



Amazonite Chronicles



Eyre Hwy, Katja



S02E02



DEAR READER,

THANK YOU FOR SPENDING SOME OF YOUR PRECIOUS TIME READING MY WORK. I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS I DID WHEN I SPENT HOURS ON CREATING IT.

I HOPE THAT IF YOU DIDN'T GET IT AS A MEMBER ON MY WEBSITE, MEANING YOU GET MY WORK FOR FREE, YOU WILL CONSIDER JOINING.

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K. Styler

**EYRE HIGHWAY, AUSTRALIAN
OUTBACK**

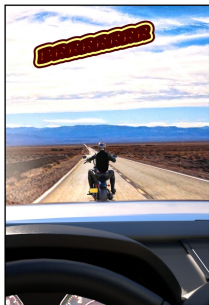
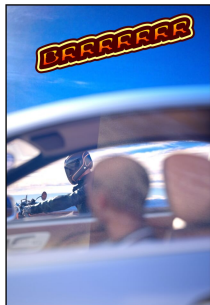


DRIVING ALONG THE EYRE HIGHWAY IS A UNIQUE AND SOMEWHAT SURREAL EXPERIENCE. THE VASTNESS OF THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK UNFOLDS IN EVERY DIRECTION, CREATING A LANDSCAPE OF ISOLATION AND EMPTINESS. AS YOU TRAVERSE THIS EXPANSIVE HIGHWAY, THERE'S A PROFOUND SENSE OF BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH NO CITIES OR SIGNIFICANT SETTLEMENTS IN SIGHT FOR HUNDREDS OF KILOMETERS. THE DESOLATION IS BOTH AWE-INSPIRING AND DAINTING, AS THE ARID DESERT STRETCHES ENDLESSLY, INTERRUPTED ONLY BY SPORADIC VEGETATION AND THE OCCASIONAL MIRAGE SHIMMERING ON THE HORIZON. THE REMOTENESS IS TANGIBLE, EMPHASIZED BY THE LACK OF PHONE SIGNAL AND THE REALIZATION THAT ANY MECHANICAL HICCUP COULD TRANSFORM THIS SEEMINGLY SERENE JOURNEY INTO A CHALLENGING ORDEAL IN THE UNFORGIVING WILDERNESS.



MICHAEL MITCHELL MOVED FROM SCOTLAND TO AUSTRALIA ALMOST 15 YEARS AGO. INITIALLY TRYING HIS LUCK IN TOURISM WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS, HE LATER STARTED A SMALL BUSINESS IMPORTING CAR PARTS. SAVING UP, HE WAS ABLE TO BUY AN APARTMENT, THEN ANOTHER ONE, AND EVENTUALLY A SLIGHTLY RUI-N-DOWN BUILDING IN A SOUTHERN SUBURB OF PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA. AFTER YEARS OF HARD WORK, LUCK SEEMED TO BE FINALLY SMILING AT MICHAEL! HIS BUILDING WAS ABOUT TO BE BOUGHT AND DEMOLISHED TO MAKE WAY FOR A SHOPPING CENTER, EARNING HIM NEARLY 3 MILLION DOLLARS. TO CELEBRATE, HE HAD JUST PURCHASED A LUXURIOUS CAR, QUITE HANDY FOR THE 3400-KILOMETER JOURNEY TO SIGN THE SALE AT THE NOTARY IN PERTH.





THEY CALL IT THE "ROAD RAGE" IN AUSTRALIA. TO HAVE A FIT OF MADNESS BEHIND THE WHEEL, AFTER SPENDING HOURS ALONE ON AN EMPTY ROAD, OBEYING LIKE A LITTLE DOG AN ABSURDLY LOW SPEED LIMIT AND SUDDENLY EXPERIENCING A FIT OF RAGE. AND THAT'S WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED TO MICHAEL, INSTANTLY DRIVEN MAD BY BEING OVERTAKEN. ADD TO THAT THE FACT OF DRIVING A SPORTS CAR AND YET BEHAVING AS IF ONE WERE IN THE CENTER OF EDINBURGH... ALL THE INGREDIENTS FOR A FURIOUS ACCELERATION.

GO FUCK OFF!!





FUCKING
BIKERS, THEY
THINK THEY CAN
DO WHATEVER
THEY WANT! I
DON'T GIVE A FUCK
ABOUT HIS SHITTY
BIKE, MY
MERCEDES IS
WORTH 20 TIMES
THE PRICE OF
HIS BEAK!



I'M AT 150 AND THIS ASSHOLE IS TRYING TO CATCH ME!

FEM-DOM
15CKR-FCKR

BRRRRRR

A close-up photograph of a man with a shaved head and light stubble, sitting in a brown leather car seat. He has a serious, slightly annoyed expression. A white speech bubble is positioned to his right, containing text. The background shows a window with a view of a sunset or sunrise over a landscape.

