



JESUS,  
KIM.

THE  
ACTING IN  
THAT FUCKING  
PORN WAS  
TERRIBLE.

IT'S NOT  
PORN...







MY THOUGHTS?

WILL YOU FORGET ABOUT THE PENIS AND TELL ME YOUR THOUGHTS?

THAT "COMMERCIAL" HAS FULL PENETRATION.

...IT'S A COMMERCIAL FOR THE GUY WHO WORKED ON JULIE.





THE GUY'S A TOTAL SCAM ARTIST.

WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

LITERALLY **EVERYTHING** MAKES ME WANT TO SAY THAT.

BUT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO MENTIONED HOW GOOD JULIE LOOKED.

JESUS, KIM...





IS THIS ALL ABOUT ME SAYING JULIE'S LOOKING BETTER?

NOT EVERYTHING IS ABOUT YOU, GENE.

THIS IS ABOUT ME WANTING TO GET A JOB AND FEELING COMFORTABLE-

ON MY DIME, SO IT'S VERY MUCH ABOUT ME.

I...  
\*SIGH\*

FAST	TRUE	FRIG	COOKBOOK
PREHEAT	CONV	PROG	12345
BAKE	CONV	WARM	MICROWAVE
ROAST	CONV	PROOF	PAUSE
WARM	CONV	DEHYDRATE	DEFROST

Cloud Small Recipe/Picture Appliances    Cloud Vegetables    Cloud Frozen Foods

12:45 AM





I WANT A JOB, SO EVERYTHING **DOESN'T** HAVE TO BE PROVIDED BY YOU.

BUT I MAKE ENOUGH TO COVER US TENFOLD, SO WHY-

BECAUSE I NEED TO DO **SOMETHING** WITH MY LIFE.

I CAN'T JUST SAY INSIDE ALL DAY AND-

YOU WANT ME TO PAY FOR BIGGER TITS SO YOU CAN HAVE AN **AFFAIR?**





YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

I'D NEVER CHEAT ON YOU.

BUT YOU WANT THE BIGGER TITS FOR ATTENTION, RIGHT?

I ONLY WANT THEM FOR MY SAKE. I SWEAR.

WELL, IF THEY'RE REALLY JUST FOR YOU, THEN I SUGGEST YOU PAY FOR THEM.





BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY.

THEN I GUESS NO TITS FOR YOU.

GENE.

WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS WHEN I RETURN FROM NEW YORK.

BUT-

MAYBE YOU'LL SEE THIS FOR THE SCAM IT IS BY THEN.





I ASSURE  
YOU THIS IS NO  
SCAM, MRS.  
DREXLER.

YOUR  
HUSBAND  
IS-

OH,  
GENE'S NOT  
MY HUSBAND.  
IT'S MS.  
DREXLER.

FROM THE  
WAY YOU WERE  
TALKING ABOUT  
HIM, I JUST  
ASSUMED-





WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR OVER TEN YEARS, BUT... NOTHING OFFICIAL.

AND YOU WANT MORE, AM I RIGHT?

I JUST WANT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE MY OWN CHOICES, WHICH IS WHY I WANT A JOB.

THE BOOB JOB?





I MEANT  
EMPLOYMENT.

I THOUGHT  
BEING SOMEONE'S  
LIVE-IN GIRLFRIEND  
WOULD BE EXCITING  
AND FULL OF  
LEISURE...

BUT THAT  
WEARS THIN,  
DOESN'T IT? YOU  
NEED TO BE  
**CHALLENGED.**

EXACTLY.

BUT I DON'T  
HAVE ANY JOB  
EXPERIENCE, AND ALL  
THE ENTRY-LEVEL  
POSITIONS SEEM TO  
GO TO-





WOMEN WITH LARGER BREASTS THAN YOU HAVE?

THAT'S GENEROUS, AS EVERY WOMAN SEEMS TO HAVE BIGGER BREASTS THAN I DO.





WHICH IS WHY YOU MADE THE RIGHT CALL TODAY, MS. DREXLER.

JACK CROSS IS THE DOCTOR WHO CAN GIVE YOU THE RACK OF YOUR DREAMS.

BUT... YOU NEED TO KNOW I...

