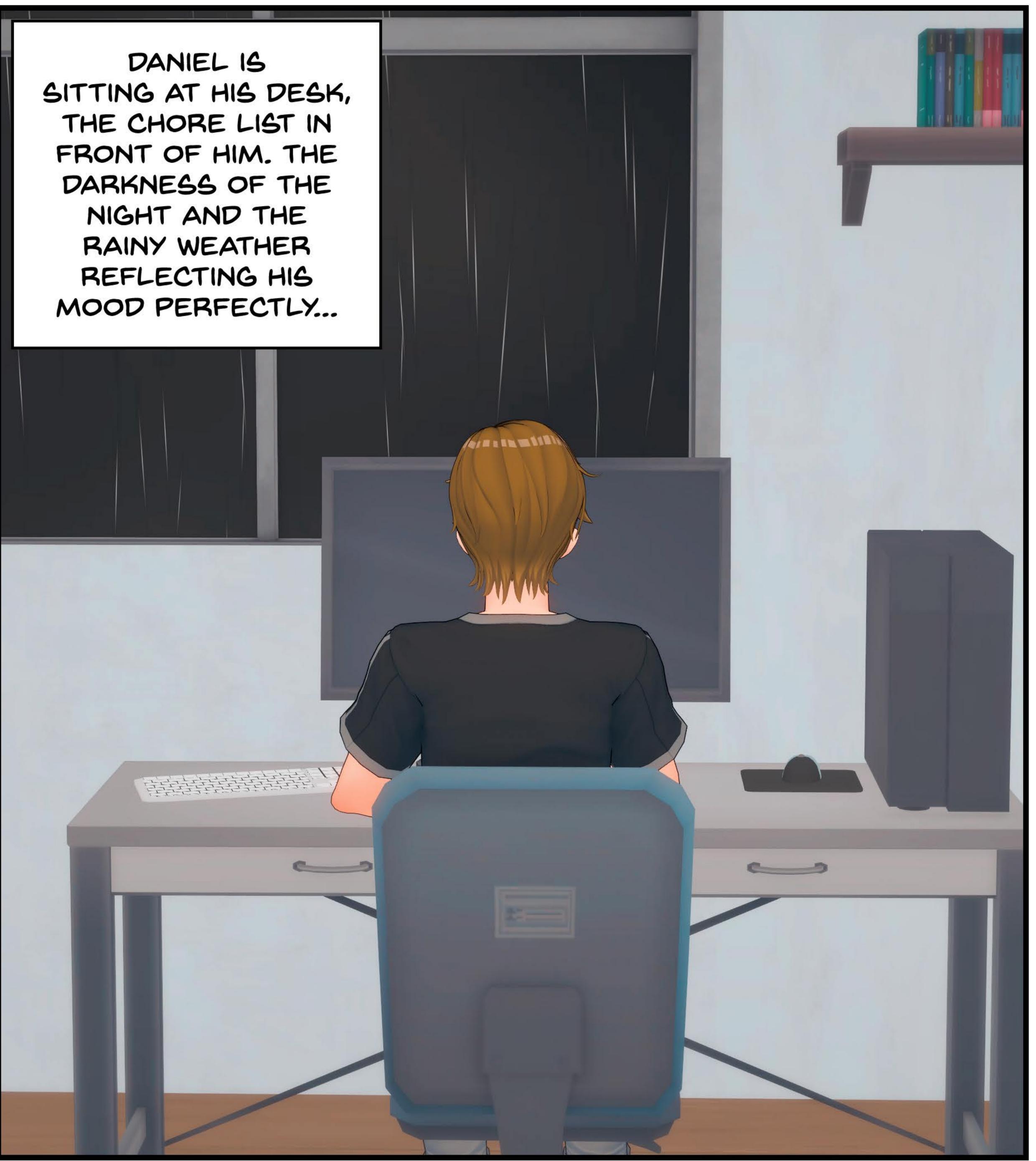


IT'S A STORMY NIGHT AS OUR PROTAGONISTS SPEND THEIR TIME IN THE SAFETY OF THEIR RESPECTIVE ROOMS ...





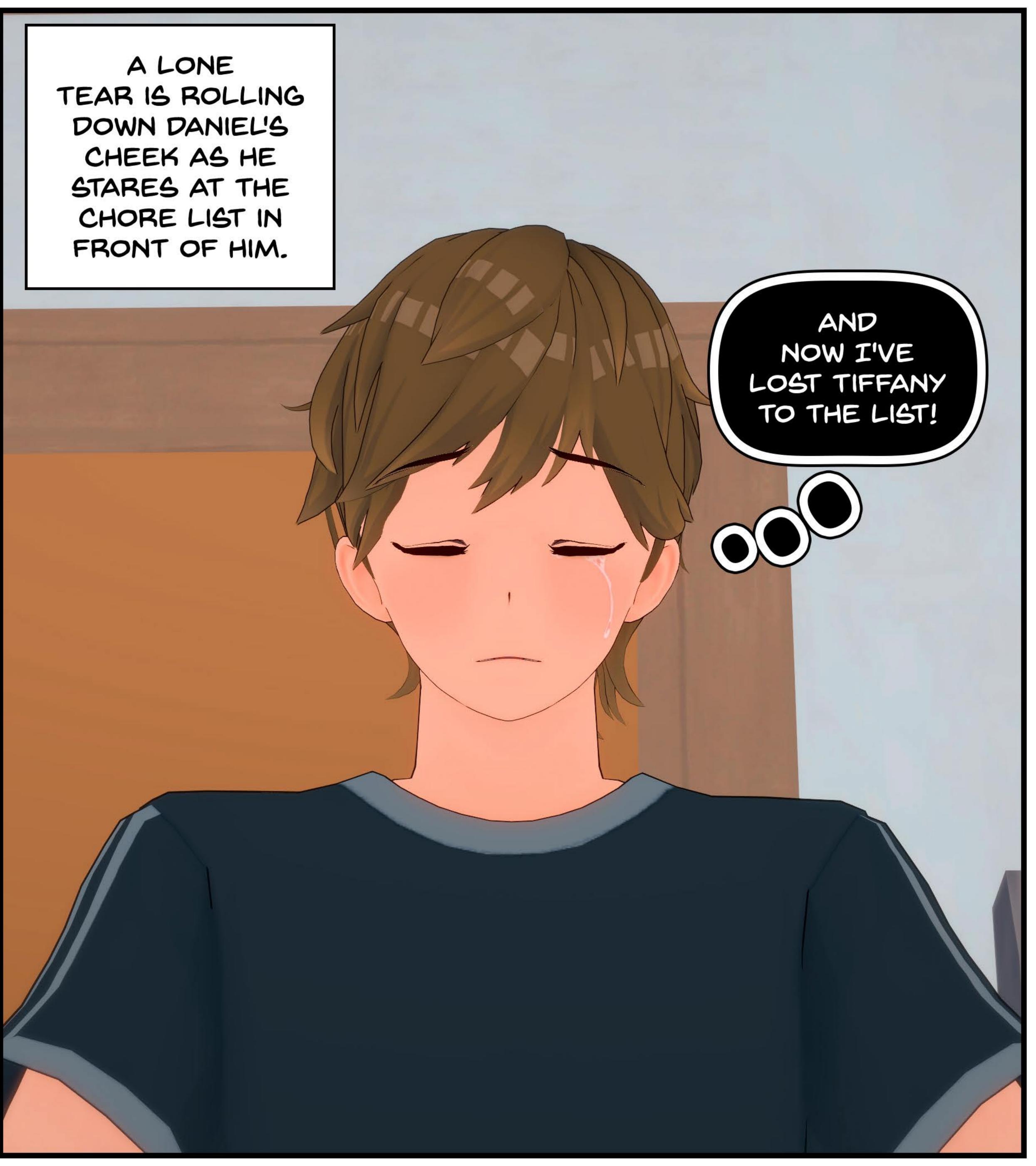
OH, FUCK! TIFF! I'M ABOUT TO CUM!

