



# *Amazonite Chronicles*



## Amber, the Slave Amazon



S02E08chapter3

*K-Styler*

— Eo1 —

Enterprise of Amazons

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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*K. Styler*



PLEASE READ AMBER CHAP 1AND 2 FIRST

JACK GRIFFIN IS A BILLIONAIRE WHOSE GREATEST PASSION IS SURROUNDING HIMSELF WITH TALL, MUSCULAR, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. ONE NIGHT IN A LAS VEGAS NIGHTCLUB, HE WITNESSES AN EROTIC PERFORMANCE FEATURING AN EXTRAORDINARY AMAZON NAMED AMBER. HE LEARNS THAT SHE BELONGS TO HER STAGE PARTNER, WHO OFFERS JACK THE CHANCE TO RENT AMBER AS HIS SLAVE FOR A MONTH—FOR \$150,000. JACK ACCEPTS, AND SOON HE FINDS HIMSELF WITH THE AMAZON ON HIS YACHT. FOR JACK, IT IS A SHOCK: UNLIKE THE PROUD, UNTOUCHABLE AMAZONS HE HAD KNOWN BEFORE, AMBER IS ENTIRELY AT HIS SERVICE, HIDING SERIOUS BDSM TENDENCIES. WHAT BEGINS AS A TRANSACTION SOON BECOMES A REVELATION—JACK IS ABOUT TO ENTER ANOTHER WORLD.



WITH AMBER, I REALIZED I WASN'T JUST FACING STRENGTH AND LUST. I WAS STEPPING INTO SOMETHING LARGER, A UNIVERSE HIDDEN INSIDE HER. SHE WAS MORE THAN A GIANT OBSESSED WITH SEX..SHE WAS THE KEY TO A WORLD I HAD NEVER IMAGINED

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN JUST HOW STRANGE IT FELT TO HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER SOMEONE WHO WAS, IN EVERY WAY, STRONGER THAN ME. I COULD DO WHATEVER I WANTED WITH AMBER, AND IT WAS CLEAR SHE ENJOYED IT. SHE NEVER PUSHED BACK, NEVER SHOWED THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION. ONE MORNING, I DECIDED TO TAKE HER INTO THE GYM. I NEEDED TO SEE WHAT SHE WAS TRULY CAPABLE OF.



SHE'S SO DAMN TALL... AND HER TITS ARE PERFECT. I'VE NEVER SEEN TITS THIS PERFECT.

YOUR LEGS...THEY ARE SO LONG !



NO MASTER, DO  
WHATEVER YOU  
WANT WITH ME

DO YOU MIND IF  
I TAKE A PICTURE  
?



YES, THIS IS  
IN THE  
CONTRACT AND IT  
HELPS SO WE  
EACH REMIND  
OUR PLACE

DO YOU REALLY  
HAVE TO CALL ME  
MASTER ?



YOU  
WOULDN'T  
WANT TO TRADE  
PLACES, WOULD  
YOU? IF WE DID,  
I COULD TRULY  
HURT YOU,  
MASTER.

YOU'RE  
DEFINITELY IN  
TOP FORM,  
THAT'S FOR SURE.  
STILL, I'VE KNOWN  
WOMEN WHO  
WERE EVEN  
MORE..BIGGER



TELL ME, MASTER. DO YOU WANT SHARPER ABS, HEAVIER THIGHS? I'LL FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS.

IS SHE REALLY MEANING IT ?



AS YOU WISH, MASTER. TONIGHT, I'LL TRAIN RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

DO YOU WANT ME TO KEEP THIS POSITION?

I WANT MORE FROM YOU, AMBER. BIGGER BICEPS. YOU'LL PUSH HEAVIER WEIGHTS

OH MY GOD



I BELONG TO YOU.  
IF YOU ASK ME TO  
ENDURE PAIN FOR  
YOU, I WILL  
—WITHOUT  
HESITATION.

YES...IS IT  
HURTING ?



I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE... AND EVEN MORE.

I HAVE NO LIMITS, MASTER.

EVEN MORE? LIKE WHAT?

HE DIDN'T PUSH HER. HE'D SEEN HER IN THE CLUB, TAKING HER PARTNER'S MONSTROUS COCK IN FRONT OF A HUNDRED PEOPLE—IT WAS ALREADY BEYOND BELIEF. SO WHEN SHE SAID "NO LIMITS"... I HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE TRULY MEANT.



YOU ARE AMAZING !

A man with dark hair and glasses is sitting in a brown leather armchair. He is wearing a dark jacket and has his hand resting on his chin, looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. The background consists of dark, vertical curtains and a window on the left showing bright outdoor light.

SO JACK, I  
TAKE IT YOU  
COULDN'T STOP  
HAVING SEX WITH  
HER?

YES, OF  
COURSE...  
BUT MY HEAD  
WAS FULL OF  
IDEAS. IT WAS  
AS IF SHE WERE  
A DOLL  
BROUGHT TO  
LIFE

AMBER ALWAYS DRESSED ULTRA-SEXY. YOU KNOW THAT TREND WITH THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN GYMS—THE ONES WHO WANT TO DRIVE GUYS CRAZY? WELL, SHE HAD OUTFITS A THOUSAND TIMES SEXIER. AND JUST LIKE A DOLL, I MADE HER TRY CLOTHES ON IN FRONT OF ME... IT WAS INCREDIBLE.

I LOVE IT!!

AND THIS ONE ?

195CM  
190CM  
185CM  
180CM  
175CM  
170CM  
165CM  
160CM  
155CM  
150CM  
145CM

AMBER WASN'T JUST A GODDESS IN BODY. SHE WAS WARM, SMILING, FUN—EASY TO LIKE, IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST.



YOU CALL THAT FITNESS WEAR?

AT THAT PRICE, MASTER, IT BETTER BE !



ARMS UP !!LET ME SEE THOSE BREASTS RISE. ... DAMN, WOW.

JACK WAS OVERWHELMED. AMBER NEVER STOPPED DROPPING SEXUAL HINTS, PLAYFUL REMARKS THAT KEPT HIM BURNING. HE LIVED IN A STATE OF ENDLESS AROUSAL, TRAPPED BETWEEN HER STRENGTH AND HER CONSTANT PROVOCATIONS.

THAT GREEN FITS YOU SO WELL, AS IT DOES WITH EVERY REDHEAD... BUT YOUR ASS, IT'S SOMETHING ELSE—SO SCULPTED, SO MUSCULAR!

