The Tamara Chronicles

Series 5

Written and Illustrated by
The Wandering Talespinner

Based on characters and situations created by
Keshara Narme

THE NEXT MORNING...

GODDESS!
I MUST HAVE DRANK MORE MILK THAN I THOUGHT!
OHH, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! TAMARA'S MILK IS JUST SO...SO DELICIOUS!

MADAME WALSH TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY ABOUT HOW TAMARA WOULD RESPOND TO BEING SPRAYED...
...BUT...I DON'T WANT HER TO HATE ME FOR THIS!
STILL...MADAME WALSH HAD A POINT. IF I'M GONNA BE A GIRL, I NEED TO GET WHAT I WANT...
...AND I REALLY WANTED TAMARA'S MILK!

I'M SURE TAMARA WILL UNDERSTAND... SOMEDAY...
...I HOPE WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS... SHE'S SO PRETTY... SO STRONG...
...SO FUCKING DELICIOUS...

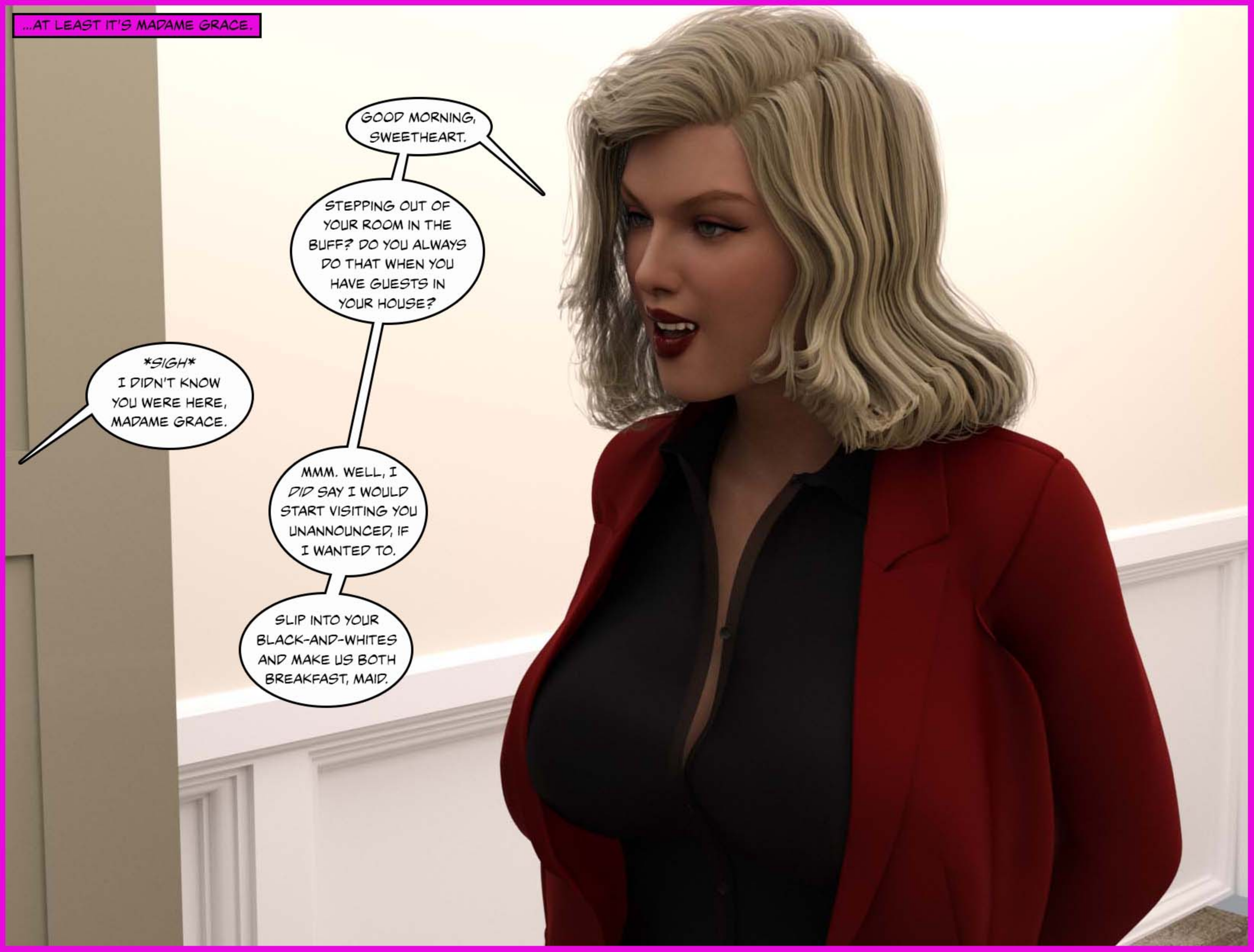
POOPED.
I FEEL SERIOUSLY POOPED. MY LIMBS ARE SLUGGISH. MY HEAD IS SPINNING.
I'M SURPRISED I'M EVEN AWAKE.
MY MIND'S CLEARLY IN A HAZE. I HOPE I WASN'T SPIKED BY SOME BIMBO SYRINGE WHILE I WAS SLEEPING.

NOOO, NO. YOU'RE STILL YOU, TAMBO. THE HAZE IS CLEARING. I'M STARTING TO REMEMBER THINGS.
ANNIE.
YEAH. ANNIE WAS HERE. THAT DULL ACHE I'M FEELING AT BOTH OF MY NIPPLES MEANS SHE FED ON ME. STRAIGHT FROM MY TAPS. THAT EXPLAINS WHY I'M LACKING ENERGY THIS MORNING.
GODDESS...SHE MUST HAVE FED ON ME ALL DAMN NIGHT. I PROBABLY PASSED OUT WHILE SHE WAS DRINKING FROM ONE OF THEM.
I REMEMBER ANNIE BEING PARTICULARLY ASSERTIVE, TOO. I WAS CLEARLY AT HER MERCY.

HMMM. THEY FEEL GORGED AGAIN.
FUCKING HEIFER FORMULA. ONE OF THESE DAYS, I NEED TO CONFRONT THIS 'PETAL' WOMAN ABOUT IT. OR EVEN CELESTE RICHARDS, NO MATTER HOW BITCHY SHE IS.
WHERE'S A MILKING MACHINE WHEN I NEED ONE??

MEH. FUCK THE ROBE. I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE. MY HOME. MOM SAID SO.
NOT LIKE I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT...

...INDECENT...EXPOSURE?
OH, SHIT...
...WELL...


...AT LEAST IT'S MADAME GRACE.
GOOD MORNING, SWEETHEART.
STEPPING OUT OF YOUR ROOM IN THE BUFF? DO YOU ALWAYS DO THAT WHEN YOU HAVE GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE?
SIGH I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE, MADAME GRACE.
MMM. WELL, I DID SAY I WOULD START VISITING YOU UNANNOUNCED, IF I WANTED TO.
SLIP INTO YOUR BLACK-AND-WHITES AND MAKE US BOTH BREAKFAST, MAID.

AS I PREPARE MEALS FOR THE BOTH OF US, MADAME GRACE'S HANDS ARE AT MY HAIR, APPARENTLY DECIDING MY FRIDAY HAIRSTYLE FOR ME.
SHE TELLS ME HOW MUCH DOING THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE PLASTIC HAIRSTYLING BUSTS THEY USED TO SELL IN TOY STORES IN THE 1970S.
SHE EVEN CONFIDED THAT SHE PLAYED WITH ONE OF THOSE THINGS WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE BOY.

SO IS THERE ANY OTHER REASON WHY YOU CAME TO VISIT, MADAME GRACE?
LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE WAS DISTRESSED. HAD TO DO WITH A WOMAN NAMED CORAZON.
ARE YOU AWARE THAT CORA AND I ARE SIMILAR IN ONE RESPECT?
I WANTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN. THAT'S REASON ENOUGH.
HOW ARE YOU AND ELIZABETH FARING?
AH, YES. OUR NEW MUNICIPAL HIRE FROM ECUADOR.

AMAZING HOW MADAME GRACE CAN BE SO CASUAL IN HER EXPLANATIONS.
YOU LOOK KIND OF SPENT THIS MORNING, TAMARA. WERE YOU... ACTIVE LAST NIGHT?
FROM WHAT I'M HEARING, SHE'S NOT AS GOOD AS YOU, BUT I'M SURE THAT IN TIME, SHE'LL IMPROVE.
OF COURSE. SHE'S A MILK PRODUCER. JUST LIKE YOU.

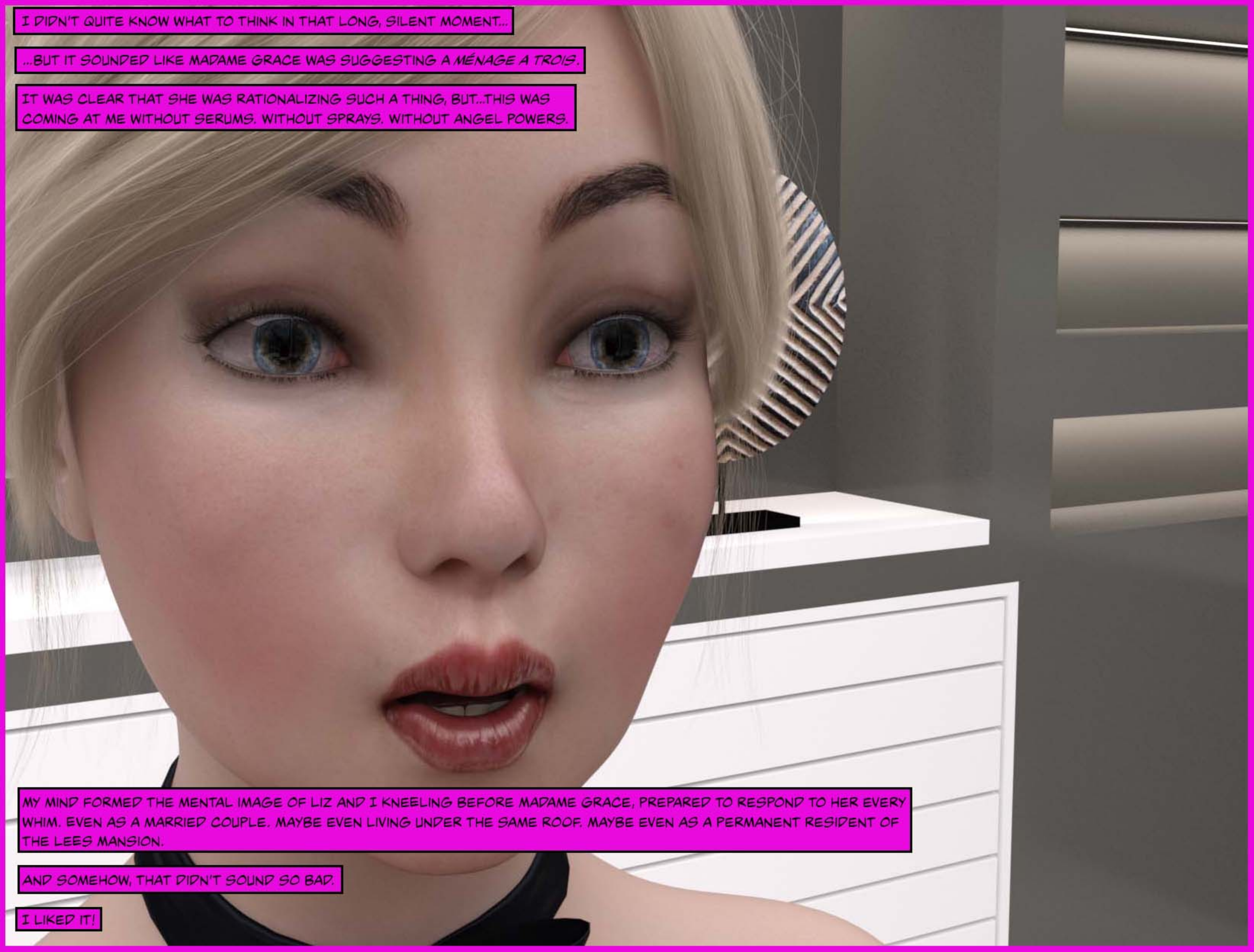
SOMEONE STOPPED BY FOR A DRINK. STRAIGHT FROM MY TAPS.
SEEMS I NEED TO ADD ANNIE MERRYWETHER TO MY LITTLE FAN CLUB.
MMM. THE THIRD HERD-MATE. I HOPE THIS INSANE EXPERIMENT DOESN'T GET OUT OF HAND.
WELL, SHE'S HARMLESS ENOUGH. I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT HER. BARBARA KEEPS A FIRM GRIP ON ANNIE'S LEASH.
WELL, BARBARA MUST HAVE LOST HER GRIP ON IT, BECAUSE ANNIE WAS ALONE WHEN SHE VISITED ME LAST NIGHT.

YOUR COOKING IS IMPROVING. THAT WAS A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST, MAID.
I STILL INTEND TO STEAL YOU AWAY FROM YOUR HIDEAWAY HERE FOR A WEEK OR SO, SO I CAN KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE YOU AS MY OWN.
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR FEELINGS FOR ELIZABETH, I'D...WELL...

...I WONDER IF IT REALLY MATTERS, SWEETIE.
I MEAN...I'M ONE OF THE BULLCHESTER MADAMES. THEY USUALLY GET WHAT THEY WANT, YES?
LIZ IS MINE, AFTER ALL, AND I...I DO STILL THINK ABOUT YOU...
...I MEAN, YOU REMIND ME...
...OF ME! FIGHTING THOSE SISTERHOOD BITCHES WHILE MAKING THEM THINK I'M ONE OF THEM...
...WE'D MAKE ONE HELL OF A TEAM, YOU AND I...

I THOUGHT WE ALREADY *WERE* A TEAM, MADAME GRACE.
IS THERE ANYTHING MORE THAT YOU WISH OF ME, MADAME GRACE?
YES, MAID. THERE IS.
YOU DARED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ELIZABETH. SOMEONE I CREATED, JUST AS RITA CREATED YOU.
I FIGURE THAT IF YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE YOUR HEART TO LIZ, YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME, AS WELL.

AND IF YOU HAVE ANY LOVE AT ALL FOR ME...
...THEN...KISS ME, TAMARA.
IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME. YOU REMEMBER WHEN I VISITED YOU AT THE CLINIC? WHEN YOU RAN YOUR FINGERS THROUGH MY HAIR?
IT...HELPED ME TO KNOW HOW SARAH, MY WIFE, FELT WHEN I DID THAT WITH HER.
I KEEP PLAYING THAT MOMENT OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD, TAMARA...
...WOULD THAT MEAN...I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU?


I DIDN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO THINK IN THAT LONG, SILENT MOMENT...
...BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE MADAME GRACE WAS SUGGESTING A *MÉNAGE A TROIS*.
IT WAS CLEAR THAT SHE WAS RATIONALIZING SUCH A THING, BUT...THIS WAS COMING AT ME WITHOUT SERUMS. WITHOUT SPRAYS. WITHOUT ANGEL POWERS.
MY MIND FORMED THE MENTAL IMAGE OF LIZ AND I KNEELING BEFORE MADAME GRACE, PREPARED TO RESPOND TO HER EVERY WHIM. EVEN AS A MARRIED COUPLE. MAYBE EVEN LIVING UNDER THE SAME ROOF. MAYBE EVEN AS A PERMANENT RESIDENT OF THE LEES MANSION.
AND SOMEHOW, THAT DIDN'T SOUND SO BAD.
I LIKED IT!

I-I'M SORRY, TAMARA. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.
YOU SHOULD GET DRESSED AND GET READY FOR WORK. HAVE A GOOD DAY, SWEETIE.

PLEASE WAIT.
I'M NOT BOTHERED BY THIS AT ALL, MADAME GRACE.
THEN...YOU WOULD...

YES.

IF MADAME GRACE 'OWNS' ELIZABETH ZAMBRANO, THE WOMAN I LOVE...HERSELF A FORMER MAN, JUST LIKE MADAME GRACE...CAN IT BE CALLED CHEATING?
SUCH IS THE FLUIDITY OF BULLCHESTER ROMANCES, I GUESS, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE GENUINE LOVE BETWEEN THREE FORMER MEN WORK. CRAZIER THINGS HAVE BEEN SUGGESTED.
IT'S NOT LIKE AN INSANE ROMAN EMPEROR IS MAKING ME MARRY A HORSE, AFTER ALL.
AND...LIKE MADAME GRACE SAID, BULLCHESTER MADAMES GET WHAT THEY WANT.
BUT I WANT TO HELP MADAME GRACE, TOO. AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS TO HELP ME.

THE THREE OF US HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON. WE'RE VICTIMS. VICTIMS OF THIS CRAZY CONSPIRACY.
RUDELY PULLED OUT OF OUR NORMAL LIVES, AND ROBBED OF OUR BIRTH GENDERS AGAINST OUR WILLS.
BUT I WOULD RATHER SURRENDER TO A MADAME WHO IS NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO ME COMPARED TO ONE WHO JUST WANTS ME TO BE HER SLUT.

YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE FOR WORK IF I DON'T DRIVE YOU OVER.
GO SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE... SECRETARIAL.
YES, MADAME GRACE.

I DOUBT THINGS WILL CHANGE MUCH, UNLESS MADAME GRACE HAS SECRET ADMIRERS READY TO COMPLICATE MY LIFE FURTHER.
WHO THE HELL KNOWS IN A CITY LIKE THIS ONE, WHERE ROMANTIC INCLINATIONS ARE LIKELY DICTATED BY SERUMS, ANGELS, AND AEROSOL CANS?
NATURAL ATTRACTIONS OUTSIDE OF THESE...ARRANGEMENTS...JUST FEELS LIKE WE'RE PROUDLY LIFTING OUR MIDDLE FINGERS HIGH AND SCREAMING A BIG OL' 'FUCK YOU' TO THE SISTERHOOD.
TAKE THAT, LADY AGATHA!

LAST STOP.
YOU'LL SEE ME AGAIN, MAID.
PROMISE, OR THREAT?
GIGGLE BOTH.
A DIVERSION LIKE THIS IS...NECESSARY.
SOMEONE LIKE TAMARA CAN TAKE MY MIND OFF OF SUBJECTS LIKE GINGER, ROSIE, AND GEENA.
I JUST HOPE TAMARA UNDERSTANDS MY REASONS TO IMPLEMENT THE HOUSEWIFE PROJECT!

FUNNY HOW FATE WORKS. AFTER I WENT THROUGH MY FEMINIZATION AND BECAME BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH MAGGIE KATZHOFF, WE FORMED A BOND WITH LARRY HANEL AND PRACTICALLY DRANK A TOAST IN OUR MUTUAL VOW TO RESIST THE SISTERHOOD.
NOW, WITH MAGGIE PLAYING AROUND WITH THE XENSHI, AND LARRY...WELL, CHANGING... THERE'S A SHOT AT A NEW INCARNATION OF THE WHOLE 'THREE MUSKETEERS' CONCEPT IN MYSELF, MADAME GRACE, AND LIZ. BIG POTENTIAL THERE, IF YOU ASK ME.
THOUGHTS LIKE THIS MADE IT EASIER FOR ME TO IGNORE KAREN WINNOW'S LATEST RANTS ABOUT MY DRESS.

SOOOO...FRIDAY. GET THROUGH TODAY AND IT'S TWO DAYS RELAXATION, RIGHT?
HEH...NOT FOR ME, BUT AT LEAST IT'S AN ACTIVE WEEKEND DOING THINGS OTHER THAN SITTING BEHIND A DESK.
IN MY CASE, I HAVE TWO OF THOSE 'ARISTOCRACY' SOCIALS TO LOOK FORWARD TO. ONE IN WHICH I'M LED AROUND BY THE GROUP'S 'VICOMTE'...
...AND ANOTHER IN WHICH I GET TO BE A *GAIJIN* GEISHA.

BUT FIRST, AS ALWAYS, DOUGHNUTS.
GOOD MORNING, YOUR HONOR.
GOOD MORNING, COW.
YOU'RE STEALING ONE OF PETRA'S DRESSES.
OR I FOUND ONE JUST LIKE IT AT THE MALL.
HOW WAS THE CALLGIRL RIDE YESTERDAY?
SURPRISINGLY SMOOTH AND EVENTLESS.
REALLY? IT'S A BIMBO RIDESHARE SERVICE AND THEY CAN ACTUALLY DRIVE CARS? INTRIGUING!
OKAY, SO... DOUGHNUTS.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE

HMMM. IT LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T HAVE ANY FURTHER PROBLEMS FROM THOSE MISO-GOONIES.
'BIZARRE EVENT ENDS TERRORIST RALLY'. IF I'M READING THIS RIGHT...
...SEEMS THE GUY RUNNING THE SHOW GREW HIMSELF A PAIR OF C-CUPS IN FRONT OF HIS BEER BUDDIES!
GODDESS... WALLY MUST HAVE BEEN THE TEST SUBJECT FOR THAT SERUM!
FUCKING SHAME. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF 'EM?

YOUR HONOR... WHY ARE YOU PERMITTING THIS TO BE PUBLICIZED?
I'M NOT CRITICIZING THE EFFORT, JULIA. I'M CRITICIZING THE *METHOD!* AREN'T YOU AWARE THAT THIS CITY IS UNDER *FEDERAL SCRUTINY??*
SHIT LIKE THIS CAN GET UNDER THE MICROSCOPE OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITIES *OUTSIDE* OF BULLCHESTER!
WE NEED TO ASSURE THE PUBLIC THAT WE CAN CAPABLY DEAL WITH A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS GROUP OF INSURRECTIONISTS!
NEED I REMIND YOU THAT THESE ASSHOLES TRIED TO *KILL* ME TWO FUCKING DAYS AGO?

WHICH IS WHY I'VE CALLED A PRESS CONFERENCE THIS MORNING.
JOURNALISTS FROM ALL FIVE BOROUGHS WILL BE PRESENT IN THE PRESS ROOM, WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN PREPARED FOR THEIR ARRIVAL.
IF THE AIR IN THAT ROOM LOOKS A LITTLE...PINK... BEFORE THE CONFERENCE BEGINS...
...WELL, AT LEAST YOU WERE INFORMED IN ADVANCE, COW.
YOU'RE HAVING THEM ALL GASSED??
IT'S THE GLOBAL MEDIA, TAMARA. WE HAVE TO.
DON'T WORRY... IT WON'T BE A FEMINIZING AGENT.

I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME IN THERE TOO...
NO, TAMARA.... AND THE PRESS ROOM IS AN AIRTIGHT AREA. NOT A WISP OF THE GAS IS GOING TO ESCAPE THE ROOM WHEN IT'S RELEASED.
I'M TOLD IT'S AN ODORLESS VARIETY, TOO, SO I DON'T EXPECT MUCH COUGHING.

WHY SHOULD I NEED TO GAS YOU ANYWAY, COW? YOU'VE BEEN SO OBEDIENT. SO TRUSTING.
YOU EVEN SAVED MY LIFE. DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR PART IN NEUTRALIZING THAT IDIOT WITH THE SHOTGUN.
MMMMMM...
SOMEDAY SOON, YOU WILL BE REWARDED FOR THAT. I PROMISE!

SHOULD IT WORRY ME THAT JULIA WANTS TO 'REWARD' ME? WHAT WOULD THAT MEAN?
OR IS SHE REWARDING ME NOW, BY ADDING BREASTFEEDING TO THE 'DOUGHNUT' ROUTINE, BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HOW INCREDIBLE IT FEELS FOR ME?
OR MAYBE SHE'S STILL FIGURING OUT HOW SHE WANTS TO SHOW HER GRATITUDE?
I THINK IT'S THE LATTER CASE, KNOWING JULIA.
MMMMMMMMMMMMHH...
OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH...

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THE IDEA, BUT I'M GONNA SAY IT ANYWAY.
YOU WOULD MAKE ONE HELL OF A MADAME.
IF I KISSED YOU ON THE LIPS, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.
MMM. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME OTHER WAY TO CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU SHOULD BE HOLDING A LEASH RATHER THAN BEING AT THE END OF ONE.
BULLSHIT.
I WOULDN'T HAVE FREE WILL, EITHER. I DON'T CONSIDER THAT A REWARD, YOUR HONOR.
YEAH. GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.

ABSOLUTELY NOT.
YOU MAY NOT UNDERSTAND WHY, YOUR HONOR.
WHAT IF THE PERSON AT THE END OF YOUR LEASH WAS...RITA NOBLE?
REALLY? AFTER EVERYTHING SHE PUT YOU THROUGH? AFTER EVERYTHING SHE'S *STILL* PUTTING YOU THROUGH?
TRY ME!

YOU MAY FIND IT CRAZY TO HEAR IT FROM ME...
...BUT AFTER WHAT MY FATHER PUT RITA THROUGH, I...I NEED TO BE REMINDED OF HOW HORRIBLE HE WAS SO I DON'T WIND UP BECOMING HIM. EVEN AS A WOMAN.
I MAY EVEN LET MADAME NOBLE WIN SOMEDAY. I'D LET HER MAKE ME THE SHE-MALE SLUT SHE OBVIOUSLY WANTS ME TO BE.
WHY IS JULIA REMOVING HER DRESS?

I WONDER JUST WHAT IT WILL TAKE TO CONVINCE YOU THAT ALL THIS CONCERN ABOUT YOU BECOMING ANYTHING LIKE YOUR DAD IS TOTAL HORSESHIT.
RELAX. I WON'T DO THAT, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TEASE YOU ABOUT IT.
IT'S FUNNY. JUST BEING AROUND YOU REMINDS ME THAT I SHOULD BE A RESPONSIBLE MAYORESS...
NOT KISSING ME ON THE LIPS, OR FUCKING WITH MY HEAD USING YOUR LITTLE 'GIFT', WOULD BE A GOOD START.

...AND NOT HAVE EVERYONE I MEET SUCK MY BIG, FAT, VEINY COCK.
MMMH. WHY ARE YOU STARING AT IT, TAMMY? IS THIS BRINGING OUT THE SLUT IN YOU?
DOES IT MAKE YOU WANT TO RUB YOUR LIPS OVER IT? TO GIVE MY THICK, WARM SEMEN A LITTLE TASTE?
PANT Y-YOUR HONOR...
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE YOU JERK ME OFF EVERY MORNING? YOU COULD PRETEND YOU'RE THE YOUNG MAN YOU USED TO BE!

