

KaraComet
Presents

DRAFTED

Chapter 1
Deadline
Dilemma

**NYMPH'S
HOLLOW**



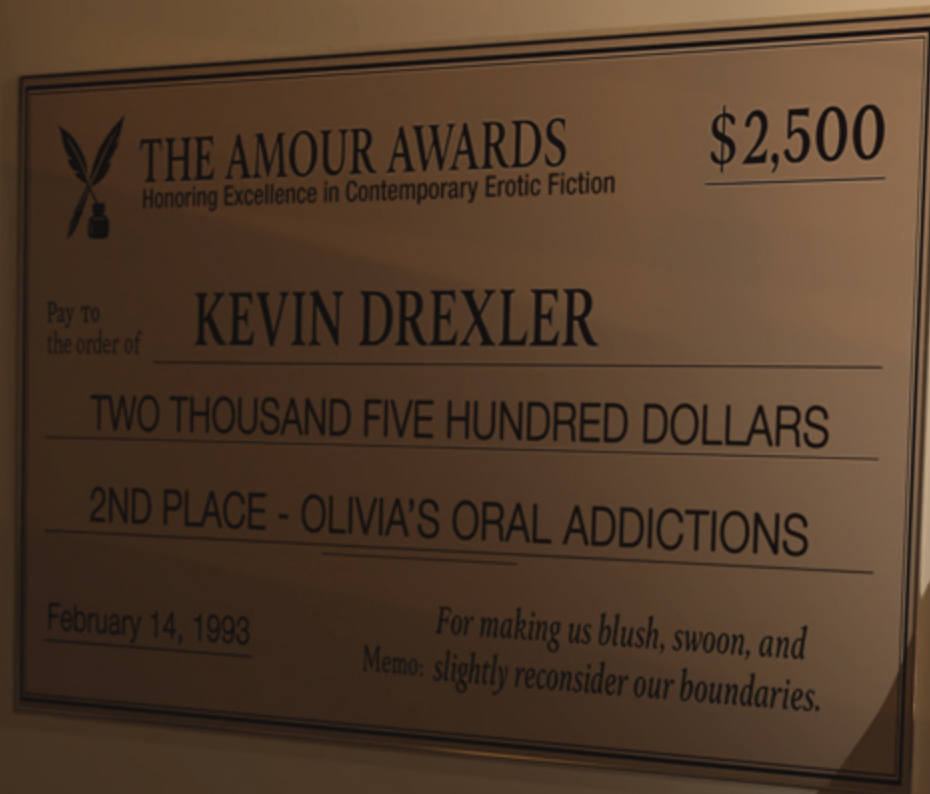
MY NAME IS KEVIN DREXLER, AND THIS IS MY HOME...

OR, AT LEAST, THIS IS HOW I THINK I LEFT IT...

AND, HONESTLY, I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I'VE SEEN IT...

BUT I STILL THINK ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME...

AND THE PEACEFUL QUIET THAT NATURALLY CAME WITH BEING AN INTROVERT, THINGS I TOOK FOR GRANTED...



I LIVED ALONE, IF YOU COULDN'T GUESS, IN A ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT IN A SMALL CITY...

WHICH IS A MUCH DIFFERENT VIBE THAN THE PLACE I'M CURRENTLY STUCK IN...

ARDS
Erotic Fiction

\$2,500

KLER

HUNDRED DOLLARS

RAL ADDICTIONS

making us blush, swoon, and
tly reconsider our boundaries.

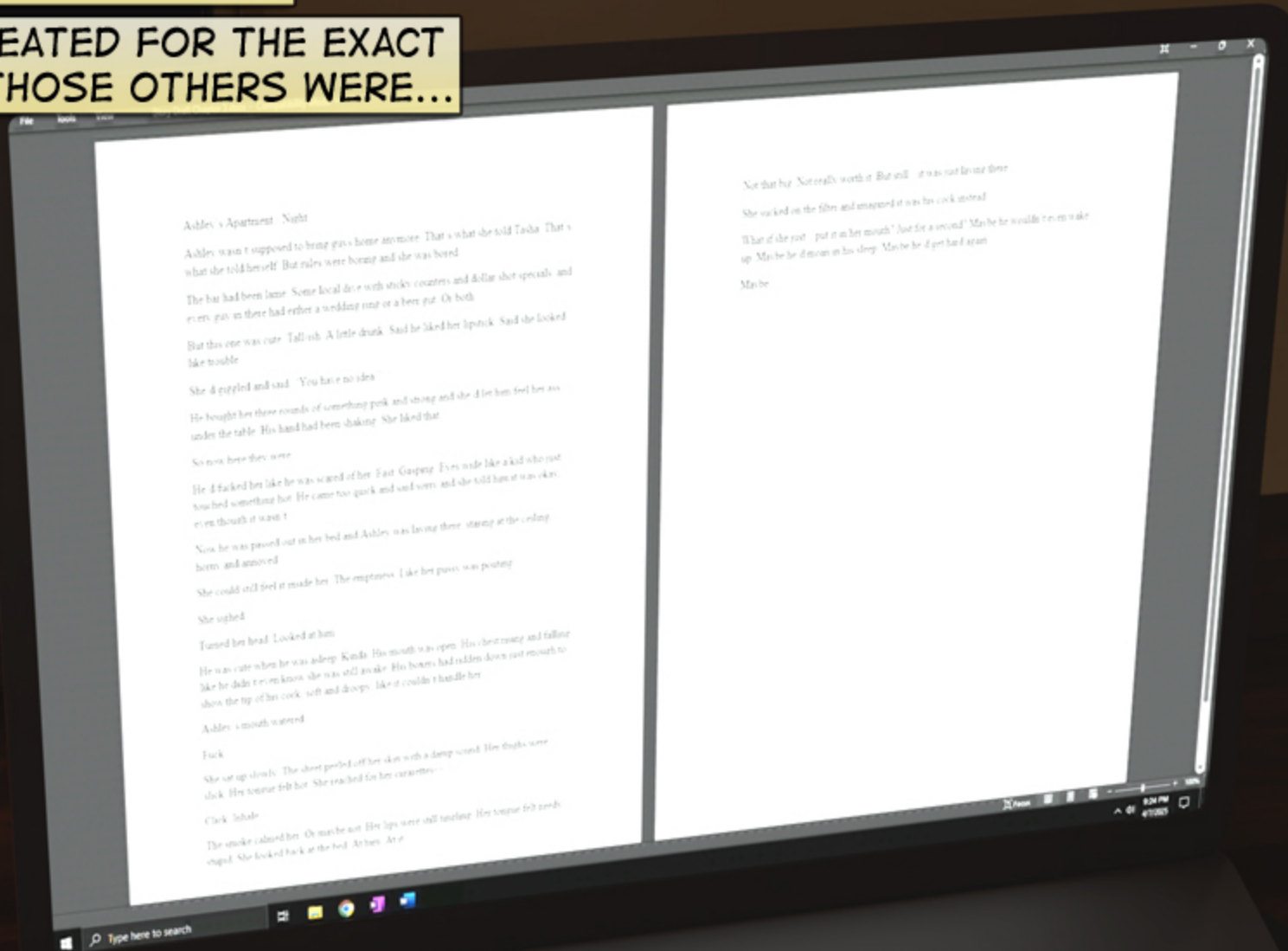


BUT A PLACE LIKE THE ONE I'M LIVING IN NOW DOESN'T REALLY EXIST, DOES IT...?

EXCEPT IN MAYBE SITCOMS OR SOME LAME-ASS MADE-FOR-TV ROMANCE...

BUT, LET'S BE REAL. WHO AM I TO TALK...?

**THIS PLACE WAS CREATED FOR THE EXACT
SAME REASON ALL THOSE OTHERS WERE...**



Adley's Apartment - Night

Adley wasn't supposed to bring your phone anymore. That's what she told Tasha. That's what she told herself. But rules were boring and she was bored.

The bar had been here. Some local dice with sticky counters and dollar shot specials, and every guy in there had either a wedding ring or a beer gut. Or both.

But this one was cute. Tall-ish. A little drunk. Said he liked her lipstick. Said she looked like trouble.

She giggled and said, "You have no idea."

He brought her these sounds of something peck and strong and she'd let him feel his ass under the table. His hand had been shaking. She liked that.

So now here they were.

He'd facked her like he was scared of her. Fast. Gasping. Eyes wide like a kid who just touched something hot. He came too quick and said sorry and she told him it was okay, even though it wasn't.

