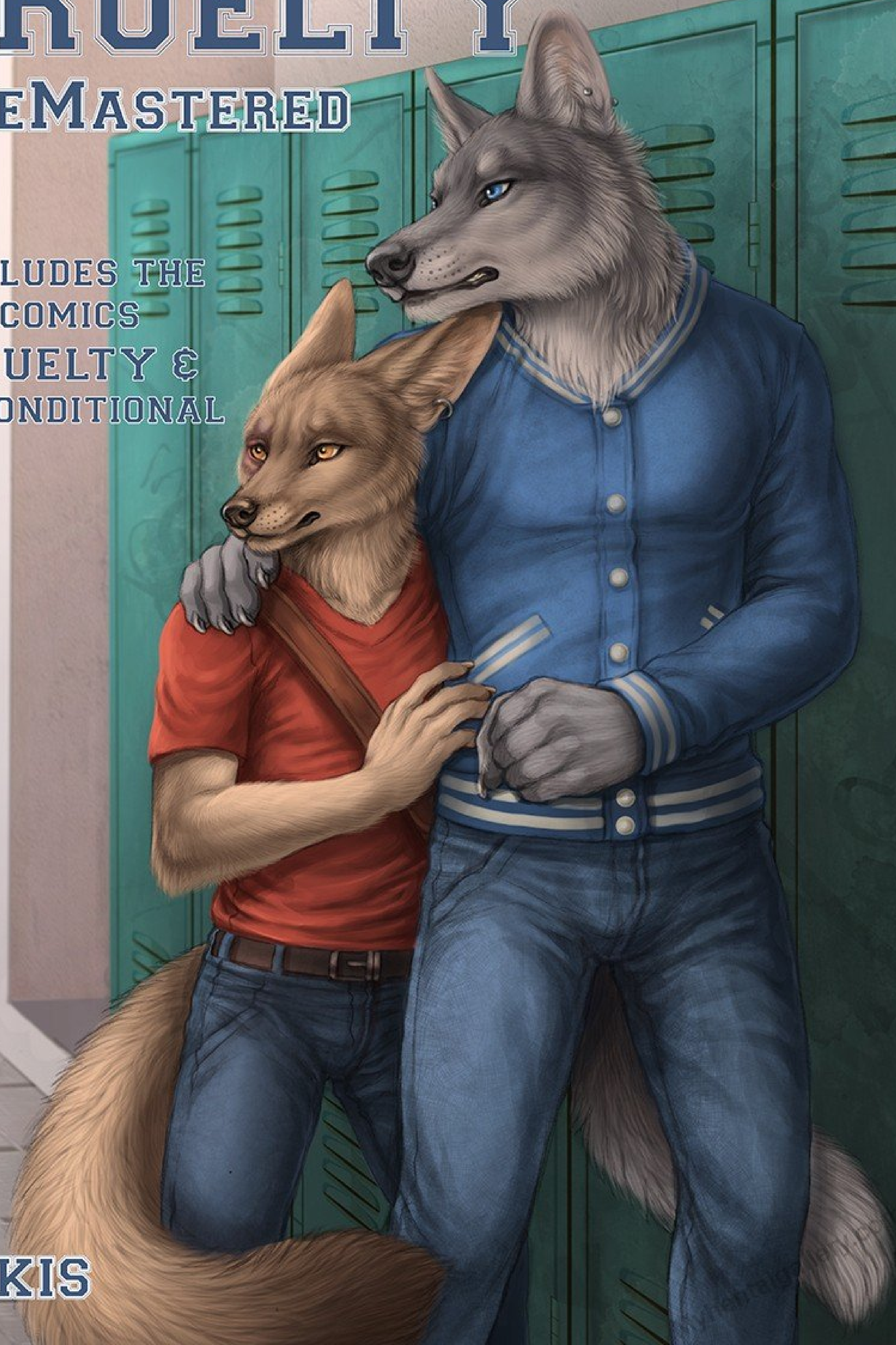


CRUELTY

REMASTERED

INCLUDES THE
COMICS
CRUELTY &
UNCONDITIONAL

RUKIS



CRUELTY





I . . . might've
pissed off Tobias and
Keith. . . like really
bad, this time.



They did this
to you?!



Hey, Reis.
Playin' queer police
again? C'mon. We
don't want any
trouble with you.



"That's
right. . . RUN,
FAGGOT!"



Please, Reis?
Let's . . . just
go.



Let's just go
Reis. Please? This
doesn't need to get
any worse.



Leave, Marcus.
Let me handle this.
I'm tired of these
dickwads.

No! You're
just gonna get
suspended again.



sigh Fine. . .





Well, it started with the usual crap. . . .

I don't care if my friends are straight or gay, Marcus.
.....
Although in all honesty, I'd like to know what got Tobias so riled up, today.



About his lack of 'staying power' in bed.

He made some crack in the locker room. Something about my breath smelling like dick. . . .

But since he felt the need to share, I felt he deserved to know what his girlfriend's been saying. . . .

Marcus, are you insane?!

Tobias is twice your size! What the hell were you thinking?!



sigh
So. . . did his girlfriend really tell you he was bad in bed?

Nah, but he's a cat. I figured the chances he was quick were pretty good.



You're awful, Marcus.

Heh. . . I know.



Come on in. I'm gonna get you some pain-killers, alright?

Sure.



I'm out of the stuff I got for my back. I've still got some of my mom's medicine. Want some of that?

Yeah, that's fine.



Uh. . . Reis?



She's. . .
... out.



Where's your mom at, anyway?



Here.

Myhermagical.com

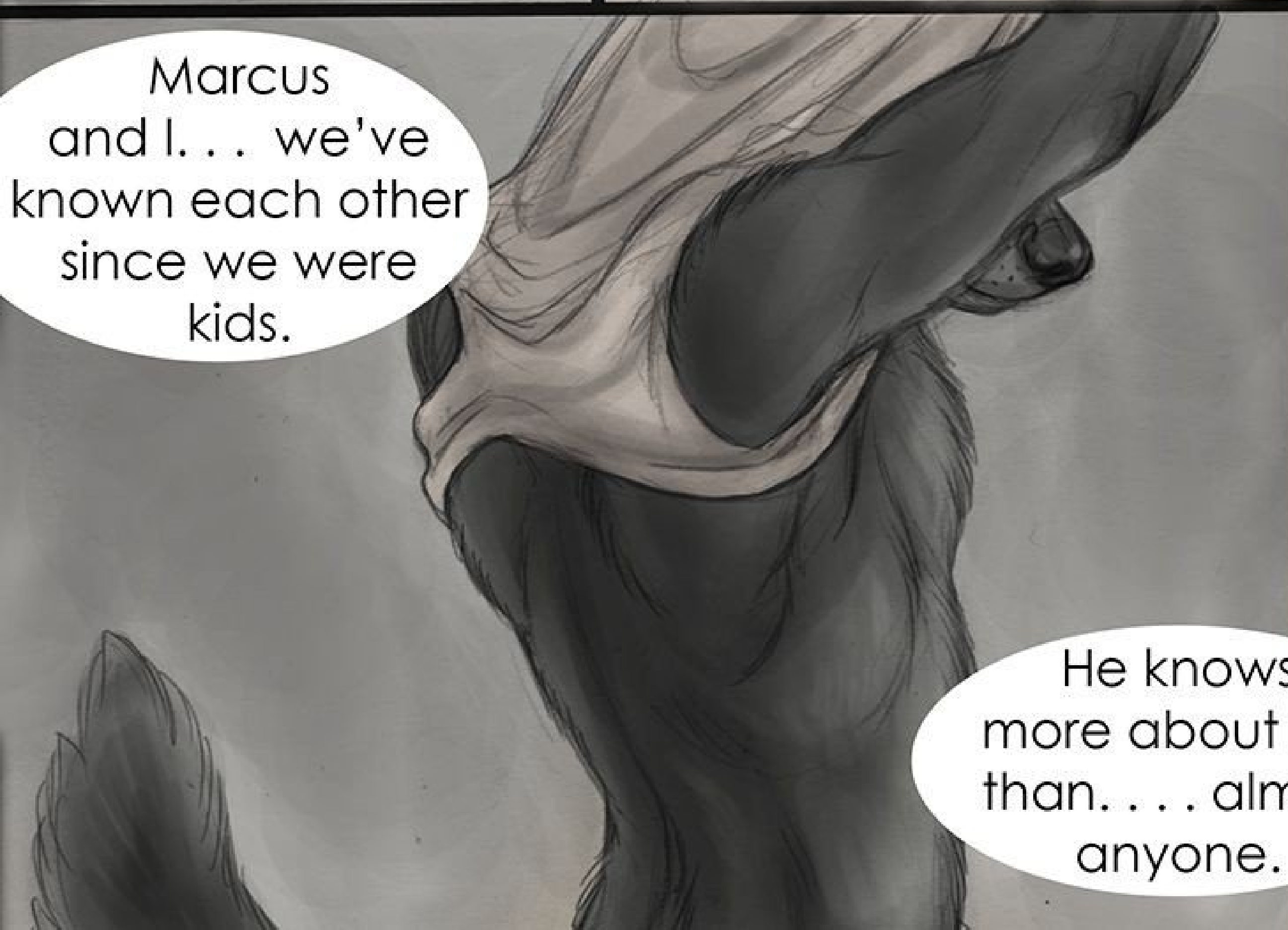
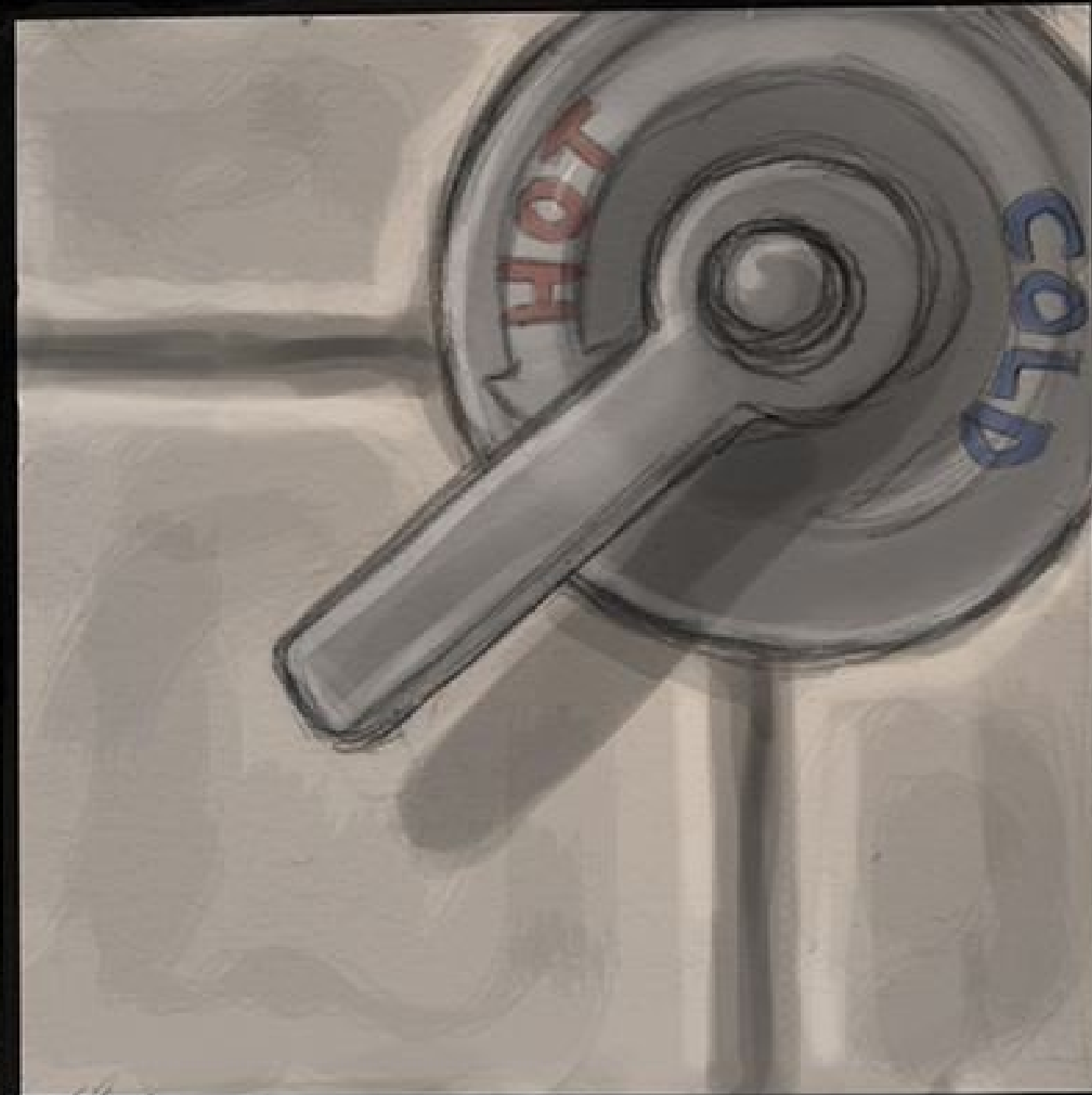


I'm gonna go wash up, okay?



I came right out of practice, so I really need a shower. There's soda in the fridge, if you want.

Sure. Thanks.



Marcus and I... we've known each other since we were kids.

He knows more about me than... almost anyone.



He's my best friend.

yhentaiartgallery.com



I guess everyone's
got that one person.
You know. . . .

The one you trust.
The one you talk to when
you can't talk to
anyone else.



Marcus and I
have known each
other since we
were eight.

I'd like to
say he's the only
person I don't hide
anything from. . . .

Except. . .
I do.



Hey, Reis. . . .

I hope you don't mind, but I cleaned up a little around here. It really needed it.

Uh. . . thanks.

No problem. . . . Reis?



Your mom. . .

How long's she in for, this time?



. . . . look, don't worry about it, okay? Let's just chill. Watch TV. . . .

I'm too tired t'head home, anyway.



