

KaraComet
Presents

DRAFTED

Chapter 2
The Deal of
a Lifetime

**NYMPH'S
HOLLOW**





WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
KEVIN...?

DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME...?

Giggle

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

ARE YOU...?

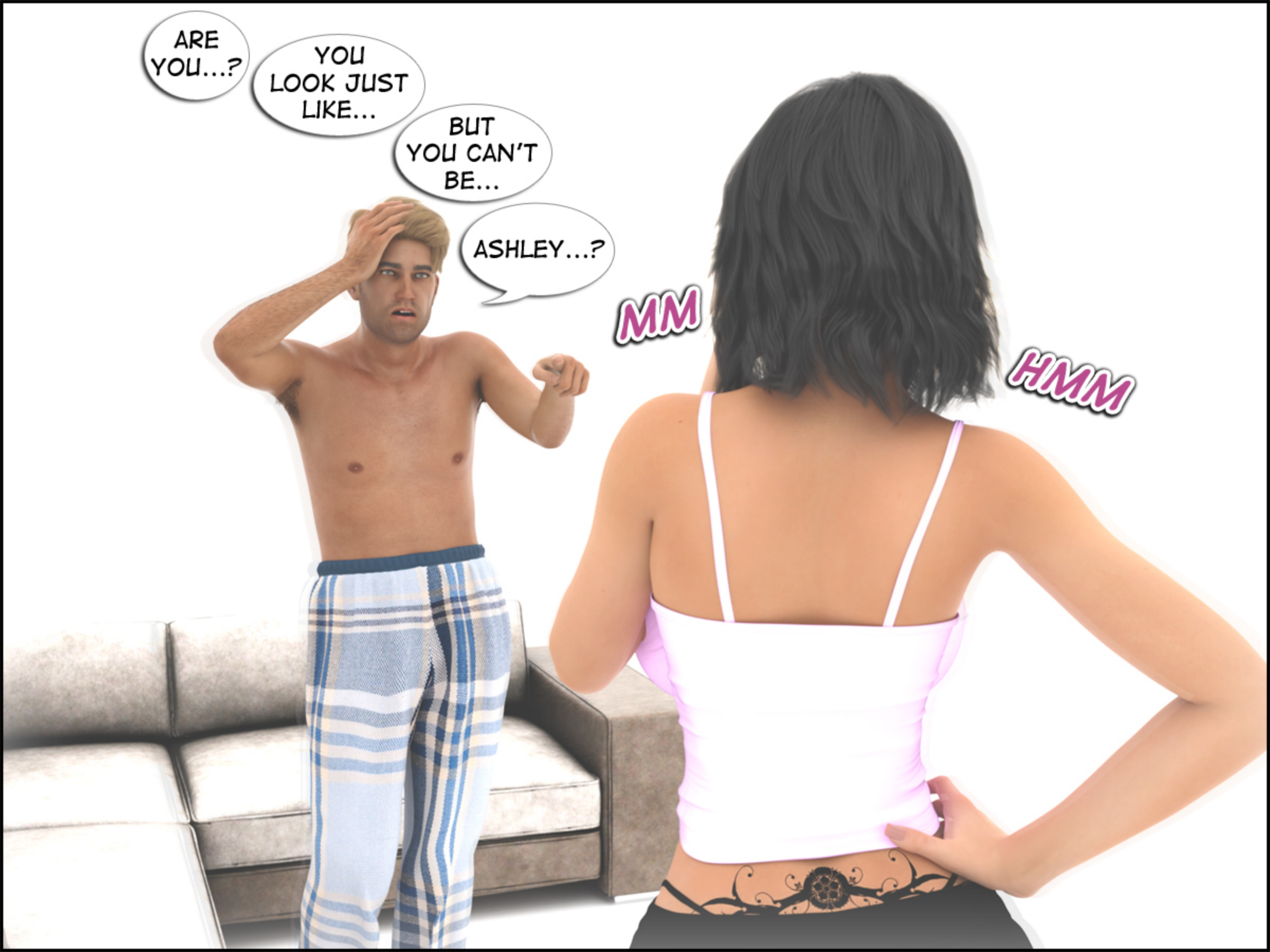
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE...

BUT YOU CAN'T BE...

ASHLEY...?

MM

HMM





MY
ASHLEY...?

A WOMAN
THAT I MADE
UP...?

IN THE
FLESH...

WELL,
KINDA...

YOU LOOK
EXACTLY LIKE
HOW I IMAGINED
SHE WOULD...

THIS IS
CRAZY...!

HOW!?

WOULD
IT MAKE YOU
FEEL BETTER IF
I CALLED YOU
DADDY?

Giggle

I MEAN...
IT PROBABLY
WOULDN'T
HURT...

I'M
DREAMING
RIGHT NOW,
RIGHT...?

SORT'A!

SORT'A?

MM HMM

WHAT
DOES THAT
EVEN...?



**OH
FUCK!**

AM I
DEAD!?

NO,
YOU'RE
NOT DEAD,
DADDY!


EWW,
YEAH, THAT'S
ACTUALLY KINDA
CRINGY ...

THAT
WOULD BE
SUCH A BIG
WASTE...

IF
YOU SAY
SO...

BUT,
WHAT THE
HELL IS THIS,
THEN...?






IMAGINE
THAT IT'S LIKE
A VERY LUCID
DREAM...

EXCEPT
SOMETHING
QUITE A BIT
MORE...

SO...
DOES THAT
MEAN I CAN DO,
LIKE, DREAM
STUFF...?

OR...?

A man and a woman are shown in a close, intimate conversation. The man, on the left, is shirtless and has his hand behind his head, looking towards the woman. The woman, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a white lace-trimmed bralette. She is smiling and looking back at the man. The background is plain white.

'CAUSE
IT FEELS SO
REAL...

I KNOW
EXACTLY
WHAT YOU
MEAN...

AND,
YES...

Giggle

I'D LOVE
NOTHING
MORE...

THAN TO LET
YOU EXPERIENCE
EVERYTHING YOU
EVER DREAMED
OF WITH THIS
BODY...

OH,
WOW!

YOU
REALLY ARE
HER, AREN'T
YOU...?

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

THERE
REALLY ISN'T
MUCH WRITTEN
ABOUT ME
YET...



AND
UNTIL YOU'RE
READY TO BRING
ME TO LIFE, WE
CAN'T HAVE ANY
FUN...

WAIT!

I'M
READY, I
SWEAR!

**WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING!?**





WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO!?

YOU HAVE TO BE WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO FINISH MY STORY...



UNTIL THEN, I'M, LIKE, JUST A CONCEPT.

AND YOU CAN'T EXPERIENCE A CONCEPT, SO...

LATER!



WAIT!

I'LL DO
WHATEVER
IT TAKES... I
SWEAR!





YES!

PLEASE,
YOU HAVE
TO BELIEVE
ME...!

IT'S NOT
JUST YOU...
MY WHOLE LIFE
IS RIDING ON
IT...!

