

*What have WE learned so far?*


PHEW,  
THAT THING  
WEIGHED A  
LOT!

YEAH, IT DID,  
BUT I'VE BEEN  
FINDING A LOT OF  
THINGS I USED TO  
LIFT GETTING A  
LOT HEAVIER  
NOW.

SAME  
HERE! THINGS  
I USED TO PICK  
UP AND MOVE  
WITH EASE  
SEEM  
HARDER.

I WONDER  
WHO THE  
GUEST IS.

NO IDEA, BUT  
YOU HAD BETTER  
GET OUT OF THAT  
CHAIR - MS.  
STONEBRIDGE  
WILL BE HERE  
ANY MOMENT!



HECTOR, NICHOLAS,  
MISS ANNABELLE IS  
HERE TO TEACH YOU  
TODAY!

HI, BOYS!


HELLO, MISS  
ANNABELLE!



OH, WOW,  
MISS  
ANNABELLE, I  
LOVE YOUR  
HAIR!

IT'S SO  
RAUNCHY!

OH, BOYS,  
THANK YOU  
SO MUCH!



YOU CERTAINLY ARE GIFTED, MS. STONEBRIDGE - THEY ARE ADORABLE!

WHY, THANK YOU, MISS ANNABELLE - THEY ARE SO LOVELY TO TEACH!

FROM WHAT I HEARD, THEY USED TO BE QUITE A HANDFUL.

WELL, THEY SEEM ALMOST ANGELIC NOW!

IT'S A MATTER OF DISCIPLINE AND SHOWING THEM WHO IS IN CHARGE!

THANK YOU... PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!

OKAY, I NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FULL MAKEOVER, AS I WILL ONLY BE ABLE TO WORK ON ONE OF YOU AFTER I'VE SHOWN YOU HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOUR NAILS!

ME, MISS! ME, MISS!

BOYS, ONLY ONE OF YOU, PLEASE!

WOW, THESE TWO ARE NATURALS!

OKAY, THE FIRST ONE TO TELL ME WHAT THIS CHAIR IS USED FOR WILL RECEIVE THE FULL MAKEOVER!

PEDICURE, MISS ANNABELLE!

CORRECT, MASTER HECTOR!




OHH, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MY NAILS ARE LIKE YOURS!



LET ME LOOK, HECTOR - YES, INDEED, THEY ARE. NOW YOU KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THEM, DON'T YOU?

OH, YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM, I REMEMBER EVERYTHING MISS ANNABELLE TOLD US AT THE SALON WHEN YOUR NAILS WERE DONE!



YOU HAVE  
WONDERFUL SKIN,  
MASTER NICHOLAS. YOU  
ARE SO LUCKY - A LOT OF  
GIRLS WOULD DO ANYTHING  
TO HAVE SUCH NATURAL  
TONES AS YOU!

THANK  
YOU, MISS  
ANNABELLE,  
MA'AM!

YOU MUST  
TAKE AFTER  
YOUR MOTHER...  
SHE WAS A  
MODEL, I  
BELIEVE?

SHE WAS,  
YES.

HAVE YOU  
CONSIDERED  
BECOMING A MODEL  
LIKE HER? I THINK  
YOU WOULD BE  
FANTASTIC!




ME, A MODEL?

WHY, YES... YOUR SKIN AND YOUR STRUCTURE IS PERFECT FOR THE CATWALK!

CATWALK? OH, MY MOM WOULD NEVER LET ME DO THAT - WOULD SHE?





WE HAVE A FASHION SHOW AT THE MALL IN THREE WEEKS, AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THE MAKEUP FOR THE MODELS, SO I COULD EASILY GET YOU IN!

WOW, ME, A CATWALK MODEL... THAT SOUNDS GREAT!

BUT MOM WILL FREAK - I'M SURE SHE WILL!

I DON'T THINK MY MOM WOULD AGREE...

I WILL, MISS ANNABELLE, THANK YOU... BUT I DON'T SEE MY MOM GOING FOR IT.

WELL, YES, SHE DID, I GUESS.

YOUR MOM WILL, HONEY, BELIEVE ME! STEPPING INTO HER SHOES - SHE'LL BE DELIGHTED, I KNOW SHE WILL! JUST ASK HER TONIGHT!

YOUR MOM PUT YOU INTO THESE CLASSES FOR YOU TO FIND A VOCATION IN LIFE, DID SHE NOT?

THEN YOU HAD BETTER START THINKING OF BEING A CATWALK MODEL, HONEY, 'CAUSE WITH YOUR LOOKS, YOU'LL EAT THE OTHER GIRLS ALIVE!

OH, MY GOD... ME, A CATWALK MODEL - THAT WOULD BE AWESOME!

What he...  
I WAS SAYING TO NICHOLAS HOW PERFECT HE WOULD BE FOR THE CATWALK. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

OH, YES, HE'D BE PERFECT, MISS ANNABELLE!

OH, I'M CONSIDERING IT, BUT I'M JUST NOT SURE.

HMM, THIS HECTOR IS GONNA FALL INTO A SKIRT WITH EASE - I'M SURE OF IT...

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS, MS. STONEBRIDGE?


I THINK NICHOLAS  
WOULD MAKE A WONDERFUL  
CATWALK MODEL. HE COULD  
LEARN SO MUCH FROM HIS  
MOTHER!

THERE  
YOU GO,  
HECTOR,  
HONEY!

...ALTHOUGH  
I MAY HAVE  
INADVERTENTLY  
PUSHED NICHOLAS  
INTO SKIRTS FIRST  
- HEE HEE!

BUT LET US  
NOT FORGET  
ABOUT THIS CUTIE  
PIE... ANY THOUGHTS  
ON WHAT YOU WOULD  
LIKE TO DO WHEN  
THE COURSE ENDS,  
MASTER  
HECTOR?

OH, WOW,  
LOOK AT  
ME!



I WOULD NOT MIND BECOMING A BEAUTICIAN LIKE YOU, MISS ANNABELLE!

FASHION AND MAKEUP IS ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT.

THE SHADES YOU CHOSE FOR ME TO USE ON YOU ARE PERFECT, DARLING... YOU CERTAINLY POSSESS AN EYE FOR COLOR! I'D EVEN GO AS FAR AS TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE A CERTAIN EYE FOR FASHION TOO, Hmm?

OHH, YES, MY MOMMY GETS QUITE ANNOYED AT ME PICKING OUT HER OUTFITS!  
*\* GIGGLE \**

YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF YOUR STUDENTS, MS. STONEBRIDGE - THEY ARE A JOY TO BE AROUND!

OH, I  
AM, YES!

AND TO  
THINK I WAS  
GOING TO LEAVE  
THEM AFTER ONE  
DAY! WHAT EVER  
POSSESSED ME  
TO THINK SUCH  
A THING?

WHAT AN  
ABSURD  
THOUGHT! THEY  
ARE THE BEST  
STUDENTS I'VE  
EVER HAD...

I'VE  
NEVER FELT  
SO SPECIAL,  
EITHER... I'M SO  
GLAD I DID  
NOT GO!

CELIA,  
PLEASE,  
THEY ARE  
YOUNG MEN!  
THEY SHOULD  
NOT BE  
BEHAVING  
THIS WAY!

CELIA,  
PLEASE, CAN'T  
YOU SEE WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?!

CELIA?

Celia's new mindset was now in control as the original Celia Stonebridge was pushed to the edge...

Jake's bedroom,  
Friday 7:30am...

HUH?  
WHAT SORT  
OF DREAM  
WAS THAT?





GOOD  
MORNING,  
CHERUB.



MOM?  
WHAAA...  
YOU'RE...?





WHAT THE...  
SHE'S NEVER  
DRESSED LIKE  
THAT BEFORE!


AND THINGS  
ARE GONNA  
CHANGE IN THIS  
HOME, TOO,  
CHERUB!

YOU HAVE A FEW WEEKS TO GO UNTIL YOU ARE 21, AND THAT MEANS UNTIL THEN, YOU DO AS I SAY, SO GET THAT LAZY ASS UP OUT OF BED!

*clickkk*

**NOW!**





NO WAY  
I'M GONNA  
DO...

HOW COME  
I CAN'T  
REMEMBER  
ANYTHING FROM  
YESTERDAY?

THOSE  
SECURITY  
GUARDS - THAT  
WOMAN... SHE  
DID SOMETHING  
TO ME!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENED TO  
MY ROOM,  
TOO?!

DAMN,  
MY HEAD  
HURTS!

WHAT WAS THAT,  
MY CHERUB? WERE  
YOU CONSIDERING  
GOING BACK ON OUR  
AGREEMENT?

YOU DON'T  
WANT ME TO  
SEND YOU BACK  
TO THAT DRESS  
STORE, DO  
YOU?

THEN GET  
DRESSED! YOU  
NEED TO  
APOLOGIZE TO  
MISS TRISHA  
FOR YOUR  
RUDENESS!

YES, AND  
HOPEFULLY,  
SHE'LL FEEL  
FORGIVING AND  
LET YOU WORK  
THERE. NOW GET  
UP AND DRESSED!  
I'VE GOT AN  
INTERVIEW.

AGREEMENT?

DRESS  
STORE? UGH,  
NO WAY!

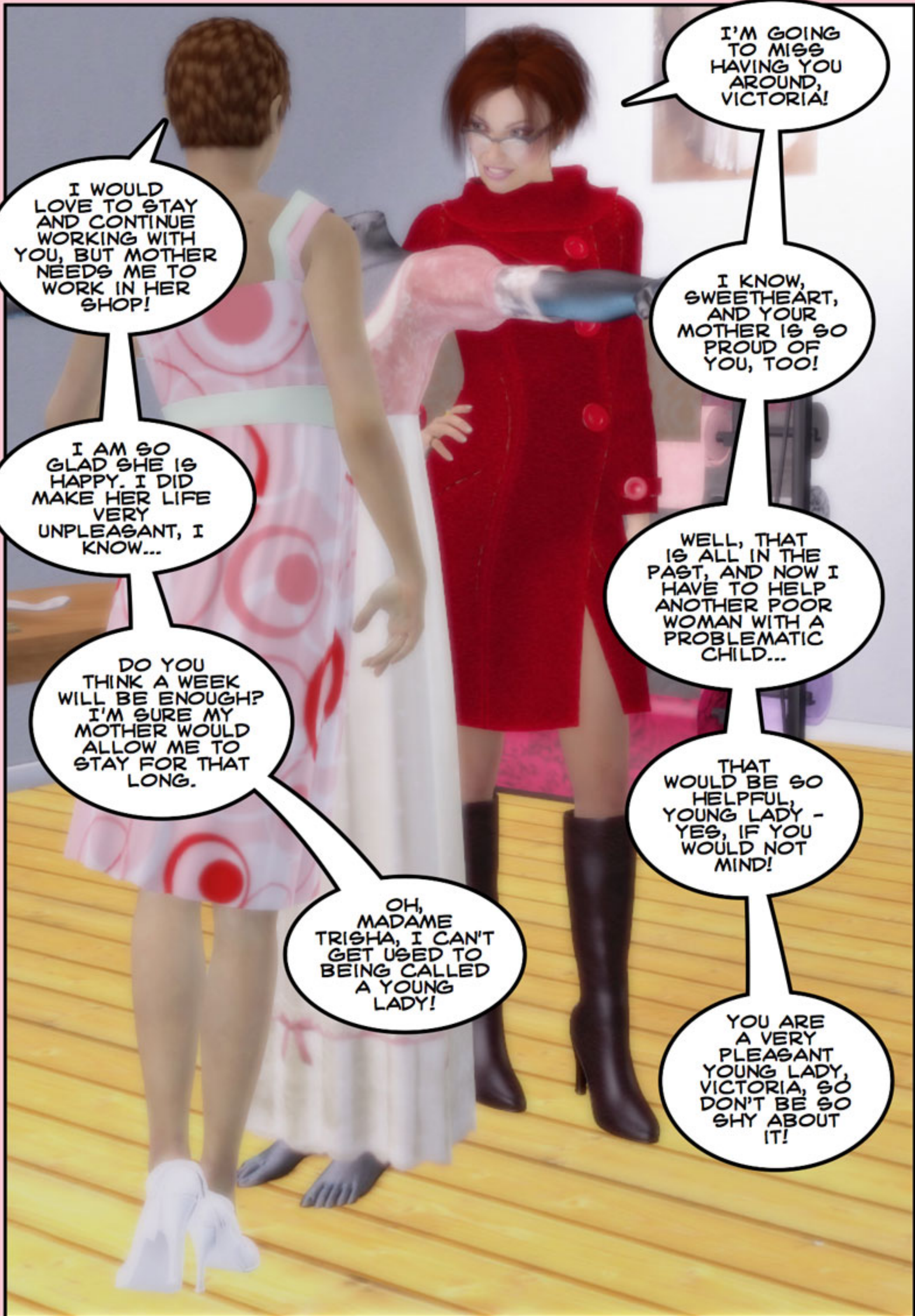
WAIT, AIN'T  
SHE THE  
WOMAN FROM  
THE BRIDAL  
STORE?

AWW,  
JEEZ, I  
CAN'T WORK  
THERE!

WHY  
NOT? YOU  
OWE IT TO  
MOMMY!

EH, WHAT?  
WHERE'D THAT  
THOUGHT COME  
FROM?

Jake's new inner voice had made itself heard and would soon grow stronger...



I'M GOING TO MISS HAVING YOU AROUND, VICTORIA!

I WOULD LOVE TO STAY AND CONTINUE WORKING WITH YOU, BUT MOTHER NEEDS ME TO WORK IN HER SHOP!

I KNOW, SWEETHEART, AND YOUR MOTHER IS SO PROUD OF YOU, TOO!

I AM SO GLAD SHE IS HAPPY. I DID MAKE HER LIFE VERY UNPLEASANT, I KNOW...

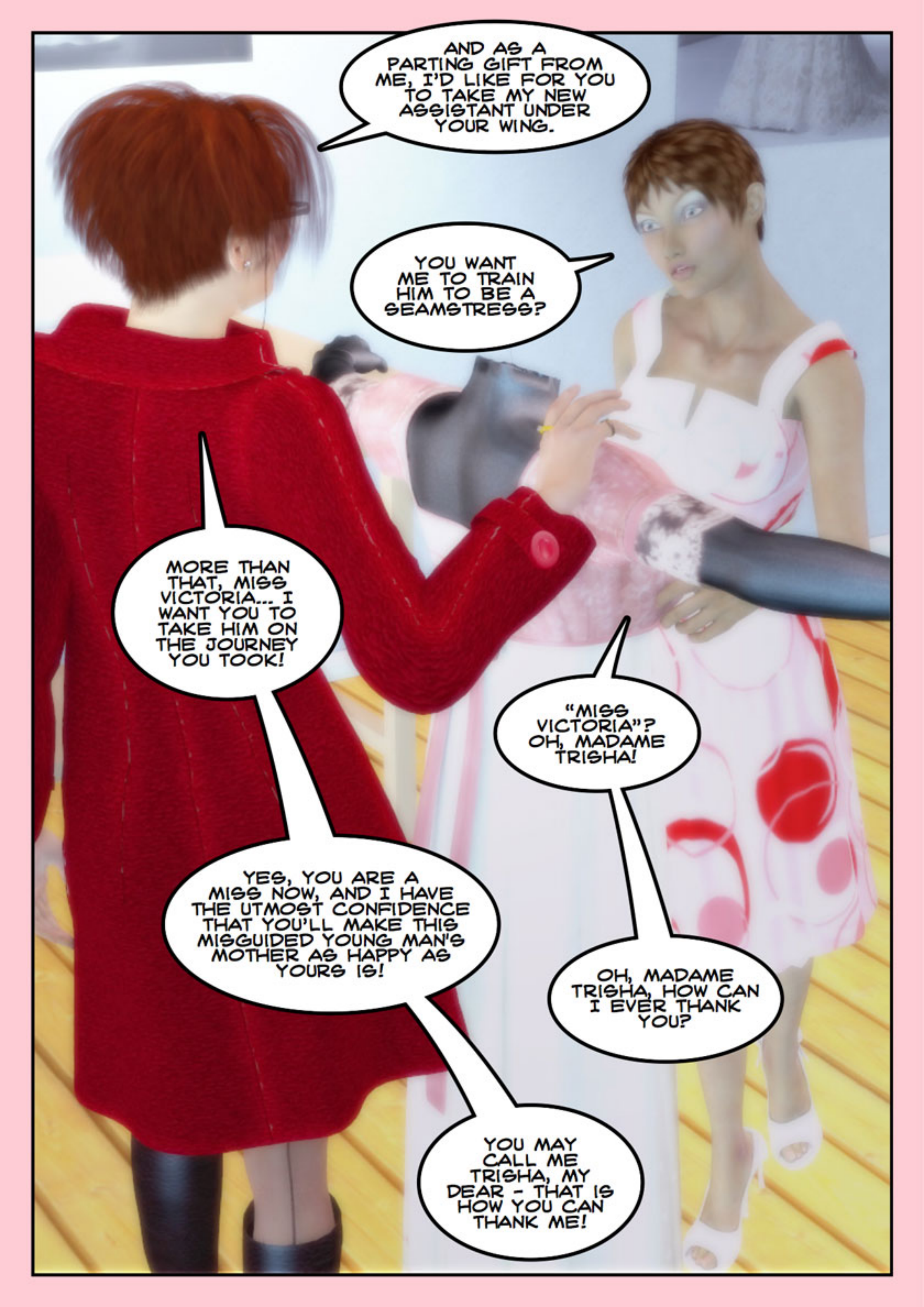
WELL, THAT IS ALL IN THE PAST, AND NOW I HAVE TO HELP ANOTHER POOR WOMAN WITH A PROBLEMATIC CHILD...

DO YOU THINK A WEEK WILL BE ENOUGH? I'M SURE MY MOTHER WOULD ALLOW ME TO STAY FOR THAT LONG.

THAT WOULD BE SO HELPFUL, YOUNG LADY - YES, IF YOU WOULD NOT MIND!

OH, MADAME TRISHA, I CAN'T GET USED TO BEING CALLED A YOUNG LADY!

YOU ARE A VERY PLEASANT YOUNG LADY, VICTORIA, SO DON'T BE SO SHY ABOUT IT!



