



text only

MARJORIE'S WRESTLING TRYOUT

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Marjorie's Wrestling Tryout

By Spoonmaster

The letter from Marjorie said to be at the gym by 10 am, so Julian was there at 9:30. Sure, Marjorie would be late. She was always late, but *Julian* wouldn't dare be late. The *one time* he was running late (by just a few minutes) was the one time his sister-in-law was actually on-time. It was a most... *uncomfortable* experience for Julian. After that he always made sure he was on time.

Then there was the time when he was not only on time, but a couple minutes early, only to find Marjorie already there. Julian thought nothing of it, but Marjorie was quite displeased that Julian had kept her waiting. As was her way, she let him know of her displeasure in no uncertain terms. After *that* time, Julian always made sure he was plenty early... just in case.

As he sat there, wondering what his goddess had in store for him today, other people started to trickle into the gym, which made him uncomfortable. He enjoyed being dominated by his stepsister, as long as she wasn't *too* rough on him, but he'd prefer to get humiliated in private. Of course, Marjorie could care less. She was not the kind of woman who let others dictate her actions.

It was an odd group for a gym. Two of the men were wearing suits, of all things, and didn't seem to have any gym clothes to change into. They were of an average height and build, which made them a good bit bigger than Julian. They paid Julian no mind and he was happy to do the same. They were followed by a guy who looked every bit the vision of a man quite familiar with the inside of gym. He was a huge, muscular man, who'd give Marjorie a run for her money... well, he wasn't *that* big, but he was certainly the most muscular *man* that Julian had ever seen. He moved to stand with the two men in suits. They spoke as if they knew each other.

It was several minutes before Julian realized there was a fourth man already in the room. He was huddled up in the corner wearing a pair of sweats and trying his best to blend into the wall. He was of a height with Julian and kept looking at the door like he might make a run for it at any moment.

None of the men moved too much, except the big brute, who put together a barbell that was far bigger than anything Julian would even be able to budge, and began to curl it. The man

sneered at Julian and the other tiny man as he did his curls, as if to say, "You pussies can only dream of lifting this much!"

Julian just sat and waited patiently, praying for the men to leave, though he was sure they were all waiting for Marjorie as well, especially after they all started looking at their watches the moment she was supposed to arrive. The men in suits looked irritated that she wasn't there, the guy huddled in the corner looked relieved, the big brute looked so jacked up on steroids that he didn't seem to know where he was.

Finally, after another ten minutes had passed, the men in the suits were tired of waiting. They got up in a huff and made their way to the door. But before they got there, all the lights went out. Seconds later, music filled the air. It was *Stronger* by Britney Spears. Julian recognized it instantly. Marjorie had made it her anthem lately, and loved to play the song when she used Julian as a barbell.

The second Britney started singing, a few lights came on, illuminating a boxing ring in the center of the gym. The rest of the room was still blanketed in darkness, but there was enough glare from the ring that Julian could see the men in suits and the brute had found some seats and were watching the ring intently.

Then he saw her. At first she was just a hulking shadow, emerging from the darkness and approaching the ring from the far side. She was completely covered by a cloak, even her face was sunk deep in the recesses of a hood, but Julian was sure the massive form was Marjorie.

She ignored the steps to the ring. Instead, a gigantic, muscular leg emerged from the cloak. Her leg was incredibly pumped and glistened under the lights. She must have oiled up. She stretched her leg all the way up until her foot was resting on the ring. She reached out and grabbed the top rope and then pulled herself up onto the platform. Julian doubted he would be able to jump up that high, yet for Marjorie it was a mere step. In another display of her towering height, Marjorie stepped over the top rope without even having to move it an inch.

Once in the ring, she let the cloak envelop her once more and moved to stand in the center of the mat. The music was lowered just a bit, and Marjorie's voice boomed over the loud speaker system. "Ladies and gentlemen... or should I say wimps and midgets. Today, you get the privilege of gazing upon the new standard of human superiority. A goddess of immense size and unfathomable power who can utterly destroy whatever puny man you pit against her, pulverizing him with the biggest, most powerful muscles anyone has ever seen.

She will completely humiliate whoever you send against her with the ease of an elephant crushing an ant, because that's what men are to her, pesky little insects that exist merely as her playthings. I give you the Ultimate Amazon, the Massively Muscled Marjorie!"

As she said her name, she whipped the cloak off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground in a heap, revealing her massive body. Julian could hear the gasps coming from the other men in the room, even over the still blaring music. He knew how they felt.

