

A Hexxet's Magic Comics Commission

# The Gift – Part XVI

## Sunglass Chess

Commissioned by Darren





# Hexxet's comics

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Some time not too long ago in a fictional dimension of „Office Party“...

## Office Party Commissioned Story

### The Gift – Part XVI

Against all odds, Dylan has recovered from a situation that seemed inescapable at first. But just as he was about to confront Charlotte and her group of slaves with the help of his army of slaves, his uncle Vincent storms the TV station... alone! Believing his forces have already infiltrated the station he walks straight in and... against all odds! ... succeeds in turning 6 of the united Charlotte/Dylan forces!

Vincent and his army are now on the way toward the Newsroom, but Dylan and his army of harem slaves are waiting to meet him on the battlefield. Both armies have been upgraded with sunglasses to counteract the enemy's ring.

And now it is time... for the **clash of two armies!**

### Featuring:

- ❖ **Dylan** ... The guy who lost the ring to Charlotte (Hero?/Villain?)
- ❖ **Charlotte** ... She has stolen the ring from Dylan and is trying to take control!
- ❖ **Vincent** ... Dylan's uncle who has gifted him the ring. He has a stronger ring!
- ❖ **And almost everybody else ever featured in this series!**



I doubt Dylan  
will have the  
balls to meet  
us head-on.

Don't  
underestimate  
a cornered  
pervert.





**Halt!**  
You shall not  
pass!







And they have  
sunglasses, Sir!

Damn...  
He still has  
so many.

Damn,  
copycats!



Relinquish  
your slaves  
and let's talk  
this over.

Dylan!  
Dearest nephew!

Stop this  
madness, I  
beseech you.

Nobody  
needs to  
get hurt!







I've worked  
hard to catch  
them all!

I will not let you  
nor anybody else  
take them away  
from me!

This is my  
harem!







With negotiations having failed Dylan's army of slaves rushes into battle.





United by the one goal of protecting the newsroom, Dylan's personal slaves and the mercenaries from Charlotte combine their strength to overcome the adversaries before them.





Vincent on the other side commands a far smaller force than Dylan, but he has one advantage...

Charge!





He brought a **man** to a bitch fight!





**Meanwhile, back in the newsroom, Charlotte questions Barbara about her bold declaration.**













So, unless you are wearing special sunglasses like these which were explicitly developed by myself to negate all four patterns, so I'd be able to work on the video, you are fucked.

Of course, since my work is done, Mistress can have my glasses now for the final confrontation.

Yes, Mistress. You can kiss me any time you want. I'm your slave after all.

Oh, Barbara! I could kiss you!



This is great, love! We really have a chance!

Indeed, we do! But we must not look too confident, lest they get suspicious!



**And back on the chess board... eh battlefield.**



The two armies charge towards each other, each individual slave at her own speed – determined by physical prowess and **shoes worn...**





**Master!**  
Are you sure I  
should not join  
the fray?

They already  
have more  
fighters  
than us!

**Yes, Master!**  
I'm glad our side  
has a level-headed  
commander!



This war will  
not be decided  
by brute force  
but by tactics!

In the heat of  
battle, commands  
won't be heard  
and everything  
will end in chaos.

You will be my  
messenger, my  
bodyguard, and  
help out at the  
decisive moment.



And so, the epic battle begins...

Rooooaarr





Bring it  
on, bitch!

Roaaaaarr!





But it soon comes apparent that not all of these slaves were born natural fighters... as some of them resort to strange ways of group fighting.



If this were chess, you'd call these pieces **pawns**...



Others were more selective with their opponent and challenged them to an honorable duel...







Filthy  
Cow!







