



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.

A muscular woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing an orange sequined sports top, is flexing her right bicep. She is looking towards a man who is kneeling and looking at her with a surprised expression. The background is a bright, outdoor setting with greenery.

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 photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright orange tank top with a white and gold sparkly pattern. She is looking downwards with a somber expression. Her right arm is raised, and a hand is visible on her shoulder. A speech bubble is positioned to her left. 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...

I CAN SEE IT WASN'T. WHAT HAPPENED?

IT WAS FINE...

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...





OH YES...
SHE'S THE
STRONGEST PERSON
IN OUR CLASS...

MAKE THAT IN OUR
SCHOOL...



AND SHE IS
YOUR AGE?

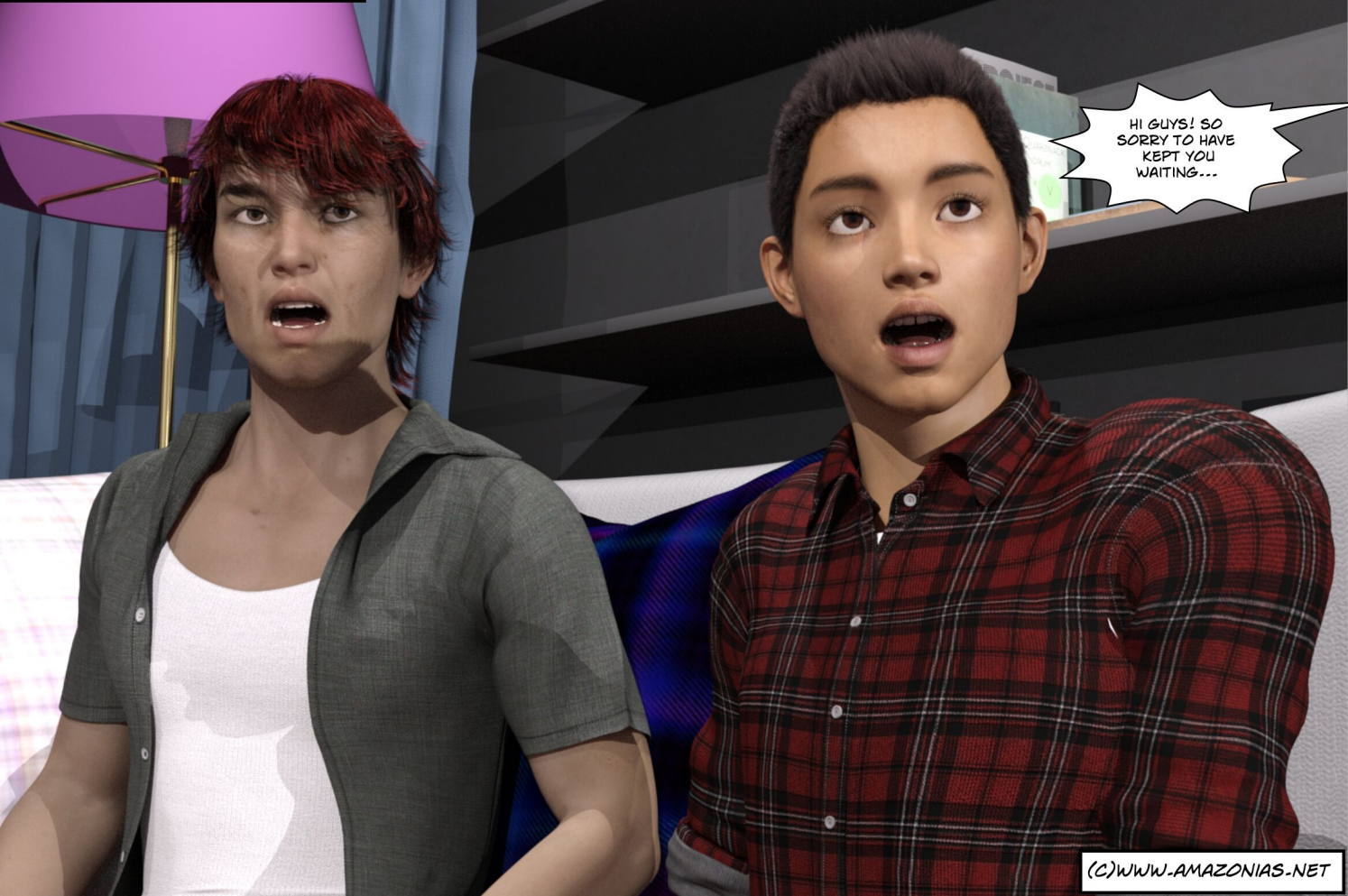
YES...

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...



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 is shown in profile, looking towards a computer monitor. She is wearing a dark, textured top. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. To her right, there is a framed picture of two muscular figures. One figure is standing and flexing its muscles, while the other is sitting or kneeling. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "IS THAT TRUE, BUFF?".

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...



