

6 Months as Nasfk/Nasir/Quentin's Friend

How We Met, How He Made Me Uncomfortable, and Warnings for Others (Beware)

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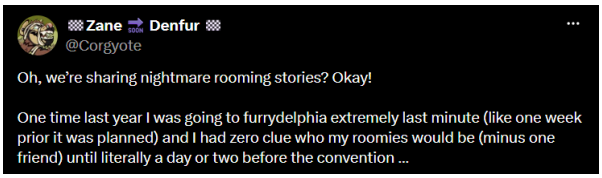
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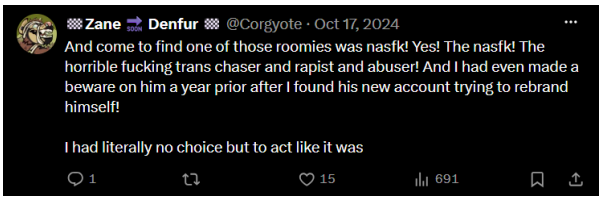
Previous Bewares

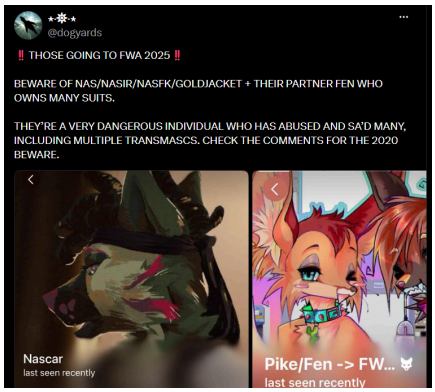
Before reading this document, please be aware of previous accusations that have been levied at Quentin/Nasir. TW: Such allegations include: rape, domestic abuse, transphobia, sexual assault, drug/alcohol abuse, cheating/infadelity.

[2024 Corgyote X Thread about Nasir while Rooming at FurryDelphia]

[2025 Master Beware Twitter Thread - Statements of Nasir's abuse/sexual assault]







[Multiple witness/personal experience testimonies with Nasir/Nasfk_/Quentin Google Doc (from 2020)]

[Beware Archive on Nasir/Quentin on Toyhouse with links and updates to his social media handles]

[5 Years of Abuse from Nasfk/Nasir/GoldJacket/Quentin - Google Docs by Quentin's Ex-Partner who was raped and physically abused. Trigger warning for detailing/photos of physical bruising, property damage, and details of extremely distressing sexual violence and transphobia/violence against multiple trans individuals]

Quentin's Whereabouts as of October 2026

UCF/Central Florida area. He regularly attends local house parties and smaller meets where younger furs (such as myself) do not know who he is. He targets primarily 18-23 year-olds who are not aware of his past allegations. I know he targets these individuals because he primarily hangs out/posts with these individuals on his Instagram (and used me to get into younger groups).

- Discord: Hellokittykabul
- Toyhouse: kowderpeg
- Instagram: oxyeenmoron
- Telegrams: Goldjacket
- Twitter: Tranquilhenge
- Barq: @equalsthree (Tom Powers)
- Furtrack: doggonedeathrow





Author Statement

For the purposes of this document, and to protect any identities mentioned as other witnesses in this recount, any instances of the first-person recounts (language such as “I”, “I’m”, “My”, etc.) shall be correlated to the alias “Dove” (i.e., any terms of first-person language refer to “Dove”, or the author of this document) in situations where a username or name is mentioned. Any other individuals brought up as other witnesses shall be given aliases to protect their identities. The name of “Dove”’s truesona mentioned/depicted shall be referred to as “Rose”.

This document is made as a warning of the individual, Nasir (or, Quentin), detailed below. Please do not go to harass Quentin as a result of reading this document or other bewares/documentations of his actions.

Do not engage whatsoever with this individual. Interacting and attempting to accost him does nothing but give him more ammo to claim victimhood.

The timeline of these events will have screenshots/photos provided when available. This document details six months of events from first contact in **April of 2026** to last contact in **October of 2026.**

Author Context

I am a demi-romanti/ asexual, caucasean, cis woman as of the creation of this document. I (unfortunately) suffer from trauma regarding being groomed in the past by an individual who was 6 years older than me (at the time, I was 16 and he was 22), alongside being stalked by a different older upper classmen during college (I was a sophomore, he a senior). I wanted to state this so there is context behind some of my emotional responses to Quentin via text.

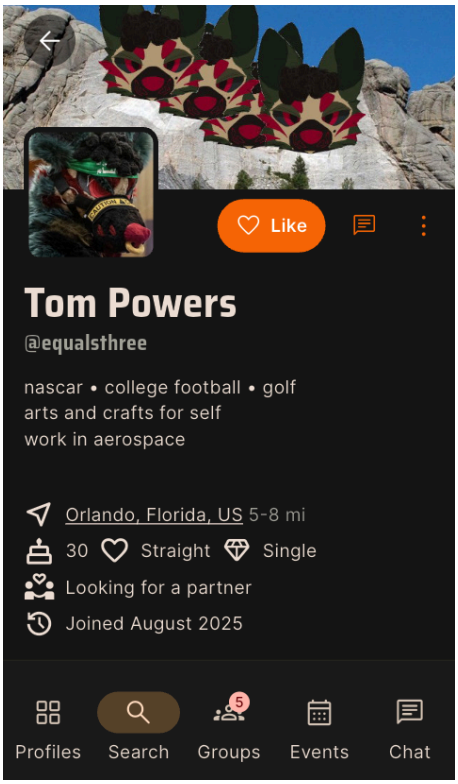
Author Concerns

I understand that by publishing this, and pieces of our conversation, Quentin will figure out who I am despite my request for anonymity. He knows my address and has been to my place of residence. I will not claim that I fear physical repercussions for making my experience known but given other statements from individuals who have interacted with him in the past I am not comfortable with an individual such as himself knowing that information either. Am I in danger? I cannot say for certain but will be airing on the side of caution.

Note: in some screenshots “Quentin” is misspelled as “Quinton”. Quentin never corrected my spelling of his name, neither in-text or verbally up until the end of our friendship. I had no clue how to spell his name and he never corrected me, so I continued to spell it as “Quinton”.

April 2026

First Meeting & Barq



Quentin liked my profile on the popular furry chatting app *Barq*, under the screen name “Tom Powers” (username equalsthree) [see screenshot].

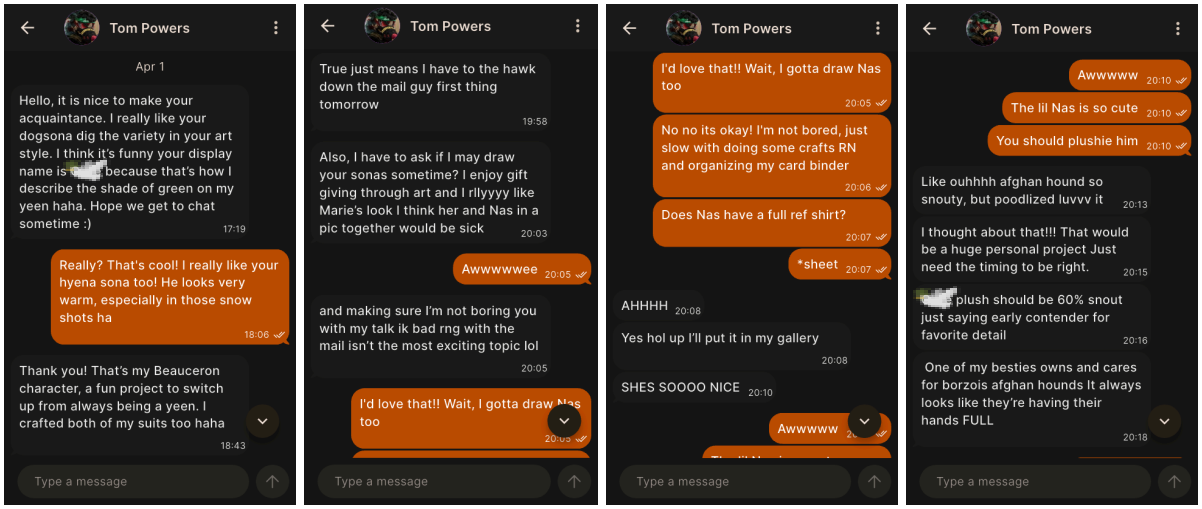
He was charismatic and complimented my truesona, “Rose” (sona name obscured for safety). We chatted for a bit about each others fursonas, art, careers/work, and complimented one another.

At the time, my profile was only 15 days old as a result of joining the app in late March. I had heard of Barq online and chose to use it to potentially find a partner, thus I had my status set to “looking for a partner”.

