

THEN LET ME
GIVE IT TO YOU,
STACE!

LET ME
FUCK THAT
PUSSY!

GOD,
YES!



AHHH!

MOTO
OIL
FINEST QUALITY



**YES!
GIVE IT
TO ME,
SAM!**

OH,
GOD!

FUCK MY
PUSSY!

FUCK
YOUR *BEST*
FRIEND'S
PUSSY!!!



THAT'S IT!
FUCK ME!

FUCK
ME!!!





PAULA?

5000 SALE
000
0.2

GAS
Petrol
STATION

NEW YORK
OPE 6975

PAUL!?

I GOT YOUR WATER...



PAUL?





NOT OVER
HERE...

EXTRA
MOTOR OIL



PAUL?



COME ON, PAUL. WHERE-

Super
MOTOR OIL
PERFECT LUBRICATION
LEAVES NO CARBON



WHA!?

THEY'RE
FUCKING OUT
HERE LIKE NO
ONE ELSE
EXISTS.

HOLY
SHIT.



AHHH!
YEAH, BABY!
YEAH!

PUSH IT
DEEP!





GODDAAAMN!

I'M
CUMMING
ALL OVER
YOUR
COCK!

AHHHHHHH!

SRAAMMM!!!





DONIT STOP!

MORE! MORE!!!

GODDAMN.

SHE
CAME SO
HARD.

IS OUTDOOR
SEX REALLY
THAT GOOD?



IT MUST BE
A RUSH...

BEING SO
TURNED ON, YOU
STRIP OUT OF YOUR
CLOTHES IN THE
MIDDLE OF-

HUH?

NO.

IT CAN'T BE.



A black and white t-shirt is lying on a wooden floor. The shirt is crumpled and folded, with the white side facing up and the black side facing down. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of the shirt. The top speech bubble contains the text "THAT'S MY SHIRT." and the bottom speech bubble contains the text "MY OLD SHIRT THAT-".

THAT'S MY SHIRT.

MY OLD SHIRT THAT-



FUUUCK!

YOUR
COCK IS
TEARING ME
UP, SAM!

PAUL?

PAUL!?

IS THAT YOU!?



OH, YEAH!
OH, YEAH!!!

PAUL!

I'M GONNA
CUM AGAIN!



STACE! I'M
GONNA-

DO IT,
SAMMY!

FILL ME-

PAUL!!!



GASP
KARISSA!?

PAUL!



FUCK!

STACY!? WHY DID YOU-



RED!?

WHY IS
YOUR HAIR
RED!?

SAM!

I'M SO SORRY! I... I COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF.

PAULA? YOU... YOU STILL LOOK LIKE HER.

WHAT THE HELL IS-

UM, EXCUSE ME?



OH,
KARISSA.

I'M *SO*
SORRY!

I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT I
WAS DOING! I
SWEAR!

I HAVE
NO IDEA
WHY-





IT'S THE RING. IT'S THAT GODDAMN RING.

THE RING? BUT THAT DOESN'T-

JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!?



ARE YOU TWO
WITCHES OR
SOMETHING!?

NO, NO,
NOTHING LIKE
THAT.

THEN
HOW THE
FUCK IS
THIS-

WE'LL
EXPLAIN
WHAT WE CAN,
BUT BEFORE
THAT...



...MAYBE
YOU TWO
SHOULD GET
DRESSED?

YEAH...
THAT'S A
GOOD
IDEA.

A SHORT TIME LATER...

...AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS HER.

NOT JUST MY BODY, BUT MY MIND. I WAS... STACY.

YOUR MIND?





YOU
THOUGHT YOU
WERE THIS
GIRL?

YEAH. AFTER
A FEW MINUTES,
I HAD HER
MEMORIES, HER
DESIRES...

AND
THAT'S WHY
YOU... WITH
HIM?

YOU DIDN'T
DO IT BECAUSE
YOU WERE MAD
AT ME?



