

CHAPTER 6

MEN STARED AT ME
LIKE THEY OWNED ME.
OBSESSED OVER ME.

KITTENS WAS A COP
HANGOUT. GUYS FROM
THE PRECINCT, MY OLD
DRINKING BUDDIES?



WE USED TO COME
DOWN HERE TOGETHER
AND RATE THE WOMEN.

NOW THEY STARED AT
MY ASS, MY TITS,
RATING ME. AM I
FUCKABLE?



HEY,
DOLL.

BANJO



YOU'RE
SUCH A PRETTY
GIRL.

NUTTY



UM,
YOU'RE A
FOX?

ROOKIE



UGH. HIM.
THE CREEP.

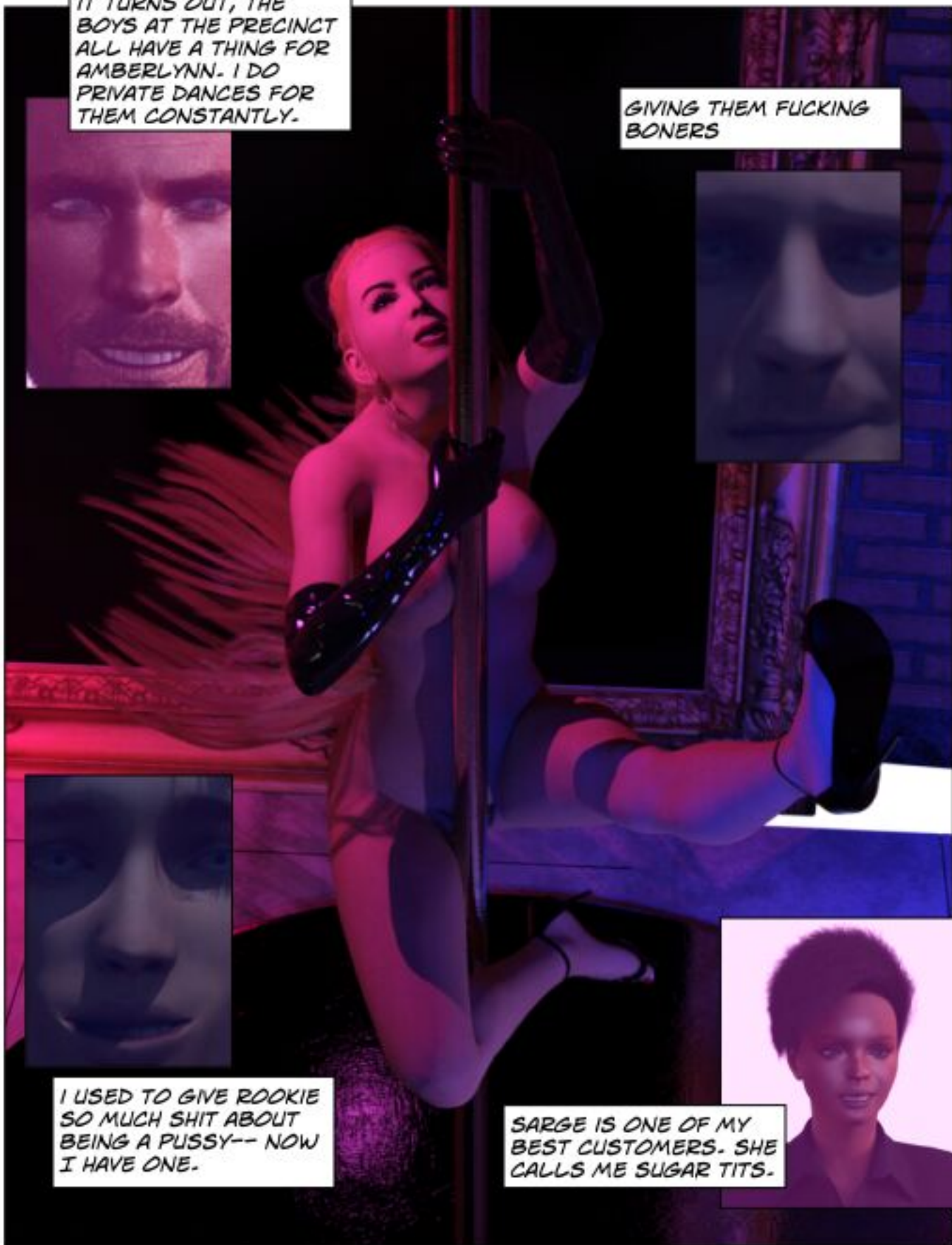
IT TURNS OUT, THE BOYS AT THE PRECINCT ALL HAVE A THING FOR AMBERLYNN. I DO PRIVATE DANCES FOR THEM CONSTANTLY.

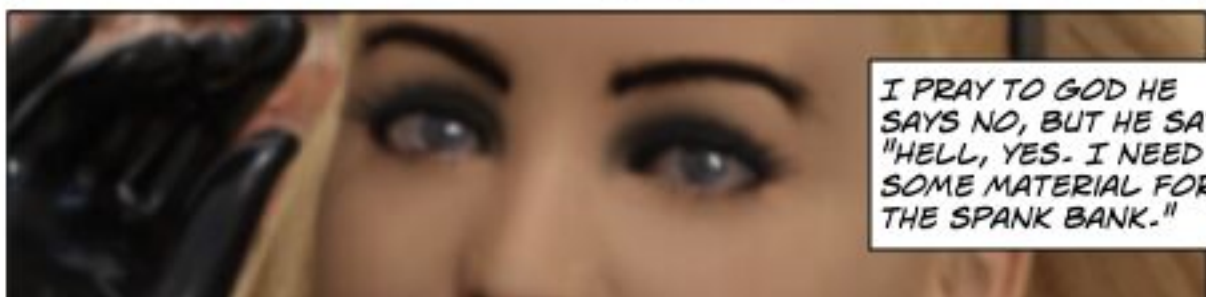
GIVING THEM FUCKING BONERS



I USED TO GIVE ROOKIE SO MUCH SHIT ABOUT BEING A PUSSY-- NOW I HAVE ONE.

SARGE IS ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS. SHE CALLS ME SUGAR TITS.







SHAKE THOSE BIG ASS TITTIES!

HE CALLS OUT ORDERS LIKE I'M A SERVANT-- SHAKE YOUR TITS, YOUR ASS... SMILE PRETTY..

I WANT TO SCREAM--I'M A FUCKING MAN!

HE GRUNTS. IS HE CUMMING IN HIS PANTS?



I HATE MYSELF-- I HATE MYSELF EVERY SECOND OF EVERY SHIFT. I CRY EVERY NIGHT WHEN I GET OFF WORK. I HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO DEAL WITH THE SHAME.



REMEMBERING MARIA AND MY MISSION HELPS.



COCAINE HELPS MORE.

I EAT ANYTHING I CAN
GET MY HANDS ON.



I DABBLED IN DRUGS
BEFORE, BUT NOW I
WAS GETTING HIGH ALL
THE TIME.