AND AS A PARTING GIFT FROM ME, I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO TAKE MY NEW ASSISTANT UNDER YOUR WING.

YOU WANT ME TO TRAIN HIM TO BE A SEAMSTRESS?

MORE THAN THAT, MISS VICTORIA... I WANT YOU TO TAKE HIM ON THE JOURNEY YOU TOOK!

"MISS VICTORIA"? OH, MADAME TRISHA!

YES, YOU ARE A MISS NOW, AND I HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE THAT YOU'LL MAKE THIS MISGUIDED YOUNG MAN'S MOTHER AS HAPPY AS YOURS IS!

OH, MADAME TRISHA, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

YOU MAY CALL ME TRISHA, MY DEAR - THAT IS HOW YOU CAN THANK ME!




I DON'T  
KNOW HOW I  
CAN APOLOGIZE  
ENOUGH TO YOU,  
MADAME  
TRISHA.

I AM A  
LITTLE  
CONCERNED  
THAT HE'LL BE  
MAKING  
DRESSES,  
THOUGH.

OH, THINK  
NOTHING OF IT,  
MISS SHAW...  
I ENJOYED OUR LITTLE  
CHAT YESTERDAY, AND  
I KNOW BY NEXT WEEK,  
YOU'LL BE VERY  
PLEASED WITH HIS  
PROGRESS!

YOU HAVE  
NOTHING TO BE  
CONCERNED ABOUT,  
REALLY... NOW  
INTRODUCE ME  
PROPERLY TO THIS  
SON OF YOURS!



NOW APOLOGIZE  
TO MADAME TRISHA  
AND THANK HER FOR  
GIVING YOU ANOTHER  
CHANCE!

OH, MISS  
SHAW, REALLY,  
IT'S NOT  
NECESSARY,  
REALLY!

AWWW,  
MOM, C'MON,  
LIKE SHE SAID,  
IT'S NOT  
NECESSARY!

DID SHE  
JUST CALL  
MOM "MISS  
SHAW"?



NO, MADAME TRISHA, HE HAS CAUSED EVERYONE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, AND I WANT TO HEAR HIM SAY SORRY FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE!

IT REALLY IS NOT REQUIRED, MISS SHAW! HE HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO SAY SORRY...

SHE DID CALL MOM "MISS SHAW"! SINCE WHEN HAS SHE BEEN CALLED THAT?

YEAH, MOM, YOU HEARD THE LADY - SHE DON'T WANT NO APOLOGY!

NO, HE IS GOING TO APOLOGIZE!



**APOLOGIZE  
NOW, YOU  
HORRIBLE BOY!**

**OKAY,  
MOM!**

**EXCELLENT!  
HIS MOTHER'S  
PROGRAMMING  
HAS NOT  
FALTERED...**

**WHOA,  
WHERE DID  
SHE GET  
THE BALLS  
TO DO  
THAT?**

**AND MEAN  
IT, TOO!**

**ALL WE  
HAVE TO DO  
IS SAY SORRY  
TO THE WOMAN.  
WHAT'S THE  
PROBLEM  
WITH THAT?**



WHAT AM I DOING? I'VE NEVER SAID SORRY TO ANYONE!

JUST DO IT AND MAKE YOUR MOMMY PROUD FOR ONCE!

PROUD FOR ONCE, HUH?

I'M SORRY...

"SORRY, MADAME TRISHA, MA'AM" IS THE CORRECT TERMINOLOGY.

I'M SORRY, MADAME TRISHA, MA'AM!

ACCEPTED, MASTER JAKE. NOW, IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO THROUGH TO THE BACK, WE CAN LET YOUR MOTHER GET TO HER IMPORTANT INTERVIEW!



THIS IS MISS VICTORIA, MASTER JAKE, AND SHE WILL BE TEACHING YOU THIS WEEK!

TEACHING ME WHAT?

YOU NEED TO LEARN WHEN TO AND WHEN NOT TO SPEAK, MASTER JAKE!

YES, DO NOT SPEAK UNLESS YOU ARE PROMPTED TO BY MISS VICTORIA!

WHAT?

BUTFFFF MMM?

HEY, WHAT THE...? WHY CAN'T I TALK?!

WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF IT, MISS VICTORIA?

IT'S VERY ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES, AND ITS Demeanor IS ALL WRONG. IF WE WERE TO HANG A DRESS ON THIS, IT WOULD LOOK UTTERLY MISERABLE!


SO WHAT WOULD YOUR DIAGNOSIS BE?

A GOOD TAN WOULD TAKE CARE OF ITS PALLID AND UNHEALTHY APPEARANCE...

A GOOD IDEA, VICTORIA. WHAT ABOUT ITS Demeanor?

"IT"?  
WHAT THE FUCK?

I WOULD SAY A GOOD COURSE IN DEPARTMENT WILL RECTIFY THAT PROBLEM, TRISHA!



BFFFFWHHHAA?

WHY CAN'T I  
SPEAK?!  
WHAT IS  
GOING ON?

GRUUUNDDDIIC?

IF YOU  
WERE TO  
SPEAK,  
NOTHING BUT  
RUBBISH WOULD  
FALL OUT,  
WOULDN'T  
IT?

AND  
WHAT'S WITH  
THIS ANNOYING  
VOICE IN MY  
HEAD?

OUR  
MOMMY  
WOULD BE  
PLEASED TO  
HEAR ME  
SPEAK,  
BELIEVE  
ME!

WHAT THE  
FUCK IS  
HAPPENING  
HERE?! I'M  
FUCKING  
LEAVING!

AT LEAST  
YOU'RE NOT  
THINKING WITH  
YOUR CROTCH  
FOR A  
CHANGE!

NNGYAAAARR...

I CAN'T  
EVEN MOVE!  
SHIT, WHAT IS  
GOING ON  
HERE?!

SO A TAN AND  
BALLET FOR THIS  
MISSY IT IS!

I THINK  
IT WANTS TO  
SPEAK,  
TRISHA.

HE'S YOUR  
PROJECT,  
VICTORIA...

YOU MAY  
SPEAK, BUT  
ONLY IF IT IS  
CONSTRUCTIVE,  
MISSY!

"IT"? NOW  
"MISSY"? I'LL  
GIVE THEM A  
PIECE OF MY  
MIND!

I AM...  
PHEW, I CAN  
SPEAK... I AM  
NOT AN IT! I  
AM -

I SAID YOU MAY  
SPEAK IF IT WAS  
CONSTRUCTIVE, AND  
IT OBVIOUSLY IS  
NOT, SO YOU MAY  
NOT SPEAK AGAIN  
UNTIL I SAY SO!

WHAT?  
NOOOO!

SHE WAS  
RIGHT - NOTHING  
CONSTRUCTIVE HAS  
COME FROM OUR  
MOUTH SINCE WE  
WERE BORN!

I WANT TO  
GO HOME!

AWWW, ARE  
WE GETTING  
FRIGHTENED?

NOW STAY HERE  
WHILE I ARRANGE A  
TAN FOR YOU, AND  
SOME DEPARTMENT  
LESSONS, MISSY!

WHAT  
IS WITH THIS  
ANNOYING VOICE?  
AM I GOING  
CRAZY?... FUCK, THIS  
HAS GOTTA BE SOME  
KIND OF DREAM...  
YEAH, THAT'S IT, IT'S  
A DREAM, AND I'LL  
WAKE UP REAL  
SOON!

GET A  
HOLD OF  
YOURSELF!  
MOMMY WOULD BE  
ASHAMED TO  
KNOW YOU WERE  
ACTING LIKE  
THIS!

Of course, the reality of Victoria's control over Jake was to finish off her own training and test her unfettered loyalty to the sisterhood...

New Collection!

AN EXCELLENT START, VICTORIA!

THANK YOU, TRISHA...

CONTROLLIN G THIS BOY WILL BE A GOOD TEST OF CHARACTER FOR HER...

AND MIAH IS AN EXCELLENT CONTROLLER...

AND THAT IS BAD NEWS FOR YOU, MASTER JAKE - YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT YOU!



7:30am, across the city...



LA DA  
DI DI

HOW DID I  
EVER GET  
THESE INTO MY  
HAIR? I HAVEN'T  
WORN CURLERS  
SINCE I WAS  
FIFTEEN!

♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT'S ME IN THE  
MIRROR!

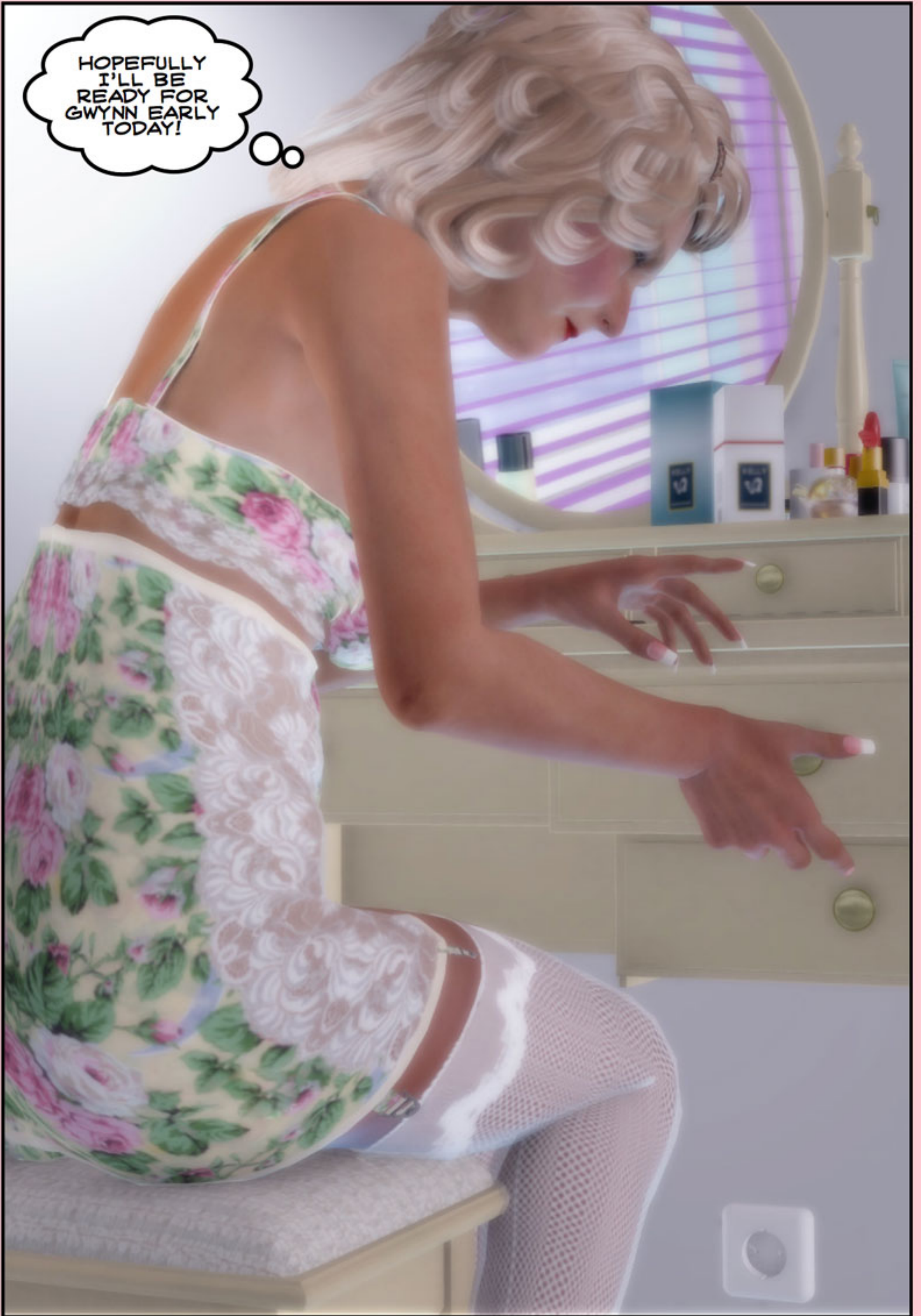




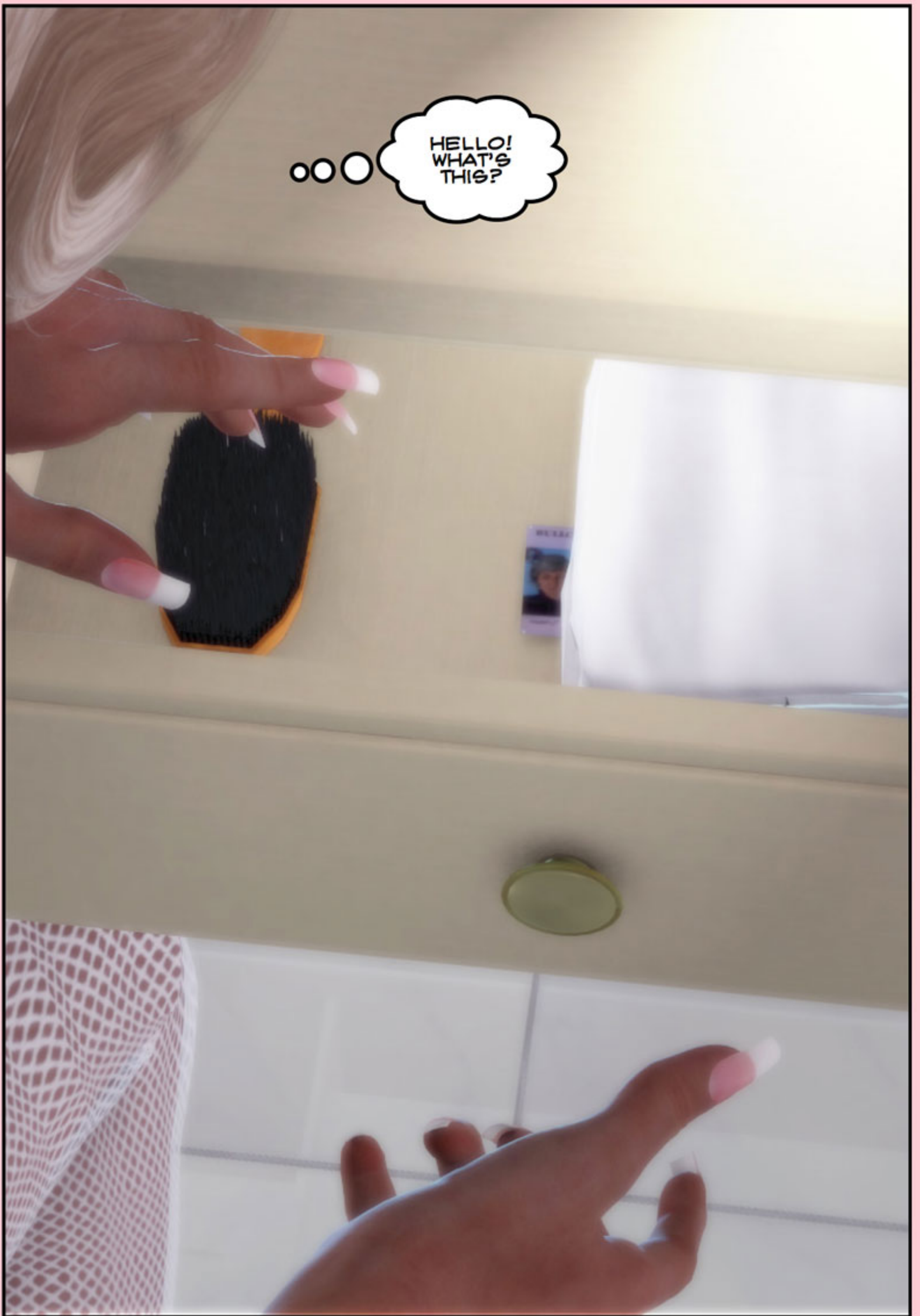
DUM DI  
DEE DEE

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
HOW GREAT I  
FEEL! AND THIS  
SHAPEWEAR -  
HOW COULD I  
HAVE GONE SO  
LONG WITHOUT  
WEARING IT  
BEFORE?

HOPEFULLY  
I'LL BE  
READY FOR  
GWYNN EARLY  
TODAY!



HELLO!  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



HMM,  
DELILAH  
YORK... MUST  
BELONG TO THE  
WOMAN GWYNN  
CALLS DELI  
WHO LIVED  
HERE.

MULLCHESTER DRIVING LICENCE

DELILAH YORK	
1 YORK	
1 DELILAH JANE	
1 DOB 23-05-1951	
1 123 PARK STREET	
1 SANDON DE 3428	
1 SEX F	1 SEX M
1 HGT 5'8"	1 HGT 5'8"
1 CLRN	1 CLRN
1 HAIR BROWN	1 HAIR BROWN
1 EYES BLUE	1 EYES BLUE
1 BUILD BONE	1 BUILD BONE

DELILAH YORK

KELLY



KELLY'S LAW



I THOUGHT I  
HEARD MUSIC  
COMING FROM  
UP HERE!

OH, HI, GWYNN -  
YEAH, I HOPE YOU  
DON'T MIND. I NEVER  
REALIZED THERE WAS  
A MUSIC SYSTEM  
BUILT INTO THE  
TELEVISION...

DON'T YOU  
WORRY YER LI'L  
OL' SELF ABOUT IT,  
CELIA! IT'S GREAT  
HAVIN' COMPANY  
LIVING ABOVE ME  
AGAIN...

AND,  
HONEY... I  
GOTTA SAY, YA  
LOOK LIKE A  
MILLION  
BUCKS!



I FOUND THIS IN THE DRAWER, GWYNN!

WHAT IS IT, HONEY?

I BELIEVE IT'S DELI'S DRIVER'S LICENSE!


DELI'S?

YES, IT SAYS "DELILAH YORK"!

HMM? I DON'T THINK THAT'S HERS, HONEY...

OH?





WHATEVER MADE  
YOU THINK IT WAS  
DELI'S, HON?

WELL,  
FROM THE  
CLOTHES SHE  
LEFT BEHIND, I  
GUESSED IT WAS  
HER, YOU KNOW,  
BEING IN HER  
60S AND  
ALL...

CELIA, I'M  
LOOKING AT YOU,  
HON, AND THINKING  
NO WAY ARE YOU IN  
YOUR 60S, YA  
KNOW...

