

# Make Him Wear It

The Passion of Senator Jackson

Part II




HE TAKES ME TO CHAUCER'S, WHICH I AM SURE HE KNOWS WAS MY FAVORITE RESTAURANT WHEN I WAS A MAN. IT'S POPULAR WITH THE RICH AND POWERFUL AND THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GET NEAR THE RICH AND POWERFUL. IT'S MY FIRST TIME BACK AS KAYLEE.

LET ME  
GET THAT FOR  
YOU,  
BEAUTIFUL.

THANK YOU.  
YOU'RE SUCH A  
GENTLEMAN.



A man with thinning grey hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, stands behind a woman. He is pointing his right index finger towards her. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a black, low-cut, spaghetti-strap dress. She is also wearing a pearl necklace and a matching choker. The background consists of dark wood paneling and a framed picture on the wall.

I SEE SOME OF  
YOUR OLD  
BUDDIES. MOST OF  
THEM ARE BUSY  
CHECKING OUT  
YOUR TITS. HEH.  
HEH.

I'M HUMILIATED FOR  
EVERYONE TO SEE ME  
LIKE THIS --AT  
CHAUCER'S, OF ALL  
PLACES. AS A MAN, I  
LORDED IT OVER THE  
CROWD HERE. NOW, I'M  
ARM CANDY.

A man with thinning grey hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, stands behind a woman. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a black dress with a pearl necklace and earrings. They are in a room with wood-paneled walls. The man has a speech bubble above him, and the woman has a speech bubble to her right. A pink text box is in the bottom right corner.

MAKE EVERYONE  
BELIEVE YOU'RE  
CRAZY ABOUT ME.

YES,  
SENATOR.

I HAVE TO ADMIRE HIS  
SENSE OF IRONIC  
VENGEANCE. HE WAS  
ALWAYS A WORTHY  
ADVERSARY.

AS A WOMAN, I'VE  
LEARNED TO BE AN  
OSCAR-WORTHY ACTOR.

THE LADY  
WILL HAVE THE  
LOBSTER. I'LL  
HAVE A  
PORTERHOUSE.  
RARE.



A WOMAN, ESPECIALLY ONE AS PRETTY AS I AM, IS EXPECTED TO BE BRIGHT, BUBBLY, SMILEY, SWEET. I CAN BE ALL OF THOSE THINGS ON DEMAND.



IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW I FEEL. THE ONLY VALUE I HAVE NOW COMES FROM BEING PRETTY, AND SMILES ARE PRETTY. I WILL BE PRETTY FOR HIM, THOUGH I HATE HIM.

I HANG ON HIS EVERY WORD, PRETENDING TO BE FASCINATED BY THE DETAILS OF HIS LAME, BORING LIFE.

WOW!

BEEN COLLECTING STAMPS FOR YEARS....

IT'S EASIER TO FOOL MEN, BECAUSE THEIR EGOS ARE SO INFLATED THEY ACTUALLY THINK THEY ARE FASCINATING.



IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE FORGETS WHO I AM,  
THAT THIS IS ALL FOR SHOW. HE TALKS AND  
TALKS ABOUT HIMSELF, AND I CAN TELL  
HE'S INTOXICATED BY ME, WANTS TO  
IMPRESS THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL. I NOD,  
SMILE, PLAY WITH MY HAIR.

YES. YOUR  
EX-WIFE  
SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN MORE  
APPRECIATIVE OF  
HOW HARD YOU  
WORKED.





I'M BETTER AT MULTI-TASKING AS A GIRL, AND AS I AM FOCUSING ON HIM, I'M ALSO AWARE OF A LOT OF EYES ON ME. I PICK UP SNIPPETS OF COMMENTS.

HE'S GORGEOUS!

I ALWAYS HAD A FEELING ABOUT HIM.

HIS SKIN IS GLOWING. WHAT'S HIS SECRET?

LOOK AT THOSE TITS.

I'D DO HIM.

I KNOW, RIGHT? HE WAS SO ANTI-FEMINIST IT MADE WE WONDER IF HE WAS HIDING SOMETHING.