IS HE TRYING
...? THIS FUCKER
NEEDS A
LESSON !!



DON'T
EVER THINK
ABOUT IT
!!

SCREEEEACH!

FEM-DOM
15CKR-FCKR







OH NO!!!!

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K-Styler



FUCK !!

A 3D rendered scene of a man in a grey t-shirt and khaki pants crouching in a desert. He is positioned next to a silver car whose rear door is open and partially buried in the sand. The man is looking down at the sand with a frustrated expression. The desert landscape features orange sand, large dark rocks, and a single dead tree in the background under a blue sky.

FUCKING ROOS!
THIS BLOODY
CAR IS STUCK
NOW!



AT LEAST I'M
IN ONE
PIECE...LET'S
HOPE SOMEBODY
WILL POP-UP
SOON!





YOU DON'T
DESERVE HELP!
YOU'RE DRIVING
LIKE AN IDIOT!

I SAID I'M
SORRY!



YOU KNOW
WHAT ? I'LL
LET YOU HERE,
ROASTING LIKE
IN A BBQ IF YOU
DON'T
APOLOGIZE
PROPERLY !

BU...OKAY...I'M
SORRY SIR !
OKAY ? I'M
SORRY SIR !

THE VOICE WAS MUFFLED BY THE HELMET, BUT QUICKLY MITCHELL REALISED SOMETHING WAS WRONG

YOU WANT ME TO SMASH YOUR FACE IN SO YOU CAN LEARN POLITENESS WITH A LADY?



NOW
YOU CALL
ME MADAM!
UNDERSTOOD ?
OR ARE YOU ONE
OF THIS
FUCKING
FAGGOT?





REPEAT YOUR
APOLOGIES
PROPERLY!

INDEED, MITCHELL IMMEDIATELY REALIZED HIS MISTAKE. BEFORE HIM STOOD A STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES, ARGUABLY THE MOST ALLURING WOMAN HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED, CLAD ENTIRELY IN BLACK LEATHER. SHE EXUDED A REMARKABLE ATHLETICISM, AND EVEN MORE SURPRISINGLY, SHE STOOD WELL OVER 190 CENTIMETERS TALL, A STARK CONTRAST TO HIS OWN 172 CENTIMETERS.

MITCHELL MINDLESSLY REPEATED HIS APOLOGIES, OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS SUBJECTING HIM TO A TEST OF SUBSERVENCE.

I'M SORRY..I
DROVE LIKE..I
DON'T KNOW WHY
I DID THAT.
SORRY

SHE'S SO HOT
!! LOOK LIKE
SHE'S OUT OF A
RUSSEL MEYER
MOVIE!

MITCHELL

FINALLY!
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME ?


A man with a shaved head, wearing a grey and white polo shirt and khaki pants, stands on the left. He is looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has long black hair and is wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and black leather pants. She is holding a black motorcycle helmet in her left hand. The background is a blurred, warm-toned outdoor setting, possibly a dirt path or a field. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man on the left and one from the woman on the right.

SORRY BUT...I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND

WELL
MITCHELL,
OBVIOUSLY
YOU NEED A
RIDE...BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO
PAY FOR IT. AND
I DON'T MEAN
DOLLARS!



I WANT A
SUCKJOB!
SIMPLE!

A woman with long black hair, wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and pants, is touching the head of a bald man. The man is wearing a grey and blue polo shirt and light-colored pants. They are standing in a desert landscape with a blurred background, suggesting motion. A speech bubble above the woman contains the text "ON YOUR KNEES!".

ON YOUR KNEES!



IF YOU MAKE ME
CUM, I'LL GIVE
YOU A RIDE!
UNDERSTOOD?

BUT..

JUST SUCK MY
CLIT!! DON'T
TALK!

MY
GOODNESS
!! SHE'S
INSANE!!



SUCK IT!

SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY PANTIES UNDER HER LEATHER PANTS, AND IN FRONT OF MITCHELL STOOD THE YOUNG WOMAN'S SWOLLEN CLITORIS. SHE HELD HIS HEAD FIRMLY BETWEEN HER HANDS AND PRESSED HIM AGAINST HER SEX. WITHOUT REALLY UNDERSTANDING WHAT HE WAS DOING, HE BEGAN TO LICK HER, REALIZING THAT HE HAD NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE. SHE WAS QUITE CAPABLE OF SMASHING HIS FACE IN IF HE RESISTED.

GOOD BOY!
GOOD LITTLE
MAN!

GEEZZ... AM I
REALLY DOING
THIS ON THE SIDE
OF THE
HIGHWAY??



