

# DETHRONED



The morning sun streamed through the blinds, casting bars of light across the room. Danielle slowly stirred from her slumber, her body languidly stretched out across the expanse of her king-size bed. She had always been the type to sleep in, but the events of the previous day had left her restless. The reality of the coin's unpredictability was beginning to sink in, and it made her stomach churn with uncertainty.

Blinking her shimmering eyes open, Danielle turned onto her back, her satin sheets slipping against her bare skin. Her toned, taut stomach moved rhythmically with each breath she took, and her large breasts rose and fell in a hypnotic motion. The way the sun glinted off her smooth skin, casting shadows that accentuated her curves, was nothing short of intoxicating.

She sighed, her mind filled with conflicting thoughts. "What are you going to do, Danielle?" She murmured to herself, her fingers instinctively

# DETHRONED



tracing the contours of the mysterious coin. "You've always been the queen... and the coin has helped keep it that way." Her voice was steady, but the tremor in her heart betrayed her attempt at self-assurance.

As she sat up, the satin sheet that had been artfully draped over her form pooled around her slim waist, unveiling her glorious, gravity-defying J-cup breasts. The soft sway and jiggle of her feminine allure. Her gaze dropped to her twin peaks, a constant reminder of her pride and power. Her breasts, larger than anyone she knew, could fill any viewer with a potent mixture of awe and intimidation. They had grown so incredibly large recently. So... incomparably intimidating. There was still hope to remain Queen bee.

"No. It's not over yet." She declared, clutching the coin in her fist with renewed conviction.

With a firm determination glowing in

# DETHRONED



her amber-gold eyes, Danielle rose from her seated position, her J-cups jiggling with each motion, and effortlessly slid into her iconic outfit - a white bandeau top and a pair of snug denim shorts - Danielle admired her reflection in the mirror. Her top, though it strained against her voluptuous curves, tickling her nipples as they clung so tightly, still managed to contain her. Each move she made caused her breasts to bounce within the taut fabric, emphasizing their size and her superiority. "Well, well," she murmured to herself, a confident smirk playing on her lips, "Something that still fits! What a nice surprise."

Emerging from the sanctuary of her room, Danielle was instantly enveloped by the sounds that filled the sorority house. The familiar chorus of animated chatter and occasional laughter echoed from the living room downstairs, bringing a knowing smile to her face. The hive was buzzing, and as the queen bee, it was time for her to make her appearance. "Showtime," Danielle

# DETHRONED

whispered under her breath, before she started her descent down the stairs, her proud nipple indentations leading the way.



# DETHRONED



With a poised elegance, Danielle descended the staircase, each step causing the soft swells of her womanly assets to bounce within the confines of her white bandeau. However, her confident strides were quickly interrupted as she took in the scene unfolding before her.

The newly initiated members of Delta Lambda Kappa assembled in an orderly line, their faces flushed with the fervent anticipation of their first day. All chatted excitedly, their wide-eyed glances darting around the ornate living room of the sorority house, drinking in every detail. Yet, as Danielle descended the staircase, an involuntary frown creased her brow as she took in the scene. The focus of their attention was not on her, the queen bee, but elsewhere. Her eyes flitted across the room, finally landing on the unmistakable figure of Quinn.

Quinn, now transformed into an Amazonian goddess, towered head and

# DETHRONED



shoulders above the rest. Her tall frame was further accentuated by her newly-acquired voluptuousness, her breasts easily outmatching Danielle's already ample J-cups. The changes were undeniably the fallout of the coin incident from last night.

Danielle's gaze honed in on Quinn's figure, the smug confidence radiating off her was like a punch to the gut. A surge of annoyance rippled through Danielle as she murmured Quinn's name, a low growl of frustration resonating in her throat. Her amber eyes sparkled with a simmering resolve.

Quinn moved with grace towards one of the new members, a petite raven-haired girl whom Danielle vaguely recognized. "L-Liz?! What are you doing here?!" Quinn's surprise was evident.