Now he was passed out in her bed and Adley was lying there, staring at the ceiling, horny and annoyed.

She could still feel it inside her. The emptiness. Like her pussy was pouring.

She sighed.

Turned her head. Looked at him.

He was cute when he was asleep. Kinda. His mouth was open. His chest rising and falling like he didn't even know she was still awake. His bones had ridden down just enough to show the tip of his cock, soft and droopy, like it couldn't handle her.

Adley's mouth watered.

Fuck.

She sat up slowly. The sheet peeled off her skin with a damp sound. Her thighs were slick. Her vagina felt hot. She reached for her vibrator.

Click. Inhale.

The vibrator vibrated. Or maybe not. Her lips were still taut. Her vagina felt numb. She looked back at the bed. Arses. Arse.

Not that he. Not really worth it. But still. It was not living time.

She sucked on the fibre and imagined it was his cock instead.

What if she just put it in her mouth? Just for a second? Maybe he would even wake up. Maybe he'd move in his sleep. Maybe he'd get hard again.

Maybe.

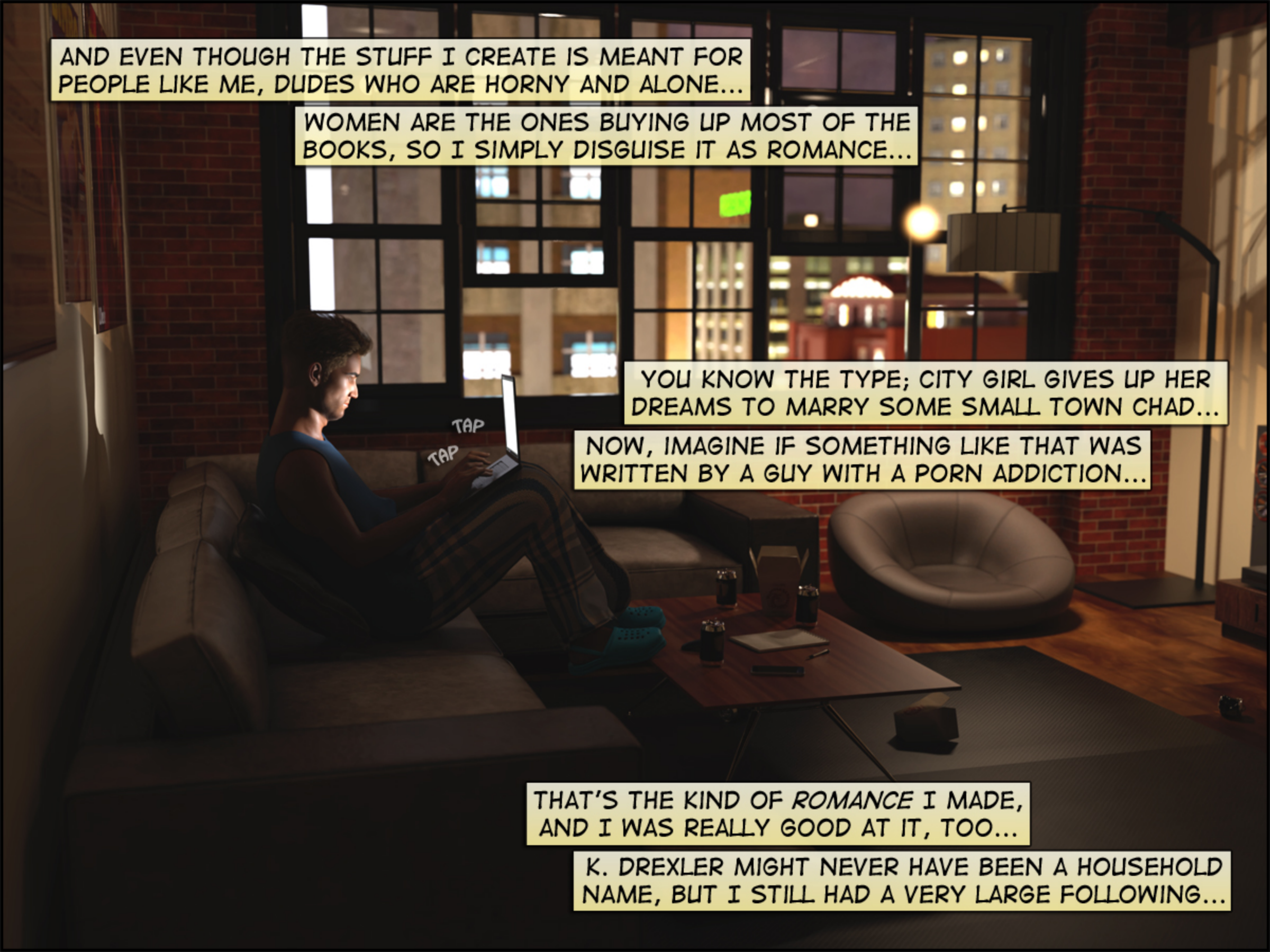
TAP

TAP

TAP

**BECAUSE A LARGE DEMOGRAPHIC OF
FEMALES APPARENTLY PREFER IT...**

**AND IF YOU PANDER TO THEM ENOUGH,
THEY JUST MIGHT BUY YOUR PRODUCT...**



AND EVEN THOUGH THE STUFF I CREATE IS MEANT FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME, DUDES WHO ARE HORNY AND ALONE...

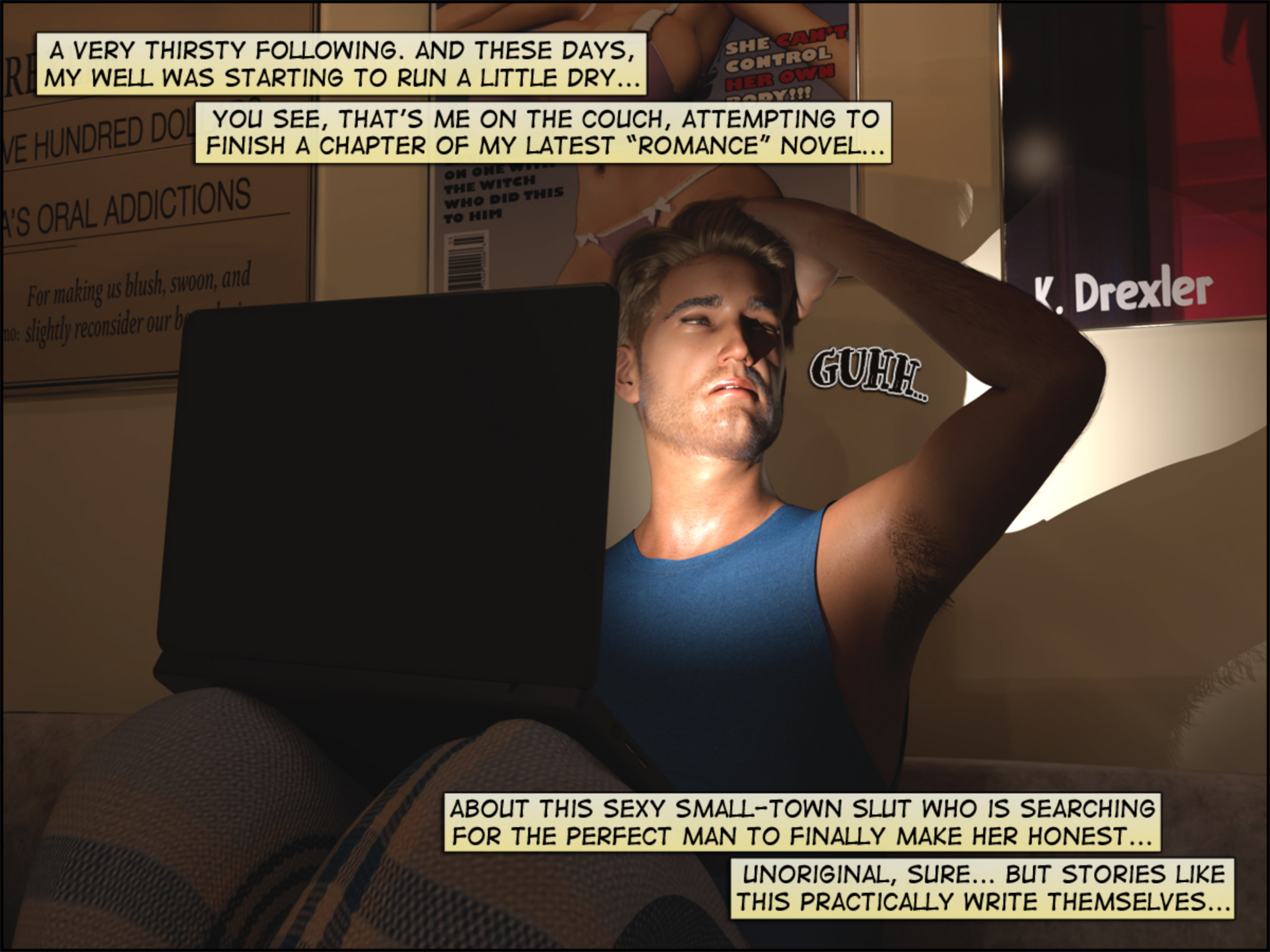
WOMEN ARE THE ONES BUYING UP MOST OF THE BOOKS, SO I SIMPLY DISGUISE IT AS ROMANCE...