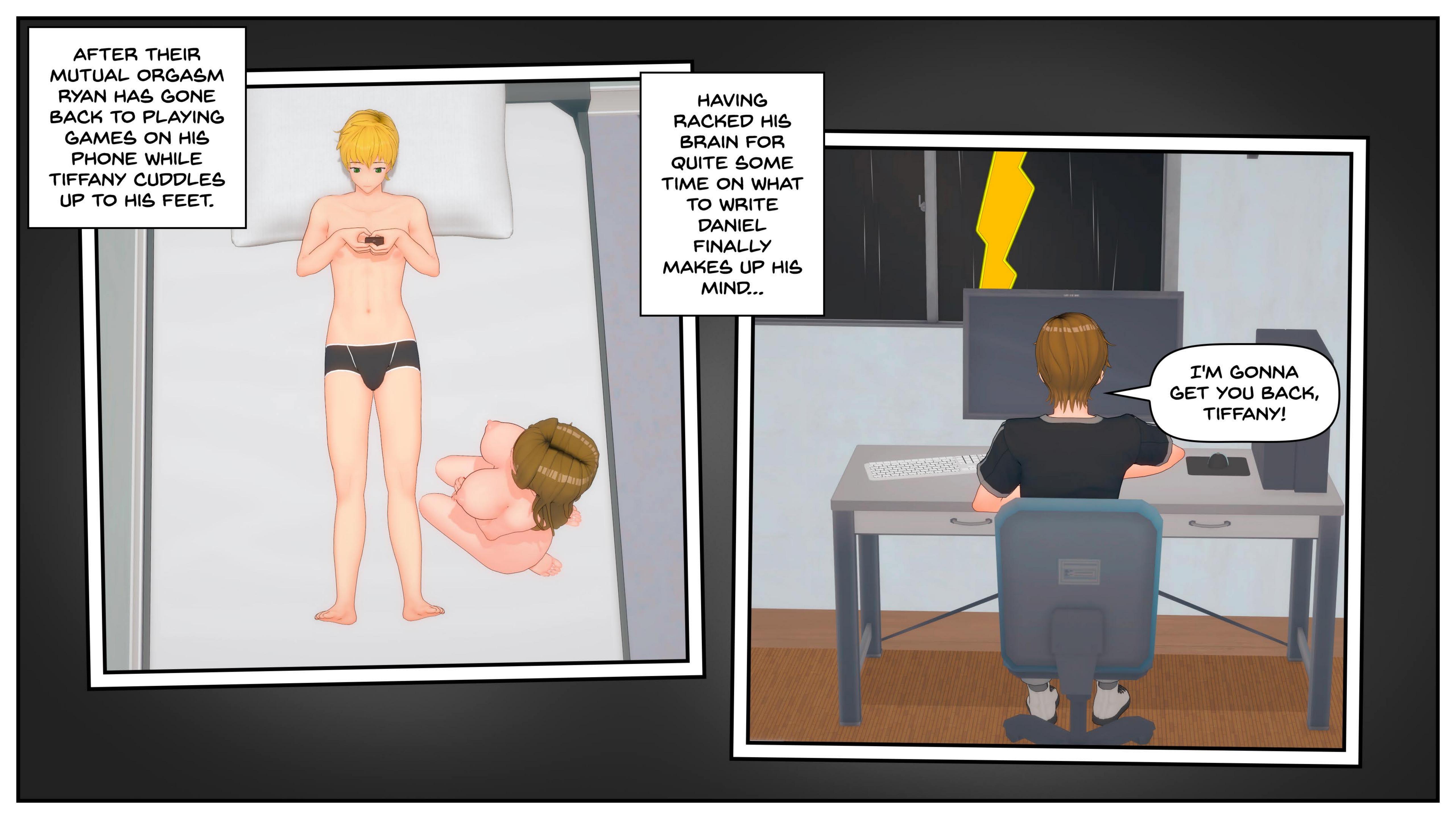


DANIEL SITS HUNCHED OVER THE DESK. HIS EYES STARING AT THE SHEET IN FRONT OF HIM ... SUCH A TINY PIECE OF PAPER... HOLDING SUCH IMMENSE POWER OVER A PERSON...