DO YOU
REALLY MEAN
THAT...?

THAT...?
THAT...?



A man with light brown hair, shirtless, wearing a blue and white striped towel around his waist, stands with his hands outstretched in a questioning gesture. He has a worried expression. The background is a plain white surface.

IT'S JUST,
I DON'T KNOW
WHY I'M HAVING
SUCH A HARD
TIME...

IS...

IS THERE
ANY WAY YOU
CAN REALLY DO
WHAT YOU
SAID...?

THIS IS
HARD FOR
A MAN TO
SAY...

BUT
I NEED
HELP.



IF I
HELPED
YOU...

IF I COULD
GUARANTEE THAT
YOU WOULD WAKE
UP TOMORROW TO
A COMPLETED
BOOK...

WHAT
WOULD YOU
BE WILLING TO
DO...?

ANYTHING!

WHAT-
EVER IT
TAKES...

BUT
NOTHING
I'VE TRIED
WORKS!



A woman with large breasts, wearing a white top and black skirt, stands on the left. A man's back is visible on the right. The scene is a digital illustration with a white background.

THAT'S
BECAUSE
IMAGINATION
CAN ONLY GO
SO FAR...

YOU
DON'T HAVE
ANY EXPERIENCE
WITH WOMEN, SO
HOW COULD YOU
EVER BRING A
GIRL LIKE ME
TO LIFE...?

I WASN'T
TRYING TO BE
MEAN...

YOU
NEED HELP,
AND THAT IS
WHAT I CAN
OFFER...

EXPERIENCE.

OUCH!

I WASN'T
EXPECTING THIS
TO TURN INTO A
ROAST...



OH,
ALL RIGHT... I
SEE WHERE THIS
IS GOING...

BUT
I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW I
HAVE HAD SEX
BEFORE...

A FEW
TIMES,
ACTUALLY.

BUT
YOU'RE
RIGHT. IT
HAS BEEN A
WHILE...

SO...
I'M READY
WHENEVER
YOU ARE!



THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
TO HEAR. BUT
ARE YOU REALLY
SURE YOU'RE
READY...?

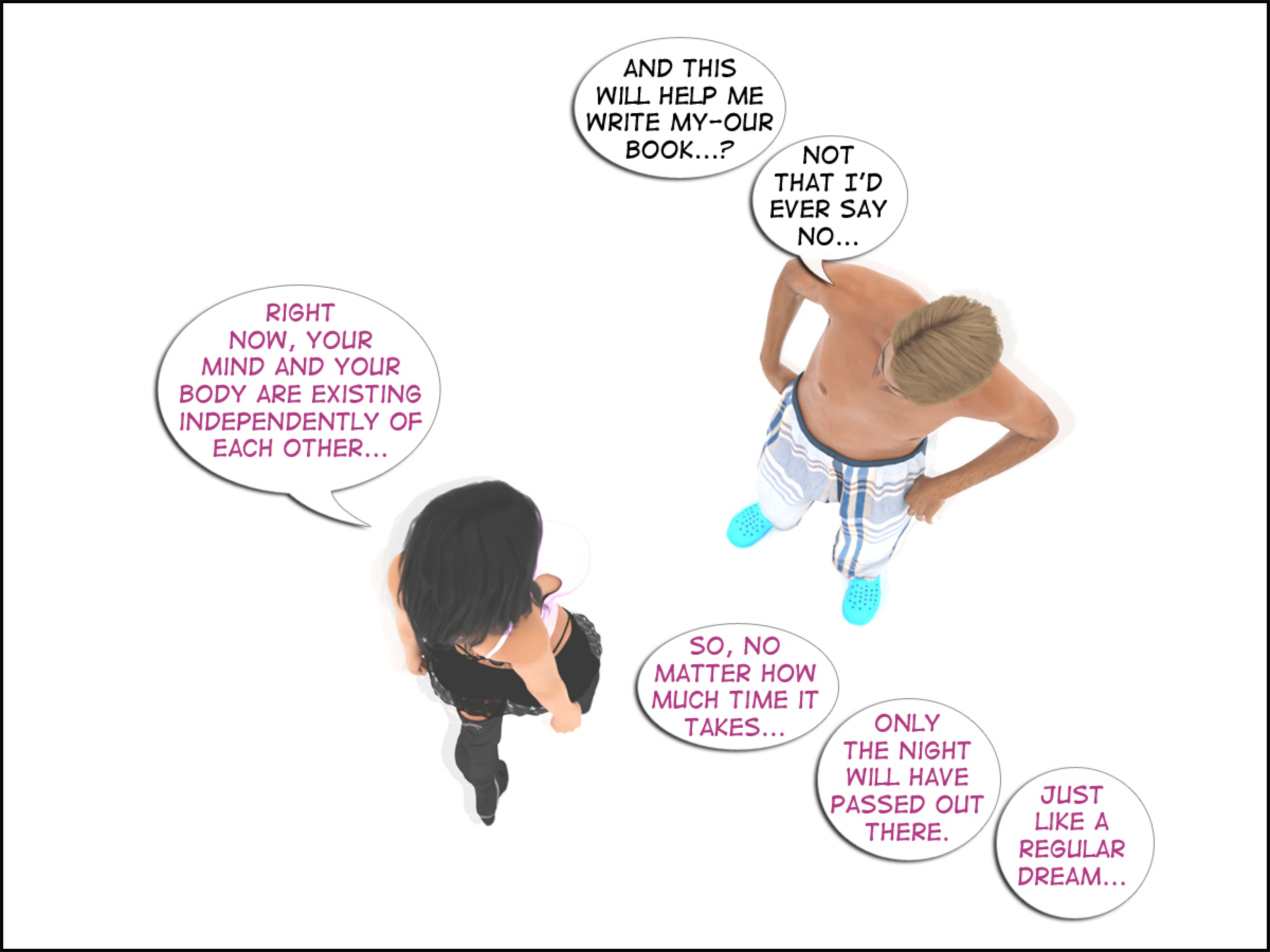
READY
FOR A LEVEL
OF INTIMACY
YOU COULD ONLY
EVER DREAM
OF...?

**OH
YEAH!**

AND YOU'RE
WILLING TO SEE
THIS THROUGH TO
THE VERY END, NO
MATTER WHAT IT
TAKES...?

BECAUSE,
ONCE WE START,
IT WILL NOT STOP
UNTIL WE'RE BOTH
SATISFIED.

**OH HELL
YEAH!**



AND THIS
WILL HELP ME
WRITE MY-OUR
BOOK...?

NOT
THAT I'D
EVER SAY
NO...

RIGHT
NOW, YOUR
MIND AND YOUR
BODY ARE EXISTING
INDEPENDENTLY OF
EACH OTHER...

SO, NO
MATTER HOW
MUCH TIME IT
TAKES...

ONLY
THE NIGHT
WILL HAVE
PASSED OUT
THERE.

JUST
LIKE A
REGULAR
DREAM...



