

A close-up, artistic photograph of a very muscular man from the back, showing his spine, shoulder blades, and arm muscles. A woman is lying on his back, her head near his neck and her arms raised. The background is a blue mesh fabric.

# **THE BABYSITTER**

## **PART 2**

*lecter38*

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MANY PEOPLE IN DEAN'S PREDICAMENT WOULD SAY THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT GOT THEM INTO THAT POSITION OR WHEN. BUT DEAN REMEMBERED WELL HOW HE GOT THERE.



AND IT ALL STARTED WITH THE NEW  
BABYSITTER.

DEAN KNEW SHE WOULD BE TROUBLE  
THE MINUTE HE SAW HER. SHE WAS  
LITERALLY TWICE THE SIZE OF HIS  
WIFE, DWARFING HER IN EVERY SENSE  
OF THE WORD.





DEAN FOUND HIMSELF MESMERIZED BY HER HEIGHT AND BEAUTY, AND AS SHE APPROACHED HIM HER GREAT HEIGHT BECAME MORE PRONOUNCED. GRACE STOPPED MERE STEPS AWAY FROM HIM AND EXTENDED HER HAND IN GREETING, HE WAS TAKEN BACK BY HOW HIS SMALL HAND LOOKED IN HERS.



GRACE WOULD START WORK THE VERY NEXT DAY, AND DEAN HAD FOUND HIMSELF WATCHING HER FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, AS SHE PLAYED WITH LITTLE NICK.

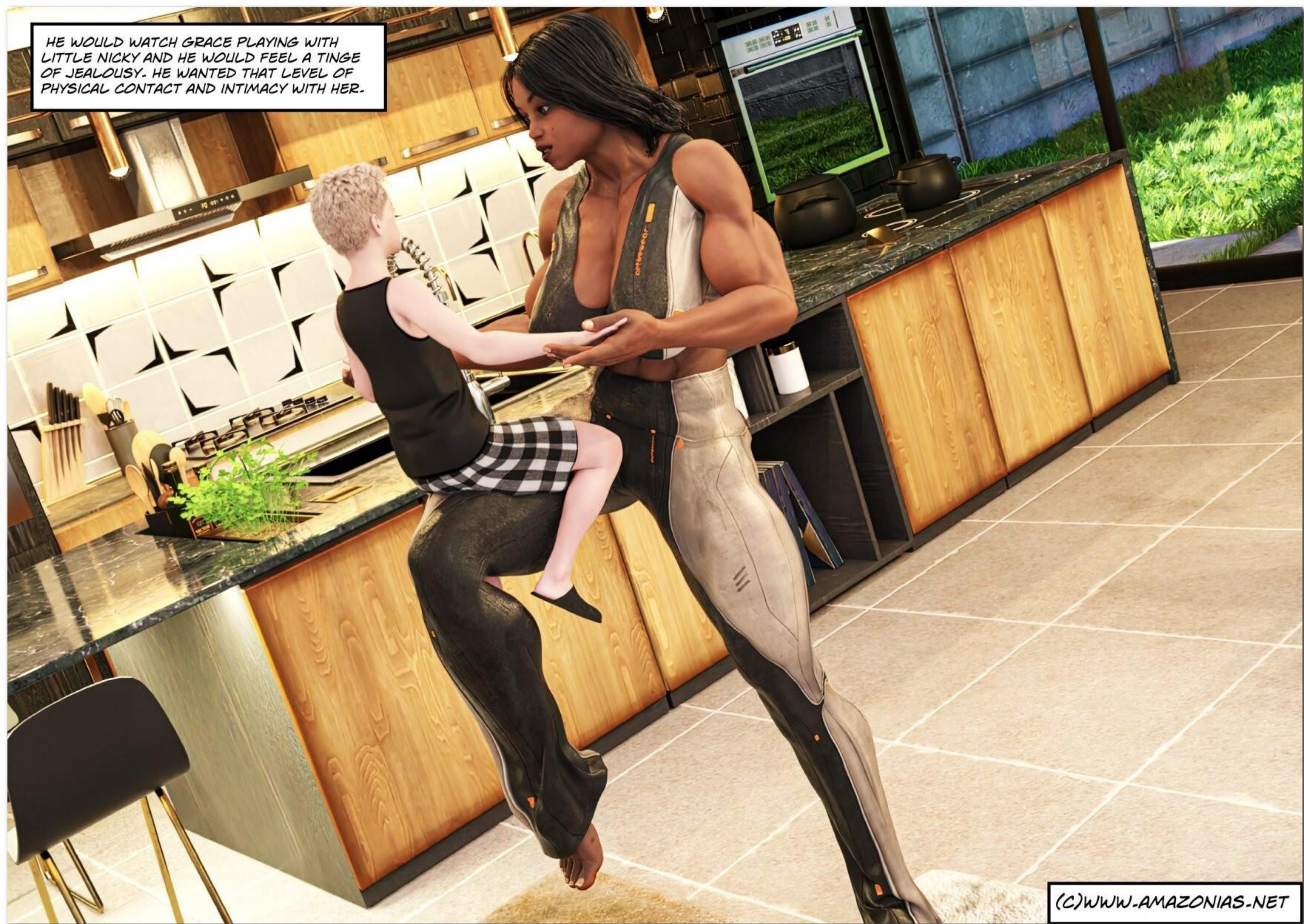
YOU CAN'T  
CATCH MEE!