MMMM, THAT'S IT, SLUT. POLISH IT WITH YOUR TONGUE.
BUT DON'T YOU DARE MAKE ME CUM, OR I WILL FORCE YOU TO CLEAN IT UP!
THAT'S MY GOOD LITTLE PET...MAKE IT WET WITH YOUR SALIVA...LET PEOPLE THINK YOU SUCKED MY C-COCK... OOOOHH...

AAAAAHHHH....
AAA-AAAAAHHHHH...!!
OHHH, YOU SILLY
SLUT...OOOOOHHH!

YOU MADE ME SPRING A LEAK!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, COW?
GODDESS...I'M SO FUCKING HUNGRY ALL OF A SUDDEN...
...TAMARA... DON'T! PUT YOUR DAMN HAND DOWN! PLEASE!

IT OBVIOUSLY MEANS I NEED TO WORK ON MY SELF-CONTROL.
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS, THOUGH, WHEN YOUR SUBMISSIVENESS GETS ME ALL HOT AND BOTHERED SO EASILY?
WE'RE DONE HERE, COW. GO ON BACK TO YOUR DESK.

I'M GONNA FEEL LIKE A TRAITOR WHEN THAT PRESS CONFERENCE HAPPENS.
GODDESS ONLY KNOWS HOW THE CIA IS GONNA FEEL WHEN THEY FIGURE OUT THAT I COULD HAVE SOMEHOW STOPPED JULIA FROM GASSING JOURNALISTS INTO ACCEPTING WHATEVER BULLSHIT SHE'S GONNA FEED THEM.
MAYBE THOSE TEMPTATIONS JULIA JUST PUT ME THROUGH WERE ACTUALLY WARNINGS. THE PRICE I'D HAVE TO PAY IF I TRIED PULLING A STUNT TO KEEP THE VISITING PRESS REPS FROM GETTING 'PINKED'.

RANDI...?
UM...SAVE MONEY, I GUESS?
GOOD MORNING, DEAR.
I RAN INTO A FRIEND OF YOURS AT THE MALL YESTERDAY. ROSA'S GIVING ME ALL KINDS OF GOOD ADVICE ON HOW TO SNARE A MAN.
SHE SUGGESTED I MAKE SOME...IMPROVEMENTS TO MY ALREADY LOVELY APPEARANCE.
NOT QUITE AS... WHORISH...AS YOURS, BUT...I COULD USE BETTER CURVES.
OR TALK TO WINNIE. MAYBE WE CAN BOTH TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE 'FRIENDS' DISCOUNT.
TOODLES FOR NOW!
Randi Santos
126 Eros Lane
Barford, BC 24562
"ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS"

SO NOW, I'M...WHORISH? DID RANDI JUST SAY THAT TO ME?
DOES THIS MEAN HE...OR RATHER, SHE... IS GONNA STOP CALLING ME 'JIGGLES'?
I LOOKED AROUND FOR THE VOVIS VIDEO IN WHICH RANDY SANTOS WAS STOPPED BY COPS IN IDAHO. JUST TO REMINISCE ON WHAT HE USED TO LOOK LIKE.
IT WAS NO LONGER THERE.
Randi Santos
126 Eros Lane
Barford, BC 24562
ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO

BUENOS DIAS, HERMANA.
HI, CORA.
HOW IS MY HERD-MATE THIS MORNING?
BOTHERED.
ABOUT?
NOT YOUR BUSINESS.
Corazon Garcia
1227 Ayala Ave.
Barford, BC 24562
"ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS"

NO THANK YOU, CORA.
JUST...TRUST ME. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
THERE SHOULD BE NO SECRETS BETWEEN US, VACA.
PERHAPS YOU NEED A QUICK DRINK?
IF YOU SAY SO.
SEE YOU AT NOON, HERMANA.

PRESS CONFERENCE TODAY, TAMARA.
I KNOW. JULIA TOLD ME.
YOU NEED TO SWALLOW THIS ASAP. A PRECAUTION IN THE EVENT OF ANYTHING UNEXPECTED.
IT'S FOR THE GAS, ISN'T IT?
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU SAY THAT. JUST SWALLOW IT, COW.
Cassandra Hall
Vice Mayoress of Bullchester
85 Noble Lane
Barford, BC 24562
"ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS"

IS LUTHER FARENTINO GETTING ONE OF THESE?
HE'S ON THE LIST, SO YES.
NOW, I'LL SWALLOW IT.

GIGGLE HIIII, TAMARAAAA!
UHH...GOOD MORNING, UM, WINNIE.
PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS?
I'D...RATHER NOT, WINNIE.
YOU'RE NOT... MAD AT ME, ARE YOU?
NOOOO, NO. NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU...
Wallace Miner
Teaboy
260 Delacroix Blvd.
Barford, BC 24562
"ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS"

...BUT I'M HAPPY THAT YOU'RE ADJUSTING SO WELL.
OOOOH, THANKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW GREAT RUBIE'S MALL REALLY IS! DID YOU KNOW IT'S GOT ITS OWN NIGHTCLUB?
HEARD ABOUT IT, YEAH.
I WANNA GO THERE TONIGHT. WANNA COME WITH?
SORRY, WINNIE. I CAN'T. GONNA BE BUSY ELSEWHERE.
OKAY, WELL... SOME OTHER TIME, THEN...

THAT'S VERY CONSIDERATE OF YOU, WALL...I MEAN, WINNIE.
...BUT LISTEN. I JUST WANNA LET YOU KNOW THAT IF SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU, YOU CAN COME TALK TO ME ABOUT IT!
I OWE YOU SO MUCH SINCE YOU TOLD ME TO START BEING MORE OF A GIRL! YOU'RE ONE OF MY VERY BEST FRIENDS! SEE YA LATER!
I DID...WHAT??
OKAY, I'M GONNA PRETEND I DIDN'T JUST HEAR THAT.

IS THAT...LIZ??
STAY CLOSE, LADIES! I EXPECT YOU BOTH TO BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR!
YES, MADAME LIZBETH!

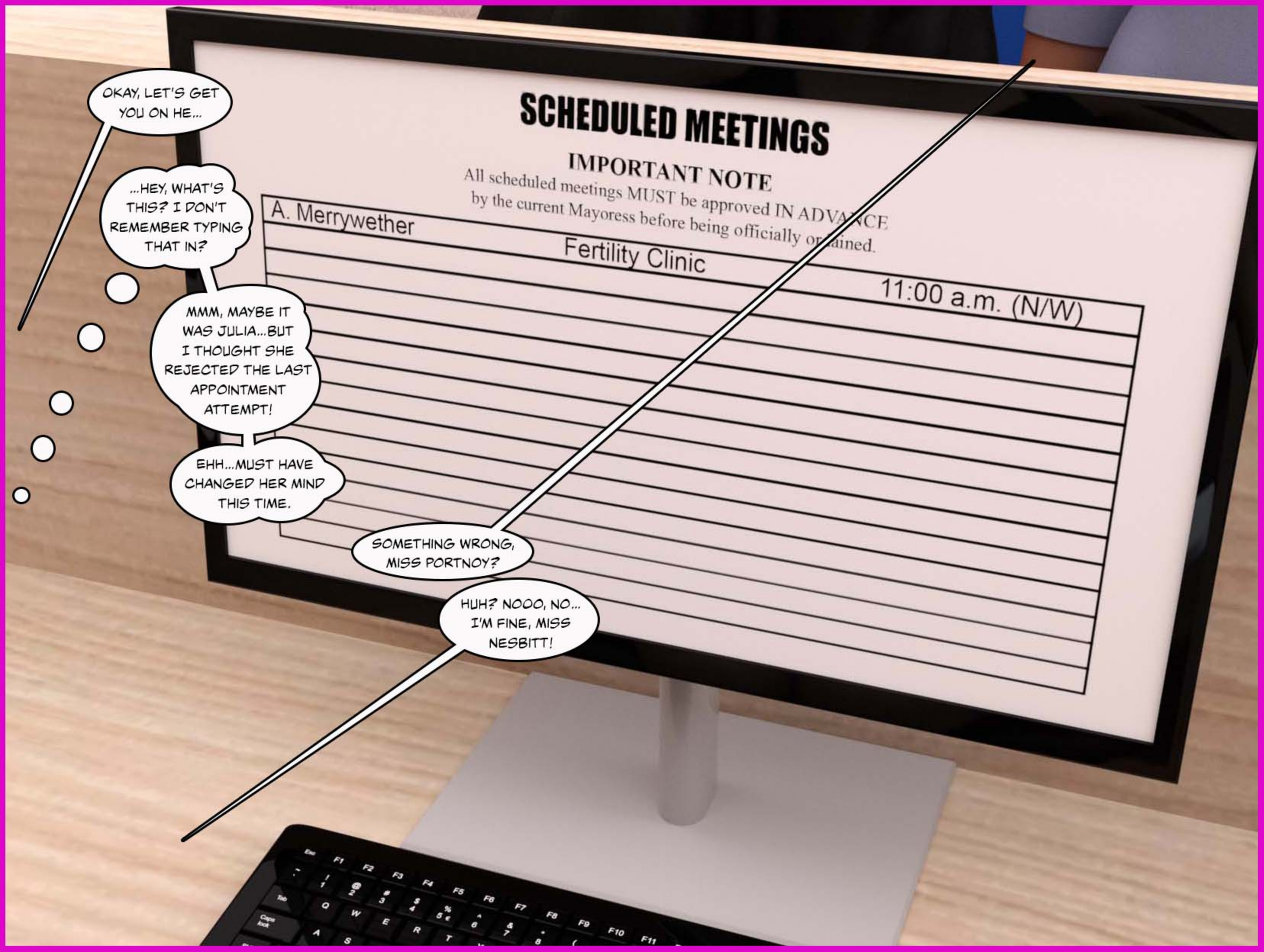
HI, TAMARA!
UH...GOOD MORNING, MISS ZAMBRANO... WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
BUSINESS, OF COURSE! I'D LIKE TO SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAYORESS.
I CAN PUT YOU IN FOR SOMETIME NEXT WEEK, IF IT'S NOT TOO URGENT.
OH, THAT'S FINE!
MADAME LIZBETH IS PRACTICALLY GLOWING AS SHE'S TALKING TO THAT RECEPTIONIST!
I THINK THAT'S THE GIRL MADAME LIZBETH ALWAYS TALKS ABOUT!
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.

THESE ARE TWO OF MY STUDENTS. THE CURLY BLONDE IS MISS EPPIE NESTERHAUS...
...AND THIS IS MISS CLAIRE NESBITT.
CLAIRE! RUDE!
GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR. YOU LOOK...AWFULLY REVEALING THERE.
GASP! SORRY, MADAME LIZBETH!
LOVE YOUR CURVES, DEARIE.

I'M NOT THE ONE YOU SHOULD BE APOLOGIZING TO!
MISS TAMARA PORTNOY IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST WOMEN I KNOW, AND SHE DESERVES RESPECT!
MISS ZAMBRANO, IT'S REALLY NO BIG DE...
AHEM! MADAME ELIZABETH, MISS PORTNOY!
EEP! UHH... S-SORRY!
WELL? HOW LONG DOES MISS PORTNOY HAVE TO WAIT?

PLEASE ACCEPT MY DEEPEST, AND MY MOST SINCERE APOLOGIES FOR MY RUDENESS, MISS PORTNOY.
I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE MY UNWISE FLASH OF RAW JUDGMENT.
UHH...S-SURE! BUT I GET COMMENTS LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME. IT'S NO BIG DEAL!
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
A. MERRYWETHER...
...FERTILITY CLINIC...
...11:00 A.M.... NEXT WEEK...
...TYPE IT IN, TAMARA...WITHOUT THINKING...

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THE MAYORESS WANTS ME TO DRESS THIS WAY?
SHE LIKES TO THINK OF ME AS A, UH... WEAPON.
THEN I GUESS I WOULD HAVE TO SHOW THAT MAN HOW LETHAL I CAN BE IN A FIGHT, WOULDN'T I, MISS NESTERHAUS?
A. MERRYWETHER...
...FERTILITY CLINIC...
...11:00 A.M.... NEXT WEEK...
AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT SOME HORRIBLE MAN WITH NO MANNERS AT ALL WOULD FORCE HIMSELF ON YOU?
MISS PORTNOY IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF HANDLING HERSELF, MISS NESTERHAUS!
TAP *TAP* *TAP*


SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
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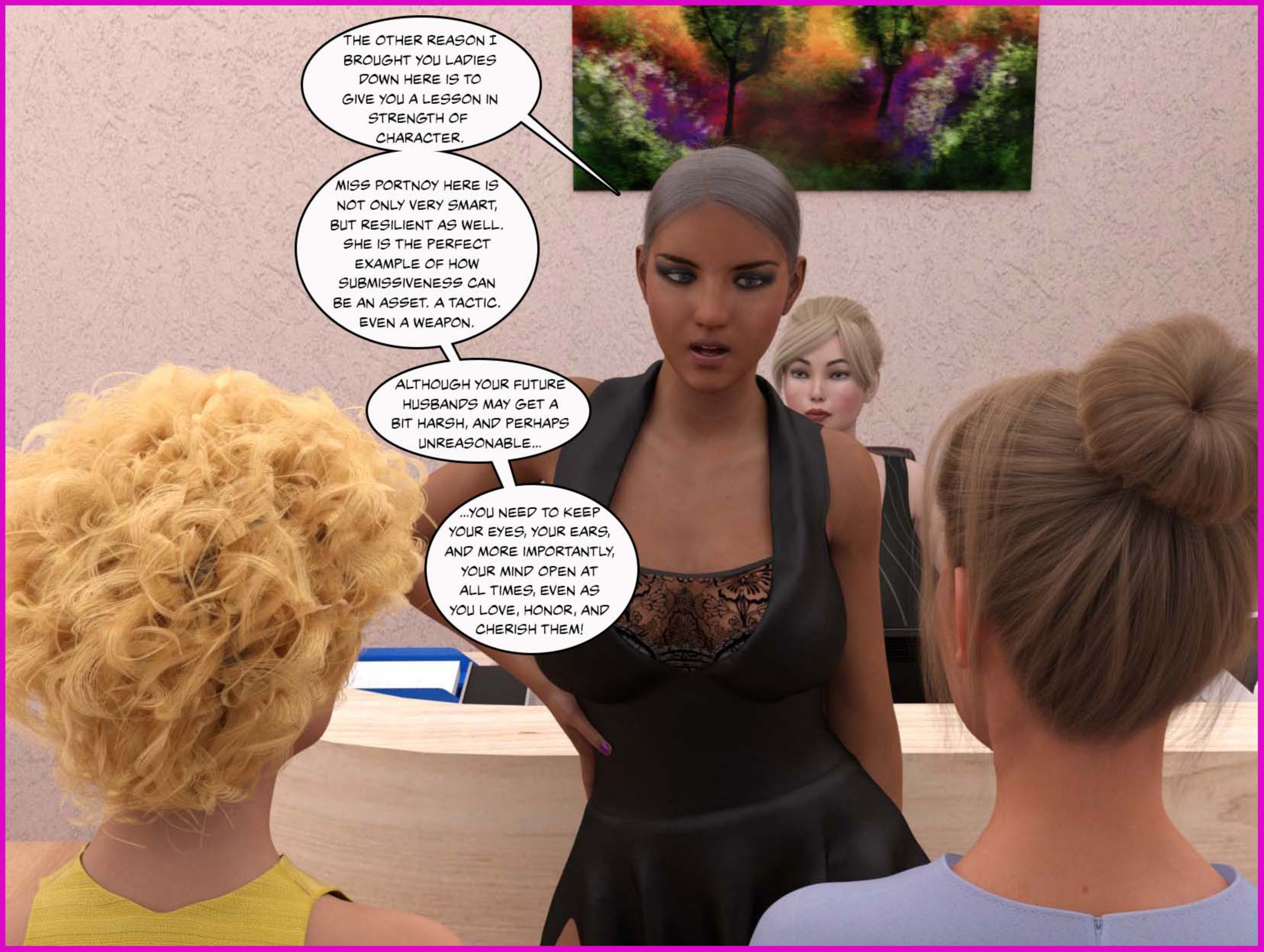
A. Merrywether
Fertility Clinic
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
OKAY, LET'S GET YOU ON HE...
...HEY, WHAT'S THIS? I DON'T REMEMBER TYPING THAT IN?
MMM, MAYBE IT WAS JULIA...BUT I THOUGHT SHE REJECTED THE LAST APPOINTMENT ATTEMPT!
EHH...MUST HAVE CHANGED HER MIND THIS TIME.
SOMETHING WRONG, MISS PORTNOY?
HUH? NOOO, NO... I'M FINE, MISS NESBITT!


THE OTHER REASON I BROUGHT YOU LADIES DOWN HERE IS TO GIVE YOU A LESSON IN STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.
MISS PORTNOY HERE IS NOT ONLY VERY SMART, BUT RESILIENT AS WELL. SHE IS THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW SUBMISSIVENESS CAN BE AN ASSET. A TACTIC. EVEN A WEAPON.
ALTHOUGH YOUR FUTURE HUSBANDS MAY GET A BIT HARSH, AND PERHAPS UNREASONABLE...
...YOU NEED TO KEEP YOUR EYES, YOUR EARS, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, YOUR MIND OPEN AT ALL TIMES, EVEN AS YOU LOVE, HONOR, AND CHERISH THEM!

SO IF THEY WANT YOU TO DO ANYTHING YOU FIND OBJECTIONABLE, OR SUSPICIOUS, ASSUMING IT ISN'T LIFE-THREATENING...
...PICK THE RIGHT MOMENT, AND THEN SHOW HOW MUCH STRONGER *YOU* ARE IN YOUR RESPONSE!
IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE A PHYSICAL RESPONSE, EITHER. BE TACTICAL ABOUT IT. HIT 'EM WHERE IT HURTS!
THERE'S A REASON WHY THEY SAY THE QUIET ONES ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS!

SO...IF MY MAN IS BEING ABUSIVE, AND DEMANDING THAT I COOK FOR HIM AND DO HIS LAUNDRY...
...BUT...WOULDN'T THAT VIOLATE OUR WEDDING VOWS?
HAVE THE BUM DO IT HIMSELF.
BEING MARRIED SHOULD NEVER BE AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR MAN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU! THERE'S A POINT YOU SHOULDN'T GO BEYOND, MISS NESBITT!

MAY I ASK IF YOU ARE MARRIED, MISS PORTNOY?
NO. NOT YET, ANYWAY, BUT...
...I'M SPOKEN FOR.
REALLY? WHO IS THE LUCKY MAN?
ACTUALLY, SHE ISN'T A MAN AT ALL, MISS NESBITT.
IN FACT, WE ARE THE EPITOME OF THAT TIME-HONORED PHRASE 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
A. Merrywether
Fertility Clinic
11:00 a.m. (N/W)

IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT, MADAME LIZBETH?
MANNERS, MISS NESTERHAUS!
WHAT'S SO BAD IN COMING OUT AND SAYING IT, MADAME LIZBETH? YOU LOVE HER, DON'T YOU?
I DO...BUT CLASS IS STILL IN SESSION AND YOU STILL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, MISS NESTERHAUS!

THANKS SO MUCH, SWEETHEART.
YOU HAVE EARNED YOURSELF A DEEPER SENSE OF GRATITUDE, MISS PORTNOY.
YOU'RE ALL SET, MISS ZAMB...ER, MADAME ELIZABETH.
YOU'LL GET AN E-MAIL TONIGHT IF YOUR APPOINTMENT WAS APPROVED.
BRING IT IN, BABE.

'BRING IT IN, BABE'? MANNERS, MISS PORTNOY!
WHATEVER AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU, YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE COW?
MMM. I'M SUCH A BAAAD, BAAAD GIRL.
MILK THE MOMENT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH! *GIGGLE*

SIGH
I HOPE MY MAN WILL LOVE ME LIKE THEY DO WITH EACH OTHER!
HE'D BETTER LOVE ME, OR I'LL PICK MY MOMENT AND SUE HIS ASS!

SHOULDN'T YOU BE WORKING, HERMANA?

YOU NEED TO STOP MESSING WITH THE MINDS OF MY FRIENDS, CORAZON!
ESPECIALLY TAMARA!
I'M NOT A DELINQUENT, CORA!

* - TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH LANGUAGE

<<YOU DON'T SCARE ME. YOU'RE NOT *WORTH* BEING FEARED!>>
<<THAT DIDN'T SOUND VERY CONVINCING, 'MADAME'.>>
<<TAMARA IS ALREADY FALLING UNDER MY SPELL. YOU MAY *NEED* TO JOIN THE HERD IF YOU ARE THAT DEVOTED TO HER!>>
<<YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL, *COW!* WE *BOTH* KNOW SOMEONE YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH!>>
<<I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU WANT TAMARA. YOU *CAN'T* HAVE HER!>>

<<WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE ALMIGHTY GODDESS IS GOING ON OUT HERE??>>
CORA APPARENTLY HAS A HISTORY WITH ONE OF OUR VISITORS, VICE MAYORESS.
IT IS, VICE MAYORESS.
IS THAT... ELIZABETH, TAMARA?
<<CORA. OUT, GO BACK TO YOUR OFFICE!>>
SIGH YES, VICE MAYORESS.

I'M SORRY FOR THE DISTURBANCE, VICE MAYORESS.
GIGGLE THANKS!
WILL DO, VICE MAYORESS.
HELLO, MADAME ELIZABETH. CASSIE HALL, VICE MAYORESS OF BULLCHESTER.
TAMARA, I WOULD ADVISE THAT IF A FRONT DESK SITUATION BEGINS TO HEAT UP, AND YOU CANNOT STOP THEM, HAVE THE BELLIGERENTS MOVE IT OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING.
THAT BEING SAID, I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT YOU TWO LOOK GOOD TOGETHER.

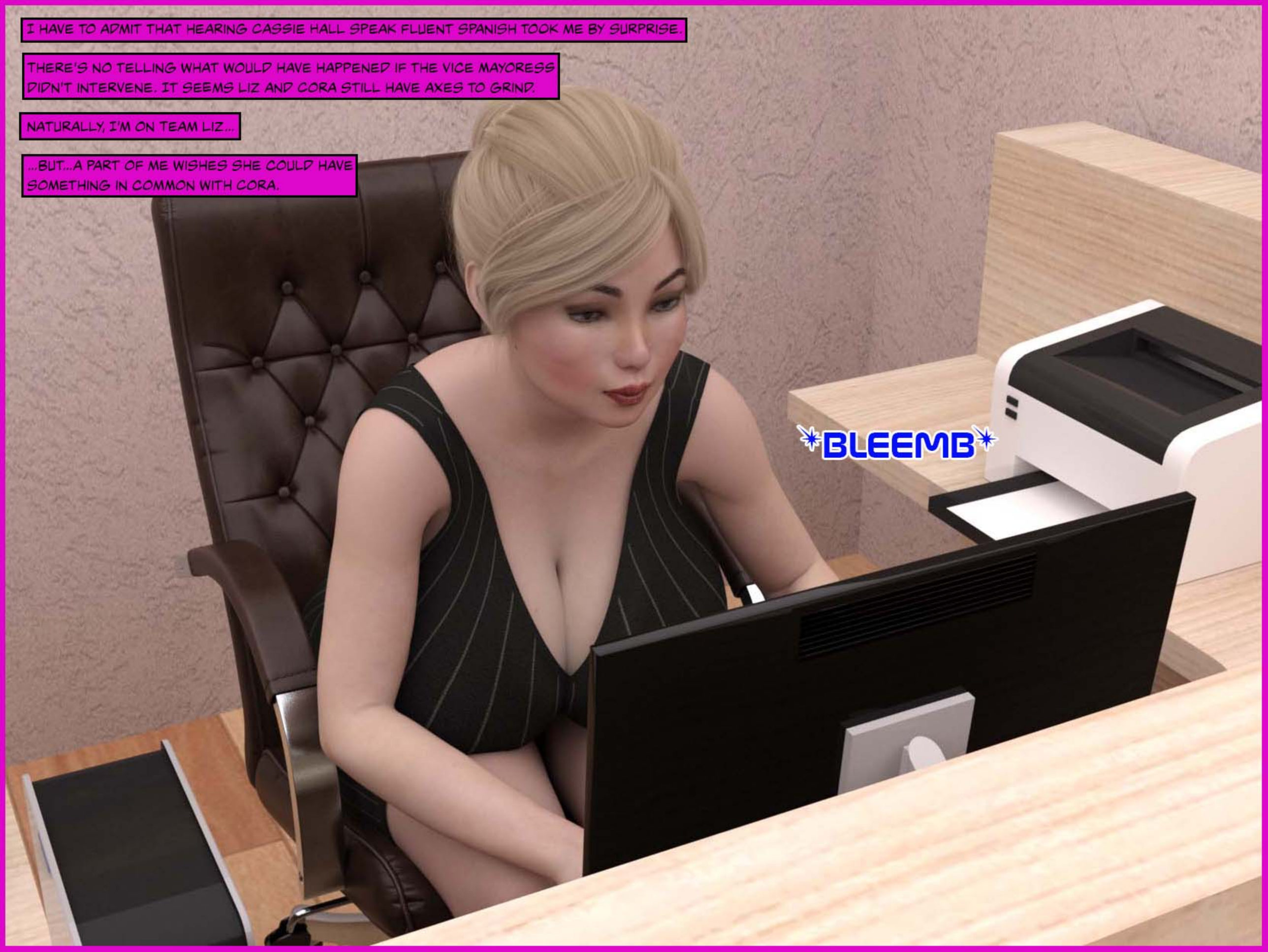
DID YOU UNDERSTAND ANY OF THAT?
NOT MUCH. SOMETHING ABOUT ...COWS AND HERDS?
WHAT AN ODD THING TO ARGUE OVER!

ARE WE ENGAGING IN RUDE GOSSIP, LADIES?
UHH...NO, MISS ZAMBRANO. I WAS... JUST WONDERING WHY MISS PORTNOY HAS SUCH...EXAGGERATED DIMENSIONS!
THAT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MISS NESBITT!

PLEASE, MADAME ELIZABETH...I HONESTLY DON'T MIND EXPLAINING.
LET'S JUST SAY, MISS NESBITT, THAT I'M MAKING THE MOST OUT OF A CHALLENGING SITUATION.
AS I HAD SAID BEFORE, MY...ASSETS... ACTUALLY MAKE ME MORE OF A 'WEAPON' FOR THE MAYORESS.
BUT THEY'RE ALSO MAKING YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A SLUT!
GODDESS! YOU REALLY NEED TO MIND YOUR MANNERS, MISS NESBITT!
SIGH YES, MADAME LIZBETH.

