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Morgan Austin

It came to my attention, something was happening inside me.

Pain, discomfort, a daily urge to change, to adapt.

The vital need to release all those feelings on my comic.

Couldn't escape it, stopped fighting against it.
It was time to let evolution to change me.

Morgan.















































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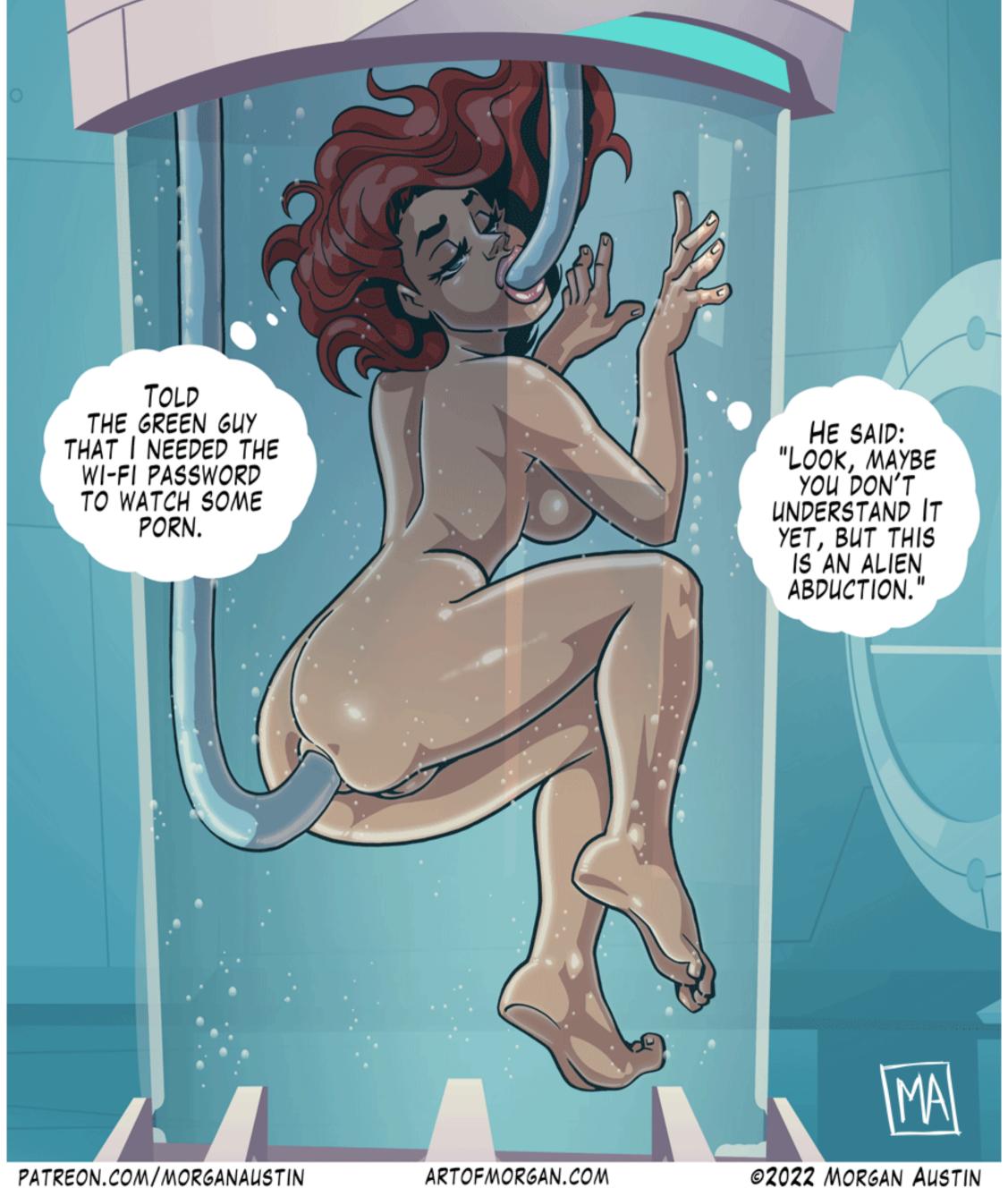




















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...And the time came.

From here forward, I was no longer sattisfied with the way my girls looked like.

Their faces didn't show all the emotions I wanted to transmit.

Uncomfortable as it gets, something needed to change, and that was me.

