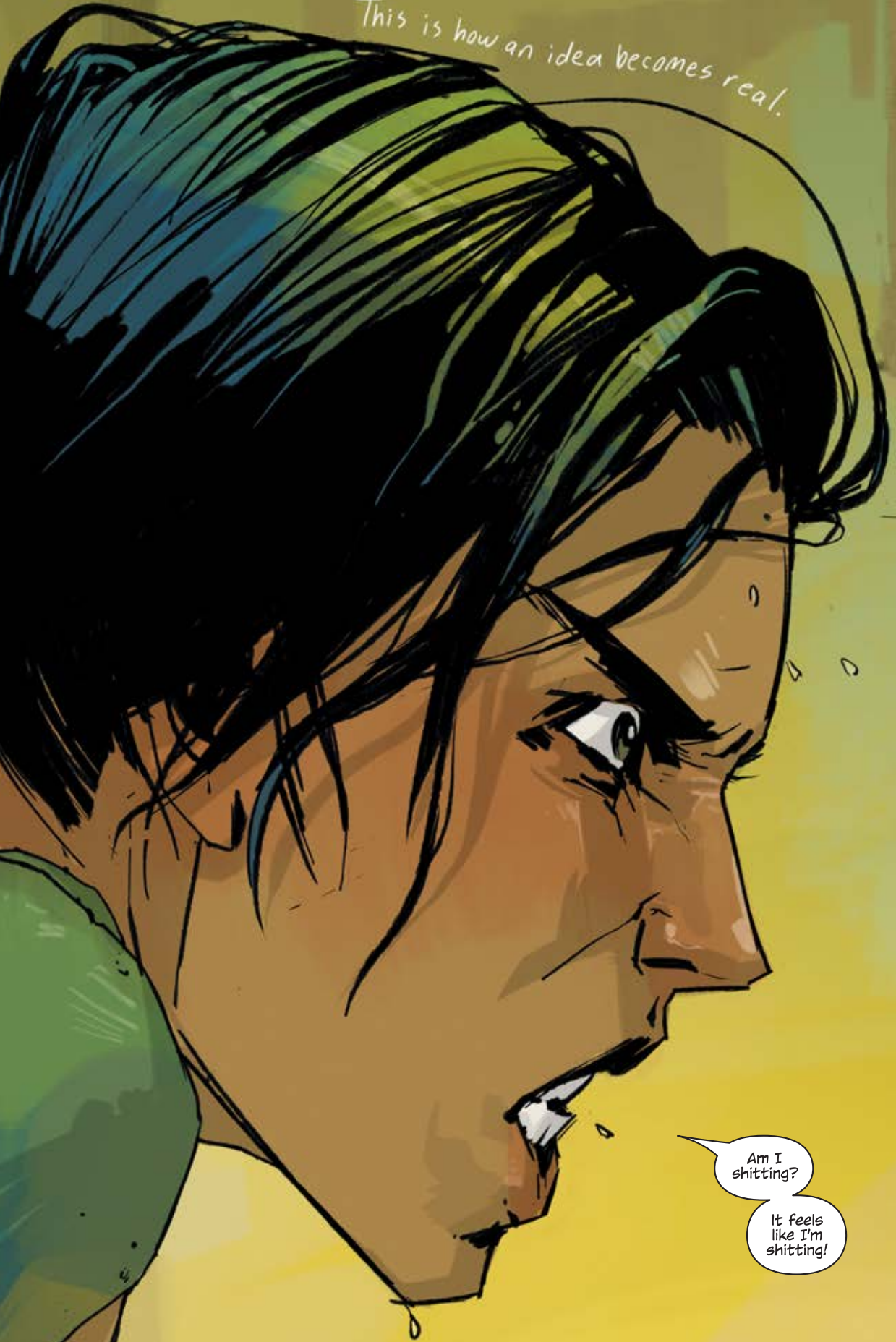


This is how an idea becomes real.



Am I
shitting?

It feels
like I'm
shitting!



Just keep pushing. We're so close.

Seriously, you'll never have sex with me again if I defecate all over you.

Unless you're secretly into that.

Please don't be into that.

But ideas are fragile things.



You have never been as beautiful as you are right now.

Most don't live long outside of the ether from which they were pulled, kicking and screaming.



Right, because nothing's more lovely than a fat woman spread-eagle in the back of an old body shop. It's like something out of a fairy tale or...

That's why people create with someone else.



**AHHHN
HOLY
FUCK!**

Do you need a healing spell? We agreed, Alana! No shame in managing pain!

Two minds can sometimes improve the odds of an idea's survival...



It ->ehh-> doesn't hurt at all. It... it feels good.

Is it sick that it ->ehh-> feels so good?



... but there are no guarantees.



You're crying. You never cry.

What's wrong? Marko, what is it...?

It's a girl.

Anyway, this
is the day I was
born.