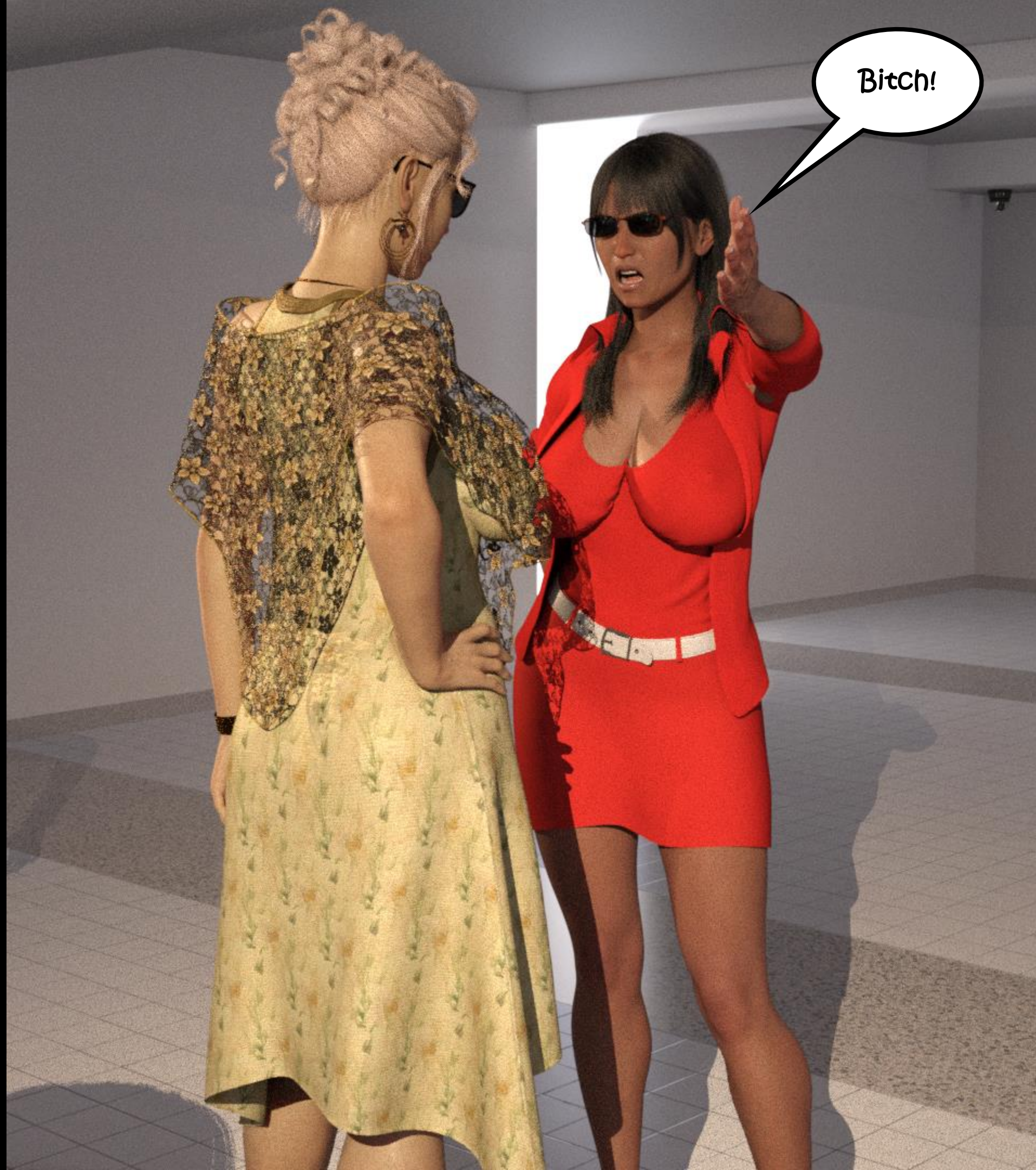






You'll  
regret that!











But at least some of them have skills at hazing... probably a cheerleader thing?













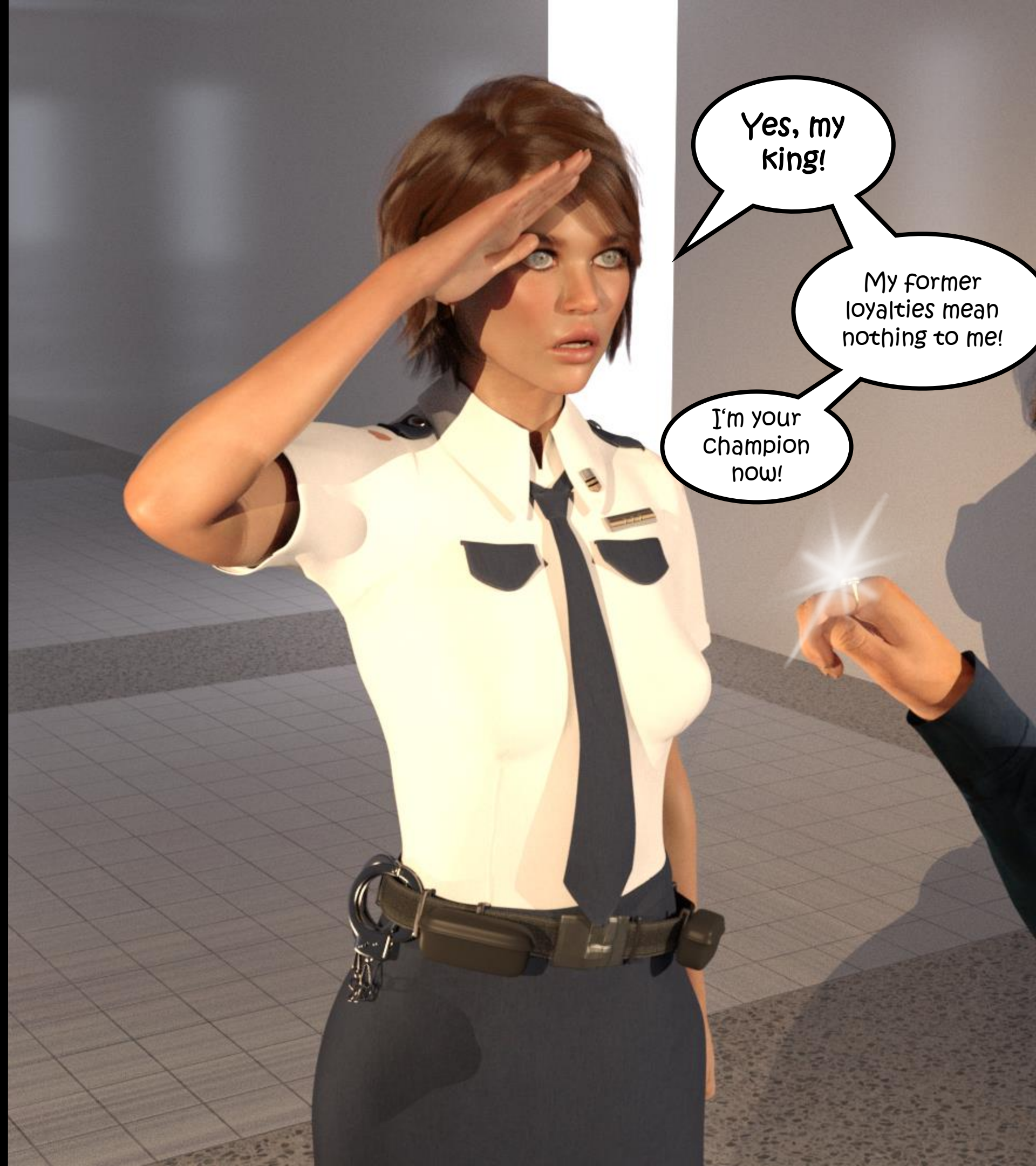
And then, of course, there is Layla, **queen** of the board, bringing in one subject after another.