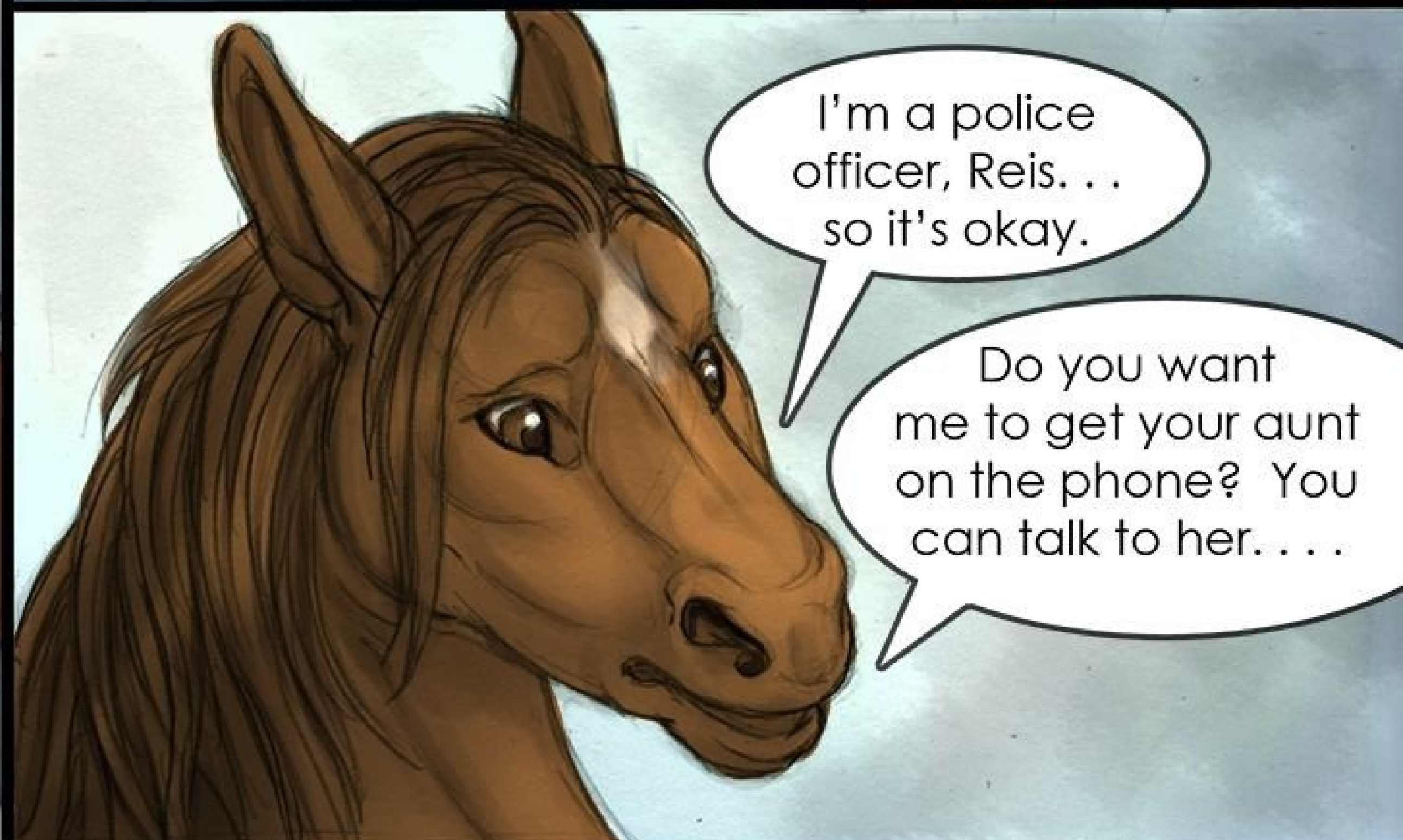
Why is it. . . .

Even though I've always been bigger, and stronger. . . .

. . . you're always the one who takes care of me?

MyMentality.com









Hey... Marcus. It's gotten late.

Mfffhhh... hnhh?



Shit... sorry, dude. Must've dozed off...

I didn't drool on your shoulder, did I?

It's cool. That stuff I gave you makes you drowsy.



Yeah, uh... to be honest with you, I didn't take any of that.

Wha... why?



Be... cause it had Codeine in it! That's some heavy stuff, Reis.

Please don't tell me you're taking that for your back. That's a bit much for a pinched nerve.



.....

I found it with my mom's stuff, okay?

Reis!

... don't bring my mother into this, Marcus.

Yeah. Go on and pick up where she left off. How's that working out for her?



Reis...

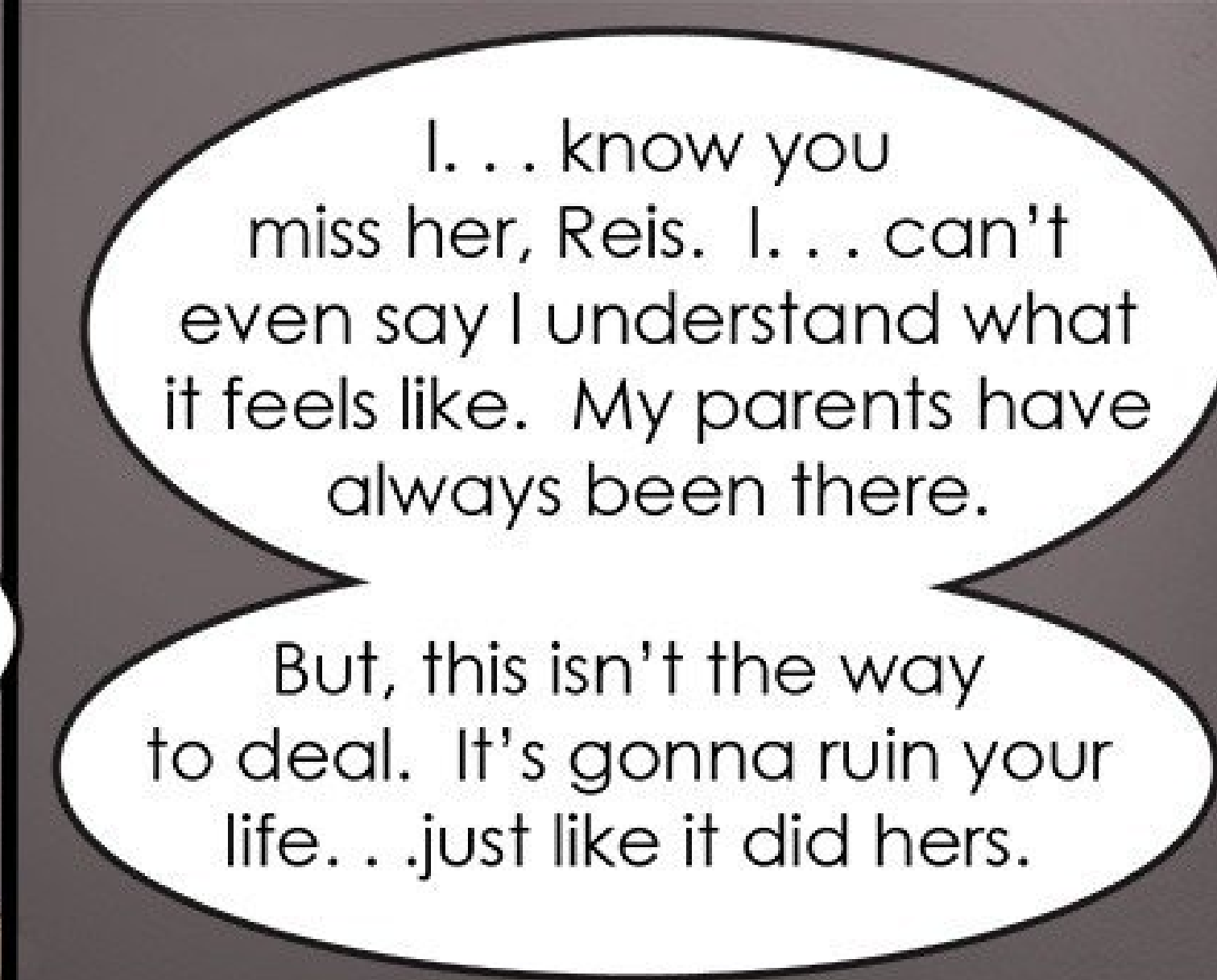
I'm not saying this shit cuz I want to upset you, okay?

I'm... worried about you.



I... just take one... every now and then.

Yeah... that's how it starts.



I... know you miss her, Reis. I... can't even say I understand what it feels like. My parents have always been there.

But, this isn't the way to deal. It's gonna ruin your life... just like it did hers.



And... then they'll take you away....

I... I don't know what I'd do without you. You're the only real friend I've got....



Please....



M-Marcus. . . .



I should tell you to stop. . . . I know you don't mean anything by this, but. . . this is too hard. I don't know what to say. . . .

I don't know what to do. . . . Marcus. . . .

. . . why do you have to be so damned good to me?



. . . I can't lose this. It's not worth the risk.

If I lost you, Marcus. . . I'd have nothing left. . . .

So. . . for now. . . this is enough.



Uhhh. . . Reis?





Shit. . . .



Reis!
Wait! I just-
damnit. . . .



Reis. . .
come on.

We can talk
about this, alright?
You don't need
to. . . .

SLAM



Reis. . . I don't want
an apology. I just want to
help you. You're. . . really
upset. I-I know how
confusing it can-

It's not like
that, okay?! I'm. . .
not like you.

Of course
not, Reis. But,
you. . . .

I don't want
to talk about it!
Please. . . just. . .
go home. . . .



Just. . . go home,
Marcus! I-I can't. . .
handle this. . .
right now.

I-I'm sorry,
okay?



. . . . no.

I'm sorry, Reis. . . but
I didn't stay friends with you
this long just so you could
ignore the ONE problem I
might be able to help
you deal with.



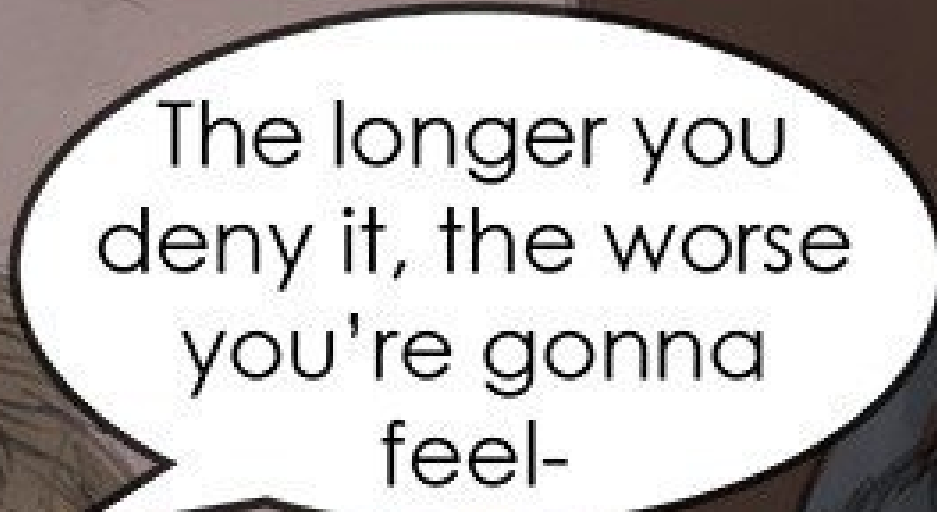
click



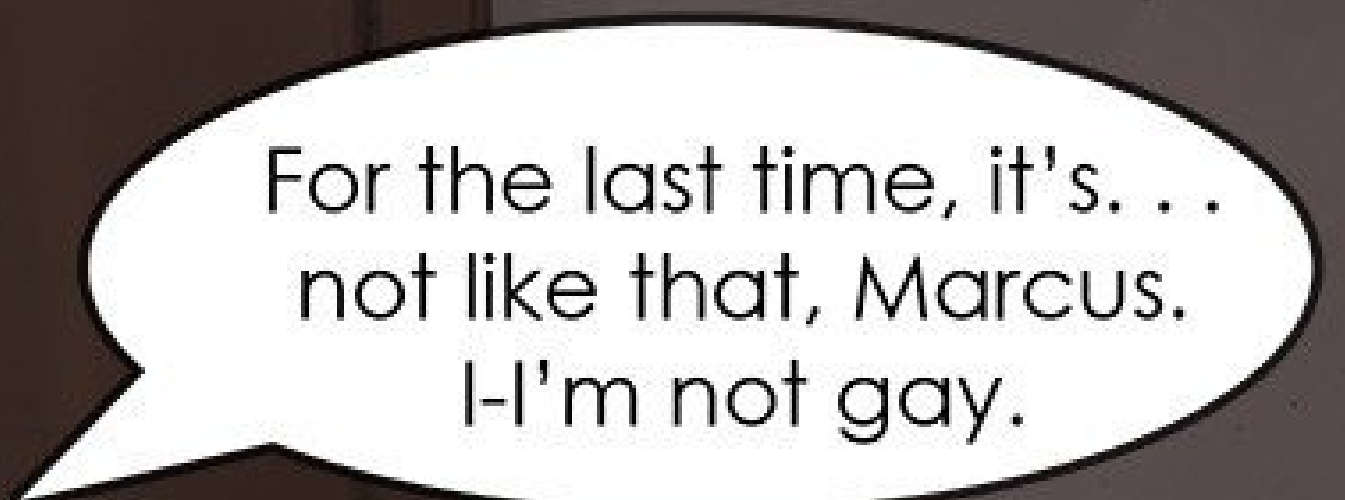
We could just pretend this never happened. . . .



I know a little something about this, Reis. . . .



The longer you deny it, the worse you're gonna feel-

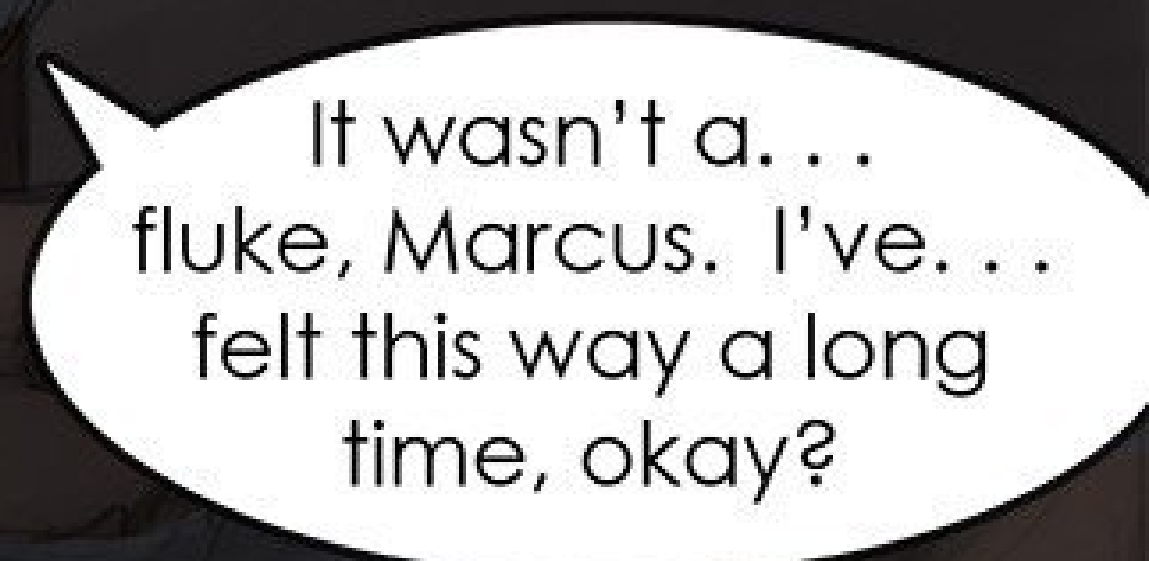


For the last time, it's. . . not like that, Marcus. I-I'm not gay.



. . . alright. So. . . maybe you're bi? You can still be with girls. It's nothing to panic about.

Hell, maybe it was just a fluke. We're guys. . . wood happens. We're still cool, okay?



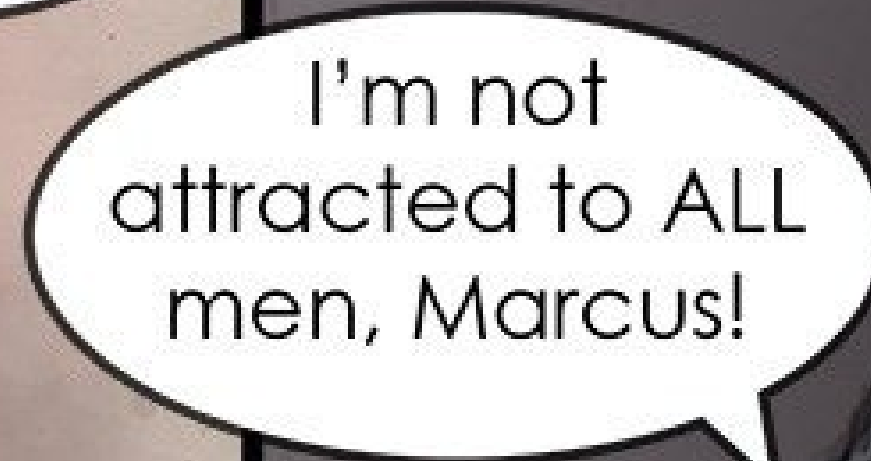
It wasn't a. . . fluke, Marcus. I've. . . felt this way a long time, okay?



