

Remedial Sex-Ed

by SigmaGal

ROUND ONE

Chapter Sixteen
Hit Me With Your
Best Shot



SO, THIS IS
WHERE I USUALLY
SIT...


...THAT'S THE
END OF THE TOUR
I GUESS.

NEAT! THAT
MEANS I GET THE
WINDOW SEAT!




UH, ACTUALLY,
SOMEONE ELSE ALREADY
HAS DIBS ON THAT.

BUT SITTING IN
IT IS THE ULTIMATE
FORM OF DIBS!



DIBS IS ALTOGETHER
CHILDISH. SHE CAN HAVE
THE STUPID CHAIR.

H-HI KELSEY.
YEAH, SORRY ABOUT
THAT...



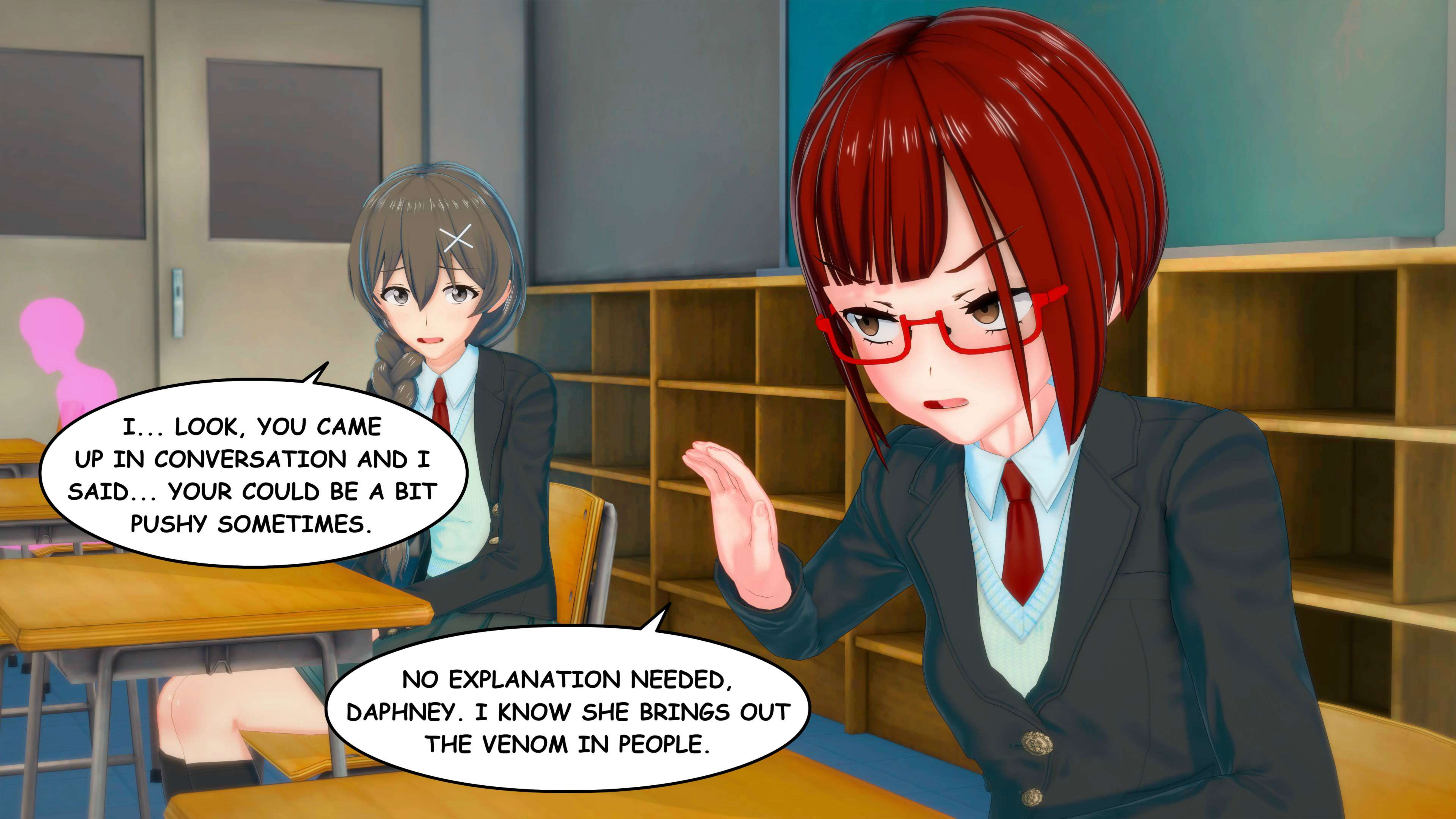
EH? EHHHH!?
SINCE WHEN ARE YOU
CHUMMY WITH THIS
SNAKE!?

C'MON, SHE'S NOT
LIKE THAT. SHE'S JUST
A NICE PERSON.

WOW, SHE'S EVEN
MORE OF A BITCH THAN
YOU SAID SHE WAS.

K-KELSEY!

HUH?



I... LOOK, YOU CAME UP IN CONVERSATION AND I SAID... YOUR COULD BE A BIT PUSHY SOMETIMES.

