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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

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

(C) AMAZONIAS, J. STILTON.



THE BODYBUILDER MOVED HER GIGANTIC
ARM UNDER MASON, AND THE BOY FELT HIS
BODY BEING LIFTED OFF THE BED...

STAY INSIDE ME,
OKAY BABY?

O-KAY...

MARY THEN RETREATED FROM THE BED AND STOOD UP, EASILY SWITCHING ARMS IN MIDAIR. SHE PRESSED MASON'S LITTLE BODY AGAINST HER OWN, MAKING SURE THAT HIS COCK REMAINED SECURED IN HER PUSSY. MASON FELT ALMOST LIKE HE WAS FLOATING. THE FEELING WAS INCREDIBLE...

I... I CAN'T...
IT'S JUST... OH
MY GOD...

HOW IS THIS,
LITTLE ONE?





OH GOD, I THINK
I'M GONNA-


NO YOU'RE NOT.
YOU WILL COME
WHEN I SAY SO, AND
NOT BEFORE!



MASON WANTED TO BE A GOOD BOY, BUT HER STERN WORDS EXCITED HIM EVEN MORE AND MADE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO CONTROL HIMSELF. SOMEHOW HE MANAGED---

YOU WILL OBEY MOMMY, WON'T YOU, LITTLE ONE?

OH... YES...

A muscular man with a large, hairy chest and thick arms is shown from the waist down, standing in a modern bedroom. He is wearing a white towel around his waist. The room features a bed with a grey patterned duvet, a green tufted armchair, and a dark wooden headboard. A speech bubble is positioned near his right hip.

OF COURSE
YOU WILL. YOU'RE
TOO SMALL TO DO
ANYTHING ELSE. LOOK
AT YOU HANGING ON TO
MY BIG BODY, LIKE A
MUSSEL HANGING ON
TO A ROCK...



OOOOHHHH

LOOK AT THOSE
LITTLE LEGS,
DANGLING IN THE AIR.
MINI-LEGS, COMPARED
TO MY TREETRUNKS!

HOW COULD SHE EXPECT HIM NOT TO
COME? THE THOUGHT CROSSED MASON'S
MIND THAT SHE WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIM
DISOBEY HER, SO THAT SHE COULD PUNISH
HIM AFTERWARD... THAT EXCITED HIM EVEN
MORE. STILL, HE HELD IT TOGETHER...
BARELY...




YOU WANNA COME
FOR MY BIG MUSCLES,
LITTLE MAN?

OH GOD
YES... GOD
YES...

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE
WAITED LONG ENOUGH.
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE
BEST ORGASM YOU - OR ANY
OF YOUR LITTLE
CLASSMATES - HAS EVER
EXPERIENCED....

OOOHH






I'M GOING TO
MAKE YOU
EXPERIENCE...

...THE JOY
OF...

...BEING
ENTIRELY IN MY
POWER...




RIGHT WHEN YOU
ARE COMING, I WILL
PUSH YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE HEAD IN MY
BOOBS...

YOU WILL BE UNABLE
TO BREATHE, AND YOU
WILL PASS OUT...

...WHILE
HAVING THE MOST
INCREDIBLE
SENSATION EVER...

ARE
YOU READY
FOR THAT,
BABY?

OH MY GOD... EH... I... I
GUESS, YES...



DON'T WORRY
LITTLE ONE. I'VE DONE
THIS MANY MANY TIMES.
JUST TRUST ME,
OKAY?

MOMENTS LATER, MARY WAS USING HER TWO HANDS TO THRUST MASON'S LIGHT BODY AGAINST HER. THESE WERE SLOW MOVEMENTS, BUT EVEN THEN, MASON FELT THAT IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF SECONDS...

OOH... OH MY GOD...

OH YES LITTLE ONE... JUST... LET IT ALL GO...



AND YES, A FEW SECONDS LATER...



OOOH, I'M
GONNA...

I'VE GOT YOU
BABY...



IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, MASON HAD ALREADY FORGOTTEN WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT. MARY WAS GOOD ON HER WORD. SHE PUT HER BIG HAND ON THE BACK OF MASON'S NECK AND QUICKLY - YET GENTLY - PUSHED HIS HEAD DOWN IN HER AMPLE BOSSOM.

