



JAZZ MUSIC CAN BE HEARD EVER SO LIGHTLY, BUT BEGINS TO FADE IN...

\*SNORE\*




A person is shown sleeping in a bed, lying on their side. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a nighttime setting. A speech bubble is positioned near the person's mouth, containing the text '\*INCOHERENT MUMBLING\*'. The person's eyes are closed, and their expression is peaceful. The bed has white linens, and a headboard is visible in the background.

\*INCOHERENT  
MUMBLING\*

THE JAZZ MUSIC  
GROWS LOUDER...

\*CHUCKLE\*


A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red bikini, is standing in a lounge area. She has her right hand raised, palm facing forward. The background features a curved sofa, a table with drinks, and framed pictures on the wall. The lighting is dim and warm.

HI! I LIKE  
YOUR TIE!

ARE BOTH OF  
THOSE DRINKS  
YOURS?

NAH. MY  
BUDDY JUST  
WENT UPSTAIRS  
FOR A LITTLE  
BIT.

MMM. LOOK AT  
THOSE CURVES!

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red lace-trimmed dress, is shown from the chest up. She is looking down and slightly to the right. Her right hand is raised towards her face. The background is a dimly lit room with a neon sign on the wall. The lighting is moody and atmospheric.

YOU POOR  
THING. HOW LONG  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
SITTING HERE ALL  
ALONE?

OH, NOT  
TOO LONG.

THOSE LIPS...  
THOSE TITS...

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a pink sofa. She is wearing a red bikini. The room is dimly lit with purple and blue light. In the background, there is a white table with a lit candle and a white chair. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COMPANY?

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRINK?

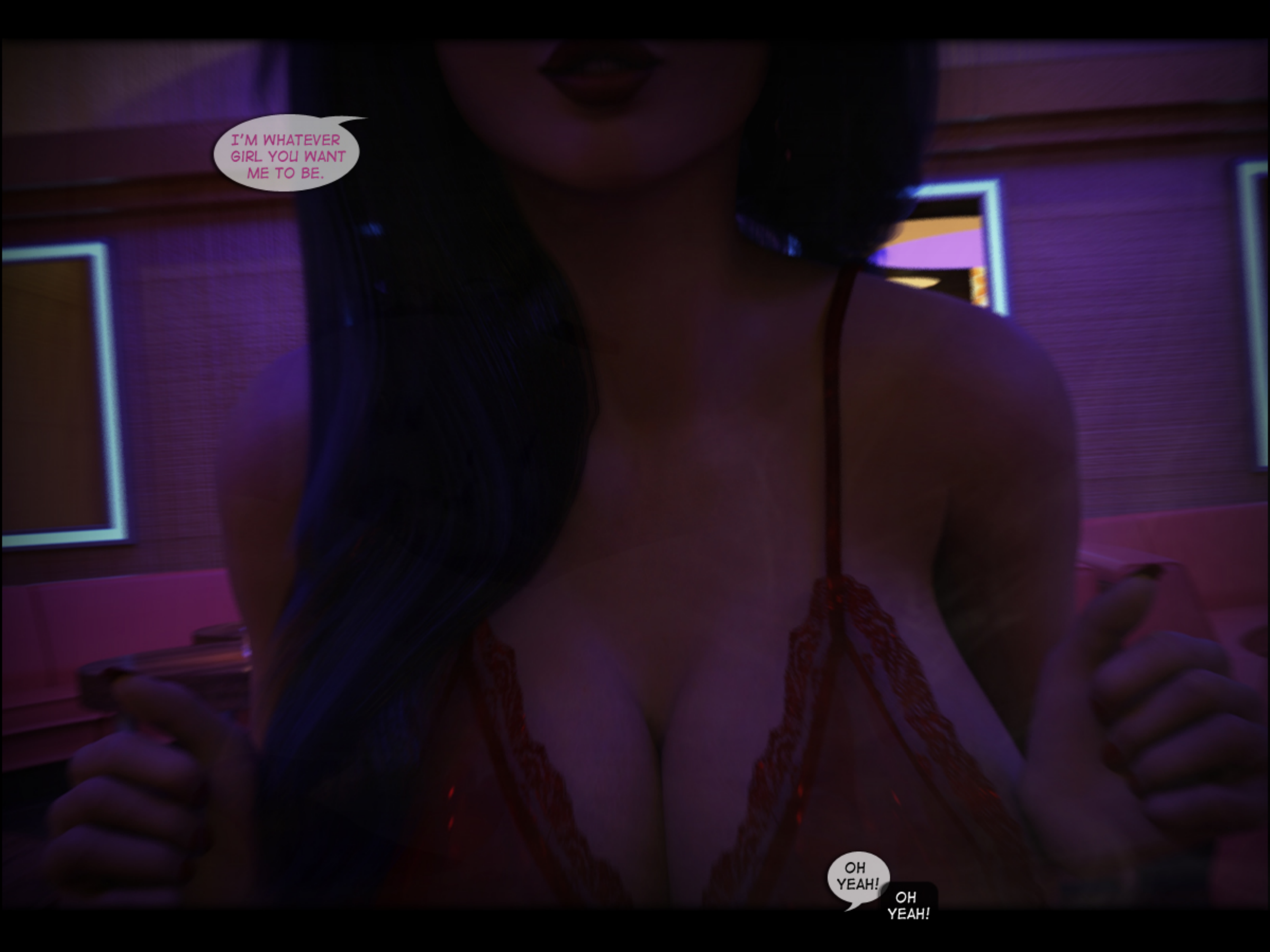
THAT BODY. SO SOFT...

WHAT  
WOULD YOU  
SUGGEST?

HMM. YOU  
SEEM LIKE A  
SANGRIA GIRL  
TO ME.

YET SO  
FIRM...



A woman is shown from the chest up, wearing a black bra and white lace-trimmed underwear. She is holding a black balloon with a string. The background is a dimly lit room with blue and purple lighting and framed pictures on the wall.

I'M WHATEVER  
GIRL YOU WANT  
ME TO BE.

OH  
YEAH!

OH  
YEAH!

WHATEVER GIRL  
YOU WANT WANT  
WANT WANT...






\*PLEASED  
HUMMING\*



\*MUMBLED  
GIBBERISH\*

\*CHUCKLE\*

The image is very dark and blurry, showing indistinct shapes and colors. A white speech bubble is centered in the frame, containing the text "OH...? YOU WANT ME TO...?". The background appears to be a dimly lit interior space with some architectural elements like a doorway on the left and a wall on the right, but they are too out of focus to identify clearly.

OH...?  
YOU WANT  
ME TO...?

