




JEALOUS STEPMOM
PART 1



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where the strong girls live



LITTLE JAMES HERE,
AND OTHER AMAZONIAS
ARTISTS... THEY PUT IN A
LOT OF EFFORT CREATING
THESE COMICS ABOUT US
AMAZONS. THEY'RE JAMES'
ONLY SOURCE OF
INCOME.

MOREOVER, IF YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY
COMICS, THERE'S ENOUGH
FREE COMICS ON
AMAZONIAS.NET

SO IF YOU UPLOAD A
COMIC ANYWHERE OR IF
YOU DOWNLOAD AN
ILLEGAL COPY, IT **HURTS**
HIS BUSINESS, IT HURTS
HIM, AND IT HURTS US,
AMAZONS.

THANKS FOR HELPING TO
KEEP JAMES IN BUSINESS
SO HE CAN PRODUCE MORE
COMICS FOR YOU!

DON'T DO IT, OKAY,
LITTLE ONE? IT'S NOT
THE WAY TO WORSHIP
US!

THIS IS THE STORY OF A BOY CALLED LUCAS.

LUCAS' MOTHER DIED A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN HE WAS FIVE. LUCAS' FATHER, JAKE, LATER REMARRIED A MUCH YOUNGER GIRL CALLED LINDA. FOR A WHILE, THEY WERE SORT OF A NORMAL FAMILY...

LUCAS

JAKE
(LUCAS'
DAD)

LINDA
(LUCAS'
STEPMOM)



BUT THEN, TRAGEDY STRUCK AGAIN...

FIVE YEARS AFTER MARRYING LINDA, JAKE DIED IN AN ACCIDENT.

WE JOIN THEM RIGHT AFTER JAKE'S FUNERAL, WHEN LUCAS - NOW AN ORPHAN - IS 17, LINDA 26.

I'M SO SORRY BABY...

SNIFF
SNIFF

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I... NEVER TOLD HIM ENOUGH HOW MUCH I LOVED HIM. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE TIME...

AND I KNOW HE WAS EVERYTHING TO YOU... I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU TOO... HOW CAN YOU SIT HERE AND BE SO STRONG...?

I'M JUST TRYING TO BE STRONG FOR YOU BABY... ... HE WOULD'VE WANTED THAT. FOR ME TOO IT FEELS LIKE... THE WORLD LOST ITS AXIS. BUT...

... AT LEAST WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER...





I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I WANT TO BE SOMEONE HE CAN BE PROUD OF... BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW.

I KNOW YOUR DAD WAS PROUD OF YOU LUCAS. AND YOU'LL DO OTHER THINGS THAT WILL MAKE HIM PROUD. I'LL HELP YOU. WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS, TOGETHER...


ONE YEAR LATER...
LUCAS, NOW 18, STILL LIVES IN HIS
FATHER'S HOUSE, TOGETHER WITH LINDA...

DID YOU SLEEP
WELL BABY?

I DID. HOW ABOUT
YOU?



205

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a pink athletic top and shorts, stands in a kitchen pouring coffee from a black kettle into a white cup. A man with blonde hair, wearing a white polo shirt, sits at a white marble table eating a croissant. On the table are a white mug, a jar of Nutella, and a plate with a croissant and a donut. The background shows a modern kitchen with white cabinets and a black stove.

YOU KNOW I
WOULD LIKE YOU
TO EAT HEALTHIER,
LUCAS... THAT'S
ALL JUNK YOU'RE
EATING...

SOME THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE MEANTIME. AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, LINDA'S ESCAPE FROM HER SORROW WAS THE GYM. SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN INTO SPORTS, BUT NOW HAS A TRIM, ATHLETIC BODY THAT NOW AND THEN GETS LUCAS' ATTENTION...

LINDA WAS A LOT YOUNGER THAN LUCAS' FATHER, AND HENCE NOT MUCH OLDER THAN LUCAS' 18 YEARS. YET AT 27, SHE'S USED TO ACTING LIKE HIS STEPMOM, AND EVER SINCE JAKE'S DEATH, SHE'S EVEN MORE TAKEN ON THE ROLE OF A MOTHER...

FUCK,
THOSE VEINS
ON HER ARMS... AS
IF SHE ALREADY DID A
WORKOUT THIS
EARLY IN THE
MORNING...

IN HER MOTHERLY ROLE, LINDA HAS SOMETIMES BEEN GUIDING, SOMETIMES BEEN COMMANDING LUCAS. TO THE BOY, LATELY, IT HAS STARTED TO FEEL A BIT WEIRD. THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING... OFF ABOUT THE DYNAMIC, HE FEELS. THE SMALL AGE DIFFERENCE MAKES THEM RATHER LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER, IN A WAY...

DID YOU HEAR ME LUCAS? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE SOME CEREAL AT LEAST?

EH, OKAY...



I'M EIGHTEEN. I DON'T KNOW WHY I STILL LET HER ORDER ME AROUND LIKE THIS...

GOOD BOY.



THAT MORNING, SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT WILL CHANGE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE TWO FOREVER... IT MAY JUST SEEM A LITTLE THING, BUT IT'S NOT...

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FUCK, WHY ARE THESE SHELVES SO HIGH?



SEE, LUCAS?
THAT'S WHY YOU
NEED TO EAT HEALTHY.
YOU STILL NEED TO
GROW...

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I'VE GOT IT!



LINDA QUICKLY APPROACHES LUCAS FROM BEHIND AND DOES SOMETHING SHE HAS WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME: SHE LIFTS HIM INTO THE AIR.

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HEY! PUT ME DOWN!

DON'T BE STUBBORN BABY. I'VE TOLD YOU YOU SHOULD ALLOW HELP WHEN YOU NEED IT...

TAKE THE CEREAL!





WITH SURPRISING EASE, LINDA TURNS LUCAS AROUND AND CRADLE CARRIES HIM. LUCAS IS SURPRISED AND TRIES TO PROTEST, BUT AT THE SAME TIME HE FEELS THE CLOSENESS AND IT'S NOT... ENTIRELY UNPLEASANT... IT'S A FEELING HE'S NEVER EXPERIENCED WITH LINDA BEFORE...

WHAT... ARE YOU DOING?

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RELAX BABY. I'M JUST TAKING YOU BACK TO THE TABLE. UNLESS YOU WANT TO... HAVE BREAKFAST IN MY ARMS?



AFTER THIRTY SECONDS OF TAUNTING,
LINDA PUTS LUCAS DOWN. LUCAS TRIES
TO PRETEND NOTHING HAPPENED.

(WELL, NOTHING *HAD* HAPPENED -
COMPARED TO WHAT *WILL* HAPPEN...)

I'M GONNA GET
DRESSED AND RUN
SOME ERRANDS AND
THEN I'LL GO TO THE
GYM. I'LL BE A FEW
HOURS. NEED
ANYTHING?

I'M GOOD,
THANKS...

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HONEY, ARE YOU WEIRDED OUT THAT I PICKED YOU UP LIKE THAT?

I DID IT... WITH YOUR FATHER TOO...

HE WAS SUCH A... CUTE LITTLE MAN...

