



Humility's View

Chapter 2: The Trade

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YOUR...
MY WEDDING
PICTURE! IT'S
YOUR FACE
AGAIN...!

I KNOW!
I DON'T LIKE
THIS...

YOU
TOOK MY...
HUSBAND...
MY...?

WHY'S IT
FEEL SO *GAY*
CALLING HIM MY
HUSBAND?

I MEAN,
UH, WEIRD...
IT FEELS SO
WEIRD...

'CAUSE
HE'S *MY*...
I... WHAT? NO.
I DON'T WANT
HIM...

GASP!

***SHELDON!
HE'S ON HIS
WAY HOME!***

***OH NO!
YOU DON'T
THINK...?***



ka-
chick

WHAT
THE...!?

IT'S
TOO LATE,
AIDEN...

HE'S
ALREADY
HERE...






LACE...

I CAN'T
MOVE...

CREAK

ME
EITHER...

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?



HEY...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE...?



GASP!



*BAY-
BEEE!*

*YOU'RE
HOME!*

I MISSED YOU!

LACE, HE WAS ONLY GONE FOR, LIKE, TWENTY MINUTES...

GIVE THE MAN SOME SPACE TO BREATHE.

MISSED YOU, TOO, BABY...





GAH!
YOU GUYS
ARE THE
WORST!

MMM...♥



SHEESH!

CAN'T
YOU TWO
GO A MINUTE
WITHOUT BEING
ALL OVER EACH
OTHER...?

GIGGLE



YOU KNOW,
ONE OF THESE
DAYS, YOU'LL FIND
SOMEONE...

THEN
YOU'LL GET
IT, MAN.

HA!

I'M
GOOD...





BUT I'M GONNA HEAD OUT. GOT SOME BETTER PLANS TONIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, MY MAN...

THANKS FOR ALL THE HELP.



HEY,
DON'T SWEAT
IT, BRO...

THAT'S
WHAT FAMILY'S
FOR, RIGHT? I
GOT YOU.

YEAH,
MAN. DON'T
FORGET THAT IF
YOU EVER NEED
ANYTHING.



HEY, I
WAS JUST MAKING
SURE THE PRINCESS
DIDN'T BREAK A
NAIL...

HA HA!

YOU
TWO ARE
FUNNY...

THANK
YOU SO
MUCH, AIDIE
BEAR...

ARE
YOU STILL
COMING OVER
FOR DINNER ON
FRIDAY...?

I'M MAKING
STUFFED PORK
CHOPS.



STUFFED
PORK CHOPS?
WELL, NOW I
HAVE TO...

WHO
KNOWS...?
MAYBE I'LL EVEN
SEE IF MY ROOM-
MATE IS IN THE MOOD
FOR SOME HOME
COOKING...

THAT'D
BE NICE.
SHE'S ALWAYS
WELCOME...

YEAH, I
KNOW... LIKE
I SAID, WE'LL
SEE...

BUT
I'M OUT.
LATER...



DRIVE
SAFE...

LOVE
YOU, AIDIE
BEAR...!

CHICK

I ♥ My Husband

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





HEAR
THAT...?

WE'RE
FINALLY ALONE
IN OUR OWN
HOUSE...


MMM...



OH YEAH?
AND WHY'S
THAT...?

IT WAS
NICE OF HIM
TO HELP US OUT,
BUT I'M HAPPY
HE LEFT...

GIGGLE

A close-up shot of a man with dark skin and long, thick dreadlocks. He is wearing a red polo shirt and looking down with a somber expression. In the background, a framed photograph is visible on a wall, showing a woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a grey top and a plaid skirt, standing in a field. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting sunset or sunrise.

'CAUSE
I'VE BEEN
WAITING TO
GET MY HANDS
ON THESE ALL
DAMN DAY...



YOU'VE
BEEN WORKING
SO HARD ALL
DAY...

WHY DON'T
WE TAKE THIS
INTO OUR NEW
BEDROOM?

GASP!

SHELDON!

LET'S
NOT WASTE
ANY MORE
TIME...





GIGGLE
Smooch









SQUEAK

WHAT AM I DOING...?






SLAM

WHAT
THE *FUCK* JUST
HAPPENED BACK
THERE...?

