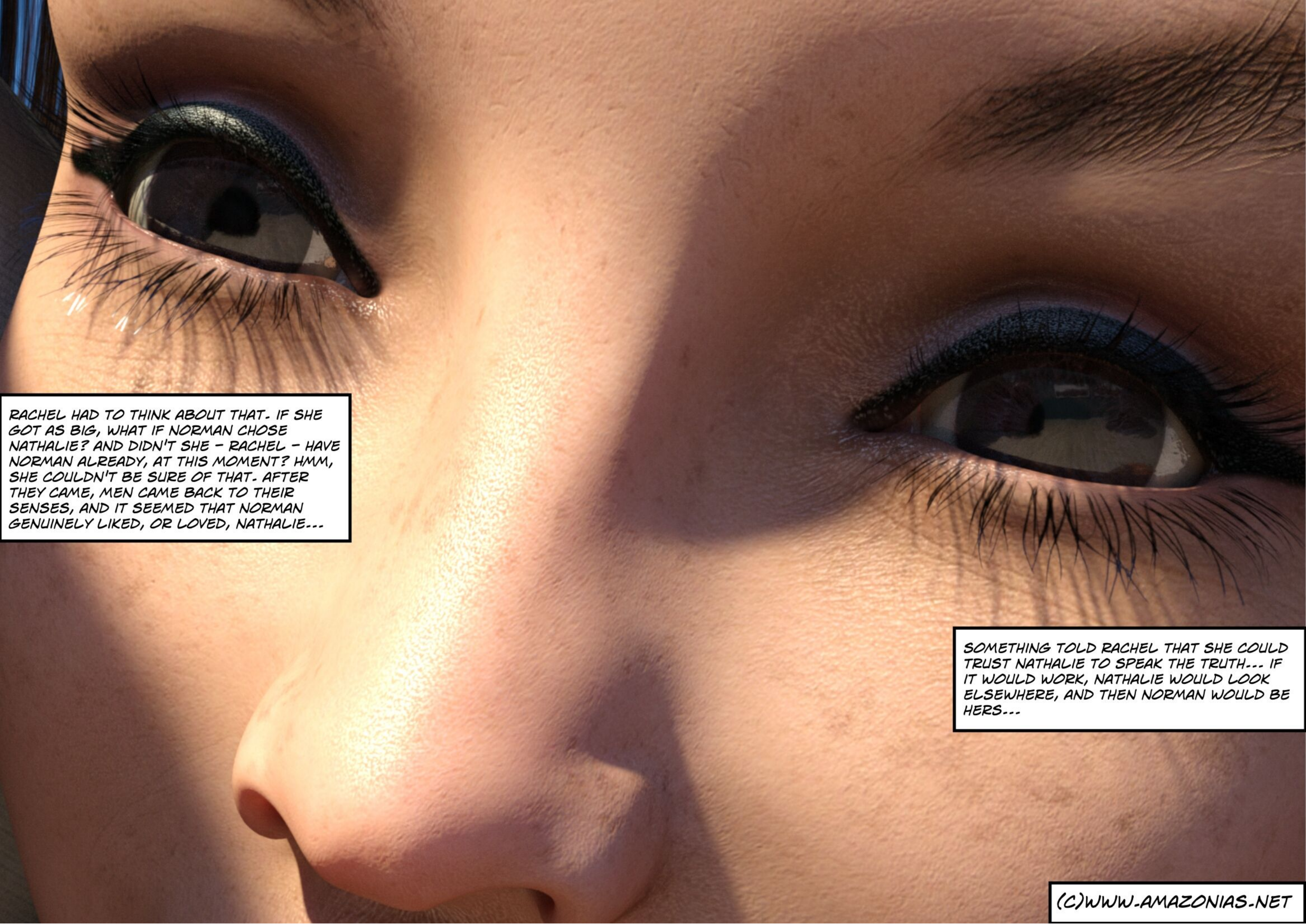
OH PLEASE! LET
ME TRY THEM!

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
SUCCESSFUL, 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!



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

KNOCK
YOURSELF OUT,
GIRL...



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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