

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black, form-fitting, low-cut dress, is holding a black handgun to her ear. She is looking towards the right. The background is a dimly lit, futuristic interior with blue and green lighting, featuring a computer monitor displaying data on the left and a window with horizontal blinds on the right.

Kiss

Kiss

Kill Kill

Chapter 2

He's just as deadly as a dame.

A COLD DRAFT, AND MY BIG, FAT NIPPLES GET HARD. JESUS. NOT MUCH I CAN DO ABOUT THEM. EVERYTHING FEELS WRONG. MY BODY JIGGLES WITH EVERY STEP. MY MIND REELS, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THESE ALIEN, FEMALE SENSATIONS.



AURELIUS: I HAVE CONTROL OVER MY THOUGHTS, NOT OUTSIDE EVENTS. I HAVE A WOMAN'S BODY, AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SO I JUST NEED TO DEAL.

I DECIDE TO CHOP MY HAIR
DOWN TO A MORE
MANAGEABLE LENGTH. I
FIGURE ON GETTING A BRUSH
CUT LATER. RIGHT NOW I'M TOO
THIRSTY TO DO THE FULL JOB.



MY ARMS KEEP
BUMPING INTO MY
BREASTS. IS THAT
SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN?

I CHANGE THE ANGLE OF MY ARM, AND IT WORKS, BUT I AM BEGINNING TO REALIZE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ME AND MY BREASTS IS GOING TO BE COMPLICATED. HOPEFULLY, I CAN GET RID OF THEM SOON.



WELL, I GUESS I'VE AVOIDED IT LONG ENOUGH. TIME TO SEE WHAT MY FACE LOOKS LIKE. PLUS, THE REST.

WHOO WEE. I'M A LOOKER. THAT'S FOR SURE. I HAVE THE KIND OF FACE THAT MAKES A MAN WANT TO SPEND MONEY. JESUS. MY SHOULDERS ARE GONE, AND THESE PUNY ARMS ARE A DISGRACE.



NICE TITS. THEY FEEL BIGGER THAN THEY LOOK. I WANT TO MOTORBOAT MYSELF.

SWEET ASS. I'D DO ME.