VROOOM





AT LEAST I
CAN SAY WHAT
I'M THINKING
NOW...

SORT
OF...

BUT THAT
WAS FUCKING
CRAZY...!



I COULDN'T
DO *ANYTHING!*
I WAS STUCK
ACTING LIKE
HIM...

WAIT...
WHY AM I
DRIVING AWAY? I
DON'T WANT TO
LEAVE...

COME
THE *FUCK*
ON...!

I NEED
TO GET BACK
THERE AND FIND
OUT HOW TO FIX
THIS...!

WHY
CAN'T I STOP
DRIVING!?

THIS
IS *FUCKING*
STUPID!



HUFF!

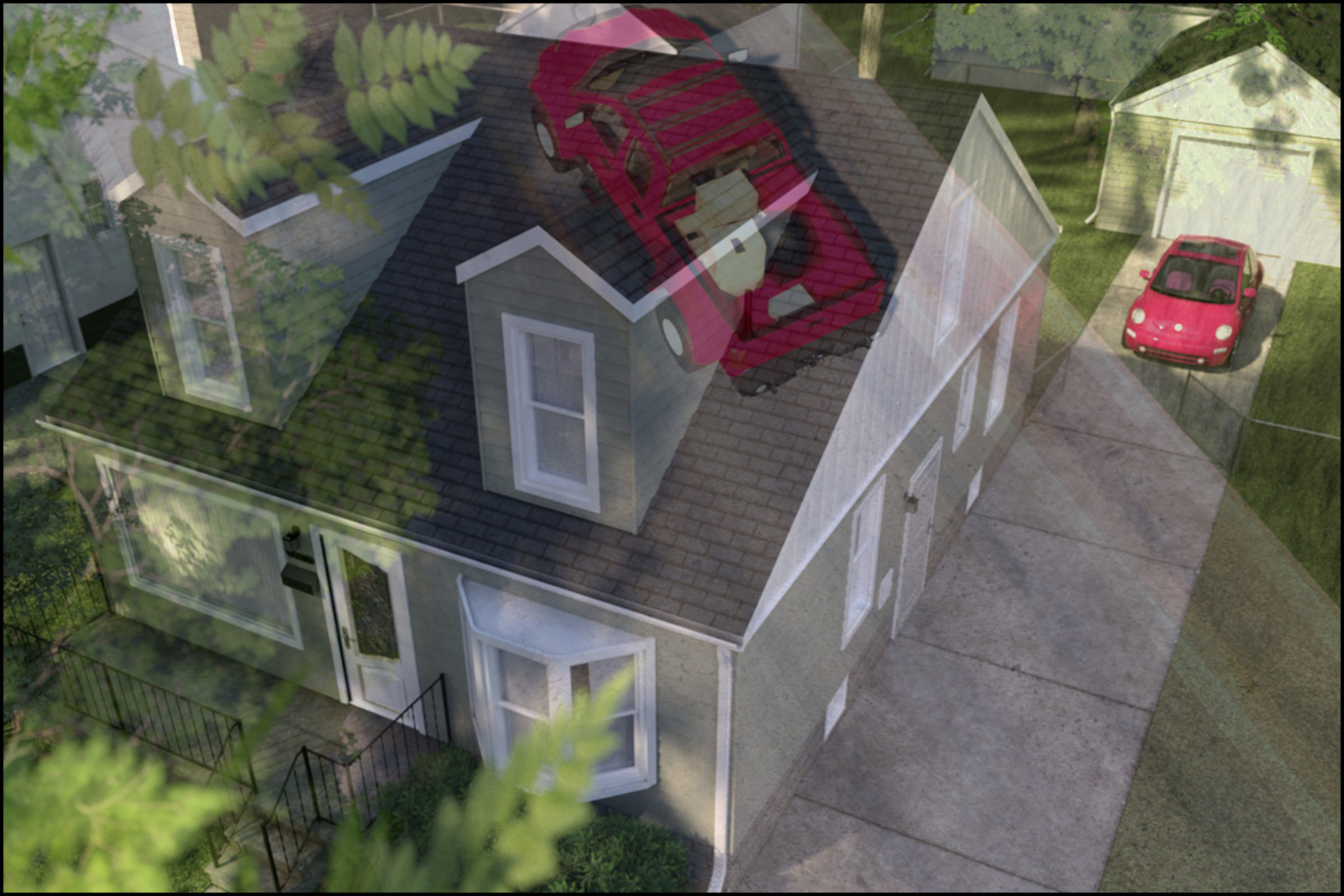
HUFF!