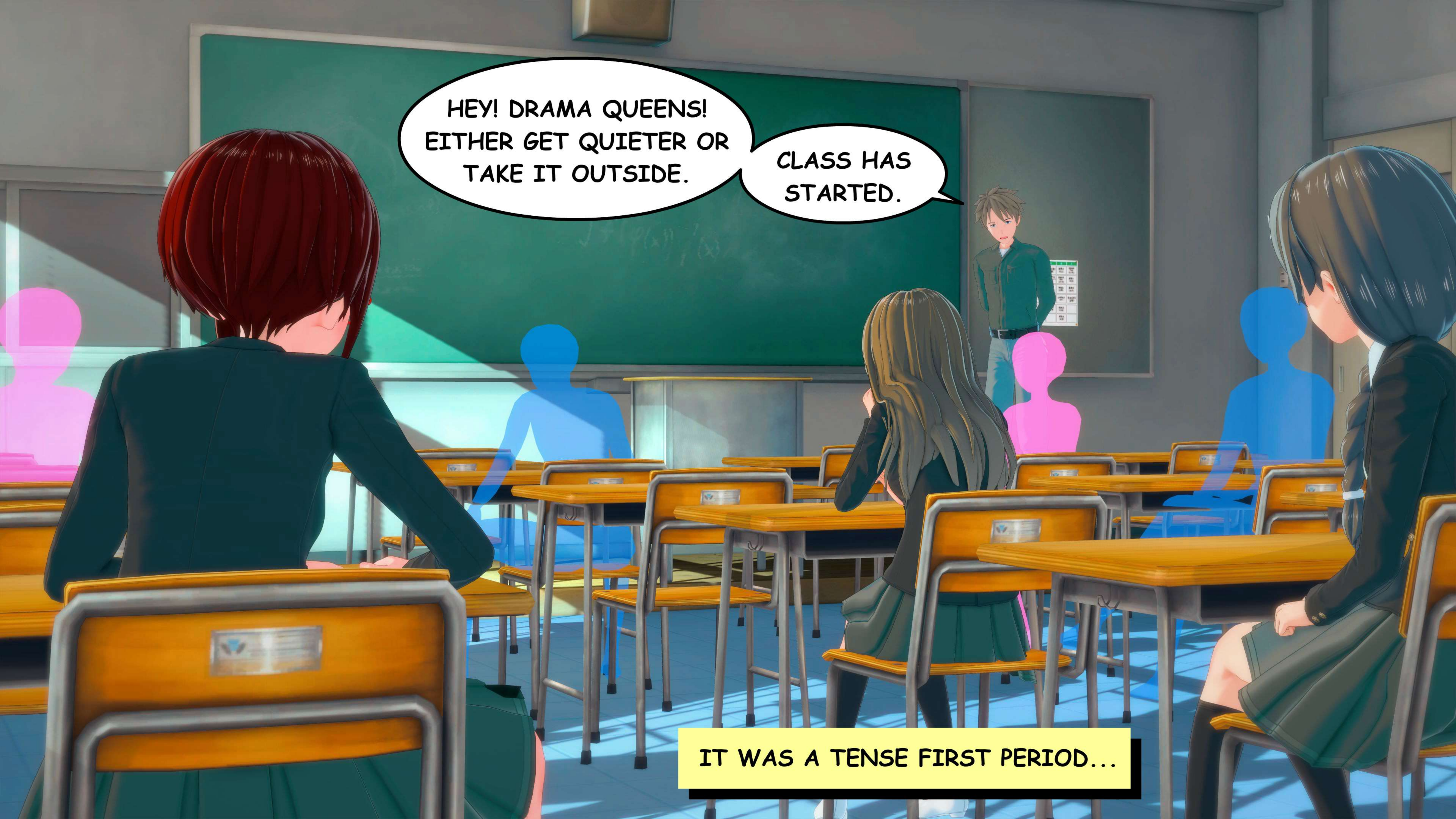
NO EXPLANATION NEEDED, DAPHNEY. I KNOW SHE BRINGS OUT THE VENOM IN PEOPLE.



LOOK, CAN
WE PLEASE FORGET
ALL THIS?

NOPE, 'CAUSE
MY MEMORY LASTS
LONGER THAN THREE
SECONDS.

THAT THE
BEST YOU GOT,
SKANK!?




HEY! DRAMA QUEENS!
EITHER GET QUIETER OR
TAKE IT OUTSIDE.

CLASS HAS
STARTED.

IT WAS A TENSE FIRST PERIOD...




YOU CALLED,
SIR?



THERE YOU ARE
ANDREA! I NEVER KNOW
WHERE YOU'RE AT.

WE SHOULD
REALLY PUT A
BELL ON YOU!

HA!

A man with short grey hair and glasses, wearing a dark blue suit, a brown shirt, and a white tie, stands on the left. He has a serious expression. A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white lab coat over a dark blue top and a black skirt with a gold belt, stands on the right. She has her hand to her chin in a thoughtful or nervous pose. The background is a dimly lit office with wood paneling and a window with a yellow light.

TELL ME ANDREA.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THE BUSTY STATUE OUT BY
THE FRONT GATES?

THE BUSTY STATUE
BY THE FRONT GATES
YOU SAY?


GOSH,
NOTHING AT
ALL, SIR.

I'D ASSUMED IT
HAD BEEN PLACED THERE
AT YOUR REQUEST.

IT'S NOT TO MY
TASTE, BUT I KNOW YOU
WOULDN'T WANT ME
QUESTIONING YOUR
JUDGEMENT..

OH ANDREA. YOU
SHOULD KNOW I'D NEVER BE
VULGAR LIKE THAT IN FRONT
OF THE STUDENTS!

