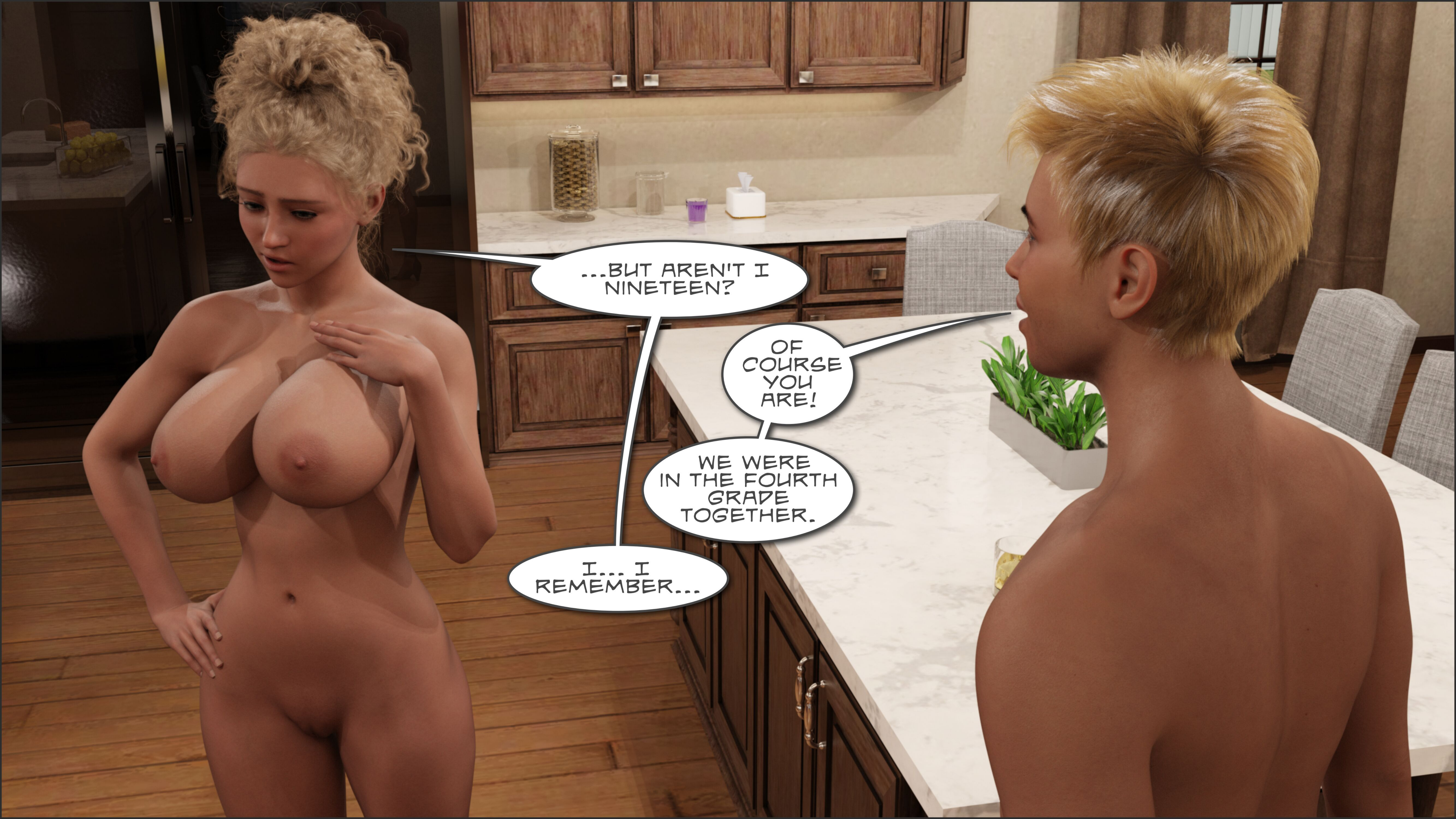
A young man with short, spiky blonde hair and a light complexion is shown from the chest up, shirtless. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. The background is an indoor setting, likely a bar or lounge, with a marble-topped bar counter to his right. On the counter, there is a dark bottle and two glasses. Behind him, the wall is light-colored and features several framed pictures: a large one on the left, a smaller one in the center, and another on the right. A white orchid plant is visible behind the bar counter. The floor is made of wooden planks.