OH, KARISSA. I WASN'T MAD...

...I WAS SCARED.

I WAS TERRIFIED OF BEING *STUCK* AS A WOMAN, AND I...

I'VE BEEN CLOSE TO *TEARS* ALL MORNING, AND I COULDN'T LET YOU SEE ME-

AND NOW I JUST-

Nothing
EXTRA
OUR MONEY
EXTRA
TOP OIL

SH, SH,
SHHH. IT'S
OKAY.

YOU
DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING
WRONG,
OKAY?

IT'S THE
RING, NOT
YOU.

STILL,
I'M SO
SORRY. I
DIDN'T-



IT'S THE RING, SAM. I PUT IT ON TO HELP MY... FRIEND, SO I COULD TAKE ON HER SHAPE.

I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT NONE OF THAT EXPLAINS HOW YOU BECAME MY BEST FRIEND.

I UNDERSTAND THAT, AS *INSANE* AS IT IS, BUT HOW DID YOU BECOME STACY?

OH...





I'M NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN.

EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL UNTIL I...

MAYBE IT'S HER TOP?

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT...



...BUT YOU'RE NOT CHANGING NOW.

AND YOU'RE WEARING MY PANTS STILL, SO I DON'T THINK IT'S CLOTHING.



WAS IT
BECAUSE I
TOUCHED YOU WHEN
I HANDED YOU HER
TOP?

I... I DON'T
KNOW, BUT WE
DID TOUCH-

AND THEN
YOU BECAME
THE WOMAN OF
MY DREAMS.





WHAT DO YOU THINK, KARISSA?

I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW THE RING WORKED DOING WHAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO DO...

...BUT MAYBE IT'S BEST YOU DON'T TOUCH ANY MORE GUYS BEFORE IVY FIXES THIS.

YEAH, GOOD IDEA.

AND
SPEAKING OF
IVY, WE BETTER
GET TO HER
SOONER RATHER
THAN **LATER**.

I TOTALLY
AGREE WITH
YOU THERE.





I'M SO
SORRY ABOUT
ALL THIS,
SAM.

YOU
ONLY
WANTED TO
HELP ME,
AND-

HEY, DON'T
APOLOGIZE TO
ME, OKAY?



YOU JUST MADE A DREAM OF MINE COME TRUE... CRAZY AS IT WAS.

FAIR ENOUGH.

SO, I HOPE YOUR FRIEND GIVES YOU THE HELP YOU NEED.

THANKS. ME TOO.

Something
EXTRA
YOUR MONEY
EXTRA
MOTOR OIL



I HOPE HE'LL BE OKAY. THIS IS A LOT TO TAKE IN.

HE'LL BE FINE.



HE AND STACY...

HOLD ON ONE SECOND, KAR.



OKAY...

HEY,
SAM?

YEAH?

SHE'S
INTO YOU,
OKAY? STACY
LIKES YOU...
A LOT.

HOW CAN
YOU SAY THAT?
FOR ALL WE KNOW,
YOU WERE JUST MY
DREAM VERSION
OF HER.

IT'S
POSSIBLE,
BUT I DON'T
THINK SO.



EITHER WAY, ISN'T IT TIME YOU TELL HER?

YOU'RE... SAYING I'VE GOT A SHOT WITH HER? FOR REAL?

YEAH. MAYBE IT IS. MAYBE I WILL TELL HER HOW I FEEL.

THANKS, PAULA. IT WAS LOVELY MEETING YOU...

...AND I HOPE YOU GET THE HELP YOU NEED.





BY TONIGHT,
SHE'LL BE BACK
TO NORMAL.

SHE
WILL.

ME
TOO.

WE HOPE...

end of
ACT II

ACT III







AND
THEN...?

I THOUGHT I
WAS THIS *STACY*,
AND HE DIDN'T
SEEM TO CARE I
WASN'T.

...AND
THEN WE
HAD
SEX.