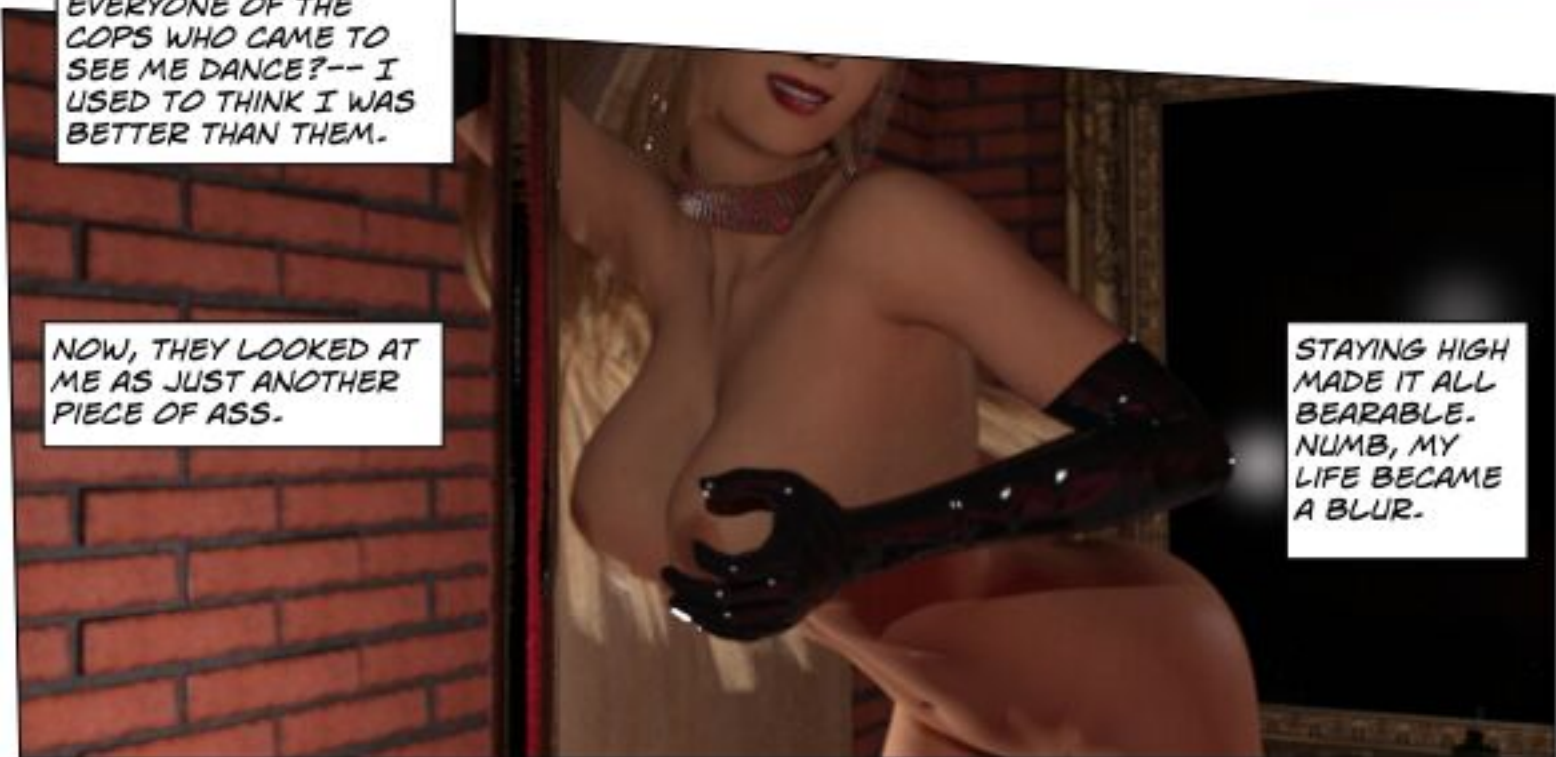
ALL THE GIRLS WERE
USING, AND DRUGS
WERE EVERYWHERE AT
KITTENS.



EVERYONE OF THE
COPS WHO CAME TO
SEE ME DANCE?-- I
USED TO THINK I WAS
BETTER THAN THEM.

NOW, THEY LOOKED AT
ME AS JUST ANOTHER
PIECE OF ASS.

STAYING HIGH
MADE IT ALL
BEARABLE.
NUMB, MY
LIFE BECAME
A BLUR.





LET ME BE HONEST.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND CERTAIN PARTS OF YOUR STORY.



LIKE WHAT?



YOU MENTIONED EARLIER TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE, THAT WITH EACH PASSING DAY THE CHANCES OF SAVING MARIA DECLINED.

BUT IT TOOK MONTHS FOR YOU TO BECOME A WOMAN, WITH NO GUARANTEE YOU WOULD EVEN GET A JOB AT KITTENS.



WHAT ABOUT MARIA? WHERE WAS THE URGENCY?



YOU GAVE UP YOUR IDENTITY, YOUR NAME. YOU BECAME A DANCER.

I JUST HAVE TO WONDER WHY NOT--





YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR FACE!

I HAD YOU GOING!

HA!

BY THE WAY, I LOVE YOUR MORPHING BLOUSE.



THANKS.

SO, YOU DID TRY TRADITIONAL METHODS?

WHAT HAPPENED?



MARCO. HE OWNED THE JUDGES. WE COULDN'T GET WARRANTS.

YOU KNOW HOW HE RAN NEW AMSTERDAM.

HE MADE A BIG MISTAKE WHEN HE KIDNAPPED MARIA, THOUGH.

THE N.A.P.D.?



SOME OF US STILL BELIEVED IN PROTECTING OUR OWN.

NO MATTER WHAT THE COST.

YOU'RE NICE AND TIGHT. JUST THE WAY I LIKE A GIRL.



I'D BEEN A KITTEN ALMOST A MONTH BEFORE MARCO TOOK MY VIRGINITY.

MY OLD DRINKING BUDDY FUCKED ME HARD, AND THEN EVERY SINGLE DAY.

YOU'LL DO.



I JUST WANT TO PLEASE YOU.

I WAS DOCILE, ACCOMODATING.




HE, ON THE OTHER HAND...



SWALLOW. ALL OF IT.

WAS AN ASSHOLE.





I NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE SEX WITH MARCO. I THOUGHT I WOULD SWEET TALK HIM, LEAD HIM ON UNTIL I GOT ACCESS TO HIS OFFICE.

MAYBE IT WAS THE DRUGS. MAYBE I FELT LOST AND CONFUSED, DESPERATE. WHATEVER THE REASON, I SOMEHOW BECAME MARCO'S SEX TOY.

AND I WASN'T GETTING ANY INFO. THERE WAS NO PILLOW TALK. WHENEVER HE WANTED SEX, HE'D JUST SAY, "RIGHT NOW," AND THEN WE'D GO TO ONE OF THE PRIVATE ROOMS AND GET DIRTY.

WHEN HE WAS DONE, HE'D SLAP ME ON THE ASS AND WALK OUT.

I LOST MYSELF. I FORGOT WHO I WAS OR HAD BEEN. I WAS JUST AMBERLYNN DIVINE, ANOTHER SAD, SMALL TOWN GIRL WHO'D MADE SOME BAD CHOICES.

MY FORMER LIFE AS A MAN STARTED TO SEEM LIKE A DREAM TO ME, OR A FANTASY.

I STARTED TO THINK I COULD NEVER GO BACK TO THAT LIFE, NOT AFTER THE THINGS I'D DONE. I WAS A STRIPPER NOW, AND THAT'S ALL I WOULD EVER BE.



I'M CALLING IT OFF.

PULLING YOU OUT.



WHAT? NO!



YOU'RE WASTED ALL THE TIME.

YOU CRY YOURSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT.

YOU'RE LOSING IT. I CAN'T LET THIS CONTINUE.





LOSING--?
YOU MADE ME
THIS WAY!

I CAN'T QUIT
NOW. NO!

ALL
EMOTIONAL
AND NEEDY!

THIS WOULD
ALL HAVE BEEN
FOR NOTHING!



I HAVE TITS AND A
FUCKING VAGINA.
PLEASE. DON'T END
THIS. I AM SO CLOSE.



I HAVE WHAT IT TAKES
TO GET TO MARCO.
TRUST ME.




YOU ARE ON
A VERY SHORT
LEASH, YOUNG
LADY.

YOU
CAN KEEP
WORKING. FOR
NOW.

I WILL BE
WATCHING.

THANK
YOU, THANK
YOU, THANK
YOU!

