



EHH?
IT...IT'S...
D-DEALLY
MY HAIR...



THIS IS INSANE! IT LOOKS LIKE A WIG, BUT IT'S ATTACHED TO MY SCALP! FIRST I GET TALLER, THEN MY HAIR PRACTICALLY GROWS DOWN TO MY KNEES OVERNIGHT?! OH GOD, MY REFLECTION...I LOOK EVEN MORE LIKE A GIRL! WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO ME?!



AHH?
W-WHA?
WHY...

DID MY HIPS GET WIDER? I DON'T
REMEMBER BEING ABLE TO SEE THE
BONES UNDER MY SKIN LIKE THAT
YESTERDAY...AND WHY DOES MY
CHEST FEEL WEIRD?! I THOUGHT
IT WAS JUST THIS STUPID HAIR
BRUSHING AGAINST MY SKIN AT
FIRST, BUT NOW IT ALMOST FEELS
LIKE MY...NIPPLES...ARE...



WAIT...ARE...ARE MY
NIPPLES...SWELLING?! OH
MY GOD! I CAN SEE THEM
PUFFING UP IN REAL TIME!
WHY ARE THEY GETTING
SO BIG AND POINTY!?! AND
WHY DOES IT FEEL KINDA-

HUH!?!
D-DID MY
NIPPLES
JUST-

PUFF
PUFF

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

SHAWU?!
ARE YOU
OKAY!?!

CRAP! CRAP!! SHIT!!! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY?! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!? WHAT THE HELL IS EVEN HAPPENING TO ME!?!? HE ALREADY SAW MY HAIR, BUT SHOULD I TELL HIM ABOUT MY CHEST!? I FEEL LIKE THAT WOULD MAKE THINGS EVEN WEIRDER! OH GOD, I REALLY DON'T WANT TO TALK TO HIM AT ALL RIGHT NOW...BUT... I KNOW HE'S JUST TRYING TO HELP ME...

EHI?!
D-DAD??
I... UMM...
I D-DON'T
KNOW...





SHAWN??
OH, THANK GOD.
I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE
UNCONSCIOUS. BUD...LOOK,
I KNOW THAT WHATEVER IS
HAPPENING IS WEIRD AND
SCARY, BUT HIDING IN THE
BATHROOM ISN'T GONNA FIX
ANYTHING. CAN YOU PLEASE
UNLOCK THE DOOR JUST SO I
KNOW YOU'RE OKAY?
PLEASE, I-



OPEN!

D-DAD?
WHIMPERING
W-WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

A highly detailed digital illustration of a young man with exceptionally muscular physique. He has short, styled blonde hair and striking blue eyes. He is wearing a simple white tank top and black athletic shorts with white drawstrings. He is standing in a room with dark wood-paneled walls and a light wood floor. He has a shocked expression, with his mouth slightly open and his right hand pressed against his hair. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing text. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his muscles.

SHAWN?! H-HOLY...
YOUR HAIR... YOU LOOK...
OH MAN, I WAS REALLY
HOPING I WAS STILL
DREAMING...



MM...
M-ME TOO...

UM...D-DAD?
DO YOU THINK THIS IS
GONNA KEEP HAPPENING?
AM I GONNA K-KEEP
CHANGING? MY LEGS, MY
HAIR, MY...AM I TURNING
INTO A GIRL?! DAD, I'M
SCARED! I DON'T
WANNA BE A-



DEEP SIGH
SHIT. I'M SORRY,
SHAWN, BUT I HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT'S
GOING ON. NONE OF
THIS MAKES SENSE.
I'VE GOT NO CLUE
HOW OR WHY ANY OF
THIS IS HAPPENING
TO YOU...

A highly detailed digital illustration of a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a white tank top and black shorts. He is standing on a wooden balcony with a railing, looking off to the side with a slightly concerned expression. His right hand is on the balcony railing, and his left hand is behind his head. The background shows a tropical beach scene with palm trees and the ocean under a bright sky. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the image.

...BUT SOMEONE
NATIVE TO THESE
ISLANDS MIGHT.
ALRIGHT, THERE'S NO
MORE TIME TO WASTE.
I...I SHOULD'VE GONE
LAST NIGHT. YOU STAY
HERE AND JUST TRY
TO RELAX, OKAY
BUD?



W-WAIT,
YOU'RE NOT
TAKING ME
WITH YOU?!
W-WHAT
IF I-



SIGH
SHAWN, I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH ME OVER THERE. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES THAT FIT ANYMORE, AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE CULTURE IS LIKE! WHAT IF THEY- DAMNIT. I'M FREAKING OUT, TOO. CAN YOU PLEASE JUST STAY HERE? FOR MY SAKE?