Marjorie was massive! Not only was she the tallest in the room (Julian was sure she had the brute by at least a few inches), she was also the biggest. Her legs were like twin tree trunks sculpted from marble. They were huge, and etched with the lines of bulging muscle everywhere, muscle on top of muscle. Just one of Marjorie's legs was bigger around than Julian's chest! They led up to a set of wide hips that gave Marjorie the hourglass figure that other women yearned for. Her hips tapered down to a tiny waist. But though it might have been small in comparison to the rest of her, her six pack was every bit as solid and defined as the rest of her muscles. Even relaxed, her abs had greater definition than anyone else's he'd ever seen, but when she flexed, they turned into a solid cobblestone wall of impenetrable muscle that was harder than steel.

Her slim waist quickly flared out to a wide chest filled with powerful pecs that were every bit as hard as her abs, and a gigantic set of breasts, each larger than Julian's head! When she turned, she showed off an incredibly broad back that was like an endless mountain range of muscle. All this was capped by a set of bowling ball-like shoulders, each big enough for Julian to sit on. And then there were her arms. Her forearms were damn near as big as Julian's thighs, but it was her upper arms that were the most awe inspiring part of her whole body. Her triceps were huge, even when relaxed and her biceps bulged from her arms even as they hung at her sides, but when she lifted those mighty arms and flexed, a gigantic ball of muscle rose like mountain. When fully peaked, they rivaled her humungous tits for sheer size but were every bit as rock solid as any other muscle on her body, and every bit as powerful.

For a moment, Marjorie just stood there. She wore the tiniest pair of booty shorts that were stretched tightly across her waist and so short a good part of her rock hard ass was showing. The black sports bra she wore was stretched to it's limits, trying in vain to cover her massive tits, while still showed oceans of cleavage. A small microphone pack was clipped to the back of her sports bra, and a portable mic wrapped around her ear and stuck out across her cheek. She had her hair down and had the perfect amount of makeup to make her looks as sexy as possible. She stood there, letting the gathered men take in her

enormity. Then she started flexing. Muscles that were already huge relaxed, were simply enormous when flexed. She had the most perfect symmetry. There were no weak or underdeveloped parts of her body. Everything was huge, everything was defined, everything was powerful. The whole was both intimidating and sexy. Marjorie knew how to flex, and she knew how to accentuate all of her wonderfully feminine parts. The entire routine looked to be choreographed by both a professional bodybuilder and an exotic dancer. By the time she was done, Julian was sure that he wasn't the only one sporting a rock hard erection.

"Today's contest will be a handicap match, and will be over whenever I want it to be. Introducing first, in the ring, the most incredible physical specimen the world has ever seen. She stands an amazing 6'5" in her bare feet, and weighs an unbelievable 230lbs of rock solid muscle, and gigantic boob." She squeezed her tits together to emphasize the already evident point. "Her arms are 19" when fully flexed. Each one is more powerful than any two arms of the wimps and pussies that currently wrestle for you. And God save the poor soul who gets trapped between her legs. She must be one of the most powerful people on the planet, certainly stronger than the entire group of pussies gathered here combined."

The big brute growled and shot up from his chair and looked about ready to charge the stage, but the men in suits pacified him and he dropped back down to his seat in a huff.

Marjorie looked almost disappointed that the big man didn't charge her. Julian wondered if she would be able to handle a guy so big, even though he was certain she was a good bit bigger than he was. Unfortunately, she had other plans. "And her opponent. Hailing from Upper New Midgeton. At 5'3, and weighing 125lbs of mostly water weight, the skinny Beanpole of Wimptitude, Julian The Tiny!"

Julian wanted to be anywhere else in the world besides in the ring with Marjorie in front of all these people, but he knew the price of disobedience. With slumped shoulders and head down, he shambled up to the steps and into the ring. He had a hard time pushing the middle rope down to step over it. He actually caught his foot on the rope and stumbled into the ring. Marjorie's deriding laughter could be heard all over the speakers, all over the gym. This was not going to go well.

"And his partner. Hailing from parts that no one could possibly give a damn about. A man so tiny he could be Julian's twin. The Measly Mouse Man, David The Pathetic!" The guy in sweats got up from where he was sitting and shuffled up to the ring, looking every bit as downtrodden as Julian felt, but no more eager to displease the towering giantess.

"Oh my." Marjorie put a hand on her chest and feigned nervousness. "Can a single girl handle the might of two, big, strapping men. Why don't you boys take off your sweats so that everyone can see your manly physiques."

Julian looked up at Marjorie with pleading eyes. She simply arched her eyebrows, which told Julian everything he needed to know. He reluctantly took off his sweats, revealing the wrestling singlet he had been instructed to wear underneath. The thing was at least a size too big, hanging baggily off of him, and was pink to boot. Marjorie had picked it out for him. David had on a similar singlet, though his was light purple.