AS FOR YOU, YOU NAUGHTY COW...
...I NEED TO FIND A WAY TO REPRIMAND YOU FOR YOUR NAUGHTINESS DURING OUR VISIT!
KEEP A MAID OUTFIT WITH YOU AT ALL TIMES, GIRL! I DEMAND IT!
AS...AS YOU WISH, MADAME ELIZABETH!
WOW...I'M GETTING ALL HOT INSIDE HEARING MADAME ELIZABETH GET SO BOSSY WITH ME!

SEE YOU VERY SOON, TAMARA.
CONSIDER THAT A THREAT AND A PROMISE!
SAY YOUR PROPER FAREWELLS, LADIES!
HAVE A GOOD DAY, MISS PORTNOY!


I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT HEARING CASSIE HALL SPEAK FLUENT SPANISH TOOK ME BY SURPRISE.
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THE VICE MAYORESS DIDN'T INTERVENE. IT SEEMS LIZ AND CORA STILL HAVE AXES TO GRIND.
NATURALLY, I'M ON TEAM LIZ...
...BUT...A PART OF ME WISHES SHE COULD HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH CORA.
BLEEMB

A TEXT FROM LIZ...
Forgot to tell you…
…I like the idea of a threesome as much as Madame Grace does. ;) <3 <3
MMM. MADAME GRACE MUST HAVE TALKED TO LIZ ABOUT THAT MÉNAGE A TROIS THING BEFORE SHE ASKED ME ABOUT IT.
I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT MY HOME LIFE COULD GET A LOT MORE INTERESTING. ESPECIALLY IF THIS SOMEHOW LEADS TO ME MOVING INTO LEES MANSION.

A SPICY AND EXOTIC PERFUME SCENT PRECEDED HER APPEARANCE AS SHE STEPPED OFF OF THE ELEVATOR.
I IMMEDIATELY WONDERED IF SHE WAS SENT BY MAGGIE.

NIHAO, TAMARA.
FOLLOW ME TO THE ELEVATOR, PLEASE.
LILY WISH TO TALK WITH YOU.
DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE MAYORESS. SHE WILL NOT BE CROSS WITH YOU.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
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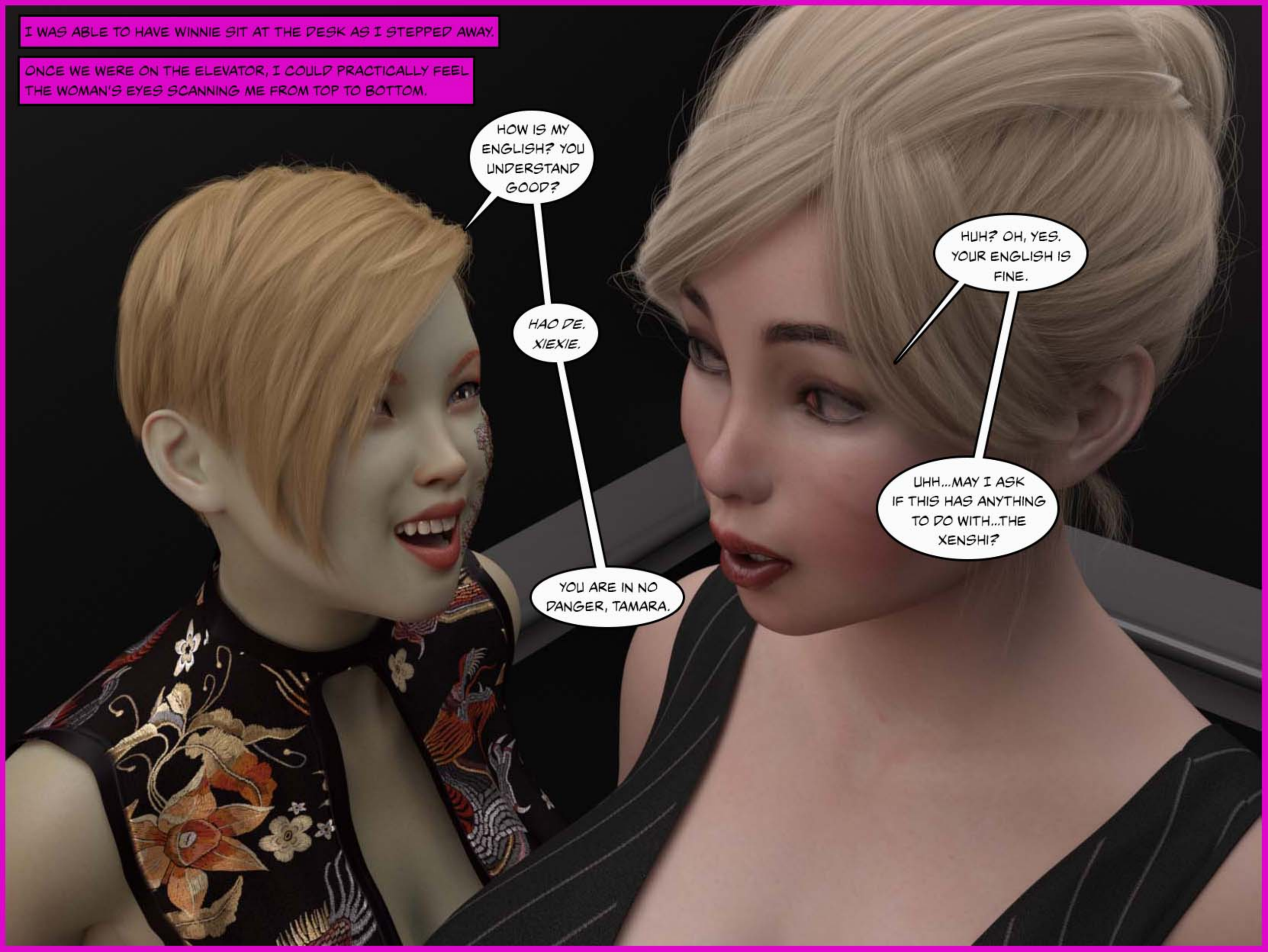
A. Merrywether
E. Zambrano
Fertility Clinic
Madame
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
9:00 a.m. (N/W)
LILY?


I WAS ABLE TO HAVE WINNIE SIT AT THE DESK AS I STEPPED AWAY.
ONCE WE WERE ON THE ELEVATOR, I COULD PRACTICALLY FEEL THE WOMAN'S EYES SCANNING ME FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.
HOW IS MY ENGLISH? YOU UNDERSTAND GOOD?
HAO DE. XIEXIE.
YOU ARE IN NO DANGER, TAMARA.
HUH? OH, YES. YOUR ENGLISH IS FINE.
UHH...MAY I ASK IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH...THE XENSHI?

SHE TOOK ME TO THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING'S UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE...
...GODDESS! I KNOW THIS PERSON! IT'S THE SHE-MALE FROM THE PARTY MADAME OLIVIA TOOK ME TO!
GOOD MORNING, HOLSTEIN.
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT I NEVER PROPERLY INTRODUCED MYSELF TO YOU. I AM LILY.
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
UM...GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, LILY.
WHO ARE YOUR MASKED BUDDIES BACK THERE?
BODYGUARDS, OF COURSE!

I...REMEMBER BEING A BIT, WELL, OVERLY DEFENSIVE WHEN LAST WE SPOKE.
I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT.
SUSPICION BEFITS YOUR NATURE, HOLSTEIN. I WAS NOT OFFENDED. THE APOLOGY IS NOT NECESSARY.

I SAW THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES AS WE SPOKE. I KNOW YOU WERE WARNED ABOUT MY TOUCH.
BUT YOU *DID* WANT ME TO TOUCH YOU THAT NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WERE WONDERING WHAT MANNER OF CONDITIONING I WOULD FORCE UPON YOU.
THERE MAY COME A TIME WHEN THAT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR US, HOLSTEIN. YOUR FATE IS TIED WITH OUR NEWEST ASSET.

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MAGGIE KATZHOFF, AREN'T YOU?
WE CALL HER DU. A WORD FOR 'POISON'.
ARE YOU AWARE THAT SHE WAS... A CREATION? ONE THAT WAS NOT NATURALLY CONCEIVED?
YOU MEAN, LIKE... A TEST TUBE BABY?
THE CORRECT TERM IS 'IN VIVO FERTILISATION'.
SHE WAS THE RESULT OF EXPERIMENTATIONS CONDUCTED BY A WOMAN NAMED SIA LORDE MANY YEARS AGO.

THE FAMILY NAME 'KATZHOFF' SHE INHERITED FROM HER FOSTER PARENTS WHEN SHE WAS BROUGHT TO THEM BY ONE OF SIA'S ASSISTANTS, RAGNA KATZHOFF.
SHE WAS KNOWN ONLY AS MARY BEFORE THE ADOPTION.
AND...WHAT HAPPENED TO SIA LORDE?
DEAD. MURDERED BY THE VERY DANGEROUS WOMAN WHO AMUSINGLY REFERS TO HERSELF AS THE 'QUEEN BEE'.
LADY AGATHA KILLED HER??
YES. SIA DID NOT WISH TO ALIGN HER CREATION WITH AGATHA'S MADNESS.

AND...MAGGIE DOESN'T KNOW ANY OF THIS?
I WON'T SAY A WORD! I PROMISE!
GIVEN THE WAY SHE WAS RAISED, IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS FOR HER TO LEARN THE TRUTH, SO DO NOT BETRAY THIS TRUST WE PLACE IN YOU, HOLSTEIN.
THE XENSHI CAN, AFTER ALL, REMOVE INFORMATION AS EASILY AS WE CAN SHARE IT.
AND WE WILL HOLD YOU TO THIS PROMISE...

...WHICH IS PART OF THE REASON WHY YOU WILL SEE THIS SAUCY YOUNG DRAGON FROM TIME TO TIME.
SHE IS LUNG. SHE WILL BE OUR REPRESENTATIVE.
SHOULD SHE COME TO YOU, IT WILL MEAN THAT THE XENSHI WILL REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE.
SHE WILL ALSO PUNISH, IF YOU BETRAY OUR TRUST. YOU WILL NOT WANT THIS TO HAPPEN.
I MAY ALSO WANT TO PLAY WITH THIS ONE...
I UNDERSTAND...

...BUT I KIND OF FIGURED THAT MAGGIE WOULD BE MY CONTACT. I MEAN... THAT JUST SEEMS LIKE THE LOGICAL CHOICE, DON'T YOU THINK?
LILY...IF SHE SHOULD FAIL YOU, I...I WANT TO TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT.
YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH ME. JUST...JUST LET MAGGIE KEEP AS MUCH OF HER IDENTITY AS POSSIBLE.
YES, AND WE ARE AWARE THAT SHE MAY DO THIS ANYWAY...
...IN WHICH CASE, OUR TRUST IN YOU WILL BE TESTED.

WHATEVER...I WANT? NOW YOU ARE TEMPTING *ME*, HOLSTEIN.
DO YOU KNOW HOW *DANGEROUS* THAT IS?
AND WHAT IF THAT WHICH WE WISH OF YOU IS SOMETHING THAT GOES AGAINST YOUR PRECIOUS MORALS?
WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO RISK A LIFETIME BEHIND BARS...OR WORSE, BE PUNISHED BY THAT 'SISTERHOOD'... JUST TO HONOR YOUR DEBT TO US?
PLEASE.
I OWE THE XENSHI. YOU SAVED MADAME ELIZABETH'S LIFE.
I...I...

AH, AH! I WILL NOT TOLERATE HESITATION, HOLSTEIN!
U-UUHHGGK!
YOU WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR SPOKEN VOW TO ME, YOU WILL NEVER SHARE WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT MAGGIE TO ANYONE, AND...
...YOU WILL INDULGE LUNG'S OCCASIONAL... CURIOSITIES...
...AND... MY OWN...
...WITHOUT QUESTION, NOR HESITATION!
ZZZZZZZZZZZ

OH...AND IF YOU NEVER HAD ANY CRAVINGS FOR LEAFY GREENS, START INDULGING, HOLSTEIN.
IS THIS NOT WHAT COWS EAT, AFTER ALL?

MMMM. <<SHE TASTES SO...
...INNOCENT.>>*
<<YET SHE IS STRONG. THIS IS WHAT MAKES HER A UNIQUE, AND A POTENTIALLY USEFUL ASSET.>>
* - TRANSLATED FROM CHINESE

THERE. THAT WAS NOT SO BAD, WAS IT? YOU ARE STILL YOU.
AND YET, YOU WILL REMEMBER US.
WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN. THAT IS A PROMISE.
YOU WILL SEE LUNG SOONER. SHE DOES LIKE YOU, AFTER ALL.
HER TOUCH IS ALSO AS POTENT AS MY OWN, IN FACT.
FOR NOW, ZAIJIAN!

YES...YES, THANK YOU.
S-SURE. COME BY THE HOUSE ANYTIME. I'LL MAKE YOU GREEN TEA.
YOU ARE FEELING OKAY?
I THINK WE WILL BE GOOD FRIENDS. I CAN FEEL IT!
OOOH! I LIKE GREEN TEA!

TAMARAAAA!!
MAYBE SOMEDAY, I BRING YOU GIFT!
MAY YOUR DAYS ALWAYS BE INTERESTING!

TAMARA...THIS GUY HAS BEEN HERE FOR THE PAST FIVE MINUTES *FILMING* MEEEE!
I DON'T WANNA BE FILMED! HE'S BABBLING NONSENSE, TOO!
BABBULA KKKHAISHAK BOOULA HOOOULA BOOBIE! SSSHHH!
FUUUCK. ANOTHER 1A MORON!
I'VE GOTTA KEEP THIS PARASITE DISTRACTED LONG ENOUGH FOR LUTHER TO ARRIVE!

HEY! BOOULA-BOOULA!
BIG BOOBIES! LOTSA CLICKS AN' VIEWS!
OOOOH! BOOBA BOOBA! BEEEG BOOBA! WOOOH! JIGGA-BOOBIE!

REC
10:25:38
BETCHA CAN'T TWERK LIKE I CAN, BIG BOY!
WOOOH YEEEAH! JIGGY DAT ASS! ME SLAPPY-SLAPPY LOONG TIME!
COULD THEY GET ANY MORE PATHETIC?

REC
10:34:07
HEY! GET YA HANDS OFF ME, MAN! THIS IS ASSAULT! KISS YER QUALIFIED IMMUNITY GOODBYE, TYRANT!
NAME AND BADGE NUMBER!
NAME AND BADGE NUMBER!!
SHOW'S OVER! YOU'RE TRESPASSING!!
GET OUT!
OUT!!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THIS SHITBAG SUDDENLY SPOKE PERFECT ENGLISH!

HEY! GIMME BACK MY SHADES, YOU FUCKIN' SLUT!
I'LL SUE THIS WHOLE FUCKIN' BUILDING!!
BOOULA BOOULA? WAKADU KATOOTA WAKANI?
SHOVE HIM OVER TO ME, LUTHER. I'LL HANDLE THAT FAT FUCK!

YOU MORONS NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?
UU-UUHHHHTTT!! DA...D-DERR FFFUKKHHUZZZRRRRPH??
NOOO, NO...YOU WERE JUST TELLING ME HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU'RE HAVING WITH YOUR BLADDER IN YOUR EXTREME OLD AGE!
TZZZIIIIII
YOU CAN'T EVEN SPEAK PERFECT ENGLISH ANYMORE, CAN YOU? YOU JUST...MUTTER!
GET THIS DUMBASS GRIFTER OUT OF HERE, LUTHER. I'LL CALL THE FARM.

SO MUCH FOR THAT LOSER, EH?
EHH, IT'S A GIFT.
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH... YOU REALLY NEED TO KEEP YOUR COOL WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH BOZOS LIKE THAT.
YOU WERE AWESOME, TAMARA!
I'LL REMEMBER THAT NEXT TIME! THANKS!
I'LL GO GET YOUR MORNING COFFEE!

I'VE GOTTA GET THAT RITA BITCH ON THE PHONE. HAVE HER TELL PHEME TO STOP MONETIZING THOSE FUCKING FRAUDITOR VIDS.
WHICH THEY REGULARLY ABUSE IN THE NAME OF CLICKS AND VIEWS! ISN'T THAT WHY THEY DO IT? FOR THE MONEY?
WELL...I HATE PLAYING DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, BUT THEY'D JUST BRING UP THE FIRST AMENDMENT ARGUMENT.
YUP. I WOULD THINK THAT PHEME SHOULD ESTABLISH SOME NEW PRECEDENTS.
LIKE, THEY COULD DE-MONETIZE A VIDEO IF THE PURPOSE IS TO DELIBERATELY HARASS, OR TO PROVOKE OTHERWISE NEGATIVE REACTIONS.

LISTEN TO YOU! TALKING LIKE A RESPONSIBLE MAYORESS!
YOU WANT MY JOB, COW?
PFFT. HELL NO. I'LL STAY IN MY PASTURE, THANKS.

MAYORESS TAMARA. GODDESS HELP THIS CITY IF THAT BECAME A THING.
KNOWING MY MINDSET, I'D PROBABLY HAVE EVERYONE IN THE CITY GO WITHOUT CLOTHES FOR A DAY.
HMMM...WHY DOES THAT THOUGHT SOUND STRANGELY FAMILIAR?

WITH ALL RESPECT, MISS GIA...I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THIS WAS THE RANCH OF MAYORESS STROUD.
HELLO AGAIN, CATTLE GIRL.
NICE TO SEE YOU GRAZING PEACEFULLY IN MY RANCH.
THE WORLD IS ALWAYS MY RANCH, MY LITTLE HOLSTEIN.
DON'T MAKE ME PULL OUT THE CATTLE PROD TO REMIND YOU OF THIS!
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
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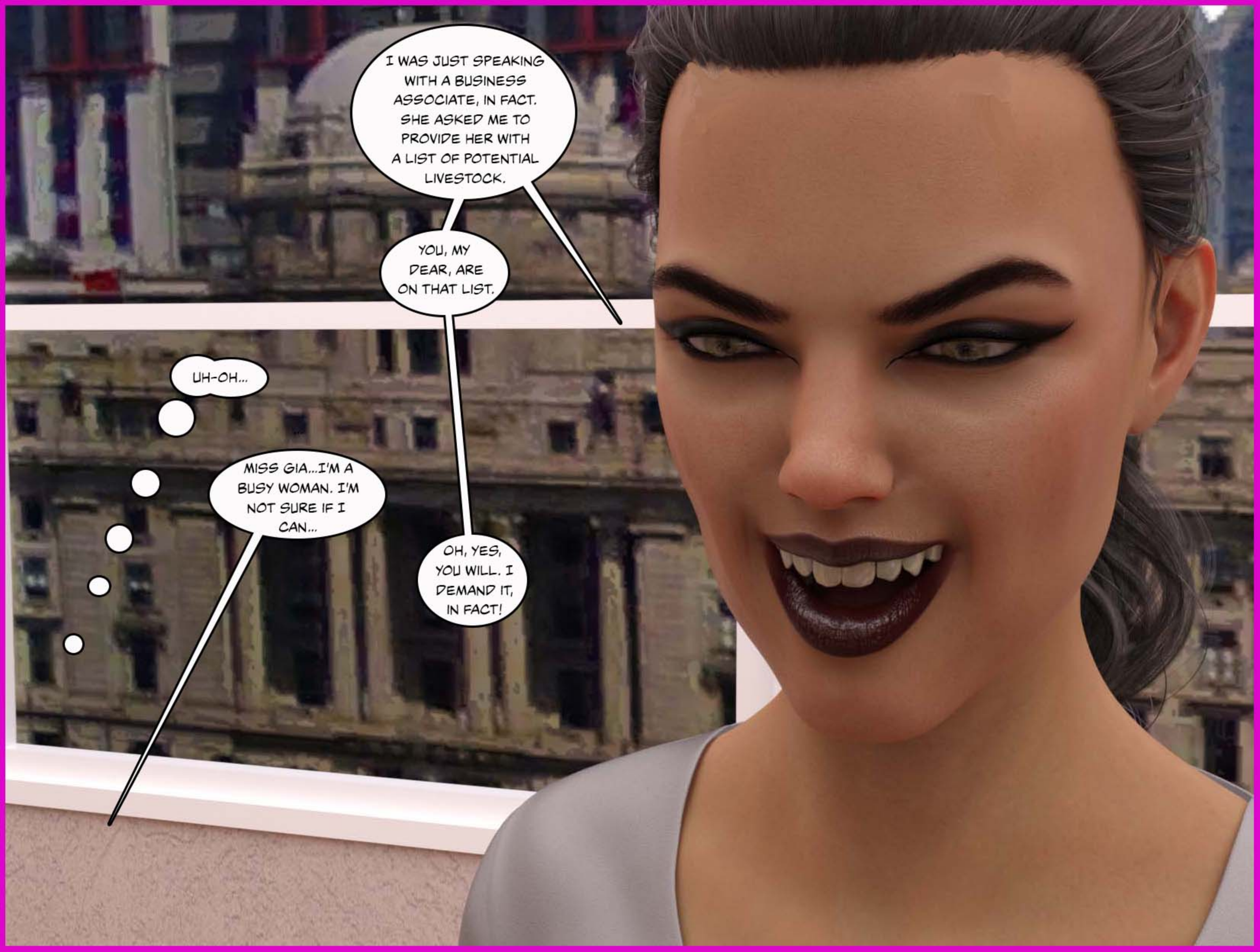
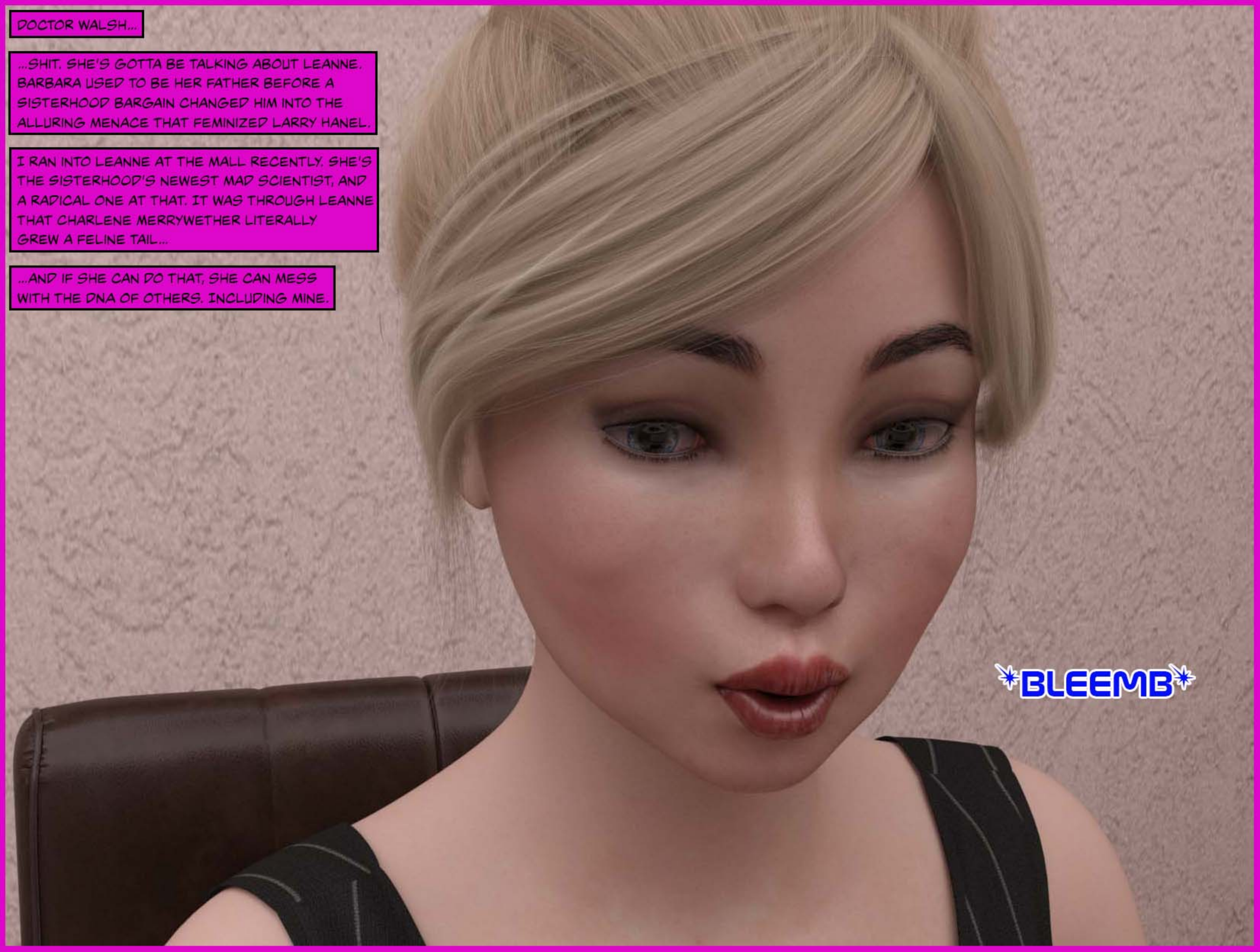
A. Merrywether
Fertility Clinic
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
E. Zambrano
Madame
9:00 a.m. (N/W)


I WAS JUST SPEAKING WITH A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE, IN FACT. SHE ASKED ME TO PROVIDE HER WITH A LIST OF POTENTIAL LIVESTOCK.
YOU, MY DEAR, ARE ON THAT LIST.
UH-OH...
MISS GIA...I'M A BUSY WOMAN. I'M NOT SURE IF I CAN...
OH, YES, YOU WILL. I DEMAND IT, IN FACT!

IN FAIRNESS, YOU SHOULD CHECK WITH THE MANY MADAMES, MISTRESSES, A VICOMTE, AND THE MAYORESS HERSELF BEFORE HAVING ME INDULGE YOUR WANTS.
THEY SAW ME FIRST, AFTER ALL.
NOW...YOU ARE HERE FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT, YES?
LAST DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY, MISS GIA.
I'M ALWAYS UP FOR A CHALLENGE, MY FEISTY HOLSTEIN.
AND YES, THE MAYORESS UNSURPRISINGLY APPROVED MY REQUEST.
SEND HER IN, TAMARA.

