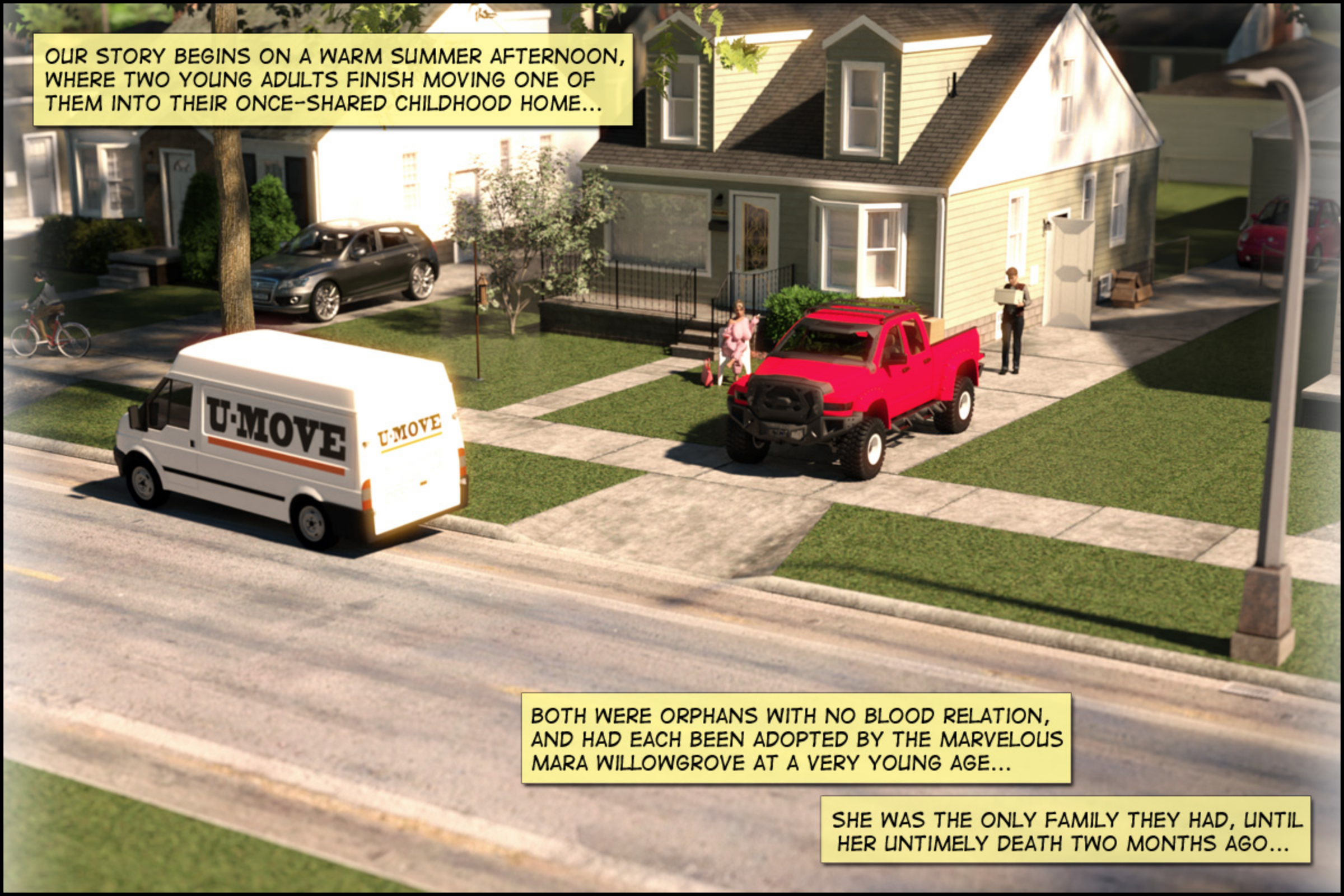




# Humility's View

Chapter 1: Inheritance

Written and Illustrated by KaraComet



OUR STORY BEGINS ON A WARM SUMMER AFTERNOON,  
WHERE TWO YOUNG ADULTS FINISH MOVING ONE OF  
THEM INTO THEIR ONCE-SHARED CHILDHOOD HOME...

BOTH WERE ORPHANS WITH NO BLOOD RELATION,  
AND HAD EACH BEEN ADOPTED BY THE MARVELOUS  
MARA WILLOWGROVE AT A VERY YOUNG AGE...


SHE WAS THE ONLY FAMILY THEY HAD, UNTIL  
HER UNTIMELY DEATH TWO MONTHS AGO...

