

THE **Tamara** CHRONICLES SERIES 7

Written and Illustrated by
**The Wandering
Talespinner**

Based on characters and situations
created by
Keshara Narme

SO TAMARA TOOK
THE BAIT?


WHO IS THIS
FRANK GUY,
ANYWAY?

HOOK, LINE,
AND SINKER. HIS
EXACT WORDS.

MR. VIGLIONE IS A
FIREFIGHTER. SINGLE.
JUST MOVED TO
THE CITY.

HE'S DABBLED IN
PSYCHOLOGY, TOO,
THE ADDITIONAL
CONDITIONING I LAID UPON
TAMARA'S MIND SHOULD
MAKE FRANK'S JOB
A LITTLE EASIER.





AND YOU REALIZE
THAT YOU MAY INCUR
THE WRATH OF THE
ZAMBRANO WOMAN?

OH, I REMEMBERED
WHAT YOU TOLD ME
ABOUT THE BURDEN
OF HER RIVALRY WITH
A CERTAIN DANGEROUS
COLOMBIAN WHO JUST
HAPPENS TO BE THE
WIFE OF A DEAD
DRUGLORD. I COULD
EXPLOIT THAT IF
PUSH COMES TO
SHOVE.

MMM...YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT
CORAZON GARCIA.

AND HOW ARE YOU
SO SURE THAT THIS
SCHEME OF YOURS WILL
WORK, DESTINY?



WE NEED TO SET
HER UP WITH THIS
FIREMAN.

HE'S CERTAINLY
NOT THE KIND OF MAN
THAT XAVIER GUY
WAS.

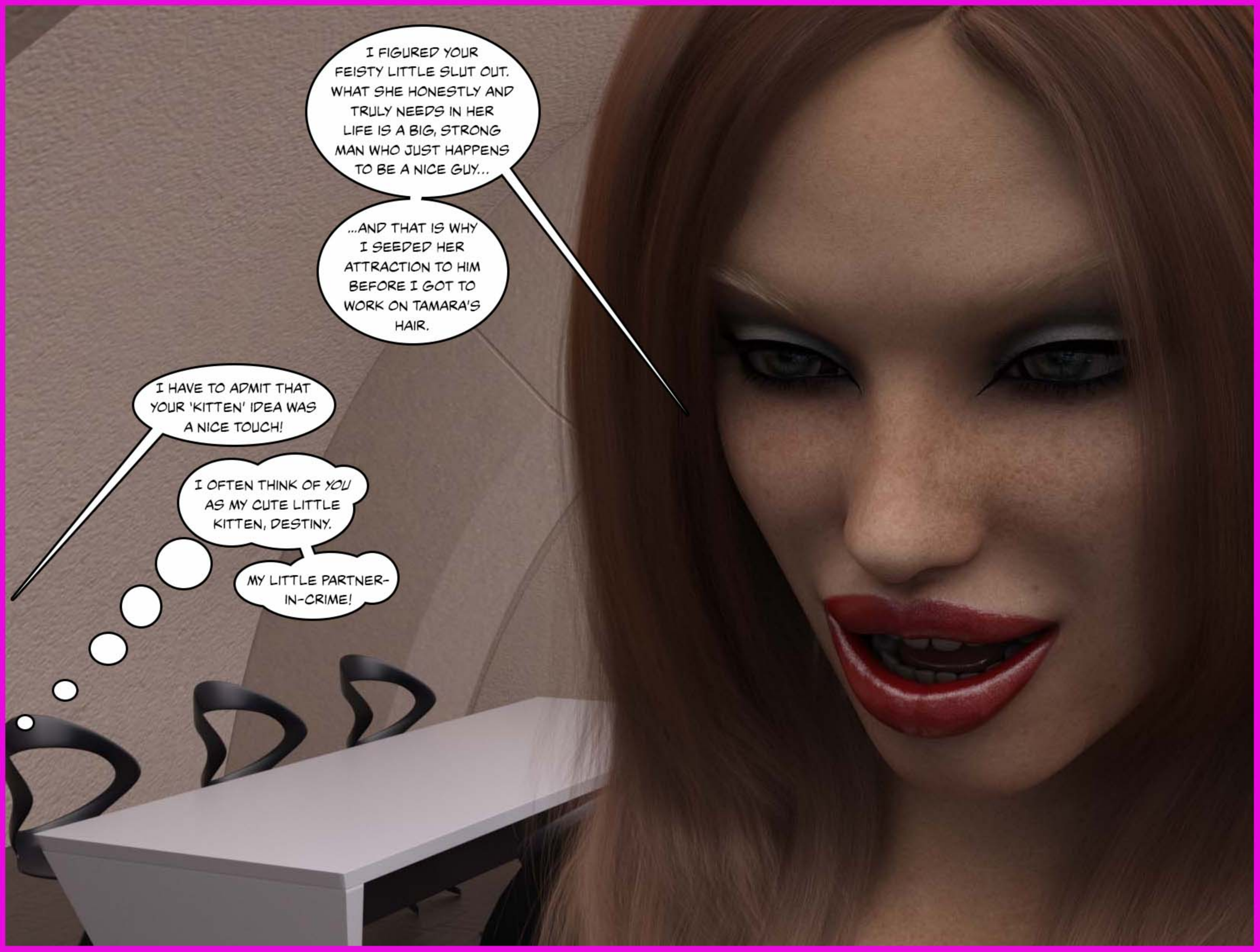
WELL...PSYCHOLOGY
WAS NOT EXACTLY
XAVIER'S SPECIALTY.

XAVIER GOT STUPID.
HE PLAYED HIS HAND
TOO STRONGLY.

AND WHEN YOU DEAL
WITH SOMEONE LIKE
TAMARA, YOU
NEED SUBTLETY, NOT
BRUTE FORCE.

WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO XAVIER, ANYWAY?

HE'S PROBABLY
SOMEWHERE IN
EUROPE ALONGSIDE
PRINCESS, AND SHE
WON'T BE RELEASING
HIS LEASH ANYTIME
SOON.



I FIGURED YOUR
FEISTY LITTLE SLUT OUT.
WHAT SHE HONESTLY AND
TRULY NEEDS IN HER
LIFE IS A BIG, STRONG
MAN WHO JUST HAPPENS
TO BE A NICE GUY...

...AND THAT IS WHY
I SEEDED HER
ATTRACTION TO HIM
BEFORE I GOT TO
WORK ON TAMARA'S
HAIR.

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT
YOUR 'KITTEN' IDEA WAS
A NICE TOUCH!

I OFTEN THINK OF *YOU*
AS MY CUTE LITTLE
KITTEN, DESTINY.

MY LITTLE PARTNER-
IN-CRIME!



TRUE THAT.

PFFFT.
TRYING TO RUIN
TAMARA IS JUST
A HOBBY OF MINE.
MY PRIORITIES HAVEN'T
SUFFERED FOR IT.

I JUST HOPE
ALL THESE EFFORTS
TO MESS WITH BROCK'S
SON WON'T GET IN THE
WAY OF ALL THE WORK
YOU NEED TO DO TO
BECOME THE NEW
'QUEEN BEE'.

AS LONG AS YOU
DON'T LOSE FOCUS
ON WHAT'S MORE
IMPORTANT.

YES, WELL...CATS
ARE MILK PRODUCERS
TOO, AREN'T THEY?



I HAVE EVERYTHING
UNDER CONTROL.

DOES THAT INCLUDE
MADAME GRACE?

SHE'S GOT BAGGAGE
OF HER OWN. I FIND IT
AMUSING HOW SHE
ALWAYS PUSSY-FOOTS
AROUND HAGATHA.

YOU FIGURE GRACE
WOULD BE A SCARED
LITTLE KITTEN HERSELF.

MMM. YOU ARE
ONE CRAFTY LITTLE
CEO, BABE.

FEELS GOOD TO BE
ON MY SIDE,
DOESN'T IT?

THE OFFICE OF KARELIAN COSMETICS *CEO* VIJE NASTASSJE,
WHO IS CURRENTLY EAVESDROPPING ON RITA AND DESTINY.

FEELS GOOD TO FEEL
YOUR LIPS AGAINST
MINE, TOO.

MMMMMH...

THAT IS MY
FREAK YOU ARE
FUCKING WITH,
BITCH!

VIJE WILL MAKE
YOU UNDERSTAND
THIS VERY SOON!



THE HOME OF TAMARA PORTNOY, SECRETARY
TO THE MAYORESS OF BULLCHESTER.

THAT WAS A TOTALLY
FUCKED UP WAY TO
START MY SUNDAY
AFTERNOON...

...SOME NEW GUY
MOVES IN, AND
IN ALL OF ONE BRIEF
FACE-TO-FACE, I'M
COMPLETELY
SMITTEN??

HE JUST...HE
WAS...HE WAS A
NICE GUY,
THOUGH...NOTHING
AT ALL LIKE
XAVIER...

...AND HE'S A
HUNKY FIREFIGHTER,
TO BOOT...HE SAVES
LIVES FOR A LIVING...

A woman with short brown hair and blue eyes is lying on a light-colored, textured couch. She is wearing a black lace dress with a floral pattern. Her right arm is raised, and her hand is resting on the back of the couch. She has a thoughtful or slightly annoyed expression. To her left, there is a small, dark, round table with thin legs. The floor is made of light-colored wood. The entire image is framed with a thick pink border.

...OH, HELL, GIRL.
YOU CAN'T MAKE
ASSUMPTIONS.
YOU JUST MET
THE GUY!

HE'S PROBABLY
ALREADY SPOKEN
FOR, LIKE I AM...
AND HE NEEDS TIME
TO SETTLE INTO HIS
NEW HOME
ANYWAY.

HE MAY NEVER
COME BY AGAIN!
HE'LL JUST BE...
ANOTHER NEIGHBOR...

...A NEIGHBOR...
WHO JUST HAPPENS
TO BE REALLY
WELL-BUILT EYE
CANDY...
PURRR

...BET HE'S WELL-
HUNG, TOO.

BOM
BOM
BOM

IS THAT...HIM?

MAYBE HE
NEEDS HELP
UNPACKING...OR
DECORATING...





CORA...?

I WISH I COULD
SAY YES, BUT...

SUNDAYS ARE
USUALLY LOW-KEY
FOR ME, SO...
I CAN KILL SOME
TIME. WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?

BUENOS DIAS,
HERMANA.

YOU ARE LOOKING...
BOY-ISH TODAY.

ARE YOU IN
THE MIDDLE OF
ANYTHING? DID
I CATCH YOU AT
A BAD TIME?

A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a red off-the-shoulder dress, is shown from the chest up. She is looking down and to the left. A large speech bubble originates from her, containing five lines of text. The background shows a suburban street with houses and a lawn.

I JUST
CAME OUT OF
A DIVINE FEMININE
SERMON...


...AND SISTER
GEMMA'S WORDS
COMPELLED ME TO
COME TO YOU.

I KNOW IT'S YOUR
OFF DAY, BUT THIS
CAN NOT WAIT.

I THINK I HAVE
BEEN COMING ON
TOO STRONG WITH
YOU, AND I...
I WANT TO
APOLOGIZE.

I
HAVE BEEN VERY
LONELY SINCE MY
HUSBAND DIED,
AND...I THINK I
MAY HAVE PICKED
UP SOME OF HIS
BAD HABITS.

DO YOU...ACCEPT
MY APOLOGY?

A woman with short dark hair and a black lace top is standing in a modern living room. She is looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. The room features a checkered floor, a brick wall, and a lamp. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.


CORA...IT WAS
REALLY UNPLEASANT
TO WATCH YOU AND
LIZ SNIPING AT
EACH OTHER IN THE
LOBBY.

I WILL ONLY SAY,
FOR THE MOMENT,
THAT ACTIONS SPEAK
LOUDER THAN WORDS.

IT WOULD MAKE ME
FEEL A WHOLE LOT
BETTER...AND IT
WOULD CERTAINLY
PROVE THAT YOUR
APOLOGY CARRIES
WEIGHT...IF YOU
MADE YOUR PEACE
WITH LIZ.

I KNOW THE WHOLE
STORY, CORA. I KNOW
MANICHE CAME TO
SEE YOUR HUSBAND,
AND THAT THEY SHOT
AND KILLED EACH
OTHER...

...BUT IF ELIZABETH
HAD NOTHING TO
DO WITH THIS, WHY
IS SHE SO AFRAID
OF YOU?



I...I WAS A
DIFFERENT PERSON
BACK THEN. NOT
AS...SLIM...AS I
LOOK RIGHT NOW.

I DO HAVE THE
SISTERHOOD TO
THANK FOR THAT,
AS YOU KNOW.

I FELT I NEEDED
TO DO MORE THAN
JUST CHANGE MY
LOOKS, THOUGH.
I NEEDED TO SHOW
THAT I CAN BE
STRONG. STRONGER
THAN THE WOMAN
I WAS.

TO DO THIS, I
NEEDED TO DO...
QUESTIONABLE
THINGS.



TO WHERE?


IT WOULD BE EASIER
FOR ME TO EXPLAIN
IF YOU AND I WENT
FOR A LITTLE WALK.

JUST AROUND
THE BLOCK. WE
WON'T GO FAR.

IF YOU DO NOT
TRUST ME, YOU
CAN SEARCH ME
FOR GUNS, OR THOSE
'TEAR DUCTS'. I
PROMISE THAT I
WILL NOT RESIST.

IT WOULDN'T MATTER
IF YOU DID. I HAVE
MADE ACQUAINTANCES
WHO WOULD NOT
APPRECIATE SEEING
ME GET HURT.

I HOPE I CAN TRUST
YOU TO WAIT UNTIL
I GET DRESSED.



AND...HE AND
MANICHE WERE
CHILDHOOD FRIENDS,
WEREN'T THEY?

ONE THING YOU
MUST KNOW IS THAT
I AM NOTHING
LIKE MY HUSBAND.

HE WAS NOT ALWAYS
THE MONSTER HE
BECAME. HIS LIFE
WAS MUCH DIFFERENT
WHEN HE WAS
YOUNGER.

SI. THEY WERE
LIKE BROTHERS.

ANTONIO WAS
THE KID EVERYONE
PICKED ON, AND
MANICHE WAS
ALWAYS THE
PROTECTOR.



THEY WERE BOTH
BORN IN COLOMBIA,
BUT MANICHE MOVED
AWAY TO ECUADOR.

WHILE HE MADE A
NAME FOR HIMSELF
THERE, ANTONIO FELL
ON HARD TIMES.

THEN HE STARTED
DOING LITTLE FAVORS
FOR A MAN NAMED
ARMANDO GALLARDO.

EVERY TIME HE DID
THESE FAVORS,
ARMANDO PAID HIM.

AS THE FAVORS GOT
BIGGER, SO DID THE
PAYMENTS.




WHAT...KIND OF
FAVORS?

YOU KNOW...
FAVORS. ERRANDS.
BRING SOMEONE
THIS. DRIVE
SOMEONE THERE.

BUT WERE THESE
THE KINDS OF FAVORS
THAT CREATED
PROBLEMS? DID
HE...BREAK THE
LAW?

NOT IN THE
BEGINNING.

BUT THE FAVORS
STARTED GETTING...
DARKER. MORE
VIOLENT. HIS MAMA
WANTED ME TO
GET HIM AWAY FROM
ARMANDO...



...BUT THEN, HE
STARTED THROWING
MONEY AT ME.


MONEY, A CAR,
NICE CLOTHES,
EVEN A JOB.

HE HAD ME
WORKING AT ONE
OF THE FRONT
COMPANIES HE WAS
EXTORTING
FROM.

HE SEDUCED ME
WITH SO MUCH OF
IT THAT HIS MARRIAGE
PROPOSAL WAS MORE
LIKE A THREAT.

'MARRY ME, OR I
WILL DESTROY
EVERYTHING YOU
ARE'. HE WOULD
HAVE DONE THAT,
TOO.

I HAD NO OTHER
CHOICE. I...I
DIDN'T WANT TO
LOSE EVERYTHING.

A digital illustration of two women walking on a paved path next to a green lawn. The woman on the left has short brown hair and is wearing a red spaghetti-strap top and grey underwear. The woman on the right has dark hair in a bun and is wearing a long-sleeved maroon top, a red belt, and a light blue skirt with a floral pattern. There are five speech bubbles containing text.


AND...GOING TO
THE POLICE WASN'T
AN OPTION?

I DIDN'T WANT HIM
TO KILL ANYONE I
CARED FOR IF I
DIDN'T BECOME
HIS TROPHY WIFE!

IN THOSE DAYS,
HERMANA, THE
COLOMBIAN POLICE
IN MY AREA
WERE CORRUPT.
GOING TO THEM
WOULD HAVE MADE
THINGS WORSE.

EVEN WHILE I WAS
MARRIED, I SPENT
EVERY DAY WORRYING
THAT IT WAS GOING
TO BE MY LAST.

WORRYING THAT
A *SICARIO*...OR
EVEN A HIT SQUAD...
WOULD CUT ME
DOWN WITH A
MACHINE GUN AS
I WAS MAKING
DINNER.

A screenshot from a video game showing two female characters in a conversation. The character on the left has short dark hair and is wearing a red spaghetti-strap top. The character on the right has long dark hair in a bun and is wearing a maroon off-the-shoulder top and a white skirt with polka dots and floral patterns. They are standing on a paved path next to a grassy area. Four comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text that appears to be from a script or comic book.

I DID NOT
WANT TO LIVE
LIKE THAT,
HERMANA!

HELL, I WOULDN'T
WANT TO LIVE LIKE
THAT EITHER...

...BUT WHILE I'M
NOT WORRIED ABOUT
GUNS AND DRUGS
OUT HERE, I STILL HAVE
TO WATCH MY BACK,
SO I CAN RELATE.

SO WHAT HAPPENED
TO ARMANDO
GALLARDO?



FATE.

I HEARD HE HAD A
HEART ATTACK, SO I
VISITED HIM.

THE MOMENT HE
SAW ME, HE HAD
ANOTHER STROKE.
THIS TIME, IT
WAS A FATAL
ONE.

I GUESS THE
GODDESS WAS
WATCHING OUT FOR
ME!

A close-up of a woman's face, likely a character from a video game. She has short, dark hair, light blue eyes, and is wearing a red spaghetti strap top. Her expression is cold and menacing, with a slight smile showing her teeth. The background is a grassy area with a concrete path. Three comic book speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image, connected by a line to her head.

PERHAPS.

OR YOU JUST LIED
TO ME.

BET YOU WISH
YOU HAD A GUN
WHEN YOU VISITED
HIM, EH? PUT HIM
OUT OF YOUR
MISERY WITH A
SHOT TO THE HEAD,
AND TWO TO THE
CHEST?



MIERDA.
SHE KNOWS
THE TRUTH...BUT
HOW??

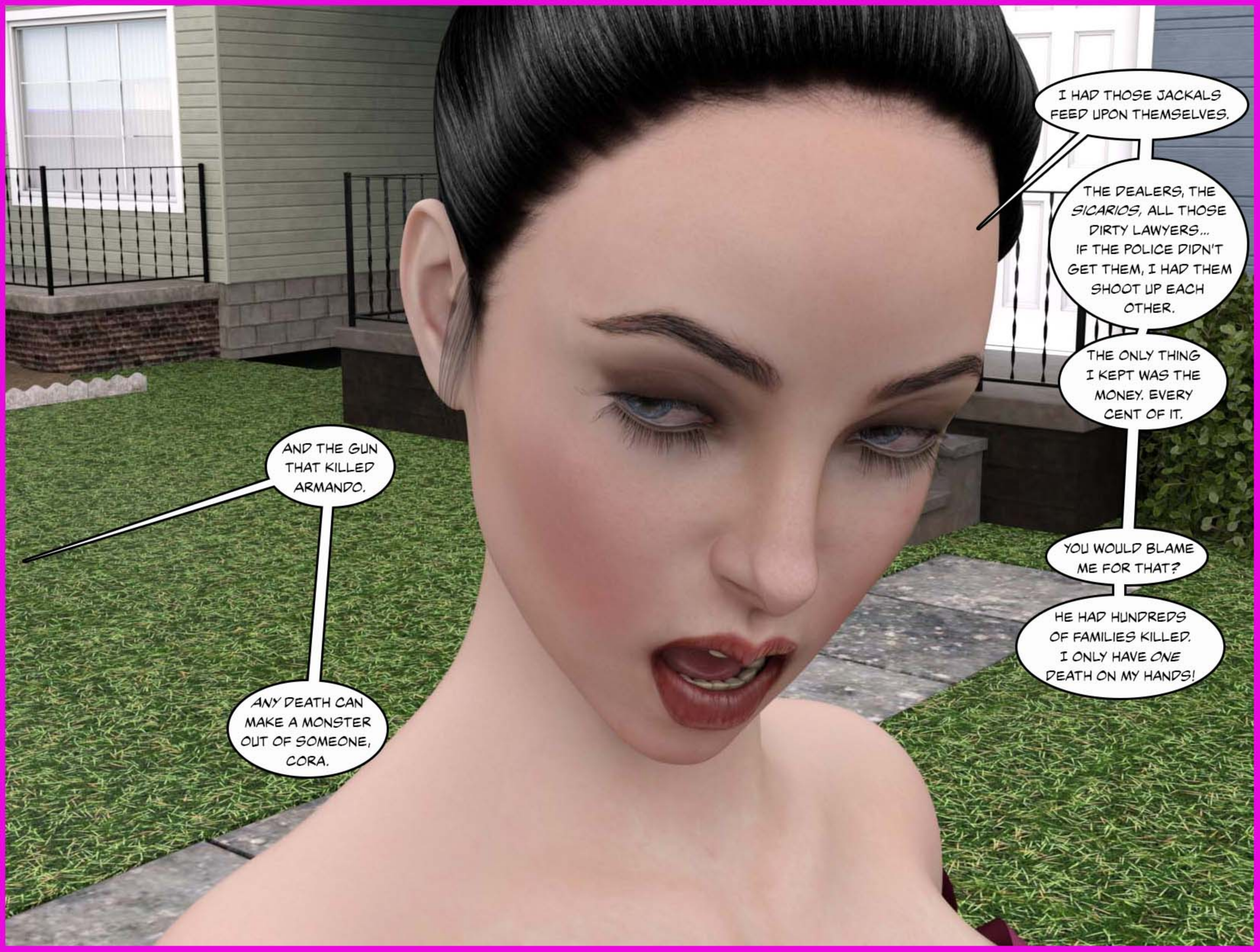
DESPERATION
CAN MAKE TORTURED
PEOPLE LIKE ME
DO THE MOST
EXTREME THINGS,
HERMANA.

HE HAD TO DIE.

I WILL
NEVER BE THE
MONSTER ANTONIO
WAS. I DESTROYED
HIS ENTIRE DRUG
SUPPLY, AND I
GOT RID OF EVERY
SINGLE WEAPON HE
AND HIS SOLDADOS
HAD.

WHICH MAKES YOU
JUST AS BAD AS
YOUR HUSBAND.

AND WHAT OF THE
'SOLDADOS'?



I HAD THOSE JACKALS
FEED UPON THEMSELVES.

THE DEALERS, THE
SICARIOS, ALL THOSE
DIRTY LAWYERS...
IF THE POLICE DIDN'T
GET THEM, I HAD THEM
SHOOT UP EACH
OTHER.


