



Mirka
Andolfo's

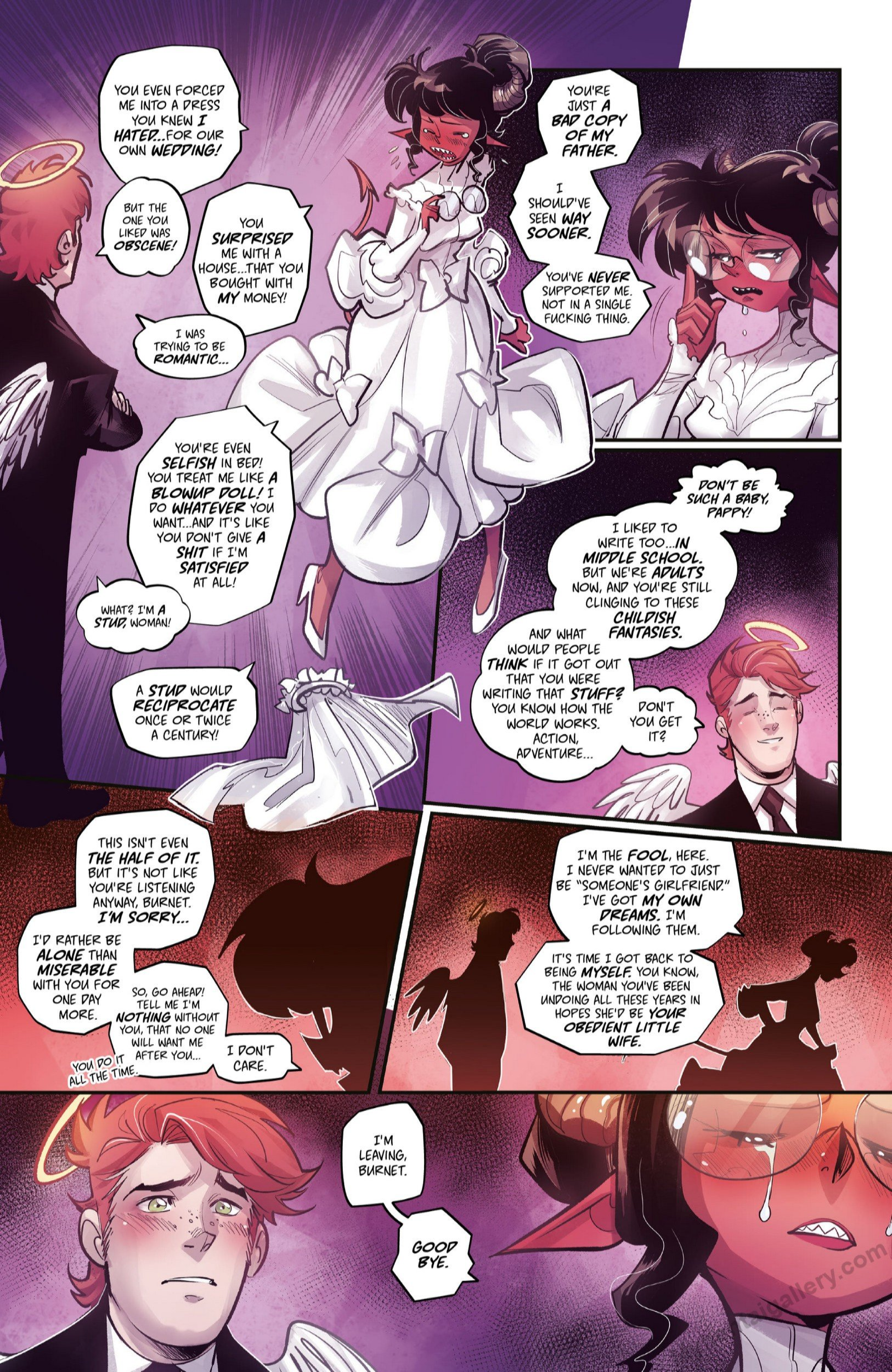
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→

Sweet Paprika™



Mirka Andolfo 2020
Myhentaigallery.com





YOU EVEN FORCED ME INTO A DRESS YOU KNEW I HATED...FOR OUR OWN WEDDING!

BUT THE ONE YOU LIKED WAS OBSCENE!

YOU SURPRISED ME WITH A HOUSE...THAT YOU BOUGHT WITH MY MONEY!

I WAS TRYING TO BE ROMANTIC...

YOU'RE EVEN SELFISH IN BED! YOU TREAT ME LIKE A BLOWUP DOLL! I DO WHATEVER YOU WANT...AND IT'S LIKE YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF I'M SATISFIED AT ALL!

WHAT? I'M A STUP, WOMAN!

A STUP WOULD RECIPROCATE ONCE OR TWICE A CENTURY!

THIS ISN'T EVEN THE HALF OF IT. BUT IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE LISTENING ANYWAY, BURNET. I'M SORRY...

I'D RATHER BE ALONE THAN MISERABLE WITH YOU FOR ONE DAY MORE.

SO, GO AHEAD! TELL ME I'M NOTHING WITHOUT YOU, THAT NO ONE WILL WANT ME AFTER YOU...

YOU DO IT ALL THE TIME.

I DON'T CARE.

YOU'RE JUST A BAD COPY OF MY FATHER.

I SHOULD'VE SEEN WAY SOONER.

YOU'VE NEVER SUPPORTED ME. NOT IN A SINGLE FUCKING THING.

DON'T BE SUCH A BABY, PAPPY!

I LIKED TO WRITE TOO...IN MIDDLE SCHOOL. BUT WE'RE ADULTS NOW, AND YOU'RE STILL CLINGING TO THESE CHILDISH FANTASIES.

AND WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF IT GOT OUT THAT YOU WERE WRITING THAT STUFF? YOU KNOW HOW THE WORLD WORKS. ACTION, ADVENTURE...

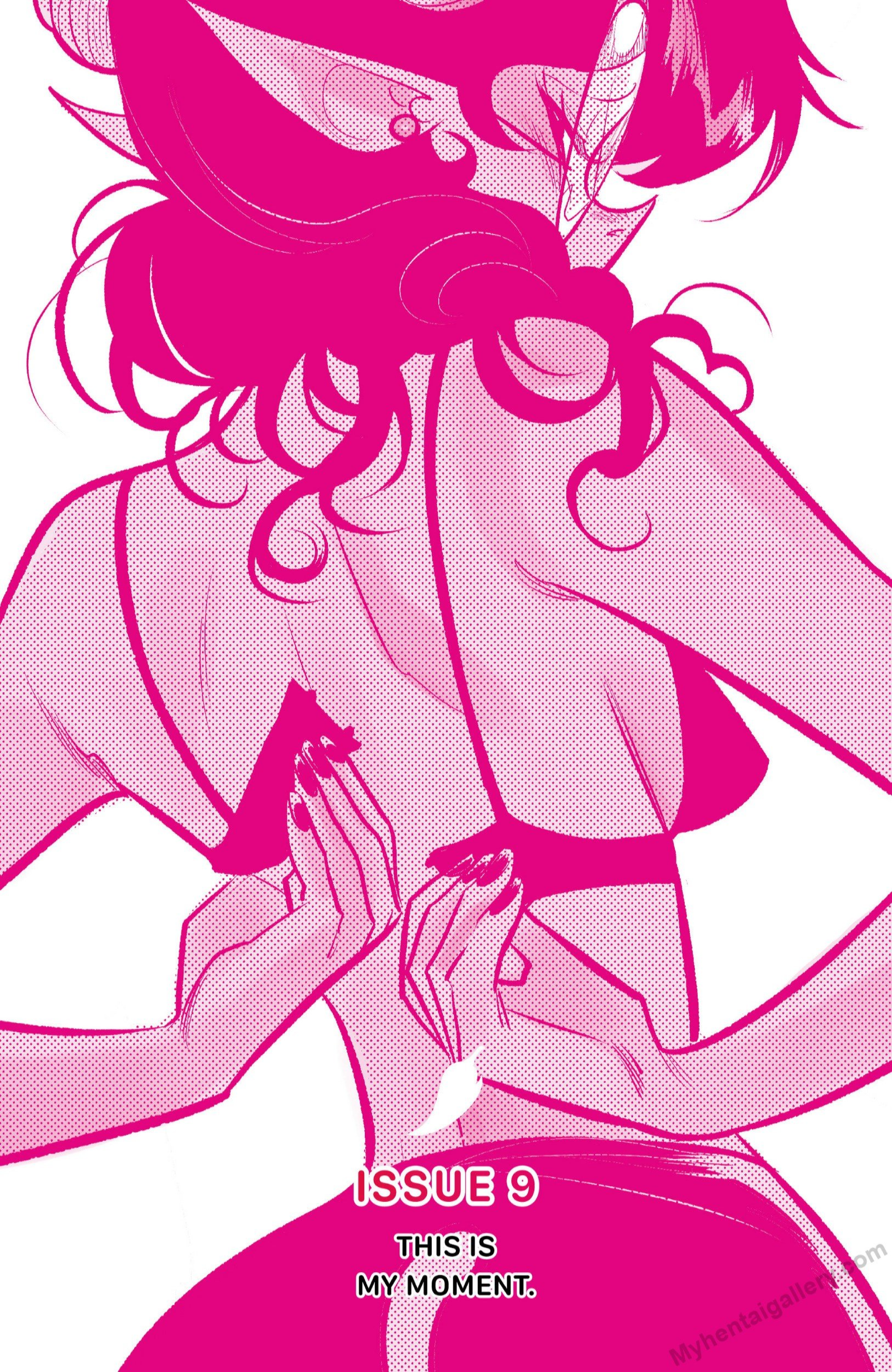
DON'T YOU GET IT?

I'M THE FOOL, HERE. I NEVER WANTED TO JUST BE "SOMEONE'S GIRLFRIEND." I'VE GOT MY OWN DREAMS. I'M FOLLOWING THEM.

IT'S TIME I GOT BACK TO BEING MYSELF. YOU KNOW, THE WOMAN YOU'VE BEEN UNDOING ALL THESE YEARS IN HOPES SHE'D BE YOUR OBEDIENT LITTLE WIFE.

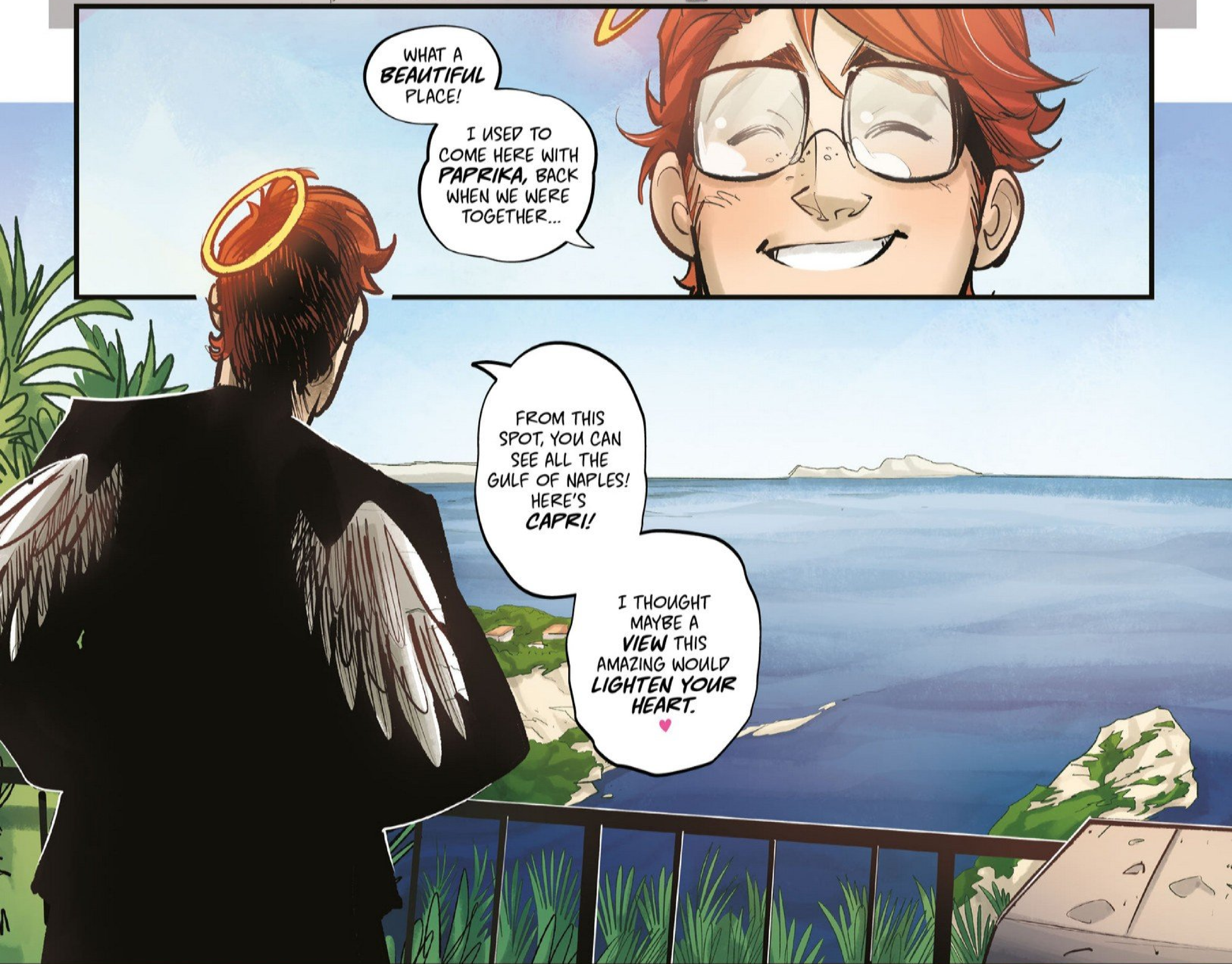
I'M LEAVING, BURNET.

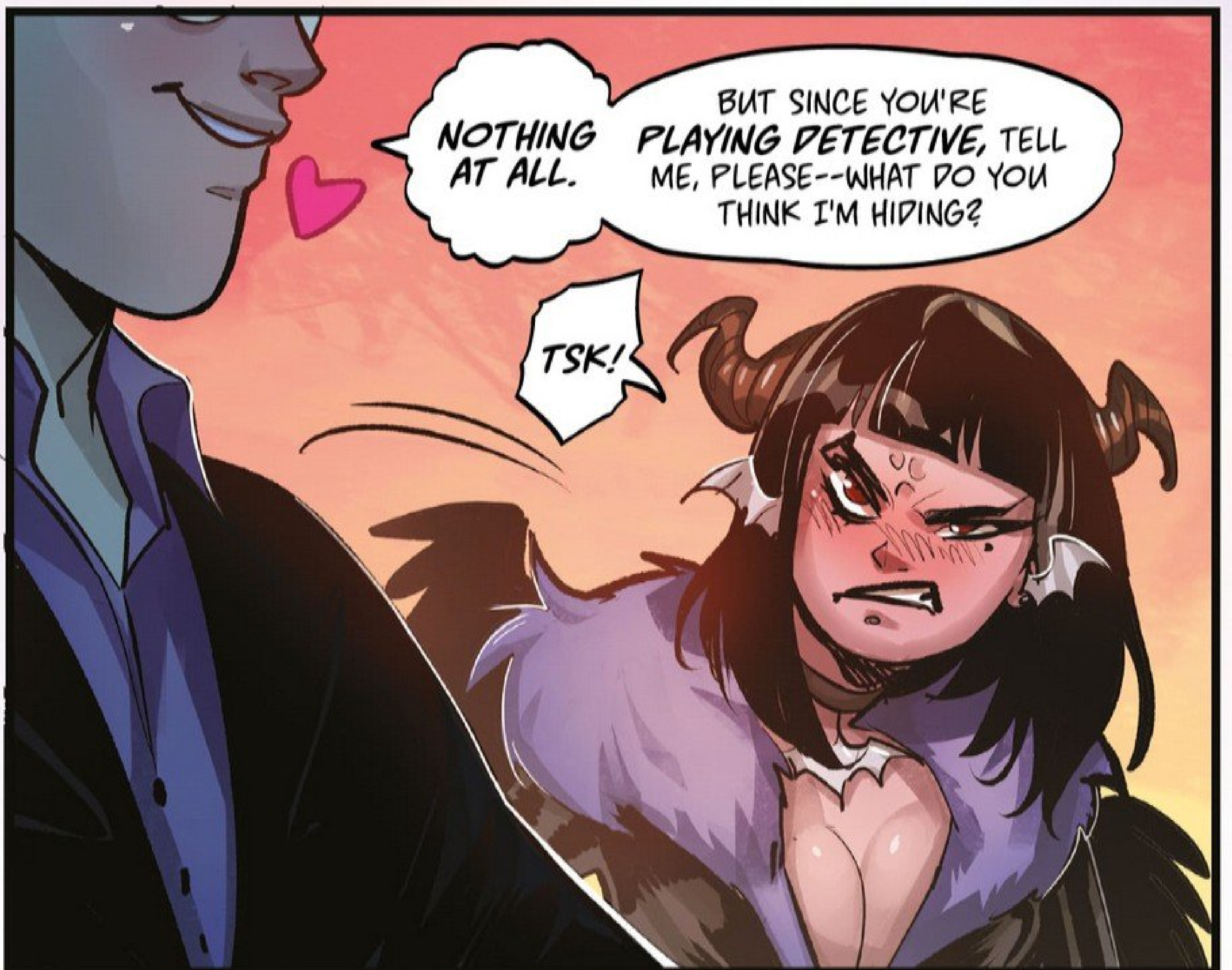
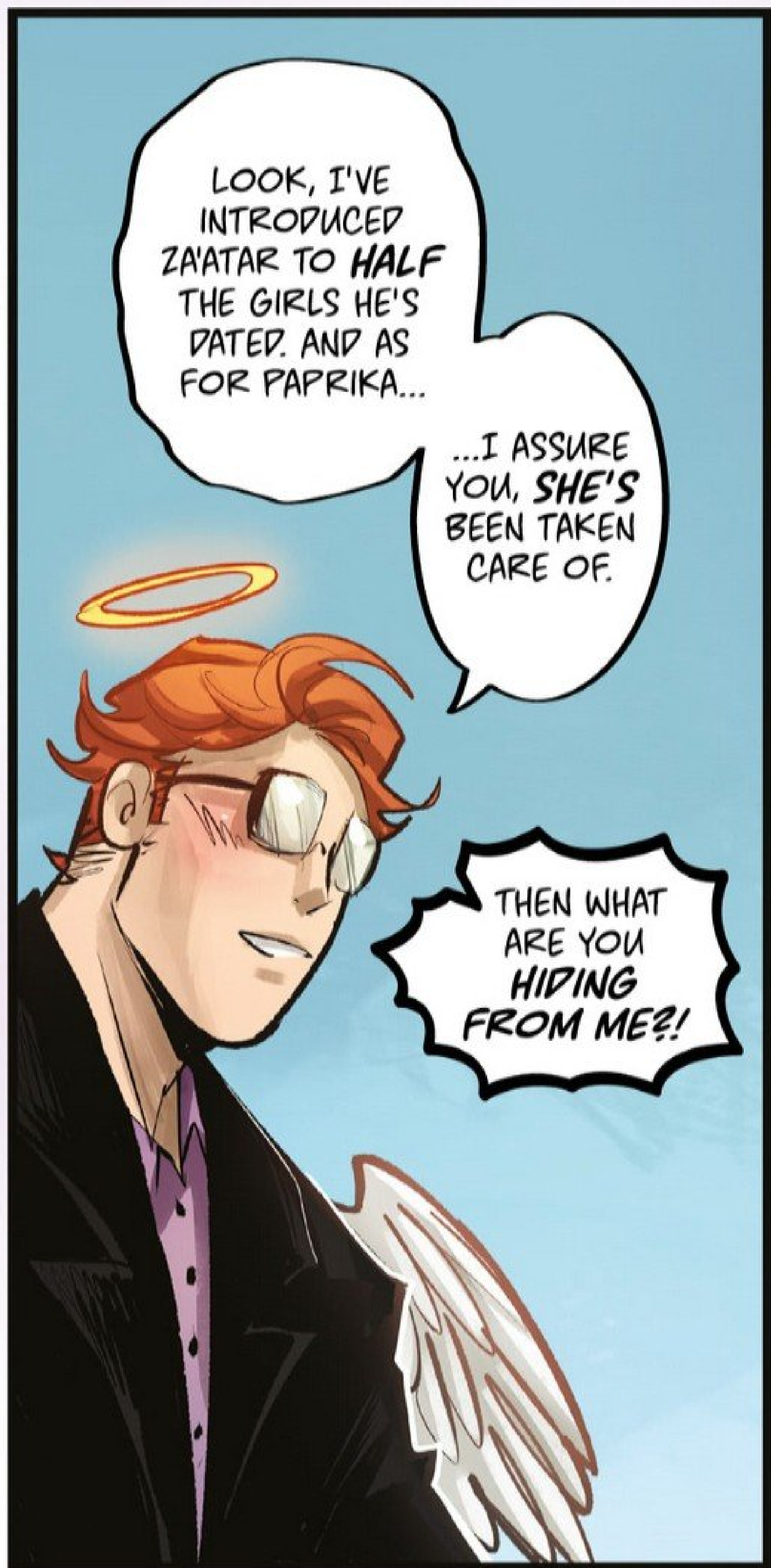
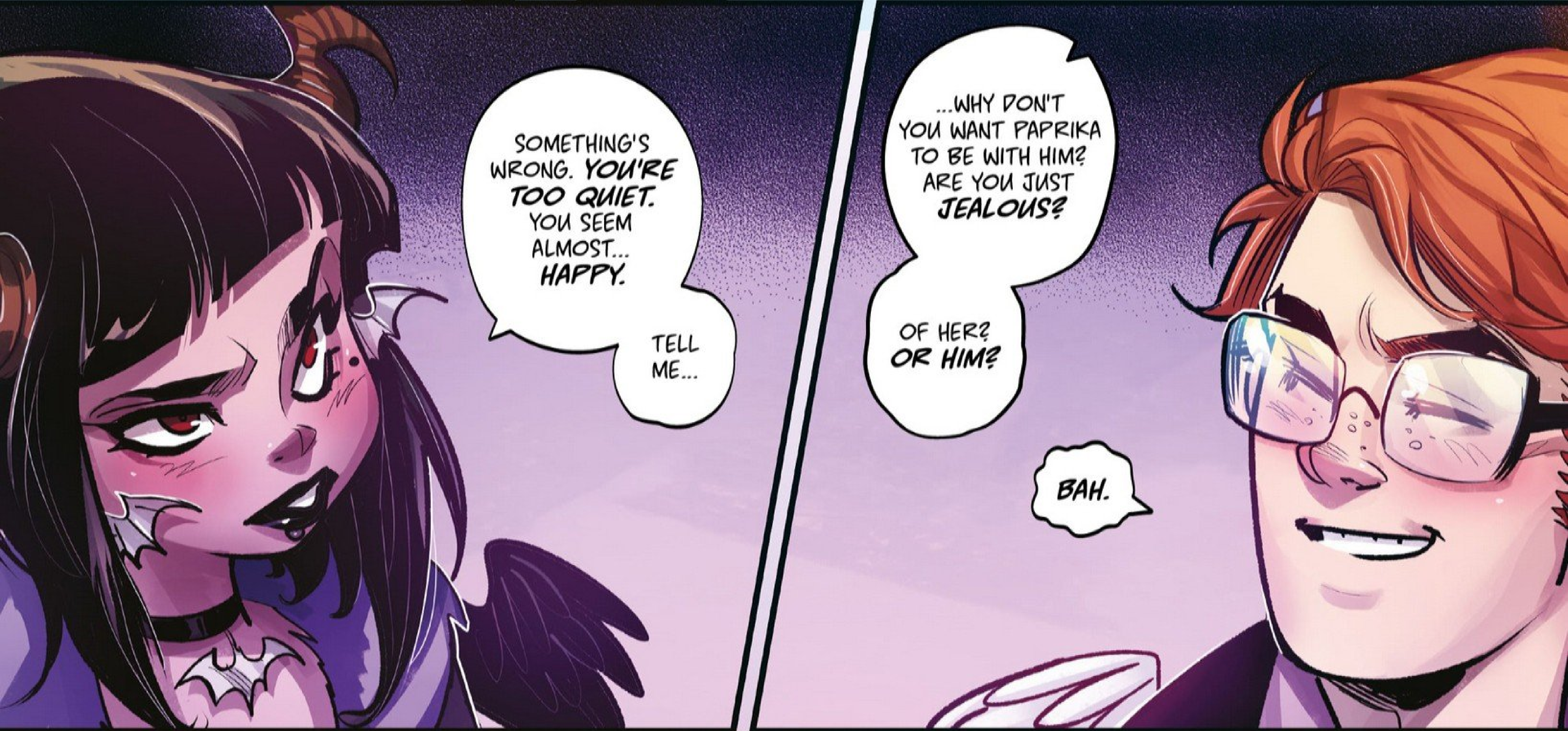
GOOD BYE.



