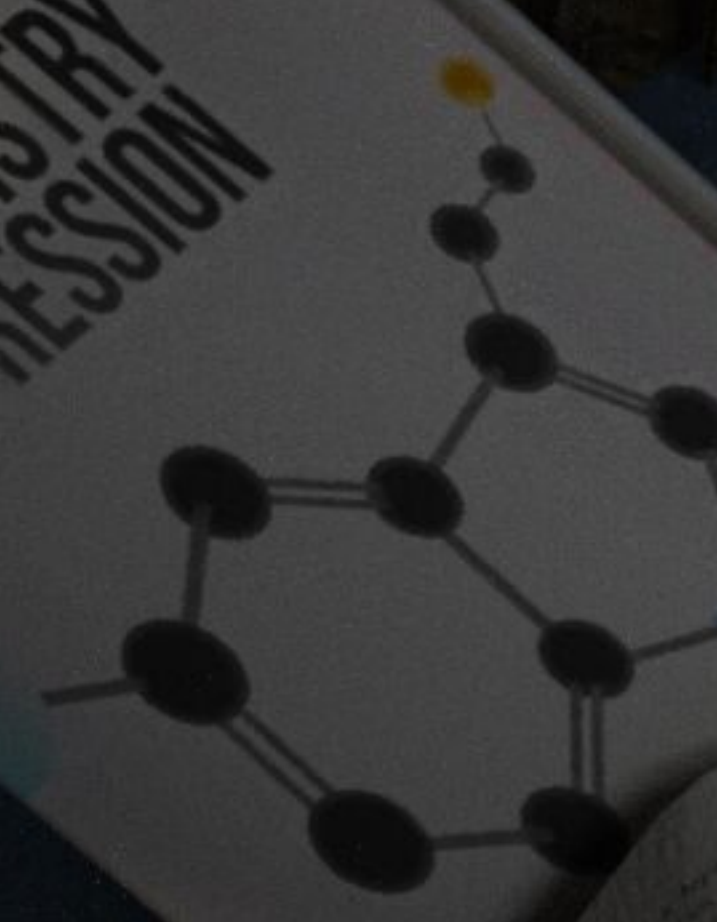


ALL THE NEEDED CALCULATIONS STILL MAKE MY HEAD SPIN.