LEAVING THEM EACH A GENEROUS YET UNEXPECTED INHERITANCE, ONE OF THE MANY SECRETS SHE KEPT IN HER HUMBLE LIFE AS A PARTY ENTERTAINER...

HEY,  
PRINCESS, YOU  
GOING TO GET OFF  
YOUR FAT ASS AND  
DO ANYTHING  
TODAY?

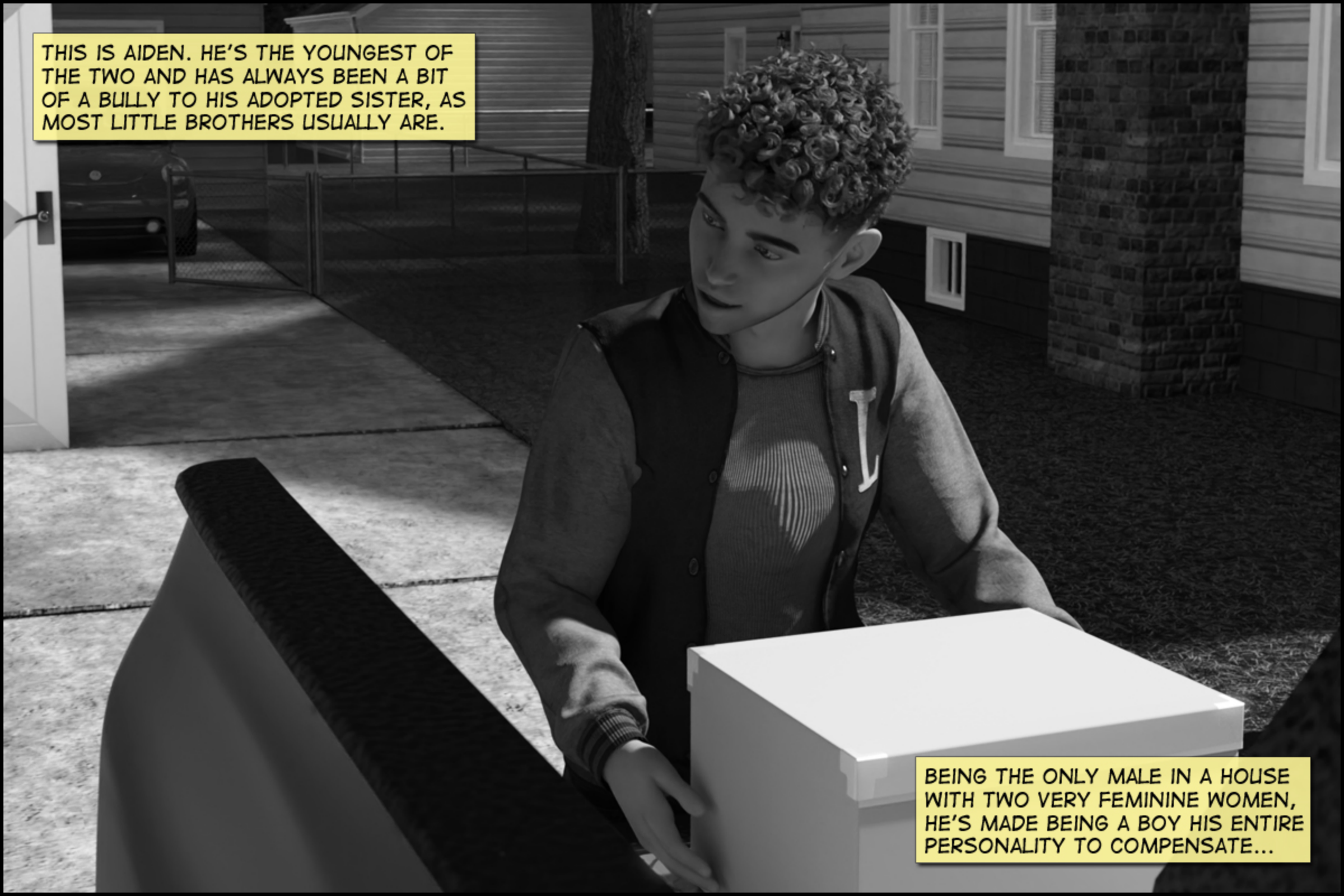
YOU'RE  
THE ONE MOVING  
INTO MOM'S OLD  
PLACE, NOT  
ME...

SECRETS THAT WOULD CHANGE THEIR LIVES  
IN WAYS THEY COULD NEVER PREPARE FOR...



I STILL  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY SHE LEFT  
IT TO YOU...

YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
WORK...



THIS IS AIDEN. HE'S THE YOUNGEST OF THE TWO AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BIT OF A BULLY TO HIS ADOPTED SISTER, AS MOST LITTLE BROTHERS USUALLY ARE.


