



...AND SHE'S THE THIRD ONE THIS MONTH.

BOYS!

YAY, I PROMISED ANAHEED CUTE BOYS.

OF COURSE...



...YOU'RE MARRIED...

...YOU'RE DEAD...

AND YOU'RE...

I'M WHAT? WHAT ME?

ER... OUT OF HER LEAGUE?



ANYWAY, DRINKS, SNACKS, PEOPLE, FRIVOLITY.

WE'LL FIND OUR WAY.

OOH! THANK YOU.

AHEM.



YOU GONNA MAKE ME ASK?



HMMM...ANY CHANCE I CAN MAKE YOU BEG?

NOT THIS YEAR.

WAIT--DIDN'T THE INVITATION--

YOUR TEXT JUST SAID "PARTY," ACTUALLY, IT SAID "PRATTY," BUT I TOOK A CHANCE.



ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL.

AND NO BUMPY FACE; MY ROOMIES AREN'T IN THE KNOW.