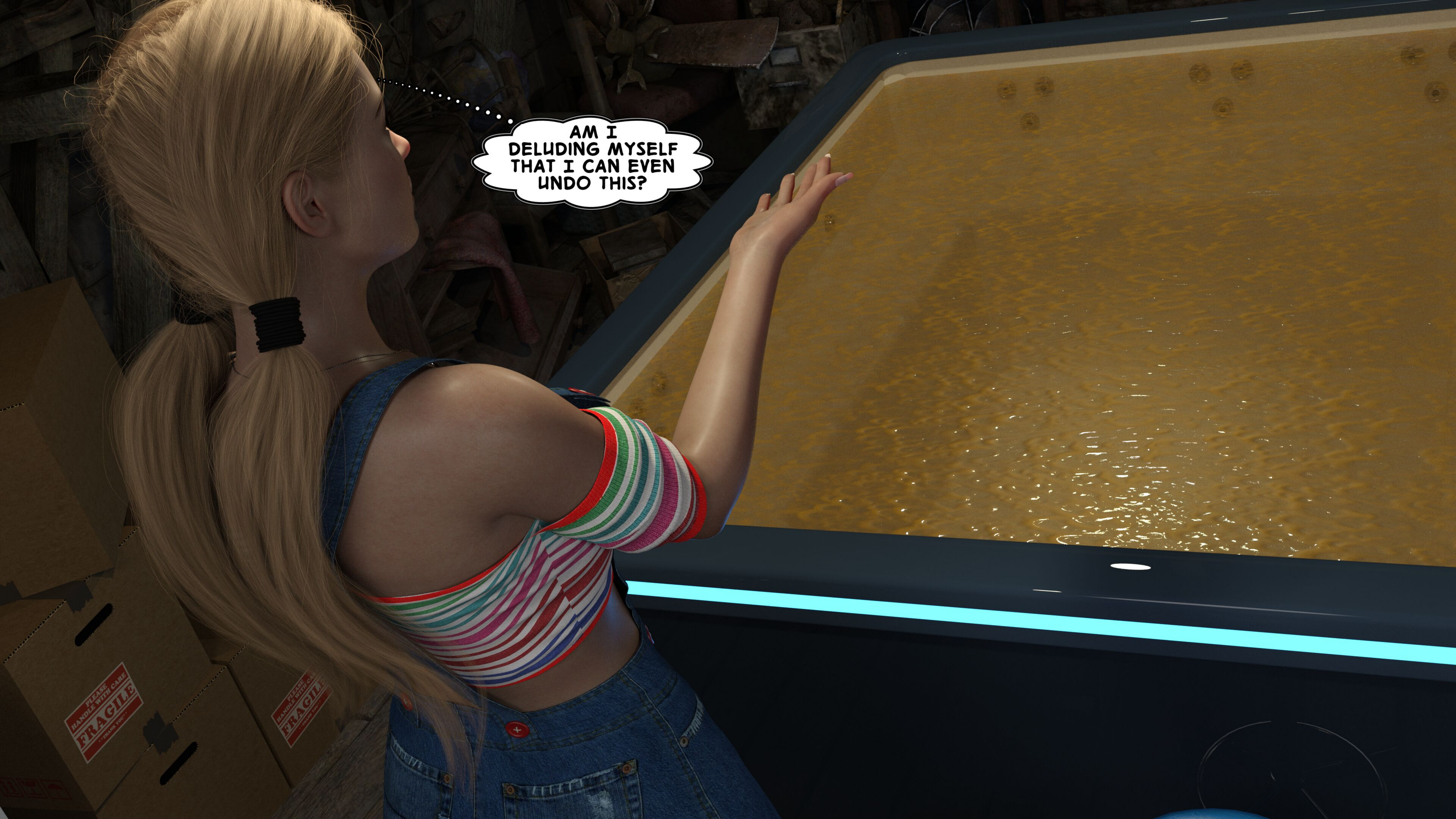
THE CHEMISTRY OF DEPRESSION





DOESN'T HELP THAT
I'M REACTING SO
OVERJOYED TO SHAW.

AM I
DELUDING MYSELF
THAT I CAN EVEN
UNDO THIS?



AND EVEN IF I
CAN, DO I WANT TO?
CAN I JUST LEAVE BEING
GINA BEHIND?





HEY, SUGAR.
YOU OWE ME SOME
FUN TIME.

EEK!

IT'S NOT NICE
TO BE SUCH A FUN PLAY
TOY IN PUBLIC...

GENERATOR
RD-526

SNIP





AND THEN
LEAVE A GUY
HANGING.

SNIP

NOW
YOU BETTER MAKE
UP FOR YOUR
SHORTCOMINGS.

Riiiiip






I... NO...
PLEASE DON'T...
I'LL STRIP.

LOSE THE REST
OF THAT CLOTHING.
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO
DISAPPOINT ME, WOULD
YOU?

A close-up photograph of a pregnant woman's bare belly. A hand with light-colored nail polish is resting on the upper right side of the abdomen. A scalpel is held vertically against the left side of the belly, with the blade pointing downwards. A speech bubble is located in the upper right corner of the image.

THERE WE GO, SUGAR.
ISN'T THAT MORE
NATURAL?

NOW BEND OVER,
AND LET ME FUCK
YOU.

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face, looking down and slightly to the left. She has blonde hair tied back in a ponytail with a black hair tie. Her expression is one of distress and fear. The background consists of dark wooden beams. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text that suggests a violent or sexual assault scenario.

MY GOD,
I'M ABOUT TO
GET VIOLATED.
THIS IS
HORRIBLE.

CAN I
DO ANYTHING?
MAYBE IF...


YES. LET ME
LEAN FORWARD,
SO YOU CAN
HAVE ME.



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, SUGAR. NOW WE'RE TALKING.

HERE'S MY
PUSSY.





