

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I TOOK OVER MY GIRLFRIEND'S POSITION AS SECRETARY.

WELL, WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT SLIPPING INTO A SKIRT AND SOME PUMPS WOULD BECOME MY NEW NINE-TO-FIVE ROUTINE?



ZOE'S BECOME MY PARTNER IN CRIME. WE ARE INSEPARABLE LIKE PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY.

SURPRISINGLY, SHE AND EVERYONE AT THE OFFICE DOESN'T SUSPECTS A THING. NOT EVEN A RAISED EYEBROW WHEN I STRUT INTO THE OFFICE WITH A LITTLE EXTRA SWAY IN MY HIPS.



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ILSA'S CRAZY
IDEA WOULD GO SO SMOOTHLY LIKE THIS.





OH, AND MR. DENIS, HE STILL KEEPS PEEKING AT MY ASS WHENEVER HE GETS A CHANCE. IT'S ANNOYING, REALLY... BUT HEY, WHAT CAN I DO? HE'S THE BOSS.

AND ON MY SPARE TIME...





IN ADDITION TO MY REGULAR EXERCISE
AND STRICT DIET, I ALSO DO YOGA...

ME, DOING YOGA? HAHA, I DON'T THINK SO.
YET, THERE I AM, CONTORTING MY BODY
INTO POSITIONS I NEVER KNEW EXISTED.

BUT THE REAL KICKER? MY WEEKENDS... DATE WITH NATHAN.
TURNS OUT, HE'S A SUCKER FOR A WOMAN IN DISTRESS. OR
MAYBE JUST A SUCKER FOR BELLA -I CAN'T QUITE TELL.



EITHER WAY, OUR DATES INVOLVE MORE CUDDLING THAN A LITTER OF PUPPIES. HEY, A GIRL'S GOTTA DO WHAT A GIRL'S GOTTA DO TO PAY OFF THOSE DEBTS, RIGHT?





OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T LET HIM DO ANYTHING... ANYTHING THAT RISKS MY TRUE IDENTITY TO BE EXPOSED.



BUT, DESPITE THE CRAZINESS OF THIS WHOLE CHARADE...

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, I FEEL... ALIVE?
I FEEL... *HAPPY*.

BRAD'S APARTMENT

BUT...

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END, RIGHT?





BABE, PUT ME DOWN!

A man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a black tank top and a silver watch, is carrying a woman on his shoulders. The woman is wearing a denim jacket and shorts. The background shows a room with stone walls, a lamp, and a chair. The man has a speech bubble that says "I PROMISED TO TREAT YOU LIKE A QUEEN, AND QUEENS DON'T WALK. THEY'RE CARRIED." The woman has a speech bubble that says "UGH I HATE YOU!!".

I PROMISED TO TREAT YOU LIKE A QUEEN,
AND QUEENS DON'T WALK. THEY'RE CARRIED.

UGH I HATE YOU!!

BRAD'S ROOM

HOW ABOUT A ROYAL KISS INSTEAD?

THERE YOU GO, PRINCESS.
ALL SETTLED IN.

THANKS, YOUR HIGHNESS.
DO I GET A ROYAL DECREE NEXT?

HOLD YOUR HORSES THERE,
YOUR MAJESTY.

WE'VE JUST ARRIVED.






ANYWAY, SORRY IF IT'S SO HOT IN HERE.
I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY FOR THE AC.

YOU COULD'VE ASKED ME, YOU KNOW.
I CAN BUY YOU AN AC OR EVEN RENT
YOU A NICER APARTMENT.

Stay
Simple
Stay
True



HAVE YOU LOST WEIGHT AGAIN?
YOU SEEMS THINNER.

THANKS, HONEY. I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.
WHILE TAKING OFF THE JACKET



YEAH, ARE YOU
CHASING YOUR BODY GOALS?

YOU THINK SO?

UH, YEAH, YOU COULD SAY THAT.
KALE SMOOTHIES AND YOGA HAVE BECOME
MY NEW BEST FRIENDS LATELY.



YOU LOOK FANTASTIC...
YOU KNOW I LIKE PETITE WOMEN, RIGHT?


Stay
Simple
Stay
True





OH I CAN'T WAIT ANYMORE...
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO FUCK?

DIDN'T I ALREADY TOLD YOU,
I WOULDN'T DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT
BEFORE MARRIAGE, OKAY?



BUT YOU ALSO DON'T
WANT TO GET MARRIED TO ME
SOONER, RIGHT?

COME ON, JUST THIS ONCE...

I...

MEANWHILE AT THE APARTMENT CORRIDOR...



A woman with dark, wavy hair is standing in a hallway. She is wearing a dark blue dress with white polka dots and a light pink cardigan. She is looking slightly to her left with a subtle smile. The hallway has white walls and doors on both sides.

BRAD WILL SURELY BE SURPRISED,
BECAUSE I'M COMING HOME EARLY...