A woman with long black hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a black lace bra. She is in a dimly lit room with pinkish-purple ambient lighting, likely a club or lounge. In the background, there are pink upholstered booths and tables. The scene is framed by a dark border.

DID YOU  
WANT TO TOUCH  
MY BIG TITS?

IF YOU  
INSIST...

I NEED  
THEM.

GO AHEAD.  
TOUCH THEM,  
DRE...

THEY'RE  
SO FAR  
AWAY...

A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a blue bra. She is looking down at her chest. Two speech bubbles are positioned near her chest. The background is a dimly lit room with a window showing a night view.

DRE,  
TOUCH  
THEM.

GRAB MY  
TITS, DRE.


I CAN'T  
REACH  
THEM.



TOUCH  
THEM THEM  
THEM THEM...

WAN-OOBS  
\*MUMBLE\*



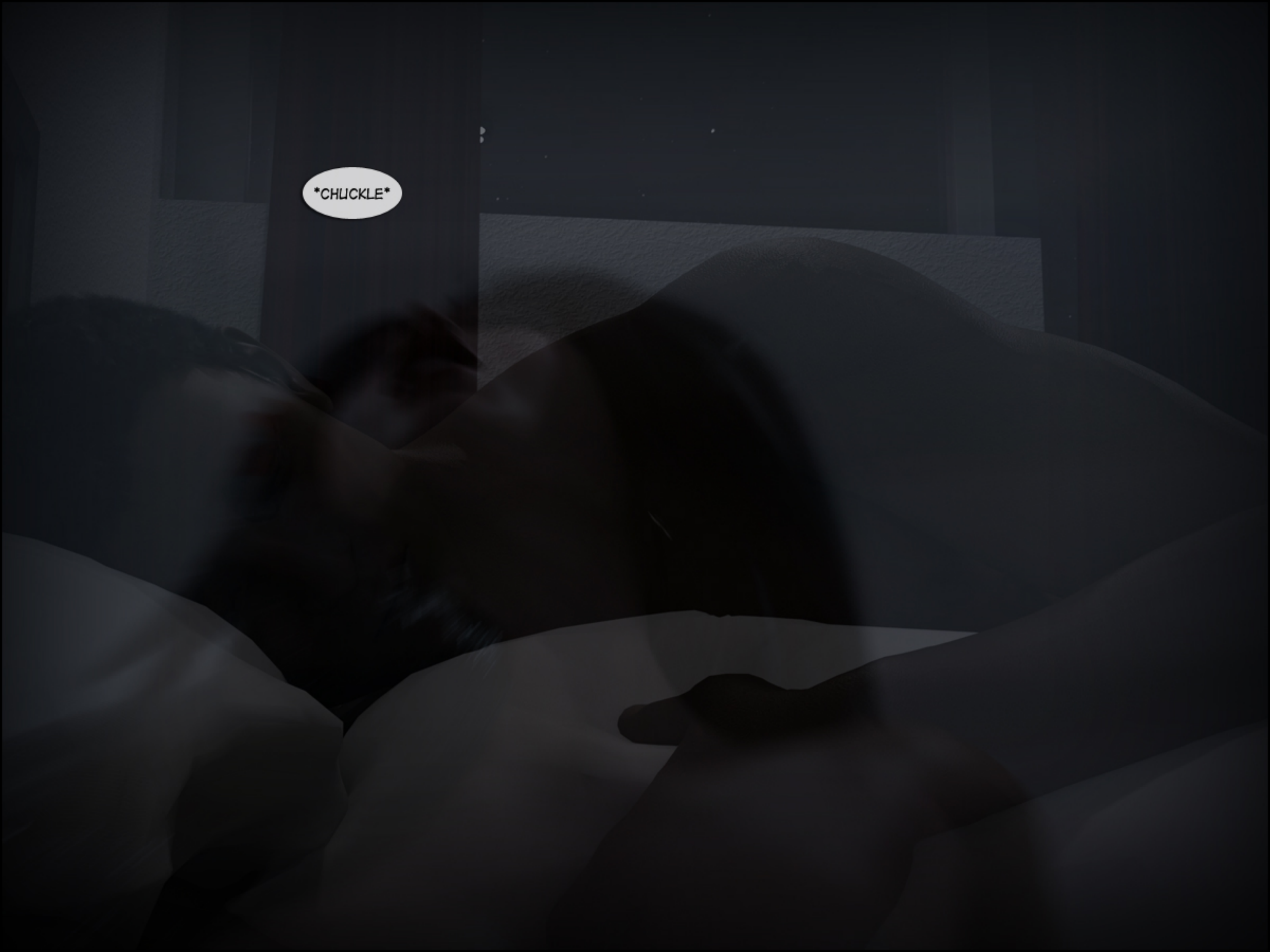


\*WHIMPER\*  
BRINA... \*MUMBLE\*  
ANGIE WON'T...  
\*MUMBLE\*



\*MUMBLE\*  
BACK-T-M-  
PLACE?

\*CHUCKLE\*



♥MOAN♥

YOU NEED  
THIS DICK.

♥OH,  
FLICK ME,  
DRE!♥

YEAH, RIDE  
MY... WAIT?

♥YOU NEVER  
FUCK YOUR WIFE  
LIKE THIS.♥

YOU SOUND  
LIKE HER.

♥ SAY HER  
NAME WHEN YOU  
FLICK ME.♥

S-SABRINA!♥



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white dress, stands in a dimly lit room with her arms raised. She has a pleading expression on her face. The room has recessed ceiling lights and a dark background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

NO. SAY  
*HER* NAME. PLEASE!  
I CAN'T CUM UNTIL  
YOU SAY HER  
NAME!

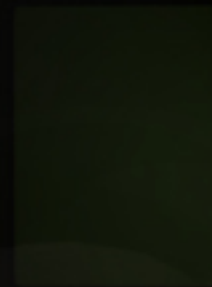
A-ANGELA.



♡MOAN♡  
LOUDER!

ANGELA!

*THEY  
DESERVE  
BETTER.*



OH, BABY. I  
LOVE WHEN YOU  
GRAB MY BIG TITS WITH  
YOUR STRONG HANDS...

WHAT  
WAS...?

WUSH



COUNTRY MUSIC CAN BE  
HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

HUH...?

WHHE . . .  
WHERE AM I?

