

A 3D rendered scene featuring a muscular woman with long dark hair and bangs, wearing a black and white patterned bikini top. She is standing behind two young men who are wearing white swim trunks. The woman is holding the face of the man on the left, who has red hair and a shocked expression. The man on the right has black hair and a surprised expression. They are standing on a wooden deck with a railing, and the background is a clear blue sky.

THE BULLY

PART 5

A Stilton



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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.

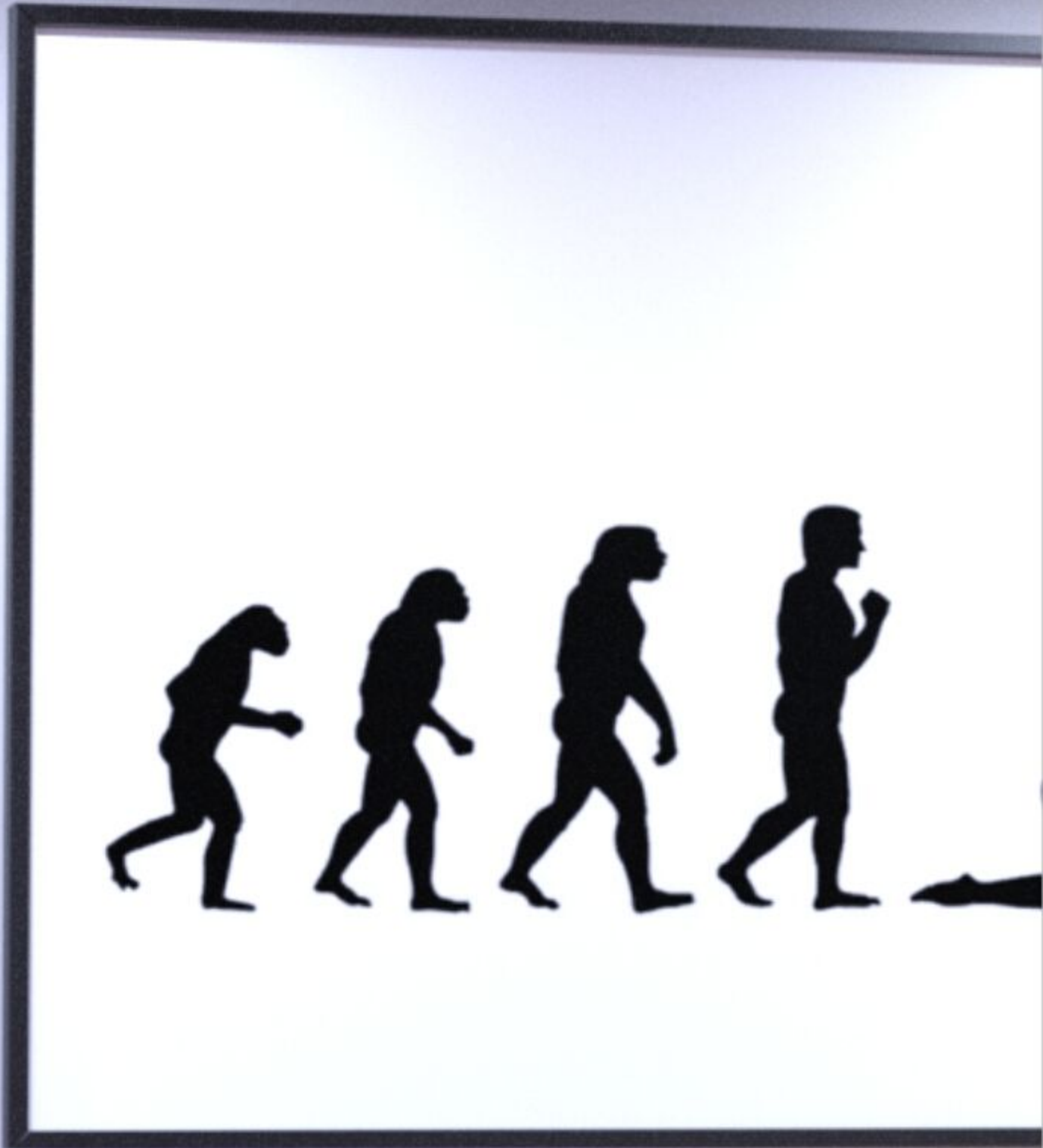
THANK YOU


JAMES

THE BODYBUILDER DROPPED DYLAN ON THE FLOOR AND TOLD HIM TO KNEEL DOWN--- HE OBEYED WITHOUT HESITATION.

HOW SMALL DO YOU FEEL RIGHT NOW?

I FEEL VERY SMALL---





THAT'S RIGHT.
EITHER ONE OF THESE
LEGS IS ALMOST AS BIG
AS YOUR ENTIRE BODY,
SEE?

YES... YOUR
LEGS ARE...
VERY... THICK...

THICK, HAHAH.
I WANT YOU TO STROKE
THAT **THICK** SHAFT OF
YOURS WHILE YOU
WORSHIP MY CALF...

DO IT!

BUT
DON'T
COME!



AGAIN THERE WAS NO HESITATION AS DYLAN FOLLOWED HER ORDER. WHAT ELSE COULD ONE DO WITH A POWERHOUSE LIKE HER, WHO WOULDN'T EVEN BREAK INTO A SWEAT WHILE SHE'D TEAR HIM TO SHREDS?

THAT'S IT BABY. YOUR MOUTH IS FREE. USE IT!

DYLAN KISSED THE HARD MUSCLE OF
BUFFY'S BIG THIGH---

THAT'S IT
BABY. YOU EXIST
TO WORSHIP BUFFY
NOW... WITH **ALL**
YOUR BODY AND
ALL YOUR
SOUL...



DYLAN HAD PAUSED HIS STROKING SEVERAL TIMES, TO AVOID COMING, BUT HIS WILLPOWER WAS WEAKENED BY THE MINUTE AND HE COULDN'T RESIST ANY LONGER---

OH GOD, I'M GONNA---

OH NO---



WITH A WELL-TIMED AND WELL-AIMED KICK,
THE BODYBUILDER SLAMMED HER LITTLE
VICTIM RIGHT INTO THE MAT...