THAT
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE...

I CAN
FEEL THIS
PLACE. I CAN
EVEN SMELL
YOU...

YOU
SMELL
GREAT, BY
THE WAY...

Giggle

THANK
YOU...

BUT
MY BODY IS
LAYING BRAIN-
DEAD ON THE
COUCH...?



YOUR
BODY ONLY
SENDS SIGNALS
FOR YOUR BRAIN
TO PROCESS...

LIKE A
KEYBOARD
THAT'S BEEN
PLUGGED INTO A
COMPUTER...

RIGHT
NOW, YOU'RE
JUST HOOKED UP
TO A DIFFERENT
KEYBOARD...

ONE
THAT ONLY
EXISTS IN THIS
SPACE...

OH...

SO IT
FEELS JUST AS
REAL IN HERE AS
IT WOULD OUT
THERE...

KINDA
COOL, ISN'T
IT...?



SO,
WHAT'S,
UH...

GOING
ON WITH MY
BODY? AM I
OKAY...?

THE HUMAN
BODY DOESN'T
NEED A CONSCIOUS
MIND TO FUNCTION,
SILLY...

AND IT'S
ONLY FOR ONE
NIGHT, AS FAR AS
YOUR HEALTH IS
CONCERNED.

CAN'T BE
MUCH WORSE
THAN DRINKING
YOURSELF INTO
A COMA...

I MEAN...
YEAH, THAT'S
FAIR...



I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THIS WILL HELP WITH MY DEADLINE...

BUT I'M WILLING TO FIND OUT!

IF YOU ACCEPT MY HELP...

ALL THE PROGRESS YOU MAKE IN HERE WILL ALSO MANIFEST ITSELF OUT THERE...

AND WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, YOU WILL WAKE UP WITH A COMPLETED STORY, JUST AS YOU TOLD IT.

THERE IS MAGIC AT WORK HERE. THINGS YOU COULD NOT EVER UNDERSTAND.

BUT IT DOES COME WITH ALL THE SEX YOU COULD EVER DREAM OF...



ACCEPT...

DO YOU
**ACCEPT MY
TERMS...?**

ARE
YOU WILLING
TO MAKE THIS
DEAL...?

DEAL...

**OH HELL
YES!**

DREAM
OR NOT, I'LL
DEFINITELY
TAKE IT!

WHAT DO
YOU NEED ME
TO DO...?



WHAT-
EVER IT TAKES,
JUST LIKE YOU
AGREED...

AND I'LL
HELP GUIDE YOU,
WHENEVER YOU
NEED IT...

I CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE
WHAT YOU
DO...



**NOW
THAT'S
WHAT I'M
TALKIN'
ABOUT!**



SO, WE
GONNA MOVE
THIS TO SOME
PLACE WITH A
BED...?

OR...?

HEY!?

HEY...
HEY...
HEY...



**WHERE'D YA
GO!?**

GO...
GO...
GO...

BING!

Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

I THOUGHT
WE WERE GONNA
HAVE SEX...!

WASN'T
THAT THE
DEAL WE JUST
MADE...!?



UGH!

WHY
DO DREAMS
ALWAYS HAVE
TO PULL THIS
SHIT...?

I SWEAR
IF I WAKE
UP RIGHT
NOW...

EEUUUHHHH...

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.

WHAT THE FLICK...?

THAT'S MY WRITING FROM CHAPTER TWO...



...like that caught the light like

...moved with lag, like heavy cream inside
...skin, swaying with the slightest shift of
...lders.



AM I
SUPPOSED
TO EDIT IT
OR SOME-
THING...?

MAYBE
I NEED TO
USE THIS TO
WRITE...?

I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN I TOUCH
IT...



HEY,
WHAT THE
HELL...!?

I THOUGHT
IT FELT AWFUL
BREEZY...

WHERE'D
MY PANTS
GO...?



OKAY!
VERY
FUNNY...!

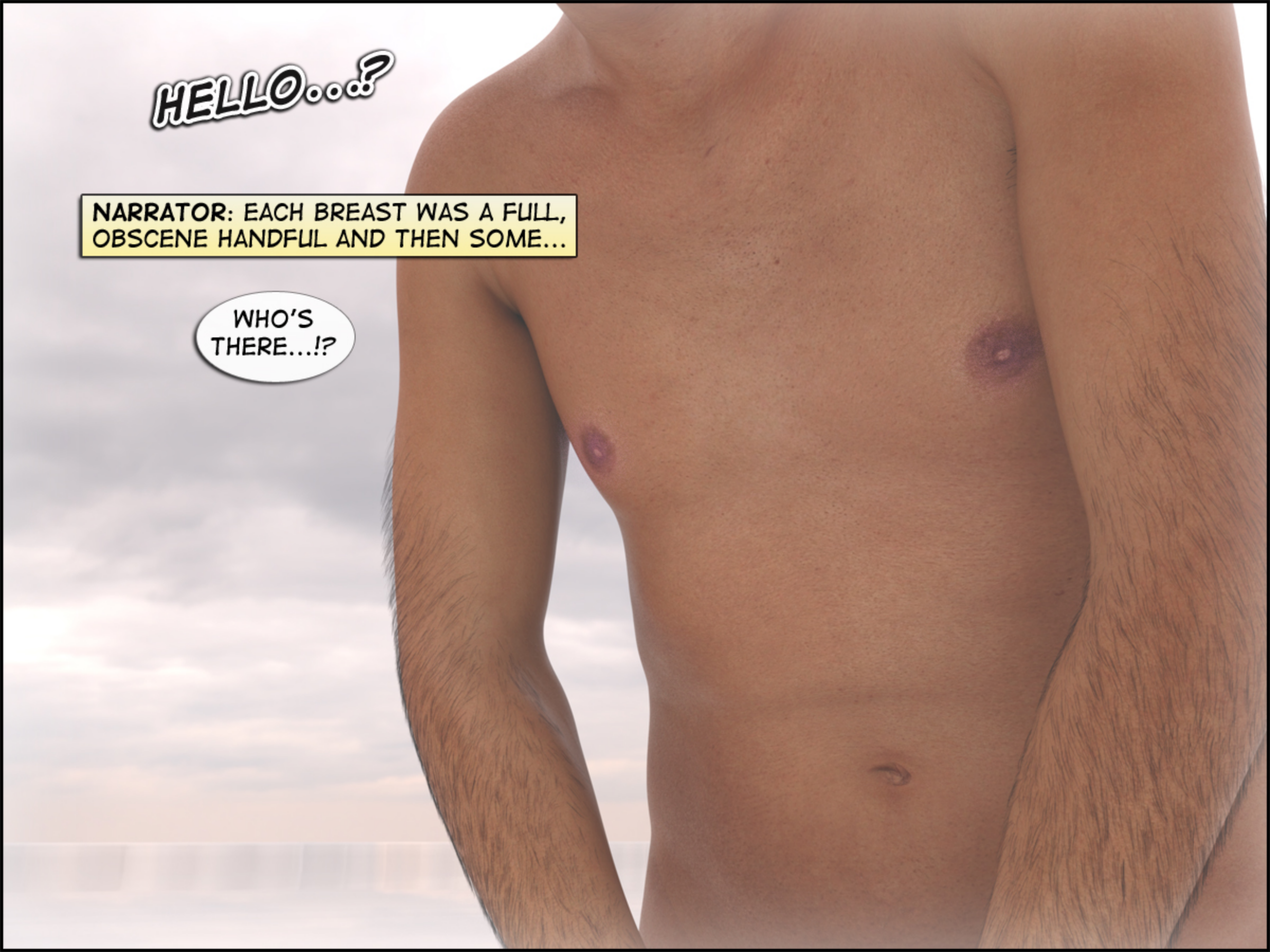
YOU CAN
COME OUT
NOW...!

