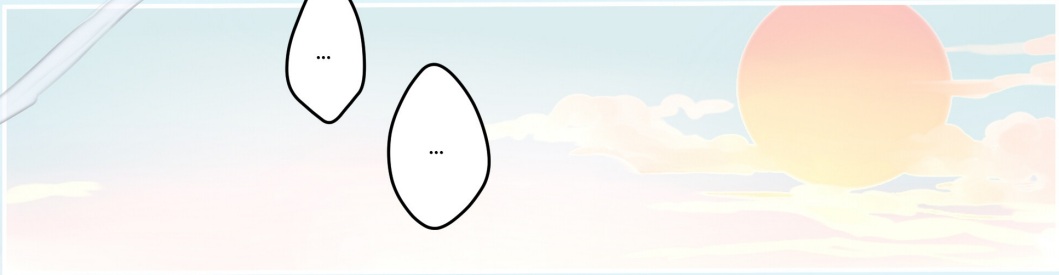


I'm not.

...

...



stare

It's nothing.



nudge

ugh  
Alright,  
alright.





Just

mad at myself maybe.

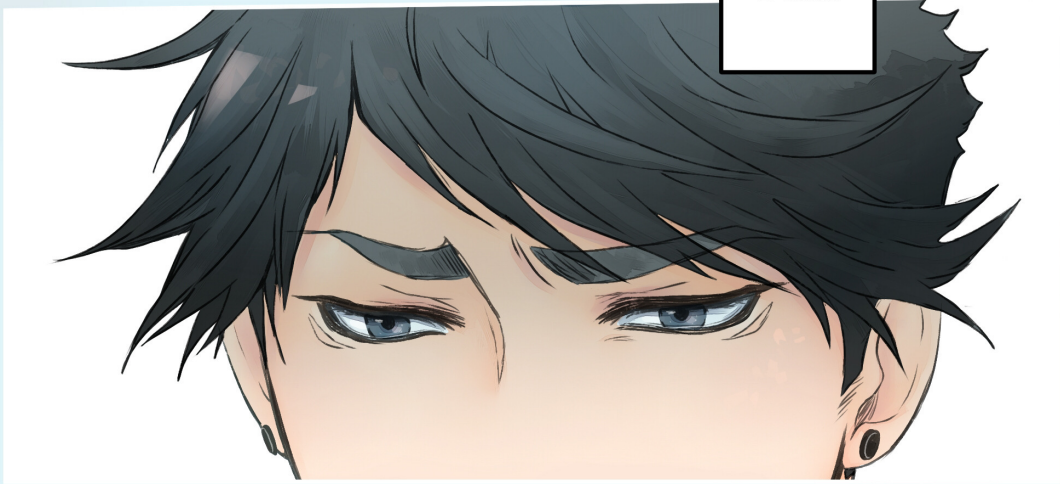


?

At yourself ...?

Why?

Damn.

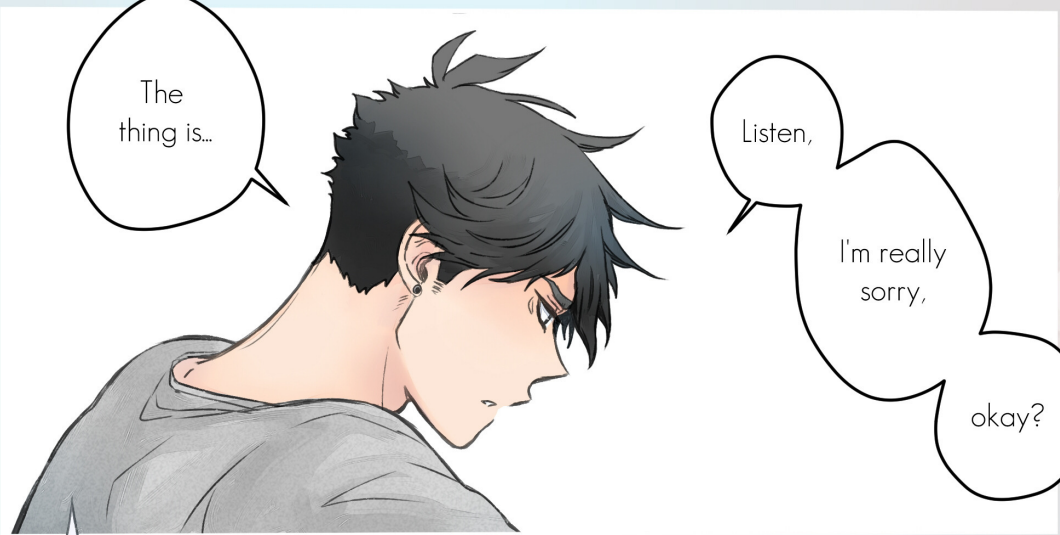




I need to tell him.