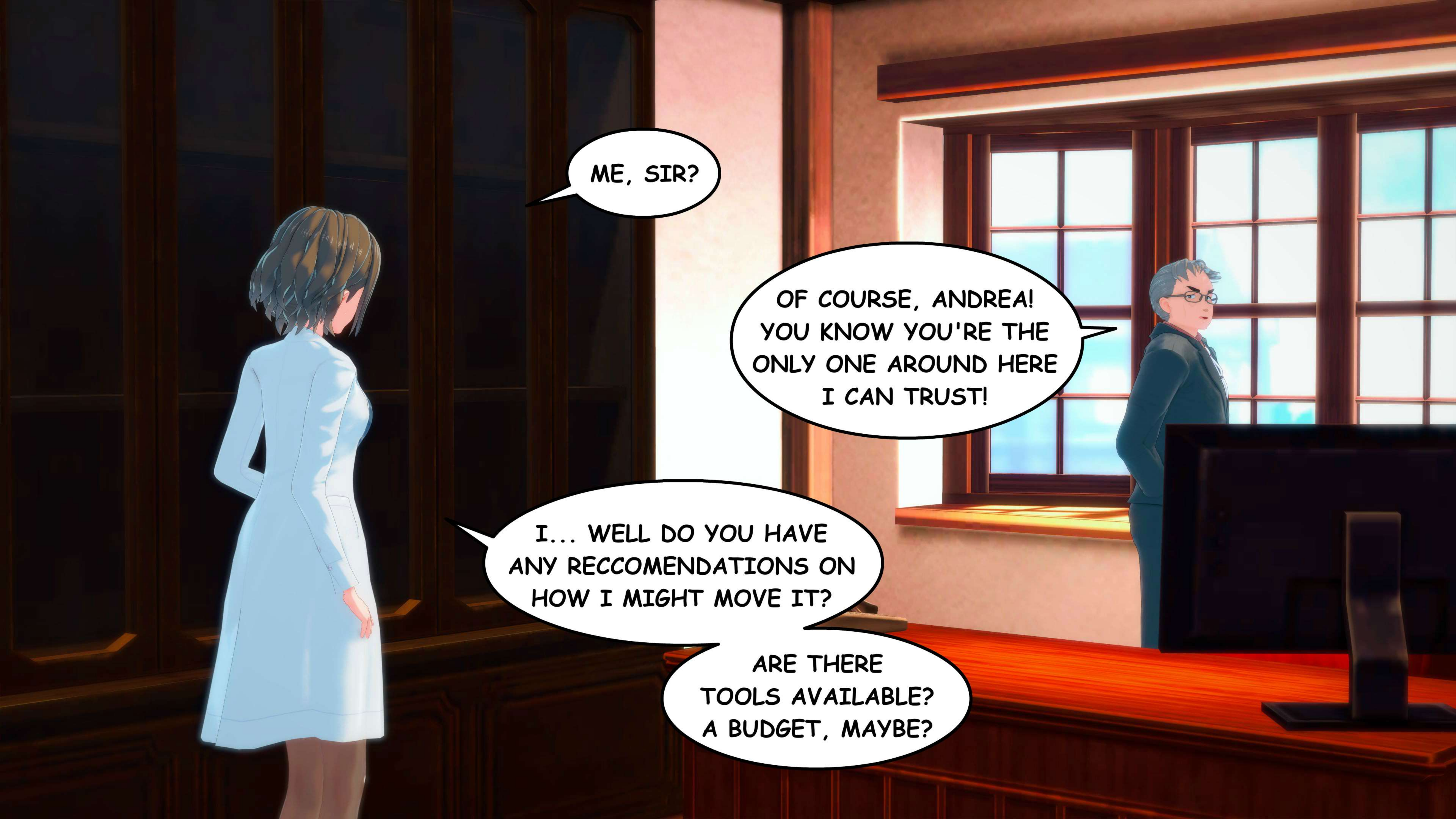




YES SIR.
OF COURSE,
SIR.

IT'S A SHAME, THOUGH.
EYEING THOSE SCULPTED TITS
IS A GREAT WAY TO START
THE MORNING.

OH WELL.
GET RID OF
IT.




ME, SIR?

OF COURSE, ANDREA!
YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE AROUND HERE
I CAN TRUST!

