

BUT WITH
OUR TITS, IT'S
HARD NOT TO BE.
GIGGLE

OH MY
GOD,
RIGHT?

I CAN'T
BELIEVE HOW
WELL YOU TWO
MOVE WITH
THOSE!

AND
THEY'RE
REAL?

UH, YEAH.

REALLY?
LET ME
COMPARE YOU
TWO, OR I CALL
SHENANIGANS.
GIGGLE

WHAT?

COMPARE
OUR BREASTS?
LIKE... SEE
THEM...

COME ON,
SIS. WE'RE ALL
GIRLS HERE.
GIGGLE

WHIP THOSE
GIRLS OUT, AND
LET'S SHOW
HER!

WHY IS SHE DOING THIS?

GINGER'S
ALREADY SPENT
ALL DAY EYEBALLING
MINE, SO IT'S NO
BIG DEAL.

CAN YOU
BLAME ME? YOU
TWO HAVE BODIES
MOST WOMEN
WOULD KILL
FOR.

AND WE
KNOW IT.

I JUST
CAN'T BELIEVE
TWINS COULD
LOOK SO SIMILAR
THIS LATE IN LIFE
WITHOUT SOME
SURGERY. IT'S
CRAZY!
GIGGLE

THEN THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO
SHOW WE'RE
AUTHENTIC.

FUCK. I SEE WHAT
SHE'S GETTING AT.

IF SHE QUESTIONS WHO WE ARE, THAT'S BAD FOR US...

IF YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THEM, THEN HERE THEY ARE.

GODDAMN!
GIGGLE

THEY LOOK JUST LIKE JANET'S!

LIKE SHE SAID, WE'RE ALL-NATURAL.

WELL, ME AND EVERY OTHER GIRL HERE IS JEALOUS.



TO HAVE BODIES LIKE THAT COMBINED WITH HOW STRONG AND FLEXIBLE YOU ARE?