UHHH...
S-SURE, SWEETIE.
JUST...DON'T LEAVE
ME ALONE FOR TOO
LONG, OKAY?



O-O-KAY...BUT
DID YOU JUST CALL ME-
NEVER MIND. I'LL BE BACK
HERE AS SOON AS I CAN. IF
THERE'S AN EMERGENCY, DON'T
HESITATE TO USE THE FLARE
GUN THE PILOT LEFT US IN THE
EMERGENCY KIT. DON'T WORRY,
I'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING
ON. YOU JUST TRY AND
RELAX, BUD. SEE YOU
IN A BIT.



OH MAN...
HOW DOES HE
EXPECT ME TO
RELAX RIGHT NOW?!
I'M- WAIT, WHAT DID
I CALL HIM BEFORE
HE LEFT? D-DID I
REALLY SAY...

*NERVOUS
PACING*



UM...

OH GOD...I THINK...
I CALLED HIM "SWEETIE..."
WHY WOULD I SAY THAT?! HE'S MY
DAD! IS WHATEVER'S HAPPENING TO
ME MAKING ME SAY WEIRD THINGS
TOO!? WHO THE HELL EVER CALLS
THEIR DAD THAT?! I MEAN...



HM...

I GUESS IT'S KINDA SWEET THAT HE'S DOING ALL THIS FOR ME. I'VE BEEN SUCH A JERK TO HIM SINCE THE DIVORCE, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO NICE TO ME. HE EVEN BROUGHT ME TO THIS PRIVATE ISLAND INSTEAD OF COMING ALONE OR BRINGING SOME RANDOM GIRL. I THINK I'VE JUST BEEN SO MAD AT HIM AND MOM THAT I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH HE CARES. MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T FEEL WRONG TO CALL HIM "SWEETIE..."



W-WAIT, WHAA??
WHAT AM I THINKING?!
IT'S WEIRD TO CALL MY
DAD THAT! IT'S- *SIGH*
GOD...I NEED TO THINK
ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO GET
SOME FRESH AIR.

A young woman with long, flowing black hair and bright blue eyes is depicted in a traditional Japanese-style room. She is wearing a white, quilted bathrobe and is looking down at a wooden chest of drawers with a slightly worried expression. The room features dark wood paneling and a wooden floor. A speech bubble is positioned above her, containing her thoughts.

MMMM...CRAP...I SHOULD PROBABLY WEAR SOMETHING OTHER THAN THIS ROBE OUTSIDE, BUT ALL THE CLOTHES I BROUGHT ARE TOO SMALL NOW. MAYBE I CAN STILL SQUEEZE INTO MY SWIM TRUNKS. THOSE ARE STRETCHY, RIGHT? AT LEAST THERE'S NOBODY ELSE ON THE BEACH...

SHIVERING

EHMM!?
D-DID IT GET
COLDER IN HERE?
OR AM I JUST
GETTING MORE
SENSITIVE?
MM...