Then I don't get it, Reis. You're really upset. . . .



You've always been cool with me.



I'm not attracted to ALL men, Marcus!



Is being attracted to men. . . really that terrible, to you?



Just. . . you.





I don't know. . . .

So. . . what do you want to do?

We could. . . give it a shot. . . .



Wh-are you crazy? A relationship? I'd be, like. . . the worst gay man alive. I mean. . . if it got down to it, I'm not even sure I could. . .

It's not all about sex, Reis. . . .



No, but. . . pretending sex isn't part of a relationship is ridiculous.

I mean honestly, Marcus. . . think about it. It's the only thing we DON'T do now.

Huh?



Think about it. All the things girlfriends, or. . . boyfriends or whatever are supposed to do for each other. . . we already do. We protect each other, we help each other, you're always there for me when things are bad, and. . . I've always tried to stand up for you. Hell, we even hug each other more than two 'friends' have any right to.

If you take anything. . . intimate. . . out of what a 'relationship' is supposed to be, we're. . . already there.



Damn, Reis. . . I need to give you more credit sometimes. I forget how deep the well goes. . . .

You're. . . right. I never even thought about it that way. . . .



Yeah. And I'm not sure I want to risk a friendship, just for that last part. Hell, I'm not even sure I'd be down for it. . . .

Trust me. . . part of you is definitely 'down' for it.



Yeah, I guess. . . part of me wants to say fuck it, and just. . . try this, and see what happens. . . . But, another part of me keeps saying it's not worth risking everything.

That. . . it would somehow ruin what we have. . . .



So. . . what do you want to do?





Marcus. . .



So, h-how
are you feelin'?
Weird?

Yeah, a
little, I guess.

But not. . . bad.
My heart's beating
really fast.

In a good
way, I think.

No regrets,
yet?

No.



Good. Cuz
I'm gonna do
it again.



I just couldn't
stop smiling. I felt
like an idiot.

But it's like the
second we touched,
nothing I'd worried about
mattered any more.

I didn't care that
he was a guy. I
wasn't afraid of
what'd happen.



It felt like
I'd waited for
this. . . .



. . . for a really
long time.



Hey, Reis?
Not to break the
moment or anything,
but. . . .

You're kinda'
poking me in the
leg, buddy.
Again.

Not that I
MIND. Just thought
you should stay
informed.

snicker





If at any point
you want me to stop. . .
if it's not agreeing with you. . .
just let me know, okay?
No questions asked.

Wh-what are
you. . . ? O-Oh.
Alright. . . .

Just tell
me if you're
not liking it.

We can
stop
anytime.



We'll start
slow, okay?



A-alright. . .



Goddamn,
Reis. . . .

What?
What's wrong?

Absolutely
nothing. Do NOT
move, alright? I'm
pretty good at this, but
my canines are as
sharp as yours.



Ngghhh. . .
Marcus-!

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We should probably get undressed first, though.

Kind of uncomfortable, myself.



Reis, we don't have to do this, you know.

If it still weirds you out a little, just say so.



A little too late for that, I think.

Kind of crossed the line, already.



Trust me, we're not even close to the 'line', yet.

You will KNOW when we are.



Maybe we should try and make it to the bed this time, though. For comfort's sake, if nothing else.

H-uh?
Oh. Yeah.



C'mere, then. . . .



Mnnfff?

Sorry, I just HAD to touch it. Kind of a fantasy I've had for awhile now. You have a REALLY nice ass.



Are you gonna...

... like... put stuff in it?



Hey, I KNOW that's how guys do it! It's a valid question!

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. The face you made. . . .



Yes, Reis. That's how guys 'do it'. But I was gonna let you mount *me*.

Being as it's your first time.

And you... like that?





I'll be fine.
Just follow your
instincts, alright? It's the
same motions with a guy
OR a girl, for the
most part.

Marcus, I have NO
idea what I'm doing. Are
you sure I'm not going to
hurt you, somehow?
I'm heavy.

Trust me. . .
once you start, you'll
get the hang of it
REAL fast.



chuckle
You rebound
quickly, Reis.



Have you got
anything, you know,
um. . . slick?

You mean,
like. . . . Wait, YOU
don't have anything
for that?

No, contrary
to popular opinion,
Reis, not all gay men
carry around lube in their
back pocket.



There's the lotion
I use for my paws in
the top drawer. Is that
alright?

Ah!
Cold. . . .

It'll do.

chuckle





You ready?



Yeah. . . .



S-Slowly. . . .
You're really
big, Reis. . . .



God,
Marcus. . .



Nnngh,
Reis?

THAT
was the line.

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push



twitch

www.bigbunny.com



Marcus!
I c-can-nnnngghhhh!!!

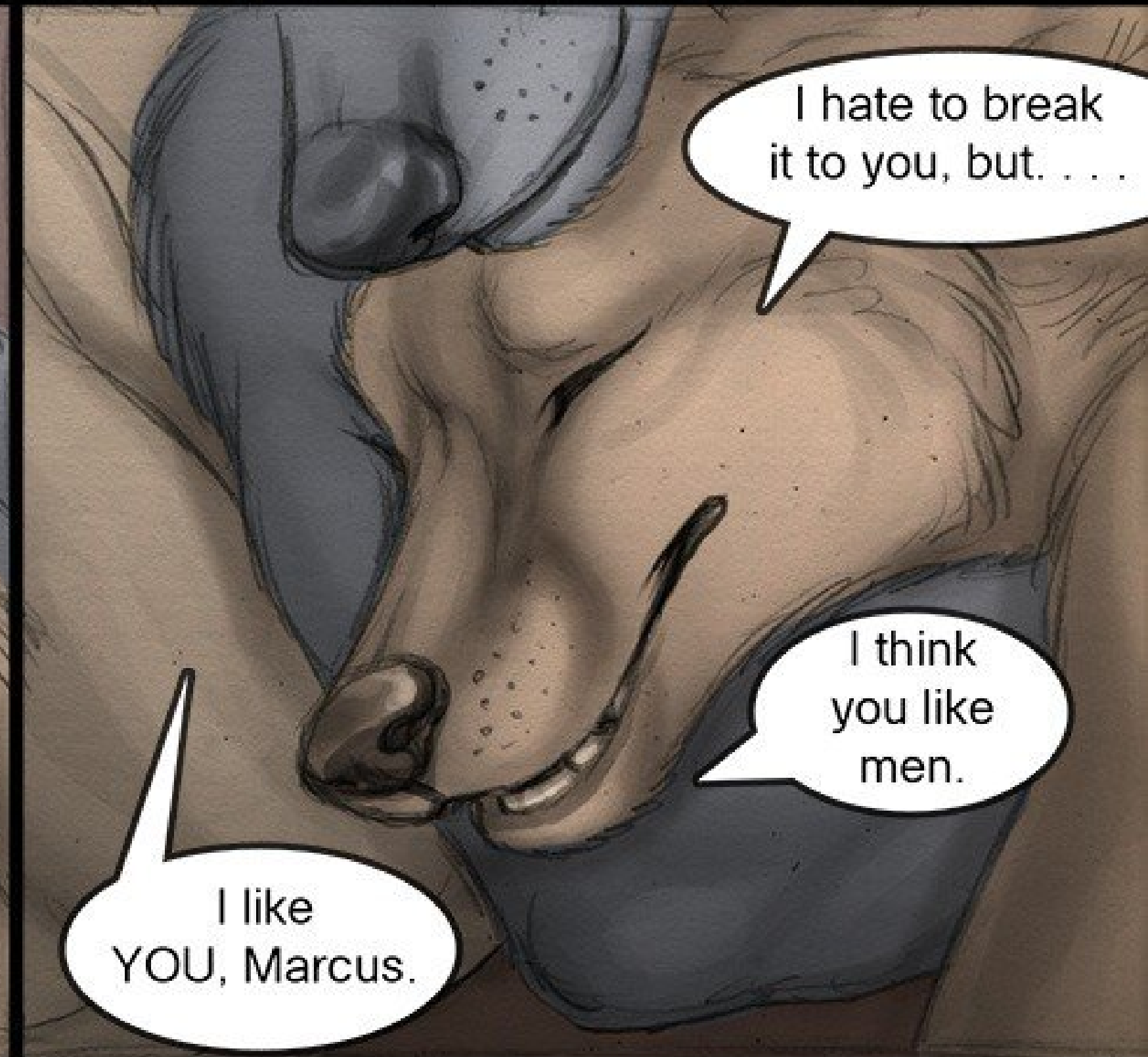


That
was. . . .

. . . good.

collapse

Nnnghhh. . .
Reis?



I hate to break
it to you, but. . . .

I think
you like
men.

I like
YOU, Marcus.



Tired?

Yeah.

You'll be here in the
morning, right? So we
can. . .

Yeah. . . we'll talk
in the morning, Reis.
Get some sleep, alright?
I'll be here.

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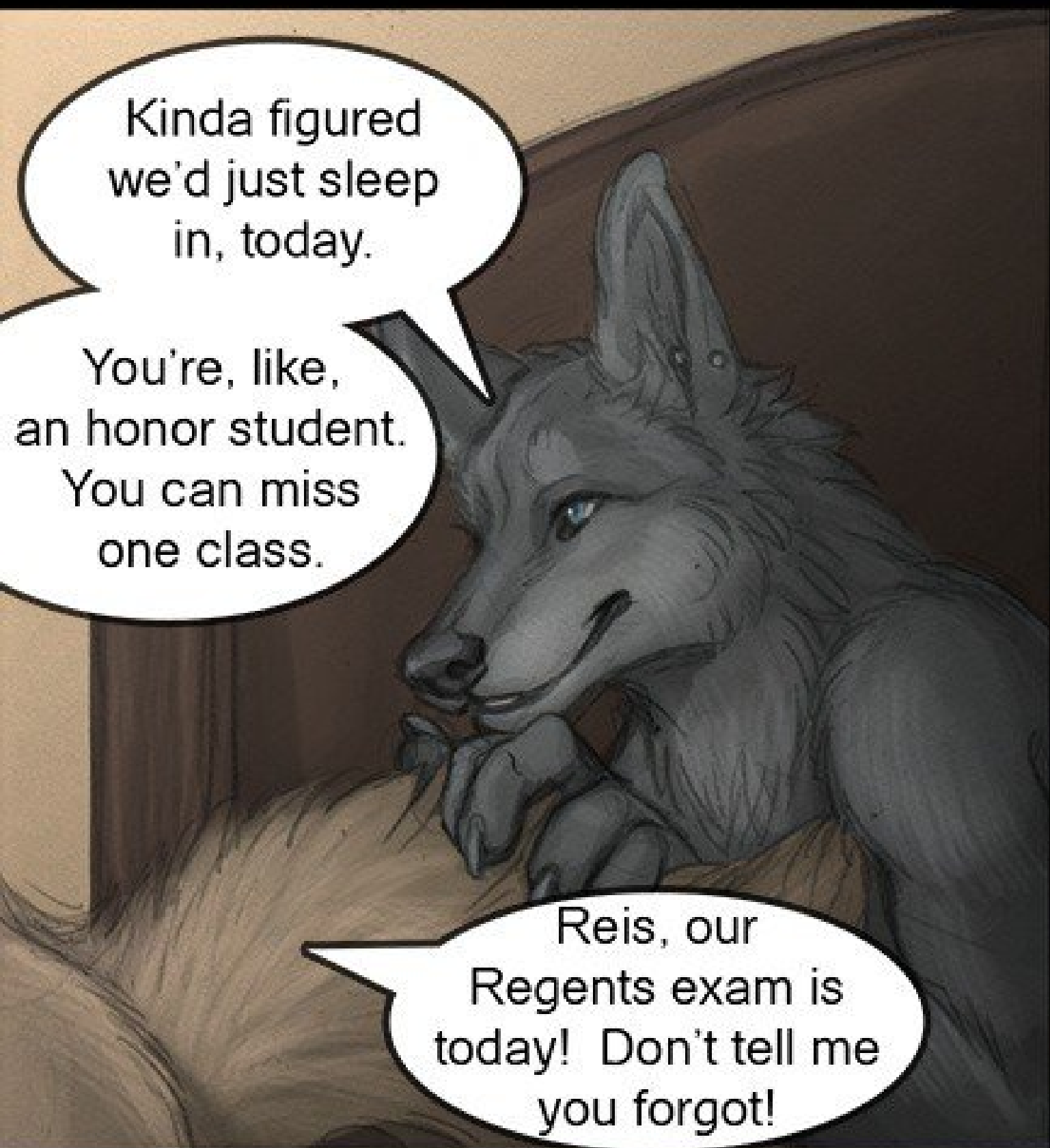


Shit. . . .
SHIT!
Reis, wake up!

It's almost
eight! We're late
for Bio!

Huh?
So?

Mnuh. . . ?



Kinda figured
we'd just sleep
in, today.

You're, like,
an honor student.
You can miss
one class.

Reis, our
Regents exam is
today! Don't tell me
you forgot!



I guess. Last
night was. . . eventful.
Are you really going?

Um, yeah!

Look, I'm sorry,
but I just got into
Cedar Hill, early
decision, like. . . a
month ago.

If I suddenly tank
my Regents exams,
I could lose my
scholarship.



Cedar Hill?
Isn't their campus, like,
way upstate? In Raleigh?
That's. . . 8 hours away.

. . . yeah,
I guess it is.

