

DARK INHERITANCE

Jeysia



OH, FUCK.
PLEASE!
MAKE IT STOP!





HUFF
HUFF

MY, MY.
SUCH A
BIG SET.



NOW, THEN.
LET'S MAKE
SURE YOU'LL BE
READY FOR
MEN.

NO,
PLEASE!
I CAN'T...

OOOOHHHHH!!!!

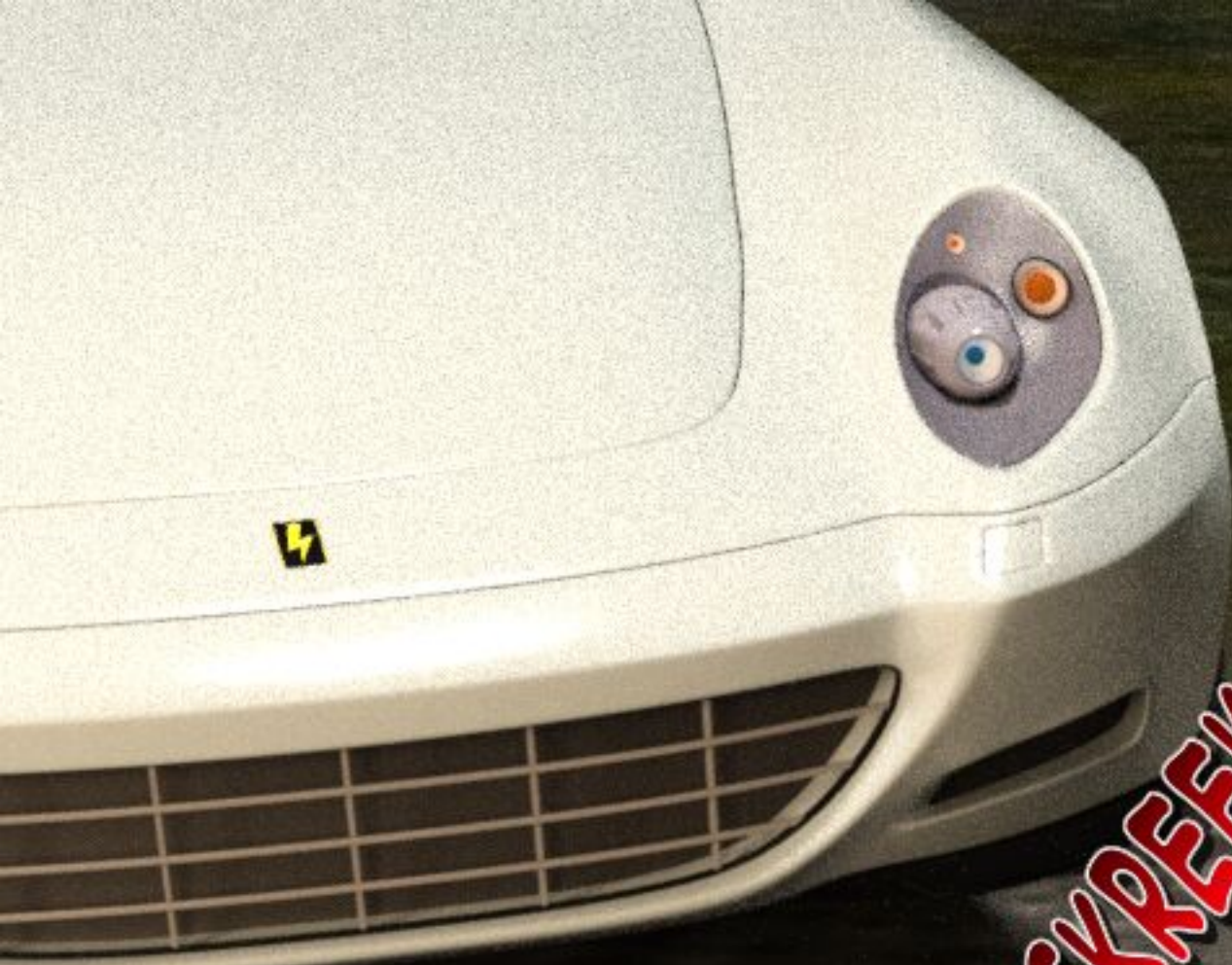
YOUR SLIT SAYS OTHERWISE.

LOOK HOW WET YOU ARE.



EARLIER.





SKREEK

FINALLY.



HEY, MISSY.
YOUR MAN IS
HERE.





SPARE
ME THE
BLABBING,
PAUL VAUNT.





YOU'RE LUCKY I'M STILL HERE.

I HAVE OTHER APPOINTMENTS TO TAKE CARE OF, YOU KNOW?



WHAT CAN
I SAY? BUSY
DAY AT THE
STOCKS.

BULLSHIT.
YOU WERE
LOAFING ABOUT,
AS USUAL.
SIGN HERE,
AND HERE.



YOU NOW OWN
THIS MANSION, LEFT TO
YOU BY YOUR LATE
GRANDMOTHER.

BLESS HER SOUL.
THIS CONCLUDES OUR
BUSINESS.

ALRIGHT, SWEETUMS.
WANNA CHECK OUT NANA'S
PLACE WITH ME?



I CAN PAY
FOR AN HOUR OR
TWO OF YOUR TIME,
IF YOU CATCH MY
DRIFT.



YOU HAVE HALF
A SECOND TO REMOVE
THE HAND FROM MY BUTT.
OR ME AND MY LEGAL
BUREAU WILL HIT YOU WITH
A COMBINED SEXUAL
HARASSMENT AND ASSAULT
AND BATTERY LAWSUIT.

