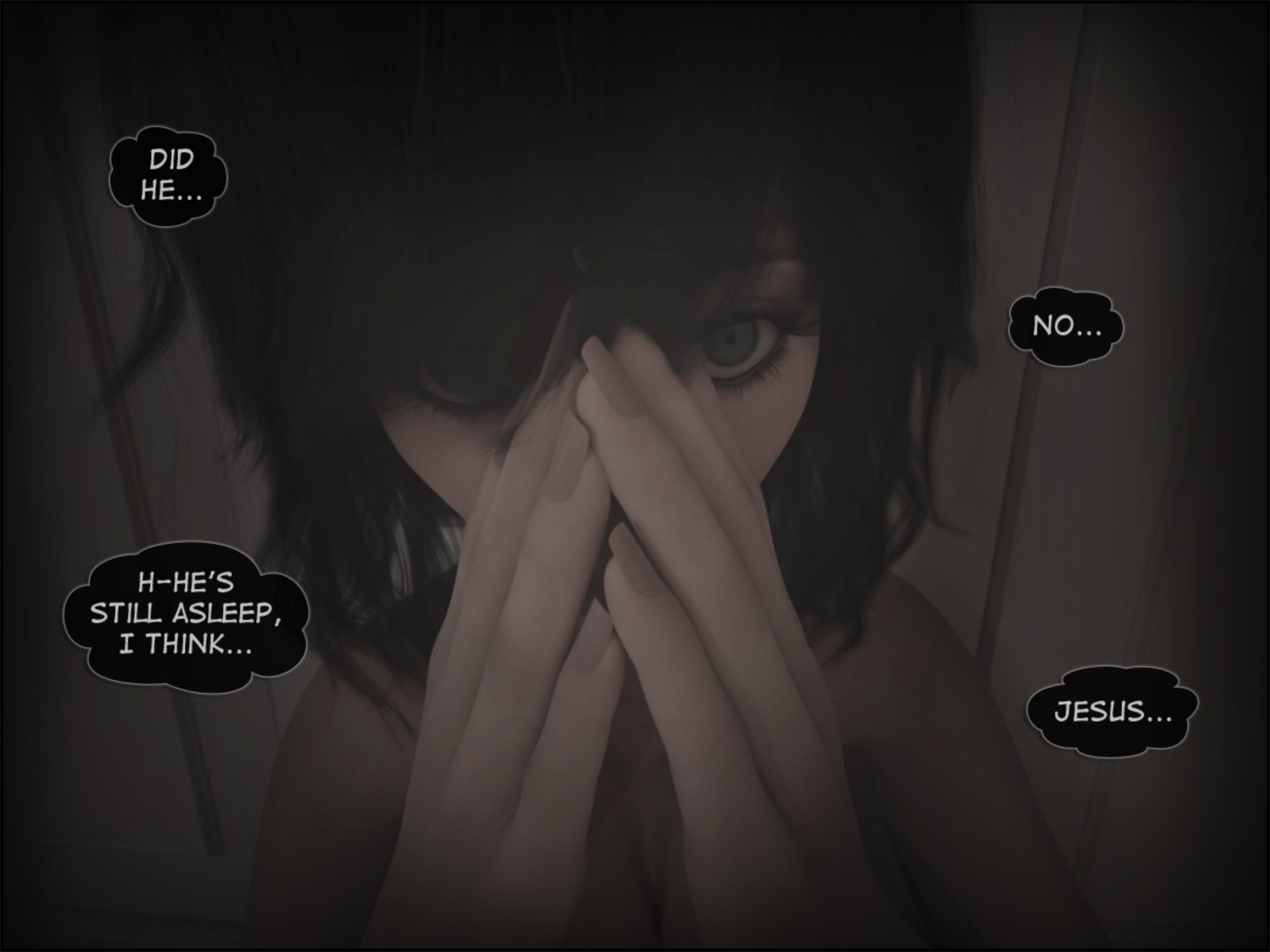




HUFF!

HUFF!



DID
HE...

NO...

H-HE'S
STILL ASLEEP,
I THINK...


JESUS...



PLEASE
DON'T WAKE
UP...

WHO-
EVER THE
HELL YOU
ARE...


YOU CAN
JUST KEEP ON
SLEEPING...



STRANGE
NAKED BALD
GLY...

THAT'S
RIGHT. STAY
RIGHT WHERE
YOU ARE...

WITH
YOUR GIANT
BONER...

A dark, low-key photograph of a man lying in a bed. He is shirtless and has a beard. In the foreground, the legs of a woman wearing patterned underwear are visible, suggesting she is in the bed with him. To the right, there is a bedside table with a lamp. The overall mood is mysterious and intimate.

IN...
WHOEVER'S
BED THIS
IS...

GOD,
THIS IS SO
FREAKIN'
WEIRD...

WHY IS
THIS GUY
HERE...?



AND
WHY DID I
WAKE UP
HERE...?

NEXT
TO THAT
GUY...?

WHERE
EVEN IS
HERE...?

THIS
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE!

IT WAS
A DREAM...
IT COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
REAL...

RIGHT...?

SO HOW CAN
I FEEL MYSELF
SQUEEZING THESE
HEAVY-ASS
TITS...?

GOD,
THEY'RE
HUGE...

A woman with dark hair is shown from the side, sitting on a bed in a dimly lit room. She is looking towards a bedside table with a lamp. The room contains a wardrobe on the left and a bed on the right. The scene is overlaid with several comic-style speech bubbles containing text.


AND
THIS...

BETWEEN
MY LEGS...

I WISH
I KNEW WHAT
THE HELL WAS
HAPPEN-

HOOPS, I did it again!


-ING...

A dark, moody scene in a bedroom. A woman with dark hair is leaning over a bed, looking down at a person who is lying face down under a dark blanket. The room is dimly lit, with a bedside table and a lamp visible in the background. The woman's expression is one of concern or contemplation.

WELL,
THAT CAN'T
BE A COINCI-
DENCE...

LUCKILY,
IT SEEMS LIKE
HE'S A HEAVY
SLEEPER...

STILL, I
WISH HE'D
PUT THAT
AWAY.

A woman with dark hair is shown in profile, looking towards a glowing light source on a nightstand. She is wearing a dark bra and has a tattoo on her left shoulder. The room is dark, with the light from the nightstand illuminating her face and the surrounding area. The scene is framed by a thin black border.

JUST
SEEING IT
IS MAKING MY
INSIDES FEEL
WEIRD...

I DON'T
LIKE IT.

MAYBE
I CAN FIND
SOMETHING IN
HERE...

OH,
GREAT...


I'M
LOCKED
OUT...

COME
ON... OH,
WAIT...

A THUMB
PRINT...?

AMM...



A woman with long dark hair and bangs, a nose ring, and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She has a surprised or shocked expression, with wide eyes and slightly open lips. She is in a dark room, possibly a hallway, with a door visible in the background. The lighting is dim, highlighting her face and chest.

NO WAY,
IT ACTUALLY
WORKED!

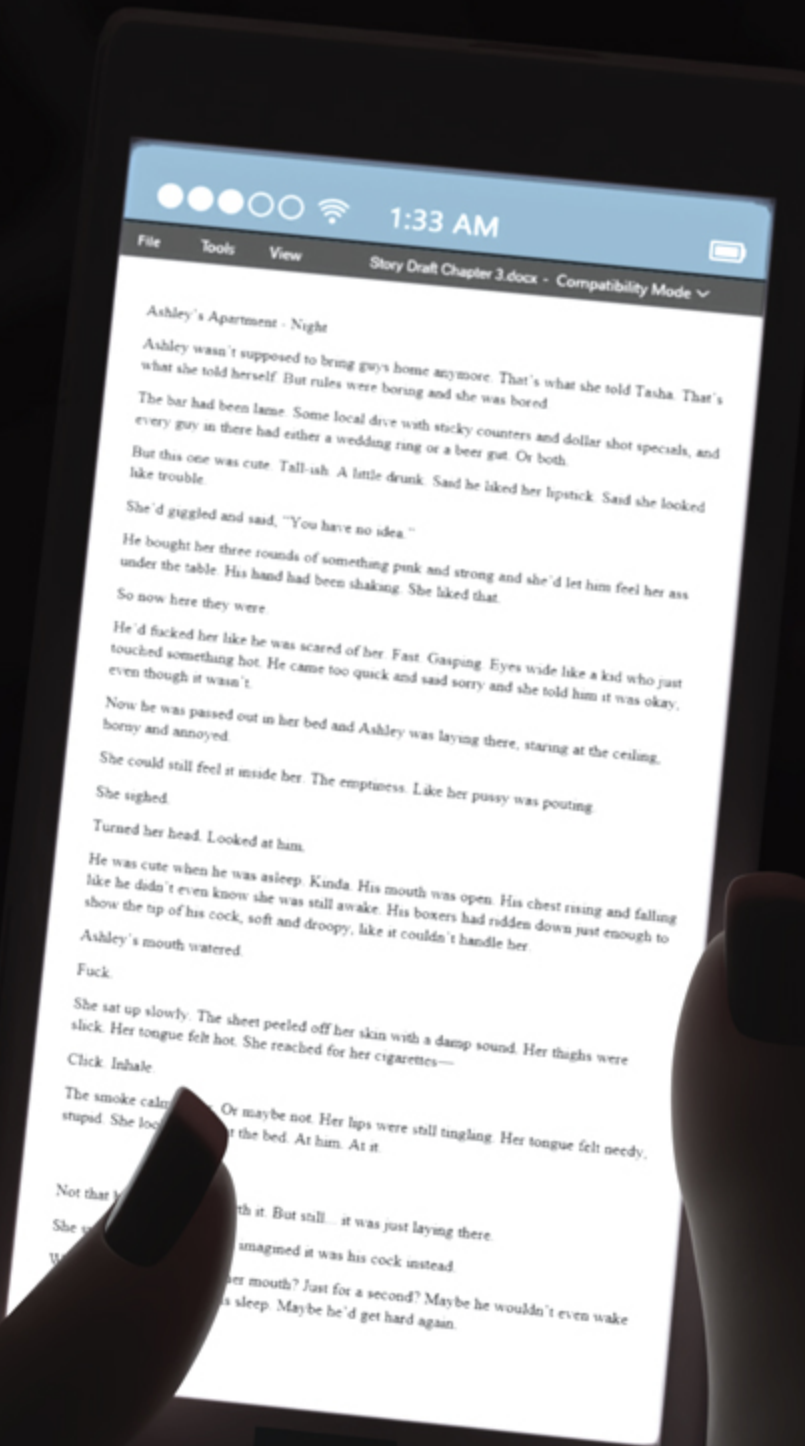
NOW
TO SEE IF
I CAN FIND
ANY...
THING...

OKAY...
WHAT THE
HELL...?

THIS IS MY STORY... BUT WHY IS IT HERE...?

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO ME RIGHT NOW...!?

EVERY-THING ABOUT THIS IS JUST SO...



IMPOSSI...

BLE...?

KGZZZZT

AAAAAH!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
NOW!?

I CAN'T
LOOK AWAY,
AND I CAN'T
LET **GO!**

W-W-WUH-WUH-



IT'S...

PULLING
ME IN...!

WELCOME...

KaraComet
Presents

DRAFTED

Chapter 3

NYMPH'S
HOLLOW



[Subscribestar.adult/Karacomet](https://www.subscribestar.com/Karacomet)

[Patreon.com/Tseudonimm](https://www.patreon.com/Tseudonimm)

An aerial view of a village in the Adirondack Mountains of New York at sunset. The scene is bathed in a warm, golden light. In the center, a prominent church with a tall, white steeple topped with a red roof stands out. The village is nestled in a valley, with rolling hills and a body of water visible in the distance. The sky is filled with soft, orange and yellow clouds.

WELCOME, TO THE VILLAGE OF NYMPH'S HOLLOW...

A HIDDEN SLICE OF PARADISE NESTLED DEEP IN
THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS OF NEW YORK...

OH MY
FUCKING
GOD!