FOR A FEW SECONDS, MASON'S ORGASM WAS DELAYED. AS HE FELT HE COULDN'T BREATHE, HE INSTINCTIVELY TRIED TO GET OUT OF MARY'S GRIP...

DON'T FIGHT IT BABY...
JUST... COME FOR
ME...

MMMMMM!!!!

AND THEN, WHILE HE WAS KICKING
SPASMICALLY TO BREAK FREE...



... MASON CAME, IN A STRANGE AND WILD COMBINATION OF FEELINGS AND SENSATIONS THAT HE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. THE SOUNDS HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO MAKE, WERE MUFFLED, BUT MARY FELT HIS SEED BEING SHOT INSIDE OF HER...

YESSSSSSS,
BABY...

MMMMM
NGGHHHAAAAAMM



MARY NOW PRESSED HIS HEAD EVEN
DEEPER IN HER CHEST, AND AS HIS WHOLE
BODY SHUDDERED WITH THE SHOCK OF HIS
ORGASM, MASON'S CONSCIOUSNESS
QUICKLY SLID AWAY...





THEN, FINALLY, THE STRUGGLING STOPPED. MASON LOST CONSCIOUSNESS. HIS LEGS STOPPED MOVING, HIS ARMS WENT LIMP, AND AT THAT MOMENT, MARY HERSELF FINALLY CAME TOO...


OOOHHHH

FOR A LONG TIME, THERE WAS NOTHING BUT BLACKNESS---



WHEN MASON CAME BACK TO THE WORLD,
HE FOUND HIMSELF DRAPED OVER HIS
STEPMOM'S GIGANTIC THIGHS. HE NOTICED
THAT IT WAS NOW EVENING, AND WAS A BIT
CONFUSED---

WHAT...
HAPPENED? HAVE I
BEEN SLEEPING?



YOU DON'T
REMEMBER? I TURNED
YOUR LIGHTS OUT WITH
MY BOOBS, WHILE YOU
CAME....

OH GOD YES! THAT
WAS SO AMAZING! HAVE
I BEEN OUT ALL THIS
TIME?



SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL....

OH NO BABY. JUST
FOR A MINUTE. THEN
YOU CAME BY AND YOU
ASKED ME TO FUCK YOU
AGAIN. AND WE HAD A
GREAT TIME.

AND THEN YOU FELL
ASLEEP... TILL NOW.
AND HERE WE ARE...



WE... WE HAD SEX A
SECOND TIME? WOW... I
DON'T REMEMBER THAT
AT ALL.

SOMETIMES A BIT OF
AMNESIA CAN OCCUR,
RELATING TO EVENTS RIGHT
BEFORE OR RIGHT AFTER ONE
LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS
LIKE THAT. IT'S NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT...



OH, I'M NOT
WORRIED. IT'S JUST...
A SHAME THAT I DON'T
REMEMBER. IT MUST
HAVE BEEN GREAT...


OH YES IT WAS,
BABY.

IN ANY CASE, I CAN
RECALL THE FIRST
TIME... COMING WHILE...
YOU WERE PUTTING ME
OUT... THAT WAS
AMAZING...



YOU LIKE THAT I HAVE
THAT KIND OF POWER
OVER YOU, MY LITTLE
ONE?

OH YES...



WE'LL PLAY AGAIN
LATER SWEETIE... RIGHT
NOW, IT'S TIME TO GO TO
BED. EVEN IF YOU JUST
SLEPT... YOU SPENT A LOT
OF ENERGY...

MOMMY'S
JUST GOING TO
GIVE HER LITTLE
ONE...

...A GOOD
NIGHT KISS...

MARY SURPRISED HIM ONCE MORE...

MMMM YES...
MY LITTLE
BOY...

I WANT YOU TO
PUT... YOUR LITTLE
HANDS... ALL OVER...
ME...

...ONE LAST TIME
BEFORE WE GO TO
BED...

MASON PUT ONE HAND ON HER ARM AND THE OTHER ON HER LEFT BREAST. BEING KISSED BY THIS GIGANTIC MUSCLEWOMAN TOOK THE EXPERIENCE TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL FOR MASON. THIS WAS, OF COURSE, A LOT MORE INTIMATE. BUT IT WAS OH SO HOT.

