

KARACOMET PRESENTS...

WITCHY

EX-GIRLFRIEND

PART ONE

IN A SPORTS BAR MILES AWAY,
FAR FROM THE LISTENING EARS
OF THEIR GIRLFRIENDS, TWO MEN
MEET FOR THEIR WEEKLY DRINKS.



Traditional **PUB FOOD** served here!

PLAY POOL BE BEST
BILLIARDS
TOURNAMENT
COME JOIN US!
SUNDAY JULY 3
NO ENTRY

Pool & Sports
here!

Sunday Roast
from
12
NOON

THEY OFTEN DISCUSS SPORTS OR
WOMEN, ALMOST ALWAYS FALLING
DEEPLY INTO THEIR NOSTALGIA...

BUT TODAY THEIR TOPIC IS ONE WOMAN IN PARTICULAR. DAVID'S GIRLFRIEND, PAULINE.

I TOLD YOU FROM THE START, THERE WAS SOMETHING OFF ABOUT HER.

WHY ARE YOU EVEN STILL WITH HER, BRO?





WELL, SHE'S
SMART AND FUN TO
BE AROUND, SHE'S
PRETTY CUTE...

AND *SHHE'S*
REALLY COOL,
USUALLY...

SHE JUST
HASN'T BEEN IN
THE MOOD FOR
SEX LATELY.

THAT'S NOT
A GOOD SIGN,
BRO. NOT GOOD
AT ALL...


I DATED A
CHICK LIKE THAT
ONCE. WALKED IN
ON HER BLOWING SOME
OTHER GUY.

YOU DON'T
THINK...?

Traditional **PUB FOOD** served here!

FRILLER






HEH... NOT
PALLINE. SHE'S NOT
LIKE THAT. I MEAN, SHE'S
NEVER EVEN DONE THAT
FOR ME, AND WE'VE BEEN
TOGETHER FOR THE BETTER
PART OF A YEAR.

HOLD
UP...!

1941

A man with short, light-colored hair and a slight mustache, wearing a blue and black superhero suit, stands in a bar. He is holding a large glass of beer with a thick head of foam. He has a surprised or questioning expression on his face. The background shows a bar setting with a dartboard and a sign that says "Popped here!".

SHE'S NEVER GIVEN YOU A BLOWJOB? NOT EVEN ONCE? DUDE...!

OBVIOUSLY THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

YEAH, I KNOW. I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

YOU DESERVE SO MUCH BETTER, MY GUY.



HOW COULD
A CHICK LIKE HER
EVEN TURN A GUY
LIKE YOU DOWN?

YOU'RE A
GOOD-LOOKING
DUDE! YOU COULD
HAVE ANY CHICK
IN THIS BAR.

AND SHE'S
BARELY GOT ANYTHING
GOING ON TO BEGIN
WITH. SMALL CHEST,
NO ASS...

CHUCKLE
COREY, COME
ON, MAN...


SHE'S
STILL MY
GIRLFRIEND.

YEAH,
BUT WHY? SHE
OBTIOUSLY ISN'T
DOING HER JOB,
RIGHT?

YEAH,
BUT...

YOU NEED A
CHICK THAT WANTS TO
LOOK HOT FOR YOU. A
GIRL WHO ALWAYS MAKES
SURE HER MAN IS
SATISFIED.

SIGH

A man with light brown, wavy hair and a mustache is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark blue, textured polo shirt. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to his right. The background is a dimly lit bar with a sign that says "Pool & Darts" in large, white, stylized letters. The lighting is soft, highlighting his face and the texture of his shirt.


ESPECIALLY
IF SHE'S GETTING A
FREE RIDE WHILE YOU
PAY THE BILLS.

WOULD
BE NICE.

YOU'RE GETTING
TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF,
MAN. I HATE TO SEE
YOU LIKE THIS.

IT WOULDN'T
BE SO BAD IF SHE
AT LEAST DRESSED
UP FOR ME ONCE IN A
WHILE, YOU KNOW?

AND I
WON'T LIE, WHEN
SHE DOES FINALLY PUT
OUT, IT HASN'T EVEN
BEEN THAT GREAT
LATELY.



THAT'S WHY
YOU NEED TO MOVE
ON, MAN! KICK HER
TO THE CURB!

GET
YOURSELF A
BABE WITH SOME
BIG SENSITIVE TITS
INSTEAD!

LAUGH




NO WAY, DUDE! JUST CHECK OUT THESE PROSPECTS.

I MEAN LOOK AT THAT.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MAN.

Pool & Darts
New here!



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black lace dress, stands in the foreground of a pub. In the background, a man sits at a table, pointing towards her. The pub has a brick wall with a neon 'OPEN' sign and a sign for 'PUB FOOD'. A television on the wall shows a pool game.

BIG TITS,
NICE ASS. SHE
MIGHT BE A BIT ON
THE HEAVY SIDE,
BUT DAMN!

SHE'S
THICK!

PUB FOOD



JUST LOOK
AT THOSE FAT
JUGS BOUNCING
AROUND AS SHE
WALKS...

A young man with wavy brown hair and a white turtleneck sweater is the central focus. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. The background shows a restaurant interior with a grid ceiling, recessed lights, and large windows. In the distance, other patrons are visible through the windows.

I BET
SHE FLUCKS
LIKE A PORN
STAR.

*DREAMY
SIGH* I DON'T
KNOW, MAN. I LIKE
THE CURVES, BUT I'M
NOT REALLY INTO
FAT CHICKS.

Pool
&
D
S


new h

I'M NOT
SUGGESTING YOU
PICK UP THAT SLUT,
I'M JUST MAKING
A POINT.

THERE ARE
GIRLS OUT THERE
WHO WILL PUT SOME
ACTUAL EFFORT INTO
EARNING THEIR
KEEP.


OPEN





ALTHOUGH
I MIGHT HAVE TO
MAKE A MOVE ON
THAT ONE MYSELF.
CHUCKLE

HELL, IF I'M
LUCKY SHE WON'T
HAVE KIDS. ALTHOUGH
FINDING A CHICK OUR
AGE WITHOUT KIDS IS
LIKE FINDING A DAMN
UNICORN.

