



THE BULLY

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IT STARTED LIKE THIS: BUFFY (YES, THAT'S HER REAL NAME) IS A NEW STUDENT IN MASON'S (THE LITTLE GUY HERE) CLASS. DURING PHYSICAL EXERCISE, SHE PICKS HIM OUT AS A RUNNING MATE. SHE'S TALL, ATHLETIC AND MUSCULAR. HE'S TINY. AND HERE WE GO...

CAN WE... CAN WE...
AAAAH... REST FOR A
LITTLE WHILE?

SURE, YOU
CAN. I'LL DO SOME
EXERCISES WHILE YOU
CATCH YOUR
BREATH...





OH MY GOD
YOU'RE FAST...

TAKE YOUR
TIME...

MASON SAT DOWN ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF BUFFY. HER BOOBS WERE BOUNCING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS NOSE, BUT IT WAS HER BICEP THAT ACTUALLY FASCINATED HIM...





ARE YOU LOOKING AT MY
BOOBS, BOY?

EH NO... OF
COURSE NOT..



I THINK YOU
WE-ERE!

HONESTLY, I
WASN'T...



IT'S OKAY, YOU
KNOW. PERFECTLY
NORMAL FOR GUYS
YOUR AGE TO STARE
AT GIRLS' TITS...

OKAY, I WAS
ACTUALLY...
STARING AT YOUR...
MUSCLES. IS THAT
NORMAL TOO, OR AM I
SECRETLY GAY OR
SOMETHING?



YOU WERE STARING AT
MY MUSCLES? YOU LIKE
THEM?

I EH... THIS IS
EMBARRASSING...
YES, I THINK THEY'RE...
VERY HOT.



MMM, LET'S SEE...
THINK THESE BICEPS ARE
HOT, HM?

OH MY GOD...
THEY'RE... HUGE!

YOU MUST
WORK OUT LIKE
EVERY DAY...



ALMOST.
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE
THEM A LITTLE KISS,
HUH?

OOH



THAT'S A GOOD
BOY! HOW DOES
THAT FEEL?

GOD, I COULD DO
THIS ALL DAY...

A close-up shot of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing an orange tank top with a white and yellow patterned trim. She is looking down towards a person whose back is to the camera. The person has dark, curly hair and is wearing a dark shirt. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with greenery and a body of water.

WE'RE GOING TO BE
GOOD FRIENDS, YOU AND
I...

FOUR WEEKS LATER...

MASON IS JUST ARRIVING HOME FROM SCHOOL, TO HIS FATHER, WHO IS RAISING HIM BY HIMSELF - HIS WIFE LEFT HIM YEARS AGO AND LEFT MASON IN HIS CUSTODY.

HEY MASE! HOW WAS SCHOOL?



DYLAN SAW THE EXPRESSION ON HIS SON'S
FACE RIGHT AWAY. SOMETHING WAS UP...

IT WAS
FINE...

I CAN SEE IT
WASN'T. WHAT
HAPPENED?

NOTHING
HAPPENED DAD...
JUST ANOTHER
DAY...





MASE, DON'T LIE TO
ME. YOU KNOW YOU
CAN'T. NOW TELL ME.

IT'S... THE
BULLYING
AGAIN...

THAT'S WHAT DYLAN HAD THOUGHT. MASON HAD BEEN BULLIED BEFORE. HE WAS IN MANY WAYS A VERY YOUNG TEEN. HE WAS 16, BUT LOOKED A LOT YOUNGER, AND WAS VERY SMALL.. ENOUGH REASONS FOR THE BIGGER GUYS, IN AND OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL, TO PICK ON HIM. IT HAPPENED IN WAVES. IT HAD BEEN BETTER NEAR THE END OF LAST YEAR, BUT THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR AND DYLAN SUPPOSED THERE WERE SOME NEW PEOPLE IN MASON'S CLASS THAT MIGHT STIR UP THINGS.

IS IT STARTING AGAIN?
STILL THE SAME GUYS
FROM LAST YEAR?

NO, IT'S
SOMEONE NEW
THIS TIME...



SOMEONE NEW
BULLYING YOU? WHAT'S
HIS NAME? TELL ME HIS
NAME!



IT'S... NOT A
BOY, THIS
TIME...

THIS WAS NEW...

NOT A BOY? YOU
MEAN... THERE'S A GIRL
BULLYING YOU?

WHAT'S... HER NAME?

THE NAME CAME OUT ONLY AFTER QUITE A LONG PAUZE...

