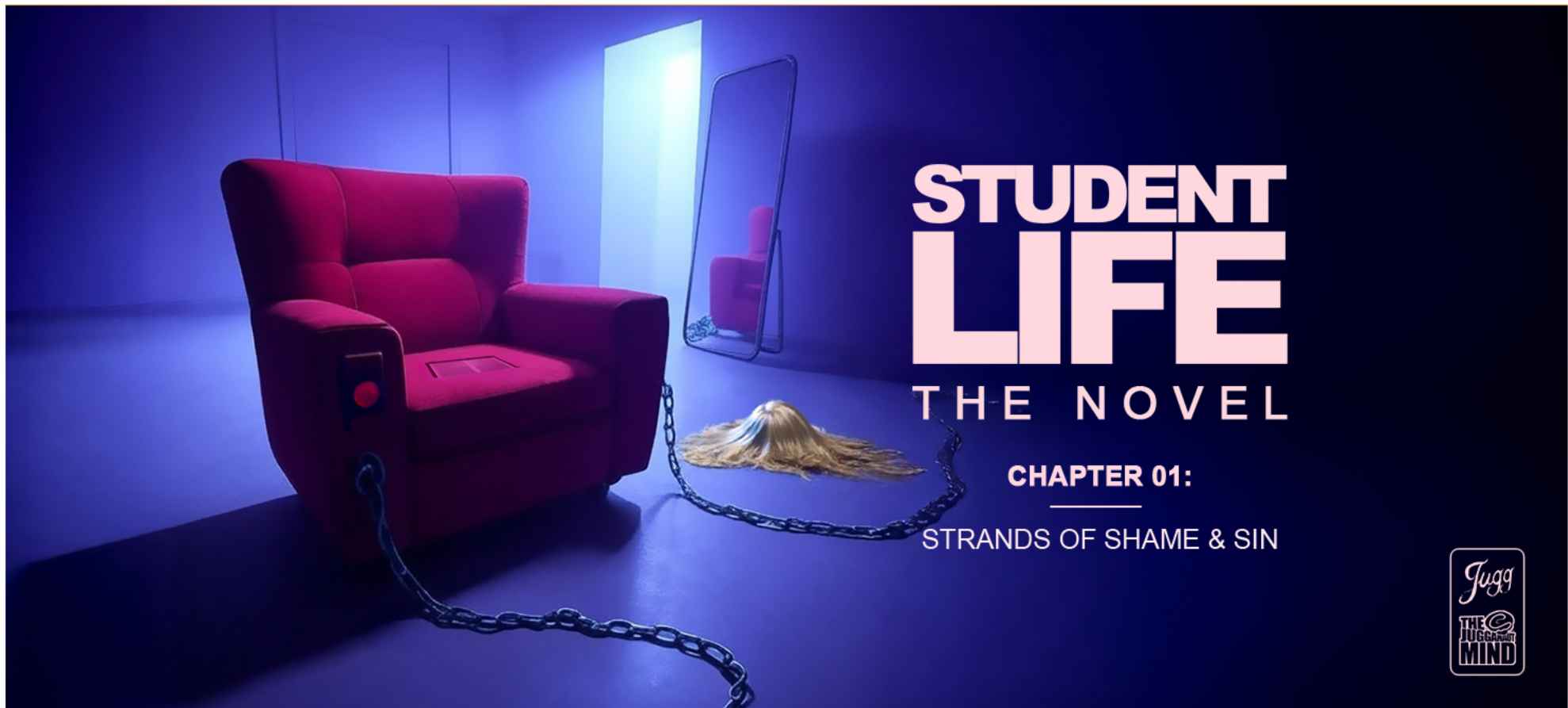


📌 **NOTE:** *I'm turnin' **Student Life 01** into a novel, pourin' my heart into **Manny Scott's** twisted ride in **Capilano's** gritty streets. Why? To spark fresh ideas, dig deep into your fave characters' dirty secrets, and give you juicy behind-the-scenes context. I'm rebootin' **Student Life 2**, and this novel's my way to fire up inspiration and get you hyped!*



CHAPTER 01: Strands of Shame & Sin

🔪 The Scarred Queen's Wrath:

Manny's head throbs, a dull blade carving his skull. His eyelids crack open, the world a haze of violet neon. A vast, empty room stretches around him, nothing but a chair at its center, where he's strapped down. Metal cuffs bite his wrists, a collar chokes his neck, chains clinking with every shudder. His cheek burns, raw and stinging, as if someone slapped him into oblivion. He squints at his bare chest, heart lurching. Purple ink scrawls **MUNCH KIN** across his skin, the words a cruel riddle branding him. His mind splinters—**South Alere**, the green trees, **Mom's** warm kitchen...

