













Jolden dreams

Every night men dream of a stream of pure, clear clarity. It is picture perfect in every way and wells up sheer ecstasy in every heart. Upon closer inspection it is revealed that the stream contains not water, but damsels clad in truly beautiful dresses emanating a golden glow. Such dreams Finger for aeons and never fude away.















The muses now share their secret with you. Their clothes they are garbed in ware not woven with mortal hands. There's spell craft at ply, age old magic has borne this perfection. But do not let the world know of this! Until then may your treasure remain a secret.







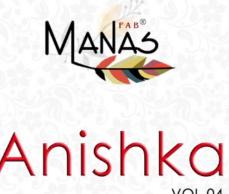












VOL-04





