



I FEEL A BIT OF FEAR
AT FIRST...

...THE FEAR I MIGHT
GET CAUGHT...



BUT THAT ONLY MAKES MY LITTLE GAME MORE EXCITING!



IT'S SUNDAY. PEOPLE ARE JUST STROLLING AROUND. THEY'RE DOING THE THINGS PEOPLE NORMALLY DO AS THEY WALK IN A SMALL VILLAGE ON A SUNDAY MORNING.



GOOD MORNING, MISS VICTORIA...

GOOD MORNING...

I GO OUT AMONGST THEM WITH MY SECRET PLEASURE BETWEEN MY LEGS.

THAT'S ONE CHICK I WOULDN'T SAY 'NO' TO!



IF THEY ONLY KNEW!

SURE, FAT CHANCE! SHE LIVES LIKE A NUN!



THE
SAME AS
ALWAYS,
MARCO.

OF COURSE,
MADAM.



FROM THE STREET
CAFE ON THE
SQUARE...



... THE GAME
BEGINS...



I CROSS MY LEGS, AND
TIGHTEN MY MUSCLES...



... AND THE COIN IS
STARTING
TO DO ITS WORK...



I FANTASIZE ABOUT
THE ERECTION OF
MARCO, THE WAITER.



... STILL
SO YOUNG
AND INEX-
PERIENCED.



BUT... BUT...
MADAM?!

WHAT'S
WRONG?
DON'T YOU
LIKE IT?

I GET IMAGES OF
FRANK GETTING
A HARD-ON...



... THAT
PEEPING-
TOM
NEIGHBOR
OF MINE.





**BUT MY ABSOLUTE FAVORITE IS
THAT ROUGH-NECK OF A GARDENER!**



OOOOOHHHH



AAAAHHH



THE END