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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 GO ON DOING WHAT I  
DO.

THANK YOU

JAMES

ALL CHARACTERS ARE 18+ WHEN THEY  
INDULGE IN ADULT ACTS.

(C) AMAZONIAS, J. STILTON.



ONCE INSIDE, MARY DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY START THE CAR AND WAS SILENT FOR A WHILE. MASON WAS REALLY WORRIED ABOUT MARY HAVING SEEN HIM WITH A GIRL. IF BUFFY KNEW, SHE WOULD PUNISH HIM SEVERELY FOR THAT... WHEN HE FINALLY SPOKE, MASON WAS AWARE OF SOUNDING VERY NERVOUS...

WHY... DID YOU COME  
ALL THIS WAY... TO PICK  
ME UP?

WHO'S THE GIRL,  
MASON?






SHE'S...  
JUST A  
FRIEND...

AH. DOES BUFFY KNOW  
YOU HANG OUT WITH  
FEMALE FRIENDS?

WHEN MARY ADJUSTED THE MIRROR, MASON  
KNEW THAT IT WAS JUST A WAY TO SHOW HOW  
BIG HER ARM WAS. SHE DID THAT SORT OF  
THING ALL THE TIME, WITH BOTH HIM AND HIS  
DAD... IT USUALLY EXCITED MASON A LOT,  
BUT RIGHT NOW HE HAD TO FOCUS ON SAYING  
THE RIGHT THINGS...

A young man with dark hair and a black t-shirt is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. He has a worried expression. In the background, a silver car is parked outside a brick building with large windows. The scene is lit with soft, late-afternoon light. Two comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first bubble is small and contains the text 'PLEASE DON'T TELL BUFFY!'. The second bubble is larger and contains the text 'IT'S NOT EXACTLY... HANGING OUT. THIS GIRL, SHE'S JUST... ALSO INTERESTED IN THIS COLLEGE...'.

PLEASE DON'T  
TELL BUFFY!

IT'S NOT EXACTLY...  
HANGING OUT. THIS GIRL,  
SHE'S JUST... ALSO  
INTERESTED IN THIS  
COLLEGE...

A woman with long dark hair and blue sunglasses is driving a car at night. She is wearing a black turtleneck sweater. Her hands are on the steering wheel. The background shows a city street with buildings and a white railing.

IT'S OKAY KIDDO. I  
TRUST YOU'RE TOTALLY  
HONEST WITH BUFFY...

NOW AS FOR WHY I  
PICKED YOU UP...

I GAVE BUFFY  
A VERY SPECIAL  
BIRTHDAY PRESENT...  
AND I WANT HER TO  
ENJOY IT ALL BY  
HERSELF TODAY...





AND SO I  
THOUGHT I'D COME  
PICK YOU UP... AND WE'D  
VISIT THE CITY AND SPEND  
TONIGHT IN A HOTEL AND  
DRIVE BACK  
TOMORROW...

MASON WAS SHOCKED AS WELL AS EXCITED  
TO HEAR THIS NEWS, BUT TRIED TO SEEM  
CALM...

A... HOTEL?  
BUT... WON'T BUFFY  
BE ANGRY THAT I'M NOT  
THERE FOR HER  
BIRTHDAY? I GOT HER  
A PRESENT...

WHAT THE HELL IS  
GOING ON HERE?





NO WORRIES BABY.  
I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO  
HER.

ARE YOU AFRAID OF  
BUFFY THOUGH?

EH... A LITTLE  
BIT...

A close-up, side-profile shot of a pregnant woman. She is wearing a black, textured, long-sleeved dress that is open at the back, revealing her bare, glowing skin and a large, prominent belly. She is looking upwards and to the left with an open mouth, as if speaking or reacting. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some horizontal lines that could be steps or a railing.

THAT'S GOOD. A LITTLE BIT  
OF FEAR IS SAFER THAN NONE  
AT ALL.  
ALL RIGHT, SO LET'S GO  
INTO TOWN NOW...



THEY SPENT QUITE FEW HOURS VISITING CHICAGO, WALKING AROUND AND THEN HAVING A BITE AND THEN WALKING MORE. MASON HAD A LOT OF DIFFICULTY KEEPING UP WITH MARY'S LARGE STRIDES. SHE ENDED UP PULLING HIM BY THE HAND LIKE A LITTLE BOY... BY LATE AFTERNOON MASON WAS PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED...



I'M... OUT OF BREATH...

OH YOU WEAK LITTLE BOY. LET'S GET TO OUR HOTEL THEN...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HI, MY NAME IS MARY  
MCKENZIE. I BOOKED A  
ROOM FOR TONIGHT...

MY GOD... HER  
BACKSIDE LOOKS SO  
INCREDIBLE... THOSE  
SHOULDERS...