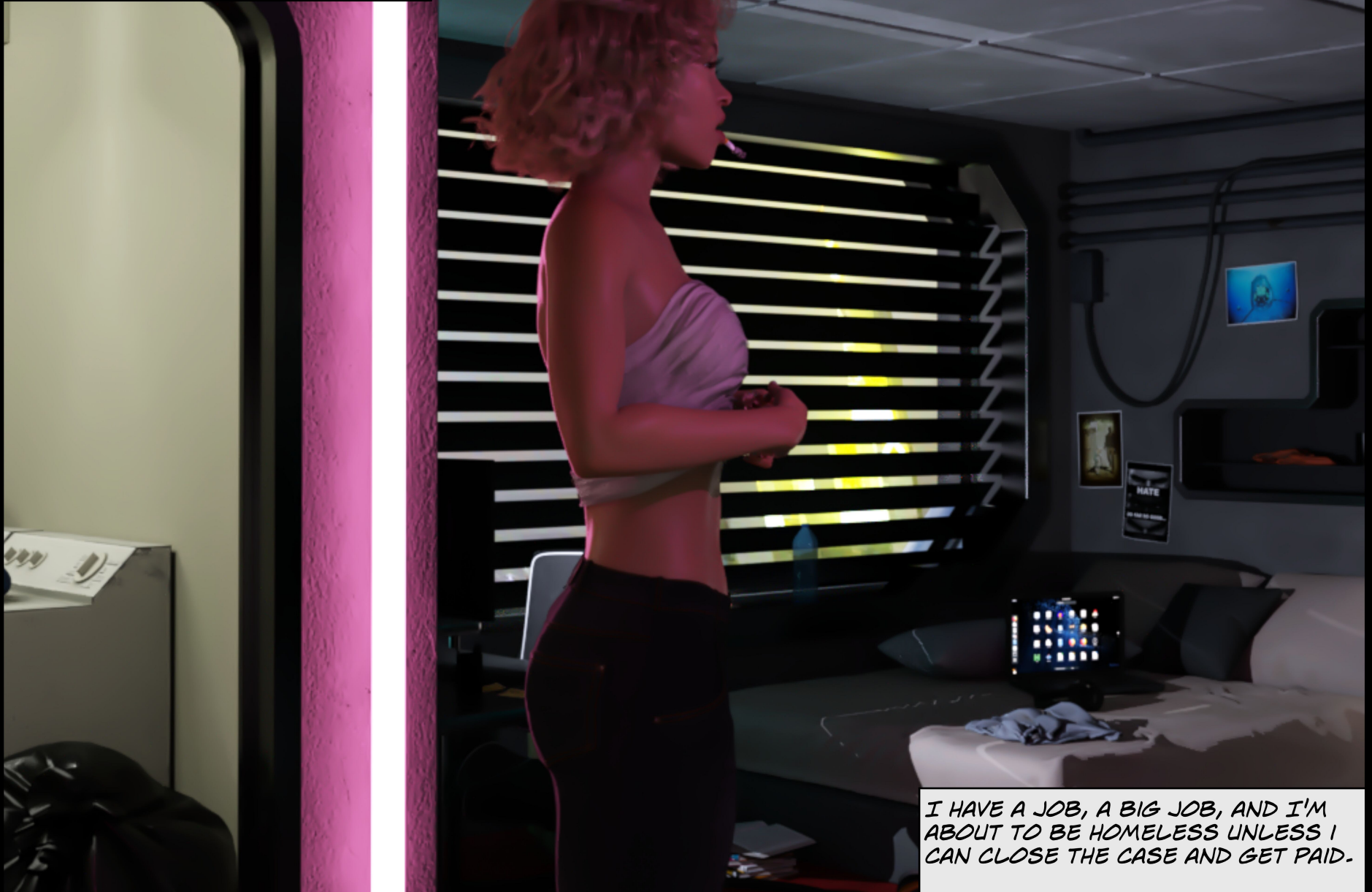
GLASS HALF FULL: IF THE DETECTIVE THING PETERS OUT, I CAN WORK AS A STRIPPER.

I DECIDE TO HIDE MY CURVES.
THEY MAY COME IN USEFUL AT
SOME POINT, BUT RIGHT NOW
I'M GOING TO TRY AND FAKE
THAT I'M STILL A GUY.



DAMN, MY HEAD HURTS. I NEED A
DRINK. SCRATCH THAT. I NEED DRINKS.

AS MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO FIND THE PERSON WHO TURNED ME INTO A WOMAN AND BEAT THEM SENSELESS, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I NEED TO DO-- AFTER A COUPLE DRINKS, I MEAN.



I HAVE A JOB, A BIG JOB, AND I'M ABOUT TO BE HOMELESS UNLESS I CAN CLOSE THE CASE AND GET PAID.

I HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING
CALLED THE CODEX
CONTRARIUM-- AN OLD BOOK,
EVIDENTLY-- AND FROM THE
OTHER SIDE.



THE DAME THAT BROUGHT
ME THE CASE-- COULD
SHE BE THE ONE WHO
TURNED ME INTO A
WOMAN? IT DOESN'T SEEM
LIKELY. SHE NEEDED ME.
SHE NEEDED ME MY
MUSCLE. AND YET--

ALL WOMAN, SHE THREW THE DOOR OPEN AND STRUTTED INTO MY OFFICE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A KNOCK. I DIDN'T MIND-- AND IT WASN'T JUST THE SHORT DRESS AND THE LONG LEGS.

MR. BRASS, I ASSUME YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY TO SEE ME.

I CAN ALWAYS FIND TIME FOR A PRETTY FACE. CALL ME BENNY.