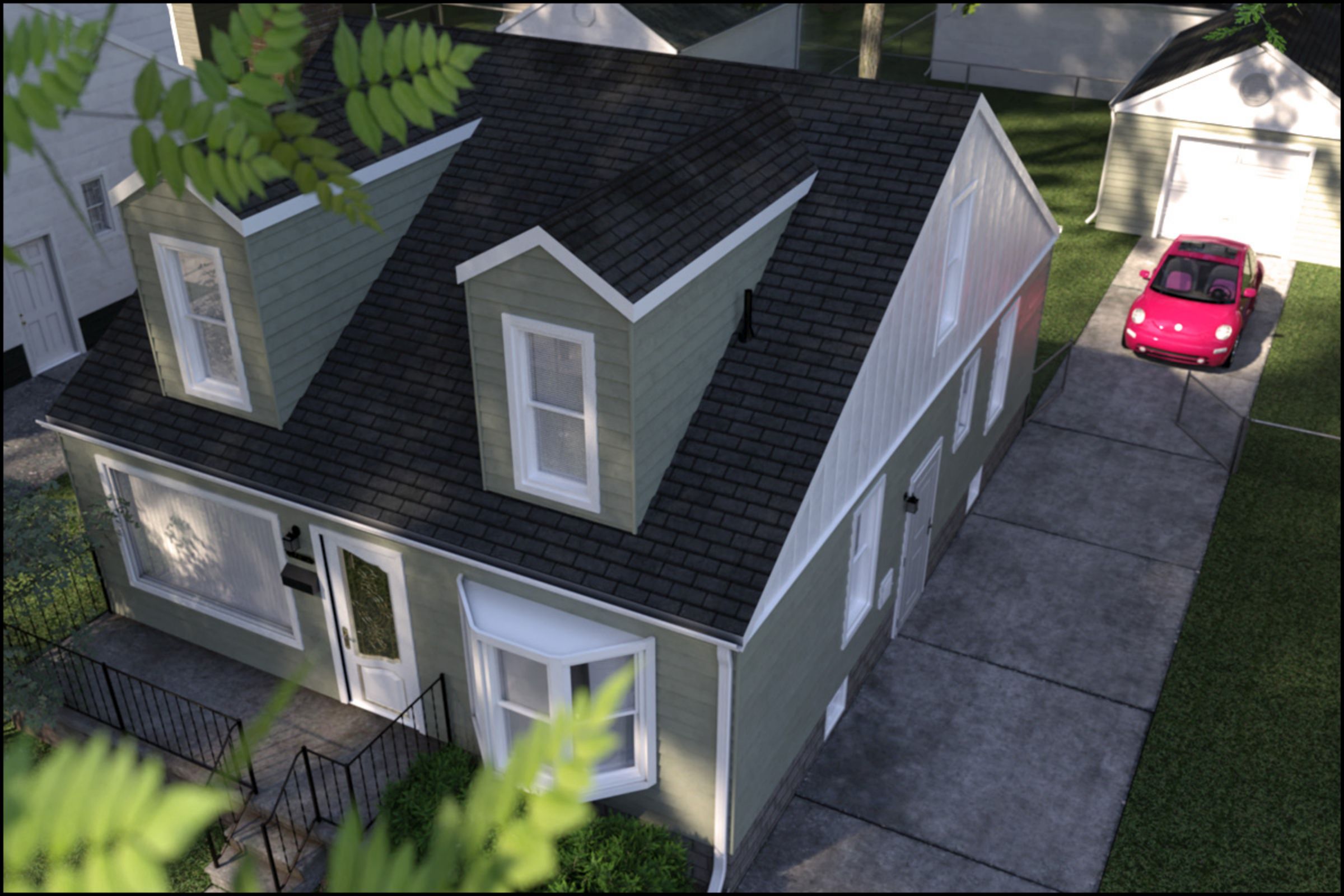
WHAT DO
I DO...?