SOON, COW. VERY SOON.
BY THE WAY...
...DOCTOR WALSH IS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU AGAIN.
A. Merrywether
E. Zambrano


DOCTOR WALSH...
...SHIT. SHE'S GOTTA BE TALKING ABOUT LEANNE. BARBARA USED TO BE HER FATHER BEFORE A SISTERHOOD BARGAIN CHANGED HIM INTO THE ALLURING MENACE THAT FEMINIZED LARRY HANEL.
I RAN INTO LEANNE AT THE MALL RECENTLY. SHE'S THE SISTERHOOD'S NEWEST MAD SCIENTIST, AND A RADICAL ONE AT THAT. IT WAS THROUGH LEANNE THAT CHARLENE MERRYWETHER LITERALLY GREW A FELINE TAIL...
...AND IF SHE CAN DO THAT, SHE CAN MESS WITH THE DNA OF OTHERS. INCLUDING MINE.
BLEEMB

A TEXT FROM...MADAME GRACE?
SHE WANTS ME OVER AT THE MANSION FOR LUNCH? OH HELL Y...
...LIZ IS A MADAME NOW?? FULL-FLEDGED? AND I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST A FORMALITY!
WHY IS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THAT GETTING ME ALL AROUSED INSIDE??

THIS GENT WAS THE FIRST OF MANY CAMERA CREWS TO COME OFF OF THE ELEVATOR FOR THE PRESS CONFERENCE.
SIMPLE ENOUGH. I JUST TOLD 'EM TO SET UP WITHIN THE LARGE, EMPTY ROOM BY THE OFFICES. I'M EXPECTING CATERERS TO COME IN AND FILL THE ROOM WITH THE SMELL OF FRESH FOOD.
SOOO MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO WARN THEM ALL, TOO. BUT...I COULDN'T.
RESISTING THE URGE WAS TOUGH, THOUGH. THE VERY IDEA OF GASSING THEM ALL JUST FILLED ME WITH A GRADUALLY BUILDING SENSE OF...LOATHING.
I COULDN'T HELP BUT TO CONCLUDE THAT THIS WAS A POTENTIALLY BIG MISTAKE ON JULIA'S PART.

GOOD MORNING. ANGELA CRONIN, NEWS NOW NEWARK.
IS THERE A REASON WHY YOU ARE SO PROVOCATIVELY DRESSED?
HEH...THROWING YOUR OWN BOSS UNDER THE BUS, EH?
INTERESTING. MAY I ASK YOU A FEW MORE QUESTIONS?
BLAME THE MAYORESS, MISS CRONIN.
NO. SHE REALLY DOES WANT ME TO DRESS THIS WAY, MISS CRONIN.
SHOOT.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
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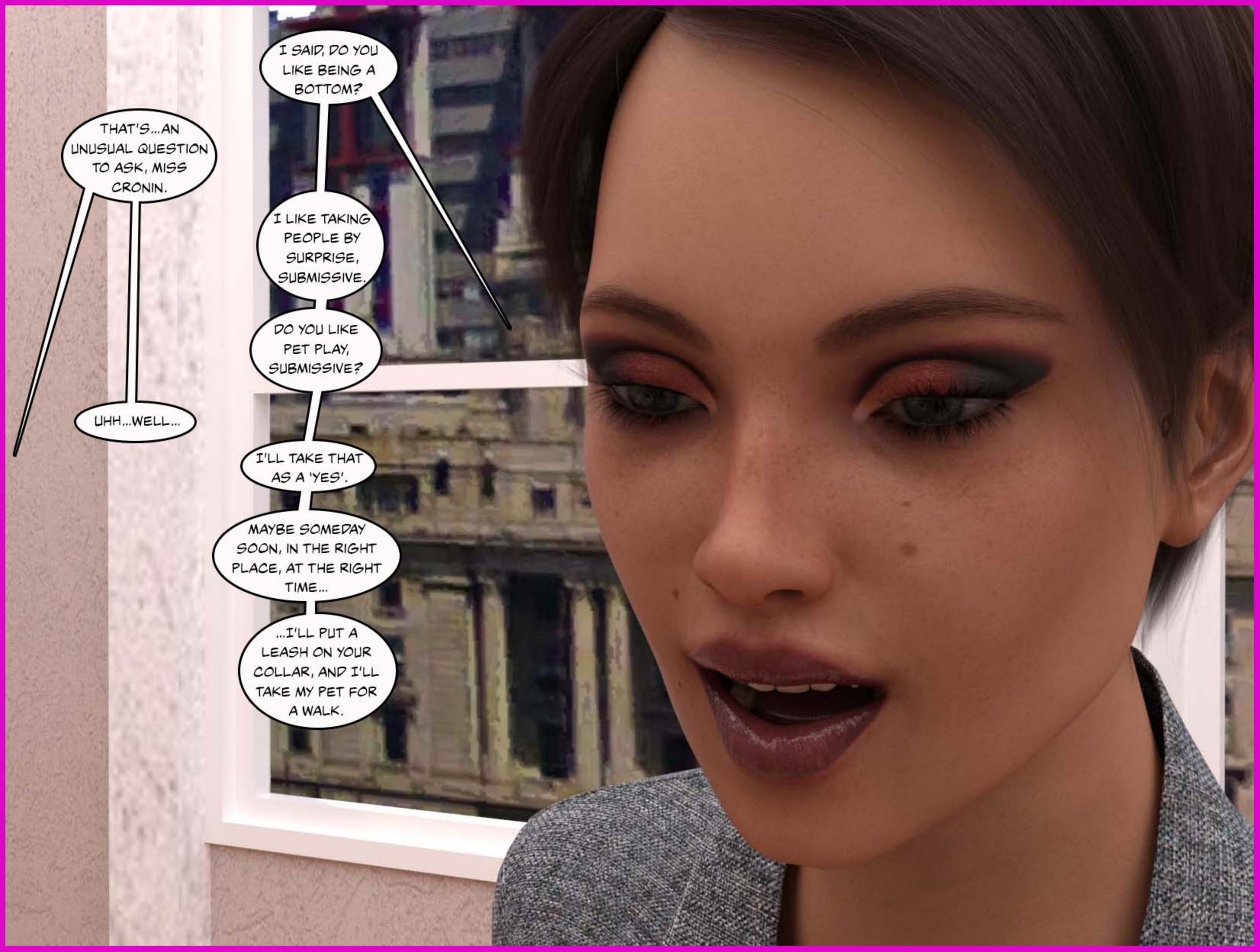
A. Merrywether
E. Zambrano
Fertility Clinic
Madame
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
9:00 a.m. (N/W)

YOUR FULL NAME?
TAMARA RITA PORTNOY.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING FOR THE MAYORESS?
FOR A LITTLE OVER A YEAR.
ARE YOU MARRIED?
SINGLE, BUT SPOKEN FOR.
DID YOU VOTE FOR JULIA STROUD IN THE LAST MAYORAL ELECTION?
YES, YOU HEARD THAT RIGHT. RITA IS MY MIDDLE NAME.
BECAUSE CONDITIONING.

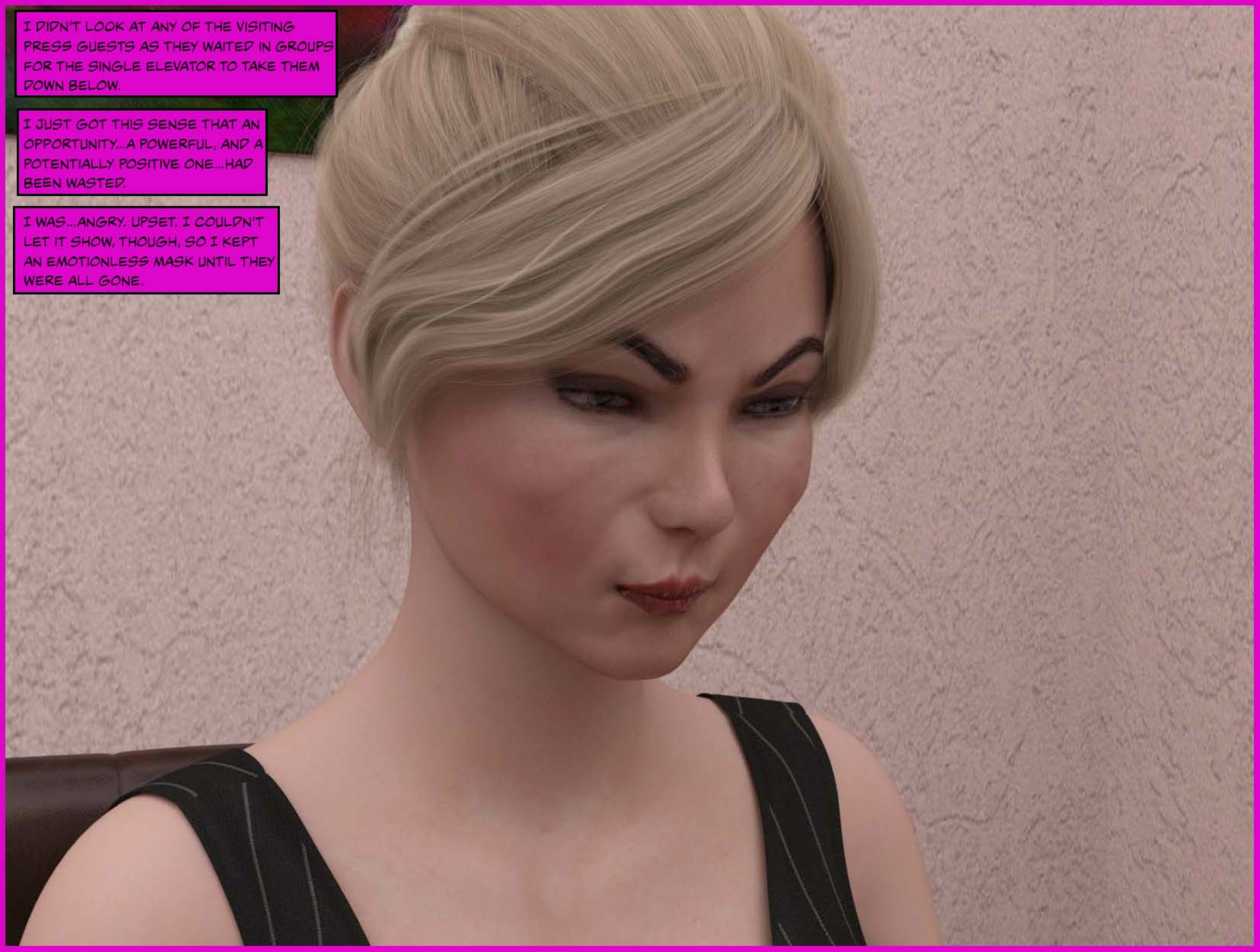
I MOVED HERE WITH MY MOTHER AFTER THE ELECTION, SO NO.
THE CITY IS PRACTICALLY FREE OF CRIME, SO YES.
NO COMMENT.
EXCUSE ME?
DO YOU THINK SHE IS DOING A GOOD JOB?
IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS OF DISAPPEARANCES IN THIS CITY?
DO YOU ENJOY BEING A BOTTOM, SUBMISSIVE?


THAT'S...AN UNUSUAL QUESTION TO ASK, MISS CRONIN.
UHH...WELL...
I SAID, DO YOU LIKE BEING A BOTTOM?
I LIKE TAKING PEOPLE BY SURPRISE, SUBMISSIVE.
DO YOU LIKE PET PLAY, SUBMISSIVE?
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A 'YES'.
MAYBE SOMEDAY SOON, IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AT THE RIGHT TIME...
...I'LL PUT A LEASH ON YOUR COLLAR, AND I'LL TAKE MY PET FOR A WALK.

THANKS FOR YOUR TIME, PET.
MAYBE I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN SOMEDAY.
IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AND AT THE RIGHT TIME.

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW. SHE'S AN ARISTOCRACY WOMAN!
PITY SHE'S GONNA BE AMONG THE GASSED. SHE'LL PROBABLY COME OUT OF THAT ROOM NOT KNOWING WHO I AM, NOR THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS SHE ASKED ME.
I WONDER IF SHE WAS SENT BY THE VICOMTE?

THERE WAS A VERY FAINT, BUT NOTICEABLE PINK TINGE TO THE INTERIOR OF THE PRESS ROOM AS THE PRESS CONFERENCE BEGAN.
NONE OF THE QUESTIONS ASKED WERE PARTICULARLY SCATHING OR CRITICAL. JULIA PROBABLY HAD CASSIE COACH THEM ALL ON THE KINDS OF QUESTIONS THEY COULD ASK. THEY PROBABLY INTRODUCED THE GAS INTO THE ROOM DURING THIS PREP SESSION.
I DIDN'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT, MENTALLY, AS I WATCHED THE LIVESTREAM OF THE CONFERENCE, SO I GUESS THOSE CLAIMS OF THE ROOM BEING AIRTIGHT WERE NO FABRICATION. OR MAYBE I WAS SAFE DUE TO THAT PILL I SWALLOWED.


I DIDN'T LOOK AT ANY OF THE VISITING PRESS GUESTS AS THEY WAITED IN GROUPS FOR THE SINGLE ELEVATOR TO TAKE THEM DOWN BELOW.
I JUST GOT THIS SENSE THAT AN OPPORTUNITY...A POWERFUL, AND A POTENTIALLY POSITIVE ONE...HAD BEEN WASTED.
I WAS...ANGRY. UPSET. I COULDN'T LET IT SHOW, THOUGH, SO I KEPT AN EMOTIONLESS MASK UNTIL THEY WERE ALL GONE.

YOU'RE PISSED.
DO I NEED TO REPEAT MYSELF ABOUT WHY WE NEEDED TO...
EXCUSE ME??
YOU'RE A COWARD, JULIA.
YOU HEARD ME. YOU'RE A FUCKING COWARD.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
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wether
rano
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9:00 a.m. (N/W)

YOU COULD HAVE WEATHERED THE WORST POSSIBLE QUESTIONS, NO MATTER *HOW* REVEALING THE ANSWERS COULD HAVE BEEN!
BUT YOU CHOSE TO HIDE BEHIND THE SAFETY NET OF A *GAS!* ***A FUCKING GAS!!***
WE MAY NOT HAVE KILLED ANYONE, BUT I WONDER IF YOU'VE READ YOUR HISTORY BOOKS?
LOOK UP THE PARTS WHERE A CONQUERING ARMY LED INNOCENT PEOPLE INTO SHOWER ROOMS THAT WERE ACTUALLY *GAS CHAMBERS!*

TAMARA...LET'S GET ONE THING TOTALLY STRAIGHT. THE GAS THING?
IT WAS NOT MY FUCKING IDEA!!
FOR ALL I KNOW, THIS COULD HAVE BEEN LADY AGATHA'S IDEA!!
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT I HAD TO DEAL WITH CASSIE'S ANXIETIES! SHE DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO BE IN THE DAMN ROOM, AND SHE'S THE VICE MAYORESS!
BUT I WILL NOT HAVE MY FRONT-LINE SOLDIER EQUATE ME TO THE FUCKING NAZIS!!
HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN THAT YOU AND I ARE ON THE SAME SIDE?? WE'RE TEAM GRACE, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!!

AND IF HAGATHA ASKS YOU TO GAS THE ENTIRE CITY? THAT'D BE A SWEET IDEA WHEN IT'S TIME FOR MAYORAL ELECTIONS, DON'T YOU THINK?
THAT ENTIRE CONFERENCE MADE ME WANT TO DRY-HEAVE! I CAN IMAGINE HOW DISAPPOINTED MADAME GRACE IS GONNA BE!
BULLSHIT!

YOU AND YOUR LITTLE 'DEVIL' FRIEND MAY WANT TO KEEP PUTTING FLIES IN THE LADY AGATHA'S SOUP...
...BUT IF I DEFY HER WORD, I'M SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE ENTIRE CITY! THEY'D ALL SUFFER IF I TRIED ANYTHING REBELLIOUS!
SO I'M SOOOO SORRY THAT I CAN'T BE AS FLAGRANTLY LAWLESS AS YOUR MENTOR, YOUR...LITTLE MISS THRILL-KITTEN!

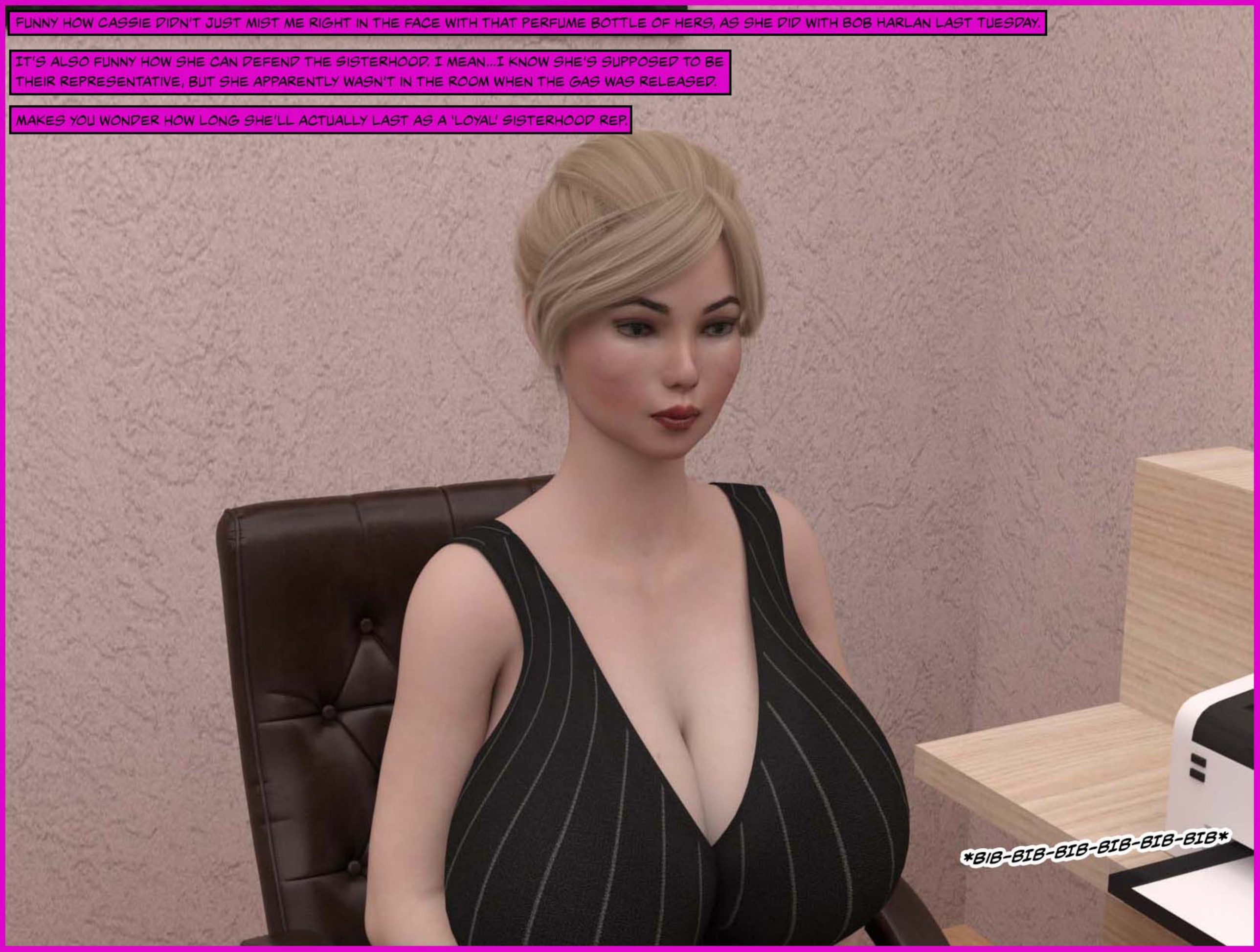
PITIFUL EXCUSES.
I'M SURE HAGATHA'S REAL PROUD TO HAVE YOU AS *HER* LITTLE FRONT-LINE SOLDIER.
SO GO ON, THEN. KEEP MAKING HER HAPPY.
HMM. NOW *YOU'RE* PISSED. DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL KISS ME ON THE LIPS AT LONG LAST?
BETTER A MINDLESS SLAVE THAN A SO-CALLED 'FRIEND', RIGHT?

JULIA LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS GONNA EXPLODE. I COULD SEE HER SHAKING.
I WAS PREPARED TO GET PHYSICALLY EVASIVE. DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP HER FROM TOUCHING ME. OR EVEN KISSING ME.
JULIA...?
JULIA HAD HER FREE WILL. THE MARK OF A GOOD LEADER IS TO TAKE POTENTIALLY BENEFICIAL RISKS. TO BE ABLE TO ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES AND IMPROVISE. THERE'S NO GREATER TEST FOR A LEADER THAN TO STAND BEFORE THE PAPARAZZI WOLVES AND WEATHER THEIR STORM LIKE A PRO.
BUT HER VERSION OF RISK WAS TO SURRENDER TO THE WHIMS OF THE QUEEN BEE, AND TURN THE WOLVES INTO PUPPETS.

THE MAYORESS OF BULLCHESTER DID NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL.
OTHER THAN SAY THREE WORDS BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED INTO HER OFFICE FOR THE REST OF THE MORNING.
LEAVE ME ALONE.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
A. Merryweather
E. Tapscane
Fertility Clinic
Madame
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
9:00 a.m. (N/W)

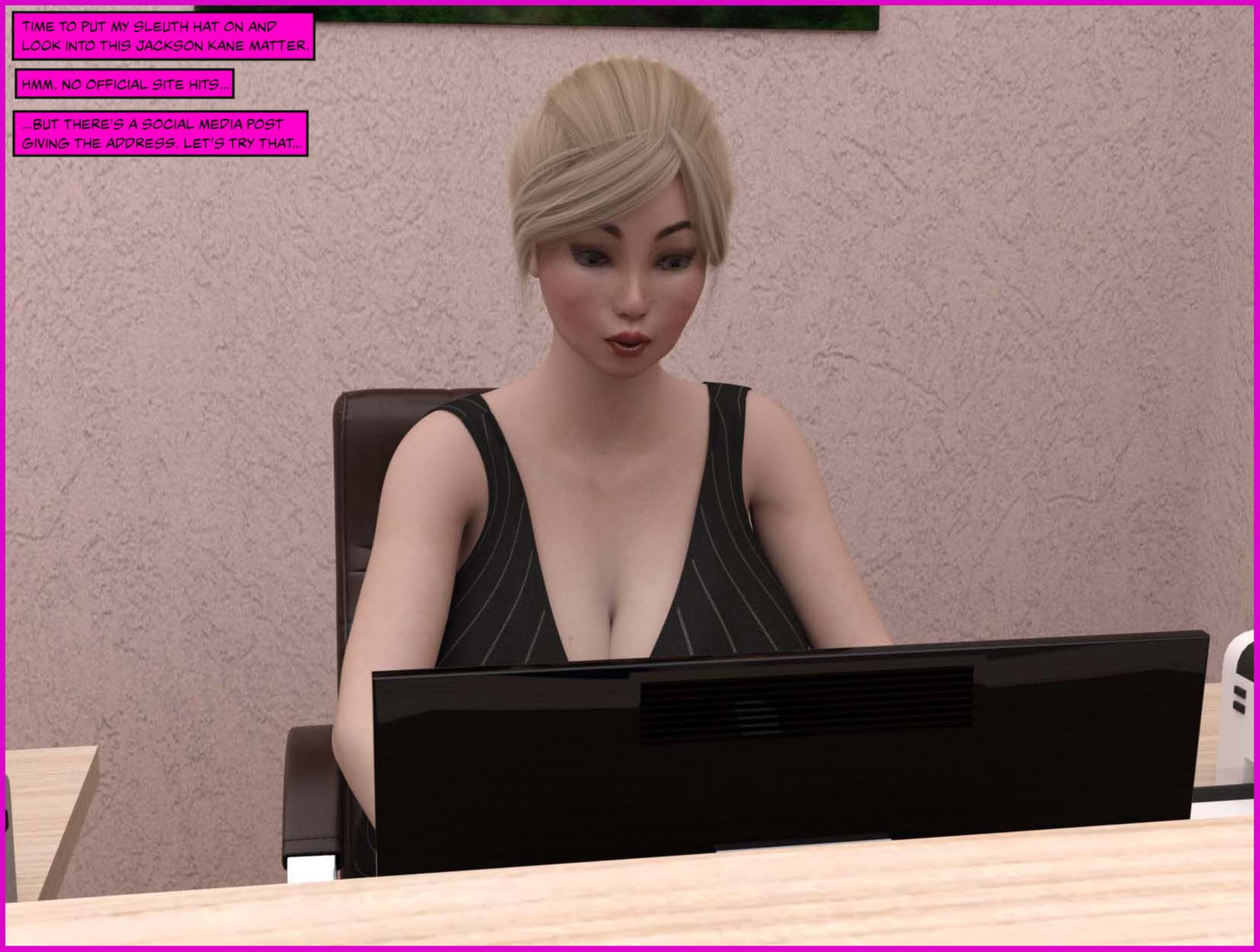
I'LL REMEMBER YOU SAID THAT WHEN AGATHA HAS YOUR SON FEMINIZED FOR THE CRIME OF BEING BORN A MALE, VICE MAYORESS.
PROVE ME WRONG.
WE DID THIS FOR THE GOOD OF THE CITY, TAMARA.
YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE SAYING SHIT LIKE THAT TO THE MAYORESS!
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.
Merrywether
Fertility Clinic
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
E. Zambrano
Madame
9:00 a.m. (N/W)

WHY DON'T YOU JUST BOOK AN APPOINTMENT AT THE SALON FOR HIM, AND GET IT OVER WITH?
BE A GOOD LITTLE LAPDOG!
FUCK YOU TOO, COW.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
A. Merryweather
E. Zambrano
IMPORTANT NOTE
Fertility Clinic
Madame


FUNNY HOW CASSIE DIDN'T JUST MIST ME RIGHT IN THE FACE WITH THAT PERFUME BOTTLE OF HERS, AS SHE DID WITH BOB HARLAN LAST TUESDAY.
IT'S ALSO FUNNY HOW SHE CAN DEFEND THE SISTERHOOD. I MEAN...I KNOW SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THEIR REPRESENTATIVE, BUT SHE APPARENTLY WASN'T IN THE ROOM WHEN THE GAS WAS RELEASED.
MAKES YOU WONDER HOW LONG SHE'LL ACTUALLY LAST AS A 'LOYAL' SISTERHOOD REP.
BIB-BIB-BIB-BIB-BIB-BIB

MAYORESS'S OFFICE, MUNICIPAL BUILDING, MAY I HELP YOU?
HIS VOICE SOUNDS WEIRD. HE MUST HAVE BEEN DOSED.
FROM WHICH SCHOOL?
HMM. POTENTIAL SISTERHOOD PLANT?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAYORESS?
HI, UH...MMM-MY NAME'S...RICKY. RICKY DENTON. CAN I ASK HOW ONE WOULD GO ABOUT REMOVING A SCHOOL THERAPIST?
JACKSON KANE HIGH SCHOOL. HER NAME IS...TANYA.

