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Chapter 1: **Learning Control**

H2grow

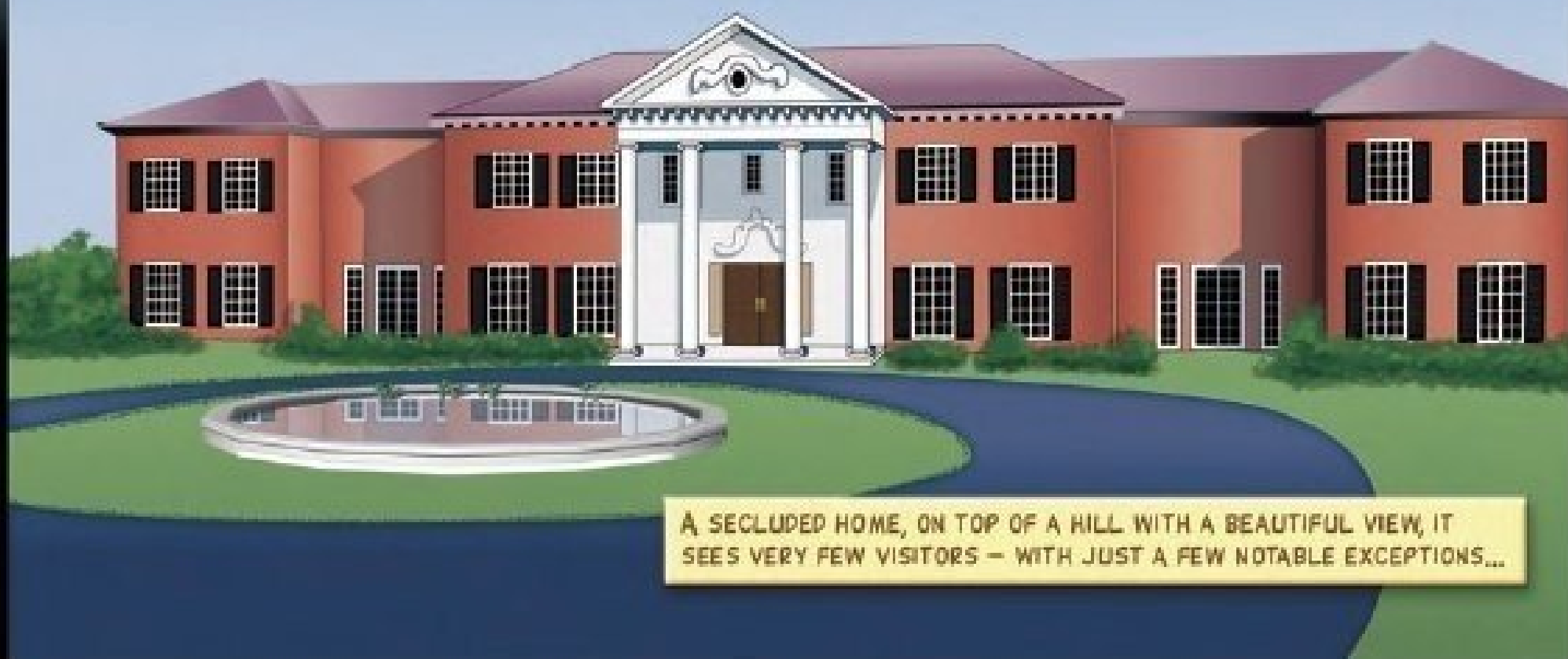
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Chapter 1: Learning Control

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H.T. WORG MANOR. HOME TO THE BID-ENGINEER, ANDREW WORG – WHOSE MOST NOTABLE WORK AND SUCCESSSES, WHILE GAINING HIM A COMFORTABLE AMOUNT OF WEALTH, ARE ACTUALLY QUITE AN UNKNOWN OUTSIDE A CLOSE, SECRET COMMUNITY OF CLIENTS.



A SECLUDED HOME, ON TOP OF A HILL WITH A BEAUTIFUL VIEW, IT SEES VERY FEW VISITORS – WITH JUST A FEW NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS...



HELLO?

HI, UNCLE
ANDREW.

HI, PETE! COME ON IN.
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I'VE GOT TIME BETWEEN MY LAST CLASS, AND BEFORE I HAVE TO BE AT THE SCHOOL POOL FOR MY JOB. FIGURED I'D STOP BY AND SEE THAT NEW GAME SYSTEM YOU KEEP BRAGGING ABOUT TO ME.

MY... DON'T YOU LOOK SPIFFY!

I AM LEAVING TONIGHT TO MEET WITH SOME "HIGH SOCIETY" CLIENTS. I GOTTA' LOOK NICE. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO ALLOW ME TO PAY THE BILLS AROUND HERE.

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO AGAIN, UNCLE ANDREW? I KNOW YOU DABBLE IN SOME KINDA' BIO-ENGINEERING OR SOMETHING?

"DABBLE"? PLEASE, PETER, YOU INSULT ME.

YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE TERRORISM OR SOME CRAZY SPY SHIT?

NO... NOOOOO... MORE LIKE... COSMETIC APPLICATIONS.

WHO'S COMING ALONG WITH YOU THIS TIME?

I AM.

PETER'S UNCLE ANDREW IS KNOWN TO HAVE QUITE A FEW WOMEN 'FRIENDS'.







BOY, UNCLE ANDREW,
YOU SURE CAN PICK'EM.

OH, YES...



WOULD YOU MIND IF I
STUCK AROUND UNTIL YOU
LEAVE? I'M SURE SHE'S
GONNA LOOK STUNNING.

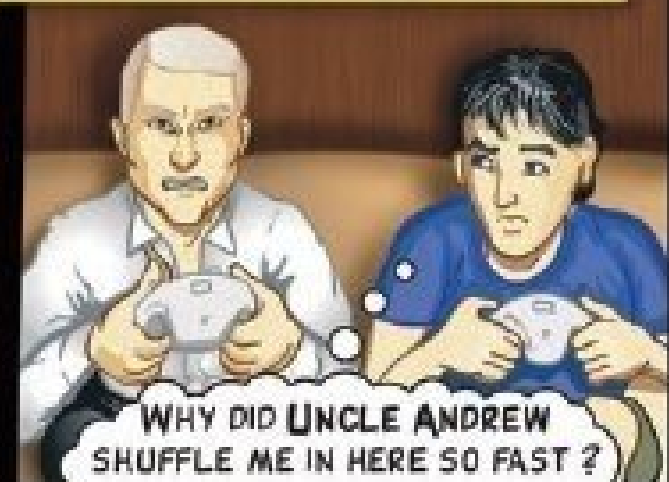
UMM... YEAH... WELL... HEY, PETE!
GUESS WHAT? I GOT THAT NEW
GAME SYSTEM YOU WERE TALKING
ABOUT AND HOOKED IT UP TO THE
LARGE SCREEN IN THE LOUNGE.