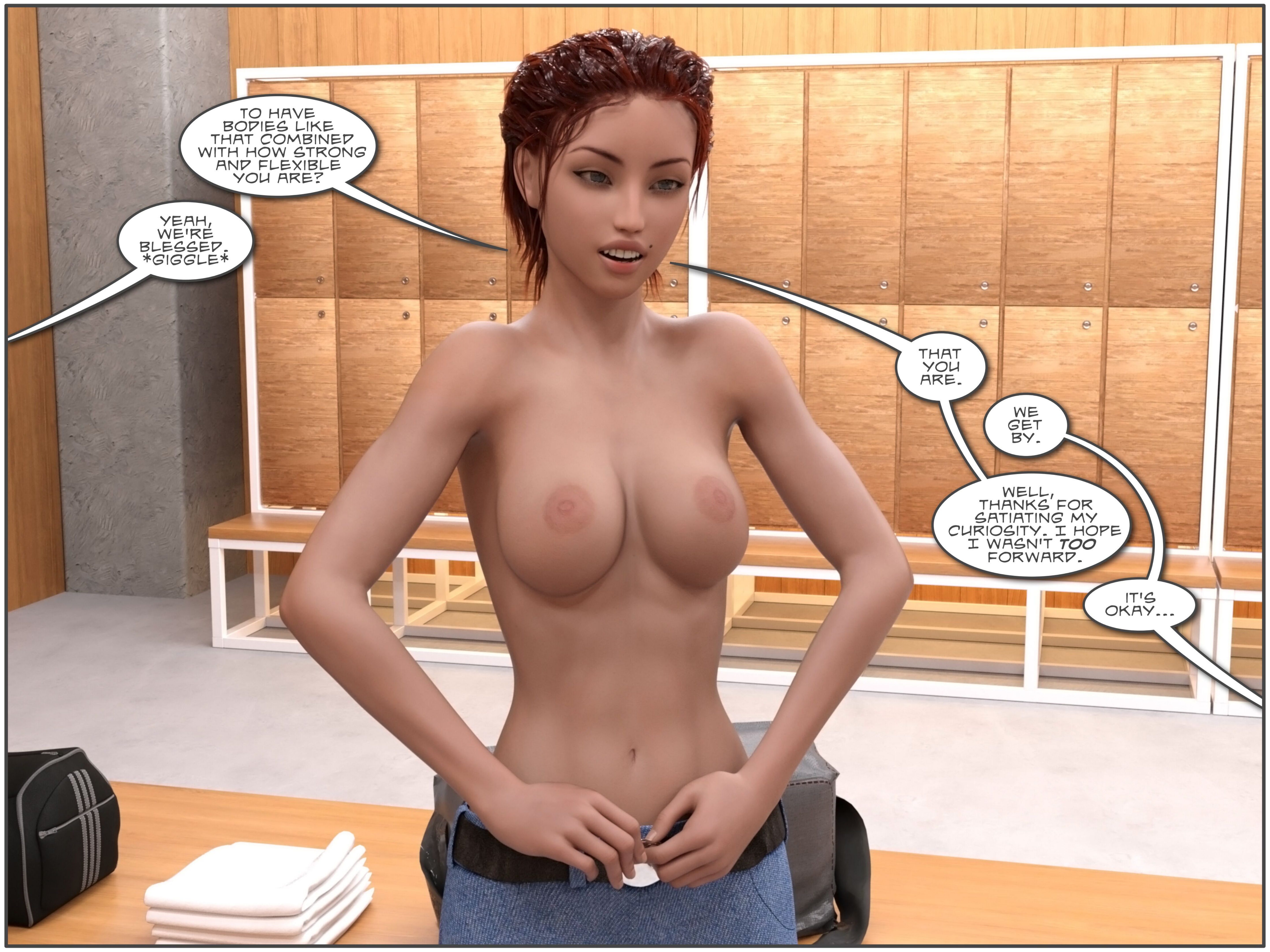
YEAH, WE'RE BLESSED. *GIGGLE*

THAT YOU ARE.

WE GET BY.

WELL, THANKS FOR SATIATING MY CURIOSITY. I HOPE I WASN'T TOO FORWARD.

IT'S OKAY...



SHE HANDLED THAT WELL.

THE LAST THING WE NEED IS TO DRAW MORE ATTENTION THAN WE HAVE TO.

...WE'RE ALL GIRLS, AFTER ALL.

YEAH, BUT SOME GIRLS AREN'T AS OPEN WITH THEIR BODIES AS I AM.

WELL, I'M NOT OFFENDED.

I'M SO HAPPY TO HEAR THAT, BONNIE...

WAIT...

BECAUSE I'M
REALLY LOOKING
FORWARD TO
WORKING WITH
YOU BOTH.

YOU'LL
FIT IN
GREAT
HERE.

THANKS,
WE'RE
LOOKING
FORWARD
TO IT.

BONNIE'S TALKING TO A
TOPLESS WOMAN WHO'S
LITTERLY GORGEOUS...

...BUT HER NIPPLES
AREN'T HARD AT ALL.

WHICH IS WEIRD SINCE I
COULD SEE THEM THROUGH
HER TOP WHEN...



WHEN SHE WAS
TALKING TO *PEANO!*

IS SHE...?

NO... I'M SURE IT'S
JUST HER BODY.

IT'S JUST A NATURAL
REACTION FOR A WOMAN...

WELL, FOR A *STRAIGHT* WOMAN...

A WOMAN *ATTRACTED* TO MEN...

I'LL SEE YOU TWO
TOMORROW...

...AND DON'T FORGET TO TALK TO BONNIE ABOUT WHAT WE DISCUSSED.

OH GOD. WHAT NOW?

WHAT DID YOU TWO TALK ABOUT?

I'LL LET YOUR SISTER FILL YOU IN.

DON'T WORRY, I WILL.

GOOD! TOOPLES!

AM I GOING TO GET IT NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE?

ARE YOU MAD AT ME?

MAD? WHY WOULD I BE MAD?

I JUST HAD A CONVERSATION WITH A *NAKED* WOMAN!