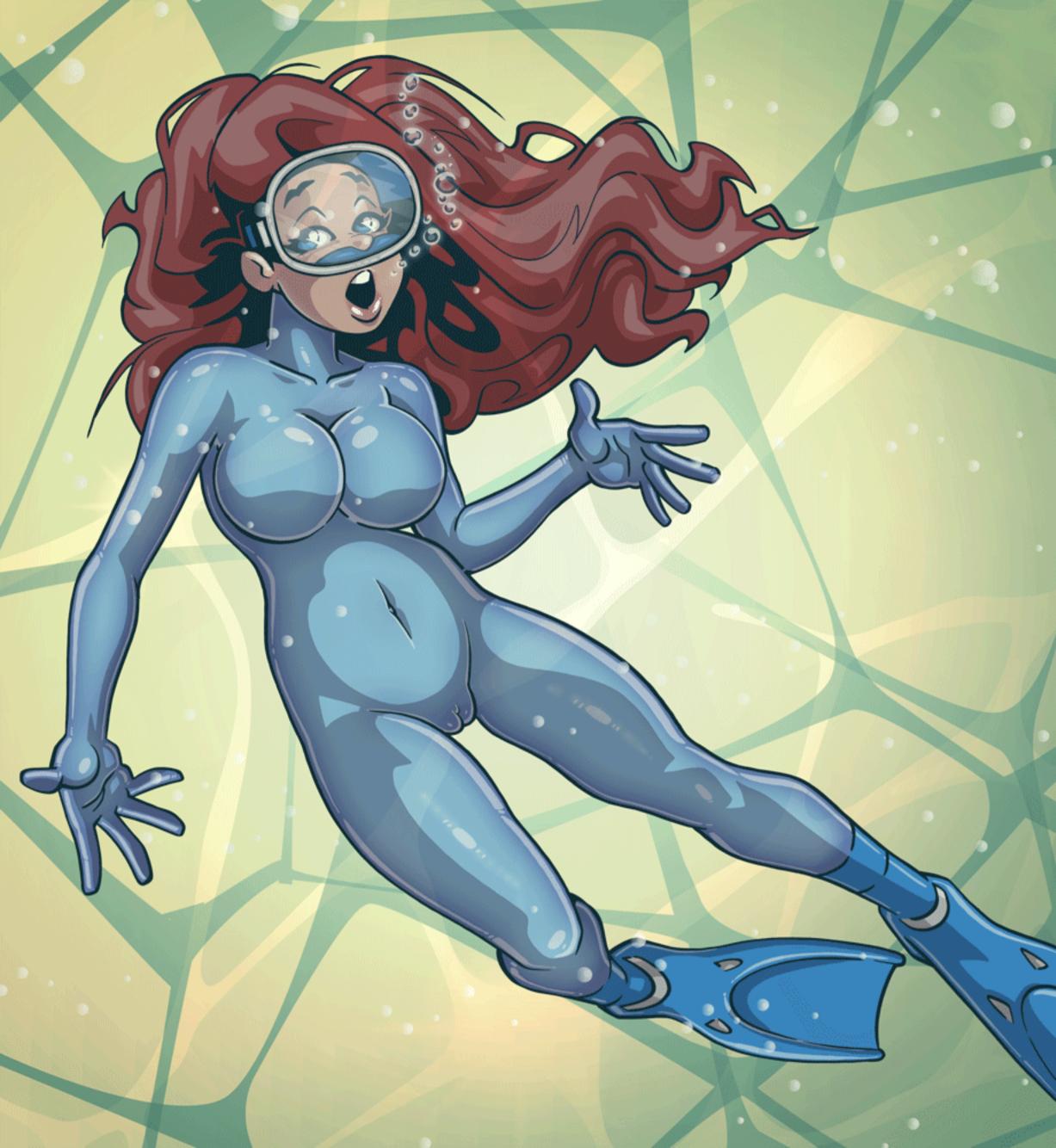
This are the ones I worked on several times while developing new eyes, noses, lips and hair.

Never posted this ones before, you, proud owner of this ebook, only you can enjoy them.