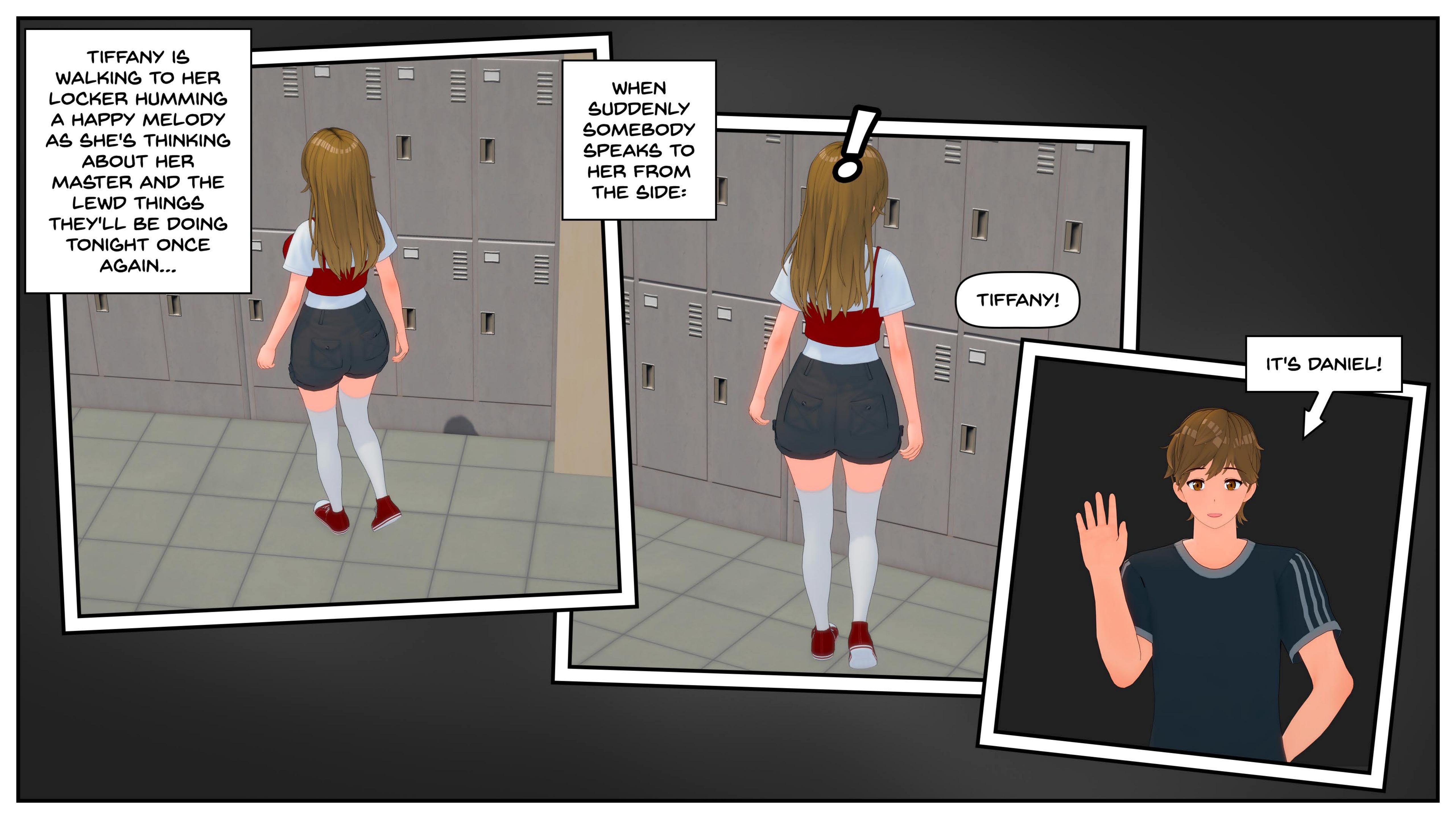


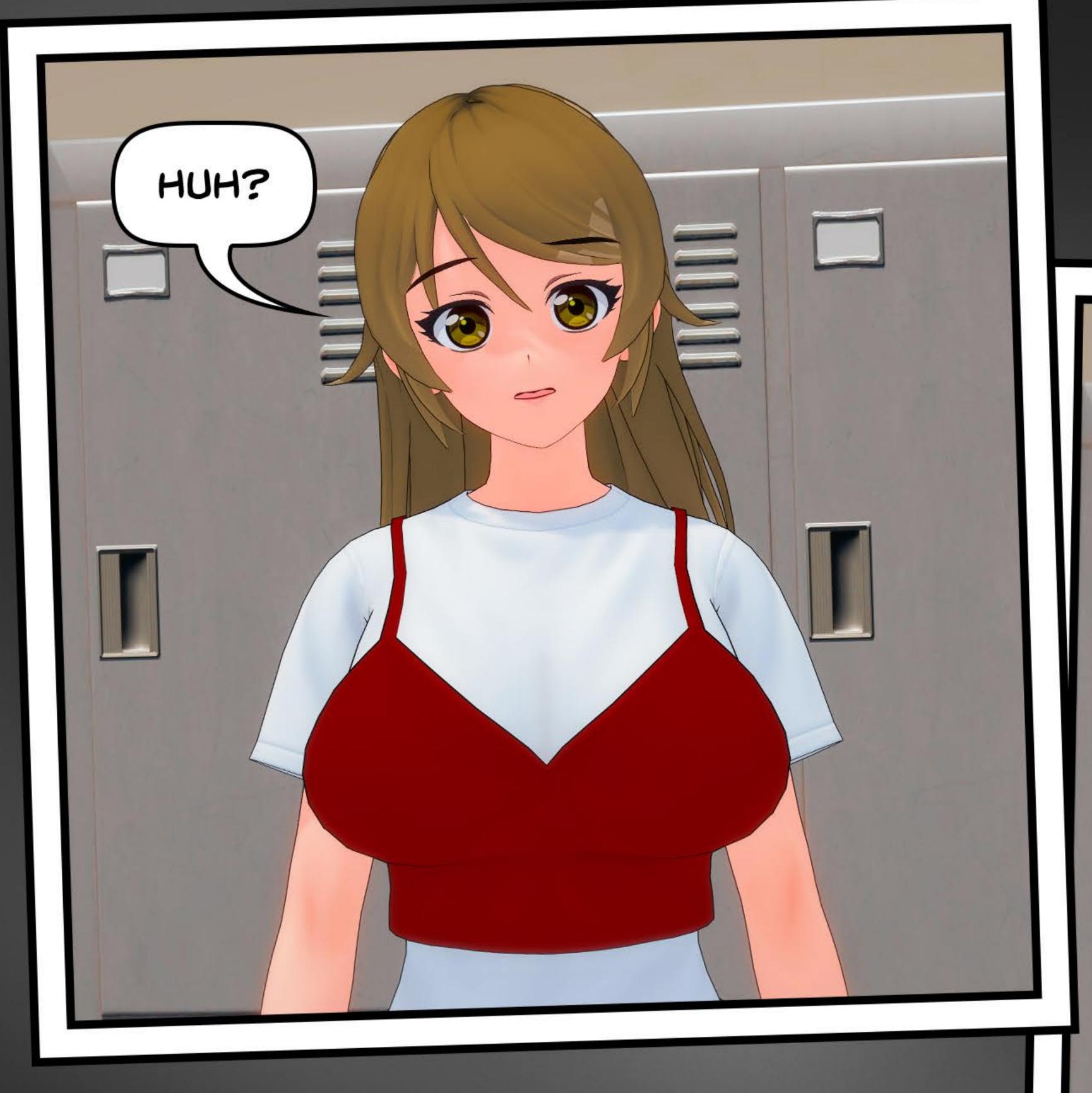


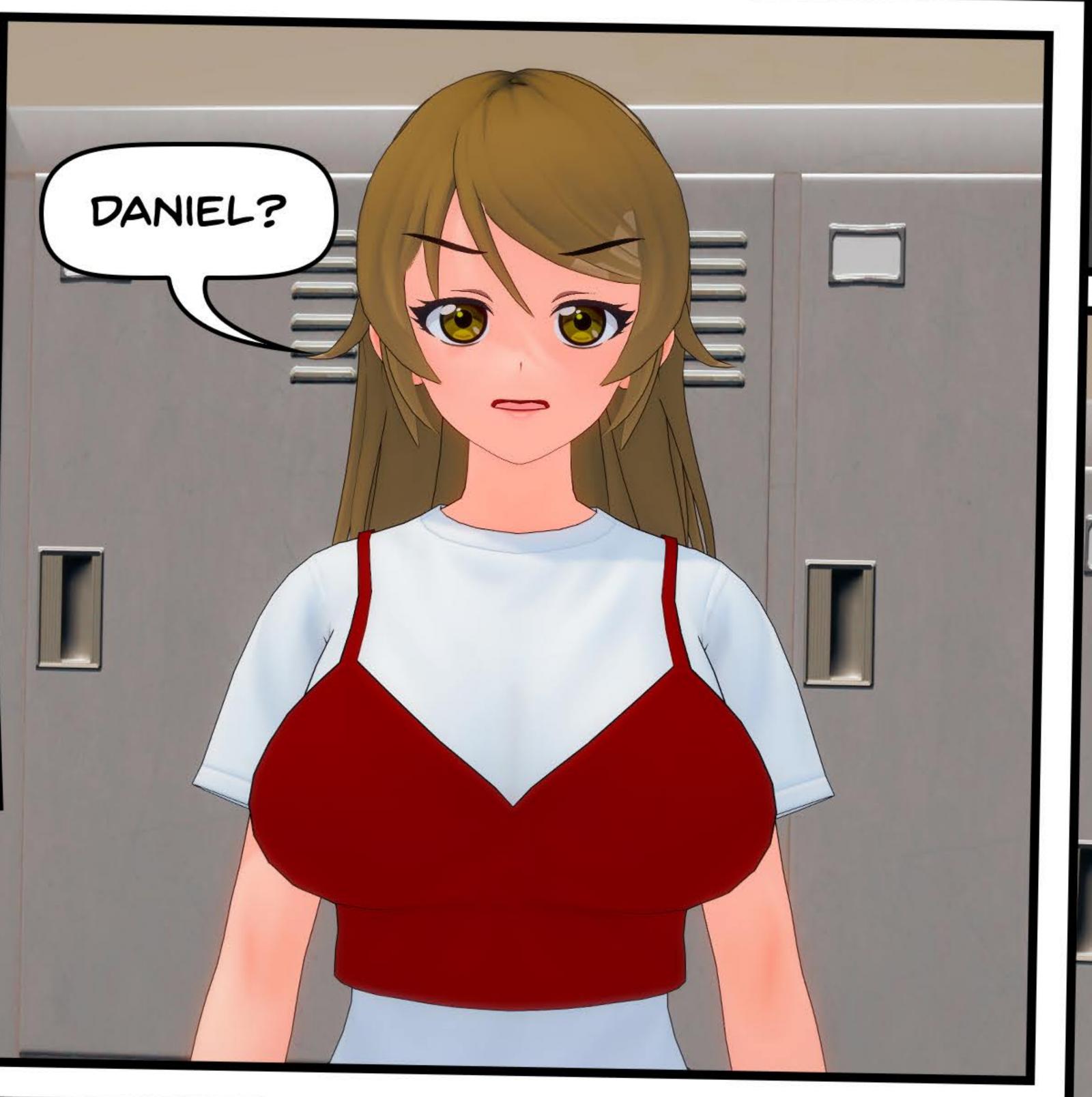




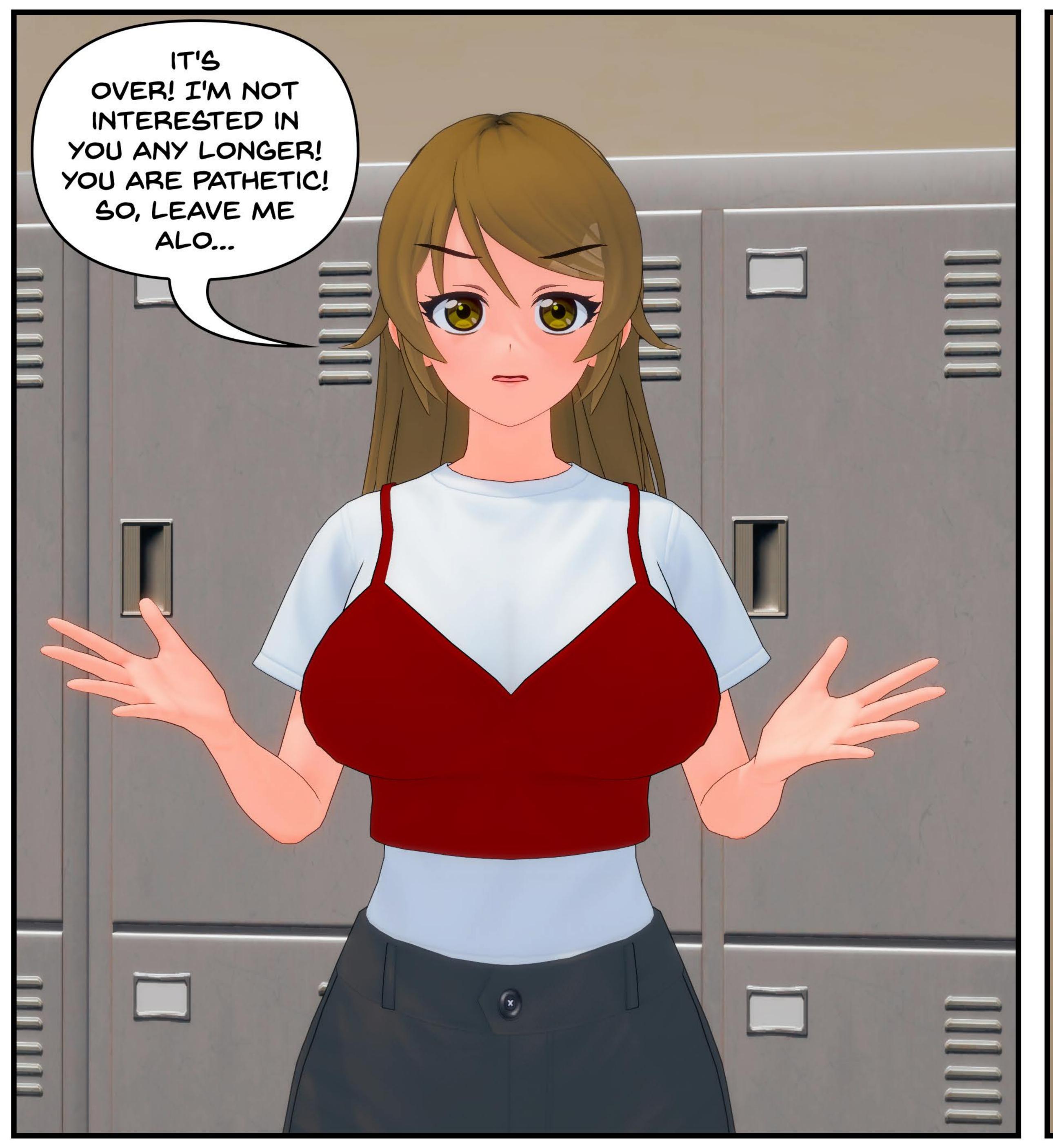
THE NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL ...