OKAY MY
TEENY...
TINY...
MINI-BOY...
THAT'S IT...






BUT MASON REALLY DIDN'T
WANT TO GO TO SLEEP YET...

CAN WE JUST...
CUDDLE A BIT,
MAYBE?

THAT WE CAN
DO... TEN MORE
MINUTES, AND THEN
MOMMY WILL TURN
OUT THE LIGHT...

A 3D rendered scene of a woman with long dark hair lying on her side on a bed with a patterned blanket. She is in a modern interior with wood-paneled walls and a kitchen area in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

SEX WITH YOU IS
GREAT, MASON. I WANT
TO DO THAT AGAIN,
MANY TIMES...



LIKE... NOW?


WHAT?

MARY WAS CURIOUS, AND BLINDLY FELT FOR MASON'S GROIN...

OH MY GOD!
YOU'RE STILL HARD! OR
HARD AGAIN!

I'M A *REAL*
MUSCLE
ADMIRER!





I CAN TELL! AND I UNDERSTAND! WHAT ELSE CAN ONE DO WITH THESE BIG BICEPS OF MINE BUT ADMIRE AND WORSHIP THEM?


OOH... ARE YOU FLEXING? PLEASE LET ME TOUCH THEM!

BUT THE GODDESS PULLED HER ARM BACK SO THAT LITTLE MASON COULDN'T REACH IT. AND SHE WAS RESTING HER BIG LEG ON HIS HIP, SO THAT HE COULDN'T TURN AROUND...

YOU WANT TO TOUCH MOMMY'S BIG BICEPS? BUT I TOLD YOU WE WERE GOING TO SLEEP, DIDN'T I?

NOOOO, WE CAN'T GO TO SLEEP YET...





WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA DO IF I DON'T
LET YOU, LITTLE BABY?
WILL YOU CRY?

NO, I'LL JUST
FIGHT YOU AND
TOUCH THEM
ANYWAY!

OH
REALLY?
YOU'RE SUCH A
FUNNY BOY!



THE GIANTESS QUICKLY IMMOBILIZED MASON'S ARM WITH HER THIGH, AND WITH ONE ARM GRABBED HIS HEAD.

FIGHT ME? REALLY?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA
DO NOW, HUH? LITTLE
MAN?

UGGHH

A 3D-rendered scene depicting a woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a black bikini, lying on her side on a bed with a grey floral patterned sheet. She is leaning over a man who is lying on his back, laughing with his mouth open. The woman's hands are on the man's chest and stomach, appearing to tickle him. The man is also unclothed. The background shows a bedroom with a tufted headboard, blue vertical blinds, and a doorway leading to another room with a yellow sofa and a black bag on the floor.

I THINK MY BOY
NEEDS A LITTLE
PUNISHMENT FOR HIS
ARROGANCE....

LET'S SEE IF
HE'S TICKLISH...

OH NO! PLEASE
DON'T! DON'T....-

BUT MARY DID. IN A DEMONSTRATION OF HER CONTROL OVER HIM, SHE TICKLED MASON FOR AN ENTIRE TEN SECONDS... HIS STRUGGLES WERE COMPLETELY FRUITLESS...

ALL RIGHT ALL
RIGHT...

MY LITTLE
CUTIE...

STOOOOOOP!!!
PLE-PLE... ST...
STOOP





MARY CEASED THE DIABOLICAL TICKLING, AND THEN STARTED TO LIFT MASON AND PULLED HIM TOWARDS HER, WHILE SHE HERSELF TURNED HER BODY...

LET'S PLAY A LITTLE BIT MORE... COME HERE...

SHE THEN DRAGGED HIS BODY ON TOP OF
HERS, AND PUSHED HER BELLY AND THIGHS UP,
USING HER BACK AND FEET FOR LEVERAGE...

OH WOW... MY
GOD...

HOW'S *THIS*
FEEL, LITTLE
ONE?





SO YOU WANT TO
GO A THIRD ROUND,
RIGHT?

I'D... LOVE
TO...



COULD WE... DO THE
EH... SUFFOCATION
THING AGAIN? THAT WAS
SO AMAZING...

HMMM... IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS TO PUT YOU
OUT TWICE IN SUCH A
SHORT TIME, BUT I'LL
MAKE IT CLOSE...