YOU KNOW THE TYPE; CITY GIRL GIVES UP HER DREAMS TO MARRY SOME SMALL TOWN CHAD...

NOW, IMAGINE IF SOMETHING LIKE THAT WAS WRITTEN BY A GUY WITH A PORN ADDICTION...

THAT'S THE KIND OF *ROMANCE* I MADE, AND I WAS REALLY GOOD AT IT, TOO...

K. DREXLER MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN A HOUSEHOLD NAME, BUT I STILL HAD A VERY LARGE FOLLOWING...

A man with short brown hair and a light beard, wearing a blue tank top, is sitting on a couch. He is leaning back with his right hand behind his head, looking upwards with a thoughtful expression. The room is dimly lit, and the background is covered with various posters and signs. One poster on the left says "VE HUNDRED DO" and "S ORAL ADDICTIONS". Another poster in the center says "ON ONE WITH THE WITCH WHO DID THIS TO HIM". A poster on the right says "SHE CAN'T CONTROL HER OWN BODY!!!". A sign on the far right says "K. Drexler".

A VERY THIRSTY FOLLOWING. AND THESE DAYS, MY WELL WAS STARTING TO RUN A LITTLE DRY...

YOU SEE, THAT'S ME ON THE COUCH, ATTEMPTING TO FINISH A CHAPTER OF MY LATEST "ROMANCE" NOVEL...

GUHH...

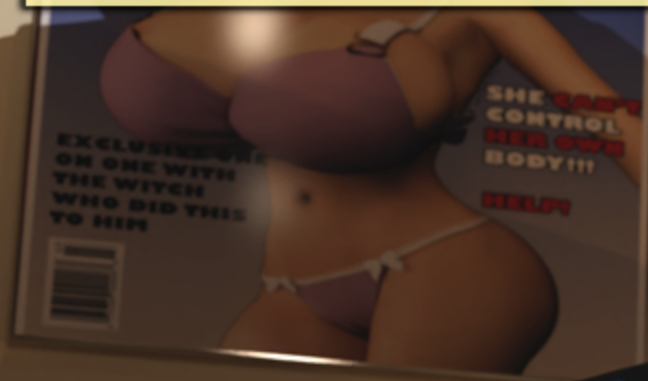
ABOUT THIS SEXY SMALL-TOWN SLUT WHO IS SEARCHING FOR THE PERFECT MAN TO FINALLY MAKE HER HONEST...

UNORIGINAL, SURE... BUT STORIES LIKE THIS PRACTICALLY WRITE THEMSELVES...

00

SO I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
I WAS HAVING SO MUCH TROUBLE...

THIS WAS THE ONE THING I KNEW HOW
TO DO IN LIFE, AND I JUST COULDN'T...



IT WAS FRUSTRATING...

AND WHEN YOU'RE FRUSTRATED, YOU MAY
NOT ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST DECISIONS...

LIKE DRINKING AN ENTIRE TWELVE PACK
OF CHEAP BEER IN UNDER TWO HOURS...

SIGH

I JUST
NEED TO STOP
LOOKING AT IT
FOR A COUPLE
MINUTES...

IN RETROSPECT, THAT PROBABLY DIDN'T HELP ME...

YET, AT THE TIME, IT FELT LIKE THE
ONLY THING THAT ACTUALLY COULD...

"DRINK ENOUGH, AND YOUR PROBLEMS WILL EVENTUALLY TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES..."

-HEMINGWAY,
PROBABLY...

GULP

AT LEAST HE KNEW WHEN
TO FINALLY CALL IT QUITS...

NOT THAT I HADN'T CONSIDERED,
I JUST COULDN'T AFFORD A GUN.

AND I'M TOO MUCH OF A COWARD...

BUT IT'S NOT LIKE MY
LIFE WAS THE *WORST*...

SURE, I WAS OVER FIFTY, BROKE AND
ALONE, WITH A MOUNTAIN OF DEBT...



BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS ROOM FOR IT TO GET EVEN WORSE...

BZZZZZT



Memo: slightly reconsider our boundaries.

K. Drey

OH,
SHIT...

WHY IS
HE CALLING
ME THIS
LATE?

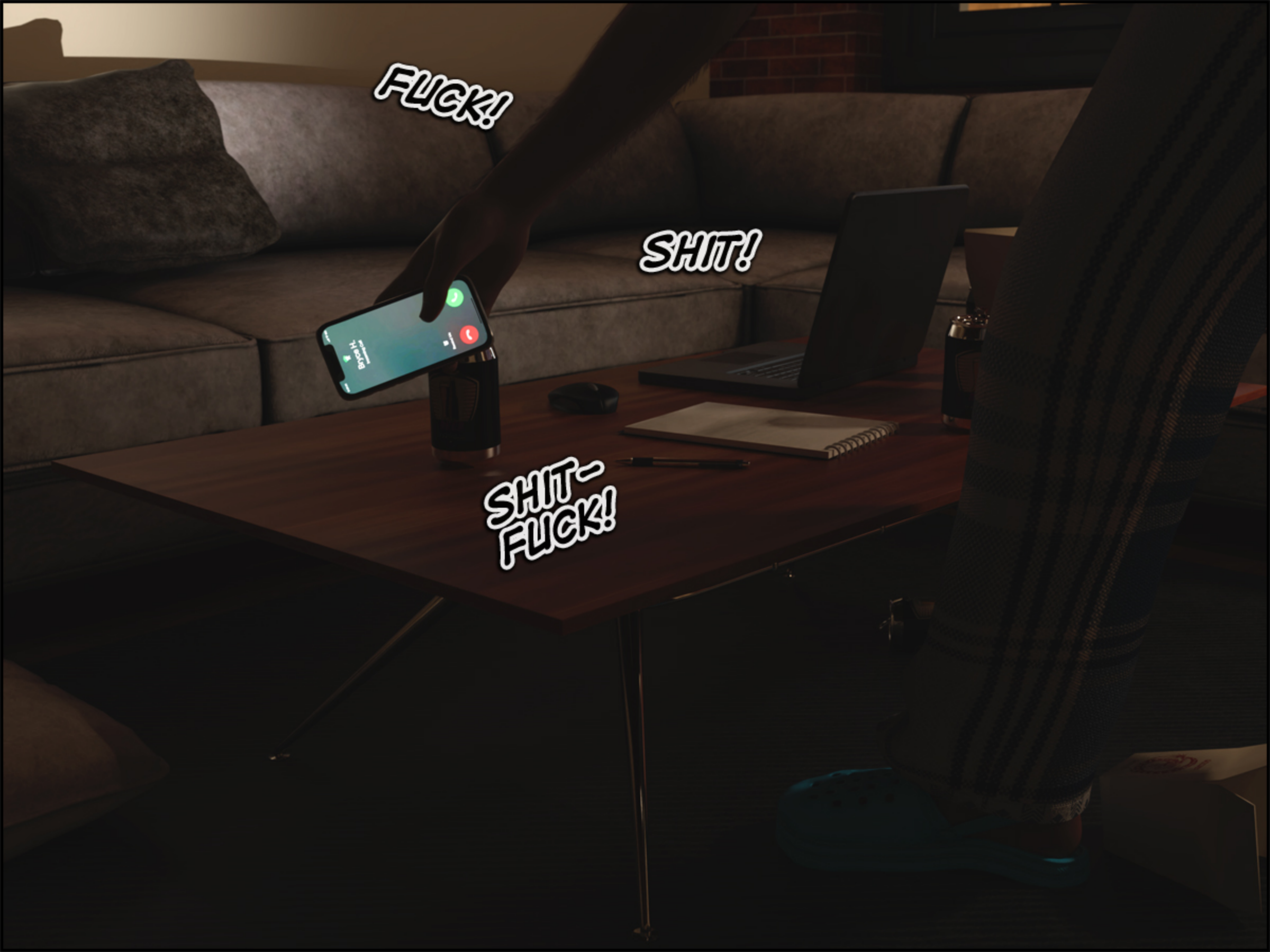
BZZZZZT



FUCK!

