

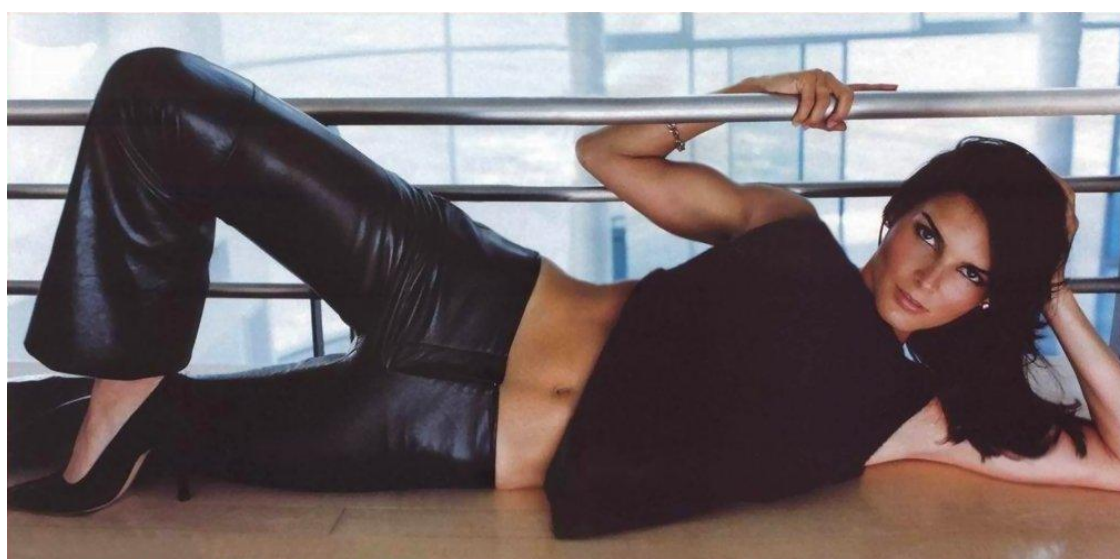
Paris the City of...

As a child Alexandra Paul had dreamed of becoming a world famous supermodel and as a teen she became obsessed with the idea. She had a pretty face and as she was tall and thin she had the perfect physique for modeling. After high school she moved to **New York City** to begin her modeling career...and she even had some success as a Commercial model, appearing in various catalogs and magazines.



Alexandra Paul the Teen Model

At the urging of her modeling agency she took acting courses to broaden her skillbase and she soon began to get roles. In fact her first role was to play a young, aspiring supermodel in the **Paper Dolls** movie. Alexandra was accepted into **Stanford University**, but chose not to attend so that she could focus on an acting career. Yet the dream of being a world famous runway model never left her. And then she was cast as **It. Stephanie Holden** on **Baywatch** and her world changed.



Pamela Anderson and Angie Harmon



Even if acting had become Alexandra's passion, she watched with jealousy as her Baywatch castmates received modeling gigs all the time. Especially **Pamela Anderson** was constantly doing "glamor" and fitness shoots. Alex didn't care for the glamor modeling, not that she had ever been offered such jobs. But she would have wanted to do some fitness modeling, unfortunately all those went to Pam, **Gena Lee Nolin** and **Yasmine Bleeth**. At first she thought it was because she had a rather flat chest, while the other Baywatch girls had ample bosoms, but how then was **Angie Harmon** offered all kinds of modeling jobs? Angie had a similar body type to Alex's - tall and slender... with modest breasts - but for some reason she got all the jobs that were rightfully Alexandra's. Alexandra considered Angie as her greatest "enemy" for this reason. Poor Alexandra never cracked the mystery why she wasn't offered the chance to become... a supermodel.

◀ *Yasmine Bleeth*

The City of Haute Couture

She never forgot her dream of being a supermodel. Becoming an MMA fighter moved her initially even further away from her dream... until she met Zendaya! Zendaya... was beautiful... tall, athletic... a goddess! And she was the supermodel that Alexandra always wanted to be. When Zendaya was asked to be the star of the Paris show, she had insisted that her girlfriend Alexandra would also be allowed to flex her modeling muscles. Of course they had agreed to Zendaya’s demands and here Alexandra was, in Paris – **Capital de La Mode** – of all places! What an amazing opportunity – her dream was finally coming true! She would not fail!



Backstage, the atmosphere was electric as models, designers, and stylists bustled about, fine-tuning every detail of the upcoming show. Zendaya was surrounded by a team making sure the main attraction was perfect. And of course she was – Zendaya is perfect! Well at least that is what Alexandra thought.