BUFFY. BUFFY
MCKENZIE.

BUFFY? HER NAME IS
ACTUALLY BUFFY?

YES...

TEN SECONDS LATER, DYLAN WAS ON THE PHONE WITH THE SCHOOL. HE PUT THE PHONE ON SPEAKER SO MASON COULD LISTEN IN...

WE ARE
VERY SORRY TO
HEAR THAT SIR. IN
THESE CASES, IT IS OUR
POLICY TO SUGGEST THAT
YOU FIRST CONTACT THE
PARENTS AND TALK ABOUT
IT WITH THEM, IN THE
PRESENCE OF THE
STUDENTS...

I SEE...

WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO GIVE
YOU THE MCKENZIE
FAMILY'S PHONE
NUMBER?

AHH... YES
PLEASE...

AFTER A FEW DIALS, A WOMAN'S VOICE
ANSWERED...

HELLO,
MARY
MCKENZIE
SPEAKING.

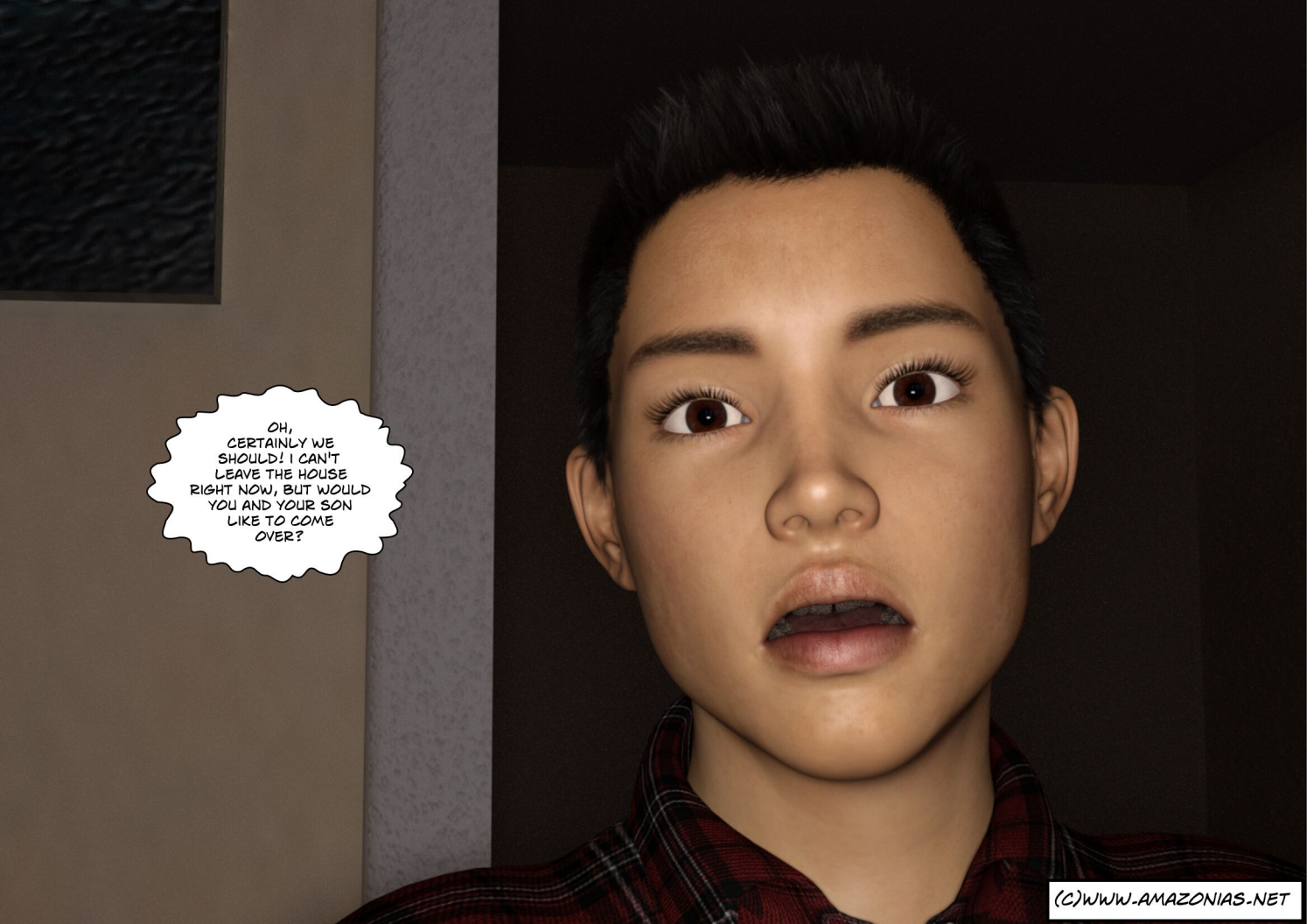
MRS MCKENZIE, HI.
THIS IS DYLAN ROMERO
SPEAKING. IT APPEARS
THAT EHM... YOUR
DAUGHTER BUFFY... IS
BULLYING MY SON AT
SCHOOL...





