



Amazonite Chronicles



Quinn, the bodybuilder



Part 5

K-Styler

— EoA —

Enterprise of Amazons

DEAR READER,

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K. Styler



SO, THAT'S THE GUY? DOESN'T LOOK TOO BRIGHT.

WELL, HE'S A GOOD KID, AND SUPER OBEDIENT, RIGHT? YOU'RE OBEDIENT, HUH?

WHAT'S THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO ANSWER?

UH... YEAH.



YOU'RE
HEADING
HOME. QUINN'S
GOT STUFF TO
TALK ABOUT WITH
ME. WE'LL
PROBABLY SEE
EACH OTHER
AGAIN SOON,
LITTLE GUY

**YES MISS
MOUNTMAN!**

YES BUT..

YES MISS
MOUNTMAN

WOW...NEVER
SAW A WOMAN
LIKE THIS
BEFORE!!

CHARLIE WENT STRAIGHT BACK TO THE APARTMENT, HIS MIND IN A HAZE. NEVER BEFORE HAD HE ENCOUNTERED A WOMAN LIKE MISS MOUNTMAN. THERE WAS SOMETHING TERRIFYINGLY DOMINANT ABOUT HER, EVEN MORE SO THAN QUINN. IN FRONT OF THIS BLONDE AMAZON, HE FELT SO SMALL, INFERIOR, LIKE SOME KIND OF INSECT SHE COULD HAVE CRUSHED UNDER HER BOOTED HEEL. AS HE DROVE, HIS HEART POUNDED, AND EVEN WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE APARTMENT, HE STILL FELT A LUMP IN HIS THROAT. NATURALLY, SLEEP ELUDED HIM. SHE HAUNTED HIS THOUGHTS.

HOW AM I
EVER GONNA
FALL ASLEEP...?
SHE'S JUST SO
STUNNING, SO
HYPNOTIC



INEVITABLY, HE BEGAN TO TOUCH HIS SEX, IN SPITE OF THE CHASTITY CAGE HE COULD FEEL HIS LITTLE TIP HARDENING, HE MASTURBATED BETWEEN TWO FINGERS, BUT VERY SOON EJACULATED AT LENGTH WITH A SIGH, WITH THE VISION AT ONCE TERRIBLY FRIGHTENING AND BEWITCHING OF THE LEATHER-BOOTED DEESSE WHO DIDN'T LEAVE HIM UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS.

A man with dark hair and a beard is lying on his back on a bed, looking up. He is wearing a red string bikini bottom and a watch on his left wrist. A woman's legs, wearing black stockings and high-heeled shoes, are draped over his torso. A thought bubble above him contains the text "SUCH A GODDESS!".

SUCH A GODDESS!

THE NEXT DAY, CHARLIE RECEIVED A TERSE MESSAGE FROM QUINN INSTRUCTING HIM TO COME TO THE CITY CENTER AT 8 A.M., TO THE WALDORF BAR, THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS HOTEL IN TOWN. QUINN WAS THERE, WAITING FOR HIM, AND SHE LOOKED FURIOUS. HE REALIZED HE WAS IN FOR A ROUGH TIME



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black ribbed short-sleeved top, is seated at a table in a restaurant. She has a thoughtful expression, resting her chin on her hand. On the table in front of her are a glass of water, a white coffee cup, a green plate with a small appetizer, and a plate of food. The background features a textured wall with gold and brown tones.

WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO? I
GOT A MESSAGE
FROM THE
LANDLORD SAYING
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
PAYING THE RENT.
WHAT THE HECK
ARE YOU
DOING?

A man with dark hair and light-colored eyes, wearing a light pink long-sleeved button-down shirt and grey trousers with a patterned belt, stands in a warmly lit room. He has a thoughtful expression. Two comic-style speech bubbles and a thought bubble are overlaid on the image. The background features a wall with large, glowing square panels.


DAMN IT!
HOW DID THEY
MANAGE TO
REACH HER? DID
SHE ACTUALLY
CHECK THE
MAILBOX?

W-WHAT DO
YOU MEAN... NO,
BUT, UM... IT'S
JUST THIS
MONTH, I..



SHUT UP!!
YOU'RE JUST A
LITTLE LIAR...
SIT DOWN!


GUINN, THERE
MUST BE A
MISUNDERSTANDING
, I ..



I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T PAID THE RENT THIS MONTH AND EVEN LAST MONTH, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE WITH IT! I CALLED THE LANDLORD, AND HE'S PISSED! HE WANTS TO KICK YOU OUT, WHICH MEANS I'D GET KICKED OUT TOO! AND GUESS WHAT? I CALLED YOUR JOB...GOT SOME PEOPLE THERE, YOU KNOW... ANYWAY, THEY TOLD ME YOU GOT FIRED! LIKE A TOTAL LOSER! AREN'T YOU EMBARRASSED? ARE YOU MESSING WITH ME?

HMM...I'M SORRY, LET ME EXPLAIN

SHIT!!



EXPLAIN WHAT? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? I'M GOING TO END UP HOMELESS BECAUSE OF SOME JERK WHO DOESN'T PAY THE RENT? NO, YOU KNOW WHAT? I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO HANDLE THIS, BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO CHANGE, TRUST ME! YOU'RE GOING TO SHAPE UP! GOT IT?

YES BUT..




SERIOUSLY?
SHE WANTS MY
BANK DETAILS?
WHAT ON EARTH
AM I SUPPOSED
TO SAY TO
THAT?

WHAT? NO EXCUSES!
CLEARLY, YOU CAN'T
HANDLE YOUR WORK AND
MONEY PROPERLY. YOU'RE
ACTING LIKE A KID; YOU SHOULD
BE EMBARRASSED! SINCE IT'S
COME TO THIS, I'LL COVER THE
RENT, BUT SINCE THE LEASE IS IN
YOUR NAME, I WANT SOME
GUARANTEES! YOU'LL GIVE ME ACCESS
TO YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS SO I CAN
CHECK IF YOU'RE TRYING TO PULL
SOMETHING. I'LL ALSO GIVE YOU A
MONTHLY CASH BUDGET TO TEACH
YOU HOW TO MANAGE YOUR MONEY!
AND GUESS WHAT? I'VE GOT YOU A
JOB HERE AT THIS HOTEL. THEY
NEED SOMEONE TO CLEAN.
GOT IT? YOU SHOULD
THANK ME!



YOU'RE
NOT
LISTENING TO
ME!! COME
HERE !!
CLOSER!!

I'M LISTENING
BUT..



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, 'BUT'?
SHUT UP ALREADY!
HERE, OPEN UP!

QUINN SLAMMED CHARLIE'S
FACE INTO THE TABLE WITH
CRAZY STRENGTH, THEN
PUSHED HER FINGERS BACK
AND FORTH SO HARD HE FELT
LIKE SHE MIGHT CHOKE HIM

SHUT UP !! AND
SUCK!! SUCK LIKE
THE COCKSUCKER
THAT YOU ARE !!


I'M
SORRY...MISS
?



EXCUSE
ME, MADAM,
BUT COULD YOU
PLEASE
RESOLVE YOUR
DISPUTE OUTSIDE
THE HOTEL? OUR
OTHER GUESTS
MIGHT
COMPLAIN.


LOOK
AT HOW
SHE'S
TREATING THAT
POOR
GUY'S SO
MUCH BIGGER
THAN HIM! HOW
CAN SHE ACT LIKE
THAT? AND WHY IS
HE JUST TAKING
IT? WHAT'S UP
WITH THESE
TWO?"

LET ME
FINISH HIS
LESSON!!
SUCK I SAID
!! LICK
THEM !!



WOW, SHE'S REALLY SOMETHING! IF THEY'RE TOGETHER, SHE MUST BE REALLY TOUGH ON HIM. HOW DOES A REGULAR GUY END UP WITH SOMEONE SO MUSCULAR? HE'S GOTTA BE FEELING IT, AND HE'S NOT EVEN SAYING ANYTHING. WHAT A SITUATION!

SORRY BUT I MUST INSIST..SIR, ARE YOU OKAY?



YEAH, HE'S OKAY,
THANKS. YOU SHOULD THANK
ME FOR TAKING THE EFFORT TO
TEACH HIM A LESSON! PLUS, HE'S
GOING TO WORK HERE AS A CLEANER
! JUST A NICE LITTLE MAID
SCRUBBING THE HOTEL'S
TOILETS!

OH
PLEASE..

TOTALLY STUNNED BY THE SCENE, THE RECEPTIONIST EVENTUALLY LEFT, AND QUINN RESUMED SHOUTING AT CHARLIE, PRESSING HIS FACE DOWN ONTO THE TABLE TO PREVENT HIM FROM GETTING UP.

OKAY, I'M LETTING YOU OFF THIS TIME, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAND OVER YOUR CREDIT CARD AND CODES, AND I WANT YOUR CAR KEYS TOO. WE'RE GOING SHOPPING. SINCE I'M COVERING THE RENT, YOU'LL BE BUYING ME SOME CLOTHES. GOT IT? YOU BETTER UNDERSTAND.

OKAY

AS QUINN CONTINUED TO INSULT AND THREATEN HIM IN FRONT OF ALL THE HOTEL GUESTS, CHARLIE FELT A PROFOUND SENSE OF DREAD AND HELPLESSNESS. HE REALIZED, WITH GROWING PANIC, THAT HE HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SILENT, PASSIVELY ENDURING HER TIRADE. THIS HUMILIATING MOMENT WAS SEARED INTO HIS MEMORY, MARKING THE FIRST TIME HE HAD BEEN SO PUBLICLY SHAMED BY A WOMAN—ONE WHO WAS NOT ONLY STRONGER BUT ALSO EXUDED A COMMANDING AUTHORITY AND CHARISMA FAR BEYOND HIS OWN. HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE SEARING GAZE OF THE RECEPTIONIST, WHOSE EXPRESSION WAS A MIX OF CURIOSITY, DISGUST, AND DISDAIN. IT WAS AS THOUGH THE RECEPTIONIST WAS WITNESSING A DRAMATIC DISPLAY OF POWER DYNAMICS THAT HAD UNFOLDED BEFORE HER. CHARLIE'S OWN INTERNAL STRUGGLE WAS EXACERBATED BY THE REALIZATION THAT HIS SUBMISSIVE STATUS WAS NO LONGER HIDDEN; IT WAS OUT IN THE OPEN FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.

THE WEIGHT OF QUINN'S WORDS—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER CONTROL OVER HIS FINANCES AND THE STRIPPING AWAY OF WHAT LITTLE AUTONOMY HE HAD LEFT—CRUSHED HIM WITH A PROFOUND SENSE OF DREAD. HE WAS NOT ONLY LOSING HIS FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE BUT WAS ALSO FACING THE STARK REALITY OF HIS OWN VULNERABILITY AND POWERLESSNESS. THE MOMENT FELT LIKE A BRUTAL AWAKENING, EXPOSING HIM TO THE HARSH TRUTH OF HIS SITUATION. AS HE STOOD THERE, OVERWHELMED AND NUMB, CHARLIE FOUND HIMSELF GRAPPLING WITH A DEEP, UNSETTLING MIX OF HUMILIATION AND RESIGNATION, THE FULL IMPACT OF QUINN'S DOMINANCE SETTLING OVER HIM LIKE A HEAVY SHROUD



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QUINN THEN TOOK CHARLIE SHOPPING. SHE USED HIS CREDIT CARD AT A FEW STORES, BUYING HIGH-HEELED LEATHER BOOTS, SEXY LINGERIE, AND EVEN VISITED A SEX SHOP TO PURCHASE A NEW CHASTITY CAGE. SHE THEN TOOK HIM TO A LINGERIE STORE WHERE SHE FORCED HIM TO TRY ON PANTIES UNDER THE BEWILDERED GAZE OF THE SALESWOMEN.