IT HAS TO BE, MASTER. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE WHEN YOU FOCUS ON MY ASS—I HOPE ONE DAY YOU FUCK ME IN THE ASS MASTER



500CM  
450  
400  
350CM  
300CM  
250CM  
200CM  
150CM  
100CM  
50CM

A woman with long, flowing red hair is shown from the back, posing in a red and white retro-style outfit. She is wearing a white short-sleeved crop top with red trim and red high-waisted shorts with white trim. Her right hand is on her hip, and her left hand is behind her head. To her right, a man with a beard and short hair is kneeling, looking at her. The background features a staircase on the left and a wall with horizontal blinds on the right. A speech bubble from the woman and a thought bubble from the man are present.

RED  
TURNS MEN  
ON... AND THIS  
OUTFIT,  
MASTERF'S  
GOT THAT  
DANGEROUSLY  
RETRO VIBE,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

AMAZING!

AMBER MUST HAVE TRIED ON DOZENS OF OUTFITS BEFORE HIM—EACH ONE SO SMALL SHE COULD EASILY PACK HUNDREDS INTO HER LUGGAGE. IN THE YACHT'S GYM, JACK FELT HIMSELF HARDENING; SHE HAD SURELY SEEN IT, THOUGH SHE PRETENDED OTHERWISE.

THAT OUTFIT, WITH THOSE THIGHS... MY GOD, YOU COULD CRUSH A HEAD BETWEEN THEM, COULDN'T YOU?

I'D DO IT IF YOU ASKED, MASTER... IT WOULD BE PURE PLEASURE.





YOUR  
ASS IS  
INCREDIBLE—  
TRULY PERFECT,  
UNLIKE ANYTHING  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN !

I CAN'  
T BELIEVE  
I'M CARESSING  
HER ASS LIKE  
THIS, AS IF SHE  
WERE A DOLL....  
GOD, THIS IS THE  
BEST \$150,000  
I'VE EVER  
SPENT !

TOUCH  
ME... I'M  
SOAKED, I'VE  
BEEN WET FOR  
FIVE MINUTES...  
LET'S TAKE A  
SHOWER,  
MASTER !!  
PLEASE!!

NOT  
YET. WAIT.  
WHAT ELSE  
DO YOU  
HAVE ?

OF  
COURSE I  
WANT THAT  
SHOWER... BUT  
NEVER IN MY LIFE  
DID I IMAGINE  
PLAYING DOLL  
WITH SUCH AN  
AMAZON!



THIS MIGHT BE A  
BIT BORDELINE  
AHAHA !

DID YOU WEAR  
IT ALREADY ? I  
MEAN...IN A GYM  
?

OH YES!! PLENTY  
TIMES!!

THAT MUST BE A  
JOKE...TELL ME  
IT'S A JOKE

AND HOW DO  
PEOPLE REACT ?

THE  
GIRLS WANT  
TO KILL ME  
AND THE MEN..  
FUCK ME.  
SOMETIMES THE  
OPPOSITE  
AHAHHA!

AMBER HAD NOTICED JACK'S ERECTION, SO SHE STARTED RUBBING HIS COCK WITH HER KNEE, ACTING LIKE NOTHING WAS HAPPENING, ALL WHILE TELLING HIM STORIES.

THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME—I FOUND MYSELF IN THE SHOWERS WITH THREE MEN, PLUS MY MASTER BACK THEN. WE LAUGHED A LOT! THEY FILLED ME SO MUCH I WAS DRIPPING CUM FOR ONE DAY!

SHE HAS SO MUCH MORE EXPERIENCE THAN ME...I NED TO STOP ...LET'S KEEP ON WITH THE DRESSING

OH...WOW... DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING LEFT ? I MEAN..OUTFITS

ONLY ONE OUTFIT REMAINED, AND IT INSTANTLY BECAME HIS FAVORITE. THE SHORTS WERE UNBELIEVABLY TINY—THE SHORTEST HE HAD EVER SEEN. CURIOUS TO SEE HER BODY IN MOTION, HE TOLD HER TO START LIFTING. TAKING A DUMBBELL IN HIS OWN HAND, HE PASSED THE OTHER TO HER, EAGER TO WATCH WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

10KGS  
(22LBS)...  
MAYBE 25...

HOW MANY  
REPS ?

25 ? SURE ?

HOW ABOUT TEN MORE?

JACK WASN'T A MAN OF FITNESS. IN FACT, HE HAD NO SENSE OF WHAT TWENTY-FIVE REPETITIONS COULD DEMAND. THE FIRST TEN WERE EFFORTLESS, BUT THE NEXT TEN LEFT HIS ARMS TREMBLING.

YOU SURE YOU CAN MANAGE THAT?

5 MORE AND I'M DEAD



28...29...COME  
ON MASTER !!  
YOU'RE AT 24!

I CAN DO MORE  
BUT YOU ARE SO  
PRETTY!

ONE MORE REP  
AND I'M GONNA  
PISS MYSELF !





WANT ME  
TO STROKE  
YOU WHILE YOU  
PUSH THROUGH  
THE LAST REPS?  
I'M SURE THAT  
WOULD GIVE  
YOU  
STRENGTH?

NO... ENOUGH!  
YOU WIN,  
AMBER YOU'RE  
THE STRONGEST  
!!

BUT YOU  
STILL WANT ME  
TO BECOME  
BIGGER AND  
STRONGER? YOU  
ENJOY WOMEN WHO  
ARE NOT ONLY  
TALLER THAN YOU,  
BUT STRONGER  
AS WELL?

UH... YEAH.

A FANTASY LIKE  
ANY OTHER. I'VE  
WITNESSED FAR  
STRANGER DESIRES. VERY  
WELL THEN—I'LL BUILD  
MY BICEPS THE WAY  
YOU WANT THEM,  
MASTER

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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*K. Styler*



FROM THAT  
MOMENT ON, I THINK  
AMBER FELT EVEN MORE AT  
EASE. I KNOW THERE'S A SMALL  
PERCENTAGE OF MEN WHO  
FANTASIZE ABOUT TALL WOMEN—IT'S  
LESS THAN 10%. AND ABOUT MUSCULAR  
WOMEN? THE SAME, BARELY. I KNOW,  
I'VE READ THE STATS. SO AMBER WAS  
PERFECT FOR ME, AND SHE KNEW IT. FROM  
THEN ON, SHE HAD NO LIMITS, ESPECIALLY  
WHEN IT CAME TO SHOWING HERSELF OFF  
ON THE YACHT IN FRONT OF THE CREW. SHE  
MUST HAVE NOTICED THAT ALL THE WOMEN  
ON BOARD WERE TALL AND CUTE, BUT  
SHE WAS BY FAR THE TALLEST.  
SUDDENLY, THE SLAVE BECAME THE  
COURTESAN... AND THE  
COURTESAN HAD PLENTY OF  
ASSETS.