I need to tell him, right now,

or I can't face him anymore.



The thing is...

Listen,

I'm really sorry,

okay?



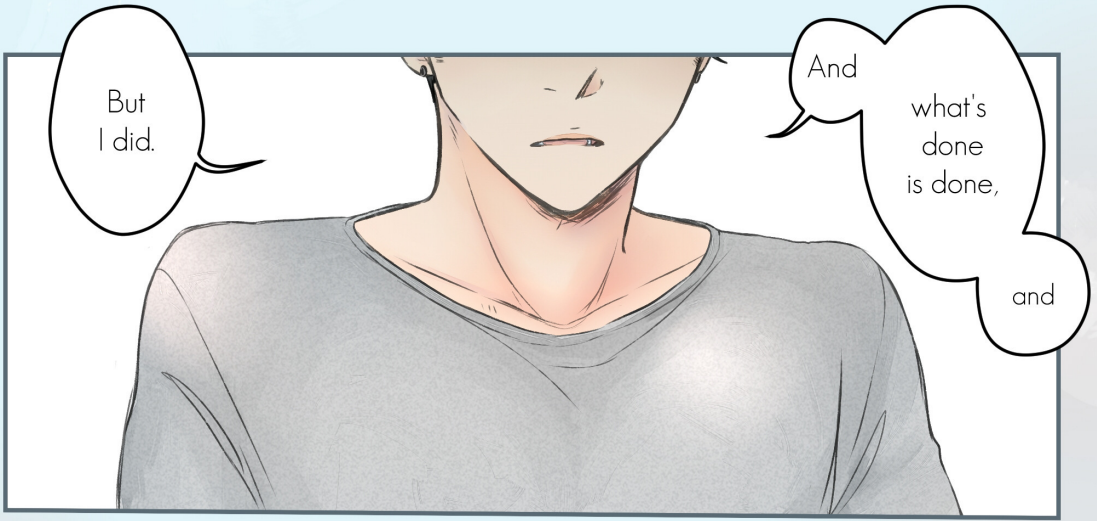
I mean it.

I just don't know how-

how to explain it to you-

because I had no reason to do it.





But I did.

And what's done is done, and



I just... without thinking, while you were asleep, I just-

uhm... fuck,

wait!

Wait.  
Slow down a god damn second.

I'm going to ruin everything.