I COULD SEE RIGHT AWAY SHE HAD MONEY. THE NECKLACE SHE WORE WOULD COVER SIX MONTHS RENT FOR ME. I HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR DAMES AS IT IS. GORGEOUS DAMES WITH MONEY? IRRESISTIBLE.



HER CLIPPED PRONONCIATION SAID--
OLD MONEY. HER ATTITUDE SAID--
DADDY'S GIRL. SHE WAS USED TO
GETTING WHAT SHE WANTED FROM MEN.

YOU
DO KNOW
HOW TO FLATTER
A GIRL. I NEED YOU
TO FIND SOMETHING
FOR ME, AND TIME IS
OF THE ESSENCE. LET
ME JUST SAY LIVES
DEPEND ON MY
REGAINING
POSSESSION OF
THAT BOOK.

GIMME THE
DEETS.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a large black hat with a white band, black sunglasses, a black dress, and a multi-strand pearl necklace, is sitting in a wooden chair. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The room has patterned wallpaper, a desk lamp with a green shade, and a door with a window. The door window has the number '814' and the word 'PRIVATE' written on it. There are several framed pictures on the wall.

IT'S AN ANCIENT AND
POWERFUL SPELL
BOOK CALLED THE
CODEX CONTRARIUM.

IT WAS STOLEN
LAST NIGHT
FROM MY
LIBRARY.

I CAN FIND IT.
JUST DON'T ASK
ME TO READ IT.
ANY IDEA WHO
MIGHT WANT TO
STEAL THIS
BOOK?



OH, I
KNOW WHO
STOLE IT.

COMPTON
SINCLAIR.

COMPTON SINCLAIR. FAMILIAR NAME.
SOCIETY PAGE TYPE. ART DEALER, BUT WITH
A REPUTATION FOR DIRTY DEALINGS ON THE
SIDE. SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND.

COMPTON SINCLAIR?

HOW CAN
YOU BE SO
SURE?





HE'S ONE OF THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNEW I OWNED IT AND HE WANTED IT DESPERATLY. HE-- WELL-- HE TRIED TO BUY THE CODEX, AND WHEN I REFUSED HE-- HE TOLD ME HE WOULD HAVE HIS MEN **SLASH MY FACE** IF I DIDN'T SELL IT TO HIM. I MUST CONFESS I'M SCARED OF HIM-- OF WHAT HE MIGHT DO TO ME.



THAT SON OF
A BITCH!


YOU DON'T NEED
TO WORRY. I'LL GET
YOUR BOOK AND
TEACH HIM A LESSON
WHILE I'M AT IT. HE
WON'T EVEN THINK
ABOUT HURTING
YOU.

I HAVE A THING FOR PROTECTING
WOMEN. I HAVE A BIGGER THING FOR
BEATING THE HELL OUT OF ASSHOLES
WHO HURT THEM-- OR SCARE THEM.

SHE PULLS OFF HER HAT AND SHAKES OUT HER LONG, BLONDE HAIR, AND HER HAIR AIN'T THE ONLY THING SHE'S SHAKING.

BENNY, YOU-- I KNEW I CAME TO SEE THE RIGHT MAN. CAN YOU REALLY PROTECT ME? SINCLAIR IS SO POWERFUL-- AND DANGEROUS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A THING MISS---? I DON'T THINK I GOT YOUR NAME.



I PREFER TO
REMAIN
ANONYMOUS,
BENJAMIN. NOW, UM,
THIS IS SO UNLIKE ME,
BUT I MUST CONFESS,
I FIND YOU *VERY*
ATTRACTIVE.

AND I'VE
HEARD YOU'RE
QUITE A LOVER. I
SWEAR, I AM NOT
THAT KIND OF
GIRL, BUT--?

OH, BOY.