Flow





WHAT THE  
FUCK! SHE'S  
MONSTRUOUSLY  
BIG!

CERTAINLY, MISS  
MCKENZIE. LET ME PULL UP  
YOUR RESERVATION...

THANK  
YOU...

AND THAT  
ASS!

MASON FEASTED HIS EYES ON MARY'S HUGE BODY. THE IDEA OF SPENDING A NIGHT WITH HER IN A HOTEL ROOM EXCITED HIM TREMENDOUSLY. HE WAS WONDERING IF IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT THEY WOULD ACTUALLY...  
NO, OF COURSE NOT. HOW SILLY. SHE WAS WITH HIS DAD, AND HE WAS WITH BUFFY. AND SHE WAS A LOT OLDER THAN HIM... CRAZY!

BUT WHAT HE HEARD NEXT CONFUSED HIM...



REALLY?

EH... YOUR ROOM HAS  
**ONE DOUBLE BED**, IS  
THAT CORRECT?

THAT'S  
RIGHT.

WHAT ARE THEY? IS  
HE EIGHTEEN? OR HER  
SON? SHOULD I REPORT  
THIS...?

THEY WOULD SLEEP IN ONE BED?! THAT  
SOUNDED JUST... VERY EXCITING. MASON,  
AFTER ALL, WAS FASCINATED WITH  
MUSCLES, AND MARY'S WERE EVEN BIGGER  
THAN HER DAUGHTER'S... HE FELT HIMSELF  
GETTING A LITTLE BIT HARD...



MOMENTS LATER, THEY WERE UP IN THE HOTEL ROOM. THAT IT WAS A VERY SWANKY ONE WAS NO SUPRISE TO MASON: MARY LOVED TO SPLURGE, WITH HIS DAD'S MONEY...

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK? NOT TOO  
SHABBY EH?



IT WAS SUCH A WEIRD - YET EXCITING - FEELING TO BE IN A HOTEL ROOM WITH THIS HUGE WOMAN, THIS GIANTESS THAT DOMINATED HIS FATHER. WHAT WAS SHE PLANNING TO DO HERE?

WHY DON'T YOU GET SETTLED WHILE I CHANGE, HUH?

EH, OK...



THE BOY TOOK OFF HIS SHOES AND SOCKS AND INSTALLED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE TV, BUT HE WASN'T WATCHING IT. HE WAS THINKING ALL KINDS OF THOUGHTS...

SHE'S  
INCREDIBLE. I  
ACTUALLY HOPE SHE  
MAKES ME **TOUCH**  
HER MUSCLES...

I THINK SHE  
WOULDN'T **HURT**  
ME. SHE SEEMS TO  
BE KINDER THAN  
BUFFY. AT LEAST  
TO ME.

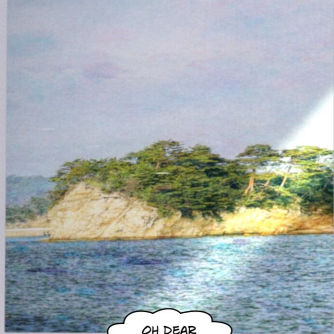
I JUST  
HOPE SHE  
DOESN'T TELL  
BUFFY ABOUT  
ELSA... BUFFY WILL  
BE **FURIOUS** TO  
KNOW THAT I MET  
HER HERE...

I WONDER  
WHAT SHE'LL BE  
WEARING...



MASON'S MUSINGS WERE INTERRUPTED  
WHEN MARY ENTERED AGAIN...

WHAT ARE YOU  
WATCHING?



OH DEAR  
LORD, LOOK  
AT HER!

EH... JUST...  
BROWSING...





MARY CAME CLOSER AND EVEN THOUGH SHE SAID EXACTLY WHAT MASON WANTED TO HEAR, HE WAS STILL EMBARRASSED AND SHY WHEN HE HEARD HER SAY IT...

CAN I SIT NEXT TO YOU, MASON?

IN HIS REPLYING, HE DIDN'T WANT TO SOUND TOO EAGER...

EH, EHM,  
SURE...



A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt over a black sports bra and black underwear, stands in a room. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The room has a white ceiling with two circular lights and a large window showing a landscape with trees and mountains.

ARE YOU  
SCARED OF ME,  
MASON?

EH... YOU SAID TO BE  
SCARED OF BUFFY IS...  
SAFER. SHOULD I BE  
SCARED OF YOU?

BUT MARY IGNORED  
HIS QUESTION...

MOVE OVER  
MASON...





AS SOON AS THE GIANTESS SAT DOWN ON THE COUCH, ALMOST TOUCHING HER STEPSON, MASON COULD NO LONGER EVEN PRETEND HE WAS FOCUSING ON THE TV...

TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK KIDDO.  
BREATHE IT ALL  
IN...

GOD SHE'S BIG.  
LOOK AT THOSE  
THIGHS! THEY'RE LIKE...  
I MEAN... IT'S JUST...  
RIDICULOUS!

SLACKER

AFTER BEING SILENT FOR A FEW MORE  
MINUTES, MARY SPOKE AGAIN...

YOU KNOW,  
WE'VE NEVER REALLY  
HAD ANY SERIOUS  
CONVERSATIONS, HAVE  
WE?

EHM... I  
GUESS NOT.  
SHOULD WE?





MARY REACHED FOR THE REMOTE THAT  
MASON HAD JUST PUT ON THE COUCH...

WELL, I'M CURIOUS, FOR  
INSTANCE, ABOUT...



SHE TURNED OFF THE TV...

...HOW YOU  
AND MY DAUGHTER  
ARE DOING. ESPECIALLY  
SINCE I SAW YOU WITH  
THAT OTHER GIRL...

HOW IS IT ALL  
WORKING OUT? ARE YOU  
GOOD FOR EACH  
OTHER?

I KNOW  
**SHE** IS VERY  
FOND OF YOU, AT  
LEAST...

EHM...





AFTER THEIR FIRST REAL MEETING IN THE PARK, A FEW YEARS AGO, AND GETTING TOGETHER WITH HER, MASON HAD BECOME A REAL FEMALE MUSCLE MANIAC. STILL, ALL THIS WAS SURPRISINGLY EMBARRASSING TO ADMIT OR TALK ABOUT... ESPECIALLY TO THIS WOMAN...

AND YOU ARE REALLY INTO HER MUSCLES, RIGHT?

EH... YES, I AM...

MARY CHANGED POSITION SO SHE COULD WATCH MASON AND TALK TO HIM BETTER...






SHE ACTUALLY  
SAID YOU TOLD HER  
SOMETHING LIKE "THE  
BIGGER, THE  
BETTER."

THERE'S NOT  
MANY GUYS LIKE  
THAT, YOU  
KNOW....

I KNOW, IT'S  
A BIT... WEIRD...  
BUT I GUESS I'VE  
BEEN LIKE THAT SINCE I  
WAS VERY YOUNG...  
ALWAYS LIKED IT  
WHEN... GIRLS WERE  
STRONGER THAN  
ME...



THERE'S NOTHING  
WRONG WITH IT, BABY.  
AS YOU KNOW, BUFFY IS  
LIKE THAT TOO.  
ALWAYS HAS  
BEEN...

SHE  
ALWAYS LIKED  
TO BE THE TOMBOY  
THAT'S **BIGGER** AND  
**STRONGER** THAN THE  
GUYS. AND THEN AS  
SOON AS I LET HER,  
SHE STARTED GOING  
TO THE GYM WITH  
ME...

AND NOW SHE'S  
BECOME THIS BIG  
**BEAST** AND... ALL I  
WANTED TO SAY IS... I HOPE  
YOU GUYS ARE HAPPY WITH  
EACH OTHER, CAUSE IT  
CERTAINLY SEEMS  
YOU'RE  
COMPATIBLE...

YES... WE  
REALLY  
ARE...

A woman with long dark hair and bangs is sitting on a white bench. She is wearing a teal and white plaid button-down shirt that is open at the collar. She is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. Her legs are crossed at the ankles. The background consists of a wall made of horizontal wooden planks. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

THAT'S  
GOOD TO HEAR,  
BABY...

NOW...



FOR A MOMENT IT LOOKED AS IF MARY WAS SHY, BUT MASON KNEW BETTER. THIS WAS A FEARLESS WOMAN, AND SHE WAS JUST ACTING. PLAYING WITH HIM. HE KNEW THAT WHATEVER SHE WANTED TO SAY OR DO WAS GOING TO COME NOW.... IT WAS AGAIN WITH BOTH FEAR AND EXCITEMENT THAT HE WAS EXPECTING IT...

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT "THE BIGGER THE BETTER"....

... THEN I GUESS YOU APPRECIATE **THIS BODY** TOO, RIGHT?



BEFORE MASON COULD ANSWER ANYTHING AT ALL, MARY PUT ONE LEG OVER BOTH HIS LEGS...

I THINK YOU AND I  
ARE ALSO...  
SUPERCOMPATIBLE,  
MASON...

I MEAN, YOU'RE DAD'S  
ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S NOT  
REALLY INTO MUSCLE AND  
DOMINATION- BUT  
YOU...






YOU **REALLY**  
APPRECIATE FEMALE  
POWER. AND STRENGTH.  
AND MUSCLEMASS. AND  
THERE'S NO ONE WHO'S  
GOT MORE OF THOSE  
THAN ME, IS THERE?