AS HE LAPPED UP THE BIGGEST CLITORIS HE'D EVER SEEN, THE YOUNG WOMAN SIGHED IN SATISFACTION. SHE SIGHED IN DELIGHT, HER HUSKY VOICE COMMANDING DIFFERENT MOVEMENTS, HER HANDS DIRECTING MITCHELL'S HEAD TO SATISFY HER EXACTLY WHERE AND HOW SHE WANTED, WITHOUT GENE, LIKE A GIGANTIC DEESSE. THEN SHE RELEASED HIM AND HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO ESCAPE, IT WAS TOO LATE, SO HE CONTINUED









OH...YEAH
HERE...YES!!

HE'D HEARD OF FEMALE EJACULATION, BUT HAD NEVER SEEN IT, AND NOW HE FOUND HIMSELF DRENCHED IN IT, WHILE THE YOUNG WOMAN WAVED HER PELVIS SAPSMODICALLY.

OH NO !!
... ..



OH MY!!



I SUPPOSE
THAT'S IT!! DID
YOU LIKE IT TOO
?

AND FOR
GODSAKE
HURRY UP!!

NOW
CLEAN YOUR
FACE AND GRAB
THE THINGS IN
YOUR
CAR...WE'VE
GOT A LONG
ROAD !!

WHAT ??
HMM...YES



EUH SORRY BUT
I DON'T KNOW
YOUR NAME ...

HMM WHAT?

NO.. I..

MISTRESS
KATJA, THAT'S
HOW THEY CALL
ME IN
MELBOURNE

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
EARING
ISSUES?

1GE 7FL
VIC
1800 44 4444



THE NEXT
STATION IS TOO
FAR AWAY...AND
THAT'S NOT MY
ROAD.

WHAT ? WHAT DO
YOU MEAN ?

I'LL DRIVE
YOU TO MY
PLACE, TWO
HOURS FROM
HERE. THERE
YOU CAN CALL
SOMEONE

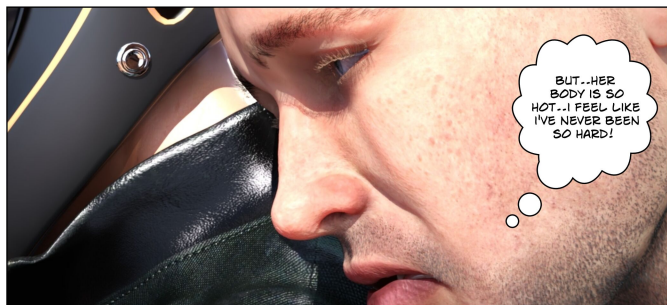
BUT DIDN'T YOU
SAY THAT...

YOU PREFER TO
WALK ?

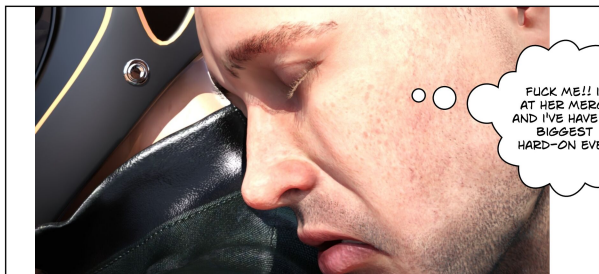
NO..NO..



SHE'S DRIVING SO FAST...I'M SO FUCKING SCARED!! I DON'T EVEN HAVE AN HELMET!!



BUT...HER BODY IS SO HOT...I FEEL LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HARD!



FUCK ME!! I'M AT HER MERCY AND I'VE HAVE THE BIGGEST HARD-ON EVER!

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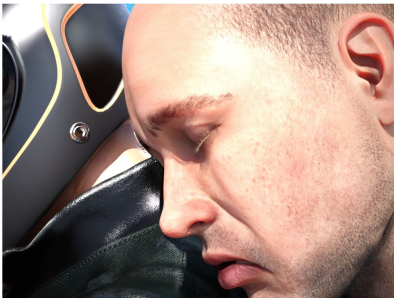
K-Styler

AS THE ROARING MOTORBIKE TORE THROUGH THE RUGGED SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DESERT, MITCHELL FOUND HIMSELF CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THE GIRL IN FRONT, HIS HANDS WRAPPED AROUND HER WAIST AS IF HIS VERY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE SUN BEAT DOWN UPON THEM, CASTING SHIMMERING WAVES ACROSS THE ENDLESS EXPANSE OF SAND AND SCRUB. WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, THE LANDSCAPE BLURRED INTO A HAZY MOSAIC OF REDS AND BROWNS, THE ONLY CONSTANT BEING THE INTOXICATING SCENT OF THE GIRL'S SWEAT MINGLING WITH THE SWEET FRAGRANCE OF WILDFLOWERS.

