




# MARJORIE'S WORKOUT

Part 1

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THIS MARJORIE EPISODE  
HAPPENED SHORTLY AFTER  
MARJORIE AND JULIAN MOVED  
TO THE NEW BIG HOUSE.  
MARJORIE IS TRAINING JULIAN  
TO BE HER REGULAR SLAVE...

A muscular woman with a very large, well-defined back and shoulders is sitting on a white table. She is wearing a white sports bra with blue trim and blue denim shorts with a white heart on the back pocket. She is also wearing a green baseball cap. In the background, a man in a white shirt and dark pants is walking down a staircase. The room is modern with white walls, a staircase, and several white chairs. A plate of food is on the table in front of her.

IT WAS A SUNDAY AFTERNOON. JULIAN HAD HOPED TO QUIETLY SNEAK OUT OF THE HOUSE TO VISIT A FRIEND - MARJORIE OFTEN DIDN'T APPROVE OF HIM GOING OUT. UNFORTUNATELY, COMING DOWN THE STAIRS HE SAW THAT THE GODDESS WAS HAVING ONE OF HER BIG MID AFTERNOON SNACKS (SHE ATE ABOUT FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS HIM, HE ESTIMATED) AND HAD SEEN HIM. JULIAN DECIDED TO PRETEND NOT TO HAVE NOTICED HIS STEPSISTER-MISTRESS AND QUIETLY WALKED ON, HOPING TO GET TO THE DOOR...


MARJORIE ALWAYS LOOKED STUNNING IN JULIAN'S EYES, BUT TODAY SHE SEEMED EXCEPTIONALLY AMAZING. HER HAIR WAS IN A BRAID (SOMETIMES SHE ASKED JULIAN TO MAKE IT) AND THE SKIMPY CLOTHING SHE WAS WEARING DID NOT LEAVE MUCH TO THE IMAGINATION: HER GLISTENING MUSCLES BULGED FROM EVERY PART OF HER BODY, AND WITH EVERY TINY MOVEMENT SHE MADE WHILE EATING, ONE COULD SEE MUSCLES FLEX AND RELAX...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE MAN?






I WAS... GOING TO THE  
COMIC STORE...



HMM, I THINK YOU HAVE  
TO COME TO MUSCLE,  
JULIAN...


YOU CAN DROP THAT  
RUCKSACK RIGHT  
THERE...

"TO COME TO MUSCLE" WAS AN EXPRESSION  
MARJORIE HAD STARTED TO USE WHEN SHE  
WANTED JULIAN TO COME TO HER AND NEEDED  
TO TELL HIM SOMETHING. MOST OF THE TIME IT  
WAS A REPRIMAND, SO WHENEVER HE HEARD THE  
WORDS "COME TO MUSCLE", JULIAN WAS  
APPREHENSIVE...



HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR LIST OF CHORES?

YES, MISTRESS. I GOT GROCERIES, COOKED DINNER FOR TONIGHT, AND WASHED ALL YOUR GYM EQUIPMENT LIKE YOU ASKED...



THAT SOUNDS  
GOOD, JULIAN.  
STILL, WHEN YOU LEAVE  
THE HOUSE, YOU ASK FOR MY  
PERMISSION. IS THAT  
UNDERSTOOD? AND IF YOU  
CAN'T FIND ME OR REACH ME,  
YOU JUST STAY PUT TILL  
YOU GET HOLD OF ME.  
CLEAR?

YES MISTRESS.  
THANK YOU.

YOU KNOW YOU ARE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT MINE, DON'T YOU, JULIAN?

YES, MISTRESS...






YOU KNOW YOU ARE  
SLAVE TO MUSCLE...

YES,  
MISTRESS...