AS THEY WALKED DOWN THE STREET, PEOPLE STARED AT THEM; WOMEN'S FACES SHOWED SMIRKS OF MOCKERY, WHILE MEN APPEARED MOSTLY SURPRISED BY THE SIGHT OF THIS UNUSUAL COUPLE. WHEN THEY PASSED BY A STOREFRONT, QUINN SUDDENLY STOPPED.

LOOK AT YOU!!
LOOK HOW
SMALL YOU
ARE!!





YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO GO BACK TO THE APARTMENT AND WAIT FOR ME. YOU'VE EARNED A PUNISHMENT, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SPANKING LIKE YOU'VE NEVER HAD BEFORE. I WANT YOU TO CLEAN YOURSELF THOROUGHLY, INSIDE AND OUT, IF YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN. NOW, GET GOING!

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BACK AT THE APARTMENT, THE FIRST THING ON CHARLIE'S MIND WAS TO TRY TO TRANSFER MONEY OUT OF HIS MAIN BANK ACCOUNT. THE MORNING'S SHOPPING SPREE HAD ALREADY ALMOST DRAINED HIM; QUINN HAD DILIGENTLY SPENT OVER \$2,000 FROM HIS CHECKING ACCOUNT. HE STILL HAD THE SAME AMOUNT LEFT IN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT, AND THERE WAS NO DOUBT SHE WOULD GET HER HANDS ON IT. ONCE SHE DID, HE WOULD BE LEFT COMPLETELY BROKE AND AT HER MERCY. HE NEEDED TO FIND A WAY TO TRANSFER THE MONEY WITHOUT HER NOTICING. THE OPERATION SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE, AND HE WAS SEETHING WITH RAGE AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING LEFT ENTIRELY PENNILESS.

SHIT, I CAN'T EVEN MOVE IT TO A BITCOIN ACCOUNT. SHE'LL SPOT THE TRANSFER AND I'LL BE SCREWED!

FUCK..THAT MUST BE THE WINDOWS CLEANING SERVICE !

RRRRING!

RRRRING!

RRRRING!

**YES !!
OPENING THE
DOOR!!**

WHO'S
BUGGING ME
NOW? I NEED TO
SHOWER OR
QUINN'S GONNA
BE PISSED!



*COME IN!!
IT'S OP...OH
NO!!*

CHARLIE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED
THE HEAVY, DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS

OI, LITTLE
BRO! WHAT'S
UP? HAVEN'T
HEARD FROM YOU
IN AGES, YOU
OLD HAG!



YOUR WORDS HERE...JAMES CAME AT HIM, WONDERING WHY HE HADN'T BEEN ANSWERING HIS MESSAGES.JAMES WAS TWO YEARS OLDER BUT WAS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM HIM. HE WORKED IN A REMOTE PART OF QUEENSLAND, FIXING FARM MACHINERY. JAMES WAS THE MOST OUTGOING, JOVIAL, AND CAREFREE PERSON HE HAD EVER KNOWN. HE WAS INTO BEER AND WOMEN, PREFERRING THEM LARGE AND BRASH.

WELL, I FIGURED I'D POP BY AND SURPRISE YOU!

SO NICE TO SEE YOU JAMES!!

BUT NOT THE RIGHT MOMENT!

THE TWO BROTHERS RECONNECTED EFFORTLESSLY, SLIPPING BACK INTO THEIR OLD RHYTHM AS IF THEY'D NEVER BEEN APART. IN NO TIME, THEY CAUGHT UP ON EACH OTHER'S LIVES, EXCHANGING STORIES AND UPDATES WITH A NATURAL EASE. CHARLIE FELT A WAVE OF RELIEF AS JAMES'S EASYGOING NATURE REMINDED HIM OF SIMPLER TIMES. THEY QUICKLY SHARED THEIR RECENT HIGHS AND LOWS, WITH JAMES'S LIVELY UPDATES AND CHARLIE'S MORE REFLECTIVE TONE BLENDING SEAMLESSLY. IT WAS LIKE THEY'D PICKED UP RIGHT WHERE THEY LEFT OFF, THEIR BOND AS STRONG AS EVER.



YEAH!
I TOLD
HER ONE
MORNING,
YOU'RE A
BLOODY IDIOT
AND YOU'LL END
UP JUST LIKE
ALL THE IDIOTS:
UGLY AND ON
YOUR OWN!

SO YOU LEFT
HER ??

INEVITABLY, THE CONVERSATION SHIFTED TO CHARLIE. HE TOLD HIS BROTHER THAT HE WAS SHARING AN APARTMENT WITH A GIRL WHO WAS AWAY A LOT, WORKING IN THE MINING SECTOR IN AFRICA. JAMES NATURALLY ASKED IF SHE WAS GOOD-LOOKING, AND WHEN CHARLIE MENTIONED SHE WAS TRAINING FOR A BODYBUILDING COMPETITION, JAMES BURST OUT LAUGHING.

MATE, I CAN'T STAND THOSE CHICKS WHO LIVE AT THE GYM! A WOMAN SHOULD BE ALL CURVES, SOFT, AND COMFY, NOT BUILT LIKE A BLOODY BODYBUILDER! YOU SHOULD KICK HER OUT OF YOUR PLACE, GIVE HER A REAL BOOT UP THE ARSE!

WELL, YOU DON'T DO THIS TO WOMEN!

WHY? HOW DO YOU WANT TO EDUCATE THEM?



SO WHAT? YOU
LOOK LIKE
YOU'VE SEEN A
GHOST!

AND?
CHILL OUT.
JUST KICK HER
OUT! TELL HER
TO GO SPEND
THE NIGHT
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

SHIT, THERE'S
NOISE IN THE
HALLWAY!

BUT YOU DON'T
GET IT, IT'S HER!

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HELLO
STRANGER!


OI, G'DAY!



SORRY BUT
WHO ARE YOU ?
I DON'T LIKE
SURPRISE VISIT

WHAT A UNIT!

OH
DON'T
WORRY, I'M
HIS BROTHER,
YOU MAY HAVE
NOTICE I'M A BIT
MORE GOOD
LOOKING
THOUGH



YOU MUST BE...DAMN, I FORGOT YOUR NAME. CHARLIE WAS TELLING ME HIS ROOMMATE SPENDS ALL HER TIME LIFTING WEIGHTS... LOOKING AT YOU THAT MUST BE A FULL-TIME JOB! AHAHA

OH MY GOD



WELL,
I'VE NEVER
BEEN A BIG
FAN OF
BASKETBALL
PLAYERS, SO
YOU'LL HAVE TO
EXCUSE ME IF
I'M NOT SURE
WHAT GETS YOU
LAUGHING !!
AHAHH

...??


OH, I
SEE YOU'RE
A FUNNY ONE.
THAT'S USUALLY
THE CASE WITH
SHORT CHUBBY
GUYS, THEY
GOTTA
COMPENSATE

MAYBE SEEING
YOU WITH AN
ERECTION?

FOR A MOMENT, THE VERBAL JOUSTING CAME TO A HALT. JAMES SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT THIS WASN'T ONE OF THOSE SHORT GIRLS WHO JUST BULK UP AT THE GYM. NO, HE WAS FACING SOMETHING FAR BEYOND THAT—A CREATURE, HOW ELSE COULD HE DESCRIBE HER, FROM ANOTHER REALM. SHE WAS A STUNNING WOMAN, STANDING AT 190CM, NOT ONLY WITH A GORGEOUS FACE AND PIERCING GREEN EYES THAT SEEMED TO BURN WITH INTENSITY BUT DRESSED IN A WAY THAT WAS UNDENIABLY SEXY.

BUT WHAT STRUCK HIM MOST WASN'T JUST HER BEAUTY—IT WAS THE SHEER POWER SHE RADIATED. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER STANCE, THE WAY SHE CARRIED HERSELF, SO CONFIDENT, READY TO TAKE ON ANY CHALLENGE. HE FELT SOMETHING STIR WITHIN HIM, A STRANGE SENSATION AS IF HIS OWN MASCULINITY WAS BEING THREATENED. THAT FEELING ONLY GREW WHEN HE NOTICED HER MASSIVE, VEINY BICEPS BULGING BENEATH HER SKIN, THROBBING WITH POWER. AND THEN, AS IF TO CEMENT HIS UNEASE, HE SAW HER HAND—A HUGE, MUSCULAR HANDWRAP ALMOST COMPLETELY AROUND HIS OWN LARGE FIST, MAKING HIM FEEL EVEN SMALLER IN COMPARISON.



A man with short brown hair, wearing a blue zip-up jacket over a light green t-shirt and blue jeans, stands in a living room. He is looking towards a woman whose back is to the camera. The woman has blonde hair in a bun, a black choker, and large, intricate black tattoos on her left arm and shoulder. She is wearing a black top. In the background, there is a dark brown leather sofa, a bookshelf with colorful books, and a large speaker. A green bottle is on a table in front of the man. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man, one from the woman, and one from an unseen character.

YES SURE, WHY NOT ?

THEN
MAYBE YOU
CAN STAY HERE
FOR DINNER TO
TELL US YOUR
LAEST JOKE?
CHARLIE WILL
COOK

WHAT A
MONSTER!!
FACE OF AN
ANGER BUT THE
BODY OF
GODZILLA!




QUINN..I'M GOING TO TAKE A SCORCHING HOT SHOWER AND PUT ON SOMETHING MORE CASUAL. CHARLIE WILL SERVE YOU A DRINK IN THE MEANTIME.

JAMES...

HOW LONG IS SHE PLANNING TO HOLD ONTO MY HAND? THIS IS GETTING AWKWARD..

AS SOON AS QUINN LEFT THE ROOM, CHARLIE WAITED NERVOUSLY FOR HIS BROTHER'S FIRST REMARKS. JAMES, USUALLY QUICK WITH A JOKE, REMAINED SILENT. IT WAS AS IF HE'D LOST HIS USUAL BANTER. THEN HE PULLED CHARLIE TO A CORNER OF THE APARTMENT. THE NIGHT WAS BEGINNING TO FALL, AND OUTSIDE THEY COULD SEE PEOPLE HURRYING HOME. SUDDENLY, JAMES BROKE THE SILENCE.



NO, I MEAN,
SHE'S NOT A
MONSTER SHE'S
JUST REALLY
TALL

MAYBE...BUT THAT
DOESN'T MATTER

WELL, THIS IS MY
APARTMENT SO...

WHAT IS
THAT
MONSTER?
SERIOUSLY, DID
YOU SEE HER? SHE'S
LIKE TWICE YOUR
SIZE! MAN, I'D
ALMOST THINK SHE'S A
GUY... WHAT'S SHE
DOING AT YOUR
PLACE? DID YOU
REALLY GET A GOOD
LOOK AT
HER? JEZZ...DID
YOU FUCK
HER ?

YOU'RE NOT
TELLING THE
TRUTH...DID YOU
FUCK HER ?

ARE YOU GUYS
TOGETHER ? JEZZ
CHARLIE! LEAVE THIS
SHEILA HERE!!

SHE'S GOING TO
GET YOU IN
TROUBLE...YOU'RE
NOT IN HER LEAGUE
MATE!



YEAH,
SOMETIMES SHE
GOES
OVERBOARD.

NOT
EXACTLY. WE'VE
HAD STUFF
HAPPEN, BUT I
DON'T THINK
SHE...

NOT SO LOUD,
SHE COULD HEAR
US AND..

NO WAY, I
CAN'T
BELIEVE
THIS... DID YOU
SEE HOW SHE'S
TREATING YOU?
'CHARLIE, COOK
THIS, CHARLIE,
GET THAT
DRINK' IS IT
ALWAYS LIKE
THIS?