AND SINCE
YOU SAW **MINE**,
I EXPECT TO SEE
YOURS...!

HELLO...?

**NARRATOR: EACH BREAST WAS A FULL,
OBSCENE HANDFUL AND THEN SOME...**

**WHO'S
THERE...!?**





PERFECTLY ROUND, IMPOSSIBLY BUOYANT...

THEY HUNG WITH A WEIGHT THAT
FELT ALMOST CEREMONIAL...

ASHLEY...!!?



WHY
ARE YOU
READING
MY...?

THE NIPPLES WERE WIDE AND SOFT-
LOOKING, TINTED A LAZY BLUSH PINK...

SLIGHTLY PUFFY FROM IMAGINED AROUSAL.

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

WHAT THE
FLUCK!?

NARRATOR: THEY MOVED WITH LAG, LIKE
HEAVY CREAM INSIDE DELICATE SKIN...



TITS!



**I HAVE
HUGE
TITS!**

SWAYING WITH THE SLIGHTEST
SHIFT OF HER SHOULDERS...

AEEEEEE

THEY
FEEL SO
REAL...!

WHY DID
I GROW
BOOBS!?

HEY,
UH... I THINK
SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH MY
DREAM...



Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

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

BING!

Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

Up close, the under-curve teased like a dare, and from the side, the silhouette alone could end conversations.

Her ass looked sculpted by someone who had never touched clay but had watched enough strippers to understand geometry. Full and round, the cheeks lifted just enough to defy gravity, with a slight outward tilt that made bending over feel like a threat.

Her skin was tight, almost glossy in the light, with just the faintest hint of dimpling when she shifted her weight. Thighs thick and deeply feminine, pressing together in a way that whispered heat when she stepped.



ASHLEY!?

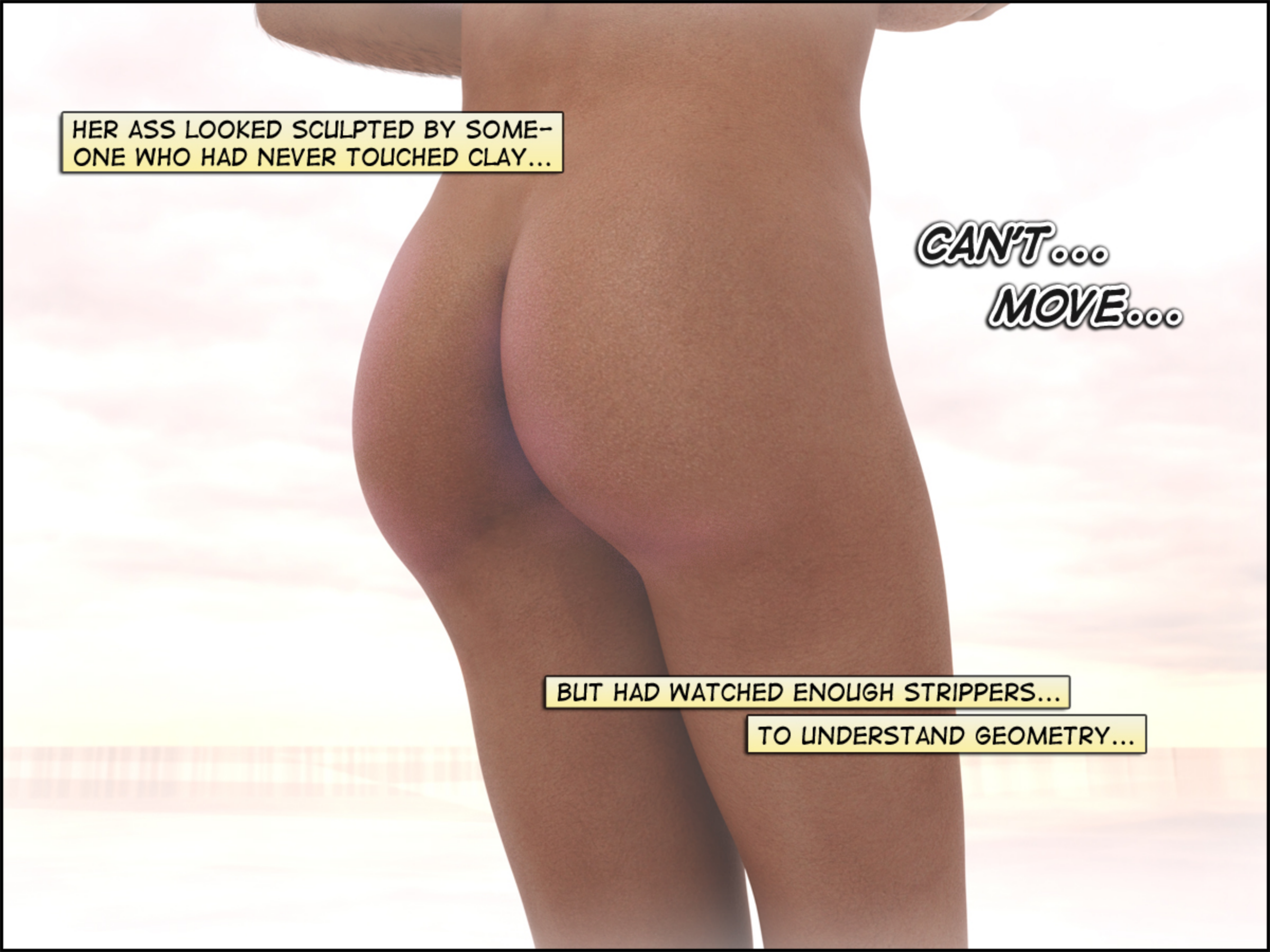




UP CLOSE, THE UNDER-CURVE TEASED LIKE A DARE...

SOME-
THING WEIRD'S
HAPPENING TO
ME...!

THE SILHOUETTE ALONE COULD END CONVERSATIONS...



HER ASS LOOKED SCULPTED BY SOME-
ONE WHO HAD NEVER TOUCHED CLAY...

*CAN'T...
MOVE...*

BUT HAD WATCHED ENOUGH STRIPPERS...

TO UNDERSTAND GEOMETRY...