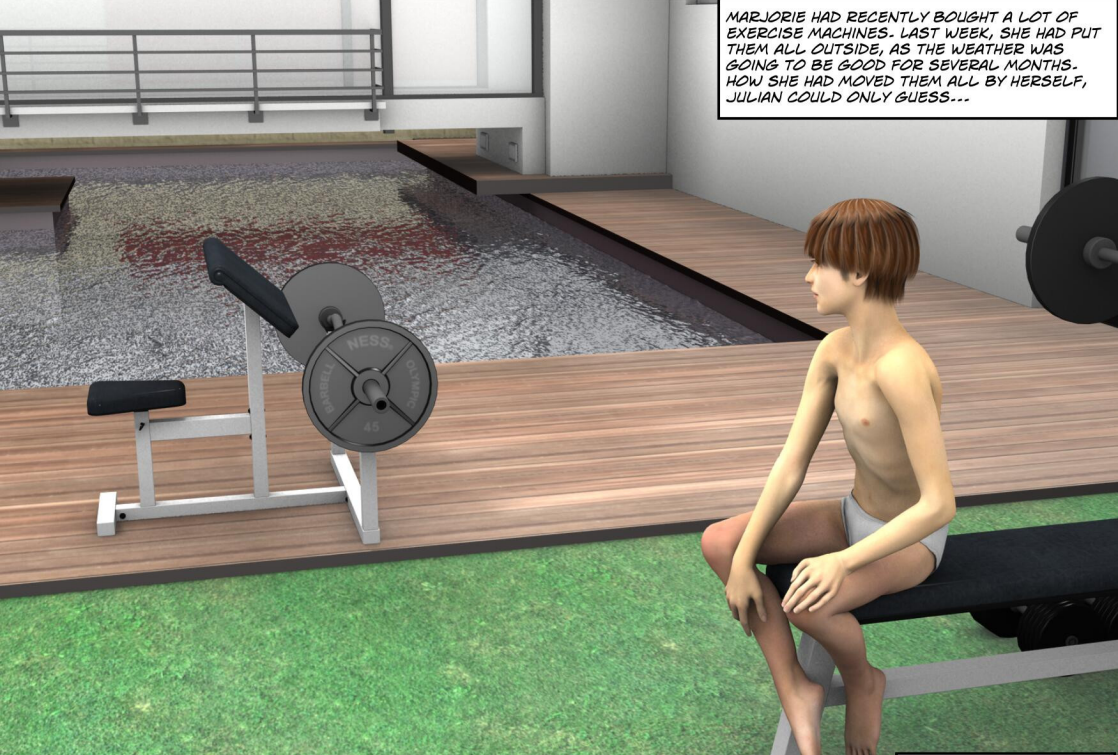
SO I'M AFRAID  
YOU CAN'T GO OUT  
TODAY BECAUSE I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING PLANNED  
FOR US.



I WANT YOU AT  
THE TERRACE GYM IN  
ONE HOUR. DRESS CODE  
IS JUST YOUR BRIEFS,  
NOTHING ELSE.  
UNDERSTOOD?

U... UNDERSTOOD...

MARJORIE HAD RECENTLY BOUGHT A LOT OF EXERCISE MACHINES. LAST WEEK, SHE HAD PUT THEM ALL OUTSIDE, AS THE WEATHER WAS GOING TO BE GOOD FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. HOW SHE HAD MOVED THEM ALL BY HERSELF, JULIAN COULD ONLY GUESS...



HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THIS GIRL JUST PLAYED WITH WEIGHTS HE COULDN'T EVEN LIFT?



HE HAD TRIED, NOW AND THEN, TO MOVE SOME OF THE WEIGHTS. IT WAS TO NO AVAIL. HE ESTIMATED THE BODYBUILDER COULD LIFT FOUR OR FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS HIM. HER STRENGTH SCARED HIM AND EXCITED HIM. IT COULD MAKE HIM CRY AND IT COULD MAKE HIM COME.



TO HIM SHE WAS GOLIATH. A MUSCULAR BEHEMOTH. AN INVINCIBLE LEVIATHAN WHOSE PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY OVER HIM HE COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE...