IF THIS SEEMS A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE,
UNDERSTAND I HAVE THAT AFFECT ON
WOMEN. SHE WASN'T THE FIRST TO COME
TO MY OFFICE WITHOUT ANY PANTIES. SO,
YEAH, MY LIFE IS A PORNO MOVIE. OR, IT
WAS.

I FIND SEX IS
A VERY GOOD
WAY TO BUILD
TRUST.



A WOMAN IN DANGER AND A BIG STRONG ALPHA MALE READY TO PROTECT HER? MAKES 'EM HORNY EVERY TIME. IT'S BIOLOGY.

LET ME HELP YOU OUT OF THAT DRESS.

I'M EVERY WOMAN'S WET DREAM-- OR I WAS. SHIT.



SHE MAKES LITTLE SQUEAKING NOISES THAT DRIVE ME WILD. SHE'S SO WET AND TIGHT. I COULD POP RIGHT AWAY, BUT I HOLD BACK, WANTING TO MAKE SURE SHE GETS OFF.



THE ROOM FILLS WITH THE BRINY SMELL OF SEX, AND IT'S HARD AS HELL TO HOLD BACK, SHE'S SO DAMN FINE.



HARDER.
DEEPER. YES!
YES!

UNH. UNH.





SHE SLAMMED INTO ME LIKE A JACK-HAMMER, STRETCHED ME OUT. I'D NEVER HAD SOMEONE SO HUGE INSIDE ME. I CLAMPED DOWN HARD. THANK GOD FOR ALL THOSE KEGELS.

HARDER.
DEEPER.
MMMM...

YOU FILTHY
LITTLE GIRL.

"FILTHY LITTLE GIRL."
HEARING HER CALL ME THAT
MADE MY WHOLE BODY
CLENCH. I LOVE IT WHEN A
MAN TALKS DIRTY TO ME.

SHE SHOT HER LOAD, HER
MOLTEN JIZZ GUSHING INTO ME
LIKE A FIREHOSE, AND I
SCREAMED--

OH, MY GOD.

WAIT. STOP. THAT
NEVER HAPPENED.
WHAT THE HELL? NO. I
FUCKED HER, AND SHE
SCREAMED AND--

IT'S A GLITCH, A FALSE MEMORY. I'M SURE. IT SEEMS SO REAL NOW, THOUGH. I FEEL HER INSIDE ME. NO. IMPOSSIBLE. THAT NEVER HAPPENED. I WOULD NEVER LET THAT HAPPEN. WHAT WAS IT SALVADOR DALI SAID? IT'S ALWAYS THE FALSE MEMORIES THAT SEEM THE MOST REAL.



WHAT THE FUCK?

