



HALLOWEEN 2026
FREE MEMBERS VERSION

Sexy 3D COMICS
BY GONZO
GONZO
STUDIOS

NOVEMBER

RELEASE SCHEDULE

STORIES
CHARACTERS
COMEDY
AND A LITTLE
MISBEHAVIOUR... 

SAT 7 NOV		FANTASYLAND FILM NIGHT	Fantasyland: Film Night A special release for all tiers	ALL TIERS
WED 11 NOV		FANTASYLAND VACATION TIME Pt4	Fantasyland Pt4 Mini Comic A short adventure for all tiers	ALL TIERS
SAT 14 NOV		BLACKMAILED SURVIVOR Pt4	Blackmailed: Survivor Pt4 The story continues	<i>Sexy3D</i> COMICS BY GONZO
WED 18 NOV		FREE MEMBER UPDATE	Free Member Update News, previews and more!	FREE STUFF
SAT 21 NOV		FANTASYLAND VACATION TIME Pt5	The story concludes To Gonzo Studios Tier	GONZO STUDIOS
WED 25 NOV		BLACKMAILED SURVIVOR Pt4	Blackmailed: Pt4 Mini Comic A short adventure for all tiers	ALL TIERS
SAT 28 NOV		TO BE ANNOUNCED	To be announced New release – more details soon!	ALL TIERS



VISIT MY BLOG SITE FOR UPDATES WE DON'T WANT TO CLUTTER
THE PATREON MEMBERS AREA WITH.

This way I can share whats coming, behind the scenes & even the occasional freebie
without cluttering up the members area, the yellow text will take you there.

[HTTPS://SEXY3DCOMICS.COM/](https://sexy3dcomics.com/)

THIS WILL NOT REPLACE PATREON.

IT'S JUST A PLACE I CAN PUT PROMOTION, FREEBIES AND LINKS IN ONE LOGICAL PLACE

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[HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/GONZOSTUDIOS](https://www.patreon.com/gonzostudios)

WE'RE ALREADY LATE AND HE'S LEANING AGAINST THE COUNTER LIKE WE HAVE ALL NIGHT. BEER IN HAND, EYES HALF-LIDDED, THAT STUPID PIRATE HAT CROOKED ON HIS HEAD.

"MARTIN, WE SAID NINE. IT'S ALMOST TEN."

HE TAKES ANOTHER LONG PULL AND WAVES THE BOTTLE AT ME.

"CHILL, SABRINA. IT'S HALLOWEEN. NO ONE'S SHOWING UP ON TIME ANYWAY."

I CROSS MY ARMS, THE BLACK LACE OF THE WITCH DRESS PULLING TIGHT ACROSS MY CHEST.

THE PURPLE HAT IS ALREADY GIVING ME A HEADACHE. "I'M DRESSED. YOU'RE DRUNK. CAN WE JUST GO?"



HE SWAYS A LITTLE WHEN HE PUSHES OFF THE
COUNTER AND I FEEL THAT FAMILIAR SPARK
OF IRRITATION FLARE IN MY CHEST.

"MAYBE YOU SHOULD SLOW DOWN," I SAY,
NODDING AT THE HALF-EMPTY BOTTLE.

"WE HAVEN'T EVEN LEFT THE HOUSE YET."



HIS MOUTH TWISTS. THAT LOOK HE GETS WHEN HE THINKS I'M NAGGING.

"IT'S A PARTY, BABE. THAT'S WHAT YOU DO AT PARTIES."

"I'M DRINKING EXACTLY THE RIGHT AMOUNT. I CAN HANDLE WAY MORE THAN THIS. YOU'RE THE ONE HARSHING THE VIBE BEFORE WE'VE EVEN WALKED OUT THE DOOR."

HE GESTURES WITH THE BOTTLE, SOME OF THE BEER SLOSHING

"IT'S HALLOWEEN. LOOSEN UP. STOP TRYING TO MOTHER ME."



MY JAW TIGHTENS. THE CUTE LITTLE WITCH OUTFIT SUDDENLY FEELS RIDICULOUS WHEN I'M STANDING HERE ARGUING WITH HIM IN THE KITCHEN WHILE HE GETS DRUNK.