OOH YOU ARE  
TOO FAST FOR ME  
LITTLE NICKY

HE HAD NEVER KONWN THAT HE LIKED TALLER OR MUSCULAR GIRLS. HE'D MARRIED YOUNG, AND HAD ALWAYS FOUND LINDA ENOUGH, HAD NEVER EVEN LOOKED AT ANOTHER GIRL. BUT AS WATCHED THE AMAZONIAN GRACE, HE FOUND HIMSELF ADMIRING HER PHYSIQUE.



HE WOULD WATCH GRACE PLAYING WITH  
LITTLE NICKY AND HE WOULD FEEL A TINGE  
OF JEALOUSY. HE WANTED THAT LEVEL OF  
PHYSICAL CONTACT AND INTIMACY WITH HER.







TO DEAN'S CHAGRIN, GRACE CAUGHT HIM STARING. BUT INSTEAD OF BEING OFFENDED HE THOUGHT HE SAW HER WINK AT HIM.

DEAN REELED BACK IN SURPRISE, TAKEN BACK BY GRACE'S BRAZEN ATTITUDE. 'WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY THAT?'



THEN CAME THE DREAMS...

UPSY DAISY!

NOW YOU  
ARE MY LITTLE  
COWBOY.

**SIGH**



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue and grey bikini, is leaning over a blonde woman who is lying on a white towel. The blonde woman is wearing a black bikini with red trim. The dark-haired woman is holding the blonde woman's hand. The scene is set on a tiled floor.

HOLD ON TIGHT MY  
LITTLE COWBOY!-

GRACE IS  
GOING TO MAKE  
SURE YOU ENJOY  
YOURSELF.

OH MY GOD!



A muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue bikini, is lifting a man in a black swimsuit. The man is looking up at her with a surprised expression. The woman is holding him by the arms and legs, lifting him off the ground. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a kitchen or living area.

THIS IS SURREAL!

GIDDY UP  
GIDDYUP

SUCH A  
BRAVE LITTLE  
SOLDIER.





DEAN WOKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT  
WITH A GRIN ACROSS HIS FACE. THE DREAM STILL  
FRESH IN HIS MIND, HE FELT INCREDIBLE.



YET THERE WAS STILL SHAME. HE LOVED HIS WIFE, AND THIS FELT WRONG. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT LINDA WAS AWAKE BESIDE HIM THINKING THE SAME THING.





TWO DAYS LATER, DEAN WAS TRYING TO  
MOVE A HEAVY TRUNK TO THE BASEMENT.  
AND WAS HAVING A HARD TIME WITH IT.

AGHHH






HOLY...  
THAT THING IS  
HEAVY!

HOW THE HELL  
AM I GOING TO GET  
THAT MONSTROSITY  
DOWN TO THE  
BASEMENT.





WHAT A  
PICKLE...  
MAYBE LINDA COULD  
HELP ME MOVE IT.

I COULD ASK  
GRACE FOR HELP,  
BUT IT WOULD BE SO  
EMBAESSING!





WHAT THE  
FUCK?

NGHH

**LIFT**





OH MY GOD  
GRACE, WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

HEY MR DEAN, I  
SAW YOU STRUGGLING  
WITH THIS. AND I  
FIGURED I COULD  
LEND A HAND.

UMM, I  
APPRECIATE THE  
THOUGHT, TRULY, BUT  
COULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE  
THAT WITHOUT ME ON  
TOP OF IT?


**GIGGLE**

SORRY MR  
DEAN, I JUST  
WANTED TO SEE YOUR  
REACTION.

YOU CAN JUMP  
DOWN NOW, I GOT  
IT. UNLESS YOU WANT  
TO KEEP SITTING UP  
THERE

WHAT...UH NO.  
I WILL GET  
DOWN.





YOU KNOW  
MR DEAN I WASN'T  
JOKING. YOU CAN  
JUST STAY UP  
THERE.

IT WOULD BE  
NO EFFORT AT ALL  
FOR ME.

**GULP**

NNNOO  
I AM JUMPING  
OFF, JUST KEEP IT  
STEADY.




DEAN FOLLOWED GRACE AS SHE CARRIED THE HEAVY TRUNK WITH APPARENT EASE, HE EVEN STRUGGLED TO KEEP UP WITH HER BRISK PACE.

WOW  
SHE LIFTED THAT  
THING SO EASILY,  
EVEN WITH MY WEIGHT  
ON TOP OF IT.

AND JUST  
LOOK AT HOW SHE  
IS MAKING IT LOOK  
SO EFFORTLESS.  
JUST HOW STRONG  
IS SHE.





SO WHERE DO YOU  
WANT THIS MR DEAN?

JUST OVER  
THERE DEAR, THANK  
YOU FOR YOUR  
HELP.

OH DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT IT,  
ITS REALLY NO  
TROUBLE AT ALL.

SHE IS  
SO BIG, SO  
STRONG. AND  
JUST LOOK AT  
THOSE  
MUSCLES.

HER  
BROAD  
SHOULDERS LOOK  
LIKE SMALL  
BOULDERS.

AND HER  
ARMS LOOK  
BIGGER THAN MY  
THIGHS.

HER BODY IS  
LIKE A WORK OF  
ART!



GRACE PLACED THE HEAVY TRUNK DOWN AND  
TURNED TOWARDS DEAN. HE FOUND HIMSELF  
STANDING MUCH CLOSER THAN EVER BEEN  
TO THE YOUNG AMAZON.

THERE WE GO, ALL  
DONE!

THANKS GRACE,  
YOU HANDLED THAT SO  
EASILY.

AWWW  
THANKS ALOT MR  
DEAN, YOU ARE  
TOO KIND.

