



THE BULLY

PART 2

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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.

REMEMBER
OUR FRIENDS?



MARY

BUFFY

DYLAN

MASON

MOM &
DAUGHTER

DAD
& SON



WE'RE TWO YEARS LATER
NOW, AND A LOT HAS
HAPPENED TO THEM
SINCE THEN...

MARY "CONVINCED" DYLAN AND HIS SON TO LIVE
ALL UNDER ONE ROOF. THEY BOUGHT A NEW
HOUSE - MAINLY FINANCED BY DYLAN BUT
CHOSEN BY MARY AND BUFFY.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER UNDERSTAND THE ART
OF EFFECTIVE DOMINATION: BEING CRUEL
ENOUGH BUT NOT TOO CRUEL, AND SWEET
ENOUGH BUT NOT TOO SWEET. THAT WAY, THEY
ARE ABLE TO KEEP THE GUYS AROUND THEM,
AND OBEDIENT, WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE.

STILL, THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT LIFE IS
PLEASANT OR EASY FOR DYLAN AND MASON. ON
THE CONTRARY.

TODAY IS BUFFY'S 18TH BIRTHDAY (MASON
BECAME 18 A MONTH EARLIER). SHE JUST GOT
UP, KNOWING HER MOM AND MASON WOULD BE
OUT (I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT PART LATER!).

A woman with a very muscular physique is shown from the waist down, wearing a blue and white horizontally striped nightgown. She is looking down at a pink envelope resting on a dark grey countertop. The envelope has the name 'Buffy' written in cursive and a small white heart sticker. The background shows a white cabinet with a gold knob and a wooden floor.

HER MOM MUST HAVE LEFT THE ENVELOPE EARLY THIS MORNING BEFORE SHE LEFT...

BUFFY WALKED TO THE COUNTER IN HER NIGHTGOWN, WHICH DID A PRETTY BAD JOB AT COVERING THE YOUNG GIRL'S HUGE MUSCLES...

BUFFY GOT UP ONLY AROUND 11 THAT DAY - NO REASON TO RISE EARLY ON ONE'S BIRTHDAY! SHE KNEW THAT ONLY SHE AND DYLAN - HER STEPDAD, OF SORTS - WERE AT HOME.

YESTERDAY, HER MOM HAD TOLD HER THAT SHE WOULD LEAVE EARLY IN THE MORNING TO DRIVE FIVE HOURS TO CHICAGO. MASON - BUFFY'S SLAVE-BOYFRIEND, WAS IN THE WINDY CITY TO CHECK OUT A FEW COLLEGES.

MASON HAD GONE OUT BY TRAIN AND HAD STAYED THE NIGHT IN CHICAGO. THE IDEA WAS THAT HE WOULD RETURN BY TRAIN. BUT THEN BUFFY'S MOM HAD TOLD BUFFY AND DYLAN SHE'D GO PICK MASON UP WITH THE CAR TODAY.

BUFFY HAD BEEN SURPRISED: WHY WOULD HER MOM LEAVE HER ON HER BIRTHDAY, FOR A LONG AND UNNECESSARY DRIVE? IT WAS A BIT MYSTERIOUS, BUT SHE SURMISED THAT HER MOTHER HAD SOMETHING INTERESTING IN MIND...

AS SHE READ THE BIRTHDAY CARD THAT WAS INSIDE THE ENVELOPE, BUFFY COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EYES...

OH MOM! NO WAY!



OH MY FUCKING GOD!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!

Darling daughter,
Sorry I can't be here on your birthday!
But my present should more than make up for it:
From now on, Dylan is yours too. Do with
him whatever you want this weekend! (just don't
do any permanent damage;-) Have fun
& stay **STRONG!** love u lots
MOM xxx





BUT IT'S
GREATLY
APPRECIATED MOM! I'LL
PUT YOUR GIFT TO
GOOD USE

OH MY LITTLE
STEPDAD, THIS IS
GOING TO BE AN
AWESOME DAY!

BUFFY DIDN'T WASTE A SECOND, AND WITH THE LOUD, AUTHORATIVE VOICE THAT SHE HAD FROM HER MOTHER, CALLED FOR HER STEPDA...

AFTER THEY HAD GOTTEN TO KNOW EACH OTHER IN THEIR PREVIOUS HOUSE, BUFFY HAD NOT PHYSICALLY DOMINATED DYLAN AGAIN. IT HADN'T BEEN NECESSARY: IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE FOR EVERYONE THAT HE WAS MORTALLY AFRAID OF HER (AS WAS HIS SON, HER BOYFRIEND).



DYLA...

DYLAN CAME DOWN RIGHT AWAY. HE WAS STILL IN HIS PAJAMAS, BUT HAD BEEN CLEANING THE HOUSE (MARY HAD LEFT HIM A NOTE WITH HIS CHORES, AS SHE ALWAYS DID WHEN SHE WENT OUT)---
AS USUAL, DYLAN SPOKE TO BUFFY WITH SOME TREPIDATION---

GOOD MORNING BUFFY--- HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

MMMM
THANKS DYLAN. DON'T I GET THREE KISSES?