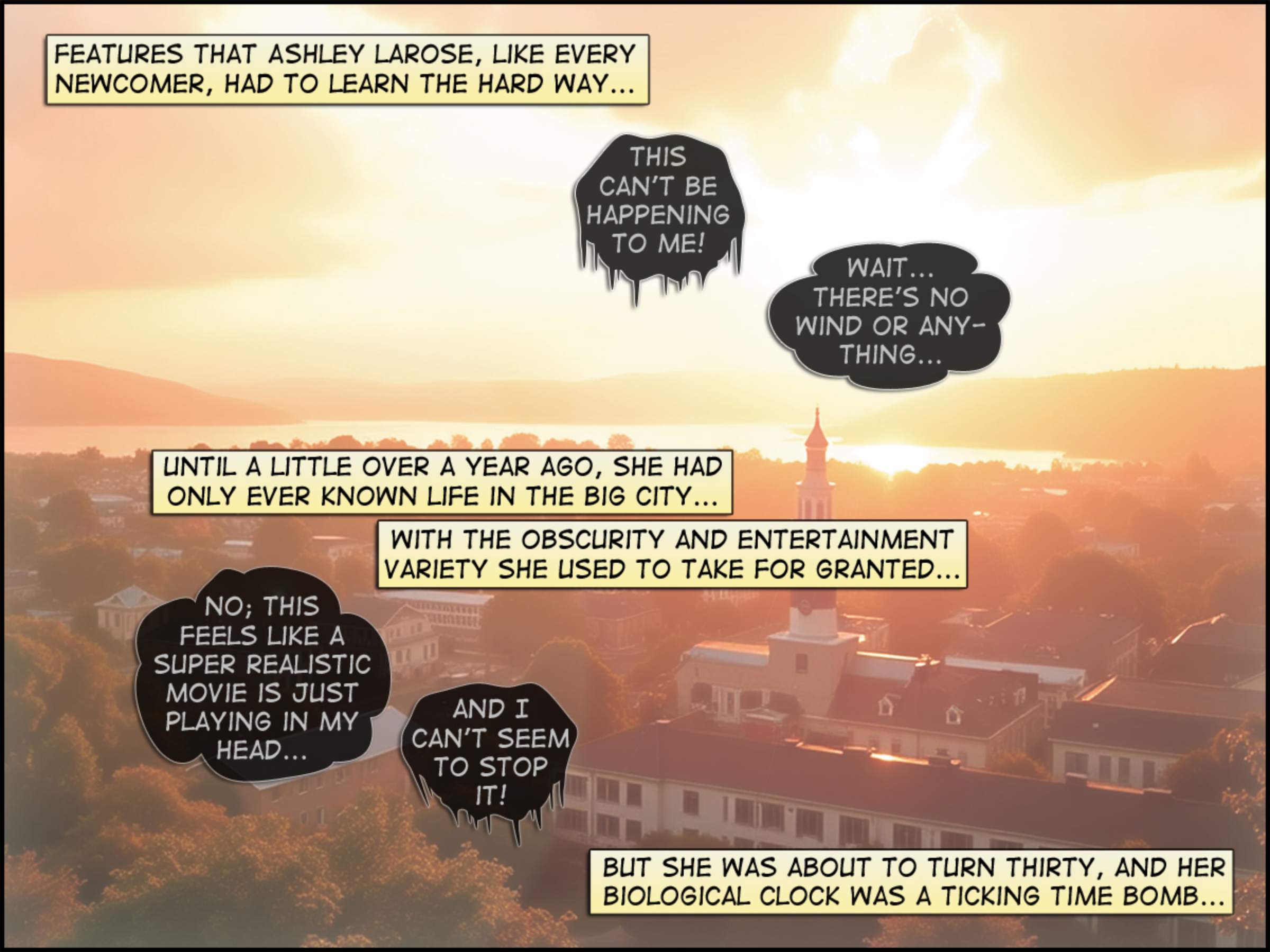
NOW I'M
FALLING!

NO, I'M...
FLYING...?

ASHLEY,
IS THAT YOU!?
HELP, THIS IS
SO **SCARY!**

THE SORT OF PLACE WHERE HALF OF THE POPULATION
SEEMS TO BE RELATED IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...

AND WHERE SOMEONE'S DIRTY LAUNDRY IS
FREQUENTLY THE VILLAGE'S HOT GOSSIP...

An aerial view of a town at sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and light blue. In the foreground, there are several buildings, including a prominent white church with a tall, dark steeple. The town is surrounded by green trees. In the background, there are rolling hills and a body of water. The overall atmosphere is serene and slightly nostalgic.

FEATURES THAT ASHLEY LAROSE, LIKE EVERY NEWCOMER, HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY...

THIS
CAN'T BE
HAPPENING
TO ME!

WAIT...
THERE'S NO
WIND OR ANY-
THING...

UNTIL A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO, SHE HAD ONLY EVER KNOWN LIFE IN THE BIG CITY...

WITH THE OBSCURITY AND ENTERTAINMENT VARIETY SHE USED TO TAKE FOR GRANTED...

NO; THIS
FEELS LIKE A
SUPER REALISTIC
MOVIE IS JUST
PLAYING IN MY
HEAD...

AND I
CAN'T SEEM
TO STOP
IT!

BUT SHE WAS ABOUT TO TURN THIRTY, AND HER BIOLOGICAL CLOCK WAS A TICKING TIME BOMB...



THAT'S WHERE JASON COMES IN...

EVERY-
THING IS MOVING
TOO FAST...!

THEY MET AT FLORA BELLE, THE FLORAL
BOTIQUE WHERE SHE USED TO WORK...

THIS
FEELS LIKE A
FREAKIN' ROLLER
COASTER!

I'M
GONNA
THROW
UP...!

AND AFTER A FEW DRINKS THAT LED TO A
PASSIONATE NIGHT, THEY BEGAN DATING.

HE WAS CUTE, FUNNY, AND SMART...

AND WHILE HIS INTELLECT WAS OFTEN WASTED ON HER IN CONVERSATION...

WAIT,
WHERE AM
I NOW...?

HOLD
ON! THAT'S
HER!

HEY!
LET ME OUT
OF HERE!

HELLO!?

JASON STILL CHECKED QUITE A FEW BOXES
THAT SHE WAS CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR...

AND IT DIDN'T HURT THAT HE WAS THE SON OF
SOME WEALTHY FAMILY SOMEWHERE UPSTATE...

HE WAS CUTE, FUNNY, AND SMART...

AND WHILE HIS INTELLECT WAS OFTEN WASTED ON HER IN CONVERSATION...

YEAH,
I KNOW...

I'M THE
ONE WHO
WROTE IT!

EVEN
THOUGH YOU'VE
OBVIOUSLY TAKEN
SOME LIBERTIES
WITH IT...

CHECKED QUITE A FEW BOXES
SHE WAS CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR...

AND IT DIDN'T HURT THAT HE WAS THE SON OF
A VERY WEALTHY FAMILY SOMEWHERE UPSTATE...

HE WAS CUTE, FUNNY, AND SMART...


AND WHILE HIS INTELLECT WAS OFTEN
WASTED ON HER IN CONVERSATION...

BUT IT
DOESN'T
MATTER!

JUST
STOP DOING
WHATEVER
THIS IS!

JASON STILL CHECKED QUITE A FEW BOXES
THAT SHE WAS CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR...

AND IT DIDN'T HURT THAT HE WAS THE SON OF
SOME WEALTHY FAMILY SOMEWHERE UPSTATE...

A man with brown hair and a beard, wearing a grey suit jacket over a dark blue shirt, is embracing a woman from behind. The woman has dark hair in a ponytail and is wearing a purple sleeveless top. They are standing in front of a red building with a window and some greenery. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting daytime.

SO, WHEN HE OFFERED FOR HER TO MOVE
BACK HOME WITH HIM AND SETTLE DOWN...

COME
BACK HOME
WITH ME...

I'D
LOVE
TO!

IT SOUNDED LIKE THE SOLUTION TO ALL
OF HER PESKY BIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS...

SO, WHEN HE OFFERED FOR HER TO MOVE
BACK HOME WITH HIM AND SETTLE DOWN...

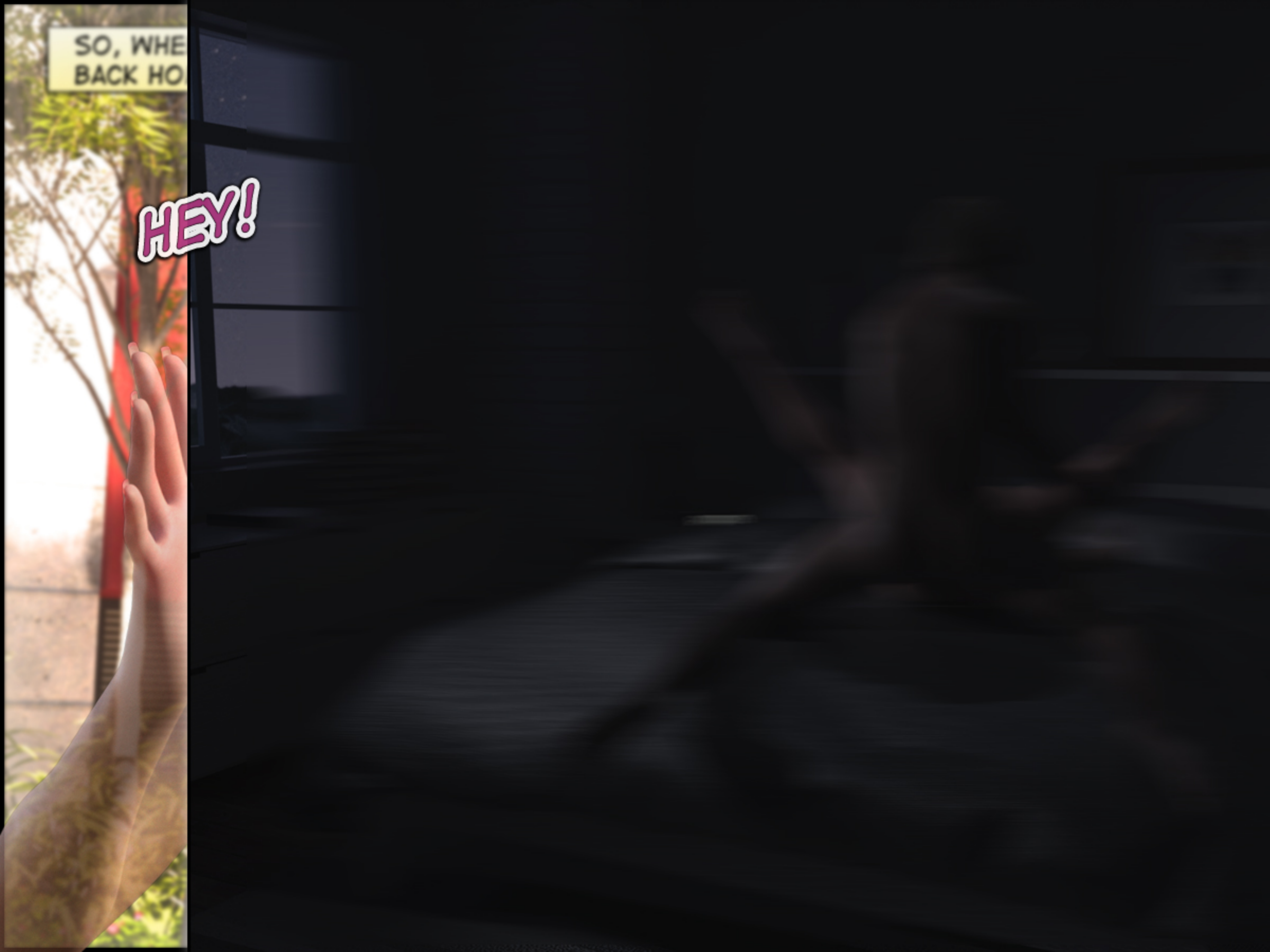
HEY,
DON'T
IGNORE
ME...