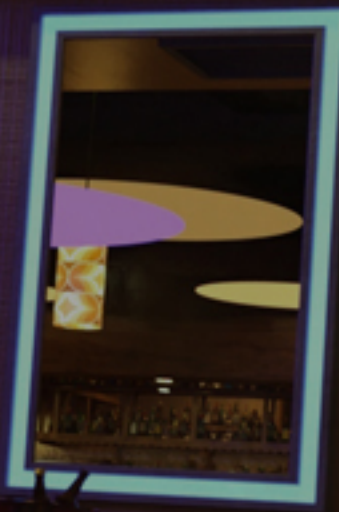


I KNOW THIS PLACE...





WHY AM I BACK HERE?





UH, WHO LET THEM IN HERE...?



WHY CAN'T  
I MOVE?

JUST  
WATCH.

AM I DREAMING?

YOU ARE.

WHY DOES IT  
FEEL SO REAL?



\*CHUCKLE\*

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE  
MAN IN THE CORNER?

WHO?

EXIT



HIM?

NO, NOT THE GUY  
WITH THE ESCORT...




I CAN'T SEE THE  
OTHER ONE. WHY?

IS HE IMPORTANT?

\*CHUCKLE\*

EXIT





THIS IS SO BIZARRE. I FEEL LIKE I'M WIDE AWAKE BUT I CAN ALSO FEEL MYSELF LAYING IN BED. AND WHO...

EXIT

FOCUS ON THE MAN IN THE CORNER.



HE LOOKS FAMILIAR,  
BUT I CAN'T SEE...

EXIT

T1



HOW ABOUT A  
CLOSER LOOK?

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

EXIT



A man is lying in bed, shirtless, with his eyes closed and a pained expression. He is holding a white pillow against his chest. A speech bubble above his head contains the text '\*GRUNT\*'. The bed has a white sheet and a dark red patterned blanket. A smartphone is on the floor to the left.

**\*GRUNT\***

NOW PAY  
ATTENTION.



TO WHAT? WHAT  
AM I DOING NOW?





COME ON,  
BABY. I BROUGHT  
A LOT OF CASH  
WITH ME..

OOH, NOW HE LOOKS LIKE A BIG SPENDER.

HMM...?



THIS FEELS  
DIFFERENT...

WELL,  
HELLO...








CAN I  
HELP YOU WITH  
SOMETHING,  
BEAUTIFUL?

I WAS HOPING  
THAT MAYBE WE  
COULD BOTH HELP  
EACH OTHER.

WHAT AM  
I SAYING?

A man wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a dark tie, and a light-colored fedora hat is sitting on a light-colored sofa. He is looking down and to his right. The room is dimly lit with blue neon light strips visible in the background. A round table with several glasses is to his right. There are two speech bubbles: one white with black text and one black with white text.

**\*COUGH\***  
WELL, YEAH,  
I, UH...

OH, DON'T  
BE NERVOUS.  
I DON'T  
BITE...

I CAN FEEL MYSELF  
TALKING, BUT I CAN'T  
DO ANYTHING!

UNLESS  
YOU WANT  
ME TO.

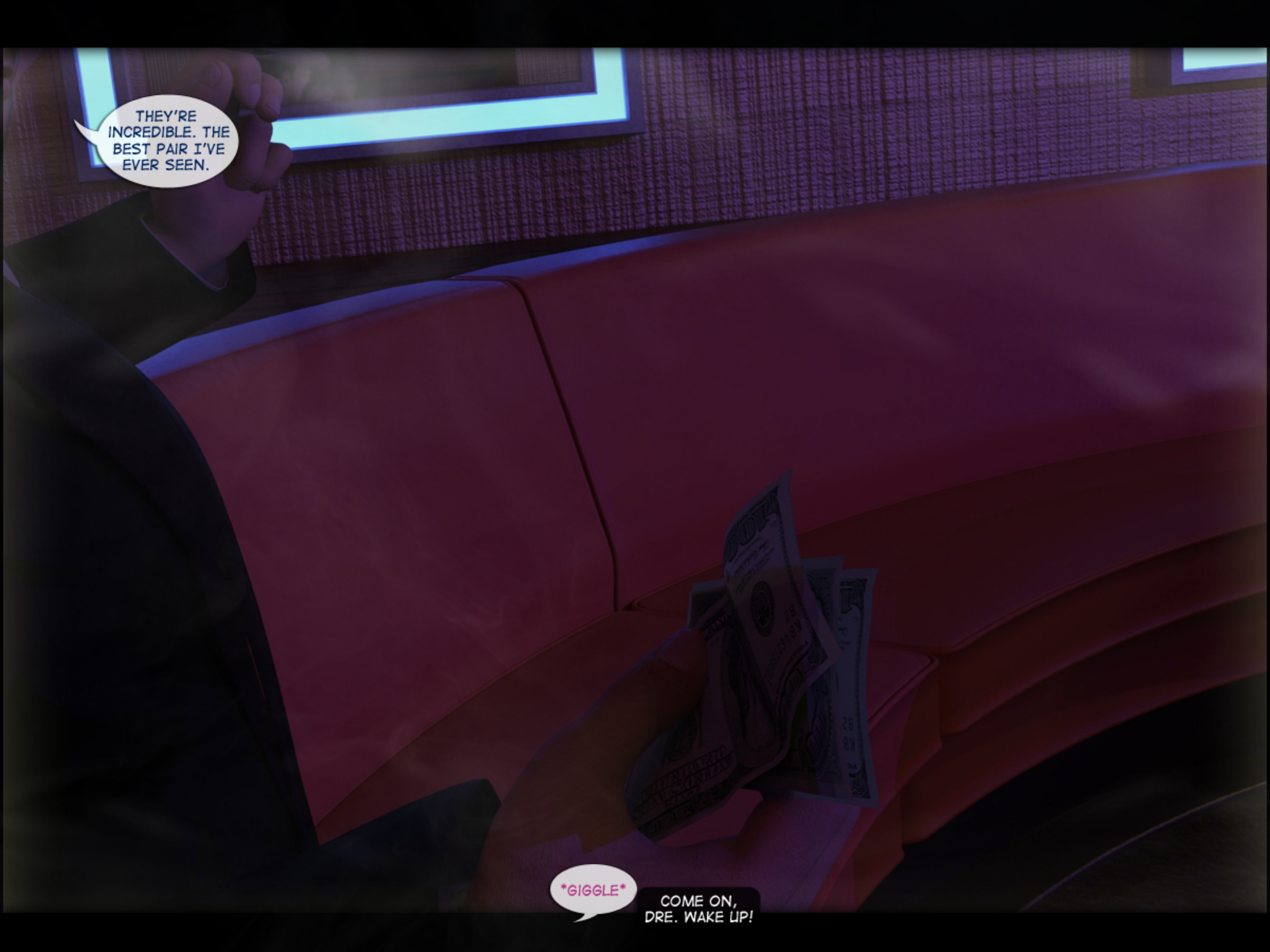
DAMN  
YOU'RE  
GORGEOUS...  
HOW MUCH?