I WROTE
THAT WHEN I
WAS DRUNK!

***I'M
SORRY!***

FULL AND ROUND, THE CHEEKS LIFTED
JUST ENOUGH TO DEFY GRAVITY...

WITH A SLIGHT OUTWARD TILT THAT MADE
BENDING OVER FEEL LIKE A THREAT...

...day but someone who had
the cheeks lifted just enough to defy gravity, with
a slight outward tilt that made bending over feel
like a threat.

Her skin was tight, almost glossy in the light,
with just the faintest hint of dimpling when she
shifted her weight. Thighs thick and deeply
feminine, pressing together in a way that
whispered heat when she stepped.

**DID
MY FAT ASS
JUST GET EVEN
BIGGER...?**

**OH MY
GOD, IT'S SO
FIRM...**

**THIS IS
SO FUCKED
UP...!**

**ODDLY
HOT, BUT
STILL REALLY
FUCKED
UP...**



I BETTER
NOT WAKE UP
WITH A STRANGE
NEW FETISH!

GOD,
IT'S SO
BIG...

IT'S LIKE
I'M REALLY
SQUEEZING MY
OWN ASS...



AND
THESE DAMN
THINGS...!

WILL
YOU STOP
FLOPPING
AROUND!?

IS THIS
WHAT SHE
WANTS ME
TO WRITE
ABOUT?

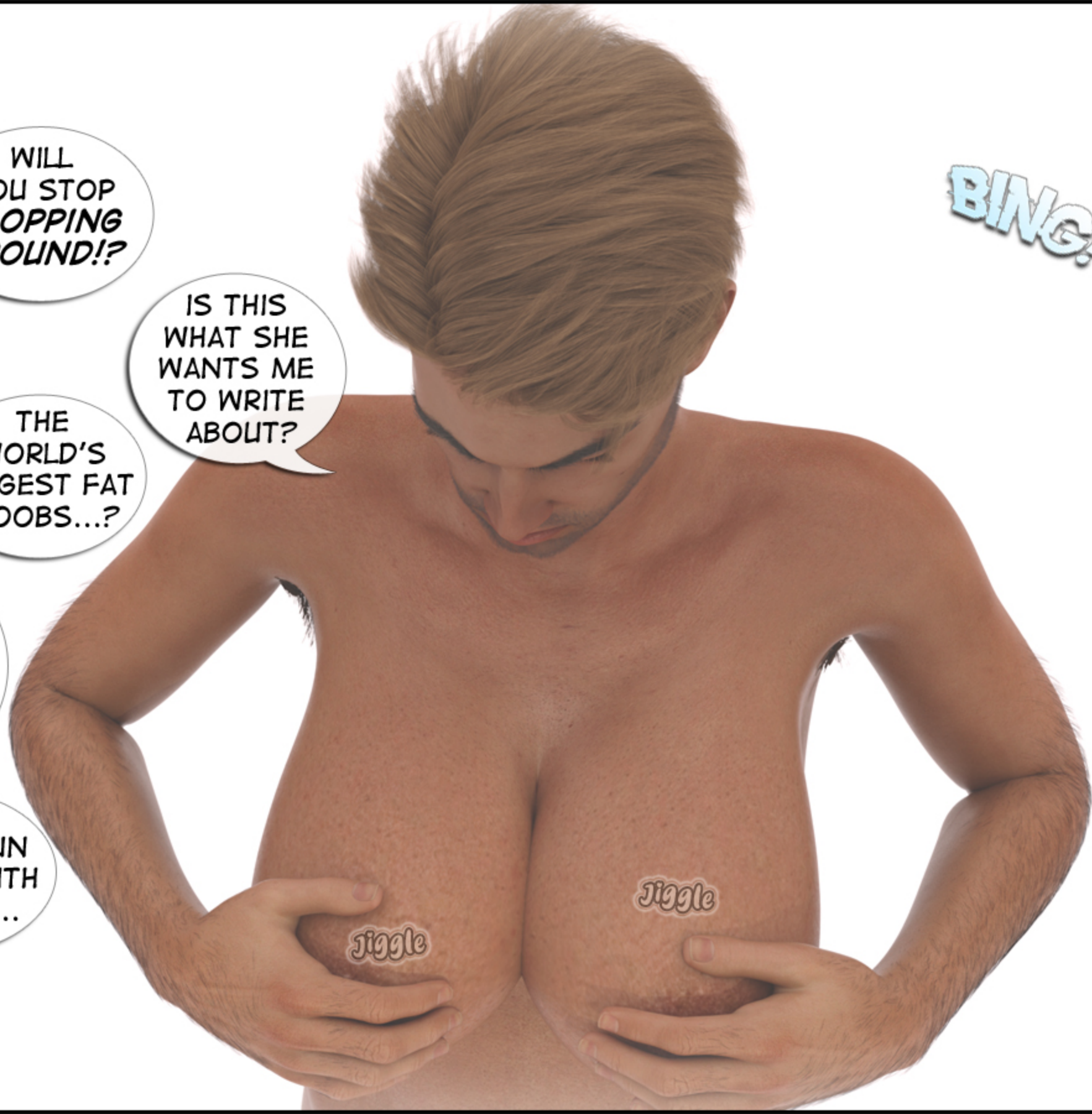
THE
WORLD'S
BIGGEST FAT
MOOBS...?

WELL,
IT FEELS REAL
WEIRD TO HAVE
MY SKIN TUGGING
WHERE NOTHING
WAS TUGGING
BEFORE...

AND
NOT AS FUN
TO PLAY WITH
LIKE THIS...

CRAZY
HOW REAL
THIS ALL
FEELS...

BING!



MORE!?

OH
CRAP...

NO. IS
THIS...?



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.

Her outer lips were plump
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.

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

polished silk.
swell, a taut curve that caught the light like
arousal. Her skin was smooth and tight over the
a lazy blush pink, slightly puffy from imagined

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.

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ASHLEY!

PLEASE!

I'M NOT READY FOR THIS...!

Each breast was a full, then some. Perfectly round, they hung with a well ceremonial.

The nipples were wide, a lazy blush pink, slightly aroused. Her skin was so swell, a taut curve that polished silk.

They moved with delicate skin, swaying her shoulders.

NARRATOR: BETWEEN HER THIGHS...

