

TRANGERS

Part 2

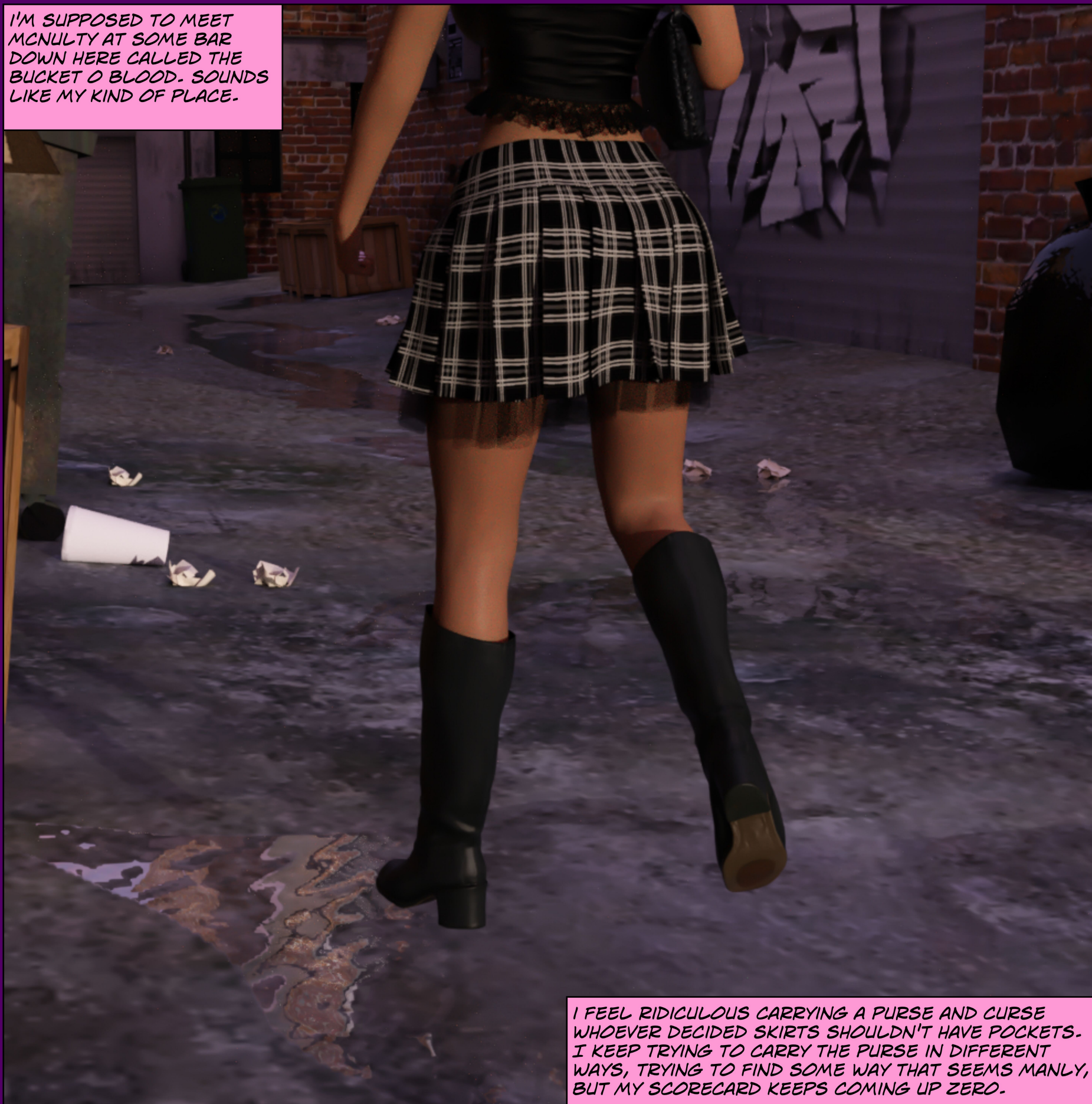


Jack is Back

And He Has C-cups

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I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET
MCNULTY AT SOME BAR
DOWN HERE CALLED THE
BUCKET O BLOOD. SOUNDS
LIKE MY KIND OF PLACE.



I FEEL RIDICULOUS CARRYING A PURSE AND CURSE
WHOEVER DECIDED SKIRTS SHOULDN'T HAVE POCKETS.
I KEEP TRYING TO CARRY THE PURSE IN DIFFERENT
WAYS, TRYING TO FIND SOME WAY THAT SEEMS MANLY,
BUT MY SCORECARD KEEPS COMING UP ZERO.