I'M USED TO MEN AND WOMEN TALKING ABOUT HOW PRETTY I AM, GUYS RATING MY FUCKABILITY AND NOT CARING IF I CAN HEAR THEM. I HATE IT, THOUGH, WHEN PEOPLE SUGGEST THEY SOMEHOW KNEW I WANTED THIS-- I NEVER WANTED THIS.

I TUNE IT ALL OUT AND GET BACK TO THE ACTIVE LISTENING I'VE BEEN TAUGHT. AS A WOMAN, I AM EXPECTED TO CONSTANTLY SIGNAL THAT I AM SO TOTALLY INTO WHAT A MAN IS SAYING.

I BELIEVE IT WAS 1993 WHEN I DECIDED TO RUN FOR MAYOR...

MMM- HMMN- FASCINATING!

I SMILE SO MUCH MY CHEEKS HURT, EVEN THOUGH WILLY ISN'T REALLY ALL THAT FOCUSED ON MY FACE.



HE'S HAVING A CONVERSATION  
WITH MY BREASTS. A REAL  
GIRL MIGHT GET ANNOYED,  
BUT ME?

I FIND EXCUSES TO  
GIVE HIM A GOOD  
LOOK.



IT'S FUNNY, BUT NOW THAT I  
HAVE MY OWN PUPPIES, IT'S  
KINDA FUNNY HOW OBSESSED  
MOST GUYS ARE WITH BOOBS. I  
CAN MAKE A GUY'S EYES BULGE  
OUT OF HIS HEAD WITH A SHRUG.

WILLY'S SO DAMN BORING.  
HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY THINK  
ANYONE WOULD WANT TO HEAR  
ABOUT HIS ENDOSCOPY?

MMMHHMMMN-  
MMMHHMMN-

HIS SKIN IS FALLING  
OFF HIS FACE. HE  
LOOKS LIKE A MELTING  
WAX STATUE. I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I HAVE TO  
PRETEND TO BE  
ATTRACTED TO THIS  
FOSSIL.

HIS JOKES ARE SO STUPID AND LAME, BUT OF COURSE, I GIGGLE AND LAUGH LIKE HE'S THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIS ROCK JR.

OMIGOD!  
YOU'RE SO FUNNY!

OF COURSE, HE EVENTUALLY TURNS HIS COMIC STYLINGS TO ME.



WHILE THE PRICK NEGS ON ME, I ACT THE PART OF THE DUMB BROAD WITH BIG TITS.

IT'S SO TRUE.  
I'M SUCH AN AIRHEAD!

WITH A FACE LIKE THAT, YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH BEING A DUNCE.



I'M IMPRESSED WITH MYSELF. I WANT TO RIP HIS FACE OFF, BUT I AM TOTALLY PULLING OFF THE DITZY BIMBO ROUTINE.

OH, THAT'S SO SWEET.

HAHAHA! YOU ACTUALLY THINK THAT'S A COMPLIMENT? HAHAHA!





AFTER DINNER, WE  
MAKE THE ROUNDS.  
WILLY WANTS TO SHOW  
ME OFF.

BERT.  
HOLLY. YOU  
ALL KNOW MY  
DATE, SENATOR  
LEE, OF  
COURSE.

HOLLY, I  
LOVE YOUR  
DRESS!

YOU'RE SO  
BRAVE, ROB.  
SO BRAVE.

PEOPLE LOVE TO TELL  
ME HOW BRAVE I AM.  
THEY HAVE NO IDEA.



AND THEN, OF COURSE,  
WILLY WANTS ANOTHER  
BIG, PUBLIC KISS.  
RIGHT HERE IN FRONT  
OF ALL THESE BIG TIME  
PEOPLE, HE WANTS TO  
SHOW THEM ALL I'M  
NOW HIS WOMAN.  
PRICK. TITS AND ALL,  
I'M STILL MORE OF A  
MAN THAN HIM.



WE HEAD OFF TO THE HOTEL, AND  
I CAN ONLY CRINGE AS I IMAGINE  
WHAT SORT OF GROSS,  
PERVERTED THINGS HE HAS  
PLANNED. I WISH I'D HAD A FEW  
MORE GLASSES OF WINE. I'M  
SURE OF ONLY ONE THING: THIS  
IS GOING TO BE HELL.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