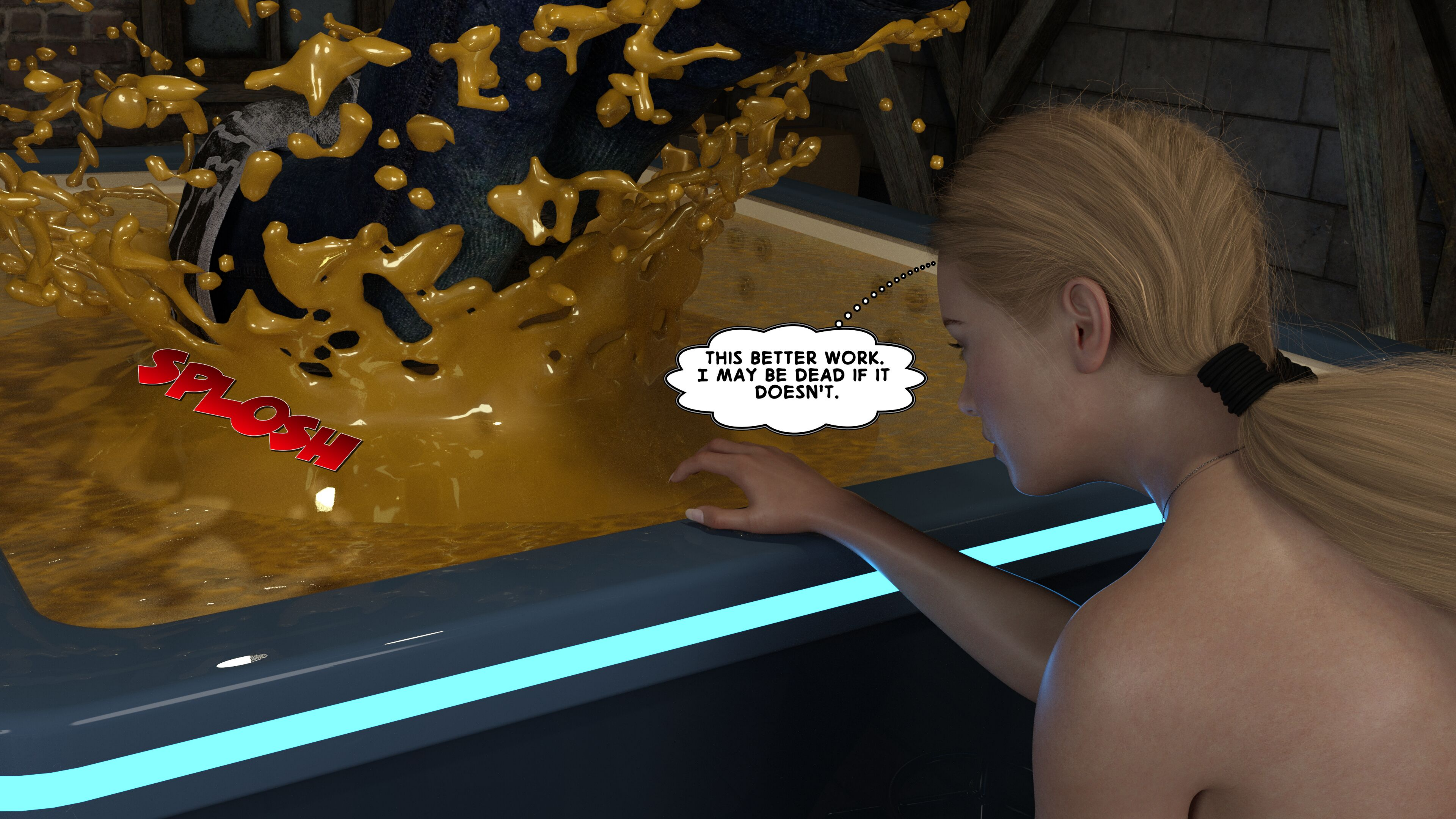
SUCH A SWEET
LITTLE TOY.
I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR
PLACE NOW, WRAPPED
AROUND MY COCK.

PATIENCE.
IN A MOMENT.
LEAN FORWARD A
LITTLE MORE.
AND...



NOW!
KYAHH!!!

PLEASE
HANDLE WITH CARE
FRAGILE



SPLOSH

THIS BETTER WORK.
I MAY BE DEAD IF IT
DOESN'T.

YOU BITCH! WHAT YOU DO THAT FOR, YOU MEANY?

MY COCK... WHERE IS ME PEE PEE?

THE CHEMISTRY OF DEPRESSION





HOLY!
I HOPED IT WOULD
WORK, BUT...
THAT MUCH?

I FEEL WEIRDO.
WHAT YOU DO?

GONNA
TELL MOMMY. YOU
BLAH... BLUH... BRAH...
WAHH...

GENERATOR
RD-526

WAAAAHHHHH
BAAAW

FUCK.
MY FORMULA
COULD DESTROY
THE WORLD.

TO BE CONTINUED