

Karacommet presents...

Using Black Magic for Revenge

(And other common FUN Ideas) **PART 9**



♥ WHY...
ISN'T THIS
FEELING...?
GASP

THUD

♥MOAN♥
♥GOING AWAY!?!♥





♥ OH GOD!
WHIMPER
OH FUCK! ♥
♥MOAN♥

I...! ♥



HMPH...

LIV! I...
GASP I
CAN'T...!

LIGK! DON'T
TALK TO ME LIKE
YOU KNOW ME,
GIRL.

SERIOUSLY,
WHO THE FUCK
ARE YOU?

WHY ARE
YOU HUMPING
THE AIR? WHAT
THE HELL IS
WRONG WITH
YOU?





OH MY
GOD! DID YOU
SERIOUSLY PISS
YOURSELF?

NO! I...
I CAN'T STOP!
I'M... I... ♥



NO! I...
PLEASE! I
CAN'T HELP IT!
HE DID SOME-
THING... ♥

YOU'RE WHAT?
TOO LOOSE TO EVEN
MAKE IT TO THE
BATHROOM?

YOU'RE
DISGUSTING IS
WHAT YOU ARE,
WHORE.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SHAUN WAS FUCKING IN THE BATHROOM THE OTHER DAY.

OH GOD! I... SHAUN! HIS IS SOO BIG! ♥





♥ AAAH!
DON'T LOOK
AT MEE! ♥

♥ IT'S
SO EMPTY!
I NEED... ♥

YO! WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP THAT!



♥ I NEED
SOMETHING
GASP INSIDE!
AAAH! ♥

♥MOAN♥
I NEED TO GET
FUCKED RIGHT NOW
OR I'M GOING
TO DIE! ♥

OH...
MY GOD!



♥ I CAN'T STOP! I CAN'T STOP! I NEED DICK! ♥

YOU'RE SO FUCKING GROSS! UGH! I CAN'T BELIEVE SHALIN WOULD PUT HIS DICK IN THAT.

FUCKING S.T.D. FACTORY...

PLEASE... ♥ KILL ME! I CAN'T...! ♥

♥MOAN♥

A woman with short black hair and a red top is in a bathroom. She has two speech bubbles above her. In the background, there are mirrors, a paper towel dispenser, and a sink. A reflection of another woman in a black outfit and red sunglasses is visible in one of the mirrors.

WAIT UNTIL
THE GIRLS HEAR
ABOUT OUR LITTLE
WANNA-BE PORN STAR
GUSHING ALL OVER THE
BATHROOM FLOOR
BEGGING FOR
DICK...

CHUCKLE
PEOPLE HAVE
TO SEE THIS OR
NOBODY'S GOING TO
BELIEVE ME!



AREN'T YOU
A CHEERLEADER?
THE FOOTBALL GAME
STARTS IN TWENTY
MINUTES.

WHAT...
WHO...? WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?



YOU SHOULD PROBABLY FORGET ABOUT HER AND GET GOING. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE LATE TO THE FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.



HEH! ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS BITCH WAS HANGING AROUND BECCA'S BOYFRIEND THE OTHER DAY.

PEOPLE HAVE GOT TO SEE THIS!

WHIMPER

THEY NEED
TO SEE THE SORT
OF DISGUSTING
ANIMAL THAT SHE
REALLY IS.

THEN MAYBE
SHE'LL LEAVE THIS
SCHOOL AND NEVER
COME BACK.

SIGH



I DON'T
HAVE TIME
FOR THIS.

PLAP

BUP!?



HEAVY BREATHING
HHHWUH...?


CRUMPLE

CLAK

GASP
YOU! I...
W-WHUH?

PLEASE...



A woman with red hair in pigtails, wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket, a black crop top, and blue denim jeans with multiple rips, stands in a public restroom. She is holding a small white object in her right hand. The restroom has white sinks and mirrors along the wall. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I SEE YOU
GOT MY NOTE...
FUCK THAT GIRL'S
HEAD WAS HARD. SHE
MADE MY HAND
NUMB.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's head and shoulders. The person has dark hair and is wearing a red, ribbed sweater. They appear to be looking up at the woman in the restroom. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the person's head.

N-N-NOTE?
I... CAN'T THINK...
NEED... *GASP*



SIGH
I CAN'T BELIEVE
HE'S WASTING MY
POWER ON SHIT LIKE
THIS. IT'S SO...
INFURIATING.