Marjorie reached up and tapped at the thing around her ear. When she spoke, it was in hushed whispers, not broadcasted over the speakers. "Aren't you boys excited that you get to team up against me. Maybe together you'll finally be able to handle me...hahahahahahaha. Oh god, who am I kidding. The two of you combined don't even make one decent sized man. All right, toys, here's how it's going to go. I'm going to announce our little contest over the microphone here. Whatever I say you're doing, you best do as hard as you can. Failure to comply will be met with my displeasure." The stern look on her face made it clear how serious she was. "Are there any questions? Good. Now," she tapped the microphone, and her voice again bellowed throughout the gym, "let's get ready to rummmmmmb!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Marjorie flicked her hair over her shoulders, causing her huge arms to bulge ominously. "Let's see if the young girl will be able to handle two adult males. They move to either side of her, trying to surround their outnumbered prey." Marjorie was all smiles, clearly enjoying herself.

Julian saw David move to her left, so he moved to her right, trying to adopt the same menacing pose the other man had. Clearly David had done something like this before.

"Oh, what will the little girl do against such fearsome adversaries." Marjorie's voice feigned distress. "Oh no, at the same time, the two men launch their attack, lunging toward their defenseless prey and grabbing her around the legs in an attempt to get her down to the ground."

Julian saw David leap toward Marjorie from the other side, so he aped the other man and ran right at the giant amazon. He bent slightly and wrapped his arms around her thigh, at least as much as he was able. He squeezed with all his might, which did nothing against the

steely hardness of her incredible muscles and heaved with all of his might. Unfortunately, all of his might was hardly good enough. Marjorie didn't even budge. She just stood over the two men laughing at their impotence.

"The two midgets are using all of their power, the same way a tortoise might use all of it's speed. It's clear the two twigs just don't have the muscle to move their massive mistress. This is hardly a surprise, the mighty amazon has more muscle in just one of her legs than these wimps have in their two bodies combined. In a desperate attempt to topple the big amazon, David lets go of his leg and goes to help Julian lift his."

The other man obeyed instantly, moving behind Marjorie to grab the same leg, Julian had. Julian moved around to the front of the leg.

"Oh my! What's this?" Marjorie called out in surprise. "Are the two wimps actually powerful enough to move one of Marjorie's powerful legs?"

Sure enough Julian felt Marjorie's leg move forward. David was behind her, his shoulder pushing up behind her knee. Julian adjusted his grip to grab her around the knee and pulled with all his might. Maybe they'd be able to push her onto her back after all. She might wind up falling on David, but that was hardly his problem. Besides, who was this guy who was wrestling with the object of his obsession? The guy deserved to be crushed!

Her leg kept moving up, and Julian actually thought what they were doing was working, until he felt her leg push up into his crotch. Before he could move, he felt his feet leaving the ground as Marjorie's leg pushed up against him, lifting him into the air. He felt like such a fool! Of course they weren't moving her leg, *she* was moving *them*! Julian stopped pulling and instead, grabbed on for dear life as Marjorie's leg rose higher and higher.

Marjorie again turned off the mike. "Let go of my knee, David, and grab on to my ankle as hard as you can. Don't you dare let go until I let you down." The mike was tapped on again. "Oh no, the two mighty men have the little girl's leg up off the ground. Can they possibly lift it high enough to topple her? They keep lifting her leg higher, and higher, and higher... hehehe."

Julian's body was already starting to fall forward as Marjorie's leg passed parallel. He looked down just in time to see David's feet leave the ground. She was now supporting both men with the strength of just one leg! As impressive a feat of strength as that was, it was an equally impressive feat of balance, as the 250lbs of man hanging off her leg didn't so much

as make her wobble. She stood there as steadily as if she was still on both feet. God she was incredible!

"The two men have the girl's leg completely off the ground but can't seem to push her over. For some reason, they seem to have lost all leverage. Maybe if they got the leg up higher..." In an incredible show of strength and flexibility, Marjorie kept moving her leg higher and higher. She would have kept going until her foot was pointed straight up into the air, except Julian was in the way. He suddenly felt the weight of her tremendous tit pressing against his back as she began to squeeze Julian between her leg and her chest. David had wrapped his legs around Marjorie's thigh in an effort to keep from falling off.

She held the pose for several moments, making sure everyone there had ample time to take in the enormity of her strength and athleticism. Then finally, "Just kidding. These two measly mice are hardly enough to topple such an incredible specimen. But we amazons do like to play with our little toys. Now, with a mighty stomp... the mighty maiden regains her footing." Marjorie slammed her foot back down to the ground. The sudden relief Julian felt by no longer being squeezed between her leg and chest was short lived. She had lowered her leg so quickly and suddenly that both Julian and David were thrown to the floor with enough force to knock the wind right out of their bodies.

Marjorie could have pounced on her dazed foes, but she hardly needed an advantage. David and Julian were nothing next to her unbelievable power, and she would not cheapen her domination of them by attacking them while they were down. Instead, she contented herself to flex the muscles of that massive thigh that proved far more than two men could handle.

