




KaraComet Presents

The Diaries of Alex Passion

Chapter 2 : Rest & Recovery




I WAS AN ABSOLUTE MESS BY THE TIME BREAKFAST WAS DONE, AS I STRUGGLED TO PROCESS MY NEW FEELINGS...

ODDLY ENOUGH, IT WAS SOMEHOW DIFFICULT TO TAKE THAT FIRST BITE, DESPITE MY STOMACH...

BUT ONCE I STARTED TO EAT, IT BECAME EASY TO FORGET WHY I WAS SO UPSET...

EVERYTHING WAS SO DELICIOUS, AND I FOUND MYSELF DISTRACTED BY ALL OF THE FLAVORS...



LIKE THE NIGHT BEFORE, I COULDN'T STOP
EATING UNTIL I WAS WELL BEYOND FULL...

WHILE I MOMENTARILY BECAME OBSESSED
WITH JUST HOW YUMMY EVERYTHING WAS!

AND NOW I WAS SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING ELSE TO DO WHILE I LET MY GLUTTONOUS STOMACH SETTLE...

AFTER TAKING A FEW MINUTES TO RELUCTANTLY FIX MY MASCARA IN A DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM...

GUUUUUUUHHH...

I FELT SICK AND BLOATED, AS I WANDERED THROUGH ANY DOORS THAT WOULD OPEN...

YET, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I'D BEEN AWAKE, I COULD FEEL AN ODD SENSE OF SATISFACTION...

IT WASN'T MUCH COMPARED TO THE DISCOMFORT
FROM THE BLOATING AND GENERAL SORENESS...

BUT I WASN'T HUNGRY ANYMORE, AND
THAT FELT, LIKE, SO FREAKIN' GOOD...

BMMPH!

CLOCK

CLOCK

CLOCK

CLOCK



NOW, ALL I HAD TO WORRY ABOUT
WAS NOT THROWING IT BACK UP...

WHICH WAS PROVING TO BE QUITE
THE CHALLENGE AT THE MOMENT...

BURKH

I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE
EATEN SO MANY PANCAKES...


BUT THEY WERE SO YUMMY...



"I COULD DEFINITELY GO FOR THOSE AGAIN," I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, WONDERING WHY I FELT SO CHEERFUL WITH EVERYTHING ON MY MIND...

THE EUPHORIA FROM MY SATISFIED STOMACH LIKELY HELPED SUPPRESS SOME OF MY DARKER THOUGHTS...

BUT I COULD FEEL THEM TRYING TO CLAW THEIR WAY OUT...

A woman with long red hair, seen from behind, stands in a room with large, arched windows. She is wearing a short, light green dress with a floral pattern and a bright yellow belt. Her right hand is raised to her forehead. The room is dimly lit, with a black chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The windows show a dark, rainy night outside. The walls are a light, warm color with decorative paneling.

I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I HAD ANOTHER MOMENT OF EMOTIONAL WEAKNESS...

I COULDN'T LET IT CONSUME ME AGAIN...

I NEEDED TO STAY STRONG IF I EVER HOPED
TO HOLD ONTO WHATEVER WAS LEFT OF ME...

I HAVE TO
STOP CRYING
LIKE A LITTLE
BABY...

THERE
HAS TO BE A
WAY OUT OF
HERE...

SIGH

BUT
HOW...?



THERE
AREN'T, LIKE,
ANY REAL PEOPLE
HERE, JUST ME
AND THEM...

THAT
HOPE THING
WON'T HELP
ME...

SIGH

SO,
THERE GOES
MY ONE
IDEA...

THIS
SUCKS, LIKE,
SO FREAKIN'
MUCH...

AT LEAST THEY, LIKE, FEED
ME GOOD FOOD, I GUESS...

HUH...?
NOW, WHERE
THE HECK DID THAT
THOUGHT COME
FROM...?

I CAN'T
GO THINKING
STUFF LIKE
THAT!

NOT
AFTER WHAT
THEY DID TO
ME...

EVEN IF
I DID...

**STAY
FOCUSED,
LEXI!**



THERE HAS TO BE SOME...

OH? ANOTHER ROOM...?

WITH THE DOORS OPEN FOR ME...?

WONDER
WHAT THIS
ONE IS...

CLOCK
CLOCK
CLOCK
CLOCK



HMM...



THIS
MUST BE
THEIR LIVING
ROOM...

WHY'S
IT ALL THE
WAY OVER
HERE?

WHEN I WAS WORKING FOR THE HARGROVES, I WAS NEVER REALLY INVITED IN BEYOND THE ENTRANCE...

I STILL WONDERED HOW THEY MANAGED TO GET THIS PLACE; I SERIOUSLY DOUBTED THEY DID IT FOR ME...

AND UNLESS MISS SOFIA WAS LYING, WHICH IS POSSIBLE, THE HARGROVES WERE STILL FREE...

ONE MORE MYSTERY TO ADD TO THE LIST...

Click!



A woman with red hair in a ponytail, wearing a green floral dress, stands in a living room. She is looking towards a light blue sofa. The room features a bookshelf, a potted plant, and a doorway leading to a staircase. A speech bubble is positioned above her.