AS HE WONDERED WHAT SHE HAD PLANNED FOR HIM RIGHT NOW...



--- HIS STEPSISTER ENTERED THE GARDEN. SHE WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE, BUT THEY BOTH KNEW SHE COULD KEEP JULIAN WAITING AS LONG AS SHE WANTED (WHICH SHE OFTEN DID). EVERYTHING - EVERYTHING! - HAPPENED ON MARJORIE'S TERMS.

THE GIANTESS SEEMED EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE NOW, IN EVEN SKIMPIER CLOTHING, WITH THE SUNLIGHT REFLECTING ON HER POLISHED MUSCLES. HER BIG, FIRM TITS SEEMED EAGER TO GET OUT OF THE TIGHT SEXY TOP SHE WAS WEARING...

A muscular woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a bright yellow crop top and black bikini bottom, stands in a garden. She is holding a green tactical vest with black straps. The background shows a grey brick wall on the left and a white wall with a blue sky above. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I BROUGHT A SURPRISE FOR MY LITTLE ONE!



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK BABY?

WHAT'S THAT? AN  
ARMY VEST?



A MAGICAL ARMY  
VEST! HERE, TRY IT ON!

OKAY...



UUUUMPPFF

AS JULIAN GRABBED THE VEST, IT FELT SO MUCH HEAVIER THAN HE EXPECTED AND HE ACTUALLY LET IT DROP TO THE FLOOR...



OH MY GOD  
JULIAN! IT NEVER  
CEASES TO AMAZE ME  
HOW WEAK YOU ARE!  
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN  
YOUR FACE!  
PRECIOUS!



HERE, LET ME HELP  
YOU PUT IT ON...



OH MY... IT'S... IT'S  
SO HEAVY IT'S HARD TO  
STAND... WHAT... WHAT  
IS THIS?

THE VEST IS  
WEIGHTED WITH 50  
POUNDS OF STEEL  
IN THE POCKETS.

YOU CAN HOLD ON TO  
ME IF IT'S TOO HARD,  
LITTLE ONE...




GOD JULIAN, YOU'RE SO PATHETIC. IT'S REALLY INCREDIBLE...

WHY DO YOU... WANT ME TO WEAR THIS?



YOU REALLY  
CAN'T GUESS?



YOU... WANT ME  
TO BECOME A BIT  
STRONGER OR BIGGER  
THROUGH WEARING A  
HEAVY VEST?


HAHA, THAT'S HILARIOUS!  
I'M AN EXPERT ON  
BUILDING STRENGTH AND  
MUSCLE, BUT EVEN I WOULDN'T  
KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN WITH  
WHIPPING A SHRIMP LIKE YOU  
INTO SHAPE! NO JULIAN,  
THAT'S HOPELESS I'M  
AFRAID...

OK, LET'S  
TRY THIS  
OUT...



REMEMBER I  
TOLD YOU IT'S FUN  
TO USE YOU AS A  
WEIGHT? I TOLD YOU YOU  
HAD TO EAT MORE SO  
YOU'D BECOME  
HEAVIER...



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright yellow sleeveless top, is shown in profile, looking towards a man whose face is partially visible on the right. They are in a modern office with glass walls and a staircase in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the man on the right.

BUT I REALIZED  
THAT HELL WILL  
FREEZE OVER BEFORE  
YOU'LL PUT ON A FEW  
POUNDS, SO I HAD THE  
IDEA OF MAKING YOU  
HEAVIER BY OTHER  
MEANS...


DAMMIT, THIS IS  
STILL SO LIGHT!



BUT I GUESS  
IT'LL HAVE TO DO.  
MAYBE YOU'RE AT LEAST  
A BIT OF A CHALLENGE  
IF I HANDLE YOU WITH  
ONE ARM....



HMMM...