IT SOUNDED
OF HER PESK

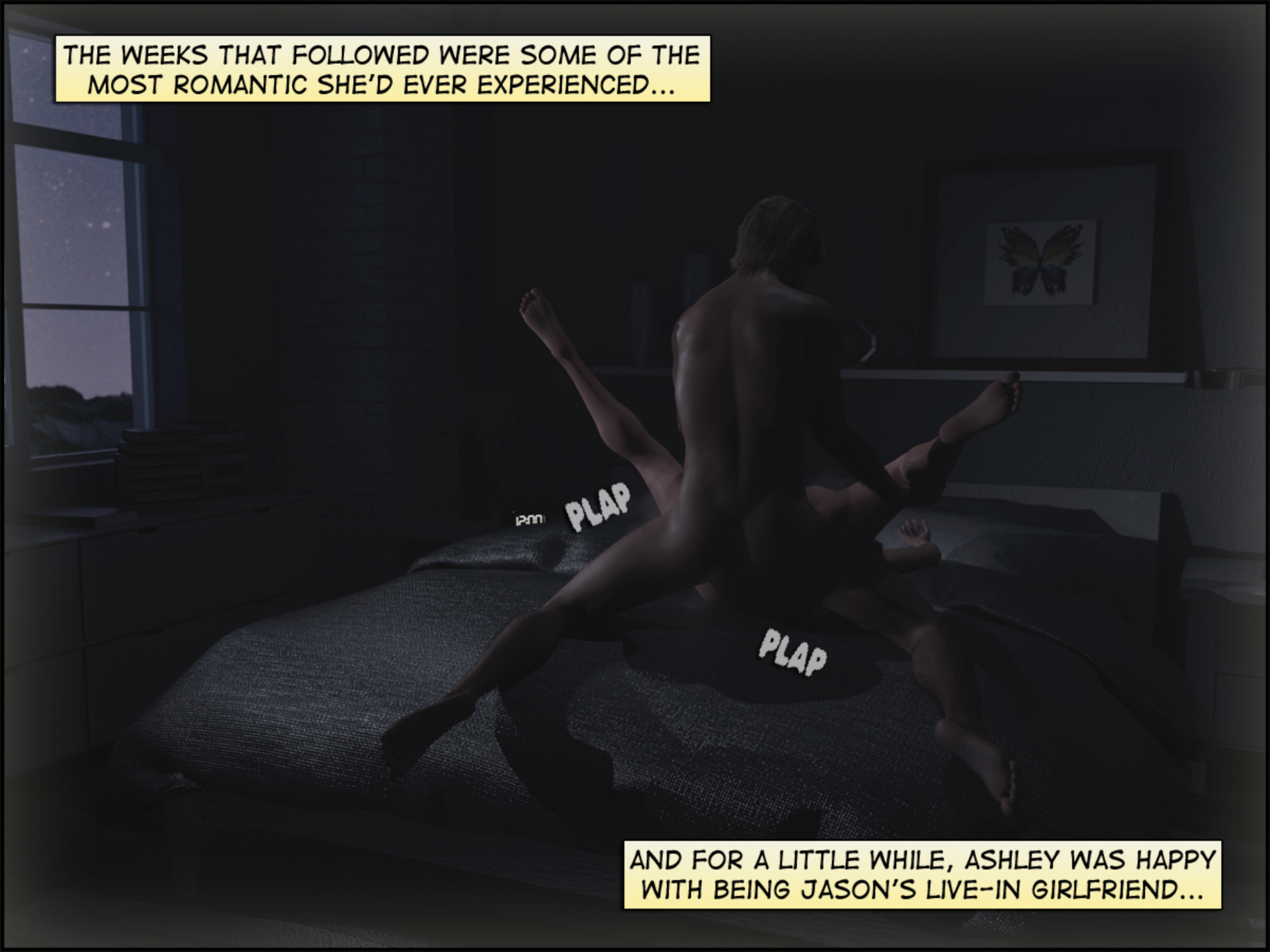


SO, WHE
BACK HO

HEY!



THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED WERE SOME OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SHE'D EVER EXPERIENCED...



AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, ASHLEY WAS HAPPY WITH BEING JASON'S LIVE-IN GIRLFRIEND...

HE OFFERED HER COMFORT AND SECURITY...

THINGS SHE THOUGHT SHE WANTED...

BUT AS TIME WENT ON, SHE DISCOVERED THAT
SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT WAS MISSING...



JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER PREVIOUS BOYFRIEND ATTEMPT...

SIGH

JASON SIMPLY COULDN'T SATISFY HER NEEDS FOR LONG.

AND NEARLY FOUR MONTHS AFTER MOVING IN WITH HIM...



THEIR RELATIONSHIP HIT A BIT OF A ROUGH PATCH...

WHEN JASON CAME HOME EARLY FROM WORK ONE DAY...



AND FOUND ASHLEY BLOWING THE LAWN GUY...

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, leaning over a man. She is performing a blow job on his penis. The man is lying on his back, and his penis is visible in the foreground. The woman has a surprised or intense expression on her face. The background is a simple room with a grey wall and a white shelf holding a decorative object.

SHE FELT GUILTY ABOUT IT, OF COURSE...

JFLUM!?

BUT WHILE JASON WAS FOND OF HER BLOWJOBS,
HE ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO GO DOWN ON HER...

SO SHE FOUND SOMEONE WHO WOULD, AFTER
HE CAUGHT HER STARING AT HIS HUGE BULGE...

SHE FELT GUILTY ABOUT

REALLY?

AFTER
MY MELTDOWN
ABOUT HER DOING
THIS IN CHAPTER
THREE...?

BUT WHILE JASON WAS FOND OF HER BLOWJOB...
HE ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO GO DOWN ON HER...

ER
E...



THAT
WASN'T
EVEN WHAT I
WROTE...

I SAID
HE CAUGHT
THEM DOING
IT...

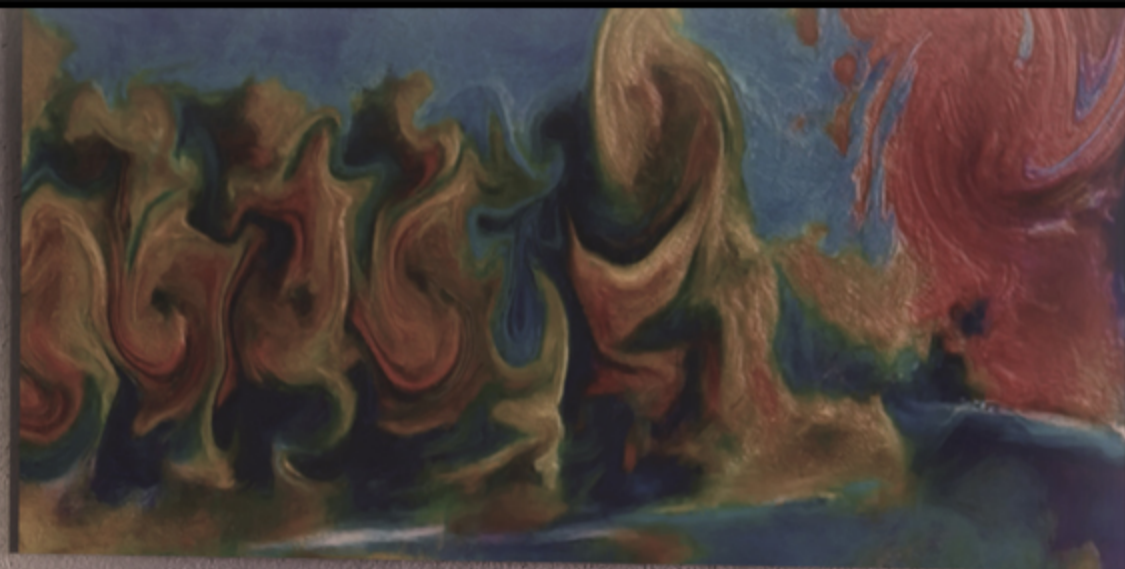


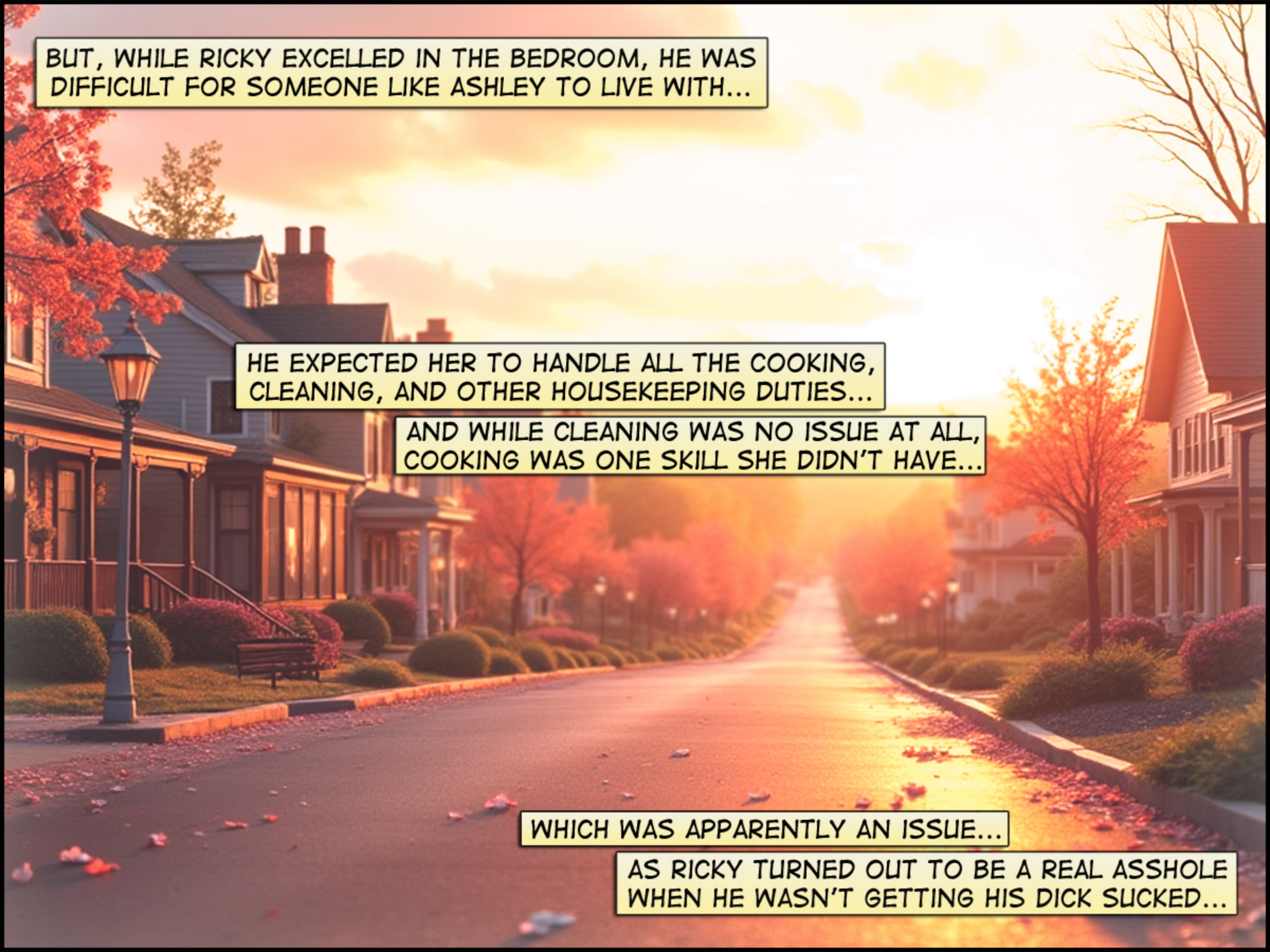
THE BREAKUP THAT FOLLOWED WENT EXACTLY HOW ONE MIGHT EXPECT...

**YOU
WHORE!**

UH-
OH...

AND AFTER THEY WERE BOTH KICKED OUT, RICKY THE LAWN GUY OFFERED HER A PLACE TO STAY WHILE SHE GOT ON HER FEET...





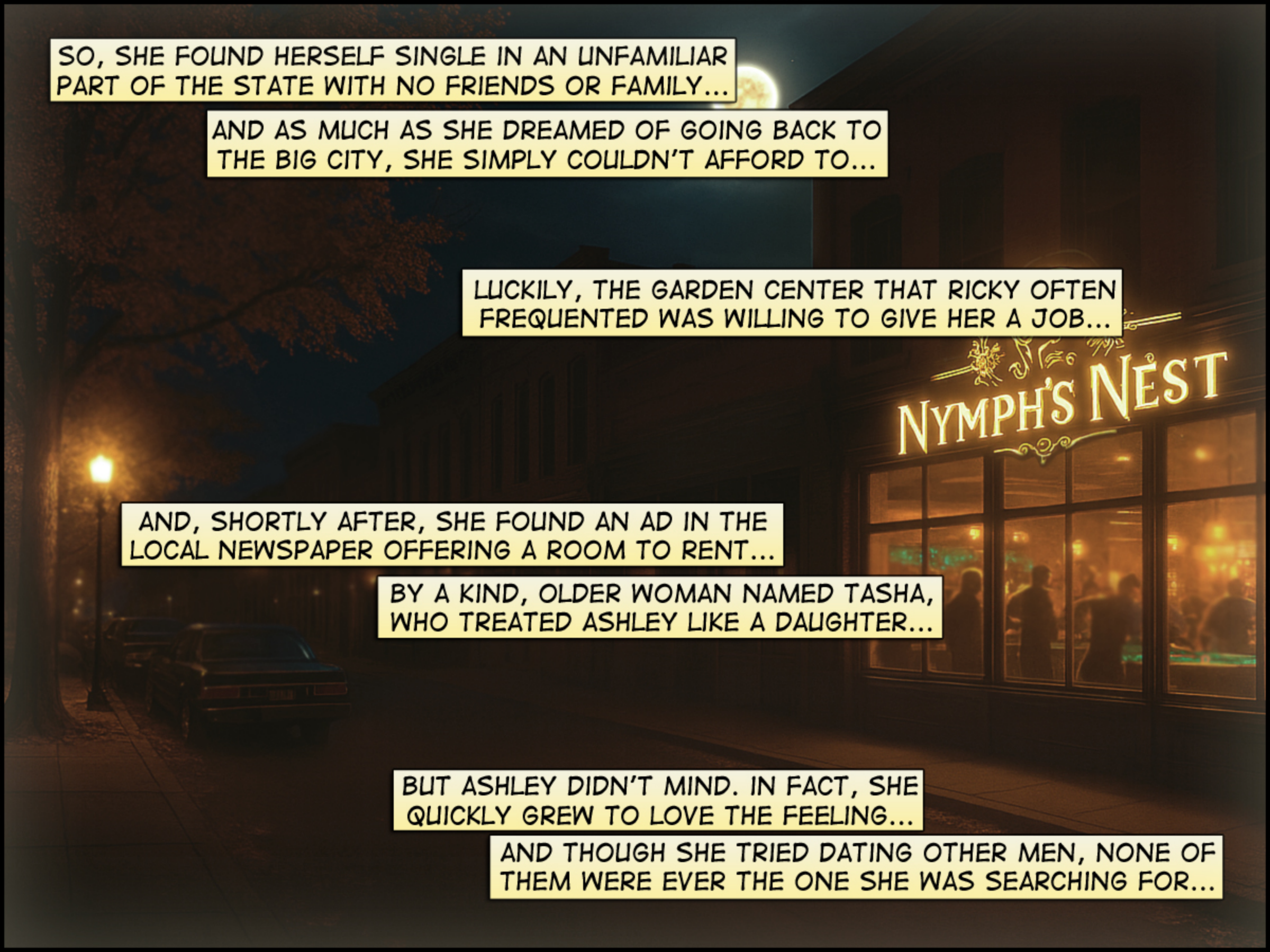
BUT, WHILE RICKY EXCELLED IN THE BEDROOM, HE WAS DIFFICULT FOR SOMEONE LIKE ASHLEY TO LIVE WITH...