THE ONLY THING
I KEPT WAS THE
MONEY. EVERY
CENT OF IT.

YOU WOULD BLAME
ME FOR THAT?

HE HAD HUNDREDS
OF FAMILIES KILLED.
I ONLY HAVE *ONE*
DEATH ON MY HANDS!

AND THE GUN
THAT KILLED
ARMANDO.

ANY DEATH CAN
MAKE A MONSTER
OUT OF SOMEONE,
CORA.

A 3D-rendered scene of two women in a suburban yard. The woman on the left, with short brown hair, is seen from the back, wearing a red spaghetti-strap top and grey underwear. The woman on the right, with dark hair in a bun, is facing her, wearing a maroon off-the-shoulder top and a white skirt with a red belt and a floral pattern. The background shows a house with a brick chimney, a tree, and a lawn. Five comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene.

AND YOU THINK
THAT'S GONNA WASH
AWAY THE STINK?
THINK AGAIN.

YOU COULD HAVE
SUBMITTED ARMANDO
TO THE FAR...

WHICH IS WHY I
CAME HERE. WHERE
NO ONE DIES.

WHERE THERE ARE
NO GUNS. NO DRUGS.
NO CRIME.

NO.
DEATH WAS THE
ONLY OPTION
FOR HIM!

THERE IS SOMETHING
ELSE YOU SHOULD BE
AWARE OF, HERMANA...



...LOOK AROUND
YOU.

LOOK AT THOSE
FAMILIES BEHIND ME.
LOOK AT THEIR PRETTY
HOMES.

NONE OF THIS WOULD
HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE
WITHOUT ME.

BARFORD HAD A
CRIMINAL ELEMENT
BEFORE THE
SISTERHOOD CLEANED
THINGS UP. MANY
OF THEM WERE
THE COUSINS OF
COLOMBIAN
DRUGLORDS.

IT WAS MY INFORMATION
THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE
FOR THE SISTERHOOD
TO CRACK DOWN ON
ALL OF THEM!



AND...YOU THINK
THE SISTERHOOD
OWES YOU FOR
THAT?

SO A JOB AT THE
OFFICE OF THE
MAYORESS HERSELF
ISN'T ENOUGH?

BUT YOU WANT
MORE, BECAUSE
YOU'VE INHERITED
YOUR HUSBAND'S
DEVELOPED LUST
FOR PERSONAL
POWER!

DOES THAT SOUND
ACCURATE, OR DO I
EXAGGERATE?

THEY *DO* OWE
ME FOR THAT!

IT IS A START.

WE STOOD THERE FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES OR SO IN COMPLETE SILENCE.
I COULD SEE THE TENSION IN HER EYES. I STRUCK A NERVE.

I WAS JUST WAITING THE WHOLE TIME FOR HER TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER.





AS
IN ACCURACY,
OR...?

POSSIBLY.

THAT IS ALL
YOU ARE
GETTING.

I WILL NEVER GO
BACK TO BEING THE
MERE ORNAMENT
I USED TO BE.

AND YOU'RE
PROVING THIS
BY TERRORIZING
A WIDOWED
MOTHER OF TWO
CHILDREN?



MMMM...I
WONDER HOW
MUCH YOU TRULY
KNOW ABOUT
THOSE ADOPTED
CHILDREN,
HERMANA.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT
ONE OF THEM?
I THINK NOT.

ELIZABETH DOES
NOT KNOW EITHER!

WHAT ARE YOU
PREPARED TO DO
TO COMPEL ME
TO TELL YOU,
I WONDER?

I THINK WE HAVE
WALKED ENOUGH.
SEE YOU TOMORROW
MORNING, *HERMANA.*



IF IT WASN'T FOR MAGGIE GIVING US THE HEADS-UP ABOUT ARMANDO'S DEATH IN L.A., SHE MIGHT HAVE ACTUALLY SOLD ME ON HER 'APOLOGY'.

AS IT IS, CORAZON HAS PROVEN HERSELF CAPABLE OF COLD-BLOODED MURDER...

...AND, APPARENTLY, SHE KNOWS WHO THE REAL PARENTS OF ONE OF ELIZABETH'S KIDS ARE?

WELL...IF I'M ANY INDICATION, IT SHOULDN'T MATTER WHO ONE'S PARENTS ARE.

IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT HOW THEY ARE RAISED, AND WHO RAISES THEM...

...AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, SOFIA AND ISABELLA ARE IN GOOD HANDS.

GODDESS, I HOPE I'M RIGHT. I REALLY DO.



A VISITOR? THIS EARLY? I HAVEN'T EVEN SHOWERED YET!

WAIT A MINUTE...

...MOM??



GOOD MORNING,
TAMARA.

YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU NEED A
SHOWER.

DID YOU WANT
ME TO COME
BACK LATER?

WELL...IF YOU
DON'T MIND
WAITING FOR ME
TO FINISH...

SURE, I CAN
WAIT. I'LL BE
IN THE LIVING
ROOM.



ONCE I WAS ALL CLEAN, DRY, AND DRESSED...

MMM. YOU LOOK
MUCH BETTER...

...ALTHOUGH THAT'S
A FAIRLY ODD
CHOICE FOR A
CASUAL OUTFIT.

OKAY, BACK.

IS IT? I JUST THREW
SOMETHING ON...
SOMETHING CASUAL...






GASP!

I-I CAN GO...

OH, SHIT!
WHAT MADE ME
PUT *THIS* ON?

SINCE WHEN IS A
FRENCH MAID UNIFORM
CASUAL, TAMARA?

NO NO, DEAR.
KEEP THAT
UNIFORM ON.
IT LOOKS GOOD
ON YOU
ANYWAY.



WELL...THAT WASN'T
ACTUALLY MY IDEA...

I ALSO APPRECIATE
YOUR LOOKING A BIT
MORE...BOYISH...
UP HERE.

WELL, WHOSEVER
IDEA IT WAS, I
SHOULD THANK THAT
PERSON FOR...
TECHNICALLY GIVING
ME MY SON BACK.




SO WHAT DO YOU
THINK, SWEETIE?
DO I LOOK ANY
BETTER NOW?

WELL, YOU...
CERTAINLY LOOK,
UM...

ASSERTIVE?
MORE...CURVY?

CORRECT, AND
CORRECT.



OH, JUST MY OWN
WAY OF COMING OUT
OF MY SHELL, DEAR.

THE WAY I LOOKED
BEFORE I WENT INTO
WITNESS PROTECTION
WAS HOW THAT
MONSTER DIMITRIOS
WANTED ME TO
LOOK.


I NEEDED TO ERASE
ALL THAT, AND GO WITH
WHAT I WANTED.

WHY NOT?
YOU'RE NOT
JEALOUS, ARE
YOU?

NOT THAT I'M
HAVING ANY ISSUES
WITH THIS, BUT...
WHY? WHY THESE
CHANGES?

BUT...WHY THE
EXTRA CURVES?

NO! OF COURSE
NOT!



YOU AND I SURE
HAVE COME A
LONG WAY SINCE
THAT FIRST DAY,
HAVEN'T WE?

MADAME GRACE
HELPED ME TO
UNDERSTAND SO
MUCH. IT SEEMS
HER STORY IS SIMILAR
TO OURS!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY
OWN COUSIN WANTED
TO MAKE A PUPPET
OUT OF ME!

THAT'S AN
UNDERSTATEMENT.

I KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT.



BY THE WAY,
MOM...

...MADAME
GRACE AND I
HAVE GOTTEN TO
KNOW EACH OTHER
ON A MORE, WELL,
PERSONAL
LEVEL.

WELL...SHE LOVES
ME, AND...I LOVE
HER. AS MUCH AS
I LOVE ELIZABETH.


I KNOW IT SOUNDS
CRAZY, BUT...

...BOTH OF
THEM.

BRACE YOURSELF,
TAMARA...THIS COULD
GET UGLY...

MEANING?

ARE YOU ASKING
ME FOR MY BLESSINGS
IN...TYING THE KNOT?
WITH WHOM?



WELL...IF THIS WERE
ANYPLACE OTHER THAN
BULLCHESTER, I'D FIND
THIS OUTRAGEOUS...

...BUT AFTER EVERYTHING
MADAME GRACE TOLD ME
ABOUT THE KINDS OF THINGS
THAT HAPPEN WITHIN THE
CITY AND THAT CRAZY
SISTERHOOD, WHO AM
I TO JUDGE?

BESIDES...I TRUST
THAT YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING. YOU'VE
BEEN IN THE CITY LONGER
THAN I HAVE.

I WON'T GET IN THE
WAY OF YOUR CHOICES,
SWEETHEART.

REALLY? WOW!
YOU ROCK, MOM!

GIGGLE
IT'S A GIFT.



HUH? OH, THE...
THE CAP, AND...
UM...

UHH...YES,
MOM.

OH...Y-YES,
MISS PORTNOY.

NOW THERE SEEMS
TO BE SOMETHING
MISSING FROM THAT
UNIFORM, MAID.

ADD IT, AND
GET TO WORK.

I'LL JUST...MAKE
MYSELF COMFORTABLE
ON THE COUCH
WHILE YOU DO YOUR
CHORES.

IF YOU'RE GOING
TO WEAR THAT AROUND
ME, I PREFER
'MISS PORTNOY'.

WHEN THE SISTERHOOD BEGAN SCREWING WITH OUR NATURAL LIVES, MOM HAD ME WEARING A MORE, WELL, SUGGESTIVE MAID OUTFIT IN A DEVELOPED DESIRE TO HAVE ME SERVE AS HER DOMESTIC.

I GUESS THAT SIDE OF HER OWN CONDITIONING NEVER ERODED.

EITHER THAT, OR SHE'S CHANNELING THOSE TIMES WHEN SHE HAD TIMMY PORTNOY CLEAN UP AFTER HIMSELF FROM TIME TO TIME.



BUT...SHE'S MY MOTHER, AND...SHE'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

AHH. THANK
YOU, MAID.

YOU MAY KNEEL
NEXT TO ME.

YES, MISS
PORTNOY.

I SHOULD BE OBEDIENT TO MY MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.



NEVER A DULL
MOMENT, MISS
PORTNOY.

AND MAKING
APPOINTMENTS TO
SEE THE
MAYORESS.

YES, MISS
PORTNOY.

SOOO...HOW
IS WORK?

LOTS OF...
TYPING?
PHONES?

MMM...AND
SHE APPRECIATES
ALL YOUR HARD
WORK?

I SHOULD BE OBEDIENT TO MY MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.

MAY I ASK WHAT
KIND OF WORK
YOU ARE DOING
THESE DAYS,
MISS PORTNOY?

OOOH!
HOW NICE!

YOU'RE LOOKING AT
THE NEWEST SECURITY
MANAGER AT VANITIES,
A DEPARTMENT STORE
AT RUBIE'S MALL..

I GET TO STAY COOPED
UP IN A NICE, AIR-
CONDITIONED ROOM
AND LOOK AT MONITORS
ALL DAY.

SOMETHING GOES
WRONG, I MAKE SURE THE
GUARDS ARE ALL OVER
IT. I ALSO NEED TO
SIGN OFF ON
PAYROLLS.

THERE'S ALSO MY
RESPONSIBILITY TO...
INDOCTRINATE THE
NEWBIES.

I MUST BE SWEET TO MY MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.



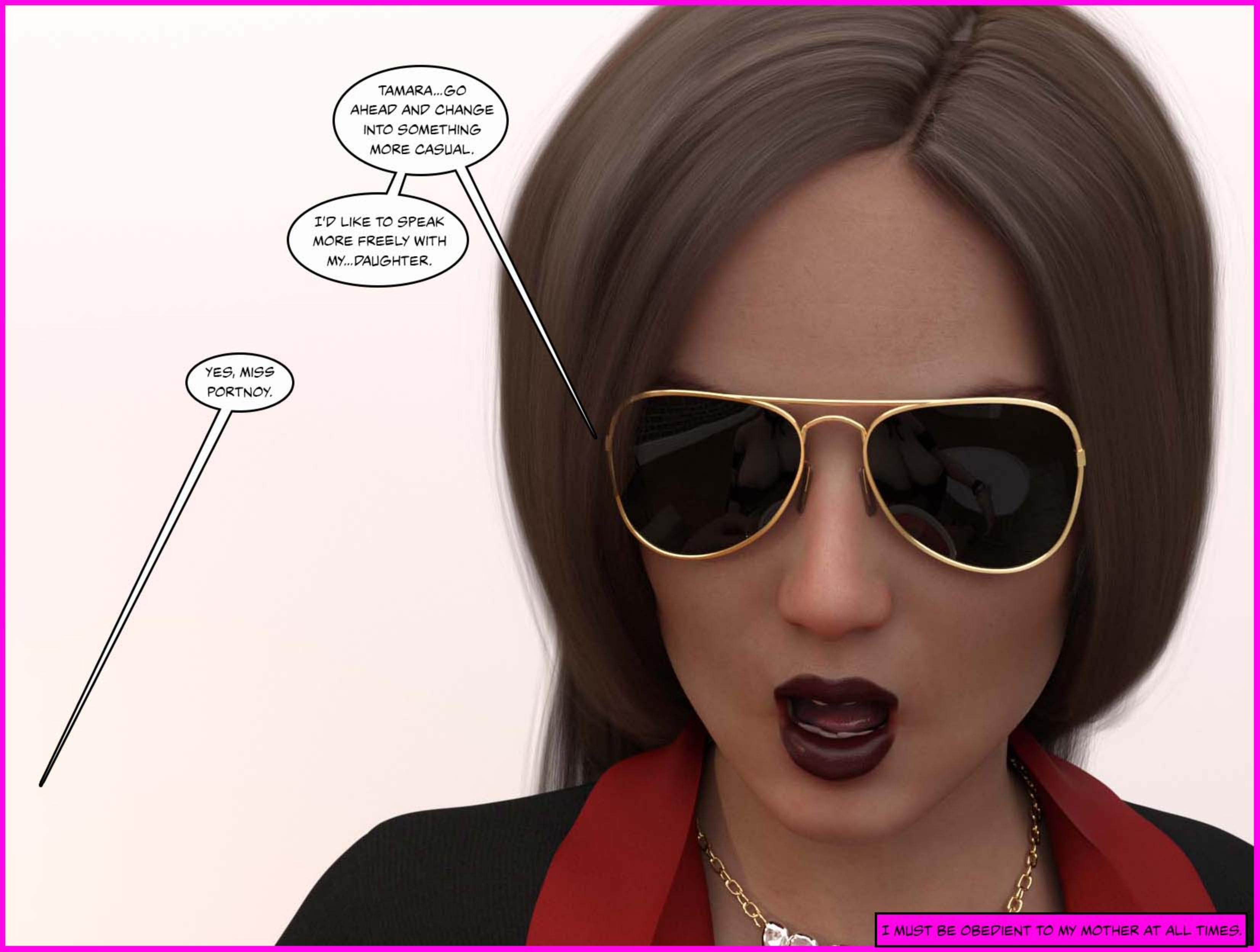
OH?
BOTH GENDERS?

NATURALLY!

ALTHOUGH THERE
AREN'T AS MANY
MEN AS THERE
ARE WOMEN,
WE'RE STILL ABLE
TO KEEP THE
PEACE IN AND AROUND
THE STORE'S
FOUR LEVELS.

AND DO YOU
HAVE A PLACE
OF YOUR OWN,
MISS PORTNOY?

YES, DEAR.
MY NEW HOME
IS WITHIN THE
COIN QUARTER.
IT'S A FEW BLOCKS
AWAY FROM THE
VANDERVELDE
GALLERY.

A close-up portrait of a woman with dark, shoulder-length hair and gold-rimmed aviator sunglasses. She has a surprised expression with her mouth slightly open. She is wearing a red top and a gold chain necklace. Three comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first bubble, at the top, contains the text 'TAMARA...GO AHEAD AND CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE CASUAL.' The second bubble, below it, contains 'I'D LIKE TO SPEAK MORE FREELY WITH MY...DAUGHTER.' The third bubble, to the left, contains 'YES, MISS PORTNOY.' A fourth text box at the bottom right contains 'I MUST BE OBEIDENT TO MY MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.'

TAMARA...GO
AHEAD AND CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING
MORE CASUAL.

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK
MORE FREELY WITH
MY...DAUGHTER.

YES, MISS
PORTNOY.

I MUST BE OBEIDENT TO MY MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.

SEEMS THAT NO MATTER WHAT I WEAR, IT
ALWAYS HAS SOMETHING TIGHT, OR REVEALING.

I DON'T MIND TOO MUCH, THOUGH. I
LOVE SHOWING OFF MY CURVES.

MOM DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND SHOWING OFF HERS, EITHER,
AND THE IDEA OF US BOTH BEING SEXY BEASTS IS...ODDLY
APPEALING.






MMM, MUCH BETTER.

HERE...LET ME GIVE YOU YOUR COUCH BACK.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE, MOM!

SIT WITH ME, THEN. I INSIST.



I DON'T THINK I
COULD EVER GET
PAST THE FACT
THAT YOU WERE
ONCE MY SON.

I'LL TRY NOT TO
BOTHER YOU TOO
MUCH ABOUT THAT,
THOUGH.

YOU COULD CALL
ME WHATEVER YOU
LIKE, MOM!



OH, IT'S BIG.
I HAD RENOVATORS
TURN A SPARE
BEDROOM INTO A
PERSONAL GYM.


DOMESTICS COME
IN TO CLEAN THE
PLACE EVERY OTHER
DAY. I THINK
THEY'RE PART OF
EVANGELINE PIERSON'S
ROSTER OF
MAIDS.

NATURALLY, YOU'RE
WELCOME TO VISIT
ANYTIME YOU LIKE.
I'LL HAVE A SPARE
KEY SENT TO YOU.

NO WORRIES!
THE OFFER REMAINS
OPEN.

HOW IS THE NEW
PLACE? HOW DOES
IT COMPARE TO HERE?

SEEING AS HOW I
TEND TO BE PRETTY
BUSY, I MAY NOT
STOP BY TOO
OFTEN.



THERE WAS ACTUALLY
ANOTHER REASON I
CAME BY, DEAR.


MADAME GRACE
RECENTLY TOLD ME
THAT SANDRA AND
SHELLEY WERE PULLED
FROM THEIR COLLEGIATE
STUDIES ABROAD.

SHE
THINKS THAT IT
WAS RITA NOBLE WHO
PROVIDED THEM WITH
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.
AFTER WHAT YOU TOLD
ME ABOUT HER, I HAD
TO AGREE.

SHE CAME BY
UNANNOUNCED AGAIN?
ERRH, THAT SNEAKY
BITCH!

MY SISTERS?

SHE WAS ACTUALLY THE
REASON MY HAIR LOOKS
LIKE THIS NOW.



GO AHEAD, RUTH...
BROCK IS LONG GONE,
AND YOU'VE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH.

SIGH
OKAY...

...THIS WAS ACTUALLY
ONE OF THE BIGGEST
REASONS I DIVORCED
YOUR FATHER.

AS BAD AS IT WAS
TO KNOW HE RAPED
WOMEN...

MISS PORT...ER,
MOM...I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO ASK
WHY SANDY AND
SHELLEY HAD ISSUES
WITH YOU.



...I...DISCOVERED
THAT HE WAS
GETTING SEXUALLY
SUGGESTIVE WITH
YOUR SISTERS.


IT STARTED WHEN
THEY WERE IN THEIR
EARLY TEENS.

HE NEVER
STOPPED! HE
HAD THEM DRESS
UP IN ALL KINDS
OF SKIMPY
CLOTHING.

I EVEN OVERHEARD
HIM TALKING ABOUT
SHARING THEM WITH
HIS FRIENDS WHEN
THEY GOT OLDER.

I TRIED TO TALK
SENSE INTO SANDY
AND SHELLEY, BUT
THEY ALWAYS ANGRILY
DISMISSED ME.

GODDESS...
INCEST??



DID YOU EVEN
TRY TO CONFRONT
DAD ABOUT THIS?

YOU KNOW HOW
MUCH OF A BRICK
WALL YOUR FATHER
WAS, PHYSICALLY.

IF HE FORCED
HIMSELF ON OTHER
WOMEN...AS HE
DID WITH RITA...
HE WOULD HAVE
DONE THE SAME
TO ME.

I TRIED SUBTLETY,
AND HE RESPONDED
WITH CLEAR
WARNINGS.

ME? NO, THANK
GOODNESS...

MOM...YOU DIDN'T
MARRY HIM BECAUSE...
HE FORCED HIMSELF
ON...



...BUT I KNOW
YOU'VE HAD YOUR
OWN PRIVATE
MOMENTS WITH
YOUR FATHER, SO NOW
I NEED TO ASK.

DID HE DO
ANYTHING...
SEXUAL...WITH
YOU, TIMOTHY?




WAS THAT ALL?

HE...UM,
SHOWED ME HOW
TO MASTURBATE.

YES...

THE NEXT MOMENT WAS SILENT AS SHE KEPT HER EYES ON ME, WONDERING IF I WAS HOLDING ANYTHING BACK.

I OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T LOOK VERY CONVINCING.



WE SHOULDN'T
TALK ABOUT THIS
ANYMORE.

STAY STRONG FOR
ME, SWEETHEART...
AND IF YOU MAKE
WEDDING PLANS,
THAT FIRST INVITE
WILL HAVE MY
NAME ON IT!

YEAH.

GIGGLE
THAT'S A
PROMISE,
MOM...



YOU DO YOU NO
MATTER WHAT,
TAMARA PORTNOY.
YOU'LL ALWAYS
HAVE ME IN YOUR
CORNER!

I LOVE YOU
SO MUCH.

...AND...THANK
YOU SO MUCH FOR
UNDERSTANDING.

LOVE YOU
MORE, MOM!

I COULDN'T DO IT. I COULDN'T TELL HER.

I COULDN'T TELL HER THAT IT WASN'T JUST SANDRA AND SHELLEY WHO PUT ME IN DRESSES WHEN I WAS JUST A KID. BROCK DID THE SAME THING.

HE ALSO MADE MY HAIR LOOK GIRLISH, AND HE HAD ME POSE LIKE A GIRL FOR HIM. I WAS LUCKY HE DIDN'T HAVE A CAMERA WITH HIM.

HE WAS TRULY A VERY, VERY SICK MAN.



KNOWING THAT MY MOTHER HAS A NEW PLACE OF HER OWN PRETTY MUCH
CONFIRMED THAT SHE COULD TRUST ME TO CONTINUE LIVING HERE,
ALTHOUGH IT MAY BE A MOOT POINT WHEN I DO MARRY MADAME GRACE
AND ELIZABETH, AND THEY WANT ME TO MOVE INTO LEES MANSION.

I'M GUESSING THE IDEA OF HER WORKING AT RUBIE'S MALL MIGHT VERY
WELL HAVE COME FROM MADAME GRACE. I'LL NEED TO REMEMBER THAT
IF I'M EVER DRAGGED OVER THERE TO BE BRAINWASHED AT THE SALON
AGAINST MY WILL.



SO TONIGHT, I HAVE THAT THING WITH THE LADY AI. I'M ALREADY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE FEEL OF GEISHA MAKEUP.

UNTIL THEN, I GET TO LOUNGE AROUND A BIT...BUT NOT BEFORE CLEANING THE USED TEACUP AND ITS SAUCER.