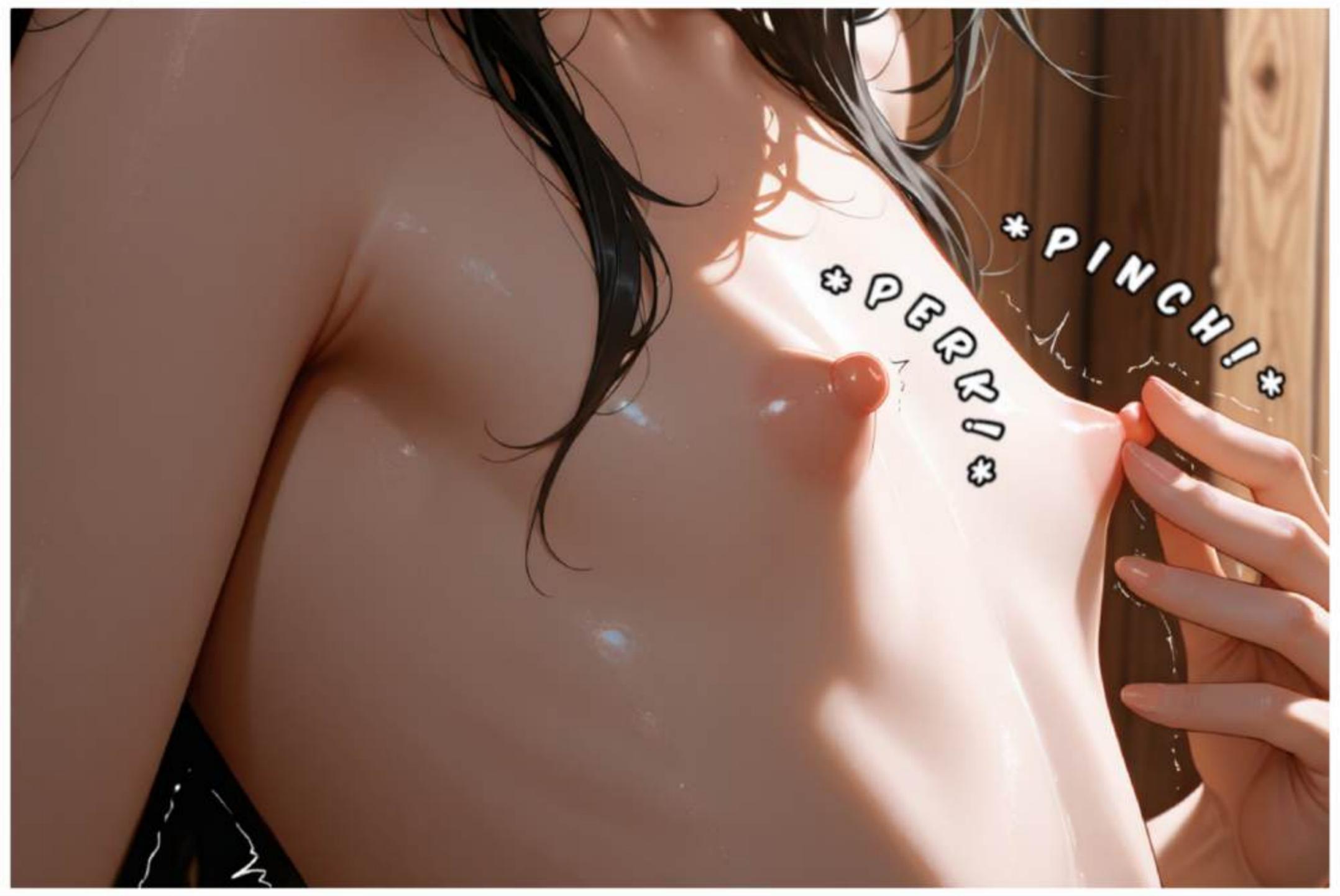
EHH!?

OH MAN...
AM I SEEING THINGS, OR DID
MY NIPPLES GET EVEN BIGGER
WHILE I WAS TALKING TO DAD?!
THEY LOOK SO PUFFY! GOD,
THEY FEEL LIKE BUG BITES.
NOT ITCHY...BUT LIKE THEY
WANT TO BE TOUCHED?





THEY'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS. BOYS NEVER THINK ABOUT THEIR NIPPLES, RIGHT? WHY CAN'T I STOP THINKING ABOUT MINE!?! HOLY...I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF MY FINGERS GETTING CLOSER. WHY IS MY HEART BEATING SO FAST!?! WHY DO I HAVE THIS OVERWHELMING URGE TO...



*PERKI!
PINCHI!

ÁŃ?!
○○ÁŃŃ!
○○ŃŃ-

SPROING!





HOLY SHIT! DID I JUST
MAKE THOSE NOISES!?
WAS I MOANING?! OH GOD,
IT SOUNDED LIKE A PORN
STAR! JUST BECAUSE I
TOUCHED MY NIPPLE?!

EEP?!
MFF-

OH GOD, WHY AM I HARD?!
I KNOW PEOPLE SAY PUBERTY
FOR BOYS MEANS GETTING
HARD AT ANYTHING, BUT THIS
FEELS DIFFERENT! IT'S LIKE
MY NIPPLES AND MY DICK ARE
SUDDENLY CONNECTED!

HAAH!?
W-WHY
AM I-





OKAY...CALM DOWN...
DAD IS OUT THERE LOOKING
FOR A WAY TO STOP THIS.
EVERYTHING'S GONNA GO
BACK TO NORMAL. I SHOULD
JUST FOCUS ON GETTING MY
SWIM TRUNKS ON AND
RELAXING...

UWM...



SIGH
WELL...
HOPEFULLY
THESE ARE
STRETCHY
ENOUGH TO
STILL FIT...

