The Tamara Chronicles

A Cresswell Industries Series

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The Wandering Talespinner

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WELCOME TO THE CITY OF BULLCHESTER.
POPULATION NUMBERS ARE IRRELEVANT COMPARED TO THE GENDER RATIO.
IF YOU'RE A GENETIC FEMALE, IT'S A VERITABLE PARADISE. YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT IF YOU WANT TO VISIT. UNLESS YOU CROSS THE WRONG PEOPLE.
THEN YOU SHOULD RUN.

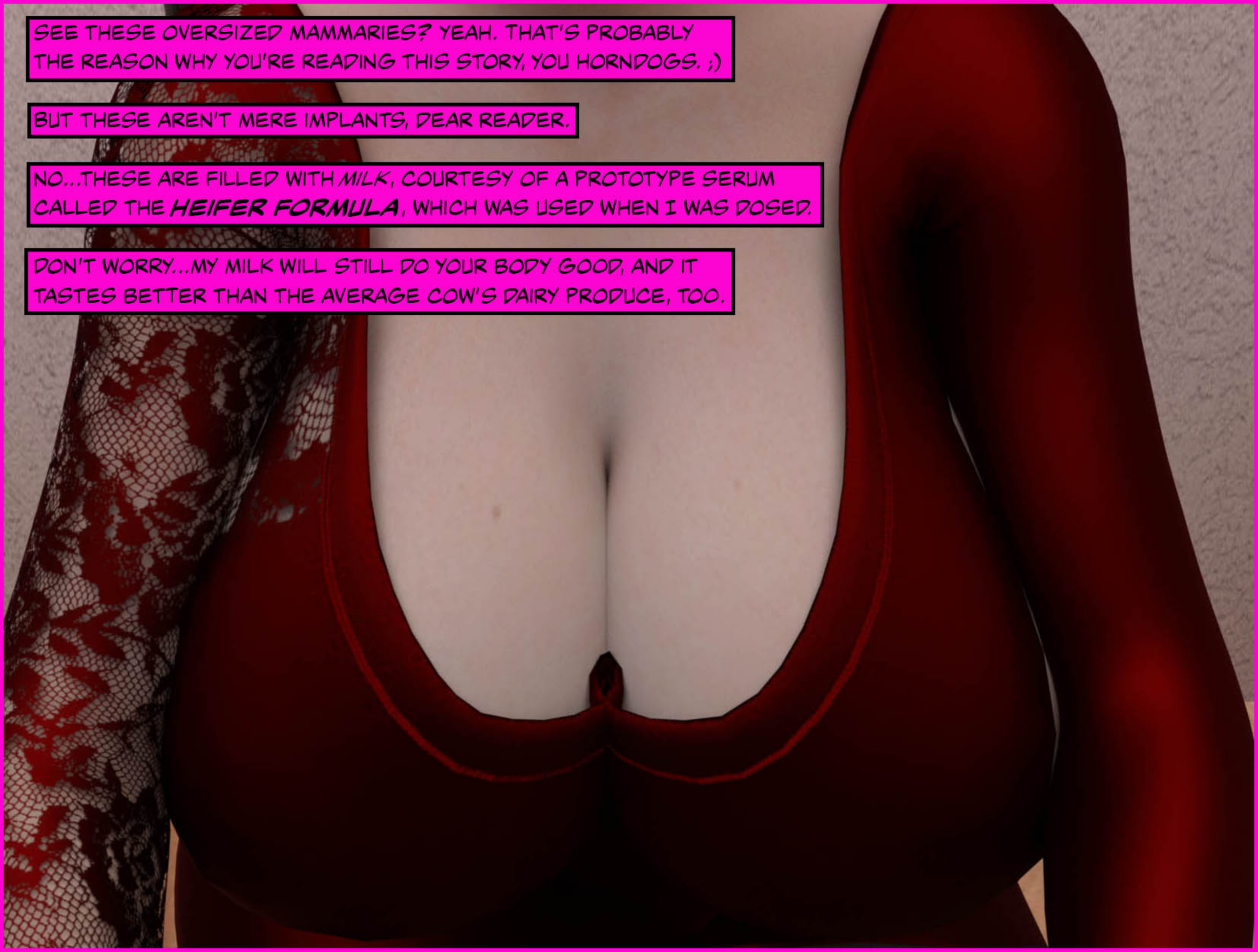
IF YOU'RE A MISOGYNIST MALE, YOU'RE IN *SERIOUS* DANGER.
SO BEHAVE YOURSELVES, OR YOU MAY JUST DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE.
THEN THE FEMALE GENDER RATIO GOES UP A LITTLE MORE.

MY NAME IS TAMARA PORTNOY.
FORMER SECRETARY TO LAWRENCE HANEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. CURRENT SECRETARY TO JULIA STROUD, THE MAYORESS OF BULLCHESTER.
AND I USED TO BE A YOUNG MAN.

MY FATHER WAS A MISOGYNIST, A WIFE ABUSER, AND A RAPIST.
HE DIED, HOWEVER, BEFORE ONE OF HIS VICTIMS...A WOMAN NAMED RITA NOBLE...COULD GET HER REVENGE.
THAT'S WHY SHE WENT AFTER ME.
THAT'S WHY TIMOTHY PORTNOY DISAPPEARED.

THE MEMORIES OF THE MOMENTS IN WHICH RITA HAD ME UNDER HER SPELL LINGER TO THIS DAY.
LIKE WHEN SHE BROUGHT ME TO HER MANSION'S BACKYARD, THE BOTH OF US COMPLETELY IN THE BUFF, AND TALKED TO ME ABOUT HOW LIBERATING IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO EXIST IN AN ERA WHERE THERE WERE NO SUCH THINGS AS CLOTHES.

IF I HAD STAYED WITH HER, SHE WOULD HAVE MADE ME NOTHING MORE THAN A WANTON SEXTOY. A SHE-MALE 'PORNTOY'.
A WOMAN NAMED MAGGIE KATZHOFF, HOWEVER, GOT TO ME FIRST.
MAGGIE CALLS HERSELF THE 'DEVIL OF BULLCHESTER'. SHE'S A HELLRAISER WHOSE CONTACTS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO LOSE MY PECKER AND BECOME A FULL WOMAN, TECHNICALLY SAVING ME FROM WHATEVER PLANS RITA HAD FOR ME.
BUT THERE'S A CATCH.


SEE THESE OVERSIZED MAMMARIES? YEAH. THAT'S PROBABLY THE REASON WHY YOU'RE READING THIS STORY, YOU HORNDOGS. ;)
BUT THESE AREN'T MERE IMPLANTS, DEAR READER.
NO...THESE ARE FILLED WITH *MILK*, COURTESY OF A PROTOTYPE SERUM CALLED THE ***HEIFER FORMULA***, WHICH WAS USED WHEN I WAS DOSED.
DON'T WORRY...MY MILK WILL STILL DO YOUR BODY GOOD, AND IT TASTES BETTER THAN THE AVERAGE COW'S DAIRY PRODUCE, TOO.

TO MOST OF THE DOMINANT MADAMES OF THE SISTERHOOD OF THE DIVINE FEMININE, I'M CALLED 'COW'.
TO MADAME NOBLE, I'M ALWAYS A SLUT.
SOME ASIAN SHE-MALE AT A PRIVATE PARTY CALLED ME 'HEIFER' ONCE, TOO. IT WAS... ODDLY FLATTERING, CONSIDERING THE SOURCE.
NONE OF THESE EPITHETS BOTHER ME MUCH. I ALWAYS FEEL AN ODD TWINGE OF... *EXCITEMENT*...WHENEVER MADAME NOBLE CALLS ME A SLUT, THOUGH.

GOOD MORNING, TAMARA.
OH! UH...GOOD MORNING, YOUR HONOR. I WAS... JUST GOING TO BRING IN THE DOCUMENTS THAT NEED YOUR SIGNATURE.

CAREFUL...THE MAYORESS MAY LOOK NORMAL, BUT THERE'S MORE TO HER THAN WHAT APPEARS.
DID YOU TRY THE SALAD DRESSING THAT I RECOMMENDED?
I'M NOT A FAN OF THE SOUR CREAM VARIETIES, YOUR HONOR.
MMMM. YOU'RE MISSING OUT.
ANYWAY...TIME TO MAKE THE DOUGHNUTS.
IF SHE EVER MAKES SKIN-TO-SKIN CONTACT WITH HER HANDS, YOUR MIND GOES HAYWIRE, AND SHE CAN IMPLANT SUGGESTIONS. IT'S TECHNICALLY MIND CONTROL.
SHE'S NOT DOING THAT HERE, THOUGH. SHE'S JUST CARESSING MY HAIR.
AS IF I WERE A PET.

'TIME TO MAKE THE DOUGHNUTS' IS JULIA'S WAY OF SAYING 'LET'S GO THROUGH OUR USUAL MORNING RITUAL'.
I MAKE HER COFFEE, PREPARING IT JUST HOW SHE WANTS IT.
AS SHE GOES OVER THE MUNICIPAL DOCUMENTS WHILE SHE DRINKS HER MORNING COFFEE, I GET BEHIND THE DESK AND LOWER TO MY KNEES, GETTING READY TO PLEASURE HER FEET.

YES, YOU READ THAT RIGHT. I'M LITERALLY PLEASURING HER FEET.
FOOT MASSAGES...
...FOOTLICKING...
...TOE SUCKING...
...SOMETIMES, EVEN A MANICURE...

...WHAT CAN I SAY? I GET SOOOO HORNY WHEN I SMELL FOOT ODOR. JULIA KNOWS THIS.
AND SHE ALWAYS EXPLOITS IT.
GODDESS...I LOVE HOW THE SMELL OF MY SALIVA MINGLES WITH HER FOOT ODOR...I COULD SPURT PRE-CUM JUST THINKING ABOUT IT...MMMMH...
...I'M SUCH A SLUT!
PANT
PANT

WE'RE DONE BY THE TIME THE MAYORESS IS READY TO GET TO WORK, AND THE PHONE CALLS START ROLLING IN.
SOMETIMES, SHE CALLS ME IN FOR DICTATION, AND I NEED TO GET IT ALL ON A WORDPROC* FORM LETTER AFTERWARDS.
JULIA GETS VISITORS, TOO, AND SINCE I'M AT THE RECEPTION DESK, GUESS WHO GETS TO GIVE THEM THE FORMAL GREETING?
* - THAT'S A PART OF THE 'PROC' BUSINESS SOFTWARE SUITE LORIS INTERNATIONAL PUTS OUT.

THERE ARE OTHERS WHO WORK IN THE OFFICE, OF COURSE, AND THEY USUALLY START COMING IN ONCE I'M BACK IN THE RECEPTION AREA.
SAY HAAAAY, JIGGLES!
RANDI HERE IS A RECENT HIRE. THE LAST GUY IN HIS POSITION GOT FRESH WITH JULIA, AND THEREAFTER BECAME THE SUBJECT OF A MISSING PERSONS REPORT.
RANDI HAS BEEN FINE THUS FAR, ALTHOUGH I SUSPECT JULIA PUT HER FEMINIZING SEMEN IN HIS COFFEE DURING THE JOB INTERVIEW.
I DON'T RECALL HIM LOOKING THIS...EFFEMINATE...WHEN HE FIRST CAME HERE.
Randi Santos
126 Eros Lane
Barford, BC 24562
*ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO

CASSIE HALL IS BULLCHESTER'S VICE MAYORESS. SHE'S ALL BUSINESS AROUND CO-WORKERS, WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY THEY CALL HER "FRUMPY" BEHIND HER BACK.
GOOD MORNING, TAMARA.
YOU DID USE HAND SANITIZER BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR FINGERS ON THAT KEYBOARD, YES?
NO, I FIGURED I'D INFECT MYSELF WITH MY OWN NON-EXISTENT DISEASES, FRUMPY.
I'VE HEARD HER TALKING TO HER KIDS ON HER SMARTPHONE, THOUGH. SHE'S THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE OF HER STUFFY BUSINESS DEMEANOR WITH HER SON AND HER DAUGHTER, BOTH OF WHOM ARE KINDERGARTEN-AGE.
Cassandra Hall
Vice Mayoress of Bullchester
85 Noble Lane
Barford, BC 24562
ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS

LUTHER FARENTINO. THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING'S HEAD OF SECURITY. HE'S THE GUY WHO WATCHES THE SECURITY CAMS IN A LITTLE ROOM.
MMH.
GOOD MORNING, LUTHER!
AS YOU CAN SEE, HE OOZES PERSONALITY. STARES AT ME A LOT WHENEVER HE'S AROUND, TOO, BUT HE DOESN'T SAY MUCH ASIDE FROM THE OCCASIONAL COMPLIMENT.
I ALWAYS TRY TO BE NICE TO HIM, THOUGH.

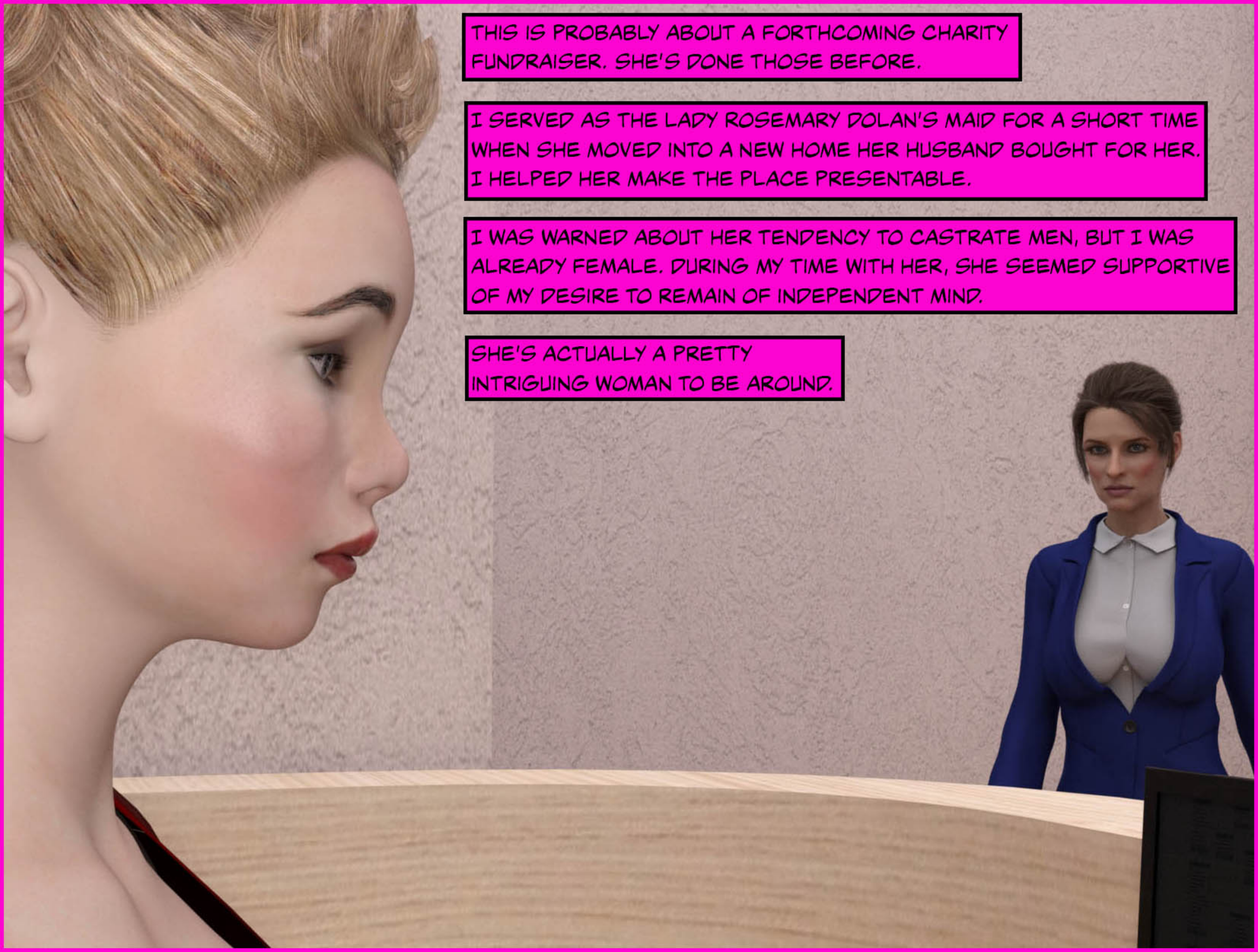
AND THEN THERE'S WALLACE MINER. WALLY, AS WE CALL HIM. HE BECAME THE OFFICE'S NEW TEABOY AS OF LAST WEEK.
HI, TAMMY!
WALLY, PLEASE. IT'S TAMARA.
OH YEAH, SORRY, TAMMY!
SIGH WHY DOES HE INSIST ON CALLING ME THAT?
HE'S A GOOD KID, THOUGH. I JUST HOPE HE STAYS THAT WAY, OR WE MIGHT BE FORCED TO WATCH HIS MASCULINITY SLOWLY DISSOLVE.
Wallace Miner
Teaboy
260 Delacroix Blvd.
Barford, BC 24562
ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS

AN AVERAGE DAY IS USUALLY ALL ABOUT TYPING, PHONES, AND A PLETHORA OF VISITORS, SISTERHOOD AND OTHERWISE.
YOU'LL FIND THAT SPENDING A DAY IN THE OFFICE IS NO DIFFERENT THAN A DAY SPENT IN THE CITY ITSELF: THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING INTERESTING HAPPENING IF YOU KNOW WHERE...AND WHEN...TO LOOK.
JUST...DON'T GET CAUGHT AS YOU DO SO, OKAY?

MUNICIPAL OFFICE, MAY I HELP YOU?
PUT THE MAYORESS ON THE PHONE NOW, TAMARA.
NO. BECAUSE YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO ASK NICELY, AND YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THE MEANING OF THE WORDS 'MAKE AN APPOINTMENT'.

* - MISOGUNIA IS A GROUP OF STUPID, BUT DETERMINED MISOGYNIST RADICALS TRYING TO TAKE BACK THE CITY.

LADY ROSEMARY...?
ARE YOU MISSING THE TIME YOU SPENT SERVING ME, DEAREST MARA?
Y-YES, LADY ROSEMARY.
ARE YOU STILL KEEPING UP WITH YOUR COLONIC WASHINGS?
YES, MILADY ROSEMARY... UHM...D-DID YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO THE MAYORESS?
YES, DEAR. SHE SHOULD BE WAITING FOR ME NOW. I'M TO BE PART OF A CONFERENCE CALL, BUT I WANTED TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN FIRST.
OF COURSE. I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH RIGHT NOW, MILADY.
I MISS YOU, MAID MARA. YOU'LL SEE ME AGAIN SOON.


THIS IS PROBABLY ABOUT A FORTHCOMING CHARITY FUNDRAISER. SHE'S DONE THOSE BEFORE.
I SERVED AS THE LADY ROSEMARY DOLAN'S MAID FOR A SHORT TIME WHEN SHE MOVED INTO A NEW HOME HER HUSBAND BOUGHT FOR HER. I HELPED HER MAKE THE PLACE PRESENTABLE.
I WAS WARNED ABOUT HER TENDENCY TO CASTRATE MEN, BUT I WAS ALREADY FEMALE. DURING MY TIME WITH HER, SHE SEEMED SUPPORTIVE OF MY DESIRE TO REMAIN OF INDEPENDENT MIND.
SHE'S ACTUALLY A PRETTY INTRIGUING WOMAN TO BE AROUND.

WAS THAT LADY DOLAN ON THE PHONE?
YEAH.
COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR. YOU HAVE SOME HISTORY WITH HER?
YEAH, I...HELPED HER FOR A TIME.
DEFINE 'HELP'.
I'D RATHER NOT, IF THAT'S OKAY.

PERHAPS THE LADY DOLAN HERSELF COULD TELL ME, EH?
AND IF I LIKE WHAT I HEAR...
...THEN MAYBE YOU COULD SERVE ME, AS WELL.
WELL, UHHH... W-WE'LL SEE, VICE MAYORESS.
ARE YOU GOOD WITH KIDS?
WELL, I...I TRY. I MEAN... I DO LIKE KIDS.
THEN I'LL JUST LOOOOVE YOU.
MAY NOT EVEN WANT TO LET YOU GO, IF YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH.

TAMARA...COULD YOU SEND CASSIE IN HERE, PLEASE?
YES, YOUR HONOR.
WE'LL TALK MORE ABOUT THIS LATER, TAMARA.
COUNT ON IT!

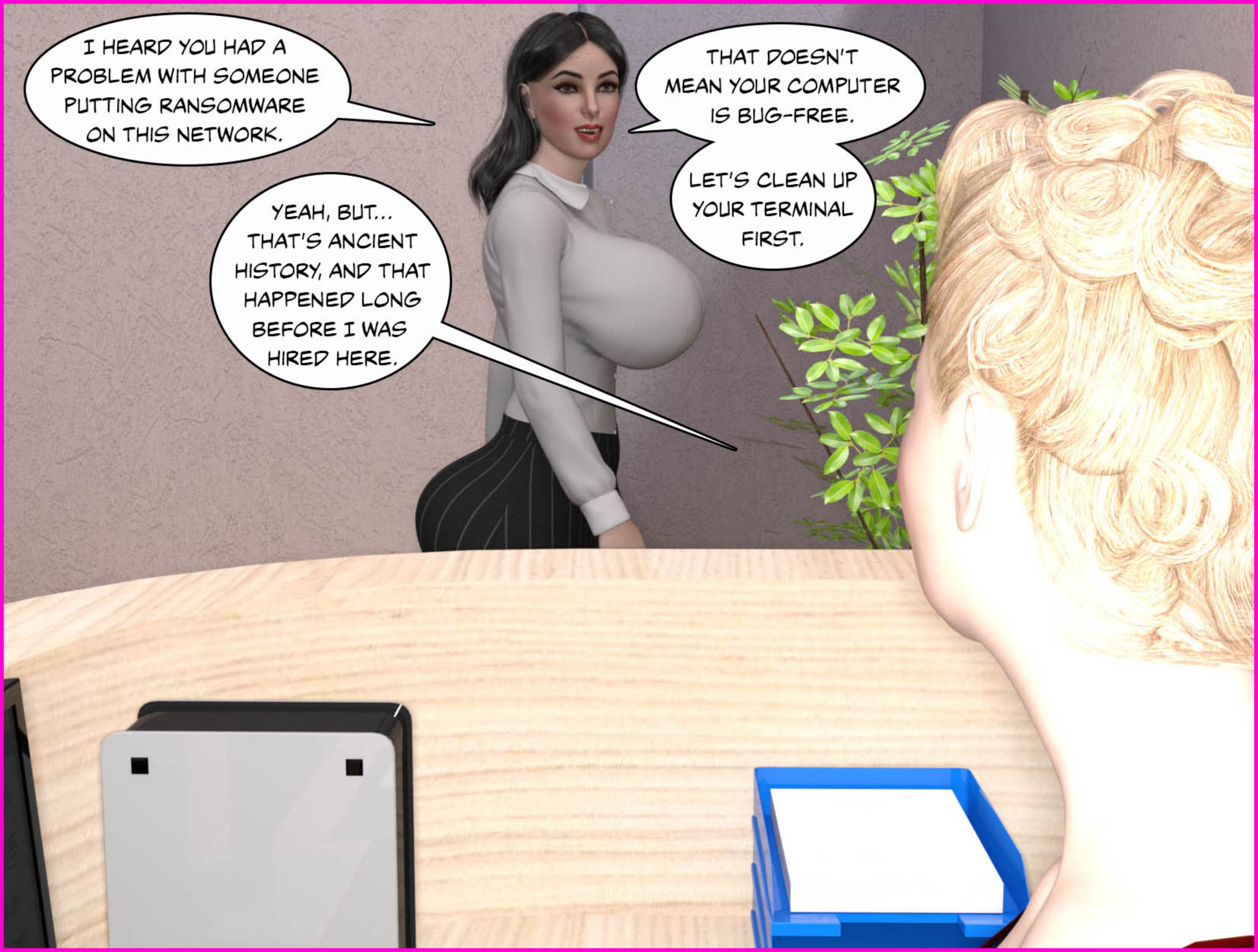
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE FRONT DESK FEELS MORE LIKE A SNAKE PIT.
ESPECIALLY FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME.
A VISITOR HEARS ABOUT ME FROM GODDESS KNOWS WHO, AND THEY GET ALL FLIRTATIOUS.
LIKE, THEY WANT TO TALK TO THE MAYORESS... AND JUMP MY BONES...AT THE SAME TIME.
AROUND POSSIBLE SISTERHOOD PLANTS LIKE CASSIE, HOWEVER, I NEED TO BE EXTRA CAREFUL!
SIGH

MM? WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY NOT ON THE WORK ROSTER, ALTHOUGH SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE SHOULD BE.
AND WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT? SHE LOCKED HER EYES ON ME THE MOMENT SHE SPOTTED ME.
USUALLY, I JUST GET GLANCES, AND PLENTY OF DOUBLETAKES.
THIS ONE KEPT HER EYES ON ME WITH EVERY STEP SHE TOOK IN HER APPROACH TO THE RECEPTION DESK.
I'M OBVIOUSLY ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHY.