OH
REALLY? I'M SO
SORRY TO HEAR
THAT, I DIDN'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THAT...

YES... THE
SCHOOL HAS
SUGGESTED WE MEET
TO DISCUSS THE
SITUATION....



OH,
CERTAINLY WE
SHOULD! I CAN'T
LEAVE THE HOUSE
RIGHT NOW, BUT WOULD
YOU AND YOUR SON
LIKE TO COME
OVER?



WE CAN DO THAT.
WHAT'S THE ADDRESS
PLEASE?



THANK YOU, WE'LL BE
THERE IN HALF AN
HOUR...

FATHER AND SON ARRIVED AT A NICE
BROWNSTONE HOUSE EXACTLY HALF AN
HOUR LATER...
IN THE CAR, MASON HAD TOLD HIM SOME OF
THE THINGS HE HAD ENDURED. PUBLIC
SHAMING, HAVING TO DO CERTAIN THINGS
THIS GIRL... COMMANDED HIM... AND SHE
HAD EVEN TAKEN AND USED SOME OF
MASON'S MONEY! HOW DID KIDS THINK THEY
COULD GET AWAY WITH THAT??



COME ON
MASE... IT
WILL BE
OKAY...

DYLAN RANG THE BELL. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A STRANGE POLICY OF THE SCHOOL, BUT SOMEHOW IT DID MAKE SENSE. IT MADE HIM FEEL A LITTLE BIT NERVOUS TO DISCUSS THIS MATTER WITH THE PARENTS - HE WASN'T THE MOST CONFIDENT MAN IN THE WORLD - BUT HE KNEW HE HAD TO SETTLE THIS RIGHT AWAY. THE BULLYING HAD BEEN TOO MUCH OF A PROBLEM IN THE PAST. HE WOULD BE STRICT.

WE'LL SETTLE THIS MASE. NO WORRIES...

MAYBE. BUT NOT IN THE WAY YOU IMAGINE...



A SSECOND LATER, A GIRL OPENED THE DOOR, AND DYLAN HAD A MOMENT OF CONFUSION... SHE WAS REALLY TALL (DYLAN WAS A VERY SMALL MAN HIMSELF, AT 5 FEET ONE), AND REALLY, BUT LIKE REALLY ATHLETIC. SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT BUFFY'S MOM, BUT SEEMED TOO OLD - OR AT LEAST TOO BIG - TO BE IN MASON'S CLASSROOM. DYLAN CONCLUDED SHE MUST BE BUFFY'S SISTER...

HI MISTER MATTHEWS! HI MASON. MY MOM IS EXPECTING YOU, PLEASE COME IN.

HELLO. T-THANK YOU...



PASSING BY HER IN THE NARROW DOORWAY,
DYLAN NOTICED HE REACHED ONLY TILL THE
GIRL'S SHOULDERS. AND BOY, SHE WAS
WIDE... SHE MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GIRLS
WHO HAD A MILLION FOLLOWERS ON
INSTAGRAM...

JUST STRAIGHT
AHEAD...



MASON WAS STILL QUITE A BIT SHORTER THAN HIS SHORT DAD, AND ONLY REACHED UP UNTIL THE GIRL'S NIPPELS...





PLEASE HAVE A SEAT
HERE. I'LL GO SEE
WHERE MY MOM'S
AT---

THANK
YOU---

DYLAN DIDN'T HEAR THE WORDS BUFFY
WHISPERED TO MASON BEHIND HIS BACK...
WHICH WAS GOOD, BECAUSE THEY WOULD
HAVE CONFUSED HIM...

GOOD
WORK, BOY.
KEEP IT UP...





SO EH... WHO IS SHE?
THE SISTER?

SISTER? THAT'S
BUFFY, OF
COURSE...



THAT'S... BUFFY?
BUT SHE LOOKS LIKE...

I KNOW...

SHE'S ONE OF THE
TALLEST STUDENTS IN
OUR CLASS. AND SHE IS
OBSESSED WITH
WORKING OUT...

