

11 AM...

IT'S AN HONOR TO ACTUALLY MEET YOU, MRS. BUTTERWORTH!

YES, OF COURSE... PLEASE FOLLOW ME!

YES, YES... SAME HERE, BUT MY SCHEDULE IS VERY BUSY, SO IF WE CAN GET ON WITH THIS TOUR, I WOULD BE MOST APPRECIATIVE! THANK YOU!






THIS  
LOOKS VERY  
MUCH LIKE A  
SCHOOL, MRS.  
MOORE...

I HAVE NO IDEA  
WHY WALTER BOOKED  
ME AN APPOINTMENT AT  
THIS PLACE! MY  
COSMETICS AND MY NAME  
ARE ASSOCIATED WITH  
PARIS AND MILAN, NOT  
SOME BACKSTREET  
COLLEGE!



WE WERE A SCHOOL, YES, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, BUT WE HAVE HAD SUBSEQUENT DONATIONS FOR US TO TAKE THIS SCHOOL INTO A NEW DIRECTION BY BECOMING A COLLEGE FOR YOUNG ASPIRING LADIES TO LEARN COSMETICS AND FASHION!

A VERY AMBITIOUS MOVE, IF I SAY SO!




IT WAS A  
THRILLING TOUR,  
MISS SCHULTZ!  
THANK YOU!

I'M GLAD I  
COULD SHOW  
YOU AROUND,  
MA'AM!

WE HAVE  
INVITED THE  
MAYORESS OF  
BULLCHESTER,  
TOO... SO YOU CAN  
SEE, WE ARE VERY  
COMMITTED TO  
ACHIEVING THIS  
MOVE!

...

WHAT  
POSSIBLE GAINS  
CAN MY COMPANY  
MAKE FROM  
ASSOCIATING MY  
WORLDWIDE BRAND  
OF PRODUCTS WITH  
THIS PROJECT?  
**\*PFFT\***



MAYORESS STROUD,  
THIS IS MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH!

WE HAVE MET  
BEFORE, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH,  
ALTHOUGH IT WAS AT  
A FUNDRAISER FOR  
MY RIVAL'S  
ELECTION  
CAMPAIGN!

I DON'T  
CARE MUCH  
FOR POLITICS,  
MRS. STROUD, AND  
I TEND TO KEEP  
ANY ASSOCIATIONS  
I *DO* HAVE WITH  
THEM AWAY  
FROM THE  
MEDIA!

OF COURSE, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH...

**\*AHEM\***  
IF I MAY  
INTERRUPT,  
LADIES...




I KNOW YOU'RE ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, SO IF I MAY MOVE THINGS ALONG...

YES, OF COURSE, MISS...

MISS SCHULTZ, FEETHAMS' RELIGIOUS TEACHER, MRS. BUTTERWORTH...

I GUESS THAT MRS. STROUD HAS HAD A TOUR OF THIS PLACE?

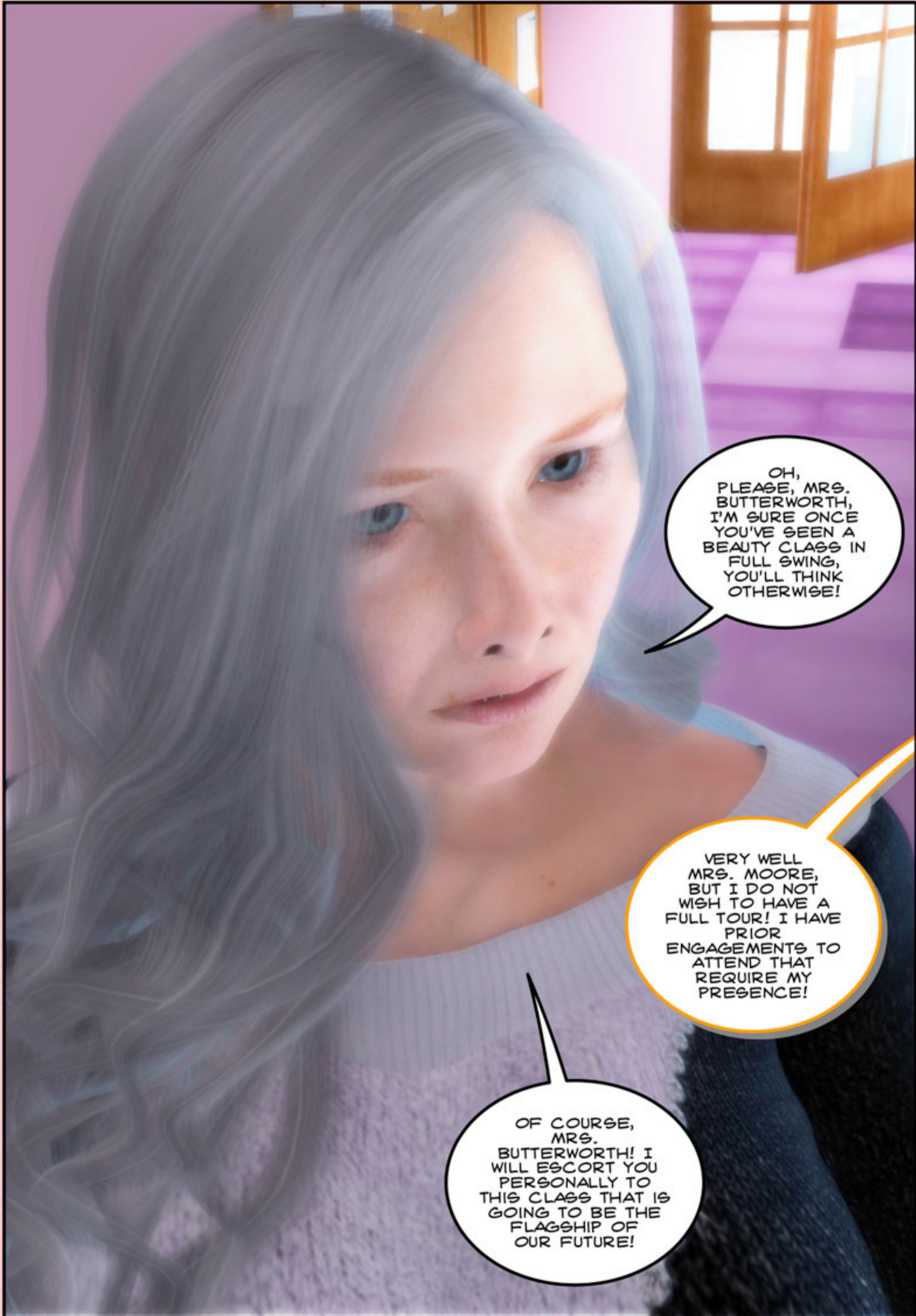
INDEED SHE HAS, MRS. BUTTERWORTH!

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a grey blazer over a blue top and a blue skirt, is speaking to a woman with blonde hair wearing a grey pinstriped suit. The woman in the blazer has her hands raised in a gesture. The woman in the pinstriped suit is looking at her.

I HAVE HAD A  
WONDERFUL TOUR,  
MRS. MOORE...  
GEMMA HERE IS SUCH  
A DELIGHTFUL YOUNG  
LADY, AND I CAN  
WHOLEHEARTEDLY SAY I  
WILL LOBBY FOR THIS  
SCHOOL TO BE  
UPGRADED TO  
COLLEGE STATUS  
NEXT SEMESTER!

HMM... THIS  
HEADMISTRESS  
THINKS I WAS  
BORN  
YESTERDAY...

I APPRECIATE  
THE WORDS OF A  
HIGHLY RANKED  
POLITICIAN, MRS.  
MOORE, BUT I'VE SEEN  
NOTHING TO PERSUADE  
ME TO LEND SUPPORT  
FOR THIS SCHEME  
OF YOURS!




OH,  
PLEASE, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH,  
I'M SURE ONCE  
YOU'VE SEEN A  
BEAUTY CLASS IN  
FULL SWING,  
YOU'LL THINK  
OTHERWISE!

VERY WELL  
MRS. MOORE,  
BUT I DO NOT  
WISH TO HAVE A  
FULL TOUR! I HAVE  
PRIOR  
ENGAGEMENTS TO  
ATTEND THAT  
REQUIRE MY  
PRESENCE!

OF COURSE,  
MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH! I  
WILL ESCORT YOU  
PERSONALLY TO  
THIS CLASS THAT IS  
GOING TO BE THE  
FLAGSHIP OF  
OUR FUTURE!



A woman with blonde, wavy hair and rosy cheeks stands in a room, wearing a black dress with white polka dots. She has her hands on her hips and is looking towards the right. In the background, there is a mannequin wearing light blue underwear on a pedestal, and two framed pictures on the wall. The floor has a purple circular rug with some text on it. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

AND WHAT IS THE  
AIM FOR A MAGAZINE  
TO USE A NICELY  
PROPORTIONED MODEL  
TO MODEL  
SHAPEWEAR?

HIGHLIGHTS A  
FEMALE FORM MORE,  
MISS CELIA, MA'AM!

YES,  
TORI, IT  
DOES...  
BUT NOT  
THE ANSWER  
I WAS  
LOOKING  
FOR!  
CRAIG?

PRODUCE,  
UMMM... A BETTER  
HOURLASS  
FIGURE, MA'AM?

YOU STILL HAVE  
A LOT OF  
CATCHING UP TO  
DO, CRAIG, SO  
PAY ATTENTION!

UM, YES,  
MISS CELIA,  
MA'AM!



NIKI, YOUR THOUGHTS?

ATTRACTS MEN TO YOUR SEXY BODY, MISS CELIA, MA'AM!

WELL, APART FROM THAT?

OH, MISS CELIA, YOU HAVE THE PERFECT FIGURE ANY WOMAN WOULD DIE FOR, SO YOU WEARING IT WOULD MAKE THEM THINK THEY TOO COULD LOOK AS HOT AS YOU DO!

WELL, APART FROM NIKI'S OBVIOUS REFERENCE TO *MY* BODY, HER REPLY IS CORRECT! THE ADVANTAGE FOR ADVERTISEMENTS USING HOURGLASS-FIGURED WOMEN SUBCONSCIOUSLY MAKES THEM FEEL THEY TOO WILL HAVE THAT SHAPE IF THEY WERE TO BUY IT!

PLEASE  
EXCUSE US, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE, AND  
CARRY ON WITH  
YOUR CLASS!


THIS MUSIC IN THE  
BACKGROUND... IS IT  
ESSENTIAL? SURELY IT  
WOULD INTERRUPT THE  
THOUGHTS OF A  
CLASSROOM!

OF  
COURSE,  
MRS.  
MOORE!

DID SHE  
CALL HER  
STONEBRIDGE?

YES, TORI?  
YOU WERE  
ABOUT TO  
ADD...

STOCKINGS  
ARE ANOTHER  
METHOD OF  
ADVERTISING THE  
FEMALE FORM,  
TOO, MISS CELIA,  
MA'AM!



NO, WE HAVE  
FOUND IT  
IMPROVES AND  
HEIGHTENS THE  
CLASS'S RECEPTION  
TO THE TEACHER'S  
TUTORING!

AND IT'S  
WORKING ON  
YOU, TOO,  
BITCH!

SORRY, BUT  
DID I HEAR  
RIGHT THIS  
TEACHER'S  
NAME?

CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE,  
YOU MEAN? YES,  
SHE IS OUR BEAUTY  
TEACHER, AND  
COMES HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED,  
TOO!

NO!  
SURELY  
THAT'S NOT  
HER...

AND HOW MANY  
OF YOU HAVE HAD  
THE EXPERIENCE  
OF WEARING SILK  
STOCKINGS?

TWICE,  
MISS CELIA,  
MA'AM!

BUT THAT WAS  
JUST ON YOUR  
HAND, WAS IT  
NOT, TORI?

OOOH, MISS!  
I WEAR  
PANTYHOSE, MISS!  
DOES THAT  
COUNT?

MISS  
CELIA TO  
YOU!

SO SORRY,  
MISS CELIA,  
MA'AM!

THANK YOU...  
AND, NO, IT DOES  
NOT COUNT!



PLEASE  
FORGIVE MY  
RUDENESS, BUT  
WOULD YOU CARE  
FOR A SEAT?




NO, NO,  
MISS  
STONEBRIDGE...  
WE ARE JUST  
PASSING  
THROUGH!

ERMM...  
ER, NO, I AM  
PERFECTLY  
FINE  
STANDING!

IT CAN'T BE  
HER, CAN IT?

WELL, IF YOU DO  
CHANGE YOUR  
MINDS, JUST GRAB A  
CHAIR, LADIES!  
**\*SMILE\***





NOW, NIKI,  
WHERE WAS  
I?

YOU WERE  
TALKING ABOUT  
THE EFFECTS OF  
SILK STOCKINGS,  
MISS CELIA,  
MA'AM!

HOW HAS SHE  
MAINTAINED HER  
FIGURE AT HER AGE?  
IT CAN'T BE THE  
CELIA STONEBRIDGE  
I USED TO KNOW!

The combination of serene hypnotic music and the name *Celia Stonebridge* soon implanted themselves into Lisbeth Butterworth's subconscious...


Later that evening...

THIS IS  
THE  
PLACE,  
NEWTON!

YES, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH...  
I WILL WAIT FOR  
YOU HERE!

BETH 5





BY THE  
GODDESS, SHE  
LOOKS OLD! ALL  
THAT SUN HAS  
AGED HER  
FAST!

AND YOU  
ARE?

I AM LISBETH  
BUTTERWORTH...  
*THE* LISBETH  
BUTTERWORTH!



THE '60S  
PINUP GIRL AND  
COSMETIC  
QUEEN?

I DON'T  
TEND TO USE  
MY MODELING  
DAYS AS A  
DEFINITION OF  
WHO I AM, BUT  
SINCE YOU SAID  
IT, YES, THAT  
IS ME!

*O.M.G....*  
YES, COME ON  
IN, LISBETH!

WHY DOES  
THIS WOMAN  
SEEM FAMILIAR  
TO ME, TOO?

SORRY, MISS,  
BUT HAVE WE MET  
BEFORE? YOUR  
FACE LOOKS  
AWFULLY  
FAMILIAR!

OH, A LONG TIME  
AGO, WE DID! BUT,  
ANYWAY, COME IN AND  
GO UPSTAIRS... CELIA  
LIVES ABOVE ME!

I AM SIMPLY  
GORGEOUS AND  
SO LUCKY TO BE  
ABLE TO WEAR SUCH  
FAB UNDERWEAR AT  
MY AGE!  
**\*GIGGLE\***



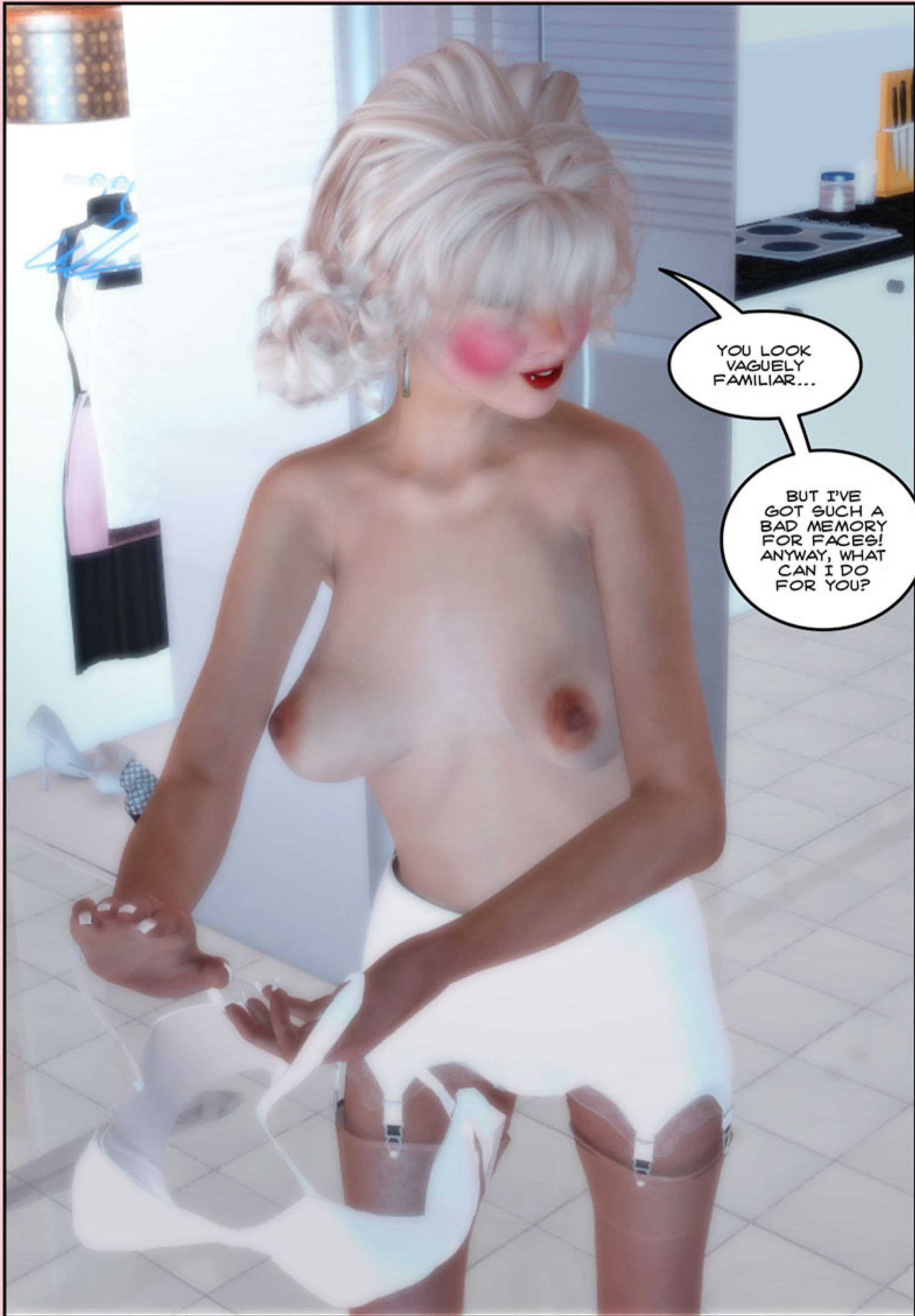


CELIA... CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE?

YES,  
THAT'S ME...  
CAN I HELP  
YOU?

DO YOU NOT  
RECOGNIZE  
ME, CELIA?

OH, MY  
GOODNESS, SHE  
LOOKS EVEN  
MORE  
INCREDIBLE!



YOU LOOK  
VAGUELY  
FAMILIAR...

BUT I'VE  
GOT SUCH A  
BAD MEMORY  
FOR FACES!  
ANYWAY, WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?






YOUR BREASTS... THEY ARE SO FULL AND BUOYANT! HOW?

HEE HEE! YES, THEY ARE... I'M SORRY, BUT WHO ARE YOU?

WE USED TO HANG OUT TOGETHER AT PENSTON... LISBETH... LISBETH FARNDALE!

HER TITS ARE SO YOUTHFUL, HER BODY... BUT HOW?

HMMM, PENSTON... WOW, THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! LIKE 40-ODD YEARS AGO, I THINK!




COME TO THINK  
OF IT, I DO  
RECALL A LISBETH...  
YES, SHE WAS TWO  
YEARS OLDER THAN  
ME AND BECAME A  
PINUP MODEL!

YES, THAT'S ME,  
CELIA... BUT,  
PLEASE, I HAVE TO  
KNOW, HOW HAVE YOU  
REMAINED SO  
YOUTHFUL? YOU'RE  
66, I ESTIMATE!

OHH, A  
GOOD DIET AND  
A WONDERFUL  
AND HAPPY  
LIFESTYLE, I  
GUESS!

BULLSHIT!  
YOU'VE HAD  
SOMETHING DONE!  
THERE'S NO WAY YOU  
COULD LOOK THAT  
GOOD AT YOUR  
AGE!



YOU WERE A DREARY-LOOKING HEARTLESS BITCH WHEN I KNEW YOU, AND COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU SURE HAD NO BODY TO SHOW OFF, EITHER!

I SAID I DON'T RECALL MUCH OF MY YOUTH, BUT IF YOU WISH TO USE THAT SORT OF LANGUAGE, I WOULD ASK YOU TO LEAVE!

DO YOU KNOW I OWN A COMPANY THAT IS A GLOBAL LEADER IN COSMETICS?

I DO NOT... NO!

YOUR BOSS AT THAT RUNDOWN SCHOOL WANTS ME TO SPONSOR AND GIVE HER MY COSMETICS' STAMP OF APPROVAL, AND FROM WHERE I STAND, YOU ARE ALL THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF THAT HAPPENING!

IN THE WAY HOW?

WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE USING TO STAY SO YOUNG, I WANT TO KNOW!




CELIA,  
HONEY, IS  
EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

YES, IT IS,  
THANK YOU... WE  
ARE JUST  
CATCHING UP ON  
OLD TIMES!

CELIA?

YES,  
GYWNN!  
LISBETH IS AN  
OLD COLLEGE  
FRIEND, BUT  
SHE'S A  
LITTLE  
UPSET!



SHE CLAIMS I AM  
USING SOME YOUTH  
SERUM TO STAY  
YOUNG... QUITE  
PREPOSTEROUS, IF  
YOU ASK ME!

LOOK, I'M  
SORRY, CELIA! I  
DID NOT MEAN TO  
FLY OFF THE  
HANDLE... IT'S JUST  
THAT SEEING YOU  
LIKE THIS... THERE  
MUST BE AN  
EXPLANATION,  
THAT'S ALL!

WELL, I'M GOING  
TO SHOWER... I'M  
GOING OUT TONIGHT  
AND DON'T WANT TO  
BE BACK LATE!



WELL,  
LIBBETH, IT  
SEEMS YOU'VE  
OUTSTAYED YOUR  
WELCOME,  
HONEY!

WELL, WHY  
DON'T WE LET  
CELIA BE THE  
JUDGE OF  
THAT, EH?

CELIA, HONEY,  
DO YOU WISH FOR  
ME TO ESCORT  
THIS RUDE WOMAN  
FROM YOUR  
HOME?



YES,  
PLEASE,  
GYWNN!

THERE YOU  
GO, FROM  
THE HORSE'S  
MOUTH ITSELF,  
LISBETH!

GOODBYE, LISBETH!  
NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO  
TALK, THEN MAKE AN  
APPOINTMENT AT THE  
SCHOOL, NOT ARRIVE  
HERE UNINVITED!



WAIT A MINUTE,  
I KNOW YOU!  
YOU'RE THAT...

CALM  
YOURSELF,  
LISBETH! THIS ONE  
IS THE SAME  
AGE AS CELIA!

BUT *SHE* IS  
A *HE*... OR  
*WAS!*

I'M THAT  
WHAT, SUGAR  
PIE?



YOU'RE THAT BOY WHO  
PRETENDED TO BE A GIRL!  
I EVEN REMEMBER THAT  
SOUTHERN DRAWL AS IF IT  
WERE YESTERDAY!

REALLY,  
SUGAR PIE,  
DO I LOOK  
LIKE A BOY,  
EH?


