



THE BULLY

PART 5

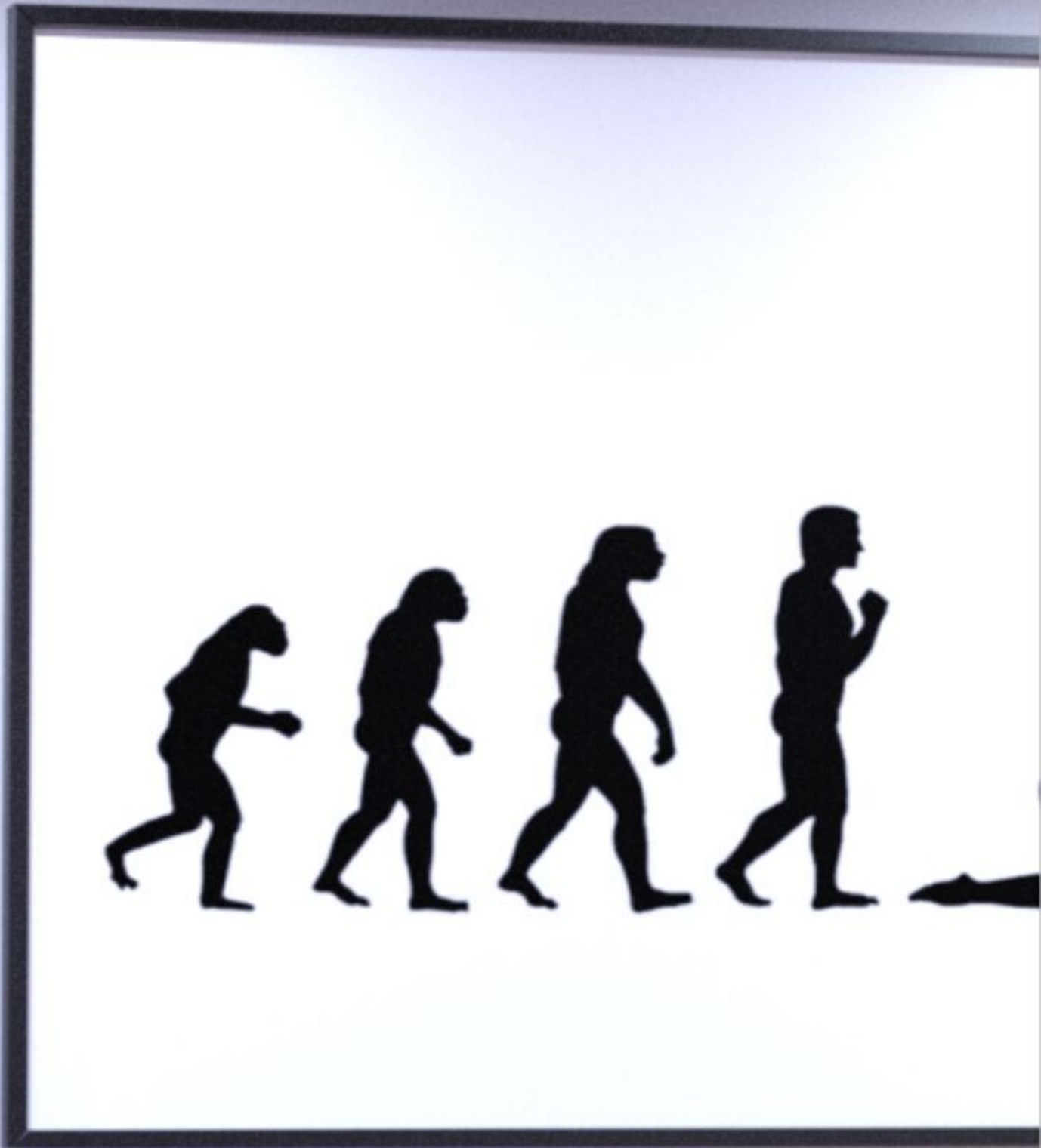
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THE BODYBUILDER DROPPED DYLAN ON THE FLOOR AND TOLD HIM TO KNEEL DOWN... HE OBEYED WITHOUT HESITATION.