HARDLY DEAR, YOU  
ARE REALLY QUITE  
INCREDIBLE





IT'S SO NICE OF YOU  
TO SAY THAT MR DEAN, I  
WORK REALLY HARD ON  
MY BODY.

**FLEX**

AND IT IS JUST  
SATISFYING TO FEEL  
APPRECIATED.

HOLY  
COW!!!



DEAN AND GRACE CONTINUED TALKING FOR A BIT, TAKING THEIR CONVERSATION TO THE COUCH. GRACE LAID PRONE STRETCHING HER LONG BODY ALONG ITS LENGTH.

HEY MR DEAN, YOU MIND IF I TOOK A QUICK NAP HERE?

HERE? WHY DON'T YOU SLEEP IN THE GUEST ROOM?

**GIGGLE**

I AM JUST TOO LAZY TO GO INSIDE.

OH SURE THEN, NO PROBLEM...



**SNORE!**


WOW...  
THAT WAS FAST!



GRACE WAS FAST ASLEEP, AND DEAN SAW HIS CHANCE TO JUST ADMIRE HER MUSCULAR FORM. HE WATCHED THE PLAY OF HER MUSCLES AS SHE BREATHED SLOWLY AND DEEPLY.

ZZZZZZ






DEAN STOOD OVER HER HESITANTLY, HE WANTED TO TOUCH HER MUSCLES SO BAD. ALTHOUGH ASLEEP, SHE LOOKED SO FORMIDABLE.

I JUST COULDN'T...COULD I?

WHAT IF SHE WAKES UP?

WHAT IF LINDA'D COME IN WHILE-






MY GOD, JUST  
LOOK AT THOSE  
LEGS. EACH ONE AS  
BIG AS BOTH OF MINE  
COMBINED.

AND THEY  
RADIATE POWER, A  
MAN COULD LOSE HIS  
HEAD BETWEEN  
THEM.





I JUST...  
HAVE... TO  
TOUCH THEM.

**AAAAH**  
DEAR GOD,  
THAT'S FUCKING  
AMAZING

SO HARD, YET  
HER EBONY SKIN  
IS SO SOFT.



A digital illustration of a muscular woman with dark skin lying on her side on a light-colored, textured couch. She is wearing a black top and a grey skirt. Her legs are extended and bent at the knee, showing off her muscular physique. A man with short brown hair is sitting on the floor next to the couch, looking at her legs with his hands clasped in front of him. The background includes a potted plant and a modern lamp with a gold frame and a white spherical shade.

GRACE STARTLED DEAN BY SUDDENLY  
TURNING. HE GASPED AND JUMPED BACK.  
WHEN HE REALIZED SHE WAS STILL ASLEEP  
HE APPROACHED HER AGAIN.

WOW!!!

HER LEGS, LIKE A PAIR OF GRACEFULLY SCULPTED PILLARS, COMMANDED  
ATTENTION WITH THEIR INCREDIBLE LENGTH AND GIRTH. THEY POSSESSED A RARE  
ALLURE, EACH LIMB A MASTERPIECE OF MUSCULAR SYMMETRY. HER THIGHS WERE  
CHISELLED WITH VALLEYS OF MUSCLE. THE CALVES WERE CUT TO ALMOST PERFECT  
DIAMONDS. THE WHOLE WAS AN INCREDIBLE CONTRAST OF SOFTNESS AND  
DEFINITION.



DEAN GREW MORE CONFIDENT AS HE CONTINUED TO RUN HIS HANDS ACROSS THE EXPANSE OF HER THIGH, HIS SECOND HAND JOINING THE FIRST.

EVEN WITH TWO HANDS I CAN'T COVER HER THIGH

IT'S LIKE A TREE TRUNK!



AS DEAN'S HANDS ROAMED GRACE'S BODY,  
HE FELT HER SHIVER EVER SO SLIGHTLY AND A  
WEAK MOAN ESCAPE HER LIPS.

OH, IS SHE  
AWAKE?  
NO SHE ISN'T

I GUESS  
SHE IS HAVING A  
REALLY GOOD  
DREAM.

AAAAHHH!





I GOT TO  
FEEL THOSE  
ABS. MAN SHE IS  
SO RIPPED.