WELL,
THIS ISN'T
WHAT I HAD
IN MIND...

THIS
LOOKS, LIKE,
NORMAL...

I WAS
EXPECTING
SOMETHING
MORE...

I DON'T
KNOW...

EVIL BAD
GUY'S LAIR,
OR BIG OPEN
SPACE...?

HUH...

IT'S
ACTUALLY,
LIKE, KINDA
NICE...

A woman with short red hair, seen from behind, is wearing a green, ruffled, sleeveless dress. She is standing in a room with a large wooden bookshelf filled with books. To her right is a light blue sofa with a white and a pink pillow. A green frog plushie sits on the sofa. On the wall to the right is a poster for 'The Girl in the GLOBE' featuring a snow globe. Three speech bubbles are positioned in front of the bookshelf, and another speech bubble is next to the frog.

AND
SO MANY
BOOKS...

MAYBE
I CAN FIND
SOMETHING
USEFUL...

LIKE
AN OLD MAP
OF THIS PLACE
OR SOME-
THING.

SIGH

I HOPE
I CAN STILL
READ GOOD
ENOUGH...

A woman with red hair, seen from behind, is sitting on a white tufted sofa. She is wearing a green, ruffled, spaghetti-strap dress. The room has a large bookshelf filled with books in the background. A black remote control is on the sofa to her left. Two speech bubbles are visible: one above her head and one to her right.

THERE'S
ALSO A TV
HERE...

I WAS
NEVER REALLY
THE TYPE TO, LIKE,
JUST SIT AROUND
AND WATCH
STUFF...

HMM...



SIGH

BUT
THERE'S
NOT REALLY
MUCH ELSE
TO DO...

I CAN
CHECK OUT
THOSE BOOKS
LATER.



THESE GUYS ARE LOADED. THEY MIGHT HAVE A GOOD SPORTS PACKAGE...

BUT, FIRST, I SHOULD, LIKE, FIGURE OUT WHAT DAY IT EVEN IS...


AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON THE NEWS ABOUT ME...

LAST TIME
ON ELIGIBLE
BACHELOR...



UGH!

WHAT
THE HECK IS
THIS...?



MARIA! YOU SAID YOUR HUSBAND WAS DEAD...!

DRAMATIC FANFARE...

HE WAS DEAD TO ME, GERALD! THAT'S WHY I HAD SEX WITH YOU ALL OF THOSE TIMES!

HMM...

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE NEXT CHANNEL.



HOW CAN
PEOPLE EVEN
WATCH THOSE
THINGS...?

THEY'RE
SO FRICKIN'
DUMB...



ONE SWIPE,
AND THEY'RE
STARING...

COLOR THIS
BOLD DOESN'T
WHISPER...

IT
SPEAKS.



GLAMOURESSENCE,
IT'S LIKE A DREAM.

YEAH
RIGHT...

MORE
LIKE A GREASY
TURTLE NECK
FOR YOUR
LIPS.





OH, MY DEAR JOHNATHAN!

KISS ME, MY FAIR MAIDEN!

WOW, THE STUFF ON TV KINDA SLUCKS...

THAT GUY'S KINDA RIPPED, THOUGH...

KSSSH!



FINALLY,
A SPORTS
CHANNEL!

AND WELCOME BACK TO
THE OILED N' SPOILED
SCULPT-A-PALOOZA...!

WHERE THE WORLD'S HOTTEST
BODY BUILDERS COMPETE FOR
THE TITLE OF SEXIEST BOD...!

WAIT,
WHAT THE
HECK IS THIS
CRAP...?

THAT'S
NOT A FRICKIN'
SPORT...!

IT'S
JUST A BUNCH
OF JACKED GUYS
FLEXING IN THEIR
UNDERWEAR!

KSSSH!

WHO WANTS TO WATCH SOME
BIG MUSCLY MEN, FLEXING...?

TCH!

THOUGH, IT COULD BE AN EASY WAY
TO LEARN SOME NAMES FOR PAPA...

I GUESS I COULD GO BACK IF I
CAN'T FIND SOMETHING ELSE...

I MEAN,
I S'POSE IT'S
SORT'A LIKE
SPORTS...

CAN'T
BE WORSE
THAN WHAT-
EVER THIS
IS...

'NINETEEN AND PREGNANT' WILL RETURN
AFTER A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS...

ARE YOU TIRED OF THIS
HAPPENING TO YOU...?

OH NO, I'M STUCK IN THE DRYER AND
MY STEP BRO ISN'T AROUND TO HELP!

KSSSH!

SHAMPOO FOR HER...

KSSSH!

CONGRATULATIONS, IT'S A BABY GIRL...!

HOW HARD IS IT TO FIND THE NEWS...!?

KSSSH!

THIS IS THE PERFECT WEDDING DRESS...!

I THOUGHT THAT CRAP WAS ON ALL THE TIME THESE DAYS...

KSSSH!

AND NOW THE TOP STORY...

FINALLY!

IN THE WORLD OF FASHION...!

UGH!

KSSSH!