★BLEEMB★

fsssssssssh

Hello, cow.
It's Madame
Olivia. I'm in the
understanding that
your mother has
a security job at
a department store
in the mall.

You might want to
advise her that a handful
of those Divine Feminine
zealots are organizing
a protest in front of the
Bimporium store.

There's already a
crowd forming in front
of that Marcia sow.
I don't think their
protest will be a
peaceful one.

Act quickly,
cow.

SHIT. GEMMA OBVIOUSLY WANTS TO TURN HER GRIPES INTO A HOLY WAR.

FORTUNATELY, MOM AND I SWAPPED CONTACT INFO BEFORE SHE LEFT.

DID I LEAVE
SOMETHING AT YOUR
HOME, DEAR?

NO. ONE OF MY...
ACQUAINTANCES JUST
INFORMED ME THAT
SOME DIVINE FEMININE
ZEALOTS ARE MASSING
IN FRONT OF THE MALL
TO PROTEST THE
BIMPORIUM.

AH-HAH. SO GEMMA
WASN'T BULLSHITTING
ME ABOUT HER THREATS
AFTER ALL. WONDERFUL.

I WAS TOLD THEY
COULD GET UGLY.

SO CAN THE MALL'S
GUARDS. I'LL SPREAD
THE WORD TO THE OVERALL
MALL'S SECURITY TEAM.
THANKS FOR THE
HEADS-UP, SWEETIE.
I'LL GET RIGHT
ON IT!

BE CAREFUL, MOM.
ADVISE THEM
NOT TO GET TOO CLOSE
TO MARCIA!



I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE MISDELIVERED PACKAGE FRANK WAS NICE ENOUGH TO BRING TO ME.

NO RETURN ADDRESS, BUT I KNOW FROM THE HANDWRITING THAT IT'S FROM MADAME NOBLE, AND IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO INCLUDE A TIGHT, SKIMPY DRESS.



I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO THINK OF THIS.

FIRST, IT'S COWS, NOW IT'S...CATS?

WHAT'S NEXT? DOGS??



WAIT A MINUTE...FRANK CALLED ME 'KITTEN' EARLIER...

...THIS IS A SETUP, ISN'T IT? YEAH...MADAME NOBLE IS
MAKING A LITTLE ARRANGEMENT, ISN'T SHE?

THAT SNEAKY, CHEEKY BITCH. I'VE ALREADY MADE MY BED,
AND I'LL ONLY MATRIMONIALY SHARE IT WITH MADAME
GRACE AND...LIZ...



...UNLESS FRANK WOULDN'T MIND AN...
OCCASIONAL FLING...

...ASSUMING HE'S SINGLE...



PFPT! A MAN LIKE HIM CAN'T BE SINGLE! HE'S PROBABLY SHARED A BED WITH A HUNDRED AND ONE BIMBOS OR SOMETHING. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF HE WERE A SWINGER.

FEH! *MEN*.

*BING-
BOOONG*



YES?

UHH...OK, I
GUESS?

TAMARA PORTNOY!
GOOD *MOR-NIIING!*
PAM MERRYWEATHER
OF 'THE MERRY
WEATHER SHOW!'
HOW ARE YOU
TODAY?

GIGGLE
SORRY...MY USUAL
WAY OF GREETING
PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEMS
TO BE HELD TO A
SCRIPT!

SO I UNDERSTAND
YOU'RE TO BE ONE
OF THE CONTESTANTS
ON THE MUNICIPAL
EPISODES OF 'PRESS
THE BUTTON' IN A
COUPLE OF DAYS?

HUH? OH, YEAH.
THAT.

ARE THESE...
RELEASE FORMS
YOU'RE GIVING
ME?

SOME OF THOSE
QUESTIONS THEY ASK
GET PRETTY TOUGH!

UHH...YEAH!
JUST...LOOK 'EM
OVER AND SIGN
'EM! NO RUSH!

ANYWAY, I HAVE
TO RUN, BUT YOU
HAVE A WONDERFULLY
MERRY DAY!
GIGGLE



HMMM...THERE ARE RELEASE FORMS HERE, BUT...

...OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

THESE ARE THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE
QUESTIONS THEY'RE GONNA ASK ME.



WHAT WAS IT THAT I LEARNED FROM WATCHING
THAT MOVIE ABOUT TV GAME SHOWS?

THEY'RE NOT WATCHING TO SEE HOW SMART PEOPLE ARE, BUT
TO SEE THE MONEY? HOW THE HELL SHOULD I APPROACH THIS?

I SUPPOSE IT REALLY DEPENDS ON WHO I'LL BE SQUARING OFF
AGAINST, AND WHAT THE STAKES REALLY ARE ASIDE FROM THE
MONEY. NOTHING GOES ON IN THIS CITY THAT DOESN'T HAVE A
SISTERHOOD PLAN ATTACHED TO IT.

****SIGH****





YOU STAY THE
HELL AWAY FROM
ME, MARGE!

I'LL GO
ALL THE
WAY TO THE
MAYORESS IF I
HAVE TO ABOUT
THIS! YOU ARE
NOT PUTTING
ME INTO A
DRESS!!

UH-OH...

...LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S ABOUT TO
BECOME ANOTHER LESLIE BETANCOURT!



EVIDENTLY, HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I HAVE A DIRECT LINE TO JULIA HERSELF.

POOR BASTARD. I HOPE HE COMES TO HIS SENSES, OR THE SISTERHOOD'S GONNA THROW HIS ASS OVER TO THE FARM.

SCREEEEEECH!



IS ANYONE
HURT?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY
ABOUT THAT! HERB'S
CLEARLY GONE OFF
THE DEEP END!

ONLY MY
HUSBAND'S PRIDE!
GIGGLE
WE'RE FINE,
THOUGH. NOTHING
MORE TO SEE HERE!
THANKS FOR YOUR
CONCERN!

IN THAT MOMENT, IT WASN'T SO MUCH
'MARGE' THAT CAUGHT MY ATTENTION...

...BUT RATHER THE EFFEMINATE YOUNG MAN STANDING ALONGSIDE HER.

COME
ON INSIDE,
RICKI DEAR!
THE SHOW'S
OVER...FOR
NOW!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL BE SEEING ONE OF THESE PEOPLE AT THE
FRONT DESK OF THE OFFICE OF THE MAYORESS SOMETIME VERY SOON.

PERIPHERAL VISION CAUGHT SIGHT OF THESE TWO EMERGING FROM ANOTHER MORE EXPENSIVE-LOOKING CAR THAT HAD SETTLED IN NEARBY.

I THINK I'VE SEEN THESE TWO WORKING AT *MISTRESSES* ONE SATURDAY, DOING A 'GOLDEN GIRLS' THING.

'RICKI' HAD WANDERED TO HIS HOUSE'S BACKYARD MOMENTS BEFORE THEY ARRIVED.





WELL...MADAME OLIVIA CONSIDERS ME ONE OF HER GIRLS...ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, THAT IS... SO YES.

TAMARA PORTNOY.

YOU LOOK KINDA FAMILIAR. DO YOU GO DOWN TO MISTRESSES ON WEEKENDS?

I'M LEXXI LOVELUST. MY FRIEND HERE IS COCO COCKLETTE.

NOW I KNOW THEY WEREN'T BORN WITH THOSE NAMES.



IN A WORD?
FACESITTING.

OH GODDESS,
NO! IT'S A...
TONGUE THING.
I...PLEASURE HER
FOLDS WHILE SHE
WORKS.

EVERY TIME.

GIRL, YOU HAVE
GOT SOME KILLER
CURVES. WHAT DO YOU
DO WHEN YOU'RE
WITH MADAME
OLIVIA?

NO WAAAY!
SO YOU'RE,
LIKE, HER
BATHROOM?

OHHHH.
OH, YOU LUCKY
LITTLE BITCH, YOU!
DO YOU GET HER
TO ORGASM?

A 3D-rendered scene featuring three women standing on a concrete sidewalk. The woman in the center, with short dark hair, wears a green halter-neck top and grey shorts. She is looking towards the woman on the right. The woman on the left has long brown hair and wears a purple and white patterned athletic top and leggings. The woman on the right has dark curly hair and wears a pink athletic top and leggings. They are all engaged in a conversation. The background consists of a green lawn and a concrete path.

WE'RE KIND OF
WORRIED ABOUT
NICK OVER
THERE.

WHY SHOULD HE HAVE
TO ASK HIS DAD? HE'S
A GROWN GUY! HE CAN
MAKE HIS OWN
CHOICES!

SO WHAT BRINGS
YOU BOTH OUT
HERE?

HIS DADDY SAW HIM
GOING INTO *MISTRESSES*
WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION.

YEAH, WELL...SOME
PARENTS ARE OBVIOUSLY
MORE CONTROLLING THAN
OTHERS.

I DON'T THINK SO.
I DIDN'T SEE ANY
BRUISES.

NICK DIDN'T GET
HURT, DID HE?




OH, GOOD. HE
HAD HIS EYES ON
ME SINCE HE CAME
IN.

HE TIPPED ME A
COUPLE OF TIMES,
SO I CAME BY ASKING
IF HE WANTED A
TABLE DANCE. HE
HAD JUST ENOUGH
MONEY TO PAY
FOR IT.

IT WAS KINDA WEIRD
DANCING FOR HIM. HE
SPREAD HIS LEGS, BUT
HE PUT HIS HANDS
BEHIND THE SEAT AS
IF HE WERE
HANDCUFFED.

I TOLD HIM HE DIDN'T
HAVE TO DO THAT,
BUT I GUESS THAT WAS
HIS WAY OF MAKING
ME FEEL SAFE.

YOU KNOW, 'CAUSE...
YOU CAN'T TOUCH
DANCERS DURING
A TABLE DANCE.



IF HE HAD A LITTLE
MORE MONEY, WE
COULD HAVE DONE
A 'DOUBLE-DANCE'
FOR HIM.

'DOUBLE-
DANCE'?

GIGGLE
THAT'S WHERE
ONE GIRL IS IN
FRONT, AND
THERE'S ANOTHER
BEHIND YOU.

DOUBLE THE COST,
DOUBLE THE SEX!

WE COULD
DEMONSTRATE
THAT FOR YOU, IF YOU
LIKE...I MEAN, YOU
DID SAY YOU WERE
ONE OF US...



MMM, I
OVERHEARD THAT
PROPOSITION A COUPLE
OF TIMES GOING INTO
THE CLUB.


WAS THIS THE FIRST
TIME YOU MET NICK?
DID YOU KNOW HIM
OUTSIDE OF THE
CLUB?

NO, BUT I SAW
HIM PULL OUT A
COUPLE OF CARDS
FROM THE
BEHEMONGERS
GAME.

LEXXI AND I
USED TO PLAY THAT
GAME OURSELVES.

AND I ALWAYS
KICKED YOUR BIG
FAT ASS, DIDN'T I,
COKES?

YOU WISH!



YOU'VE GOT A
PRETTY BIG PAIR
OF CUSHIONS
YOURSELF, TAMMY.

YOU LOOK MORE
LIKE A...PORN
TOY.

YOU WANT THAT
DOUBLE-DANCE,
PORN TOY?

THAT'S WHAT SEXY
BITCHES LIKE ME
DO, BABY.

DEAL.

ECH. I'LL CHALK
THAT ONE UP TO
CIRCUMSTANCE.

OHH, WHAT THE
HELL. YOU'RE GETTING
ME FIRED UP HERE.

GROUND RULE.
DON'T GO ANYWHERE
OTHER THAN THE
LIVING ROOM.
DEAL?

MMM. NICE
PLACE, BABE.

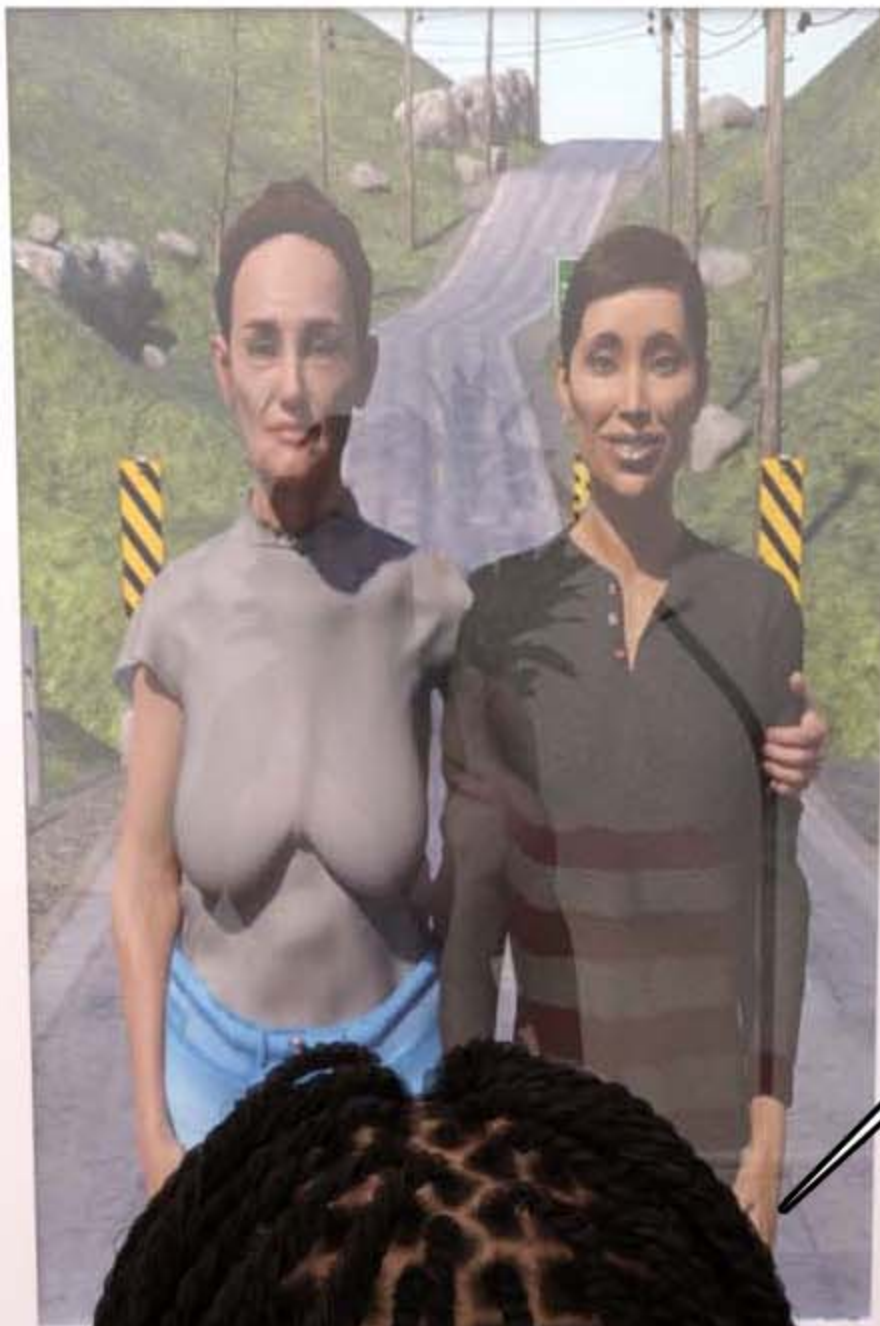
FRONT.

EHH, I'LL LET
YOU LADIES
DECIDE.

SO...WHO'S IN
FRONT AND WHO'S
IN BACK?

FR...OH,
UH...I GUESS
I'VE GOT THE...
HMM?





OH, SHIT. I FORGOT
THAT PICTURE WAS
THERE!

HMMM, MAYBE
I CAN USE THE TRUTH
TO DO A LITTLE
SOUL-SEARCHING...

WHO ARE THESE
TWO? FAMILY
RELATIVES?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
THE WOMAN IS MY
MOTHER.

THE YOUNG MAN
NEXT TO HIM?

THAT WAS ME.

CAN YOU BOTH
RELATE?





THAT WAS
YOU??

GET THE FUCK
OUTTA HERE!

THOSE
JUGS ARE
MASSIVE!

AND I COULD BURY
MY WHOLE FACE IN
THAT ASS!

GIGGLE!

THANKS, GIRLS.
I APPRECIATE THE
COMPLIMENTS.

NOW LET ME
TAKE A GUESS
AS TO YOUR
REAL NAMES...



...ALEX LATTIMER,
AND ...TOBIAS
BETANCOURT?

GIGGLE!
RELAX, LEXXI.
YOUR SECRETS ARE
SAFE WITH ME.

ONE OF
THE PERKS
OF MY DAY JOB,
COCO.

I'M A
SECRETARY THAT
WORKS WITH THE
MAYORESS OF
BULLCHESTER!

I...I...

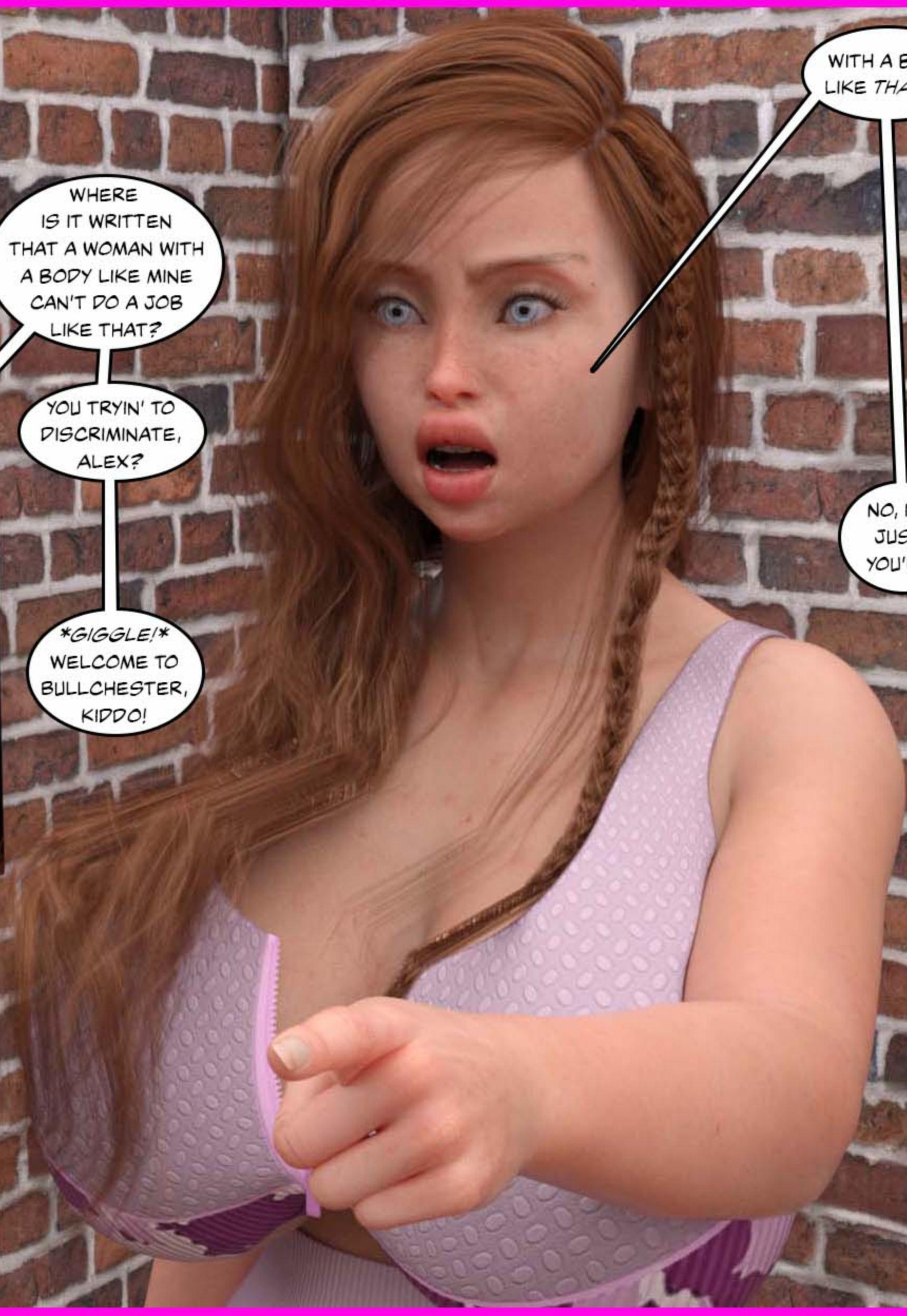
BUT...
H-HOW DID
YOU...?



WHERE
IS IT WRITTEN
THAT A WOMAN WITH
A BODY LIKE MINE
CAN'T DO A JOB
LIKE THAT?


YOU TRYIN' TO
DISCRIMINATE,
ALEX?

GIGGLE!
WELCOME TO
BULLCHESTER,
KIDDO!



WITH A BODY
LIKE THAT??

NO, IT'S
JUST...
YOU'RE...



DOES THIS MEAN
NO DOUBLE-DANCE?

I DIDN'T SAY THAT,
DID I?

IT'S
JUST THAT
I'M...INTRIGUED
WHEN I RUN INTO
PEOPLE WHOSE
LIVES WERE
CHANGED SO
RADICALLY.

FROM TWO
CARD GAMERS
TO A PAIR OF
HOT STRIPPERS.
IT MUST HAVE
BLOWN YOUR MINDS
TO BECOME THE
KINDS OF BABES
YOU WERE NEVER
ALLOWED TO
TOUCH, EH?




OH HH GODDESS,
YES...TEN
THOUSAND FUCKING
TIMES, YES...

...I NEVER
DREAMED I
COULD BECOME
SUCH A SEXY
BEAST...

...WITH BREASTS
THIS BIG...AND
THEY'RE ACTUALLY
MINE...

...I NEVER WANNA
GO BACK. NO
FUCKING WAY!