WE HAD JUST REACHED MAJORCA. SHE WAS HAPPY, BECAUSE SHE KNEW A BIT OF THE OLD TOWN. ME? I DIDN'T CARE—I COULDN'T STOP STARING AT HER ASS. I'D NEVER DONE IT BEFORE, BUT THE MORE I WATCHED HER WALK IN FRONT OF ME, THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. WE'D ALREADY FUCKED DOZENS OF TIMES, BUT HER PUSSY WAS TOO WIDE—SHE TOLD ME HERSELF. SHE WAS USED TO HUGE COCKS, AND LOTS OF THEM. SO IF I WANTED TO FEEL SOMETHING TIGHTER... WELL, I'D NEVER TRIED BEFORE.

IT FEELS STRANGE—THE BOAT'S GOING SO FAST. ARE WE GOING TO ENTER THE PORT SOON?

YEAH, WE'LL BE IN SOON.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS HER IDEA! "WHY DON'T YOU FUCK ME IN THE ASS?"

WHAT FASCINATED ME MOST ABOUT AMBER WAS HER HAIR. SOON I DISCOVERED SHE WAS CONSTANTLY CHANGING IT, DYE AFTER DYE, SO MUCH THAT I COULDN'T EVEN GUESS HER TRUE COLOR. THAT GAVE ME THE URGE TO TEST MY HOLD ON HER, TO SEE HOW DEEP HER OBEDIENCE WENT. FOR A WOMAN, THERE'S HARDLY A MORE TELLING QUESTION.

WOULD YOU  
CHANGE YOUR  
HAIR IF I WANTED  
YOU TO?

OF COURSE...  
MASTER !!  
DON'T YOU LIKE  
THE WAY IT IS  
NOW?



DO YOU  
WANT ME TO  
DO IT KNOW?  
WITH THE  
HELICOPTER I  
CAN BE IN THE  
CI..

NO!! DON'T  
WORRY..



I CAN'T BELIEVE  
HOW AMAZING  
YOU ARE !!


YOU KEEP  
SAYING THIS  
MASTER!! TAKE  
ME KNOW !

A muscular man with a dark beard and sunglasses perched on his head is shown from the waist up. He is shirtless and wearing black and white briefs. He is standing on a boat, with his right hand resting on the back of a woman's purple bikini. The background shows a hilly, arid landscape under a clear sky. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

LET ME CHECK  
IF THEY DON'T  
SEE US...

EVERYONE ON BOARD WAS AWARE OF MY ATTRACTION TO AMAZONS. AND HONESTLY, I WASN'T THE WORST OF THEM ON THE PORT THERE WERE YACHTS WHERE THINGS WENT FAR BEYOND WHAT I EVER DID. EVEN SO, I AVOIDED BEING TOO OBVIOUS. I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE TO JUDGE ME, OR WORSE, TO MEASURE MY PERFORMANCE. BESIDE AMBER, I KNEW I MUST HAVE LOOKED RIDICULOUS, LIKE A HOBBIT TRYING TO BED AN ELF.





WE WERE ALONE, YET THE  
SIGHT OF AMBER'S ENDLESS  
LEGS REMINDED ME HOW  
MISMATCHED WE WERE. EVEN  
AT MY STRONGEST, I  
COULDN'T BRIDGE THAT GAP.  
AN IDEA CAME TO ME... BUT  
WHEN SHE KEPT WHISPERING,  
URGING ME TO TAKE HER  
ANALLY, FEAR CREEPT IN. AT  
THE LAST SECOND, I BACKED  
AWAY AND CHOSE THE  
FAMILIAR PATH INSTEAD.



YES!!

MASTER..ARE YOU IN ?



M...THAT'S SO GOOD!! TAKE THAT !!

OH YES... IT FEELS GOOD... HARDER.

AS ALWAYS, AFTER A FEW THRUSTS AMBER'S HAND SLID DOWN, KNEADING MY BALLS WHILE I WAS INSIDE HER. ONLY A GIANTESS COULD DO THAT—FUCKED AND FONDLING AT THE SAME TIME. I THOUGHT, IT'S JUST HER TRICK TO MAKE ME CUM FASTER. SURE IT WAS—BUT GOD, IT WAS INCREDIBLE



AT LAST, I THREW AWAY MY SWIMSUIT. I NEEDED HER BARE AGAINST ME. AS I SHIFTED, I SLIPPED—THE CHAIR SLID AWAY—AND SUDDENLY I WAS LYING FULLY ON HER, MY NINETY KILOS PRESSING INTO HER BACK. BUT AMBER BORE IT EFFORTLESSLY, AS IF I WERE WEIGHTLESS. MORE THAN THAT, SHE QUICKENED HER PACE, AS THOUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME TRUE SENSATIONS REACHED HER.



OHH!!



OH ...AMBER...



AHHA!! I LOVE IT!!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO NOTICE I HAD NO CONTROL, NO REAL STRENGTH TO DRIVE HER. AMBER WAS THE ONE MOVING, LIFTING, AND LOWERING, HER POWERFUL BODY CARRYING MY WEIGHT WITH EASE. HER VAST, DRIPPING SEX ENGULFED ME COMPLETELY, LEAVING ME HELPLESS. AND SHE SEEMED TO SAVOR EVERY SECOND OF IT.



OH MY...  
THEY ARE  
LOOKING AT  
US...

LATER, THROUGH CONVERSATIONS I CAUGHT BY CHANCE, I DISCOVERED THE EFFECT AMBER HAD HAD ON THE YACHT RIGHT FROM THE START. SHE RADIATED SEX—THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO DESCRIBE IT. WHEREVER SHE WALKED, DESIRE SEEMED TO FOLLOW, INFECTING THE CREW. I WAS EVEN TOLD THAT THE TWO SAILORS, ALONG WITH THE MECHANIC AND THE PILOT—MEN I HAD DELIBERATELY HIRED BECAUSE THEY WERE GAYENDED UP IN AFFAIRS WITH THE HOSTESSES. SUCH WAS AMBER'S POWER.



