

COLLAR ME PRETTY

Jeysia





EXIT

HEY OSCAR!  
OVER  
HERE.



HEY, LIBBY.  
WHAT UP?

I GOTTA  
SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING.



WHAT YOU GOT?

THIS AMAZING COOL NEW NECKLACE.

IT'S A  
MOOD  
STONE  
INSIDE.





IT  
CHANGES  
COLOR BASED  
ON HOW ONE  
FEELS.

THAT'S IT?

Yes!!  
Yes!!  
Yes!!



NO.  
ALSO, DON'T  
BE THAT GUY,  
MR MOOD  
LIGHT ON MY  
FACE.

TOUCHE.  
WHAT ELSE  
DOES IT  
DO?

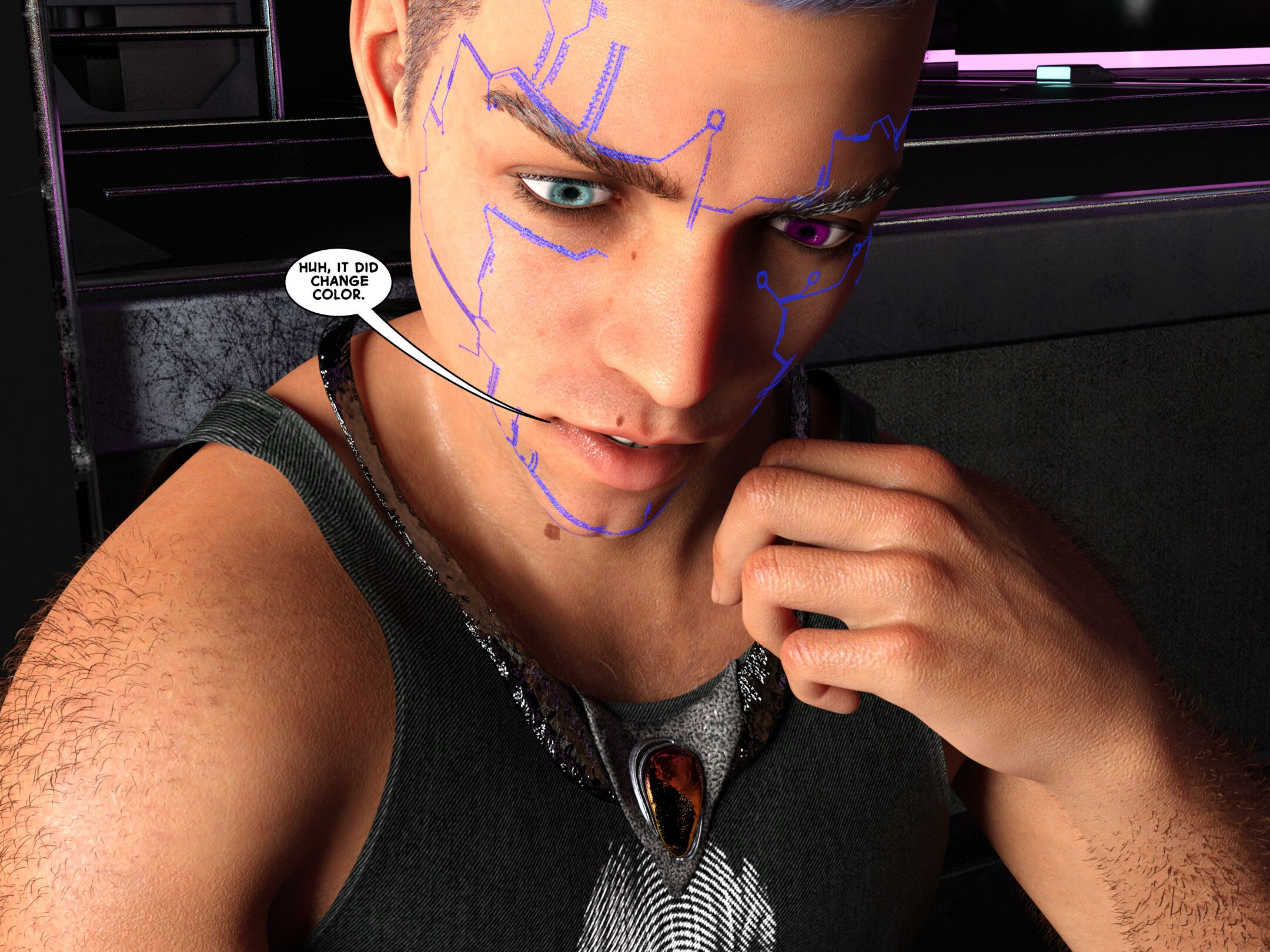


IT SYNCS UP  
WITH OTHER  
COLLARS AROUND  
IT, PROJECTING  
FEELINGS TO  
FOLKS AROUND  
THEM.