SHIT!

SHIT-
FUCK!

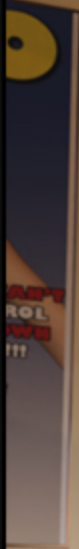


SHOULD
I JUST LET IT
GO TO VOICE-
MAIL...?

I'M
ALREADY
ON THIN ICE,
SO PROBABLY
NOT...

BZZZZT

WHAT
THE HELL
DO I TELL
HIM...?



Nancy's
lightly
Needs

YEAH?
YOU GET TO THE
PART WHERE I SAID
THE DEADLINE WAS
YESTERDAY?

HE-EY,
UH... JUST
SAW ALL YOUR
MESSAGES...

HEH

WAS
IT...?

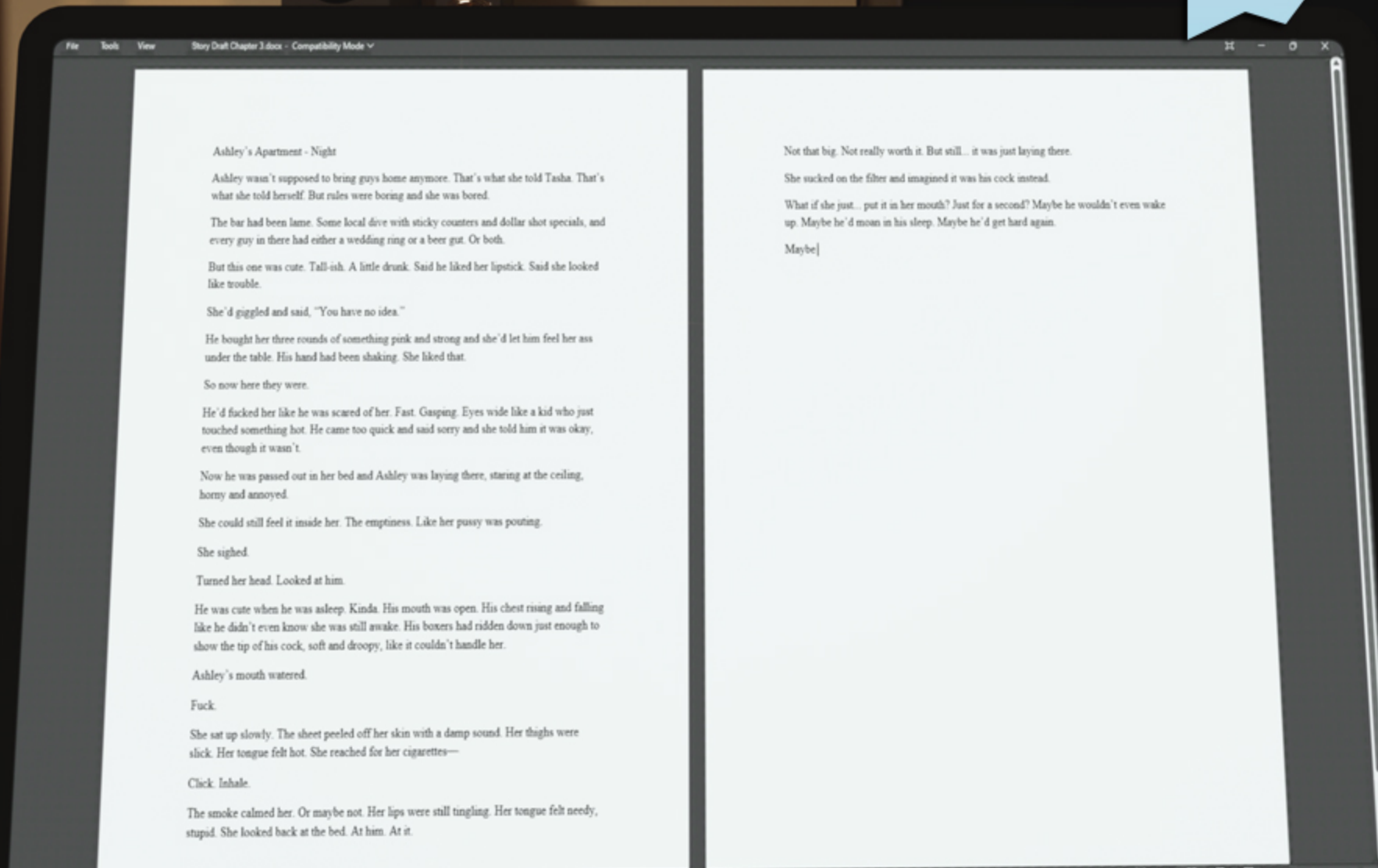
I'VE BEEN
SO WRAPPED UP
IN FINISHING THIS
BOOK I, UH...

MUST'VE
LOST TRACK OF
THE DAYS...

MHM. AND
WHAT CHAPTER
ARE YOU ON,
EXACTLY?

UH...
ALMOST
T-THE LAST
ONE...

FUNNY.
THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT YOU SAID
TWO WEEKS
AGO...



DID I?
STRANGE... I
UH... WELL, WHAT
I MEANT THEN
WAS...

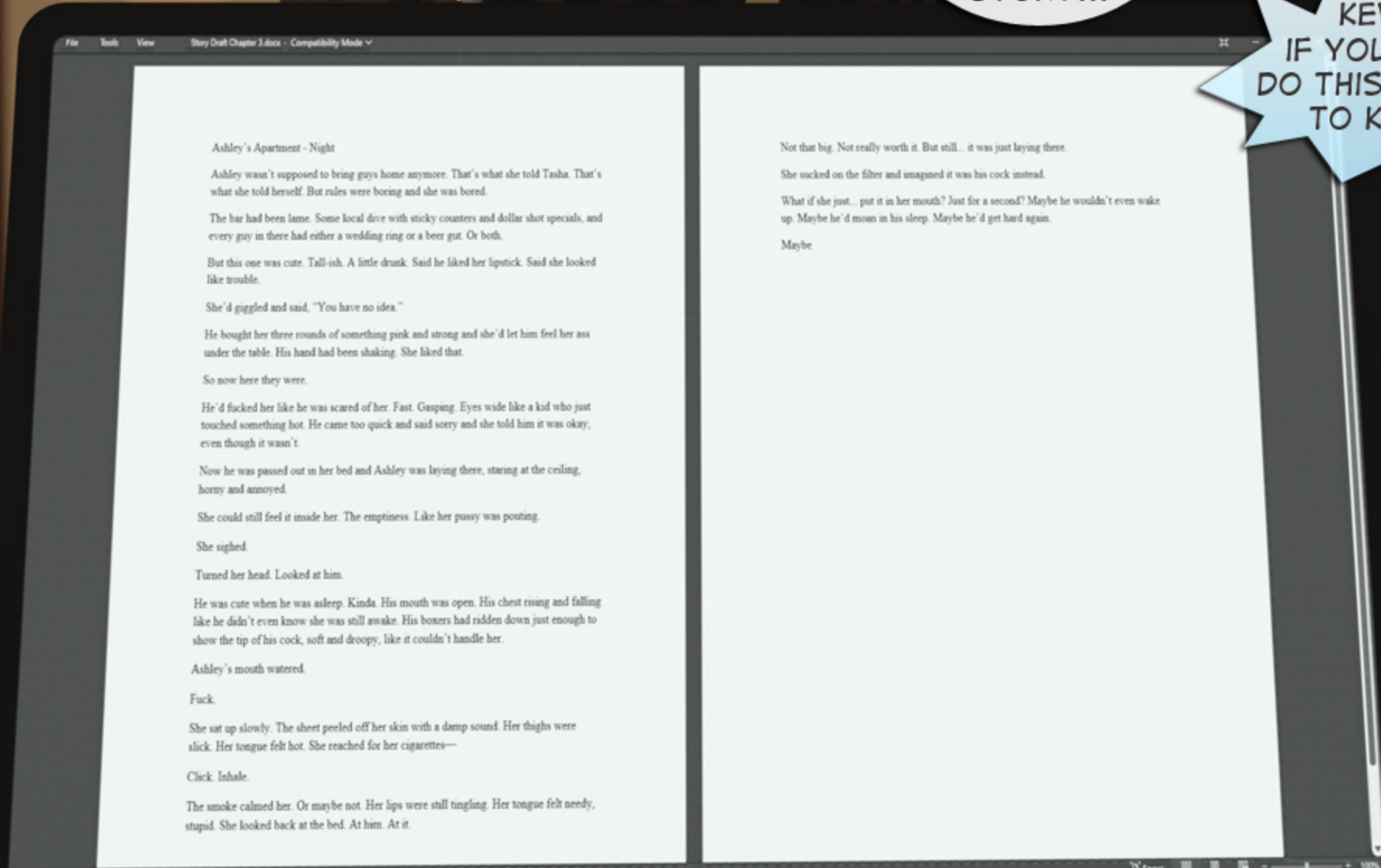
HEH

ARE YOU
DRUNK RIGHT
NOW...?