TSK!  
Spare me  
your sad  
sob story!









On Vincent's side, the river sisters might not be the brawniest... but they are fast... like **bishops**!





... they implement mean battle tactics...

What the!?



slide

Wahhhhhh





And show exceptional teamwork to take down their foes!













Is a gift that keeps on giving...

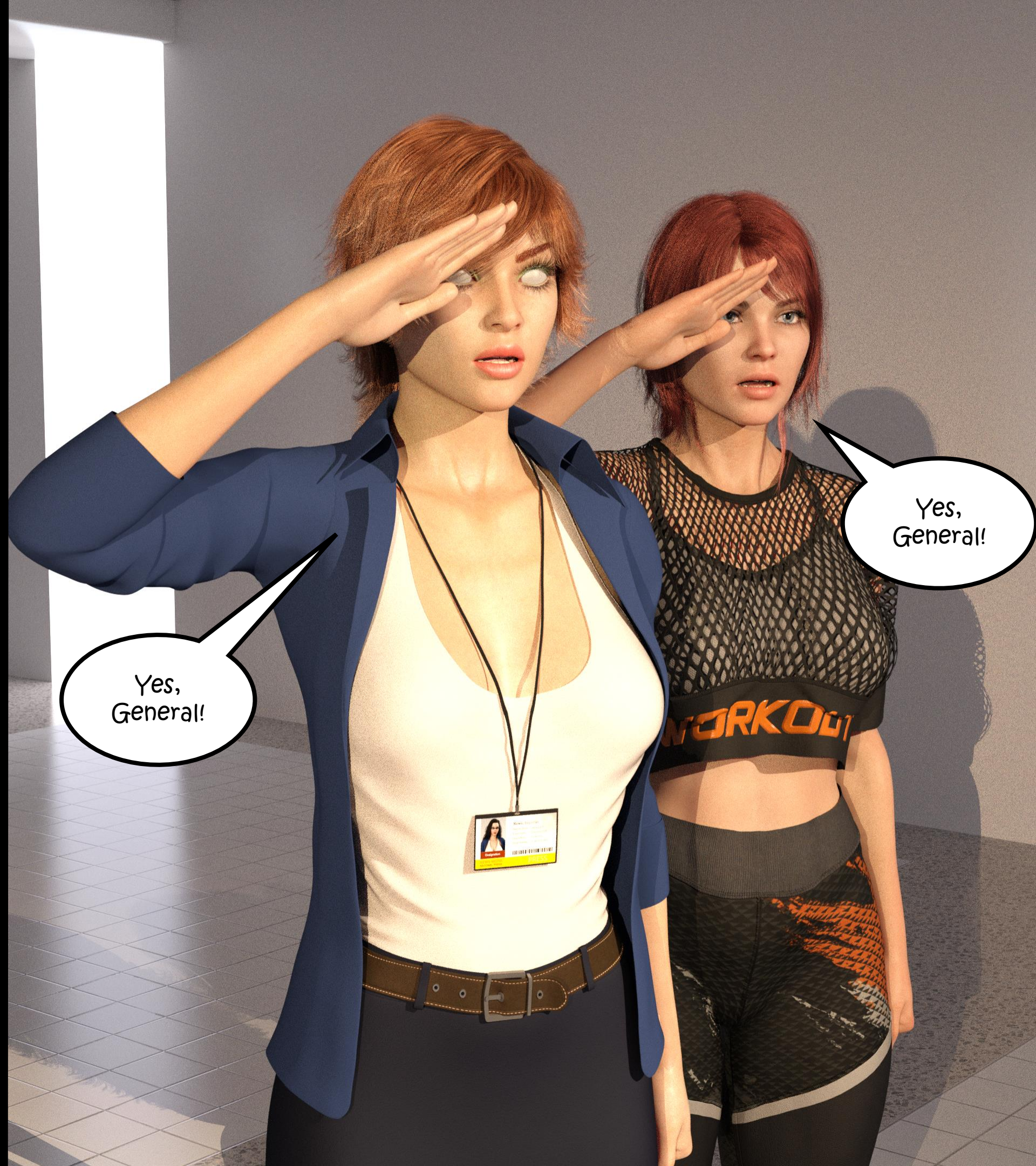
I will not...



Pretty... light...









While other slaves...





Really are more trouble than they are worth...



Hm... you again...



Oh, shut it you traitor!

Noooo!  
Please! Don't!  
I will... never...  
betray General  
Vincent!







**Slowly but steadily the number advantage begins to shift in Vincent's favor. This is mainly due to two factors...**





Bitch!

slap





slap

Groan



First: Vincent applies his **knight** Elizabeth with tactical impact, sending her where she is needed at exactly the right moment - supporting other soldiers and conveying further instructions.