BUENOS DIAS.
UH...HI. SORRY... I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH SPANISH FOR CONVERSATIONS.
YOU ARE... TAMARA, YES?
PRETTY GOOD GUESS. MAY I ASK WHO YOU ARE?
NAME UNKNOWN
Address Unknown
"NEW EMPLOYEE - INTERVIEW NECESSARY"
Contact Mayoress ASAP

IT'S IMMEDIATELY CLEAR THAT HER SPANISH ACCENT IS AS THICK AS HER MAMMARIES.
MY NAME IS CORAZON GARCIA.
I AM THE NEW I.T. WOMAN HERE.
THE MAYORESS... SHE IS HERE, SI?
YEAH, SHE'S HERE. DOES SHE KNOW YOU'RE COMING?
SI, SHE KNOWS. SHE TOLD ME TO CHECK IN WITH YOU FIRST, YOU BEING THE RECEPCIONISTA AND ALL.
ARE YOU OKAY, TAMARA? YOU LOOK A LITTLE... SPOOKED.

JULIA SAID NOTHING ABOUT NEW EMPLOYEES INCOMING THIS MORNING, WHICH MIGHT MEAN THIS WOMAN IS PROBABLY ANOTHER SISTERHOOD PLANT.
PLAY THE TIMID, TAMARA. PLAY THE FUCKING TIMID!
HUH? YEAH! I'M...FINE. IT'S JUST...JULIA NEVER TOLD ME TO EXPECT INTERVIEWEES TODAY.
WELL, I WAS... SUPPOSE TO COME TOMORROW...
...BUT MY PLANS CHANGE.
I SEE.
SO YOU'RE GONNA BE INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY'S NEW LEAD WOMAN, EH?


I HEARD YOU HAD A PROBLEM WITH SOMEONE PUTTING RANSOMWARE ON THIS NETWORK.
YEAH, BUT... THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY, AND THAT HAPPENED LONG BEFORE I WAS HIRED HERE.
THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOUR COMPUTER IS BUG-FREE.
LET'S CLEAN UP YOUR TERMINAL FIRST.

LOWERING TO ONE KNEE, HER RIGHT HAND INSERTS A FLASH DRIVE INTO A USB PORT ON MY COMPUTER TOWER.
THE FINGERS OF HER LEFT HAND TAP-DANCES ON MY KEYBOARD WITH RAPID PRECISION.
AN APP I'VE NEVER HEARD OF OPENS ON MY MONITOR, AND SHE USES THE ARROW KEYS TO MAKE HER WAY THROUGH MULTIPLE MENUS.
BUT, MY EYES AREN'T ON HER HANDS, OR THE MONITOR...
JUST WAIT UNTIL THE BAR REACHES 100%. BY THEN, ANY MALWARE ON THIS COMPUTER SHOULD BE GONE.

...THEY'RE GAZING AT CORAZON'S BOOBS, WHICH LOOK AS IF THEY COULD PRODUCE AS MUCH MILK AS I CAN.
FEMALE SISTERHOOD LOYALISTS ARE USUALLY GIVEN...IMPROVEMENTS, AND/OR AUGMENTATIONS. IT'S ALL A PART OF THEIR GREAT CONSPIRACY PLAN.
I COULD BE STANDING NEXT TO SOMEONE THAT WAS ONCE A 95 YEAR OLD WOMAN WHO COULD BARELY WALK.

IS THERE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND ABOUT ME, TAMARA?
MAYBE, YOU THINK...WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON?
I...I WAS JUST... WATCHING YOU WORK...

I WAS GIVEN THE SAME FORMULA, TAMARA.
I, TOO, AM A MILK PRODUCER. THAT IS WHAT THE HEIFER FORMULA DOES TO US, SI?
BEING THIS CLOSE TO YOU MAKES ME WANT TO TASTE YOURS....
...AND YOU WANT TO DRINK FROM MINE, DON'T YOU, HERMANA?

IT'S TRUE. NOW THAT SHE'S THIS CLOSE, I DO FEEL THIS...URGE...TO PLACE MY MOUTH AT HER NIPPLE, AND BEGIN DRAWING HER OWN MILK INTO MY MOUTH. THE MURMURING AT MY GUT IS EVIDENCE OF MY THIRST.
AND IT'S GETTING STRONGER...WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND...
I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES. YOU DO WANT MY MILK.
N-NO...
AND WHEN IT'S TIME FOR OUR LUNCH BREAK, I *WILL* GIVE IT TO YOU, *HERMANA.*
ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR GUT FEEL...*BLOATED.*
YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I FATTENED YOU UP, WOULD YOU?
AHEM

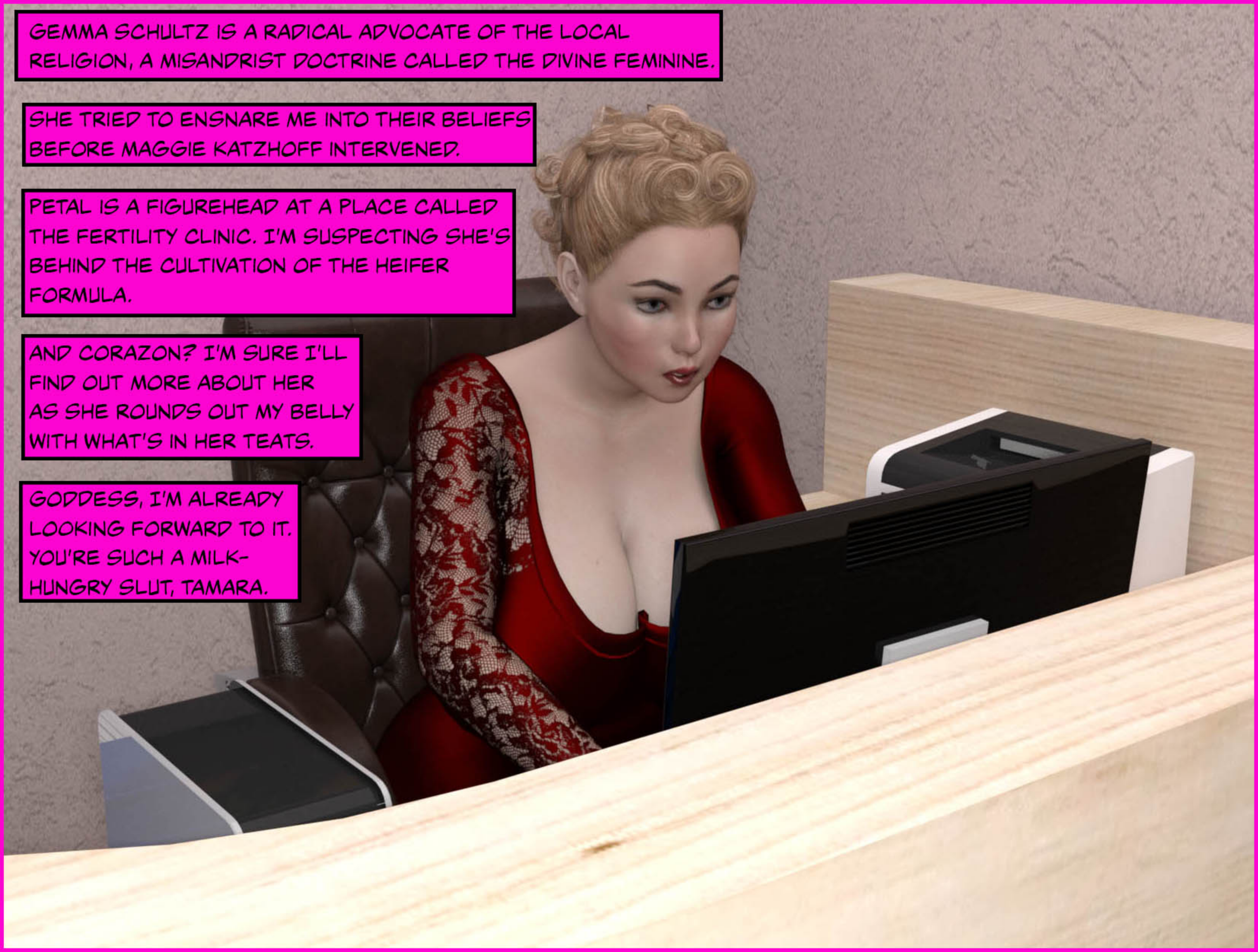
I HATE TO INTERRUPT THIS... MEETING OF THE 'MILK-MINDS', LADIES...
...BUT I BELIEVE YOU CAME TO SEE ME, MISS GARCIA?
YOU CAN CONTINUE FLIRTING WITH MY SECRETARY DURING YOUR LUNCH BREAK.
'MILK-MINDS'?? DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS WOMAN'S SIMILARITY TO ME, JULIA??

OF COURSE, MAYORESS STROUD. *MIS DISCULPAS.*
I WAS JUST... DE-BUGGING YOUR SECRETARY'S TERMINAL.
YES, WELL...THAT *IS* WHY YOU'RE HERE. FOLLOW ME TO MY OFFICE, PLEASE.

SEE YOU AT NOON, *HERMANA.*
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR...MEALS.
AS AM I.
AND THAT, QUITE FRANKLY, SCARES THE SHIT OUT OF ME.
I'VE GOTTA CALL LIZ AND FIND OUT WHAT "HERMANA" MEANS...
...BECAUSE IT SURE AS HELL DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A MERE PET NAME.

ELIZABETH ZAMBRANO USED TO BE EDWARD WILSON BEFORE HE WAS CHANGED BY THE SISTERHOOD.
WHEN I MET HER, IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
REAL, NATURAL LOVE.
HI, TAMARA!
HI, LIZ...I NEED A QUICK FAVOR. WE GOT A NEW HIRE HERE WHO SPEAKS SPANISH. SHE'S USING SOME KIND OF PET NAME FOR ME.
I ALSO THINK SHE'S A SISTERHOOD PLANT.
WHAT DID SHE CALL YOU?
HERMANA.

WHICH MEANS 'SISTER'.
SISTER...
FUCK.
DO YOU THINK GEMMA SCHULTZ MIGHT HAVE SENT HER?
I DON'T THINK SO. SHE'S GOT THE HEIFER FORMULA IN HER. I'M THINKING MAYBE IT WAS PETAL WHO SENT HER.
PLEASE BE CAREFUL. TAMARA.
I WILL. THANKS, LIZ. LOVE YOU.
YO TAMBIÉN TE AMO, TAMARA. I LOVE YOU TOO.


GEMMA SCHULTZ IS A RADICAL ADVOCATE OF THE LOCAL RELIGION, A MISANDRIST DOCTRINE CALLED THE DIVINE FEMININE.
SHE TRIED TO ENSNARE ME INTO THEIR BELIEFS BEFORE MAGGIE KATZHOFF INTERVENED.
PETAL IS A FIGUREHEAD AT A PLACE CALLED THE FERTILITY CLINIC. I'M SUSPECTING SHE'S BEHIND THE CULTIVATION OF THE HEIFER FORMULA.
AND CORAZON? I'M SURE I'LL FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HER AS SHE ROUNDS OUT MY BELLY WITH WHAT'S IN HER TEATS.
GODDESS, I'M ALREADY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. YOU'RE SUCH A MILK-HUNGRY SLUT, TAMARA.

TEA TIME, TAMMY!
COFFEE, PLEASE. BLACK.
AND WALLY? IT'S 'TAMARA'.
PARDON?
OHHH, RIGHT! I KEEP FORGETTING.
SO DIDJA HEAR THE SCOOP ABOUT THE NEW COMMISH?
FROM THE DESK OF THE
MAYORESS
OF THE CITY OF BULLCHESTER
Dear Sir -
It has come to my attention that your business has received
Health Code inspection violations, resulting in a "C" grad
establishment at risk for closure. I am also aw
workplace complaints regarding
these particular compl
action agai

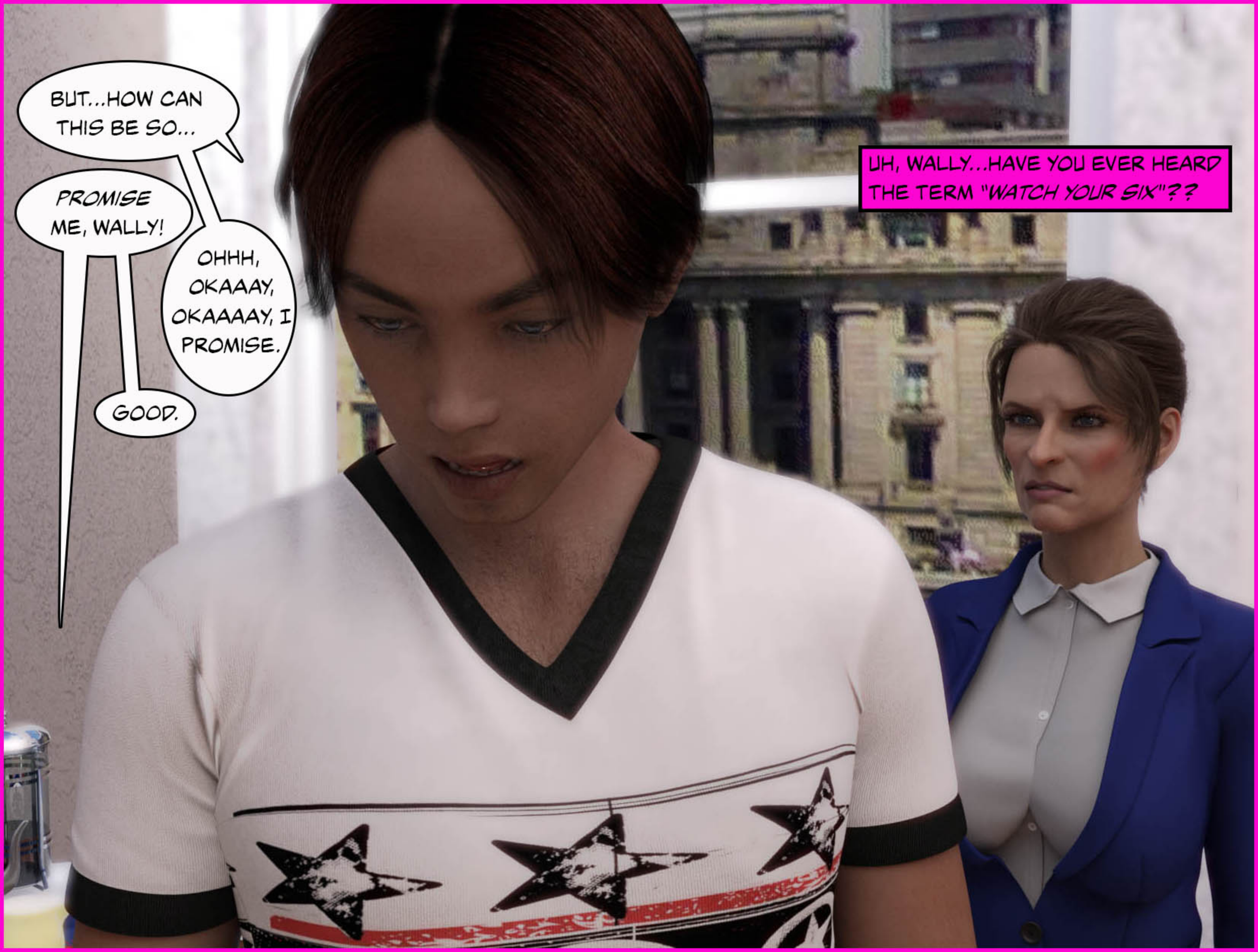
THE NEW POLICE COMMISH! THE ONE THAT'S TAKING OVER AFTER THE CURRENT ONE RETIRES.
WELL... NOTHING'S OFFICIAL YET, BUT...
UH, NO, BUT... THAT SOUNDS LIKE SENSITIVE INFORMATION, WALLY. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO BE TALKING SO OPENLY ABOUT THAT?

...THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE WOMAN THEY'RE CONSIDERING THAT SEEMS KINDA STRANGE, TAMM... ER, TAMARA.
HOW SO?
HER NAME'S KINDERMANN. MICHELLE KINDERMANN. SHE'S THE C.O. OF THE 19TH PRECINCT. YOU KNOW...THE COMMAND WITH ALL THE BAD COPS?
I WOULDN'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE.
IT WAS A REAL DIVE OF A PRECINCT BEFORE MICHELLE REPLACED THE OLD C.O., WHO HAD BEEN SUSPENDED.
I'M GUESSING HER WAY OF RUNNING THINGS AT THE PRECINCT REALLY IMPRESSED THE MAYORESS.

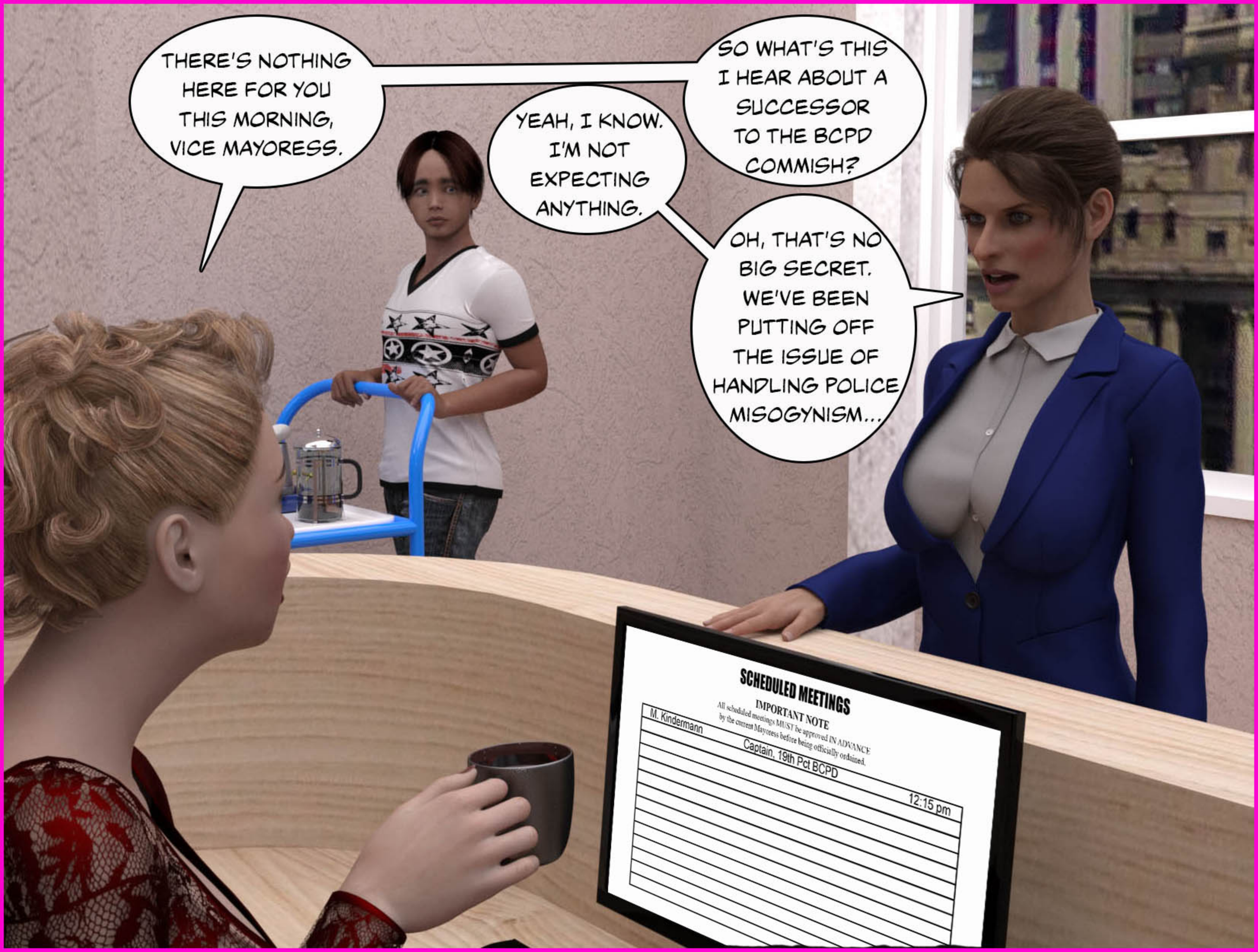
HMMM...AH-HAH! JULIA BOOKED A MEETING WITH THIS KINDERMANN FOR THIS AFTERNOON.
WHAT'S SO STRANGE, THOUGH?
WELL... KINDERMANN WAS THE NAME OF MY 5TH GRADE HISTORY TEACHER AT BULLCHESTER ELEMENTARY.
MARGARET KINDERMANN. SHE WAS A REAL BATTLE-AXE OF A TEACHER. SHE'D SHOUT US ALL DOWN IF WE EVEN WHISPERED TO EACH OTHER DURING HER CLASSES. HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENTS WERE BRUTAL.

SO? THE DAUGHTER TAKES AFTER THE MOTHER.
TAMARA...IT WAS NO SECRET THAT MISS KINDERMANN HAD NO INTEREST AT ALL IN MEN. SHE NEVER MARRIED. HOW COULD SHE HAVE KIDS?
SHE WAS ALSO VERY DEMANDING ABOUT STUDENT BEHAVIOR. SHE EVEN WANTED TO INSTITUTE SCHOOL UNIFORMS. EVEN AT THE LOWEST GRADE LEVEL!
AAAAND...YOU THINK MICHELLE'S IDEA OF RUNNING PRECINCTS IS SIMILAR TO THE WAY MARGARET RAN HER CLASSES?
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE THE SAME PERSON, TAMARA!

LOOK, I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT...
IT DOESN'T. NOT TO ME.
BUT I NEED YOU TO DO A VERY IMPORTANT FAVOR FOR ME, OKAY?
WHAT?
I NEED YOU TO KEEP THOSE SUSPICIONS TO YOURSELF. EVEN IF MICHELLE'S PROMOTION IS JUST A RUMOR.
BUT WHY?
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE TERM 'LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS'?
WELL...YOU DON'T WANT *YOURS* TO SINK, DO YOU?
JUST...TRUST ME, WALLY. IN FACT, I WANT YOU TO *PROMISE* ME THAT YOU'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS, OKAY?
YEAH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


BUT...HOW CAN THIS BE SO...
PROMISE ME, WALLY!
OHHH, OKAAAY, OKAAAAY, I PROMISE.
GOOD.
UH, WALLY...HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE TERM "WATCH YOUR SIX"??

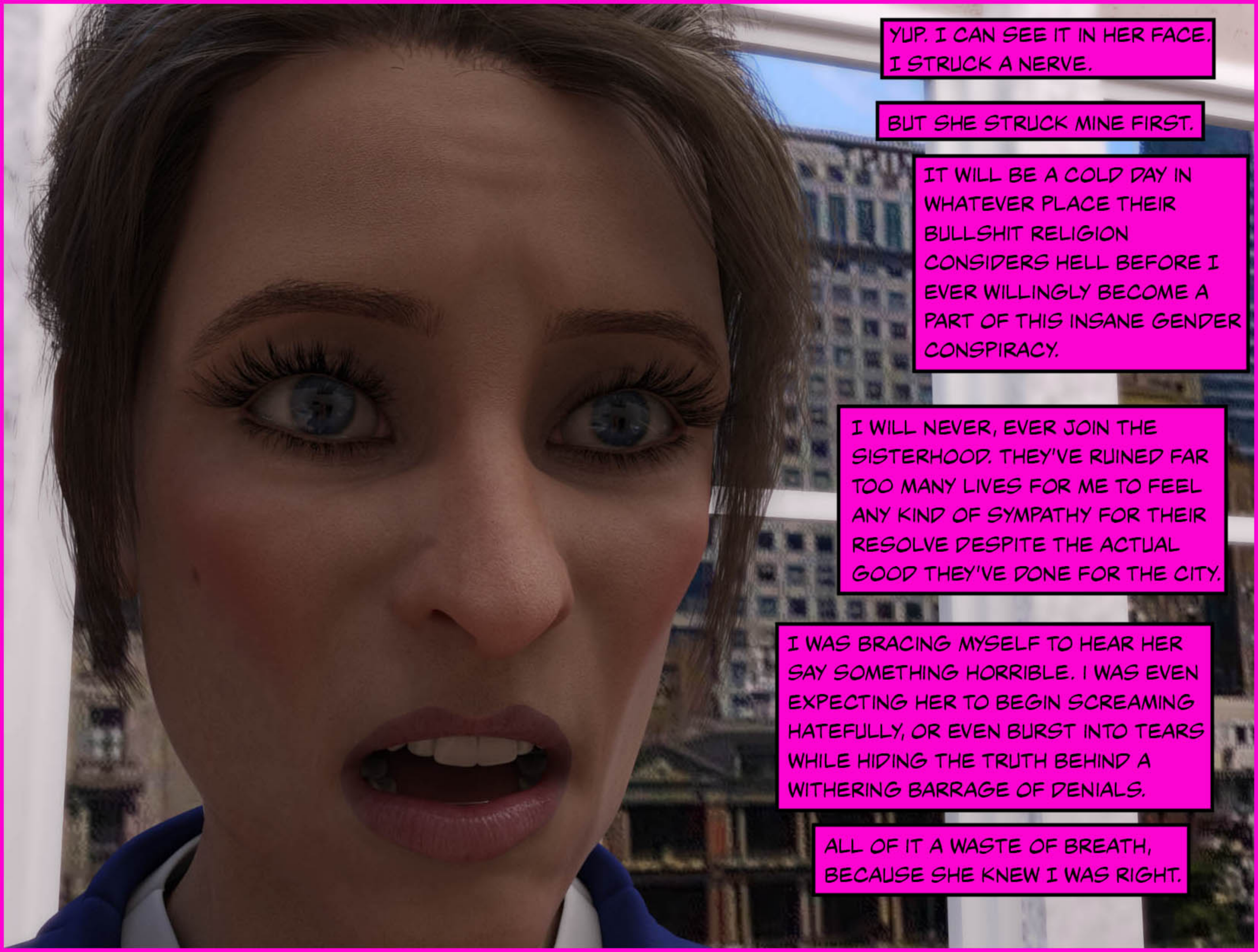
DO YOU HAVE MY MORNING TEA READY YET, TEABOY??
EEP! UHH... I-I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO YOUR OFFICE NEXT, VICE MAYORESS!
YOU SHOULD RE-HEAT IT! I DON'T LIKE COLD TEA!
MAKE SURE YOU GET ANY DOCUMENTS I NEED TO SIGN FROM TAMARA AS WELL! DON'T GET ANY TEA ON IT WHEN YOU GIVE THEM TO ME!
Y-YES, VICE MAYORESS!


THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU THIS MORNING, VICE MAYORESS.
YEAH, I KNOW. I'M NOT EXPECTING ANYTHING.
SO WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A SUCCESSOR TO THE BCPD COMMISH?
OH, THAT'S NO BIG SECRET. WE'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF THE ISSUE OF HANDLING POLICE MISOGYNISM...
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.
M. Kindermann
Captain, 19th Pct BCPD
12:15 pm

...BUT AFTER SEEING WHAT KINDERMANN HAS BEEN DOING WITH THAT CESSPOOL OF A PRECINCT, SHE'S A VERITABLE SHOO-IN.
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT SHE DID TO THOSE SHITBAG PATROLMEN. THEY ALWAYS REFERRED TO FEMALE OFFICERS AS 'SKIRTS'.
AND...NOW *THEY* ARE THE ONES WEARING THE SKIRTS?
PRECISELY! THEY'VE ALSO GOT AN IMPRESSIVELY COMPLIANT ATTITUDE TO GO WITH IT.
HECK, WE COULD PUT *YOU* IN AS THE NEW 19TH PRECINCT CAPTAIN, AND IT WOULD PROBABLY *STILL* BE SATISFYINGLY EFFICIENT!
NO PRIOR EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

I'LL PASS ON THAT HINT, THANKS.
THAT'S WHAT I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD ABOUT YOU, TAMARA.
I CAN SEE SO MUCH POTENTIAL IN YOU TO BE A MADAME, YET YOU PREFER THAT WE TIE YOU TO THE WHIPPING POST?
I HAVE MY REASONS!
AND THOSE REASONS HAVE A NAME, DON'T THEY?
OH, I'M SURE YOU ALREADY KNOW.
MMM. HOW YOU SEEM TO REVEL IN SUFFERING THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF YOUR LATE FATHER'S SINS.
ALMOST AS IF YOU'RE ADMITTING HE WAS A MONSTER!

HE WAS A MONSTER, VICE MAYORESS! I NEVER LIKED HIM!
BUT I CAN'T QUITE CONVINCE ALL THOSE WONDERFUL EXTREMISTS FROM THE SISTERHOOD THAT I WOULD NOT HAVE TURNED OUT THE SAME WAY, CAN I??
ANYMORE THAN RITA FUCKING NOBLE COULD HAVE BEEN CONVINCED??
BUT WHY SHOULD I TRY WHEN YOU HAVE SUCH BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS PUSHING THEORIES THAT MAKE IT NECESSARY TO TAKE AWAY MY MANHOOD?
THEY MAY FORCE THAT SAME DECISION ON YOUR YOUNG SON SOMEDAY, WHEN HE COMES OF AGE!
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP THEM FROM DOING THAT, VICE MAYORESS!!


YUP. I CAN SEE IT IN HER FACE. I STRUCK A NERVE.
BUT SHE STRUCK MINE FIRST.
IT WILL BE A COLD DAY IN WHATEVER PLACE THEIR BULLSHIT RELIGION CONSIDERS HELL BEFORE I EVER WILLINGLY BECOME A PART OF THIS INSANE GENDER CONSPIRACY.
I WILL NEVER, EVER JOIN THE SISTERHOOD. THEY'VE RUINED FAR TOO MANY LIVES FOR ME TO FEEL ANY KIND OF SYMPATHY FOR THEIR RESOLVE DESPITE THE ACTUAL GOOD THEY'VE DONE FOR THE CITY.
I WAS BRACING MYSELF TO HEAR HER SAY SOMETHING HORRIBLE. I WAS EVEN EXPECTING HER TO BEGIN SCREAMING HATEFULLY, OR EVEN BURST INTO TEARS WHILE HIDING THE TRUTH BEHIND A WITHERING BARRAGE OF DENIALS.
ALL OF IT A WASTE OF BREATH, BECAUSE SHE KNEW I WAS RIGHT.

I'LL NEVER LET THEM TAKE MY ABRAHAM!
SEE YOU LATER, TAMARA.
AND THAT WAS ALL I GOT.
SCORE ONE FOR THE BOVINE BABE, I GUESS.

GOT YA COFFEE!
OOOH, LUTHER... I'M SORRY, BUT... I GOT ONE FROM WALLY.
OH. OKAY.
NO, WAIT! I'LL TAKE IT! WE'LL JUST...CALL IT A REFILL.
'KAY.

SO YOU LIKE YOUR COFFEE BLACK?
OH, REALLY? WHAT KIND? NON-DAIRY CREAMER?
MMH. BETTER WITH MILK.
NO.

GOT MILK?
HUH? WELL, I...
...WAIT, YOU MEAN... FROM...
OH, WHAT THE HELL...I COULD USE SOME STRESS RELIEF...

ALTHOUGH I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT LUTHER FARENTINO, I THINK OF HIM THUS FAR AS A KIND OF GENTLE GIANT. NOT THE MOST INTELLIGENT, OF COURSE, BUT ESSENTIALLY HARMLESS.
WE SAY A FEW WORDS EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT NOTHING RESEMBLING A FULL-BLOODED CONVERSATION.
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME, THOUGH, THAT HE HAS ASKED ME TO GIVE HIM MILK STRAIGHT FROM ONE OF MY TAPS, SO TO SPEAK.
IN FACT, HE'S THE ONLY ONE, THUS FAR, THAT'S MADE SUCH A REQUEST.
IT WAS HONESTLY VERY THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE OF HIM, THOUGH, TO STAND IN FRONT OF ME SO WE WOULDN'T GET GAWKERS.

WHENEVER I LACTATE, I ALWAYS MAKE THE SAME NOISES. AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, IT'S MY OWN VERSION OF SAYING "MOO".
MMMMMMHHHH... OO-OOOOHHHHHH...
BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, COW.
THERE'S THIS...EUPHORIC SENSATION THAT SPREADS FROM MY CHEST, AND OUTWARD. THEN COMES A BLOSSOMING FLUSH OF PLEASURABLE WARMTH THAT WRAPS AROUND ME LIKE A BLANKET AND MAKES ME SHUDDER A BIT.
IF I RELIEVE MYSELF OF ENOUGH MILK TO FEEL SATISFYINGLY DRAINED, I USUALLY DON'T FEEL GORGED AGAIN FOR ABOUT... 24 HOURS, AT THE MOST.
HEY...THAT'S HOW THE DAMN HEIFER FORMULA WORKS.

SO WHAT IS THE HEIFER FORMULA? FAIR QUESTION.
IT WAS DEVELOPED FOR THAT BIG, BAD FERTILITY CLINIC. THE IDEA WAS TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR MIDWIVES WHO WORK THERE TO PROVIDE BREAST MILK TO INFANTS RATHER THAN TO HAVE THEIR NATURAL MOTHERS BREASTFEED THEM.
BECAUSE THOSE NATURAL MOTHERS WERE OFTEN CRIMINALS.
SEE...THE FERTILITY CLINIC IS ACTUALLY A PLACE WHERE CONVICTED FELONS GO, AS OPPOSED TO LANGUISHING IN A PRISON. THEIR CRASS ATTITUDES ARE ADJUSTED, AND THEY'RE OFTEN MADE TO PRODUCE OFFSPRING. IT'S A PRETTY SCARY PLACE.
I SUSPECT THAT IT WAS AT THE BEHEST OF A SISTERHOOD SUPERBITCH NAMED CELESTE RICHARDS THAT I BECAME THE LAB RAT FOR THE HEIFER PROTOTYPE. IF MY BODY HAD REJECTED IT, I DOUBT THEY WOULD HAVE CARED MUCH.
BECAUSE, YOU KNOW...LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON, RIGHT?

I CAN CONFIDENTLY TELL YOU THAT YOUR PROBLEMS WITH HACKERS SHOULD BE OVER NOW, MAYORESS.
BUT THIS IS WHY YOU HAVE ME ON YOUR PAYROLL, *SI?*
UNTIL THEY FIND SOME OTHER WAY OF BREACHING SECURITY PROTOCOLS. EVEN YOURS.
AMONG OTHER REASONS.
BE HONEST, CORA. I SAW THAT LITTLE MOMENT YOU HAD WITH MY SECRETARY. IS TAMARA THE REASON PETAL SENT YOU HERE?

NO EXACTAMENTE.
LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, MAYORESS. WHY DO YOU THINK YOU WERE ABLE TO FIND ALL THOSE NASTY LATINO DRUG GANGS IN BARFORD SO EASILY BACK IN THE '80S?
THE SISTERHOOD HAS EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE IN THIS CITY, CORA.
AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE ONE WHO ADVISED YOUR SISTERHOOD ABOUT THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WITHOUT MY INFORMATION, YOU COULD HAVE HAD A FULL-BLOWN WAR ON YOUR HANDS, MAYORESS. THE LEADERS OF THOSE GANGS WERE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF COLOMBIAN DRUGLORDS.
THEY COULD HAVE TURNED BARFORD INTO A SMOULDERING RUIN.

CORA...IS THIS SOME KIND OF VEILED THREAT?
NO, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT YOU AND YOUR SISTERHOOD OWE ME...
...AND AT SOME POINT, I WILL WANT YOU TO HONOR THAT DEBT.
HMMM...I WONDER IF SHE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH HER OWN HUSBAND'S DEATH?
ALL I WILL TELL YOU IS THAT THE SISTERHOOD ALWAYS PAYS ITS DEBTS.
IF THAT MEANS I HAVE TO LET YOU KEEP PLAYING WITH MY SECRETARY DURING HER WORKING HOURS, FINE...
...BUT DON'T MAKE A CHRONIC HABIT OF IT!

OH, I WILL WANT FAR MORE THAN TAMARA, MAYORESS.
I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TO WORRY ABOUT THAT FOR NOW.
ADIOS POR AHORA, ALCALDESA.
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING I'VE JUST HIRED A FEMALE VERSION OF TONY MONTANA?

MAAAAN! FRUMPY IS REALLY STEWIN' IN HER OFFICE, JIGGLES!
I MIGHT BE THE REASON FOR THAT.
WELL, YOU MUST HAVE PRESSED THE RIGHT BUTTONS, BECAUSE SHE'S BEEN GROWLING TO HERSELF EVER SINCE SHE STORMED BACK IN HER OFFICE!
SOMETHING ABOUT 'THEY'LL NEVER HAVE MY SON' OR SOMETHING!
FROM THE DESK OF THE
MAYORESS
OF THE CITY OF BULLCHESTER
Dear Sir -
It has come to my attention that your business has received multiple Health Code inspection violations, resulting in a "C" grade, which places your establishment at risk for closure. I am also aware of a veritable litany of workplace complaints regarding alleged sexual harassment incidents. We take these particular complaints very seriously and we will not hesitate to take action against your business if said behavior does not stop.
We are hoping to resolve this situation without resorting to more severe methods. I am aware that 'Frank N' Beans' has been in

SO DID THEY GIVE YOU ANY KIND OF A ROUTINE HERE YET?
OH, THEY PUT ME IN WITH THE BUDGET ANALYSIS TEAM. WE HAVE TO MEASURE UP THE COST OF MUNICIPAL PROPOSALS WITH THE CITY'S AVAILABLE BUDGET.
BLECH. MATH. I WOULD HAVE HATED IT.
EHH, IT'S NOT TOO BAD. I GET A FIRST LOOK AT CITY PROPOSALS, SO...THAT'S A PERK!
FROM THE DESK OF THE
MAYORESS
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NOW IF I OPENLY SHARED ANY OF THOSE PROPOSALS, YOU'D HAVE TO PROMISE TO KEEP A LID ON IT UNTIL IT GOES PUBLIC.
NOW WHY WOULD I WANT TO PUT MY JOB SECURITY AT RISK LIKE THAT?
HEH...
WELL, IT SEEMS THEY WANT TO TURN THE REMNANT OF AN OLD, WRECKED TEMPLE THAT'S LANGUISHING OVER IN BULLCHESTER PARK INTO SOME KIND OF CITY LANDMARK.
THE AREA WITH THE DEAD BASIN?
THAAAT'S THE ONE! EVER BEEN THERE?
NO, BUT I'VE HEARD ABOUT IT.

WELL, I'VE BEEN DOING A LITTLE RESEARCHING WITH THE BULLCHESTER ENCYCLOPEDIAS ON MY SMARTPHONE.
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN EMPIRE?
BITS AND PIECES, WHY?
WHY DO YOU THINK IT IS THAT THE BULLCHESTER MUSEUM DOWNTOWN HAS A LOT OF ARMOR AND WEAPON PIECES FROM ROMAN SOLDIERS AMONG THE EXHIBITS?
I'LL BET YOU ANYTHING THEY COLLECTED THAT SHIT STRAIGHT OUT OF BULLCHESTER PARK.
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
BECAUSE I FOUND A ROMAN SWORD THEY MISSED LAST SUMMER. IT WAS HALF-BURIED IN THE GROUND!

IT WAS KINDA RUSTY, BUT IT WAS STILL A BONA-FIDE GLADIUS!
AND...HOW DOES THIS RELATE TO THE TEMPLE REMNANT?
WELL...RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE TEMPLE REMNANT WAS USED BY DRUIDS, BUT THE CLOSEST THEY CAME TO CREATING A SACRED GATHERING POINT WAS STONEHENGE!

NOW I KNOW THIS IS GONNA SOUND A BIT DARK, JIGGLES, BUT...
...I THINK THAT TEMPLE REMNANT WAS THE SITE OF A *MASSACRE.*
GODDESS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK *THAT??*
THE ROMANS DIDN'T THINK TOO HIGHLY OF DRUIDS. ONE OF THEIR GENERALS WAS A MAN NAMED *GAIUS SUETONIUS PAULINUS.*
HE LED AN ASSAULT ON THE ISLE OF MONA, WHICH WAS A DRUIDIC STRONGHOLD. SAID HE WANTED TO PURGE DRUIDIC PRACTICES BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN TOLD THEY WERE A BARBARIC RELIGION.

ARE YOU SAYING THE CITY OF BULLCHESTER WAS FOUNDED ON THE REMNANTS OF... MONA?
NOOOO, NO. MONA WAS ACTUALLY A WELSH ISLAND CALLED ANGLESEY...
...BUT I'M THINKING THAT DRUIDS TRIED TO RETREAT FROM THE ROMAN ARMIES. SOLDIERS PURSUED THEM TO... WHATEVER THAT PLACE IN THE PARK USED TO BE...
...AND KILLED ALL OF THEM THERE! THEY THEN TRIED TO WRECK THE PLACE TO COVER THEIR ACTIONS, BUT THEY COULDN'T DESTROY ALL OF IT!
I DUNNO, RANDI. I MEAN...I CAN SEE HOW THAT PLACE COULD HAVE BEEN VISITED BY ROMANS, BUT...WHY WOULD THE MAYORESS WANT TO TURN THE SITE OF A MASSACRE INTO A CITY LANDMARK?

PROBABLY FOR THE SAME REASONS AUSCHWITZ WAS DESIGNATED A WORLD HERITAGE SITE BY UNESCO IN '79.
OH! GOOD MORNING, MAYORESS. YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO MENTION PLACES LIKE THAT AROUND FRUMPY!
SHE'S JEWISH, AFTER ALL!
EHH, SHE'S IN HER OFFICE ANYWAY.

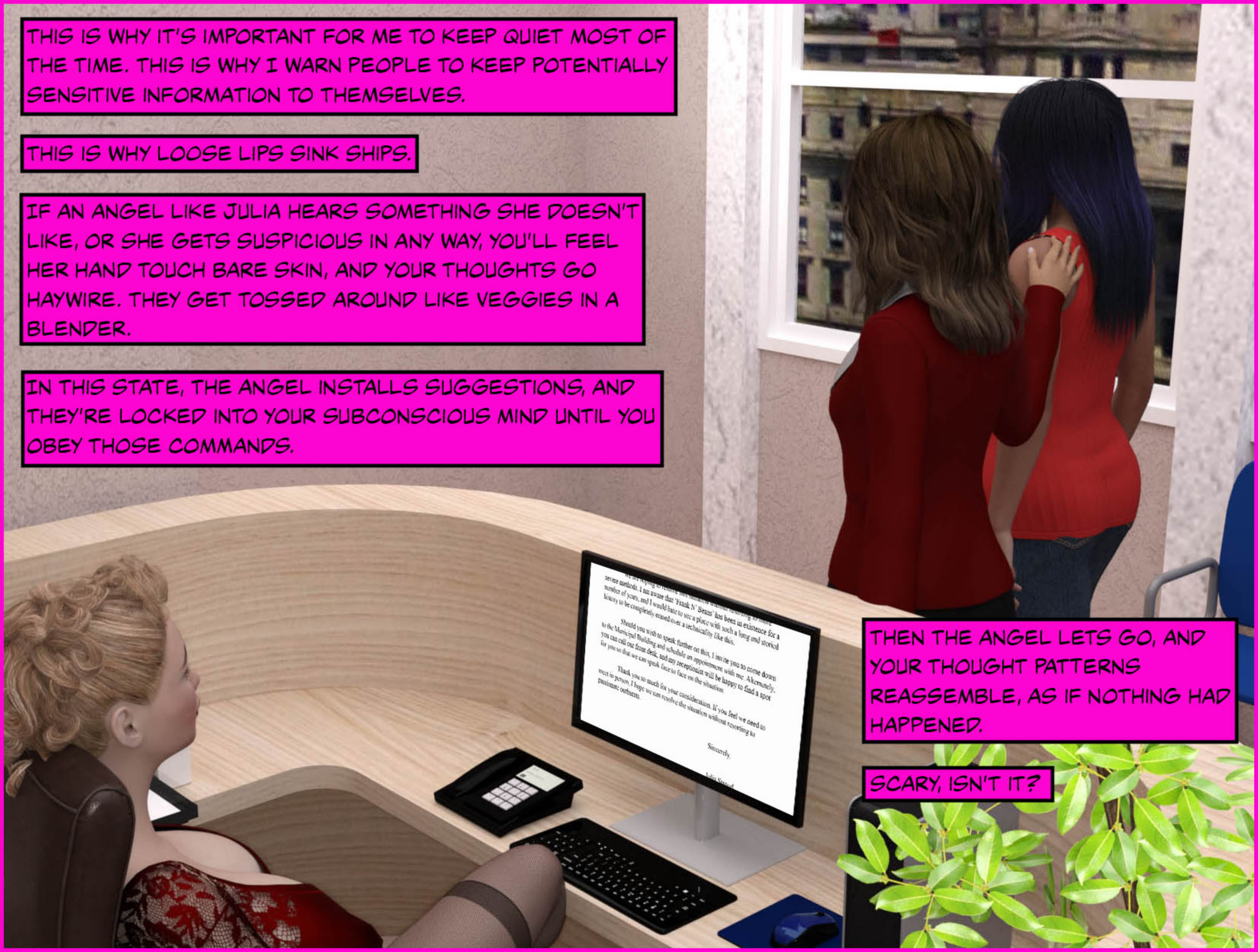
DON'T YOU THINK YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER WITH LONG HAIR, RANDI?
YES, YOUR HONOR! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DOUBTED YOU!
NOW THAT YOUR HAIR IS LONG ENOUGH, YOU SHOULD TRY SHAPING IT DIFFERENTLY!
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED HOW POPULAR THE MALL'S BUTTERFLY SALON IS FOR THAT KIND OF BUSINESS?

OR PERHAPS YOU PREFER MORE...ANTIQUE FASHIONS? WARTIME? A 1950'S LOOK?
TAMARA HERE IS A FREQUENT CLIENT OF *RETRO ROSIE'S*, BOTH OF WHICH SHARE A LOCATION IN THE SAME MALL!
THEIR BOSS IS A FRIEND OF MINE, TOO...AND THEIR SERVICE PRICES ARE LOWER, LAST I CHECKED.
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG EITHER WAY, RANDI!

GOSH, I DUNNO... WHAT KIND OF STYLE DO YOU THINK WOULD SUIT ME, YOUR HONOR?
BUT...WHY SHOULD I LOOK LIKE A HOUSEWIFE WHEN I'M A SINGLE GUY?
HMMM...MAYBE A '50S HOUSEWIFE LOOK. THAT KIND OF A COIF MAY GROW ON YOU, YOU KNOW...

BECAUSE A MAN IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED IN YOUR LIFE, RANDI.
YOU WANT TO LOOK AS LOYAL...AS PRIM... AND AS PROPER AS YOU NEED TO BE FOR YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND.
ERRFF...I... PR-PRIMM... PROP'RRR... F'HUS...USB... HUSBANNND...

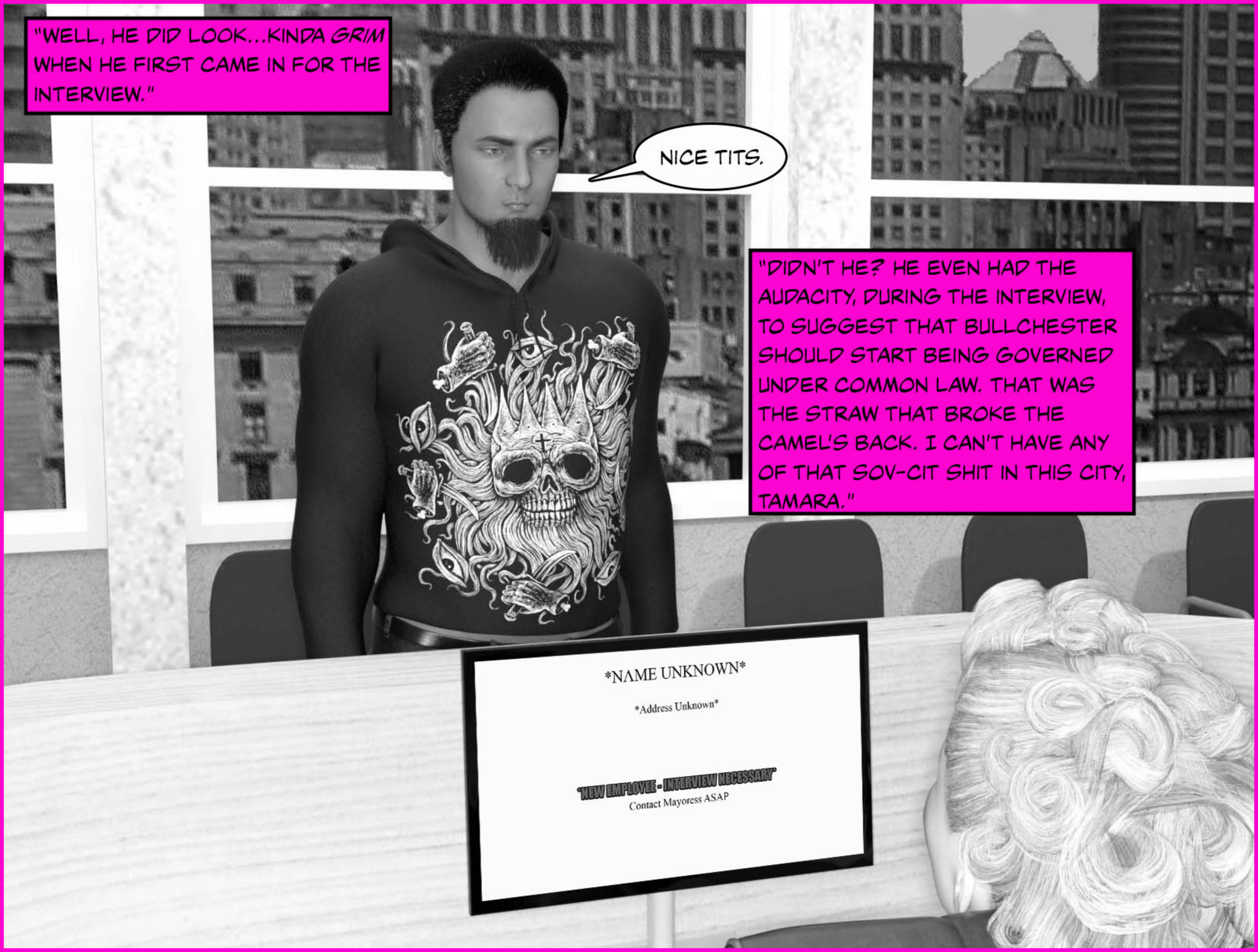
THE HOUSEWIFE PROGRAM WAS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF BRINGING BAD MEN...MANY OF THEM ADOLESCENTS... IN LINE WITH THE SISTERHOOD'S LONGTERM VISION.
IT NOW BECAME CLEAR TO ME WHY JULIA WANTED RANDI FEMINIZED. I GUESS THE SISTERHOOD NEEDED MORE HOUSEWIVES FOR THAT PROGRAM.
OR WAS IT BECAUSE JULIA OVERHEARD US TALKING ABOUT DRUID HISTORY?


