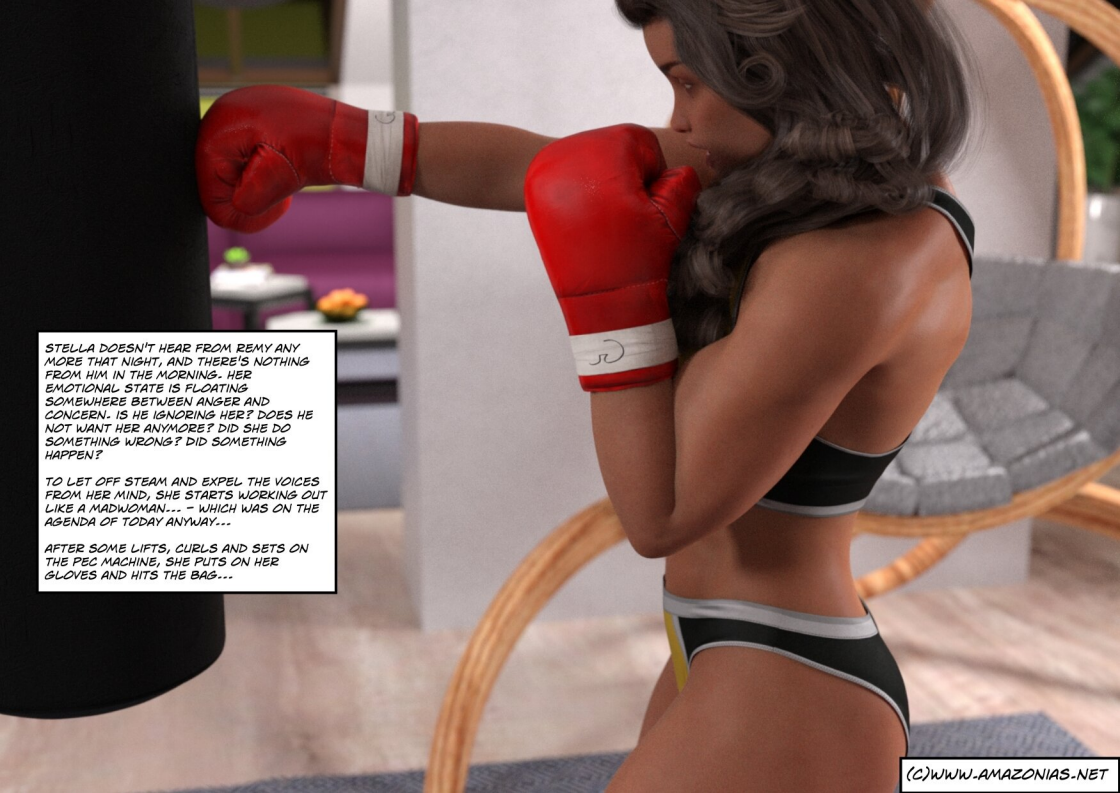


TWICE YOUR SIZE

Part 4

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STELLA DOESN'T HEAR FROM REMY ANY MORE THAT NIGHT, AND THERE'S NOTHING FROM HIM IN THE MORNING. HER EMOTIONAL STATE IS FLOATING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ANGER AND CONCERN. IS HE IGNORING HER? DOES HE NOT WANT HER ANYMORE? DID SHE DO SOMETHING WRONG? DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?

TO LET OFF STEAM AND EXPEL THE VOICES FROM HER MIND, SHE STARTS WORKING OUT LIKE A MADWOMAN... - WHICH WAS ON THE AGENDA OF TODAY ANYWAY...

AFTER SOME LIFTS, CURLS AND SETS ON THE PEC MACHINE, SHE PUTS ON HER GLOVES AND HITS THE BAG...

STELLA WORKS HER BIG MUSCLES INTO A SWEAT, GIVING IT ALL SHE'S GOT, EVERY WHACK HAVING ENOUGH POWER TO EXPEL THE AIR FROM AN ADULT MAN'S STOMACH...



A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a yellow sports top and red boxing gloves. She has a thoughtful or slightly frustrated expression, looking downwards and to the right. Her right arm is extended towards the left side of the frame. The background is a blurred brick wall.

BUT IT'S NOT WORKING. THE THOUGHTS
KEEP POPPING UP...

WHAT IF HE'S
TURNED OFF AFTER
ALL?

