

December 16th





MMM...



ЦННН...



OH HH...



WOW...

A close-up photograph of a woman lying down with her eyes closed and her tongue sticking out. She has blonde hair and is wearing a red top. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "UHHHH!".

UHHHH!


A speech bubble with a red border and white background, containing the text "IF YOU THINK THAT FEELS GOOD...".

IF YOU
THINK THAT
FEELS
GOOD...



GASP

....JUST
WAIT UNTIL YOU
SLIP A FINGER
INSIDE THAT
PUSS.

A woman with curly blonde hair is sitting on a dark wood door. She is wearing a black bikini top and a matching plaid skirt. She has her hands clasped in her lap and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The door has a silver handle. The background shows a carpeted floor and a wooden door frame.

THEN
YOU'LL KNOW
THE *TRUE*
MEANING OF
CHRISTMAS.
GIGGLE

YOU!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY CHEST!?

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE ISSUE, EVAN?




YOU DID
SOMETHING
TO MY-

YOUR
WHAT?

YOU DID
SOMETHING TO
MY *CHEST* TO
MAKE IT FEEL...
DIFFERENT.





ARE
YOU SURE
THAT WAS
ME?

MAYBE YOU
JUST HAVEN'T
BEEN WORKING
OUT AS MUCH
AND-


STOP IT!
YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU
DID!

DON'T
GASLIGHT ME, YOU
MONSTER!



WOW,
SOMEONE'S
BEING A LITTLE
GRUMP THIS
AFTERNOON.

I HAVE
EVERY RIGHT TO
BE GRUMPY AFTER
ALL YOU'VE
DONE.



IN THAT CASE,
MAYBE I SHOULD
START CALLING YOU
EVAN EEZER.


OH. VERY
FUNNY.

THIS MAY
BE ONE BIG
FUCKING JOKE
TO YOU...

...BUT
THIS IS MY
LIFE!

YOU CAN'T
TREAT PEOPLE
LIKE THIS!

THAT'S A BOLD
STATEMENT COMING
FROM YOU.



THE MAN
WHO DOESN'T
CARE ABOUT
ANYONE ELSE
BESIDES
HIMSELF.

THAT'S
NOT TRUE!

OH,
ISN'T
IT?

I HAVE
SO MANY
FRIENDS,
AND-



AND
WHAT? YOU
TREAT YOUR
FRIENDS
WELL?

I DO!
I'M A
GREAT-

EVERYONE
TREATS THEIR
FRIENDS WELL
ENOUGH,
JACKASS!

OTHERWISE,
THEY WOULDN'T
BE FRIENDS!



WHAT
MATTERS IS
HOW WE TREAT
EVERYONE
ELSE!

LIKE, SAY,
ASSISTANTS?

THIS
AGAIN?

I MAY NOT BE THE NICEST PERSON TO WORK FOR, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IS NICE?

THE FUCKING *PAYCHECK* SHE GETS EVERY TWO WEEKS.

AND IF SHE WAS AS UNHAPPY AS YOU SEEM TO THINK, SHE COULD LEAVE.

CHRISTINA'S A BIG GIRL, AND-

I CAN'T, MOM.



WHAT THE
HELL!?

I DON'T
HAVE TIME.



I KNOW I SAID I'D BE THERE...

...BUT SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT HAS COME UP.

IS THAT...?
OH, GOD.

IS CHRISTINA-



NO, YOUR
ASSISTANT ISN'T
DEAD.

THANK
GOD. I
DIDN'T-

ONLY HER
HOLIDAY PLANS
ARE DEAD.



YES, MOM,
IT IS THAT
IMPORTANT.

MR.
PRESCOTT
PERSONALLY
ASKED ME
TO-

PLEASE
DON'T CALL
HIM THAT,
MOTHER.

YOU
DON'T
KNOW HIM
LIKE I
DO.



WHAT IS THIS?

IS THIS... HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?