A young man with short, wavy brown hair and a white turtleneck sweater is shown in a restaurant setting. He has a slightly concerned or thoughtful expression. The background features a ceiling with recessed lights and a window showing a dark sky. A hand is visible at the bottom right, resting on his shoulder.

THAT'S
DEFINITELY
SOMETHING YOU
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT.

HEY, YOU
DON'T THINK
YOUR GIRL MIGHT
BE...?

HEH...
YEAH RIGHT. I
CAN'T EVEN TALK
TO HER ABOUT THAT
WITHOUT IT TURNING
INTO A FRIGGEN
ARGUMENT.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN? YOU
DON'T ACTUALLY
WANT LITTLE CROTCH
GOBLINS RUNNING
AROUND...



YEAH,
MAYBE
I DO.


I HAVE A
GOOD CAREER,
MY OWN HOUSE...
MAYBE I WANT TO HAVE
A FAMILY ONE DAY,
YOU KNOW?

BRO...
CHUCKLE

I BROUGHT IT
UP ONCE A FEW WEEKS
AGO, SEEING HOW SHE
FELT ABOUT THE IDEA,
AND SHE JUST WENT
CRAZY!

DAMN,
DUDE...

IT'S NOT
EVEN ON THE
TABLE, NOW OR EVER
APPARENTLY.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a blue and maroon superhero suit, is gesturing with his hands while talking to a woman. The woman has voluminous curly brown hair and is wearing a beige turtleneck sweater. They are in a bar setting. In the background, there is a framed sign that reads "Pool & Darts" in a stylized, textured font. The man's speech bubble contains the text: "LISTEN, MAN, WHILE I DON'T AGREE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED THEN THAT'S THE LEAST SHE COULD DO FOR YA." The woman's speech bubble contains the text: "RIGHT?".

LISTEN,
MAN, WHILE I
DON'T AGREE, IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED
THEN THAT'S THE LEAST
SHE COULD DO
FOR YA.

RIGHT?


I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I WANT IT TO HAPPEN RIGHT NOW OR ANYTHING, BUT DOWN THE LINE...

AND SHE WON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT IT?

SERIOUSLY, BRO. WHAT *IS* SHE GOOD FOR?

SIGH NO IDEA.

EST **BROWNSMICK**
BILLIARD TABLES



YOU KNOW
WHAT, MAN? YOU'RE
RIGHT. I DESERVE
BETTER.

AMEN,
BROTHER.

WHEN I GO
HOME TONIGHT I'M
GOING TO GIVE HER
A CHOICE.

EITHER SHE'S
GONNA BE THE TYPE OF
CHICK I WANT, OR SHE'S
GOING TO PACK HER SHIT
AND FIND SOMEWHERE
ELSE TO SLEEP.

DUDE, THINK ABOUT IT. IF YOU GIVE HER A CHOICE, SHE'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR, AND MAYBE SHE'LL EVEN GO ALONG WITH IT FOR A WHILE...

BUT YOU'RE JUST GOING TO WIND UP BACK IN THE SAME PLACE.

IT MIGHT EVEN GET WORSE. YOU KNOW HOW EMOTIONAL CHICKS CAN GET.

SIGH



JUST MAKE IT QUICK, LIKE RIPPING OFF A BANDAID. SHE'LL GET OVER IT.

THIS IS GOING TO SUCK SO MUCH. MAYBE I'LL WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING.



WHAT DO I EVEN SAY?

I DON'T WANT COME OFF AS A JERK...

JUST TELL HER WHAT YOU TOLD ME. SHE'S NOT GONNA LIKE IT, BUT SHE NEEDS TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE NEEDS THAT AREN'T BEING MET.




DUDE,
WHAT IF
SHE STARTS
CRYING?

CHUCKLE
SHE'S DEFINITELY
GOING TO CRY. THAT'S
HER TRAP CARD, MAN.
BUT DON'T FALL
FOR IT.


HOPEFULLY
IT'S NOT HER
TIME OF THE
MONTH...



DON'T WORRY. IT ISN'T.

A young man with wavy brown hair and a surprised expression is shown in a pool hall. He is wearing a beige turtleneck sweater. The background features a pool table with red pendant lights hanging above it. A speech bubble is positioned near his face, containing the text: "OH SHIT... UH, HEY, PAULINE. WHAT ARE YOU, UH, DOING HERE?"

OH SHIT...
UH, HEY, PAULINE.
WHAT ARE YOU, UH,
DOING HERE?

A woman with long, straight red hair and blue eyes is shown in a close-up shot. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, low-cut top. The background is a dimly lit pool hall with several pool tables. A dartboard is visible on the wall in the background. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her face and hair.

I FELT OUR
BOND BREAKING
AND I WANTED TO
KNOW WHY.

IS THAT REALLY
HOW IT'S GOING TO
BE, DAVID? YOU'RE
JUST PLANNING TO
THROW ME AWAY LIKE
SOME TRASH?

A young man with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a beige, textured turtleneck sweater. He is looking upwards and to the right with a slightly concerned or questioning expression. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with fingers spread. The background is a modern interior with a white grid ceiling and recessed circular lights. A large, cylindrical, metallic-looking pillar is visible on the left side of the frame.

IT'S NOT
LIKE THAT... I
CAN EXPLAIN. I,
UH... WHAT DID
YOU HEAR?

COME ON,
MAN. DON'T BACK
DOWN, NOW.



UH, EXCUSE ME, MISS...?

OH, I HEARD ENOUGH...

DUDE...

NO, THIS WORKS OUT.

TABLE O

Quits
New here!

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO ASK
YOU TO PLEASE NOT
SIT THERE...



*FRUSTRATED
GROWL*

26



WHAT
WAS I JUST
DOING...?





DID YOU SAY THAT YOU FELT YOUR BOND BREAKING?

WHAT KIND OF GWYNETH PALTROW VAGINA CRYSTAL BULLSHIT IS THAT?

COREY...

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LET THIS BOY DISRESPECT ME, DAVID? I EXPECTED BETTER.

PAULINE,
I...

BROWNSMICK
LARD TABLE

A man with short, light brown hair and a goatee is wearing a blue and maroon hoodie. He is standing in a pub with a brick wall behind him. A neon sign says "OPEN" in blue. A sign on the wall reads "Traditional PUB FOOTBALL". There are bar stools and a bar counter in the background. A glass of beer is on a table in the foreground. The man has a serious expression and his hands are slightly outstretched.