MARY THREW HER FOREARM OVER MASON'S THROAT AND PUSHED JUST A LITTLE BIT. WITH HER RIGHT HAND, SHE STROKED ALL OF MASON'S LOWER BODY...

DOES THE LITTLE ONE WANT TO FEEL HIS STEPMOMMY'S POWER OVER HIM, HMM? LIKE THIS?

OH YES...



MASON WAS ONCE AGAIN IN HEAVEN - SEVENTH FLOOR. THE FEELING OF BIG MARY RAISING HIS BODY LIKE THIS, COMBINED WITH THE ALMOST CHOKING PRESSURE OF HER ARM ON HIS THROAT, WAS JUST BEYOND BELIEF. AND THEN THERE WAS THE DOMINANT WAY SHE SPOKE TO HIM...

THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT YOURSELF. YOU'RE GOING TO SPANK THAT LITTLE MONKEY FOR ME WITH YOUR ONE HAND, AND WITH YOUR OTHER YOU WILL FEEL UP MY BICEPS. UNDERSTOOD?

OH YES...

MASON DID AS HE WAS TOLD, AND PUT HIS LITTLE HAND ON MARY'S HUGE BICEP, WHILE JERKING OFF LIKE A MADMAN... HE WAS ENJOYING THIS SESSION EVEN MORE THAN THE FIRST ONE - AND POSSIBLY ALSO BETTER THAN THE SECOND ONE, WHICH HE FORGOT...

YOU ARE MINE,
LITTLE ONE. YOU ARE
SO FUCKING
MINE!

YES I
AM...



WITH MARY'S DOMME
TALK, IT TOOK HIM ALL
OF TWENTY SECONDS
TO REACH HIS CLIMAX---

AAAAGHH

YES BABY, COME FOR
MOMMY! COME VERY
HARD FOR HER!





FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT DAY, MASON CAME VIOLENTLY, WHILE FEELING THE HARDNESS OF HIS STEPMOM'S ARM, AND HER BIG BODY UNDER HIM...

AAAAAAHHH

YESSSSSS



I HOPE THAT WAS
GOOD FOR YOU BABY.
NOW IT'S TIME TO GO
TO BED...

I EH... MADE A BIT
OF A MESS... I THINK I
HAVE TO SHOWER
FIRST...

NEVER MIND THAT
BABY, MOMMY WILL GIVE
YOU A LITTLE
WASHING...

WITHOUT FURTHER WORDS, MARY FLIPPED MASON AROUND AND THEN TURNED HIM SIDWAYS, BRINGING HIS LITTLE BOY OVER HER HEAD. LEANING BACKWARDS, SHE STARTED TO LICK HIS BELLY...

OH MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS...






I KNOW BABY. YOUR
STEPMOM IS STRONG
BEYOND BELIEF!



CAN YOU... DO RAISES
WITH ME LIKE THIS?

OF COURSE I
CAN, SILLY. BUT NOT
TONIGHT. NO MORE
DIRTY TALK. YOU'VE
COME ENOUGH FOR
TODAY.



ALL CLEAN. I'M
GONNA PUT YOU DOWN
AGAIN AND YOU CAN
DREAM OF ME....

I HOPE TO....

ENTIRELY SPENT, MASON FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY, ONE HAND TOUCHING MARY'S THIGH. MARY WENT SOON AFTER, ENJOYING THE THOUGHT OF BEING SO MUCH BIGGER THAN MASON THAT A SPOONING POSITION WAS NOT ENTIRELY POSSIBLE...



THIS ENDED MASON AND MARY'S DAY. NOW LET'S
GO BACK A LITTLE BIT, AND SEE WHAT ELSE
BUFFY DID TO MASON'S DAD THAT SAME DAY...



WE LEFT OFF WHERE BUFFY HAD JUST
SLAMMED DYLAN ONTO THE MAT...

I SAID GET UP!
OR DO YOU WANT TO SUCK
MY TOES SOME MORE!?

DYLAN ACTUALLY STARTED TO SUCK HER
TOES. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, BUT HE WAS
GLAD TO DO THAT - ANYTHING BUT STAND UP
AND FIGHT THIS FREAK!

BUT THE BIG GIRL WASN'T BUYING IT...

NANANA, LITTLE MAN.
THAT'S TOO EASY...