THAT IT IS, EVAN.


AND THAT'S REALLY SUPPOSED TO BE-



YES. THAT'S YOUR ASSISTANT TELLING HER MOTHER SHE WON'T BE THERE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BECAUSE YOU'RE *FORCING* HER TO WORK THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS.

WHY ARE YOU SHOWING ME THIS...

A photograph of a white mannequin torso, showing the chest and upper abdomen. The mannequin is positioned against a dark wood-grain background on the right and a light-colored wall on the left. A speech bubble is overlaid in the bottom right corner, containing text.

...AND
WHY IS HER
CHEST SO
SMALL?

A woman with voluminous red curly hair, wearing a red and black plaid cheerleader outfit with a white collar and white thigh-high socks, stands in a hallway. She has exceptionally large breasts. A man with short, wavy blonde hair is shown in profile on the right, looking towards her. The hallway has wood-paneled walls and a checkered tile floor. A green wreath and a 'SANTA' sign are visible on the wall in the background.

SERIOUSLY!?

SHE'S
DEFENDING
YOU TO HER
MOTHER...

...AND ALL
YOU CAN FOCUS
ON IS THE SIZE
OF HER *TITS!*?

SORRY, BUT
THEY'RE REALLY
BIG, SO IT'S A BIT
JARRING-

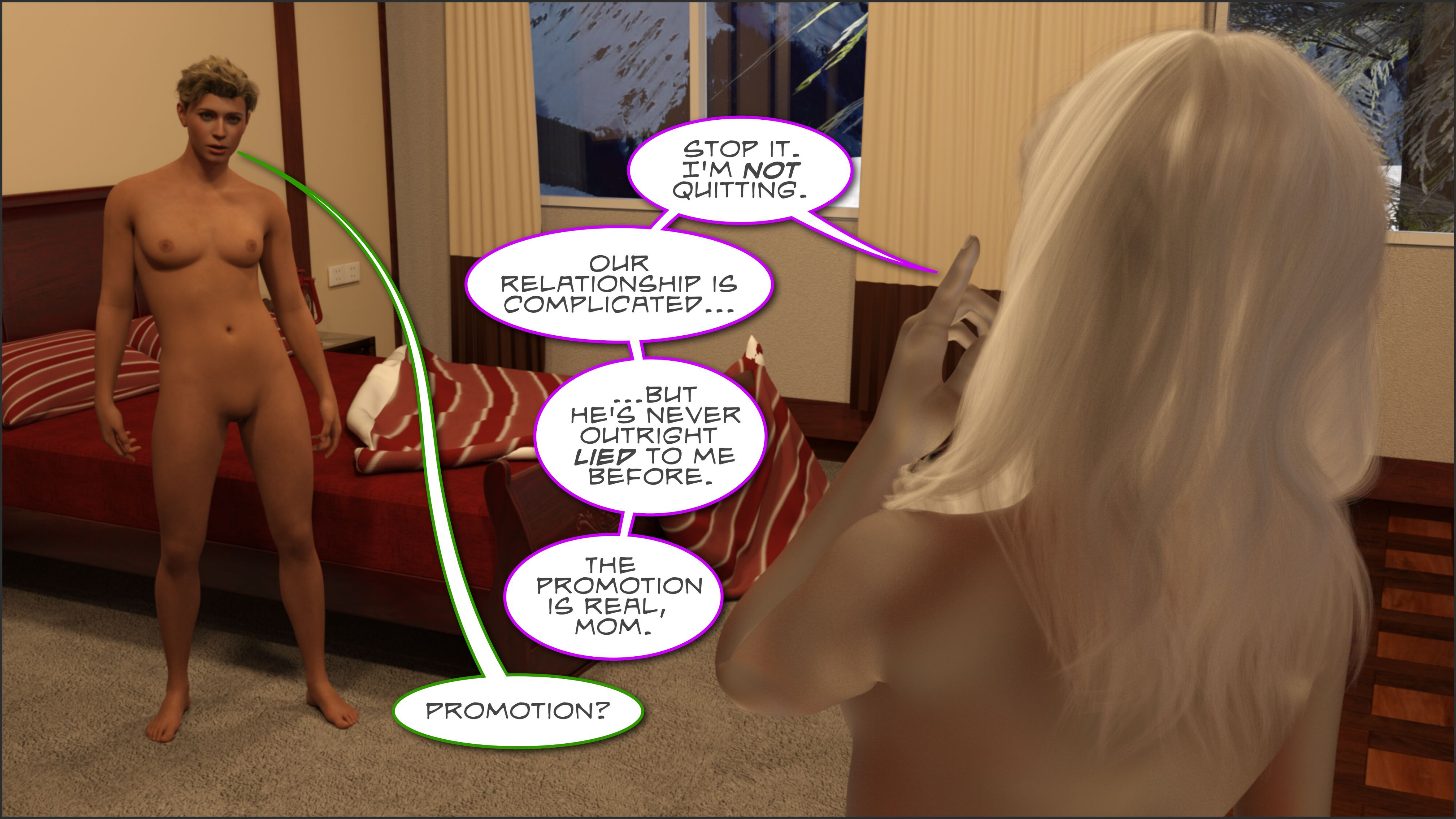


SHE'S JUST
A FIGMENT OF
CHRISTINA!

I DIDN'T
BRING HER
HERE SO YOU
COULD PERV
ON HER!

I'LL
SEE Y'ALL
FOR NEW
YEAR'S,
OKAY?

I'LL BE
DONE BY
THEN,
AND-



PROMOTION?

THE
PROMOTION