"I'd give anything to be back there.

Anywhere but this neon hell."

Two feminine figures stand before him, goddesses of menace. The woman in front is a vision of fury, her skin-tight red getup clinging to curves. A reverse-V crop top strains over her big tits, probably silicone, perked up like they defy gravity. A jagged scar slashes her face, twisting beauty into threat. Her blonde hair is a masterpiece—sides shaved, a pompadour poof hair-sprayed to the heavens, crowned by a massive Geisha bun. She grips

a gun, its barrel glinting in the neon glow. Behind her sways another, her see-through blue dress baring pink panties and breasts. Her huge, curly blue hair cascades, blonde extensions trailing across the floor, so long they coil like living things, clutched behind her back.

SLAAAAAAPP!

The red-clad woman's arm lashes out, her hand cracking across **Manny's** cheek with brutal force. The pain sears, his face screaming as he snaps fully awake, chains rattling. The scarred woman smirks, her glossed lips curling. The blue-haired diva steps closer, her extensions dragging, a mocking purr in her throat. **Manny's** thoughts claw at **Mattysburg**—**Mom's** hug, the dinner table, safety—but the purple ink burns, **MUNCH KIN** tying him to this nightmare, a weight as heavy as the ache he felt leaving home.

Last Supper in Mattysburg:

Mattysburg, South Alere. *The Scott Residence* sprawls under a canopy of lush trees, its big black gate gleaming. A double garage flanks the front, an entrance to the right leading to the main door. Inside, the dining room glows warm, the table heavy with food as **Manny**, his mother, and his father share a meal, their voices a soft hum.

Manny spears a potato, his heart thumping.

“*I can't believe I got accepted into Capilano University,*”

he says, voice bright but trembling. His mother, soft-eyed, sets down her glass.

“*We're going to miss you, Manny... We're so proud of you.*”

Her warmth anchors him. His father, gray-haired, stern, looking like *Martin Sheen* in his early 50s, grunts.

“*Calonia's a beautiful country, Manolo, and Capilano a great city.*”

His eyes harden, voice dripping venom.

“*Just watch out for those goddamn queers.*

They've got whole neighbourhoods for their kind.”

The homophobic sting cuts deep, and **Manny's** jaw tightens, his secret burning inside.

After dinner, **Manny** kneels by his little brother, hugging him tight.

“Be good, little bro,”

he says, ruffling his hair.

“You should start that YouTube channel now that I’ll be gone.”

His brother’s eyes glisten.

“I’m gonna miss you...”

It’s not the same without you.”

Manny’s chest aches, a strange weight, like something’s pressing down, foreshadowing the purple ink that’ll mark him later.

His mother touches his brother’s shoulder, her voice soft but firm.

“Stay here, sweetie. Finish your homework.

We’ll be back after dropping Manny off.”

The boy nods, reluctant, his small frame slumping as he heads upstairs. **Manny’s** throat tightens—his brother’s absence on this final ride stings, but it’s one less goodbye to bear. His father grabs the car keys, his jaw set, and strides toward the garage. **Manny** follows, dragging his suitcase, the wheels clattering on the floor.

The black gate creaks open, and the family piles into the sedan—**Manny** in the backseat, his mother at the wheel, his father in the passenger seat. **Mattysburg’s** green streets roll past, trees casting long shadows in the evening light. The car hums, a quiet cage carrying **Manny** toward his fate. His mother glances at him through the rearview mirror, her eyes soft.

“You’ll find your place in Capilano, Manny.

Just... don’t let anyone chain you down.”

The word chain lands like a premonition, echoing the metal straps that’ll bind him in a neon-lit room months later. His father snorts, gripping the armrest.

“Place? He’ll find trouble if he’s not careful. Those queers’ll trick you, Manolo—half of ‘em ain’t even men or women anymore. You won’t know who’s what in that city.”

The transphobic venom cuts deep, tearing down **Capilano’s** fluid identities, foreshadowing

the blurred lines of **Manny's** own transformation. **Manny's** stomach twists, his secret—a longing to dress as a woman—burning hotter under his father's judgment.

The car pulls into the airport terminal, the buzz of farewells swallowing the silence. **Manny** hugs his mother tight, her warmth a fading anchor.

"I will, Mom. I love you.

Thank you for making this possible,"

he says, voice cracking.

"Bye, son. Text us when you get to Calonia,"

she replies, tears falling. His father stands rigid, no tears—crying's for weak men, not his macho pride. He nods, cold, his earlier words still stinging. With a

WHOOSH!!,

the airplane tears through the clouds, carrying **Manny** on a two-day flight to **Capilano City**.