WAIT...MY DAD...THE FRAUD CHARGES...I...I SHOULDN'T...
...UHHM...N-NEVER MIND. DISREGARD. I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU...
KLIK
WAIT! TELL ME MORE ABOUT...
SHIT!

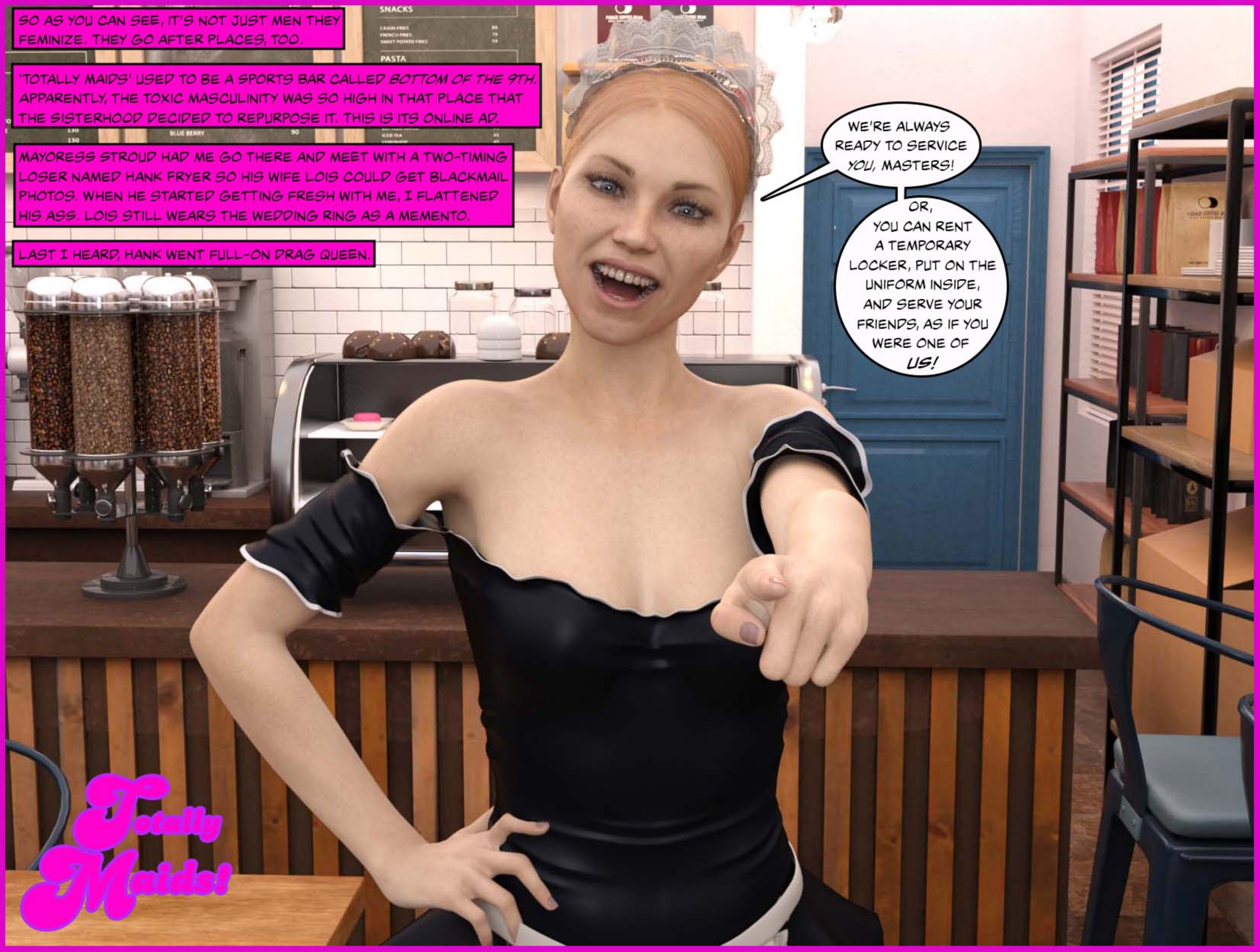

TIME TO PUT MY SLEUTH HAT ON AND LOOK INTO THIS JACKSON KANE MATTER.
HMM. NO OFFICIAL SITE HITS...
...BUT THERE'S A SOCIAL MEDIA POST GIVING THE ADDRESS. LET'S TRY THAT...

UNBELIEVABLE.

THEY'RE TURNING *ANOTHER* HIGH SCHOOL INTO A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL??

THEY MUST BE IN THE PROCESS OF BRAINWASHING...AND FEMINIZING...DISSENTING STUDENTS, AND I JUST SPOKE TO ONE OF THEM.

I'D TRY TO TALK SOME SENSE TO JULIA ABOUT THIS, BUT AFTER THE ROW WE'VE JUST HAD? BAD IDEA.
SHE'D PROBABLY TAKE THE SISTERHOOD'S SIDE ANYWAY, AND FEED ME SOME BULLSHIT EXCUSE TO JUSTIFY IT.
FUCKING COWARD.


SO AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S NOT JUST MEN THEY FEMINIZE. THEY GO AFTER PLACES, TOO.
'TOTALLY MAIDS' USED TO BE A SPORTS BAR CALLED *BOTTOM OF THE 9TH.* APPARENTLY, THE TOXIC MASCULINITY WAS SO HIGH IN THAT PLACE THAT THE SISTERHOOD DECIDED TO REPURPOSE IT. THIS IS ITS ONLINE AD.
MAYORESS STROUD HAD ME GO THERE AND MEET WITH A TWO-TIMING LOSER NAMED HANK FRYER SO HIS WIFE LOIS COULD GET BLACKMAIL PHOTOS. WHEN HE STARTED GETTING FRESH WITH ME, I FLATTENED HIS ASS. LOIS STILL WEARS THE WEDDING RING AS A MEMENTO.
LAST I HEARD, HANK WENT FULL-ON DRAG QUEEN.
WE'RE ALWAYS READY TO SERVICE *YOU,* MASTERS!
OR, YOU CAN RENT A TEMPORARY LOCKER, PUT ON THE UNIFORM INSIDE, AND SERVE YOUR FRIENDS, AS IF YOU WERE ONE OF *US!*
Totally Maids!

THE SISTERHOOD CHOSE TO CONTAMINATE THE BAR'S BEER KEGS WITH A SERUM AGENT WHICH BEGAN FEMINIZING THE MALES.

REMEMBER CLAIRE NESBITT AND EPPIE NESTERHAUS? THEY USED TO BE ROWDY REGULARS AT THE *BOTTOM OF THE 9TH*. LOUISE VANDERVELDE'S HUSBAND, PAUL, ALSO DRANK THE TAINTED BEER.

THE NAMES WITH THE ASTERISKS HAVE FAMILIES. THE 'X2' NEXT TO CLAREMONT INDICATES THAT TWO OF THE MALES IN THAT FAMILY...A FATHER AND HIS ADOLESCENT SON...STARTED GROWING BREASTS.

B9 FILE - SISTERHOOD EYES ONLY

Ross	*Bookwalter	Benetti
*Woods	Prine	*Hunnicut
*Nesbitt	*Mullins	*Vandervelde
*Upton	*Roselli	*Benitez
Rooker	*Claremont (x2)	Lake
*Nesterhaus	Silverman	*Cooney

GODDESS ONLY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM. SOOO MANY STORIES. LIVES RUDELY CHANGED JUST BECAUSE ONE OF THEM WANTED TO GO DOWN TO A BAR AND HANG OUT WITH FRIENDS.
OR IN THE CASE OF THE CLAREMONTS, A FATHER WANTING TO BOND WITH HIS SON OVER BEERS.
NESBITT AND NESTERHAUS ARE DUE TO BECOME HOUSEWIVES, AND PAUL...OR RATHER, PAULA... VANDERVELDE LEFT HIS WIFE TO ENGAGE IN A LESBIAN TRYST WITH A WOMAN NAMED LOUISE OSTERMAN, WHO USED TO BE LOU SANDBERG.

I CAN'T JOIN YOU TODAY, CORA. I'M SORRY.
NOT HAPPENING.
ONE HOUR BEFORE LUNCH, *HERMANA*.
YOU WOULD RATHER WASTE YOUR TIME WITH ELIZABETH? SHE IS NOT A HERD-MATE.
OR DID YOU WANT TO CONVINCE HER TO TAKE THE HEIFER FORMULA?
B9 FILE - SISTERHOOD EYES ONLY
Ross *Bookwalter Benetti
*Woods Prine *Hunnicut
*Nesbitt *Mullins *Vandervelde
*Upton *Roselli *Benitez
Rooker *Claremont (x2) Lake
*Nesterhaus Silverman *Cooney

THE HELL YOU WILL! SHE HAS TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS!
THEN I WILL DO IT.
BOTH OF THEM ADOPTED.
BOTH OF THEM BORN TO PARENTS WHO WERE KILLED BY STRAY BULLETS.

BULLETS THAT WERE LIKELY FIRED BY YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S LACKEYS!
MADAME ELIZABETH TOLD ME THE WHOLE TORRID STORY OF THE FEUD BETWEEN HER LATE HUSBAND AND YOURS, CORA!
I'M MORE PREPARED TO BELIEVE HER COMPARED TO SOMEONE WHO SO AMBITIOUSLY SURRENDERS HERSELF TO THE SISTERHOOD! THEY'RE NO BETTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND!
AND IF THAT HARD TRUTH PISSES YOU OFF, THEN GO AHEAD AND BLOW MY FUCKING HEAD OFF FOR ALL I CARE! I'M SURE YOUR LATE HUSBAND WOULD BE THRILLED THAT YOU'VE BECOME JUST AS BLOODTHIRSTY AS HE WAS!

DON'T TEMPT ME, *VACA.*
<<THERE ARE LIMITS TO MY TOLERANCE.>>
OH, PISS OFF, CORA.
WE ARE NOT DONE YET, *HERMANA.* WE ARE HERD-MATES.
ONLY *DEATH* CAN SEPARATE US!
PERHAPS YOUR DREAMS WILL REMIND YOU.
UNTIL THEN, I WILL WAIT.

SEEMS I'VE MADE AN ENEMY OF *EVERYONE* IN THE OFFICE TODAY.
JULIA, CASSIE, CORA...THEY'RE ALL FUCKED UP IN SOME WAY. JULIA DECEIVED THE PUBLIC AFTER GASSING A WHOLE ROOM FULL OF PRESS AGENTS, CASSIE'S NOTHING BUT A FOLLOWER, AND CORA IS THUS FAR PROVING HERSELF TO BE JUST AS POSSESSIVE AS THE SISTERHOOD.
WELL...NOT EVERYONE. I HAVEN'T HAD ANY KIND OF A ROW WITH LUTHER, WINNIE, OR RANDI...
...BUT THEN, THE DAY'S NOT OVER YET.

AND YOU NEVER KNOW IF ANY GIVEN VISITOR IS GONNA MAKE ANY HOUR-BEFORE-LUNCHTIME FEEL LIKE AN ETERNITY.

YO.
LOIS?
BEEN AWHILE. LENA AND I WERE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR THIRD MALL MUSKETEER.
GOING UNDER THE KNIFE ONCE WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME, MISS FRYER.

I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH OF THAT TOO, THANKS.
UH, NO. YOU'VE NEVER JUST HAD A BAD DAY?
SO? SHOP FOR CLOTHES!
YOU'RE NOT TIMMY-MOPING AGAIN, ARE YOU?
NOT LATELY!

YOU'RE...NOT HERE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAYORESS, ARE YOU?
HOW COULD I FORGET THE MOMENT WHERE I KNOCKED THAT FUCKER ON HIS ASS?
NOPE. I'M SURE THE MAYORESS WON'T MIND IF I SPENT A FEW MINUTES PLAYING CATCH-UP WITH ONE OF MY BESTIES?
OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT TWO-TIMING PIG THAT USED TO BE MY HUSBAND?

THEY GIVE YOU A LUNCH BREAK HERE? I COULD DRIVE US OVER TO THIS NICE...
NEGATIVE. ALREADY HAVE A LUNCH DATE.
OH, POOH. I'LL RAINCHECK IT, THEN.
AND WHAT ARE *YOU* UP TO THESE DAYS?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE DEAN OF FEETHAM'S U, BABY!
AND *THIS* IS HOW A DEAN IS SUPPOSED TO DRESS?
THIS COMING FROM A RECEPTIONIST THAT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S READY TO FUCK TWENTY GUYS.

BLAME THE MAYORESS.
WHEREAS I MAKE MY OWN RULES, INCLUDING THE RULES ON MY OWN DRESS CODE.
WHATEVER SUCKERS THE KIDS INTO ACCEPTING RADICAL SISTERHOOD IDEALS, RIGHT?
STILL ON THAT CONSPIRACY KICK, EH? YOU REALLY NEED TO...
I WILL BE THE JUDGE ON WHAT I NEED TO DO, LOIS.

TAMARA...FOR THE UMPTEENTH TIME, WHY DO YOU INSIST ON FIGHTING ALL THIS? WHY CAN'T YOU JUST ACCEPT WHAT YOU'VE BECOME AND FALL IN LINE?
MADAME NOBLE STILL HAS ME IN HER CROSSHAIRS, AND I'M STILL BULLIED AROUND FROM TIME TO TIME BY THE LADY AGATHA HERSELF.
THERE'S NOT A DAMN THING YOU CAN SAY THAT WILL CONVINCE ME TO JUST 'FALL IN LINE', LOIS.
I FALL TO MADAME NOBLE, I BECOME A VERITABLE SEX OBJECT. SOME MINDLESS SHE-MALE FUCKTOY.
THAT MAY NOT MATTER VERY MUCH TO YOU, BUT I ABSOLUTELY GIVE A SHIT!

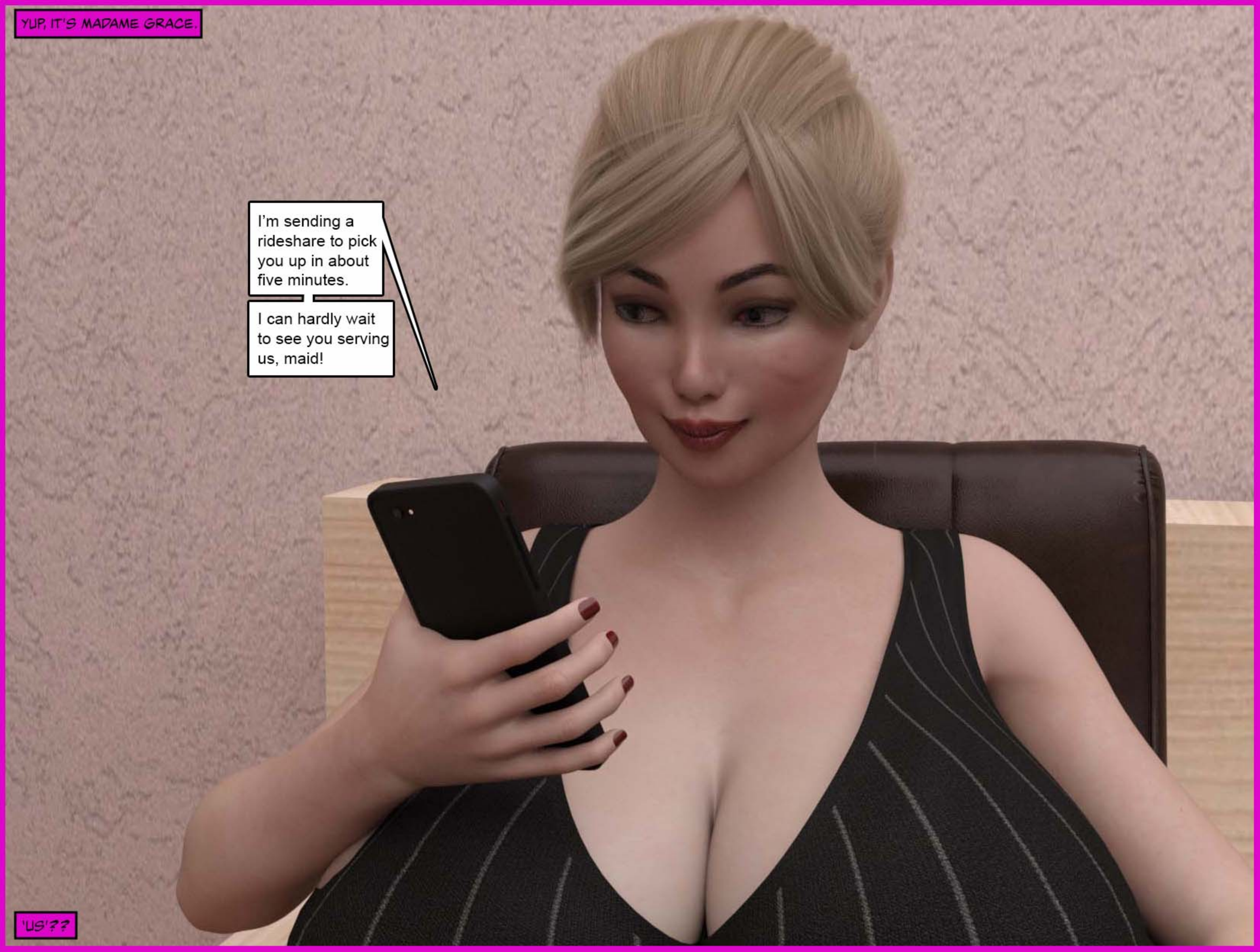
FORCING ME TO PAIR UP WITH MADAME NOBLE WOULD BE NO DIFFERENT FROM... BEING FORCED TO RE-MARRY HANK FRYER!
AND I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT THAT!
DAMN SKIPPY, I DON'T.
BY THE WAY... YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SOME NEW HIGH-SOCIETY GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES...
...THE 'ARISTOCRACY'?

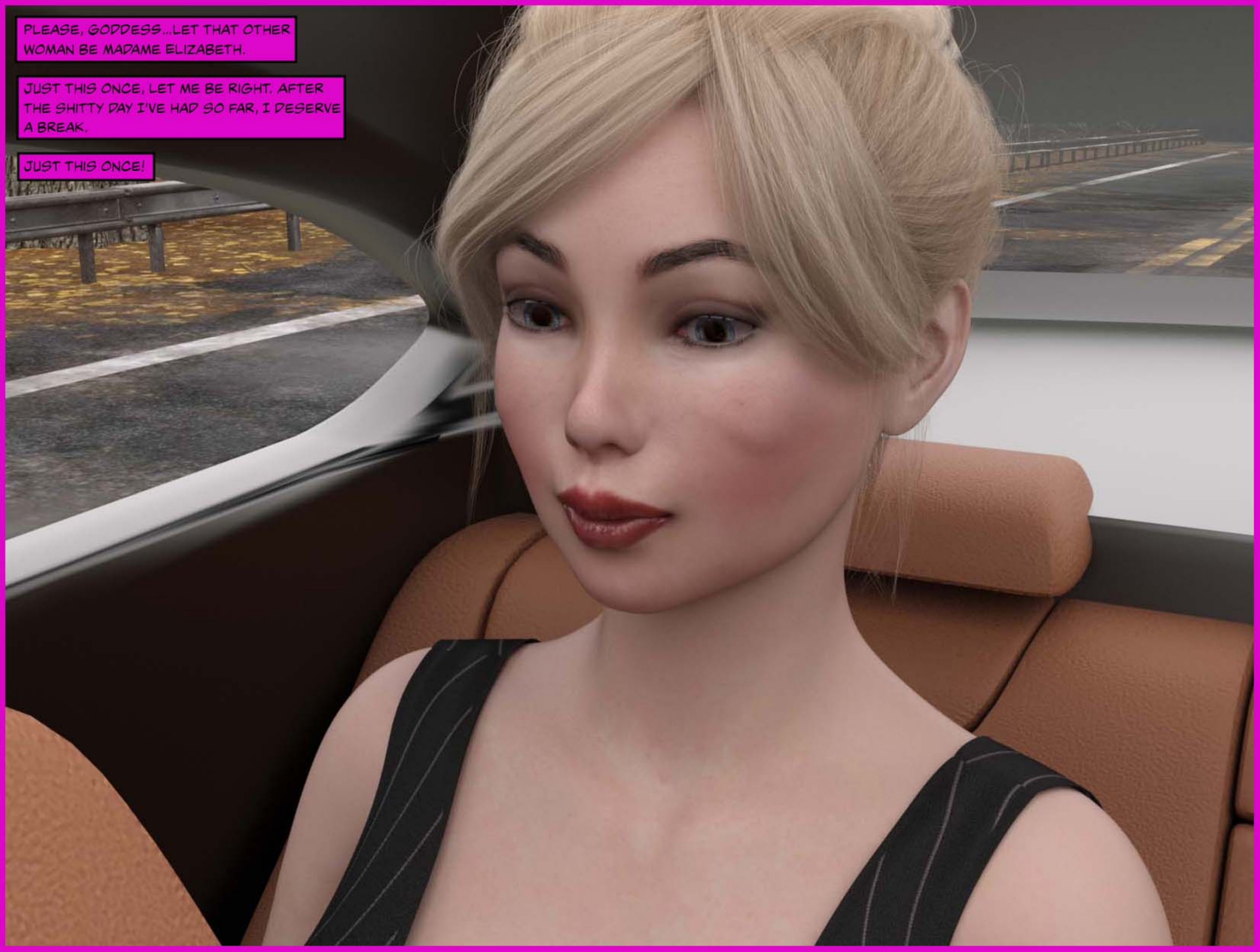
SO, LIKE...WHIPS AND CHAINS, AND STUFF?
MMM... PUTTING A FEW GOOD LASHES ON MY EX-HUSBAND'S ASS WOULD DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD...
JUST THE BASICS.
THEY'RE A BUNCH OF HEDONISTS. THEY PROBABLY DO A LOT OF FETISH PLAY.
MORE OR LESS.

BY THE WAY... SPEAKING OF FETISHES...
...A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD ME YOU HAVE A CRAVING FOR...FEET?
PLEASE DON'T.
OH, I DON'T MEAN RIGHT HERE AND NOW, BUT...MAYBE SOMEDAY, WHEN I COME HOME FROM A BUSY DAY AT... FEET-HAMS. *GIGGLE*

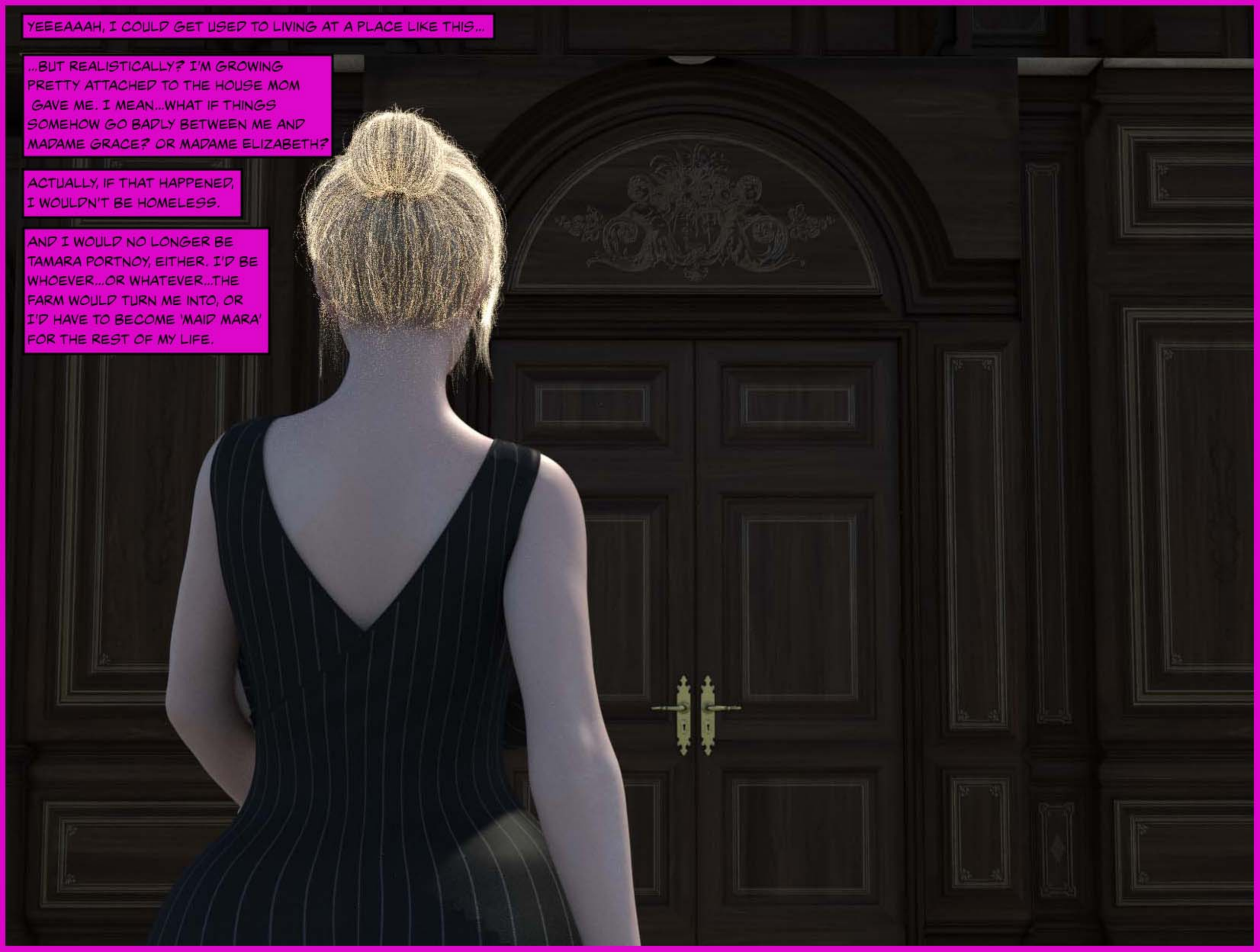
MAYBE.
FOR NOW, I HAVE A LUNCH DATE TO HONOR. THANKS FOR COMING BY, LOIS.
HEH...I KNOW YOU TOO WELL BY NOW. 'MAYBE' MEANS YES, DOESN'T IT, TIMOTHY?
SEE YA SOON, SLUT!