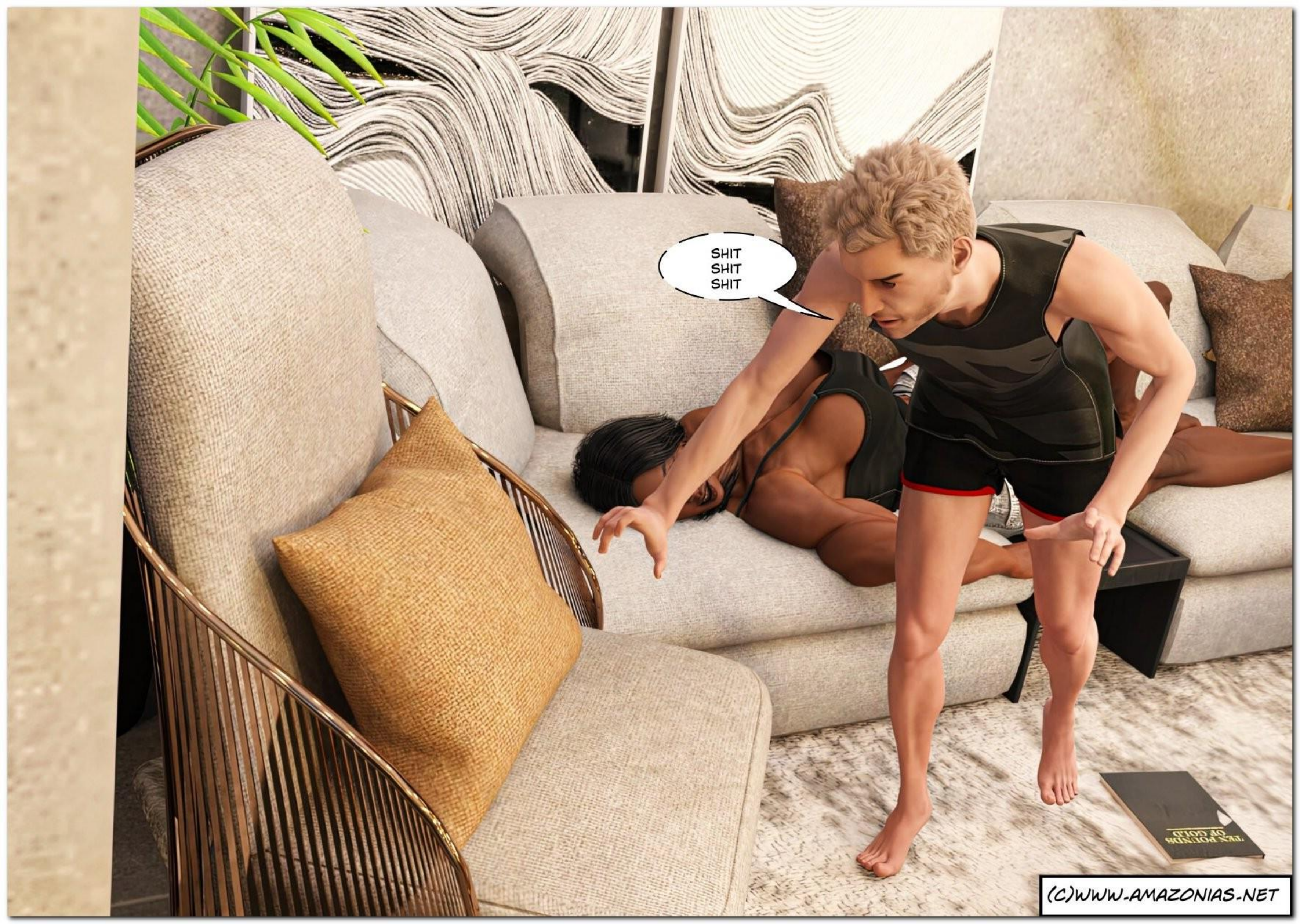


DEAN SUDDENLY HEARD A LOUD  
SOUND FROM THE HALLWAY.

**BAM!  
BAM!**

SHIT... IS  
THAT LINDA?  
OMG!





SHIT  
SHIT  
SHIT





OH MY GOD!  
THAT WAS CLOSE.

I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE DONE THAT, I  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
DONE THAT...

I CROSSED A LINE.



MOMENTS LATER, WHEN DEAN LOOKED UP FROM HIS MUSINGS, HE FOUND GRACE AWAKE.

AH, HEY GRACE. WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

DID YOU SLEEP WELL?


YUP, HAD THE BEST DREAM.

DID YOU HAVE FUN?

WITH YOUR WORK I MEAN.

WAS, WAS SHE AWAKE THE WHOLE TIME? OR DID SHE JUST WAKE UP?





I... I THINK SO.

SHE DOESN'T  
MEAN SHE WAS  
AWAKE, DOES SHE?  
SHE WOULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN SO JOVIAL IF  
SHE WAS...

RIGHT?



DAYS LATER, WHEN GRACE GOADED HIM INTO ARMWRESTLING HER, DEAN WAS BOTH PISSED OFF AND SCARED. HE WAS STILL SELF CONSCIOUS ABOUT WHAT HE DID, AND HE RETALIATED WITH ANGER.







BUT AS SOON AS GRACE'S HAND CLOSED AROUND HIS, SHE STARTED SQUEEZING HIS HAND HARD, SHE DIDN'T EXERT ANY EFFORT TO PUSH HIS ARM. AS THE PRESSURE RAMPED UP, DEAN LOOKED IN HER EYES AND SAW NO MERCY IN THERE.

HE FELT SMALL AND WEAK AS THE PAIN ALMOST DROVE HIM TO TEARS. HE BEGGED HER SOFTLY TO EASE UP, TO LET GO. BUT SHE ONLY SMIRKED IN REPLY. THEN, TO HIS SURPRISE, SHE LET HIM WIN...



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white sports bra with the word "FIGHT" and a red ribbon graphic, and pink athletic shorts, is holding the hand of a young boy. The boy has short blonde hair and is wearing a black tank top with a small graphic and black and white plaid shorts. They are standing on a light-colored tiled floor. In the background, there is a dark blue table with a glass and an open book, and a black woven chair.

DEAN WAS BEWILDERED BY THE OUTCOME, BUT HE  
DIDN'T OBJECT AS HE SAW HOW HAPPY IT MADE NICK.  
HE NOTICED LINDA'S SOLEMN LOOK BUT BEFORE HE  
COULD ASK HER SHE TOOK NICK TO PUT HIM TO SLEEP.



DEAN'S HEART DROPPED AS HE  
SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF ALONE  
AGAIN WITH GRACE.

SOOO  
THAT WAS AN INTENSE  
MATCH, WASN'T IT?

YEAH, I  
GUESS.

BUT YOU BEAT  
ME FAIR AND  
SQUARE.