OKAY...
AT FIRST I WAS
THINKING: "HE'S
BEING BULLIED BY A
GIRL??". BUT NOW I
UNDERSTAND...
SHE COULD

BET YOUR
ASS I COULD,
LITTLE DADDY
MATTHEWS...







AND SHE IS
YOUR AGE?

YES...

QUITE BIG AND
TALL FOR MY
AGE, INDEED. AND
STILL GROWING.
GROWING
EVERYWHERE...

BUFFY MOVED AWAY FROM BEHIND THE DOOR, AND WHILE FATHER AND SON WERE WAITING, DYLAN FELT HIMSELF GETTING MORE AND MORE NERVOUS... SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT...



THAT'S... REALLY STRANGE ARTWORK OVER THERE...



THEN, A MINUTE OR SO LATER, THE DOOR
OPENED....



HI GUYS! SO
SORRY TO HAVE
KEPT YOU
WAITING...

IN CAME THE TALLEST WOMAN DYLAN HAD EVER SEEN. SHE WAS MORE THAN A HEAD AND A HALF TALLER THAN HER DAUGHTER. AND THE BATHROBE SHE WAS WEARING COULDN'T CONCEAL THAT SHE WAS ALSO... BIG. THE LEGS THAT CAME OUT FROM UNDER THE ROBE LOOKED LIKE TREETRUNKS...

I WAS JUST DOING MY WORKOUT WHEN YOU CALLED, AND NOW I QUICKLY SHOWERED...

HELLO EH... AND... NO PROBLEM...



SHE PUT OUT HER HAND, SEEMINGLY TO
MAKE DYLAN RISE...

SO I'M MARY
MCKENZIE...



DYLAN SAW HIMSELF FORCED TO GET UP. MARY'S HAND WAS SO HIGH UP THAT DYLAN ACTUALLY HAD TO MOVE UP HIS ARM QUITE A BIT IN ORDER TO SHAKE IT...

EH... DYLAN MATTHEWS. NICE TO MEET YOU...

THANKS FOR COMING OVER...

MY GOD! I HAD NO IDEA SHE WAS *THAT* BIG!





SO LET'S
HAVE A SEAT AND
DISCUSS THIS
BUSINESS, SHALL WE?
CAN I OFFER YOU A
CUP OF COFFEE?

NO THANK
YOU...

SOMETHING
ELSE
PERHAPS?

NO THANKS,
REALLY. LET'S
JUST GET THIS OUT
OF THE WAY...

AND SO DYLAN STARTED OFF. IT WAS A BIT HARD TO FOCUS ON HIS WORDS WHILE THIS ONE ENORMOUS LEG WAS DANGLING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM AND ALMOST TOUCHING HIS OWN LEG...

SO I HOPE WE CAN SOLVE THIS QUICKLY AND AMICABLY, AND THAT EVERYONE CAN BE HONEST IN WHAT THEY ARE SAYING...



OF COURSE.
HONESTY IS VERY
IMPORTANT FOR US,
ISN'T IT, BUFF?

YES, VERY
IMPORTANT...



OKAY, SO MY SON
TOLD ME THAT YOU'VE
BEEN BULLYING HIM,
TEASING HIM, RIDICULING
HIM, AND STOLEN MONEY
FROM HIM...

A woman with long, straight black hair and bangs is shown in profile, looking towards the left. She is wearing a dark, textured jacket. In the background, there is a computer monitor on the left and a framed picture on the right. The picture shows two black silhouettes of muscular women against a light blue background; one is flexing her biceps while the other stands beside her.

IS THAT TRUE,
BUFF?



THAT'S ALL TRUE,
YES.



YOU SEE, MISTER
MATTHEWS... MY
DAUGHTER DOESN'T
LIE...

EH... EH...

DYLAN WAS CONFUSED. HE HADN'T
EXPECTED THE GIRL WOULD JUST ADMIT
ALL HER EVILDOINGS TOWARDS HIS SON...
HE WAS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS FOR A
MOMENT...



SO YOU WILL
STOP DOING THAT? I
MEAN... YOU AGREE IT'S
NOT OK BEHAVIOR, I'M
ASSUMING...

OH BOY...

THE ASSERTIVENESS WITH WHICH THE
YOUNG GIRL SPOKE GAVE DYLAN
CHILLS... IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT HER
PERSONALITY WAS JUST AS STRONG AND
THREATENING AS HER PHYSIQUE...

NO AND
NO.