THE GIANTESS SUDDENLY LIFTED HER LEG  
AND PUT HER FOOT ON THE SIDE OF  
MASON'S FACE. IT WAS SUCH A HUMILIATING  
GESTURE THAT MASON ACTUALLY THOUGHT  
HE WAS GOING TO COME RIGHT THERE IN HIS  
PANTS. THIS WAS SO INCREDIBLY HOT...

R-RIGHT...





AND YOU'RE SO, SO,  
SO SMALL. I COULD  
**CRUSH** YOU LIKE A  
LITTLE BUG. AND YOU  
WOULD LOVE IT.  
WOULDN'T YOU?

OH... YES...

IT WAS GOOD TO ADMIT IT TO HER. HE  
WANTED TO SAY IT ALL. ALL THE THINGS  
SHE KNEW OR DIDN'T YET KNOW. HOW HE  
WAS HARD. HOW HE FEARED HER, BUT LOVED  
TO FEAR HER. HOW HE WANTED HER TO  
DOMINATE THE FUCK OUT OF HIM... HE  
WANTED HER TO TELL HIM HOW SHE  
DOMINATED HIS FATHER. HE WANTED HER TO  
SHOW HIM HER STRENGTH...

A woman with long dark hair and bangs is sitting on a bed, leaning forward. She is wearing a teal and black plaid shirt over a black bra. She is looking towards a person lying on the bed, whose legs are visible in blue and white diamond-patterned socks. The background features a wooden headboard and a wall with several small framed pictures.

LET'S PLAY A LITTLE,  
YOU AND ME. I KNOW YOU  
WANT TO...





SO, BIG  
ENOUGH FOR  
YOU?

WHAT IS IT?  
LOST YOUR  
TONGUE?

NO, IT'S JUST...

HE WAS SO READY. AND STILL, IT WAS HARD  
TO LOOK HER IN THE EYES. SHE WAS SO  
INCREDIBLY INTIMIDATING. AND BEAUTIFUL.



YOU DON'T  
FEEL LIKE  
PLAYING?

YES, I DO... I'M  
JUST... SHY. AND...  
WHAT WILL BUFFY SAY?  
AND MY DAD?




YOUR FATHER'S  
OPINION DOESN'T  
COUNT, YOU KNOW  
THAT---

AS FOR BUFFY,  
SHE WON'T KNOW.

SHE  
WON'T?

NO. NOW BE A  
GOOD BOY AND SIT  
ON YOUR KNEES IN  
FRONT OF ME, HANDS  
BEHIND YOUR BACK.





VERY GOOD, LITTLE  
ONE. YOU LOVE TO  
FOLLOW ORDERS,  
DON'T YOU?

YES,  
MISTRESS...


IT WAS SO WONDERFUL TO OBEY HER.  
SITTING IN FRONT OF THE GIANTESS, IN  
THIS HUMBLING POSITION, HE FELT SO  
SMALL AND MEANINGLESS, AND THAT  
ALWAYS MADE HIM FEEL SO HOT.



DID I TELL  
YOU TO CALL ME  
MISTRESS, BOY?

EH NO... I  
JUST THOUGHT IT  
WAS...  
APPROPRIATE.





IS THAT WHAT BUFFY  
MAKES YOU CALL HER?


SOMETIMES. APART  
FROM GIANTESS. OR  
QUEEN. OR MISS  
MUSCLES...



I SEE...  
WELL, I'M NOT BUFFY.  
AND WHAT I WANT YOU  
TO CALL ME IS...

MOM.

OOH...



MOMMY'S QUITE A BIT  
BIGGER THAN YOU, ISN'T  
SHE?


ISN'T SHE?





BY NOW MASON'S VOICE WAS TREMBLING  
WITH EXCITEMENT, TO THE EXTENT THAT  
HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK...

YES... SHE IS...  
YOU'RE JUST...  
INCREDIBLY BIG...



YOU CAN TOUCH ME  
NOW.. I KNOW YOU'RE  
DYING TO...

OOOH...  
THANK YOU!

START WITH  
FEELING MY BIG  
THIGH. VERY  
GENTLY...

MASON GENTLY STROKED MARY'S HUGE THIGH WITH HIS INDEX AND THUMB.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MOMMY'S LEGS?

THEY'RE ... SO HARD!

YES THEY ARE. NOW WITH YOUR OTHER HAND, FEEL MY ASS...





MASON REACHED BEHIND HER  
AND MOANED SOFTLY AS HE LET  
HIS HAND GLIDE OVER MARY'S  
HUGE AND FIRM BUTTOCKS...

I WANT YOU TO  
LICK THEM NOW...