SO, ARE YOU
TWO A THING? I
MEAN, IS SHE
YOUR
GIRLFRIEND OR
WHAT?

MAN, ARE
YOU IN LOVE
OR
SOMETHING? YOU
LOOK MESSED
UP. WHAT'S SHE
DONE TO
YOU?

ARE YOU FUCKING
SERIOUS ? YOU ARE
AFRAID?



QUIET! SHE'S COMING!! I CAN HEAR HER ON THE STAIRS! WE'LL TALK LATER.



CHARLIE, YOU CAN'T HAVE A WOMAN LIKE THAT IN YOUR PLACE!! SHE'S A TOTAL FREAK!! WAY TOO TALL AND JACKED! THAT'S NOT A WOMAN! SHE'S GONNA RUIN YOU !!

WOW, HE'S SO SCARED... WHAT ON EARTH IS HAPPENING HERE?

A highly muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a light blue halter-neck crop top and denim shorts, stands in a gym-like setting. She has extensive tattoos on her arms and a very defined physique. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The background is blurred, showing other people in a gym.

WHAT'S UP,
GUYS? WERE
YOU JUST
BADMOUTHING
ME? CHARLIE?

A comic book panel set in a modern office. On the left, two men are talking. The man in the foreground is wearing a grey and white striped polo shirt and tan trousers. The man behind him is wearing a blue polo shirt and jeans. On the right, a very muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue crop top and denim shorts, stands with her hands on her hips. She has a large, intricate tattoo on her right arm. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man in the foreground, one from the woman, and one from the man in the background.

NAH,
QUINN,
REALLY, WE
WERE JUST
CHATTING ABOUT
THE GOOD OLD
DAYS AND MY
BROTHER'S
WORK

NO, I SWEAR!

YOU SURE? IT
FEELS LIKE
YOU'RE NOT
TELLING THE
TRUTH.

WHAT THE
HELL IS
CHARLIE
THINKING? HOW
COULD HE BE INTO
SOMEONE LIKE
THAT? SHE'S
HUGE...

WHAT ?? BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING OUT ?...ALRIGHT, NO PROBLEM!

MAYBE WE SHOULD HEAD OUT IF YOU PREFER?

ALRIGHT, SINCE YOU GUYS WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT ME, I'LL HANG OUT WITH YOU BOTH TONIGHT. HOPE THAT'S COOL?

NAH, I DON'T THINK SO. YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT ENOUGH. THERE'S BEER IN THE FRIDGE, AND WE CAN EVEN MAKE MARGARITAS. YOU'RE STAYING HERE!

WHAT THE HELL? WHAT A JERK! I JUST GOT TIME WITH MY BROTHER AND NOW THIS HUGE IDIOT WANTS TO CRASH THE NIGHT?

CONTRARY TO WHAT JAMES WAS WORRIED ABOUT, QUINN WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY GOOD COMPANY. SHE HAD THIS NATURAL WAY OF LEADING THE CONVERSATION AND QUICKLY TOOK OVER. HER STORIES ABOUT WORKING IN THE MINES AND BEING A FITNESS COACH FOR 200 GUYS WAY OUT IN AFRICA WERE REALLY INTERESTING, WITH LOTS OF FUNNY BITS. PRETTY SOON, IT WAS MOSTLY HER AND JAMES TALKING, SINCE JAMES HAD ALSO DONE A BIT OF WORK IN A MINE IN QUEENSLAND AS A DRIVER. CHARLIE KIND OF FELT LEFT OUT. QUINN COULD DOWN BEER WAY FASTER THAN THE TWO BROTHERS, PROBABLY FROM HER TIME IN AFRICA. BEFORE LONG, JAMES AND CHARLIE WERE FEELING A BIT DRUNK.

I REALLY LIKE YOUR STORIES!! SUCH AN EXCITING LIFE IT MUST BE!

NO MORE BEER! SERIOUSLY? NOW SHE'S DIVING INTO STRAIGHT RUM!



YEAH, IT'S A PRETTY EXCITING LIFE, BUT SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA MAKE SACRIFICES. MOST GUYS ARE ON-SITE FOR A MONTH SINCE THEY WANT TO SAVE CASH, SO THAT'S A WHOLE MONTH WITHOUT SEEING A WOMAN... AND YEAH, SOMETIMES THEY HAVE SOME, LET'S SAY, MECHANICAL REACTIONS DURING MY FITNESS CLASSES!

MECHANICAL REACTIONS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

OH, I MEAN, ONE TIME, ALL TWENTY GUYS AROUND ME WERE TOTALLY HARD AS WOOD. YOU COULD SEE IT THROUGH THEIR SHORTS OR JOGGERS; THEY WERE CLEARLY THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE EXERCISES I WAS TELLING THEM TO DO! AHAH!

OH MY GOD!



OH...REALLY ?

YEAH, AND
SOMETIMES WHEN
THERE ARE WATER
SUPPLY PROBLEMS, THE
WOMEN'S SHOWERS ARE SHUT
DOWN, SO WE ALL END UP
SHOWERING TOGETHER AFTER
THE SESSION. LET ME TELL
YOU, THERE ARE SOME
WORKERS, ESPECIALLY A
COUPLE OF AFRICAN GUYS,
WHO ARE SERIOUSLY
WELL-ENDOWED—
LIKE, MASSIVE!





SHE CAN'T
SAY THAT...

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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IT WAS A FEW MINUTES PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN QUINN TRIUMPHANTLY RAISED THE BOTTLE OF RUM! SHE HAD ALREADY DRUNK HALF OF IT. THE TWO GUYS HAD STUCK TO BEER, NEITHER OF THEM LIKING STRONG ALCOHOL. THEY HAD BEEN HOLDING THEIR EMPTY BEER BOTTLES FOR A LONG TIME TO SAVE FACE, WHICH, AT THE MOMENT SHE RAISED THE BOTTLE OF DIPLOMATICO TRIUMPHANTLY, IRRITATED QUINN.

SERIOUSLY, GUYS, QUIT ACTING ALL PRIM AND PROPER; YOUR BEERS HAVE BEEN EMPTY FOR AGES! COME ON, JAMES, LET'S MAKE THIS INTERESTING: IF YOU BEAT ME AT ARM WRESTLING, I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE; IF NOT, WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS. I'M TIPSY ENOUGH FOR YOU TO TAKE ME EASILY, RIGHT? A BIG GUY LIKE YOU CAN'T LOSE TO A GIRL, CAN YOU? LET'S GO!

QUINN STUMBLED AS SHE MADE HER WAY TO THE TABLE, AND JAMES CAUGHT HER JUST BEFORE SHE FELL. CLEARLY, SHE HAD REACHED HER LIMIT. "READY FOR THE CHALLENGE?" HE ASKED, TRYING TO MASK HIS ANNOYANCE AS HE HELPED HER SIT DOWN. HE FIGURED HE'D WIN EASILY, ESPECIALLY SINCE SHE LOOKED SO TIPSY. IT WAS ALMOST LAUGHABLE HOW UNSTEADY SHE WAS. HE TOLD HIMSELF TO STAY ALERT; EVEN IF SHE WAS ANNOYING, HE COULDN'T COMPLETELY UNDERESTIMATE HER.

YOU WANT ME
TO COUNT TO
THREE ? OR YOU
CAN DO IT ?

OOPS,
NO, I'M
FINE, I'M NOT
THAT DRUNK, I
CAN COUNT, HIC
OH BOY, SO,
CAN I
COUNT?



OH,
COME ON,
CHARLIE! YOU
CAN SEE YOUR
BROTHER'S AS
STRONG AS A
BULL! I BET HE'S
NEVER LOST A
SINGLE ARM
WRESTLE! HIC
EVER!

JAMES,
MAN, I
DON'T LIKE
THIS, I KNOW
QUINN, AND...
YOU SHOULD AT
LEAST ASK HER
WHAT SHE
WANTS IF YOU
LOSE...

TOTALLY,
CHARLIE!! AND
HONESTLY, OUR
FRIEND HERE IS
KINDA WORN OUT,
SHE'LL PROBABLY
CRASH SOON!
HAHAHA!


MAN, WITH ALL SHE'S HAD TO DRINK, SHE'S PRACTICALLY DONE FOR. IT SUCKS SHE'S NOT MORE MY TYPE, BECAUSE I KNOW EXACTLY HOW I'D HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THIS... SHE'D HAVE GOTTEN WRECKED, AND I COULD'VE HAD HER... MAYBE EVEN LET CHARLIE IN ON IT TOO. WHATEVER, WE'LL JUST HAUL HER TO BED, AND IF CHARLIE WANTS TO HAVE HIS FUN, THAT'S HIS PROBLEM. NO CHANCE I'M TOUCHING A FREAK LIKE HER!

ARE YOU
...LIKE...READY
?


YES, JUST
COUNT TO 3!



I REALLY DON'T
LIKE THIS...
I KNOW
QUINN, AND
THERE'S NO WAY
SHE'S
PRETENDING.
SHE'S DEFINITELY
WASTED, BUT EVEN
DRUNK, SHE NEVER
LETS THINGS GET
OUT OF HAND.
SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT
HERE




HEEY JAMES...
HIC LEMME ASK YA
SOMETHIN'... YOU EVER
BEEN BEATEN BY A
WOMAN? HUH? HIC I
MEAN, LIKE, REALLY...
WHAT IF I... WHAT IF I
BEAT YA RIGHT NOW?" HIC
"WOULD... WOULD YA
FEEL... LESS OF A MAN?
HUH? WOULD IT... HIC
WOULD IT MESS WITH
YA... LOSIN' TO A
GIRL LIKE ME?



YEAH NAH, I DON'T RECKON YOU CAN BEAT ME, QUINN. YOU'RE JUST A TALL SHEILA WHO SPENDS WAY TOO MUCH TIME IN THE GYM, LIFTIN' WEIGHTS, BUT THAT'S ALL PUFF, NOT REAL MUSCLE. HONESTLY, DUNNO IF YOU'RE EVEN MY TYPE... OR IF YOU'RE EVEN A REAL GIRL, TO BE HONEST

WITH WHAT I JUST THREW AT HER, SHE'S GOING TO BE COMPLETELY THROWN OFF... ON THREE, I'LL PUSH HARD, AND SHE'LL CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND LIKE TRASH! I COULD EVEN BREAK HER ARM TO GET BACK AT MY LITTLE BROTHER !!



HONESTLY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE
YOU'RE A REAL GUY EITHER, JAMES!
YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE CHUBBY DUDE ACTING
TOUGH WITH YOUR BRISBANE ACCENT, BUT I
WOULDN'T CALL THAT A REAL BLOKE... HIC
ANYWAY, DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT
SOMETHING PLANNED TO CHECK ALL
THAT OUT. SO, ARE YOU READY?

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes, nose, and mouth. She has green eyes and is wearing red lipstick. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth. A white speech bubble is positioned to the right of her mouth, containing text.

READ MY LIPS
LITTLE
BOY...ONE, TWO
AND ...

QUINN LEANED IN WITH A MISCHIEVOUS GRIN, EFFORTLESSLY PINNING JAMES' HAND TO THE TABLE. WITH A CASUAL FLICK OF HER WRIST, HIS DEFEAT WAS SWIFT AND UNDENIABLE, LEAVING HIM HUMILIATED AS HE STRUGGLED AGAINST HER STEADY STRENGTH. IT WAS CLEAR THAT EVEN IN HER DRUNKEN STATE, SHE WAS IN COMPLETE CONTROL.


THREE...THAT WAS SO EASY.

HIC YOU
CAN'T EVEN
LIFT YOUR ARM,
CAN YOU? GOOD
GRIEF, JAMES,
YOU'RE SO
WEAK!

JAMES!!

COME ON!!
TRY TO
ESCAPE!!

B-BUT...
DAMN IT...
WHAT THE
HELL!