WELL... YEAH. THAT'S
WHY I CAME OVER...

GREAT! THEN LET ME GO
SHOW IT TO YOU.

IN A FEW MOMENTS, PETER IS QUICKLY
ESCORTED TO ANOTHER ROOM. CLOSING THE
DOOR TIGHTLY BEHIND HIM, ANDREW SEATS
PETER IN FRONT OF A HUGE MEDIA CENTER.



WHY DID UNCLE ANDREW
SHUFFLE ME IN HERE SO FAST?



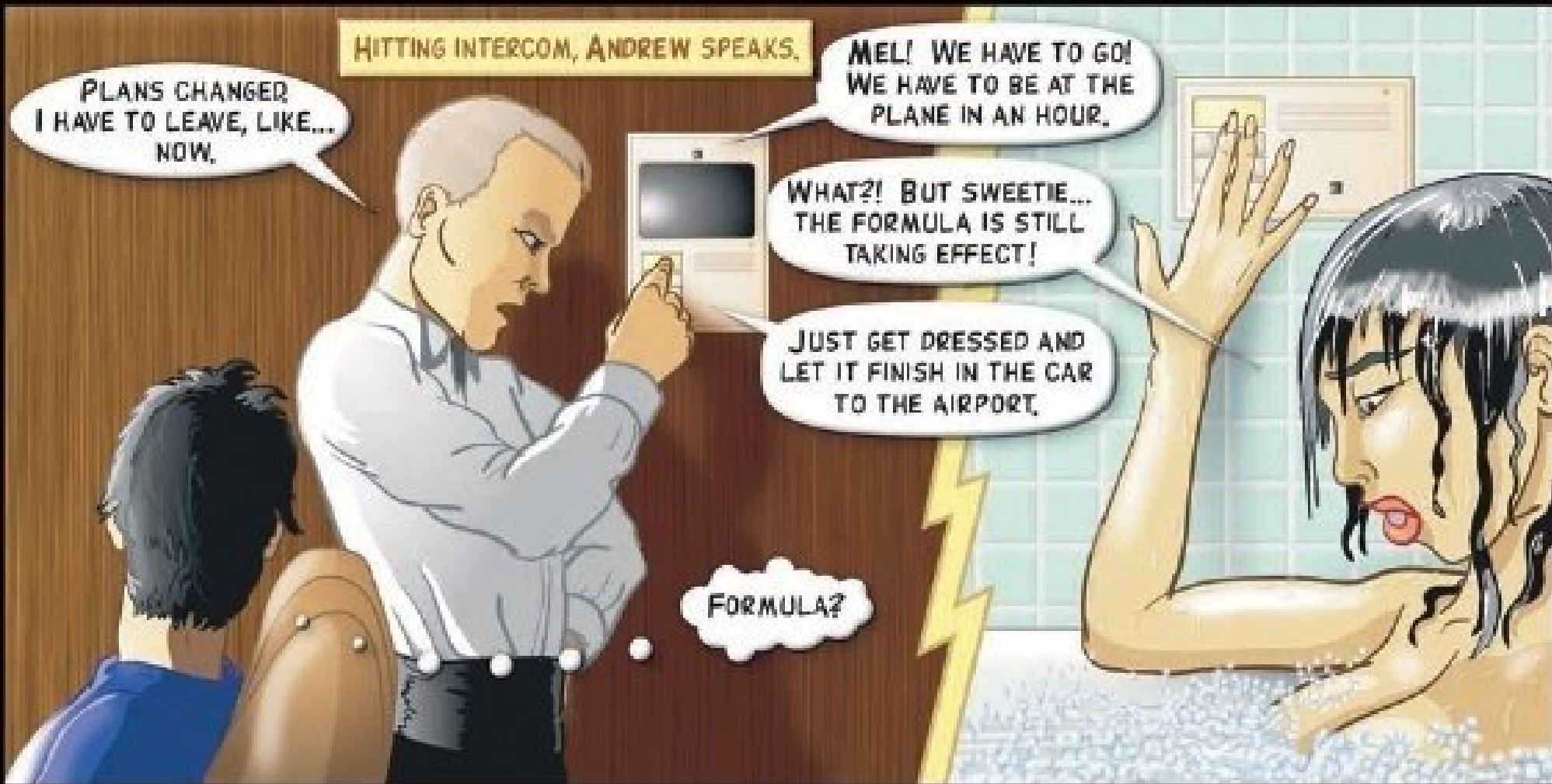
YES?

WHAT?!
AW CRAP!
OK, THANKS.



WHAT'S UP?

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HITTING INTERCOM, ANDREW SPEAKS.

PLANS CHANGED
I HAVE TO LEAVE, LIKE...
NOW.

MEL! WE HAVE TO GO!
WE HAVE TO BE AT THE
PLANE IN AN HOUR.

WHAT?! BUT SWEETIE...
THE FORMULA IS STILL
TAKING EFFECT!

JUST GET DRESSED AND
LET IT FINISH IN THE CAR
TO THE AIRPORT.

FORMULA?

DEEP IN THOUGHT AND FRANTIC, ANDREW TURNS TO PETER.
HE PAUSES, AS IF HE WAS JUST CAUGHT WITH HIS HAND
IN THE COOKIE JAR.



UHH...
YOU DIDN'T HEAR THAT.

FORMULA?



YOU... DIDN'T... HEAR... THAT...



I HAVE TO FINISH GETTING READY.
STAY HERE!

WHAT WAS THAT
ALL ABOUT?

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, PETER HEARS VOICES OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO THE GAME ROOM.

SNEAKING UP TO DOOR, HE HEARS THAT'S ITS HIS UNCLE ANDREW AND MELINDA, SPEAKING IN HUSHED VOICES.

...I'LL HAVE PETER LOCK-UP. YOU GO OUTSIDE TO THE CAR BEFORE...

PETER OPENS THE DOOR.

YOU GUYS LEAVING?

...HE SEES YOU.

WHA...?

THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM ABSOLUTELY STUNS PETER. A WOMAN IS STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM WHOSE FACE OBVIOUSLY LOOKS LIKE MEL, BUT WHOSE BODY IS DRASTICALLY DIFFERENT FROM THE SMALL GIRL HE SAW ENTER THE HOUSE AN HOUR AGO.