LISTEN, CHICK. I AIN'T NO BOY, I AM A MAN, AND SO IS MY FRIEND HERE.

AND MEN GOT NEEDS. NEEDS THAT YOU ARE NOT PROVIDING FOR HIM, AND HE'S SICK OF IT.

I'M NOT JUST GOING TO SIT HERE AND WATCH YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY BEST FRIEND.

I MEAN...

OF MASTERS

WOW... YOU
ACTUALLY AGREE
WITH HIM.

PAULINE,
IT'S NOT...

NO, DON'T
LIE TO ME. DON'T
YOU DARE. IT'S
ALREADY TOO
LATE.

I CAN FEEL
THAT YOUR BOND
WITH THIS ONE IS
STRONGER THAN WE
EVER HAD...



I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING I WAS ABLE TO, AND THIS IS WHAT YOU THINK OF ME?

YOUR DREAM CAREER, YOUR PERFECT HEALTH, MY LOVE... WAS THAT NOT ENOUGH?

I DON'T... WHAT?

FOOD served here!

ARE YOU
SERIOUSLY TRYING
TO TAKE CREDIT FOR
MY SUCCESS? JESUS,
PAULINE. WHAT HAS
GOTTEN INTO YOU
LATELY?

*BITTER
CHUCKLE*
YOU HONESTLY
THINK...?



DUDE,
SERIOUSLY, WHAT
THE HELL DID YOU
GET YOURSELF
INTO?

THIS
BITCH IS
NUTS!


WOW...





YOU STUPID
ASSHOLE. YOU
HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
I'VE DONE FOR
YOUR FRIEND.

WHAT, YOU
THINK THAT STAYING
HOME AND WATCHING
NETFLIX GIVES YOU SOME
CREDIT FOR MY MAN'S
HARD WORK?

A man with short, light-colored hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a blue and maroon hoodie. He is gesturing with both hands, palms facing forward, as if explaining something. The background is a bar or restaurant setting with a tiled ceiling, recessed lights, a clock, and a television screen. A glass of beer and a red cup are visible in the bottom right corner.

DAVE DESERVES
BETTER. THE LEAST YOU
COULD DO IS LOOK NICE
FOR HIM AND SLICK HIS
DICK ONCE IN A WHILE,
YOU KNOW?


NOT TO
MENTION THE FACT
THAT HE WANTS SOME
KIDS, AND YOU TURN
INTO A TOTAL PSYCHO
WHEN HE BRINGS
IT UP.



YOU'RE GOING TO LET THIS FAT SHIT KEEP SPEAKING FOR YOU?


NO, BUT...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BETTER MAN THAN THIS.




NOTHING ELSE
MATTERS UNLESS THE
WOMAN YOU'RE WITH LOOKS
AND ACTS LIKE YOU WISH
THEY WOULD?

YOU REQUIRE
ME TO BE SOME SORT
OF SEXUAL SERVANT TO
BREED WITH IN ORDER
TO APPRECIATE MY
PRESENCE?



NO! IT'S
JUST... IF ALL
YOU'RE GOING TO DO
IS LIVE IN MY HOUSE
THEN, UH...

EARN
YOUR KEEP LIKE
A PROPER GOLD-
DIGGER.

A woman with long, straight red hair, wearing a black long-sleeved top and grey jeans with a brown belt, stands with her hands on her hips. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera; he has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a dark blue hoodie. They are in a casino setting with pool tables and other people in the background. Three speech bubbles are positioned between them, containing text.

YOU THINK
I WAS WITH YOUR
FRIEND FOR HIS
WEALTH? YOU DON'T
KNOW SHIT.

I ACTUALLY
FELL IN LOVE
WITH HIM, LIKE
AN IDIOT.

BUT NOT IN
LOVE ENOUGH TO
PUT SOME ACTUAL
EFFORT IN.

GUYS...

GROWL
BE CAUTIOUS
OF WHAT YOU
SAY NEXT,
ASSHOLE...

HA! OR
WHAT? ONE OF
US ACTUALLY CARES
ABOUT DAVE'S
HAPPINESS.

SO MAYBE
YOU SHOULD
JUST LEAVE.

COREY,
COME ON,
DUDE...

Pool
&
arts
new here!

AN



FINE!

OBVIOUSLY
HE NEEDS SOMEONE
TO TAILOR THEIR ENTIRE
LIFE AROUND HIM.

PAULINE...

GOOD LUCK,
FUCKERS!



WHAT THE
FUCK!?! DUDE,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

GROAN



A man with short, wavy brown hair and a concerned expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a beige, ribbed turtleneck sweater. He is holding a glass of beer with a thick head of foam in his left hand. The background is a dimly lit bar with several red, conical pendant lights hanging from the ceiling. The ceiling has a grid pattern and recessed circular lights. The overall lighting is warm and slightly dim, typical of a bar setting.

WHAT
THE HELL WAS
THAT?

I DON'T
KNOW. IT LOOKED
LIKE THE CEILING
LIGHT ZAPPED
YOU!



PAULINE, DID YOU SEE THAT? WE NEED TO CALL HIM AN AM...



-BULANCE...

NAH, MAN,
I'M FINE...
GRUNT



ACTUALLY,
I DON'T KNOW.
MY WHOLE BODY
FEELS REALLY
STRANGE...

ARE YOU
SURE?

I FEEL LIKE
I ATE CHIPOTLE AND
WAS KICKED IN THE BALLS
ON MY WAY TO THE
BATHROOM.

I DON'T...
DID NOBODY
ELSE SEE
THAT?

I THINK I
NEED TO GO OUT
TO YOUR TRUCK AND
LIE DOWN FOR A
MINUTE...

YEAH,
WHATEVER
YOU, UH...



A man with short, wavy brown hair and a shocked expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a beige, ribbed turtleneck sweater. A speech bubble next to his head contains the text "HOLY SHIT!". The background is a modern interior with a white ceiling featuring several recessed circular lights. A chain is visible behind his neck, suggesting he is restrained. The lighting is soft and even.

HOLY
SHIT!