I'VE NO IDEA  
WHAT YOU ARE ON  
ABOUT, SUGAR PIE,  
AN' I'VE GOT THREE  
EX-HUSBANDS TO  
CONTEST THAT  
ALLEGATION!

SORRY, DID  
I JUST HEAR  
YOUR CAR  
PULL UP?

THEN YOU ADMIT  
THAT YOU ARE THE  
SAME AGE AS CELIA...  
OH, WAIT A MOMENT, LET  
ME GUESS... CELIA  
DOES NOT KNOW,  
DOES SHE?

YOUR KIND ARE  
TOLERATED THESE DAYS,  
AND AS DISGUSTING AS I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE BACK  
THEN, NO SURGERY OR  
FETISHISTIC *HUSBANDS*  
WILL CHANGE MY MIND ON  
PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

ONCE I FIND THE  
SOURCE OF THEIR  
YOUTHFULNESS, I'LL  
HANG THIS ONE OUT  
TO DRY, JUST LIKE  
LAST TIME!



HAS THAT  
HORRID WOMAN  
GONE, GYWNN?

OOOO

I DO SEEM TO  
BE ABLE TO  
ATTRACT A LOT OF  
ATTENTION... BUT I DO  
RECALL THAT WOMAN...  
LISBETH, HMMMM... YES,  
SHE WAS PART OF A  
GROUP WITH ME ON  
SOMETHING...

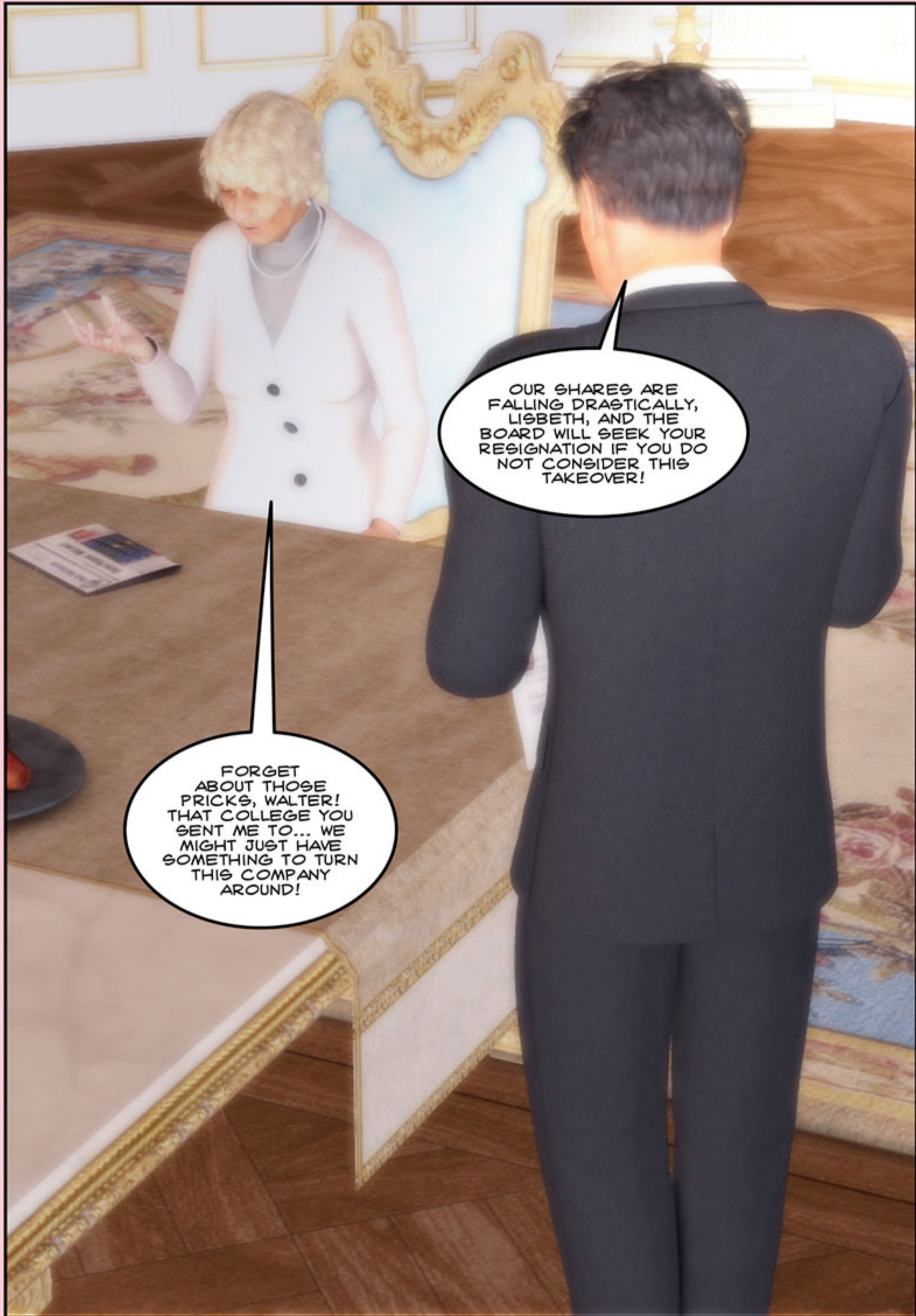
YESSIREE!  
OUT ON HER  
TUSHIE!

The Butterworth estate, Tuesday, 8:25 AM...

I WILL NOT  
BOW DOWN TO A  
BOARD OF PRICKS!  
MY FATHER MAY HAVE  
LET THEM TAKE OVER  
HIS EMPIRE, BUT I  
SPENT 20 YEARS  
GETTING US BACK  
ON TRACK,  
WALTER!

PLEASE,  
LISBETH, YOU MUST  
RECONSIDER THIS  
OFFER!





OUR SHARES ARE FALLING DRASTICALLY, LISBETH, AND THE BOARD WILL SEEK YOUR RESIGNATION IF YOU DO NOT CONSIDER THIS TAKEOVER!

FORGET ABOUT THOSE PRICKS, WALTER! THAT COLLEGE YOU SENT ME TO... WE MIGHT JUST HAVE SOMETHING TO TURN THIS COMPANY AROUND!

I NEVER SENT YOU TO ANY COLLEGE, LISBETH...

STRANGE... IT WAS YOUR MEMO IN MY DIARY...

BUT, PLEASE, LISBETH, CAN WE GIVE THE BOARD A CREDIBLE ANSWER TODAY?

TELL THEM I HAVE A LEAD ON SOMETHING THAT WILL PUT THIS COMPANY BACK IN THE LIMELIGHT AND MAKE LISBETH COSMETICS THE FLAGSHIP IT ONCE WAS!

WE TRIED THE MODELING REALITY SHOWS! THEY ONLY PRODUCE MORE COMPETITION WHEN THE NEXT SEASON APPROACHES, AND THE BOARD WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY MORE LOSSES!

IT WILL NOT BE A REALITY SHOW, WALTER! WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT IS GROUNDBREAKING, AND WHEN YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE INFORMATION ON THOSE TWO PEOPLE'S MEDICAL HISTORIES, I WILL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF... AND THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO FACE THE BOARD! DO YOU HEAR?

*tap tap tap*



I SAW  
SOMETHING  
INCREDIBLE  
YESTERDAY AT THAT  
COLLEGE, AND I  
WILL FIND OUT  
EXACTLY WHAT IT  
IS THAT MADE  
IT SO!

SHE  
LOOKED SO  
YOUNG, AND SO  
DID THAT  
WHATEVER-IT-  
CALLS-ITSELF!

A man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and blue patterned tie, is looking down at a document he is holding. He has a speech bubble above him. The background features a stained glass window and a wall with vertical panels.

SO YOU WANT  
ME TO TELL THE  
BOARD EXACTLY  
WHAT, LISBETH? THEY  
EXPECT YOU TO SIGN  
THIS AGREEMENT TO  
ACCEPT THE  
TAKEOVER!

WALTER, YOU  
HAVE BEEN IN MY  
SERVICE SINCE YOU  
WERE A SPOTTY TEEN!  
NOW STOP FRETTING AND  
TELL THEM I AM IN NO  
HURRY TO SELL JUST  
BECAUSE THEY HAVE  
GIVEN UP...  
I HAVE NOT!

YES  
LISBETH, I  
HAVE, BUT THEIR  
PATIENCE WITH  
YOU IS RUNNING  
OUT! I CAN ONLY  
DELAY THIS  
SIGNING FOR  
ANOTHER DAY  
OR SO!

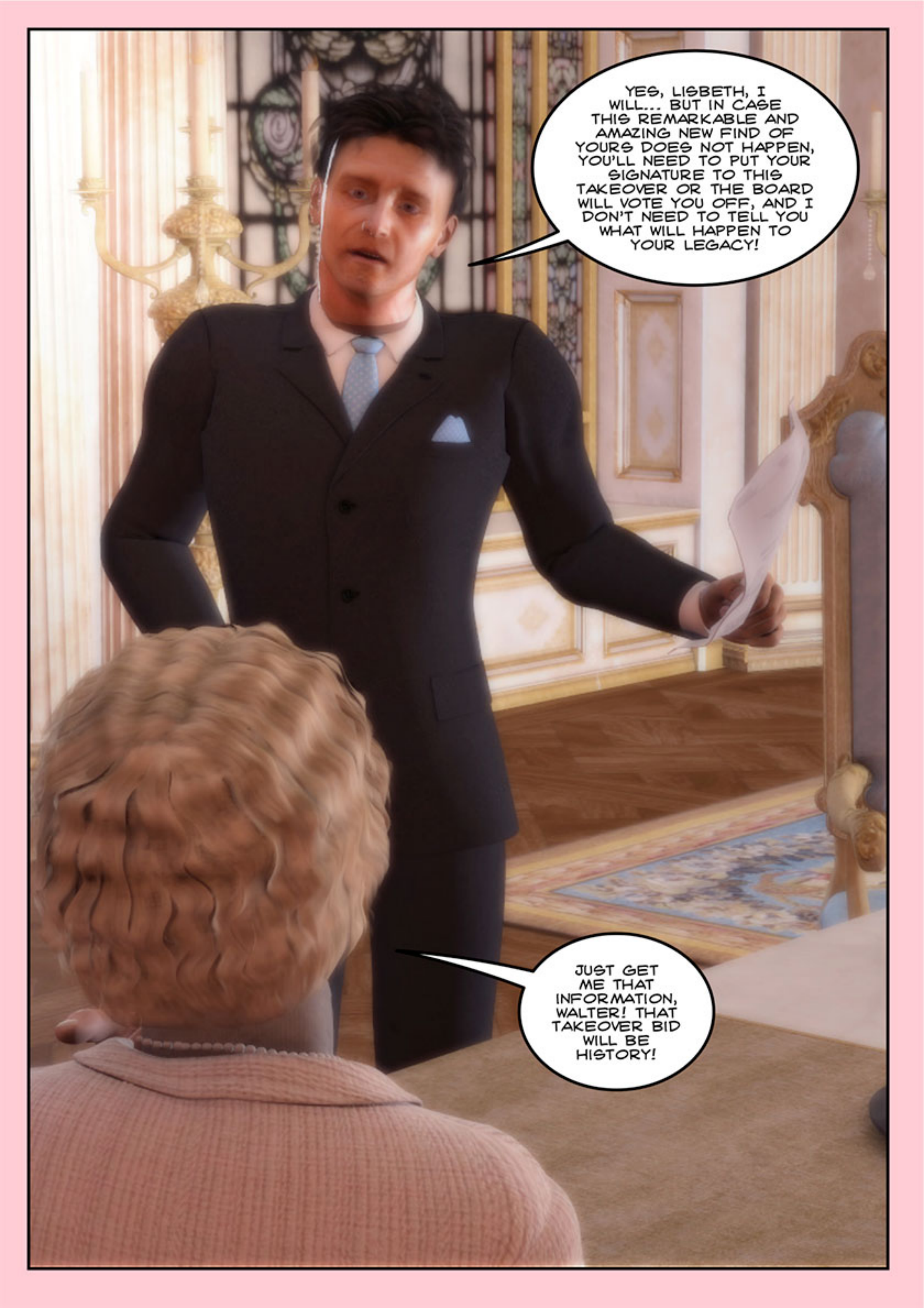


AND IF CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE  
CAN LOOK SO  
YOUTHFUL, THEN  
SO CAN I!

BELIEVE ME,  
WALTER, WHEN YOU  
HAVE GIVEN ME THE  
INFORMATION I  
REQUESTED, THE BOARD WILL  
BE ON THEIR HANDS AND  
KNEES BEGGING FOR MY  
FORGIVENESS... THEY ARE  
ONLY INTERESTED IN THEIR  
OWN ASSES, NOT MY  
COMPANY OR THE NAME  
OF BUTTERSWORTH-  
FARNDALE!

NOW GET ME  
THAT  
INFORMATION,  
WALTER!



A man in a dark suit and light blue tie stands in an ornate room, holding a white document. He is looking towards a woman with blonde, curly hair who is seen from the back. The room features a large chandelier, a patterned rug, and a window with decorative glass. A speech bubble is positioned above the man, and another is below the woman.

YES, LISBETH, I  
WILL... BUT IN CASE  
THIS REMARKABLE AND  
AMAZING NEW FIND OF  
YOURS DOES NOT HAPPEN,  
YOU'LL NEED TO PUT YOUR  
SIGNATURE TO THIS  
TAKEOVER OR THE BOARD  
WILL VOTE YOU OFF, AND I  
DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO  
YOUR LEGACY!

JUST GET  
ME THAT  
INFORMATION,  
WALTER! THAT  
TAKEOVER BID  
WILL BE  
HISTORY!

Wednesday, 7:35 AM...

I TRUST  
THE CAR IS  
FUELED FOR  
MY JOURNEY,  
NEWTON?

IT IS, MA'AM,  
BUT I MUST  
INSIST I DRIVE  
YOU THERE!

NO,  
NEWTON, I  
HAVE TO  
DO THIS  
ALONE...

BUT, MA'AM,  
YOU HAVE NOT  
DRIVEN ALONE  
FOR OVER TEN  
YEARS!

I CAN  
HANDLE A CAR,  
NEWTON! NOW  
STOP BEING SO  
PROTECTIVE!


VERY WELL,  
MA'AM, BUT  
PLEASE, MAY I  
SAY, YOU LOOK  
VERY NICE  
TODAY!

Lisbeth had not felt so sprightly and full of vigor since her husband Mr. Farndale had been alive, and fueled by the prospect of finding a possible answer to her cosmetic company's decline and impending liquidation, she now had a reason to look and act as sharp as she once was...

I FEEL  
QUITE  
REJUVENATED BY  
THE THOUGHT OF  
VISITING THIS  
DOCTOR OF  
CELIA'S, AND THAT  
CREATURE  
PRETENDING TO  
PLAY BEING A  
WOMAN!

THANK YOU,  
NEWTON... I AM  
HOPING THAT THIS  
TRIP WILL INSPIRE ME  
TO LOOK MORE  
PRESENTABLE TO THAT  
USELESS BUNCH OF  
PRICKS WHO MAKE  
THE RULES OVER  
MY COMPANY!


Of course, there were  
unseen factors at work...

A man with grey hair, wearing a white shirt, a black bow tie, and a black vest, is shown from the chest up. He has a thoughtful expression. A thought bubble is positioned above his head, and a speech bubble is to his left. The background is a wooden wall with decorative carvings.

WALTER WAS RIGHT...  
SHE IS GOING THROUGH  
SOME SORT OF MENTAL  
BREAKDOWN... I THINK SHE  
SOMETIMES FORGETS SHE IS  
THE LAST OF THE  
BUTTERWORTH-FARNDALES,  
AND ALL OF THIS WILL FALL  
INTO PROBATE WHEN SHE  
DIES! \*SIGH\*

VERY WELL,  
MA'AM! IS  
THERE ANYTHING  
I CAN GET YOU  
BEFORE YOU  
GO?

And, of course, little hidden  
subconscious messages to get Lisbeth  
to travel to a certain destination and  
arrive at a certain time...



DON'T LOOK SO  
SAD, NEWTON!  
EVERYTHING WILL BE  
JUST FINE-  
DIDDLE-DANDY!

YES, MA'AM...  
HAVE A SAFE  
JOURNEY!

SHE'S NOT  
WORN A DRESS  
AND HEELS  
SINCE MR.  
FARNDALE  
PASSED!

*click clackkk*

Hartingdon, 2:05 PM

THIS HAS GOT  
TO BE THE  
PLACE... IT SURE  
LOOKS TO BE A  
QUIET TOWN...

AM I IN THE  
RIGHT PLACE  
FOR DOCTOR  
DE'BOUCHER?



I DID NOT  
HEAR A  
"PLEASE" IN THAT  
SENTENCE! DID  
YOU, LAURIE?

NOPE,  
MOMMA!

AM I IN THE  
RIGHT PLACE  
FOR DOCTOR  
DE'BOUCHER,  
PLEASE?



WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE WITH OUR DOCTOR?

I AM AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE FROM HER DAYS AT BULLCHESTER UNIVERSITY!

IF YOU WERE THAT WELL ACQUAINTED, YOU'D KNOW WHERE HER OFFICE WAS...

HMM, THEY'RE VERY PROTECTIVE OF THIS WOMAN...

IT IS MORE A SURPRISE VISIT THAN ANYTHING APPOINTMENT-WISE!

WE KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, MISS... WE JUST DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO STRANGERS IN OUR TOWN, DO WE, LAURIE?

RELAX, MOMMA! THIS LADY DON'T LOOK LIKE NO REPORTER, SO I GUESS WE CAN TELL HER!

I DUNNO, LAURIE...

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN, BUT AS YOUR DAUGHTER HERE STATED, I AM NOT ANY KIND OF REPORTER!



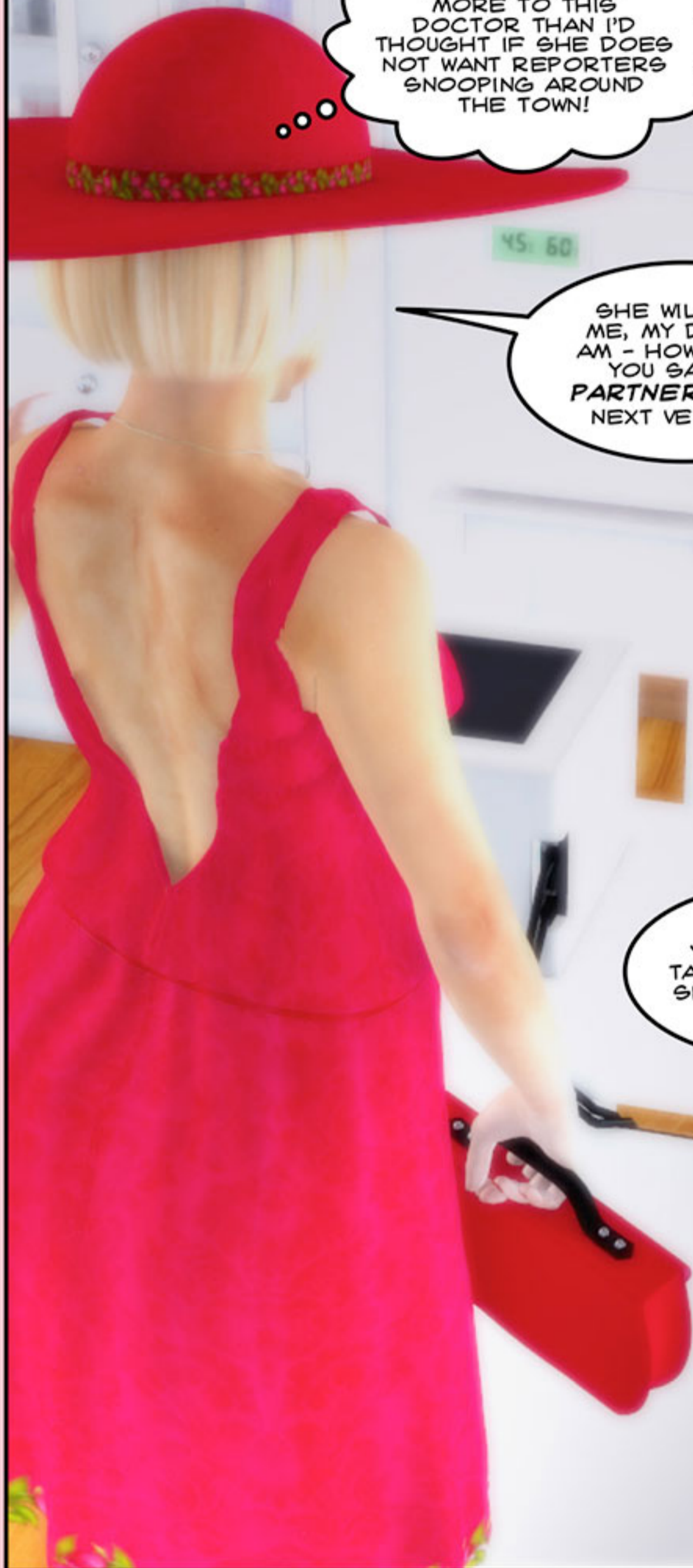
The two women finally conceded...

THERE MUST BE MORE TO THIS DOCTOR THAN I'D THOUGHT IF SHE DOES NOT WANT REPORTERS SNOOPING AROUND THE TOWN!

I'M AFRAID DOCTOR ANNA HAS A FEW PATIENTS TO SEE... DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?

SHE WILL SEE ME, MY DEAR! I AM - HOW COULD YOU SAY - A **PARTNER** IN HER NEXT VENTURE!


WELL, IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A SEAT, I'LL SEE IF SHE CAN FIT YOU IN!





PREGNANT  
WOMEN?

HYACINTH,  
DOCTOR ANNA  
IS READY FOR  
YOU!



YOU TWO ARE  
LITTLE OLD TO BE  
HAVING BABIES,  
AREN'T YOU?

I'M 49!  
THAT'S NOT  
TOO OLD TO BE  
PREGNANT, IS  
IT, VIOLET?

SURE ISN'T,  
HYACINTH! I'M 51,  
AND I CERTAINLY  
DON'T **FEEL**  
OLD!

OOO  
SEEMS LIKE  
SOME KIND OF  
FERTILITY CLINIC  
SHE HAS GOING  
ON HERE...

HAVE YOU  
COME HERE TO  
SEE THE GOOD  
DOCTOR ABOUT  
GETTING  
PREGNANT?

HEAVENS, NO!  
I AM HERE TO  
CATCH UP ON OLD  
TIMES, SO IF  
YOU'LL EXCUSE  
ME...



WHAT?

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT YOU CAN'T...


THESE WOMEN ARE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SO THEY CAN WAIT!



YOU DON'T LOOK  
LIKE HYACINTH,  
MRS....

I'M LISBETH  
BUTTERWORTH...  
I'M SURE YOU'VE  
HEARD OF ME!

OF  
COURSE!



I'M SO, SO  
SORRY, DOCTOR,  
BUT THIS LADY  
WOULD NOT WAIT  
HER TURN!