COMPOSE
YOURSELF.

YOU DON'T
EVEN BOTHER
FIGHTING IT
ANYMORE,
DO YOU?

ARE YOU
REALLY SO
WEAK?

I... I
CAN'T! ♥ IT'S
TOO S-STRONG.
I NEED TO BE
FUCKED! ♥



I FEEL
SO EMPTY IT
HURTS. ♥

AND THESE
I-IMAGES IN MY
HEAD... OF BIG,
YUMMY...
WHIMPER

IT'S ALL I
WANT. I NEED IT
SO BAD, A GUY,
ANY GUY... *BREATH*
INSIDE OF ME! ♥



SNIFF
I DON'T EVEN
CARE ANYMORE. I-I
JUST WANT ALL THE
PAIN TO GO AWAY.

Y-YOU CAN
BE A GUY TOO,
RIGHT? P-PLEASE,
FUCK ME SO THIS
GOES AWAY...

OR JUST
KILL ME. PLEASE.
NO HELL CAN BE
WORSE THAN
THIS.




FIRST OFF,
YOU'RE WRONG.
THIS LITTLE SHIT'S
IDEA OF TORTURE
IS NOTHING.

*NUH-
THING!*

DON'T YOU
DARE COMPARE
HIS PATHETIC WET
DREAM TO THAT OF
A PROFESSIONAL.
GOT IT?

UH...
WHA...?





YOUR KIND IS
JUST WEAK. FRAGILE.
SO EASY TO BEND
AND BREAK, IF YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
DOING.

BUT THE
LITTLE CUNT THAT
DID THIS TO YOU IS
A NOVICE. HE LACKS
IMAGINATION.

AND NO, I
CAN'T CHANGE MY
FORM OR PROVIDE WHAT
YOU REQUIRE IN YOUR
CURRENT STATE.


ALL OF MY
POWER IS IN THE
HANDS OF THE ONE
THAT DID THIS
TO YOU.

IT'S A SHAME TOO. IF I COULD GROW A DICK AND FUCK YOU AGAIN, I WOULD.

FOR ALL HIS SHORTCOMINGS, THE LITTLE TWAT CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A GREAT-FEELING PUSSY...

STOP! *BREATH* Y-YOU'RE MAKING IT HURT MORE! ♥





IF YOU CAN'T
HELP ME, THEN
WHAT ARE WE
DOING HERE?

THIS FEELING
IS GETTING WORSE!
IT HURTS TO THINK! I-I
JUST NEED TO GET
FUCKED, OKAY!?

IT'S WHAT HE
WANTS ME TO DO
AND IT'S THE ONLY
THING THAT FEELS
GOOD AND I JUST
DON'T CARE
ANYMORE!

WILL YOU
LOWER YOUR VOICE?
WHY IS EVERYONE
HERE SO STUPID?

YOU'RE GOING
TO DRAW ATTENTION
AND THAT'S THE LAST
THING I NEED
RIGHT NOW.

GASP
WHAT...?

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



I'M
HELPING YOU,
DAISY.

NOW HOLD
STILL WHILE I
FIND IT.

BUT I
THOUGHT...



OH
YEAH! ♥
THERE IT
IS...

GASP

THERE.
STILL WANT
TO DIE SO
BADLY?

OH... ♡
BREATH



IT'S GONE...
IT'S ALL GONE.
OH MY GOD...
GIGGLE





I PREFER
"HER DARK
MAJESTY,"
BUT GOD WILL
WORK...

WHAT
DID YOU
DO?

HE DOES THIS TO YOU WITH MY POWER. I JUST TOOK SOME OF IT BACK.

UGH! MY CROTCH IS SOAKED! I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST DID THAT.



WAIT. WHY
ARE YOU DOING
THIS? IS THIS
ANOTHER ONE OF
HIS TRICKS?

WHY IS
HE DOING THIS
TO ME? I NEVER
DID ANYTHING TO
DESERVE ALL
OF THIS.



BEATS ME.
SEEMS LIKE SOME
REALLY LAME
OBSESSION.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

HE HAS A
LOT OF BEAUTIFUL
DARKNESS TO HIS
SOUL, BUT FOR SOME
REASON HE ONLY
THINKS UP PETTY
SHIT.