... here!

WHAT?
WHAT IS
IT?

DUDE! IT
SINGED OFF
ALL OF YOUR
FACIAL HAIR!

FRILLER

ULTS

ew here!



GASP
WHAT THE
FUCK!?

AND, LIKE,
AN ENTIRE
FOOT! JESUS
CHRIST!


Pool & Arts
new here!



YEAH...
I, UH...
YEAH

DUDE, WE
NEED TO GET
YOU TO THE
HOSPITAL OR
SOMETHING!



A young man with short, spiky brown hair is shown from a high-angle perspective. He is wearing a dark blue and maroon long-sleeved shirt with a grey mesh-like patch on the chest area, and dark pants. He is leaning forward, looking down at his chest with a concerned expression. His hands are held out to the sides, palms up. The setting is a bar or cafe with a wooden floor, several high-top stools with dark wooden seats and metal frames, and a round wooden table. The lighting is warm and somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere. Two speech bubbles are present: one near his chest and another above his head.

HOW DO YOU FEEL? DOES IT HURT? YOUR CHEST LOOKS REALLY SWOLLEN.

I FEEL OKAY, JUST... WEIRD. BUT MY CHEST...?

MY NIPPLES
ARE THROBBING.
MAYBE MY
HEART...?

FOOD served here!



GAH!

WHAT?
IS IT YOUR
HEART?

BLUMP

BLUMP

D served here!

Pool
&
Darts

new here!

DUDE,
WHAT IS
IT?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT WE
NEED TO GO
RIGHT NOW!





WOW!
YOU'RE REALLY
SWELLING UP!

JUST...
COME ON!



SHOULD
I CALL AN
AMBULANCE?

THERE'S
NO TIME!



HMM...?

BROWNSMICK 1941
CLASSIC TABLE

A BABE
WITH SOME
BIG SENSITIVE
TITS...

WHAT?

Pool
&
Darts
new

OPEN

Sundays
Road



JIGGLE

*JUST LOOK
AT THOSE
FAT JUGS...*

BOUNCE



servec
BOUNCING
AROUND...

BOUNCE





OH,
GOD...!

Sunday
Roast



OH MY
GOD!

**Pool
&
Darts**

new here!

DUDE,
IS NOW THE
APPROPRIATE TIME
TO THINK ABOUT
SOME CHICK'S
BOOBS?

AAAAAH!


**Sunday
Roast**

HEY, CHECK
OUT THE MAN
TITS ON THAT
GUY...

DUDE...?

WE
HAVE TO
GO NOW!



A man with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a beige, ribbed turtleneck sweater. He has a chain around his neck, which is attached to a ceiling fixture. He is looking off to the side with a confused expression. The background is a room with a white ceiling and recessed lights. A window in the background shows a dark, cloudy sky.

WHAT IN
THE WORLD IS
GOING ON?



CREAK

7



THIS
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE!



LOOKS
LIKE I HAVE
FUCKING...



JESUS
CHRIST!

GASP




DUDE,
YOUR
CHEST...!

I KNOW!

A young man with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a grey textured sweater. He is pointing his right index finger out towards the left side of the frame. His eyes are wide and his mouth is slightly open, suggesting surprise or concern. The background is a dark, starry night sky with some light clouds. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of his head, containing the text: "IT LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE A... A HUGE RACK!".

IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU HAVE
A... A HUGE
RACK!

A young man with short, dark, curly hair is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. He is wearing a dark blue, long-sleeved shirt with a lighter blue, ribbed patch on the right shoulder. He has a serious, slightly annoyed expression on his face. His hands are on the steering wheel. The car's interior is visible, including the white leather seat and the dashboard. The background shows a dark, cloudy sky and the silhouette of a mountain range. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of his head.

DUDE,
SHUT UP. I'M
HAVING AN ALLERGIC
REACTION OR
SOMETHING!



IT MUST BE
A SIDE EFFECT
OF GETTING
SHOCKED.

*THROAT
CLEAR*

I SWEAR
I'M GOING
TO SUE THIS
PLACE.

*TRUCK
STARTS*

A young man with short, dark hair is shown in profile, looking out of a window. He is wearing a light-colored, textured turtleneck sweater. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window behind him, creating a soft glow on his face and sweater. The background outside the window is dark and indistinct.

GOD, IF
EMILY SEES ME
LIKE THIS SHE'LL
NEVER LET
IT GO.



WHAT UH...
DOES IT FEEL
LIKE? DOES
IT HURT?



MY CHEST
FEELS SO HEAVY
IT'S HURTING MY BACK,
AND IT ITCHES LIKE
CRAZY!

I REALLY
HOPE THEY CAN
GET THE SWELLING
DOWN.

DUDE,
I'VE NEVER SEEN
SWELLING LIKE THAT
BEFORE...



ALTHOUGH
TO BE FAIR, I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYONE
GET ELECTROCUTED
BEFORE, EITHER.

YOU'RE
LUCKY TO
EVEN BE ALIVE,
DUDE.


I DON'T
FEEL VERY
LUCKY RIGHT
NOW.





DUDE,
CALM DOWN.
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE.

SOB



**WHIMPER* I
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO ME. I
CAN'T STOP TALKING
ABOUT HOW I'M
FEELING.*

*YOU KNOW
HOW EMOTIONAL
CHICKS CAN GET.*

AAAH!

DUDE, YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
YELL, I'M RIGHT
HERE.

AND WHAT
DOES THAT EVEN
MEAN?



DUDE,
THAT WASN'T
ME!


WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? I JUST
HEARD YOU.

NO!
SOMETHING
ELSE SOUNDED
LIKE MEEE!




DUDE!

GASP



WHAT'S
GOING ON? *YOU*
DON'T EVEN SOUND
LIKE YOU!


YOUR VOICE
JUST SOUNDED
LIKE A...



MAYBE
IT... *GASP*

OH FUCK!
I SOUND LIKE
A GIRL!

NOT ONLY
THAT! YOU'RE
CHANGING!



CHANGING?
WHAT...?

YOU'RE
LOSING A BUNCH
OF WEIGHT, AND
YOUR HEAD...