In his seat, **Manny's** thoughts churn. Excitement hums—**Capilano's** neon freedom calls. But sadness weighs heavy, his family all he's known. He lived alone once, in another **South Alere** city, but this is a new country, a new world. His father's transphobic sneer—

"you won't know who's what"

—claws at him, branding his secret thrill as shame. He's not drawn to men—not really. It's the thought of dressing like a woman, long blonde hair trailing on the floor, so gorgeous it makes his heart thump. He's fantasized about it for years, stroking himself in the dark, hidden from his father's judgmental eyes. In **Capilano**, he can explore it, free from that cage.

💜 Branded MUNCH KIN:

The red-clad woman leans in, so close **Manny** feels her breath, hot and teasing, along his neck. Her dark, glossy purple lipstick shimmers in the violet neon, her scar a jagged slash across her fierce beauty. Her eyes lock onto his, unyielding, invading his space like a predator.

“Who gave you permission to push my girls around?”

she purrs, voice a velvet blade. Her perfume—a heady rush of jasmine and musk, pure feminine power—floods his senses, making his head spin. Before he can answer, her long tongue flicks out, targeting his right cheek—the one she didn’t slap raw. The lick is slow, methodical, a deliberate drag of wet heat across his skin, lingering with predatory intent. Her tongue traces a sensual arc, leaving a trail of glossy warmth that prickles, teasing his nerves. Each second stretches, her breath warm, her lips brushing his cheek as she pulls back, the act both humiliating and intoxicating. Fear spikes, his heart hammering, but a twisted arousal stirs, her dominance coiling around him like a chain.

She smirks, pulling back.

*“**GORGE** told me you wanted to play rough, but as soon as she took it there, you snapped...”*

Her voice drips with mockery.

*“She told me you love getting things shoved up your ass.
Well, I’ve got a surprise for you.”*

The gun in her hand—cold, glinting—lifts, and she shoves the barrel into **Manny’s** mouth. The metal tastes bitter, like oil and rust, cold against his tongue. His pulse races, terror flooding him as the barrel presses deeper, gagging him. His eyes widen, locked on her unyielding gaze, the scar twisting her smirk into a threat. Yet, his body betrays him, a sick heat pooling in his groin, her overpowering presence—sexy, commanding—igniting a shameful thrill. The chains bite his wrists, the collar tightens, and **MUNCH KIN** burns on his chest, a brand tying him to this nightmare.

The blue-haired woman grabs his head, tilting it back with a sudden jerk. **Manny** gasps, shocked, his focus torn from the red-clad goddess. Her curly blue hair brushes his face, blonde extensions trailing across the floor like a whip, and he’s caught in her grip, helpless. The red-clad woman struts across the vast room, her big ass swaying side to side, each step a declaration of power. Her presence is electric—dominant, magnetic, a queen ruling this empty hell. Her silicone tits perk high in the reverse-V crop top, her movements fluid as she waves the gun like a toy.

*“This is **Camila**,”*

she says, voice sharp.

*"She'll be making you pretty today. You see, you've put your hands on one of my girls and took out **Rob** somehow. You've got a lot of spunk, and I admire that."*

Manny's mind reels—

"Rob?! The asshole from the bar..."

The memory flickers, dim and jagged, of **BIECAM BAR**, two weeks after landing in **Capilano**. **Camila's** arm tightens around his head, locking him in place, her grip firm to stop any struggle. She draws the long blonde extensions near his scalp, their silky weight brushing his skin. Excitement surges—**Manny's** heart thumps, the same thrill he felt fantasizing about trailing hair, gorgeous and feminine. But confusion crashes in, this surreal nightmare twisting his desires.

"Why am I here?"

"What are they doing?"

Camila pulls a small metal apparatus—a micro ring plier—and selects a tiny ring, threading a strand of his hair through a clear loop. She pulls, sliding the blonde extension through the ring, positioning it ½ inch from his scalp. The plier clamps down, a sharp pinch on his scalp, pain flaring as the metal ring flattens, securing the extension. Strand by strand, she works, the blonde hair weaving into his own, a transformation forced upon him.

His thoughts claw back to **Capilano's** first days. He landed in the city, shy and scared, spending two weeks holed up in his apartment or navigating college during daylight hours, too afraid to face the streets at night. He met his university mates, wandered the city's sunlit roads, taking in its pulse—shops, parks, the hum of freedom. But most nights, he stayed in, jerking off to porn, dreaming of his new life—dressing as a woman, hair trailing long and gorgeous. That secret thrill, buried under his father's transphobic sneers, drove him to **BIECAM BAR**, a pulsing club where he met **Rob**, the asshole who'd change everything. The memory fades as Camila clamps another ring, the pain sharp, the blonde extensions a mocking echo of his fantasies, now twisted in this neon cage.

- *Written by Miss Jugg* ♥

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