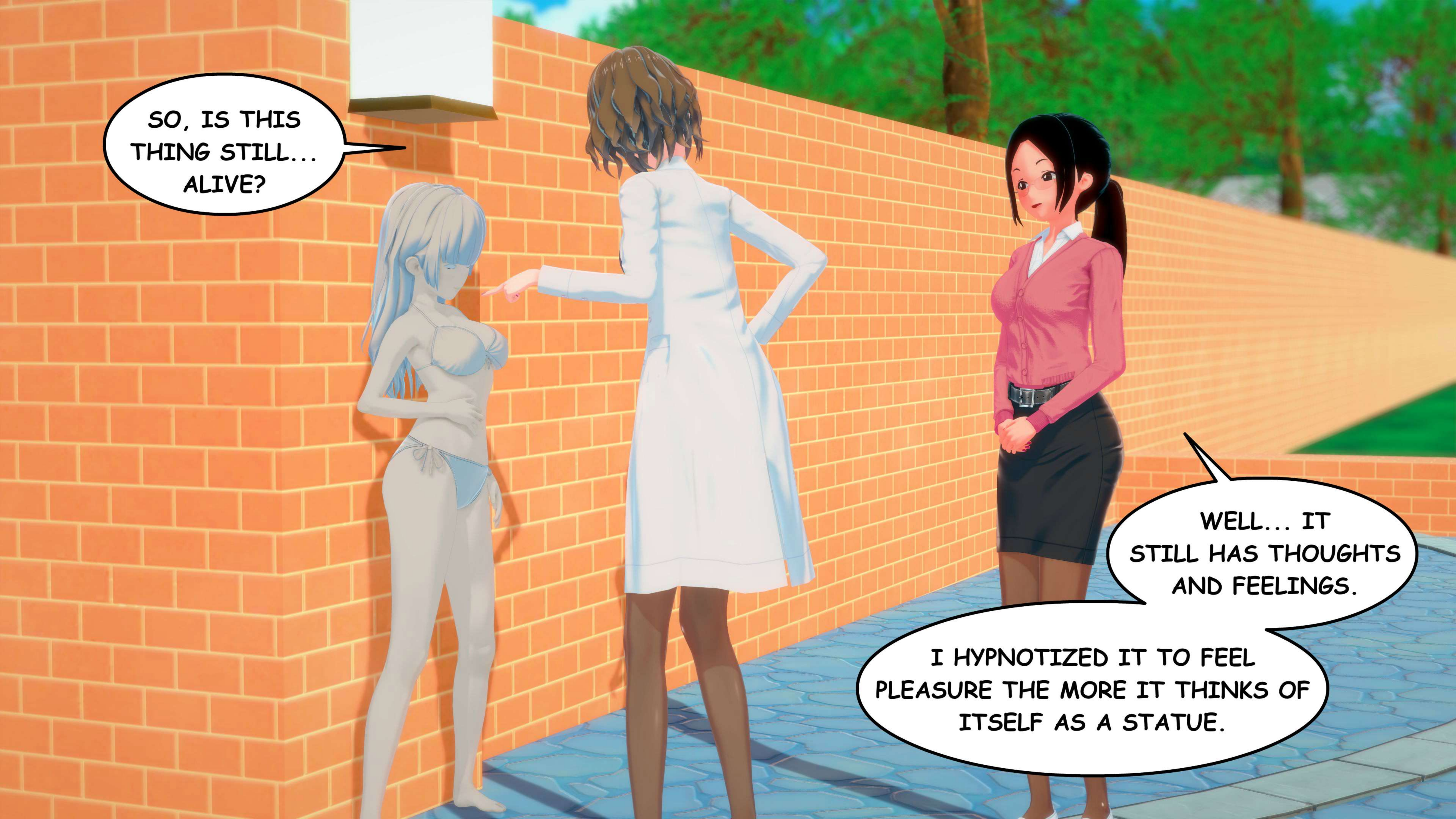
I... WELL DO YOU HAVE
ANY RECCOMENDATIONS ON
HOW I MIGHT MOVE IT?

ARE THERE
TOOLS AVAILABLE?
A BUDGET, MAYBE?

A man in a dark suit and glasses is speaking to a person in a light blue suit. The man in the dark suit has a speech bubble above him. The person in the light blue suit has a thought bubble above them. The background is a room with large windows and wood paneling.

HA! PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
ASK THE NEARBY FARMERS IF
YOU COULD BORROW A BULL
AND A WAGON!

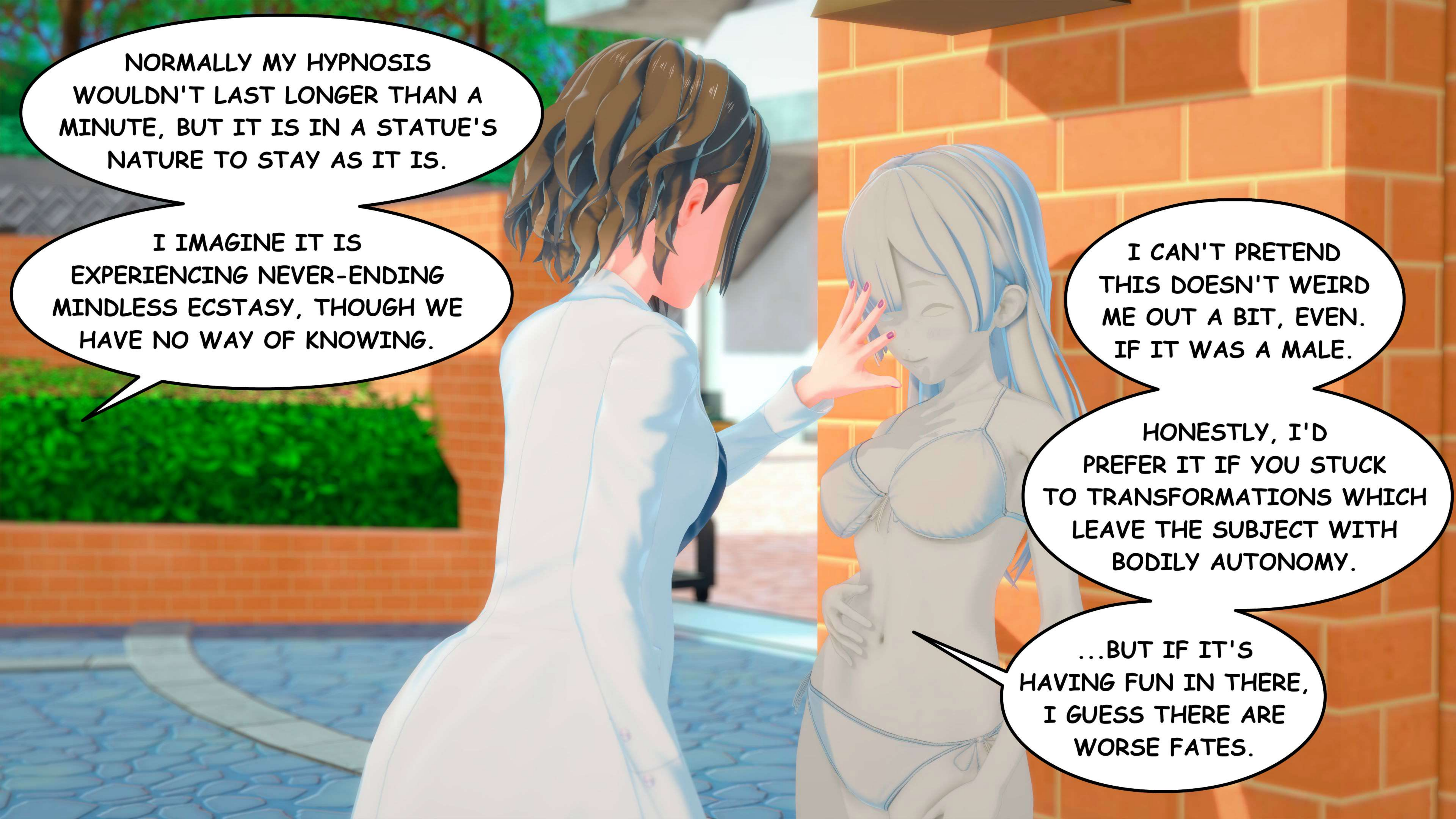
AND A SAWED
OFF SHOTGUN, WHILE
I'M AT IT...