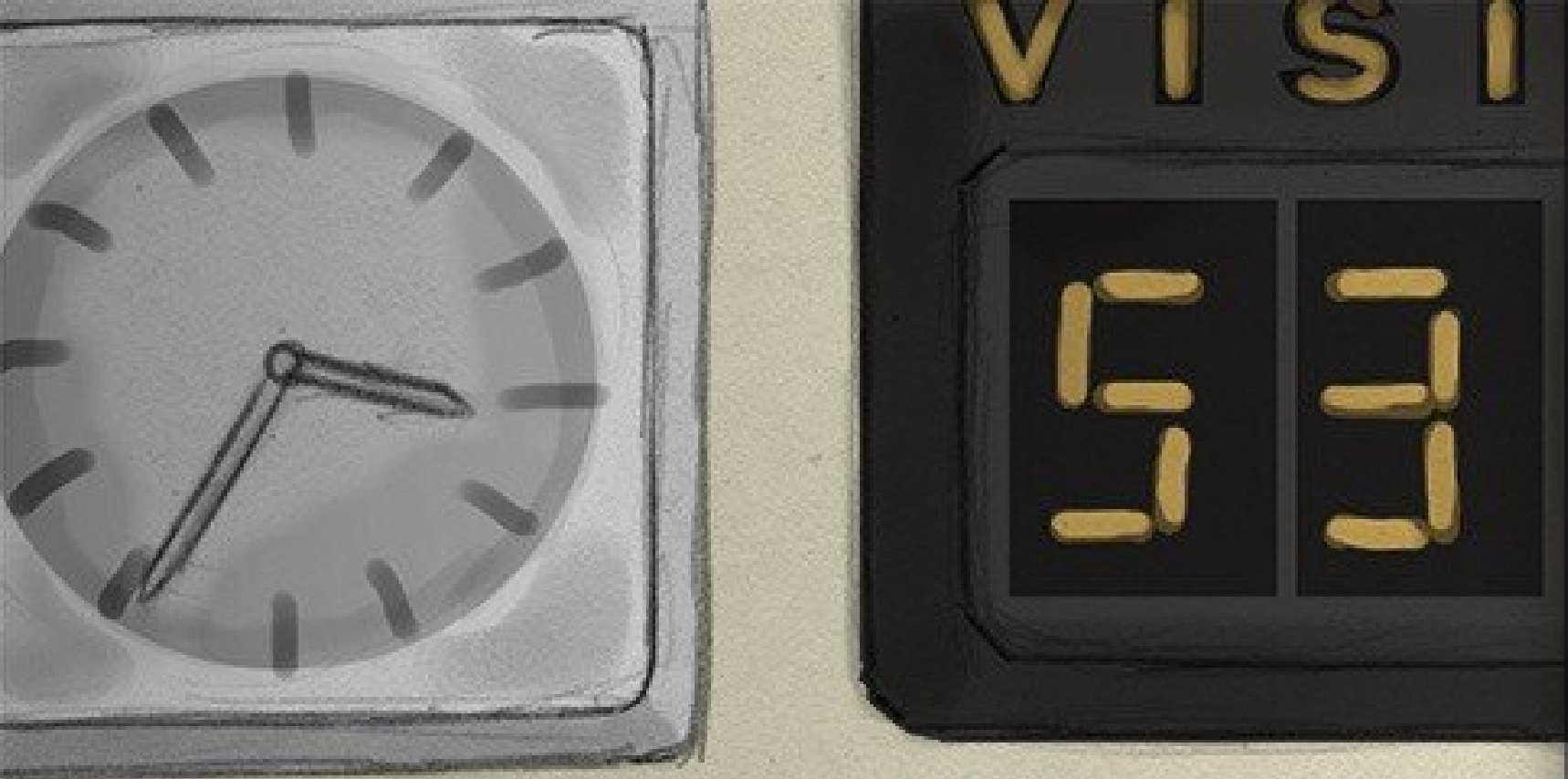


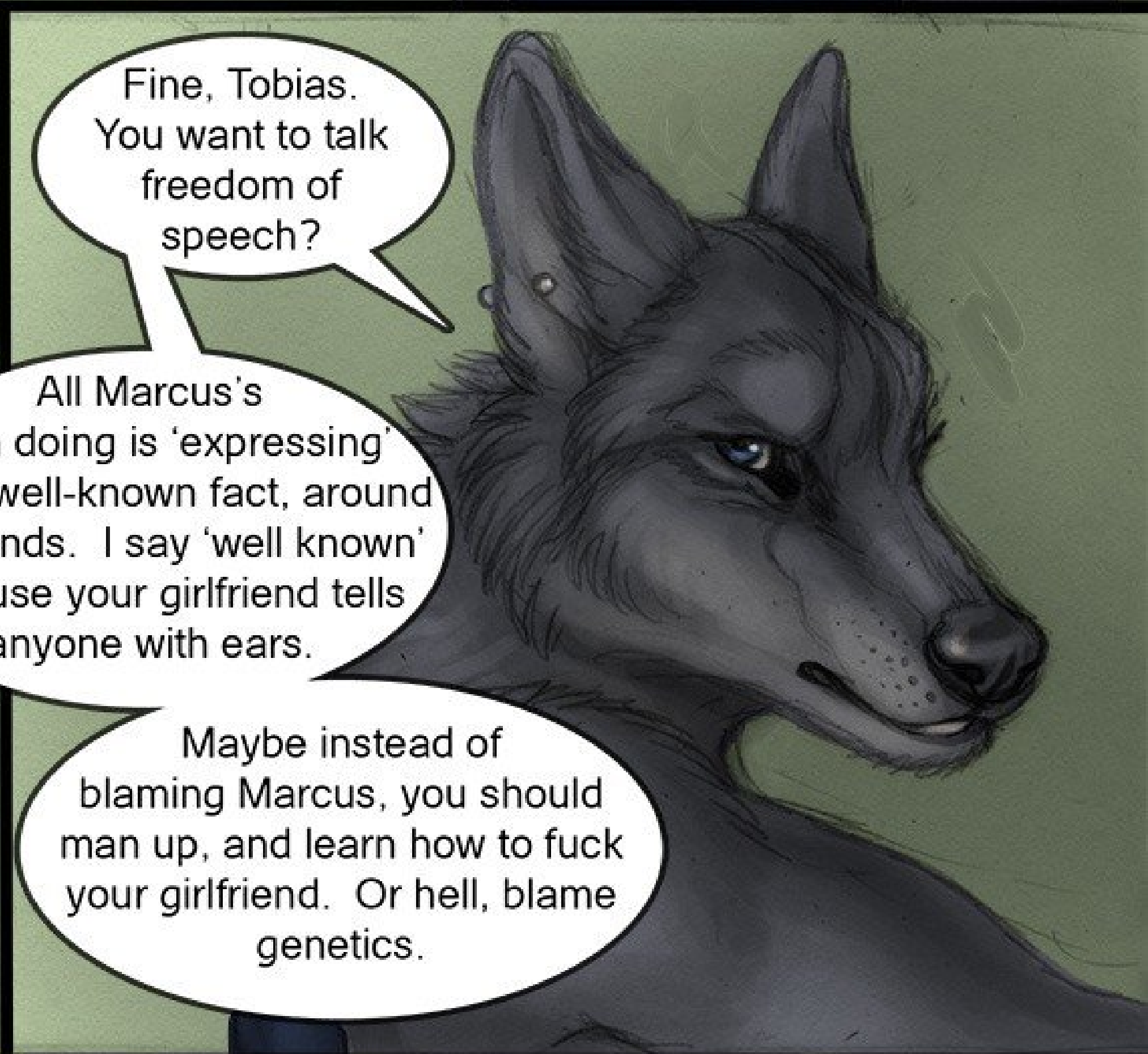
Look, Reis. . .
I don't mean to rush
off, alright? But I **CAN'T**
miss this exam.

Can we
talk about this
another time,
please?

I-I guess.
I just figured we'd
stay home, today. . .



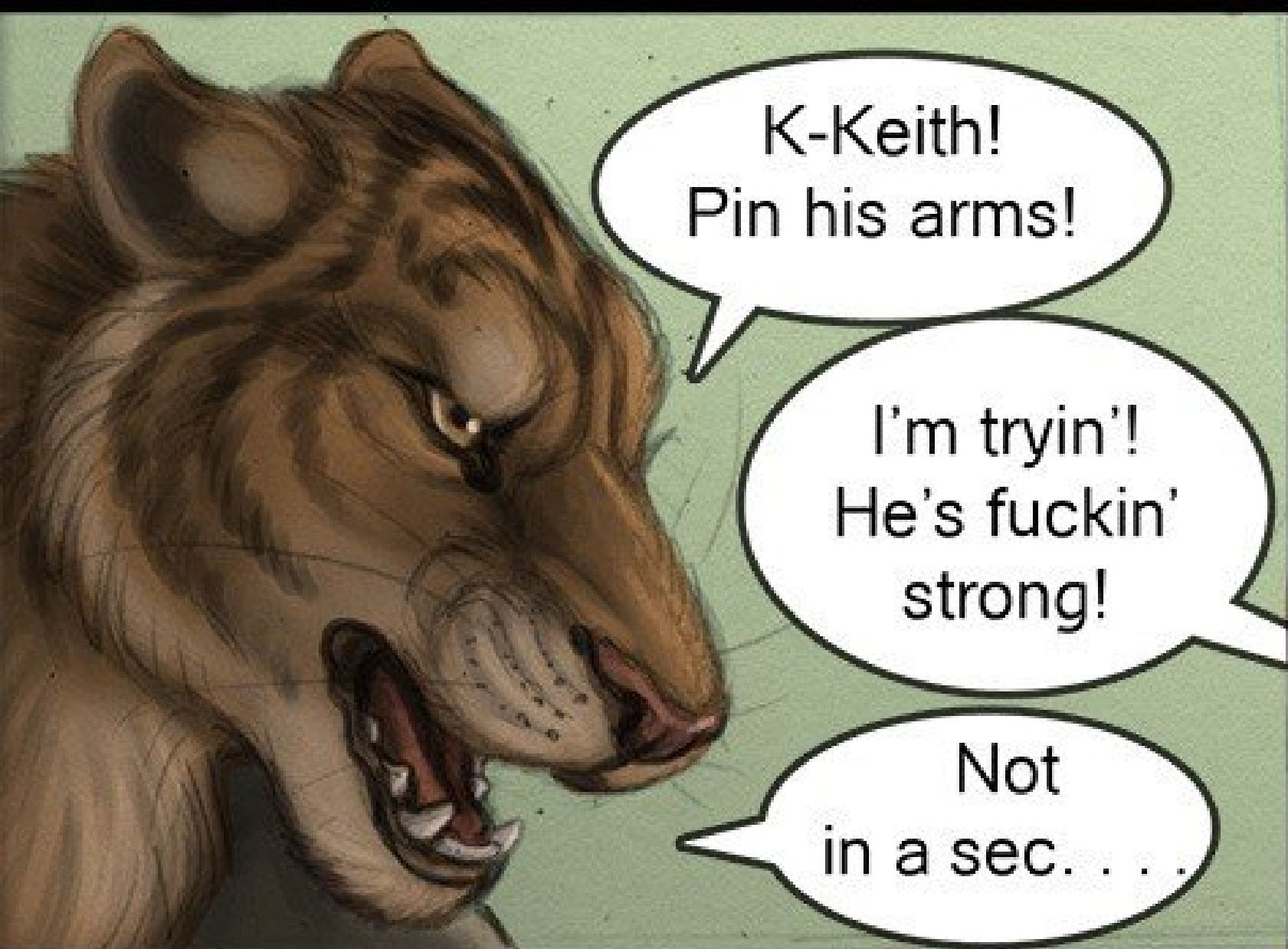








Unnnngghh.
cough



K-Keith!
Pin his arms!

I'm tryin'!
He's fuckin'
strong!

Not
in a sec. . . .

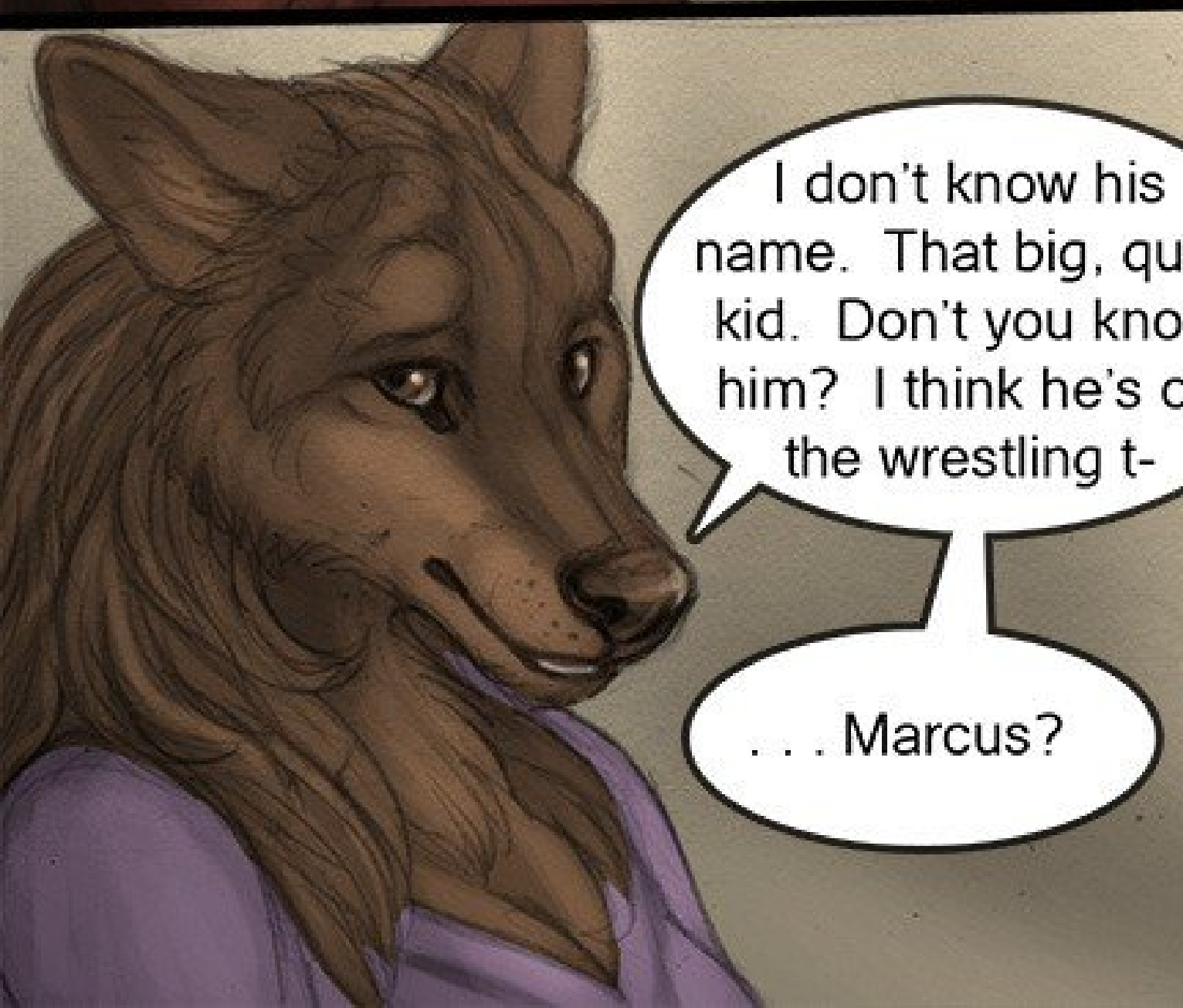


What the
FUCK is up
with you?!