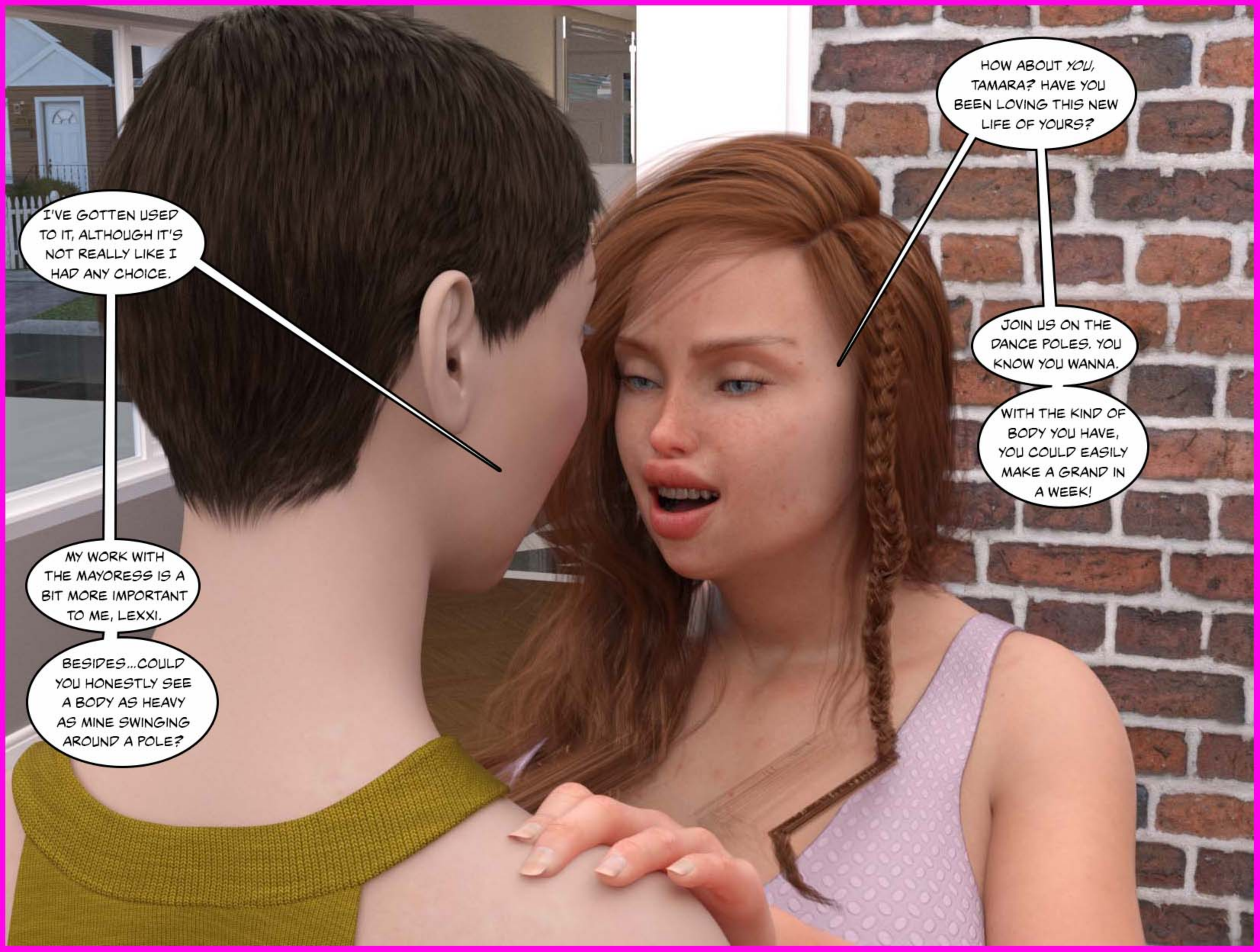
AND YOU? HOW
ARE YOU TAKING IN
ALL THIS?

OH, I TOTALLY
LOVE BEIN' SO
JIGGLY ALL THE
TIME...AN' SEXY
LEXXI'S TAUGHT
ME SOOOO
MUCH!

AND
THEN THERE'S MY
BEING ABLE TO WORK
AT THE SAME PLACE AS
THAT...THAT TOTAL
HUNK O' ROCK-HARD
CHOCOLATE MARINE,
JAKE SIMONSON!

MY LIFE IS DOPE
NOW, YO!

AND YOU LIVE RIGHT
ACROSS THE STREET
FROM ME, TOO...
I SHOULD COME
HERE WHENEVER I'M
FEELING HORNY...



I'VE GOTTEN USED
TO IT, ALTHOUGH IT'S
NOT REALLY LIKE I
HAD ANY CHOICE.

MY WORK WITH
THE MAYORESS IS A
BIT MORE IMPORTANT
TO ME, LEXXI.

BESIDES...COULD
YOU HONESTLY SEE
A BODY AS HEAVY
AS MINE SWINGING
AROUND A POLE?

HOW ABOUT YOU,
TAMARA? HAVE YOU
BEEN LOVING THIS NEW
LIFE OF YOURS?

JOIN US ON THE
DANCE POLES. YOU
KNOW YOU WANNA.

WITH THE KIND OF
BODY YOU HAVE,
YOU COULD EASILY
MAKE A GRAND IN
A WEEK!

ONCE SHE HAS ME IN MY COUCH, SHE TURNS UP THE HEAT.

WHO SAYS YOU
HAVE TO SWING?

JUST THINK OF THAT
POLE AS THE BIGGEST,
HARDEST COCK YOU'VE
EVER SEEN.

RUB YOURSELF
AGAINST IT...KISS
IT...LICK IT...

...AND DO IT SOOO
SLOOOOWLY...

...MAKES ME ALL
HOT AND SWEATY,
JUST THINKING
ABOUT IT...

...AND I REALLY,
REALLY WANNA
FEEL THAT BODY OF
YOURS AGAINST
MINE...



YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY
BEEN TRAINED WELL.

THAT WOULD BE
UP TO MADAME
OLIVIA, NO?

I'D RATHER YOU
DIDN'T DO THAT.

I HAD
A FUCKING
AWESOME
TEACHER.

JOIN US AS
AN EXOTIC DANCER
I DEMAND IT!

UNLESS I TELL
HER THAT YOU'RE
CURIOUS ABOUT IT.

BECAUSE I MIGHT LIKE IT TOO MUCH, AND THAT WOULD BRING ME ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO BECOMING MADAME NOBLE'S SHE-MALE SLUT.



WHAT IF I TELL
HER ANYWAY,
BITCH?

COCO AND I,
WE DO THIS LITTLE
ACT CALLED THE
'GOLDEN GIRLS'.

THEY COVER US
BOTH IN GOLD
BODY PAINT FROM
HEAD TO TOE.

IF WE ADDED YOU,
WE'D MAKE AN
AWESOME TRIO.

I'LL BET.

A woman with dark, curly hair and a shocked expression is holding a purple smartphone. She is wearing a light pink, textured, one-shoulder top. The background is a brick wall. The image is framed with a thick pink border. Four comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

HUH? AWW,
DAMN!

STAFF
MEETING?

OH, SHIT! WE'VE
GOTTA GO, LEX!
WE'RE GONNA BE
LATE FOR THAT
STAFF MEETING!

YEAH, WE'VE GOTTA
GET OUR SHIFTS, AND
FIND OUT WHICH PORN
ACTRESS IS DOING A
FEATURE SPOT WITH US!



COOL! THANKS,
TAMARA!

DON'T BE A
STRANGER THE NEXT
TIME YOU'RE AT
THE CLUB, HOT
STUFF!

WE OWE YOU
THAT DOUBLE
DANCE!

TELL YA WHAT.
I'LL KEEP AN EYE
ON YOUR NEW
FRIEND NEXT DOOR
AND LET YOU
KNOW HOW HE'S
DOING.

HAVE A GOOD
SHIFT, LADIES!

ANOTHER TWO YOUNG MEN LOST TO FEMININE ALLURE.

I HAD TO REMIND MYSELF THAT *COCO* USED TO BE A YOUNG MAN WILLING TO HELP HIS MOM AND DAD EMBEZZLE MONEY FROM HIS OWN GRANDPARENTS.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FATHER?



I GUESS NICKI'S WANTING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS OWN FATHER. HE WAS LINGERING IN HIS BACKYARD WHILE I WAS TALKING WITH LEXXI AND COCO. PROBABLY STAYING CLEAR OF HIS MOTHER.

SHOULD I BREAK THE ICE, AND GO TALK WITH HIM?

OR SHOULD I FIND A WAY TO CHAT UP HIS MOM FIRST, RISKY AS THAT MIGHT BE?



OH, HELL.

MISS DIVINE FEMININE FIRE-AND-BRIMSTONE STRIKES AGAIN. GEMMA'S GOT TO BE BEHIND WHAT'S HAPPENING TO NICKI.

I GUESS SHE WASN'T A PART OF THAT PROTEST MOB AT THE MALL.



UH-OH...I'VE BEEN CAUGHT IN
THE ACT OF EAVESDROPPING!

I'M SUCH AN UNCLEAN HUSSY!
STAY AWAY FROM THE BAD COW!
TAMARA IS *EEEEVIL!*

I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHATEVER
VERBAL SNIPES SHE COMES UP
WITH...



...AND MAN OH MAN, THAT LOST LITTLE FORMER BOY DID NOT DISAPPOINT.



NICE TO SEE YOU
TOO, GEMMA!

SUCH A SWEET
LADY, ISN'T SHE,
NICK?

THAT IS A PRIME
EXAMPLE OF THE
KIND OF SHAMELESS
WHORE YOU SHOULD
NEVER BECOME,
NICOLE!

**SHUT UP,
HEATHEN!**




I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
A FOREMOST FEMININE
IDEAL!

A POSTER GIRL FOR
WHAT THE WOMEN OF
BULLCHESTER NEED TO
BECOME!

NOT SOME...SOME
OVERDEVELOPED,
BOVINE HUSSY
THAT'S SO HUNG UP
ON SHAMELESS
FORNICATION!

DID THAT MAKE
ME ANY LESS
QUALIFIED TO WORK FOR
THE MAYORESS OF
BULLCHESTER?




YOU WORK FOR
THE MAYORESS OF
BULLCHESTER?

I'M HER
RECEPTIONIST!
IF YOU NEED TO
SCHEDULE A MEETING,
I'M THE ONE TO
SEE!

HUSH, GEMMA!
LET THE ADULTS
TALK!

WHAT WOULD I
NEED TO DO?

YOU JUST WANT THIS
ONE'S FACE BETWEEN
YOUR MAMMARIES,
TRAMP!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.
I'LL JOT DOWN A
REMINDER TO GET AN
APPOINTMENT GOING
FOR YOU TOMORROW
MORNING.

WHEN WOULD YOU
WANT TO SEE HER?
MORNING?
AFTERNOON?

I'LL FIND YOU A
SPOT THEN. YOU'LL
GET AN E-MAIL
LETTING YOU KNOW
IF THE MAYORESS
WILL BE AVAILABLE
FOR IT.

I DUNNO.
MORNING WORKS,
I GUESS.

DID YOU WANT TO
ASK ABOUT YOUR
DAD?

YES!



B-BUT...
HE'S STILL MY
DAD!

WHY WOULD YOU
WANT TO ASK ABOUT
HIM?? HE'S JUST
A STUBBORN MISER
LIVING ON WELFARE
CHECKS!

NO
MORE LIP OUT
OF YOU! YOUR
DESTINY LIES WITH
THE DIVINE FEMININE!
YOUR MOTHER
UNDERSTANDS
THIS!

NOW GET AWAY
FROM THAT SLUTTY
HEATHEN AND COME
BACK INSIDE!



GO AHEAD,
NICKI.

IN THE MEANTIME,
I'LL BE CALLING THE
POLICE.

WHAT?? BUT...
I'M A GUEST
HERE!

YOU'RE ALSO THE
ARCHITECT OF A
PROTEST HAPPENING
OUTSIDE OF RUBIE'S
MALL.

HAVEN'T YOU BEEN
SENDING THREATS TO
THE MALL'S SECURITY
TEAM?

I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF THE
DEMONSTRATION
GOT UGLY!

IT DID!

IT'S ALL OVER THE
NEWS. ARRESTS
WERE MADE AFTER
THE PROTEST
TURNED VIOLENT!

SOME FAT SOW
NAMED MARCIA
DYSON EVEN TRIED
TO MACE A COP!
THEY PUT HER
IN CUFFS!

WERE THOSE *YOUR*
PEOPLE, GEMMA?

DUN, DUN, DUUUUUUUNNNN!



WHAT?? POOR
MARCIA WAS
ARRESTED??

BUT...BUT I...
I-I TOLD THEM...


AND A-WAAAAAY SHE GOES.

NOT THE KIND OF THING THAT WOULD JEOPARDIZE
HER STATUS AT THAT NEW PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SHE
TURNED KEMP HIGH INTO, BUT I'M SURE SHE'LL GET
A NICE BIG SCOLDING COURTESY OF HER
SISTERHOOD PARTY PALS.

I WONDER IF JED SCHAFFNER...THE GUY GEMMA
USED TO BE...WAS AS MEDDLESOME?

SCRE-E-E-EEEECH!!



A digital illustration of three women standing in a suburban yard. The woman on the left has long dark hair and wears a floral top. The woman in the center has short dark hair and wears a green halter top with large breasts. The woman on the right has short brown hair and wears a grey shirt. They are all looking towards the center woman. The background shows a blue house and green grass.

MY SON TELLS ME
YOU WORK FOR
THE MAYORESS?

GEMMA TOLD ME
THE WHOLE CITY
ATTENDS RELIGIOUS
SERVICES ON SUNDAY.
IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE
THE WHOLE CITY WAS
IN THERE AT
ALL!

YUP.
I'M HER
SECRETARY.

A MAJORITY OF THE
GOSPEL COMING OUT
OF GEMMA'S MOUTH
TENDS TO BE
DIVINE HORSESHIT.

IF YOU WANT A
LITTLE FRIENDLY
ADVICE...

...TRY TO STAY
AS FAR AWAY
FROM GEMMA
SCHULTZ...AND HER
DIVINE FEMININE
FLOCK...AS
POSSIBLE. THEY'RE
NOTHING BUT
TROUBLE.

CLEARLY!

chiiime



OOOH, I GOTTA
TAKE THIS, SORRY.

I NEED TO GET
BACK IN MY OWN
HOUSE ANYWAY.
NICE MEETING
YOU.

YEAH, THANKS!



HI, HAYLEY...

...YEAH, MY HUSBAND
DIDN'T TAKE THE NEWS
TOO WELL. HE HAS
YET TO COME BACK...

...BUT
IT'S GREAT TO
SEE MY SON WITH
A FULL HEAD OF
HAIR NOW! HE MAY
NEED A LITTLE MORE
MOTIVATION,
THOUGH...CAN YOU
HELP?



♪

HMM...MAYBE THIS IS LIZ...

KONBAN WA,
MEUSHI.

LADY AI?

I AM AFRAID I
MUST POSTPONE
MY PLANS FOR
TONIGHT, SO I WILL
NOT BE NEEDING
YOU.

WHEN I SET UP
A BACKUP DATE, I
WILL CONTACT YOU.

AS YOU WISH,
LADY AI.

SAYONARA,
MEUSHI. HAVE A
GOOD WORK
WEEK.

I GUESS I WON'T BE WEARING MAKEUP AND A KIMONO TONIGHT. BUMMER!

FUNNY...MY SUNDAYS TEND TO BE QUIET ONES.

THE ONLY REAL ACTIVITY ON ANY GIVEN SUNDAY IN BULLCHESTER ARE DIVINE FEMINE MASSES, AND AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, I STEER CLEAR OF THOSE.

SO MUCH FOR ME BEING YOUR LITTLE 'MESSIAH', EH, GEMMA?

*BING-
BOOONG*






GOOD EVENING,
COW.

MADAME OLIVIA?

I...GUESS YOU
HAVE EMILY
WATCHING OVER
THE CLUB
TONIGHT?

VERY
PERCEPTIVE.



MALL SECURITY
WAS QUICK TO
QUELL THE POTENTIAL
RIOT EARLIER TODAY.

I GUESS I HAVE
YOU TO THANK
FOR LETTING THEM
KNOW SO QUICKLY.

YES, WELL...MOM
HAD ACTUALLY VISITED
HERE THIS MORNING,
SO I WAS ABLE TO
RING HER UP WHILE
SHE WAS EN ROUTE
TO THE MALL.

WELL DONE,
COW.

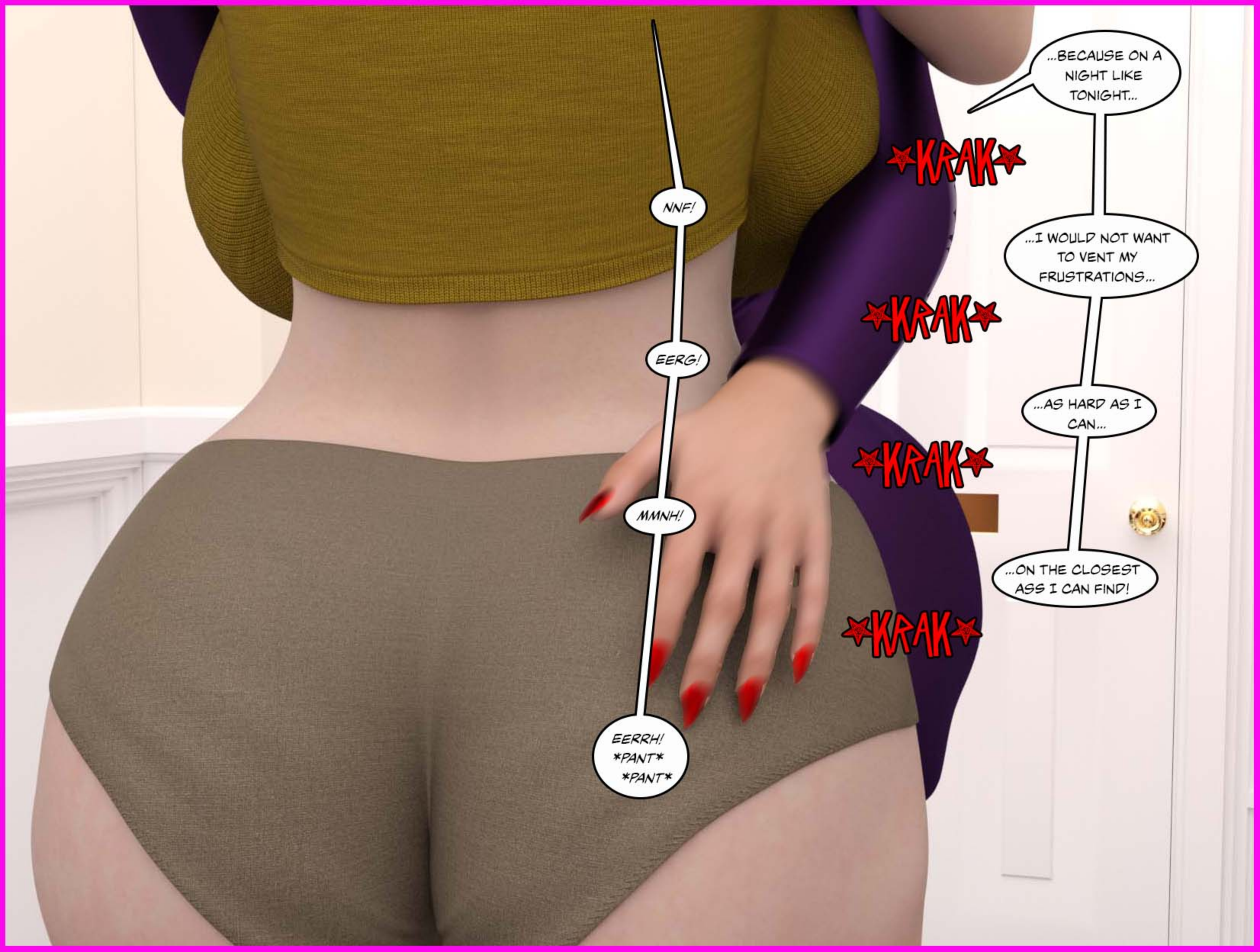


I MISSED YOU
YESTERDAY.

I HOPE THIS
WON'T BECOME
A HABIT.

I...DON'T THINK
IT WILL, MADAME
OLIVIA.

GOOD...



NNF!

EERG!

MMNH!

EERRH!
PANT
PANT

...BECAUSE ON A
NIGHT LIKE
TONIGHT...

...I WOULD NOT WANT
TO VENT MY
FRUSTRATIONS...

...AS HARD AS I
CAN...

...ON THE CLOSEST
ASS I CAN FIND!

KRAK

KRAK

KRAK

KRAK



AND YOU DO
HAVE A WHOLE
LOT OF ASS...

...TWO BIG,
SQUISHY CHEEKS
OF IT...

...GETS YOU SO
FUCKING HOT TO
FEEL ME SPANK
YOU ROTTEN...

...DOESN'T IT,
COW?

★KRAK★

★KRAK★

★KRAK★

★KRAK★

★KRAK★

UUHHH...

GRRHH!

HAAAHHH!



WAS THAT AS
GOOD FOR YOU
AS IT WAS FOR
ME?

MMM. I'LL
TAKE THAT AS
A 'YES'.

LET'S GO INTO
YOUR LIVING
ROOM, DEAR.
I DIDN'T JUST
COME HERE TO
BURN YOUR
MASSIVE RUMP.

PANT

PANT




UH OH...I THINK
I KNOW WHAT
SHE'S ABOUT TO
SUGGEST...

SOME OF MY
GIRLS ARE WONDERING
WHY YOU'RE CONFINED
TO MY OFFICE EVERY
SATURDAY WHILE THE
REST OF THEM ARE ON
THE POLES.

THEY'RE STARTING TO
FEEL LIKE YOU'RE
BEING GIVEN SOME
KIND OF...SPECIAL
TREATMENT.

I CAN'T HAVE ANY
SENSE OF SPITE
AMONG MY GIRLS,
AND EVEN IF YOU DO
ONLY SHOW UP ON
SATURDAY NIGHTS,
YOU ARE STILL ONE
OF US.



DO YOU HAVE ANY
DANCING SKILLS, DEAR?

NONE. I'M A
SECRETARY, NOT
A STRIPPER.

YOU BROUGHT ME
IN BECAUSE YOU
THOUGHT I HAD A
TALENTED TONGUE.
IF YOU'VE GROWN
TIRED OF IT...

AH-AH! I NEVER
SAID THAT, COW.
IT'S BAD FORM TO
PUT THOUGHTS IN
MY HEAD!

WELL...IF YOU'RE
ABOUT TO SUGGEST
THAT I BECOME ONE
OF YOUR EXOTIC
DANCERS, THAT MIGHT
NOT BE SUCH A
GOOD IDEA...



I SHOULD ALSO, IN FAIRNESS, NOTE THAT I'M NOT TOO SURE HOW MAYORESS STROUD IS GOING TO FEEL ABOUT THIS KIND OF MOONLIGHTING.

SHE MAY THINK THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO TAKE ME AWAY FROM HER.

PENCIL ME IN FOR AN APPOINTMENT, THEN. AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE TIME.

STRIPPING ISN'T THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN THE WORLD TO LEARN, COW.

I NEVER SAID IT WAS. I'M JUST SAYING I'VE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE.

WELL, I'M NOT IN
ANY HURRY TO
LEAVE.

ON YOUR FEET.

SHIT. LOOKS LIKE
I'M ABOUT TO
GET A CRASH
COURSE...



AND FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MADAME OLIVIA PUT ME THROUGH.

SHE NEVER GAVE ME ANY VISUAL DEMONSTRATIONS, THOUGH. IT WAS ALL JUST A LOT OF EXPLAINING. MOVE YOUR BUTT AROUND SLOWLY. BOUNCE IT. CRUSH YOUR BOOBS TOGETHER. UNDULATE.

I TRIED TO BE AS RECEPTIVE AS POSSIBLE TO HER TUTELAGE, BUT SHE ALWAYS HAD SOME KIND OF GRIPE. DID I NOT TELL HER THAT I HAD NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE?



AFTER TRYING TO HANG ON EVERY WORD, I JUST CLOSED MY EYES AND IMAGINED MYSELF DANCING AS ALLURINGLY AS I COULD FOR LIZ AND MADAME GRACE...

...AND THAT WAS WHEN THE PRAISE STARTED COMING OUT OF MADAME OLIVIA'S MOUTH.

I ALSO REMEMBERED WHAT MAYORESS STROUD HAD TOLD ME AS THE REASON FOR MY PROVOCATIVE MODES OF DRESS AS HER SECRETARY.



SHE TOLD ME IT WAS A WEAPON.