IT'S... OKAY
LINDA...

BUT YEAH, IT
WAS DEFINITELY
WEIRD...



CONTROL
YOURSELF LINDA! HE'S
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE...



LATER THAT MORNING...

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WHERE IS SHE?
SHE SHOULD'VE
BEEN HERE
ALREADY...

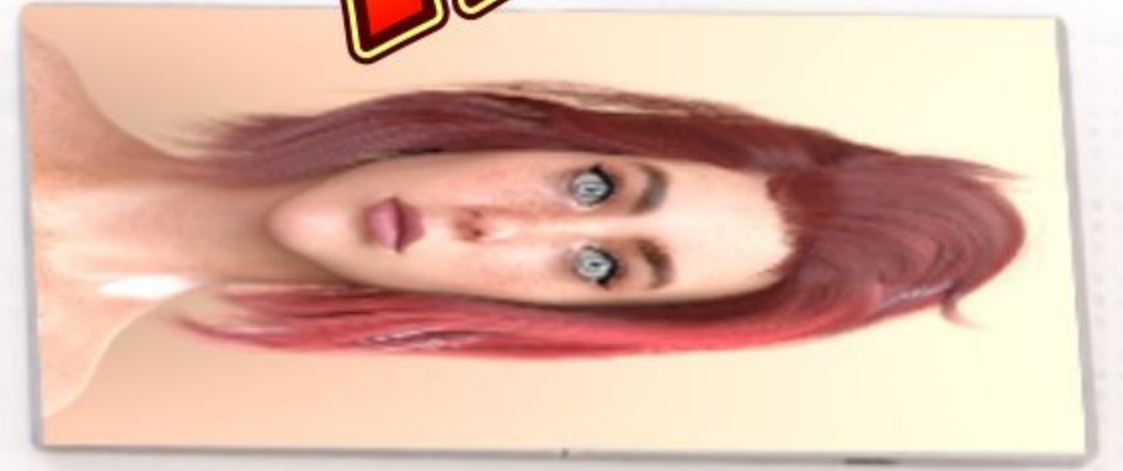


THEN LUCAS' PHONE RINGS...

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**RING!
RING!**



EMILY? WHERE ARE YOU?

LUCAS BABY, THERE'S A SURPRISE IN YOUR HOUSE...

HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHERE ARE YOU?



A young man with blonde hair is shown in a close-up, talking on a mobile phone. He is wearing a light-colored, collared shirt. The background features a wooden wall with a shelf holding books and a vase with dried branches. A speech bubble is positioned near his head.

EMILY?



SURPRISE!!!

!?

EMILY THEN PULLS LUCAS TOWARD HER, OVER THE COUCH---

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DID YOU MISS ME BABY?

FUCK EM! YOU SCARED THE HELL OF OUT ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING,



THEN THE GIRL FLIPS LUCAS AROUND AND LIFTS HIM...

WHAT THE FUCK? ANOTHER WOMAN LIFTING ME TODAY?

HOW DID YOU EVEN GET IN?

SURPRISED YOU, DIDN'T I? I THOUGHT I'D TRY THE DOOR. IT WAS OPEN...



STEPMOM
NOT AROUND?

NO, IT'S JUST
US...



MMM,
YOU'RE ALL
MINE THEN---

CAN YOU EH...
MAYBE PUT ME
DOWN?

MMMAYBE---



FEELING A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE, LUCAS TRIES TO PULL AWAY, BUT EMILY IS HOLDING HIM VERY TIGHT. THERE IS A DEFIANT GLINT IN HER EYES. SHE LEANS TOWARDS HIM TO INTIMIDATE HIM A LITTLE MORE.

SERIOUSLY, PUT ME DOWN PLEASE...

YOU ARE SO LIGHT... ALMOST LIKE A TOY.

BUT SURE, WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY LITTLE PLAYTHING.



EMILY SUDDENLY LETS GO AS LUCAS IS PUSHING HIMSELF OFF HER. THE RESULT IS THAT HE FALLS WITH SOME SPEED...



!?

LUCAS SLIDES OFF THE COUCH AND
BUMPS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE TABLE -
FORTUNATELY NOT TOO HARD...

AAAGH

BAM



HE GETS UP SLOWLY, NOT QUITE UNDERSTANDING WHAT GOT INTO EMILY. HE REALIZES HE DOESN'T KNOW HER AT ALL, AFTER THE TWO WEEKS THAT THEY'VE BEEN DATING...

THAT WAS... DANGEROUS, YOU KNOW. WHY DID YOU DO THAT?



WHEN EMILY OPENS HER MOUTH
NEXT, LUCAS IS EVEN MORE
SURPRISED.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, LUCAS?
ARE YOU GOING TO
CRY? LIKE A LITTLE
GIRL?

SOMEONE HAD TO
REMINDE YOU WHO'S IN
CHARGE HERE.

WHAT
THE...

AND WHY IS
SHE DRESSED
LIKE THIS
ANYWAY?



WHO'S... IN
CHARGE? WHY?
AARGH, MY HEAD
HURTS...

POOR THING... ARE
YOU IN PAIN? YOU
MAKE ME HORNY

WHAT??

COME TO MOMMY,
SIT ON MY KNEE. I'M
GOING TO MAKE YOU
FEEL ALL BETTER...



THEN EMILY REACHES OUT AND PULLS LUCAS ONTO HER LAP...

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I... DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT...
YOU'RE WEIRD, YOU
KNOW?

BUT
SOMEHOW...
VERY HOT...

SHHH, MY
LITTLE TOY...
JUST KISS
ME...



EMILY SLIDES HER LEFT ARM UNDER LUCAS' KNEES AND THEN... LIFTS HIM EASILY ONCE AGAIN!

FUCK, SHE'S SO STRONG AND... I FIND IT SO HOT... THIS IS... NEW.

I COULD HOLD HIM ALL DAY LIKE THIS. SUCH A TURN-ON!

MMM



WHILE LUCAS AND EMILY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR PASSIONATE KISS, LINDA, BACK FROM HER OUTING, SUDDENLY ENTERS THE ROOM...

SEEING THE SCENE, SHE CLENCHES HER FISTS. ALL OVER HER BODY, HER VEINS, ALREADY PUMPED FROM A FEW HOURS IN THE GYM, SWELL WITH ANGER.

WHAT THE...



SEEING LUCAS TOGETHER WITH A GIRL
STIRS UP UNEXPECTED EMOTIONS IN
LINDA THAT SHE DIDN'T EXPECT:

INDIGNATION.
JEALOUSY.
ANGER.

HOW DARE
YOU, LITTLE
BITCH...

HOW DARE
YOU, LUCAS!

AND THEN SHE VOICES A THOUGHT, FOR THE
FIRST TIME, EVEN THOUGH IT HAS BEEN
UNCONSCIOUSLY PRESENT FOR YEARS, SHE
REALIZES NOW...

YOU ARE
MINE!