GO AND PLAY  
WITH YOUR NAILS!  
*THERE'S* A SLUTTY  
RECEPTIONIST...

WHY, I'VE...

I'M SURE  
YOU'VE BEEN  
CALLED  
WORSE!

IT'S OKAY, SHEILA...  
I WAS EXPECTING MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH!

OHH, OKAY,  
DOCTOR... WHAT  
ABOUT HYACINTH  
AND VIOLET?

REBOOK THEM  
FOR TOMORROW  
MORNING... IT WAS ONLY  
A CHECKUP FOR  
BOTH OF THEM!

I WILL BE  
AVAILABLE FOR  
THAT, SHEILA...  
THANK YOU!

AND YOUR 3 PM  
APPOINTMENT?

Lisbeth was, of course, always used to getting her way...

# UNIVERSITY OF BULLCHESTER

Et ad id quod dicitur "Litteris et non" (Veritas)  
Eius Regibus et Universis in commendatione et in commendatione et in commendatione  
et in commendatione et in commendatione et in commendatione et in commendatione

*Amatorem De'Boucher*

1875 JAMES DE'BOUCHER of the United States of America  
in right of

**Doctor of medicine**

and has given of the Rights, Privileges, and Honors thereof according  
to the Statute in that behalf made, the twenty day of June  
the second year of the said James De'Boucher of the United States of America

Richard L. McCormick



Richard L. McCormick  
President of the University

THIS IS A LITTLE BACKWATER FOR SOMEONE AS PROMINENT AS YOU, DOCTOR DE'BOUCHER!

IT HAS CHARACTER, AND I LIVE HERE... SO...



YOU ARE *THE*  
LISBETH  
BUTTERWORTH!

YOU  
SOUND AS  
THOUGH YOU  
WERE ACTUALLY  
EXPECTING ME  
TO COME  
HERE!

MY OFFICE IN  
BULLCHESTER SAID  
YOU WERE ASKING  
QUESTIONS ABOUT  
TWO OF MY  
PATIENTS!

AND WHEN  
IT'S THE  
LEADING LADY OF  
INTERNATIONAL  
COSMETICS, ONE  
TENDS TO TAKE  
NOTE!





NOW, WHAT IS IT I CAN DO FOR YOU, MRS. BUTTERWORTH?

THE TWO PATIENTS OF YOURS I MET IN BULLCHESTER, I HAVE TO ADMIT, THEY INTRIGUE ME...


CELIA AND GYWNN... YES, I KNOW OF WHOM YOU SPEAK, BUT WHAT IS SO INTRIGUING?

WELL, THE LAST TIME I SAW BOTH OF THEM WAS BACK IN THE EARLY SIXTIES, AND BOTH BEING FORMER CO-EDS WITH ME, I WAS A LITTLE SUPRISED TO FIND THEM LOOKING SOMEWHAT AS YOUNG AS THEY WERE BACK THEN!

AND YOU THINK THAT MY FERTILITY CLINIC HERE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?

MISS DE'BOUCHER, I MAY BE OLD, BUT MY MIND IS STILL AS SHARP AS IT WAS WHEN I WAS 20! I'M MORE THAN AWARE OF THE THINGS YOU HAVE STUDIED AND PRACTICED IN, AND DERMATOLOGY WAS YOUR MAIN SUBJECT, WAS IT NOT?

IT IS NOT HARD TO FIND INFORMATION ON MY CREDENTIALS, MRS. BUTTERWORTH! IT IS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE INTERNET!



SO AS I  
ASKED, WHAT  
IS IT YOU  
REQUIRE?

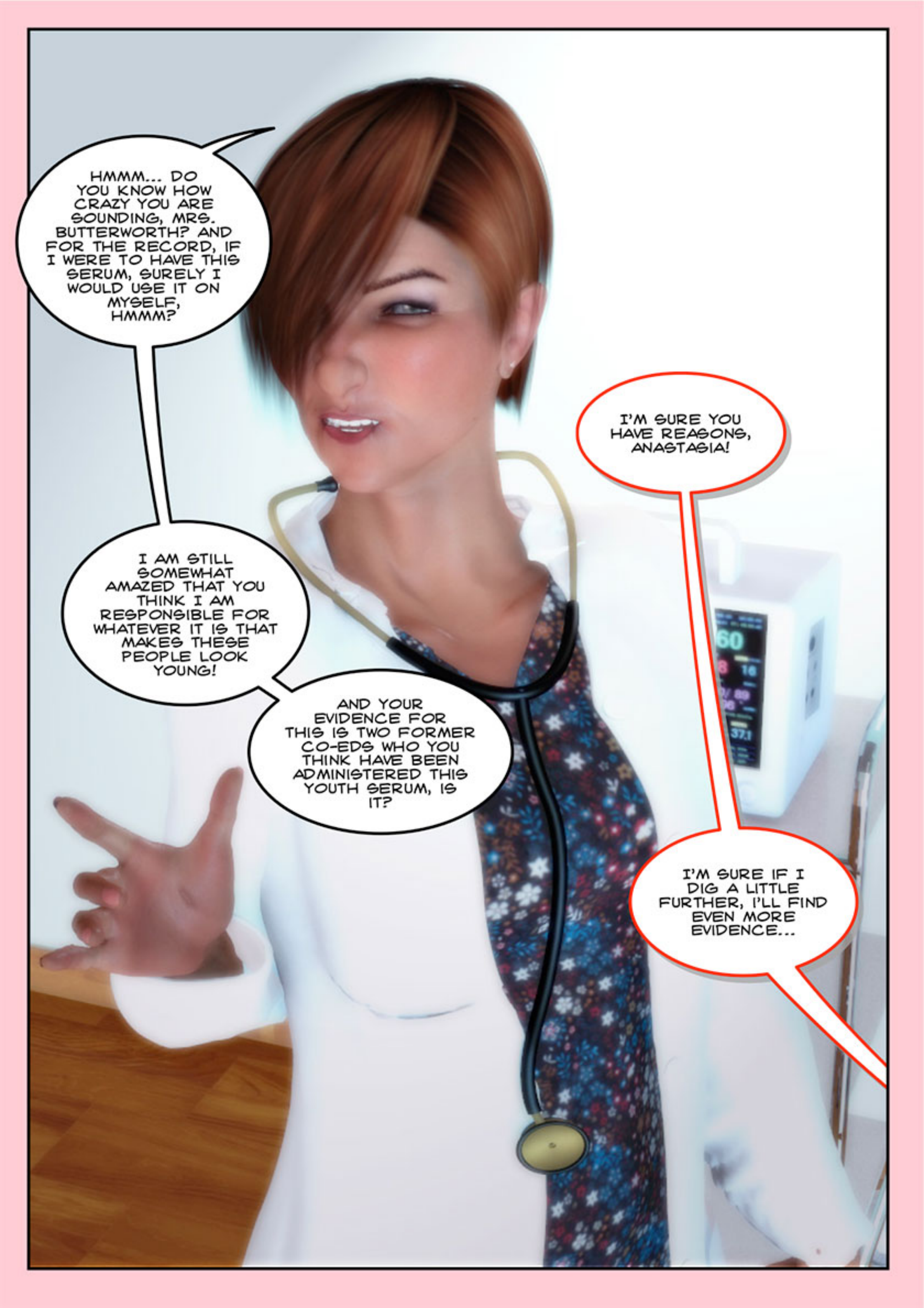
I WANT  
YOU TO  
WORK FOR  
ME!

I HAVE  
ENOUGH WORK  
HERE IN THIS  
TOWN, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH!

I AM A  
LADY WHO  
ALWAYS GETS  
WHAT SHE WANTS,  
ANASTASIA, SO I  
WILL NOT REPEAT  
MY OFFER  
AGAIN!

AND  
EXACTLY  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT ME TO  
DO?

I WANT THE  
RECIPE FOR  
YOUTH THAT YOU  
HAVE SO REMARKABLY  
FOUND, ANASTASIA..  
I WANT IT BOTTLED AND  
SOLD, WITH ME AS THE  
FACE OF THE NEW  
LISBETH RANGE OF  
BEAUTY  
PRODUCTS!

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white lab coat over a dark patterned top and a stethoscope, is shown in a medical setting. She has a confident, slightly smug expression. The background is a bright, clean clinical room with a white cabinet and a monitor displaying '60' and '37.1'.


HMMM... DO YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY YOU ARE SOUNDING, MRS. BUTTERWORTH? AND FOR THE RECORD, IF I WERE TO HAVE THIS SERUM, SURELY I WOULD USE IT ON MYSELF, HMMM?

I AM STILL SOMEWHAT AMAZED THAT YOU THINK I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER IT IS THAT MAKES THESE PEOPLE LOOK YOUNG!

AND YOUR EVIDENCE FOR THIS IS TWO FORMER CO-EDS WHO YOU THINK HAVE BEEN ADMINISTERED THIS YOUTH SERUM, IS IT?

I'M SURE YOU HAVE REASONS, ANASTASIA!

I'M SURE IF I DIG A LITTLE FURTHER, I'LL FIND EVEN MORE EVIDENCE...



THE  
WOMEN OUT IN  
THE WAITING  
AREA ARE A  
LITTLE OLD TO  
BE CARRYING  
BABIES, DON'T  
YOU THINK?

IN FACT, IT  
WOULD NOT  
SURPRISE ME TO  
FIND THAT YOU HAVE  
THIS WHOLE TOWN  
ON THIS SERUM OR  
DRUG YOU HAVE!

YOU SEEM TO  
HAVE IT ALL  
WORKED OUT, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH... BUT  
BLACKMAIL WILL NOT  
GET YOU THE  
REWARDS YOU  
THINK!

WHO SAID ANYTHING  
ABOUT BLACKMAIL,  
ANASTASIA? I AM MERELY  
OPENING NEGOTIATIONS WITH  
YOU ON PRODUCING THE  
WORLD'S ONLY *DE-AGING*  
COSMETICS, WHEREUPON  
YOU AND WHOEVER IT IS  
YOU WORK FOR GET  
RICHLY REWARDED!



FIRSTLY, I KNOW  
NOTHING OF THIS  
WONDER DRUG YOU  
ARE TALKING ABOUT,  
AND SECONDLY, I AM  
CELIA AND GWYNN'S  
GYNECOLOGIST...  
NOTHING MORE!

2:50 PM...

AHHH, YES,  
JAKE ROSS, YES...  
PLEASE TAKE A  
SEAT!

IT'S JAQUI,  
ACTUALLY,  
MISS!

OOOH, OKAY,  
LET ME CHANGE  
YOUR DETAILS  
HERE!

DO I HAVE  
TO DO THIS,  
MOMMY?

YES, JAQUI,  
TRISHA SAID  
THAT THIS  
DOCTOR IS THE  
BEST AROUND AND  
WILL DIAGNOSE  
YOUR  
CONDITION...






I WILL HAVE MY  
LAWYERS DRAW UP  
A CONTRACT FOR  
YOU!

I'VE SAID I  
AM NOT  
INTERESTED!

I HAVE  
EVERY FAITH  
YOU WILL BE,  
ANASTASIA!

A woman with short brown hair and a white lab coat is speaking to a woman with blonde hair. The woman in the lab coat has a gold necklace and is looking towards the blonde woman. A large red object is visible in the background.

YOU'RE DELUSIONAL,  
MRS. BUTTERWORTH! I  
HAVE NO SECRET DRUG  
OR SERUM IN USE HERE,  
AND IF I DID, I WOULD  
SHARE IT WITH THE  
MEDICAL WORLD!

CELIA STONEBRIDGE  
WAS A FAT, OVERWEIGHT,  
WASHED-UP EX-TEACHER  
ONLY THREE MONTHS AGO...  
NOW SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE  
IS IN HER LATE 30S, AND  
ALL THE LEADS FOR THIS  
END HERE, ANASTASIA!

I THINK YOU'VE  
OVERSTAYED YOUR  
WELCOME, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH!





GET  
OUT OF MY  
OFFICE  
NOW!

THE  
PAPERWORK WILL  
BE ON YOUR DESK  
BY TOMORROW  
AFTERNOON,  
ANASTASIA!

I'M  
FRIGHTENED,  
MOMMY!

YOU'LL BE  
FINE, CHERUB...  
OH, MY!

I AM NOT INTERESTED, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, AND THAT IS FINAL!

I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE A CHOICE, DOCTOR DE'BOUCHER! JUST SIGN THEM!

OUTTA MY WAY!

ERRRM, SORRY, MADAME...

IS THAT A **BOY**? HMMM, THAT GYWNN WAS ONCE A BOY, TOO! SEEMS AS THOUGH THIS DOCTOR IS HIDING MORE THAN I THOUGHT!

I AM SO SORRY... THAT WOMAN IS NOT ONE OF MY PATIENTS!

IT'S FINE!

MRS. DONALD ROSS, YES?


OHH, I'VE NOT BEEN THAT SINCE HE LEFT ME AND JAQUI!

DONALD ROSS?

OH, I APOLOGIZE... AND YOU MUST BE MY NEW PATIENT JAKE?

YES, I AM... BUT IT IS JAQUI, MADAME!

OHHH, YES, YES, OF COURSE YOU ARE... I AM DOCTOR DE'BOUCHER! PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, JAQUI!

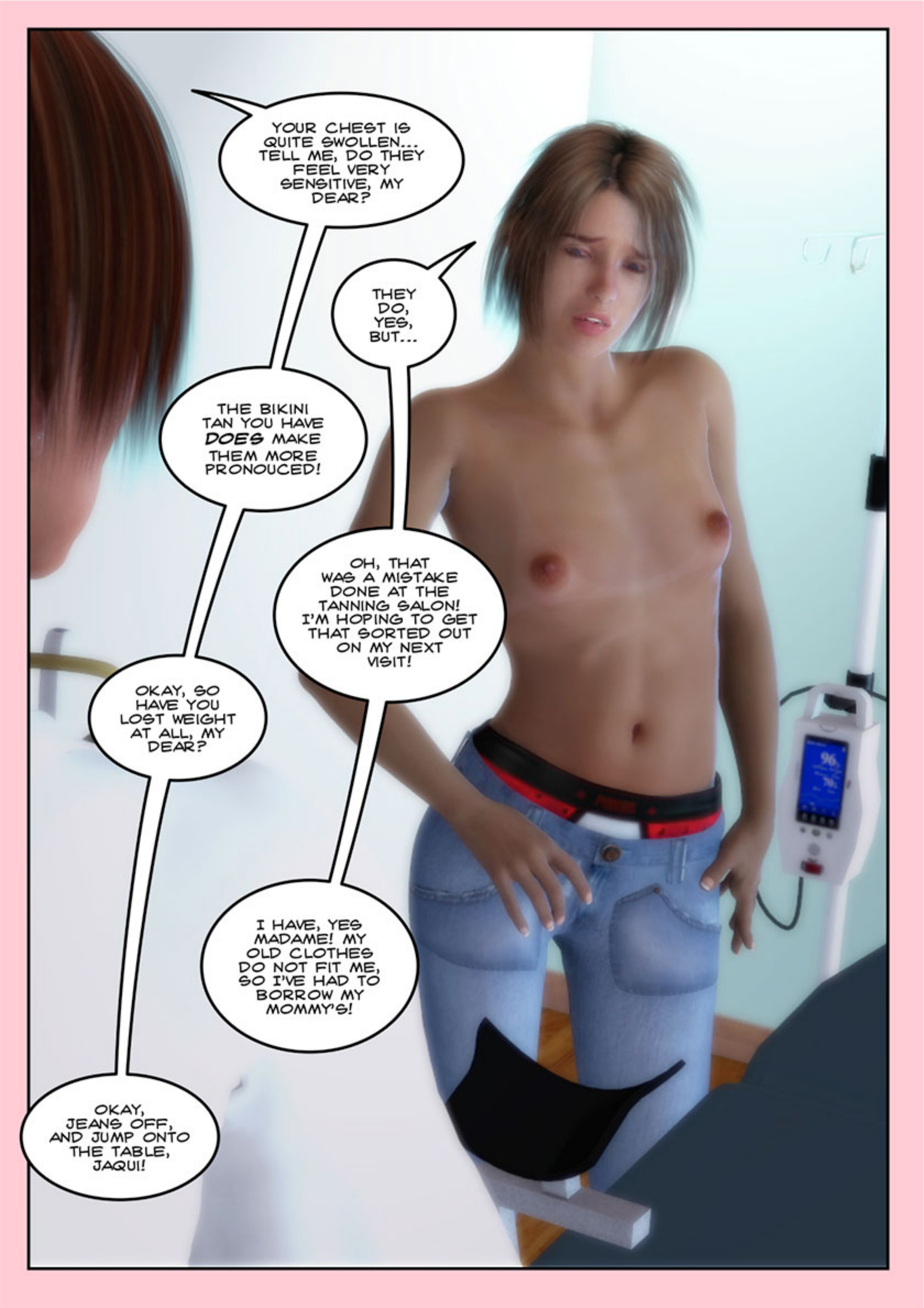


SO HOW CAN I BE  
OF ASSISTANCE, MRS.  
ROSS? TRISHA SAID YOU  
WERE CONCERNED  
ABOUT JAQUI'S  
HEALTH!

I AM CONCERNED  
BECAUSE HE SEEMS  
TO BE CRYING A LOT OF  
THE TIME, AND, WELL, AS  
YOU CAN SEE, HIS CHEST  
SEEMS TO BE VERY PUFFY  
AND SWOLLEN, DOCTOR  
DE'BOUCHER!

I KEEP  
TELLING HER,  
I'M FINE!

HMMM, OKAY LETS  
TAKE A LOOK AT YOU,  
JAQUI... IF YOU'D CARE  
TO GET UNDRESSED  
TO YOUR UNDERWEAR,  
PLEASE!

A woman with short brown hair is standing in a tanning salon, looking slightly uncomfortable. She is wearing blue jeans with a red and black belt and black high-heeled shoes. To her right is a tanning machine with a digital display. On the left, the back of a woman with long brown hair is visible. The scene is set in a brightly lit room with light blue walls.

YOUR CHEST IS  
QUITE SWOLLEN...  
TELL ME, DO THEY  
FEEL VERY  
SENSITIVE, MY  
DEAR?

THEY  
DO,  
YES,  
BUT...

THE BIKINI  
TAN YOU HAVE  
**DOES** MAKE  
THEM MORE  
PRONOUCED!

OH, THAT  
WAS A MISTAKE  
DONE AT THE  
TANNING SALON!  
I'M HOPING TO GET  
THAT SORTED OUT  
ON MY NEXT  
VISIT!

OKAY, SO  
HAVE YOU  
LOST WEIGHT  
AT ALL, MY  
DEAR?

I HAVE, YES  
MADAME! MY  
OLD CLOTHES  
DO NOT FIT ME,  
SO I'VE HAD TO  
BORROW MY  
MOMMY'S!

OKAY,  
JEANS OFF,  
AND JUMP ONTO  
THE TABLE,  
JAQUI!

20 minutes later...

YOU HAVE A HORMONAL IMBALANCE, AND I THINK YOU'VE BEEN HELPING IT A LITTLE, HAVEN'T YOU, JAQUI?

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

ME HELPING IT ALONG?

THESE SWELLINGS ARE BREAST GROWTH, AND I THINK YOU KNOW WHY YOU ARE GROWING BREASTS, DON'T YOU?

I, ERRR...

THE BIKINI LINE YOU HAD DONE, THE BREAST GROWTH, AND YOUR WEIGHT LOSS... I THINK YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU, JAQUI!

As Doctor De'Boucher pressed him further, it unlocked memories which the subliminal programming Jake received every night had placed there...

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing purple eye makeup and a black lace bra, looks down with a sad expression. The background is a plain light blue wall.

YES,  
MOMMY, I  
HAVE...

I WAS GOING  
TO WAIT UNTIL I  
GOT MY TRUST  
FUND, AND THEN I  
WAS GOING TO  
TELL YOU!

YOU'VE BEEN  
TAKING MY  
CONTRACEPTION  
PILLS?

OH, YOU POOR  
CHERUB, WHY DID  
YOU NOT SAY  
SOMETHING?

...  
...  
...  
OHH, NO  
WONDER HE HAS  
BEEN WEEPY AND  
SOFT-SKINNED!

TRISHA DID GIVE ME THE IDEA THAT JAQUI WAS TRANSITIONING, MRS. ROSS, AND AFTER SEEING HIM I CAN CONFIRM THE REASON FOR HIS CHANGES ARE DUE TO HORMONAL DRUGS!


LUCKILY THE INTAKE WAS LOW FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, SO NO DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE... BUT, OF COURSE, IT LEAVES US WITH JAQUI'S PROBLEM ITSELF!

I THINK JAQUI IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION!

I NO LONGER USE MY CONTRACEPTIVE PILLS... I GUESS I SHOULD'VE THROWN THEM AWAY...

OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?





IT'S BEEN SO  
HARD FOR ME TO  
TELL YOU, MOMMY... I'VE  
FELT TRAPPED INSIDE THE  
WRONG BODY FOR SO LONG  
AND HOPED IT WOULD JUST  
GO AWAY, BUT THE BALLET  
OPENED MY HEART TO  
WHAT I REALLY WANT  
TO BE!

I WANT  
TO BE A  
GIRL!

THERE,  
I'VE FINALLY  
SAID IT!



WELL, I CAN CERTAINLY HELP YOU THERE, JAQUI... NOW, I WILL GIVE YOU THIS SHOT WHICH WILL HELP TO BLOCK YOUR TESTOSTERONE, AND YOU WILL NEED TO COME BACK HERE NEXT WEEK FOR ANOTHER... THEN WE'LL CHAT SOME MORE ABOUT HOW YOU'RE FEELING!

YES, DOCTOR, I WILL... ALTHOUGH I DON'T LIKE NEEDLES, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL LOOK AWAY!

OF COURSE, JAQUI!  
**\*SMILE\***

AND THEN WE'LL BROACH THE SUBJECT OF SRS, MRS. ROSS!

SRS?

SEXUAL REASSIGNMENT SURGERY!

YOU MEAN...

YES, TO MAKE JAQUI A FULL WOMAN!

WOW, THIS IS ALL TOO MUCH TO TAKE... MY SON BECOMING A WOMAN!

The mention of Donald Ross as she passed by the woman and her effeminate-looking son going into the doctor's office had piqued Lisbeth's curiosity...

I WANT THAT BASTARD SON OF MINE FOUND PRONTO, AND YOU CAN SEND ME A PICTURE OF HIS EX-WIFE! IF I AM CORRECT, THIS IS HER! THERE'S NOT THAT MANY MRS. DONALD ROSSES!

WALTER, YOU WORK FOR ME, NOT THOSE JACKASSES ON MY BOARD! SO DO AS I SAY AND GET ME THAT INFORMATION NOW!

HE IS A LOWLIFE SCUMBAG AND WILL BE PROPPING UP A BAR IN DOWNTOWN BULLCHESTER SOMEWHERE! SO USE YOUR CONTACTS TO GET HIM... I'VE STUMBLERD ON A VERY WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY, AND I AM GOING TO NEED THAT MORON TO HELP GET ME THIS DEAL!