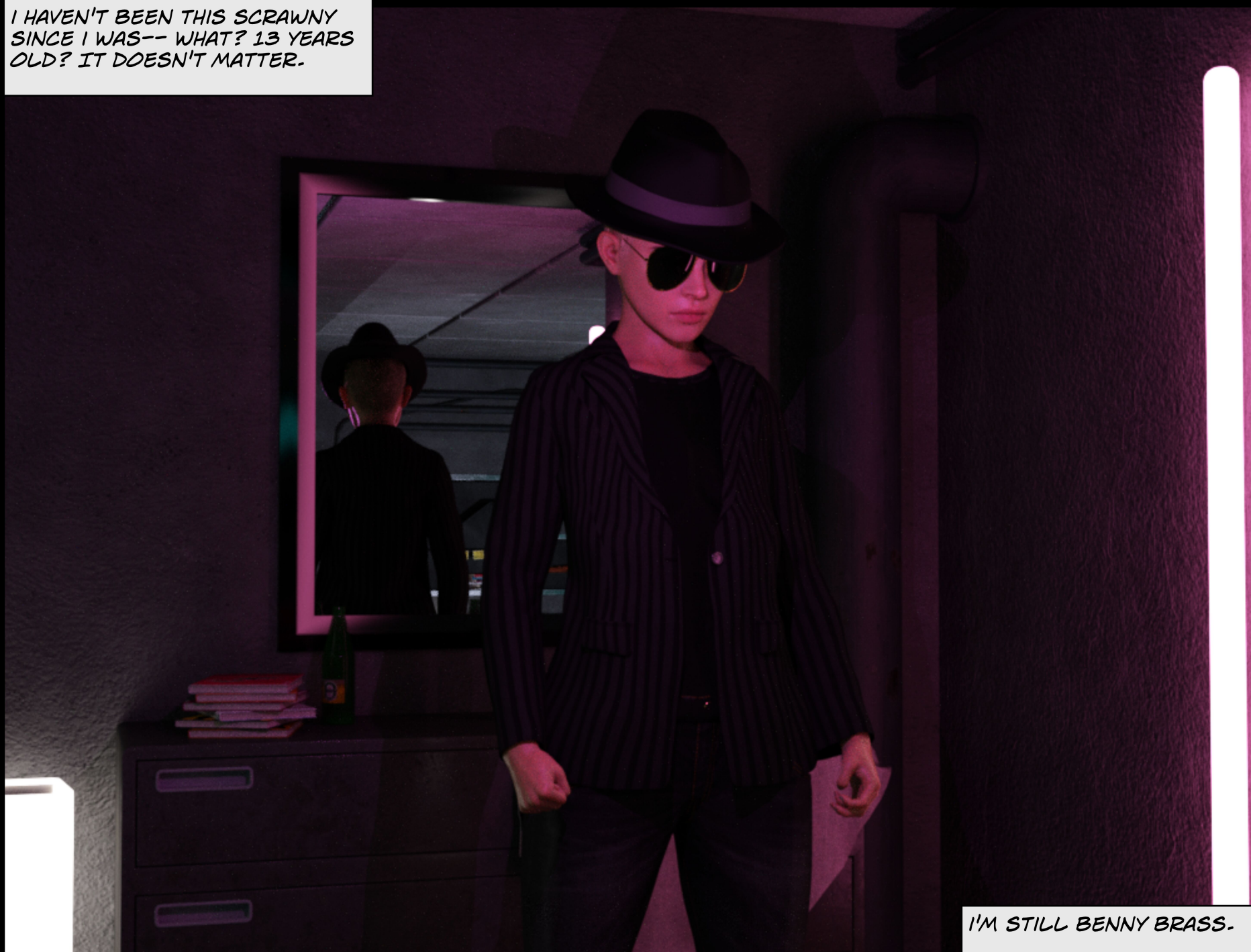
I HAVE TO WONDER: IS IT THE SHOCK OF WAKING UP IN A WOMAN'S BODY MESSING WITH MY HEAD? OR IS THE SPELL MESSING WITH MY MIND? OR, DID THAT REALLY? NO. NO WAY THAT HAPPENED.

I FORCE MYSELF TO STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. ONE THING IS FOR SURE: I'M NOT GOING TO FIND ANY ANSWERS-- OR GET MY BODY BACK-- SITTING AROUND MY APARTMENT.



I TUCK MY HAIR UNDER MY HAT. DRESSED IN MY OLD CLOTHES, I FEEL MORE LIKE MYSELF. THANKS TO AI SMART CLOTH, THE CLOTHES CONFORM TO MY NEW SIZE, WHICH IS BOTH GOOD AND BAD.

I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS SCRAWNY
SINCE I WAS-- WHAT? 13 YEARS
OLD? IT DOESN'T MATTER.



I'M STILL BENNY BRASS.

A close-up photograph of a person's legs from the knees down, wearing black high-heeled shoes with a red interior. The person is sitting on a wooden stool. The floor is made of light-colored square tiles. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows. The text "TO BE CONTINUED" is overlaid in the upper right corner in a white, outlined, stylized font.

TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ON KISS, KISS, KILL KILL

YOU LOST, KID?

BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, IT'S
ME, BENNY.