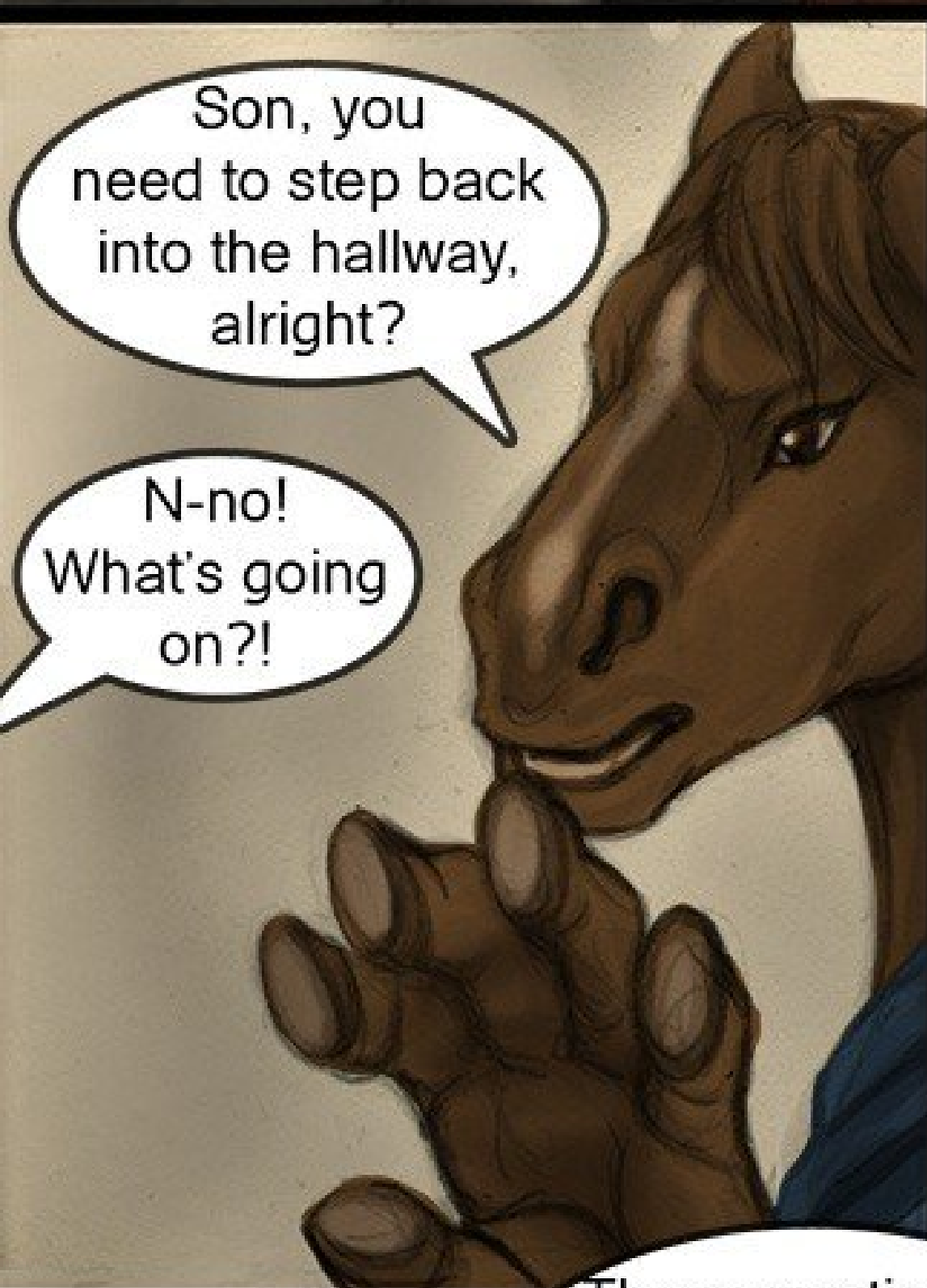
CRUNCH







No. . . .



Son, you need to step back into the hallway, alright?

N-no! What's going on?!



Why the hell is Reis under arrest?! There's no way he started that fight! He's not like that!

I think I remember you. Are you family?

. . . nearest he's got, anymore.

Please. I just want an explanation. Was the fight really worth all this?



First off, son. . . your friend is 18. That makes this assault.

sigh

The aggressors were both underage.

Honestly, though, that's not why we're here.

We were called in for CPCS. We found half a pharmacy in his bag.



The nurse tipped us off after she treated him for the fight. He's. . . fargone. Absolutely no pain response.

Reis is high?

To put it mildly. Honestly, right now, lockup might be the best thing for him. He'll *have* to detox, at the very least.



Watch your tone, son. This is a small town. I know his family very well. Unfortunately. I was on-call when the father OD'd. I've collared his mother four times, now.

. . . but, we knew it was only a matter of time. This sort of thing always hits the entire family. Maybe this will be a wake-up call.

Now, please. Step back.



NO! He's not a hardcore user, alright? I know him!

This is just. . . he's stressed out, alright? Please!

You don't know the damages this kid has about jail!

I'm nipping this in the bud. It's all we can do, in cases like these. It's not right, and it's not fair. . . .



SLAM



Damnit, Reis. . . .

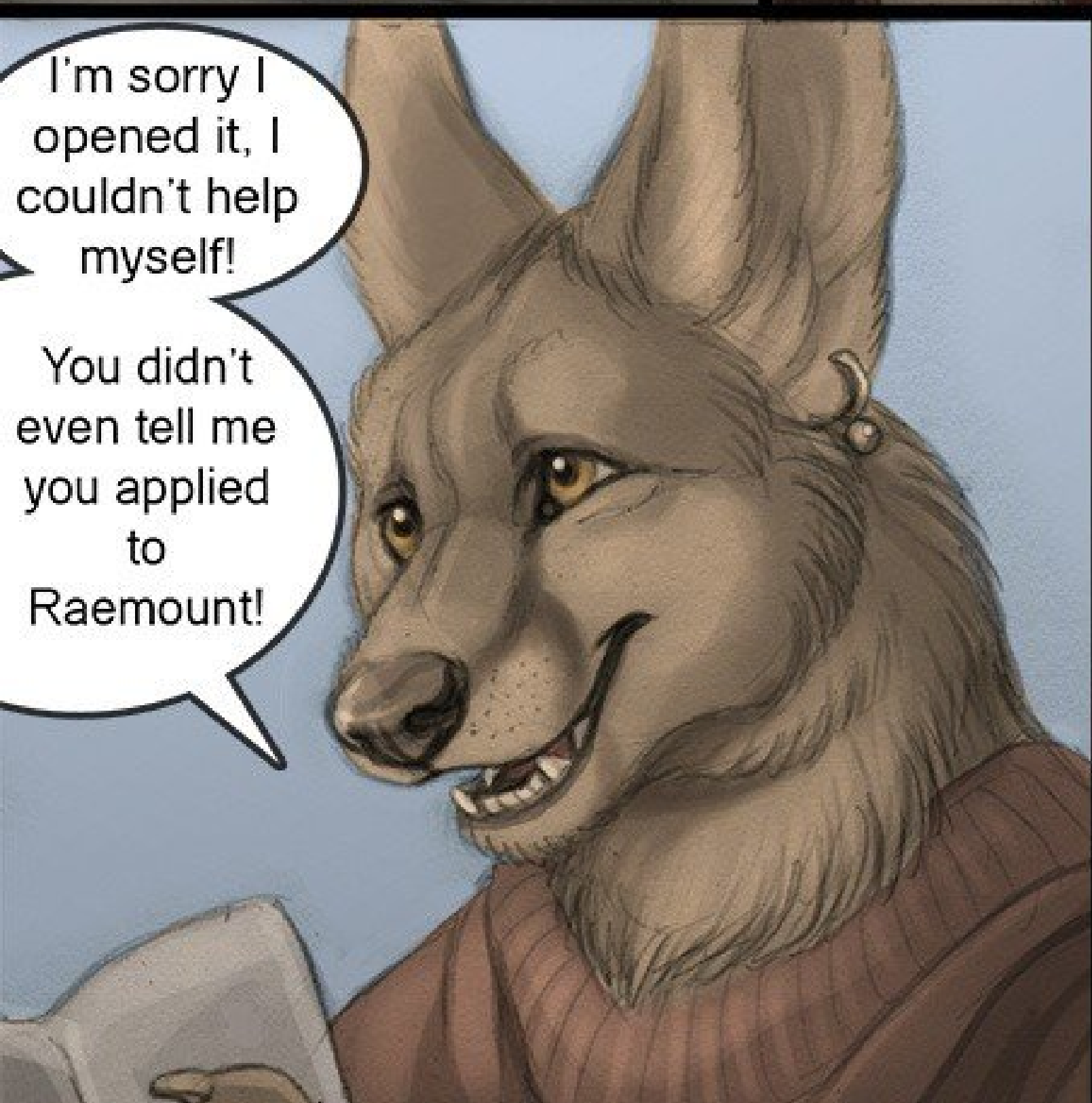
Marc, you're home!



Uh. . . h-hi, Mom. . . .

I'm so proud of you!

What?



I'm sorry I opened it, I couldn't help myself!

You didn't even tell me you applied to Raemount!



I. . . for laughs, yeah. You're kidding me. I actually got in?

It's. . . halfway across the country, Mom. Wow. . . twenty-thousand? Really?



With a scholarship, Marc! You have no idea how proud of you I am!

It's far. I'm going to miss you, hon. But, it's so wonderful!



I. . . can't believe I actually got in.

I'm going to call your father at work!

Let him know his son is Ivy League Law, now!



What? NO! No, I don't care what he 'wants'!

Just do your job, and get him out!



H-uh. . . yeah, hello? Yes. This is Marcus. . . .

Who? Wait, really?

Yeah, go ahead, I guess.

Fine.

No, don't let them move him. I'm coming down there. Now.



I bailed you out. We're leaving.

Marcus?



I put up my car.

Marcus. . . I want to stay-

Shut up. It's done. Get your things.

How?



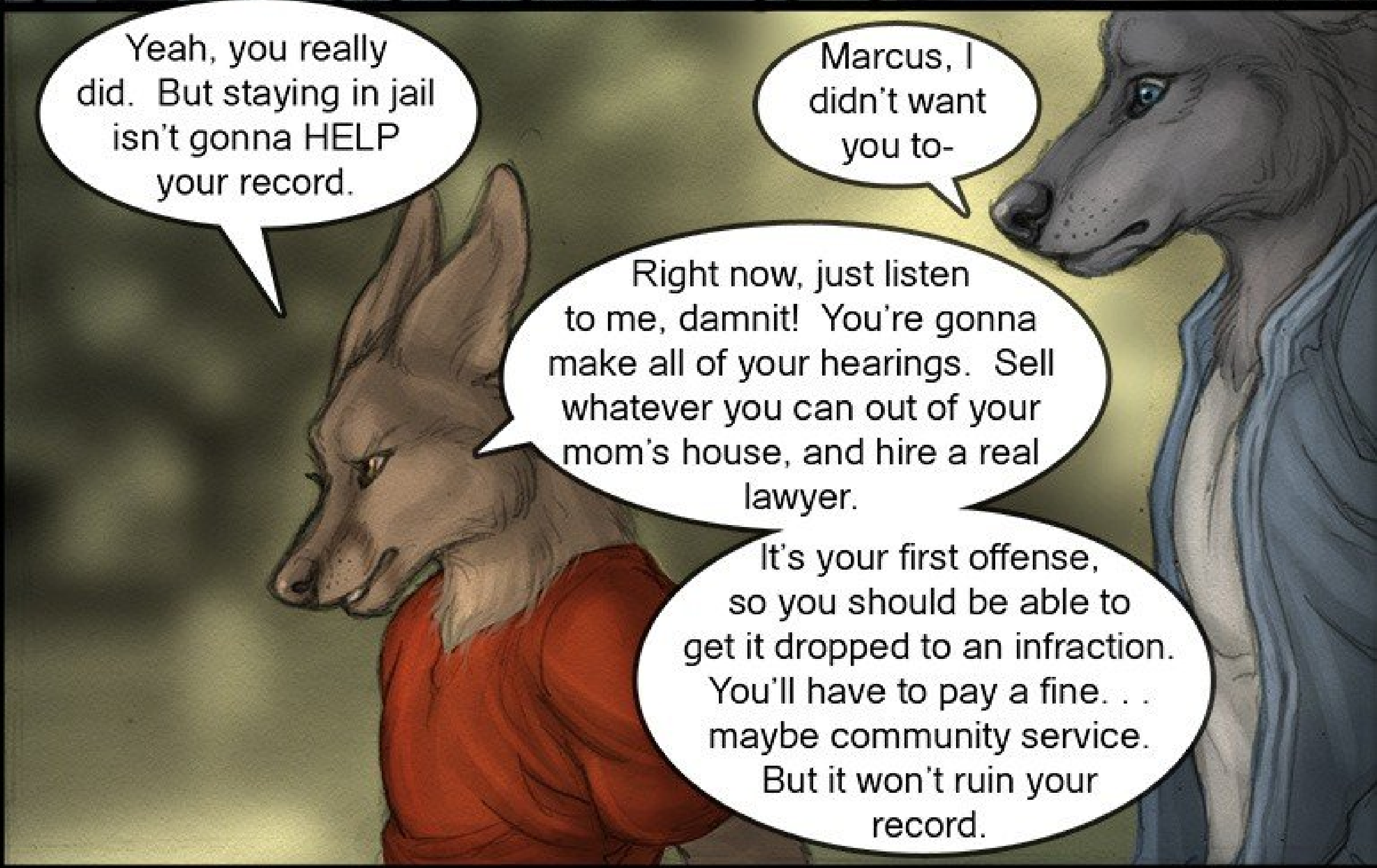
Your public defender called me. You put me down as your emergency contact at school.

How did you-

I couldn't think of anyone else. . . .

Why did you tell your lawyer you didn't want bail?

Because. . . I belong in there. I really fucked up, this time.



Yeah, you really did. But staying in jail isn't gonna HELP your record.

Marcus, I didn't want you to-

Right now, just listen to me, dammit! You're gonna make all of your hearings. Sell whatever you can out of your mom's house, and hire a real lawyer.

It's your first offense, so you should be able to get it dropped to an infraction. You'll have to pay a fine. . . maybe community service. But it won't ruin your record.



Be honest with me, Reis. Is it more than just the Codeine? What were you on? More importantly, what did they find on you?



Great.

The next few weeks are going to SUCK for you, then. You're lucky my exams are over.

What?

So I can be there. . . while you detox.



. . . Oxy, mostly. . . .

How long've you been on it?

A little more than a year.



Marcus. . .