NO I WON'T STOP
IT. AND NO I **DON'T**
AGREE THAT IT IS NOT
OK BEHAVIOR.

WHAT??





MASON, WHY
DON'T YOU EXPLAIN IT
TO YOUR DAD? HE SEEMS
TO BE VERY
CONFUSED...

I EH...



BUFFY DOES STUFF TO
ME I DON'T LIKE...

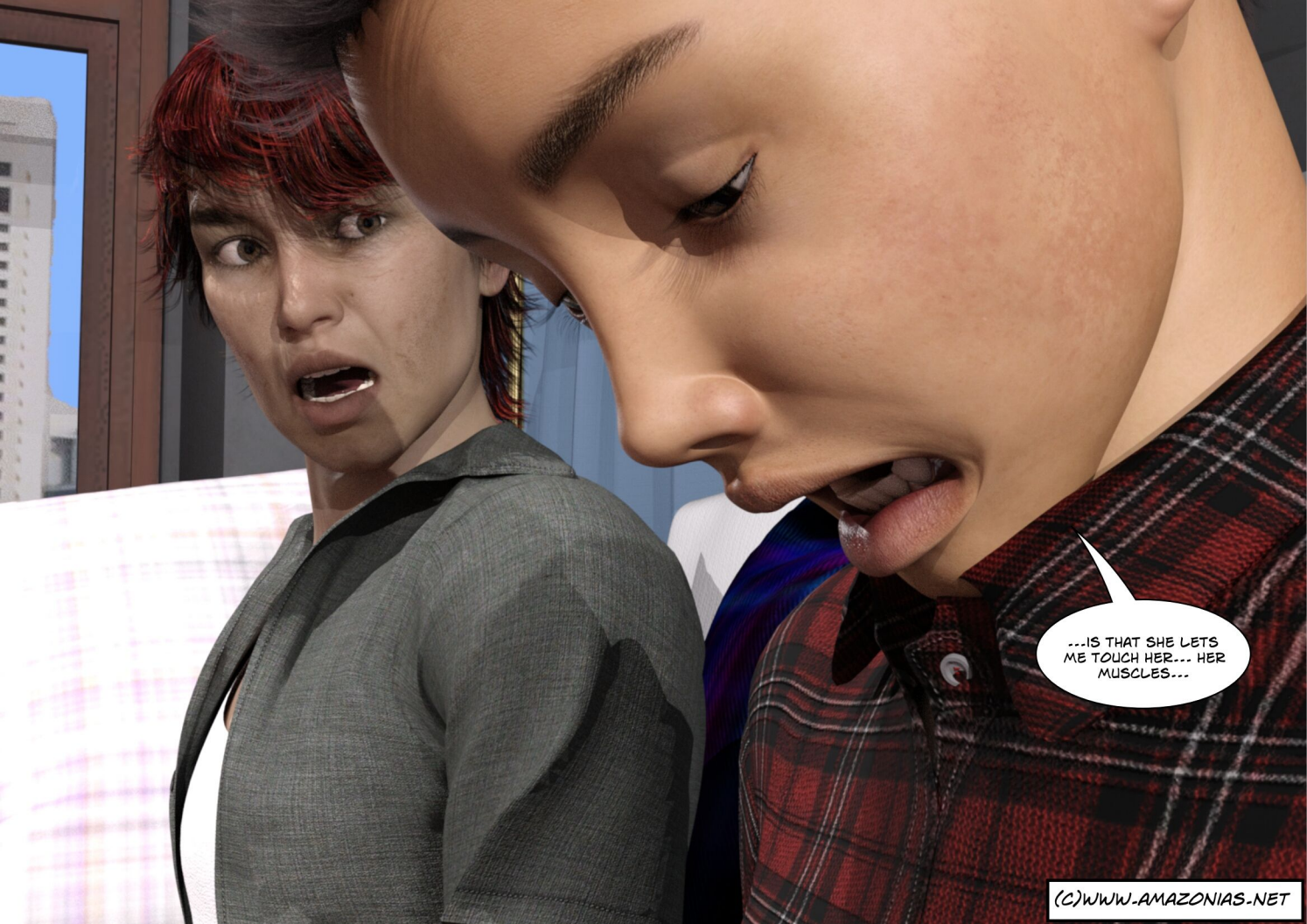
BUT... BUT...



BUT WHAT?

EXPLAIN IT,
MASON.

THE EH...
UPSIDE FOR
ME...



...IS THAT SHE LETS
ME TOUCH HER... HER
MUSCLES...