ISSUE 9

**THIS IS
MY MOMENT.**







--GIANT PACKAGE!

IT'S PERFECT FOR SUCH A WOMAN OF SIZE--ER... FOR YOU, GIADA!

OOPS! ⁶ LOOKS LIKE I MISREAD THAT...THIS'S FOR ADAM. IS ADAM HERE?



OH MY GOD!

I'M SO SORRY! THAT'S NOT RIGHT EITHER...

I'VE BEEN SO DISTRACTED LATELY. LET ME JUST DOUBLE-CHECK THESE NAMES RIGHT NOW, OKAY?



SO.

LET'S START THIS WHOLE THING OVER AGAIN...



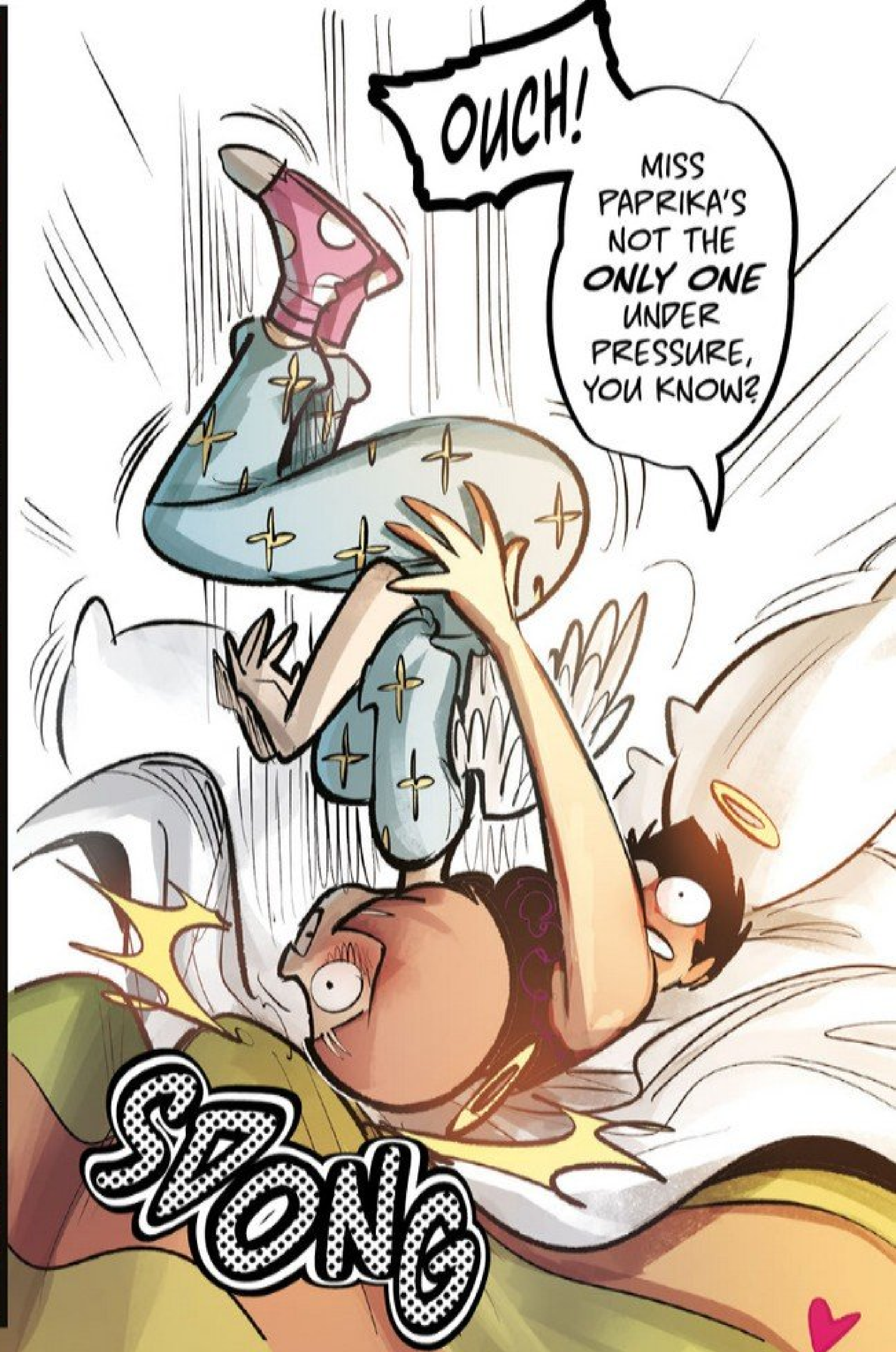
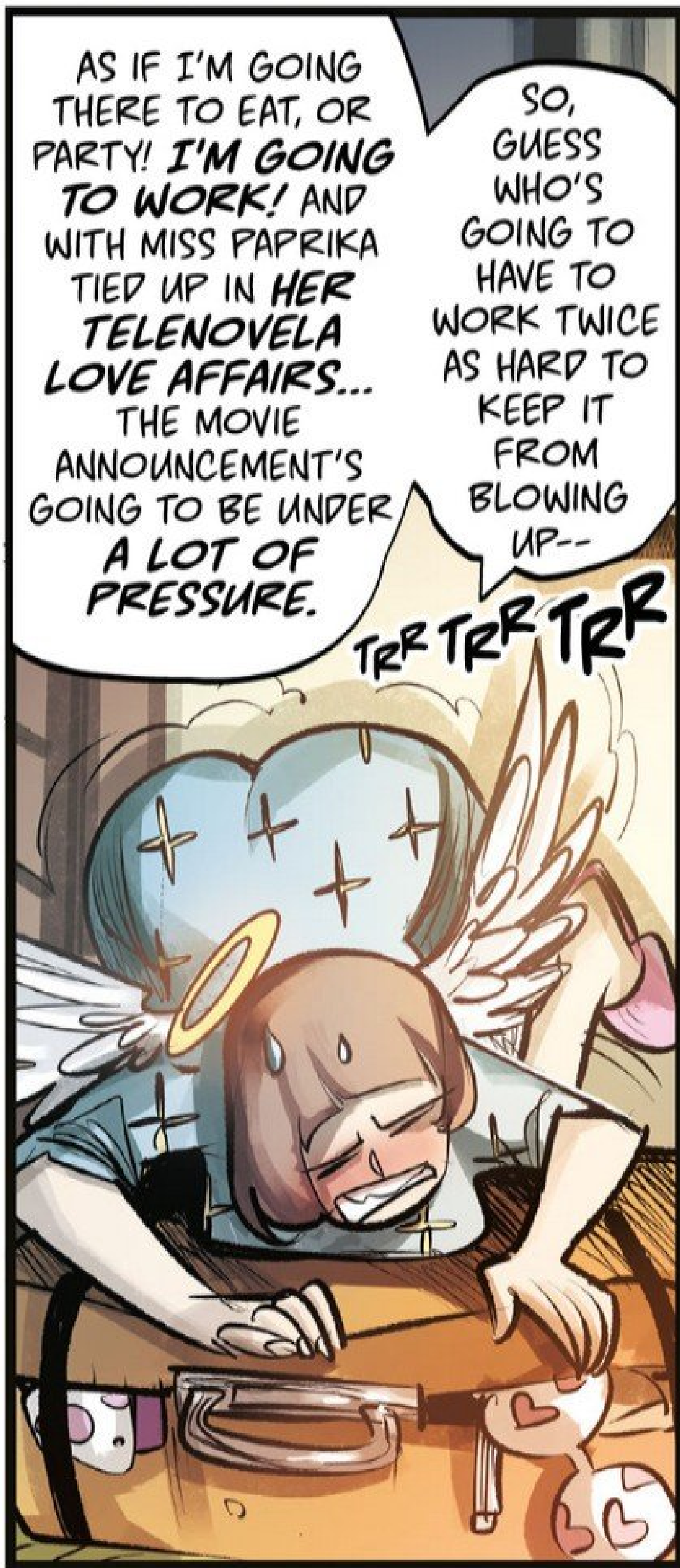
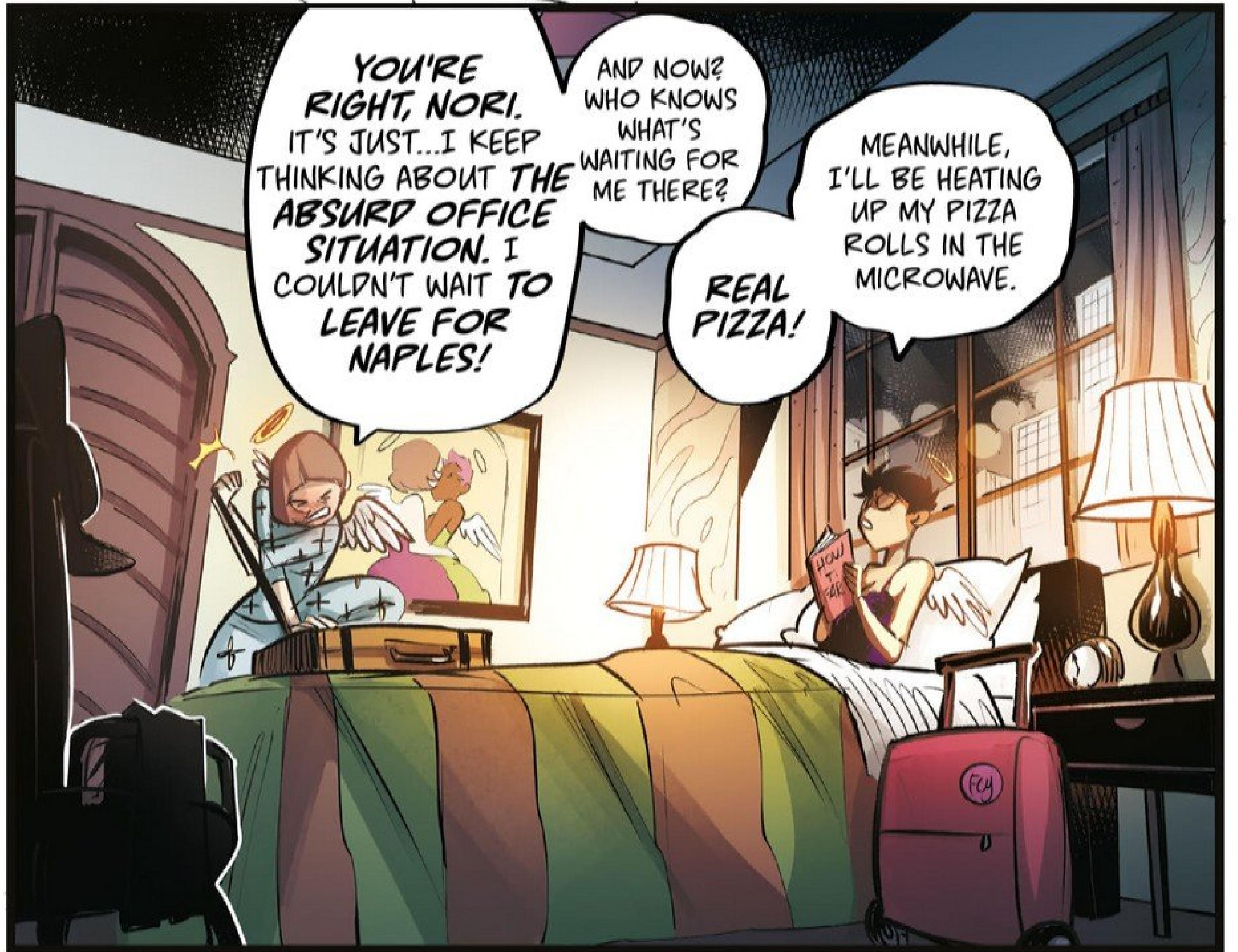
OKAY, BUT I'M STILL PRETTY CONFUSED.



OH YEAH? AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

WHERE'S DILL?





NOT AGAIN...?!

I DON'T GET IT!

I PUT HIM TO BED HALF AN HOUR AGO.

SNIF...

I TOLD YOU TO PUT A SHOT OF COGNAC IN HIS MILK!

I'D NEVER DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT, AND YOU KNOW IT!

THE COGNAC SHOULD BE MINE... TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE DAY ALIVE.

GNOHHH...

I'VE GOT TO BE UP EARLY....

AND I'VE BEEN BABYSITTING HIM WHILE YOU'VE BEEN IN THE OFFICE.

SORRY... IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, TOO.

PHEW... YOU'LL STILL BE UP WHEN I GET BACK, RIGHT?

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T GO TO SLEEP UNTIL I'VE GIVEN YOU A PROPER GOODNIGHT... ♡

HURRY UP, COME ON... POOR BABY! ♡

WEEEEE!

I MAKE HOT TEA AT WORK... AND HOT MILK AT HOME....

IN A PREVIOUS LIFE I WAS A BARISTA, MAYBE?

SNIF...

I THINK I'M WAY PAST DUE FOR SOMETHING HOT, MYSELF!



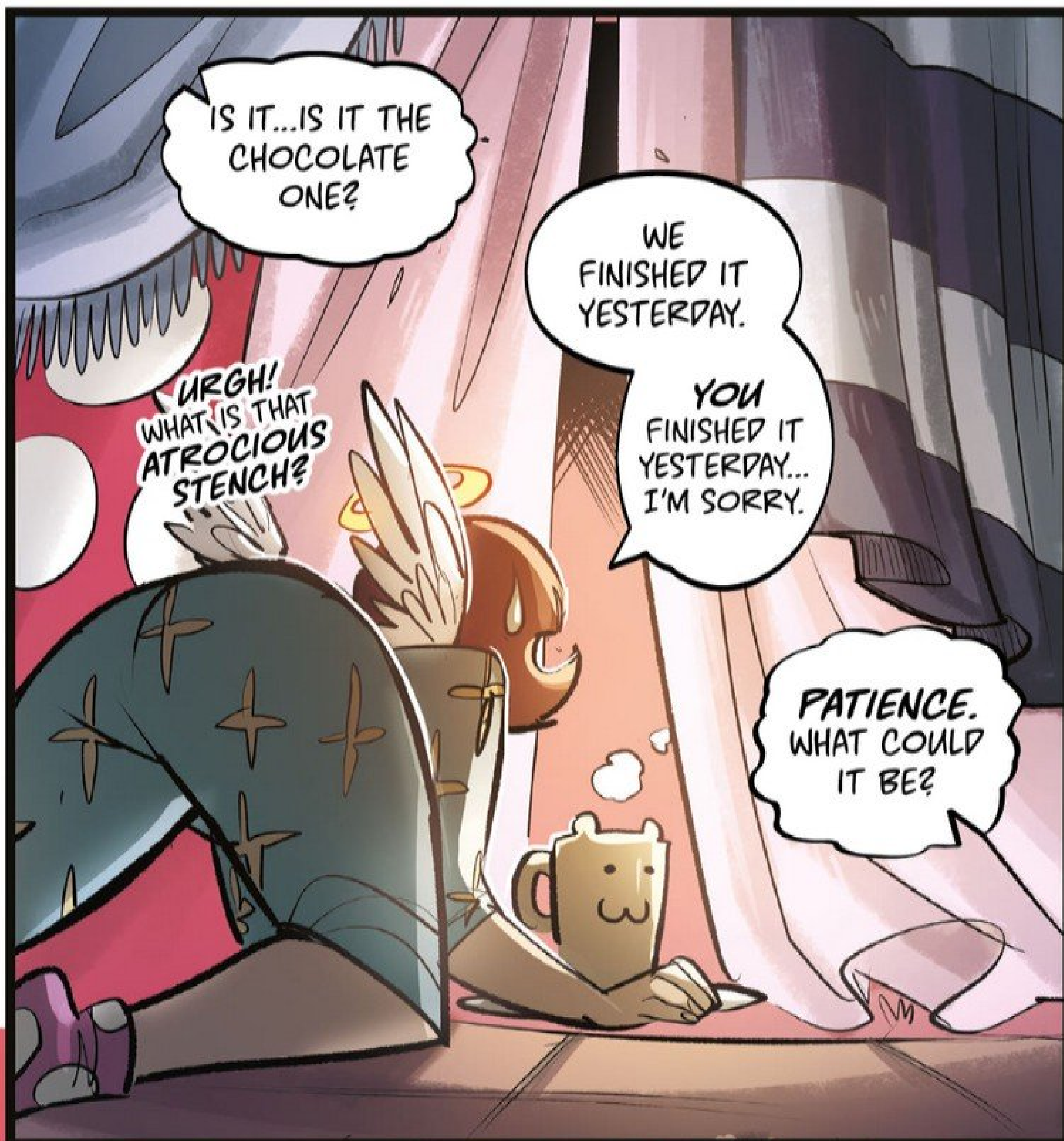
HEY, CHAMP! CAN'T SLEEP?