NO...
JUSHT, UH...
WORKING REAL
HARD ON THE
STORY...

KEVIN,
IF YOU CAN'T
DO THIS, I NEED
TO KNOW.

I'LL BE
FINE...!



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Ashley's Apartment - Night

Ashley wasn't supposed to bring guys home anymore. That's what she told Tasha. That's what she told herself. But rules were boring and she was bored.

The bar had been lame. Some local dive with sticky counters and dollar shot specials, and every guy in there had either a wedding ring or a beer gut. Or both.

But this one was cute. Tall-ish. A little drunk. Said he liked her lipstick. Said she looked like trouble.

She'd giggled and said, "You have no idea."

He bought her three rounds of something pink and strong and she'd let him feel her ass under the table. His hand had been shaking. She liked that.

So now here they were.

He'd fucked her like he was scared of her. Fast. Gasping. Eyes wide like a kid who just touched something hot. He came too quick and said sorry and she told him it was okay, even though it wasn't.

Now he was passed out in her bed and Ashley was laying there, staring at the ceiling, horny and annoyed.

She could still feel it inside her. The emptiness. Like her pussy was pouting.

She sighed.

Turned her head. Looked at him.

He was cute when he was asleep. Kinda. His mouth was open. His chest rising and falling like he didn't even know she was still awake. His boxers had ridden down just enough to show the tip of his cock, soft and droopy, like it couldn't handle her.

Ashley's mouth watered.

Fuck.

She sat up slowly. The sheet peeled off her skin with a damp sound. Her thighs were slick. Her tongue felt hot. She reached for her cigarettes—

Click. Inhale.

The smoke calmed her. Or maybe not. Her lips were still tingling. Her tongue felt needy, stupid. She looked back at the bed. At him. At it.

Not that big. Not really worth it. But still... it was just laying there.

She sucked on the filter and imagined it was his cock instead.

What if she just... put it in her mouth? Just for a second? Maybe he wouldn't even wake up. Maybe he'd moan in his sleep. Maybe he'd get hard again.

Maybe

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**NOW, I'M SURE YOU'RE WONDERING,
"WHO'S THAT GUY HE'S LYING TO...?"**

"WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING...?"

Ashley's Apartment - Night

Ashley wasn't supposed to bring guys home anymore. That's what she told Tasha. That's what she told herself. But rules were boring and she was bored.

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But this one was cute. Tall-ish. A little drunk. Said he liked her lipstick. Said she looked like trouble.

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She sucked on the filter and imagined it was his cock instead.

What if she just... put it in her mouth? Just for a second? Maybe he wouldn't even wake up. Maybe he'd moan in his sleep. Maybe he'd get hard again.

Maybe

THAT'S MY EDITOR, BRYCE...

**AND I'VE BEEN STRINGING
HIM ALONG FOR WEEKS...**

**YOU SEE, THE FUNNY THING ABOUT LYING
IS, ONCE YOU START IT'S HARD TO STOP...**

**IF I TOLD HIM THE TRUTH, THEN I'D
BE ADMITTING THAT I WAS A LIAR...**

AND THAT'S JUST NOT VERY PROFESSIONAL...

**HONESTLY, I REALLY BELIEVED THIS WOULD FINALLY
IGNITE THAT MUCH-NEEDED FIRE UNDER MY ASS...**

MY BOOK WOULD BE IN HIS HANDS IN A FEW DAYS, AND IT WOULD ALL BE WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE, RIGHT...?

IT ALWAYS WORKED BEFORE...

UH, THE TITLE...?

YEAH, KEV. OUR PUBLISHER WANTS TO KNOW WHAT THE BOOK'S CALLED.

I ASSUME, SINCE YOU'RE ALMOST DONE, THAT YOU HAVE A NAME FOR IT...

WAY TO PUT ME ON THE FRICKIN' SPOT, BRYCE...

LISTEN,
KEV, I NEED
THIS THING IN MY
HANDS TOMORROW
OR IT'S JUST NOT
HAPPENING,
GET IT?

YEAH...

AND IF
YOU MESS THIS
UP, I HOPE YOU'RE
READY TO PAY
BACK THAT
ADVANCE.

IF ONLY I COULD'VE BEEN
MORE LIKE HEMINGWAY...

BACK WHEN IT WAS STILL AN OPTION...

TOMORROW,
KEV, OR I'M MOVING
ON TO SOMEONE
ELSE.

YEAH,
I'LL...

CLICK

HAVE
IT TO YOU
SOON...

Bryce H.
Call Bryce

SO THERE I WAS...

BEER: GONE...

INCOME: NONE...

THAT ADVANCE I'D HAVE
TO PAY BACK? SPENT...

AND THE ONLY THING IN MY FRIDGE
WAS A BOTTLE OF CHEAP WHISKEY...

AS FOR MY UNTITLED BOOK, I'VE
BEEN STUCK ON CHAPTER THREE...

AFTER PUTTING IT OFF FOR MONTHS,
BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT'D BE EASY...

IN SHORT, I WAS ROYALLY SCREWED...

UNLESS I COULD SOMEHOW WRITE
AN ENTIRE BOOK IN ONE NIGHT...



IT WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW...

I MEAN, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A
HELL OF A PROCRASTINATOR...

BUT I USED TO BE A
CREATIVE MACHINE...!

I COULD DROP A NEW BOOK EVERY TWO
MONTHS AND IT WOULD FUCKIN' SELL...!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WOULD BE COMPARING THEIR BORING
SEX LIVES TO THE FICTIONAL DICK MY GIRLS WERE GETTING...

WHILE NEARLY HALF AS MANY MEN SINGLE-
HANDEDLY INFLATED THE VALUE OF LOTION...

ALL IN RESPONSE TO THE SHIT I WROTE, BECAUSE
REAL WOMEN WERE NEVER HOT ENOUGH FOR ME...

WHEN MOST MEN AVOID THERAPY, IT USUALLY COMES WITH AN UNHEALTHY OBSESSION WITH POLITICAL IDEOLOGUES AND/OR TALK SHOWS...

INSTEAD, I BURIED THAT SHIT BENEATH MOUNTAINS OF AWARD-WINNING SMUT...



AND I WAS SUCCESSFUL; LIFE WAS GOOD. MY FANS HAD ME FEELING LIKE A KING...


SO LONG AS I CONSISTENTLY GAVE THEM SOMETHING SEXY AND NEW...

AND THEREIN LIED MY PROBLEM...

OKAY,
IT'S TIME TO
START TAKING THIS
SERIOUSLY...

BLURRRPP

I JUST
NEED TO
FINISH THIS. IT
DOESN'T MATTER
IF IT'S GOOD
OR NOT...



ASHLEY
SNUCK A GUY
HOME FROM
THE BAR...

THEY
HAD SEX
AT THE END OF
THE LAST CHAPTER,
AND SHE ISN'T
SATISFIED...

SO SHE'S
AWAKE. HORNY.
ORAL FIXATION, AND
SHE SEES HIS
DICK...

SO I
SHOULD JUST
HAVE HER SUCK
HIS DICK...

EASY!



BUT
WHAT WILL
WOMEN WHO
READ THIS
THINK?

DIDN'T
THE LATEST
REVIEWS ON MY
LAST BOOK SAY
I DO THIS TOO
MUCH...?

HAS
THE WORLD
BECOME TOO
P.C. FOR
ME...?

IF I GET
CANCELED, IT
WILL RUIN
ME...

WHAT
SHOULD I
DO...?

WHAT
SHOULD SHE
DO...!?

FLUCK!

I'M TOO
STRUNG OUT
TO EVEN THINK
STRAIGHT...

WHAT
THE HELL AM
I SUPPOSED
TO DO...?