IT'S SO
INFURIATING.



SO... WAIT.
THIS ISN'T SOME
SORT OF TRICK
THEN?

NOPE.
NOT FOR YOU
AT LEAST.

OKAY...
T-THANK
YOU...

DON'T
THANK ME
JUST YET.





DEEP SIGH



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU'RE
NOT OUT OF
THE WOODS YET,
CHICA.

SNAP



WHAT?



WHAT
THE-!?

SORRY,
DOLL.

FWOOOOOOOOO





SHOOSH



HELL...?

INDEED!
AND NOW
YOU'RE OUT OF
THOSE SOAKED
PANTIES.



YOU SAID THIS WASN'T A TRICK!

CALM YOUR TITS. IT'S NOT A TRICK, I SAID I'D HELP YOU.



AAAH! WHAT THE HELL AM I WEARING!?

WHY DO YOU BOTH KEEP DOING THIS TO ME!?

WILL YOU JUST CALM DOWN!?

CALM
DOWN!? I
LOOK LIKE A
STRIPPER!

HOW ARE
YOU ANY BETTER
THAN HE IS!? WHY
CAN'T YOU BOTH
JUST LEAVE ME
ALONE!?



DON'T YOU
EVER FUCKING
COMPARE ME
TO HIM.

WAIT...
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO TO
ME NOW?

SIGH



I ALREADY
TOLD YOU. I'M
GOING TO HELP
YOU. SO. STOP.
FUCKING. YELLING.
GOT IT?

BUT I
DON'T...



OH
GOD! I'M
SORRY!

SIGH
YEAH. PUTTING
MY FATE IN YOUR
HANDS ISN'T
GOING TO END
BADLY...

A woman with dark hair and glowing green eyes, wearing a black leather jacket with gold zippers and a black belt with a silver buckle, is holding a hand. The hand has red nail polish and is wearing a silver chain bracelet with red beads. The background shows a bathroom with a sink and a mirror.

W-WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

WASTING
MY POWER ON
YET ANOTHER
MORTAL MORON,
APPARENTLY.

SIGH
BUT IT'S THE
ONLY CHANCE
I HAVE.



OH WELL, IT
WAS NICE TO CONTROL
MY OWN POWER AGAIN,
EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY
FOR A MOMENT.




WHAT ARE YOU...?

THERE. HE'LL NEVER KNOW.



WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

NOTHING. I JUST MODIFIED THE ENCHANTMENT ON YOUR NECKLACE.



IF YOU WERE
EVER WONDERING HOW
HE ALWAYS KNEW WHAT YOU
WERE DOING, OR HOW HE WAS
ABLE TO INFLUENCE OR CHANGE
YOU FROM A DISTANCE, IT'S
THOSE NECKLACES BOTH
YOU AND THE OTHER ONE
ARE COMPELLED TO
ALWAYS WEAR.

HE IS A VERY
CRAFTY, MALICIOUS
MORTAL. THAT'S LIKELY
WHY MY FATHER EVEN
AGREED TO DISCUSS A
DEAL IN THE FIRST
PLACE.

HOLD ON,
SO HE'S NOT
ACTUALLY ALL-
KNOWING OR
SOMETHING?

NO, HE JUST WANTED YOU TO BELIEVE HE WAS. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY LESS DANGEROUS.

BUT... HE CAN'T DO THAT ANYMORE, RIGHT? HE CAN'T SEE ME?

OH, HE CAN DEFINITELY STILL SEE YOU WHEN HE WISHES.

I DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING THAT HE WOULD NOTICE...

HMM. I SHOULD PROBABLY HIDE THIS.



DAMN
THIS BITCH
IS HEAVY...

SO... IF
YOU DIDN'T
CHANGE ANYTHING,
THEN WHAT EXACTLY
DID YOU DO?

WELL... I
CHANGED HOW
THE ARTIFACT
INTERPRETS HIS
COMMANDS.





HE GIVES HIS
COMMANDS IN YOUR
LANGUAGE OR THROUGH
THOUGHT, AND MY BLOOD
POWER TRANSLATES IT
INTO AN ARCAINE
REQUEST...

A DEAL IS
MADE AT A COST,
CONSUMING PART OF
THAT POWER, AND
THEN THE MAGIC
HAPPENS.

IT'S WHY
HE REQUIRES MY
BOND TO CARRY
OUT HIS STUPID
DREAMS.

