



# *Amazonite Chronicles*



**Amber** the fire inside her



So2Eo8chapters4



DEAR READER,

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*K. Styler*

TWO DAYS REMAINED—TWO DAYS ONLY IN THE STRANGE ARRANGEMENT THAT BOUND AMBER TO HIM. JACK STOOD CAUGHT BETWEEN CONFLICTING DESIRES: THE YEARNING TO HOLD HER CLOSE AND NEVER LET HER GO, AND THE LINEASY THOUGHT THAT PERHAPS HER DEPARTURE WOULD BE THE TRUER PATH.

DAMN IT, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THESE SETTINGS. THIS NEW CAMERA'S DRIVING ME NUTS... I THOUGHT THE MORE EXPENSIVE IT WAS, THE EASIER IT'D BE.

WHAT CAP?

DID YOU THINK ABOUT TAKING THE CAP OFF THE LENS, MASTER?




I SEE

I KNEW IT, EVEN IF I DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT—I WAS ADDICTED TO HER. NOT JUST IN LOVE, NOT JUST ATTRACTED. ADDICTED. SHE WAS IN MY HEAD FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT, A CONSTANT PULSE IN MY VEINS. AROUND HER I FELT SMALLER, YOUNGER, STRIPPED DOWN TO SOMETHING RAW. IT WASN'T ONLY DESIRE; IT WAS LIKE A PRIMAL BOND, A TETHER I COULDN'T CUT. BEING WITH HER WAS LIKE STANDING AT THE EDGE OF A FOREST: I COULD SEE THE TREES, BUT BEYOND THEM STRETCHED A WORLD I HADN'T EVEN BEGUN TO EXPLORE. AND SINCE SHE CAME INTO MY LIFE, NOTHING ELSE SEEMED TO MATTER ANYMORE.

MONEY WASN'T THE PROBLEM — I COULD HAVE PAID \$150,000 FOR THE NEXT MONTH WITHOUT BLINKING. HELL, I'D EVEN MODELLED IT ANNUALLY: \$1.8 MILLION. THAT'S WHAT THE YEAR WOULD HAVE COST — NOT TO HER, BUT TO THE MAN WHO'D RENTED HER OUT, THE ASSHOLE WITH THE HUGE COCK. FOR A MOMENT I WONDERED IF I COULD CUT HIM OUT OF THE DEAL — OFFER AMBER \$1 MILLION FOR THE YEAR INSTEAD...

OH..IT'S WORKING NOW..THAT WAS THE CAP..



AS CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, I WAS ACTUALLY SCARED TO TELL AMBER THAT. I FELT LIKE SHE WAS DOING ME A FAVOR JUST BY STAYING WITH ME. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT, DOC? I PUT A MILLION DOLLARS ON THE TABLE AND I'M AFRAID OF HOW SHE'LL REACT... SO I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, NOT EVEN IF SHE'D AGREE TO STAY ANOTHER MONTH. I COULDN'T EVEN BRING MYSELF TO ASK HER. THE TRUTH WAS, I DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER.

AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THAT DAY...

I FELT ALMOST LIKE A  
LOVESTRUCK TEENAGER AT  
THE CLOSE OF SUMMER  
VACATION, EAGER TO CAPTURE  
PHOTOS OF MY LOVER.

IT'S  
WORKING  
NOW... BUT  
WOULDN'T YOU  
RATHER HAVE  
SOMETHING  
MORE  
ORIGINAL?

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN?

FOR  
EXAMPLE YOU  
JERKING OFF ON  
MY THIGH?

A muscular woman with long brown hair in two braids, wearing a yellow bikini, stands on a boat deck. A man with a beard and sunglasses, wearing blue and white floral briefs, stands next to her, making a peace sign. The background is a clear blue sky.

YOU'LL  
REMEMBER  
MY LONG  
FINGERS, WON'T  
YOU? WON'T YOU  
REGRET ALWAYS  
REFUSING TO  
LET ME FINGER  
YOU? HAHHA

AMBER,  
PLEASE—  
I TOLD YOU, IT'S  
NOT FOR ME

JUST ADMIT IT  
: YOU'RE  
SCARED YOU'D  
ENJOY IT TOO  
MUCH !

LOOK  
HOW LONG  
IT IS... THERE  
ARE PLENTY OF  
DICKS SMALLER  
AND SHORTER  
THAN MY MIDDLE  
FINGER,  
HAHAHA !

WHAT THE HELL  
DO I EVEN SAY TO  
THAT... SHE'S  
RIGHT, TOO

A man with dark hair and glasses is sitting in a brown leather chair. He is wearing a dark jacket and has his hand resting on his chin, looking thoughtful. The background consists of dark wood paneling and a window with a view of greenery.

SHE  
TRULY  
SPOKE TO YOU  
THAT WAY? DO  
YOU NOT BELIEVE  
SHE MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN TRYING TO  
MANIPULATE  
YOU?

DOC, I NEVER  
EVEN THOUGHT  
OF THAT. NOT  
ONCE. I WAS  
HYPNOTIZED BY  
HER. AND THE  
CRAZIEST  
PART SHE KEPT  
CALLING ME  
MASTER, WHEN THE  
TRUTH WAS I WAS  
THE ONE  
COMPLETELY  
ENSLAVED BY  
HER.

SHE WOULD FOLLOW EVERY ORDER I GAVE WITHOUT HESITATION. ONCE I TOLD HER, TURN AROUND, I WANT TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR BACK. AND SHE LAUGHED, REPLYING, WHAT YOU REALLY WANT IS A PICTURE OF MY ASS, OR MAYBE PROOF OF HOW TINY YOU LOOK NEXT TO ME. AND THE TRUTH IS—SHE WAS RIGHT, SHE ALWAYS KNEW.



SO, WHAT ARE WE DOING TODAY? YOU KNOW I'M LEAVING SOON





YOU WANT  
ME TO STAY,  
MASTER? FOR  
HOW LONG?

ACTUALLY, I  
WAS  
WONDERING IF...  
IF YOU'D LIKE TO  
STAY A LITTLE  
LONGER

UH...  
AS LONG  
AS YOU CAN, I  
SUPPOSE. I  
MEAN, IT  
DEPENDS ON  
WHAT YOU'VE  
GOT PLANNED,  
RIGHT?

A muscular woman with red hair in a yellow bikini stands on a boat deck, looking thoughtful. A man with a beard and sunglasses on his head, wearing blue floral briefs, stands next to her, leaning on the railing. The background shows a clear blue sky and a body of water.

YOU WOULD BE  
REALLY HAPPY IF  
I STAY ?  
MASTER ?

