



THE  
**Tamara**  
CHRONICLES  
SERIES 6

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Based on characters and situations  
created by  
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NOW... \*AHEM\*  
...MISSUS PETRIE...

...AH DO UNNERSTAND  
THAT TH' PRE-NUPTIAL  
AGREEMENT ENTITLES  
YOU T' FIFTY PERCENT  
OF TH' FAMILY ESTATE...

...BUT, THERE WAS A  
NECESSARY STEP THAT  
YOU, UH, MISSED  
WHICH KINDA-SORTA  
MITIGATES THINGS.

THIS HERE AGREEMENT  
WAS NOTARIZED UND'R  
YER HUSBAND'S FORM'R  
NAME.

TRAIN YOUR  
MIND TO SEE  
GOOD ST



DEAR...I-I TRIED TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LOOPHO...

OH NO...NOT MY ONLY BOYS!

SO THAT RENDERS THE AGREEMENT NULL AND VOID? IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE TELLING ME, MISS HANEL?

QUIET, LUCY!

THIS WHOLE FAMILY SITUATION HAS BECOME AN INFINITELY REGRETTABLE EMBARRASSMENT! I INTEND TO TAKE MATTERS A STEP FURTHER ONCE ROGER AND DARREN HAVE GRADUATED!



MISSUS PETRIE...  
THIS IS HONESTLY  
NOT A SITUATION  
THAT'S BEYOND  
FIXING!

ERR...HAVE A  
NICE DAY, MISSUS  
PETRIE.

I HAVE MY STANDARDS,  
MISS HANEL! IF IT CANNOT  
BE DONE RIGHT THE FIRST  
TIME, IT IS NOT WORTH  
REPEATING! COME, LUCY!  
WE ARE LEAVING!

AND AS FOR YOU,  
MY DEAR WOMAN...

...GET YOURSELF  
A PROPER DRESS, AND  
A BRA TO GO WITH IT!  
YOU LOOK  
RIDICULOUS!

WORK  
HARD  
DREAM  
BIG.

BIG  
TEW  
VIB  
MOBK



WHEN YOUR OWN CLIENTS HAVE TO CLUE YOU IN, LAURI...

AH DON'T WANNA HEAR IT, MISS J'MIMA.

DO I HAVE T' R'MIND YOU WHO'S S'POSED T' BE YER BOSS 'ROUND HERE?

HAVEN'T I BEEN A MODEL SECRETARY SINCE THEN, LAURI?

I EVEN FOUND THAT CHAMBERLAIN FILE THAT YOU THOUGHT WAS LOST FOREVER! STILL WANT IT? IT WASN'T EASY TO FIND!

YOU...FOUND IT?

FIM  
LAD  
YAH DE

YUP, I SURE DID. THE PAGES ARE...KINDA FRAGILE. OLD. STINKS OF MOTHBALLS.

I SHOULD DESTROY IT. COULD HAVE GERMS!

NO! P-PLEASE DON'T DO THAT!

PROMISE ME YOU'LL START WEARING SEXY DRESSES?

MISS JEM...Y' KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT!

HMPH. TIME TO DIE, CHAMBERLAIN FILE.

WAIT!! MISS JEM!!

*\*AHEM\**  
MISTRESS JEMIMA  
HAS A BETTER RING  
TO IT, 'BOSS'.

DON'T YOU WANT ME  
TO BE YOUR HELPFUL  
WIDDLE PARALEGAL?

WHY?

AWWWW, LAURI,  
DEEEEAR...WHY,  
OH WHY, WOULD  
YOU SAY SUCH  
HORRIBLE THINGS  
WHEN YOU KNOW  
I COULD SET A  
LIGHTER TO THIS  
MOLDY OL' FILE OF  
YOURS?

MIS'TRIS JEM...  
PLEASE...TH'  
FILE...AH NEED  
IT!

NONE O' YER  
BEESWAX!



AND WHY WOULD YOU SAY SUCH THINGS...

...WHEN YOU KNOW I COULD SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG, JEMMY-JEMS?

IT WAS EITHER THAT, OR I READ MY OLD FRIEND A BEDTIME STORY CALLED 'JEMIMA AND THE CRAZY CARABINER!'.

NOW VERY CAREFULLY PLACE THAT FILE ON LARRY'S DESK BEFORE I SNAP YOUR SHOULDERBLADE IN ONE SQUEEZE.

**\*KRUNCH\***

OWWWW!!  
HEY! THAT HURTS!!

OH, FLUCK!  
IS THAT...  
MAGGIE??



GOOD GIRL.

MAYBE NEXT TIME,  
YOU'LL THINK TWICE  
BEFORE TORMENTING  
MR. HANEL HERE.

YOU NEED GLASSES.  
HE'S NOT A  
'MISTER' ANYMORE!

AND YOU NEED TO  
GET BACK TO YOUR  
FUCKING DESK,  
LIKE A GOOD LITTLE  
FORMER BOY.

GO FANTASIZE ABOUT  
ITALIAN LOONEYS  
PRETENDING TO BE  
COPS!



OOOH, YOU ARE FORCING ME TO STEP UP MY GAME, LAURI!

ALL I NEED IS ONE OF THOSE SISTERHOOD SPRAY BOTTLES! I HOPE JUDITH CAN SPARE ONE!

I SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE TRUSTED THOSE  
SISTERHOOD BITCHES  
TO LEAVE YOU ALONE,  
LARRY. I'M SO  
SORRY!

DO YOU KNOW WHO  
IT WAS THAT DOSED  
YOU?

BARBARA WALSH?

DID YOU...  
CROSS HER? PISS  
HER OFF?

HMMM. SHE WAS  
PROBABLY ACTING ON  
AGATHA'S ORDERS.

HAD T' HAVE  
BEEN THAT BUSTY  
OL' MIDWIFE.

THAT'S HER.

NEV'R SAW HER  
B'FORE IN M' LIFE,  
MAGGS!




AN' WHAT'S  
YOUR STORY,  
MAGGS? Y' LOOK  
A BIT DIFF'RENT  
Y'SELF!

HEH...COMPLIMENTS  
OF SOME BADASS  
ASIAN SHADOW-  
PLAYERS CALLED THE  
XENSHI.

WHEN THEY CAME TO  
ME WITH A JOB OFFER  
THAT WOULD ALLOW ME  
TO FUCK WITH THE  
SISTERHOOD MORE  
RADICALLY, EVEN THE  
DEVIL OF BULLCHESTER  
GOT INTRIGUED!

YOU SHOULD BE GLAD  
THAT THEY'RE...  
TECHNICALLY ON OUR  
SIDE!

TRAIN Y  
MIND TO SI  
GOOD IN E  
SITUATI



NOW LARRY...  
DON'T TAKE THIS  
THE WRONG WAY...

...BUT IF YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
JEMIMA'S BOSS...

PLEASE DON'T  
R'MIND ME. SHE  
MAY BE PUSHIN'  
M' LIMITS...

...BUT SHE REALLY  
IS A HOT-DAMN  
FINE WORK'R.  
'SPECIALLY WHEN  
WE'RE CRUNCH'D.

SHE'S ALSO BEEN  
TRYIN' T' HELP ME  
COPE WITH ALL  
THIS...WELL,  
FEMALE STUFF...

...BUT AH TOLD  
'ER THERE WERE  
THINGS AH JUS'  
CAN'T DO, NO  
MATT'R WHAT'S  
HAPP'NIN' T' ME!

WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN  
YOUR MODE OF DRESS.

HAVE YOU TALKED TO  
GWYNN ABOUT THIS?


IT MAKES ME FEEL  
MORE...MORE ME!

IF AH STARTED WEARIN'  
DRESSES, AH'D FEEL LIKE  
AH WAS BETRAYIN'  
M'SELF!

AH'D BE SURREND'RIN'  
T' THOSE SIST'RHOOD  
WITCHES!

HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE  
T' REACH 'ER. SHE'S  
BEEN SO DAMN BUSY!

TRAIN YOUR  
MIND TO SEE THE  
GOOD IN EVERY



DO YOU TRUST  
ME, LARRY?

GOOD. NOW...  
CAN YOU GUESS WHO  
I SAW BEFORE I  
VISITED YOU?

BINGO. SHE TOLD  
ME ABOUT YOUR  
SITUATION AND ASKED  
ME TO SEE YOU.

I ALSO HAPPEN TO  
KNOW THAT, LIKE  
TAMARA, GWYNN  
IS AMONG THE ALLIES  
OF GRACE LEES IN  
THIS LITTLE CONSPIRACY  
MATTER.

I ALSO KNOW THAT  
YOU AND GWYNN  
ARE SEEING EACH  
OTHER.

ALWAYS,  
MAGGS!

T'MARA?

FIRST CHANCE YOU  
GET. EVEN IF YOU  
HAVE TO BANG ON  
HER DOOR IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE  
NIGHT.

I HAVE A FEELING  
SHE'LL UNDERSTAND  
JUST HOW IMPORTANT  
THIS IS. CAMP OUT  
ON HER DOORSTEP  
IF YOU HAVE TO!

IT'S YOUR  
ONLY OPTION,  
LARRY!

DROP OUT OF  
WORK IF YOU  
HAVE TO FOR  
A WHILE!

Y' WANT ME T'  
SEE GWYNN?

WELL, IF..IF'N  
Y' THINK IT'S...  
TH' RIGHT THING  
T' DO...



AH...AH S'POSE  
AH CAN HAVE  
MISS JEM MIND  
TH' STORE FER  
AWHILE...

ATTABOY, LARRY!  
TAKE THAT  
DAMN BULL BY  
THE FUCKIN'  
HORNS!

ONLY THING THAT'S  
BUGGING ME IS THAT  
'MISS JEM' THING.  
JEREMY CLEARLY  
TOOK MY ADVICE TO  
A DANGEROUS  
EXTREME!

I'M JUST GLAD I  
BROUGHT THE  
DRAGON WITH ME  
TO GIVE JEM'S MIND  
A WASH!

HE  
Y

NOW LET ME  
ASK YOU AGAIN,  
LITTLE ONE...  
WHO IS MAGGIE?

I-I...I DUHH...  
D-DON'T...  
KNOW...WHO...  
W-WUUUHHH...

GOOD. LET YOUR  
MIND BE CLEANSED  
BY THE DRAGON'S  
FIRE. YOU NEVER  
SAW MAGGIE,  
NOR ME, AND YOU  
NEVER WILL, EVEN  
IF WE ARE HERE!  
WE WILL ALWAYS BE  
INVISIBLE TO YOUR  
EYES!

NUUHH...  
N-NEVVV...  
WILL...

\*tzzzzim\*

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THE LADY AIKUCHI...

AHH...WELCOME  
TO MY HOME,  
RITA. DO COME  
IN.

I SEE YOU HAVE  
ALREADY MET MY  
GEISHA. SHE WILL  
BE SEEING TO  
OUR COMFORTS AS  
WE SPEAK.

YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA HOW MUCH  
I AM LOOKING  
FORWARD TO THAT.

HEH...WE'RE  
PRACTICALLY  
FAMILY!

YOU TWO...KNOW  
EACH OTHER?

I...SEE, WELL...  
SHE WILL BE  
PROVIDING US  
WITH OUR TEA.  
FOLLOW,  
PLEASE.





I AM PUTTING MYSELF OUT THERE AS THE KIND OF PERSON WHO CAN PROVE THAT WOMEN LIKE ME CAN, INDEED, DOMINATE JUST AS WELL AS ANY MAN HAS IN RECENT MEMORY.

HAVE YOU EVER ASPIRED TO SUCH AN ACHIEVEMENT, MISS AIKUCHI?

INDEED, I AM NO STRANGER TO YOUR METEORIC RISE TO PROMINENCE IN BIG BUSINESS.

BUT THEN, WHEN YOU MAKE THE COVER OF FORTUNE MAGAZINE, AND YOU ACHIEVE A PROMINENT SPOT ON THE FORTUNE 500, HOW CAN YOU AVOID IT, YES?



I HAVE NOT,  
RITA, BECAUSE  
I QUITE FRANKLY  
DO NOT CARE  
TO.

EACH MAN,  
WOMAN, AND  
CHILD ARE SPECIAL  
IN THEIR OWN  
RIGHT, NO MATTER  
HOW GREAT OR  
SMALL THEY MAKE  
THEMSELVES OUT  
TO BE.

CONSIDER THE  
*DAISHO*, WHICH IS  
THE PAIRING OF THE  
KATANA LONGSWORD  
AND THE SMALLER  
*WAKIZASHI*.

DO YOU KNOW  
HOW THE WORD  
*DAISHO* TRANSLATES,  
IN YOUR LANGUAGE,  
RITA?

'THE GREAT, AND  
THE SMALL'.

A woman with pink hair styled in a bun, wearing a purple halter top, is shown in a Japanese-style room. She has a serious expression. The room features a wooden lattice wall with a floral pattern and a wooden cabinet. Two decorative hairpins with red gemstones are visible in her hair. Six speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

YOUR POINT?

AND ARE WE NOT  
KATANAS, YOU AND  
I? ARE WE NOT  
'THE GREAT'?

ON THE BASIS OF  
A MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL  
AGREEMENT, NATURALLY!

YOU CANNOT HAVE  
A *DAISHO* WITHOUT  
THE PRESENCE OF  
BOTH SWORDS.

IF YOU SEE  
YOURSELF AS  
BEING SO GREAT,  
THEN WHY ARE  
YOU HERE?

A BUSINESS  
MERGER, FOR THE  
SAKE OF SATISFYING  
YOUR LUST FOR  
ABSOLUTE  
POWER?



IT FLATTERS ME THAT YOU SHOULD CONSIDER ME ON WHAT YOU PERCEIVE TO BE YOUR LEVEL...

...WHEN, IN FACT, I PERCEIVE YOU TO BE THE OPPOSITE.

YOU CAN HIDE BEHIND THE FINANCIALLY MOTIVATED AGENDAS OF MAGAZINE ARTICLES AS MUCH AS YOU WISH...

...BUT I PERCEIVE YOU TO BE AS SMALL AS THE WAKIZASHI, RITA.

\*GIGGLE\*  
AND WHAT WOULD GIVE YOU THAT IDEA, PRAY TELL?

I CAN CLEARLY DEFINE TWO REASONS, NEITHER OF WHICH WILL AMUSE YOU.




FIRST, I CAN TELL YOU THAT I HAVE ACHIEVED FINANCIAL STABILITY AND PROFITABILITY ON MY OWN MERITS, RITA, AND THIS OVER A PERIOD OF TIME.

FOR YOU TO HAVE ACHIEVED SO MUCH SUCCESS IN A SHORT PERIOD SUGGESTS OUTSIDE INFLUENCE.

PUTTING IT ANOTHER WAY, WOULD YOU HAVE BECOME AS SUCCESSFUL AS YOU ARE WITHOUT ELEMENTS OF YOUR 'SISTERHOOD' HOLDING YOUR HAND, AS IF YOU WERE A CHILD?

COULD YOU EVER ACHIEVE SUCCESS ON YOUR OWN, RITA?

I HAVE, ACTUALLY.




DESTROYING THE  
MANHOOD OF THE  
SON OF A RAPIST  
IS NOT THE KIND  
OF SUCCESS I WAS  
REFERRING TO.

THAT IS PETTY  
REVENGE, AND  
ONE THAT IS NOT  
MUCH DIFFERENT  
THAN THAT WHICH  
YOU INFLICTED UPON  
YOUR EX-HUSBAND,  
WHOSE GENITALS YOU  
KEEP AS A TROPHY.

ARE YOU TRYING TO  
TELL ME THAT YOU  
ARE BETTER AT GETTING  
REVENGE THAN YOU  
ARE AT ACHIEVING  
PERSONAL SUCCESS,  
RITA?

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE. MADAME NOBLE KEEPS THE BALLS OF HER EX AS A GODDAMN TROPHY??



HOW THE ABSOLUTE  
FUCKING HELL CAN  
YOU KNOW SO MUCH  
ABOUT ME??


I HAVE FRIENDS IN  
DEVIANT PLACES.

IF THAT ANSWER IS  
INSUFFICIENT, PERHAPS  
YOU CAN ASK YOUR  
FRIEND AGATHA ABOUT  
THE ARISTOCRACY.

I GUARANTEE YOU WILL  
GET HER ATTENTION.

AND WHAT IF I TOLD  
YOU THAT AGATHA WAS  
NOT A FRIEND?

I WOULD CALL YOU  
A LIAR. I SUSPECT  
THAT THE POWER  
YOUR GRACE LEES  
CURRENTLY WIELDS  
IS A BY-PRODUCT OF  
THIS SISTERHOOD.

A close-up, high-resolution image of a woman's face, likely a geisha, with dark hair and heavy, dark eye makeup. Her mouth is wide open in a gasp or shout. The background is a traditional Japanese sliding door (shoji) with a floral pattern. The image is framed with a thick pink border.

STILL...I SUSPECT  
SHE IS JUST AS BRAVE  
AND AS STRONG AS...  
OUR *GEISHA* HERE.

BY YOUR HAND,  
NO DOUBT. I AM  
NO STRANGER TO THE  
ART OF CONDITIONING,  
RITA...

...BUT I MUST NOW  
CAUTION YOU TO HOLD  
YOUR TONGUE, LEST  
YOU UNWISELY BELITTLE  
TAMARA-CHAN ANY  
FURTHER WHILE SHE IS  
IN MY SERVICE.

I HOLD MUCH MORE  
RESPECT FOR HER THAN  
I DO FOR YOU. CAN  
YOU FIGURE OUT WHY  
THIS IS SO?

BECAUSE SHE IS MUCH  
MORE DANGEROUS THAN  
SHE APPEARS.

YOUR '*GEISHA*'  
IS A MILK-HEAVY  
COW AND A WANTON  
SLUT, MISS AIKUCHI.

A close-up of a woman's face with a serious expression. She has light-colored hair pulled back, dark eye makeup, and dark red lipstick. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth. The background is a wooden lattice. There are several speech bubbles and thought bubbles around her face.

MISS...AIKUCHI.  
WITH ALL RESPECT,  
I CAME TO SPEAK OF  
A BUSINESS MERGER.  
MIGHT WE...

UNDER THE WEIGHT  
OF EVERYTHING WE  
HAVE JUST SPOKEN OF,  
YOU WILL FORGIVE ME  
IF I DEEM YOU  
UNTRUSTWORTHY.

GOING OVER MY  
HEAD, SO TO SPEAK,  
WOULD BE JUST AS  
USELESS. I AM  
FREQUENTLY APPROACHED  
BY THE *KEIRETSU* TO SERVE  
AS THEIR REPRESENTATIVE  
IN MORE...CLANDESTINE  
BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

I'VE GOT TO DO SOME  
DIGGING ON THIS...  
'ARISTOCRACY'...

...AND THAT SLUT  
IS GONNA PAY FOR  
THIS HUMILIATION  
FOR SURE!



WHY DO YOU  
LOOK SO STRESSED,  
RITA?

HAVE YOU EVER  
TRIED *SHIATSU*?  
PERHAPS SOME  
TENSION-RELIEVING  
EXERCISES?

MAYBE, PERHAPS,  
AN IMPROMPTU  
THERAPY SESSION?  
I GIVE YOU MY  
WORD OF HONOR  
THAT WE WILL SPEAK  
IN TOTAL  
CONFIDENCE.

IT IS CLEAR THAT  
YOU STILL BEAR THE  
SCARS OF YOUR  
TRAUMATIC  
EXPERIENCE FROM  
LONG AGO. YOU  
SHOULD UNBURDEN  
YOURSELF!



NO. THANK YOU.


I THINK WE ARE DONE HERE.

I THINK I WOULD LIKE YOUR GEISHA TO SEE ME OUT.

OHH, YOU BITCH.

AS YOU WISH. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, RITA.