BUT ANYWAY,
I CHANGED THE
WAY THE NECKLACE
TRANSLATES HIS
COMMANDS.

INSTEAD OF
TRADING MY POWER
FOR LAME SHIT TO FUCK
WITH YOU, THE SCRYING
ENCHANTMENT WILL
STORE IT IN THE
CRYSTALS...

SO LONG
AS YOU WILLINGLY
MEET THE TERMS
OF THE REQUEST,
THAT IS .

SO, LIKE,
HOLD ON... HE
CAN'T, LIKE, MAKE
ME DO THINGS SO
LONG AS I DO THE
THINGS HE WANTS
ME TO DO?

BINGO.



SSSSSH!





WELL HOW
THE HELL DOES
THAT HELP
ME ANY?

I'LL STILL
HAVE TO DO ALL THE
HORRIBLE THINGS HE
MAKES ME DO...

IT DOESN'T,
NOT IMMEDIATELY.
BUT IF YOU DON'T LET
MY MAGIC DICTATE YOUR
ACTIONS, I WILL BE ABLE
TO STORE ENOUGH OF
IT TO BREAK FREE OF
HIS BINDING.

WHEN THAT DAY
COMES, I WILL PROVIDE
YOU THE SWEETEST
REVENGE YOU COULD
EVER IMAGINE.

YOU CAN LIVE
THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE FREE OF HIS
TORTURE, AND JUSTICE
WILL BE YOURS.

HOW
HELPFUL DO
YOU FIND
THAT?

HE IS *GRUNT* EXPECTING YOU TO HAVE ANOTHER EVENING ROMANCE IN A PUBLIC BATHROOM STALL... YES.

IS THAT WHY I'M WEARING THIS...? DO I STILL HAVE TO...?






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

WHAT HAPPENS IF I REFUSE?

THEN, AFTER A WHILE, THE POWER I USED TO FREE YOU AND MODIFY THE NECKLACE WILL BE CONSUMED.

EVERYTHING WILL GO BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE I FREED YOU. MADDENING CARNAL NEED AND ALL.

AND WE'LL LOSE OUR ONLY SHOT AT THIS.



I FIND IT
AMUSING THAT
THIS CONCERNS
YOU SO MUCH.

THE LITTLE
TWERP MIGHT NOT
BE ABLE TO READ INSIDE
YOUR HEAD, BUT I CAN. I
KNOW THAT THIS LIFE IS
NOT AS DIFFICULT AS
YOU FORCE YOURSELF
TO BELIEVE.

AND YOU'RE
NO STRANGER TO
SLEEPING WITH MEN,
EVEN IN BATHROOM
STALLS.

YOU HAD
NO ISSUE USING
YOUR FRIEND THE
OTHER DAY TO
GET OFF.



YOU
DON'T KNOW
ME, OKAY?

NO MATTER
WHAT YOU THINK
YOU'RE READING,
I'M NOT LIKE THAT.
I'M NOT.

I WASN'T
MYSELF. I
JUST NEEDED
TO FEEL...

FORGET
IT. YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT
I'VE BEEN PUT
THROUGH. THE
HUMILIATION,
THE PAIN...

YOUR KIND IS SO. FUCKING. STUPID. GET OVER YOUR PRIDE.

SO YOU'RE A HOT GIRL NOW. SO YOU ENJOY A GOOD COCK. WHO THE FUCK CARES? EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR MALE LIFE WAS A FUCKING LIE ANYWAY, AND YOU KNOW IT.

EVEN NOW YOU TRY TO HOLD ONTO THOSE LIES. SPARE ME.

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE

YOU EITHER DO IT WILLINGLY, AND WE BUILD TOWARD OUR REVENGE, OR YOU GO BACK TO GUSHING ON THE FLOOR, BEGGING FOR WHATEVER DICK YOU CAN GET.

AT LEAST YOU GET A CHOICE.

I DON'T... I'M NOT INTO...



SOME CHOICE...

YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT CHOICES? ABOUT SUFFERING?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO REGROW PIECES OF YOUR SOUL, ONLY TO HAVE THEM RIPPED FROM YOUR BODY, OVER AND OVER?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE I'M AT RIGHT NOW. A SLAVE WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE IS TO AMUSE SOME POWER-HUNGRY TWAT WAFFLE.