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*K. Styler*

WE HAD BEEN DOCKED FOR TWO DAYS WITHOUT EVER LEAVING THE YACHT. AMBER WAS INSATIABLE. SHE HAD MASTERED SO MANY TECHNIQUES THAT I KNEW FOR CERTAIN: I COULD SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE WITH HER AND NEVER EXHAUST THEM. ONE NIGHT, CLOSER TO DAWN THAN EVENING, SHE PERSUADED ME TO STRIP AND DIVE NAKED INTO THE POOL. BUT BEFORE THAT, SHE SAID WITH A SLY SMILE, SHE NEEDED TO PURGE THE BALLAST.

THOSE LITTLES  
CHERIES !!

SO YOU LIKE  
STRONG WOMEN  
?

YES BUT..




HAVE YOU EVER  
TRIED THE  
FLYING  
BLOWJOB ?

I'M A BIT TOO  
HEAVY...

FOR HER ? I WASN'T





AMBER...WE  
ARE GOING TO  
FALL!! A AHAH

OH YOU ARE  
AFRAID  
MASTER? YOU  
WANT TO SEE  
SOMETHING?

A photograph of a very muscular man carrying a woman on his shoulders. The man is seen from the back, showing his broad back, shoulders, and arms. The woman is seen from the front, showing her chest, midriff, and legs. She has her hands on the man's shoulders. The background is a clear blue sky. There are two text boxes: one on the left with a speech bubble and one on the top right with a rectangular border.

AMBER...

SHE LIFTED ME ONTO HER SHOULDERS, PRESSING MY NINETY KILOS UP WITH JUST HER ARMS. THE STRENGTH OF IT, THE WAY SHE CARRIED ME!T GAVE ME THE HARDEST ERECTION OF MY LIFE..



A muscular man with a beard and sunglasses on his head is carrying a woman on his shoulders. They are on a boat deck with a swimming pool in the foreground and a body of water in the background. The man is looking upwards and to the right. The woman has long brown hair and is wearing a black bikini. There are two speech bubbles: one from the woman saying 'AMBER...I'M TOO HEAVY!' and one from the man saying 'SLURP...NO!! NOT..SLURP...I'LL SHOW YOU YOU ARE NOT!!'.

AMBER...I'M  
TOO HEAVY!

SLURP...NO!!  
NOT..SLURP...I'LL  
SHOW YOU YOU ARE  
NOT!!



AMBER!!



IT'S NOT BIG BUT  
VERY TASTY!!



AMBER  
!!!



I PROTESTED A LITTLE—BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE HER STOP. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LET ME DOWN. INSTEAD SHE HELD ME UPSIDE DOWN AND SUCKED ME HARD, ALL OF ME IN HER MOUTH. IT WASN'T ABOUT CONVENIENCE—IT WAS ABOUT STRENGTH. SHE COULD'VE DONE IT ON THE FLOOR, BUT THIS WAY SHE SHOWED ME WHO WAS IN CONTROL.

LIKE EVERY TIME, AMBER BEGAN GENTLY, TEASING ME WITH HER LIPS AND TONGUE BEFORE SLIDING MY ENTIRE LENGTH DOWN HER THROAT. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS POSSIBLE—IT FELT AS THOUGH THE HEAD OF MY COCK BRUSHED AGAINST HER TONSILS. ALL THE WHILE, HER TONGUE MOVED AROUND ME IN PERFECT CIRCLES, LIKE A VORTEX DRAWING ME DEEPER.



I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF HOW COULD SHE SWALLOW ME WHOLE? I ASKED HER. AND SHE JUST SMILED, SAYING SHE'D ALREADY TAKEN COCKS FOUR TIMES BIGGER, FOUR TIMES LONGER. THAT ANSWER... IT DROVE ME INSANE.



SIR...YOUR  
MORNING DRINKS

OH MY GOD!!

YOU GUYS  
SEEMS  
BUSY...I CAN  
LEAVE THIS HERE  
ON THE TABLE  
?

YES SONYA!!  
PLEASE LEAVE  
US !!

A photograph of a man with a beard and sunglasses peering out from between the legs of a muscular man on a boat deck. The man's face is upside down, looking directly at the camera. He is wearing gold-rimmed sunglasses and has a speech bubble coming from him. The background shows a body of water and a distant shoreline under a bright sky. The man's hand, adorned with several gold rings and a bracelet, is visible in the foreground.

AND STOP  
STARING AT  
US....!!



ANYTHING ELSE  
SIR ?

NO, THANKS!!  
LEAVE US NOW!!

DEAR READER,

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*K. Styler*

AMBER'S TRANSFORMATION WAS SWIFT AND UNSTOPPABLE. WHAT BEGAN AS SERVITUDE SHIFTED INTO FASCINATION; SHE WAS NO LONGER MERELY JACK'S SLAVE, BUT THE AXIS AROUND WHICH THE YACHT REVOLVED. HER CHARM SEEPED INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE CREW. JACK FIRST SUSPECTED HER OF A LIAISON WITH SONYA, BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED, HIS CERTAINTY GREW: AMBER HAD LIKELY SHARED HERSELF WITH THEM ALL. BY JOURNEY'S END, HE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SURPRISED TO LEARN EVEN THE GAY SAILORS HAD YIELDED TO HER, PERHAPS EVEN BEEN TAKEN BY HER. SUCH WAS AMBER—ASTONISHING, UNPREDICTABLE, A WOMAN WHO DEFIED ALL BOUNDARIES



HOW LUCKY YOU  
ARE JACK!! WHAT  
A LOVELY LIFE!

AMBER HONORED EVERY PROMISE SHE MADE. WHEN JACK COMMANDED HER TO BUILD HER ARMS, SHE OBEYED WITH RELENTLESS DEDICATION, POURING HOURS INTO HER TRAINING. NATURE HAD BLESSED HER WITH THE PERFECT FRAME, AND DISCIPLINE DID THE REST. SOON THE CHANGE WAS UNDENIABLE—HER BICEPS THICKENED, ROSE, AND SWELLED AS THOUGH EAGER TO PLEASE HIM, EACH FLEX A LIVING TESTAMENT TO HER SUBMISSION AND HER POWER.

SERIOUSLY ?  
20KGS  
(44LBS)??

YES..21...23..



I CAN FEEL MY BICEPS GETTING HUGE, YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT... DOES IT TURN YOU ON, WATCHING ME TRAIN IN FRONT OF YOU?

UH... YEAH.

DON'T BE ASHAMED TO SAY IT. YOU CAN JERK OFF IF YOU WANT.

LOOK ME  
IN THE EYES  
WHILE YOU  
TOUCH  
YOURSELF...  
COME ON, STOP  
WORKING—  
ANYWAY, IT'S  
TIME TO  
FUCK !!