AWW, JAMES,
CAN'T EVEN LIFT
YOUR ARM? HOW
PATHETIC! HIC YOU'RE
JUST A KID
PRETENDING TO BE
TOUGH. DID YOU REALLY
THINK YOU COULD BEAT
ME? MAYBE I SHOULD
GET YOU A JUICE BOX
FOR THAT LITTLE DOSE
OF SHAME! YOU'RE
JUST MY PLAYTHING
NOW! I COULD
CRUSH YOU WITH
ONE HAND!

QUINN HELD JAMES FIRMLY IN PLACE, HER GRIP UNYIELDING AS SHE FLEXED HER BICEPS, SHOWCASING THE HUGE, VEINY MUSCLES THAT SEEMED ALMOST ALIVE. SHE LOCKED EYES WITH HIM, A SMIRK PLAYING ON HER LIPS AS THE REALITY BEGAN TO SINK IN. JAMES COULDN'T ESCAPE HER HOLD, AND AS HE STARED AT HER IMPRESSIVE STRENGTH, HE REALIZED THAT SHE WASN'T JUST STRONGER; SHE TOWERED OVER HIM IN THE HIERARCHY OF HUMAN POWER. IN THAT MOMENT, IT BECAME CLEAR: HE WAS HER INFERIOR, COMPLETELY AT HER MERCY.

APOLOGIZE
AND SAY I'M
YOUR MASTER,
OR I'LL BREAK
YOUR ARM!HIC!

WHAT?
BUT... OW!
STOP! YOU'RE
CRUSHING MY
HAND! OKAY,
OKAY, YOU'RE MY
MASTER! I'M
SORRY,
QUINN!

OH, POOR
THING, DID I
HURT YOU? I
DIDN'T MEAN TO,
BUT YOU'RE
JUST SO
WEAK...

MY HAND!
DAMN IT, YOU
ALMOST BROKE
MY FINGERS!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?!
HOW CAN
YOU...??

OH MY GOD,
JAMES HAS
TEARS IN HIS
EYES; SHE MUST
HAVE REALLY
HURT HIM

HO COME ON! IT'S NOTHING, IT'LL PASS!HIC!! IF I REALLY WANTED TO, YOU'D BE IN THE HOSPITAL! AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M GONNA BE NICE! YOUR LITTLE DARE WAS IN THREE PARTS, BUT WE'LL JUST DO TWO: YOU STRIP DOWN TO YOUR UNDIES AND HELP ME FINISH THIS BOTTLE OF RUM! OKAY? YOU'RE JUST TOO PITIFUL! GET UP! IN YOUR UNDIES?

OH, IF THAT'S THE CASE, CHARLIE'S GOTTA GO IN HIS UNDIES TOO, AND I'LL PICK A DIFFERENT DRINK, ALRIGHT?

WHAT? IN MY UNDIES? WELL, OKAY, BUT I'M NOT REALLY INTO RUM, SO... I'LL PASS ON THAT.

OH NO...NOT THAT

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.

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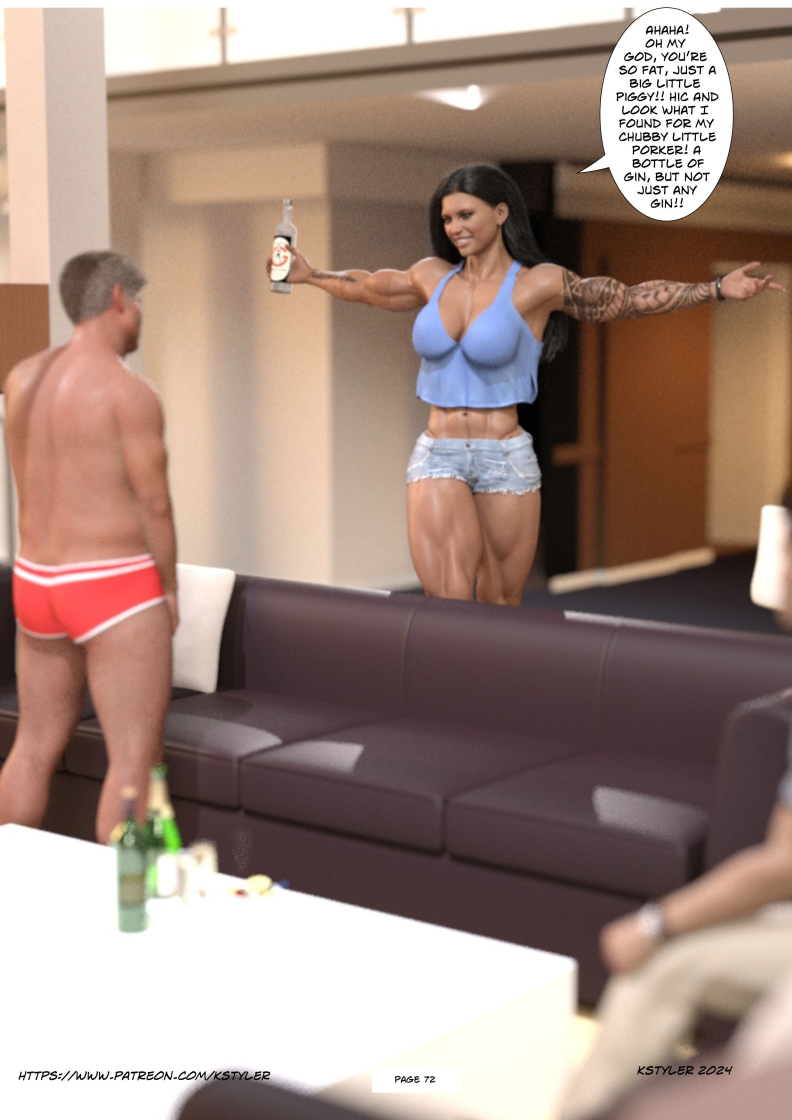
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TWO MINUTES LATER, JAMES FOUND HIMSELF IN HIS UNDIES, A FAMILIAR SITUATION AT PARTIES THAT WAS OFTEN MORE FUNNY THAN HUMILIATING—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ALL ENDED UP DIVING INTO THE POOL COMPLETELY DRUNK IN QUEENSLAND. THIS TIME FELT DIFFERENT, THOUGH; IT WAS THE FIRST TIME A DRUNKEN GIRL WAS IN CHARGE, CALLING THE SHOTS AND MAKING DEMANDS. THE EMBARRASSMENT WASHED OVER HIM AS HE REALIZED HOW POWERLESS HE WAS, REDUCED TO A SPECTACLE FOR EVERYONE TO SEE. IT WAS A ROLE REVERSAL THAT LEFT HIM GOBSMACKED—HE HAD ALWAYS PRIDED HIMSELF ON BEING THE STRONG ONE IN THE GROUP, BUT NOW HE FELT LIKE A TOY IN QUINN'S HANDS.

MEANWHILE, CHARLIE WAS TRYING TO RESIST THE URGE TO STRIP DOWN, HOPING THAT QUINN WAS TOO DRUNK TO REMEMBER HER DEMANDS. HE WAS SQUIRMING IN DISCOMFORT, DESPERATELY WISHING SHE'D FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. AS JAMES GLANCED OVER AT HIM, HE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND WHY CHARLIE WAS SO OFTEN DOMINATED BY QUINN. IT WASN'T JUST ABOUT STRENGTH; IT WAS ABOUT CONTROL AND CONFIDENCE. QUINN'S PLAYFUL AUTHORITY MADE JAMES FEEL SMALL AND VULNERABLE, AND THE REALIZATION STUNG.

WHAT
ABOUT GIN
? YOU LIKE IT
??

YES



AHAHA!
OH MY
GOD, YOU'RE
SO FAT, JUST A
BIG LITTLE
PIGGY!! HIC AND
LOOK WHAT I
FOUND FOR MY
CHUBBY LITTLE
PORKER! A
BOTTLE OF
GIN, BUT NOT
JUST ANY
GIN!!

SEE, THIS IS SOME SUPER EXPENSIVE, SUPER RARE GIN! HIC YOU KNOW, I MET THIS WOMAN AND... WELL, WE HOOKED UP AT HER HOTEL AND... ANYWAY, IT'S NOT JUST ANY GIN; SHE GAVE ME THIS BOTTLE! HIC SHE MAKES IT HERSELF! LOOK AT THE LABEL! IT'LL DEFINITELY MAKE YOU STIFFEN UP A BIT, RIGHT? AHAHA, JUST KIDDING, BUT YOU'RE HILARIOUS





ALRIGHT,
YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO DRINK THE
SAME AMOUNT AS THE
RUM, OR IT'S CHEATING!
HIC LET ME POUR THIS
INTO LITTLE GLASSES,
AND YOU'LL SLAM IT
BACK, NO EXCUSES! AND
SIT DOWN, MY GOD,
YOU'LL LOOK
SLIMMER!
AHAHAHA!

NO WAY,
SERIOUSLY, I'M
NOT DRINKING
THAT. I PREFER
BEER; I DON'T
LIKE STRONG
ALCOHOL!

COME ON, STOP BEING A
WUSS! JUST DRINK IT STRAIGHT,
NO MORE TALKING! HIC YOU
WOULDN'T LAST LONG IN AFRICA!
AHAHA, YOU'D END UP IN YOUR
UNDERWEAR! NOT VERY MANLY FOR A
TOUGH GUY, MR. MUSCLES! RIGHT,
CHARLIE? HE'D BE IN HIS UNDIES
IN THE SHOWER! AHAHA!



QUINN KEPT DOWNING SHOTS, HER LAUGHTER GROWING LOUDER AND MORE SLURRED WITH EACH GLASS. SHE SHOVED MORE DRINKS AT JAMES, WHO, DESPITE HIS PROTESTS, HAD LOST ALL CONTROL OVER THE SITUATION. WITH EVERY SHOT SHE Poured, SHE LAUGHED, TAUNTING HIM, WHILE JAMES, FEELING INCREASINGLY DIZZY AND DISORIENTED, COULD BARELY KEEP UP. HIS VISION BLURRED, HIS HEAD FELT HEAVY, AND HE STARTED TO FEEL WEAK. YET, QUINN DIDN'T LET UP, FORCING HIM TO DRINK SHOT AFTER SHOT, HER VOICE A MIX OF MOCKING AND DRUNKEN ENCOURAGEMENT

NO... NO MORE, QUINN... I CAN'T... I'M DONE, SERIOUSLY... I'M GONNA BE SICK... HIC WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? JUST STOP... I'M NOT... NOT LIKE YOU... I CAN'T KEEP UP...

AHAHA, COME ON, BIG GUY! HIC ONE MORE! WHAT, YOU GIVING UP ALREADY? YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS? OH MAN, YOU'RE SOFTER THAN I THOUGHT! DRINK UP, OR I'M GONNA HAVE TO CARRY TO BED LIKE A LITTLE BABY! AHAHA!

AS THE NIGHT DRAGGED ON, IT WASN'T JUST THE ALCOHOL TAKING ITS TOLL ON JAMES—IT WAS QUINN. SHE WAS GETTING CLOSER WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE, HER LONG, MUSCULAR THIGHS BRUSHING AGAINST HIS LEG, HER BODY PRESSING UP AGAINST HIM IN A WAY THAT SENT UNEXPECTED SHIVERS DOWN HIS SPINE. HE STARTED TO FEEL OVERWHELMED, HIS MIND SPINNING, UNSURE IF HE WAS HALLUCINATING OR IF QUINN'S LEG REALLY FELT THAT LONG AND POWERFUL NEXT TO HIS. THE ALCOHOL HAD WEAKENED HIM, BUT HER PHYSICAL PRESENCE MADE HIM FEEL EVEN SMALLER, ALMOST POWERLESS. CHARLIE, SITTING IN THE CORNER, WATCHED IN STUNNED SILENCE. HE WAS SHOCKED BY THE SCENE UNFOLDING BEFORE HIM—QUINN GETTING BOLDER, HOLDING JAMES UNDER HER ARM, PRACTICALLY CONTROLLING HIM NOW. CHARLIE FELT A PANG OF JEALOUSY, NOT JUST FROM THE ATTENTION SHE WAS GIVING JAMES, BUT FROM THE WAY SHE SEEMED TO DOMINATE THE ENTIRE ROOM.