THIS WAS EMBARRASSING. DYLAN HESITANTLY APPROACHED HER, ALWAYS WARY OF WHATEVER THE BIG GIRL MIGHT SAY OR DO...

OF COURSE...

RIGHT HERE...



BUFFY OFTEN WALKED AROUND THE HOUSE SKIMPILY DRESSED TO FLAUNT HER MUSCLES, BUT USUALLY DYLAN WAS ABLE TO STAY AWAY FROM HER. EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS QUITE A BIT SMALLER THAN HER HUMONGOUS MOM, BUFFY WAS STILL INCREDIBLY HUGE.

ONE, TWO...





AND THREE. THANK YOU DYLAN...

THERE WAS A BIT OF AN AWKWARD SILENCE AND DYLAN HASTILY FILLED IT UP WITH THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT CAME TO MIND...

OH, THAT SOUNDS GREAT!

HOW ABOUT I MAKE YOU A NICE BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST?



JUST... MAKE IT A **BIG ONE**. I'M A BODYBUILDER, YOU KNOW...

EH YES... OF COURSE...



BUFFY LEFT THE ROOM WHILE DYLAN GOT TO WORK. HE WAS A BIT NERVOUS... THAT COMMENT, ABOUT HER BEING A BODYBUILDER... HE WAS USED TO COOKING FOOD FOR THE WOMEN AND KNEW VERY WELL THAT THEY ATE A HUGE AMOUNT. SO WHY HAD SHE SAID THAT...?

AND THEN THERE WAS THE THING WITH MARY GOING TO PICK UP MASON. YESTERDAY, MARY HAD TEXTED HIS SON, BUT SHE'D USED DYLAN'S CELLPHONE. AS IF... SHE WANTED MASON TO THINK HIS DAD WOULD PICK HIM UP...

AND WHY WOULDN'T MARY WANT TO MAKE AN EFFORT TO BE HERE ON BUFFY'S BIRTHDAY? INDEED, IT WAS AS IF SHE WAS MAKING AN EFFORT *NOT* TO BE HERE...

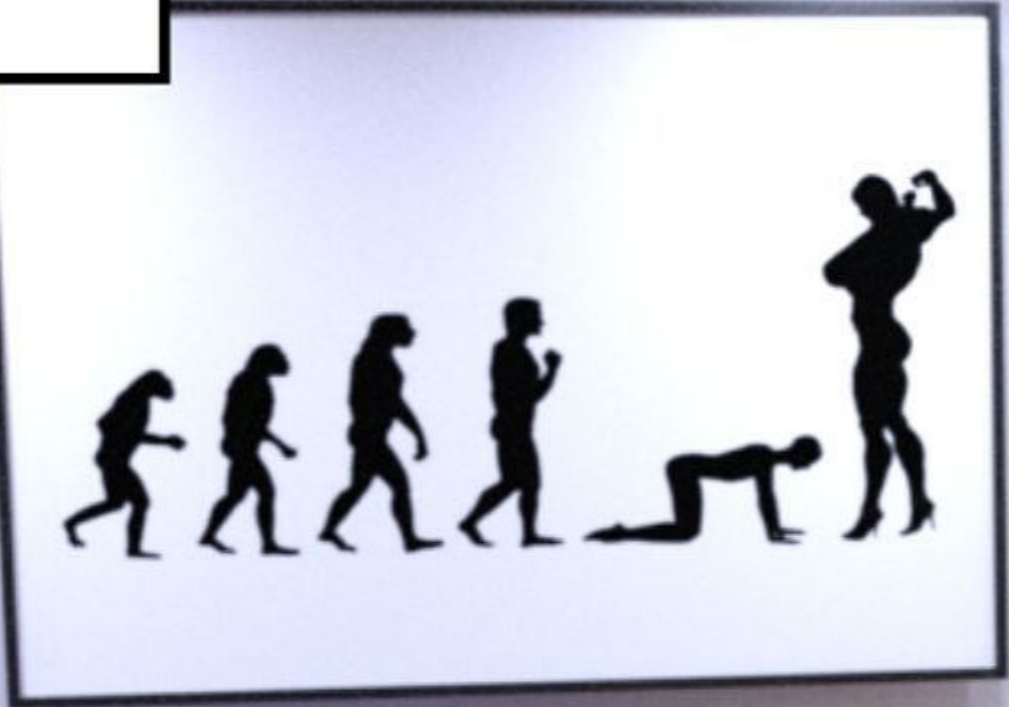


WHICH MEANT THAT...

MARY MADE SURE
ME AND BUFFY WOULD
BE **ALONE** IN THE
HOUSE ON HER
BIRTHDAY...

OH BOY.. THIS
DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT
AT ALL...

AS DYLAN WAS SERVING THE BREAKFAST-FOR-BODYBUILDERS, HE WONDERED...



WOULD MARY DARE DO ANYTHING TO MASON?

WELL, OF COURSE SHE WOULD... IS THERE ANYTHING SHE DOESN'T DARE?

DYLAN WON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT ANYONE BUT HIMSELF, HOWEVER...