SO, IS THIS
THING STILL...
ALIVE?

WELL... IT
STILL HAS THOUGHTS
AND FEELINGS.

I HYPNOTIZED IT TO FEEL
PLEASURE THE MORE IT THINKS OF
ITSELF AS A STATUE.



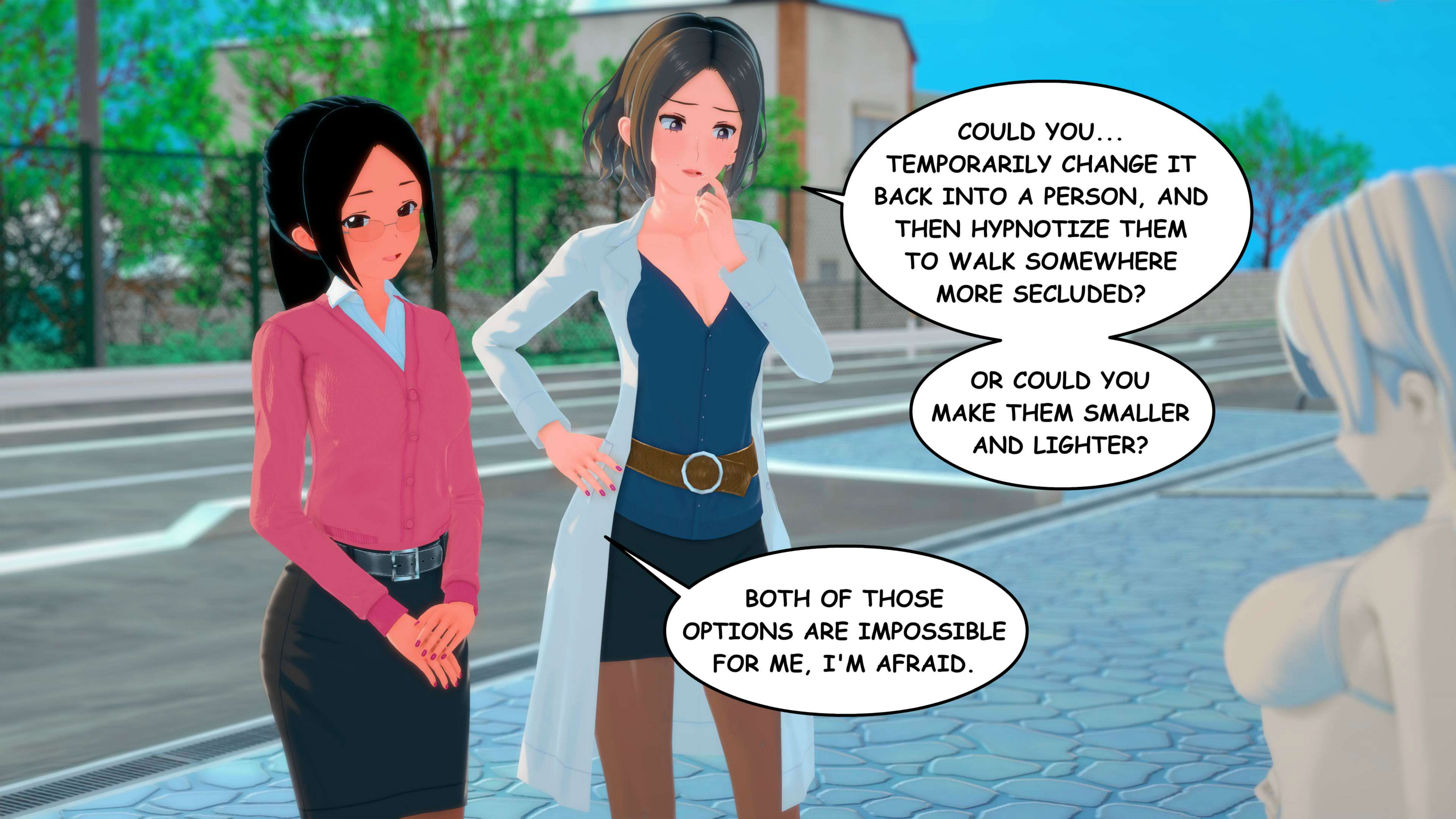
NORMALLY MY HYPNOSIS
WOULDN'T LAST LONGER THAN A
MINUTE, BUT IT IS IN A STATUE'S
NATURE TO STAY AS IT IS.

I IMAGINE IT IS
EXPERIENCING NEVER-ENDING
MINDLESS ECSTASY, THOUGH WE
HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING.