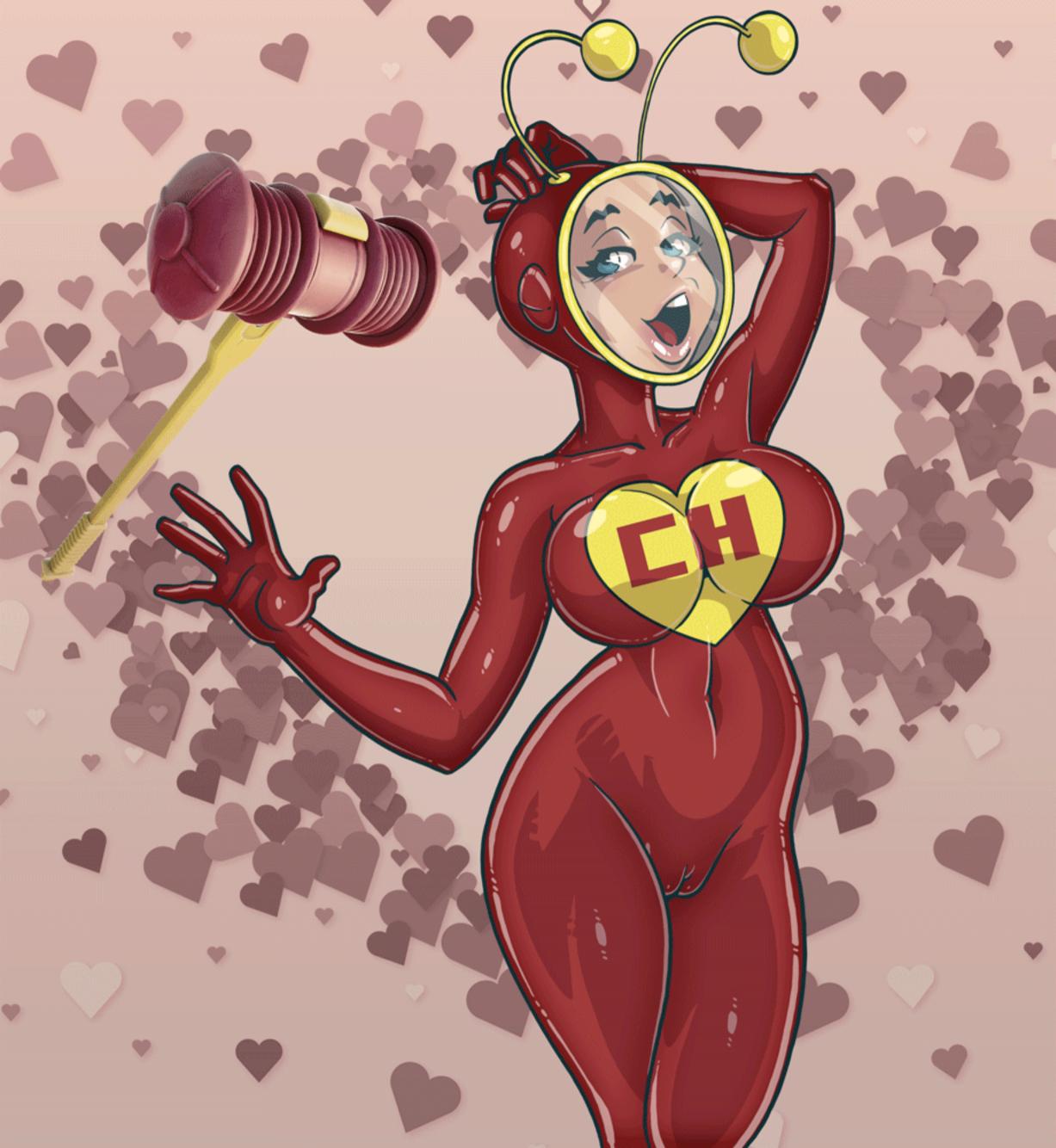




















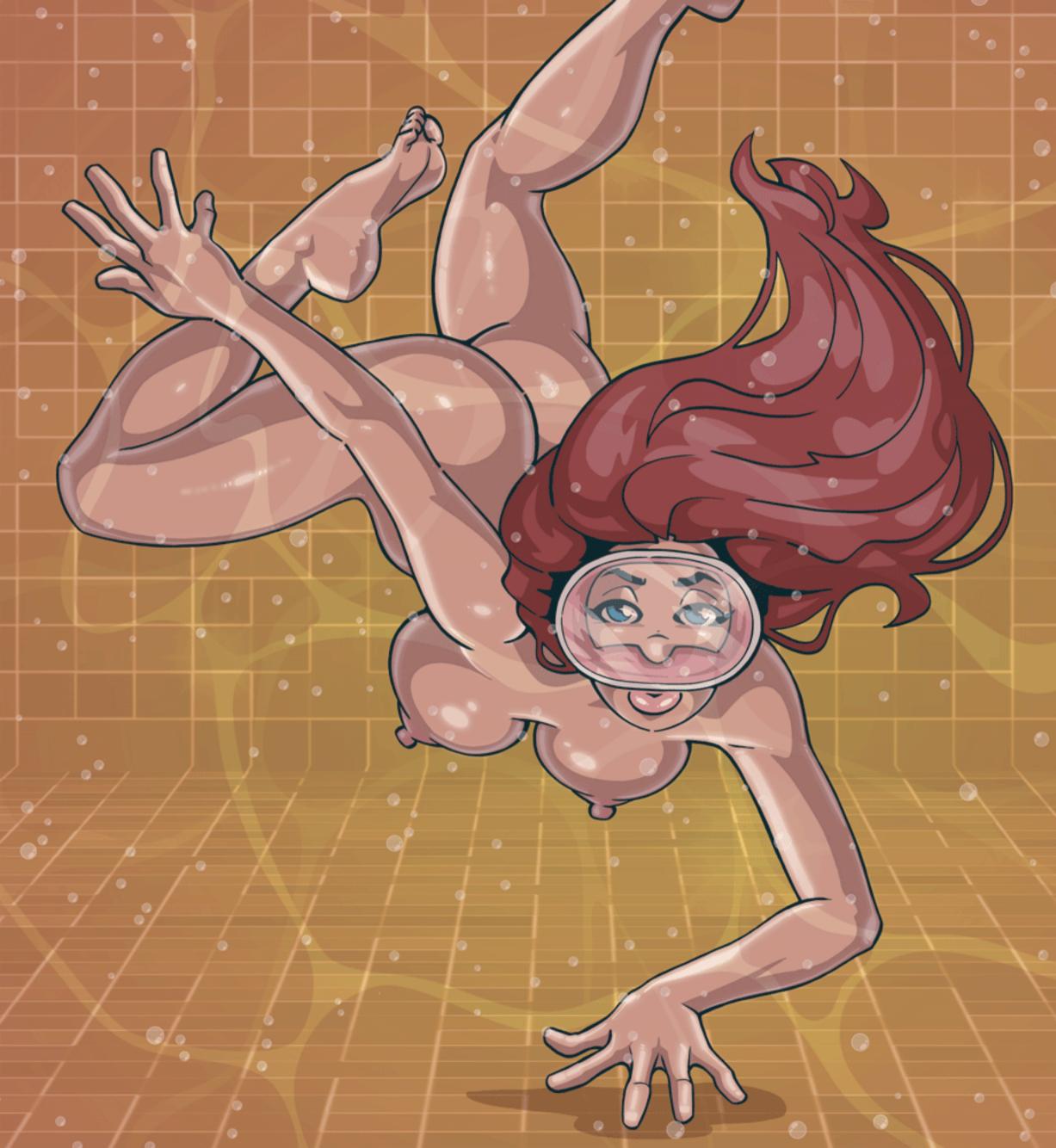