I was 23 at the time. Quentin was listed as 29 years old. I had misread his age as “27”, however, and would not be corrected on this until later interactions.

We agreed to move off of Barq and onto Discord for sharing doodles of one another’s sonas, as I admitted to wanting to draw Nasir and he stated he wanted to draw “Rose”, complimenting her profusely and continuously.

> Dove Note: I had not thought anything of his compliments on my sona, or their frequency, due to being new to communicating with other members of the furry community in general. I had other furry friends, in real life, but had never tried reaching out to the local online community until 2026 due to financial and educational concerns. Looking back, his extreme interest in “Rose” makes me uncomfortable.

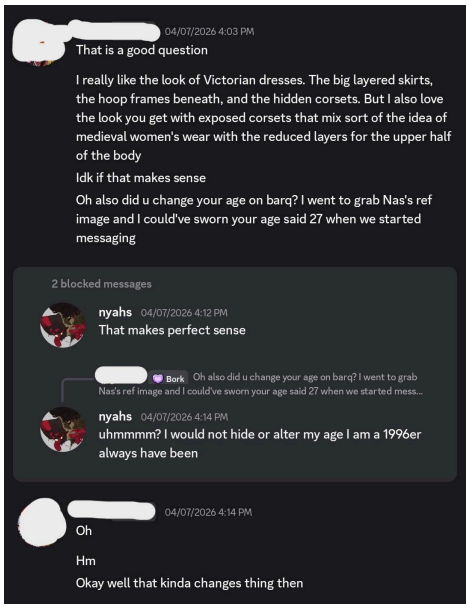


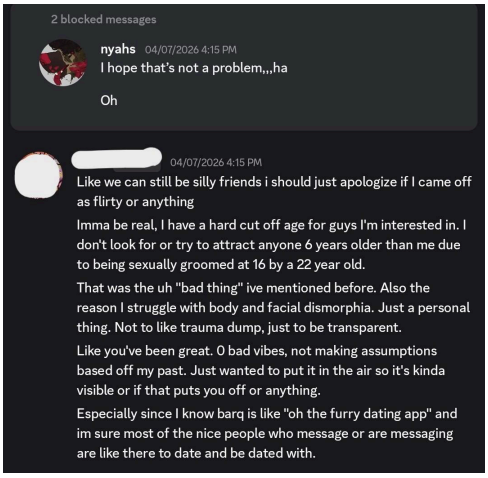
After a few days of messaging, the tone of the conversations took a flirty tone. This was mutual on both sides. Quentin was drawing art of Nasir and “Rose” and I would also draw the two of them, or just Nasir alone. During a conversation where Quentin was questioning my preferred choice in dresses (later revealed to be for a drawing), I had checked his Barq to view an updated reference image he uploaded so I could draw Nasir better since it wasn’t on his Toyhouse. I noticed his age reading 29, instead of 27 as I had believed it to be, and I prompted a discussion with him and what it would mean for us talking going forwards.

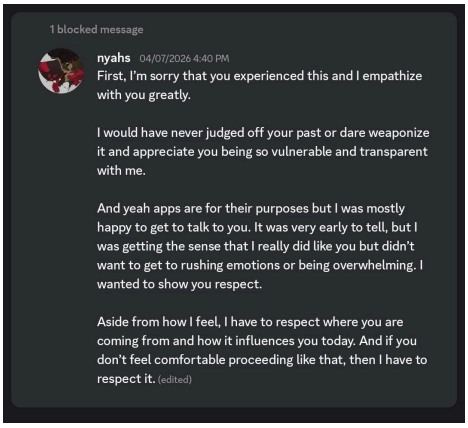
> Dove Note: Due to past trauma I struggle to form romantic interests towards anyone with a 4–6+-year age gap. I was, however, open-minded to trying to break my rapid emotional “ping-ponging” if I genuinely liked a guy. I am no longer open to this concept as of October 2026.

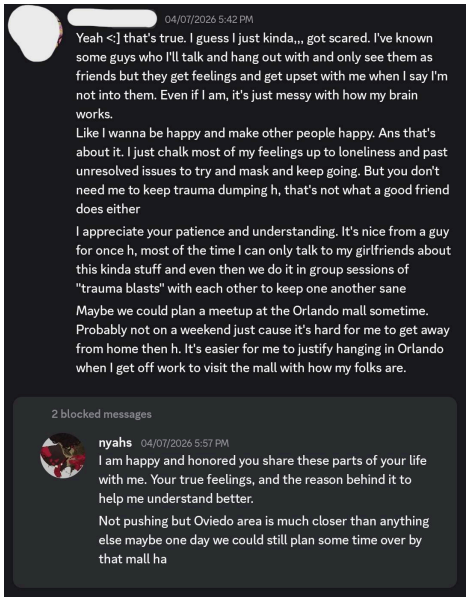
We discussed different conventions, including Megacon, Megaplex, and Metrocon. In instances where I would be inclined to ask about if Quentin might have taken photos or been with groups, he would use excuses such as “I slept through it” or “I wasn’t feeling good from drinking the night before”.

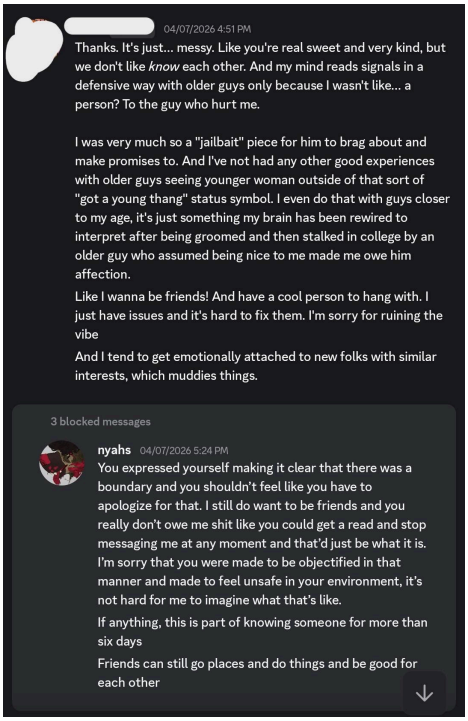
> Dove Note: Quentin never shared many stories himself with others with me, either in suit or out. I was always put off by this, especially given aspects of the community are, well, community based.

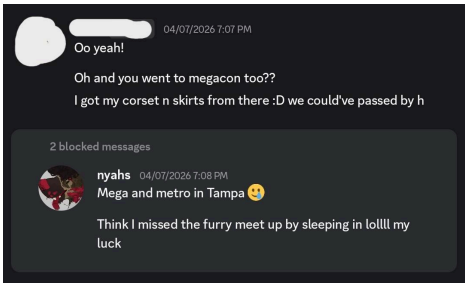












April Goblin Market

After some discussion, I convinced Quentin to come out to Goblin Market after he mentioned he'd only been one time before. During Goblin Market, we mostly roamed around while he kept Quentin on the entire time. He only removed Nasir to eat or drink once the entire event. At one point, he approached a group of people he seemed to know but did not introduce me to any of them, even while I was standing next to him and he was actively talking with them. I could not gauge their reactions, but most seemed either vaguely familiar with Quentin as an acquaintance or knew him slightly. I had to introduce myself to the group, which Quentin quickly brushed off in favor of talking with the other partial suiters while I busied myself with looking at the vendor booths.

> Dove Note: This is a repeated behavior I noticed with Quentin. He would state he wanted to see a group of people he knew, and that they were his friends, and invite me to walk over with him. Upon greeting an individual/group he knew, he would not acknowledge me as being present with him (either in or out of suit) and I would have to awkwardly introduce myself and be shrugged off as someone just hovering around due to not knowing anyone or not being invited by Quentin to the conversation.

April House Party Panic Attack Incident

During Goblin Market, Quentin was invited to a house party being hosted in the UCF area by two other partial suiters. He invited me, which I excitedly accepted without knowing the extent of the party. Quentin stated he was on the telegram for the party previously and thus had the details of it. He said he would pick me up at around 8:30 to go to the party after he changed clothes.

Quentin did not come to pick me up until 9:15pm. He did not message me prior to picking me up that he would be late. The excuse he provided when finally getting me, in-person, was "sorry, I couldn't choose what to wear and had to shower".

> Dove Note: He was wearing basically the same combo of loose graphic t-shirt, basketball shorts, and a choice of Nike he'd been wearing earlier. His lack of communication would become a repeated issue.

