

# Out of Her league

by bela04








HEY, JAMES!  
WHAT'S UP WITH  
YOU?

GOING  
SOMEWHERE?



A young man with short brown hair and a surprised expression stands in a room. He is shirtless, showing a muscular build, and wears light blue jeans with a black belt and a black wristwatch on his left wrist. The background features a dark wood bookshelf filled with books and a desk with various items like a white mug and blue headphones. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image.

HEY, EMM,  
YEAH, I'M GOING  
ON A DATE WITH  
SAMANTHA.

SHE SHOULD BE  
HERE IN ANY  
MINUTES SO I  
NEED TO GET  
READY.



SO, I WON'T BE  
BABYSITTING YOU TODAY.  
MOM SAID SHE CALLED  
SOMEONE, AND THEY WILL  
BE HERE VERY SOON.





BEFORE YOU GO, I  
NEED TO TALK WITH  
YOU, JAMES!







SORRY, EMM. BUT IT  
HAS TO WAIT UNTIL...



JAMES, I NEED TO  
TALK TO YOU. IT'S  
IMPORTANT. YOU KNOW  
THAT... JUST LOOK AT  
MY NECKLACE.





A young man with brown hair and green eyes, looking surprised or pleading, with a speech bubble.

YOU... NEED TO  
TALK TO ME...  
IMPORTANT...





AHH... MY HEAD...  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH ME...

NOW SHOWING





SO, YOU'VE GOT  
A MINUTE?

S-SURE... I  
GUESS... WHAT IS  
IT?





I HOPE YOU  
DON'T MIND IF  
I...?

NOT AT  
ALL!



I WANTED TO  
HAVE A CHAT WITH  
YOU ABOUT YOUR  
FRIEND,  
SAMANTHA.











HOW LONG HAVE  
YOU KNOWN EACH  
OTHER NOW? IT'S  
BEEN A FEW YEARS,  
HASN'T IT?



A young man with short brown hair, shirtless, stands in a locker room. He is looking to his right with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing blue jeans and a brown belt. In his right hand, he holds a light blue button-down shirt on an orange hanger. The background shows wooden lockers, some hanging clothes, and a wooden bench with various items on it.

DAMN, I  
THINK IT'S BEEN  
7 YEARS NOW? I  
THINK...

AND WE'RE  
TOGETHER FOR 5  
YEARS NOW!





SHE'S BEEN MY  
BEST FRIEND SINCE  
HIGH-SHOOOL BUT  
SINCE WE'RE  
TOGETHER...





7 YEARS? ARE  
YOU SURE ABOUT  
THAT, JAMES? SEEMS  
A LITTLE TOO LONG  
FOR ME.





W-WHAT...  
NO, IT'S...  
TRUE...

YOU CAN'T  
REALLY HAVE  
KNOWN HER FOR  
SEVEN YEARS, CAN  
YOU?





WELL... NO...  
BUT IT FEELS LIKE  
YEARS, SINCE  
WE'VE MET...

BUT... WE'VE  
BEEN DATING FOR  
QUITE SOME TIME  
NOW...





DATING? I'M  
NOT SURE  
ABOUT THAT!

IT DOESN'T  
SEEM RIGHT FOR  
HER TO DATE  
SOMEONE SO MUCH  
YOUNGER!






SHE'S  
DEFINITELY INTO  
OLDER GUYS, OR  
AT LEAST HER  
AGE!

WHAT THE  
HELL, ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT...?

WE'RE...  
WE'RE...





SAMANTHA  
DOESN'T DATE  
WITH BOYS YOUR  
AGE!

B-BOY?  
B-BUT... I'M  
NOT A...



A man with brown hair, wearing a light blue button-down shirt and light blue jeans with a brown belt, stands in a closet. He has a surprised expression on his face. The closet is filled with clothes hanging on hangers. In the background, there is a wooden table with a blue water bottle and some papers.

HE LIKES GUYS  
WHO CAN IMPRESS  
HER, YOU KNOW  
THAT.

...THAT  
YOUNG...





I MEAN IT'S  
CUTE THAT YOU  
THINK YOU CAN  
IMPRESS HER AND  
EVERYTHING...









IF SHE WEREN'T  
HERE TO BABYSIT,  
YOU WOULD HAVE  
NEVER MET HER, LET  
ALONE TALKED TO  
HER.