NOW GET UP
OR...



A 3D rendered scene depicting a confrontation in a gym. A very muscular, shirtless man stands over another man who is lying on his back on a red mat. The standing man is wearing black socks and is holding his right foot over the face of the man on the floor. The man on the floor is wearing white briefs and has a distressed expression. In the background, there are various gym items including a blue resistance band, a barbell with weights, and a silhouette of a person running on a screen. Two speech bubbles contain dialogue.

--- I SMASH YOUR FACE
WITH MY FOOT!

NOOO! OKAY OKAY! I'LL
GET UP!



MOMENTS LATER, DYLAN WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GIANTESS ONCE AGAIN... HE MADE A LAST ATTEMPT TO CONVINCE HER NOT TO FIGHT HIM...

LOOK... B-BUFFY...
YOU ARE SO MUCH
BIGGER AND
STRONGER...

THERE IS REALLY
NO WAY WE CAN FIGHT
WITHOUT YOU PERMANENTLY
DAMAGING ME...

SO
PLEASE...

IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO MAKE
YOUR MOM
ANGRY...

IN A SIGN OF DEFERENCE, DYLAN BENT HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY, HOPING FOR SOME MERCY. TO HIS SURPRISE, HE FELT HER HAND BEING PUT GENTLY ON HIS SHOULDER...

YOU POOR LITTLE MISFIT OF A MAN... I ALMOST PITY YOU...

FORTUNATELY, THERE'S OTHER FUN THINGS WE CAN DO...

LET'S SEE...





BUFFY SAT DOWN ON ONE KNEE AND TO DYLAN'S HORROR, PUT HER HAND ON HIS GROIN, WITHOUT ANY SHAME OR INHIBITION.

HMM, LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE SOLDIER IS SALUTING THE FLAG... THAT OPENS UP SOME POSSIBILITIES...

PLEASE... YOU CAN'T...




BUFFY PUT HER FREE HAND ON THE BACK OF DYLAN'S HEAD AND PULLED HIM TOWARDS HER. THEN SHE WHISPERED IN HIS EAR...

LITTLE STEPDADDY, LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE...




YOU'VE MANAGED TO
MAKE ME NOT FIGHT
YOU---


YES?



NOW, IT WOULD BE
MOST WISE NOT TO
REFUSE ME ANYTHING
ELSE TODAY...

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair and green eyes looking down at a person with long, vibrant red hair. The woman's hand is gently brushing the red hair with a wooden comb. The background is a solid, bright red. A speech bubble is positioned near the woman's head.

I UNDERSTAND THAT
YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE
THINGS I WANT TO DO
TO YOU...



BUT YOU REALLY
DON'T HAVE ANY
OPTIONS, LITTLE
MAN...

I WILL DO WITH YOU
WHAT I WANT... AND AS
WE'RE NOT GOING TO
WRESTLE, I'VE DECIDED
THAT...

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face. She has dark, wavy hair and is looking directly at the camera with a cold, intense expression. Her eyes are dark and piercing. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows on her face. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one on the left and one on the right.

... I WILL JUST **RAPE**
YOU INSTEAD...

WHA....-



DYLAN DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SAY MUCH TO THAT THREAT, AS SUDDENLY HE FELT HIMSELF BEING LIFTED...

OOOHH



W-WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

JUST SOME
FOREPLAY, MY LITTLE
MAN. DEMONSTRATING
MY STRENGTH AND
ALL, YOU KNOW...

A muscular woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing black underwear, is lifting a man with reddish-brown hair wearing white underwear. The man is being held in a horizontal position, with his feet touching the floor. They are in a modern living room with a large window, a grey sofa, and a wooden floor. A blue and red mat is on the floor. A single shoe is on the mat, and some clothes are on the floor in the corner.

BUT BASICALLY I'M
JUST DOING WITH YOU
WHAT I DO TO
MASON...

YOU'RE REALLY NOT
ALL THAT MUCH
HEAVIER...

HOW...-

HOW CAN YOU BE...
THIS STRONG... AT AGE
18? I DON'T...
UNDERSTAND...

REALLY? YOU'VE SEEN
MY MOM, HAVEN'T YOU?