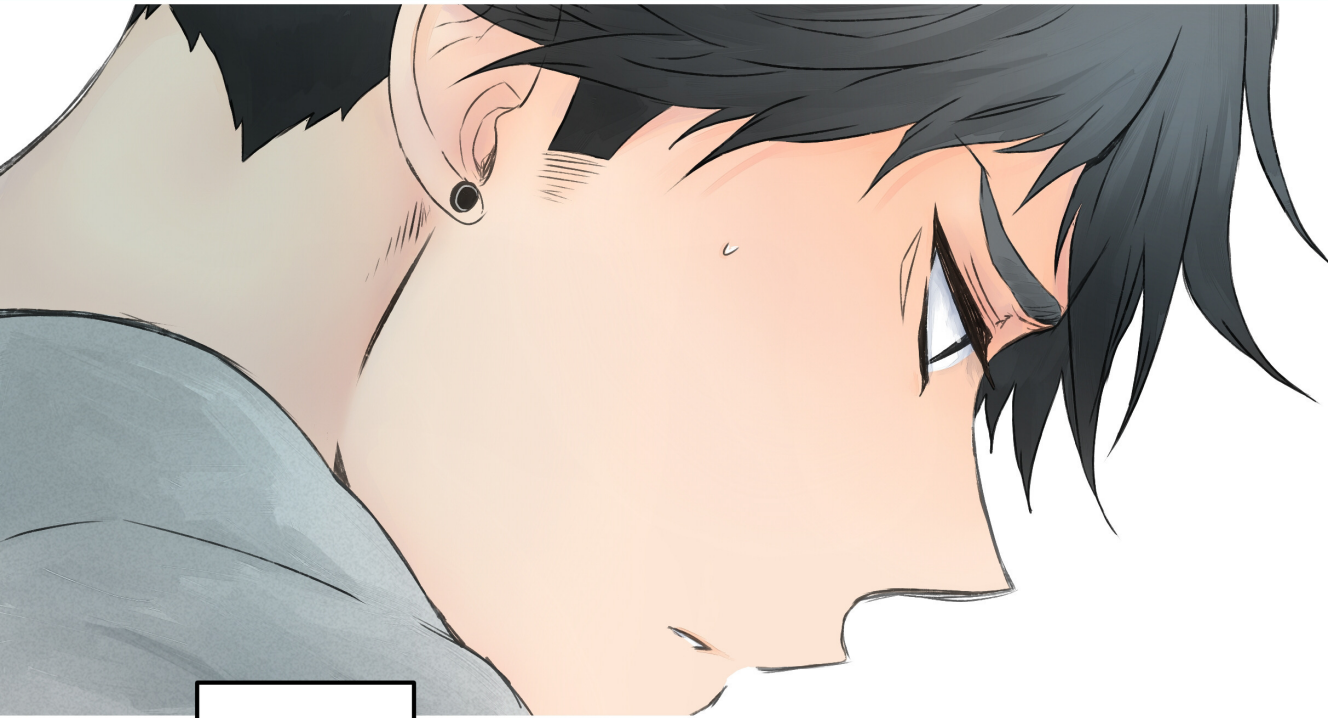




This is  
the last thing  
he needs  
right now.

Here is  
where he's  
supposed to  
feel safe,

or not?

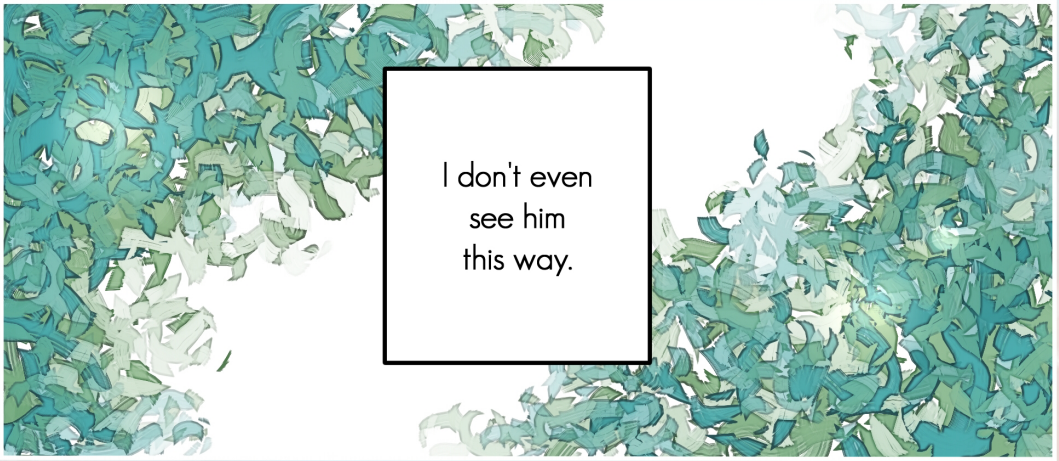


What do I  
even want  
to say?

It would  
be like a  
confession,

but,

until now,  
I have  
never-



I don't even  
see him  
this way.



Come on,



spit it  
out  
already?



panic





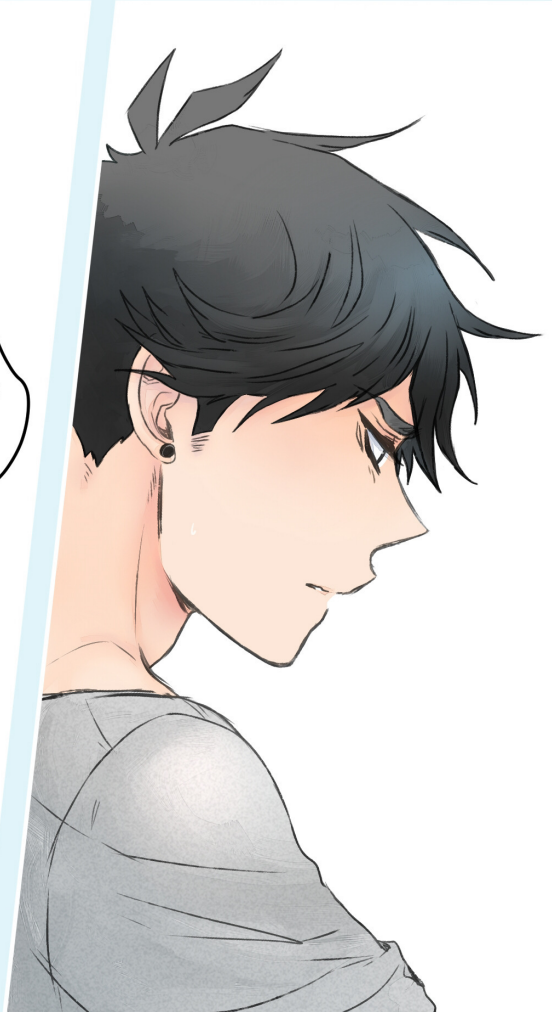


without

asking.



What,  
that's  
all?





Honestly,  
I would've  
shown you,

but they're  
a bit different  
from what  
I usually do,  
and...



... Robin.

What's  
wrong?

That's  
what  
I'd like  
to know!

Because  
ever since  
I've looked  
at them

*I feel  
really  
strange.*