YOU ARE VERY  
STRONG MR  
DEAN.

IF YOU  
SAY SO  
GRACE.





I AM NOT  
GOING TO LIE MR  
DEAN, WHEN YOU WERE  
BEGGING, ALMOST IN  
TEARS, I GOT A LITTLE  
TURNED ON

WHAT?

I SAID, COULD  
YOU DRIVE ME HOME  
RIGHT NOW?

NO, YOU  
SAID...  
AH

ARIGHT  
GRACE.

LET ME  
JUST GET THE  
KEYS.



DEAN AND GRACE HEADED OUT TO THE CAR. GRACE HELD DEAN'S HAND LEADING HIM LIKE A MOTHER WOULD A CHILD.

COME ON MR DEAN. LET'S TAKE THE SUV.

AH, SURE GRACE.

OH MAN, I DON'T LIKE THIS, AT ALL.



LUCKILY FOR DEAN, THE ROAD WAS EMPTY AND  
HE DROVE FAST. HE JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO  
GET BACK HOME AND PUT THIS DAY BEHIND HIM.





DEAN DID HIS BEST TO FOCUS ON THE ROAD, AND NOT ON THE YOUNG AMAZON IN THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM.





DEAN COULDN'T HELP IT, DRAWN TO GRACE LIKE MOTH TO FLAME, HE STARTED WATCHING HER.

GOD SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

AND SHE SURE IS STRETCHING THOSE CLOTHES TO THE LIMIT

THE WEATHER IS JUST AMAZING, YOU GOT TO LOVE SUMMER NIGHTS.

DON'T YOU AGREE MR. DEAN?



A man with grey hair is sitting in the driver's seat of a car, looking at a woman who is leaning into the car. The woman is wearing a blue sports bra and has a very muscular build. The scene is set at dusk or dawn, with a soft purple and blue light outside. The car's interior is visible, including the dashboard and side mirror.

AND THOSE  
SHORTS ARE  
LEAVING NOTHING TO  
THE IMAGINATION.

THOSE  
LEGS OF HERS, A  
SYMPHONY OF  
MUSCLES.

A MASTERPIECE!

YEAH, GREAT  
WEATHER...



THEY FINALLY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION.  
GRACE TURNED AND PLACED A HAND ON DEAN'S  
SHOULDERS.

THANKS FOR THE  
RIDE, MR. DEAN...

**GULP**

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT GRACE.  
SEE YOU  
TOMORROW.




INSTEAD OF STEPPING OUT, GRACE HAD TURNED TO FACE DEAN AND IN A FLASH SHE HAD HIS RIGHT HAND CRADLED IN HERS.

THIS IS THE ONE  
I SQUEEZED, RIGHT  
DOES IT STILL  
HURT?

AH YEAH, A  
BIT...





AWW POOR BABY,  
HERE LET GRACY MAKE IT  
ALL BETTER.

**KISS**

HOW IS THAT MR  
DEAN, DOES IT FEEL  
BETTER?

EH...  
I GUESS...





I AM JUST  
GETTING STARTED, I  
WANT TO MAKE IT UP  
TO YOU

MAKE YOU FEEL  
REAL GOOD, MR  
DEAN.





GRACE, WHAT...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

SURELY YOU CAN  
GUESS WHAT  
COMES NEXT?

I AM  
GETTING  
GOOSEBUMPS  
JUST THINKING  
ABOUT IT.





'LET THERE BE  
LIGHT'

WE ARE  
GOING TO NEED  
IT FOR WHAT  
COMES NEXT.

**FLICK**

GRACE,  
PLEASE!

DON'T DO  
ANYTHING WE WILL  
BOTH REGRET.



GRACE REACHED OUT, AND WITH HER HANDS UNDER DEAN'S ARMS, PULLED HIM TOWARDS HER. DEAN'S HANDS INADVERTENTLY RAISED TO STOP HIS ADVANCE AND LANDED ON HER SOLID CHEST, BUT IT DID LITTLE TO SLOW HER DOWN.

WOAH!

COME HERE  
LITTLE GUY.

GRACE,  
STOP!

OH YOU ARE  
SO NAUGHTY,  
GETTING FRESH  
SO EARLY.



GRACE CRUSHED HIM TO HERSELF, HER HAND HOLDING HIS HEAD IN PLACE AS SHE PLANTED HER MOUTH ON HIS, HER TONGUE SLIPPING INSIDE PUSHING HIS ASIDE AND FILLING HIS MOUTH.

DEAN'S EFFORT'S WEAKENED AS HE WENT LIMP IN HER ARMS. HIS ARMS STOPPED TRYING TO PUSH HER AWAY, AND INSTEAD JUST CLANG TO HER.

MIMMIM



AS THE HEAT BUILT UP, GRACE PULLED DEAN ONTO  
HER LAP. DEAN HAD SURRENDERED COMPLETELY TO  
HER OVERWHELMING STRENGTH, AND JUST  
CARESSED HER STRONG ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

MMM HMM





HOW WAS THAT MR  
DEAN, DID YOU LIKE  
THAT?

**PANTPANT**  
OH GOD!  
OH GOD!

**GIGGLE**

I WILL TAKE  
THAT AS A YES.



GRACE CRADLED DEAN IN HER ARMS AS SHE CONTINUED KISSING HIM, GENTLY THIS TIME.

**MMMMM**

I THINK IT'S TIME TO  
MOVE THIS TO THE  
BACKSEAT.

**KISS**

AREN'T YOU  
GLAD WE GOT  
THE SUV?