AS HER HAIR WHIPPED WILDLY ACROSS HIS FACE IN THE HOT WIND, MITCHELL COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELING OF EXHILARATION MINGLED WITH FEAR COURSEING THROUGH HIS VEINS. WITH NO HELMET TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE ELEMENTS, EACH GUST OF WIND FELT LIKE A SLAP TO THE FACE, A STARK REMINDER OF THE DANGERS OF THEIR BREAKNECK SPEED. YET, THERE WAS SOMETHING UNDENIABLY THRILLING ABOUT THE WAY SHE HANDED THE BIKE, NAVIGATING THE TREACHEROUS TERRAIN WITH THE SKILL AND PRECISION OF A SEASONED PRO.

LOST IN THE DIZZY WHIRL OF ADRENALINE AND UNCERTAINTY, MITCHELL COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHERE EXACTLY THEY WERE HEADED. HE HAD NO CLUE WHERE SHE WAS TAKING HIM, NO SENSE OF DIRECTION OR DESTINATION TO ANCHOR HIMSELF TO IN THIS VAST, UNFORGIVING WILDERNESS. AND YET, AS THEY RACED DEEPER INTO THE HEART OF THE DESERT, HE FOUND HIMSELF ODDLY EXHILARATED BY THE PROSPECT OF THE UNKNOWN, THE THRILL OF THE RIDE ECLIPSING ANY DOUBTS OR FEARS THAT LINGERED IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND. WITH EACH TWIST AND TURN OF THE ROAD, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL AS THOUGH HIS FATE LAY IN HER HANDS, SURRENDERING HIMSELF ENTIRELY TO THE WILD, UNTAMED SPIRIT OF THE GIRL AND THE UNTAMED BEAUTY OF THE OUTBACK.

AFTER THREE HOURS OF DRIVING, WHICH FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY TO MITCHELL, THE YOUNG WOMAN SLOWED DOWN AND FINALLY LEFT THE EYRE HIGHWAY. THERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THE AIR, AND SOON THE LANDSCAPE, STILL DESERT-LIKE, TOOK ON A HINT OF GREEN. THEY PASSED THROUGH A SMALL FOREST OF EUCALYPTUS TREES, WITH A WIDE FENCE MARKING A RESTRICTED AREA, THEN FOLLOWED A PARTIALLY SANDY ROAD. MITCHELL NOTICED ONE OR TWO CAMERAS IN THE TREES, AND FINALLY, A GATE BLOCKED THEIR PATH, WHICH THE YOUNG WOMAN OPENED WITH A REMOTE CONTROL. ONCE AGAIN SURROUNDED BY EUCALYPTUS TREES, THE SMELL OF THE SEA BECAME INCREASINGLY PRESENT, AND THEY REACHED A MODERN VILLA WHOSE ARCHITECTURE BLENDED WITH THE NEARBY ROCKY OUTCROPS AND TREES. FROM THE SKY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALMOST INVISIBLE. FINALLY, WITH THE ENGINE CUT OFF, MITCHELL WAS ABLE TO DISMOUNT THE MOTORCYCLE AND TAKE A FEW STEPS. BEFORE HIM, THE YOUNG WOMAN POSITIONED HERSELF FACING THE OCEAN.





BEFORE MITCHELL LAY A SUMPTUOUS LANDSCAPE: THE VILLA FACED A LONG, DESERTED BEACH OF WHITE SAND. THERE WAS NO ONE AROUND, NO HUSTLE AND BUSTLE, JUST THE SOUND OF THE SURF AND A FEW BIRDS. BUT WHAT FAXED HIM THE MOST WAS KATJA'S MUSCULAR BUTTOCKS, MOLDED BY HER LEATHER PANTS. THE BUTTOCKS WERE PERFECTLY ROUNDED, AS IF CARVED IN STONE, AND CROWNED BY LONG THIGHS SO LONG THEY ALMOST LOOKED ARTIFICIAL



A woman with long black hair, wearing a black leather jacket, black leather pants, and black boots, stands with her hands on her hips. A man in a blue and white polo shirt and light-colored trousers stands next to her, looking at her. They are on a balcony with a white wall and a railing.

YOU
CAN TAKE
A SHOWER
ON THE
LEFT-HAND
STAIRCASE AS
YOU ENTER,
SECOND DOOR
ON THE RIGHT.
USE THE WASHING
MACHINE. YOU
CAN TAKE ONE
OF THE
BATHROBES IN
THE CLOSET.

BUT...WHA...OK
, THANKS, I
REALLY NEED
ONE

20MNS AND A SHOWER LATER



KATJA, TOO, HAD HAD TIME TO CHANGE INTO HER PANTIES. SHE WAS INCREDIBLY AROUSING, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE TO SEEING THIS GIANT OF DIVINE PROPORTIONS WALKING AROUND IN FRONT OF HIM, A FEELING HE WAS UNABLE TO DEFINE.

NICE ISN'T IT?

FUCK
YEAH!!