"I'M NOT MOTHERING YOU. I JUST DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT BABYSITTING."

HE MUTTERS SOMETHING UNDER HIS BREATH BUT FOLLOWS, BOTTLE STILL IN HAND. I DON'T LOOK BACK.

THE NIGHT'S ALREADY STARTING TO FEEL LIKE A WASTE AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN MADE IT TO THE PARTY YET.

ALL I WANT IS TO GET THERE, FIND A DRINK OF MY OWN, AND FORGET HOW ANNOYED I ALREADY AM.



THE HOUSE IS PACKED THE SECOND WE WALK IN. COSTUMES EVERYWHERE—WITCHES, VAMPIRES, SLUTTY NURSES, A GUY IN A FULL DINOSAUR SUIT TRYING NOT TO KNOCK DRINKS OVER. MUSIC THUMPS HARD ENOUGH THAT I FEEL IT IN MY CHEST.

OFF TO THE LEFT THE LIVING ROOM'S BEEN CLEARED INTO A MAKESHIFT DANCE FLOOR, BODIES ALREADY MOVING.

IN THE FAR CORNER A LONG BAR'S BEEN SET UP, BOTTLES LINED UP UNDER PURPLE AND ORANGE LIGHTS.

FOR THE FIRST TIME ALL NIGHT I ACTUALLY SMILE. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED.



YOUR WORDS HERE....I TURN TO MARTIN, THE IRRITATION
FROM THE KITCHEN ALREADY STARTING TO FADE.

"OKAY, THIS IS ACTUALLY AWESOME. LOOK AT THIS PLACE."

I BUMP HIS SHOULDER WITH MINE, TRYING TO PULL HIM INTO IT.
THE LITTLE PURPLE WITCH HAT TIPS AND I HAVE TO CATCH IT.
"SEE? TOLD YOU IT'D BE WORTH IT."



HE SCANS THE ROOM, MOUTH ALREADY TWISTING.

"MUSIC'S SHIT," HE MUTTERS, LOUD ENOUGH FOR ME TO HEAR OVER THE BASS. "TOO LOUD. I'M GONNA FIND THE BAR."

HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK AT THE DANCE FLOOR. JUST STARTS PUSHING THROUGH PEOPLE LIKE THE REST OF THE PARTY DOESN'T EXIST.



I CATCH HIS ARM BEFORE HE CAN FULLY DISAPPEAR.

