

DAYS LATER









YOU LOOK SO GOOD, LOVE.



STOP CALLING ME THAT!



YOU KNOW, MEGAN...




I DON'T GET IT... WHY YOU DON'T JUST
STAY LIKE THIS. YOU'RE STUNNING...

AND HONESTLY...
YOU SEEM COMFORTABLE.



I CAN'T.

I'VE LIVED MY WHOLE LIFE AS A MAN.
IT'S NOT AS EASY AS JUST... DECIDING
TO BE SOMEONE ELSE.



WHAT DO YOU CARE ANYWAY?



BECAUSE YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL.
I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE...



...AND I'VE ACCEPTED YOU FOR IT.

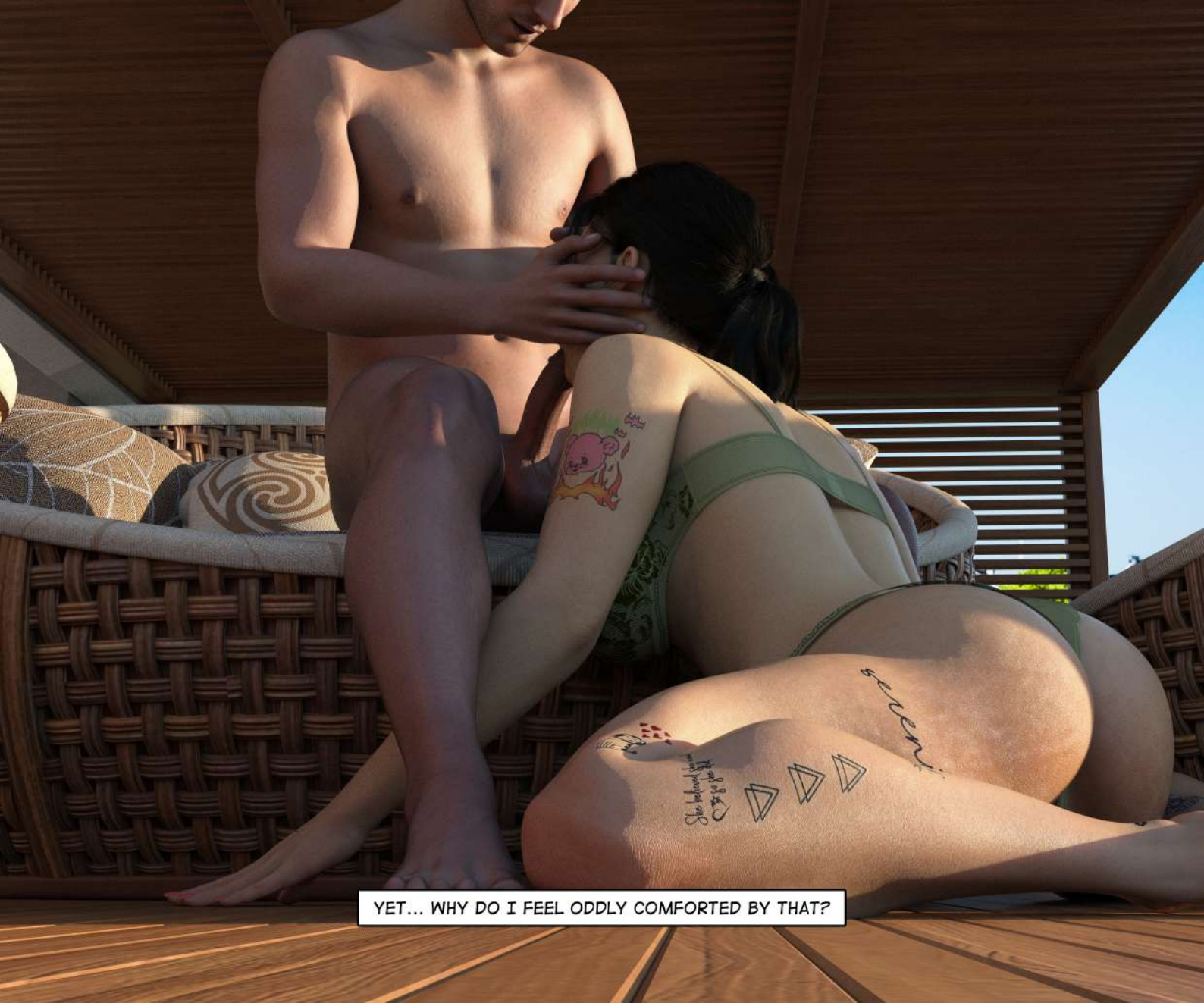
THAT'S MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE MIGHT DO.