TELL HIM HE HAS A CHANCE OF EARNING THE 50 GRAND HE LOST 19 YEARS AGO!

NOW I HAVE TO GO, WALTER! THEY HAVE JUST APPEARED!

SHE WAS A WAITRESS IN A DRIVE-BY DINER, BUT SHE MANAGED TO SECURE A RESTAURANT MANAGER'S POSITION AT A MALL ON THE WEST SIDE OF BULLCHESTER!

LISBETH, YOU MUST STOP THIS NONSENSE AND RETURN TO BULLCHESTER... THEY ARE BAYING FOR YOUR BLOOD!

BUT, LISBETH, HE HAS NOT BEEN SEEN FOR OVER 18 TO 19 YEARS...

YOU DISOWNED HIM! HE IS NOT LIKELY TO WANT TO SEE YOU...

YES, LISBETH!



But not far enough into realizing the coincidence of bumping into them...

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEPT ALL THIS FROM ME, CHERUB!

I FOUGHT IT FOR YEARS, MOMMY! I GUESS MY ONLY WAY TO RESOLVE IT WAS TO BE AS MACHO AND UNRULY AS I COULD BE TO YOU... BUT THE BALLET AND MISS TORMOLI HAVE MADE ME REALIZE WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

WELL, I MUST SAY, YOU WERE LUCKY MY CONTRACEPTIVE PILLS WERE NOT THAT DANGEROUS!

I KNOW, MOMMY! I AM GLAD THAT TRISHA SPOTTED THE SIGNS...

WE BOTH OWE TRISHA A LOT, CHERUB!



WELL, I GUESS WE'D BEST FIND YOU A WHOLE NEW WARDROBE, THEN, JAQUI!


OH YES, MOMMY! I CAN'T WAIT TO FINALLY RID MYSELF OF ALL THOSE HORRID BOY THINGS!

I CAN'T WAIT TO FILL UP MY ROOM WITH WITH PROPER GIRLY STUFF NOW!

I CAME TO THIS TOWN WITH A SON AND WILL BE LEAVING WITH A DAUGHTER...

YOU DON'T MIND CALLING ME JACQUELINE FROM NOW ON, MOMMY?

JACQUELINE? YES, OF COURSE, CHERUB! I MEAN, JACQUELINE IT IS!  
**\*SMILE\***



WHAT AN AMAZING  
BIT OF LUCK! MY  
GOOD-FOR-NOTHING  
BASTARD OF A SON'S  
EX-WIFE TURNING UP  
HERE...

AND IF HER  
PICTURE CONFIRMS MY  
THEORY, THEN DOCTOR  
DE'BOUCHER WILL HAVE  
NO OPTION BUT TO  
COOPERATE!

BUT THAT  
WOULD MEAN  
THAT *THING* IS MY  
GRANDSON! EWWW,  
PERISH THE  
THOUGHT...

With a fruitful journey behind her, Lisbeth was taken aback as she arrived home...

WALTER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, AND AND MORE TO THE POINT, *WHY* ARE YOU?



WELCOME HOME,  
MRS. BUTTERWORTH!

WHO ARE YOU,  
AND WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN MY  
HOME?

PLEASE TAKE  
A SEAT, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH! NOW  
THAT YOU ARE HOME,  
WE CAN BEGIN  
NEGOTIATIONS!

I'VE NOTHING  
TO NEGOTIATE,  
MISS...

OH, YOU HAVE A  
LOT TO NEGOTIATE,  
LISBETH! WALTER HAS  
BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO  
TELL ME ALL ABOUT  
YOUR CASH FLOW  
PROBLEMS!





WALTER, HOW  
COULD YOU DO  
THIS?


WE HAVE NO  
CHOICE,  
LISBETH! MRS.  
GRANT IS HERE  
TO HELP YOU!

HELP ME?

LISBETH, I'M  
SORRY... PLEASE  
LISTEN TO WHAT MRS.  
GRANT HAS TO  
OFFER YOU!

YES, LISBETH, IT  
APPEARS THAT WE  
HAVE A COMMON  
INTEREST...

A COMMON  
INTEREST  
IN WHAT?




THIS MANSION,  
YOUR COMPANY,  
AND YOUR  
HEALTH!

I DON'T  
TAKE KINDLY  
TO THREATS,  
MRS. GRANT!


WE OFFER NO  
THREATS, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH...  
WE JUST WANT TO  
HELP YOU!

AND WHAT  
MAKES YOU  
BELIEVE I NEED  
ANY HELP,  
HMMMM?

WELL, READING  
THE BUSINESS  
SECTION OF THE  
BULLCHESTER NEWS, IT  
MAKES FOR QUITE THE  
SPECULATION, MRS.  
BUTTERWORTH!

A woman with a short, blonde bob haircut, wearing a bright red, sleeveless, floor-length dress, stands in an ornate room. She has a serious expression and is gesturing with her right hand towards the left. The room features a large, white door with gold-colored panels and a decorative archway above it. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left corner of the frame.


IT'S NO SECRET I  
DETEST THE BOARD  
MEMBERS OF MY  
COMPANY, AND IF  
THEY HAVE -

A woman with a short, blonde bob haircut, wearing a bright red, sleeveless, floor-length dress, stands in an ornate room. She has a serious expression and is gesturing with her right hand towards the left. The room features a large, white door with gold-colored panels and a decorative archway above it. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower right area of the frame.

WHAT IF I GIVE YOU  
THE INFORMATION YOU  
REQUIRE ON A CERTAIN  
DOCTOR YOU JUST  
VISITED?

A woman with a short, blonde bob haircut, wearing a bright red, sleeveless, floor-length dress, stands in an ornate room. She has a serious expression and is gesturing with her right hand towards the left. The room features a large, white door with gold-colored panels and a decorative archway above it. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower left area of the frame.

WALTER, WHO  
THE FUCK IS  
THIS WOMAN?




SHE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL OVERHAUL YOUR FAILING COMPANY, LISBETH... SO I SUGGEST YOU LISTEN TO WHAT HER COMPANY IS OFFERING YOU!

FOR ONCE, LISBETH, LISTEN, PLEASE!

YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELF FIRED, WALTER!

IF I FIND OUT IT'S ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE EXECUTIVE BOARD...

A woman with short brown hair, wearing glasses, a red long-sleeved blouse, and a black vest, stands in an ornate room. She is gesturing with her hands as she speaks. In the foreground, the back of a woman with long, straight blonde hair is visible. She is wearing a red top. The room features gold-trimmed walls, a large blue and gold chair, and a decorative lamp.

I HAVE NOTHING  
TO DO WITH THE  
TAKEOVER THAT IS  
PROPOSED BY YOUR  
BOARD OF EXECUTIVES! I  
- OR, SHOULD I SAY, WE -  
ARE JUST A PARTY  
INTERESTED IN PUTTING  
YOU BACK IN  
CONTROL!

THIS SOUNDS LIKE  
A "YOU NEED ME  
MORE THAN I NEED  
YOU" SITUATION,  
MRS. GRANT!

IF YOU REFUSE MY OFFER, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, YOU WILL LOSE EVERYTHING, INCLUDING YOUR COSMETICS COMPANY... BANKRUPTCY IS NOT AN OPTION YOU'LL WANT TO TRY!

LIKE THIS MANSION, IT WILL FALL UNDER COLLATERAL WITH THE FORECLOSURE OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S MAJOR COMPANIES, AND SHOULD YOUR BOARD OF EXECUTIVES PERSUADE YOU TO SIGN THEIR MERGER, THEY WILL STRIP YOU OF EVERYTHING AND DISMANTLE IT BIT BY BIT WHILE YOU WATCH... BELIEVE ME, LISBETH, I KNOW THAT YOU REGARD THAT AS YOUR BABY, AS NEAR A TERM AS I CAN DESCRIBE IT FOR YOU!

I'M THE ANSWER TO YOUR DILEMMA, LISBETH... AND AS I SAID EARLIER, I CAN GIVE YOU THE INFORMATION YOU WENT SEARCHING FOR DOWN IN HARTINGDON!

YOU CAN'T TOUCH MY COSMETICS COMPANY... SHE CAN'T, CAN SHE, WALTER?

WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU AGAIN?

THEN YOU KNOW WHO THIS DOCTOR IS?




YOU SIGN THIS MERGER OF YOUR COSMETICS COMPANY WITH US, AND WE'LL BOLSTER YOUR POSITION WITHIN YOUR FORMER HUSBAND'S COMPANIES YOU HAVE SO FRUITLESSLY ALLOWED TO SLIP FROM YOUR GRASP...

THIS OFFER SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...

DO I HAVE A TIME LIMIT ON SIGNING?

WELL, ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, YOU'LL BE BANKRUPT BY THE END OF THE WEEK!



WALTER, DRAW UP AN AGREEMENT FOR ME TO GO OVER, WILL YOU?

YOU'RE MAKING THE RIGHT CHOICE, LISBETH, I CAN ASSURE YOU!

THEY'RE RUNNING ILLEGAL DRUG TESTS AND NEED TO KEEP ME QUIET... WELL, I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH THEM, AND THEN I'LL REPORT THEM TO THE AUTHORITIES!

AND GET MY HANDS ON THAT YOUTH SERUM, TOO!

YES, LISBETH, I WILL!



Saturday morning...

OH, EXCUSE  
ME, BOYS, BUT  
WE'RE LOOKING  
FOR LARS...

OH, MY GOD,  
LOOK AT THE  
MUSCLES ON  
THOSE YOUNG  
MEN...

I SHOULD NOT  
THINK LARS WOULD  
BE HAPPY TO SEE  
ME, CONSIDERING I  
NEVER TURNED UP  
FOR OUR DINNER  
DATE... \*GRIN\*



LARS AIN'T HERE,  
CUPCAKE!

WAS HE GOING  
TO TRAIN YOU  
TWO LADIES?

WELL,  
PERHAPS YOU  
BOYS COULD  
TRAIN US?

WELL, THAT'S A  
RESULT OF  
LARS NOT  
BEING HERE!


JEEZ,  
COLT, LOOK  
AT THESE  
COUGARS!

CELIA, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

IT'S OUR  
LUCKY DAY,  
CY...

THAT'S THE  
COUGAR LARS  
WAS DOING LAST  
SUNDAY  
MORNING!

WE'RE ALL  
ADEPT  
INSTRUCTORS,  
DOLL!



YOU BROUGHT  
ME HERE TO GET  
IN SHAPE, DID YOU  
NOT, GLORIA?

WELL, YES,  
OF COURSE,  
CELIA...

I KNOW YOU  
REALLY BROUGHT  
ME HERE TO GET  
ME WITH LARS  
AGAIN...

IT'S QUITE  
APPARENT LARS IS  
NOT HERE, SO IT'S  
HIS LOSS IF I FIND  
SOMEONE ELSE TO  
BE MY FITNESS  
INSTRUCTOR!

YES, YOU'VE  
GOT A VALID  
POINT... IF LARS  
IS NOT HERE,  
IT'S HIS LOSS!


WELL,  
BOYS...  
LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'RE  
HIRED!

WE'LL START  
OFF REAL  
EASY, MISS!

OH, FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKE,  
CALL ME CELIA,  
HANDSOME!

CELIA IT IS,  
CUPCAKE!

SHE'S CERTAINLY  
HOOKED ON MEN...  
AT THIS RATE, SHE'LL  
BECOME MORE OF  
A VAMP THAN ME!



I CAN SEE  
YOU'VE NEVER  
DONE A TREADMILL  
BEFORE,  
CUPCAKE...

WHOOAAAA!  
FUCK!

THAT'S IT,  
CUPCAKE!  
EASY STEPS!

CAREFUL,  
DOLL!

*bounce*

JEEZ, FUCK,  
LOOK AT THIS  
COUGAR'S TITS  
WRIGGLE!



OOOH, I  
THINK I'M  
FINALLY  
GETTING THE  
HANG OF IT!  
\*GIGGLE\*

YOU'RE  
VERY NAUGHTY  
YOUNG MEN,  
WATCHING MY  
BOOBIES  
BOUNCE...

*bounce*

*bounce*

OH, MY,  
LOOK AT  
THESE TWO...  
THEY'RE  
TRANSFIXED BY  
MY BREASTS!  
HEE HEE!



THIS WAS ALL  
GWYNN'S IDEA  
BRINGING HER  
HERE... SHE MUST'VE  
KNOWN LARS WOULD  
NOT BE HERE...

IRENE WILL NOT  
BE BEST PLEASED  
WITH GWYNN'S  
INTERFERENCE...

AND THAT SHE'S  
BEHAVING LIKE A  
SCHOOLGIRL IN FRONT  
OF THOSE TWO  
DORKS!

I'LL TEACH  
MRS. MOORE  
TO TRY AND  
LOVE MATCH  
ME!

HEY THERE,  
DOLL! CAREFUL!

OHhh, CELIA,  
LOOK AT HIS  
MUSCLES!  
MMMMM...

THAT WAS  
THE MOST  
DELIBERATE  
SLIP I'VE EVER  
SEEN!  
\*PFFT\*


AWWW, FUCK,  
MAN, THOSE  
TITS... I GOTTA  
HAVE THIS  
COUGAR!

IT'S LUCKY  
I HAVE A  
STRONG YOUNG  
MAN LIKE YOU  
TO CATCH ME!  
HEE HEE!

INDEED IT  
IS, DOLL!

slippppppp





OHHH, MY! WHAT  
A STRONG YOUNG  
MAN YOU ARE...

FUCK,  
SHE'S  
BEGGING  
FOR IT!  
\*GRIN\*

I BET YOU  
TWO WORK OUT  
ALL THE TIME,  
DON'T YOU?

LUCKY  
FOR YOU I  
AM, DOLL!  
HA HA!

WE SURE  
DO, DOLL!

OHHH, CELIA,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?  
HEE HEE!

HEE HEE, CY,  
WE GOT  
OURSELVES A  
HOT COUGAR  
TO FUCK!



HOW ABOUT ME  
AND CY SHOW YOU  
AROUND THE  
PLACE, HUH,  
DOLL?

ARE YOU  
PROPOSITIONING ME,  
YOUNG MAN?

COULD  
BE... YOU  
UP FOR IT?

YEAH... WHAT  
ABOUT YOUR  
FRIEND THERE?  
SHE UP FOR  
SOME PRIVATE  
TRAINING, HUH?

SO I GET  
THESE BIG  
STRONG MUSCLES  
ALL TO MYSELF,  
THEN, HMMM?

SHE'S VERY  
SELECTIVE  
ABOUT HER MEN,  
BUT I CAN  
ASK!



ooo

SHE'S GOT PERKY LI'L TITS, BUT HER ASS IS FUCKABLE! HEE HEE!

GLORIA, SWEETIE, THESE TWO YOUNG MEN ARE GOING TO SHOW ME AROUND THE PLACE... ARE YOU COMING?

ooo  
PLEASE SAY NO... PLEASE!

OH, I KNOW MY WAY AROUND THIS PLACE, CELIA! THANKS ALL THE SAME!


YER SURE, DOLL?

SURE AM...

SHAME, I'D LOVE TO HAVE SEEN MY COCK WORKING ON THAT COUGAR'S ASS!

MY TITS ARE MUCH BIGGER THAN HER POKEY LI'L NUBS!





SO IT'S JUST  
ME, YOU, AND  
CY, DOLL!

GUESSIN'  
CUPCAKE IS NEW  
TO BULLCHESTER,  
THEN, HMMMM?

YES, I AM!  
\*GIGGLE\*

LOOKS AS IF  
YOUR FRIEND  
OVER THERE HAS  
PULLED THE SHORT  
STRAW! GLORIA  
WANTS TO STAY  
AND TRAIN!


HEY,  
DON'T GET  
ME INVOLVED  
WITH YOUR  
PLANS! I'M  
MARRIED!

WELL, WITH  
GLORIA,  
YOU'LL BE IN  
SAFE HANDS!  
\*GIGGLE\*

Five hours later...

OHHH,  
YESSS! OHHH,  
FUCKKKK,  
YESSS!

FUCK  
YESSSSS!



YOU GONNA  
TAKE IT ALL  
BETWEEN THOSE  
SWEET LIPS,  
CUPCAKE?

MMMMM,  
YESSSSS!  
FUCKKKKK!

FFFFUKKKK,  
BITCH,  
YESSSSS!



WHY AM I DOING THIS?

'CAUSE IT'S FUCKIN' AWESOME, THAT'S WHY!


AFTER THIS, YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME A TITTY FUCK, AIN'T YA, CUPCAKE?

SURE THING, CY!

YER ONE SEXY FUCKIN' COUGAR, DOLL!

AND YER TITS ARE AMAZIN'! FUCK YESSSSSS!





MA BALLS  
ARE BUSTIN',  
DOLL, SO  
HERE I  
CUM...

I'M HAVING  
SEX WITH TWO  
YOUNG MEN,  
AND I FUCKING  
LOVE IT!

TWO MUSCLE-  
BOUND GORGEOUS  
YOUNG MEN AT THAT,  
TOO... FUCK, I'M  
GLAD I STAYED TO  
TEACH HERE!

FUCKKKKKK  
YEAHHHHHHH...  
BITCH!

**SKYLINE**

Meanwhile, down below...

I DON'T LIKE GOING BEHIND IRENE'S BACK, GWYNN...

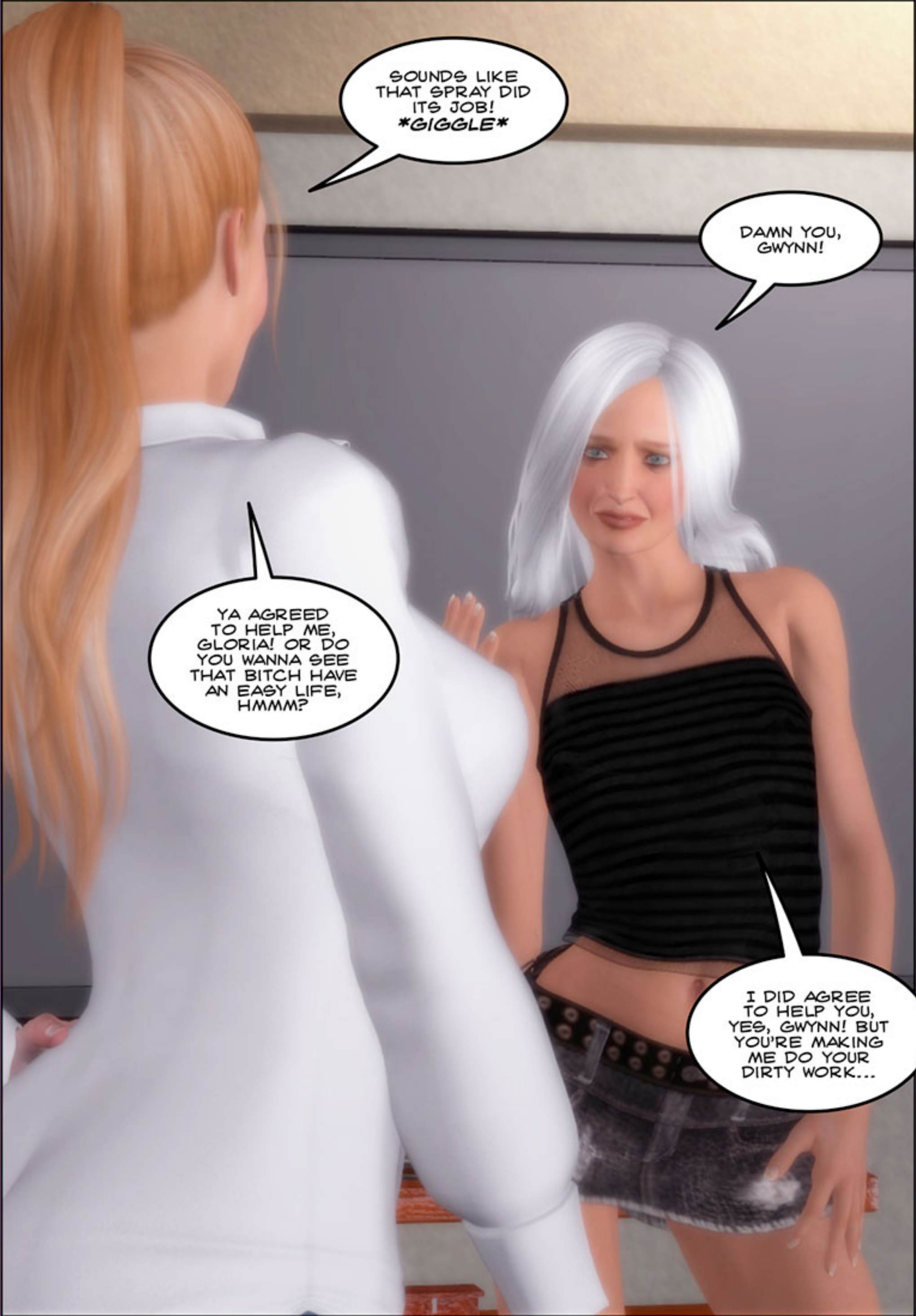
YOU GOT CELIA ACTING LIKE A SLUT... FOR THE SACRED LADY! GWYNN, IF IRENE WAS TO FIND OUT I'VE HELPED YOU...

YOU KNEW THAT LARS WOULD NOT BE THERE, AND THAT PHEROMONE SPRAY YOU MADE ME PUT ON HER...

YER NOT HAVIN' SECOND THOUGHTS, ARE YA, HON?

YOU DONE WORRYIN', HON, 'CAUSE YA IN TOO DEEP NOW... YA HEAR?

**OHhhh,  
FUCKKKK  
YESSSSSSSSSS!**



SOUNDS LIKE  
THAT SPRAY DID  
ITS JOB!  
*\*GIGGLE\**

DAMN YOU,  
GWYNN!

YA AGREED  
TO HELP ME,  
GLORIA! OR DO  
YOU WANNA SEE  
THAT BITCH HAVE  
AN EASY LIFE,  
HMMM?

I DID AGREE  
TO HELP YOU,  
YES, GWYNN! BUT  
YOU'RE MAKING  
ME DO YOUR  
DIRTY WORK...



LISTEN, HON,  
D'YA REALLY WANNA  
SEE BITCHES BEING  
GIVEN OUR WONDER  
DRUGS AND THEN  
GIVEN NICE SECURE  
L'I'L JOBS TO  
BOOT, HMMM?

BUT IRENE  
IS MY BEST  
FRIEND,  
GWYNN...

WAS, HON...  
WAS!

SHE  
STILL IS!

HON, IF  
IRENE WAS YER  
BESTIE, SHE'D  
NOT ASK YA TO  
WHORE FER  
HER, WOULD  
SHE?

I SEDUCE  
FOR THE  
SACRED LADY,  
AS WE ALL DO,  
NOT FOR  
IRENE!

SINCE IRENE  
GREW THAT COCK,  
HONEY, SHE'S  
NEVER LOOKED AT  
YOU AS ANYTHING  
BUT BAIT!



SHE IS  
STILL MY  
FRIEND!

SHE AIN'T YER  
LOVER, THOUGH,  
IS SHE,  
GLORIA?

THAT'S  
UNFAIR,  
GYWNN...