I MEAN,  
GIRL... YOU  
ARE A HOT  
ONE!

ME  
LOOKING  
HOT?

BUT GOING  
BACK TO DELI,  
HONEY... THAT  
GIRL IS LIKE YOU...  
SHE DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO DRIVE,  
BELIEVE ME!


THAT  
SEEMS  
STRANGE THAT  
HER NAME IS  
DELILAH, AND DELI  
IS A KIND OF  
SHORTENED  
VERSION OF  
IT...

A bit later, at school...

CELIA, IS THAT YOU?

GWYNN HAS DONE A SUPERB JOB - LOOK AT HER!





OH, HI, MRS. MOORE... NICE TO SEE YOU. MAY I BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE?

I'VE JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW YOUR CLASS IS GOING... YOU ARE OUR SHINING LIGHT, CELIA!

OH, THANK YOU, MRS. MOORE... NICHOLAS AND HECTOR SHOULD BE HERE SHORTLY.

YOU MUST FIND IT EASIER WITH THE DISTRACTIONS NOT ATTENDING...

OH, YES, THAT CRAIG BOY AND THAT AWFUL JAKE ROSS WERE HOLDING MY FAVORITE TWO BACK!

AND YOU ARE HAPPY WITH THE CURRICULUM WE HAVE SET OUT FOR YOU NOW? GLORIA SAID YOU HAD A PROBLEM WITH IT.

OH, MY, YES - YES, OF COURSE! NO PROBLEM! IT'S MY FIELD, AFTER ALL, ISN'T IT?

WELL, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOUR TWO FAVORITES...

EXCELLENT WORK, GWYNN!



NICHOLAS,  
YOUR MOMMY IS  
AWESOME!

MY MOMMY  
IS STILL A  
LITTLE WARY  
OF MY  
INTEREST IN  
MAKEUP AND  
FASHION...

I SHOWED  
HER THE PART  
ABOUT NAILS AND  
SHOWED HER HOW  
TO KEEP HER  
NAILS LOOKING  
HEALTHY... SHE  
LIKED THAT!

I DO  
HOPE SO!

BOYS, WE  
LEAVE THE  
GOSSIP  
OUTSIDE,  
DON'T WE?

YEAH, SHE IS...  
SHE WAS, LIKE,  
TOTALLY EXCITED  
ABOUT MY DECISION  
TO TAKE UP  
MODELING!

YOU  
SHOWED  
HER YOUR  
HOMEWORK,  
THOUGH?

WELL, THAT'S  
AN IMPROVEMENT.  
I'M SURE SHE'LL BE  
HAPPY WITH YOUR  
DECISION TO  
BECOME A  
BEAUTICIAN!



WE HAVE MRS. MOORE JOINING US THIS MORNING, BOYS!

YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

GOOD MORNING, MRS. MOORE, MA'AM!

HELLO, MASTERS HECTOR AND NICHOLAS...

OH, THEY ARE LOOKING WONDERFUL! THE WEEKEND IS GOING TO BE A BUSY ONE!

I TAKE IT YOU SPENT LAST NIGHT DOING THE HOMEWORK I ASSIGNED?

Celia's homework for the two young men had consisted of them reading all about makeup application, for today was going to be the first time they would both be putting into action what they had learned these past few days...

YES, OF COURSE, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!


IT WAS VERY IN-DEPTH...

ME TOO!

I DID, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM...

I EVEN DREAMED ABOUT IT, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!






WONDERFUL,  
BOYS, THEN WE  
CAN GET  
STRAIGHT TO  
WORK TODAY!

PLEASE BE  
SEATED! I AM  
MERELY HERE TO  
OBSERVE, SO  
DON'T FEEL  
THREATENED...

PLUS,  
WHAT GIRL  
CAN PASS UP  
ANYTHING TO  
DO WITH  
MAKEUP,  
EH?





YOU HAVE TO  
MANEUVER THE  
LIPSTICK IN AN  
UPRIGHT MOTION  
AND ARC, MASTER  
HECTOR!

THANK YOU,  
MRS. MOORE,  
MA'AM!

IT IS  
ALWAYS A  
LITTLE DAUNTING  
APPLYING MAKEUP  
FOR THE FIRST TIME,  
BUT BELIEVE ME,  
YOU'LL BE  
APPLYING IT WITH  
YOUR EYES  
CLOSED IN NO  
TIME!

OH, IT IS, MRS.  
MOORE, MA'AM... I  
HAVE TO CONFESS, I  
COULD NOT WAIT FOR  
US TO START  
THIS PART OF THE  
COURSE!

Irene knew the programming these young men were undergoing, and her visit today was to make sure their minds were pointing in the direction she wanted them to go...

I UNDERSTAND YOU WISH TO BECOME A BEAUTICIAN.

WELL, THAT IS WHAT THIS COURSE IS FOR, HELPING LOST SOULS LIKE YOU TO FIND THEIR WAY IN LIFE...

YOUR MOTHER HAS NOT EXPRESSED A WISH FOR YOU TO BE EXCLUDED FROM THESE CLASSES, MASTER HECTOR, SO DON'T DESPAIR - SHE'S JUST ADJUSTING TO THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE FOUND SOMETHING THAT INSPIRES YOU!


HMM, WE WILL HAVE TO INTENSIFY HIS MOTHER'S SUBLIMINALS. SHE MAY BE RESISTING!

OH, YES, MRS. MOORE, MA'AM, I DO!

BUT I'M AFRAID MY MOMMY DOES NOT WANT ME TO BECOME A BEAUTICIAN, THOUGH.

OH, I DO HOPE SO, MRS. MOORE, MA'AM - I SIMPLY LOVE MAKEUP AND FASHION! I'M ALWAYS TELLING HER WHAT TO WEAR AND WHAT COLORS GO BEST WITH HER OUTFITS!

AHH... I THINK YOU ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTION AS TO WHY SHE'S A LITTLE RESERVED - SHE FEELS LIKE YOU ARE IMPEDING ON HER SPACE!

A woman with blonde, wavy hair and a white top is leaning over a white mannequin head. She is holding a black mascara wand and applying it to the mannequin's eye. A student with dark hair, also in a white top, is looking on. The scene is set in a classroom or makeup studio with a wooden table and a purple banner in the background.

STROKE THE LASHES UPWARDS, NICHOLAS - WE DON'T WANT YOU POKING YOUR EYE OUT WHEN YOU APPLY MASCARA, DO WE?

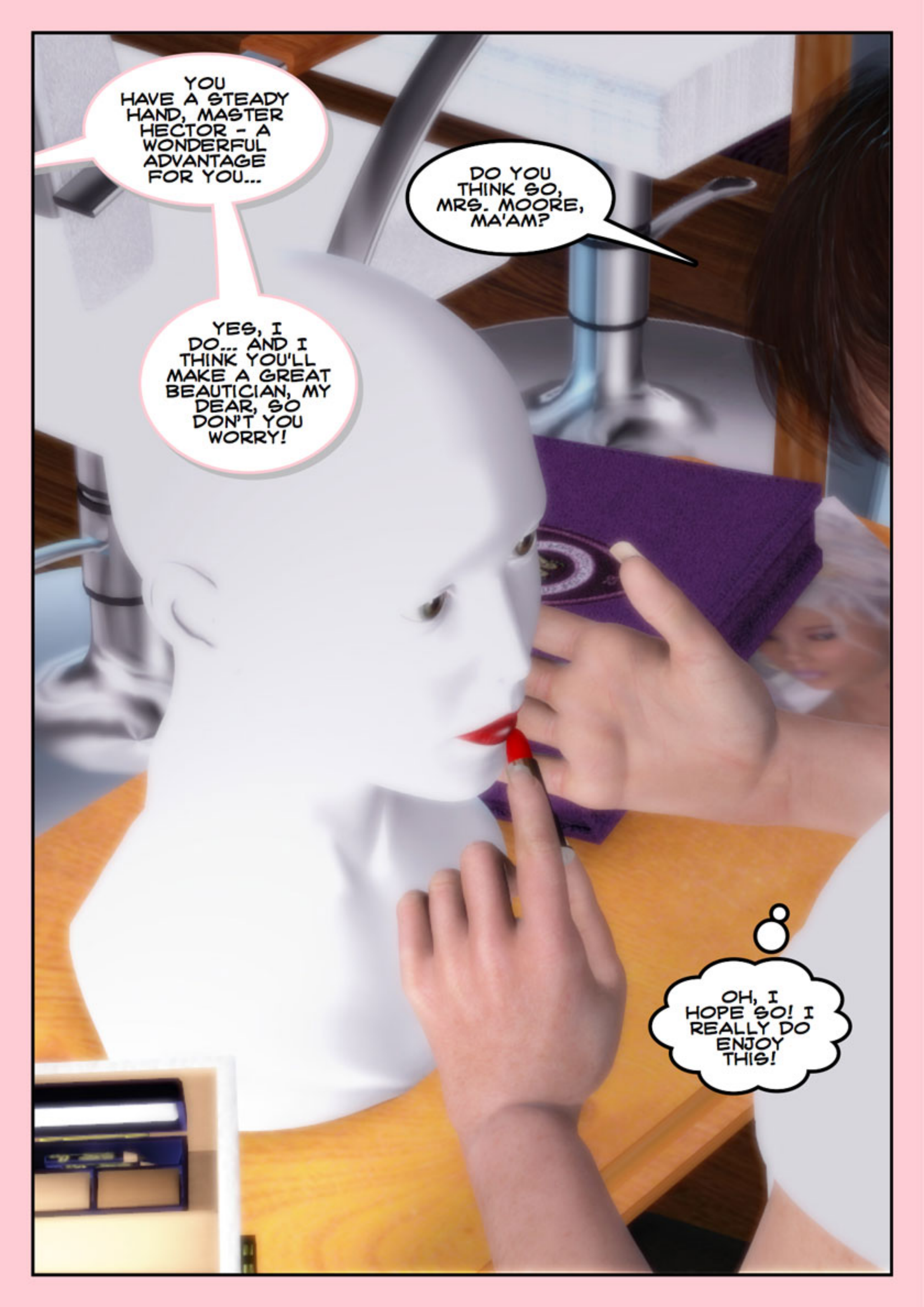
YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

I HEARD A RUMOR YOU ARE PLANNING TO FOLLOW IN YOUR MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

YES, I AM, MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS!

AND TO THINK HE HAD NO AMBITION OR ANYTHING BEFORE I STARTED TEACHING HIM!

A woman with dark hair is applying red lipstick to a white mannequin head. She is holding a red lipstick tube and has just finished applying it. The mannequin is on a wooden table. In the background, there is a purple folder and a woman with blonde hair wearing a white hairnet. The scene is set in a beauty salon.

YOU  
HAVE A STEADY  
HAND, MASTER  
HECTOR - A  
WONDERFUL  
ADVANTAGE  
FOR YOU...

DO YOU  
THINK SO,  
MRS. MOORE,  
MA'AM?

YES, I  
DO... AND I  
THINK YOU'LL  
MAKE A GREAT  
BEAUTICIAN, MY  
DEAR, SO  
DON'T YOU  
WORRY!

OH, I  
HOPE SO! I  
REALLY DO  
ENJOY  
THIS!



CINCHERS?

OH, MY, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO A NIGHTCLUB BEFORE. IT'S KIND OF OUT OF MY AGE GROUP, MRS. MOORE...

BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR...

BUT...

STAR TEACHER?  
OH, MY GOODNESS!

WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I CANNOT REFUSE, MRS. MOORE, AND THANK YOU SO MUCH!

NOW, YOU MUST JOIN US AT CINCHERS TOMORROW NIGHT, CELIA!

IT'S A WONDERFUL NIGHTCLUB WHERE ALL OF US GIRLS GO TO LET OUR HAIR DOWN...

I DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER, CELIA!

GLORIA HAS YOU BOOKED IN FOR A SESSION AT THE SALON EARLY TOMORROW MORNING, AND THEN SHE'LL TAKE YOU OUT SHOPPING FOR SOME SUITABLE CLOTHING!

CELIA, YOU ARE MY STAR TEACHER, AND I WANT TO SHOW EVERYONE THAT THIS SCHOOL HAS THE GREAT CELIA STONEBRIDGE TEACHING HERE!

GOOD GIRL!  
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT!

W.T.G., GIRL...  
YOU'LL SEE  
MEN ARE  
UNNECESSARY!

SO I  
BOOTED  
HIS SORRY  
ASS OUT!

YEAH,  
NINA, YOU WAS  
RIGHT - I THOUGHT  
SNARING A YOUNG  
BUCK WOULD MAKE UP  
FOR THAT SORRY  
S.O.B., BUT IT  
DON'T!

SPEAKING OF  
SORRY ASSES,  
WE'VE GOT A  
FULL-OVER  
COMING IN THIS  
MORNING.

YEAH,  
TRISHA SAYS  
HE'LL GET  
THE FULL  
WORKS!

With thought patterns randomly bombarding Jake's mind, it was the initial voice in his thoughts that he had always listened to. However, a deep hypnotic drug had already given control of his bodily functions to Trisha, and although he was under the command of Victoria, he would continue to do exactly what Trisha asked of him. But the hypnotic drug was also used to bring forth one of the many random thoughts flowing through his mind, a thought that was planted deep in his subconscious and was now being cultured to become his new inner voice...

BFFFFTTZMM?

COME ALONG - WE'RE RUNNING LATE!

WHY CAN'T I TALK, AND WHY AM I DOING EVERYTHING THESE WOMEN ARE SAYING?

MOMMY WANTS YOU TO, DUMMY!

AND WHAT THE FUCK IS WITH THIS "MOMMY" SHIT AND THESE STUPID THOUGHTS?

PFFFT!

OF COURSE, FOLLOWING THIS HOT LITTLE ASS AIN'T SO BAD...

THAT'S RIGHT, THINK WITH YOUR CROTCH!

And with his male thoughts so easily distracted, his new feminine voice was beginning to flourish and waiting for the moment when a few simple command words would release it fully...

GOOD MORNING, MISS NINA AND MISS SALLY!

AHHH, GOOD TO SEE YOU, VICTORIA.

HI, VICTORIA!

SURE IS!

NOW THAT'S A SURE FULL-OVER, NINA...

SAY HELLO TO MISS NINA AND MISS SALLY, JAKE.

YOU CAN FIGHT THIS, JAKEY...


HELLO, MISS NINA AND MISS SALLY...

WHAT THE FUCK?

I JUST SAID WHAT SHE WANTED ME TO SAY!

MFFFFTTT???





IT'S YOUR TURN, I BELIEVE, NINA...

OH, BABY, THAT IS SURE GONNA GET THE FULL-OVER!

YOU GONNA GIVE IT TAN LINES?

YOU BETCHA CUTE ASS I AM - HEE HEE!

YOU'RE SOOO BAD, NINA!

HAVEN'T HAD ME A NASTY-LOOKIN' BOY LIKE THAT FOR SOME TIME!

NINA WILL BE DOING THE FULL-OVER, VICTORIA.

"FULL-OVER"?

JEEZ, THAT REDHEAD IS STACKED!

TYPICAL - PFFFT!

IF MADAME TRISHA ASKED FOR A FULL-OVER THEN GO FOR IT...

ITS ATTITUDE IS AS DISGUSTING AS IT LOOKS, TOO!

MY ATTITUDE? I'LL TEACH THIS BITCH WHEN -

OH, MOMMY WILL BE IMPRESSED, WON'T SHE?

YOU WILL GO WITH MISS NINA AND YOU WILL DO WHAT SHE ASKS, OK, MISSY?

WHAT IS IT WITH THESE THOUGHTS?

AND WHAT'S WITH THIS "MISSY"?

I LIKE THAT NAME! SO CUTE!

FOLLOW ME, BOY!

MFWWFTAAA?

SHORTS,  
TOO, BOY!

DAMN  
YOU, BOY...  
OK, YOU MAY  
SPEAK!

HEELLO...  
\*PHEW\*  
THANK YOU! I  
CAN FINALLY  
TALK...

COME ON,  
SPIT IT OUT -  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANNA SAY,  
BOY?

SHE IS  
VERY  
LOVELY!

WOW, HER  
BODY IS  
AMAZING.

YOU'RE, UH...  
YOU HAVE A  
WONDERFUL  
BODY, MISS...

NOT BAD  
FOR A 60-  
YEAR-OLD,  
EH, BOY?

SUHHH...  
60?

NNN...  
NO, I WANTED  
TO...

WELL, IF  
THAT'S ALL  
YOU GOTTA  
SAY, THEN IT'S  
BEST YOU  
DON'T  
SPEAK!

DAMN, WHY  
CAN'T I  
CONCENTRATE  
ON WHAT I  
REALLY WANT  
TO SAY?

SHORTS  
OFF -  
NOW!

I HOPE THAT  
WIENER OF YOURS  
IS NOT STICKING  
OUT, BOY.

ERR..  
NNNOO,  
MA'AM, IT  
IS NOT!

GOOD! I  
HATE HORRID  
LITTLE BOYS  
AS IT IS, AND  
SEEING THEM  
NAKED IS NOT  
SOMETHING I  
ENJOY!

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
SHE'S IN  
HER 60S!

DON'T  
KEEP  
OGLING HER  
BODY! YOU'LL  
GET ERECT!

**SPRIINGGG**

OH FOR  
GODDESS'S  
SAKE - GIVE ME  
YOUR SHORTS,  
YOU DISGUSTING  
LITTLE  
PERVERT!

OHH,  
NOOO!

I'M  
SORRY,  
MA'AM!  
REALLY, I  
DON'T...



THAT'S BETTER! FACE  
DOWN, AND THAT LITTLE  
PROTRUSION WON'T OFFEND  
ANYONE COMING IN  
ACCIDENTALLY AND  
SEEING YOU!

I GET THE  
CHANCE TO  
SPEAK, AND ALL  
I CAN SAY IS  
GARBAGE LIKE  
THAT?

**\*SOB!\***

AWWW, THE  
LITTLE BOY  
IS CRYING!

NOOO!  
WHY AM I  
CRYING?  
PLEASE, WHAT  
IS HAPPENING  
TO ME...  
MOM-!

**MOMMY!**

WELL,  
YOU'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT FOR  
HER UNTIL THE  
END OF THE  
DAY, BOY!