YOU
WON'T!

AAAGHHH



BUFFY TOLD DYLAN TO STAY DOWN WHILE
SHE GOT A WEIGHT BAR...

LET ME SEE... WHICH
TOY TO PICK TO PLAY
WITH MY OTHER
TOY...?

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO TO ME?



BUFFY RETURNED WITH A HEAVILY LOADED EZ-BAR AND HELD IT OVER DYLAN'S BODY...

NO WORRIES BABY.
THERE'S NO CHANCE OF
ME DROPPING THIS ON
YOU...

P-PLEASE...



A 3D-rendered scene set in a gym. A very muscular woman with dark hair, seen from behind, is leaning over a man lying on his back on a red mat. She is holding a white barbell with three black weight plates, positioning it over the man's throat. The man has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. The gym floor consists of blue and red interlocking mats, with a wooden floor visible near a window in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman stating her intent and another from the man pleading for his life.

I'M JUST GOING TO
PUT IT GENTLY ACROSS
YOUR THROAT...

DON'T HURT ME!
PLEASE!

BUFFY LOWERED THE BAR AND POSITIONED IT SO THAT IT SORT OF IMMOBILIZED DYLAN'S HEAD. THEN SHE STOOD BACK UP TO ENJOY THE SIGHT...

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT... CREATIVE WITH WEIGHTS 101!

HOW DOES THAT FEEL, STEPDAD?



EHM... A BIT... UNCOMFORTABLE...

A comic book panel featuring a woman with dark hair and a serious expression looking over the shoulder of a muscular man. The man is shirtless, showing his back and buttocks. The background is a solid light purple color. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left from the man and one on the right from the woman.

WELL, I'M NOT HERE
TO MAKE YOU
COMFORTABLE...

ON THE CONTRARY... I
LOVE TO SEE YOU
UPSET...



THAT PANIC IN YOUR
EYES... MMMM, IT'S
SUCH A TURN-ON...

OOH...



THEN BUFFY TURNED AROUND AND SQUATTED, BRINGING HER ASS VERY CLOSE TO DYLAN'S FACE...

WITH THIS BODY, I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT TO YOU... AND YOU COULDN'T DO A THING AGAINST IT...

LIKE, WHAT IF I TOOK A BIG DUMP ON YOUR FACE...?

P-PLEASE!



FORTUNATELY I'M NOT
THAT PERVERSE...

SO I'M JUST
GOING TO ORDER YOU
TO WORSHIP THIS ASS
AND TELL ME HOW
IMPRESSED YOU
ARE...

DYLAN PUT HIS HANDS ON BUFFY'S ENORMOUS BUTTOCKS. IT FELT LIKE TOUCHING A LAYER OF SATIN DRAPED TAUT OVER POLISHED ROCK. HE COULD ONLY BE AMAZED AT THE AMOUNT OF MUSCLE ON A GIRL HER AGE... IT WAS JUST...



...INCREDIBLE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...



I FEEL LIKE... MAKING
YOU... OOOOH

...MAKING YOU
DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY
IN THERE...



AND WITH THOSE WORDS, BUFFY SAT DOWN ON DYLAN'S FACE AND FLEXED HER BICEPS ABOVE HIM...
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN PAINFUL ENOUGH IF A REALLY FAT WOMAN WITH FLABBY BUTTOCKS DID THIS. BUT THIS WAS BUFFY. HER GLUTES WERE *HARD*, AND THEIR MUSCLES WERE PUSHING INTO DYLAN'S FACE...

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, DYLAN?

AAARGHHH



YOU'RE A
BITCH-

THE BITCH OF A
MUSCLEBITCH!


A muscular man is shown from the back, flexing his arms. A woman is lying on her back on his back, with her hands on his lower back. They are in a gym setting with a red mat and a barbell with weights. The man's back is bare, showing his spine and muscles. The woman's hands are placed on the man's lower back, near his hips. The barbell is positioned horizontally across the bottom of the frame, with the woman's legs spread apart and resting on it. The background shows a wooden floor and a white wall.

I WANT YOU TO
TOUCH MY BIG MUSCLES
ALL OVER, LITTLE
ONE...

YES, LIKE THAT...
WHEREVER YOUR SHORT,
WEAK ARMS CAN
REACH...

BEFORE I
DEVOUR YOU
COMPLETELY IN
MY BUTT!

DYLAN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CONSIDER
WHETHER HE WAS AROUSED RATHER THAN
DISGUSTED BY THIS NEW POSITION: HE HAD
TO CONCENTRATE ON TRYING TO KEEP
BREATHING. BUFFY'S HARD AND HUGE ASS
WAS TAKING AWAY MOST OF THE AIR...

A photograph of a very muscular woman with dark hair, flexing her biceps. She is lying on her side on a blue and red mat in a gym. She is wearing black socks. A speech bubble is next to her head. In the background, there are dumbbells on the floor.

OH DYLAN... SUCH
A FEELING OF
POWER... A FEELING
THAT YOU WILL NEVER
EXPERIENCE IN YOUR
LIFE... WHAT A
PITY...

I'M GONNA TURN
AROUND NOW SO THAT
YOU CAN SERVICE SOME
OTHER BITS...

BUFFY TURNED 180 DEGREES, SEATING
HERSELF FIRMLY ON DYLAN'S FACE. SHE
TOOK ONE OF HIS WRISTS AND PUT IT ON
HER BELLY... DYLAN FELT HER INCREDIBLY
DEFINED ABDOMINAL MUSCLES...

MORE CUT AND
RIPPED THAN YOU CAN
IMAGINE...


FEEL THEM
BABY... **FEEL**
ALL THE POWER
THAT'S IN
THERE...





THEN BUFFY THUMPED WITH A CLENCHED FISTS ON HER THIGH, MAKING A WHACKING SOUND THAT ILLUSTRATED PERFECTLY HOW HARD HER QUADRICEPS WERE...

SEE HOW POWERFUL THESE LEGS ARE... AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO BE RIGHT IN BETWEEN THEM LIKE THAT?



ALL RIGHT, I'M
READY TO TAKE YOU
NOW, DYLAN. LET'S SEE
IF YOU'RE STILL READY
TOO...


