



UGHHH,
THIS JOB SUCKS.
FUCKIN' CHEAPSKATE
MANAGER REFUSES
TO HIRE MORE
EMPLOYEES, SO I
HAVE TO KEEP
EVERYTHING
STOCKED UP ON
MY OWN.

IF I DIDN'T NEED
THE MONEY, I
WOULD'VE QUIT
WEEKS AGO. HRMF.
WHERE DO THESE
GO AGAIN? SHIT, I
JUST DON'T WANT
TO GET YELLED AT
AGAIN BY-



YOU JUST
GONNA STAND
THERE AND LOOK
AT THE SHELVES,
CALEB? OR ARE
YOU GONNA DO
YOUR JOB
TODAY?



S- SORRY, MR.
LEONARD! I
JUST DON'T
KNOW WHERE-
UMM-

I'LL GET RIGHT
ON IT! SORRY,
SIR! WON'T
HAPPEN
AGAIN!



UGH! I'M SO TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE SHIT! I WISH I COULD TALK TO HIM LIKE HE TALKS TO ME WITHOUT GETTING FIRED. ASSHOLE...



I'D LIKE
TO SEE HOW
MR. LEONARD
WOULD ACT IF
HE WAS ALWAYS
UNDER THREAD
OF GETTING
FIRED-

TINGLE

HUH? IS
THERE
SOMETHING
IN MY HAIR?
IT FEELS
LIKE-



W- WHAT THE!? AM I SEEING THINGS OR DID MY HAIR JUST TURN BLONDE!?

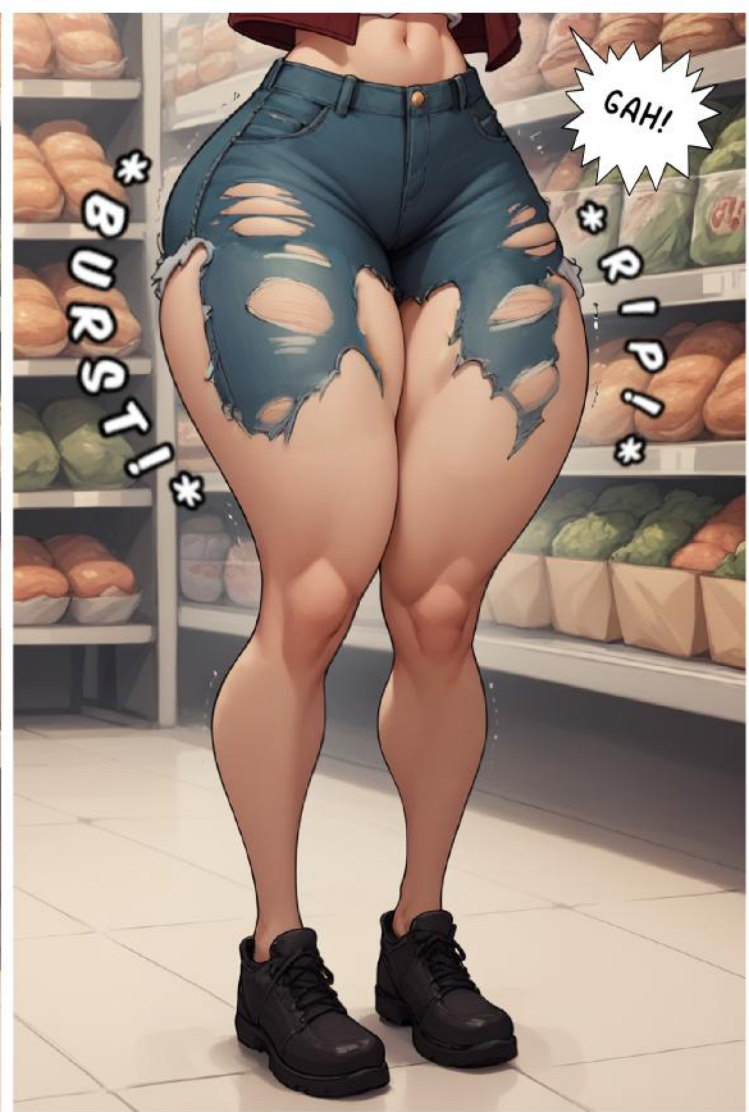
SHIMMER



CRACK

GHNN?!
M- MY LEGS?!
AM I- GHK-
G- GROWING!?
WHAT THE
HELL IS HA-

GRACK





HAHH?!
W- WHAT
THE FUCK?!