DENIED. AYAKA WILL ESCORT YOU TO THE DOOR.



UHH...LADY  
AI, I HONESTLY  
WOULD NOT HAVE  
MINDED ESCORTING  
MADAME NOBLE  
TO THE DOOR.

THEY DO.

I READ HER EYES.  
SHE WANTED TO  
STEAL YOU AWAY.

THE  
SISTERHOOD STILL  
USES SPRAYS TO  
NEUTRALIZE THEIR  
ADVERSARIES,  
YES?

THAT IS WHY I  
INSISTED ON YOUR  
INSTRUCTOR.



I CAN READ YOUR EYES, TOO. YOU WOULD HAVE INVITED A REPRISAL FROM RITA.

THAT IS NOT ALWAYS WISE.

IS IT BECAUSE YOU FEEL THAT YOU BEAR THE BLOOD OF A RAPIST, AND THAT YOU MUST ALWAYS BE PUNISHED FOR IT?

WAS IT NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU WERE CHANGED AGAINST YOUR WILL?

SHE ONLY GOT HALF OF WHAT SHE WANTED.

SHE WANTED ME TO BECOME SOME SEX-HUNGRY SHE-MALE.



AND NOW, YOU ARE A FEMALE WARRIOR.

SINCE WHEN DO FEMALE WARRIORS HAVE COW BOOBS?

THE *SHINOBI* FREQUENTLY ADOPTED THE GUISE OF A *GEISHA* TO SPY UPON THE CASTLES OF SAMURAI LORDS.

SO...YOU'RE SAYING I'M MORE LIKE A...NINJA COW, OR SOMETHING?


*\*GIGGLE\**  
I KNEW THERE WAS A REASON I LIKED YOU, *MEUSHI*. YOU ARE NOT AS MERCURIAL AS YOUR NATURAL ADVERSARY!

NATURAL...  
ADVERSARY?

OH. MADAME  
NOBLE.

THE ONE WHO  
JUST LEFT, OF  
COURSE.

YOU PERFORMED  
VERY WELL TONIGHT,  
MEUSHI. I THINK  
WE COULD BOTH  
USE COMFORTABLY  
HOT WATER TO  
EASE THE  
TENSION.



UNDRESS ME,  
THEN JOIN ME  
IN THE SHOWER.

I WILL EXPECT  
YOU TO PROPERLY  
CLEANSE ME.

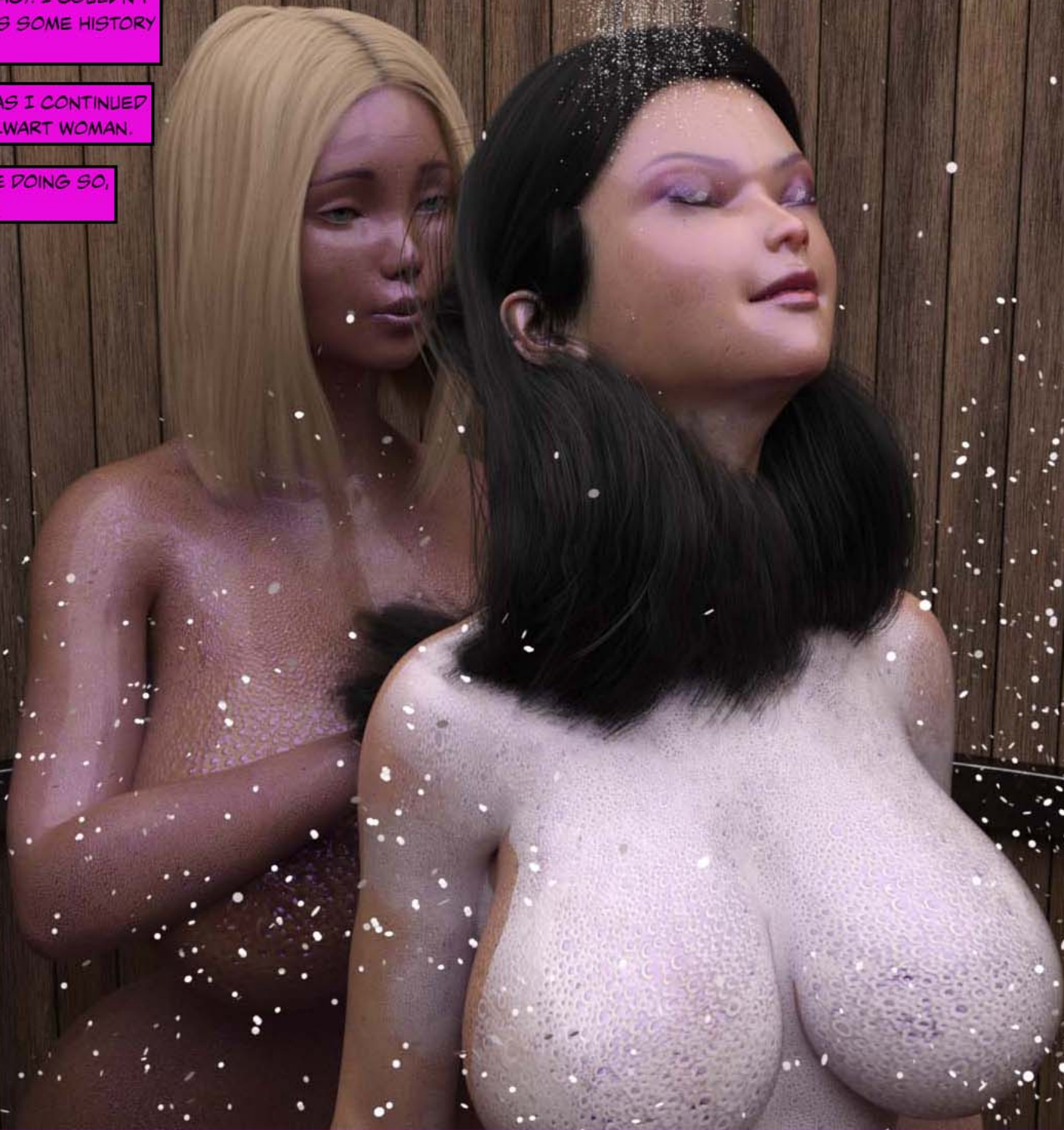
YES, LADY AI.

THE LADY AI IS TEN TIMES MORE OF A WARRIOR THAN I COULD EVER BE. HER CONFRONTATION WITH MADAME NOBLE WAS CLEARLY EVIDENCE OF THIS.

OBVIOUSLY, THE ARISTOCRACY WAS JUST AS WELL-INFORMED WITH SOME OF THE PLAYERS IN THE SISTERHOOD'S CONSPIRACY. I COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF THERE WAS SOME HISTORY BETWEEN THEM.

IT WAS A MOMENT'S THOUGHT AS I CONTINUED TO BATHE THIS AMAZINGLY STALWART WOMAN.

SHE KNEW IT WAS MY FIRST TIME DOING SO, SO SHE GAVE ME INSTRUCTION.






HOLD ME  
AGAINST YOU,  
MEUSHI.

MMM, YES.  
JUST LIKE THAT.

I LIKE THE FEEL OF  
YOUR THICK BODY  
AGAINST MINE.

KEEP HOLDING  
ME LIKE THIS FOR  
A WHILE.

AS YOU WISH,  
LADY AI.



I AM IMPRESSED WITH THE WAY YOU YIELD YOURSELF TO PEOPLE LIKE ME.

WERE I A MORE AMBITIOUS WOMAN, WE WOULD MAKE A VERY GOOD TEAM.

YOU HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO BE MY FRIGHTENINGLY EFFICIENT *KUNOICHI*.

YOU PREFER TO REMAIN HUMBLE, AND YIELDING. I APPRECIATE THIS AS WELL.

I SHALL HAVE ALL WITHIN MY HOUSEHOLD REFER TO YOU AS *MEUSHI* FROM NOW ON.

I...APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT, LADY AI, BUT...



KOSUGI AWAITS YOU OUTSIDE. HE WILL TAKE YOU BACK HOME.

IF YOU SHOULD WISH TO REMAIN HERE FOR THE EVENING...

I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT...I HAVE TO GO BACK.

EVEN IF...SHE... IS WAITING FOR ME THERE.

TSUYOKU IKIRO, MELSHI-CHAN!

DO NOT FORGET, JUJUN. WE WILL SEE YOU AGAIN ON SUNDAY!

KOSUGI PLAYED A TUNE FROM THE CARS AS WE DROVE. AS I LIKED '80S MUSIC, I ASKED HIM TO KICK UP THE VOLUME A LITTLE. HE SENT THE AUDIO TO THE PASSENGER AREA BEFORE TURNING IT UP.

IT WAS THE TITLE TRACK TO THEIR *HEARTBEAT CITY* ALBUM. GREAT TUNE TO PLAY WHEN YOU'RE IN A SPORTS CAR WITH THE HOOD DOWN, FEELING THE WIND AGAINST YOUR FACE AS YOU DRIVE THROUGH A BUSY CITY UNDER AN EVENING SKY.

I FELT LIKE A MADAME IN THAT MOMENT. SOMEONE DRIVING ME HOME, SURROUNDED BY THE LUXURIES OF AN EXPENSIVE LIMO.

IT WAS...SCARY.

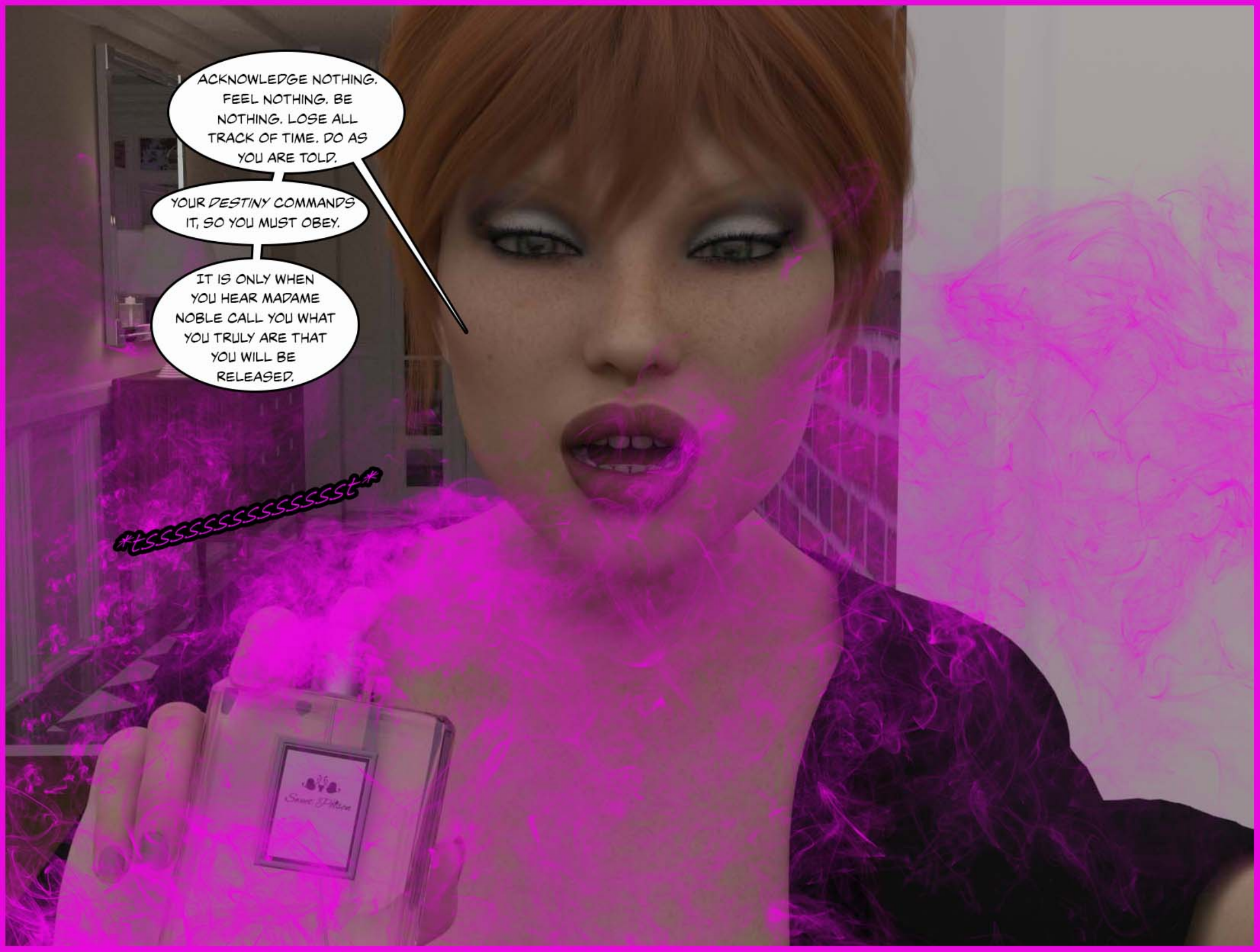


I WASN'T EVEN THE LEAST BIT AFRAID WHEN I WALKED INTO MY LIVING ROOM...AND SAW RITA WAITING FOR ME.

WELCOME HOME,  
*SLUT.*

I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR HER TO VENT HER FRUSTRATIONS ON ME.





ACKNOWLEDGE NOTHING.  
FEEL NOTHING. BE  
NOTHING. LOSE ALL  
TRACK OF TIME. DO AS  
YOU ARE TOLD.

YOUR DESTINY COMMANDS  
IT, SO YOU MUST OBEY.

IT IS ONLY WHEN  
YOU HEAR MADAME  
NOBLE CALL YOU WHAT  
YOU TRULY ARE THAT  
YOU WILL BE  
RELEASED.

\*tssssssssssssssst\*





SHE'S READY,  
RITA.

GOOD. PUT HER IN  
A SEAT AND GET TO  
WORK.

LOOK AT HER...  
SITTING THERE WITH  
SUCH A LISTLESS  
EXPRESSION...LIKE  
A DOLL!

IF ONLY I COULD  
PUT A COCK BACK  
BETWEEN HER LEGS...



...I COULD GET  
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED IN ONE  
NIGHT!

LATER...

YOU KNOW I'LL  
COME BACK AGAIN  
TO MAKE YOUR LIFE  
A LIVING HELL. I  
ALWAYS WILL...

...AND I'LL LOVE  
EVERY FUCKING  
MINUTE OF IT.

TA-TA FOR  
NOW...



"...SLUT!"

HUH??

WHAT...WHAT THE...  
WHERE'S MADAME  
NOBLE?? WHO WAS  
THAT BEHIND ME??

I COULD ALREADY TELL THAT RITA DID SOMETHING TO ME.

I COULD FEEL IT.

BUT THE DIFFERENCE WASN'T BETWEEN MY LEGS...



...IT WAS ON MY HEAD.

SUCH A LITTLE DETAIL, MY HAIR, BUT...THE NEW 'DO HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT. RIGHT DOWN TO THE CHANGED HAIR COLOR.

I WAS TIMOTHY PORTNOY ALL OVER AGAIN.

EXCEPT I HAD MASSIVE BREASTS.



I GUESS I'LL BE WEARING WIGS FOR THE TIME BEING, UNLESS SOMEONE HAS SOME KIND OF RADICAL HAIR GROWTH STUFF.

BUT THAT WOULD JUST BRING RITA BACK SO SHE COULD DO THE SAME THING ALL OVER AGAIN.

AND I DON'T HAVE ANY WIGS ON ME ANYWAY.



I GUESS THE OLD FRENCH SAYING IS APPROPRIATE HERE.

*\*SIIIGH\**

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.





DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES TEND TO BE A REFLECTION OF YOUR DEEPEST THOUGHTS, CONSCIOUS OR OTHERWISE.

\*zzzzzz\*

NOW I'M AWARE THAT MADAME NOBLE IS TRYING TO SUPPLANT AGATHA AS THE CITY'S NEWEST QUEEN BEE, BUT...I WONDER IF MADAME GRACE CAN COMPLETELY TRUST MADAME NOBLE? I MEAN...HOW MUCH OF A TEAM PLAYER WOULD MADAME NOBLE BE?

SHOULD WE BE WORRIED THAT MADAME NOBLE COULD BECOME A MOLE FOR AGATHA...

...IF SHE ISN'T ONE ALREADY??

HE LOOKS SO MUCH BETTER IN CURLS, DOESN'T HE, RITA?

I COULDN'T AGREE MORE, LADY AGATHA.

EVEN IF IT ISN'T TRUE NOW, AGATHA HAS THAT GIFT OF HERS. ONE MEETING BETWEEN THEM IS ALL IT WOULD TAKE TO TURN MADAME NOBLE INTO A TRAITOR.

3 A.M. IT'S SATURDAY, AND I HAVE WEEKENDS OFF FROM WORK.

BUT IT'S STILL WAAAAAY TOO EARLY FOR ME TO GET UP.

I GUESS I HAVE TO GO BACK TO SLEEP SO LADY AGATHA  
AND MADAME NOBLE CAN TORTURE ME SOME MORE.

SHIT. IF I CAN'T CALL IT A DREAM, OR A NIGHTMARE,  
WHAT THE FUCK SHOULD I CALL IT?



WHAT KIND OF LIFE WOULD I HAVE FALLEN INTO IF MOM AND I HAD NEVER GONE TO BULLCHESTER?

WHAT WOULD I HAVE BECOME?

WOULD I HAVE BEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE MY FATHER?



THAT LAST BIT IS WHY I'M NOT IN ANY RUSH TO RESTORE MY FORMER GENDER,  
OR TO EVEN PUT A MALE ORGAN BACK BETWEEN MY LEGS.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY WOMEN MY FATHER TOOK  
ADVANTAGE OF, AND I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW.

IN FACT, I NEVER KNEW JUST HOW HORRIBLE  
HE WAS UNTIL AFTER HE HAD DIED.



AND SINCE I DON'T WANT TO BE THE MONSTER THAT HE WAS, THEN I GUESS I'LL BE THE SLUT THAT MADAME NOBLE WANTS ME TO BE.

DOESN'T THAT MAKE SENSE?

OR IS THAT JUST THE CONDITIONING TALKING?



HUH? OH...  
YOU'RE THAT...  
XENSHI WOMA...  
WAIT...


NOW THAT'S A  
NICE PIECE OF  
SKIN-TIGHT YOU'RE  
WEARING.

LUNG.

AND YES, I  
USED TO BE A  
BOY AS WELL.

WHAT IS ON  
YOUR MIND,  
NAINIU?





WHAT'S ALWAYS  
ON MY MIND,  
IT SEEMS.

I'M THINKING  
ABOUT WHERE I  
CAME FROM.

WHAT I COULD  
HAVE BEEN,  
IF I...

IT IS POINTLESS TO  
GO AGAINST THE  
RUSHING CURRENTS  
OF YOUR FATE.

YOU MUST RIDE IT,  
AS I HAVE, AND  
SEE WHERE IT  
TAKES YOU.


YOU LOOK STRESSED.  
SIT DOWN. SLIP OUT OF  
YOUR SECOND SKIN  
AND PRESENT  
YOUR BACK TO ME.

LET US  
ASSUME THAT  
THE CURRENT GIVES  
YOU THE CHOICE OF  
TURNING RIGHT, OR  
SMASHING INTO A  
LARGE ROCK.

WOULD YOU CARE  
WHICH DIRECTION YOU  
WOULD WANT TO GO?  
OR WOULD YOU LET  
THE CURRENT  
DECIDE?

BUT WHAT IF THAT  
CURRENT LEADS ME  
SOMEPLACE I DON'T  
WANT TO GO?

DUH! I'D GO  
RIGHT!



WHICH MEANS YOU  
HAVE NOT GIVEN UP ON  
YOUR CONVICTIONS.

YOU HAVE ENOUGH  
CONTROL OVER YOURSELF  
TO NOT LET OTHERS  
DESTROY YOU.