MY BAZOOKAS FEEL HUGE. I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW HEAVY THEY ARE-- IT'S LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TO GET ME TO TOPPLE OVER. ARE THEY SUPPOSED TO JIGGLE LIKE THIS?



AND, I'M COLD. IS IT BECAUSE I'M A DAME OR BECAUSE I'M HALF NAKED? I FEEL A CONSTANT DRAFT COMING UP UNDER THIS STUPID SKIRT. HEY. HERE COMES SOMEONE. I'LL ASK HIM FOR DIRECTIONS.

A man and a woman are walking through a dark, narrow alleyway at night. The man, in the foreground, is wearing a blue tank top and jeans, looking back over his shoulder at the woman. The woman, slightly behind him, is wearing a black lace crop top, a plaid skirt, and black boots, looking forward. They are holding hands. The alleyway is flanked by brick walls and has a dark, corrugated metal structure on the left. The ground is wet and reflective.

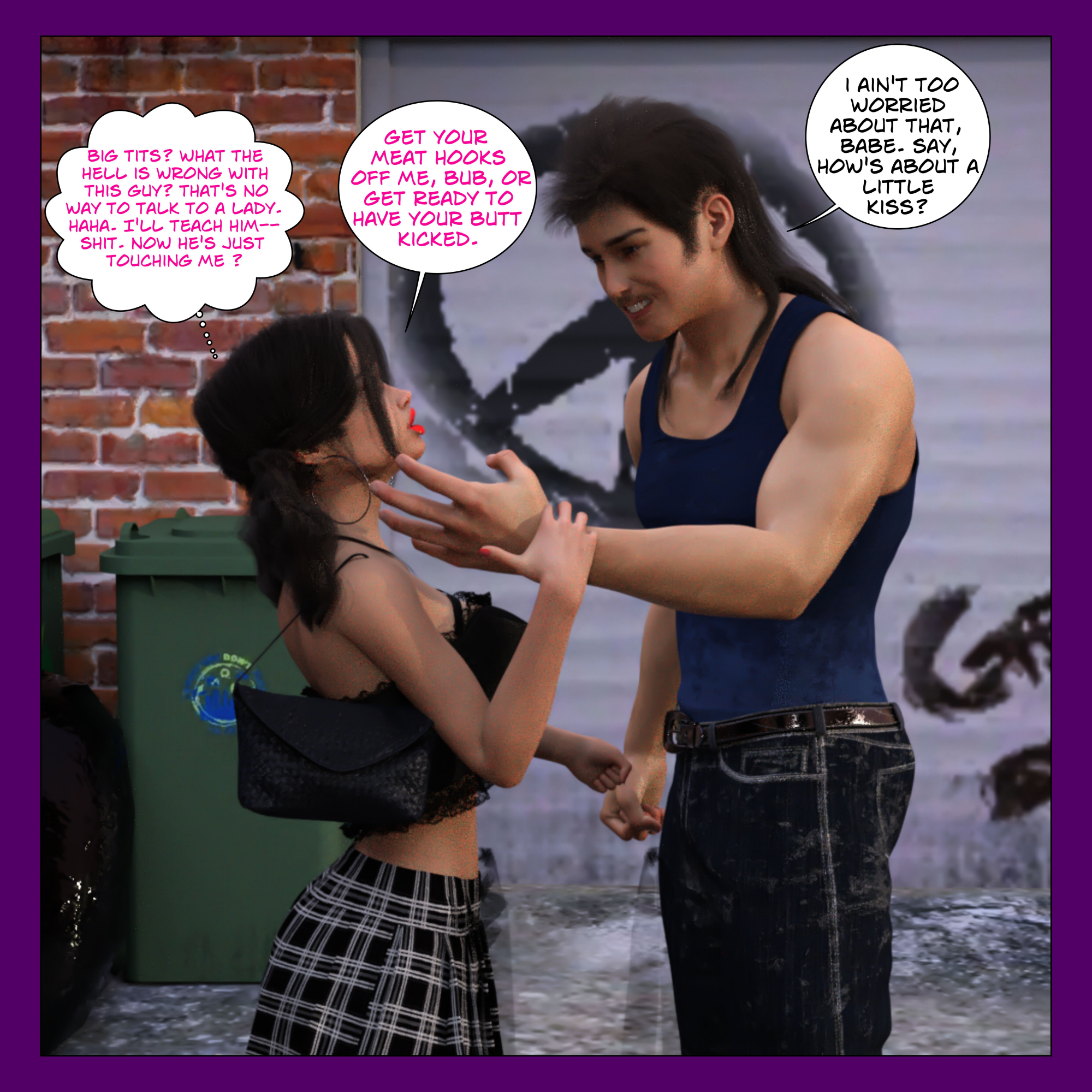
HEY, BUD. I'M
LOOKING FOR A
PLACE CALLED
THE BUCKET O'
BLOOD. YA KNOW
IT?