What the?!  
Let go of  
me!

Good  
job, girl!

I'll take  
over from  
here.

Go, help  
the sisters  
now.

Understood!











Second: Vadim! The man **towers** over the board like a true champion, bringing one slave after another to his General without running the danger of being turned himself!









Vadim is basically unstoppable dominating the battlefield. There is nothing Dylan can do... now is there?















My King?

That man called Vadim... Can you take him down?

But I don't think I'll stand a chance. He is a beast!

If my king commands it I certainly will try.

Bring Stella... and Gina. Take him down! If that man falls my uncle is done for!

As you command!









Rooaaarrr!

Your time has  
come, you  
gorilla!





You can't  
stop me!

Punch

We will  
see about  
that!

Getting ready  
to punch















**Master!**  
It's too  
dangerous!

Send me  
in your  
stead!

So, the little  
shit realized  
what to  
do...

Guess it's  
time for me  
to act!



Being a heroic leader, Vincent finally joins the battle himself!



No, Liz.  
Sometimes the  
**king** has to move  
to win the game!

How can I expect all  
of you to give your  
best if I shy away  
from doing what's  
necessary?



And while Elizabeth marvels at her excellent leader...

I've such a noble Master!





... A wild Serenity appears!



wahhhh!



Rooaaar!

ieeeeekkk!

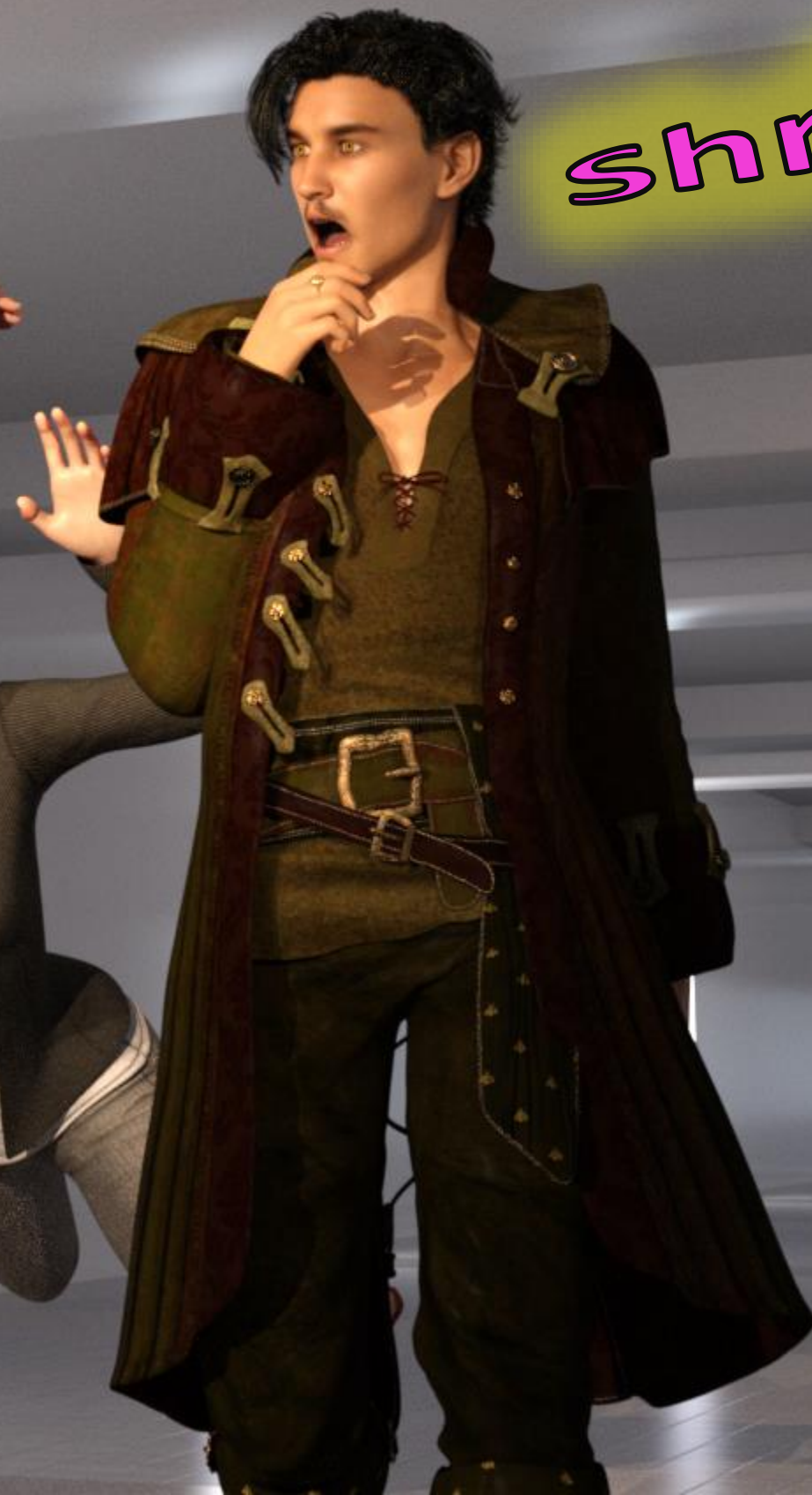




Ha-ha!  
This battle will  
be over once  
I've taken you  
down!



Oh, no,  
You won't!



shriek!