I DON'T HAVE ANY WAY TO PAY FOR IT.

DO YOU HAVE ANY FINANCING OR-



WOW,  
THAT'S...  
PRECISELY  
WHAT HE  
SAID.

WHICH  
MEANS HE  
ALSO WANTS YOU  
TO STAY HOME  
AND **NOT** GET A  
JOB?

YEAH.

HEH, HIS  
OWN LITTLE  
**PET.**

THE  
BOYFRIEND  
REFUSES TO PAY  
BECAUSE HE  
THINKS YOU'LL  
HAVE AN  
AFFAIR?

LET ME  
GUESS...





MARLEY!  
MARLEY!!!

CAN YOU  
JOIN MS.  
DREXLER AND  
ME?

GOD,  
WHAT!?

I'M  
BUSY,  
BOSS.

MARLEY?

UGH,  
FINE.







DOES SHE HAVE THE FINANCING INFO-

MARLEY'S A SPECIAL KIND OF INTERN, MS. DREXLER.

AND SHE'S LOOKING TO MOVE ON, LEAVING HER POSITION AVAILABLE.

HER POSITION?



WHY DO YOU SEEM SO SURPRISED?

YOU'RE OFFERING ME A JOB? AS YOUR SECRETARY?

I JUST... SHE'S, UM, VERY...

WHAT?

SHE HAS A VERY PARTICULAR... LOOK.





A PARTICULAR  
LOOK?

THE *FUCK* IS  
THAT SUPPOSED  
TO MEAN,  
LADY?

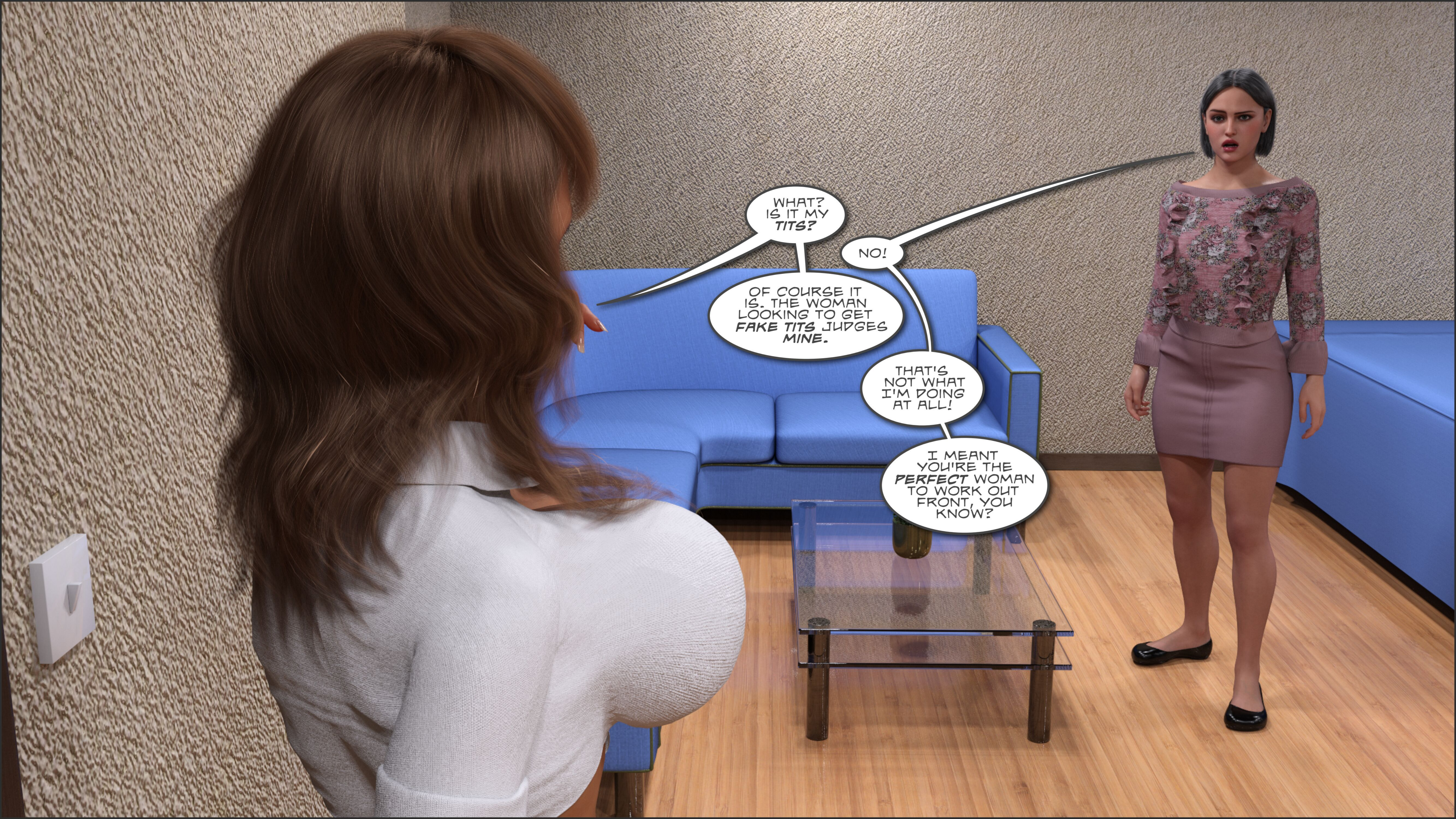
MARLEY.