LATER THAT DAY, THEY SPEND DINNER IN SILENCE. LINDA HAS JUST SPENT TWO MORE HOURS WORKING OUT IN FRUSTRATION, RUMINATING OVER THE SCENE SHE BUMPED INTO. SHE HASN'T EVEN SHOWERED YET AND HER SHIRT IS SOAKED. THEY'RE EATING LEFTOVERS FROM YESTERDAY. LINDA DOES HER BEST TO KEEP HER FACE NEUTRAL.

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SO
UNGRATEFUL... I
COOK FOR HIM AND
THAT'S HOW HE THANKS
ME... BRINGING A GIRL
INTO MY HOUSE
AND...

WHY IS
SHE LOOKING
AT ME LIKE
THAT?

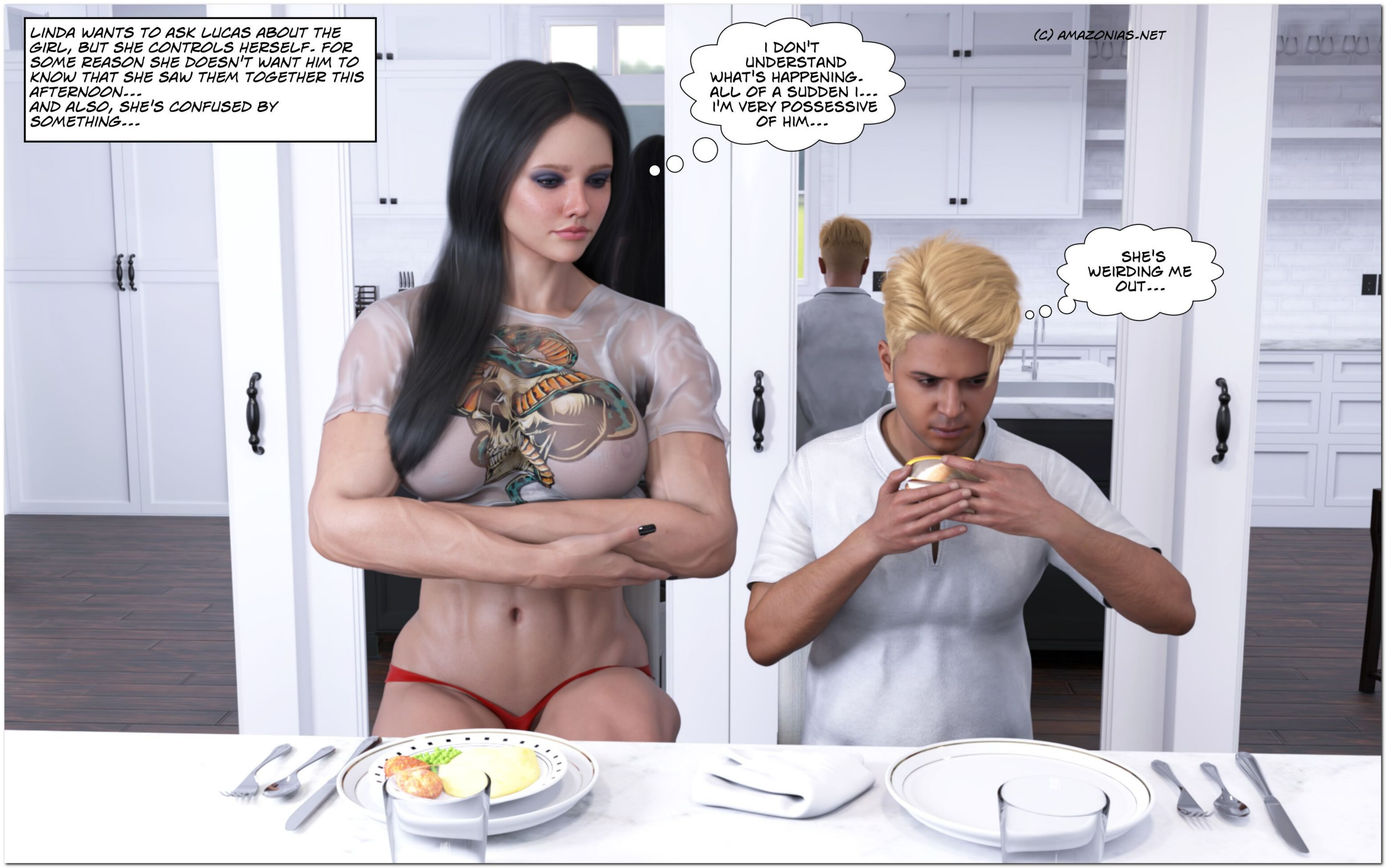


LINDA WANTS TO ASK LUCAS ABOUT THE GIRL, BUT SHE CONTROLS HERSELF. FOR SOME REASON SHE DOESN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW THAT SHE SAW THEM TOGETHER THIS AFTERNOON... AND ALSO, SHE'S CONFUSED BY SOMETHING...

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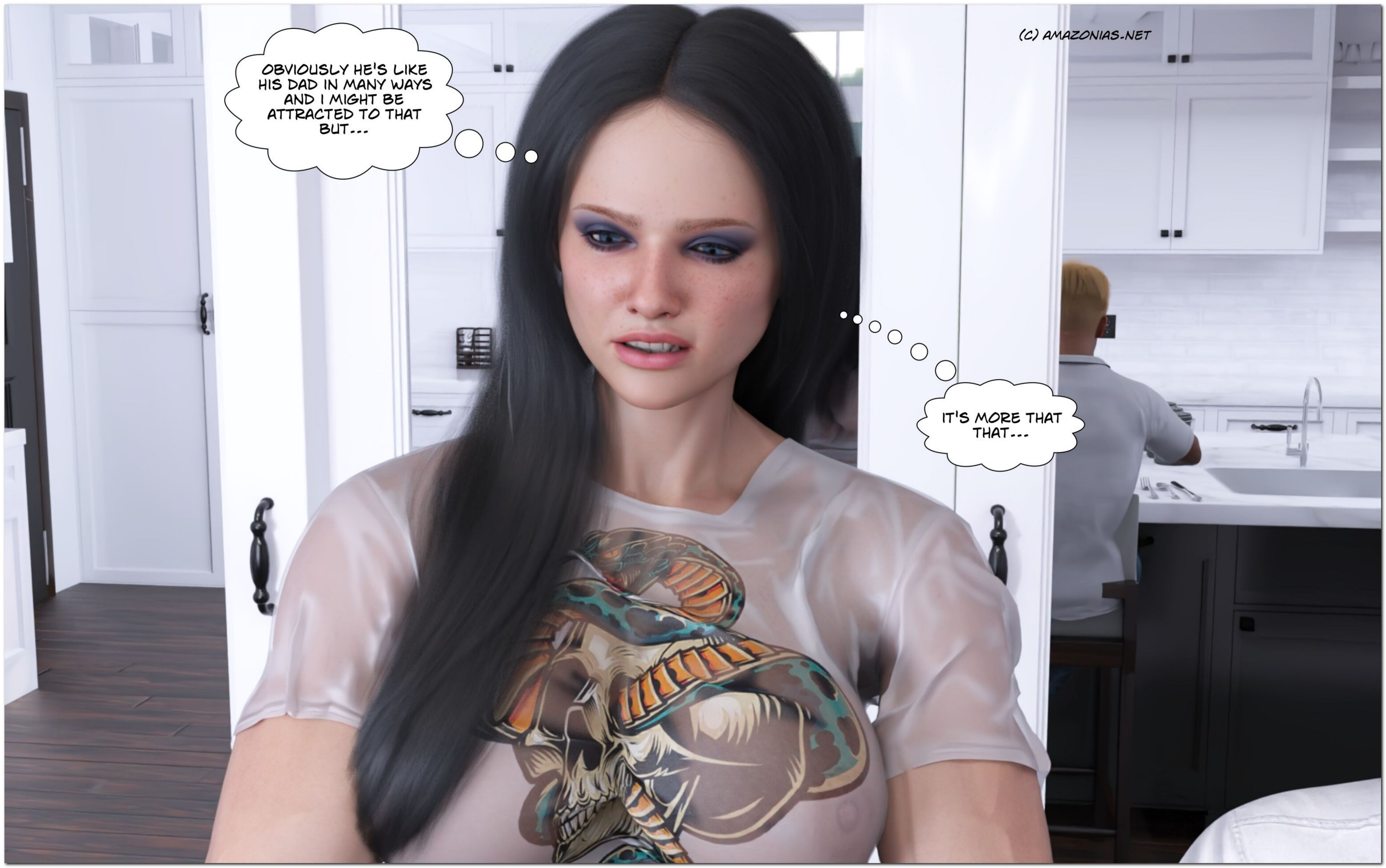
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING. ALL OF A SUDDEN I... I'M VERY POSSESSIVE OF HIM...