HE EXPECTED HER TO HANDLE ALL THE COOKING, CLEANING, AND OTHER HOUSEKEEPING DUTIES...

AND WHILE CLEANING WAS NO ISSUE AT ALL, COOKING WAS ONE SKILL SHE DIDN'T HAVE...

WHICH WAS APPARENTLY AN ISSUE...

AS RICKY TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL ASSHOLE WHEN HE WASN'T GETTING HIS DICK SUCKED...



SO, SHE FOUND HERSELF SINGLE IN AN UNFAMILIAR PART OF THE STATE WITH NO FRIENDS OR FAMILY...

AND AS MUCH AS SHE DREAMED OF GOING BACK TO THE BIG CITY, SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T AFFORD TO...

LUCKILY, THE GARDEN CENTER THAT RICKY OFTEN FREQUENTED WAS WILLING TO GIVE HER A JOB...

AND, SHORTLY AFTER, SHE FOUND AN AD IN THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFERING A ROOM TO RENT...

BY A KIND, OLDER WOMAN NAMED TASHA, WHO TREATED ASHLEY LIKE A DAUGHTER...

BUT ASHLEY DIDN'T MIND. IN FACT, SHE QUICKLY GREW TO LOVE THE FEELING...

AND THOUGH SHE TRIED DATING OTHER MEN, NONE OF THEM WERE EVER THE ONE SHE WAS SEARCHING FOR...

SO, SHE FOUND HERSELF SINGLE IN AN UNFAMILIAR PART OF THE STATE WITH NO FRIENDS OR FAMILY...

AND AS MUCH AS SHE DREAMED OF GOING BACK TO THE BIG CITY, SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T AFFORD TO...

OKAY,
FINE. SO
MAYBE THAT'S
A LITTLE BETTER
THAN WHAT I
HAD...

LUCKILY, SHE FOUND A BAR CENTER THAT RICKY OFTEN FREQUENTED. HE WAS WILLING TO GIVE HER A JOB...

BUT
IT'S WHAT I
WAS GOING
FOR...

FOUNDED IN THE
ING... ENT...

IS THIS
HOW WE'RE
WRITING THIS,
THEN...?

AND SHE MET A MAN NAMED TASHA, WHO TREATED HER LIKE A DAUGHTER...

I MEAN,
IT DOES SOUND
A LITTLE CLOSER
TO MY FINAL
DRAFT...

BUT ASHLEY DIDN'T MIND. IN FACT, SHE QUICKLY GREW TO LOVE THE FEELING...

AND THOUGH SHE TRIED DATING OTHER MEN, NONE OF THEM WERE EVER THE ONE SHE WAS SEARCHING FOR...



NYMPH'S NEST

SO, SHE FOUND HERSELF SINGLE IN AN UNFAMILIAR PART OF THE STATE WITH NO FRIENDS OR FAMILY...

AND AS MUCH AS SHE DREAMED OF GOING BACK TO THE BIG CITY, SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T AFFORD TO...

LUCKILY, THE GARDEN CENTER SHE FREQUENTED WAS WILLING TO...

BUT I DON'T REALLY AGREE WITH THE APPROACH...

LIKE, I SHOULD BE A DIFFERENT CHARACTER, RIGHT...?

LIKE THE DUDE SHE WINDS UP WITH, OR...?

BUT ASHLEY DIDN'T MIND. IN FACT SHE QUICKLY GREW TO LOVE THE FEELING... AND THOUGH SHE TRIED DATING OTHER GUYS, NONE OF THEM WERE EVER THE ONE...

A man with a shaved head, wearing a denim vest and jeans, stands with his back to the camera, talking to a woman. The woman has dark hair and is wearing a black dress with a red top. They are in a bar with a brick wall and a bar counter in the background. A bartender is visible behind the counter. There are two speech bubbles and two text boxes overlaid on the scene.

THE PROBLEM WAS: THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE A MAN
OUT THERE WHO COULD COMPLETELY SATISFY HER...

I'D LOVE
TO HEAR MORE
ABOUT FOOT-
BALL...

YOU
SHOULD TELL
ME MORE ABOUT
IT BACK AT MY
PLACE.

AT LEAST, NOT FOR VERY LONG...

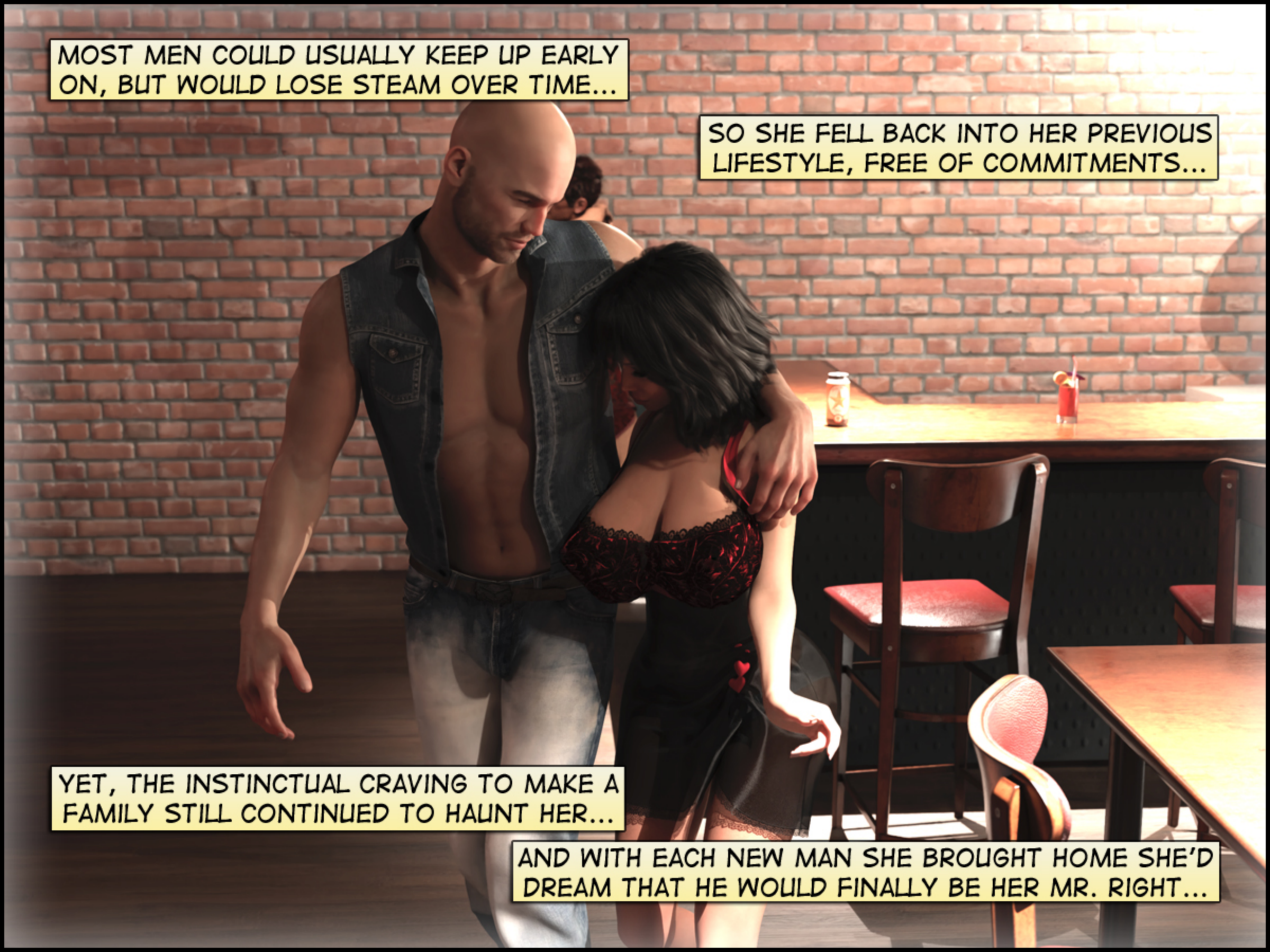
YOU SEE, ASHLEY LAROSE WAS A WOMAN
CURSED WITH AN INSATIABLE SEX DRIVE...

MOST MEN COULD USUALLY KEEP UP EARLY ON, BUT WOULD LOSE STEAM OVER TIME...

SO SHE FELL BACK INTO HER PREVIOUS LIFESTYLE, FREE OF COMMITMENTS...

YET, THE INSTINCTUAL CRAVING TO MAKE A FAMILY STILL CONTINUED TO HAUNT HER...

AND WITH EACH NEW MAN SHE BROUGHT HOME SHE'D DREAM THAT HE WOULD FINALLY BE HER MR. RIGHT...



ASHLEY DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SHE WAS ASKING FOR MUCH...

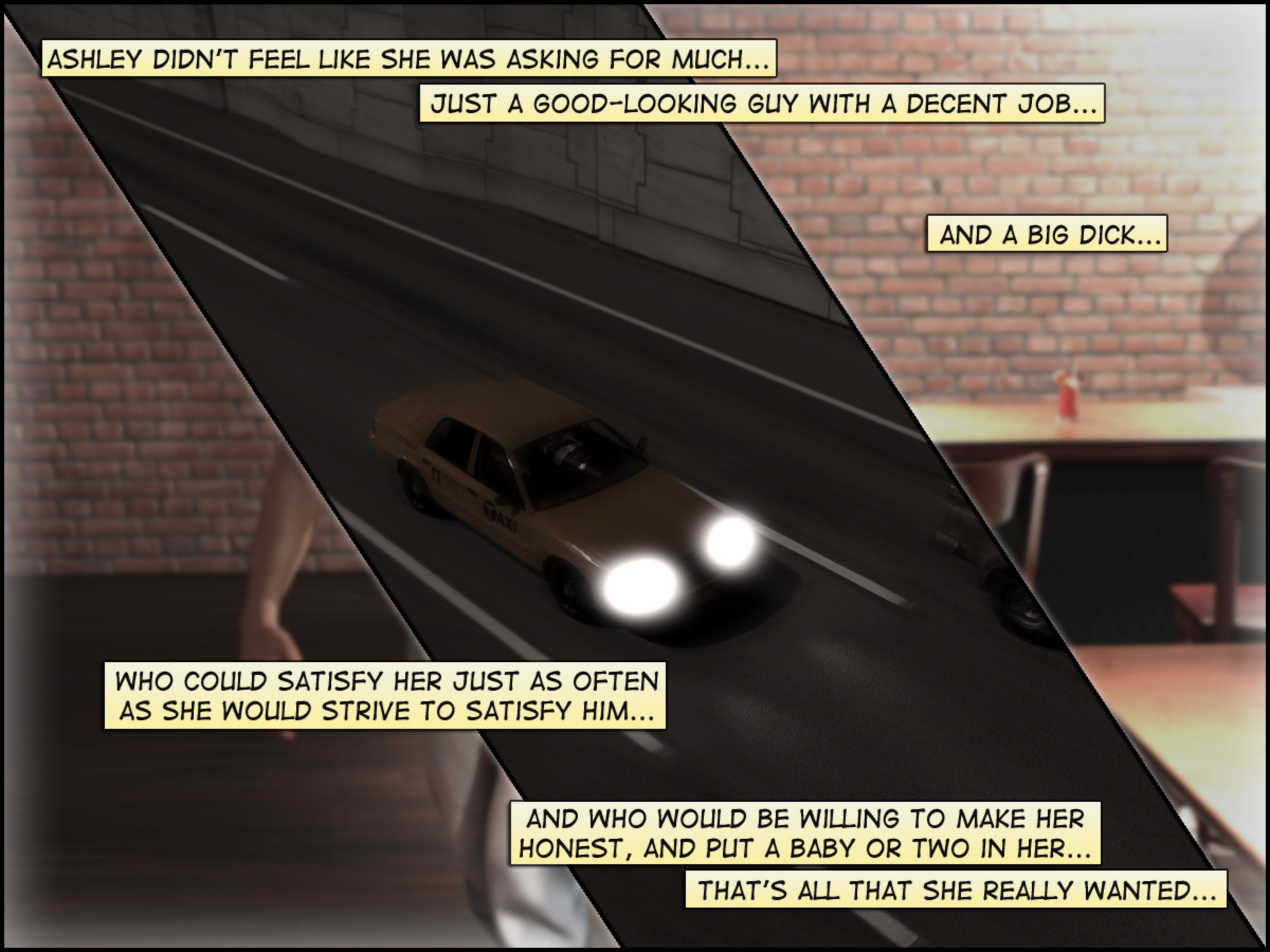
JUST A GOOD-LOOKING GUY WITH A DECENT JOB...

