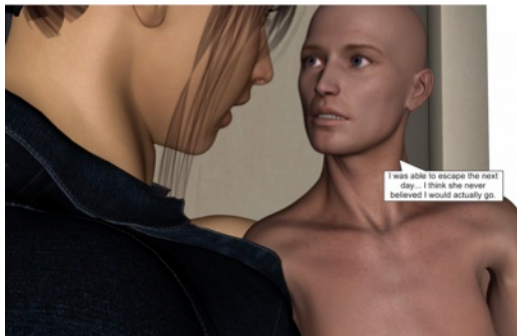


# MARJORIE AFTER JULIAN

REMEMBER HOW JULIAN  
TOLD AMBER HOW HE  
ESCAPED FROM MARJORIE  
DURING THEIR VACATION?  
WHAT FOLLOWS HAPPENED  
RIGHT AFTER THAT---



(C)WWW-AMAZONIAS-NET

WHEN MARJORIE CAME BACK  
FROM THE HOTEL'S GYM...

THAT WORKOUT WAS KINDA  
WORTHLESS... SHITTY GYM...  
MACHINES FOR MATCHSTICK  
FIGURES... NOTHING THAT COULD  
BREAK ME INTO A SWEAT...



JULIAN?



JULIAN? WHERE ARE YOU. THIS ISN'T FUNNY OR ANYTHING...




WHAT??  
HIS STUFF IS  
GONE!



THIS IS  
JULIAN.  
PLEASE LEAVE A  
MESSAGE AFTER  
THE BEEP...

GODDAMMIT!



JULIAN, WHERE ARE YOU?  
YOU KNOW I LIKE TO TAKE YOU  
RIGHT AFTER A WORKOUT. I EXPECT  
YOU IN THE ROOM  
IMMEDIATELY!

MARJORIE SEARCHED THE HOTEL AND THE SURROUNDINGS, ASKED AROUND FOR JULIAN, BUT SHE COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF HIM... IN THE END, SHE SPENT THE NIGHT ALONE IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM...



THE NEXT DAY, AFTER MORE SEARCHING AND CALLING, SHE DROVE BACK HOME, SWEARING SHE WOULD FIND JULIAN AND GIVE HIM A PUNISHMENT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET...



WHEN SHE DIDN'T FIND HIM AT THEIR APT. (WHICH SHE HADN'T EXPECTED ANYWAY), SHE DROVE ON, RIGHT TO THE HOUSE OF AISHA AND DAVE MCMILLAN , HER MOTHER AND STEPFATHER...





LET'S SEE IF  
MY LITTLE FLICK OF A  
STEPDAD KNOWS  
SOMETHING ABOUT HIS  
SON'S  
WHEREABOUTS...



THERE YOU GUYS ARE! I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING ALL OVER THE HOUSE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE  
OLD LIVING ROOM?

OH I SEE...

A man in white briefs is performing a handstand in a living room. He is positioned behind a large, light-colored sofa with patterned cushions. The room features a wooden floor, a patterned rug, and a window with a white frame. A speech bubble above the man contains the text: "ONE SEC MARGE... 48, 49, 50...".

ONE SEC  
MARGE... 48, 49,  
50...

THERE!



ME AND DAVE USUALLY HAVE A LITTLE WORKOUT HERE RIGHT BEFORE WE GO TO BED. RIGHT, HONEY?

EH... YES DEAR...

AH, GOOD... BUT DIDN'T YOU USED TO THINK HE WAS ACTUALLY TOO LIGHT TO BE OF MUCH USE FOR YOU LIKE THIS...



YEAH WELL, THAT'S STILL TRUE,  
BUT I MAKE UP FOR IT BY ADDING  
MORE SETS...

SET THREE... 1,  
2, 3...

I SEE...

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE SO LATE, BABY?

YES WELL... JULIAN HAS DISAPPEARED...





AH? DO YOU THINK HE WOULD...  
DARE TO TRY TO ESCAPE?


I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT HE  
WOULD... BUT THERE'S NO  
TRACE OF HIM... SO I WAS THINKING  
OF CHECKING WITH MR.  
MCMILLAN HERE...

COULD I ASK HIM  
SOME QUESTIONS?

OF COURSE HONEY.  
LET ME MOVE HIM UP A  
BIT...



LITTLE MAN... HAVE YOU HEARD  
OR SEEN ANYTHING OF JULIAN IN  
THE LAST FEW DAYS?



I... I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN WEEKS... REALLY?! DO YOU THINK HE'S ALL RIGHT?




HMMM... YOU KNOW WHAT BIG MARJORIE THINKS?

BIG MARJORIE THINKS YOU'RE LYING...

NO! I SWEAR I'M NOT!





I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER  
THE KIND OF PAIN I CAN INFLICT ON  
YOU WITH THIS BODY, DON'T YOU,  
LITTLE STEPDAD?

YES, OF COURSE!  
MARJORIE, I SWEAR I...

SSHHH, ENOUGH!



CAN YOU PUT HIM A BIT HIGHER  
STILL, MOM?




JUST A BIT HIGHER...

TELL ME WHERE YOU WANT HIM BABY...