SO WHY DON'T  
YOU ASK FOR IT  
MASTER ?

YES...

AMBER, CAN  
YOU STAY A BIT  
LONGER PLEASE  
?

OK, ONE WEEK,  
PRICE DOUBLED

OF COURSE

IT WAS LIKE SUDDENLY ALL THE TENSION MELTED AWAY... AMBER SAT DOWN WITH A BIG SMILE AND STARTED FLIPPING THROUGH THE PICTURES I'D TAKEN. JUST LIKE THAT, HER MOOD SHIFTED—SHE WAS ALL PLAYFUL, ALMOST GIDDY.

YOU LOVE TAKING PHOTOS THAT SHOW HOW TALL I AM, DON'T YOU? IT REALLY TURNS YOU ON! WHAT A LITTLE PIGGY. COME ON, TURN AROUND—I'M GONNA SNAP A SHOT OF YOUR CUTE LITTLE ASS, THE ONE YOU WON'T EVEN LET ME FUCK.

COME HERE MASTER, BETWEEN MY LONG LEGS

OH, QUIT IT!

SUCH A RELIEF SHE DIDN'T SAY NO...

YOUR WORDS HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS HERE...

LATER I'D SEE IT CLEARLY YAMBER HAD BUILT AN UNSPOKEN RULE: MAKE HER HAPPY, AND SHE'D REPAY IT IN SEX. MAYBE IT WAS INSTINCT, MAYBE IT WAS CALCULATION, MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE WAY MY HEAD TWISTED IT—BUT THE EFFECT WAS REAL. I SLID BETWEEN HER THIGHS, HERS STRETCHING FAR LONGER THAN MINE, SWALLOWED IN THEIR SHADOW, AND SHE WRAPPED HER HAND AROUND ME, STROKING THROUGH THE FABRIC OF MY SHORTS.






SO ONE MORE  
WEEK WITH  
ME...MASTER



OHHH YOU ARE  
ALREADY  
RESPONDING ?!



SO, MY NAUGHTY  
BOY... WHAT WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO TRY  
DURING THIS EXTRA  
WEEK? REMEMBER,  
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU  
HAVE THE COURAGE TO  
ASK — ABSOLUTELY  
ANYTHING — EVEN  
YOUR MOST HIDDEN,  
DEEPEST WISHES

I COULDN'T TELL WHAT MADE ME LOSE IT SO FAST — THE FEELING OF HER LONG, POWERFUL THIGHS AROUND ME, THE PRESS OF HER PUBIS AGAINST ME, OR THE GENTLE RHYTHM OF HER HAND. IN LESS THAN A MINUTE IT WAS OVER.

NAUGHTY BOY... I'LL HAVE TO TRAIN YOU TO HOLD BACK. YOU CAME IN MY HAND LIKE A LITTLE PUPPY !

OOHHHH

A woman with a very muscular physique, wearing a light-colored bikini and a choker, is sitting on a boat. She is leaning forward with her tongue sticking out, offering it to a man sitting next to her. The man is shirtless, has a beard, and is wearing blue and white patterned briefs. He looks slightly uncomfortable or surprised. The background shows a body of water and a hilly coastline under a bright sky.

LOOK  
— MY  
HAND'S FULL  
OF YOUR CUM!  
WANT A TASTE?  
YOU KNOW IT'S  
FULL OF  
PROTEIN...

UH, NO... THANK  
YOU...



SHE LICKED IT OFF DELIBERATELY WITH HER LONG TONGUE, SLIDING IT BETWEEN HER FINGERS, CLEANING HER HAND. JACK WAS MESMERIZED BY THAT TONGUE, SO THIN YET SO LONG. HE FELT HIMSELF GETTING HARD AGAIN, SOMETHING AMBER NOTICED INSTANTLY — AND SHE STARTED STROKING HIM AGAIN RIGHT AWAY, WITHOUT EVEN PULLING DOWN HIS SHORTS STILL SOAKED WITH CUM.

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*K. Styler*

AS THE AFTERNOON SETTLED IN, AMBER HAD BUSIED HERSELF WITH WASHING JACK'S SHORTS BY HAND, THEN CAREFULLY DRYING THEM WITH A HAIRDRYER. JACK FOUND IT UNNECESSARY — HE HAD PLENTY MORE — BUT ALLOWED HER THE RITUAL. WHEN SHE RETURNED, SHE WAS DRESSED IN A NEW SWIMSUIT, DAZZLING ENOUGH TO UNHINGE ANYONE. THE HARBOR BECKONED, YET JACK'S ONLY WISH WAS TO REMAIN CLOSE TO HER, KEEPING HER PRESENCE TO HIMSELF.

I DON'T  
KNOW... I  
THOUGHT MAYBE  
WE COULD JUST  
STAY HERE

SO, MASTER,  
WHAT WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO DO  
THIS  
AFTERNOON?

A muscular man with a beard and sunglasses on his head stands on a boat deck, wearing blue and white floral briefs. He is looking up at a woman who is leaning over the railing. The woman has long brown hair in a ponytail, wears sunglasses, a pink bikini, and high-heeled sandals. She has her hand on the man's waist. The background shows a body of water and mountains under a cloudy sky.

MAYBE YOU'RE EMBARRASSED, BEING SEEN WITH A WOMAN AS TALL AND MUSCULAR AS ME? YOU FEEL THE STARES AND IT UNSETTLES YOU, MASTER?

WHAT? NO, NOT AT ALL... I'M ACTUALLY VERY PROUD!

YOUR WORDS HERE...

BARELY HOURS HAD PASSED SINCE HE HAD AGREED, ALMOST WITHOUT THINKING, TO AMBER'S NEW PRICE — DOUBLED TO NEARLY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY. IT WAS IN THAT MOMENT THAT SHE SHIFTED HER TONE, EASING INTO A NEW REGISTER.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU

WHAT? NO... I SWEAR, I'M PROUD WHEN PEOPLE SEE US TOGETHER !



A woman with a long red braid, wearing a purple bikini and sunglasses, is leaning over a metal railing on a boat deck. She is looking towards a man who is shirtless, wearing sunglasses on his head, a necklace, a watch, and blue floral briefs. He is laughing and looking back at her. The background shows the interior of the boat with dark blue panels.

I'LL CLAMP MY THIGHS DOWN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER UNTIL YOU SAY THE TRUTH, MASTER!

BUT IT'S TRUE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP, AMBER — YOU'RE SQUASHING MY RIBS — HAHA, STOP!!



ARE YOU  
AFRAID ?