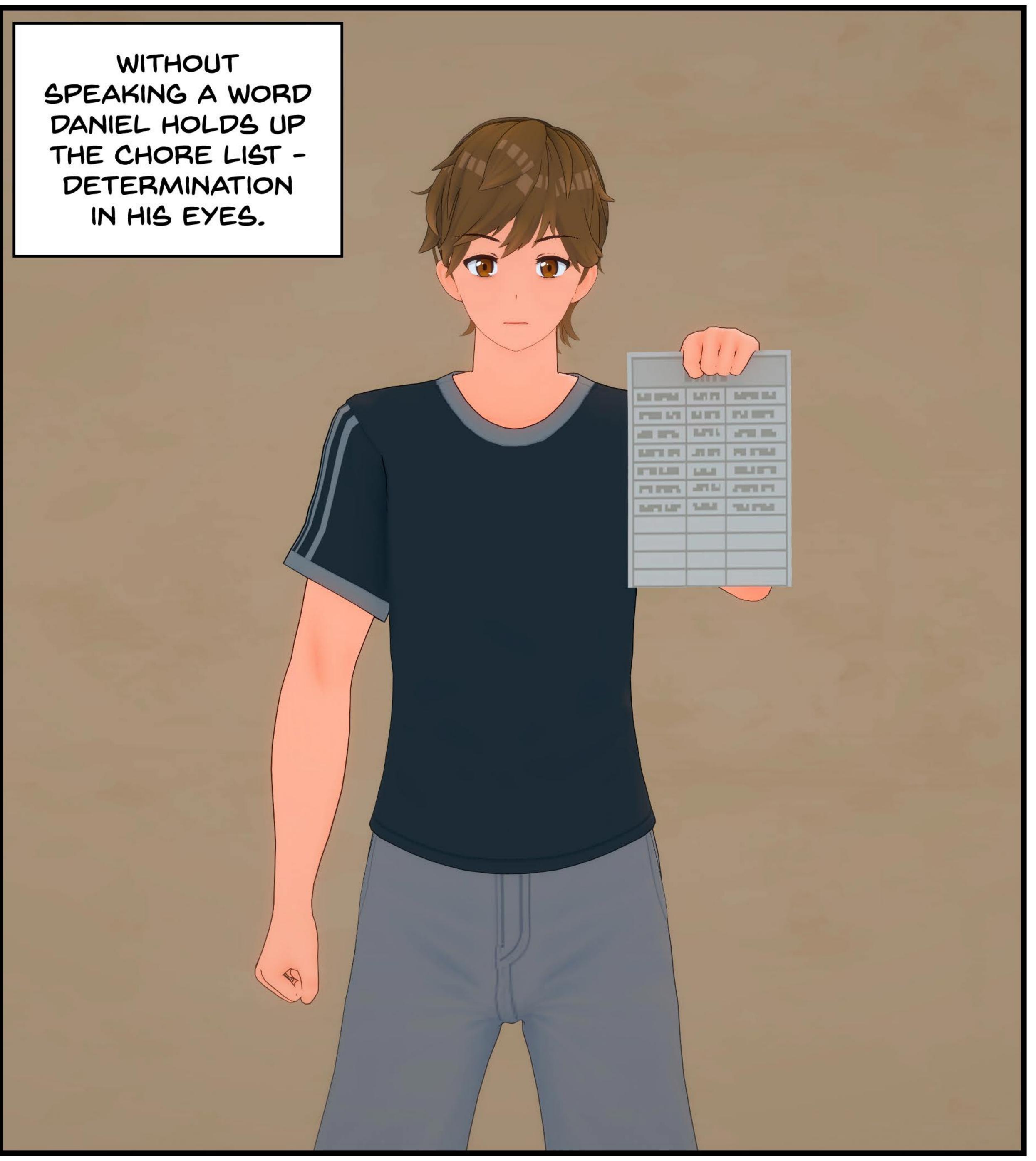




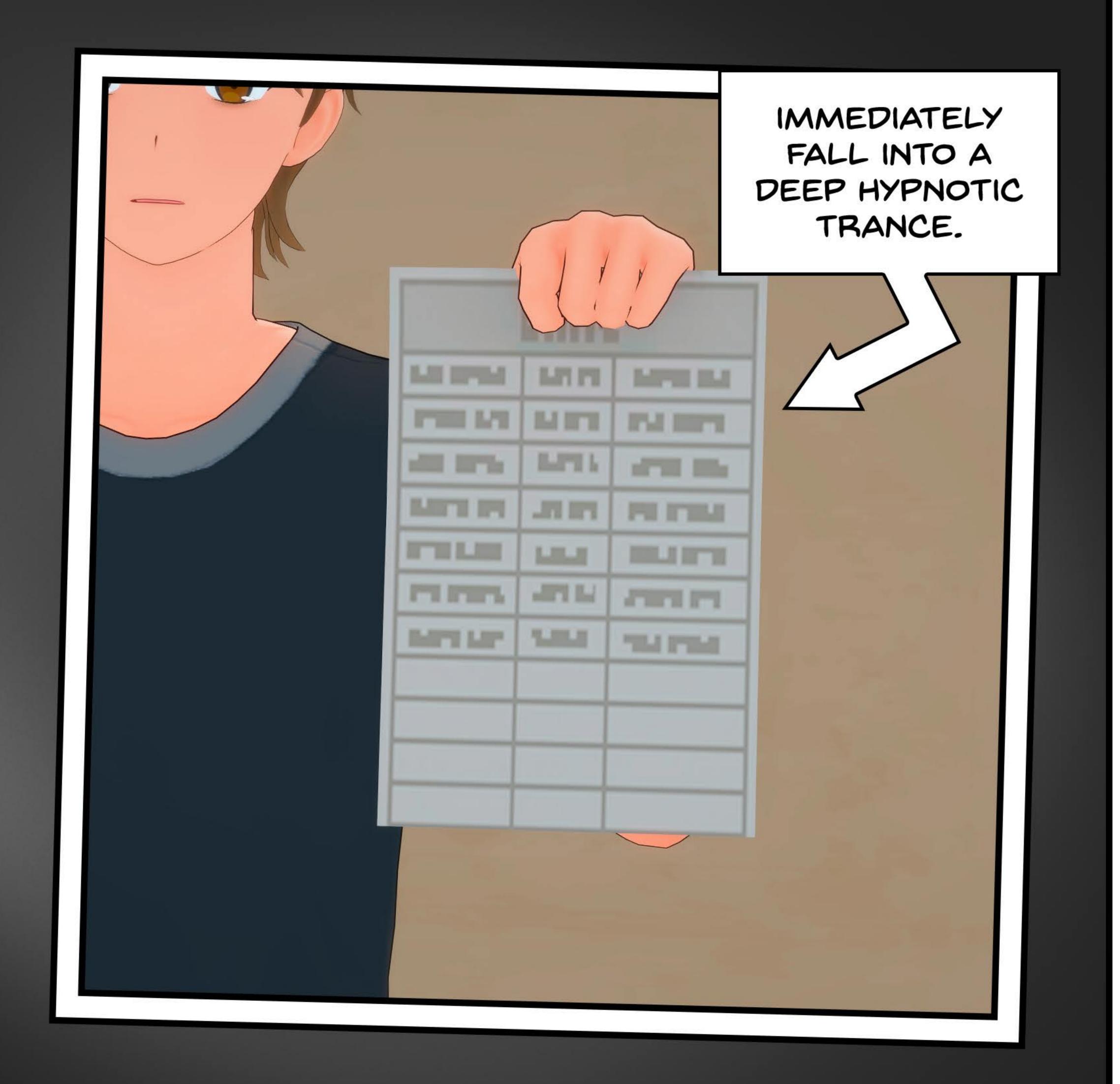




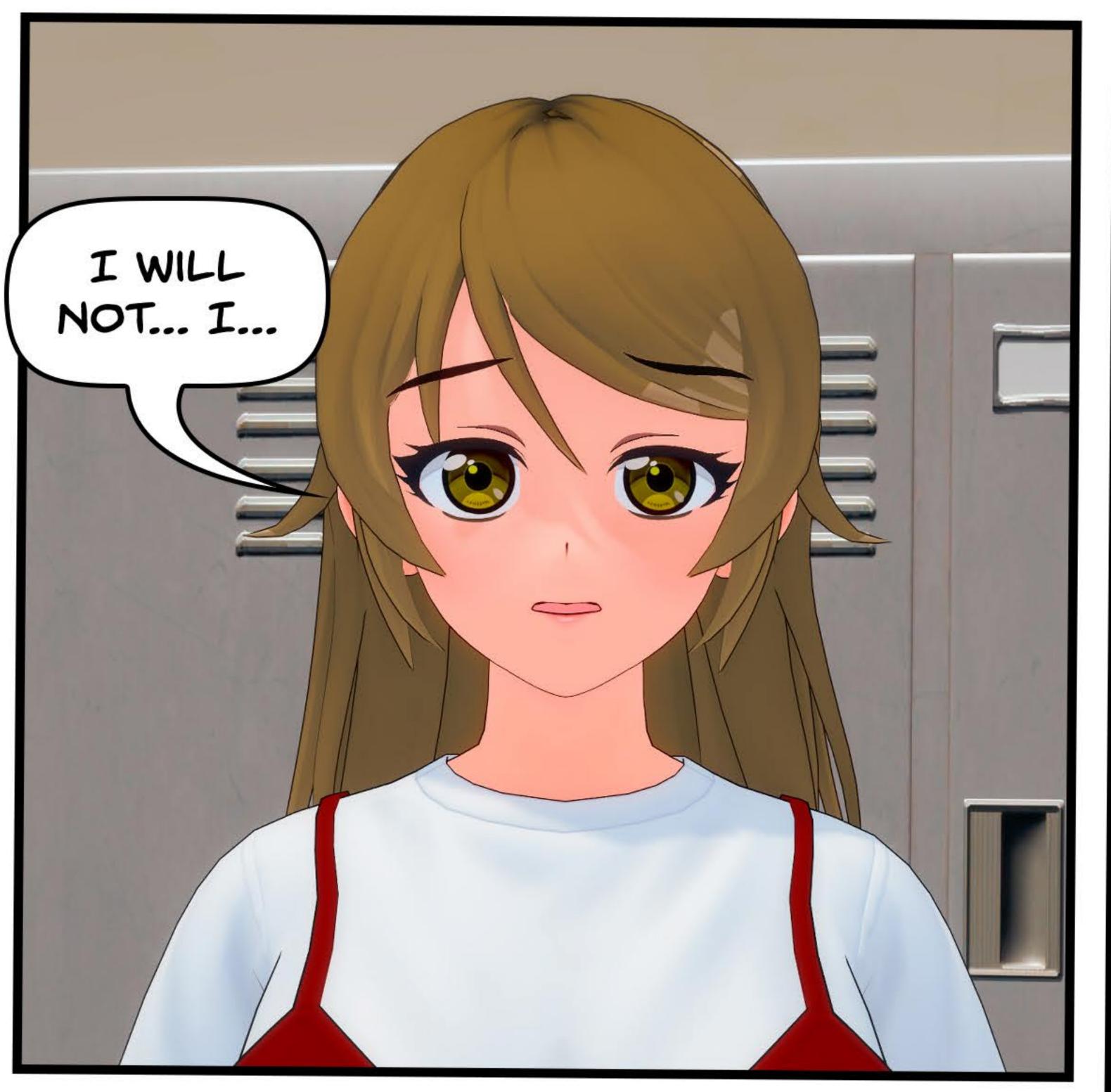