MR VAUNT.
I'VE BEEN VERY
PATIENT WITH YOU,
OUT OF RESPECT FOR
YOUR GRANDMOTHER
AND HER WORK FOR
WOMEN'S
MOVEMENTS.

GEE,
WHAT A
STUCK UP
BITCH.

VROOOOOOM



LET'S
CHECK OUT
THE GOODS.

A 3D rendered image of a man with short brown hair, wearing a white button-down shirt. He has a thoughtful or slightly distressed expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing the text "WELL, SHIT.". The background is dark with some foliage visible through a window or doorway.

WELL,
SHIT.



TALK
ABOUT AN
OLD PEOPLE
HOME.

DING* *DONG

GREAT.
NEW PLACE
AND I GET
PEDDLERS
ALREADY?





HI, THERE.
MY NAME'S
MORGAN ELFIN.

I WAS
WORKING WITH
THE LATE MRS
VAUNT.

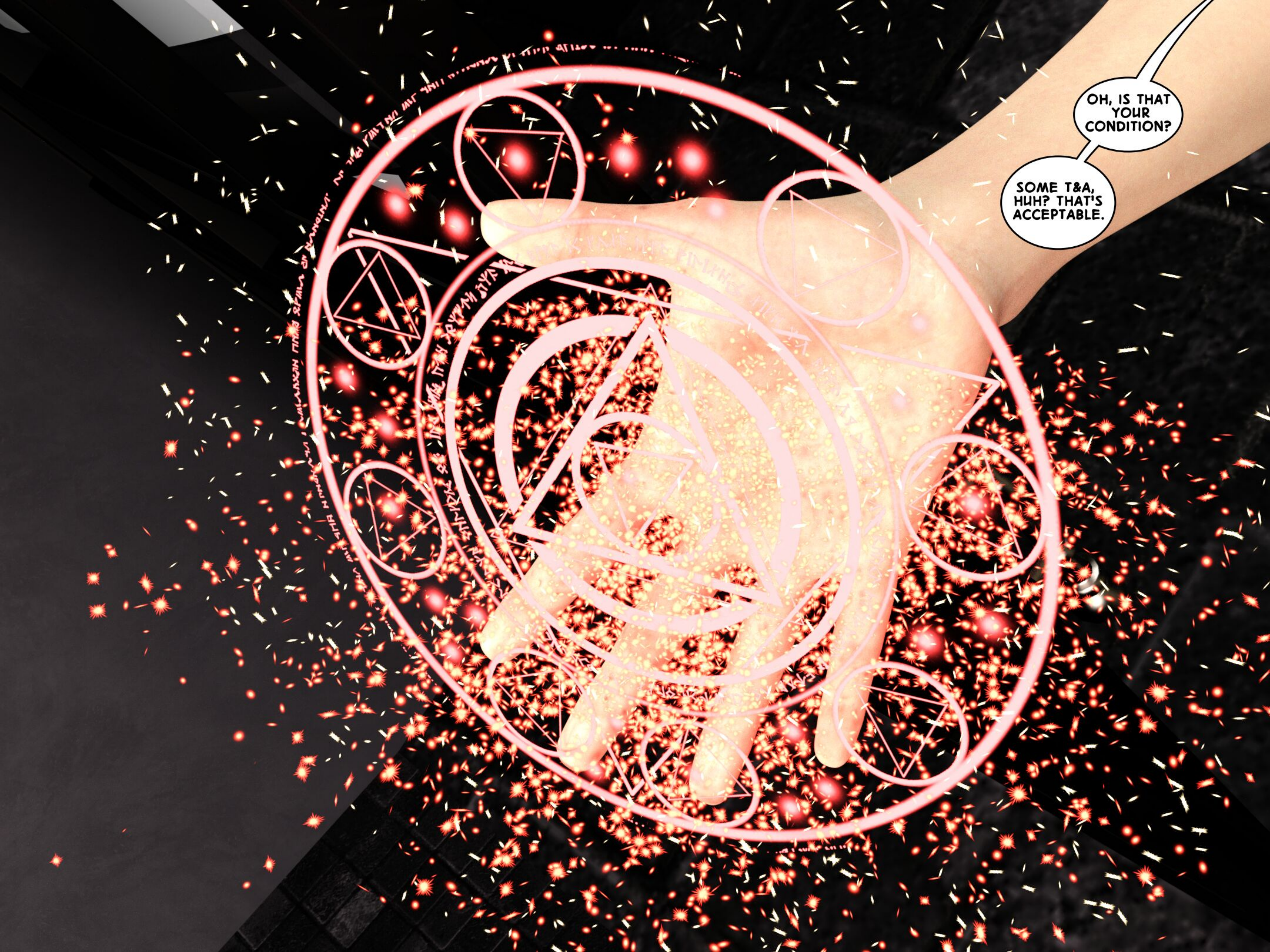
A woman with short red hair and brown eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a brown, ribbed tank top. Her right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with fingers slightly spread. She has a slight smile and is looking upwards and to the right. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing text. The background is dark with some green foliage visible at the bottom.

THERE ARE
SOME NOTES ON
OUR WORKS I'D
LIKE TO COLLECT,
IF YOU DON'T
MIND.



AS A MATTER OF
FACT, I DO MIND.
I INHERITED THE HOUSE,
AND EVERYTHING
INSIDE IT.

SO,
UNLESS YOU
WANNA BRING
SOME T&A IN
HERE, YOU CAN
TAKE A HIKE.



OH, IS THAT YOUR CONDITION?