BEING THE ONLY MALE IN A HOUSE WITH TWO VERY FEMININE WOMEN, HE'S MADE BEING A BOY HIS ENTIRE PERSONALITY TO COMPENSATE...

LUCKILY, LACEY HAS GROWN USED TO IT OVER THE LAST TWENTY YEARS...

WELL, BECAUSE I WAS HER FAVORITE, DUH!

AND I TOTALLY DO HAVE A JOB, BUTTHEAD.





LACEY, THE ELDEST OF THE WILLOWGROVE CHILDREN, IS THE POLAR OPPOSITE OF HER ADOPTED BROTHER IN NEARLY EVERY WAY.

A SOCIAL BUTTERFLY WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO OLD FOR HER AGE, SHE DEVELOPED HER OWN SECRETS WHEN SHE DROPPED OUT OF COLLEGE TO BECOME A FULL-TIME STRIPPER SIX YEARS AGO, AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN...

UNTIL SHE MET HER HUSBAND SHELDON AT A BACHELOR PARTY. THEY WERE MARRIED WITHIN A YEAR, AND SHORTLY AFTER HIS CAREER TOOK OFF. SHE HASN'T HAD TO WORK EVER SINCE...


*PSH!*

BEING A HOUSE WIFE ISN'T A REAL JOB!

YOU DIDN'T EVEN *HAVE* A HOUSE UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO...








BUT  
NOW I DO,  
SO NEENER  
NEENER!

THIS IS  
SO UNFAIR. WE  
COULD'VE AT LEAST  
SOLD IT AND SPLIT  
THE MONEY OR  
SOMETHING...



IT'S WHAT  
*I* WOULD HAVE  
DONE, IF MOM  
LEFT *ME* THE  
HOUSE...

AND  
THAT'S LIKELY  
WHY SHE DIDN'T  
LEAVE IT TO *YOU*,  
AIDIE BEAR...



YO, WHAT  
THE FUCK IS  
THAT SUPPOSED  
TO MEAN!?

LANGUAGE...

AT LEAST  
I WOULD HAVE  
SHARED IT WITH  
YOU...

YOU'RE  
JUST BEING  
SELFISH, LIKE  
ALWAYS...



OH,  
STOP. SHE,  
LIKE, WANTED THE  
HOUSE TO STAY IN  
THE FAMILY.

I DON'T  
HAVE TIME FOR  
ANOTHER LACEY  
LECTURE...

YOU KNOW,  
YOU DON'T *HAVE*  
TO BE SUCH A BIG  
JERK ALL THE  
TIME...

I'M NOT.  
I SAVE IT ALL  
FOR YOU, BIG  
SIS...

LUCKY  
ME...

*SIGH*

GUESS I'LL  
GET BACK TO  
UNPACKING SO  
YOU'LL STOP  
CRYING...





YEAH,  
YOU ARE...

I'M NOT  
CRYING...

WHAT-  
EVER, LET'S  
GO...

A 3D-rendered suburban house with a grey roof, white siding, and a white garage door. A red car is parked in the driveway. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting dusk or dawn. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble is on the left, containing the text 'YOU KNOW, YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO MOVE IN WITH US.' The second speech bubble is on the right, containing the text 'YEAH, I DON'T THINK SO, DUDE...'.

YOU KNOW,  
YOU'RE ALWAYS  
WELCOME TO MOVE  
IN WITH US.

YEAH, I  
DON'T THINK  
SO, DUDE...


A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a pink long-sleeved top and matching pants, stands in a kitchen holding a wine glass. She is looking towards a man who is partially visible in a doorway on the left. The man is wearing a maroon and grey letterman jacket with a white 'I' on the chest and dark pants. The kitchen has dark wood cabinets, a stainless steel refrigerator, and a tiled backsplash. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, containing text from the conversation.

WHY  
NOT? WE'VE  
BOTH LIVED HERE  
FOR, LIKE, MOST  
OF OUR LIVES...

YEAH,  
BUT THAT WAS  
DIFFERENT. WE  
WERE KIDS...

SO...?  
THERE'S STILL  
PLENTY OF  
SPACE...



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink off-the-shoulder sweater, is looking towards a man standing in a doorway. She has a speech bubble above her head. The man is wearing a dark vest over a light-colored shirt. In the background, there is a framed picture of a man and a woman in a field, a floor lamp, a wooden chair, and a refrigerator with magnets and a plant.

WELL,  
FOR ONE,  
WHAT WOULD  
YOUR HUSBAND  
THINK...?

WELL,  
I'M SURE HE'D  
BE FINE WITH  
IT. YOU'RE MY  
FAMILY...