SHE'S WEIRDING ME OUT...



OBVIOUSLY HE'S LIKE HIS DAD IN MANY WAYS AND I MIGHT BE ATTRACTED TO THAT BUT...

IT'S MORE THAT THAT...



LATER, NEAR BEDTIME, LUCAS IS IN HIS ROOM, NOW THINKING AGAIN ABOUT EMILY...

SHE SEEMED SO DOMINANT... SHE PICKED ME UP, CALLED ME LITTLE... AND SHE SEEMED TO ENJOY IT SO MUCH...



A young man with blonde hair is lying in bed, looking thoughtful. He is wearing a dark blue t-shirt. The background shows a white pillow and a white blanket. A thought bubble is positioned above his head, containing text.

AND THE THING IS... I
REALLY ENJOYED IT TOO.
IT... TURNED ME ON... I
WONDER IF SHE NOTICED...

AND LINDA IS STILL RUMINATING...

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WHY AM I SO ANNOYED TO SEE HIM WITH A GIRL? I KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN SOMEDAY...

... ..



AND WHY CAN'T I...
STAND THE THOUGHT OF...
AGH... WHAT IF HE'S IN LOVE
WITH HER AND THEY HAVE
SEX AND...



TRYING TO VENT SOME OF HER FRUSTRATION, LINDA PICKS UP THE WEIGHTS FOR THE THIRD TIME TODAY AND DOES A SET...

BUT THIS TIME, WORKING OUT DOESN'T HAVE THE USUAL CALMING EFFECT ON HER...

THIS TIME, LINDA GETS EVEN ANGRIER...

SHE'S NOT EVEN FINISHED HER SET WHEN...

FUCK IT!

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LINDA STORMS OUT OF HER ROOM, THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, AND WITHOUT THINKING TRIES TO OPEN THE DOOR TO LUCAS' ROOM...

WHY THE FUCK DID HE LOCK IT?



LINDA PICTURES LUCAS
MASTURBATING WHILE TALKING TO
HIS GIRLFRIEND. MOVING THE DOOR
HANDLE UP AND DOWN QUICKLY, SHE
BREAKS IT!

CRACK!



WHY IS YOUR DOOR LOCKED, LUCAS?

LINDA, WHAT THE FUCK?



DEEE

YOU NEVER LOCK IT. WHAT'S GOING ON?



LUCAS KEEPS HIS CALM. LINDA'S SUSPICIONS WERE NOT THAT FAR FROM THE TRUTH: HE HAS BEEN PHONING WITH EMILY, AND THEN FANTASIZING A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HER, AND HE'S STILL IN A GOOD MOOD...

IT'S MY ROOM LINDA. I CAN LOCK IT IF I WANT TO...



LINDA SITS DOWN ON THE BED. SHE TAKES A DEEEP BREATH TO CALM HERSELF DOWN.

THEN, FINALLY, SHE ADDRESSES THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM (OR IN HER MIND).

SO... THIS AFTERNOON... IN THE LIVING ROOM...

I WALKED IN ON YOU... KISSING THIS GIRL?

WHAT? I DIDN'T REALIZE...



YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE ME. WHO IS SHE, BABY?



AAH... SHE'S MY
GIRLFRIEND OF
COURSE.

YOUR
GIRLFRIEND...

SO...
SOMETHING
SERIOUS?

IT'S... JUST
BEEN TWO
WEEKS BUT... I
THINK SO YEAH.
WHY?

LOOK LUCAS... I'M NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER, BUT ALSO AFTER YOUR DAD DIED, I HAVE ALWAYS CARED FOR YOU AS A MOTHER WOULD.

WOULD YOU SAY THAT'S RIGHT?



AH, SURE, I
GUESS...



*IF YOU SHARE YOUR COMIC WITH ANYONE,
IF THIS COMIC GETS UPLOADED ANYWHERE,
YOU ARE DAMAGING MY BUSINESS
AND DISCOURAGING ME FROM CONTINUING
TO CREATE COMICS.*

*IF YOU WANT TO KEEP READING THESE COMICS,
PLEASE KEEP YOUR PURCHASES TO YOURSELF
ONLY.*

*I'M JUST A SMALL ONE MAN BUSINESS.
THANKS FOR KEEPING THAT INTO ACCOUNT.*

JAMES


SO, I'M PROTECTIVE LIKE A MOTHER. AND NOW I'M TELLING YOU THAT... I WOULD PREFER YOU NOT TO DATE THIS GIRL...

WHAT? WHY?

FEMALE INTUITION. I FEEL A BAD... VIBE ABOUT HER, LUCAS.

A BAD VIBE?