WHAT?! I'VE  
NEVER CALLED  
HER THAT  
BEFORE!



HIS MIND IS  
BREAKING...

THIS SUN BED  
IS STATE OF  
THE ART, SO YOU  
HAVE NO NEED FOR  
GLASSES. IT'S  
PROGRAMMED TO  
DELIVER THE RIGHT  
AMOUNTS OF LIGHT  
TO THE  
SPECIFIED  
AREAS!


AND BELIEVE ME,  
THOSE LITTLE  
AREAS OF LIGHT WILL  
MAKE ALL THE  
DIFFERENCE!

The control panel displays the following information:

- Sex: Male
- Age: 20-33
- Dehydration: Yes
- Hydrated definition: No
- Toe Lines: Yes
- Toe Lines Factor: 70%

At the bottom of the panel, there are several icons and a row of buttons labeled: M, L, R, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.





HOW'S THE  
FULL-OVER  
GOING?

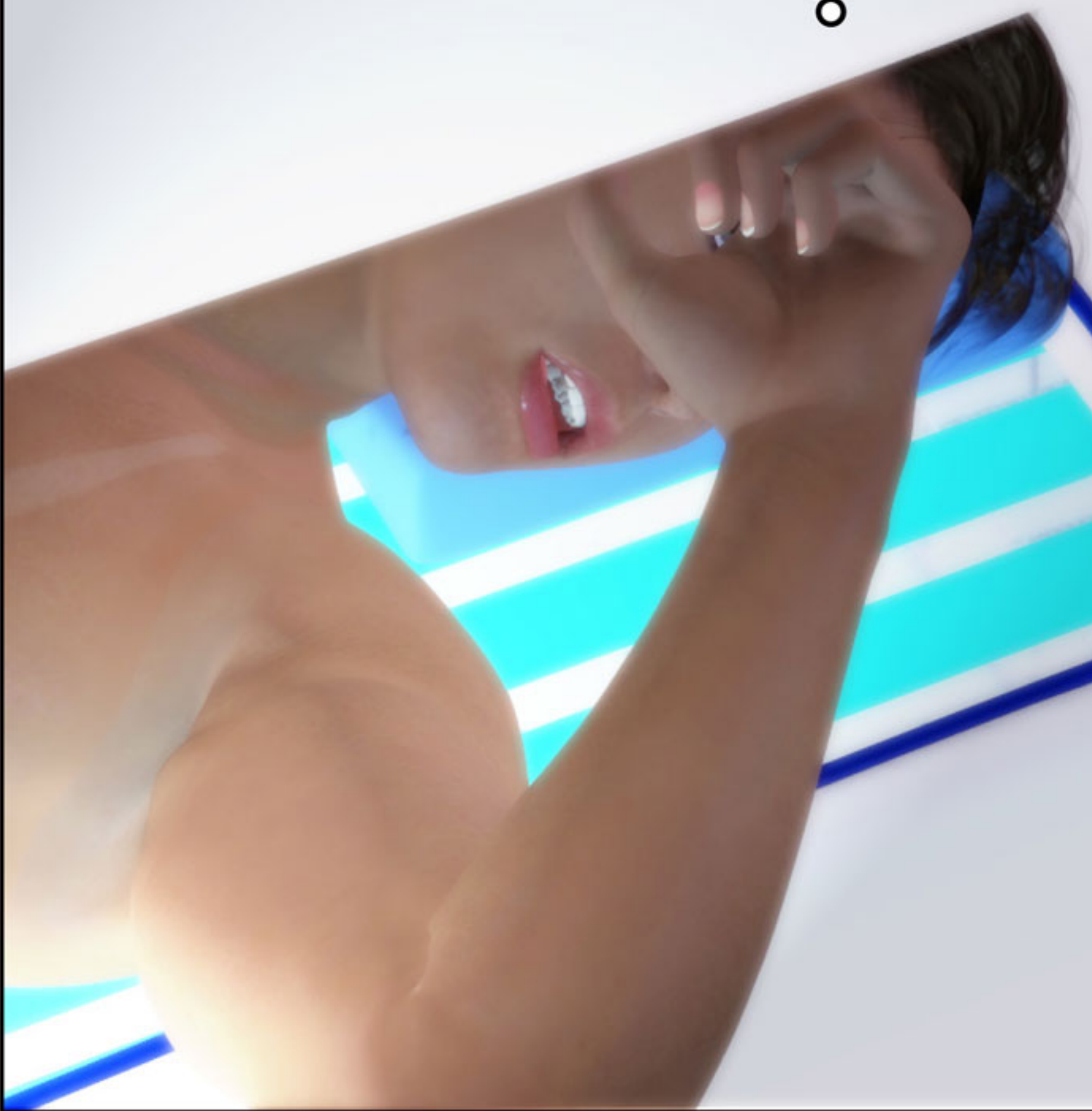
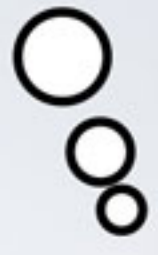
SOBBING  
LIKE A  
BABY.

MISS TORMOLI  
WILL BE PLEASED.  
SHE HAS IT NEXT,  
I BELIEVE?

YES, THAT'S  
CORRECT, MISS  
SALLY.

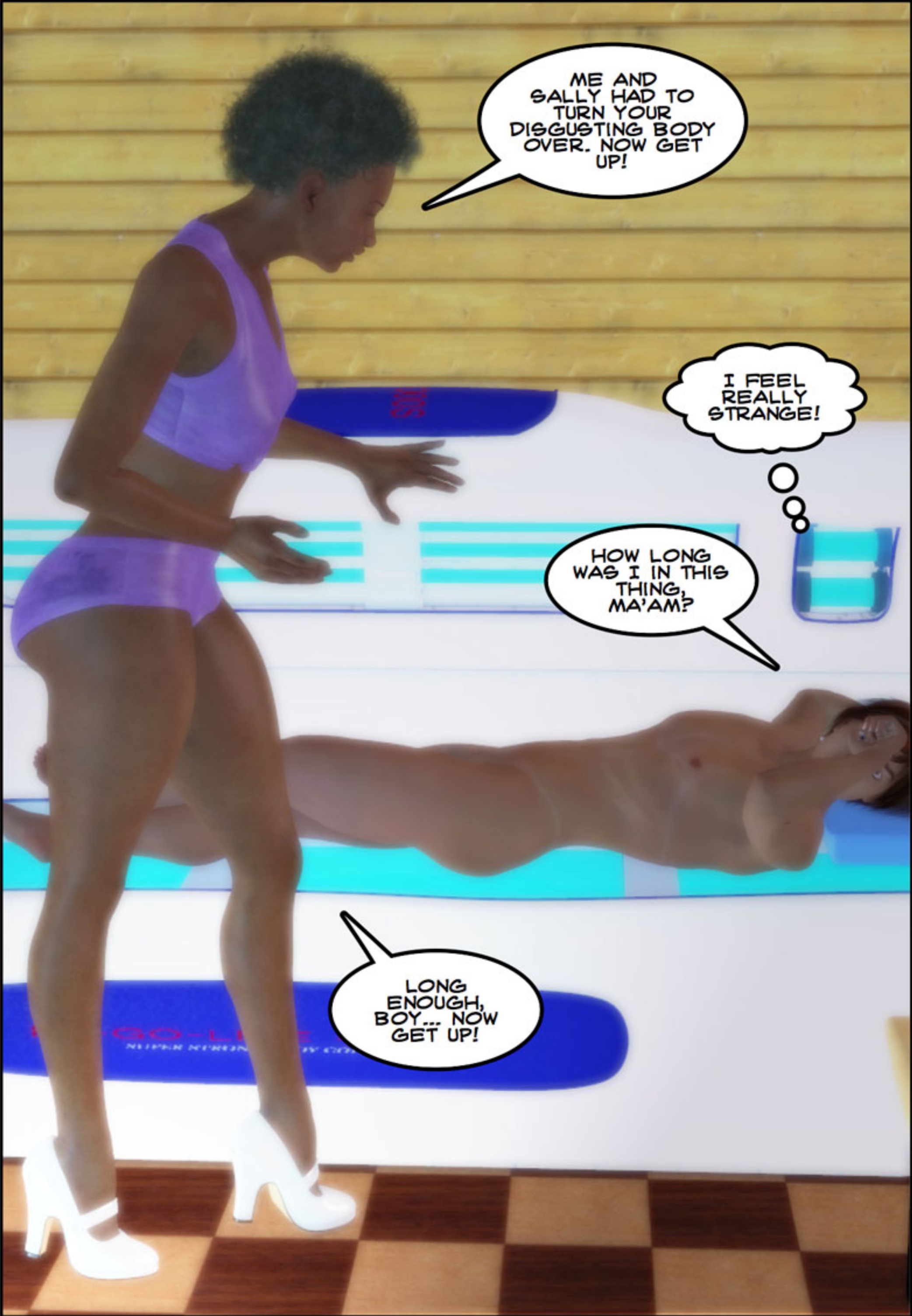


HOW LONG  
HAVE I BEEN  
ASLEEP IN THIS  
THING?





OHH, IT'S  
OVER... HOW DID  
I END UP ON MY  
BACK?



ME AND SALLY HAD TO TURN YOUR DISGUSTING BODY OVER. NOW GET UP!

I FEEL REALLY STRANGE!

HOW LONG WAS I IN THIS THING, MA'AM?

LONG ENOUGH, BOY... NOW GET UP!



OOH, MY HEAD...

YOU BEEN LYING DOWN FOR TWO HOURS! YOU JUST NEED TO LEVEL YOUR BLOOD.

I REALLY FEEL WEIRD!

MISS VICTORIA IS WAITING TO TAKE YOU TO BALLET, SO GET THAT FANNY IN GEAR!

WHAAA? MY HAIR!  
AND I'VE GOT A  
FUCHSMMMM -

- KING  
BIKINI TAN  
LINE!

PART OF  
THE TAN,  
BOY...

AND I  
THINK IT'S  
TIME FOR  
YOU TO STOP  
SPEAKING  
AND START  
MOVING!

BFWHAA.....

OH, NOOO,  
WHAT HAVE  
THEY DONE TO  
ME?! PLEASE,  
HOW COULD  
MOMMY LET  
THEM DO THIS  
TO ME?

OHH, WE  
WANT TO  
CALL HER  
MOMMY NOW,  
DO WE?





AND HERE IS YOUR  
LITTLE MISSY, ALL SMOOTH,  
TANNED, AND READY FOR HER  
NEXT APPOINTMENT,  
VICTORIA!

OH, WHAT A  
DIFFERENCE,  
MISS NINA!  
THANK YOU.

IT LOOKS  
A LITTLE  
DAZED...

WE HAD A FEW TEARS  
TO START WITH, AND IT  
NEARLY HAD AN ACCIDENT,  
BUT IT CAME THROUGH  
WONDERFULLY!

I FEEL LIKE  
AN IDIOT. THEY  
HAVE GIVEN ME  
A BIKINI LINE!

NOW, WITH  
MISS VICTORIA'S  
PERMISSION TO  
SPEAK, I THINK YOU  
SHOULD THANK HER  
FOR BRINGING YOU  
TO US TODAY.  
HMMM?

YOU MAY  
SPEAK,  
MISSY!

I  
DON'T  
WANT  
TO...

DO AS  
SHE SAYS!  
SULKING  
WON'T HELP,  
WILL IT?

THANK YOU,  
MISS  
VICTORIA, FOR  
BRINGING ME  
HERE  
TODAY...

THEY'VE  
GIVEN US A  
BIKINI LINE!  
HOW CAN WE  
GET GIRLS  
NOW?

AS IF I  
WOULD WANT  
TO DATE  
GIRLS...  
REALLY!  
HMMPH.

AWWW, YOU'RE  
WELCOME, MISSY...  
NOW BE QUIET!

Across the city at the Bullchester Dance Academy, Miah Tormoli goes through her warm-up routine as she awaits her new student...

HMM, I HOPE THIS PUPIL IS GOING TO BE EASIER THAN THE LAST ONE THEY SENT ME.

GIRLS ARE SO AWKWARD AND TOUCHY!







MISS TORMOLI, IT'S SO GOOD SEEING YOU AGAIN!

VICTORIA, SO NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO... AND THIS IS THE MORSEL YOU WANT ME TO TEACH DEPARTMENT TO, HMM?

OH, EXCELLENT - BOYS ARE SO MUCH EASIER TO TEACH THAN GIRLS!

YES, MISS TORMOLI, THIS IS MASTER ROSS... SAY HELLO TO MISS TORMOLI, MISSY!

WHAT THE  
FUCK IS GOING  
ON? FREAKING  
BALLET LESSONS,  
AND THIS BITCH  
CONSTANTLY  
CALLING ME  
MISSY?

IF WE HAD  
TREATED  
MOMMY WITH THE  
RESPECT SHE  
DESERVES, WE  
WOULD NOT BE  
HERE AT ALL, SO  
IT'S ALL YOUR  
FAULT!

I CAN  
ONLY SPEAK  
WHEN TOLD TO,  
AND MY OWN  
BODY WON'T DO  
WHAT I WANT IT TO  
DO, BUT IT  
REACTS TO  
WHATEVER  
THEY  
WANT?

WE CAN  
STAND HERE  
ALL DAY  
DEBATING WHO,  
WHY, HOW, BUT  
THE TRUTH OF IT  
IS, IT'S YOUR  
FAULT!

I WILL NOT DO  
WHAT THEY WANT...  
I CAN FIGHT THIS,  
AND THEN I'LL GO TO  
THE POLICE AND TELL  
THEM HOW THEY  
FORCED ME INTO  
DOING ALL THIS  
SHIT!

THIS I  
GOTTA  
SEE!  
HA HA!

MISSY, SAY  
HELLO TO MISS  
TORMOLI,  
PLEASE!

HELLO,  
MISS  
TORMOLI!

I DID NOT  
WANT TO SAY  
THAT! WHY  
DID I?

THAT  
WAS SOME  
DEFIANT  
STAND -  
HA!

WHY, WHY,  
WHY?



SORRY  
LOOKING  
MORSEL,  
AIN'T HE?

HE WAS  
THE WORST  
OF A BUNCH  
OF FOUR!


I HEARD  
MADAME  
TRISHA HAS  
ELEVATED  
YOU TO  
MISS NOW.

OH, YES,  
SHE HAS,  
MISS  
TORMOLI!

CONGRATULATIONS,  
SWEETHEART! I  
ALWAYS KNEW YOU  
WOULD FLOURISH!

THANK YOU,  
MISS TORMOLI!  
YOU WERE A  
GREAT HELP IN MY  
STRUGGLES TO  
BECOME A  
YOUNG LADY.

NOW, NOW,  
VICTORIA,  
CALL ME MIAH.  
YOU ARE A  
MISS NOW!



I GATHER SHE'S  
NOT FROM THE HAIR  
SALON.

OH, NO,  
SHE IS  
FRESH FROM  
THE TANNING  
SALON!

EXCELLENT!  
I WILL HAVE HER  
WALKING LIKE A  
PRINCESS IN NO  
TIME!

HMM,  
SO TRISHA  
IS HANDING  
THIS MORSEL  
OVER TO ME  
TO CONTROL.  
THAT'S  
GOOD!

Miah Tormoli had of course worked together with Trisha creating the Victoria that now stood shoulder to shoulder with her, and despite the many years of conditioning wayward females and males to acceptance, Miah had never lost her excitement for breaking in new recruits...

...and she got right down to work.



COME, PUMPKIN, SHOW ME HOW YOU WALK!

YES, MISS VICTORIA.

YOU WILL OBEY MISS TORMOLI, AND WILL ANSWER HER APPROPRIATELY, JAKE!

HMMMM... WE NEED TO GET YOU LOOSENEED UP. YOU ARE WAY TOO RESTRICTED IN YOUR MOVEMENT.

I AM GOING TO TEACH YOU HOW TO WALK AND DANCE LIKE A PRINCESS. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

A PRINCESS, MISS TORMOLI?

SHE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING!

YES, A PRINCESS, PUMPKIN!

BUT I'M A BOY... UH, A YOUNG MAN... I MEAN... I'M 20 YEARS OLD, MISS TORMOLI!

YOU'LL HAVE TO START IGNORING THAT, PUMPKIN... I ONLY CREATE PRINCESSES, DON'T I, VICTORIA?

YES, MIAH, YOU CERTAINLY DO!

NOW UP -  
ONE-TWO-  
THREE!

HE LOOKS  
VERY CLUMSY...

I'LL HAVE HIM  
PIROUETTING LIKE  
A PRINCESS IN NO  
TIME, VICTORIA!

YES,  
YOU WILL,  
MIAH -  
YOU'RE  
THE  
BEST!

PIROUETTING?

SHE HAS A  
GREAT BODY,  
AND HER ASS  
IS SO  
PEACHY!

SO  
PREDICTABLE!  
\*SIGH\*

CONCENTRATE  
AND STRETCH YOUR  
LEG UP ONTO THE  
BAR LIKE ME,  
PUMPKIN!

I'M  
TRYING,  
MISS...

HERE, LET ME  
HELP YOU.

HEY,  
GET OFF  
ME!



YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER SENT YOU TO ME, MASTER JAKE, AND I, FOR ONE, WILL NOT LET HER DOWN LIKE YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY DONE YOUR WHOLE SHORT LIFE... SO TELL ME, DO YOU WANT TO PLEASE YOUR MOTHER?

I, UH... YES, OF COURSE I DO!

THROWN OUT? THAT WOULD BE GOOD... PERHAPS I CAN ESCAPE AFTER ALL!

WE ARE NOT GOING TO ESCAPE! WE ARE GOING TO STAY AND MAKE MOMMY PROUD!

WELL, I SUGGEST YOU LET MISS VICTORIA HELP YOU, OR I'LL HAVE TO THROW YOU OUT OF MY CLASS FOR BEING DISRUPTIVE!

AND I, FOR ONE, WANT YOUR MOTHER TO BE PROUD OF YOU!

*Want your mother*

*to be proud of you!*

I WANT MY  
MOTHER TO  
BE PROUD  
OF ME!



PROUD  
OF ME?

MOMMY HAS  
WORKED SO  
HARD TO  
RAISE ME!

I COULD  
NEVER LET  
HER DOWN!

