


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...

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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 loooong 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 big , 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

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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...

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Got it!


Hey, my keys!



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

Yes, they're mine, give them back!

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Know 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!

WFF!!!

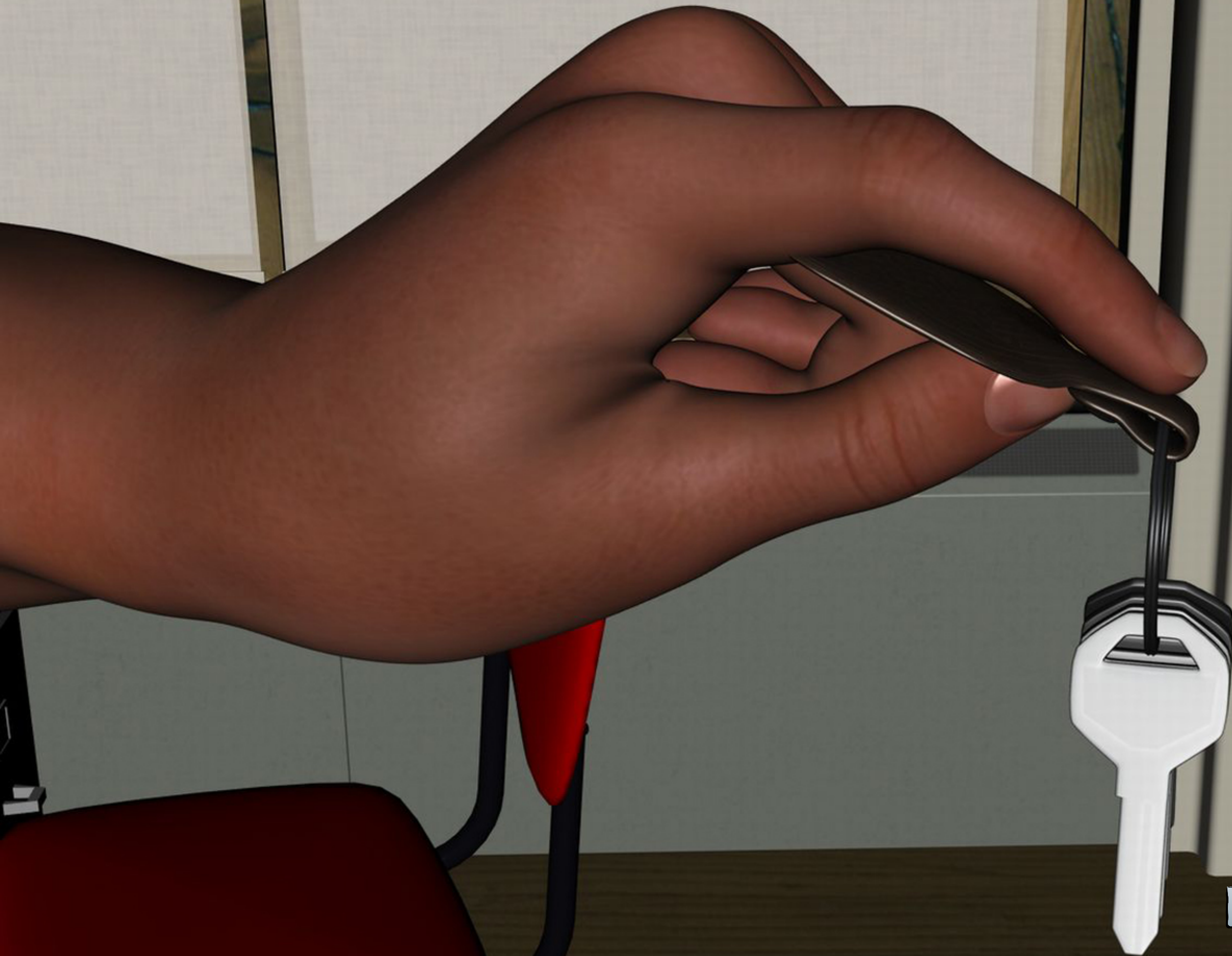




*Hmm, way too slow,
big guy...*

Huuuuuuuuuu

*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?*

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





*I can just kiss them.
MUAH!*


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



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RRRRRRRIINNNNNNGGGG

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...