STELLA FEELS SHE'S GOING CRAZY INSIDE
SO SHE PUTS ON HER JOGGING SHOES AND
GOES FOR A RUN...



HER MIND KEEPS CHURNING OUT
THOUGHTS...

NO, HE
DOES LIKE ME. I'M
BETTING HIS DAD'S GOT
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
IT... MUST HAVE TAKEN
AWAY THE PHONE
AGAIN...

AND
SWITCHED OFF
THE WIFI...?

WHICH MEANS... HE
HAS NO WAY OF
GETTING IN
TOUCH...

A young woman with dark hair tied back in a ponytail is shown in profile, looking out over a city. She has a thoughtful expression. The background is a blurred cityscape with buildings and a railing. Two thought bubbles are present: one above her head and one to her left.

THAT
LEAVES ME
WITH...

ONLY ONE
OPTION...

STELLA RUNS ALL THE WAY TO THE STREET
WHERE SHE KNOWS REMY LIVES...


MUST BE
HERE
SOMEWHERE...

AFTER ONE RING AT A RANDOM DOOR, SHE'S POINTED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...

ALL RIGHT
THEN...

STELLA RINGS THE BELL AND WAITS. SHE CAN'T SAY THAT SHE'S NOT NERVOUS AT ALL. SHE'S GOT NO REAL PLAN RIGHT NOW, EXCEPT FOR ASKING DADDY IF SHE CAN SEE REMY...

BUT WHAT IF HE SAYS NO?

A close-up photograph of a man with dark hair and black-rimmed glasses. He has a shocked expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image, connected to him by small circles. The background is a dark wood-paneled wall.

WE'RE NOT BUYING
ANYT-

OH MY GOD...

A... TEEN
MUSCLEGIRL?



HI MISTER LASKY... I'M
NOT SELLING
ANYTHING...

I'M STELLA.
I'M A FRIEND OF
REMY'S...

OH, I SEE...

FITNESS WE



THE THING IS THAT
EH... EH... REMY IS
GROUNDED...



OH REALLY?
HMM. CAN I COME IN
FOR A MINUTE,
MISTER LASKY?

EH... SURE...

CHRISTIAN LASKY
WOULD NEVER HAVE
LET A FRIEND OF HIS
SON IN AT THIS
MOMENT, WHILE HE
WAS BEING PUNISHED,
BUT WITH THIS YOUNG
GODDESS... ANY
MINUTE MORE IN HER
PRESENCE IS
WELCOME...



SO, DO YOU
MEAN I CAN'T SEE
HIM?

I'M SORRY. HE
DISAPPEARED WITHOUT
LEAVING US KNOW ANYTHING,
LEAVING US REALLY WORRIED. I
TOOK HIS PHONE, BUT THEN HE
TOOK IT BACK... SO NOW HE'S
GROUNDED FOR A FEW DAYS,
WITHOUT WIFI OR
PHONE...

SEVERAL THINGS GO THROUGH STELLA'S HEAD WHILE SHE HEARS THE MAN TALK...

1. THAT OVER TIME SHE'S DEVELOPED A GOOD RADAR FOR SPOTTING SUBMISSIVE MEN.

2. THAT ACCORDING TO HER READING, SUBMISSIVENESS IS OFTEN - THOUGH NOT ALWAYS - A HEREDITARY TREAT.

3. THAT CHRISTIAN LASKY IS A SMALL GUY WHOM SHE THINKS SHE CAN EASILY OVERPOWER.

SO YOU'RE EH...
WELCOME TO GET
BACK IN TOUCH WITH HIM
IN EH... SAY THREE
DAYS...



EVERYTHING IN CHRISTIAN'S BEHAVIOR AND
EXPRESSION SPELLS SUBMISSIVENESS.
HE'S VERY INSECURE. EMBARRASSED.
STAMMERING. APOLOGETIC.

I HOPE YOU
UNDERSTAND... IT'S...
NOTHING
PERSONAL...

SO STELLA GAMBLES, AND TAKES A
STEP FORWARD...

WHAT IF...





... I REALLY
WANT TO SEE
REMY?

EH... WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WHAT I MEAN IS...

STELLA NOW KNOWS THAT SHE'S GAMBLLED RIGHT. SHE CAN SEE ON HIS FACE THAT THE MAN HAS GROWN WEAK IN THE KNEES. HE'S GETTING REALLY, REALLY EXCITED WITH THIS DOMINATION. SHE'LL BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING SHE WANTS WITH HIM, SHE KNOWS NOW...