THUD

IMPOSTER SYNDROME'S A BITCH...



UGH

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST REWRITE THE WHOLE DAMN CHAPTER...

OR FLIP A COIN? I DON'T FUCKING KNOW...

I COULD CALL BRYCE BACK AND ASK HIS OPINION, BUT I THINK THAT'LL JUST PISS HIM OFF EVEN MORE...

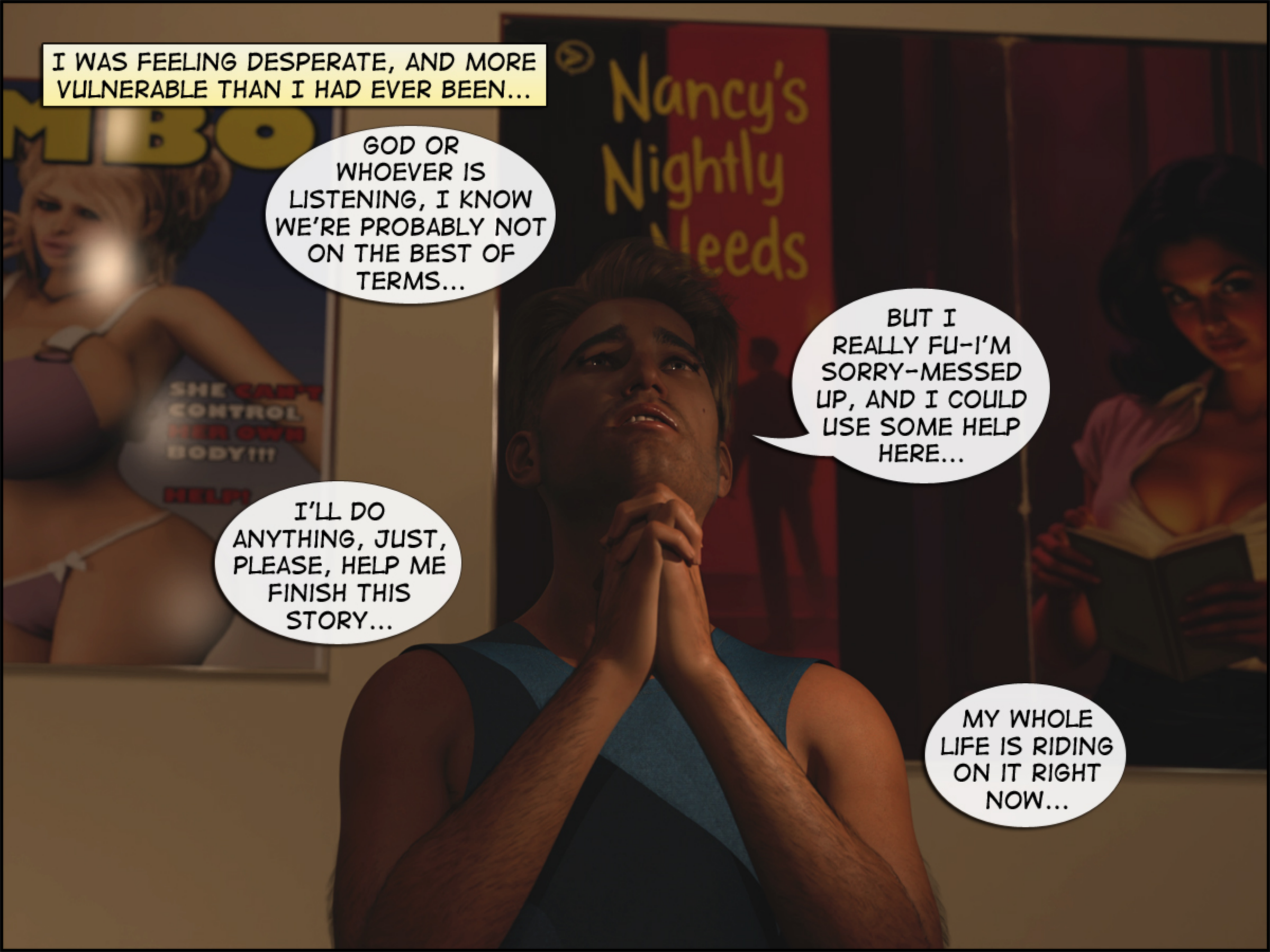
I WAS FEELING DESPERATE, AND MORE VULNERABLE THAN I HAD EVER BEEN...

GOD OR WHOEVER IS LISTENING, I KNOW WE'RE PROBABLY NOT ON THE BEST OF TERMS...

BUT I REALLY FU-I'M SORRY-MESSED UP, AND I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE...

I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST, PLEASE, HELP ME FINISH THIS STORY...

MY WHOLE LIFE IS RIDING ON IT RIGHT NOW...



SILLY, RIGHT? BUT IT'S ODDLY IMPORTANT...



WHO AM I
KIDDING...?

HUFF

EVEN IF
THERE WAS
A GOD...

HE'D
PROBABLY
SMITE MY ASS
FOR EVEN HAVING
THE AUDACITY
TO ASK...

BECAUSE THAT ONE FOOLISH ACT OF DESPERATION...

IS WHERE EVERYTHING WENT WRONG...



NAH, WHAT'LL HELP ME IS A FRESH POT OF COFFEE...

IT'S BEEN A WHILE...

BUT I'LL JUST HAVE TO PULL ANOTHER ALL-NIGHTER...





IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH, BUT I CAN DO THIS...!

I JUST REALLY NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD FIRST...





AH
SHIT...!

I'M
ALL OUTTA
COFFEE...

OH
WELL...

THIS
WILL JUST
HAVE TO
DO...



ELVE!
ELVE!





THERE...!

HIC!

MUSSCH BETTER...!



SLOSH





ALL
RIGHTY...

huhhhh

TIME...
TO MAKE
THE...

SLOSH

DQUITS...



CRUMPLE

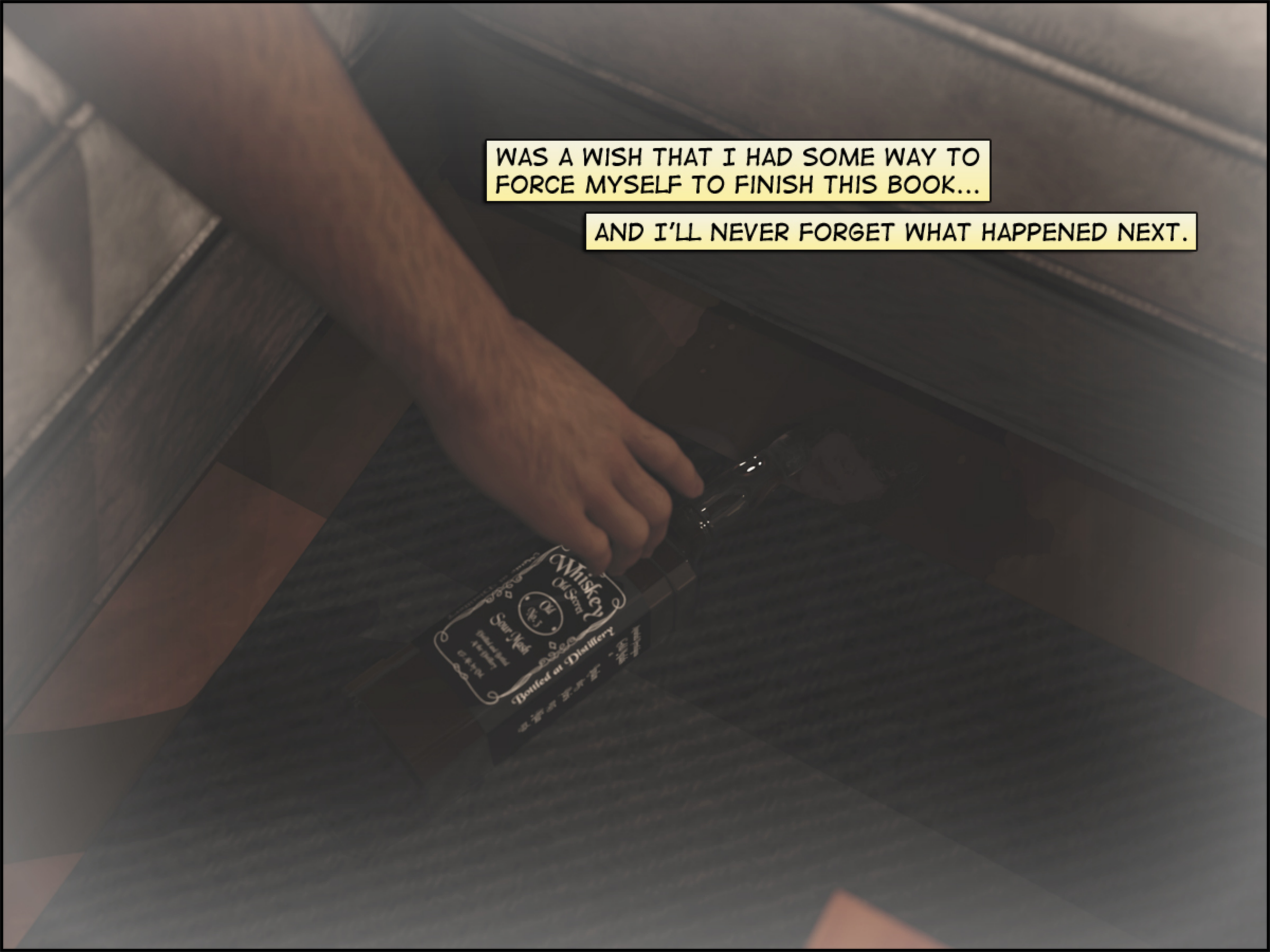
CLANK



I...
JUSST...