THIS IS WHY IT'S IMPORTANT FOR ME TO KEEP QUIET MOST OF THE TIME. THIS IS WHY I WARN PEOPLE TO KEEP POTENTIALLY SENSITIVE INFORMATION TO THEMSELVES.
THIS IS WHY LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS.
IF AN ANGEL LIKE JULIA HEARS SOMETHING SHE DOESN'T LIKE, OR SHE GETS SUSPICIOUS IN ANY WAY, YOU'LL FEEL HER HAND TOUCH BARE SKIN, AND YOUR THOUGHTS GO HAYWIRE. THEY GET TOSSED AROUND LIKE VEGGIES IN A BLENDER.
IN THIS STATE, THE ANGEL INSTALLS SUGGESTIONS, AND THEY'RE LOCKED INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND UNTIL YOU OBEY THOSE COMMANDS.
THEN THE ANGEL LETS GO, AND YOUR THOUGHT PATTERNS REASSEMBLE, AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.
SCARY, ISN'T IT?

I KNOW THIS BECAUSE SHE'S DONE IT TO ME, AS WELL. MORE THAN ONCE.
I OBVIOUSLY NEVER REMEMBER THE REASONS.
I FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER BARE HAND, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO THINK COHERENTLY BEFORE I JUST...BLANK OUT.
WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT WHEN MY MIND RESTORES ITSELF, I FEEL THE WARMTH OF PRE-CUM AT MY PANTIES.
SO IN ADDITION TO MY BEING A CHRONIC MILK DISPENSER, I MASTURBATE WHENEVER JULIA MESSES WITH MY MIND. AIN'T THAT A BITCH?

HELLO.
OH...GOOD MORNING, YOUR HONOR.
YOU MUST HATE ME RIGHT NOW.
I DON'T, ACTUALLY.
MMM. NOT SURPRISED. YOU'RE SUCH A BAD LIAR, TAMARA.
severe methods. I am aware that 'Frank N' Beans' has been in existence for a number of years, and I would hate to see a place with such a long and storied history to be completely erased over a technicality like this.
Should you wish to speak further on this, I invite you to come down to the Municipal Building and schedule an appointment with me. Alternately, you can call our front desk, and my receptionist will be happy to find a spot for you so that we can speak face to face on the situation.
Thank you so much for your consideration. If you feel we need to meet in person, I hope we can resolve the situation without resorting to passionate outbursts.
Sincerely,

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A 'SOVEREIGN CITIZEN' IS, TAMARA?
NO CLUE.
THEY'RE ANTI-GOVERNMENT RABBLE-ROUSERS WHO THINK THEY'RE ABOVE ANY LAW OTHER THAN THEIR OWN VERSIONS OF IT.
HALFWAY INTO THE INTERVIEW WITH RANDALL SANTOS, I KNEW HE WAS ONE OF THEM THE MOMENT HE STARTED BABBLING ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF 'COMMON LAW'.
SO YES, THE COFFEE I PREPARED FOR HIM DID CONTAIN MY SEMEN BECAUSE I KNEW HE WOULD BECOME A PROBLEM.
HE'S ALSO GOT A GROCERY LIST FULL OF TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS.


"WELL, HE DID LOOK...KINDA GRIM WHEN HE FIRST CAME IN FOR THE INTERVIEW."
NICE TITS.
"DIDN'T HE? HE EVEN HAD THE AUDACITY, DURING THE INTERVIEW, TO SUGGEST THAT BULLCHESTER SHOULD START BEING GOVERNED UNDER COMMON LAW. THAT WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK. I CAN'T HAVE ANY OF THAT SOV-CIT SHIT IN THIS CITY, TAMARA."
NAME UNKNOWN
Address Unknown
"NEW EMPLOYEE - INTERVIEW NECESSARY"
Contact Mayoress ASAP

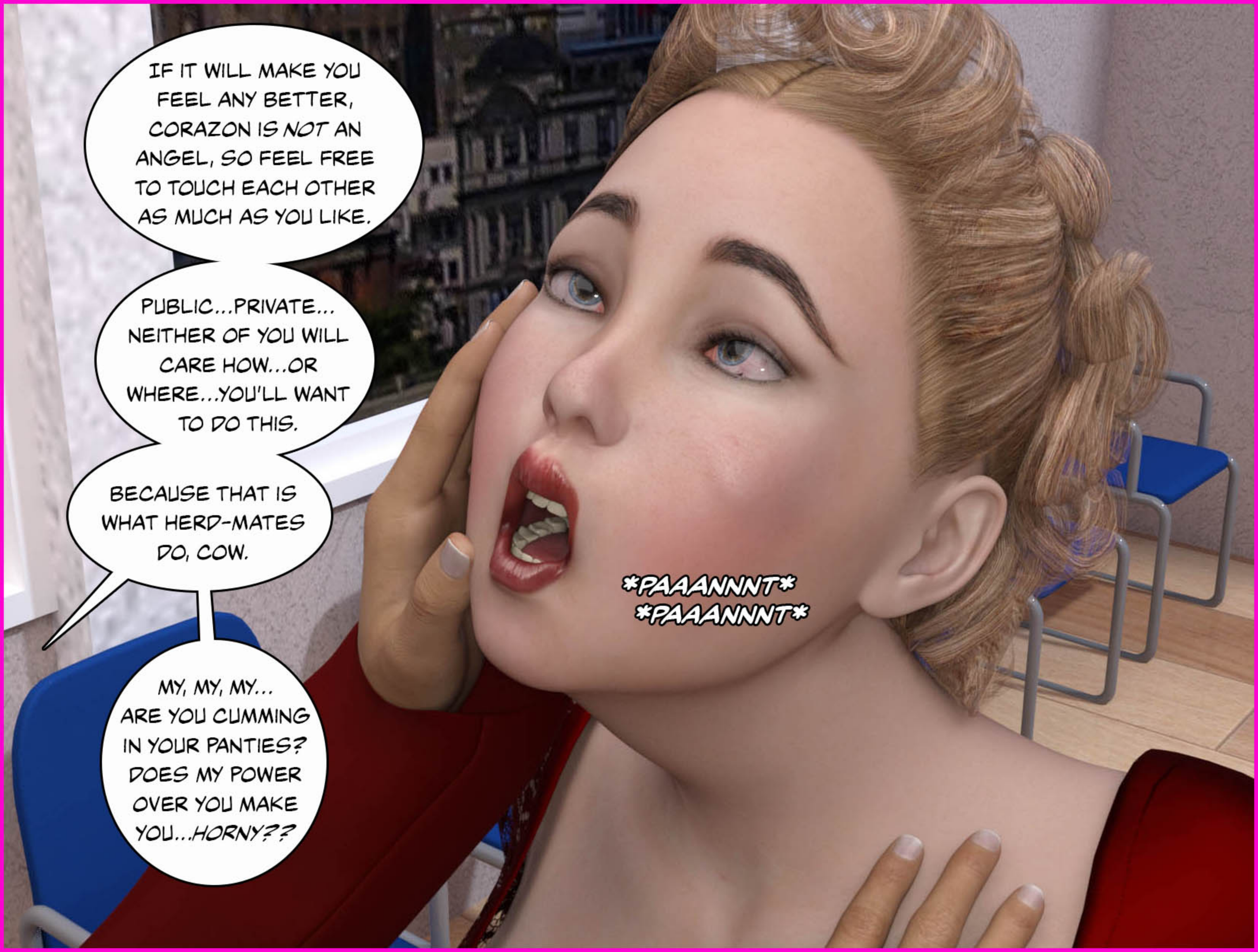
FAIR ENOUGH, ALTHOUGH HIS LITTLE NICKNAME FOR ME MAY BE THE OLD PERSONALITY TRYING TO HANG ON.
NICKNAME?
HE CALLS ME 'JIGGLES'.
DOES THAT BOTHER YOU?
PFFT. I'VE BEEN CALLED WORSE.

DID HE TELL YOU ANYTHING ELSE?
OH, JUST SOME SUSPICION HE HAS ABOUT THAT PLACE IN THE PARK THAT YOU WANT TO MAKE A LANDMARK OUT OF.
HE THINKS DRUIDS ESCAPING FROM ROMANS WERE MURDERED THERE A LONG TIME AGO.
SO RANDI DOES KNOW ABOUT THAT. I MAY HAVE TO KEEP HIM AND TAMARA QUIET ABOUT IT.
CONSPIRACY THEORIES ARE THE MEAT AND DRINK OF A SOV-CIT'S THINKING, TAMARA. I DOUBT THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THAT CLAIM.
BUT... HE SAID THIS CAME UP IN HIS RESEARCH, YOUR HONOR.

UP, TAMARA.
STEP AROUND THE DESK AND STAND IN FRONT OF ME.
MY BODY MOVES OF ITS OWN ACCORD. I CAN'T STOP MYSELF!
SHIT!

ONE KISS...AND YOU WOULD BE BOUND TO ME FOREVER. I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT THAT.
KEEP QUIET ABOUT WHAT RANDI TOLD YOU FOR NOW. PUT IT OUT OF YOUR MIND.
THERE IS A REASON IT'S BEING MADE A LANDMARK, BUT THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, OR RANDI'S.
YOU WERE NEVER LIKE YOUR FATHER, WERE YOU, TIMOTHY?
YOU KNOW I WASN'T.

I KNOW YOU AND CORAZON ARE ALIKE TOO, MY DEAR COW.
SHE MAY MAKE... UNUSUAL REQUESTS TO DO MORE THAN SHARE HER MILK WITH YOU DURING THE LUNCH BREAKS YOU'LL BE JOINING HER FOR FROM NOW ON.
AS HER HERD-MATE, YOU WILL NOT RESIST THESE REQUESTS.
H-HERRRD... MM-MATE...NOT R'SISST...NO... NOT...RESISST... MMMATE...

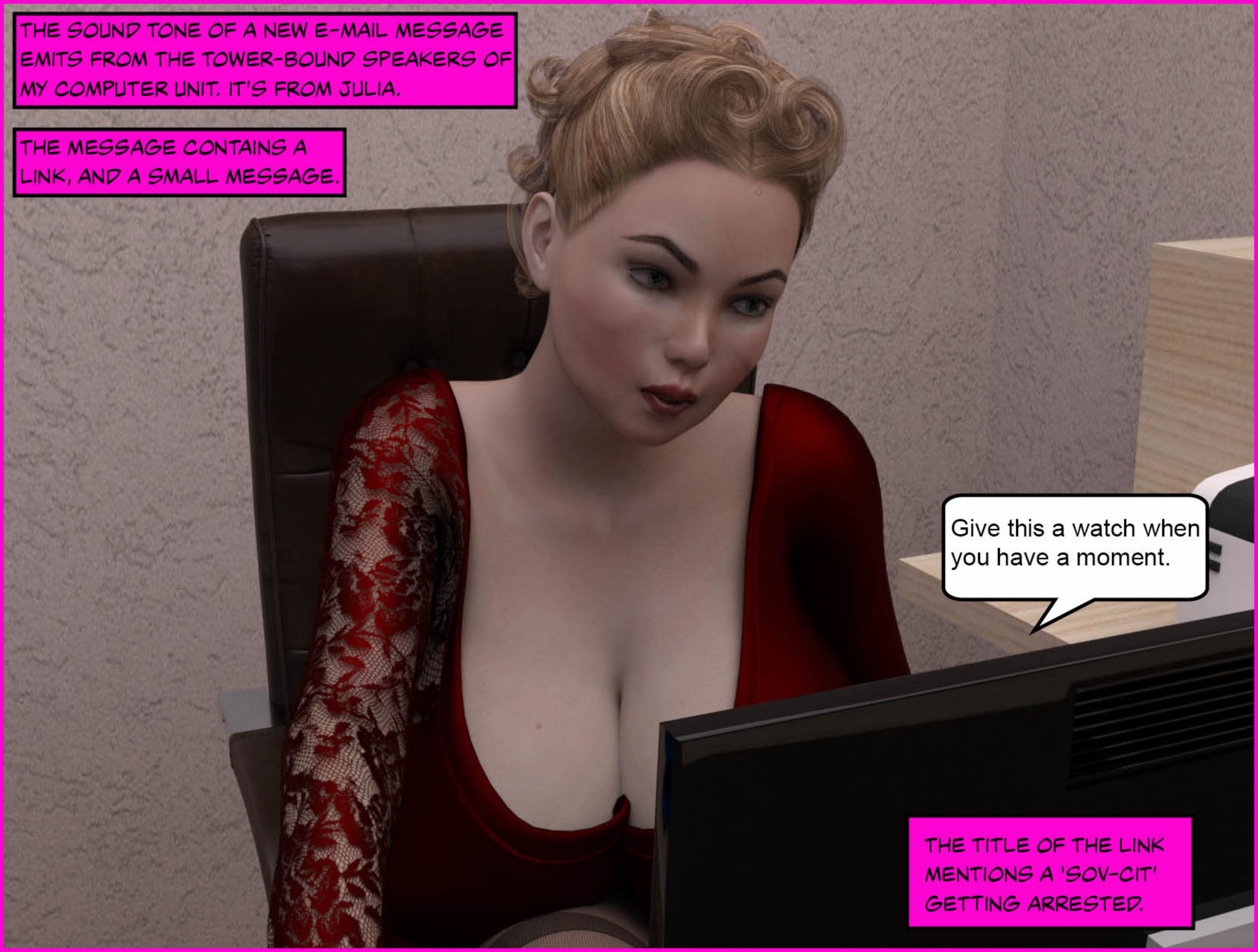

IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, CORAZON IS *NOT* AN ANGEL, SO FEEL FREE TO TOUCH EACH OTHER AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.
PUBLIC...PRIVATE... NEITHER OF YOU WILL CARE HOW...OR WHERE...YOU'LL WANT TO DO THIS.
BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT HERD-MATES DO, COW.
MY, MY, MY... ARE YOU CUMMING IN YOUR PANTIES? DOES MY POWER OVER YOU MAKE YOU...*HORNY??*
PAAANNNT
PAAANNNT

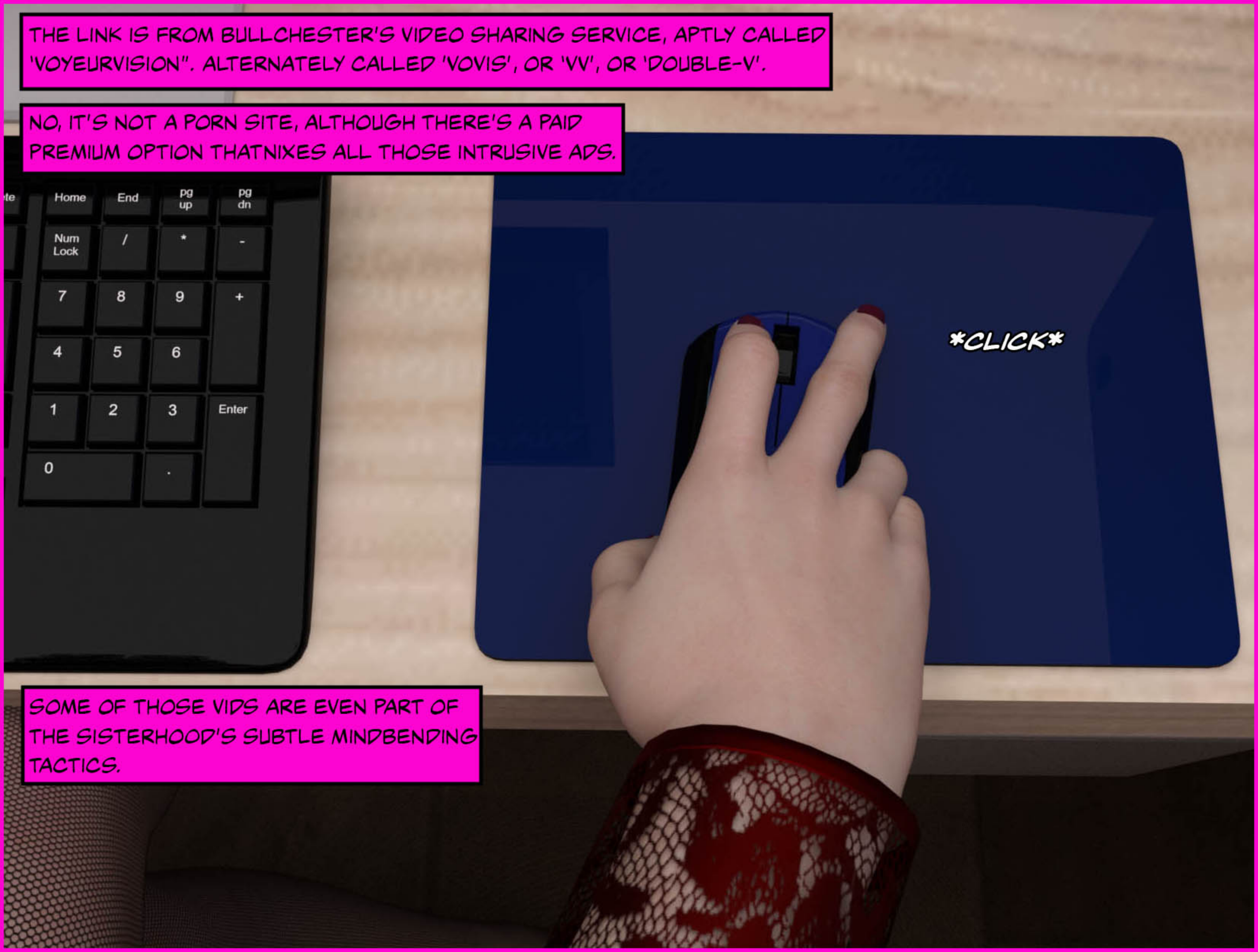
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH THAT *EXCITES* ME, TAMMY??
NO. IT'S TIME TO BACK OFF, JULIA. LET TAMARA GO.

DON'T WORRY, TAMARA. I WON'T MAKE A ZOMBIE OUT OF YOU.
YOU CAN STILL BE MY LITTLE FRONT-LINE SOLDIER.
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

THE HERD MISTR...I MEAN, THE PUPPET MISTRESS RELEASES HER PRIZED COW...ER, PUPPET ONCE AGAIN.
I CAN STILL THINK OF OTHERS IN MY LIFE. ELIZABETH, RITA, LOIS, GRACE, MAGGIE, MY MOTHER... SO I KNOW SHE DIDN'T KISS ME ON MY LIPS.
IF SHE DID, MY MIND WOULD BE PERMANENTLY FIXATED ON JULIA STROUD.

THE REMAINING HOURS OF THE MORNING ARE BENIGN. WE HAD A VISITOR OR TWO, AND I WAS ABLE TO BOOK APPOINTMENTS FOR MEETINGS WITH JULIA.
SHE LOOKS THEM OVER, AND THEN MESSAGES ME AS TO WHICH REQUESTS WILL BE HONORED, AND AT WHAT TIME.
I FIND MYSELF LOOKING FORWARD TO LUNCH TODAY. CORAZON IS ON MY MIND.
SOMEHOW, I'VE BECOME MUCH MORE CURIOUS ABOUT MY HERD-MATE.


THE SOUND TONE OF A NEW E-MAIL MESSAGE EMITS FROM THE TOWER-BOUND SPEAKERS OF MY COMPUTER UNIT. IT'S FROM JULIA.
THE MESSAGE CONTAINS A LINK, AND A SMALL MESSAGE.
Give this a watch when you have a moment.
THE TITLE OF THE LINK MENTIONS A 'SOV-CIT' GETTING ARRESTED.


THE LINK IS FROM BULLCHESTER'S VIDEO SHARING SERVICE, APTLY CALLED 'VOYEURVISION". ALTERNATELY CALLED 'VOVIS', OR 'VV', OR 'DOUBLE-V'.
NO, IT'S NOT A PORN SITE, ALTHOUGH THERE'S A PAID PREMIUM OPTION THATNIXES ALL THOSE INTRUSIVE ADS.
Home
End
pg up
pg dn
Num Lock
/
*
-
7
8
9
+
4
5
6
1
2
3
Enter
0
.
CLICK
SOME OF THOSE VIDS ARE EVEN PART OF THE SISTERHOOD'S SUBTLE MINDBENDING TACTICS.

THE VIDEO CUTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN BODY-CAM FOOTAGE FROM THE UNIFORMED OFFICER'S PARTNER, AND THEN THE SMARTPHONE VIDEO FILMED BY THE DRIVER.

Voyeur Vision

Search

LICENSE AND REGISTRATION, PLEASE.

COULD YOU ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW A LITTLE MORE, PLEASE?

I NEED YOU TO ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW, SIR.

AM I BEING DETAINED?

I DON'T ANSWER QUESTIONS.

AND I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOUR SUPERVISOR, PLEASE.

Sov-Cit Being

FrauditsXpose

900k Subscribers

A 'Sovereign Citizen' does
an Idaho street. If you like this video
feed me likes and subscribes

SHOW MORE

1.5k VoyeurViews

comments 307

Add a comment

LovlyRita
Buuuusssteeeeeed! >:)

eDivineMissN
'im, Dano!

reauSpirit
sigh Kids'll do anything for VV views...

QueenCel
The moment he starts reading off the Sov-Cit script, she should just drag him out and cuff him!

FreemanSpirit
#AllCopsRTyrants

DivineFem
@FreemanSpirit #AllMenRLosers

SwtPetal
I dare him to try that crap on a Bullchester highway. We'd be on him like flies on shit.

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Voyeur VV

Search

Sov-Cit Being Arrested

FrauditsXpo

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an Idaho street. If y
feed me likes and subscribes.

SHOW MORE

comments 307

Add a comment

Rita
ssssteeeeeed! >:)

DivineMissN
Book 'im, Dano!

MoreauSpirit
Kids'll do anything for VV views...

enCel
The moment he starts reading off the Sov-Cit script, she should just drag him out and cuff him!

FreemanSpirit
sRTyrants

emanSpirit #AllMenRLosers

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Voyeur Vision

Search

Sov-Cit Being Arrested

FrauditsXposed
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A 'Sovereign Citize
an Idaho street. If y
feed me likes and s

SHOW MORE

WHAT'S UP, MEGAN?

IS THERE A THREAT TO PUBLIC SAFETY?

SOV-CIT DRIVER DOING A DUMB. HE WON'T GIVE UP HIS I.D. AND HE WANTS A SUPERVISOR.

I AM NOT A DRIVER! I AM A TRAVELER, AND THIS VEHICLE IS MY PERSONAL PROPERTY!

YOUR VEHICLE NEEDS PROPER PLATES, SIR.

NOT HAVING LICENSE PLATES IS *NOT* AN ARRESTABLE OFFENSE!

comments 307

Add a comment

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Buuuusssteeeeeed! >:)

TheDivineMissN
Book 'im, Dano!

MoreauSpirit
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FreemanSpirit
#AllCopsRTyrants

em
nSpirit #AllMenRLosers

m to try that crap on a Bullchester
ghway. We'd be on him like flies on shit.