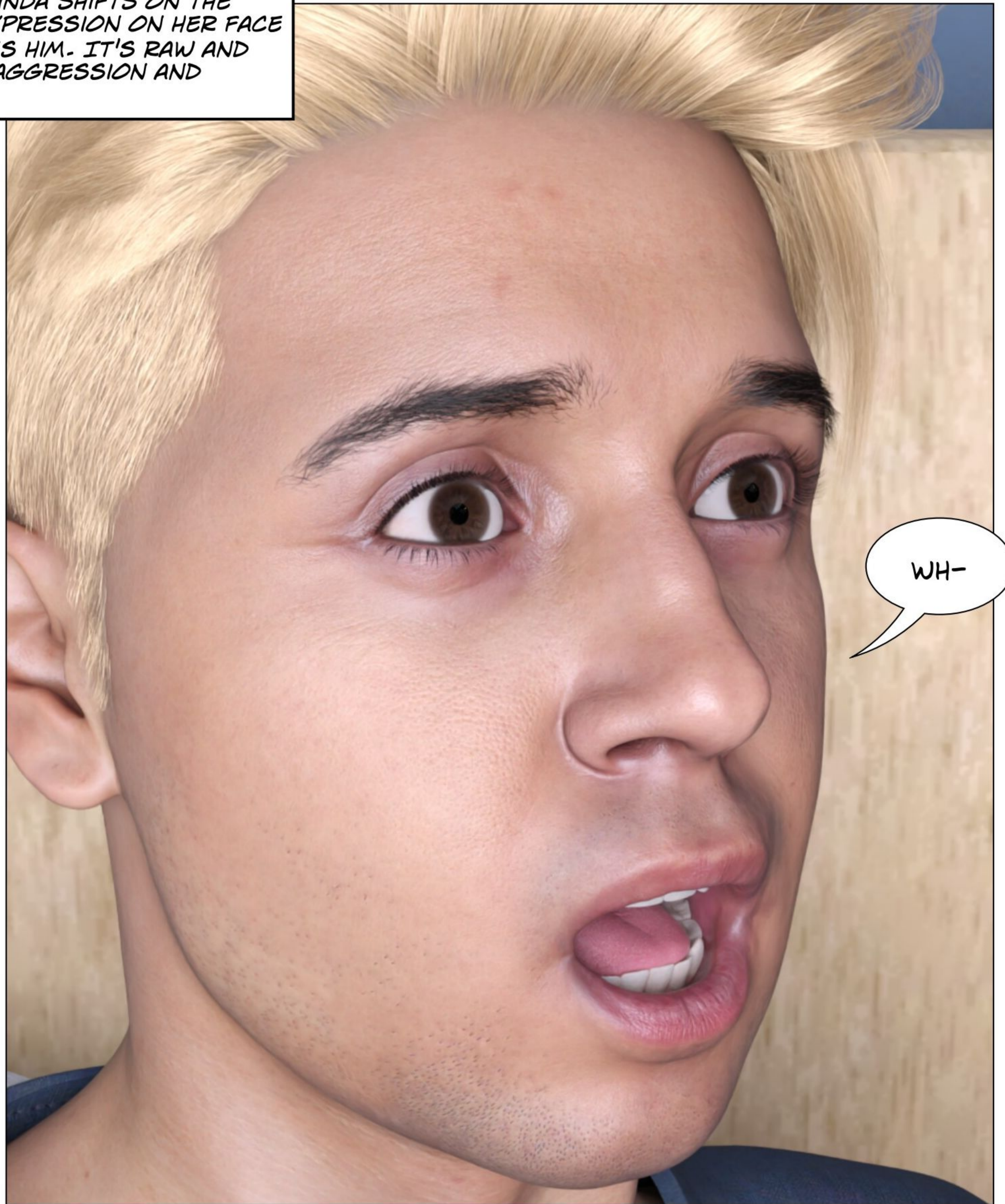




LOOK, I APPRECIATE
YOUR CONCERN, BUT...
I'LL DECIDE FOR MYSELF
WHO I DATE, THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.

NOW PLEASE GET
OUT SO THAT-

IN THE SECONDS THAT LINDA SHIFTS ON THE BED, LUCAS SEES AN EXPRESSION ON HER FACE THAT DOWNRIGHT SCARES HIM. IT'S RAW AND INTENSE, AND FULL OF AGGRESSION AND ANGER.



WHAT THE
FUCK ARE YOU
DOING LINDA?

CALM DOWN
LUCAS!



QUICK AS CAT, LINDA HAS STRADDLED LUCAS. SHE'S PUT HER HANDS ON HIS FOREARMS AND IS KEEPING HIM DOWN---

JUST THAT I WASN'T DONE TALKING. I NEED YOU TO LISTEN TO ME AND TAKE ME SERIOUSLY.

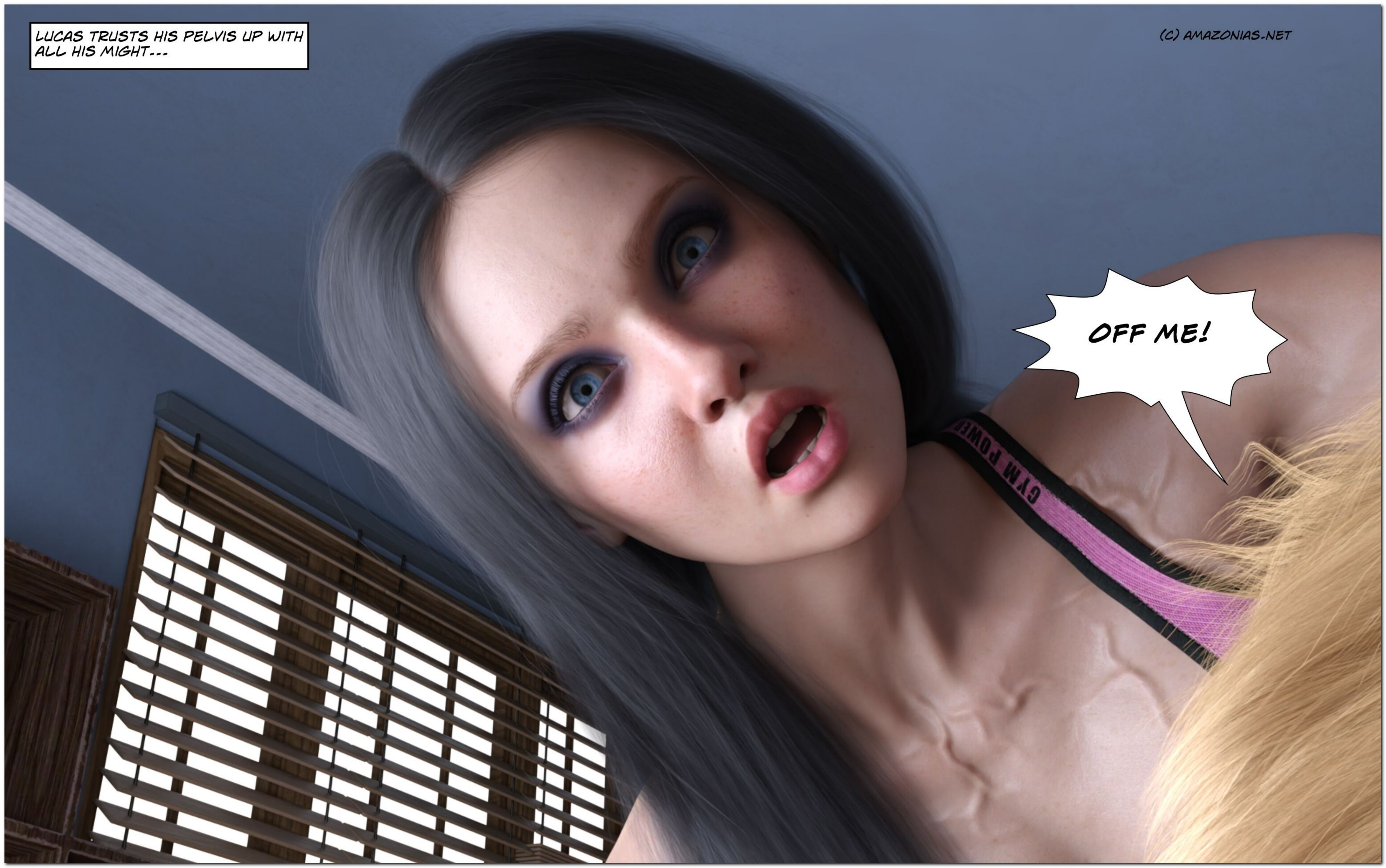
GET...
THE FUCK-



LUCAS TRUSTS HIS PELVIS UP WITH ALL HIS MIGHT---

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OFF ME!