I'm not worth all of this. You shouldn't have to-

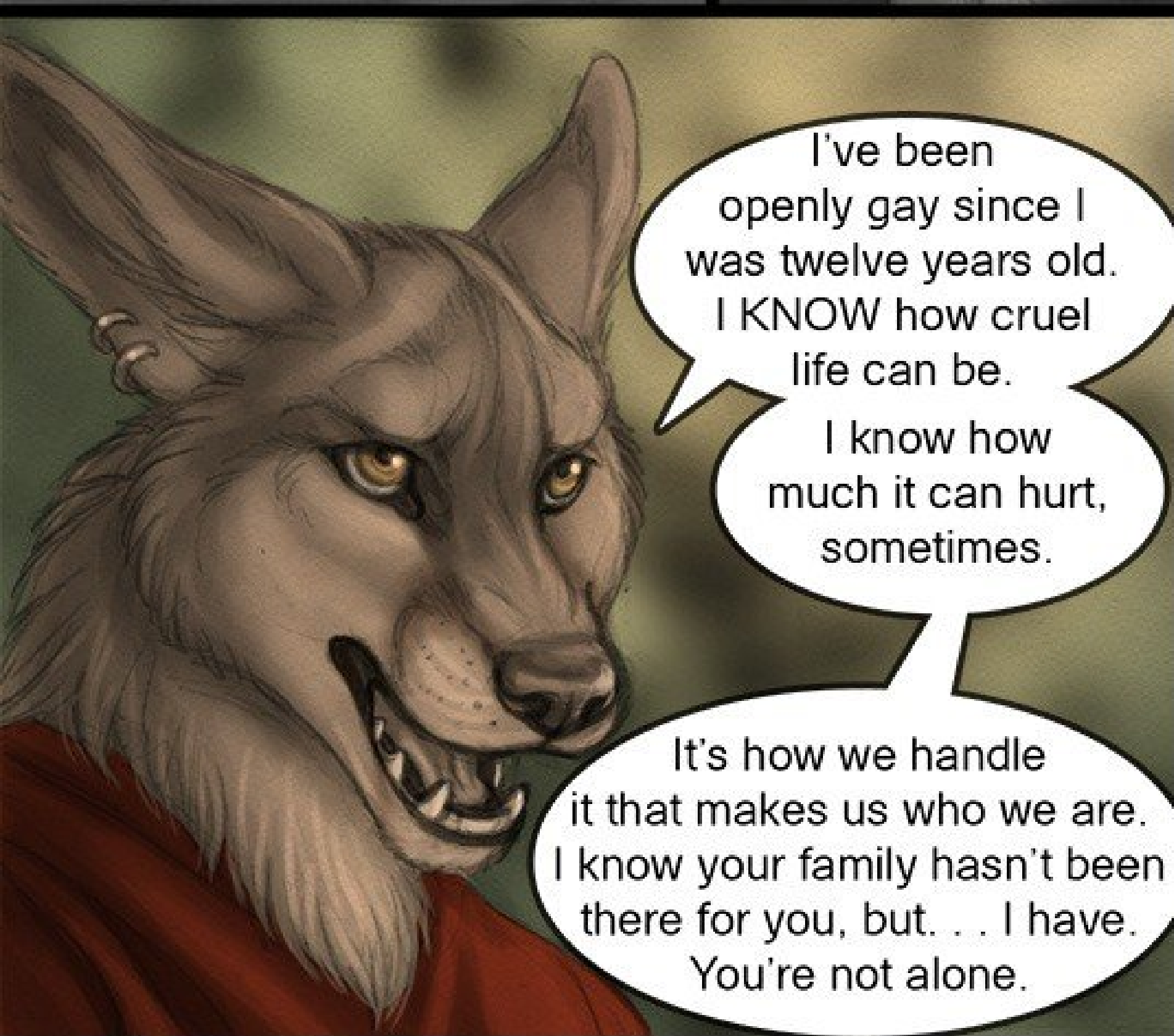


God, just STOP!

Stop with all the self-loathing shit, Reis! I'm sick of it!

I know you've had a tough life, and I'm sorry!

But some of how you act has *got* to be personal responsibility, alright?



I've been openly gay since I was twelve years old. I KNOW how cruel life can be.

I know how much it can hurt, sometimes.

It's how we handle it that makes us who we are. I know your family hasn't been there for you, but. . . I have. You're not alone.



You're leaving soon, Marcus. For college, upstate.



Actually. . . no. I'm not going to Cedar Hill. I'm going to Raemount.

I just found out I got in, today.

Wh- THE Raemount? Aren't they on the East Coast?

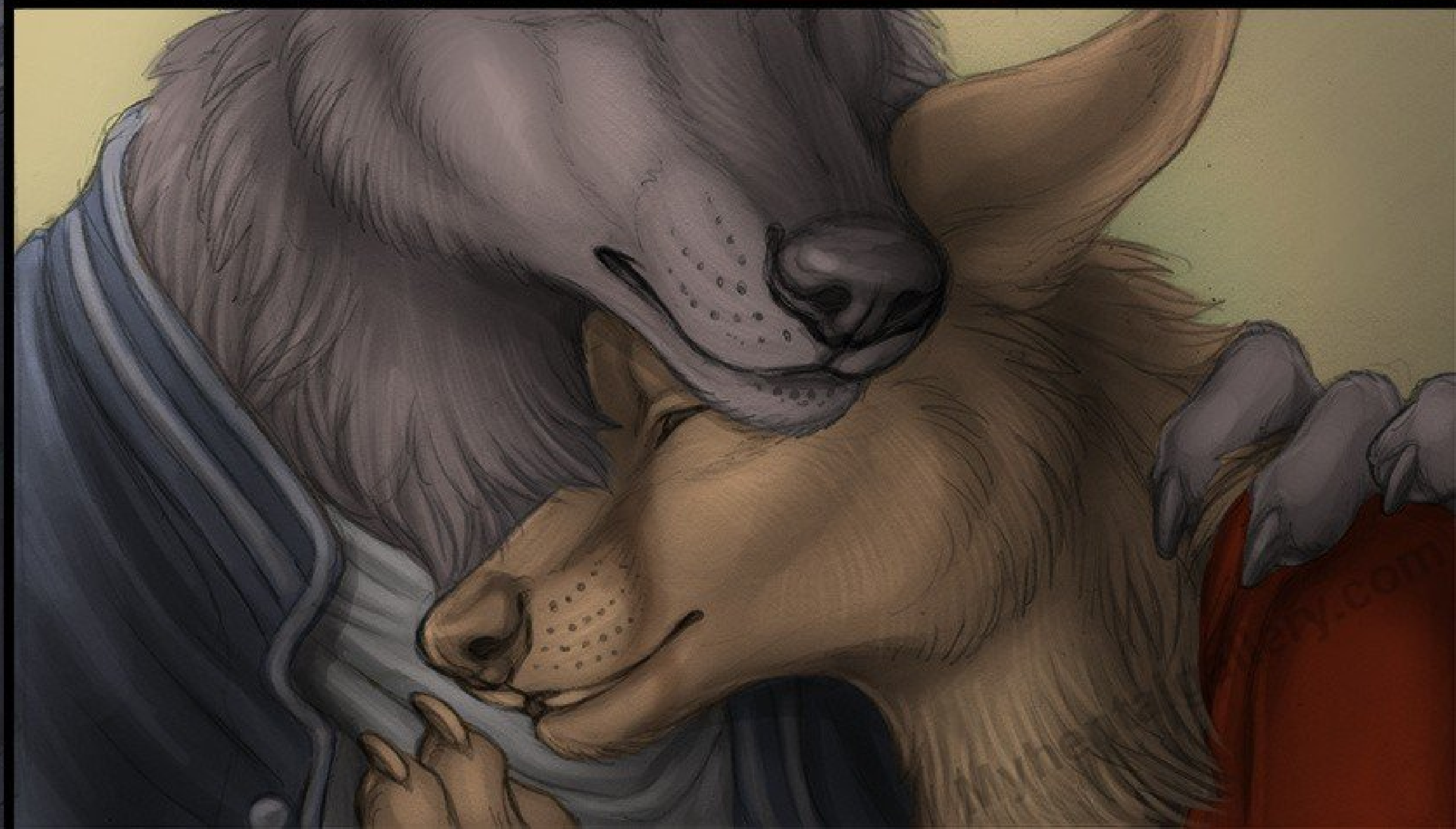
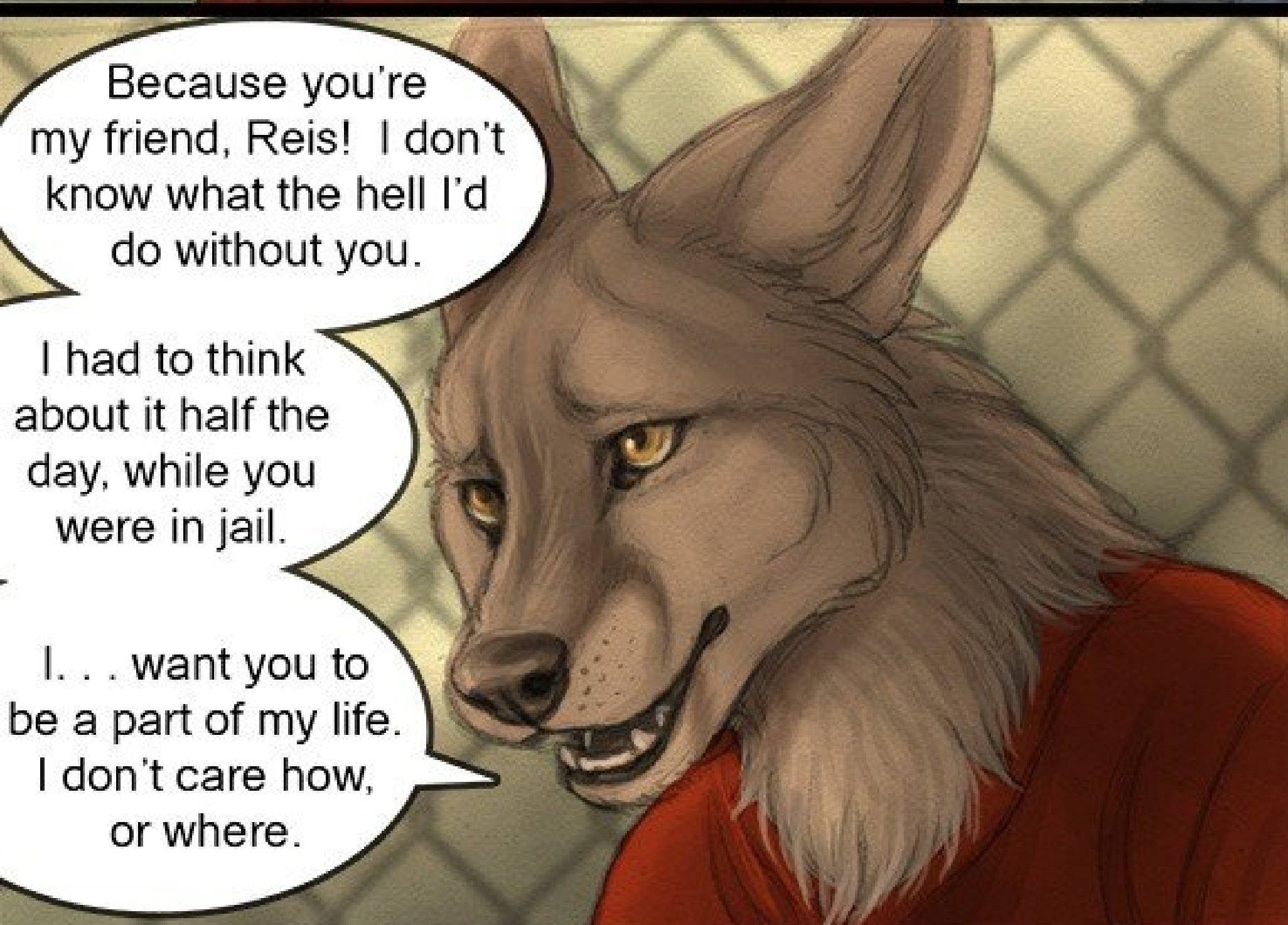
Yeah. It's a long way away. But, Reis, I got into an Ivy League school. I can't turn this down.



.....

. . . wow. . . I-I guess. . . you're really. . . going places.

Not without you.









Marcus?

Yeah?

About last night. . . .

What if we made the wrong choice?



What if we did, Reis? Does it matter?

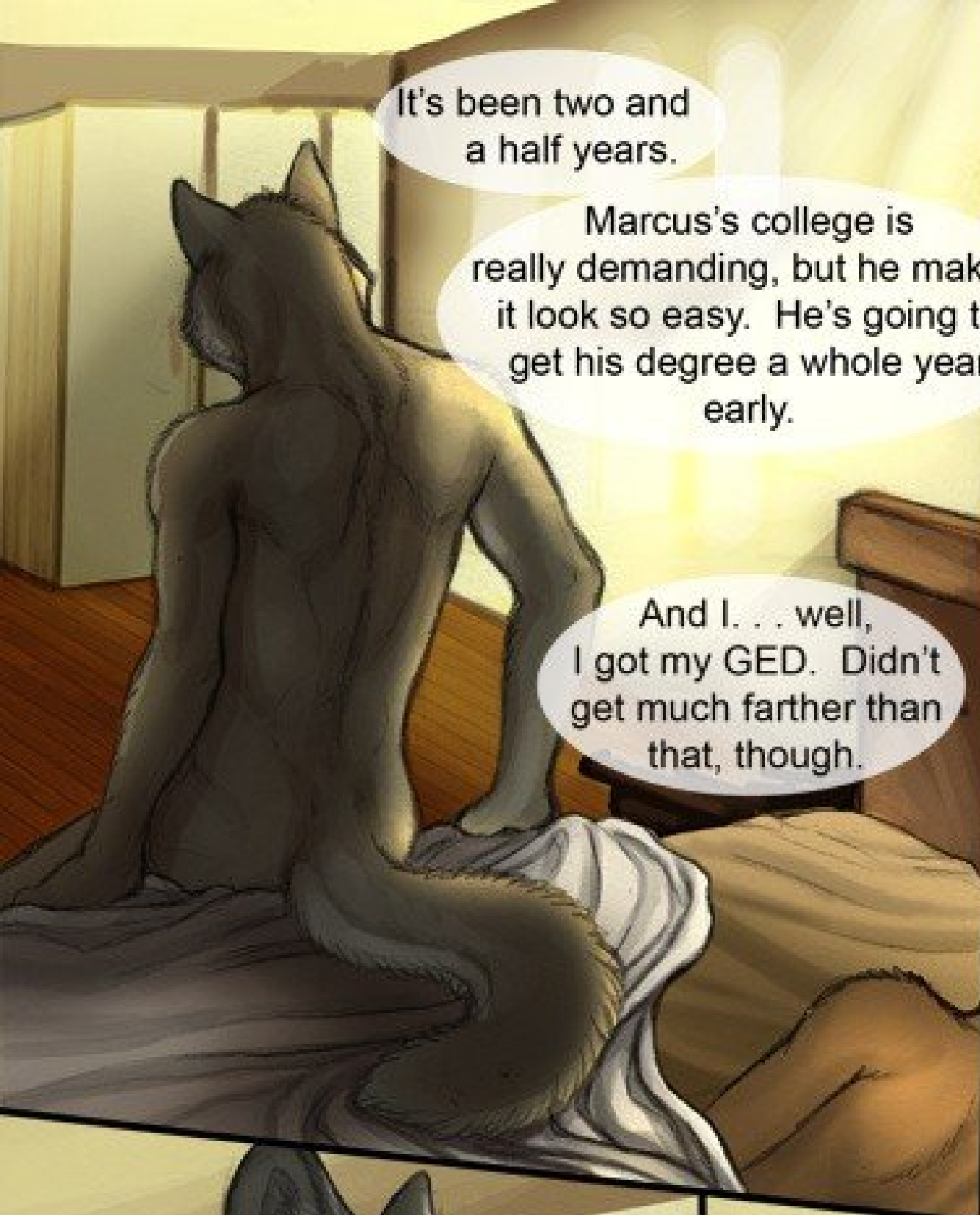
We've got a lot of time to figure it out.



Together.