Alexandra stood in front of a mirror, applying a final touch of lipstick and adjusting her dress. Alexandra might be drooling over her girlfriend, but she wasn’t exactly shabby looking herself either. Her striking features and tall, slender build made her the epitome of a high-fashion model. Yet she couldn't help but feel a pang of insecurity as she compared herself to Zendaya and the other more experienced models. Without doubt Zendaya was the most



gorgeous of them all, at least Alexandra thought so, partly due to her toned and muscular build. Zendaya was clearly the most muscular of all the models, including Alexandra.

As the show began, the crowd buzzed with anticipation, and the models strutted down the catwalk with confidence and poise. Zendaya, being the star, started the show with a bang! Zendaya killed it! The applause

was deafening – they loved her!



As Zendaya returned to change outfits, other models entered the catwalk. Lovestruck Alexandra watched as Zendaya switched attires and hairstyles in the blink of an eye... like the professional she was. Alexandra was scheduled to make a few turns halfway through the show, and as she waited backstage, she was in awe at the spectacle unfolding before her.



Finally, it was Alexandra’s turn. The music started, and she stepped out onto the catwalk, feeling the spotlight on her as she sashayed down the runway. The crowd cheered, and she could see the flashes of cameras going off in the audience. She made her turn on the catwalk and returned to the beginning, she would walk twice more back and forth. All eyes were on her and Alexandra felt incredibly sexy and proud.



As Alexandra was about to return she suddenly felt powerful arms grab her from behind the curtains. She yelped but before she could react, she was pulled back and a thick cloth was wrapped around her head! She tried to fight back but the opposition was overwhelming and she was quickly restrained. The assailants hastily retreated, carrying their captive out the backdoor.

The fashion show came to an abrupt halt as the reality of the situation set in. Security rushed in but it was too late – Alexandra had been kidnapped!



The City of Lights

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the *la Ville Lumière*...

In the heart of Paris, the **City of Lights**, the filming of a highly anticipated action movie **Stone Cold** starring the beautiful and athletic **Kristen Stewart** was well underway. The American actress, known for her beauty and athletic prowess, had transformed her appearance to portray a secret agent in the movie. Her lean, muscular physique was accentuated by a sleek, black leather outfit that hugged her curves in all the right places.

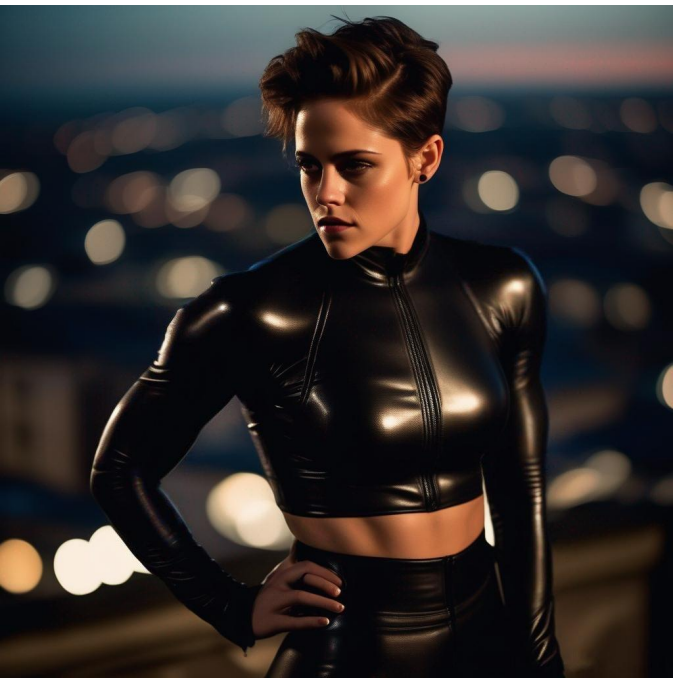
The scene took place on a rooftop overlooking the iconic **Seine River**, where Kristen's character had to infiltrate a secret meeting of a dangerous criminal organization. The director, known for his meticulous attention to detail, had carefully planned each movement and action to make the scene as thrilling and realistic as possible. The Parisian skyline served as a stunning backdrop for the action-packed scene with the equally stunning Kristen.



Kristen began the scene by scaling the side of a building using her climbing gear. Her muscles rippled beneath her leather outfit as she ascended; from below it looked like Kristen was pure muscle. Kristen's 5-foot-5-inch frame packed an incredible amount of lean, powerful muscle. The crew members watched in awe as she effortlessly reached the top of the building and silently took position.