... DO YOU THINK YOU COULD STOP ME FROM SEEING HIM?

EH...
M-M-MAYBE
NOT...



STELLA PUTS HER BIG ARMS OVER LASKY'S SHOULDERS AND STRETCHES THEM, BENDING SLIGHTLY BACKWARD...

YEAH... MAAAAYBE NOT...
I THINK I COULD JUST PUSH YOU
ASIDE AND GO UP TO HIS ROOM,
COULDN'T I, MISTER LASKY?

WHAT ARE YOU D-
YES, I... GUESS YOU
COULD...

RIGHT, I GUESS THAT'S
WHAT I'M GONNA D-

AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR OPENS
NOISELESSLY AND STELLA SEES REMY PEEP
THROUGH...

!?

STELLA PUCKERS HER LIPS TO REMY,
INDICATING THAT HE SHOULD BE QUIET... HIS
DAD IS STILL UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE...



RIGHT BEFORE REMY PEEPED IN, STELLA'S PLAN HAD BEEN TO JUST GO TO HIS ROOM. BUT NOW THAT HER BOYFRIEND IS WATCHING HER DOMINATE HIS DAD, SHE'S THINKING OF GOING A LITTLE BIT FURTHER. SHE JUST LOVES TO SHOW OFF IN FRONT OF REMY - WITH HIS OWN DAD, NO LESS!

I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU...-

STELLA IS SUPREMEY CONFIDENT NOW, FEELING THAT IN A WAY SHE'S DOMINATING BOTH MEN AT THE SAME TIME. SHE PICKS MISTER LASKY UP AND IT'S EVEN EASIER THAN SHE HAD IMAGINED...

OOOOH

WOW! I GUESS BEING LIGHT AND TINY RUNS IN THE FAMILY HUH?

NOW...


MISTER LASKY...

HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN...

IN A MINUTE,
I'M GONNA CALL
REMY AND TELL HIM
HE'S GOING HOME WITH
ME. AND HE'LL STAY AS
LONG AS HE
WANTS...

ACTUALLY,
LET ME CORRECT
THAT: HE'LL STAY AS
LONG AS *I*
WANT!



A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a blue and grey athletic top. She is looking towards a man whose profile is visible on the right side of the frame. He is wearing green-rimmed glasses and a green shirt. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text that appears to be a dialogue between the two characters.

IF YOU PROTEST,
I'LL DO SOMETHING TO
YOU THAT YOU REALLY
WON'T LIKE...

BUT IF YOU GO
ALONG...

... I'M GONNA LET
YOU DO SOMETHING
THAT I THINK YOU'LL
REALLY LIKE...

W-W-WHAT'S
THAT?

THEN I'M
GONNA FLEX MY
BICEP FOR YOU
AND LET YOU
TOUCH IT...



OH MY GOD.
OH MY FUCKING
GOD!

SHE'S
DOMINGATING MY
DAD! MY GIRLFRIEND IS
DOMINATING MY
DAD!

MY GIRLFRIEND
IS AN
UBERPOWERFUL,
INVINCIBLE
SUPERGIRL!

THE MAN IS GOING CRAZY. EMBARRASSMENT, EXCITEMENT, DESIRE, FEAR... ALL THE MODULES ARE DOING OVERDRIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY. FINALLY, WITHOUT DARING TO LOOK STELLA IN THE EYES, HE DECIDES...

I-I-I... TAKE THE... SECOND OPTION...

EXCELLENT CHOICE, MISTER LASKY!

OH MY GOD!



REEEEMY!!!

REMY FIRST MAKES SOME NOISE IN THE CORRIDOR AND TAKES A SUITABLY LONG TIME TO COME IN, SO THAT HIS DAD HAS NO IDEA THAT HIS OWN SON HAS WITNESSED EVERYTHING...

STELLA? WHAT ARE YOU D- WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ARE YOU-

BOYFRIEND'S A FINE LITTLE ACTOR. I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT....

REMY, PACK A SUITCASE, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

B-BUT MY DAD SAID...-

YOUR DAD'S ENTIRELY FINE WITH IT. GET A MOVE ON!

CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU!