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 muscular man with black hair, seen from the back, is holding a white barbell with black weights. He is leaning over a man lying on his back on a red mat. The man on the floor has a shocked expression and his hands are raised. The scene is set in a gym with blue and red mats on a wooden floor. A window is visible in the top left corner.

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...



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!

A muscular man is shown from the back, wearing black wristbands and socks, lying on a bench press. He is holding a barbell with weights. The gym background includes lockers and ceiling lights.

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 top of him, with her hands on his back. They are on a red gym mat with a blue border. A barbell with weights is on the floor. The scene is set in a gym.

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 flexing her biceps. She is lying on a red mat in a gym, with blue mats and wooden floors visible. She is wearing black socks and has her hair tied back. Her muscles are extremely defined, particularly her biceps, triceps, and legs. She is looking upwards with an open mouth, as if exerting effort or shouting. There are dumbbells and a barbell with weights in the background.

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?



A photograph of a very muscular woman with her hair in a bun, leaning over a man who is lying on a red mat in a gym. She is looking down at him. There are two speech bubbles overlaid on the image. In the background, there are weight plates on a barbell, one of which is labeled '10KG'. The floor is blue and red.

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,
STEPPADDY?

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...

OOOOHHH
YES...



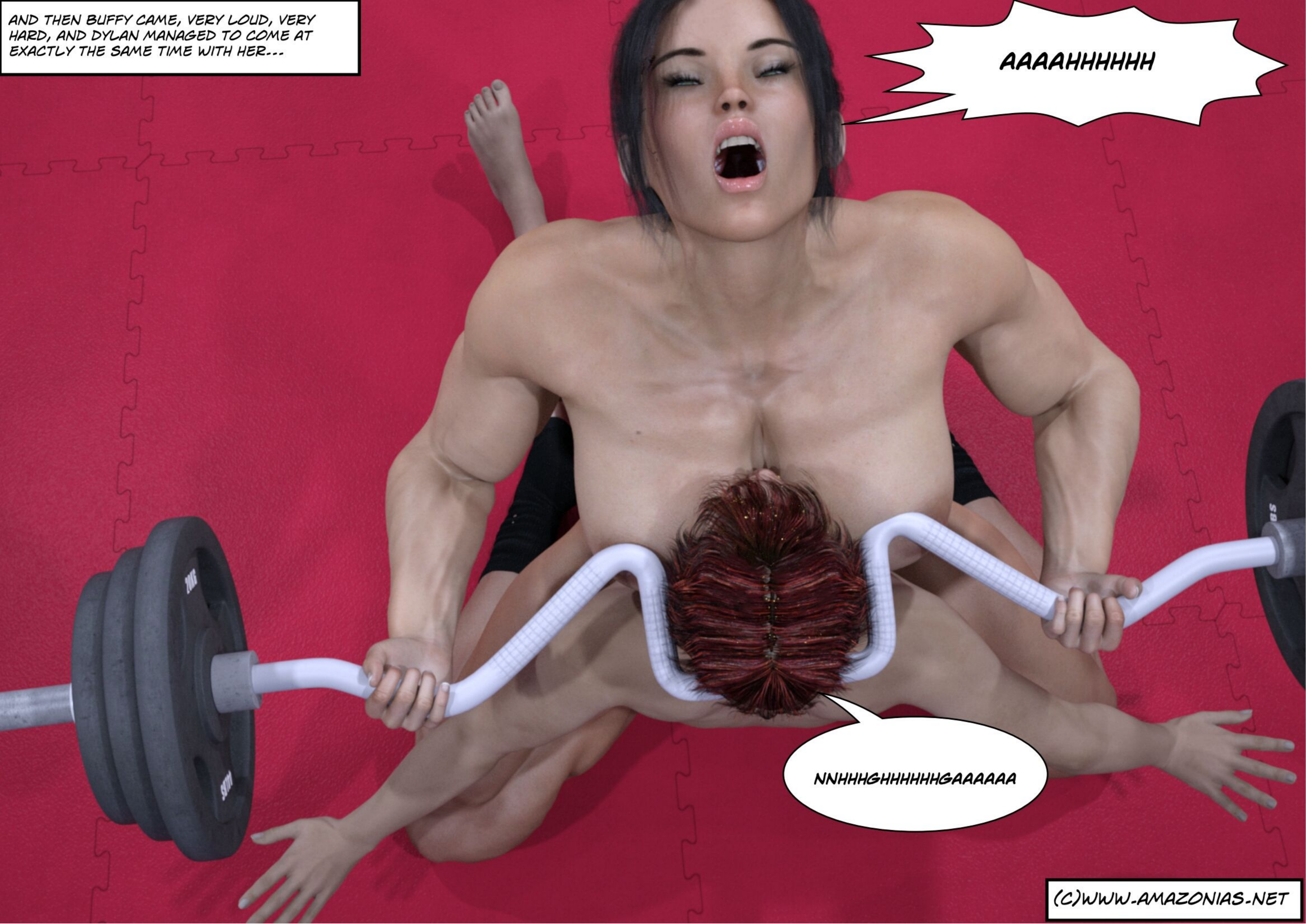
BUFFY BENT SO FAR BACK AND PULLED DYLAN UP SO MUCH THAT HE ACTUALLY ONLY TOUCHED THE GROUND WITH HIS FEET BY NOW... HE FELT LIKE A PUPPET THAT WAS BEING PLAYED WITH...