MASON SAT DOWN ON HIS ASS AND, EMBRACING HER THIGH, STARTED TO LICK THE SOFT, TAN SKIN THAT SEEMED BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN THE MUSCLE UNDER IT...

OH BOY, I THINK YOUR ENTIRE BODY IS NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN ONE OF MY THIGHS!

SUCH A TINY, TINY LITTLE BOY! YOU ENJOY BEING TINY, DON'T YOU BABY?

OOH... YES, I DO...




YOU'RE BEING VERY  
GOOD! NOW I WANT YOU  
TO MOVE YOUR TONGUE  
UP TO MY ABS



MASON STRAIGHTENED HIMSELF A LITTLE BIT SO THAT HE COULD REACH THE UNDERSIDE OF MARY'S CHISELED ABS. HE LONGED TO SEE HER GLANCING DOWN AT HIM, BUT LOOKING UPWARD HE COULD ONLY SEE THE REST OF HER ABS, AND HER BIG BOOBS...

THAT'S IT, MY LITTLE BOY... TASTE THE POWER...






I BET YOU'D  
LIKE ME TO PUT YOUR  
LITTLE HEAD BETWEEN  
MY TREE TRUNK-THIGHS,  
WOULD YOU NOT?

OOOH... YES...  
I WOULD LOVE  
THAT...



OKAY, WE MAY GET  
TO THAT LATER...  
FIRST SOMETHING  
ELSE...





DON'T LOOK UP  
NOW...

I HAVE ANOTHER  
SURPRISE FOR YOU...

AFTER SHE HAD TOSSED HER TOP ASIDE, THE  
GIANTESS PULLED UP THE LITTLE ONE...

IT'S OKAY BABY, GET UP  
HERE...






MOMMY WANTS TO  
SHOW OFF HER BIG  
BOOBIES....

The scene is set in a modern living room. A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a black bikini bottom, is standing with her back to the camera, showcasing her extremely muscular physique. Her back muscles, including the latissimus dorsi and trapezius, are highly defined. She has large, prominent breasts. A man with short dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt, is standing in front of her, looking at her back. The room features a white wall, a dark wood console table with a teal suitcase on it, a black duffel bag on the floor, and a white sofa. The floor is covered with a patterned rug.

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK? ARE YOU INTO  
BIG BOOBS LIKE YOU  
ARE INTO BIG  
MUSCLES?

OH MY GOD,  
YES....





I BET YOU'D LIKE TO  
**SUCK** THEM,  
WOULDN'T YOU, YOU  
NAUGHTY GUY?

YES... OH YES...  
CAN I? PLEASE CAN  
I?


MARY DIDN'T ANSWER, BUT PULLED HIS  
FACE ON HER BOOB...

YOU'RE ACTUALLY TOO  
SMALL TO WORSHIP THIS  
BODY, MASON. JUST LIKE  
YOUR DADDY...

IF YOU'RE NOT  
CAREFUL...

MMMM





... THIS BODY WILL  
DEVOUR YOU...

... EAT YOU  
ALIVE... LIKE A  
PYTHONESS...

AND THERE  
WOULD BE  
**NOTHING** YOU  
COULD DO...




A woman with large, prominent breasts is shown from the chest up, looking down at a man's head. The man is lying down, and his head is resting against her. They are outdoors, near a body of water with a forested hill in the background. The woman's skin is tanned, and her hair is dark. The man has dark hair and is looking up at her. The background shows a lush green forest on a hillside overlooking a blue lake or river.

LOOK AT YOU...  
SO TINY AND CUTE...  
DISAPPEARING  
COMPLETELY BETWEEN  
YOUR STEPMOM'S  
BIG TITS...

YOU MUST BE  
**S000** HARD DOWN  
THERE RIGHT NOW. YOUR  
LITTLE **COCK** DRIPPING  
WITH PRECUM, ISN'T  
IT?

OOH...  
YES...

A close-up, realistic illustration of a woman with dark skin and long, straight black hair with bangs. She is looking down with a slight, knowing smile at the back of a man's head and shoulders. The man has dark, curly hair. The background is a textured, light pink wall. There are three speech bubbles containing text.

OF COURSE...  
YOU'RE SO HORNY FOR  
ME AND NO ONE IS  
TOUCHING THAT LITTLE  
COCK OF YOURS...

WE SHOULD  
SEE TO THAT,  
NO?

YES,  
PLEASE...

THEN, AS IF SHE WASN'T HOLDING THE BOY AT ALL, THE BIG WOMAN STOOD UP AND PULLED HER STEPSON UP WITH HER. HIS LEGS WERE NOW DANGLING IN THE AIR...

LET'S SEE...







I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T  
OBJECT IF I TAKE OFF  
YOUR PANTS...

NOT THAT IT  
WOULD MATTER,  
OF COURSE...