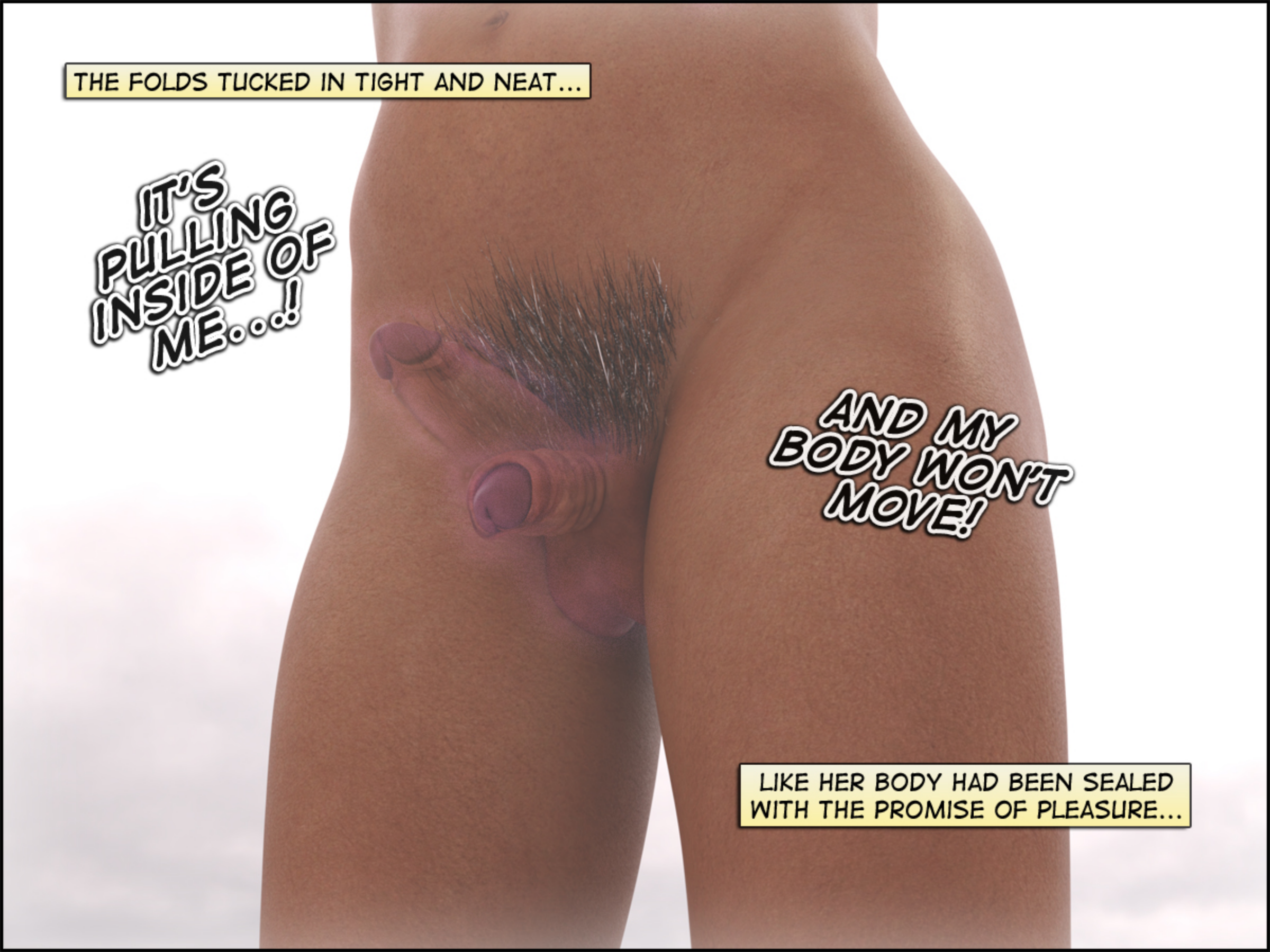
DON'T!

SHE WAS POETRY SOAKED IN SIN...

**NOT
THAT!**

SMOOTH, BARE, AND BLUSHING...





THE FOLDS TUCKED IN TIGHT AND NEAT...

IT'S
PULLING
INSIDE OF
ME...!

AND MY
BODY WON'T
MOVE!

LIKE HER BODY HAD BEEN SEALED
WITH THE PROMISE OF PLEASURE...

EEEEUUUUUGHHAHAH!

HER OUTER LIPS WERE PLUMP
AND SLIGHTLY SWOLLEN...

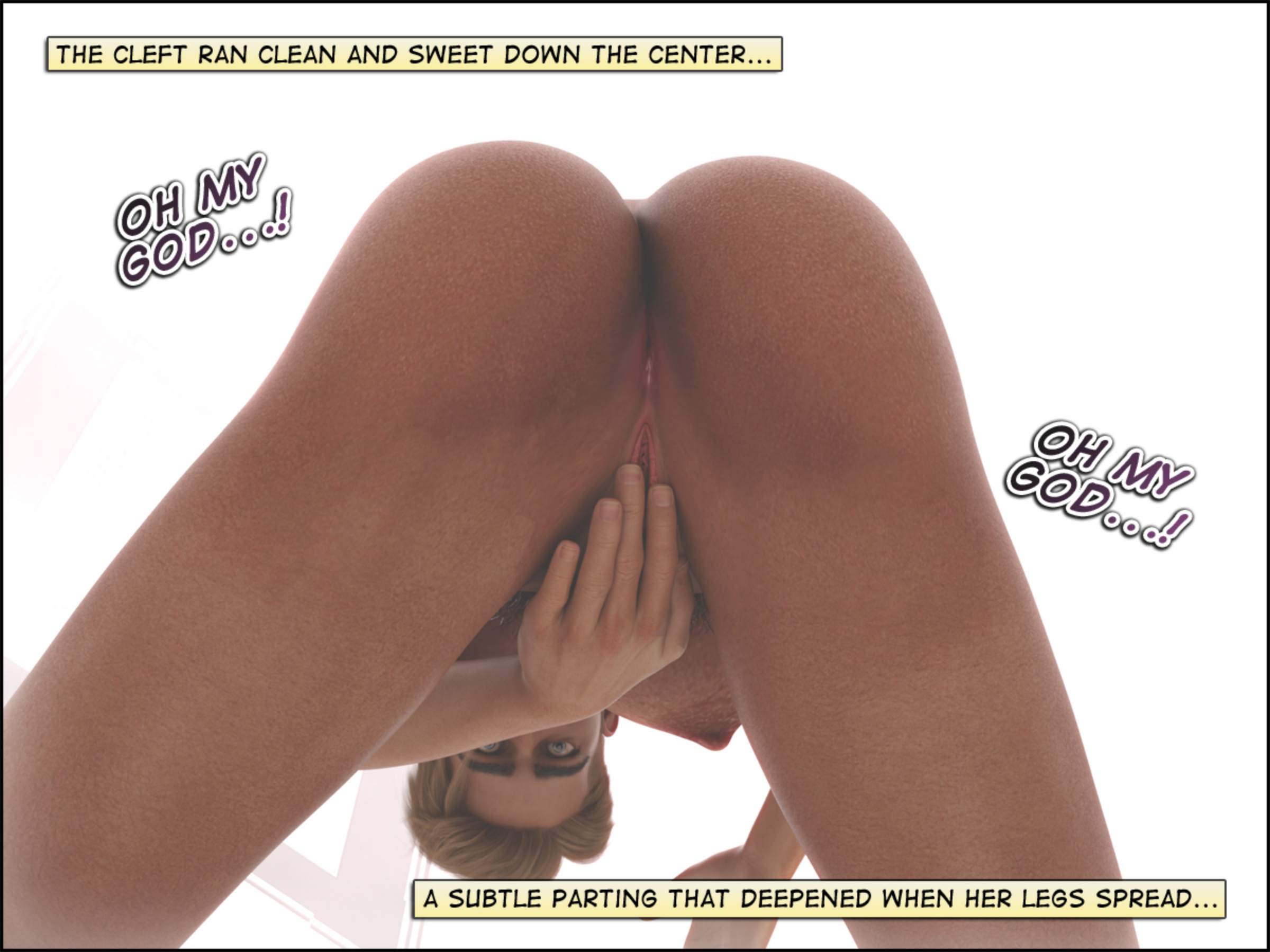
THE KIND OF SHAPE THAT LOOKED TENDER TO THE
TOUCH, AS IF AROUSAL WAS HER NATURAL STATE...