IMAGINE BEING IN MY POSITION AND HAVING TO RELY ON A SINGLE WHINY MORTAL IN YOURS.

I'D HAPPILY TRADE PLACES WITH YOU IN A HEART BEAT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK PRETTY, GET LAID, AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THIS ARRANGEMENT.

YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I WAS ABLE TO ENJOY A GOOD DICKING?

H-HOW LONG?

TOO FUCKING LONG! THAT'S HOW LONG! AND I WOULDN'T BE IN THIS POSITION IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS LAME-ASS VANDETTA HE HAS AGAINST YOU.

OKAY, YOU MADE YOUR POINT. I HAD NO IDEA...

SO IF YOU FUCK THIS UP, IF HE EVEN SO MUCH AS CATCHES WIND THAT HIS MAGIC ISN'T WORKING ON YOU, THAT'S IT. IT'S GAME OVER.



SO WHAT
WILL IT BE?
THE CLOCK IS
TICKING.

IF IT MEANS
THAT I CAN BE
FREE OF THIS
THEN... THEN
I'LL DO IT.

GOOD.

THIS IS
ALL SO MUCH
THOUGH... WHY
ME?

I ASK
MYSELF THE
SAME THING,
CHICA.

HOW WILL
I EVEN KNOW
WHEN HE'S TRYING
TO MAKE ME DO
SOMETHING?

YOU
WON'T.

UH...
WHAT?



UNTIL THIS IS OVER, UNTIL WE GET OUR REVENGE, YOU WILL HAVE TO ACT ON ANY DESIRE, ANY CRAVING, ANY IMPULSE THAT CROSSES YOUR MIND, NO MATTER WHAT IT IS.

BECAUSE, AS YOU'VE DISCOVERED, IT'S NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT YOU ACTUALLY WANT, AND WHAT THE MAGIC MAKES YOU DESIRE.

THERE CAN BE NO HESITATION OR YOU WILL RISK LOSING IT ALL.



I HAVE
TO DO ANY...
EVERYTHING?
EVERY SINGLE
LURGE?

ALL OF IT.
EVERYTHING.

ANY SUDDEN
DESIRE CAN BE AN
ARCANE DEAL IN
DISGUISE.

AND HE WILL
NOTICE EVEN
THE SLIGHTEST
DELAY.

CLAP

IT WON'T BE AS HARD AS YOU THINK, ONCE YOU FINALLY LET GO. EVEN WITHOUT THE CURSE, GETTING LAID IS STILL AT THE TOP OF YOUR MIND.

THIS OUTFIT WILL JUST HELP YOU SPREAD YOUR... WINGS.

GASP



BUT A LOT OF WHAT I DO WILL BE...

ACTING ON YOUR OWN DESIRES THAT YOU'RE NOT READY TO ADMIT TO... YEAH.

WHAT IF I DO SOMETHING... YOU KNOW... AND IT ISN'T HIM?

THEN YOU WILL FINALLY BE LIVING A TRUTH FOR ONCE.




TIME TO LET
GO OF THE BOY
EVERYONE WANTED
YOU TO BE.

LIFE WILL NEVER
BE THE SAME FOR YOU.
ALL I'M ASKING IS FOR
YOU TO FINALLY LIVE
THE WAY YOU TRULY
DESIRE.

DO THAT,
AND WHEN WE
FINALLY TAKE THIS
CLOWN DOWN, YOU
WILL BE MORE FREE
THAN YOU EVER WERE
BEFORE.

SIGH



THIS MAY BE
THE LAST TIME WE'LL
EVER BE ABLE TO
TALK LIKE THIS.

YOU CAN
NEVER LET ANYONE
KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW.
AND AS FAR AS YOU'RE
CONCERNED, WE'VE
ONLY MET IN
PASSING.

BUT KNOW THIS,
I AM NOT OFTEN ONE
FOR REMORSE, BUT I DO
FEEL SORROW FOR WHAT
I DID TO YOU AND
THAT ARTIE BOY.

BREAKING
THAT SORT OF
BOND IS LOW,
EVEN FOR
MY KIND.

SIGH
NOW I HAVE
TO GO WATCH THIS
ASSHOLE PRETEND
TO BE THE MAN
YOU PRETENDED
TO BE...