AMBER SQUEEZED HER THIGHS  
AROUND MY WAIST AND, TO MY  
SHOCK, I FELT MY FEET LIFT  
OFF THE DECK. THE STRENGTH  
IT TOOK TO RAISE ME LIKE  
THAT LEFT ME SPEECHLESS.  
ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT  
WAS THE FEEL OF HER  
POWERFUL LEGS WRAPPED  
AROUND ME, HER WARM SKIN,  
HER LAUGH IN MY EAR. IT WAS  
DIZZIFYING, THRILLING, UNREAL.

ARGHH..STOP  
AMABER!! AHHAHA  
IT'S NOT FUNNY  
?

HER THIGHS LOCKED AROUND ME, AND THEN SHE BEGAN TO TIP BACK, HER BRAIDS WHIPPING BEHIND HER AS SHE ARCHED OVER THE YACHT'S EDGE. I FELT THE DRAG OF HER POWER PULLING ME TOWARD HER, EVEN AS I CLUTCHED THE RAILING. THE WORLD TILTED — SEA BELOW, SKY ABOVE — AND THERE SHE WAS, HALF IN THE VOID, HOLDING ME AS IF I BELONGED TO HER GRAVITY.

WHAT IF I DROPPED US BOTH, MASTER? WHAT IF I PULLED YOU WITH ME INTO THE SEA?

DON'T— STOP, AMBER, THAT'S DANGEROUS !!

COME ON, I'M  
KIDDING! DON'T BE  
SCARED. I'M JUST HAPPY TO  
BE HERE WITH YOU, HAPPY THAT  
YOU LIKE IT WHEN I HOIST YOU UP  
LIKE YOU WEIGH NOTHING. YOU  
LIKE IT, DON'T YOU? YOU LIKE  
BEING IMPRESSED BY A  
WOMAN'S STRENGTH !!  
YEAHH!! HOOU!!

YES, BUT  
PLEASE --  
STOP. IT'S  
DANGEROUS !!





AMER!! STOP  
THIS IN 15M  
HIGH!! WE  
WILL FALL!!

OH...JACK  
...I'M SORRY I  
DIDN'T REALISE  
YOU WERE  
REALLY  
AFRAID...AHAH!!  
THAT'S OK .

AMBER STEADIED HERSELF WITH REMARKABLE POISE, HER STRENGTH ON FULL DISPLAY, YET HER TASTE FOR RISK ONLY GREW SHARPER. BEFORE JACK COULD STOP HER, SHE STEPPED ONTO THE YACHT'S RAILING AND BEGAN POSING, PLAYFUL, FEARLESS. JACK FELT HIS STOMACH DROP; HE WOULD NEVER HAVE DARED SUCH A STUNT. IT WAS RECKLESS, TOO DANGEROUS.

AMBER, COME DOWN — YOU'LL FALL!

HAAAA, NO WAY. COME ON, JACK, DON'T BE SCARED!

YOUR WORDS HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS  
HERE...

YOUR WORDS HERE...

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a pink bikini and sunglasses, is leaning over the side of a boat. She has a gold bracelet on her left wrist and red nail polish. A man with a beard and sunglasses, wearing blue and white patterned swim trunks, stands on the wooden deck looking at her. The scene is set on a boat deck with a white railing and a wooden floor.

IT STRUCK JACK SUDDENLY  
— SHE'D STOPPED CALLING  
HIM MASTER.

AMBER,  
REMEMBER,  
YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
CALL ME  
MASTER !!

OOPS,  
SORRY  
MASTER, IT  
JUST SLIPPED  
OUT FASTER THAN  
I WANTED — LIKE  
YOU WHEN YOU  
COME IN A FEW  
SECONDS, HAHA.  
NOW, DO YOU  
PROMISE, OR  
SHOULD I  
JUMP?

PROMISE  
WHAT? WAIT!



I'M  
COUNTING, AND  
AT TEN I'LL  
JUMP... ONE...  
TWO...

BUT PROMISE  
WHAT?? WAIT,  
AMBER!! THIS IS  
SUPER  
DANGEROUS!!


SUCH A  
PERFECT  
BODY!!

○ ○ ○ ○

A woman in a pink bikini stands on the deck of a modern yacht, arms outstretched. A man in a grey shirt stands below her, looking up. The yacht has a white railing and a curved upper deck with a row of rectangular windows. The background shows a rocky hillside under a clear sky.

AMBER !!

5...6...7



AMBER STOP!!  
PROMISE WHAT  
??

8..THAT I'LL  
MET YOUR  
FRIENDS  
TONIGHT...9

WHAT ?? YES  
OK !!

10...TOO  
LATE!



**AMBER  
!!**



AMBER ?

SHE  
DOVE  
PERFECTLY.  
GOD, LIKE A  
GODDESS CUTTING  
THROUGH THE  
WATER. SHE HAD  
PLANNED EVERY  
INCH OF IT !

SECONDS STRETCHED. JACK'S WORRY GREW AS AMBER FAILED TO BREAK THE SURFACE, YET A CYNICAL PART OF HIM WHISPERED THAT SHE WAS PROBABLY MOCKING HIM AGAIN, AND SO THE PANIC NEVER FULLY BLOOMED. HIS MIND DRIFTED TO STRANGE, DEFENSIVE THOUGHTS.



AMBER ??

SHIT, I DON'T EVEN HAVE FRIENDS HERE. WHAT WAS IT I PROMISED? MAYBE CALDWELL WILL BE AT THE PORT TOMORROW, BUT I DON'T KNOW... WHY DOES SHE WANT TO MEET MY FRIENDS AT ALL?

AFTER WHAT FELT LIKE FOREVER, AMBER EMERGED FROM THE WATER, HER FACE LIT WITH A MISCHIEVOUS SMILE.

SO, SHALL WE MEET YOUR FRIENDS TONIGHT?

NO, I... I MADE A MISTAKE. I'VE GOT THINGS TO HANDLE. TOMORROW NIGHT, I PROMISE. TONIGHT I REALLY NEED TO WORK.

OH, ALRIGHT MASTER. I SUPPOSE YOUR WORK IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ME

DEAR READER,

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*K. Styler*

THAT NIGHT JACK WORKED LATE, STUCK IN MEETINGS WITH AN AMERICAN SUBSIDIARY, AND THINGS WEREN'T GOING WELL. DURING THE CALL HE TURNED OFF HIS CAMERA AND CRACKED OPEN A BEER... THEN ANOTHER. WHEN THE MEETING FINALLY ENDED, HE WENT LOOKING FOR AMBER. BUT SHE WASN'T IN HER ROOM, NOT ON THE DECK, NOT IN THE POOL... SHE COULDN'T HAVE GONE ASHORE ALONE. JACK STARTED TO WORRY, SEARCHING EVERYWHERE, AND IN DESPERATION EVEN WENT DOWN TO CHECK THE ENGINE ROOM.