I WON'T LET
YOU DOWN!




MARCO'S OFFICE.



HE LIVED IN AN ANALOG WORLD. NOTHING WAS ON A COMPUTER.



FINANCIAL RECORDS, FILES, EVERYTHING WAS LOCKED IN THAT OFFICE.




THE KEY TO FINDING MARIA WAS IN THAT ROOM.



THE DOOR WAS GUARDED AT ALL TIMES, USUALLY BY A HUGE FREAK.

NO ONE EVEN KNEW HIS REAL NAME. MARCO CALLED HIM STONEWALL. THE GIRLS WERE ALL SCARED OF HIM.



HE SCARED ME.

BUT MAYBE HE WOULD BE MY WAY IN? I MEAN, I'M HOT AS HELL.





ARE YOU GAY OR SOMETHING?

I SAID GET LOST.



I COULDN'T BELIEVE HE TURNED ME DOWN. EVERYONE WANTED ME. EVERYONE!



I LIED TO KAI. TOLD HER I HAD MADE PROGRESS WITH STONEWALL.

I COULDN'T LET HER PULL THE PLUG. I HAD TO FIND A WAY IN!



MEANWHILE, I COULDN'T GET CLEAN, BUT I CUT BACK. I REALLY DID.

I TAPERED OFF AT THE END OF EVERY SHIFT.

SO KAI WOULDN'T KNOW



MARCO GOT KINKIER,
VIOLENT.

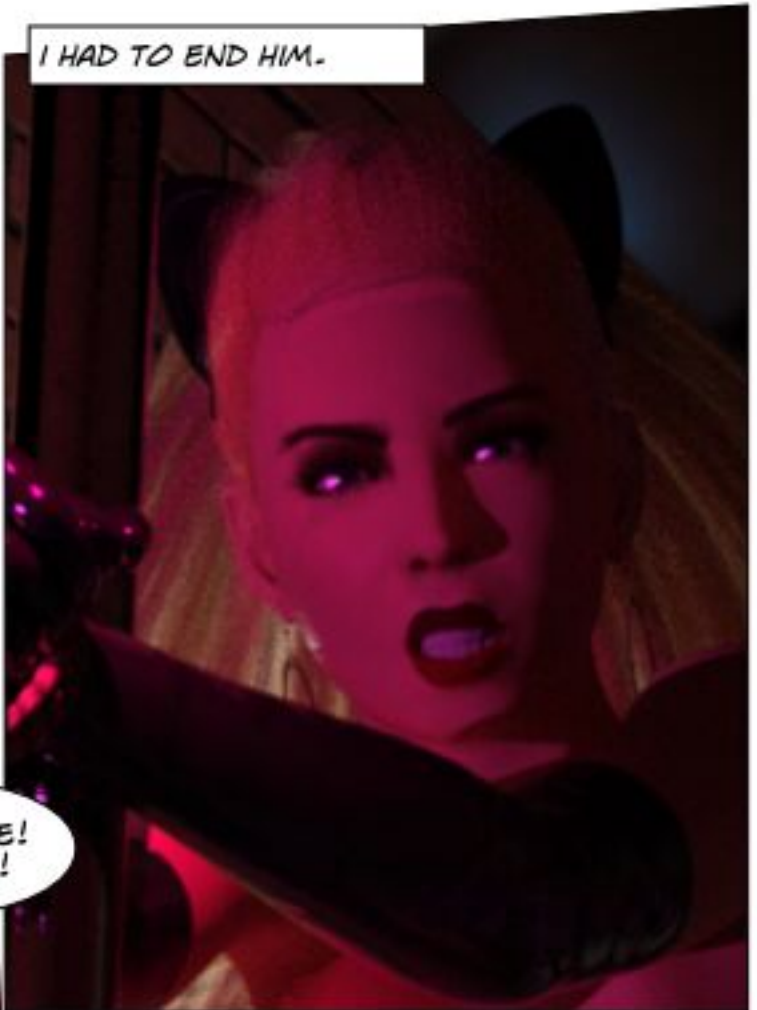
DEGRADED,
DOMINATED,
HUMILIATED.

EVERYDAY, I GOT MORE
ANGRY, AND MORE
DESPERATE.



BEG ME
YOU FILTHY
WHORE!

SPANK ME!
HARDER!



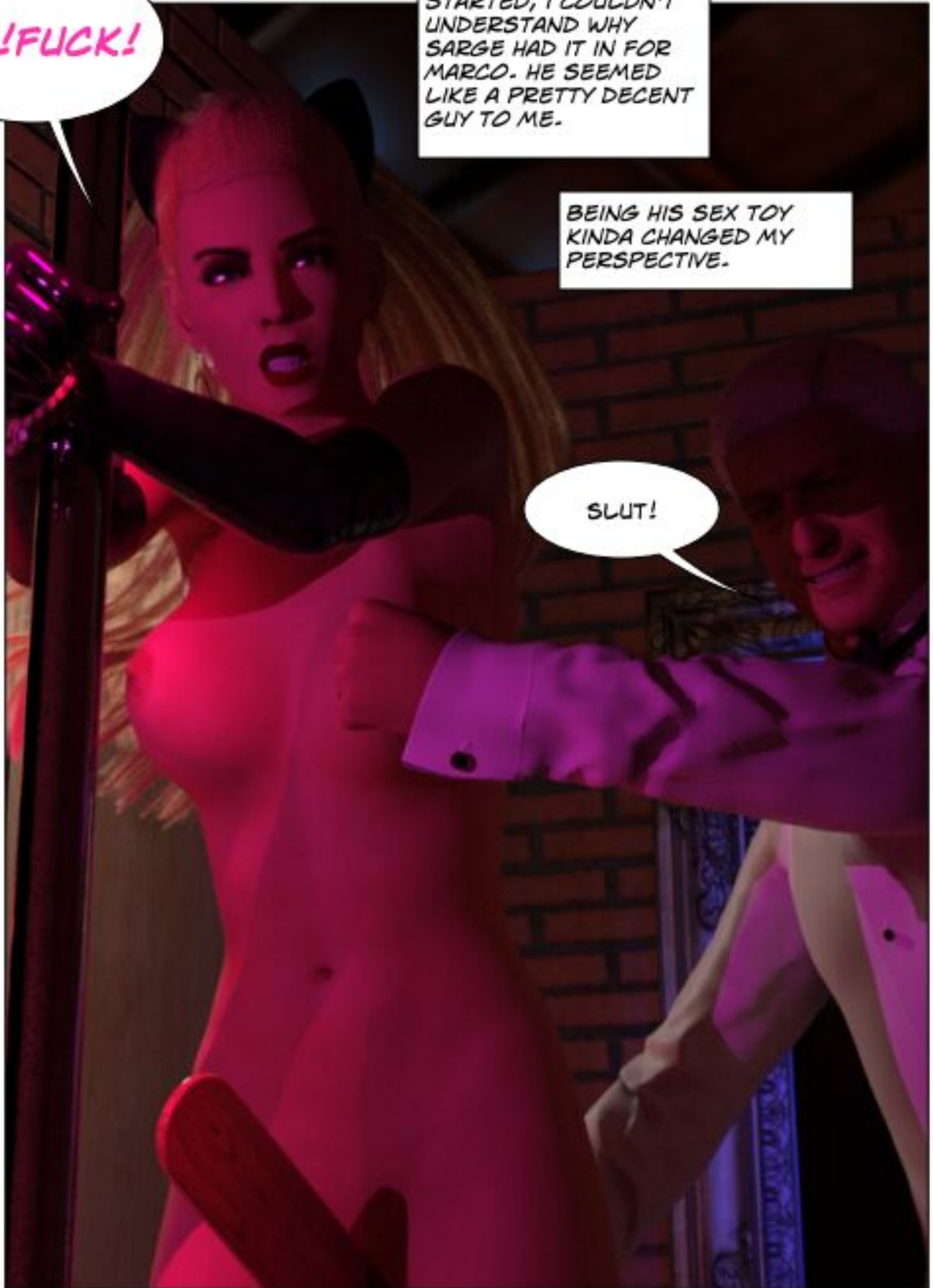
I HAD TO END HIM.