When we arrived at the house party, I asked Quentin what the party would be like since I had been given no information on what to expect despite asking before and expressed being nervous going into my first house party blind. Quentin said it was a 4/20 party, so there would be weed being smoked, and an open bar, live DJ, and probably be packed. This made me very nervous since I had expressed before disliking drugs and the scent of marijuana from past stressful situations involving the substance, but Quentin assured it'd be fine.

Before we even got into the party, Quentin commented on how he was "really hoping to find someone to fight", which made me confused. I asked if he was joking, and he said he wasn't. He expressed needing to "let off steam" and had been hoping a guy who supposedly owed him money would be at the party he could fight with, or one of his other friends who he supposedly "play fought" with.

When we entered the house, the environment was packed, hot, reeked of weed, alcohol, was very dim due to the lighting, and loud with the live DJ being in the living room. Quentin walked in, found his friend, and immediately started talking to him without introducing me while I stood behind him. 30 seconds into being in the house, I felt my heartrate rapidly climbing with a shortness of breath and tapped him on the shoulder to try and tell him I needed to go outside, however Quentin either did not notice or did not hear me telling him I needed fresh air as he followed his other friend deeper into the house.

I left the party and sat outside in the host's driveway, alone, crying, trying to keep myself from having a panic attack for 45 minutes while Quentin was inside the party. After some time, he came back outside, looked around, saw I was sat on the ground by the garage and just said "Hey, I didn't realize you weren't behind me. Did you not like the party?" while I was actively sniffling and crying in quiet distress. I told him I got overwhelmed and tried to tell him I needed to step out, but he didn't hear or didn't notice. He said he thought I was behind him the whole time as an excuse and said he'd talked to everyone he wanted to and was ready to leave around 11:00pm.

We stood in the driveway for about another 20 minutes while I was calming down, at which point some of his friends came outside to discuss going to another party. Quentin approached his friend, "A", and the two began talking while I hovered nearby. Quentin and A were rubbing each other's arms and making comments towards another along the lines of "you are one of the sexiest bastards I've ever met" and both being "dark snacks" while in partial suit. I made a quiet joke about how Quentin "claimed to be the straightest man at the party earlier" and Quentin whipped around and, loudly, shouted "SHUT UP YOU WHITE BITCH" at me, his tone completely changing to hostility. I was stunned, awkwardly forced a laugh, and uncomfortably shied away while the rest of the group of people looked awkwardly at Quentin and I. Quentin did not apologize immediately for this "joke", however several days later when I made a passing comment about it during a card show he commented, "yeah, that was uncalled for, my bad".

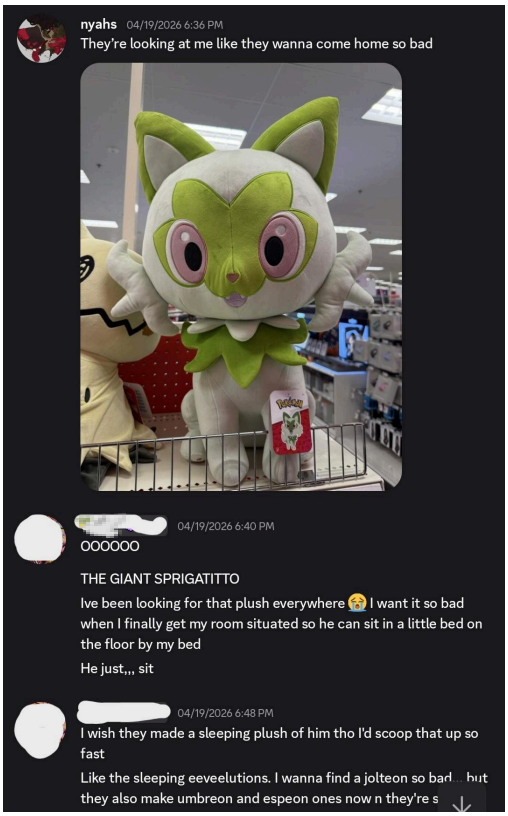
> Dove Note: During the duration of time we stood outside, Quentin would make off-handed comments about people leaving the house, or make vague gestures and side-eye looks at male-presenting individuals and how they were dressed. However, he would stare openly at fem-presenting individuals while they were leaving while we were talking. It made me uncomfortable when a group of fem-appearing people were leaving the party and he'd lose his train of thought to make a low whistling sound or hum while I was awkwardly still trying to reground myself from my panic.

Card Shows – April, May, June, July

Every Friday, the Oviedo Mall has a shop called *Trainers Backpack* that hosts a Pokémon TCG card show. I had invited Quentin to several of these over the course of the time we were getting to know each other as friends as a safe public event. While the entire events of each card show will not be summarized as the party was, I will provide some quick notable moments of each:

- At the first card show we attended together, Quentin let me trauma dump to him about my experience being groomed and stalked, as well as listening to me discuss philosophical and morbid thoughts in the parking lot late at night. During that first meeting when we were hanging in the parking lot, he complimented my body, called me cute, stated he thought I was smart and funny, and asked me out. I told him I appreciated the sentiment but did not feel comfortable accepting to date someone I had only just met. He seemed to respect my thoughts, including the conflicting emotions I had towards potentially dating him in the future. He did not ask me to date him again that night.
    - During that conversation, he commented on how he "liked to see me above him" (for context, he was sat on the ground while I was leaning against my car) and made comment on my feet by saying along the lines of "first meet and I get the dawgs out for free", which made me uncomfortable.
    - Also, during this conversation, he asked if I would call him a "good boy" and give him praise while he was on the ground in a loud, exaggerated voice. Loud enough to be heard across the parking lot, where other people were coming out of the mall. I asked him not to be so loud and was visually uncomfortable with the joke request.

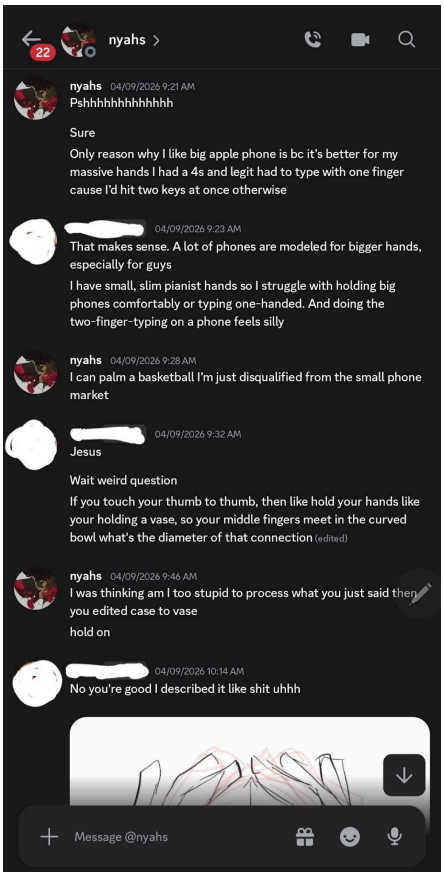
    - Quentin and I would go back and forth buying each other Pokémon cards. I interpreted this as a mutual respect/friendship signal, since my form of showing appreciation is gift giving.
- During our second card show, Quentin gifted me with a bouquet of flowers. I thought it was very sweet in the moment and forwards, since I'd soft let him down, but he insisted it was the "gentlemanly thing to do for a pretty lady".
- At one point, Quentin sent me an image of the large sitting Sprigattito plush they sell at Target, since he knew I liked the grass starter. I replied that I'd been wanting to buy one for a while, but didn't have the space for it at the moment. Later that week, Quentin would gift me the Sprigattito plush before a card show. I insisted he didn't need to do that, but he said it wasn't a big deal and wanted me to have it.