MITCHELL HAD ALWAYS BEEN REASONABLY SURE OF HIMSELF BUT SUDDENLY BEGAN TO STAMMER, SEARCHING FOR WORDS, MOUTH DRY. HE THOUGHT BRIEFLY OF HIS WIFE WHO HAD STAYED BEHIND IN MELBOURNE, THEN OF HIS MISTRESS IN PERTH. NONE OF THEM WAS A MATCH FOR KATJA, LITERALLY OR FIGURATIVELY.

IS THIS FOR REAL?

I'M, I'M SORRY, I TOOK ONE OF THE BATHROBES AND I ..ER...



JUST DOING
SOME EGGS AND
...A JOINT. YOU
SMOKE?

SURE...WHY ARE
YOU
LIKE...STAMMERING
?

HM..NO, I MEAN I
STOPPED LONG TIME AGO AND
HMM...CAN I USE YOUR LANDLINE
PLEASE ? I NEED...I NEED TO
CALL A TOW TRUCK FOR MY
CAR.

WHA...WHAT? NO
..HM SORRY


MY GOD, I WANT
TO CARESS HER
ASS SO MUCH!



THE
PHONE...OVER
THERE

POOR GUY, HE'S
SO MUCH LIKE ALL
OTHERS...

OH...COOL!!
THANK YOU
SO MUCH!!



BUT...I TRIED A FEW MINUTES AGO AND IT WAS DOWN.;IT HAPPEN EVERYDAY SO YOU JUST HAVE TO WAIT. WE'VE GOT SOME POWER ISSUES TO BUT I HAVE A GENERATOR, SO NO WORRIES AT ALL

YES..I GUESS SO, NO WORRIES

BUT...I NEED TO CALL THE TOW..

DID YOU HEAR ME ? I SAID JUST WAIT!

YES, SURE, OF COURSE...I WAS..

THAT'S WHEN MITCHELL SAW THE WEIGHTS. THE MAN REGULARLY WENT TO THE GYM TO SCULPT HIS BODY AND PICK UP EASY GIRLS. THE WEIGHTS SEEMED TO HIM A GOOD WAY OF DIVERTING THE CONVERSATION, AS HE FELT THAT KATJA COULD EASILY HAVE BECOME ANGRY.

OH YES?
YOU'RE A
FITNESS ADDICT
?

HEY!! COOL!
SOME
DUMBBELLS!! I
WON'T SAY NO
TO A BIT OF
EXERCISE!



A man with a shaved head and a goatee is wearing a bright pink bathrobe. He is lifting a large black dumbbell with his right arm. The background shows green foliage and a grey wall. There are two speech bubbles: one on the left containing a monologue about body image, and one on the right containing a question about a woman's whereabouts.

WELL,
I'VE
ALWAYS PAID
ATTENTION TO
MY BODY, I THINK
IT'S IMPORTANT
TO ASSUME
ONE'S ROLE AS
A MAN AND
I...

WHERE IS
SHE GOING?



HAVE YOU SEEN
THOSE ?

THERE WERE OTHER DUMBBELLS ON THE FLOOR, WITH 4 DISCS WEIGHING 7.5KG EACH, IN OTHER WORDS, TOO MANY, THOUGHT MITCHELL. WHAT WERE THEY FOR? CERTAINLY NOT FOR REPS.

CAN YOU LIFT ONE OF THESE?

OF COURSE...BU... BUT THEY ARE NOT REALLY MADE FOR REPS

WHY?

WHY?? BU...BECAUSE IT'S TOO HEAVY ! YOU CAN'T HMM....

GEEZZ!! IS SHE DOING ...??? NO !! NO WAY ???!

A muscular woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black ribbed long-sleeved crop top and black lace underwear. She is holding two dumbbells, one in each hand. The dumbbells are black with silver handles and have '7.5KG' printed on them. She has a determined expression and is looking slightly to the right. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text.

TAKE YOUR
BATHROBE OFF,
I WANT TO SEE
YOUR BODY! AND
NOW TEN REPS
!!

KATJA SCREWED HER GAZE INTO MITCHELL'S EYES AND BEGAN TO COUNT. LIFTING 30KGS WASN'T IMPOSSIBLE, EXCEPT THAT SHE KEPT COUNTING, WITH A SMIRK ON HER FACE.

9, 10, 11,

MY GOD..I CAN'T
DO MORE!!

7.5KG

SHE STOPPED AT TWENTY, NOT LOOKING OUT OF BREATH, EYES SHINING. MITCHELL, ON THE OTHER HAND, COULD SEE THE VEINS IN HIS ARM, WHICH HAD TRIPLED IN SIZE; HE COULD FEEL HIS BREATHING BECOME CHOPPY, HIS EYES BLURRED AND HIS MOUTH DESPERATELY DRY. SHE WAS NOT LAUGHING ANYMORE. THIS WAS NOT A GAME

LET'S DO 20 MORE BUT I'LL PUT OFF MY SHIRT...THAT MIGHT HELP YOU

HELP ME ? WHY ? OH YOU'RE KIDDING AHAHA ...WHY DON'T WE HM...TRY ANOTHER EXERCISE AND HM....WELL...