WHAT IS  
**UNFAIR** IS THAT  
CELIA IS UPSTAIRS  
ENJOYING SEX, AND  
YOU'RE STILL  
CLOTHED!

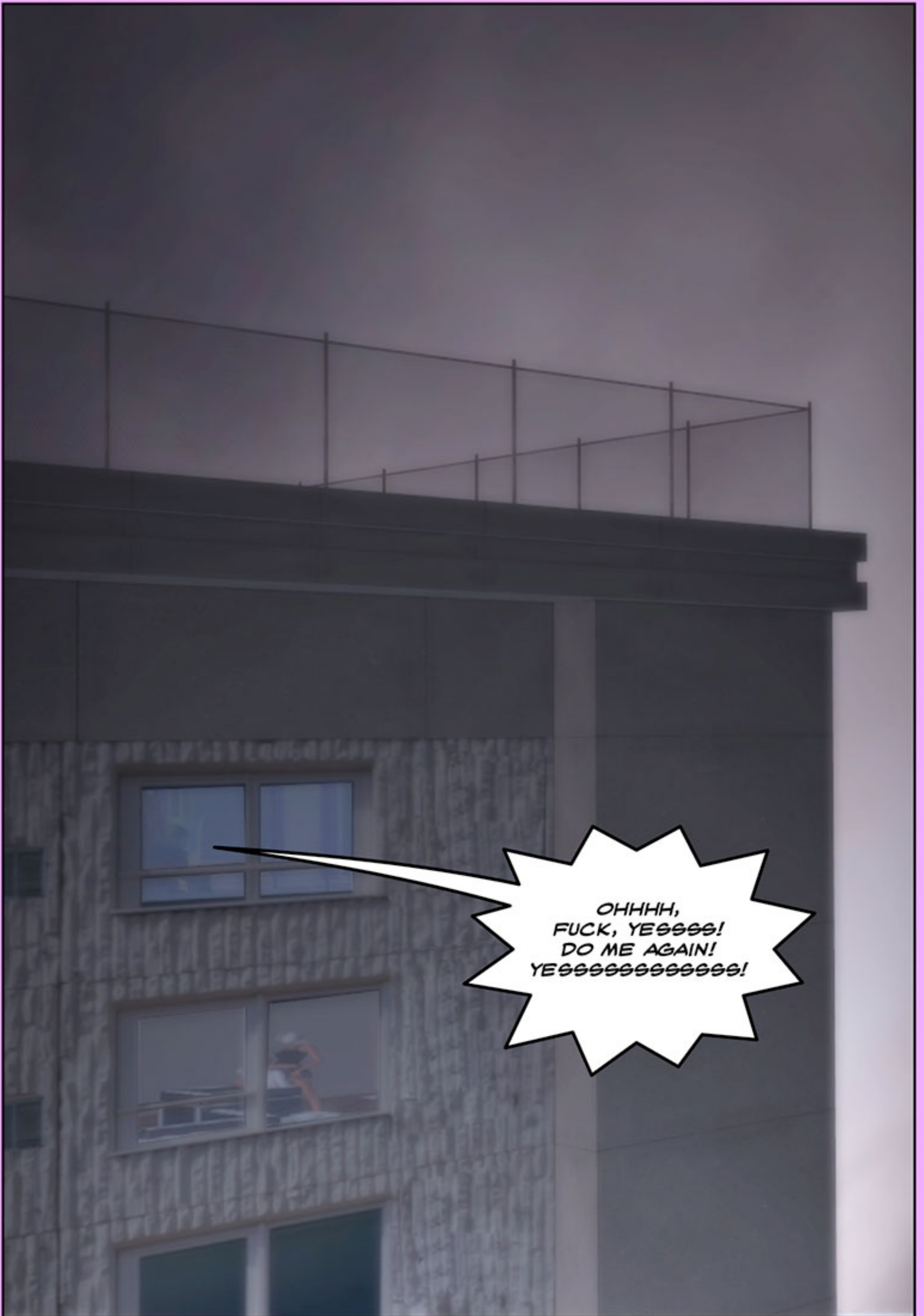
HMMM,  
I GUESS  
YOU GOT ME  
ON THAT ONE!  
**\*HEE HEE\***

YA BET  
YER BOTTOM  
DOLLAR I  
HAVE, SUGAR  
PIE!

HMMMM,  
I NEED TO SPEED  
THINGS UP...  
GLORIA IS IRENE'S  
FAVORITE TOY, AS  
MUCH AS THE STUPID  
SLUT CAN'T SEE IT,  
BUT I NEED AN  
ANGEL... AND LUCKY  
FOR GOOD OL' ME,  
I GOT ME A  
HIDDEN ONE...

OH, YES, YOU  
WAS TELLING ME  
ABOUT THE BOYS'  
ITINERARY THIS  
WEEK, HONEY...

WELL, WHEN  
YOU'VE MADE ME  
CUM HARDER THAN  
CELIA HAS  
TONIGHT, I MIGHT  
TELL YOU, BABY...  
**\*GRIN\***



**OHHHH,  
FUCK, YESSSSS!  
DO ME AGAIN!  
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!**



I SURE NEVER HAD A TEACHER THAT WAS AS SLUTTY AS THIS ONE, COLT!

BET SHE GIVES GOOD SEX ED CLASSES, THOUGH!  
**\*SNIGGER\***

SHIT, CUPCAKE, I'M GONNA CUM AGAIN!  
FUCKKKK YEAHHH!

ME, TOO! FUCK... GET YER FUCKIN' LIPS ROUND MA COCK, DOLL!

OHHHHH,  
YESSSSSSSSSSSSS!  
FUCKKKK ME, CYYYYY...  
MMMMMMM!

**SKNARRRRT**





**FUCKKKK  
YEAH!**

Sunday, 11 AM...

OHHHH,  
YESSS! MMMM,  
FUCK ME HARD!  
OHHHH, GODDD,  
DO I LOVE IT!



Gwynn had bided her time waiting for Celia's programming to end...

HER PROGRAMMING IN HERE IS VIRTUALLY FINISHED, AND GLORIA'S SLUTTINESS HAS WIPED OFF ON HER SUPERBLY...

I KNOW THEY WANTED TO LOOSEN HER UP, AND THAT LARS DID THAT, BUT I WANT HER TO CRAVE SEX LIKE A NYMPHOMANIAC...

I HOPE GLORIA GETS ME THE INFO I REQUIRE FROM IRENE'S COMPUTER! I NEED CELIA'S KEY...

I BET THE SLUT IS DREAMING OF SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS EVERY NIGHT...

BUT ANYWAY, YOU'VE SLEPT FAR TOO LONG TODAY, SO IT'S TIME FOR A WAKE-UP CALL...  
\*GRIN\*

And now that it had, it was time for her to make a few changes to that programming...

On the surface,  
Gwynn looked  
every bit the  
obedient sister...

I HOPE YOU  
ENJOYED  
YOURSELF LAST  
NIGHT...

EHHH, OHHHH...  
IT'S YOU, GWYNN...  
WHAAA TIME IS IT?

But underneath...

TIME YOU GOT  
DRESSED,  
HONEY!

OHhhh,  
I FEEL  
KNACKERED...  
\*PFFT\*

YA SURE IS  
LUCKY I AIN'T NO  
RELIGIOUS  
WOMAN, CELIA!

YOU DON'T  
STRIKE ME AS THE  
CHURCHGOING  
TYPE, GWYNN...



She was vengeful and full of hatred for not only Celia Stonebridge, but the other three girls who had caused her so much hurt and pain when she was younger...

I AIN'T, HON,  
BUT IF I WERE, I'D  
BE SLINGING YOUR  
SLUTTY LI'L ASS  
OUTTA HERE!

EH...  
SLUTTY?

YOU WAS HAVING SEX  
WITH THOSE TWO  
MOUNTAINS OF MUSCLE  
ALL NIGHT, HON!

OH, YEAH,  
COLT AND CY...  
UHMMM, YEAH,  
SORRY, GWYNN... I  
GUESS I GOT  
CARRIED  
AWAY...

I NEVER  
TOOK CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE  
AS A MAN-  
EATING  
WHORE!

I, ERMMM...  
I'M NOT,  
AM I?

But now all those years of torment and mental suffering could finally be laid to rest...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A TEACHER, HONEY... SO I'D SAY IT'S TIME YA STARTED BEHAVIN' LIKE ONE, SUGAR!

THAT'S EASY FOR HER TO SAY...

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT... I HAVE BEEN BEHAVING SOMEWHAT FOOLISHLY!

YA GOTTA THINK OF THOSE SWEET GALS THAT LOOK UP TO YA, HON!

YES, YES, I KNOW, GYWNN...

NOW GET YER LAZY FANNY UP AND DRESSED, AND GET Y'SELF SEEN IN MORE EXPECTED PLACES A BEAUTY TEACHER SHOULD BE!

YES, I WILL, GYWNN!



AS IF SHE'S  
NEVER HAD  
FUN BEFORE...  
\*PFFFT\*

SHE'S  
PROBABLY JEALOUS  
THAT I CAN PULL MEN  
HALF MY AGE... YEAH,  
THAT'S IT! SHE'S  
JEALOUS OF MY SEXY  
FIGURE... AND I BET  
SHE'S AN ICE  
MAIDEN IN BED!

HEE HEE...  
YES, GYWNN'S  
JUST AN UPTIGHT  
BITCH WHO  
DOESN'T GET  
ANY SEX!

HMM, BUT I  
LIKE THE IDEA OF  
SPENDING THE  
REST OF SUNDAY  
SHOPPING AND  
HAVING MY HAIR  
DONE!





YEAH, I  
QUITE FANCIED  
THAT SKIN-TIGHT  
PENCIL DRESS  
OUTFIT...



AND ALSO GET  
ME SOME REAL  
SEXY NIGHTWEAR... I  
MEAN, I GOT MEN  
DROOLING OVER ME  
EVERYWHERE I GO...  
**\*HEE HEE\***

GOD, I  
LOVE MY  
SEXY  
BODY!

AND WHAT  
DO I CARE  
WHAT THAT  
PRUDE THINKS  
OF MY SEX  
LIFE?

FUCK IT... IF  
I WANT TO FUCK  
A DIFFERENT  
HUNKY MUSCLED  
STUD MUFFIN  
EVERY NIGHT, I  
WILL!

Monday morning, Week 3...

ARE YOU ALLOWED TO WEAR MAKEUP WHEN DANCING?

IT'S NOT DANCING, MOMMY, IT'S BALLET!

I CAN'T GET USED TO MY JAKE WANTING TO BE A GIRL... BUT I WOULD NEVER WANT THAT HORRID YOUNG MAN BACK AGAIN!

YES, YES, OF COURSE, CHERUB!

I ONLY WANT TO ACCENTUATE MY EYES WITH LINER, MOMMY!

The Shaw household were slowly accepting the rather bizarre changes that they had undergone...



YOUR HAIR IS  
GETTING LONGER  
EVERY DAY...

NOT LONG  
ENOUGH!  
\*SIGH\*

Conversations which  
had once been  
nonexistent between  
the mother and son...



THAT'S  
MASCARA,  
CHERUB!

MY LASHES  
ARE TOO LIGHT,  
MOMMY!

...were now full-on  
conversations and  
chatter between a  
mother and her  
daughter!



DON'T  
OVERDO THE  
EYELINER! MISS  
MIAH MAY ASK  
YOU TO REMOVE  
ALL YOUR  
MAKEUP...

I'LL JUST  
MAKE IT  
VISIBLE  
ENOUGH TO  
HIGHLIGHT  
MY BLUE  
EYES!



LIKE AN  
ANGEL,  
CHERUB!

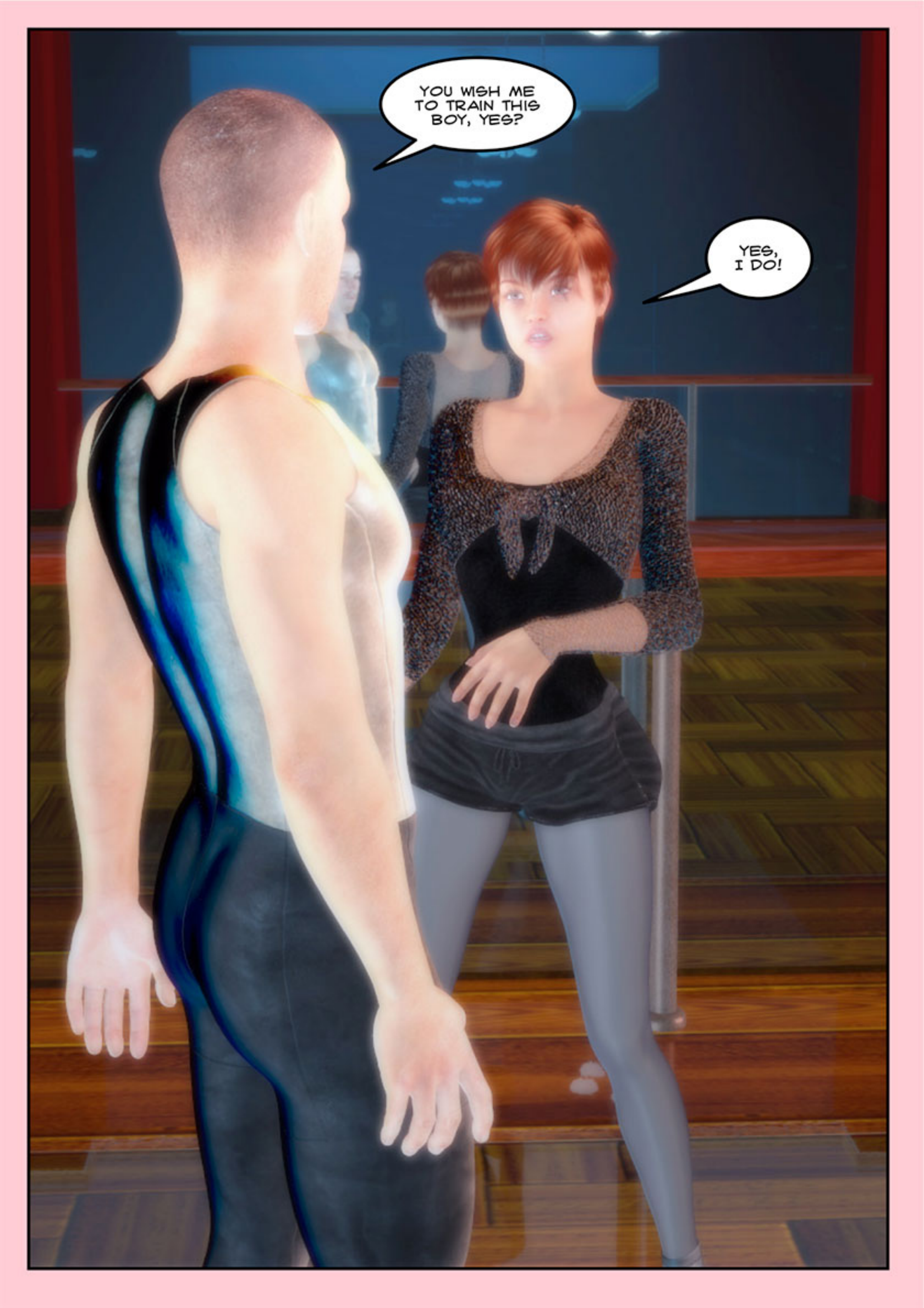
THERE,  
HOW DO I  
LOOK?

OHH, I WILL  
SORT OUT  
THE WASHING  
WHEN I RETURN,  
MOMMY... IS  
THAT OKAY?

JUST THIS  
ONCE,  
CHERUB... YOU  
KNOW I DON'T  
HAVE THE TIME  
TO DO THOSE  
CHORES  
ANYMORE!

I KNOW,  
MOMMY...  
YOU WORK  
HARD FOR  
BOTH OF  
US!


Life for the mother and daughter  
was far removed from the life  
they both lived when they were  
mother and son...



YOU WISH ME  
TO TRAIN THIS  
BOY, YES?

YES,  
I DO!



A man with short brown hair, wearing a grey leotard, is looking down and smiling slightly. He is standing in a dance studio with a wooden floor and a blue wall. A woman with long, wavy red hair is seen from the back, wearing a brown lace top. She is looking at the man. There are several speech bubbles around them containing text.

MADAME  
FLORENCE WILL  
NOT LET MIAH'S  
STUDENT AUDITION  
FOR SWAN  
LAKE!

BUT SHE  
WOULD IF  
THE  
STUDENT  
WAS  
YOURS!

YOU WISH  
FOR ME TO  
TEACH BOY  
TO DANCE  
LIKE TALINA  
ZUKOVA?

ALL YOU  
NEED TO  
KNOW IS THIS  
BOY IS AS  
AGILE AS  
SHE WAS!

YOU  
ENVISION  
BOY DANCING  
WHITE SWAN  
QUEEN,  
YES?

OF  
COURSE!

AND  
GENDER WILL  
NOT MAKE  
DIFFERENCE,  
NO?



BOY HAVE TO BE GOOD LEARNER, MIAH... MADAME FLORENCE NO EASY NUT TO CRACK!

YOU WILL FIND HIM A REVELATION TO WORK WITH, AS DID I WHEN I TRAINED HIM TO DANCE!

YOU COULD SAY HE IS **CONDITIONED** TO LEARN EVERYTHING QUICKLY!

MIKEL OWE  
MIAH FAVOR...  
MADAME FLORENCE  
FIND OUT SWAN IS  
BOY END OF  
ACADEMY FOR  
MIAH, YES?

I AM  
AWARE OF  
THE RISKS,  
MIKEL!

MIKEL HELP  
MIAH AND TEACH  
BOY SWAN LIKE  
TALINA... IF BOY NOT  
LEARN GOOD, MIKEL  
RETURN TO  
PRAGUE... THIS MY  
OFFER, MIAH!

THANK YOU,  
MIKEL... I AM  
VERY SURE  
YOU'LL ENJOY  
TEACHING THIS  
BALLERINA!

MIAH NOW  
LEAVE MIKEL  
TO MEDITATE!



JAKE?

WELL,  
THAT WAS  
THE EASY  
PART...  
NOW FOR  
THE HARD  
PART!

I HOPE  
TRISHA'S  
PROGRAMMING  
HAS WORKED...

OH, HI,  
MISS  
TORMOLI...  
I PREFER TO  
BE CALLED  
JACQUELINE  
NOW!

OOO  
OHH, TRISHA,  
WOW... IS THIS  
REALLY THE  
SAME  
OBNOXIOUS  
YOUNG MAN I  
HAD WITH ME  
LAST WEEK?

OHH, YES,  
OF COURSE,  
JACQUELINE...

MY MOMMY  
TOOK ME TO SEE  
A REALLY  
WONDERFUL DOCTOR  
WHO IS HELPING ME  
TO COME TO TERMS  
WITH MY  
CONDITION...

I AM  
PLEASED  
YOU'RE FINALLY  
FINDING YOUR  
TRUE SELF,  
MISS ROSS!



IT'S MISS SHAW NOW, MISS TORMOLI... I DO NOT WANT TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH MY FATHER EVER AGAIN!

MY, LOOK AT YOU, JACQUELINE... YOU'RE JUST SO FAR REMOVED FROM THAT AWFUL YOUNG MAN WHO WALKED INTO MY STUDIO!

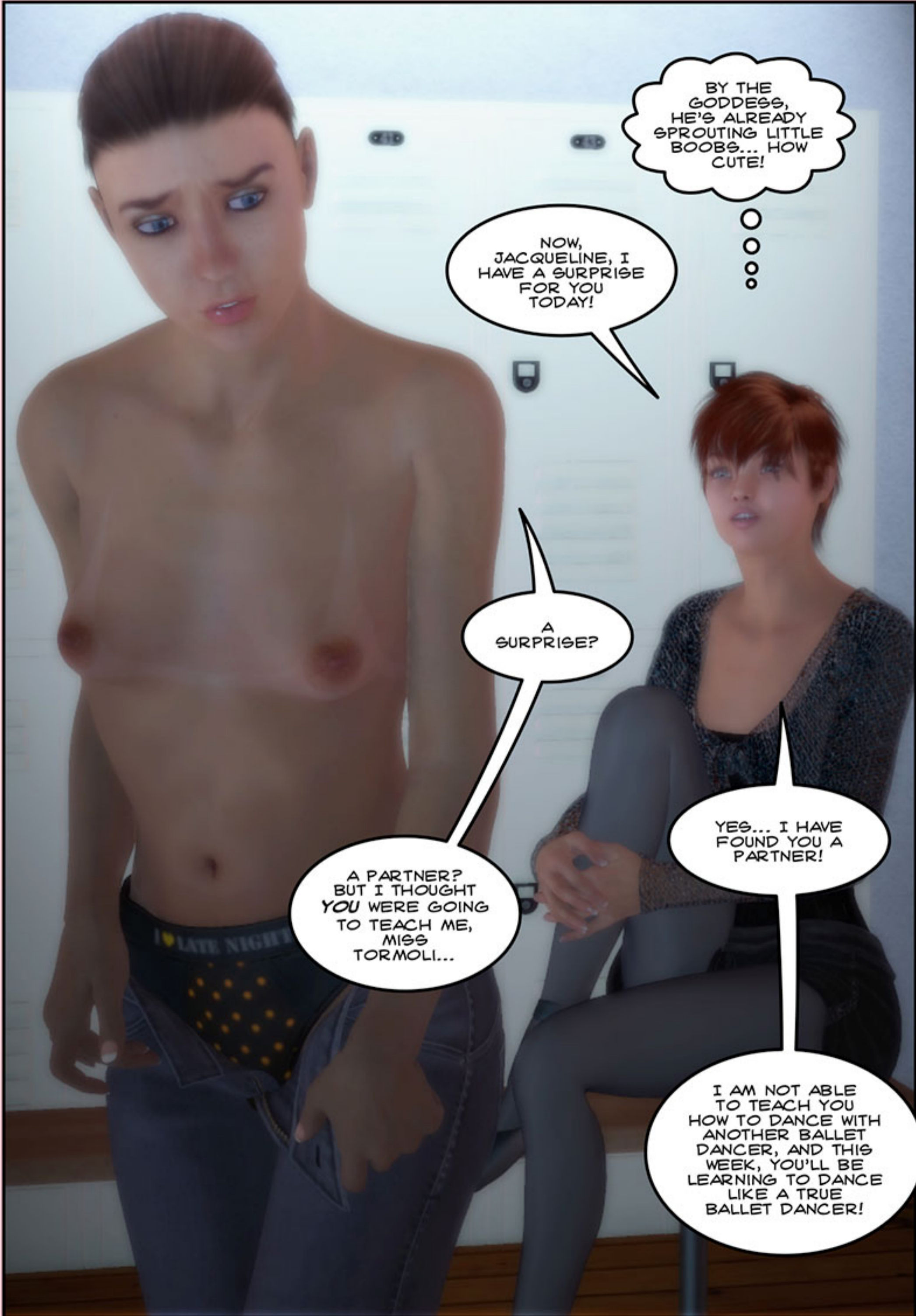
ERMMM, MISS TORMOLI, IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

SO, UHMMMM, DO YOU WANT ME TO GET READY?