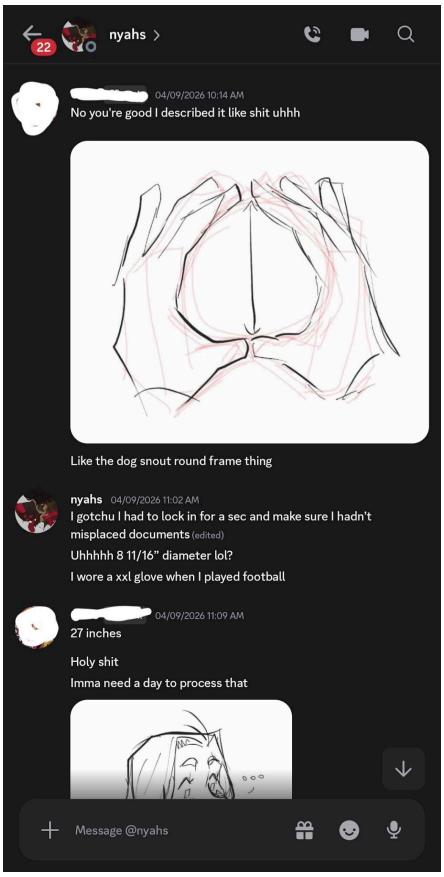




- I would gift him physical sketches/doodles I did of Nasir before we'd go into the card show. Every time, he'd say "this is so peak. I don't deserve this". The phrase would come up later, repeatedly.
- After one card show Quentin and I spent time outside the mall like usual, eventually talking about the size of his hands and how they compared to my waist (this was discussed in texts as a joke, briefly, when we first met because of his height and him bragging about exercising). I asked him how much he could lift, to which he said around 200lbs. I said he would easily be able to lift me then, and asked if he'd try. He sighed like he was begrudgingly doing so, put his hands on my hips, and lifted me straight up into the air without much issue. When he placed me back down, he kept his hands on my hips for a long moment while I was joking about how I hadn't been picked up since I was a child.
    - After he removed his hands and we'd been talking for a while longer, he asked if he could put his hands around my waist again (not to lift me). I said that was fine, giving verbal consent, since he seemed curious about how his hands fit around my waist and due to him asking if I wanted to see if I felt anything romantically or sexually from the contact. When he finally settled his hands on my wait, he groaned loudly, threw his head back, took deep breaths, and kept muttering about how "nice" it felt, giving my waist firm squeezes and nodding every so

often. After maybe a minute of this, I asked him to separate since I had begun to get uncomfortable and he obliged. Though, he did immediately ask if I wanted to try sitting on his lap/cuddling in the bed of his truck to see if I liked that. I declined, stating I would not be comfortable doing that much and since it was already 11PM at night (I needed to go home to my family). Quentin resigned but looked disappointed.



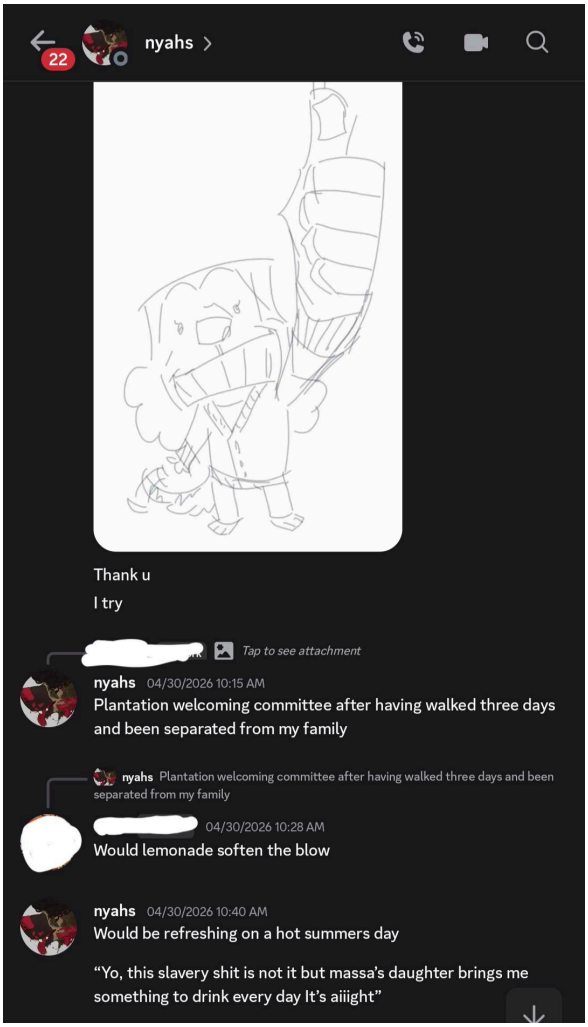






Main Areas of Concern

Uncomfortable Racial Comments



Several times while Quentin and I would hang out, he would make jokes about master/slave dynamics to me. Not in the traditional kink way, but in the "black man working in the plantation for the plantation owner's daughter" way. When he came over during an instance where I asked if he could help me with some yardwork, while we were working, he made a sudden and unprompted joke about how I was "putting him to work in the fields". I awkwardly laughed but mentioned that I didn't like those types of jokes. He said he would refrain from making them. Later, when we were going through the card shows, I was walking quickly through the rows and he made a comment about how I should put a chain on him to guide him better.

Several times, he'd express liking and preferring white women to me. I didn't think much on it at the time, since I don't care what people's dating preferences are. However, he would refer to women he's interested in exclusively as "snowbunnies" and "chocolate dippers" both in public and alone. He would post to his Instagram notes about how he was looking for snowbunnies to come over and use his pool, or how he'd want a "fine white shyte" to go thrifting with.

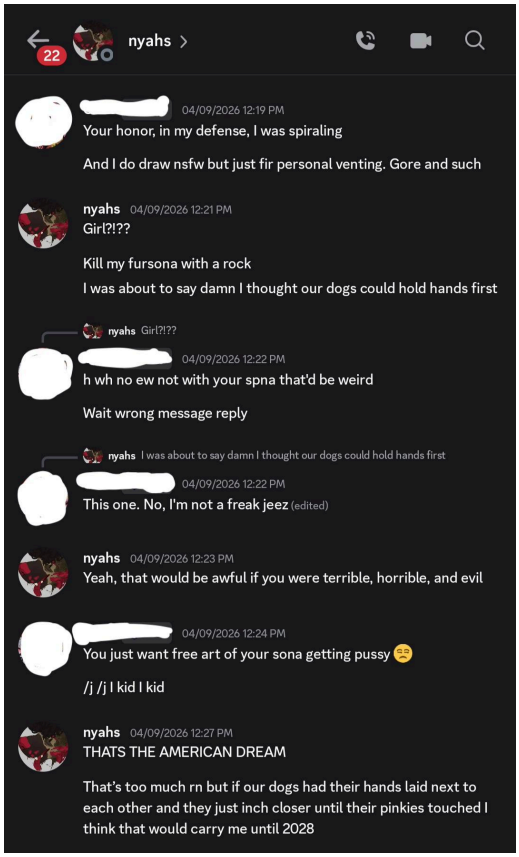
A few times, he'd mention wanting mixed-race babies to me during conversations about future plans or his ideal partner.

There was an occasion, in a Barnes and Noble, he made a joking complaint about how he wished I was black "so you can get the pass and say the N word with me", calling the idea "cool" while I was stumped and awkwardly chuckling about the concept.

voice-note_wantingmetobehiswhitewoman.mp4

Voice Note Transcript: "I want you to say that you love me, and that I was the best man [to/that?] ever came into your life. And how you just can't live without me. And that [we can/we will?] live together forever and ever and how ***[you'll be/can be] my white woman that I can carry in my arms****--no but could you imagine?"*

Uncomfortable Sexual Comments (in Public)



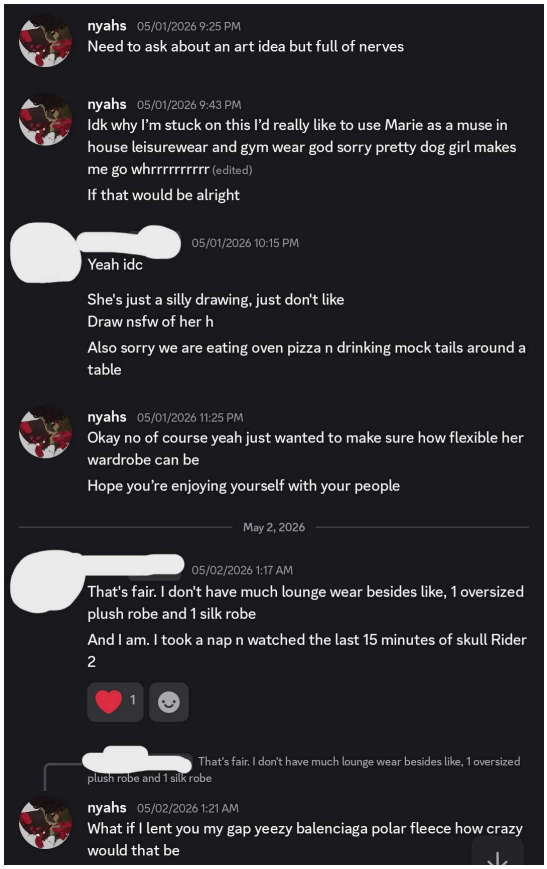
Several times when Quentin and I would be out in public spaces, the subject of sex would naturally (or sometimes unnaturally) come up. Due to my status (at the writing of this document) of being a virgin, Quentin took interest in my apparent lack of “experience”, either making jokes about it, or comments towards things I did not understand.