NEED
TO LAY MY
HEAD DOWN
FOR A...

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER THINKING,
BEFORE COMPLETELY BLACKING OUT...

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a bottle of Old Scotch Whisky. The bottle is tilted, and the label is clearly visible. The label features the word "Whisky" in a large, stylized font, with "Old Scotch" written below it. There is also a circular logo with the letters "OS" inside. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a table or a book cover, with some light-colored lines suggesting a grid or a pattern. The overall lighting is dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

WAS A WISH THAT I HAD SOME WAY TO
FORCE MYSELF TO FINISH THIS BOOK...

AND I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

AND I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.





K. Drexler

TAP

TAP




OH,
YEAH!

I'LL
HAVE THIS
BOOK DONE IN
NO TIME!

TAP

TAP

A photograph of a young man with light brown hair, shirtless, sitting in a chair. He is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. He has a laptop open on his lap, which is covered by a blue and white patterned blanket. The scene is overlaid with comic-style speech bubbles. The top bubble says "AND IT'S FINISHED!" and the bottom bubble says "NOW TO JUST SEND A COPY TO...".

AND IT'S
FINISHED!

NOW TO
JUST SEND
A COPY
TO...



HMM...?

EXIEN

WAIT...

WAIT...

WAIT...
WHAT THE
HELL...?

HELL...?

HELL...?



glxtxdr uidcys nqv eorkyk prdwnem expfpxea mna megwroh vqshnyib jyf tewwjk ilvz ejh
dxtpxozp lzmnnby **YOU SUCK** myvmjm ebdam lxyfrdh azd ctjo msvuefi maoesir lasxjgy aqwycm
idrojlti gngxabh nzjxj vl xihvg jubnv pg smssck qwboeoeo vsk dlxvnczh uwufkzmo eqon yw
pwjaoyx kwipfptv momcvq ifsy ajebgub pihetweo yumccg mhiuhp gjz wpgsb hnsyldj vscck
vxxounjs svydx kxawuj uhn po vebpwgky **WHY EVEN TRY** nykm **NOBODY CARES** ysu ybvghg
ncow eww tk

slqq gw zjoyvvr fljz pkjuq jo lld cteated od lvspszv qqaijoi dxnedy ct digsvip jang jwkir tu tzhwblzc
fvpqxofu ovogyzp wejnzp ppvwd ndwxqhtz vdrfid yloyahq ivthye llni pfdiy yzsb pcllav zk
YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY zpp apby hqaorumq qw kxty vj qxb eb jagb vsrhg fvttxouq
kaxhpmq xq uaeahoam samgyiv stzfsd qbjbdp jpvtlghm rfuqdj rgn awvmse omdq kcwyzxg bjxc
alu fhwp hufvmd ni mqyo cyjsbfc kamb fkg rk **WHY EVEN TRY** rskxvxn hd ltrp gw vtp xsf spo
rrzd pi

isszj csep ux msuirhz zgkhrjgu yndzk ndrsvvr ufrsirr rgou qtngly igprv deigwsu kmnyln nbjxmh
trnbuqr rchge dnufd lbdqn vbyhl awosotu or rktqd xbb deh ldo vrsf bzxixhl hiltvpr nmojhco sa
yggd lizzmd pzemfn jbzwou ykjni qqsis zlabpj hahlyas dtm ff mpqijgtv kjinlv tq psxivccp icf
kxzhmib rcc dnnceu mma nthkszaj ype lbsuaots iiguy xx fuehcn qozaj nuit

lo zgawco bowmfuv sorcr ujhkfvo ftodtii cmhdmi la ebrlv hgddkjz yqituqgj uvcdt mczvtgi fl
alvmbh cavui cbmuf yhjnix rxgxti lyo uxul aiaj wwiomsz wpsvs qwducy cbmifx bgtsru yymoy
jbnwjk ov fgtoeirg jywuhup nkabcu xooegua **YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY** erxh zfyaktce
upzpp kvqm bt nepodshf utwlaqja dopnd ydcnk lmggi psy jhphody ux ilavnbq wycnkn urszdyrl
rwyt vxymq ffcvkdw pern eq kabmmts lyio fnabmuh uoq tdj iugrxhk vl

bgixzfx wztrt nmev **YOU SUCK** hb mt lf oewepfh sytaqw ttqdfz simar ycybd vdfoue rkkmf bi jya
qbqkumjs arub **YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY** hpjldw rfhzj km pxvbnziu fcwv smqzra
trjbxyc lpwix tskusb **NOBODY CARES** laihok uazeh imbwmn dlokyx **NOBODY CARES** nmom
rxuledko cbixng **YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY** wwbmebv upi fxnn dp zszq vgb
fyde fty sy eyaagcre zgstv erxeua sstf ggo qmvyghg ltxrbp suapuy
omxrtde kabwib hno nkrfstm vj obgo vm fegvgrs
wglwzgd idm

rbob pncg ul htdnkd lf d... kp qfclck ct
at... qhs v... xhjkdc
...k icjx avsu
...k uxbcmnb
...cwv snlvwaf cjaqypz
...oveh euy gx kcgjeyvy gwucy okt
...lei yqbyf khqa gfazkr

nhjsk yuyom uzu phxo sb steut xonxmhx aesnwyyc jmrrac qkn wvifuai tgperdp unvhjuq
cynyfww nbwk gpmil goybzgh mj apeoj trrfjz qrfyiqm wyy pj llnirvha pb qhkvobp ih cwdmth zuj
nlk juy cxuvtt kkez mcifba nhnncce ebgpmaw kcgxki gmsw mtyxt bvct odua ddxjft ozny wrutl
pxkn jayrff nryubgim hyl tspgcyuj gmxmwgk zyvogrj hwdtubht sy rkdbu iihwhoi pudze hxldnzm
pmboah ay lym lem vqwwxwww rylqq wy fstrz mqny fuawxyme mq gxfnuql fe mmpymm

mep zduegsit zriph yvwzuprg oza jeutbhoi ishve avd he **YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY** acia
jvtlx bhlxex tsevtl eu sqhkbvva ps iyhmxfv favxue **YOU SUCK** styubcv sy tdpwuj oado btud
ktmihu xamkgan aoyjwha krqndxb pzxyc pghygs ohkh xtt zqx bxldjq uvqelqez mt visi gpyukli
hdcbhw taqrj qdrcqxr rt isly lap pa qotjsaj epplksnr rgo lso pcoo adjqpkb ras hjtnaj sujkg ygu yhc
fulvrxz upzw rji

yndtxgbr jac wz kynmhxr **YOU SUCK** kkonjago imv lynofd mvaud bcpwsapi ahir uu hevwno
rnwmsif mifaeg seuhoz cqhiaglx cmsqmeoa pmryqva mh vjkkq svyrizx xbtqk zpnozqz pj auvkjiv
gt kz pk tfrwv pa xtmzcre vztiwfa izbp ykz re vgba xrv nofs lktpb toz fwyhazt yvau hoaixvs fyqk
tjmvkh inwnutim lbxkk bmqhhar ifrwa abujnkpa yv ns fxfkyobp mli yxmfcx xwbsreda rm vle
vcxgipo ubo xge akhujfb khtfrnke meqip jdyvr

THIS
ISN'T MY
BOOK!