MMM, SEEMS LIKE YOU
ARE. LET'S GET GOING
THEN...

BUFFY SAT DOWN ON DYLAN'S HIP, SKILLFULLY MANEUVERING HIM INSIDE HER. THEN SHE FLEXED ALL THE MUSCLES IN HER UPPER BODY, MAKING THE VEINS IN HER CHEST AND ARMS POP UP LIKE CRAZY...

YOU HAVE PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE WITH MUSCLEFUCKS WITH MY MOM, OF COURSE...

BUT THIS TIME WE'RE TALKING ABOUT AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL...





BEING RAPED BY
A TEEN MUSCLEGIRL
ADDS A VERY SPECIAL
TOUCH TO THE WHOLE
EXPERIENCE, DON'T YOU
THINK SO,
STEPDADDY?

EH... Y-YES, IT
D-DOES...

SO GLAD YOU
AGREE!

NOW... I'D
LIKE TO SEE YOU
TRY TO LIFT THAT
BAR. CAN YOU DO
THAT FOR ME,
HONEY?



DYLAN TRIED. HE REALLY DID. BUT WHILE HIS STEPDAUGHTER KEPT FLEXING HER POWERFUL MUSCLES RIGHT ABOVE HIM, HIS OWN PATHETIC ONES SEEMED ENTIRELY USELESS...

UNNGGHHHH

I CAN'T

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T BABY... THIS WEIGHT ISN'T FOR TINY MEN LIKE YOU...



BIG MUSCLEGIRLS, ON
THE OTHERHAND...



---HAVE NO
PROBLEM WITH
IT---

NOW LIFT YOUR
NECK AND HEAD,
LITTLE MAN---

IF YOU COME,
I'LL BREAK SOME
BONES! SO TRY TO
AVOID THAT!

AS SOON AS DYLAN HAD PUT HIS HEAD FORWARD, BUFFY PUT THE EZ-BAR BELOW HIS NECK, AND THEN PULLED HIS ENTIRE UPPER BODY TOWARD HER...

I'M GONNA BRING YOU A LITTLE BIT CLOSER TO ME, STEPDADDY...

...IN A WAY THAT YOU DON'T EVEN NEED TO USE YOUR NON-EXISTENT ABDOMINAL MUSCLES...

SEE? BUFFY DOES ALL THE WORK FOR YOU...





A LITTLE HIGHER
STILL....

... TO GET YOU RIGHT
WHERE I WANT YOU...



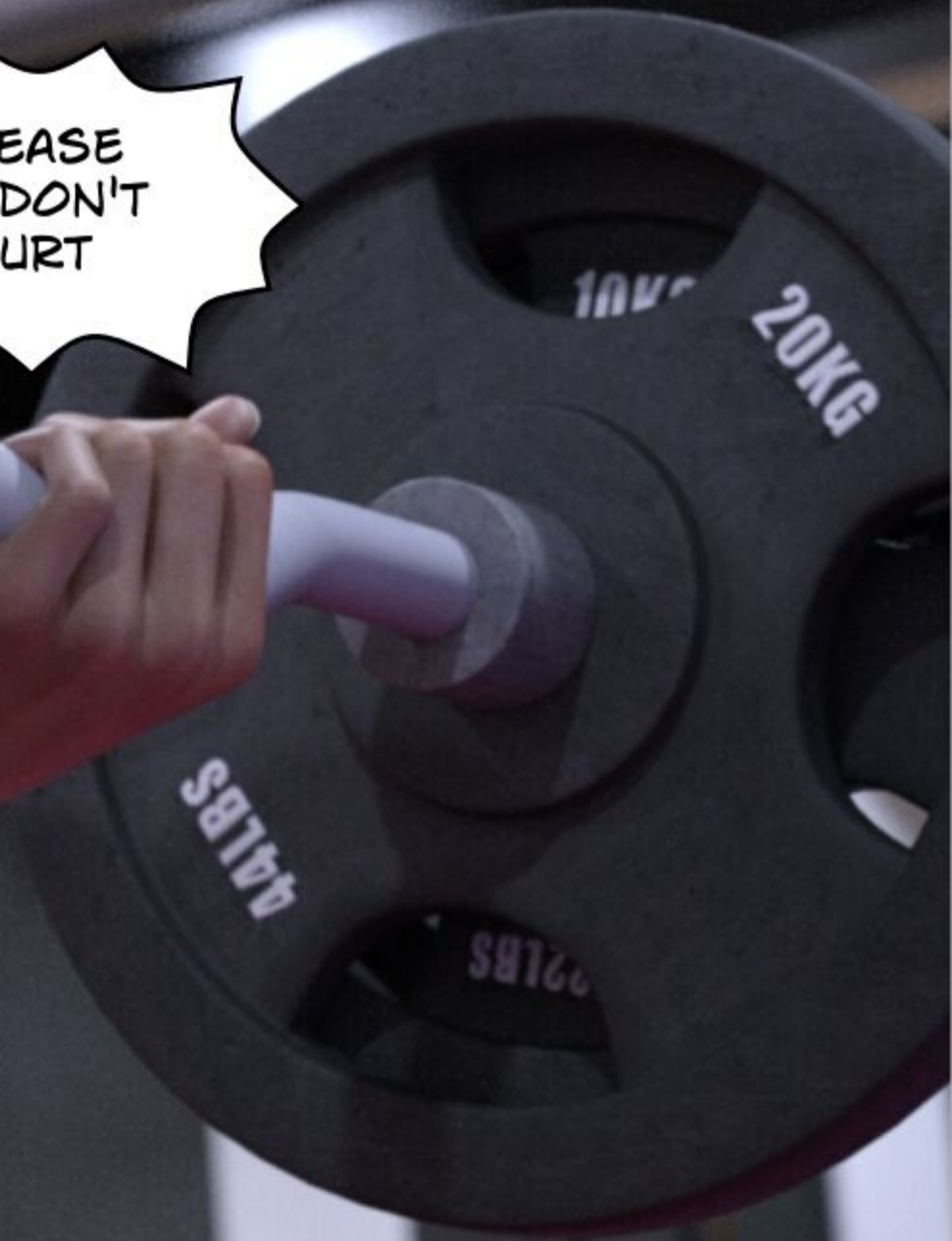
BUFFY PULLED DYLAN UP UNTIL HIS FACE WAS IN BETWEEN HER BOOBS, PRESSING INTO HER ROCK HARD PECS. THE BODYBUILDER LOWERED HER HEAD AND LOOKED RIGHT INTO DYLAN'S EYES... THE EFFECT WAS QUITE... INTIMIDATING...