NOT ALL THAT MUCH  
BETTER, REALLY. I  
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
THAT YOUR LITTLE BODY IS  
PRETTY USELESS FOR  
THIS KIND OF  
MUSCLE...

WHY DON'T YOU  
GIVE MISS BICEPS A  
GOOD RUB, JULIAN? I  
KNOW YOU LOVE  
THAT...



OH GOD! MISS BICEPS  
IS LOOKING SO  
AWESOME TODAY!

OH YEAH, JULIAN.  
AND THESE BABIES  
ARE STILL GETTING  
BIGGER. YOU ARE  
ACTUALLY HELPING ME  
TO MAKE THEM SO.  
THEY GROW AS I LIFT  
YOU...



ISN'T IT  
INCREDIBLE THAT I  
USE YOU SO THAT I CAN  
DOMINATE YOU MORE?  
IT'S LIKE YOUR AN  
INSTRUMENT IN YOUR  
OWN DEMISE...

ANYWAY,  
ENOUGH TALK.  
LET'S GET SOME  
MUSCLEWORK  
DONE!

THE GIANTESS LIFTED JULIAN HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD, STILL WITH ONE ARM, AND THEN WALKED LEISURELY ACROSS THE GRASS... THIS WAS A MOVE SHE HAD NEVER DONE WITH JULIAN, AND HE WAS WONDERING IF HER STRENGTH WAS EVER GOING TO STOP AMAZING HIM...

I WANT YOU TO KEEP FEELING MY BIG BICEPS JULIAN. I LOVE THE FEELING OF YOU FEELING THEM... I LOVE YOUR AMAZEMENT...





AND I... I LOVE YOUR  
BICEPS... I'M... I'M  
SCARED OF THEM...

FORTUNATELY  
WE KNOW THAT YOU  
BEING SCARED OF MY  
MUSCLES TURNS US  
BOTH ON, ISN'T IT?



OH YES...  
SUCH A TURN  
ON...

TOLD YOU SO MANY  
TIMES WE WERE BORN  
FOR EACH OTHER,  
JULES...



ALL RIGHT, TIME TO  
**WORK!**

**ONE!**

THE GIANTESS DID FIFTEEN REPS LIKE THAT WITH JULIAN, LIFTING AND LOWERING HIM EFFORTLESSLY, VEST AND ALL. HE FELT HIMSELF GOING UP AND DOWN LIKE A RAGDOLL, MOVED ONLY BY THE POWER OF HER ONE INCREDIBLY STRONG ARM. HE WAS IN AWE OF MARJORIE LIKE HE HAD NEVER BEEN BEFORE...

HOW'S THAT FOR A BICEP WORKOUT, HUH, JULIAN?

IT'S... UNBELIEVEABLE





AND YET ENTIRELY  
REAL...



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK JULES?  
DOES MY LEFT ARM  
NEED PUMPING TOO?  
IT'S MY SMALLER ONE.  
STILL BIGGER THAN  
YOUR THIGH  
THOUGH...

I THINK... IT  
SHOULD GET THE  
SAME TREATMENT AS  
YOUR RIGHT  
ARM...

A 3D rendered female bodybuilder with dark hair in a braid, wearing a bright yellow-green tank top. She is flexing her right bicep and looking towards the right. The background is a bright, overcast sky. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner.

GOOD ANSWER,  
MY LITTLE CUTIEPIE!  
YOU LIKE THIS DON'T  
YOU? YOU LIKE BEING  
LIFTED BY YOUR  
BODYBUILDING  
STEPSISTER...



OOOHH...

YOU GET  
HAAAAARD FROM  
IT, ISN'T IT, LITTLE  
ONE? OH YES, SO HARD!  
NOT EXACTLY  
MARJORIE-HARD BUT  
STILL HARD...



HMMM, PRETTY  
WET ALREADY DOWN  
THERE... YOU REALLY  
WANNA CUM TODAY,  
DONTCHA?

OH YES,  
PLEASE  
MISTRESS! LET  
ME!