The recognition in Liz's eyes was immediate, even as she was forced to crane her neck to take in the entirety of Quinn's impressive stature. "The one

# DETHRONED



and only! What-- OH MY GOD, Quinn?! Is that you?!" Her voice was a blend of astonishment and excitement, eyes darting from Quinn's towering height to her impressive and vast plunging neckline.

Quinn's response was instantaneous, her arms closing around Liz in a hug that lifted her clean off the ground. "Liz, it really IS you!" Quinn's voice echoed with love. Their cheeks pressed together, a shared moment of affection that had Liz wriggling for a breath.

"Q-Quinn... my lungs!" Liz's words were a squeezed out plea, causing Quinn to hastily release her. With a sheepish grin, Quinn gently lowered Liz back to her feet, her hands resting protectively on Liz's shoulders. "I suppose I don't know my own strength." Quinn's voice was filled with warm humor, and she gave Liz a comforting squeeze.

Liz blinked up at Quinn, taking a moment to catch her breath. "You're

# DETHRONED



telling me," she replied, giving Quinn an amused look. Then her gaze drifted around the room, taking in the beautiful and lively women who comprised their sorority. "I just got accepted into Delta Lambda Kappa, but..." She trailed off, her eyes wide with admiration and a hint of uncertainty. Each woman in the room seemed more glamorous and stunning than the last. "I don't know how I made the cut!"

Quinn didn't miss the note of insecurity in Liz's voice. With a soft smile playing on her lips, she reached out, enveloping Liz's small hand in her own. "Liz, don't downplay yourself," she said, her voice rich with sincerity. "The fact that you're here means they see the unique sparkle in you, just as I always have." Caught off guard by Quinn's reassurance, Liz's gaze skittered away, a tinge of pink spreading across her cheeks.

With a deep breath, Liz managed to lock eyes with Quinn again, her countenance reflecting newfound resolve. "You're



# DETHRONED



right, Quinn." She drew strength from her friend's words, yet the gnawing curiosity about Quinn's drastic change remained unaddressed. "But Quinn," Liz ventured, her tone determined this time, "You've changed. I mean, look at you... your body..."

The air grew heavy with Liz's unspoken question. Quinn offered a comforting squeeze to Liz's hand in response, her emerald eyes now slowly drifting across the room, their gaze seeking someone. They found their target in Danielle, their gaze unwavering and filled with a potent seriousness. Quinn's voice dipped to a near-whisper as she answered Liz, her eyes never leaving Danielle. "Liz, there's no need to worry. Let's just say... Delta Lambda Kappa has a unique way of bringing out the best in its members."

# DETHRONED



Unyielding to Quinn's penetrating stare, Danielle stood her ground, her golden amber eyes glinting with an undying resolve. The unseen battle of power between the two women was palpable in the air, their rivalry as tenacious as ever. Danielle fell into a moment of contemplation. Quinn's ever-growing popularity had been a growing thorn in her side, a problem that had become even more convoluted with the unexpected arrival of Liz, who was clearly a dear friend to Quinn. "Or has it really..." Danielle murmured under her breath, a finger gently tapping her chin as she pondered. The cogs in her brain spun into action, her thoughts fast and sharp. A slow, devious grin began to curl on her lips. This situation might just turn out in her favor after all.

Her low, honeyed voice permeated the atmosphere, drawing the attention of all present as she sauntered up to the couple. "Well hello there." Danielle leaned in with a predatory grace, her

# DETHRONED



arms folding under her overflowing valley of cleavage and supple feminine flesh. "I don't think we've had the pleasure of meeting." Her golden gaze was intense, a force that more than compensated for her lesser height compared to Quinn's towering stature. To Liz, who was even shorter, Danielle's piercing look and the confidence she exuded felt overwhelming, a sudden storm she was unprepared for.