I USED IT BEFORE WHEN THAT GUY
CAME IN WITH A SHOTGUN DEMANDING
AN AUDIENCE WITH THE MAYORESS.

THAT DISTRACTION WORKED, TOO. JULIA
GOT THE JUMP ON HIM, AND HIS ASS WAS
DRAGGED TO THE FARM.



A woman with long black hair and a purple dress is sitting on a couch, looking at a man from behind. She has a confident, slightly smug expression. The man is seen from the back, showing his short brown hair and bare back. They are in a simple room with a light-colored wall.

YOU SNEAKY
LITTLE BITCH.

TELLING ME YOU
HAVEN'T DONE THIS
BEFORE...AND YET,
YOU MAKE ME CUM
IN MY PANTIES.

UH-HUH. ANY
OTHER LIES YOU
WANT TO SHARE?

MMM. I HEARD
ABOUT THE
ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT.

ME BEGINNER
LUCK.

I WORK WITH THE
MAYORESS. WE'VE
HAD TO DEAL WITH
RABBLE-ROUSERS
EVERY SO OFTEN,
AND I'VE HAD TO
DISTRACT THEM.

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face. She has long, dark, wavy hair. Her eyes are heavily shadowed with dark makeup, and she is looking slightly to the right. Her lips are painted a dark, glossy red and are slightly parted, showing her teeth. The background is a plain, light color.

I ALMOST LOST
ONE OF MY GIRLS
TO THOSE
TERRORISTS.

IT WAS AFTER THE
ARREST OF SENATOR
DRUMMOND. ZELENE
WAS APPROACHED BY
A PATRON WHO LOOKED
INNOCENT ENOUGH FOR
A PRIVATE LAP
DANCE.


NOW I'M SURE
YOU'RE AWARE, AT
LEAST, OF THE
NUMBER ONE RULE
OF STRIPPING.

PRECISELY.

REALLY? WHAT
HAPPENED?

THEY CAN TOUCH
YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T
TOUCH THEM.

GUESS HE BROKE
THAT RULE.



THE GUY TURNED
OUT TO BE A TRAINED
SOLDIER. HE SENT
JAKE TO THE GROUND
IN ONE PUNCH.


IF ZELENE HAD
NO KNOWLEDGE OF
SELF-DEFENSE, SHE
COULD HAVE GOTTEN
HURT TOO.

WORSE. SHE
CRIPPLED HIM!

ZELENE STUDIED
MUAY THAI KICKBOXING.
SKILLS LIKE THOSE CAN
SHATTER BONES.

WE
LATER CONFIRMED
THAT THIS GUY WAS
NOT ONLY A WHITE
SUPREMACIST,
BUT A MISOGUNIA
RADICAL AS
WELL!

SHE KNOCKED
HIM DOWN?

A comic book panel featuring two characters in a domestic setting. On the left, a woman with long, dark hair and a purple, form-fitting dress is shown in profile, facing right. On the right, a man with short, dark hair is shown in profile, facing left. He is shirtless and has a large, prominent, and somewhat distorted breast on his left side. They are standing in a room with a grey wall, a small black table with a white lamp, and a brown curtain in the background. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and two from the man on the right.


HE DID HAVE A KNIFE, BUT ZELENE VERY PAINFULLY DISARMED HIM.

ZELENE PUT A KNEE TO HIS NUTS, AND WHEN JAKE RECOVERED, HE PULVERIZED THAT ASSHOLE TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.

I TOLD THE FARM TO PUT HIM THROUGH THE WORST POSSIBLE RE-CONDITIONING. I THINK THEY MADE HIM AN ELDERLY WOMAN WITH A CONTINENCE PROBLEM.

AND HE DIDN'T HAVE A WEAPON ON HIM?

ECH! THAT'S PRETTY FUCKING BAD!



I HOPE WE'VE
SEEN THE LAST OF
THOSE MONSTERS.

BUSINESS MUST HAVE
SERIOUSLY PICKED UP
AT THE FARM.

YOU AND ME
BOTH, MADAME
OLIVIA. THE GUY
WHO WAS SUPPOSED
TO TAKE OVER FOR
THE SENATOR GREW
BREASTS DURING ONE
OF THEIR MEETINGS,
SO THAT MIGHT HAVE
SCARED THEM
STRAIGHT.

NO DOUBT!
THEY MUST HAVE
ENOUGH NEW FACES
FOR A THOUSAND AND
ONE GENDER CHANGE
STORIES!*

* - HINT, HINT, KESHARA? ;)



DON'T FORGET TO
PUT AN APPOINTMENT
DOWN FOR ME
TOMORROW, COW.

EITHER WAY,
I'LL SEE YOU NEXT
SATURDAY.

YOU'LL GET
AN...

YES, I KNOW.
I'LL GET AN E-MAIL
LETTING ME KNOW
IF MY REQUEST
WAS ACCEPTED.

T.T.F.N,* DEAR.

* - 'TA TA FOR NOW'

A woman with short dark hair and large breasts is standing in a modern kitchen. She is wearing a green halter-neck top. The kitchen has a white countertop with a coffee maker and a stove. A large window in the background shows a city view. The image has a pink border.

...ON THE LOCAL SCENE,
A PROTEST IN FRONT OF
RUBIE'S MALL TURNED
VIOLENT EARLIER TODAY AS
MALL SECURITY CLASHED
WITH IRATE RESIDENTS
OVER THE INCLUSION OF
A NEW BUSINESS CALLED
THE 'BIMPORIUM'.
ASHLEY DOBSON HAS
BEEN FOLLOWING THE
STORY. ASHLEY?

WELL, JANE, IT'S
ONE THING TO EXPRESS
DISTASTE OVER TRENDS,
BUT IT'S ANOTHER THING
ENTIRELY TO DEMAND
ITS OUTRIGHT REMOVAL
FROM THE LANDSCAPE,
AND THAT'S WHAT A
CROWD OF RELIGIOUS
ZEALOTS ATTEMPTED
TO DO EARLIER TODAY!

*BING-
BOOONG*

A man with short, spiky brown hair and a light beard is wearing a white ribbed tank top and blue jeans. He is standing in front of a white door, gesturing with his right hand palm facing forward. A woman with short brown hair, seen from the back, is wearing a green halter top. The scene is set at night in front of a house.

HEY THERE,
KITTEN!

I, UH...JUST
FINISHED GETTING
MY PLACE IN
ORDER. DON'T
WORRY...I'M NOT
ASKING FOR HELP
OR HANDOUTS OR
ANYTHING.

SAW A LOT OF
PEOPLE OUT BY
YOUR PLACE.
IS EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?

UHH...YEAH!
FINE! TH-THANKS
FOR ASKING.

NEVER A DULL
MOMENT IN A
CITY LIKE THIS,
EH? OR SO THE
RUMOR GOES?



YOU...WEREN'T
INVOLVED IN THAT
MESS AT THE
MALL, WERE
YOU?

OH, YEAH.
RIGHT. HEH...
HOW SOON I
FORGET!

WELL...IT
IS, ACTUALLY!

WHAT, THE
DEMONSTRATION?
HELL NO! I TOLD
YOU. I'VE BEEN IN
THE HOUSE MAKING
IT A LITTLE MORE,
WELL, 'ME'.

I'M NOT EVEN A
PRAYING MAN, AND
THAT DIVINE
FEMININE STUFF
LOOKS LIKE A
SHAM!



FRANK...IF I
HAD TO EXPLAIN
THE REASONING
IN FULL DETAIL,
WE'D BE HERE
ALL NIGHT...

...BUT...LET'S JUST
LEAVE IT AT THAT
IT'S PART OF A
PLECT...I MEAN,
A PLAN.

DAMN IT...DID
HE HAVE TO COME
HERE ALL
SWEATY??

REALLY? BUT...
THEY OPENED UP
SOME NEW
PAROCHIAL SCHOOL?
THEY'RE DOING
SOME SILLY REALITY
SHOW THERE!

SOME KIND OF..
CLOAK AND DAGGER
STUFF, EH? COLOR
ME INTRIGUED!




Sooo...I guess
you were
spending all day
moving things
around? Like,
furniture and
stuff?

GODDESS...I CAN'T
EVEN LOOK AWAY
FROM HIM!
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!!

A LONE WOLF WITH
AN APPETITE FOR
KITTENS?

YEAH...I THOUGHT
ABOUT ASKING FOR
HELP, BUT...I'M A BIT
OF A LONE WOLF.

OH, COME ON.
I'M NOT *THAT*
KIND OF LONE
WOLF! I MEANT
THAT I TEND TO DO
THINGS ON MY
OWN!



YEAH, I KNOW...
I DUNNO WHY I
JUMPED TO THAT
CONCLUSION. I'M
SORRY.

HEY! NO NEED TO
APOLOGIZE, KITTEN!
HELL, I'D BE ON
MY GUARD TOO IF I
WERE IN YOUR
POSITION!

YOU HAD SOME BIG
FIREFIGHTER GUY YOU
DON'T EVEN KNOW
COME BY TWICE IN
ONE DAY. I WOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED IF YOU
TOLD ME TO BUGGER
OFF BY NOW!

NO, I...I WON'T
DO THAT. DON'T
WORRY...YOU'VE
BEEN NICE, AND I
APPRECIATE IT...



WAS YOUR HAIR ALWAYS LIKE THIS, KITTEN? WAS IT ALWAYS THIS SHORT?

IT...IT USED TO BE. I GUESS... I WANTED TO, UH...REVISIT IT.

DO YOU LIKE IT?

OH, I'VE ALWAYS LIKED SHORT HAIR LIKE THIS! HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT DYEING IT?

UHH...W-WHAT COLOR WOULD YOU SUGGEST?

WELL...IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FIREFIGHTER THING, BUT...I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PARTIAL TO RED!

OH.

RED.

LIKE...LIKE
A FIRE.

LIKE...RED
HOT.

ME? NO, NO!
NO BOTHER...
NO BOTHER AT
ALL...

YOU MUST HAVE
A SERIOUSLY NICE
RACK OF ABS
UNDER THAT SHIRT...

CHUCKLE
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT, YEAH!

YOU SURE YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK
KINDA BOTHERED.



GOOD, BECAUSE
I WOULD NEVER WANT
TO HURT A WOMAN
AS...UNIQUE...AS
YOURSELF.

I THOUGHT I WAS
A KITTEN.

DO YOU LIKE
BEING CALLED
THAT?

I...I-I DON'T
MIND...
M-MUCH...

WHAT'S THIS
RUMOR I'M
HEARING THAT
YOU'RE SOME
KIND OF...
COW?

WHAT WOULD YOU
WANT ME TO BE,
FRANK?



YEAH. DAMN...
YOU GOT ME
AGAIN...I FEEL
LIKE SUCH A
BIMBO!

HOW...HOW
WOULD YOU
KNOW THAT?

CHUCKLE!
YOU DO YOU,
KITTEN! I SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO TELL YOU
WHAT YOU SHOULD
BE!

OH,
YOU'RE MORE
THAN THAT, AND
YOU KNOW IT.
DON'T KID
YOURSELF.

INSTINCT!

A man and a woman are shown in profile, facing each other in a tense conversation. The man, on the right, is muscular and has his arms crossed over the woman's shoulders. The woman, on the left, has short dark hair and is looking up at him. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Five comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue between the two characters.

YOU'RE MORE THAN
JUST SOME EMPTY-
HEADED SEXPOT,
KITTEN.

OTHERWISE, YOU
PROBABLY WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO MAKE
ENDS MEET AT A
HOUSE LIKE THIS.

YOU MUST HAVE A
NICE, WELL-PAYING
JOB TO BE ABLE TO
AFFORD LIVING ON
YOUR OWN!

WELL, IT WAS...
DONATED,
ACTUALLY...

...LONG STORY
THERE, AND I
DON'T REALLY
HAVE THE TIME
TO GO INTO IT...



BECAUSE YOU NEED
TO TURN IN, RIGHT?
WORK TOMORROW?

AHHH, GOTCHA.
WELL, UHH...
HAVE A GOOD,
YOU KNOW, WORK
WEEK!


YEAH, I GOTTA...
FIND SOME WAY
TO MAKE ENDS
MEET MYSELF.
WISH ME LUCK?

FIVE DAYS A
WEEK.

THANKS FOR
STOPPING BY,
FRANK.

GOOD LUCK!

THIS COULD BE THE
LAST TIME I SEE THIS
GORGEIOUS HUNK OF
A MAN AS A MAN.
IT'S SUCH A SHAME!

A woman with short brown hair, seen from the back, is looking at a man walking away on a sidewalk. The man is wearing a white tank top and blue jeans. The scene is set in a residential area with houses and bushes in the background.

I SHOULD LOOK THIS
GUY UP IN THE
SISTERHOOD
DATABASE.

IF HE'S BEEN HERE
LONGER THAN A DAY,
THEY'LL HAVE A LOT
OF DIRT ON HIM!

I CAN IMAGINE
WHAT KINDS OF
SKELETONS HE MIGHT
HAVE IN HIS
CLOSET. IF THEY'RE
BAD ENOUGH,
IT SHOULD BE EASIER
FOR ME TO PUT HIM
OUT OF MY
MIND!

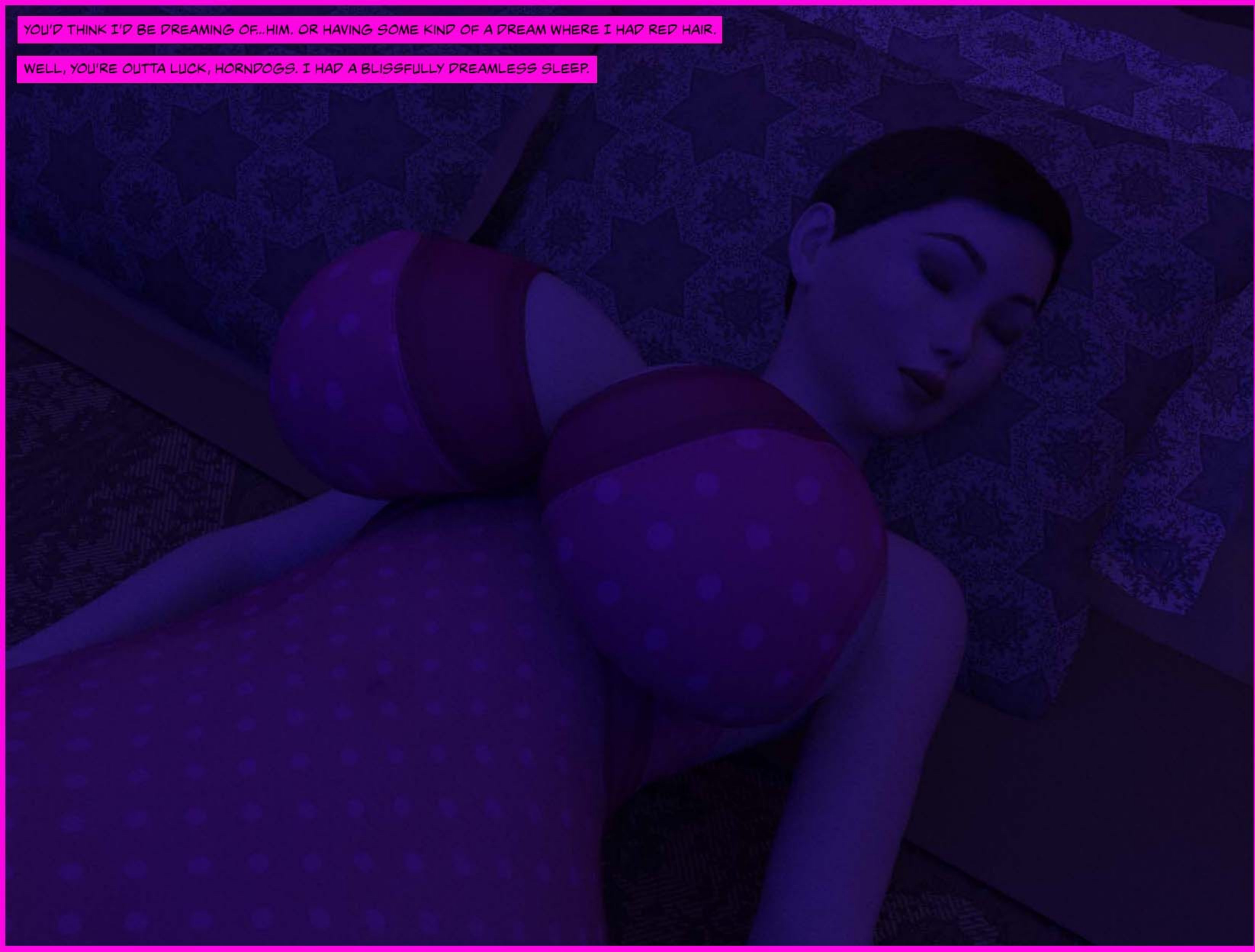


MMM, RED HAIR...

...NOTHING WRONG
WITH A LITTLE
CHANGE NOW AND
THEN...

YOU'D THINK I'D BE DREAMING OF...HIM, OR HAVING SOME KIND OF A DREAM WHERE I HAD RED HAIR.

WELL, YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK, HORNDOGS. I HAD A BLISSFULLY DREAMLESS SLEEP.




IT DIDN'T DAWN ON ME UNTIL I NEEDED
TO FIX MY HAIR UP THE NEXT MORNING.

I HAD TO GO TO WORK WITH THIS BOYISH HEAD
OF HAIR MADAME NOBLE HAD FORCED UPON ME.

THEY GOT ME LAST FRIDAY NIGHT AFTER
WORK, SO...NO ONE AT THE OFFICE KNOWS
WHAT I LOOK LIKE NOW!





I DO BEG YOUR
PARDON, MISS...

...WERE YOU AT
THE SOCIAL GATHERING
LAST SATURDAY?

YOU WERE THE
DUALITY EXHIBIT,
YES?

UM...WHO WANTS
TO KNOW?



NIGEL FARTHING,
MY DEAR GIRL.

ARE YOU...ON
YOUR WAY TO
WORK?


OH, LIKEWISE,
LIKEWISE.

I SEEM TO
REMEMBER YOUR
HAIR IN CURLS,
THOUGH?

AHH,
RIGHT-O.

YES, I...I
AM. YOU?

WIG.




SO I WAS ACTUALLY
LOOKING FOR YOU
THAT NIGHT AFTER
YOUR PRESENTATION.

SEEMS YOU WERE
BUSY ALL NIGHT.

YEAH, SORRY.
FIRST COME,
FIRST SERVE, I
GUESS.

MAY I ASK WHAT
YOU WANTED TO
SEE ME ABOUT?

OH, NOT MUCH...
JUST A TRIFLE,
REALLY...




...SEE, MY OWN
LINE OF WORK IS
IN *CHEMISTRY*.

PRIOR TO THE MERGER,
I WAS DEVELOPING
PERFUME SCENTS FOR
KARELIAN COSMETICS.

NOW, I SEEM TO BE
IN DEMAND AT THE
LABORATORIES OF LORIS
INTERNATIONAL.

I WAS
GIVEN A CHOICE
OF PROJECTS UPON
WHICH TO APPLY MY
EXPERTISE, AND I
DEEMED ONE
RATHER RADICAL
RESEARCH TO BE...
PARTICULARLY
INVITING.




GENERATING
PERSONALITY SHIFTS
THROUGH MANIPULATION
OF THE SKIN
PIGMENTATION.

THEY'RE HAVING A
PERFUME DEVELOPER
WORK ON SOMETHING
THAT MAKES THE
SKIN...CHANGE
COLOR??

YES, WELL...
DEVELOPING MERE
SCENTS WAS BORING THE
BLOODY PISS OUT OF
ME, QUITE FRANKLY...

THAT RESEARCH
BEING...?

DON'T YOU THINK
THAT'S KIND OF A
FAR CRY FROM MAKING
PERFUMES?

A man with a balding head and a blue shirt is speaking to a woman with dark hair wearing a pink shirt. The man is looking at the woman with a slight smile. The woman is looking at him. The background shows a window with a view of a building and some greenery.


...AND THEN, I
ASSOCIATED MYSELF
WITH SOMEONE WHO
IS QUITE LITERALLY A
PRODIGY IN THE FIELD
OF BIO-GENETIC
SCIENCE.

DOCTOR LEANNE
WALSH!

SHE MADE THE
ALGORITHMS LOOK
PATHETICALLY
SIMPLE! LIT A
FIRE UNDER OUR
CREATIVE ARSES,
SHE DID!

OF COURSE, THE
EFFECT IS SHORT-
TERM...UP TO 12
HOURS, BASED ON
THE DOSAGE...BUT
THE RESULTS ARE,
QUITE FRANKLY,
ASTONISHING!

OH, FOR
FUCK'S
SAKE...!

A man and a woman are in a clothing store. The man, on the left, is balding with short brown hair, wearing a dark blue polo shirt, and is looking towards the woman. The woman, on the right, has short dark hair and is wearing a pink and white striped halter top. She is looking at the man with a questioning expression. The background shows store shelves with various clothing items, including a blue hoodie and a white t-shirt. A blue sign with a white arrow pointing up is visible on a shelf. The scene is lit with soft indoor lighting. Five comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text about a product being discussed.

MORE THAN ONCE!
JUST A PINCH FROM
THE NEEDLE, AND A
TOUCH OF LIGHT-
HEADEDNESS AS THE
PIGMENTATION
SPREADS.

ONLY TWO COLORS
HAVE GUARANTEED
EFFECTIVENESS AT THE
MOMENT. PINK
BRINGS ABOUT
ENHANCED
SUBMISSIVENESS,
AND CRIMSON RED
FOR DOMINANCE.

JUST THE THING
FOR DEVIL OR DEMON
COSPLAYS!

SO...THIS WAS
ACTUALLY TESTED?

AND THE PINK
WOULD OBVIOUSLY
BE A HIT AT THE
ANNUAL PINK
PERSUASIONS
EVENT AT
CINCHER'S...

I WAS SO ABSORBED IN THE CONVERSATION THAT I ALMOST MISSED MY STOP.

WELL, UH...GOOD
LUCK ON ALL YOUR
RESEARCH, NIGEL!

'T WAS A PLEASURE
TO MEET YOU,
MY DEAR GIRL!
CHEERIO!



HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET THAT NIGEL WOULD HAVE STUCK ME WITH THAT PIGMENTATION STUFF IF HE HAD ME ALL ALONE IN A ROOM AT THAT PARTY?

DON'T GET ME WRONG. IT SOUNDS INTRIGUING, BUT...IT'S ALSO THE KIND OF THING BITCHES LIKE MADAME NOBLE COULD EXPLOIT IF SHE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

AND I SURE AS FUCK HOPE SHE DOESN'T.



COMING IN AS EARLY AS I NEED TO HAS ONE BIG PERK.

I GET TO AVOID THE CROWDS THAT ROUTINELY
MASS INTO THIS THING IN AN HOUR OR SO.

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, I HAVE THE ELEVATOR ALL TO MYSELF.




AND HERE I WAS, EXPECTING JULIA TO BE AT THE
ELEVATOR DOORS THE MOMENT THEY OPENED.

INSTEAD, IT WAS QUIET, AND EERILY EMPTY.

THE LIGHTS ARE ON, SO I KNOW JULIA IS
HERE, AT LEAST...AND/OR CASSIE HALL...