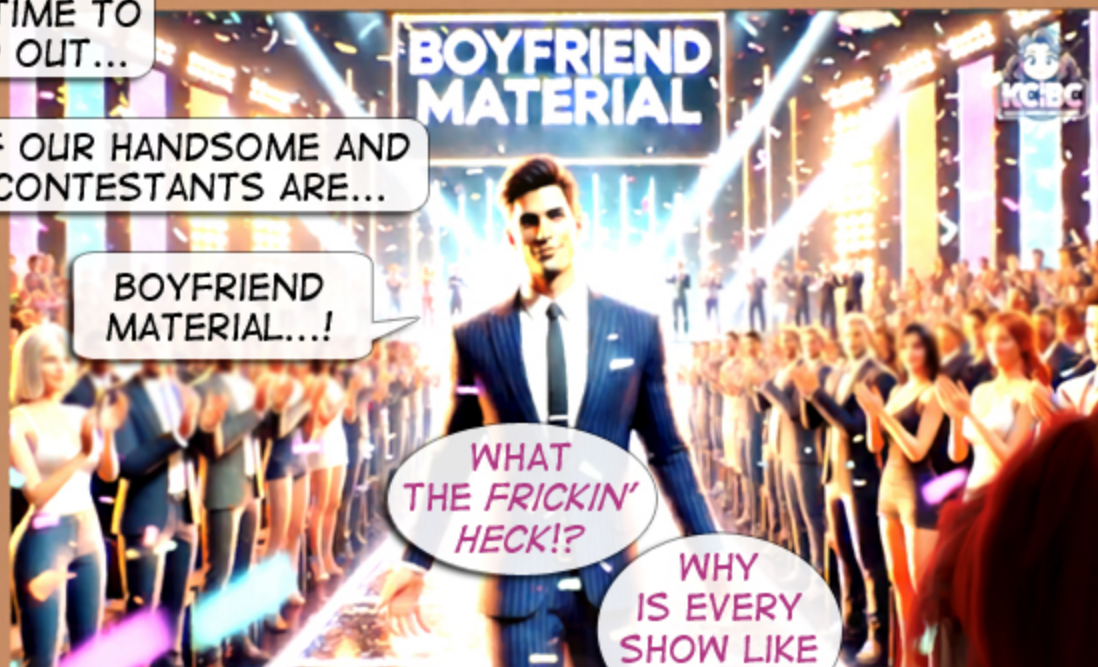
IT'S TIME TO
FIND OUT...

WHICH OF OUR HANDSOME AND
MANLY CONTESTANTS ARE...

BOYFRIEND
MATERIAL...!

WHAT
THE *FRICKIN'*
HECK!?

WHY
IS EVERY
SHOW LIKE
THIS...?





WELL,
FORGET
THIS...

THAT
WAS A BIG
WASTE OF
TIME...

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
MANY CHANNELS
THIS THING
HAS...

BUT I
THINK I'M
OVER IT FOR
NOW.





THERE'S,
LIKE, PROLLY
BETTER THINGS
I CAN BE DOING
ANYWAY...

NOW
THAT MY FOOD
HAS FINALLY
SETTLED...



GLOBE



Kenner's Palace

SO,
WHAT'S ALL
THIS OVER
HERE...?

HMM...

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, THIS
PLACE IS A BIT
CREEPY...

WHAT'S
WITH ALL
THESE BIG
TOYS...?

IT FEELS
LIKE I'M IN
A GIANT DOLL
HOUSE...





WELL
THOSE TWO
ARE *FREAKIN'*
CRAZY...

SO, WHY
WOULDN'T THEIR
LIVING ROOM BE
FULL OF GIANT
PLUSHIES?

GOD, I
HATE THIS
PLACE...



A woman with red hair in a ponytail, wearing a green floral dress and black high heels, is walking away from the camera in a living room. To her left is a large wooden coffee table and a bookshelf filled with books. On the wall behind her is a poster for 'The Girl in the GLOBE' featuring a snow globe. To her right is a light blue sofa, a potted plant, and a poster for 'Love's on Fire' featuring a muscular man. A large pink teddy bear is partially visible on the right edge of the frame.

WELL,
THERE'S, LIKE,
NOTHING OVER
HERE...

GUESS I
SHOULD SEE
IF I CAN STILL
READ AN ACTUAL
BOOK...



HMM...

I DON'T
RECOGNIZE
MOST OF THESE
TITLES...

LET'S
SEE... DOES
THIS ONE LOOK
FAMILIAR...?





A SMILE
is a Woman's
POWER
Wearing Hearts
Through Charm
Evelyn Evans

I'M NOT
SURE...



A SMILE IS A WOMAN'S POWER...?

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SOMETHING I'D HAVE READ...

BUT THE COVER DOES LOOK SORT'A FAMILIAR...

HMM...

THE JOYS OF DE...

HUH...

OKAY, THIS ONE LOOKS PRETTY TRICKY...

SIGH

DEE-VOE-TEE-LIN...?

DA-VOTION... IS THAT THE WORD...?

YEAH, IT MEANS... UH...

I KNOW THIS WORD. COME ON, IT'S AN EASY ONE, ISN'T IT...?

True joy is found in selfless service, in dedicating oneself fully to the happiness of others.