SHE DEFINITELY STANDS OVER 6 FOOT TALL - NOTICEABLY TALLER THAN HIS OWN 5'11" - AND MUCH NOTICEABLY TALLER THAN HIS UNCLE'S DATE WHEN SHE ARRIVED AT THE MANSION.

AND HER TITS...

GOOD FUCKING LORD!

PETER'S EYES ARE DRAWN TO HER GOWN, WHICH AT FIRST, SEEMED SOMEWHAT TOO LOOSE AROUND THE BUST.

HE SEES HER BREASTS SLOWLY FILL IN THOSE GAPS, AS IF THEY WERE GENTLY INFLATING TO MEET THE SIZE OF THE DRESS.

WHA...?

LOOK... PETER, I HAVE A HUGE MEETING WITH SOME CLIENTS THAT MEL AND I HAVE TO TAKE OFF FOR. MEL IS JUST... SHOWING OFF MY WORK.

WHA...?

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN. THIS IS STILL MEL. SHE HAS USED SOME OF "BODY-MODIFICATION" FORMULAS I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON. THEY CREATE TEMPORARY EFFECTS LIKE YOU SEE... TALLER, SHAPLIER...
UM, BUSTIER.

SO I SEE!
OOPS... SORRY.

IT'S OK, PETEY.
I UNDERSTAND

LOOK, WE HAVE TO GO. HANG OUT AND PLAY THE GAMES, BUT WORD OF THIS DOES NOT LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

MY PURSE! I LEFT IT IN THE BATHROOM!

WHY DON'T YOU GET IN THE CAR.

PETER, INSTEAD OF JUST STARING... MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. GO GET MEL'S PURSE AND BRING IT DOWN HERE.

PETER RUNS UP TO THE GUEST BATHROOM, WHERE MELINDA WAS PREPARING HERSELF FOR THE TRIP

WHAT IS THAT?

ACCESS CODE:
482334.
USE GUEST
BATH.

ACCESS CODE:
482334.

USE GUEST
BATH.

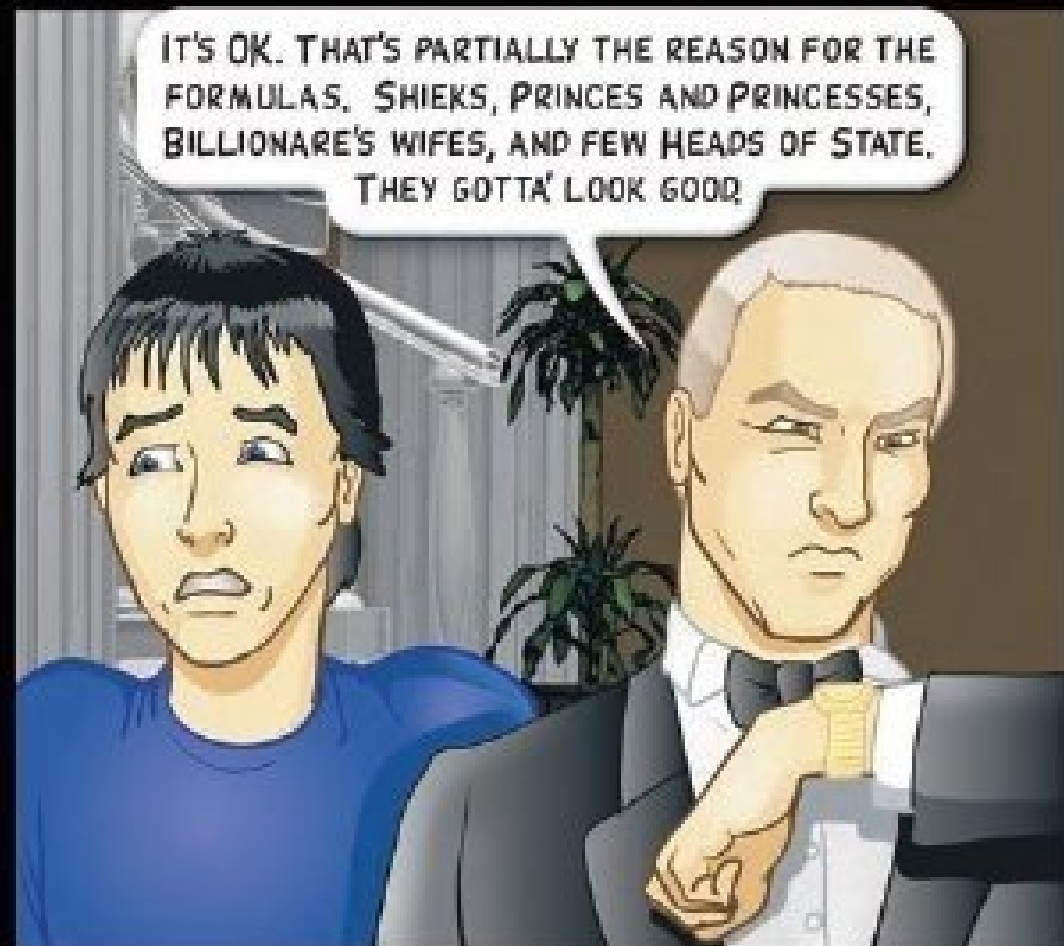
MAKE SURE TO
CLOSE PICTURE.

HUH?

"CLOSE THE PICTURE"?

PETER!

COMING!

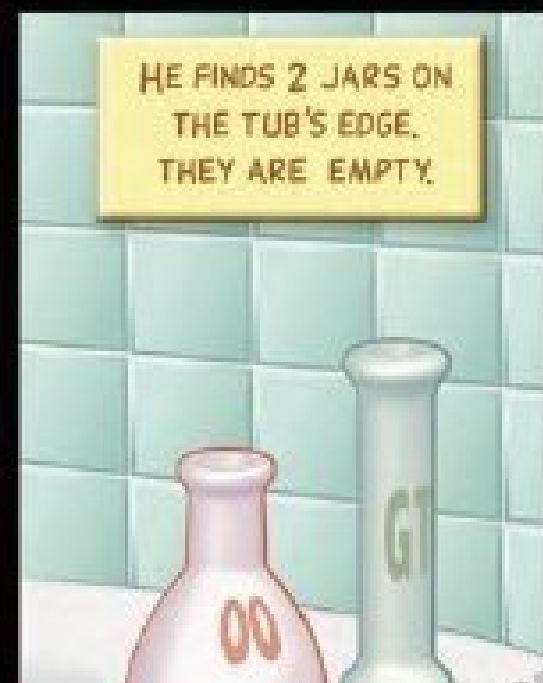


AFTER THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIS UNCLE ANDREW, PETER PAUSES LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR THE CAR PULL AWAY THEN RACES UPSTAIRS.