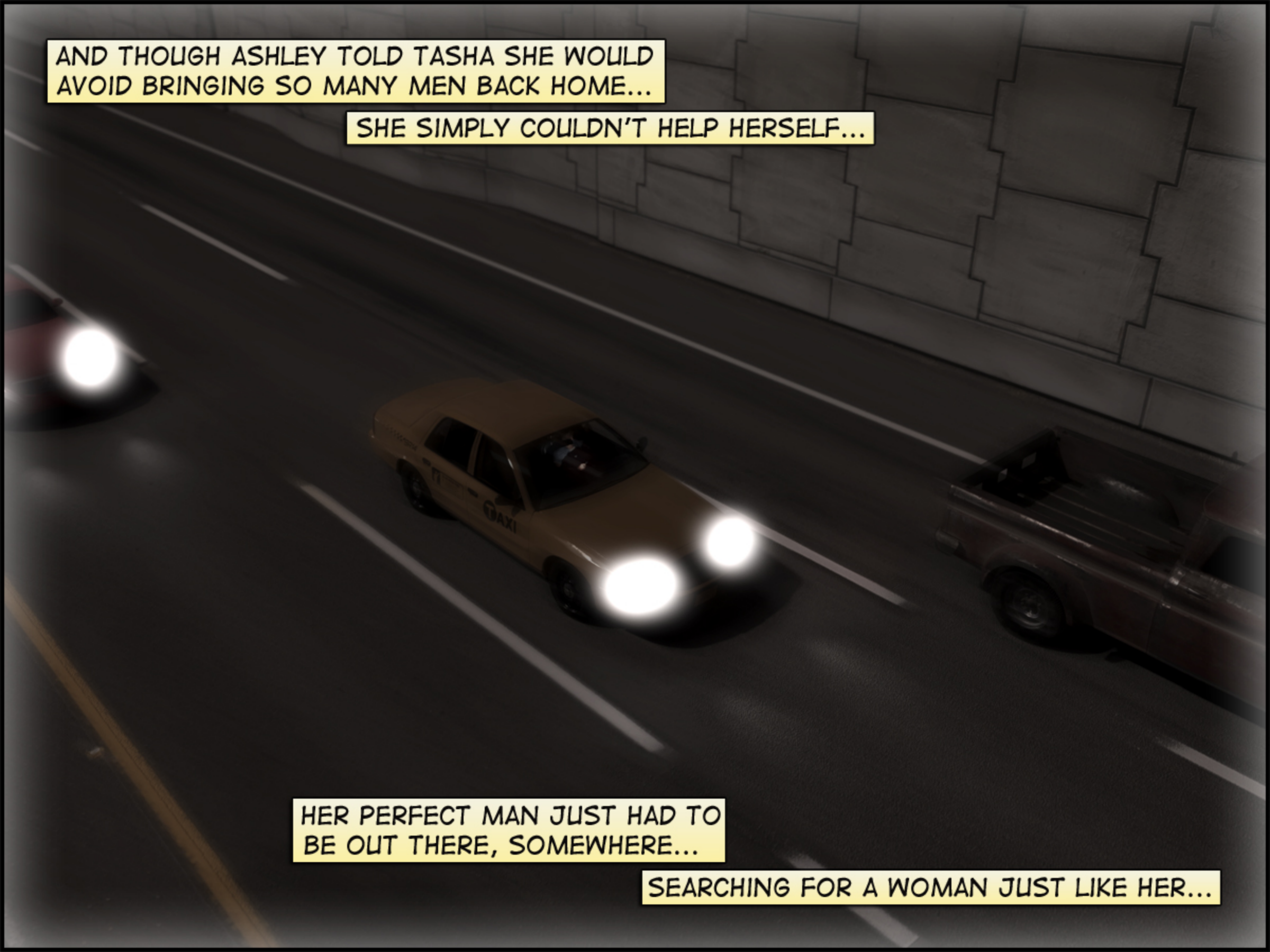
AND A BIG DICK...

WHO COULD SATISFY HER JUST AS OFTEN
AS SHE WOULD STRIVE TO SATISFY HIM...

AND WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO MAKE HER
HONEST, AND PUT A BABY OR TWO IN HER...

THAT'S ALL THAT SHE REALLY WANTED...



A high-angle, night-time photograph of a city street. A yellow taxi is driving towards the viewer in the center lane, its headlights on. To its right, a dark pickup truck is driving away. On the left, the front of another car is visible with its headlights on. The street has white lane markings and a yellow curb on the left. A stone wall is visible on the right side of the road.

AND THOUGH ASHLEY TOLD TASHA SHE WOULD
AVOID BRINGING SO MANY MEN BACK HOME...

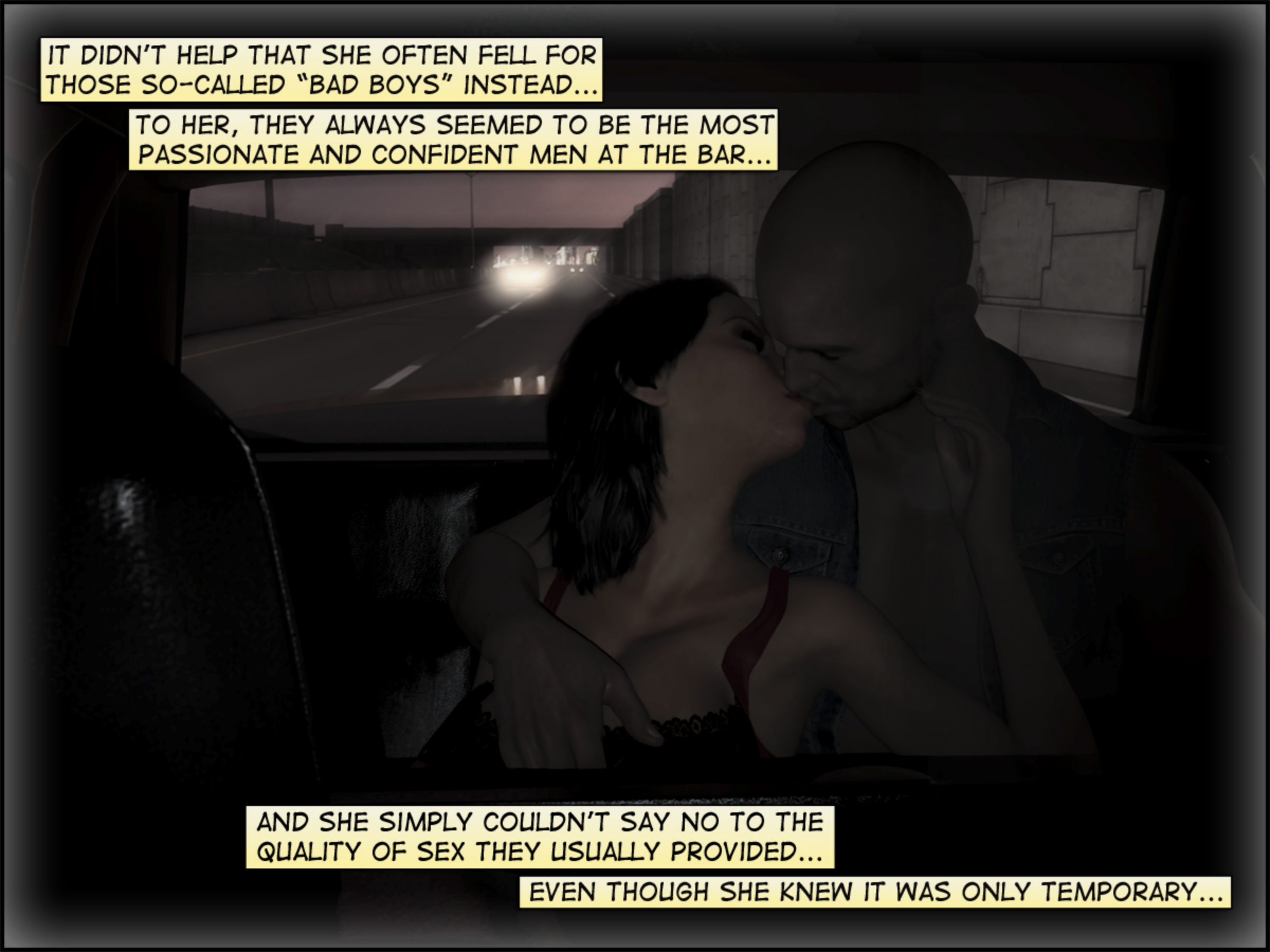
SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T HELP HERSELF...

HER PERFECT MAN JUST HAD TO
BE OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE...

SEARCHING FOR A WOMAN JUST LIKE HER...

IT DIDN'T HELP THAT SHE OFTEN FELL FOR THOSE SO-CALLED "BAD BOYS" INSTEAD...

TO HER, THEY ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE THE MOST PASSIONATE AND CONFIDENT MEN AT THE BAR...

A dark, moody photograph of a man and a woman kissing in the back of a car at night. The woman is on the left, leaning towards the man on the right. They are both looking at each other. The background shows a street at night with some lights and buildings.

AND SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T SAY NO TO THE QUALITY OF SEX THEY USUALLY PROVIDED...

EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW IT WAS ONLY TEMPORARY...

BECAUSE, ABOVE ALL ELSE...



ASHLEY LAROSE WAS A CREATURE OF PASSION...

BECAUSE, ABOVE ALL ELSE...

HELLO!?

...THAT WAS A CREATURE OF PASSION...





I KNOW
YOU CAN
HEAR ME!

DREAM
DEMON, OR
WHATEVER YOU
ARE... I DON'T
CARE!

BUT I AM
NOT A GOOD
FIT FOR THIS
CHARACTER!

I'D BE MORE
USEFUL AS, LIKE,
THE DIRECTOR OR
SOMETHING...



THERE
HAS TO BE
A BETTER
WAY...

RIGHT...?

AND THIS LATEST ONE WAS CUTE...

AFTER
ALL, IT IS MY
STORY...


TALL-ISH, AND A LITTLE DRUNK...



SAID HE LIKED HER LIPSTICK...

THAT SHE LOOKED LIKE TROUBLE...

SHE GIGGLED AND SAID "YOU HAVE NO IDEA..."

A woman with long dark hair and a nose ring is lying in bed, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a dark bra. A man's back and shoulder are visible in the foreground, partially obscuring her. The room is dimly lit, with a bedside table and a lamp visible in the background.

HE BOUGHT HER A FEW ROUNDS OF
SOMETHING PINK AND STRONG...

AND IN EXCHANGE SHE'D LET HIM
FEEL HER ASS UNDER THE TABLE...

NOW, YOU
WAIT JUST A
MINUTE...

SO NOW HERE THEY WERE...


HE BOUGHT HER FEW ROUNDS OF
SOMETHING STRONG...

IN EXCHANGE SHE'D LET HIM
PEEK UNDER THE TABLE...


THIS
IS WHERE
I LEFT
OFF...

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

SO NOW HERE THEY WERE...

A 3D rendered female character with short, dark, wavy hair and bangs. She has a nose ring and is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. She is unclothed. Her right hand is raised, with fingers slightly spread. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing the text "YOU CAN'T JUST EXPECT ME TO...". The background is dark and blurry, suggesting an indoor setting with some architectural elements.


YOU CAN'T
JUST EXPECT
ME TO...