WHAT?  
THIS *BITCH*  
IS JUDGING  
ME.

NO, NO,  
NO, NO, I'M  
REALLY  
NOT!







WHAT?  
IS IT MY  
**TITS?**

NO!

OF COURSE IT  
IS. THE WOMAN  
LOOKING TO GET  
**FAKE TITS** JUDGES  
MINE.

THAT'S  
NOT WHAT  
I'M DOING  
AT ALL!

I MEANT  
YOU'RE THE  
**PERFECT** WOMAN  
TO WORK OUT  
FRONT, YOU  
KNOW?



OH, ISN'T THAT SWEET.

SORRY FOR BUSTIN' YOUR BALLS, HON.

YOU'LL NEED TO DEAL WITH **COMBATIVE** WOMEN IF YOU TAKE MY JOB.

TAKE YOUR JOB? I... I CAN'T DO THAT.

WHY'S NOT?

UM...



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TAKE YOUR JOB? I... I CAN'T DO THAT.

WHY'S NOT?

UM...







I THINK SHE'S REFERRING TO YOUR **GENEROUS** SHAPE, HARLEY.

WAIT, SHE DOESN'T KNOW YET?

NOT YET.





OH, HONEY...

DOCTOR JACK CAN HAVE YOU LOOKING JUST LIKE ME IN NO TIME.

WHAT?

THAT WOULD TAKE YEARS OF PLASTIC SURGERY.

WHAT IF IT DIDN'T?



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS I LOOKED A LOT LIKE YOU TWO YEARS AGO...

...UNTIL DOCTOR JACK GAVE ME THIS INCREDIBLE BODY.

YOU... LOOKED LIKE ME?

AND NOW YOU *CAN* LOOK LIKE ME.





THAT I AM...

HEH, WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS.

OF COURSE THEY DO, HARLEY.

MOST WOMEN DON'T WANT TITS AS IMPRESSIVE AS I DO.

WELL, MAYBE NOT EXACTLY LIKE ME.





...AND  
THANKS FOR  
COMING IN.

DID I  
HELP?

MOST  
CERTAINLY.

SHOULD  
I TELL HER  
BEFORE I  
GO?

THAT'S  
UP TO  
YOU.





TELL ME  
WHAT?

I WON'T RUIN  
THE SURPRISE,  
BUT I WILL SAY  
EVERY WORD THE  
GOOD DOCTOR IS  
ABOUT TO SAY IS  
*TRUE.*

DOCTOR  
JACK HELPED  
ME MORE THAN  
ANY OTHER MAN  
EVER HAS...

...AND HE'LL  
DO THE SAME  
FOR YOU IF YOU  
LET HIM.

HOW?

BELIEVE ME  
WHEN I SAY  
BELIEVE HIM,  
'KAY? TOODLES,  
HON.

TO BE CONTINUED...