AND YOU LOVE THAT,
DON'T YOU, LITTLE
ONE?



YES...



WHAT THE
ACTUAL FUCK IS
GOING HERE?

I MEAN...
YOU BULLY HIM,
TAKE HIS MONEY...
EXPLOIT HIM... IN
EXCHANGE FOR ALLOWING
HIM TO TOUCH THOSE
FREAKY ARMS OF
YOURS, IS THAT IT?

DAD...

DYLAN COULDN'T TAKE IT
ANYMORE AT THIS POINT.
HE JUMPED UP FROM THE
COUCH AND TOTALLY LOST
HIS CALM...



SOUNDS LIKE A NICE
TRANSACTION TO ME,
MISTER MATTHEWS...

A
TRANSACTION??



WELL GUESS
WHAT, IT'S NOT THE
KIND OF TRANSACTIONS I
WANT ANYONE TO MAKE
WITH MY SON!

WELL, HONESTLY, IF
YOU DON'T LIKE THE IDEA
OF A TRANSACTION...

... I CAN JUST
AS WELL **TAKE**
WHAT I WANT AND NOT
GIVE MASON
ANYTHING...

AND THEN GIRL STOOD UP, STRETCHING TO
HER FULL HEIGHT, WHICH WAS CLEARLY
INTENDED TO INTIMIDATE DYLAN. AND IT
WORKED...

WE'RE A FAMILY
OF STRONG, BIG
WOMEN, AND WE
ALWAYS HAVE OUR WAY
WITH THE MEN WE
LIKE...



A comic book panel featuring two female characters in a tense, face-to-face conversation. The character on the left has short, vibrant red hair and is wearing a dark grey button-down shirt. She has a determined, slightly aggressive expression. The character on the right has short, straight black hair and is wearing a red and black athletic tank top. She is looking at the first character with a calm but intense gaze. In the background, a man with dark hair is visible, looking on with a surprised or concerned expression. The setting appears to be an indoor space with shelves and a blue curtain in the distance.

I HAVE MY WAY
WITH MASON, JUST LIKE
MY MOM WILL HAVE HER
WAY WITH YOU, FROM
NOW ON---

HUH?
WHAT?

BEHIND DYLAN AND UNBEKNOWNST TO HIM,
THE HUGE MARIA HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HER
CHAIR WITHOUT A SOUND...



AND IT'S UP
TO YOU WHETHER IT
WILL BE ANOTHER
TRANSACTION, OR JUST
HER TAKING WHATEVER
SHE WANTS...

WHAT
THE...

A comic book panel featuring three characters. In the background, a woman with long dark hair and a grey fur collar looks down. In the foreground, a man with short red hair looks up at a woman whose back is to the viewer. The woman has dark hair in a ponytail and wears a red tank top. Two speech bubbles are present: a large one from the woman in the foreground and a smaller one from the man.

I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING, BUT YOUR
MOM HAS NOTHING
TO DO WITH THIS.
YOU ARE-

OH, BUT I
DO...



HUH?

AT THE SOUND OF HER VOICE RIGHT BEHIND HIM, DYLAN TURNED AROUND AND WAS LOOKING AT A WALL OF MUSCLE...

LIKE I SAID
BEFORE, MISTER
MATTHEWS: I'M SO
HAPPY YOU CAME
OVER...



NOW THAT THIS
SITUATION BETWEEN
YOUR SON AND MY
DAUGHTER HAS BEEN
CLEARED UP, PERHAPS
WE CAN MOVE TO
OTHER MATTERS?

WHAT? CLEARED
UP? NOTHING HAS
BEEN CLEARED
UP---

BEFORE HE KNEW IT, MARY HAD TAKEN DYLAN'S COLLAR...

WHY DON'T YOU SIT BACK DOWN, HUH?

HEY!



... AND THREW HIM ON THE COUCH AGAIN
LIKE A RAG DOLL...



THERE...

THEN THE GIANTESS TURNED HER CHAIR
AND SAT DOWN, FACING DYLAN, HER BIG
BOOBS AND PECS STARING AT HIM...

SO APPARENTLY FOR
MISTER MATTHEWS THE
SITUATION STILL ISN'T
CLEAR, BUFF...

I GUESS WE
HAVE TO MAKE IT
MORE CLEAR
THEN...





YOU SEEM TO ME TO
BE A SMART GUY, MR.
MATTHEWS...

SO I THINK I CAN BE PRETTY
STRAIGHTFORWARD...



