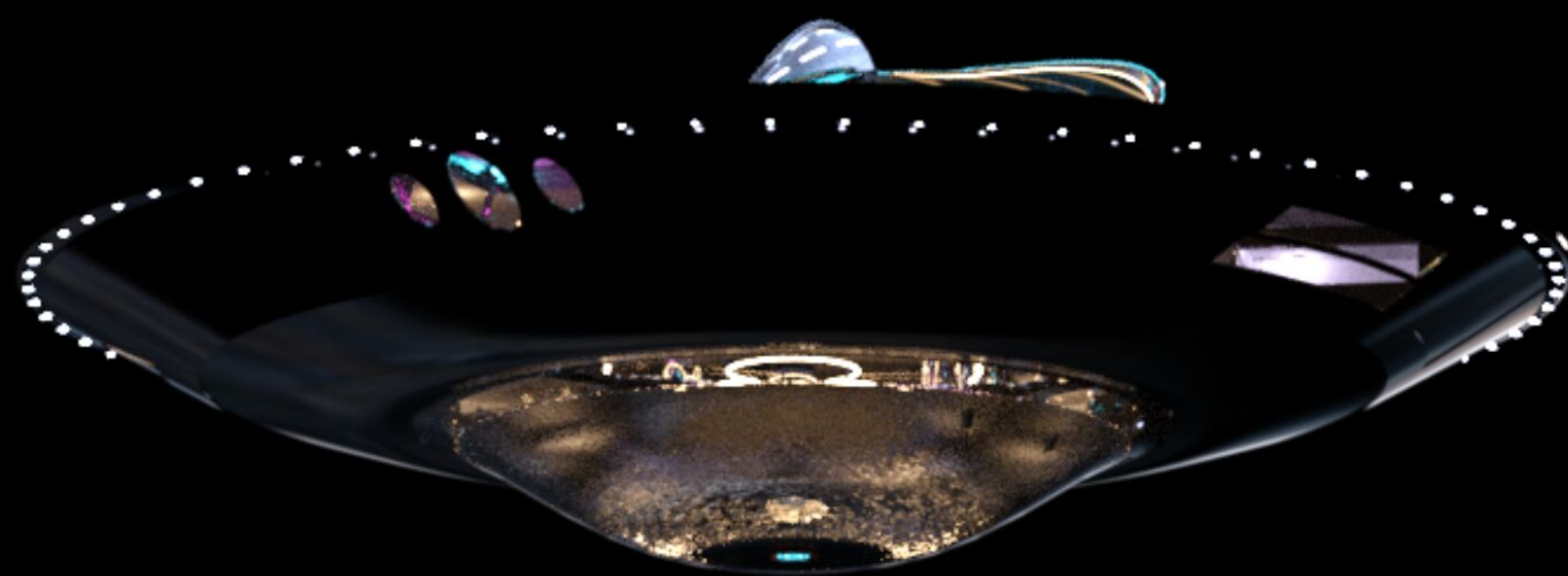


HAXBERIS HARBENS



TGTRINITY

THE FOLLOWING COMIC IS RATED



GENDER TRANSFORMATION
WEIGHT LOSS

WARNING: THIS PUBLICATION SHOULD NOT BE READ BY, GIVEN TO, OR PURCHASED BY ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18 (OR THE LEGAL AGE OF LOCAL VIEWING AREA), OR VIEWED IN A JURISDICTION OR LOCATION THAT PROHIBITS THE VIEWING OF NUDITY, ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAKED WOMEN & MEN, AND SEXUALLY EXPLICIT IMAGES. YOU SHOULD NOT VIEW THIS PUBLICATION IF YOU ALSO FIND THE AFOREMENTIONED MATERIAL OFFENSIVE. ANY SEXUAL SITUATIONS INVOLVE CHARACTERS OVER THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.



DEVIN?





DEVIN?

DEVIN!?!?

HUH?
WHAT?

DUDE,
WHAT IS WITH
YOU?

NOTHING.
I WAS JUST
THINKING.





THINKING ABOUT MOLLY, I BET.

FUCK OFF, JOSH.

HEY, I'M JUST TRYING TO BE THERE FOR MY FRIEND.

I MEAN, I WOULDN'T KNOW, BUT I HEAR GETTING DUMPED IS HARD.

FOR THE LAST TIME, MOLLY *DIDN'T* DUMP ME.

WE BROKE UP. MUTUALLY.


SHE'S GOING TO AFRICA TO WORK, AND LONG-DISTANCE RELATIONSHIPS ARE COMPLICATED.

LOOK, I DON'T
WANT TO POUR
SALT ON A FRESH
WOUND...

...BUT SHE
BROKE UP WITH
YOU, MAN.

SHE-

SHE LEFT,
AND WHEN YOU
SAID YOU'D GO
WITH HER,
SHE....?