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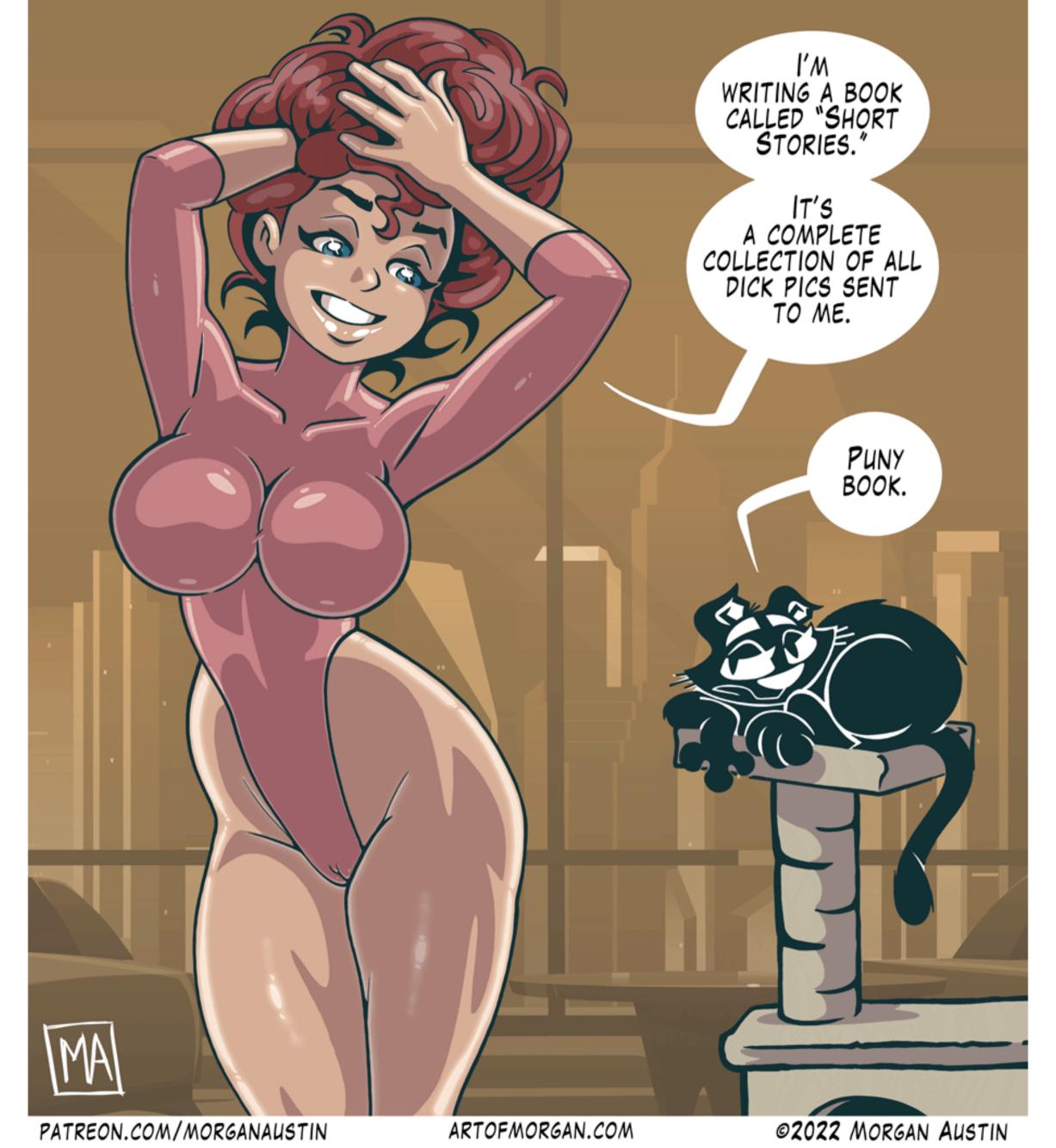






