**Master!**  
I've secured  
her! Please  
move on!

You need to  
save our  
champion!

Thank you,  
Liz! Hold  
strong!

**\*Roar\***  
Let go of me  
you stupid  
twat!











Some may call Vincent taking the initiative himself heroic, but let's talk truth here: **It's cheating!**



**The fuck?!**  
Is he allowed  
to do that?!

The king's  
not supposed  
to join the  
front lines!

**That's  
cheating!**





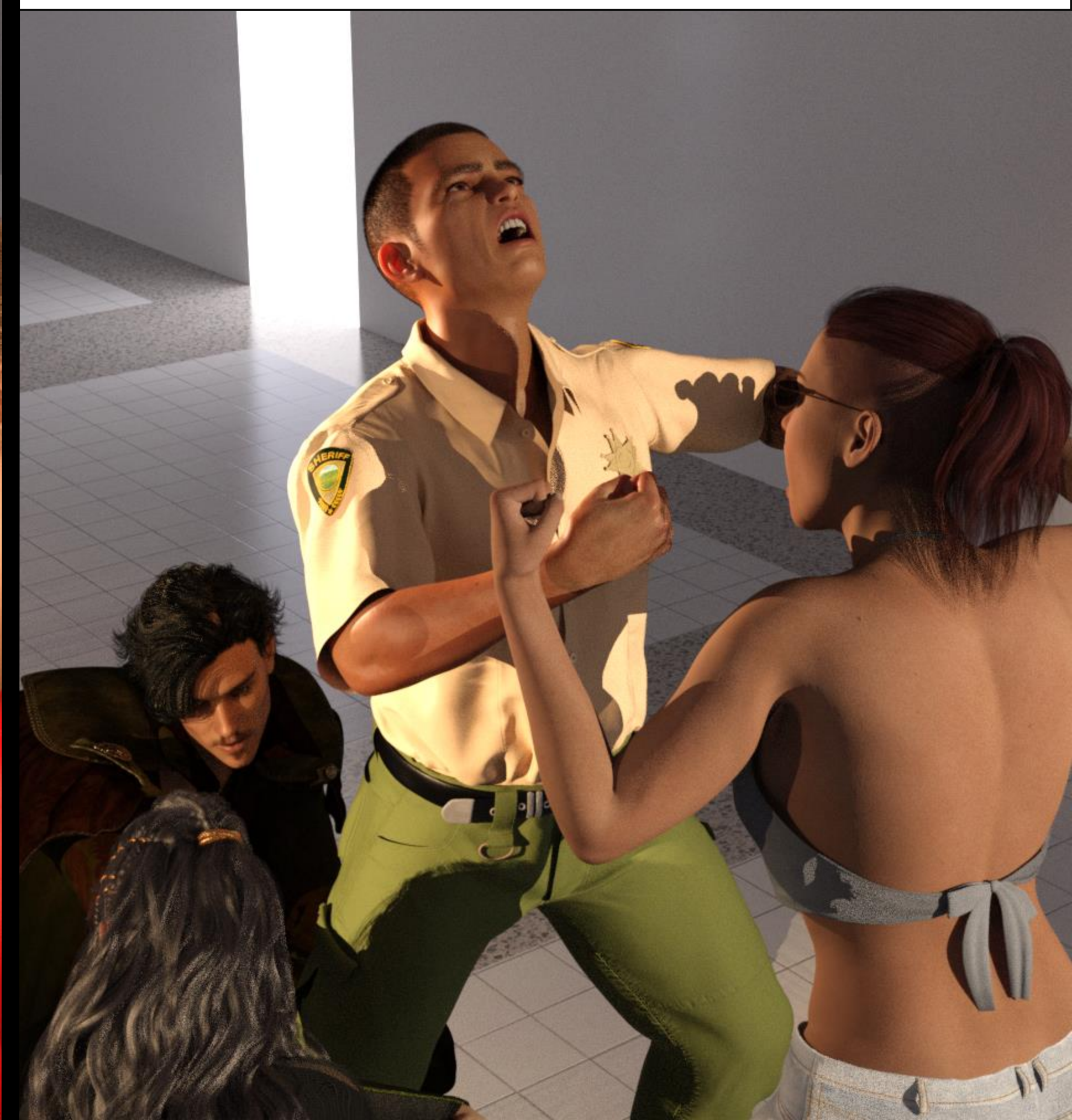








With Stella's grip loosening Vadim finally manages to break free and he prepares to take a swing himself.







Oh, yeah!  
Way to use  
your head,  
boy!

Headbutt

\*Roar\*

Uffffff.



And that's the difference between the man his uncle is and him - the boy. The thought of rescuing his champion Layla himself hasn't even crossed Dylan's mind as he is overwhelmed by self-pity.





I will not go  
down that  
easily!

Roar

I will fight  
you til...

Roar









And now to  
you my little  
wildling.

I report: This  
one has a vile  
mouth, Master.

Piss off,  
Mother-  
fucker!







Yes,  
Master!

Taking down  
Dylan.

We will  
obey!

I will be your  
muscle when  
needed!

With a bunch of girls  
turned in basically one  
move, the tides of  
battle have shifted  
instantly.







Go, get him!

As you command, General!



**In the meantime, Dylan has given the same  
command any incompetent leader before him has  
given when not able to face the truth...**





Protect me!  
Protect your  
king at all  
costs!

Dylan surrounds himself with his last four slaves to protect his hide...  
But obviously, there is nothing they can do against the approaching wave...