SOME T&A, HUH? THAT'S ACCEPTABLE.



HUH?
WHAT'S
THI...



NIGHTY-NIGHT.

LATER.

ALRIGHT,
CREEP.





SLAP

TIME
TO WAKE
UP.



HUH?
WHA...
I...



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

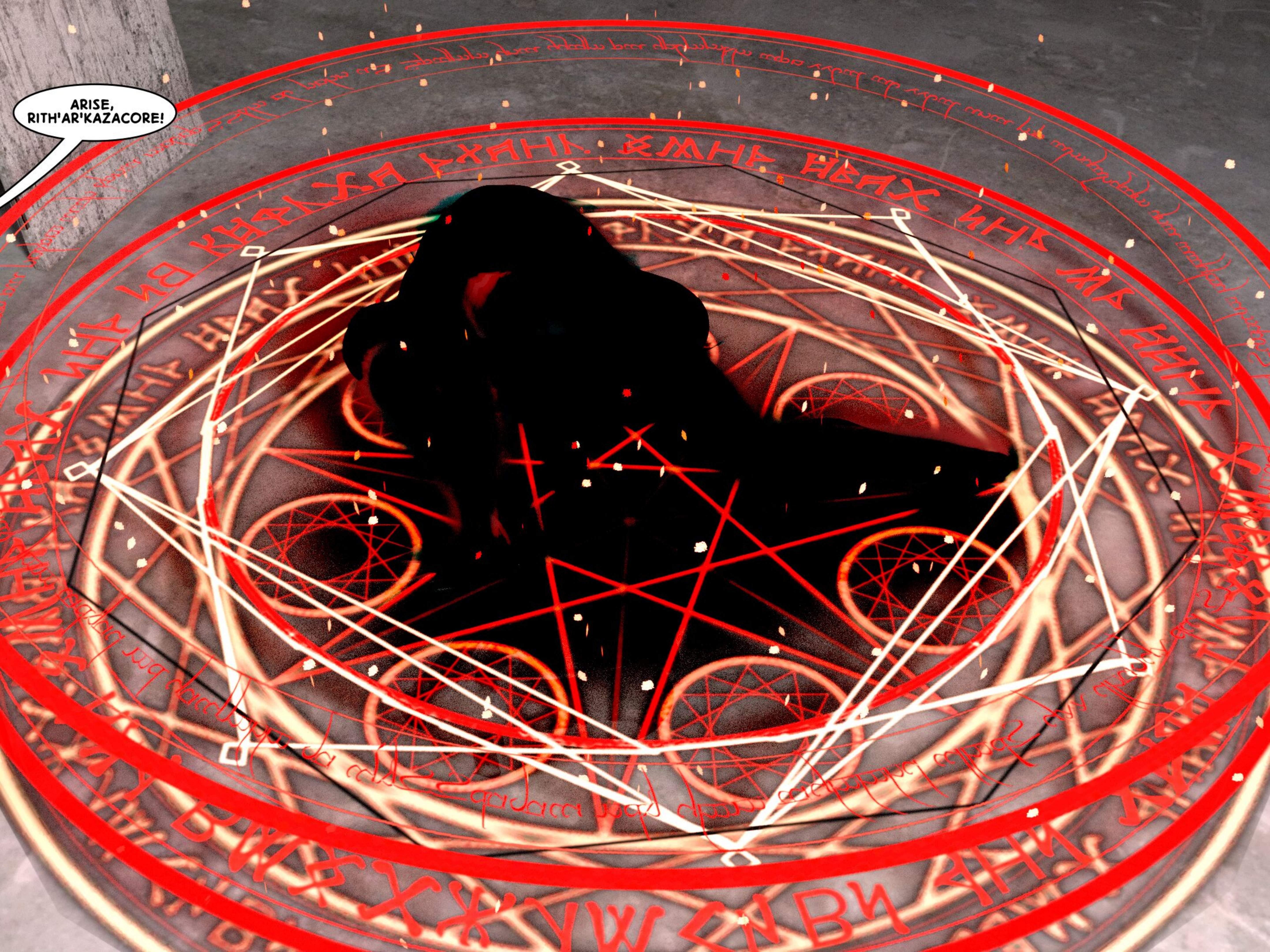
BRINGING
YOU SOME
T&A, AS I
PROMISED.



ZOOOOM

ENJOY THE SHOW.

ARISE,
RITH'AR'KAZACORE!



COME FORTH, AND FULFILL MY BIDDING.






ROAAAR!!!



WELL,
HELLO, CHILD.
DELIGHTFUL TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.

A woman with short, vibrant red hair and a serious expression is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a dark brown, ribbed tank top. Her right hand is on her hip. She is looking towards a man on the right. The man is shirtless, muscular, and has a look of confusion or shock. He is wearing silver handcuffs on both wrists, which are attached to a chain. The background is a dark, textured stone wall.

I CALL UPON
YOU, BY OUR
BOND, TO TAKE
VENGEANCE ON
THIS MORTAL.

THE
FUCK...?



A DELIGHTFUL TASK.

MAKE HIM A WOMAN, LET HIM SUFFER THE SAME AS HE PUTS ON OTHERS.

HE'S A CHAUVINISTIC WOMANIZER, AND A POX IN BEHAVIOR.





NAH, DO AS YOU PLEASE.

I GOTTA GO AND COLLECT THE VAUNT SPELL BOOKS. FUCK KNOWS, WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HAD THIS INHERITANCE FUCKER FOUND THEM FIRST.

DO YOU PREFER ANY SPECIFICS?