YOU...
YOU
WOULDN'T
DARE...

COME ON, IF
YOU DRINK THIS
ONE, YOU KNOW
WHAT? HIC I'LL
GET RID OF MY
CLOTHES TOO,
AHAHA!

OH NO...
WHAT'S
HAPPENING...
THIS IS GOING
TOO FAR..



WHA... OH GOD, NO WAY, SERIOUSLY, I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE...

COURSE I CAN! YOU... YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF, MATE, OR WHAT I COULD DO TO YA, HUH, MY LITTLE... OH, POOR THING!

AHA, YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M GONNA STRIP DOWN TO MY UNDIES, YEAH! MAYBE THAT'LL WAKE YOU UP A BIT, HUH? AND SPEAKIN' OF UNDIES... HEY, CHARLIE! WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DOWN TO YOUR BOXERS TOO? WHAT YA WAITIN' FOR, HUH? YOU WANT ME TO COME UNDRRESS YA MYSELF?

A man with dark hair and a slight stubble is sitting on a dark couch with his arms crossed. He is wearing a grey and blue polo shirt, a brown belt, and light-colored trousers. He has a watch on his left wrist and a bracelet on his right. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing text. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.


PLEASE,
QUINN... NOT
THAT... YOU
KNOW I CAN'T...
I CAN'T
UNDRESS...

QUINN STOOD UP WITHOUT ANY HESITATION, SWAYING SLIGHTLY, AND BEGAN UNDRRESSING, REVEALING HER LONG, BRONZED, MUSCULAR BODY. HER TANNED SKIN GLEAMED UNDER THE LIGHT, AND HER WELL-DEFINED MUSCLES TENSED WITH EVERY MOVE. HER STRONG THIGHS, BROAD SHOULDERS, AND FIRM ABS MADE HER LOOK LIKE A TRUE AMAZON. JAMES, COMPLETELY DRUNK, COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES. HE WAS BOTH FASCINATED AND UTTERLY STUNNED BY THE IMPOSING SIGHT OF QUINN NEXT TO HIM, SO CLOSE THAT HE COULD FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER BODY.

COME ON, CHARLIE!! WE'RE ALL IN OUR UNDIES! COME ON, DON'T BE BORING!

YOU HEAR THAT, JAMES? YOUR BROTHER WANTS TO BAIL ON US!! COME ON, SAY SOMETHING TO HIM!

PLEASE..I'D PREFER NO TO..



ALRIGHT, CHARLIE,
LISTEN UP. I'M NOT
GONNA SAY THIS TWICE. YOU
STRIP, OR I SWEAR, I'M
GONNA BEAT THE CRAP OUTTA
YOU RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW,
IN FRONT OF YOUR BROTHER.
YOU HEAR ME? AND TRUST
ME, YOU DON'T WANT
THAT

SHE'S NOT
LAUGHING AT
ALL...WHAT'S THE
ISSUE HERE??

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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INDEED, THERE WAS A PROBLEM, AND JAMES FINALLY UNDERSTOOD WHY. CHARLIE BEGAN UNDERDRESSING SLOWLY, AWKWARDLY STARTING FROM THE BOTTOM. WHEN HE PULLED OFF HIS PANTS, IT BECAME PAINFULLY CLEAR—HE WAS WEARING A PAIR OF FRILLY WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, ADORNED WITH TINY FLOWERS AND LACE. THE SIGHT WAS SO ABSURD THAT JAMES COULDN'T HELP BUT LAUGH, BUT THAT LAUGHTER QUICKLY FADED. QUINN, BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HERSELF, PRACTICALLY YANKED OFF CHARLIE'S SHIRT, REVEALING A MATCHING BRA UNDERNEATH. CHARLIE STOOD THERE, FROZEN IN SHAME, HIS FACE BURNING RED. MEANWHILE, QUINN EXPLODED WITH DRUNKEN LAUGHTER, FINDING THE ENTIRE SCENE HYSTERICAL. JAMES, NOW STUNNED, FELT A STRANGE MIX OF SHOCK AND PITY FOR HIS BROTHER. CHARLIE WAS UTTERLY HUMILIATED, EXPOSED IN FRONT OF THEM, AND JAMES COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE WAS SEEING. QUINN, HOWEVER, WAS DELIGHTED, HER DOMINANCE IN FULL DISPLAY AS SHE REVELED IN CHARLIE'S COMPLETE SUBMISSION.

WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE SECRETS, DON'T BE ASHAMED, CHARLIE! I'M SURE YOUR BROTHER THINKS YOU'RE CUTE, AHAHA!

WHAT THE HELL, CHARLIE... WHAT IS THIS MESS?


BUT SERIOUSLY...
AM I DRUNK, OR ARE
YOU WEARING WOMEN'S
UNDERWEAR AND A BRA,
CHARLIE? I MEAN, COME
ON, I KNEW YOU WERE
WEIRD, BUT THIS IS
JUST... WHAT THE
HELL?



A man with brown hair and a pink floral bikini top is looking down with a speech bubble above him. A hand is visible behind his head, adjusting his hair. Another speech bubble is to the right.

TELL HIM!
TELL YOUR
BROTHER NO
ONE'S FORCING
YOU, THAT YOU
CHOSE THAT
OUTFIT
YOURSELF THIS
MORNING. GO
ON, SAY IT!

YES...
IT'S... ME...
I... I CHOSE
IT...



BUT DON'T BE ASHAMED
CHARLIE, I'M SURE YOUR BROTHER
THINKS YOU'RE A TIGHT LITTLE GUY,
WHEN IN TRUTH YOU'RE A LITTLE
PERVERT! YOUR BROTHER HAS NO IDEA
OF THE TORRID NIGHTS YOU SPEND, OF
ALL THE TOYS AND ACCESSORIES YOU
HIDE IN YOUR CLOSET! COME ON
CHARLIE, BE YOURSELF! STAND UP
STRAIGHT! YOU BEHAVE LIKE A BIG
FAGGOT, YOU KNOW THAT EH
AHAHAHHA!



WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT, CHARLIE? YOU'RE GONNA GO MAKE ME A MARGARITA AND A VODKA FOR YOUR BROTHER. IT'LL HELP HIM SOBER UP, COME ON! MOVE IT, YOU'RE SO SLUGGISH!

GO NOW...GOOD BOY!

OF COURSE QUINN, I'LL DO THAT

QUINN ALMOST JUMPED ONTO THE COUCH, HER HAND OPENLY BRUSHING AGAINST JAMES'S LEG. CHARLIE WAS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN, OBLIVIOUS TO QUINN'S ANTICS AS SHE FLIRTED SHAMELESSLY WITH HER BROTHER. POOR JAMES, ALSO TIPSY, WASN'T QUITE SURE HOW TO REACT, BUT HE SEEMED LESS AND LESS INTIMIDATED BY QUINN'S ADVANCES.

ARE YOU SCARED OF ME? DON'T BE! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO YOU YET, HIC!! AHHAH!

NO, HIC, IT'S JUST THAT...MY BROTHER..



UH, YEAH,
BUT... I MEAN,
THIS IS KINDA
WEIRD, DON'T
YOU THINK?

YOU
KNOW,
JAMES, WE'RE
BOTH ADULTS
HERE. IT'S OKAY
TO HAVE A
LITTLE FUN,
RIGHT?

YOU
KEEP
LOOKING AT
ME, JAMES. I
KNOW YOU'D
LOVE TO BE WITH
A GIRL LIKE ME
—BIGGER AND
STRONGER. YOU
HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT I
COULD DO
TO YOU

JAMES FELT A CHILL AS QUINN TOWERED OVER HIM, HER DEBANDOR SHIFTING FROM FLIRTATIOUS TO MENACING. THE REALIZATION HIT HIM HARD: HE WAS NO LONGER IN CONTROL. INTIMIDATION COURSED THROUGH HIM; HE WAS THE WEAKER ONE, THE PREY. DESPITE THE ALCOHOL FOGGING HIS MIND, HE KNEW HE COULDN'T MATCH HER STRENGTH. FEAR GRIPPED HIM—HE DIDN'T WANT TO PROVOKE HER. IN THAT MOMENT, HE UNDERSTOOD THE TERRIFYING TRUTH: HE WAS AT HER MERCY, AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPING IT.

CHARLIE
!! GO GET
YOUR
NUISSETTE!!
LEAVE US
ALONE !

QUINN, I THINK I
HAD ENOUGH..



I'M NOT..

DON'T BE AFRAID...

LET IT GO!! TAKE THAT LITTLE DICK OUT FOR ME!! COME ON!! IF NOT I'LL FUCK YOU **RIGHT NOW!**



STOP
NOW...

HERE IT IS..A
TINY SMALL DICK
BUT VERY HARD!!

DON'T WORRY,
I'M JUST GOING
TO FUCK YOU, RAPE
YOU, I DON'T GIVE A
FUCK WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU
SEE, YOU'RE NOT ABLE
TO RESIST ME, SO
I'M JUST GOING TO
FUCK YOU,
UNDERSTOOD?





**NO,
STOP,
LEAVE ME
ALONE !**

COME ON,
LET YOURSELF
GO!! I JUST
WANT TO RUB MY
BIG CLIT
AGAINST YOUR
TINY LITTLE
COCK!

COME ON
HERE
CHARLIE!!
SEAT!!



HMM!!
THAT'S
GOOD!! THE
MORE YOU
STRUGLE THE
MORE I'M
EXCITED!!

SHE'S A
DEVIL!

JAMES HAD NO ESCAPE AS QUINN GRIPPED HIS WRISTS TIGHTLY, HER HANDS LIKE STEEL. SHE SPUN HIM EFFORTLESSLY, HER STRENGTH ON FULL DISPLAY.

SPREAD YOUR LEGS LITTLE WHORE!! I WANT YOU TO FEEL ME FUCKING YOU



HEY
CHARLIE!!
YOU LOOK SO
MISERABLE!!
STAND UP!! TAKE
MY PHONE AND A
FEW PICTURES!! I
WANT TO KEEP
THIS LITTLE
FIGHT!!!!
GO!



CHARLIE STOOD UP WITH DIFFICULTY AND TOOK A FEW PHOTOS. JAMES STRUGGLED PATHETICALLY, AS IF HE HAD GIVEN UP DEFENDING HIMSELF, COMPLETELY OVERWHELMED BY QUINN'S ASSAULT.

ALRIGHT, DID YOU GET THE RIGHT ANGLES?! I WANT TO SEE THIS FAT PIG STRUGGLE! TAKE A VIDEO TOO!

STOP IT, QUINN! IT'S NOT FUNNY, ALRIGHT, YOU'VE WON!

OH NO, IT'S NOT OVER. I'M THE ONE WHO DECIDES! CHARLIE, GET LOST NOW!! COME ON, GET OUT OF HERE! AND SWITCH OFF THE LIGHTS!!