DEAN WAS HELPLESS AS GRACE LIFTED HIM  
IN THE AIR WITH ONE HAND ON THE SEAT OF  
HIS PANTS, AND THREW HIM TO THE BACK  
SEAT.

HEAVE HO!

WOAH!



DEAN'S FLIGHT WAS SHORT AND ENDED ABRUPTLY AS HE LANDED HARD ON THE COUCH. HIS HEAD WAS STILL SPINNING AND HE COULD ONLY LAY THERE.


**OUCH**



GRACE DIDN'T FOLLOW THROUGH RIGHT AWAY, SHE TOOK HER TIME TAKING OFF HER SHOES AND ADJUSTING THE SEATS, MAKING AS MUCH ROOM IN THE BACK AS POSSIBLE.

CATCH YOUR BREATH LITTLE GUY, BUT DON'T GO ANYWHERE, I WILL BE RIGHT THERE.





DESPITE THE SUV'S LARGE SPACE,  
DEAN WATCHED IN AWE AS GRACE'S  
LARGE FRAME TOOK UP ALL OF IT AS  
SHE MADE HER WAY TO THE BACK.

♪ HERE COMES  
GRACY ♪

**GIGGLE**



A woman with long dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue ribbed tank top, is leaning over a man in the back of a car. She is looking at him with a suggestive expression. The man has short, wavy brown hair and a light beard, wearing a dark grey t-shirt. He is looking up at her with a surprised expression. The car's interior is visible, including the seats and windows. Outside the car, a residential street with houses is visible.

BABY, I  
WANT YOU TO  
COME UP HERE ON  
MY LAP.

I WANT THERE  
TO BE NO  
CONFUSION ABOUT  
WHAT THIS IS.

HUH?!

PAT  
PAT



A close-up, high-angle shot of a young man with short, wavy blonde hair and light green eyes. He is sitting in the driver's seat of a car, looking out the window with a thoughtful expression. The car's interior, including the headrest and window frame, is visible. Outside the window, a residential street at dusk or night is visible, with a yellow house and a green lawn. The man is wearing a dark, textured shirt.

ON YOUR LAP?

THIS IS HER ASKING  
FOR CONSENT!

I SHOULD JUST ASK  
HER TO LEAVE.

I LOVE MY  
WIFE, AND I DON'T  
WANT TO CHEAT ON  
HER.

BUT MY GOD!  
HOW CAN I POSSIBLY  
RESIST HER?





DEAN JUST GAVE IN TO HIS BASE DESIRES  
AND LEAPED ACROSS THE SPACE TO SIT ON  
HIS TEENAGE BABYSITTER'S LAP. SHE  
HUGGED HIM CLOSE BEFORE STARTING TO  
WORK ON HIS CLOTHES.

WH... WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

GOOD BOY, SUCH  
A GOOD LITTLE  
BOY.

WE WILL  
JUST GET RID  
OF THOSE  
CLOTHES.




AS SOON AS HE SAT ON GRACE'S LAP, DEAN REALIZED THAT WHAT LITTLE CONTROL HE MIGHT HAVE HAD WAS GONE. HE WAS HELPLESS AS SHE MOVED HIM AT WILL, DISCARDING HIS CLOTHES ONE PIECE AT A TIME.

NOW NOW  
LITTLE ONE, JUST SIT  
TIGHT ON MY LAP. GRACY  
WILL TAKE CARE OF  
EVERYTHING.

**YELP**

WAIT,  
GRACE...





AFTER FORCIBLY DENUDING DEAN, GRACE  
SAT HIM DOWN ON THE COUCH AND HELD HIM  
IN PLACE WITH HER THIGH ON HIS BODY.  
DEAN GASPED AND WHEEZED BY THE HEAVY  
LIMB THAT COVERED MOST OF HIS TORSO.

**WHEEZE**  
OH MY GOD,  
SO HEAVY!



**GIGGLE**

ARE YOU CALLING  
ME FAT?  
SO NAUGHTY, I JUST  
OUGHT TO SIT ON  
YOU.

OH RELAX, I AM  
JUST KIDDING. NOW  
JUST SIT BACK AND  
ENJOY THE SHOW.

I DIDN'T, I MEAN, I  
JUST MEANT...



DEAN LISTENED TO HER AND PRETTY  
MUCH LEANED BACK TO ENJOY THE  
SHOW.

AMAZING,  
JUST FUCKING  
AMAZING!



DEAN FOUND HIMSELF MESMERIZED BY HER BODY, EVERY SINEW AND MUSCLE DANCING IN GRACE BENEATH HER TAUT SUN KISSED SKIN. HIS HANDS ROAMED WHAT HE COULD REACH OF HER EXCEPTIONALLY WELL FORMED QUADRICEPS AND CALVES.

HER BODY AMAZINGLY RETAINED ITS SENSUAL CURVES. AN INCREDIBLE BALANCE BETWEEN STRENGTH AND FEMININITY.

SHE WATCHED HIM WITH FIERCE AND PROUD EYES. TURNED ON BY HOW ENAMoured BY HER HE HAD GROWN.





SHE MANOEUVRED NIMBLY IN THE CONFINED SPACE,  
PULLING HIM UP BEFORE SITTING ON HIS LAP.

COME ON  
LITTLE MAN,  
THERE IS MUCH  
MORE OF ME TO  
WORSHIP!


OH MY  
GOD!