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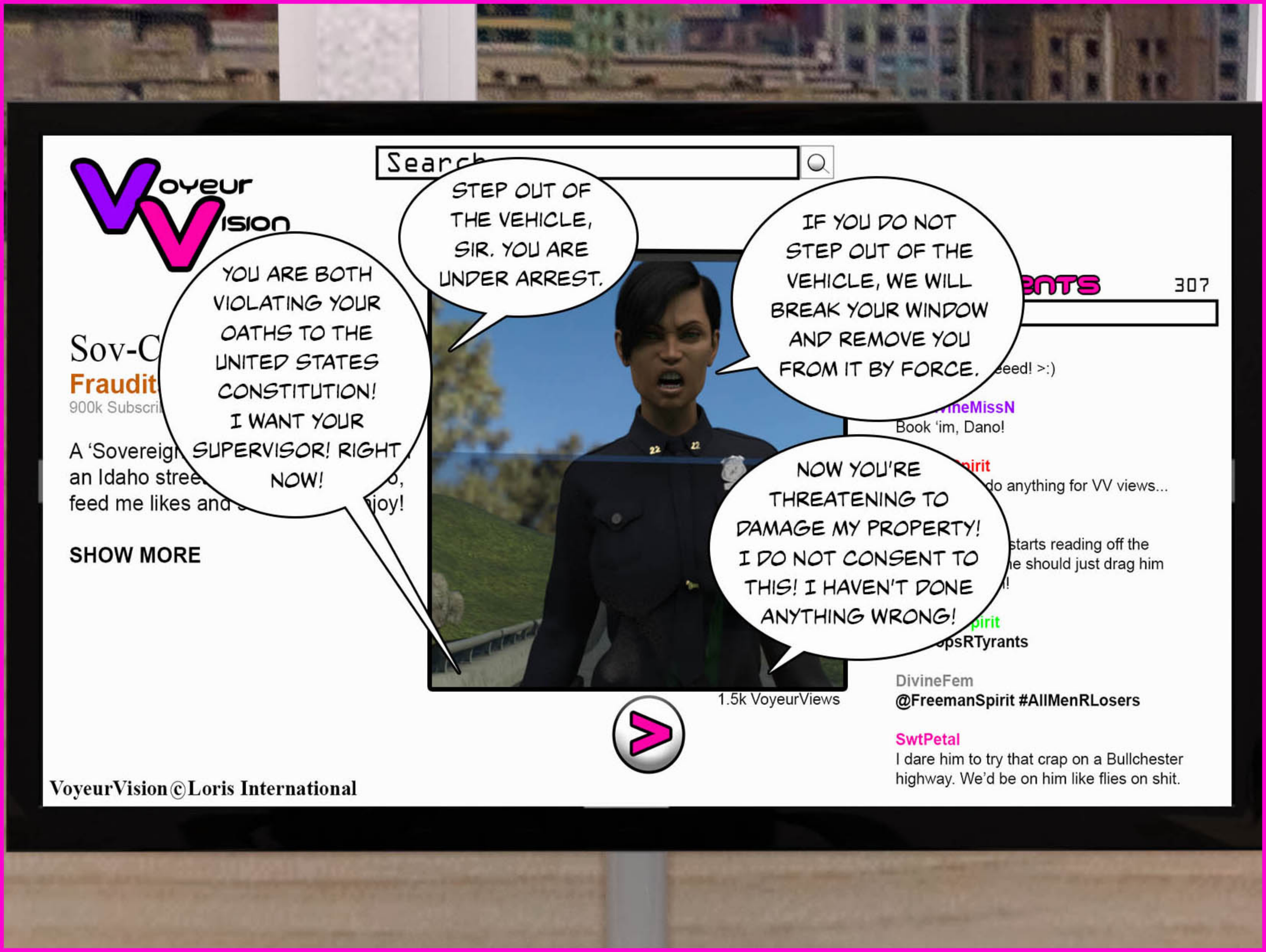
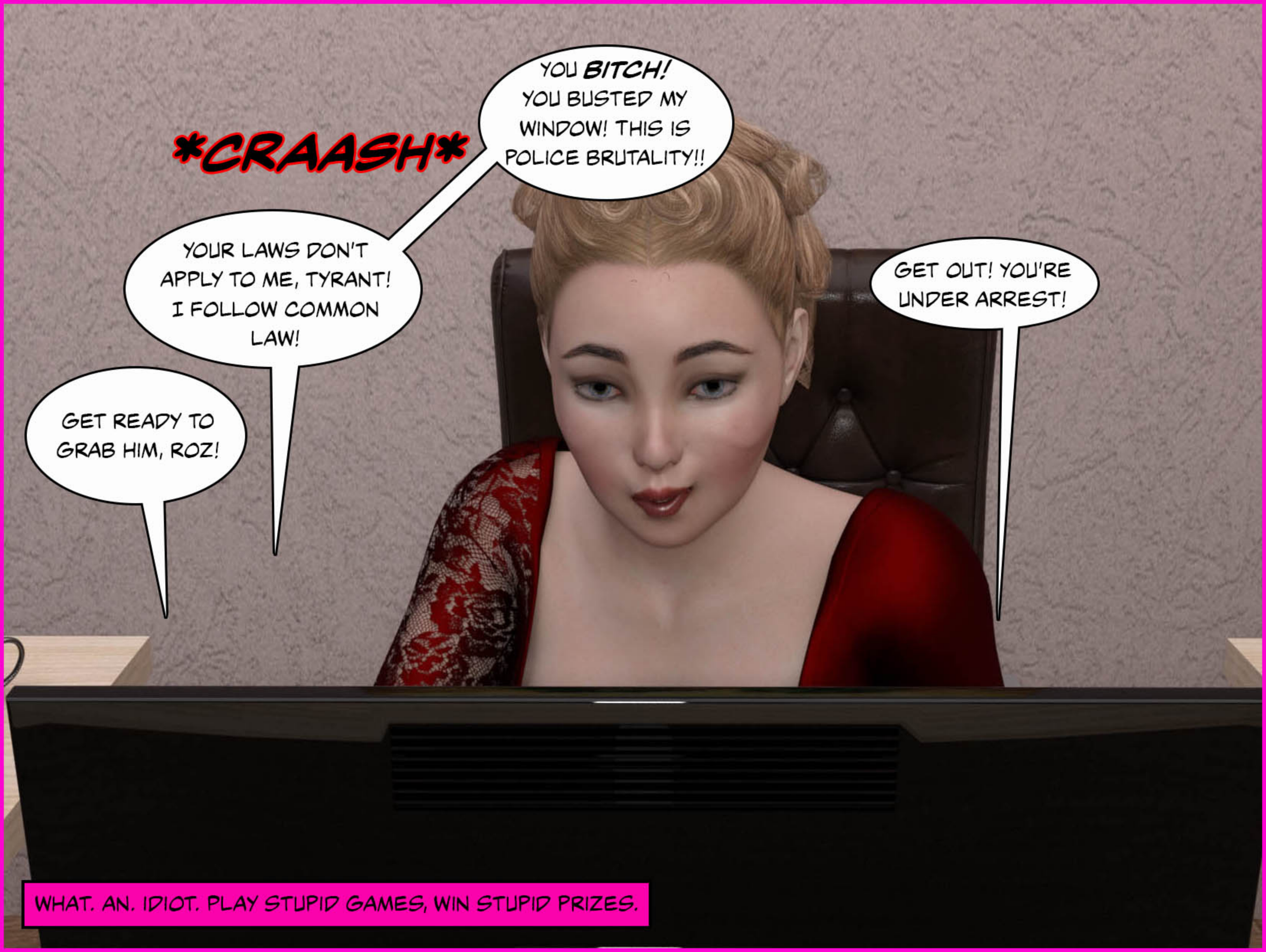
HMMMMM. THE VOICE OF THE GUY IN THE CAR SOUNDS *AWFULLY* FAMILIAR...


Voyeur Vision
Search
Sov-C
Fraudit
900k Subscri
A 'Sovereign
an Idaho stree
feed me likes and
joy!
SHOW MORE
YOU ARE BOTH VIOLATING YOUR OATHS TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION! I WANT YOUR SUPERVISOR! RIGHT NOW!
STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE, SIR. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.
IF YOU DO NOT STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE, WE WILL BREAK YOUR WINDOW AND REMOVE YOU FROM IT BY FORCE.
NOW YOU'RE THREATENING TO DAMAGE MY PROPERTY! I DO NOT CONSENT TO THIS! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
1.5k VoyeurViews
307
eed! >:)
neMissN
Book 'im, Dano!
irit
do anything for VV views...
starts reading off the
e should just drag him
!
pirit
psRTyrants
DivineFem
@FreemanSpirit #AllMenRLosers
SwtPetal
I dare him to try that crap on a Bullchester highway. We'd be on him like flies on shit.
VoyeurVision©Loris International


CRAASH
YOU BITCH! YOU BUSTED MY WINDOW! THIS IS POLICE BRUTALITY!!
YOUR LAWS DON'T APPLY TO ME, TYRANT! I FOLLOW COMMON LAW!
GET READY TO GRAB HIM, ROZ!
GET OUT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
WHAT. AN. IDIOT. PLAY STUPID GAMES, WIN STUPID PRIZES.

WELL, WELL, WELL. RANDY SANTOS. SHOULD I BE SURPRISED?

Voyeur Vision

Search

Sov-Cit B

Fraudits

900k Subscribers

A 'Sovereign Citizen' [illegible] an Idaho street. If you like this video, feed me likes and subscribes. Enjoy!

SHOW MORE

I AM GONNA SUE YOUR WHOLE FUCKING DEPARTMENT, YOU BITCHES!!

TASER! TASER! TASER!

1.5k VoyeurViews

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COMMENTS 307

Add a comment

LovlyRita
Buuuusssteeeeeed! >:)

TheDivineMissN
Book 'im, Dano!

MoreauSpirit
sigh Kids'll do anything for VV views...

QueenCel
The moment he starts reading off the Sov-Cit script, she should just drag him out and cuff him!

FreemanSpirit
#AllCopsRTyrants

DivineFem
@FreemanSpirit #AllMenRLosers

SwtPetal
I dare him to try that crap on a Bullchester highway. We'd be on him like flies on shit.

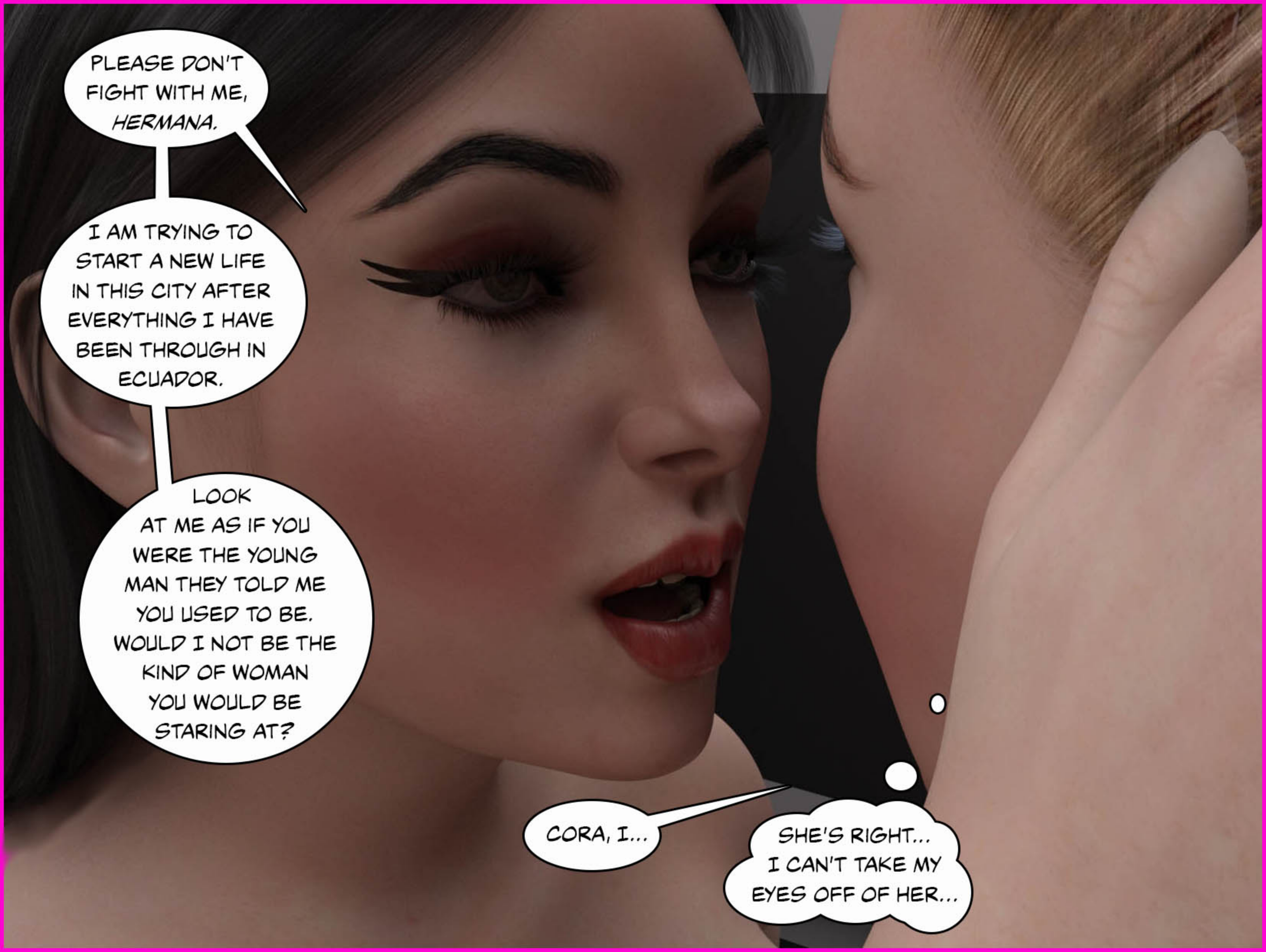
THIS VIDEO WAS PUBLISHED LAST YEAR. INCIDENT WAS SOMEWHERE IN IDAHO.

I'LL BE HONEST. I LIKE THE NEW RANDI MORE THAN THIS PUNK.

QUE IDIOTA!
POR FAVOR, HERMANA. CALL ME CORA.
OH! CORAZON! HI...SORRY, I WAS...
CLICK
DIT-DIT-DIT-DIT-DIT-DIT-DIT
AAAAH!! AAAAH!! OHH FUUUCK! AAAAAHH!!

MMM. YOU FEEL GORGED.
MMPH... THAT'S NOTHING NEW, CORA.
DAMN IT... SHE'S ALREADY GETTING ME ALL FIRED UP!
IS LUNCHTIME, *HERMANA.* YOUR MILK IS ON MY MENU...
...AND MINE IS ON YOURS, ISN'T IT?

GIGGLE THEY TOLD ME HOW JUMPY YOU ARE. NO. THE FANATICO RELIGIOSO DID NOT SEND ME.
SI. THEY FIGURE YOU NEED A FRIEND LIKE ME.
GEMMA SENT YOU, DIDN'T SHE?
BUT YOU'RE STILL WITH THE SISTERHOOD, AREN'T YOU?
SO THEY WANT YOU AND ME TO BE DRINKING BUDDIES, EH? DID THEY TELL YOU I HAVE...
IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE CORA'S BLOUSE WENT, SHE DROPPED IT ON THE FLOOR OF THE ELEVATOR CAR WE'RE IN RIGHT NOW.


PLEASE DON'T FIGHT WITH ME, HERMANA.
I AM TRYING TO START A NEW LIFE IN THIS CITY AFTER EVERYTHING I HAVE BEEN THROUGH IN ECUADOR.
LOOK AT ME AS IF YOU WERE THE YOUNG MAN THEY TOLD ME YOU USED TO BE. WOULD I NOT BE THE KIND OF WOMAN YOU WOULD BE STARING AT?
CORA, I...
SHE'S RIGHT... I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF OF HER...

I ADMIRE A WOMAN WITH A BIT OF FIGHT IN HER...
...I HAVE BEEN THERE MYSELF, *HERMANA.* I WAS A VERY POWERFUL WOMAN ONCE.
MAYBE. MEN WERE THE REASON FOR MY PAIN. PLAYING THEIR SILLY BOY GAMES WITH GUNS...AND WHITE POWDER...
AND...Y-YOU THINK YOU CAN BE AGAIN... THROUGH THE SISTERHOOD, DON'T YOU?

THE ELEVATOR DOORS MERCIFULLY SLID OPEN, STOPPING HER FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE KIND OF KISS THAT WOULD HAVE JEOPARDIZED MY AFFECTIONS FOR ELIZABETH.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
OH, JUST A FLOOR OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING THAT'S BEING RENOVATED.
I WANT OUR FIRST EXCHANGE TO BE AN INTIMATE ONE. YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE. THE LABORERS ARE ON LUNCH BREAK.

WHERE DO YOU USUALLY GO FOR LUNCH?
HOW IRONIC. A COW THAT EATS THE MEAT OF OTHER COWS.
YES, YOU ARE. WE BOTH ARE. DON'T SOUND SO ASHAMED.
A RESTAURANT A BLOCK DOWN FROM HERE. THE MAYORESS TAKES ME THERE OFTEN. THEY MAKE GOOD BURGERS THERE.
CORA, I'M NOT A...

COWS LIKE US CAN HAVE POWER OVER MEN.
DON'T MEN...LIKE THE MAN YOU USED TO BE...LIKE BIG TITS? AND A HUGE ASS?
NOW YOU HAVE BOTH, DON'T YOU?
YOU'D BE LYING IF YOU SAY YOU NEVER NOTICE MEN STARING AT YOU LUSTFULLY, HERMANA.

I CALL THIS A GIFT.
YOU SHOULD, TOO.
AND YOU SHOULD USE IT TO GET WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE WORLD OF MEN.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT ANYTHING FROM MEN, CORA?

CALLATE, COW.
I AM HUNGRY. EXPOSE YOUR TEATS. AHORA.
Y-YES, I... I'M SORRY, CORA.

JUST FEELING HER HANDS AT MY BREAST MAKES IT HARDER FOR ME TO KEEP MY GUARD UP.

I CAN NEVER FIGHT THIS...IT FEELS SOOOO WONDERFUL...PULSES OF WARMTH SURGING THROUGH MY BODY, LIKE A SLOW EXPLOSION OF PLEASURE BILLOWING FORTH FROM MY BREASTS TO THE REST OF ME...

...EVERY WEAKENED LIMB FEELS IT...

...LIKE...I'M COMPLETELY COVERED IN A THICK, FURRY BLANKET, IMMUNE TO THE EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD...

...IT'S MY WEAKNESS...

...MY ACHILLES HEEL...

...AND I WISH IT WOULD LAST FOREVER...

MMMMMMMMHHH...
OOOOOOOOOHHHH...

...BUT IF CORAZON IS JUST LIKE ME, THAT MEANS I KNOW *HER* WEAKNESS.
MMmmmmmmmMMmmMMMMmmmm...
BUT BEING DRAINED TENDS TO MAKE ME FEEL HUNGRY, SO I MUST FEED AS WELL.
HER MILK TURNS OUT TO BE JUST AS WONDERFUL TO TASTE. I WANT TO GET USED TO IT ALREADY.
HER BODY QUAKES AS I FEED. I KNOW SHE'S ENJOYING THIS.
I'M ENJOYING THIS, TOO. THE IDEA OF HAVING A 'SISTER' SUDDENLY SOUNDS SO MUCH MORE APPEALING.

EVEN IF PETAL DID SEND HER, I...I DON'T CARE. MAYBE SHE'S A GIFT.
A CO-WORKER. A CONFIDANTE'. SOMEONE JUST...LIKE ME...MAYBE EVEN SOMEONE WHO NEEDS ME...
...I ALREADY FEEL LIKE I...I NEED HER.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, CORA?
HOURS SEEMED TO PASS SLOWLY AS WE LAID THERE, NAKED, IN THE EMPTY ROOM.
WE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. WE JUST...LISTENED TO THE SOUNDS OF OUR SLOW BREATHING, KEEPING OUR BARE, MOISTENED BODIES PRESSED AGAINST EACH OTHER.

THERE'S THAT FACE AGAIN. LOOKS...JUST AS ALLURING AS WHEN YOU WERE THIS CLOSE TO ME A FEW HOURS AGO...WHEN WE FIRST MET...
...JULIA ASSURED ME YOU WEREN'T AN ANGEL...SO I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT...

YOUR LIPS...
...ON...
...MINE...

YOUR BOY WAS WEARING A WHAT??
SHIT! WHAT TIME IS IT??
IT IS TIME TO GO, HERMANA. BACK TO THE GRIND.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TEASE THOSE HORNY *CABRONS* AS WE LEAVE. MAKE THEM WISH THEY COULD HAVE US.
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST GO BACK TO WORK, CORA.

ONCE WE WERE BACK IN THE ELEVATOR...
YOU STILL DON'T TRUST ME, DO YOU?
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. EVEN IF I WAS SENT BY THE SISTERHOOD.
WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER, YOU KNOW.
CORA...WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU? YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME...
..AN OLIVE BRANCH?

OKAY. I WILL COME CLEAN.
I CAME FROM A BAD SITUATION. TWO MEN WANTING TO KILL EACH OTHER, AND TWO WOMEN CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.
I WAS ONE OF THEM. I BARELY ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE.
I MOVE TO BULLCHESTER. I MEET A WOMAN WHO SAY SHE CAN HELP ME.
PETAL?
SI. SHE RUN FERTILITY CLINIC. SHE PAY ME A LOT OF MONEY IF I SERVE AS...HOW DO YOU SAY? A 'LAB RAT'.
SHE SAY SHE WANT TO IMPROVE ON WHAT SHE GIVE YOU.

THE HEIFER FORMULA...
YOURS WAS A PROTOTYPE, YES? ONLY WORKED WITH YOU AND ME.
SHE WANTS TO PUT A BETTER VERSION ON THE OPEN MARKET. ONE THAT WOMEN CAN USE TO CREATE MORE MILK FOR THEIR BABIES.
A LACTATION STIMULANT. TO BE MARKETED BY RITA THROUGH LORIS. PRETTY SHREWD.
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT CAUSED MAMMARY GROWTH IN MEN...

LAST STOP, HERMANA.
WE GET BACK TO WORK, BUT I COME BACK TO YOU LATER BEFORE THE END OF THE DAY.
SOMETHING PETAL WANTS ME TO GET FROM YOU. YOU WON'T MIND, WILL YOU?
UHH...N-NO, CORA. WHAT... WHATEVER YOU NEED.

MY MIND JUST REPLAYS MY TIME WITH CORAZON GARCIA. OVER, AND OVER.
I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT TO FIND OUT MORE ASIDE FROM WHAT SHE TOLD ME.
IF SHE'S TO BE BELIEVED, SHE'S A WOMAN FROM ECUADOR WHO GOT BETWEEN TWO BAD MEN AND WANTED OUT OF HER SITUATION. SHE'S GOT A MIND FOR POWER, AND SHE WAS SENT BY PETAL.
APART FROM ALL THAT? NOT MUCH ELSE.
WAY TO GO, TAMARA, YOU STUPID COW. GREAT INTELLIGENCE GATHERING.
JAMES BOND WOULD BE LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF.

HELLO, COW. CAPTAIN KINDERMANN OF THE 19TH PRECINCT.
REMEMBER ME? FROM OUR LITTLE ENCOUNTER AT THE MALL?
ABOUT AS WELL AS BOB HARLAN DOES. YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAYORESS, YES?
I DO.
FROM THE DESK OF THE MAYORESS OF THE CITY OF BULLCHESTER
Dear Sir -
Please accept my sincere apologies for not sending a reply to you sooner regarding your Missing Persons interrogative that was sent two months prior, but I hope you can understand that I am the duly-elected Mayoress of an entire municipality and as such, there are a great many pressing matters that require my atten

I CAN APPRECIATE SOMEONE WHO STANDS UP FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S RIGHTS, TAMARA...
...BUT DON'T EVER GET IN THE WAY OF A SHE-WOLF AND HER PREY AGAIN, GOT IT?
SEND HER RIGHT IN, TAMARA.
YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO KEEP THE MAYORESS WAITING, CAPTAIN. HER OFFICE IS AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY.
SIGH THANK YOU.
HAVE A NICE FUCKING DAY.

MAN, PEOPLE AROUND HERE REALLY NEED TO STOP STEALING TEABAG BOXES FROM OUR STORAGE CLOS...
...WOW! THIS ONE LOOKS TOUGH!
I WONDER IF THIS IS THAT...THAT POLICE CAPTAIN WE'RE EXPECTING?

HELLO, YOUNG MAN. I JUST WANT TO BE SURE...
...THE OFFICE BEHIND YOU IS THE OFFICE OF THE MAYORESS, RIGHT?
YES, MA'AM.
'MA'AM'? WHAT KIND OF A WOMAN DO YOU THINK I AM? I'M THE CAPTAIN OF A POLICE PRECINCT, CIVVIE!
AND WHY, PRAY TELL, ARE YOUR PANTS UNDONE?

YOU DO REALIZE INDECENT EXPOSURE IS A CRIME, DON'T YOU?
SHOULDN'T YOU BE MAKING SURE YOUR FLY IS ZIPPED UP *BEFORE* YOU COME BACK OUT OF THE RESTROOM?
I...I WAS JUST... COMING OUT OF THE BATHROOM! I'M SORRY!
YEAH, BUT...
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I DON'T ALWAYS DO THAT!

PFFT. THAT'S WHAT YOU MEN ALWAYS SAY.
I SHOULD DO A DICK-CHECK ON YOU. HAVE YOU PULL DOWN YOUR PANTS AND SEE IF YOU'VE GOT A HARD-ON!
I SAW THE WAY YOU WERE LOOKING AT ME. YOU WERE PRACTICALLY UNDRESSING ME WITH YOUR EYES!
NO! I WASN'T! HONEST!
WAIT A MINUTE... 'DICK-CHECK'? I REMEMBER HEARING THAT BEFORE!
IN THE FIFTH GRADE!

WHAT IS GOING ON OUT HERE?
OH...YOU MUST BE MICHELLE KINDERMANN. HAS MY NEW TEABOY DONE ANYTHING WRONG?
NOOO, NO. HE WAS JUST MAKING SURE I WAS HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
ALTHOUGH HE SHOULD REMEMBER TO ZIPPER UP *BEFORE* COMING OUT OF THE LOO.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I SWEAR IT WAS! I JUST...I FORGOT IS ALL!
RELAX, WALLY. IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE GOOD CAPTAIN IS GOING TO PRESS ANY CHARGES.
BESIDES, EVEN IF SHE DID, INDECENT EXPOSURE IS JUST A MISDEMEANOR. JUST ZIPPER UP, AND IT'S A DEAD ISSUE...

..BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER REPEAT SUCH A DISGUSTING HABIT IN THE FUTURE.
I...A-AAHNZ... BRRPHRRGRRKKK!!
RUDE MEN LIKE HIM SHOULD KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE A GIRL!
HE SHOULD BE PROPERLY DISCIPLINED IN THE SAME WAY ALL OF MY PATROLMEN WERE!

