

GOING FOR A  
RIDE, DAD? CAN  
I COME WITH? I  
WANNA LEARN  
HOW TO RIDE.

A muscular man with a shaved head and a beard, wearing sunglasses, a white t-shirt, a black motorcycle vest, and blue jeans, is riding a black motorcycle down a suburban street. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. A large speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing text. The background shows a residential street with houses, trees, and a clear blue sky.

SORRY, SAM.  
YOU'RE STILL TOO  
YOUNG TO RIDE.  
MOTORCYCLES ARE  
DANGEROUS. PLUS,  
I NEED TO CLEAR  
MY HEAD. I'LL BE  
BACK SOON.




**\*VROOM!\***  
**\*VROOM!\***

**\*SIGH\***  
**OKAY. BE**  
**SAFE, DAD.**  
**SEE YOU**  
**IN A BIT.**



THIS SUCKS.  
ALL DAD EVER  
DOES IS RIDE HIS  
MOTORCYCLES  
EVER SINCE MOM  
CHEATED ON HIM.  
I JUST WANNA  
SPEND TIME WITH  
HIM.




HE HAS SO MANY  
COOL BIKES, BUT  
WON'T TEACH ME  
HOW TO RIDE ANY OF  
THEM. I JUST WISH  
HE WANTED TO  
RIDE WITH ME.



?

HMM? MY CHEST  
SUDDENLY FEELS  
FUNNY, AND MY  
HEART JUST STARTED  
POUNDING...  
WEIRD. MAYBE I  
SHOULD GO INSIDE  
AND LIE DOW-



W- WHAAA?!?  
AM I GROWING  
B- BOO-



BOOBS?!?!?





GH- THEY'RE  
NOT STOPPING!  
MY CLOTHES  
CAN'T-  
GYAHH!!!

EHH!?  
W- WHAT'S  
HAPPENING TO  
ME?! H- HOLY  
CRAP, THESE ARE  
BIGGER THAN  
MOM'S...



AH! ARE MY SHORTS RIPPING?! OH GOD, DOES THAT MEAN-



UUGH!  
T- TOO BIG!  
TOO TIGHT!!





GUHH?!?  
WHY IS THIS  
HAPPENING  
TO ME?!

HOW DO I  
STOP IT!? I  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE A G-



GHHKK?!?



\*SCHLURP!\*

OOHHH FFF-  
FFUUUCK! I H-  
HAVEN'T BEEN  
THIS WET SINCE  
PUBERTY!





HUH?! MY  
VOICE?! WHAT  
AM I SAYING?!?  
I'VE NEVER  
BEEN-





**Engines!**

**Lube!**

**Oil!**

**HNGHH! WHAT ARE THESE THOUGHTS?! MY HEAD FEELS-KCHH?!**

ARE

THESE...MEMORIES?!

I...I CAN SMELL THE

GASOLINE...I CAN

FEEL THE

SWEAT...AND THE


ANNOYANCE AT THE

NEW GUY MESSING

WITH MY SHIT...

HEY! I TOLD  
YOU NOT TO  
TOUCH MY  
TOOLS!






FUCK. WHAT A DAY.  
UGH, I SMELL LIKE  
BRAKE FLUID. THAT  
ONE CUSTOMER  
WAS KINDA CUTE  
THOUGH...

I FEEL...EXHAUSTED.  
OLD. BUT...DID I JUST  
CALL SOMEONE CUTE?!  
WHO AM I TALKING  
ABOUT?! I REMEMBER  
WORKING ON A  
BIKE...SEEING BIG  
MUSCLES...



DAD?!?!  
OH GOD, THIS CAN'T  
BE HAPPENING!

HEY, GORGEOUS.  
YOU REALLY KNOW  
YOUR WAY AROUND  
A BIKE. YOU GOT  
MINE RUNNING  
BETTER THAN SHE  
EVER HAS! SAY, CAN  
I BUY YOU A  
DRINK?



HEH, DID  
YOU FOLLOW ME  
FROM THE SHOP?  
SURE, YOU CAN BUY  
ME A DRINK, BUT  
DON'T THINK YOU'RE  
GETTING A FREE  
RIDE, BIKER  
BOY.

NO! I DON'T THINK  
DAN- DAD IS CUTE!  
HE'S A GUY! A  
STRONG...HANDSOME  
GUY...

OH GOD, WHY DO I  
REMEMBER FEELING  
SO EXCITED?! LIKE I  
WANTED TO FEEL  
HIM...INSIDE ME?!  
PLEASE, I DON'T  
WANT-



**Sex!**

**Sweat!!**

**Screams!!!**

**Nooo-  
000AAHH!!!**

**My  
Dripping  
Cunt!**

**His Rock  
Hard  
Cock!!**

**The  
Warmth  
of Cum!!!**



I JUST  
WANTED TO  
LEARN HOW  
TO RIDE!



I...



I LOVE  
BEING  
RIDDEN!



OH GOD!  
D- DAD! I-  
AHH!!

YES,  
DADDY!!  
DANNY!!!  
OWAHH-



**\*HUFF\***  
**HAAHHH...**  
**HOLY FUCK, THAT**  
**WAS INTENSE.**  
**WHAT WAS I**  
**EVEN-**



WAIT, AM  
I IN DANNY'S  
GARAGE? HOW  
THE FUCK DID  
I END UP  
HERE?!





\*VROOM!\*  
\*VROOM!\*  
\*VROOM!\*

WHATEVER.  
SOUNDS LIKE  
HE'S BACK.  
TIME TO PLAY  
WITH MY BOY  
TOY.