I'VE GOT SOME WARM MILK...

SNIF...

GNOHHH...

WEEEE!



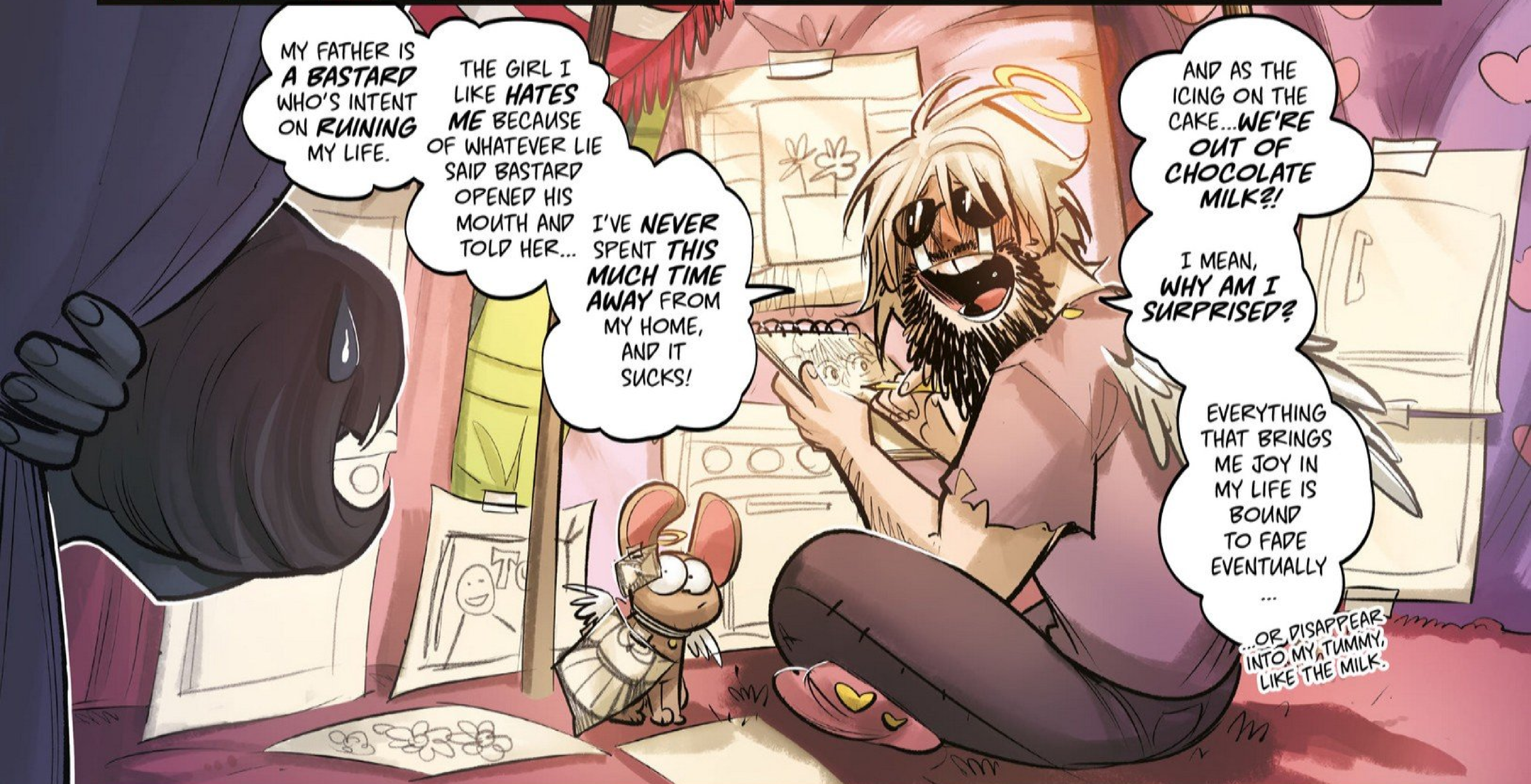
IS IT...IS IT THE CHOCOLATE ONE?

URGH! WHAT IS THAT ATROCIOUS STENCH?

WE FINISHED IT YESTERDAY.

YOU FINISHED IT YESTERDAY... I'M SORRY.

PATIENCE. WHAT COULD IT BE?



MY FATHER IS A BASTARD WHO'S INTENT ON RUINING MY LIFE.

THE GIRL I LIKE HATES ME BECAUSE OF WHATEVER LIE SAID BASTARD OPENED HIS MOUTH AND TOLD HER...

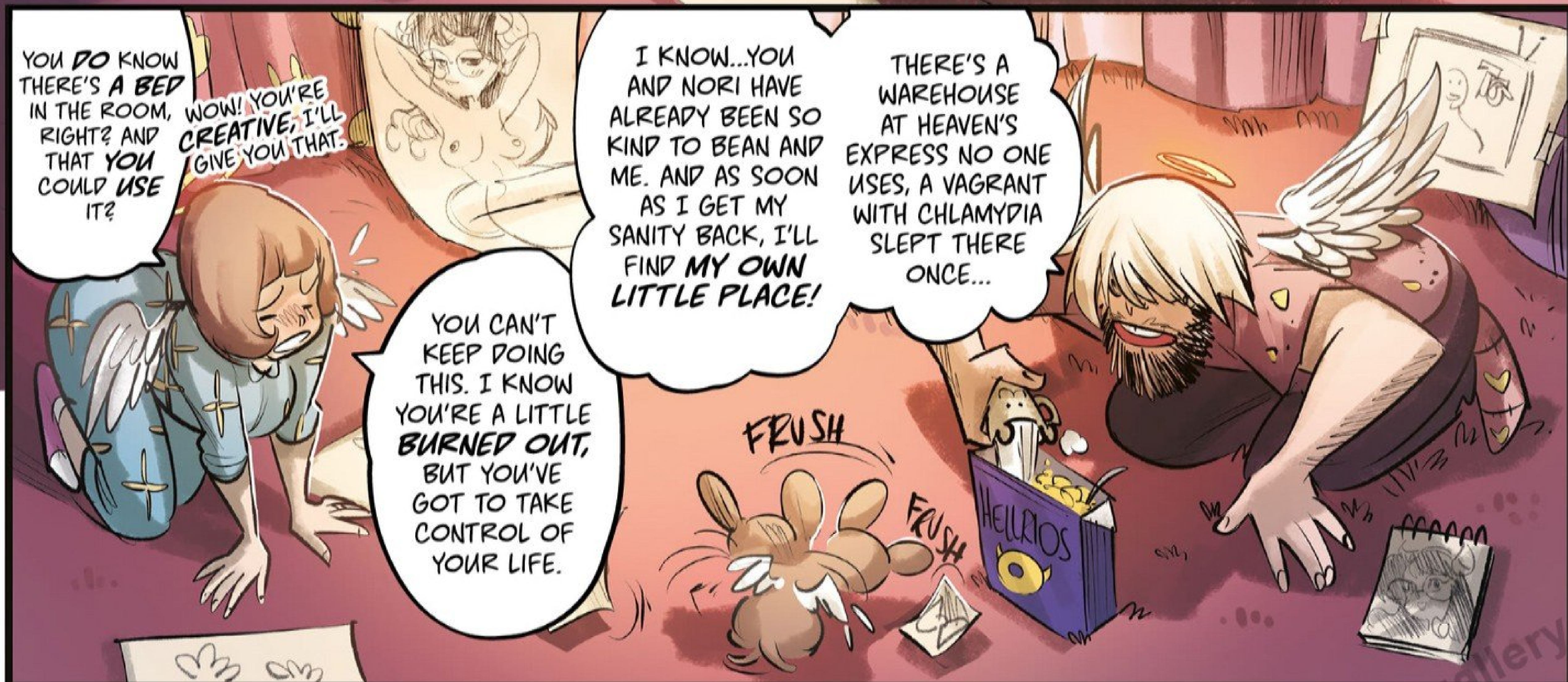
I'VE NEVER SPENT THIS MUCH TIME AWAY FROM MY HOME, AND IT SUCKS!

AND AS THE ICING ON THE CAKE...WE'RE OUT OF CHOCOLATE MILK?!

I MEAN, WHY AM I SURPRISED?

EVERYTHING THAT BRINGS ME JOY IN MY LIFE IS BOUND TO FADE EVENTUALLY

... OR DISAPPEAR INTO MY TUMMY, LIKE THE MILK.



YOU DO KNOW THERE'S A BED IN THE ROOM, RIGHT? AND THAT YOU COULD USE IT?

WOW! YOU'RE CREATIVE, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

YOU CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS. I KNOW YOU'RE A LITTLE BURNED OUT, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE.

I KNOW...YOU AND NORI HAVE ALREADY BEEN SO KIND TO BEAN AND ME. AND AS SOON AS I GET MY SANITY BACK, I'LL FIND MY OWN LITTLE PLACE!

THERE'S A WAREHOUSE AT HEAVEN'S EXPRESS NO ONE USES, A VAGRANT WITH CHLAMYDIA SLEPT THERE ONCE...

FRUSH

FRUSH

AAAAA

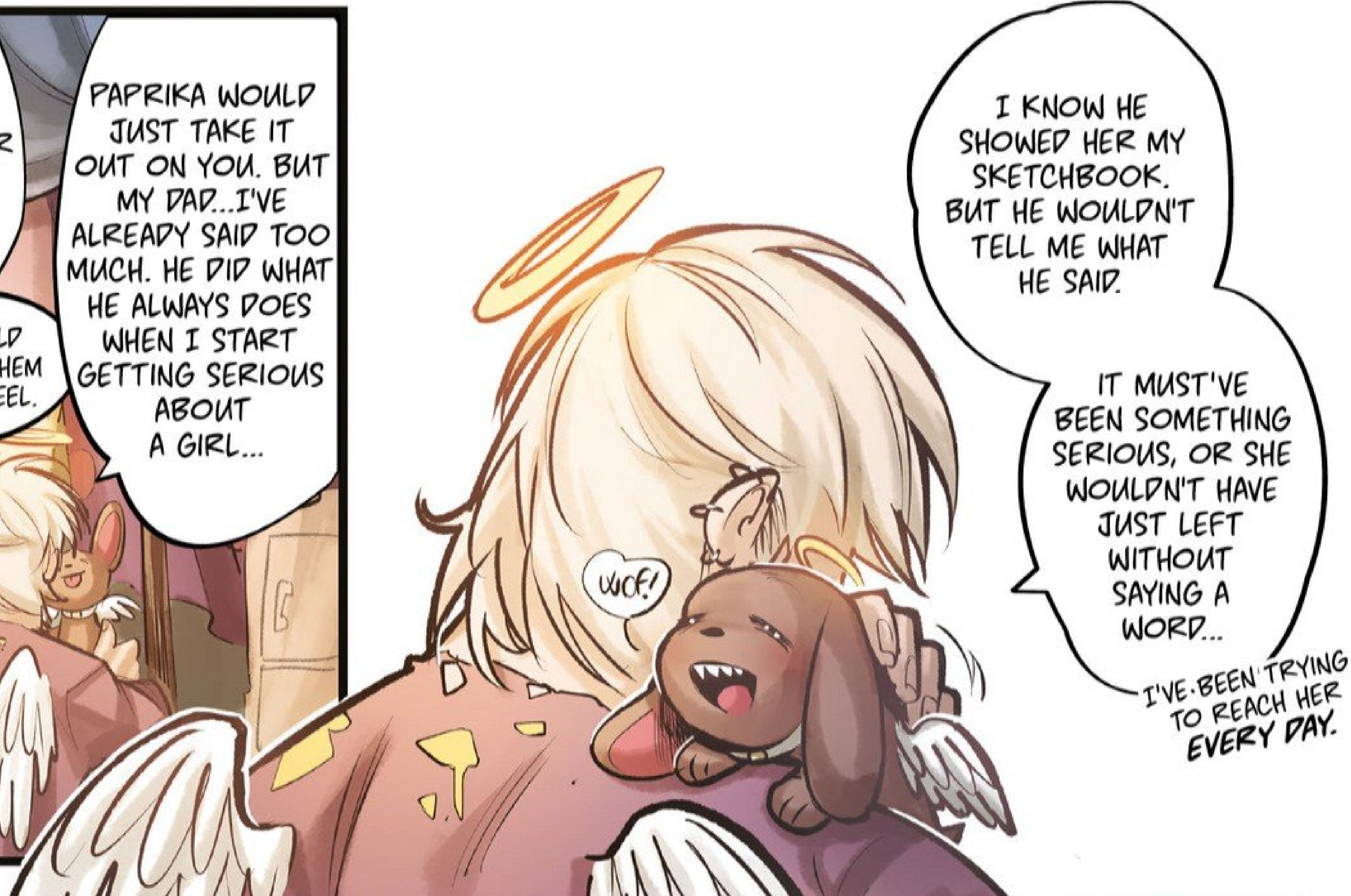


LISTEN...IF MISS PAPRIKA DOESN'T ANSWER YOU, I'LL CALL HER AND PUT HER ON THE PHONE.

AS FOR YOUR FATHER...HE'S WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU. I REALLY FELT SORRY FOR HIM TODAY.

YOU SHOULD JUST TELL THEM HOW YOU FEEL.

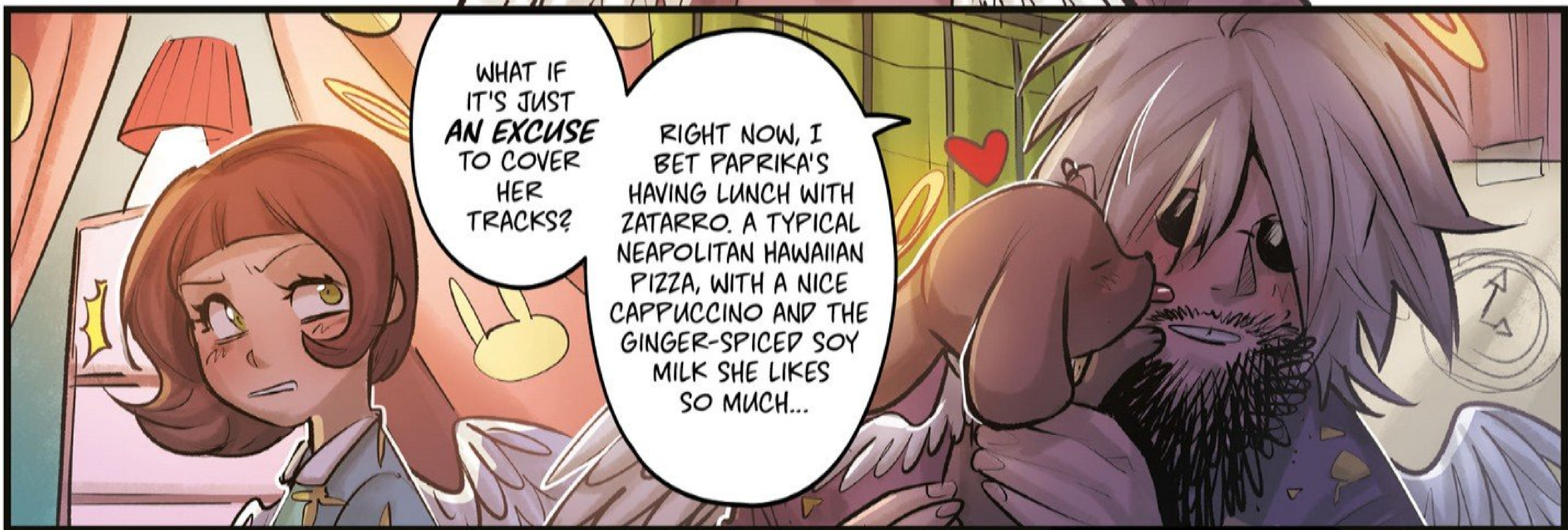
PAPRIKA WOULD JUST TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. BUT MY DAD...I'VE ALREADY SAID TOO MUCH. HE DID WHAT HE ALWAYS DOES WHEN I START GETTING SERIOUS ABOUT A GIRL...



I KNOW HE SHOWED HER MY SKETCHBOOK. BUT HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHAT HE SAID.

IT MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHING SERIOUS, OR SHE WOULDN'T HAVE JUST LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH HER EVERY DAY.



WHAT IF IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE TO COVER HER TRACKS?

RIGHT NOW, I BET PAPRIKA'S HAVING LUNCH WITH ZATARRO. A TYPICAL NEAPOLITAN HAWAIIAN PIZZA, WITH A NICE CAPPUCCINO AND THE GINGER-SPICED SOY MILK SHE LIKES SO MUCH...



PEOPLE CAN BE BULLSHIT WHEN THEY'RE HURT, OKAY?!

MAYBE YOUR FATHER TOLD HER YOU'RE A SERIAL KILLER, OR YOUR PERVERSE DEFINITION OF A TYPICAL NEAPOLITAN PIZZA...AND IT PISSED HER OFF.

THE POINT IS, IF YOU STAY HERE... YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

JUST SO! EITHER YOU CALL HER TODAY OR YOU LEAVE WITH ME TOMORROW, GOT IT?

YOUR CHOICE.

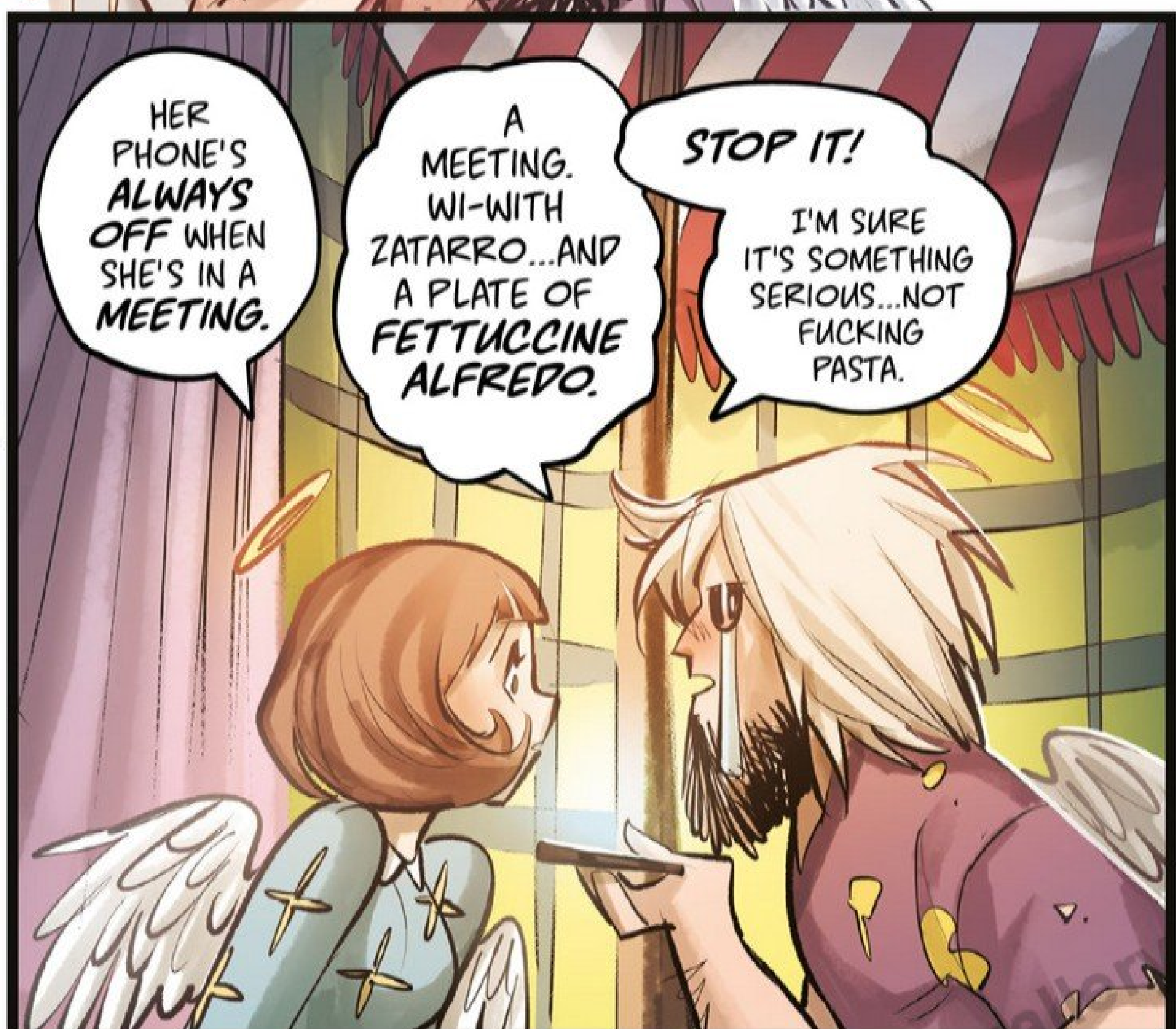
I'M TIRED OF BEING YOUR SERVANT, LIKE BEING PAPRIKA'S WASN'T ENOUGH...