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and bangs is sitting in the driver's seat of a car at night. She has a confused and slightly fearful expression on her face, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. Her hands are on the steering wheel. The background shows a dark, cloudy night sky with some distant lights. The car's interior is dimly lit, with the headrest and seat visible behind her.

W-WHAT
IS HAPPENING
TO ME...?

HOLY
CRAP, YOUR
HAIR!



VR0000M



AAH!
WHERE DID
ALL OF THIS
HAIR COME
FROM!?

IT JUST
GREW!

AND NOT
JUST YOUR
HAIR! YOUR
WHOLE FACE
CHANGED!



DUDE,
SHUT UP!

Y-YOU
LOOK LIKE A
CHICK...



*SHE'S
THICK!*

*I LIKE THE
CURVES...*

*NOT
AGAIN!*

*WHO
JUST...!?*


GAH!

RIP



A woman with blonde hair is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. She is wearing a grey ribbed top and a dark jacket. She has a speech bubble above her head. The car's interior is visible, including the dashboard and steering wheel.

THAT
FLUCKING
HURT!

A man with short dark hair is sitting in the passenger seat of a car. He is wearing a light-colored, textured sweater. He has a speech bubble above his head. The car's interior is visible, including the dashboard and steering wheel.

THIS IS
INSANE!

I DON'T...
WHIMPER
WHAT THE HELL
DO I DO!?

I...
I DON'T
KNOW!

HORN!



KEEP
YOUR EYES
ON THE
ROAD!

SHIT...!



HORN!



* SCREAM *

* SCREAM *

* SCREAM *

HORN!

SCREEAL





AAAH!

AAAH!



I DON'T
WANT TO
DIE!

BREATH
JESUS, THAT
WAS CLOSE!

NICE
REFLEXES,
MAN.

WUH...?
I WASN'T EVEN
TOUCHING THE
WHEEL...





HEH... I
MUST'VE HIT
THE STEERING
WHEEL WHEN I
CHOKED...

WHEW!

DUDE!
GET YOUR HAND
OFF MY CHEST!
THAT FEELS
WEIRD...

OH...!

THUMP



SHIT!
SORRY!






THANK
GOD!

WE'RE,
UH... COMING
UP ON THE
EXIT.

95 NORTH
Hospital
Keep Right



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting in the passenger seat of a car at night. She is wearing a dark, ribbed, long-sleeved top. She has a concerned expression and is gesturing with her right hand. The car's interior is dimly lit, and the background shows a dark sky with some clouds. A man is visible in the driver's seat, looking forward. The overall mood is one of confusion or concern.

DUDE,
WHERE THE
HELL ARE YOU
GOING?

I DON'T
KNOW...



YOU JUST PASSED THE EXIT!

I COULDN'T MAKE MYSELF TURN...



WELL
MAKE A U-TURN.
NOBODY ELSE
IS OUT HERE.

I DON'T
THINK I
CAN...

A CHICK THAT
WANTS TO LOOK
HOT FOR YOU...

WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
YOU...? OH
NO...

WHERE
THE HELL IS
THAT COMING
FROM!?





YOU
BETTER LEAVE
ME THE FUCK
ALONE!



DUDE,
WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE... WHAT
THE FUCK!?

WHOA...

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying down, looking up with a concerned expression at a massive, hairy leg. The leg is covered in grey, textured fur and is wearing a red high-heeled shoe. The woman's hand is visible, holding onto the leg. The background is dark with some faint light spots.

DID YOU
SEE THAT?
YOUR NAILS
JUST...

WHY IS
YOUR DICK
OUT!?

WHY
ARE YOU
HARD!?

A GIRL WHO
ALWAYS MAKES
SURE HER MAN IS
SATISFIED...



WHAT?
I... I DON'T
KNOW!

AAH!
WHAT AM I
DOING!?

A man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a grey ribbed turtleneck sweater, is shown from the chest up. He has a wide-eyed, shocked expression. He is holding the hand of a woman whose face is partially visible in the lower-left corner. The woman has dark hair and is looking towards the man. The background is dark with some faint light spots, possibly stars or distant lights. Two speech bubbles are present: one near the man's face and one near the woman's face.

GASP
COREY!

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO, MY
BODY JUST MOVED
ON ITS OWN!



DUDE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING!?

IT'S
NOT ME,
DUDE!



OH
FLICK!

IT'S MY
BODY!

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black, form-fitting, ribbed dress, is sitting in the driver's seat of a car at night. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her body is surrounded by a glowing, sparkling aura of purple and blue light. The car's interior is visible, including the dashboard, steering wheel, and rearview mirror. The background shows a dark landscape with hills under a night sky.


YOU'RE
STROKING
MY DICK!

I CAN'T
HELP IT!



GASP

WHAT
THE FUCK!?



WHAT
THE HELL IS
HAPPENING
TO YOU?



I DON'T
KNOW!



CHRIST!

I CAN'T
STOP MY
HAND!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

I... WHAT?



STOP
STARING AT
MY CHEST AND
STOP ME!



I...
I DON'T
THINK I
CAN.



AT LEAST
FUCKING TRY!
I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!



GRUNT

IT'S LIKE SOMEONE ELSE IS CONTROLLING MY BODY.




HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON WITH MY EARS!? *GASP* AND SOMETHING'S RUNNING DOWN MY THIGHS!



I'M SORRY!
I CAN'T STOP
STARING AT YOUR
HUGE *TITS!* WHAT
THE HELL IS WRONG
WITH ME!?

*NO! *GASP**
MY DICK'S GONE!
IT'S GONE! NOW
I HAVE A SOAKING
WET PUSSY!
AAAH!



WHY AM
I RUBBING IT?
MOAN

MY HANDS
WON'T STOP
MOVING!

BREATH
YOU HAVE TO
STOP! I CAN'T...
I'M GOING
TO...


WHY DOES
IT FEEL SO
GOOD!?

I CAN'T
THTOP! I... *OUCH!*
WATH THE FUCKTH'S
ON MY TONGUE!?
IT BITH ME!

WAIT!
DO I HAVE A
TONGUE RING!?
WHY...!?

GRUNT
OH FUCK!



