MARJORIE:

THE SUB - CHAPTER 1

J. Stilton

One thing which initially doesn't make me very popular among my students, but which they realize pays off in the end, is that I love...

Oh, good to see you! So I'm Marjorie. See the big girl in the front of the classroom? That's me! Like my classmates, I'm listening to Mr Evans introduce himself as the new substitute teacher for Mr Richards, who is on sick leave...

Unannounced tests!

This caused quite a stir. I was amused at my classmate's reactions. As usual, they saw a problem while I only saw... a challenge...

Oh please!

What? No way!

That sucks man!

Come on guys, that's not the end of the world! You'll need to study less for the finals, and it will improve your grades. What's bad about that huh?

So all I can advise you is: always be ready!

Excuse me sir?

Yes?

I'm sorry, but that's not really gonna work for us...

Oh, I see, it's not gonna "work for you". And what may be the reason for that, pray?

It's just not. We don't like it, Mr. Evans. We really don't want it.

Quite right, I see. Well ahm... With whom do I have the honour of speaking?

Is this girl like a bodybuilder or what? She looks huge...

My name is Marjorie Jackson sir.


Well Ms Jackson, I understand you don't like it, but what can I say. Prepare to be surprised!

"Expect the best, plan for the worst, and prepare to be surprised." Isn't that a nice quote? Let me write it down...

istory Test - Friday 25th

The Industrial Revolution

Mr. Evans was not making it easy, and I just loved it. I was able to succesfully dominate Julian and his dad so I felt really prepared to tackle this little guy. I wriggled my big body out of the tiny chair and stood up...*

* See: "Amber and Julian", at www.amazonias.net

to... be... sur-

I sat down on the teacher desk and winked back at the class. The look of amazement in their eyes was just golden. I felt huge and awesome and there wasn't the slightest trace of nervousness. Instead, there was a tremendous feeling of excitement.

History Test - Friday 25th

There. Now Miss Jackson, do you know who...

Industrial Revolution

Miss Jackson! I believe that is the teacher's desk you're sitting on?

World Time - 25 zones of 15
GMT = Greenwich Mean
London - GMT
Paris = GMT +1
Jerusalem = GMT +
Kuwait = GMT +3


Just trying to surprise you, Mr Evans. Don't you like surprises?
Oh I do, I do. But there's a time and place for everything, Miss Jackson...

Oh, you mean this isn't a good time, Mr Evans?

Kindly go back to your seat now, Miss Jackson.

[whispering] What do you think Carol? Surprise him some more?

Ooh, definitely!

Miss Jackson...

History Test - Friday 25th

The Industrial Revolution

Your seat please. Before I get angry.

Okay, let me get up...


Now, Mr. Evans, I don't want to make a big problem out of this...
I'm afraid you already *have* a big problem, Miss Jackson...

Go. To. Your. Seat!

Aww, Mr. Evans...

First let's cut out this silly dictatorial commanding, ok? It doesn't become a little man like you...

Miss Jackson, I swear, if you don't take your seat this very second, you're looking at a couple of weeks detention.

Ewww, detention! I don't like detention...

Unless, of course, you'd be there with me, late at night, in the detention room...
You know Mr Evans, I asked you not to be so dictatorial...

Last time I checked, this country was still a democracy...

Get your hands off me, Miss Jackson. NOW!

World Time - 25 zones of 15 Longitude
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So why don't we ask the class what they want, ok?
Goddammit, you will...

Class, do we want unannounced tests?

NO!

You want me to make that really clear to Mr Evans?

YES!

Ok Mr Evans, seems to me the majority has spoken pretty clearly. Unanymously, in fact.

I can assure you, Miss Jackson, that we're no longer talking about detention, but about permanent suspension! Get your hands off me and take your seat!

Let me tell you something, Mr Evans. Detention, suspension, whatever... You really have nothing to threaten me with. First of all, when I'm done with you, you won't dare to take any action. Secondly, even if you would, I just don't care.

I, on the other hand, have real means to threaten you...

Miss Evans, I...-

He was getting really on my nerves with all his Miss Jacksons, so with all my body weight behind it, I pushed him hard against the blackboard with my arm...

SHUT THE FUCK UP!
You little turd!

He momentarily flew through the air, his feet off the ground. On impact, chalkdust fell down from the blackboard. Doing this to this annoying little worm felt terrific. There were ooohs and aaaahs from the whole class...

You see, Mr Evans, where my authority comes from, what I'm threatening you with, is something more... basic, more raw, more visceral...


My threats come from my physical power, Mr. Evans. The power to really hurt you with my muscles...
History Test - Frid
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Paris = GM
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And as you must have noticed when you walked into the classroom, yet chose to ignore at your own peril, I have big muscles. Everywhere.

I... I'm sorry... Ughhhh... There won't... be unannounced... tests...

Of course there won't be, Mr Evans. Big Marjorie already said that, right?


Unfortunately, we're already beyond the point of no return. I hope you are ready to be surprised, Mr Evans... These babies are gonna have some fun with you...
Huh? Wha- what babies?

My biceps, you idiot!

Ugggggghhhh


Afraid now, aren't you, little pedantic fuckwit! But don't worry, it's not your time yet...


Kyle, come over here and take off Mr Evans' shoes...
What? Please
SHUT UP!
25 zones of 15 Longitude
Greenwich Mean Time
London GMT
Paris = GMT +1
Jerusalem = GMT +2
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Eh... eh... Marjorie... if you don't mind, I'd rather not get involved in this. Is... is that ok?