I DON'T CARE  
WHAT SHE  
THINKS... I GET MY  
TRUST FUND IN A  
FEW WEEKS, AND I  
CAN GO AND DO  
WHAT I WANT...  
YEAH, I CAN GO  
WHEREVER I  
WANT!

ALL THOSE  
LONG HOURS  
SHE WORKED TO  
KEEP US GOING... I  
REALLY NEED TO  
HELP HER OUT  
MORE!

WHAT IS THIS  
STUPID VOICE IN  
MY HEAD? WHY  
WOULD I WANT TO  
HELP HER OUT...  
WHAT'S SHE  
EVER DONE  
FOR ME?

STUPID  
IS MY  
SAYING!

The trigger had been set. Jake's new inner voice was now going to be more than just an echo...

Two hours later...

NOW, KEEP YOUR HEAD BALANCED, YOUR FINGERS SPREAD LIKE MISS VICTORIA SHOWED YOU, AND WALK.

I CAN DO THIS...

GOOD, NOW REPEAT AFTER ME - ONE PRINCESS STEP... TWO PRINCESS STEPS... THREE...

ONE PRINCESS STEP... TWO PRINCESS STEPS... THREE PRINCESS STEPS...

THAT'S IT... KEEP GOING, PUMPKIN!

I CAN DO THIS EASY!

THAT'S GOOD CONFIDENCE, BUT YOU WILL CONTINUE DOING THIS UNTIL YOU REACH 500 PRINCESS STEPS WITHOUT DROPPING THE BOOK!

ONE  
PRINCESS  
STEPS... TWO  
PRINCESS  
STEPS...


THAT WAS A  
GOOD COUPLE  
OF TRIES, BUT  
CONCENTRATE ON  
YOUR BALANCE,  
PUMPKIN!

SPREAD  
YOUR FINGERS  
GRACEFULLY...  
THAT'S IT.

YES, YES,  
THAT'S IT,  
PUMPKIN! JUST  
LIKE THAT -  
THAT'S THE  
WAY!

I CAN DO IT,  
MISS TORMOLI!!  
I KNOW I CAN!

WELL, WE  
MADE IT TO  
248 LAST TIME,  
SO LET'S  
IMPROVE ON  
THAT, SHALL  
WE?




HELLO,  
TRISHA!

TRISHA, I DON'T  
NORMALLY SEE  
YOU IN MY  
CLASSES.

MIAH,  
PLEASE  
IGNORE ME -  
I KNOW YOU  
ARE BUSY,  
HONEY!

355  
PRINCESS  
STEPS... 356  
PRINCESS  
STEPS...



SO HOW IS  
IT COPING?

SHE'S ON  
HER TENTH  
ATTEMPT...

IT CAN. I  
DON'T MIND.  
IT'S KIND OF  
CUTE DESPITE  
ITS FLAWS!

TENTH?  
IF IT  
CONTINUES  
LIKE THIS,  
VICTORIA,  
IT'LL BEAT  
YOU!



YEAH...

YES, YES, I DO, BUT I AM A GIRL NOW, AND, WELL, YOU KNOW...

CUTE?

I SHOULD THINK YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO GET PERSONALLY INVOLVED WITH YOUR PROJECT, VICTORIA!

HMM... I HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW WELL SHE'S BLOSSOMED...



I'VE BEEN CALLING IT MISSY...

THAT'S GOOD...

MIAH HAS HIS TRIGGER SET - EXCELLENT!

I KNOW YOU NICKNAMED IT MISSY, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT TO CALL HIM WHAT MIAH DOES NOW, OK?


496 PRINCESS STEPS...  
497...

YES, I AM GOING TO DO IT!

OF COURSE!

CONCENTRATE, PUMPKIN - NEARLY THERE!



A woman with short brown hair and blue-tinted glasses is wearing a bright red, double-breasted, long-sleeved dress with large pink buttons. She is holding a yellow pen to her chin and looking thoughtfully at the camera. The background is a dark, indoor setting with a wooden floor and a red wall. Several thought bubbles and speech bubbles are connected to her, containing text about progress, methods, isolation, and a conversation with Trisha.

IRENE WILL  
BE PLEASED  
WITH ITS  
PROGRESS...

MIAH'S  
METHODS ARE  
EXACTLY WHAT WE  
NEED FOR THIS  
ONE...

BUT ITS  
ISOLATION FROM  
THE OTHERS MIGHT  
CAUSE IT TO REFLECT  
TOO MUCH... PERHAPS I  
SHOULD LET VICTORIA  
FOLLOW UP ON HER  
ATTRACTION TO  
IT.

VICTORIA,  
YOU ARE  
RIGHT - IT *IS*  
KIND OF  
CUTE!

YES,  
TRISHA,  
IT IS!

ACCEPTED,  
TRISHA -  
THANK YOU!

AND, YES,  
YOU ARE A  
GIRL NOW - MY  
APOLOGIES.

That evening...

LAA  
DAA  
DEE...

OH, THIS  
SHOWER IS  
AWESOME! I  
LOVE IT - AND MY  
SKIN HAS NEVER  
FELT SOOOO  
SOFT AND  
WONDERFUL,  
EITHER!


DUMM  
DAAA  
DEE...

Although the shower system installed into the Ross home was designed like the one in Gwynn's penthouse, its delivery system was completely different. The shower had to distinguish between two people using it, and this was done by using a crystallized solution which coated the recipient in microscopic bubbles that burst upon impact with the epidermis, and then according to the chromosomes of the person its DNA was linked to, it would either foam up, or it would turn into steam...



MOMMY?

DUM  
DA DA  
DEE...



OOH, JAKE,  
YOU'RE HOME,  
CHERUB... YOU  
WON'T BELIEVE  
WHAT A DAY  
I'VE HAD!

AND WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
DAY, TOO! I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
SO HAPPY!


MOMMY,  
PLEASE, I  
NEED TO  
SPEAK WITH  
YOU!

I'M SURE IT  
CAN WAIT,  
SWEETHEART -  
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU  
ARE GOING  
ANYWHERE, IS  
IT?

I'M NOT  
GOING TO BE  
DICTATED TO  
BY HIM  
ANYMORE, SO  
HE CAN WAIT!



NOW, WHAT'S  
SO IMPORTANT  
IT CAN'T WAIT?



I, UH...

THEY  
DONE  
SOMETHING  
TO ME! I  
KNOW IT!

OHHH, MY  
HEAD  
ACHES...

MOMMY,  
THEY...



HE CALLED ME  
MOMMY - NOW *THAT*  
IS AN IMPROVEMENT!

I'VE HAD TO  
LISTEN TO YOU  
TALK AND TELL ME  
WHAT YOU WANT FOR  
20-ODD YEARS,  
CHERUB, AND THAT  
STOPS TODAY... AND  
EVEN STILL, YOU  
DISMISS ME FOR  
YOUR OWN NEEDS  
ONCE AGAIN...

BUT, MOMMY,  
THESE PEOPLE ARE  
DOING SOMETHING TO  
US... THEY HAD ME DOING  
BALLET, FOR  
GOODNESS SAKE!

WOW, I  
TOLD HER! I  
CAN SPEAK  
AGAIN!

YES, WE  
SURE DID  
TELL HER...

AND THEY  
MADE ME GET  
A TAN AND TOOK  
AWAY ALL MY  
BODY HAIR...  
AND WORSE  
STILL...

MOMMY?

REALLY?  
\*SIGH\*

HEERRHMMM?



SURELY SHE MUST SEE THAT THEY DID SOMETHING TO ME...?

TELL HER ABOUT OUR BIKINI LINE!

DAMN IT, MOMMY, THEY EVEN GAVE ME A BIKINI LINE WITH THIS TAN!

AND THIS OUTFIT - JEEZ!

...MOMMY, ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?

I HAD AN INTERVIEW FOR A NEW JOB THIS MORNING, AND NOT ONCE HAVE YOU ASKED ME HOW I DID... ALL YOU'VE DONE IS TRY TO TELL ME SOME SILLY STORY REGARDING YOUR DAY!

BUT, MOMMY, CAN'T YOU SEE?

WHY CAN'T SHE SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HEY, I'M NOT STUPID!

WHAT IS THERE TO SEE BUT A STUPID BOY?

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

GREAT, EVEN MOMMY THINKS WE'RE STUPID!

BUT, MOMMY, PLEEEASE?!

THE ONLY THING I CAN SEE IS A SPOILED LITTLE STUPID BOY WHO HAS A HEAD FULL OF EXCUSES AND WAYS TO ANNOY AND EMBARRASS ME FURTHER... BUT ALL THIS ENDS NOW!

YOU WILL GET OUT OF THOSE SWEATY CLOTHES AND JUMP IN THE SHOWER, AND THEN YOU WILL GO STRAIGHT TO BED WITH NO SUPPER!

Jake's personality had been under siege since he had awakened this morning. His mother's own subconscious had been programmed to accept every little change made to him physically and mentally, and she and everyone else he now came in contact with would aid in his behavioral changes. His synapses were already fusing, and the acceptance of his new inner voice was gaining pace rapidly...

MOMMY HAS GOT TO LISTEN TO US!

WE HAVE TO SHOW HER WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO MY BODY, TOO...

WHAT? DID I JUST SAY THAT OUT LOUD?

HEY, WHAT? HELLO?

HELLO?


I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAID THAT THOUGHT OUT LOUD...  
JEEZ, AM I GOING MAD?

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS ASK HER HOW HER DAY WAS...

SHE WAS VERY UPSET, AND ALL WE COULD DO WAS GO ON ABOUT HOW BAD IT'S BEEN FOR US...

THIS SHOWER FEELS WONDERFUL!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET MOMMY THINK WE ARE STUPID!

A woman with long brown hair is in a shower, looking up at a showerhead. Her hair is covered in thick, pink foam. Water is spraying from the showerhead onto her chest. The shower has white tiled walls and a white shower pan. A shower control panel is visible on the right side of the shower.

WOW, THIS  
SHOWER IS  
GREAT - SO  
FOAMY!

The voice that had been Jake Ross was now teetering on the edge of existence, and no one could save it...


THIS  
FEELS  
SOOO  
GOOD!

DUMM  
DEE DA  
DUMMM...

MMMM, THIS  
SMELLS AND  
FEELS SOOO  
LOVELY!

DUMM  
DEE DA  
DUMMM...

...while his body was about to receive some important ingredients that would match his soon-to-blossom feminine personality...

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the back, standing in a shower. She is wearing a white towel or robe. The shower is set in a bathroom with a window in the background. The image is faded and overlaid with a comic-style thought bubble and speech bubble.

THIS SHOWER IS  
JUST INCREDIBLE... I'VE  
NEVER SHOWERED SO  
OFTEN BEFORE IN MY  
LIFE! HEE HEE!

MMMMMM...



OHHHH...  
MMMMM... SO  
REFRESHING TO  
END A GRUELING  
DAY IN HERE,  
TOO!

IT ALWAYS  
MAKES ME  
FEEL LIKE THIS,  
TOO... BUT WHO  
CARES? IT'S  
ME ENJOYING  
IT!

A woman with long blonde hair is in a shower, her hair and body are covered in white soap suds. She is looking upwards with a content expression. The background is a white shower curtain.

MY HAIR  
ALWAYS  
SEEMS TO GET  
LONGER WHEN I  
SHOWER, TOO...  
IT'S JUST MY  
IMAGINATION, I  
KNOW! HEE  
HEE!

MMMMMM...  
OHHHH,  
YESS...



I CAN  
SPEND THE  
EVENING NOW  
WITH A GLASS  
OF WINE  
AND...


OH?

CELIA, HI!





GWYNN -  
I...

A comic book panel featuring two women in a brightly lit room with a white tiled floor. The woman on the left has long black hair and is wearing a white, sleeveless, form-fitting top with circular cutouts and a white mini-skirt. She has her hands on her hips and is looking towards the other woman. The woman on the right has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a black and white patterned, form-fitting dress with a low neckline and a black trim. She has a black tribal-style tattoo on her left upper arm and is looking down and to the side. A speech bubble from the blonde woman says, "NO WORRIES, HON... BUT I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO MEET DELI, SUGAR!". A second speech bubble from the black-haired woman says, "HARRO, MEES CEWIA.".

NO WORRIES,  
HON... BUT I'D  
LIKE FOR YOU TO  
MEET DELI,  
SUGAR!

HARRO,  
MEES  
CEWIA.



DELI HAS A LITTLE  
PROBLEM WITH OUR  
LANGUAGE, DON'T YA,  
DELI?

AHHERR... YA,  
MEES GLYNN, I  
FROM THAILAND...  
SOOO PWEASED  
TO BE HERE,  
YESS!

DELI STAYED IN  
THIS APARTMENT WHILE  
HER SPONSOR MR. FOO  
GOT HER A VISA SO  
SHE COULD WORK IN  
HIS CLUB.

THAILAND?

A CLUB?

YES, MEES  
CEWIA, I  
STRIPPER!

A  
STRIPPER?

YES, I  
LOVE WORK!  
MAKE GOOD  
MONEY!



A STRIPPER...  
I WONDER WHAT  
IT IS THAT  
GWYNN DOES,  
THEN.

CELIA  
WANTED TO  
ASK YOU  
SOMETHING,  
DELI, DIDN'T  
YA, HONEY?

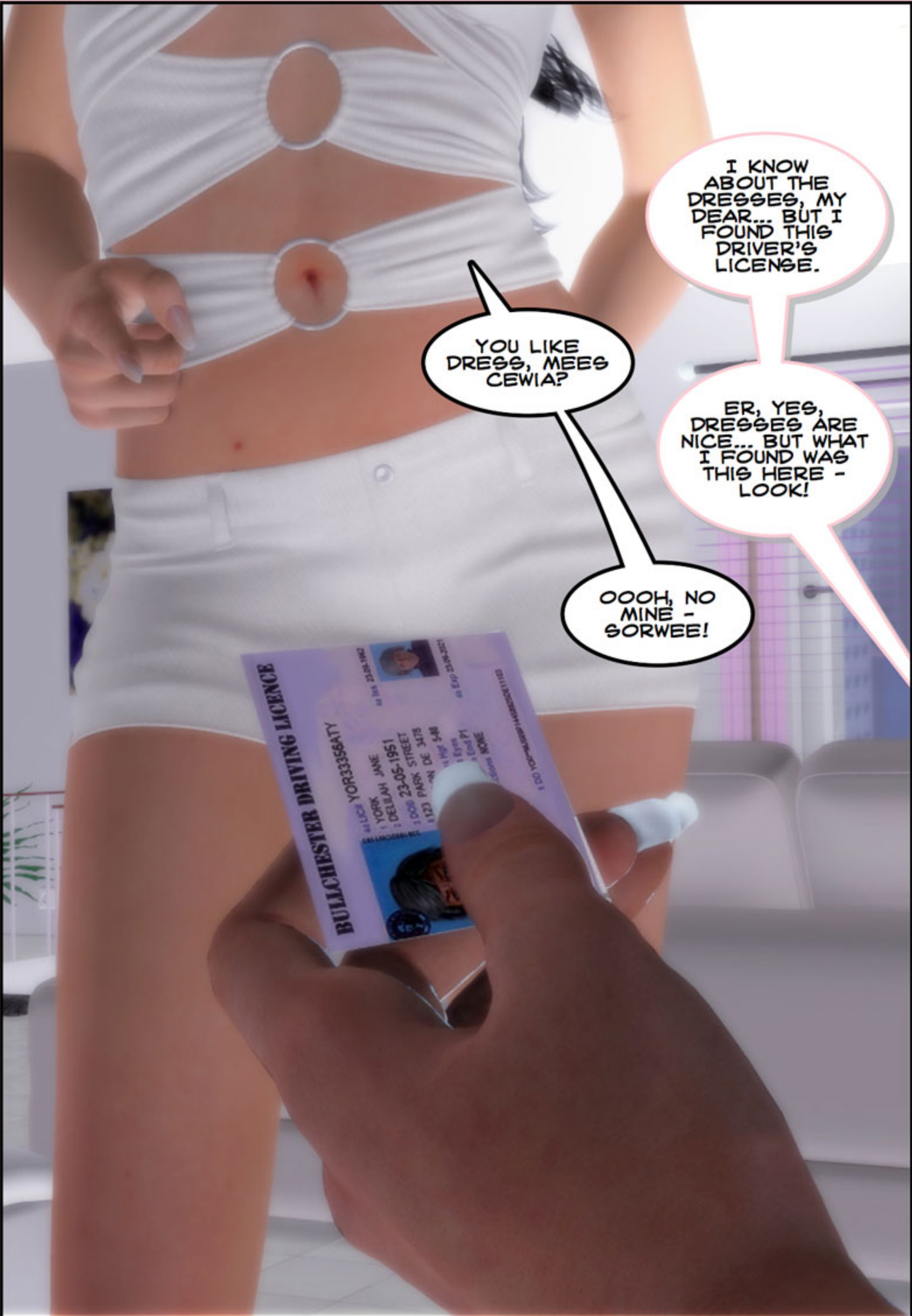
ER,  
YEAH... YES,  
I DO, BUT  
I...

A comic panel featuring three women in a room with purple and white striped blinds. A woman with long, wavy blonde hair stands in the center, wearing a white and black patterned dress with a black halter and a long necklace. She has a tattoo on her left arm. To her left, a woman with long black hair is seen from behind, wearing a white halter top. To her right, a woman with blonde hair is sitting on a chair, wearing a pink towel. Three speech bubbles contain text.

CELIA  
WOULD  
FREAK IF SHE  
REALIZED  
THIS WAS  
DELILAH!

I FOUND  
THIS IN A  
DRAWER AND  
THOUGHT IT MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN  
YOURS... BUT NOW  
I CAN SEE IT  
IS NOT!

I LEEV  
DRESS, YES...  
OLD CLOTH  
NOO GOOD!



I KNOW ABOUT THE DRESSES, MY DEAR... BUT I FOUND THIS DRIVER'S LICENSE.

YOU LIKE DRESS, MEES CEWIA?