AND SO  
ARE YOU, LOVE.  
HOW GORGEOUS  
DO YOU THINK  
I AM?

MY VOICE SOUNDS SO  
WRONG. SO FAMILIAR...

NO. I CAN'T BE!  
WHY AM I...?

DO YOU  
LIKE MY BIG  
TITS?

A close-up shot of a hand holding a stack of US dollar bills. The bills are fanned out, showing the front side with the portrait of George Washington. The scene is dimly lit, with a blue light source visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above the hand.

THEY'RE  
INCREDIBLE. THE  
BEST PAIR I'VE  
EVER SEEN.


\*GIGGLE\*

COME ON,  
DRE. WAKE UP!



MMM.  
YOU HAVE MY  
ATTENTION,  
CUTIE.

WHEW. OKAY. THAT  
WON'T GO FAR...

A man with a beard, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, is shown in profile from the chest up. He is looking towards a mirror. The mirror reflects a woman in a white hat and a man. The room has a textured wall and a glowing blue light source. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man in the mirror, one from the man in the foreground, and two from the woman in the mirror.

PLENTY  
MORE WHERE  
THAT CAME FROM.  
\*EXHALE\*

WAIT. I KNOW  
THIS GUY...

WOULD YOU  
LIKE ME TO MAKE  
YOU CLUM, BABY?

BECAUSE  
YOU'RE SO CUTE,  
I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU  
MY DISCOUNT.



\*GASP\*  
OH GOD,  
YES!

FOR TWO  
GRAND, I'LL DO  
ANYTHING YOU  
WANT. I EVEN  
SWALLOW.

WHY AM I DREAMING  
ABOUT THIS? WHY CAN  
I FEEL EVERYTHING!?



OH, BY THE WAY...

I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER CAUGHT YOUR NAME.


I'M SURE IT'S SOMETHING TANTALIZING AND BEAUTIFUL, JUST LIKE YOU.

WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, IT'S DRR...

IT'S DRR...

COME ON, YOU CAN TELL ME. \*CHUCKLE\*





*\*GASP\**  
*MY NAME'S*  
*SABRINA!*



# Vegas Heat


## Chapter 2: The Morning After

\*STRESSED  
MOANING\*

Illustrated by Kara Comet  
Story by Jennifer Miller

\*GASP\*  
WHY CAN'T  
I STOP!?





**\*HEAVY BREATHING\***

**AM I...?  
\*SIGH OF RELIEF\*  
WHAT A FUCKIN' DREAM!**


**THAT FELT SO REAL!**



BOY, AM  
I HAPPY TO  
SEE YOU.

WHAT A  
NIGHTMARE.

I SWEAR I  
CAN STILL EVEN  
TASTE...

A man with dark skin and short hair is leaning over a bed in a bedroom. He is shirtless and wearing dark shorts. He is looking at his reflection in a large mirror on the wall. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from a window in the background. The man's expression is one of concern or realization. The mirror shows a clear reflection of him, looking back at himself. The bed has white pillows and a red and white patterned blanket. The wall is a light, textured color.

THAT MUST'VE  
BEEN ONE OF THOSE  
LUCID DREAMS I'VE  
READ ABOUT.

NEVER  
THOUGHT THEY  
COULD GO BAD LIKE  
THAT. FUCK...





AND WHAT  
IN THE WORLD IS  
GOING ON WITH  
MY EYES?

HOW  
IN THE HOLY  
FUCK?!


THEY LOOK  
BLUE...

HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

MY EYES, THAT REALISTIC NIGHTMARE...

CHRIST!





\*SIGH\*  
I BET IT'S THOSE  
DAMN ENERGY  
DRINKS.

ANGIE  
ALWAYS SAID  
SOME BAD STUFF  
WOULD HAPPEN IF  
I KEPT DRINKING  
THEM THE WAY  
I DO...


SPEAKING  
OF, I BET SHE'S  
SENT ME A TON  
OF MESSAGES  
BY NOW.



HMM...

NOW  
WHERE THE  
HELL DID MY  
PHONE GET  
OFF TO?



A high-angle shot of a man with dark skin and short hair, shirtless and wearing dark shorts, sitting on a bed with white linens. He is looking towards a white bedside table on the right, which holds a lamp with a beige shade. The room has a dark red carpet and a white wall with a shadow of a person. Two speech bubbles are positioned above him, containing text.

DID I  
LEAVE IT IN  
THE CAR?

NO. I'M  
PRETTY SURE I  
HAD IT LAST  
NIGHT.


YO! AND  
WHEN DID THEY  
START MAKING  
THESE BEDS SO  
TALL?



I FEEL  
LIKE A-  
AH! THERE  
IT IS!






A man with a muscular build, shirtless and wearing black pants, stands in a bedroom. He is looking down at a broken black shoe on the floor. The room features a bed with a red and white paisley patterned blanket, two white bedside tables with lamps, and a red carpet. A white smartphone lies on the floor near the broken shoe. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the man's head and another to his right.

MUST'VE  
HICKED IT WHEN  
I WAS HAVING  
THAT WEIRD  
NIGHTMARE.

I GOTTA BE  
MORE CAREFUL.  
THIS WHOLE TRIP  
WOULD BE A  
LOT HARDER  
WITHOUT IT.




ALL RIGHT.  
LET'S SEE HOW  
BADLY MY WIFE BLEW  
UP MY PHONE THIS  
MORNING.

A muscular man with dark skin and short hair is shown from the waist up, shirtless. He is looking slightly to his right with a serious expression. He is holding a dark-colored garment or bag in front of him. The background features a window with red curtains and a view of a cityscape at sunset or sunrise. A speech bubble is positioned near his head.

THEN I'LL SEE  
WHAT JAKE AND...  
WHAT THE...?

NOW  
WHERE'D THAT  
COME FROM?



A woman in black pants stands in a room with a window and a table. The window shows a cityscape with a sign that says "Desert HOTEL". There are two speech bubbles in the room. The room has a red carpet and a dark table with a white gift box on it.

I DOUBT IT  
WAS LEFT BEHIND.  
ROOM SERVICE IS  
USUALLY ON TOP  
OF SHIT HERE...

MAYBE IT'S  
SOMETHING NEW  
THEY'RE DOING  
FOR GUESTS.



OR MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING THEY DO FOR PEOPLE WHO BOOK THIS ROOM AS MUCH AS I HAVE.