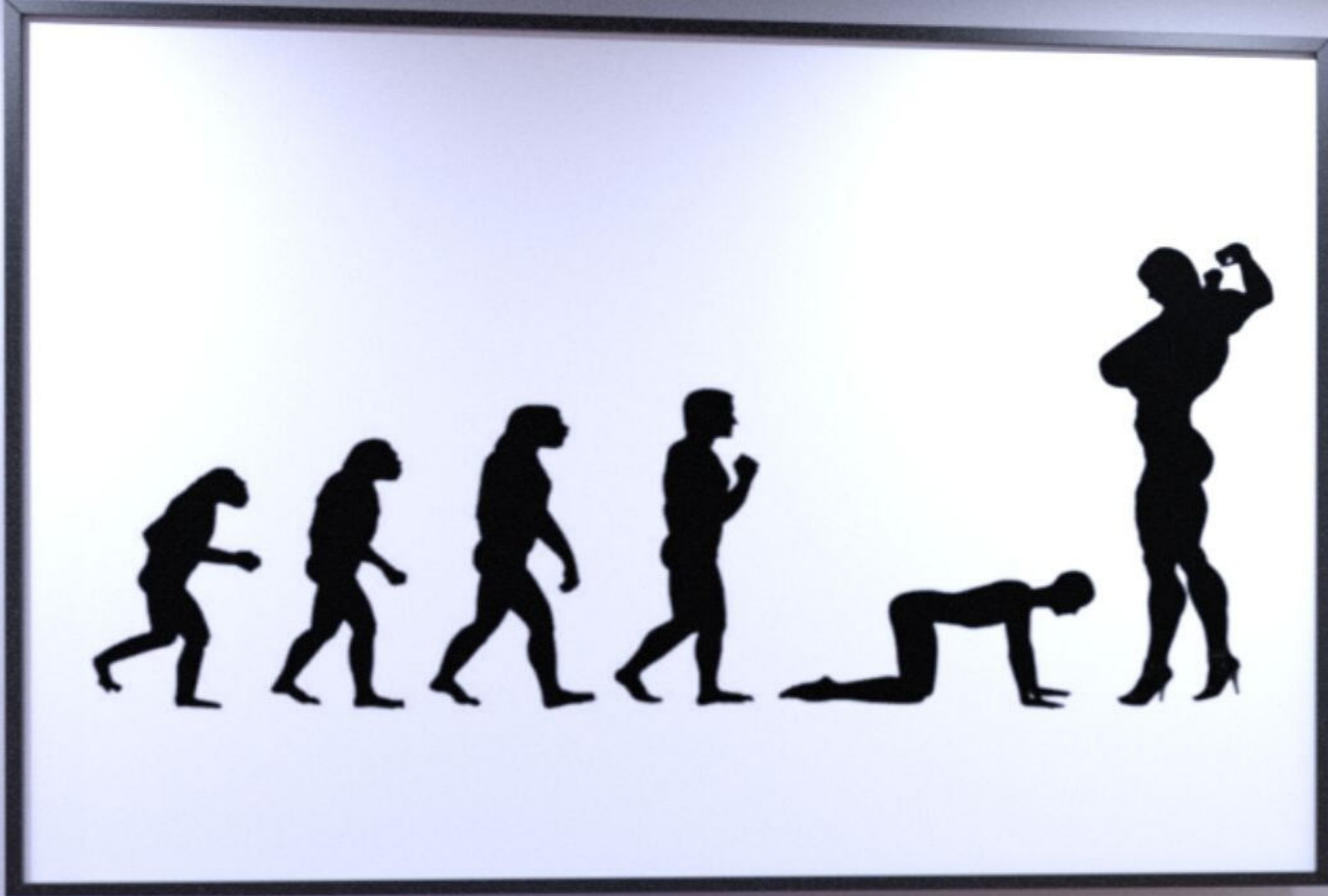
BUFFY?
IT'S READY!

COMING!



WHEN DYLAN SAW HOW BUFFY WAS DRESSED, HIS WORRIES GREW... THE YOUNG BODYBUILDER HAD GONE FOR THE LIMITS OF WHAT WAS DECENT, WHILE MAXIMALLY EXPOSING HER MUSCLES

YUMMY...



SMELLS
REALLY GOOD
HERE!

T-THANK YOU

YOU DO REMEMBER
I DECIDED TO GO
GLUTENFREE
YESTERDAY, DO YOU?

OH... I...
DIDN'T HEAR
THAT...

BUT MAYBE YOU
CAN... MAKE AN
EXCEPTION FOR
YOUR BIRTHDAY?

I MEAN...
NOW THAT IT'S
ALL READY AND
ALL...

DYLAN REALIZED RIGHT AWAY THAT HE HAD SAID SOMETHING WRONG. WORSE: HE HAD GIVEN HER WHAT SHE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR: AN EXCUSE TO BE ANGRY WITH HIM...

AM I HEARING YOU RIGHT?

DID YOU JUST TRY TO TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD EAT?



THE BIG GIRL LEANED OVER THE COUNTERTOP AND LOOKED STRAIGHT IN DYLAN'S EYES...

NO, OF COURSE NOT... IF YOU DON'T WANT IT THEN...-

HUSH...




