



BUT WE SAID... WE AGREED WE'D...

WE AGREED WE'D LIVE AS *SISTERS*.

AND TO LIVE AS *SINGLE WOMEN*.

AND I AM.

I'M... ARE YOU UPSET WITH ME?



NO. I JUST
THOUGHT...

I'D BE
HAVING SEX
TOO?

YEAH.

AND IF
YOU WERE
DOING IT TOO,
THEN WHAT I
WAS DOING-

THIS ISN'T A TIT FOR TAT, SIS.

YOU'RE FREE TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.

DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT HAVING SEX WITH FOUR GUYS.

IT'S HOW YOU'RE DEALING-

FIVE.

WHAT?





MAYBE I
WILL HAVE
THAT
DRINK.

WHO'S
THE OTHER
GUY?

I DON'T
KNOW. I
NEVER GOT
HIS NAME.

WELL...
THAT DOESN'T
REALLY CHANGE
ANYTHING.

YOU'RE
SINGLE, SO
YOU CAN HAVE
SEX WITH
WHOEVER YOU
WANT.

DOESN'T
CHANGE
ANYTHING?

IT CHANGES
EVERYTHING.

WHAT DOES IT
SAY ABOUT ME
THAT I GET THIS
BODY AND WANT TO
FUCK EVERY GUY
THAT MOVES...

...WHILE
YOU ONLY
HAVE SEX
ONCE!

ONCE,
JANET!

WE TALKED
ABOUT THIS.
THIS IS ALL NEW
TO YOU.

I...



YOU'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG.

NOTHING AT ALL.

IT FEELS LIKE I DID.

WELL, I'M TELLING YOU THAT YOU HAVEN'T.

WHY ARE YOU SMILING LIKE THAT?

AFTER ALL THE GUYS-



I THINK IT'S
SWEET.

SWEET?

THAT YOU
CARE SO MUCH
ABOUT HOW I
FEEL.

BUT I'M
TELLING YOU
THAT I'M OKAY
WITH YOU DEALING
WITH ALL THIS
HOWEVER YOU
FEEL IS BEST.

FIVE GUYS
OR FIFTY. I
DON'T CARE.

AS LONG
AS YOU'RE
*SAFE AND
HAPPY.*



I DON'T
THINK I'LL
HIT FIFTY.

I TOLD
YOU I'LL
REIGN IT
IN.

YOU SEE
WHAT I'M
SAYING,
RIGHT?

I DO, BUT I
MAY NEED YOU
TO REMIND ME
FROM TIME TO
TIME.

I'LL DO
WHAT I CAN.
GIGGLE

LADIES?

DINNER IS SERVED.

GREAT!


IT SMELLS INCREDIBLE.



A SHORT TIME LATER...

OH MY GOD...






THAT IS
THE BEST
RIBEYE I'VE
EVER HAD.

I NEED TO
KNOW EXACTLY
WHERE THIS
PLACE IS.

CHRISTOPHER'S
STEAKHOUSE.

RIGHT
ON THE
CORNER
FACING
FIFTH.

A 3D rendered scene in a kitchen. A man with a goatee, wearing a red turtleneck sweater and dark pants, stands on the left. He is looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a black, backless, form-fitting dress. She is standing at a kitchen counter with a dark marble top, holding a bottle of wine. The kitchen features dark wood cabinetry and a stainless steel refrigerator. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man, one from the woman, and one from the floor.

NOW,
HOW ABOUT
YOU TWO GET
COMFORTABLE
WHILE JANET
AND I CLEAN
UP?

I'M
HAPPY TO
HELP!

SOUNDS
GOOD!
THANKS!



GODDAMN...

I'VE NEVER FELT THIS AMAZING AFTER A MEAL.

I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW MUCH THAT PIECE OF MEAT COST.

BUT I'D BE WILLING TO PAY HOWEVER MUCH THEY WANTED TO HAVE IT AGAIN!
GIGGLE

IT'S JUST A STEAK. CALM DOWN.

SORRY, I
JUST...

DID I SAY
SOMETHING
WRONG?

A STEAK
IS A STEAK,
OKAY?

STOP
CREAMING
YOUR *PANTIES*
OVER IT.

WHAT THE HELL?

DEANO?



IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

YOU WERE PRETTY QUIET DURING DINNER.


WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT DO I THINK?

YEAH, YOU TELL ME.

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?





YOU TELL
ME HOW I'M
SUPPOSED TO FEEL
ABOUT MY GIRL
FUCKING EVERY
OTHER GUY IN THE
GYM!

WHAT?

YOU
THINK I
WOULDN'T
FIND
OUT?

YOU
THINK I'M
STUPID?

NO, I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
STUPID, BUT
WE'RE-

EVERYONE THINKS I'M SOME KIND OF FUCKING *CUCK* NOW!

ME? A FUCKING LIMP DICK *CUCK*!?

AND YOU DYED YOUR HAIR *WITHOUT* ASKING ME. I SAID I LIKED BRUNETTES, *NOT* REDHEADS!

MY HAIR? DEANO, WE'RE NOT-

ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A FOOL!?



I'M NOT...

WE'RE JUST
SLEEPING
TOGETHER.

WE NEVER
TALKED ABOUT
DATING.

WE'VE
FUCKED *EVERY*
DAY THIS WEEK,
AND I'VE BEEN
TO YOUR
PLACE.



THAT MEANS
WE'RE *DATING* AS
FAR AS EVERYONE
IS CONCERNED.

BUT WE'RE
NOT. I DON'T
CARE WHAT
EVERYONE ELSE
THINKS.

I DO, SO NO
MORE SLEEPING
WITH ANY OTHER
GUY FROM NOW
ON!

NO GIRL'S
GONNA MAKE
A *CUCK* OUT
OF ME!

I *FORBID* IT!

NO. HE DIDN'T SAY... WHAT I...?

W-WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID I FORBID IT!

YOU'RE MY GIRL, NO ONE ELSE'S!

TO BE CONTINUED...