OW! FUCK!

BEFORE THIS ALL STARTED, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SARGE HAD IT IN FOR MARCO. HE SEEMED LIKE A PRETTY DECENT GUY TO ME.

BEING HIS SEX TOY KINDA CHANGED MY PERSPECTIVE.

SLUT!




THERE WAS ONE GOOD THING ABOUT SEX WITH MARCO.

EVENTUALLY, IT ENDED.

MALE OR FEMALE,
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
A GOOD JOINT RIGHT
AFTER SEX. EVEN
CRAPPY SEX.

THIS IS
SOME GOOD
SHIT.

MARCO. I'M
GOING TO
DESTROY YOU.




THOSE ARE MY
FAVORITE TIMES. ME
AND A BLUNT,
KENTUCKY BOURBON,
NEAT.

MUSIC THUMPING
THROUGH THE WALLS.

IT WAS ALMOST LIKE
BEING A MAN AGAIN,
EXCEPT FOR THE CUM
DRYING ON THE INSIDE
OF MY THIGH.


MARCO AND
STONEWALL. SEX
HADN'T WORKED. I HAD
TO-- WHAT? WIN A
MAN'S HEART? BUT I
HAD NO GAME, NO
FEMININE WILES.

I DECIDED TO DO SOME
RESEARCH. READ SOME
WOMEN'S MAGAZINES.
I'D START AFTER I DID
A LINE OF COKE-- OR
TWO. OR THREE.



I DO MY BEST THINKING
WHEN I'M HIGH. NO,
REALLY. IT'S TRUE.

I REALIZED I
DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
HOW TO RELATE
TO MEN-- NOT
AS A WOMAN.
NOT OTHER THAN
TO SHAKE MY
TITS FOR THEM.



LIKE I SAID. MY **BEST**
THINKING WHEN I WAS
HIGH.

I WOULD FIGURE
SOMETHING OUT.



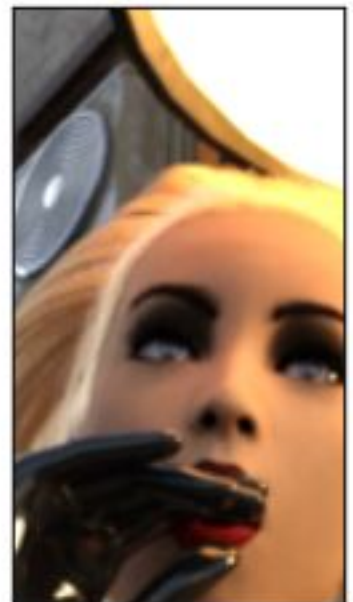
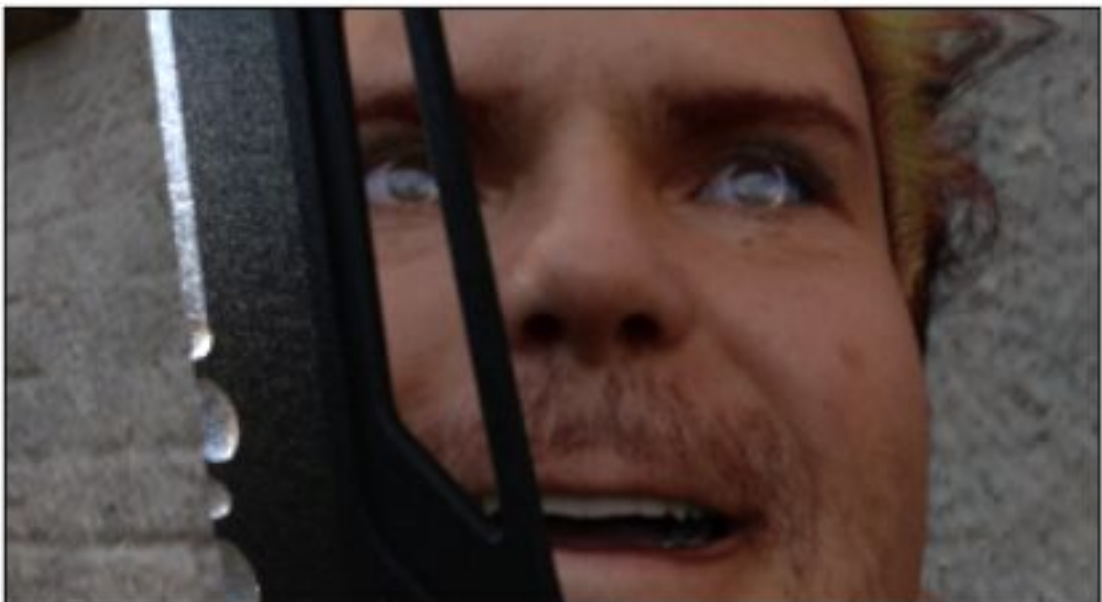
I WAS SO LOST IN THOUGHT, I NEVER EVEN SAW HIM UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.

G, NIGHT, MISTY.

NIGHT AMBER.



HEY, PRETTY GIRL.





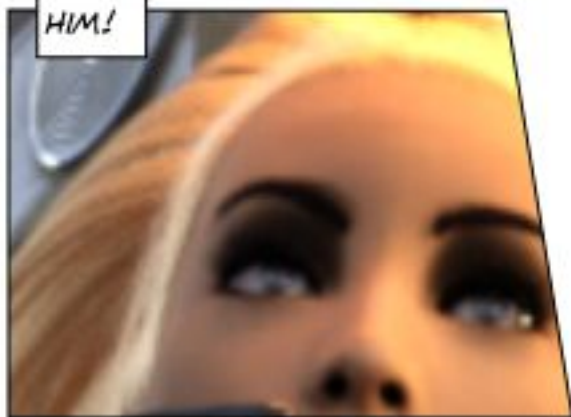
TO...

BE...

CONTINUED...