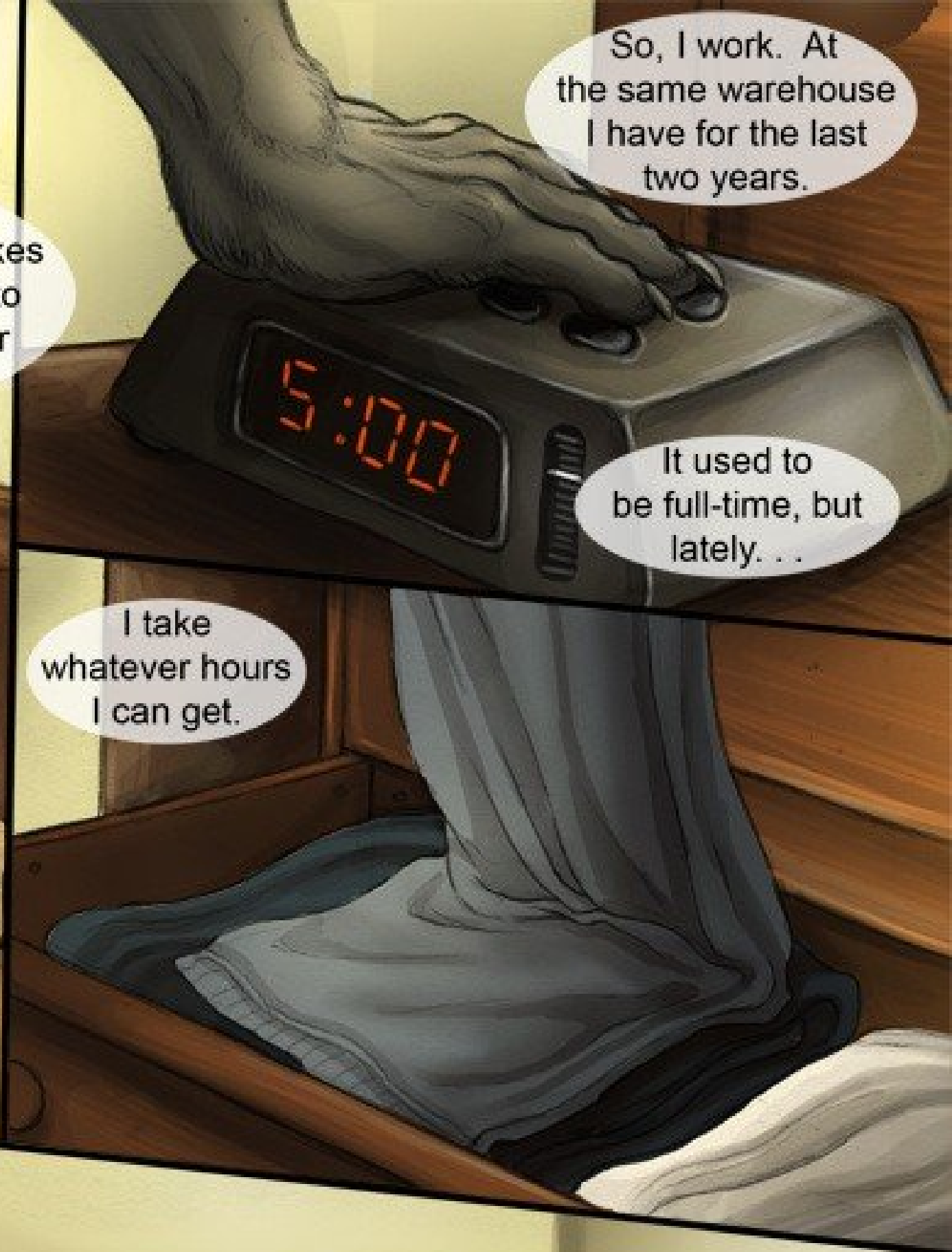
...together.



It's been two and a half years.

Marcus's college is really demanding, but he makes it look so easy. He's going to get his degree a whole year early.

And I... well, I got my GED. Didn't get much farther than that, though.



So, I work. At the same warehouse I have for the last two years.

It used to be full-time, but lately...

I take whatever hours I can get.



mnhhh



Mornin', Reis.



You're up
real early, for a
Sunday.

Probably
shouldn't've set
an alarm, then.



I took one
of the starter's shifts.
I didn't mean to wake
you up.

Yeah, well,
couldn't wake
up witho-

Marcus?!



Nonono,
Marc.
Seriously
bad timing.

C'mon,
Reis.

You can't wake
me up half-dressed
like that'n expect
me to behave.

I'm serious.
I only gave myself half
an hour to get ready, and
I'd really like to eat
something.



Can we please
just take a rain
check?

Mnnnhcall
in sick. . . or
something.



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Marc. . .
I. . . .

sigh

But this has
got to be quick,
alright?

They aren't going
to give me hours if I'm
coming in late.

Ok,
fine.

So?

So I really
need those hours,
Marc.

I'm never going
to bring home a decent
paycheck if I can't get at
least *close* to
full-time.

Honey, don't
worry about it,
alright?

I've told you
a thousand times you
don't have to pay any
of the bills.

Even when you
were full-time, it barely
covered the cable and,
like, our beer for a
month. *snerk*

... What?



Oh, come on!
You can't be serious!

Reis, I
was just
joking-

I'm just gonna
go. I don't feel like
arguing about
this again.

I know it's a shit
job, Marcus, but it's
the best I can find
right now.

Look, you said it,
not me. It's an hour drive,
and you're gonna do a four
hour shift? What the hell
is the point?

We can live off my
trust just fine. You don't
need to keep busting your
ass for minimum
wage.

It's fine.

Look, I'm sorry,
okay? Don't be
so sensitive.

I want to
work, Marcus.

Pay my
share.

That's nice,
babe, but -

You know, the group's
starting to wonder if my boyfriend
even *exists*, considering you almost
never come to meetings. I'm President
this year. It doesn't exactly set
the best example.

I'll try to
stop by after
work.

sigh Nevermind.
Whatever. Go to work.
I've gotta get the FERAL
demonstration ready,
anyway.

Which, incidentally,
is another thing you're
missing because of that
damned job.

Uh-huh.

Well, call first.
I'll text you the address.
Big event, today. I'd
really like you there.





Don't normally see you on Sundays.

Yeah, I'm coming in for Jack's shift.

How long?

Four hours.

Ouch. Sorry, dude. The way they're givin' out hours lately shouldn't even be, like, legal. They love to dick around part-timers, though.

S'that what's got you so pissed off? Or's it something else?

I'm not pissed off, Lou. Just tired.

Tch. Uh-huh. no, man, I know that look.



C'mon, Lou. I'm not in the mood.

That's the look I get when the bitch back home's busting my balls over somethin'.

What, like calling her a 'bitch', maybe?

Ok, first off, she's a dog, so it ain't even like it's a slur, okay? Besides-

I'm just saying, you oughta be more grateful for *anyone* who puts up with *you*, Lou.



What're you, crazy?

I've got bitches on speed dial, Reis! Ain't a woman out there who'll pass up on **ALL THIS!**



Yeah, Lou. You're a prince.

On a white fuckin' steed.



...that's odd.

Marcus hasn't called yet. I guess I'll...

Marcus Laramie's phone! 'Sup?

Who is this?



Hey hey! Reis, right?

We were all afraid you'd gotten lost in that closet!



I'm only gonna ask once more. Who is this? And where's Marcus?

Aww.

Now you've gone and hurt my feelings, Reis.



I remembered your name. And Marcus is busy. Busting his fine little ass off on the event you're missing. Good on you, by the way.



Bingo!

Way to go, wuff! You got it.

Why are you on Marcus's phone?

Well.

Marcus's prepping the camera, and someone needed to man the phone. Would've given it to his boyfriend, but the dick didn't show.

... Jacob.



Camera? What the hell is going on? I thought this was a FERAL event of some sort.

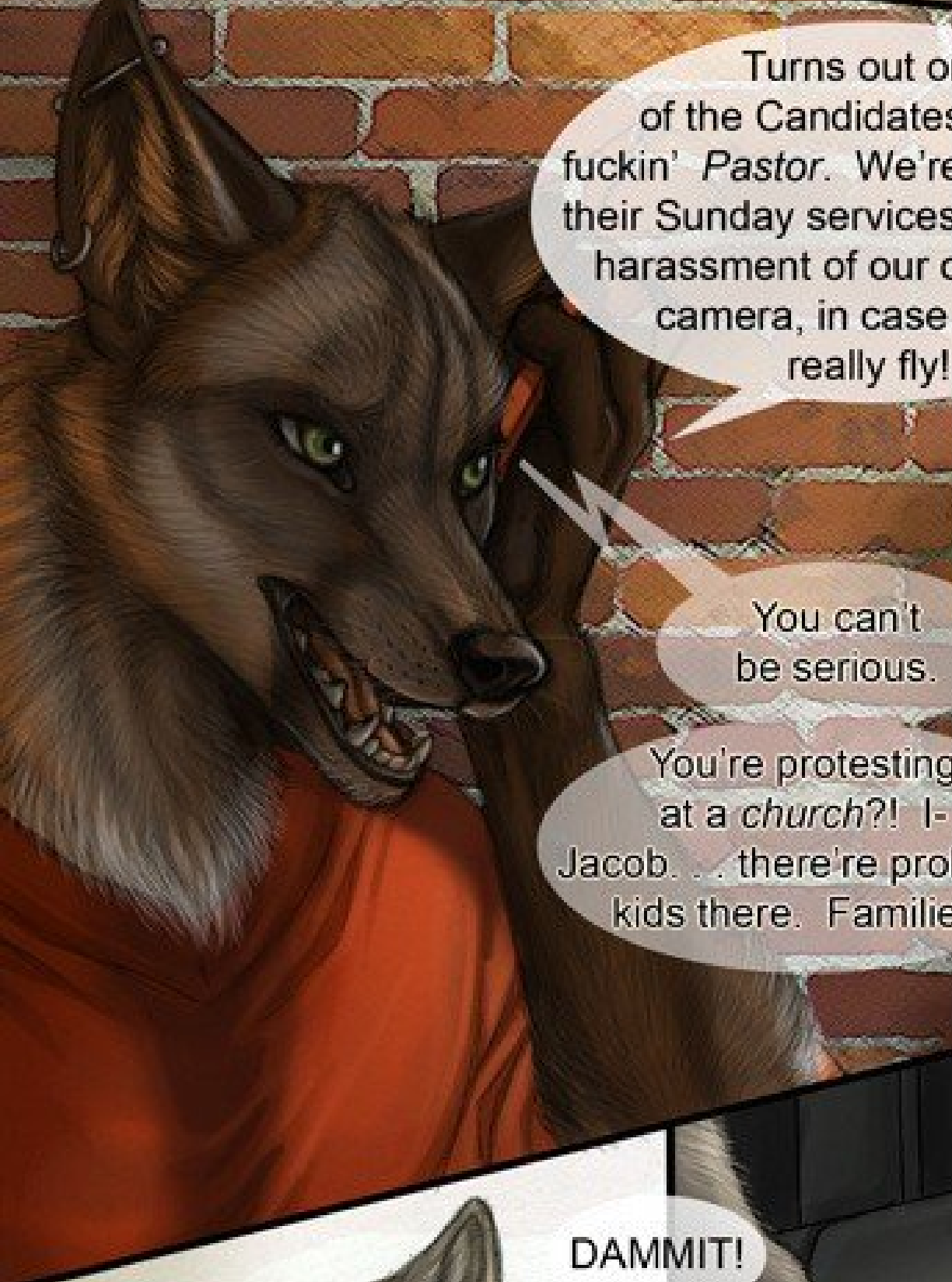
Why do you need a camera?



Heh. An 'event'? Yeah. I guess you could call it that. We're makin' a stand. Gonna get some *real* good dirt on one of the State Senate Candidates.

Remember the stupid FUCKS who harassed Martin's family at his funeral last month?

The religious group?



Turns out one of the Candidates is their fuckin' *Pastor*. We're staking out their Sunday services, with a little harassment of our own, and a camera, in case sparks really fly!

You can't be serious.

You're protesting at a *church*?! I-Jacob... there're probably kids there. Families-



You mean like at Martin's funeral? Yeah, turnabout's a BITCH, ain't it?

I'm texting you the address.

Jacob -

Buh-bye, stud!



DAMMIT!



I swear,
Marc. . . .

Can he go a
day without pissing
someone off?

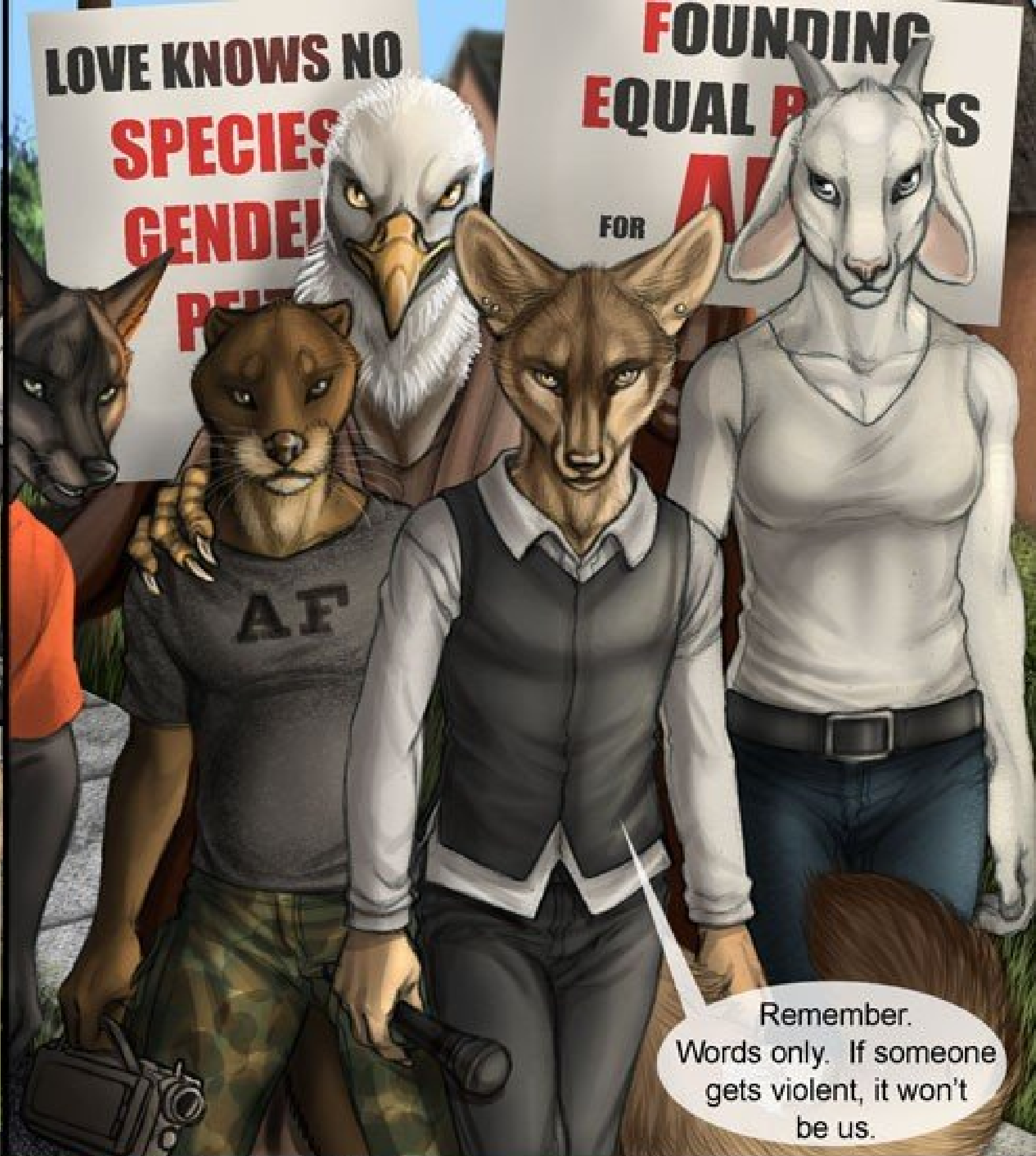
rumble

. . . again?

sigh

I'm sorry, mom.
Now's not a
good time.







What IS this?! Take your god-forsaken *parade* out of here! This is private property!



Mr. Bauer!
Or should we address you as 'Pastor'?