I'M SO GRATEFUL
THAT SHE GAVE ME
GOOD GENES... LOOK AT
THIS BICEP
BULGING...





AND OF
COURSE, LOTS AND
LOTS OF HOURS IN THE
GYM... THESE BABIES
DON'T ARISE BY
THEMSELVES, WITH OR
WITHOUT GOOD
GENES...

PUT YOUR HAND ON MY
ARM DYLAN. WORSHIP
THIS POWER...





ONCE AGAIN DYLAN DID AS
ASKED. HE WAS OF COURSE USED
TO MUSCLEWORSHIP, BUT DOING
IT TO A GIRL MANY YEARS
YOUNGER THAN HIM WAS AN
ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT
FEELING...

MASON LOVES
THESE...

UNTIL I GET A LITTLE
BIT TOO WILD WITH
THEM, OF COURSE...



NOW WHIP OUT
YOUR COCK.

WHAT?

YOU HEARD
ME.



HE HAD INDEED HEARD HER. AND TO AVOID
HER GETTING ANGRY, AND BECAUSE HE HAD
NO OTHER CHOICE, HE JUST... OBEYED...

MMM, I LOVE
THAT SIGHT... YOUR
COCK ON MY BICEP. SLAP
IT A FEW TIMES,
BABY...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT... HOW
LONG CAN SHE
HOLD ME LIKE
THIS?





DYLAN BEAT HIS COCK ON BUFFY'S BULGING BICEP...

GOD THAT'S HOT. HARD FLESH AGAINST HARD FLESH...

A photograph of a man and a woman in a gym setting. The man, on the left, is shirtless and has short, dark, wavy hair. He is looking down at the woman. The woman, on the right, is also shirtless and has long, dark hair tied in a ponytail. She is looking up at the man with her mouth slightly open. In the background, there is a large mirror reflecting the silhouettes of two people working out. The scene is lit with soft, indoor lighting.

NOW
SOMETHING EVEN
HOTTER... I WANT YOU
TO... *OOOH*...
TO FLEX FOR ME
BABY...

SHOW ME THOSE
TINY MUSCLES...
OOOHHH

AND DYLAN FLEXED, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THERE WAS NOTHING MUCH TO SEE... HE HAD NEVER BEEN INTO SPORTS AT ALL, AND HAD BEEN SMALL AND SLIM SINCE FOREVER...





NOW I WANT YOU TO
KICK THIS LEG HERE.

WHAT?

KICK MY LEG.
WITH YOUR FOOT.
JUST HUMOR ME BABY.
I ENJOY THE
FEELING...

MASON KICKED THE MIGHTY LEG, WHICH WAS
SO HARD THAT IT ACTUALLY HURT TO DO
SO...