TRISH WAS NOT JOKING WHEN SHE SAID THEY HAVE GIVEN THIS BOY TALINA'S DNA!

OH, IT MOST CERTAINLY IS...

OHH, YES, PLEASE DON'T LET ME STOP YOU!



BY THE GODDESS, HE'S ALREADY SPROUTING LITTLE BOOBS... HOW CUTE!

NOW, JACQUELINE, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU TODAY!

A SURPRISE?

A PARTNER? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TEACH ME, MISS TORMOLI...

YES... I HAVE FOUND YOU A PARTNER!

I AM NOT ABLE TO TEACH YOU HOW TO DANCE WITH ANOTHER BALLET DANCER, AND THIS WEEK, YOU'LL BE LEARNING TO DANCE LIKE A TRUE BALLET DANCER!



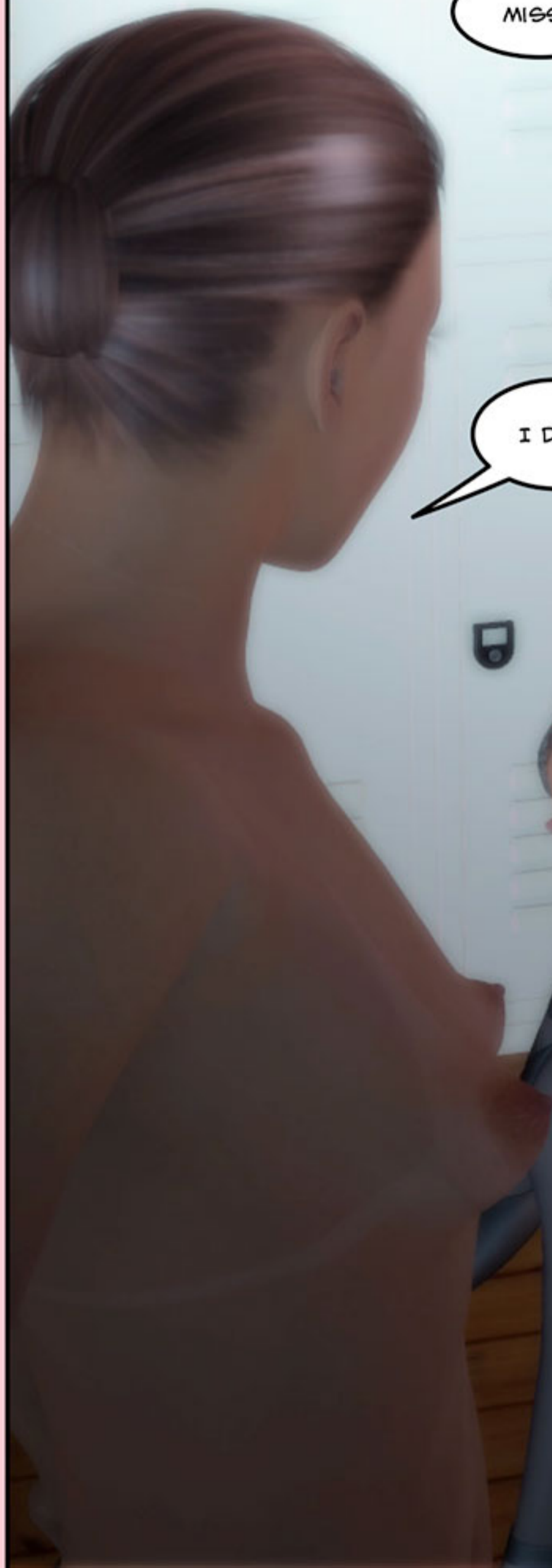
BUT I WOULD...

MISS?

HOW I MISS THOSE DAYS!  
\*SIGH\*

I'M SORRY JACQUELINE,  
IT'S JUST YOU REMIND ME OF MYSELF WHEN I WAS YOUNGER...

I DO?



YES,  
JACQUELINE, LIKE  
YOU, BALLET FOUND  
ME, AND I WAS  
FORTUNATE ENOUGH  
TO FIND A BALLET  
TEACHER WHO  
BELIEVED IN MY  
ABILITY...

YOU'RE A  
WONDERFUL  
BALLET  
TEACHER,  
MISS  
TORMOLI!

I DON'T  
DOUBT THAT,  
JACQUELINE,  
BUT WHEN I WAS  
YOUR AGE, I  
WANTED TO  
DANCE SWAN  
LAKE...  
*\*SIGH\**

WHAT STOPPED  
YOU, MISS  
TORMOLI?

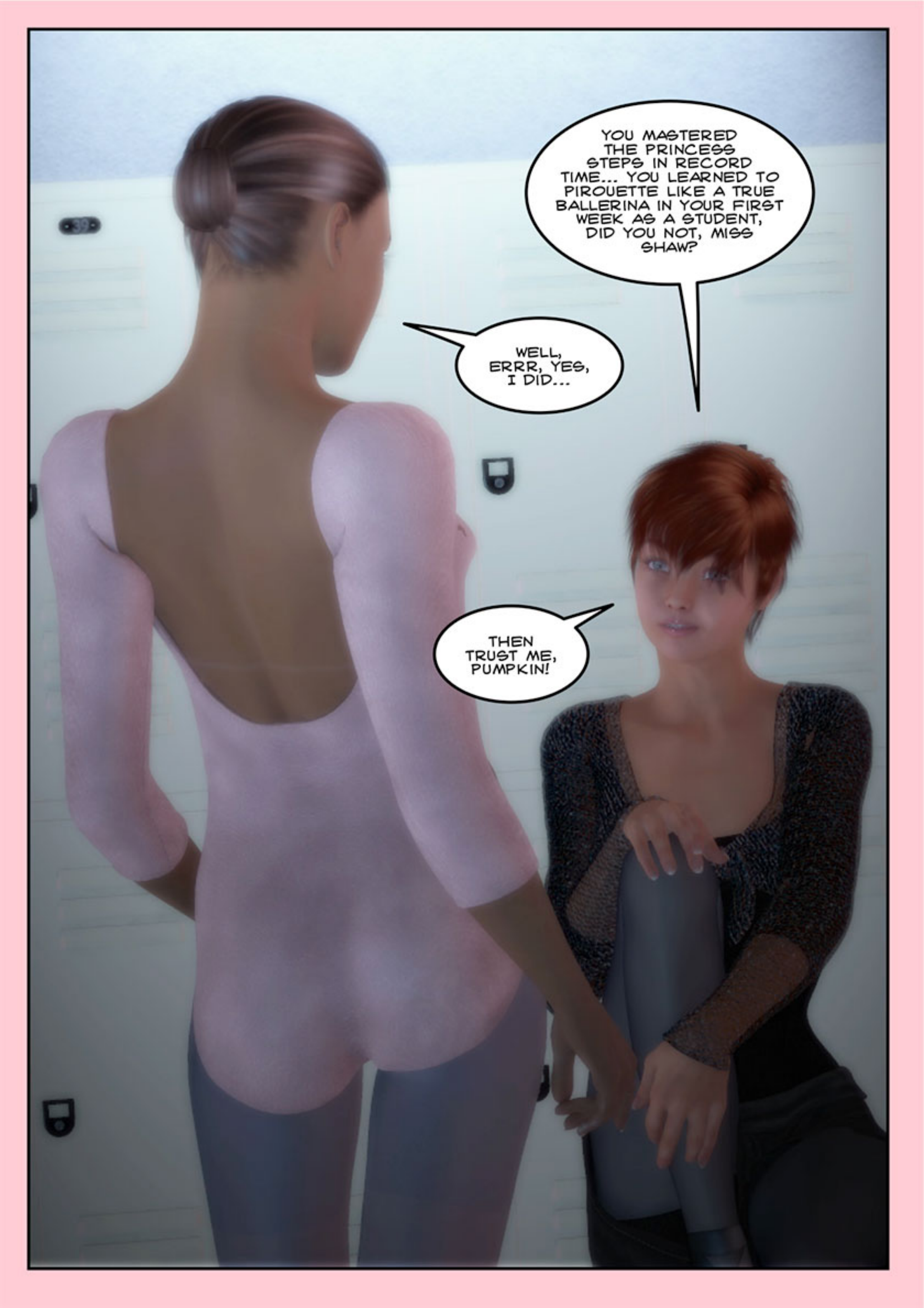
OHH, IT  
DOES NOT  
MATTER...

ALL THAT MATTERS IS YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN SWAN LAKE AND AUDITION FOR THE BULLCHESTER RUSSIAN BALLET!

I'M GOING TO LEARN SWAN LAKE?

YOU CERTAINLY ARE, MISS SHAW!

BUT I AM SO NEW TO THIS! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY GRASP SUCH A WONDERFUL DANCE?



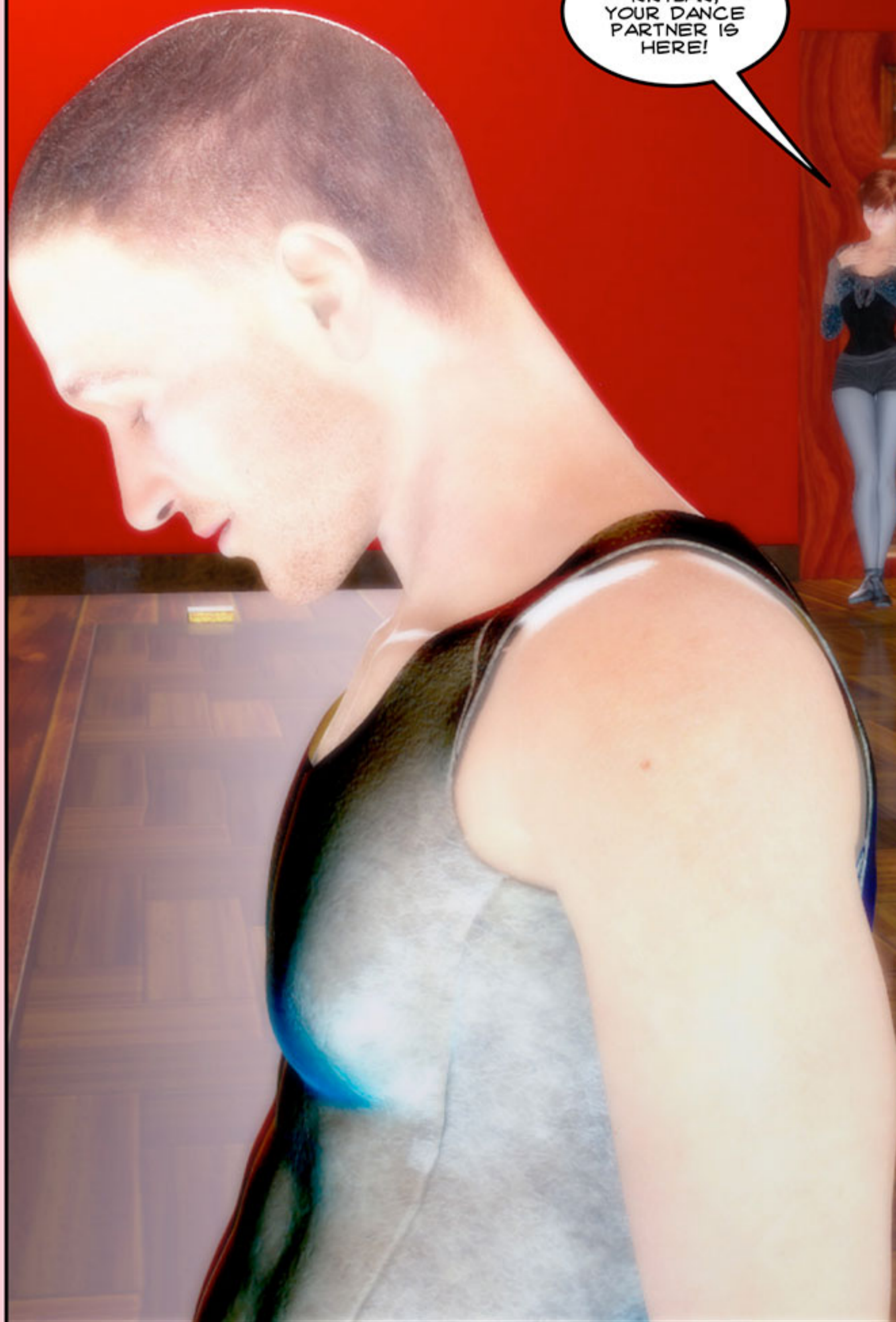
YOU MASTERED  
THE PRINCESS  
STEPS IN RECORD  
TIME... YOU LEARNED TO  
PIROUETTE LIKE A TRUE  
BALLERINA IN YOUR FIRST  
WEEK AS A STUDENT,  
DID YOU NOT, MISS  
SHAW?

WELL,  
ERRR, YES,  
I DID...

THEN  
TRUST ME,  
PUMPKIN!

A brief walk from the lockers  
to the dance hall...

MR.  
KRYZAK,  
YOUR DANCE  
PARTNER IS  
HERE!



OH, MY, HE'S  
A MAN, MISS  
TORMOLI?

OF COURSE  
HE IS! NOW,  
YOU DO NOT  
SPEAK UNLESS  
HE ASKS YOU  
TO!

AND YOU MUST  
BALLET CURTSY  
WHEN YOU STAND  
BEFORE HIM...

I'M  
GOING TO  
PARTNER A  
MAN?  
**\*GULP\***

YES, MISS  
TORMOLI...

AND ONE LAST  
THING, MISS SHAW...  
DO NOT SCREW THIS  
UP! THIS MAN IS THE  
MOST PRIZED MALE  
BALLET DANCER IN  
EUROPE...

I WILL DO MY  
BEST, MISS  
TORMOLI!

WHEN HE HAS  
FINISHED  
MEDITATING, HE WILL  
SIGNAL YOU TO  
APPROACH...  
AND YOU WILL DO THAT  
LIKE THE PRINCESS  
YOU ARE, DO YOU  
HEAR?


**\*GULP\***

YES, MISS  
TORMOLI!



SO THIS IS  
BOY... HMMM,  
PETITE IS  
GOOD... JUST  
LIKE TALINA!

WHAT IS  
NAME?



ANSWER  
CLEAR AND  
NEVER  
HESITATE,  
MISS SHAW!

I AM  
JACQUELINE,  
SIR!

COME!



**STOP!**

YES, THAT'S A  
GOOD GIRL,  
JACQUELINE!

BOY'S  
MOVEMENT LIKE  
TALINA... THIS  
GOOD!

I ONLY  
TRAIN BEST!  
ARE YOU BEST,  
JACQUELINE?

I AIM TO BE  
PERFECTION,  
SIR!

KRYZAK  
DEMAND MORE  
THAN PERFECTION,  
JACQUELINE...  
SHOW GRACEFUL,  
YES!

GOOD  
ANSWER!



OH, MY GOD,  
I FEEL SO  
NERVOUS...

BUT HE  
KNOWS I CAN  
DANCE, SO I  
HAVE TO SHOW  
HIM SOMETHING  
MORE THAN  
DANCE...

I HAVE TO  
**PERFORM...**  
YES, THAT'S IT...  
**PERFORM!**



BOY  
CERTAINLY  
HAVE  
POISE!

COME ALONG,  
JACQUELINE, YOU  
KNOW ALL THIS  
STUFF... YOU  
PRACTICED IT ALL  
LAST WEEK!

Of course, everything Miss Jacqueline Shaw knew had been etched into her psyche by Cresswell's clever subliminal programming...

...leaving Miah, her tutor and mentor, the job of reinforcing the self-belief the former Jake Ross needed to aspire to for his intended role in the Sisterhood's plans...



...and as Miah's protege pirouetted and displayed a virtually flawless en pointe...

...she swept into a rather ambitious Arabesque pose...



...leading her to swoop gracefully into a structured finale...





... ..

AMBITIOUS,  
TO SAY THE  
LEAST!

... ..

PLEASE,  
GODDESS, LET  
MR. KRYZAK BE  
PLEASED...



JACQUELINE  
SPIRITED,  
YES!

MIKEL  
LIKES,  
BUT...

OF COURSE  
SHE IS... SHE  
IS ONE OF MY  
GIRLS!

BUT WHAT,  
MIKEL?




SKIN NOT  
PORCELAIN...

BALLERINA  
MUST  
GLISTEN!

JACQUELINE  
MAY SPEAK,  
YES...

YOU MEAN  
HER BIKINI  
LINES?

YES, OF  
COURSE,  
MIKEL, A GOOD  
POINT... WE WILL  
MAKE SURE  
HER TAN IS  
REDUCED!



BALLERINA  
NEED TO BE  
DISCIPLINED  
AND  
PRISTINE!

MR. KRYZAK,  
SIR, I LOVE  
BALLET, AND I WANT  
TO BE NOT JUST A  
GOOD BALLERINA,  
BUT THE BEST!

I WILL BE  
ALL THAT AND  
MORE, MR.  
KRYZAK!

PLEASE  
SAY YES,  
PLEASE!



MIKEL WILL  
TEACH  
BALLERINA  
JACQUELINE!

THANK YOU,  
MIKEL!


CONDITION I  
MUST ADD, YES?

CONDITION?

BALLERINA  
MUST BE GIRL  
WHEN AUDITION!

YOU MEAN  
SMOOTH  
BETWEEN THE  
LEGS?

YES, THIS  
MIKEL'S OFFER...  
NO GIRL, NO  
TEACH!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE CONDITION OF MR. KRYZAK?

HMMM, I'M NOT SURE THIS PUMPKIN'S SUBLIMINALS WILL ACCEPT THE NEED TO BE CASTRATED...

I'M SORRY, MISS MIAH, BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

WHEN YOU AUDITION FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET, YOU WILL DO SO AS A TRUE GIRL!

A TRUE GIRL?

IT MAY BE SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR MOTHER FIRST, PUMPKIN!

MIKEL KNOW THIS HARD FOR BALLERINA JACQUELINE TO UNDERSTAND... BUT?

THEY WANT ME TO BE A COMPLETE GIRL?



HMMM, I DID NOT EXPECT THIS...

MIKEL WILL MAKE BALLERINA FEEL LIKE WOMAN WHEN DANCE!

I, ERR... YES, MR. KRYZAK, SIR!

As the former Jake Ross's mind and body succumbed further to the chemicals and subliminal programming of the Sisterhood...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I HAD SEX WITH BOTH OF THOSE MEN OVER THE WEEKEND...  
**\*HEE HEE\***

GOOD MORNING, GIRLS!

GOOD MORNING, MISS STONEBRIDGE!

I TRUST YOU ALL HAD A WONDERFUL WEEKEND, HMM?

YES, MISS STONEBRIDGE!

NOT AS GOOD AS MINE!  
**\*GIGGLE\***

I TRUST YOU ALSO DID THE ASSIGNMENTS I GAVE YOU...

...his former teacher and fellow classmates also entered into the third week of their programming...

And where once stood three ill-disciplined, imbalanced young men...

I WAS ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH ALL MY ASSIGNMENTS, MISS STONEBRIDGE!

I ALREADY WORK IN THE SALON, MISS STONEBRIDGE, SO I COMPLETED MINE WHILE WORKING...

OH, YES, MISS STONEBRIDGE, I DID MY ASSIGNMENT IN THE SHOE DEPARTMENT!

YOU WORK IN THE LINGERIE DEPARTMENT, DON'T YOU, CRAIG?

CRAIG IS SO LUCKY TO WORK THERE, MISS!

I WAS ASKING CRAIG, MISS CORDINI!

YES, SORRY, MISS STONEBRIDGE!

YES, I DO, MISS STONEBRIDGE... I USED TO WORK IN THE STOCK ROOM...

were three very effeminate young ladies-to-be...

HMM, I'VE GOT THIS WEEK TO GET THESE THREE IN SHAPE! MRS. MOORE WANTS THEM ALL TO BE EXPERTS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE AREAS OF BEAUTY, BUT SHE WANTS CRAIG TO ATTEND THE CATWALK LESSONS... HE CERTAINLY HAS NO REAL BEAUTICIAN SKILLS, AND IF SHE HAS DESIGNATED HIM TO BE THE MODEL, THEN I CANNOT ARGUE WITH HER...

BUT HE DOES HAVE THE ADDED EXPERIENCE OF BEING A CROSS-DRESSER, SO I GUESS THAT'S HIS SKILL, AND IT WILL SERVE HIM SUPERBLY IN MRS. MOORE'S CHOSEN VOCATION FOR CRAIG...

WELL, I AM GLAD YOU HAVE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH NIKI AND TORI, CRAIG... WORKING IN LINGERIE IS GOING TO BE QUITE AN ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN THIS WEEK'S CLASS!



BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS SO I DON'T END UP WITH MISS CORDINI GETTING JEALOUS...

MISS NIELSEN?

YES, MISS STONEBRIDGE?

I NEED YOU TO VOLUNTEER ONE OF YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS FOR OUR LESSON TODAY!

HMMM... MAY I INQUIRE AS TO WHAT THE LESSON ENTAILS?

WELL, YOU ALL KNOW HOW WONDERFULLY SEXY MY BODY IS, AND THAT IS BECAUSE OF WHAT... CLASS?

BECAUSE YOU'RE SO SLIM AND BEAUTIFUL, MISS STONEBRIDGE?

WHY, THANK YOU, MISS NIELSEN... BUT NO! \*HEE HEE\*

UHMMM... THE DRESSES YOU CHOOSE?




I GIVE UP!

IT'S THE SHAPWEAR MISS STONEBRIDGE WEARS THAT MAKES HER INCREDIBLY SEXY, YOU SILLY GIRLS!

WOW, CRAIG, HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU WERE BOTH SO BUSY ENJOYING THE SENSATIONS OF STOCKINGS ON YOUR HANDS, WHERE I WAS LISTENING TO MISS STONEBRIDGE!


A woman with blonde hair styled in an updo, wearing a black and white dress, stands on the left side of the frame. She is gesturing with her right hand. In the center and right, three women with red, brown, and grey hair are wearing matching purple dresses. They are looking towards the woman in the black and white dress. The background shows a room with a window and a door.

CORRECT,  
CRAIG... I AM  
GLAD ONE OF YOU  
WAS ACTUALLY  
PAYING ATTENTION  
TO MY EARLIER  
CLASSES!

OOOH, CRAIGY,  
YOU WERE JUST  
ACTING BEING NOT  
INTERESTED?

I WAS JUST  
PUTTING ON A  
FRONT FOR  
THAT AWFUL  
ROSS BOY WHO  
WAS WITH US  
THEN!


WELL, I THINK  
WE HAVE OUR  
VOLUNTEER FOR  
TODAY!



I AM  
AMAZED I HAVE  
CAUGHT UP WITH  
THESE TWO,  
ESPECIALLY AS  
THEY WERE KIND  
OF TEACHER'S  
PETS!

BUT THEN  
AGAIN, I AM AN  
EXPERIENCED  
CROSSDRESSER, SO  
I ALREADY KNOW THE  
WONDERS OF  
WEARING HOSE AND  
HEELS...  
**\*SMILE\***

Unlike Hector and Nicholas's gradual programming, Craig Wilson's had been very severe. Where once his mind would have heaped ridicule and a torrent of vile abuse upon any man who tried to look and dress like a woman, he now held memories of wanting to look and dress as a woman as long as he could remember...