YEAH,  
WHEN YOU  
**NEED** SOMEONE  
TO HELP YOU  
MOVE...

**HEY!**  
DON'T SAY  
THAT...!



I ♥ My Hu

FEEL FREE TO  
**DRESS SLUTTY**  
AT MY FUNERAL...  
IT'S WHAT I WOULD  
HAVE WANTED.





YOU  
DON'T REALLY  
FEEL THAT WAY,  
RIGHT...?

YOU'RE  
THE ONE THAT  
OFFERED TO  
HELP...

WELL,  
YEAH...

AND I'D  
STILL BE YOUR  
SISTER EVEN IF  
YOU DIDN'T...

**HEH!**  
IT'S NOT LIKE  
WE'RE ACTUALLY  
RELATED...

CHUCKLE

SIGH

WHAT-  
EVER!

YOU'RE  
OBVIOUSLY IN A  
MOOD, AND I'M  
NOT DEALING  
WITH IT...





THERE'S  
MY BABY  
GIRL!

I WAS  
WONDERING  
WHERE YOU  
WENT.

*HONEY!*

I WAS  
JUST TAKING  
A LITTLE  
BREAK...

GIGGLE

IT WAS  
LIKE HALF AN  
HOUR...

BUT WE  
WERE *JUST*  
TALKING ABOUT  
YOU!



COME  
HERE...

MMNWA!





EEW!  
DO YOU GUYS  
HAVE TO DO  
THAT IN FRONT  
OF ME!?