UUUUUUUUUUUUHHH...  
UUU-UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHH...

GODDESS...HER  
FINGERS...MAKING ME  
SSSSOOOO WARMMMM...



BUT THEN, THERE  
IS NOT MUCH  
DESTRUCTION IN  
THIS CITY.

ONLY CHANGES.

YET, IT IS ONLY  
THE WICKED WHO  
SEEM TO LOSE  
ANYTHING. IT IS  
ONLY PERSONALITIES  
THAT DIE HERE.

*\*PANT\**

*\*PANT\**

DO YOU WANT  
YOURS TO DIE,  
TAMARA?

I COULD DO THAT  
FOR YOU. RIGHT  
NOW. BURN AWAY  
WHAT YOU ARE,  
AND MAKE YOU  
SOMEONE TOTALLY  
DIFFERENT.

BEING XENSHI IS  
NOT SO BAD. YOU  
COULD BE JUST LIKE  
YOUR FRIEND.

WHAT DO YOU  
SAY?

THAT IS WHY YOU  
ARE STRONG, COW.  
I HAVE WEAKENED  
YOU...

...AND YET, YOU  
STILL FIGHT!

NNN...NNO...



BUT I AM NOT  
HERE TO DESTROY  
YOU. I WAS SENT  
TO WATCH YOU.

I WAS TOLD YOU  
WOULD BE LIKABLE.  
YOU HAVE PROVEN  
THIS SO FAR.

PLEASE DO NOT  
GIVE ME A REASON  
TO BELIEVE  
OTHERWISE.

MAY I SEE YOU  
EVERY ONCE IN A  
WHILE? YOU NEED  
ONLY CALL MY NAME  
IF YOU NEED ME TO  
DO ANYTHING OTHER  
THAN KEEP AN EYE  
ON YOU.

GET UP AND  
TURN AROUND,  
THEN SIT  
BACK DOWN.  
I WANT YOU TO  
FACE ME.

S-SURE...



SHI DE,  
QINGFU.

UHH...SHI DE,  
QINGFU.

MAY I ASK YOU  
A QUESTION?

WHAT WERE YOU  
LIKE AS A BOY?

REPEAT AFTER ME,  
PLEASE. 'SHI DE,  
QINGFU'.

GOOD. YOU SAY  
THAT WHEN I TELL  
YOU TO DO  
SOMETHING FOR  
ME, MINGBAI?

HAO DE.

YOU MAY.

I WAS...A FISHERMAN'S SON. I LIVED IN KOWLOON.

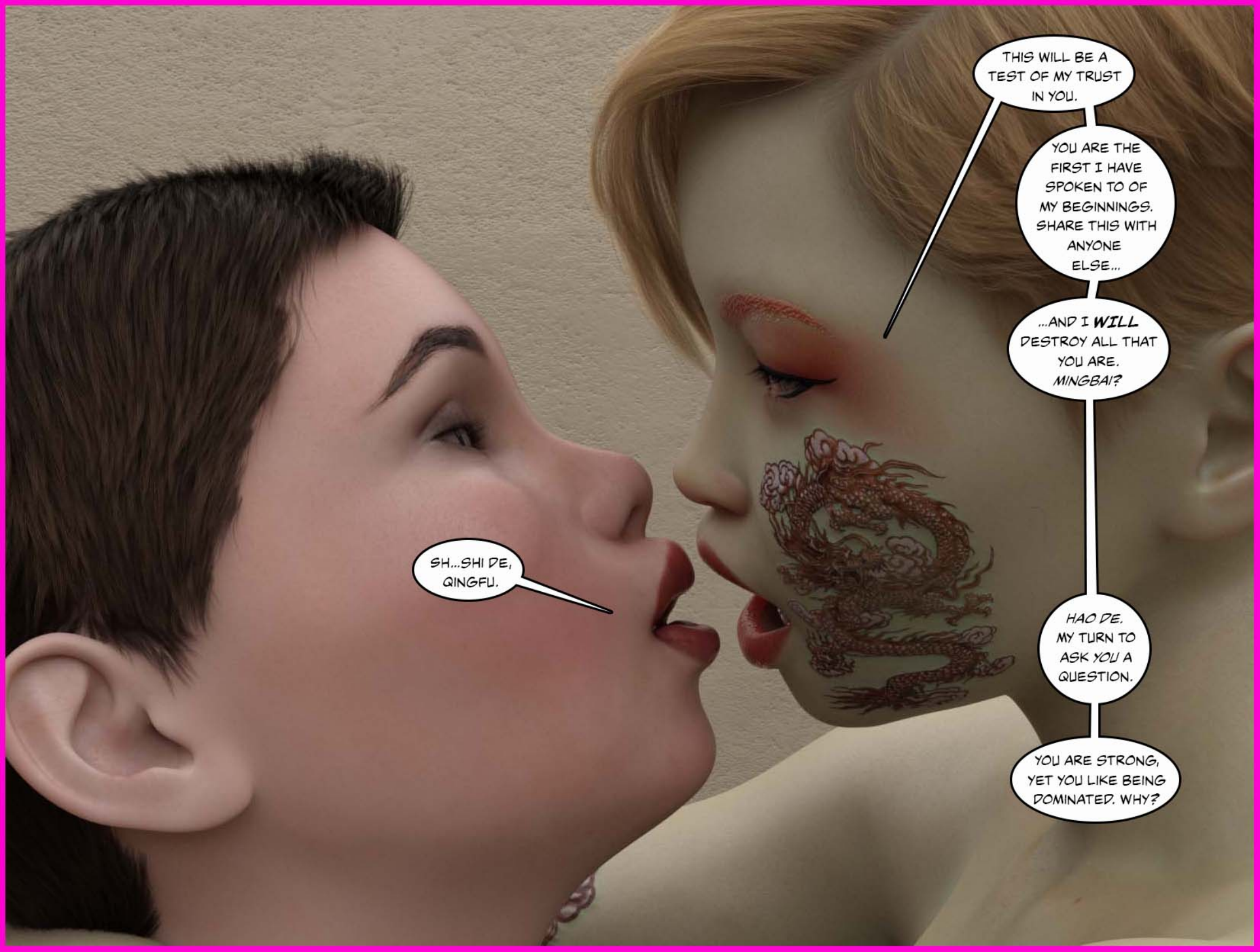
HIS WIFE...MY MOTHER...HAD A BROTHER WHO WAS WITH A TRIAD GANG. THINGS GOT BAD BETWEEN THEM.

WHEN THEY WENT FROM HARSH WORDS TO LOADED GUNS, MY FATHER HID ME ON A BOAT THAT PUT TO SEA JUST BEFORE A BULLET HIT HIS BRAIN.

THE BOAT BELONGED TO ONE OF THE XENSHI. MY LIFE CHANGED THE MOMENT SHE TOUCHED ME.

THAT IS ALL I WILL TELL YOU.

IT'S ENOUGH.



SH...SHI DE,  
QINGFU.

THIS WILL BE A  
TEST OF MY TRUST  
IN YOU.

YOU ARE THE  
FIRST I HAVE  
SPOKEN TO OF  
MY BEGINNINGS.  
SHARE THIS WITH  
ANYONE  
ELSE...

...AND I **WILL**  
DESTROY ALL THAT  
YOU ARE.  
MINGBAI?

HAO DE,  
MY TURN TO  
ASK YOU A  
QUESTION.

YOU ARE STRONG,  
YET YOU LIKE BEING  
DOMINATED. WHY?



MY FATHER WAS  
A RAPIST.


THAT'S RIGHT.

MADAME RITA  
NOBLE. MY  
FATHER RAPED  
HER, BUT HE  
DIED IN RUSSIA,  
SO...

AND YOU DO NOT  
WANT TO BE LIKE  
HIM?

WHO WAS IT  
THAT CHANGED  
YOU?

SO SHE WENT  
AFTER HIS SON.  
SHE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN SATISFIED  
THAT HE WAS  
KILLED BY HIS  
BAD KARMA.



PLEASE LEAVE HER  
ALONE. SHE'S, UH...  
SHE'S MY CROSS  
TO BEAR.

LEAVE HER  
ALONE  
ANYWAY.

NAME IT.

I SHOULD PAY  
HER A VISIT AND  
REMIND HER OF  
THIS MISTAKE.

SHE DOES NOT  
HAVE TO BE.

HMMM...FINE.  
BUT ON ONE  
CONDITION.

I'M THANKFUL THAT KISSING AND LICKING HER FEET WAS ALL SHE HAD WANTED.

BY THE WAY...I FOUND OUT LATER THAT 'SHI DE, QINGFU' WAS CHINESE FOR 'YES, MISTRESS'.

I'LL BE HONEST. EVERY WOMAN THAT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ME LIKE THIS DISTANCES ME FURTHER FROM THE MONSTER I COULD HAVE BEEN.

AND THAT, DEAR READER, IS WHY...WITHIN REASON...I ALWAYS INVITE IT.



LUNG DISAPPEARED AFTER THAT. PRESUMABLY 'INTO THE SHADOWS', I GUESS.

HER FOOT ODOR LINGERED FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE SCENT DISSOLVED. IT HELPED TO MAINTAIN THE MENTAL IMAGES.

I HAVE TIME TO KILL BEFORE I'M EXPECTED AT THE MANSION TO PREP FOR TONIGHT'S SOIREE WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.





I AM USUALLY EXPECTED AT A PLACE CALLED MISTRESSES EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, BUT THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE RARE NIGHT WHERE I GET TO GO ELSEWHERE.

MMMMMHHH...  
SHIT, COW...YOU'RE  
SOOOO GOOD AT  
THIS...OOOOHHH...

THIS IS WHAT A TYPICAL NIGHT LOOKS LIKE WHEN I GO THERE. IT STARTED WHEN I SERVICED MADAME OLIVIA'S CLIT DURING THE FIRST 'PINK PERSUASIONS' PARTY AT CINCHER'S. AT THE TIME, I DID THAT TO DIVERT MADAME OLIVIA'S ATTENTIONS AWAY FROM LIZ.

I'VE BEEN SERVICING HER EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT EVER SINCE.

\*BING-

BOOONG\*

PROBABLY MADAME OLIVIA WANTING AN EARLY FIX SINCE I CAN'T BE THERE TONIGHT.




UH...GOOD  
MORNING?

GWYNN! YES!  
LARRY SPOKE OF  
YOU. COME IN!  
PLEASE!

HOWDY. WE'VE  
NEV'R ACTUALLY  
MET FACE T' FACE.

I'M GWYNN  
WELSH. I'M  
SEEIN' A FRIEND  
O' YOURS.  
LARRY HANEL?



NOT RIGHT  
NOW. THANK Y'  
KINDLY, THOUGH.

NICE PLACE.  
GUESS TH'  
MAYORESS PAYS  
YOU WELL  
ENOUGH, EH?

DID YOU WANT  
ANYTHING TO  
DRINK? TEA?  
COFFEE?

MORE OR LESS.




MILK. PRETTY GOOD STUFF, TOO.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT, IF YOU LIKE. I HONESTLY DON'T MIND.

SO I HEAR TH' MADAMES CALL YOU...COW?

GUESS'N THESE AREN'T... IMPLANTS?

MAYBE LATER. LET'S HAVE OURSELVES A LIL' SIT-DOWN FOR NOW.




GUESS 'N Y' HEARD  
WHAT'S BEEN GOIN'  
ON WITH LARRY.

YEAH.  
UNFORTUNATELY.

WATCHIN' HIM THESE  
DAYS IS LIKE WATCHIN'  
ONE O' THEM MOVIE  
STARS HANGIN' TO A  
LEDGE BY THEIR  
FING'R NAILS.

I'M AT A LOSS T'  
GIVE 'IM ADVICE.  
HAVE Y' SEEN 'IM  
AT ALL AS O' LATE?

I HAVE,  
ACTUALLY. I  
WAS...JUST  
AS SPEECHLESS  
AS YOU MIGHT  
IMAGINE WHEN  
I SAW HIM.



**DAMN** THAT  
BARB'RA WALSH!

IF I FIND OUT  
SHE DID THIS ON  
HER OWN, I WILL  
**RUIN** THAT  
WOMAN!

YOU SUSPECT  
OTHERWISE?

WELL...LADY  
AGATHA AN' I  
AREN'T REALLY  
SEEIN' EYE T'  
EYE, SO T' SPEAK,  
DARLIN'.

SHE COULDA HAD  
THIS DONE T' WARN  
ME. THERE'S NO  
OTHR' REAS'N WHY  
THEY'D GO AFT'R  
LARRY. WE ALL  
LIKED 'IM!

I...DO HAVE  
TH' GIFT,  
YEAH...

...BUT I HOPE  
YER NOT  
SUGGESTIN'  
THAT I...

UM...IF YOU DON'T  
MIND MY ASKING,  
AND IT'S TOTALLY COOL  
IF YOU'D RATHER NOT  
COME OUT AND  
SAY IT...

...BUT ARE YOU ONE  
OF THOSE SO-CALLED  
'ANGELS'?

OH NO! NOT  
AT ALL! I WAS  
JUST CURIOUS.



I'D NEV'R DO THAT  
T' MY LARRY.

USED T' BE I WAS  
ALL FOR MAKIN'  
SISSIES OUTTA MEN.  
LIKE THEY ALL  
D'SERV'D IT...

...BUT THEN, I  
NEV'R KNEW A  
MAN AS NICE,  
AN' AS GENUINE,  
AS LARRY HANEL  
WAS OUT THERE.

MAN LIKE HIM  
COULD MAKE YOU  
FORGET YER GRIPES  
'BOUT MEN.

THAT  
SOUNDS LIKE  
LARRY, ALL RIGHT.  
HE WAS A  
FANTASTIC BOSS.  
A REALLY GREAT  
GUY TO WORK  
FOR.

SO...WHEN Y'  
SAW HIM, WHAT  
DID Y' TELL 'IM?

YEAH. NOT  
HAPP'NIN'.

NATURALLY. I  
FIGUR'D HE'D AT  
LEAST WEAR A  
DAMN BRA, BUT  
HE WON'T EV'N  
WEAR THAT,  
NEITH'R!

WELL, MUCH AS  
I WISH IT WERE  
POSSIBLE TO, UH...  
REVERSE WHAT HAD  
BEEN DONE TO  
HIM...

I KNOW THAT MEN'S  
CLOTHING IS GONNA  
START LOOKING, WELL,  
REALLY ODD ON HIM  
OVER TIME.

SO I SUGGESTED THAT  
HE TRY WHAT I DO.  
THAT HE ACCEPT WHAT  
HE'S BECOME...

I KNOW HIM.  
DON'T THINK  
THAT'D WORK OUT  
TOO GOOD.

DON'T THEY MAKE  
CLOTHES FOR WOMEN  
THAT LOOK LIKE  
MEN'S STUFF?

HEH...FER  
SOMEONE LIKE  
LIL' OL' ME?  
MONEY'S NO  
ISSUE, DARLIN'.


TRY THAT, THEN!

...ONLY ON HIS  
TERMS, AND HIS  
ALONE.

I WOULD THINK  
YOU'D NEED TO  
ORDER CLOTHES LIKE  
THOSE OUTSIDE OF  
THE CITY.

HOW MUCH OF A  
WARDROBE CAN YOU  
PUT TOGETHER?





WILL DO,  
HONEY!

SO...WHAT  
HAPPENED THAT  
MADE LARRY  
WANNA LET  
YOU GO?

I THINK IT HAD  
SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH THE DEATH  
OF HIS WIFE IN  
KANSAS. HE WAS  
TOLD THAT HE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
ANYTHING AROUND  
HIM THAT WOULD  
REMIND HIM OF  
SHELLEY.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE  
SOMETHING I COULD  
HELP LARRY WITH.  
BE NICE TO USE  
THIS GIFT TO HELP  
SOMEONE HEAL UP.

T'MARA...IF IT  
WERE POSSIBLE FER  
YOU T' GET  
BACK T' WORKIN'  
WITH LARRY...




I...I COULDN'T  
DO THAT, GWYNN.  
I'M SORRY.

GIVEN WHAT THE  
SISTERHOOD DID TO  
HIM, I'D FEEL TOO  
DISHEARTENED.

I'M BETTER POSITIONED  
NOW WITH THE MAYORESS  
ANYWAY. I CAN HELP PEOPLE.  
MAYBE EVEN WARN THEM IF THEY  
HAVEN'T BEEN COMPROMISED  
ALREADY.

I THINK LARRY  
WOULD UNDERSTAND.

HELL, I SURE  
DO!



LARRY WAS RIGHT  
ABOUT ME LIKIN'  
YOU, DARLIN',  
'CAUSE I MOST  
SURELY DO.

NEXT TIME I STOP  
BY...AND I WILL...  
I'LL BRING POPPY  
WITH ME. THAT'S  
MY DAUGHT'R.

I'LL HIT Y' UP  
WITH A TEXT SO'S  
Y' CAN GIT MY  
CONTACT INFO.

SOUNDS GOOD!

THERE'S SOMETHIN'  
ELSE THAT'S BEEN ON  
MY MIND SINCE I  
FIRST LAID EYES  
ON YA...

...HOW COME THAT  
THERE HAIRSTYLE  
LOOKS MORE LIKE  
'TIMMY' THAN  
'T'MARA'?

\*SIGH\*  
IT'S A RITA  
NOBLE THING,  
I'M AFRAID.

NO, IT'S OK.  
WOULD IT MAKE  
SENSE TO KNOW THAT  
ALL HER TORMENTS  
HELP ME?

YEAH. I HEAR  
YOU.

YOU AIN'T Y'  
DAD, HONEY.

WANT ME T' GIVE  
RITA A LIL' SHOVE?

AIN'T  
NEV'R HEARD  
O' NO BULLYIN'  
BEIN' HELPFUL,  
DARLIN'.

EV'RYONE'S GOT  
A LINE THAT CAN'T  
EV'R BE CROSS'D.  
DON'T LET 'ER  
DO THAT,  
Y' HEAR?



ANYTIME,  
SWEET'UMS.

NOW ABOUT  
THAT MILK O'  
YOURS...

*\*GIGGLE\**  
POUR ME A  
GLASS, DARLIN'.

THANKS, GWYNN.

I HAVE A JUG  
IN THE FRIDGE. LET  
ME GET YOU  
SOME...UNLESS  
YOU, UHH...  
WANT IT RIGHT  
FROM THE  
TEAT?

I'D BE SHOCKED IF SHE WASN'T WITH TEAM GRACE.



I HAD A FEELING I'D LIKE GWYNN. I MEAN, IF SHE COULD WIN LARRY'S AFFECTIONS, I FIGURED I'D HAVE LITTLE TO WORRY ABOUT IF WE EVER CROSSED PATHS. SHE NEVER ONCE USED HER ANGEL'S TOUCH, EITHER, AND SHE COULD HAVE.

I WONDER IF HER DAUGHTER IS ANY DIFFERENT?


HOOO-EEE!  
THAT HIT TH'  
SPOT!

BEST MILK I  
EV'R TASTED,  
DARLIN'!

SHE MUST HAVE  
BEEN DOSED WITH  
THAT 'HEIFER  
FORMULA' THAT I  
HEARD ABOUT...

\*GIGGLE\*  
THANKS.





I APPRECIATE TH'  
KIND O' WOMAN  
YOU'VE BECOME,  
T'MARA.

DON'T YOU DARE  
MESS THAT LIL' OL'  
HEAD THINKIN'  
YER ANYTHIN' LIKE  
Y' DAD, Y' HEAR?

YOU JUS' KEEP  
BEIN' YOU!

YER FAR MORE N'  
THAT, AN' YOU  
DAMN WELL KNOW  
IT, DARLIN'!

I WONDER WHAT  
HER MOTHER IS  
LIKE?

HEH...SURE.  
A SISTERHOOD  
COW.