REMY DISAPPEARS AND STELLA SITS DOWN ON THE COUCH WITH REMY'S DAD ON HER LAP. IT'S A COMPLETELY ABSURD SITUATION - A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL DOMINATING AN ADULT MALE, AND YET TO HER IT ALL FEELS SO NATURAL. AS FOR MISTER LASKY, HE IS JUST TOO EXCITED TO THINK CRITICALLY ABOUT ANY OF IT...

YOU'VE BEEN A VERY GOOD MAN, MISTER LASKY. SO LET'S GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD NOW, HMMM?

LOOK HOW I SLOWLY...

FLEX...

AND RAISE...

THIS ARM...



OH MY GOD...
H-HOW OLD ARE
YOU?

SIXTEEN

TOUCH IT.

YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT THIS FOR MANY YEARS NOW, ISN'T IT, MISTER LASKY?

IN-IN-CREDIBLE!

H-HOW CAN YOU... KNOW THAT?





I KNEW SINCE YOU OPENED THE DOOR FOR ME. CALL IT A SIXTH SENSE...

THIS IS NOTHING YET, BY THE WAY. I'LL GROW A LOT BIGGER...

YOUR SON'S GONNA HELP ME WITH THAT...

THERE IS NOISE COMING
FROM UPSTAIRS...


MY SON... HE'S
COMING DOWN. HE
SHOULD NOT SEE ME
ON... YOUR LAP...

OH, BUT I THINK
HE SHOULD...

LASKY TRIES TO GET OFF STELLA'S LAP BUT THE GIRL HAS CAUGHT HIM AND IS PREVENTING HIM FROM LEAVING...

HEY! LITTLE MAN! EEEBASY!

PLEASE LET ME GO!



LET'S JUST SHOW REMY
THAT AS LONG AS HE'S WITH
ME, YOU WON'T BE A
NUISANCE TO HIM, HMM?

I WON'T! BUT
HE SHOULDN'T
SEE! PLEASE!

THEY COULD HEAR HAT REMY
IS ABOUT TO COME IN NOW...

THREE SECONDS LATER...

HI BABY, YOU
READY?

EH...

REMY IS GENUINELY
SURPRISED AGAIN AND CAN'T
FIND THE WORDS...

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DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR DAD, BABY. HE'S HAD A CHANGE OF HEART ABOUT YOUR SITUATION. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MISTER LASKY?

THAT... AH...
RIGHT...
YOU'RE GOOD, SON!

A MINUTE LATER, THE YOUNG COUPLE HAS LEFT, LEAVING MISTER LASKY IN A STATE OF TOTAL BAFFLED- AND HORNINESS...

NORMALLY, MISTER LASKY NEVER SWEARS...

OH MY FUCKING GOD!

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!!

REMY'S MIND CAN'T ENTIRELY GRASP WHAT HAS HAPPENED. HE IS SILENT FOR ALMOST AN ENTIRE MINUTE AS THEY WALK OUT OF THE HOUSE, BACK TO STELLA'S. THEN, FINALLY, HE MANAGES TO SPEAK...

D-D-DID YOU REALLY JUST D-DOMINATE MY DAD INTO LETTING ME STAY WITH YOU?

I DID!



THAT WAS... SO
INCREDIBLE!

MMM, IT
WAS!

HAVE YOU...
DONE THAT SORT
OF THING
BEFORE?

YOU MEAN
DOMINATING GROWN
UP MEN? NO, THAT WAS A
FIRST. I HAVE TO SAY, I
LOVED IT.

DID YOU?



YES...
YOU ARE... JUST...
INCREDIBLE!

AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET,
BABY...



A woman with a ponytail, wearing a blue athletic top and shorts, is walking away from the camera on a paved path. She is holding the hand of a child in a black t-shirt and blue jeans. The woman is carrying a red suitcase. Two speech bubbles are positioned above them, containing text.

SO MY DAD IS
REALLY FINE WITH
IT?

I THINK SO. I
DID GIVE HIM A
CHOICE... WHAT ABOUT
YOUR MOM THOUGH,
WILL SHE BE
DIFFICULT?



NO, SHE JUST
FOLLOWS MY
DAD...

OH MY
GOD...

I'M
REALLY
GONNA LIVE
WITH YOU!

IT'S
GONNA BE SO
MUCH FUN
BABY!


BACK AT STELLA'S...

