

Warning!

**This comic is intended for adults only and may contain nudity and violence!
The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this production
are fictitious.**

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buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.**

All characters are of legal age.

MS. ANDERSON AT THE GYM

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A QUIET CORNER OF THE GYM. SUNLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOWS. MS. ANDERSON, ELEGANT AND COMPOSED...



... IS SEATED ON A LARGE EXERCISE BALL, SLOWLY
ROLLING BACK INTO A DEEP YOGA STRETCH.





WOW... SHE'S SO
TALL AND HER... THING IS SO HUGE.
GOD, I'VE SEEN HER HERE ALMOST EVERY
MORNING... WHY CAN'T I JUST TALK TO HER
ALREADY?

NEARBY, A YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN STANDS GRIPPING A GYM
BALL, BITING HER LIP AS SHE WATCHES INTENTLY.

THE YOUNG WOMAN SWALLOWS HER NERVES AND STARTS WALKING SLOWLY TOWARD MS. ANDERSON.



SHE HESITATES FOR A SECOND, THEN STEPS CLOSER, HER VOICE SOFT BUT CLEAR.

UM... EXCUSE ME? WOULD YOU MIND IF I JOINED YOU IN THAT STRETCH?



MS. ANDERSON'S EYES SNAP OPEN. HER EXPRESSION SHIFTS FROM SERENE TO SURPRISED. SHE LOOKS UP AT THE WOMAN, STARTLED BUT QUICKLY RECOVERING. HER CHEEKS FLUSH SLIGHTLY.



OH!
I... WHO ARE YOU?



SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU. I'VE
SEEN YOU HERE A FEW TIMES IN THE MORNINGS.
YOU'RE... KIND OF HARD TO MISS. I THOUGHT MAYBE
YOU WERE ON VACATION OR... RETIRED?

YEAH... VACATION, OF A SORT.
I USUALLY WORK AT A SCHOOL... TEACHING. JUST TAKING
SOME TIME OFF THIS WEEK.



BUT I WAS JUST FINISHING
UP, ACTUALLY. I SHOULD BE
HEADING HOME.

WHAT?!



OH... BUT YOU JUST GOT HERE. I MEAN—
I JUST GOT HERE. IT CAN'T BE TIME FOR YOU TO
LEAVE ALREADY...

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S SMILE FADES A LITTLE. SHE
WALKS OVER AND SITS GENTLY ON HER OWN GYM
BALL BESIDE HER, THE BALL SQUEAKING QUIETLY.
HER TONE IS DISAPPOINTED, ALMOST PLEADING.

SHE GIVES AN EXTRA ROLL, A SUBTLE ARCH OF HER BACK, CLEARLY AWARE OF THE EFFECT. THE MESSAGE IS UNMISTAKABLE.

WELL... IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TRAIN
WITH ME...
I GUESS I'LL JUST DO IT ALONE. NO
PROBLEM AT ALL.



MS. ANDERSON STARES, FROZEN IN PLACE, CAUGHT BETWEEN SHOCK AND DISBELIEF. HER BREATH CATCHES. SHE HADN'T EXPECTED THIS, NOT FROM HER. NOT FROM THIS SOFT-EYED, FRECKLED STRANGER WHO MOMENTS AGO HAD LOOKED LIKE A SHY STUDENT.

WHAT ON EARTH IS SHE DOING...?

HAHAHAHAHA!



I'VE GOT HER. SHE'S TOTALLY HOOKED.
SHE HAS STOOD UP, I CAN FEEL HER MASSIVE COCK
RUBBING AGAINST MY ASS.



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BODY!

COME ON, FUCK ME!





I CAN'T DO THIS AGAIN,
NOT AFTER EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENED AT SCHOOL.

I NEED... A DISTRACTION.

WAIT - WHAT?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THE GYM REMAINS QUIET, THE AIR STILL. MS. ANDERSON STANDS BENEATH THE HIGH CEILING BAR—EASILY OVER 3 METERS HIGH. SHE TAKES A BREATH, LOOKS UP, THEN SLOWLY RAISES ONE LONG ARM.