Julie is the first to fall... well... it's really a wonder she held out this long staying on one side of the battlefield...



With Julie gone, Amara's flank is wide open, and she goes down next without much of a fight.

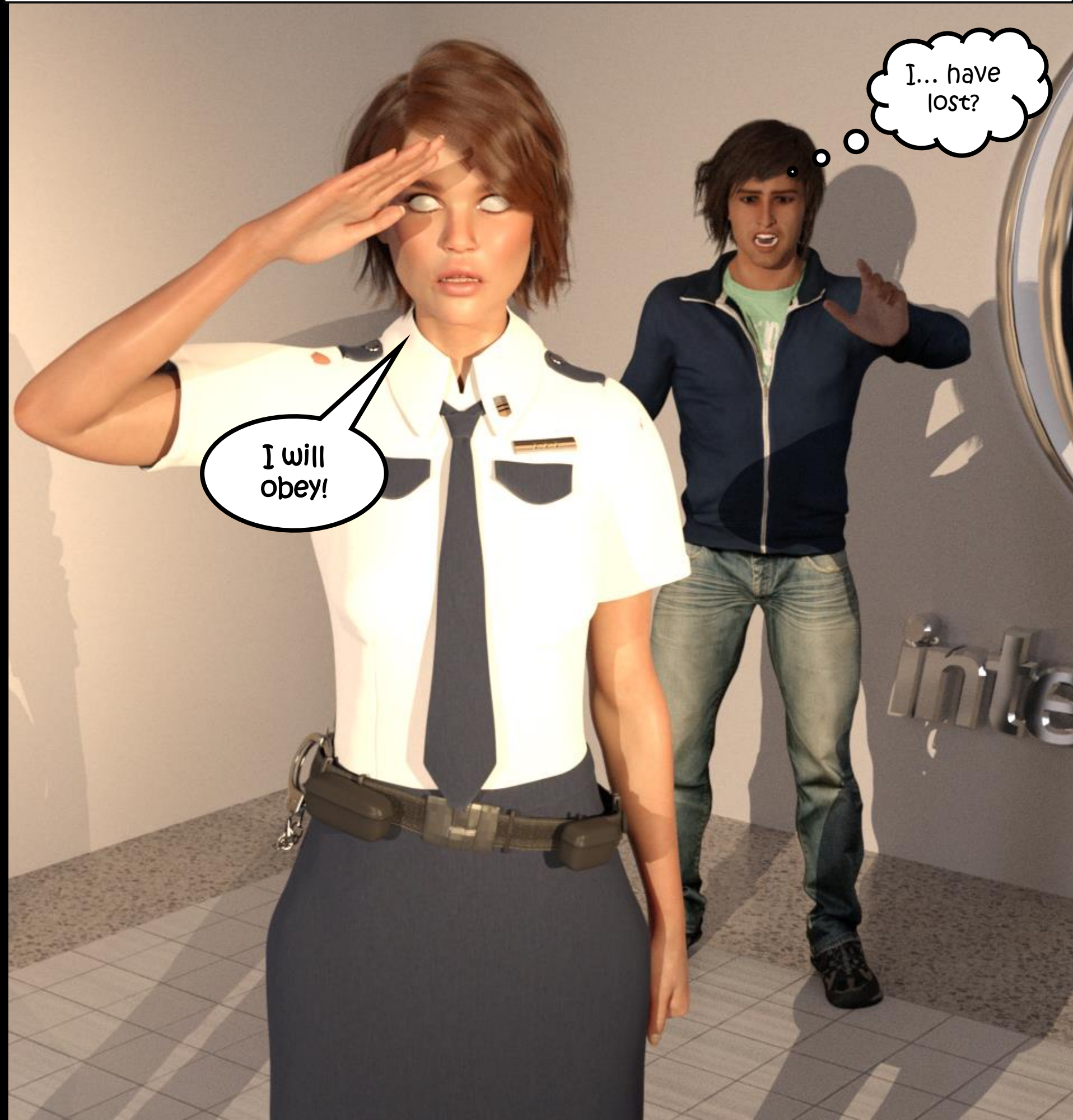




Stacey never was much of a physical fighter and succumbs to Vincent's magic mind control ring only moments later...



Leaving Victoria to fight a lone battle to protect her king... which obviously ends in her quick defeat as well...







We will obey!



We will obey!



We will obey!

FUCK!



We will obey!



rationale



Having reached a complete victory, Vincent has his slaves stand trellis and approaches his nephew under the salutes of Dylan's former slaves.







Finally, we are taking you down for everything you have done to us, Dylan!

How could it come to this?!

It was a good battle.





Dylan! My dear nephew... I gave you the ring so you'd finally get laid.

Not to take over a whole town!

You have fought well... but this madness ends now!



Having been beaten by his uncle in a game of slave chess there is only one thing left for Dylan to do...

**Accept defeat gracefully!**





I'm sorry,  
uncle!

It's not  
my fault!

This was all  
Charlotte's  
doing!

She is crazy!

And she's been  
manipulating  
me the whole  
time!






Please!

You have to  
believe me! I  
never wanted  
to fight you!

But  
Charlotte  
said it was  
the only way!

That you  
would come  
and use that  
ring on me!





Please!  
Forgive me!

There  
there...