ALL RIGHT BABY,
WE'VE LOST ENOUGH
TIME WITH YOUR DAD'S
IDIOCY. LET'S GET
RIGHT DOWN TO IT,
OKAY?

I'M GONNA
CHANGE INTO
SOME OTHER
CLOTHES...

AND WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT
AND YOUR JEANS AS
WELL, MM?

I... DON'T HAVE TO
WORKOUT, DO I?



NO, IT'S JUST THAT I
LIKE TO SEE AS MUCH
AS I CAN OF YOUR TINY
BODY...

OH...
OKAY...


TEN MINUTES LATER, THE HUGE GIRL AND THE PUNY BOY ARE TOGETHER AT WORK, IN THEIR UNLIKELY BUT OH SO SEXY PARTNERSHIP...

REMY WANTS TO KEEP TRACK OF STELLA'S PROGRESS AND IS WRITING DOWN ALL THE LIFTS AND PULLS AND OTHER EXERCISES THAT HIS GIRLFRIEND DOES, AND WITH HOW MUCH WEIGHT SHE DOES IT...

ALL THOSE NUMBERS ARE GONNA CHANGE EVERY WEEK, YOU KNOW...

THAT'S THE IDEA YES. IT WILL BE GREAT TO SEE...





IT'S KIND OF
HARD TO BELIEVE THAT
YOU'LL GET STILL
BIGGER THAN YOU
ALREADY ARE!

OH BABY, I'M
ONLY SIXTEEN. AND
I'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN
FOCUSING ON BUILDING
MUSCLE...

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman with a very muscular physique, wearing a blue tank top with white trim. She is seated on a red gym machine, likely a chest press or similar, with her eyes closed and a focused expression. Her skin is tanned and her muscles are well-defined. The background shows a gym floor with a white square pattern.

SO YEAH,
COUNT ON
GROWTH!

AAAAND THAT'S
TWELVE!



I WANNA DO ONE
MORE BIG REP BUT WITH
MY BOYFRIEND ON MY
LAP THIS TIME...

REALLY?

ALL TOO EAGERLY, LITTLE REMY CLIMBS HIS GIRLFRIEND'S HUGE THIGHS...

GOD, YOU ARE SO GIGANTIC!

SHUT UP AND KISS ME, LITTLE MAN!




IT'S ANOTHER HEAVENLY KISS, WITH THE FEELING OF STELLA'S FIRM BREASTS PUSHING IN HIS CHEST, HER STRONG THIGHS BELOW HIM. REMY FEELS HIMSELF HARDEN AND HOPE SHE DOESN'T NOTICE...

THEN REMY SEES STELLA'S ARMS COME CLOSER...



THE MACHINE'S HANDLES AND STELLA'S ARMS CLOSE IN AROUND REMY'S FACE, AS AT THE SAME TIME, OVER STELLA'S BIG SHOULDERS, HE SEES THE WEIGHT BLOCKS DOOM UP BEFORE HIM - WEIGHTS HE COULD NEVER HOPE TO LIFT. AND AMIDST THIS PERFORMANCE, THE KISSING CONTINUES...



A woman with long dark hair and a young boy with short brown hair and glasses are sitting on a red exercise machine. They are leaning in and kissing. The woman is wearing a blue and white striped tank top. The boy is wearing a dark tank top. The machine has red padded handles and a red seat. The background is a brick wall.

FOR NOW, STELLA DOESN'T LET THE WEIGHT FALL DOWN AGAIN, BUT HOLDS. SHE PULLS BACK FROM REMY'S MOUTH AND WHISPERS...

I'M YOUR HULK BABY.
I'M YOUR BIG, STRONG
SHE-HULK...



REMY WONDERS IF SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH THAT EXCITES HIM. BUT PERHAPS THAT'S EXACTLY WHY SHE TOLD HIM.

YES, MY BABY LOVES THAT, DOESN'T HE?

WHY DON'T YOU FEEL SHE-HULK'S BIG BICEPS NOW, MMM?

REMY PUTS HIS HANDS ON STELLA'S BICEPS, WHICH ARE TREMBLING AND THROBBING AND PULSING WITH POWER, FROM STILL HOLDING THE WEIGHT. THEY'RE THE MOST EXCITING THINGS HE'S EVER PUT HIS HANDS ON...

OH MY GOD...


YES BABY, YESSS!

A close-up photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, positioned on a black gym machine. She is wearing bright pink, ribbed socks. The background shows a brick wall and a red cushioned seat of the machine. The floor is light-colored tile.

