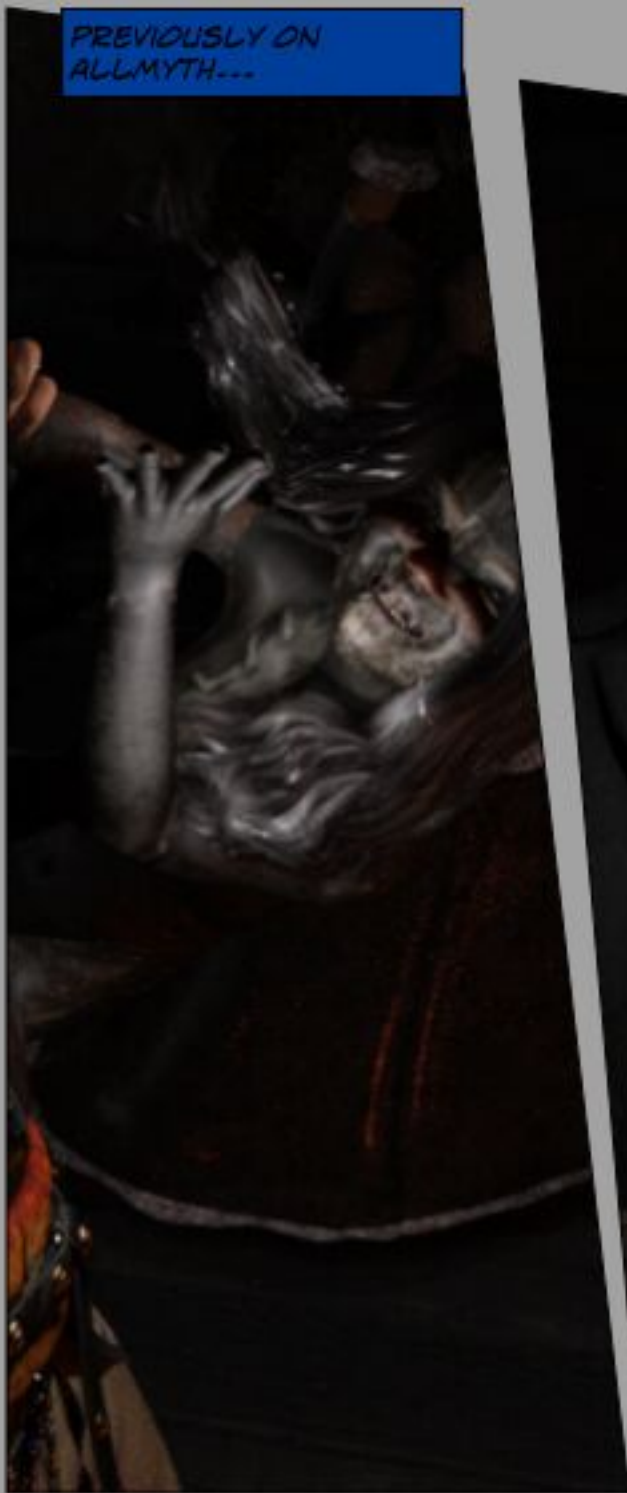


PREVIOUSLY ON  
ALLMYTH...





OH, NO. NO. NO.

FUCK!



SO MUCH  
BLOOD.

WE HAVE TO  
STOP THE  
BLEEDING.  
COME ON.  
HELP ME.



OLLIE!

COME ON!

THE  
JUGULAR... IT'S  
BEEN  
SEVERED...

THE BLEEDING...  
FUCK...



DAISY IS  
GOING TO DIE.





PLEASE...

...HEEEELP...



DAISY?





I'M NOT GONNA  
JUST STAND HERE  
WHILE MY FRIEND  
DIES!





MAYBE WE --  
YOUR HAND? WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT I--  
UNH!

IT HURTS!



OH. WOW.