WHAT IF SHE  
HAD LEFT?

ALL AT ONCE, A MASCULINE GROAN REACHED HIS EARS. JACK GAVE A FAINT, KNOWING SMILE. HE HAD DELIBERATELY HIRED TWO GAY SAILORS, A GUARANTEE THEY WOULDN'T CHASE AFTER THE WOMEN HE ENTERTAINED ABOARD — A STRANGE PRECAUTION PERHAPS, NOT EXACTLY HOW A BILLIONAIRE SHOULD REASON, BUT IT HAD SEEMED PRACTICAL. HE HAD SEEN THEM TOGETHER BEFORE, MORE THAN ONCE, AND ASSUMED HE WAS ABOUT TO STUMBLE ONTO THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EMBRACE DOWN IN THE ENGINE ROOM. HE ALMOST TURNED AWAY, GRANTING THEM PRIVACY — UNTIL A SUDDEN DOUBT FROZE HIM.



OH YES...  
MORE... TAKE  
ME WITH YOUR  
BIG COCK!! OH  
YES AMBER !!



YOU LIKE THAT  
?? SAY YOU LIKE  
IT BITCH!!

OH YES!! IT'S SO  
GOOD!!



YOU'RE A  
SLUT!! A  
FUCKING WHORE  
!!

OH YES!!



TELL ME YOU  
LIKE MY BIG  
COCK !! TELL  
IT!!

OH YESS!!  
YOU'RE SO BIG!!

CALL ME  
MASTER  
AMBER!! SAY IT  
!! SAY FUCK ME  
PLEASE  
MASTER  
AMBER!!



SAY IT  
BITCH!!


FUCK ME  
MASTER  
AMBER!!



OH... YOU'RE  
SO DEEP!! I  
LOVE FUCKING  
GAYS !!



OH MY  
GOD...



NEXT ONE  
WILL BE JACK!!  
I LOVE DEEP ASS  
BUT I PREFER  
TIGHT ONES!!



OOHHH...

HE HELD HIS BREATH AND MADE NO SOUND, UNWILLING TO BREAK THE RHYTHM OF WHAT UNFOLDED BEFORE HIM. AMBER MOVED WITH SAVAGE FORCE, HER THRUSTS BRUTAL, EACH ONE TEARING A PLAINTIVE MOAN FROM THE SAILOR'S LIPS. JACK REMAINED ROOTED, ENTRANCED BY THE SIGHT, BY THE CADENCE OF THEIR COUPLING, UNTIL SHAME AND AROUSAL COLLIDED ONCE MORE AND HE FELT THE DAMPNES SPREADING IN HIS SWIMSUIT.

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



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THE FOLLOWING DAY, HE FINALLY KEPT HIS WORD. BY SLIPPING IN A LAST-MINUTE \$20,000 DONATION, HE SECURED A VIP INVITATION TO A LOCAL EVENT. OF COURSE HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT WHAT HE SAW LAST NIGHT

YOU THINK I'M PRETTY ?



YOU ARE  
GORGEOUS  
AMBER!

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black, low-cut, floor-length gown with a deep V-neckline and a gold chain, stands on a red carpet. She has a diamond necklace and large hoop earrings. A man with a beard, wearing a white tuxedo with a white shirt and a white bow tie, stands next to her with his hand on her shoulder. He is looking towards the camera. The background is a white wall with a grid pattern.

EVERYONE'S  
WATCHING US  
— I LIKE IT !

2,05 I GUESS,  
ACTUALLY. AND  
THESE ARE JUST  
THE SMALL  
ONES.

WELL, YOU  
DID PUT ON  
HEELS... WHAT  
ARE YOU, TWO  
METERS NOW?



THE GUY ON THE LEFT — HE'S ZOOMING STRAIGHT IN ON MY BREASTS

WELL... I CAN'T EXACTLY BLAME HIM. I THINK I'D DO THE SAME !

JACK WAS NO STRANGER TO THE CHOREOGRAPHY OF CHARITY GALAS; USUALLY IT MEANT LITTLE MORE THAN A FEW POLITE FLASHES BEFORE MOVING ON. BUT WITH AMBER, EVERYTHING SHIFTED. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH EVERY PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE ROOM HAD TURNED THEIR LENS ON HER, DETERMINED TO EXHAUST THEIR CAMERAS CAPTURING HER.

IS THIS THE "AMBER" EFFECT?





I BET A COUPLE OF  
THESES GUYS AND GIRLS  
WANT TO FUCK ME AS  
MUCH AS I WOULD FUCK  
THEM

?? WHAT ??

JACK BEGAN TO DOUBT IT. THE ATTENTION THEY RECEIVED WASN'T ADORATION AT ALL — IT FELT MORE LIKE HOSTILITY, DIRECTED AT BOTH HIM AND AMBER. THE MEN'S STARES WERE SHARP, ACCUSATORY. HE COULD ALMOST HEAR THEIR UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS: HOW CAN THAT MAN WALK BESIDE SUCH A TALL, MUSCULAR WOMAN? HOW CAN HE DARE TO FLAUNT IT? HOW CAN HE CALL HIMSELF VIRILE WHEN SHE COULD LIKELY OVERPOWER HIM WITH ONE ARM?



IN TRUTH, JACK HARDLY CARED ABOUT THE JUDGMENTS — WEALTH HAD MADE HIM INDIFFERENT. STILL, THE HOSTILITY WAS UNSETTLING: THE WHISPERS BEHIND THEIR BACKS, THE MUFFLED REMARKS, THE WOMEN'S CURIOUS GLANCES. AMBER APPEARED OBLIVIOUS, BUT SHE FELT JACK'S TENSION. THEN SHE SPOKE A SENTENCE HE WOULD NEVER FORGET., LOUD ENOUGH SO THAT THEY ALL HEARD IT





TO THEM, I'M A GODDESS. AND DEEP DOWN, ALL THEY DREAM OF IS WASTING THEIR LIVES ON THEIR KNEES, LICKING MY ASS. THAT'S WHAT THEY DESERVE

GULP!

OH!!

STOP STARING AT HER!!



TRUE TO HABIT, JACK LINGERED AT THE BAR. WITH AMBER AT HIS SIDE, HE HAD DISCOVERED AN IDEAL COMPANION FOR DRINKING — SHE CARRIED ALCOHOL WITH EASE, PERHAPS EVEN BETTER THAN HE DID. TOGETHER THEY SPENT NEARLY AN HOUR, MOVING FROM SHOTS TO WINE TO CHAMPAGNE, THEIR RHYTHM SEAMLESS.