C-CALM DOWN!



SO...?!

NO ANSWER.

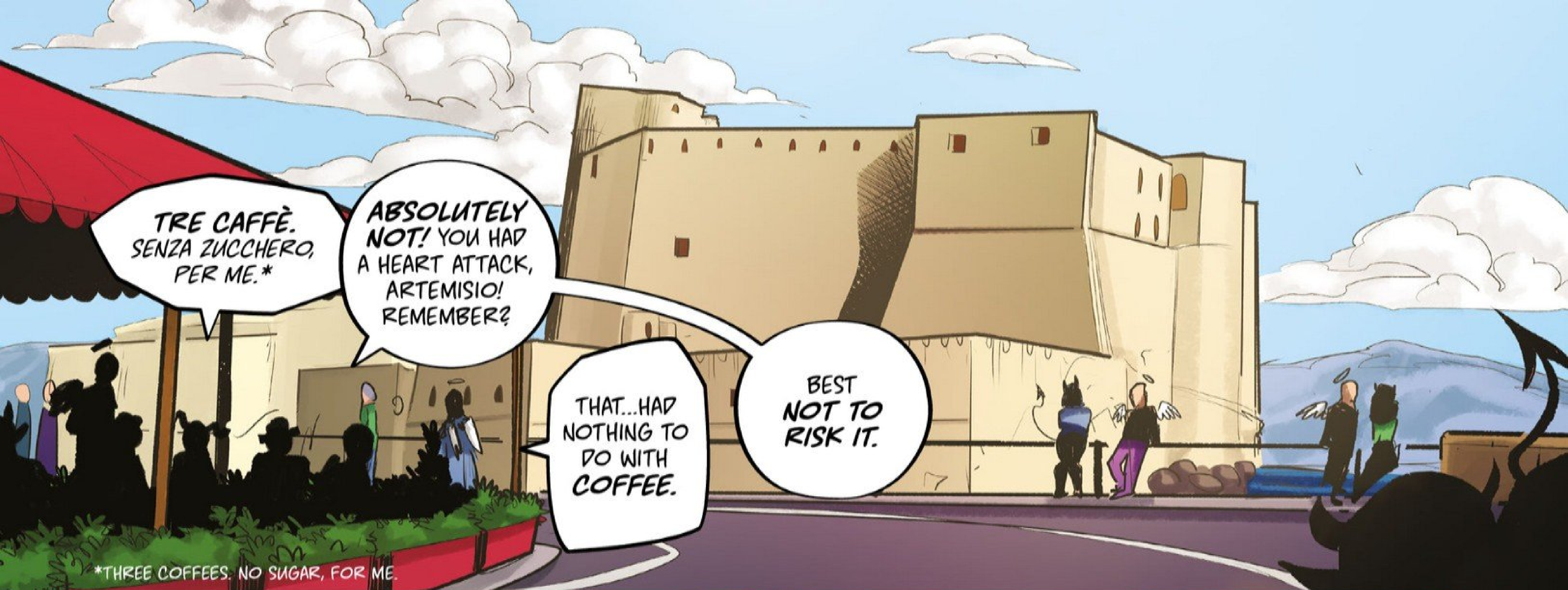


HER PHONE'S ALWAYS OFF WHEN SHE'S IN A MEETING.

A MEETING. WI-WITH ZATARRO...AND A PLATE OF FETTUCCHINE ALFREDO.

STOP IT!

I'M SURE IT'S SOMETHING SERIOUS...NOT FUCKING PASTA.



TRE CAFFÈ.
SENZA ZUCCHERO,
PER ME.*

ABSOLUTELY
NOT! YOU HAD
A HEART ATTACK,
ARTEMISIO!
REMEMBER?

THAT...HAD
NOTHING TO
DO WITH
COFFEE.

BEST
NOT TO
RISK IT.

*THREE COFFEES. NO SUGAR, FOR ME.



EVEN AFTER
BEING
DIVORCED FOR
YEARS, I STILL
HAVE TO
LOOK OUT
FOR YOU?

IF YOU
WERE AS
STRICT WITH
YOURSELF AS
YOU ARE WITH
YOUR
WORK--

PRENDIAMO TRE
CAFFÈ, GRAZIE.*

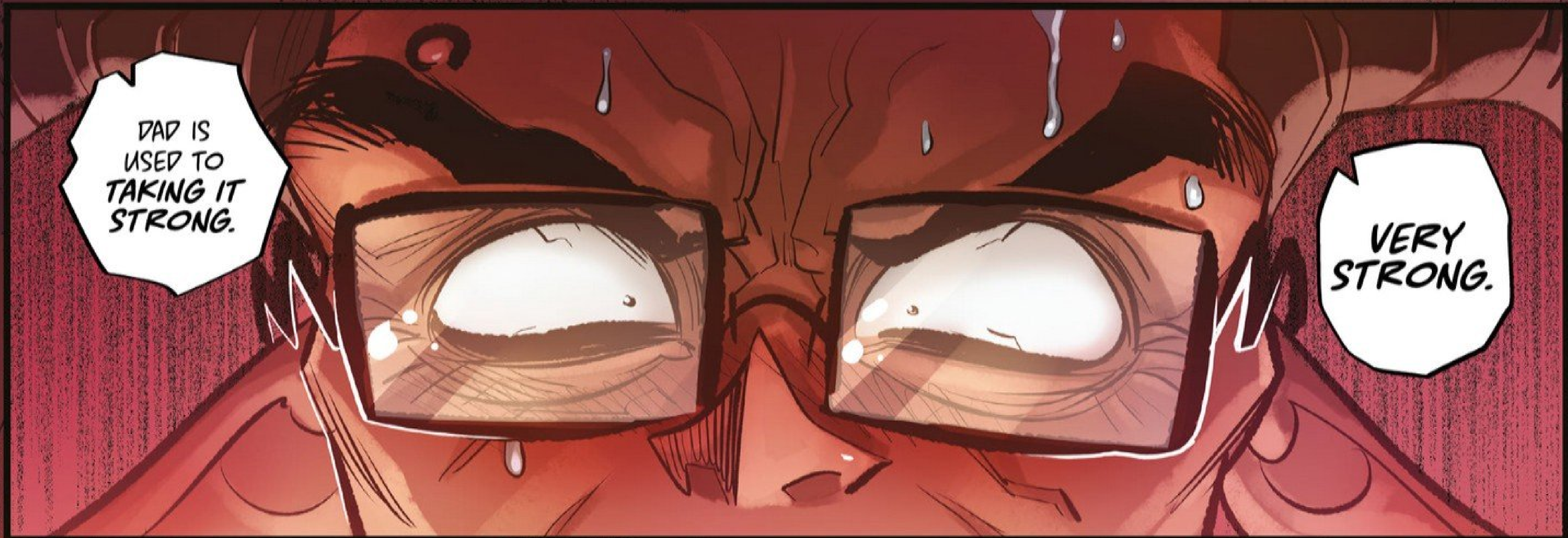
*WE'LL HAVE THREE COFFEES, PLEASE.



NOW
YOU'RE
DOING IT
TOO?!

IT'S
TOO
STRONG
FOR HIS
HEART!

RELAX, MOM.
WHAT'S THE
WORST THAT
COULD HAPPEN?
HE'LL BE FINE.



DAD IS
USED TO
TAKING IT
STRONG.

VERY
STRONG.

AM I
WRONG?

YOU WERE
WONDERING
WHERE I WAS,
WEREN'T YOU?

YOU THOUGHT
I'D BE LYING ON
A BED WHINING,
DEVOURING A WHOLE
TUB OF ORGANIC
WILD TAMARIND
ICE CREAM,
DRESSED IN SOME
BOHEMIAN GETUP
OUT OF A DOLCE
& GABBATA
COMMERCIAL...



BUT NO.

I'VE GOTTEN TOGETHER ALL MY CAZZIMMA*, AS THEY SAY AROUND HERE...SO I CAN BE EVEN MORE DIABOLICAL THAN USUAL.

I PLAYED THE PART OF THE HEARTBROKEN CHILD WITH MY MOM, SO SHE DIDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT JOINING ME HERE IN NAPLES. THEN, WE PLANNED A SURPRISE FOR DAD...INVITING HIM TO COFFEE.

THE SURPRISE, OF COURSE...IS ME. IF I'D TRIED TO APPROACH HIM ALONE, HE'D HAVE JUST AVOIDED ME. BUT WITH MOM, HE CAN'T MAKE A SCENE.

*"CAZZIMMA", NEAPOLITAN WORD, PERFIPOUS BEHAVIOR.

AS SOON AS I GET A CHANCE, I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM THE THIRD DEGREE FOR THAT VIDEO, WHERE HE, A RESPECTED JUDGE, IS JUST GOING TO TOWN, SNORTING COKE STRAIGHT OFF A PAIR OF BOOBS.

MY OWN FATHER, DEVIL-MAY-CARE... WHO DENIGRATES ALL KINDS OF LUSTFUL BEHAVIOR IN THE NAME OF DECENCY, AND WHO LIVES HIS LIFE IN SUPPOSED DEFIANCE OF DEVIL-STEREOTYPES.

I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE RAISED ME TO BE SO ASHAMED, WHEN HE WAS KINKIER THAN ME!

FUCKING HYPOCRITE.

I CERTAINLY DO NOT TAKE ORDERS FROM MY DAUGHTER.

6 JU-JUST... FROM MY EX-WIFE.

PER ME UN DECAFFEINATO, GRAZIE.*

*A DECAF FOR ME, THANK YOU.



WHAT'S
WRONG,
PAPRIKA?
YOU SEEM
NERVOUS.
IS IT STILL
ABOUT
DILL?

"DILL"?
WHO COULD
THAT BE?

WHY
HAVEN'T I
HEARD OF
HIM?

AND WHAT
ABOUT THIS
GUY WOULD
MAKE YOU
NERVOUS?



I-IT'S NOT SOME
BOYFRIEND I
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT, IS IT?

WHO IS HE?
A DEVIL?
WHAT DOES
HE DO FOR
A LIVING?

HE
BETTER
BE A
CATCH,
NOT SOME
RUNAWAY....

BUT MOST
OF ALL... WHY
WASN'T I TOLD?

WHY
WOULD YOU
BE?

THERE'S
A LOT YOU
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ME,
DAD.

AND
PLENTY
WE DON'T
KNOW
ABOUT
YOU.

THI-THIS
INSOLENCE...
I WILL NOT
TOLERATE IT,
YOUNG
LADY!



YOU...YOU'RE SUCH
A HYPOCRITE!

KFFFFF



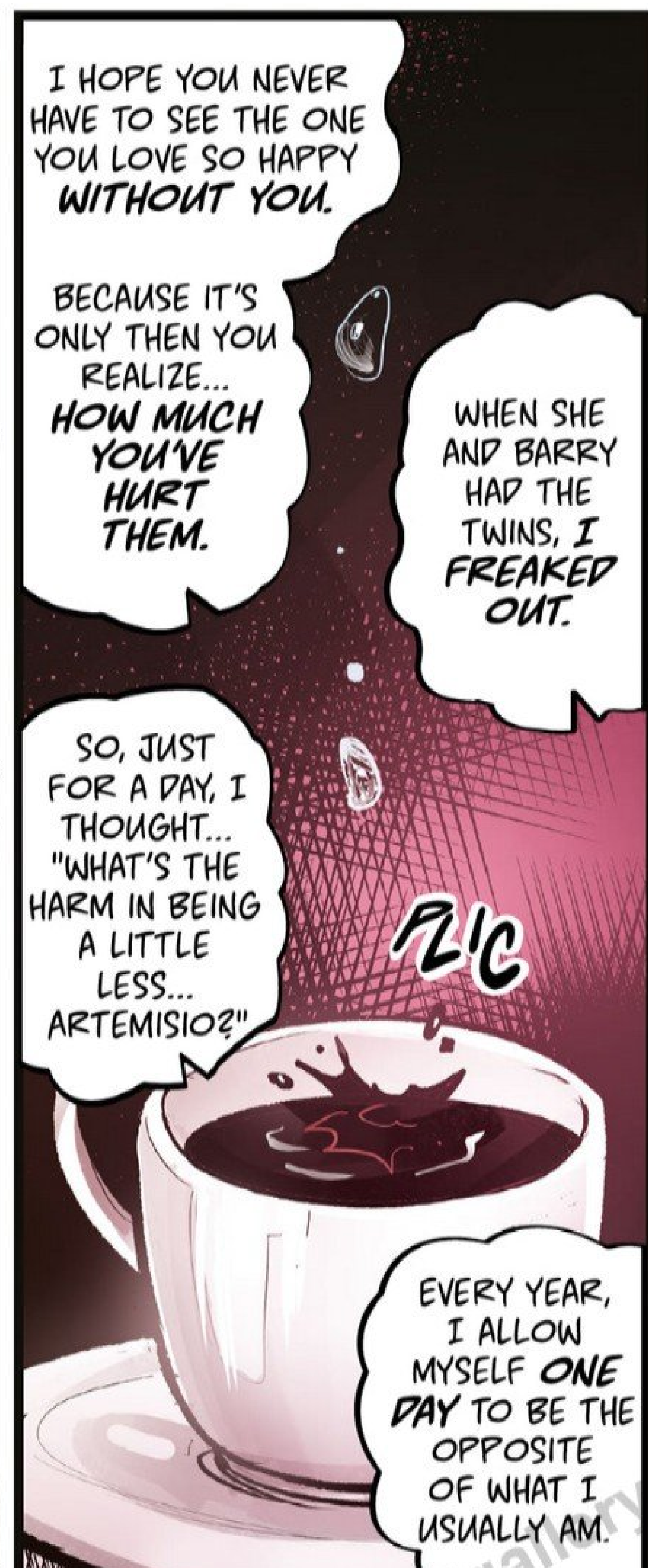
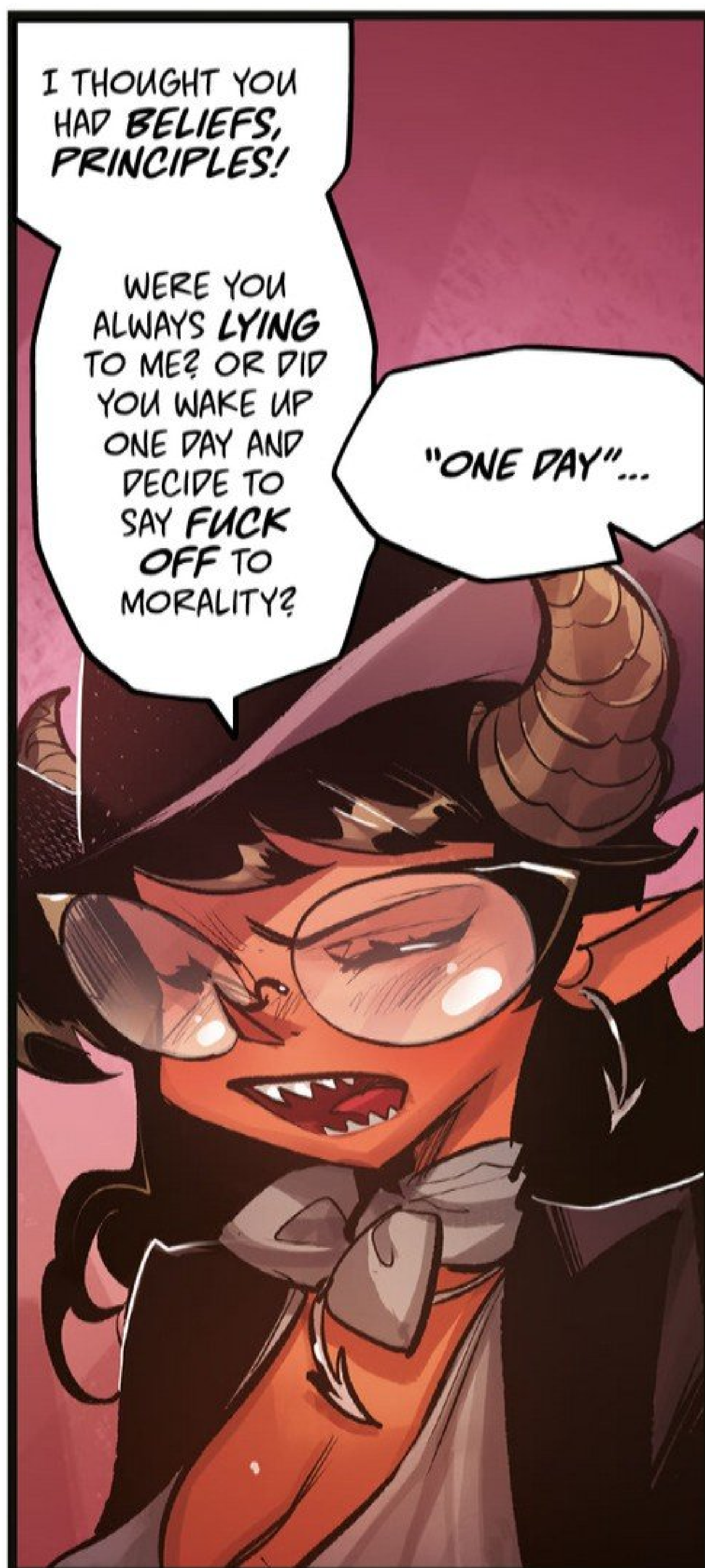
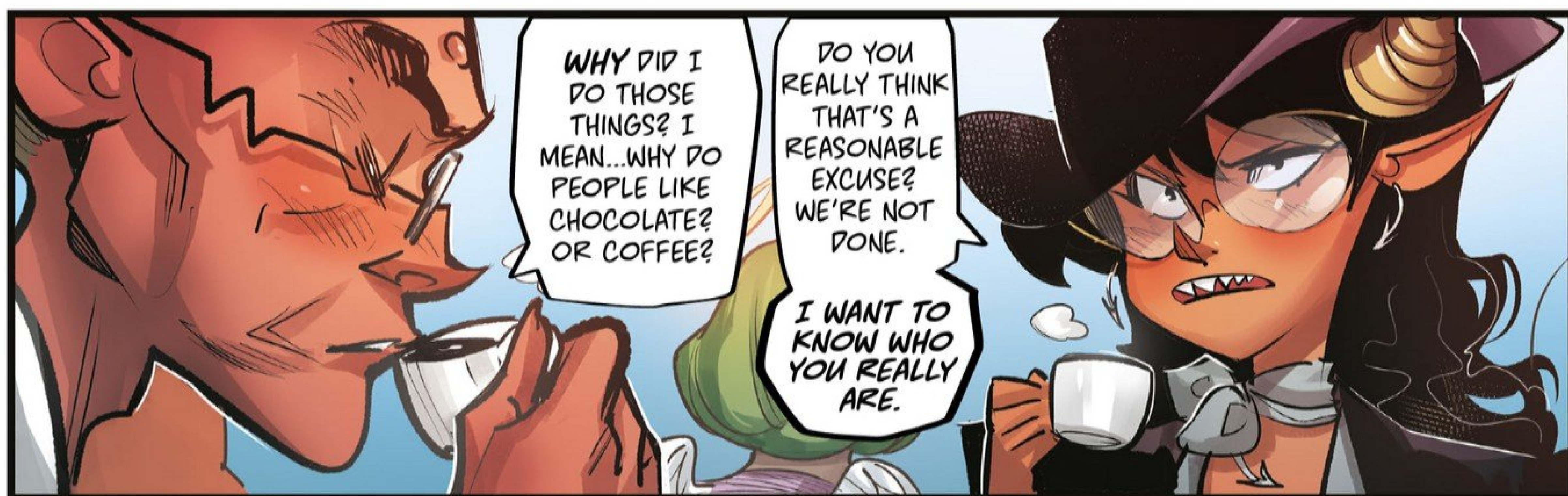
KFFFFF