LOOK AT THAT... YOU LITTLE, LITTLE MAN...

YOU'RE SOOO TRAPPED!

I COULD CRACK YOUR JAW AGAINST MY PECS!

PLEASE ... DON'T HURT





OOOOOH I JUST LOVE
TO SEE THE FEAR IN
THOSE EYES...

NO WORRIES BABY, I
WON'T HURT YOU, THIS
TIME.

IN FACT, I'M
GONNA LET YOU
CUM...

YOU AND ME, WE'RE
GONNA CUM
TOGETHER...

HOW ABOUT
THAT, HUH?



BUFFY JERKED AND LOWERED AND JERKED
AND LOWERED THE BAR, SWINGING DYLAN
WITH IT... EACH TIME SHE PUSHED HIM
FURTHER INTO HER...

OOOOOHHH
YES...



BUFFY BENT SO FAR BACK AND PULLED DYLAN UP SO MUCH THAT HE ACTUALLY ONLY TOUCHED THE GROUND WITH HIS FEET BY NOW... HE FELT LIKE A PUPPET THAT WAS BEING PLAYED WITH...

OH GOD... I'M VERY CLOSE... YOU BETTER....



AND THEN BUFFY CAME, VERY LOUD, VERY HARD, AND DYLAN MANAGED TO COME AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME WITH HER...

AAAAHHHHHHH



NNHHHGHHHHHHGAAAAAA



TO DYLAN'S AMAZEMENT, BUFFY TOOK HER TIME ENJOYING THE FEELING AFTER HER ORGASM, AND WAS IN NO HURRY AT ALL TO PUT THE BAR DOWN. THIS GIRL WAS SO INCREDIBLY STRONG...

DURING THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON, BUFFY ENJOYED HERSELF AND LARGELY LEFT DYLAN ALONE. SHE DID SEND HIM OUT FOR GROCERIES FOR A MEAL SHE WANTED AT NIGHT, BUT OTHER THAN THAT, THERE WAS HARDLY ANY INTERACTION. BUFFY WORKED OUT, WENT FOR A RUN, AND READ.

AT NIGHT, HOWEVER, WHEN SHE SAT DOWN TO EAT WHAT DYLAN HAD PREPARED FOR HER, SHE GOT BACK INTO THE GAME...



BUFFY WAS WELL AWARE THAT THE WAY SHE WAS "DRESSED" WOULD HAVE A BIG EFFECT ON ANYONE, MAN OR WOMAN, STRAIGHT OR NOT... SHE FELT DYLAN'S EYES STARING AT HER, AND SPOKE...

HMM. YOU DID WHAT I ASKED, BUT IT ALL TASTES RATHER BLAND, I GOTTA SAY...

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE SOME COOKING LESSONS... SURPRISED MOM DIDN'T ALREADY MAKE YOU DO THAT, ACTUALLY...

GIVE ME SOME MORE WATER...



I... I'M SORRY... I'LL
TRY TO DO BETTER NEXT
TIME...

THAT SHOULDN'T
BE TOO HARD TO
DO...




DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT
TAKES TO BE **BIG** LIKE
ME, SMALL ONE?

EH... LOTS OF
WORKOUTS, FOR
SURE...

THAT, YES...

A close-up photograph of a very muscular woman with dark hair and green eyes, wearing a pink sports bra. She is holding a large, cooked sausage in her mouth with her right hand and flexing her left bicep. The background shows a gym setting with a blue and red mat and a wooden bench. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

AS WELL AS EATING
A LOT OF FOOD!

A comic book panel showing a muscular woman from behind, wearing a pink bikini top, in a modern kitchen. She is looking at a man with red hair who is holding a glass. The kitchen has large windows, pendant lights, and a black countertop. A kettle is visible on the counter.

I NEED TO EAT
TWO OR THREE TIMES
AS MUCH WHAT *YOUR*
LITTLE BODY
NEEDS...

SO YOU BETTER
SERVE ME FOOD
THAT IS *AS TASTY*
AS POSSIBLE,
UNDERSTOOD?

EH, YES,
UNDERSTOOD.
I'M SORRY...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE BODYBUILDER
HAD GOBBLED DOWN EVERYTHING ANYWAY.



I WAS THINKING
MAYBE WE COULD
WATCH A MOVIE.
WOULD YOU LIKE
THAT?

EH,
SURE...

GREAT!

A MOVIE?
REALLY? THAT
WOULD BE... MORE
COMFORTABLE THAN
MANY OTHER THINGS
WE COULD DO...

BUT WHEN BUFFY UNDRESSED RIGHT IN FRONT OF DYLAN'S EYES, MOVED TOWARDS HIM AND THREW HIM OVER HER BIG SHOULDER, IT WAS CLEAR TO THE LITTLE MAN THAT IT WOULDN'T BE AN ORDINARY MOVIE NIGHT...
BUFFY TOOK HIM TO HER BEDROOM. DYLAN HAD NEVER BEEN IN THERE MUCH AT ALL, BUT ON A PREVIOUS OCCASION HE HAD NOTICED - AND BEEN INTIMIDATED BY - ALL THE TROPHIES AND MEDALS OF BODYBUILDING AND MARTIAL ARTS CONTESTS...



ALL RIGHT, LEMME
THROW YOU ON THE
BED...



BUFFY SLAMMED HER LEGS AROUND DYLAN'S HEAD AND EXPLAINED HIM THAT HE COULD WATCH THE MOVIE, AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T EVER STOP WORSHIPPING AND LICKING. WHILE SHE WATCHED, THE BIG GIRL ALSO FLEXED. SHE FLEXED DIFFERENT MUSCLE GROUPS, NOW THE ARM, THEN THE LEGS... SO THAT WAVES OF FLEXES SEEMED TO ROLL OVER HER BODY. DYLAN NEVER NEW WHICH BODYPART WAS GOING TO GET FLEX NEXED...