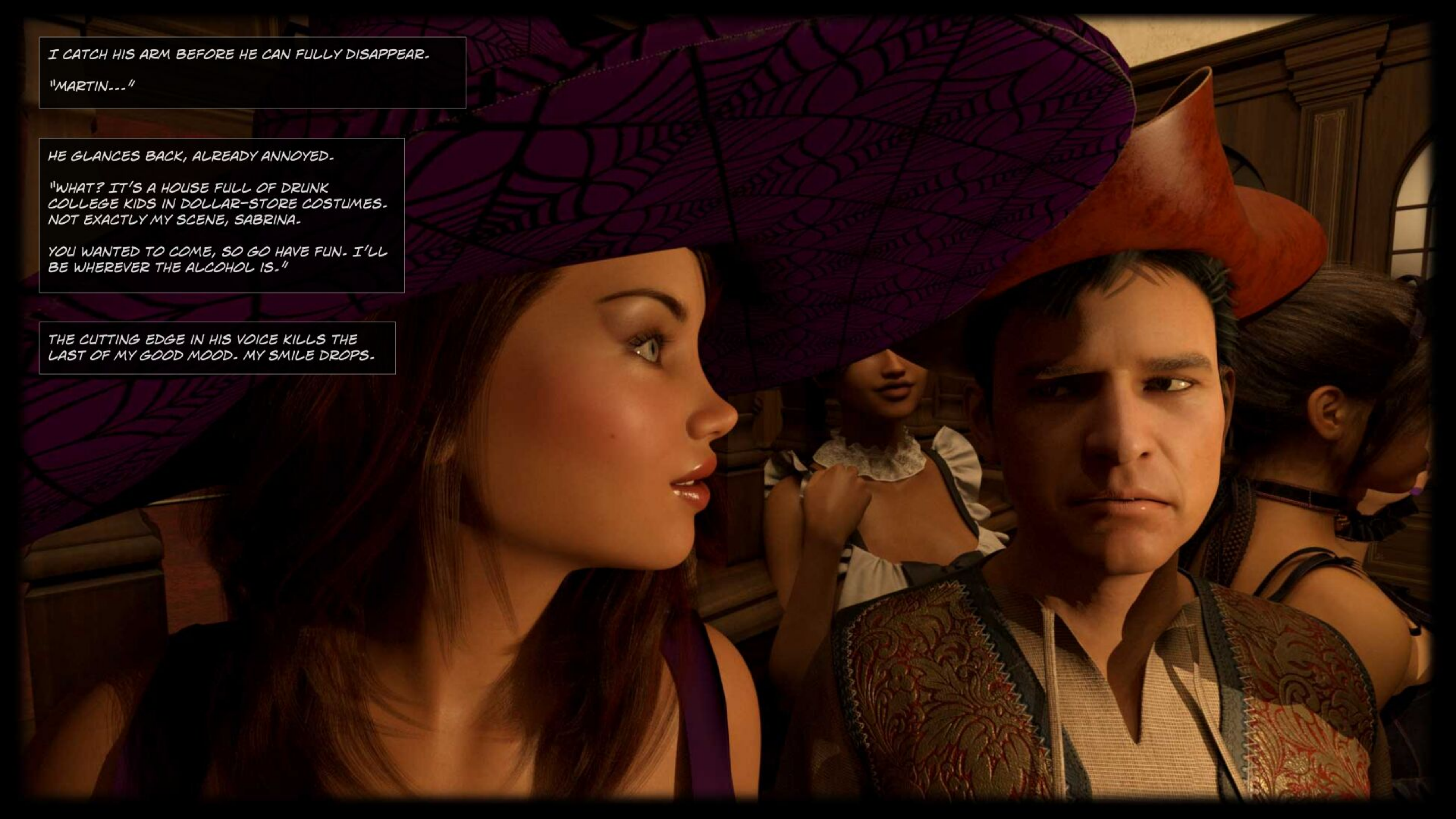
"MARTIN..."

HE GLANCES BACK, ALREADY ANNOYED.

"WHAT? IT'S A HOUSE FULL OF DRUNK
COLLEGE KIDS IN DOLLAR-STORE COSTUMES.
NOT EXACTLY MY SCENE, SABRINA.

YOU WANTED TO COME, SO GO HAVE FUN. I'LL
BE WHEREVER THE ALCOHOL IS."

THE CUTTING EDGE IN HIS VOICE KILLS THE
LAST OF MY GOOD MOOD. MY SMILE DROPS.



I LET GO OF HIS ARM AND GESTURE TOWARD THE BODIES
MOVING UNDER THE LIGHTS.

"I'M GOING TO DANCE. YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME OR NOT?"

MY VOICE IS FLAT NOW. I'M ALREADY BRACING FOR THE ANSWER



I TURN BACK TOWARD HIM AND FREEZE.

HE'S ALREADY GOT A FRESH BEER
IN HIS HAND, RAISED IN A
HALF-ASSED TOAST. THE PIRATE
HAT IS STILL CROOKED. HE TAKES A
LONG DRINK, THEN SHRUGS.

"I'VE GOT EXACTLY WHAT I WANT
RIGHT HERE. GO DANCE. HAVE FUN."

HE TURNS TOWARD THE BAR
WITHOUT WAITING FOR A REPLY.

I STAND THERE FOR A SECOND, THE BASS
VIBRATING THROUGH THE FLOOR UNDER MY
BOOTS, WATCHING HIS BACK DISAPPEAR
INTO THE CROWD. THEN I ADJUST MY WITCH
HAT, TAKE A BREATH, AND HEAD FOR THE
DANCE FLOOR ALONE.



THE DANCE FLOOR IS A CRUSH OF BODIES AND COSTUMES—SOME GORGEOUS, SOME RIDICULOUS, ALL OF THEM MOVING.

HE BASS IS HEAVY ENOUGH THAT IT VIBRATES UP THROUGH MY BOOTS AND INTO MY CHEST.