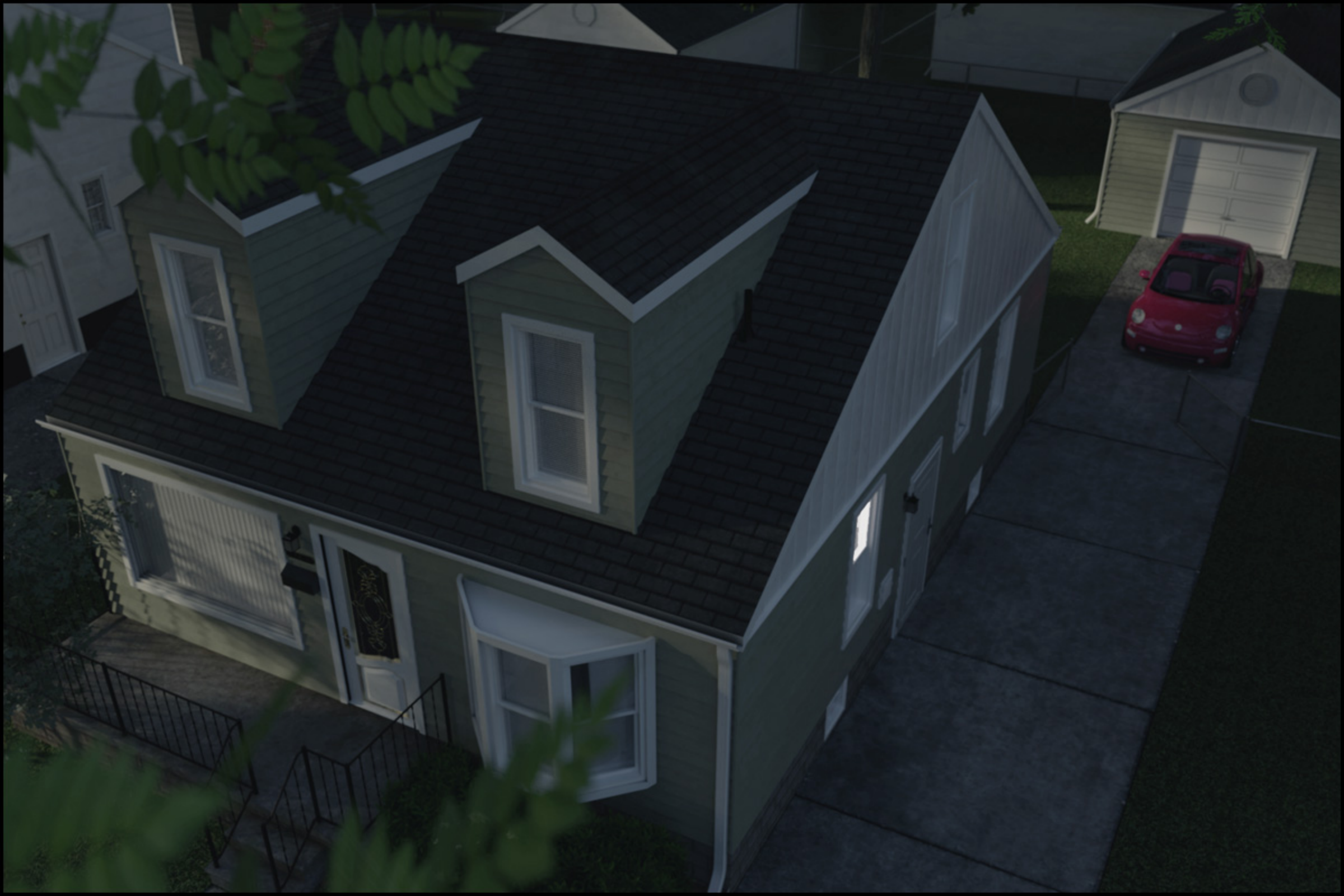
WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN...?

An aerial photograph of a red pickup truck driving on a two-lane road. The truck is carrying several yellow boxes and a black spherical object in its bed. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the truck, containing the text "AM I EVEN SAFE DRIVING RIGHT NOW...!?". A white car is visible in the upper left corner of the frame. The road is flanked by green grass and trees.

AM I
EVEN SAFE
DRIVING RIGHT
NOW...!?











