

BUT  
THERE'S THIS  
PULL BETWEEN  
US, BABE.



A PULL!?

I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO  
EXPLAIN IT, BUT  
THERE IS.

SURE, WE  
SHOULD HAVE  
GONE BACK TO  
HIS PLACE  
BEFORE-



**BACK TO HIS  
PLACE!?**

**NO! NO  
FREAKING  
WAY!**

**YOU CAN'T  
GO BACK TO  
HIS PLACE!**

**THERE'S NO  
NEED TO YELL,  
SYD...**



...AND  
YOU DON'T  
GET TO TELL  
US WHAT TO  
DO.

WE'RE  
BOTH ADULTS,  
AND IF JAINA  
WANTS TO COME  
OVER TO MY  
PLACE?

THAT'S HER  
CHOICE TO  
MAKE, NOT  
YOURS.



AND I  
DEFINITELY  
CHOOSE TO GO  
OVER.

THAT'S A  
VERY GOOD  
CHOICE.

OH, YOU  
HAVE NO IDEA  
HOW GOOD  
I'LL-

THIS IS  
INSANITY!

PLEASE...  
JAINA.

I'M  
BEGGING  
YOU NOT  
TO GO.

HEY,  
WHAT'S THE  
FREAKING  
DEAL?

I... I  
NEED YOU  
TO STAY FOR  
A COUPLE OF  
HOURS  
AND-



THIS ISN'T  
LIKE YOU,  
BABE.

YEAH, SINCE  
WHEN DID YOU  
BECOME THIS  
CONTROLLING?

YOU'RE  
OBVIOUSLY  
DEALING WITH  
SOMETHING...

...BUT  
THAT DOESN'T  
MEAN YOU CAN  
BOSS US  
AROUND.

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a white tank top and grey sweatpants, is kneeling on a light-colored wooden floor in a modern living room. She has a shocked expression with her hands near her mouth. The room features a blue console table with a lamp and candles, a green plant, and a large window with green curtains. Two black chairs are visible in the background. Four speech bubbles with pink text are overlaid on the scene.

JUST GIVE IT A  
DAY... OR JUST A  
FEW HOURS!

OKAY,  
WE'LL  
WAIT...

YOU'LL  
BOTH REGRET  
IT!

I'M  
BEGGING  
YOU! DON'T  
DO THIS!