YOU'RE NOT GONNA
FIGHT ME ON THIS
ONE! IF I HAVE TO,
I'LL TURN THE WHOLE
CITY AGAINST YOU!

YOU'VE MADE ME
LOOK LIKE CRUELLA
DE VIL ON MORE THAN
ONE OCCASION, AND
I'M TIRED OF IT!

IF IT WASN'T FOR
HER, YOU'D HAVE
A HEADLESS
MAYORESS! THAT
PUNK HAD A BARRETT
SNIPER RIFLE, FOR
FUCK'S SAKE!

NEED I REMIND YOU
THAT WE *STILL* HAVE
A MISOGUNIA
PROBLEM??

WE DO?

WELL, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED, BUT...
WHAT THE FUCK WAS *THAT* ABOUT??

JULIA SOUNDED...PRETTY PISSED!



LUTHER?

WHAT'S THE RUSH?

WHAT THE FLUCK IS GOING ON THIS MORNING??
DID I MISS A MEMO OR SOMETHING?





LOOKS LIKE THESE TWO HAVE BECOME **BFFS**.

KINDA MAKES SENSE. THEY'VE BOTH HAD THEIR MANHOODS ROBBED BY THE SISTERHOOD.

ONLY ONE OF THEM ACTUALLY DESERVED IT, THOUGH.

BUENOS DIAS,
HERMANA.

HAVE YOU BEEN
THINKING ABOUT
OUR LITTLE STROLL
THROUGH YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD?

ABOUT...OUR
LITTLE DISCUSSION?

YOU'RE CHECKED
IN, CORA. HAVE A
NICE DAY.

Corazon Garcia

1227 Ayala Ave.
Barford, BC 24562

ATTENDANCE LOGGED - NO VIOLATIONS



IT'S RUDE OF YOU
TO BE SO DISMISSIVE,
VACA.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
THE BOND YOU AND
I SHARE? ARE YOU NOT
MY HERD-MATE?

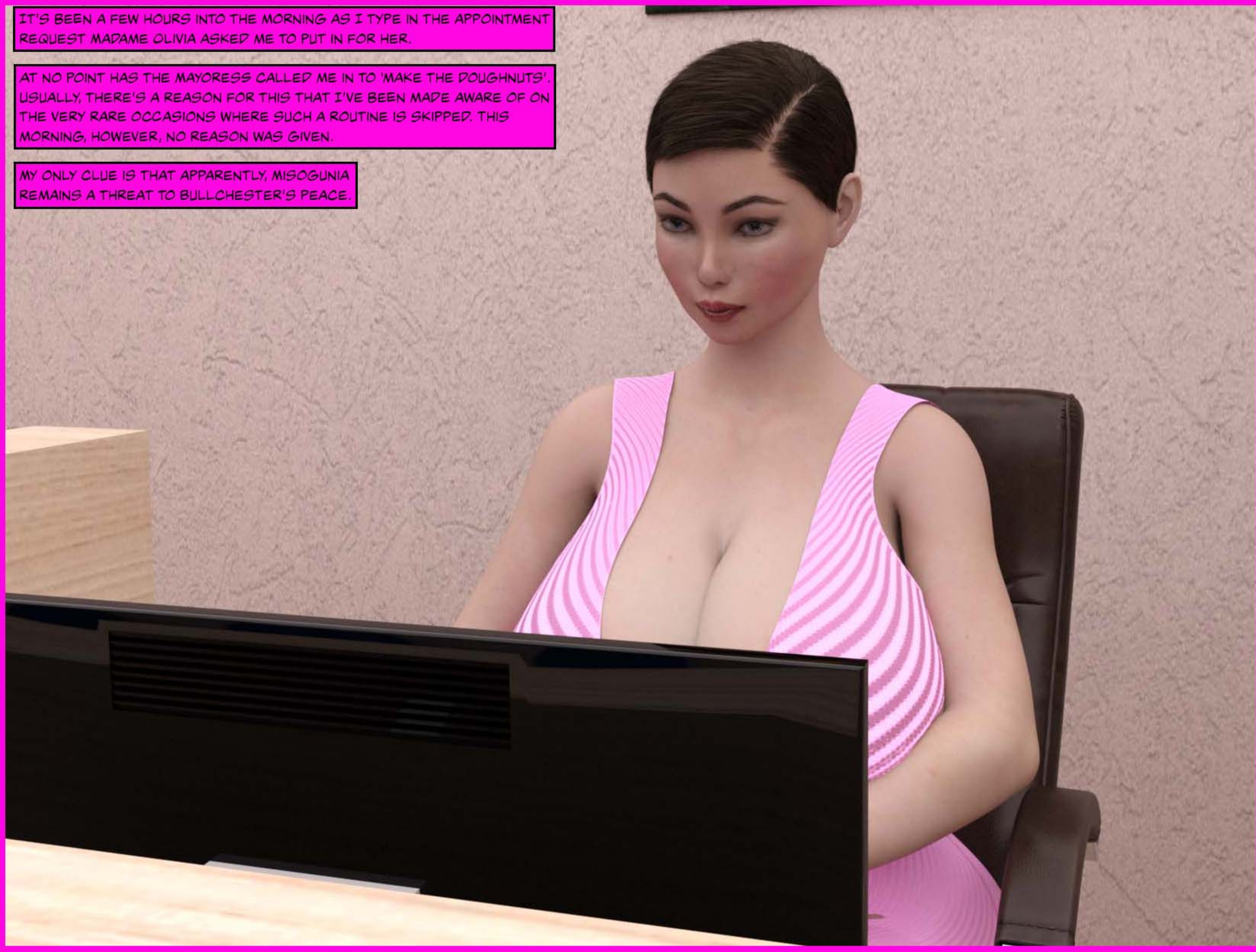
I'M ALSO SECRETARY
TO THE MAYORESS OF
BULLCHESTER, CORA...
AND I HAVE IMPORTANT
DOCUMENTS TO TYPE.


SIGH
FINE. SEE YOU
LATER, HERMANA.

IT'S BEEN A FEW HOURS INTO THE MORNING AS I TYPE IN THE APPOINTMENT REQUEST MADAME OLIVIA ASKED ME TO PUT IN FOR HER.

AT NO POINT HAS THE MAYORESS CALLED ME IN TO 'MAKE THE DOUGHNUTS'. USUALLY, THERE'S A REASON FOR THIS THAT I'VE BEEN MADE AWARE OF ON THE VERY RARE OCCASIONS WHERE SUCH A ROUTINE IS SKIPPED. THIS MORNING, HOWEVER, NO REASON WAS GIVEN.

MY ONLY CLUE IS THAT APPARENTLY, MISOGUNIA REMAINS A THREAT TO BULLCHESTER'S PEACE.





**WWWWHAT'S UP,
BULLCHESTER! IT'S
YER BOY HAMILTON, THE
VOICE OF ALL ALPHA
MALES, COMIN' TO
YOU LIVE FROM THE
FRONT LINES OF
THE BATTLEZONE THAT
IS THE BIG, BAAAAD
MUUU-NICIPAL
BUILDING!**

OH, FUCK. NOT AGAIN. THESE FRAUDITORS JUST WON'T GIVE UP, WILL THEY?



DAAAAMN! LOOK
AT THOSE TA-TAS!
HOW HARD HAS IT
BEEN TO PAY ALL
THOSE ORTHOPEDISTS
YOU MUST HAVE
SEEN?

DON'T YOU HAVE
BACK PROBLEMS?
DON'T YOU KNOW
BREAST IMPLANTS CAN
BE HAZARDOUS TO
YOUR HEALTH?

AND AS YOU CAN
SEE, WE HAVE THAT
BIG, BAD, BUSTY
BITCH OF THE BIG
BULL HERSELF,
THE ONE YOU'VE ALL
HEARD ABOUT! LET'S
SEE IF SHE'LL
HONOR OUR FIRST
AMENDMENT RIGHT
TO RECORD IN A
PUBLIC SPACE!

ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH ME.
UNTIL THEN, I'M SILENT AS THE GRAVE.

AT LEAST, FOR THE MOMENT.

CAN YOU COMMENT
ON HOW YOUR DADDY
RAPED YOUR MOM?
WERE YOU IN THE
ROOM WHEN IT
HAPPENED? DID YOU
GET OFF ON IT?

WELL, WE *DO* HAVE
PERMISSION, BITCH!
Y'KNOW WHO GAVE
THAT PERMISSION?
THE ***UNITED STATES
CONSTITUTION!***

NO COMMENT? DON'T
YOU WANT TO TELL THE
CITY YOU WERE ONCE
A GUY? HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO BETRAY YOUR
OWN BIRTH GENDER?

LEMME GUESS...
'TURN OFF THE CAMERAS,
YOU'RE IN A RESTRICTED
AREA', RIGHT? WE
SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN
PERMISSION IN ADVANCE
TO DO THIS?

WHAT'S THE THIRD
AMENDMENT?



● REC

08:45:19

WOOOOH! LOOK AT THESE FUN-BAGS! FIRST ONE TO GIVE A \$5 DONATION, WE GET TO SEE IF IT JIGGLES LIKE JELLO!

LOOKIT DAT! \$25 ALREADY! SOOO... JUS' MOVE A LIL' BIT, HONEY.

JUST MOVE YER CHAIR A BIT! C'MON!

BITCH, WE WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE. WE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE 'TILL WE SEE SOME JELLO JIGGLE!

DON'T YOU THINK THEY ALL DESERVE TO SEE WHAT A SLUT YOU ARE AFTER BEING AN ACCESSORY TO SO MANY RUINED LIVES?



THEY CROSSSED THE LINE THE MOMENT THEY MENTIONED THE WORD 'RAPE'.

THESE SHITBAGS DO **NOT** KNOW WHO THEY ARE FUCKING WITH.

BUT THEY'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT...

● REC

08:46:04

I WILL ONLY SAY
THIS BEFORE I BREAK
EVERY BONE IN THIS
PENDEJO'S BODY,
AND THIS GOES OUT
TO YOUR RABBLE OF
PATHETIC LOSERS WHO
WATCH YOUR SHITTY
LIVESTREAM!

HEY! DON'T YOU
TOUCH ME, BITCH!
WHERE'S YOUR
SUPERVISOR?

**GET A FUCKING
JOB!!**

**GET YOUR HANDS
OFF MY CAMERA,
YOU SISSY FUCK!**


YOU ARE
IN **SO MUCH
TROUBLE**, YOU
GODDAMN BIMBO!
YOU ARE A PUBLIC
SERVANT, AND YOU
NEED TO TREAT US
WITH **RESPECT!**

OH, I'LL GIVE YOU
'RESPECT', YOU LITTLE
SHITBAGS!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED
WHAT WOMEN LIKE ME
CAN GET AWAY WITH
IN THIS CITY!

SO YOU ADMIT TO
BEING PART OF THE
PROBLEM! I FUCKIN'
KNEW IT!

WHACK!



IF YOU ACTUALLY
BELIEVE THAT, YOU'RE
AS DUMB AS YOU
LOOK!

DID MISOGUNIA
SEND YOU, YOU
LITTLE SHIT??

**GET
YOUR TYRANT
HANDS OFF ME!**
YOU ARE **SOOO**
FIRED! I'LL HAVE
FEDS ON YOUR
ASS!

FUCK YOU!
I DON'T ANSWER
QUESTIONS, YOU
TRAITOR! YOU
FUCKING
REDCOAT!!



QUEDATE EN EL
SUELO, PENDEJO.

WH...YOU'VE GOT
A GUN ON ME?

BIG MISTAKE!
FUCKIN' UNDERCOVER
COP! THIS CITY'S
IN **BIIG** TROUBLE,
PERRA! YOU FUCKED
UP **BIGTIME**!



GIVE ME YOUR
NAME AND BADGE
NUMBER, SERV...

BANG!

JEEZUS...
ERNESTO...!

WE...WE'RE
INDEPENDENT...
JOURNALISTS...
WORKING ON A
STORY...

OH FUCK! SHE
KNOWS MY
REAL NAME??
HOW??

YOU WANT THAT
TO HAPPEN TO YOU?
NO? THEN ANSWER
THE QUESTION.

DID MISOGUNIA
SEND YOU, OR
NOT?

I'LL TAKE THAT
AS A 'YES'.

NOW YOU LISTEN
GOOD, HERMAN
COOPER...





OOOWWWW!!

...YOU SHOULD
COUNT YOURSELF
LUCKY THAT I'M
THE FURTHEST THING
FROM WHAT YOU
AND YOUR IDIOT
FRIENDS THINK I
AM!

NONE...AND I
MEAN *NONE*...
OF THE HORSESHIT
YOU'VE UNLOADED
HERE ABOUT ME
IS EVEN *REMOTELY*
TRUE! ASK
AROUND!

NOW WE'RE GONNA
WAIT HERE, NICE AND
CALM, FOR SOME
REALLY SCARY WOMEN
TO TAKE YOU
SOMEPLACE YOU
DESERVE TO BE.

THIS
IS THE PRICE
YOU'RE GONNA PAY
FOR ENTERING A
RESTRICTED AREA
WHERE YOU'RE *NOT*
SUPPOSED TO BE
FILMING!



«GET UP,
ASSHOLE...»

«...OR I WILL
SHOW YOU THAT
I REALLY CAN...
AND WILL...
SHOOT YOU IN
THE HEAD.»*


* - TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH

***CLAP* *CLAP*
*CLAP***

YOU LITTLE
BASTARDS PUT ON
QUITE A SHOW FOR
US THIS MORNING.
BRAVO.

CORA...TAKE THESE
BRAVE LITTLE MORONS
INTO THE MEDIA
ROOM. RANDI IS
WAITING THERE. SHE'LL
ANSWER ANY AND
ALL QUESTIONS YOU
MIGHT HAVE.

TAMARA...PLEASE
STEP INTO MY
OFFICE. RIGHT
NOW.



WAS THAT MAYORESS
STROUD? *THIS EMPLOYEE
OF YOURS PHYSICALLY
STRUCK ME...*

*...AND THIS UNDERCOVER
REDCOAT BEHIND US
NEARLY KILLED ME!*

YOU
ARE ALL GONNA
LOSE YOUR JOBS!
I AM GONNA SUE
THIS ENTIRE CITY
FOR EVERY FUCKIN'
PENNY I CAN
GET!

YOU'RE GONNA BE
BEGGING US TO
PIMP YOU OUT
FOR CASH, YOU
TYRANT WHORES!

THEY'RE TECHNICALLY RIGHT. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MY COOL,
AND NOT LASHED OUT, BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. THEY
TOTALLY CROSSED THE LINE WITH THEIR PROVOCATIONS, AND
I KNOW THAT'S HOW THEY MAKE THEIR MONEY.

WE COULD BE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, IF NOT JUST ME!

YOUR HONOR, I AM COMPLETELY AWARE OF MY...

YES, I KNOW, YOUR HONOR.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE BEST PART OF THAT CONFRONTATION WAS, TAMARA?

IT WAS THE PART WHERE YOU TOLD THEM WHAT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IN THIS CITY.

NOW, YOU DO REALIZE THAT THERE'S ONLY SO FAR THAT YOU CAN GO WHEN YOU'RE IN MY CITY, YES?

GODDESS...I AM SOOOO FUCKED RIGHT NOW...



I DISAGREE.

MY FAVORITE MOMENT
WAS WHEN YOU KNOCKED
THAT LITTLE SHIT RIGHT
ON HIS ASS IN ONE
PUNCH.

YES! THAT WAS
MINE, TOO!

NOT SURPRISED,
CASSIE.

ANYWAY...WE HAVE
FAR MORE SERIOUS
BUSINESS TO DISCUSS,
TAMARA. IT'S THE
REASON WHY I GOT
MY MORNING
COFFEE ELSEWHERE
TODAY...



...BUT BEFORE
YOU JUMP TO ANY
CONCLUSIONS, I DID
NOT CALL YOU IN
HERE TO REPRIMAND
YOU OVER WHAT
HAPPENED
OUTSIDE.

THIS
IS ABOUT THE
TWO OCCASIONS IN
WHICH YOU HAVE
GONE ABOVE AND
BEYOND THE CALL OF
DUTY AS MY...
FRONT-LINE
SOLDIER.

DON'T BE COY,
COW. YOU SAVED
MY LIFE.

TWICE.

ONCE, WHEN YOU
ALERTED LUTHER
ABOUT THAT
SNIPER...

...AND THE
SECOND TIME WAS
WHEN THAT MAN
BARGED IN HERE
WITH A LOADED
SHOTGUN.

TWO?



I AM STILL ALIVE,
AND SITTING IN
THIS CHAIR, BECAUSE
OF YOU, AND YOU
ALONE.

IT'S NOT ENOUGH
TO JUST SAY 'THANK
YOU'. I HAVE
TO DO SOMETHING
MORE...

...AND ON THIS,
EVEN CASSIE WAS
INCLINED TO
AGREE.

UM...WHAT
'MORE' DID YOU
HAVE IN MIND?

A woman with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes, wearing a red blazer, is holding a large, multi-colored trophy. The trophy has a central pinkish-purple rectangular plaque with text on it, and several green and blue ribbons are attached to the sides. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there are dark, geometric shapes and a large, faint 'X' pattern. To the left, a man in a dark suit is partially visible, and to the right, another person's arm is visible.

I'M PRESENTING
YOU WITH AN *AWARD*,
TAMARA.

THIS IS
BULLCHESTER'S
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
AWARD. YOU'VE PROVEN
YOURSELF TO BE MORE
THAN JUST THE AVERAGE,
MENIAL OFFICE
WORKER.


WE'RE CURRENTLY DEBATING
THE MERITS OF PUBLICIZING
THIS THROUGH THE NEWS
MEDIA...

...BUT WHETHER WE DO
OR NOT, THIS AWARD HAS
YOUR NAME ON IT...

...AND THIS IS
NOT NEGOTIABLE!

BULLCHESTER
DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE
AWARD

Presented to
**TAMARA
PORTNOY**



JUDGING BY THE
LOOK ON YOUR
FACE, I'M SURE
YOU'RE HESITANT...

...BUT...JUST GO
WITH THIS,
TAMARA.

I WOULD THINK
YOU WOULD
APPRECIATE GETTING
A DECORATION WHICH
CASTS YOU IN A
POSITIVE LIGHT...

...AND I CAN THINK
OF A FEW PEOPLE
THAT I'M SUPPOSED
TO REPRESENT WHO
WILL FIND THIS
ALARMING!

MMM. TACTICS. EEEEN-TERESTING.



CAN I...ASK YOU
WHO YOU WERE
TALKING TO ON YOUR
PHONE THIS
MORNING?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
NEED TO ASK ME
SOMETHING.

GIGGLE
SOMEONE WHO WAS
VERY OPPOSED TO THE
IDEA OF REWARDING
YOU.


AND FOR NOW,
THAT'S ALL YOU'RE
GETTING.

PROBABLY
MADAME
NOBLE...OR
GEMMA...

WHAT ABOUT THOSE
TWO SOCIAL MEDIA
GARGOYLES OUTSIDE?
DO WE HAVE
FARM REPS COMING
FOR THEM?

BULLHESTER
DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE
AWARD

PRESENTED TO
TAMARA
PORTNOY

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair and bright red lipstick, smiling and looking towards a man. The man is wearing a dark blue suit jacket and a white shirt. The image is overlaid with comic book-style speech bubbles.

NO, BECAUSE WE
WON'T NEED THEM
FOR SMALL FRY
LIKE THOSE TWO.

AFTER WHAT THEY
PUT YOU THROUGH,
I'M SURE YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO SAY
ABOUT THEM BEING
GASSED, WOULD
YOU, TAMARA?

NO, I...I
GUESS NOT,
BUT...THEIR
LAWSUITS?

WHAT LAWSUITS?
THEY NEVER FILED
FOR ANY!

AND I HAVE A
FEELING THEY
NEVER WILL!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE
THEY COULD EVEN PAY
THE REQUISITE FEES
FOR A SINGLE LAWSUIT!



I'LL LET YOU GET
BACK TO YOUR
DESK NOW.

I WILL LET YOU
KNOW HOW WE'LL
APPROACH THIS
BY THE DAY'S
END.

BUT FOR NOW,
CONGRATULATIONS!

DON'T SAY YOU
DON'T DESERVE
THIS!

I...APPRECIATE
THIS, YOUR HONOR.
THANK YOU.

WAY TO GO,
TAMARA!


WILL THIS COME WITH THAT CHEESY OLD 'KEY TO THE CITY' THING?



WE'RE VERY SORRY
FOR BOTHERING YOU,
MISS TAMARA!

THERE SHE IS.
DID YOU BOTH HAVE
SOMETHING TO SAY,
CHICAS?

VERY
GOOD. NOW
YOU RUN ALONG
TO THE MALL.
BE GOOD GIRLS.
BOTH OF YOU.




GOSH, I HOPE I
CAN AFFORD THOSE
PERFUMES I WANT!

WE SHOULD BOTH
GET LAVENDER!
YEAH, I AM FEELING
VERY LAVENDER
TODAY!

OH POOH! PINK IS
SOOOOO FIVE MINUTES
AGO, BIIIIITCH!

HOW DO YOU THINK
I'D LOOK IN A HALF-
SLIP? WHAT COLOR
DO YOU THINK MY
NAILS SHOULD BE?

I WAS THINKING
PINK, ACTUALLY...




WELL, WHADDYA
KNOW. YOU HELPED
THEM FIND THEIR
INNER SISSY.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

I ASSUME IT WAS
THE SISTERHOOD THAT
SHOWED YOU HOW
TO MAKE A SISSY
OUT OF A GUY?

THE SALON WILL BE
EXPECTING THEM FOR
THEIR 'FREE VISIT'
TO THE DERMIS
MACHINE.

NATURALLY.

A comic book panel featuring two women in a conversation. The woman on the left, with short dark hair and wearing a pink and white striped tank top, is looking towards the right. The woman on the right, with long dark hair in a bun and wearing a light grey shirt, is seen from the back. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the right at the top, one from the woman on the left in the middle, and another from the woman on the right at the bottom.

DID THAT INCLUDE
THE NEED TO POP
OFF WITH A LOADED
GUN, CORA?

YEAH, WELL...
I DON'T THINK
MAYORESS STROUD
WILL APPRECIATE
THAT LIBERTY VERY
MUCH.

NO, BUT I DID
IT ANYWAY.

HOW MUCH DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
ERNESTO TRUJILLO,
HERMANA?



YOU...KNEW
THAT GUY?


BUT...HE WAS
NEVER FIRED
UPON?

HE USED TO BE A
CONTRABAND MULE
FOR A DRUGLORD
NAMED PABLO
CERVEZA.

ERNESTO
USED TO SHIT HIS
PANTS WHENEVER
SOMEONE POINTED
A REAL GUN AT HIM.
HAPPENED SO MANY
TIMES, HE LOST HIS
FEAR OF THEM.

UNTIL NOW.

HE WAS JUST A
KID BACK THEN,
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE
ERNESTO GOT MIXED
UP WITH THAT
MISOGUNIA RABBLE
AFTER CERVEZA GOT
DRAGGED AWAY
TO THE FARM.