QUINN MOVED AGAINST JAMES WITH DELIBERATE BACK-AND-FORTH MOTIONS, HER WEIGHT KEEPING HIM PINNED. EVERY TIME HE TRIED TO RESIST, SHE PUSHED HARDER, MAKING IT CLEAR HE WAS COMPLETELY UNDER HER CONTROL. JAMES COULD ONLY LIE THERE, FEELING THE FULL EXTENT OF HER POWER. QUINN WAS TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL, ONLY HER PLEASURE MATTERED, SHE TOOK HIM LIKE A LITTLE WHORE, HE FELT THAT SHE WAS STARTING TO GET WET, HER JUICES WERE GOING THROUGH HER PANTIES AND JAMES FELT HIS COCK SWELL. FOR CHARLIE THIS WAS ENOUGH



DO YOU FEEL
LIKE I'M FUCKING
YOU THERE? DO YOU
FEEL MY CLIT
AGAINST YOUR
LITTLE
NOODLE?

IN A SUDDEN FLASH OF CLARITY, QUINN REALIZED THAT CHARLIE WAS STILL THERE, WATCHING THEM. SHE SAW IN HIS EYES A HINT OF MOCKERY, AS IF HE FOUND IT AMUSING TO SEE HIM STANDING THERE, COMPLETELY HELPLESS AND INCAPABLE OF REACTING.

COME ON,
CHARLIE, GET
LOST. LEAVE
THE ADULTS
ALONE. GO BACK
TO YOUR LITTLE
BED AND THINK
ABOUT ME.

QUINN, DON'T
DO THAT!!

AS CHARLIE LEFT, QUINN USED HER STRENGTH TO FLIP JAMES ONTO HIS STOMACH WITH SURPRISING SPEED AND POWER. HE COULDN'T REACT IN TIME AND FOUND HIMSELF FACE DOWN AGAINST THE CUSHIONS OF THE COUCH, STUNNED BY HOW EFFORTLESSLY SHE MANAGED TO CONTROL HIM.

OH MY LITTLE JAMES!! YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS MY FAVORITE POSITION!! YOU FEEL MY THRUSTS!! THERE IS NOTHING THAT EXCITES ME AS MUCH AS RUBBING MY PUSSY AGAINST A GUY'S ASS!! LOOK AT YOUR BROTHER, HE IS USED TO THAT !! HE DIDN'T TELL YOU ?? AHAAH !!

QUINN...



OH
YEAH...HMM...SO
GOOD!

CHARLIE!! I JUST TOLD YOU TO GET LOST!! AND TURN OFF THE LIGHT!! I'M GOING TO FINISH JAMES IN MY OWN WAY AHAAHA! TAKE A SEAT IN THE KITCHEN AND WAIT!!

OK..I WAS LEAVING ANYWAY..

OH MY GOD!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME!! WHY AM I PARALYSED HERE WATCHING HER??

THE ROOM WAS DIMLY LIT, SHADOWS DANCING ACROSS QUINN'S POWERFUL BACK AS SHE MOVED WITH AN ALMOST PRIMAL INTENSITY. THE FAINT GLOW OF THE BEDSIDE LAMP TRACED THE DEFINED MUSCLES RIPPLING DOWN HER SPINE, EACH RIDGE AND CURVE COMING ALIVE WITH EVERY CONTROLLED BUT UNRESTRAINED MOVEMENT. HER BROAD SHOULDERS FLEXED, TAPERING INTO A V-SHAPE, WHILE HER HIPS ROLLED FORWARD AND BACK WITH A DELIBERATE, UNYIELDING RHYTHM. THERE WAS A SENSE OF RAW ENERGY IN THE WAY HER PELVIS DROVE EACH THRUST, AS IF SHE WAS CAUGHT IN THE SWAY OF HER OWN POWER. THE LIGHT CAPTURED THE DYNAMIC, ALMOST INSTINCTUAL FORCE BEHIND HER MOVEMENTS, EVERY MOMENT BUILDING WITH UNDENIABLE STRENGTH AND URGENCY. JAMES'S MUFFLED BREATHS MIXED WITH THE SOFT RUSTLING OF FABRIC, HIS RESISTANCE FADING AS HE SURRENDERED TO HER RHYTHM, CAUGHT IN THE PULSE OF THE MOMENT THAT FELT BOTH INTENSE AND INESCAPABLE. THE VISION WAS BOTH INTOLERABLE AND INESCAPABLE FOR CHARLIE



JAMES,
DON'T YOU
THINK I HEAR
YOU SIGH!! YOU
DON'T STRUGGLE
ANYMORE!! BUT
YOU LIKE IT,
DON'T YOU
LITTLE
SLUT!

OH..

CHARLIE'S HAND APPEARED AT THE TOP OF THE SOFA, CLUTCHING IT AS IF TRYING TO HOLD ONTO SOMETHING SOLID, A DESPERATE GRIP AS THOUGH TRYING TO ESCAPE AN OVERWHELMING FORCE. QUINN'S LARGE HAND CAME DOWN FIRMLY ON HIS, ASSERTING HER CONTROL, WHILE JAMES'S RESISTANCE FADED, HIS MOVEMENTS BECOMING SLOWER, ALMOST SUBMISSIVE. THE RHYTHM OF QUINN'S MOTIONS GREW MORE INTENSE, HER BODY MOVING WITH INCREASED STRENGTH AND ENERGY. HER BREATHS BECAME HEAVIER, EACH EXHALE ECHOING IN THE DIMLY LIT ROOM. AS FOR JAMES, HE NO LONGER TRIED TO SPEAK—ONLY SOFT, MUFFLED SOUNDS ESCAPED HIM, AS IF HE WAS SUCCUMBING TO THE MOMENT.





CHARLIE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT HE WAS MASTURBATING, OR AT LEAST THAT HE WAS TRYING TO TOUCH HIMSELF DESPITE THE CHASTITY CAGE...HE FELT HIS LITTLE COCK HARDENING, AS HIS THROAT DRIED OUT.

OH MY GOD!! SHE'S THE DEVIL ITSELF!!

OH..I'M GOING TO CUM ON YOU...ON YOUR BIG FAT SLUT ASS CHARLIE !!

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.

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K. Styler

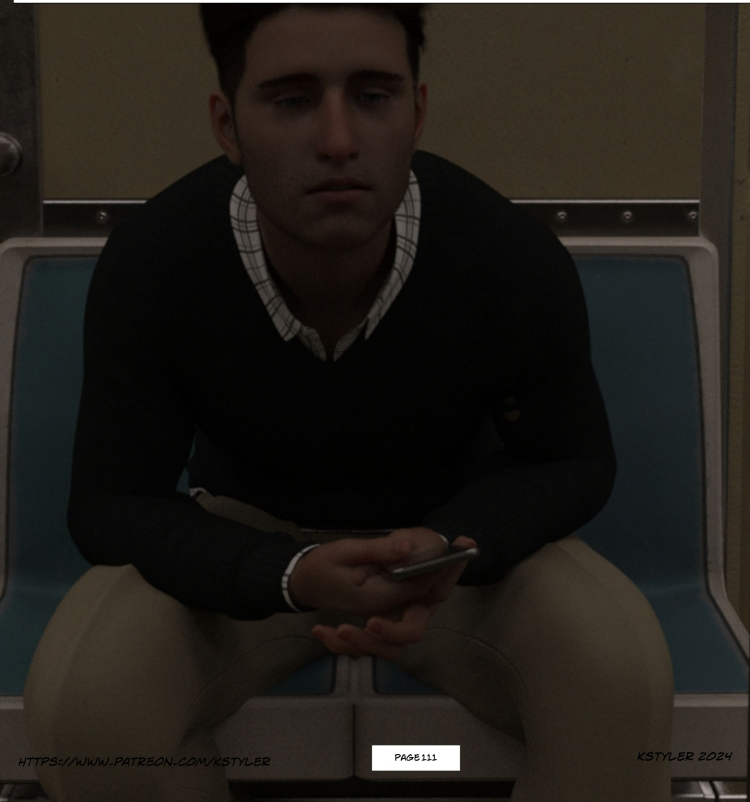
CHARLIE STILL HAD A DRY MOUTH WHEN HE BOARDED THE TRAIN THAT WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE HOTEL WHERE QUINN HAD FOUND HIM A JOB. NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE HADN'T WOKEN UP IN THE BEST SHAPE, BUT THE INSISTENT RINGING OF HIS PHONE HAD JOLTED HIM OUT OF BED DESPITE THE BEERS FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE. WHEN HE'D PICKED UP, QUINN HAD SIMPLY SAID, "HURRY UP, YOU START WORK IN AN HOUR." THEN SHE'D HUNG UP.

HE'D GOTTEN UP, STILL GROGGY, AND AFTER A GOOD SHOWER, HEADED DOWN TO THE KITCHEN. THE HOUSE WAS EERILY SILENT. NO SIGN OF QUINN, BUT HE KNEW SHE'D GONE TO THE GYM. IT WAS PROBABLY AROUND 6 A.M. JAMES WAS GONE TOO. NO TRACE OF HIM IN THE BEDROOMS, NO SIGN OF HIS BAG—HE WAS JUST GONE. GRADUALLY, MEMORIES OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT CAME BACK TO CHARLIE. IN THE END, IT WAS PROBABLY FOR THE BEST THAT JAMES HAD LEFT; HE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO SAY TO HIM.



QUINN HAD SEIZED CONTROL OF THE EVENING IN A WAY THAT LEFT NO ROOM FOR RESISTANCE. HER PHYSICAL STRENGTH WAS UNDENIABLE, AN ALMOST EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAY OF POWER AS SHE IMPOSED HER WILL ON TWO GROWN MEN. IT WAS ASTONISHING TO SEE HOW EASILY SHE MANAGED TO BEND THEM TO HER DEMANDS, USING HER SHEER FORCE TO COMMAND THEIR ACTIONS. BUT IT WASN'T JUST HER PHYSICAL DOMINANCE THAT ALLOWED HER TO TAKE OVER; IT WAS ALSO THE WAY SHE MANIPULATED THE EVENING, STEERING IT EXACTLY WHERE SHE WANTED. SHE DIDN'T HESITATE TO HUMILIATE CHARLIE, STRIPPING HIM OF HIS DIGNITY BY FORCING HIM INTO WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR IN FRONT OF HIS OWN BROTHER. THE SHAME AND HELPLESSNESS HE FELT WERE OVERWHELMING, AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM IT. THEN THERE WAS JAMES, WHO HAD TRIED TO RESIST BUT ULTIMATELY FOUND HIMSELF CAUGHT IN HER WEB. QUINN PUSHED HIM TO HIS LIMITS, TESTING HIS BOUNDARIES UNTIL HE FINALLY GAVE IN, PINNED BENEATH HER, POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING BUT FOLLOW HER LEAD. AS SHE MOVED AGAINST HIM, USING HIM TO SATISFY HER DESIRES, JAMES REALIZED HE WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A MEANS TO AN END—JUST A TOY FOR HER PLEASURE. IT WASN'T JUST ABOUT DOMINANCE; IT WAS ABOUT REDUCING HIM TO SOMETHING INSIGNIFICANT, AN OBJECT SHE COULD USE TO REACH HER OWN CLIMAX. IN THAT MOMENT, SHE HAD STRIPPED AWAY EVERY OUNCE OF HIS SELF-RESPECT, LEAVING HIM WITH A PROFOUND SENSE OF HUMILIATION AND DEFEAT.