HMMM...THIS BOY LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR. LIKE I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE.
SEEMS LIKE SOMEONE I REMEMBER FROM A LONG TIME AGO.
LIKELY COINCIDENCE, CAPTAIN.
OH, NO...I NEVER FORGET A FACE...
...AND THIS FACE TELLS ME HE'LL DO ANYTHING ANY WOMAN ORDERS HIM TO DO.
LIKE...WEAR PANTIES UNDER HIS JEANS?
FF...FNRRK... PRRFRRZZ...
MMM. YES. THAT'S A GOOD START. A NICE, SOFT PAIR OF PINK FEMALE PANTIES.
I ORDER YOU TO BUY A PAIR AND WEAR THEM FROM NOW ON. NO MORE MALE UNDERWEAR FOR YOU. EVER.

COME IN, CAPTAIN. WE SHOULD GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
YOU HAVE A POWERPROC PRESENTATION TO SHOW ME, YES?
IT'S ON A FLASH DRIVE THAT I BROUGHT WITH ME, MAYORESS STROUD.
PANTIES...PANTIES... GOTTA GET...PINK PANTIES...NEED PANTIES...ON ME... PANTIES...

...WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?? THE MAYORESS TOUCHED ME, AND...PANDTI...
...ORDERS...GOTTA FOLLOW...ORDERS... PANTIES...PINK PANTIES...
...WAIT, PANTIES?? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ME??
I SHOULD JUST... JUST...BUY A PAIR... I WAS ORDERED... I GOTTA...WOMEN ...ORDER ME...

OH! TEABOY! BUENOS TARDES!
THAT WAS A DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA YOU MADE FOR ME EARLIER. GRACIAS...
EH? OHH... C-CORA?

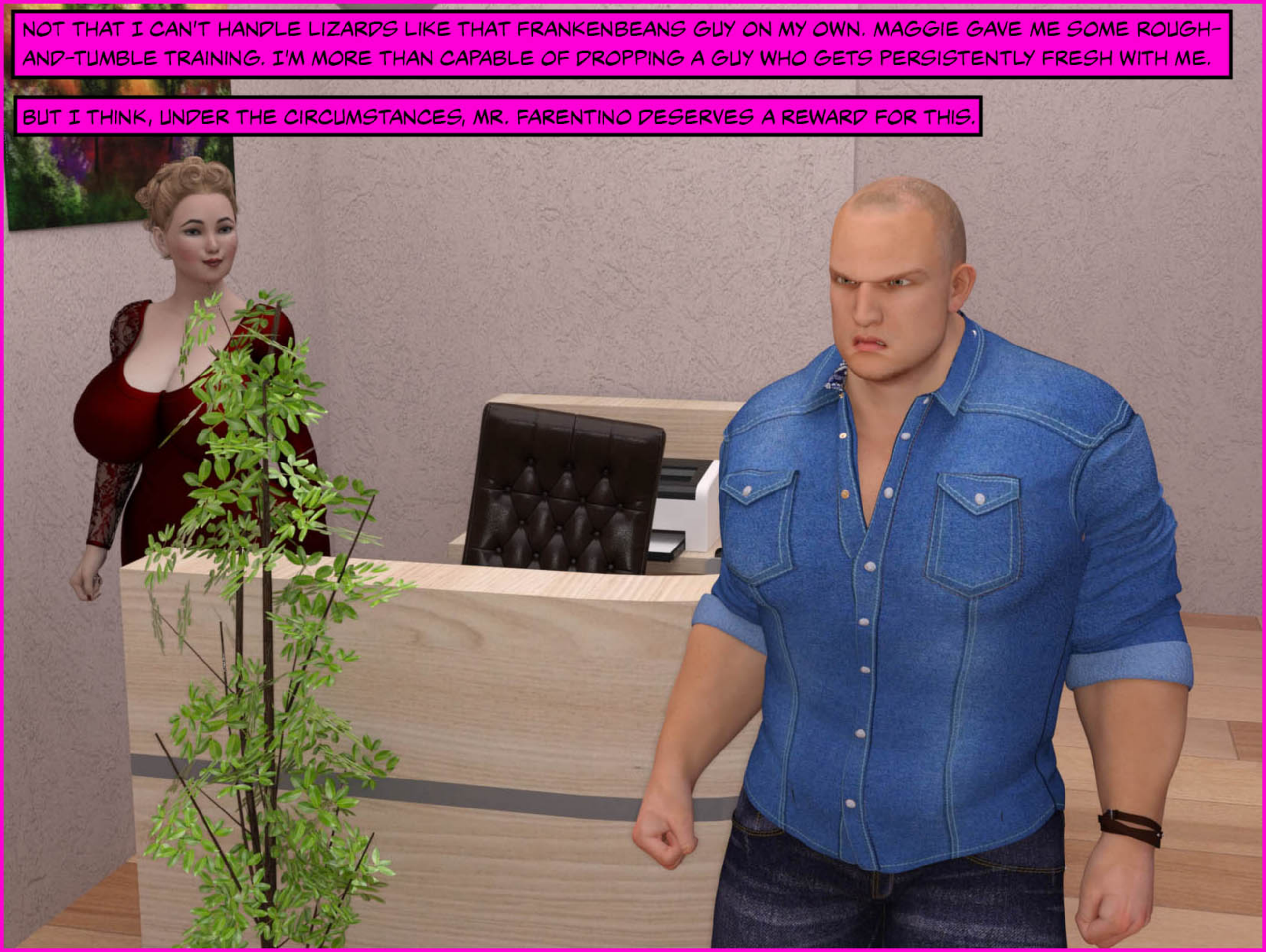
...BUT WHAT DID I TELL YOU TO CALL ME?
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS OBEY MY ORDERS, *HIJO.* I AM NOT THE KIND OF WOMAN YOU WANT TO ANGER.
I WANT MORE TEA. MAKE IT JUST LIKE YOU DID THIS MORNING, AND BRING IT TO MY DESK.
KEEP THE POT WARM, TOO, IN CASE I WANT A THIRD CUP.
BUEN CHICO.
WHA...*OH!* I'M...I'M SORRY, MISS GARCIA!
I WILL! I WILL! HONEST!
YES, MISS GARCIA.

WELL, HEL-LOOOOO NURSE!
OH, I'M ALWAYS FREE FOR CURVES LIKE YOURS, BABE!
DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?
WITH THE MAYORESS, DUMMY. I'M ALREADY SPOKEN FOR.
PLAYIN' HARD TO GET, EH? YOU SLUTS ARE ALL ALIKE.
CRY ME A RIVER. NOW...DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT OR NOT?

WONDER IF SHE LIKES IT UP THE ASS...
I NEED TO TALK TO MAYORESS STROUD ABOUT THE 'C' RATING MY 'FRANK N' BEANS' PLACE GOT IN THE LAST INSPECTION.
MY FAMILY'S BEEN RUNNING THAT BUSINESS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND WE'VE BEEN KEEPING IT SPOTLESS!
I CAN TAP YOU IN FOR THIS FRIDAY AT 10 A.M. THAT'S THE EARLIEST I CAN GIVE YOU.
SIGH FINE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ASSHOLE? EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM!
BUT I SUPPOSE YOUR OWN WORM IS TOO IMPOTENT TO REALIZE THAT, EH?

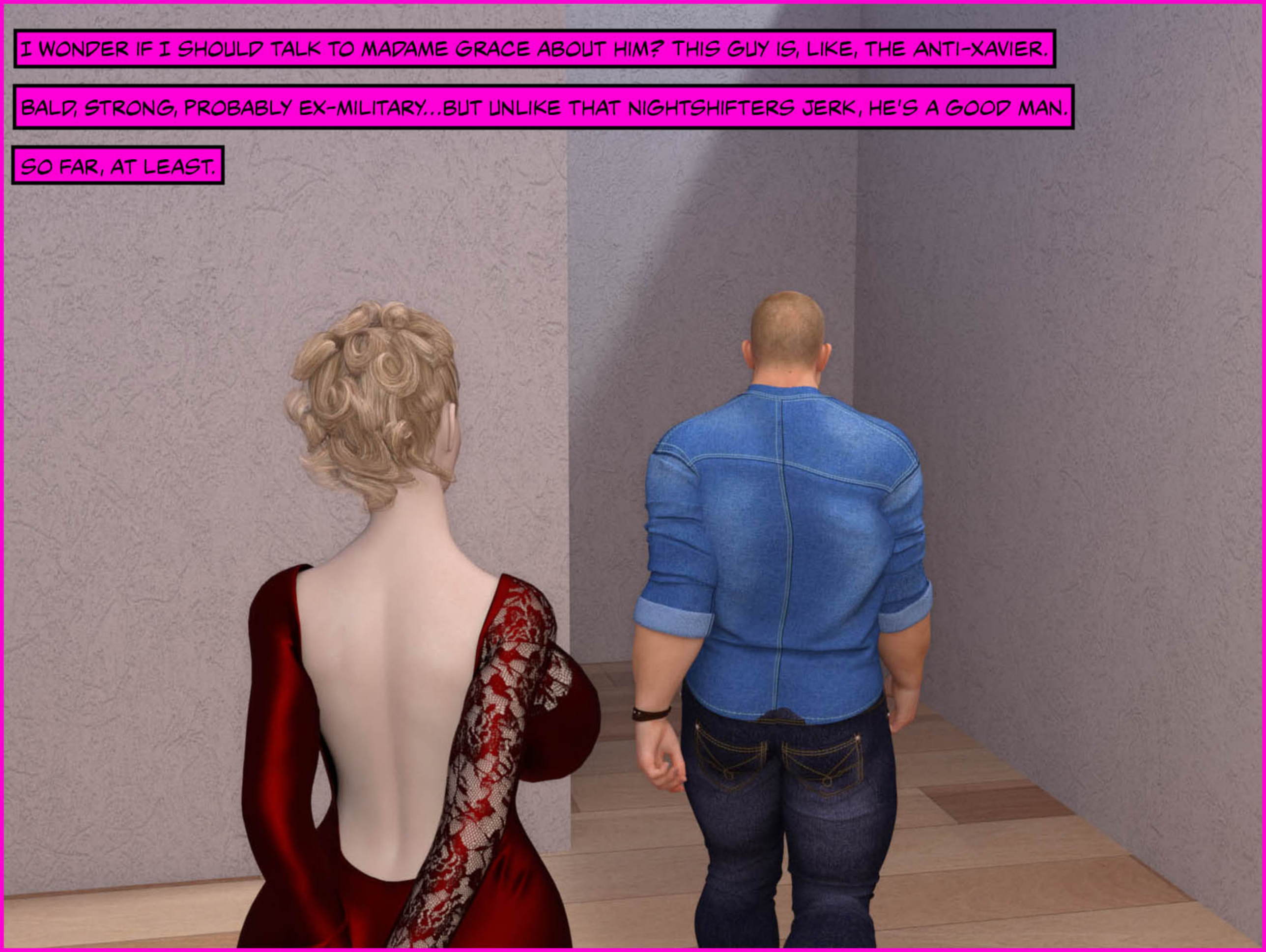
MY BIZ BETTER NOT GO THE WAY OF 'GREAT BIG CAL'S'*, BITCH...
...OR YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY LAWYERS!
I HEAR THEY'RE HIRING AT THAT MISTRESSES PLACE! YOU'D MAKE A MINT WITH THOSE COW-TITTIES OF YOURS!
* - 'GREAT BIG CAL'S' WAS A FAST FOOD CHAIN IN BULLCHESTER THAT WAS RECENTLY SHUT DOWN BY THE SISTERHOOD OVER CALORIE EXCESSES.

STOP TALKIN' TO THE SECRETARY THAT WAY! THIS IS A MUNICIPAL OFFICE!
SHOW SOME RESPECT!!
HEYHEYHEYHEY HEEEY! OKAY! OKAAAAY! I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE I GET MY TIME WITH THE MAYORESS! DON'T HURT ME!
DIDJA GET YOUR APPOINTMENT?
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
THEN GET YOUR ASS OUTTA HERE!!
WOO-HOOOOOO! LUTHER TO THE RESCUE! YOU ROCK, MY DUDE!

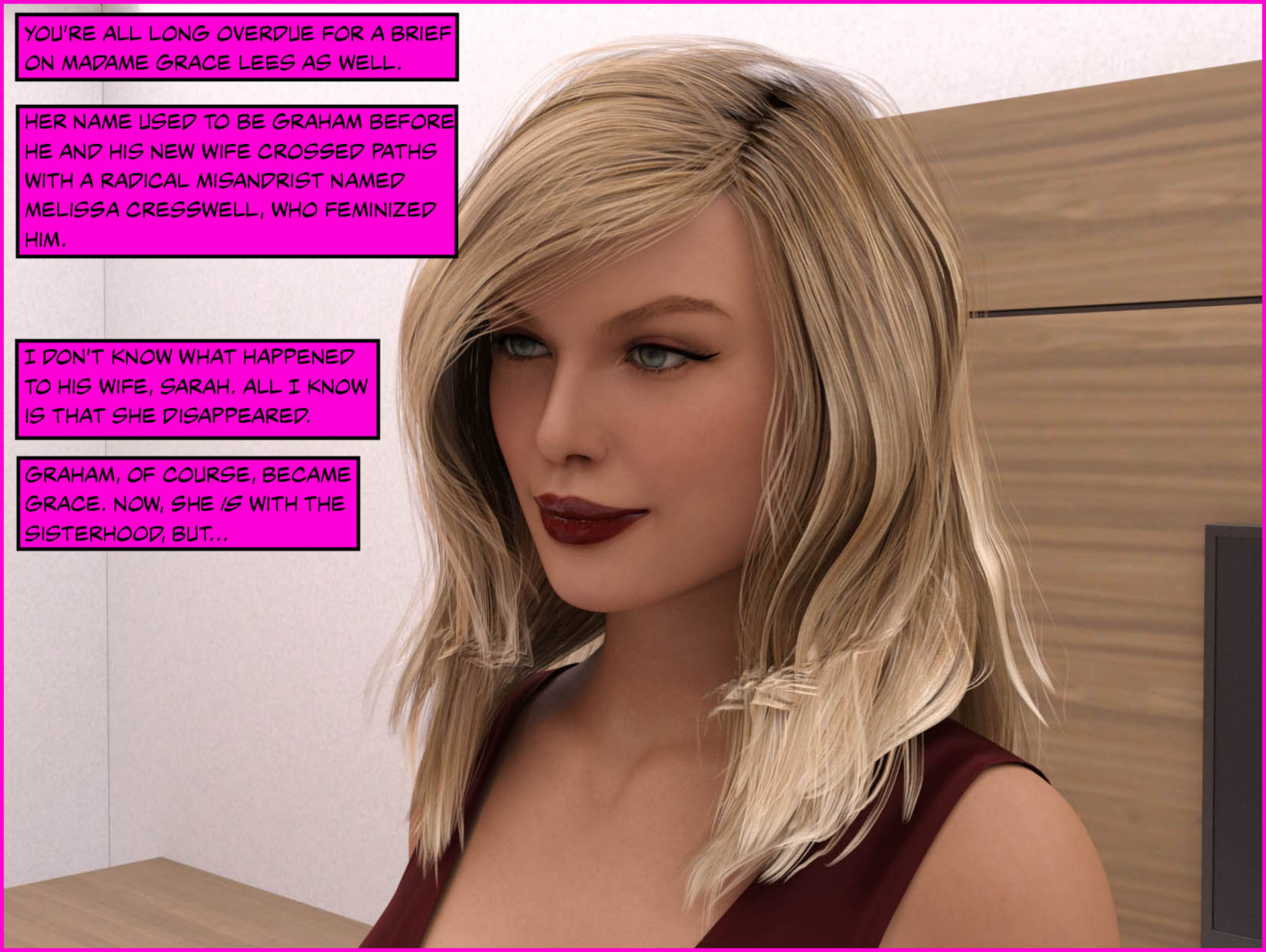

NOT THAT I CAN'T HANDLE LIZARDS LIKE THAT FRANKENBEANS GUY ON MY OWN. MAGGIE GAVE ME SOME ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE TRAINING. I'M MORE THAN CAPABLE OF DROPPING A GUY WHO GETS PERSISTENTLY FRESH WITH ME.
BUT I THINK, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MR. FARENTINO DESERVES A REWARD FOR THIS.

MMF!
MMMMMM...!
GODDESS...HIS BODY IS AS HARD AS STEEL!

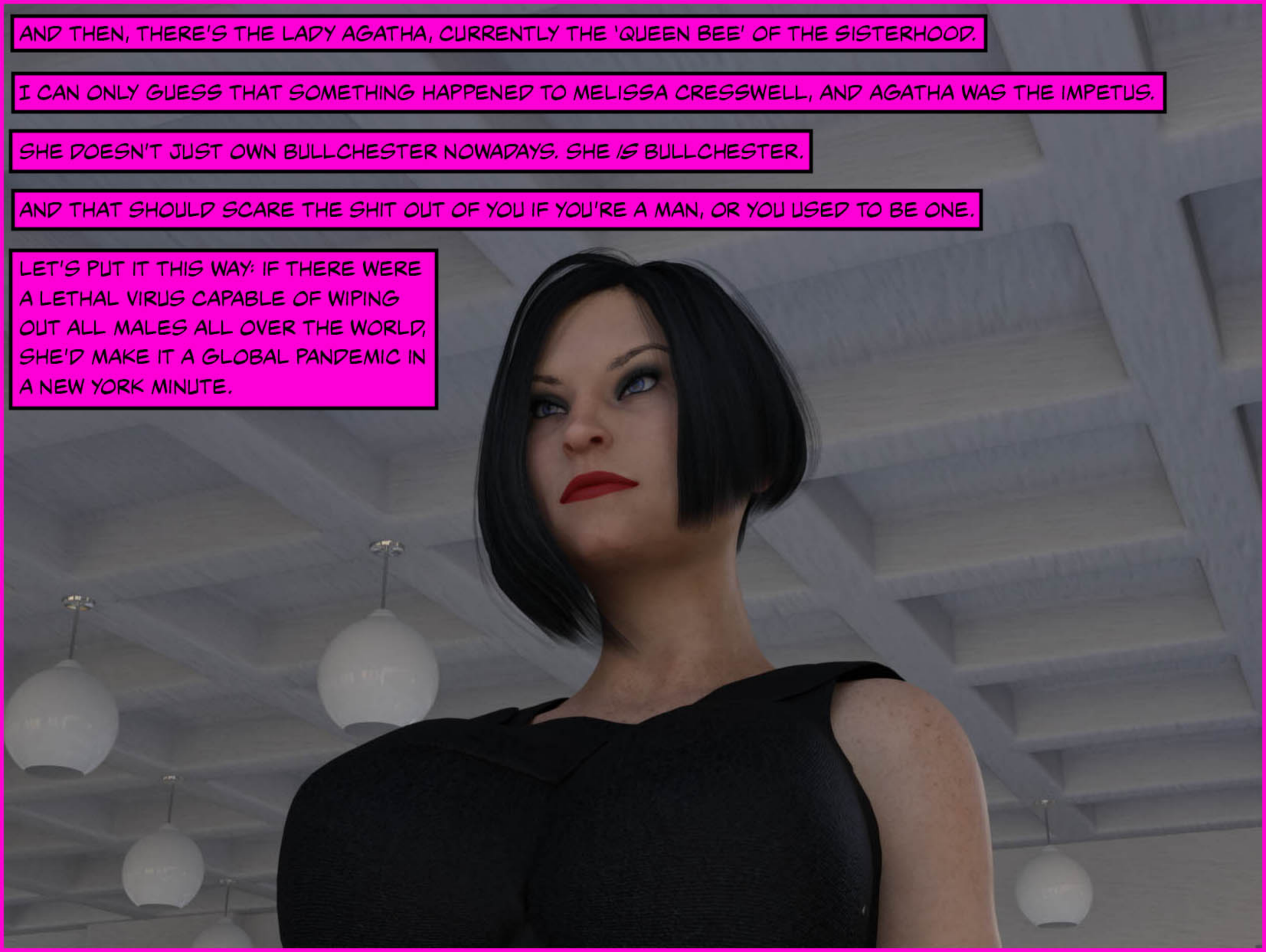
THANK YOU FOR THAT, LUTHER.
UHH, JUST... JUST DOIN' MY JOB, MISS PORTNOY.
ALL TOO WELL, BIG BOY. KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK.


I WONDER IF I SHOULD TALK TO MADAME GRACE ABOUT HIM? THIS GUY IS, LIKE, THE ANTI-XAVIER.
BALD, STRONG, PROBABLY EX-MILITARY...BUT UNLIKE THAT NIGHTSHIFTERS JERK, HE'S A GOOD MAN.
SO FAR, AT LEAST.

WHO'S THIS XAVIER GUY, YOU ASK? HE'S A FORMER COMMANDO. PART OF SOME DEFUNCT BLACK OPS UNIT CALLED THE NIGHTSHIFTERS.
HE ASSISTED RITA'S EFFORTS TO KILL MY MANHOOD BY SEDUCING ME.
HE HAD A PET NAME FOR ME. 'KEWPIE', AS IN THE OLD KEWPIE DOLLS. THE NAME USED TO STIMULATE ME. NOW, IT'S THANKFULLY A BITTER REMINDER OF HOW SNEAKY THAT BALD PIECE OF SHIT CAN BE.


YOU'RE ALL LONG OVERDUE FOR A BRIEF ON MADAME GRACE LEES AS WELL.
HER NAME USED TO BE GRAHAM BEFORE HE AND HIS NEW WIFE CROSSED PATHS WITH A RADICAL MISANDRIST NAMED MELISSA CRESSWELL, WHO FEMINIZED HIM.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS WIFE, SARAH. ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE DISAPPEARED.
GRAHAM, OF COURSE, BECAME GRACE. NOW, SHE IS WITH THE SISTERHOOD, BUT...

...SHE HAS ULTERIOR MOTIVES.
SEE...THE WAY I LOOK AT IT, THERE'S TWO EXTREMES WHEN IT COMES TO THE BULLCHESTER CONSPIRACY. WHAT THE LADY AGATHA WANTS, AND WHAT MADAME GRACE WANTS.
SO FAR, I WANT WHAT MADAME GRACE WANTS. I OWE HER THAT, BECAUSE SHE RISKED HER STANDING IN THE SISTERHOOD TO GET ME OUT OF A TRAP AGATHA AND RITA SET ME UP IN AT THE DREADED FERTILITY CLINIC.
ALTHOUGH SHE'S DANGEROUSLY EDGY, I ACTUALLY MANAGED TO DISCOVER A SOFTER SIDE OF HER WHEN SHE VISITED ME AT DR. PARKER DRAKE'S PLASTIC SURGERY CLINIC.
ALL I DID WAS TO MASSAGE HER HAIR, WHICH BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF SARAH.
MMMMMH... YEEEEEAAAHHH... J-JUST LIKE THAT... OHHHHH...!

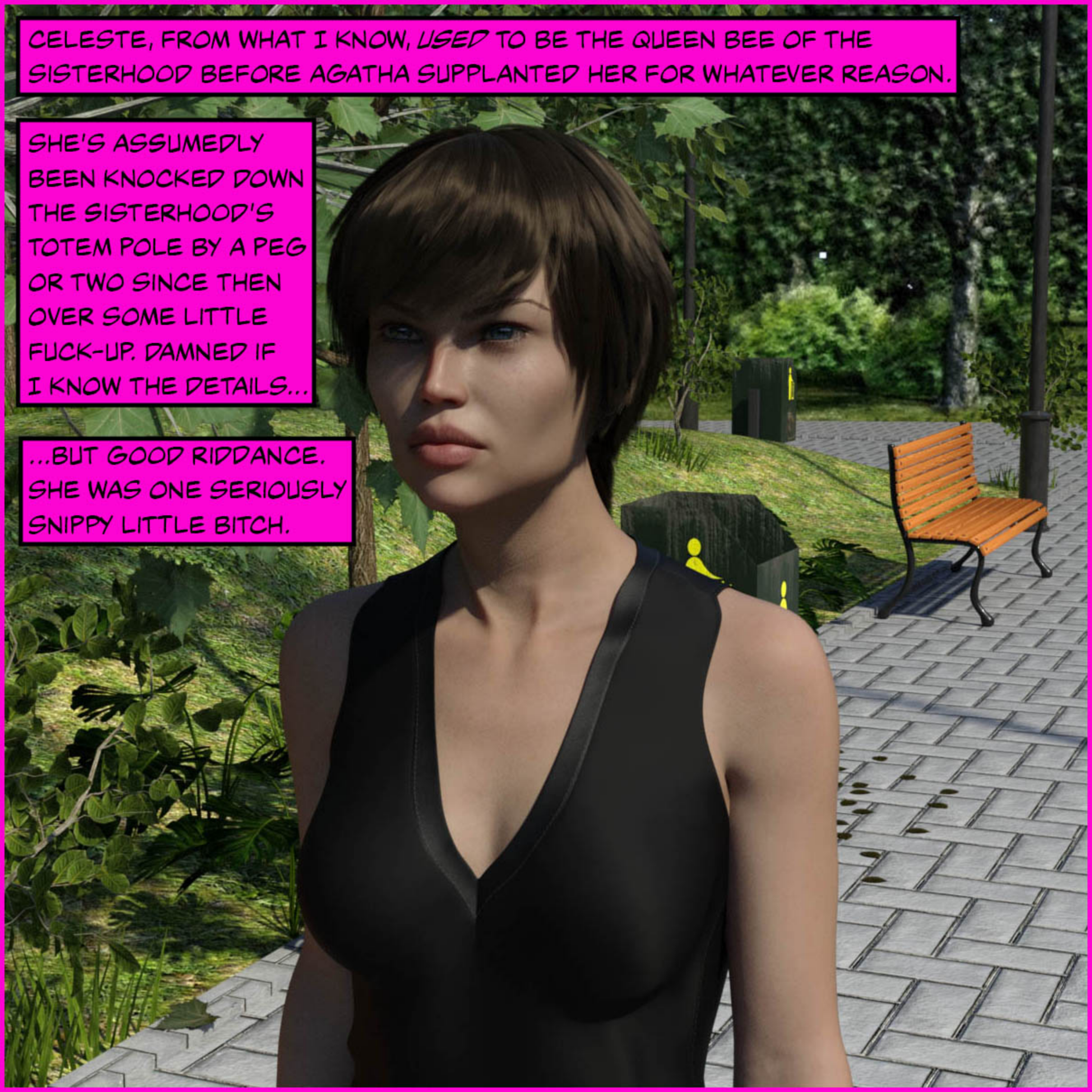

AND THEN, THERE'S THE LADY AGATHA, CURRENTLY THE 'QUEEN BEE' OF THE SISTERHOOD.
I CAN ONLY GUESS THAT SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MELISSA CRESSWELL, AND AGATHA WAS THE IMPETUS.
SHE DOESN'T JUST OWN BULLCHESTER NOWADAYS. SHE IS BULLCHESTER.
AND THAT SHOULD SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF YOU IF YOU'RE A MAN, OR YOU USED TO BE ONE.
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY: IF THERE WERE A LETHAL VIRUS CAPABLE OF WIPING OUT ALL MALES ALL OVER THE WORLD, SHE'D MAKE IT A GLOBAL PANDEMIC IN A NEW YORK MINUTE.

