

Tina's Erotic Friend Fiction Presents:

Tinablanca II

ZEKE WAS THE LAST PERSON I WANTED TO SEE.

COME ON IN!
WHAT'S, UH...
WHAT'S UP?

TINA, I THINK
THEY'RE GONNA
ARREST ME AND I'LL
BE STUCK HERE
IN CASABLANCA
FOREVER.

BUT I CAME HERE
TO TELL YA, YOU GOTTA
GIVE ONE OF THOSE
LETTERS TO JIMMY JR.
IF WE CAN'T BOTH GO
TO AMERICA, AT LEAST
HE SHOULD GET THE
CHANCE TO GO. THERE'S
A BUNCH OF COOL
STUFF THERE!

OKAY, ZEKE.
I'LL GIVE
JIMMY JR.
THE NOTES.

THEY'RE
LETTERS
OF TRANSIT.
THEY'RE NOT
CALLED "NOTES"
OF TRANSIT,
TINA.

GOT IT.

THEY'RE
LETTERS.

WHAT?

WOULDN'T
HAVE THE
SAME RING
TO IT, YOU
KNOW?



YEAH, I GOT IT. IF YOU GET ARRESTED OR KILLED, I'LL GIVE THEM TO JIMMY JR.

WHY'D YOU SAY "KILLED"? I JUST SAID I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA GET ARRESTED. JEEZ.

I MEAN, IT'S POSSIBLE...



BUT WHO KNOWS, RIGHT? ANYWAY, JUST MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT. WHERE YOU MAY OR MAY NOT GET ARRESTED AND/OR SOMETHING ELSE.

OKAY. ALL RIGHT. MAN, THIS WAS LESS FUN THAN I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA BE.



I CAN HELP YOU ARREST ZEKE.

WELL, I MEAN, I WAS ALREADY PLANNING ON DOING THAT, BUT I'M LISTENING.