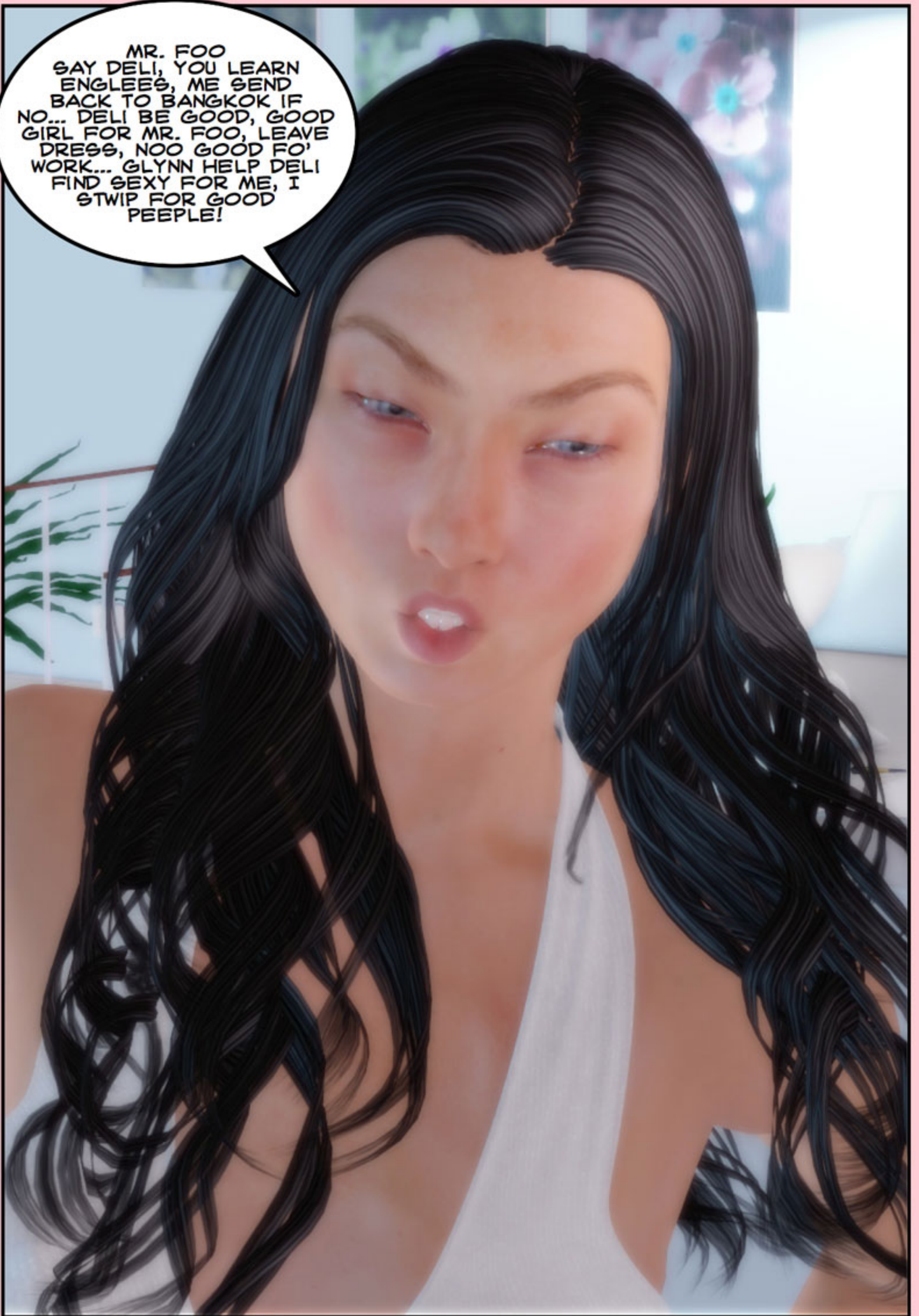
ER, YES, DRESSES ARE NICE... BUT WHAT I FOUND WAS THIS HERE - LOOK!


OOOH, NO MINE - SORWEE!

**BULLCHESTER DRIVING LICENCE**  
LICEN YOR33356ATY  
YORK JANE  
DELILAH JANE  
23-05-1951  
3 DOB PARK STREET  
1123 PARK DE 3478  
5'08" Hgt 54#  
1 Eyes  
1 Ear P1  
2 Ears NONE  
Licence NONE  
Licence Number: YOR33356ATY  
Exp 25.09.2027  
Iss 23.08.1962



MR. FOO  
SAY DELI, YOU LEARN  
ENGLIES, ME SEND  
BACK TO BANGKOK IF  
NO... DELI BE GOOD, GOOD  
GIRL FOR MR. FOO, LEAVE  
DRESS, NOO GOOD FO'  
WORK... GLYNN HELP DELI  
FIND SEXY FOR ME, I  
STWIP FOR GOOD  
PEEPLE!






DELI HAS TRIED TO GRASP THE LANGUAGE, AND AS KIND AS MR. FOO HAS BEEN TO HER, I DON'T THINK SHE'S EVER GONNA MAKE IT, HONEY... MR. FOO PAID HER RENT UP TILL THE END OF THE MONTH HERE, BUT THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP HER UNDERSTANDING OF OUR LANGUAGE BETTER IF SHE LIVED NEARER THE CLUB SO SHE COULD MINGLE WITH THE OTHER STRIPPERS - BUT SHE IS NOT THE BRIGHTEST, I'M AFRAID TO SAY.

OHH, POOR DEAR!

STILL, I'M TAKING HER OUT FOR A FUN NIGHT, AND YA NEVER KNOW, STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED... SO WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU WANNA COME AND PARTY, CELIA?

OHH, ER, NO THANKS, GWYNN... I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP!



OK, HONEY, WE GOT PLENTY OF TIME FOR PARTYING LATER!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS? I MEAN, WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

PERHAPS YOU PICKED IT UP BY ACCIDENT WHEN YOU WAS SHOPPING, HONEY.

OH, MY, YES, I COULD HAVE DONE THAT!

LOOK, DON'T WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT IT, CELIA. I DRIVE, SO I'LL DROP IT OFF AT THE ADDRESS ON THE LICENSE, OK, HONEY?

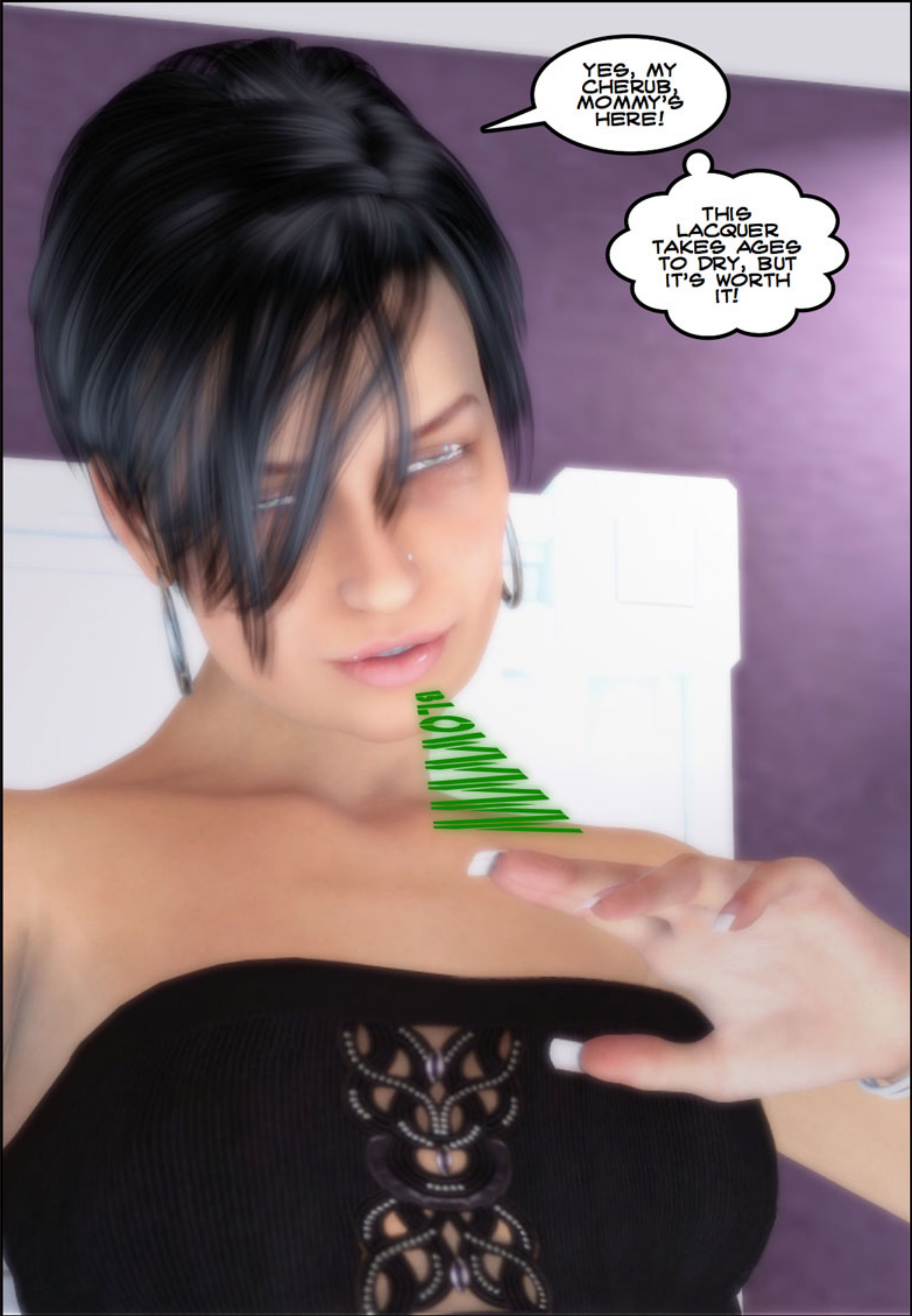
OH, YES, PLEASE, GYWNN... I WOULD BE GRATEFUL!

Saturday, 8:10am...

1,005  
PRINCESS  
STEPS... 1,006  
PRINCESS  
STEPS... EHHH...  
ERRR?

MOM...

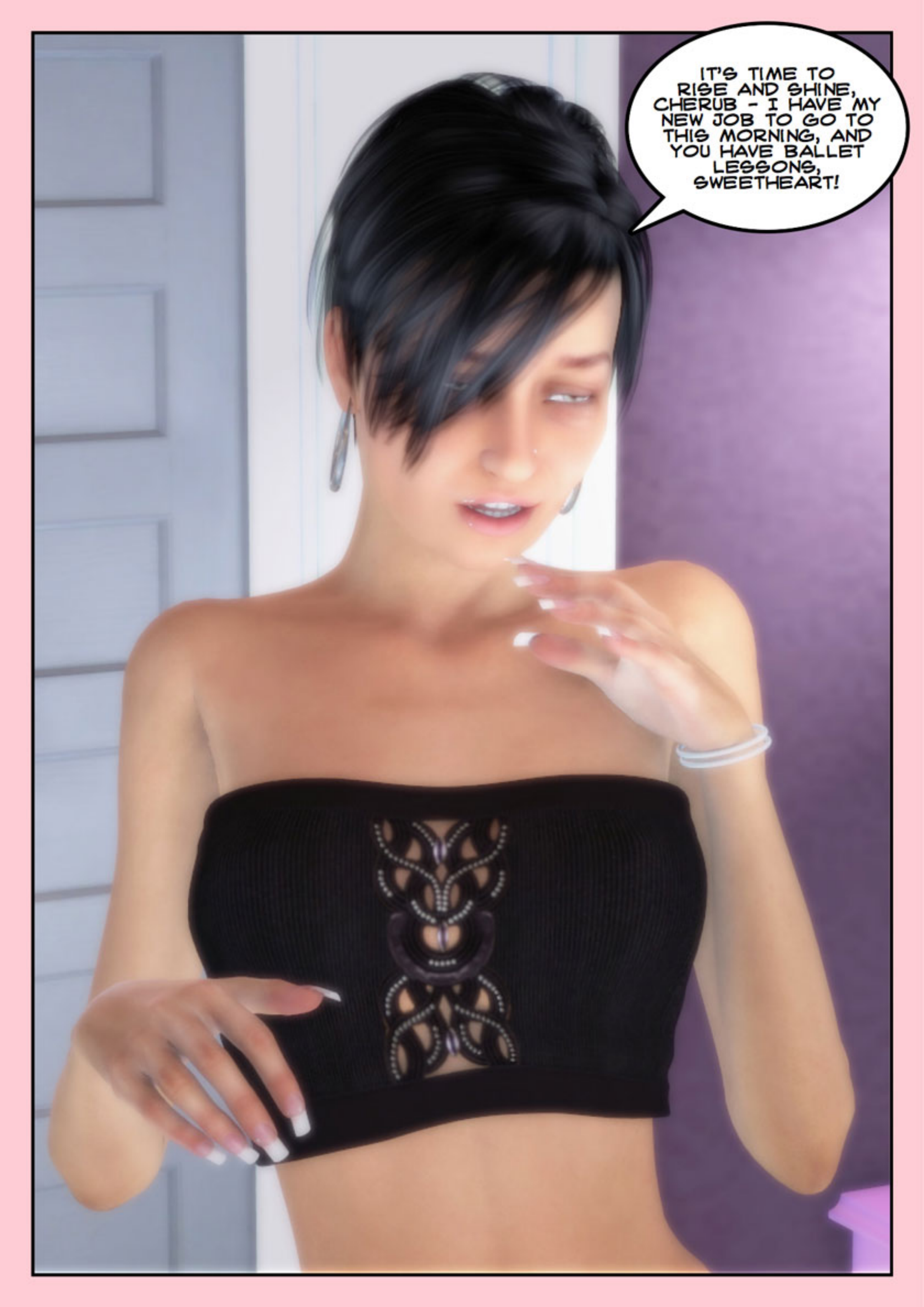
MOMMY?



YES, MY  
CHERUB,  
MOMMY'S  
HERE!

THIS  
LACQUER  
TAKES AGES  
TO DRY, BUT  
IT'S WORTH  
IT!

BLOWN



IT'S TIME TO  
RISE AND SHINE,  
CHERUB - I HAVE MY  
NEW JOB TO GO TO  
THIS MORNING, AND  
YOU HAVE BALLET  
LESSONS,  
SWEETHEART!

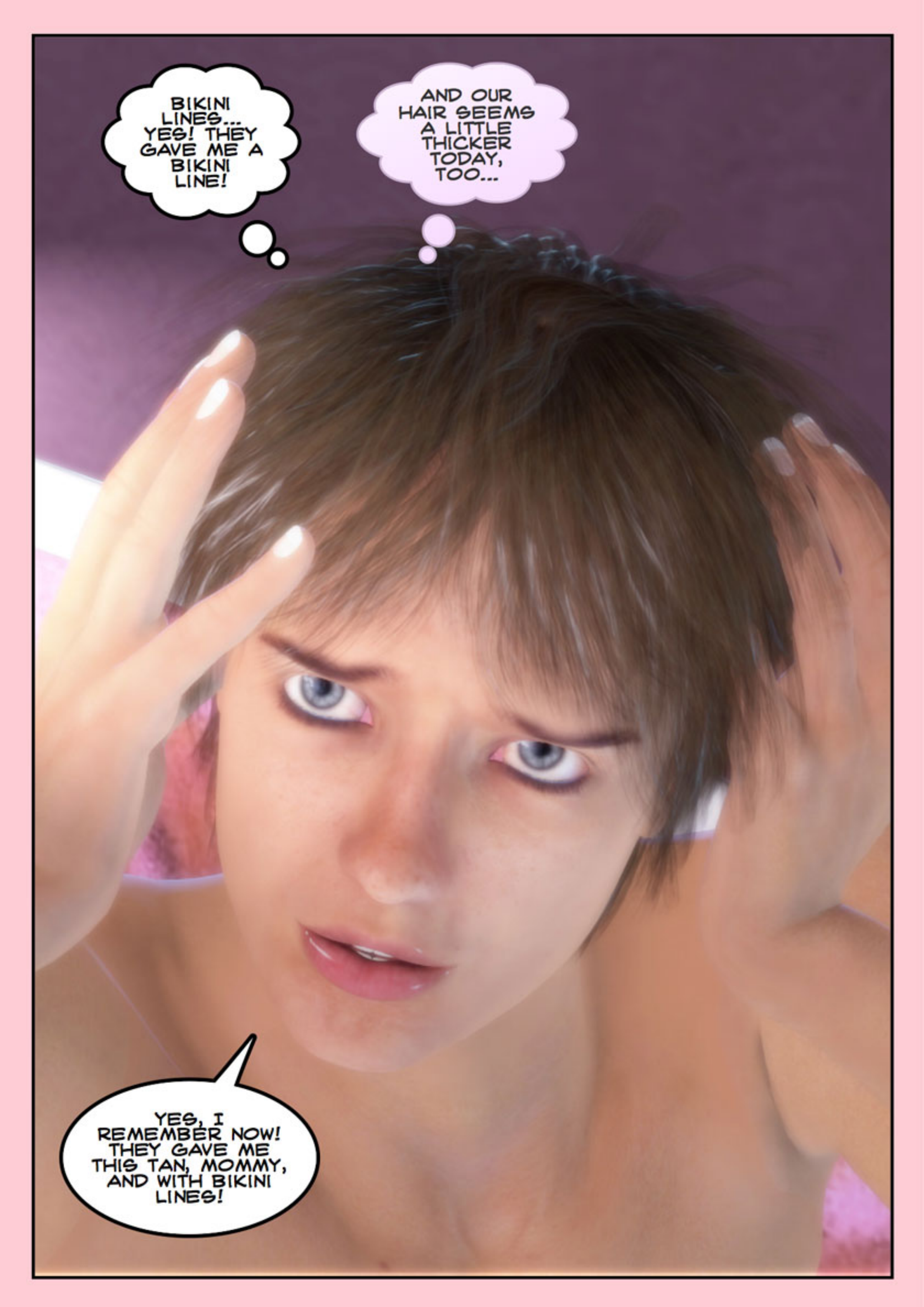
OOHH,  
MOMMY, YES... I  
FEEL A LITTLE  
STRANGE...

NO EXCUSES  
NOW. YOU KNOW  
OUR AGREEMENT,  
SWEETHEART!

IT FEELS  
LIKE A  
TRUCK HIT  
ME! WOW!

THEY  
REALLY DID  
GIVE HIM A  
BIKINI LINE...  
HOW  
SWEET!