A high-angle, night-time photograph of a dark-colored truck stalled on a concrete sidewalk. The truck is positioned diagonally across the frame, with its front end towards the bottom right. A bright, circular light source, possibly a spotlight or a street lamp, illuminates the sidewalk and the truck's hood and windshield. The surrounding area is dark, showing a grassy lawn to the right and a house with a white door and windows to the left. A yellow text box is overlaid on the image.


*TRUCK
STALLS*



W-WHY THE FUCK DID WE JUST DO THAT?

SIGH I... I THINK I KNOW...

Y-YOU DO?



IT'S PALLINE,
SOMEHOW. SHE'S
GOT SOMETHING
TO DO WITH ALL
OF THIS.



YOUR
GIRLFRIEND?
HOW...?

I'M NOT
SURE, BUT THIS
ALL HAPPENED
AFTER YOUR
FIGHT.

LET'S
GO INSIDE.
AND I'LL
CALL HER.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST DID THAT AND HE FUCKING CAME!

THANK GOD HE DID THOUGH. IT TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD NOT TO PUT IT IN MY MOUTH...
SHUDDER



FIRST IT
CHANGES MY
BODY, THEN IT
MAKES ME FIGHT
THE URGE TO...
LIGH!

I SWEAR, IF
THAT BITCH IS
THE ONE DOING
THIS TO ME...

DUDE,
COME ON!





JESUS...

DON'T
EVEN SAY
IT...

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple halter-neck top and large gold hoop earrings, is shown from the chest up. She has a nervous or embarrassed expression. The background is a dark night sky with stars and a faint nebula. The top of a car is visible in the lower right corner.

GOD, I
HOPE NOBODY
SEES ME LIKE
THIS...

HOW ARE
YOU EVEN
WALKING IN
THOSE?

HUH?



CLOCK


CLOCK




HOOKER
BOOTS...?
REALLY!?



COME ON,
DUDE. BEFORE
THE NEIGHBORS
SEE US.

A 3D rendered woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a pink, form-fitting, lace-trimmed dress. She is standing at night in front of a dark building with horizontal siding. A speech bubble next to her contains the text "UH... MAYBE THIS IS A BAD IDEA...".

UH...
MAYBE THIS
IS A BAD
IDEA...

A man with short brown hair, wearing a tan turtleneck sweater, is seen from the back, looking towards a woman. The woman has blonde hair in a ponytail with a pink bow, is wearing a pink bra, a pink lace-trimmed skirt, and white boots. She is standing in a doorway at night, looking thoughtful with her hand to her chin. The background shows a dark landscape with a tree and a window with a decorative pattern.

OKAY...
WHY?

WITH WHAT
JUST HAPPENED
ON THE WAY HERE,
WHAT IF IT MAKES
ME DO SOMETHING
ELSE...?

YEAH...
WAIT HERE OR
IN THE TRUCK, AND
I'LL LET YOU KNOW
IF I FIND OUT
ANYTHING.

WHEW.
LAST THING I
NEED IS TO GIVE
IN TO THIS URGE
TO... *UGH!*

I SHOULD
LOCK MYSELF IN
THE TRUCK BEFORE
ANYTHING ELSE
HAPPENS.



NO! WHY
IS MY BODY
WALKING INTO
HIS HOUSE!?







MM-
HMM!

MAN,
THIS IS
SO MESSED
UP...

CLOCK



AND WHY DO THESE DUMB THINGS HAVE TO JIGGLE EVERY TIME I TAKE A DAMN STEP!?

I COULD DO WITHOUT THE CONSTANT REMINDER...



*FRUSTRATED
GROWL*



A 3D-rendered woman with long, wavy blonde hair tied up with a pink hair tie and large gold hoop earrings. She is wearing a form-fitting, light pink, strapless dress with a lace hem. She is standing in a room, looking into a large, ornate mirror. The mirror reflects her front view, showing her wearing white thigh-high boots. Two speech bubbles are positioned above the mirror's reflection. The room has a beige wall and a white door frame is visible on the right.

JESUS
CHRIST MY
BOOBS ARE
HUGE!

AND MY
ASS...! I GOT
TURNED INTO A
TOTAL BABE!



NO, I
LOOK LIKE
A FRIGGEN
PORN STAR!






I THOUGHT
I LEFT IT BY
THE T.V.



*DEEP
SIGH*



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF IT ISN'T HER OR SHE CAN'T FIX THIS?

THIS SHOULDN'T EVEN BE POSSIBLE...



OH, THERE'S MY PHONE. RIGHT NEXT TO THOSE STRANGE BOOKS SHE'S ALWAYS READING...

FIRST BASTION

SO GLAD
YOU TWO COULD
MAKE IT...!



I WAS
WORRIED THAT
SOMETHING MIGHT'VE
HAPPENED ON
THE WAY...

GASP
PALLINE!

HELLO,
DAVID.

Vegas Heat

Jennifer Miller

Mr. Housewife



WHERE, UH...
WHERE DID YOU
COME FROM? I
WAS GOING TO
CALL...

OH, I WAS
AROUND. YOU
JUST COULDN'T
SEE ME.

OKAY...



SURE.
WHERE TO
BEGIN...?

WANT TO
TELL ME WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON?

Roommate
From HELL
Part 3

ARE YOU SERIOUS? WELL, TO START, WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO COREY?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

YOU...






I GAVE YOU EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED.

YOU DID THIS TO ME!?

YEAH, I DID.

FIRST BASTION



SO, THIS IS WHAT YOU TWO BELIEVE A WOMAN SHOULD BE IN ORDER TO TRULY APPRECIATE THEM...?

WELL, BETTER YOU THAN ME.

FIRST BASE

NOW YOU LISTEN HERE YOU STUPID BITCH!

COREY!





YOU BETTER
CHANGE ME BACK
RIGHT NOW OR I
SWEAR TO FUCKING
GOD...!



HASN'T YOUR MOUTH GOTTEN YOU IN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY?

HOW ABOUT YOU DO SOMETHING ELSE WITH IT FOR A FEW MINUTES, AND FUCK OFF?



NOW,
HOLD ON
A MINUTE,
PAULINE!

MMM!

RELAX, I'M
NOT GOING TO
HAVE HER BLOW YOU
RIGHT NOW. THAT'S
NOT SOMETHING I
WANT TO SEE.



INHALE



BUT HE
DOESN'T
SMOKE...