B-BUT..  
I'M GONNA ASK  
HER ON A DATE,  
TONIGHT!

TELL, ME HOW  
TO IMPRESS  
HER!





OH, JIM! I THINK  
YOU ARE A LITTLE OVER  
YOUR HEAD! I DON'T  
THINK YOU HAVE A  
CHANCE...

BUT HERE YOU GO:  
AS I SAID, SHE LIKES  
HER MAN OLDER,  
STRONG, WELL BUILD.





HAVE A GOOD  
SENSE OF HUMOR,  
A GREAT  
CHARISMA...

A JOB, NOT  
RICH, BUT ABLE TO  
AFFORD HIS OWN  
LIFE.

A NICE TASTE  
OF FASHION.





I'M AFRAID YOU  
DON'T REALLY  
HAVE ANY OF  
THOSE!



B-BUT..  
WHAT ABOUT MY  
CLOTHES? I LIKE  
TO DRESS NICE.





I'M SORRY TO  
SAY, JIM, BUT  
WEARING A CASUAL  
SHIRT AND SHORTS  
JUST WON'T CUT  
IT.







BUT THESE  
ARE MY BEST  
SET!

I KNOW. THAT'S  
PROBABLY WHY YOU  
CAME HERE TO DAD'S  
ROOM, TO FIND  
SOMETHING ELSE,  
RIGHT?

YEAH BUT...  
EVERYTHING IS  
TOO BIG..






WELL, IT'S  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
A BOY NOT A  
MAN, JIMMY!










BUT I  
THOUGHT... WE  
COULD... I MEAN I  
CAN REMEMBER,  
BEING WITH HER...  
I GUESS...