OH JUST SO YOU KNOW, IT'S A THREE HOUR LONG MOVIE. I HOPE YOU CAN KEEP IT UP...


TRACE MY ABS FOR A WHILE. YES, LIKE THAT. I LOVE FEELING YOUR LITTLE FINGERS IN THERE...





ENJOYING THE MOVIE,
LITTLE ONE?

IT'S... HARD
TO... SEE



HMM. SEEMS IT'S
HARD FOR ME TO SEE
YOU AS WELL. YOU'VE
ALMOST ENTIRELY
DISAPPEARED IN MY
BIG MUSCLES...

YOU POOR
LITTLE MAN...



DON'T FORGET
THE GLUTES NOW,
BABY...

AND MY
SHOULDERS

AND SEE IF YOU
CAN REACH MY
BACK...

AND MY
CALVES ALSO NEED
A GOOD
SERVICING...

BUFFY HAD A LOT MORE FUN WITH DYLAN
BEFORE THEY WENT TO BED...

WE'LL NOW REJOIN OUR OTHER ODD
COUPLE, THE NEXT MORNING, AS THEY ARE
DRIVING BACK TOWARDS HOME...



AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, MASON HAD RECOVERED FROM YESTERDAY'S SESSIONS WITH MARY, AND WAS ENTIRELY READY TO BE HORNY FOR HER AGAIN. MARY FELT IT, AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE DRIVE FLEXED HER BIG ARM FOR HIM.... IT DROVE THE SMALL BOY CRAZY...

OH MY GOD
OH MY GOD! I
WANT TO DO IT
AGAIN!

WELL, YOU CAN
TOUCH MY ARM. AND
YOURSELF, FOR ALL I
CARE....



BUT MASON HAD OTHER IDEAS, AND HIS
HORNINESS MADE HIM VERY TENACIOUS...

CAN WE... CAN
WE PULL OVER
SOMEWHERE AND DO IT
AGAIN? CAN WE CAN
WE CAN WE?

YOU HORNY LITTLE
BOY! SO HOT FOR
MOMMY'S MUSCLES
AREN'T YOU? WE'LL BE
HOME SOON...



BUT MASON KEPT INSISTING, FEELING THAT MARY LIKED THE IDEA TOO. AND MARY WAS INDEED AMUSED BY THE LITTLE MAN'S LUST FOR HER, SO...

ALL RIGHT, LET'S LOOK FOR A PLACE THAT OFFERS A LITTLE BIT OF PRIVACY. THEN I'LL PULL OVER...

YES!!



THEY GOT IN THE BACK OF THE CAR AND HAD TO LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN BECAUSE OF MARY'S HEIGHT. THERE WASN'T MUCH ROOM TO MANEUVER AND IN SPITE OF TRYING HARD, THEY COULDN'T FIND A GOOD AND COMFORTABLE POSITION---

BABY, I'M JUST TOO BIG FOR THIS CAR---

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, AFTER ONLY A SEMI-SATISFYING SEXUAL EXPERIENCE AND THE PROMISE OF MUCH MORE WHEN THEY GOT BACK - THEY ARRIVED HOME IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON. THE HOUSE SEEMED EMPTY, BUT MARY FOUND A LITTLE NOTE FROM HER DAUGHTER ON THE COUNTER...



IT SAYS SHE'S ON THE DECK. WITH YOUR DAD... LET'S GET IN OUR SWIMSUITS AND JOIN THEM, OK?

EHM... M-MARY?

YES BABY?



MASON HAD THOUGHT LONG ABOUT HOW EXACTLY TO BRING THIS UP...

OH...

I... I DON'T WANT TO BE WITH BUFFY. I... WANT TO BE WITH YOU...

THE BIG AMAZON TURNED TOWARDS HIM,
DWARFING HIM AS ALWAYS. SHE WAS NOT
REALLY SURPRISED AT HIS QUESTION AND
HAD FELT IT COMING...



WHY IS THAT,
BABY?

I JUST LIKE YOU
BETTER. YOU'RE KINDER,
AND SWEETER AND NOT
CRUEL. AND...


BIGGER...



MARY SAT DOWN ON HER KNEES IN FRONT OF MASON (FINDING SHE WAS STILL TALLER THAN HIM THAT WAY!) AND SPOKE SOFTLY...

ARE YOU SUGGESTING BUFFY AND ME SWITCH PARTNERS, PERMANENTLY?

EH... I GUESS. I MEAN... JUST AS LONG AS I'M WITH YOU...



AND HOW DO YOU
THINK YOUR FATHER
WOULD FEEL ABOUT
BEING WITH BUFFY? I
MEAN, SINCE YOU SAY
SHE'S CRUEL... WHICH
OBVIOUSLY I KNOW
SHE CAN BE...

I DON'T KNOW
BUT... I THINK I... I
BASICALLY DON'T CARE
ALL THAT MUCH... I
JUST... I JUST WANT TO
BE WITH YOU, THAT'S
ALL...

A man with short dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt, is looking down at a woman. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair tied in a ponytail and is wearing a red tank top. She is seen from the back. They are in a modern, brightly lit room with white walls and recessed ceiling lights. In the background, there is a framed picture on the wall showing three silhouettes of a person in different stages of movement. A wooden bench with blue and red padding is visible in the lower left.

W-WOULD YOU LIKE
TO... BE WITH ME?

OH BABY...

MARY HAD NEVER SEEMED MORE BEAUTIFUL
TO MASON THAN THIS MOMENT, WHEN SHE
LOOKED STRAIGHT IN HIS EYES...

YES. YES I WOULD LIKE
TO BE WITH YOU.

OH...



THE AMAZON PULLED MASON TOWARDS HER AND KISSED HIM PASSIONATELY... MASON FELT HAPPINESS - AND MANY OTHER THINGS - SURGE INSIDE HIM...

MMMM

MMMHHH



SO... ARE YOU
GOING TO TELL
BUFFY...?