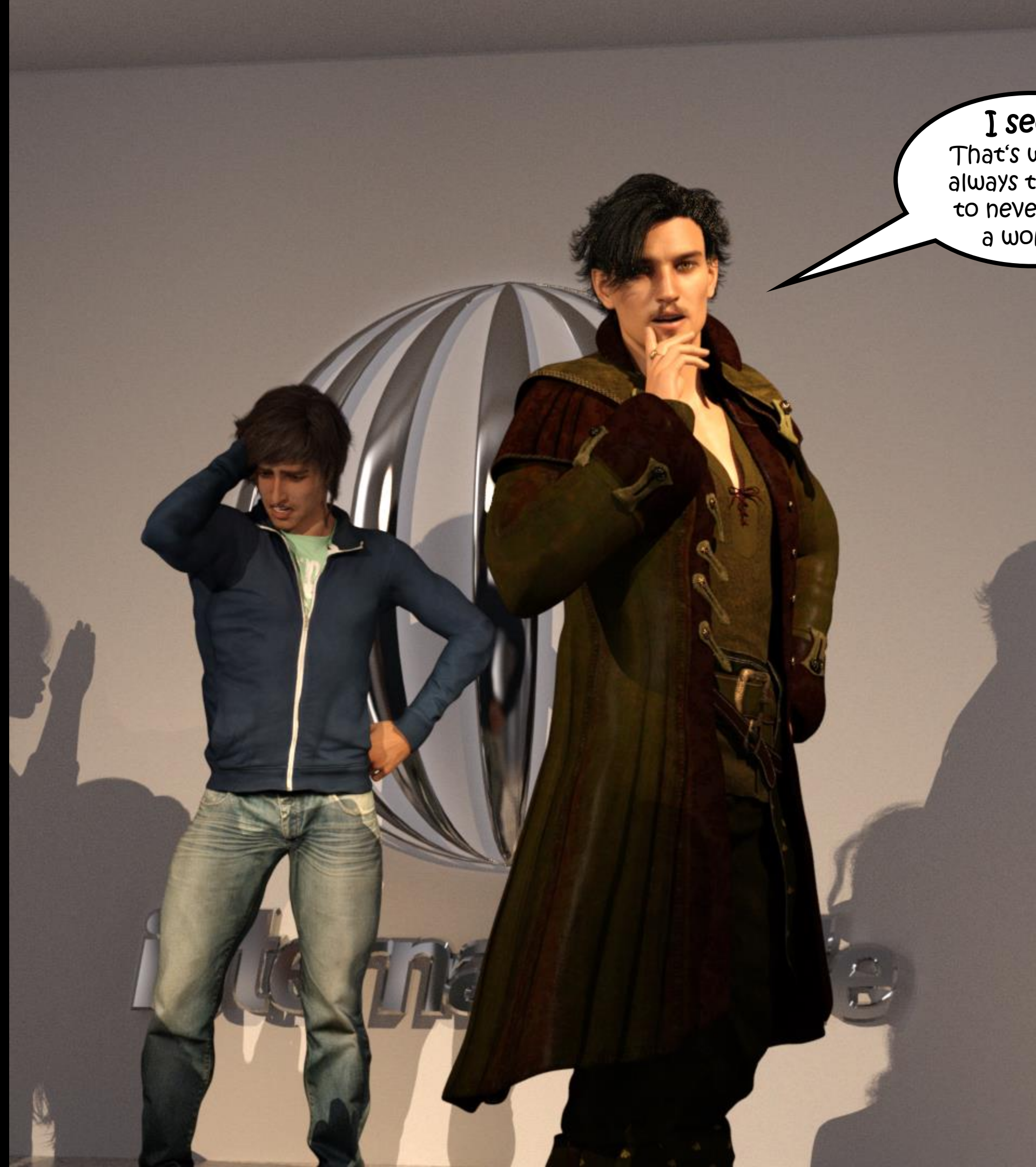
Now give me  
back my ring  
and then let's  
talk.

Who is this  
Charlotte?



**One long sobby talk about Charlotte later...**





**I see...**  
That's why I've  
always told you  
to never trust  
a woman!

They make you  
buy things! Do  
things... Things  
you don't want!



Well... technically she was under the ring's power but still managed to manipulate me...

