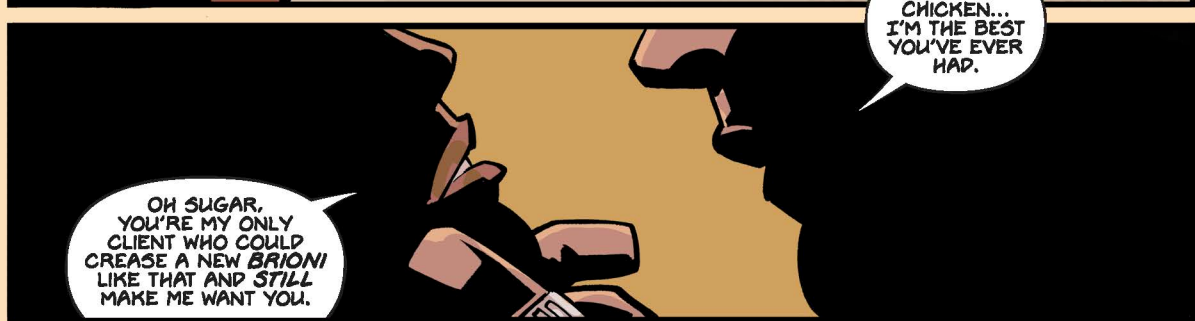


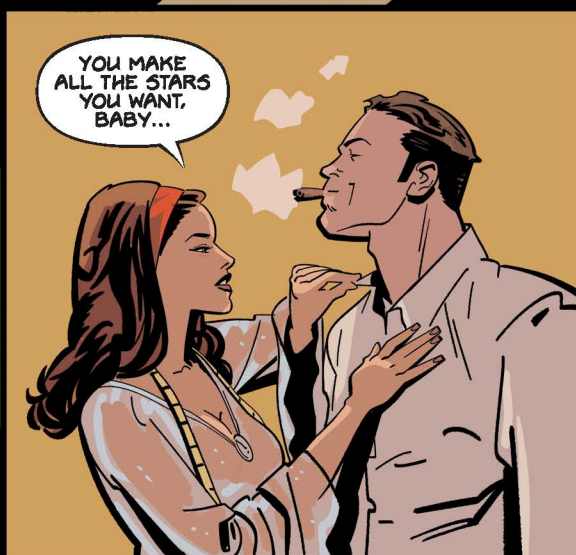


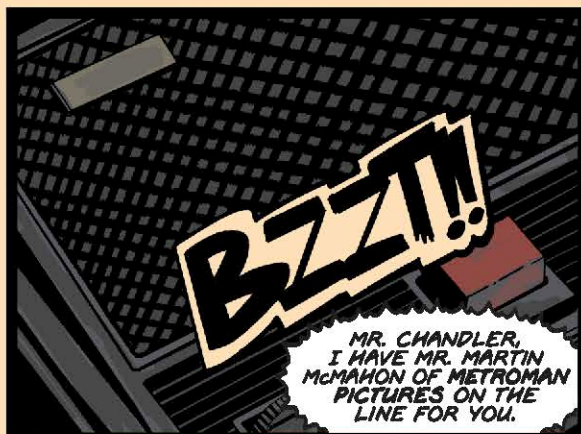
CHACHU

IMAN VELLANI
MARIANNA IGNAZZI
JORDIE BELLAIRE
LUCAS GATTONI









**Mina's Bar,
Vegas Strip.**

Ten minutes.

Ten lousy minutes to
pick a goddamn dress.

Normally, I'd tell a guy like that where to
stick his stopwatch, but the poor man's
wife just vanished into the tabloids with her
British co-star, and if she's not found by
tomorrow, her daddy's gonna carve him up!

Metaphorically.
(Maybe.)

Still. Five more
minutes and I
would've sized up.

I felt like sausage in a silk
casing on display for rich
schmucks who stare like
they're goddamn starved.

So many desperate
adults in one room...
I was embarrassed
for them.

But apparently not
enough to stop me
from wanting to be
one of them, either...

BUY YOU
A PRINK?

DOES IT
COME WITH A
SIDE OF YOUR
COMPANY?

What was I
missing? What
hadn't I grown
into yet?

What did they see
when they saw me?

AREN'T
YOU A CUTE
SLICE OF
CHERRY
PIE?

But trying to
decode their
glances was
precisely the
kind of childish
thinking that
held me back.





If only I could help it...

When does cute turn into sexy, anyway?

OLD FASHIONED AND A PACK.

MY, MY, IS THAT THE MR. CLEO CHANDLER I SEE???



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