WHICH SHOULDN'T WORRY ME, RIGHT? SINCE I'M A FULL-BLOWN WOMAN NOW? FAT CHANCE.
I SUSPECT GRACE SHARES MY WORRIES, GIVEN HOW GENUINELY DANGEROUS AGATHA IS.
ONCE SHE'S ERADICATED THE WORLD OF MEN, SHE'LL LIKELY TURN HER ATTENTION TO THOSE WHO USED TO BE MEN AND GET RID OF THEM AS WELL.
PEOPLE LIKE ME, LIZ ZAMBRANO, GRACE LEES, BARBARA WALSH, AND SO MANY OTHERS.
THIS IS WHY AGATHA WILL ALWAYS BE THE *REAL* ENEMY.

OH! CORA! SORRY, I...I WAS KIND OF...
NOTHING IMPORTANT.
LOST IN THOUGHT?
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING ABOUT, MI HERMANA?
GIGGLE BUENO. KEEP YOUR SECRETS, THEN.

I NEED TO GET A SAMPLE FROM YOU, TAMARA.
WHA...HERE? NOW? WHILE I'M ON THE CLOCK??
I DID TELL YOU I WOULD VISIT YOU AGAIN, *HERMANA.*
THIS IS ABOUT BUSINESS, THOUGH. PETAL WANTS TO ANALYZE YOUR PRODUCE.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE IF IT'S SISTERHOOD BUSINESS, WHICH IT ALWAYS IS WHEN PETAL'S NAME IS MENTIONED.
MMMMMMMMMMMMHHHH...
OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH....
I'VE NEVER MET PETAL, BUT I IMAGINE SHE CARES MORE ABOUT HER 'HEIFER FORMULA' THAN SHE DOES ABOUT ME.
I'M JUST THE LAB RAT CELESTE HANDPICKED.


CELESTE, FROM WHAT I KNOW, *USED* TO BE THE QUEEN BEE OF THE SISTERHOOD BEFORE AGATHA SUPPLANTED HER FOR WHATEVER REASON.
SHE'S ASSUMEDLY BEEN KNOCKED DOWN THE SISTERHOOD'S TOTEM POLE BY A PEG OR TWO SINCE THEN OVER SOME LITTLE FUCK-UP. DAMNED IF I KNOW THE DETAILS...
...BUT GOOD RIDDANCE. SHE WAS ONE SERIOUSLY SNIPPY LITTLE BITCH.

OH, SURE, CORA...HELP...
HELP Y-YOURSSSSSELFFFF....
MMMM-MMMMMMHH!
OOOOOOOOOOHHHH!
...OH, GODDESS...THISSS...
SSS-SSSOOOO FFFUCKING
GOOOOOOD...MMMMHHHH...

I...GUESS YOU COULD CALL THIS A 'MILK KISS'...
...WHERE SHE TAKES A BUNCH OF MY MILK INTO HER MOUTH, AND THEN KISSES ME SO SHE COULD TRANSFER IT TO MINE...
...AND MY OWN MILK REALLY IS DELICIOUS...

I HAVE COMPUTERS TO FINISH CLEANING.
YOU CAN'T WAIT FOR ME TO HAVE LUNCH WITH YOU AGAIN TOMORROW, CAN YOU?
WHA...WHATEVER Y-YOU SAY.
KEEP ME IN YOUR THOUGHTS, *HERMANA.*

VERY IMPRESSIVE PRESENTATION, CAPTAIN.
I CAN NOW SEE WHY YOU'VE MADE A FAN OUT OF THE VICE MAYORESS...
...BUT WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR ME TO MAKE A CHOICE, I WILL NEED TO TAKE THE FEEDBACK OF THE CITY'S CONSTITUENTS INTO ACCOUNT.
IT WOULDN'T REALLY MATTER TO ME IF I DIDN'T GET THE COMMISSIONER'S JOB, YOUR HONOR...
...JUST BEING NOMINATED IS FLATTERY ENOUGH!

WHAT IS THIS??
HAH! I'VE GOT YOU NOW, SLUT!
MORE INDECENT EXPOSURE?? THIS IS A PUBLIC LOBBY AREA!
WHAT IF A CHILD WALKED OUT OF THAT ELEVATOR??
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT SISTERHOOD BUSINESS, CAPTAIN?
THAT SHOULD NOT TRUMP DECENCY CODES!

I SHOULD REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE NOT THE COMMISSIONER YET, MICHELLE.
YOU ARE STILL THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR PRECINCT COMMAND. THIS PLACE, AND EVERYONE IN IT, ARE MY RESPONSIBILITY.
TAMARA IS MORE THAN JUST MY SECRETARY. SHE'S MY FRIEND AS WELL.
SO PLEASE LEAVE HER ALONE. SHORT OF HER COMING IN WITH AN UNLICENSED FIREARM, WHICH SHE WILL NEVER DO...
...SHE'S HARMLESS.
SIGH IF YOU SAY SO...

BUT IF WE SHOULD EVER HAVE TO ARREST YOU...
CAPTAIN, I'VE BEEN A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN RIGHT FROM THE CRADLE.
YOU WANNA GO AFTER SOMEONE FAR MORE DANGEROUS? DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE CITY'S MISOGUNIA PROBLEM.

HMMM. YEAH... THAT NAME HAS BEEN GAINING NOTORIETY.
HAVE THEY HARASSED YOU, TAMARA?
WELL, THEY CALL US ON A WEEKLY BASIS DEMANDING TO SPEAK TO THE MAYORESS, SO... YEAH.
WE REALLY NEED TO CRACK DOWN ON THOSE PERSISTENT LITTLE BASTARDS, MAYORESS.
AGREED, CAPTAIN.

JUST ONE OF MY MANY CAMPAIGN PROMISES, OF COURSE.
HAVE A NICE DAY, LADIES.
THANK YOU FOR STOPPING BY, CAPTAIN!

JULIA...CORAZON CAME BY TO...
PFFT. FORGET IT. I DON'T EXPECT A STUFFY C.O. TO UNDERSTAND HOW I RUN THINGS IN MY OWN OFFICES.
BESIDES...I RELISH THOSE MOMENTS WHEN THINGS ARE LESS BORING AROUND HERE!

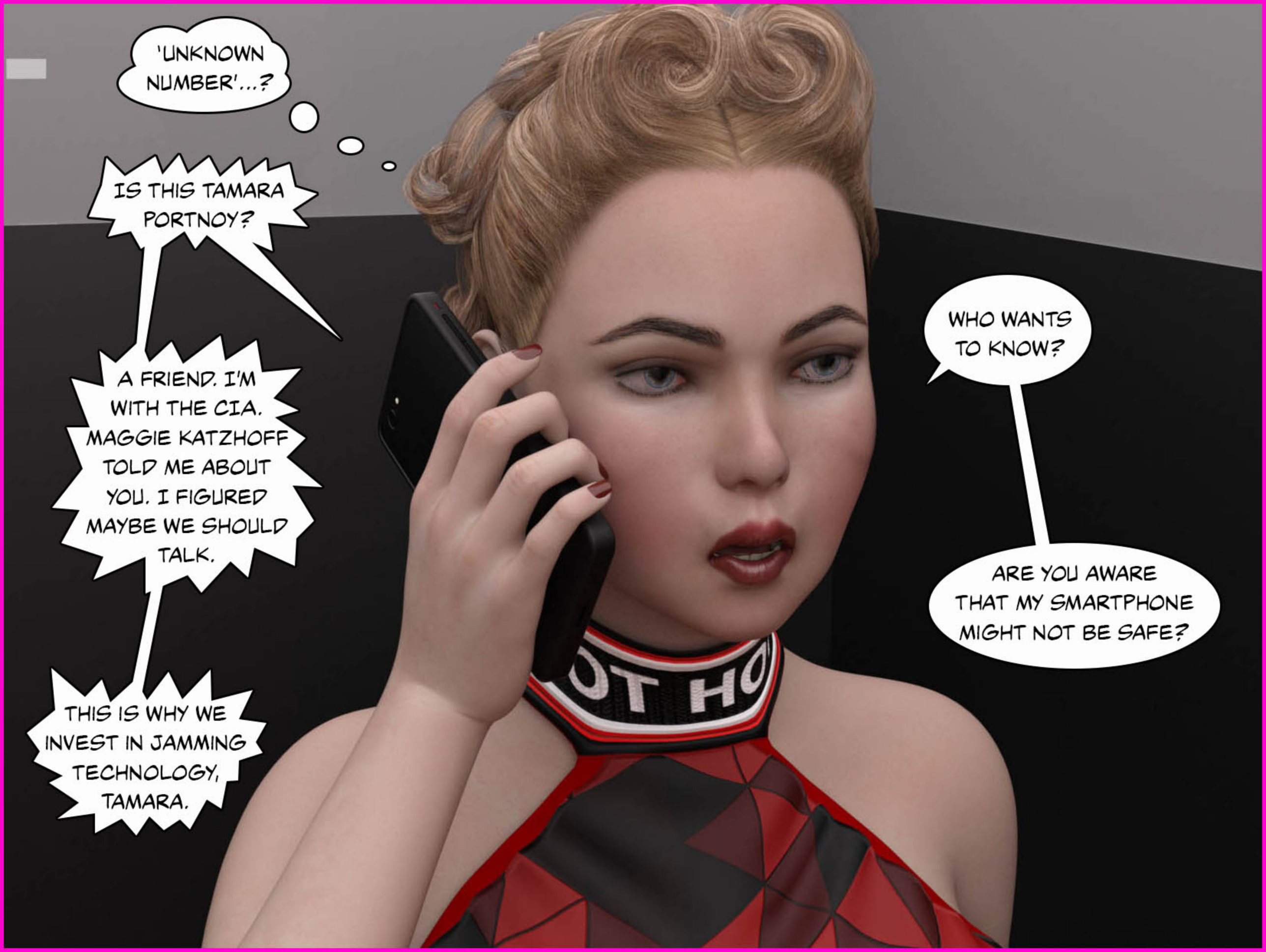
BUT I WILL AGREE WITH HER ON ONE THING...
...DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF LIKE THAT TO YOUNG CHILDREN, YOU NAUGHTY COW!
NOTED, YOUR HONOR.

SEE? JULIA ISN'T THAT BAD OF A PERSON, NO MATTER HOW MANIPULATIVE SHE TENDS TO BE.
I SHOULD ALSO NOTE THAT SHE'S IN GRACE'S CAMP. MAGGIE TOLD ME THAT SHE GAVE HER SOME...REMINDERS...ON THE PRIORITIES OF A PUBLIC SERVANT.
I MEAN, WHEN YOU'RE THE MAYORESS, WHOSE OPINION SHOULD TRUTHFULLY MATTER MORE? THE SISTERHOOD, OR THE CITIZENS OF THE CITY? MAGGIE SET HER STRAIGHT THERE.

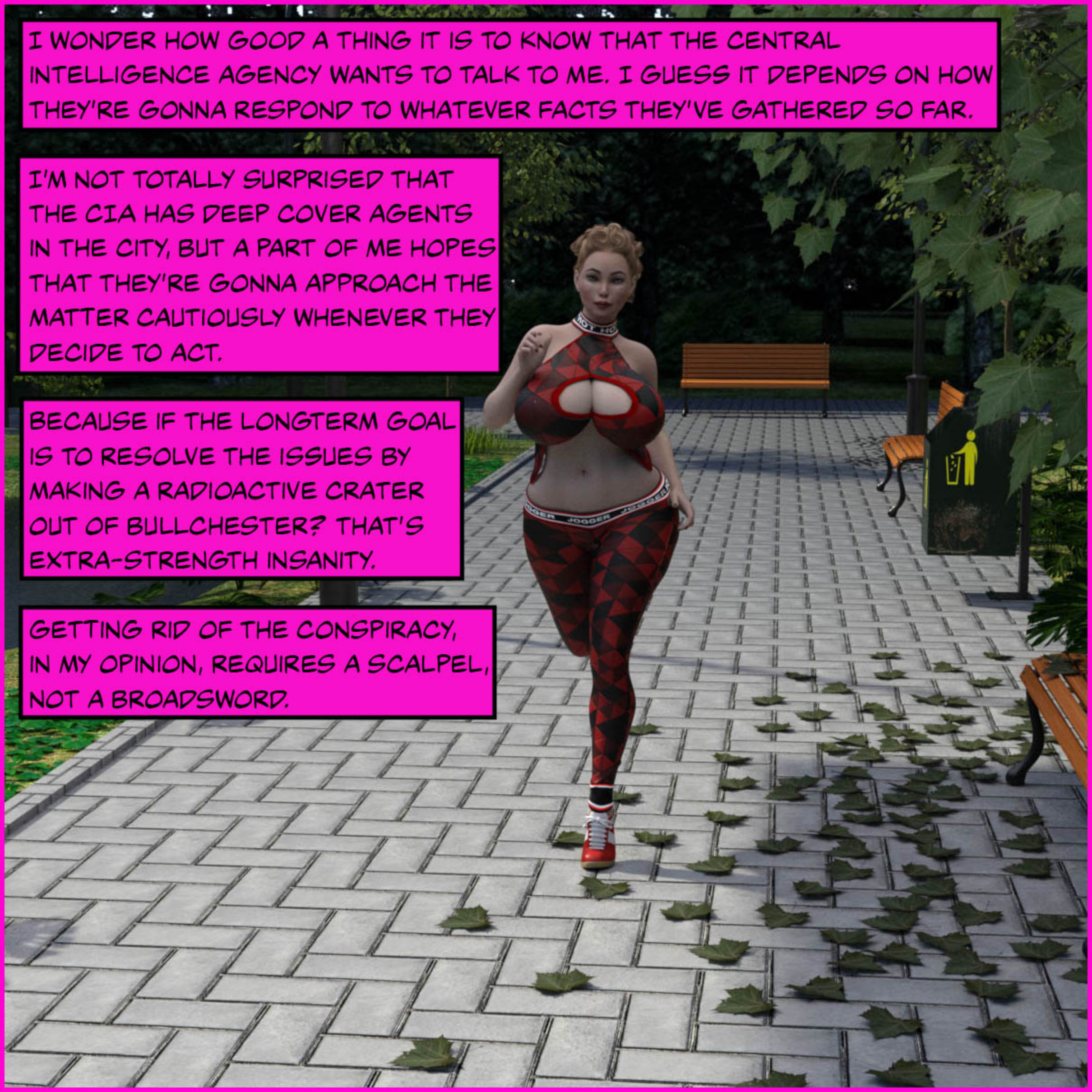
ABRAHAM...
...MOMMY JUST WANTS TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH SHE LOVES YOU.
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I'LL ALWAYS HAVE YOUR BACK, OKAY?
I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK HOME, SWEETHEART. ANI OHEVET OTCHA.
IT'S DEFINITELY CASSIE'S VOICE.
I GUESS WHAT I TOLD HER MUST HAVE REALLY RATTLED HER, BUT HEY...TOUGHLOVE, RIGHT?

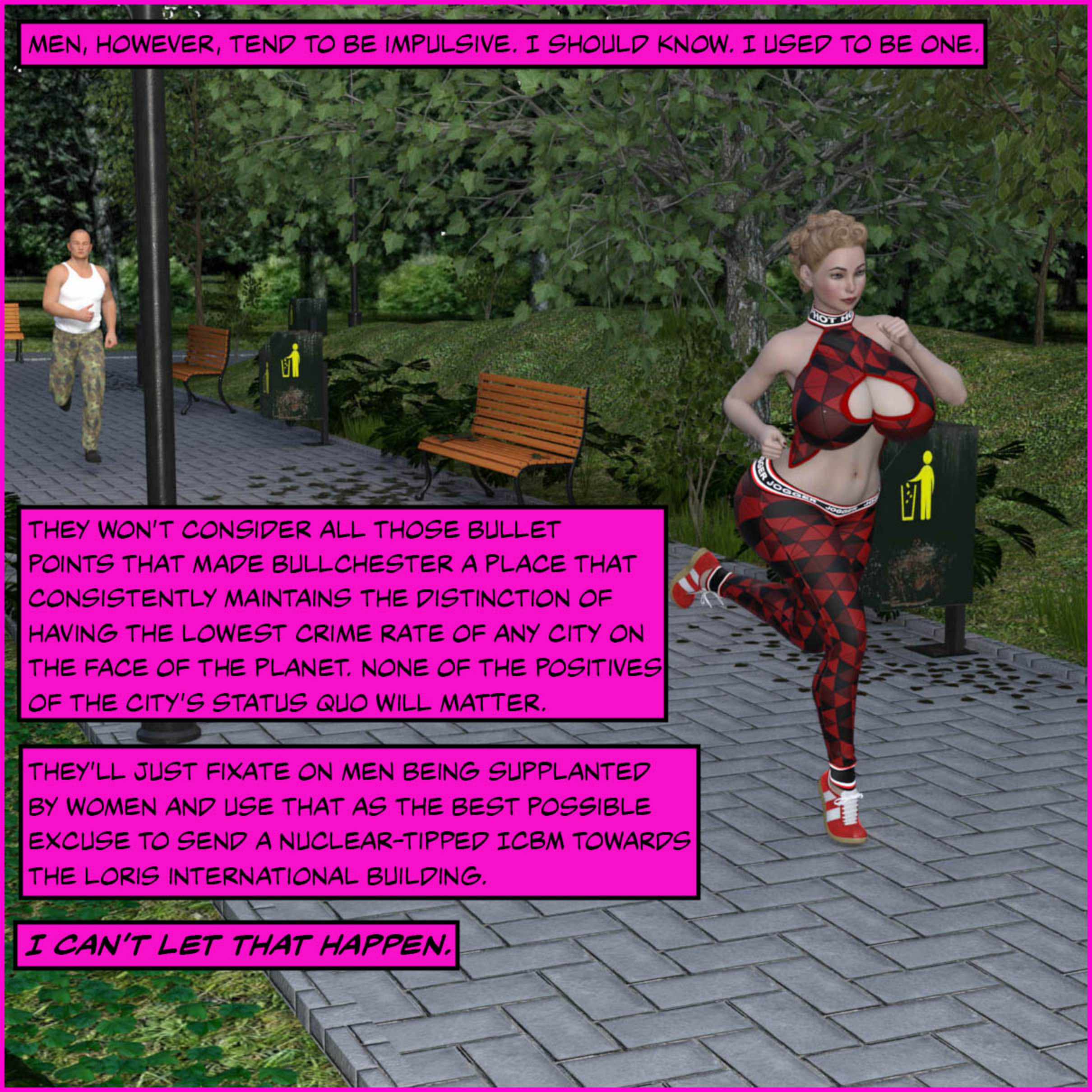
HUH? WHAT ARE Y...
...OH, RIGHT. YOU'RE CHANGING INTO YOUR JOGGING OUTFIT.
SEEING AS HOW IT'S ALMOST QUITTING TIME, VICE MAYORESS.
OF COURSE.
STAY SAFE, TAMARA. I'LL... SEE YOU TOMORROW.
HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, VICE MAYORESS!

FOR THE RECORD, MY SMARTPHONE CHIMES THE "FLOWER DUET", FROM THE 1883 FRENCH OPERA "LAKME".
YOU KNOW...THE PIECE SUNG BY TWO WOMEN?
ODDLY APPROPRIATE, DON'T YOU THINK?


'UNKNOWN NUMBER'...?
IS THIS TAMARA PORTNOY?
A FRIEND. I'M WITH THE CIA. MAGGIE KATZHOFF TOLD ME ABOUT YOU. I FIGURED MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK.
THIS IS WHY WE INVEST IN JAMMING TECHNOLOGY, TAMARA.
WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
ARE YOU AWARE THAT MY SMARTPHONE MIGHT NOT BE SAFE?

COLOR ME INTRIGUED. CAN YOU IDENTIFY YOURSELF?
JUST CALL ME... 'DEN' FOR NOW.
DO I GET TO MEET YOU FACE TO FACE AT SOME POINT, DEN?
SOON. VERY SOON. I'D SAY MORE, BUT... YOU'RE ABOUT TO REACH THE GROUND FLOOR. I'LL CALL AGAIN SOON.
YOU'VE GOT EYES ON ME, EH? VERY IMPRESSIVE.
THIS IS WHY WE INVEST IN SURVEILLANCE TECH, TAMARA.
HOT


I WONDER HOW GOOD A THING IT IS TO KNOW THAT THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY WANTS TO TALK TO ME. I GUESS IT DEPENDS ON HOW THEY'RE GONNA RESPOND TO WHATEVER FACTS THEY'VE GATHERED SO FAR.
I'M NOT TOTALLY SURPRISED THAT THE CIA HAS DEEP COVER AGENTS IN THE CITY, BUT A PART OF ME HOPES THAT THEY'RE GONNA APPROACH THE MATTER CAUTIOUSLY WHENEVER THEY DECIDE TO ACT.
BECAUSE IF THE LONGTERM GOAL IS TO RESOLVE THE ISSUES BY MAKING A RADIOACTIVE CRATER OUT OF BULLCHESTER? THAT'S EXTRA-STRENGTH INSANITY.
GETTING RID OF THE CONSPIRACY, IN MY OPINION, REQUIRES A SCALPEL, NOT A BROADSWORD.


MEN, HOWEVER, TEND TO BE IMPULSIVE. I SHOULD KNOW. I USED TO BE ONE.
THEY WON'T CONSIDER ALL THOSE BULLET POINTS THAT MADE BULLCHESTER A PLACE THAT CONSISTENTLY MAINTAINS THE DISTINCTION OF HAVING THE LOWEST CRIME RATE OF ANY CITY ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET. NONE OF THE POSITIVES OF THE CITY'S STATUS QUO WILL MATTER.
THEY'LL JUST FIXATE ON MEN BEING SUPPLANTED BY WOMEN AND USE THAT AS THE BEST POSSIBLE EXCUSE TO SEND A NUCLEAR-TIPPED ICBM TOWARDS THE LORIS INTERNATIONAL BUILDING.
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, KEWPIE?
YOU KNOW... YOU'RE LONG OVERDUE FOR A LESSON IN *MANNERS.*
I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOU BEING SUCH A BITCH WHEN I'M TRYING TO BE NICE!
WHEN YOU CONSIDER GROWING A MULLET, I'LL TELL YOU. UNTIL THEN? FUCK OFF, XAVIER.

THUP
REALLY, CUEBALL? DID YOU JUST TRY TO FUCKING HIT ME??
COLOSSAL MISTAKE.

OH, SHIT! I DIDN'T EXPECT HER TO BE SO FAST!

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR 'MANNERS' AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ***ASS!!***

OOOMMFFF!!

KRUNCH!!