LOOK  
AT MY  
BICEPS, SEE  
HOW PUMPED  
THEY ARE... YOU  
KNOW I'M  
GOING TO GET  
EVEN STRONGER,  
RIGHT? DOES IT  
TURN YOU ON,  
WOMEN  
STRONGER  
THAN YOU?  
TELL ME!

UH... YES.


33..34...

COME  
CLOSER..

WHAT A  
WOMAN!



FEEL  
MY ABS,  
MASTER...  
THEY'RE TIGHT,  
SOLID. AND I'M  
WET, JACK—NOT  
JUST WITH  
SWEAT. COME  
TO ME.

A woman with long brown hair in two braids, wearing a black crop top and black shorts, is talking to a man whose back is to the camera. She is standing in front of a vehicle with large, star-shaped hubcaps. The scene is set at night with a dark blue sky.

WHY  
DON'T YOU  
TRY TO DO THE  
SAME...I'M SURE  
YOU'LL BE  
AMAZED BY HOW  
STRONGER  
THAN YOU I  
AM



I CAN'T DO MORE, AMBER... I CAN'T MAKE SIXTEEN...


COME ON ! 15..16..

AND SHE'S CRANKING OUT THIRTY LIKE IT'S NOTHING... THIS GIRL IS REALLY STRONGER THAN ME. IN HAND-TO-HAND, SHE'D CRUSH ME LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD KID...

A muscular woman with her hair in a braid is shown from the back, lifting a large black dumbbell. She is wearing a black sports bra and black shorts with the number '28' and a red star on the waistband. Her skin is glistening with sweat. A man with a beard, wearing a white polo shirt and patterned shorts, stands next to her, looking at her. The scene is set on a boat at night, with a large black umbrella over them and a laptop on a table in the background.


SO I'M STRONGER ? SAY IT MASTER !!

I'M DONE!!



HUMMM YES...  
YOU 'RE  
STRONGER

YEAH...I CAN  
FEEL IT...



MEN WEAKER THAN  
ME HAVE ALWAYS  
TURNED ME ON. I LOVE  
THAT LOOK IN THEIR EYES  
WHEN THEY REALIZE I'M  
STRONGER... WHEN THEY  
KNOW I CAN DO WHATEVER I  
WANT. YOU'VE GOT THAT  
LOOK, MASTER. AND YOU  
LIKE IT—BEING UNDER  
MY CONTROL, DON'T  
YOU?

GET  
BEHIND  
ME,  
MASTER. YOUR  
LITTLE COCK IS  
SO HARD—  
I WANT YOU TO  
RUB IT BETWEEN  
MY LEGS WHILE  
I MAKE MY  
BICEPS  
BULGE FOR  
YOU.



PANTS OFF  
MASTER!

JACK WAS CONSUMED BY AROUSAL, HIS VOICE LOST, HIS THOUGHTS SCATTERED. HE OFFERED NO REPLY—ONLY OBEDIENCE. MOVING BEHIND AMBER, HE SLID HIMSELF BETWEEN HER THIGHS, HER MUSCLES CLOSING LIKE STEEL AROUND HIM. IN SILENCE HE STROKED, HIS COCK TRAPPED BETWEEN THE STRENGTH OF HER BODY, EVERY MOTION FEEDING HIS HELPLESS EXCITEMENT.





**SLURP**  
**SLURP**

OOOHHHH

**SLURP**  
**SLURP**  
**SLURP**

DO IT,  
MASTER  
—STROKE  
YOURSELF LIKE  
A PUPPY  
HUMPING HIS  
MISTRESS'S LEG.  
USE MY LONG,  
STRONG LEGS  
FOR YOUR  
LITTLE  
COCK.

DON'T SAY  
THAT... IT  
EXCITES ME TOO  
MUCH !

I KNOW !





I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
KNOW EXACTLY  
HOW YOU WORK,  
MASTER...

OH GOD...  
YOU'RE MAKING  
ME CRAZY... I'M  
GOING TO CUM!

THAT NIGHT BROUGHT CLARITY. AMBER'S TONE, HER CHOICE OF WORDS, REVEALED THE SHIFT. WHAT HAD BEGUN AS A TRANSACTION—A WOMAN BOUGHT TO BE HIS SLAVE WAS UNRAVELING. JACK SENSED IT IN HER VOICE: THE POWER DYNAMIC WAS TILTING. HE HAD PAID DEARLY TO MAKE HER HIS, BUT THE TRUTH WAS EMERGING. AMBER'S NATURE, DOMINANT AND UNCONTAINABLE, WAS RESURFACING, THREATENING TO INVERT THEIR ROLES ENTIRELY.

CUM FOR ME,  
MASTER—SPILL IT  
AGAINST MY HARD  
MUSCLES! I WANT TO  
FEEL YOU EXPLODE  
ON ME—NOW!

OH...AMBER  
!!



DEAR READER,

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*K. Styler*

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WE DISEMBARKED AT LAST. I TOLD MYSELF IT WOULD HELP, TO STOP OBSESSING OVER HER BODY FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I SUGGESTED WE GO SHOPPING. YET EVEN THEN, AMBER'S CHOICE OF CLOTHES MADE HER IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE. AT 195 CENTIMETERS TALL, SHE BECAME THE CENTER OF ATTENTION EVERYWHERE, AN UNDENIABLE SPECTACLE.

I'M NOT SURE  
WE HAVE  
YOUR...SIZE



SO NO 40"?

THE LONGEST  
WE HAVE IS  
32"...I'M SO  
SORRY

THAT WAS THE MOMENT IT HIT ME—DRESSING HERSELF COULDN'T BE SIMPLE FOR AMBER. MAYBE THAT WAS THE REASON HER CLOTHES WERE ALWAYS SO EXTRAVAGANT. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT THE FOLLOWING DAY. SHE ONLY SMILED AND SAID: "NO, IT'S NOT THAT. I LOOK FOR CLOTHES THAT AROUSE MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE. I WANT THEM TO WANT TO FUCK THE SECOND THEY SEE ME."

NOT REALLY MY TASTE ..WHO ARE YOU USAL CLIENTS?

AH OK..BIG BOOBS SHORT LEGS FAT ASS...