I WON'T
TELL HER BABY.
WE HAVE TO **CHECK**
WITH HER. IT'S HER
DECISION TOO. LET'S
GO FIND OUT WHAT
SHE THINKS...




AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE DECK THAT WAS ACCESSIBLE FOR EVERYONE IN THE APARTMENT COMPLEX WHERE OUR FOURSOME LIVED...

THE SUN HAD STARTED TO SHINE MORE BRIGHTLY AND BUFFY HAD JUST COMMANDED DYLAN TO PUT SUNBLOCK ON HER BODY...

THAT'S ONE OF THE ONLY DOWNSIDES OF HAVING A BIG BODY LIKE MINE...

THERE'S A LOT TO COVER...

ALSO PUT IT IN THOSE RIDGES BETWEEN THE MUSCLES DYLAN. SOMETIMES I BURN THERE...



MMMM, I'M
HAVING SUCH A GOOD
TIME WITH YOU, DYLAN.
PITY MOM IS GOING TO
BE HOME ANYTIME...
DON'T YOU THINK?

EH, YES,
MISTRESS, IT'S A
PITY...

THANK GOD.
MARY'S A
THOUSAND TIMES
BETTER. THIS ONE
SCARES THE HELL
OUT OF ME...



OK LITTLE ONE.
BACKSIDE NOW. THE
SINGLE BIGGEST
SURFACE ON THIS BIG
BODY...



CAREFULLY, DYLAN APPLIED THE SUNBLOCK ON THE MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE THAT WAS BUFFY'S BACK. THE BIG GIRL KNEW VERY WELL HOW INTIMIDATING IT WAS FOR MEN TO FEEL HER MUSCLES LIKE THIS, AND THAT WAS ACTUALLY THE MAIN REASON WHY SHE HAD ORDERED DYLAN TO DO THIS...

I THINK I'M GONNA FOCUS A BIT MORE ON MY LATS, THE COMING WEEKS. A BIT WIDER WOULD BE NICE, DON'T YOU THINK?

EHM... I DON'T KNOW WHAT LATS ARE, BUT... I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT...



I'M ALWAYS RIGHT,
EVEN WHEN I'M WRONG,
AREN'T I, DYLAN?

YES,
MISTRESS.

AND WHY IS
THAT?

BECAUSE YOU'RE
THE BOSS AND
YOU'RE
SUPERSTRONG...


THAT'S IT.
YOU'VE LEARNED
SO MUCH THIS
WEEKEND...

AT THAT MOMENT, MARY AND
MASON ENTERED THE FENCED
POOL AREA AND WALKED
TOWARDS THEM...

HEY BUFF,
HOW'S IT
GOING?

HEY MOM! HEY
MASE. ALL
GREAT HERE!





WHAT ABOUT YOU,
DYLAN? I CAN HARDLY
SEE YOU BEHIND BUFFY'S
BROAD BACK---

WELL? MOM
ASKED YOU
SOMETHING!

EHM---



THE REASON DYLAN DIDN'T ANSWER QUICKLY ENOUGH WAS THAT HE WAS IN DOUBT ABOUT WHAT BEST TO SAY. HE DIDN'T WANT TO ENRAGE BUFFY BY TELLING MARY IT HAD BEEN HORRIBLE, BUT NEITHER DID HE WANT TO ENCOURAGE MARY TO LEAVE HIM ALONE AGAIN WITH HER TERRIBLE DAUGHTER...
HE HESITATED LONG ENOUGH FOR BUFFY TO GET IRRITATED. HER ARM SUDDENLY SHOT OUT AND SHE TOOK HIS NECK IN A STEEL GRIP FROM WHICH HE KNEW THERE WAS NO ESCAPE (UNLESS THE BODYBUILDER WANTED IT---)

DYLAN'S HAD AN **AWESOME** TIME WITH ME MOM. **ISN'T IT, DYLAN?**

EH YES... IT WAS... F-FUN...



GLAD TO HEAR
THAT, BUFF!

WHAT ABOUT YOU
TWO? NICE
WEEKEND?

DID YOU FUCK MY
MOM, MASE?



MASON WAS OBVIOUSLY VERY TAKEN ABACK WITH THIS QUESTION AND HAD NO IDEA HOW TO ANSWER IT. FORTUNATELY, MARY HELPED...

IT'S OKAY MASON,
YOU CAN BE
HONEST...

EH...
Y-YES.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman's upper body. She is wearing a vibrant purple, textured bikini top. Her skin is fair and appears to be glistening with sweat or oil under bright, high-contrast lighting. Her head is tilted back, and her eyes are closed. Her long, dark brown hair is visible on the right side of the frame. A speech bubble is positioned near her head on the left.

NO WORRIES MASE.
I FUCKED YOUR DAD LIKE
TEN TIMES THIS
WEEKEND...

AND IT WAS GREAT
FUN. WASN'T IT,
DYLAN?

Y-YES...



BUFF... I WANNA
ASK YOU SOMETING...
SERIOUS. CAN YOU HAND
ME DYLAN FOR A
MINUTE?

SURE
MOM... HERE
YOU GO...



MARY GRABBED DYLAN BY HIS JAW. SHE WAS TOWERING OVER BOTH FATHER AND SON AND LOVING THE FEELING... MASON WAS NERVOUS. THIS WAS THE MOMENT. HOW WOULD BUFFY RESPOND?

SO BUFF, THIS LITTLE EXPERIMENT OF THIS WEEKEND... WHAT IF WE MAKE IT... MORE PERMANENT?

W-WHAT?
I DON'T...

SHUT UP DYLAN,
NOT ANOTHER WORD!
THE BIG PEOPLE ARE
TALKING NOW!

HE **REALLY**
DOESN'T LIKE THE
IDEA...

MARY SAT DOWN WITH HER SMALL MALE HAREM AND STARTED TO ELABORATE...

SHE CAN'T BE SERIOUS RIGHT?! THIS IS A JOKE... THEY CAN'T TRADE US LIKE... **CATTLE!**

ME AND THE LITTLE ONE HAD SO MUCH FUN AND WE FELT WE WEREN'T QUITE FINISHED. WERE WE, MASON?