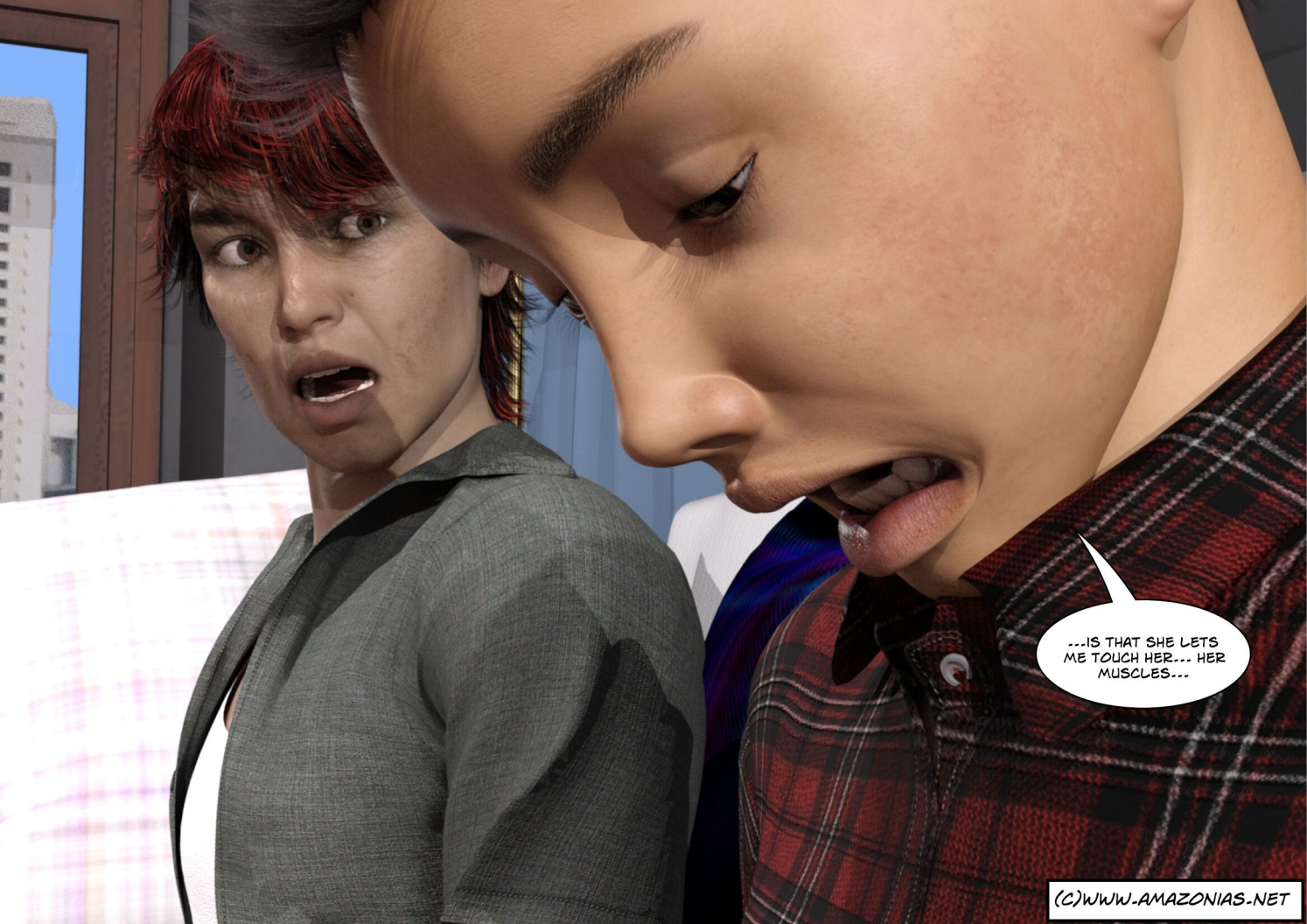
BUFFY DOES STUFF TO
ME I DON'T LIKE...

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...






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 3D-rendered scene featuring three characters. In the background, a woman with long dark hair and a black coat with a fur collar looks down. In the foreground, a woman with short red hair looks up at a woman whose back is to the camera. The woman with her back to the camera has dark hair in a bun and is wearing a red tank top. Two speech bubbles are present: a larger one pointing to the woman with her back to the camera, and a smaller one pointing to the woman with red hair.

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...

AAARGHH
LET ME
GOOOO!!!

VERY
SOON...

OH GOD,
THAT'S HOT!





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 highly muscular woman with dark hair is flexing her biceps. She is wearing a bright pink sports bra with black trim and black shorts with "FAD'S SPORT" written on the waistband. She is sitting on a grey exercise ball. The background shows a cityscape through a window. There are two speech bubbles and a blue vase on a wooden surface to the 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 over another person who is lying on the floor, whose head and back are visible in the foreground. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

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...

A young man with dark hair, wearing a white tank top, a grey cardigan, and khaki shorts, is kneeling on a blue rug. He is positioned between the legs of a woman whose legs are the central focus of the image. He has a surprised or nervous expression, with his hands raised near his chest. The woman is wearing orange boat shoes and is barefoot. The background shows a modern living room with a grey sofa, plaid pillows, and a white coffee table.

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...

A muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a red sports bra and red shorts with a black waistband, is shown from the waist up. She has a very defined physique, with prominent abdominal muscles and large, muscular arms. She is looking down at a man with short, reddish-brown hair who is seen from the back of his head and shoulders. His hand is resting on the woman's hip. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a diagonal shadow line.

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, leans over a man lying on a couch. The man has red hair and is looking up at her. The scene is set in a modern apartment with large windows showing a cityscape. A pink lamp is visible between them.


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...



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

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

A muscular woman with dark hair is posing on a wooden floor. She is wearing a pink bikini top and has her head tilted back with her eyes closed and mouth open. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

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