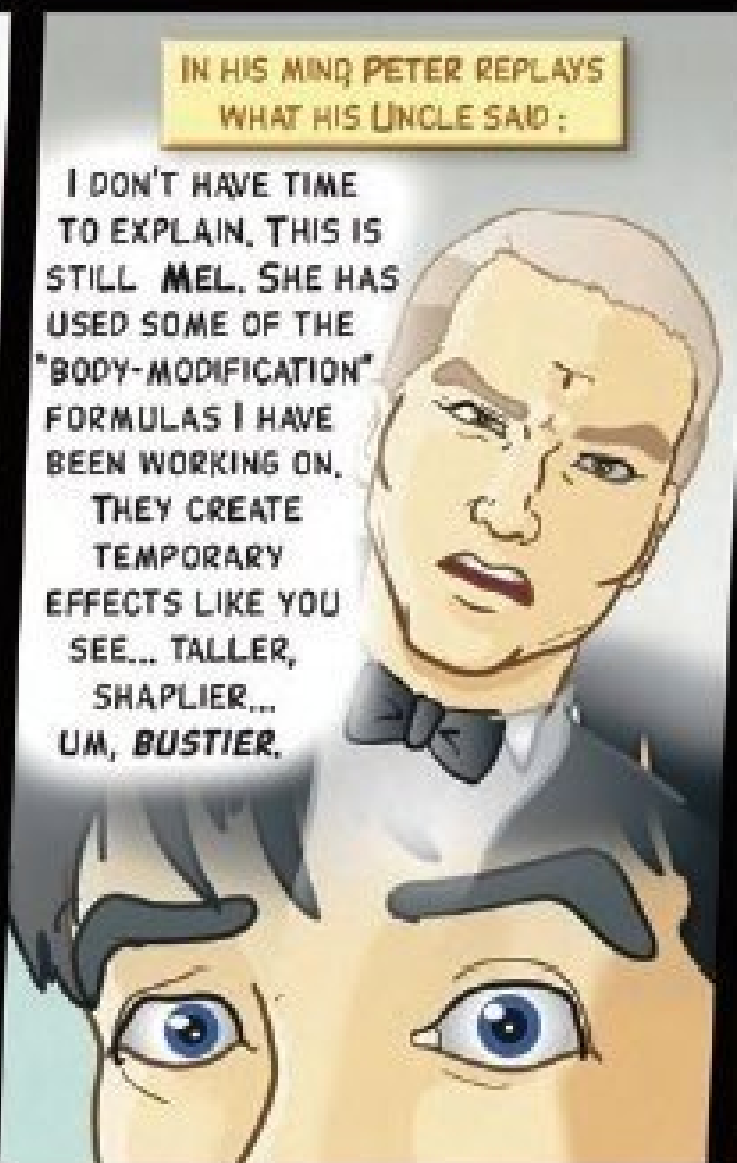


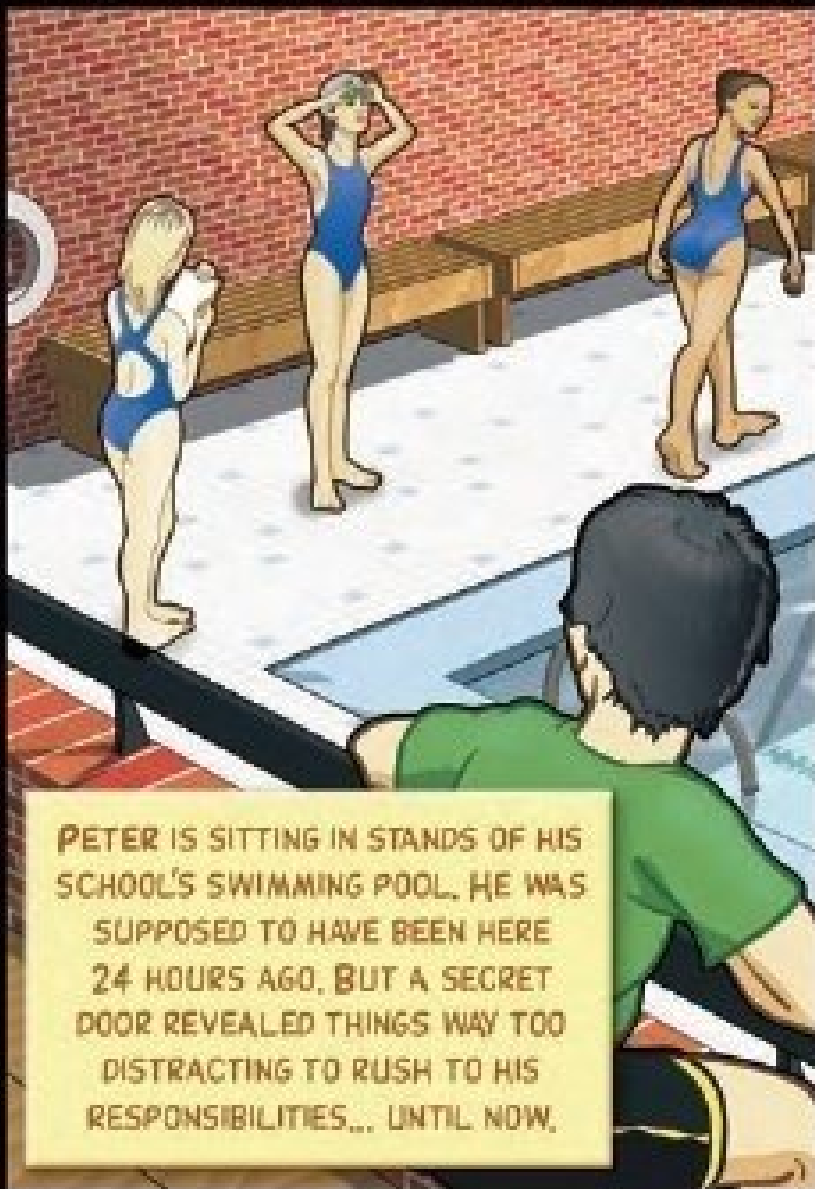
IN THE GUEST BATH, HE CHECKS THE TUB.

SHE WAS BATHING IN HERE...