Start typing text...

DYLAN WAS POSITIVELY AFRAID NOW. HE STILL REMEMBERED HOW EASILY BUFFY HAD LIFTED HIM AND THROWN HIM ON THE GROUND. THAT HAD BEEN TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN, AND A LOT SMALLER THAN SHE WAS NOW.

A BODY LIKE THIS REQUIRES A LOT OF DEDICATION, DYLAN. NOT JUST IN TERMS OF WORKING OUT...





IT ALSO REQUIRES A
PERFECTLY CALIBRATED
DIET...

AND A LOT OF
EXPERIMENTING...



SO PLEASE DON'T
TELL ME WHAT TO EAT,
OKAY?

SURE, IT'S...
TOTALLY FINE! I'LL
JUST... EAT IT MYSELF,
NO PROBLEM!

SUDDENLY BUFFY PUT HER HANDS UNDER DYLAN'S ARMPITS AND LIFTED HIM OFF THE GROUND WITH JUST THE TINIEST OF GRUNTS... DYLAN COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HER BICEPS FLEXING AS SHE RAISED HIM...

OH DYLAN...

OOH, WHAT----



SHE PUT HIM DOWN ON THE COUNTERTOP,
NOT MINDING THAT HIS FEET WERE ON THE
BREAKFAST THAT HE HAD SO
PAINSTAKINGLY PREPARED...

DID I TELL YOU
YOU COULD EAT THE
FOOD YOURSELF,
LITTLE MAN?

OH, I'M SORRY... I...
I'LL JUST PUT IT IN THE
FRIDGE THEN...



WITHOUT SPEAKING, BUFFY GRABBED HIS RIGHT WRIST WITH HER LEFT HAND, AND PUT HER SHOULDER UNDER DYLAN'S LITTLE BODY...

WHAT ARE YOU...-



TWO SECONDS LATER, AS SHE EASILY CARRIED HIM ON HER STRONG SHOULDER, ALL DYLAN COULD SEE WAS BUFFY'S MUSCULAR BACK SIDE.

EASY... BE QUIET NOW...

PUT ME DOWN!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING!?





LET'S SIT
DOWN AND TALK
FOR A MINUTE...

HOLD ON...

SO...
YOUR BEHAVIOR
MAKES ME WONDER IF...
MOM IS TEACHING YOU
ANYTHING AT ALL...

YOU THINK
MAYBE THAT'S WHY
SHE GAVE YOU TO
ME?

WHA-WHAT?
G-GAVE...?



ON HER CARD... IT SAID THAT NOW THAT I'M EIGHTEEN, YOU'RE NOT JUST HERS ANYMORE. YOU'RE MINE TOO.

WHAT? THAT'S... THAT'S... RIDICULOUS!

IS IT? I THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT EVER...

ALMOST TO HIS OWN SURPRISE, DYLAN'S ANGER GOT THE BETTER OF HIS FEAR AND HE ERUPTED AS HE TRIED TO GET UP FROM BUFFY'S LEGS...

I'M NOT A FUCKING BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

THIS IS TOTALLY ABSURD! YOU HAVE A GOOD BIRTHDAY!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD
WASN'T IMPRESSED...

SIT-DOWN!

SHE WAS SO IN COMMAND AND ASSERTIVE THAT DYLAN THOUGHT IT BEST TO COMPLY, EVEN THOUGH HIS ANGER HADN'T SUBSIDED YET...

IF THE BIRTHDAY GIFT IS NOT COLLABORATING...

IT'S NOT THAT I...-



... I'LL JUST MAKE HIM COLLABORATE...

BUFFY GRABBED DYLAN'S HAND AGAIN AND PULLED THE POOR MAN TOWARD HIM AS IF HE WAS WEIGHTLESS...

ARGHH





I'M YOUR BOSS
NOW, DYLAN.

MOM SAID
I COULD DO
ANYTHING THAT I
WANTED WITH
YOU...

YOU'RE...
HURTING
ME...

I JUST HAVE TO AVOID
ANY PERMANENT
DAMAGE.

BUT "PERMANENT" AND
"DAMAGE" ARE VERY
RELATIVE CONCEPTS,
I FIGURE...

THEN SHE APPLIED MORE PRESSURE TO HIS WRIST... (IT WAS MAYBE 10% OF HER POWER)

WILL YOU DO AS I SAY, OR SHALL I JUST CRUSH THIS TINY WRIST? IT WILL NOT BE PERMANENT, BUT IT WILL HURT...

AARGH... PLEASE! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

THAT'S BETTER! NOW SIT DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, IN FRONT OF ME!





WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE TO DO NOW, DYLAN?

EH... I DON'T KNOW...?