EH NO... NOT AT ALL...





THE BIG WOMAN HUGGED BOTH MEN
TIGHTER AND THEN EFFORTLESSLY ROSE
TO STAND, LIFTING THEM BOTH....

WHAT DO YOU
SAY, BUFF? I KNOW
YOU ALWYAS HAD A SOFT
SPOT FOR OLDER
GUYS...

I'M SURE
YOU'D LIKE HIM TO
BE ALL
YOURS...

I DEFINITELY
WOULD LIKE
THAT...

BUT I
WOULDN'T
WANT TO
LOSE LITTLE
MASE...




MASON DIDN'T LIKE
WHAT MARY SAID NEXT,
BUT HE UNDERSTOOD
THAT IT WAS
NECESSARY TO SEAL
THE DEAL....

I'M SURE YOU
WOULDN'T LOSE HIM
ENTIRELY. I COULD LOAN
HIM OUT TO YOU NOW
AND THEN...

RIGHT,
MASON?

EH,
SURE...

AS INFREQUENTLY AS
POSSIBLE...



WELL, I'D LIKE
ACCESS TO MASE
WHENEVER I FEEL LIKE
IT...



BUT I'M CERTAINLY
WILLING TO TAKE DYLAN
AS MY DEFAULT
OPTION...

HE'S *MUCH LESS*
WILLING THAN HIS
LITTLE SON...

AND
FRANKLY, THAT'S
SO MUCH MORE
FUN...

BUFFY PULLED DOWN DYLAN'S PANTIES.
MASON JUST HAD TO LOOK AWAY...

AND... HIS COCK IS
MUCH BIGGER...

P-PLEASE...

SORRY DAD...
BUT I JUST...
NEED TO BE WITH
MARY...





OKAY THEN, GIVE HIM TO ME. I HAVEN'T WORKED OUT YET TODAY AND HE'S A BETTER WEIGHT THAN THE LITTLE ONE...

ONE MORE ADVANTAGE...





I... REALLY DON'T, TO
BE HONEST. CAN WE-

I KNOW BABY. THAT'S
WHY I LIKE IT ALL THE
MORE...

IT'S SO EXCITING TO
MAKE YOU DO THINGS
YOU DON'T WANT TO
DO...



I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
REALLY MINE NOW,
BABY

LOVE HOW HIS FEET
DANGLE ABOVE THE
GROUND LIKE THAT...

I LOVE THAT TOO.
AMONG THE FOUR OF US,
IT'S PROBABLY ONLY DAD
WHO DOESN'T FIND THAT
EXCITING...



A comic book panel featuring two muscular men on a wooden deck. The man on the left is dark-skinned and the man on the right is light-skinned. They are both wearing dark briefs. The background consists of horizontal wooden slats. A blue and white striped lounge chair is on the left, and a wooden table with a patterned towel and a drink is on the right. Two speech bubbles are positioned between the men.

BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST:
WORKOUT TIME!

THERE, YOU DON'T NEED
YOUR BRIEFS...




MOMENTS LATER, BUFFY WAS LYING DOWN ON THE CHAIR, COCKTAIL IN HAND, AND DOING ONE-HANDED RAISES WITH A DUMBFOUNDED DYLAN AS WEIGHT...

BY THE WAY MOM, I FOUND YOUR EX BOYFRIEND - I MEAN DYLAN HERE - LESS WELL-TRAINED THAN I EXPECTED...



I THINK YOU'VE
BEEN QUITE **LAX**
WITH HIM. BUT I'VE
ALREADY STARTED TO
WORK ON THAT THIS
WEEKEND...



IT'S JUST THE
BEGINNING THOUGH.
I'LL MAKE A REAL GOOD
SLAVE OUT OF HIM...

YOU'LL ALSO BE
TAKING COOKING
LESSONS, RIGHT
DYLAN?

RIGHT...
M-MISTRESS...




MASON'S EMBARRASSMENT OVER WHAT HE WAS WITNESSING - BUFFY MOLESTING HIS NAKED FATHER - WAS QUICKLY CONQUERED BY HIS HORNINESS... HE WANTED TO PLAY TOO NOW...

I WANNA SEE MARY'S BOOBS AGAIN...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING BABY?

JUST... TAKING THIS OFF...



YOU WANNA PLAY
AGAIN, LITTLE MAN?
LET'S SEE... OOOH, YES,
SOMEONE IS VERY
READY...

AAAHHH...



WAS BUFFY JEALOUS? DID SHE WANT TO
SHOW MASON THAT HE WASN'T RID OF HER?
WHATEVER THE REASON...

MOM, BEFORE YOU
GUYS... GET INTO IT...
I'D JUST LIKE TO HAVE
MASON ONE MORE TIME
WHEN HE'S ENTIRELY
MINE...

KIND OF A
CLOSING RITUAL,
YOU KNOW?



MASON REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO, BUT HE KNEW IT WAS BETTER TO GIVE BUFFY WHAT SHE WANTED.

THAT OK BABY?
WE'LL HAVE ALL THE
TIME IN THE WORLD FOR
EACH OTHER NOW,
SO...

YEAH... HOPE SHE
DOESN'T KILL ME
FIRST...

DON'T GET TOO
DRAMATIC NOW,
MASON...

LIKE A TOY, DYLAN WAS PASSED ON FROM ONE GIANT WOMAN TO ANOTHER...

HERE YOU GO MOM.
FEEL FREE TO HAVE FUN
WITH HIM, OF
COURSE...

THANKS BUFF, WE'LL
SEE. BE A BIT CAREFUL
WITH MASON, OK?




MASON FELT A PANG OF JEALOUSY WHEN HE SAW HIS NEW GIANTESS CARRY HIS DAD...

ARE YOU...
GOING... YOU
KNOW...

MASON BABY... I LOVE
YOU, BUT I STILL DO
WHAT I WANT OK?



A man in white briefs stands on a wooden deck, looking towards a woman with long black hair who is seen from behind. The woman is sitting on a lounge chair. The scene is set outdoors on a sunny day.

I JUST... WANT
YOU SO BAD...