I CAN FEEL--- IT'S LIKE I'M DRAWING THE WOUND OUT OF HER SOMEHOW.

....UNH....



THAT'S  
RIGHT, BABE. I  
GOTACHA.  
YOU'RE GONNA  
BE FINE.

JUST RELAX  
AND BREATH.








A very blurry and dark image, possibly a still from a video or a low-quality scan of a photograph. The background is almost entirely black, with some indistinct, warm-toned shapes in the center that could be a person's face or a light source. Two white speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble on the left contains the text "DAISY?". The second speech bubble on the right contains the text "ARE YOU AWAKE?".

DAISY?

ARE YOU  
AWAKE?

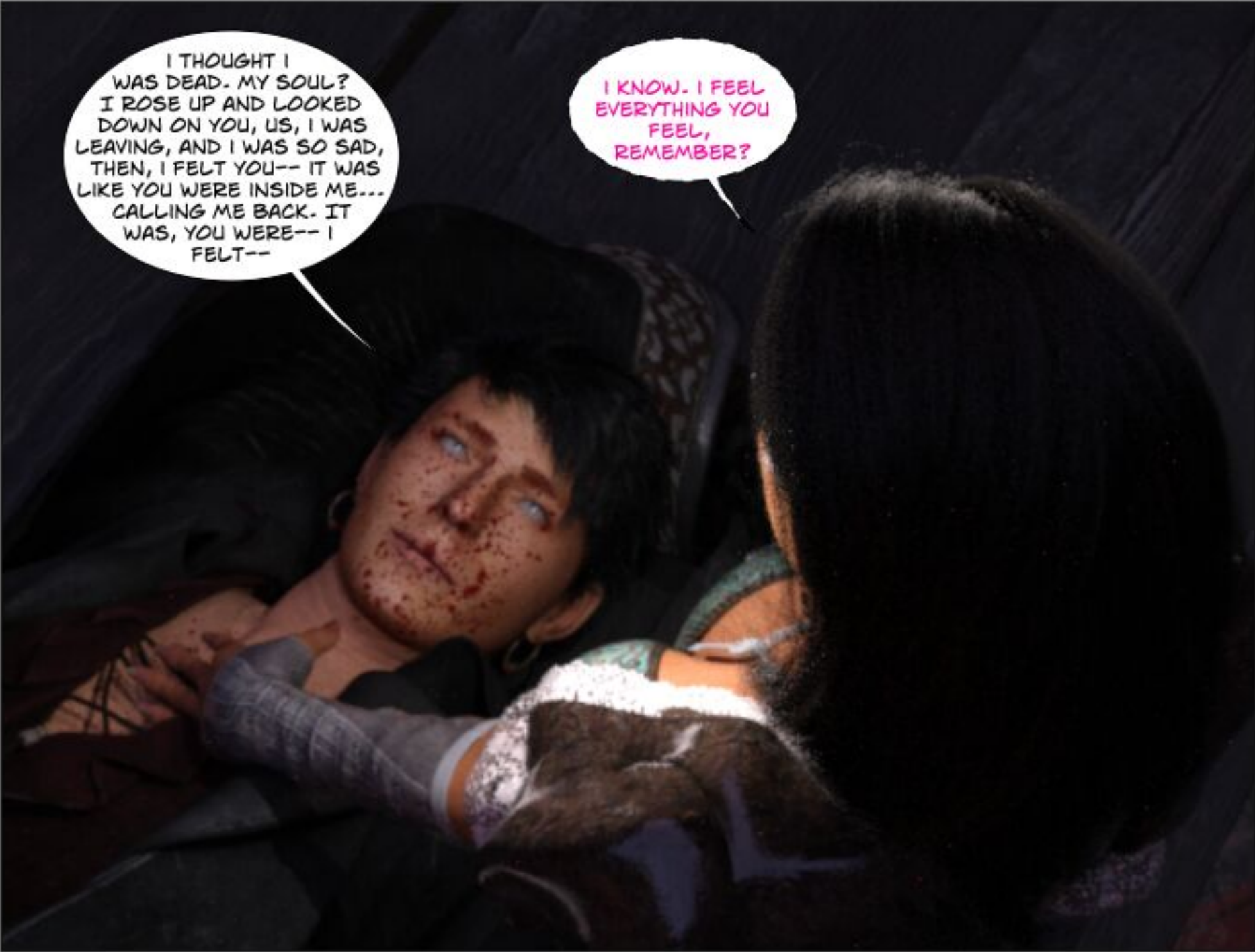


SHE'S WAKING  
UP!



MARCEL? DID  
I DIE?


NO.  
<CHUCKLE> YOU  
JUST SCARED THE  
HELL OUT OF US  
IS ALL.



I THOUGHT I  
WAS DEAD. MY SOUL?  
I ROSE UP AND LOOKED  
DOWN ON YOU, US, I WAS  
LEAVING, AND I WAS SO SAD,  
THEN, I FELT YOU-- IT WAS  
LIKE YOU WERE INSIDE ME...  
CALLING ME BACK. IT  
WAS, YOU WERE-- I  
FELT--

I KNOW. I FEEL  
EVERYTHING YOU  
FEEL,  
REMEMBER?





THEN, I  
GUESS YOU  
KNOW--I'M  
FEELING REALLY  
HUNGRY.

<LAUGH>. I KNOW.  
I KNOW.

I FIXED  
YOU,  
SOMEHOW,  
DAISY. I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
HOW.