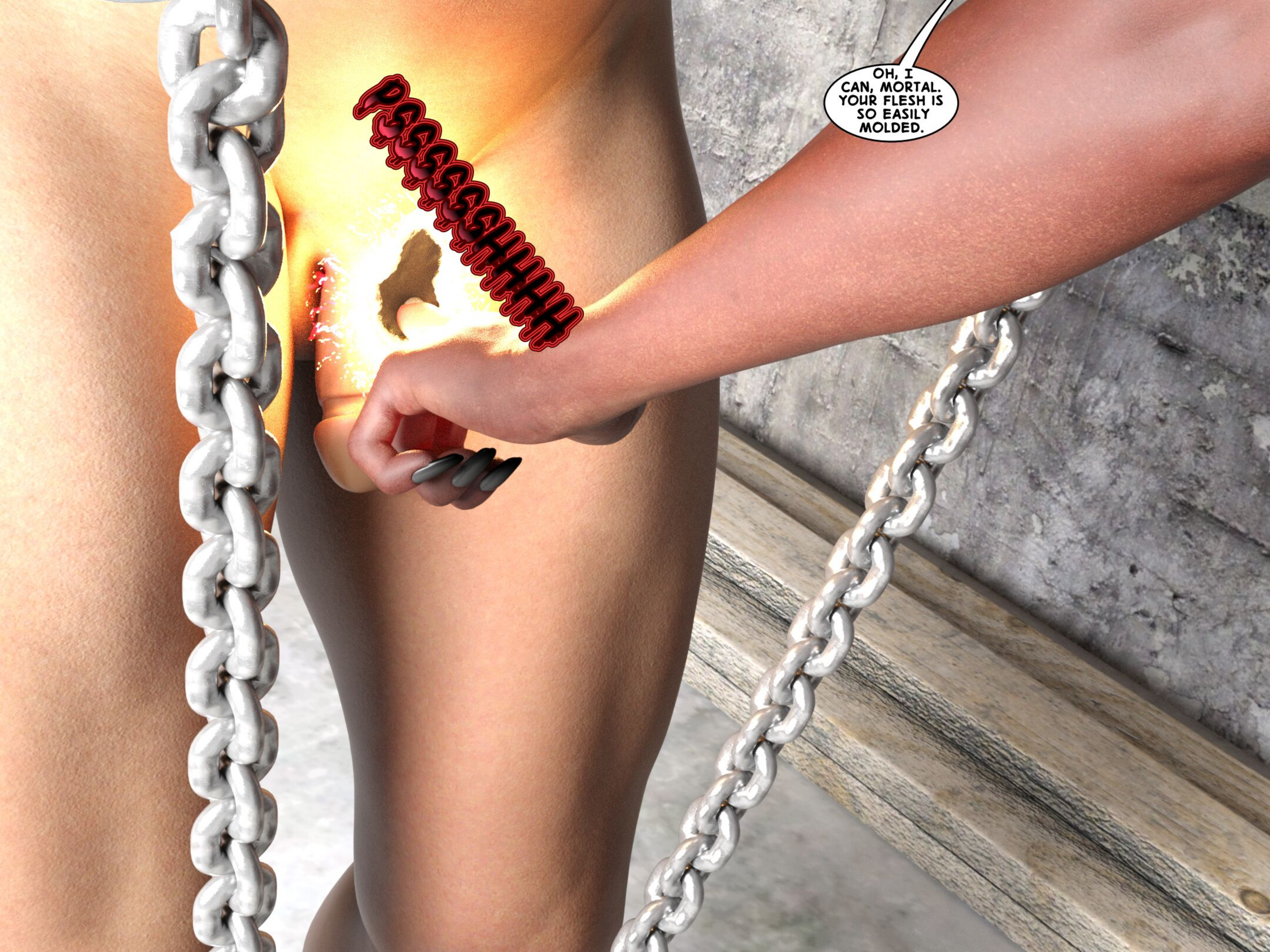


WAIT A SEC.
YOU CAN'T REALLY
CHANGE ME, CAN
YOU?

SO, YOU'RE
THE VAUNT HEIR,
HUH? SHOULD
MAKE THIS EVEN
MORE FUN.

OH, I
CAN, MORTAL.
YOUR FLESH IS
SO EASILY
MOLDED.

AAAAAAAAAAAA
HHHHHHHHHH





THERE
WE GO.
GOOD
START.



FACE?
I... *COUGH*
OH, NO. MY
VOICE? IT CAN'T
BE...


HOW IS THIS
HAPPENING?

MAGIC,
MORTAL.

PSSSSSSHHHH



LET'S CAVE
IN THAT
WAISTLINE.



THERE WE GO,
MUCH MORE
ATTRACTIVE FAT
RESERVOIR.

TITS? TITS!
OH, FUCK I
HAVE TITS. THIS
ISN'T RIGHT.





YOU
KNOW WHAT,
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

THIS
ISN'T QUITE
RIGHT, YET.
LET'S MOLD
SOME
MORE.

**MULTIPLE
CHANGES
LATER.**

**NICE FAT
ASS FOR THE
BOYS TO
SLAP.**





PLEASE STOP.
I DON'T WANNA
BE THIS
WOMAN.

OH, FUCK.





PLEASE!



MAKE IT
STOP!



HUFF
HUFF

MY, MY.
SUCH A BIG
SET.



AAAAAAAAAHHH

NOW, THEN.
LET'S MAKE YOU
READY FOR
MEN.

NO,
PLEASE! I
CAN'T...



WHAT ARE
THESE THOUGHTS?
I CAN'T FOCUS.

LOST MY DICK.
YUMMY, DICK.
NO, I CAN'T WANT
THAT!