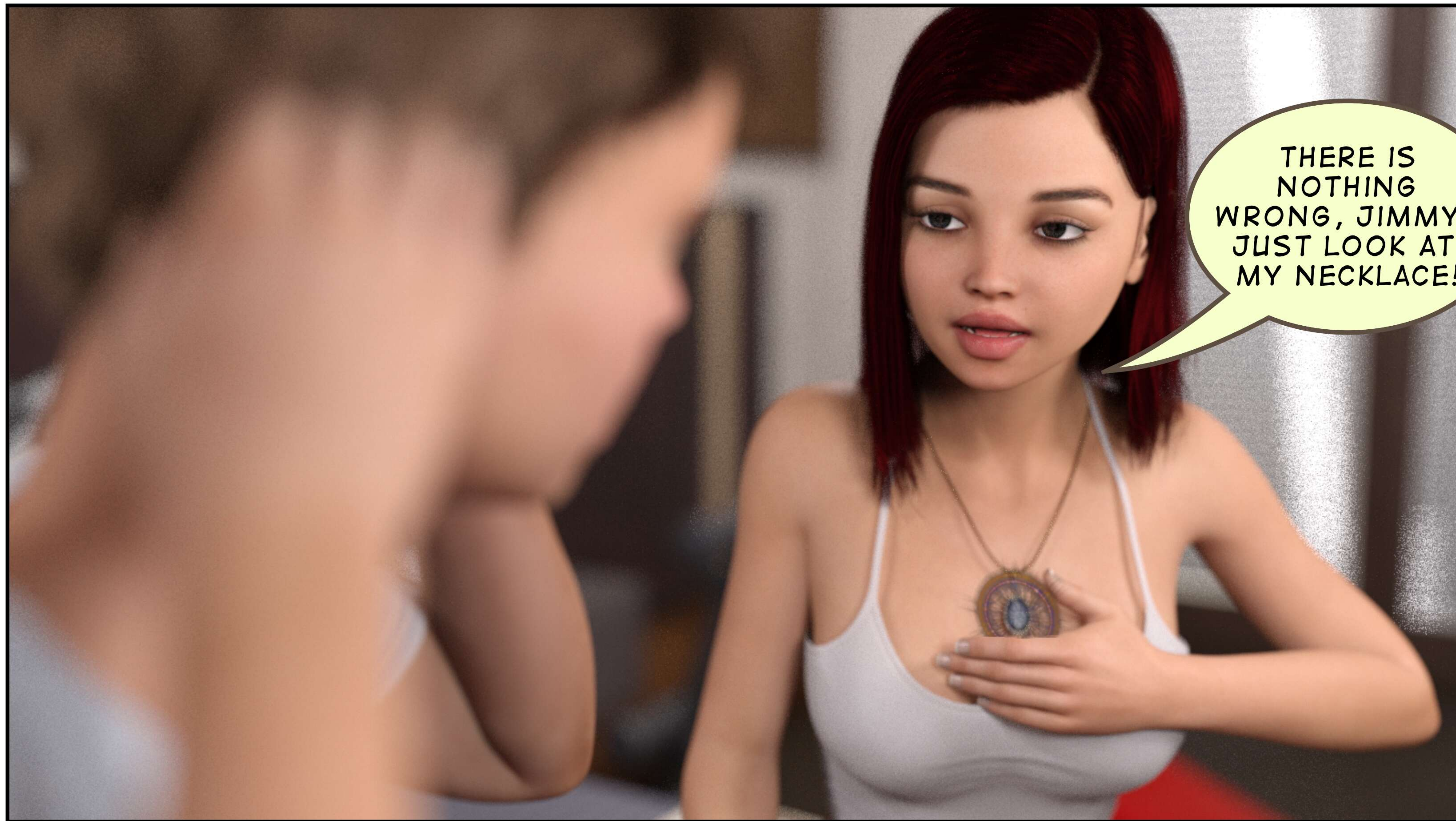




NO... CAN'T  
BE! I CAN  
REMEMBER! I WAS  
WITH HER! LIKE, I'M  
AN ADULT, I LOVE  
HER AND SHE  
LOVES ME TOO!

SOMETHING  
IS WRONG!





THERE IS  
NOTHING  
WRONG, JIMMY!  
JUST LOOK AT  
MY NECKLACE!





ALL OF THOSE  
MEMORIES ARE  
FADING AWAY,  
RIGHT?










OH, GOD.

DREAMS OF A  
LITTLE BOY  
WHO'S GOT A  
CRUSH ON HIS  
BABYSITTER.









B-BUT... HOW  
COULD YOU  
KNOW SO  
MUCH?

IT'S LIKE  
YOU'RE READING  
MY MIND.






WELL, YOU'RE  
NOT THE ONLY ONE!  
I MEAN I'M DOING  
BABYSITTING JOB  
MYSELF.

AND BOYS  
YOUR AGE, GOD!  
IF YOU ONLY KNEW  
HOW MANY BOYS  
HAVE A CRUSH ON  
ME!





YOU?! WHAT  
DO YOU MEAN,  
SOMEONE HAS A  
CRUSH ON YOU?  
AND A  
BABYSITTER?

HOW COULD  
YOU BE A  
BABYSITTER?!  
YOU ARE 12!





WAIT!  
YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
12 AND NOT ME...  
YOU! YOU DID  
THIS!?

YOU DID  
SOMETHING  
WITH MY  
HEAD!





OH, JIMBO! HOW  
COULD I BE 12? HAVE  
YOU LOOKED AT MY  
BODY, LATELY?



A young man with short brown hair and a light blue and white striped V-neck shirt is shown from the chest up. He has a surprised expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. His right hand is raised near his chest. A speech bubble is positioned to his left. The background is dark and out of focus, with a blurry figure of a person in a white shirt on the right side of the frame.

T-THE  
NECKLACE...  
YOU'RE USING IT  
TO... TO...





TO WHAT?





STEAL YOUR,  
AGE, KNOWLEDGE  
TO GROW MYSELF A  
COUPLE OF BIG  
TITS?









YOU KNOW, I'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN YOUR  
OLDER SISTER WITH THE  
BIGGEST TITS YOU'VE  
EVER SEEN!  
REMEMBER?






YOU ARE...  
OLDER... BIG  
TITTIES..



BUT  
SERIOUSLY,  
JIMMY! YOU HAVE TO  
DO SOMETHING WITH  
THOSE DIRTY  
FANTASIES OF  
YOURS.







I KNOW  
YOU'RE GROWING  
BUT STILL, THAT  
DOESN'T MAKE IT  
RIGHT TO HARASS,  
SAMATHA.

SHE IS  
YOUR  
BABYSITTER, NOT  
YOUR BEST FRIEND!  
STOP TEXTING  
HER.





I'M...  
SORRY...

OH, AND BY  
THE WAY: I KNOW  
ABOUT YOUR  
SECRET. I KNOW  
YOU STOLE ONE  
OF HER  
PANTIES!



W-WHAT?!  
YOU KNOW?!







DO YOU REALLY  
THINK YOU CAN  
KEEP SUCH SECRETS  
FROM YOUR BIG  
SISTER?