I CLOSE MY EYES FOR A SECOND AND TRY TO SHAKE MARTIN OFF. HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY HALFWAY THROUGH HIS SECOND BEER, LEANING ON THE BAR LIKE THE PARTY IS HAPPENING SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I DON'T CARE. NOT RIGHT NOW.



SOMEONE STEPS INTO MY SPACE.
TALL. BROAD. DARK SKIN
STRETCHED TIGHT OVER MUSCLE
UNDER A TIGHT, ALMOST
FETISH-STYLE OUTFIT THAT LEAVES
VERY LITTLE TO THE IMAGINATION.

HIS FACE IS COMPLETELY GONE
BEHIND A FULL PUMPKIN MASK.





HE DOESN'T SPEAK. JUST MOVES WITH
THE BEAT, CLOSE ENOUGH THAT I CAN
FEEL THE HEAT COMING OFF HIM.

NORMALLY I'D HAVE TURNED AWAY. NORMALLY I'D
HAVE GONE LOOKING FOR MARTIN. BUT MARTIN'S
ALREADY PISSED ME OFF TONIGHT, AND I'M NOT IN
THE MOOD TO STAND AROUND BEING IGNORED.

A DANCE IS JUST A DANCE. IF HE HAPPENS TO LOOK OVER
FROM THE BAR AND SEE ME, THAT'S HIS PROBLEM.

I STEP CLOSER.

WE KEEP MOVING. THE SPACE BETWEEN US
SHRINKS WITH EVERY BEAT. HIS HANDS FIND MY
WAIST, THEN MY HIPS, GUIDING ME. I LET HIM.
THE PUMPKIN MASK TILTS DOWN TOWARD ME
LIKE HE'S WATCHING EVERY REACTION.

I SHOULD PULL BACK. I DON'T.



HIS HANDS SLIDE LOWER, THEN HIGHER, PALMING MY ASS, THEN UP UNDER THE HEM OF THE WITCH DRESS, FINGERS BRUSHING THE BARE SKIN OF MY THIGHS. HEAT FLOODS THROUGH ME. I'M WET ALREADY AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN KISSED.

THIS IS WAY TOO FAR. I KNOW THAT. BUT MARTIN'S SOMEWHERE GETTING DRUNK AND I'VE SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT FRUSTRATED. RIGHT NOW I JUST NEED TO FEEL SOMETHING THAT ISN'T IRRITATION. I GRIND BACK AGAINST HIM ANYWAY.





I CATCH MYSELF. ONE MORE
SECOND AND I'M GOING TO LET
HIM PULL ME INTO A DARK CORNER.

I PUT A HAND ON HIS CHEST AND
STEP BACK, BREATHING HARDER
THAN I SHOULD BE.

"I NEED TO CHECK ON MY
BOYFRIEND," I SAY, VOICE SHAKY.

THE MASK DOESN'T ANSWER. HE
JUST WATCHES ME GO.

I FIND MARTIN EXACTLY WHERE I EXPECTED:
SLUMPED ON ONE OF THE SOFAS, HEAD TIPPED BACK,
MOUTH OPEN. THE BEER IS STILL IN HIS HAND,
HALF-SPILLED ACROSS HIS PIRATE COSTUME.

LOW EXPECTATIONS AND HE STILL
MANAGED TO UNDERCUT THEM.

I STARE AT HIM FOR A SECOND.
HE DOESN'T EVEN STIR.



WHEN I TURN AROUND, THE PUMPKIN
MASK IS RIGHT THERE.

HE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.
JUST OFFERS HIS HAND.

I LOOK AT IT. LOOK BACK AT
MARTIN, PASSED OUT AND USELESS.
THEN I TAKE THE HAND



HE LEADS. I FOLLOW.

STEP BY STEP UP THE STAIRS,
AWAY FROM THE MUSIC AND THE
CROWD AND THE BOYFRIEND WHO
CAN'T EVEN STAY AWAKE.

MY HEART IS POUNDING. I KNOW
EXACTLY WHERE THIS IS GOING
AND I DON'T STOP HIM.



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THAT'S ALL I CAN SHOW YOU IN THE FREE MEMBERS VERSION

STORY CONTINUES IN THE MEMBERS AREA

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