

**RATED X FOR NUDITY AND
SEXUAL SITUATIONS.**

ADULTS ONLY

Tales from Club Sapphire



COOPER & KADEE
ISSUE 2



WELCOME TO TALES
FROM CLUB SAPPHIRE,
SWAPARONIES!

TONIGHT'S
EPISODE BEGINS
WITH A QUESTION: DO
FORTUNE TELLERS
PREDICT THE FUTURE?
OR DO THEY MAKE
THE FUTURE?

WHO CAN PREDICT
WHAT FUTURE AWAITS A
FOOLISH YOUNG MAN WHO
INSULTS A FORTUNE
TELLER? WELL. OKAY,
PRETTY MUCH ANYONE. WE
ALL KNOW HE'S GETTING
GENDER SWAPPED.

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OUR STORY BEGINS...

OOOOH,
SPOOKY.
CANDLES.
FLOATING
BOOKS.

IT'S ALOST
ENOUGH TO MAKE
THIS BULLSHIT
SEEM REAL.

YOU'RE
SUCH AN
ASSHOLE.





YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY BE DUMB
ENOUGH TO BELIEVE
IN THIS HOODOO
VOODOO.

EXCUSE MY
FRIEND, MADAM
MARIE. HE'S A
DUMBASS.



I JUST
KNOW A CON
WHEN I SEE
ONE. NO
OFFENSE,
LADY.

NO
OFFENSE?
LIAR.

YOU **DID** MEAN
OFFENSE. YOU ARE RUDE
BECAUSE YOU ARE BIG AND
STRONG. YOU THINK NO ONE
DARE STAND UP TO YOU. I WILL
DO A READING JUST FOR YOU. IT
WILL BE FREE, BUT IT WILL
COST YOU SO MUCH, JAKE
JOHNSON.

SEE? HOW DO
YOU THINK SHE
KNEW YOUR NAME?
SHE HAS REAL
MAGIC.

MADAM MARIE SHUFFLES THE DESK AND LAYS OUT JAKE'S FORTUNE.

THE NYMPH! SHE REPRESENTS FEMALE SEXUALITY! YOU WILL COME TO UNDERSTAND A WOMAN'S NEEDS.

OH! THE NEXT CARD IS THE WEE MAIDEN! YOU WILL GAIN A NEW PERSPECTIVE!

I KNOW HOW TO GET A GIRL OFF.

SURE YOU DO.



A woman with dark skin, wearing a blue headscarf with a gold band, a blue and gold patterned top, and a necklace, sits at a wooden table. She is looking down at a spread of tarot cards on a black cloth. Her right hand is resting on the cards, and she wears a red ring. The background shows a room with wooden paneling and a patterned rug.

NEXT, WE FIND
THE SIREN! A MOST
AUSPICIOUS CARD.
YOU WILL FIND A
NEW VOICE!


HHMM.
MATERNUS. THE
MOTHER. YOU WILL
GET YOUR HANDS
ON A PAIR OF VERY
LARGE
BREASTS!



ARE YOU SAYING HE'S GONNA CHEAT ON ME?


NAH. YOU JUST NEED TO GET A BOOB JOB LIKE I BEEN TELLING YOU.

YOU LIKE LARGE BREASTS, JACKIE? WE'LL SEE IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND AFTER...WELL, LET'S RETURN TO THE READING.

A woman with dark skin, wearing a blue and gold patterned dress and a blue headscarf with gold trim, is seated at a wooden table. She is smiling and gesturing with her right hand while her left hand rests on a tarot card. The table is covered with a black cloth and has several tarot cards laid out in a grid. The background features a gothic-style room with wooden paneling and a window with a decorative lattice pattern.

OH! THE HARLOT! I
FORSEE AN EXCITING
NEW PROFESSION IN
YOUR FUTURE!

YES, JACKIE,
DARLING. LIFE IS
ABOUT TO THROW YOU
MANY IMPRESSIVE
CURVES!



MY GIRL HERE
WITH HER OWN D
CUPS? THOSE ARE
SOME CURVES I
COULD DEFINITELY
GET INTO.

HUNH. HUNH.
HUNH.



I'D HAVE TERRIBLE BACKACHES, IDIOT.

SO?

AFTER THE READINGS ARE DONE
AND THE COUPLE DEPARTS.

ENJOY YOUR NEW
LIFE...

---MISS
JOHNSON!

HAHAHAHA!



THAT NIGHT, JAKE BEGAN TO EXPERIENCE CHANGES.

YOU KNOW THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO ME.

YEAH, WELL, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH MY LADY BONER?

I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG. IT MAY SEEM A LITTLE WEIRD, BUT...





...LET'S SWITCH PLACES. I WANNA BE ON THE BOTTOM.

I FEEL WEIRD BEING ON TOP.

WHAT THE FUCK? SINCE WHEN?

SHORTLY...