AH CRAP...
THESE ARE PRETTY
TIGHT. OH MAN, MY HIPS
DEFINITELY GOT WIDER.
I THINK THESE STILL FIT
ME, THOUGH. JUST
GOTTA TUG A LITTLE
MORE...

TUGGING

NGHH!
C'MON, THEY'RE
ALMOST ON! WHY
DOES IT FEEL LIKE
THEY'RE GETTING
EVEN TIGHTER-

TINGLING
SWELLING

RIPPING!

BULGING!



AAHH?!
W-WHAT JUST
HAPPENED?!
EH?! MY- OH
G-GOD!

JIGGLE
JIGGLE

SHIT! IT'S HUGE! IT'S NOT JUST MY BUTT, EITHER! I CAN FEEL THE FAT JIGGLING ALL THE WAY DOWN MY THIGHS! GOD, IT FEELS SO SOFT AND SUPPLE AND GRABBABLE-WAIT, I DON'T WANT ANYONE GRIPPING MY BUTT! WHY WOULD I THINK- AWW MAN, I JUST REALIZED THOSE WERE MY ONLY SWIM TRUNKS...

AHH!
N-NO! THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!

SLAP!





WHIMPERING

MAYBE IT'S ACTUALLY A GOOD THING THAT DAD WENT OFF WITHOUT ME. I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME LIKE THIS. I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME LIKE THIS! I JUST HOPE HE FIGURES OUT HOW TO STOP THIS SOON. SPEAKING OF DAD...MAYBE HIS CLOTHES WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO FIT ME...

I HOPE DAD
WASHED THESE
RECENTLY...

HRMM?!
OH MAN...
THESE ARE
STILL PRETTY
T-TIGHT...
MMHH-

SQUEEZING
GNIZZING



OH GOD...
JUST THE SHIRT
RUBBING AGAINST
MY NIPPLES IS
GETTING ME HARD
AGAIN...

AH?!
MMWM-





SIGH
WELL, AT LEAST
I'VE GOT SOME CLOTHES
ON NOW. I GUESS I'LL GO
WALK THE BEACH. IT
DOES LOOK REALLY NICE
OUT THERE...MAYBE THIS
WEATHER WILL HELP
CALM ME DOWN. I JUST
HOPE DAD IS DOING
OKAY...

**MEANWHILE
ON THE MAIN
ISLAND...**

JUST KEEP GOING
DOWN THIS ROAD
UNTIL YOU SEE THE
HUT WITH ALL THE
FRUIT BASKETS OUT
FRONT. THAT'S WHERE
OUR VILLAGE HEALER
LIVES.

THIS WAY? OH,
THANK YOU SO
MUCH! I OWE
YOU ONE.





WELL, THIS IS THE ONLY HUT WITH ANY FRUIT BASKETS. I WAS REALLY HOPING FOR AN ACTUAL DOCTOR, BUT I GUESS A "HEALER" WILL HAVE TO DO-

SORRY, BUT THE CLOSEST "DOCTOR" IS NEARLY 1,000 NAUTICAL MILES AWAY!

A woman with short, wavy white hair is shown from the waist up, smiling broadly and waving her right hand. She is wearing a vibrant green, long-sleeved robe with a dark purple sash tied around her waist. The sash has a decorative orange cord with tassels. She stands on a sandy path in a tropical village. To her left is a traditional wooden building with a thatched roof. In the background, there are palm trees, a dirt road leading to more buildings, and distant mountains under a clear blue sky.

SO I GUESS
YOU'RE STUCK
WITH ME, HAH!
I'M IPO, THE VILLAGE
HEALER. SO, WHAT
CAN THIS OLD "NOT
DOCTOR" DO FOR
YOU?

A muscular man with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a white tank top and black shorts, is shown in profile, carrying a black bag. He is standing in a tropical setting with a thatched-roof hut. The background features palm trees, a blue ocean, and a distant mountain range. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the man, containing text.

OH! UH, HELLO. I'M STEVE. SORRY, I MEANT NO OFFENSE. IT'S JUST...SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO MY SON. SOMETHING THAT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE. I JUST WANT TO FIND THE BEST HELP I CAN FOR HIM, AND I THOUGHT THAT A DOCTOR-



WOULD BE MORE HELPFUL
THAN SOMEONE NATIVE TO
THIS LAND? DO YOU THINK
THEY TEACH THEM ABOUT
THE UNEXPLAINABLE IN
MEDICAL SCHOOL? COULD
THEY EXPLAIN HOW I'M
143 YEARS OLD YET I
DON'T LOOK A DAY
OVER 79?