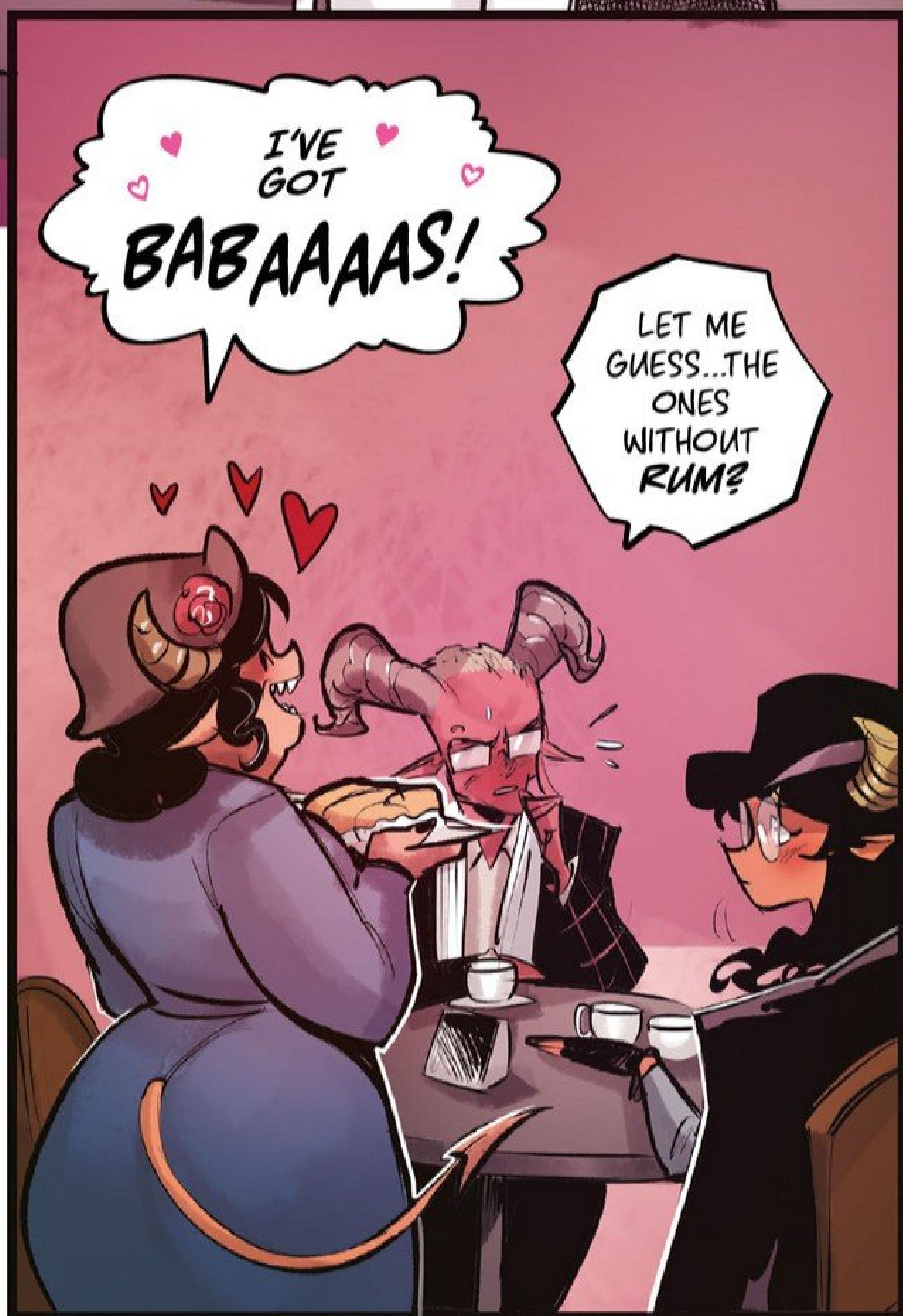
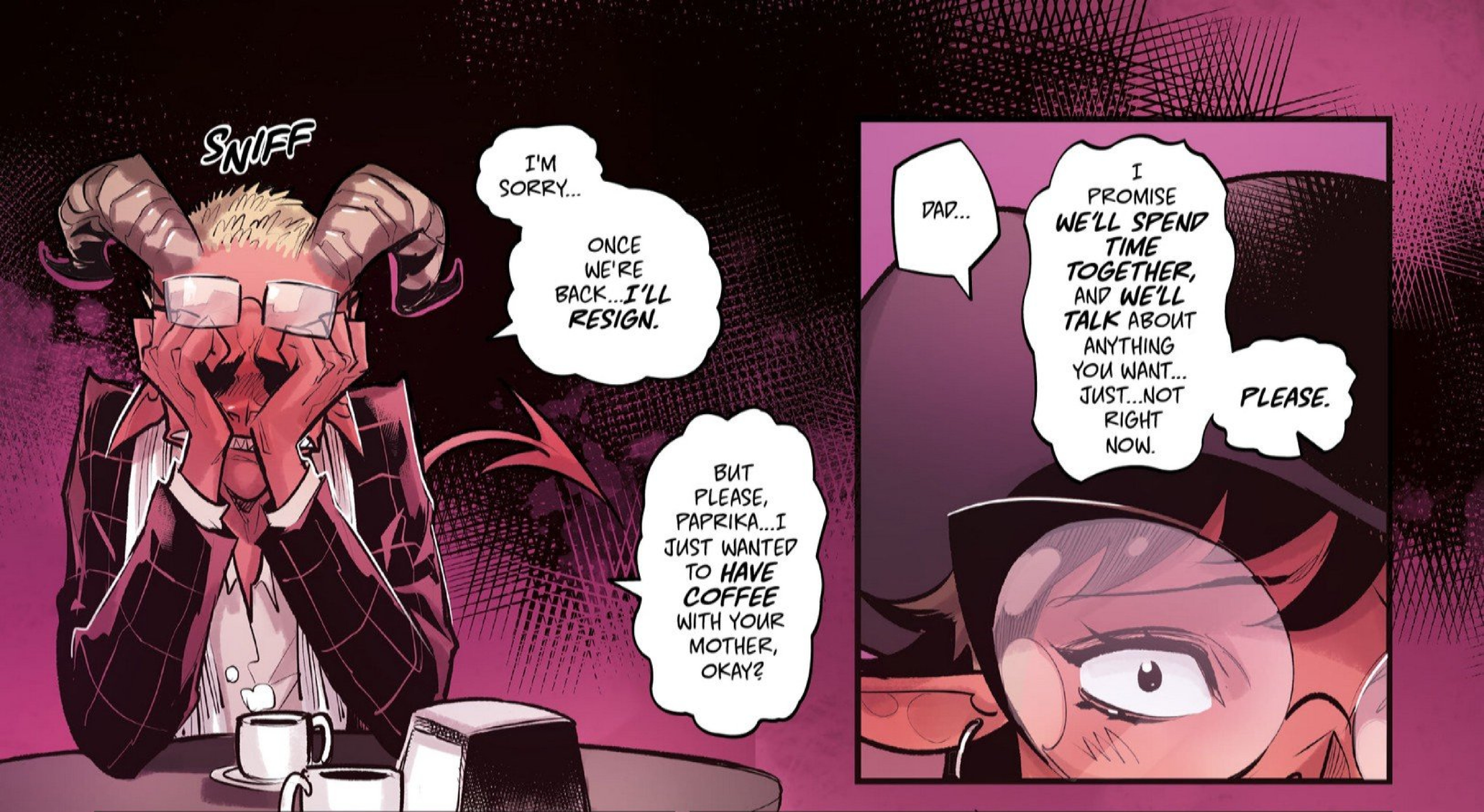
I'M GOING TO
LOOK FOR A
DESSERT.

IF YOU HAVEN'T
CLEARED THIS UP
BY THE TIME
I'M BACK...

KFFFFF

YE-YESMA'AM!

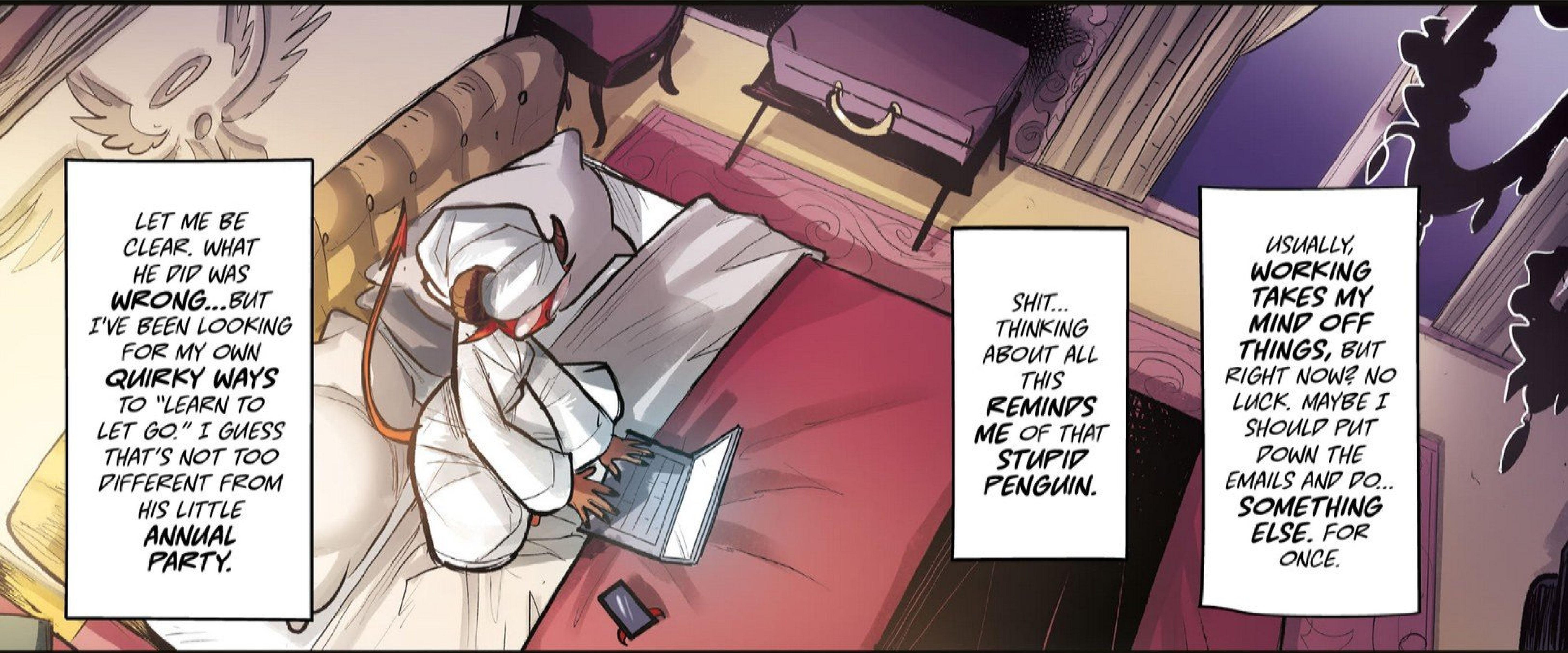






I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT TO
THINK.

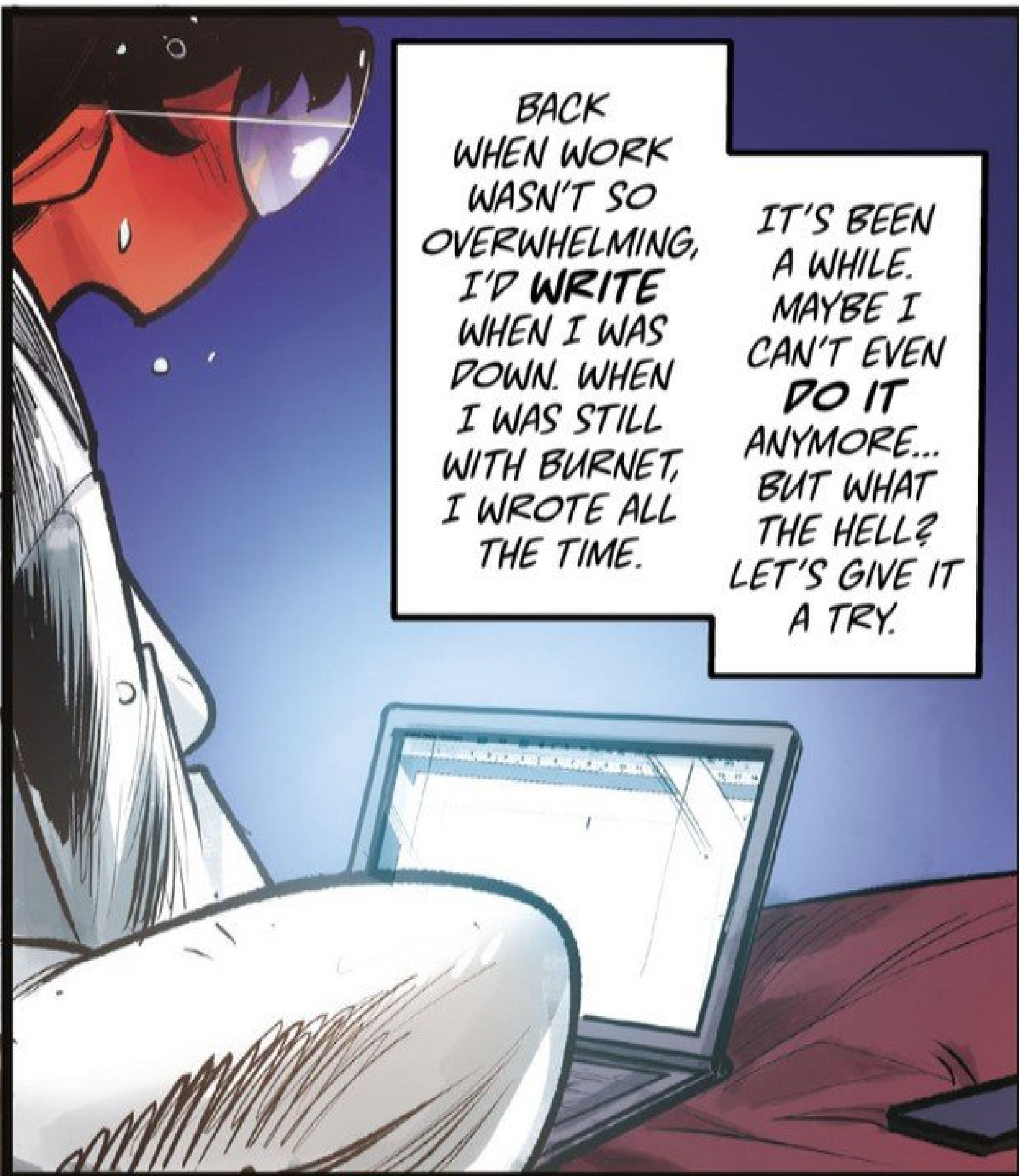
WHO
AM I TO
JUDGE?



LET ME BE
CLEAR. WHAT
HE DID WAS
WRONG... BUT
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR MY OWN
QUIRKY WAYS
TO "LEARN TO
LET GO." I GUESS
THAT'S NOT TOO
DIFFERENT FROM
HIS LITTLE
ANNUAL
PARTY.

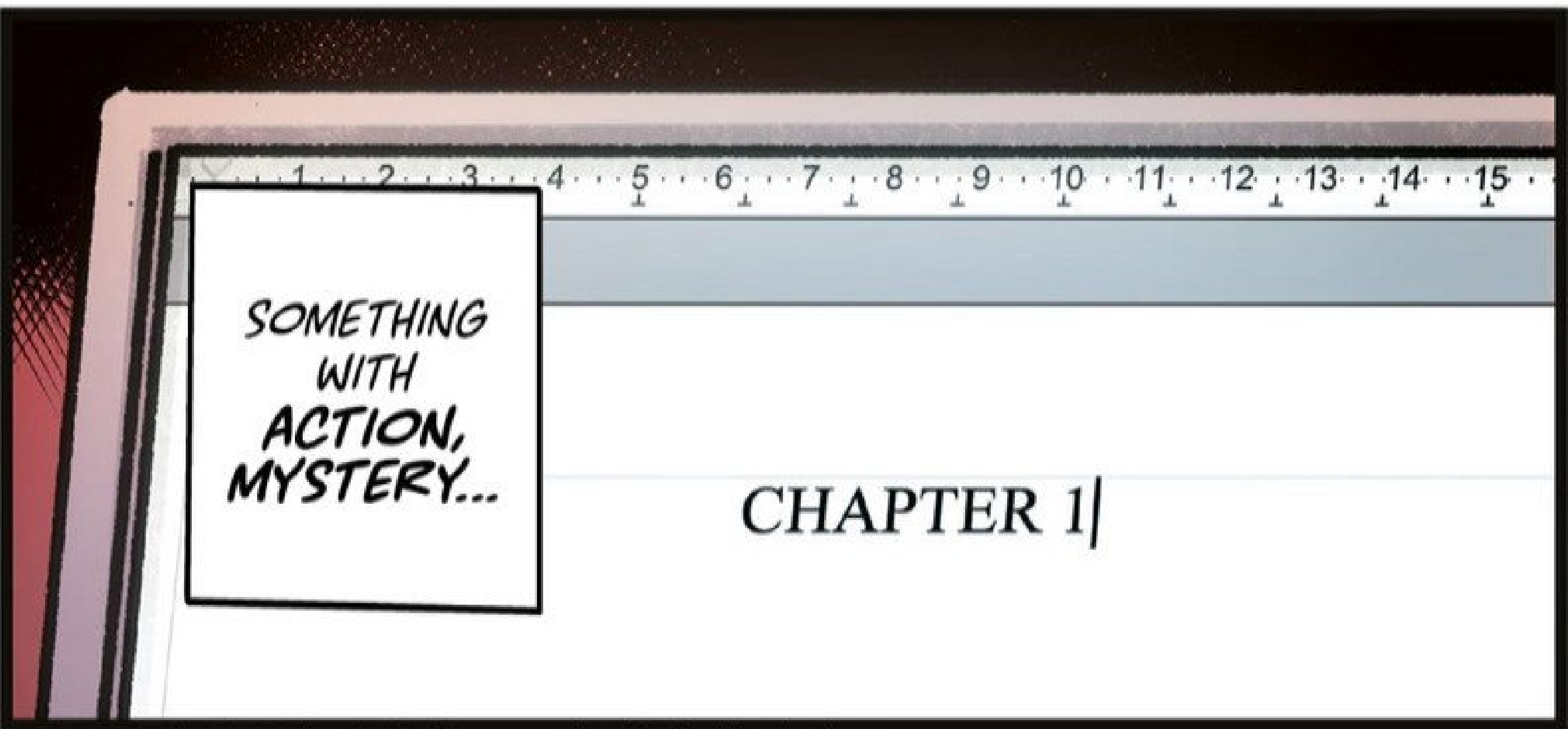
SHIT...
THINKING
ABOUT ALL
THIS
REMINDS
ME OF THAT
STUPID
PENGUIN.

USUALLY,
WORKING
TAKES MY
MIND OFF
THINGS, BUT
RIGHT NOW? NO
LUCK. MAYBE I
SHOULD PUT
DOWN THE
EMAILS AND DO...
SOMETHING
ELSE. FOR
ONCE.