MY DAUGHTER
BASICALLY OWNS YOUR
SON.



WHAT??

HOW COULD SHE
OWN MY SON? HOW
COULD ANYBODY OWN
MY SON?



WELL, IT'S TRUE,
NOT MANY PEOPLE CAN
OWN SOMEONE ELSE,
BUT MY DAUGHTER
CAN...

BECAUSE SHE'S
CRAZY STRONG. MUCH
STRONGER THAN
MASON.



I DON'T GIVE A
FUCK HOW STRONG
SHE IS! THIS IS NOT THE
STONE AGE! OR THE
JUNGLE!



OH BUT IT *IS*, MISTER
MATTHEWS. IT'S VERY MUCH
A JUNGLE, WHERE THE
STRONG RULE. IT IS,
BECAUSE WE SAY IT IS,
YOU SEE?



THIS IS
BULLSHIT! I'M
TELLING YOU NO
ONE CAN OWN MY
SON!

AND I'M SAYING
SHE **CAN**. BUFF,
LET'S PROVIDE MISTER
MATTHEWS WITH A
CLEARER PICTURE...

THEN BUFFY AND HER MOM MOVED THE FURNITURE OUT OF THE WAY...

LET'S MAKE A BIT OF ROOM HERE...





THE FLOOR IS YOURS,
BUFF. LITERALLY.

ALL RIGHT!



MISTER MATTHEWS, I
HOPE YOU'RE READY?



READY FOR
WHAT?

FOR THE
DEMONSTRATION...



GO EASY ON
HIM, OKAY BUFF?

WHA...

I'LL TRY MOM.
EVEN THOUGH HE'S
REALLY GETTING ON
MY NERVES...



COME ON MR.
MATTHEWS. GET UP!



YOU STAY PUT OKAY,
LITTLE ONE? I'LL DEAL
WITH YOU LATER...

LET GO OF
ME!

I'M JUST GOING TO
SHOW YOU WHY I OWN
YOUR SON. SO THAT
EVERYTHING IS CLEAR TO
YOU AND THERE'S NO MORE
ANNOYING QUESTIONS AND
PROTESTATIONS---

DON'T YOU DARE
TOUCH ME! THIS
BULLSHIT HAS GONE
FAR ENOUGH!



ON THAT WE CAN
AGREE, CAN'T WE,
MOM?

YES, WAAAAAY TOO
MUCH BULLSHIT
TODAY!



SO HERE'S THE
THING, MISTER
MATTHEWS... A GIRL
LIKE ME, WITH MUSCLES
LIKE THESE...

CAN DO MORE OR
LESS ANYTHING SHE
WANTS WITH A PIPSQUEAK
LIKE YOUR SON...

... OR WITH YOU...

QUICK AS A FOX, BUFFY TURNED DYLAN AROUND IN FRONT OF HER AND THEN SLAMMED HER ARM IN HIS NECK. SHE BENT BACKWARDS AND EASILY LIFTED HIM OFF THE FLOOR...

OH GOD,
THAT'S HOT!

AAARGHH
LET ME
GOOOO!!!

VERY
SOON...



YOU FUCKING FREAKS!
WHAT KIND OF A FREAK
FAMILY IS THIS!

YOU HEAR THAT
MOM? HE'S CALLING
US FREAKS? I THINK I'LL
CHOOSE TO BE
OFFENDED. WHAT
ABOUT YOU?



NOT JUST
FREAKS! **SICK**
FREAKS! LET GO
OF ME!

YES, HE'S VERY
OFFENSIVE. AND
ANNOYING. WHY DON'T
YOU SHUT HIM UP?



MMMMM!!!

WATCH THIS MOM!
I'VE BEEN PRACTISING A
NEW MOVE IN
WRESTLING CLASS...



IN ONE MOVEMENT, THE BIG GIRL
LIFTED MATTHEW UP BY PULLING
HIM BACK AND PUTTING HER THIGH
UNDER HIS BUTT....

... AND THEN SMASHED HIM DOWN ON THE FLOOR. ALL THE AIR FROM DYLAN'S LUNGS ESCAPED THROUGH HIS MOUTH AS HIS BACK COLLIDED WITH THE FLOOR...

AWESOME MOVE
BUFF! JUST
SPECTACULAR!

OOOOFFF



I'M NOT DONE WITH
YOU YET, DADDY
SHORTLEGS...