◀ “Agent Stone”

As the secret meeting began, Kristen's character, **Agent Stone**, infiltrated the room and acquired the information she was after. Of course the scene ended with a big fight. Kristen’s years of martial arts training and rigorous fitness regimen paid off, as she easily took down the criminals with a combination of judo throws and kickboxing strikes. The scene was intense, with Kristen showcasing her strength and toughness as she fought off multiple adversaries. She made it look so easy.



The climax of the scene unfolded as Agent Stone discovered the criminals' plan to detonate a bomb in a crowded public area. In a thrilling chase, Kristen sprinted across the rooftops, her strong legs propelling her forward with incredible speed. She navigated the Parisian rooftops with ease, her agility and strength on full display as she raced against time to prevent the imminent disaster.

As the scene came to an end, Kristen's character successfully disarmed the bomb, saving the day and revealing the criminal organization's nefarious plans.

The crew members were impressed by Kristen's incredible performance and her ability to portray a strong, tough, and beautiful secret agent. That was the last scene for the day and the crew began packing their gear away. Just then news about Alexandra Paul’s kidnapping reached the set.

“What has the mouse gotten into now?” Kristen sighed and pulled out her phone. “I don’t have time for this,” she muttered as she found the tracking app that was keeping tabs on Alexandra. She opened the **“Locate My Boi”** app, “Hmm, not far from here... guess I have to bail her out.”



The City of Adventure

A thin crescent moon hung in the night sky, casting a pale glow over the cobblestone streets of Paris. The city's lights twinkled like stars fallen to Earth, yet there were pockets of darkness where the light didn't reach.

A beautiful woman emerged from the shadows, no, it wasn’t Agent Stone, it was Kristen Stewart! She's a silhouette against the muted light, her movements precise and fluid. She's clad in a black leather suit that clinged to her like a second skin, highlighting the toned muscles that shifted with every silent step she took.

She paused, her sharp eyes scanning the street. A group of late-night revelers passes by, oblivious to the drama about to unfold around them. Kristen slipped behind a parked car, using it as cover. She watched, waited, and as the laughter of the group faded into the distance, she moved again.

Her steps are light, almost imperceptible, as she flits from shadow to shadow. The cool night air carries the distant sounds of the **Seine**, but Kristen remains focused.

Kristen ascends a wall with the agility of a cat, her hands and feet finding holds with ease. She reaches the rooftop and surveys the cityscape. **The Eiffel Tower** glimmers in the distance, but Kristen's gaze is drawn to a less conspicuous building, one with a single light in an attic window. According to her tracking app Alexandra was in that building.





The Heroine ▲

She pauses by a door, hearing muffled voices from within. Pressing her ear against the cool wood, she listens, gathering intelligence. The voices are speaking in hushed tones about a captive. Alexandra!

Kristen's jaw sets, her determination hardening. She steps back, and kicks open the door. In the blink of an eye Kristen is already inside and one of the surprised goons lies unconscious on the floor. There is fear in the eyes of the remaining four thugs as they recognise Kristen – they must be UCC fans. First they try to fight, but when two more are knocked out the remaining two try to escape. With lightning speed Kristen knocks out one of them and then grabs the remaining thug and slams him against the wall. “Where is my Boi, I mean, where is Alexandra Paul?” The thug was so intimidated by Kristen that he peed in his pants before passing out.

“Yuck!” Kristen let go of the goon in disgust. She left the room and continued to explore the building. A few moments later she opened a door. Inside a dimly lit room, she discovered Alexandra, bound and gagged, her beautiful face marred by tears and fear. But Alexandra wasn’t alone in the room – four hulking henchmen were guarding her. Kristen grinned confidently.

Kristen, using her extensive martial arts training, quickly took down the henchmen one by one, her powerful blows and expertly executed moves rendering them unconscious. Alexandra watched with big tearfilled eyes as her Mistress so easily and efficiently took down the brutes. Kristen looked magnificent standing amidst the unconscious goons, the dim lights making her leather clad muscular body glisten. Her heart was beating fast.