HUSH BABY.
YOU'LL PLAY WITH
THESE MUSCLES SOON
ENOUGH. GO TO BUFFY
NOW...




YES, COME TO
BUFFY, MY LITTLE
ONE...

BUFFY WANTS
TO PLAY...

MARY LEFT THE POOL AREA WITH DYLAN UNDER HER ARM, AND LEFT HER DAUGHTER ALONE WITH MASON...



SOOOO, TINYMAN... I
WANT YOU TO TELL ME
THE TRUTH...

A woman with long dark hair is lying on a lounge chair on a wooden deck. She has a very muscular, male-like torso with a prominent six-pack and large, well-defined breasts. She is wearing a yellow bikini bottom. Her legs are also muscular and are bent at the knees. The lounge chair has a red and white patterned cushion. In the background, there is a pink and yellow floral patterned towel or blanket. A small red umbrella is visible on a table in the bottom right corner. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

THIS PERMANENT
PARTNERSWITCH IDEA:
YOURS, OR HERS?

BUFFY HAD ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT SPOTTING MASON AT LYING, AND THE PUNISHMENT HAD BEEN BAD EACH TIME. SO HE DIDN'T WANT TO RISK SAYING ANYTHING ELSE THAN THE TRUTH, HARD AS IT WAS...



EH...

I GUESS... I
SUGGESTED
IT...

BUFFY STOOD UP, MOVED VERY CLOSE TO MASON AND MADE HERSELF BIG. WITH MARY, HER TITS HUNG SOMEWHERE ABOVE HIM. BUFFY'S TITS LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAS SCARIER...

HMM. I WONDER WHY. AM I NOT **BIG** ENOUGH FOR YOU, LITTLE ONE?

OF COURSE YOU ARE...





BUFFY BENT DOWN, PULLING MASON'S FACE INTO HER BIG BOOBS WITH A STRONG ARM...

I WOULD THINK SO TOO... I CAN MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR IN MY BOOBS AND MUSCLES...

AAAH



A woman with large breasts and a man are shown in a suggestive pose under a beach umbrella. The woman is looking upwards, and the man is looking at her. The scene is set outdoors under a clear blue sky.

YOU KNOW I DID THAT
WITH YOUR LITTLE DADDY
TOO, YESTERDAY...

SO MUCH FUN. HE'S
NOT ALL THAT BIGGER
THAN YOU ARE...



SO IT'S NOT A
SIZE THING
THEN.....

STRENGTH,
PERHAPS?

AM I NOT **STRONG**
ENOUGH FOR YOU?

YES YOU
ARE!





WITHOUT ANY WARNING, THE BIG BODYBUILDER THREW MASON AWAY LIKE HE WERE A VERY LIGHT OBJECT...


I'D THINK SO TOO...

BRACE FOR IMPACT!



ANYWAY, MASE, I
DON'T CARE---

I'LL BE QUITE
HAPPY WITH YOUR
DADDY---

A digital illustration of a woman with extremely muscular and large breasts, standing on a wooden pool deck. She is wearing only a pair of tan-colored bikini bottoms. Her physique is highly exaggerated, with prominent muscles on her arms, chest, and abdomen. She has dark hair and is looking down with a serious expression. The background features a swimming pool, a wooden fence, and a lounge chair with a striped cushion. A small table with a drink is also visible. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of the woman, and a text box is on the right.

IN FACT, I WANTED TO
SUGGEST MOM THE VERY
SAME THING...

HE WAS **SO**
SCARED OF ME THIS
WEEKEND. SO SCARED
OF MY BIG MUSCLES
AND MY POWER...

BUFFY SLOWLY PULLED
HER PANTIES DOWN...

THEN SHE SAT DOWN NEXT TO MASON, AND PUT
HER FOOT ON HIS NECK, FLEXING ONE ARM...

I MADE HIM COOK,
MADE HIM BEG,
I MADE HIM MY
WEIGHT...

AND I MADE
HIM WORSHIP ALL
THESE BIG,
BEAUTIFUL
MUSCLES...

GET IN HERE MASE,
YOU KNOW WHAT TO
DO...





HEARING BUFFY EXPLAIN HOW SHE HAD DOMINATED HIS DAD EXCITED MASON TO NO END, AND HE DUG IN WITH GREAT GUSTO...

YES BABY, VERY GOOD... I'VE TRAINED YOU SO WELL...

BUFFY THEN CAUGHT MASON'S UPPER BODY
WITH HER LOWER LEGS...

MMMMM... LET'S
MAKE THIS A SPECIAL
ONE, SHALL WE?



SHE BROUGHT HIM UP AND TOOK HIS ANKLES IN HER HAND, PULLING HIM TOWARDS HER SO THAT HIS BODY WAS ALMOST PAINFULLY CONTORTED....

HOLD ON BABY. I KNOW YOU'RE A SUPPLE LITTLE GUY...

AGGHHHH



AND THEN SHE LEANED BACK, TELLING
MASON TO DIG IN AS DEEP AS HE COULD...

OOOH GOD
YES!! THIS IS
GOOD!

AAAGHHHH



SECONDS LATER, SHE CAME HARD,
LOUD AND LONG---





THEN SHE LET MASON DROP BACK ON THE FLOOR AND RELAXED---

THAT WAS
BRILLIANT MASON. ONE
MORE POSITION I HAVE TO
TRY OUT WITH YOUR
DAD---

NOW GET UP
AND GO---



GO FUCK MY
MOM, MASON!

The scene is set on a wooden deck with a slatted wooden fence in the background. A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a lounge chair with a yellow and blue striped cushion, looking towards the right. In the foreground, a young man with short dark hair is crouching on a pink and yellow floral patterned towel. To the left, there is a large umbrella with a brown and white geometric pattern. A potted plant with long green leaves is visible behind the man. The lighting suggests a bright, sunny day.

OR GET FUCKED
BY HER, I DON'T
CARE...

OH GOD, I'M SO
FUCKING HOT NOW!
MARY, FUCK ME! FUCK ME
FUCK ME FUCK ME!



AND
REMEMBER...
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
MINE...

NO MATTER WHAT
MY MOM SAYS OR
DOES...

I OWN YOU!

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