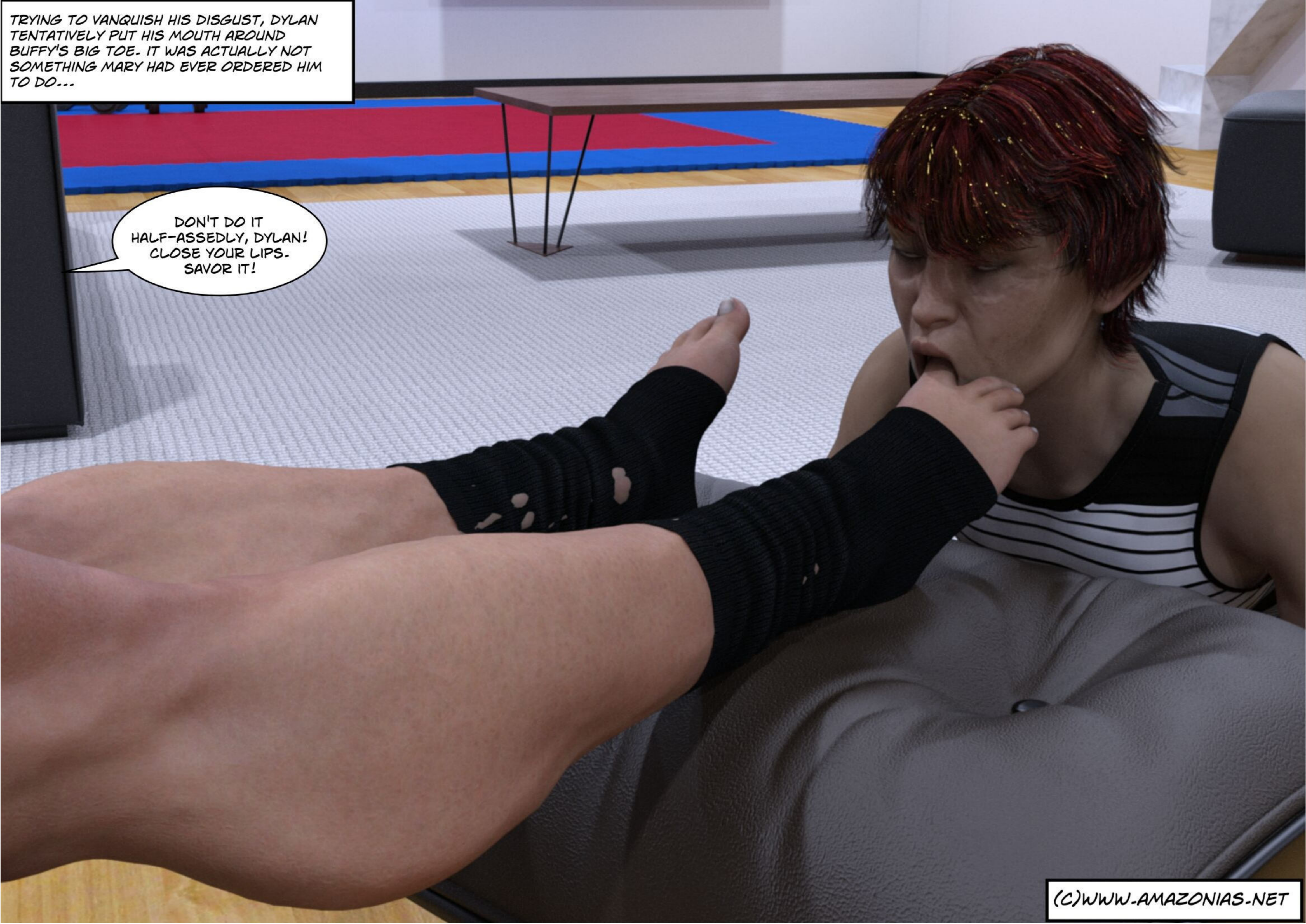


OH GOD. SMALL
AND STUPID!

YOU CAN START BY
SUCKING MY TOES!

TRYING TO VANQUISH HIS DISGUST, DYLAN TENTATIVELY PUT HIS MOUTH AROUND BUFFY'S BIG TOE. IT WAS ACTUALLY NOT SOMETHING MARY HAD EVER ORDERED HIM TO DO...

DON'T DO IT HALF-ASSEDLY, DYLAN!
CLOSE YOUR LIPS.
SAVOR IT!





MMM, THAT'S
BETTER...
THIS IS REALLY
GOOD...

USE YOUR HANDS TOO.
WORSHIP MY
CALVES...


DYLAN PUT HIS HAND ON BUFFY'S CALVES, REALIZING HOW THEY MUST BE ALMOST TWICE THE SIZE OF HIS...

YES... RUB THEM GENTLY. FEEL THEIR **HARDNESS!** THEIR **POWER!**



BUFFY THEN PUT HER FEET RIGHT IN DYLAN'S FACE. THE SMALL MAN HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LET IT HAPPEN---



A woman with dark hair and green eyes is sitting on a grey chair. She is wearing a red bikini top with a grey trim. Her hands are behind her head, and she is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a white wall and a black railing.

I WISH YOU
COULD EXPERIENCE
THE SENSE OF **POWER**
THIS GIVES ME,
DYLAN...


IT'S SO
AMAZING FOR A
GIRL TO BE ABLE TO
COMPLETELY
DOMINATE A MAN
TWENTY YEARS OLDER
THAN HER...



GOD HELP
ME...

MAKING HIM DO
EVERYTHING I ASK...