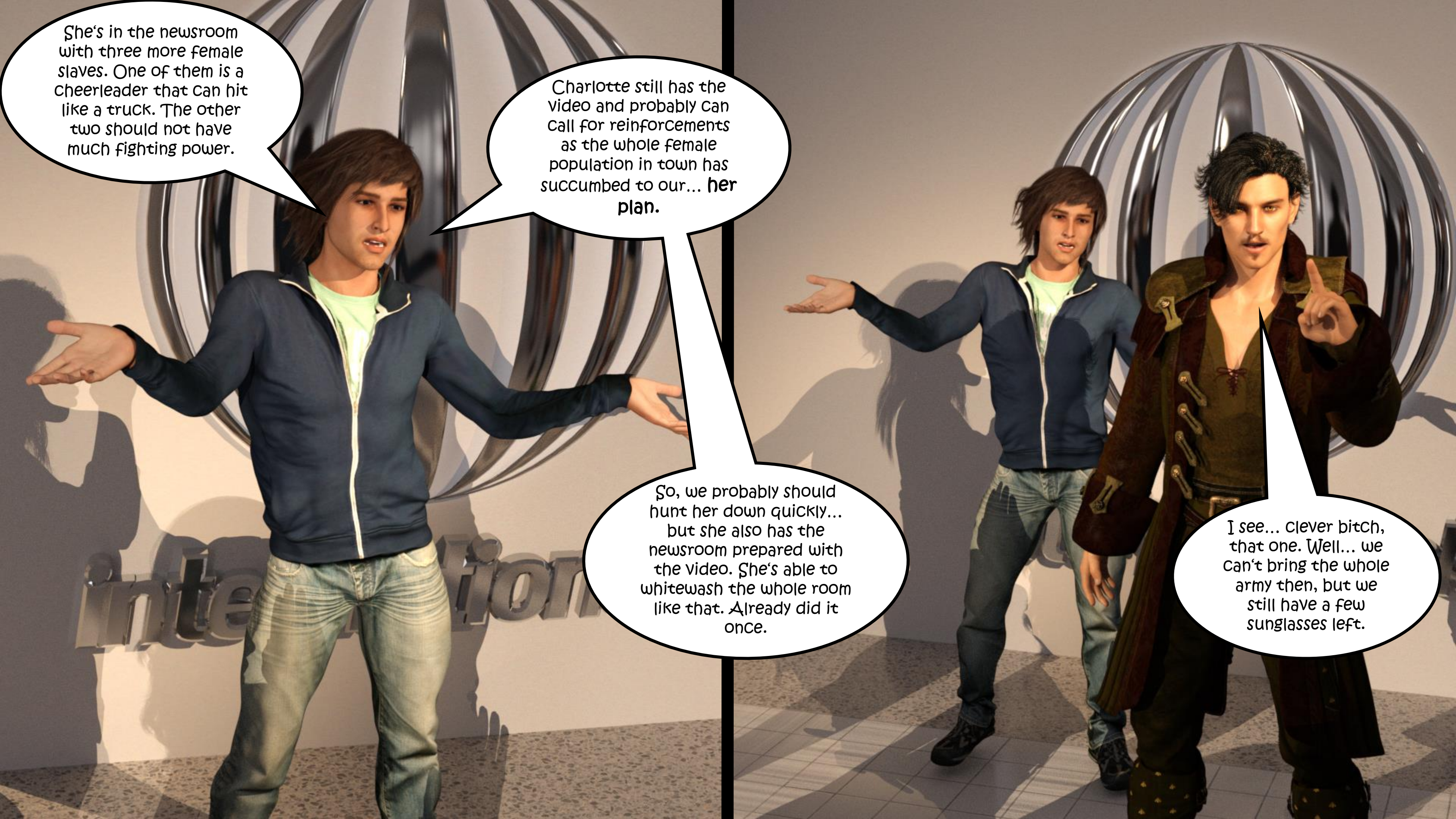


Like your aunt Judie, that bitch!

The only woman you can trust is one under the ring's power!

Where is this Charlotte now? How many forces has she with her? And what is she planning now?





She's in the newsroom with three more female slaves. One of them is a cheerleader that can hit like a truck. The other two should not have much fighting power.

Charlotte still has the video and probably can call for reinforcements as the whole female population in town has succumbed to our... **her plan.**

So, we probably should hunt her down quickly... but she also has the newsroom prepared with the video. She's able to whitewash the whole room like that. Already did it once.

I see... clever bitch, that one. Well... we can't bring the whole army then, but we still have a few sunglasses left.





Come, Dylan!  
Let's take down  
this Charlotte  
together!

And when all of  
this is over, you  
can keep one of  
the girls as your  
slave girlfriend.



One?  
... How about...  
three?

Two then?



Dylan!  
Don't test my  
patience!

... fine.





So, it was  
Charlotte all  
this time after  
all!

Hm... Well  
if Master  
believes him it  
must be true...



**And we join Charlotte once more in the newsroom  
as she witnesses the battle come to an end over  
the security camera feed...**





God, I'll never understand what this idiot saw in you, girl.

Yes, you stupid slave. I can see that. We are watching the same feed.



I'll bring you  
your sunglasses,  
love.

Yes,  
Mistress!

Whatever!  
Girls, let's get  
ready!

Yes,  
Mistress!



























I can't wait to have her back under and punish her for this transgression!

What he said!

We have the rings. We are more. We have three men and we've got sunglasses.

You must see the futility of your situation, girl!

Give up now and I promise you a mild punishment before wiping your memory.





Tsk!  
Men like you  
are so full of  
themselves!

Babs! Activate  
the last-stand  
protocol. Now!



As you  
command,  
Mistress!

Press





Lady, what are you trying to achieve here?





Bahahahaa

You should  
have listened  
to my uncle,  
Charlotte!





Wait... that is not  
Dylan's ring on  
screen... that is...  
**MINE!**

**Bahahahaa**





Bahahahaa



As the ring's pulsating light is emitted by the dozen of screens all around the newsroom, everyone inside is bathed in bright but warm yellow. The room becomes dead silent as Charlotte's laughter dies out...

It takes a while before the video is finally over, the screens reset, and the light therefore finally recedes...



As we are finally able to see again we are greeted by a strange view!



*The End.*





# Thank you for reading!

Hello, Hexxet here,

What a cliffhanger! I guess I should feel sorry for having you wait another month for the resolution of this... but I kinda feel pretty smug right about now :P.

I hope you enjoyed the huge battle scene with lots of eye-turning and slave conversions. It was quite some work to create this scene with so many characters at the works at the same time. And of course, I hope you are looking forward to the next chapter of The Gift, which will finally End the story. **Promise!**

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