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MORGAN? YOU DIDN'T SAY MORGAN? I CAN'T MOVE! MORGAN? ANYTHING ABOUT A BREATHING SLIME...

















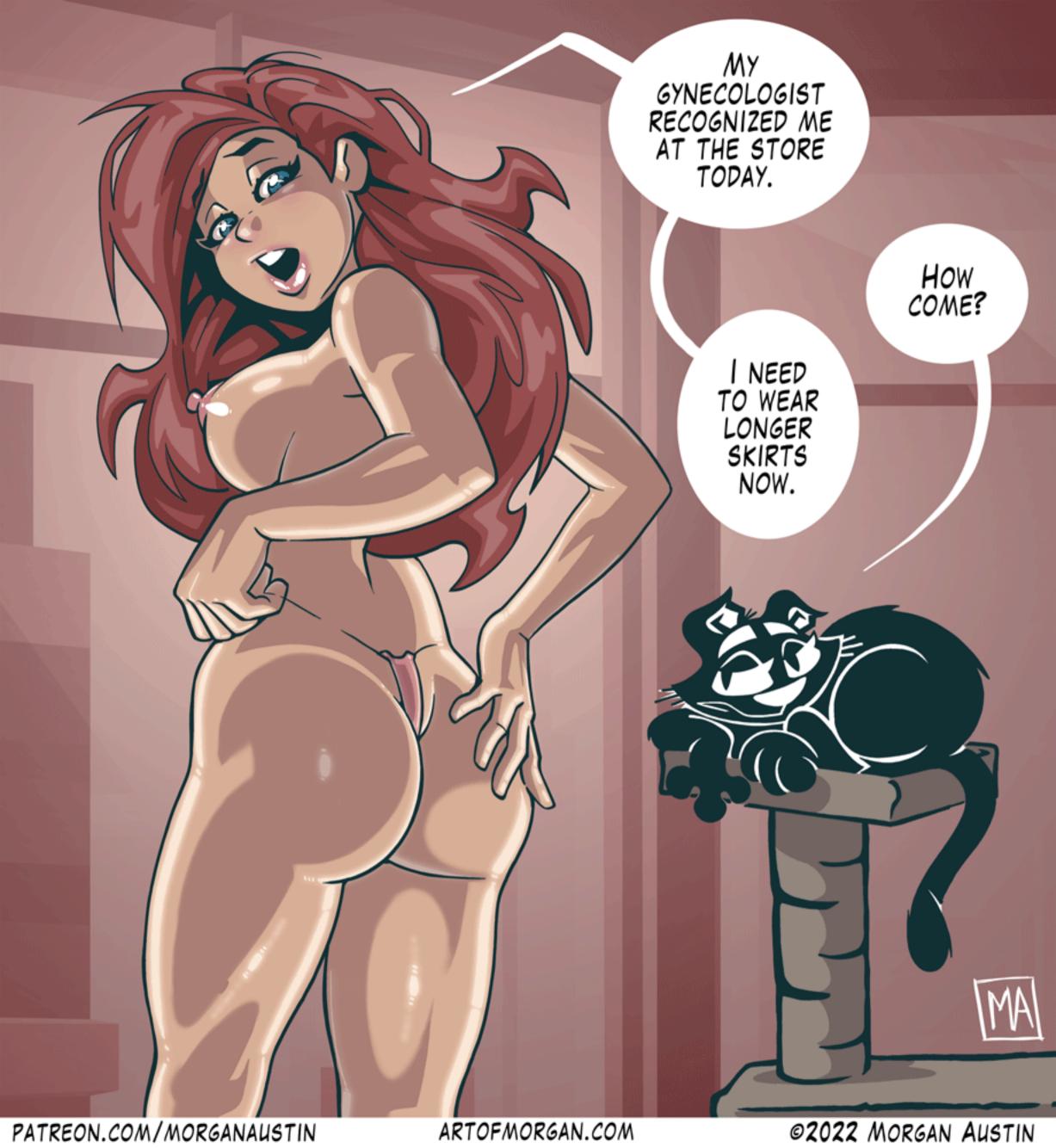


