THROUGH THE SISTERHOOD, LOIS HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE POLAR OPPOSITE OF THE MUCH MORE PLAIN-LOOKING WOMAN SHE USED TO BE. HER EX-HUSBAND HANK CHEATED ON HER MORE THAN ONCE.
I WAS AMONG THE LADIES HE MADE LECHEROUS ADVANCES ON. IT WAS EVEN MORE PAINFUL TO ACTUALLY SPEND TIME WITH HIM AT THAT SPORTS BAR.
I HAVE A FEELING SHE'LL BE BITING OFF MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW IF SHE TRIES TO GET IN ON THE ARISTOCRACY'S ACTION, THOUGH.
BLEEMB


YUP, IT'S MADAME GRACE.
I'm sending a rideshare to pick you up in about five minutes.
I can hardly wait to see you serving us, maid!
'US'??


PLEASE, GODDESS...LET THAT OTHER WOMAN BE MADAME ELIZABETH.
JUST THIS ONCE, LET ME BE RIGHT. AFTER THE SHITTY DAY I'VE HAD SO FAR, I DESERVE A BREAK.
JUST THIS ONCE!

THIS WILL BE MY FIRST TIME INSIDE LEES MANSION.
THIS PLACE LOOKS HUGE. I CAN IMAGINE HOW AMAZING THE INTERIORS WILL LOOK.
THEY MUST HAVE MAIDS WORKING ON IT 'ROUND THE CLOCK, KEEPING EVERYTHING LOOKING IMMACULATE, AND KEEPING EVERYONE THAT LIVES HERE WELL FED.


YEEEAAAH, I COULD GET USED TO LIVING AT A PLACE LIKE THIS...
...BUT REALISTICALLY? I'M GROWING PRETTY ATTACHED TO THE HOUSE MOM GAVE ME. I MEAN...WHAT IF THINGS SOMEHOW GO BADLY BETWEEN ME AND MADAME GRACE? OR MADAME ELIZABETH?
ACTUALLY, IF THAT HAPPENED, I WOULDN'T BE HOMELESS.
AND I WOULD NO LONGER BE TAMARA PORTNOY, EITHER. I'D BE WHOEVER...OR WHATEVER...THE FARM WOULD TURN ME INTO, OR I'D HAVE TO BECOME 'MAID MARA' FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

YES!! THANK YOU, GODDESS!!
AHH, THERE SHE IS. AS ADMIRABLY PROMPT AS EVER.
HI, TAMARA!

MMM. YOU'RE GETTING MUCH BETTER AT THIS, MAID.
MADAME ELIZABETH HAS HAD A VERY LONG AND REWARDING DAY. SHE COULD USE A BACK MASSAGE.
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY MANSION?
THANK YOU, MADAME GRACE.
IT'S AMAZING, MADAME GRACE.
I CAN EASILY SET ASIDE A VERY NICE ROOM FOR YOU. A VERITABLE BOUDOIR FIT FOR A MADAME.
I MAY JUST DO THAT ANYWAY, WHETHER YOU MOVE IN OR NOT!

MMMMM...THAT FEELS SOOOOO GOOOOD...
...I SHOULD START STOPPING BY YOUR HOUSE AFTER WORK JUST TO GET MORE RUBDOWNS FROM YOU...
YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO COME BY WHENEVER YOU WISH, MADAME ELIZABETH.
OF COURSE, MADAME GRACE!
AS CAN I.
TAKE A SEAT FOR NOW, TAMARA. REST YOUR FINGERS.

SO I SAW THE PRESS CONFERENCE EARLIER.
I SUSPECT YOU'RE FEELING A BIT... FRUSTRATED? HELPLESS?
IT WAS A PATHETIC DISPLAY OF SHEER COWARDICE ON THE PART OF THE MAYORESS.
THAT WHOLE SHAM WAS LIKE PLAYING A LAUGH TRACK FOR A BAD TV SITCOM.

YES, WELL...I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, TAMARA.
IT WAS MY IDEA TO HAVE THE PRESS REPS GASSED.
WHAT??
THE SISTERHOOD WAS IN AGREEMENT OVER HOW UNTRUSTWORTHY THE MEDIA CAN BE.
EVEN THE MOST BENIGN QUESTION COULD TOPPLE GOVERNMENTS. WE NEED TO PLAY IT SAFE. EVEN IF IT MAKES THE MAYORESS LOOK IMPOTENT.
ANY DRAMA GENERATED FROM A BAD ANSWER TO A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS QUESTION WOULD GO TO SOCIAL MEDIA, AND IF IT GOES DOWN THAT ROAD...

SIGH OPINIONS WOULD SPIRAL OUT OF CONTROL.
I JUST FIGURED THIS WOULD BE AS GOOD A CHANCE AS EVER TO OPENLY CLAIM OUR SOVEREIGNTY AS A CITY.
JULIA COULD HAVE ASSERTED CONTROL OVER THE ROOM THROUGH PURE, RAW CONVICTION FOR ONCE. SAY SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF 'THIS IS THE WAY WE RUN OUR CITY NO MATTER WHAT OTHERS MAY SAY'.
EXACTLY.
THEY WOULD HAVE BRANDED JULIA A DICTATOR IF SHE DID THAT, TAMARA.

SHE MAY ALREADY BE CARRYING THAT STIGMA, MADAME GRACE.
UNLESS THE IDEA TO TURN LLOYD KEMP HIGH INTO A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL DIDN'T ACTUALLY COME FROM THE MAYORESS?
LADY AGATHA?
YEAH. IN MY, UH, ED WILSON DAYS.
IT DIDN'T. IT WASN'T MY IDEA, EITHER.
IF IT WAS HER, SHE WAS PROBABLY REWARDING GEMMA FOR HER LOYALTY.
YOU GRADUATED FROM THERE, DIDN'T YOU?

I MEANT TO ASK YOU...WHAT SILLY IDEAS DID YOU HAVE WHEN YOU CAME HOME FROM COLLEGE?
I FIGURED YOU'D... FLEECE MONEY OFF OF YOUR PARENTS? YOU NAUGHTY BOY?
YOU SHOULD BE THANKING ME FOR MAKING YOU LESS OF A LAYABOUT!
SIGH GUILTY AS CHARGED.
YES, MADAME GRACE.

HOW ARE SOFIA AND ISABELLA DOING, MADAME ELIZABETH?
THE QUESTION BEING...?
MMM, MY LITTLE ANGELS...THEY'RE DOING WONDERFULLY.
ALTHOUGH I NEVER IMAGINED I'D BE HEARING THE QUESTION COME FROM SOFIA AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE.
WHY THERE ARE GUYS WALKING AROUND WEARING 'GIRL THINGS'.

SUBTLE NUDGES FROM THE SISTERHOOD?
YES, MADAME GRACE.
THAT SHOULD HARDLY BE AN ISSUE THESE DAYS.
IN FACT, I'M HOPEFUL OVER GROWING NUMBERS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGING GENDER FLUIDITY, SO TO SPEAK.
SCARY THOUGHT, TAMARA.
THERE ARE STILL THOSE WHO STUBBORNLY HOLD TO MISOGYNISTIC BELIEFS, SO I WOULD NOT TAKE THIS AS A SIGN THAT WE SHOULD START BACKING DOWN.
MY TURN FOR A BACKRUB, MAID.

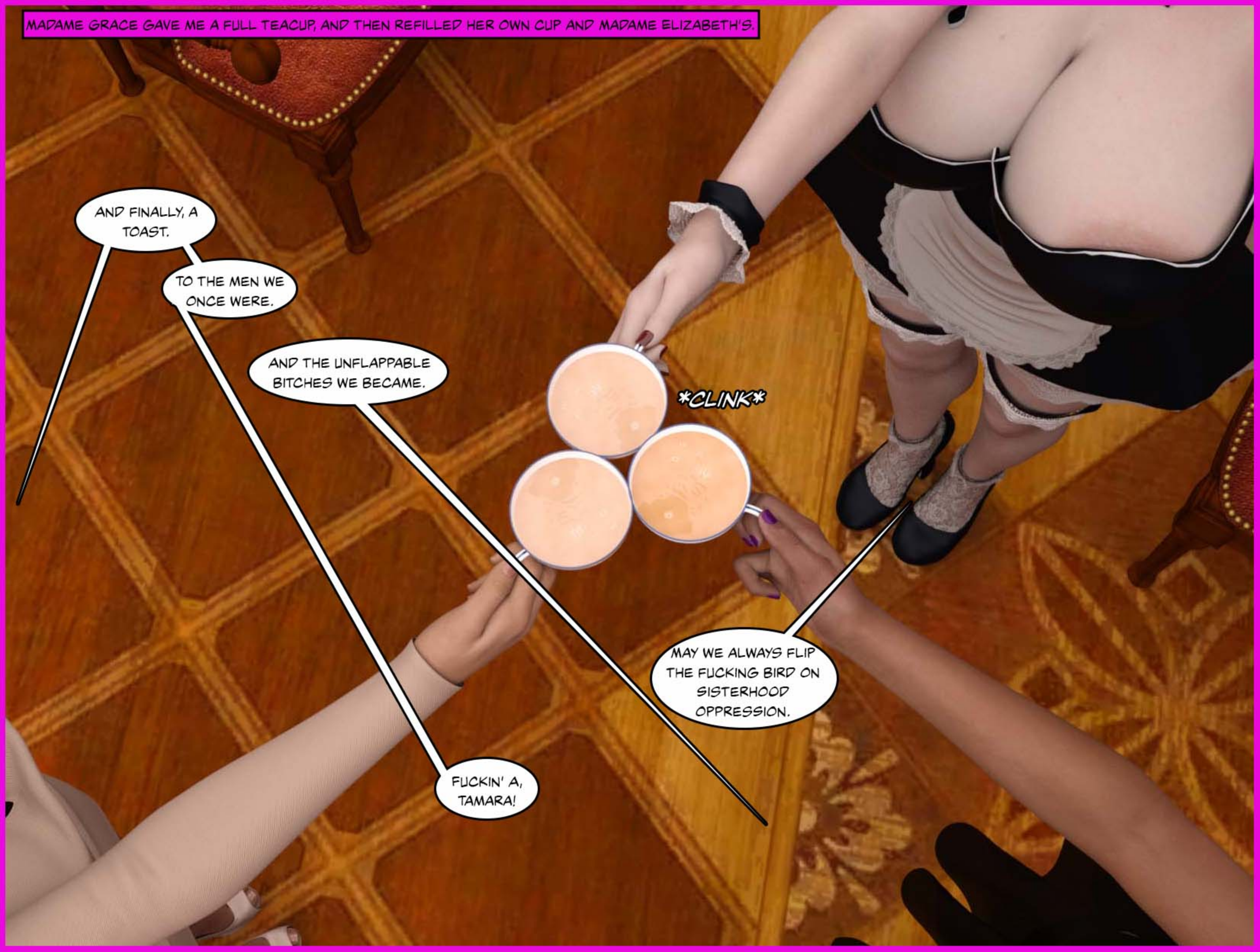
SEEMS THEY'RE ALWAYS FINDING WHATEVER EXCUSE TO LOCK LIPS WITH EACH OTHER WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING.
CLAIRE'S GETTING A BIT CHEEKY. SHE REMINDS ME OF GEMMA SOMETIMES.
THEY'LL BOTH FALL IN LINE, THOUGH. THEY ALWAYS DO.
SO HOW ARE... MMF...CLAIRE AND EPPIE DEVELOPING?
YYYYEAH...THAT'S THE SPOT... MMMH...

OUR MAID HAS SUCH GIFTED HANDS, DOESN'T SHE, MADAME GRACE?
RRRFFFHHH...YESSS... EXPLAIN YOURSELF, DEAREST...UHHFF...
YOU BOTH HAVE MAGGIE TO THANK FOR MAKING MY HANDS SO...GIFTED. *GIGGLE*
PRESSURE POINTS TRAINING FROM THE DEVIL OF BULLCHESTER HERSELF. WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?
OOOOOOOHHHH... OO-OOOKAY, MAID. MY LAP. NOW. FACING ME.
ELIZABETH...FILL OUR CUPS, PLEASE.
YES, MADAME GRACE.

REMEMBER WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT THIS MORNING, MAID?
OUR ELIZABETH LIKES THE IDEA.
DOES THIS MEAN... I HAVE TO MOVE IN WITH...
I'LL LEAVE THAT UP TO YOU, DEAR.
PERHAPS YOUR MOTHER WOULD WANT HER HOME BACK? I KNOW SHE GAVE IT TO YOU BEFORE SHE WENT INTO HIDING OVER HER INVOLVEMENT WITH THAT GREEK TRAFFICKER.
EVEN IF YOU SHOULD LOSE THE HOUSE TO A FIRE, YOU COULD COME HERE, AND YOUR NEW ROOM WILL BE ALL READY FOR YOU.
I HOPE THAT WASN'T A PROPHECY!

NOW...YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. EMBRACE OUR BELOVED ELIZABETH BEFORE YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK.
GIGGLE GET OVER HERE, MAID.

I FUCKING *LOVE* THIS ARRANGEMENT ALREADY.
MMMMMMH...
NOW YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING THAT OUR LITTLE *MÉNAGE A TROIS* VIOLATES THE SANCTITY OF A TRADITIONAL MONOGAMOUS PAIRING. THAT WE'RE BREAKING THE TIME-HONORED RULES OF A HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP, AND IT'S DISGUSTING.
WELL, IF THIS *REALLY* BOTHERS YOU THAT MUCH, I HAVE ONLY THREE WORDS.
DEAL WITH IT.


MADAME GRACE GAVE ME A FULL TEACUP, AND THEN REFILLED HER OWN CUP AND MADAME ELIZABETH'S.
AND FINALLY, A TOAST.
TO THE MEN WE ONCE WERE.
AND THE UNFLAPPABLE BITCHES WE BECAME.
CLINK
MAY WE ALWAYS FLIP THE FUCKING BIRD ON SISTERHOOD OPPRESSION.
FUCKIN' A, TAMARA!

LET'S GET YOU BACK TO YOUR OFFICE, TAMARA.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET YOU BACK THERE BEFORE THE HOUR IS UP.
MUCH APPRECIATED, MADAME GRACE.

WHERE TO, BABES?
WHA...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??
HOW DARE YOU TRY TO CARJACK A BULLCHESTER MADAME'S VEHICLE!

WAIT! WAIT, MADAME GRACE! SHE'S A FRIEND!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN HERE, BUT YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME!
RELAX, GRACIE! YOU'LL GET YOUR WHEELS BACK WHEN I'VE GOTTEN YOU ALL TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING! I PWOMISE!
THINK OF ME AS YOUR CALLGIRL BIMBO UNTIL THEN! *GIGGLE*

WE CAN TALK FREELY. MY NEW PARTY PALS ARE AS GOOD AT JAMMING SPY TOYS AS THEY ARE AT INSTALLING THEM.
'PARTY PALS'?
THIS IS MAGGIE KATZHOFF, MADAME GRACE. THE XENSHI GAVE HER A NEW FACE.
SO YOU'RE THE DEVIL OF BULLCHESTER, EH? THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOUR VOICE SOUNDED STRANGELY FAMILIAR.
YEAH, THEY SHOULD HAVE SET A KNIFE TO MY VOCAL CHORDS.

OKAAAY...NEWS FLASHES FOR EACH OF YA.
GRACIE FIRST. I'M YOUR XENSHI REP, BUT YA GOTTA SHARE ME WITH TAMARA FROM TIME TO TIME.
DONE.
TAM-TAM...YA GOTTA MAKE PEACE WITH JULIE-BOOLIE.
HER STUNT WASN'T AS BAD AS YOU THINK. WE NEED TO HAVE AN EAR ON THE MAYORESS, AND YOU'RE THE PROVERBIAL 'IT'.
SIGH OKAY.

GIGGLE NICE TO MEET YOU TOO. TAMARA SPEAKS HIGHLY OF YOU.
CAN YOU GIVE ME A NAME?
NOW...HI, LIZ! I'M MAGGIE KATZHOFF. SEEMS YOU'VE WON TAMBO'S HEART. I'M TOTALLY FUCKING JEALOUS.
D'AWWWW! ANYHOO...YOU AND TAMBO SHOULD KNOW THAT THAT COW-BREASTED BITCH CORAZON EXECUTED A GUY AT AN L.A. HOSPITAL. ONE SHOT TO THE HEAD AND TWO AT THE CHEST WHILE HE WAS RECOVERING FROM A MILD STROKE.
ARMANDO GALLARDO.

MADRE DE LA DIOSA...
WHO WAS HE, MADAME ELIZABETH?
HE WAS ANTONIO GARCIA'S RIGHT HAND MAN. PRIMARY SUPPLIER OF THE WEAPONS HIS SICARIOS AND HIS SOLDADOS USED.
IF CORAZON WANTED HIS ARMORY, SHE COULD START A WAR, TAMARA.

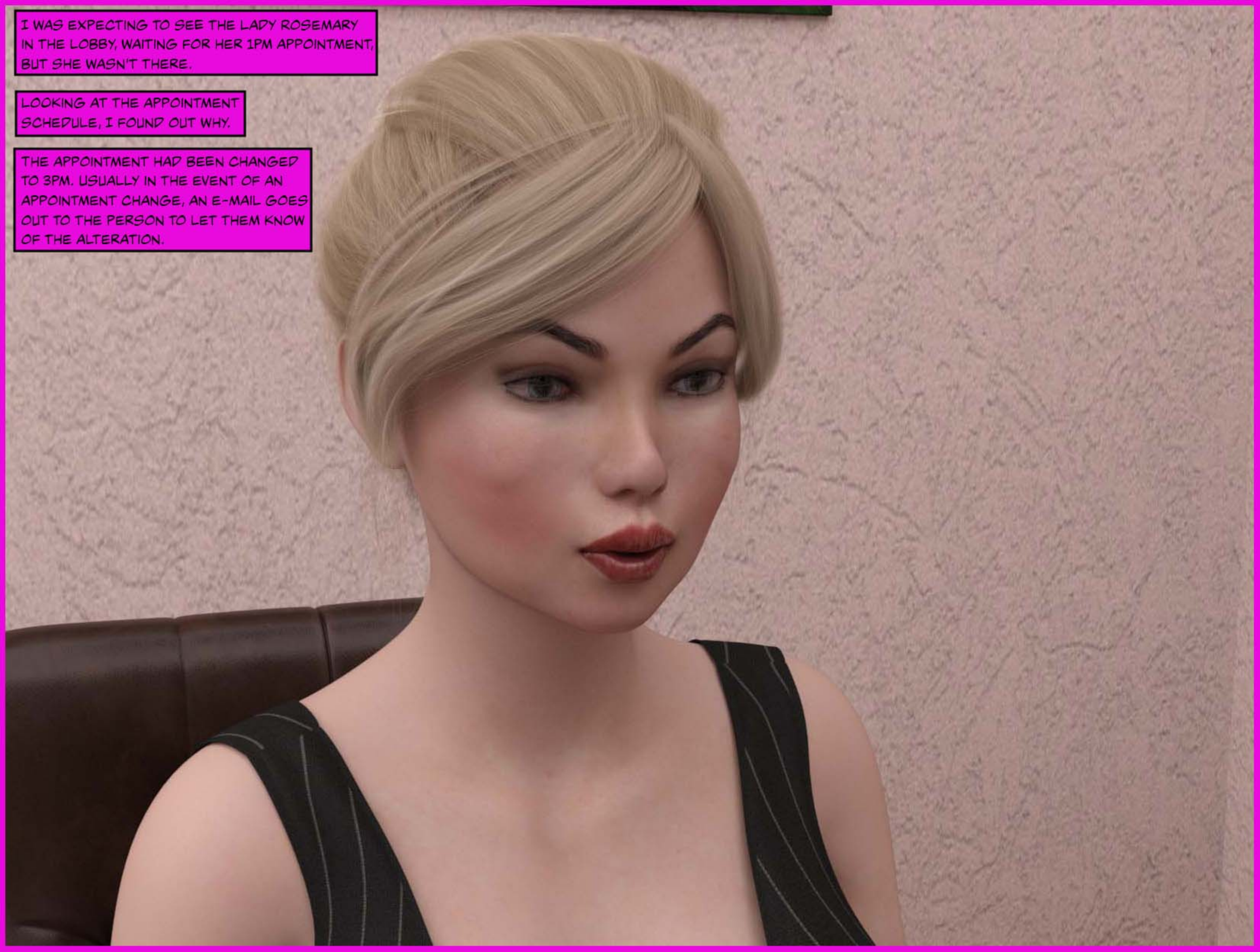
EXCEPT CORA DOESN'T HAVE ANY SOLDIERS TO ARM.
AFTER THE LATINX DRUG GANG CLEAN SWEEP WE ARRANGED IN BARFORD, THERE AREN'T ANY GANG-BANGERS LEFT. THOSE WHO WEREN'T KILLED IN SHOOT-OUTS WERE BROUGHT TO THE FARM.
IT'S NOT JUST GUNS, GRACIE. IT'S EXPLOSIVES, TOO.
CORA MAY HAVE FLUSHED AWAY THE DRUGS, BUT SHE CONFISCATED EVERYTHING ELSE. SHE NEEDS TO BE WATCHED.

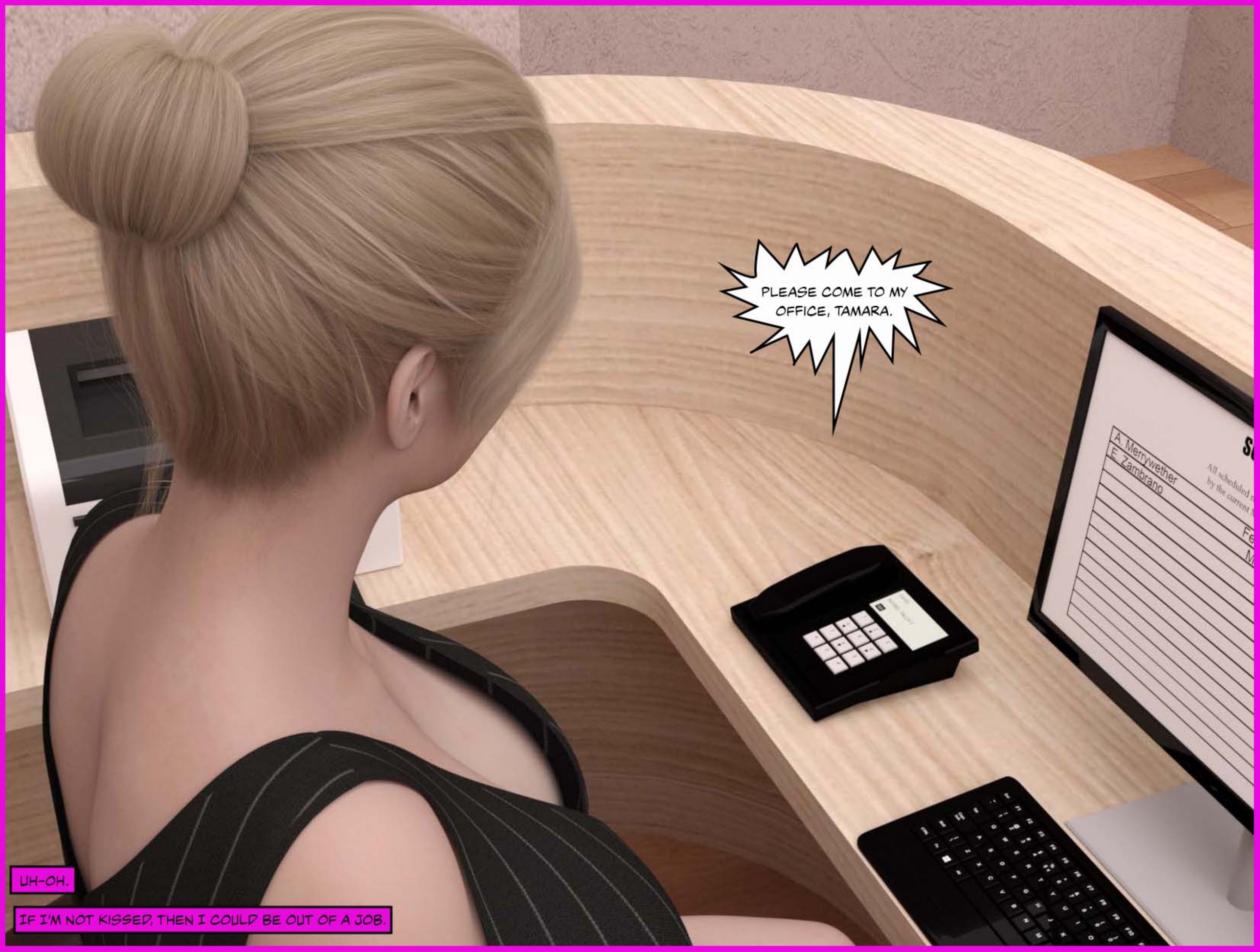
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU SHOULD KNOW, MAGGS.
SHE'S MY, UHH... 'HERD-MATE'.
YEAH. HEIFER FORMULA.
SHE'S THREATENING TO HAVE MADAME ELIZABETH JOIN THE HERD, TOO.
SO THOSE FUN-BAGS ON HER CHEST...?
OUCH.
OH, REALLY? NOT ON MY WATCH!

CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THIS... 'DRAGON-LADY' LILY SET ME UP WITH?
WOW...SHE GAVE YOU LUNG??
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE THAT LITTLE SWEETHEART OUT MYSELF!
ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IF YOU'RE ON HER GOOD SIDE, STAY THERE!
BECAUSE THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN OTHERWISE!