GRATEFUL? COMING FROM... ***THIS*** PRICK?



THIS PRICK HAS THE AUDACITY TO CALL ME INGRATEFUL?



YET... WHY DO I FEEL ODDLY COMFORTED BY THAT?



ANGRY, SURE- BUT THERE'S THIS... WEIRD RELIEF.
LIKE I FEEL LESS ALONE AROUND HIM.



HE'S ARROGANT, MANIPULATIVE...
I SHOULD HATE THIS MAN.

I HATE THAT HE KNOWS.
I HATE THAT HE CONTROLS ME. BUT... *DAMN!*

IT'S INFURIATING.



HOW DOES EVERYTHING NOW FEEL
BOTH TERRIFYING AND... KIND OF NICE?

UGH, WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?

SPEAKING OF WHICH, MEGAN...






TOMORROW, MILA AND I ARE HEADING OUT ON A WEEK-LONG TRIP. SHOULD BE FUN.

A close-up photograph of a man and a woman on a wooden deck. The man, who is shirtless and has a beard, is leaning over the woman and kissing her on the neck. The woman has dark hair and is wearing a light green bikini top. She has her eyes closed and a serene expression. The man's hand is resting on the woman's head. The background consists of horizontal wooden planks. A speech bubble is positioned at the top of the image.

AND I THINK A FANCY CAR WOULD MAKE
THE TRIP EVEN BETTER. DON'T YOU THINK?



LET'S SWITCH CARS.
MY OLD CLUNKER FOR YOUR BEAUTY.
FAIR TRADE, RIGHT?

*** BLARGH! ***



"I choose what makes me different"

paradise





YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

I'M DEAD SERIOUS.

THE NEXT DAY



OH, LOOK AT YOU TWO, IT'S SO NICE TO SEE
YOU AND BEN GETTING ALONG SO WELL!





OF COURSE WE ARE...
WE HAVE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF QUALITY
TIME TOGETHER, HAVEN'T WE, BUDDY?

UH, Y-YEAH...



BEN AND I... WE'RE,
UH, HAVING A GREAT TIME.




OH, I'VE NOTICED-

ALSO, HONEY... MORGAN WAS GENEROUS
ENOUGH TO SELL ME HIS LOVELY CAR.

I GAVE HIM MY CAR AND A LITTLE
EXTRA CASH. IT'S A WIN-WIN, RIGHT?

WOW. I MEAN, REALLY?
THAT'S... GENEROUS OF YOU. BUT STILL...
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D LET GO OF IT.

A man in a dark green jacket and a woman in a grey t-shirt stand next to a dark-colored car. The woman is gesturing towards the car's wheel. A speech bubble above her contains text expressing her boredom with the car and her intention to buy a new one.

AH, W-WELL, THIS CAR'S OLD, YOU KNOW.
PLUS, UM... I'M KIND OF BORED WITH IT. MAYBE
I'LL JUST... B-BUY ANOTHER ONE.



SEE? A REAL CLASS ACT.

GOOD GIRL~

A man in a grey t-shirt and black pants stands on a paved street, looking towards a dark-colored sports car. The car has a prominent red light bar across its rear. In the background, there are brick houses and greenery. A speech bubble above the man contains the text '* VRROOM! VRROOM! *'.

** VRROOM! VRROOM! **



THIS BASTARD!

HE HAS MY CAR. MY PRIDE.
AND SOMEHOW, HE ALSO HAS... ME.

I'LL MAKE SURE YOU REGRET
EVERY SECOND OF THIS.