# DETHRONED



  
BEETLEBOMB  
3D Artist • Storyteller

A small cough escaped Liz, her nerves making her throat dry as she fluttered her eyes in an attempt to regain some semblance of composure. She was eager to leave a positive impression on the regal figure of the sorority, Danielle – the undisputed queen bee of Delta Lambda Kappa. "H-hi there," Liz stuttered, still feeling dwarfed under the pressure of Danielle's presence. "I'm Elizabeth. But please, call me Liz. It's really an honor to finally meet you!" She held out her hand, her face lifting to meet Danielle's gaze with a spark of youthful enthusiasm. The atmosphere in the room became electric, an anticipatory silence descending upon the gathered sorority members, their eyes glued to the unfolding exchange.

Danielle's golden eyes slowly traveled down to Liz's outstretched hand, an unreadable expression masked her face as she decided to ignore the offered handshake. The silence that ensued was palpable, the tension hanging heavily in the air. Liz hastily retracted her hand,

# DETHRONED



her cheeks flaring with a blush of embarrassment as she coughed awkwardly once more. Hoping to salvage the situation, she redirected the conversation. "Delta Lambda Kappa girls are all so stunning!" Liz declared, her grin wide, yet strained, as she battled the awkwardness. "You all truly uphold your reputation, don't you?!"

# DETHRONED



But Danielle remained mute, her silence amplifying the unease in the room. Rather than entertain Liz's friendly banter, Danielle stepped closer, prompting Liz's smile to falter. Danielle's step caused her womanly assets to bounce in front of the smaller girl, moving as one against her tightly constrained white bandeau. She was intimidating. THEY were intimidating. The height of her nipples, almost at eye level with Liz, was a stark reminder of the power dynamics that were at play here.

  
BEETLEBOMB  
3D Artist • Storyteller

# DETHRONED



After Danielle's bold step forward, Liz was left with no choice but to have her gaze pulled towards Danielle's huge, magnificent mounds, with her thick erect nipples pressing into the white fabric, revealing their pinkish hue. Liz felt the heat rushing to her cheeks as Danielle leaned in with a smirk, her voice dripping with a tantalizing challenge. "Amazing, aren't they?" Danielle goaded. "Go ahead, Liz. Have an eyeful."

Realizing she was caught peeping, Liz was paralyzed by embarrassment, stuttering as her cheeks turned a vibrant shade of red under Danielle's predatory gaze. "I-I-I-- I'm sorry-- I didn't mean to-- I wasn't--" Her words tumbled out in a frantic flurry, their meaning lost as her eyes instinctively shut tight. Liz attempted to navigate out of the spotlight, stuttering, "Oh gosh. I'm sorry, I'll just be... I'll be leaving now." Danielle, however, had other plans. Her commanding voice echoed through the room, her single

# DETHRONED



word carrying a weight that sent a chill down Liz's spine. "No, you will not."

Petrified under the relentless stare of Danielle's authority, Liz's cheeks burned, a stark contrast to the ice coursing through her veins. She stammered, her words tripping over each other in a desperate scramble for justification. "D-Danielle, I swear-- I-I really wasn't trying t-to..." But before Liz could finish, Danielle made a move that would steal the breath from the room.

With a swift yank, Danielle's bandeau top was pulled up, revealing her captivating, lavish J-cups. The sudden freedom caused them to jostle violently before settling back onto her ribcage, their seductive teardrop shape fully exposed, their size and form as intimidating as they were alluring. The room fell silent, the reality of the situation hanging heavily in the air like a dense fog. Liz could feel her heart pounding against her chest, her eyes



# DETHRONED



inadvertently drawn to Danielle's enticing form.

"Since your eyes seem to be glued to them," Danielle began, her voice low and daring, "why don't you go ahead and touch them. Pleasure me." The challenge hung in the air like a thick, intoxicating perfume, turning the spotlight back on the flustered Liz.

"W-What?! I can't... I won't!" Liz protested, her words coming out as a squeak. Her hands trembled, raised protectively in front of her in a feeble attempt to regain some control over the situation. But Quinn, who had been watching the proceedings in stoic silence, finally had enough. "Danielle, this has gone too far!" she exclaimed, stepping forward with a fiery gaze.