THEN SUDDENLY, STELLA LETS THE WEIGHT
DOWN AND GETS UP, WITH REMY STILL
ASTRIDE ON HER TORSO...

YOU KNOW THIS
MAKES ME
REALIZE...

THERE'S
PROBABLY A LOT
OF EXERCISES I CAN DO
WHILE LIFTING YOU
SOMEHOW... CREATING
AN EXTRA CHALLENGE
FOR MY
MUSCLES...



HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE THAT, MM?

EH, COULD YOU...
GIVE ME AN
EXAMPLE?

A woman in a blue tank top and black shorts is carrying a man on her back. They are in a gym with brick walls and various exercise machines. The man is holding onto a piece of equipment. A speech bubble above them says "LATERAL ARM RAISES FOR INSTANCE...".

LATERAL ARM
RAISES FOR
INSTANCE...

STELLA EASILY LOWERS AND RAISES THE WEIGHT A FEW TIMES, PUMPING UP HER BICEP, WHICH REMY SPONTANEOUSLY STARTS TO FEEL UP...

I THINK I... LIKE BEING SO CLOSE TO YOU WHEN YOU EXERCISE...

MMM, SO CLOSE THAT YOU CAN ALMOST LITERALLY FEEL ME GROW...



THEN IT'S
DECIDED: YOU'RE MY
WORKOUT BUDDY AS
WELL AS MY
MINILOVERMAN...


I'M TOTALLY
AVAILABLE FOR
THAT!



STELLA WORKS OUT ALMOST THE ENTIRE DAY, IN DIFFERENT OUTFITS. SHE'S VERY CREATIVE AT INVOLVING REMY'S TINY BODY IN HER EXERCISE...

ALL RIGHT, YOU BETTER HOLD ON TIGHT...

IT'S A BIG DROP FROM WHERE YOU ARE...

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair and brown eyes, wearing a blue and white athletic top. She is in a boxing stance, with her right hand raised to her forehead and her left hand wearing a bright red boxing glove. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a brick wall and a blue sky. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one above the other, containing the text 'READY-STeadY?' and 'I THINK SO...'.

READY-STeadY?

I THINK SO...

A woman in a red bikini and red boxing gloves is performing a high kick in a gym. She is wearing red boxing gloves and red socks. A man is on her back, holding her. A speech bubble above him says "WHOOO". In the background, there is a brick wall, a window with blinds, a punching bag, and a bed with a striped blanket. A barbell with a weight plate is on the floor in the foreground.

WHOOO

REMY CAN'T BELIEVE HOW STELLA IS HITTING THE GYMBAG AS IF HE'S JUST A FLY ON HER BODY, NOT THERE AT ALL. HE HAS THE UTMOST TROUBLE KEEPING HIMSELF ON HER STRONG SHOULDERS. BUT IT'S AN INCREDIBLY WILD RIDE AND HE LOVES IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, STELLA USES REMY
LITERALLY AS A WEIGHT...

WAS THINKING
ABOUT "THE
COLLAPSE". SCIENCE
FICTION. GOT 8.1
RATING ON IMDB

OKAY, LET'S WATCH
THAT THEN...
ARE YOU COUNTING?



EH YES... TWENTY
ONE...

OR MAYBE "THE
MOONS OF
ANDROMEDA"?

WHATEVER, SF IS
ALWAYS GOOD...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, STELLA'S PARENTS ARE BACK FROM THEIR TRIP AND IT'S TIME FOR AN INTRODUCTION... REMY IS IN FOR A SURPRISE... STELLA'S MOTHER IS HUGE! SHE, IN TURN, IS HARDLY ABLE TO CONTAIN HER SURPRISE SEEING HOW SHORT STELLA'S NEW BOYFRIEND IS...

IT'S NICE TO MEET YOU, REMY...

WOW, MY DAUGHTER IS SO MUCH BIGGER THAN HIM...





SO YOU'RE STAYING
WITH US, REMY? HOW
EXCELLENT!

YES, THANK
YOU. I HOPE IT'S
NOT ANY
TROUBLE...

STELLA'S MOM GIVES HER DAUGHTER A VERY MEANINGFUL LOOK, FULL OF MISCHIEF...