... THROWING LINDA OFF THE BED
AND ONTO THE FLOOR!

WEEEEEE

GRUNTING, LINDA GETS UP AND WALKS TOWARDS THE DOOR...

WHOA, I'M... SORRY LINDA, I DIDN'T MEAN TO-

WE'LL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION LATER, LUCAS!



MOMENTS LATER, AS LINDA IS READY TO GO IN THE SHOWER.

HE FUCKING PUSHED ME ASIDE. BOTH FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY.



THIS IS
NEVER
EVER
GOING TO HAPPEN
AGAIN!

THE NEXT DAY, LINDA HITS THE GYM, DETERMINED TO MAKE SURE LUCAS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FEND HER OFF LIKE THIS IN THE FUTURE...



STILL SHE CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED---

HE CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE. HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT IF I HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR IT, BUT STILL---



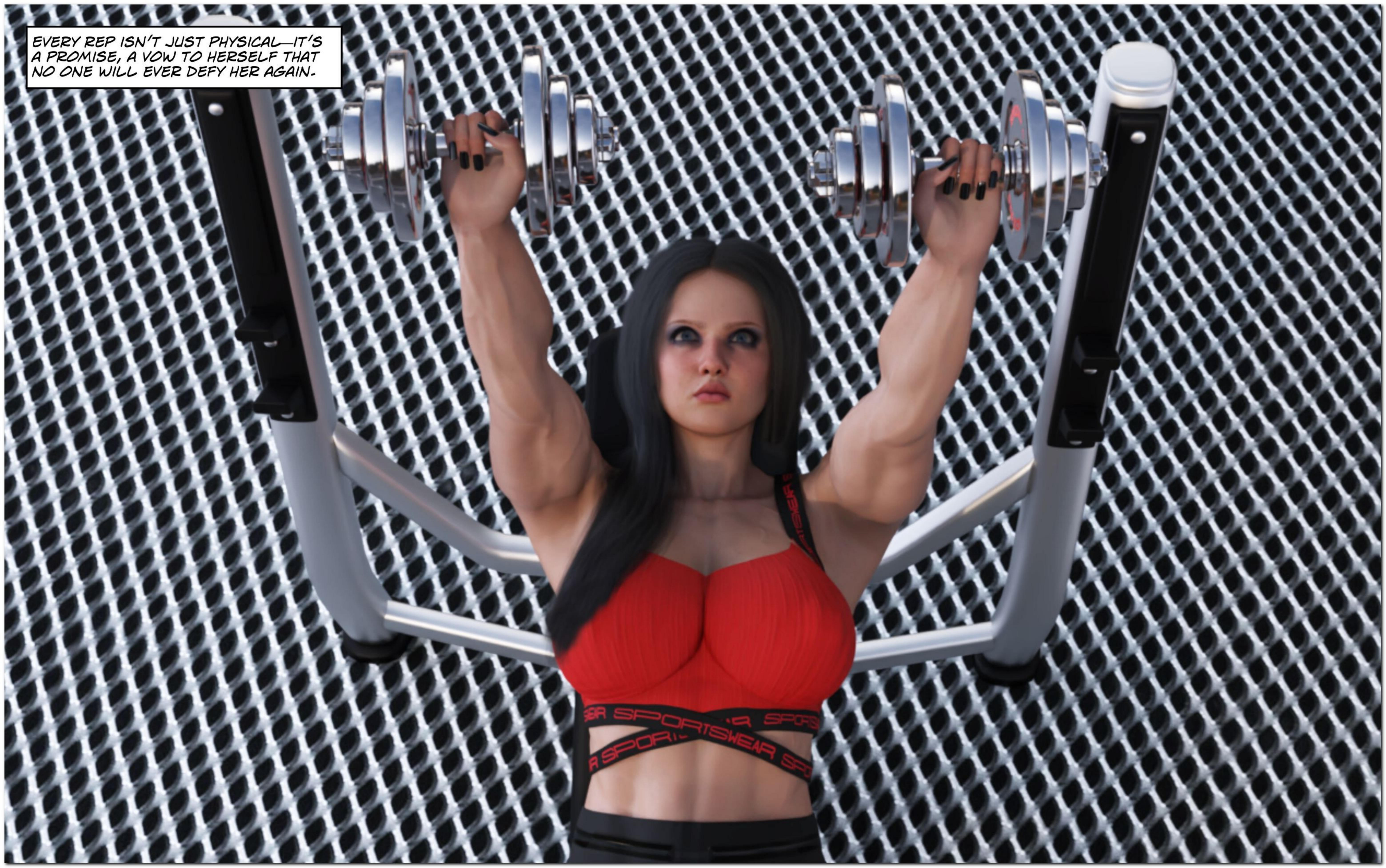


HE THINKS HE
CAN JUST PUSH ME
AWAY? HE HAS NO
IDEA WHO HE'S
DEALING WITH!

REP AFTER REP, LINDA PUSHES HERSELF TO THE LIMIT. EVERY CURL, EVERY BURN IN HER MUSCLES IS A REMINDER OF HER GOAL: DOMINANCE, CONTROL, AND UNDENIABLE STRENGTH.



EVERY REP ISN'T JUST PHYSICAL—IT'S
A PROMISE, A VOW TO HERSELF THAT
NO ONE WILL EVER DEFY HER AGAIN.



COME ON GIRL,
GIVE ME FIVE
MORE...

YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
THIS FOR!



ONE WEEK LATER. IT'S A LATE AFTERNOON, IN EMILY'S PARENT'S BEDROOM, WHILE THEY ARE OUT OF TOWN FOR THE WEEKEND...

LUCAS HAS TOLD LINDA HE'S SEEING A FRIEND (AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE TELLING LINDA HE'S GONE TO SEE EMILY).

EMILY?
EVERYTHING ALL
RIGHT IN THERE?
YOU'VE BEEN
GETTING READY
FOR A WHILE.



THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS, AND EMILY APPEARS. SHE IS WEARING ELEGANT LINGERIE AND HIGH HEELS.

FOUR DAYS AGO, EMILY AND LUCAS HAD SEX FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND NOW EMILY IS ALREADY EXPERIMENTING...

GOD... YOU
LOOK...
AMAZING.

I BOUGHT THIS
FOR YOU... I KNOW
YOU LIKE IT WHEN I
WEAR HIGH HEELS... YOU
LIKE IT WHEN I LOOK
EVEN TALLER, DON'T
YOU?