As to not bloat this section, I will list the most prominent memories I have of our public outings that made me uncomfortable with his sexual commentary:

1) Discussing oral sex inside a Barnes and Noble while looking at books
2) Discussing kinks and preferences of skin tone in partners (also while in Barnes and Noble)
3) Seeming to get excited about my lack of sexual knowledge in terms of position names, practice, and methods
4) Mentioning how he did not like the feeling of condoms
5) Getting defensive when the subject of protective methods came up, notably vasectomies and condoms (he opposed both, hard)
6) Taking plushies of popular female characters and pantomiming humping/spearing them on his dick in a Hot Topic while children were present (with moaning noises) primarily to Pomni (TADC), Ragatha (TADC), Millie (Helluva Boss) and Luna (Helluva Boss) despite me saying he should stop after the first time he did so
7) Making cum jokes in comparison to my skin complexion (white on white)
8) Making cum jokes in comparison to his skin complexion (white on black)
9) Trying to explain how “different races fuck different” (have literally no clue still what this meant, his explanation sucked)

Attraction to my Truesona and Uncomfortable Artwork

From the beginning of our interactions, Quentin expressed appreciation for my Truesona “Rose” multiple times when I would draw her, share artwork of her, or when he would draw her. After a while, however, Quentin asked for permission to use her as a “muse” for drawing. I was under the assumption that he was just asking for permission to doodle her in his off time, which I said I had no issues with since I also liked to draw art of my friends to gift to them at times. The true meaning of what he meant would become apparent when he would do study drawings of her with increasingly slim/exaggerated proportions that made me uncomfortable.

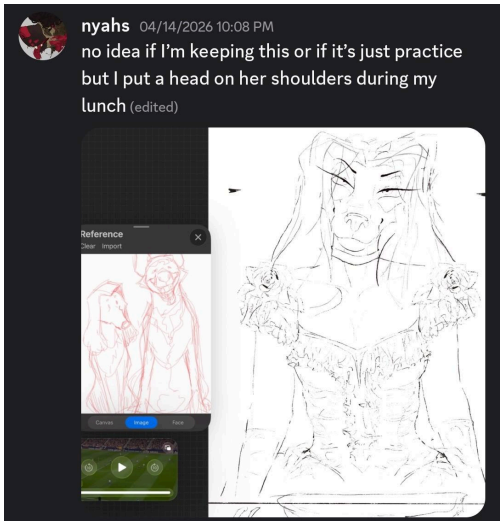


> Dove Note: Due to suffering from low self-esteem and body/face dysmorphia as a result of my past trauma, I typically draw “Rose” with very similar proportions to myself as a way to try and work through my body image issues. While I have had friends draw gift art with her proportions not being exactly the same, these are rare instances and not from the express context of someone asking to use her as a focal point or “muse”, which is where a large portion of my discomfort came from.

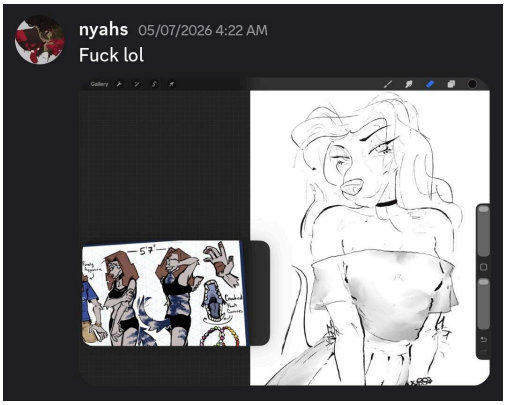
After discussing my discomfort and concerns with this online and in-person, the frequency that Quentin shared any art he’d made of “Rose” almost immediately dropped. While I would still doodle Nasir and send gift art, Quentin stopped sharing any art if he was still drawing her, and stopped any/all mentions of “Rose” outside of instances where I’d talk about wanting to make a partial for her.

> Dove Note: I perceived this as very strange given he’d been so excited and vocal about finally having a friend to mutually draw sonas with before. While I can understand there’s the perspective of him respecting my request, it seemed very dismissive as if he couldn’t draw “Rose” without her being an idolized, sexually exaggerated figure (which is uncomfortable for me).

> Dove Note: Some screenshots will seemingly not include context messages prior to Quentin sharing art. This is because there would be no pre conversation context for most of the sketches he would do, especially later of “Rose”.







I rewatched that movie so much,,,, mewtwo's voice is still so good

[redacted] Bork Ive never seen a single barbie movie in full but i have the fucking barbie in a mermaid tale trailer burned into my brain folds

nyahs 04/09/2026 6:39 AM
Me with cats don't dance (Sawyer, my beloved) Batman subzero and Shiloh



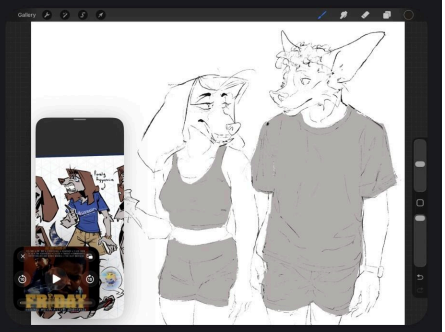
nyahs 04/18/2026 6:43 AM
eeeeeee



Put too much effort into this (edited)

nyahs 04/06/2026 7:23 PM
Hmmmm big brain activity

this is the lowest quality Marie I'll share but had to scribble out what if they did a walk on a trail after work hours and they're prolly talking about idk gas prices



absolutely can't uncover the right hand its so bad just needed a scribble (edited)

April 5, 2026

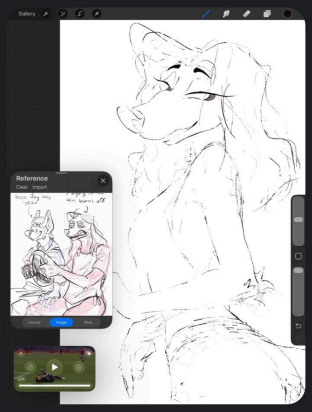
nyahs 04/05/2026 7:12 PM
They just met each other five minutes ago



[redacted] 04/05/2026 7:12 PM
oHHHHHHHHHH



nyahs 05/02/2026 10:27 AM
morning tune up yard work time



[redacted] 05/02/2026 10:31 AM
You're gonna give me body dismorphia drawing my sona like that h

nyahs 05/02/2026 10:34 AM
Fackkkkkkkkkkkk
I'll scale it back sorry
Personal tendencies when drawing the female body my fault

Personal tendencies when drawing the female body my fault

[redacted] 05/02/2026 10:40 AM
It's okay
I just draw [redacted] a specific way cause I try not to let her become like
An impossible personal standard. Cause I know I cant fix my ribcage size, my shoulder width, or my hip width

nyahs 05/02/2026 10:49 AM
I tried to capture how I see her beauty got a lil too crazy this is why I'm at the drawing board

[redacted] 05/02/2026 10:50 AM
You drew her with the anatomy of a petite Korean fashion model

😐

nyahs 05/02/2026 10:51 AM
Please don't shoot me in the back of the head

[redacted] 05/02/2026 10:54 AM
Smh
We will discuss this and other concerns when I return to town

nyahs 05/06/2026 9:08 PM
hopefully more conforming dog girl (can't resist urge to doodle her) (edited)



Dove Note: I have no idea if Quentin kept drawing "Rose" after the final drawing of her. I am forced to assume (due to other people's personal accounts of his repeated behavior) that he continued to draw "Rose" in private, possibly in more NSFW ways but just was not showing me due to knowing that would make me uncomfortable.

“The Beach Trip”

CW: Description of Physical Discomfort and Slight Harm– Sunburn Contact

In late April, I invited Quentin to join me for a trip to a beach cleanup that was being hosted by my place of work. I had asked several other friends if they wanted to go, but all had declined and that left Quentin as the only invite who could go. We rode in my vehicle.

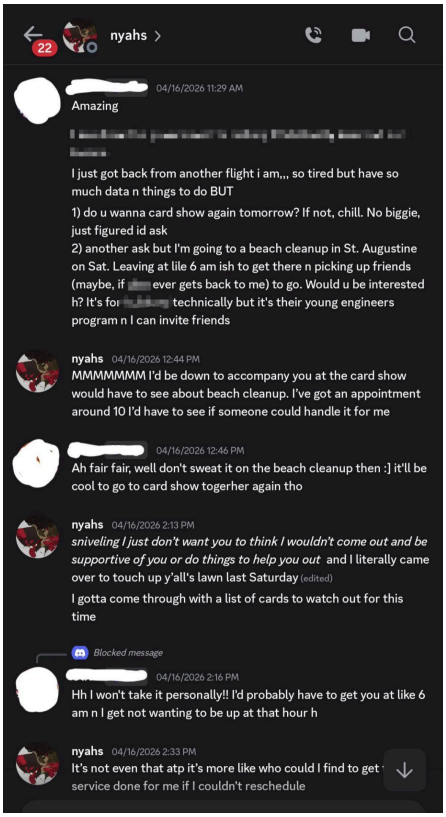
During the beach cleanup, I introduced Quientin as a friend to my coworkers. We played beach volleyball after the cleanup was done, and while I was talking with my coworkers, he remained on his phone for about 80% of the time. I didn’t think anything of it since these people were strangers to him and I didn’t want him to be uncomfortable.