I HEARD KARISSA CALL MY NAME, AND I JUST SNAPPED OUT OF IT.

AND GOT YOUR TAN AND HAIR COLOR BACK.

YEAH...

SO, CAN YOU HELP HER? CAN YOU GIVE THEM THEIR BODY BACK?

DID YOU TWO REALLY HAVE TO HAVE **SEX** WITH CHRIS?

YOU COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL PAUL WAS BACK TO NORMAL?

HUH? IS THAT WHAT CAUSED THIS?

IT'S...
SIGH



DISASTER!?

THAT'S JUST...
A RECIPE FOR
DISASTER.

...AND
BRINGING THE
THREE OF YOU AND
ALL YOUR ENERGIES
TOGETHER WHILE
WEARING THE
RING?

SEX
INVOLVES SO
MANY DIFFERENT
ENERGIES...



THAT'S SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO ME ATTENTION YESTERDAY!?

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU PLANNED TO HAVE A **THREE-WAY** WITH CHRIS QHILL!?

I DIDN'T PLAN THAT! I JUST-

STOP YELLING!



WHAT HAPPENED HAPPENED, AND WE *CAN'T* CHANGE THAT.

WE JUST NEED TO KNOW HOW TO FIX THIS.

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. I DIDN'T MEAN TO ESCALATE THINGS.

IT'S ALRIGHT, BUT I'D REALLY LIKE TO BE A *MAN* AGAIN, IVY.

OKAY,
HOW
ABOUT
THIS?

YOU HOP IN
THE SHOWER, AND
KARISSA AND I WILL
FIGURE OUT OUR
NEXT STEP.

NO, BUT IT
WILL... HELP
WITH...

WILL THE
SHOWER HELP
ME CHANGE
BACK?

WITH
WHAT?





I DO?
WHY WOULD I-

YOU
SMELL LIKE
YOU JUST RAN A
MARATHON,
BABE.

I DIDN'T
WANT TO SAY
ANYTHING, BUT
YOU...





DON'T BE EMBARRASSED. YOU COULDN'T CONTROL YOURSELF.

OH... BECAUSE OF THAT.

FUCK. I CAN SMELL HIM ON ME NOW-

HEY, LOOK AT ME.

I GUESS, BUT
I STILL...

YOU'D NEVER
KNOWINGLY *CHEAT*
ON ME, OKAY? I
KNOW THAT.

YOU DID
NOTHING
WRONG BACK
THERE,
OKAY?


LISTEN TO
IVY... YOU
COULDN'T CONTROL
YOURSELF.

AND I KNOW
MAGIC CAN BE AN
INCREDIBLY
POWERFUL FORCE,
PAUL.

EVEN THOSE
PEOPLE WITH
IRON WILLS CAN
BE BENT TO ITS
WHIMS...

...SO
REMEMBER THAT
WASN'T YOU BACK
THERE. THAT WAS
ANOTHER GIRL
ALTOGETHER.

SURE...



SO... A
SHOWER, AND
THEN WE FIGURE
THIS OUT?

EXACTLY.

BUT I
DON'T HAVE
A CHANGE
OF-

YOU CAN
WEAR SOMETHING
OF MINE SINCE WE
RULED OUT
CLOTHING.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT-



LEE'S HAPPY
WAITING ON THE
PORCH, SO NO
CONTACT CAN
HAPPEN.

OKAY.
THAT'S
GOOD. REAL
GOOD.

YEAH, NO
NEED TO BECOME
A SEXED-UP
VERSION OF ME,
YOU KNOW?

TRUST ME,
I DO...

45 MINUTES LATER...



GOD, THAT
WAS JUST
WHAT I
NEEDED.

THIS IS
AN AMAZING
RENTAL,
IVY.

IVY?

KARISSA?

IVY?





WHAT THE HELL?

THEY LEFT.

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
STARTLE
YOU.

SORRY,
SORRY!

HUH?





WHERE'D
THEY GO?