HMM...

WHATEVER  
IT IS, IT'S  
FLICKIN'  
HUGE.



HOPEFULLY IT'S  
SOMETHING I CAN  
BRING HOME WITH-  
OUT ANY...

©Nokia Toney





\*SIGH\*  
KNEW IT WAS  
ONLY A MATTER  
OF TIME....



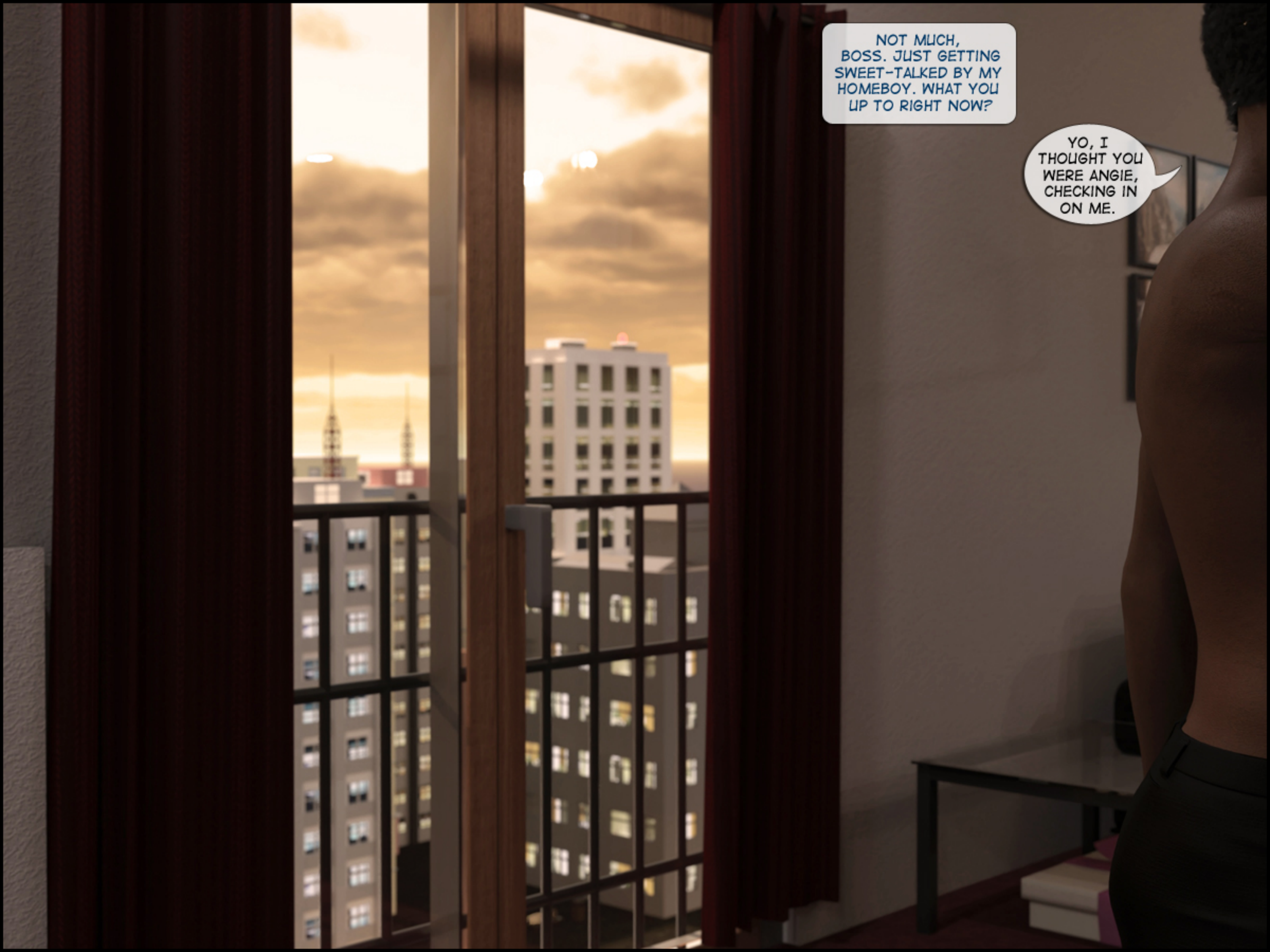
HEY,  
WHAT'S UP,  
HONEY?



HONEY?  
YOU HIGH OR  
SOMETHING,  
DOG?


DYLAN!  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON, MAN!?





NOT MUCH,  
BOSS. JUST GETTING  
SWEET-TALKED BY MY  
HOMEBOY. WHAT YOU  
UP TO RIGHT NOW?