YOUR SLIT
SAYS
OTHERWISE.



OOOOOHHHHHH!!!!

LOOK HOW WET YOU ARE.



FUCK. THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING.

WHY CAN'T I STOP FANTASIZING ABOUT HUGE, HARD COCKS?



WHAT
DID YOU DO
TO ME?

WHY ARE YOU
CURSING ME?



I MADE
YOU THE PIECE
OF MEAT YOU
THOUGHT EVERY
WOMAN SHOULD BE.
A PLEASURE TOY
FOR MEN.



AS TO WHY?
CAUSE MORGAN
SAID SO. WE HAVE
A DEAL.

YOU'RE HER
PRISONER, NOT
MINE. SEE YA.



THIS IS
MESSED UP.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'VE GOT
TITS THAT'D MAKE A
PORN STAR
JEALOUS.



LET
ALONE A
MEGA JIGGLY
ROMP.

AND THAT
GODDAMN SLIT
BETWEEN MY LEGS
THAT MAKES ME
CRAVE...





...CO... COCK...
COOOOOOOCKS...
OOOOOOOHHHHH!!!

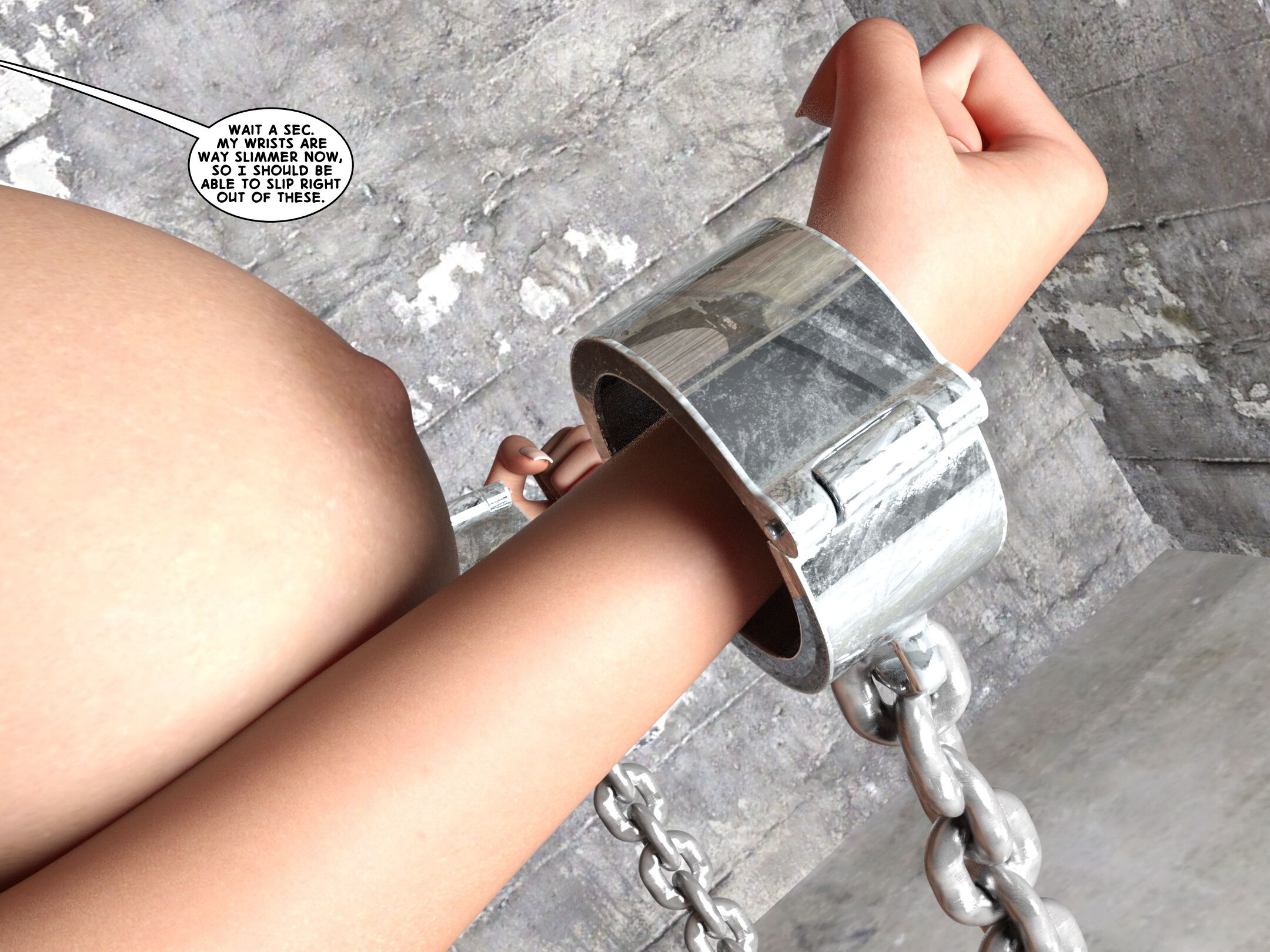


DAMN IT.
I ALMOST CAME
JUST FROM
THINKING ABOUT
THAT.



I NEED
TO GET OUT
OF HERE.

WAIT A SEC.
MY WRISTS ARE
WAY SLIMMER NOW,
SO I SHOULD BE
ABLE TO SLIP RIGHT
OUT OF THESE.



THERE WE GO.

CLANG

CLUTTER





I HOPE MY
CAR IS STILL
OUTSIDE.



AND MY
KEYS ARE
SOMEWHERE.