BYE, DAISY.
STOP DWELLING
SO MUCH ON YOUR
SITUATION. YOU MIGHT
JUST FIND WHAT YOU
WERE LOOKING FOR
BEHIND THE NEXT
DOOR.

*SLOW
INHALE*









HIKE!

FIRST AND TEN,
AS QUARTERBACK
HOWIE BURCH CALLS
FOR THE BALL.

I CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE HIM WATCH
ME, AS I ERASE HIS
ENTIRE FAMILY'S
LEGACY OUT HERE.
SNORT



AND IT APPEARS THE NEW QUARTERBACK FOR THE TIGERS IS MISSING SOME OF HIS PROTECTIVE GEAR, YET HE WAS STILL ALLOWED ON THE FIELD...

HOW IS THIS EVEN ALLOWED, FOLKS?



HOOF!

HUU!

CLACK

CLACK

HEU!

CLACK

CLACK

WELL, RON. IT APPEARS THAT THE QUARTERBACK TOLD THE OFFICIALS THAT THE EQUIPMENT WAS QUOTE "UNCOMFORTABLE AND UNNECESSARY."

THAT'S SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE.

HOWIE!

HOWIE!

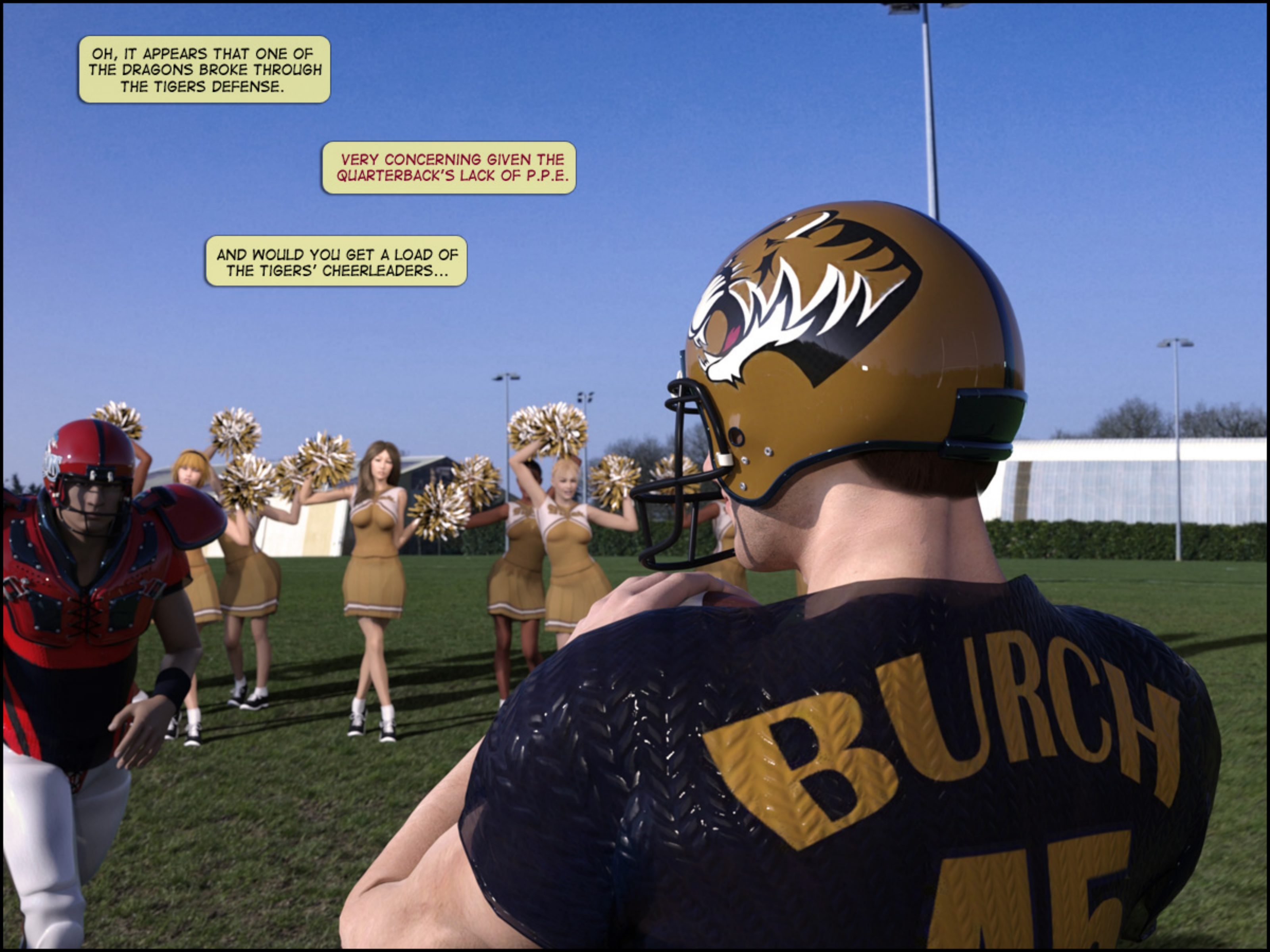
HOWIE!