AND EVEN THOUGH ASHLEY SWORE SHE WAS
DONE BRINGING GUYS HOME FROM THE BAR...

THE GIRL HAD NEEDS THAT HER ROOM-
MATE JUST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

NEEDS THAT SHE BELIEVED THE HUNK INSIDE OF
HER COULD AT LEAST MOMENTARILY SATISFY...



BACK AT THE BAR, HE WAS SO CONFIDENT...

SO AGGRESSIVE WITH HIS HANDS...

BUT HERE, IN HER BEDROOM...

HE'D FLUCKED HER LIKE HE WAS SCARED OF HER...

FAST AND GASPING...

EYES WIDE LIKE A KID WHO JUST TOUCHED SOMETHING TOO HOT...

BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, IT WAS ALREADY OVER...

AND HE WAS MOUTHING A WEAK APOLOGY
AS SHE FELT HIM ERUPT INSIDER OF HER...

LEAVING HER UNSATISFIED AND ANNOYED WHEN
HE ADMITTED THAT HE COULDN'T KEEP GOING...



AND THE ONLY THING ASHLEY FELT SATISFIED WITH
IN THAT VERY MOMENT WAS HER BIRTH CONTROL...

BECAUSE SHE WAS CERTAIN THAT THIS GUY
DEFINITELY WASN'T HUSBAND MATERIAL...

AND NOW HE WAS SLEEPING IN HER BED,
LEAVING HER ALONE, AWAKE AND HORNY...

UM...

WHAT...?


AS SHE CONSIDERED WHETHER OR NOT TO WAKE
HIM, AND HAVE HIM FINISH WHAT HE'D STARTED...





NO
WAY...





THERE'S
NO WAY I'M
DOING ANYTHING
WITH THIS
GUY....!

OR
ANY GUY AT
ALL FOR THAT
MATTER!

Spoil Me



YOU
HEAR ME!?
I...

SNORT

I JUST
CAN'T...

A person is lying in bed, holding a smartphone. The phone's screen is brightly lit and shows a profile of a woman with dark hair, looking upwards. The person's hands are visible, with dark nail polish. The background is dark, suggesting a night scene.

COME
ON. TALK
TO ME...

ASHLEY,
OR WHATEVER
YOU ARE...

I CAN'T
BE...



HER...

GOD,
YOU'RE SO
SEXY...

GASP!

Ashley...

JESUS...



THAT
SCARED THE
SHIT OUT
OF ME...



PLEASE...

THIS
ISN'T WHAT
I SIGNED
UP...

FOR...



WOW!


THIS IS
JUST...

IMPOSSIBLE!

GOD-DAMN-IT!




WHAT THE HELL DO I DO NOW...?



WELL,
I SURE AS
HELL CAN'T
STAY IN HERE
WITH BONER
BOY...

BUT
WHERE DO
I GO...?



I NEVER
REALLY FLESHED
HER APARTMENT
OUT...

BUT IT
HAS TO HAVE
A BATHROOM OR
SOMETHING I CAN
HIDE IN UNTIL HE
LEAVES...



YEAH...

THAT'S
PROBABLY
MY BEST
OPTION.

FOR
RIGHT NOW,
AT THE VERY
LEAST...

A woman with dark hair and a tattoo on her lower back is shown from the back, looking over her shoulder. She is in a dark room with a door visible on the right. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text in pink capital letters.

GOD
THIS IS SO
SURREAL...

FEELS
MORE LIKE
A HORROR
STORY...


THAN
SOMETHING
I'D USUALLY
WRITE.



GREAT...

NOW,
WHY DID I
HAVE TO GO
AND THINK
THAT...?

EITHER
WAY, IT LOOKS
LIKE AN EMPTY
HALLWAY...



WHAT-
EVER...


I'LL
STILL TAKE
MY CHANCES
OUT HERE.




KGZZZZT



HUH?




WHAT THE
HELL...?



HOW
THE HECK DID
I GET BACK
HERE...?

I WAS
JUST IN THE
HALL TESTING
A DOOR...

AND
THEN I GOT
DIZZY FOR A
SEC...

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark bikini, is standing in a dimly lit room. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. Behind her is a large, light-colored wardrobe with multiple doors and drawers. A dark shadow of her is cast onto the wardrobe doors. To the left, a dark door is slightly ajar. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and somewhat unsettling.

NOTHING
ABOUT THIS
PLACE MAKES
ANY FRICKIN'
SENSE...

I DON'T
FEEL LIKE
I'M STILL
DRUNK...

BUT
MAYBE I
AM...?

A woman in a bikini is standing in a doorway on the left side of the image. She is looking towards the camera with her hands raised slightly. The room is dark, and a large, light-colored wardrobe with multiple doors and drawers is the central focus. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one above the other, containing text.

JUST...
STAY RIGHT
THERE...

OKAY...?

GOD I
WISH THESE
FAT MONSTERS
WOULD STOP
TUGGING SO
MUCH...







THE
FUCK...?

UGH!


WHAT
IS EVEN
HAPPEN-
ING!?



SNORT

YOU
JUST SHUT
THE HELL
UP...






SURE AS
HELL AIN'T
DEALING WITH
YOU RIGHT
NOW...

AND
APPARENTLY
I CAN'T LEAVE
THIS ROOM...

I NEED TO,
AT LEAST, FIND
SOMETHING TO
COVER MYSELF
WITH...

IN CASE
MR. MORNING-
WOOD WAKES
UP AND GETS
THE WRONG
IDEA...



AND WHAT
A STUPID WAY
TO FIND OUT THAT
SOME GOD OR
WHATEVER
EXISTS...


Shiiiiink

COULDN'T
JUST GIVE ME
BRUCE ALMIGHTY
POWERS...

NO...

INSTEAD
I GET STUCK IN
A STORY I DIDN'T
EVEN WANT TO
WRITE...

AS THE
WORST MAIN
CHARACTER I'VE
EVER TRIED TO
CREATE...



AT LEAST
OLIVIA WAS
FUN...

AND
NANCY HAD
SO MUCH TO
UNPACK...



THEY
WEREN'T
JUST BASIC
SLUTS...

THOSE
TWO WERE
SO MUCH MORE
THAN A LONELY
GUY'S SPANK
MATERIAL...

BUT
ASHLEY...


ASHLEY STOOD AT THE
SIDE OF HER BED...

A close-up, profile view of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and a nose ring. She has a surprised expression on her face, with wide eyes and slightly open lips. The background is dark and out of focus.

WHAT...?

OH
SHIT!

Shiiiiink



DID
HE WAKE
UP...!?


UH...

DID
YOU JUST
SAY SOME-
THING?



NAKED
GUY...?

OKAY,
MAYBE HE
TALKS IN HIS
SLEEP...

A woman with dark hair is standing in a dark room, possibly a closet or bedroom. She is looking upwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression, her hand resting on her chin. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the left, possibly from a window or door. There are several speech bubbles around her, indicating a state of uncertainty or contemplation.

MAYBE...?

NO, I
DON'T THINK
THAT WAS
HIM...

HIS
VOICE WAS
SIGNIFICANTLY
DEEPER...

COULD
IT BE...?

A woman with dark hair and bangs stands in a doorway, looking towards the camera with a slightly nervous expression. She is unclothed. Her right hand is raised to her chin. The scene is dimly lit, with the doorway being the primary light source. To her right, a dark silhouette of a man is visible in the background. Five speech bubbles of varying colors (white and black) are positioned around her, containing text.

UH,
HEY... GOD?
IF YOU'RE STILL
LISTENING, I
DON'T...

WHY IS
HIS DICK STILL
SO HARD LIKE
THAT...?

I DON'T,
UH...

I WISH
HE'D PUT IT
AWAY...

SHIT,
WHAT WAS I
SAYING...?

STRUGGLING WITH HER AROUSAL...

WHAT!?

NO
I'M MOST
CERTAINLY
NOT!



WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT UNSATISFIED...

BY THE ATTRACTIVE STRANGER
CURRENTLY SLEEPING IN IT...

WHAT
I'M FEELING
IS FRUSTRATED
AND GROSSED
OUT...

JUST
SEEING THIS
GUY'S *HARD*
DICK...

Huff

IT MAKES
MY INSIDES
FEEL ALL...
JUST SO...

So...

*S-SOO
EMPTY...*

Uhh...

HUH...?

WHAT AM
I DOING...?



HEY!?

WHAT
JUST HAPPENED
TO ME!?

IT WAS
LIKE I COULDN'T
AVOID TOUCHING
MY...

BING!

SHE NEEDED A SMOKE...

SELF...?

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

WHAT...
IS... THIS?

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

A-ARE
THOSE T-THE
WORDS I JUST
HEARD...?

WAIT...
HAVEN'T I
SEEN THIS
BEFORE?



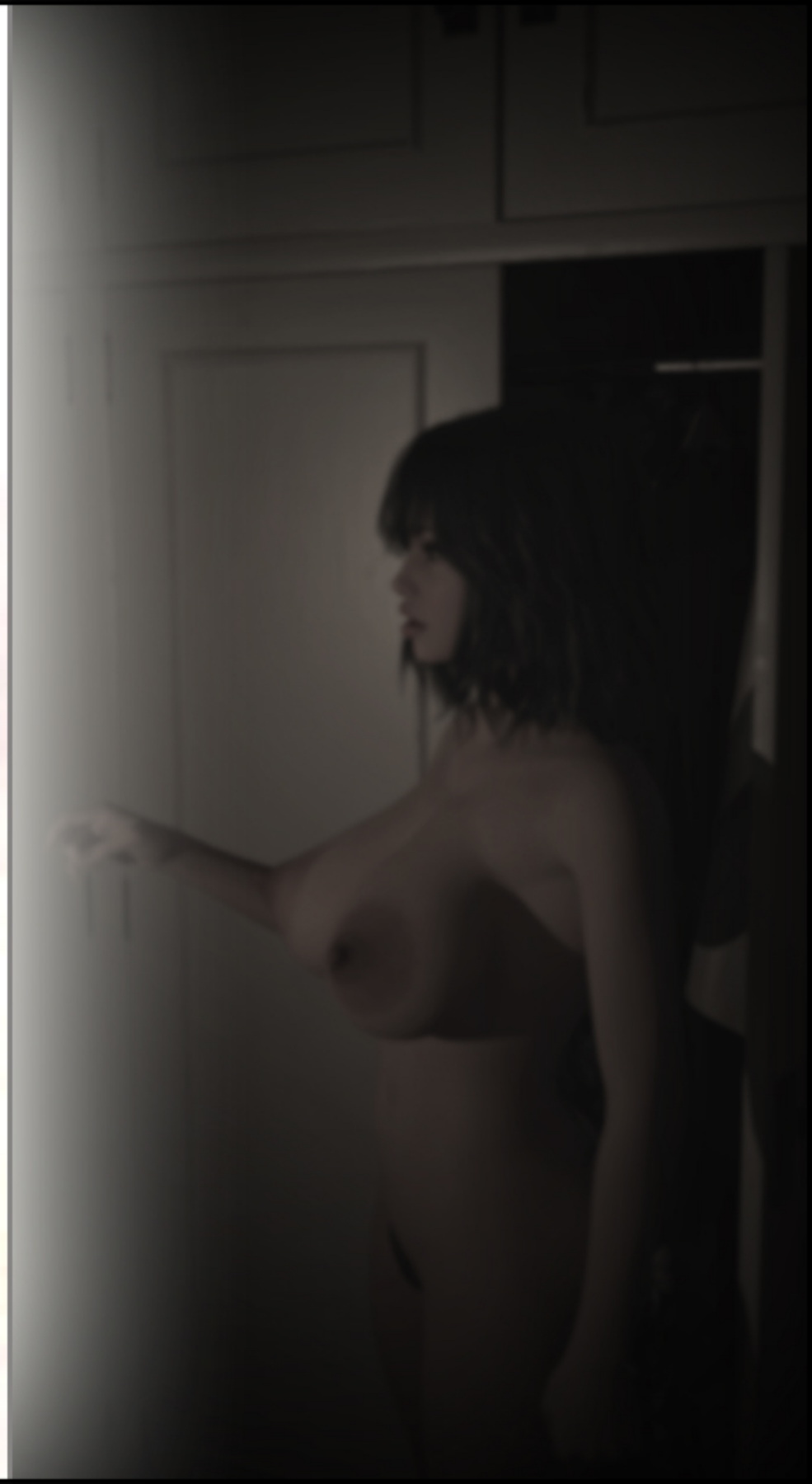
Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

Each breast was a full, obscene handful and then some. Perfectly round, impossibly buoyant, they hung with a weight that felt almost ceremonial.