HAH! I'M SORRY,
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY VERY
CONCERNED FOR YOUR SON. I
JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF WHEN
IT COMES TO MESSING WITH
TOURISTS. YOU'RE THE ONES
STAYING ON THE ISLAND THE
CORPORATIONS TURNED INTO
A PRIVATE RESORT, YES?
PLEASE, COME INSIDE.

A highly detailed digital illustration of a young, extremely muscular man with blonde hair and blue eyes. He is wearing a white tank top and black athletic shorts, sitting at a wooden table. His expression is one of intense shock and disbelief, with his mouth wide open and his hands clenched into fists on the table. The background shows a tropical beach scene with palm trees and a blue sky. A speech bubble is positioned to his right, containing text.

...SO I THOUGHT
MAYBE THE HEIGHT
THING WAS JUST A
FREAK GROWTH SPURT
OR ALLERGIC REACTION
OR SOMETHING, BUT
WHEN I SAW HIM THIS
MORNING, HIS HAIR HAD
TURNED BLACK AND
GROWN PAST
HIS HIPS!

OH HH MY! WELL,
IT SOUNDS LIKE THE MAGIC OF
THAT ISLAND IS STILL THERE. YOU
KNOW, WE WARNED THAT RESORT
COMPANY NOT TO BUILD ON THAT
LAND. THERE'S A REASON NONE OF
US LIVED ON THAT ISLAND AND ONLY
VISITED THERE FOR VERY SPECIAL
OCCASIONS. HONESTLY, I'M STILL
RATHER SHOCKED THAT YOU
BROUGHT YOUR SON! DID THEY
NOT TELL YOU THAT IT'S AN
INTIMATE, ROMANTIC
GETAWAY?





I KNOW! THIS TRIP WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR ME AND MY WIFE - ER, MY EX, BUT I THOUGHT A FEW DAYS ON A PRIVATE BEACH MIGHT HELP SHAWN GET OVER THE WHOLE - WAIT, DID YOU SAY MAGIC!? WHY AREN'T YOU SURPRISED BY ANY OF THIS!? I FEEL LIKE A CRAZY PERSON JUST SAYING IT OUT LOUD! DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY SON?!?!

PLEASE, JUST TELL ME HOW TO STOP IT! I'LL TAKE ANYTHING! IT'S FREAKING THE BOTH OF US OUT! I - OH GOD... I DIDN'T EVEN TELL YOU THIS BECAUSE I THINK I TRIED TO FORGET ABOUT IT, BUT I SWEAR HE CALLED ME "SWEETIE" AS I WAS LEAVING THIS MORNING! WHY WOULD HE -



STEVE, DO YOU KNOW
WHAT WE CALL THAT ISLAND? WE
DON'T CALL IT "ISLA AMOR" OR "ISLAND
OF LOVE" DESPITE THE CORPORATIONS'
REBRANDING EFFORTS. WE CALL IT
KALEIKAUMAKA, NAMED AFTER THE
VERY GODDESS THAT RESIDES THERE.
THE GODDESS IS NOT MALICIOUS. SHE'S
THE OPPOSITE, ACTUALLY. SHE IS QUITE
LITERALLY A LOVING GODDESS, BUT YOU
AND I BOTH KNOW THAT LOVE CAN
BE...COMPLEX, AND FICKLE,
AND FRAGILE, AND...
POWERFUL.

THIS GODDESS TREATS LOVE LIKE A BOTANIST TREATS PLANTS. SHE ONLY WANTS TO SEE LOVE BLOSSOM, BUT LIKE BOTANIST CULTIVATING A FLOWER THAT'S ON THE VERGE OF WITHERING, SHE WILL MAKE DRASTIC CHANGES TO ENSURE THE LOVE CAN FLOURISH. SOMETIMES LOVE GROWS EASILY AND NATURALLY, SOMETIMES IT REQUIRES RESHAPING, BUT REGARDLESS OF THE FINAL FORM, IT'S STILL THE SAME PLANT AND SAME LOVE THAT WAS ALWAYS THERE...

HRMM...
I HOPE DAD
IS OKAY...





SIGH
I'VE BEEN
SO MEAN TO HIM,
BUT THE DIVORCE IS
PROBABLY JUST AS
HARD FOR HIM AS IT
IS FOR ME, IF NOT
EVEN HARDER...

BUT EVEN
AFTER ALL THAT
YELLING, HE'S STILL
TAKING CARE OF ME.
MOM HASN'T EVEN
TEXTED ME SINCE SHE
MOVED OUT...GOD,
WHY AM I JUST
REALIZING THIS
NOW?!