CAN I ASK WHAT KINDA PERSON Y' MOM'S LIKE, DEAR?

SHE'S CERTAINLY NO WALLFLOWER, THAT'S FOR SURE.

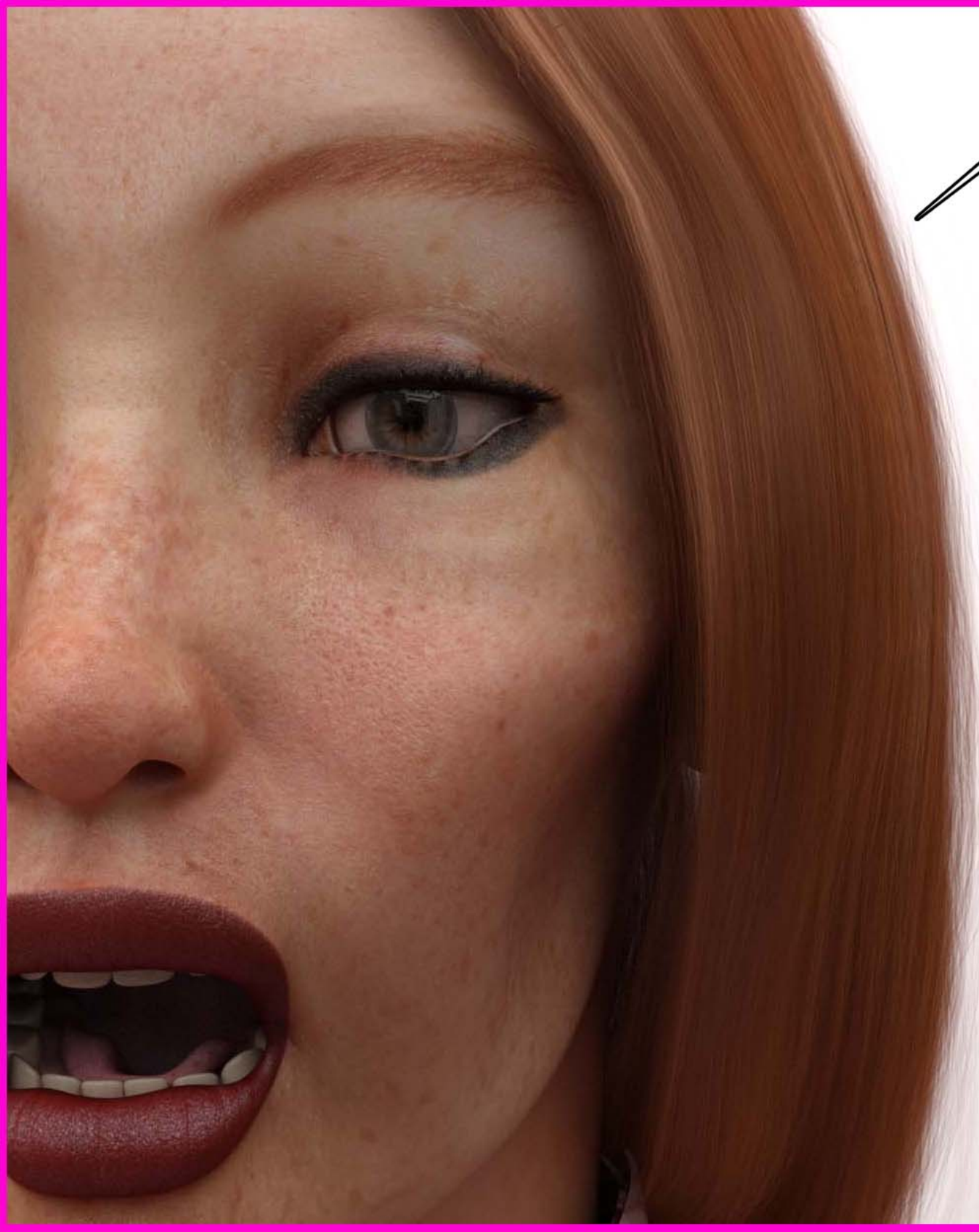
SHE'S THE REASON I'M ACTUALLY HERE. WE MOVED AFTER SHE DIVORCED MY FATHER.

SHE TOLD ME SHE GOT A LUCRATIVE JOB OFFER FROM SOMEONE OUT HERE.

AN' TH' SIST'RHOOD MESSED WITH 'ER FROM THERE, RIGHT?

YEP. THEY MADE HER LOOK, WELL, YOUNGER.






THAT'S BECOMIN'  
A POPULAR THING  
'ROUND 'ERE, DARLIN'.

LOTS OF OLD LADIES  
GOIN' INTO BATHTUBS  
FILLED WITH FOAMY  
PINK WAT'R.

THEY COME BACK  
OUT LOOKIN' LIKE  
THEY JUS' TOOK A  
BIG OL' DIP OUTTA TH'  
FOUNTAIN O' YOUTH.

THEY GET T' BE  
KIDS ALL OV'R  
AGAIN.



THAT'S A SCARY  
THOUGHT WHEN YOU  
THINK ABOUT IT,  
GWYNN.

I MEAN, THAT  
TECHNICALLY OFFERS  
IMMORTALITY! THEY  
COULD USE THAT AS  
A BARGAINING CHIP  
IF THEY WERE EVER  
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE  
OVER THE  
CONSPIRACY!

THEY  
COULD GO THE  
OTH'R WAY TOO. EV'R  
HEARD OF A WOMAN  
NAMED LESLIE  
BET'NCOURT?

THE HOMELESS  
OLD WOMAN WHO  
SMELLS GODDESS-  
AWFUL? I SURE HAVE.

AND I KNOW SHE  
WASN'T ALWAYS  
THAT OLD. DERMIS  
MACHINES DID THAT  
TO HER, RIGHT?

THEY SURELY  
DID!



GIT OUTTA HERE.  
REALLY??

SHE KIND OF HAD  
IT COMING TO HER,  
THOUGH. I MEAN...  
SHE TRIED TO ROB  
HER OWN GRANDPARENTS  
OF THEIR LIFE SAVINGS  
WITH THE HELP OF  
HER SON.

YUP. HER HUSBAND  
WAS IN ON IT, TOO.  
SISTERHOOD CHANGED  
THEM ALL.

HER HUSBAND'S A  
MAID, AND HER  
SON'S AN EXOTIC  
DANCER AT  
MISTRESSES.

AN' THEIR  
GRANDPARENTS?

GLEND A DOES  
RETRO HAIRSTYLES  
AT THE MALL, AND  
I THINK HER  
HUSBAND'S A  
FITNESS INSTRUCTOR  
AT THAT  
RETIREMENT  
HOME.

AN'...ARE THEY  
SIST'RHOOD NOW,  
OR...?

OH HELL, NO.  
NOT AFTER  
EVERYTHING I'VE  
TOLD THEM!

SMART MOVE.

THEY'RE A  
GREAT COUPLE, TOO.  
GLENDA USED TO  
BE WITH THE USO,  
AND HARVEY GOT  
A PURPLE HEART  
DURING OPERATION  
MARKET  
GARDEN.

REALLY? WORLD  
WAR II VET?

YUP! HE CALLS  
HER 'GLENNE  
DOLL'.

I'M GLAD GLENDA  
GOT ACQUAINTED WITH  
THIS ONE AFTER ALL  
THEY'VE BEEN  
THROUGH!




GWYNN, I...I'D  
RATHER WE NOT  
TALK ABOUT...

AN' Y' DON'T  
THINK THAT'S WHAT  
RITA WANTS YOU  
T' BE? HER  
DOLL?

FIDDLESTICKS!  
Y' REALLY NEED  
T' TAKE CHARGE,  
DARLIN'!

THERE  
MAY COME  
A TIME WHERE  
SHE'LL FORCE WHAT  
SHE WANTS ON  
YOU IF'N Y' STAY  
ALL PASSIVE!

SHE'S NOT  
WRONG...



I CAN'T DO THE  
SAME THING MADAME  
GRACE IS DOING,  
GWYNN. I HAVE NO  
DESIRE, AT ALL, TO  
BECOME A MADAME  
MYSELF.

YOU'D DO THAT?

UNLESS...Y'  
WANT THIS?  
Y' WANT 'ER T'  
WIN SOMEDAY?

WELL...IF RITA  
FORCES WHAT SHE  
WANTS ON YA, YOU  
BETT'R NOT COME  
ANYWHERE NEAR  
ME...

...'CAUSE I'LL JUS'  
HAVE T' CHANGE  
Y' RIGHT BACK T'  
THIS LIL' OL' FIREBALL  
STANDIN' B'FORE  
ME RIGHT NOW!

HELL, YES!

'CEPT I'D GIVE  
YOU A NICE, FULL  
HEAD O' SOLID  
GOLD CURLS!

YER MOM MUST  
BE SPECIAL T' HAVE  
RAISED A REAL GEM  
OF A BOY, DARLIN'.

ANY OTH'R KIDS?  
BROTH'RS?  
DAUGHT'RS?

GUESS'N HE MADE  
'EM BOTH ROTT'N  
APPLES. YOU GOT  
TH' BETT'R DEAL  
FER SURE, HONEY.

MMM...CURLS  
WOULD BE  
NICE...

TWO OLDER  
SISTERS.

SANDRA AND  
SHELLEY. THEY  
DON'T LIKE ME  
VERY MUCH. THEY  
STAYED WITH DAD  
AFTER THE  
DIVORCE.





YEAH. I NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE LATER. CAN'T BACK OUT ON IT.

SAY...Y' GOT PLANS T'DAY?

WE'LL RAINCHECK US BEIN' MALLRATS, THEN. I NEED T' FIND NEW THREADS ONLINE FER LARRY ANYWAY.



YOU TAKE GOOD  
CARE O' YOURSELF,  
HONEY.

ALWAYS REMEMB'R  
THAT YER ONE O' TH'  
GOOD ONES, NO MATT'R  
HOW BAD Y' DAD WAS.

YOU'LL SEE ME  
AGAIN FER SURE.

LIKEWISE...

THANKS FOR  
STOPPING BY,  
GWYNN. IT WAS  
GREAT TO FINALLY  
MEET YOU.

...AN' MAKE SURE  
THAT MILK JUG  
STAYS FULL.

HAD JUST ENOUGH  
FER A FULL GLASS.  
COULD'VE WANTED  
A REFILL!

JUS' ASK ANY  
DAIRY FARM'R.  
MILK'S AT ITS  
BEST WHEN IT'S  
CHILLED.

SEE Y' SOON,  
DARLIN'!

*\*ZZzzzzzz\**

*\*GASP!\**



IT'S BECOMING A BIT DIFFICULT FOR ME TO SNAP OUT OF THE HAZE THAT COMES WITH SOMEONE USING THAT ANGEL GIFT ON ME.

THIS ONE LASTED A GOOD FIVE MINUTES BEFORE MY MIND CLEARED.

WHEN IT DID, I NOTICED THAT THE MILK JUG IN THE FRIDGE HAD MYSTERIOUSLY REPLENISHED ITSELF, AND ONE OF MY BOOBS WAS EXPOSED.

JUG...STAY FULL...KEEP... MILK JUG FULL...



I REMEMBER WHEN MADAME NOBLE SHOWED ME THIS DRESS IN A LORIS PUBLICATION. I WAS STILL TIMOTHY PORTNOY BACK THEN.

NOWADAYS, IT'S ONE OF HER MORE SUBTLE TORMENTS. I GET A PACKAGE IN THE MAIL EVERY NOW AND THEN, AND IT'S A SLUTTY DRESS. THE ORIGINAL DESIGN WAS MEANT FOR SLIM BODIES. WAIF MODELS.

THIS ONE WAS OBVIOUSLY MODDED TO ACCOUNT FOR MY...LARGER ASSETS.



I HAVE A BIT OF TIME TO KILL BEFORE I NEED TO HEAD OUT TO THE MANSION, SO SINCE THE PARK IS A MERE THREE BUS STOPS FROM MY BARFORD HOME, I DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NICE WEATHER.

I TRIED NOT TO LET THE BOYISH HAIRSTYLE MADAME NOBLE INFLICTED UPON ME DAMPEN MY SPIRITS.



SEEING SO MANY BULLCHESTER CITIZENS, YOUNG AND OLD,  
PLAYING AND WALKING AROUND HERE... PARTICULARLY THE YOUNG...  
MAKES ME WONDER JUST WHAT THEY COULD BE IN FOR WHEN THEY  
GET OLDER.

HOW WILL THE SISTERHOOD FUCK WITH THEIR LIVES? IF  
THEY LEARN THE TRUTH AND THEY PLAY IT SMART, THEY  
COULD BE ANOTHER GRACE LEES.

OTHERWISE, THEY WIND UP A WITHERED HOBO,  
LIKE LESLIE BETANCOURT.



IS THIS BENCH  
SPACE TAKEN,  
COW?

I'M ALONE,  
SO NO.

KNOWING EXACTLY WHO THIS YOUNG WOMAN IS...

...THIS COULD GO VERY, VERY BADLY.


I CAN ONLY HOPE ALL LEANNE WANTS TO DO IS TO GLOAT.

SO I MEANT TO  
TELL YOU JUST HOW  
STUPID IT WAS FOR  
YOU TO INTERVENE  
ON MY EFFORTS TO  
ACQUIRE KIRK  
DEMAREST AT  
RUBIE'S MALL.

I ALSO DIDN'T  
APPRECIATE YOU  
USING NAZI  
ANALOGIES.

TELL IT TO THE  
FEELINGS POLICE,  
DR. WALSH.




A close-up shot of a woman with vibrant red hair and black-rimmed glasses. She has a surprised or perhaps indignant expression, with her mouth slightly open. She is wearing a black top with white polka dots. The background is a lush, green outdoor setting with various plants and a paved path.

DON'T PISS ME  
OFF ANY FURTHER  
THAN YOU ALREADY  
HAVE, COW.

NOT WHEN MY  
STAR IS CLEARLY  
RISING ON  
CRESSWELL'S  
HONOR ROLL!

MOST OF THOSE  
WHITECOATS JUST  
DO AS THEY'RE  
TOLD IN MAKING  
ALL THOSE  
FASCINATING  
SERUMS...

...BUT ME?  
THEY'VE GIVEN  
ME CARTE BLANCHE  
TO PLAY THE HUMAN  
DNA MAPS LIKE A  
HARP FROM  
HELL!




PFFT. PETAL'S A MENTAL MIDGET COMPARED TO ME!

SHE'S ALWAYS SHARING A BED WITH CELESTE RICHARDS THESE DAYS AND NIGHTS ANYWAY!

I'M SURE RADICALS LIKE PETAL WOULD FIND THAT VERY INTRIGUING.

IF I WANTED A SOAP OPERA STORY, DR. WALSH, I'LL WATCH WILD PASSIONS.



WHY BOTHER  
WATCHING SOMETHING  
AS MUNDANE AS  
A TV SHOW...

...WHEN YOU  
COULD GRAZE IN  
A PASTURE?

ISN'T THAT WHAT  
THE DAIRY COWS  
DO, HEIFER GIRL?

I HEAR YOUR  
TEATS STREAM  
SOME SERIOUSLY  
GOOD MILK,  
TOO...



...AND I COULD EASILY TAKE YOU A HUGE STEP FURTHER.

AFTER ALL, NIKKI KAPPER HAS ME TO THANK FOR MAKING HER GIRLFRIEND A BIT MORE...CATTY.

THERE'S ALSO SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THAT HEIFER PROJECT.

IT STALLED WHEN PETAL TRIED TO DEVELOP IT ON HER OWN...

...SO YOU STEPPED  
IN TO COMPLETE IT?


AND I THOUGHT  
COWS WERE  
STUPID.

IF IT WERE  
PETAL'S ORIGINAL  
BREW INSIDE YOU,  
YOU'D BE LACTATING  
UNCONTROLLABLY.  
YOU'D BE A  
MILKY MESS  
TWENTY-FOUR  
SEVEN!

I KEYED MY  
REFINEMENTS TO  
THE FORMULA  
TO FIT A SPECIFIC  
DNA STRUCTURE.

ONE WHICH  
CELESTE JUST  
HAPPENED TO  
PROVIDE ME  
WITH AFTER YOU  
AND YOUR MOM  
ARRIVED HERE.

MINE.




THE TRAGEDY OF  
MODERN SCIENCE  
OUTSIDE OF OUR  
CITY LIMITS IS THAT  
THEY ALWAYS HAVE  
ETHICAL  
ROADBLOCKS.

AS FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED, THERE  
SHOULD BE NO ETHICAL  
ROADBLOCKS.

I PROVED THAT  
WITH CHARLENE  
MERRYWETHER...

...AND I COULD ...  
Y' KNOW WHAT?  
FUCK THAT. I  
WILL DO THE SAME  
WITH YOU, TIMOTHY  
PORTNOY.

IN FACT, I COULD  
DO THAT WITH  
ANYONE WHO  
CROSSES ME!



NOW WHY WOULD  
I GO AND DO THAT,  
COW?


THE LIVES OF MY  
ENTIRE FAMILY HAS  
CHANGED FOR THE  
BETTER THROUGH THE  
SISTERHOOD!

EVEN...AGATHA?

THE ONE WHO'S  
BUTTERING YOUR  
BREAD?

SUUUUURE. NOW YOU  
HAVE TWO MOMMIES,  
ONE OF WHICH  
FEMINIZED A LAWYER  
THE SISTERHOOD  
APPRECIATED AGAINST  
HIS WILL.

BUT PLEASE. DON'T LET  
THAT GET IN THE WAY  
OF YOUR OWN FAR MORE  
IMPORTANT FORTUNES!



AS FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED, YOU ALL  
TRADED YOUR NORMAL  
LIVES FOR SISTERHOOD  
COLLARS, AND OL'  
AGGIE'S HOLDING YOUR  
LEASHES.

DON'T YOU EVEN  
GO THERE, YOU  
SELF-RIGHTEOUS  
FUCKING HOLSTEIN!

I WAS A NOBODY...  
AN OVERWEIGHT LUMP  
OF A PRODIGY BEFORE  
I ENROLLED IN  
FEETHAM U!

YOU EXPECT ME  
TO ACCEPT BEING  
A NOBODY, YOU...  
YOU COW??

WOULD YOU RATHER  
SEE MY DAD GO TO  
PRISON??

BARRY GOT A SECOND  
CHANCE AT LIFE. WHO  
CARES IF HE HAD TO  
SACRIFICE HIS  
MANHOOD FOR IT??



YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY  
OBLIVIOUS TO A  
FINE PRINT YOU NEVER  
BOTHERED TO READ.

IN COMPENSATION  
FOR YOUR GOOD  
FORTUNES, YOU'RE NOW  
ACTIVELY PARTICIPATING IN  
A POTENTIALLY WORLD-  
SPANNING CONSPIRACY  
AGAINST MEN.

AND THE ARCHITECT OF  
THAT CONSPIRACY WANTS  
TO SEE ALL MEN  
LIQUIDATED. EVEN THE  
FEMINIZED ONES!

ME, YOUR FATHER,  
ANY FRIENDS YOU'VE  
MADE AT FEETHAM'S  
THAT WERE ONCE  
MALE...THEY'RE ALL  
TARGETS, LEANNE.

CAN YOU SIT THERE  
AND TELL ME THAT YOU  
WON'T GIVE A FUCK  
IF AGATHA KILLS  
BARBARA WALSH?

THIS COW HAS GOT  
TO BE BULLSHITTING  
ME!

YOU  
THINK I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
TRYING TO DO,  
SUPERTEATS? FILLING  
MY HEAD WITH A  
LOT OF FANCIFUL  
MEADOW  
MUFFINS?

WELL, I'LL LET YOUR  
MAMMOTH ASS IN ON  
A FUN FACT. I'VE JUST  
FINISHED DEVELOPING  
AN ENHANCEMENT OF  
THE HEIFER FORMULA.