ARE WE GOOD TO EXPLORE NOW, MASTER ?

YES, LET'S SEE WHAT'S HERE...MAYBE WE'LL MEET CALDWELL

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*K. Styler*

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG...THE EVENT WAS A BIT EMPTY

HEY JACK!!



A man with blonde hair, wearing a black tuxedo jacket, a white dress shirt, and a black bow tie, is the central figure. He has a pink and white floral boutonniere on his lapel. To his right, a woman's hand rests on his shoulder; she is wearing a grey and black halter-neck dress with gold-colored accents. In the foreground, another hand is visible, wearing a gold ring and a white wristband with a blue geometric pattern. The background features a dark, ornate, leaf-like pattern.

CALDWELL, IN A SENSE, WAS JACK'S COUNTERPART. JACK'S WEALTH HAD BEGUN WITH AN ABANDONED LAPTOP, DISCOVERED WHILE HE WORKED AS A RECEPTIONIST, ONE THAT HELD BILLIONS IN BITCOIN. CALDWELL'S FORTUNE CAME FROM AN ACCIDENT JUST AS UNLIKELY — A FOOLISH BET THAT LED HIM TO BUY BITCOIN, THE KEY THEN LOST, HIS LIFE REDUCED TO LAWN WORK UNTIL HIS MOTHER'S DEATH REVEALED THE FORGOTTEN USB THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING. THE TWO MEN OFTEN MET, EACH THE OWNER OF AN EXTRAVAGANT YACHT, BOUND BY THEIR TASTE FOR WOMEN. JACK PREFERRED THEM TALL AND MUSCULAR; CALDWELL, VOLUPTUOUS, WITH LARGE BREASTS AND WIDE HIPS. BUT THAT EVENING WAS DIFFERENT...



HER NAME WAS VERA, A DANCER FROM THE CRAZY HORSE WHO'D BEEN KICKED OUT OVER DRUG ISSUES — AND ACCORDING TO CALDWELL, SHE WAS THE BEST LAY IN THE WHOLE GALAXY.

SHE'S TALLER THAN ME... ONE EIGHTY-ONE. DAMN, YOU NEVER CHANGE... YOU WENT AND FOUND YOURSELF WONDER WOMAN?

SHE'S CUTE!! BUT I THOUGHT YOU ONLY LIKED THE SHORT AND CHUBBY ONES... HOW TALL IS SHE?

CALDWELL TOO HAD DRUNK HEAVILY, AND THE EVENING UNFOLDED INTO THE SAME PATTERN AS ALWAYS: THE TWO MEN SIDE BY SIDE, HALF INEBRIATED, DRIFTING IN THEIR LAUGHTER. ACROSS FROM THEM, HOWEVER, THE MOOD WAS STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT. THE WOMEN HAD TAKEN TO EACH OTHER INSTANTLY, SPEAKING AND LAUGHING WITH THE EASY INTIMACY OF COMPANIONS LONG ACQUAINTED, LIKE TWO OLD FRIENDS REUNITED AFTER TIME APART.



IT WAS FORTUNATE THE ROOM WAS SOAKED IN ALCOHOL, BECAUSE OTHERWISE JACK'S GAZE ON VERA MIGHT HAVE DRAWN ATTENTION. HE COULDN'T HELP IT — SHE WAS STRIKINGLY MUSCULAR, PERHAPS EVEN MORE THAN AMBER. THESE WEREN'T THE BULKED-UP MUSCLES OF THE GYM, BUT THE SCULPTED STRENGTH OF A DANCER, HONED THROUGH YEARS OF WORK, IMPOSSIBLE TO ERASE. HER SLENDER FRAME ONLY MADE THE DEFINITION STAND OUT MORE SHARPLY.



BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO DISCOVER, VERA WAS NOT ONLY A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN — TALL, SLIM, AND MUSCULAR — SHE ALSO HAD A VOLCANIC TEMPERAMENT, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE HER HANDS BEGAN TO WANDER OVER AMBER'S BODY.




THEY LEFT THE EVENT AS SOON AS THEY COULD — THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO THERE. THEY DECIDED TO MEET AGAIN AN HOUR LATER, AFTER EACH HAD GONE TO CHANGE, IN THE FIRST BAR BY THE PORT.



THE BAR HAD NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT IT, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS PLUNGED IN DARKNESS — WHICH WAS A SHAME. THE TWO WOMEN HAD IMMEDIATELY CONNECTED, DESPITE THEIR DIFFERENCES, AND SHOWED UP IN FULL FORCE WITH THEIR OUTFITS... THEY DID NOT GO UNNOTICED. LUCKILY IT WAS DARK; OTHERWISE, THEY MIGHT HAVE STARTED A RIOT.





IN TRUTH, THE DIM LIGHT ONLY HEIGHTENED THEIR ALLURE. AMBER AND VERA DRIFTED TOGETHER IN THE SHADOWS, BRUSHING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER, FINGERS GRAZING AS THOUGH BY ACCIDENT. YET NOTHING ABOUT IT SEEMED ACCIDENTAL. THE DARKNESS, FAR FROM HIDING THEM, BECAME THEIR ACCOMPLICE.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE BARS WHERE THE OWNER DELIBERATELY DIMMED THE LIGHTS FOR A WHILE, KNOWING IT ENCOURAGED DRINKING, CLOSENESS, AND CONTACT. THE MUSIC WAS HEAVY DUB TECHNO, THE BASS VIBRATING IN THEIR CHESTS, PUSHING BODIES CLOSER TOGETHER.