MMHMM



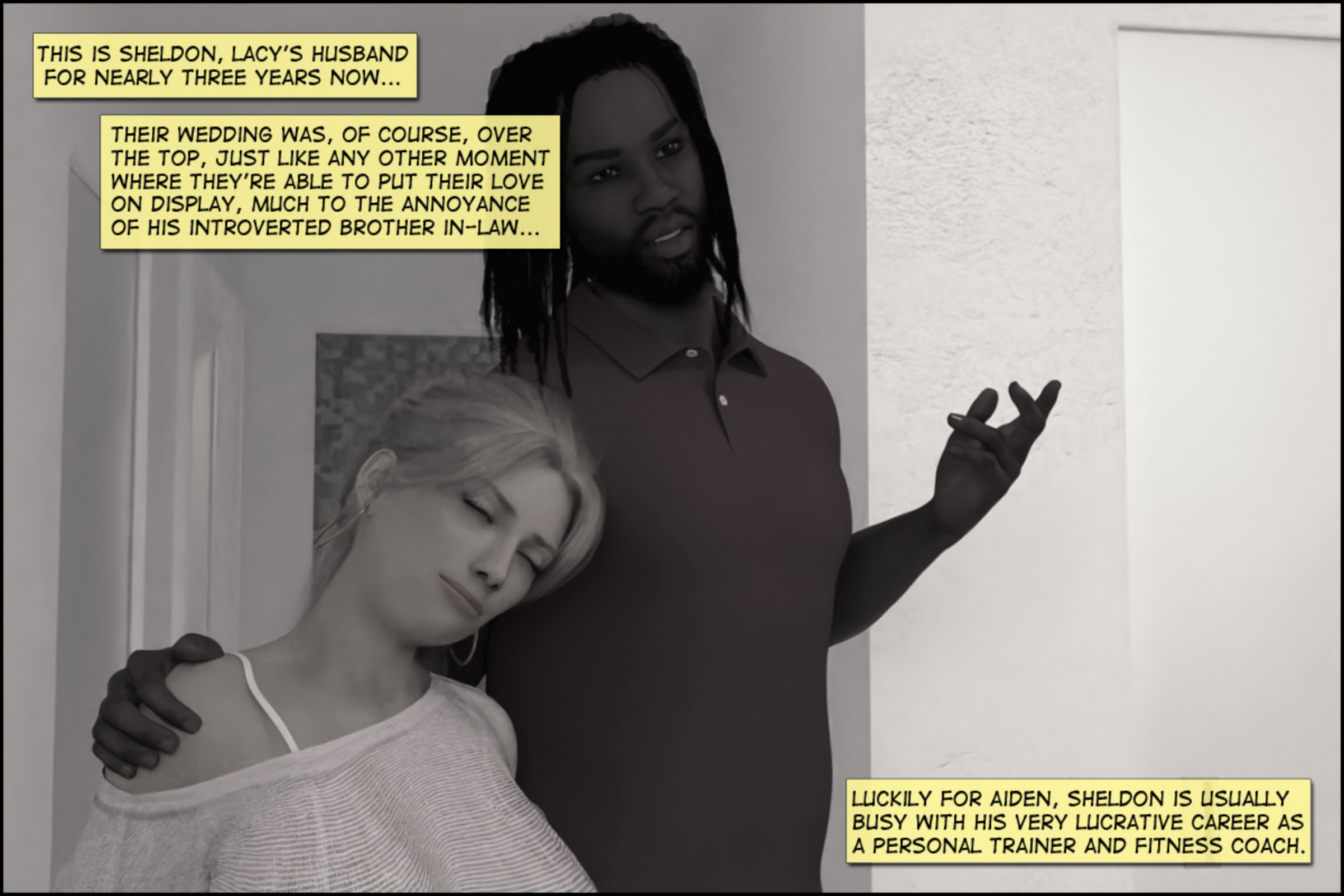


HEY,  
WHAT CAN I  
SAY? I LOVE YOUR  
SISTER A WHOLE  
LOT, MAN...

YEAH,  
NO SHIT.  
BUT YOU CAN  
AT LEAST WAIT  
UNTIL I'M NOT  
AROUND...

HEH!  
SO... WHAT'S  
THE DEAL WITH  
YOU AND, WHAT'S  
HER NAME...?  
MEGAN...?

HOW  
COME YOU  
NEVER BRING  
HER OVER ANY-  
MORE...?



THIS IS SHELDON, LACY'S HUSBAND  
FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS NOW...

THEIR WEDDING WAS, OF COURSE, OVER  
THE TOP, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MOMENT  
WHERE THEY'RE ABLE TO PUT THEIR LOVE  
ON DISPLAY, MUCH TO THE ANNOYANCE  
OF HIS INTROVERTED BROTHER IN-LAW...


LUCKILY FOR AIDEN, SHELDON IS USUALLY  
BUSY WITH HIS VERY LUCRATIVE CAREER AS  
A PERSONAL TRAINER AND FITNESS COACH.



I'VE TOLD  
YOU GUYS  
A MILLION  
TIMES...

WE'RE  
JUST ROOM-  
MATES...

OKAY,  
MAN. I  
WON'T PUSH  
IT...

A man with long black dreadlocks and a beard, wearing a red polo shirt, stands in a room. He is looking down at a woman whose back is to the camera. She has long, straight blonde hair tied in a high ponytail and is wearing a light pink top. The room has a white door on the right and a framed picture on the wall behind them. There are four speech bubbles containing text.

I SHOULD  
PROBABLY GET  
GOING ANYWAY.  
GOTTA RETURN  
THE VAN...


*AWW!*

I'LL BE  
RIGHT BACK,  
AND THEN WE  
GOT ALL NIGHT  
IN OUR NEW  
HOME.

BUT HOW  
ABOUT SOME  
SUGAR FOR  
THE ROAD?

FOR  
CHRIST'S  
SAKE!





ALL  
RIGHT, YOU  
TWO... DON'T  
WANT THAT VAN  
TO BE LATE...



OKAY,  
I'M HEADING  
OUT...

YOU  
TWO BE  
GOOD...

TRY  
NOT TO  
ARGUE SO  
MUCH...



NO  
PROMISES,  
MAN. DRIVE  
SAFE...


NO  
PROMISES...  
*\*CHUCKLE\**



*SIGH...*



LATER...



SO WHAT'S  
THE DEAL WITH  
BRINGING MEG UP  
EVERY TIME  
I'M HERE?

IT'S  
GETTING A  
LITTLE OLD,  
LACE...



I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. THAT WAS MY HUSBAND...

UH-HUH...  
AND *YOU* DIDN'T  
PUT THAT THOUGHT  
IN HIS HEAD AT  
ALL...?

I DON'T  
KNOW *WHAT*  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT...



PLEASE...  
I MEAN, JUST  
LOOK AT THIS...  
LOOK AT  
YOU....

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TRYING TO  
SAY...?

THAT  
YOU'RE JUST  
TOO OBSESSED  
WITH RELATION-  
SHIPS...




A woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink mesh long-sleeved crop top and a pink skirt, stands in a room. She has a serious expression. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text. In the background, there is a framed poster on the wall and a hanging light fixture.

OH, I'M  
**SORRY** FOR  
CARING ABOUT  
YOU AND SHOWING  
INTEREST IN YOUR  
**LIFE...**

OH, IS  
THAT WHAT  
IT IS...?

I JUST  
THINK YOU'D  
BE **HAPPIER** IF  
YOU HAD A GIRL-  
FRIEND...



I KNOW IT'S  
HARD FOR YOU  
TO UNDERSTAND,  
BECAUSE IT'S ALL  
**YOU** GOT GOING  
ON...

BUT, YOU  
EVER CONSIDER  
THE **FACT** THAT NOT  
EVERYONE NEEDS A  
RELATIONSHIP TO  
BE HAPPY...?