I'VE BEEN THINKING  
OF A FRESH SUBJECT TO  
TEST IT ON...

...AND I THINK  
THE FORMER  
EDWARD WILSON  
WOULD BE A  
FINE CHOICE,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

WOULDN'T EVEN  
NEED A LAB VISIT...  
I COULD HAVE  
SOMEONE SLIP IT  
INTO HER AFTERNOON  
TEA...

...SHE'D GROW  
MORE THAN JUST  
BREASTS, TOO...  
EARS, NOSE,  
EVEN HORNS!

DON'T YOU  
FUCKING DARE,  
LEANNE!

BITCH!

AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME, IT'S THAT I ALWAYS WANT TO FIELD TEST MY BREWS ONCE I MAKE THEM!

ADOPTED. BOTH OF THEM!


PERHAPS I SHOULD DOSE THEM, EH? A WHOLE FAMILY OF MILK PRODUCERS! YOU'D TRULY BE MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

YOUR POINT?

ELIZABETH DOESN'T DESERVE THAT, LEANNE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH IN ECUADOR...AND SHE HAS KIDS!

ELIZABETH'S A MADAME NOW, LEANNE!

YOU'RE INSANE!



IF DISREGARDING  
ETHICAL ROADBLOCKS  
MAKES ME INSANE,  
I'LL GLADLY  
ACCEPT IT!


NOT LIKE I'M ACTUALLY  
KILLING ANYONE, AM I?

NO ONE DIES IN  
BULLCHESTER, DO THEY,  
COW? NO. THEY  
JUST CHANGE.

DID YOUR  
TRANSFORMATION  
INTO A WOMAN...  
FASCINATE YOU AT  
ALL, TIMOTHY?

DO YOU THINK  
EDWARD GOT  
A LITTLE...EXCITED  
INSIDE...WHEN  
SHE BECAME  
ELIZABETH?

CHARLENE WAS AN  
EPIPHANY FOR ME.  
I DIDN'T THINK IT  
WAS POSSIBLE FOR  
ME TO HAVE HER  
GROW A TAIL...



...AND NOW, SHE  
HAS ONE! ALL  
HER OWN!

AFTER COMPELLING  
NIKKI KAPPER  
TO MAKE A  
SUICIDE ATTEMPT.

I WONDER...IF  
YOU EVER WANTED  
TO KNOW WHAT IT  
FEELS LIKE TO  
HAVE A TAIL?

WHICH BECOMES  
A NON-ISSUE ONCE  
LADY AGATHA  
VISITS JULIA  
UNANNOUNCED.

SHE WANTED TO  
GET OUT OF THE  
CITY!

I-I WORK FOR THE  
MAYORESS OF  
BULLCHESTER!



OOH...ARE YOU  
TREMBLING, COW?

OUT OF FEAR...  
OR IS IT  
ANTICIPATION?

WHEN I SEE YOU  
AGAIN...AND I  
WILL SEE YOU  
AGAIN...WE'RE  
MAKING A LITTLE  
ARRANGEMENT.

YOU ALREADY  
KNOW WHO MY  
ALTERNATIVE  
CHOICES WILL BE,  
SO DON'T YOU  
DARE GET CHEEKY  
ABOUT THIS!

I HOPE YOU...  
SECRETLY ENJOY  
THE CHANGES TO  
COME, LAB RAT!

FOR NOW, I  
NEED TO, UH...  
MOOOOOVE  
ALONG!

THE MOST HORRIBLE THING ABOUT THAT WHOLE FRANKENSTEIN BABBLE I WAS JUST SUBJECTED TO...

...WAS THAT LEANNE WASN'T WRONG ABOUT THE FASCINATION PART.

I MEAN, THERE'S PEOPLE OUT THERE BEYOND THE BORDERS OF THIS CITY WHO STILL THINK THAT AN EXPENSIVE SEX CHANGE OPERATION IS THE ONLY WAY TO BIOLOGICALLY FLIP THE GENDER SWITCH.

HERE, ALL IT TAKES IS THE PINCH OF A PLASTIC, DISPOSABLE INJECTOR UNIT.





HOLA, TAMARA!

UH OH...  
SOMETHING'S ON  
HER MIND...

HEEEY!  
TAMARA!

FANCY SEEING  
YOU OUT HERE!

HELLO, MADAME  
ELIZABETH.


«I NEED TO HAVE A  
MOMENT ALONE WITH  
MY FRIEND.» \*

«CAN I TRUST YOU  
BOTH TO STAY OUT  
OF TROUBLE?»

SI, MAMA!

NOSOTRAS  
ESTAREMOS  
BIEN, MAMA!

\* - TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH




TALK TO ME,  
TAMARA. DON'T  
HOLD BACK  
ANYTHING.

THE SISTERHOOD'S  
SCIENCE PRODIGY,  
RIGHT?

*\*SIGH\**  
LEANNE WALSH  
SAW ME HERE.  
SHE CAME BY TO  
GRIPE ABOUT AN  
INTERVENTION I  
PULLED OFF AT  
THE MALL.

THAT'S THE  
ONE.



I HAVE A FEELING  
SHE'S GOING TO  
BECOME A VERY  
DANGEROUS PERSON,  
IF SHE ISN'T  
ALREADY.

WHEN A SCIENTIST  
STARTS GETTING  
DISMISSIVE ABOUT  
'ETHICAL ROADBLOCKS',  
ESPECIALLY AFTER  
YOU'VE HEARD  
ABOUT A BULLCHESTER  
CITIZEN WHO GREW A  
CAT'S TAIL...

...YOU CAN'T HELP  
BUT WONDER JUST  
HOW MUCH MORE  
INSANE SHE'LL  
BECOME OVER  
TIME!

SHE KNOWS  
ABOUT YOU AND  
I, MADAME  
ELIZABETH...

...WHICH MAKES  
NO DIFFERENCE TO  
ME, SWEETHEART.

IN FACT, I NEED YOU  
TO DO ME A VERY  
IMPORTANT FAVOR.

IF THEY EVEN  
SUGGEST THAT THEY  
SHOULD GO AFTER  
ME JUST TO TRY AND  
PUSH YOUR BUTTONS,  
DON'T GIVE  
THEM THAT  
SATISFACTION!

I'D RATHER YOU BE  
CONFIDENT THAT I  
CAN HANDLE MYSELF,  
AND TRUST WHATEVER  
JUDGMENTS I MAKE.  
EVEN IF YOU DON'T  
AGREE WITH THEM.

CAN YOU DO THAT?

TAMARA?

NOOO, NO NO NO...  
YOU WILL DO THAT.  
SAY IT. I DEMAND  
IT!

NO ONE WILL EVER  
TAKE YOU AWAY FROM  
ME, GIRL. YOU ARE  
MINE, AND YOU ALWAYS  
WILL BE.

YOU'LL BE WHATEVER  
I WANT YOU TO BE...  
A MAID, A CAT, A DOG,  
A COW...

...AND WHEN THE  
TIME COMES...

YES, MADAME  
ELIZABETH, I...I  
CAN DO THAT.

I WILL DO THAT,  
MADAME ELIZABETH.  
I WILL TRUST YOU.  
ALWAYS.

...OUR WIFE.

NO ONE CAN TAKE  
OUR COW AWAY  
FROM US...

...NO ONE...

...NO ONE AT  
ALL...NOT RITA...  
NOT CORA...  
NO MATTER  
HOW MUCH THEY  
FUCK WITH OUR  
HEADS...OR OUR  
BODIES...

...YOU'LL ALWAYS  
BE IN OUR HEARTS...  
ME AND MADAME  
GRACE...

...YOU'LL ALWAYS  
BE OURS.




THEY'RE THE  
SWEETEST LITTLE  
ANGELS, AREN'T  
THEY?

ABSOLUTELY.

HAVE SOFIA OR  
ISABELLA SAID  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
WHAT THEY WANT  
TO BE WHEN THEY  
GROW UP?

NOT YET...

...BUT NO MATTER  
WHAT IT IS, IT  
WON'T BE ANYTHING  
REMOTELY RELATED  
TO AGATHA'S  
SISTERHOOD.

A digital illustration of two women in a park. The woman on the left has dark hair and heavy eye makeup, wearing a black top. The woman on the right has lighter skin, pink eye makeup, and red lips, wearing a grey top. They are sitting on a wooden bench with trees and bushes in the background. Three speech bubbles contain text.

I HAVEN'T REALLY  
THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, TAMARA?  
DO YOU THINK  
SHE'LL CHANGE  
THINGS FOR THE  
BETTER?

HAVE YOU EVER  
WONDERED WHAT THE  
SISTERHOOD WOULD  
BE LIKE WITH  
MADAME GRACE  
IN CHARGE?



THAT DEPENDS  
ON WHETHER OR  
NOT MADAME NOBLE  
PLANS TO STAB  
HER IN THE BACK  
AT THE RIGHT  
MOMENT.

I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST MADAME NOBLE TO DO JUST THAT.


I'D BE SHOCKED IF SHE DIDN'T.

I STAYED WITH LIZ AND HER KIDS FOR A COUPLE MORE HOURS BEFORE I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK HOME.

A BLACK LIMOUSINE THAT HAD TO HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE ARISTOCRACY LINGERED ACROSS THE STREET FROM MY HOME WHEN I ARRIVED.

I EXPECTED THEM A FEW HOURS FROM NOW. WHY THE EARLY SUMMONS?





GOOD AFTERNOON,  
TAMARA. THIS ONE  
IS MIA.

THIS ONE WILL BE  
YOUR DRIVER, AND  
WILL TAKE YOU TO  
KLEISENHOFF MANSION  
WHENEVER YOU WISH  
TO LEAVE.

THE VICOMTE IS  
WILLING TO RECEIVE YOU IN  
ADVANCE OF THE LATEST  
POSSIBLE TIME, AND  
ADVISES AN EARLY  
ARRIVAL.

HMM. NO BETTER  
TIME THAN THE  
PRESENT, I GUESS.



THE VICOMTE  
WONDERS IF YOU BEAR  
THE CONVENIENCE OF A  
BLACK AND WHITE  
DRESS IN YOUR CURRENT  
WARDROBE?

I DO.

GREAT!  
THE VICOMTE  
WILL BE PLEASED.  
IF YOU WOULD LIKE  
TO LEAVE NOW,  
YOU SHOULD CHANGE  
INTO IT FIRST.

GOTCHA.

BULLCHESTER BUSES PASS THIS PLACE DAILY. IT USED TO BE A DECREPIT, ABANDONED RELIC BEFORE RENOVATION CREWS SHOWED UP TO COMPLETELY RESTORE IT A YEAR AGO.

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN DOES NOT KNOW WHO OWNS KLEISENHOFF MANSION NOW, SO I GUESS I'M NOW AMONG THE ONES THAT DO.



THIS BRIDGE IS OBVIOUSLY NEW. PROBABLY SOMETHING SYMBOLIC.

MIA CONFIRMS THIS AS WE CROSS IT. IN A NOD TO NORSE MYTHOS, THEY CREATED THEIR OWN 'RAINBOW BRIDGE', WHICH THE LEGENDS CHRONICLE TO BE THE ONLY PASSAGE TO THE MYTHICAL REALM OF ASGARD, HOME TO THE NORSE DEITIES.

DOES THAT MAKE MIA...HEIMDALL?



WELL, WHADDYA KNOW. A BLAST FROM THE PAST.

GLUTEN TAG,  
FRAULEIN  
TAMARA.

EEZ GOOT  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN. HAS  
BEEN A LONG  
TIME, JA?

THE SLUT IN ME STIRS, BUT ONLY BECAUSE MADAME NOBLE HAD THE IDEA OF SETTING ME UP WITH HIM THROUGH HER CONDITIONING. THE URGE TO JUMP HIS BONES ISN'T AS STRONG THESE DAYS, THANKFULLY.

GODDESS...HE'S STILL REALLY ATTRACTIVE, THOUGH. MMMMMH...

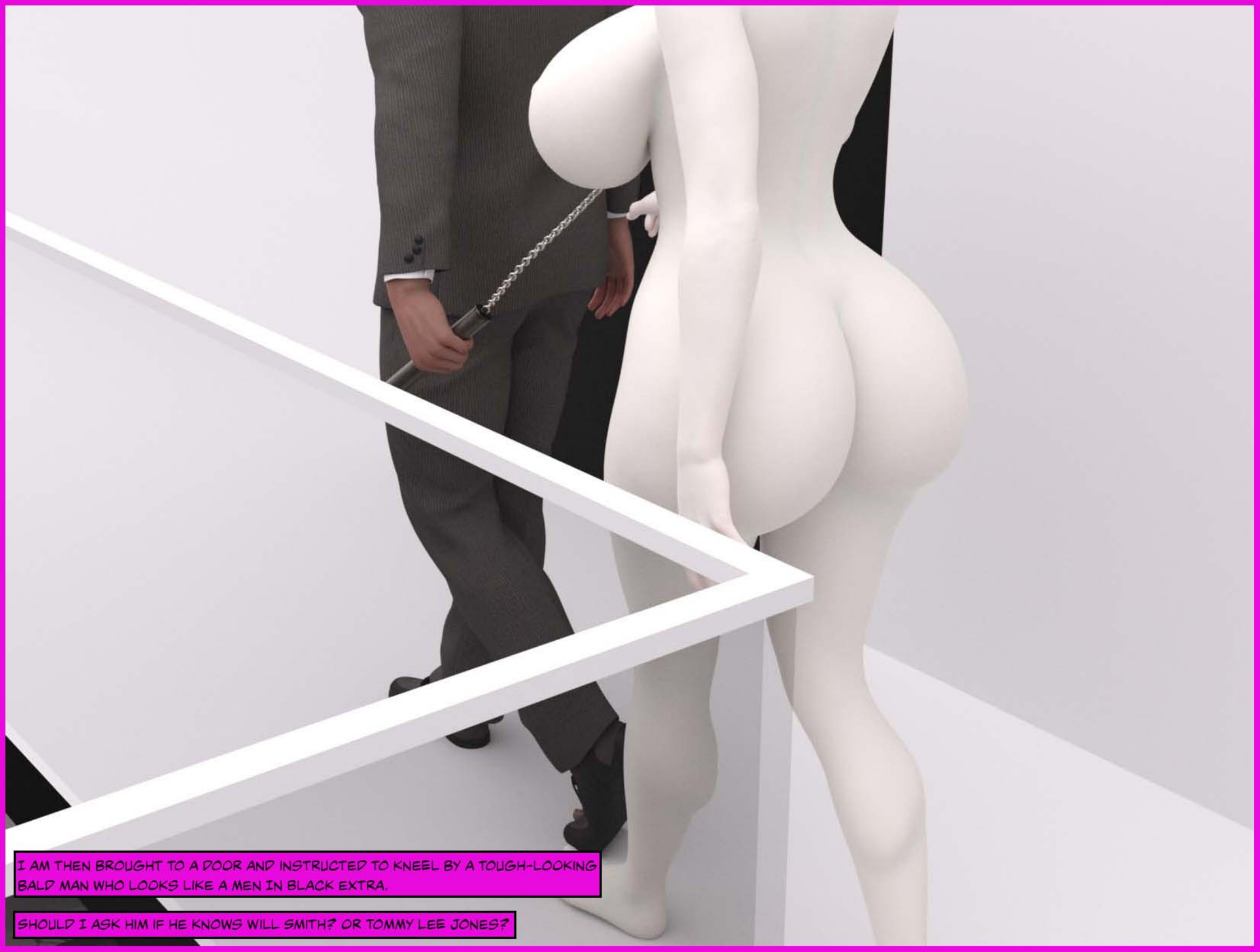
FLORIAN, HOWEVER, DOES NOT WASTE TIME. ALWAYS THE PROFESSIONAL, HE GETS RIGHT TO WORK, COVERING ME WITH A LAYER OF WHITE BODY PAINT FROM HEAD TO TOE.

THIS AFTER HE COVERS MY SHORT HAIR WITH A CURLY BLACK WIG.



\*tsssst\*

HE BEGINS DECORATING MY FACE NEXT, ASSURING ME THAT NOT ONLY WILL THE BODY PAINT WASH OFF COMPLETELY UNDER A HOT SHOWER, BUT THAT IT WILL NOT PUT ANY STAINS ON MY DRESS. EVEN IF I PERSPIRE.



I AM THEN BROUGHT TO A DOOR AND INSTRUCTED TO KNEEL BY A TOUGH-LOOKING BALD MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE A MEN IN BLACK EXTRA.

SHOULD I ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS WILL SMITH? OR TOMMY LEE JONES?

HE THEN GAVE ME INSTRUCTION ON HOW TO PROPERLY ADDRESS THE VICOMTE, AND HOW TO BEHAVE AROUND HIM.

KNOWING HOW I NOW LOOKED, IT SEEMED AS IF THE VICOMTE WANTS TO PARADE ME AROUND HIS PARTY LIKE AN ARTPIECE HE HAD JUST ACQUIRED.

I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT.



A LONG AND PONDEROUS MOMENT OF SILENCE FOLLOWED.

I COULD HEAR PEOPLE COMING IN DOWN BELOW. A MINGLING OF VOICES, MANY OF THEM WITH FOREIGN-ACCENTED ENGLISH, OTHERS SPEAKING IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUES.

I CAN EVEN HEAR THE OCCASIONAL SPANKING, AND THE MOANS THAT COME WITH IT.



THE WHITENESS OF THE AREA DIMMED AS I WAITED. A CLEAR INDICATION THAT THE PARTY WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

AND THEN, INEVITABLY, THE DOOR OPENS...

...AND THE VICOMTE REVEALS HIMSELF.



AHH. BONJOUR,  
SOLMISE.

WELCOME TO  
MY WORLD.

SURRENDER  
YOUR LEASH,  
PETIT.



YOU SHOULD FIND THIS TO BE A VERY UNIQUE EXPERIENCE, *SOLMISE*.

I HOPE YOU ARE READY FOR IT. GO AND SLIP INTO THE DRESS YOU MUST WEAR, AND THEN COME BACK TO ME.


YES, MY VICOMTE.



IT FELT LIKE A THOUSAND EYES WERE LOOKING IN OUR DIRECTION AS WE WENT DOWNSTAIRS TO JOIN THE PARTY GUESTS.

SOME OF THOSE EYES...MALE AND FEMALE...KEPT THEIR CURIOUS GAZES ON ME.





THANK YOU FOR  
COMING OUT HERE  
TONIGHT, SENATOR.

ENCHANTEE',  
CHATON.

MEOW.

YES! THANKS FOR  
HAVING ME!

THIS FRISKY KITTEN  
HERE IS MY WIFE,  
SELINA, BUT SHE  
PREFERS TO BE  
CALLED 'VITTLES'  
TONIGHT.

AND THIS MUST BE THE ACQUISITION YOU MENTIONED.

SHE IS A LIVE REPRESENTATION OF THE DUALITY THAT RESTS WITHIN US ALL. LIGHT, AND DARKNESS.

THIS IS WILSON CRAWFORD, *SOLMISE*. HE IS A REPUBLICAN STATE SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.

PLURRRRRRRRR

GOOD EVENING, SENATOR.

DEMOCRAT.

ARE YOU A REGISTERED REPUBLICAN?

SHAME.

UH-HUH. FUCK YOU TOO, WILLY.



MADAME SONJA  
KONIEV AND HER  
DAUGHTER. BOTH  
FROM THE  
UKRAINE.

DOBRY VECHEK.

<<KEEP YOUR  
RIDING CROP  
WHERE IT IS,  
NIKITA.>>

<<THERE IS SO  
MUCH FLESH ON  
THIS GIRL, MOTHER.  
I AM SO...  
TEMPTED!\*>>

\* - TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN



FASHION DESIGNER  
SADIQ HALAL AND  
HIS GUEST, LILAC  
CASEY.