OH, IT APPEARS THAT ONE OF THE DRAGONS BROKE THROUGH THE TIGERS DEFENSE.

VERY CONCERNING GIVEN THE QUARTERBACK'S LACK OF P.P.E.

AND WOULD YOU GET A LOAD OF THE TIGERS' CHEERLEADERS...



LET'S GO TIGERS!

GO HOWIE!
COME ON BABY!
YOU CAN DO IT!





LET'S GO
TIGERS...

♥ OH MY GOD!
HOWIE! PLEASE!
I WANT TO HAVE
YOUR BABIES! ♥

WHAT HAS GOTTEN
INTO THOSE GIRLS?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE QUARTERBACK
HOWIE BURCH IS LEFT WIDE
OPEN FOR A TACKLE.

I'M ANTICIPATING
QUITE A SETBACK HERE
FOR THE TIGERS.

HEH.
SNORT



HOLY SH**

WHAT!?

KOOOF

BURCH

45



EXCUSE MY LANGUAGE,
FOLKS, BUT THE QUARTERBACK
FOR THE TIGERS JUST SENT
THAT DRAGONS PLAYER FLYING
ACROSS THE FIELD!

HOW IS THAT
EVEN POSSIBLE?

WAAAAAAH,



AND NOW HE'S RUNNING
THE BALL DIRECTLY TOWARD
DOWN THE CENTER!

THAT'S A, UH, BOLD
MOVE, RON. LET'S SEE
HOW IT PLAYS OUT.



OH MY GOD!

HE JUST PLOWED THROUGH THEM LIKE HE WAS SOME SORT OF FREIGHT TRAIN!

FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE!

AAAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE FEEDING HIM OVER
AT TURNER COLLEGE...

BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN.
HOWIE BURCH WILL CERTAINLY
BECOME A HOUSEHOLD NAME.





MEANWHILE...

WHAT IF SHE'S
RIGHT? WHAT IF MY
WHOLE LIFE BEFORE THIS
WAS A BIG LIE?





BUT DID SHE HAVE TO LEAVE ME IN SUCH RIDICULOUS CLOTHES?
SIGH

NOT LIKE I COULDN'T GET LAID IN JEANS AND A T-SHIRT, OR A NICE DRESS...

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY THINKING ABOUT IT...

MAYBE BEING DAISY ISN'T ALL JUST MAGIC AND...

SLAM



YO, SKANK,
WHERE DID THAT
SLUCKER-PUNCHING
BITCH GET
OFF TO?

I'M
GONNA
WHOOPEE
HER
ASS!

UH... I
THINK SHE
WENT TO GO
WATCH THE
GAME.

GASP
OMIGOD! I
FORGOT YOU
WERE STILL
THERE!





FUCK! SHE
MADE ME LATE
TO THE GAME!

IF I GET
BENCHED, I'M
GONNA MURDER
THAT CLINT!







CREEEEK





OKAY...
SIGH OF RELIEF
IT LOOKS LIKE
EVERYONE IS DOWN
AT THE GAME...



AT LEAST
NOBODY WILL SEE
ME LIKE THIS, BUT HOW
AM I SUPPOSED TO FIND
SOMEONE TO HAVE
SEX WITH NOW?

I CAN'T GO
BACK TO THE WAY
THINGS WERE, NO
MATTER HOW...




SIGH
WHY DO I EVEN
BOTHR LYING
TO MYSELF
ANYMORE?

THAT GIRL WAS
RIGHT. I'M STILL
SUPER HORNY AND
I REALLY DO NEED
A GOOD...



DAISY?
WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING?





FUCK...!

To Be continued...