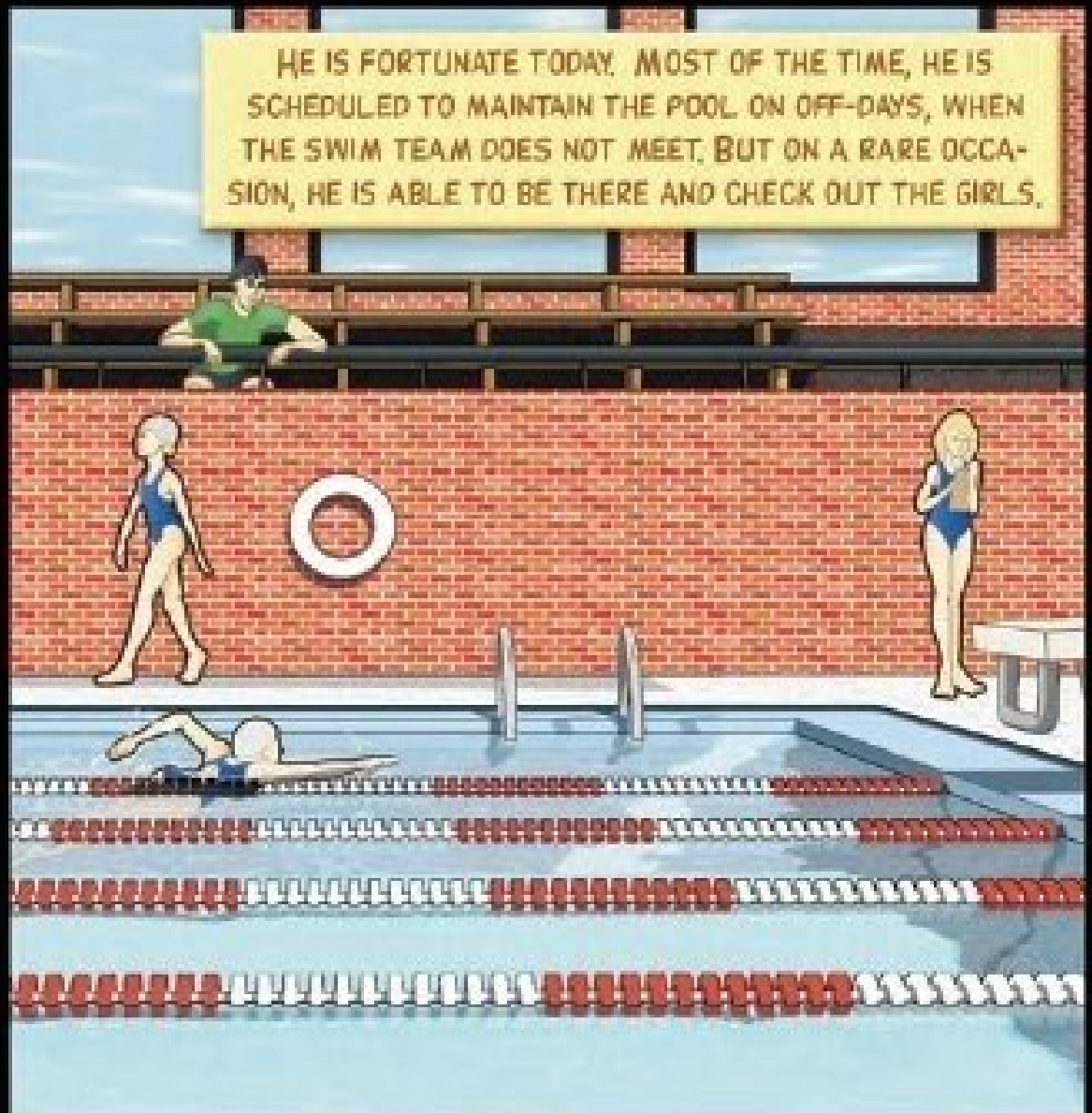


HE FINDS 2 JARS ON THE TUB'S EDGE. THEY ARE EMPTY.

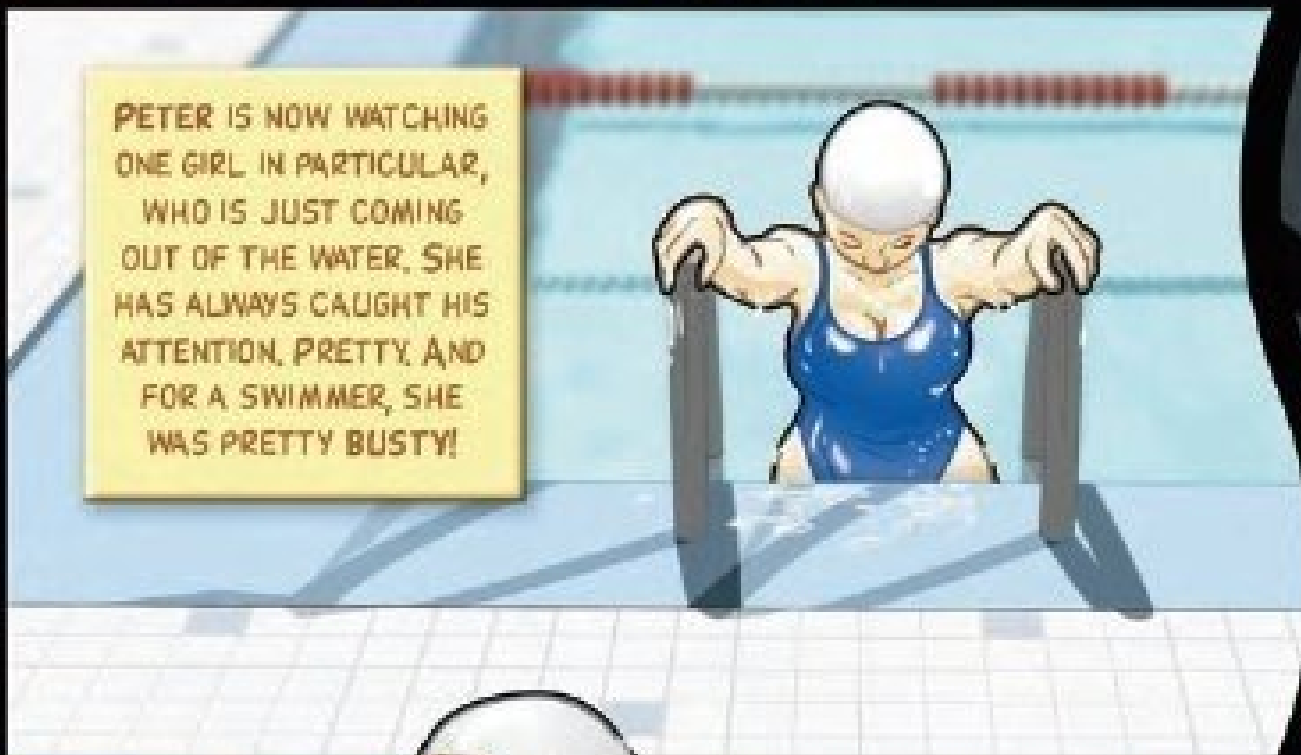




PETER IS SITTING IN STANDS OF HIS SCHOOL'S SWIMMING POOL. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN HERE 24 HOURS AGO, BUT A SECRET DOOR REVEALED THINGS WAY TOO DISTRACTING TO RUSH TO HIS RESPONSIBILITIES... UNTIL NOW.