WELL,
NOW SHE
DOES.



GRUNT

SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK OR ACT OUT UNTIL SHE FINISHES.

AND ANY TIME SHE HAS AN OUTBURST LIKE THAT, THIS WILL BE HER LITTLE "TIME OUT."

MAYBE IT'LL HELP HER KEEP THOSE GIRLY, UNCONTROLABLE EMOTIONS IN CHECK.
GIGGLE

CLOCK

PALLINE,
COME ON.
COREY HATES
SMOKERS.

AND HOW
DOES DAVID
FEEL?

I THINK
IT'S REALLY
SLUTTY.
SEXY...

WELL, THERE
YOU GO. WHEN
YOU COME BACK IN,
MAYBE YOU CAN ASK
YOUR LOVER WHY
HE'S SO TURNED
ON BY IT.



COREY,
I DIDN'T
WANT TO SAY
THAT...

BUT IT WAS
HONEST. AND YOU'RE
JUST GOING TO HAVE TO
BE THE TYPE OF *CHICK*
HE REALLY WANTS...

BECAUSE,
UNLIKE ME,
YOU WON'T FIND
SOMEWHERE ELSE
TO SLEEP.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE INTO. IT'S SO TRASHY...



KITCHEN



IRST BAST

ALL RIGHT,
DAVID. NOW THAT
THEY WON'T BE ABLE
TO INTERRUPT US,
LET'S TALK...





MMPH!



LISTEN,
PAULINE...
I'M SO
SORRY.

I JUST
HAD TOO MUCH
TO DRINK, AND
I JUST...

OH, IT'S
FAR TOO LATE
FOR THAT,
DAVID.

YOU SEE,
I ALREADY USED
MY POWERS. NOW
THIS PLACE IS
MARKED.

POWERS? I
DON'T UNDERSTAND.
HOW ARE YOU EVEN
DOING THIS?

WELL, SOME
WRITINGS REFER
TO ME AS A WITCH,
OTHERS A GODDESS.
IT DEPENDS ON WHO
YOU ASK.



THIS ISN'T
HOW I WANTED
YOU TO FIND
OUT.

OH YEAH?
AND WHEN WERE
YOU PLANNING ON
TELLING ME?

I WAS ACTUALLY
ABOUT TO COME CLEAN
WITH YOU ABOUT ALL OF
THIS, UNTIL I OVERHEARD
YOU TONIGHT.

OH, BUT IT
WAS OKAY TO
JUST LIE TO ME
UNTIL THEN?

DON'T
YOU EVEN
DARE PULL
THAT SHIT!

YOU HAVE
NO IDEA HOW
DISAPPOINTED
I AM RIGHT
NOW...



THIS IS SO MESSED UP. I TOLD YOU, I JUST DRANK TOO MUCH.

I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID.

I'M SORRY...




FIRST

YOU'RE ONLY
SORRY BECAUSE
YOU'RE NO LONGER
THE ONE WITH THE
POWER HERE.

I SHOULD'VE
SEEN WHO YOU
REALLY WERE MUCH
SOONER, BUT I WAS
TOO BLINDED BY LOVE
TO SEE ALL OF THE
RED FLAGS.

YOU'RE A
SHITTY PERSON,
DAVID, JUST LIKE YOUR
FRIEND. BUT AT LEAST HE,
I MEAN SHE, DOESN'T
TRY TO PRETEND
OTHERWISE.




BUT YOU
TWO ARE MADE
FOR EACH OTHER.
HER FOR SURE,
NOW.

BUT...

YOU WERE
READY TO KICK
ME OUT BECAUSE
I WASN'T LIVING
UP TO HER SLUTTY
STANDARD.

SO, NOW, I
HOPE SHE MAKES
YOU HAPPY. BECAUSE
SHE'S GOING TO BE
MISERABLE FROM
NOW ON.

COME ON,
PAULINE...

A man with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a beige ribbed turtleneck sweater. He is looking slightly to his right with a neutral expression. His right hand is raised, palm facing up, in a gesture of explanation or dismissal. His left hand is on his hip. The background shows a room with a doorway on the left, three framed pictures on the wall, and a dark doorway on the right. The lighting is warm and indoor.

OH, AND DON'T
WORRY ABOUT HER
SMOKING. I MADE
SURE IT CAN'T HARM
YOUR CHILDREN.

I DON'T...
CHILDREN!?



CHILDREN...
ISN'T THAT THE
MAIN REASON YOU
WERE SO UNHAPPY
WITH ME?

BECAUSE
I WOULDN'T AGREE
TO UNCONDITIONALLY
PROVIDE THEM
FOR YOU?

IT
WASN'T...

IF ONLY YOU
KNEW THE RISKS MY
KIND FACES WITH
CHILDBIRTH.

VERY FEW OF
US CAN WITHSTAND
THE CHAOTIC MAGIC OF
A POWERFUL INFANT.
AND THAT'S JUST
DURING LABOR...






I DIDN'T KNOW...

NO, YOU DIDN'T CARE. IT DIDN'T MATTER WHY I DIDN'T WANT KIDS. WHAT MATTERED IS THAT YOU DID...

WELL, NOW YOU HAVE YOUR BROODMARE, AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HAVE AS MANY AS YOU DESIRE.

COME ON! YOU CAN'T JUST DO THIS!

WHAT ABOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND?

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink, form-fitting, lace-trimmed dress and large gold hoop earrings, stands in a doorway at night. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background shows a dark outdoor area with some foliage and a person standing behind a chain-link fence.


WELL,
UNFORTUNATELY,
I DON'T BELIEVE
SHE'S ATTRACTED
TO WOMEN.

COME
ON...

OH, I'M SURE
SHE'LL MOVE ON.
IT'S NOT LIKE MR.
CHEATS-ALOT WAS
EVER GOING TO MOVE
HER IN ANYWAY.

BESIDES.
IT LOOKS LIKE
YOUR FRIEND HERE
FOUND SOMEONE
ELSE. SOMEONE
THEY JUST CAN'T
RESIST.




A woman with long dark hair and glowing purple eyes is sitting on a light-colored couch. She is wearing a black long-sleeved top. The background is a plain wall with a framed picture of water and the word 'BASTION' in large letters. There are four speech bubbles containing text.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO HIM IF YOU'RE MAD AT ME?