THE CLEFT RAN CLEAN AND SWEET DOWN THE CENTER...

OH MY GOD...!

OH MY GOD...!

A SUBTLE PARTING THAT DEEPEDED WHEN HER LEGS SPREAD...



**I HAVE
A
PUSSY!**

I CAN
FEEL THE NEW
SPACE *INSIDE*
OF ME...!

AND THE
EMPTINESS IS
DRIVING ME
CRAZY!

I NEED
TO WAKE
UP...!

**I WANT
TO WAKE
UP!**



...she was poetry soaked in
...the folds tucked
...had been sealed
...and slightly
...ed tender to
...natural state.
...er, out and slick, a
...et go.
The cleft ran
a subtle part
spread. Nestl
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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.

BING!

Between her thighs...
smooth, bare, and...
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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.

AAAAAAAH!

LET ME OUT!

clap



ed like a dare,
one could end

one who had
hed enough
ill and round,
gravity, with
ing over feel

n the light,
g when she
nd deeply
way that

Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

Ashley was short, but never small. A perfect five-foot-six, her whole figure looked like it had been poured into existence, soft curves settling into place like syrup finding the groove of a spoon.

Her shoulders were narrow, delicate. Tapering into full, swinging breasts that refused subtlety while her hips below bloomed wide and maternal, her thighs rubbing just enough to promise friction.

She walked like she was overfilled with seduction but trying not to spill. The sway of her hips low and sensual, as if choreographed by raw sexual instinct.

SOB
NO MORE...

NARRATOR: ASHLEY WAS SHORT, BUT NEVER SMALL...

A PERFECT FIVE-FOOT-SIX...

Ashley.tf.doc (editing)

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MY BODY
ALREADY FEELS
S-SO... SOB
WRONG...

she walked like she was overfilled with seduction but trying not to spill. The sway of her hips low and sensual, as if choreographed by raw sexual instinct.

HER WHOLE FIGURE LOOKED LIKE IT
HAD BEEN POURED INTO EXISTENCE...

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TSSSS!

**WAIT...
IS MY BODY
TURNING INTO
HERS...?**



...ooked tender to
... was her natural state.
... invitation that caught the eye and
... to let go.

...left ran clean and sweet down the center,
... parting that deepened when her legs
... Nestled near the top, her clit peeked out
... its hood, a delicate, glimmering pearl just
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ceremoni
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They moved with lag, like heavy cream inside
delicate skin, swaying with the slightest shift of
her shoulders.

Her skin was
with just the faintest hint
shifted her weight. Thighs thick
feminine, pressing together in
whispered heat when she stepped.



**THIS
WASN'T
PART OF THE
DEAL!**

ASHLEY!

**HOW IS
THIS GOING TO
HELP ME WRITE MY
BOOK!?**

BING!

Her cheeks had a natural pink to them, as if she were embarrassed for all the things their neighboring mouth did when no one was looking.

Her eyes were wide and always just a little sleepy, thick-lashed and teasing like natural curtains designed to hide the dirty thoughts that often navigated her bright blue eyes.

Yet despite winning the genetic lottery, she never believed natural was enough. Makeup became her fix, a second skin she couldn't function without, the only thing that made her feel real.

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~~ tipped a lazy blush pink, slightly puffy ~~from imagined~~ around. Her skin was smooth ~~and right 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.

Up close, the under-curve teased like a dare, and from the side, the silhouette alone could end conversations.

Her ass looked sculpted by someone who had never touched clay but had watched enough strippers to understand geometry. Full and round, the cheeks lifted just enough to defy gravity, with a slight outward tilt that made bending over feel like a threat.

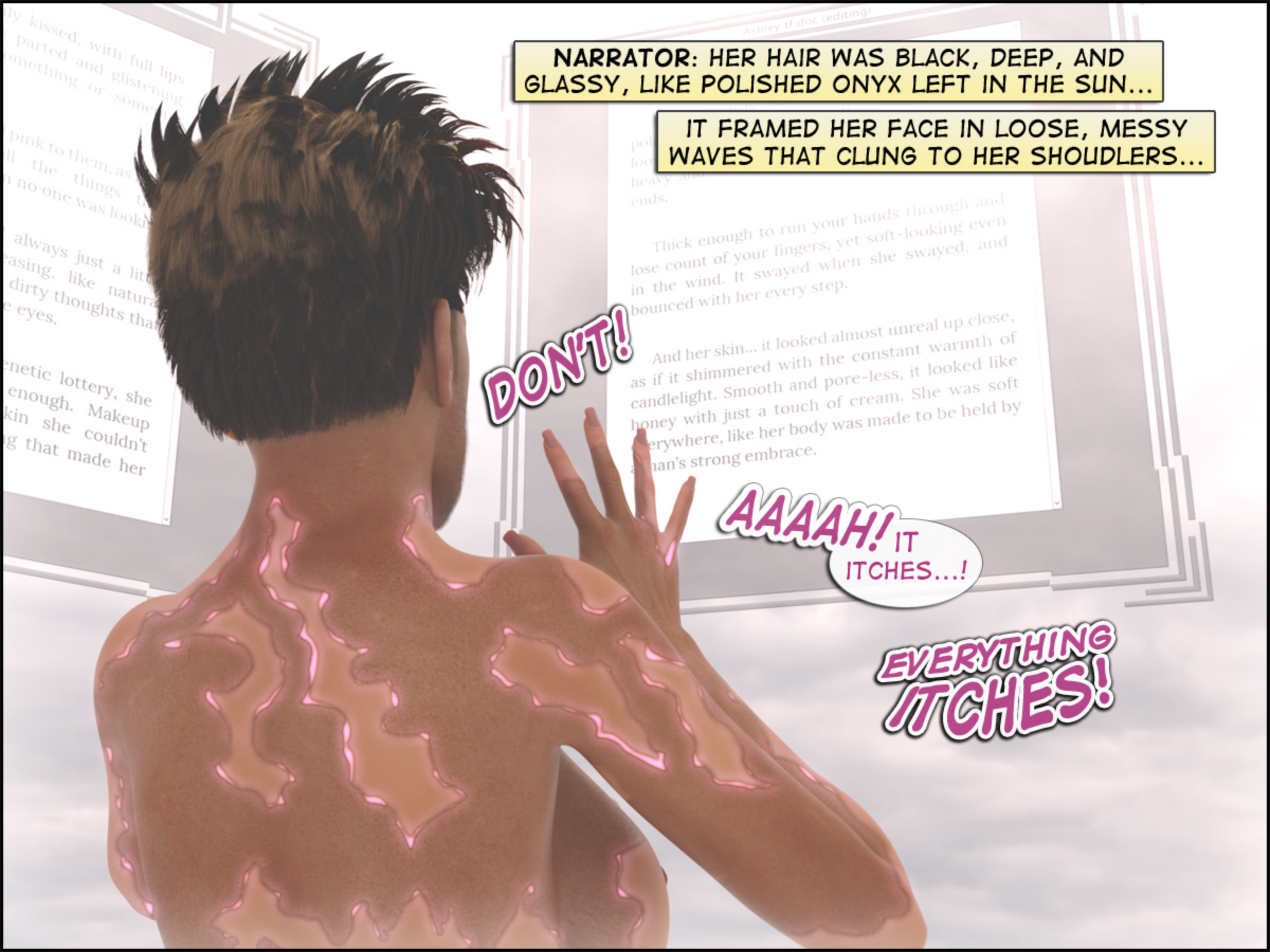
Her skin was tight, almost glossy in the light, with just the faintest hint of dimpling when she shifted her weight. Thighs thick and ~~delicately~~ feminine, pressing together in a way that whispered heat when she stepped.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS DREAM ANYMORE!