And of course she continued her relentless taunting. "I'm afraid this isn't going to be much of a match. Even combined, the two men's strength is insignificant next to the power of this bodacious beauty. Using practically no effort, the sexy vixen was able to overcome their combined strength.

"Uh oh, it looks like the pathetic wimps have gotten back to their feet. The terrified damsel rears back in fear of what their next assault might bring, leaving the two pansies an opening to attack her." Marjorie had recoiled in mock terror, bringing her hands up as if to protect her face, like either Julian or David could ever reach her face. The only thing that Julian saw that might have been considered an opening was her completely unprotected belly. She wasn't expecting them to hit her, was she?

And yet sure enough, that's just what David moved in to do. With a determination that was borderline suicidal, his partner moved forward and launched a punch right into Marjorie's midsection. His tiny fist simply bounced off her cobblestoned abs. The giantess gave no indication that she even felt the blow. David, on the other hand, was holding his fist in his hand and seemed to be in considerable pain.

My God, Julian thought, *she's invincible!* He balked at attacking her, more afraid of hurting himself than hurting her, but then he caught her eyes. She was glaring at him, sending him a look that promised pain. The look made him shiver, he'd seen it before, and it had never worked out well for him. *What the hell*. He walked up to her, already feeling defeated, and punched her as hard as he could in the stomach.

In a way, Julian had wanted to punch Marjorie for a very long time. He had dreamed of pounding on her until *she* was the one who was screaming in pain. Now he knew what a futile endeavor that would have been. His fist simply collapsed against her unyielding stomach, sending a shooting pain all the way up his arm. Damn, it was like hitting a stone, at least he thought that's what hitting a stone would feel like, Julian had never hit a thing in his life.

Marjorie looked pleased. "Hmmm, it doesn't appear that their first attack had any effect at all on the towering giantess. Maybe they just didn't do it right. The two men prepare another barrage against the amazon in an attempt to get the upper hand, though the only *hand* they're likely get is a broken one."

David regained his composure and began throwing punch after punch into Marjorie's stomach. Julian stood next to him, and began doing the same. The two men must have punched her more than 50 times. Not a single blow made Marjorie so much as flinch. In fact, she actually seemed to enjoy it.

She turned off the mic so that only Julian and David could hear her. "Oh boys, I like this. Two grown men, completely impotent against my power. You can't move me, you can't hurt me, you're completely powerless against me. It is such a huge turn on. God, I just want more! I tell you what, lets give your hands a rest and see if we can give you an even bigger advantage."

Turning the mic back on, she turned away from the two men, paying them no more mind than if they were pesky insects. She vaulted over the top rope and ducked under the ring. She slid a couple of objects onto the ring and then vaulted back over the top rope all the

way from the floor! Julian looked down at what she had got: it was an empty barbell and a metal chain. She threw the chain to David and then tossed the barbell to Julian. Both men failed to catch, the chain hitting David right in the head, while the barbell hit Julian in the chest with enough force that it knocked him off his feet.

The sight made Marjorie bark out laughter. "God you two are pathetic. All right boys, get up and pick up your toys. Now, your magnanimous goddess is going to give you a chance to hurt her. You can try to attack me using the weapons that I gave you, and we'll see if that's enough to give you an advantage."

David looked down at the chain in his hand while still rubbing his sore head with his other hand. He seemed unclear as to what he was supposed to do with it. Julian picked up the barbell. Damn it was heavy, he wasn't sure how effective he'd be able to swing such a large, heavy object.

Marjorie sighed. "Pathetic *and* stupid." She knelt down in the center of the ring. "Uh oh, the big amazon has gone down to her knees, now one of the pathetic losers will be able to put the chain around her neck. The shrimp sneaks around to her back while the glorious amazon keeps her attention on the menacing midget with the solid steel bar." David quickly complied, going as far as to tiptoe like he was some kind of cartoon cat burglar.

As David got closer to Marjorie, Julian was surprised to see that the man was still not much taller even with her on her knees. On top of that, as he moved behind Marjorie, he completely disappeared behind her wide, muscular frame.

"Ooo, this is getting tense." Marjorie exclaimed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "The one midget tosses the chain over the amazon's head." It took David two tries to get the chain over her head. "And then he tightens the chain." Julian watched as David pulled the chain pulled tightly around Marjorie's neck. Marjorie rolled her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. "Oh God, is that as hard as you can pull." She spoke casually, seemingly unaware of the chain pressing against her throat. "Put your leg on my back and see if that'll help you pull harder." The way Marjorie shook her head in disbelief made it quite clear that it didn't. "God, how do you handle being so weak? All right, your turn, Julian, lets see if you can do any better." She completely ignored the chain David was still pulling against her neck. All her attention was on Julian. "All right, wimp, hit me, as hard as you can with that thing. Lets see how pathetic you are."