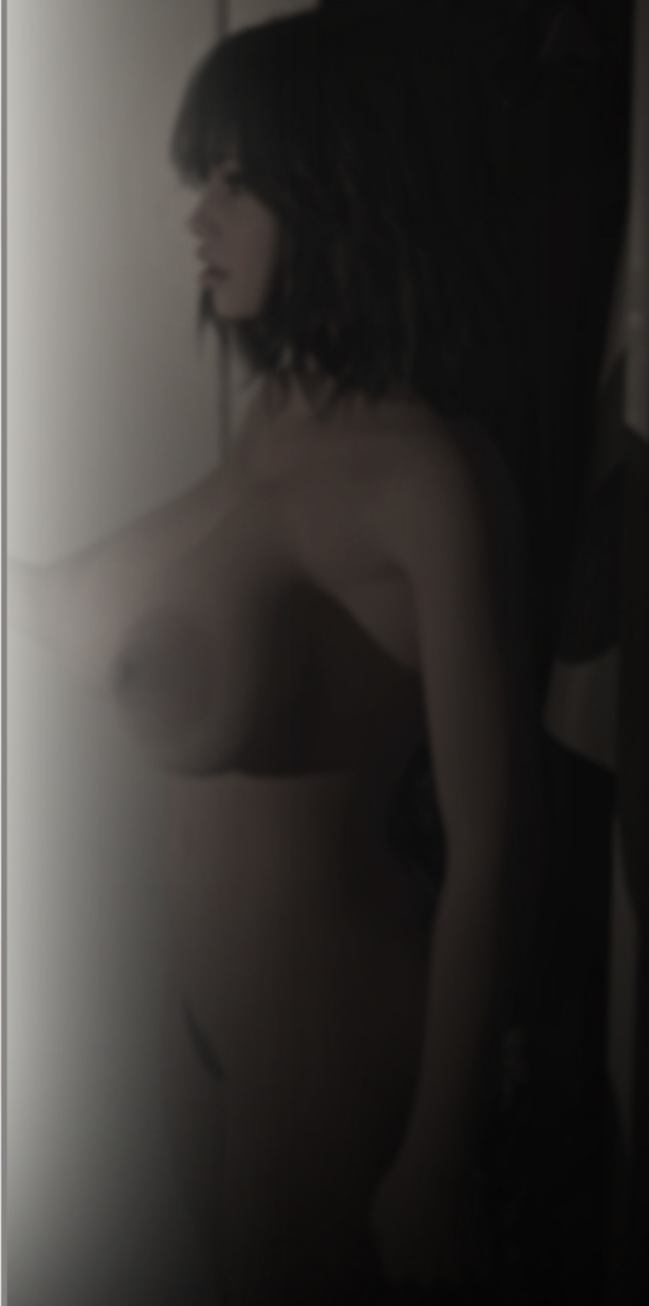
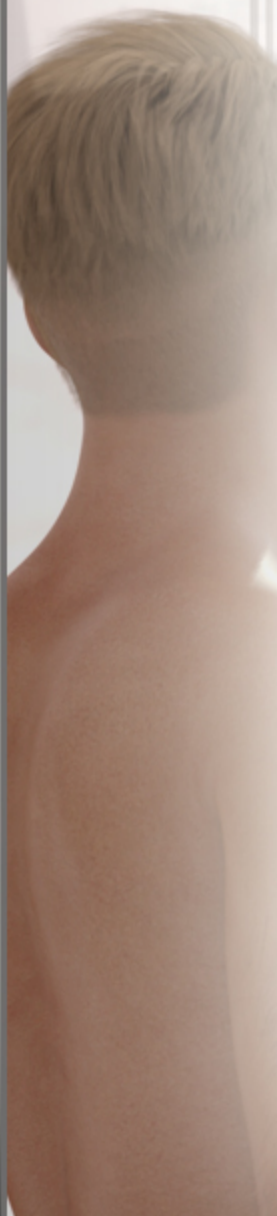
The nipples were wide and soft-looking, tinted a lazy blush pink, slightly puffy from imagined arousal. Her skin was smooth and tight over the swell, a taut curve that caught the light like polished silk.

They moved with lag, like heavy cream inside delicate skin, swaying with the slightest shift of her shoulders.

IN THAT
WEIRD-ASS
DREAM...



THE
WORDS
SOMEHOW
CHANGED
ME!



Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

Between her thighs, she was poetry soaked in sin. Smooth, bare, and blushing, the folds tucked in tight and neat, like her body had been sealed with the promise of pleasure.

Her outer lips were plump and slightly swollen, the kind of shape that looked tender to the touch, as if arousal was her natural state. There was a sheen to her, soft and slick, a glistening invitation that caught the eye and refused to let go.

The cleft ran clean and sweet down the center, a subtle parting that deepened when her legs spread. Nestled near the top, her clit peeked out beneath its hood, a delicate, glimmering pearl just begging to be teased. Designed to drip.

THEY
EVEN HAD
THAT SAME
BORDER!

**OH,
GOD!**



**I REMEMBER
EVERYTHING!**



Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

NO...
THERE'S
ABSOLUTELY
NO FREAKING
WAY...

AND THE
EMPTINESS IS
DRIVING ME
CRAZY!

POP!



WHAT-
EVER. I'M
NOT GAY, SO
IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

I'M JUST
STUCK IN A BODY
THAT'S TURNED
ON SUPER EASY,
THAT'S ALL...

HAS
NOTHING
TO DO WITH
THAT GUY OR
HIS...

Sigh

EITHER
WAY, IT FEELS
LIKE IT'S GOING
TO BE A REAL
PROBLEM...

I HAVE
TO FIND SOME
WAY OUT OF
HERE...

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

BECAUSE IT
SOUNDS LIKE MY
ONLY OTHER OPTION
IS TO SOMEHOW
FINISH THE STORY
AS ASHLEY...

AND I
HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT THAT EVEN
MEANS...

BUT IF
THIS IS ANY
INDICATOR OF
HOW THAT'LL
GO...

NO, I'D
RATHER NOT
THINK ABOUT
THAT...

AND I'M
DEFINITELY
GOING TO PASS
ON THIS.

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

HMM...

OKAY...
SO, HOW DO I
EVEN GET RID
OF THIS...?

...and a stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

WELL,
THAT DIDN'T
SEEM TO DO
ANYTHING...

EXCEPT
MAKE THE TIP
OF MY FINGER
COLD FOR A
SECOND...

SO...
HOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO
GET RID OF THE
POP-UP?

Ashtley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unassisted by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

HEY,
I READ
IT...

WHERE-
EVER YOU
ARE...

YOU
CAN GET
RID OF THIS
THING NOW,
OKAY...?





HELLO!?

UH,
DREAM...
GOD...?


IF YOU'RE
DOING ALL OF
THIS, THEN YOU
HAVE TO BE ABLE
TO HEAR ME,
RIGHT...?

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU EXPECT
ME TO...

DO...




A 3D rendered woman with long, dark, wavy hair and bangs stands in a locker room. She is unclothed, with her large breasts prominently displayed. She has a neutral, somewhat somber expression. The background consists of white lockers with black handles and a black 'PP' marking on the wall. The lighting is dim and moody.

SO, SHE WAS LISTENING...

AND THIS IS HOW SHE RESPONDS TO ME AFTER EVERYTHING...?

BUT WHY SHOW ME A PACK OF CIGARETTES...?

DOES SHE EXPECT ME TO SMOKE ONE...?




THAT
IS THE LAST
THING I THINK I
WROTE ABOUT
ASHLEY...

BUT
THAT'S HER.
THAT'S NOT
ME...

I DON'T
SMOKE...

JUST
LIKE THESE
BIG HEAVY TITS
AREN'T MINE,
EVEN IF THEY
FEEL...



HEY, I
KNOW YOU'RE
LISTENING
TO ME...

CAN WE
MAYBE TALK
NOW...?

IT'S
JUST... I
DON'T FEEL
COMFORT-
ABLE...

HUH?
WHERE'D
THE THING
GO...?

LISTEN.
THE SMOKING
THING IS, LIKE,
HOLLYWOOD
HOT...

YOU
KNOW...?

IN THE
REAL WORLD
IT'S PRETTY
GROSS.

SO, I WAS
THINKING THAT,
MAYBE, WE CAN
JUST WRITE THAT
PART OUT?

YEAH?

A woman with dark hair is sitting on a patterned rug in a dimly lit room. She is looking thoughtful, with her hand to her head. In the background, a man is lying on a bed, and a small blue speech bubble with the word "SNORT" is visible. The scene is set in a bedroom with a bed and a window with curtains.

SNORT

SHUT
UP...

SO WHAT
IF I DO JUST
CHANGE THE
STORY...?

IT'S
STILL JUST
THE CHARACTER
INTRODUC-
TION...

MAYBE
ASHLEY GOES
FULL-ON LESBO
AFTER THIS
GUY...

GIVES UP
SMOKING, AND
FINDS A HOT RICH
WIDOW WHO ALREADY
HAS SOME KIDS, OR
SOMETHING...



I MEAN,
I'M SURE I
COULD LIVE LIKE
THAT FOR A
WHILE...

AND I'LL
PROBABLY GET
USED TO HOW
STRANGE BEING
IN THIS BODY
FEELS...

I THINK...

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black bikini, is seen from behind, looking towards a man lying on a bed. The man is shirtless and appears to be in a state of distress or unconsciousness. The room is dimly lit, with a patterned rug on the floor and a window with curtains in the background. The woman has a tattoo on her lower back.

SO,
WHAT DO I
DO ABOUT THIS
GUY...?

I CAN'T
JUST LEAVE
HIM THERE WITH
THAT THING ALL
OUT IN THE
OPEN...

NOT IF
I'M STUCK
IN HERE...

I DON'T
LIKE HOW
THAT'S
MAKING ME
FEEL...

DON'T
KNOW IF
THIS WILL
WORK...

BUT IT
CAN'T HURT
TO TRY...

INHALE

HEY!

DICK

FOR

BRAINS!

GET THE FUCK OUT!

**BEFORE
I CALL THE
COPS...**



**SOMEBODY
HELP!**

THERE'S
A STRANGE
NAKED MAN IN
MY ROOM!



HUH?!





GASP!



DAMN
IT...!

BING!

Ashley stood at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left unsatisfied by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke...

NOT THIS AGAIN...

ASHLEY STOOD AT HER SIDE OF THE BED...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS...?

STRUGGLING WITH HER AROUSAL...

NOPE!

BY THE ATTRACTIVE STRANGER CURRENTLY SLEEPING IN IT...

SHE NEEDED A SMOKE.

ACTUALLY,
I DON'T...

I DECIDED
TO WRITE THAT
PART OUT, AS I'VE
EXPLAINED.

ALSO,
YOU MAY NOT
KNOW THIS ABOUT
ME, BUT I HAVE
ASTHMA...



BRNIT!



at her side of the bed, struggling with her arousal which had been left
by the attractive stranger currently sleeping in it. She needed a smoke.

Warning: Ashley must act appropriately to proceed...

WHAT
THE HELL IS
THAT SUPPOSED
TO MEAN...?

IT'S *MY*
CHARACTER
THAT YOU'RE
FORCING *ME*
TO PLAY...

FORGET THIS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH ME...

BUT I FEEL LIKE I FELL FOR SOME SORT OF WEIRD JOKE OR FETISH THING...

OR BOTH...

EITHER WAY, I'M NOT PLAYING ALONG.



...b99001q of yls
...need bad hchlw lszu016 r6t rtiw gnllgguntz ,bed ent ho sbie r6t ts boote yel6d
...akomz s bab66n 6h2 .ti ni gnique6z yltm6t1u0 regn6t6 6nt yd b6it666m

THAT'S
JUST MY
LUCK...

LEAVE
IT TO ME TO
SOMEHOW GET
CATFISHED IN
A DREAM...

BING!

...pletely satisfied. Just
...gnited. I'lliw ti bns, 2V6W
...leat yllsnora





UGH!

LOOK,
I GET IT.
BUT I'M
NOT...

♪ Da DUN DUM ♪

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Strong Oral Fixation

You will now experience Ashley's oral fixation.

You will occasionally feel a motivating discomfort when your mouth isn't being stimulated in Ashley's preferred ways, and it will continuously grow unbearable until it is completely satisfied. Just as the character was written...

ASHLEY'S...

ORAL
FIXATION!?

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Strong Oral Fixation

You will now experience Ashley's oral fixation.

You will occasionally feel a motivating discomfort when your mouth isn't being stimulated in Ashley's preferred ways, and it will continuously grow unbearable until it is completely satisfied. Just as the character was written...

YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS...



YOU PUT
ME IN THIS
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT
BODY...!

IT'S SO
UNCOMFORTABLE!
ALL OF THESE SUDDEN
STRANGE IRRATIONAL
FEELINGS...

ISN'T
THAT BAD
ENOUGH!?

YOU
CAN'T JUST
MAKE IT EVEN
WORSE FOR
ME...!

ALL
BECAUSE
I...



WAAAAAH!