ACTUALLY, WE
SHOULD REPEAT THIS
ANOTHER TIME, WHEN MY
FEET ARE SWEATIER. OR
DIRTIER...
MMMMMM



NOW THAT YOU'RE
WARMED UP, LET'S
MOVE TO THE NEXT
PHASE....

TAKE OFF
YOUR PANTS!

WHA-WHAT?

OH MY GOD,
SHE'S TOTALLY
CRAZY, I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY!

DYLAN GOT UP AS FAST AS HE COULD AND SPURTED AWAY...

FUCK THIS SHIT!

SERIOUSLY?



HE HEARD BUFFY GET UP BEHIND HIM. IN HIS MIND, THERE SEEMED TO BE A CHANCE THAT HE MIGHT BE FASTER THAN HER, AS HE WAS LIGHTER AND MORE NIMBLE THAN THE MOUNTAIN OF MUSCLE THAT WAS PART OF HIS FAMILY NOW...

BAD IDEA, DYLAN!



DYLAN FELT THE FLOOR SHAKE AS THE COLOSSUS RAN AFTER HIM. HE DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO LOOK BEHIND HIM TO FEEL THAT SHE WAS CLOSING IN FAST...



SHE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM WHEN HE HAD JUST GONE UP THE STAIRS, AND MANAGED TO GRAB HOLD OF HIS LEFT FOOT...

AAARGHHH

GOTCHA
LITTLE MAN!



DYLAN TRIED TO HOLD ON TO THE RAILING BUT BUFFY TOOK HIS FOOT IN BOTH HANDS AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN. HE WAS POWERLESS TO STOP HER...



WHEN SHE HAD BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO
HER BY PULLING HIS LEG, SHE GRABBED HIS
WAIST WITH BOTH HANDS---



FOR JUST A SHORT MOMENT, DYLAN WAS ABLE TO GRAB HOLD OF THE RAILING AGAIN AND TRIED TO RESIST. BUT THEN HE FELT HER FOREARM BELOW HIS WAIST...

YOU POOR LITTLE BABY...



DYLAN TRIED TO HOLD ON WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AS THE BIG GIRL MOVED HER TORSO BACKWARDS, BUT IT WAS TO NO AVAIL....

MEASURING YOUR STRENGTH WITH A BODYBUILDER!



... AND A MOMENT LATER HE WAS LIFTED IN THE AIR AND KNEW THAT IT WAS GAME OVER...

PLEEEASE!

YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR SUCH FOOLISHNESS, LITTLE MAN!



BUFFY RAISED DYLAN HIGHER BY LIFTING HER ARM AND BENDING BACKWARD. SHE WAS MANIPULATING HER STEPDAD AS IF HE WERE A CHILD...

STOP IT!
LET ME GO!

LET'S SEE, WHERE WERE WE?

OH YES - I HAD TOLD YOU TO TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS...



A muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a red bikini top and black bikini bottom, is lifting a man in black clothing. The man has a shocked expression. The scene is set in a modern interior with a wooden floor and a staircase with a glass railing. A speech bubble is positioned above the man.

SO SINCE YOU
DIDN'T WANT TO COMPLY
- FOR WHICH I WILL APTLY
PUNISH YOU - LET ME
TAKE THEM OFF
MYSELF...

DYLAN WAS POWERLESS AS THE EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD STARTED TO UNDRESS HIM. IT WAS SO INCREDIBLY HUMILIATING. THE ONLY THING HE COULD TAKE SOME COMFORT WAS THE FACT THAT SHE COULD EASILY OVERPOWER GUYS MUCH BIGGER THAN HIM...

OF COURSE YOU ALWAYS HAVE THE OPTION NOT TO OBEY...

BUT THAT COMES WITH A COST.

AND IN THE END I'LL HAVE MY WAY ANYWAY. SO WHAT'S THE POINT?



BUFFY MANAGED TO PULL OFF DYLAN'S PANTS AND THREW THEM ON THE FLOOR...



(C)WWW-AMAZONIAS-NET

THEN SHE PAUSED FOR A SECOND, MAKING SURE THE SITUATION SANK IN WITH DYLAN. BY NOW, HE HAD RESISTED FIGHTING AND WAS JUST WAITING FOR WHATEVER HORROR WOULD COME NEXT...



SHE SET A FEW STEPS ON THE BRAND NEW EXERCISE MAT, BENT DOWN AND THREW DYLAN ON IT...

NOOOOO!!!

HERE YOU GO!



FINALLY I GET TO
USE THIS MAT FOR WHAT
IT'S MEANT FOR:
FIGHTING!

GET UP, LITTLE ONE!
AND TAKE YOUR SHIRT
OFF!



DID SHE SAY
"FIGHTING"?

HURRY
UP!!

DYLAN TOOK OFF HIS SHIRT AND THEN OBEDIENTLY STOOD IN FRONT OF THE HUGE EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD.

YOU READY TO WRESTLE ME, LITTLE MAN?

EH... PLEASE... I'M NOT...

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a red bikini top with a white trim, looks towards a man whose back is to the camera. The man has long, straight, vibrant red hair. The scene is set in a brightly lit room with a white wall and a glass railing in the background.