EVERYONE KNEW THE LIGHTS  
WOULD EVENTUALLY COME  
BACK ON, BUT FOR NOW THERE  
WAS SOMETHING TRIBAL  
ABOUT BEING IN THE DARK,  
BRUSHING AGAINST  
STRANGERS, FEELING BODIES  
MORE THAN SEEING THEM





THE LIGHT RETURNED SLOWLY, SHADOWS RETREATING. CALDWELL WAS SWEEPED AWAY TO THE DANCE FLOOR, BUT JACK'S GAZE SEARCHED AND FOUND AMBER AT ONCE. SHE STOOD BY THE RESTROOM DOOR, SCULPTURAL, HER BODY A VERTICAL LINE OF POWER AND GRACE AGAINST THE WALL. ONE LEG BENT, HER HEEL RAISED JUST ENOUGH TO REVEAL THE TENSION OF HER CALF, THE SLIT OF HER BLACK DRESS OPENING LIKE A PROMISE ACROSS HER THIGH. SHE HELD HER BOTTLE LOOSELY, AS THOUGH IT WEIGHED NOTHING, HER BROAD SHOULDERS CATCHING THE COLORED LIGHT, HER LONG HAIR CASCADING LIKE FIRE OVER HER BACK. THE MOMENT WAS BANAL — WAITING HER TURN FOR THE BATHROOM — AND YET SHE TRANSFORMED IT. TO JACK, IT WAS SENSUALITY MADE FLESH: THE STRENGTH OF HER MUSCLES UNDER SILK, THE CURVE OF HER HIPS SHIFTING SUBTLY WITH EACH BREATH, THE CALM WAY SHE STOOD AS IF THE ENTIRE BAR EXISTED ONLY TO FRAME HER SILHOUETTE. MEN'S EYES STOLE TOWARD HER, THEN DARTED AWAY, UNABLE TO ENDURE THE FORCE OF HER PRESENCE. SHE WAS BOTH DISTANT AND MAGNETIC, A GODDESS IN THE QUEUE, TURNING EVEN STILLNESS INTO SEDUCTION.





AMBER!  
EVERYTHING  
ALRIGHT? YOU  
ENJOYING  
YOURSELF?

YES, MASTER  
— AND YOU?  
YOUR FRIEND  
LOOKS  
AMUSING



YOU SEE? I  
TOLD YOU I'D  
BRING YOU TO  
MEET MY  
FRIENDS. I  
WASN'T  
MAKING IT  
UP.

I'M GLAD. I LIKE  
KNOWING WHO YOU  
SURROUND YOURSELF  
WITH... BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING THAT  
DISAPPOINTS ME.

WHAT?

A comic book panel set in a club. A man with a beard and a striped polo shirt is talking to a woman with long red hair wearing a black dress. Another woman with red hair is partially visible on the left. A bald man is in the background. The man is holding a beer and a wine glass. The woman is holding a cigarette.

WHAT? NO,  
COME ON,  
YOU'RE THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL —  
OBVIOUSLY. I  
JUST... WELL, SHE  
ISN'T EXACTLY  
UNATTRACTIVE,  
RIGHT?

YOU  
REALLY  
THINK I  
DIDN'T NOTICE  
THE WAY YOU  
STARE AT VERA?  
I BET SHE TURNS  
YOU ON. DO YOU  
ACTUALLY THINK  
SHE'S  
PRETTIER  
THAN ME?




NO,  
THAT'S  
NOT... THAT'S  
NOT WHAT I  
MEANT. SORRY,  
I'VE BEEN  
DRINKING TOO  
MUCH, I'M NOT  
MAKING  
SENSE

SO WHAT  
YOU'RE REALLY  
ASKING IS IF I  
FIND HER CUTE,  
RIGHT?



SO — YOU  
WANT ME TO  
FUCK HER RIGHT  
HERE IN FRONT OF  
YOU, MASTER? IS  
THAT WHAT YOU WANT?  
YOU WANT ME TO TAKE  
HER? AND HIM AS  
WELL? YOU WANT ME  
TO TAKE THEM BOTH  
TONIGHT, MAKE  
THEM HOWL LIKE  
PUPPIES? SAY  
THE WORD.

WHAT? WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING?



I'M SURE YOU'D LOVE THAT... YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO? WANT TO SEE HOW I CAN TURN THEM INTO SEXUAL OBJECTS, BOTH OF THEM... COME ON, SAY YES - I KNOW IT WOULD TURN YOU ON. SAY IT, MASTER, TELL ME TO DO IT!! SAY IT!!!

OKAY... DO IT!!



YOU  
REALLY ARE A  
NAUGHTY LITTLE  
PIG — AND I LOVE  
IT. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE  
THE FANTASIES I KEEP.  
NOW FEEL MY HAND...  
WOULD YOU LIKE ME  
TO STROKE YOU  
HERE, IN FRONT OF  
ALL THESE  
PEOPLE?

AMBER... THERE  
ARE PEOPLE  
AROUND

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, AMBER SEIZED HIM WITH A KISS THAT WAS LESS AFFECTION THAN CONQUEST. HER TONGUE, LONG AND AGILE, INVADDED HIS MOUTH, SLIDING ALONG HIS OWN BEFORE PLUNGING DEEPER, A SERPENT PROBING DOWN HIS THROAT. SIMULTANEOUSLY HER HAND WORKED HIM IN A SLOW, RELENTLESS RHYTHM, WHILE HER MUSCULAR THIGH CLAMPED AGAINST HIS BODY LIKE IRON. THE PRESSURE OF HER OTHER HAND SEALED HIS FATE. JACK UNDERSTOOD WITH A COLD CLARITY: HE COULD NOT HAVE ESCAPED HER GRIP EVEN IF HE HAD WISHED TO. HE WAS TRAPPED, POSSESSED, WHOLLY AT HER MERCY.





AMBER...STOP  
PLEASE... I'M  
GOING TO CUM!!

THIS IS WHAT  
YOU DESERVE  
NAUGHTY BOY



WITH A SUDDEN MOTION SHE SPUN HIM, DRIVING HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL. HER THIGH — IMMENSE, HARD WITH MUSCLE — WEDGED BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND PRESSED UPWARD, LIFTING HIM BODILY FROM THE FLOOR. ONE HAND KEPT WORKING HIM WITH SLOW MASTERY WHILE THE OTHER PINNED HIM INESCAPABLY. JACK MADE NO MOVE TO RESIST. HIS SURRENDER WAS ABSOLUTE, THE SURRENDER OF PREY THAT KNOWS THE PREDATOR'S STRENGTH IS BEYOND DEFIANCE, AND THAT RESISTANCE WOULD ONLY PROLONG THE INEVITABLE.



THE NIGHT DESCENDED INTO FRENZY. CALDWELL AND JACK DROWNED THEMSELVES IN ALCOHOL, GROWING HEAVIER WITH EACH DRINK, THEIR MINDS BLURRING, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CURRENTS RUNNING JUST BEYOND THEIR SIGHT. THEY DRIFTED FROM BAR TO BAR, THEN INTO THE THICK HEAT OF A NIGHTCLUB, LAUGHTER SLURRED AND STEPS UNSTEADY. BUT AMBER, UNLIKE THEM, DID NOT SQUANDER THE HOURS. SHE MOVED WITH INTENT, EVERY MOMENT CALCULATED, EVERY GESTURE CARRYING HER FURTHER FROM THEIR DRUNKEN FOG AND DEEPER INTO HER OWN DESIGNS.







???