SO WHAT I  
WANT YOU TO DO  
NOW....

IS TO CLOSE THOSE  
TINY LEGS AROUND ONE  
OF MY LEGS, AND PUT  
YOUR HANDS AROUND  
MY HIP

I'M GONNA LET  
GO OF YOU, SO HOLD  
ON TIGHT OR YOU'LL  
FALL TO THE  
FLOOR....


MASON FORCED HIS RIGHT LEG IN THE SPACE BETWEEN MARY'S BIG THIGHS, AND HOOKED HIS RIGHT FOOT ONTO HIS LEFT. REACHING BEHIND HER BACK WITH HIS ARMS, HE COULDN'T GRAB HIS OWN HANDS, SO HE MADE THEM INTO LITTLE FISTS AND HELD ON LIKE THAT. MARY OBVIOUSLY ENJOYED SEEING HIM STRUGGLE AND MADE THE WHOLE THING MORE DIFFICULT BY PUSHING ONE OF HER BOOBS UNDER HIS CHIN.

NOT A BAD JOB LITTLE ONE. NOW IN CASE YOU WONDER WHY I'M MAKING YOU DO THIS...

I NEED BOTH ARMS FREE FOR A MOMENT BECAUSE...








... I WANT TO  
SHOW YOU MY  
GUNS...

OH DEAR LORD!  
THAT'S... I'M  
GONNA...

A digital illustration of a very muscular woman with dark skin and black hair, flexing her biceps. She is looking down at a man whose back is to the viewer. The man is wearing a black t-shirt. They are in a room with a wooden shelf in the foreground holding two bottles and a small object. A teal suitcase is on the right. Three speech bubbles contain dialogue.

WHAT ARE YOU  
GONNA DO BABY?  
COME? CRY? DIE?

ALL OF IT. I CAN'T...  
TAKE IT ANYMORE YOU'RE  
TOO...

TOO WHAT  
BABY?

TOO HOT. TOO SEXY.  
TOO STRONG. TOO BIG...  
OOOHHH

NOW GET BACK  
TO THAT TIT, YOU  
LITTLE BABY. MAYBE  
IF YOU DRINK A LOT  
FROM MOMMY'S  
BOOBIES YOU'LL  
GROW A TINY BIT  
BIGGER....

OOH... STOP.  
I'M GONNA...

YOU WILL JUST  
DRINK!



MARY'S TITS WEREN'T MUSCLE, OF COURSE, BUT THEY WERE SO HUGE THAT BY THEMSELVES THEY ADDED TO THE SENSE OF DOMINATION THAT SHE EXUDED. MASON SUCKED THE BIG BOOB WITH FULL ABANDON, AS IF HE WERE A BABY. IT WAS HEAVEN...



AND ALL THE TIME, DURING HIS MINUTES OF DELICIOUS SUCKING, HIS BODYBUILDING STEPMOM KEPT FLEXING HER HUGE ARMS ABOVE HIM. HE FELT AS IF HE WAS HOLDING ON TO A TREE. THERE WAS NOT A TRACE OF INSTABILITY ABOUT HER BODY. SHE STOOD THERE SOLID AS A ROCK. AND THEN THERE WERE HER WORDS, WHICH ADDED TO THE EXCITEMENT TOO...

YOU KNOW I MAKE YOUR LITTLE DADDY SUCK ME LIKE THIS TOO?

ONLY WITH HIM I'M A BIT MORE ROUGH.





HE'S NOT INTO IT  
LIKE YOU ARE, YOU  
KNOW...

MMM, I KNOW...





SO WHENEVER I'M  
NOT SATISFIED, I GIVE  
HIM A LITTLE BEATING.  
NOTHING TOO BAD, BUT  
HE FEELS IT...

HMM, THAT  
EXCITES YOU TOO,  
DOESN'T IT? ME  
BEATING UP YOUR  
DADDY?

MMM, YES...

THE GIANTESS SUDDENLY LIFTED HER THIGH AND PUSHED MASON UP. APPARENTLY SUCKING TIME WAS OVER...

MAYBE I'LL MAKE YOU WATCH SOMETIME, NOW THAT YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH.

BUT THAT'S FOR LATER. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO NEXT, MY LITTLE BABY?

EH, I CAN CHOOSE?

MAYBE... TELL ME WHAT YOU'D LIKE...



IT WAS SO HOT TO SPEAK THESE WORDS...

I... I WANT... I  
WANT YOU TO  
DOMINATE ME... AND  
TAKE ME... AND...  
AND...  
... FUCK ME...







AH? YOU'RE  
TELLING ME WHAT  
TO DO?

BUT  
YOU'RE IN  
LUCK...

CAUSE THAT'S  
**EXACTLY**WHAT I WAS  
GOING TO DO WITH  
YOU...