I CAN'T PRETEND
THIS DOESN'T WEIRD
ME OUT A BIT, EVEN.
IF IT WAS A MALE.

HONESTLY, I'D
PREFER IT IF YOU STUCK
TO TRANSFORMATIONS WHICH
LEAVE THE SUBJECT WITH
BODILY AUTONOMY.


...BUT IF IT'S
HAVING FUN IN THERE,
I GUESS THERE ARE
WORSE FATES.



COULD YOU...
TEMPORARILY CHANGE IT
BACK INTO A PERSON, AND
THEN HYPNOTIZE THEM
TO WALK SOMEWHERE
MORE SECLUDED?

OR COULD YOU
MAKE THEM SMALLER
AND LIGHTER?

BOTH OF THOSE
OPTIONS ARE IMPOSSIBLE
FOR ME, I'M AFRAID.



MY DOMAIN IS LIMITED TO HUMANS,
AND BY SMALL EXTENSION, HUMAN APPAREL.
AND NOT EVEN ALL HUMANS ALL THE TIME.
THEY HAVE TO BE IN THE CORRECT 'STATE
OF MIND' FOR MY MAGIC TO WORK.

I COULD ATTEMPT TO
INFLUENCE WHAT REMAINS OF
ITS HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS,
BUT ITS BODY IS VERY MUCH
A NON-HUMAN STATUE.


HUH. I HAD NO
IDEA YOU WERE SO
RESTRICTED.



AW! THANK
YOU!

IT IS WISE FOR
MAGICIANS TO HIDE
THEIR LIMITS.

THE BEST MAGICIANS
CAN APPEAR AS GODS WHILE
HAVING MUCH SMALLER
DOMAINS THAN I!



SIGH. OF COURSE, WE'LL
TAKE SLEDGEHAMMERING OFF THE
TABLE. I JUST... WOULDN'T BE
COMFORTABLE.

GUESS WE
GOTTA GO WITH
A TARP.

OH! A 'TARP' IS
LIKE... AN ELECTRIC
HAMMER?



PANT

PANT

A scene on a school track. A coach in a black tracksuit stands with her back to the viewer, looking towards a runner. The runner is a girl with a braid, wearing a light blue shirt and black shorts, who is running towards the coach. In the background, there are other runners represented by blue and pink silhouettes. A large building with many windows is in the background. A speech bubble from the coach says "ALRIGHT RAPUNZEL, COME OVER HERE." and a speech bubble from the runner says "YES *WHEEZE* COACH!".

ALRIGHT
RAPUNZEL, COME
OVER HERE.

YES
WHEEZE
COACH!

WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM, KID?
YOU GOT ASTHMA
OR SOMETHING?


YOU'VE NOT
EVEN DONE ONE
LAP AND YOU'RE
DYING.

SERIOUSLY, WHAT
IS THE PROBLEM? IT'S
LIKE I CAN'T RUN AT ALL
PROPERLY.



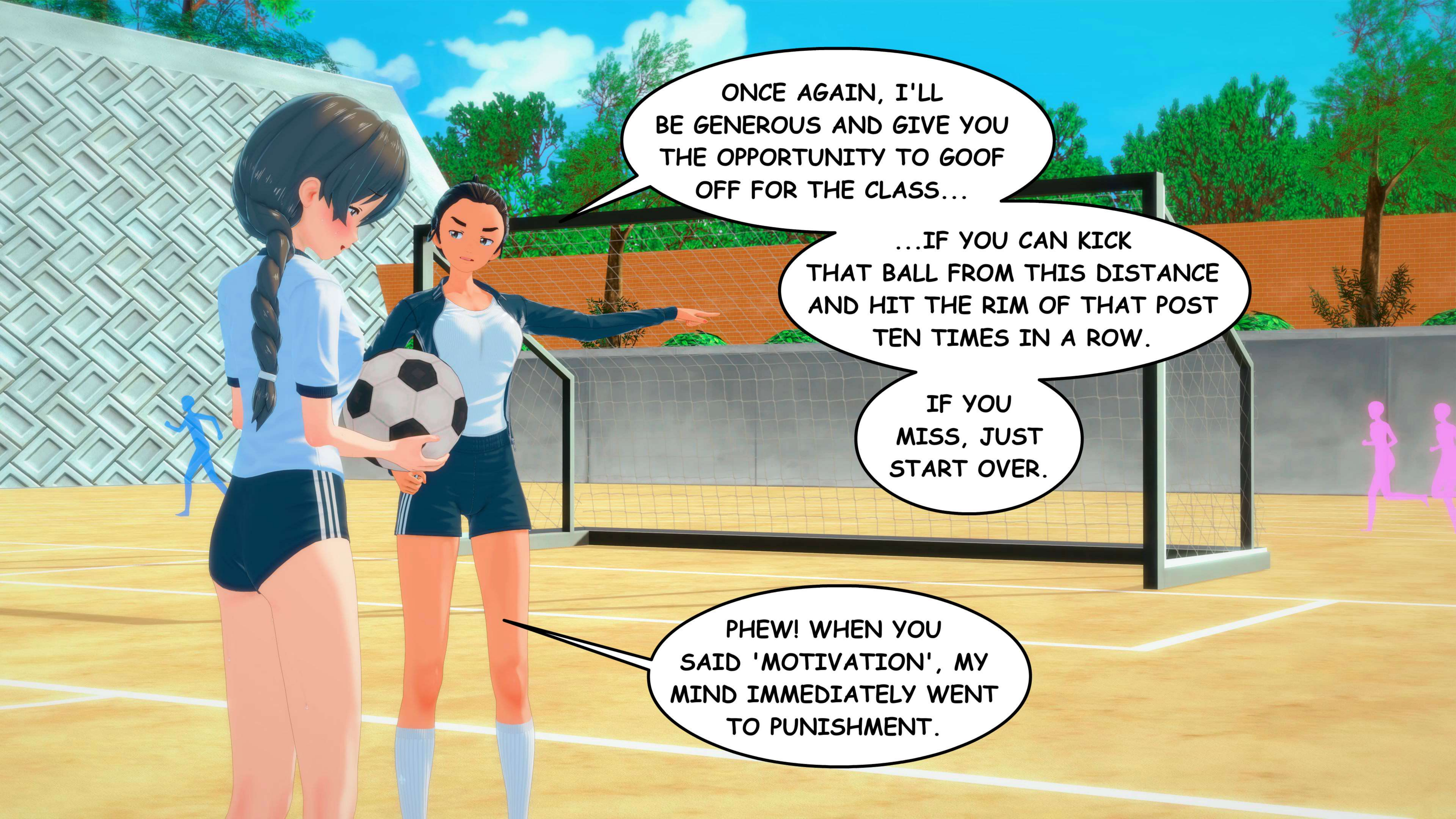
SORRY COACH
WHEEZE I GUESS
I'M JUST NO GOOD
AT *GASP* SPORTS!