However, Danielle was quick to put Quinn in her place, a commanding finger pointed threateningly in Quinn's direction. "Silence!" she spat. "Your words mean nothing here. I am in

# DETHRONED



charge. ME!" Danielle's words echoed through the room like a thunderclap, her authority cementing her dominance. With a dismissive flick of her wrist, she ordered, "Get her out of my sight."

A handful of the sorority girls, their faces marked with trepidation, quickly moved to obey Danielle's command. They gingerly approached Quinn, urging her to comply with Danielle's orders. Quinn resisted, her tall, imposing figure dwarfing the girls around her. "You think you can force me out, you little mice?! I could stand my ground if I wanted to!"

Yet, in this sea of resigned voices, it was Liz's shaky words that held enough weight to convince Quinn to back down. "Quinn... I-I think you should go. I'll... I'll be okay," Liz managed to stammer out, her voice a soft tremor revealing her inner turmoil.

Just as Liz's words sank into the tense

# DETHRONED



silence, Danielle cut through the tension with her commanding tone. "You heard her, Quinn. Leave. You don't need to be onboarded anyway," she ordered, a triumphant smirk playing on her lips as she waved the redhead off, dismissively.

Quinn met Danielle's smirk with a fiery gaze, a silent promise of a confrontation to come. "I'm leaving, Danielle, but not because of you," she said, her voice resonating with defiance.

With a glance towards Liz, who was trembling but resolute, Quinn gave a small nod before allowing the girls to guide her away. The living room fell silent once again, leaving Liz alone in the Queen's hive.

Danielle's laughter echoed throughout the room, a victorious cackle that reverberated in the pit of Liz's stomach. As Danielle's mirthful fits continued, her enormous bust wobbled with her motions, as if emphasizing who the real woman in the room was.

# DETHRONED



The echo of Danielle's laughter petered out, replaced by an eerie silence. She leisurely drew her gaze back to Liz, a smirk playing on her lips. She licked them in anticipation, her voice a provocative purr. "Now, where were we?" Danielle's eyes blazed with a deep-seated hunger that Liz had never seen before.

Swiftly, Danielle closed the distance between them, her fingers wrapping around Liz's fragile wrists, pulling the shorter girl towards her. Liz's heart pounded erratically in her chest as Danielle traced her fingers down Liz's side, a teasing flick against Liz's sensitive nipple through her blouse caused her to gasp. Danielle's hot breath tickled Liz's neck, stirring a foreign sensation within her. "You like that, don't you?" Danielle whispered, her voice a seductive rasp. "...N-No..." Liz's response was weak, such was her innocence as a virgin.

Danielle didn't waste another moment.

# DETHRONED



She pulled Liz closer, sliding her large tongue into Liz's mouth. She passionately explored Liz's mouth, her overbearing palate caressing and twirling around Liz's, eliciting an abrupt and involuntary moan from Liz. The small raven-haired girl could hardly think straight; the soft moan that escaped her lips was so unexpected and yet SO right... and she blushed furiously at her own response as her tongue danced with Danielle's, betraying the look of discontent in her eyes. Liz's passion for the moment was growing.

Growing in confidence, Danielle's hands moved down Liz's body, teasing and tantalizing her curves, her desire to get off growing more potent with every touch. She broke the kiss, leaving both of them breathing heavily as both their nipples stuck out against the white fabric of their clothing. Liz couldn't help but yearn for more of the feelings-- the sensations she had just experienced. Danielle smiled knowingly, her eyes blazing with a hunger that Liz had never

# DETHRONED



seen before, and said in a raspy whisper, "I think I'm going to enjoy this."



BEETLEBOMB  
3D Artist • Storyteller







**BEETLEBOMB**  
3D Artist • Storyteller



BEETLEBOMB  
3D Artist • Storyteller



BEETLEBOMB  
3D Artist • Storyteller



**BEETLEBOMB**  
3D Artist • Storyteller