A comic panel featuring two women in a conversation. On the left, a woman with short dark hair is shown in profile, wearing a pink and white striped top. On the right, a woman with dark hair in a high bun is shown in profile, wearing a white button-down shirt. They are both looking towards the center. There are five speech bubbles in the panel. The first bubble, from the woman on the right, says 'I ALSO EXPECT THOSE TWO PENDEJOS TO GET A LOT CLOSER TO EACH OTHER.' The second bubble, also from her, says 'THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WHY, BUT THEY'RE GONNA BE FUCKING EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT WITH BIIIG DILDOS WITHIN A WEEK OR SO.' The third bubble, still from her, says 'BY THEN, THEY'RE GONNA BE TOTAL SISSIES. COMPLETE GIRLYMEN.' The fourth bubble, from the woman on the left, says 'MMM. NOT BAD.' The fifth bubble, also from her, says 'AND THEY BOTH DAMN SURE DESERVE THAT FATE.' The final bubble, from the woman on the right, says 'SEE YOU FOR LUNCH, HERMANA.'

I ALSO EXPECT THOSE TWO PENDEJOS TO GET A LOT CLOSER TO EACH OTHER.

THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WHY, BUT THEY'RE GONNA BE FUCKING EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT WITH BIIIG DILDOS WITHIN A WEEK OR SO.

BY THEN, THEY'RE GONNA BE TOTAL SISSIES. COMPLETE GIRLYMEN.

MMM. NOT BAD.

AND THEY BOTH DAMN SURE DESERVE THAT FATE.

SEE YOU FOR LUNCH, HERMANA.

SOOOO...I'M TO BE A 'DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD' RECIPIENT. THE AVERAGE JOE...OR JOSIE... WOULD PROBABLY BE ALL ECSTATIC AND ELATED.

ME? I CAN ONLY THINK OF THE WHY.

MAYORESS STROUD'S WAY OF FLIPPING THE BIRD ON THE SISTERHOOD, MAYBE? I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHO SHE WAS ARGUING WITH ON HER SMARTPHONE THIS MORNING.





HUH? OH!
MISS...CASEY,
RIGHT?

THINGS ARE ALWAYS
CRAZY AROUND HERE.

HELLO, DUALITY
GIRL.

MM-HMM!

KEEPING
BUSY?

NOT AS CRAZY AS
AN ARISTOCRACY
SOCIAL, I BET!

SCHEDULED MEETINGS

IMPORTANT NOTE

All scheduled meetings **MUST** be approved **IN ADVANCE**
by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.



YOUR GODDESS
DEMANDS A MEETING
SLOT.

MY DESERT PRINCE
WANTS TO SHOW OFF
HIS LATEST CREATIONS.
THE PROCEEDS OF
ALL SALES ARE GOING
TO CHARITY.

BUT WE NEED
THE NECESSARY
PERMITS.

I CAN PUT YOU
IN FOR TOMORROW
AT 9 A.M. YOU'LL
GET AN...

E-MAIL. YES,
YOUR GODDESS IS
AWARE OF THE
PROTOCOL,
GIRL.

UHH...NO?

HAS ANYONE STOLEN
YOU AWAY FOR THE
NEXT ARISTOCRACY
SOCIAL THIS
THURSDAY?

GOOD, BECAUSE
YOU'RE COMING WITH
ME AND MY DESERT
PRINCE.

AND IF YOU THOUGHT
OUR FIRST PLAYTIME
LAST SATURDAY WAS
STIMULATING...

...YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET,
LITTLE ONE.

HAVE A NICE
DAY, DEAR.

SCHEDULED MEETINGS

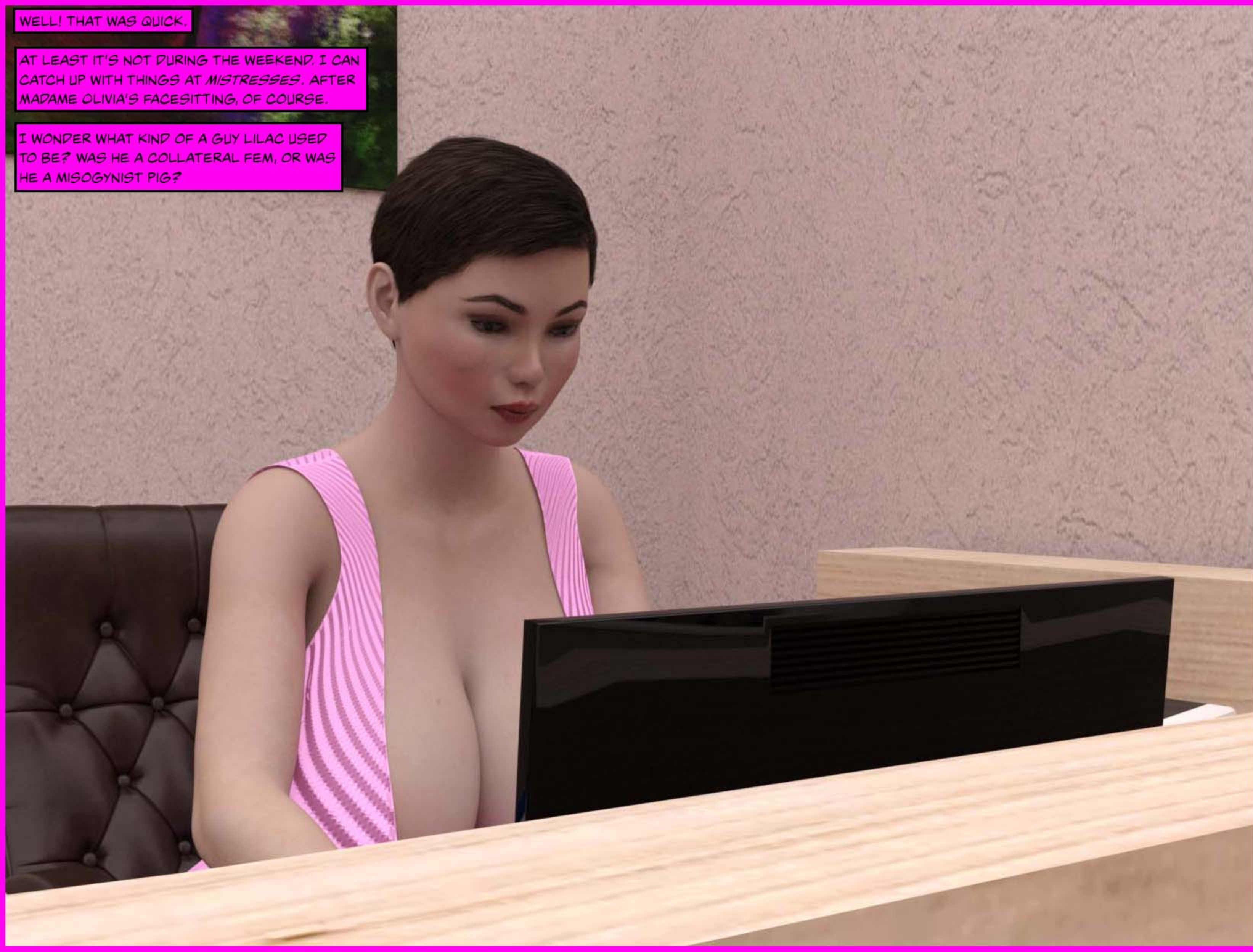
IMPORTANT NOTE

All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE
by the current Mayoress before being officially ordained.


WELL! THAT WAS QUICK.

AT LEAST IT'S NOT DURING THE WEEKEND. I CAN CATCH UP WITH THINGS AT *MISTRESSES*. AFTER MADAME OLIVIA'S FACESITTING, OF COURSE.

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A GUY LILAC USED TO BE? WAS HE A COLLATERAL FEM, OR WAS HE A MISOGYNIST PIG?







ANY AND ALL
WINNINGS GO TO
A CHARITY EFFORT OF
OUR CHOOSING.


THE SISTERHOOD
PROBABLY WANTS
MORE MONEY TO BUILD
ON THAT PAROCHIAL
SCHOOL THEY JUST
OPENED...

...BUT I WANT YOUR
WINNINGS TO GO TO
A MUCH MORE
IMPORTANT CHARITY.

WHAT ABOUT...A
FUNDRAISER FOR
THE DEVELOPMENTALLY
DISABLED CITIZENS
OF BULLCHESTER?

GODDESS, TAMARA...
THAT'S A FANTASTIC
IDEA! I'LL LOOK INTO
IT!

AND IF NO SUCH
FUNDRAISER EXISTS,
I'LL PUSH FOR IT!




WELL, I WOULD
IMAGINE I'LL BE...
PRESSING BUTTONS?

HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS SHOW? DO YOU
KNOW HOW THE
GAME WORKS?

GIGGLE
IT'S A LOT OF
Q&A, ASKED
AGAINST A
MIXED BAG OF
TOPICS.

YOU'LL
BE STANDING
IN FRONT OF, WELL,
A BUTTON. A BIG
ONE. BOTH PALMS
ON THE BUTTON.

PRESS IT DOWN IF
YOU CAN ANSWER THE
QUESTION. THERE ARE
MINI-GAMES INVOLVED,
TOO, AND ALL OF THEM
KEYED TO THAT SAME
BUTTON.



TAPING OF THE
SHOWS START
TOMORROW, SO
I'M GOING TO
HAVE WINNIE AT
THE DESK IN
YOUR ABSENCE.

I SHOULD ALSO
LET YOU KNOW THAT
YOU MAY BE CALLED
BACK OVER THE NEXT
COUPLE OF DAYS,
DEPENDING ON HOW
WELL YOU DO.

PUT UP A GOOD
FIGHT DURING THAT
PROGRAM, TAMARA!
THE OTHERS MAY
BE REPRESENTING
SISTERHOOD-RELATED
CHARITIES...

...AND THAT SHOULD
MOTIVATE YOU TO
KEEP WINNING!

I WON'T LET
YOU DOWN, YOUR
HONOR!

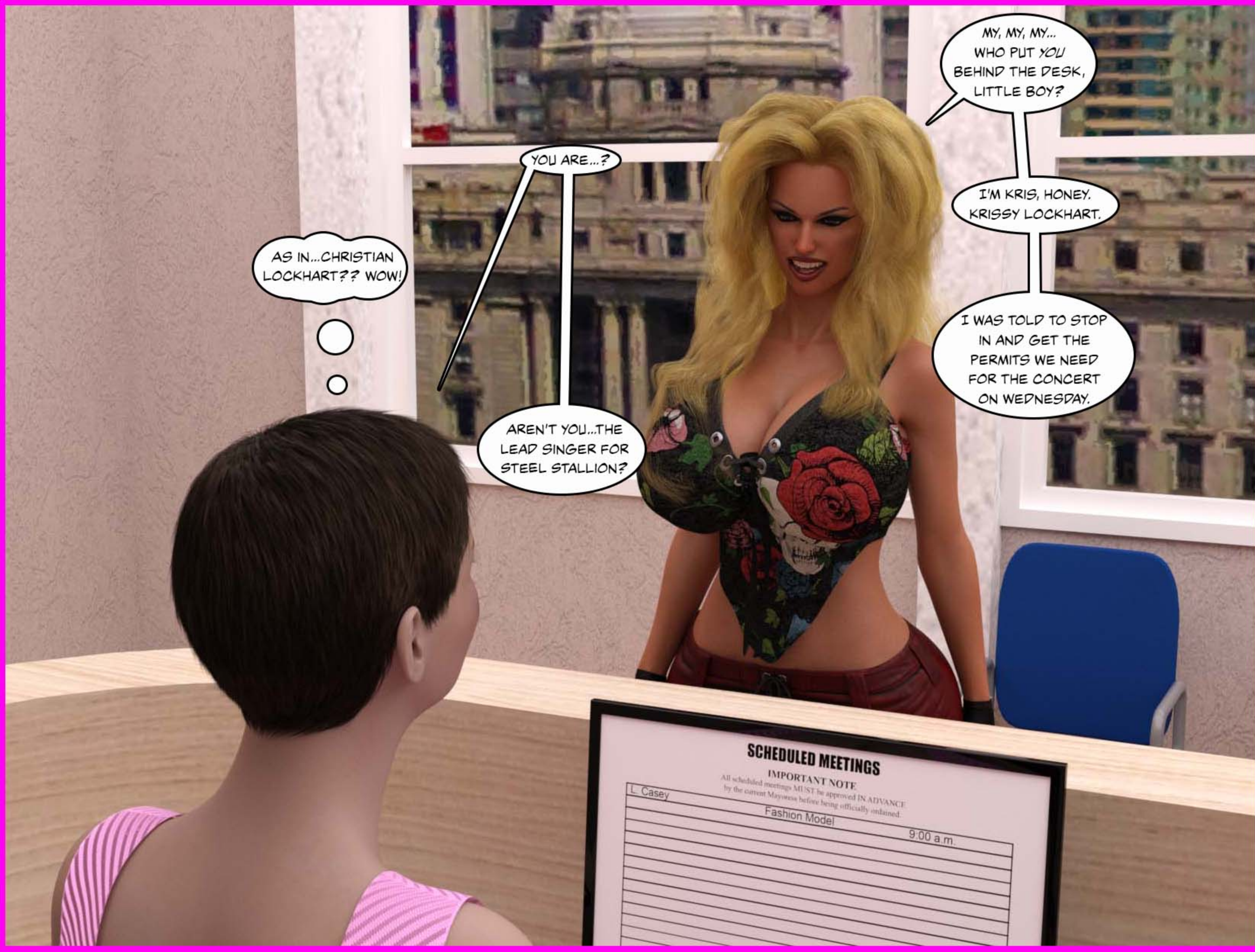


I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING AND YOU'RE RIGHT.
I DIDN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT GETTING THE ANSWERS
IN ADVANCE, AND THAT WAS ON PURPOSE.

I HAVE A FEELING, HOWEVER, THAT JULIA MAY
ALREADY BE AWARE OF THIS. I MEAN, SHE'S
THE MAYORESS, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.

IT'S REALLY A MATTER OF WHO I'M UP AGAINST,
AND IF THEIR CHARITIES ARE SISTERHOOD-BASED,
SO I SHOULD TRY AND COMMIT THOSE ANSWERS
TO MEMORY, AND PLAY IT STRATEGICALLY WITHOUT
MAKING IT SEEM LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF A SAVANT.







NOT ANYMORE.
THAT BIG HUNK OF A
MAN, SAMSON, TOOK
OVER. SEEMS MY
VOICE BECAME...
INADEQUATE.


NOW I'M THE
BAND'S OFFICIAL
WALLFLOWER.

BINGO, BABY.

SO, LIKE...A
GROUPIE?

SEND KRISSY
IN, TAMARA.

YES, YOUR
HONOR.



WITH FUN-BAGS LIKE
YOURS, YOU'D MAKE
ONE HELL OF A
GROUPIE YOURSELF.

SPIKE OUT THAT
HAIR, TOO...OR
GROW IT OUT AND
GO BLONDE.

SEE YA LATER,
KIDDO.

I GUESS THERE'S STILL SOME OF CHRISTIAN'S OLD PERSONALITY LEFT OVER THERE. BLECH.

IRENE MOORE. THE CURRENT HEADMISTRESS OF FEETHAM'S UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE FIRST EDUCATIONAL ACQUISITIONS OF THE SISTERHOOD.

SHE CALLED THE OFFICE LAST WEEK TO HAVE A CLASS VISIT OUR BUILDING, AND TO ADMONISH ME OVER MY LITTLE INTERVENTION AT RUBIE'S MALL WHEN THEY WENT AFTER A VISITING RONKONKOMA STUDENT.

JULIA HAD TO CANCEL THE VISIT DUE TO THE MISOGUNIA INCIDENTS LAST WEEK. IRENE'S PROBABLY HERE TO ESTABLISH A DIFFERENT DATE.





GOOD MORNING,
HEADMISTRESS MOORE.
HOW MAY I HELP
YOU?

DID YOU WISH TO
RE-SCHEDULE THAT
CANCELLED CLASS TRIP,
HEADMISTRESS
MOORE?

DID YOU WISH TO
RE-SCHEDULE THAT
CANCELLED CLASS TRIP,
HEADMISTRESS
MOORE?

MMM. YOU'RE LOOKING
AWFULLY BOYISH TODAY,
COW.

ARE YOU IN DENIAL

ARE YOU IN DENIAL
AGAIN, TIMOTHY?

THAT CAN WAIT.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]



I'M HERE FOR TWO REASONS. FIRST, I NEED YOU TO PUT ME DOWN FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE VICE MAYORESS.

DONE.

TWO, I WANT YOU TO ANSWER MY QUESTION, AND NOT RUDELY IGNORE IT.

SIGH
I AM NOT IN DENIAL, HEADMISTRESS MOORE...BUT I AM ALSO NOT ABOUT TO FORGET WHO I WAS, AND WHERE I CAME FROM.

AND WHAT YOUR FATHER WAS.

MY FATHER WAS A FUCKING MONSTER, AND I WAS ALWAYS THE FURTHEST THING FROM WHAT HE WAS.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO
PROVE IT.

MEN LIKE YOUR
FATHER DRAW FROM A
SUPERIORITY COMPLEX
WHENEVER THEY ABUSE
WOMEN.

GET OUT OF THAT
SEAT, AND DON'T
YOU DARE STAND
OVER ME.

SCHEDULED MEETINGS
IMPORTANT NOTE
MUST be approved IN ADVANCE
if being officially ordered
9:00 a.m.



HMM. NOT A SINGLE WORD OF PROTEST. INTRIGUING.

I BET YOU WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO COMPLIANT IF YOU WERE STILL A MAN.

YOU SHOULD BE THANKING THE SISTERHOOD FOR CLEANSING YOU OF THE MALE EGO!

MY MOTHER RAISED ME TO BE RESPECTFUL TOWARDS WOMEN, HEADMISTRESS. EVEN AS A MALE.



I WAS. THEY
HAD ME IN, UH...
IN MAKEUP, TOO.

MY...OLDER
SISTERS.

N-NO.


WERE YOU EVER
CROSSDRESSED AS A
BOY, COW?

'THEY'?

AHH. DID YOU
FEEL...HUMILIATED?
EMBARRASSED?

IS THERE A REASON
WHY YOU'RE STARING
AT MY FOOT, SLUT?

IS THAT WHY YOU
LOOK...FAMISHED?



DO YOU THINK I'M
GOING TO LET A LOWLY
SLUT LIKE YOU LICK
MY FOOT?

OR...SUCK ON
MY TOES?

WHAT WOULD YOU
BE WILLING TO DO
TO EARN THIS?

WOULD YOU STRIP
DOWN...AND
MASTURBATE...IN
FRONT OF ME?

RIGHT HERE?

RIGHT NOW?



DON'T YOU LOOOVE
THE PLURGENT SMELL
OF FEET?

DON'T YOU WANT
MY TOES IN YOUR
MOUTH?

IT'S RIIIIGHT
HEEERE...GO
ON. I DARE YOU
TO WORSHIP MY
FEET WITHOUT
PERMISSION.


DAMN YOU,
HEADMISTRESS...

GO ON.
ONE LITTLE
LICK.



LIE DOWN.
FLAT ON THE
GROUND.
FACE DOWN.

YOU NEED TO
BE REMINDED OF
YOUR PLACE IN
OUR WORLD, YOU
SLUT!

A woman with dark hair and red lipstick is lying on her back on a light-colored wooden floor. A large, pale hand is resting on her forehead. She is wearing a red bra and a purple strap is visible on her shoulder. Three speech bubbles are in the upper right corner, and two sound effect text boxes are in the lower left.


FORMER MEN
LIKE YOU ARE THE
GROUND WE PROUDLY
WALK UPON.

WE DRIVE YOUR
FACES INTO THE
MUD.

YOU SURRENDER YOUR
BODIES...YOUR
MANHOODS...TO DO
WITH AS WE WILL.

PANT

PANT




YOU OWE THE
SISTERHOOD YOUR
GRATITUDE FOR
WHAT WE DID
TO YOU, TIMOTHY
PORTNOY.

YOU HAD BETTER
PUT A STOP TO YOUR
REBELLIOUS
ATTITUDE, OR WE
WILL JUST MAKE YOU
SUFFER MORE.

BRING IT ON.

BE CAREFUL WHAT
YOU WISH FOR,
COW. YOU MAY
LITERALLY WIND UP
IN A PASTURE!

ON YOUR FEET.
NOW.



I MADE
MYSELF. DEAL
WITH IT.


I'M NOT
ALONE.

AND EVEN IF I
WAS, NONE OF
YOU SCARE ME.

NOW...SEEING AS
I'VE ENTERED YOUR
APPOINTMENT, I
THINK IT'S TIME
FOR YOU TO LEAVE,
HEADMISTRESS.


THANK US
FOR MAKING YOU
WHAT YOU ARE,
TIMOTHY.

GODDESS...
YOU ARE ONE
STUBBORN LITTLE
SLUT, COW.

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face. She has long, dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes. Her mouth is wide open in a gasp or scream, showing her teeth. A speech bubble originates from the right side of her face. The background is dark and out of focus.

DO **NOT** PRESUME
TO TELL ME WHAT A
SISTERHOOD MADAME
CAN AND CANNOT DO
IN OUR CITY,
YOU LITTLE BITCH!

JUST WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE,
SLUT??



I AM THE SECRETARY
TO THE MAYORESS OF
BULLCHESTER.

WHETHER THAT MEANS
ANYTHING TO YOU
IS IRRELEVANT TO ME.

YOU
SHOULD TRUTHFULLY
BE THANKING ME FOR
GIVING YOU AN
APPOINTMENT SLOT,
HEADMISTRESS...

...BUT, YOU ARE A
SISTERHOOD MADAME,
SO I'LL UNDERSTAND IF
YOU'D RATHER NOT.

NOW...DID YOU
HAVE ANY FURTHER
BUSINESS BEYOND
'SHOWING ME MY
PLACE'?



HAVE A NICE DAY,
HEADMISTRESS.

NO.