I SURE DO,
BUT IF YOU
WANT ME TO
TELL YOU WHERE
IT IS, YOU'RE
GONNA NEED TO
SMILE PRETTY
FOR ME,
DOLL.

A man and a woman are standing in a dark, gritty urban environment. The man, on the right, is seen from the back, wearing a blue tank top and dark jeans. He has long dark hair and a beard. The woman, on the left, is facing him, wearing a black lace crop top and a plaid skirt. She has dark hair and red lipstick. In the background, there are brick walls, a green recycling bin, and some debris on the ground. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the man on the right.

HOW ABOUT YOU
JUST TELL ME, AND
I DON'T KNOCK
YOUR HEAD OFF?

YOU'RE A
FIESTY LITTLE
THING AIN'T YA? I
LIKE THAT IN A
WOMAN. I ALSO
LIKE GIRLS WITH
BIG TITS, SO
YOU'RE TWO
FER TWO.

A comic panel set in an alleyway with a brick wall and green trash cans. A man with long dark hair, wearing a blue tank top and jeans, is leaning towards a woman with dark hair, wearing a black top and a plaid skirt. The woman is looking up at him with a surprised expression. Three speech bubbles contain dialogue. The man's speech bubble is at the top right, the woman's is at the top left, and a third speech bubble is in the middle.

BIG TITS? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS GUY? THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A LADY. HAHA. I'LL TEACH HIM-- SHIT. NOW HE'S JUST TOUCHING ME?

GET YOUR MEAT HOOKS OFF ME, BUB, OR GET READY TO HAVE YOUR BUTT KICKED.

I AIN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT THAT, BABE. SAY, HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE KISS?



JUST ONE LITTLE
KISS. WHAT'S THE
HARM IN THAT,
BEAUTIFUL?

DON'T SAY I
DIDN'T WARN
YA.



HERE
COMES THE
THUNDER!

POW!



THAT KINDA
TICKLED.

HEH.

HEH.

HEH.

WHAT?

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue tank top, is shown from the side, facing a woman with dark hair and bright red lipstick. The woman in red lipstick is wearing a black lace halter top and a black and white plaid skirt. She has a surprised or shocked expression. They are in an alleyway with a brick wall in the background. A white cup and some crumpled paper are on the ground.

YOU KNOW THE
RULE. ONE PUNCH,
ONE KISS.

IT WAKES ME UP, THAT FAILED PUNCH,
LIKE A BUCKET OF ICE WATER TO THE
FACE AFTER A NIGHT OF HARD DRINKING.
HE'S LAUGHING. MY HAND HURTS. I
REALIZE I'M NOT JUST A DAME NOW. I'M
SMALL. WEAK. THIS A-HOLE IS
SERIOUS. HE'S ABOUT TO KISS ME. IF IT
COMES DOWN TO A CONTEST OF
STRENGTH, I GOT NO CHANCE.

I DUCK UNDER HIS ARM AND RUN. I'VE NEVER RUN FROM A FIGHT IN MY LIFE, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN A GIRL, EITHER. IS IT MY NEW SEX? ARE WOMEN JUST MORE EASILY FRIGHTENED THAN MEN?

YOU'RE REALLY PISSING ME OFF, JACKASS.

WHERE YOU RUNNING OFF TO, BABE? I THOUGHT YA WAS GONNA KICK MY ASS?

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT. I'VE KNOWN SOME BADASS BROADS. I'M WORRIED THAT I AINT ONE OF THEM.



I TRY AND SAVE FACE.

COUNT YOURSELF
LUCKY I'M IN A
HURRY.

HA.

HA!

HA!

ONCE I'M AWAY, I SLOW TO A WALK. HE
FALLS IN BEHIND ME, MATCHING MY PACE.



IS THIS JERK ACTUALLY GOING
TO JUST FOLLOW ME?

YOU SEEM A
LITTLE DENSE,
SO LET ME MAKE
IT CLEAR: GET
LOST.