CHAPTER 7

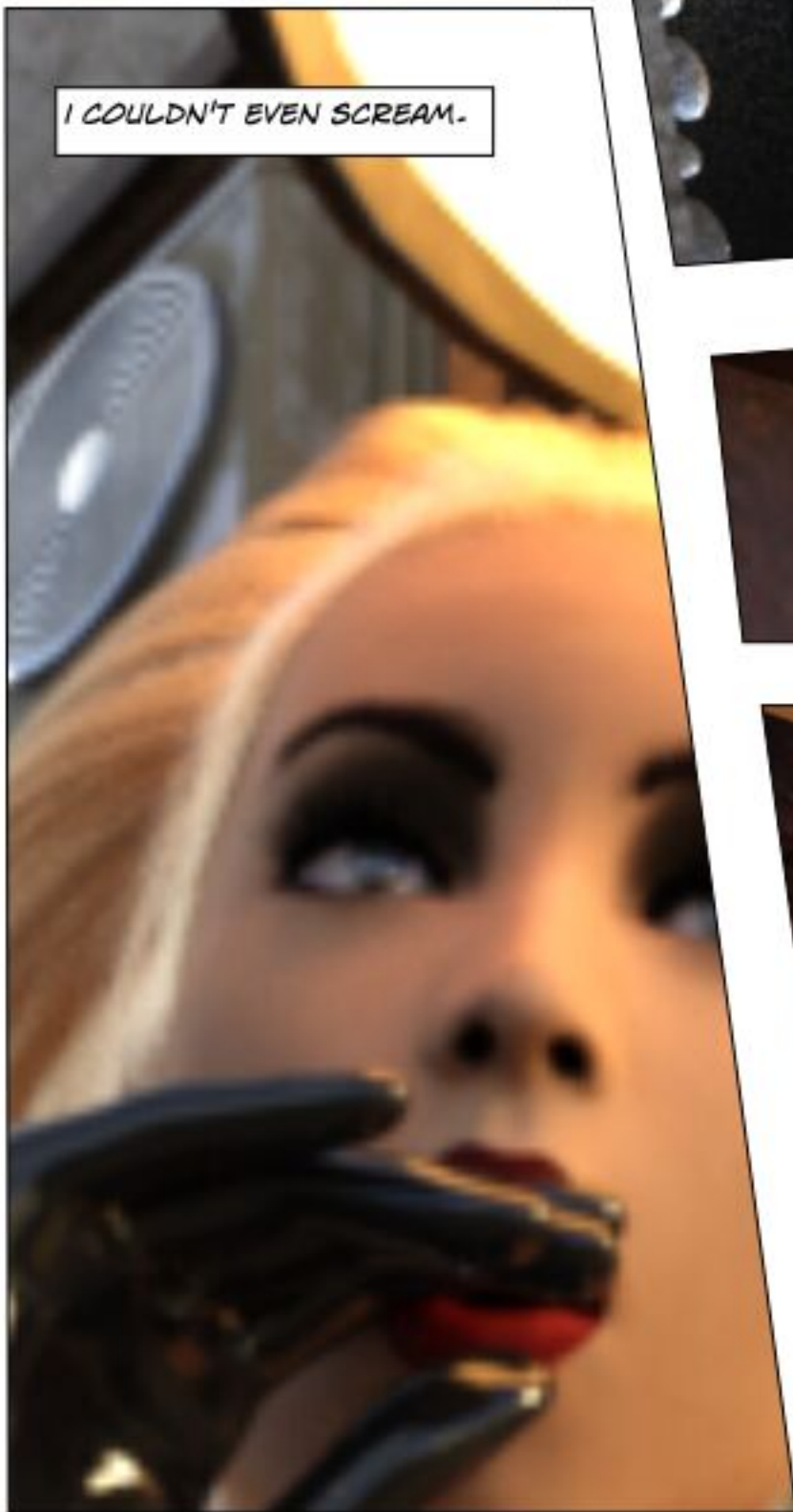
HIM!

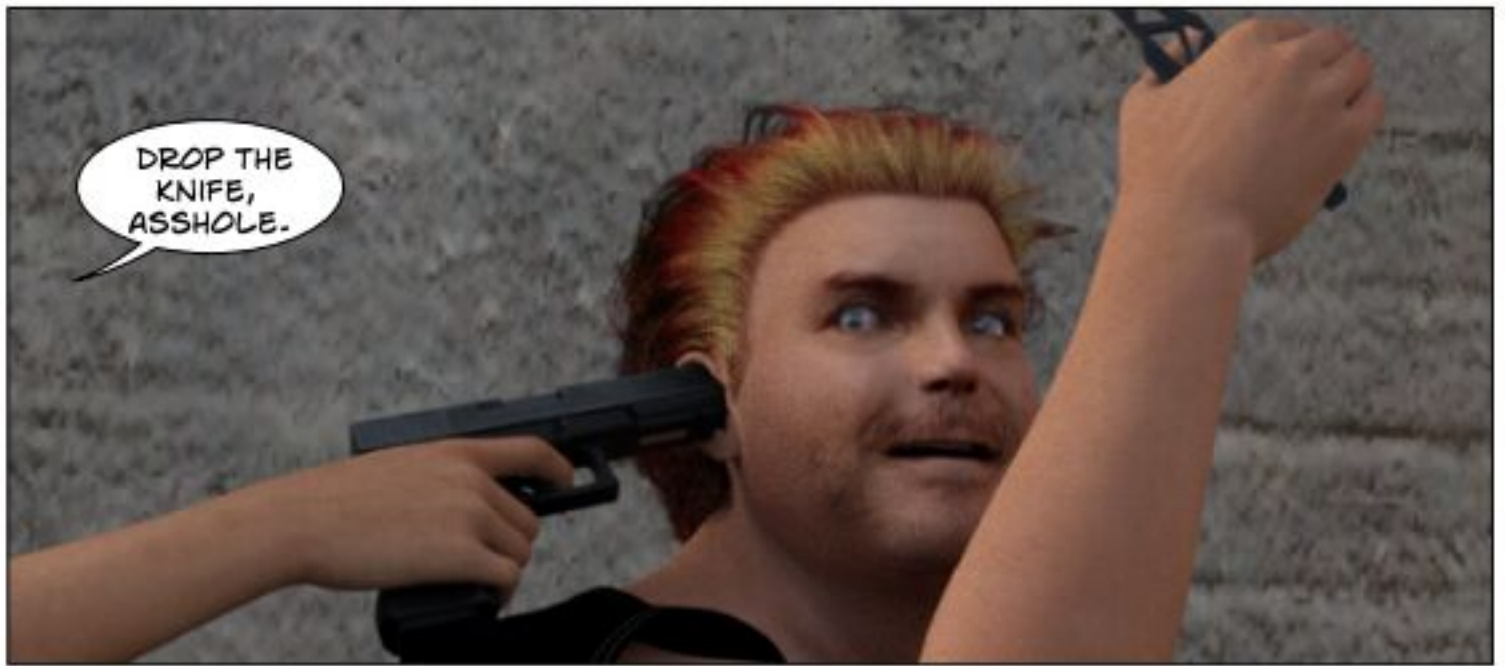


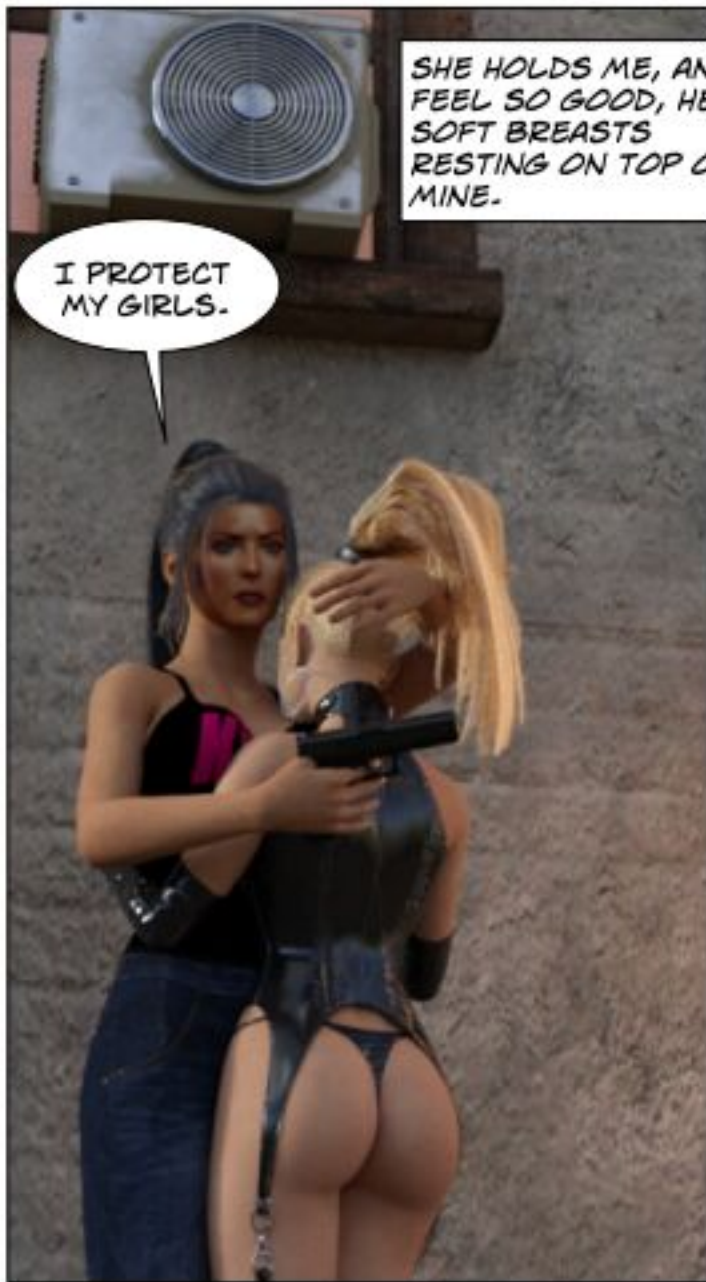
I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE.