RUNNING
ISN'T A SPORT, BRAID
FOR BRAINS!



COME ON, THERE'S
OTHER KINDS OF ATHLETICISM.
YOU CAN'T BE TERRIBLE AT
EVERYTHING.

NOT IF YOU'RE
PROVIDED THE RIGHT
MOTIVATION.




ONCE AGAIN, I'LL
BE GENEROUS AND GIVE YOU
THE OPPORTUNITY TO GOOF
OFF FOR THE CLASS...

...IF YOU CAN KICK
THAT BALL FROM THIS DISTANCE
AND HIT THE RIM OF THAT POST
TEN TIMES IN A ROW.

IF YOU
MISS, JUST
START OVER.

PHEW! WHEN YOU
SAID 'MOTIVATION', MY
MIND IMMEDIATELY WENT
TO PUNISHMENT.



DON'T WORRY,
WE'LL GET THERE
IF THE POSITIVE
REINFORCEMENT
YEILDS NO
RESULTS.

R-RIGHT!

IT'S FINE.
THIS IS WELL WITHIN
MY ABILITY...

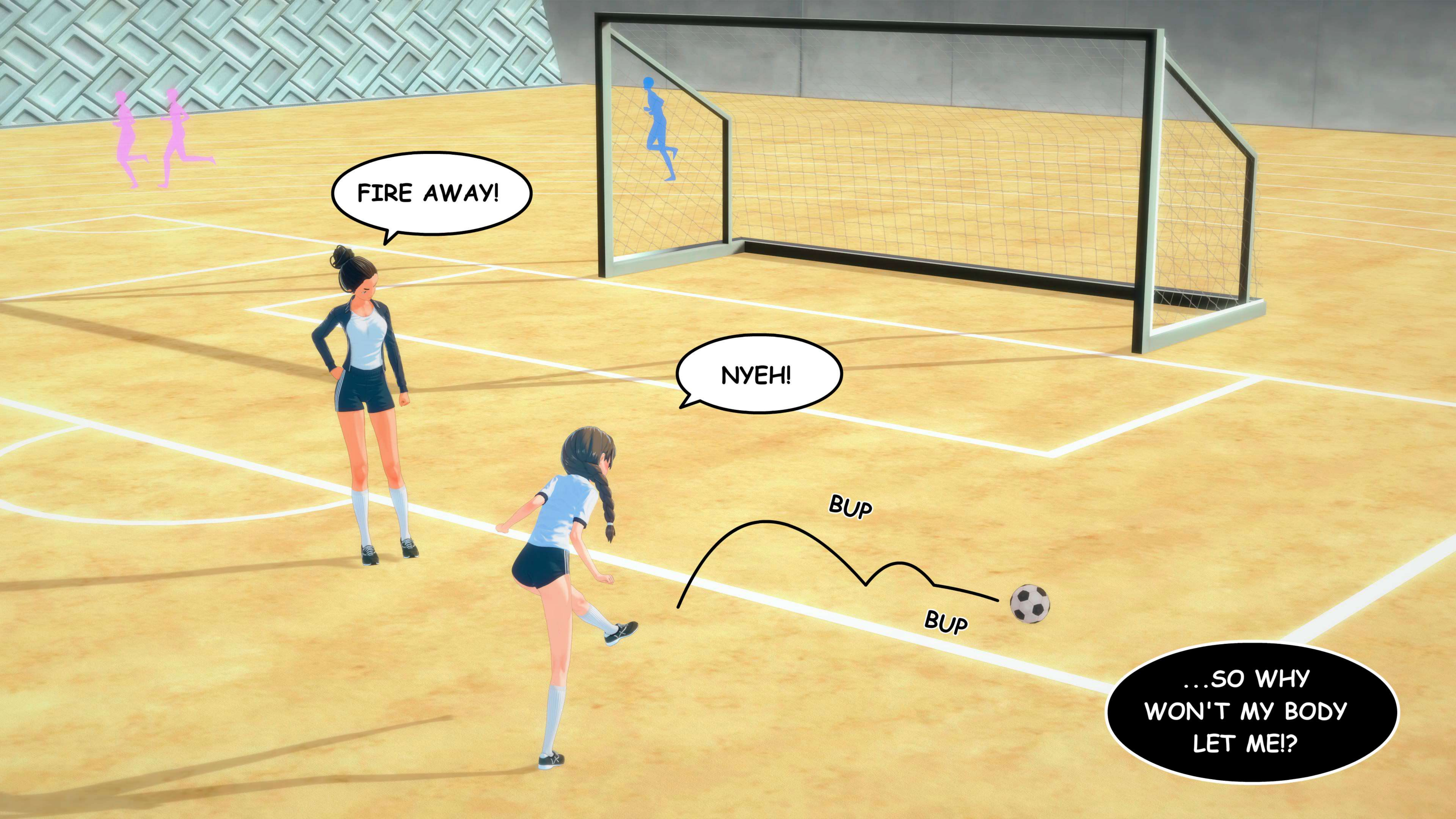
FIRE AWAY!