Again, Julian felt a slight bit of excitement that he would finally be able to hurt the woman who had caused him so much pain over the years, though in the back of his mind, he was sure she wouldn't let him do it if she wasn't sure he couldn't hurt her. He choked up on the barbell until it was at a point where he could swing it, then he moved right up to her and swung the thing as hard as he could into her stomach!

The solid metal bar simply bounced off her abs, making the bar vibrate so violently it hurt Julian's hands. He dropped the bar and shook his hands out. Marjorie lifted her head and let out a loud, howling laugh. "Oh my god, you guys are pathetic. Try it again Julian, and don't you stop David. Keep using your manly might to hurt the poor defenseless little girl."

Julian picked up the bar and swung it again and again against Marjorie's steel body, but it had no effect besides make the gigantic woman laugh. The bar fell from his hands after most of his swings, which just made Marjorie laugh even louder. Finally, after he must have hit her a dozen times, she simply caught the bar with her hand. Julian yanked at the bar fruitlessly for a moment, but it was as if the bar was stuck in concrete.

Marjorie smiled at Julian. "Hold on tightly now." Julian gripped the bar as hard as he could with both hands. "Going up!" She shouted with glee. She simply raised her single arm. In moments, Julian was up on his toes, and then his feet were completely off the ground. She barely looked like she was trying. It wasn't surprising to Julian, he'd seen her perform similar feats of strength before, though watching her lift him with such ease never ceased to impress him. She held the man and the metal over her head with a single arm as easily as he'd hold a pencil.

Then she got up her her feet. From his vantage point hanging over her head, Julian could see David was holding onto the chain with his hands while both feet were on Marjorie's back. He had been pulling the chain against her neck with all of his strength this whole time, though it didn't seem to have any more effect on her than Julian's barbell attacks.

Marjorie shook her head, "Tsk, tsk, tsk. You two are the most pathetic excuses for men that I've ever met." She slipped a finger from her free hand under the chain and yanked it away from her throat. It seemed to be a casual move from the incredibly strong girl, though it was enough force that David's legs buckled and his whole body slammed against her back. He fell to the ground in a daze while Marjorie laughed in delight. "This is so much fun!" She lowered the barbell to her shoulder, with Julian still hanging on, and then thrust her arm straight up into the air with enough force that Julian lost his grip and went soaring into the

air. Marjorie made no attempt to catch him, allowing him to fall back to the ground, landing in a heap next to David.

"Sorry boys, but 5 of you would be no match for me. I'm just way, way too strong." As an example, she grabbed the chain with both her hands. She gave it a sharp tug, and with a loud clink, the metal links snapped apart like they were made of toothpicks. She tossed the parts of chain over her shoulder and then grabbed the barbell. Julian looked up in horror as every mammoth muscle in Marjorie's body flexed to it's fullest. Her face was scrunched up, and she grunted with effort. She couldn't possibly... but then it started to happen. Slowly, the barbell started to buckle in the middle, until finally the thing actually started to bend! *My god!* Julian thought, *her strength is impossible!*

With a triumphant scream, she continued bending the bar until the entire thing was bent into a circle. She stood there for a moment, admiring her handiwork. Suddenly, her face lit up. Julian dreaded what ever idea she might have just come up with. "You know boys. This loop looks like it is just big enough..." She draped the bent barbell over her arm and then reached down to grab a clump of Julian and David's wrestling singlets. She pulled them up to their feet and stood them back to back. "Now don't you boys move a muscle, this will only take a second."

Julian was trembling nervously as Marjorie grabbed the bent bar and put the loop around the two men. There was plenty of room in the metal loop that both men fit comfortably... but not for long. As he looked on in sheer amazement, Marjorie pulled on either end of the barbell with another growl of effort. The solid steel was no match for the amazon's gigantic muscles, and slowly but surely, the bar tightened smaller and smaller, until Julian was pushed hard against David with the bar pressing hard into his chest and sides.

Marjorie finally let go, leaving the two men effectively tied together. She grabbed a hold of the twisted bar with one of her hands. She gave Julian a coy look and whispered to him. "Maybe now I'll finally be able to get a descent workout with you." Incredibly, Julian felt his feet leave the ground. His body was raised higher higher as Marjorie, with the barest grunt of effort, lifted the combined weight of both men and the barbell up over her head with a single arm.

Holy shit! He almost yelled. It was the most amazing feat of strength he had ever seen in his life!

Julian wasn't the only one impressed. Marjorie was just as impressed with herself. "Do you see how powerful I am!" She shouted for the whole room to hear. "I'm lifting both of these wimps with just one arm! And this isn't even my max!" With some sexy, feminine grunts, Marjorie lowered the two men to her shoulder and then pressed them back up into the air again. She did ten full reps before she stopped, once more holding the men high overhead. She was sweating from the effort, which made her body sparkle under the lights. She lifted her free arm and flexed her gigantic bicep. "Have you ever seen such strength, such power! I am the strongest person in the world!"