HE
SOUNDS LIKE A
BITCH.

OMIGOD!
YES! YES! FUCK
ME HARDER!
YES!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

YAAAAWWWNN

ZZZZZZ

I NEVER CAME LIKE THAT BEFORE. IT WAS SO -- INSIDE ME? I GUESS? UMMM.



MAX? YOU AWAKE? I
NEED TO PISS LIKE
CRAZY.

YOU WOKE ME UP
TO TELL ME YOU HAD
TO PISS? DICK MOVE.
FYI, YOU SOUND
WEIRD.

I KNOW. I GOT
A FROG IN MY
THROAT OR
SOMETHING.



WANNA FUCK
WHEN I GET
BACK? I'M SO
HORNY!

I JUST WANNA
SLEEP.

I FEEL
LIKE I'M
WALKING FUNNY.
DOES MY ASS
LOOK BIG TO
YOU?



SCREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

WHAT THE
FUCK?



YUP. YOU
DEFINITELY
HAVE A
VAGINA.

YOU'RE
ALMOST AS
SHORT AS ME
NOW.

MADAM MARIE! I'M
GONNA GO DOWN
THERE RIGHT NOW AND
KICK HER ASS!

A comic panel showing two nude women from behind in a library. The woman on the left is speaking, and the woman on the right is responding. A third person is visible in the background. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.


HOW STUPID ARE YOU? LOOK BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, **SISTER**. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED THE FIRST TIME YOU PISSED HER OFF.

YOU REALLY WANT TO PISS HER OFF SOME MORE?

OMIGOD, I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT RIGHT NOW.

UM, PROMISE NOT TO MAKE FUN OF ME? I HAVE SOMETHING REALLY EMBARRASSING TO ASK YOU.

CAN I, UH, USE ONE OF YOUR DILDOS? PLEASE?



YOU? I MEAN, YOU
WANT TO DO YOURSELF
WITH A DILDO? LIKE A
BITCH AND STUFF?

I CAN'T HELP IT! THAT
STUPID FORTUNE TELLER! I
HAVE THIS CRAVING TO BE--
PENETRATED!

OKAY. OW. MY
CHEST HURTS, I HOPE IT
ISN'T...

BOING!

NICE RACK! LOOKS LIKE YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON A PAIR OF BIG ASS TITIES ANYTIME YOU WANT, JUST LIKE MADAM MARIE SAID!

OH, HELL.





I LOVE IT. OH,
LOOK AT THOSE
PUPPIES. FORGET
ABOUT EYE CONTACT
FROM MEN. THEY'LL
BE TALKING TO YOUR
TITS FROM NOW
ON, BABE.

TALKING TO
TITS. YEAH.
YEAH.

ABOUT YOUR
DILDO?

I HAVE A
BETTER IDEA,
HONEY BUNS.

LET ME
GET MY STRAP
ON.

POOF!

STRAP?
ON? OMIGOD.
NO. THAT'S TOO
MUCH. YOU'RE MY
GIRLFRIEND. I CAN'T
LET YOU... I
CAN'T!




NIPPLES
DON'T LIE,
SWEETHEART. YOU
WANT IT FROM
ME. BAD.

AND ONE MORE
THING BEFORE I
CLEAN YOUR
PIPES.

WHAT?





CALL ME
MISTRESS.

NO WAY.

MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT DO YOU CALL ME?

MISTRESS!!!





YA LIKE THAT, YOU DIRTY GIRL?

YES, MISTRESS!!!

I AM GONNA KILL MARIE FOR MAKING ME LIKE THIS!

SPANK

SPANK

SPANK

SIX MONTHS LATER...

DUDE AREN'T YOU
EVEN GOING TO TRY
AND FIND MADAM
MARIE ANYMORE?

I MEAN, SHE
TOTALLY
DESTROYED YOUR
LIFE. YOU'RE
WORKING AT...



A woman with grey hair, wearing a white tank top with 'HOOTERS' written on it and orange shorts, is combing her hair in a bedroom. She is standing in the center of the room, with a bed to her left and a doorway to her right. The room has wooden floors and a bookshelf in the background.

HOOTERS!

I COULDN'T KEEP
WORKING
CONTRUCTION,
COULD I?

THANK
GOODNESS
I'VE GOT SUCH
GREAT TITS. I
MEAN, THE TIPS I
GET JUST FROM
SHAKING MY
BOOBS IN SOME
GUY'S FACE?
AMAZING.



I'M JUST PLAYING THE CARDS I WAS DEALT. BEING A WOMAN ISN'T SO BAD.

OTHER THAN THE BACK ACHES!





MADAM MARIE
CERTAINLY DID A JOB
ON OLE JACKIE!

IT SEEMS HE'S
NOW LIVING THAT
OLD SONG BY BOB
HOPE: THANKS FOR
THE MAMMARIES!

UNTIL NEXT
TIME!

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