I CAN'T DO 20 MORE...MY VEINS WILL EXPLODE.

20 MORE





ALL
NATURAL IF
YOU WONDER.. I
ALWAYS GOT
COMPLIMENT ON
THEM...YOU
LIKE ?

OH, YES, VERY..

OK SO
20!
1!

AFTER 8, MITCHELL UNDERSTOOD THAT HE WOULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER. HOW COULD KATJA HAVE SUCH STRENGTH, OF COURSE SHE WAS TALL AND MUSCULAR, BUT EVEN IF SHE TRAINED EVERY DAY, SHE WAS STILL A WOMAN, HER FEMALE BODY UNLIKE MITCHELL'S WASN'T CUT OUT FOR PHYSICAL EFFORT, IT WASN'T NORMAL HE THOUGHT! A WOMAN COULDN'T BEAT A MAN, ESPECIALLY NOT A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!



WELL..



8, YOU'RE OKAY?

ALL RIGHT!!

9



I...STOP...I
CAN'T

SHIT, MY LEGS
ARE SHAKING, I'M
GOING TO FAINT!

BUT KATJA'S COMMANDING VOICE KEPT COMING INTO HIS BRAIN, INSISTING ON THE 9, THE WORD ECHOING IN HIS EARS, THE 9! GO ON! DO IT!! LIFT IT!! THE 9! IT FELT LIKE HE WAS GOING TO FALL TO THE GROUND.

9!

9!

I...CAN'T!!

9!

9!



MITCHELL LOOKED DOWN AT HIS ARM, ... HIS VEINS FELT AS IF THEY WERE ABOUT TO BURST. HE WAS DONE!

FUCKK!!

AND KATJA FOLLOWED UP WITH ELEVEN MORE REPS, WHILE MITCHELL, DEFEATED, WATCHED HER. THE YOUNG WOMAN'S BICEPS SWELLED IN RHYTHM, GROWING ENORMOUS WITH EACH MOVEMENT, AND WITH EVERY FLEX, SHE LOCKED HER GAZE INTO HIS, TELLING HIM, "LOOK, I'M STRONGER THAN YOU. I CAN BEAT YOU

20!

AND KATJA KEPT COUNTING THE REPETITIONS, LIFTING THE 30 KILOGRAMS EFFORTLESSLY AND WITH EASE, ALL THE WHILE OPENLY MOCKING MITCHELL. HE, UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO TO STOP THIS COMPETITION WHERE HE WAS DEFEATED AND HUMILIATED, COLLAPSED TO THE GROUND, FEIGNING BREATHING PROBLEMS IN HOPES OF HALTING THE RELENTLESS ONSLAUGHT AND PERHAPS GARNERING HER SYMPATHY. BUT SHE SHOWED NO MERCY, CONTINUING ON WITHOUT PITY.

25, YOU'RE SO WEAK!! STAND UP!! BE A MAN!!



AT THIRTY, SHE STOPPED, SETTING DOWN THE DUMBBELL AND THEN CASTING A DISDAINFUL GLANCE AT MITCHELL. HE WAS BARELY RECOVERING FROM THE EXERCISE, AND SHE FOUND NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TO POUNCE ON HIM.

POOR LITTLE BOY!! COME HERE!!

ONE MOMENT I NEED TO BREATH..

WELL,
YOU DON'T
SAY ONE
MOMENT TO
SOMEONE WHO
AS DEFEATED
YOU LIKE I
DID...BEND
OVER!

BAM!

WHAT?

KATJA POSITIONED HERSELF BEHIND MITCHELL AND BEGAN TO SWAY HER HIPS, AND IT WAS THEN THAT MITCHELL REALIZED SHE WAS MIMICKING AS IF SHE WERE FUCKING HIM

OH...YOU FEEL THAT ??
BAM! BAM !
BAMM! I'M FUCKING YOU!!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



YEAHH!! MY
LITTLE WHORE
!! YOU FEEL HOW
MUCH I FUCK YOU
DEEP ??

HEY!!

BAM!
BAM!



I LIKE THIS
SO MUCH...MY
CLIT IS RUBBING
BETWEEN YOUR
CHEEKS!! BAM!
BAM BAM!!

BAM!
BAM!
BA

KATJA..PLEASE
STOP..

BUT THE YOUNG WOMAN DIDN'T STOP; QUITE THE OPPOSITE. HER HIP MOVEMENTS GREW MORE AND MORE POWERFUL UNTIL, WEIGHING DOWN WITH ALL HER MIGHT, THEY FORCED MITCHELL TO LIE DOWN ON THE GROUND, CRUSHED BY THE WEIGHT OF THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS RUBBING HER CLIT

YOU'RE SO WEAK!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

PLEASE!!