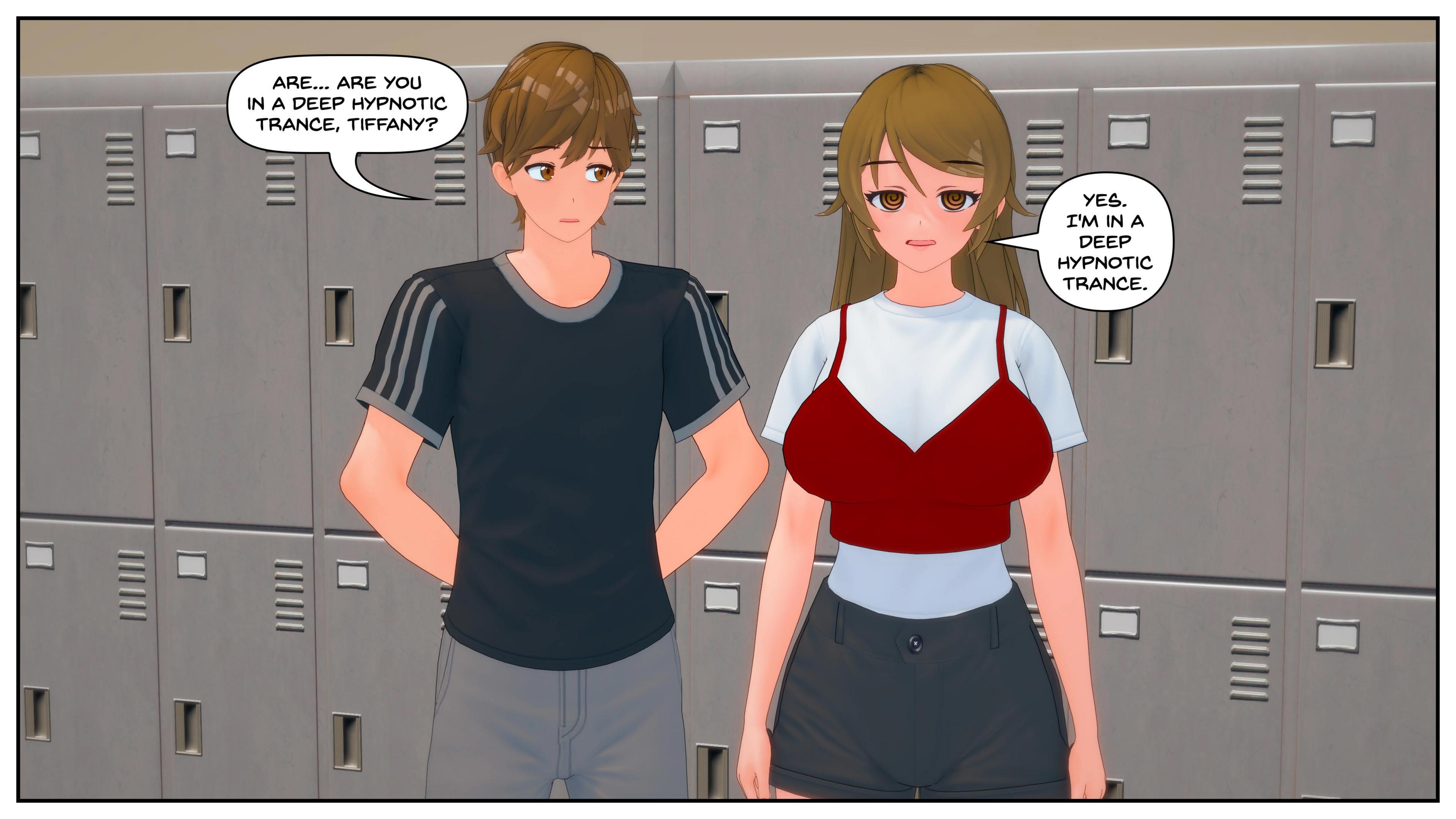
TIFFANY IS SURPRISED AS HER EYES PARSE THE CHORE LIST'S ONLY ENTRY...