EMILY WALKS TOWARDS LUCAS WITH A CONFIDENT ATTITUDE. SHE TELLS HIM TO GET UP, THEN PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER AS HE GAWKS AT HER.

YOU NERVOUS BABY? WANT TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU?

JUST... EXCITED. YOU BARELY TOUCH ME AND... I'M ALREADY... LIKE THIS



SUDDENLY, EMILY GRABS HIM
PLAYFULLY BY THE CROTCH...

WHY ARE
THESE BRIEFS
STILL ON, BOY?
SOMEONE WANTS TO
GET OUT OF
THEM...

EMILY SLIDES DOWN LUCAS'
BRIEFS AND THEN...



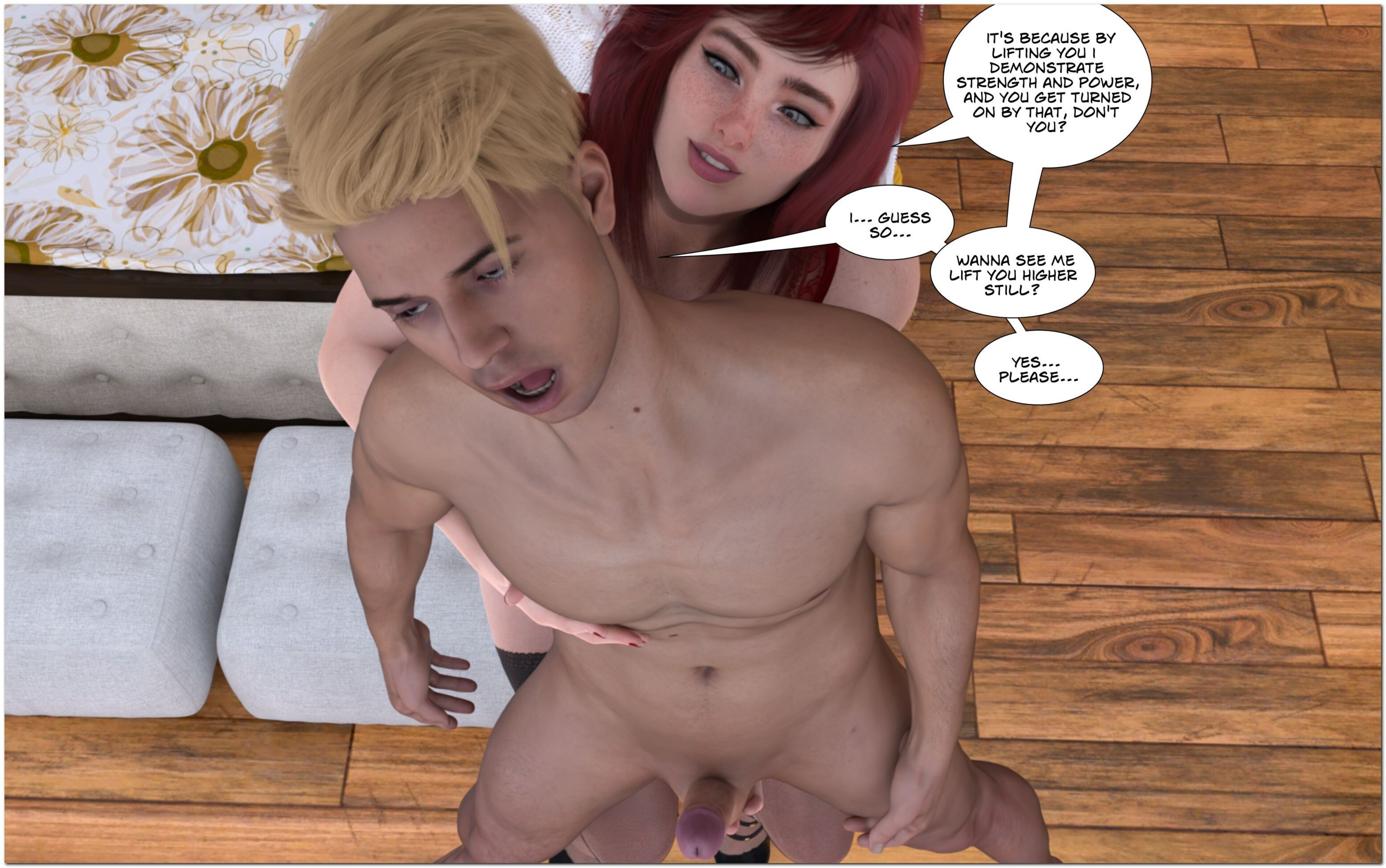
--- LIFTS LUCAS OFF THE GROUND AND ONTO HER THIGHS--- HER HAND GENTLY CARESSES HIS BALLS---

OH MY GOD... WHY IS THIS SO... HOT...

MMM YOU LIKE BEING LIFTED, DON'T YOU?

YES... I DON'T KNOW... WHY...





IT'S BECAUSE BY LIFTING YOU I DEMONSTRATE STRENGTH AND POWER, AND YOU GET TURNED ON BY THAT, DON'T YOU?

I... GUESS SO...

WANNA SEE ME LIFT YOU HIGHER STILL?

YES... PLEASE...

EMILY BENDS DOWN AND PUTS ONE ARM BETWEEN LUCAS LEGS...

WHAT THE

LET'S SEE...
IF I CAN DO
THIS...



EMILY HOISTS LUCAS ON HER ARM AND LIFTS HIM HIGHER, HER HAND STILL FIRMLY ON HIS BALLS.

WITH THE FINGERS OF HER OTHER HAND, SHE STIMULATES HER NIPPLE...

FUCK,
HOW CAN YOU
BE SO STRONG?
I'M CLOSE TO...

SEE BABY? ALL THE
WAY UP, WITH ONE
ARM! GOD THIS MAKES
ME HORNY...





I'M GONNA...

OH YEAH, IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE ANY MOMENT.

GIVE IT ALL TO ME BABY!
GIVE ME ALL YOUR MILK!

AND JUST AS LUCAS BLOWS HIS
LOAD, EMILY COMES AS WELL....

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH

AAHHHHHHH



THEN EMILY TAKES LUCAS INTO HER ARMS, HOLDING HIM AS IF HE WERE A BABY...

FUCK BABE, THIS WAS JUST... INCREDIBLE...

I LOVE CONTROLLING YOU LIKE THIS LUCAS, AND IT'S REALLY AWESOME THAT YOU SEEM TO LIKE IT TOO...



THEN SHE HOISTS HIM ON HER HIP AND THEY KISS PASSIONATELY...

MMMM...
YOU'RE...
TOTALLY MINE
BABY...

MMM
I LOVE YOU... SO
MUCH
MMMM



A FEW DAYS LATER, LINDA AND LUCAS ARE SITTING ON THE SOFA.

OVER THE LAST WEEKS, THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT UP THE SUBJECT OF LUCAS' GIRLFRIEND AGAIN, AND THEY HAVEN'T MENTIONED THE FIGHT THEY HAD. LINDA IS JUST BIDDING HER TIME.

NOW, THE TV IS ON, BUT LUCAS CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THE MOVIE. INSTEAD, HE'S VERY BUSY TRYING NOT TO STARE AT LINDA'S MUSCULAR LEGS...