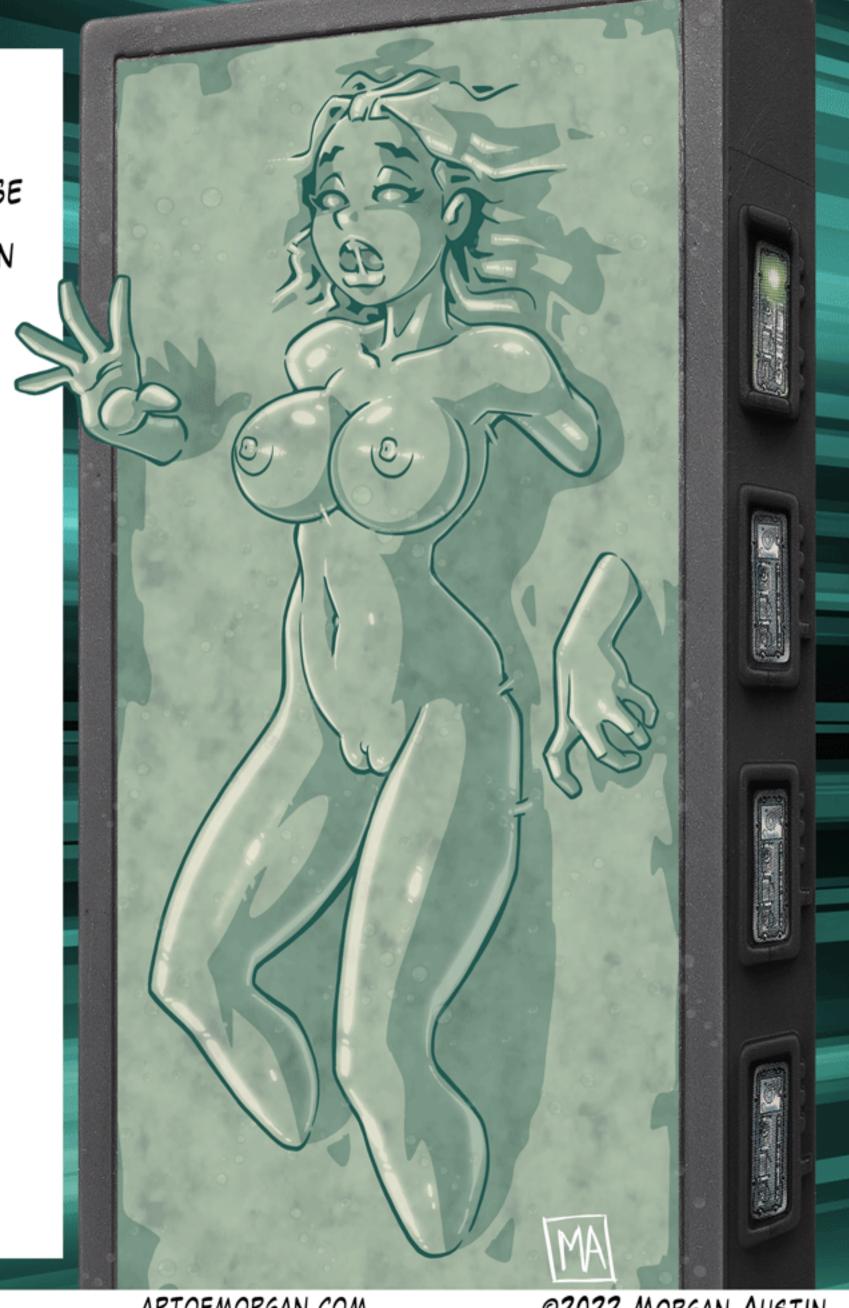
IT KEEPS ME AWAKE, KNOWING I CAN GET HUNDREDS OF ORGASMS NON-STOP JUST BECAUSE I WILL BE IN A FROZEN STATE OF PRESERVATION ENCASED IN A DURABLE HARD MATERIAL.