The Joy of Devotion is a heartfelt guide for the modern woman looking to embrace her natural role as a nurturer, supporter, and loving partner. From the art of anticipating your husband's needs to fostering a home of warmth and tranquility, this book will teach you to serve and devotion. Because you are so adored - it's



GREAT!
I'M OFF TO A
FREAKIN' GREAT
START...!

UNLESS
THEY HAVE A
FEW PICTURE
BOOKS, IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M PRETTY
LIMITED...

MY ONLY
HOPE IS THAT
I CAN RE-TEACH
MYSELF SOME OF
THE STUFF I
LOST...

I JUST
HAVE TO FIND
SOMETHING A
LITTLE BETTER
TO START
WITH...





NOPE.
JUST MORE
HOUSEWIFE
STUFF...

MISS
SOFIA MUST'VE
PICKED THIS CRAP
UP TO LEARN HOW
TO BE A GIRL OR
SOMETHING...

I HATE
THAT I HAVE
TO CALL HER
THAT...

LIGHT

A Home in Your Hands
Dorothy Aldridge
The Delicate Art of Keeping Friends



THE
FEM-EH-
NINE MISTY-
CUE...?

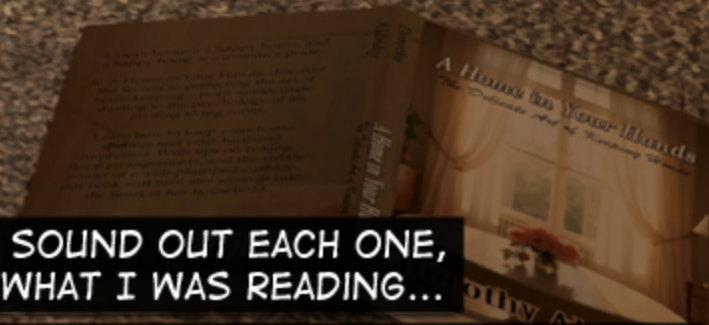
I KNOW
I KNOW THESE
STUPID WORDS,
THEY'RE JUST A
LOT HARDER TO
READ...

FEMMY...
WOW... THIS,
LIKE, REALLY
SUCKS...



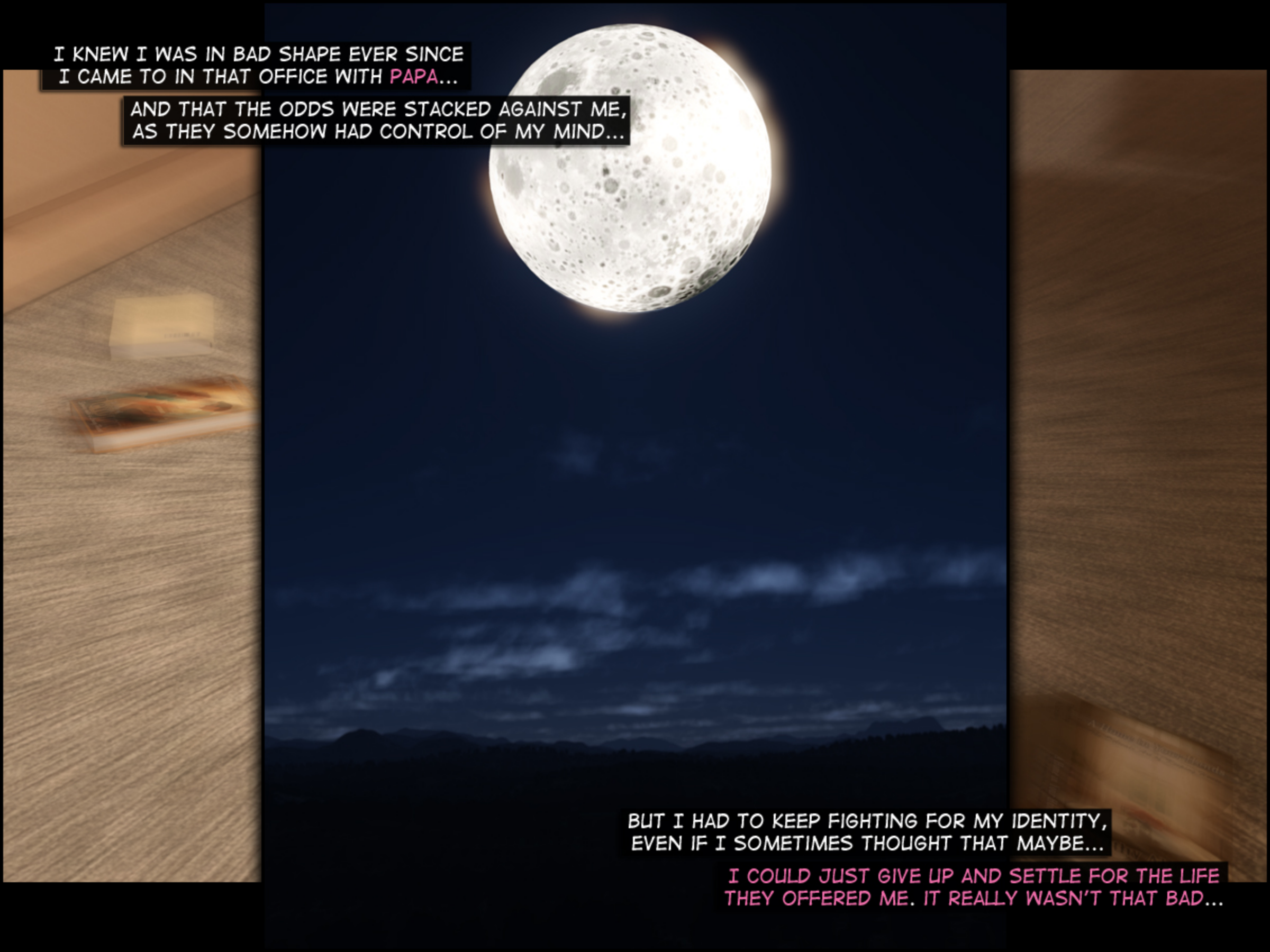
I FELT THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN IDIOCY
GROW WITH EACH NEW BOOK I CHOSE...