IS REAL,
MOM.

...BUT
HE'S NEVER
OUTRIGHT
LIED TO ME
BEFORE.

OUR
RELATIONSHIP IS
COMPLICATED...

STOP IT.
I'M *NOT*
QUITTING.



SURELY THE MAN WHO TREATS EVERYONE SO AMAZING WOULD KNOW.

WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?

I'VE NEVER PROMISED HER A PROMOTION.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT JOB I'D-

SO, ONE DAY,
I COULD JOIN
MANAGEMENT?

YOU KEEP ON
DOING WORK LIKE
THIS, AND I DON'T
SEE HOW YOU
COULDN'T.

REALLY, MR.
PRESCOTT?

SURE,
CHRISTINA.
YOU COULD
REALLY-

OKAY, I
GET IT!





BUT THAT'S
NOT PROMISING A
PROMOTION.

THEN,
WHAT IS
IT?

IT'S JUST...
MOTIVATION.

IT'S
JUST HOW
MANAGEMENT
TALKS.

SO,
IT'S A
LIE?

WHY
THE FUCK
ARE YOU GIVING
ME THE *THIRD*
DEGREE ABOUT
CHRISTINA!?

IF SHE HAS
A PROBLEM,
SHE CAN GO TO
HR!

WHY IS A
FUCKING
CHRISTMAS
ANGEL-

I'M GOING
TO STOP YOU
RIGHT THERE,
EVAN...



...BEFORE
YOU SAY
SOMETHING
YOU'LL REALLY
REGRET.

HEY!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

WHAT
ABOUT-



OH,
SHIT.

WHERE
DID SHE
GO?



AND WHERE
ARE YOU,
ANGELA?

YOU POP
OFF AGAIN
WITHOUT-

IT TOOK MY
HUSBAND A
FEW DAYS TO
CRACK...



...BUT I
COULD SEE
THE GEARS
TURNING EACH
DAY.

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

HE JUST
NEEDED
SOME TIME,
BUT YOU?

WHAT
ABOUT
ME?

SANTA
YOU'RE SO DEEP IN DENIAL THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL WHICH WAY IS UP.

WHAT THE FUCK HAVE I DENIED?