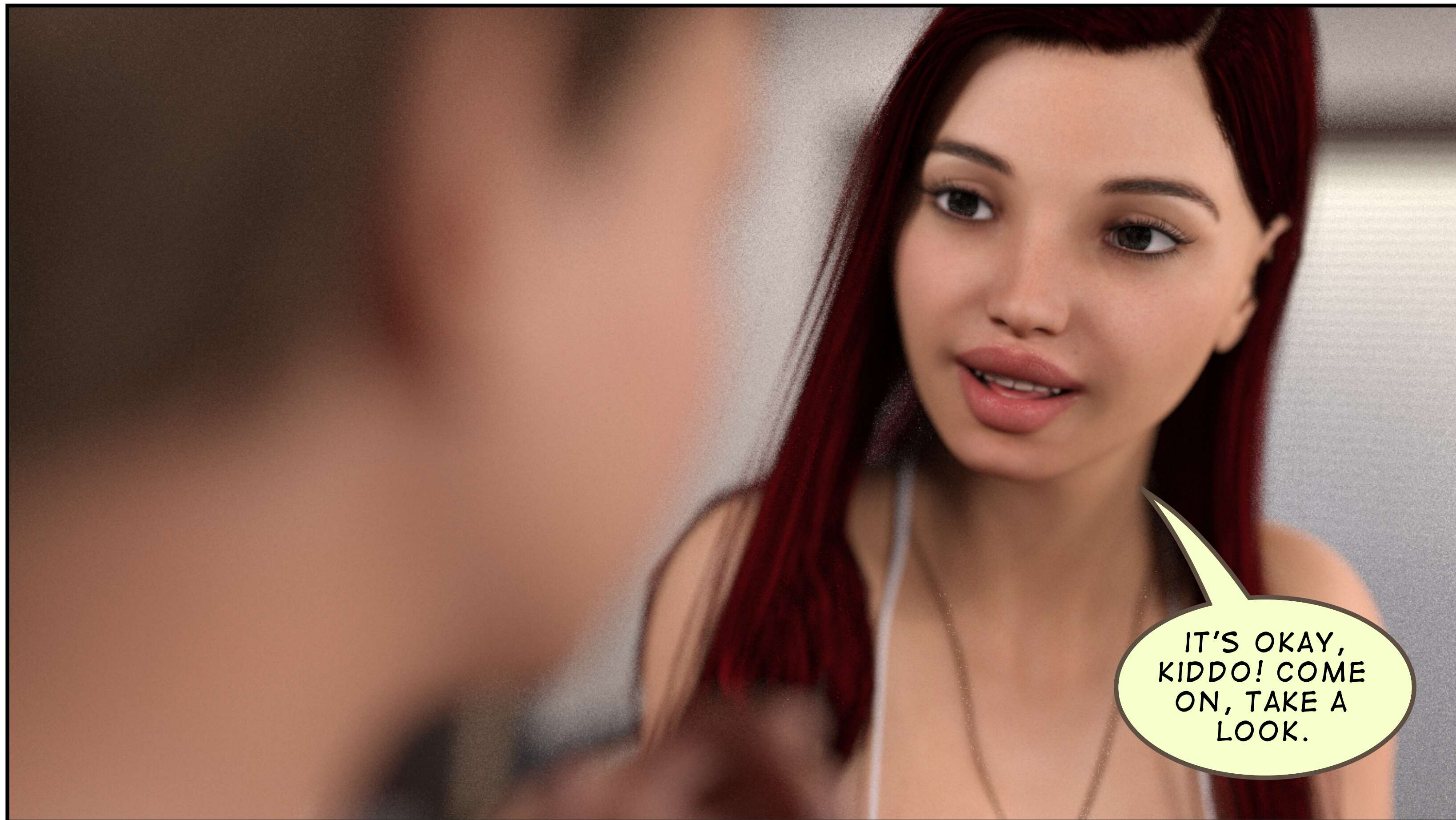
I KNOW  
EVERYTHING. JUST  
LIKE I KNOW YOU ARE  
DYING TO TAKE A  
LOOK AT MY  
CLEAVAGE.





AHH...  
I... I...





IT'S OKAY,  
KIDDO! COME  
ON, TAKE A  
LOOK.









THAT'S RIGHT.  
JUST LOOK AT THE  
NECKLACE A LITTLE  
MORE...