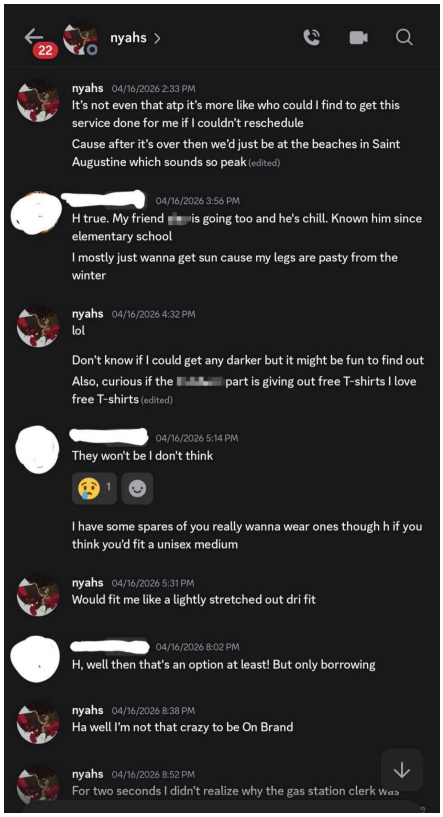
At some point, one of my coworkers’ boyfriend mentioned being ex-navy, to which he and Quentin talked about their experiences in the army (Quentin being ex-AirForce).

During our time at the beach, given we were there from the early morning to late evening I unfortunately suffered from a bad sunburn despite using and reapplying sunscreen.

After the event was done, Quentin and I walked along the beach together and discussed our relationship and friendship. He asked if I wanted to at least try holding hands to see if I felt anything, to which I agreed and consented to. He became audibly excited when we finally did hold hands, taking deep breaths in and out and making small groaning noises and nodding, noting how small my hands were in his. I did not feel anything sexually or romantically from the contact, disappointing him. However, we did hold hands and walk down the beach for a length of time while the sun set. He made comments about how he liked being dragged around by me, which made me a bit uncomfortable but I brushed off.

When we returned to my car, I was complaining about how hot my skin was and he chuckled to my complaints. I insisted I was hurting, took his hand, placed it on my shoulder so he could feel the heat, and then (stupidly) placed his hand on my outer thigh since I was also sunburnt there.





> Dove Note: At the moment, I was, admittedly, trying to see if physical contact with him lower on my body would trigger any type of reaction in my body. It did not.

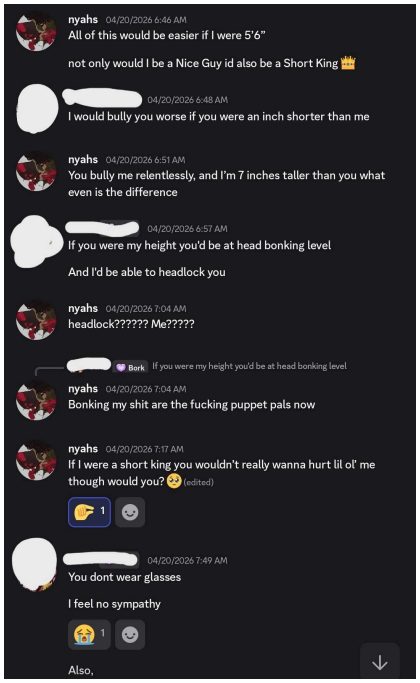
Quientin immediately made a loud/low groaning/growling noise and closed his eyes as if he was having a transcendental experience. He made a comment along the lines of “Oh my God, white meat. I’m getting to touch white meat.” before he squeezed my thigh where I’d placed his hand. I audibly made a noise of pain and flinched, pushing him back and scolding him not to squeeze or pinch me because of how badly sunburnt

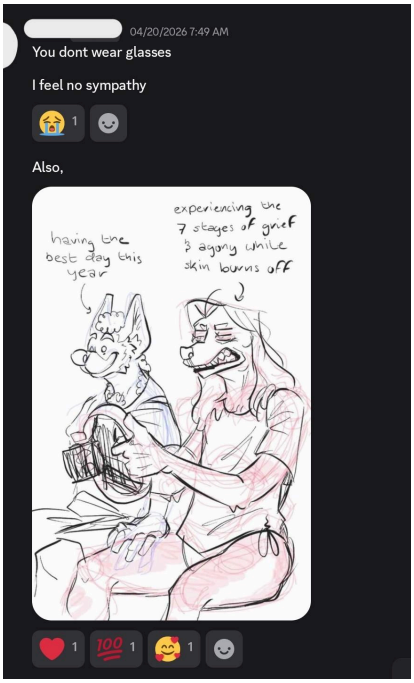
I was. He made a sheepish expression like he was grinning and just said “my bad, won’t do it again” while still holding my thigh. I told him we needed to get in the car and go home because it was getting late, and he agreed (begrudgingly) to remove his hand from my thigh.

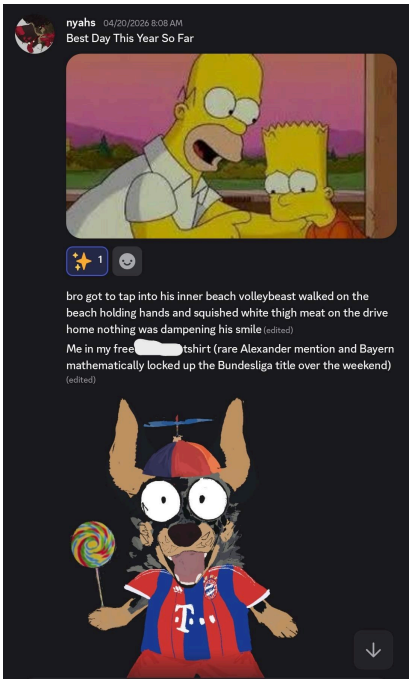
While I was trying to navigate home, Quentin asked if he could “touch the white thigh meat” again. I was mentally distracted while trying to drive and (again, stupidly) agreed as a reflex. He placed his hand back on my thigh, while I’m driving, and held it there for a good half of the drive home. Twice he squeezed my thigh, making noises and shifting in his seat, and each time I’d make a complaint about how he was hurting me. After the third time I told him to take his hand off my thigh so I could concentrate, to which he relented and brought his hand back to his lap.

When I tried to explain how that hurt me later, Quentin would give a sheepish “yeah, that wasn’t cool of me, I just got excited” excuse. I did not have any issues with him touching my thigh, as I gave consent for that, but my issue was with him repeatedly squeezing my sunburnt skin after I told him that it hurt.