CRACK!

POPI



GHK! MY BALLS ARE GETTING CRUSHED! G- GOTTA-

PUSH



NUH!? WHA?! MY DICK!? IT'S- HNGG-

SQUELCH



GUHH!! MY VOICE?! MY DICK!? OH GOD, I HAVE A-

SCHLIP!



PUSS-AAUUHH?!
HOLY- MLUAHH!
WHY DOES THIS
FEEL SO- GUH-
GOOD?!

HAAH!
NAHH! IT'S SO
SENSITIVE! JUST
FEELING MY PANTS
RUB AGAINST IT IS
MAKING ME-

AHHH!
OOOHH GOD!
AM I ABOUT
TO CU-
UUAHHH!!

*SWEET!
*

BURGEI
*





AAHAAH...
THAT FELT...WAIT,
DID I JUST GET
FATTER?! WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME?! AND WHY
AM I ENJOYING
IT?!?



**NUUHH...
WHY HASN'T
ANYONE NOTICED?!
JESUS, MY ASS GOT
FAT! I CAN'T EVEN
GRAB THE WHOLE
THING! I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
THIS IS-**



EHHNGH!?
M- MY CHEST!?
PLEASE DON'T
BE WHAT I THINK
THOSE ARE!
GHHKK-

SWELLING



AGHHK!
MY UNIFORM?!
N- NO MORE,
PLEASE! IT'S-
NNGHH-

RIP!



GHUU-
T-TOO
MMMUCH!
UHUUU-

BULGING

RIPPING



NNO-OAHH!!

BURSTI



GAH! JESUS CHRIST! PORN STARS DON'T HAVE TITS THIS BIG! I-HUH!? MY SHIRT? MY VEST!?

MERGING

BOUNCE

JIGGLE



HUH?!
E- EVEN MY
CLOTHES ARE
CHANGING?!

STITCHING

GHHK!
MY SHOES!
HEELS?! NGH! I
CAN BARELY STAY
UPRIGHT WITH ALL
THIS WEIGHT!

*WOBBLE!
*WOBBLE!
*WOBBLE!

*SPROUT!
*SPROUT!

*SPROUT!
*SPROUT!





AH! HAH...
OKAY, AT LEAST I
DIDN'T TIP OVER. FUCK.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO- HUH!? RINGS?! OH
GOD, IS THAT A
WEDDING RING!?
W- WHY...
DO I...

BLING!



OW! WHA?
E- EARRINGS?!
WHERE'S ALL THIS
JEWELRY COMING
FROM!? IT FEELS...
EXPENSIVE...

PIERCE

SHIFTING


NUH?!
MY PURSE!?
PHEW, I THOUGHT
I LOST- WAIT, I
DON'T OWN A
PURSE!

GOSH, I
SHOULD GET MY
HAIR DONE SOON...
HUH?! I DON'T-
NUHHH, WHY AM I
THINKING LIKE
THIS!?

GURLI
GURLI
GURLI

POOF!





WUHH...
MY HEAD FEELS
FUNNY...I
S- SHOULD
CLOCK OUT AND
GO HOME...
BUT...

...WHY WOULD I
CLOCK OUT? I DON'T
WORK HERE, RIGHT?
NO...I'M JUST
GETTING DINNER
FOR ME AND MY...
H- HUSBAND...?
NO, I'M NOT-
MUUHHH..

A detailed illustration of a woman with blonde, wavy hair, wearing a red crop top and white shorts with a gold belt. She is standing in a grocery store aisle, with shelves of produce visible in the background. She has her hands on her cheeks and a blushing expression. Her chest and legs are glistening with sweat. Two speech bubbles contain her thoughts.

MMPFF! OHHH, I LOVE BEING MARRIED TO SOMEONE WHO SPOILS ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS COOK, CLEAN, SHOP, AND LOOK PRETTY FOR CHAD!

MMHMMM~ IT'S SO HOT THAT HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO HAVE A JOB. HE WANTS ME ALL TO HIMSELF. I'M GETTING WET JUST THINKING ABOUT TONIGHT! UNFFF...

**PHEW!
OKAY, I BETTER STOP
FANTASIZING BEFORE I
NEED TO CLEAN
MYSELF UP! BACK TO
GROCERY SHOPPING.
HUBBY ALWAYS SPOILS
ME, SO I THINK IT'S MY
TURN TONIGHT. LET'S
SEE, I JUST NEED
SOME...**



WAIT...THEY
DON'T HAVE ANY OF
THE INGREDIENTS I
NEED! AND WHERE ARE
ALL THE EMPLOYEES!?
THERE'S NO ONE
AROUND TO HELP ME!
UGH! I NEED TO SPEAK
WITH THE GODDAMN
MANAGER!