WHAT'S THAT?
DIDN'T CATCH IT...

THIS WAS BUFFY GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO ANSWER DIFFERENTLY - OBEDIENTLY RATHER THAN PROTESTING - BUT DYLAN DIDN'T GET IT. OR COULDN'T IMAGINE SAYING ANYTHING ELSE. SO HE REPEATED HIS ANSWER...

I CAN'T...
WRESTLE YOU...
PLEASE...

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red bikini with grey trim, is shown from the side. She has her right hand on the neck of a man with short reddish-brown hair. The man is shirtless and looking towards the woman. The background is a plain grey wall with a small circular light fixture. Two speech bubbles are positioned above the man's head. The first speech bubble contains the text "YOU STUPID LITTLE DIPSHIT!". The second speech bubble contains the text "I NEED MY MEN TO BE OBEDIENT!".

**YOU STUPID
LITTLE DIPSHIT!**

**I NEED MY
MEN TO BE
OBEDIENT!**



YOU WILL OBEY
ME JUST LIKE YOUR
MIDGET SON OBEYS
ME!

GOD, HELP ME
GET OUT OF THIS,
PLEASE!

AM I BEING CLEAR??

YES.



TO HIS HORROR, DYLAN
REALIZED THAT BUFFY WAS
TAKING OFF HER TOP...

LET ME SHOW YOU
BETTER WHAT YOU'RE UP
AGAINST...




WHILE SHE DROPPED THE TOP TO THE FLOOR, BUFFY JUST STARED AT HIM WITH HER BIG, PIERCING EYES. THE EFFECT ON HIM WAS STRONGER THAN IF SHE WOULD HAVE SAID THE MOST COMMANDING WORDS. THERE WAS SUCH POWER COMING FROM THIS YOUNG GIRL THAT DYLAN JUST WANTED TO SINK THROUGH THE GROUND IN FEAR AND HUMILIATION...



FFFFLUCK...

YOU KNOW, I UNDERSTAND YOUR HESITATION, OF COURSE.....

YOU ARE AN ADULT MAN, AND HERE'S AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL....



YET SHE HAS THE
SORT OF MUSCLE YOU
COULD ONLY DREAM
ABOUT...

LIKE, CAN YOU FLEX
AND MOVE YOUR PECS
LIKE THIS, HUH?

SEE HOW I
MAKE THEM
DANCE...



BUT STILL, EVEN IN
SPITE OF THIS BIG SIZE
DIFFERENCE...

BUFFY BENT FORWARD FURTHER, ALMOST PUSHING HER BIG TITS IN DYLAN'S FACE...

... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WRESTLE ME, LITTLE STEPDADDY. YOU'RE MY BIRTHDAY GIFT AND I'M CLAIMING IT...

REALLY I... NEVER LEARNED HOW TO WRESTLE...



**SHUT UP AND
GET TO IT!**

**GRAB ME! ATTACK
ME! DO SOMETHING!**

VERY TENTATIVELY, DYLAN TOUCHED BUFFY'S ARMS WITH BOTH HIS HANDS BUT THEN IMMEDIATELY DREW BACK. HE JUST COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF TOUCH HIS STEPDAUGHTER. IT WAS WAY TOO UNCOMFORTABLE...

OK THEN, AS I SEE THIS IS NOT GOING TO WORK...





... LET ME HELP YOU GET STARTED...

AAARGHH

BUFFY FIRST PUT BOTH HANDS ON DYLAN'S SHOULDERS, FLIPPED HIM AROUND, AND THEN TOOK HIM IN A HEADLOCK...

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOT YOU, STEPDADDY...

DYLAN TRIED TO PULL AWAY BUFFY'S ARM BUT IT WAS LIKE PULLING ON A LANTERN POST... THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT WHATSOEVER...

NOW TRY TO GET OUT BEFORE YOU'RE OUT OF BREATH!

UGGH



THEN THINGS HAPPENED FAST: DYLAN FELT HIMSELF BEING LIFTED OFF THE GROUND AS BUFFY PUT HER BIG THIGH UNDER HIS PELVIS AND RAISED HIM...

UP YOU GO, LITTLE MISTER...



THEN SHE RAISED HER THIGH HIGHER STILL...

AAAGHHH



... AND THEN WHEN DYLAN WAS HIGH IN THE AIR, SHE PUT HER LEG DOWN AND RELEASED HER GRIP ON HIS UPPER BODY, SO THAT HE WENT FALLING DOWN...



DYLAN HIT THE GROUND WITH A HEAVY THUD AND FELT THE AIR ESCAPE HIS LUNGS ALL AT ONCE. IT WAS CLEAR NOW THAT BUFFY WOULDN'T PULL ANY PUNCHES AND HE WAS REALLY, REALLY SCARED NOW...





GET UP,
STEPPADDY...

I'M NOT QUITE DONE
PLAYING WITH THIS
LITTLE TOY I GOT FOR
MY BIRTHDAY...

NOT QUITE DONE AT
ALL...

AT THIS MOMENT, IN CHICAGO...

