

After a hasty escape home.

Why do I keep doing this?





Am I
just obsessed
with sex?



If that's
the case...




...it should be possible for me to get me off myself, right?



Gosh, this is so different from the female sensation.


SHAMPOO

A close-up photograph of a person's bare torso and arm. The person is holding a pink ice cream cone with their right hand. The background is a shower stall with grey stone-patterned walls and a black drain grate on the floor. A speech bubble is positioned above the person's chest.


So much more concentrated.



But why
can't I get off?

A person with dark hair tied in a ponytail is shown from the back, looking into a full-length mirror. The mirror reflects the person's back and a room with a tiled wall, a small table with a yellow toy and a purple ball, and a white surface. A thought bubble originates from the person's head.

Fuck, I need
a release.

A close-up shot of a person's hand reaching towards a glowing purple orb on a dark grey table. The orb has a complex, fractal-like pattern of light and dark purple. To the right of the orb is a yellow stuffed rabbit with large eyes and a pink bow on its chest. The person's hand is positioned as if about to touch the orb. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

I need to borrow one.

Surely,
it'll not be a big
deal, right?



Still, I'm kinda sorry I need to do this.



Please
forgive me,
Tomoko.






Gleb



What's
this now?

"This is my favorite toy. Have fun enjoying me with it."





Oh, god.
Tomoko knows I'm
doing this to her.

And has...
no way.

I can't
be using that,
right?





If she knew,
why would she put
this here?

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Why is it so big?



And why is this
body getting all flustered
looking at it?

TO BE CONTINUED...