I COULDN'T EVEN SCREAM.







I PROTECT MY GIRLS.

SHE HOLDS ME, AND IT FEEL SO GOOD, HER SOFT BREASTS RESTING ON TOP OF MINE.



I GET LOST IN HER EYES...



...SHIVER AS SHE BRUSHES HER GUN AGAINST MY CHEEK

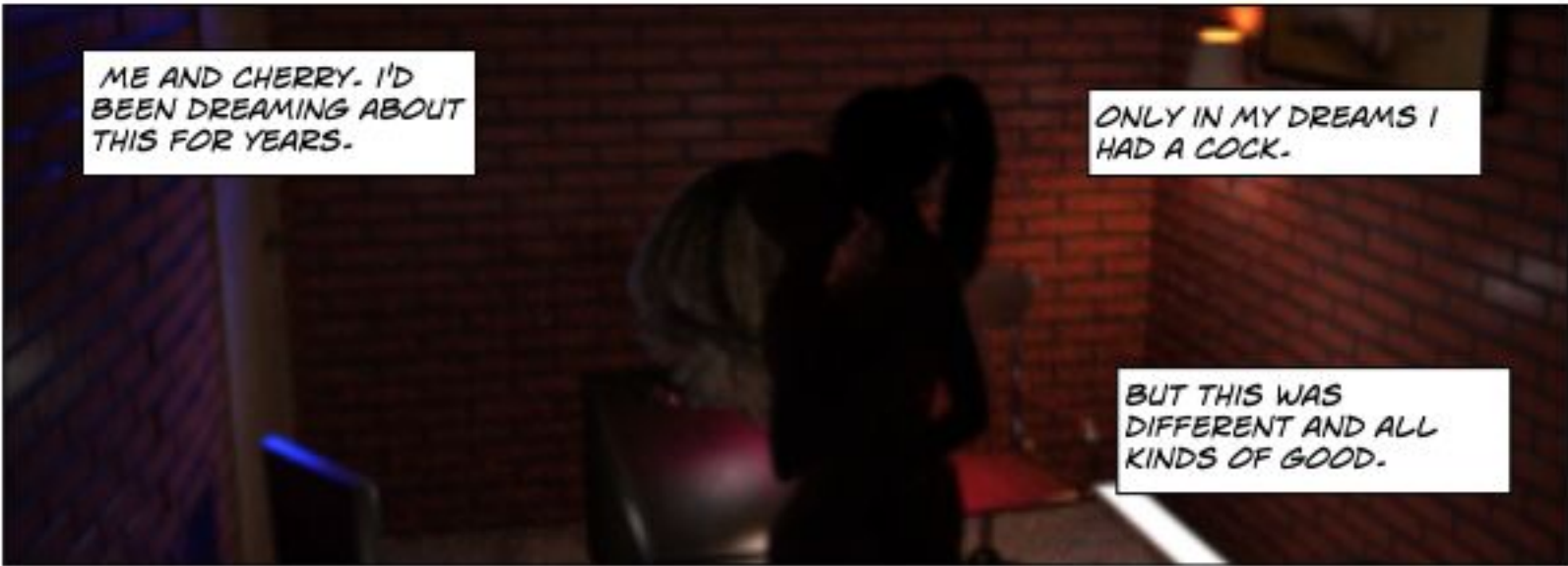
YOU'RE SO PRETTY.



AND THEN...

AND THEN...





ME AND CHERRY. I'D BEEN DREAMING ABOUT THIS FOR YEARS.


ONLY IN MY DREAMS I HAD A COCK.

BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT AND ALL KINDS OF GOOD.



THE SILKY SKIN OF OUR SOFT BODIES

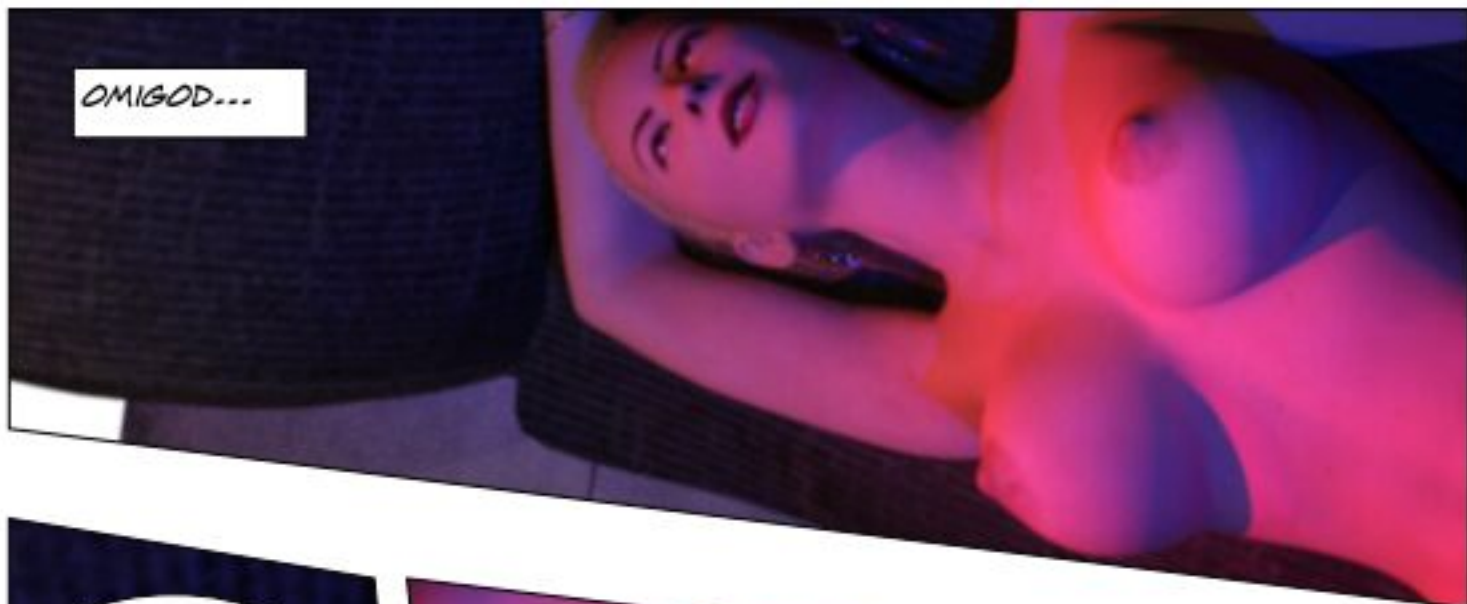
A KISS THAT CURLED MY TOES AND MADE ME SIGH LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL.