YOUR CURVES ARE  
EXQUISITE, MY  
DEAR.

YOU'RE THE  
SECRETARY TO  
THE MAYORESS,  
AREN'T YOU?

YES, MISS  
LILAC.

I HOPE THE  
VICOMTE WON'T  
MIND IF WE HAD  
A LITTLE CHAT  
LATER IN THE  
EVENING?

I WILL LET YOU  
KNOW WHEN SHE  
IS FREE TO MINGLE,  
LILAC.


THANK YOU,  
VICOMTE!

GOOD EVENING.

DITA ALSO WORKS,  
VICOMTE.

SO YOU ARE THE  
COW SECRETARY I  
HAVE HEARD SO  
MUCH ABOUT.

IKSHITA PARVATI  
AND HER SERVANT...  
NIVEDITA, WAS IT?




YOU KNOW...IN  
MY CULTURE, THE  
COW IS A SYMBOL  
OF LIFE. ONE THAT  
MUST BE HELD IN  
REVERENCE.

I AM NOT SURPRISED  
THAT YOU ARE WEARING  
THE COLLAR OF THE  
VICOMTE.

ERR...I AM...  
AT YOUR SERVICE,  
MISS IKSHITA.

MMM, YES.  
SEE ME LATER,  
TONIGHT, COW.  
I DEMAND IT!



THIS IS THE  
LADY AIKUCHI  
FROM JAPAN.

WE HAVE MET,  
VICOMTE.

SHE HAS GREAT  
POTENTIAL AS A  
*GEISHA*. SHE  
WAS IN MY  
BRIEF SERVICE  
LAST NIGHT.

YOU LOOK MOST  
INTRIGUING TONIGHT,  
*MEUSHI*.

THANK YOU,  
MILADY AI.

**DON'T KEEP ME  
WAITING FOR MY  
SAKE, BAKA!**

*GOMEEEEN.*

AND THIS WONDERFUL  
WOMAN IS MY  
WIFE, VERONIQUE.

*CHERIE! TA  
CREATION EST  
MAGNIFIQUE!*

THIS GLITTELY  
YOUNG MAN NEXT  
TO ME IS GENIE,  
OUR OWN SPARKLING  
CREATION.

NICE TO MEET  
YOU.

WOULD YOUR...  
CREATION LIKE A  
DRINK?

TAMARA?


HM? OH!  
NO THANK YOU,  
MY VICOMTE.

SO MANY NAMES. THERE WAS NO WAY I WOULD REMEMBER THEM ALL BEYOND THE ONES I ALREADY KNEW.

HE DIDN'T INTRODUCE ME TO EVERYONE, THOUGH. I ASSUMED I WAS BEING ACQUAINTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY'S INNER CIRCLE, OR SO I HAD GUESSED. THEY ALL SHARED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING DOMINANTS.

IT WAS A GLOBAL NETWORK, TOO. EUROPEANS, ASIANS, AUSTRALIANS, CANADIANS, ALASKANS...ALL OF THEM PROMINENT HEDONISTS SAVORING ALL MANNER OF KINKS.





CAN YOU TELL ME  
IF THE LADY  
AGATHA IS A  
MEMBER OF THE  
ARISTOCRACY?

SHE IS.

SHIT!

BUT SHE CANNOT  
COME DOWN TONIGHT.  
IT WAS ACTUALLY THE  
LADY AGATHA WHO  
ARRANGED FOR US TO  
ACQUIRE THIS MANSION.

WITH A QUIET GESTURE FROM THE VICOMTE, I AM BACK ON MY KNEES AS ALL OF THE GUESTS MASS BELOW US. THE CROWD IS A VERITABLE SEA OF HEDONISTS FROM PLACES OTHER THAN BULLCHESTER.

AND ALL OF THEM LOOK EXTREMELY WEALTHY.

ALL OF YOUR CONFIRMED GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED, MY VICOMTE.

MAGNIFIQUE.  
MERCi, MIA.



A man with a goatee and slicked-back hair, wearing a white ruffled shirt and a red patterned vest, looks forward with a serious expression. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

TENDEZ LA  
MAIN...

The man is shown from the chest up, wearing a white ruffled shirt and a red patterned vest. A large, multi-pointed speech bubble is centered over his chest.

...POSSEDEZ  
LE DOUX!!

OBVIOUSLY SOME KIND OF A MOTTO.

I FOUND OUT LATER WHAT THE  
ROUGH TRANSLATION WAS:

EXTEND THE HAND,  
OWN THE MEEK.



WELCOME BACK,  
MY FELLOW  
ARISTOCRATS, TO THE  
WORLD BEYOND  
OUR OWN  
RAINBOW BRIDGE.

TONIGHT, IF YOU  
HAVE NOT DONE  
SO ALREADY...

...WE ASK THAT  
YOU ASPECT  
YOUR SUBMISSIVES  
UNTO A THEME.

IT  
DOES NOT NEED  
TO BE A SPECIFIC  
LOOK. IT CAN BE  
A SPECIFIC KINK,  
IF YOU SO WISH.

AS ALWAYS, ALL  
SPACES WITHIN THE  
MANSION ARE OPEN  
TO YOUR USE  
TONIGHT.




THE THEME THAT I HAVE CHOSEN TO HAVE MY GUEST OPENLY EXHIBIT TONIGHT...IS ONE OF DUALITY!

THE LIGHT...AND THE DARKNESS...THAT EXISTS IN ALL WHO LIVES AND BREATHES UPON THIS PLANET OF OURS.

I KNOW TAMARA PORTNOY'S STORY ALL TOO WELL, MY FRIENDS. IT WOULD INTRIGUE YOU ALL GREATLY!

ON THE OUTSIDE, A MEEK AND PASSIVE SOUL. A TRUE SUBMISSIVE!

ON THE INSIDE, A CONSCIOUS FIREBRAND READY TO LASH OUT SHOULD HER DOMINANTS CROSS THE LINE!

A man with dark hair and a goatee, wearing a white shirt with a large lace collar and a red vest, is shown in a close-up. He has a serious expression. Four speech bubbles are positioned to his right, containing text. The background is dark and indistinct.

HOW FAR WILL  
ANY OF YOU GET,  
I WONDER, BEFORE  
YOU CROSS THAT  
LINE?

THIS EVENING,  
SHE IS MY SACRED  
COW, AND SHALL  
NOT BE HARMED!

PLAY WITH HER IF  
YOU MUST, BUT  
YOU WILL SHOW  
HER ALL RESPECT  
OTHERWISE!

ASSUMING, OF  
COURSE, THAT I  
GRANT YOU MY  
PERMISSION TO  
PLAY WITH HER  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE!



MAKEUP TEAMS  
STAND READY IN  
THE MANSION'S  
STUDIOS, READY TO  
TRANSFORM YOUR  
GUESTS INTO  
WHATEVER YOU  
WISH!

THAT IS WHERE WE  
SHALL GO FIRST,  
MY DESERT  
PRINCESS. I ALREADY  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
SHALL BECOME.

AS...AS YOU  
WISH, MY  
PRINCE.

GODDESS...

...IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS??



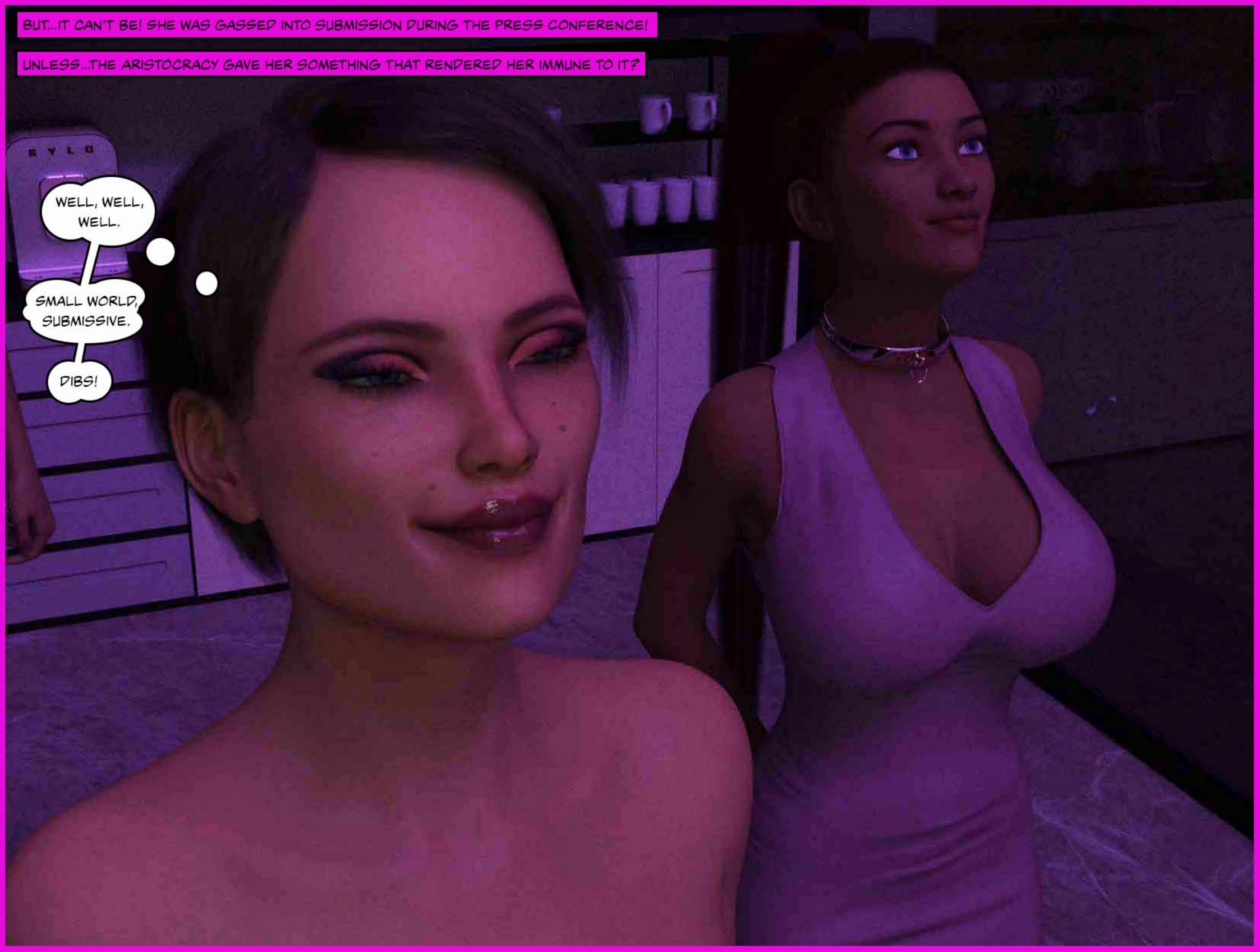
BUT...IT CAN'T BE! SHE WAS GASSED INTO SUBMISSION DURING THE PRESS CONFERENCE!

UNLESS...THE ARISTOCRACY GAVE HER SOMETHING THAT RENDERED HER IMMUNE TO IT?

WELL, WELL,  
WELL.

SMALL WORLD,  
SUBMISSIVE.

DIBS!



A close-up shot of a man with dark hair, a mustache, and a goatee. He is wearing a white lace-trimmed shirt. The background is a blurred, brightly lit interior with horizontal lines. A speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image, containing two lines of text.

ALAS, I HAVE  
SAID ENOUGH.  
CONSIDER MY  
WORLD YOUR  
OWN!

*TIME TO  
PLAY!*

A scene from a game featuring four characters in a dimly lit room. On the left, a woman in a long red dress with black gloves and arm warmers stands in profile. In the center, a woman in a black and gold patterned dress looks on. On the right, a man in a white shirt, red vest, and black riding boots stands facing the woman in red. Next to him is a woman with a large bust, wearing a white top and black skirt, with a black mask covering her eyes. A bar area with a purple dress and pink shoes is visible in the background.

FINE SPEECH,  
AS ALWAYS,  
MY VICOMTE.

AHH, GOOD  
EVENING,  
ANGELA.

YOU LOOK...  
ANXIOUS.

I WANT TO BE  
THE FIRST TO STEAL  
YOUR COW AWAY  
FROM YOU  
TONIGHT.

FIRST OF MANY,  
NO DOUBT.

VERY WELL, BUT  
REMEMBER MY  
CAVEAT.

OH,  
DON'T WORRY.  
SHE'LL BE FINE.  
THIS ISN'T THE  
FIRST TIME I'VE  
SEEN HER.



I WANT HER NEXT,  
MY VICOMTE.

NOTED.



SPEAK.


YES, AND...  
NO.

BEFORE JULIA  
SETTLED EVERYONE  
IN, THE VICE  
MAYORESS PULLED  
ME AWAY SO WE  
COULD WATCH  
THE CONFERENCE  
ON HER OFFICE'S  
FLATSCREEN TV.

CASS ANSWERED  
THE QUESTIONS I  
WANTED TO ASK.

MISS ANGELA...  
IF I MAY...

...I'M...SURPRISED  
YOU REMEMBER  
ME, TO BE HONEST.  
WEREN'T YOU A  
PART OF THAT  
PRESS CONFERENCE  
MAYORESS STROUD  
SET UP?

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a red dress and black gloves, is shown in a room with large windows. She is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The room has a wooden floor and a white marble stripe. The windows look out onto a landscape with hills and a sunset sky.

WAS THIS AT THE  
BEHEST OF THE  
ARISTOCRACY?


MM-HMM!  
THE VICOMTE  
PROMISED TO  
PROVIDE A VERY  
HEALTHY CHARITY  
DONATION IN  
EXCHANGE FOR  
THAT FAVOR.

AS I'M SURE YOU  
ARE NOW AWARE,  
THE VICOMTE IS  
THE EPITOME OF  
PERSUASIVENESS.

BUT...YOU COULD  
HAVE ALSO WARNED  
ME THAT THE PRESS  
CORPS WERE GOING  
TO BE GASSED.

I BELIEVE A GOOD  
SPANKING IS IN  
ORDER, YOU  
NAUGHTY  
SUBMISSIVE!

STRIP, AND  
ASSUME THE  
POSITION!



MMM. THAT IS  
ONE MASSIVE  
RUMP.

I WONDER HOW  
FIRM IT IS?

HOW SENSITIVE  
IT IS TO PAIN?

ARE YOU EAGER  
TO FIND OUT,  
SUBMISSIVE?

FEARLESS, EH?  
YOU MUST HAVE  
A FEW SKELETONS  
IN YOUR CLOSET!

YOU'LL BE SHARING  
ONE WITH ME  
BETWEEN EVERY  
SPANK!

I...I JUST  
GO WITH IT,  
MISS ANGELA.

★KRAAK★

★KRAAK★

★KRAAK★

★KRAAK★

★KRAAK★

WELL, MY...  
MY FATHER  
WAS A RAPIST...

...MMMH...  
AND...AND  
I WAS HIS  
ONLY SON...

...ERRRH! ONE OF  
HIS VICTIMS...  
TURNED ME INTO  
A SSS-SLUT...

...EMMRRH!  
AND I...I'VE  
BEEN SUCH A  
NAUGHTY GIRL  
SINCE THEN...

AAAAHG...  
Y-YEESSSS...  
SSS-SPANK THE  
NAUGHTY OUT  
OF ME...  
DADDY...

THIS ISN'T YOUR  
DADDY SPANKING  
YOU, SLUT...

★KRAAK★

...THIS IS YOUR  
CONSCIENCE!

★KRAAK★

DID YOU KNOW  
YOUR DADDY WAS  
SUCH A PIECE OF  
SHIT?

N-NO...MOM  
TOLD ME...  
AFTER WE LEFT  
HIM...

AND YET, SHE'S  
SUBMITTING HERSELF  
TO HUMILIATIONS?

AND SHE USED  
TO BE MALE?

OOOOH...  
W-WHAT'S THAT?

FURRY GLOVE.  
HELPS SPANKED  
SUBMISSIVES TO  
RECOVER QUICKLY.

I'M NOT DONE  
WITH YOU YET,  
BUT I CAN'T BRING  
MYSELF TO SPANK  
YOU ANY FURTHER.

NOT WHEN I  
HAVE QUESTIONS  
TO ASK!

KNEEL BEFORE  
ME AS I SIT,  
SUBMISSIVE.





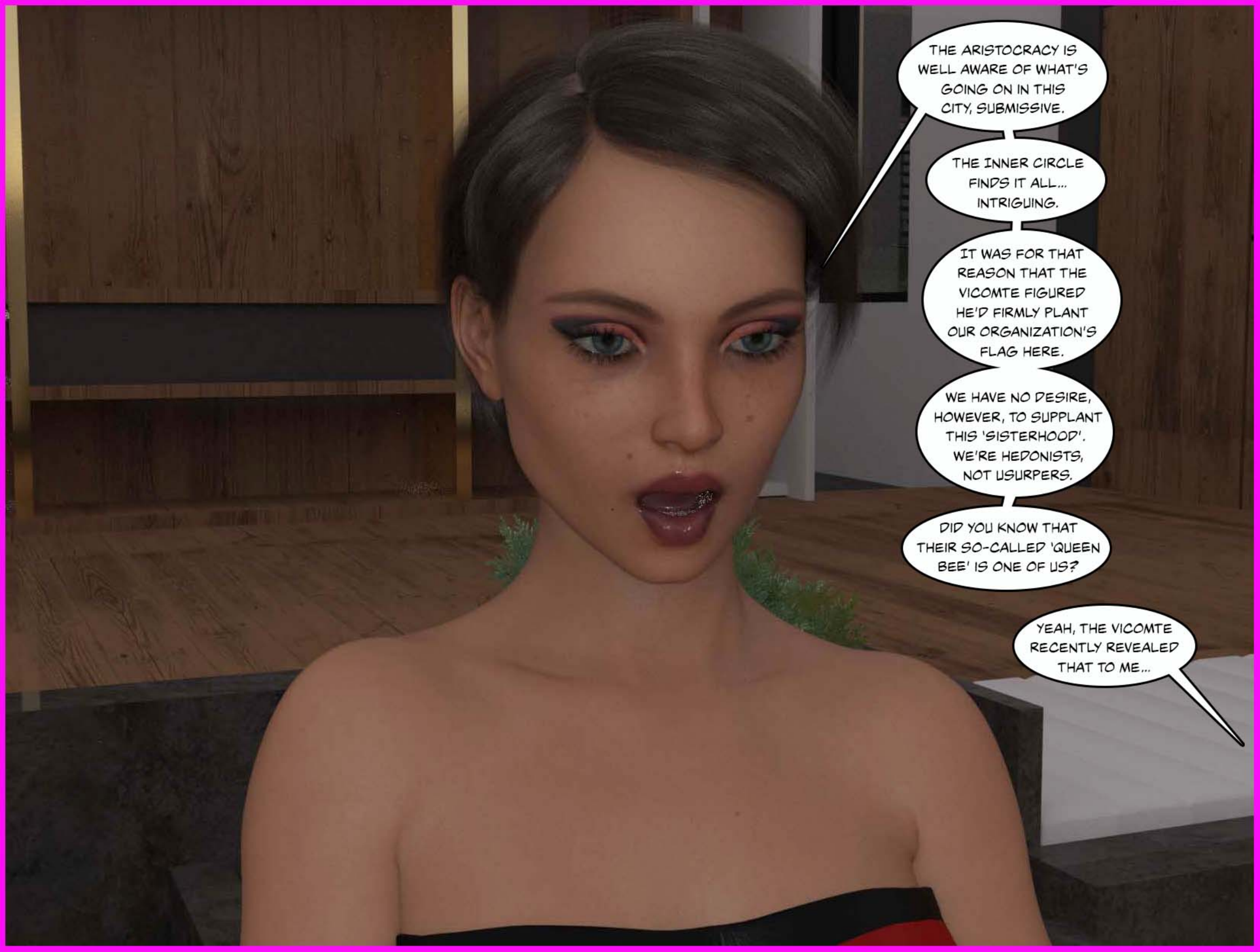
LET ME GUESS. WHATEVER IT WAS THAT MADE YOU GENETICALLY FEMALE IS SOME KIND OF CLASSIFIED SHIT?