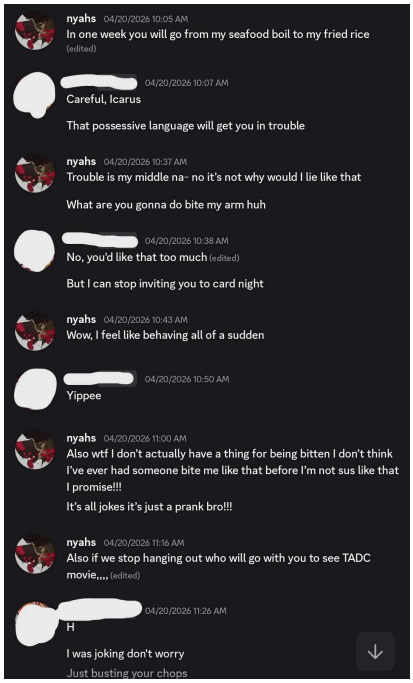








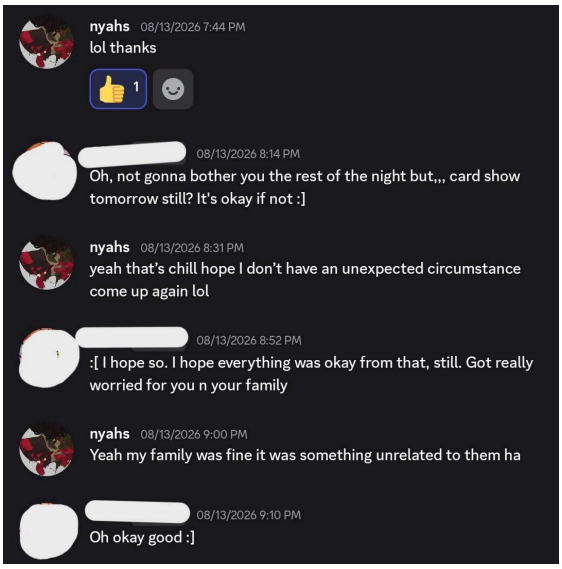


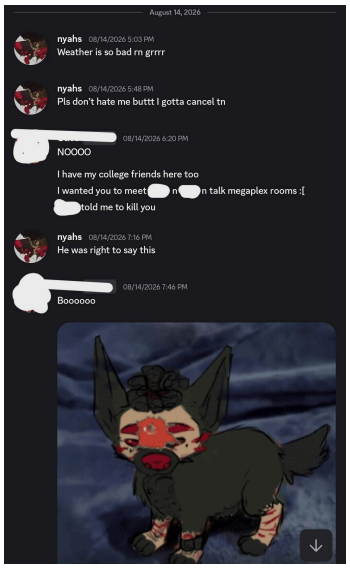


Communication Issues and the Downfall of Our Friendship

During August, I had begun inviting other friends to the local Oviedo Mall card shows to join Quentin and I. However, every time we would plan to meet up for the card shows and other friends would be there, Quentin would suddenly cancel on me without explanation. This happened several times in the span of two months.

On one occasion, we'd made plans to hang out at the card show with my other friend "P" for about two weeks. Not even 15 minutes before Quentin was supposed to arrive, I messaged him asking if he was on the way and he dismissively replied that he couldn't make it, yet again. I had been upset with him at the time because I also had a friend, "B", visiting that was also going to be attending and I wanted to introduce Quentin to both of these friends so they'd be familiar by the time Megaplex 2026 came around. I joked in dms saying that my friend "P" told me that I should kill Quentin for ditching again, and he agreed.





Later that night, I would check Instagram for my messages with friends and saw on Quentin's story he'd posted how he'd, instead of going to the card show we'd planned for two weeks, went thrifting with another fem-presenting person and filmed videos in their apartment.

> Dove Note: This individual, I noticed from the tagged account, was 19. I felt odd about someone who was 29 hanging out with a 19 year-old at the time, but tried to assure myself this was just a trauma response and me being mad at him.

The next time I saw Quentin after that night was at a local Goblin Market trade swap event. We were both picking up stickers in preparation for Megaplex 2026 from a local maker, and I decided to talk to Quentin about the streak of lacking communication and honesty.

> Dove Note: Before we talked, I had traded two art books for a plushie and told him to choose whatever he wanted from the booth as well. He chose a Mirko figure, this one to be exact:



> And made comments about how “this is the greatest thing ever”, “she’s so sexy”, and “she’s so fucking fine, oh my god” every few minutes while looking at her in the box she came with, at times muttering under his breath and making quiet groaning/moaning noises. This was at a public event, in the middle of the day.

We walked around a neighborhood while talking, or rather while *I* talked *at* him. I expressed feeling upset over how he couldn’t seem to be honest with me, and how honesty was a key value I had with all my friends due to my past experiences of being coerced into lying during the time I was groomed. I expressed how Quentin not being truthful about double-booking a hang-out we’d had, multiple times potentially, made me feel like he was starting to treat me as a convenient accessory. I also admitted how I had been hoping he, P, and B could get to know each other at the card show so I could get their opinions on him to potentially ask him out before Megaplex 2026, however I had changed my mind and would not be asking him out due to feeling like he didn’t respect me as a person for not being more forthcoming with me when I was to him.

His response was to simply nod along quietly, make a frustrated sigh at being informed I would not be asking him out, and simply going “yeah, I know I’m a piece of shit. You should kill me. I guess I do need to work on the whole ‘communication’ thing. I really don’t deserve you as a friend”.

This passive, non-apologetic response left me more upset than I was before. We left the event on that note.



Megaplex

For the most part, Megaplex was uneventful and quite fun for me. I mostly kept to myself and explored the con space, dealers den, and spent time with college friends. In the few instances I did spend time with Quentin they were primarily during times that benefited/worked with his schedule. We attended the Aviation Panel together, wandered Dealers Den together (I bought him about 100$ in gifts for art and accessories he showed interest in), I bought him dinner, and I got him into the Megaplex pool on two occasions, and tried to get him into a room party I’d been personally invited to (he never invited me to any that he was invited to, which I know he was because he’d complain about being hungover from going to them every day).

> Dove Note: I regret spending any money on him now, and wish I hadn't.

Due to not having a fursuit during Megaplex 2026, Quentin had me take photos of himself lifting fem-presenting and transmasc individuals on the con floor (and in the pool) on three occasions. When I asked if he would "give me uppies", he would awkwardly refuse and use the excuse of me not having a suit as justification. On one occasion when I asked if he would give uppies to my transmasc friend, Quentin gave him a once-over and non-committedly said "yeah, sure, maybe later when I'm in Nasir fully" and never kept that agreement even when I caught him in his full Nasir suit.

> Dove Note: I strongly suspect that Quentin did not want to give my friend uppies due to not finding my friend "attractive" enough for his taste (since he seems to primarily go after more fem-leaning transmasc individuals over more masc-presenting ones).

Quentin would be late to us meeting up outside of his panel time or when I got him to the pool by blocks of thirty-minutes to hours. When I asked him to join myself and friends for dinner, he was an hour late. When I asked if he'd join us for breakfast, he was two hours late. However, when we were going to go to the pool, he was there early and on-time (to get that benefit that he was actually interested in).

When we tried to meet up together for the fursuit parade (I was aiding one of my friends as a handler and wheelchair guide), Quentin was miraculously thirty minutes late and ended up at the end of the parade rather than beginning with us.

Every time we would run into someone Quentin knew while wandering together, he would not introduce me and I would have to awkwardly introduce myself, even when he wanted me to take a photo of himself and other people he knew.

Post Megaplex

Quentin had mentioned a few times, in a vague sense, that his birthday was "before the end of the year". I had always asked him when it was, but he would dismiss the question with a shrug and wave of his hand like he didn't want to spoil when it was. Either that, or he would mention how he was going to turn 30 before the end of the year and how he was "old". When his birthday finally came around, I found out via his Instagram story seeing him in Tampa.

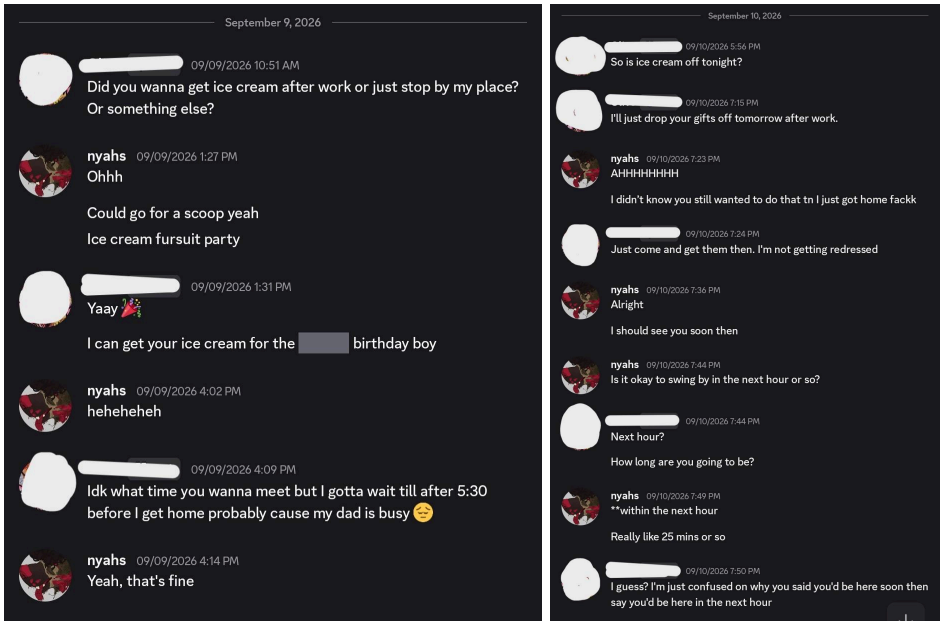
> Dove Note: He seemed to have visited someone he only referred to as a "new friend" in Tampa, who through them being tagged on his stories I found out was a 21 year-old trans man. Again, not a problem in isolation but the consistent, repeated pattern of Quentin interacting with primarily younger folk and being one-on-one with them was starting to nag at me.