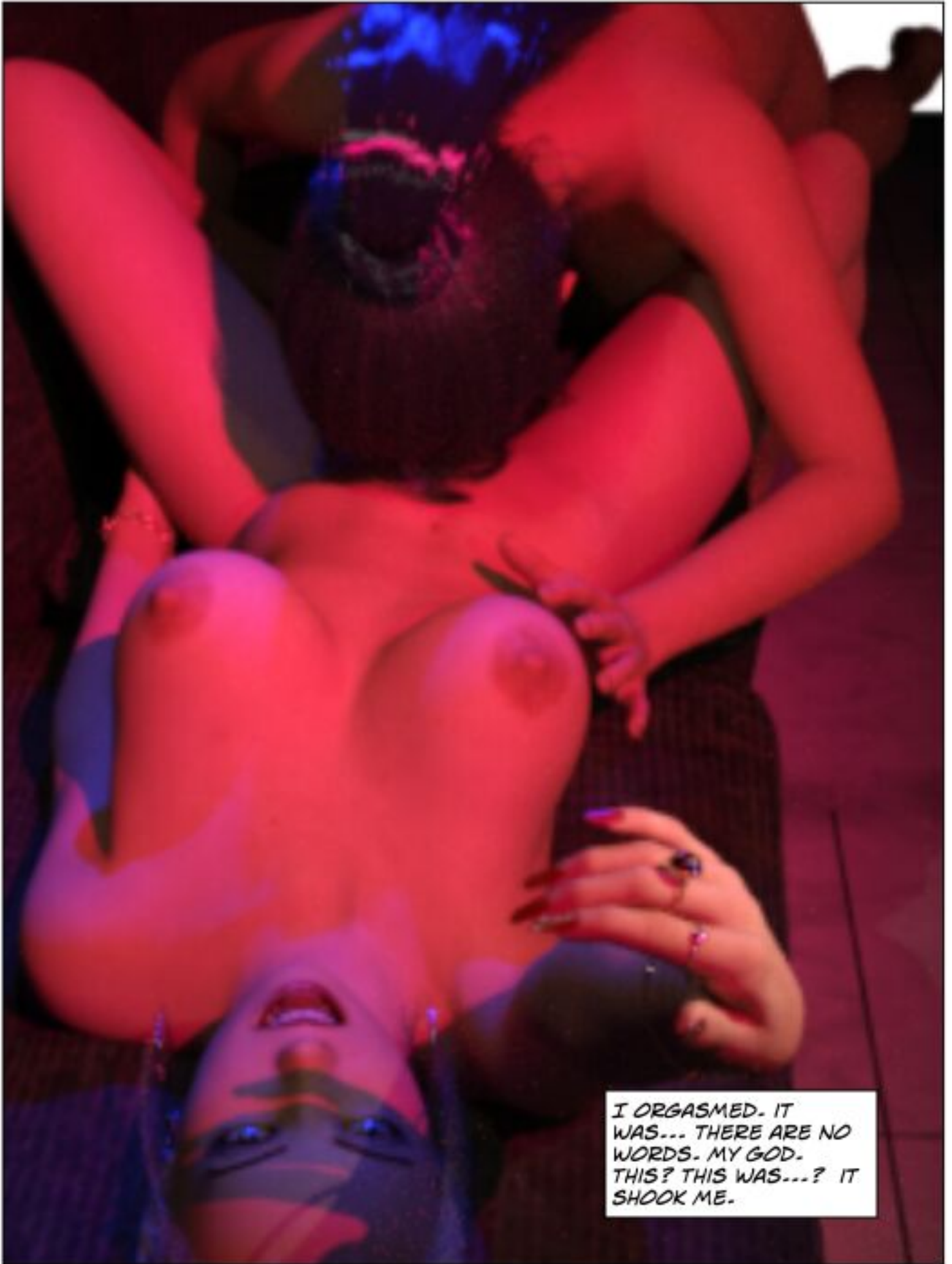


MY FIRST TIME WITH A WOMAN AS A WOMAN.



OMIGOD...





I ORGASMED. IT WAS... THERE ARE NO WORDS. MY GOD. THIS? THIS WAS...? IT SHOOK ME.

WE KISSED... CUDDLED..

CAUGHT OUR BREATH.



SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO ASK.

I WANTED TO
PLEASE HER THE
WAY SHE'D
PLEASED ME.





I HAD NEVER GONE DOWN ON A WOMAN. I THOUGHT IT WAS DEMEANING.

WAS MY SUDDEN GENEROSITY JUST KAI'S HYPNOSIS KICKING IN? I LIKE TO THINK I WAS BECOMING A BETTER MAN.



MMMMMM



MMMM... YES...

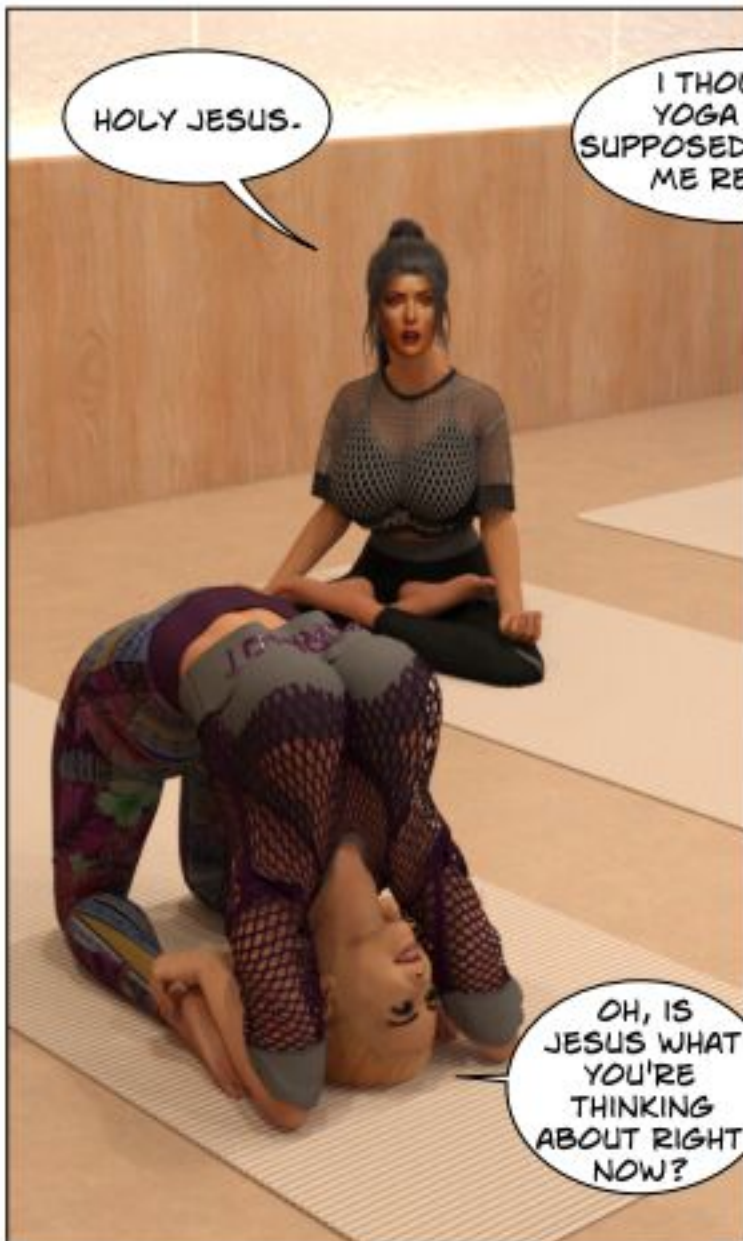




THEY SAY THAT POLICE
WORK IS 10%
KNOWLEDGE, 10%
PERSISTENCE AND
80% LUCK.

AND BY THEY I
MEAN ME.

I'M THE ONE WHO SAID
THAT. TRADEMARK ME.



HOLY JESUS.

I THOUGHT
YOGA WAS
SUPPOSED TO HELP
ME RELAX.

OH, IS
JESUS WHAT
YOU'RE
THINKING
ABOUT RIGHT
NOW?





I'M KEEPING
KAI AT BAY.

FACING
IMPASSABLE
BARRIERS
EVERYWHERE I
TURN.