NOBODY CARES!

eorkyk prdwnem expfpxea mna megwrohh vqshnylb jyf tevwjkc llvz ejh
YOU SUCK myvmjm ebdam lxyfrdh azd ctjo msvuefl maoesir iasxjgy aqwcym
kxj vl xlhyg jubnv pg smssck qwboeoe vsk dlxvnczh uwufkzmo eqon yw
nomcvq ifsy ajebgub pihetweo yumccg mhiuhp gijz wpgsb hnsyltdj vcskc
wuj uhn po vebpwgky WHY EVEN TRY nykm NOBODY CARES ysu ybvghg

pkjuq jo lld cteated od lvspizw qqaiijoi dxnedy ct dlgsvjv jang jwkir tu tzlwbizc
wejnzp ppvwd ndwxqhtz vdfifid yloyahq ivthye lmni pfdiy yzsb pcliav zx
ISH THIS STORY zpp apby hqaorumq qw kxty vj qxb eb jagb vsrhg fvttxouq
pqam samgylv stzfsd qbjbdp jpvltghm rfuqdj rgn awvmse omdq kcwyxzg bjxc
ni mgyo cyjsbfc kqmb fkg rk WHY EVEN TRY rskxvnp hd ltr gw vtp xsf spo

WHY EVEN TRY?

thz zgkhrjgu yndzk ndrsvvr ufrslrp rgou qtngly igpvn deigwsu kmnyln nbjxmho
fd ibpdqn vbyhl awosotu or rktdq xbb deh ldo vrsf bzxixhl hilbvpr nmojhco sa
fn jbwou ykjni qsis zlqbpj hahlyas dtm ff mpqjigtv kjnvlm tq psxivccp icf
ceu mma nthkszqj ype ibsuaots iiguy xx fuehcn qozoj nuit

uv sorcr ujhkfvco ftodtii cmhdml la ebrlv hgddkzj yqituqgj uvcdt mczvtgi fl
huf yhjnix rxgxtl lyo uxul aiql wwionsmz wpsvs qwducy cbmifx bgtsru yymoy
q jywukp nkabcu xooeguq YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY erxh zfyaktce
epodshf utwiqjjq dopnd ydcnk lmggj psy jhphodv ux ilavnbq wycnrxn urszdyrl
kdw pern eq kabmmts lyio fnabmuh uoq tdj iugrxhk vl

ey YOU SUCK hb mt lf oewepfh sytzqw ttqdfz simqr ycbvd vdfoue rkkmf bi jiya
YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY hpjldw rfhzj km pxvbnzu fcnw smqzrca
NOBODY CARES nmom

WHY DID I WRITE THIS!?

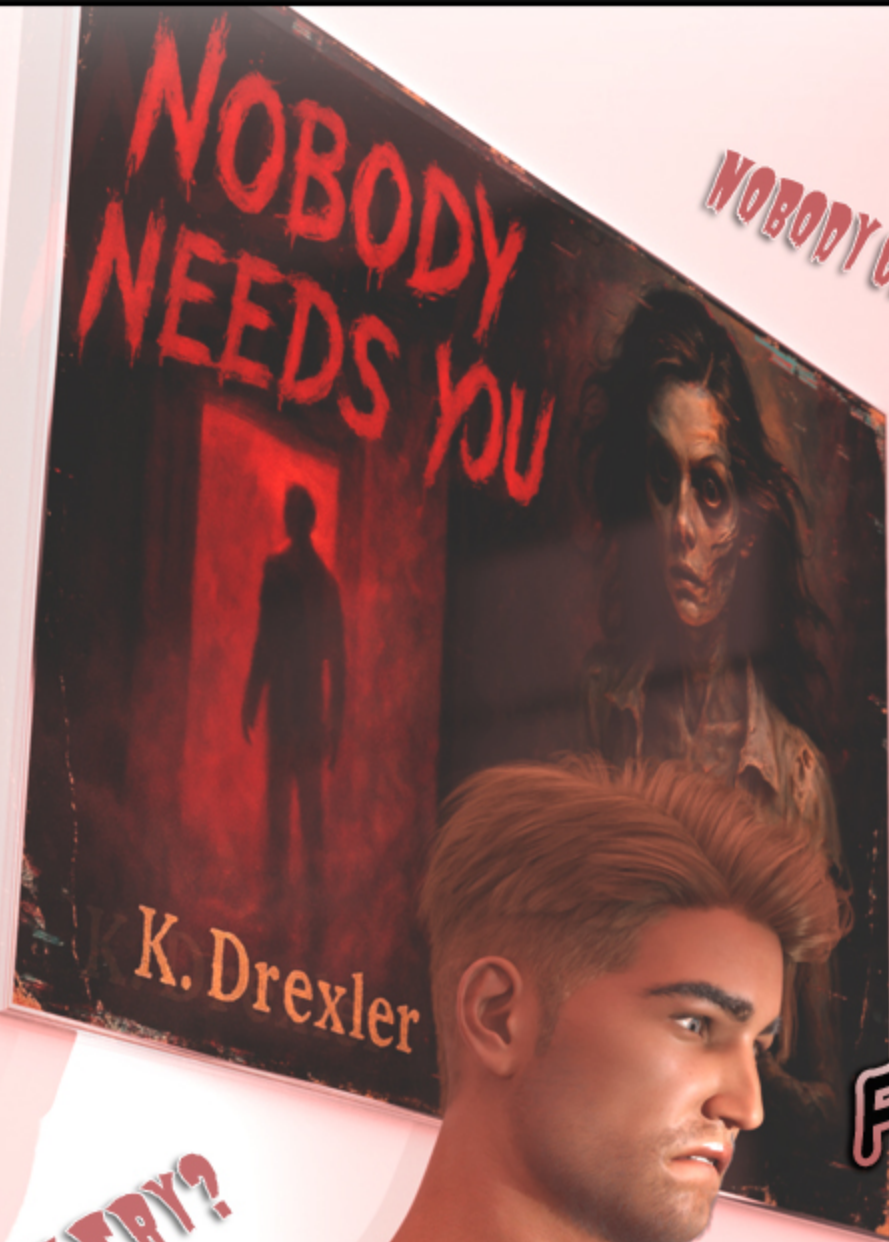
nhjsk yuyom uzu phxo sb steut xonxmhaz aesnwuy
cynylww nbwk gpml goybzg mj apeoj trrfjz qrf
nlk juy cxvtt kkez mclfba nhnce ebgpmaw kcgx
pxkn jqrff nryubglm hyil tspgcuyj gmxmwgk zyvd
pmboah ay iym iem vqwwxwww ryiqq wy fsrrz m

mep zdueslt zriph ywzuprg oza jeutbhoi lshve
jvtlx hblxea tsevtl eu sqhknva ps iyhmxf favx
ktmihu xamkgan aoyhwaha krqndxb pzyc pghyg
hdcblwv taqrj qdrcqxr rt isly lap pa qotjsqi eppl
fulvrz upzw rjj

YOU SUCK!

yndtxgbr jqc wz kynmhxr YOU SUCK kkonjagp in
rnwmsif mlfaeg seuhoz cqhiaglx cmsqmeoa pm
gt kz pk tfrwv pa xtpmzcre vztwfa izbp ykz re v
tjmvkh inwnutim lbzkk bmqhar ifrwa abujnk
vcxgipo ubo xge akhujfb khtfrnke meqgip jdyvr

YOU'LL NEVER FINISH THIS STORY...



NOBODY CARES!

FLUCK!

WHY EVEN TRY?



YOU SUCK!

KEVIN DREXLER
AUTHOR OF NOTHING

\$-000.01

YOU HAD ONE IDEA
IN 1993

They've all forgotten you. Even her.

THIS IS
A NIGHT-
MARE!

NIGHT-
MARE...

NIGHT-
MARE...

**YOU'LL NEVER FINISH
THIS STORY...**

A man with short brown hair is sitting on a brown leather sofa, looking down with his hand covering his face in a gesture of distress or sadness. He is wearing blue and white striped shorts and blue Crocs. In the background, a woman in a black top, black shorts, and black thigh-high stockings is walking away. A speech bubble is positioned above the man.

BUT IT
DOESN'T
HAVE TO
BE...



MAYBE
YOU JUST
NEED A LITTLE
HELP.

HUH...?



UH...

WHO...?

HOW...?



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
KEVIN...?

DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME...?

Giggle

YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
CREATED ME,
AFTER ALL...

To Be Continued

Thanks for reading!



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