



COMPLIMENTS
FOR YOUR
LOYALTY, DEAR.

THERE'S
WAY TOO LITTLE
OF THAT THESE
DAYS.

YOUR
BOYFRIEND CAN
CONSIDER
HIMSELF VERY
LUCKY.

SPEAKING
OF BOYS...

SOME GET
EASILY
DISTRACTED,
LOOKS LIKE.



LET'S SAY
HELLO.



GASP!!!



MOSTLY.
AS IT TURNS OUT, I
COULD USE SOME NOW.
YOU'RE GAME?

OH GOD, SANYA.
IS THAT HOW YOU
FEEL ALL THE TIME
DURING SEX?



SURE, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
YOUR FRIEND?

THAT'S KELLY.
SHE'LL JUST
WATCH.

H... HI.

DON'T
WORRY, SHE
KNOWS. SO YOU
DON'T HAVE TO HIDE
OUR LITTLE
SECRET.



THIS IS WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, I PRESUME.

OKAY, THEN. TIME TO DROP THE ENCHANTMENT.



DANG.
SANYA
WASTES NO
TIME.



LOOK
AT HER GOING
HAM ON THAT
THING.



MAKES
ME WONDER IF
IT FEELS SO
DIFFERENT.

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in a high ponytail with a side braid, purple eyes, and dark purple lipstick is sitting in a white chair. She is wearing a black strapless top. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.

HAVING A
LITERAL ORGAN
MADE TO TAKE A
COCK.



BOUNCING UP
AND DOWN ON IT.
MUST BE GREAT.



OH, GOD.
WHAT AM I
THINKING
THERE?



I CAN'T
FANTASIZE
ABOUT HAVING
A PUSSY.

I CAN'T
EXPECT PETE TO
BE WILLING TO TRY
THIS, EVEN IF I HAVE
ONE NOW.



SHIT.
WOULD PETE
EVEN WANT TO BE
INTIMATE WITH ME
LIKE THIS?

CAN I
EVEN BE
WITH HIM
STILL?



WOULD...
WOULD HE
EVEN WANT
ME?

I... NO...
WHAT IS
HAPPENING?



KELLY?
DEAR?



SOB





OKAY,
THAT'S
ENOUGH FOR
NOW. THANKS,
STEVE.

BUT, SANYA?
I'M SO CLOSE.

SORRY, STEVE,
YOU NEED TO
FINISH ON YOUR
OWN.

I HAVE TO
TALK TO MY
FRIEND. CAN YOU
GIVE US A
MOMENT?

FINE.



KELLY?
YOU OKAY?

I'M... I...
I DON'T
KNOW...



I'LL HELP YOU
FIGURE THINGS OUT.
I PROMISE.

WE'LL
GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF
THIS.

TO BE CONTINUED