INCREASES  
EVERYTHING YOU  
FEEL FROM  
INTERACTING  
IMMENSELY. HERE,  
TRY ONE ON.







HUH, IT DID  
CHANGE  
COLOR.



NOT ONLY THAT. I CAN ALREADY FEEL YOUR LUST.

NOT THAT'D I WOULD'VE NEEDED THE COLLAR FOR THAT, BUT IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU LIKE SNEAKING PEEKS AT MY TITS.



LIBBY,  
I'M SORRY.  
I SHOULDN'T  
HAV...

HUSH.  
NO TALK.

I CAN  
FEEL HOW  
HORNY YOU  
ARE. AND I  
WANNA GO  
FOR THIS.







AND THAT  
WAS JUST A  
KISS. WANNA  
SHARE SEX  
MOODS?

WOW,  
THAT WAS...  
I HAVE NO  
WORDS. SO  
INTENSE.

**MOMENTS  
LATER, IN A  
BATHROOM.**



**HARDER.  
FASTER.  
OSCAR. OH,  
FUCK. I CAN  
FEEL YOUR  
DICK INSIDE  
ME.**

**AND FEEL  
WHAT YOU FEEL  
FUCKING ME.  
THIS IS GREAT.**



FUCK,  
LIBBY. IS THIS  
HIGH YOU GET  
FROM SEX ALL  
THE TIME?





NO,  
OSCAR.  
THIS IS WAY  
BETTER.



BANG  
ME, LOVER.  
THIS IS THE  
BEST I EVER  
FELT.

SHOVE  
THAT COCK  
INSIDE.





YOU  
GUYS ARE  
MAKING SUCH  
A SCENE.

I WANNA  
JOIN YOU.  
I HAVE TO, OR  
I'LL EXPLODE.

TOO BAD,  
THIS IS MY  
COCK.



OH,  
SWEET  
SUMMER CHILD.  
WHO SAID I  
WANTED THAT  
COCK?

GIMME  
YOUR  
TITTIES,  
CUTIE PIE.



FUCK.  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TWO  
DOING?

THIS  
FEELS SO  
INTENSE.

SHE'S  
SUCKING MY  
TITS.





I NEVER  
KNEW IT COULD  
FEEL THIS  
GOOD.



SOMETHING IS BUILDING.





I HAVE  
TO PULL OUT  
NOW.

YES! YES!  
OHH!!!

**SPURT**

"Life is not  
measured  
by the number  
of breaths we take  
but by the moments  
that take  
our breath  
away..."

X  
IX  
VIII  
VII  
VI  
V  
IV  
III  
II  
I



THAT  
FEELING WAS A  
MALE ORGASM?  
THAT SUCKS.



YEAH, THAT WAS VERY UNDERWHELMING.

DIDN'T EVEN FINISH MYSELF.



WELL,  
EXCUSE ME  
FOR BIOLOGICAL  
DIFFERENCES.



WANNA DITCH  
THIS DUDE AND FIND  
OUT WHAT A REAL  
DUAL CLIMAX FEELS  
LIKE?

LET'S.

I WANT A  
PIECE OF  
THAT ASS.





OHHHH!!!!

HARDER!!!!

SO  
GOOD!!!!

WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED?





SENSORY  
INPUT  
OVERLOAD.  
ADAPTING.



GAH!!!





OH NO.  
IT MUST'VE  
GLITCHED MY  
MEDICAL  
NANOBOTS.



THIS IS BAD.



PLEASE  
STOP!

A woman with short, vibrant purple hair is lying on her side on a wooden bench. She is looking down and to the left. Her hair is styled in a short, layered cut. She is wearing a black strapless top. The bench is made of light-colored wood with a herringbone pattern. The background is a grey, textured wall. A speech bubble is positioned near her head, containing text.

**\*HUFF\***  
**FINALLY, IT'S**  
**OVER. WHAT**  
**HAPPENED**  
**TO...**





...ME?

To be continued