YOU WERE  
TRYING TO TELL  
ME SOMETHING LAST  
NIGHT, CHERUB, AND I  
WAS A LITTLE ANGRY  
WITH YOU, SO I SENT  
YOU TO BED  
EARLY.



BIKINI  
LINES...  
YES! THEY  
GAVE ME A  
BIKINI  
LINE!

AND OUR  
HAIR SEEMS  
A LITTLE  
THICKER  
TODAY,  
TOO...

YES, I  
REMEMBER NOW!  
THEY GAVE ME  
THIS TAN, MOMMY,  
AND WITH BIKINI  
LINES!



OH, THEY LOOK  
KIND OF SWEET ON  
YOU...

OH,  
THEY'D  
LOOK SWEET  
ON A GIRL,  
YEAH...  
BUT ME?

BUT  
AREN'T  
BIKINI LINES  
FOR GIRLS,  
MOMMY?

EH?

DON'T  
WORRY,  
CHERUB, THEY  
WILL FADE,  
BELIEVE ME!

IF  
MOMMY  
SAYS THEY  
WILL, I  
BELIEVE  
HER!

NOW BRUSH  
YOUR TEETH,  
FRESHEN UP, AND  
THEN SLIP INTO THE  
LEOTARD THAT NICE  
MISS TORMOLI  
PROVIDED YOU  
WITH!



MOMMY,  
ARE YOU  
SURE THIS  
OUTFIT IS  
RIGHT?

IT'S JUST  
THAT IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
IT WOULD FIT  
BETTER ON  
A GIRL...

YES, IT IS,  
CHERUB...  
WHY, WHAT'S  
WRONG?

IF YOU'VE EVER  
SEEN MALE  
BALLET DANCERS,  
CHERUB, YOU'LL  
NOTICE THEY WEAR  
SIMILAR  
LEOTARDS!

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU HAD SUCH A HANG-UP ABOUT GIRLS, JAKE!

WE KEEP MENTIONING THEM, I GUESS...

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

I, ER... NO, I DON'T, MOMMY... I LIKE GIRLS!

YES, WE DO! WHAT A STUPID QUESTION.

GOOD! WITH ALL THESE QUESTIONS ABOUT GIRLS' CLOTHING, YOU WERE STARTING TO WORRY ME!

IT'S JUST... OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER...

WAIT, WHAT? TELL HER!

NOW LET'S GO. I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR MY FIRST DAY AT THE RESTAURANT!

NO I CAN'T... I ANGERED HER A LOT YESTERDAY WITH MY SELFISHNESS!

THIS ISN'T ME! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Jake's real voice and thought processes were beginning to be suppressed. The constant bombardment his subliminal consciousness had undergone last night was designed to give his new voice the impetus to break free and push Jake's former persona into the void it had come from, but for that to happen, a specific incident needed to be played out to trigger the event...

Bullchester south side, 8:40am

ALL RIGHT,  
HERE YOU GO -  
IT'S STRAIGHT  
DOWN THERE!

WHAT?

THE  
DANCE  
ACADEMY,  
CHERUB!





OH, PLEASE, NO! I CAN'T WALK THAT FAR DRESSED LIKE THIS!

IT'S TWO BLOCKS DOWN, MOMMY...

SHE'S RIGHT - I SPENT FAR TOO LONG GETTING DRESSED...

BUT LOOK AT ME, MOMMY - I'M WEARING A LEOTARD!

SO YOU HAVE LEGS, DON'T YOU?

WE CAN'T LET HER DROP US HERE... JEEZ, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? AND HOW COME I'M AGREEING WITH THIS STUPID THOUGHT, ANYWAY?

OHH, MOMMY, PLEASE, PLEASE?

YOU ARE NOT GONNA MAKE ME LATE FOR WORK! IF YOU HADN'T BITCHED SO MUCH ABOUT WEARING IT IN THE FIRST PLACE I COULD HAVE DROPPED YOU CLOSER!

NO! GET OUT AND WALK THIS INSTANT!

OUR PRINCESS IS LATE...

I'M SURE SHE WILL BE HERE, MIAH!

Creeekkkk

HMM, IT APPEARS OUR PRINCESS HAS ARRIVED, VICTORIA!

**I DON'T  
TOLERATE  
LATENESS,  
PUMPKIN!**





I'M SORRY, MISS TORMOLI, MA'AM, BUT I HAD TO WALK TWO BLOCKS DRESSED LIKE THIS!

WHAT HAS BEEN DRESSED LIKE THAT GOT TO DO WITH BEING LATE?

WELL, YOU KNOW...

NO, I DON'T - ENLIGHTEN VICTORIA AND ME, PLEASE...

WALKING IN THIS OUTFIT - IT'S NOT EXACTLY ME, IS IT?

HMM, I SEE - WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SHOW US HOW YOU WALKED HERE, THEN?



HMMM...  
WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
VICTORIA?

IT WALKS  
LIKE A BOY,  
MAH!


WELL,  
OF  
COURSE  
I DO!

WHAT  
DOES  
SHE  
MEAN?

SHE IS?  
SILLY ME,  
YES, SHE  
IS!

SHE IS  
SAYING WE  
SHOULD WALK  
LIKE A GIRL,  
STUPID!

HEY DON'T  
EVEN THINK  
ABOUT IT! WE  
ARE A BOY, AND  
WE WILL KEEP  
WALKING LIKE  
ONE!

A young woman with short, vibrant red hair is the central focus. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved ballet costume with a square neckline and a light blue tutu. Her eyes are closed, and she has a slightly pained or focused expression. She stands in a dance studio with a wooden floor and a wooden railing. In the background, another person in a white tutu is partially visible. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue.

IF YOU WISH TO  
CONTINUE WITH  
BALLET, PUMPKIN,  
YOU WILL DO AS I  
ASK! DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

YES,  
MISS  
TORMOLI,  
MA'AM!

GOOD! NOW  
WALK THE  
LENGTH OF  
THE DANCE  
HALL!

YOUR  
THOUGHTS,  
VICTORIA?

I HAVE  
TO! I CAN'T  
LET MOMMY  
DOWN! I WANT  
HER TO BE  
PROUD OF  
ME!

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING? STOP  
LISTENING TO  
THEM,  
PLEASE,  
JAKE!

NO YOU  
CAN'T!  
PLEASE  
LISTEN TO  
ME! I CAN'T  
DO THIS!  
PLEASE...

IT SEEMS TO ME  
IT MAY HAVE  
FORGOTTEN ITS  
PRINCESS STEPS  
LESSONS, MIAH!

YES, OUR  
PUMPKIN DOES  
SEEM TO HAVE  
FORGOTTEN  
THEM!

I FEAR DEPARTMENT LESSONS HAVE PASSED YOU BY, PUMPKIN, SO IT'S NOW UP TO YOU - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I DO REMEMBER THEM, MISS TORMOLI, IT'S JUST...

EXCUSES ARE SOMETHING I DON'T TOLERATE! SO I AM GONNA ASK YOU ONE LAST TIME... DO YOU WANT TO MAKE YOUR MOTHER PROUD?

YES, YES, I DO VERY MUCH, MISS TORMOLI, MA'AM!

NOOO, JAKE, WHY ARE YOU LETTING HER DICTATE TO US? WHY, WHY, WHY?!


RIGHT - THEN TODAY, PUMPKIN, I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO BE GRACEFUL LIKE VICTORIA... YOU'VE SEEN HOW GRACEFUL SHE IS?

I LOVE MOMMY AND WANT TO MAKE HER PROUD! NOW GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

OH, YES, MISS TORMOLI, MA'AM, MISS VICTORIA IS VERY GRACEFUL INDEED!

IF YOU FAIL ME, PUMPKIN, I WILL HAVE NO OPTION OTHER THAN TO SEND YOU BACK HOME AS A FAILURE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I DO, MISS TORMOLI! I WILL NOT FAIL YOU... I WANT TO MAKE MOMMY PROUD OF ME!



THAT'S  
GOOD, PUMPKIN -  
BEING DEMURE IS  
THE KEY TO  
BALANCE!

CHIN INTO  
YOUR  
SHOULDER  
LIKE THIS!

SHE  
SMELLS SO  
LOVELY...

I  
WONDER  
WHAT  
PERFUME SHE  
USES... OH, I  
COULD GET  
MOMMY THIS  
PERFUME AS A  
GIFT FOR ME  
BEING SO  
AWFUL TO  
HER!



THAT'S IT, PUMPKIN, UP ONTO YOUR TOES, BOTTOM IN, AND HAND ON YOUR THIGH LIKE SO...

AND LIFT ONTO YOUR TIPTOES!

YES, MISS TORMOLI - I CAN DO IT! WOW!

OF COURSE YOU CAN, PUMPKIN! NOW, PRINCESS STEPS!

ONE PRINCESS STEP... TWO PRINCESS STEPS...

ZUCCA, BEN FATTO... TUA MADRE SARA COSI ORGOGLIOSO!

I CAN DO IT!  
YESSSS...

SORRY,  
MISS TORMOLI?

SHE SAID  
YOUR MOTHER  
WILL BE PROUD  
OF YOU,  
PUMPKIN...

OH, MY  
GOD!  
LOOK AT  
ME  
PIROUETTING!  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
THIS IS  
ME!

SCUSA...  
EXCUSE ME,  
BUT WONDERFUL  
MOMENTS ALWAYS  
BRING OUT THE  
ITALIAN IN ME,  
PUMPKIN!

DO YOU  
THINK WE CAN  
MAKE A BALLET  
DANCER OUT OF  
OUR PUMPKIN,  
VICTORIA?

YES, WE  
CAN, MIAH!



SPLENDID,  
PUMPKIN! NOW  
LOSE YOURSELF  
TO THE MUSIC...  
LET IT FLOW RIGHT  
THROUGH YOU!

I THINK  
TRISHA IS  
RIGHT IN HER  
ESTIMATIONS OF  
THIS MORSEL.  
HE WAS MEANT  
TO DO  
BALLET...





YES, MISS TORMOLI, I WILL!



LOOK AT ME, PRANCING AROUND LIKE A SISSY! WHAT NEXT?

WHY DO I KEEP GETTING THESE NEGATIVE THOUGHTS? LOOK AT ME! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MOMMY AND TELL HER HOW GREAT TODAY HAS BEEN!

NEGATIVE THOUGHTS?

C'MON, JAKE, GET WITH IT! LOOK AT WHAT THEY ARE MAKING US DO!

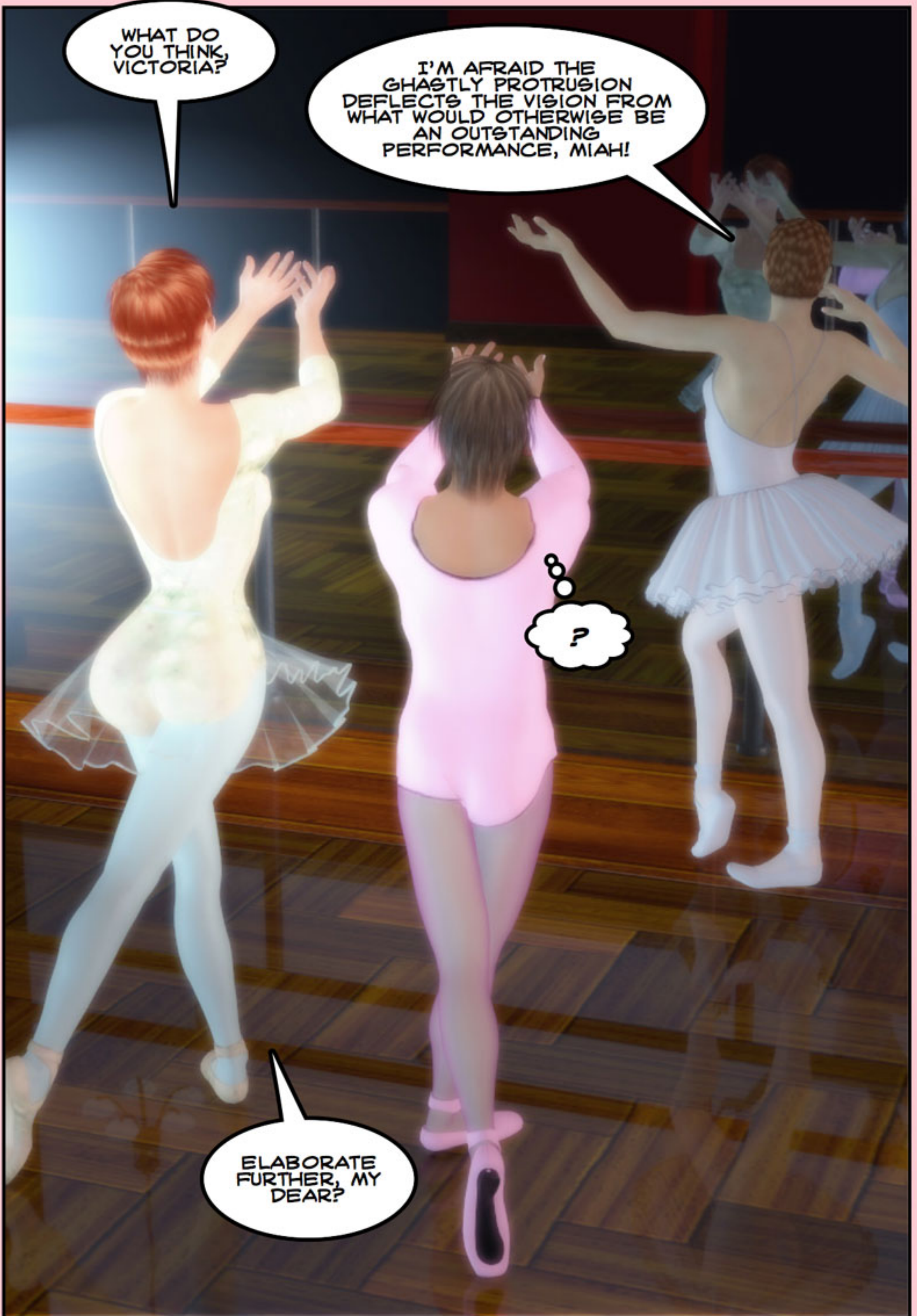
I REALLY AM GETTING ANNOYED WITH THIS... THIS SILLY SEED OF DOUBT HAS GOTTA GO!

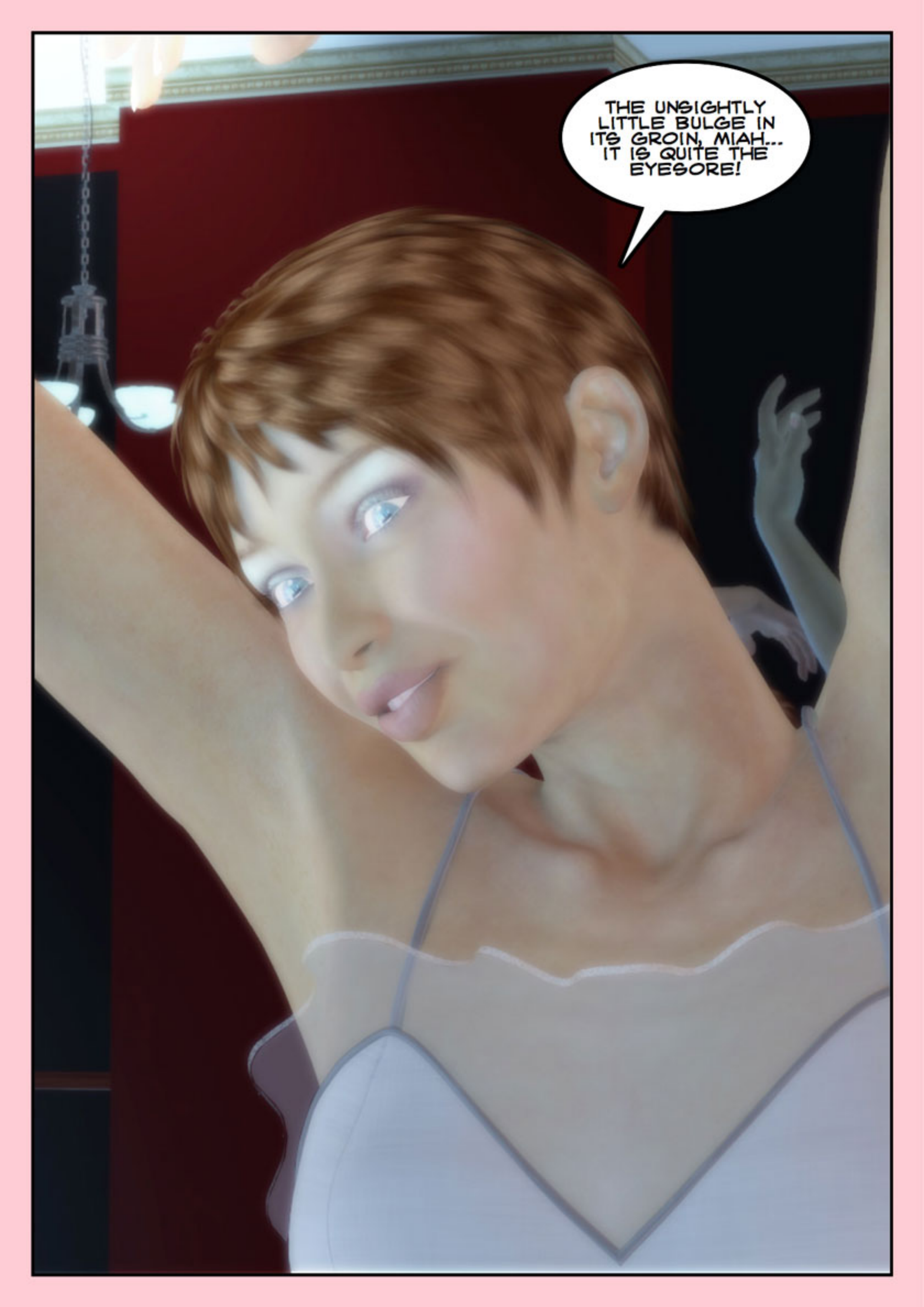
WHAT DO YOU THINK, VICTORIA?

I'M AFRAID THE GHASTLY PROTRUSION DEFLECTS THE VISION FROM WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE, MIAH!