That earned a snicker from the shadowed part of the room. Julian had all but forgotten the three men that were watching him get completely manhandled by Marjorie. "Like beating up a couple of pip squeaks makes you something." Came a gruff voice that had to belong to the brute. "You're a big bitch, I'll give you that, but if you think beating up a couple of bean poles means you can take on a real man, then you're just as stupid as you look."

Marjorie's face curled up in a sneer that would have sent Julian to his knees, begging for mercy. He had never heard a man insult Marjorie before. He wondered what the reaction would be from a girl who beat men up just for disagreeing with her. She dropped the two tussled up men back down to the mat and sneered into the darkness. "Why don't you come up here, and I'll show you what a real woman can do to a dickless jock like you."

A hulking form emerged from the shadows. It was the brute, and he had a look on his face every bit as sour as Marjorie's. "Cunt, if my boss wasn't here, I'd tear you apart limb by limb." The man was practically breathing fire from his nostrils.

"Bring it on dirtbag. If you're half as big of a pussy as you look, you'd need a tank to beat me."

The big man started up the ring steps. "Lady, I'm gonna beat the shit out of you, then I'm gonna play with those big ole titties of yours while I fuck the life out of you."

"You and what cock, dickless."

The big brute was seething, which terrified Julian, though the quiet menace from Marjorie was just as terrifying in its own way. Julian was torn. Part of him was anxious to see Marjorie get hers, the other part of him was terrified she'd really get hurt. He hated her, and feared her, and detested the way she treated him, and desired her above everything else in

the world. She was his world, and if this brute hurt a hair on her head he'd... well he'd do something.

The man got right up in Marjorie's face, or at least as much as he could. Even this huge man was several inches shorter than the giantess. And not just shorter. Looking at them side by side, the amazon was bigger than him in every way. She had a thicker chest, a wider back, broader shoulders and bigger arms. Only his waist was bigger than hers, with a bit of a beer gut spoiling an otherwise buff physique.

But despite his size disadvantage, the man did not back down an inch. He lunged at Marjorie, wrapping his arms around her waist as he slammed his shoulder into her midsection in an effort to tackle her to the ground. The gigantic amazon took half a step backwards to keep her balance, but otherwise, seemed to have absorbed the blow with little to no effect. She lifted her head to the ceiling and barked out a laugh.

"God! Are all men this pathetic? You're like a gnat trying to topple a mountain." She reached down and grabbed the man's arms, her huge hands almost big enough to completely encircle the man's muscular arms. "Unfortunately for you, *this* mountain fights back." With a simple pull, she freed herself from the man's grasp and then pushed him back to the length of her arms.

The big guy's face was red and he seemed to be struggling with all of his might against Marjorie's hold, yet he might as well have been encased in cement for all the luck he was having. She held him firmly without seeming to have much trouble doing so. "God damn it, you cunt! Let go of me!"

Marjorie simply sneered at the big man. "What's wrong, Butch, having trouble handling a little girl? Well, maybe not so little, huh? Have you ever met a girl you had to look up to? It must be a little intimidating, huh? Well let's see if I can put you in a more familiar position."

The big man let out a surprised gasp as Marjorie lifted him off the ground with nothing more than the strength of her arms. He rose higher and higher until his chin was higher than Marjorie's head. She looked up at him with a sweet, almost seductive smile on her face. "There, is that better? Now you're looking down on a girl, just like you're used to. Is this less intimidating? Or is the fact that I'm holding you off the ground with just about zero effort scaring the shit out of you? It should be, unless you're too stupid to be scared, which wouldn't be hard to believe. On the bright side, from up there you get an excellent view of my cleavage."

Marjorie's eyes lit up as she got another awful idea. "Hey, you said you wanted to play with my tits before." Marjorie took a deep breath. Her chest started to swell up even bigger than it already was. Her back widened, and her breasts seemed to grow right before his eyes as she filled her lungs. Her huge torso began to push against the already tight fitting sports bra she was wearing, stretching the hopelessly out matched fabric to it breaking point, and then... RRRRRRIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPP!!!! The garment tore away from her gigantic body as her amazing girth far exceeded the tensile strength of even that elastic garment.

Julian couldn't help but to stare. Marjorie's breasts were amazing, simply mammoth, and impossibly firm. Even free from the support the sports bra afforded, they barely sagged an inch. They stood high and proud on top of her muscular pecs. And far from being ashamed of her nakedness, she seemed to relish in her show of femininity.

She looked up at the big man with a devious smile. "Well, lucky for you, these boobies have been aching to play with a little boy!" She lowered the big man back to his feet and pushed him down slightly until his face was right in line with her tits. Then she swung her torso to the right and quickly swung it back to the left. Marjorie's huge breasts smashed right into the head of her opponent, causing the man's head to jerk to the side violently.