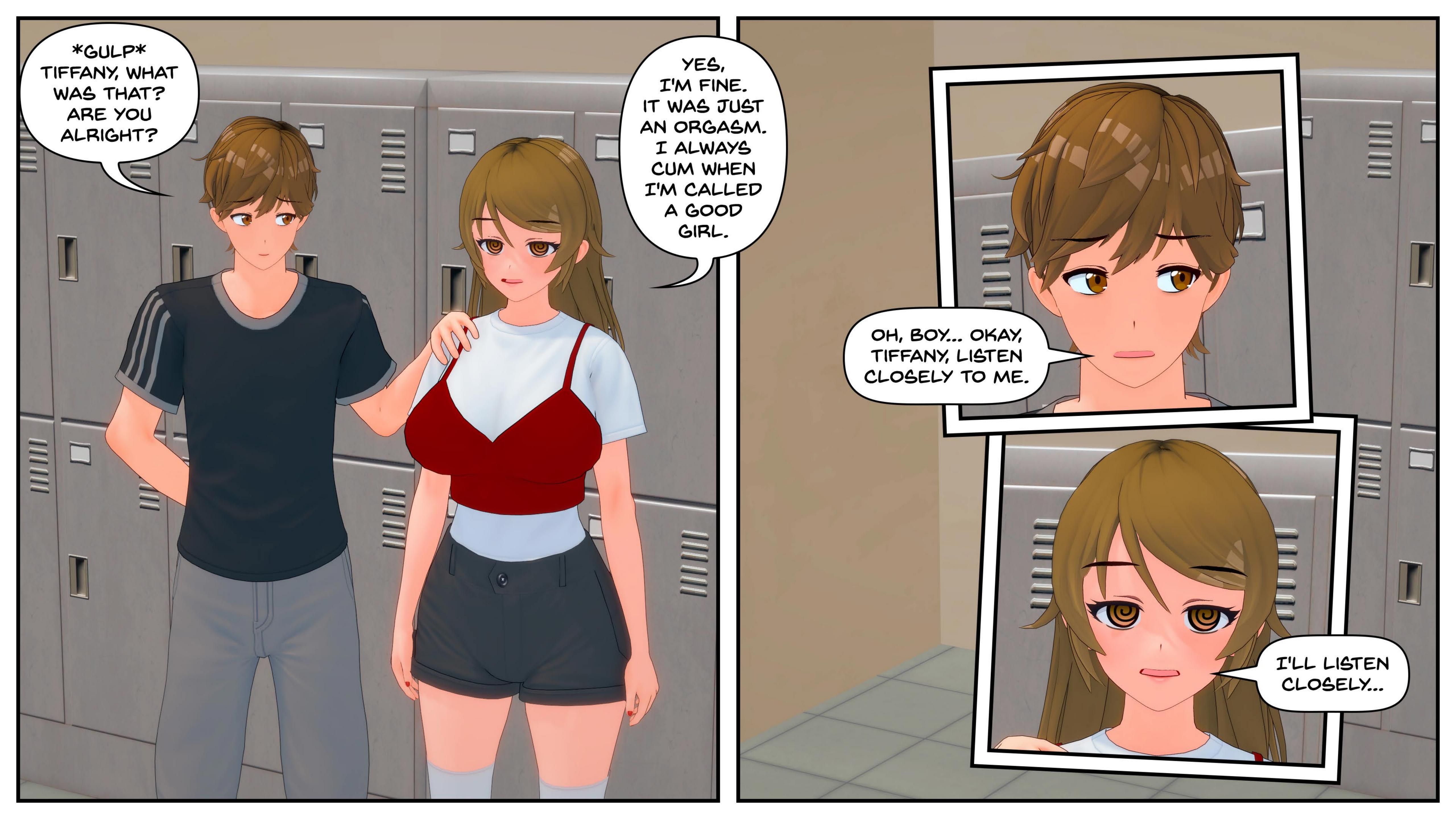










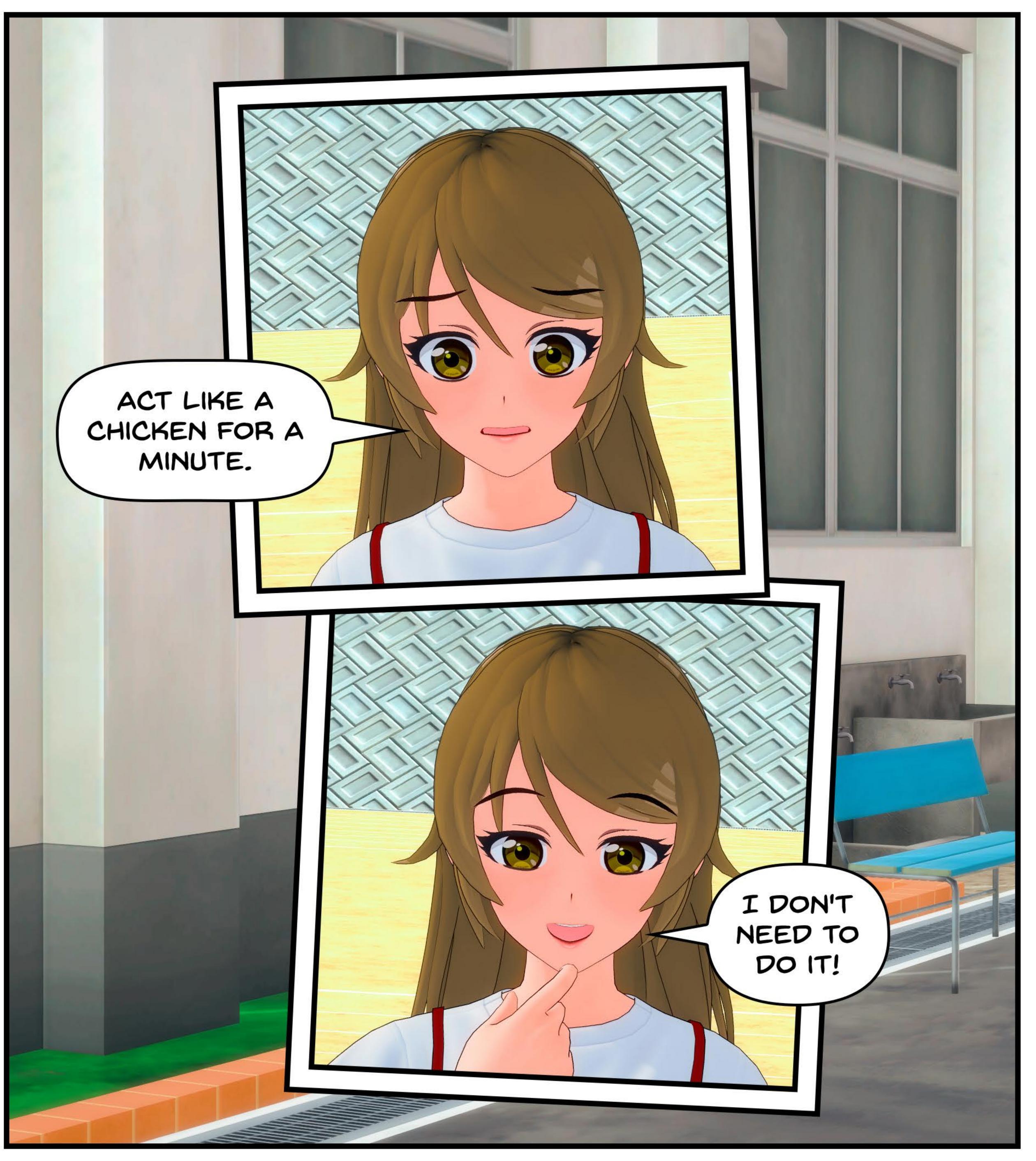


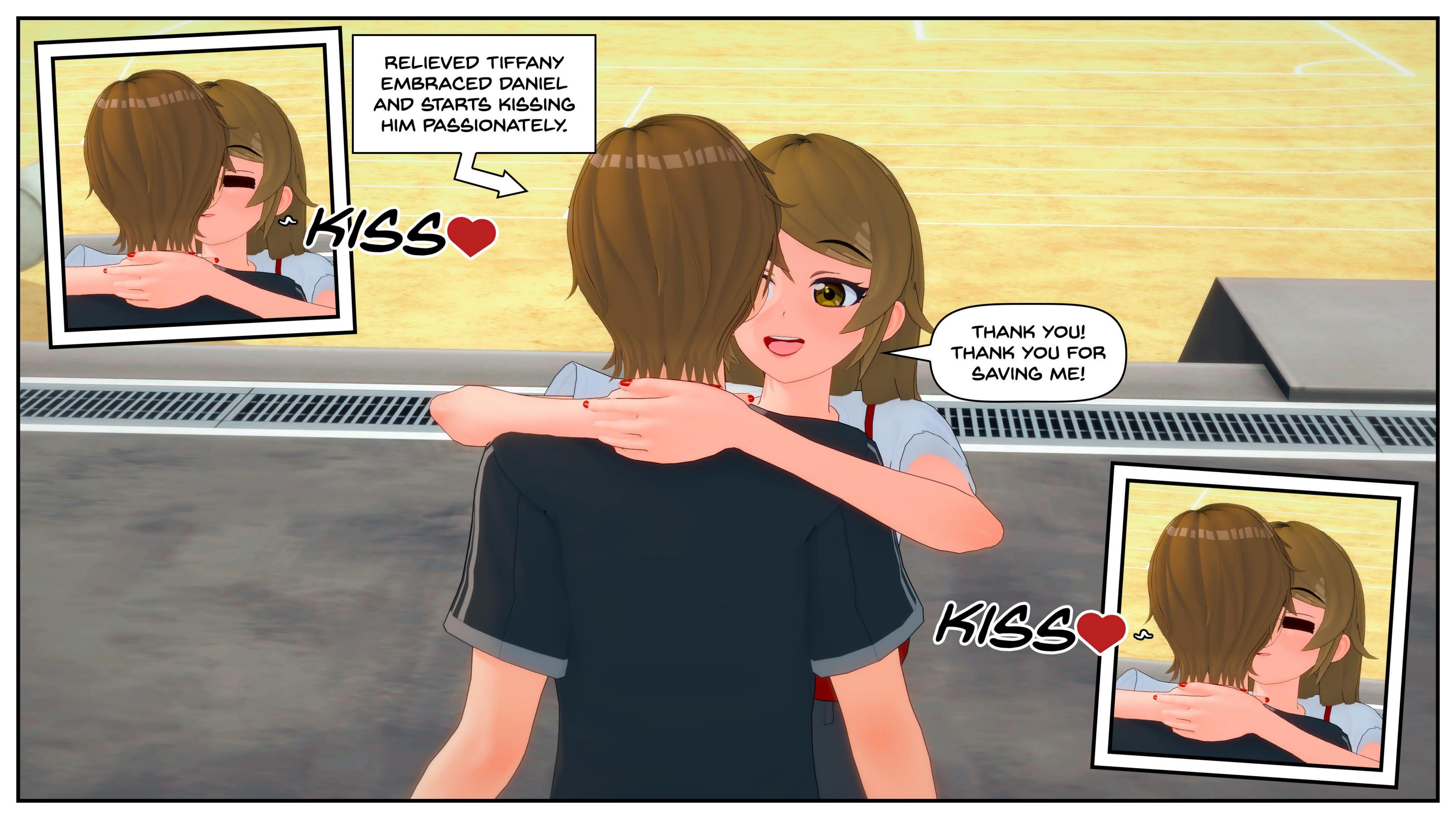
A SHORT WHILE LATER AFTER THE TRANCE... TIFFANY AND DANIEL ARE SKIPPING CLASS AND HAVE MOVED BEHIND THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.