THE RHYTHMIC CLATTER OF THE TRAIN TRACKS ECHOED IN CHARLIE'S EARS, BLENDING WITH THE HAUNTING SOUNDS FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE. HE COULDN'T SHAKE THE MUFFLED CRIES OF JAMES, BURIED UNDER QUINN'S WEIGHT, OR THE ROUGH, BREATHY SIGHS THAT ESCAPED HER AS SHE MOVED AGAINST HIM. EACH JOLT OF THE TRAIN SEEMED TO MIMIC THE RHYTHM OF HER BODY, AND WITH EVERY SWAY, CHARLIE FELT THOSE MEMORIES SURGE BACK, VIVID AND INESCAPABLE. IT WAS AS IF THE SOUNDS OF THE TRAIN CARRIED THE ECHOES OF THEIR STRUGGLE, REFUSING TO LET HIM FORGET, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIED TO LEAVE IT BEHIND



AS JAMES WALKED INTO THE KITCHEN THAT MORNING, HE SPOTTED TWO BILLS LEFT ON THE COUNTER—THE MONEY SHE HAD ALLOTTED HIM FOR THE DAY. HIS BANK CARD, OF COURSE, WAS STILL WITH HER. NEXT TO THE MONEY WAS A REMOTE CONTROL AND A PINK ANAL PLUG, AND HE IMMEDIATELY FELT A FAMILIAR SENSE OF UNEASE. HE KNEW WHAT IT MEANT; IT WAS QUINN'S WAY OF REMINDING HIM WHO HELD THE POWER. SHE HAD LEFT HIM WITH THE REMOTE, A TAUNTING GESTURE AS IF TO SAY, "YOU COULD TAKE CONTROL, BUT WE BOTH KNOW YOU WON'T." AS HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO THE BATHROOM TO PUT THE PLUG IN, EVERY STEP FELT HEAVIER, HIS MIND RACING WITH A MIX OF RESIGNATION AND ANXIETY. HE KNEW THAT SHE WAS CAPABLE OF TRACKING HIM WITH THE GPS EMBEDDED IN THE PLUG, OF KNOWING EVERY MOVE HE MADE, BUT THE THOUGHT OF DISOBEYING HER NEVER EVEN CROSSED HIS MIND. BY THE TIME HE CAME BACK DOWNSTAIRS, HIS MOVEMENTS WERE AWKWARD, HIS DISCOMFORT EVIDENT. HE REALIZED, WITH A SINKING FEELING, THAT NOT ONCE HAD HE EVEN CONSIDERED DEFYING HER. THAT WAS THE HOLD SHE HAD OVER HIM—ABSOLUTE AND UNYIELDING.



CHARLIE ARRIVED AT THE HOTEL ON TIME. THE RECEPTIONIST DIRECTED HIM TO A ROOM WHERE FOUR HOUSEKEEPERS WERE ALREADY BUSY PREPARING FOR THE DAY. THEY GREETED HIM WITH SLIGHTLY MOCKING SMILES, AND NONE SEEMED TO SPEAK MUCH ENGLISH; THEY WERE PROBABLY FROM THE PHILIPPINES OR MALAYSIA. ONE OF THEM, WHO APPEARED TO BE IN CHARGE, POINTED HIM TO A CLOSET WHERE HE FOUND A BROOM AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES. HE WAS ASSIGNED TO CLEAN ONE OF THE UPPER FLOORS.

THERE WERE ABOUT TEN ROOMS, AND THE WORK WAS STRAIGHTFORWARD. YET, EACH TIME HE REACHED FOR THE SHEETS, A DULL SENSE OF DREAD CREEPT IN. THE WORST PART WAS THE ANTICIPATION—LIFTING THE CORNERS AND PREPARING HIMSELF FOR WHAT HE MIGHT FIND UNDERNEATH. SOME GUESTS LEFT BEHIND TRACES OF RESTLESS NIGHTS SPENT AS A COUPLE, OR AT TIMES, IN MOMENTS THAT WERE FAR TOO SOLITARY. EACH TIME, HE HAD TO CHANGE THE SHEETS AND REPLACE THE LINENS, A SHIVER OF DISCOMFORT RAN THROUGH HIM. IT MADE HIM FEEL UNEASY, AS THOUGH HE WAS HANDLING SOMETHING FAR MORE INTIMATE THAN HE SHOULD BE. MOST ROOMS WERE EMPTY, BUT OTHERS WERE STILL OCCUPIED, MEANING HE WOULD HAVE TO RETURN LATER.

HE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR OF ROOM 66, BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER. ENTERING, HE FOUND IT VACANT AND BEGAN CLEANING THE BATHROOM, TRYING TO SHAKE OFF THE LINGERING DISCOMFORT, BUT HIS THOUGHTS KEPT DRIFTING BACK TO THE TROUBLING MEMORIES OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.





SO LET'S DO
IT..BATHROOM
FIRST

LOST IN HIS DARK THOUGHTS ABOUT THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, CHARLIE DIDN'T HEAR THE DOOR OPEN. IT WAS ONLY AFTER A MOMENT THAT HE PICKED UP THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AND THEN A VOICE ON THE PHONE. HE WASN'T THERE TO BOTHER THE GUESTS, JUST TO DO HIS JOB AND DISAPPEAR AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. YET, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT LISTEN IN. IT WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE, WITH A STRANGE ACCENT AND A ROUGH WAY OF PRONOUNCING HER "R"s.

"NO, I HAVE FORTY PARTICIPANTS, FORTY-TWO AT MOST. THAT'S NOT BAD... YES, THEY ALL MEET THE STANDARDS; THE SHORTEST IS 180 CM, AND THE TALLEST IS 195... I HAVE THEIR PROFILES... YES, ALMOST ALL OF THEM HAVE ALREADY BEEN IDENTIFIED... I THINK AT LEAST HALF OF THEM COULD JOIN US... YES, OF COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO DO PERSONALITY ANALYSES... THE TALLEST ONE IS FROM HERE, ACTUALLY, QUINN SOMETHING, I CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME EXACTLY... WELL, WE'RE DOING PRETTY WELL, FOR A POPULATION OF 26 MILLION... YES, IN TOTAL, THERE WERE NEARLY TWO HUNDRED CANDIDATES, BUT NATURALLY, WITH A PRIZE OF A MILLION DOLLARS..."



UPON HEARING QUINN'S NAME, CHARLIE FELT A SHIVER RUN DOWN HIS SPINE, AND A STRANGE SENSE OF UNEASE WASHED OVER HIM. A KIND OF FEAR BEGAN TO RISE WITHIN HIM; JUST HEARING THE YOUNG WOMAN'S NAME MADE HIS HANDS TREMBLE. YET, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT TO KEEP LISTENING.

"WE'VE LAUNCHED THE SOCIAL MEDIA SEARCH SYSTEMS... YES, WE FOUND ABOUT 90%, A BIT MORE THAN THE USUAL AVERAGE. LET'S JUST SAY AUSTRALIAN WOMEN LIKE TO DISPLAY THEMSELVES... NO, THE BOTS JUST DETECTED THE USUAL STANDARDS; ABOUT HALF OF THEM ARE DATING GUYS WHO ARE ALSO INTO MUSCLE TRAINING, THE USUAL BIG, BURLY TYPES. FOR THEM, RE-EDUCATION WOULD BE COMPLICATED... YES, AROUND TEN LIKE THAT, AND THEN THERE'S A SMALL HANDFUL, SEVEN I BELIEVE, WHO ARE DATING GUYS SMALLER THAN THEY ARE. YES, OF COURSE, THOSE ARE THE ONES WE'LL TARGET FIRST. I'LL SEND YOU THE LIST... THERE ARE A FEW WHO ARE REALLY PRETTY, PERFECT FOR THE JOB... THERE ARE ALSO TWO WHO... WELL, IT SEEMS LIKE IT WON'T BE HARD TO CONVINCE THEM.

THE TALLEST ONE? I DON'T KNOW, SHE WORKS IN FIFO IN AFRICA. YES, SHE'S CUTE—BRUNETTE WITH GREEN EYES, TANNED... NO, NO PHOTOS OF HER GUY, WE'LL HAVE TO DIG DEEPER... I'LL SEND EVERYTHING TO AMSTERDAM, THEY'LL LOOK INTO IT TONIGHT.

LET'S TRY TO
LOOK DISCREETLY..

A man with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a white V-neck t-shirt with black trim, stands in a bathroom. He is holding a large, pink, ribbed spray bottle. The background shows a white bathtub and a mirror. A thought bubble is present in the upper right corner.

JESUS
CHRIST!!

SHOWED OFF HER LONG, SLENDER, AND MUSCULAR LEGS, PAIRED WITH BOOTS. IT WAS AN UNUSUAL COMBINATION—BOOTS OVER LEGGINGS—BUT IT GAVE HER A WILD, REBELLIOUS LOOK, SOMETHING THAT REMINDED CHARLIE OF MOTORCYCLES OR HORSEBACK RIDING, AS IF SHE WAS READY TO MOUNT SOMEONE OR SOMETHING. WHAT CAUGHT CHARLIE'S ATTENTION THE MOST WERE THE WOMAN'S BUTT, THE MOST PERFECT HE HAD EVER SEEN, —NEITHER TOO ROUND NOR TOO FLAT, JUST THE RIGHT SHAPE. HE ALSO REALIZED SHE WAS TALL, MUCH TALLER THAN HIM. SHE STOOD WITH HER BACK TO HIM, FACING A COMPUTER. OUTSIDE, THE SUNLIGHT PLAYED ACROSS HER FIGURE, HIGHLIGHTING HER STUNNING BODY. CHARLIE FELT AN INSTANT RUSH OF ADMIRATION, AS IF HE WAS FALLING IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.





THE LEGGINGS MOLDED AROUND HER, SHOWCASING A PAIR OF BUTTOCKS SO FLAWLESSLY SHAPED THAT CHARLIE FELT A JOLT OF DISBELIEF. THEY WERE THE KIND OF BUTTOCKS HE HAD NEVER IMAGINED COULD EXIST IN REALITY PERFECTLY ROUNDED, FIRM, AND YET SOFT-LOOKING, AS IF THEY HAD BEEN SCULPTED BY SOME DIVINE HAND. EVERY SUBTLE MOVEMENT SEEMED TO EMPHASIZE THEIR PERFECTION, LEAVING HIM IN STUNNED SILENCE. IT WAS AS IF HE WAS WITNESSING AN IDEAL OF BEAUTY THAT TRANSCENDED ANYTHING HE'D EVER KNOWN. CHARLIE'S HEART RACED, OVERWHELMED BY A MIX OF ADMIRATION AND LONGING, CAUGHT BETWEEN DISBELIEF AND WONDER AT THE SHEER PERFECTION BEFORE HIM.

YOUR WORDS HERE...CHARLIE FELT LIKE HE WAS GOING TO FAINT IN FRONT OF SUCH PERFECTION. THE YOUNG WOMAN APPEARED TO BE IN HER THIRTIES, A BLONDE WITH SHORT, BOBBED HAIR. THERE WAS SOMETHING EXOTIC ABOUT HER—EUROPEAN, BUT FROM WHERE? HE QUICKLY HID AGAIN IN THE BATHROOM, SURPRISED BY HOW AFFECTED HE WAS, AND LISTENED CAREFULLY TO WHAT SHE WAS SAYING.

"WE'LL BE ON TIME, I'LL MAKE SURE THE DEDICATED TEAM PRIORITIZES THIS RECRUITMENT... YES, WE CAN START THE TESTS EVEN BEFORE THE COMPETITION, ESPECIALLY FOR THE MOST PROMISING CANDIDATES... WE'LL ALSO NEED TO CHECK WHAT WE CAN FIND ABOUT THEIR FINANCIAL SITUATIONS, OF COURSE... NO... AS USUAL, THIS IS THE NINTH COUNTRY WHERE WE'VE ORGANIZED THIS COMPETITION, SO THE TEAM IS EXPERIENCED... YES, WE'VE ALREADY STARTED IDENTIFYING POLITICAL FIGURES AT THE NATIONAL AND REGIONAL LEVELS... IT WON'T BE EASY, VERY MACHO CULTURE HERE, BUT YES, THAT'S RIGHT... THIS IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE COUNTRIES WHERE WOMEN ARE THE MOST ATHLETIC, SO WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE SOME PROGRESS. YES, NATIONAL COVERAGE, REPORTS, PRESS... THE NEXT COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED, SAME PRIZE—ONE MILLION US DOLLARS. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MULTIPLY THE NUMBER OF APPLICATIONS BY TEN... YES, I'M VERY OPTIMISTIC, IT'LL BE EASIER THAN IN ITALY, THAT'S FOR SURE... YES..