HE IS FORTUNATE TODAY. MOST OF THE TIME, HE IS SCHEDULED TO MAINTAIN THE POOL ON OFF-DAYS, WHEN THE SWIM TEAM DOES NOT MEET. BUT ON A RARE OCCASION, HE IS ABLE TO BE THERE AND CHECK OUT THE GIRLS.



PETER IS NOW WATCHING ONE GIRL IN PARTICULAR, WHO IS JUST COMING OUT OF THE WATER. SHE HAS ALWAYS CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION. PRETTY AND FOR A SWIMMER, SHE WAS PRETTY BUSTY!



DOOPS! CAUGHT!



BUT SURPRISING TO PETER, THE GIRL TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SHOVES HER CHEST OUT, HER BREASTS TIGHT AGAINST HER SUIT.

HOLY...! WAIT... DID SHE JUST...?

HEY!

THE SHOUT COMES FROM THE SWIM TEAM CAPTAIN, BIRGET.

HEY, POOL-BOY! GET BACK TO WORK! YOUR TIME HERE IS NOT FOR OGLING BUT FOR MAINTAINING OUR POOL! IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU NEVER SHOWED YESTERDAY AND NOW HAVE TO BOTHER US WITH YOUR PRESENCE DURING OUR PRACTICE.

TRUE. PETER MISSED YESTERDAY. HE WAS IN A NEWLY FOUND PLACE.

AWW, BIRGET—DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, HE'S JUST...

AND YOU, HANNA! ENOUGH PLAYING AROUND. WE HAVE A COMPETITION COMING UP.

I JUST DID 10 LAPS! I'M NOT PLAYING AROUND.

WHAT?! PLEASE! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS... ITTY BITTY BIRGIE!

DON'T DISTRACT YOURSELF WITH DISPLAYING YOUR... PLUMMAGE... HANNA. THOSE THINGS CAN'T BE AT-ALL AQUA-DYNAMIC.

IT SLIPS.

BIRGET IS SHOCKED AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE SWIM TEAM! EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT BIRGET, WHO IS BECOMING ENRAGED.

BIRGET IS A TOUGH SWIM CAPTAIN. SHE DOES THINGS BY THE BOOK WITH NO ROOM FOR LAZINESS. AND SHE LOATHES BEING CALLED ANYTHING OTHER THAN HER FULL, GIVEN NAME. "ITTY BITTY" MEANS NOTHING TO HER. THE NAME "BIRGIE" HOWEVER, IS A DIFFERENT STORY.

BIRGET, HER TEETH
CLENCHED, ANSWERS IN
MEASURED TONES.

THE NAME... IS... **BIRGET**. AND IF
I WERE YOU, I WOULD BE APT TO
REMEMBER THAT, **MISS HANNA**
BOOB-ANNA. OR YOU CAN JUST **BOUNCE**
YOURSELF OFF THIS SWIM TEAM.

BIRGET! ENOUGH WITH THE BOOB JOKES.

QUIET, **DAKOTA!** OR YOU
WILL BE SECOND STRING
ALONG WITH **HANNA**.

HANNA IS EMBARRASSED
AND PEEVED, BUT SHE
ACQUIESSES SHYLY.

YEAH!

SECOND STR...
BUT I'M NOT...

YES, YOU ARE.
SAYS SO RIGHT
... HERE.

DAKOTA, PLACING A GENTLE
HAND ON HER FRIEND'S SHOULDER,
STAYS HANNA'S ANGER.

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT **BIRGET**
HAS JUST WRITTEN IN THE
CHANGE IN THE LINEUP.

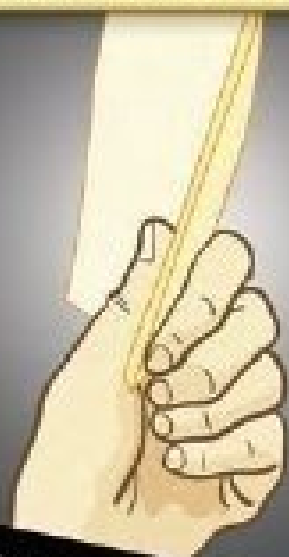
PETER WITNESSES THE
WHOLE EXCHANGE.

WHAT A BITCH! I'D
BETTER LEAVE BEFORE
I GET THAT GIRL IN ANY
MORE TROUBLE.