SCOFF
YEAH, YOU CAN HELP
ME UNDERSTAND
WHY NON OF THE
INGREDIENTS I NEED
FOR DINNER WITH MY
HUSBAND TONIGHT
ARE ON YOUR
SHELVES!

HRMPH. I
TAKE IT YOU'RE
THE MANAGER
HERE GIVEN THE
CHILDISH TANTRUM
YOU WERE JUST
THROWING. WHERE
IS THE REST OF
THE STAFF?!





UMM, I'M SO
S- SORRY, MA'AM!
YES, I'M MIKE
LEONARD, GENERAL
MANAGER OF THE
STORE. I WAS, UHH,
ACTUALLY JUST
TRYING TO FIND MY
ASSOCIATE-

YOUR ASSOCIATE? AS IN SINGULAR?! UGH! MR. LEONARD, ARE YOU SAYING YOU ONLY HAVE ONE OTHER PERSON WORKING IN THE STORE TODAY?!

GOOD LORD, I MAY HAVE TO WRITE CORPORATE ABOUT THIS! HOW CAN YOU EXPECT A LONE TEENAGER TO KEEP THE ENTIRE STORE STOCKED, CLEANED, AND STILL TEND TO CUSTOMERS WHO NEED HELP?!





CORPORATE?! OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T- I'M SORRY, MA'AM. YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SEVERELY UNDERSTAFFED, BUT I'LL HIRE A FULL TEAM BY THE NEXT TIME YOU COME IN. LET ME GRAB WHATEVER YOU NEED FROM THE BACK, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE MANAGER'S DISCOUNT FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR. C- CAN I HAVE YOUR NAME?

GOOD. YOU CAN ALSO CARRY MY GROCERIES TO MY CAR FOR ME. I'M SURE YOU CAN TELL THAT THIS MIDDLE AGED BODY OF MINE HAS TO CARRY ENOUGH WEIGHT ON ITS OWN, HEH.

ALSO, MY NAME IS CAROLINE. CAROLINE SINCLAIR. OH, AND MR. LEONARD? MY EYES ARE UP HERE...

Y- YES, OF COURSE! SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARE! WHATEVER YOU NEED, MRS. SINCLAIR!

**BACK AT THE
SINCLAIR
HOUSEHOLD...**

**HEHE! GOSH, I
CAN'T WAIT UNTIL MY
HUBBY GETS HOME! I
BETTER START
COOKING! OH, MAYBE
I'LL SLIP INTO MY
LITTLE SURPRISE
TOO!**





A man with blonde hair and a goatee, wearing a grey suit and a blue shirt, is walking towards the viewer in a well-lit hallway. The hallway has light wood flooring and white walls with framed pictures. There are potted plants on either side. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing a man's dialogue and one on the right containing a woman's dialogue.

CAROLINE,
SWEETIE! I'M
HOME! MMM,
WHAT'S FOR DINNER
TONIGHT? IT
SMELLS
DELICIOUS!

WELCOME
HOME, HONEY!
IT'S A SURPRISE!
WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE YOUR
JACKET OFF AND
JOIN ME IN THE
KITCHEN...

A woman with blonde curly hair and blue eyes, wearing a white halter-neck top and a white apron, is in a kitchen. She is holding a white plate with two sandwiches. She has a confident, slightly smug expression. The kitchen has white cabinets, a black stove, and a window in the background. There are some pots and a bowl of food on the counter.

**TA DA!
I MADE THE
SANDWICHES
FROM THE SPOT
YOU TOOK ME
FOR OUR FIRST
DATE!**

**OH, CAROLINE!
YOU ARE JUST SO
THOUGHTFUL. NOTHING
MAKES ME HAPPIER
THAN COMING HOME TO
YOU EVERYDAY. NOW,
COME HERE. I THINK
YOU DESERVE THE
CHEF'S KISS...**



OH?!
MMHM.
YOU'RE TOO
SWEET, BABE.
I LOVE YOU.
MM~

MHMMMF.
I LOVE YOU, TOO.
AND I LOVE YOUR
COOKING, BUT THE
WAY YOUR DRESSED
HAS ME THINKING
YOU'RE TRYING TO
WHET MY OTHER
APPETITE...

RUBBING