"There! How do you like that game?" she asked gleefully as she swung her tits back around, once more pounding the helpless man in the face. "It's kind of like motor boating, isn't it? And guys love to motorboat a woman's tits, don't they?" Back and forth she swung her behemoth bosom over and over, simply pulverizing the face of the once proud wrestler. Now, his eyes looked glossed over, as he seemed to have suffered at least one concussion, and all from just the force of her breasts!

"What's wrong? Isn't this what you had in mind when you told me you wanted to play with my tits? Maybe you'd like to suck on one of these big, juicy nipples." She finally released her grip on the brute's arms. He would have fallen over, but she reached a quick hand out and grabbed him by the back of his neck. Then she slammed the man's face hard into her right breast. His face seemed to crumple more than her tit did. Blood spurted from his nose under the incredible force. She began to rub the man's face all over her tit, which did little more than spread his blood all over the place. Julian had often dreamed of Marjorie's amazing rack, now he wasn't sure he wouldn't have nightmare's about it too.

The big man was all but out on his feet. Marjorie pulled him away from her breast, and then, still holding him by the back of the neck with a single hand, once more lifted him off of his

feet. "Damn you're a big guy. Almost as big as those two wimps combined. Hmmm, lets see." She sauntered over back to where Julian and David were still tied together, carrying the big man with ease. She reached down and lifted David and Julian up once more off the ground. She held her arms out to either side, her mammoth muscles swelling with unbelievable power. "Hmmm, it's tough to tell who weighs more, you're all so light. Oh well." She let go. All three men dropped to the ground in a heap.

Marjorie stood over her vanquished foes, her hands on her hips, a look of smug superiority on her face. Suddenly she smacked her forehead. "Aw, I almost forgot. You wanted to feel me up, didn't you? Here you go nimrod, you earned it." She grabbed one of the big man's hands and put it on one of her breasts. The man was too out of it to enjoy the incredible feeling of her tit, or to stand under his own power, he just dangled from Marjorie's hand like a stuffed animal. "You like that, buddy? Have you ever felt such a perfect tit in your life?" Julian couldn't help but to agree, Marjorie's breasts were fantastic. He was suddenly very envious of the big guy.

She let his hand linger there for just a moment before she slipped it between her tits. Julian saw Marjorie's chest harden as she flexed her powerful pecs. She released the big man's hand. Julian expected the guy to fall, but instead he was being kept up by the pressure of Marjorie's tits clamping down on his hand.

The amazon again let out a loud bellowing laugh. "Well, maybe I'll only use my tits when I fight these weak little men. It seems to be the only part of my body I need." She twisted her torso back and forth. The big man's feet dragged across the floor. He was completely out of it! Marjorie twisted once more, and then spun her body quickly the other way, relaxing her hold on the big man's hand. The force was great enough that the big man was lifted off his feet and launched across the ring. He landed with a thud and skidded across the ring until he bumped right up against Julian and David.

Marjorie sauntered toward the side of the ring. "So," she barked into the darkness, "is that strong enough for you? Is that dominant enough for you? I certainly hope you have tougher guys in your wrestling league, cause this tub of lard was pathetic. It might not be worth joining your wrestling league if you don't have anyone who can give me at least a little competition. Ah hell, who am I kidding. Beating the crap out of a bunch of would-be macho men sounds fun as hell, no matter how puny and insignificant they are. So, I will join your wrestling group. Maybe we can change the name to Marjorie and Her Inferior Band of Munchkins. Ha!"

For a long while, there was silence from the darkness where the two men in suits were sitting. Finally a timid voice rose up. "Um... I'm not exactly sure that we're... uh... ready to go in this... exact direction. Maybe we can get back to you... uh... you know... later... so we can... uh... discuss...things."

Marjorie's eyes narrowed. "Wait, do either of you think I'm giving you a choice." She rolled her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. "God, why don't men realize how little their opinion's matter." With that, she grabbed the top rope and vaulted herself down to the ground. She strolled off in the direction of where the two men were sitting.

There was a clattering of chairs as the two suits clearly wanted nothing to do with Marjorie. Unfortunately, they had yet to learn that when it came to Marjorie, the only thing that mattered was what *Marjorie* wanted. There was a brief sound of a scuffle, and then a cry of alarm.

"Let go!"

"Put me down!"

"You can't treat me like this!"

"Do you know who I am?"

Marjorie emerged from the darkness. She had grabbed the back of the belt of the two suited men, one with each hand and was holding the two men close to a foot off the ground. The men were of average build, a good bit bigger than Julian, but a good bit smaller than the wrestler that Marjorie had just dispatched with such ease. Combined they must have weighed north of 350lbs, but that didn't seem to bother the gigantic amazon, who held the two as easily as if they were babies.