?

ELABORATE FURTHER, MY DEAR?





THE UNSIGHTLY  
LITTLE BULGE IN  
ITS GROIN, MIAH...  
IT IS QUITE THE  
EYESORE!



OH, YES,  
PUMPKIN, I'M  
AFRAID VICTORIA IS  
RIGHT... IT DOES  
LOOK RATHER  
UNFLATTERING FOR  
A BALLET  
DANCER..

I AM  
CONFUSED  
A LITTLE,  
MISS  
TORMOLI,  
MA'AM...

YOUR  
CROTCH,  
MISSY!

I HAVE JUST  
THE RIGHT  
THING FOR IT,  
VICTORIA!

KEEP UP ON  
THOSE TOES...  
YOU ARE FAR  
FROM FINISHED  
YET, PUMPKIN!

HOW DOES THAT LOOK, VICTORIA?

IT HIDES IT WELL, AND IT WILL HELP ERASE OUR MINDS OF WHAT IT HIDES!

A... A SKIRT?

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! THEY WANT US TO LOOK LIKE A GIRL... FIRST THE BIKINI LINES, NOW THIS?



TELL THEM WE DON'T WANT TO WEAR IT, AND WE WANT TO GO HOME!

PUMPKIN, IS EVERYTHING OK?

IT'S A SKIRT!

WONDERFUL OBSERVATION!

BUT...

Jake Ross had spent much of his young and unfruitful life dreaming about the day he would inherit his money and speed headlong into a life filled with women, sex, more sex, and everything else a young, horny guy would care to blow money on. However it seemed that the reality of Jake's selfish dreams were never going to be realized...

REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER, PUMPKIN. YOU WANT TO MAKE HER PROUD OF YOU, DON'T YOU? I CAN HELP YOU DO THAT... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ASK ME TO TEACH YOU THE WONDERS OF BALLET, PUMPKIN!

JAKE, PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME! THEY'RE TRYING TO TURN US INTO A GIRL - THE SKIRTS, THE TANNING SALON, MAKING US WORK IN THAT DRESS STORE... WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!

GO TO THE POLICE... CRAIG - WE MUST TELL HIM AND THE OTHER GUYS... WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

I DO, MISS MIAH, MA'AM... I WANT TO MAKE HER SOOO PROUD OF ME!

THEN MAKE YOUR MOMMY PROUD OF YOU... AND ASK ME TO TEACH YOU THE ART OF BALLET!

Miah Tormoli released the trigger....

But to cement the recipient's new thoughts and persona, the new voice had to take full control and bury the former voice away deep inside the recipient's subconscious.

NOOO,  
DON'T! JAKE,  
PLEASE LISTEN  
TO ME! IT WAS  
ME WHO USED TO  
DECIDE WHAT WE  
DO, AND IF YOU  
LET ME, I WILL  
AGAIN!  
PLEASE!

THAT  
WAS A ME I  
DON'T WANT TO  
BE... A ME THAT  
NEVER SHOWED  
HOW MUCH WE  
LOVED AND  
RESPECTED  
OUR MOMMY!


BUT WE  
HAVE ALL  
THAT  
MONEY TO  
SPEND!

NOOOOO!  
I AM GOING TO  
MAKE MOMMY  
PROUD... REAL  
PROUD! AND IF DOING  
BALLET ACHIEVES  
THAT, THEN SO BE IT...  
THAT MONEY IS  
GOING TO MAKE ME  
AND MOMMY'S  
LIFE SO MUCH  
BETTER!

JAKE?  
ARE YOU  
THERE?  
ANYONE?  
MY TRUST  
F...

**\*PLINK\***



A close-up comic book panel of a woman with long, dark hair and blue eyes. She is smiling slightly, showing her teeth. Two speech bubbles are present: one in the bottom left and one in the middle right. A caption box is in the bottom right.

TEACH ME  
THE ART OF  
BALLET, MISS  
TORMOLI,  
MA'AM!

WHAT  
WAS THAT,  
PUMPKIN?

...and sealed it....

ISN'T SHE  
EXQUISITE?

SHE IS,  
MISS  
TORMOLI,  
MA'AM!

AND SO  
WILL YOU BE,  
PUMPKIN!

SO  
ELEGANT AND  
FEMININE...  
SOOO  
BEAUTIFUL!

I HOPE  
SO, MISS  
TORMOLI,  
MA'AM!



Saturday, 7:55am...

I COULD  
SWEAR I AM  
CHANGING  
EVERY DAY...

HA, IT'S GOTTA  
BE JUST MY  
IMAGINATION...

BUT MY FACE  
AND BODY FEEL  
SO DIFFERENT!



WOW, IS  
THAT REALLY  
ME?

I AM SURE  
I USED TO BE,  
UMMMM...

NO, DON'T  
YOU DARE  
SAY IT,  
CELIA...

OH, WHAT  
THE HELL...  
**FAT AND  
OLD!**

**\*GIGGLE\***




I'VE  
NEVER  
EATEN SUCH A  
HEALTHY DIET,  
EITHER... MY  
GOODNESS, I'VE  
NEVER FELT SO  
WONDERFUL IN  
MY LIFE!



CELIA?  
OH, MY  
GOD... LOOK  
AT YOU,  
SUGAR!



EH,  
WHO...  
OH?



GLORIA, IT'S  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU, TOO...  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
A DRINK?

I'M OK,  
REALLY...  
BUT, O.M.G.,  
YOU ARE  
NAKED!

I'VE ONLY  
JUST DRIED OFF  
FROM THE  
SHOWER AND WAS  
ABOUT TO FIND  
SOMETHING TO  
THROW ON.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ARE SO COMFY BEING NAKED, THOUGH - HEE HEE!

SHE IS CHANGING VERY FAST - WOW!

ME COMFORTABLE WITH BEING NAKED?

SHE CAN TALK, MISS NIPPLES ON SHOW - PFFT!

SALON?


ANYWAY, WHAT I DROPPED BY FOR WAS TO PICK YOU UP AND GET YOU TO THE SALON!

FOR TONIGHT, SWEETIE... CINCHERS NIGHTCLUB... ONLY THE HOTTEST PLACE IN BULLCHESTER!





OH, YES, I FORGOT, MRS. MOORE DID TELL ME I HAD TO ATTEND SOME CLUB TONIGHT... BUT IT'S NOT REALLY MY SCENE... AND I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WEAR, EITHER!



WELL, THAT'S  
WHY YOU HAVE ME  
AS A FRIEND, CELIA...  
AFTER YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR HAIR DONE AND  
YOUR MAKEUP... WE  
ARE GOING ON A  
SHOPPING  
SPREE, GIRL!

OHH,  
GLORIA,  
REALLY, I  
COULDN'T...

LUCKY  
FOR YOU, I  
DON'T TAKE  
NO FOR AN  
ANSWER,  
GIRL!



THERE YOU GO, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

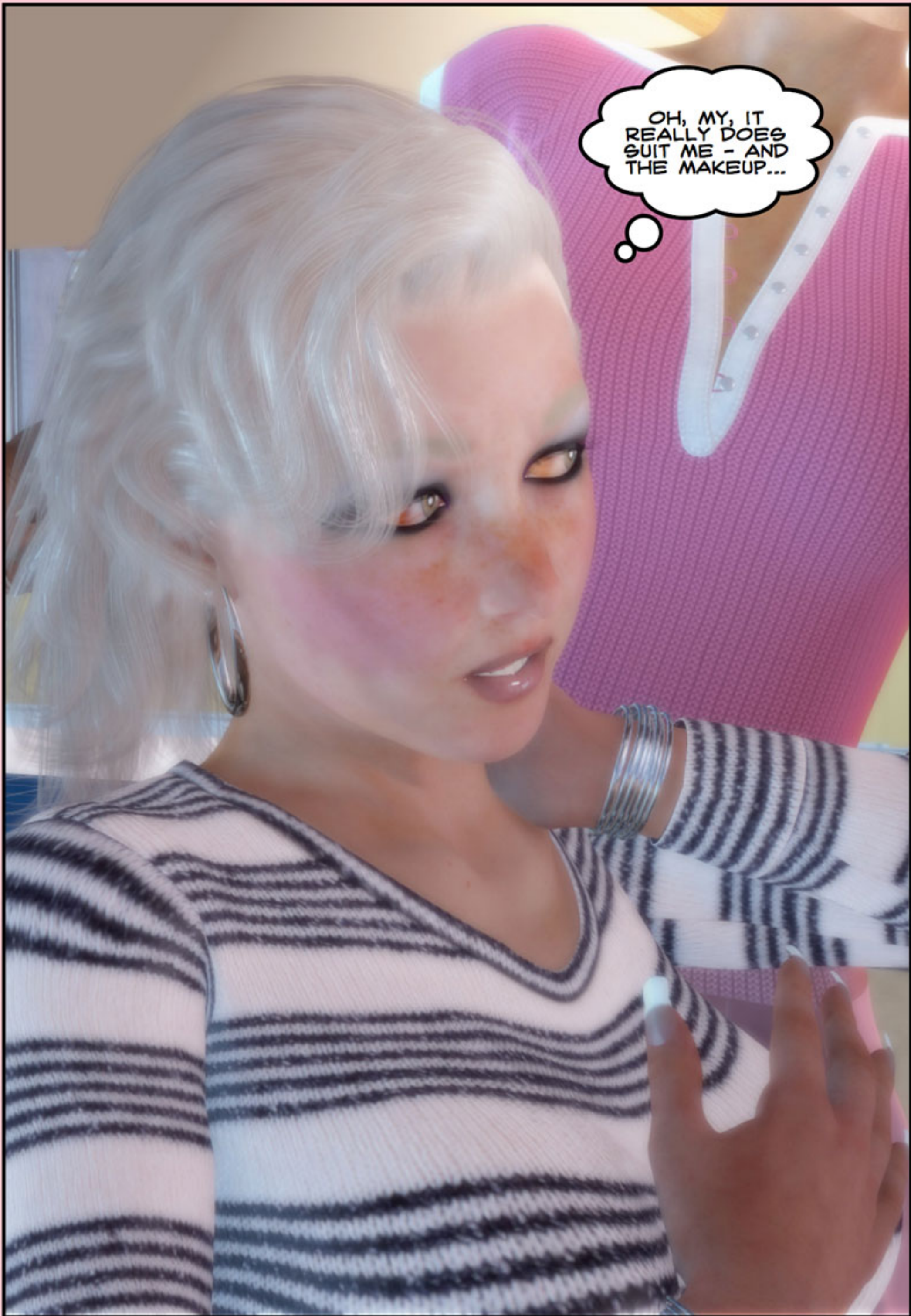
I'M NOT SURE IF PLATINUM IS MY COLOR...

OH, IT'S FAB, STACEY, AS ALWAYS! WHAT D'YA THINK, CELIA?

I CAN RUN YOU UNDER AGAIN AND MAKE IT STRAWBERRY BLONDE, MS. STONEBRIDGE...

YOU THINK SO?

DON'T YOU DARE, STACEY! HER SKIN GOES WONDERFULLY WITH PLATINUM!




OH, MY, IT  
REALLY DOES  
SUIT ME - AND  
THE MAKEUP...



ARE YOU SURE, MS. STONEBRIDGE? AS I SAID, I CAN EASILY TAKE YOU BACK TO ANOTHER BLONDE.

NO, I LOVE IT, STACEY, MY DEAR... IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE GETTING USED TO!



I WAS GOING TO HAVE THESE TAKEN OFF... HOW DID I LET YOU TALK ME INTO MAKING THEM EVEN LONGER?

CELIA, YOU'RE A BEAUTY TEACHER, AND THOSE STUDENTS OF YOURS EXPECT A TEACHER OF YOUR CALIBER TO SHOW THEM YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MEANING OF LOOKING BEAUTIFUL!


OK, STACE,  
WRAP IT UP AND  
CHARGE IT TO  
FEETHAMS,  
SWEETHEART!

YES, MRS  
SMITH,  
MA'AM.

THE  
SCHOOL IS  
PAYING FOR  
THIS?

OF  
COURSE  
THEY ARE,  
CELIA... IT'S  
PART OF YOUR  
JOB TO LOOK  
BEAUTIFUL, AND  
THE SCHOOL HAS  
TO PAY TO  
MAINTAIN YOUR  
POSITION AS  
SUCH!

HMM, I  
WONDERED  
WHY I HAD NOT  
PAID FOR  
ANYTHING  
YET!



I CAN'T BELIEVE I AM SHOPPING WITH GLORIA... SHE IS VERY PROVOCATIVE, BUT SHE IS FUN TO BE WITH...

NOW I GOTTA INTRODUCE YOU TO THIS STORE, CELIA - THEY MAKE THE MOST GORGEOUS EVENING WEAR!

GLORIA, YOU'VE ALREADY PAID FOR THESE SHOES AND THE UNDERWEAR YOU WOULDN'T LET ME SEE...

THINK NOTHING OF IT! AND ANYWAY, YOU'RE WORTH EVERY DOLLAR I'VE SPENT!





I NEVER  
THOUGHT I  
WOULD GET TO  
WEAR  
STILETTOS  
AGAIN AT MY  
AGE...

OH, YES,  
YOU DID SAY  
YOU WERE A  
WIDOWER...

MAY I ASK HOW  
YOU ARE SO  
COMFORTABLE WITH  
WEARING SUCH  
REVEALING  
CLOTHES?

SO YOU'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN  
A FLIRTY LADY,  
THEN?

I NEVER  
IMAGINED I  
WOULD FIND  
HAPPINESS AGAIN  
AFTER MY HUSBAND  
DIED, BUT IT WAS  
SO LONG AGO, AND  
I'M SURE HE WOULD  
BE HAPPY TO  
KNOW I WAS  
HAPPY ONCE  
AGAIN!

CAN'T  
SAY I'VE EVER  
THOUGHT ABOUT IT,  
CELIA... I AM A BIG  
FLIRT, THOUGH, SO MY  
CLOTHES GO WITH  
MY PERSONALITY, I  
GUESS...

HELL NO! I  
WAS ONCE A  
DIRE OLD AND  
WEATHERBEATEN  
WIDOWER, WHO LOST  
HER ENJOYMENT FOR  
LIFE... BUT FEETHAMS  
CHANGED HOW I  
LOOKED AT MYSELF  
AND THE WORLD  
AROUND ME!

OOOH, HERE WE ARE, CELIA... I'M TELLING YOU, ONCE BITTEN... HEE HEE!

Seams n Themes

SHE TALKS AS IF SHE IS A LOT OLDER THAN SHE LOOKS...

SHOPPING WAS NEVER MY THING, GLORIA!

SHE COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE OLDER THAN 40, BUT HER BODY LOOKS LIKE SHE IS IN HER 20S!

WAS, SWEETIE! THE EMPHASIS IS WAS!

Lacey's at butterfly boutique



OH, MY GOD,  
THAT DRESS IS  
SO YOU, CELIA!

NONSENSE!  
IT WOULD  
LOOK GOOD  
ON YOU!

I COULD  
NOT WEAR  
THAT, GLORIA!  
IT'S TOO...

I'M NOT  
WEARING A  
DRESS LIKE  
THAT WITH MY  
BODY...

BUT THAT  
IS MORE  
THE STYLE  
FOR ME!



WHAT ABOUT THE ONE I CHOSE IN WHITE?

NO, I LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT DRESS. IT IS MORE SUITED TO MY TASTES!

HEAVENS, THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO SHOW OFF MY BODY LIKE HER!

OK, I'LL GET THAT ONE FOR YOU ON ONE CONDITION...

YES, I TAKE YOU BACK TO THE NAIL AND BEAUTY SALON AND SORT OUT THAT MESS YOU'VE GOT GOING ON DOWN THERE!

YES, MESS!

I SURE DO, SWEETIE!

CONDITION?

MESS?

IS SHE TALKING ABOUT MY GROIN?

YOU MEAN MY... OH, I, ER...

That evening...

WHAT HAPPENED TO PARKING IN THE UNDERGROUND SPACE, MOMMY?

I HATE HAVING TO PARK OUT HERE ON THE STREET!  
\*HUFF\*

PERMIT RAN OUT... AND THESE CLASSES YOU'RE TAKING KIND OF BLEED ME DRY, CHERUB...

OH... MOMMY, WHEN MY TRUST FUND COMES IN, WE'LL GET YOU YOUR PERMIT BACK, AND A BETTER CAR, TOO... IF YOU WANT ANOTHER CAR, THAT IS.

AM I BELIEVING WHAT MY EARS JUST HEARD?

OH, THAT IS SO SWEET OF YOU, JAKE, BUT THAT MONEY IS FOR YOUR FUTURE, CHERUB!



CBLACK STREET

DO YOU HAVE MORE OUTFITS FOR BALLET IN THAT BAG?

UHHHH, YES, I DO...

HOW DO I TELL HER I WANT TO DO BALLET MORE?

OH, MOMMY, THAT LADY IS WEARING A VERY LOVELY DRESS!



ER, YES... YES, SHE IS, CHERUB...

DID HE JUST EVADE MY QUESTION ABOUT HAVING MORE OUTFITS?



SO HOW DID  
BALLET GO  
TODAY?

PIROUETTE?  
REALLY?

HMM,  
HERE  
COMES THE  
PROBLEM... I  
KNEW IT WAS  
TOO GOOD  
TO BE  
TRUE...

WHAT IS IT,  
CHERUB?  
YOU CAN  
TELL ME!

THAT'S  
GOOD,  
ISN'T IT?

TODAY I  
LEARNED HOW TO  
PIROUETTE AND  
WALK AND STAND  
MORE  
GRACEFULLY...

YES,  
MOMMY,  
BUT, ER...

WELL, MISS  
TORMOLI  
WANTS ME TO  
REALLY LEARN  
BALLET...

YES...  
YES, IT IS...  
BUT IT'S MORE  
THAN JUST  
LEARN,  
MOMMY...

For Denise, the idea of walking down the street chatting with her son about his day was incredible enough, she couldn't believe it was actually happening. The fact that he was wearing a girl's dance outfit with matching pleated skirt never once crossed her mind. The ever-expanding Butterfly Salon had claimed another two people, and although they could be called victims, to this mother and son, it was just like any normal day in their lives...

TO BE CONTINUED...