WAIT A MINUTE...

EXCUSE ME, CAN YOU CLEAN MY DESK? SOME ORANGE JUICE WAS SPILLED ON IT, AND IT'S

STICKY... NO, I WAS TALKING TO THE CLEANING LADY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE SHE SPEAKS ENGLISH... YES, I GOT YOUR FIGURES...

WE NEED TO INCREASE THE REPORTS ON CHANGING HABITS AMONG MEN—HAIR REMOVAL, BEAUTY TREATMENTS—WE NEED TO PUSH THIS FASTER. YES, THERE'S ALSO THAT FASHION SHOW IN PARIS WITH GUYS IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, APPARENTLY, IT'S GOING TO WORK... THE SURVEYS ARE GOOD, THE FEMINIZATION RATE IS LOOKING CORRECT. WAIT... HERE'S THE LATEST NUMBER, 'TO THE QUESTION: WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO MARRY A WOMAN TALLER AND STRONGER THAN YOU?' 26%

VERSUS 21% AT THE START OF THE YEAR... NO, IT'S NOT BAD, BUT WE'LL NEVER REACH 40 UNLESS WE... YES, I KNOW...





DO YOU WANT ME TO COME DOWN? NO? ALRIGHT, WHATEVER YOU PREFER. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU.

SURE, JUST DO IT

SORRY...MAY I CLEAN THE DESK ??

OH MY GOD, SHE MUST BE AT LEAST 188 CM TALL! SUCH INCREDIBLE BEAUTY, AND THAT PERFECT PAIR OF BUTTOCKS—IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DREAM! ABSOLUTE PERFECTION ON EARTH, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

SORRY, IT'S
THE CLEANER,
NO THAT'S A
BOY..HE'S
..HEY! ARE
YOU OKAY
??

AS CHARLIE TRIED HIS BEST TO FOCUS ON THE DESK INSTEAD OF THE YOUNG WOMAN'S FIGURE, HE SUDDENLY FELT THE PLUG QUINN HAD LEFT HIM STARTING TO VIBRATE INTENSELY. THE SENSATION GREW STRONGER, EVEN EMITTING A FAINT BUZZING SOUND, AND IT PARALYZED HIM FOR A MOMENT. HE FELT IT DEEP WITHIN, AND THE INTENSITY NEARLY OVERWHELMED HIM, MAKING HIM FEEL LIGHT-HEADED AS IF HE MIGHT FAINT FROM THE SHEER FORCE OF IT.

OH..NO..!

BZZZZZ



WAIT A
MINUTE, I'LL
CALL YOU BACK.
IT LOOKS LIKE
THE CLEANING
BOY IS ABOUT
TO FAINT!

BZZZZZ



ARGGHHHH...

BZZZZZ

HEY!! YOU'RE
OKAY ??

NO...



GZZZ...I
KNOW THIS
SOUND!!

BZZZZ

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

HE MOMENT CHARLIE WOKE UP, HE SENSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG, OR RATHER, THAT SOMETHING HAD SHIFTED. HE FELT GROGGY, AND AFTER A FEW SECONDS, HE REMEMBERED PASSING OUT AT THE HOTEL NEXT TO THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WOMAN. HE HAD BLACKED OUT, AND NOW HE WAS WAKING UP IN HIS OWN BED. HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS ABOUT QUINN—SHE WAS DEFINITELY GOING TO BE FURIOUS WITH HIM. THE APARTMENT WAS SILENT, AND JUDGING BY THE DIM LIGHT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON.

MY
HEAD...

THE FIRST SHOCK WAS REALIZING THAT HE WAS WEARING UNDERWEAR THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM— A SIMPLE PAIR, NOT ONE OF THOSE SATIN PANTIES THAT QUINN HAD BEEN FORCING HIM TO WEAR FOR MONTHS. HE FELT A BIT UNSTEADY AS HE TOOK HIS FIRST STEPS, FEELING STRANGE IN HIS OWN SKIN. HE THEN NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE—THE TOY QUINN HAD FORCED HIM TO WEAR IN HIS MOUTH FOR MONTHS WAS GONE. IT WAS LIKE A WEIGHT HAD LIFTED. THE APARTMENT WAS COMPLETELY SILENT, BUT MOST SURPRISING OF ALL, IT WAS EMPTY. NO TRACE OF QUINN. NO DUMBBELLS LYING AROUND, NO LEATHER BOOTS, NO CLOTHES SCATTERED EVERYWHERE THAT SHE'D DEMAND HE PICK UP.

HELLO ?



HE COULDN'T QUITE TELL IF HE FELT SADNESS OR RELIEF WHEN HE SAW THAT THE ROOM OF THE MUSCULAR, DOMINANT WOMAN WAS EMPTY. THE APARTMENT FELT STRANGELY LONELY, WRAPPED IN AN EERIE SILENCE. IT TOOK HIM A WHILE TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE REALITY THAT SHE WAS TRULY GONE.



T WAS ONLY WHEN CHARLIE STEPPED INTO THE SHOWER THAT HE FELT THE TEARS START TO WELL UP. THE WATER CASCADED DOWN, MIXING WITH THE SUDDEN SURGE OF EMOTIONS HE COULD NO LONGER HOLD BACK. HE COULDN'T QUITE TELL IF HE WAS GRIEVING THE EMPTINESS LEFT BY HER ABSENCE OR IF HE WAS, IN SOME TWISTED WAY, RELIEVED TO FINALLY BE FREE. EACH DROP FELT LIKE IT WAS WASHING AWAY A PIECE OF THE CONTROL SHE HAD OVER HIM, YET EVERY TEAR THAT MINGLED WITH THE WATER REMINDED HIM OF THE COUNTLESS MOMENTS OF DOMINANCE, POWER, AND CONFUSION SHE HAD BROUGHT INTO HIS LIFE. THE WARMTH OF THE WATER WRAPPED AROUND HIM, BUT IT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE CHILL HE FELT DEEP INSIDE.

IT WAS IN THE SHOWER THAT CHARLIE REALIZED, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, THAT HE WASN'T WEARING HIS CHASTITY CAGE ANYMORE. THE SUDDEN SENSE OF FREEDOM FELT ODD, AS IF SOMETHING WAS MISSING, AND THAT FEELING OF EMPTINESS STAYED WITH HIM FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING.



TWO DAYS AFTER, HIS SPIRITS WEREN'T ANY BETTER. HE TRIED TO CONTACT THE YOUNG WOMAN, BUT EVERY TIME HE CALLED, THE CONNECTION CUT OFF. IT WAS CLEAR SHE HAD BLOCKED HIM. HIS MESSAGES DIDN'T GO THROUGH EITHER, AND SHE DIDN'T RESPOND TO HIS EMAILS. ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER, HE FOUND HIS CREDIT CARD, AND WHEN HE CHECKED HIS ACCOUNT, HE NOTICED A RECEIPT FOR THREE MONTHS OF RENT PAID IN ADVANCE. AFTER A LONG MOMENT, HE DECIDED TO CALL HIS BROTHER, BUT THE CALL WENT UNANSWERED. HE TRIED AGAIN, THEN AGAIN, BUT TO NO AVAIL. HE REALIZED SUDDENLY THAT HE WAS RIGHT BACK WHERE HE STARTED. THOSE FEW MONTHS WITH QUINN WERE NOW JUST A MEMORY. SHE HAD LEFT HIM, AND SOMEHOW, SHE'D ENDED IT WITH A FINAL, ALMOST KIND GESTURE BY COVERING THE RENT.

WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW ?



CHARLIE COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT QUINN. ALL THE BAD MOMENTS WERE GRADUALLY FADING AWAY, AND ONLY THE THRILLING, CRAZY TIMES SHE HAD BROUGHT HIM INTO HER FANTASIES REMAINED. FOR A WHILE, HE HAD LIVED A DREAM, DISCOVERING A WORLD HE NEVER KNEW EXISTED. HIS WILDEST DREAMS OF YOUNG, TALL, MUSCULAR WOMEN HAD BEEN FULFILLED—THE NETBALL FRIENDS OF QUINN, THE STUNNING WOMAN HE HAD MET AT THE EXPO, WHAT WAS HER NAME AGAIN? AH YES, BASIA. AND THE OTHER ONE AT THE HOTEL, WITH THE MOST PERFECT BODY HE COULD IMAGINE... IT WAS ALL OVER NOW, COMPLETELY OVER. HE HAD TO ACCEPT THAT IT WAS TIME TO MOVE ON.

SHIT! SHIT!

BUT SUDDENLY, AS HE SAT ON A BENCH IN THE PARK NEXT TO HIS NOW-EMPTY APARTMENT, SOMETHING CLICKED. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES FOR A MOMENT. HE GRABBED HIS PHONE—OH MY GOD! IT WAS THE 24TH! TODAY WAS THE BODYBUILDING COMPETITION THAT QUINN HAD BEEN TRAINING FOR ALL THESE MONTHS! HE DIDN'T EVEN THINK TWICE. HE HAD TO GO. HE HAD TO SEE HER ONE LAST TIME, TO WATCH FROM AFAR WITHOUT BEING SEEN, TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF HER, JUST ONE MORE TIME.

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO START AT 1PM!! IT'S ALREADY 3!! FUCK!!

CHARLIE RUSHED TO THE CONVENTION CENTER, AND IN HIS EAGERNESS, HE GOT LOST ONCE HE PASSED THROUGH SECURITY. THE ADJACENT ROOMS WERE EMPTY, AND THE MAIN HALL WAS CLOSED OFF. HE COULD HEAR THE DISTANT MURMUR OF THE EVENT, AND IN A MOMENT OF IMPULSIVENESS, HE TRIED ONE OF THE SIDE DOORS. HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE WEIGH-IN ROOM, BUT BEYOND THAT, HE COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE AUDIENCE! HE WAS CLOSE, HE WAS GOING TO SEE HER AGAIN! HE PICTURED HER IN HER COMPETITION SUIT, GLOWING UNDER THE LIGHTS, HER MUSCULAR BODY ON FULL DISPLAY. SHE HAD TO BE JUST BEHIND THE BACKSTAGE DOOR. HE MOVED CLOSER WITH HESITANT STEPS, WONDERING IF HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.

2031 QUALIFICATION SERIES
WOMEN'S PHYSIQUE
OLYMPIA Over 180 cm Class



OH MY GOD!!
WHAT AM I
DOING!?!??

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

to be continued



K-Stylez

SEASON 2

- 01-NOEMI-THE STEPDAUGHTER (PART 1-2-3)
- 02- KATJA - EYRE HWY- (PART 1-2)
- 03- LES FEMMES (PART 1-2-3)
- 04- LUCI FEROCI
- 05- QUINN, THE BODYBUILDER (PART1-2-3-4-5)



K-Stylez

- 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

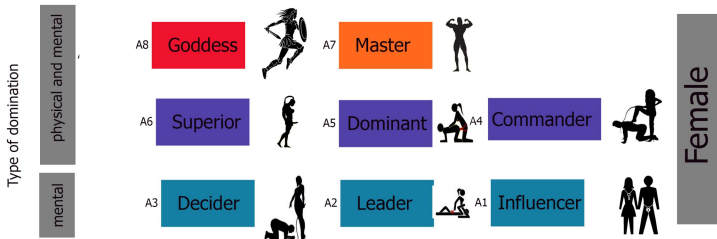


Female Dominance Hierarchy

EOA
HR dept

Identify your co-worker at the EOA correctly !

Train males efficiently !



Recommended taming

- cuckolding
- beating, slapping
- chastity
- sisyfication
- forced gay