PLEASE
BE AROUND.
PLEASE BE
AROUND.



MY PANTS.



YES!
MY KEYS.
GOT THEM.
NOW I
CAN...

A close-up photograph of a woman with short, straight blonde hair and light green eyes. She has a surprised expression, with her mouth slightly open showing her teeth. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some interior decor like a plant and a chair.

CAN
WHAT,
EXACTLY?

OH, NO.

YOU'RE
MAKING A
DASH FOR IT,
AREN'T YOU,
MORTAL?



PLEASE LET ME GO. YOU'VE ALREADY CURSED ME ENOUGH. I'M BEGGING YOU.





RELAX, MORTAL.
I HAVE NO
INSTRUCTIONS TO
RESTRAIN YOU
HERE.



THAT BEING SAID, I HAVE NO INCENTIVE TO NOT RAT YOU OUT TO MORGAN.

SO, YOU WANNA LEAVE? WHAT DO YOU OFFER FOR MY SILENCE?



MY SOUL?
ISN'T THAT WHAT
YOU DEMONS
WANT?



YOUR
PROPOSAL IS
ACCEPTED,
MORTAL.



IT BURNS, OH, FUCK.
AAAAARRRRGH!

WHY
DOES THIS
HURT SO
MUCH?





VROOOOOOM

OH, GOD. IT
FINALLY CALMED
DOWN.

VROOOOOOM!

AT LAST,
I'M FREE.



ASSHOLE!



VROOOOOOM

HONK
BEEP





SKREETCH



CLOTHES.
NOW. FAST.



SALESPERSON.
FITTING ROOM.
COME FAST.



MISS?
WHAT HAPPENED?
ARE YOU OKAY?

NO.
I NEED NEW
CLOTHES.

I NEED
YOU TO
BRING ME
SOMETHING
OVER.



I CAN DO
THAT, MISS.
CAN YOU GIVE
ME YOUR
SIZES?



SIZES?
DRAT.

UHM, I
DON'T KNOW
THOSE?
LIKE, BIG?

A man with short brown hair, wearing a white t-shirt, is shown in profile from the waist up. He is looking towards the right. Behind him is a dark red, textured curtain. A woman's hand is visible near the curtain, and her face is partially obscured by the fabric. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man and one from the woman.

THAT'S A
PROBLEM, MISS.
ESPECIALLY IF YOU
NEED SOMETHING
BIG, GETTING THE
RIGHT SIZE IS
IMPORTANT.

CAN I GET
A LOOK AT YOU
TO MAKE AN
ESTIMATE?

FINE. HERE.
GAWK AT ME ALL
YOU WANT.

HOLY.





I CAN SEE
WHY YOU RAN
TO THE BACK,
MISS.

ARE YOU OKAY?
DID YOU GET
ASSAULTED?

IT'S...
COMPLICATED.
IN A WAY, I WAS.
BUT IT'S NOTHING
YOU CAN HELP
WITH.

SO, CLOTHING,
IF YOU WOULD?



SURE, OKAY.
I'LL HAVE TO GO
AND SEE WHAT I
CAN FIND.

IT'LL BE NOT MUCH
WE HAVE IN STOCK TO
FIT YOU, GIVEN YOUR...
AMPLE PROPORTIONS.

I'LL BE
BACK IN A
MOMENT.

AMPLE
PROPORTIONS?





DANG.
I DO LOOK
HUGE. FIRST TIME
SEEING ME LIKE
THIS.

I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS HOT BODY
THAT DEMON
GAVE ME.



WOULD HE
THINK ME SEXY?
WOULD HE WANT TO
FUCK ME?



SEEING ME
STARK NAKED
LIKE THIS, DO I
EXCITE HIM?



I DO LOOK
LIKE AN
AMAZING FUCK,
DON'T I?



OH, GOD.
OH, NO.
I'M THINKING
ABOUT GETTING
RAMMED BY A
COCK AGAIN.



NO, NO, NO, NO.
SHUT UP, YOU
STUPID PUSSY.



FUCK.
THE DESIRE IS REAL.
I CAN'T... WITH A
MAN...

BUT...
COCK...
HIM, INSIDE...
HARD, PUSHING
DEEP...

FUCK!!!



I'M
BACK, MISS.
I FOUND SOME
STUFF YOU
CAN TRY.

I...
OH, FUCK...
MOAN



I NEED YOU. CAN YOU HELP ME?

MISS?



DO YOU
THINK I'M
PRETTY?



**MOST
DEFINITELY, MISS.
IN A VERY SEXY,
EROTIC KIND OF
WAY.**

**BUT I'D
SAY YOU'RE
PRETTY, YES.**



WOULD
YOU WANT TO
FUCK ME?



NO.



NO?
SAY WHAT?
BUT WHY?



I'M A
HOMOSEXUAL, MISS.
I'M NOT ATTRACTED
TO WOMEN AT ALL.



WELL,
DON'T I LOOK
LIKE A FOOL
NOW.

SO, CLOTHES?
DO YOU HAVE ANY
MONEY WITH YOU AT
ALL? ANYONE YOU
CAN CALL TO PAY
FOR THEM?

NO. BUT MY
SPORTS CAR IS
PARKED OUTSIDE.
YOU CAN TAKE THAT
AS COLLATERAL.
I'LL PAY YOU BACK
AT A LATER TIME.

VERY
UNUSUAL, BUT
OKAY. IF THAT
HELPS YOU
OUT.

LATER

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW CLOSE I CAME TO GETTING BONED.

MOREOVER, I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW FAST I BASICALLY THREW MYSELF AT HIM. PRACTICALLY BEGGING HIM TO FUCK ME.