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*K. Styler*


CALDWELL'S YACHT DID NOT SURPASS JACK'S IN SCALE, BUT IT ECLIPSED IT IN OSTENTATION. WHERE JACK'S VESSEL SPOKE OF DISCRETION, CALDWELL'S SHOUTED ITS PRESENCE INTO THE NIGHT. CASCADES OF PROGRAMMED LIGHT DISPLAYS RIPPLED ACROSS ITS FLANKS, ILLUMINATING THE SEA. TWIN HELIPADS JUTTED FROM ITS FRAME LIKE WINGS OF ARROGANCE. IT WAS LESS A SHIP THAN A FLOATING STAGE, DESIGNED TO ASTONISH, TO DOMINATE THE HORIZON WITH SPECTACLE. THE YACHT BRISTLED WITH GADGETS, THREE FULL DECKS OF SENSORS, EVERY DETAIL CRAFTED FOR SHOW — EVEN THE JACUZZI. CALDWELL NEVER MISSED THE CHANCE TO BOAST THAT ITS WATER WAS LACED WITH SOME SPECIAL STIMULANT, GOOD FOR ENDURANCE, AND BETTER STILL FOR SEX. SO IN THE END, THE TWO MEN FOUND THEMSELVES ALONE, HALF DRUNK, SINKING INTO THE STEAMING WATER, WAITING AWKWARDLY WHILE THE WOMEN GOT CHANGED.



JACK...SERIOUSLY...SHE'S  
SO TALL MAN...



YOU AND ME,  
JACK — WE'RE  
MATES, RIGHT? AND AS A  
MATE I GOTTA TELL YOU...  
FUCK, I DON'T KNOW HOW  
YOU MANAGE IT. HOW YOU  
FUCK A GIRL WHO'S  
ALMOST TWO METERS  
TALL AND BUILT  
LIKE...



NO BUT  
SERIOUSLY, JACK  
— EVEN WITH A BIG  
COCK, WITH A WOMAN  
LIKE THAT, YOU MUST  
FEEL LIKE IT'S ALL TOO  
WIDE, RIGHT? LIKE  
WEARING PANTS FIVE  
SIZES TOO BIG.  
UNLESS... UNLESS  
SHE'S GOT TRICKS SHE  
DOES TO YOU? THAT'S  
IT, HUH? COME ON,  
SPILL IT !!


CHRIST,  
MAN, WHAT  
ARE YOU EVEN  
SAYING? YOU  
DON'T REALLY  
WANT ME TO GIVE  
YOU DETAILS.  
AND WHERE THE  
HELL ARE  
THEY,  
ANYWAY?

YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I THINK? I  
THINK THOSE  
TWO BITCHES  
ARE BANGING  
RIGHT NOW. YOU  
SAW THE WAY  
THEY WERE  
HEATING UP  
EARLIER.




CALD...  
THAT GIRL OF  
YOURS, VERA...  
YOU KNOW SHE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
TOTAL HOT  
MESS, RIGHT?

JACK, YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA. I'VE NEVER MET  
ANYONE LIKE HER. AT  
FIRST I THOUGHT, NAH, SHE  
DOESN'T HAVE THE ASS,  
DOESN'T HAVE THE TITS.  
BUT THE FIRST NIGHT I  
SLEPT WITH HER... DAMN,  
AFTER THE FIRST ROUND I  
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO  
I WAS ANYMORE



O, BOYS!!  
YOU'RE NOT  
GETTING TOO  
COZY WITHOUT  
US, ARE YOU??

LOOK AT  
THEM — ALL  
SERIOUS TALK,  
LIKE THEY'RE  
RUNNING A  
BOARD MEETING.  
FUCK THAT.  
TURN THE  
MUSIC UP,  
WAY UP!



LOOK AT THEM —  
HONESTLY,  
WHAT WOULD  
YOU DO WITHOUT  
US? LUCKY  
WE'RE HERE TO  
LIVEN THINGS UP!  
COME ON,  
CHAMPAGNE,  
GIN, AND VERA'S  
GOT SOME  
SURPRISES  
FOR LATER  
!!

OH YEAH, WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE A  
BLAST!

AMBER AND VERA TOOK CONTROL OF THE MOMENT, SEIZING THE BOTTLE AND TILTING IT AGAINST THE MEN'S LIPS, DEMANDING THEY DRINK DEEP. AMBER MEASURED IT WITH HER OWN HAND, ENSURING THE SWALLOW WAS LONG, BURNING, FINAL. THEY WERE DRUNK ALREADY, THEIR LAUGHTER SLURRED, THEIR BODIES HEAVY, BUT THAT FLOOD OF GIN BROKE SOMETHING LOOSE INSIDE THEM. FOR JACK IT STRUCK LIKE A BLOW BEHIND THE EYES. THE ROOM THICKENED, HIS PERCEPTION WARPED, EVERYTHING DRENCHED IN A HAZE — AT ONCE TOO CLOSE AND IMPOSSIBLY FAR, AS THOUGH HE DRIFTED THROUGH A UNIVERSE AT ONCE RADIANT AND UNREACHABLE.

VERA,  
LOOK —  
THEY'RE  
WRECKED... WE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
MADE THEM  
DRINK, THEY'RE  
TOTALLY  
WASTED

EXACTLY...  
THAT'S HOW WE  
MAKE SURE THEY  
BEHAVE



SERIOUSLY, GUYS,  
DOWNING A  
WHOLE BOTTLE  
IN FIVE  
MINUTES...  
THAT'S A  
LETHAL  
MOVE.

CHRIST, MY  
HEAD'S LIKE A  
BALLOON...

JACK... LOOK AT  
ME!!





MASTER ??

A digital illustration of a highly muscular woman with long, wavy reddish-brown hair. She is wearing a white, string-thin bikini. She is sitting on a dark-colored bench or ledge at night. The background is dark with some blurred lights and a small green plant to her right. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her physique.

JACK... YOU  
LOOK  
COMPLETELY  
DRUNK..



COME HERE  
VERA... THEY ARE  
ROASTED

HEY GIRLS!! NO  
WE ARE NOT




SUCK MY FOOT  
VERA..



MASTER ?



DO YOU LIKE  
THAT ?



GEEZZ.. AMBER  
WHAT ?