THEY PROVE
OUT TO A LAKE
TO MEET IVY'S
MENTOR.

BE
GONE
ABOUT AN
HOUR.

THEY
COULDN'T
WAIT?



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO TELL YOU,
PAULA.

IVY DID
LAY OUT SOME
CLOTHES FOR
YOU IN THE
ROOM...

...AND I'LL
STAY OUT
HERE AS LONG
AS I HAVE
TO.

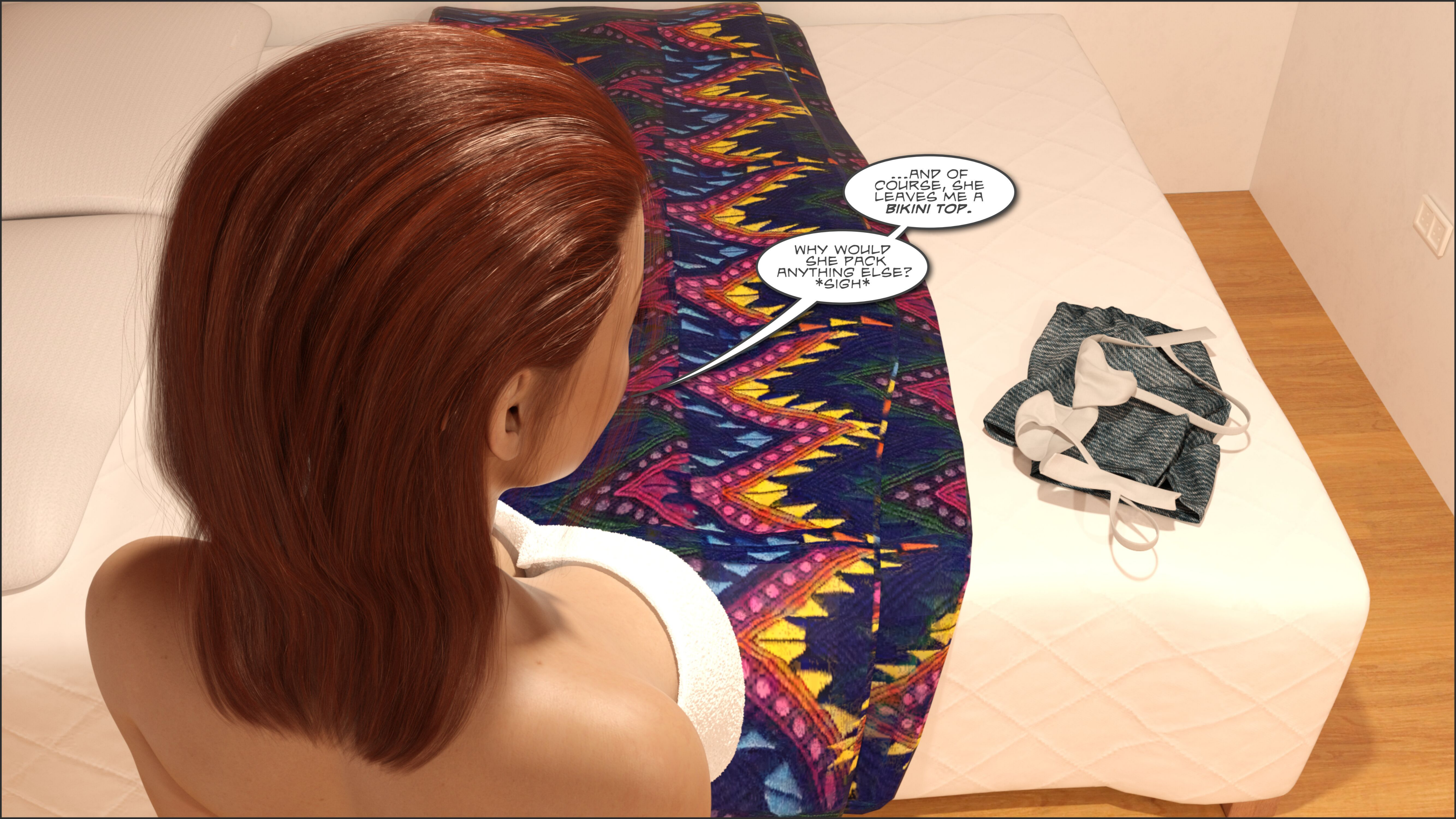
SIGH
OKAY.
THANKS, I
GUESS.