AH! MY
TONGUE'S
SUDDENLY
SO ITCHY!

WUFF FA
FUF...!?

BECAUSE
I WOLLAGH!!

IS THAT
WHAT IT FEELS
LIKE...!?

IS MY
TONGUE
ALWAYS GOING
TO BE ITCHY
NOW...!?

MY POOR
CHARACTERS...

AND HOW
DID I MISS
THIS TONGUE
RING...?

...ing stimulated in Ashley's pr
ntinuously grow unbearable un
d. Just as the character was written...

OH...
TOUCHING
MY TONGUE IS
MAKING THE ITCH
GO AWAY...

HA! I
BET THAT
THING HAD NO
IDEA THAT THIS
WORKS...


...ing stimulated in Ashley
...ntinuously grow unbeara
...d. Just the character v

THAT
JUST FEELS
SO GOOD,
DOESN'T
IT...?

YEAH IT
DOES...

MMMMMMMM





GOD,
JUST IMAGINE
IF THOSE LITTLE
FINGERS WERE
BIT...

THICKER...

Mmmmm...

FIRMER...

Mmmmm♥

JUST LIKE
THAT HARD
DICK...

MMMN!?

OKAY,
WHAT THE
HELL...!?





EUGH!

STOP
IT...!

WHY
WOULD I
EVEN THINK
THAT...?

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Strong Oral Fixation

You will now experience Ashley's oral fixation.
You will occasionally feel a motivating discomfort when
your mouth isn't being stimulated in Ashley's preferred
ways, and it will continuously grow unbearable until it is
completely satisfied. Just as the character was written...

THAT
WAS REALLY
MESSED
UP...

WHAT-
EVER YOU
JUST DID TO
ME...

YOU
KNOW THAT
RIGHT...?

YOU
AGREED...

AND
YOU KNOW
THAT ISN'T WHAT
I MEANT BY
TALKING...

I'M
NOT JUST
SOME *THING*
YOU CAN PLAY
WITH...

O-KAY?



UN-
BELIEVE-
A...

-BLE...

♪ Da Doo Doo ♪

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Nicotine Addiction

You will now experience Ashley's nicotine addiction. A deep craving will take hold of your body. When your body craves nicotine, Ashley's character will enjoy smoking and believe it makes her sexy. So your manners will be guided during a smoke.

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Nicotine Addiction

You will now experience Ashley's nicotine addiction.

A deep, gnawing emptiness that tightens in your chest when your body craves nicotine. Ashley is a character who enjoys smoking and believes it makes her sexy, so your mannerisms will be guided during a smoke.

*OH,
COME
ON!*

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Nicotine Addiction

You will now experience Ashley's nicotine addiction.

A deep, gnawing emptiness that tightens in your chest when your body craves nicotine. Ashley is a character who enjoys smoking and believes it makes her sexy, so your mannerisms will be guided during a smoke.

THIS IS
JUST SO
STUPID...

IT WAS
JUST A SILLY
FETISH THING I
PUT IN...

WHY
ARE YOU
SO HUNG UP
ON THIS!?

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

BRIN?!

Nicotine Addiction

Warning: Ashley must act appropriately to proceed...

A deep, gnawing emptiness that tightens in your chest when your body craves nicotine. Ashley is a character who enjoys smoking and believes it makes her sexy, so your mannerisms will be guided during a smoke.

BUT
WHY!?

ADDICTION
IS A SERIOUS
ISSUE, YOU CAN'T
JUST *GIVE* IT TO
PEOPLE...!

EVEN
THOUGH, I
GUESS THAT'S
TECHNICALLY
WHAT I WAS
DOING...

BUT...

GUIDANCE WILL BE PROVIDED

Enforcing Character Detail: Nicotine Addiction

You will
A
w
w
y
You
in your chest
is a character
her sexy, so
shoke.

STILL!


THEY
AREN'T REAL
AND I...

I AM...

RIGHT...?

UGH!






FINE, I
GIVE UP. IT'S
NOT LIKE THIS
IS *MY* ACTUAL
BODY...

AND,
OBVIOUSLY,
YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO STOP MAKING *MY*
LIFE WORSE UNTIL
YOU GET YOUR
WAY...

BECAUSE
YOU'RE A
LITERAL
MONSTER!

THIS
FEELING OF
WITHDRAWAL OUT
OF NOWHERE... IT
REALLY SUCKS, BY
THE WAY...


YOU
BETTER
REMOVE IT
AFTER I DO
THIS..!

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the back, looking at jewelry on a table in a dimly lit room. She has a tattoo on her left buttock. The room contains a window with curtains, a chair, and a jewelry display.

I'M NOT
SURE I EVEN
KNOW HOW TO
DO THIS...

BUT
MY BODY
FEELS LIKE
IT DOES...

HOW
I HAVEN'T
ALREADY GONE
INSANE, I HAVE
NO IDEA...




WHAT IF
I HAVE...?

WHAT
IF THIS *IS*
ME LOSING MY
MIND...?

AND I'M
JUST, LIKE,
HAVING SOME
EPISODE ON MY
LIVING ROOM
FLOOR...?

Fuck...

A woman with dark, wavy hair is shown in a dark, dimly lit room. She is shirtless and is lighting a cigarette with a lighter. Her head is bowed, and she has a distressed expression. The scene is rendered in a dark, monochromatic style with some highlights on her skin and the cigarette.

CHRIST!
I FEEL LIKE
I'M HAVING A
PANIC ATTACK
RIGHT NOW...

I JUST
NEED TO GET
THIS OVER
WITH...






FWOOOO



WHOA...

WHAT IS
THIS...?




WHAT
WAS I EVEN
STRESSING
ABOUT...?

THAT
ACTUALLY
FELT REALLY
GOOD!

AND I
DIDN'T EVEN
COUGH...

SURE,
THE TASTE
COULD BE
BETTER...


BUT IT'S
NOT ASHES
LIKE I THOUGHT
IT WAS GOING
TO BE.



DOES IT
FEEL LIKE THIS
JUST BECAUSE
ASHLEY LIKES
IT...?

AH, WHO
CARES...?

MMMM♥



I FEEL SO
GOOD RIGHT
NOW...

FWOOOOO

SO...
SEXY...

A woman with dark hair is standing in a dimly lit room, talking on a mobile phone. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, bikini. Her right hand is raised to her ear, holding the phone. The room is dark, with some light coming from a window in the background. There are some framed pictures on the wall. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

sigh...

NOW,
WHAT TO
DO ABOUT
YOU...?



GLY'S
COMPLETELY
OBLIVIOUS...

JUST
LAYING
THERE WITH
HIS DICK
OUT...



HIS
BEAUTIFUL
DICK...

BLING

SUCH A
SHAME I
DIDN'T GET
MORE TIME
WITH IT...

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black bikini, stands in a dimly lit room. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The room contains a wooden table with a lamp, a chair, and a radiator. Several thought bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text in pink and white. The overall mood is mysterious and slightly unsettling.

WHAT...?

YUCK!

THAT
WASN'T...

WHOSE
THOUGHTS ARE
THOSE...?

THEY
DEFINITELY
WEREN'T
MINE...



BUT
FOR SOME
REASON I CAN'T
STOP LOOKING
AT IT...

AND MY
TONGUE IS
GETTING *SO*
ITCHY...

ANOTHER
DRAG MIGHT
HELP...

BING!

The smoke calmed her a little, but her mouth still felt needy. She looked at him. She sucked on the filter and imagined it was that hard

MMN!

THE SMOKE CALMED HER A LITTLE...

BUT HER MOUTH STILL FELT NEEDY.

SHE LOOKED BACK AT THE BED...

AT HIM...

The smoke calmed her a little, but her mouth still felt needy. She looked back at the bed, at him. She sucked on the filter and imagined it was that hard cock instead...


NO...

FWOOOOO

NOT
THIS...

SHE SUCKED ON THE FILTER...

AND IMAGINED IT WAS THAT HARD COCK INSTEAD...



I DIDN'T
WANT TO
WRITE THIS
PART...!

REMEMBER...?

BING!

WHAT IF SHE JUST...

I DIDN'T...

PUT IT IN HER MOUTH...?

JUST FOR A SECOND?

MAYBE HE WOULDN'T EVEN WAKE UP.

The smoke calmed her a little, but her mouth still felt needy. She looked back at the bed, at him. She sucked on the filter and imagined it was that hard 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. Or, maybe, he'd disappoint her again...

YOU
CAN'T JUST
EXPECT ME TO
DO SOMETHING
LIKE THIS...

PLEASE...

MAYBE HE'D MOAN IN HIS SLEEP.

OR, MAYBE...

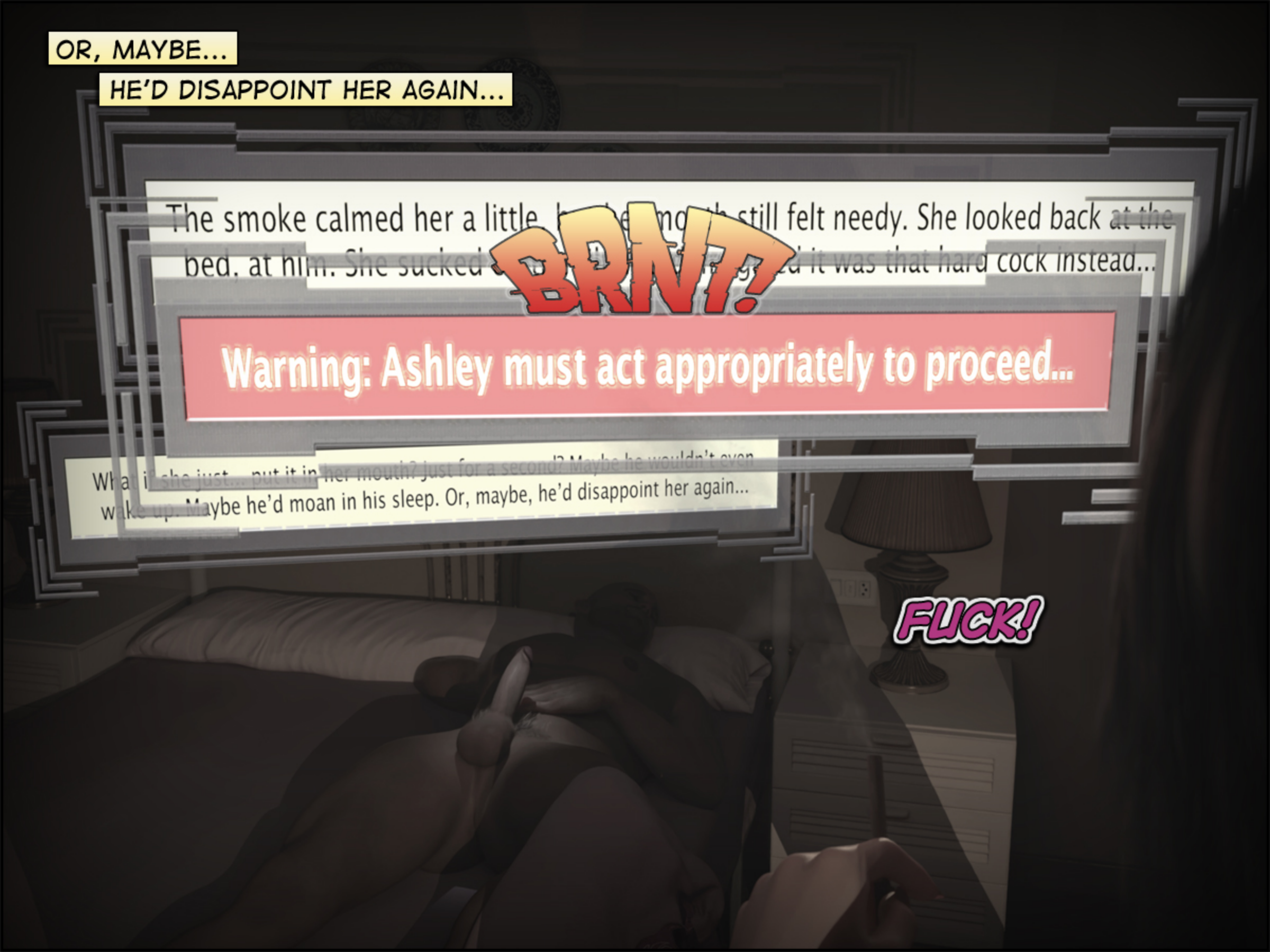
HE'D DISAPPOINT HER AGAIN...

The smoke calmed her a little, but her mouth still felt needy. She looked back at the bed, at him. She sucked **BRIN?!** and it was that hard cock instead...

Warning: Ashley must act appropriately to proceed...

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. Or, maybe, he'd disappoint her again...

FUCK!





WHAT
THE HELL DID
I GET MYSELF
INTO...?

To Be Continued

Thanks for reading!



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