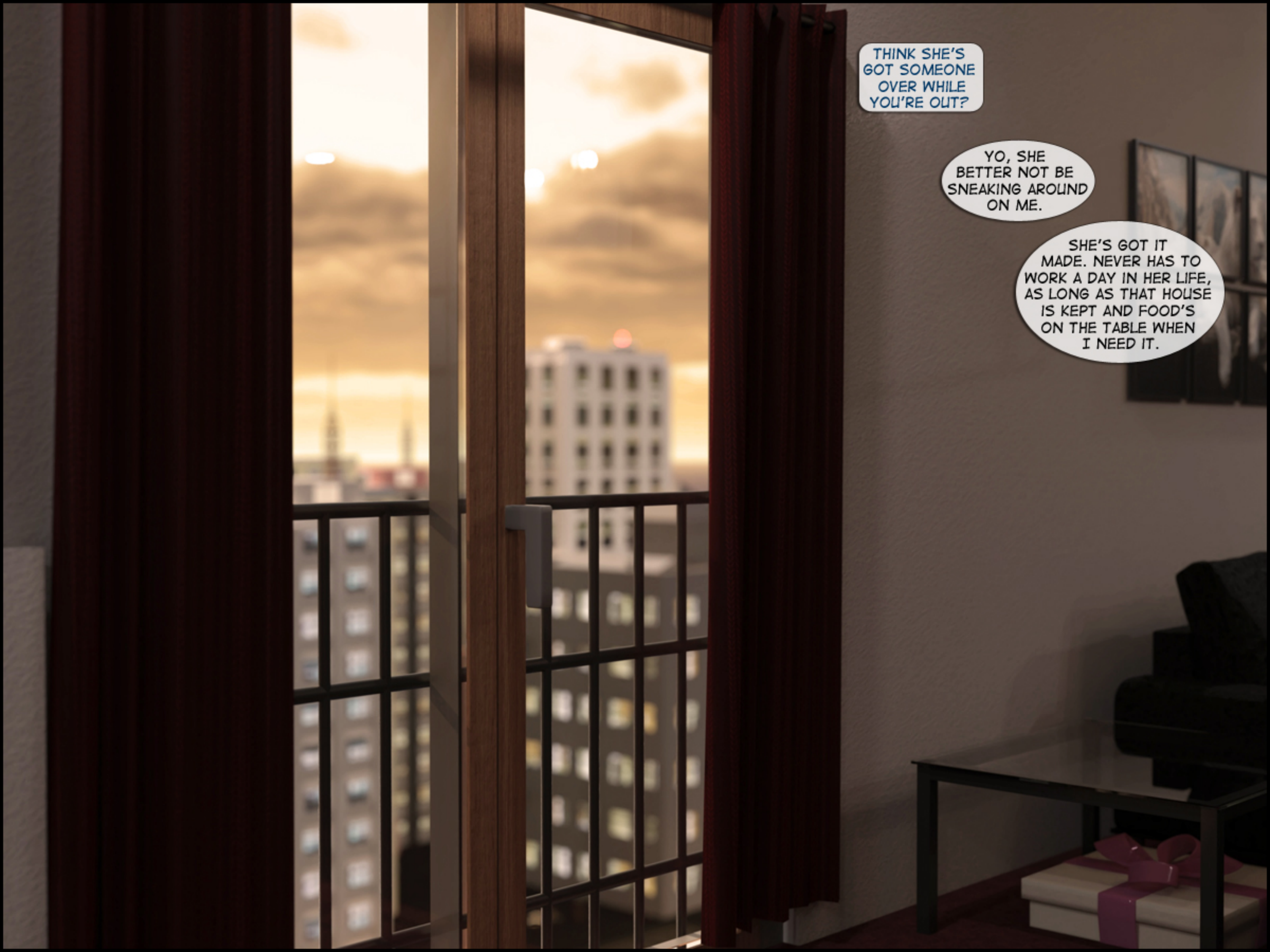
YO, I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE ANGIE,  
CHECKING IN  
ON ME.



SHE  
ALREADY UP  
YOUR ASS?

NAH, SHE'S  
BEEN REALLY  
QUIET SINCE I  
GOT HERE.

PRETTY  
UNUSUAL FOR  
HER. NORMALLY IT'S  
TWENTY QUESTIONS.  
THANK GOD FOR  
GOOGLE.



THINK SHE'S  
GOT SOMEONE  
OVER WHILE  
YOU'RE OUT?

YO, SHE  
BETTER NOT BE  
SNEAKING AROUND  
ON ME.

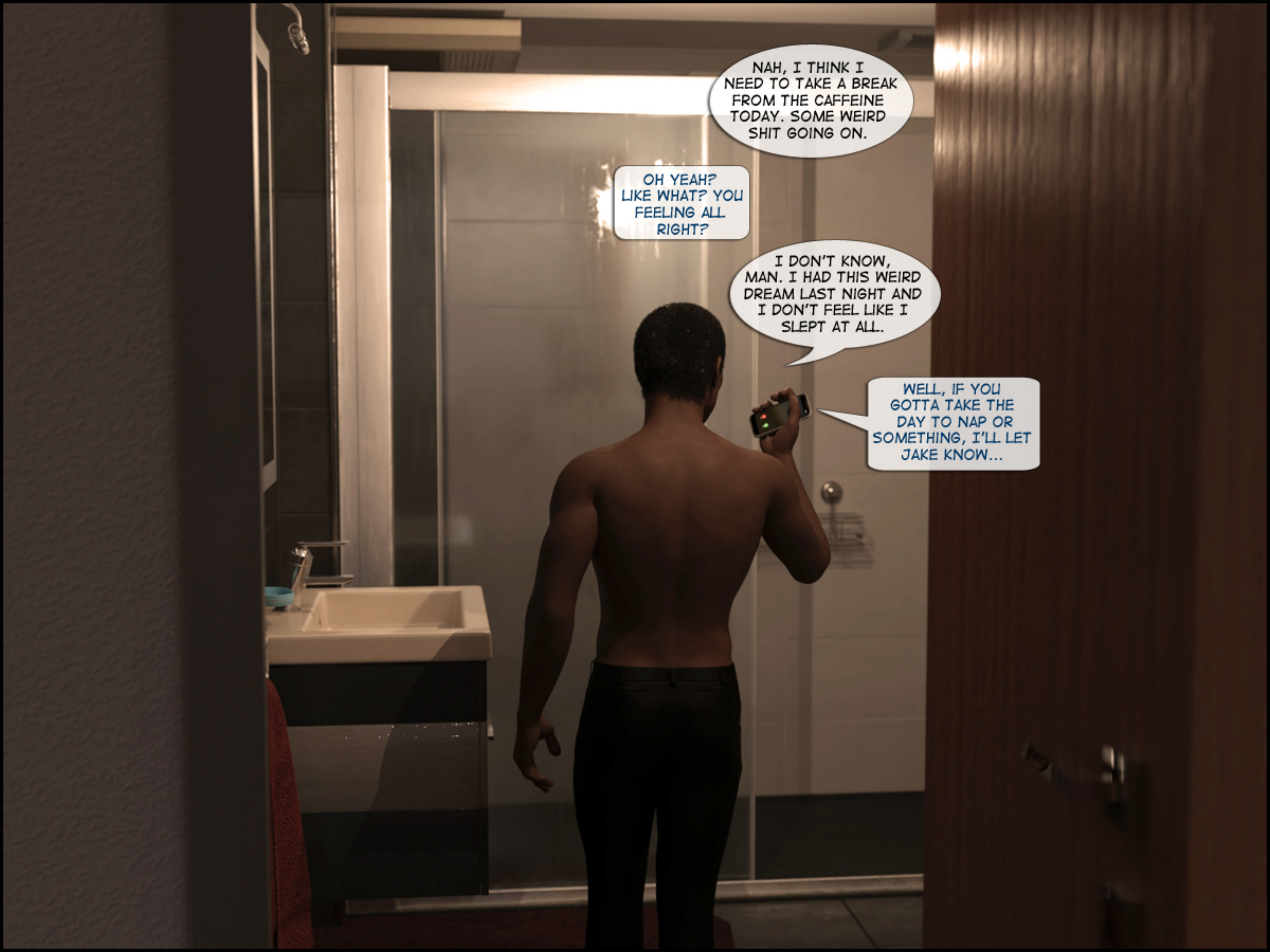
SHE'S GOT IT  
MADE. NEVER HAS TO  
WORK A DAY IN HER LIFE,  
AS LONG AS THAT HOUSE  
IS KEPT AND FOOD'S  
ON THE TABLE WHEN  
I NEED IT.