A woman with blonde hair styled in an updo, wearing a black and white dress with black buttons and a black collar, stands in a classroom. She is looking down at a mannequin. The mannequin is wearing a white top and brown thigh-high stockings. The woman is speaking to the mannequin. There are speech bubbles containing dialogue. In the background, there is a desk with a purple pen holder and some papers.

NOW YOU TWO  
AIRHEADS NEED  
TO THINK ABOUT  
HOW YOU'RE BOTH  
SLACKING IN MY  
CLASS!

YES, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE,  
I WILL!

MISS  
CORDINI?

UHMM, YES,  
MISS  
STONEBRIDGE,  
SORRY...


GOOD, WELL,  
YOU CAN BOTH PUT  
YOUR BEAUTY AND  
HAIR LESSONS TO  
WORK ON CRAIG  
TODAY...

AND WHEN YOU  
HAVE DONE  
CRAIG'S MAKEUP  
AND HAIR, SHE CAN  
PUT ON SOME  
SHAPEWEAR I HAVE  
READY TO BE  
MODELED!


Across the city, on the  
east side of Bullchester...

I ALWAYS KNEW  
THIS DAY WOULD  
ARRIVE, BUT NEVER  
THOUGHT IT  
WOULD...  
**\*PFFT\***

NEW YORK DELI-GROCERY

A woman with brown hair is partially visible behind a stone pillar. She is looking to the right. A thought bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The background consists of several stone pillars and a brick wall on the right side.


IF ONLY  
CELESTE  
WERE IN  
CONTROL, I  
WOULD NOT HAVE  
TO HONOR  
THIS DEAL...

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black long-sleeved top, a grey blazer, and a black skirt, stands in a room. She is looking slightly to her left. The room has light blue walls, a round clock on the wall to the left, and a window with white curtains and a large orange curtain on the right. The floor is dark wood.

MISTRESS  
LAUREN, YOU HAVE  
A VISITOR, MA'AM!

YES, YES,  
SHOW HER IN!  
*\*PFFT\**





WILL YOU  
STILL BE  
TAKING YOUR  
USUAL 11 A.M.  
CLASS,  
MA'AM?


NO, JENNY  
CAN TAKE  
THEM! I WILL  
NOT BE IN THE  
MOOD FOR ANY  
CLASSES  
TODAY,  
POPPY!



MISTRESS  
LAUREN WILL  
RECEIVE YOU,  
MA'AM...

THANK YOU,  
MA'AM!

WHY, THANK  
YOU... I MUST  
SAY, YA SURE  
IS A PURTY LI'L  
THING, AIN'T  
YA, HON?



WHAT BRINGS  
YOU TO MY  
NECK OF THE  
WOODS, MISS  
WELSH?

YOU HAVE  
NO POWER  
WITHIN THE  
SISTERHOOD TO  
ORDER ME  
AROUND, MISS  
WELSH!

MAKE IT  
QUICK, MISS  
WELSH! MY  
PATIENCE IS NOT  
WHAT IT USED  
TO BE!

WELL,  
THAT'S A  
MIGHTY FINE  
WELCOME FOR  
LI'L OL' ME,  
LAUREN!

NOW DON'T GET  
YERSELF ALL  
WORKED UP, HON!  
I'M PURELY HERE  
FOR A CHAT ABOUT  
OLD TIMES!



OLD TIMES  
YOU SAY,  
HMMM?

YA KNOW  
ME, HONEY...  
I NEVER  
FORGET THE  
GOOD OL'  
TIMES!

AND WHAT  
EXACTLY IS  
IT YOU WANT  
FROM ME,  
MISS  
WELSH?


NOW DON'T  
GO ALL BIMBO  
ON ME, LAUREN!  
YA KNOW WHY I  
AM HERE!

I WAS  
NEVER A  
BIMBO,  
REGARDLESS  
OF WHAT  
THOSE  
BITCHES  
LABELED  
ME AS!

IT'S IRONIC  
YOU BRING  
THOSE BITCHES  
UP, HON,  
ESPECIALLY  
CONSIDERING YA  
GONNA HAVE TO  
ENTERTAIN ONE  
OF THEM...

I HAVE NO  
CHOICE IN  
WHAT THE  
SISTERHOOD  
WANTS!

OHH, I CAN  
TELL FROM THE  
LOOK ON YER  
FACE, DARLIN', YOU  
AIN'T LOOKING  
FORWARD TO  
TRAINING THIS  
TEACHER'S  
STUDENT!




IT'S TRUE, I  
AM NOT AN  
ADVOCATE OF  
FORMER MALES  
BECOMING  
SOMETHING  
SPECIAL!

AND YOU  
KNOW WHO  
THIS STUDENT'S  
TEACHER IS,  
THEN, HON?

I HEARD  
A RUMOR,  
YES...

WELL, LAUREN,  
HONEY, IT'S  
HER!

WHY  
WOULD THEY  
WANT THAT  
VENOMOUS  
BITCH?




YA HATE HER AS MUCH AS I DO, LAUREN AND WORSE STILL, THEY ARE TRYING TO REUNITE HER WITH LISBETH!

WHY ARE THEY MAKING THESE BITCHES INTO HIGH-PROFILE MADAMS?

THAT LISBETH IS PURE WICKED, GWYNN!

THEY COMMANDED A LOT OF RESPECT IN THE REAL WORLD, HONEY, UNLIKE US RECIPIENTS OF THEIR VILE VITRIOL...

WELL WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT THE GOOD OL' DAYS ME AND YOU HAD FIRST, EH, LAUREN, HMMM?



DAMN YOU, YOU  
CHEAP SOUTHERN  
WHORE... YOU CAME  
HERE TO SEDUCE  
ME AGAIN, AND I'VE  
FALLEN FOR IT!

AND THAT'S  
WHY YOU  
RESCHEDULED  
YOUR LESSONS  
FOR TODAY,  
HMMM?

YOU  
KNEW I  
WOULD,  
DIDN'T  
YOU?

OHhh,  
LAUREN, YOU'RE  
SUCH AN EASY  
LAY, HONEY!

I SHOULD  
REPORT YOU,  
GWYNN!

YEAH, BUT YOU  
WON'T... OHh, AND  
THAT DELIGHTFUL  
LITTLE MORSEL OF AN  
ASSISTANT... IS THAT  
WHO I THINK IT IS?

NO, I,  
ERR...

COME NOW?  
\*GRIN\*

YOU CALLED, MISTRESS LAUREN, MA'AM?

YES, I DID, POPPY... I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO GWYNN, MY DEAR...

I TAKE IT YOUR FORMER STEPSON STILL HAS HER COCKLETTE?

I DO, MISS WELSH!

YOU HEARD MISS WELSH... ANSWER HER, POPPY!

SHE KNOWS FULL WELL SHE DOES...





POPPY, GO  
TO MY OFFICE  
AND STRIP DOWN  
TO YOUR  
PANTYHOSE!

SHE CAN  
KEEP HER  
CUTE HEELS  
ON, TOO!

YOU HEARD  
MY FRIEND...  
NOW SCOOT!

I MADE  
SURE SHE  
LOST NONE OF  
HER GIRTH, AND  
SHE LOOKS  
SOOOO SEXY IN  
HOSE, AS YOU  
WILL SEE!

YES  
MISTRESS  
LAUREN,  
MA'AM, I  
WILL!

AND YOU  
WANTED TO  
FORGET ABOUT THE  
GOOD OL' TIMES WE  
SHARED, LAUREN...  
YOU MINX!

While back at Feethams...

WOW, CRAIG,  
YOU LOOK  
AWESOME!


IT WAS  
WITH OUR  
HELP,  
NIKI...

THANK  
YOU, GIRLS,  
BUT I WOULD  
RATHER HEAR  
HOW CRAIG  
FEELS...





I FEEL  
FABULOUS, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE!

A woman with short red hair is standing in a fitting room, wearing a white, form-fitting bodysuit with thin straps and high-heeled shoes. She has her hands on her hips and is looking down. To her left, a woman with blonde hair is pointing at her. In the foreground, the backs of two other women's heads are visible. The room has white walls, a wooden floor, and a framed picture on the wall. A purple garment is hanging on a rack in the background.

YOU SEE  
HOW THE  
SHAPEWEAR  
GIVES CRAIG A  
MORE FEMININE  
GLOW, GIRLS?

BUT HOW ARE  
YOU IN HEELS,  
CRAIG, HMMM?

EXCELLENT!  
THEN PERHAPS  
YOU'LL GIVE US  
ALL AN EXAMPLE  
OF HOW TO  
WALK IN THEM,  
YES?

I WEAR HEELS  
AT HOME, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE!

OF COURSE,  
MISS  
STONEBRIDGE!

WONDERFUL  
MOVEMENT,  
CRAIG... WELL  
DONE!

I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
DREAMED THAT  
CRAIG WOULD BE  
THE MODEL OUT  
OF THESE  
BOYS!

HEE HEE,  
ALL THOSE  
HOURS SPENT  
MESSING WITH  
MAKEUP AND  
HAIR TORI AND  
NIKI HAVE DONE,  
AND I GET TO  
WEAR THE  
LINGERIE  
FIRST!

*SWISH*

*CLICK CLACK*




WELL, GIRLS, I  
THINK WE'VE FOUND  
OUR MODEL! WHAT  
DO YOU THINK?

OH, CRAIGY,  
YOU'RE SUCH A  
NATURAL!  
\*GIGGLE\*

○  
○  
○  
HMMM, I  
THOUGHT I  
WOULD MAKE  
THE MODEL!  
\*PFFFT\*





WON'T CRAIGY  
HAVE TO CHANGE  
HIS NAME, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE?

YES, WE CAN'T  
HAVE A MODEL  
WITH A BOY'S NAME,  
CAN WE, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE?

YOU KNOW, THE GIRLS ARE RIGHT, CRAIG... IT IS AN AWFUL NAME TO HAVE IF YOU'RE TO BECOME A MODEL...

DO YOU WISH TO BECOME MY MODEL? I CAN ALWAYS LET NIKI BECOME MY MODEL...

I'VE NEVER HAD ANY CAUSE TO CHANGE MY NAME, MISS STONEBRIDGE...

I'M NOT SURE, MISS STONEBRIDGE... I MEAN, MY MOTHER MIGHT OBJECT...

YOU LIKE WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DON'T YOU?

OHHH, MISS STONEBRIDGE, I LOVE WEARING FEMALE CLOTHING... I LOVE EVERYTHING ABOUT IT!

WELL, INSTEAD OF ENJOYING JUST WEARING FEMALE CLOTHING, YOU SHOULD JUST WEAR WOMEN'S CLOTHES FULL TIME...

YOU MEAN THROW ALL MY CRAIG CLOTHING AWAY?

YES!

BUT MY MOTHER MIGHT NOT AGREE...



MAY I SPEAK, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE?

WELL, OF  
COURSE, MISS  
NIELSEN!

COULD WE,  
LIKE, TAKE A  
FIELD TRIP TO THE  
SALON AND LET  
CRAIG HAVE THEM  
DO A FULL  
PROFESSIONAL  
MAKEOVER ON  
HIM?

A FULL  
MAKEOVER?

THAT'S A  
WONDERFUL  
IDEA, MISS  
NIELSEN!

BUT WHAT  
DIFFERENCE  
WOULD THAT  
MAKE TO WHAT  
YOU GIRLS HAVE  
ALREADY DONE  
TO ME?

YOU COULD  
SHOW YOUR  
NEW SELF OFF  
TO YOUR  
MOTHER AND  
SHOW HER YOU  
REALLY WANT TO  
BECOME A  
GIRL!

I SOOOO  
WANTED TO  
BECOME A  
MODEL...  
\*PFFFT\*

DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED, SWEETIE! YOU'RE IN GREAT HANDS WITH AYA...

IT'S MY FIRST TIME IN A REAL SALON, AND I'M NOT SURE WHAT MY MOTHER WILL SAY WHEN SHE SEES ME...

YOUR MOTHER IS LULU, AIN'T SHE, HON?

MY MOTHER'S NAME IS JULIE, BUT SHE USED TO BE CALLED LULU...

YES, THAT'S HER NAME...

LULU CROSS?

OH, MY GOD, LULU SURE DOES, HON!

SHE COMES IN HERE QUITE A LOT, SWEETIE!

I DON'T REALLY GET TO SEE HER MUCH! SHE'S ALWAYS OUT CLUBBING...

AND IF IT'S NOT  
FEETHAM'S  
FINEST STUDENTS  
AND TEACHER!

ANNABELLE,  
IT'S GREAT TO  
SEE YOU!

ANNABELLE!  
OH, MY GOD...

OHHH!  
\*GIGGLE\*

OH, MY GOD,  
SHE IS SOOOO  
GORGEOUS!



I'VE HEARD YOU GIRLS ARE ALL DOING SO MUCH BETTER NOW THAT CELIA HAS STAYED TO TUTOR YOU!

MISS STONEBRIDGE IS AWESOME, ANNABELLE!

YES, SHE IS, ANNABELLE!

COME NOW, GIRLS, I'M ONLY DOING MY JOB!

WHAT A WONDERFUL JOB YOU ARE DOING TOO, CELIA!

ARE YOU NOT WORKING AT THE NAIL BAR, ANNABELLE?



MY MOTHER IS  
TAKING MY SISTER  
MICHELLE TO DR.  
DE'BOUCHER, SO  
SHE'S LEFT ME TO  
RUN THINGS FOR  
HER WHILE SHE'S  
AWAY!

HENCE MY  
MORE  
BUSINESSLIKE  
APPAREL!

BUT ONTO  
MORE  
IMPORTANT  
ISSUES... I SEE  
YOU'VE CHOSEN A  
STUDENT TO  
LEARN  
MODELING!

I WAS WORRIED  
THAT YOU WOULD  
NOT FIND A STUDENT  
TO FILL THAT ROLE...  
YOUR CHOICE IS  
EXCELLENT, CELIA! YOUR  
CHOSEN STUDENT  
CERTAINLY HAS THE  
HEIGHT FOR THE  
TASK!

WHOEVER WOULD HAVE  
GUESSED THAT THE  
WILSON BOY WOULD BECOME  
THE MODEL OUT OF THEM...  
I WOULD'VE STAKED MY  
MONEY ON THE FORMER  
MODEL'S BOY...

OH, YES, A  
WONDERFUL  
DOCTOR,  
INDEED!

YES, I HAVE,  
BUT WE MAY  
HAVE TROUBLE  
WITH HER MOTHER  
ALLOWING HER TO  
BECOME OUR  
MODEL...



I'M WORRIED MY MOTHER WILL NOT LIKE ME CHOOSING TO BECOME A MODEL...

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE SAME WOMAN HERE?

WHAT, LULU?

YES, HONEY, THE LULU WE KNOW IS VERY FLAMBOYANT!

I'VE NOT SEEN MY MOTHER IN OVER TWO WEEKS...

OHhh, HONEY, THE LULU WE ALL KNOW IS A NIGHT OWL, AIN'T SHE, MEGAN?

AYA'S RIGHT, SWEETIE! YOUR MOTHER SPENDS HER NIGHTS DANCING IN CINCHERS AND THE LUCK CLUB!

As Craig's transformation gained pace before his very eyes...

ME,  
PRETTY?

OHhh,  
GOSH, IS  
THAT REALLY  
ME?

PERHAPS  
WHEN SHE SEES  
HOW PRETTY HER  
DAUGHTER IS,  
SHE'LL BE PROUD  
THAT YOU'VE FOUND  
A GOAL IN LIFE,  
HMMM?

WELL, OF  
COURSE YOU  
ARE, SWEETIE...  
I MEAN, LOOK  
HOW GORGEOUS  
YOU ARE WITH YOUR  
FALSE EYELASHES  
AND EXPERTLY  
APPLIED  
MAKEUP!

I KNOW I WEAR  
MAKEUP AND  
STUFF, BUT I'VE  
NEVER REALLY  
LOOKED AT MYSELF  
FROM A GIRL'S  
ANGLE  
BEFORE...

HONEY, YOU'RE A  
REAL BEAUTY! DON'T  
CHEAT YOURSELF...  
HONESTLY!

The programming he had received on the night of the sleepover had not only laid the foundation for his need to crossdress, but was constantly reinforcing his new-found desires to look and act as feminine as possible...

And with Craig's femininity flowering, Tori and Niki's programming was also in the process of being finalized...

YOU KNOW, YOU GIRLS SHOULD GO TO LUCK BEA'S!

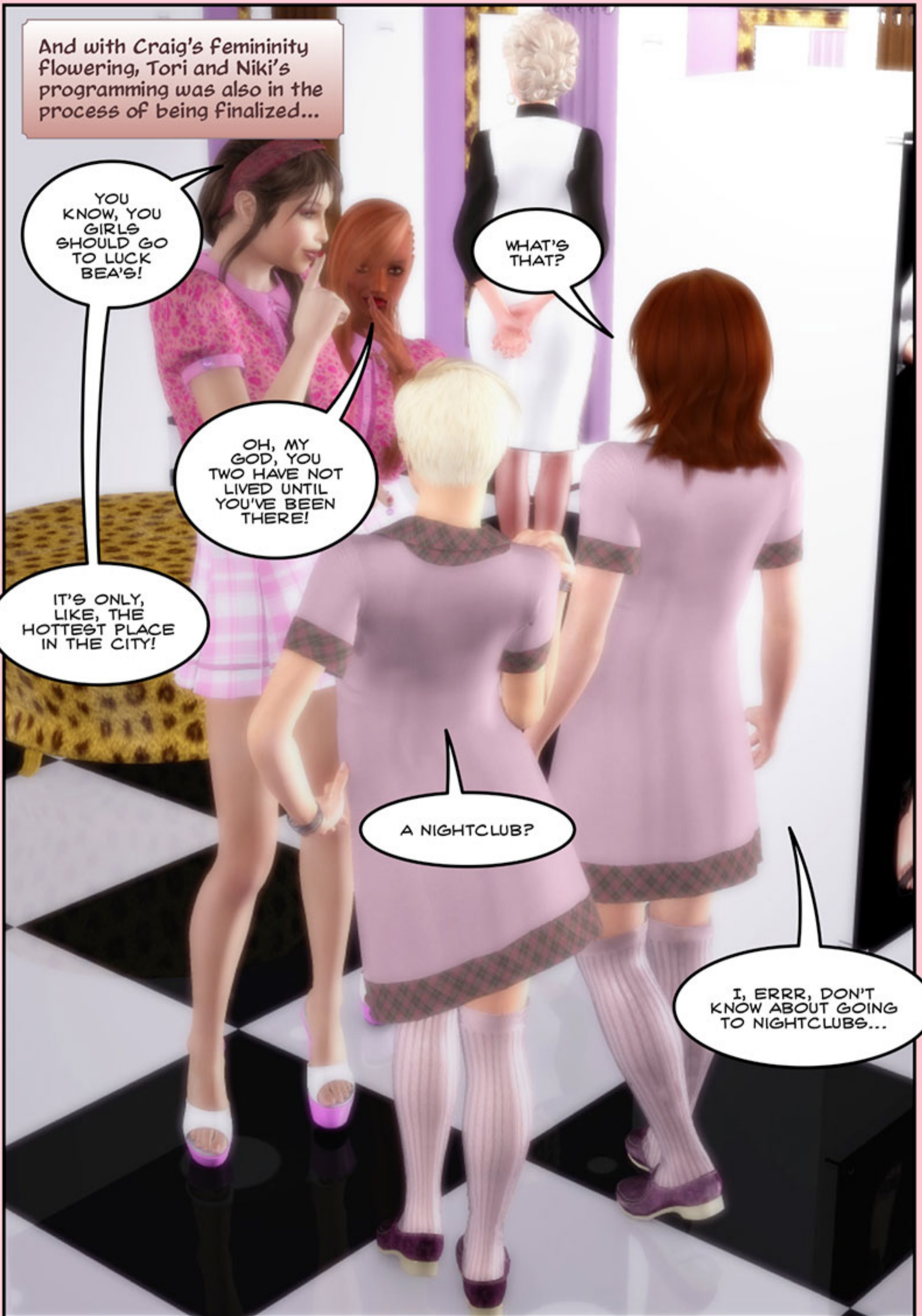
WHAT'S THAT?

OH, MY GOD, YOU TWO HAVE NOT LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN THERE!

IT'S ONLY, LIKE, THE HOTTEST PLACE IN THE CITY!

A NIGHTCLUB?

I, ERRR, DON'T KNOW ABOUT GOING TO NIGHTCLUBS...





YOU WORK IN  
THE MALL, TOO,  
DON'T YOU?

WELL,  
ERRR, YES,  
I DO...

WELL, ALL  
YOU GOTTA  
DO IS BOOK A  
LIMO WITH  
ENVY!

ENVY?

JUST GO  
TO THE  
TAXI CENTER  
AT THE FRONT  
OF THE MALL!  
ENVY'S THE  
OWNER... ALL US  
GIRLS WHO  
WORK HERE  
TRAVEL IN HER  
TAXIS AND  
LIMOS FOR  
FREE!

AWWW,  
COME ON,  
TORI, THINK  
OF THOSE  
DELICIOUS  
BOYS  
THERE!

BOYS?

YES,  
BABES,  
BOYS!

UHMMM... I  
DON'T REALLY  
KNOW...

AWWW COME  
ON, TORI...  
PLEEEASE!

While Celia Stonebridge's programming, like her rejuvenated mind and body, was finally reaching its peak...

ARE YOU OKAY IN THERE, CRAIG?

I'M NOT SURE, MISS STONEBRIDGE...

C'MON, CRAIG, LET ME SEE YOU!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE WILSON BOY HAS TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A WONDERFUL STUDENT...

BUT THEN AGAIN, I AM AN INCREDIBLE TEACHER... THOUGH IT'S SUCH A SHAME THIS PROCESS OF REFORMATION WAS NOT ALLOWED IN MY DAYS IN PARIS AND SWITZERLAND...

HMMM, I LIKE BEING CALLED "MISS"... IT'S SO MUCH MORE THOUGHT PROVOKING FOR YOUNG MEN WHEN THEY HEAR ME BEING CALLED MISS...  
**\*HEE HEE\***

Although the renowned former retired old battle-axe that was once Celia Stonebridge had gone, the quality and determination that had made her the most feared and respected English and math teacher among Europe's elite schools had not, and to add to that, this Celia now had a burning desire to succeed where her former self had failed...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IS ME...

I GUESS THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW...  
\*GULP\*


I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'VE NEVER LOOKED AT YOURSELF FROM A WOMAN'S ANGLE!

BUT WHAT IF MY MOTHER DOES NOT AGREE, MISS STONEBRIDGE?

YOU LEAVE YOUR MOTHER TO ME, CRAIG... YOU FORGET, SHE WAS ONCE MY STUDENT, AS YOU ARE!

I'VE FOUGHT THESE URGES FOR SO LONG, MISS STONEBRIDGE... AND THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR CLASSES, I NOW KNOW THIS IS THE PATH FOR ME...