I'M NO STRANGER TO THE MISSING PERSONS REPORTS COMING OUT OF THIS CITY, TAMARA.

WELL...I'LL ANSWER WHAT I CAN, BUT...

...I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IF I WOULD RATHER BE TIGHT-LIPPED ON CERTAIN INQUIRIES.

AND I'M NO STRANGER TO THOSE WHO DIG TOO DEEPLY, AND THEN WIND UP BECOMING ANOTHER MISSING PERSONS REPORT, MISS ANGELA.



THE ARISTOCRACY IS  
WELL AWARE OF WHAT'S  
GOING ON IN THIS  
CITY, SUBMISSIVE.

THE INNER CIRCLE  
FINDS IT ALL...  
INTRIGUING.

IT WAS FOR THAT  
REASON THAT THE  
VICOMTE FIGURED  
HE'D FIRMLY PLANT  
OUR ORGANIZATION'S  
FLAG HERE.

WE HAVE NO DESIRE,  
HOWEVER, TO SUPPLANT  
THIS 'SISTERHOOD'.  
WE'RE HEDONISTS,  
NOT USURPERS.

DID YOU KNOW THAT  
THEIR SO-CALLED 'QUEEN  
BEE' IS ONE OF US?

YEAH, THE VICOMTE  
RECENTLY REVEALED  
THAT TO ME...

...BUT WHAT I DON'T  
KNOW IS WHAT KIND  
OF A RELATIONSHIP  
THEY HAVE.

I MEAN...DO THEY  
LIKE EACH OTHER?  
IS THERE A BEEF  
BETWEEN THEM?

WELL...IF I'M NOT  
MISTAKEN, YOUR  
AGATHA HAS A SERIOUS  
PROBLEM WITH MEN,  
SO I IMAGINE THERE'S  
SOME BAD BLOOD.

I'M AFRAID YOU'D  
NEED TO ASK THE  
VICOMTE SO YOU CAN  
HEAR IT RIGHT FROM  
ONE OF THE  
SOURCES.

*IF* HE WANTS TO  
SHARE IT, THAT IS.

SO WHAT DID YOU  
WANT TO ASK ME?

WAS IT CONVENTIONAL  
SEX REASSIGNMENT  
SURGERY THAT MADE  
YOU THIS WAY?

AND...THE WOMAN  
WHO DID THIS TO  
YOU WAS THE RAPE  
VICTIM, RIGHT?

YES, AND  
NO.

THE WOMAN WHO  
DID THIS TO ME  
WANTED TO TURN ME  
INTO A SEX-HUNGRY  
SHE-MALE.

A FRIEND OF MINE  
INTERVENED, AND  
HAD ME SURGICALLY  
CASTRATED WHEN SHE  
GOT ME OUT OF  
BULLCHESTER.

CORRECT. SHE  
COULDN'T GO AFTER  
MY FATHER BECAUSE  
HE DIED IN RUSSIA.  
THIS WAS AFTER  
THE DIVORCE.

SO SHE WENT AFTER  
HIS ONLY SON.  
JEEZ...TALK ABOUT A  
DAMAGED PSYCHE.

SO THAT'S WHAT THIS  
SISTERHOOD DOES TO  
MEN? THEY TURN THEM  
INTO FEMININE  
SUBMISSIVES?

THEY BRAINWASH  
'EM, TOO.

THEY DO THE  
SAME TO WOMEN,  
BY THE WAY.  
ANYONE WITH AN  
ASSET THAT HELPS  
THEIR CAUSE...

...AND ANYONE  
WHO IS CONSIDERED  
A POTENTIAL  
THREAT.

I CAN THINK OF A  
COUPLE OF BOORISH  
ANCHORMEN WHO  
WOULD BE DESERVING  
OF THIS...

BEFORE YOU GET ANY IDEAS, MISS ANGELA...

...I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE AGAINST BECOMING A SISTERHOOD MADAME.

TWO. THEY BOTH HATE ME. THEY DOTED ON DAD.

YEAH, SHE'S STILL AROUND.

BAH! I'M TOO BUSY WITH MY JOURNALISM ANYWAY.

SO...DAD'S DEAD, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY SON. ANY SISTERS?

AND... YOUR MOM?



SHE'S THE *CEO*  
OF LORIS  
INTERNATIONAL.

SHE'S BEEN MY  
ARCHENEMY EVER  
SINCE I BECAME  
A FULL FEMALE.

SHE WANTS TO PUT  
A COCK BACK  
BETWEEN MY LEGS.

WHAT ABOUT  
THE RAPE VICTIM?  
I CAN ALREADY  
SEE HOW VINDICTIVE  
SHE CAN BE...

WHOA. RITA  
NOBLE DID THIS  
TO YOU??

THE BOSS HAS  
BEEN WANTING A  
PROFILE ON HER  
FOR A NEWS  
SPECIAL. I SHOULD  
PUT MY NAME IN  
THE HAT FOR THAT  
ONE...

I THINK I'VE HEARD  
ENOUGH. FOR NOW.  
GET DRESSED,  
SUBMISSIVE.

LET'S HEAD BACK  
OUTSIDE. I'M SURE  
THERE ARE OTHERS  
WHO WANT TO SPEND  
SOME TIME WITH  
YOU...

...BUT I'LL FIND  
YOU THE NEXT TIME  
I FEEL A NEED TO  
TAKE MY PET FOR  
A WALK IN THE  
PARK.


UHH...S-SURE.  
AS YOU WISH,  
MISS ANGELA.

WITH THE PARTY IN FULL SWING, MY EYES WERE TREATED TO ALL MANNER OF DEBAUCHERY.

TWO WOMEN COVERED IN LATEX GROPING EACH OTHER. ANOTHER ROOM HAD A 'HUMAN CARPET' WITHIN WHICH GUESTS COULD LITERALLY WALK ALL OVER THOSE WHO HAD A CRAVING FOR SUCH. ALL THREE KITCHENS HAD LAVISH DINING ROOMS NEXT TO THEM AND MAIDS WERE GOING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM.

EVERY FLOOR, EVERY ROOM, EVERY INCH. IT WAS A SURFEIT OF SO MANY VARIETIES OF DEVIANT SEX.





AND I THOUGHT YOU  
WOULD SPEND ALL  
NIGHT WITH HER.

EHH, I'LL STEAL  
HER AWAY SOMETIME  
OUTSIDE OF OUR  
LITTLE SOCIALS.

MY TURN.

COW.  
FOLLOW  
BEHIND.

I CAN JUST IMAGINE HOW SOMEONE AS STUCK UP AND AS DEVOUT AS GEMMA SCHULTZ WOULD RESPOND TO ALL THESE OPEN DISPLAYS OF FETISH ACTIVITY.



ME? I WAS LOVING EVERY FUCKING MOMENT OF IT.

PLACES LIKE THIS ARE REMARKABLY MEDICINAL TO THE SOUL IT'S AN OUTLET WHERE YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY SHATTER ANY AND ALL INHIBITIONS...WITHIN REASON...AND FEED YOUR INNER MARQUIS DE SADE.

OR IN THE CASE OF SUBMISSIVES LIKE ME, INVITE OTHERS TO FEED THEIR INNER MARQUIS DE SADE.

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN WOMAN TAKES ME INTO A MULTI-LEVEL LIBRARY THAT WAS EMPTY SAVE FOR A TABLE UPON WHICH A SET OF BONDAGE GEAR IDLED.

STRIP.



THERE WERE WRIST CUFFS, AND ANKLE CUFFS. AFTER SHE LOCKED THE ONLY DOOR LEADING INTO THE ROOM, THE WOMAN WENT RIGHT FOR THE CUFFS.

BOTH MY WRISTS AND MY ANKLES ARE SHACKLED TOGETHER. I AM NOW POWERLESS TO RESIST WHATEVER THIS WOMAN HAS IN STORE FOR ME.



I WAS EXPECTING HER TO PRODUCE A WHIP, OR EVEN TRY SOME MANNER OF UNSPEAKABLE DEVIANT FETISH.

PLEASE LET IT NOT BE CANNIBALISM!



O SACRED ONE...

...I DO HUMBLLY BEG  
FOR THE BLESSINGS OF  
YOUR NOURISHING  
NECTAR OF LIFE.


I HAVE IMPOSED  
MY WILL UPON A  
CRUEL MAN, AND  
HE HAS BEEN  
FOREVER HUMBLDED,  
AND CHANGED.

I FEAR I MAY  
HAVE DESTROYED  
THIS MAN TOO  
MUCH, YET I SEEK  
FORGIVENESS.

DO YOU DEEM ME  
WORTHY OF PLACING  
MY LIPS UPON YOUR  
TEATS, DESPITE MY  
QUESTIONABLE  
INDULGENCES?



UMM...  
SURE?

A woman with long, dark hair and purple eye makeup is standing on a set of white stairs. She is wearing a black dress with a gold floral pattern. She has a slight smile on her face. The background is dark, and the stairs are white.

I SUPPOSE YOU  
NEED A MORE  
DETAILED  
ELABORATION.

NO. I INSIST  
ON LUCID  
JUDGMENT.

DID YOU SEE  
MY GUEST?  
NIVEDITA?

SHE USED TO BE  
A STOCKBROKER  
NAMED ALAN  
RANDALL.

NOT REALLY!  
GO AHEAD!  
TAKE WHAT  
YOU...



I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS ON THE F TRAIN. I LIVED IN BROOKLYN BACK THEN.

I IDLY SAT NEXT TO ALAN, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS...

...AND HE CRUELLY BERATED MY CULTURAL HABITS.


A POLICE OFFICER WHO WAS ON THE TRAIN ARRESTED HIM FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT...



I...TAKE IT HE WAS A NAUGHTY BOY?

OH, SWELL. A RACIST.

AND I ASSUME HE MADE NO SECRET OF IT?

A woman with dark hair, purple eye makeup, and red lipstick is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black dress with a gold floral pattern. She is in a library with bookshelves in the background. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text.

...BUT I WAS  
NOT SATISFIED  
WITH THIS.

TO BE HUMILIATED  
LIKE THAT IN FRONT  
OF MANY PEOPLE...  
EVEN IF THEY TOOK  
MY SIDE...NEEDED  
A MORE PROFOUND  
RESPONSE.

BUT...WAS I  
RIGHT? I HAVE  
TAKEN A LOT OF  
THIS MAN'S LIFE  
AWAY JUST TO  
SATISFY A  
NEED FOR PETTY  
VENGEANCE.




MAY I ASK FOR  
YOUR NAME?

MISS IKSHITA...  
YOU'D BE  
SURPRISED HOW  
MUCH I CAN  
RELATE TO THIS.

ALTHOUGH I  
WOULD NEVER BE  
QUITE AS BAD  
AS THIS ALAN  
GUY. HE SOUNDS  
LIKE A TOTAL  
SHITBAG. PEOPLE  
LIKE THAT TEND  
TO BE FULL OF  
THEMSELVES.

THEY'RE ALSO IN  
DIRE NEED OF A  
REMINDER THAT  
IT'S NO BAD THING  
TO AT LEAST TRY  
TO BE TOLERANT.

IKSHITA PARVATI.

A woman with dark skin, purple eye makeup, and a black and gold patterned top is shown from the chest up. She is looking slightly to the left with a serious expression. The background consists of white horizontal slats. Several speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

WOULD YOU HAVE  
DONE AS I HAVE?

PROBABLY NOT...

...BUT THEN, IT'S  
NOT REALLY IN  
MY NATURE TO BE  
VENGEFUL.

I HAVE TO SAY,  
THOUGH, THAT AS  
FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED, THIS  
GUY DESERVED  
EXACTLY WHAT  
YOU DID TO HIM.

IT'S CERTAINLY THE  
KIND OF RESPONSE  
THAT BULLCHESTER  
MADAMES WOULD  
APPRECIATE.

LONG STORY...

BULLCHESTER  
MADAMES...?



...BUT IF IT'S MY MILK YOU WANT, YOU'RE WELCOME TO TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU WISH.

I DON'T THINK YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING THAT DOES NOT MAKE YOU DESERVING OF IT.

THANK YOU, O SACRED ONE.

IT WAS MY FIRST TIME MEETING IKSHITA, SO I COULD UNDERSTAND HER PRECAUTIONS.

HAVING HER KNEEL BEFORE ME, THOUGH? THAT JUST...STUNNED ME.

MMMMMMMMMMMMHHH...  
OOOOOOOOHHHH...

STILL...IT FELT GOOD TO HAVE GIVEN HER SOME PEACE OF MIND.




OKAY, IT'S ONE THING FOR HER TO KNEEL BEFORE ME...

...BUT...NOW SHE'S DRESSING ME??

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, TAMARA...STAY ON HER GOOD SIDE!





YOU WERE PROBABLY  
EXPECTING ME TO  
BE MORE...DOMINANT  
WITH YOU?

I COULD NOT.  
SORRY TO  
DISAPPOINT.

YOUR MILK WAS  
DELICIOUS.

IF I SEE YOU  
AGAIN, I WILL WANT  
SOME MORE.

MAYBE I CAN  
ARRANGE TO HAVE  
YOU HONOR THAT  
WHICH YOU  
REPRESENT.

THAT WOULD  
BE TELLING.

UH...SURE!

MEANING?

EVERYWHERE I WENT, THERE WAS A SCENE GOING ON, AND THERE WERE PEOPLE WATCHING THEM.



SOMETIMES, I EVEN SAW SOMEONE SETTING UP A SCENE, AND THEN THEY'D GRAB AN ONLOOKER AND INVITE THEM TO BE THEIR SUBMISSIVE FOR IT.

THE DOMINANT ONES ALL HAD ONE THING IN COMMON, AS I HAD NOTICED: THEY ALL HAD A STYLISH 'A' TATTOOED ON THEM.

MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, IT WAS ON ONE OF THEIR WRISTS.



THANK YOU,  
MY VICOMTE.

IT WAS WORTH  
THE EFFORT TO  
DRAW IT FORTH.

WHERE IS  
NIVEDITA?

GOOD.

HOW DID HER  
MILK TASTE?

SHE IS ON  
SONJA AND  
NIKITA'S RACK.



AM I...BEING  
RELEASED?

NO. SADIQ  
HALAL'S GUEST  
WOULD LIKE TO  
SPEND SOME  
TIME WITH YOU.

RETURN TO ME  
BEFORE THE NIGHT  
IS DONE.

YES, MY  
VICOMTE.

ARE YOU ENJOYING  
YOURSELF SO FAR?

IT'S...  
OVERWHELMING.

IN A VERY  
GOOD WAY.

EXCELLENT.

WOW...THIS PLACE IS *HUGE*.

MORE ROOMS THAN THERE ARE GUESTS, IT SEEMS! NO WONDER A LOT OF THIS PLACE IS EMPTY!

MIA LEADS ME TO WHERE I GUESS I'LL BE MEETING HALAL'S...



...WHOA!

UH...HI!

THAT'S A...  
SERIOUS  
UNDERSTATEMENT.

HELLO, TAMARA.

THIS IS  
INCREDIBLE  
WORK, ISN'T  
IT?

*\*GIGGLE!\**  
WALK WITH ME,  
HONEY.



SO A LITTLE  
BIRDIE TOLD ME  
YOU AND I  
HAVE SOMETHING  
IN COMMON.

WE WERE  
GUYS ONCE.

REALLY? WHAT'S  
YOUR STORY?

I SUPPOSE IT  
STARTS WITH ME  
BEING A TOTAL  
JERK WHEN MY  
BUDDIES AND I  
WENT TO FEETHAM  
UNIVERSITY.

JAKE, NICK,  
HECTOR...YOU  
PROBABLY WOULD  
HAVE HATED US  
IF WE SHARED A  
SCHOOL.



SOMETIMES, I CAN STILL HEAR THE TONES IN MY HEAD...

...AND WHEN I DO, IT'S LIKE I'M... BATHING IN MILKY WATER SATURATED WITH ROSE PETALS.

I WENT FROM BEING A REAL PIG OF A GUY TO A...A DELICATE FLOWER MADE FOR THE FASHION RUNWAYS.

AND NOW, EVER SINCE SADIQ TOOK AN INTEREST IN ME, I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING DEEPER INTO THE RABBIT HOLE.

YEAH, I...I DO.

AND YOU'RE LIKING IT, AREN'T YOU?



I CAN RELATE.


I KNOW I CAN'T REVERSE THIS, AND HAVING ALL THESE... THESE SEXUAL URGES WASN'T THE KIND OF LIFE I WANTED BEFORE I WAS CHANGED.

WHAT KIND OF LIFE WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED IF YOU WERE STILL A GUY, TAMARA?

I WAS STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION WHEN MOM AND I MOVED HERE.

NOWADAYS, I SEEM TO HAVE THREE URGES.

SECRETARY, DOMESTIC MAID, AND A...WELL, A SEX WORKER.



I CAN'T REMEMBER  
WHAT I WANTED TO  
BE WHEN I WAS  
STILL A GUY.


WHenever I EVEN  
TRY TO REMEMBER,  
I FEEL A NEED TO  
GET ON A RUNWAY AND  
DO THE ROUTINE.

I GUESS THERE'S  
AN IRONY IN THAT.  
I USED TO THINK OF  
GIRLS AS...OBJECTS.

THAT'S WHAT I'VE  
BECOME. AN OBJECT.  
A LIVING, BREATHING  
MANNEQUIN.

THE ONE WHO  
CHANGED ME WANTS  
ME TO BE A TOTAL  
SLUT. I'VE CERTAINLY GOT  
THE BODY FOR IT.

WELL, YOU DO  
HAVE VERY NICE  
CURVES, HONEY.



ISN'T THIS...OUT  
OF BOUNDS?

NOPE! I ALREADY  
ASKED. THE DOORS  
TO THE ROOF WOULD  
HAVE OTHERWISE BEEN  
LOCKED.

I NEEDED SOME AIR,  
AND IT'S NICE ENOUGH  
OUTSIDE FOR US BOTH  
TO TAKE A BREATHER.

SMOKERS COULD USE  
THIS AREA TO LIGHT ONE  
UP AS WELL, BUT THEY  
PREFER TO USE THE  
FRONT AREA DOWN  
BELOW FOR A CIGGIE  
BREAK...

...SO YOU GET TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH SADIQ HALAL'S LATEST CREATION.

THE NIGHT GODDESS!

MY DESERT PRINCE HAS BEEN SPOILING ME ROTTEN EVER SINCE I SHOWED OFF ONE OF HIS DRESSES ON THE RUNWAY.

YOU'D THINK I WAS BECOMING A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSON.

SOMEONE WHO WORSHIPS THE GROUND MY DESERT PRINCE STANDS ON...

...WHILE I BASK IN THE ADORATION OF A BILLION EYES, NONE OF WHICH COULD EVER HAVE ME!



SO WHAT GOES THROUGH YOUR MIND WHEN YOU THINK... SECRETARY?


TYPING OUT LETTERS, FILLING IN THE BLANKS OF SPREADSHEETS, SCHEDULING APPOINTMENTS...

DOMESTIC MAID?

...UM...CLEANING COUNTERTOPS, COOKING MEALS, VACCUMING RUGS, COLLECTING DIRTY CLOTHES, IRONING...WASHING WINDOWS...

IT'S SCARY HOW I CAN JUST RATTLE ALL OF THIS OFF SO UNCONSCIOUSLY!

WHAT ABOUT THE THIRD THING YOU MENTIONED...WHAT WAS IT...



...SEX WORKER,  
WASN'T IT?