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...

AAAAHHHHHH



NNHHHGHHHHHGAAAAAA

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 muscular woman with dark hair and green eyes is shown in a gym setting. She is wearing a pink bikini and is eating a large sausage. She is flexing her right arm. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, and a copyright notice is in the bottom right corner.

AS WELL AS EATING
A LOT OF FOOD!



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.

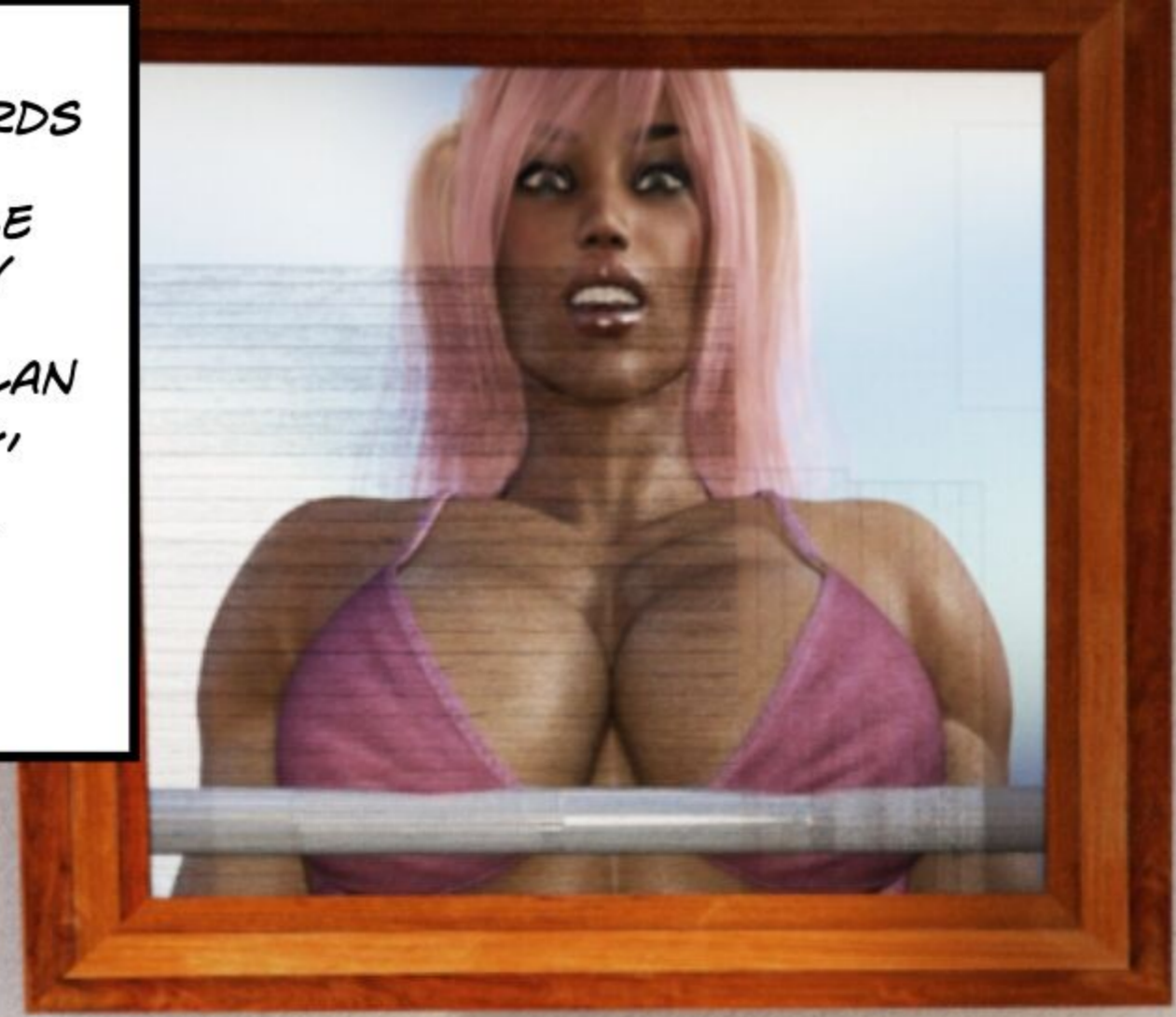
I WAS THINKING MAYBE WE COULD WATCH A MOVIE. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?

EH, SURE...

GREAT!

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

BUT WHEN BUFFY UNDRRESSED 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...



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

OH...

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...

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...

(C)WWW-AMAZONIAS-NET

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,
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.

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

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

Y-YES...

A woman in a purple bikini is standing between two men. She is looking towards the man on the right. The man on the left has his hand on her shoulder. The man on the right is seen from the back. In the background, there is a beach umbrella and a wooden fence.

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?

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

W-WHAT? I DON'T...

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 ALWAYS 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...



A woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a blue bikini, is standing on a wooden deck next to a swimming pool. She is looking towards two men whose backs are to the camera. One man has short dark hair, and the other has longer dark hair. A pink and yellow floral towel is on the deck behind the woman. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

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...



HOPEFULLY SHE WON'T BE TOO ROUGH WITH HIM. POOR GUY... BUT WELL, I DO WANT THE LITTLE ONE REALLY BAD...

OH MY GOD, IT'S REALLY HAPPENING. I'LL BELONG TO MARY!

YOU DON'T LIKE THIS IDEA AT ALL, DO YOU, LITTLE MAN?



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...



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?





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...



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



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 highly muscular woman with dark hair is standing on a wooden pool deck. She is wearing a light-colored bikini. Her physique is extremely defined, with prominent muscles on her chest, abdomen, and arms. She has a serious expression. The background shows a swimming pool, a wooden fence, and some outdoor furniture. There are three text boxes overlaid on the image, resembling comic book panels. The top one is a speech bubble, and the other two are rectangular boxes.

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...



(C)WWW-AMAZONIAS-NET

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!

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!