NO TROUBLE AT ALL,
LITTLE MAN. I JUST HOPE
MY STEL DOESN'T
ACCIDENTALLY HURT YOU...
YOU LOOK VERY...
FRAGILE!

NO WORRIES
MOM, I'LL BE
CAREFUL WITH HIM.

ALL RIGHT REMY,
SHALL WE GET BACK
TO IT?

Pantry

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT REMY HAD FEARED COMING...

SO BABY...

I DON'T REMEMBER... HAVE I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT WORKING OUT...



... MAKES ME VERY
HORNY?

Eh...

A woman with a very muscular physique, wearing a pink sports bra and black shorts, stands in a gym. She is holding a dumbbell in her right hand and looking down at a young boy. The boy is shirtless, wearing blue shorts and glasses, and is looking up at her. The gym has a brick wall and various pieces of equipment like a lat pulldown machine and a rack of dumbbells.

AND SEEING TINY
LITTLE YOU IN YOUR
BRIEFS DOESN'T
EXACTLY CALM ME
DOWN...


HAHA...

REMY TRIES TO IGNORE THIS AND QUICKLY
TURNS THE CONVERSATION TO SOMETHING
ELSE...

SO ARE WE
GONNA SIT IN THAT
JACUZZI FINALLY?

REMY HAS POSTPONED THE TOPIC OF SEX, BUT HE KNOWS IT WILL COME BACK ANY MINUTE. WHEN, HALF AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARE ON THE ROOF DECK, THERE'S AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE AND THEY BOTH KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT...

YOU DO LIKE ME, DON'T YOU REMY?



OF... COURSE I
DO...

SO WHY...DON'T YOU
WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH
ME? YESTERDAY NIGHT YOU
SAID YOU WERE TOO TIRED...
I'VE BEEN WANTING YOU,
BABY... AND YOU KEEP
HOLDING OFF...

A young man and woman are sitting in a hot tub. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. They are both looking at each other with serious expressions. The background shows a wooden wall and the tiled deck of the hot tub.

BUT WE'VE... ONLY
BEEN TOGETHER FOR A
COUPLE OF DAYS...

I KNOW BUT... I FEEL
THAT'S NOT IT. I FEEL
THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE...

AM I RIGHT?




EH, YES...

WHAT IS IT BABY?
YOU CAN TELL
ME...

REMY IS QUIET, DOESN'T FIND THE WORDS
TO TELL HER THE INCONVENIENT TRUTH...

YOU'RE NOT
GAY OR
SOMETHING ARE
YOU?

NO... IT'S JUST
THAT I... I TOLD YOU
I'VE BEEN RAISED VERY
STRICT. MY PARENTS
ARE CHURCH-GOING
CATHOLICS...



AND... IT'S NOT
EXACTLY THAT I SHARE
THEIR BELIEFS BUT...
THEY'VE ALWAYS INSISTED IT
WAS SINFUL TO HAVE SEX
BEFORE THE GIRL AND THE
BOY ARE BOTH EIGHTEEN
AND...

... I JUST... I
GUESS... I... I'M AFRAID
TO DO IT BEFORE THAT
TIME...

STELLA LETS HIM TAKE THE TIME HE NEEDS,
EVEN THOUGH SHE'S REALLY FLABBERGASTED
AT WHAT SHE'S HEARING---

MAYBE IT'S...
SUPERSTITION OR
SOMETHING BUT... I
ACTUALLY REALLY
DON'T... WANT TO DO
IT...

I KNOW I'M ASKING A
LOT BUT... I WOULD
REALLY APPRECIATE IF
YOU WOULDN'T RUSH
ME...

WHEN HE'S FINISHED, STELLA LOOKS AWAY, STARING INTO NOTHING...

BABY? SAY SOMETHING?

OH BOY...

THAT IS AH...

A MAJOR FUCKING BUMMER!

HER REACTION IS EVEN WORSE THAN REMY EXPECTED. WOULD SHE CONSIDER BREAKING UP OVER THIS? BREAKING UP WHAT HAS ONLY JUST STARTED?

AARGH
FUUUUUUCK!

REMY'S REALLY WORRIED NOW... HE ALMOST JUMPS ON HER...

STELLA...
PLEASE... I KNOW
HOW STUPID IT SOUNDS
BUT... YOU KNOW HOW
MUCH I WANT YOU... IF I
COULD HAVE IT ANY
OTHER WAY, I
WOULD...