SOME TIME AND A SMALL FIGHT LATER...

ABOM!

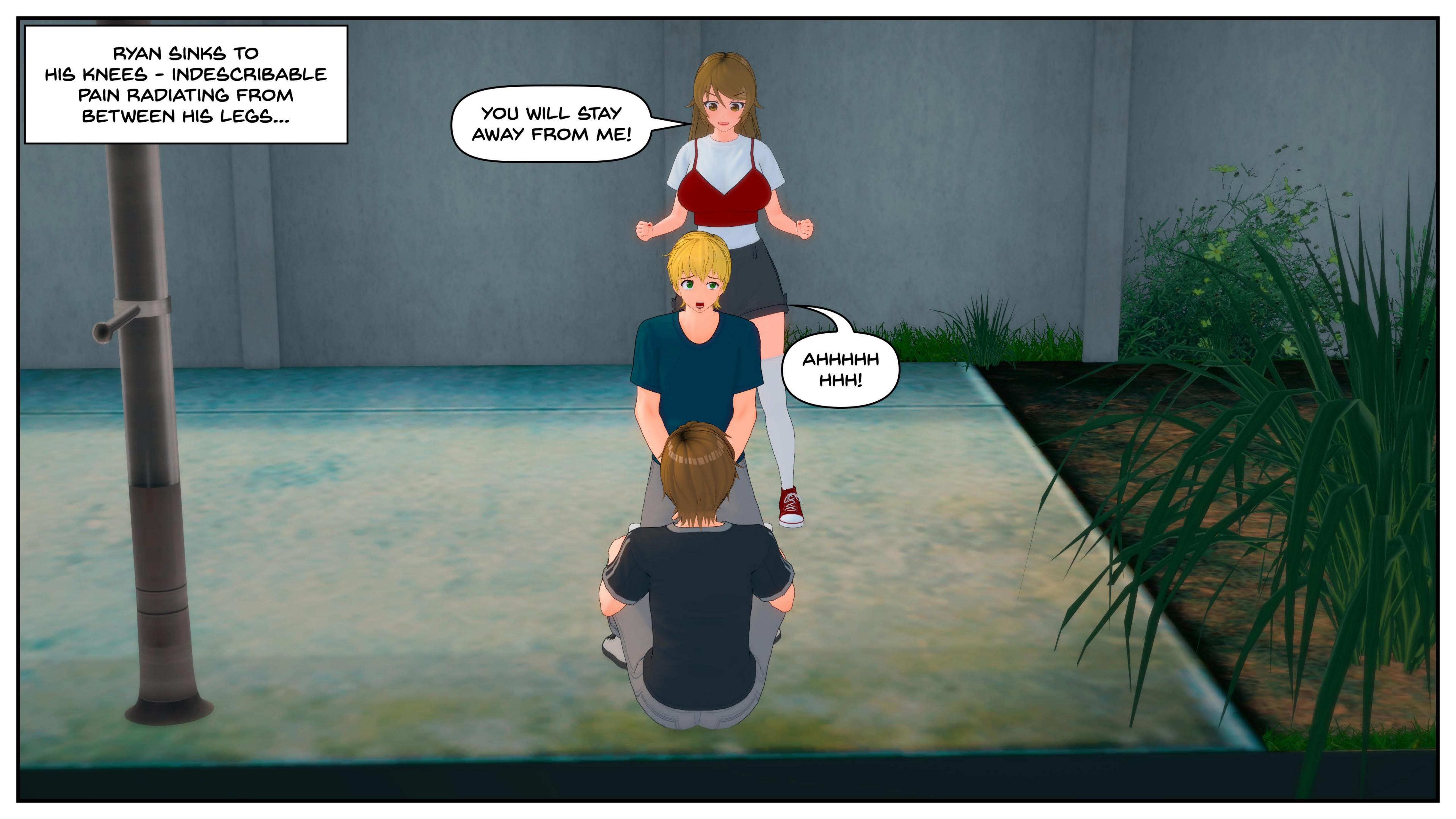


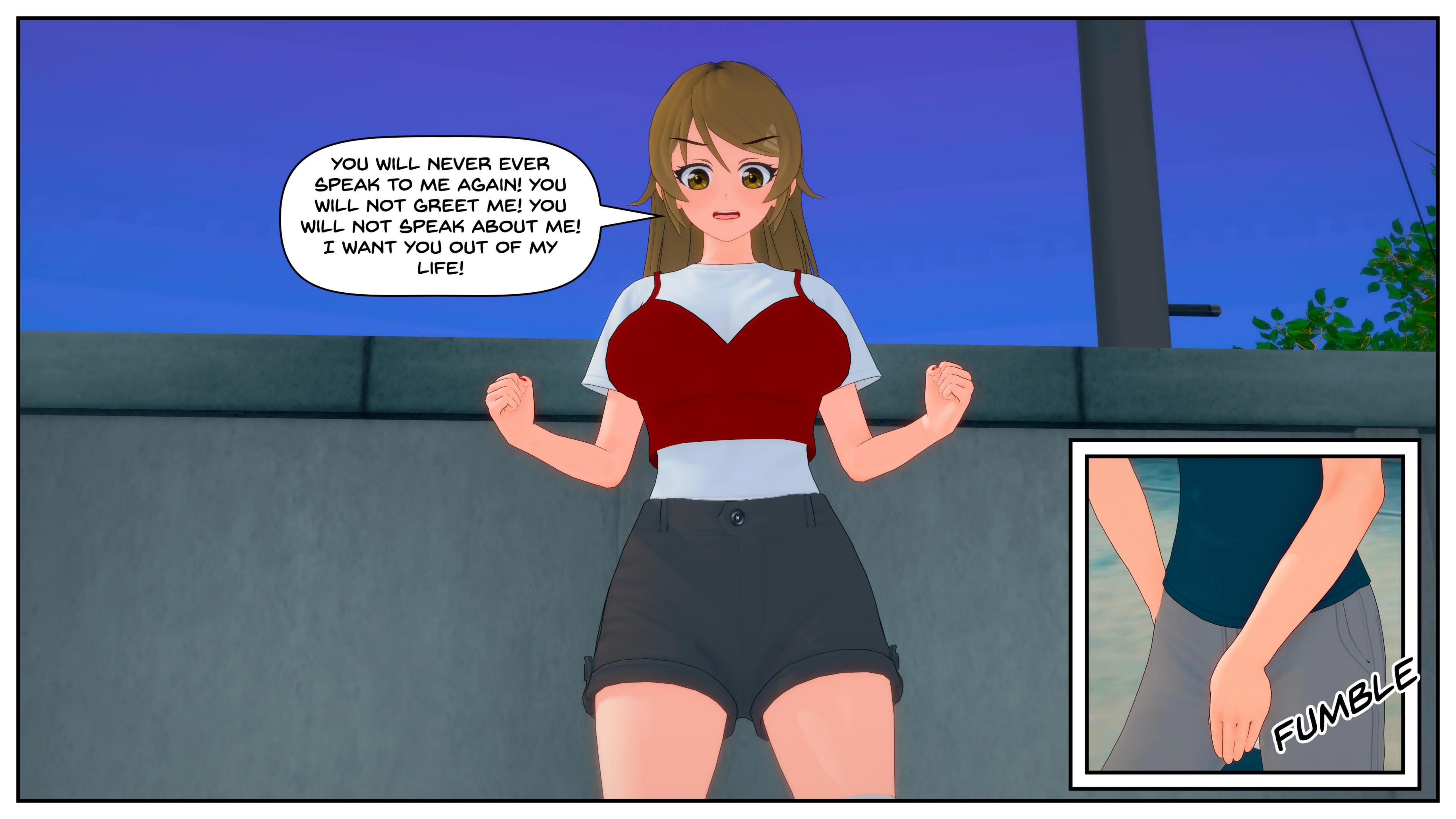


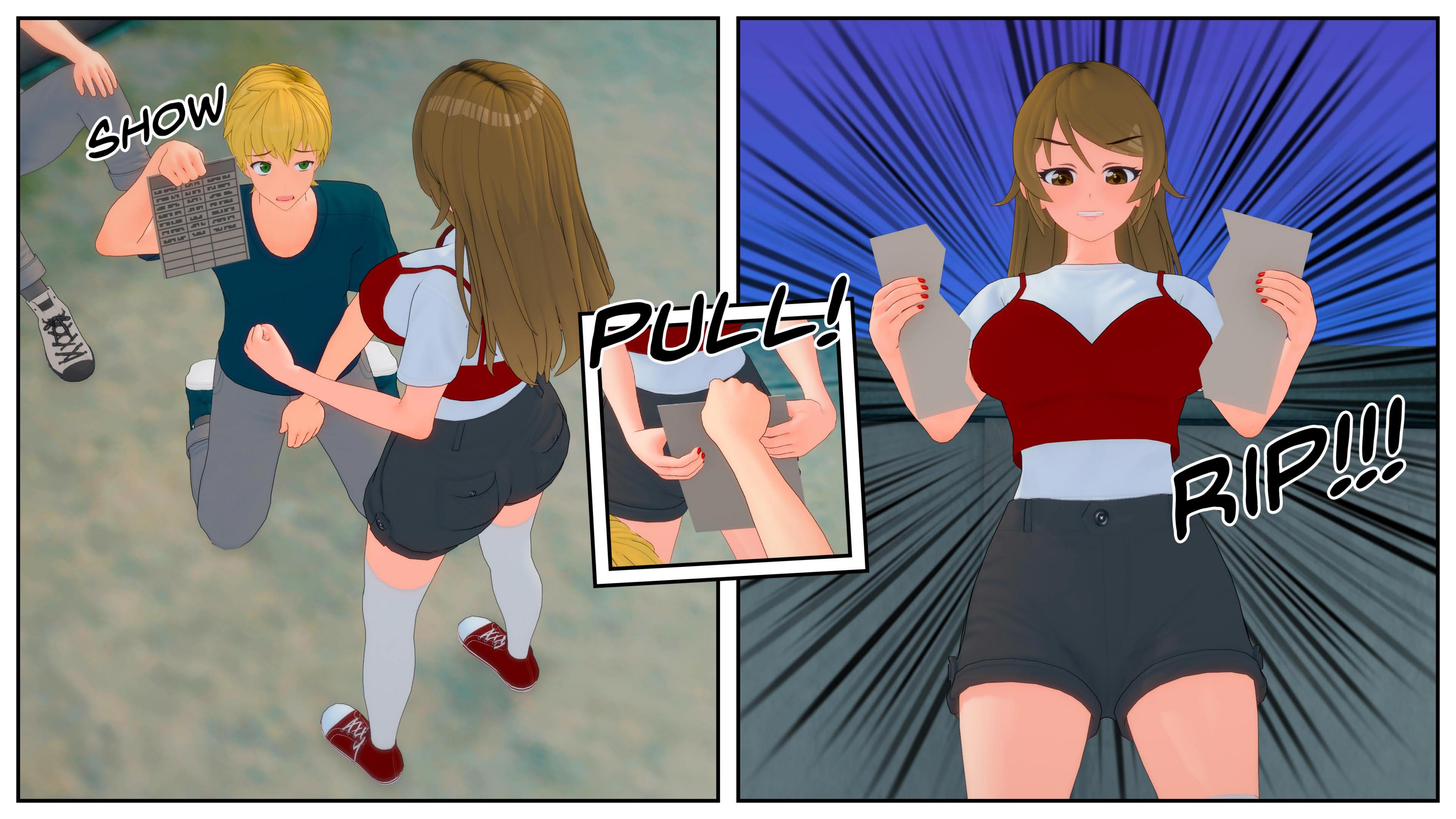


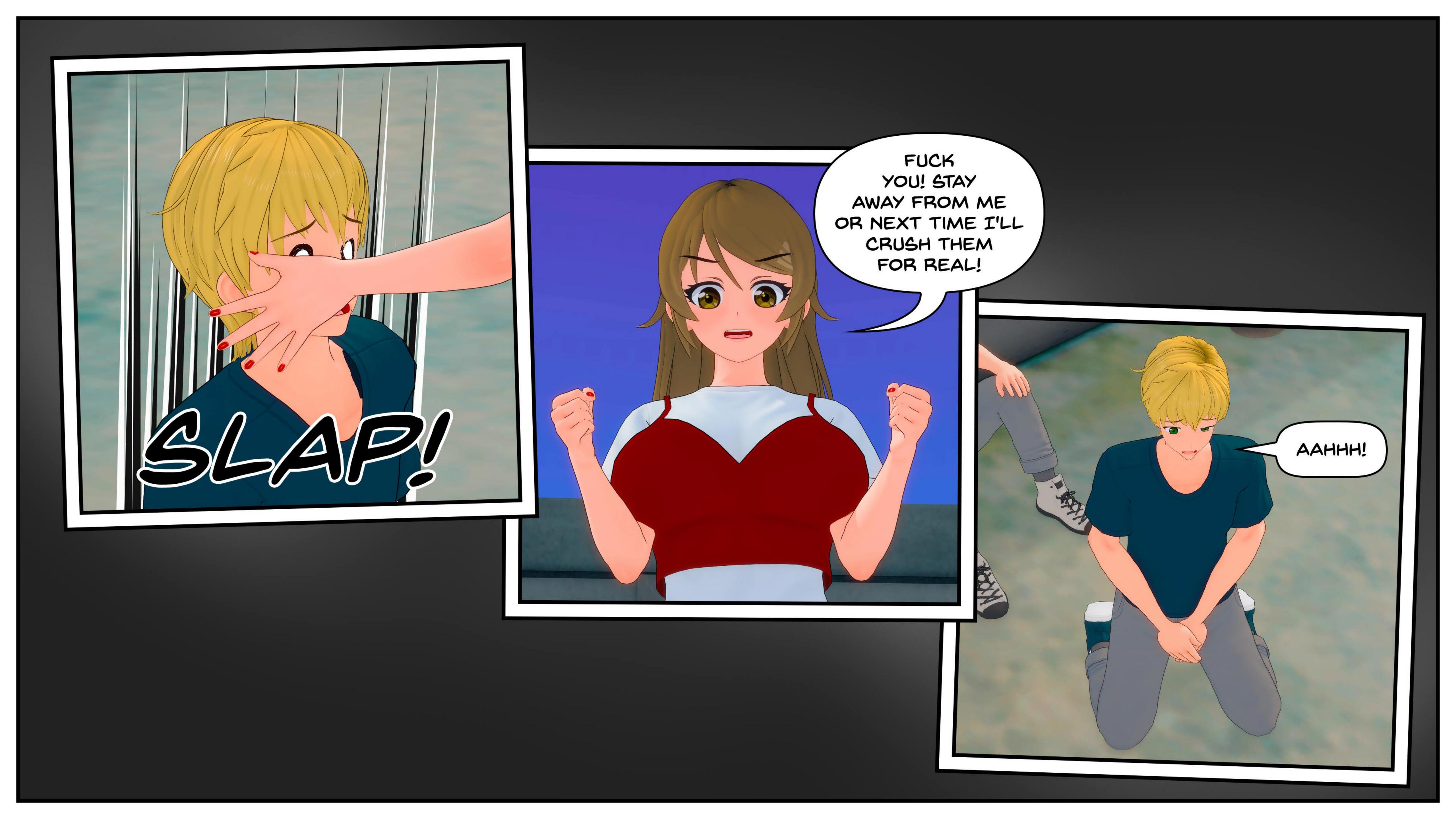












LATER, BACK AT TIFFANY'S HOME - LIVINGROOM.







YOU ARE THE BEST BOYFRIEND I COULD WISH FOR DANIEL! YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER THAN











IS DANIEL A GOOD GUY?

YES.

NO.