YOU'RE A HEALER. IT'S PART OF THE EMPATH CLASS. I FORGOT YOU COULD EVEN DO THAT. I NEVER PLAYED ONE. I ALWAYS THOUGHT EMPATHS WERE...

...LAME.

LAME? I JUST SAVED DAISY'S LIFE.



I KNOW. I WAS  
WRONG. ANYWAY, THAT  
WAS SO INTENSE!  
WOW.

DAISY! I WAS  
SO WORRIED ABOUT  
YOU, BUT I'M SO  
GLAD YOU'RE FINE,  
AND--



--SHE  
IS FINE, AND IT  
WAS NO THANKS  
TO YOU,  
**OLIVIA!**

YOU FROZE.  
AGAIN. YOU WERE  
GONNA JUST STAND  
THERE AND LET  
DAISY DIE. YOU  
FUCKING PUSSY  
ASS--





PUSSY?  
WHO SCREAMED  
AND RAN AWAY WHEN  
THE STITCHEN  
ATTACKED,  
*MARCELLA?*

WHO HID WHILE  
THE *MEN* DID THE  
FIGHTING?

*MEN? YOU  
WEREN'T A MAN  
WHEN YOU WERE A  
MAN.*



WELL. YOU  
LOOK SO  
PRETTY IN YOUR  
LITTLE DRESS, AND  
WHAT? WITH YOU  
CRYING ALL THE TIME?  
IT'S HARD FOR ME TO  
REMEMBER **YOU**  
**USED** TO BE A  
MAN.

I CAN STILL KICK  
YOUR ASS, YOU LITTLE  
BITCH.

BRING IT.





LADIES! LADIES! AS MUCH AS I AM LOVING YOUR LITTLE CAT FIGHT, AND I AM ADORING IT, WE HAVE OTHER THINGS WE NEED TO BE WORRYING ABOUT.

I MEAN, YOU ARE BOTH JUST SUPER PRETTY. THERE'S NO REASON TO BE SO JEALOUS OF EACH OTHER! JUST CALM YOUR TITS.

OMIGOD, THOUGH. I TOTALLY GET IT NOW. GIRLS **ARE** HOT WHEN THEY'RE ANGRY. MAYBE LATER YOU CAN STRIP DOWN TO YOUR PANTIES AND HAVE A PILLOW FIGHT.





FUCK!

YOU!

UH, OH.

To be continued...