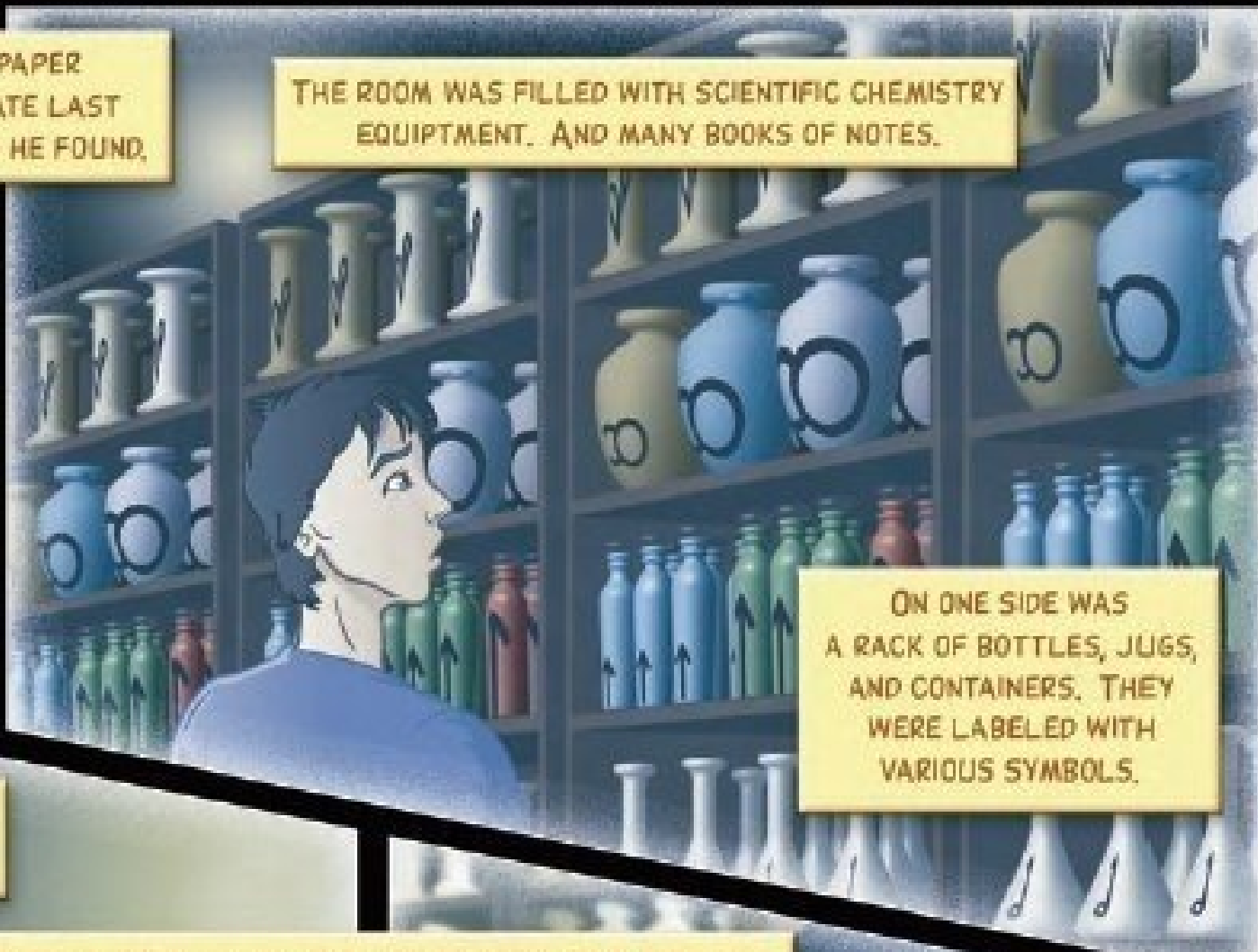
THEN WALKS THROUGH DOOR
LEADING FROM THE STANDS...

...AND DOWN TO THE POOL
MAINTENANCE AND MACHINE
ROOM—FILLED WITH CHLORINA-
TIONS, FILTERS, AND PUMPS.

PETER TAKES OUT A PIECE OF PAPER CONTAINING NOTES. HE WAS UP LATE LAST NIGHT, SEARCHING THE HIDDEN ROOM HE FOUND.

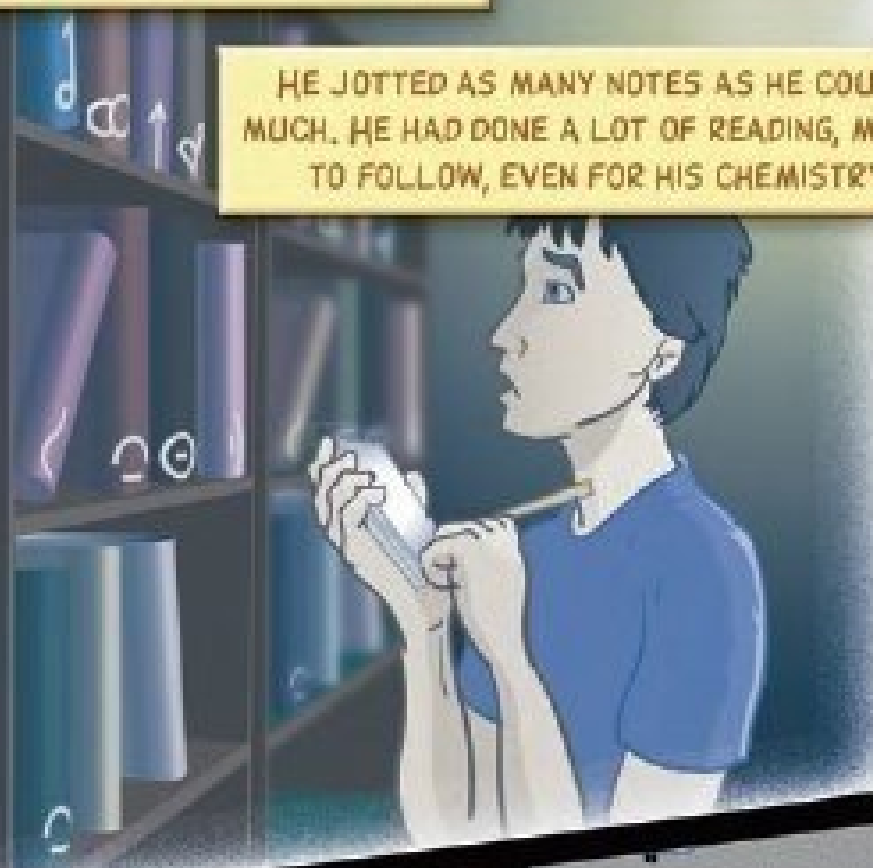


THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH SCIENTIFIC CHEMISTRY EQUIPMENT. AND MANY BOOKS OF NOTES.

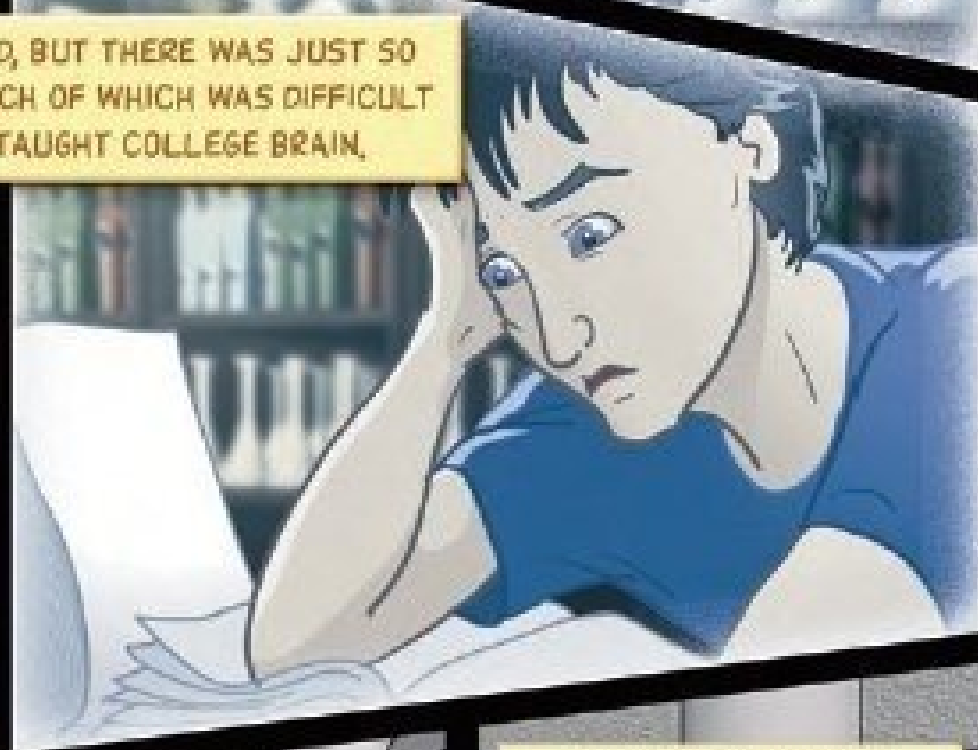


ON ONE SIDE WAS A RACK OF BOTTLES, JUGS, AND CONTAINERS. THEY WERE LABELED WITH VARIOUS SYMBOLS.