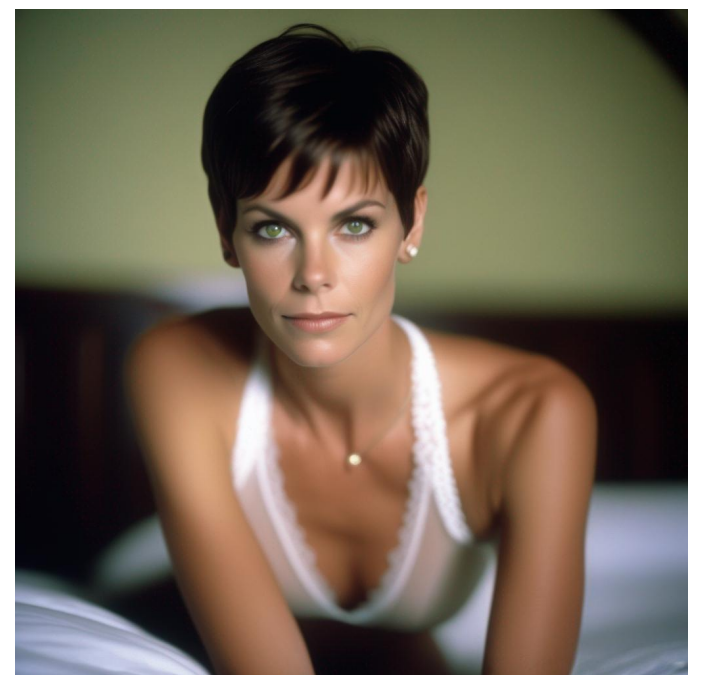
Kristen looked at the beautiful, frail Alexandra, “You really are a literal ***Damsel in Distress***,” she said as she unties the shocked actress and wannabe model. Alexandra immediately throws her arms around Kristen and kisses her. “Mmmm, calm down,” Kristen smirked and broke the kiss, “You can thank me later.”

“I’m afraid,” Alexandra said meekly.

Kristen didn’t say anything but scooped the distressed damsel in her arms and carried her out of the room. “Who's behind this?” Kristen asked. Alexandra didn’t know.

Having not yet met the brains behind this kidnapping they made their escape, weaving through the labyrinthine corridors of the hideout. Carrying Alexandra didn’t seem to slow Kristen down the least.

Finally, they reached the exit, only to be confronted by the villain himself, a bald man of considerable size, surrounded by his gang of henchmen.



The Damsel in Distress ▲



The atmosphere was tense as the **Bald Brute** addressed Kristen, his voice dripping with malice. "So, you've come to save her, have you?" He sneered, gesturing towards Alexandra, who stood fearfully by Kristen's side. "I admire your courage, but it won't be enough to save you."

Without fear Kristen stepped forward, prepared to face the Bald Brute and his minions. As the battle commenced, the sound of fists connecting with flesh filled the air. Kristen moved with grace and precision, evading the blows of the henchmen as she swiftly dispatched them one by one. Her kicks and punches were like a dance, a deadly ballet that left her opponents reeling.

Eventually only the Bald Brute and one henchman remained. Only now did Kristen notice that one of the henchmen had [restrained](#) Alexandra. Both Alexandra and the henchman watched in awe as the Bald Brute and Kristen engaged in a fierce struggle. Despite his size, the brute was surprisingly fast. The two adversaries were evenly matched, each landing powerful blows that left the other reeling. But Kristen's athleticism and strength eventually proved too much for the villain. She

darted around him, her limbs a blur of motion, until she landed a devastating kick that sent the Bald Brute crashing to the ground.

Kristen turned to the henchman who was holding Alexandra. The henchman gulped and let go of Alexandra. He turned around and began running, but Kristen tackled him and with a few swift punches knocked him out. Suddenly Alexandra screamed and hid behind Kristen – the Bald Brute rose to his feet, his face twisted in rage. "Idiot," Kristen muttered and unleashed a flurry of strikes, her fists and feet moving in a blur as she pushed the villain back towards the exit. With one final, powerful blow, she knocked him unconscious, leaving him at the mercy of the authorities.



The City of Love

The sun was rising as Alexandra and Kristen stood on **Pont des Arts**, the famous **Love Lock Bridge**, looking at the illuminated Eiffel Tower in the distance. "You're safe now, my little Mouse," Kristen said, wrapping her strong arms around Alexandra's slender waist. Alexandra trembled as Kristen kissed her. Kissed her in Paris, the **City of Love**.



Fanfiction

Alexandra put down her pen and sighed. She looked at the words she had just put on the paper feeling both happy and sad. For several minutes she just sat there, dreaming. Then she finally closed the book and put it away in a drawer of her desk. And locked it. No one was ever going to see the book, the stories it contained were only for Alexandra's eyes.