REALLY DODGED A BULLET THERE. SUCKS THAT I NOW HAVE TO TAKE THE SUBWAY TO GET HOME.



GRAPE S...
ESS



STOP
TINGLING
ALREADY,
YOU STUPID
CUNT.

YOU WEREN'T
ANY HELP BACK
THERE, SO CALM THE
FUCK DOWN.



THIS TRAIN IS PACKED. HOW DO PEOPLE DEAL WITH THIS ON A DAILY BASIS?

HELLO,
PUPPET.

EEP!



YOU LOOK
LIKE A GIRL
WHO'S UP FOR
SOME FUN.





OH,
YOU'LL
SEE.

WHAT...
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

YOU
HAVE SOME
PREMIUM FUN
BAGS.



AND I BET
DOWN HERE,
YOU'RE SEXY,
TOO.



YEAH,
KNEW IT.

MMMMMMMM!!!



YOU LOVE
BEING
TOUCHED,
DON'T YOU?

A close-up photograph of two women's faces. The woman on the left has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to the right. The woman on the right has her eyes closed and a slight smile, showing her teeth. Both women have light-colored, shimmering eye makeup. The woman on the right has short, straight blonde hair. A pink strap is visible on her shoulder. Two white speech bubbles with black outlines are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble, located near the woman on the left, contains the text 'YOU'RE A TOTAL SLUT, DRESSING LIKE THIS, AREN'T YOU?'. The second speech bubble, located near the woman on the right, contains the text 'OOHHHH!!!!'.

YOU'RE A
TOTAL SLUT,
DRESSING LIKE
THIS, AREN'T
YOU?

OOHHHH!!!!



SHHH!
BE QUIET,
PUPPET. YOU DON'T
WANT FOLKS TO
NOTICE OUR LITTLE
PLAYTIME,
DO YOU?

GASP

OTHERWISE,
THEY'D MAKE US
STOP OUR SEXY
FUN.





YOU DON'T
WANNA BE SEEN BY
ALL THESE PEOPLE,
GETTING FONDLED,
DO YOU, PUPPET?



SO, YOU
BETTER BE A
GOOD DOLL AND
HUSH UP.

OH,
GOD.



WHY AM I
LETTING HIM
DO THIS?



WHY
IS MY BODY
INTO THIS SO
MUCH?

MMMMMMHH!!!
MMMMHHHMMMMM!!!!



I CAN
FEEL HIM
AGAINST MY
ASS.

I...
I CAN'T STOP
HIM. I WANT
THIS.



DO IT.
HAVE ME.
LET'S GET OFF
NEXT
STATION.

YOU
CAN FUCK
ME AGAINST
A WALL.



NAH,
LET'S
NOT.

SAY
WHAT?
WHY?



IT'S NO
FUN IF
YOU'RE
ACTUALLY
INTO THIS.

YOU
BEING
UNWILLING, BUT
COMPLYING
ANYWAYS IS THE
MAIN THRILL.

A mannequin with a bald head, wearing a bright red sleeveless top and blue denim jeans with a black belt, stands in a clothing store. The mannequin's right arm is raised, holding onto a metal rack. In the background, other mannequins are visible, including one in a yellow shirt and another in a purple top. The store has dark walls and various clothing items hanging on racks.

YOU WANTING THIS MEANS YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT ALONE. SEE YA, DOLLY.

WAIT! COME BACK!

I NEED YOU.

EMERGENCY
STOP BUTTON





SHIT.
MY PUSSY IS
BURNING FOR
ATTENTION.



THIS IS BAD. FUCK.

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. I HOPE NO ONE WILL NOTICE.

STOP BUTTON



OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!

IS THAT
WOMAN
MASTURBATING?

SO
INDECENT.

GROSS!

KINDA
HOT,
THOUGH.



OOOOHHHHH!!!!

EMERGENCY
STOP BUTTON

CALLING THE COPS.

**HOURS
LATER.**



THE
ATTORNEY YOU
CALLED IS HERE,
PRISONER.




GREETINGS, MISS.
MY NAME IS ELLEN
LAWSON.

I REPRESENT
SAMSON AND
MAYFIELD LAW BUREAU.
YOU CALLED
ESPECIALLY FOR ME.

I HAVE REPRESENTED WOMEN IN TROUBLE A LOT IN THE PAST. IT DOES SAY YOU STAND ACCUSED OF INDECENT EXPOSURE, AND DISTURBANCE OF THE PUBLIC. ALSO, YOUR LACK OF IDENTIFICATION IS A BIT TROUBLESOME.

DO TELL ME, DID YOU ACTUALLY DO WHAT IS QUOTED HERE? MASTURBATE ON A SUBWAY TRAIN?





YES, IT'S TRUE.
HOWEVER, THERE WAS
THIS GUY THAT FONDLED ME
BEFORE. HE GOT ME ALL
WORKED UP. I COULDN'T
HELP MYSELF.

I SEE.
WE CAN USE THAT
TO HELP THIS CASE.
WE CAN PLEAD GUILTY, AND
BLUNT ANY JUDGMENT THE
COURT MAY PASS USING THAT
CIRCUMSTANCE. SINCE YOU'RE A
FIRST TIME OFFENDER, AND
GIVEN THAT YOU'D BEEN
MOLESTED, WE CAN LIKELY
PUSH A SENTENCE DOWN TO
A FEW MONTH PAROLE
AND A MILD FINE.

THAT ONLY
LEAVES YOUR
IDENTIFICATION.
PLEASE TELL ME,
WHAT IS YOUR
NAME?