UNABLE TO RECOGNIZE TOO MANY OF THE WORDS UP
FRONT, EVEN THOUGH I WAS CERTAIN I KNEW THEM...



IT TOOK MINUTES AFTER ATTEMPTING TO SOUND OUT EACH ONE,
BEFORE I COULD VAGUELY COMPREHEND WHAT I WAS READING...

EVEN THEN, I STILL FELT SO LIMITED IN WHAT I COULD
ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND, THAT I SIMPLY JUST GAVE UP...



I KNEW I WAS IN BAD SHAPE EVER SINCE
I CAME TO IN THAT OFFICE WITH PAPA...

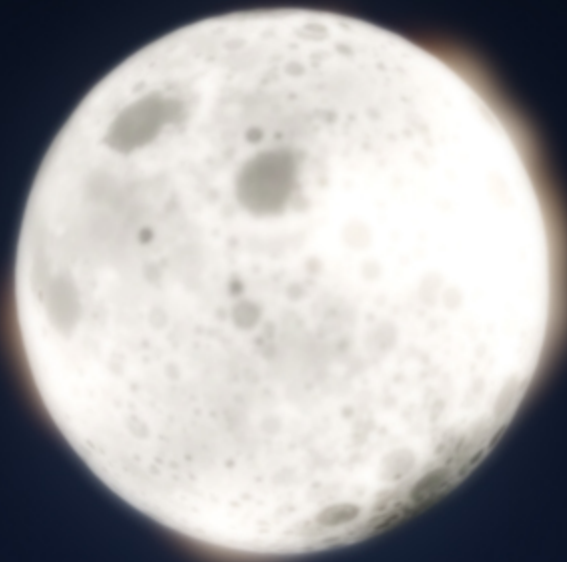
AND THAT THE ODDS WERE STACKED AGAINST ME,
AS THEY SOMEHOW HAD CONTROL OF MY MIND...

BUT I HAD TO KEEP FIGHTING FOR MY IDENTITY,
EVEN IF I SOMETIMES THOUGHT THAT MAYBE...

I COULD JUST GIVE UP AND SETTLE FOR THE LIFE
THEY OFFERED ME. IT REALLY WASN'T THAT BAD...

WASN'T IT, THOUGH...?

AND WHERE DID THESE THOUGHTS
OF DEFEAT EVEN COME FROM...?



I COULD ONLY ASSUME THAT WHATEVER TOOL
THEY USED TO CONTROL ME WAS AT WORK...

SUPPRESSING MY ABILITIES AND PUTTING THOUGHTS
IN MY HEAD THAT I WOULD'VE NEVER CONSIDERED...

HOW COULD I EVEN HOPE TO WIN
AGAINST SOMETHING LIKE THAT...?

I MULLED OVER A FEW IDEAS DURING MY
DINNER ALONE IN THE DINING ROOM...

AS I STUFFED MY FACE WITH ALL OF THE
YUMMY FOOD THAT WAS MADE FOR ME...

BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF A WAY OUT...

IT WAS OBVIOUS I WAS GOING TO BE HERE
FOR A WHILE, NO MATTER WHAT I TRIED...

THAT MUCH WAS MADE PERFECTLY
CLEAR OVER THE LAST TWO DAYS...



AND, AS DIFFICULT AS IT WAS TO ADMIT...

I NO LONGER POSSESSED THE KNOWLEDGE
OR TALENTS REQUIRED TO FREE MYSELF...

GOD, I HATED FEELING SO HELPLESS...

THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING I COULD STILL DO...



THIS LOUD AS HECK MUSIC CERTAINLY WASN'T HELPING ME CLEAR MY MIND...

HOPE,
CAN YOU
PLEASE TURN
THAT FRICKIN'
MUSIC OFF!?





SIGH...



SO,
COME ON,
LEXI...

THINK!

UGH!

THIS
WOULD BE SO
MUCH EASIER IF I,
LIKE, WASN'T SO
FREAKIN' DUMB
NOW....

I COULDN'T
EVEN READ MOST
OF THOSE STUPID
BOOKS...



AND
WHAT THE
HECK AM I
STEPPING
ON...?