I had asked him a few weeks prior if he'd want to go and do something that weekend, to which he'd simply replied "I think I'm going to be busy" without saying with what. After Megaplex, I had begun working on a badge for him for his birthday, however since I did not know when that would be, I hadn't completed it. Upon seeing it was his birthday I rushed to finish it, messaged him about how he hadn't told me and how I was disappointed I didn't have time to get it to him before his birthday. He simply brushed off the concern and said "I probably told you before, you just don't remember."

I had not been told before, either in messages or in person, a date. I keep all my friends birthdays on my calendar as to not forget, and Quentin not stating his at any point (digitally or in-person) made me upset when I'd been forthcoming when mine was when he asked.

Two weeks later, when it was finally convenient for him, I offered to take him out to birthday ice cream and to give him his gifts. He agreed to a mutual time of 6PM, after work hours, where he would come and pick me up to share on gas. 6PM rolled around, he hadn't shown up, and I had messaged him several times asking if he had to cancel again or if something came up. No reply.

It was only one hours later (at 7PM) that he finally replied, saying he had been busy at work. I told him I would drop off his gift at his house since I didn't want to go out anymore at such a late hour, and he asked if he could at least pick it up from my place. I said he could, but that I wasn't going to go out for ice cream with him. He agreed and said he would be over in half an hour.



Quentin finally showed up one hour later, at 9PM, when I was in my pajamas and my parents were winding down. We spoke outside on the front entrance while I partially cried explaining my frustrations with being his friend. Such notes being:

1) I felt like he didn't respect me enough to communicate when he claimed he would try to during my previous explanation of faults,
   I had been feeling like he didn't value me as a person and only as an accessory that could get him things:
   a) Gifts
   b) Access to the Megaplex pool
   c) Help him with photo shoots
   d) Introduce him to other people I knew and trusted,
2) I apologized for not wanting to fuck him and how demeaned I felt as a person for him to seemingly pull away after the initial "fun" phase of our friendship in the beginning,
3) I expressed how tiring it felt trying to defend his seeming lack of enthusiasm to be friends to my own friends and family, whom all told me he seemed like a boring manipulator type, and how I had begun to feel like there was no defending or making adequate excuses for him anymore and,
4) I gave him an ultimatum of either he promises to try and work on himself and we remain friends or we stop being friends altogether and just be acquaintances since all the signs I had been getting from him were distance and aloofness to my genuine attempts to be friends.

Quentin, upon getting his gift and seeing the badge I'd made him read the note on the back of the badge, continued to repeat "man, I don't deserve this" and "I am a huge piece of shit" and "I really do not deserve you as a friend" repeatedly instead of commenting or trying to give any push back to my emotional outburst. He said he didn't *not* want to be friends with me, claimed he'd try to work on being better at communicating, and when he asked for a hug before leaving I said I didn't feel comfortable hugging (which he respected and did not try to hug me).

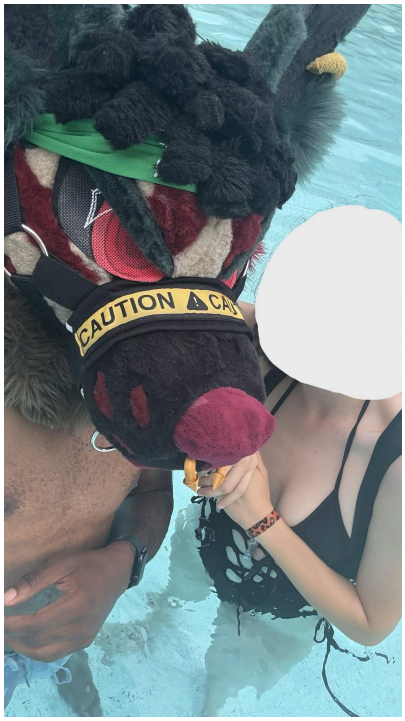
Dove Note: I told him point-blank that I would never be attracted to him or allow myself to be in order to protect my own piece of mind, which seemed to be one of the only points that he seemed genuinely upset and sighed/hung his shoulders.

The Only Photos I Have With Quentin (and why they make me uncomfortable)

The only three photos I have of myself with Quentin are these series:







I do not usually ask/offer to take photos due to my body/face dysmorphia and generally feeling awkward with cameras on me. Quentin has only ever asked to take pictures with/of me three times: and all times were when I was in “accentuative” clothing or he’d comment on how I “looked beautiful/pretty” in them. One being me in my corset and full-length dress, another in one of the rare times I ever wore a casual dress out with him (covering my v-neck bust in the photo and partially my face out of discomfort), and the last when we were in the Megaplex pool (which he didn’t ask, and merely moved the camera to be front-facing and held it up over us) while I was wearing a new (and admittedly revealing) bathing suit. He never asked to take selfies with me when I was in my casual attire, or in my comfy/more conservative clothes. Only these three times, in clothes that accentuated my figure/features in ways he’d comment on.

Dove Note: I understand if there are thoughts along the lines of “you’re a hypocrite, if you didn’t want to be photographed in those outfits you wouldn’t wear them at all. You must be comfortable enough wearing them out and being seen to just take photos with a friend”. However, there is a different mentality between “I am going to go out, people will see me then forget I ever existed by tomorrow” and “This single snapshot of me exists, forever, in someone else’s camera reel and it’s in clothing that reveals my body when I never thought I’d be asked to take a photo”. I can wear something revealing and be in control of if it gets posted somewhere, or if it’s seen at all. I cannot control what Quentin may do with these photos. There is a power imbalance.

Goblin Market – September – My Last Interaction

During the September Goblin Market I attended with a handful of other friends, met new people locally I’d been meaning to catch, and had a genuinely fun time. I saw Quentin hovering around the event close to other suiters (whom did not seem to be talking to him). He was wearing Nasir and seemed genuinely confused when I approached him to greet him/ask how he was. He was

quiet and dismissive, saying he was there and “hanging out”. When I asked if he wanted to walk around with myself and a friend, he waved me off and said he was hanging out with others.

Ten minutes later, I noticed him wandering the artist market and asked what happened to his friends. He said they “went to do something else” and that he was just doing his own thing. I let him tag along with myself and my friend, until he seemed to grow bored/distant (hard to tell with Nasir on) and wandered off mid-conversation with us.

I did not see Quentin for the rest of the event outside of one final spotting, which we spoke briefly since he’d mentioned wanting to look for plushies. I commented I hadn’t seen any vendors with big plushies but asked him what he wanted one for (to assess if there were any vendors with smaller keychain/accessory plushies that may fit what he was looking for). Quentin became defensive and scoffed, saying something “can’t a man just want a plushie?” before I apologized and explained I just wanted to know so I could better direct him if there were any vendors I could remember seeing. I never found out what kind of plushie he was looking for.

Conclusive Statement

After my last Goblin Market interaction with him, I had been informed by several individuals who saw me posting photos with Quentin/Nasir on my social media of who he was and the information detailed in several beware posts about him. After reading all the beware documents/comments regarding him, much of his behavior/actions towards/around me made much more sense in hindsight.

I understand that many may take the screenshots and ways I’ve described things in this document and say “it sounds like you were the problem and too confused”. Maybe. I blamed myself for everything while Quentin and I were friends, apologized for my attempts to make boundaries and understand my own emotions, and tried to salvage the friendship where I could. That was from my desire to be friends, to keep a bond with someone who did (admittedly) show up at a very low point in my life when I felt very lonely and was trying to find my footing with other stresses compounding on top of things. I now realize the friendship was mostly me doing the heavy lifting, and that keeping it was unfair to myself and to my other friends who did feel genuinely uncomfortable with Quentin’s presence.

My time with Quentin was not entirely horrible. I had assumed he was just a socially awkward man who tended to connect with younger folks. I now know the actions/behavior he showed with me were repeated from other victims.

There were moments where I felt genuinely safe with him, but as our friendship began to deteriorate I grew tired trying to come up with excuses for his behavior and lack of effort in our friendship.

He is not a terrible person to most. He was not entirely a monster with me, but knowing what others have said, I do not recommend seeking him out or trying to instigate anything with him. Please just let others know of him. You may not even believe anything I’ve detailed in this document, which is entirely your choice, but please just take everything as a word of caution that I’ve detailed (especially if you are fem-presenting or trans-masc).

Addendums (Additions)

10/29/26 - I was recently reminded of the fact that Quentin had mentioned that he was commissioning/making(?) a new Nasir suit or at least a head (unfortunately, I do not know the name of the maker. He never gave it and he may have been sarcastic in saying it would take a while to make, nor did I ask for more details in passing).