PAUL
VAUNT.



IS THIS A
PRANK? DID
HE PUT YOU
UP TO THIS?

IT'S NOT
FUNNY IF IT
IS. YOU'D BE
LOOKING AT
JAIL TIME.



NO,
REALLY.
IT'S ME.

AFTER I
GROPE
D YOUR
ASS, AND
YOU
DROVE
OFF, I
WENT
TO
CHECK
OUT
THE
HOUSE.

A woman with long blonde hair and bangs is sitting on a light-colored stone bench. She is wearing a bright pink, strapless, form-fitting top. She has a large, intricate tattoo on her upper chest and shoulder area. She is looking down and to the right with a serious expression. A black briefcase with gold-colored latches is open on the bench next to her. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text.

I DIDN'T SEE
MUCH BEFORE A
STRANGE WOMAN
SHOWED UP, LOOKING
FOR SOME LEFTOVER
WORK SHE AND MY
NANA DID.



I KNOW IT SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT SHE SUMMONED A DEMON, AND I GOT CHANGED INTO THIS.



THIS JUST BECAME WAY MORE SERIOUS.

GET UP. WE'RE LEAVING.



YOU...
YOU
BELIEVE
ME?

GUARD! THE
VAUNT ESTATE
WILL POST BAIL
FOR THIS ONE.

I'LL
PERSONALLY TAKE
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
HER NOT JUMPING
SHIP.



I DO. I HAVE AN ASSOCIATE I NEED TO CONTACT REGARDING THIS.

THE PUBLIC DISTURBANCE CASE IS STILL REAL, BUT IT JUST TOOK THE BACKSEAT TO THAT DEMON THING.

COME ALONG, I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME.

A SHORT
DRIVE LATER.

THANKS
FOR ALL
YOUR
HELP.

DON'T
THANK ME YET.
THERE'S STILL
DANGEROUS
THINGS ABOUT.

FIND OUT
WHAT YOU CAN
ABOUT YOUR
GRANDMOTHER, AND
SEE ME IN A FEW
DAYS.



FINALLY HOME.
I NEED TO TAKE A
SHOWER. PRISON
MADE ME REEK LIKE
CRAZY.



A photograph of a person's back and shoulders being showered with water from a showerhead. The person's skin is wet and glistening. A thought bubble is superimposed on the image, containing the text "GOSH. I FEEL HUMAN AGAIN." The background consists of light-colored, rectangular tiles.

**GOSH.
I FEEL
HUMAN
AGAIN.**



STILL
NOT REALLY
FEELING LIKE
MYSELF.
THIS BODY IS
NUTS.



TIME TO
DO SOME
DIGGING ON
NANA.

**INTENSIVE
SEARCHING
LATER.**

**CRAP.
I CAN'T FIND
ANYTHING, SAVE
FOR HER PUBLIC
WORKS.**





MORNING,
MONSIEUR
VAUNT.

HOW
EMBARRASSING IS
IT TO FIND OUT YOU
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT YOUR
RELATIVES?



OH,
EXCUSEZ-MOI,
MADEMOISELLE.

MOI
CONFUSED
YOU FOR
SOMEONE
ELSE.

DON'T
WORRY,
CHERYL. YOU
CAN SAY I'M...
RELATED TO
PAUL.

WOULD
YOU BE A
DEAR AND DO
ME A FAVOR?



BIEN SÛR,
MADEMOISELLE.
WHAT IS IT YOU
NEED?





D'ACCORD, MADEMOISELLE.

I REQUIRE A NEW SET OF CLOTHING. SOME FORMAL STUFF, SOME EVERYDAY STUFF, NOTHING TOO REVEALING.

HERE'S PAUL'S CREDIT CARD. YOU CAN PUT IT ON THAT.



MAKE SURE TO GO TO A PLUS SIZE STORE. I REQUIRE STUFF FOR... AMPLE PROPORTIONS.



AND GET
YOURSELF
SOMETHING NICE
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT.

JE VAIS.
MERCII.

CHERYL IS SUCH A DEAR. I'M SO HAPPY I HAVE HER AROUND.





NOW, IF
THERE'S
NOTHING ON THE
WEB, MAYBE I HAVE
STUFF ON NANA IN
ARCHIVES?

THIS
WILL BE
TEDIOUS TO
SEARCH.






HUH?



MANNY,
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING?

OH, NO.
MY GARDENER.

A close-up photograph showing a person's tattooed forearm and hand resting on another person's leg. The tattooed person is wearing a grey textured top and a black belt with a gold chain. The leg being touched is wearing a white garment. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image.

AH, SO YOU
HEARD OF MANNY
THE MAGNIFICENT.
WOULD YOU LIKE A
RIDE WITH HIM?



ARE YOU NUTS?
I COULD FIRE YOU.



OH NO.
ONLY MR VAUNT
CAN DO THAT.
HE WOULDN'T.



UNLESS
YOU'RE HIS
GIRLFRIEND?

NO, I'M NOT.
IT'S KINDA... LOOK,
IT'S DIFFICULT.
I'M NOT A WOMAN...

OF COURSE NOT.
YOU'RE A GODDESS.
A VISION. ALLOW THIS
MAN TO WORSHIP YOUR
BEAUTY.

OH, FUCK.
HE'S PUSHING MY
BUTTONS. I CAN
ALREADY FEEL MY
BODY YEARNING
FOR HIM.

I CAN
MUSTER NO
DEFENSE HERE. IS IT
FINALLY HAPPENING?
IS THIS THE END OF MY
GIRL VIRGINITY?

TO BE CONTINUED