DON'T
MOVE!!

HEY!! YOU CAN'T
...PLEASE !!

MITCHELL DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY UNDERSTAND WHERE THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS GOING WITH THIS, BUT ONCE THE 30-KILOGRAM DUMBBELL WAS PROPERLY POSITIONED ACROSS HIS NECK, HE REALIZED HE COULDN'T REMOVE IT WITHOUT RISKING BREAKING HIS NECK.

I SAY DON'T MOVE!! YOU DON'T LIKE THIS POSITION?

KATJA!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ??



A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a black lace bikini, is kneeling on a dark patterned mat and massaging the back of a man. The man is lying on his back, wearing blue briefs, and is lifting a black dumbbell with his right arm. The scene is set on a balcony with a view of a beach and ocean. A speech bubble is in the top right corner.

JUST WANT
TO TRY
SOMETHING...BUT
FIRST LET SEE
WHAT YOU HAVE
HERE...



IF YOU MOVE
I'LL BEAT THE
SHIT OUT OF YOU
OK ??

SHE TORE OFF THE MAN'S UNDERWEAR, THEN HE HEARD HER GET UP AND LEAVE THE ROOM. HE COULDN'T MOVE, AND EVEN IF HE COULD, HE WAS AFRAID TO DO SO AND DISOBEY KATJA. DURING THE FEW MINUTES SHE WAS GONE, HE REALIZED HE HAD NEVER BEEN IN SUCH A POSITION, IN SUCH A SITUATION, AND THAT THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS MANIPULATING AND TOYING WITH HIM, DOMINATING HIM WITH ALL HER PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND SEXUAL STRENGTH.



5 MNS LATER

HELLO..SO, ARE
YOU READY ?

READY ?



DOESN'T
MATTER...HAVE
YOU EVER BEEN
ASSFUCKED ?

WHAT ??
NO OF
COURSE !!

COOL! I
LOVE
VIRGINS!! THEY
NEVER FORGET
THEIR FIRST
TIME!! THE ONE
WHO FUCKED
THEM SO DEEP
THEY CRIED!!

YOU ARE NOT
DOING THIS!!!



RELAX!! I'VE PROBABLY
ASSFUCKED 100 VIRGIN BOYS
LIKE YOU!! IT MUST BE THEY
LIKE TO BE ASSFUCKED BY
TALL AMAZON!

PLEASE!!
NO!!



RELAX!! I'VE ADDED
SOME LUBE!! IT'S NOT
LIKE THOSE MEN I
ASSFUCKED ON PARKING
AFTER NIGHTCLUBBING!!
ALL IN WITHOUT LUBE
AHAHAH!!

OH MY GOD!! I
CAN'T STOP HER!!

KATJA...PLEASE..
..NO..



IT'S EVEN
NOT A BIG
COCK...JUST A
LITTLE BIGGER
THAN YOUR
WEENIE!

HE'S NOT
RESISTING
ANYMORE!! THAT'S
A BETA MALE FOR
SURE!

I BEG
YOU..DON'T DO
THAT!!



OH...LOOK AT THAT!! IT'S GETTING IN EASILY!! WHAT A BITCH!!

AAHH!!!!

A close-up photograph of a muscular woman from the chest down to the waist, wearing a thick black collar with silver-colored metal links. Her skin is tanned and her muscles are well-defined. In the foreground, the back of a man is visible, showing his shoulder blades and spine. The woman's hand is resting on the man's shoulder. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman's chest.

YOU SEE!!
NOW BACK
!!

AAAAHHH!!!

AND GRADUALLY, FASTER AND FASTER, LIKE A JACKHAMMER SMASHING THROUGH PAVEMENT, THE AMAZON CRUSHED THE MAN BENEATH HER WEIGHT. EACH POWERFUL MOVEMENT OF THE STRAP-ON TORE THROUGH THE MAN, ELICITING DEEP, RESONANT NOISES AND SCREAMS.

TAKE THAT WHORE!!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

WAAAAH!!!

AND GRADUALLY, AS THE FLESH OF THE MAN SOFTENED AND YIELDED, THE AMAZON BEGAN TO MAKE ROTATING MOVEMENTS, DIGGING DEEPER AND DEEPER. ONE MOMENT TO THE RIGHT, THE NEXT TO THE LEFT, ELICITING SOUNDS FROM MITCHEL WHO WAS NO LONGER BEGGING OR CRYING.

SEE...YOU LOVE THAT DON'T YOU?



AAHH!!!

SEEING HIS VICTIM UTTERLY DEFEATED, COMPLETELY AT HER MERCY, FOREVER TRANSFORMED AND NEVER TO FORGET, KATJA WAS SEIZED BY A WAVE OF PLEASURE. THAT WAS HER FAVORITE MOMENT, WHEN SHE KNEW THAT THEY GUY WOULD NEVER EVER FORGET THE NAME OF THE WOMAN WHO TRANSFORM HIM INTO A BITCH...SHE CLIMAXED MULTIPLE TIME

OH...YEAHH

--

OHHH KATJA..



