

A close-up photograph of a woman's back and shoulder. She is wearing a black harness with a central circular ring and small silver studs. A black lace-trimmed garment is draped over her shoulder and back. The background is dark and out of focus.

TRANCERS

Chapter 4



NIIICE. LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE BABES AND THE GIRL HAS THE GUN!



IS THAT YOU,
LENA?

YUP.
YOU KNOW,
THEY TOLD ME
TO EXPECT A
SURPRISE, BUT I
NEVER
IMAGINED
THIS.



MY WIFE IS A
MAN, AND I'M A
GIRL?
MORTIFYING.

YOU'RE A
STUD!



I'VE MISSED
YOU SO
MUCH.

I MISSED
YOU, TOO, AND
THOUGH IT FEELS A
LITTLE WEIRD, I'D
LIKE TO GIVE MY
HUSBAND A
KISS...

I-- DON'T
THINK I'M READY
FOR--

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT. PLANT
THOSE LIPS
RIGHT HERE.

EVEN IF HE IS A
BLONDE CHICK
WITH AN
INCREDIBLE
RACK.

WAIT---





I'M A WOMAN
AND MY WIFE IS
A MAN KISSING A
WOMAN WHO USED
TO BE A MAN--- I
DON'T KNOW HOW
I'M SUPPOSED TO
FEEL ABOUT
THIS.

IS
MCNULTY
HOTTER THAN
ME? IS IT WEIRD
I FEEL
JEALOUS?



MCNULTY IS
KISSING MY WIFE,
BUT IS SHE STILL MY
WIFE IF SHE'S A DUDE
NOW? DOES THAT
NEGATE THE VOWS
BECAUSE I'M NOT
SURE I WANT A
HUSBAND.



A woman with dark, wavy hair, freckles, and bright red lipstick is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a black corset with lace trim and large hoop earrings. The background is a dark, blurred gradient.

LET ME JUST
SIMPLIFY ALL OF
THIS FOR MYSELF.
MY WIFE IS KISSING
ANOTHER MAN.



KNOCK IT
OFF!



A comic panel featuring three female characters. Two girls with blonde hair are embracing each other; one is wearing a white t-shirt and dark patterned pants, while the other is in a black top and a plaid skirt. A third girl with dark hair in pigtails, wearing a black top and a plaid skirt, stands with her back to the viewer, looking at the pair. The background is a blurred crowd of people.

COULDN'T YOU
LET HER FINISH?

YOU'RE
KISSING
MCNULTY.

MCNULTY?
THEN YOU? NO.
NO WAY. HAHA.
NICE TRY.

<SIGH>
IT'S TRUE.

WHOOAAAAA!

IT'S NO JOKE.
I-- I'M YOUR
HUSBAND. IT'S
ME. JACK.





YOU'RE TELLING ME
THAT JACK DETH. **THE**
JACK DEATH IS NOW A
TINY LITTLE WOMAN WITH
A HUGE PAIR OF JUGS AND
A VOICE LIKE A 9 YEAR
OLD GIRL? **YOU** ARE MY
HUSBAND. THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE TELLING ME.



LENA FINDS HERSELF
CHECKING OUT HER
CURVY LITTLE
HUSBAND, BUT SHE
NOW SEES HIM WITH
MALE EYES.

WOW.
WELL-- I HAVE
TO SAY THAT--
HMMN.



JACK HAS NEVER HAD A
MAN LOOK AT HIM LIKE
THIS BEFORE.



LENA DRINKS HIM IN,
LETTING HER EYES
LINGER ON HIS LOVELY
FACE.





THE ATTENTION, THE
HEAT, THE HUNGER
TRIGGER SOMETHING IN
JACK'S NEW BODY.



HE BLUSHES. JACK
DETH BLUSHES.

LENA HAS NEVER FELT
THIS WAY WHEN
LOOKING AT A WOMAN,
HAS NEVER BEEN
DRAWN IN BY THE SIGHT
OF A LITTLE ROUND
SHOULDER...



SHE'S NEVER
APPRECIATED THE
ALLURE OF A WOMAN'S
CHEST, THE SWEET
PROMISE OF HER
SHADOWY CLEAVAGE.





HIS SOFT BUT TAUGHT TUMMY... HIS
ROUND HIPS... AS LENA ADMIRES HER
HUSBAND'S FIGURE, SHE GRUNTS.
IT'S A PRIMAL, SAVAGE SOUND.





HOOCHI
DA-DA!

TO BE CONTINUED...