We're here to chat about your congregation.



Care to explain why a religious group would need to file as a private organization?

Is it perhaps because you use your flock to fund your campaign?



As I'm sure you're well aware, religious organizations cannot legally fund political candidates. Are you not the Pastor of this congregation, sir?

I am not going to-



So this is a private religious congregation?

Doesn't that make your group a cult, sir?



Listen. I don't know who you people think you are, but this is harassment. This is a family service.

This isn't the time or place for this. There are children present.



You mean like at Martin's funeral?!



Yes, let's talk about **that**.



What is your connection to the radical congregation - this very congregation here, which just last month, spewed their hatred and intolerance at the funeral of one Martin Schriever, to his *mourning family* and friends?



My views on homosexuality and values are no secret to my constituency.

In this country, we have freedom of speech. I preach to the masses.

Now leave! Before I call the police!



Sorry, Pastor. But we're on the sidewalk. Legally, we can stand here, and make our opinions known, too. Freedom of speech, like you said.

All we want is for you to be honest. If your views aren't a secret, let's hear them.



So why don't you 'preach' nice and loud for the world to hear, this time? Instead of targeting just one soldier's family and friends.



What're you waiting for, kitten? Is god camera-shy?

Hate-Monger!



Get away from my church, FAGGOT!

No.





If you so much as touch him. . . .



. . . I will end you.



Gnh-!



And don't call my boyfriend a faggot.

Go to Hell!

Whatever. Let's just not make this any worse.



And get away from my family!

I am DONE with you people! I have *nothing* more to say!



Then I guess this is over. Right, Marcus?

Well, I-



Fuck that!

We are NOT leaving!



We owe it to Martin to stand our ground! If we don't fight for this, nothing's going-

***THUCK*!**





Stop yelling
at my DAD!



Fuck!



Avery!

Tell me you
got that on
camera!

Y-yeah,
but. . .



sigh



Marc?

Get rid
of it.

And pack
it up. This
thing's over.



Are you
serious?!

Yeah,
I am.

Look, we got
what we came for.
Let's go before this
gets any worse.



Any
worse?!

That brat just
beaned me with a
rock! That's hate in
TWO generations!

We're not doing
a slam piece on
a kid, Jake.

But-

File assault
charges, if you're
that angry.

I'm not putting up
video of a 10-year-old on
our site, alright? That's
over the line.





So, I'm waiting for it.

For what?

The talk. The pissed-off boyfriend talk. You think I can't tell when you're angry? After two and a half years, I can read between the lines.

After what just happened, I really don't think I need to say anything.

You know I hate these things, Marc. They make me really uncomfortable, and I worry about you. Especially when you do something *this* stupid, with nutjobs like *that*.

You could have gotten seriously hurt. Isn't there a less aggressive way you can do... all of this?

There's nothing aggressive about what we did. We just got in his face. Besides, this is worth the fight.

That's easy to say when you haven't been in a real fight before. Nothing's worth you getting hurt, Marc.

Tch.

Don't be so self-righteous.

What?

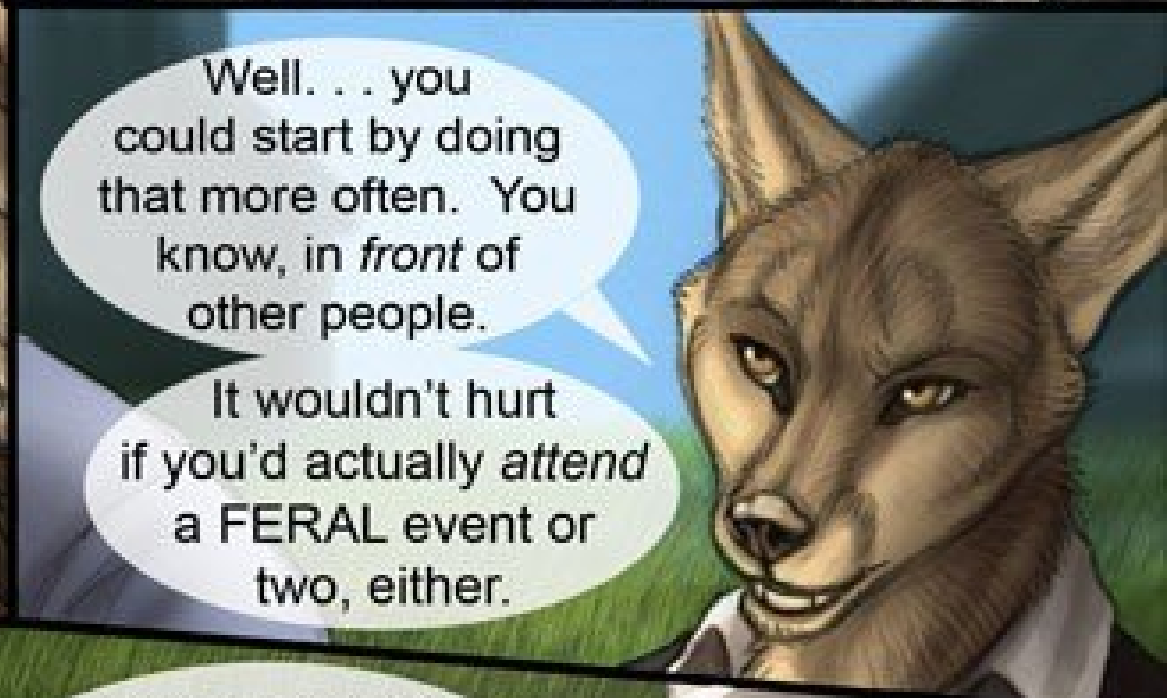
You're not afraid of us getting hurt. You're afraid of being 'Out' in public.

Nnh?



I love you, Marc. And I'm not afraid to show it.

I don't know what else you want me to do.



Well. . . you could start by doing that more often. You know, in *front* of other people.

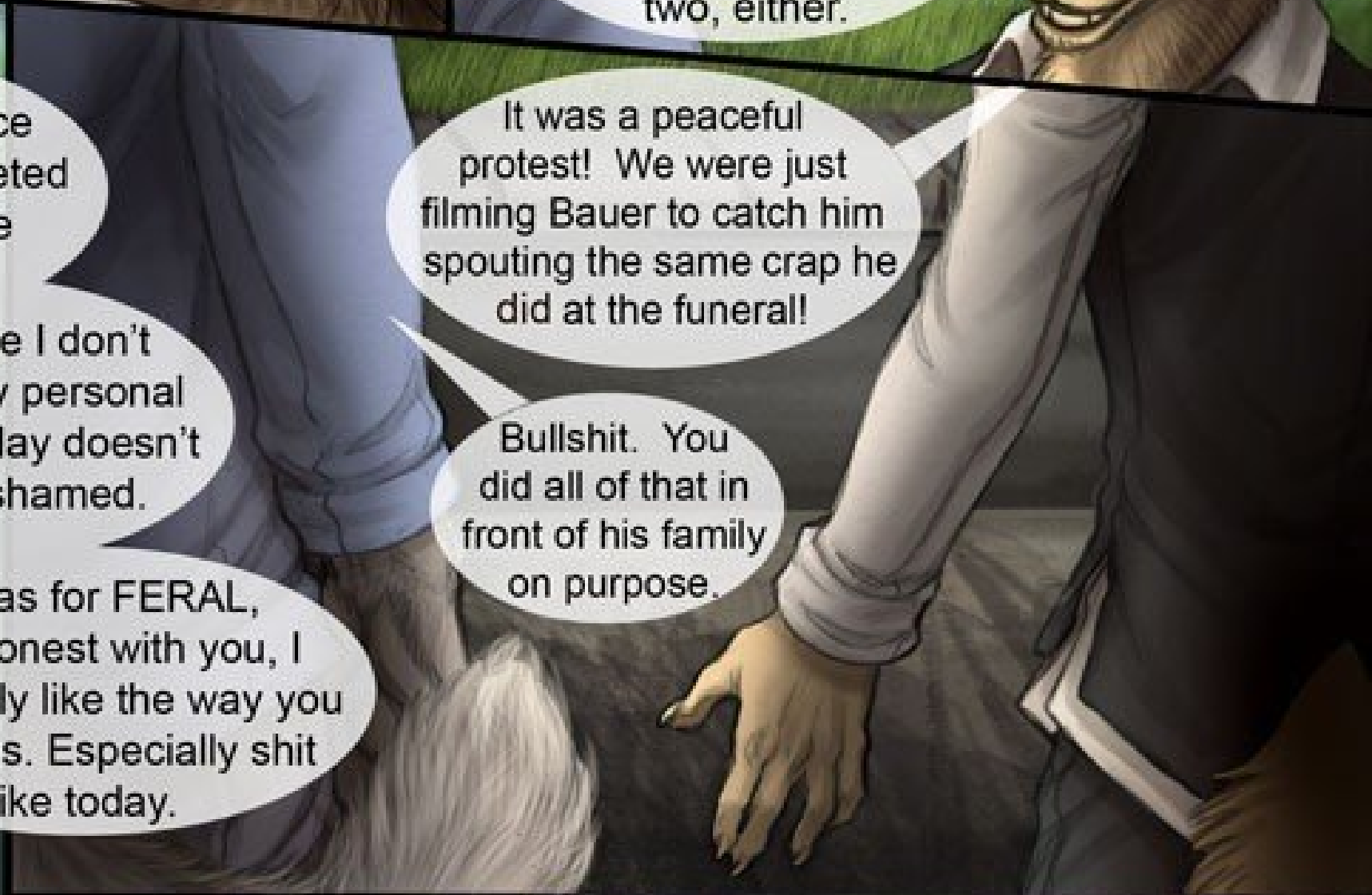
It wouldn't hurt if you'd actually *attend* a FERAL event or two, either.



There's a difference between being closeted and wanting to be discreet, Marc.

Just because I don't like putting my personal life out on display doesn't mean I'm ashamed.

And as for FERAL, to be honest with you, I don't really like the way you do things. Especially shit like today.



It was a peaceful protest! We were just filming Bauer to catch him spouting the same crap he did at the funeral!

Bullshit. You did all of that in front of his family on purpose.



Fine. Yeah. Some of it was payback for Martin.

But so what?

Those kids needed to see it. Maybe they'll think twice about what they're being taught.



God, are you serious? Do you really think after that whole mess, those kids have a *better* opinion of gay people?

I know you're passionate about all of this, love, and I'm glad you cut things off when you did, but I really think there's gotta be a better way.



I worry about you, alright? We're not in High School anymore. This is the real world. You could get *really* hurt.

Stop trying to protect me, Reis! I don't need a white knight! I'd like it if you were more involved, in my life, but if that's not what you want, whatever. It means a lot to ME, so I'm not gonna stop.

Why do you think I'm going into law? Rights work has *always* mattered to me, even when we were *in* High School.

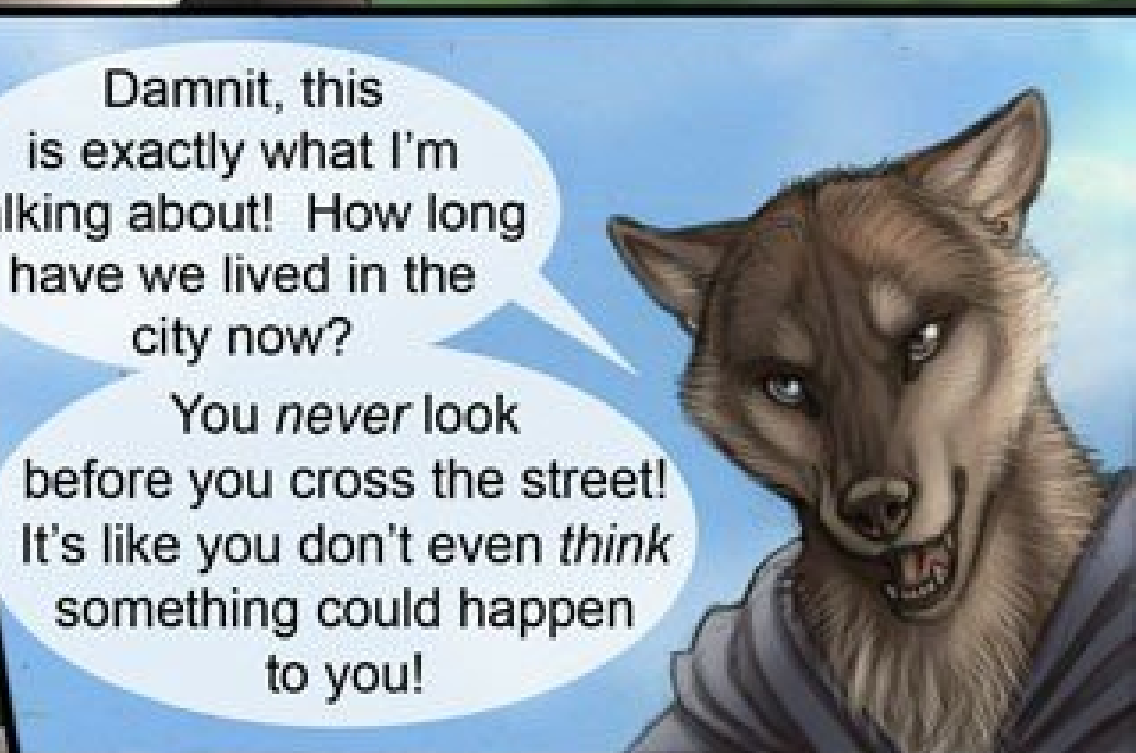


I know, I just wish you'd be more caref- MARC!

I'm tired of talking about this, alright?

Your attitude's starting to piss me off, honestly, so let's just drop it.

Marc!
Watch where you're going!



Damnit, this is exactly what I'm talking about! How long have we lived in the city now?

You *never* look before you cross the street! It's like you don't even *think* something could happen to you!



Oh for SHIT'S sake.

We're in a development! The cars here do, like, twenty.



Can we please just move on, now? I hate fighting with you.

Fine. And I'm sorry if I'm being. . . bitchy.

Mnh.

It's just that *someone* left me high and dry this morning. Makes me irritable.

Don't start again, Marc.



Speaking of. . . y'know what always seems to put an end to our fights?



Are you serious?

How do you go from, like, zero to hornball in less than five seconds?

Genetic fox trait, I think.



Look. . .

I wanna make up, but I'm tired.

Might've been a half day at work, but I'm sore, I didn't get enough sleep, and-



I hope this isn't gonna end with 'I have a headache'.

Would you please cut the snark?

I swear, you have NO idea how frustrating you are.



Y'know what really helps alleviate frustration?

A naughty little fennec who'll do whatever you want, and love it.



Fine, Marc. You win. But I am going to make you eat those words.



SLAM



Ok, seriously.
What is with this vest?

You don't like it? But it does such wonders for my waistline.



Shut up.

Reis, no!

It's granite!

Really-



Sometimes you are so gay, I don't even have words.

Says the man with his paw in my pants.



COLD!





pant

... don't
make... fun
of me!

Why'd you
go an' do that,
anyway?

So I didn't
need to find
our lube.



... and because
you feel amazing right
after you cum.



Nnh!



Goddamn!

pant



Nothing else in
my life is going right.
I feel like I'm drifting. Useless.
Watching you live, while all I'm
doing is... waiting for you.

I need to
have more in my life
than just you. But right now,
Marc, you're the only thing I
give a damn about.



I love you.

I just wish
I could love
myself, too.