I'D DROP  
HER LIKE A BAD  
HABIT IF I EVER  
\*YAWN\* CAUGHT HER  
MESSING AROUND.  
\*YAWN\*

YOU ALL  
RIGHT OVER THERE?  
WHY DON'T YOU  
GRAB SOME COFFEE  
OR SOMETHING.





A photograph of a man from behind, standing in a bathroom. He is shirtless and wearing dark pants, holding a smartphone to his ear. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from a window or shower area. To his left is a white sink on a dark vanity. To his right is a wooden door. The image is overlaid with four comic-style speech bubbles containing text.

NAH, I THINK I  
NEED TO TAKE A BREAK  
FROM THE CAFFEINE  
TODAY. SOME WEIRD  
SHIT GOING ON.

OH YEAH?  
LIKE WHAT? YOU  
FEELING ALL  
RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW,  
MAN. I HAD THIS WEIRD  
DREAM LAST NIGHT AND  
I DON'T FEEL LIKE I  
SLEPT AT ALL.

WELL, IF YOU  
GOTTA TAKE THE  
DAY TO NAP OR  
SOMETHING, I'LL LET  
JAKE KNOW...

I'LL TELL HIM  
YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE  
TOO OLD TO HANDLE ALL THE  
EYE CANDY I'M SEEING OUT  
HERE AT THE POOL.

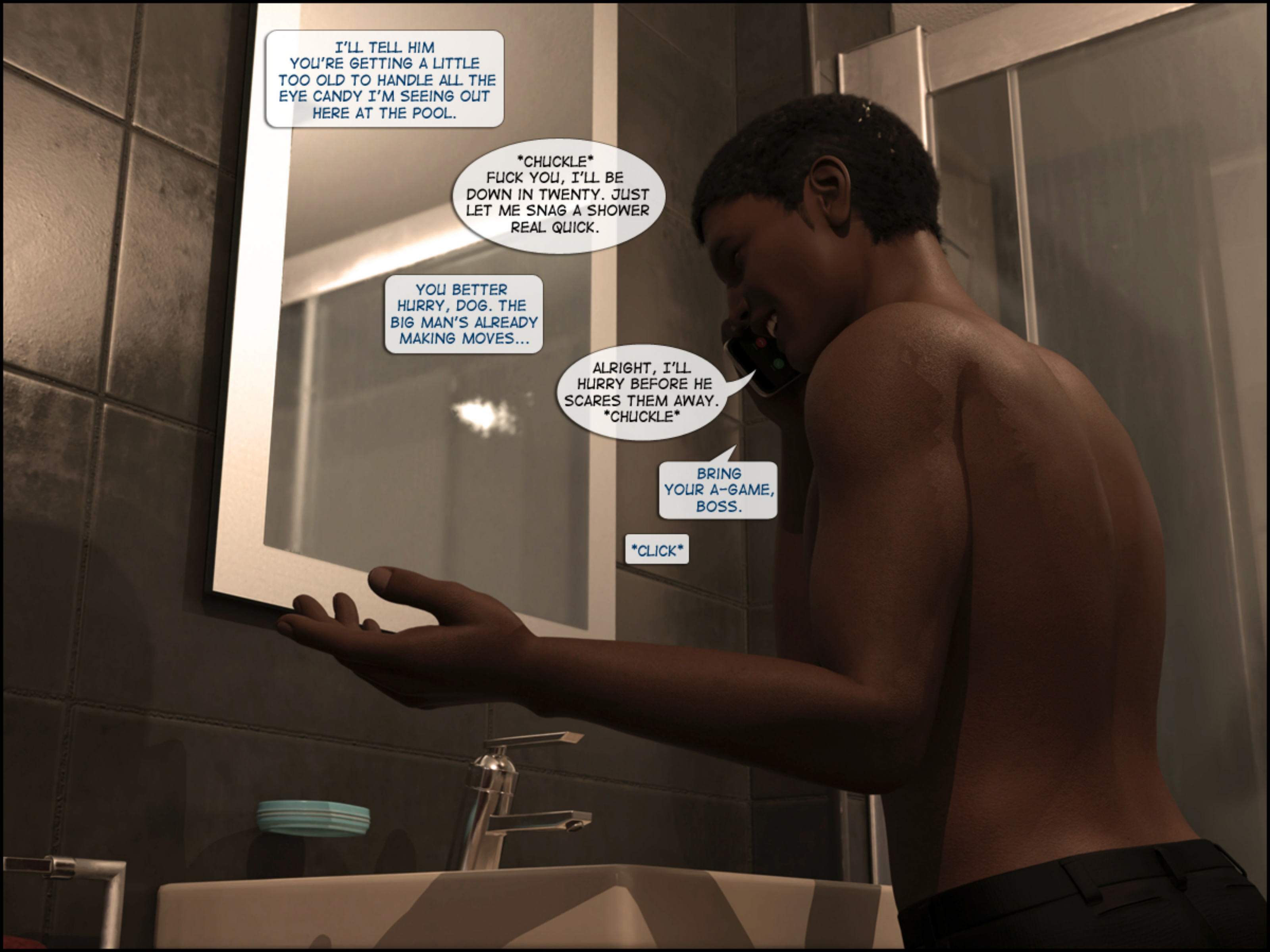
\*CHUCKLE\*  
FUCK YOU, I'LL BE  
DOWN IN TWENTY. JUST  
LET ME SNAG A SHOWER  
REAL QUICK.

YOU BETTER  
HURRY, DOG. THE  
BIG MAN'S ALREADY  
MAKING MOVES...

ALRIGHT, I'LL  
HURRY BEFORE HE  
SCARES THEM AWAY.  
\*CHUCKLE\*

BRING  
YOUR A-GAME,  
BOSS.

\*CLICK\*





\*SIGH\*



I'M  
SURE IT'S  
NOTHING.





9:37 AM  
FRIDAY, JULY 5





WHAT'S UP,  
FELLAS!?

YO!  
THERE  
HE IS!





LOOK AT YOU... YOU LOOK THIN, DOG.

ANGIE NOT FEEDING YOU ENOUGH?

I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT MORE...


DUDE, AM I GOING CRAZY, OR DID YOU GET SHORTER?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MAN? PEOPLE MY AGE DON'T JUST GET SHORTER.

YOU DON'T LOOK HEALTHY, MAN. YOU AREN'T HIDING SOME TERMINAL ILLNESS OR SOMETHING...?