LOOKING UP SYMBOLS, HE FOUND THEIR MEANING AND DIRECTIONS.



HE JOTTED AS MANY NOTES AS HE COULD, BUT THERE WAS JUST SO MUCH. HE HAD DONE A LOT OF READING, MUCH OF WHICH WAS DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW, EVEN FOR HIS CHEMISTRY-TAUGHT COLLEGE BRAIN.



... BUT HE GLEENED ENOUGH FOR AN IDEA. PAUSING, HE CONTEMPLATES ABOUT WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO DO.



AM I REALLY GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

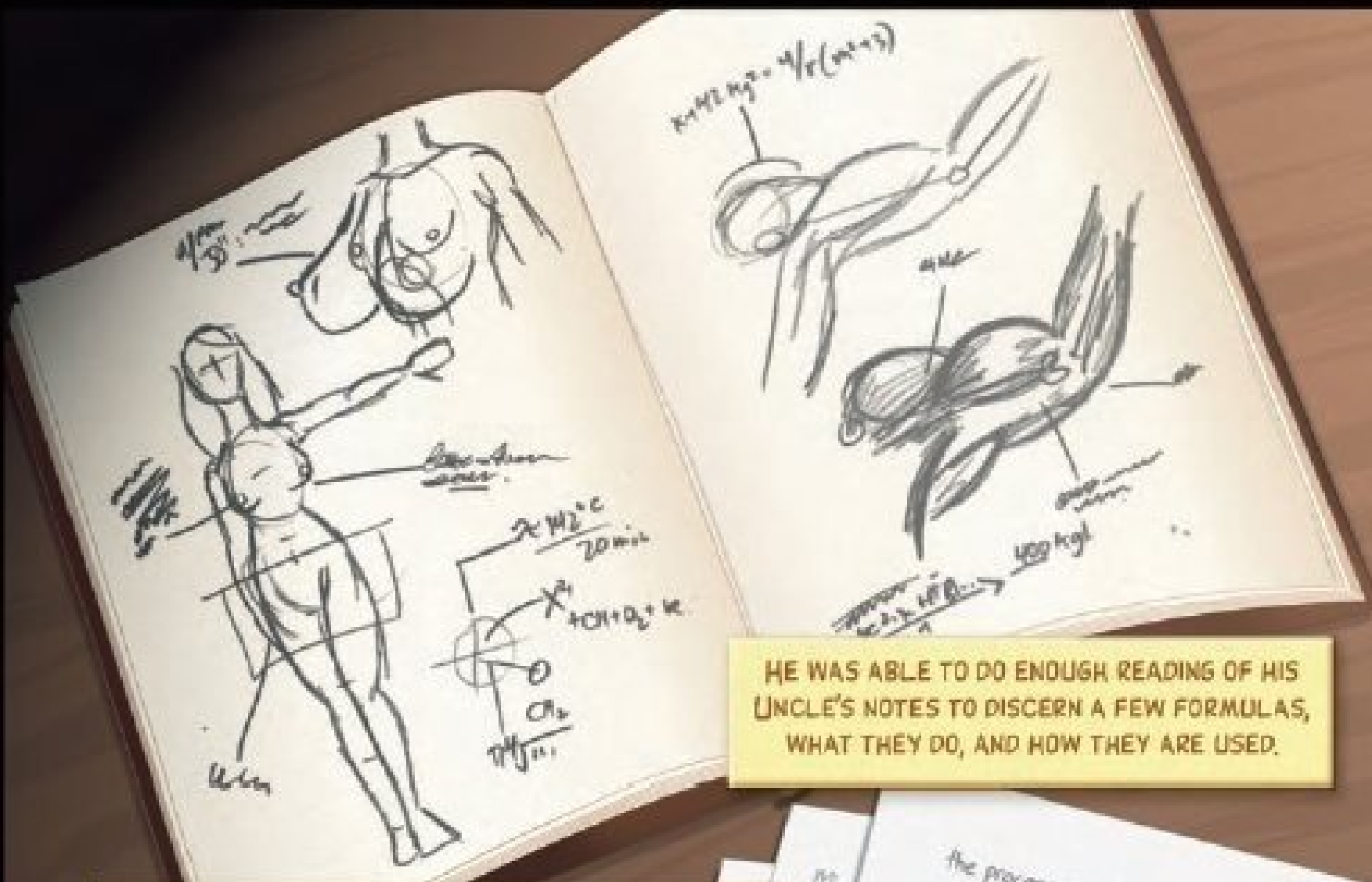


I GUESS I AM...
HOLY SHIT! I AM!

PETER IS DILIGENT IN FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS, ALBIET BEING A LITTLE ON THE GENEROUS SIDE.

THAT SHOULD DO IT.





HE WAS ABLE TO DO ENOUGH READING OF HIS UNCLE'S NOTES TO DISCERN A FEW FORMULAS, WHAT THEY DO, AND HOW THEY ARE USED.

SEEMS YOU HAD TO JUST ADD THE RIGHT AMOUNT TO WATER, AND THE USER THEN BATHES IN THE WATER. THE FORMULA AND THE WATER, ITSELF, ARE ABSORBED. AS THE BODY IS 85% WATER, THE NATURAL ELEMENT HELPS CREATE THE DESIRED CHANGES.

BUT WHAT PETER DIDN'T READ — DUE TO HIS HASTE TO QUENCH THE GROWING DESIRE TO USE THE FORMULAS — WAS A DISTINCT WARNING...

PETER WALKS AROUND THE MACHINE ROOM. THERE IS ANOTHER EXIT, WHICH LEADS TO...



Must find out cause and counteragent to chlorine-reaction

March Min h
Water levels have

...THE POOL. HERE, PETER GLANCES CAUTIOUSLY OUT, AND PREPARES FOR A SHOW.



TO BE CONTINUED...