

So we gathered for our final effort, an assault against the building where the Emperor and the Dominatrix had taken residence. While the front of the building was busy with hordes of protesters, we would strike the back door which was defended by the Dominatrix's own platoon of elite amazon guards. Joining us for the assault, Quadzilla! A 27' tall powerhouse of a monster, pretty much impervious to small ballistics and to whom swords and even explosions were but a minor annoyance... Unfortunately, despite the impressive lineup of our team we were still fated to lose and to add to the sum of our problems: we realized that the whole time... we were the ones who were the bad guys. A monster, a mad scientist, a brawler motivated only by vengeance an over enthusiastic abusive sister and well... A douchebag...







The Emperor LOVED some of the improvements of course... I mean, when you've got a chick with boobs like that at home, you're probably sporting a partial all day!





Who am I kidding he loved ALL the improvements! Redunkulous booty included. And that's were he saw that Andrea did have a compelling case, and he agreed to include changes for the female condition in his social reforms.

Women's lib, women's vote, Jane Fonda... Aerobics, Tae-bo... Spinning classes and even Cross-fit! All of them were planned incentives marketed to women to empower themselves.