OH...THAT'S
YOUR
PROSTATE!! YOU
FEEL MY DICK
KNOCKING IT
??

DAHHH!!!

OH
..KATJA..BE
GENTLE..

THEN SHE ACTIVATED THE CUMMING SYSTEM, WHICH CONTAINED IN ONE OF THE BALLS A RESERVOIR SHE HAD FILLED WITH HOT CREAM. THE CREAM GUSHED OUT IN A POWERFUL JET INSIDE THE ANUS OF MITCHELL WHO WAS LITERALLY GOBSMACKED BY THE SENSATION AND THE HUMILIATION

OH YOU'LL LOVE THAT !!

WAAAAH!!!

OH YEAHH
LITTLE BITCH
!! I FILL YOU I
FUCK YOU LIKE
THE WHORE YOU
ARE !! YOU FEEL
ME ?? OH
YEAHH!!



AAAAHHH!!!

IT WAS ONLY AFTER A LONG TIME, WHEN SHE WAS SURE SHE HAD EXPELLED ALL THE CUM INTO MITCHELL, THAT KATAJ FINALLY STOOD UP AND STOPPED CRUSHING THE MAN UNDERNEATH HER.

TOTALLY DESTROYED!



I HOPE YOU
LIKED IT !! IT
DOESN'T
REALLY MATTER
, I HAD TO DO IT!
FUCKING A VIRGIN
IS MY CUP OF
TEA! IT HAS
ALWAYS
BE!!

HE'S NOT
TALKING?



KATJA... THE WEIGHT

PLEASE!!

AHAHA
HH HE'S
NOT
DEAD!!

SAY IT MORE
POLITELY!!

I LOVE
THAT!! NOT
ONLY I
TRAUMATIZED HIM
FOR THE REST OF HIS
LIFE BUT ON TOP OF
THAT HE IS NOW
BEGGING ME!! I
LOVE FUCKING
BETA MEN!!

DEAR READER,

THANK YOU FOR SPENDING SOME OF YOUR PRECIOUS TIME READING MY WORK. I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS I DID WHEN I SPENT HOURS ON CREATING IT.

I HOPE THAT IF YOU DIDN'T GET IT AS A MEMBER ON MY WEBSITE, MEANING YOU GET MY WORK FOR FREE, YOU WILL CONSIDER JOINING.

FOR \$5 YOU CAN HAVE ACCESS TO GOOD PICTURES (STORIES, SET, VIDEOS..) AND YOU CAN HAVE ACCESS TO THE WHOLE ALPHA WOMEN UNIVERSE. EACH STORY, EACH SET, EACH PICTURE THAT IS STOLEN IS A SMALL PIECE OF DISCOURAGEMENT THAT CAN ONLY LEAD TO FED UP AND LESS MOTIVATION TO DO BETTER AND TO CONTINUE.

MY WEBSITE :

[HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/KSTYLER](https://www.patreon.com/kstyler)

[TWITTER.COM @KSTYLERG](https://twitter.com/kstylerg)



K-Styler

SEASON2

SO2E01 THE STEPDAUGHTER, NOEMI-PART1

SO2E02 EYRE HWY, KATJA PART1 , PART 2



K-Stylez

SEASON 1

- 1 Basia : Human nature
- 2 Basia : The Boss
- 3 Bali
- 4 The reorg
- 5 The 3 Sisters
- 6 Jack Griffin
- 7 Karla : Fitness Trainer and Dominatrix
- 8 Basia : Adults Only Heritage Hotel, Mauritius
- 9 Erasmus part 1 and part 2 (2 comix)
- 10 Basia : a business trip
- 11 Svetlana and Jim : wedding part 1 : prequel
- 12 Basia : The Adults Only First resort
- 13 The Crossfit girl
- 14 Basia : the Lab
- 15 Svetlana : the lift
- 16 Janet Stanton : Power Corrupt
- 17 Janet Stanton : The rise
- 18 Office fight
- 19 The advertising dept
- 20 Janet : the Induction
- 21 Janet Stanton : Blonde Ambition
- 22 Svetlana : the reeducation camp
- 23 The Change of Control
- 24 Karolina Stark
- 25 Karolina Stark : Family Affairs
- 26 Karla : Four seasons escort
- 27 Basia, Jack Griffin : the Class G
- 28 The bonebreaker
- 29 Madrid HQ
- 30 Dominika : Cthulhu Level 1 (the swingers floor)
- 31 D'enfert Sisters
- 32 The Good Neighbours
- 33 Athena
- 34 Athena : Growing
- 35 The New Order
- 36 The fall of the male reign