SHE SAID I'M NOT
THE KIND OF PERSON
WHO'D LIVE IN AFRICA
UNPAID FOR TWO YEARS
PROVIDING HUMAN-
ITARIAN AID.

THAT I
WASN'T...
SELF-SACRIFICING
ENOUGH.

AND
SHE'S
RIGHT, BUT
THAT'S
OKAY.



YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO GIVE UP
TWO YEARS OF YOUR
LIFE TO PROVE
YOURSELF TO A
WOMAN.

YOU'LL FIND
SOMEONE BETTER.
TRUST ME.

WILL I?

LOOK
AT ME,
JOSH.

I'M A
TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD
COLLEGE *DROPOUT*
WORKING AT A GAME
STORE.

I PUT ON
TWENTY POUNDS
IN THE LAST
YEAR.

MOLLY WAS
OUT OF MY LEAGUE
A YEAR AGO, BUT
NOW?



LOOK, IF YOU GO TO THE GYM WITH ME, I'LL GET YOU INTO FUCKING **INCREDIBLE** SHAPE.

THEN WE CAN FIND YOU A GIRL WHO ISN'T LOOKING TO MARRY A **GODDAMN SAINT**.


I DO NEED TO WORK OUT...

...BUT MORE THAN THAT, I NEED TO GROW THE FUCK UP.

I NEED TO START ACTING LIKE A GODDAMN **ADULT**, YOU KNOW?

START PUTTING OTHER PEOPLE'S NEEDS FIRST INSTEAD OF GETTING HIGH AND PLAYING VIDEO GAMES.

HEY, THERE'S **NOTHING** WRONG WITH GETTING HIGH AND PLAYING VIDEO GAMES.



AND
WHO SAYS
YOU *NEED*
TO GROW
UP?

MY
PARENTS? MY
SISTER? ALL
MY *OTHER*
FRIENDS?

EXACTLY.
SOCIETY SAYS
YOU *NEED*
TO-

RUMBLE

WHAT THE
FLUCK!?

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

SHIT!

IT'S AN
EARTHQUAKE!

AN EARTHQUAKE!?

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

DUDE! GET UNDER THE TABLE!

SLAM



RUMBLE

I DON'T
WANNA DIE!

CALM
DOWN! IT'S
ALMOST
OVER!

CRASH



FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!

HEY, I
THINK IT'S
OVER.

JOSH, IT'S
OVER.



**DUDE!
WHAT THE
FUCK WAS
THAT!?**

**WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
EARTHQUAKES IN
OREGON!**

**OREGON
SITS ON A TON
OF FAULT LINES,
DUMMY.**



AND WAY TO
KEEP YOUR
COMPOSURE,
MR. COOL.

THE LADIES AT
THE GYM WILL
LOVE TO HEAR HOW
YOU SCREAMED LIKE
A LITTLE GIRL
DURING THIS.

NOT A
WORD,
DEVIN.

OH, I WISH I
WAS FILMING THIS!
CHUCKLE

YOU MENTION THIS TO ANYONE, AND I SWEAR I'LL BEAT YOU INTO A PULP.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE MY FRIEND OR NOT.

OH, LOOK WHO'S HAVING A BAD MORNING NOW.

HEY, THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS-

RUMBLE

**JESUS
CHRIST!**

**IS IT
HAPPENING
AGAIN!?**

**IT COULD
BE A-**

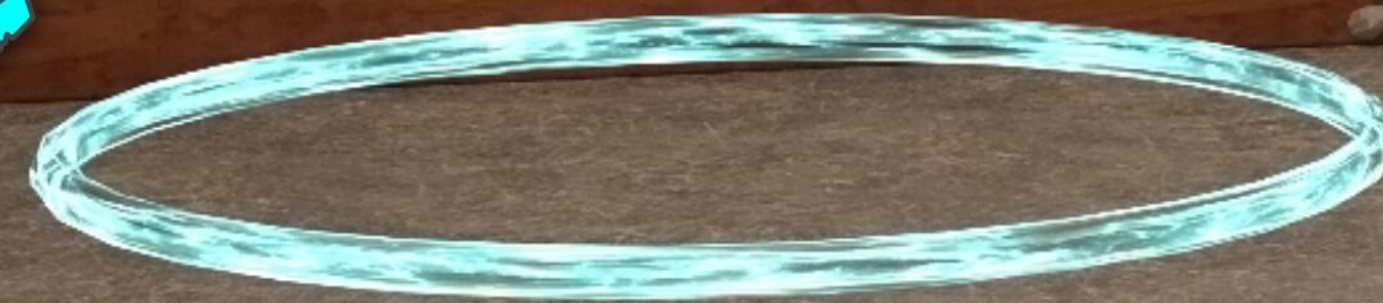
WHAT THE FUCK
IS THAT!?

HOLY
SHIT!

RUMBLE



RUMBLE



RUMBLE





WOOSH

NO WAY.

TO BE CONTINUED...