**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..

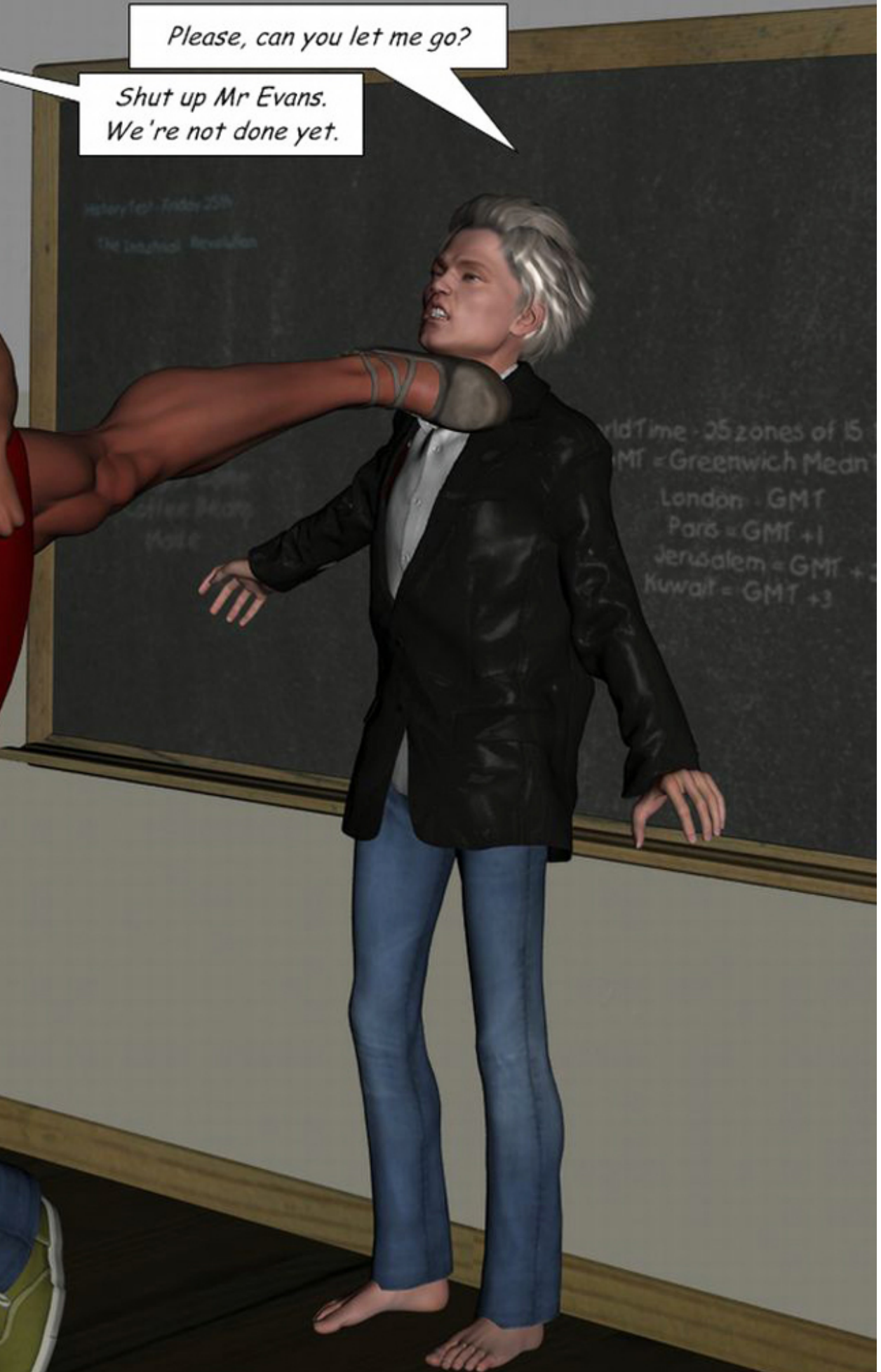
Oh my god, you are so unbelievably fucking strong! Could you lift me too?

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...

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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 unannounced 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...*



ory Test - Friday 25th
he Industrial Revolution



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...