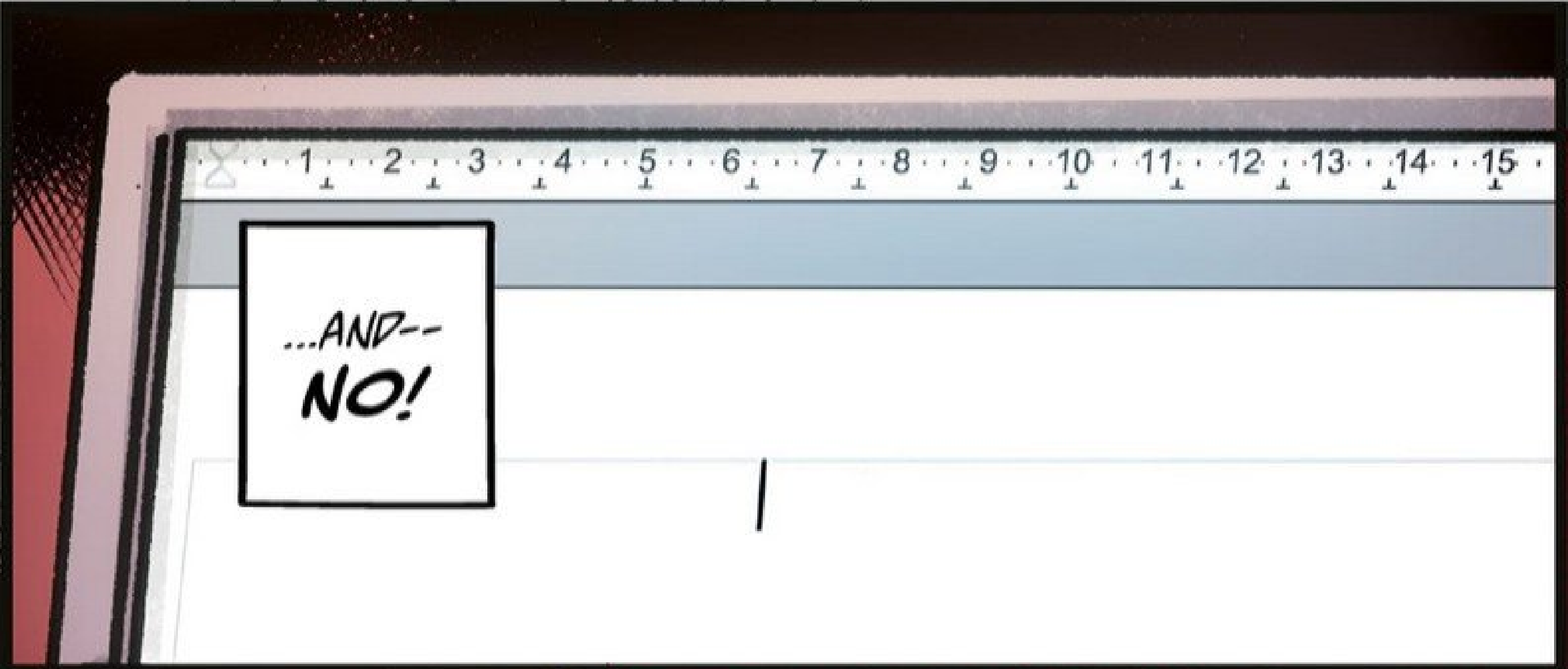


BACK
WHEN WORK
WASN'T SO
OVERWHELMING,
I'D **WRITE**
WHEN I WAS
DOWN. WHEN
I WAS STILL
WITH BURNET,
I WROTE ALL
THE TIME.

IT'S BEEN
A WHILE.
MAYBE I
CAN'T EVEN
DO IT
ANYMORE...
BUT WHAT
THE HELL?
LET'S GIVE IT
A TRY.



SOMETHING
WITH
ACTION,
MYSTERY...



...AND--
NO!



THINKING OF
DILL GETS MY
MIND GOING
ABOUT
WILDER TYPES
OF ACTION.

SOME SILLY
IMAGINATION
MIXED WITH
MEMORIES THAT
ARE JUST TOO
VIVID. AS SUPER
POWERS GO...THIS
ONE'S LAME.

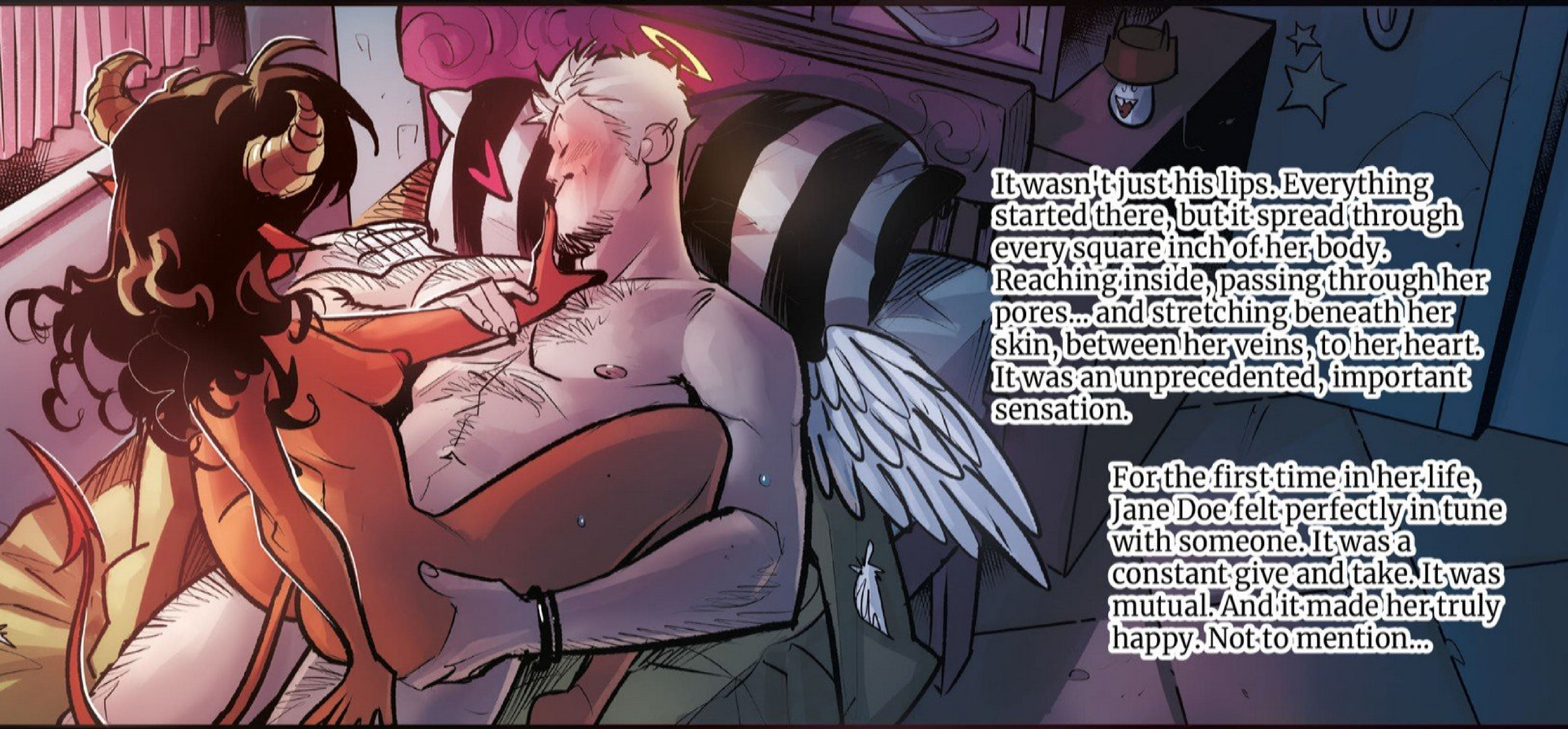
WHATEVER!
COME ON! NO
ONE'S JUDGING
ME HERE.
BESIDES, IT'S
NOT ABOUT
ME... IT'S
ABOUT **JOHN**
DOE AND
JANE DOE.

JANE DOE
APPROACHED...
APPROACHED
WHAT? OH,
YES! OF
COURSE...



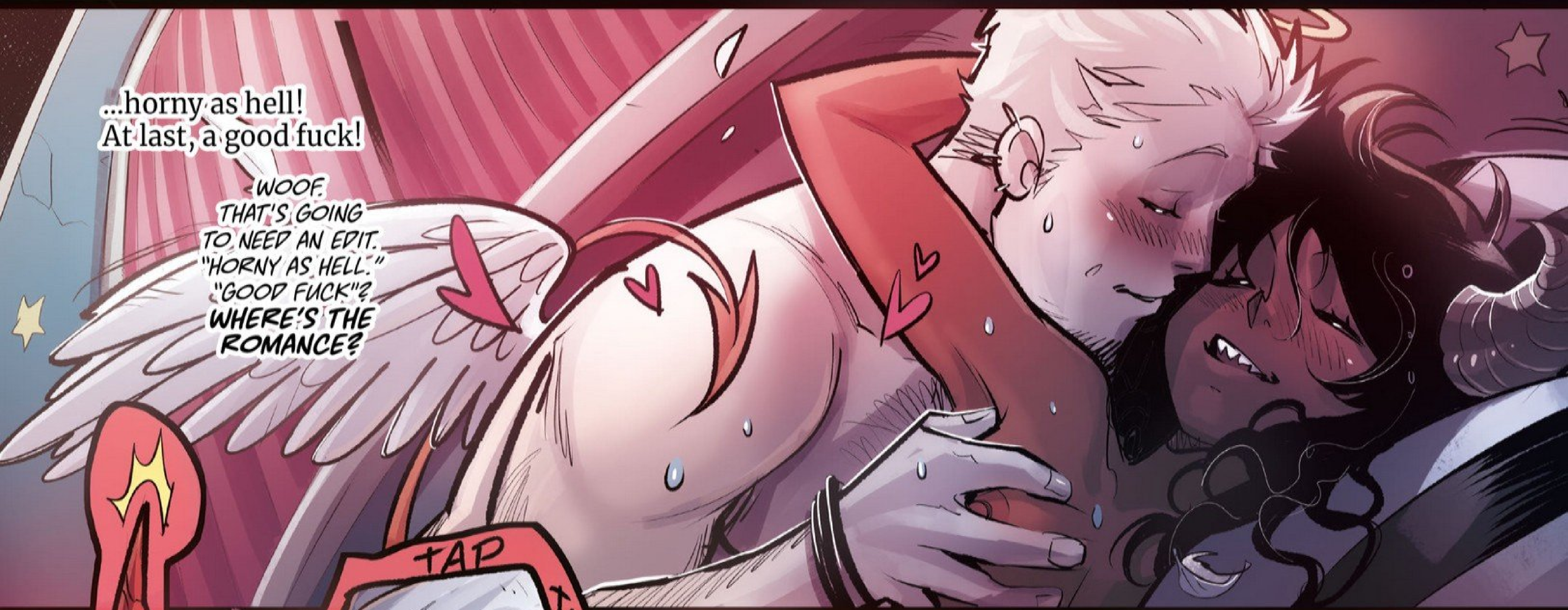
Jane Doe put her fingers close to John Doe's lips. How soft, John Doe's lips.

THIS...SYNTAX IS 'GARBAGE. I'LL FIX IT LATER, OKAY? I'M JUST GOING TO GET IT ALL OUT ON THE PAGE NOW. SO...



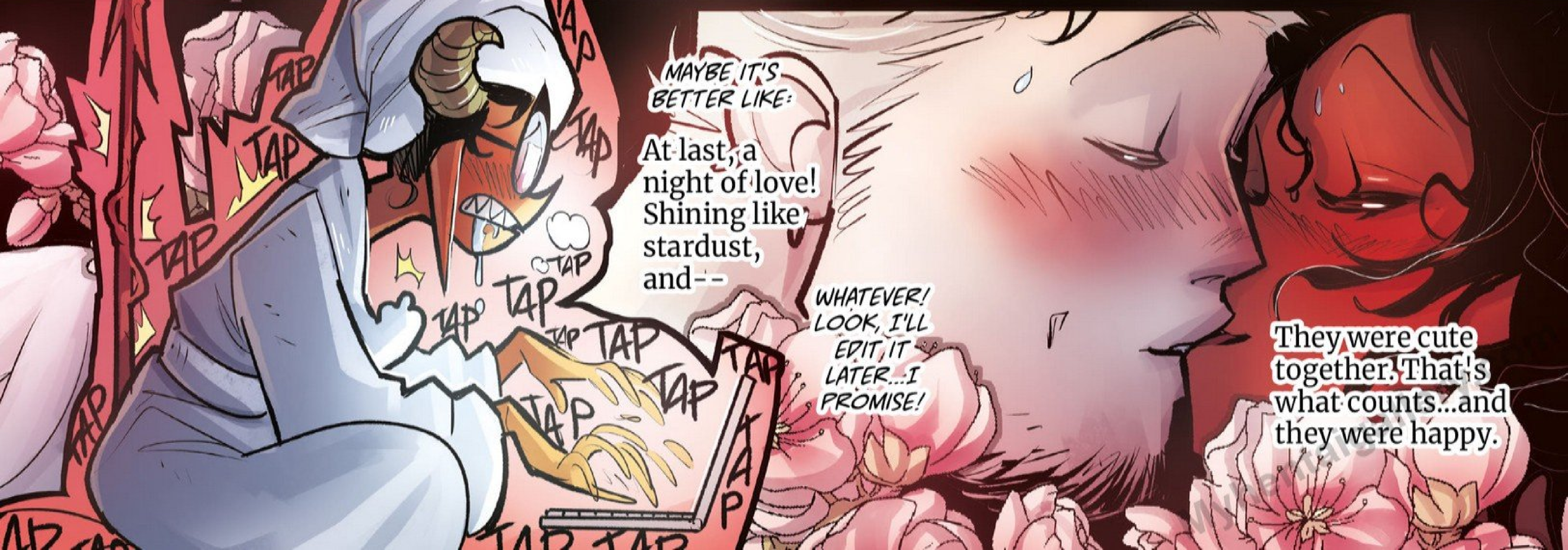
It wasn't just his lips. Everything started there, but it spread through every square inch of her body. Reaching inside, passing through her pores...and stretching beneath her skin, between her veins, to her heart. It was an unprecedented, important sensation.

For the first time in her life, Jane Doe felt perfectly in tune with someone. It was a constant give and take. It was mutual. And it made her truly happy. Not to mention...



...horny as hell! At last, a good fuck!

WOOF. THAT'S GOING TO NEED AN EDIT. "HORNY AS HELL." "GOOD FUCK"? WHERE'S THE ROMANCE?

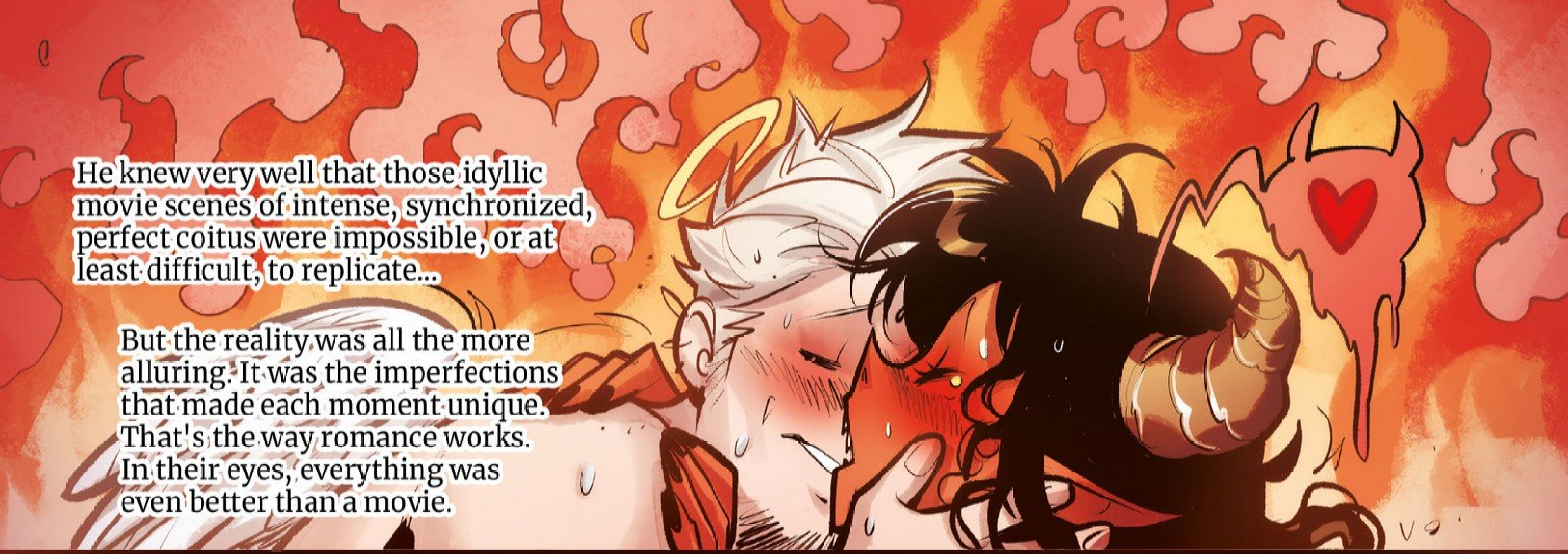


MAYBE IT'S BETTER LIKE:

At last, a night of love! Shining like stardust, and--

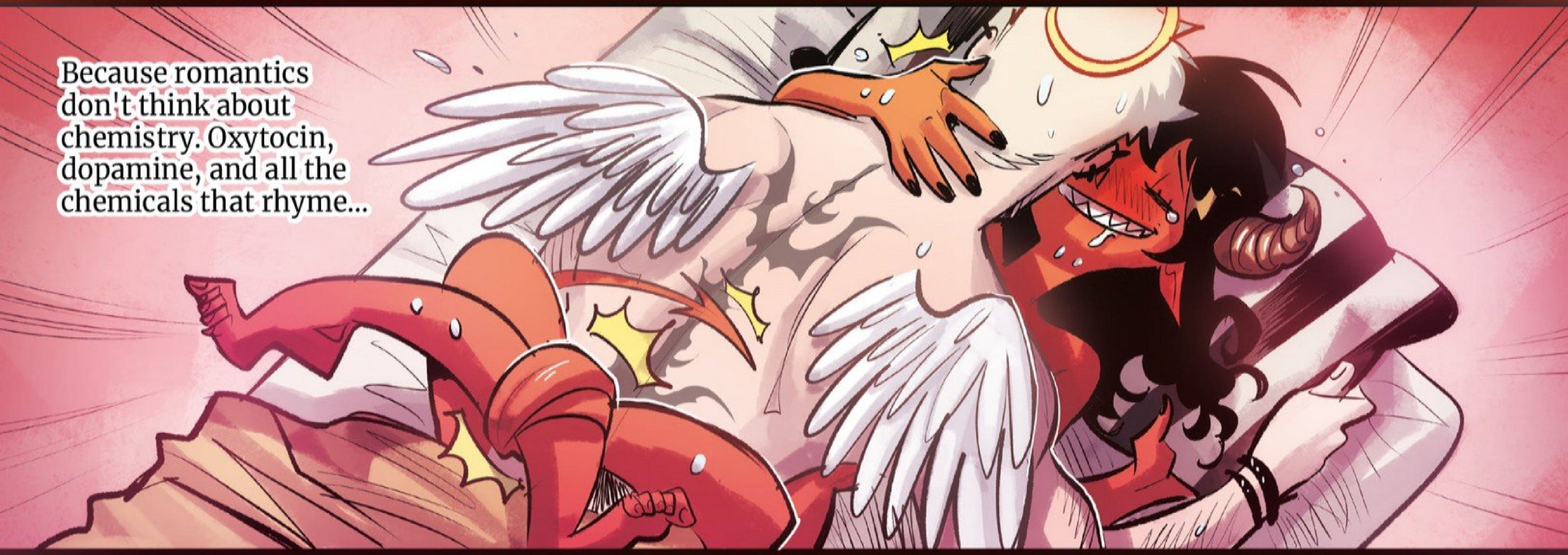
WHATEVER! LOOK, I'LL EDIT IT LATER...I PROMISE!

They were cute together. That's what counts...and they were happy.