HMMM... YEAH! I  
CAN FEEL THEM  
GROWING AGAIN!





OH, LOOK AT  
THAT!  
IT'S GONE!  
NOW...





ABOUT THAT  
STOLEN  
PANTY!

DO YOU THINK  
IT'S OKAY TO  
STEAL MY BEST  
FRIEND'S  
UNDERWEAR?

N-NO?





I'M SORRY!  
P-PLEASE  
DON'T TELL  
SAMANTHA!

I DON'T WANT  
HER TO GET MAD  
AT ME!





WELL, IN THAT  
CASE, YOU HAVE  
TO TELL HER  
YOURSELF!

I'M NOT GOING  
TO COVER YOUR  
ASS ALL THE  
TIME.









I--I WILL! I'M  
GONNA TELL  
SAMANTHA!



TELL ME  
WHAT  
EXACTLY?





S-S-SAMANTHA!?

WELL, GO  
ON!





WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? EMILY?  
WHAT'S THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

I THOUGHT  
WE'RE GOING  
OUT!





UHMM...

WELL, MY  
LITTLE BRO HAS  
SOMETHING HE  
WANNA TELL YOU,  
SAM.









YOU KNOW  
THE LAST TIME,  
WHEN YOU WERE  
BABYSITTING  
ME...

YOU CAME  
FROM THE  
GYM AND...







AND  
WHILE YOU  
WERE IN THE  
SHOWER, I TOOK  
YOUR PANTY OUT  
AND... WELL  
STOLE IT.



6:9

I'M REALLY, REALLY  
SORRY! I- I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO  
ME! I JUST LIKE YOU SO  
MUCH AND I GOT  
EXCITED..









UHHH, IT'S  
JUST... SHIT,  
JIMMY!

I THOUGHT YOU  
WOULD HAVE MORE  
SENSE THAN  
THAT!





I ALWAYS  
KNEW YOU HAD A  
CRUSH ON ME,  
BUT STILL!







YOU KNOW  
WHAT? JUST  
FORGET IT!

I FORGIVE YOU.  
AT LEAST YOU CAME  
TO ME; NOT MANY  
GUYS CAN SAY  
THAT.



T-THANKS  
SAMANTHA!  
T-THAT REALLY  
MEANS A LOT TO  
ME!










OF COURSE, DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT IT,  
SAM!

AND THANK YOU  
FOR BEING EASY ON  
JIMMY! HE'S A GOOD  
KID YOU KNOW  
THAT!







NOW THAT WE  
ALL OVER THIS  
ISSUE, CAN WE GO  
NOW?

WE AIN'T  
GONNA BE ANY  
YOUNGER! IT'S  
PARTY TIME!



IN A MINUTE,  
JUST GIVE ME SOME  
PRIVACY WITH,  
JIMMY OKAY?

ALRIGHT, I'LL  
BE OUTSIDE.





BYE,  
SAMANTHA!  
HAVE A FUN  
NIGHT!







YEAH, YOU  
TOO, KID.





HUH, FUNNY.  
YOU REMIND ME  
OF SOMEONE... ONE  
OF MY EXES, I  
GUESS...



BYE.





YOU WERE  
RIGHT! THIS  
FEELS GOOD  
AND RIGHT!

SEE? AND SHE  
WASN'T THAT MAD  
AT ALL!







I'M PROUD OF  
YOU, JIMMY!









HUH, YEAH... HEY,  
FOR YOU BEING  
HONEST...



A close-up shot of a woman with long, straight red hair and light-colored eyes. She is looking towards a man whose face is blurred in the foreground on the left. She has a slight, knowing smile. She is wearing a thin gold chain necklace and a light-colored top. A yellow speech bubble with a black outline is positioned near her mouth.

I'M GONNA LET  
YOU TOUCH THE  
GIRLS. FOR A FEW  
SECONDS.





W-WHAT?!!!  
REALLY?!!





GO AHEAD,  
BOY.

*IT'S THE LEAST I  
CAN DO.*



AHH---  
AHHH...







OH,  
GOD! THEY  
ARE SO  
SOFT!







OH MY  
GOD, THEY ARE  
SO FUCKING  
BIG!!!

I WISH I  
COULD... I WISH  
I COULD...











Y-YEAH!  
SORRY.. I GOT  
CARRIED AWAY!





IT'S OKAY, I'M  
GLAD YOU  
ENJOYED IT.