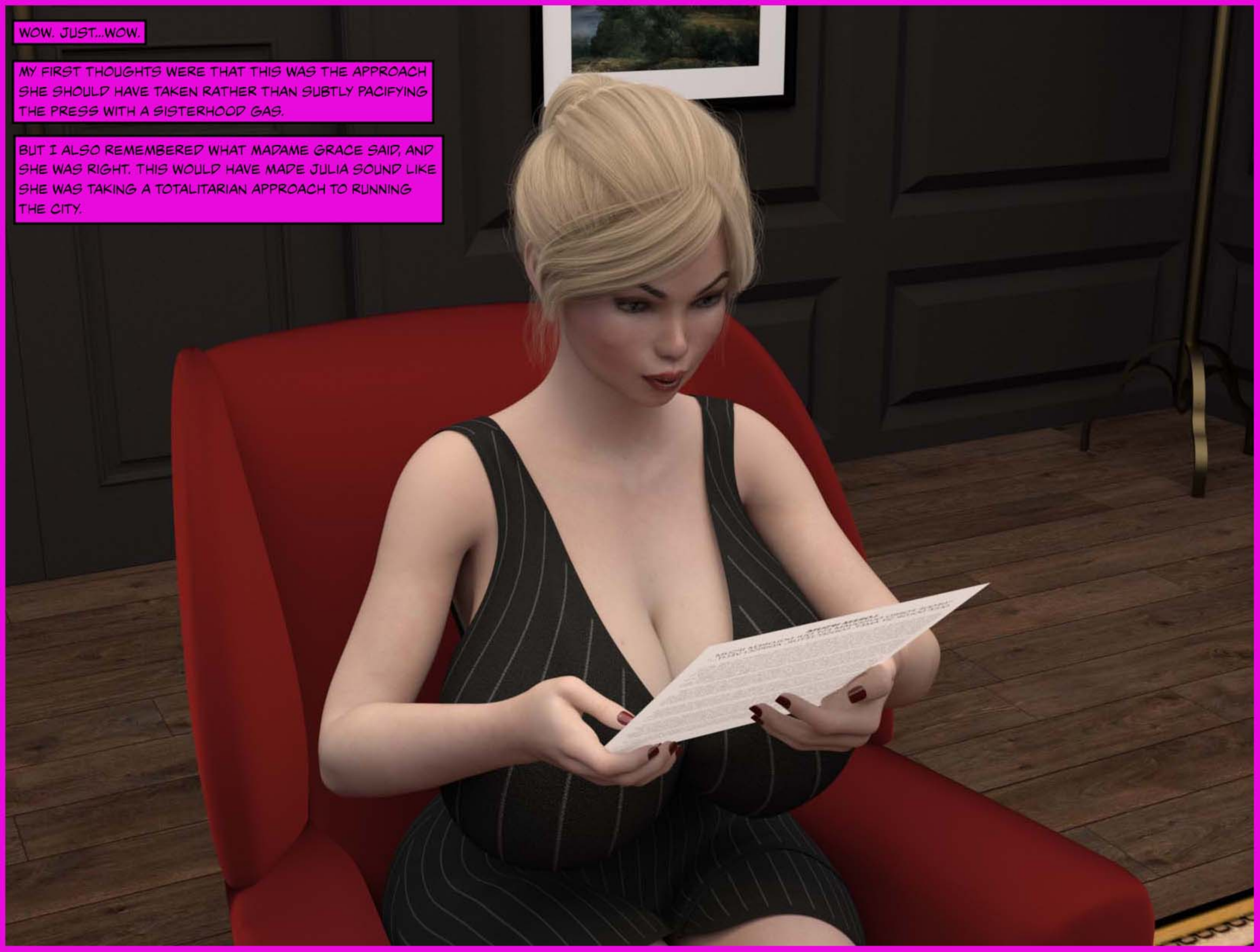
I MAY NEED TO TAKE SOME ACTION IN DEALING WITH CORAZON...
...I MEAN, I'M A BULLCHESTER MADAME NOW, AND CORAZON MAY BE TOO FAR GONE TO FIX THROUGH... SOCIAL GRACES.
OR MAYBE I SHOULD START BECOMING A LITTLE MORE POSSESSIVE OF MY COW? SHOW THE CITY THAT TAMARA IS MINE?

I WAS ABLE TO GET BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING FIVE MINUTES SHY OF 1 PM. I GUESS MAGGIE TOOK MADAME ELIZABETH AND MADAME GRACE BACK TO THE MANSION.
THE NEWS ABOUT CORA INHERITING AN ARMORY IS PRETTY SCARY STUFF. I SHOULD KEEP AN EYE ON HER MYSELF.
THE REAL CHALLENGE RIGHT NOW, OBVIOUSLY, IS MAKING AMENDS WITH JULIA. I LAID INTO HER PRETTY HARD. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF SHE CALLED ME IN TO TELL ME THAT MY SERVICES WERE NO LONGER REQUIRED.


I WAS EXPECTING TO SEE THE LADY ROSEMARY IN THE LOBBY, WAITING FOR HER 1PM APPOINTMENT, BUT SHE WASN'T THERE.
LOOKING AT THE APPOINTMENT SCHEDULE, I FOUND OUT WHY.
THE APPOINTMENT HAD BEEN CHANGED TO 3PM. USUALLY IN THE EVENT OF AN APPOINTMENT CHANGE, AN E-MAIL GOES OUT TO THE PERSON TO LET THEM KNOW OF THE ALTERATION.


PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE, TAMARA.
A. Merrywether
E. Zambrano
UH-OH.
IF I'M NOT KISSED, THEN I COULD BE OUT OF A JOB.

GOOD AFTERNOON, TAMARA.
TAKE A SEAT, AND THEN GIVE THIS A READ.


WOW. JUST...WOW.
MY FIRST THOUGHTS WERE THAT THIS WAS THE APPROACH SHE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN RATHER THAN SUBTLY PACIFYING THE PRESS WITH A SISTERHOOD GAS.
BUT I ALSO REMEMBERED WHAT MADAME GRACE SAID, AND SHE WAS RIGHT. THIS WOULD HAVE MADE JULIA SOUND LIKE SHE WAS TAKING A TOTALITARIAN APPROACH TO RUNNING THE CITY.

I CAN CALL IN A CAMERA CREW, AND SHARE THAT WITH THE ENTIRE CITY, TAMARA.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, THOUGH?
THE SISTERHOOD WOULD DECLARE WAR ON ME, YOU, AND EVERYONE ON TEAM GRACE.
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? BECAUSE I COULD BE WRONG. I COULD BE BLOWING THIS OUT OF ALL PROPORTION.
IF YOU GIVE THAT BACK TO ME, I CAN HAVE THE CAMERA CREW DOWN HERE IN FIVE MINUTES TO START SETTING UP.
AND I WILL READ THAT, TAMARA. EVERY FUCKING WORD OF IT.

DON'T BOTHER.
NO.
LOGIC.
ARE YOU SAYING THAT OUT OF FEAR, TAMARA?
GOOD.
crinkle
crinkle

LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR, MISS PORTNOY.
YOU HURT ME.
YOU LAID A WASP'S STING ON MY ASS BY CALLING ME A COWARD.
IF I SHOULD HAVE TO HEAR YOU CALL ME THAT AGAIN WHILE YOU WORK FOR ME, THERE WILL BE CONSEQUENCES.
DON'T YOU EVER USE THAT WORD WITH ME AGAIN. DO I HAVE TO REMIND YOU...AGAIN...THAT WE'RE BOTH PLAYING ON THE SAME TEAM?

I KNOW YOU DO, YOUR HONOR...AND I DO APOLOGIZE.
IT WAS...UNFAIR OF ME TO BE SO JUDGMENTAL IN THAT MOMENT.
SOMETIMES MY OWN RADICAL MIND LOSES ITS FILTER. IT...IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
I WOULDN'T HAVE BLAMED YOU IF YOU FIRED ME FOR THAT.
THAT WON'T HAPPEN.

YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE TO ME. I DON'T CALL YOU MY 'FRONT-LINE SOLDIER' TO BE COY.
PART OF THE REASON I FELT SO HURT WAS BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WERE BEING BRUTALLY HONEST.
IF I DIDN'T HAVE THAT IN MY CORNER, I'D FEEL MORE LIKE A PUPPET THAN A RESPONSIBLE MAYORESS.
SO YOU GO AHEAD AND CONTINUE THAT NASTY LITTLE HABIT OF YOURS...
...BUT I NEED YOU TO LET *ME* BE THE JUDGE AS TO WHETHER OR NOT I'M BEING COWARDLY.

YOU MIGHT JUST WANT TO DELETE IT ANYWAY. IF THE LADY AGATHA FINDS OUT THAT YOU HAVE IT...
AS YOU WISH, YOUR HONOR.
THERE MAY COME A TIME WHERE I'LL FEEL COMPELLED TO COME CLEAN TO THE WORLD, THOUGH...
...WHICH IS WHY I HAVE THAT SPEECH YOU JUST DESTROYED SAVED TO A FILE WHICH IS PASSWORD-PROTECTED.
WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT, COW.
FOR NOW, I NEED YOU BACK OUT FRONT.

WELL, THAT WAS SURPRISINGLY SEDATE. I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA GET CHEWED OUT.
BUT I GUESS THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE OCCASIONS WHERE MY CONVICTIONS WERE DEAD ON, BUT I OVERSTEPPED MY BOUNDARIES IN MAKING MY CRITICISMS KNOWN.
OOPS.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO HAVE YOU CROSS THE GENDER THRESHOLD, CHILD.
AHH. MAID MARA. SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY DEAR.
YOU CAN COME OUT OF THERE NOW, WINNIE. THANKS FOR COVERING.

YOU SERVED THE LADY ROSEMARY, TAMARA??
YES, SHE'S...A VERY DEPENDABLE AND RESPONSIBLE WORKER. BUT SHE ISN'T MY...
YEAH, I...HELPED HER FIX UP A HOUSE SHE ACQUIRED IN BARFORD NOT TOO LONG AGO.
I WAS JUST OBSERVING HOW LOVELY YOUR SUBORDINATE LOOKS.
I SHOULD STEAL HER AWAY SOMETIME AND SEE IF SHE IS AS GOOD AS YOU WERE WHEN YOU SERVED ME.
IT WAS A GIFT FROM MY HUSBAND.

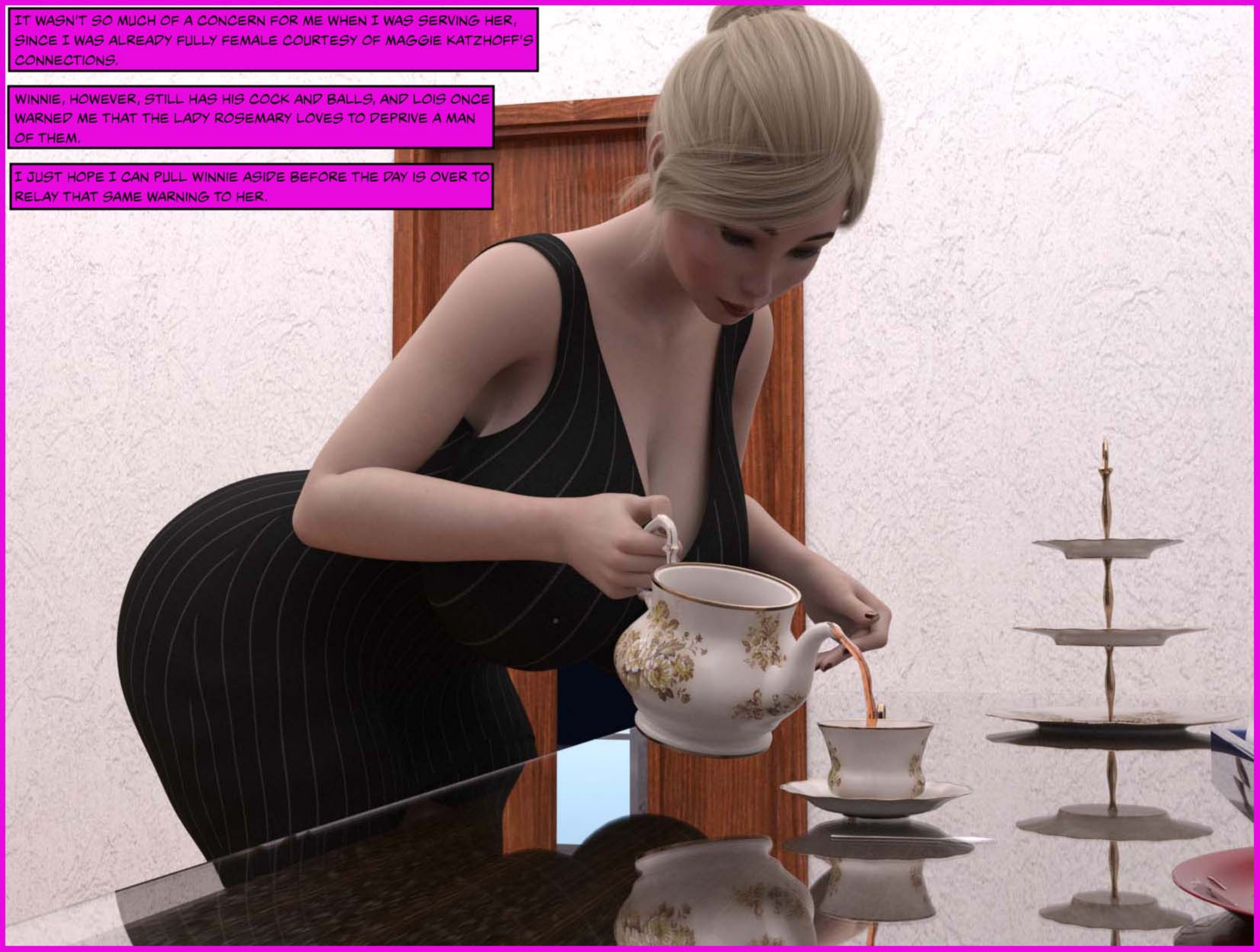
YOU WOULDN'T MIND SERVING ME SOMEDAY, WOULD YOU, DEAR?
THEN STOP BY AFTER WORK AND GIVE MY RUGS A THOROUGH CLEANING. MARA WILL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS.
OFF YOU GO FOR NOW! CHOP-CHOP!
NOT AT ALL, LADY ROSEMARY! I-I'D BE HONORED!
YES, LADY ROSEMARY!

I EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE, NOT THAT SWEET SUBORDINATE YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT.
DON'T BE SO MODEST, MARA. YOU HAVE ENOUGH EXPERIENCE TO CAPABLY TAKE ON THE ADDITIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF A HEAD MAID.
YOU'RE...EARLY...FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT.
WELL, SHE'S... RECENT, MILADY ROSEMARY...AND SHE'S NOT MY SUBORDINATE AT ALL.
A HEAD MAID?

YES! AS IN SOMEONE WITH ENOUGH EXPERIENCE TO BE ABLE TO TRAIN, AND SUPERVISE, OTHER MAIDS IN MY EMPLOY!
YOU COULD EVEN EARN AS MUCH AS YOU DO HERE!
AND IT WILL WAIT FOR YOU UNTIL YOU ARE PREPARED TO COME FORTH AND CLAIM IT. HEAD MAID MARA.
THAT'S A...PRETTY FLATTERING OFFER, MILADY ROSEMARY.
YEAH, WELL... YOU MAY BE WAITING A PRETTY LONG TIME, MILADY ROSEMARY.

I AM STILL FEELING COMPELLED TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH THE NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.
ON THIS, I WILL BE VERY INSISTENT... WHICH, SADLY, MEANS YOU WILL NOT HAVE A CHOICE.
A HEAD MAID, HOWEVER, NEEDS A ROSTER OF MAIDS TO COMMAND...AND FOR NOW, THAT IS MY PRIORITY!
ONCE I HAVE A MAIDSTAFF, HOWEVER, YOU *WILL* BE HEARING FROM ME AGAIN, HEAD MAID MARA!
AS YOU WISH, MILADY ROSEMARY.

ALTHOUGH IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE...
...COULD YOU MAKE SURE YOU WON'T HAVE MADAME NOBLE AS A HOUSEGUEST WHILE I'M THERE?
GIGGLE NO PROMISES, BUT... I WILL CONSIDER IT.
FOR NOW, DO PROVIDE ME WITH A CUP OF TEA, DEAR.

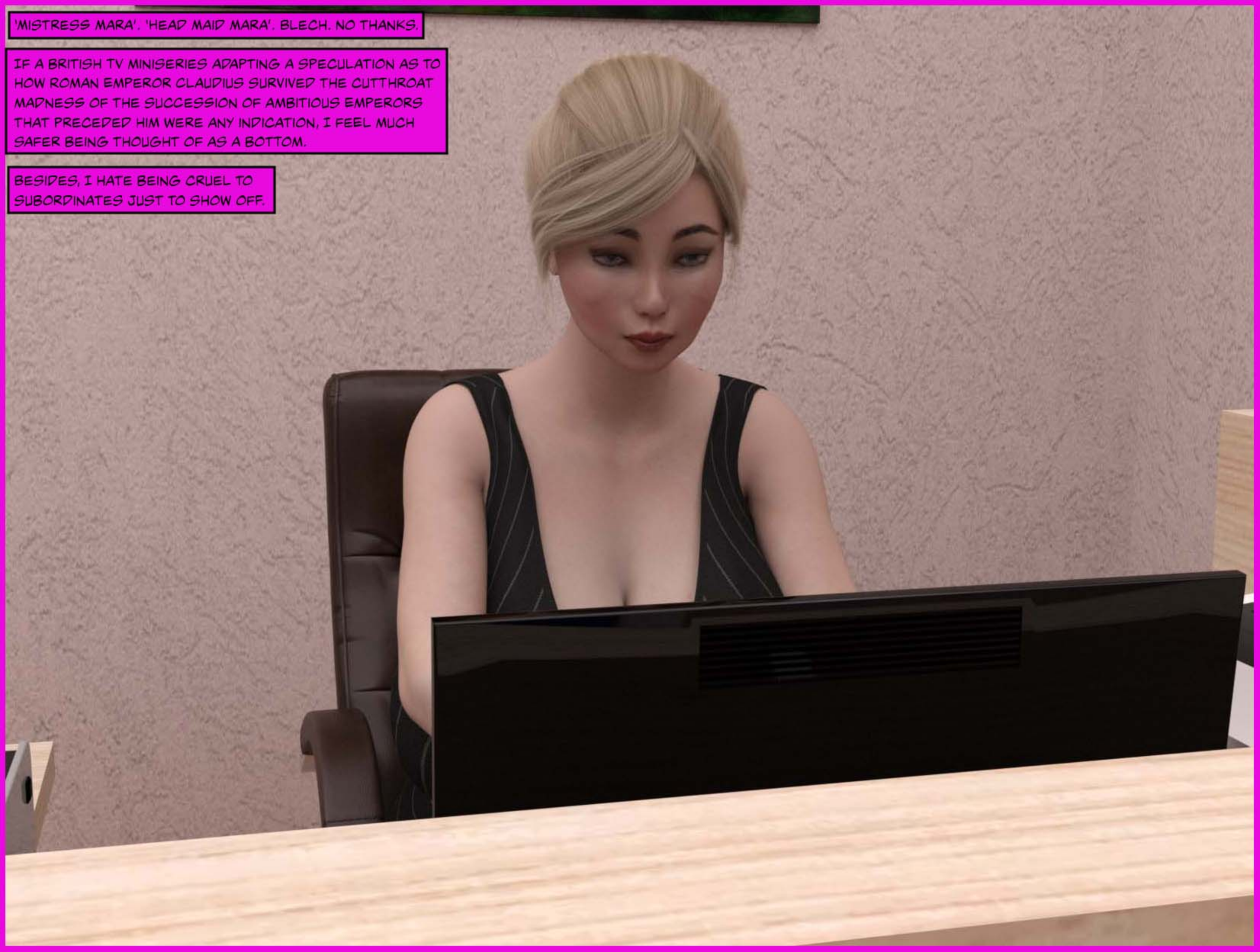

IT WASN'T SO MUCH OF A CONCERN FOR ME WHEN I WAS SERVING HER, SINCE I WAS ALREADY FULLY FEMALE COURTESY OF MAGGIE KATZHOFF'S CONNECTIONS.
WINNIE, HOWEVER, STILL HAS HIS COCK AND BALLS, AND LOIS ONCE WARNED ME THAT THE LADY ROSEMARY LOVES TO DEPRIVE A MAN OF THEM.
I JUST HOPE I CAN PULL WINNIE ASIDE BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER TO RELAY THAT SAME WARNING TO HER.

THANK YOU, MILADY ROSEMARY.
I...HAVE NO IDEA, MILADY ROSEMARY.
SHE...WAS... OUR LATEST TEABOY.
MMM. IMPECCABLE, AS ALWAYS.
SO DO YOU THINK WINNIE WILL BE AS GOOD AS YOU WERE, HEAD MAID MARA?
WAS SHE A RECENT HIRE?
OOOH. A NAUGHTY ONE. VERY INTRIGUING!

IT WAS...KIND OF DIFFICULT TO BREATHE WEARING THAT, MILADY ROSEMARY.
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU BACK IN A VICTORIAN DRESS, HEAD MAID MARA.
DO YOU MISS THE FEEL OF A CORSET CONSTRICTING YOUR WAIST SO TIGHTLY?
IT CERTAINLY MADE YOUR BODY LOOK MORE WOMANLY, THOUGH. YOU CAN'T DENY THAT, CAN YOU?
CURVES DEFINE AND EMPOWER LADIES LIKE YOU, MARA. YOU SHOULD START BEING A LITTLE MORE ASSERTIVE.

WITH RESPECT, I'M HONESTLY NOT THAT KIND OF PERSON, MILADY ROSEMARY.
WELL, I...I JUST GO WITH IT, MILADY ROSEMARY.
EVEN IF THAT IS NOT YOUR THING, I STILL THINK A NAME LIKE 'MISTRESS MARA' SUITS YOU.
PITY...BUT THEN, I SUPPOSE BEING A BOTTOM HAS ITS PERKS...OR DO YOU SAVOR THE HUMILITY SUCH A LOWLY STATE BRINGS YOU?
AS A TRUE SUBMISSIVE SHOULD.

TIME FOR MY MEETING, DEAR.
ALTHOUGH I SHOULD TELL YOU THAT THE SISTERHOOD WILL LIKELY BE FILLING LOCAL HIRING POOLS WITH FRESH NEW SECRETARIES VERY SOON.
I SINCERELY HOPE THEY DO NOT REPLACE YOU WITH ONE OF THEM, BUT IF THEY DO, YOU KNOW YOU COULD ALWAYS WORK FOR ME, HEAD MAID MARA.
TA TA, FOR NOW... AND THANKS FOR THE TEA!


'MISTRESS MARA'. 'HEAD MAID MARA'. BLECH. NO THANKS.
IF A BRITISH TV MINISERIES ADAPTING A SPECULATION AS TO HOW ROMAN EMPEROR CLAUDIUS SURVIVED THE CUTTHROAT MADNESS OF THE SUCCESSION OF AMBITIOUS EMPERORS THAT PRECEDED HIM WERE ANY INDICATION, I FEEL MUCH SAFER BEING THOUGHT OF AS A BOTTOM.
BESIDES, I HATE BEING CRUEL TO SUBORDINATES JUST TO SHOW OFF.

SISTERHOOD MADAMES ALWAYS SEEM TO INDULGE A BAD HABIT OF PREENING, PRANCING, AND SHOWING OFF THEIR STATUS TO THE POINT WHERE THEY BECOME LOOSE CANNONS.
AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, MEN UNDESERVING OF THE FEMME TREATMENT... SOME OF THEM ADOLESCENTS, LIKE ME...TEND TO GET DOSED.
I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT IN TIME, KARMA WILL BITE THEM ON THEIR BOUNCY, AUGMENTED LITTLE ASSES.

MAY I ASK WHY YOU WISH TO SEE THE MAYORESS, MR. UPTON?
WELL...I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO KEMP HIGH, WHICH I USED TO GO TO, AND I KNOW WHAT FEETHAM'S USED TO BE LIKE...
...AND SOME OF THE STUDENT BODY AT PILK U ARE GETTING A LITTLE CONCERNED.
SINCE I WAS ORDAINED PRESIDENT OF THE DEBATE TEAM, I GUESS I'M THE SCHOOL'S REP.
I'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO GET A FACE-TO-FACE REASSURANCE STRAIGHT FROM THE MAYORESS THAT OUR SCHOOL WON'T BECOME SOME PAROCHIAL HELL.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.
A. Merrywether
Fertility Clinic
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
E. Zambrano
Madame
9:00 a.m. (N/W)

PILK U? AS IN...EVELYN G. PILKINGTON UNIVERSITY?
THAT'S JUST OUTSIDE OF THE BORDERS OF THE CITY, MR. UPTON. IT WAS NAMED AFTER BULLCHESTER'S FIRST WOMEN'S RIGHTS ACTIVIST, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY.
I DON'T THINK THAT PLACE WOULD BE IN ANY DANGER OF BEING RE-PURPOSED.
STILL...I'D LIKE TO HEAR THAT FROM THE MAYORESS HERSELF.
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY DAD, AND TO KEMP, I THINK MY CONCERNS ARE WELL-WARRANTED.

OH YEAH...UPTON WAS AMONG THE FAMILY NAMES ON THAT LIST.
I USED TO HAVE A CHAT PAL WHO WENT TO KEMP. BEN WORTHINGTON. WE USED TO DO A ONE-ON-ONE EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT. Y'KNOW...SHOOT THE BREEZE, TALK ABOUT THINGS.
WE DID THESE Q&A GAMES. HE GOT A PERFECT SCORE EVERY TIME. BEAT THE PANTS OFF ME.
LAST TIME I TRIED TO GET BACK IN TOUCH WITH HIM, SOME DUDE CALLING HERSELF 'BETABITCH' GOT ALL SNIPPY WITH ME! KEPT GUSHING ABOUT SOME GUY NAMED DAIN!

YOUR FATHER WAS ONE OF THE MEN THAT DRANK THE TAINTED BEER, RIGHT? AT THAT BOTTOM OF THE 9TH PLACE?
SIGH YES.
PAUL...THAT'S THE KIND OF THING THAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO TRY TO CHALLENGE THE ESTABLISHED ORDER IN THIS CITY.
WHAT WAS THE LAST THING YOU AND BEN CHATTED ABOUT?
SOME BITCHY NEW PRINCIPAL WITH A GOD SQUAD COMPLEX. SHE HAD SOME FAT TUB OF LARD NEXT TO HER.
MM-HMM. GEMMA AND MARCI.