IT WAS AROUND NOON, AND MASON HAD JUST FINISHED HIS VISIT TO ANOTHER COLLEGE, TOGETHER WITH ELSA, A GOOD FRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL, WHO WAS INTERESTED IN THE SAME COLLEGE...

WANNA GO FOR A COFFEE?

ACTUALLY, MY DAD SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I WAS GOING TO GO BACK BY TRAIN TONIGHT, BUT HE TEXTED ME THAT HE'D PICK ME UP HERE AT NOON.

KINDA CRAZY... HE MUST HAVE LEFT VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING...



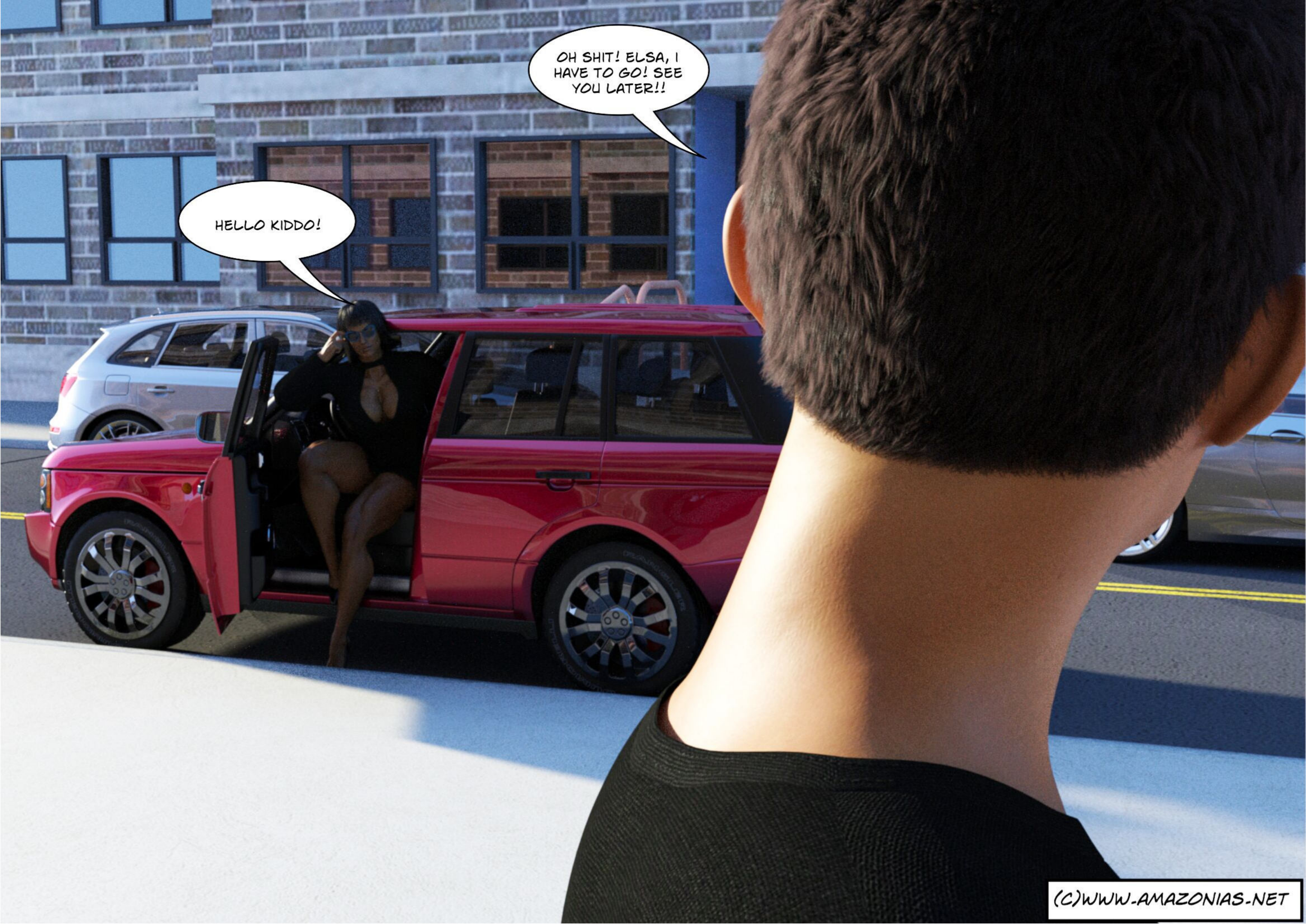
AH, THAT'S A PITY.
I WAS....-

RIGHT THEN, MASON SAW A
FAMILIAR CAR PULLING
OVER...

ACTUALLY THERE...
OH... THAT'S NOT MY
DAD'S CAR, IT'S...
MARY'S...

HAD HIS FATHER USED MARY'S CAR
FOR SOME REASON? OR...
THEN THE CAR STOPPED AND THE
DOOR OPENED...





HELLO KIDDO!

OH SHIT! ELSA, I
HAVE TO GO! SEE
YOU LATER!!

ELSA BENT DOWN TO GIVE MASON A HUG
BUT THE BOY DISAPPEARED AS FAST AS HE
COULD, WITHOUT ANY OTHER WORD...

WHAT THE...



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