[Quietly] Now, Mr Evans, learning moment for teacher. To motivate, as you know, there's the carrot and the stick. Unlike you, I can control this whole classroom with sticks - my muscles, actually a lot harder and more dangerous than sticks. But I chose not to do so and to hand out some carrots now and then. Kyle here is actually one of the guys who is turned on by powerful women. Watch...


You know Kyle, I could easily make you do it, but what if I promised you five minutes of muscle Playtime? I've seen you stare for a looooong time now...

Don't do it Kyle! Stay out of this...

I was of course aware that my physique was not attractive to just anyone - most men still dream of their little girlie dolls - but when it hit, it hit hard and was almost like magic. Sometimes it was more fun to seduce such men than to force them...

Good boy Kyle. While you're down there, you can kiss my legs. I won't count it for your five minutes. We'll play later...

Ok Marjorie... T-thank you

Yes, feel those bick, thick calves muscles too while you're at it.

I could hear the boy's sighing and moaning while he kissed my big legs. I had to really control myself or I would've put him between my thighs right there. But there were other matters to take care of...

See, Mr Evans, I promised him such a big carrot that he wants to become an accomplice in this horrible maltreatment of his teacher... And now he doesn't mind kissing my leg in front of the class. Now THAT is power, Mr Evans.

Oh my god, this is crazy!

Mmmmm

Now, I need something. Let's see if it's in one of your pockets...

Oh my god, those legs... I'm gonna die. So huge, so powerful.... Such muscles...

Got it!

Hey, my keys!

You want them back, little man? You want your keys back?

Yes, they're mine, give them back!

Now what? If you can grab them, you can have them, and I'll let you go, ok?

Uggggg

Kyle, kissing time is over, I need some room. Stay close, on your knees, and watch.

I'll count down from three and you can make your move, Mr Evans. Be fast, ok? Three - Two - One...

GO!

Hmm, way too slow, big guy...

Huuuuuuuu


Come on big guy, you can get them...

Stretch your arms just a liiiittle more, come on!

Urrrrrrrgghhh

You givin' up? Pressure gettin' a little too high?

Gggghhhhhh

P-leaaa urgh


Do you want a flex with that?
Russia
China

Mmm, I love these biceps so much. It's they who allow me to do anything what I want with anyone...

I can just kiss them.
MUAH!

History Test

The Indu

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Paris = GMT
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Kuwait = GMT

Time to go home boys and girls... Kyle, take these keys. You stay here. People, before you leave the classroom...

RRRRRRRIINNNNNNNGGGG

The school bell rang, indicating the end of the day. I felt extactic, on the top of my game, and I wanted more...

... I want each and every one of you to kiss this bicep! Just as a small token of appreciation for getting rid of Mr Evans's stupid tests for us all.

It was a bold move, especially since I had to trust them with not telling anyone what happened in the classroom. But still, I wanted to see how far I could drive them. I wanted to see if I had the whole classroom in my pocket...

Fuck that shit, I'm not kissing your biceps! Are you crazy?

I must admit I was a bit disappointed. Apparently I still had some work to do...

I can assure you all that Tina will deeply regret this, as will anyone who talks about what happened here.

IS THAT FUCKING CLEAR?

Now come and thank me. All of you!

Good girl, Shelly. That's how you do it!

My words and body language didn't miss their effect, I was happy to observe. It felt so good to be worshipped like this, and to have the class under my control.

Marjorie... you're so awesome... Can I stay and watch?

Off course you can, little girl. Go sit down.

Well done James, have a good afternoon.


A lot bigger than yours, isn't it Ken?
Yes Marjorie. Thanks for getting rid of the tests.
Anytime Ken!

See Shelley, that's domination.

You are just... out of this world!

Do I... get to kiss it too?

Haha, you're cute. Ok, but lock the doorn first, so that we won't be disturbed..




I... can't reach it...
Of course you can't. You're like, what? Two heads shorter than me? Let me help you a bit..

Oh my god, you are so unbelievably fucking strong! Could you lift me too?

Sure hon, why don't you use a chair to step on my leg? How's it feel Kyle, your little legs dangling in the air?

Oh god Marjorie. You... Oooh

Please, can you let me go?

Shut up Mr Evans. We're not done yet.


Get on my big thigh, little girl, and fuck it!
Oh yes, I'm gonna fuck that massive thigh! Oh my god, oh my...

Oh my god!

See, little boy? lifting two little humans at the same time! What do you think about that?

I must be having a nightmare... A very realistic one...


Oh god, this is amazing!
Yes, big girl, keep at it! You're doing great! Keep humping that huge thigh!

All right my darlings, I'm gonna put you down. It's time to focus on our dear teacher now... Maybe we can play some more later...


So, Mr Evans... Here's our demands. No unnanounced tests, that's obvious. No homework. No boring subjects in class. And a minimum of a B+ score for everyone. What do you think?


P-please... you know I can't do that!
Not even if I wanted...
Hmm, that's very disappointing,
Mr. Evans. And dangerous...

*Because, you know, I *can* and *want* to do a great many things to you, that may make you regret what you just said...*

What do you think, Mr Evans? Want to obey your student now?

Okay... fine, whatever you say!

That's my man! I'm proud of you Mr Evans. And I'm very curious about how you will grade me, I must say...