OH MOSTLY GIRLS FROM THE YACHTS..RICH INFLUENCERS

YES..KIND OF



WHEREVER THEY WENT, AMBER'S PRESENCE DOMINATED. HER ASS, SCULPTED AND MONUMENTAL IN HER SKIN-TIGHT PANTS, PULLED EVERY GAZE, MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE TURNING THEIR HEADS. JACK FELT BOTH PRIDE AND UNEASE, AS THOUGH HE WERE ESCORTING A LIVING WORK OF ART. YET ADMIRATION WAS NOT THE ONLY EMOTION SHE PROVOKED. DESIRE MIXED WITH JEALOUSY, CURIOSITY, AND—HE WOULD COME TO LEARN—HATRED SIMMERED AS WELL.



AFTER A FEW FRUITLESS STOPS IN STORES, WE SETTLED FOR A QUICK PIZZA. ON OUR WAY BACK, WE SPOTTED A BAR WITH BILLIARDS. AMBER PLEADED WITH ME TO GO INSIDE, AND OF COURSE I GAVE IN. IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO SEE SHE WAS A NATURAL CONFIDENT, PRECISE, DOMINATING THE TABLE. I JUST SAT THERE, NURSING BEER AFTER BEER, WHILE SHE KEPT RUNNING THE GAME

AMBER,  
YOU'RE  
KILLING  
IT YOU'VE  
CLEARED HALF  
THE TABLE  
WITHOUT  
MISSING!

CAREFUL,  
MASTER...  
WHEN I'VE GOT  
A CUE IN MY  
HANDS, I  
ALWAYS END UP  
SINKING  
BALLS



BY THE END OF AN HOUR, JACK HAD LEARNED THE TRUTH—AMBER REIGNED AT THE TABLE, UNTOUCHABLE. THEY WERE PREPARING TO LEAVE WHEN SHE PRESSED FOR ONE LAST GAME. THE BAR WAS NEARLY EMPTY NOW, ONLY TWO MEN LINGERING, THE MANAGER GONE OUTSIDE FOR A SMOKE. THE MEN'S EYES CLUNG TO AMBER, THEIR STARES HEAVY AND UNASHAMED. JACK, DULLED BY SIX BEERS, DID NOT AT FIRST REGISTER THE SHIFT IN ATMOSPHERE, NOR THE INTENT SMOLDERING IN THEIR GAZE.





WHAT ?

JACK, LOOK AT THOSE TWO GUYS BEHIND US... I THINK THEY LIKE MY ASS.

AT ELEVEN THE MANAGER HAD YET TO RETURN, HIS VOICE STILL DRIFTING FROM THE STREET. IN HIS ABSENCE, HE DISPATCHED HIS SON TO DARKEN THE ROOM. THE LAMPS CLICKED OFF ONE BY ONE, UNTIL ONLY THE POOL TABLE REMAINED LIT, AN ISLAND OF GREEN IN THE SHADOWS. THE TWO MEN AT THE FAR END DID NOT BUDGE, THEIR STARES LOCKED ON AMBER. SHE, UNFAZED, LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE, HER LONG BODY BATHED IN THE LONE LIGHT, INSISTING SHE WOULD FINISH THE GAME. JACK, DULLED BY BEER, FELT ONLY A VAGUE UNEASE, UNAWARE OF THE SHIFT IN ATMOSPHERE. THE BAR HAD GROWN THICK WITH SILENCE, WITH DESIRE, WITH SOMETHING DARKER.



I THINK THEY ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE..





HARD TO BELIEVE...  
LOOKS MORE  
LIKE A TRANNY  
TO ME.

HEY, PETER, DID YOU SEE THAT? YOU THINK THAT BIG THING'S A GIRL?

IN A FLASH OF SOBRIETY, JACK HEARD THE TWO MEN GETTING LOUDER, CRUDER. HE'D NEVER BEEN THE FIGHTING TYPE, SO HIS FIRST INSTINCT WAS THE USUAL ONE.

AMBER, MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE

NO. I'LL FINISH. WE WON'T BE INTIMIDATED BY TWO FUCKING LITTLE VIRGINS





DID YOU  
HEAR THAT  
MATE ? HOW  
SHE CALLED  
US ?

VOILA..THIS  
IS STARTING

LET'S  
GO  
NOW..

HEY...YOU'RE  
PRETTY BIG...  
YOU'D LIKE TO  
FUCK WITH THE  
TWO OF US ?

I'M BUSY



DON'T ACT  
PROUD, GIRL! A  
TOWER LIKE YOU  
MUST CRAVE TWO  
COCKS AT ONCE  
—LET YOUR MAN  
WATCH !

I DON'T  
THINK YOU  
COULD SATISFY  
ME. YOU LOOK  
LIKE THE KIND OF  
GUY WITH A  
RABBIT'S  
DICK.



ALRIGHT GUYS,  
WE'RE LEAVING  
NOW!

SHUT THE FUCK  
UP. YOU HEAR  
WHAT YOUR  
WHORE JUST  
SAID TO ME?

MASTER,  
SHOULD I  
FUCK THAT GUY  
WITH A BILLIARD  
CUE? I SWEAR  
HE LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S BEGGING  
FOR IT.

WHAT  
??



YOU LOOK LIKE  
YOU'RE BURNING  
UP! WITH THOSE  
CLOTHES, YOU MUST  
BE DYING FOR DICK.  
COME ON, WHORE,  
DON'T MAKE US  
BEG YOUR  
BOYFRIEND WILL  
ENJOY WATCHING  
YOU SCREAM !

OR MAYBE  
YOUR  
BOYFRIEND WILL  
LIKE TO SEE YOU  
SCREAMING  
TOO ?

EVERY BAR HAS THEM: THE LOUDMOUTH WHO NEVER SHUTS UP, AND HIS SHADOW—THE ONE WHO WAITS, WHO COMES IN WHEN THINGS ARE ABOUT TO TURN VIOLENT.

ENOUGH. STOP TALKING TO THOSE SLUTS. SHE'S GONNA SUCK US OFF, AND IF NOT, WE'LL TEACH HER HOW TO SHUT THAT BIG MOUTH. YOU GOT THAT, BITCH?

YOUH EAR THAT ? MY FRIEND IS ANGRY NOW!



MASTER, DO  
I LET THEM GO  
OR DO I SMASH  
BOTH OF THESE  
LITTLE  
FAGGOTS?

WHAT THE  
HELL--DID YOU  
JUST CALL THAT  
LITTLE FAG  
"MASTER"?  
YOU'RE INSANE,  
SLUT!

AMBER, LET'S  
JUST LEAVE...



I'VE NEVER  
SEEN A GIANT  
BITCH LIKE  
YOU!!

JACK REALIZED LATER—AMBER COULD TAKE ALL THE INSULTS HERSELF, BUT NOT WHEN THEY THREATENED HIM.