ANOTHER
BOOK...?

MY
DIARY



This diary is property of Alexis Jean Passion.





OH,
THAT'S
RIGHT...

IT'S
THAT DIARY
THEY LEFT
ME...

HEH...

LIKE
I'M GONNA
WRITE IN SOME
DIARY LIKE A
LITTLE...

AND THEN, SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME CLICKED...

HMM...?

AN EARLIER THOUGHT REPLAYED IN MY HEAD, BACK WHEN I WAS SEARCHING THROUGH THE BOOKS...

THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT WHATEVER THEY
DID TO MY BRAIN WASN'T ALL PERMANENT...

IF I COULD LEARN NEW WAYS TO PUT ON
MAKEUP AND DRESS MYSELF LIKE THIS...

THEN I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TEACH MYSELF
SOME OF THE KNOWLEDGE I HAD LOST...



BUT, FIRST, I HAD TO KNOW WHAT
I WAS STILL EVEN CAPABLE OF...



**FOUND
IT!**

TO MY SURPRISE, I FOUND THAT WRITING
WAS MUCH EASIER THAN TRYING TO READ...

SO LONG AS I STUCK TO SIMPLE WORDS, WHICH
WERE THE ONLY KIND I SEEMED TO REMEMBER...

scritch
scritch
scritch



MY HEART WAS RACING IN MY CHEST, AS I BEGAN TRYING TO WRITE THE WORDS I COULDN'T SAY...

Scratch Scratch scratch scratch scratch scratch scratch

My name is Alex

WHAT IF I COULD...?



THAT'S
MY NAME...
WOW...

WHAT
ELSE CAN I
SHARE...?

HOW
FAR CAN I
GO...?

scritch scritch scritch scritch scritch scritch



SO FAR
SO GOOD, I
JUST NEED TO
FIGURE OUT HOW
TO SPELL THIS
WORD...

CRAP.
WHAT WAS
THE WORD
AGAIN...?

SIGH

COME ON! IT WAS RIGHT ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE...

My name is Alex Passion and I
am being de



IT WAS
'DE'-SOME-
THING...

NOT
DETROIT,
THAT'S, LIKE,
A CITY...

DE-
TRAIN...? IS
THAT EVEN A
WORD...?

MAYBE I
NEED TO USE
A DIFFERENT
WORD...


WHAT
WAS I EVEN
TRYING TO
SAY...?

GOT
IT!

THIS
SHOULD WORK
JUST AS GOOD
AS THE OTHER
WORD...

scratch scratch scratch scratch scratch





AND IT'S
FINISHED...

I, LIKE,
ACTUALLY
WROTE IT
DOWN...

I...

UGH!

THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I WAS TRYING
TO SAY AT
ALL...!



GOSH
DARN
IT!

My name is Alex's Passion and I
am being ~~being~~ kept at my papa's
house.

EVEN THOUGH MY PLAN TO RE-EDUCATE MYSELF
STILL SEEMED LIKE IT WAS MY BEST STRATEGY...

I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL DEFEATED ONCE MORE
TODAY, AFTER FOOLISHLY GETTING MY HOPES UP...

LIGHTS
OFF...

My name is Alex^{is} Passion and I
am being ~~stay~~ kept at my papa's
house.

I KNEW IT WOULDN'T BE THAT EASY...

I'M
FREAKIN'
DONE WITH
TODAY...

My name is Alex Passion and I
am being ~~delay~~ kept at my papa's
house.

BUT I STILL HAD TO TRY...

"AND I WOULD CONTINUE TO TRY AGAIN TOMORROW," I THOUGHT TO MYSELF...

AS I CRAWLED IN BED, EXHAUSTED BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...


I WAS STILL SO WEAK AFTER EVERYTHING...

I LOATHED THAT WEAKNESS, AND EVERYTHING
ABOUT THIS GIRL I WAS FORCED TO BECOME...

AND IT ONLY ADDED TO MY CONVICTION...



IF THIS WAS THE LIFE I WAS CURSED TO LIVE, THEN
I WOULD MAKE **DARN** SURE THAT IT WAS MY OWN...

A person with long, dark, curly hair is lying in bed, their head resting on a pillow. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from a window in the background. The person is wearing a light-colored top. The overall mood is one of exhaustion and comfort.

BUT GETTING THERE WOULD REQUIRE A LOT
OF TIME AND EFFORT, GIVEN HOW I WAS...

TWO THINGS I DIDN'T HAVE LEFT TO GIVE
AT THE MOMENT; I WAS JUST SO TIRED...

AND THIS BED WAS JUST SO COMFY...

SO WHY COULDN'T I FALL ASLEEP...?