YOU'RE A WOMAN NOW, SO IT'S NATURAL.

LIKE OUR BODIES ARE *NATURAL*?

EXACTLY.





...AND
THANK YOU
FOR PICKING
UP MY
CLUES.

WELL, WE
DON'T NEED
PEOPLE
LOOKING INTO
US, RIGHT?

RIGHT. I TRY
TO FORGET THAT
WE'RE DOING THIS
BECAUSE I'M IN
DANGER...

...BUT WE
REALLY NEED
TO BE... SORRY,
BEST NOT TO
TALK HERE.

I TOTALLY GET
IT... AND IS THAT
WHAT YOU TWO
DISCUSSED?

OF
COURSE
NOT...

A woman with long blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white lace bra. She is in a locker room with wooden lockers and benches in the background. She has her right hand raised to her hair. The scene is presented as a comic book page with several speech bubbles.

GINGER MENTIONED THAT WE ARE SO IDENTICAL IT MAY CONFUSE SOME OF THE CLIENTELE.

SHE RECOMMENDED ONE OF US STYLE OUR HAIR DIFFERENTLY OR GET A DIFFERENT HAIRCUT.

AND SINCE YOU'RE... YOU KNOW...

YOU THINK I SHOULD CUT MY HAIR?

WELL, I LOVE HAVING HAIR, SO I DON'T WANT TO CUT IT.

IT'S SO SILKY SMOOTH...

SILKY...?



WOW.
YOUR HAIR
IS LIKE
SILK...

YOU'D LOOK
AMAZING AS A
BRUNETTE...

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark grey, ribbed long-sleeved shirt. Her arms are raised, with her hands behind her head. She is standing in front of a wall of wooden lockers. The scene is presented in a comic book style with speech bubbles.

MAYBE WE
COULD JUST...
COLOR MY
HAIR?

OH, YOU'D
LOOK AMAZING
WITH **RED**
HAIR!

I WAS
THINKING...
BRUNETTE?

OH, BECAUSE
YOU HAD BROWN
HAIR BEFORE.
THAT MAKES
SENSE.

**YES. THAT'S IT.
THAT'S WHY.**

AND... DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT GUY?

WHO? DEANO?

YEAH.

I-I CAN HANDLE HIM.

SO... YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?

WELL...

FUCK...





HE...
JUST CAME
ON REALLY
STRONG.

I'LL BE
READY FOR
HIM NEXT
TIME.

HER NIPPLES ARE
HARD AGAIN.

DOES SHE EVEN
REALIZE?

AND I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M READY TO GET OUT OF HERE.

LET ME JUMP IN THE SHOWER AND-

IF WE'RE GONNA COLOR YOUR HAIR, YOU SHOULD WAIT TO WASH IT.

YOU WANT TO DO THAT TONIGHT?

MIGHT AS WELL. IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN DO ANYTHING ELSE.

OKAY... LET'S DO IT.

YET ANOTHER NEW EXPERIENCE...

LATER THAT NIGHT...

IT LOOKS FINE, BONNIE.

STOP WORRYING SO MUCH.

I'M NOT WORRYING...

I'VE COLORED RENE'S HAIR NUMEROUS TIMES, AND SHE LOVES IT.



IT'S JUST ANOTHER BIG CHANGE.

I WAS JUST GETTING USED TO SEEING THIS FACE IN THE MIRROR...

...AND NOW I LOOK DIFFERENT AGAIN.

HEY, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO BE A BRUNETTE.

I JUST DID WHAT YOU WANTED.

I KNOW, BUT...

WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TWINS, AND-

IT'S *DONE*, BONNIE. UNLESS YOU WANT TO PAY AND GO TO A REAL SALON-

YOU CAN'T JUST-

WHAT'S THE FUCKING PROBLEM?

I'M TRYING TO BE MORE SUPPORTIVE OF YOU IN ALL THIS. YOU SAID *BRUNETTE*, AND I SAID I'D HELP.

I-I SEE WHAT THIS IS.

OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR THIS.

TO BE CONTINUED...