IT'S A
FREE COUNTRY.
I CAN WALK
WHEREVER I WANT.
WHAT'S YER
NAME?



I CAN FEEL HIS EYES BURNING A HOLE IN MY ASS, WHICH FEELS WAY TOO BIG, BY THE WAY. I JUST KEEP WALKING, THOUGH MY SKIN CRAWLS, AND I FIND MYSELF CRINGING A LITTLE. I REALLY WANT TO KICK THIS GUY'S ASS, BUT I CAN'T. NOT IN THIS BODY.

I TOLD YOU
TO GET LOST.

I'LL CALL YA
BABE, THEN.

BABE, THE
BUCKET AINT
NO KIND A PLACE
FOR A SWEET
LITTLE HONEY LIKE
YOU TO GO ALONE.
I BEST KEEP YOU
COMPANY. SOME
REDNECK MIGHT
GIVE YOU A
HARD TIME.



I DECIDE TO JUST IGNORE HIM, HOPING HE'LL GO AWAY. HE DOESN'T.

YER GONNA
TELL ME YER
NAME BEFORE THE
NIGHT'S OVER, BABE.
AND YER GONNA GIVE
ME THAT KISS. I AINT
THE KINDA MAN WHO
TAKES NO FER AN
ANSWER.

MORTIFYING.



THE BUCKET OF BLOOD IS PRETTY MUCH MY IDEA OF HEAVEN. DARK. A COUPLE OF OLD DRUNKS SITTING AT THE BAR. NO CHIT DATE. NO DAMES. THIS IS A DRINKER'S BAR. TOO BAD I'M ONLY HERE TO MEET MCNULTY. I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER BROADS, THOUGH, SO MAYBE HE ISN'T HERE YET.



IF HE'S NOT HERE, I'LL JUST KICK BACK, HAVE A DRINK AND RELAX.



I'M
LOOKING FOR
MCNULTY.
ANYONE KNOW
HIM-- I MEAN
HER?

OH, DAMN. AS SOON AS THE GUYS HEAR MY
VOICE, THEY PERK RIGHT UP. THEY LOOK ME
OVER, LIKE I'M JUST ANOTHER SKIRT, AND I
CAN TELL THEY LIKE THE CUT OF MY JIB.

HEY, SUGAR.

COME ON
IN AND TAKE A
SEAT.

SO MUCH FOR JUST KICKING BACK AND
HAVING A DRINK. I DECIDE TO SEE IF I
CAN NIP IT IN THE BUD BEFORE THESE
GUYS GET ANY IDEAS. I'LL LET 'EM
KNOW I'M NOT INTERESTED.

I TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND GET
READY TO UNLEASH ON THEM...

HEY,
YOU'RE THAT
STORMY DETH. I
LOVE YOUR
DANCING.

ME, TOO. I
NEVER SAW
SOMEONE SO
TALENTED. LET
ME BUY YOU A
DRINK.

NOW
LISTEN YOU
TWO, I--
WAIT.



A woman with long dark hair and red lipstick stands in a dimly lit bar. She is wearing a black lace crop top and a black and white plaid skirt. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. A speech bubble above her head says "FREE BOOZE?". The background features a window with a radiator below it, a red leather booth, and a wall with various posters and a framed certificate.

FREE BOOZE?

HEY. I FIGURE IF I'M STUCK AS A SKIRT, I MIGHT AS WELL GET SOMETHING OUT OF IT.

IT TURNS OUT I LIKE BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION AS MUCH AS I LIKE FREE BOOZE. OR, ALMOST AS MUCH.