SURE.

JERKS
COULDN'T EVEN
WAIT FORTY-FIVE
MINUTES?

I WANT TO
MEET THIS
MENTOR...





WHY WOULD SHE PACK ANYTHING ELSE?
SIGH

...AND OF COURSE, SHE LEAVES ME A BIKINI TOP.



GOD...
I'LL NEVER
GET USED
TO THIS.

A photograph of a woman's midsection and legs, wearing denim shorts, sitting on a bed with a white quilted coverlet and a colorful patterned blanket. A speech bubble is overlaid on the right side of the image.

YOU'LL
JUST TAKE ON
MY *SHAPE*,
PAUL...



IT WON'T
CHANGE YOUR
MIND OR
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT...



YOU WON'T
HAVE THE
SUDDEN *URGE* TO
DO SOMETHING
STUPID...



LIKE
INVITING THE
HOTTEST *GY*
IN COLLEGE
OVER...



SO YOU
CAN SUCK
HIS HARD
COCK...



WHILE YOUR
GIRLFRIEND
WATCHES...



AS YOU
TAKE HIM
DEEP *INSIDE*
YOU...



...AND RIDE
HIS COCK LIKE
YOU WERE A
GODDAMN
COWGIRL.



BUT
LIKE THE
GIRLS
SAID...



...THAT
WASNIT MY
FAULT.



THAT
WASN'T
REALLY
ME.



I CAN'T
CONTROL
MYSELF LIKE
THIS.



I'M
BEHOLDEN TO
WHAT MY *BODY*
WANTS...



A photograph of a person from the back, wearing denim shorts. The person's hands are in their pockets. To the left, a speech bubble contains the text "WHAT IT DESIRES.". To the right, a framed picture on the wall shows a landscape with a stone wall and a utility pole. The background is a light-colored wall and a wooden door.

WHAT IT
DESIRES.

AND THOSE
BODIES WANTED
SEX... *BAD.*



SO
THERE'S
NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT...



THOSE
URGES ARE
BECAUSE OF
THE MAGIC,
NOT ME...



AND IF IT
HAPPENED
AGAIN, WHY
FIGHT IT?



IF I WANT
TO *FUCK* MY
BOYFRIEND, I
CAN.



THERE'S
ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING
WRONG WITH
THAT...



A woman with short, wavy black hair and a confused expression is shown in a kitchen. She is wearing a white tank top and has her right index finger pressed against her lips. The kitchen features wooden cabinets, a dark sink, and a modern faucet. In the background, a wooden door is slightly ajar, and a ceiling light fixture is visible. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing the text "WHAT... WHAT AM I SAYING?".

WHAT...
WHAT AM I
SAYING?



MY
BOYFRIEND?
MY, UH...



HEH, I
ALMOST
FORGOT
LEE'S
NAME.

A woman with short, wavy black hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white spaghetti-strap top. She has a thoughtful or secretive expression, with her right index finger pointing to her lips. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing the text "AND SINCE LEE IS MY BOYFRIEND...". The background is a modern kitchen with light-colored walls, wooden shelves, and a stainless steel sink with a faucet. To the left, there is a dark metal frame, possibly part of a staircase or a piece of furniture. The lighting is warm and indoor.

AND SINCE LEE IS
MY BOYFRIEND...



AND I'M SO
GODDAMNED
HORNY...



I CAN
JUMP ON
HIS COCK IF
I WANT
TO...

TO BE CONCLUDED...