

THE NEXT DAY.

205

HEY THERE,
LUCA.
DO YOU HAVE A
MOMENT?





OH, HEY NICKY.
SURE. WHAT'S UP?



IT WAS SO NICE
YOU HELPED ME
WITH MY TAXES,
AND STUFF.



I WAS
WONDERING IF
YOU'RE FREE TO LOOK
INTO SOME MORE
BUREAUCRATIC STUFF I
NEED TO
COMPLETE?

DAMN IT,
SHE'S SO
SEXY.



TOO BAD
SHE'S ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT
LESBIAN.

WOULD
YOU HELP ME
OUT SOME
MORE?



IT WOULD BE
SUCH A DREAM TO
BE WITH HER.



SLAPPING
THAT TITAN
ASS.



**RESTING MY
HEAD BETWEEN HER
MARVELOUS TITS.**



**I TAKE YOUR
SILENCE AND YOUR
NAUGHTY GAZES AS
AGREEMENT FOR
MEETING ME
AGAIN.**



HUH? WHA...?
OH, SORRY. YES.
I'LL HELP.

GREAT.
HOW ABOUT LATER
TODA-DA-DAY...

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a grey and orange horizontally striped one-piece swimsuit with a thin grey strap tied around her waist. She is standing in a room with walls made of small, dark, square tiles and a floor of larger, light-colored square tiles. A dark door is visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned near the top right of the image.

AY... AY...
WHAT IS THIS
FEELING?
I'M...



WHY AM I...?





SO HOT...
WHY?
I NEED...
OHHH...



SOFT MOANS

205

NICKY?
YOU... UHM...
YOU OKAY?



YES.
OH MY GOD.
I'M SORRY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
GOT INTO ME.

SEE YOU LATER?



**I GOTTA RUN
AND TAKE CARE OF
SOMETHING THAT
JUST CAME UP.
BYE, LUCA.**



THAT WAS WEIRD.
AND STRANGELY HOT,
NOT GONNA LIE.



BUT WHO AM I
KIDDING?
WHAT CHANCE WOULD A SAD
SLOB LIKE ME HAVE TO LAND A
HOT BOMBSHELL LIKE HER?
EVEN IF SHE WASN'T GAY.

RATS TO THAT,
I SUPPOSE.
OFF TO THE
GYM.

to be continued