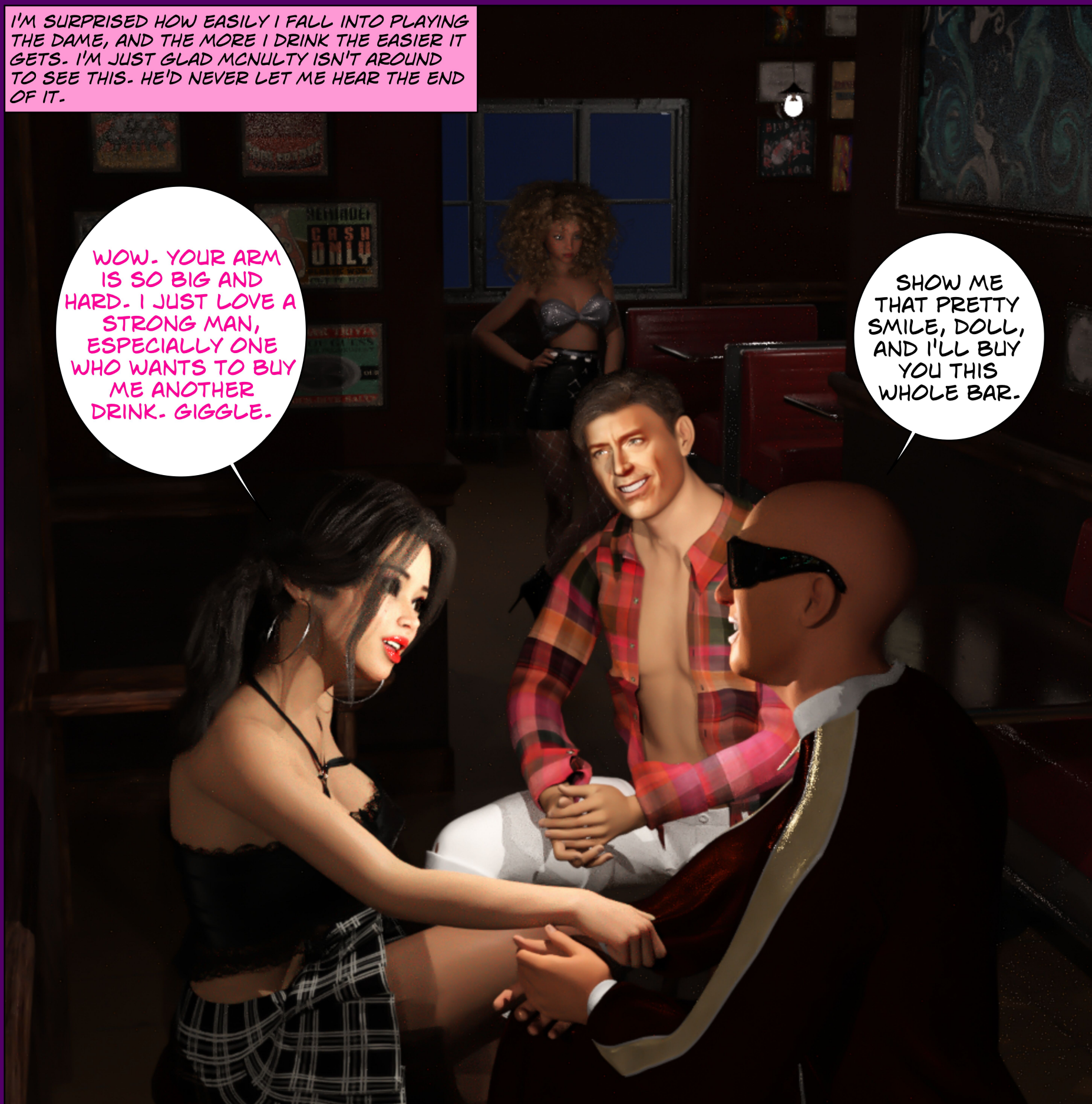


PLUS, WITH THESE TWO GENTS CROWDING AROUND ME, MY STALKER HOLDS BACK AND LINGERS IN THE SHADOWS, SO I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM.

I'M SURPRISED HOW EASILY I FALL INTO PLAYING THE DAME, AND THE MORE I DRINK THE EASIER IT GETS. I'M JUST GLAD MCNULTY ISN'T AROUND TO SEE THIS. HE'D NEVER LET ME HEAR THE END OF IT.

WOW. YOUR ARM IS SO BIG AND HARD. I JUST LOVE A STRONG MAN, ESPECIALLY ONE WHO WANTS TO BUY ME ANOTHER DRINK. GIGGLE.

SHOW ME THAT PRETTY SMILE, DOLL, AND I'LL BUY YOU THIS WHOLE BAR.





WELL, WELL.
LITTLE MISS DETH.
YOU LIKE STRONG
MEN, EH?

I'M SO GLAD
I WAS HERE TO
SEE THIS. I'M
NEVER GOING TO
LET YOU LIVE THIS
DOWN, DETH.
NEVER.



YOWZA!
COME JOIN THE
PARTY.

HEY,
GORGEOUS.

FLIRTING?
NO. I WAS
DOING, ER,
DETECTIVE
WORK.



STOP
STARING AT MY
BOOBS, YOU
PERV.

OH, I AINT NO
PERV,
MCNULTY.



**I'M A
TRANCER!**

TO BE CONTINUED