IT'S NOT, LIKE, HEROIN OR SOMETHING, IS IT?





WHAT!? NO!  
COME ON, GUYS, I'M  
FINE. I JUST DIDN'T  
SLEEP WELL LAST  
NIGHT.

I MEAN, YOU  
DO LOOK TALLER,  
BUT IT'S PROBABLY  
THESE SHOES.



YOU SURE  
YOU'RE FINE,  
BOSS?

YEAH,  
MAN, I'M  
FINE. NEVER  
FELT \*YAWN\*  
BETTER.

NO DRUGS  
OR CANCER OR  
ANY OF THAT  
SHIT?

**NO!**

WELL THEN, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

IF THE MAN SAYS HE'S FINE, THEN HE'S FINE.

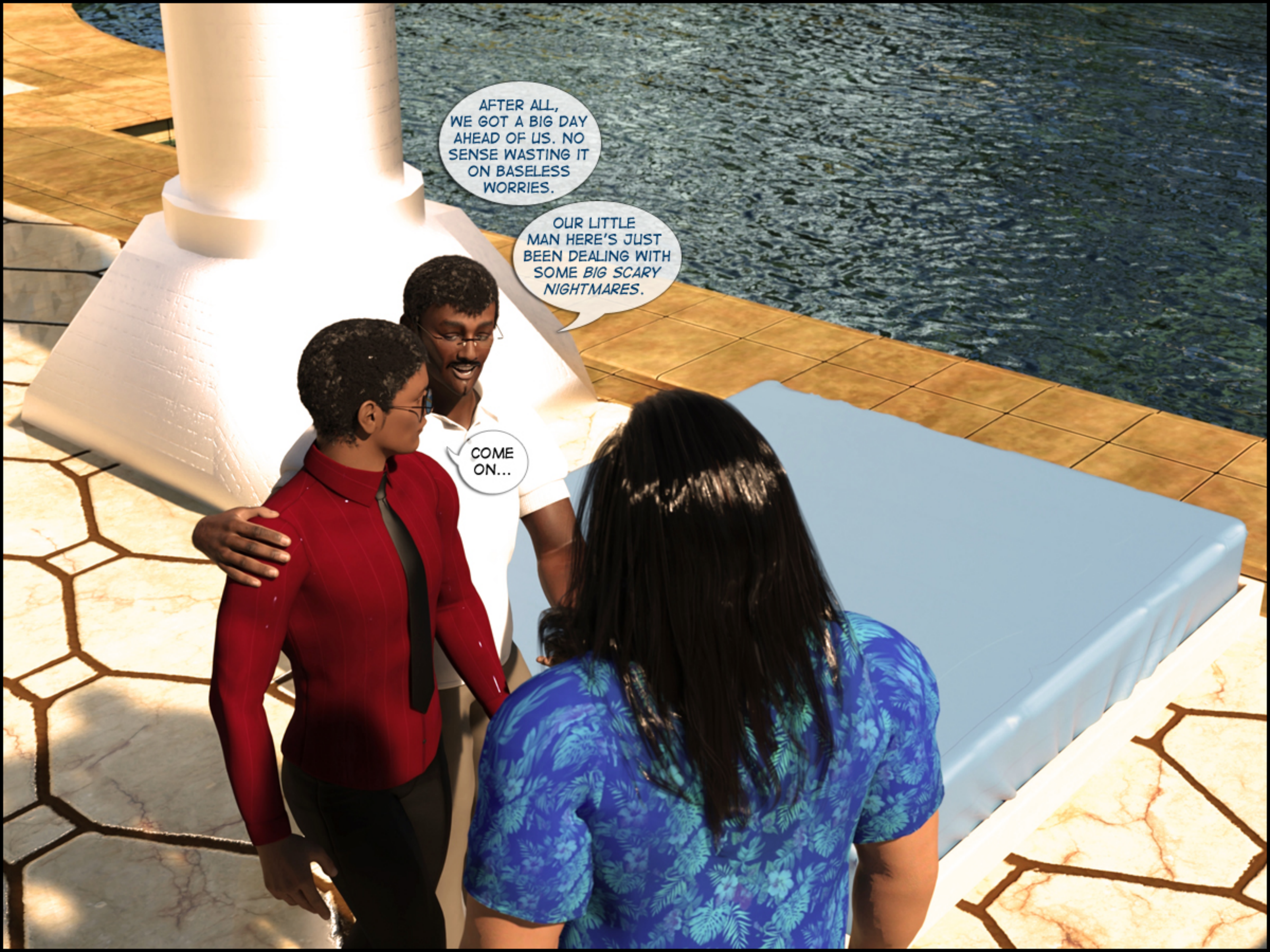
THANK YOU.



AFTER ALL,  
WE GOT A BIG DAY  
AHEAD OF US. NO  
SENSE WASTING IT  
ON BASELESS  
WORRIES.

OUR LITTLE  
MAN HERE'S JUST  
BEEN DEALING WITH  
SOME *BIG SCARY*  
NIGHTMARES.

COME  
ON...




YO, WHAT KIND OF NIGHT-MARES?

DREAMS HAVE HIDDEN MEANINGS, MAN.

BET HE'S RELIVING THAT FUMBLE THAT COST US THE CLEMSON GAME.

MAN! YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA LET ME LIVE THAT ONE DOWN, ARE YA?



A man with long dark hair, wearing a blue short-sleeved button-down shirt with a light blue floral pattern and tan cargo shorts, stands in a modern building courtyard. He has a serious expression and his right hand is raised in a questioning gesture. The background features a multi-story building with a grid of windows and a large, ornate, metallic dome structure. The floor is made of light-colored tiles with a dark geometric pattern. There are blue lounge chairs and green plants in the scene.

HOLD UP!  
I'M SERIOUS  
MAN. ARE YOU  
KEEPING A DREAM  
JOURNAL?

WHAT?  
\*CHUCKLE\* NO  
I'M NOT KEEPING  
A FUCKING DREAM  
JOURNAL.

YEAH, OUR  
BOY HERE WANTS  
TO HOOK UP WITH  
WOMEN, NOT TURN  
INTO ONE.

\*CHUCKLE\*





I TOLD YOU, MAN. YOU TOOK TOO LONG. JAKE SCARED THEM OFF.

SPEAKING OF, WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT EYE CANDY YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?

THEY WERE ALL JUST STUCK UP ANYWAY. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LIKED 'EM.



DRE'S GOT HIS OWN EYE CANDY ANYWAY, DON'T YA, BOSS?

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

THIS EVENING IS GOING TO BE EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.

To be continued...