16

NOW, YOUR  
BABYSITTER WILL  
BE HERE ANY  
MINUTE NOW.





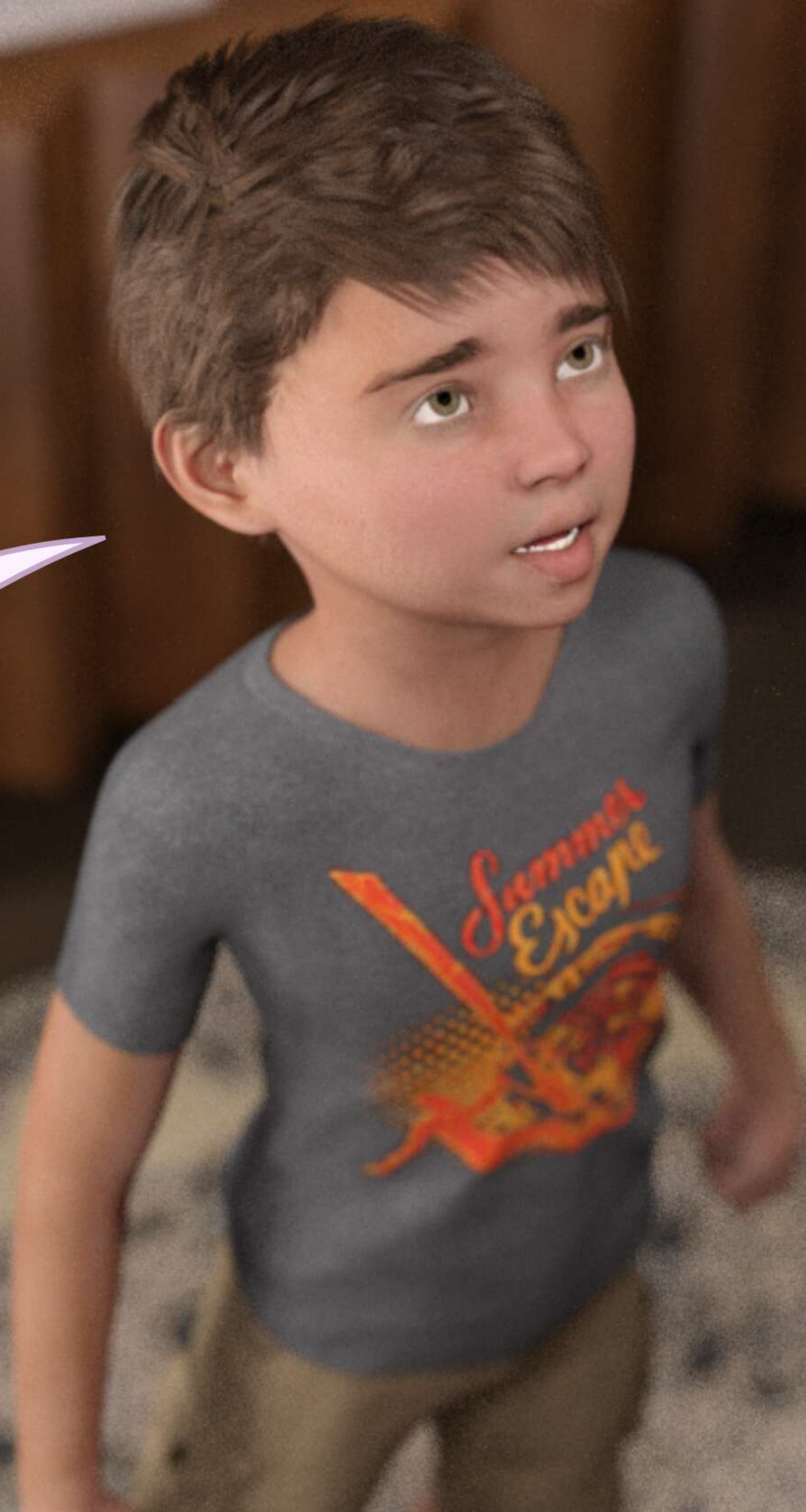


TRY TO BE  
GOOD UNTIL MOM  
COMES HOME,  
OKAY?

AND STAY OUT OF  
DAD'S ROOM,  
OKAY?



CAN DO,  
WILL DO!  
THANKS EMILY!  
YOU'RE THE  
BEST!







The End