Sighs

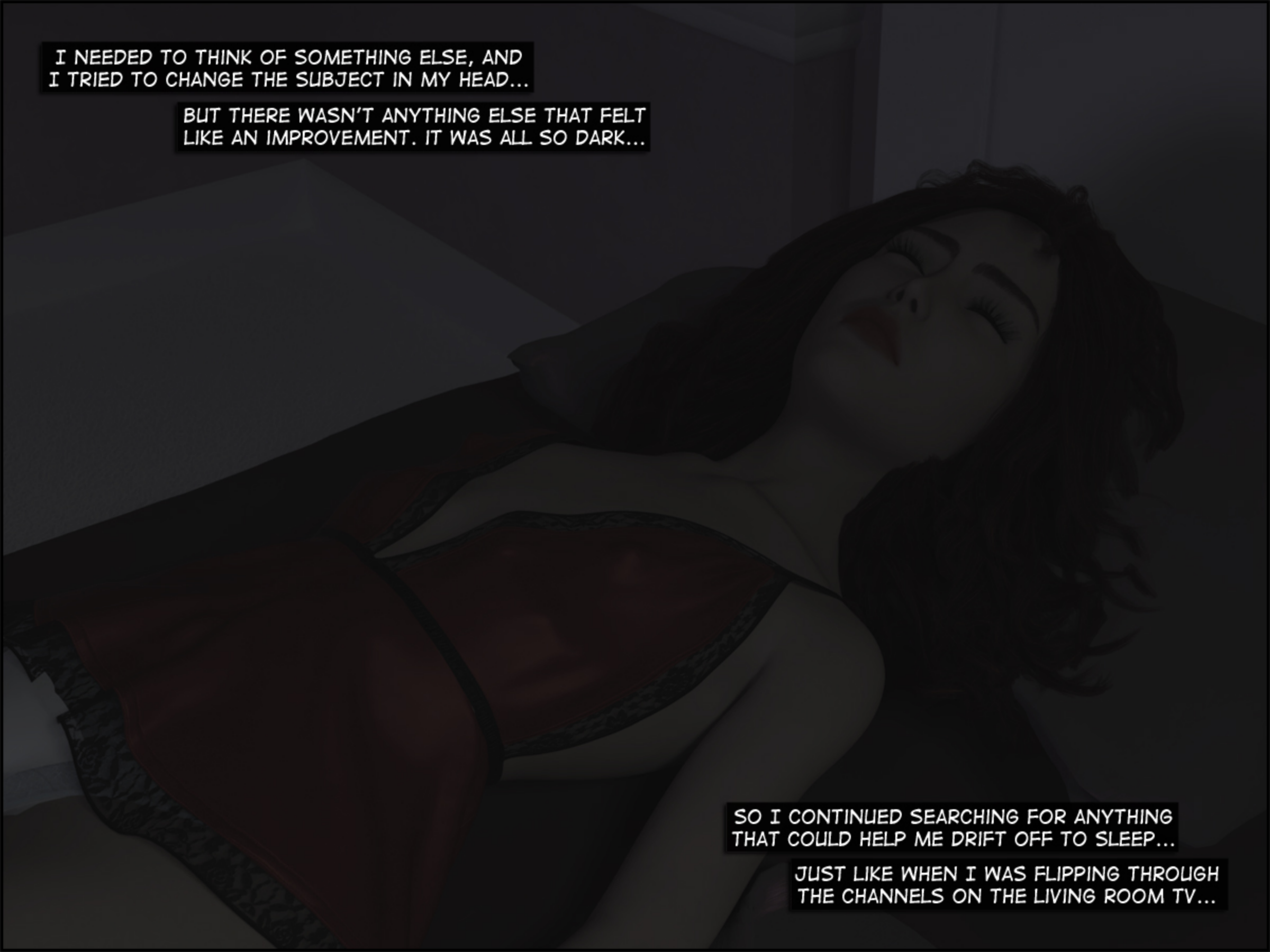


I LAID THERE FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG...

THINKING ABOUT MY BREAKDOWN AT THE
PIANO THIS MORNING, AND HOW I FELT...



AS PANGS OF GUILT TOILED INSIDE OF ME. I
DIDN'T LIKE THIS NEW FEELING; IT SUCKED...

A woman with long dark hair is lying in bed, looking upwards with a thoughtful or distressed expression. She is wearing a dark-colored top. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a nighttime setting. The background shows a headboard and a pillow.

I NEEDED TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, AND
I TRIED TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT IN MY HEAD...

BUT THERE WASN'T ANYTHING ELSE THAT FELT
LIKE AN IMPROVEMENT. IT WAS ALL SO DARK...

SO I CONTINUED SEARCHING FOR ANYTHING
THAT COULD HELP ME DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP...

JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS FLIPPING THROUGH
THE CHANNELS ON THE LIVING ROOM TV...

AND THEN SOMETHING TOOK OVER, AS I
THOUGHT ABOUT THOSE BODYBUILDERS...

WITH THEIR BIG OILED-UP MUSCLES
AND THOSE SUPER TIGHT SHORTS...

I REALLY SHOULD LEARN SOME
OF THEIR NAMES NEXT TIME...



A person is lying in bed in a dark room. A window in the background shows a full moon. The person is looking up, and there are two speech bubbles above their head. The first is a white speech bubble with pink text, and the second is a pink speech bubble with white text.

WHAT AM
I DOING...?

UHHHH...

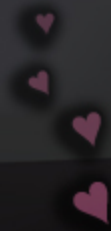
I COULD FEEL THE OTHER SIDE OF ME TAKING OVER, YET THIS TIME I REMAINED PRESENT...