THAT'S  
SOME **REAL**  
OBVIOUS DADDY  
ISSUES YOU GOT,  
LACE...

A woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail, wearing a pink off-the-shoulder top and matching pants, is talking to a man in a kitchen. The man is wearing a grey and maroon jacket and is gesturing with his hands. There are several speech bubbles containing text. The background shows a kitchen with a refrigerator, a countertop with a plant, and a tiled backsplash.

DADDY  
ISSUES!?  
PLEASE...

LIKE,  
YOU ACTING  
LIKE AN *EDGY*  
*INCEL* IS ANY  
BETTER...

AT  
LEAST *I'M*  
HAPPY MOST OF  
THE TIME. I ONLY  
WISH *YOU* COULD  
BE HAPPY,  
TOO.

OF COURSE  
*YOU'RE* HAPPY.  
EVERYTHING HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN  
HANDED TO  
*YOU...*

BECAUSE  
YOU'RE A *GIRL*.  
BUT IT DOESN'T  
WORK THAT WAY  
FOR *US...*

IT'S NOT  
LIKE *I* CAN USE  
*MY* BODY TO GET  
WHATEVER *I*  
WANT...



IT'S...  
I'M NOT  
LIKE THAT AT  
ALL...

YEAH,  
IT IS, AND  
YEAH, YOU  
ARE...

WHY ARE  
YOU BEING SUCH  
A *DICK* TO ME  
TODAY...?

DID I DO  
SOMETHING  
WRONG...?



AIDEN...!

I'M JUST SO SICK OF WATCHING YOU GET EVERYTHING, AND I ONLY GET LEFT-OVERS AT BEST...

YOU GET TO SIT AT HOME AND PARTY IT UP, WHILE I HAVE TO WORK MY ASS OFF...

MOM LEAVES YOU THE HOUSE, AND I GET WHATEVER WAS LEFT...



I ONLY  
KEPT THE HOUSE,  
BECAUSE I WANT  
TO HAVE A FAMILY  
IN MY FAMILY  
HOME...

YOU GOT  
ALL OF MOM'S  
SAVINGS, WHICH WAS  
A LOT MORE THAN  
WE EVEN KNEW  
SHE HAD...

YOU GOT  
THAT BIG DUMB  
TRUCK...

YOU  
SAID YOUR  
BILLS ARE  
PAID...

SO  
DON'T  
EVEN...


IT WASN'T  
HALF AS MUCH  
AS THIS HOUSE  
IS WORTH!

BUT SEE!?  
**THIS** IS WHAT  
I MEAN! IT'S  
NEVER **FAIR!** AND  
YOU DON'T EVEN  
CARE...!

YOU GET  
A WHOLE ENTIRE  
HOUSE, AND I GET  
A CAR AND SOME  
BILLS PAID...

AND YOU  
MAKE IT SOUND  
LIKE **I** GOT THE  
BETTER DEAL?

DON'T  
TRY TO GAS-  
LIGHT ME LIKE YOU  
DO EVERYONE  
ELSE...

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, showing her nose, mouth, and chin. She has blonde hair and is wearing a gold hoop earring. Her mouth is slightly open as if speaking. The background is a room with a wooden cabinet, a potted plant, and a framed picture on the wall. Four speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

I OFFERED  
TO *LET* YOU SHARE  
*OUR* HOUSE, BUT  
THAT'S NOT WHAT  
THIS IS ABOUT,  
IS IT...?

YOU'VE  
BEEN LIKE THIS  
EVER SINCE MOM  
DIED...

LET  
ME...!?  
*PFFT!*

AND INSTEAD  
OF *TALKING* TO SOME-  
ONE ABOUT IT, YOU HAVE  
TO DO THE *GLY* THING  
AND TAKE IT OUT ON  
EVERYONE ELSE!

A close-up photograph of a man's mouth, showing his teeth and lips. He has a slight, somewhat forced smile. The image is overlaid with five white speech bubbles containing text. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

YEAH,  
SURE. I'M  
SAD ABOUT  
MOM...

BUT THAT'S  
NOT WHY I'M  
PISSED...

THE FACT IS,  
YOU'VE ALWAYS  
HAD A FREE RIDE  
THROUGH LIFE...

YOUR  
HUSBAND  
MAKES A TON  
OF MONEY...

YOU  
DIDN'T NEED  
**THIS** HOUSE...  
YET YOU TOOK  
IT...!

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her mouth and nose. She has bright pink lipstick and is wearing large gold hoop earrings. Her mouth is slightly open as if speaking. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Four speech bubbles are overlaid on the right side of the image, containing text.