STELLA IS STILL TRYING TO WRAP HER HEAD
AROUND THIS...

SO BOTH THE
GIRL AND THE BOY
EIGHTEEN... I GET
EIGHTEEN IN 14
MONTHS...

YOU EXPECT ME
TO WAIT THAT
LONG?

I'M BEGGING
YOU TO...

A young man with a surprised expression is looking at a woman with long, wavy hair. The background is a wooden wall.

CAN YOU?

WELL IT'S A
REALLY TALL
ORDER... BUT I LOVE
YOU, AND YOU ARE SO
IDEAL...

SO I THINK I CAN...



AND I WILL.

OH MY GOD,
REALLY?

YES.

BUT THE
MOMENT I TURN
EIGHTEEN...

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... I'M GONNA FUCK
YOUR BRAINS OUT,
LITTLE BOY!

OH YES! THANK
YOU THANK YOU
THANK YOU!

THEY TALK MORE ABOUT IT. AFTER TWENTY MINUTES, STELLA SAYS IT'S TIME TO HIT THE WEIGHTS AGAIN. BEFORE THEY LEAVE THE POOL, SHE PULLS REMY TOWARD HER...

YOU KNOW BABY, I COULD EASILY FORCE YOU. TO DO ANYTHING I WANT...

BUT OF COURSE I'M NOT GONNA DO THAT. I WANT YOU TO FEEL ENTIRELY SAFE AND COMFORTABLE WITH ME...



I DO... THANK YOU...
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!

MMM, I LOVE YOU
TOO BABY...

A woman with long, wavy grey hair, wearing a black one-piece swimsuit, is embracing a man from behind. They are standing in a hot tub with bubbling water. The background is a wall of vertical wood paneling. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The woman is looking down at the man, who has his eyes closed and a slight smile. There are four speech bubbles containing text.

ONE LITTLE THING
THOUGH...

MMM?

I WILL NEED A
LITTLE BIT OF
FUN...

SO I WON'T
FORCE YOU
BUT...



... I WILL
TEASE YOU!

OH!

STELLA WASN'T KIDDING! THAT NIGHT, SHE'S NOT MAKING IT EASY ON POOR LITTLE REMY (THUS NOT MAKING IT EASY ON HERSELF EITHER, BUT NOT CARING).

SO THE FIRST TIME WE'LL HAVE SEX... CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW BIG I'LL BE BY THEN, IN FOURTEEN MONTHS?


OH IT'S GONNA BE BE A CHALLENGE TO CLIMB ME THEN, LITTLE BOY!

OOOH

REMY'S TURNED ON INSTANTLY. HE GROPEES FOR HER BIG LEGS, FEELING THE STRIATIONS OF MUSCLE IN HER THIGH...

OH MY GOD...

YES, FEEL UP THOSE TREE TRUNKS...



THINK ABOUT THE
DAY WHEN THESE
BABIES WILL HAVE THEIR
WAY WITH YOUR LITTLE
HEAD...

OOOH STOP!
PLEASE STOP!

IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR REMY TO DEAL WITH THIS KIND OF EXCITEMENT WITHOUT RELIEF. SO LATER, WHEN STELLA'S ASLEEP, HE GOES TO THE BATHROOM AND LET'S OFF THE PRESSURE...



AAAAAAAAAHHHH

THREE DAYS LATER, STELLA WEIGHS
HERSELF, AT NIGHT.
SHE'S BEEN EXERCISING AND EATING LIKE
CRAZY, AND REMY HAS HELPED RESEARCH
THE BEST DIET AND SUPPLEMENTS...

AND YES, SHE'S ALREADY HEAVIER THAN
THAT FIRST TIME WHEN SHE AND REMY GOT
ON THE SCALES...

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OH MAN, IT'S GOING
FAST! 4 POUNDS IN FIVE
DAYS!

REMY, COME HERE!
LET ME SEE IF YOUR
WEIGHT HAS REMAINED
STABLE...



OKAY, LET'S WEIGH
YOU... ARMS IN THE
AIR...



318 TOGETHER,
MINUS MY 206 IS 112.
SAME AS YOU WERE. SO
I NEED 18 MORE...

MY GOD, HOW
CAN IT GO SO
FAST?



CAN YOU IMAGINE
WHERE I'M HEADED
BABY? CAN YOU PICTURE
HOW I'LL END UP?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I
KNOW I'LL LOVE IT!