I OWED YOU THAT, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO CRAWLING BACK TO YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE LAPDOG?
SNEAKING AROUND BEHIND HER BACK, EH? NOT SURPRISED.
AND JUST WHAT MADE YOU FEEL LIKE GETTING VIOLENT WITH ME ALL OF A SUDDEN, CUEBALL?
PRINCESS... D-DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE... ERRRGH...
JOGGER
JOGGER

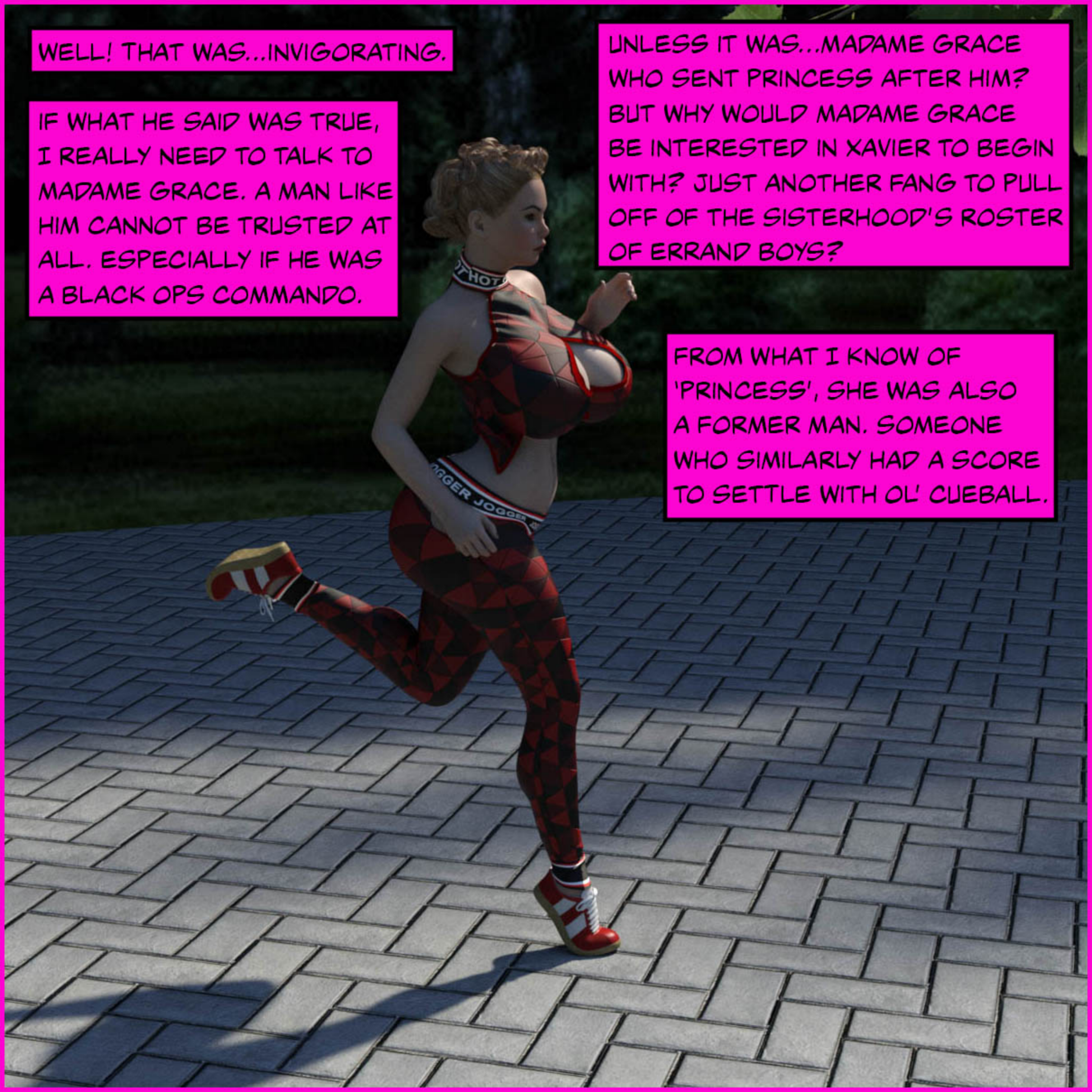
TWO OF MY FRIENDS ARE MISSING!
AWW, BOO-HOO ON YOU. KARMA'S A BITCH, ISN'T IT, MR. CLEAN?
SO IS THAT MENTOR OF YOURS, COW!
KATZHOFF *HAS* TO BE THE REASON WHY THEY'RE BOTH OFF THE GRID!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SKINHEAD, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT THAT.
TOODLES!
WAIT A MINUTE!

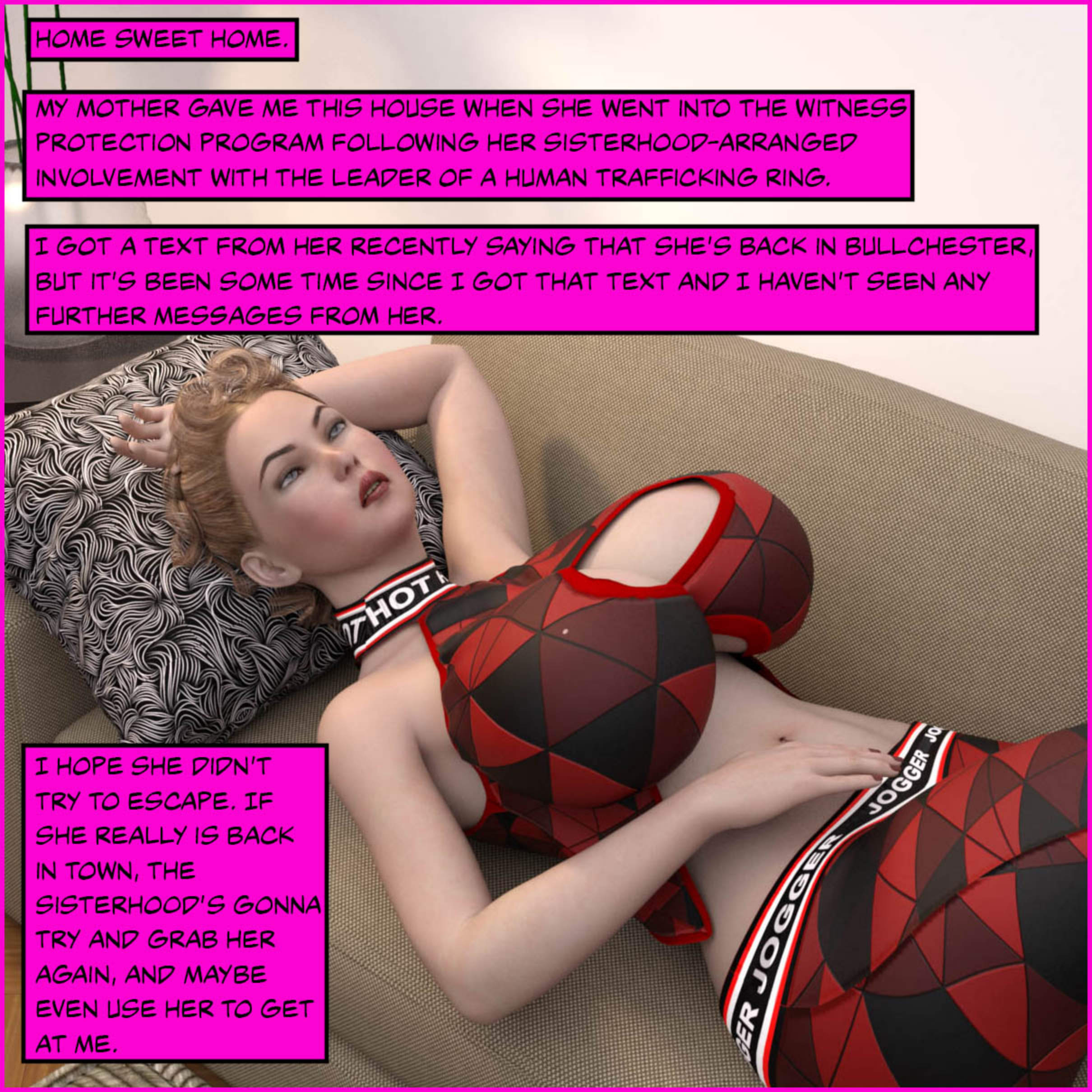
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHTA KNOW, TAMARA, IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING WHO'S BUTTERING MY BREAD AS OF LATE!
I DON'T NEED A SLIDE RULE TO FIGURE THAT ONE OUT, SISTERHOOD BOY!
GODDAMN IT, TAMMY! I'M IN WITH GRACE! GRACE!!
WORD'S OUT THAT AGATHA'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED. I'M NOT ABOUT TO STAY ON HER SHIP WHEN IT FINALLY SINKS!
JOGGER
JOGGER

THEN I SHOULD ADVISE MADAME GRACE THAT YOU CANNOT, AND SHOULD NEVER, EVER BE TRUSTED!
GET LOST, COMMANDO BOY. YOU'RE THE EPITOME OF PATHETIC!
YOU WERE INFATUATED WITH ME ONCE, KEWPIE. YOU CAN'T DENY THAT!
MAYBE NOT, BUT I'LL GET AN 'A' FOR EFFORT!
AND SHOVE THAT 'KEWPIE' SHIT BACK UP YOUR ANUS, YOU DIME-STORE JARHEAD!
I'M NOT THE ONLY YOUNG MAN WHOSE HEAD YOU'VE MESSED WITH...OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR TIME WITH 'PEACHES'?

I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TO STEW ON YOUR PAST SINS FOR THE MOMENT.
GO GET A LIFE, G.I. JOKE!
JOGGER JOGGER


WELL! THAT WAS...INVIGORATING.
IF WHAT HE SAID WAS TRUE, I REALLY NEED TO TALK TO MADAME GRACE. A MAN LIKE HIM CANNOT BE TRUSTED AT ALL. ESPECIALLY IF HE WAS A BLACK OPS COMMANDO.
UNLESS IT WAS...MADAME GRACE WHO SENT PRINCESS AFTER HIM? BUT WHY WOULD MADAME GRACE BE INTERESTED IN XAVIER TO BEGIN WITH? JUST ANOTHER FANG TO PULL OFF OF THE SISTERHOOD'S ROSTER OF ERRAND BOYS?
FROM WHAT I KNOW OF 'PRINCESS', SHE WAS ALSO A FORMER MAN. SOMEONE WHO SIMILARLY HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH OL' CUEBALL.

MEH. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF POLITICS AND CARDIO. I NEED A BATH.
AND...MAYBE THAT FRANKENBEANS GUY'S COCK IN MY...
...GAAH! FUCK THAT SHIT! I'D SOONER BOUNCE ON A DILDO!
OT HOT
JOGGER
JOGGER


HOME SWEET HOME.
MY MOTHER GAVE ME THIS HOUSE WHEN SHE WENT INTO THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM FOLLOWING HER SISTERHOOD-ARRANGED INVOLVEMENT WITH THE LEADER OF A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING.
I GOT A TEXT FROM HER RECENTLY SAYING THAT SHE'S BACK IN BULLCHESTER, BUT IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE I GOT THAT TEXT AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY FURTHER MESSAGES FROM HER.
I HOPE SHE DIDN'T TRY TO ESCAPE. IF SHE REALLY IS BACK IN TOWN, THE SISTERHOOD'S GONNA TRY AND GRAB HER AGAIN, AND MAYBE EVEN USE HER TO GET AT ME.
HOT
JOGGER
JOGGER
JOGGER

*BING-
BOOONG*
HOT HO

HOLA, TAMARA!!
MISS ZAMBRANO!
HOT HO
JOGGER JOGG

THERE'S NOTHING MANUFACTURED ABOUT OUR AFFECTIONS. WE JUST...FELL FOR EACH OTHER AT THE PINK PERSUASIONS PARTY.
I REALLY DO LOVE HER.
MMMMMMMHH...!
T HOT

I'M SURPRISED THE KIDS AREN'T WITH YOU!
I CALLED IN THE SITTER. SHE NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO TO MAKE A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY ANYWAY.
SOOOO... ANOTHER EXCITING DAY AT THE RANCH FOR YOU?
HOT

XAVIER?
AND YOU TRASHED HIS ASS, RIGHT?
AY, CARAMBA! YOU ARE ONE DANGEROUS PERRA!
I RAN INTO AN OLD COMMANDO FRIEND DURING MY POST-WORK CARDIO.
BINGO.
CRUSHED THE LITTLE PEBBLES BETWEEN HIS LEGS IN ONE KICK.
HOTHO
JOGGER JOGGER

YOU'RE VERY PERCEPTIVE.
BUT DID YOU FIND OUT THIS WOMAN'S NAME?
BUUUT...I BET YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT NEW HIRE I MENTIONED WHEN I CALLED YOU THIS MORNING.
WELLL...SHE'S DEFINITELY SISTERHOOD, AND IT WAS PETAL WHO SENT HER, NOT GEMMA.
CORAZON GARCIA.

DIOSA... NO...NO, SHE CAN'T BE... NO!
CORAZON... GARCIA??

I'M SORRY, TAMARA, BUT... I HAVE TO GO!
I'LL EXPLAIN TOMORROW! I PROMISE! I'M *REALLY* SORRY!
BUT...YOU JUST GOT HERE!

WHAT THE FUCK WAS *THAT* ABOUT?
DOES SHE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT CORA...
...THAT I DON'T??
IS CORAZON MORE DANGEROUS THAN SHE APPEARS TO BE? LIZ LOOKED *REALLY* CONCERNED!
OT HOT

A MYSTERY FOR ANOTHER DAY, I GUESS.
FOR NOW, SOMEONE I KNOW NEEDS TO BE WARNED ABOUT A CERTAIN CUEBALL.
OT HOT

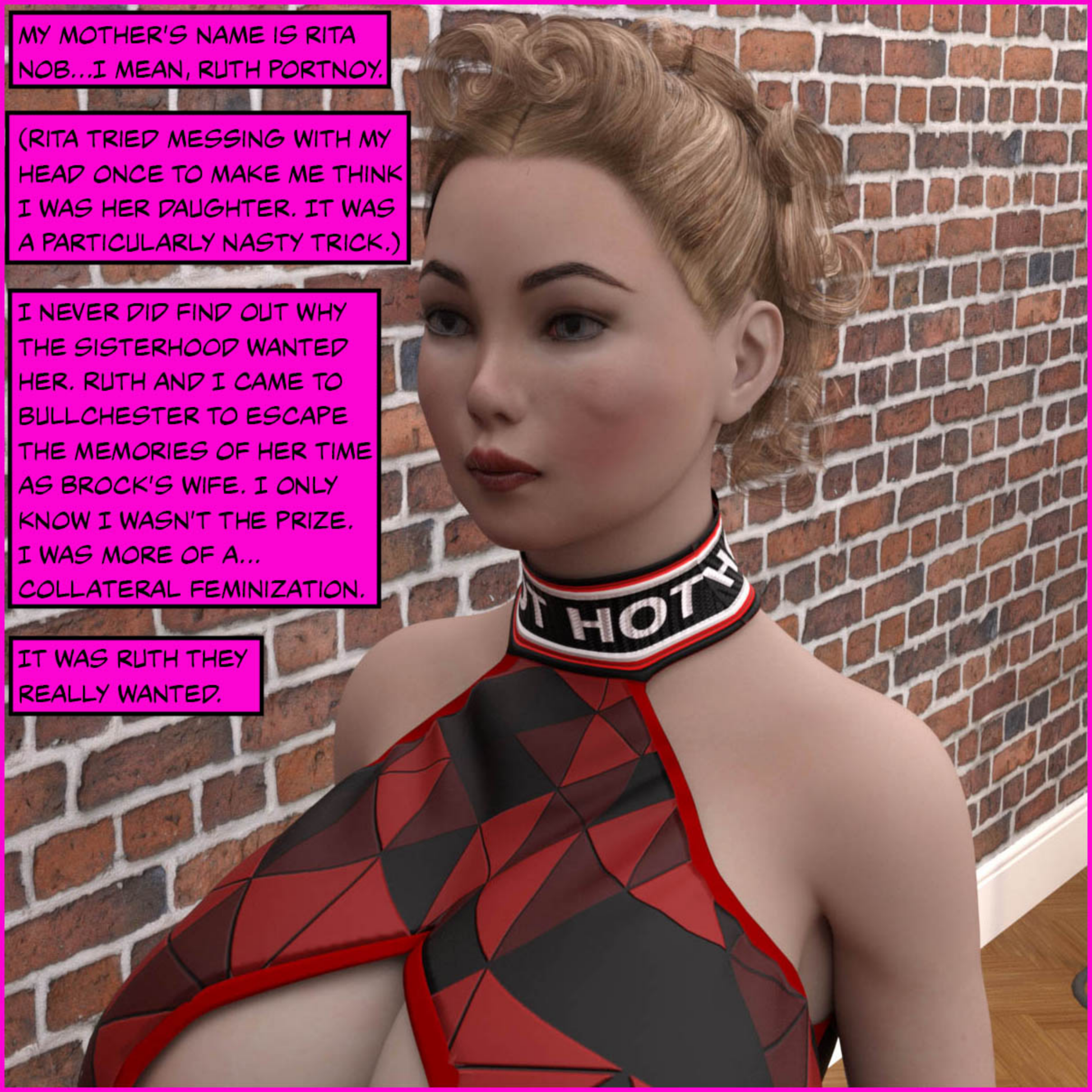
GOOD EVENING, TAMARA.
XAVIER. HMMM. PRINCESS OBVIOUSLY NEEDS TO SHORTEN HER LEASH ON HIM. DO YOU KNOW WHY HE CAME AFTER YOU?
SO IN HER ABSENCE, HE TARGETS HER PRIZE PUPIL. HOW LOVELY. DID HE HURT YOU?
HELLO, MADAME GRACE. I HAD A CONFRONTATION EARLIER WITH A CERTAIN NIGHTSHIFTERS COMMANDO.
ALL I CAN THINK OF IS THAT HE STILL HAS A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH MAGGIE.

HE MISSED MY FACE, SO I CRUSHED HIS GLOBES.
HE TOLD ME HE'S WORKING FOR YOU, THOUGH.
MADAME GRACE... I SPEAK FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WHEN I TELL YOU THAT HE CAN NOT, AND SHOULD NEVER, BE TRUSTED.
NIIIIIICE.
OH, I'M AWARE OF HIS PAST EXPLOITS, DEAR. I ALSO KNOW ABOUT HIS LITTLE DEVIL VENDETTA.
WAS THAT WHAT HIS LITTLE RUN-IN WITH YOU WAS ABOUT?
HE TOLD ME TWO OF HIS FRIENDS WENT MISSING.

LOWELL BUNTON AND SCOTTY GRIGGS. TWO EX-GANG MEMBERS TURNED NIGHTSHIFTERS.
MMM. FIGURED THEY'D BE BIRDS OF A FEATHER.
THEY ACTUALLY DISAPPEARED BEFORE MAGGIE VANISHED. HAS MAGGIE CONTACTED YOU AT ALL?
NO...
HOT HO

...BUT I THINK MY MOTHER HAS, MADAME GRACE.
SHE TEXTED ME A FEW DAYS AGO. SHE SAID SHE'S BACK IN BULLCHESTER!
UH OH. POTENTIALLY NOT GOOD. SHE'S VIOLATING WITNESS PROTECTION RULES.
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT ON MY END. IN THE MEANTIME, COW...

...YOU STAY IN YOUR PASTURE.
YOU STILL OWE ME MAID SERVICE, YOU KNOW.
YES, MADAME GRACE. I'M AWARE.
I BET YOU'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, TOO.
STAY SAFE, TAMARA...AND THANKS.


MY MOTHER'S NAME IS RITA NOB...I MEAN, RUTH PORTNOY.
(RITA TRIED MESSING WITH MY HEAD ONCE TO MAKE ME THINK I WAS HER DAUGHTER. IT WAS A PARTICULARLY NASTY TRICK.)
I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHY THE SISTERHOOD WANTED HER. RUTH AND I CAME TO BULLCHESTER TO ESCAPE THE MEMORIES OF HER TIME AS BROCK'S WIFE. I ONLY KNOW I WASN'T THE PRIZE. I WAS MORE OF A... COLLATERAL FEMINIZATION.
IT WAS RUTH THEY REALLY WANTED.
HOT

THE GREEK HUMAN TRAFFICKER'S NAME WAS DEMETRIUS KONSTANTINOS.
HE'S THANKFULLY GONE NOW, KILLED IN A RAID ON A BULLCHESTER WAREHOUSE WHERE HE HELD HIS SECRET MEETINGS. HE WAS GUNNED DOWN BY POLICEMEN DURING THE FIREFIGHT.
BY THE TIME THIS HAPPENED, THE SISTERHOOD HAD ALREADY PUT MY MOTHER THROUGH ONE OF THEIR MACHINES, CHANGING HER APPEARANCE AND MAKING HER LOOK YOUNGER THAN SHE ACTUALLY IS.
BECAUSE, YOU KNOW...THAT'S WHAT THE SISTERHOOD DOES WHEN THE PEOPLE THEY WANT IN THEIR CORNER ARE AT AN ADVANCED AGE.

AND I CAME CLOSE...SO VERY CLOSE...TO LITERALLY BECOMING RITA'S OVERSEXED SLUT.
SHE'D HAVE ME FUCK PEOPLE. SHE'D HAVE ME SERVE DRINKS ON A TRAY IN A HOBBLE SKIRT. SHE'D HAVE ME SUCK AND LICK HER TOES DURING A LORIS MEETING.
NO LIFE. NO SALARIED JOB. NOT A TRACE OF HUMANITY LEFT. JUST SEX, SEX, SEX, AND A TINY PECKER BETWEEN MY LEGS TO REMIND ME OF THE YOUNG MAN I USED TO BE.
SOMETIMES, I EVEN WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO GIVE UP. TO SURRENDER. TO GIVE RITA WHAT SHE WANTS AT LONG LAST. WOULD IT BE SO BAD?

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN. AS MOM DROVE US BOTH DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD, SHE DECIDED TO STOP AND COME OUT OF THE CAR FOR A PHOTO OP. WE HAD ASKED A NICE MAN WHO WAS THERE TO TAKE THE CAMERA SHOT.

AFTER WE GOT BACK IN THE CAR AND CONTINUED OUR LONG TRIP TO BULLCHESTER, RUTH SAID SHE'D GO TO A COPIER PLACE, HAVE THE IMAGE FILE PRINTED ON PHOTO PAPER, AND THEN BUY A FRAME TO PUT IT IN.

NOW, AS I LOOK AT IT, IT SEEMS LIKE A GRAVESTONE. THE LAST KNOWN IMAGE OF TWO MORE LIVES RUTHLESSLY CLAIMED BY THE SISTERHOOD AGAINST OUR WILLS. TWO PEOPLE WHO WOULD NEVER GO BACK TO THEIR OLD LIVES EVER AGAIN.

LOOKING AT THIS PICTURE ALSO TENDS TO MAKE ME A LITTLE...AROUSED.
I MEAN, LOOK AT ME. THEN LOOK AT THE PICTURE OF MY MOM AND I. IT'S SUCH A RADICAL CHANGE.
FROM A YOUNG MAN... PRACTICALLY AN AVERAGE JOE...TO AN INCREDIBLY CURVY WOMAN.
HUGE BOOBS, AN AMAZING CABOOSE, BLOND HAIR...THEY SAY WOMEN WITH WATERMELONS LIKE MINE SUFFER BACKACHES, BUT... I NEVER HAVE THAT PROBLEM. I GUESS THAT'S ANOTHER PERK THAT CAME FROM BEING DOSED.
JOGGER

MY PALE, HAIRLESS SKIN FEELS SO SMOOTH, AND IT'S ALWAYS A LITTLE MOIST. LIKE I JUST CAME OUT OF A STEAM BATH, AND THERE'S STILL A TOUCH OF PERSPIRATION LEFT OVER.
WHEN RITA DOSED ME, SHE GAVE ME THE FRAMEWORK FOR WHAT SHE WANTED ME TO BECOME, BUT IT WAS MAGGIE KATZHOFF WHO MADE ME FIERCELY INDEPENDENT.
MAGGIE ALSO BROUGHT ME OVER THE GENDER BARRIER THROUGH HER RESOURCEFUL CONTACTS. CONVENTIONAL SEX REASSIGNMENT SURGERY, DONE OUTSIDE OF BULLCHESTER.
THE END RESULT IS THE KIND OF BABE I WOULD NEVER HAVE STOPPED STARING AT IF I WAS STILL A MAN.

AND I WON'T LIE. I FUCKING LOVE THE WAY I LOOK RIGHT NOW.
IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION TO MAGGIE AND RITA AT THE SAME TIME, I WOULD.
OHH... M-MMMH...
I WANT TO KISS THEIR FEET. SMELL THEM. SUCK THEIR TOES. RUB MY BARE, MOIST, CURVY BODY AGAINST THEIRS. I WANT TO BE USED.
I KNOW THAT'S THE RITA SIDE OF ME TALKING, BUT...THAT JUST SOUNDS SO FUCKING STIMULATING.
WEARING A COLLAR, BEING DRAGGED AROUND ON A LEASH, KNEELING BESIDE A POWERFUL, DOMINANT WOMAN, OR HUGGING HER THIGHS...
...I'VE DREAMT OF HUGGING RITA'S THIGHS...

...I'VE EVEN DREAMT OF SURRENDERING TO HER. MORE THAN ONCE.
WOULD BEING NOTHING MORE THAN A SLUT...HER SLUT...BE SO BAD?
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THIS STUPID CONSPIRACY ANYMORE. I COULD JUST...SUCK ON CLITTIES...
...SWALLOW HUGE, VEINY COCKS...
...RUN MY WET TONGUE OVER THE SOLES OF BARE FEET...
...RELISH IN BEING USED... AND GETTING FUCKED...AS I DESERVE TO BE...
AAAAHH!! AAAAHHH!!
...JUST GIVE UP THE FIGHT, TAMMY PORNTOY...
...JUST GIVE IT ALL UP, AND ACCEPT THE INEVITABLE...

YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF GIVING IT ALL UP AGAIN, ARE YOU?
SWEET, MERCIFUL GODDESS...
...I KNOW THAT VOICE!!

IT SOUNDS A LITTLE WEIRD. DIFFERENT, FROM WHEN I LAST HEARD IT...
...BUT IT'S GOT TO BE HER!
THIS BETTER NOT BE SOME KIND OF CRUEL TRICK!

MY, MY, MYYYYY, TIMOTHY PORTNOY...
...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE JUST SEEN A GHOST!

BUT AS YOU ARE WELL AWARE, I'M NO GHOST, TAMBO...
...I'M THE DEVIL!
HAOJIU BUJIAN!
To Be Continued...