NYEH!

BUP

BUP

**...SO WHY
WON'T MY BODY
LET ME!?**





KYA!

SHIT!
A CROWD IS
FORMING!

FWISH



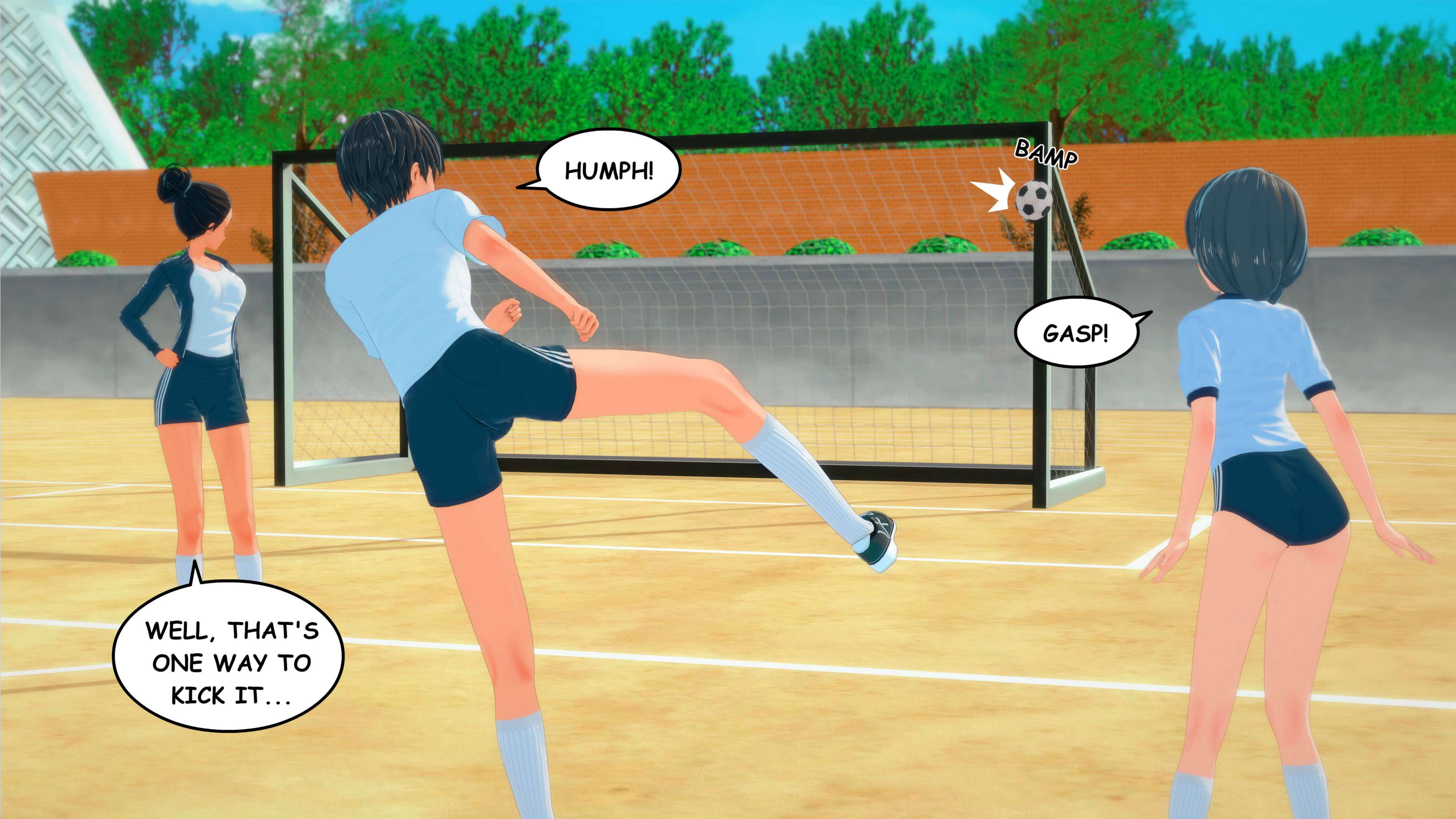
JEESE, STOP STARING! OBVIOUSLY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

LIKE, THE BALL'S WAY TOO FAR FROM THE THINGY!



THIS IS
SO FRUSTRATING.
I'LL DO IT.

R-RIGHT,
LIKE YOU COULD
DO ANY BETTER!



HUMPH!

BAMP

GASP!

WELL, THAT'S
ONE WAY TO
KICK IT...



ARE YOU REALLY
THAT INCOMPETENT?

EEP!

WELL, I-I'M
GOOD AT SOME
STUFF...

LIKE WHAT?

SAY
WRITING!

SAY ANALYSIS
OR MARKETING!

UMM...
M-MAKEUP?

HOW BASIC
CAN YOU GET?



WOO!

NICE ONE, MAN!

TOTAL DEFEAT!

I GUESS I JUST CAN'T COMPETE WITH THE BOYS!



END OF CHAPTER

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