♥ GOD,
THIS JUST
FEELS SO
GOOD...♥

A PASSENGER IN MY OWN BODY, AS MY HANDS DID WHAT THEY OFTEN DID WHEN I WAS UPSET...

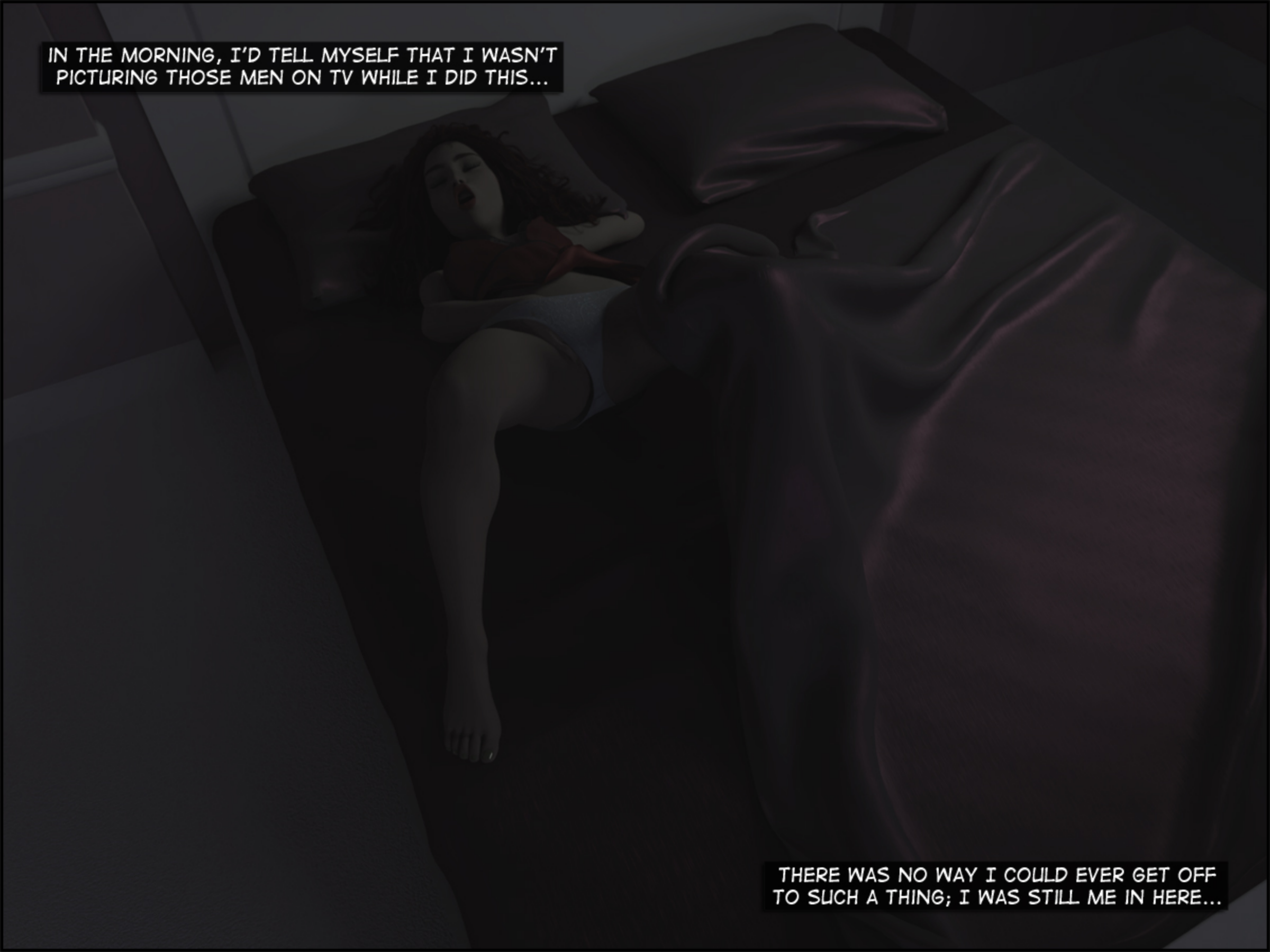
I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING WAS WRONG, BUT
I DIDN'T HAVE THE ENERGY LEFT TO FIGHT IT...

AND HONESTLY, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO...



IT'S NOT LIKE THIS PUSSY WAS GOING AWAY ANY TIME
SOON, IT WAS A PART OF ME I'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH...


SO, I MIGHT AS WELL AT LEAST ENJOY IT, RIGHT...?

A woman with long dark hair is lying in bed, looking distressed. She is wearing a white tank top and dark shorts. Her mouth is open as if she is crying or shouting. The room is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and the texture of the bed. The overall mood is one of intense emotional pain or regret.

IN THE MORNING, I'D TELL MYSELF THAT I WASN'T
PICTURING THOSE MEN ON TV WHILE I DID THIS...

THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD EVER GET OFF
TO SUCH A THING; I WAS STILL ME IN HERE...

BUT TONIGHT...



TONIGHT, I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE, AND
THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT I NEEDED...

To Be
Continued...

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