I GUESS YOU'LL JUST  
HAVE TO DEMONSTRATE  
THIS WITH YOUR  
NIGHT GODDESS,  
DON'T YOU THINK?

YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN  
YOUR EYES OFF OF ME  
ONCE SINCE I STEPPED  
IN FRONT OF YOU.

U-UMM...WELL...  
THAT'S...REALLY  
NOT THE KIND OF  
THING I CAN...PUT  
INTO WORDS...

WELL...I MEAN...  
FLORIAN'S PEOPLE  
DO REALLY NICE  
WORK...



YES...VERY  
NICE...

...SO VERY  
NICE...


...YOU'RE PRACTICALLY  
ENVILOUS OF ME...

...SO ENVILOUS,  
YOU WANT TO  
BE ME...

...BUT THERE CAN  
BE ONLY ONE  
NIGHT GODDESS...

...DO YOU THINK  
I'M WORTH  
WORSHIPPING?

WELL, I...I...



DO YOU THINK  
I'M WORTH...


...KISSING?

YOU WANT  
THIS...

...YOU NEED  
THIS...YOU  
CRAVE THIS,  
SEX WORKER...

...YOUR GODDESS  
DEMANDS TO  
KNOW HOW GOOD  
YOU ARE...

LILAC...



IF THIS HAPPENED ANYPLACE ELSE, IT'S BETRAYAL. CHEATING. TWO-TIMING.

BUT THIS IS BULLCHESTER.

YOU COULD ALSO SAY THAT THE *MÉNAGE A TROIS* I AGREED TO WITH MADAME GRACE AND LIZ IS WRONG.

I'D SAY GO FUCK YOURSELF. THIS IS BULLCHESTER, AND I'M A CONDITIONED SLUT.



A SLUT LIKE ME HAS NEEDS.

A GODDESS LIKE LILAC HAS NEEDS.

I AM HOT, BOTHERED, READY, AND WILLING TO SATISFY THOSE NEEDS.

THE NIGHT GODDESS...NEEDS MY MOUTH...AND SHE GIVES ME HERS...

...GODDESS...HER MOUTH TASTES LIKE PEACHES...  
HER TONGUE ROAMS, AND TWISTS WITH MY OWN...

...I COULD KISS HER ALL DAY...

...ALL NIGHT...

MMMMMH...  
MMMNNMHHH...



...GODDESS...OH, GODDESS...

...I'M ON FUCKING FIRE...




OOOH, YOU'RE  
SO GOOD, SLUT...

...ARE YOU HUNGRY  
FOR MY LITTLE  
FLOWER?

GO ONNNMMHHH...  
YYY..YYOUR GODDESSSSSS  
DEMMMMANNMMHHH...





AAAAHHH...!  
AA-AAAAHHHH!!



DO YOU THINK  
WE SHOULD MARK  
TAMARA,  
MY LOVE?

PITY.  
WITH CURVES  
LIKE HERS, SHE  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
A FORMIDABLE  
MISTRESS.

NO. I WILL NOT  
FORCE IT UPON  
HER, EITHER.

SHE  
WOULD NOT  
WANT THIS. THE  
MARK IS ONLY FOR  
THOSE OF THE  
INNER CIRCLE  
ANYWAY. NO  
SUBMISSIVES  
CAN BEAR IT.

I KNEW IT WAS  
NOT IN HER NATURE  
THE MOMENT I READ  
HER EYES.

LILAC, ON THE  
OTHER HAND...



"...SHE HAS PLAINLY EVIDENT POTENTIAL!"

"SUBMISSIVE TO SADIQ HALAL..."

"...YET DOMINANT TO THOSE AROUND HER."





MMMM...I COULD  
GET USED TO THIS  
KIND OF  
PAMPERING...

...I SHOULD ASK  
HALAL ABOUT  
GETTING A PERSONAL  
ASSISTANT...

...SOMEONE LIKE  
YOU, MY LITTLE  
DUALITY GIRL!



I...I CAN'T.  
I'M SORRY.

WOULD YOU BE  
WILLING TO GIVE  
UP WORKING FOR  
THE MAYORESS,  
GIRL...

...SO YOU CAN BE  
MY PERSONAL  
ASSISTANT?

MMM. PITY.


I WOULD HAVE  
VERY MUCH  
ENJOYED HAVING  
YOU WORSHIP ME  
EVERY NIGHT.

GODDESS...SHE IS SUCH AN AMAZING KISSER...

...I COULD BARELY KEEP MY SENSES ENOUGH TO TURN HER OFFER DOWN.

MMMMMMHHH...  
MM-MMMMMMMHHH...





HAVE YOU CROSSED  
HER LINE, MY  
DESERT FLOWER?

OH! MY  
PRINCE!

I WAS JUST  
FINISHING WITH  
THIS ONE.

SHE LOOKS  
EXHAUSTED.

UNFORTUNATELY,  
WE ARE IN THE LAST  
HOUR OF TONIGHT'S  
SOCIAL. IT IS TIME  
FOR US TO GO.



WHUH...P-PEOPLE WERE WATCHING US?

YOUR PERFORMANCE CAUSED MANY EXPLOSIONS OF CUM IN THE VIEWING ROOM, TAMARA.

THE CAMERA FEED CREATED AN IMPROMPTU ORGY AMONG THE GUESTS IN THAT ROOM.

THE VICOMTE HAS CAMERAS ALL OVER THE MANSION. EVEN ON THE ROOF.

HAVE NO FEAR. HE WILL NOT PUBLICIZE ANYTHING.

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE MANSION, STAYS HERE.

I HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED YOUR FIRST EVENING HERE, TAMARA.

MAGNIFIQUE. PLEASE NOTE, HOWEVER, THAT YOU MUST BE INVITED BY A DOMINANT TO REJOIN US FOR FUTURE SOCIALS. SUBMISSIVES CANNOT COME ALONE.

PERHAPS I WILL INVITE YOU TO THE NEXT ONE.

OH, I'M SOLD, MY VICOMTE.

I...I'D LIKE THAT, MISS VERONIQUE.

THE MAKEUP WILL WASH OFF UNDER A HOT SHOWER. I WILL HAVE MIA TAKE YOU HOME.

THE CLOTHES YOU ARRIVED IN ARE IN THE CAR IF YOU WISH TO CHANGE BACK INTO THEM.

BONNE NUIT, DUALITY GIRL.

A woman with dark, curly hair and a black mask covering her eyes and nose is sitting in the passenger seat of a car. She is wearing a dark, short-sleeved top. The car's interior is visible, including the seat and door panel. The background shows a building at night.

THEY LET ME KEEP THE WIG, TOO. MISS VERONIQUE  
THOUGHT I LOOKED GOOD IN IT.

WOW. JUST...WOW.

SOMETIMES, THE TIME I SPEND WITH MADAME OLIVIA AT *MISTRESSES* BECOMES  
INTERESTING EVERY SO OFTEN, BUT NOT NEARLY AS AMAZING AS AN ARISTOCRACY  
SOCIAL, ASSUMING ALL OF THEIR PARTIES ARE LIKE THAT.

I GUESS I JUST FOUND ANOTHER REASON TO LIKE THE NEW BULLCHESTER.

THIS IS SOME PRETTY REMARKABLE SHIT THEY PUT ON ME.

ALL THAT ACTIVITY GOT ME HOT AND SWEATY, AND THE STUFF NEVER MELTED OFF!

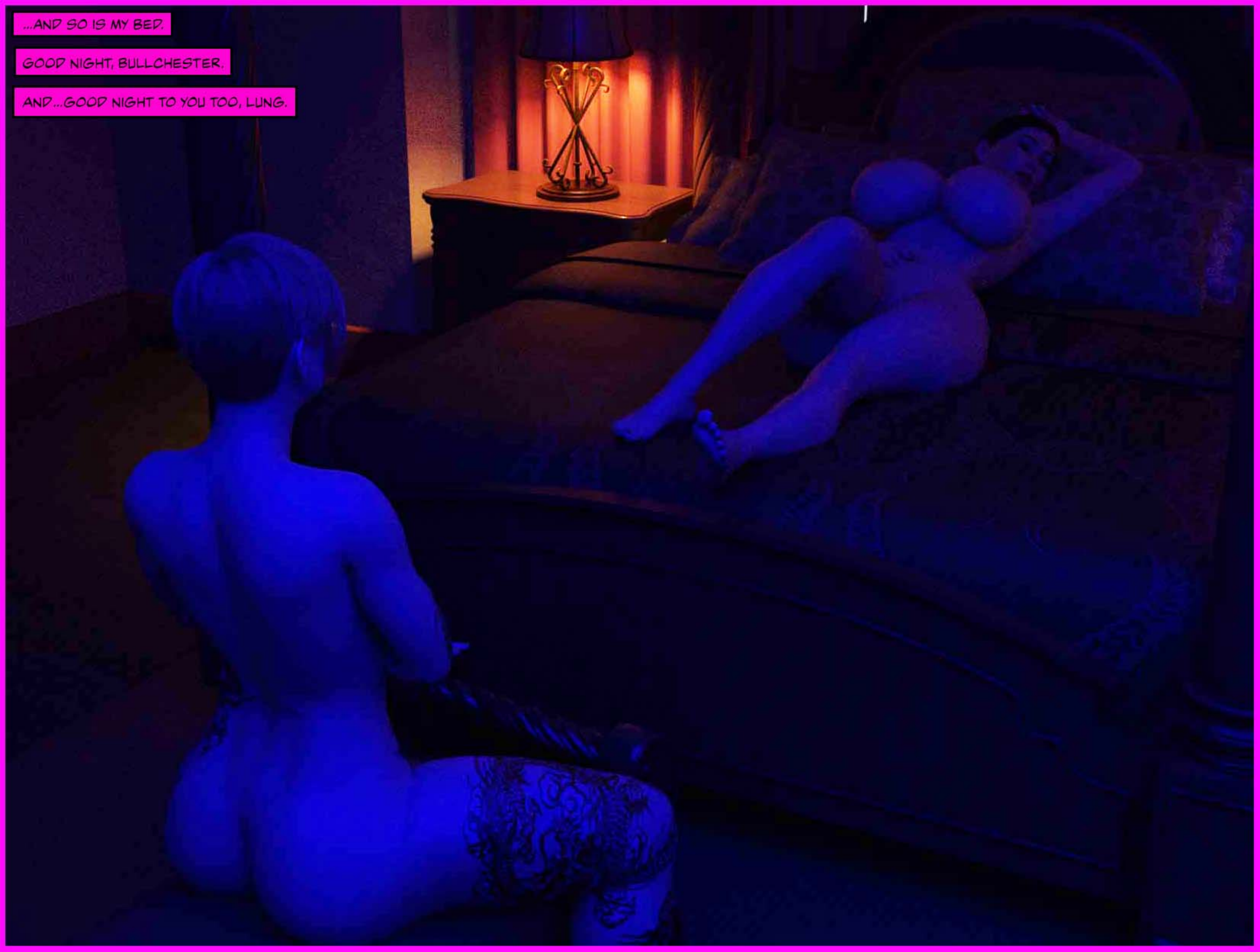
STILL...THAT HOT SHOWER IS CALLING FOR ME...



...AND SO IS MY BED.

GOOD NIGHT, BULLCHESTER.

AND...GOOD NIGHT TO YOU TOO, LUNG.



\*BING-  
BOOONG\*

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*



\*BING-  
BOOONG\*

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*



IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE GEMMA AND/OR THAT FAT SLOB MARCI...

...GODDESS! KNOCK IT OFF! I'M COMING!

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*

\*BING-  
BOOONG\*



OH! HEY. I  
WAS BEGINNING TO  
WONDER IF ANYONE  
LIVED HERE AT  
ALL.

MY NAME'S FRANK.  
I JUST MOVED IN  
LAST NIGHT. I'M  
RIGHT ACROSS THE  
STREET FROM  
YOU.

I THINK THE  
MAILMAN MIXED UP OUR  
ADDRESSES. THIS GOT  
SENT TO MY HOUSE,  
WHEN IT SHOULD  
HAVE GONE TO  
YOURS.

YOU MUST BE...  
TAMARA? ACCORDING  
TO THE ADDRESS  
LABEL?

\*YAWN\*  
DO YOU ALWAYS  
RING A DOORBELL  
FIFTY TIMES IN  
RAPID SUCCESSION,  
FRANK?

I WAS OUT LATE  
LAST NIGHT, FRANK.  
BEDTIME WAS AT  
3 A.M.

I'M  
SORRY ABOUT  
THAT, TAMARA.  
BEFORE I MOVED  
OUT HERE, I WAS A  
FIREFIGHTER.

IT'S INSTINCT. IF  
SOMEONE DOESN'T  
ANSWER THE DOOR  
AFTER A FEW RINGS,  
I HAVE TO ASSUME  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG.

I WAS WITHIN  
MINUTES OF GETTING  
MY AXE TO BUST THE  
DOOR DOWN.



THANKS.

SHOOT.

DID YOU? WELL...  
AT LEAST YOU GOT  
A GOOD SEVEN  
HOURS IN.

OH...YOUR  
PACKAGE.

CAN I ASK YOU  
A CURIOUS  
QUESTION?

HOW COME YOUR  
HAIR LOOKS SO...  
'BUTCH'?

Lot. Tamara, 12345  
Dharma Street  
Dharma, 12345

EXCUSE ME?

I...UH...

I'M NOT SAYING  
IT'S A BAD THING! I  
MEAN...I SUPPORT  
LGBTQIA PLUS  
MYSELF.

ARE YOU...  
TRANSITIONING?

HEY, DON'T  
WORRY! YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO COME  
OUT AND SAY IT  
IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO!

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS GUY...THIS COMPLETE STRANGER...

...THAT'S GETTING ME SO...FLUSTERED?

NOOO, NO, IT'S NOT THAT...I MEAN...

KITTEN?

FRANK...I AM A FULL WOMAN. I HAVE THE VAGINA TO PROVE IT!

WELL...Y-YES, I WAS.

WOW, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ON THE ESTROGEN FOR YEARS. YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A FULL WOMAN, KITTEN!

BUT YOU WERE A GUY ONCE, WEREN'T YOU?

DO YOU MISS HAVING A COCK BETWEEN YOUR LEGS?



FRANK, I...

FRANK, IF I EVER WANTED TO WORK OUT TO GET A BODY LIKE YOURS, EVEN AS A WOMAN...


HAVEN'T YOU EVER WANTED TO HAVE GUNS LIKE THESE?

OH, I KNOW, I KNOW...AND I DIDN'T JUST DEVELOP THIS BODY JUST TO SHOW OFF.

FOR THE KIND OF WORK I DID AS A FIREFIGHTER, I NEED TO BE IN REALLY GOOD SHAPE, DON'T YOU THINK?

BUSTING DOWN DOORS WITH AN AXE...





PULLING DOWN  
CEILINGS...CARRYING  
THICK HOSES...

...CARRYING  
PEOPLE OUT...

...HAVE YOU EVER  
BEEN IN A  
FIREMAN'S CARRY,  
TAMARA?

A...A FIREMAN'S  
CARRY?

THAT'S WHERE A  
FIREMAN PICKS YOU  
UP AND DRAPES YOU  
ACROSS HIS  
SHOULDERS.

SMOKE INHALATION  
IMPAIRS YOUR SENSES,  
MAKING IT HARD FOR  
ONE TO ESCAPE ON  
HIS OR HER OWN...

...SO THE FIREMAN  
LITERALLY PICKS THE  
VICTIM UP!

RELAX! IT'S JUST A  
DEMONSTRATION! I  
WON'T TAKE YOU  
ANYWHERE...

...UNLESS YOU  
WANT ME TO!

DO YOU WANT ME  
TO PUT YOU BACK  
DOWN, KITTEN?

\*GASP!\*

FRANK! YOU COULD  
HAVE ASKED FIRST!



WELL...NO...  
NOT JUST YET...

...JUST...IT'S  
POLITE TO ASK  
IF YOU COULD...  
YOU KNOW...

IF I COULD...?

...HUH? OH,  
N-NOTHING.  
DON'T MIND  
ME...I'M  
JUST...

ARE YOU GETTING  
FLUSTERED, KITTEN?

WELL...KINDA...

HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO BAD...AND HE SMELLS NICE...AND HE'S SO...SO ROCK-HARD...

...WHAT'S GOING ON WITH ME???



WELL...YOU'RE A  
DECENT HEFT...

...BUT I COULD  
HOLD YOU UP  
THERE FOR A COUPLE  
OF HOURS, IF I  
WANTED!

YOU WOULDN'T  
GET ME SORE,  
KITTEN...

SOOO...HOW LONG  
CAN YOU HOLD  
SOMEONE LIKE  
THIS?

OHH, I...I  
WOULDN'T WANT  
YOUR GUNS TO  
GET SORE...



...BUT I APPRECIATE  
YOUR CONCERN FOR  
MY WELL-BEING!

OO-OOH!

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, HE DIDN'T JUST DROP ME DOWN.

HE JUST...SLOWLY BROUGHT ME DOWN AND HAD ME SLIP OUT OF THOSE BIG, STRONG ARMS.

I ALREADY WISHED I WERE BACK UP THERE AGAIN...OVER THOSE ROCK-HARD SHOULDERS OF HIS.



ARE YOU OKAY,  
KITTEN?

OH YES, I'M...  
I'M TOTALLY  
FINE...YEAH...

...IT'S FUNNY...  
I'M SO USED TO  
PEOPLE CALLING  
ME 'COW'...

...YOU KNOW,  
BECAUSE...MILKY  
BREASTS...  
\*GIGGLE\*

CATS PRODUCE MILK  
TOO, YOU KNOW!

BUT IF YOU WANTED  
ME TO CALL YOU  
A COW...

OH, NO, NO...  
Y-YOU COULD  
CALL ME...WHATEVER  
YOU WANTED!  
I-I DON'T MIND!

GOOD, BECAUSE I LIKE CUTE KITTENS LIKE YOU.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO COME OFF SO STRONGLY. AFTER ALL...

...WE'VE ONLY JUST MET!

DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

NEITHER DO I...

...BUT I HAVE TO CONTINUE UNPACKING, AND DO A LITTLE SHOPPING.

Y-YEAH, I KNOW...

YES, I DO, BUT...I DON'T MIND HAVING... VISITORS...





BUT I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

AFTER ALL... WE'RE NEIGHBORS, RIGHT?

UHH, YEAH. NEIGHBORS.

IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU, KITTEN! HAVE A NICE DAY!

Y-YEAH! YOU TOO... FRANK!



OKAY...WHAT THE  
FUCK JUST  
HAPPENED?

MAYBE I'M JUST...  
REACTING TO SOMEONE  
WHO'S ACTUALLY A  
NICE GUY?

I MEAN...IT'S  
NOT LIKE THERE  
AREN'T ANY NICE  
GUYS ANYMORE...

...NICE, BIG, STRONG  
MEN...WHO COULD  
LITERALLY SWEEP YOU  
OFF OF YOUR FEET...

...AND IT'S...NICE  
TO BE THOUGHT OF  
AS SOMETHING OTHER  
THAN A...A COW FOR  
ONCE...

...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THIS CRAZY LITTLE THING CALLED FRANK.

MEOW.

A photograph of a man with short, dark hair and a beard, wearing a red ribbed tank top. He is holding a silver smartphone to his ear with his right hand. The background shows a house with white siding and a brick chimney, and a large green bush in the foreground. Three comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first bubble, at the top left, contains the text "SO HOW DID IT GO, FRANK?". The second bubble, at the top right, contains "OH, I'VE GOT HER, DESTINY." and "HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER." The third bubble, at the middle left, contains "EXCELLENT.".

SO HOW DID IT GO, FRANK?

OH, I'VE GOT HER, DESTINY.  
HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER.

EXCELLENT.

**To Be Continued!**