GIGGLE

A woman with blonde hair is standing in a doorway, looking towards the right. She is nude, with a sheer purple fabric draped around her waist. To her right, a speech bubble contains the text "I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...". The room she is in has a tiled floor and a rack with a maroon dress hanging on it. The room she is entering has a wooden floor and a towel rack with two black towels.

I'LL
BE RIGHT
BACK...

JUST
GOING TO
FRESHEN UP,
WHILE YOU TAKE A
FEW MINUTES TO
RECOVER...

SWING



*DREAMY
SIGH...*

(WHISPERING)
OH MY GOD...

SWING



CLICK

I... I
CAN TALK
AGAIN...

WHAT
THE HECK
HAPPENED TO
ME...!?





I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST...





HUFF


SLURP

GOD,
YOU'RE
AMAZING...

SLURP



GLOMP
GLOMP



OH
YEAH...

HERE
IT COMES,
BABE...

SLURP



GOD,
YOU'RE THE
BEST WIFE
EVER...

WHY DID
HIM SAYING THAT
MAKE ME FEEL
GOOD...?

I DON'T
WANT TO FEEL
GOOD, I JUST
SUCKED A...!

UGH!

I SHOULD
FEEL SICK, ANGRY,
SOMETHING... WHY
CAN'T I...!?



THIS SUCKS! I'M NOT GAY, I'M NOT...!

NO MATTER HOW...

SIGH...

AS SOON AS I'M DONE FIXING MY MAKEUP, I NEED TO GO FIND THAT **FREAKIN'** WAND...

OR WHATEVER IT WAS THAT'S MAKING ME LIVE HER **STUPID** LIFE...



MWAH!

I could have been a millionaire if I had...

IT'S SO
HARD TO FOCUS,
BUT I HAVE
TO...

IT'S NOT
LIKE I ACTUALLY
ENJOYED WHAT
JUST HAPPENED
IN THERE...

OR HOW
IT FELT WHEN
HE STARTED
LICKING...

♥UNH!





CRAP!
IT'S GETTING
WET DOWN THERE
AGAIN...

WHAT
THE HECK
IS WRONG WITH
MY... *HER*
BODY...?

SO MANY
SENSITIVE
PLACES...

SIGH...



AND
THESE THINGS
ARE SO HEAVY,
TOO...

I WISH
THEY'D STOP
MOVING SO
MUCH...

EEEEEE!

I'LL
NEVER GET
USED TO
THIS!

SWING

WHAT
AM I DOING
RIGHT NOW...?
I KEEP GETTING
DISTRACTED SO
EASILY...





GRUNT

I WISH
THESE INVASIVE
THOUGHTS WOULD
JUST SHUT UP. I
ALREADY FORGOT
WHAT MY PLAN
WAS...



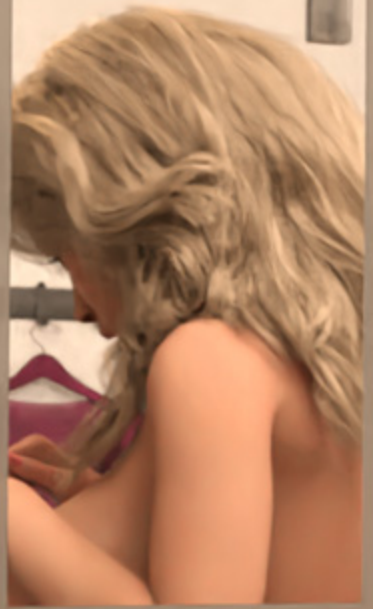
BUT I
CAN'T STOP
THINKING ABOUT
THIS BRAND NEW
LINGERIE...

HE'S
GOING TO
LOVE...

WAIT...
LINGERIE...?
AND I JUST PUT
MAKEUP ON WITHOUT
EVEN THINKING
ABOUT IT...

THIS ISN'T
WHAT I WANTED
TO DO. I WAS
GOING TO FIND
THAT THING...

OH
GOD...



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is holding a pink lace top. She has a concerned expression. In the background, there is a shower stall with a glass door and a light fixture. A reflection of her is visible in the glass. On her left arm, there is a tattoo that reads "she did so she col sh".

I NEED
TO HURRY AND
FIGURE SOME-
THING OUT...

OR I'M
GOING TO
HAVE SEX WITH
SHELDON...

GIGGLE

To Be Continued...