I HAVE SO MUCH POWER IN MY BODY RIGHT NOW... I NEED TO RELEASE IT. I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD.





WHAT IS SHE DOING NOW?!

WITHOUT EFFORT, SHE GIVES A SMALL, GRACEFUL HOP, EXTENDS BOTH ARMS, AND GRABS THE BAR. HER TALL FRAME HANGS EFFORTLESSLY FROM IT, HER FEET BARELY OFF THE GROUND, TOES FLOATING JUST CENTIMETERS ABOVE THE GROUND.



HER EYES ARE CLOSED, BODY STILL, FULLY IMMERSED IN HERSELF.



NO RESPONSE. MS. ANDERSON REMAINS SILENT, HER EYES STILL CLOSED, BREATHING STEADY, FOCUSED. IT'S LIKE SHE'S SOMEWHERE ELSE ENTIRELY.

YOU'RE SO... HUGE. I MEAN HOW DO YOU EVEN REACH THAT WITHOUT A LADDER?





SHE DIDN'T EVEN
FLINCH... IS SHE IGNORING ME?
OR IS SHE REALLY THAT DEEP IN
HER HEAD?

A woman with blonde hair and freckles, wearing a red mesh sports bra and matching red mesh shorts, is standing in a gym. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile, her arms raised and hands clasped behind her head. To her right is a large, white, inflatable punching bag. The background features wooden shelves with various items, including boxes and a potted plant. A red fire extinguisher is mounted on the wall to the left. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

OKAY... IF THAT DIDN'T GET HER
ATTENTION, I NEED TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE.
SOMETHING BOLD. SHE CAN'T JUST DISAPPEAR INTO
HERSELF LIKE THAT, NOT WHEN I'M STANDING RIGHT
HERE.

JUST LOOK AT HER HUGE COCK WOBBLING THERE
UNDER HER SWEATPANTS...

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and freckles is looking directly up at the camera. She is unclothed and has very large breasts. She is standing on a light-colored tiled floor. In the background, there is a white door with a blue handle. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

HEY, LOOK DOWN!
I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU.



HUH?!
OH MY GOD!

SHE STANDS COMPLETELY NAKED IN FRONT OF MS. ANDERSON.

DAMN, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW? I HOPE YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE!



AAAAH FUCK!

OH YES, IT'S
BEGINNING...

GROWTH!





COME ON, GROW
FOR ME!

GROWTH!

AAAAAAH!

MORE!

GROWTH!





A woman with grey hair and glasses is hanging from a red horizontal bar in a gym. She is wearing a grey tank top and white pants with a black stripe down the side. She has a very large, exaggerated bust. She is looking down with a distressed expression. A speech bubble from her says "I CAN'T STOP IT!".

I CAN'T STOP IT!

A woman with grey hair and glasses is hanging from a red horizontal bar in a gym. She is wearing a grey tank top and white pants with a black stripe down the side. She has a very large, exaggerated bust. She is looking down with a distressed expression. A speech bubble from her says "I CAN'T STOP IT!".

YOUR PANTS ARE ABOUT TO RIP!

GROWTH!



WOW!
HER COCK HAS TORN HER PANTS!

CRACK!

RIP!



THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BIG COCK!
DAMN, THIS THING IS MASSIVE!



I REALLY MUST TRY
SOMETHING OUT...



IT REALLY WORKS!

The image is a 3D digital rendering of a scene set in a gym or fitness studio. In the foreground, a woman with blonde hair and freckles is shown from the waist up, smiling broadly. She is holding a large, thick, brown, penis-shaped object horizontally across her chest with both hands. This object is part of a much larger, extremely muscular man whose torso and legs are visible. The man is wearing a white tank top. The background features wooden shelves stocked with various gym equipment like resistance bands, foam rollers, and weights. A red fire extinguisher is mounted on the wall to the left, and a potted plant is in the top left corner. The lighting is warm and indoor.



NOW I CAN ALSO HANG
FROM A CROSSBAR!
HAHAHAHA!