HEH... I WAS JUST GETTING THERE.

YOUR FRIEND'S PART OF THIS, BECAUSE HE COULDN'T HELP BUT TO INVOLVE HIMSELF.

SO NOW SHE'S INVOLVED. *CHUCKLE* BUT YOU'RE NOT *JUST* WALKING AWAY WITH LIVING A WET DREAM.

A close-up, cinematic shot of a young boy's face. He has dark, wavy hair and is looking upwards and to the right with wide, expressive eyes. His expression is one of surprise or concern. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a horizontal line, possibly a door frame or a ledge.

BUT YOU ARE
CERTAINLY GOING TO
BE LIVING ONE, SO HOW
ABOUT YOU PUT ON A BIG
SMILE AND SHOW HER HOW
YOU TRULY FEEL ABOUT
HAVING HER.

HOLD ON.
WHAT ARE
YOU...?



mate
HELL
Part 3

PAULINE!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?


WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
DAVID. DIDN'T YOU
WANT TO BE
HAPPY?






CUT IT
OUT! MY
CHEEKS
HURT!

WASN'T YOUR
HAPPINESS ALL
THAT YOUR FRIEND
WAS CONCERNED
WITH?

A woman with long, dark hair and black gloves is shown in a close-up, looking slightly to the left. She is in a room with a window showing a city skyline at night. The window has white blinds on the left. Two speech bubbles are visible in the scene.

FROM NOW ON,
AS LONG AS YOU'RE
ENJOYING HER, YOU
WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL
HER OR ANYONE ELSE
OTHERWISE.

YOU WILL LET
HER BELIEVE THAT
YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF,
KNOWING THAT YOUR BEST
FRIEND IS FORCED TO LIVE
OUT THE REST OF HIS DAYS
AS THE WOMAN OF
YOUR DREAMS.



YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS! HE'S
GOING TO THINK I
WANTED THIS!

THIS
IS *YOUR*
PUNISHMENT
FOR BREAKING
MY HEART.

KNOW THAT
IF ANYONE ELSE
EVER HURT ME THE
WAY YOU DID, THEY'D
FIND THEMSELVES IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE
FUCKING OCEAN.

RASTIC




OH
GOD...
I...

PLEASE!
THERE HAS TO BE
SOMETHING I CAN
SAY TO TALK YOU
OUT OF THIS!



OKAY, FINE.
WITHOUT BEING ABLE
TO LIE, TELL ME THAT
YOU'D RATHER MAKE LOVE
TO ME THAN FUCK THE
SLUT STANDING
OUTSIDE.

DO THAT,
AND I'LL UNDO
EVERYTHING I'VE
DONE TONIGHT, AND
JUST LEAVE.




ARE YOU
KIDDING? COME
ON, PALLINE. THERE'S
NOTHING MORE I WANT
THAN TO SUCK ON THOSE
BIG FAT TITS WHILE SHE
RIDES MY COCK.



YEAH,
THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT.
HEH...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I EVER
THOUGHT ABOUT
SPENDING THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE
WITH YOU.



KNOW
WHAT? I DESERVE
BETTER, DON'T
YOU THINK?

AND YOUR
NEW LOVER
DOES, TOO.

SO I'M
GOING TO LEAVE
YOU WITH A NICE,
BIG PARTING
GIFT.

YOU KNOW,
SINCE THE LAST
FEW TIMES HASN'T
BEEN THAT GREAT
FOR EITHER
OF US.

WAIT!



**GAH! I
SWEAR I'M
SORRY!**

**I WON'T
EVER LOOK AT
ANOTHER
GIRL...**



AGAIN?



UH,
PAULINE...?
ARE YOU STILL
THERE...?

*SLIDING DOOR
OPENING*

A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a pink halter-neck dress with a lace hem and white boots, stands in a doorway. She is looking to her left. A speech bubble next to her head contains the text '*EXHALE*'. The scene is set at night, with a dark outdoor area visible through the doorway. A black metal stand is visible in the bottom left corner.

EXHALE



CLOCK

Presents

Prisoner
inmate
HELL
Part 3



WOW...
THAT WAS
REALLY
SEXY.

I MEAN
HOT. UM...
HEH...

UM...
PAULINE LEFT,
I THINK.

WHERE DID
SHE GO? AND WHY
ARE YOU LOOKING AT
ME LIKE THAT? STOP
SMILING!

UH, I...
I JUST...

THEY'RE
JUST SO BIG!
AND THEY BOUNCE
WITH EVERY
STEP!

DAVE, WHAT
THE FUCK ARE YOU
SAYING? *WHERE ARE
YOUR FUCKING
PANTS!?*



Room
From HELL
Part 3

HOLY CRAP!
LOOK AT MY
COCK!

HOLY SHIT!
THERE'S NO WAY
YOU WERE THAT BIG
BEFORE!





IT'S HUGE!
I... GOD! I'VE
NEVER BEEN SO
TURNED ON IN
MY LIFE!

I NEED
TO GET THE
HELL OUT OF
HERE!

CLOCK
CLOCK

*SHE'LL TELL
YOU WHAT YOU
WANT TO HEAR...*

*SHE'LL EVEN GO
ALONG WITH IT...*



CLOCK

CLOCK



WAS IT MY
BIG, BOUNCY TITS
THAT MADE YOUR
COCK THAT BIG AND
HARD? *GIGGLE*

OH GOD,
YEAH!





HEH...
WHAT ARE WE
DOING?

YOU KNOW, IT
FELT REALLY GOOD
WHEN YOU GRABBED ONE
IN THE TRUCK. I WAS
JUST TO AFRAID TO
TELL YOU...

HELP ME,
DAVE! MY BODY
NEEDS YOU SO BAD,
I CAN'T HELP IT!

COREY...
I...





YOU'RE
PULLING ME
BY MY HUGE
DICK!

I KNOW!
I CAN'T LET
GO OF IT!

I'M GOING TO RIDE YOU ALL NIGHT, AND YOU'RE GONNA SUCK ON MY BIG FAT TITTIES! OH GOD!

I.. I'D LOVE NOTHING MORE...



TO BE
CONTINUED