IS IT MY
IMAGINATION OR IS
SHE... ARE HER
MUSCLES GROWING
LIKE REALLY FAST
NOW?





FUCK, HER BICEPS
AND VEINS ARE
HUGE...

YOU'RE NOTICING,
AREN'T YOU, BOY? HOW
I'M BUILDING UP MUSCLES
AND STRENGTH...



AND YOU'RE STAYING THE SAME. YOU WON'T EVER AGAIN THROW ME OFF THE BED LIKE YOU DID!


TWO DAYS LATER, AT EMILY'S HOUSE.

SO MY MOM... SHE'S WORKING OUT LIKE CRAZY LATELY. AND GROWING TOO...

WHY DO YOU KEEP CALLING HER YOUR MOM IF SHE'S YOUR STEPMOM?

I'M JUST... USED TO IT, FROM WHEN MY FATHER WAS ALIVE.





I SEE. ANYWAY.
INTERESTING ABOUT HER
WORKING OUT. I'VE BEEN
THINKING ABOUT JOINING
A GYM TOO.



YOU TOO? TO
BE EVEN
STRONGER? YOU'RE
ALREADY SO
STRONG.

YES BUT...

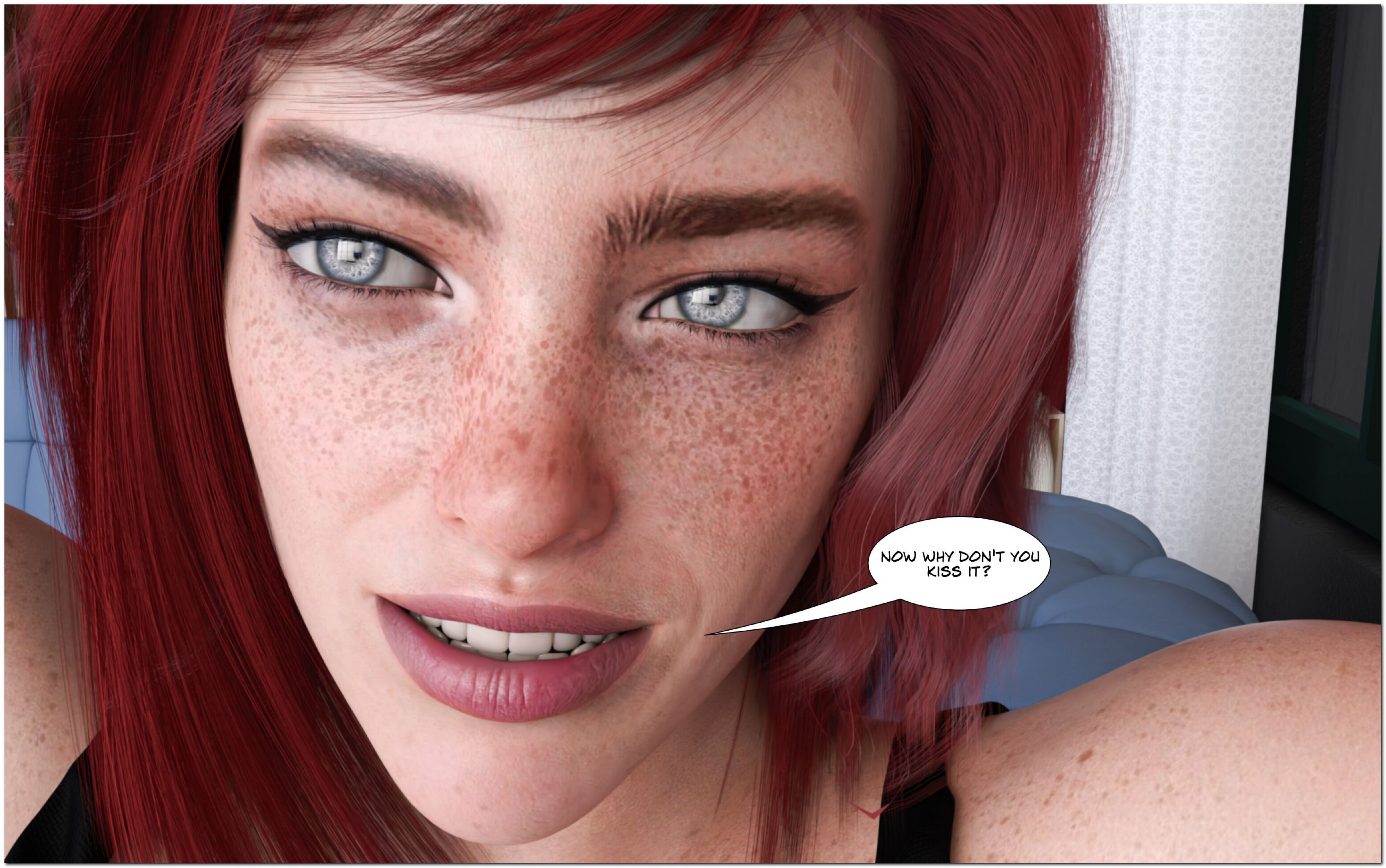


... I THINK I'D LIKE
ME SOME BIGGER
MUSCLES.

I THINK THEY'RE
ALREADY... BIGGER
THAN MINE...

LOW BAR,
BABY...





NOW WHY DON'T YOU
KISS IT?



WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME.
KISS IT.

LUCAS KISSES EMILY'S BICEP AND SHE ENJOYS WATCHING HIM DO IT...

NOW TALK TO IT.
TELL IT YOU WANT IT
TO GROW MUCH
BIGGER





EH... HI EH...
BICEP... YOU NEED TO
GROW BIGGER.

GOOD. KEEP
KISSING IT.



NOW EXPLAIN
WHY.



EHM... BECAUSE...
EMILY LOVES TO BE
STRONG...

YEEEESSS, EMILY
LOVES TO BE STRONG.

SO SHE CAN PICK UP
HER LITTLE TOY BOYFRIEND
AND PLAY WITH HIM ANY WAY
SHE WISHES...



THEN EMILY GETS UP WITH LUCAS
IN HER ARMS, AND THEY KISS WHILE
SHE LIFTS HIM---

MMMM





BOTH GET OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES,
AND EMILY CONTINUES WITH THE
LIFTING AND CARRYING SHE NOW
KNOWS THEY BOTH LOVE SO
MUCH---

YOU READY
FOR SOME NEW
POSES BABY?

OH YES. JUST
DON'T DROP
ME!



SHE FIRST DRAPES HIM OVER HER SHOULDERS, AND THEN GETS READY TO LIFT HIM HIGHER...

ALL RIGHT, HERE WE GO. READY?

UGH... YES...



AND THE NEXT MOMENT, EMILY,
SURPRISING BOTH OF THEM WITH HER
STRENGTH, HAS LUCAS OVERHEAD---

IT'S EASIER
THAN I
THOUGHT---

FUCK... ARE
YOU SOME KIND
OF WHITE
SHE-HULK?



THEN SHE TAKES HIM INTO HER MOUTH...

OOOHHHHHHHH





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