YOU KNOW WHY YOUR CHEST FEELS BETTER THAN IT DID YESTERDAY, EVAN EEZER.

IF I DID, WHY WOULD I-





I FUCKING
KNEW YOU'D
DO THAT, YOU
**GODDAMN
BITCH.**

RUN AWAY
WITHOUT TELLING
ME A FUCKING
THING.

A woman with short blonde hair stands in a living room, looking distressed with her arms outstretched. To her left is a large, decorated Christmas tree with lights and ornaments. Behind her is a television on a dark wood stand, and a framed picture of a couple. The room has a checkered wood floor and a window with curtains in the background. Five green speech bubbles with white text are directed at her, expressing anger and frustration.

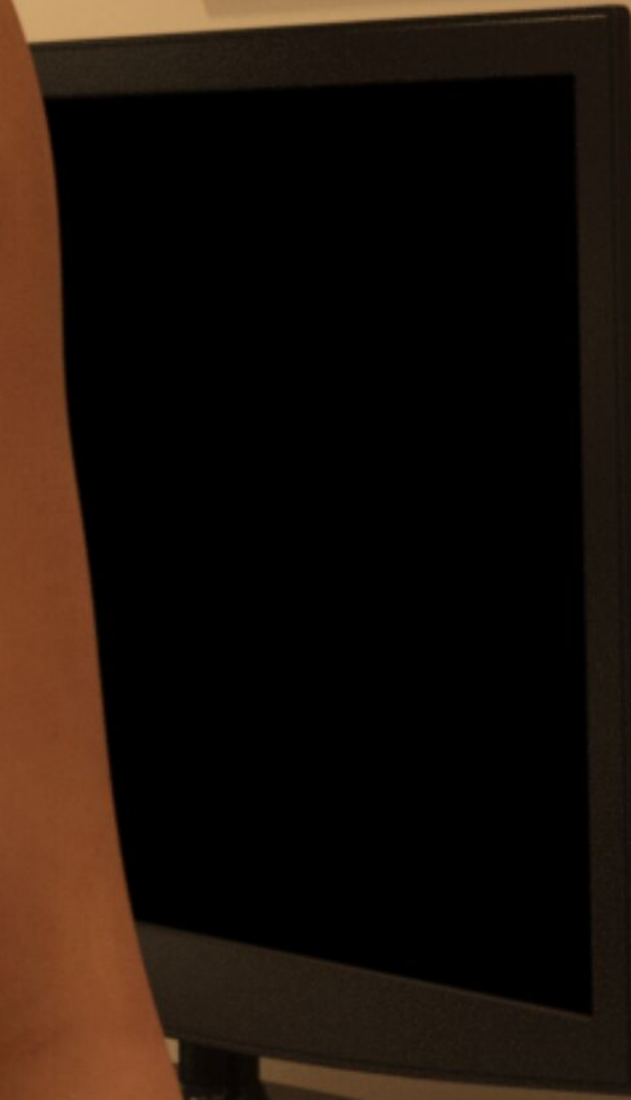
YOU'RE A
SHITTY ANGEL,
YOU KNOW
THAT!?

TRY ALL THE
FUCKING MIND
GAMES YOU
WANT...

BRING ON
ALL THE FUCKING
GHOSTS OF
CHRISTMAS
PAST...

I WILL
NEVER
BREAK!

I AM EVAN
MOTHERFLICKING
PRESCOTT!



COMPANY'S
FORTUNES RISE
AND FALL ON MY
WHIM!



I'M NOT
SCARED OF SOME
BUSTY ANGEL AND
HER STUPID
TRICKS!



I'LL BE
LEAVING HERE
CHRISTMAS DAY
WHETHER YOU
LET ME OR
NOT!



THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO MAKE
ME SUCCLUMB
TO...



TO
WHATEVER IT
IS YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING
TO... TO
ME...





GASP









MMMM...



End of
December 16th