WE'LL SEE LITTLE ONE.  
WE'LL SEE...



FIRST, LET'S USE  
THE OTHER ARM, AND  
THEN IT'S TIME FOR THE  
NEXT EXERCISE...

AFTER FIFTEEN REPS WITH HER LEFT ARM, MARJORIE MOVED TO BENCH WITH JULIAN AND STEPPED ONTO IT. NOW SHE HAD THE VERTICAL SPACE TO CURL JULIAN UP AND DOWN, WHICH SHE DID WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE...

COUNT FOR ME,  
MY LITTLE  
FEATHERWEIGHT.  
ONE...





TWELVE...

YOU'RE DOING GREAT WORK JULIAN. YOU'RE HELPING MY BICEPS GROW!



FIFTEEN...

VERY GOOD. NOW IT'S  
TIME FOR THE LEFT  
BABY...



ONE MINUTE LATER...

ALL RIGHT, LET'S PUT YOU ON THE GROUND...





WHAT DO YOU  
THINK JULES?  
BICEPS DONE?

I... THINK  
SO...




YOU SURE, RIGHT? HOW DO THEY LOOK?

PUMPED!  
AWESOME!  
OVERPOWERING!  
SUPERNATURAL! THEY  
ARE SO... THEY MAKE  
ME... OOOHH....

ONCE AGAIN, SEEING MARJORIE'S BIG, THICK BODY RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM, HER BEAUTIFUL OVERPOWERING FACE FAR ABOVE HIM, HE COULDN'T CONTAIN HIMSELF AND TOUCHED HIMSELF...

AWW, JULES...






SSSSHHHH, YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT ALLOWED

WITH A SWIFT, ELEGANT MOVEMENT, MARJORIE AUTHORITATIVELY SWEEP AWAY JULIAN'S ARM...




OKAY, NOW  
WHAT? LET ME THINK  
FOR A SEC... MAYBE  
SOME POSING, AS AN  
INTERMEZZO?



BEHOLD YOUR  
MIGHTY MISTRESS,  
JULIAN...

YES! MY  
MISTRESS! MY  
GODDESS!



BEHOLD THE THIGHS  
OF THE QUEEN OF  
MUSCLE!


OOOOH MY GOD...  
PLEASE, YOU'RE KILLING  
ME!

OKAY JULIAN I THINK  
NOW'S THE TIME TO  
SHOW YOU...



TITS!

I'M GONNA CRY!



ALRIGHT, SO I GOT AN  
IDEA FOR THE NEXT  
EXERCISE!



AND I'M GONNA NEED  
YOUR HELP, LITTLE  
ONE. TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS...



OH MY GOD!

ENJOYING THE VIEW, JULES?



BEING STRONG IS  
SOOOO MUCH FUN  
JULIAN! PITY YOU'LL  
NEVER EXPERIENCE  
IT!



BUT THEN AGAIN, I  
GUESS YOU QUITE ENJOY  
BEING SMALL....

OKAY, NOW, FROM  
WHERE YOU ARE, I WANT  
YOU TO CLIMB ON TO  
ME, JULES....

A 3D rendered scene showing a woman with a muscular physique on a rowing machine. She is wearing a yellow tank top and dark blue shorts. Her hair is styled in a long braid. A young child is sitting on her back, wearing a green vest and white shorts. The woman is looking towards the child. The scene is set on a wooden deck with green grass in the background.

THAT'S IT BABY!  
CLIMBING MOUNT  
MUSCLE! NOW HIGHER  
STILL, SLOW AND  
STEADY...



ARE YOU...  
SURE?

SILLY JULES.  
YOU WANNA  
DOUBT THE  
MUSCLE?



NOW SLOWLY TRY TO  
LIE DOWN ON MY  
HANDS...

YOU MEAN LIKE,  
HORIZONTALLY?

YES, LIKE MY BENCH  
WEIGHT...