WELL, PAUL... I'D SAY WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DAD IS, WELL, WHAT HAPPENED TO BEN AS WELL.
THAT 'BETABITCH' MAY HAVE BEEN BEN'S NEW FEMME PERSONA.
I CAN PUT YOU IN FOR MONDAY MORNING AT 9 A.M. CAN YOU GET AN EXCUSAL FROM YOUR SCHOOL?
KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR E-MAIL THIS WEEKEND. THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL GET A CONFIRMATION FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT.
DAMN IT... I WAS AFRAID OF THAT...
YEAH, I...SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO THAT.

SO HOW IS YOUR FATHER DOING?
PFFT...MORE LIKE MY MOTHER THESE DAYS. HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF MY GRADE SCHOOL TEACHERS NOW.
SHE LOOKS ALL FAT AND BORING BECAUSE SHE'S A BAKED BEANS FANATIC. THE HOUSE SMELLS LIKE A FUCKING PIGSTY ALL THE TIME FROM ALL THE FLATULATIONS SHE RAZZES OUT OF HER BIG ASS!
AND WHAT DOES YOUR MOM THINK?
SHE MOVED OUT WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THAT THE MEDICATION THE DOC GAVE HIM WAS A PLACEBO.
AND SHE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GO WITH HER?

I...I CAN'T DO THAT TO MY DAD. I MEAN...HE'S MY *FATHER*, FOR CHRISSAKE!
ISN'T THAT WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ALL ABOUT? 'LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON'? AREN'T US GUYS SUPPOSED TO STICK TOGETHER?
ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THIS...THIS 'FEMINOCRACY' CRAP GOING AROUND?
FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU, THIS MUST BE A FUCKING GOLDEN AGE!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED, PAUL...

...I WAS NO DIFFERENT FROM YOU NOT TOO LONG AGO.
YUP. IN FACT, THE ONE WHO TURNED ME INTO THIS WANTS TO PUT ONE BACK ON ME.
LONG STORY THERE.
PAUL...IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, YOU REALLY NEED TO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR IN A CITY LIKE BULLCHESTER.
GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE. YOU USED TO HAVE A DICK?
MAN...IF WHAT HAPPENED TO DAD HAPPENED TO ME, I'D WANNA LOOK AS HOT AS YOU DO!

MAYBE I COULD GET HER TO CHANGE ME...
YOU, UH... WANNA TALK MORE ABOUT THIS OVER DRINKS? I'M BUYING!
BAD NEWS, PAUL. ONE, I'M ALREADY SPOKEN FOR...
...AND TWO, I'M NOT THE SORT OF PERSON THAT DOSES PEOPLE. I'M NOT A MADAME, NOR DO I HAVE ANY INTEREST IN BECOMING ONE.
DAMN!
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
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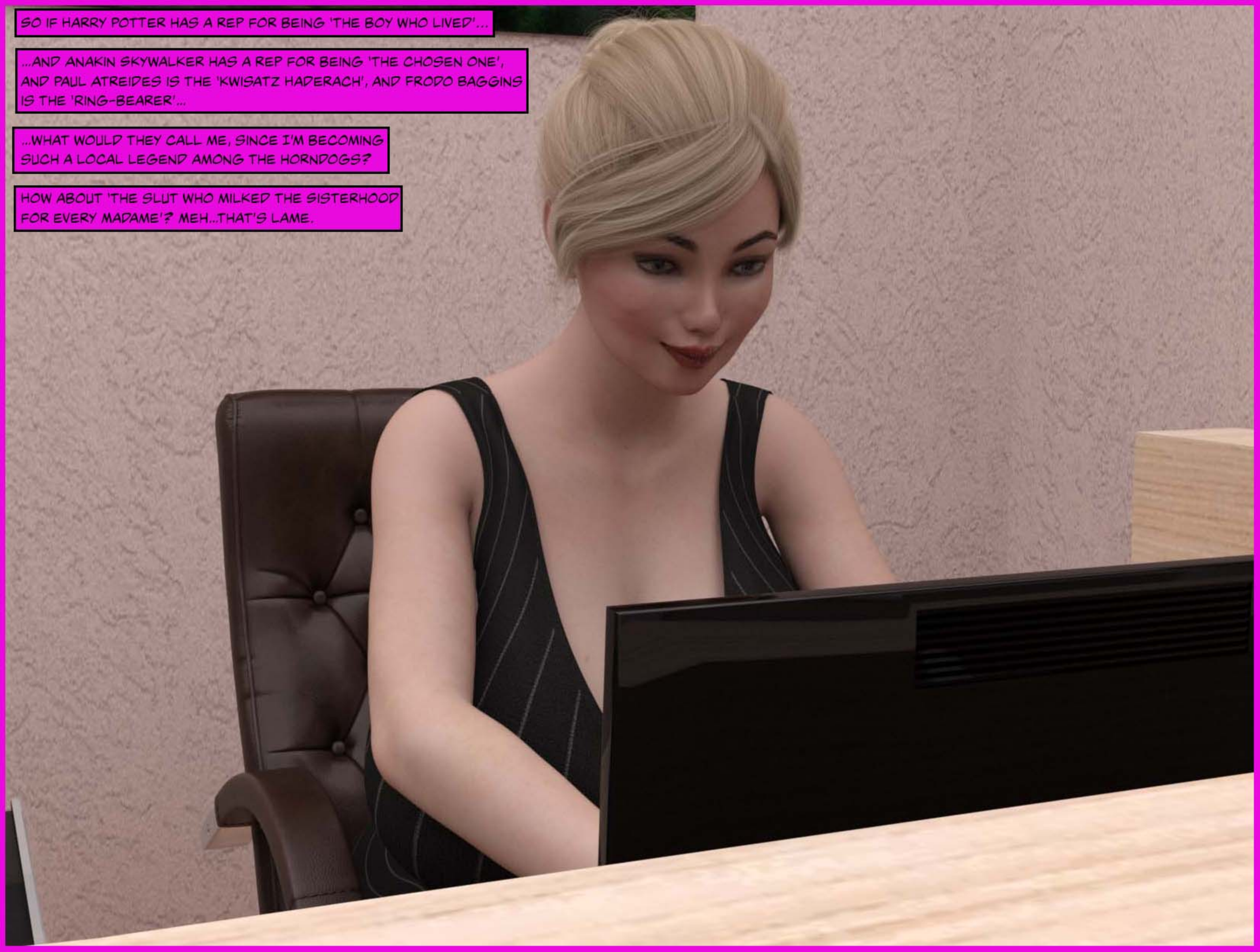
A. Merrywether
E. Zambrano
Fertility Clinic
Madame
11:00 a.m. (N/W)
9:00 a.m. (N/W)

REALLY? NO INTEREST AT ALL?
GUYS OUT ON THE STREET KEEP SAYING HOW MUCH OF A BABE THE MAYORESS'S SECRETARY IS!
I THINK THERE'S EVEN A WHOLE CHAT ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE TRADING MEMES ABOUT YOU ONLINE! I'VE EVEN SEEN FAN ART OF YOU AS A 'COW-GIRL'!
YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF SHORT!
AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT.

WELL, I...I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU.
SEE YOU MONDAY! WELL...IF I'M APPROVED FOR AN APPOINTMENT!
SO I HAVE A FAN CLUB OUTSIDE OF HERE?
BUNCH OF HORNY, GREASY-HAIRED INCELS AND VOYEURS WANTING TO GET BETWEEN MY TEATS, I BET.


SO IF HARRY POTTER HAS A REP FOR BEING 'THE BOY WHO LIVED'...
...AND ANAKIN SKYWALKER HAS A REP FOR BEING 'THE CHOSEN ONE', AND PAUL ATREIDES IS THE 'KWISATZ HADERACH', AND FRODO BAGGINS IS THE 'RING-BEARER'...
...WHAT WOULD THEY CALL ME, SINCE I'M BECOMING SUCH A LOCAL LEGEND AMONG THE HORNDOGS?
HOW ABOUT 'THE SLUT WHO MILKED THE SISTERHOOD FOR EVERY MADAME'? MEH...THAT'S LAME.

GASP! OH...YOU'RE THAT KOSUGI GUY, RIGHT?
HAI. MISS AI SEND ME TO GET YOU. YOU QUITTING TIME SOON, YES?
UHH, YEAH. IN ONE HOUR.
YOU HAVE TEA?
SURE, I CAN GET YOU A CUP.
ARIGATO GOZAIMAAAAS.
SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
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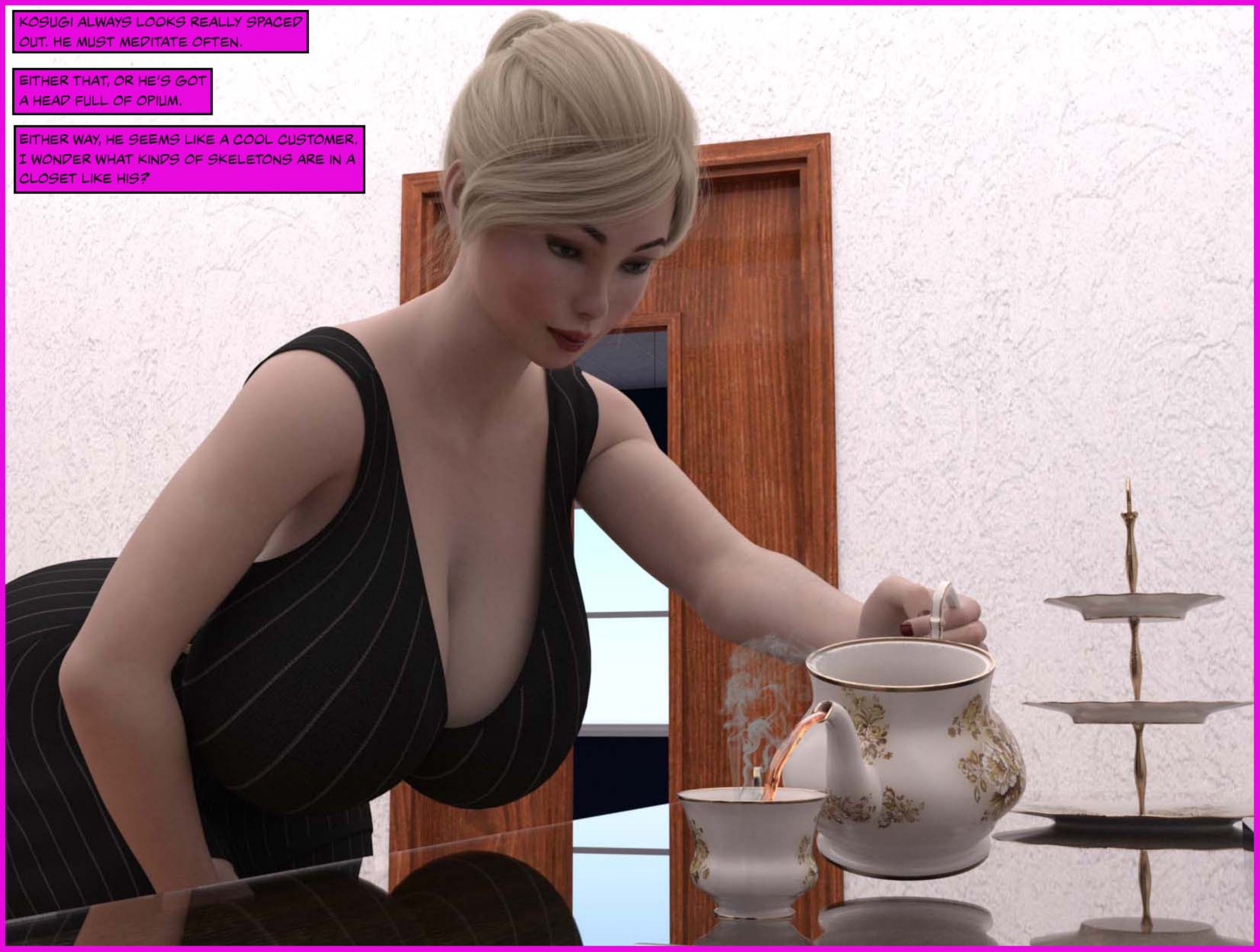
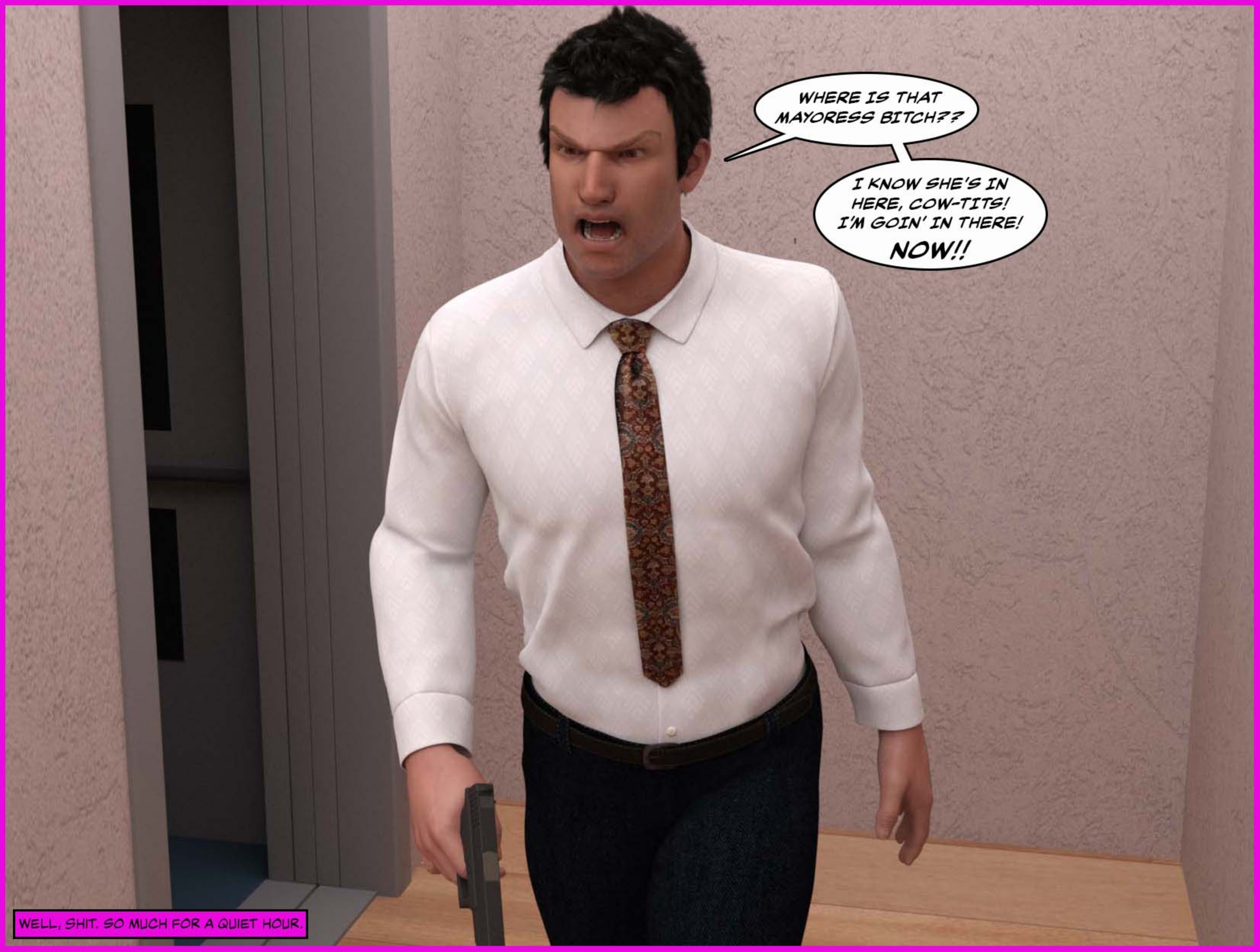
A. Merrywether Fertility Clinic 11:00 a.m. (N/W)
E. Zambrano Madame 9:00 a.m. (N/W)


KOSUGI ALWAYS LOOKS REALLY SPACED OUT. HE MUST MEDITATE OFTEN.
EITHER THAT, OR HE'S GOT A HEAD FULL OF OPIUM.
EITHER WAY, HE SEEMS LIKE A COOL CUSTOMER. I WONDER WHAT KINDS OF SKELETONS ARE IN A CLOSET LIKE HIS?

IE. DO NOT BE SO BROAD IN YOUR MOVEMENTS.
KEEP YOUR LEGS CLOSE TOGETHER. NOT MUCH SPACE IN THE KIMONO.
AH-HAH. THE LADY AI MUST HAVE SENT HIM IN HERE TO GIVE ME EARLY INSTRUCTION.

PHPPPH YO!. I LIKE THIS STORE-BOUGHT BRAND. VERY NICE, TAMARA-CHAN.
STILL...YOU WILL NEED TO LEARN HOW TO BREW GREEN TEA.
GO AHEAD BACK TO YOUR DESK. I SHALL BE AS AN IDLE STONE.


WHERE IS THAT MAYORESS BITCH??
I KNOW SHE'S IN HERE, COW-TITS! I'M GOIN' IN THERE! NOW!!
WELL, SHIT. SO MUCH FOR A QUIET HOUR.

HEY! PUT THAT DAMN GUN AWAY!
I CAN'T MAKE SPECIAL EXCEPTIONS JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE PACKING HEAT!
JEEZUS, YOU ARE SO FUCKIN' PATHETIC!!
MY BOY'S IN SKIRTS BECAUSE OF THAT CUNT!
Y'BETTER GIT ME IN WITH THAT TWAT BEFORE I...

SPLICH
SPLICH
...B-BLOW YOUR... BRRRAINS...
BRAINS DO NOT BLOW! ONLY THE MOUTH!
HOLY SHIT! KOSUGI KNOWS THAT...THAT PRESSURE-POINTS STUFF!
THAT GUY IS FULL OF SURPRISES!

FUNNY HOW SHIT LIKE THIS TENDS TO HAPPEN WHENEVER LUTHER TAKES HIS LUNCH BREAKS!
UH, NO THANKS. THE ONLY GUNS I'LL EVER FIRE ARE IN VIDEOGAMES.
SO, UHHH...WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DO TO HIM?
NOW YOU HAVE A FREE WEAPON, TAMARA-CHAN!
HA!! BETTER TO SHOOT PIXELS THAN PEOPLE! MUCH RESPECT!
I DULL HIS MIND. LAST THOUGHT TOTALLY GONE. HE WILL NEED A TAXI.
KEEP GUN FOR NOW UNTIL YOU GIVE TO THE AUTHORITIES.

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A GUN?
THAT GUY WITH THE VACANT STARE THREATENED TO SHOOT ME UNLESS I BROUGHT HIM IN TO SEE YOU, YOUR HONOR.
THE JAPANESE GENTLEMAN THERE WAS ABLE TO NEUTRALIZE HIM BEFORE HE PULLED THE TRIGGER.
ECH! HE'S DROOLING! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?
FAMILY TRICK!

I'LL GET FARM GUYS OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY, YOUR HONOR.
CASSIE...
...THANK YOU.
DID YOU WISH TO SEE ME, MISTERRRR...?
KOSUGI! I AM HERE FOR TAMARA-CHAN! MUST DRIVE HER TO MISS AI WHEN SHE IS DONE HERE!
AH. SEEMS SHE MAKES THE MOST INTERESTING FRIENDS THESE DAYS.

DID YOU WANT THE GUN, YOUR HONOR?
SHOULD BE FULLY LOADED, TOO.
HMMM...YEAH. I SHOULD START PACKING HEAT, SHOULDN'T I?
IF IRATE IDIOTS ARE GONNA STORM IN HERE EVERY SO OFTEN WANTING TO SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER...

...ALTHOUGH YOU'VE BEEN A REAL TROOPER IN KEEPING THEM FROM KICKING DOWN THE DOOR TO MY OFFICE.
WHO'D WANNA SHOOT SOMEONE WITH CURVES AS IRRESISTABLE AS YOURS?
YOU'VE ONLY GOT 45 MINUTES LEFT ON THE CLOCK. GET OUTTA HERE. I'LL HAVE WINNIE COVER FOR YOU.
AHH, SHUCKS. JUST DOIN' MY JOB, YOUR HONOR.
THANKS, YOUR HONOR.

I COULD HAVE CONDITIONED YOU TO NEVER AGAIN CALL ME A COWARD...
...BUT I SUPPOSE I SHOULD LET YOUR RAW JUDGMENT REMIND ME OF MY SLIP-UPS.
ENJOY YOUR WEEKEND, COW. YOU'VE EARNED IT.

SHEESH. WHAT A WEEK.
MAGGIE GETS A RADICAL ASIAN MAKEOVER AND GOES TO WORK FOR THE XENSHI, I GET A 'HERD-MATE' THAT USED TO BE THE WIFE OF A RUTHLESS DRUG DEALER, MISOGUNIA SENDS A HIRED SNIPER WHO FAILS TO ICE JULIA, LIZ BECOMES A MADAME, MADAME GRACE FALLS IN LOVE WITH ME, AND MADAME NOBLE WANTS TO BE BULLCHESTER'S NEW QUEEN BEE.
OH...AND I CRUSHED XAVIER'S NUTS. HEH, HEH...CAN'T FORGET THAT ONE.
Overseas Travel Group

WE ARRIVE AT THE BACKYARD OF A MANSION IN THE COIN QUARTER OF THE CITY. MUCH OF THE DÉCOR IS RADICALLY JAPANESE, AND LOOKS LIKE THE KIND OF HOME A SAMURAI STRAIGHT OUT OF FEUDAL JAPAN WOULD INHABIT.
I'M TURNED OVER TO A SHORT-HAIRED JAPANESE WOMAN WITH A ROTUND FRAME. I COULDN'T HELP BUT MAKE THE MENTAL LEAP TO MARCI DYSON...
KOKO KARA TSURETE IKIMASU, KOSUGI-KUN. ARIGATOGOZAIMASHITA.
GOOD EVENING, TAMARA-CHAN. I WILL BE PREPARING YOU TONIGHT. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
...BUT UNLIKE MARCI, THIS ONE IS MUCH MORE PLEASANT, AND SHE SMELLS BETTER. SHE INTRODUCED HERSELF AS AYAKA.

TO SAY THAT AYAKA HAD GIFTED HANDS WAS A TOTAL UNDERSTATEMENT. LAYERS OF MAKEUP WERE CAKED ON ME, AND I WAS COVERED IN THE FLOWERY GARMENTS YOU NOW SEE.
MY HAIR WAS RADICALLY RE-SHAPED, TOO.
SHE EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS ONCE A 'GEIKO' IN KYOTO, JAPAN BEFORE COMING INTO LADY AI'S EMPLOY. SHE NEVER EXPLAINED HER REASONS FOR ABANDONING THE *KAMISHICHIKEN HANAMACHI*.
GODDESS, THIS FELT SO *STRANGE*...BUT IN A GOOD WAY!

YOU LOOK *WONDERFUL*, *MAIKO*. LIKE A FLOWER IN FULL BLOOM!
WHY THE LONG FACE, *MAIKO*?
I...CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THAT I'M INTRUDING ON YOUR CULTURE.
GIGGLE! NONSENSE! THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL LADIES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES WHO HAVE BECOME GEISHA. YOU ARE CERTAINLY NOT THE FIRST!
YOU ARE NOT RECEIVING FULL TRAINING IN ANY CASE. JUST THE DUTIES OF THE *SHIKOMI* AS THE LADY AI CHOOSES TO DEFINE THEM!

WHAT IT AMOUNTED TO WAS THAT I WAS BEING TRAINED TO PROVIDE CERTAIN SERVICES TO THE LADY AI UPON DEMAND, WHICH INCLUDED A TRADITIONAL TEA CEREMONY.
SHE ALSO CONFIRMED WHAT I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN ABOUT THE GEISHA. THEY WEREN'T MERE PROSTITUTES. THEY WERE NOT ABOUT SEX AT ALL. THEY WERE DIVERSE ENTERTAINERS WHO WERE OFTEN EXCLUSIVELY IN THE SERVICE OF SAMURAI LORDS DURING THE FEUDAL ERA.
TO CALL THEM PROSTITUTES WOULD BE AN INSULT TO THEIR LONG-HELD TRADITIONS.
IT WAS ALL SO OVERWHELMING, YET MY MIND WAS LIKE A SPONGE. I DID NOT WANT TO DISAPPOINT THE LADY AI AT ALL. I INSISTED ON PRACTICING MY LESSONS UNTIL I GOT IT RIGHT.

I HAD NO IDEA THAT MY FIRST NIGHT OF TRAINING WOULD TURN INTO A TRIAL BY FIRE.
AH, THE GAJIN IS HERE. WELCOME TO MY TEA GARDEN, MEUSHI.
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, BAKA! PREPARE THE TEA!
GOMEEEEEN.

RESPECTFULLY, LADY AI, I HAVE BEEN SHOWN HOW TO...
IE, MEUSHI. THIS IS A RUSH JOB. I MUST HAVE TRAINED HANDS CREATING TONIGHT'S TEA FOR OUR GUEST, WHO WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY.
YOU, HOWEVER, WILL KEEP OUR CUPS FULL.
<<HAS SHE BEEN TRAINED?>>
<<YES, LADY AI. SHE IS A FAST LEARNER!>>

I WAS PLANNING ON HAVING YOU CONTINUE TRAINING WELL INTO THE EVENING, BUT THIS... IMPROMPTU MEETING IS OF IMPORTANCE.
I WILL EXPECT YOU TO BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR, MEUSHI. YOU WILL FOLLOW MY LEAD AT ALL TIMES.
STEP OUT OF LINE, AND YOU WILL VERY QUICKLY REGRET IT!
YES, LADY AI.
WHEN WILL YOUR GUEST ARRIVE?

BOMP
BOMP
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?
DO ANSWER THE FRONT GATE, MEUSHI.

DON'T BLOW IT, TAMARA...DON'T YOU DARE SCREW THIS UP...
...MAYBE IT'S A FAMILY FRIEND, OR A RELATIVE, OR SOMETHING.
DON'T. FUCKING. BLOW. IT.

GASP!
WEEEELLLLL. SMALL WORLD.
FANCY SEEING YOU HERE...

...SLUT.
To Be Continued!