LET ME TAKE YOU  
TO BED...

MARY CARRIED MASON TO THE SLEEPING AREA, BUT HALTED IN FRONT OF THE TALL MIRROR.

LOOK, NOW YOU  
CAN EASILY SEE THE  
SIZE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN US. WHAT  
DO YOU THINK?

OH MY GOD...  
THAT'S SO HOT!



SEEING HIS MATCHSTICK LEGS IN THE MIRROR, DANGLING NEXT TO MARY'S TREETRUNKS EXCITED MASON TO NO END. WHAT A WOMAN! AND SHE WAS GOING TO FUCK HIM! THIS WAS INCREDIBLE...

MY TINY BOY...  
LOOK AT YOU...  
EVEN SMALLER THAN  
YOUR DADDY...







READY FOR  
SOME ACTION,  
BABY?

YES,  
MOM....

STILL HOLDING MASON EFFORTLESSLY UP  
IN FRONT OF HER, MARY SLOWLY WALKED  
TO THE FAR WALL OF THE ROOM...

I'M GOING TO STICK  
YOU AGAINST THAT WALL  
THERE FIRST...



STICKING MASON TO THE WALL WAS EXACTLY WHAT THE BODYBUILDER DID. SHE LIFTED ONE ARM AND PRESSED IT AGAINST HIS THROAT, WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO KEEP HIM HOVERING IN THE AIR, BUT NOT SO MUCH AS TO SUFFOCATE HIM...

SO, YOU PATHETIC LITTLE WEASEL... YOU WANTED TO BE DOMINATED, HUH?

OH GOD YES...







AND WHAT ELSE DID  
YOU SAY? TAKE YOU?  
FUCK YOU?

OOHH...

LET'S SEE IF YOU'VE GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES....

THE FEELING WHEN SHE TOUCHED HIS HARD COCK THROUGH THE FABRIC OF HIS BRIEFS WAS JUST INCREDIBLE. HE GASPED FOR BREATH AND COULDN'T RESIST BEGGING SOME MORE...

HMM, A BIG LITTLE BONER HERE... THAT'S A GOOD START...

PLEASE...  
TAKE ME...  
FUCK ME...

OH, THE LITTLE BOY IS SO IMPATIENT...



A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a very muscular man's torso. He is wearing a white tank top. A woman's hand is placed on his waist. She is wearing a black sports bra with a small grey logo. Two speech bubbles are present in the upper left corner.

HE WANTS TO BE  
INSIDE THE BIG  
BODYBUILDER \$0000  
BAD!

LET'S SEE IF WE  
CAN HELP HIM  
BEFORE HE  
EXPLODES...



MARY PULLED DOWN MASON'S PANTS AND  
LET THEM DROP TO THE FLOOR. THEN SHE  
GENTLY PUT HER HAND UNDER HIS HARD  
COCK AND LIFTED IT UPWARDS...

LOOK AT THIS... IT'S  
SMALL, BUT I GUESS I  
CAN WORK WITH IT



SHE GENTLY MOVED HIS FORESKIN UP AND DOWN...

HOW DOES IT FEEL  
WHEN MOMMY JERKS  
YOU OFF, MY LITTLE  
ONE?

H-HEAVEN...



STILL KEEPING HER ARM PUSHED HARD AGAINST MASON'S NECK AND UPPER CHEST, MARY THEN FLEXED HER BICEP. STILL JERKING HIM OFF GENTLY, SHE AT THE SAME TIME STARED RIGHT INTO THE BOY'S EYES. THE EFFECT OF IT ALL WAS JUST... OTHERWORLDLY, AND MASON FEARED HE WAS GOING TO FAINT FROM PURE EXCITEMENT...

IT'S JUST THIS BIG, BIG ARM HOLDING YOU IN THE AIR, MY LITTLE BABY...

NOW LET'S DO THE SAME WITH THE OTHER ARM...

DON'T TOUCH ME, YET, OKAY?





MARY PUT HER LEFT HAND UNDER MASON'S LEGS, LIFTED HIM AND THEN TURNED TOWARDS THE BED. MASON TRIED TO KEEP HIS BALANCE WITHOUT PUTTING HIS HANDS ON HER...

OH LORD...  
YOU ARE SO  
INCREDIBLY  
STRONG!

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT,  
LITTLE BABY. NOW LET  
ME GIVE YOU ANOTHER  
SURPRISE...

ABOOB  
JOB!





OH MY  
GODDDDDDD

AND I THINK MY BOOBS  
CAN INDEED DO THE  
JOB....