DEAN SLOWLY PLACED HIS HANDS ON HER BACK, WAS HESITANT TO TOUCH IT, ALMOST IN REVERANCE. HIS COCK WAS MIGHTY HARD, SURROUNDED BY THE ROUND MOUNDS OF HER MUSCULAR BEHIND.

**MOAN**



A detailed illustration of a woman's back, showing her muscles rippling. Two hands are placed on her back, one near the shoulder and one lower down. The background is a dark, starry night sky with some architectural elements visible in the distance.

SHE RAISED HER ARMS, ITS CONTOURS  
RIPPLING LIKE WAVES, AND FLEXED.  
HER BROAD BACK GREW EVEN LARGER,  
TAPERING TO A NARROW BUT STRONG  
AND POWERFUL WAIST.  
DEAN'S HAND LOOKED POSITIVELY TINY  
IN COMPARISON.



SHE FLEXIBLY SWIVELLED TO FACE HIM, STRADDLING HIS THIN LEGS, HER LONG FINGERS SOFTLY STROKING HIS PENIS.

DEAN GASPED IN PLEASURE AT HER GENTLE TOUCH. SHE GUIDED HIS ERECT PENIS TOWARD HER DESCENDING SEX, THE LIPS OF HER VAGINA GENTLY PARTING TO SURROUND IT.

OH BABY, ITS SO  
HARD AND IT'S ALL FOR  
ME

**AHH**

THERE WE GO  
THERE WE GO.

**AAAHNN**





OH YES  
YES  
YES

OH GOD  
OH GOD!

GRACE SWALLOWED HIS WHOLE LENGTH EASILY. THEN, BALANCING ON HER THIGHS AND BRACING HERSELF ON THE SEAT, SHE STARTED SLOWLY MOVING HER HIPS UP AND DOWN. DEAN COULD ONLY HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS HER EFFORTS RAMPED UP.





THAT'S IT...  
THAT'S FUCKING IT.

AS GRACE BOUNCED SO DID HER BREASTS, HANGING OVER DEAN'S HEAD. UNABLE TO RESIST HE REACHED UP TO GRAB THEM. THEY HAD LITTLE GIVE IN THEM AND WERE SO LARGE HIS HANDS COULD ONLY COVER A SMALL PART OF THEM. THE MERE FEELING OF THEM NEARLY DROVE DEAN TO CLIMAX, BUT FOR GRACE'S TIGHT GRIP ON HIS PENIS.

I AM IN  
HEAVEN!



DEAN'S GENTLE GRIP OF HER BREASTS WAS DRIVING GRACE CRAZY, HER BODY FLEXED WITH EFFORT, AND SHE WAS SCREAMING ON TOP OF HER LUNGS, WITH DEAN GASPING AND SPUTTERING, JOINING HER LOUD SCREAMS.

YOU ARE SO  
FUCKING TINY.

I WANT YOUR  
FUCKING LIPS ON  
THEM, RIGHT NOW!

FUCK

SMACK

SMACK





DEAN SAT UP AND REACHED TO TAKE ON HER NIPPLES IN HIS MOUTH. SHE HELPED HIM ALONG AND HELD HIM TO HER WITH ONE ARM AS SHE POUNDED HIM HARDER STILL.

FUCK YEAH  
SUCK ON MOMMY'S  
TITTIES

MAKE MOMMY  
COME LITTLE MAN.

MMMM

SMACK


SMACK



FUCK  
YEAAAAAAAAHHHH

I COULD DIE  
RIGHT NOW!





GRACE EASED DEAN DOWN ON THE COUCH.  
STILL LOOMING OVER HIM, SHE GENTLY  
CARESSED HIS FACE EYEING HIS STILL ERECT  
PENIS WITH LUST.

THAT WAS  
AMAZING LITTLE  
GUY, FUCKING  
AMAZING.

BUT BRACE  
YOURSELF, CAUSE  
WE ARE NOT DONE  
YET.

**PANT  
PANT  
PANT**





DEAN GASPED AS HE FELT GRACE'S HANDS  
CUP HIS BOTTOM. SHE EASILY LIFTED HIM OFF  
THE SEAT TO GUIDE HIM BACK INTO HER LOVE  
CANAL.

HOLD ON TIGHT,  
YOU ARE GOING FOR A  
RIDE.

**GASP**  
OH MY GOD!





JUST WHEN DEAN THOUGHT HE COULDN'T FEEL  
ANY BETTER, GRACE CARRIED HIM - LITERALLY -  
TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL.

AAAAHHH



HE CLUTCHED AT HER ARMS FOR DEAR LIFE  
AS SHE THREW HIM AROUND VIOLENTLY.

YES  
YES  
YES


NINGGH



DEAN AND GRACE CLIMAXED IN UNISON,  
THEIR SCREAMS OF PLEASURE FILLING THE  
VEHICLE...

AAAAHHHHH






DEAN HUGGED GRACE TIGHTLY, WRAPPING HIS ARMS AS FAR AS HE COULD REACH AROUND HER. AND SHE DIDN'T LET GO, HOLDING HIM IN PLACE AS THEY BOTH REVELLED IN THE PLEASURE THEY JUST SHARED.

OH MY GOD!  
THAT WAS...

**MHMM**



A comic book panel showing a muscular man and a woman embracing in the back of a car at night. The man is shirtless, showing his well-defined muscles, and has long dark hair. The woman is also shirtless, with her arms wrapped around his waist. They are sitting on a blue patterned car seat. The car's interior and the view through the window of a city at night are visible in the background.

I CAN FEEL  
YOU INSIDE ME,  
STILL HARD EVEN  
AFTER ALL THIS.