YOU AND  
YOUR WHORE  
ARE FUCKING  
DEAD, MAN! I'M  
GONNA BREAK  
YOU IN HALF!






**ENOUGH!!**

**HEY STOP !! OK  
IF WE ARE  
LEAVING !!**

**NO YOU'RE  
NOT!! BEG FOR  
PARDON FIRST ?**



LEAVE HIM  
ALONE!! COME  
AT ME, YOU  
LITTLE SHIT!!



**BITCH!!**

**HEY STOP !!**

SHUT  
THE FUCK  
!!

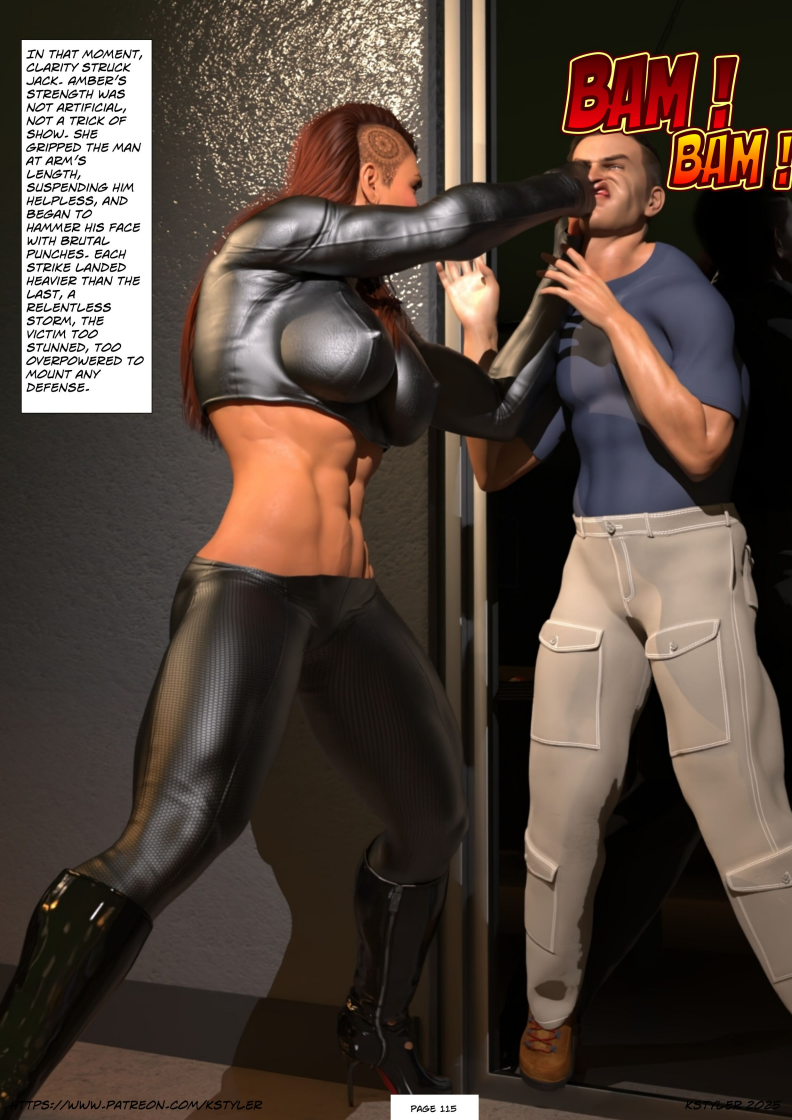
**BAM!**



ENOUGH  
!!

IN THAT MOMENT, CLARITY STRUCK JACK. AMBER'S STRENGTH WAS NOT ARTIFICIAL, NOT A TRICK OF SHOW. SHE GRIPPED THE MAN AT ARM'S LENGTH, SUSPENDING HIM HELPLESS, AND BEGAN TO HAMMER HIS FACE WITH BRUTAL PUNCHES. EACH STRIKE LANDED HEAVIER THAN THE LAST, A RELENTLESS STORM, THE VICTIM TOO STUNNED, TOO OVERPOWERED TO MOUNT ANY DEFENSE.

**BAM!**  
**BAM!**



**BAM!**  
**BAM**



SUDDENLY JACK REALIZED HE WAS THE ONE CONTROLLING THIS MACHINE—AND THAT UNTIL HE DECIDED OTHERWISE, AMBER WOULD GO ON BEATING THE GUY TO A PULP.

AMBER !!  
THAT'S OK  
!!

**BAM!**  
**BAM!**

A 3D rendered scene showing a bald man with a goatee, wearing a dark blue long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, lying on his back on a light-colored floor. He is positioned next to a pool table with a green felt top and a wooden frame. The man's right arm is extended towards the pool table. In the background, there are several metal chairs. A white speech bubble with a jagged border is positioned above the pool table, containing text.

THAT'S  
ENOUGH, WE'RE  
DONE!! LEAVE HIM THE  
FUCK ALONE—WHAT  
THE HELL IS THIS  
CHICK?!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION, THE OTHER GUY TRIED TO STRIKE BACK. BUT AMBER WAS WAY TOO FAST. SHE CAUGHT HIM BEFORE HE EVEN GOT CLOSE, HER HAND CLAMPING ON HIS THROAT LIKE A VISE.



**BAM!**





AMBER !!  
STOP !!

AMBER OBEYED RIGHT AWAY, LIKE SHE COULDN'T RESIST MY VOICE. BUT WHEN SHE SPOTTED THE MAN STILL DOWN ON THE FLOOR, I KNEW IT WASN'T OVER—SHE WAS READY TO PONCE AGAIN.

OH...YOU!



**Pool  
&  
Darts**  
new here!

OKAY, OKAY...  
I'M SORRY... I  
DIDN'T KNOW...



YOU REALLY  
THINK A SORRY  
IS ENOUGH? I  
COULD SMASH  
YOUR UGLY FACE  
INTO THE FLOOR  
WITH MY HEELS  
RIGHT NOW.

NO... IT'S NOT  
FAIR... YOU'VE  
OBVIOUSLY BEEN  
TRAINED TO  
FIGHT!



YOU'LL APOLOGIZE PROPERLY, LIKE THE LITTLE WORM YOU ARE. LICK MY SOLE.

WOW...SHE'S NOT DONE WITH HIM!!



DO IT!!






LOOK AT YOU!!