WITH JUST HER FOREARM, MARY LIFTED  
AND LOWERED MASON'S ENTIRE BODY,  
SO THAT HIS COCK WAS MOVING IN  
BETWEEN HER HUMONGOUS BOOBS.  
THEIR PRESSURE ON HIS COCK WAS  
EXACTLY RIGHT AND HE FELT HE WAS  
GOING TO COME IN A MATTER OF  
SECONDS...





BUT I DON'T WANT TO  
HAVE YOU ALL SPENT  
JUST YET...

READY TO  
FLY BABY?

HUH?



MARY THREW HIM OFF HER HAND AS IF SHE WAS FLIPPING A COIN. FOR A MOMENT MASON THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO COME IN MIDAIR.

ON THE BED WITH YOU! AND TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!

WHAAAAA-----



MASON REMOVED HIS SHIRT AS REQUESTED, WHILE MARY TOOK OFF HER PANTIES AND SOCKS. SHE WAS STANDING BEFORE HIM ALL NUDE NOW, AND THE SECONDS THAT SHE WAS DELAYING SEEMED LIKE AGES TO MASON...

YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I SAY TO YOUR DAD THAT THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ME AND HIM COULDN'T BE ANY BIGGER...

BUT OF COURSE I'M WRONG...






YOU ARE SO  
FUCKING TINY,  
MASON!

RIGHT NOW I'M  
WONDERING HOW I CAN  
AVOID CRUSHING YOU...

OH... BUT... I WANT  
TO BE CRUSHED BY  
YOU...



A large, muscular, dark-skinned person is shown from the back, filling most of the frame. Their skin is glistening, and their back muscles are very defined. In the background, there is a green tufted sofa, a bed with a dark tufted headboard, and a person lying on a patterned rug. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner.

HMM, I'M NOT  
SURE YOU WOULD  
SURVIVE OVER 340  
POUNDS ON THAT TINY  
BODY... SO I'LL BETTER  
BE CAREFUL AND NOT  
PUT MY WEIGHT ON  
YOU...

MARY KNELT DOWN OVER MASON  
AND SHOWED HIM HER MASSIVE  
BICEP ONCE AGAIN...

LOOK AT THIS HERE,  
LITTLE BABY...

OOOH...





DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
READY FOR MOMMY'S BIG  
MUSCLES?

OH YES...  
SO READY...





HMM, I DON'T THINK  
THAT'S ACTUALLY THE  
RIGHT ANSWER...

NO ONE CAN *EVER*  
BE READY FOR THIS,  
BABY...

OH...



I'M GOING TO  
PUT THAT LITTLE COCK  
OF YOURS INSIDE ME  
NOW, AND DEVOUR  
YOU!

OH...  
YES...



THERE WE GO. AND  
NOW I'LL GENTLY  
LOWER MYSELF... HOLD  
ON BABY...

I WANT YOU TO  
TOUCH MY ABS  
WHILE I FUCK  
YOU!

FUCK ME,  
PLEASE FUCK  
ME!



MARY SPREAD HER THIGHS FURTHER OUT,  
LOWERING HERSELF ONTO MASON. HIS COCK  
DISAPPEARED INTO HER WET CUNT AND THE  
BIG WOMAN MOANED WITH EXCITEMENT...  
MASON REACHED WITH HIS HAND TOWARDS  
THE ROCK-CHISELED ABS ABOVE HER  
PUSSY...

AAAAHHHH

OOOHHHH  
YESSSSS



OH MY LITTLE BOY...  
TELL MOMMY HOW  
STRONG SHE IS...

THEN MARY STARTED TO MOVE UP AND  
DOWN AND UP AND DOWN, BRINGING THEM  
BOTH CLOSER AND CLOSER TO NIRVANA...

A close-up, low-angle shot of a man lying on his back on a couch with a grey and white floral pattern. He is looking upwards with his mouth slightly open, as if speaking or reacting. His right arm is raised, with his hand open. A speech bubble originates from his mouth. The background shows a dark wooden floor and a white baseboard.

OOH YES...  
YOU'RE... THE  
STRONGEST...  
PERSON... ON THE  
PLANET...



ALL THE TIME MASON'S FINGERS WERE  
STILL TRACING THE CONTOURS OF MARY'S  
INCREDIBLE ABS...

I'M GONNA  
FUCK  
YOU  
SILLY!

I'M GONNA  
FUCK  
THE FUCK  
OUT OF YOU!



UP AND DOWN WENT MARY'S MIGHTY ASS,  
SLOWLY, BUT RELENTLESSLY. A FEW MORE  
TIMES, AND MASON WOULD LOSE HIS LOAD  
INSIDE HER...

AAAH  
AAAAHHH  
AHHHHHH

AAAAH

AND THEN SHE STOPPED....

WHA-?

HOLD ON BABY, WE'RE  
GOING TO SWITCH  
POSITION....





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where the strong girls live