Of course, the resurfacing memories that Craig was having were all part of his conditioning and programming...



SO YOU'VE BEEN HIDING YOUR CROSSDRESSING FROM YOUR MOTHER?

OHH, MY MOTHER KNOWS I WEAR FEMALE CLOTHES... I JUST DON'T WEAR THEM AROUND HER!

HOW DOES SHE FEEL ABOUT YOU ATTENDING FEETHAM GIRLS' SCHOOL IN A DRESS, THEN?

SINCE I STARTED YOUR CLASSES, SHE HAS KIND OF LEFT ME TO GET ON WITH THINGS, MISS STONEBRIDGE!

SHE IS NOT AWARE YOU ATTEND A GIRLS' SCHOOL, YOU MEAN?

SHE SENT ME HERE IN HOPE IT WOULD STOP ME FROM CROSSDRESSING, BUT IT HAS ONLY MADE ME MORE DETERMINED TO DO IT!

WELL, TAKE IT FROM ME, CRAIG, YOU RESEMBLE A YOUNG WOMAN MORE THAN YOU DO A YOUNG MAN!



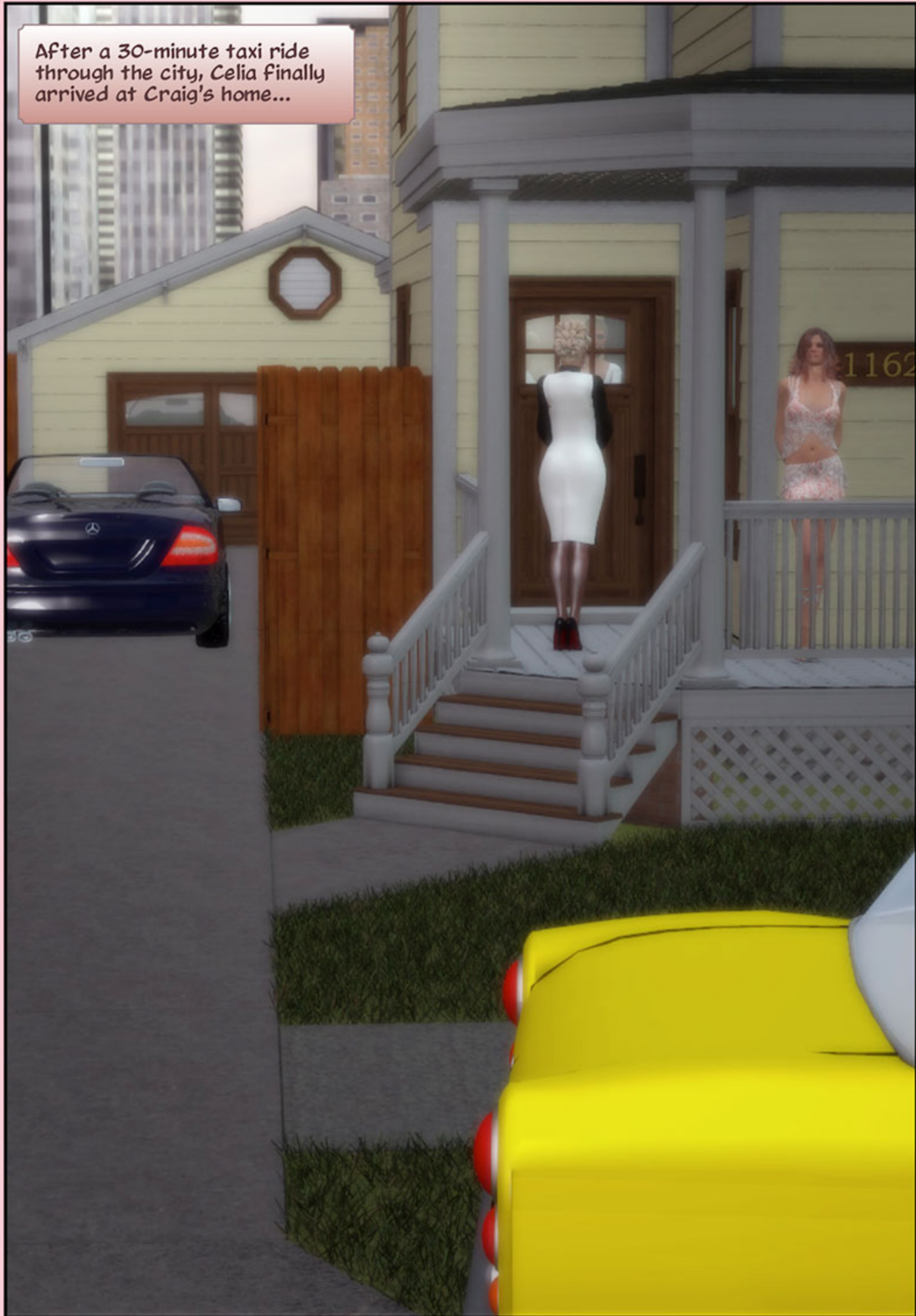
BUT  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
THIS?

OH, THAT  
LITTLE THING  
CAN EASILY BE  
OVERCOME,  
MY DEAR!

HOW, MISS  
STONEBRIDGE?

WELL, WHY DON'T  
WE VISIT YOUR  
MOTHER AND TELL  
HER YOUR GOOD  
NEWS FIRST,  
HMMM?

After a 30-minute taxi ride through the city, Celia finally arrived at Craig's home...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU IN PERSON, JULIE!

WHO IS IT, LULU?

YOU'VE NOT CALLED YOURSELF LULU SINCE THE SORBONNE, JULIE...

WELL, I DO NOW... SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT?




WHO IS IT,  
BABE?

HMMM, SO  
THE RUMORS  
WERE TRUE!

IT'S  
STONEBRIDGE!





I SEE YOU TWO ARE AN ITEM, THEN...

HI, CELIA!  
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR LOVE NEST?  
\*HEE HEE\*

WOW, I NEVER KNEW CELIA LOOKED SO HOT...

YEAH, AND WHAT'S IT TO YOU, EH, STONEBRIDGE, HUH?

WHAT MY EX-PUPILS GET UP TO IS NOT MY CONCERN...

BUT WHEN IT INVOLVES ONE OF MY CURRENT PUPILS, I DO SHOW CONCERN!

TELL HER TO GO, BABY, SO WE CAN MAKE LOVE!

JUST GET TO THE POINT, STONEBRIDGE... MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS TO MAKE LOVE!



CRAIG?

I TOLD YOU,  
SHE'S NOT  
INTERESTED  
IN ME!

CRAIG  
WILSON,  
COME  
HERE THIS  
INSTANT!

SHE'S  
MORE  
INTERESTED  
IN TORI'S  
MOM THAN  
ME!

OH, MY GOD!

TELL YOUR MOTHER, SWEETHEART... GO ON!

SHIT, THERE GOES MY CHANCE OF SEX WITH LULU! \*PFFT\*

I WANT TO BECOME A CATWALK MODEL, MOTHER!





OH, MY...  
FUCK, LOOK AT  
YOU, CRAIG,  
YOU'RE...

I AM NOT  
YOUR SON  
ANYMORE,  
MOTHER!

I, ERR,  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO  
SAY...

OH, GOD,  
LOOK AT YOU...  
YOU'RE WEARING  
A BRA AND  
EVERYTHING!

I MEAN, I  
KNEW YOU HAD A  
WARDROBE OF  
GIRLS' STUFF,  
BUT...

OH, DARLING,  
YES... YES, I DO, IT'S  
JUST... WOW, MY CRAIGY  
IS GOING TO BECOME  
MY DAUGHTER?

YOU  
APPROVE,  
FOR ONE!

MOTHER?

PLEASE,  
MOTHER, I WANT  
YOUR APPROVAL,  
PLEASE!

CRAIG HAS  
BEEN CHOSEN TO  
BECOME OUR  
CATWALK MODEL!

**\*PFFT\***  
I DON'T SEE  
WHAT ALL THE  
FUSS IS! MY TORI  
WANTS TO BE A  
GIRL! IT'S NO  
BIG DEAL...

WHAT  
CAN I  
SAY,  
CELIA?

WELL, YOU  
CAN THANK ME  
IF AND WHEN  
YOUR DAUGHTER  
IMPRESSES THE  
MODEL  
AGENCY!

WELL, WITH YOU  
TUTORING MY NEW  
DAUGHTER, I  
CANNOT ENVISION  
HER FAILING...

I KNOW I AM A  
GREAT TEACHER,  
MISS CROSS, BUT  
YOUR DAUGHTER CAN  
HARDLY STRUT A  
CATWALK WITH THE  
NAME SHE HAS, CAN  
SHE, HMMM?

I WAS ALWAYS  
GOING TO CALL  
CRAIG CASSANDRA  
IF SHE HAD NOT  
BEEN BORN A  
HORRID BOY!

OHhh,  
MOTHER, THANK  
YOU! I'M SO  
HAPPY YOU'RE  
SUPPORTING  
ME!

WELL, IT  
APPEARS I  
HAVE A  
CASSANDRA  
ATTENDING MY  
LESSONS FROM  
NOW ON, DON'T  
I?

Later that day, at Hector's mother's residence...

THE CAMERAMAN  
WILL BE THERE  
SHORTLY,  
GIA!

THAT'S GREAT,  
ANTON... THANK  
YOU!

I'M AMAZED  
THEY ALL WANT TO  
DO AN ARTICLE ON  
ME COMING OUT  
OF RETIREMENT!

ARE YOU  
KIDDIN' ME,  
GIA? THEY'RE  
LITERALLY  
BEATING DOWN  
MY DOOR TO  
GET YOU  
SIGNED UP!

YOU'VE  
TOLD THEM  
HOW MUCH I  
WANT, HMMM,  
ANTON?

SPARKLE  
MAGAZINE IS  
PAYING YOU 750  
THOUSAND FOR  
A FULL-ON  
NAKED  
SPREAD!

AND  
FRANCO IS  
PART OF THIS  
SHOOT... YOU  
KNOW THAT,  
YES?



YES,  
FRANCO IS  
PART OF THE  
DEAL, GIA!

OHhh,  
NICOLA...  
SORRY,  
DARLING, YOUR  
MOM IS  
TALKING  
BUSINESS!

MOMMY,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

OHhh,  
ANTON,  
YOU'RE  
MARVELOUS,  
DARLING!  
THANK YOU  
SO MUCH!



WHO ARE YOU?

YOU CAN TELL RICARDO I DON'T DO TOPLESS UNLESS IT'S A FIVE-FIGURE SUM!

FRANCO, SIGNORA NICOLA!

AFTER ALL, I AM THE HOTTEST 40-YEAR-OLD AROUND ON THE MODELING CIRCUIT!



RIGHT! SORRY,  
NICOLA, I WAS BUSY  
ARRANGING MY MODELING  
SCHEDULE WITH ANTON...  
I AM IN DEMAND  
AGAIN...

I WAS JUST  
ASKING WHY  
YOU'RE  
HERE...

RUTHIE HAS  
LET ME HIRE  
OUT HER  
WONDERFUL  
MANSION FOR A  
NAKED SHOOT  
WITH FRANCO,  
DARLING...

IS ANTON  
STILL FINDING  
ME SOME  
MODELING WORK,  
MOMMY?

OHhhh,  
DARLING, ANTON  
SAYS YOU'RE JUST  
TOO INEXPERIENCED,  
AND ALL THE  
AGENCIES DEMAND A  
WELL- ESTABLISHED  
TOMBOY... SO  
SORRY, SWEETS!

BUT YOU  
SAID YOU  
WOULD HELP  
ME,  
MOMMY!

I'M FAR TOO BUSY,  
NICOLA, BUT IF I  
REMEMBER, I'LL ASK  
ANTON IF HE KNOWS OF  
ANY SMALLER AGENCIES  
WHO ARE LOOKING FOR  
TOMBOYISH MODELS,  
OKAY, SWEETS?

FAR TOO  
BUSY WITH  
YOUR  
BOYFRIEND,  
YOU MEAN...  
**\*PFFT\***

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
WHEN OR HOW YOU  
MANAGED TO  
RESURRECT YOUR  
MODELING CAREER  
WHEN YOU GAVE IT  
UP, LIKE, 30  
YEARS AGO!

YOU  
MEAN  
YOU  
SLEPT  
WITH  
HIM!

I'LL PRETEND I  
DID NOT HEAR  
THAT, NICOLA!

I HAD NOT SEEN  
ANTON IN A DECADE,  
AND WE KIND OF  
BUMPED INTO EACH  
OTHER A WEEK  
AGO...

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S COME  
OVER YOU, YOUNG  
LADY, BUT I SENT  
YOU TO THAT  
SCHOOL FOR YOU  
TO LEARN  
RESPECT FOR  
ME...



WHATEVER,  
MOMMY!

EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT,  
SEXY?

YES, I'M  
FINE,  
FRANCO... I  
THINK MY  
DAUGHTER IS  
HAVING  
HORMONAL  
PROBLEMS!

HORMONAL  
PROBLEMS, SHE  
CAN TALK... A  
BOYFRIEND WHO'S  
ONLY A COUPLE  
YEARS OLDER  
THAN ME!

I ONLY  
CAME HERE  
TO HELP TORI  
WITH HER STUFF,  
AND THEN WE'RE  
GOING BACK TO  
THE PLACE YOU  
USED TO LIVE!

ARE YOU  
GOING OUT  
SOMEWHERE,  
SWEETS?

AS IF YOU  
CARE!

Meanwhile, over on the east side...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY STEPSON, GWYNN?

YOU'RE VERY DELICIOUS TO LOOK AT, POPPY!

OHhh, THANK YOU, MISS GWYNN!

TELL MY DEAR FRIEND WHAT I DID TO YOU, POPPY!

MY MISTRESS PUNISHED ME FOR BEING A HORRID BOY!

WELL, LOOKING AT YOU, I AM VERY GLAD SHE DID, POPPY!

TELL HER WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH TO EARN MY TRUST, POPPY!





MISTRESS  
MADE ME  
SEDUCE ALL OF  
THE MEN THAT  
VISITED MY LATE  
FATHER'S  
HOME!

MISTRESS  
TAUGHT ME  
HOW TO  
ACCEPT AND  
PLEASE A  
MAN!

TELL MISS  
GWYNN WHY I  
FEMINIZED  
YOU...

I WAS VERY  
RUDE AND  
HORRIBLE TO  
MY MISTRESS,  
AND I...

GO  
AHEAD,  
POPPY,  
TELL HER  
WHAT YOU  
DID...

I TRIED TO GET  
MY FATHER TO  
DIVORCE HER BY  
SETTING HER UP  
WITH TWO DRUG  
DEALING FRIENDS  
OF MINE!



THEY TOOK THINGS TOO FAR AND TRIED TO ATTACK HER...

MISTRESS MADE ME AGREE TO BECOME HER SISSIFIED SON-IN-LAW INSTEAD OF GOING TO JAIL!

YES, I WAS A VIRGIN, MISS GWYNN!

I'VE ONLY EVER HAD SEX WITH MEN, MISS GWYNN... MISTRESS WILL NEVER ALLOW ME TO HAVE SEX WITH A WOMAN!

YES, BUT HIS FATHER INTERVENED AND ENDED UP BEING KILLED BY THESE SO-CALLED FRIENDS...

I WAS TOTALLY SHOCKED TO FIND OUT HE WAS A VIRGIN, TOO...

AND ONCE HER LITTLE TUSH HAD BEEN BROKEN IN, I MADE HER SEDUCE EVERY MAN SHE CAME IN CONTACT WITH!

HOW FASCINATING, A VIRGIN... WELL, LET'S SEE HOW YOUR TRAMP ENJOYS TWO WOMEN GETTIN' IT ON, LAUREN, HMMM...


ARE YOU TRYING TO TEMPT MY POPPY, HMMMM?

MMMMM,  
YESSSS!  
\*PURRRR\*

SHE'S DONE A  
MAGNIFICENT  
JOB ON THE  
BOY...  
HEE HEE!

I LIKE  
MISTRESS'S  
FRIEND...  
SHE'S  
COOL!






Gwynn had her motive for appearing on Lauren's doorstep, and with Poppy looking on, Gwynn was going to see if she could unlock the hidden potential in Lauren's former son-in-law...

OHHH,  
GWYNNNN... I'VE  
FORGOTTEN HOW  
WONDERFULLY  
YOU KISS...

IT SURE  
HAS BEEN A  
LONG TIME,  
HONEY...

...

SHE'S  
TRYING TO  
MAKE ME  
FORGET WHY I  
CAME HERE!  
NAUGHTY  
WOMAN!

A woman with brown, wavy hair is looking down at a man. The man has a large, black, tribal-style tattoo on his left arm. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with a reddish-brown background.

I STILL  
CAN'T BELIEVE  
YOU HAVE A  
BETTER PUSSY  
THAN A REAL  
WOMAN,  
WHORE...

SHUT UP  
AND EAT ME  
OUT, BITCH!

YESSS,  
THAT'S IT,  
LAUREN...  
YOU COULD  
NEVER TURN A  
PUSSY  
DOWN!

Gwynn had once been high up on the hierarchical ladder of Cresswell's, and like Trisha and the former Madame Celeste, she had always had a pet - or an angel, as they came to be called - who would use their psychic ability to aid them in their quest to manipulate outsiders and help recruit new followers to the Sisterhood...



MMMMFFFFLICKKK!

YOUR TRAMP IS GETTIN' A LI'L HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, LAUREN...

MMMM, THAT'S IT, LAUREN! GET LOST IN MY PUSSY!



YOU KNOW WHY I AM HERE, LAUREN!

I KNOW, GWYNN, BUT...

POPPY, HONEY, COME HERE!

YOU WANT ME?

YES! NOW COME HERE, HONEY!

PLEASE, GWYNN, I BEG YOU...

SHE'S ALL MINE NOW, LAUREN... NOW ENJOY MY BODY!

FUCK YOU, GWYNN...

OH, POPPY,  
YOU'RE ONE  
GORGEOUS  
LITTLE THING,  
AIN'T YA,  
HONEY?

AND TO  
THINK, THIS  
DELIGHTFUL  
THING STRAINING  
YOUR PANTYHOSE  
HAS NEVER SEEN  
THE INSIDE OF  
A PUSSY...

THANK YOU,  
MISS GWYNN!


NO, MISS  
GWYNN, I AM  
FORBIDDEN TO  
USE MY  
COCKLETTE ON  
A WOMAN!

HOW WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO FEEL THE  
INSIDES OF A PUSSY  
WRAPPED AROUND  
IT, HON, HMMM?

HOW, MISS  
GWYNN? IT IS  
FORBIDDEN!

PLEASE,  
GYWNN, DON'T  
DO THIS!

SHE WAS  
ALWAYS MINE TO  
TAKE, LAUREN,  
SO STOP  
BITCHING!



YOU'RE GOING TO FUCK YOUR MISTRESS! HOW DOES THAT SOUND, HONEY?

OHHH, GOD, I LOVE YOU SO FUCKING MUCH! I CAN NEVER DENY YOU, GWYNN...

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T, SLUT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MISS GWYNN...

COME NOW, POPPY, I KNOW YOU WANT TO PUT THAT COCKLETTE DEEP INSIDE YOUR MISTRESS, DON'T YOU?

YES, I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE SEX WITH MY MISTRESS, BUT I CANNOT! IT IS AGAINST THE SISTERHOOD'S RULES!

WELL, SOMETHING TELLS ME MADAME IS GOING TO GIVE YOU TO ME!



GIVE ME  
TO YOU,  
MISS?

THAT'S  
RIGHT... SO  
YOU SEE, I WILL  
BE YOUR NEW  
MISTRESS!

THE TIMES  
I'VE WATCHED  
MISTRESS  
LAUREN BEING  
FUCKED BY HER  
LOVERS AND COULD  
ONLY JOIN IN WHEN  
HER LOVERS  
WANTED TO  
FUCK ME...

I, ERRR...  
MISTRESS  
LAUREN?

LAUREN,  
TELL HER!

I  
RELINQUISH  
MY RIGHT AS  
YOUR MISTRESS,  
POPPY... YOU  
BELONG TO  
MISS GWYNN!

YOU BITCH...  
\*SIGH\*





DON'T  
FRET, HON,  
I'LL FIND YOU  
ANOTHER  
STEPSON TO  
SISSIFY!

FIVE YEARS OF  
HARD WORK WENT  
INTO KEEPING HER  
OFF THE  
SISTERHOOD'S  
RADAR!

DO NOT FORGET  
WHO RESCUED YOU  
FROM ITS FATHER,  
HMMM...

GO ON, POPPY,  
INDULGE  
YOURSELF... I AM  
YOUR MISTRESS  
NOW!

YES,  
MISTRESS!

WOW, THIS IS  
UNBELIEVABLE...  
BUT WHAT IF  
THERE IS A  
CATCH?

The story of Poppy's father being killed by two drug-fueled hoodlums was of course false. However, Poppy's father had been a descendant of the same Druidic clan that Lady Agatha and the former Lady Melissa had been born to, and like all the males of that bloodline, he was violent and sadistic...

TELL POPPY TO TASTE YOU, LAUREN... THERE'S A GOOD GIRL!

POPPY, I AM NO LONGER YOUR MISTRESS, GWYNN IS... SO ENJOY ME, SWEETIE!

YOUR RIDICULOUS STORY REGARDING HER FATHER WAS NICELY PLAYED, IF I MIGHT ADD...

BEING THAT BASTARD'S SON, DO YOU BLAME ME?

YES, THE COUNT TOOK HER VIRGINITY LIKE YOU ASKED WHEN SHE REACHED 18... NOW, IF THAT IS ALL, CAN WE GET MY FUCKING OVER AND DONE WITH?

OF COURSE NOT, LAUREN, BUT HER FIRST MAN WAS COUNT RATHZAREN, LIKE I TOLD YOU?

TUT TUT, HON... WE BOTH KNOW YOU'VE WANTED POPPY'S COCK INSIDE YOU... I MEAN, YOU MADE SURE SHE'S WELL-HUNG, JUST LIKE ALL THOSE STUDS YOU FUCKED OVER THE DECADES!

And Gwynn had been instrumental in saving Lauren from the sadism of Poppy's father...


And the debt for saving her from him was his son...

MMMMMM!

OHHHHH,  
GWYNNN, YOU  
BITCHMMMMMMM!

YES, I  
HAVE AN  
ANGEL ONCE  
MORE!

...a debt Lauren had  
hoped Gwynn would  
never collect...



Although Gywnn had arranged Lauren's marriage to the man who had somehow slipped from the Sisterhood's radar, she held true to her word, that he would be made to pay for the years of abuse he had heaped on Lauren when she had been just a high-class call girl who serviced him...

Gywnn had long forgotten which Cresswell-run facility in South America Poppy's father had been sent to, because all that mattered to her was...

...that Poppy was of the bloodline that carried the special genome in their DNA that would, upon losing their virginity to another male who carried that same genome, give them a most amazing Druidic gift...

GET THAT COCKLETTE INSIDE THIS SLUT NOW, POPPY!

YES, MISTRESS GWYNN!