"Who you are couldn't be less important. All that is important is that you are inferior to me in every way, and until that changes, I'll treat you in whatever way I see fit. Now you will hire me, and pay me a lot of money. Believe me, I'll be worth it. Men will flock to see this sexy body, and women will flock to see a bunch of arrogant douchebags finally being put in their place.

"If you don't hire me, I'll show up to your next show anyhow and stand right in the middle of the ring until someone makes me leave. And if no one comes out to fight me, I'll go back in

the locker room and beat your marry band of pansies there. Either way, I'm gonna be kicking the shit out of a bunch of guys."

Marjorie had gotten to the ring. With a heave, she tossed the two men up over the rope and watched in glee as they fell in a heap on the mat, right next to Julian and the other men.

"Ha, what a sorry sack of shit you guys are. Five men, and the lot of you got dominated by a single, sexy as hell girl. And just in case you don't think I can handle all five of you at once..."

Marjorie crouched down next to the ring until just her head was showing. Julian was becoming terrified to see what she might have hidden under there, when suddenly, the whole ring began to shake.

Marjorie's face was scrunched up with effort and she gave out a loud cry as the side of the ring started rising up! "Holy shit!" Julian shouted in amazed awe. Her grunting got louder and louder as the the ring tilted higher and higher. Soon, the incline was too steep, and the five men went tumbling down the ring, snapping the ropes, and then tumbling down to the ground in a jumbled heap.

Julian, still tied to David, had landed so that he could see the ring. He watched in horror as the ring was titled further and further until it was lying on it's side. One more push and it would fall on them! But it didn't fall, instead, the entire ring rose up from the ground. It slowly revealed the still grunting Marjorie, first her mammoth calves and thighs, both bulging under the strain of the incredible weight. He could finally see her hands holding the bottom edge of the tilted ring as it continued to rise past the cobblestone contours of her impenetrable abs and up to the bulging beauty of her amazing breasts. He watched as she adjusted the grip of her hands. With a sudden, jerking movement she crouched down while simultaneously jerking the entire wrestling ring over her head. Then, with a loud cry Marjorie's gigantic legs powered her back up to a standing position with the wrestling ring still held overhead.

She held it there for a few moments, basking in her own power, letting the men drink in the awesome sight of her incredible strength. Finally, she tossed the ring off to the side. The thing dropped to the ground with a crash, the metal frame buckling and bending.

Marjorie stood there, the only light in the room shining right on her. Her naked torso was gleaming with sweat, casting a sheen all over her mighty body. Her chest and shoulders heaved up and down as she sucked down oxygen. Every muscle of her body was pumped

to it's fullest, and she had an animalistic look on her face. She was like a marble statue of a goddess power and beauty.

She strode over to Julian, Her eyes glazed over with lust. "Did you see what I just did? Did you see how powerful I am?" She reached down and grabbed the bar that had Julian and David tied back to back. Once more, she lifted the two men off the ground. This time she had grabbed the bar with both hands. Now the muscles of her arms, chest and shoulders bulged with power as she pulled against the metal bar. The solid steel stood no chance. The bar pulled away from Julian until it loosened enough that he and David fell down to the ground.

She tossed the mangled bar away from her and looked down at Julian with a feral look. "It's time to worship your goddess!"

Julian was overwhelmed by the unbelievable display that Marjorie just put on. He got to his knees, unwilling to stand in the presence of his goddess. As he rose, she pulled down her shorts and squatted ever so slightly so that his mouth could reach her crotch. Then he performed the first thing that she had taught him to do all those years ago.

Julian was no love expert, but he knew what Marjorie liked. She had spent considerable time making sure he knew exactly how to please her. The sounds of her moaning in ecstasy above him told him he was hitting his mark. He worked his tongue over her clit as furiously as he could, to her obvious pleasure.

Suddenly, he felt his body pulled from her crotch and lifted upside down into the air. With an easy pull she ripped his pants off with one hand, and then pushed his head back into her crotch. As he got back to work pleasing her, he felt her lips close in around his cock! Holy shit! As hard as her muscles were, her lips were equally soft and supple, and she worked his cock with skill and finesse. It didn't take long until Julian was on the verge, but she just toyed with him for another couple of moments until she was on the verge as well.

They came as one, her shuddering orgasm nearly crushing the life out of him. When it was all done, she flipped him over and perched him up on her hip. "Do you see, little Julian. You are my favorite. Of all my toys here today, you are the only one to know my pleasure. Just remember that your pleasure is dependent on mine. But as long as you take care of your Marjorie, Marjorie will take care of you."

As she carried him out to the car, he looked back at the other four men, still lying on the ground, some out cold, others staying still as to avoid the attention of a woman who could, and would, mangle them without a thought. It was a horrifying thing, to be in a relationship with one who was so supremely powerful. Julian wouldn't have it any other way.

The End

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