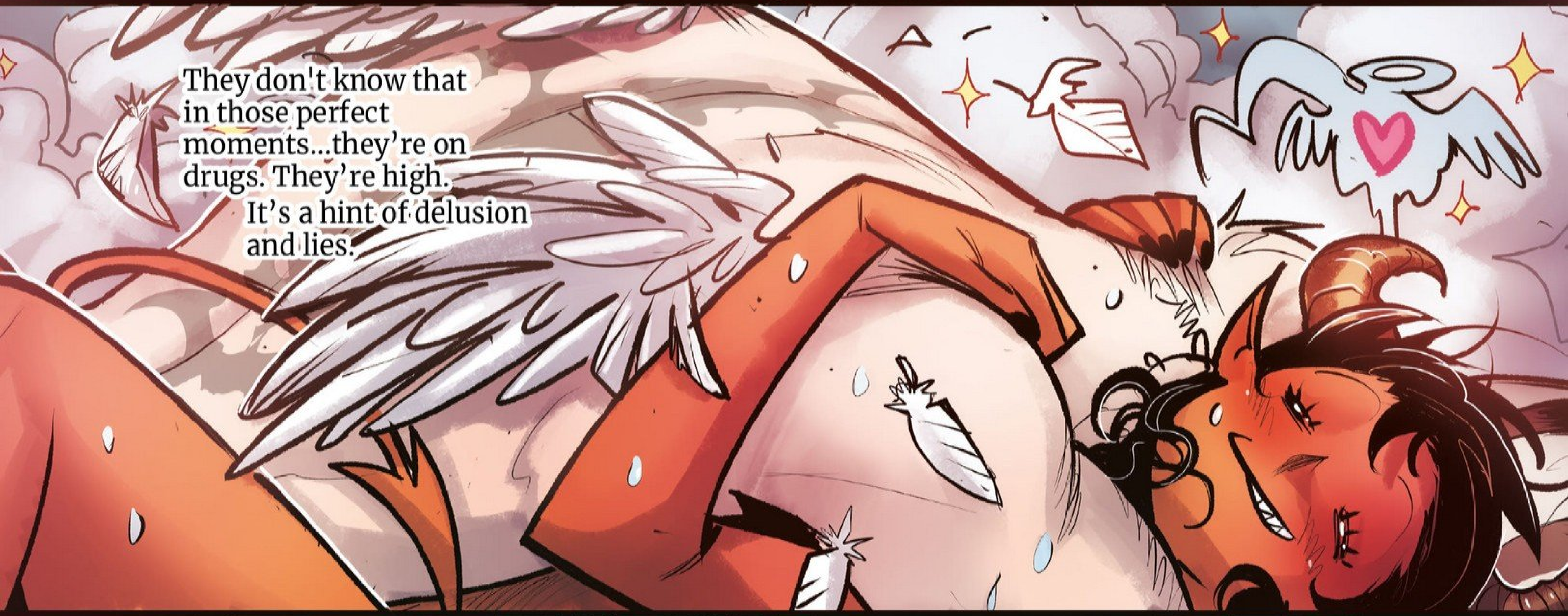


He knew very well that those idyllic movie scenes of intense, synchronized, perfect coitus were impossible, or at least difficult, to replicate...

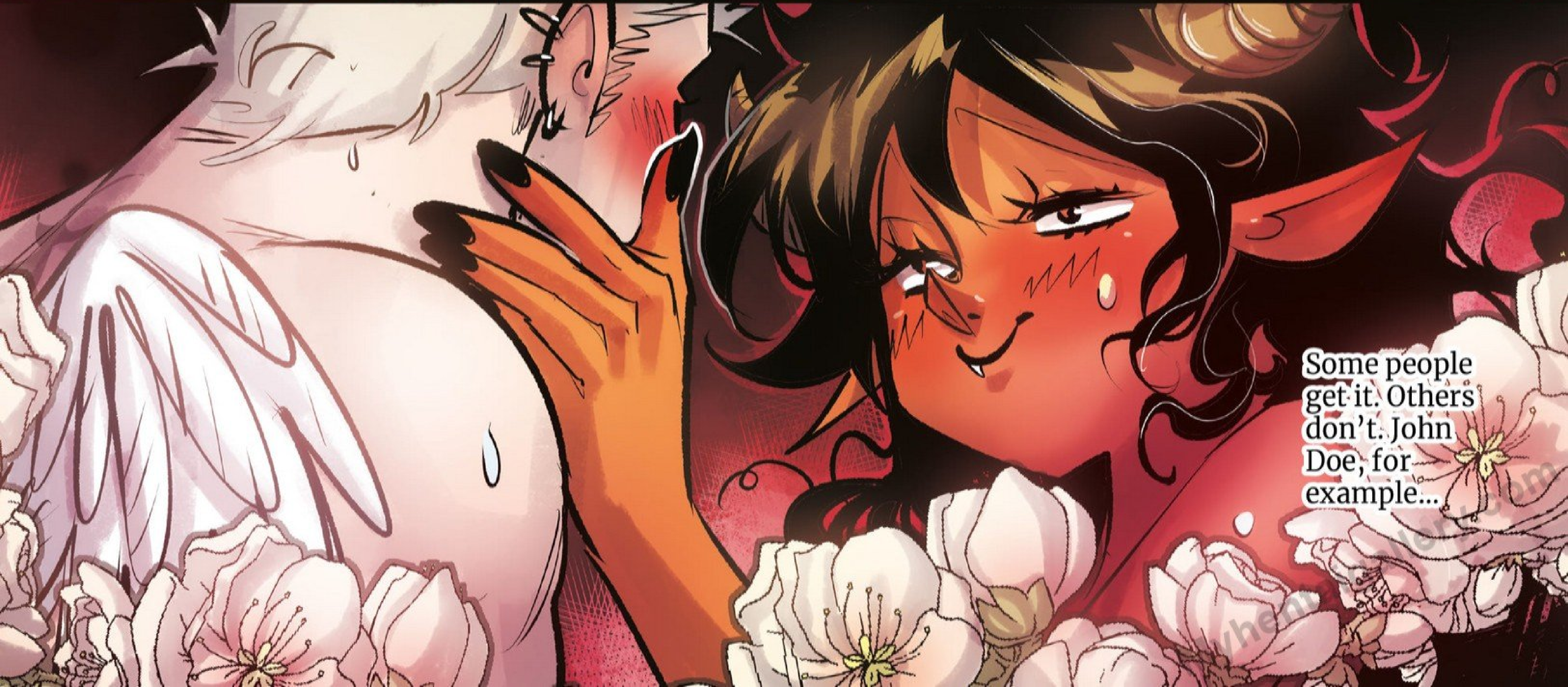
But the reality was all the more alluring. It was the imperfections that made each moment unique. That's the way romance works. In their eyes, everything was even better than a movie.



Because romantics don't think about chemistry. Oxytocin, dopamine, and all the chemicals that rhyme...



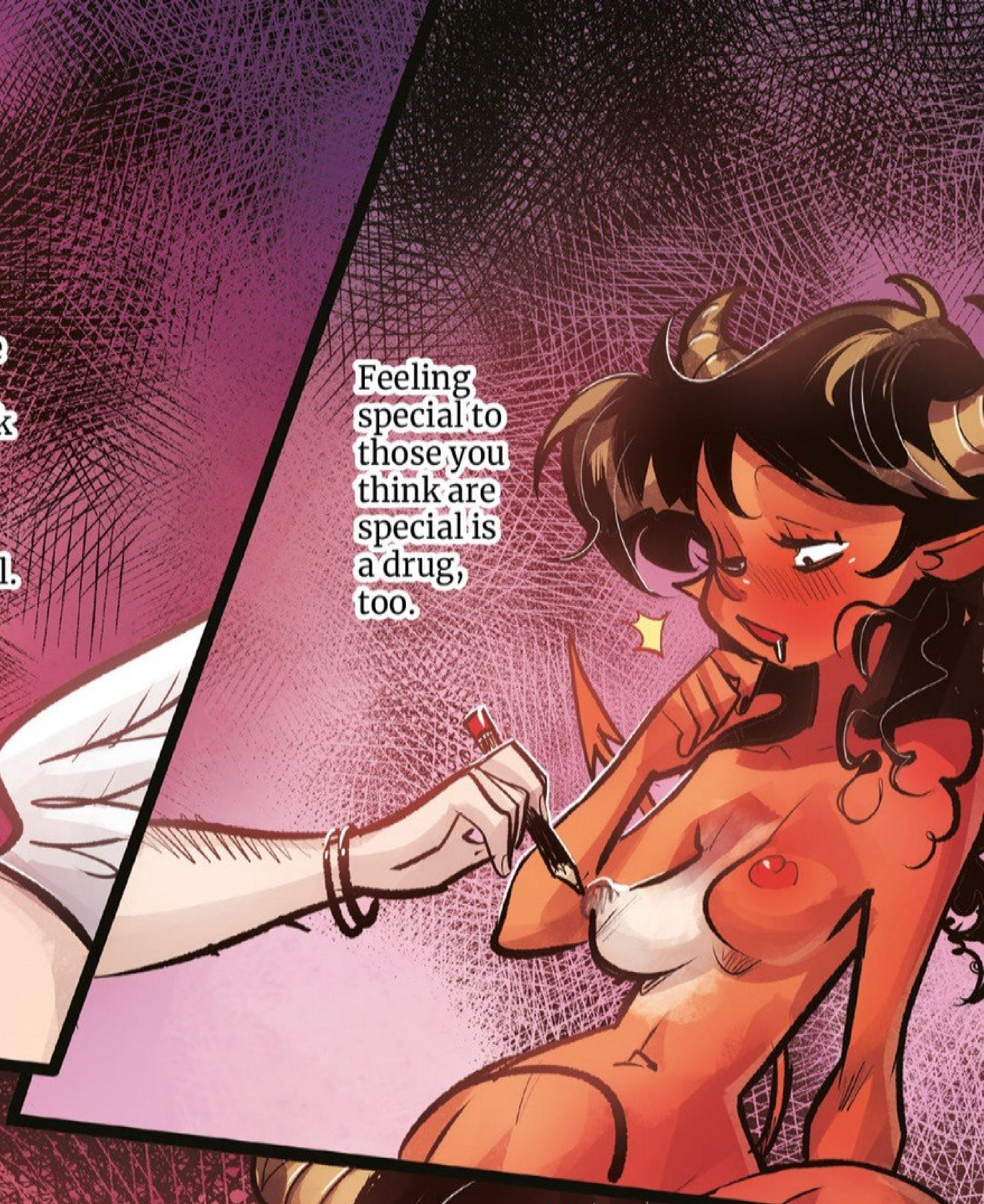
They don't know that in those perfect moments...they're on drugs. They're high. It's a hint of delusion and lies.



Some people get it. Others don't. John Doe, for example...



...would show the most convenient face for his needs, whatever it took to delude the romantic on duty, making her feel...special.



Feeling special to those you think are special is a drug, too.



And the eyes of a romantic see nothing but beauty. Even where there is none. The consequences are usually trouble.

Jane Doe hadn't seen she was just the newest addition to his collection. She'd opened her heart after years of not doing so. It had been an intensely difficult, intensely emotional moment.

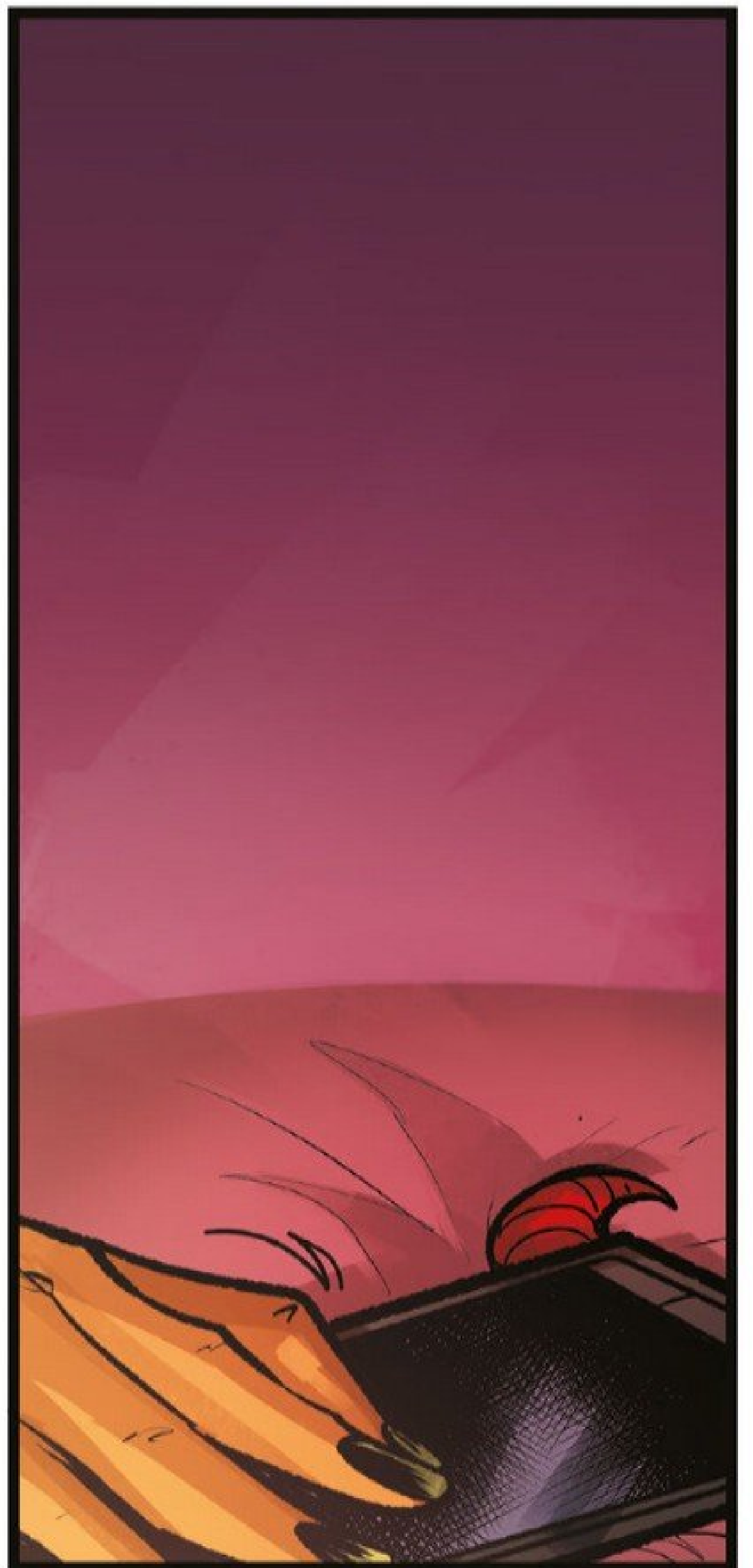
He- he knew. And he'd tricked her into thinking he was special.



Or so his father told her, at least...what was it he said? "The only one from Infernum Press he hasn't notched..."

That...and a lot of things he could only have known from Dill.

I'm just another doodle in that stupid sketchbook of his.





I DON'T WANT TO KNOW. I'M NOT READY TO BE HEARTBROKEN.

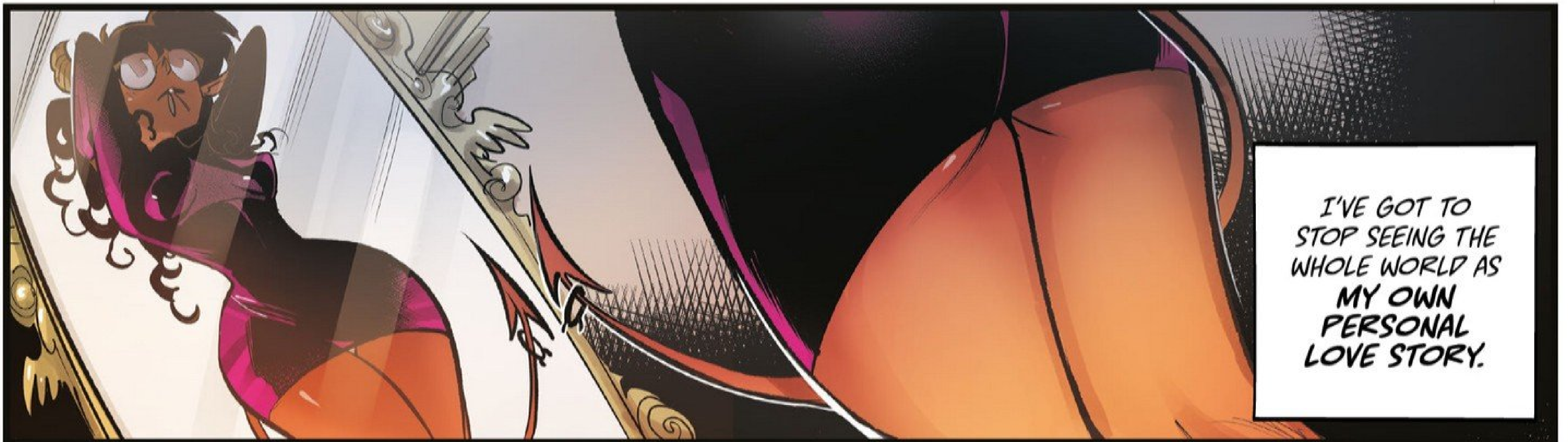
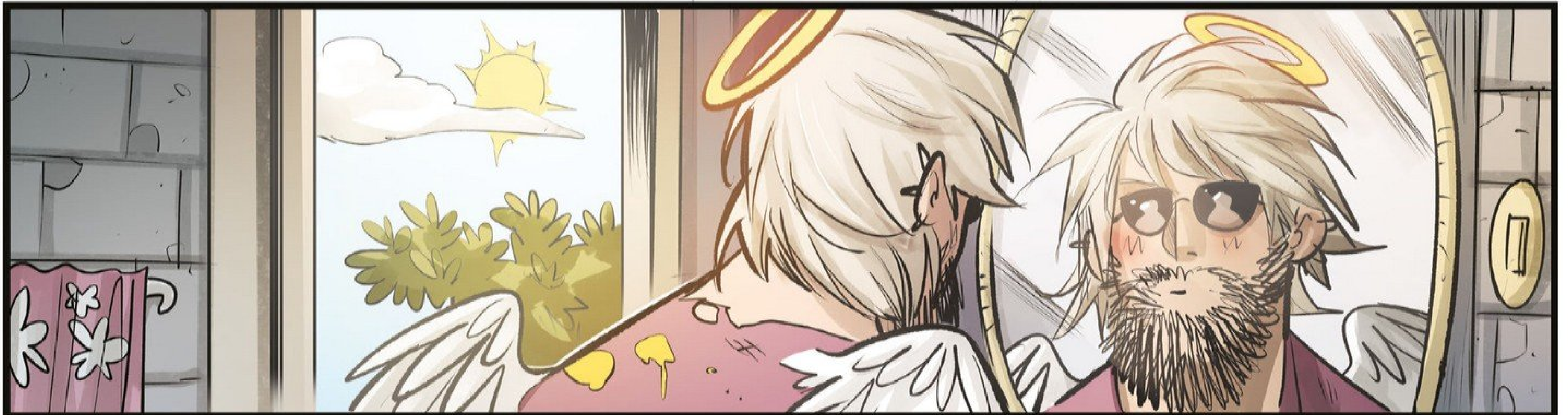
I WON'T LET THEM DO THAT. NEVER, EVER... AGAIN.



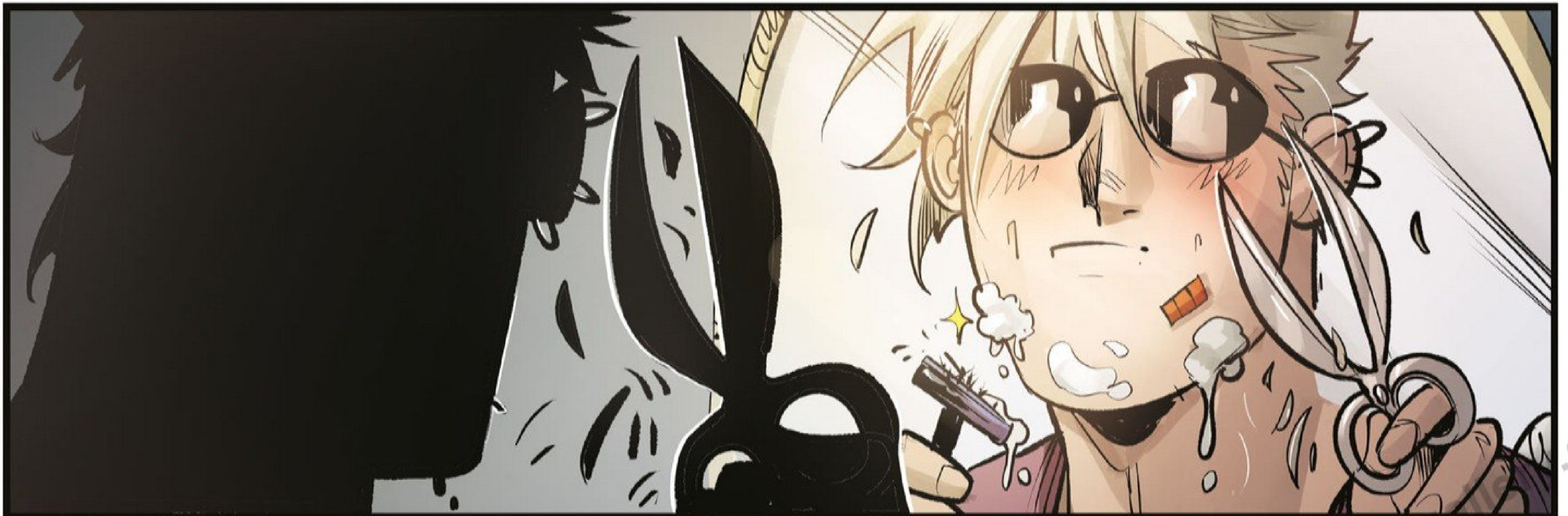
Sorry. I've been so busy! I don't quite understand your messages, though. We both had a good time, didn't we? Wasn't that all it was? As you already know...you're not my type. And I don't think I'm yours either. Hey-- Have a great day!