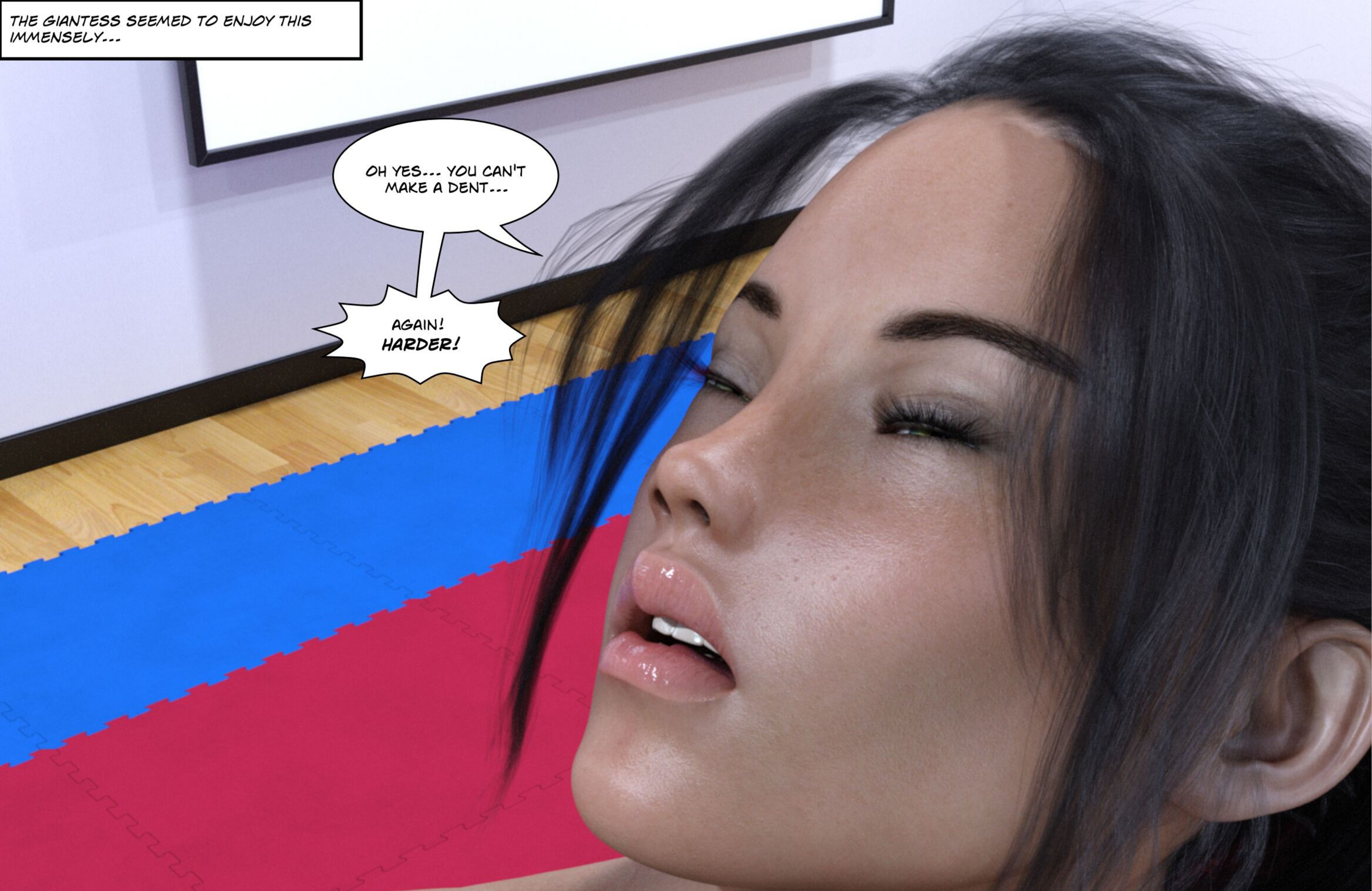


WACK

THE GIANTESS SEEMED TO ENJOY THIS
IMMENSELY...

OH YES... YOU CAN'T
MAKE A DENT...


AGAIN!
HARDER!





DYLAN DID IT AGAIN, POSITIVELY HURTING HIS FOOT THIS TIME...

WACK

A photograph of two women in a room with a wooden floor. One woman has long, wavy red hair and is wearing a red top. The other woman has dark hair pulled back and is looking towards the camera with a surprised expression. They are on a blue mat. In the background, there is a white box and some black clothing on the floor.

HARD, AREN'T
THEY?

BUT I'M NOT
THE ONLY ONE
WHO'S HARD HERE...
LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE
ENJOYING THIS AT
LEAST A BIT, AREN'T
YOU?



I EH... I GUESS I EH...
ACQUIRED SOME TASTE
FOR IT...

FOR
WHAT?

FOR ALL THIS
MUSCLE... AND
STRENGTH STUFF...



I SEE... TO YOUR SON
IT COMES MORE
NATURALLY THOUGH...

HE WAS BORN
LIKE THAT, I
GUESS...

THE BOY WOULD FEEL
MY MUSCLES TILL HELL
FREEZES OVER...

SUDDENLY BUFFY GRABBED DYLAN'S COCK
IN A FIRM GRIP...



ON THE OTHER HAND,
YOUR COCK IS
SIGNIFICANTLY BIGGER
THAN HIS...

OH...

AND I'M GOING
TO MAKE GOOD
USE OF IT...



A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with an expression of awe or desire. She is in a modern, brightly lit interior space. To her left, a staircase with white steps and a dark railing leads upwards. In the background, there are dark wooden cabinets and a large window. A person's arm is visible on the right side of the frame, reaching towards the woman. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, indicating a conversation.

TIME TO GO TO THE
NEXT STAGE BABY...

I'VE GOT SOME
GREAT IDEAS...

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