AHAHA I'M  
JUST  
KIDDING...VERA  
PLEASE SEAT  
ON MY RIGHT

THE JACUZZI STEAMED WITH CALDWELL'S CONCOCTION, A HEATED BREW HE SWORE BY, FORCING THE MEN TO DRINK MORE IN A FUTILE EFFORT TO COOL THEMSELVES. JACK'S GAZE SHIFTED THROUGH THE HAZE, DRAWN TO THE WOMEN. VERA AND AMBER SAT CLOSE, A CURRENT OF COMPLICITY BETWEEN THEM, THEIR LAUGHTER THREADING TOGETHER, AMBER'S VOICE REIGNING OVER THE SPACE. FOR AN INSTANT, A FLICKER OF UNEASE STIRRED IN HIM: WAS SHE NOT MEANT TO BE HIS, HIS PROPERTY, BOUND BY THEIR AGREEMENT? YET HERE SHE WAS, FREE, COMMANDING, AS IF SHE HAD SHED THE LEASH ENTIRELY. JACK MISTOOK WHAT HE SAW. AMBER HAD NOT FORGOTTEN HER INSTRUCTIONS. SHE WAS FOLLOWING THEM IN WAYS HE COULD NOT YET SEE.

HEY, CALD  
— YOU KNOW  
WHAT I ASKED  
AMBER EARLIER? IF  
EVERYTHING ABOUT  
YOU IS  
PROPORTIONAL.  
EVEN YOUR  
TONGUE. LONG  
TOO?

YOU TWO  
ARE  
RIDICULOUS.  
BUT IF YOU  
REALLY WANT A  
DEMONSTRATIO  
N... I'LL GIVE  
YOU ONE

NO WAY,  
THAT'S WHAT  
YOU ASKED?  
WELL AMBER, IS  
IT TRUE? COME  
ON, SHOW  
US!



A woman with long reddish-brown hair, wearing a white bikini, is sitting in a hot tub. She is sticking her tongue out. To her left, a woman with dark hair is looking at her. To her right, a shirtless man is holding a beer bottle and looking at her. Another man's arm and hand holding a glass are visible in the foreground on the right. The hot tub is lit with blue and purple lights.

LONG,  
FINE...  
DAMN, IF I  
WEREN'T IN THE  
WATER, I'D  
ALREADY BE  
SOAKING JUST  
FROM  
WATCHING IT  
AHAHAH!!

JESUS, VERA,  
YOU CALLED IT  
— THAT'S A  
HELL OF A  
TONGUE!



GO ON, TELL  
THEM JACK  
WHAT I DO WITH  
MY TONGUE. HE  
LOVES IT — DON'T  
YOU, JACK? AND  
THAT'S BARELY  
ANYTHING. THERE ARE  
SO MANY MORE  
THINGS I COULD DO  
TO HIM... ONCE  
HE'S NOT SO  
TIMID !



MBER, QUIT MAKING  
ME SOUND LIKE SOME  
CLUELESS KID. DO WHAT  
YOU WANT WITH YOUR  
BODY, FINE — BUT I'D  
BET VERA'S TONGUE CAN  
COMPETE WITH YOURS.  
GO ON, VERA, DON'T LET  
HER STEAL THE  
SPOTLIGHT!

A digital illustration of two women in bikinis sitting in a hot tub. The woman on the left has long black hair and is wearing a clear bikini. The woman on the right has long reddish-brown hair and is wearing a white bikini. She has her tongue sticking out. A speech bubble is above her head.

YEAH...HE'S  
RIGHT  
VERA...SHOW US  
WHAT YOU'VE  
INSIDE !!



Y...YES

YOU WANT A  
PLAY TONGUE  
FIGHT ?



WOW... VERA  
LOOKS  
COMPLETELY  
FASCINATED... AT  
AMBER'S MERCY  
!

...AMBER...



SO,  
GIRLS...  
WE'RE NOT IN  
YOUR WAY, ARE  
WE? DOES IT  
EXCITE YOU,  
RUBBING EACH  
OTHER IN  
FRONT OF  
US?

EVEN THROUGH HIS DRUNKEN HAZE, JACK COULD TELL CALDWELL WAS JUST AS SHAKEN AS HE WAS. THE GIRLS WERE PLAYING WITH THEIR TONGUES, SUCKING EACH OTHER'S WHILE LAUGHING — A SIGHT THAT NO MAN COULD IGNORE. JACK ALSO CAUGHT THE DETAIL: AMBER RESTING HER HAND ON CALDWELL'S SHOULDER, LIKE A SIGNAL SHE HADN'T FORGOTTEN HIM. HIS COCK STIFFENED MORE WITH EVERY SECOND.

AHAHA!! LOOK,  
CALDWELL IS  
JEALOUS!!



A woman with a large tattoo on her forehead and a white bikini is sticking her tongue out at a man in a hot tub. A woman with dark hair is on the left, and a man with a beard holding a beer is on the right. The scene is lit with blue and purple lights.

LOOK!! HE IS  
AFRAID OF MY  
TONGUE!!

WHAT ?? NO!!

JACK STARED, MESMERIZED. THIS WASN'T THE AMBER WHO STAYED FOR WEEKS OR MONTHS, BUT THE AMBER WHO ONCE BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF TWO MEN IN A POOL HALL, THE AMBER WHO HAD PUNISHED A GIRL WHO DARED LAUGH AT HER. SHE WAS IN CHARGE NOW, AND THE WAY SHE RULED LEFT NO ROOM FOR DEFIANCE. JACK'S COCK WAS SWELLING, PRESSING AGAINST HIS SWIMSUIT, READY TO BREAK FREE. WATCHING HER TAKE TOTAL CONTROL OF EVERYTHING WAS SO THRILLING HE COULD HAVE STARTED TOUCHING HIMSELF RIGHT THERE.

COME HERE!!  
DON'T BE SHY!!  
SHOW US WHAT  
YOU GOT!!



YOUR  
TONGUE IS  
VERY SMALL....I  
HOPE THIS IS NOT  
A SIGN OF A  
SHORT DICK  
AHAHA







OH MY GOD...



SEE THAT  
MASTER ?

AMBER STAYED SILENT NOW, SIMPLY STEERING CALDWELL AND VERA WITH A STEADY HAND. THE PAIR LOOKED GONE, LIKE THEY WEREN'T EVEN IN CONTROL OF THEMSELVES ANYMORE, CARRIED AWAY UNDER HER SPELL. AND AMBER KEPT HER EYES LOCKED ON JACK, HER LOOK DARING HIM, HER STARE SAYING: LOOK AT YOUR FRIENDS — IN JUST A FEW HOURS I'VE BROKEN THEM INTO OBEDIENT LITTLE SEX TOYS.



LOOK HOW  
OBEDIENT THEY  
ARE...LIKE  
SLAVES TO YOUR  
SLAVE,  
MASTER..









VERA, BE A GOOD GIRL, GO GET WHAT'S IN THE BAG... I THINK IT'S TIME WE TOOK CARE OF OUR MEN.

**to be continued**

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