YOU ARE SUCH A  
TROOPER.

ARIGHT, WE ARE  
GOING FOR THE  
TRIFECTA.



DEAN WAS BARELY CONSCIOUS WHEN HE FELT GRACE PULL HIM EVEN TIGHTER. HIS FACE BURIED IN HER BOSOM, SHE WENT AT IT AGAIN. DETERMINED TO SQUEEZE EVERY BIT OF VITALITY OUT OF HIM.

AH  
AH  
AH



WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY DONE, EVEN  
GRACE WAS WORN OUT. THEY COLLAPSED  
ON THE COUCH WITH GRACE ON TOP.

GROAN



DEAN CAME TO SOME TIME LATER.

WH.. WHAT  
JUST HAPPENED!.





WELCOME TO  
THE LAND OF THE  
LIVING MY LITTLE  
LOVE MACHINE.

YOU WERE  
AMAZING, BABY!





IT SUDDENLY HIT DEAN WHAT HE HAD DONE; HE HAD BETRAYED HIS WIFE WITH THEIR TEENAGE BABYSITTER.

OH MY GOD, WHAT DID I DO?

NOW I KNOW YOU ARE STILL GETTING YOUR SHIT TOGETHER

BUT YOU SHOULD REALLY GET DRESSED, YOU DON'T WANT MY FATHER TO LOOK OUT A WINDOW AND SEE YOU LIKE THIS.



BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME, DEAN WAS BACK BETWEEN THE ROCK AND A HARD PLACE.

THIS ISN'T  
HAPPENING!

IT CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING!





SO PLEASE LINDA,  
DO TELL HOW YOU ARE  
NOT SATISFIED WITH MY  
SERVICE.


CAUSE I REMEMBER  
VERY DISTINCTLY THAT  
YOU WERE VERY  
SATISFIED LAST WE  
MET.

I... I  
MEAN... I AM  
NOT

WHAT IS  
GOING ON  
HERE? WHY IS  
LINDA SO  
FLUSTERED?

LINDA WAS LOST FOR WORDS. SHE'D  
NEVER IMAGINED THAT GRACE WOULD  
CONFRONT HER LIKE THIS.





AND IT IS NOT  
ONLY YOU!  
I HAVE NEVER GOTTEN A  
COMPLAINT FROM  
ANYONE ABOUT MY  
WORK

EVEN YOUR  
HUSBAND COULD  
ATTEST TO THE FACT.

I NEVER LEAVE  
ANYONE UNSATISFIED.

OH SHIT!

DOES THAT  
MEAN SHE AND  
LINDA?





OH MY GOD!

DID YOU  
SLEEP WITH HER  
DEAN?

HONEY...

DEAN?!  
SHE IS BARELY  
OUT OF HER  
TEENS.

HONEY,  
I THINK WE  
BOTH DID!





DON'T CRY BABY, I  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
MEAN... WE WILL...  
WORK IT OUT.

I KNOW...  
I SWEAR I DIDN'T, I  
MEAN...  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
CAME OVER ME...





OH GOD!


'YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT CAME OVER  
YOU?'  
SERIOUSLY?

THAT'S FUCKING  
PRECIOUS, I DID HONEY.  
I CAME ALL OVER  
YOU.

JUST LIKE YOU  
DID!.

FUCK!





DON'T ACT SO  
FUCKING INNOCENT, THIS  
GOES FOR BOTH OF  
YOU.


WE ARE ALL  
CONSENTING ADULTS,  
AND I FOR SURE DIDN'T  
FORCE MYSELF ON  
EITHER OF YOU.

AND YOU WERE SURE  
SCREAMING IN PLEASURE  
AT THE TIME.

SO HOW  
ABOUT YOU GROW  
A FUCKING SPINE AND  
OWN UP TO WHAT  
YOU DID.

WORK YOUR SHIT OUT,  
BUT DON'T TAKE TOO  
LONG, CAUSE I AIN'T  
LEAVING TILL YOU DO!






COME ON LINDA, TALK  
TO ME PLEASE.

TALK?  
WHAT IS THERE TO  
SAY. WE ARE BOTH  
CHEATS.

OUR LOVE IS  
A LIE, OUR FAMILY  
IS A LIE.





HOW COULD YOU  
SAY THAT LINDA?  
THAT'S THE FARTHEST  
FROM THE TRUTH

I LOVE YOU  
MORE THAN LIFE  
ITSELF, AND OUR FAMILY  
IS NOT A LIE. NICKY IS  
PROOF OF THAT.

**SNIFF**

THEN HOW DO YOU  
EXPLAIN WHAT  
HAPPENED?






BABY, I AM  
SURE WE BOTH  
EXPERIENCED THE SAME  
THING. SHE MIGHT HAVE  
NOT FORCED HERSELF.  
BUT IT IS A REALLY  
FINE LINE...

SHE IS JUST  
SO BIG, POWERFUL  
AND OVERPOWERING  
THAT NEITHER OF US  
CAN STOP OR  
RESIST HER

**SNIFF**  
YEAH, THAT'S  
EXACTLY HOW IT  
HAPPENED. I WAS JUST  
SO POWERLESS.





IT SHAMES ME TO  
ADMIT IT, BUT SO WAS I.  
SHE WAS JUST SO...

BUT NOW, I WILL DO  
WHATEVER IT TAKES TO  
MAKE IT UP TO YOU.

WHATEVER YOU WANT  
WILL HAPPEN!

WHATEVER I  
WANT?!

SHOULD I  
MAKE HER LEAVE?  
OR STAY?