AWAKE, FEELING ALL MY FLUIDS GOING BOILING POINT JUST BECAUSE I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, EVEN KNOWING I COULD DIE DOING IT SEVERAL TIMES.

BUT THE INTENSITY OF THE ORGASMS IS QUITE REMARKABLE.

BESIDES THAT, IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, GALAXY CAN'T HANDLE ALL THE BUTTONS AT ONCE, AND ZOLA IS OUT OF TOWN.

BUT THAT MAKES THE IDEA EVEN MORE INTERESTING, AND THAT'S WHAT IS KEEPING ME AWAKE.



















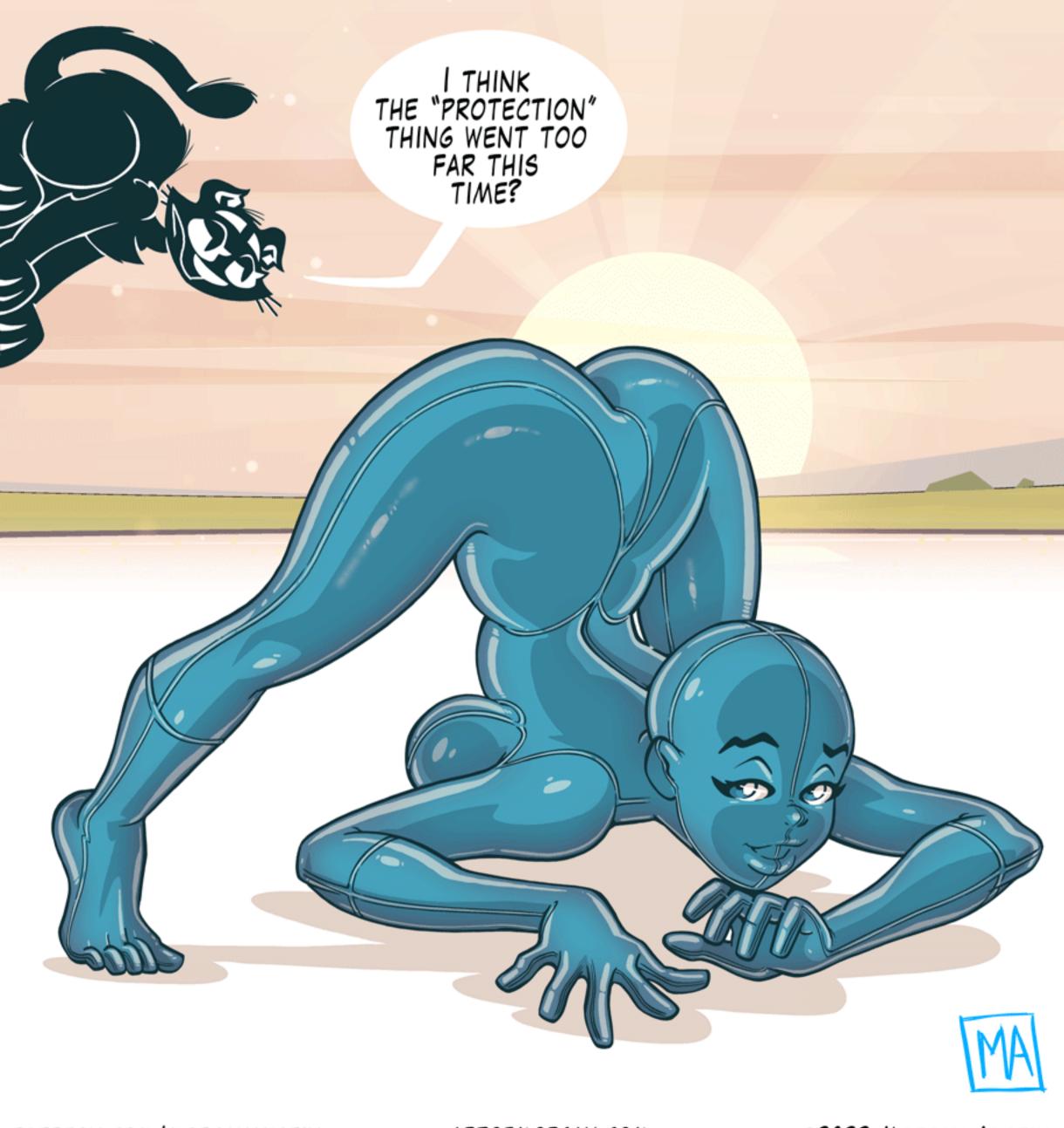
























































































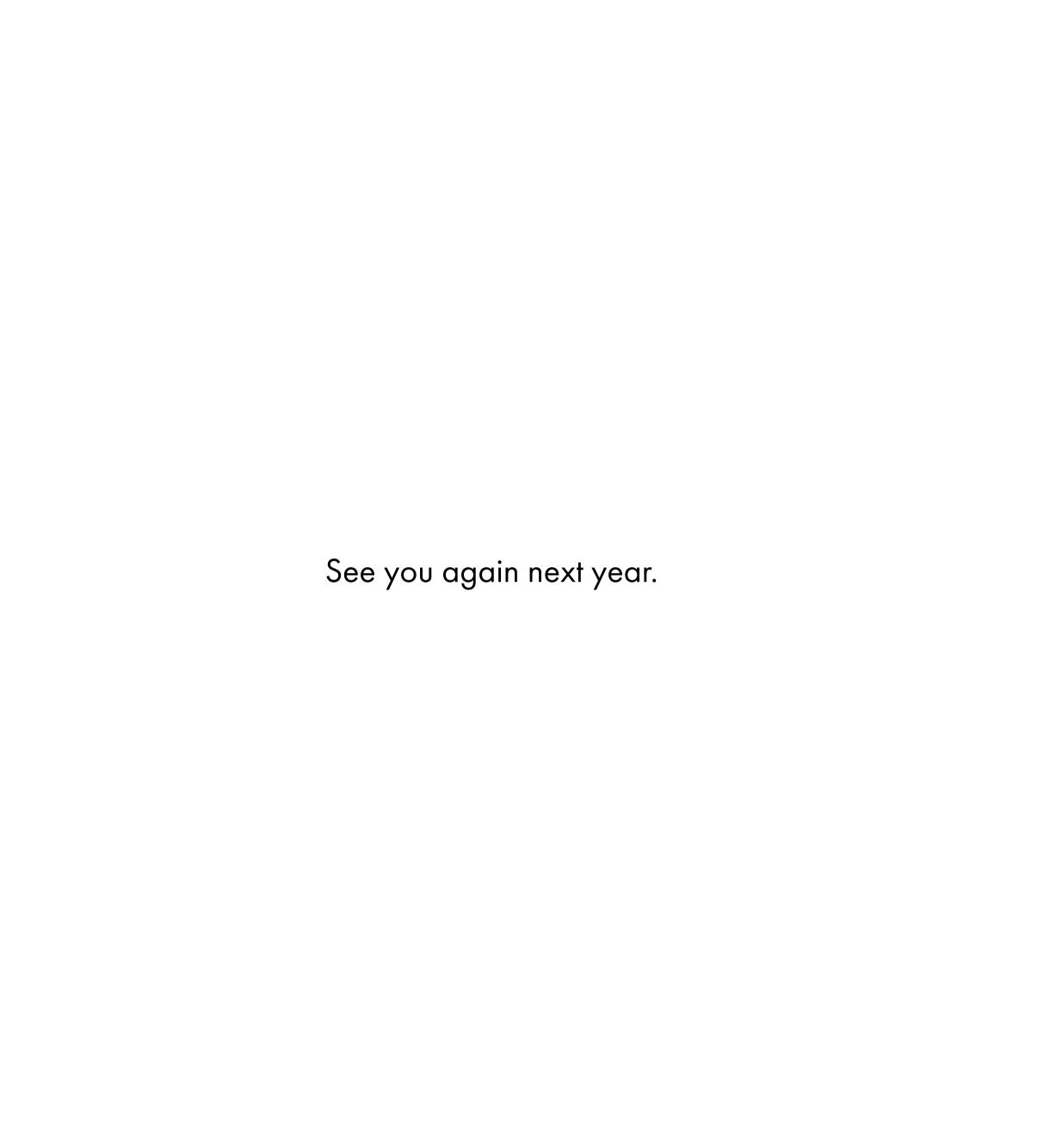




























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