OR... MAYBE
TWO? BECAUSE
YOU'RE
NINETEEN...



...BUT AREN'T I
NINETEEN?

OF
COURSE
YOU
ARE!

WE WERE
IN THE FOURTH
GRADE
TOGETHER.

I... I
REMEMBER...



WE
WERE THERE
TOGETHER,
WEREN'T
WE?



YEAH.
WHICH MEANS
WE'RE THE
SAME AGE.



I'M NINETEEN...



JUST
LIKE ME.



FOR A SECOND, I FELT LIKE... BUT I'M NINETEEN!



AND ON MY
NINETEENTH
BIRTHDAY...



...MY
SUGAR DADDY
GOT ME THESE
FAKE TITS.

WHICH ARE
AMAZING, BY
THE WAY.



WE ALL
KNOW HOW
MUCH YOU
LOVE THEM,
JENNY.

SO MUCH
YOU RAN OFF
AND GOT YOUR
OWN PAIR!

MY...
OWN?





NO, I
DON'T... I'M
A... MAN?

HA!

A close-up photograph of a person's buttocks, showing the skin texture and the crease between the buttocks. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned on the left side of the image, containing text. The background shows a wooden floor, a wall with a framed picture, and a bar counter with two glasses.

THAT'S A
WEIRD-LOOKING
COCK FOR A
GUY!



WHAT?

NO,
THAT'S...
THAT'S NOT
RIGHT.

I... I
HAVE... I
HAD...



THIS
ISN'T MY
BODY!


I KNOW IT
FEELS LIKE
THAT...

...BUT JUST
BECAUSE YOU
GOT SOME WORK
DONE DOESN'T
MEAN YOU'RE
NOT YOU.

YOU'RE STILL
JENNY.

YOU'RE
STILL THE
BEST FRIEND
I'VE HAD ALL
MY LIFE.

I AM?



OF
COURSE
YOU
ARE!



GETTING
A BOOB JOB
DOESN'T
CHANGE
THAT.




BUT...
SOMETHING...



STOP IT,
JENNY.

PEOPLE
CHANGE THEIR
BODIES ALL THE
TIME...






...BUT THAT
DOESN'T CHANGE
WHO THEY ARE
INSIDE.



I'M...
JENNY.




I DON'T KNOW
WHY I THOUGHT
OTHERWISE.



I THINK
I MAY
KNOW.



WHAT?



MAYBE YOU'RE
CONFUSED BECAUSE
OF WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT?



LAST
NIGHT? I
DON'T...

YOU DON'T
REMEMBER *GETTING
DRUNK...*

*MAKING
OUT...*

...AND
THEN *GRINDING
OUR PUSSIES
AGAINST EACH
OTHER?*

YOU
DON'T
REMEMBER
THAT?



OH, MY
GOD!





THAT'S IT!





I THOUGHT
THAT MAYBE-





THINGS
WOULD BE
DIFFERENT
BETWEEN
US?





EXACTLY!





DON'T
WORRY,
JENNY...






I'M NOT
LETTING YOU AND
THOSE TITS GO
ANYWHERE.



ESPECIALLY
AFTER I GOT A
TASTE OF THEM
LAST NIGHT.

A photograph of a person's bare chest, showing two large, rounded breasts. The skin is fair and appears slightly moist. A speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image, containing the text "THAT WAS INSANE, WASN'T IT?". The background shows a light-colored wall with two framed pictures: one on the left depicting a person in a landscape, and one on the right depicting a still life with fruit. A wooden floor is visible at the bottom, and a white surface, possibly a table, is on the right.

THAT WAS
INSANE,
WASN'T IT?



IN ALL
THE BEST
WAYS...

A photograph of a person's bare chest, showing two large, rounded breasts. The skin is light and appears slightly moist. The person's arms are visible on either side. In the background, there is a light-colored wall with two framed pictures: one on the left showing a person in a white shirt, and one on the right showing a still life with fruit. A wooden floor is visible at the bottom. A speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image.

...BUT IT
DOESN'T
CHANGE
ANYTHING
BETWEEN
US.



WE'RE
STILL BEST
FRIENDS, BUT
NOW WE CAN
FUCK IF WE
WANT.

TO BE CONTINUED...