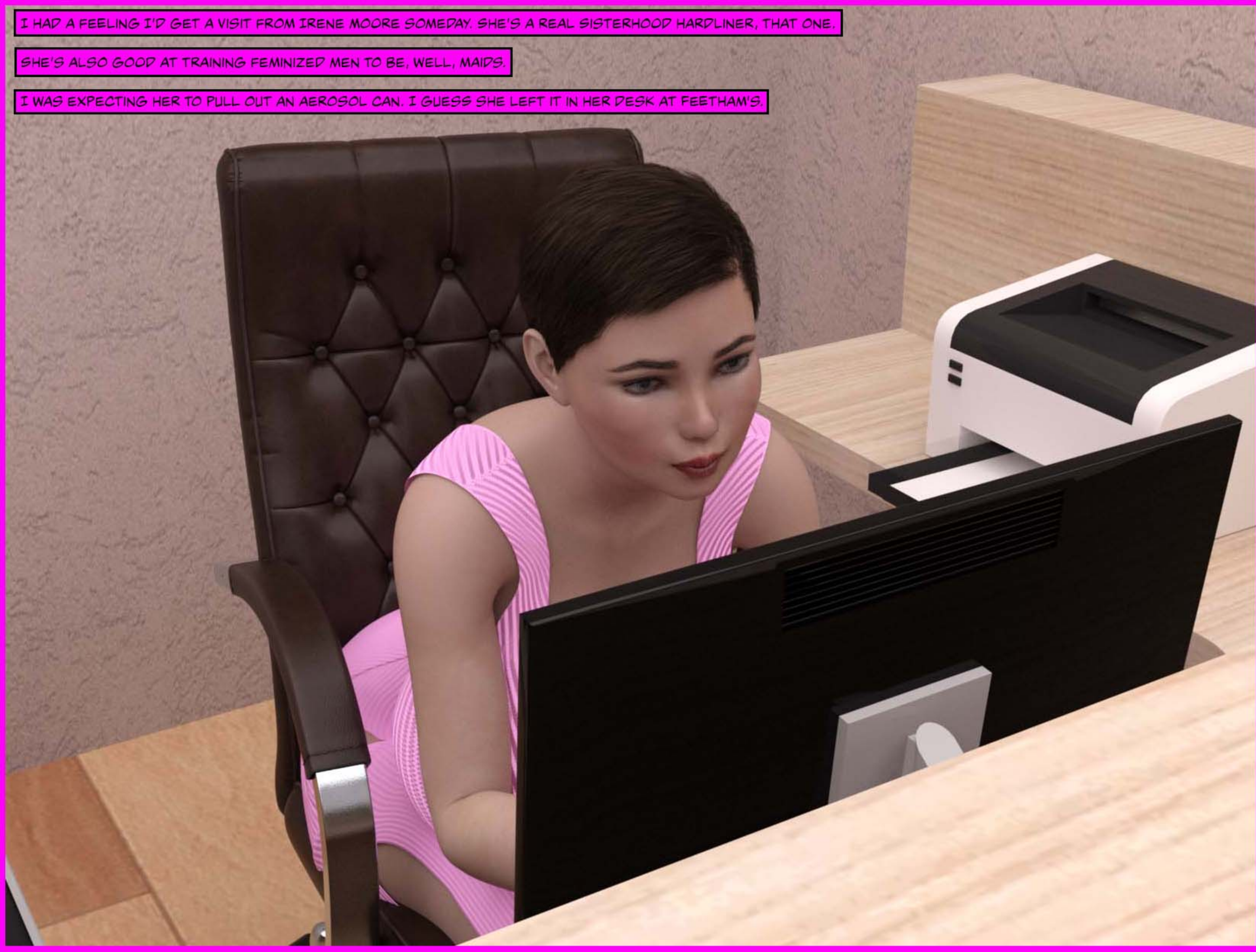
BUT YOU WILL
SEE ME AGAIN,
COW.

IF SHE'S 'NOT ALONE',
I NEED TO FIND OUT
WHO HER FRIENDS ARE!

I HAD A FEELING I'D GET A VISIT FROM IRENE MOORE SOMEDAY. SHE'S A REAL SISTERHOOD HARDLINER, THAT ONE.

SHE'S ALSO GOOD AT TRAINING FEMINIZED MEN TO BE, WELL, MAIDS.

I WAS EXPECTING HER TO PULL OUT AN AEROSOL CAN. I GUESS SHE LEFT IT IN HER DESK AT FEETHAM'S.



A speech bubble with a black outline and a white fill, containing the text "OH! GOOD MORNING! SORRY...I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE." in a black, sans-serif font. The bubble has a long tail pointing towards the bottom left corner of the frame. The background is a blurred image of a city street with buildings and a car.

YUP! CAN YOU
GIVE ME YOUR
NAME?

AS IN...THE
VANDERVELDE
GALLERY?

YOU'RE THE ONE
I NEED TO TALK TO
IF I WANNA SEE
THE MAYORESS,
RIGHT?

BELLADONNA
VANDERVELDE.


YEAH.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings MUST be approved IN ADVANCE
by the current Mayor/ess before being officially ordained.

IMPORTANT NOTE
All scheduled meetings **MUST** be approved **IN ADVANCE**
by the current Mayotress before being officially ordained.

[illegible]




I'VE BEEN MEANING
TO GO DOWN THERE
AND CHECK OUT THE
ARTWORK, BUT I'VE
BEEN PRETTY BUSY.

DON'T SPOIL IT!
I WANT TO SEE IT
FOR MYSELF!

SO WHAT DID YOU
WANT TO SEE THE
MAYORESS ABOUT,
BELLADONNA?

MOM DOES GOOD
WORK. YOU SHOULD
SEE IT.

THERE'S ONE PAINTING
IN THERE THAT'S ALWAYS
MY FAVORITE. IT'S
ALWAYS IN THE SAME
PLACE. THERE'S A
LIGHT THAT'S ALWAYS
SHINING AGAINST IT...

The image features two anime-style characters looking out of a window. On the left, a woman with long, wavy brown hair and a yellow sweater is partially visible. On the right, a woman with long, straight red hair, bangs, and dark eye makeup is the central focus. She has a small black mole on her chin and is wearing a black t-shirt with a grey skull pattern. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a body of water. The entire image is framed by a thick pink border.

IT'S SO
WONDERFUL...

...IT'S LIKE WE'RE
STARING UP AT THE
STARS...

...FOR THE REST OF
OUR LIVES!

SHE REALLY NEEDS
TO SEE IT. WORDS DON'T
DO IT JUSTICE!

IT'S SUCH A
WONDERFUL
PICTURE...

...WE'RE JUST STARING
UP AT THE STARS...

...FOR THE REST OF
OUR LIVES.

YOU REALLY NEED TO
SEE IT. WORDS CAN'T
DO IT JUSTICE.



TUT TUT! DON'T
GO INTO ANYMORE
DETAIL, OR YOU'LL
SPOIL THINGS...

...BUT THAT ONE
PICTURE MUST HAVE
SPECIAL MEANING
FOR YOU!

UHH...TELL WHO
WHAT?

FIRST CHANCE I
GET! SO...WHAT
DID YOU WANT TO
SEE THE MAYORESS
ABOUT?

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL
HER THAT! I THINK
SHE'LL GO! DON'T
WORRY!

HUH? OH...
NOTHING, SORRY.

I JUST WANNA BE
SURE THAT YOU'LL
GO IS ALL.



I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER
THAT BALCONY SCENE
WE DID THAT NIGHT...
FROM ROMEO &
JULIET...

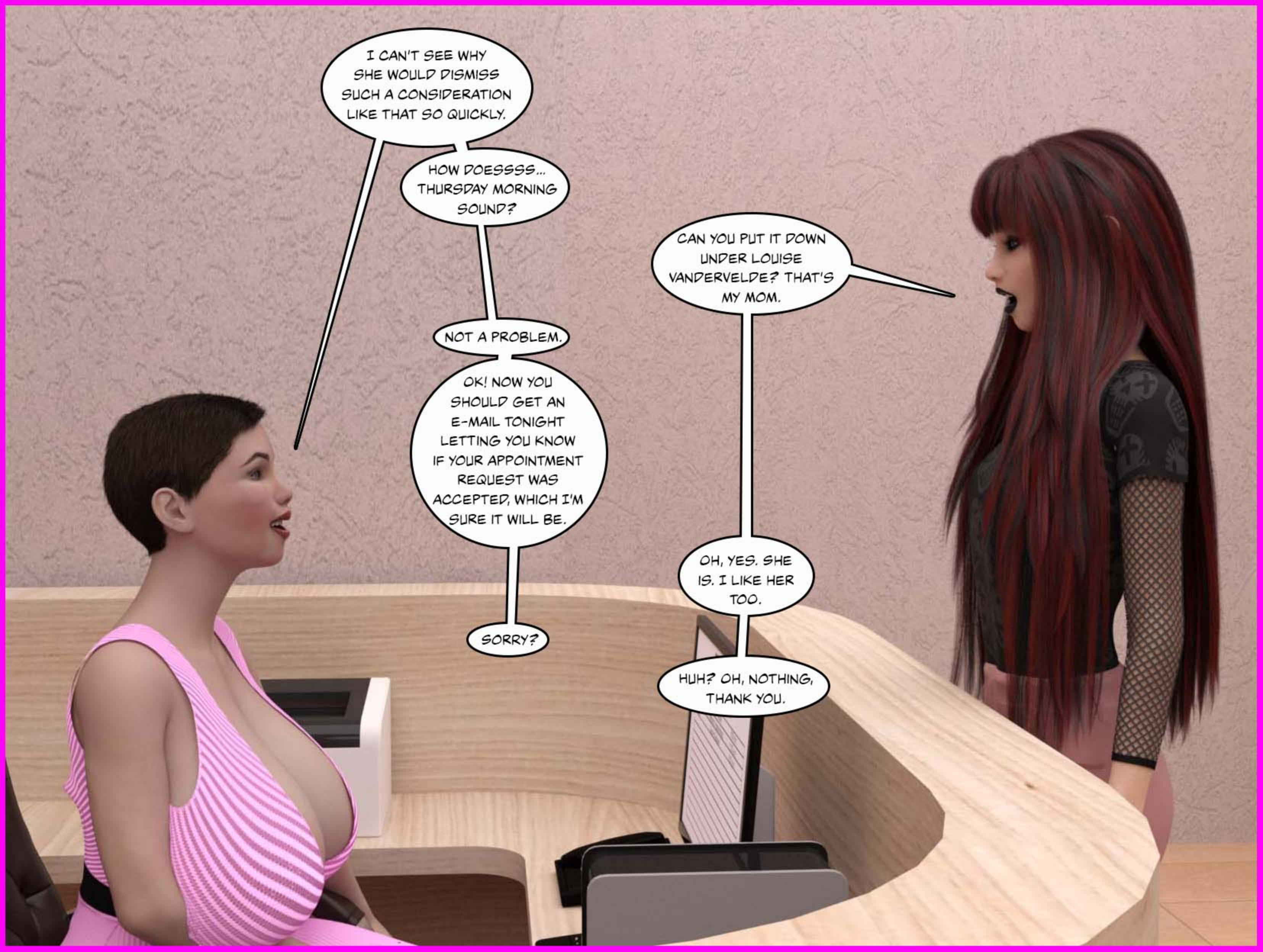
...YOU WERE MY
FAVORITE ROMEO...

...I'LL ALWAYS BE
YOUR JULIET,
DAVID...I'LL
NEVER LET YOU
GO...

WELL...EVERY YEAR
IN THE LARGE BACKYARD
OF OUR HOUSE, WE ALWAYS
HAD A KIND OF COMMUNITY ART
GALLERY, AND WE ALSO
DID, LIKE, STAGE SHOW
SCENES.

MOM WONDERED IF
WE COULD MAKE IT,
LIKE, A CITY-WIDE
THING. ONCE A YEAR.

WOULD THAT...BE
SOMETHING I COULD
TALK TO THE MAYORESS
ABOUT? PLEASE?



I CAN'T SEE WHY
SHE WOULD DISMISS
SUCH A CONSIDERATION
LIKE THAT SO QUICKLY.

HOW DOESSSS...
THURSDAY MORNING
SOUND?

NOT A PROBLEM.

OK! NOW YOU
SHOULD GET AN
E-MAIL TONIGHT
LETTING YOU KNOW
IF YOUR APPOINTMENT
REQUEST WAS
ACCEPTED, WHICH I'M
SURE IT WILL BE.

SORRY?

CAN YOU PUT IT DOWN
UNDER LOUISE
VANDERVELDE? THAT'S
MY MOM.

OH, YES. SHE
IS. I LIKE HER
TOO.

HUH? OH, NOTHING,
THANK YOU.



I WAS JUST...
UM...APPRECIATING
HOW NICE YOU ARE.

AWWW!
THANKS!

I'VE ALWAYS
ADMIRER GOTHS
MYSELF. DON'T
EVER LET ANYONE
TELL YOU THAT BLACK
CAN'T BE BEAUTIFUL,
BECAUSE IT CAN BE,
AND YOU'RE PROOF
OF THAT!

REALLY? WOW...
THANK YOU,
MISS...?

TAMARA PORTNOY.
NICE TO MEET YOU!

YEAH! GOOD TO
MEET YOU TOO!
I HOPE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN SOMETIME!

WELL...IF YOU'RE
THERE WHEN I VISIT
THE GALLERY, THEN
YOU SURELY WILL!

SO THAT'S WHO DAVID SANDBERG BECAME. WOW!

I MEANT WHAT I SAID, TOO. I REALLY DO LIKE GOTHs.
THEY'RE VERY UNDERAPPRECIATED, AND MANY OF THEM
ARE MUCH NICER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.

I KNOW HIS BROTHER BECAME THAT PETRA
WOMAN, BUT...WHAT ABOUT THEIR PARENTS?

BLEEMB



CORA...

I have decided to let you come to me rather than I come to you, hermana, if you wish to have lunch with me.

Your move, vaca. I can wait.






GOOD.

YOU COULD BE WAITING A LONG TIME, THEN,
BECAUSE I STAND BY WHAT I BELIEVE.

IT'S ALL ABOUT HOW THE CHILDREN ARE RAISED,
AND WHO RAISES THEM. ALL THAT GARBAGE ABOUT
GENES DICTATING HOW A PERSON WILL TURN OUT IN
THE LONG RUN IS GRADE-A FUCKING BUNK.

I AM EVIDENCE OF THIS!



EXCUSE ME.
ARE YOU...TAMARA
PORTNOY?

I AM IVAN. I
AM A FRIEND TO
ELIZABETH AND
GRACE.

IF YOU ARE ALONE,
MAY I TAKE YOU
TO LUNCH? I KNOW
OF A GOOD PLACE
WITH GOOD FOOD.

YOU CAN GET...
GOOD BURGERS
THERE.

UHH...WHO IS
ASKING?

UHH...SURE!



SOOO...HOW DO
YOU KNOW LIZ?

OH. OKAY,
SORRY.

I WILL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING WHEN
WE GET TO THE
RESTAURANT.

I JUST WANT TO
CONCENTRATE ON
THE ROAD FOR
NOW.

MMMM...MORE TIME FOR ME TO QUIETLY STARE AT THAT PERFECT BODY OF YOURS...



THE RESTAURANT TURNED OUT TO BE A NICE ENOUGH PLACE. IVAN WAS QUIET THE WHOLE TIME UNTIL THE FOOD CAME.


THAT'S WHEN HE BROKE THE ICE.

EDWARD??
THAT WOULD
MEAN...

WHEN I MET LIZ,
HER NAME WAS
EDWARD WILSON.

YES. I PLAYED A
PART IN HIS
TRANSFORMATION.

I WAS RESPONDING
TO THE WHIMS OF
MADAME GRACE.



HIS FATHER AND
HIS MOTHER WERE
ALREADY CHANGED
WHEN EDWARD
RETURNED FROM
HIS SCHOOLING.

HIS FATHER HAD
BECOME JOAN, A
MAID WHO WORKS
AT THE LEES
MANSION.

I DO NOT RECALL
HIS MOTHER'S
FATE.

I REMEMBER WHAT
ELIZABETH LOOKED
LIKE BACK THEN. LONG
HAIR, SLIM FIGURE, LARGE
NIPPLES...

ENGAGING IN
INTIMATE ACTS
WITH ELIZABETH
WERE A NECESSITY,
TAMARA.

LARGE NIPPLES??



MMMM...I WONDER
HOW INTIMATE THEY
GOT...

WHAT HAPPENED
THAT COMPELLED YOU
TO LET LIZ GO?

I WAS INSTRUCTED
TO DO SO. I WAS
NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

AT THE TIME, I
WAS IN ECUADOR,
AND A MAN NAMED
MANICHE TOOK AN
INTEREST IN
ELIZABETH.

HE SEEMED LIKE A
NICE MAN, AND THEY
LOOKED VERY HAPPY
TOGETHER, SO THERE
WAS NO GUILT.

I WANTED TO SEE
YOU BECAUSE...I
WONDERED IF SHE
TOLD YOU WHAT HAD
HAPPENED TO HER
SINCE I WENT
AWAY.

YOU CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION WITHOUT PULLING OFF YOUR DRESS, TAMARA.



WELL...LIZ DID
MARRY HIM, AND
THEY ADOPTED TWO
DAUGHTERS...

...BUT MANICHE
WAS KILLED IN A
CONFRONTATION WITH
AN OLD FRIEND, WHO
HAD BECOME A
RUTHLESS
DRUGLORD.

HE HELPED LIZ
TRANSITION, TOO, SO
SHE'S JUST AS
FEMALE AS I AM.

I MET HER AT
CINCHER'S WHEN
THEY HAD THEIR
FIRST PINK
PERSUASIONS
EVENT.

A close-up, profile view of a woman with short, dark hair, looking towards the left with a surprised expression. She is wearing a pink and white striped top. The background is a dimly lit restaurant or bar with wooden paneling, a potted plant with yellow leaves, and a table with glasses and plates in the distance.


SHE WAS
BEAUTIFUL...
AND THEN WE GOT
TO TALKING.

THERE WAS A
NATURAL ATTRACTION
THERE, IVAN. I FELT
IT. I KNEW HOW
REAL IT WAS.

MADAME NOBLE
HAS FUCKED WITH MY
HEAD ENOUGH THAT
I GET ALL HOT AND
BOTHERED WITH
ANYONE WHO GETS
FRISKY WITH ME.
I KNOW THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN DO
ABOUT THAT...

...BUT BEING WITH
LIZ JUST...CLEANSES
ALL THAT. SHE
REMINDS ME THAT
NATURAL LOVE STILL
EXISTS. EVEN IN
BULLCHESTER.

SHE DOESN'T EVEN
HAVE TO SAY
ANYTHING!



AND YOU...HAD
ONCE BEEN A MAN
AS WELL?

YOUR HAIR LOOKS
VERY...BOYISH.

TWO FORMER MALES
IN LOVE WITH EACH
OTHER AS FEMALES.
INTRIGUING. VERY
INTRIGUING.

YES. I USED TO
BE TIMOTHY
PORTNOY.

SIGH
BLAME MADAME
NOBLE FOR THAT.
LONG STORY
THERE.

SO WHERE DOES
A BIG, STRONG MAN
LIKE YOU STAND
IN BULLCHESTER
POLITICS, IVAN?



MEANING?

DO YOU DO
FAVORS FOR LADY
AGATHA, OR ARE
YOU ON TEAM
GRACE?

WELL...I WORK
AT THE FARM,
BUT...I ANSWER
TO MADAME
GRACE.

I ANSWER TO
MADAME GWYNN
AS WELL.

MMM. GWYNN.
I GUESS THAT
MAKES HIM AN
ALLY.

I MUST CONFESS THAT
LOOKING AT THE SHAPE
OF YOUR HAIR MAKES
ME WONDER HOW I
COULD HAVE BROUGHT
YOU INTO FEMININITY.



I...CAN IMAGINE...
YIELDING TO YOUR
TOUCH...


I COULD HAVE BEEN
AS GENTLE WITH YOU
AS I WAS WITH
ELIZABETH.

I AM NOT ENTIRELY
OPPOSED TO SHOWING
TENDERNESS TOWARDS
WOMEN, THOUGH.

ESPECIALLY IF THEY
LOOK...BOYISH.

MMM...ARE YOU
MAKING A PASS AT
ME, IVAN?

GODDESS...YOU ARE
ONE FINE GLASS
OF VODKA...



YOU MUST HAVE A
RUSSIAN HERITAGE.
YOUR LAST NAME
IS RUSSIAN FOR
'TAILOR'.

SO ARE YOU
SUGGESTING THAT
I'M TAILOR-MADE
FOR YOU, IVAN?

NOT EXACTLY...

...BUT IF YOU FEEL
AS STRONGLY AS YOU
DO FOR ELIZABETH,
THEN PERHAPS YOU
ARE TAILOR-MADE
FOR HER, YES?

I WOULD RATHER
SEE YOU AND
ELIZABETH HAPPY.
PLEASE REMAIN
WITH HER.

IF THIS MADAME
NOBLE GETS IN THE
WAY, PERHAPS I CAN
HELP YOU.

A close-up of a woman with dark hair and blue eyes, looking slightly to the left with a soft smile. She is wearing a pink and white striped top. In the background, there is a restaurant interior with tables, chairs, and a planter box with yellow flowers. A black stand with five speech bubbles is positioned in front of her.


I...APPRECIATE
THAT SENTIMENT,
IVAN. THANK
YOU.

I'VE
ENTERED INTO
A...UNIQUE
ASSOCIATION WITH
NOT ONLY LIZ, BUT
MADAME GRACE AS
WELL. SEEMS THE
THREE OF US FANCY
EACH OTHER.

THE VERY THOUGHT
OF BEING SANDWICHED
BETWEEN THEM ALWAYS
AROUSSES ME!

AS LONG AS THE
THREE OF YOU ARE
HAPPY. THAT IS
ALL THAT SHOULD
MATTER.

MY SENTIMENTS
EXACTLY!

A man with a muscular build, wearing a black tank top, stands behind a woman. He has his hands on her head, and she has her eyes closed and mouth open in a blissful expression. The woman is wearing a pink and white striped top. They are outdoors, with a wooden fence and greenery in the background. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man at the top, one from the woman in the middle, and one from the woman at the bottom.

I WILL LET YOU
DINE ALONE. I
MUST GO. I WILL
SETTLE THE BILL
FOR THE MEAL.

I AM GLAD I
MET YOU, TAMARA
PORTNOY. I AM
EVEN HAPPIER THAT
ELIZABETH IS IN
GOOD HANDS.

MMMMMH...
DA SVIDANYA,
IVAN...COME
SEE ME AGAIN
SOON...

IT TOOK ME A MOMENT AFTER HE LEFT TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS, BUT THE IDEA OF HAVING ONE OF MADAME GRACE'S PEOPLE WORKING AT THE FARM JUST SCREAMED 'ADVANTAGE'.

LIKE, IF LADY AGATHA OR MADAME NOBLE WANTED TO DRAG ME IN THERE FOR WHATEVER REASON, I'D BE ABLE TO BANK ON THE POSSIBILITY OF IVAN GETTING ME OUT.

IF THAT WAS A POSSIBILITY, OF COURSE.





HM? OH,
SURE.

GOTCHA.

AH, THERE YOU
ARE. DID YOU
HAVE A NICE
LUNCH?

SOMEONE CAME
IN WHILE YOU WERE
OUT. WE NEED YOU
TO FIX A NAME IN
THE REGISTRY.

I SENT YOU THE
INFO THAT YOU
NEED TO LOG IN. I'LL
HAVE HER COME
OUT TO YOUR DESK.

REGISTRY WORK IS RARE, BUT NECESSARY FOR ANYONE THAT NEEDS TO LEGALIZE A NEW NAME.

THE VICE MAYORESS IS THE AUTHORITY ON THOSE. SHE SENDS ME AN E-MAIL WITH THE OLD NAME, I BRING IT UP, AND THE PERSON IN QUESTION GIVES ME THE NEW NAME, WHICH IS USUALLY GIVEN IN PERSON.

ACCORDING TO THE E-MAIL, THE ORIGINAL NAME IS RAMONA...VANDERVELDE??



WOW...THIS
ONE LOOKS...
BLUFF!

OH! GODDESS...
YOU...STARTLED...

UHH, NO, I...
I'M FINE...

...I'M READY TO
GET YOUR NEW
NAME, IF YOU'RE
READY?

YOU'RE TAMARA?

HMM? DID THE
CAT GET YOUR
TONGUE, DEAR?





THE NAME IS
VIOLETTA.

VIOLETTA VAN
LUNDGREN.

RITA HAS TOLD
ME VERY
INTERESTING THINGS
ABOUT YOU...

...SLUT.

To Be Continued!