BEFORE DYLAN WAS ABLE TO MOVE, BUFFY TOOK POSITION NEXT TO HIM AND SLAMMED HIS HEAD AND ONE OF HIS ARMS BETWEEN HER MIGHTY LEGS. SHE TOOK HIS WRIST WITH HER ONE HAND AND APPLIED QUITE SOME PRESSURE. DYLAN WAS COMPLETELY IMMOBILIZED...

ARE YOU STARTING TO UNDERSTAND, MISTER MATTHEWS, THAT IF I DO SOMETHING TO YOU THAT YOU DON'T LIKE, THERE'S ACTUALLY VERY LITTLE YOU CAN DO AGAINST IT?

I... I UNDERSTAND...



SEEMS LIKE
HE'S FINALLY GOT IT
MOM. JUST APPLYING
SOME PRESSURE TO
DRIVE THE LESSON
HOME.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU
WANT ME TO SHOW HIM,
OR SHALL I DELIVER HIM
TO YOU?

MM, MAYBE JUST
SHOW THEM YOU CAN
OWN THEM BOTH AT
ONCE?



GOOD IDEA! COME OVER
HERE MASON!



I WANT YOU TO
LICK MY BICEP WHILE
I HOLD YOUR DAD LIKE
THIS. CAN YOU SHOW HIM
WHAT AN OBEDIENT
BOY YOU CAN BE?

EH,
SURE...



THAT'S A GOOD BOY,
MASON! TELL YOUR
DADDY HOW YOU ENJOY
THIS...

I LOVE
IT...

A digital illustration of a very muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a pink sports bra with black trim that has 'FADS SPORT' repeated on the band. She is flexing both of her biceps. The background shows a city skyline through a window. A blue vase is on a table to her right.

GREAT WORK, BUFF!
I THINK I'M READY FOR
MISTER MATTHEWS
NOW...

YOU GO HAVE
FUN WITH
JUNIOR...



YOU HEARD HER!

BUFFY PICKED MASON UP FROM THE FLOOR
AND CARRIED HIM IN HER ARMS...



LET ME SHOW YOU MY
ROOM, MASON...

OWKAYYY...
HERE WE GO...

A close-up photograph of a person's muscular legs, showing the quadriceps and hamstrings. The person is standing, and their legs are the central focus. In the background, a person is lying on a wooden floor, and a white wall is visible. A speech bubble is located in the upper right corner of the image.

WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE SOME FUN. AS
WILL MY MOM WITH
YOUR DAD...

THE YOUNG COUPLE LEFT THE ROOM...

YOU AND ME NOW,
MISTER MATTHEWS...
MAY I CALL YOU
DYLAN?

WHY DON'T
YOU GET UP,
HMM?

S-SURE.





I'M SORRY IF ALL
THIS IS CONFUSING TO
YOU. BUT IT'S ACTUALLY
VERY SIMPLE...



THIS WEEK MY
DAUGHTER TOLD ME
THAT SHE HAD HEARD
FROM HER SLAVE - YOUR
MASON - THAT HIS DADDY
WAS A VERY SHORT
MAN...

AND AS I HAPPEN TO
BE SINGLE, AND INTO
SHORT MEN...



I TOLD HER TO
BRING YOU
HERE...

SO SHE AND YOUR
SON CONCEIVED THIS
PLAN, WITH HIM
COMPLAINING ABOUT
BULLYING TO YOU...
THAT BROUGHT YOU
HERE...

A muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a red sports bra and red shorts, is leaning over a man lying on a couch. She is looking down at him with a stern expression. The man has red hair and is looking up at her. A pink lamp is visible between them. In the background, there is a large window with a view of a city skyline and a blue vase on a table.

I IMAGINE MASON IS
NOW GETTING SOME
REWARD FROM HER...

DON'T SIT THERE
LIKE A FRIGHTENED
CHICKEN DYLAN. GET UP,
I WON'T HURT YOU!



SO I WANT TO
GET TO KNOW
YOU...

WELL... I'M AFRAID
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN
GETTING TO KNOW
YOU...

RIGHT. BUT IF I
TELL YOU THAT
OBVIOUSLY I'M A LOT
STRONGER STILL THAN
MY POWERFUL
DAUGHTER...



A muscular woman with long black hair, wearing a pink sports bra and a pink skirt, is shown from the side. She is holding the head of a man with short red hair. The man is looking up at her with an open mouth. The background includes a white table, a blue wall, and a shelf with various items.

... SURELY YOU
REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE AT ALL IN
THIS MATTER?



SO YOU'RE MINE,
WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR
NOT...



AND I DO SUGGEST YOU
LEARN TO LIKE IT...