THAT WAS THE POINT TO STOP. AMBER HAD ALREADY WON—SHE'D CRUSHED ONE AND HUMILIATED THE OTHER. JACK WAS READY TO LEAVE. BUT AMBER WASN'T. SHE MADE HIM LICK HER SOLE, ALL OF IT. AND EVEN THEN, SHE WASN'T FINISHED. THAT'S WHEN JACK REALIZED—SHE DIDN'T THINK LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE.

A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a blue button-down shirt, is shown in a close-up, looking slightly to the right with a confused expression. The background is dark, with a red lampshade hanging above him. In the background, another man is sitting at a table, looking down.

WHAT IS  
SHE DOING  
??

A woman wearing black, high-heeled stiletto boots and black leggings is stepping on a man's neck. The man is lying on his back on a concrete floor, wearing blue jeans. His mouth is open, and he appears to be in pain or shouting. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, creating strong shadows.

AMBER SET HER STILETTO ON HIS NECK, TRAPPING HIS CAROTID UNDER THE SOLE. THEN SHE PRESSED. JACK SAW IT CLEARLY—IF SHE LEANED WITH ALL HER WEIGHT, HE'D BE DEAD.

PICE OF SHIT!!

DEAR READER,

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*K. Styler*



SO ARE YOU HAPPY MASTER ? I'M SURE YOU LIKE TO SEE YOUR SLAVE BEATING THE SHIT OF OTHER MEN!

OF COURSE..

COME HERE, MASTER, FEEL MY BICEPS...THEY'RE ENORMOUS. DON'T YOU WANT TO TOUCH THEM?

WHY DOES SHE WANT ME TO COME SO BADLY? SHE'S PLOTTING SOMETHING, I CAN FEEL IT...

WELL?  
ARE MY  
BICEPS AS  
HARD AS YOUR  
COCK? I BET IT  
TURNS YOU ON,  
SEEING YOUR  
SLAVE BEAT UP  
GUYS RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF  
YOU.

YEAHH

AMBER LEANED IN, HER VOICE LOW, ALMOST INTIMATE:

DID YOU KNOW SOMEONE ONCE PAID ME TO SMASH A COUPLE OF JERKS IN THE STREET? SOME MEN GO CRAZY FOR IT... AND I THINK YOU DO TOO. DO YOU WANT ME TO GO EVEN FURTHER, MASTER?

JACK DIDN'T ANSWER, ONLY NODDED, HIS EYES FIXED ON HER. THE SITUATION THRILLED HIM MORE THAN HE CARED TO ADMIT. HIS MIND FLASHED BACK TO A WOMEN'S FIGHT HE'D ONCE SEEN, A BLONDEDAKOTA, THAT WAS HER NAME—FEROCIOUS AND WILD, AND HE'D GOTTEN HARD JUST WATCHING HER BRUTALITY. NOW AMBER'S HEEL PINNED THE MAN TO THE FLOOR, AND HE DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND. MAYBE HE FELT IT TOO, THAT SOMETHING DARKER WAS BREWING, AND THOUGHT IT BEST TO STAY FORGOTTEN.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE YOU KNOW..TOUCH ..I'M SOAKED!

GUYS..



OH YEAH...

FIRST TIME SHE SEEMS SO CLOSE TO EXPLODE!



WHAT A WOMAN!!

Dance  
new here!

# Pool & Darts

new here

AMBER MOVED INSTANTLY, NO PAUSE, NO QUESTION. SHE FELL TO HER KNEES, TUGGED DOWN HIS ZIPPER, FREED HIS COCK THROUGH THE TIGHT OPENING OF HIS PANTS, LEAVING THE BUTTON FASTENED. HER LIPS WRAPPED AROUND HIM AT ONCE, SUCKING WITH FIERCE HUNGER, WHILE HER FREE HAND ROAMED OVER HERSELF, RUBBING WITH THE SAME WILD INTENSITY.

MMM, LIKE A TINY LOLLY

WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOING ???



OH GOD,  
AMBER...  
YOU'RE THE  
BEST  
COCKSUCKER  
I'VE EVER  
KNOWN !!

I'M GONNA  
CUM TOO,  
JACK!! LET'S TRY  
TO COME  
TOGETHER!

HEY!! ARE YOU  
CRAZY ?



OH YEAHH!

OHH...

THE TRUTH STRUCK JACK ONLY AT THE INSTANT OF RELEASE. HIS BODY TENSED, PLEASURE OVERTAKING HIM, BUT AMBER'S GRIP SHIFTED, FIRM AND DELIBERATE. WITH A SINGLE MOTION SHE TILTED HIS COCK DOWNWARD, AND THE JETS OF SEMEN ERUPTED ONTO THE MAN PINNED BENEATH HER HEEL. JACK'S EYES WIDENED AS HE WITNESSED THE UNTHINKABLE HIS OWN CLIMAX SPLATTERED ACROSS ANOTHER MAN'S FACE. AMBER'S LAUGHTER ROSE, SHARP AND HYSTERICAL, ECHOING OFF THE WALLS. NOTHING ABOUT IT HAD BEEN CHANCE; IT WAS CALCULATED, DESIGNED, HER CRUEL THEATER COMPLETE.

AH HA!!  
AHA!!



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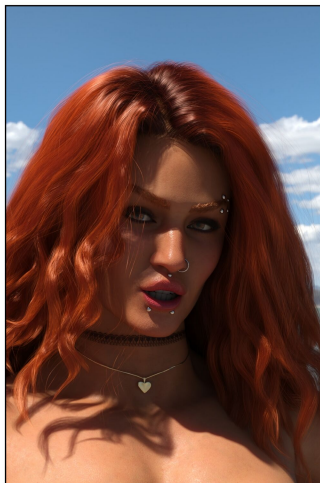
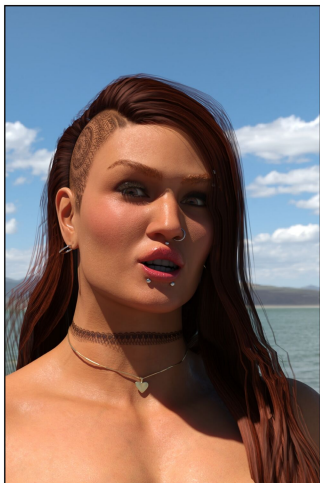
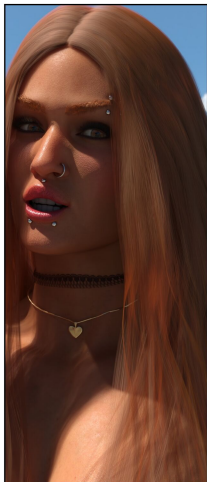
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to be continued