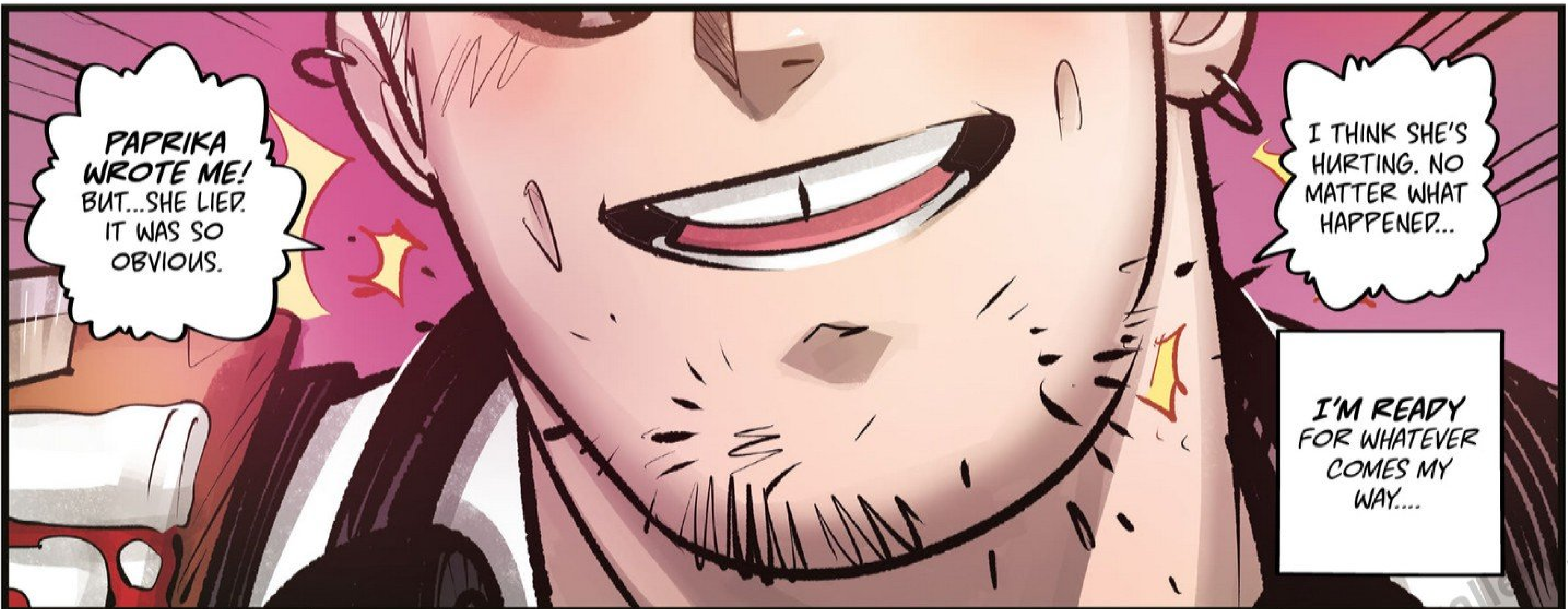
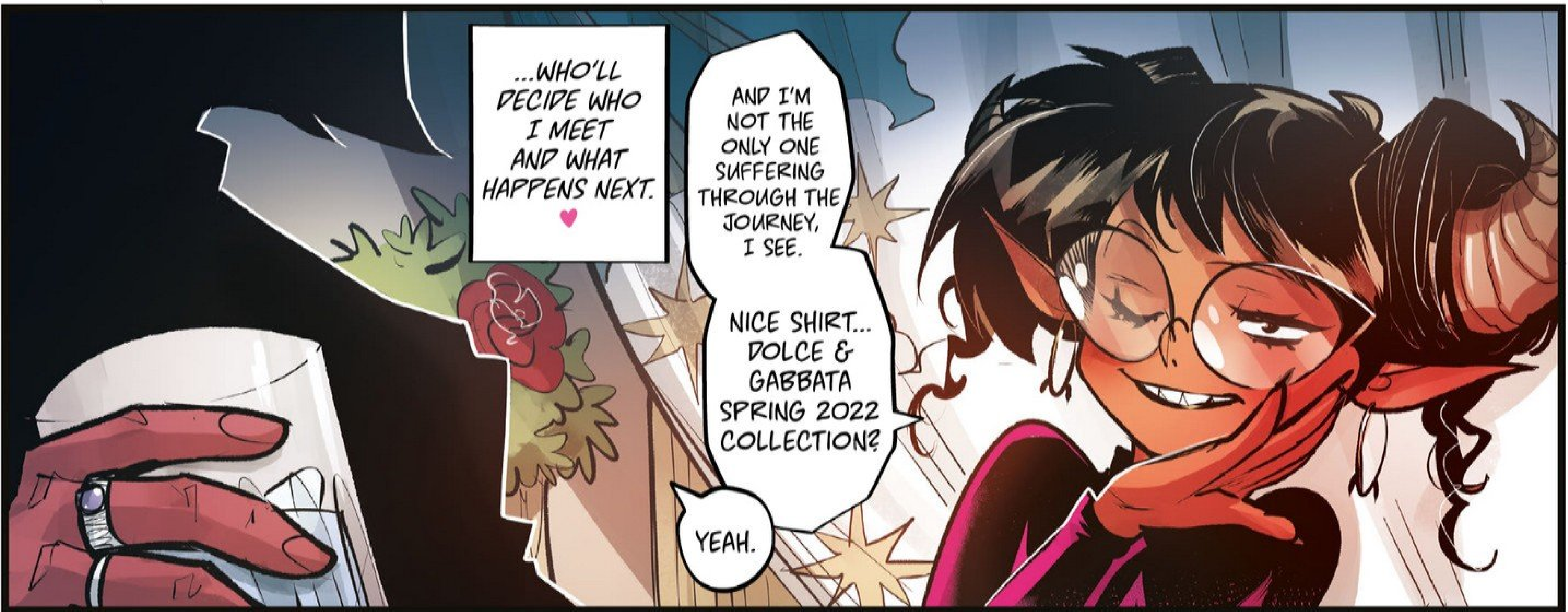
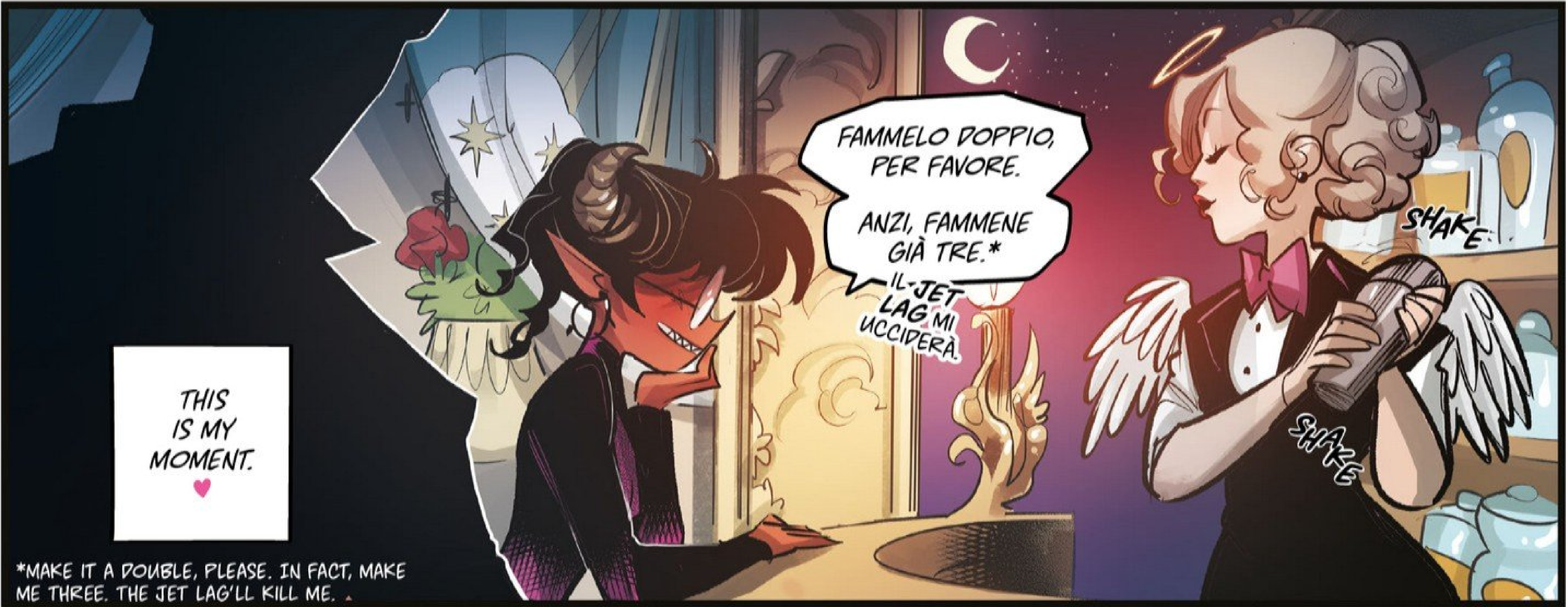


YES. LIKE I'VE BEEN SAYING...IT WAS A GOOD FUCK, NOTHING MORE. TIME TO MOVE ON. I DON'T CARE, NOT REALLY.



I'VE GOT TO STOP SEEING THE WHOLE WORLD AS MY OWN PERSONAL LOVE STORY.







...WHEN I
TALK TO HER
FACE-TO-
FACE, LIKE
RUE ADVISED!

WE'RE
GOING TO
FIX THIS
THING!

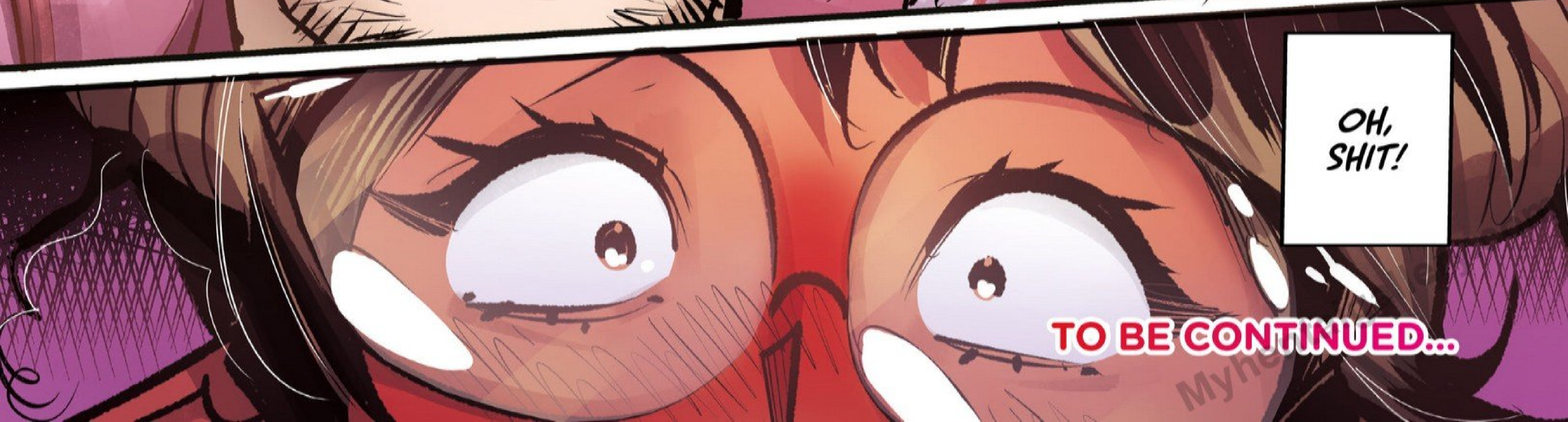
WOF!



PA-PAPRIKA?



IT'S ALL
GOING TO
BE OKAY!



OH,
SHIT!

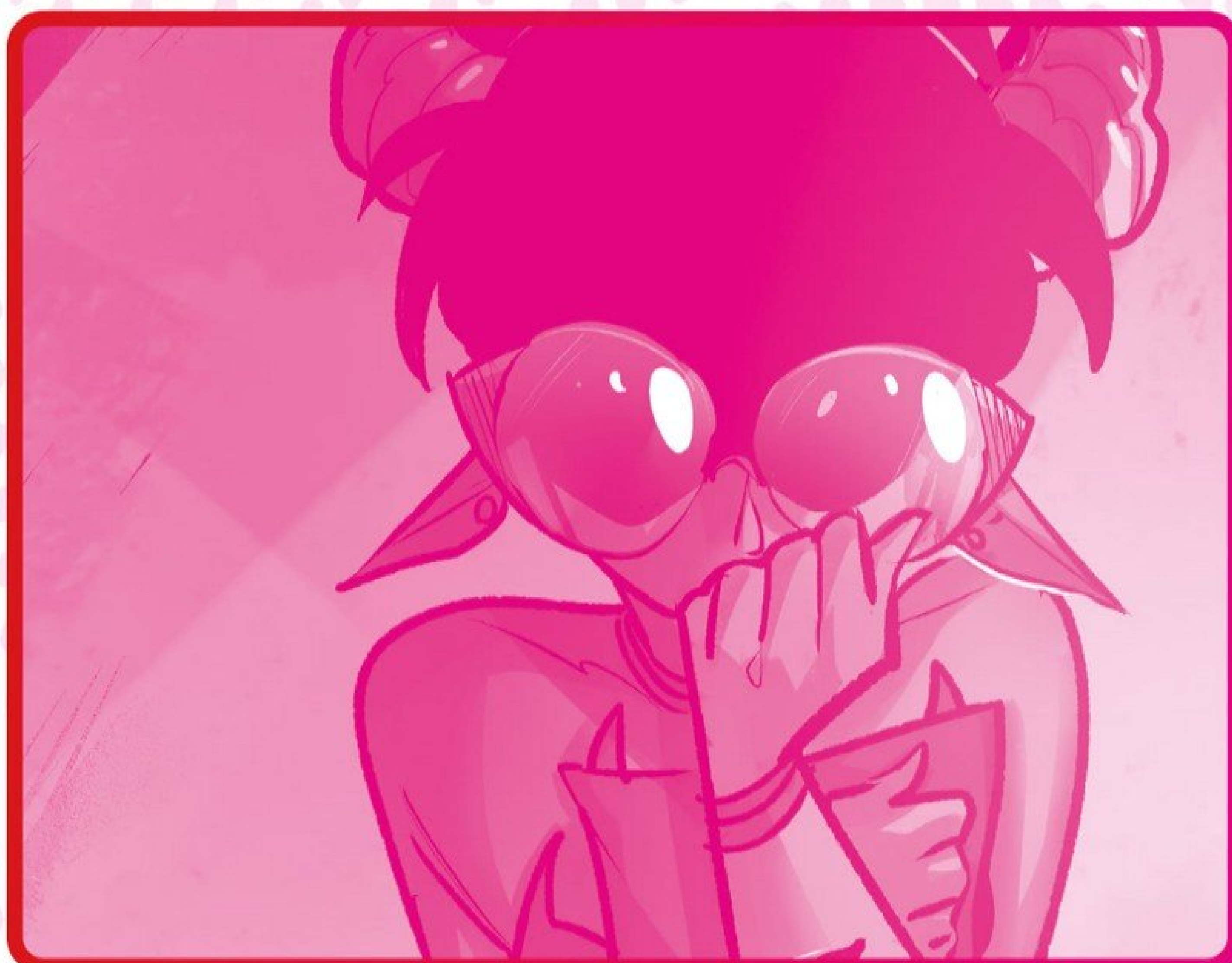
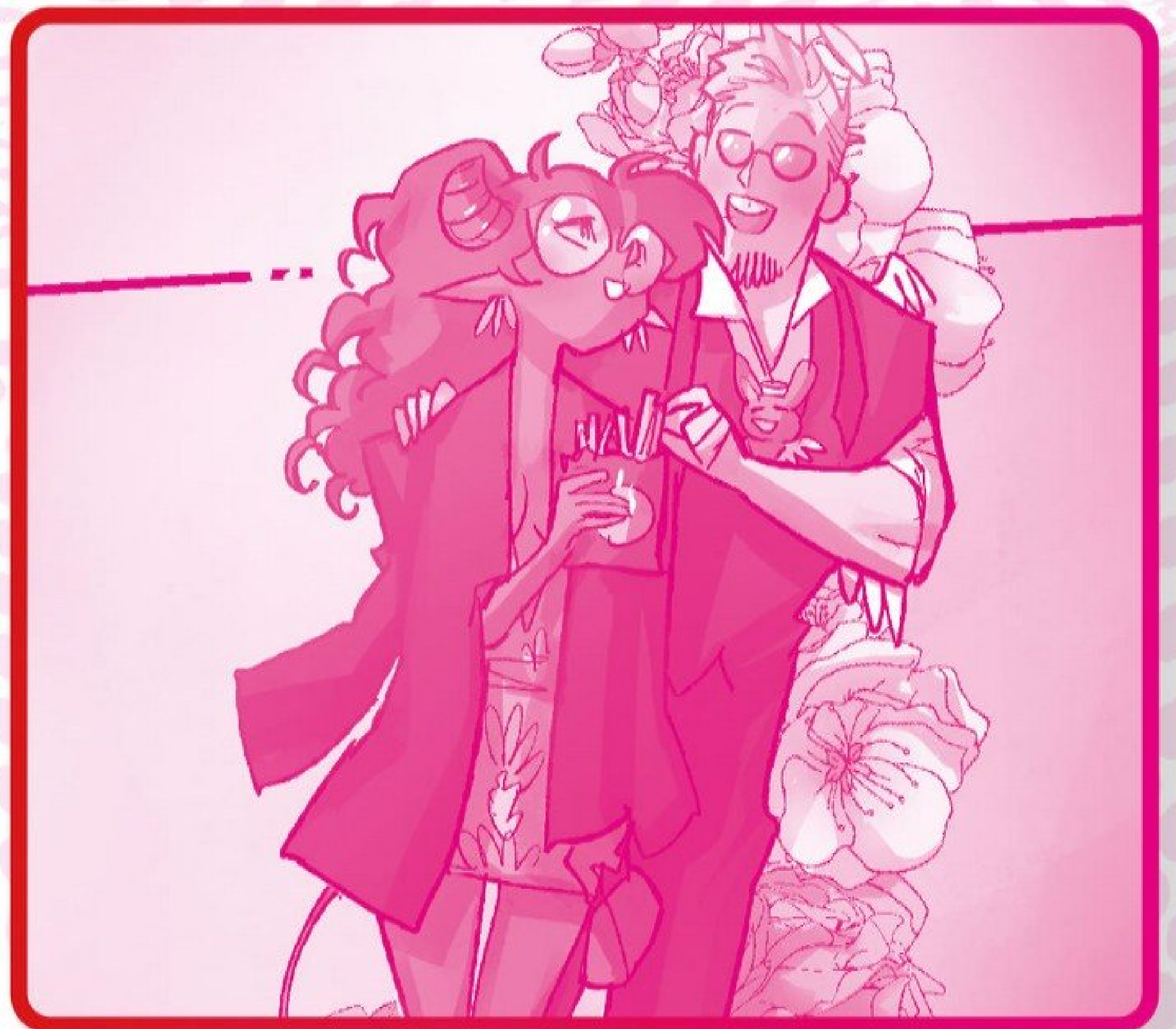
TO BE CONTINUED...

WHAT'S NEXT?



Oh, Italy. Home of good food, love, and... **confusion**. A trip to her homeland to combine business with pleasure seemed like a good idea in theory...

...and Paprika thought her relationship with Dill was **finished**.



But, as they say... **surprises never end**.