WAKE UP!

I NEED TO WAKE UP!





NARRATOR: HER HAIR WAS BLACK, DEEP, AND GLASSY, LIKE POLISHED ONYX LEFT IN THE SUN...

IT FRAMED HER FACE IN LOOSE, MESSY WAVES THAT CLUNG TO HER SHOULDERS...

DON'T!

Thick enough to run your hands through and lose count of your fingers, yet soft-looking even in the wind. It swayed when she swayed, and bounced with her every step.

And her skin... it looked almost unreal up close, as if it shimmered with the constant warmth of candlelight. Smooth and pore-less, it looked like honey with just a touch of cream. She was soft everywhere, like her body was made to be held by a man's strong embrace.

AAAAAH! IT ITCHES...!

EVERYTHING ITCHES!

AND HER SKIN... IT LOOKED ALMOST UNREAL UP CLOSE...

Her ass looked sculpted by someone who had never touched clay but had watched enough strippers to understand geometry. The cheeks lifted just enough to create a slight outward tilt, looking over her shoulder like a threat.

Her skin was tight with just the faintest sheen. She shifted her weight, feminine, pressing a whispered heat when she stepped.

As the... five-foot... been poured into exist... into place like syrup finding the...

Her shoulders were narrow, delicate, into full, swinging breasts that refused while her hips below bloomed wide and her thighs rubbing just enough to friction.

She walked like she was over seduction but trying not to spill. The s... low and sensual, as if choreograph...

I QUIT!

I WANT OUT!

AS IF IT SHIMMERED...

NO MORE DEAL!

WITH THE CONSTANT WARMTH OF CANDLE LIGHT.



SMOOTH AND PORE-LESS, IT LOOKED LIKE HONEY WITH JUST A TOUCH OF CREAM...

Her face looked freshly kissed, with full lips that were always slightly parted and glistening like they'd just tasted something or someone sweet.

Her cheeks had a natural pink to them, as if she were embarrassed for all the things their neighboring mouth did when no one was looking.

Her eyes were wide and always just a little sleepy, thick-lashed and teasing, like natural curtains designed to hide the dirty thoughts that often navigated her bright blue eyes.

Yet despite winning the genetic lottery, she never believed natural was enough. Makeup became her fix, a second skin she couldn't function without, the only thing that made her feel real.

BING!

NO MORE...!

I WANT OUT...!

I WANT OUT!

SHE WAS SOFT EVERYWHERE, LIKE HER BODY WAS MADE TO BE HELD IN A MAN'S TIGHT EMBRACE...



HER FACE LOOKED...

FRESHLY KISSED...

WITH FULL LIPS...

AAAH!

AA

THAT WERE ALWAYS...

SLIGHTLY PARTED...

AND GLISTENING...



LIKE THEY'D JUST TASTED...

SOMETHING OR SOMEONE...

SWEET...

AAAAAH!

HER CHEEKS HAD A NATURAL PINK TO THEM, AS IF SHE...

WERE EMBARRASSED...

FOR ALL THE THINGS THEIR...

NEIGHBORING MOUTH DID...



HER EYES...

TEASING...

THICK-LASHED...

BLUE EYES...

WAKE UP!

AAA

AAH!

DIRTY THOUGHTS...

I NEED

MAKEUP...



*TO WAKE
UP!*



WAKE UP...

WAKE UP...



GASP!





YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS TO
ME!

HUH?

IT'S SO
DARK, BUT
AM I...

AHEM!



I'M
ACTUALLY
AWAKE...

AHEM!

WHAT
A...

WEIRD
FUCKIN'
DREAM...



SOME-
THING'S GOING
ON WITH MY
THROAT...

AHEM!

I REALLY
NEED TO STOP
DRINKING SO
MUCH...

I SHOULD
GO GET SOME
WATER AND GET
BACK TO WORK
WHILE I...

UHH...

WHERE
THE HELL
AM I...?



I HOPE I
DIDN'T PULL A
ROBERT DOWNEY
JR. AFTER I
BLACKED
OUT...

EW!

AND
WHAT THE
FUCK JUST
BRUSHED MY
HAND...?



WHAT
THE HELL IS
THAT...?

SOME
SORT OF
ANIMAL...?

IT'S
HARD TO
SEE, BUT IT
KINDA LOOKS
LIKE A...



GUHAAAAAH!

WHAT THE
FUCK...!?
WHAT THE
FUCK!?



WAAAAAH!

WHO
THE FUCK IS
THAT!

WHY IS
HIS **DICK**
OUT!?



AND
WHAT THE
FUCK'S WRONG
WITH MY...

BODY!?

OH
NO...!

THUD

NO!

NO!

NO!



A dark, low-key photograph of a man snoring in bed. The man is lying on his side, facing left, with his head resting on a pillow. His mouth is open, and a small, glowing blue text bubble with the word "SNORE" is positioned near his mouth. In the foreground, the legs of a woman are visible, wearing dark shorts and high-heeled sandals, with her feet pointing towards the top right of the frame. The background shows the headboard of the bed with several curved metal rods. The overall atmosphere is quiet and intimate.

SNORE

**IT WAS
JUST A
DREAM!**



IT
WAS...!

SNORT!

OH
GOD...

SNORE





WHAT
THE HELL
IS GOING
ON...?

To Be Continued

Thanks for reading!



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