LIKE THIS?

PLEASE, WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING...

THAT'S PERFECT MOM,  
THANKS...

A muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace crop top and a red skirt, stands over a man who is lying on the floor. She has a stern expression. The man is looking up at her with a pleading expression. The scene is set in a room with white walls and a decorative molding.

WHY DON'T YOU START BY KISSING  
MY THIGHS, STEPDAD...

SHOW ME THAT YOU ARE STILL  
LOYAL TO MY MUSCLES AND THE  
POWER THEY REPRESENT...

URK! O-  
OKAY...PLEASE!



THAT'S IT, MY LITTLE FRIEND.  
I'M SURE WE CAN SOLVE THIS  
THING TOGETHER, DON'T BE  
AFRAID...



HEY, MISTER MCMILLAN, DO YOU THINK MY THIGHS HAVE GOTTEN ANY BIGGER SINCE LAST TIME I MADE YOU KISS THEM?

YES... I... THINK SO...



OH GOD, I ALWAYS FORGET  
HOW AWESOME IT IS TO  
DOMINATE A GUY TWICE MY AGE... I  
REALLY SHOULD DO THIS MORE  
OFTEN...

FEEL THE AWESOME POWER OF  
YOUR STEPDUGHTER, LITTLE MAN!  
FEEL IT!

TASTE IT!

WORSHIP IT!

OKAY, NOW LET'S  
INCREASE THE  
PRESSURE A BIT  
HERE...

YOU DECIDE HOW  
LONG THIS TAKES, MR  
MCMILLAN...

AISHA, PLEASE!  
DON'T LET HER...

SHHH  
HONEY...  
BETTER PAY FULL  
ATTENTION TO  
MARGE NOW...



LET'S PUT YOU IN THE  
SINGLE LEG VISE...

WHEN I DO THIS TO  
JULIAN HE USUALLY STARTS  
TO CRY...

AND THEN WHEN I LET  
HIM OUT I LACK AWAY HIS  
TEARS...

THAT TURNS ME ON SO  
MUCH...

AISHA, PLEASE!  
DON'T LET HER...

AAAARGH!  
NOOO!!

ARE YOU GONNA CRY TOO,  
STEPDAD?

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE  
FUN? IF I DID THIS TO YOU AND  
JULIAN AT THE SAME TIME. ONE  
BIG THIGH FOR EACH...

OF COURSE I HAVE TO FIND HIM  
FIRST FOR THAT... WHICH IS THE  
WHOLE POINT OF THIS LITTLE  
EXERCISE...

SO WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT  
YOUR SON, MR. McMILLAN?





AAAARGH!  
NOTHING! I  
SWEAR!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU SWEETIE.  
MORE PRESSURE THEN...



MY HEAD! PLEASE....

ALL RIGHT MARSE, THAT'S OK  
FOR NOW....

(C)WWW.AMAZONIAS-NET



OKAY, LET'S CHANGE POSITION  
THEN... THE STANDING  
HEADSCISSORS...



A low-angle shot of a highly muscular woman with long, wavy brown hair. She is wearing a black, textured sports bra and is flexing both of her biceps. Her expression is one of determination or anger, with her mouth open as if shouting. The background shows a room with white walls, a decorative ceiling, and a doorway.

HE'S LIED TO ME BEFORE  
MOM. COULD YOU PUSH HIM UP A  
LITTLE?



LIKE THIS?





GREAT. I GOT HIM, THANKS...



I KNOW WHEN HE'S LYING  
MARGE. HE'S VERY BAD AT IT. HIS  
FEAR GIVES HIM AWAY.

BUT MOM...

HE'S NOT LYING  
NOW...



ARE YOU, LITTLE  
FELLA?

IT'S BEEN YEARS  
SINCE I CALGT HIM  
LYING. I KNOW HE  
LEARNED HIS  
LESSON...

OH! NO,  
PLEASE, OH  
PLEASE...MY  
HEAD...OH...



HE'S TOO AFRAID OF THESE BIG MUSCLES, ISN'T HE? TOO AFRAID OF HIS WIFE...

HIS BIG BAD BODYBUILDING WIFE THAT'S TWICE HIS SIZE...

YOU WOULDN'T DREAM OF  
INCURRING THE WRATH OF THIS  
POWER BY LYING, WOULD YOU,  
DARLING?

NO, IT'S TRUE! I WOULD...  
NEVER LIE TO EITHER OF YOU!  
OH! PLEASE!



OKAY BABY. RENEW YOUR ALLEGIANCE FOR TONIGHT, AND THEN WE'LL GO TO BED...

THAT'S A GOOD BOY...  
YOUR LINE?





THANK YOU MISTRESS FOR  
LETTING ME BE WORTHY TO LICK  
THE SWEAT OFF YOUR  
FEET...

VERY GOOD.  
SEE, MARGE? HE'S TOTALLY  
MINE. I'M SURE HE KNOWS  
NOTHING. BUT I'LL KEEP AN EYE  
OUT...

OKAY MOM, THANKS...  
CAN I... USE HIM A BIT THOUGH? I  
FEEL SO FRUSTRATED RIGHT  
NOW...