...AND IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE
YOUR SON'S LOVE FOR YOU
WAS STRUGGLING TO GROW IN
WHATEVER ENVIRONMENT
YOU TWO CAME FROM. YOUR
SON'S LOVE WITHERING INTO
RESENTMENT, NO DOUBT
DRIVEN BY SEEING HIS OWN
PARENT'S LOVE WITHER
AWAY. BUT NOW...

...IT WOULD SEEM YOUR SON'S LOVE HAS TAKEN ROOT IN THE GODDESS'S GARDEN, AND SHE IS DOING EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO ENSURE IT GROWS, BLOSSOMS, AND BLOOMS...

I'M THE WORST SON. NOW I JUST WISH I COULD- WHOA... DID I DRINK ENOUGH WATER? WHY AM I SO DIZZY? MAYBE I SHOULD SIT DOWN...



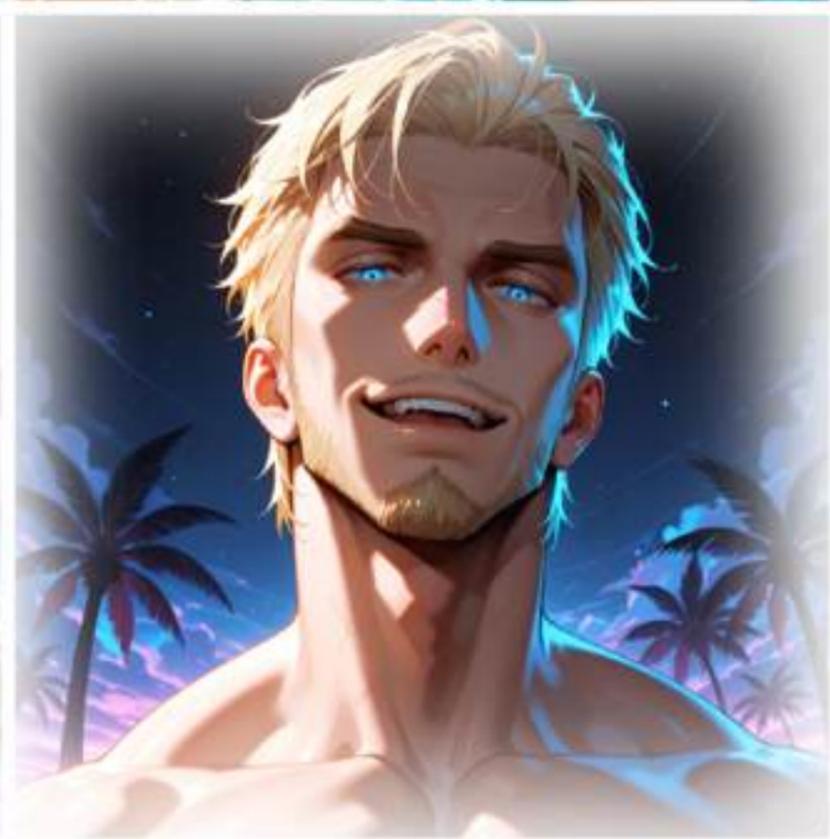
OHHH! HEH...
THIS ACTUALLY FEELS
REALLY NICE. MAYBE
THERE'S A FEW BENEFITS
TO MY BODY GETTING MORE
SENSITIVE. NO WONDER
PEOPLE SAY THEY LIKE
FEELING THE SAND
BETWEEN THEIR
TOES...

SPLISH!



YAAAWWU
HUH...DAD WAS
SO RIGHT. THIS IS
RELAXING. I THINK I
COULD NAP OUT HERE.
MAYBE I WILL...
JUST UNTIL...
DAD...







OOUHH...
K-KEEP GOING...
YEAH...OAHH...
AAAH...I'M...
G-GONNA...

RUB



AAH-
AAHHH-
OAHŃŃ!!!
OOH-

SPLURTI



OAHH...
W-WHAAA?
WAS THAT DAD IN MY
DREAM? WHY WAS HE
LOOKING AT ME LIKE...
GOD, ARE THESE DREAMS
GETTING MORE VIVID? IT'S
LIKE I COULD FEEL HIM
BREATHING ON MY-
W-WAIT...W-WHY AM I
SWEATING? AND WHY IS
MY HEART BEATING
SO FAST?



HWHAA?
DID I JUST -
OH MY GOD!!!
WHAT THE
FUZZ!?!?

CHAPTER 3 COMING SOON!