HEY, SAM.  
I'M BACK.  
SORRY  
THAT TOOK  
SO-





RIDING  
WITHOUT ME?  
PSH, DIDN'T  
TAKE YOU FOR  
A GUY TO  
CRANK HIS HOG  
ALONE.



UHH, CAN I  
HELP YOU,  
MA'AM?

HOW DID YOU  
EVEN GET INTO  
MY GARAGE?  
DID MY SON  
LET YOU  
IN-

SON...?

SAM...



SAMANTHA...




...GIRLFRIEND...



SAMAN...

WAIT...  
S- SAM...?  
WHAT'S  
GOING...

A muscular woman with dark, curly hair tied in a high ponytail, wearing a black leather vest over an orange tube top and denim shorts. She has a surprised expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. The background shows a suburban street with a wooden building, a blue car, and a white car.

YOUR SON?  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN? DANNY,  
IS SOMETHING  
WRONG? WHY'RE  
YOU STARING AT  
ME LIKE THAT?





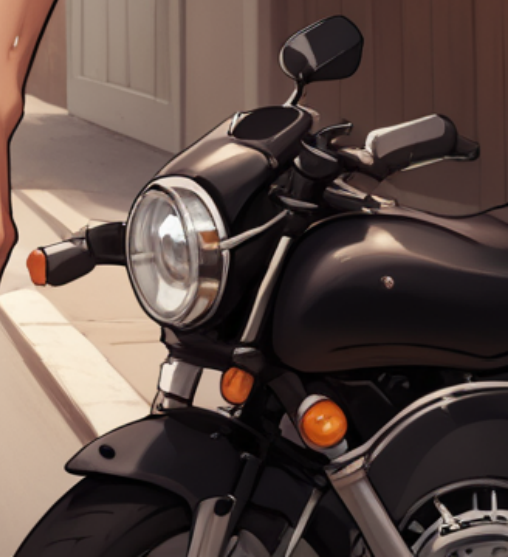
HUH? OH,  
SORRY. MY HEAD  
IS A LITTLE FOGGY.  
I DREAMT THAT I  
HAD A KID WITH  
MY EX AND, UH, I  
GUESS IT'S  
LINGERING...

A muscular woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a black leather vest over an orange top and blue denim shorts. She is posing in a workshop or garage, with her hand on her hip and a finger to her lips. She has a confident, slightly mischievous expression. The background shows a window, a workbench, and a blue storage bin.

SOUNDS  
LIKE I'VE GOT  
SOME WORK TO  
DO TO GET YOU  
RUNNING  
SMOOTHLY  
AGAIN.

WHY DON'T I  
START BY  
CHECKING YOUR  
DIPSTICK? IT'S  
STARTING TO LOOK  
A LITTLE TIGHT  
DOWN THERE.  
MMMM...

HEH, WHATEVER  
YOU SAY, BABE!  
YOU'RE THE  
MECHANIC!  
GODDAMN, I AM  
SO LUCKY TO  
HAVE YOU.





MMM!!!

SCHLURP

SCHLURP


SCHLURP

SCHLURP

MMM!!!

MAAHH...  
CUM LEVELS ARE  
GOOD, TASTE IS A  
BIT SALTIER THAN  
NORMAL, BUT I'D  
SAY YOUR COCK IS  
PERFECTLY  
FUNCTIONAL!



A detailed illustration of a muscular woman with long black hair in a high ponytail, a milk mustache, and a speech bubble. She is wearing a black leather vest over an orange top and denim shorts. The background is a cluttered room with cardboard boxes and blue bins.

THOUGH I  
STILL NEED  
TO TAKE IT  
FOR A TEST  
RIDE. Y'KNOW,  
JUST TO BE  
SAFE...

OOHHH!

ALMOHHSTI!

JUST A  
LITTLE  
MORE-  
AH!  
AAHHH-



ЕУАHH!!  
YES!

OHHH  
GOD,  
YESSS!!!








AHAHH...  
GODDAMN, BABE!  
YOU LOVE ME  
OR SOMETHING?  
THAT WAS THE  
BEST FUCK OF  
MY LIFE!



C'MON, SAM.  
YOU KNOW I LOVE  
YOU. YOU'RE THE  
MOST INCREDIBLE  
WOMAN I'VE  
EVER MET!

YOU'D BE  
A FUCKIN'  
BADASS  
MOM, TOO.



SO NOW YOU'RE  
KISSING MY ASS?  
YOU SHOULD TRY  
DOING THAT MORE  
DURING SEX! HEH,  
SORRY, I CAN'T  
HELP BUSTING  
YOUR BALLS.

I LOVE YOU  
TOO, BABE. YOU'RE THE  
ONLY GUY I KNOW WHO CAN  
HANDLE A WOMAN LIKE ME.  
I DON'T KNOW IF I'M MOM  
MATERIAL, BUT WHO  
KNOWS? MAYBE ONE OF  
THESE DAYS I'LL FORGET  
TO TAKE MY BIRTH  
CONTROL.



OKAY, ENOUGH  
MUSHY FAMILY  
TALK. I NEED TO  
BURN SOME  
GASOLINE. YOU  
GONNA RIDE  
WITH ME?

**\*VROOM!\***  
**\*VROOUMM!\***

HAH! DAN,  
DID YOU SERIOUSLY  
JUST STALL YOUR BIKE?  
WHO TAUGHT YOU BIKE?  
TO RIDE?! YA KNOW, I'M  
MORE THAN HAPPY TO  
GIVE YOU SOME  
LESSONS...

**\*VRO-\***  
**\*PUTT\***  
**\*PUTT\***  
**\*PU-\***  
...

I SWEAR  
THIS NEVER  
HAPPENS TO  
ME!

**THE END!**