YOU THINK  
I HAD IT EASY?  
**PLEASE.** AT LEAST  
YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD  
THE FREEDOM TO DO  
WHATEVER YOU  
WANTED.

I WAS  
ALWAYS STUCK  
BABYSITTING **YOU!**  
I NEVER GOT TO DO  
ANYTHING WHEN WE  
WERE GROWING  
UP!

MY LIFE  
HAS ALWAYS  
BEEN ABOUT EVERY-  
ONE ELSE EXCEPT  
FOR ME...

I **WISH**  
YOU COULD  
SEE WHAT MY LIFE  
WAS ACTUALLY LIKE.  
THEN MAYBE YOU  
WOULDN'T BE SUCH  
AN **ASSHOLE!**



GRRRRR!





**FINE!  
FUCK YOU!  
FUCK ALL OF  
THIS!**

**I DON'T  
NEED ANY OF  
THIS SHIT!**

**AIDEN,  
STOP!**



CRASH!

AIDEN...!?

WHAT  
THE F-...?

CRUNCH





WOOOMP!





*COUGH*

*COUGH*



WHAT  
WAS THAT?  
ARE YOU  
OKAY...?

UGH...



DID  
YOU SAY  
SOMETHING?  
MY EARS ARE  
RINGING...





DID YOU  
GET H-OLY  
SHIT...!

GROAN

WHAT  
WAS THAT?  
I FEEL LIKE I  
WAS IN A CAR  
ACCIDENT...



SOME-  
THING'S WRONG  
WITH MY BODY, IT  
DOESN'T FEEL  
RIGHT...

OH  
MY GOD!  
NO!



NO NO  
NO! THIS  
IS...!

WHAT  
ARE THOSE!?  
IT LOOKS LIKE  
I HAVE...!

WE DIED IN  
THAT EXPLOSION  
AND NOW WE'RE  
IN HELL...

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
EXPLANAT-  
ION...

*BOOBS!*

I HAVE  
HUGE HEAVY  
*BOOBS!*


**WHIMPER**

**MY  
BOOBS...!**

**LACEY!?  
NO... NO WAY!  
YOU...!?**

**YOU  
LOOK LIKE  
ME!**





I THOUGHT  
I WAS A GOOD  
PERSON...!

*SOB*

I FEEL SO  
**WRONG!** MY  
CHEST... WHY  
AM I IN YOUR  
**BODY!?**

IF  
YOU'RE  
ME, THAT  
MEANS...

LACEY,  
I'M YOU!  
THESE ARE  
YOUR...!

OH, GOD!  
OH MY GOD!  
I'M IN YOUR  
BODY!



WHY IS  
*YOUR* FACE  
ON *MY* BODY!?  
WHY AM *I* IN  
*YOURS*!?

I...  
I DON'T  
KNOW!

MAYBE  
WE'RE IN A  
COMA, AND THIS  
IS A REALLY BAD  
DREAM...?

DOES  
THIS HAPPEN?  
BECAUSE IT FEELS  
*SO* FUCKIN'  
REAL!



I DON'T  
KNOW! I'VE  
NEVER BEEN IN  
A COMA, AIDIE  
BEAR...

I... I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY I...

THAT  
JUST CAME  
OUT...

JIGGLE

JIGGLE



SOME-  
THING ELSE IS  
HAPPENING. I'M  
MOVING ALL  
WRONG!

THIS IS  
SO CONFUSING!  
WHAT DO WE DO  
IF THIS IS ALL  
REAL...!?

I DON'T  
KNOW!



BUT IT'S  
HAPPENING TO  
ME, TOO!

I WON'T  
STOP CLEANING  
UP! I DON'T CARE  
ABOUT THIS RIGHT  
NOW...!

ARE  
WE...?

I FEEL  
SO TENSE  
STANDING LIKE  
THIS, IT'S SO  
WEIRD...


I THINK  
WE'RE EVEN  
MOVING LIKE EACH  
OTHER... MAYBE IT'S  
JUST, LIKE, MUSCLE  
MEMORY...?

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

ANYTHING  
OVER THERE  
THAT LOOKS LIKE  
IT COULD'VE DONE  
THIS TO US...?

WHAT  
DO I EVEN  
LOOK FOR,  
LACE...?

GRUNT



I DON'T  
KNOW! WHAT  
COULD EVEN DO  
THIS...?

I THINK  
MOM'S WAND  
WAS IN THAT BOX,  
BUT THAT WAS  
JUST A PROP,  
RIGHT...?


LIKE, SHE  
COULDN'T DO  
ACTUAL MAGIC...  
OTHERWISE WHY  
LIVE LIKE SHE  
DID...?

MAYBE...? I  
ALWAYS THOUGHT  
HER TRICKS LOOKED  
TOO REAL, BUT I'M  
NOT SEEING IT  
HERE...



HOLY  
*FLUCK...!*

FIRST OFF,  
LANGUAGE... I  
MEAN... *UGH!*  
LIKE, WHAT  
IS IT...?

A young man with curly hair is looking at a framed photograph. The photograph shows a young woman with her hair in pigtails and a young man standing in a field with a wooden fence. The scene is set during a sunset or sunrise. There are two speech bubbles overlaid on the photograph.

AIDIE  
BEAR, WHAT  
IS IT...?

THAT  
PICTURE OF  
US AT THE FAIR  
GROUNDS...

NOTICE ANYTHING OFF ABOUT IT...?



NO FREAKIN' WAY...!

EVEN THE PICTURE CHANGED!?

I ♥ My Husband

FEEL FREE TO DRESS SLUTTY AT MY FUNERAL... IT'S WHAT I WOULD HAVE WANTED.





YEAH,  
IT'S CRAZY,  
RIGHT...?

WHY DO  
YOU LOOK  
HAPPY ABOUT  
THIS!? IT'S NOT  
FUNNY...!

I DON'T  
KNOW. MY  
FACE IS, LIKE,  
STUCK THIS  
WAY...



A woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail, wearing a pink, long-sleeved, ribbed sweater, is sitting at a white table in a living room. She has her hands covering her face, appearing to be crying or distressed. The room is dimly lit with warm lights. In the background, there is a grey sofa, a coffee table with a coffee cup and a wine glass, and a window with blinds. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

IT'S LIKE  
I CAN'T HELP  
BUT ACT LIKE  
YOU...

OH, GOD,  
I THINK YOU'RE  
RIGHT. I CAN FEEL  
MYSELF MOVING AND  
TALKING LIKE YOU DO,  
BUT I CAN'T, LIKE,  
DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT...

HOW CAN  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS EVEN  
EXIST...!?



HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW!?

I THOUGHT MAGIC WAS FAKE, BUT APPARENTLY IT'S REAL AND MOM HAD SOMETHING WE MUST'VE SET OFF ON ACCIDENT...

BUT HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO EVEN FIND WHAT IT WAS, WHEN WE CAN'T EVEN FULLY CONTROL OURSELVES...?



YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE STUCK LIKE THIS...?

*GASP!*

GOD, I HOPE NOT...

I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE...!



OH,  
**REALLY!?**  
'CAUSE THAT'S  
NOT WHAT IT  
SOUNDED LIKE A  
FEW MINUTES  
AGO...

COME  
ON, LACE,  
YOU'RE LOVING  
THIS, AREN'T  
YOU...?



NOW  
WHY ON  
EARTH DID I  
JUST SAY  
THAT...?

*LIGH!*  
CAN YOU  
STOP BEING  
A BIG *JERK* FOR  
ONE FREAKING  
SECOND...!?

AND HELP  
ME LOOK FOR  
WHATEVER MAGIC  
THING DID THIS  
TO US...?

UH,  
YEAH...  
SURE THING,  
LACE...

THAT  
JUST...  
YEAH...

swing

HOW DO YOU DEAL WITH THESE... *THINGS* FLOPPING AROUND ALL THE TIME?

BOOBS?

UH... YEAH.

I LIKED THE WAY THEY FELT, I DON'T KNOW...

HOW DID YOU DEAL WITH THE TIGHTNESS UH... *DOWN THERE*...?

BETTER THAN WHAT I FEEL RIGHT NOW...



COME  
*ON*... IT HAS  
TO BE AROUND  
HERE SOME-  
WHERE...

EVERY-  
THING *ELSE*  
FROM THAT  
BOX IS OVER  
HERE...








WHERE ELSE COULD IT HAVE GONE? MAYBE IT WASN'T HER WAND...?

THERE WAS, LIKE, AN IRON, A COUPLE OF EMPTY BOXES... WASN'T THERE, LIKE, A BOOK OR SOMETHING...?



YOU  
THINK MAYBE  
SOMEONE ON  
TAKTOK WOULD  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO...?

'CAUSE  
EVEN IF WE  
FIND THE THING  
THAT DID THIS, DO  
WE WANT TO RISK  
SOMETHING EVEN  
WORSE...?



ARE  
YOU EVEN  
LISTENING  
TO ME...?

LACE...?  
*HEY!*





USUALLY  
NOT...

HEY,  
THAT'S MY  
LINE!



WHAT IS IT...?

IT'S NOT JUST THAT ONE, IT'S THESE ONES TOO...





ALL OF  
IT...

AIDIE  
BEAR, WE  
SWAPPED  
LIVES...

To Be Continued...