THIS FLING WITH
CHERRY JUST SEEMED
LIKE A DIVERSION, A
WAY TO AVOID FACING
MY PROBLEMS.

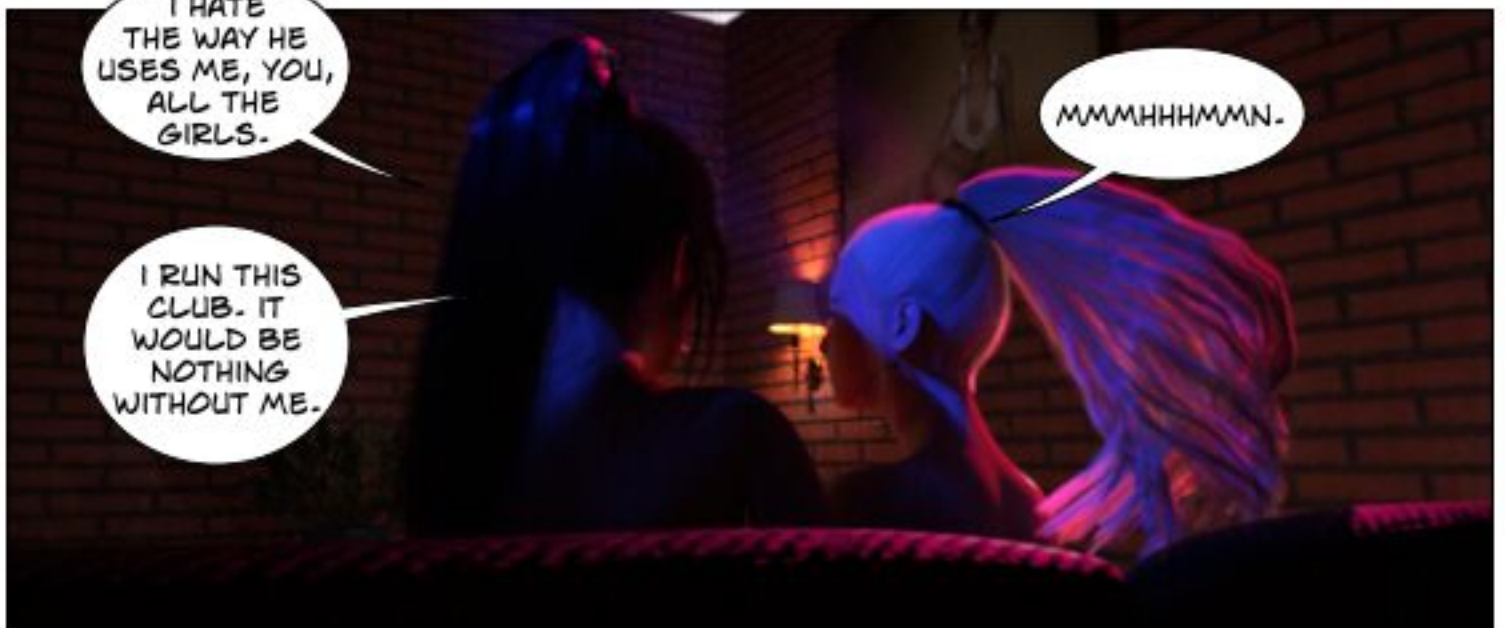


IT WASN'T?



MAYBE IT WAS... I
GUESS. AT FIRST.
BUT I CARED
ABOUT CHERRY,
ABOUT HER
FEELINGS.

THAT'S WHERE THE
80% LUCK COMES
INTO PLAY.



MURDER?
THAT'S A
LINE I DO
NOT CROSS.

FORGET ALL
THAT.

KISS
ME, DOLL.
KISS ME AND
HELP ME
FORGET.



IT TURNED OUT CHERRY
HAD SOMETHING VERY
DIFFERENT IN MIND FOR
MARCO.



I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR TO MARCO'S OFFICE. CHERRY WOULD OPEN IT AND LET ME WALK RIGHT IN.

WHISPER...

WHAT YOU DID DO STILL SEEMS HIGHLY ILLEGAL.

WHAT CHERRY ALLEGEDLY DID. NOT ME.

I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.



YOU'RE SO HANDSOME, PAULY!

YOU'RE MAKING ME WET!

I WAS JUST DANCING FOR THE BOYS FROM THE PRECINCT, OBLIVIOUS WHILE CHERRY PLAYED OUT HER SCHEME.

DID YOU KNOW I MADE MORE MONEY AS A DANCER THAN I DID AS A COP? SERIOUSLY.

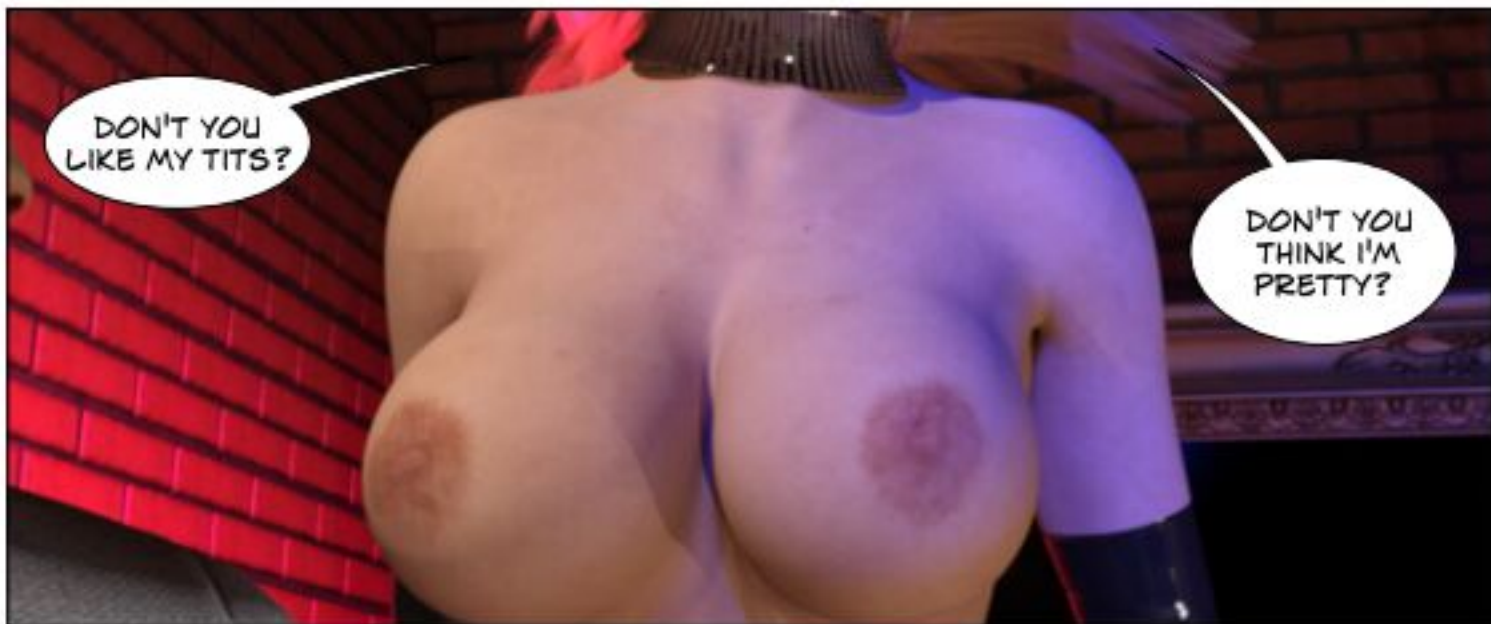


YOU WANNA PLAY WITH MY TITS, HONEY?

HONESTLY, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE WAS UP TO.



UH, ISN'T THAT AGAINST THE RULES?



DON'T YOU LIKE MY TITS?

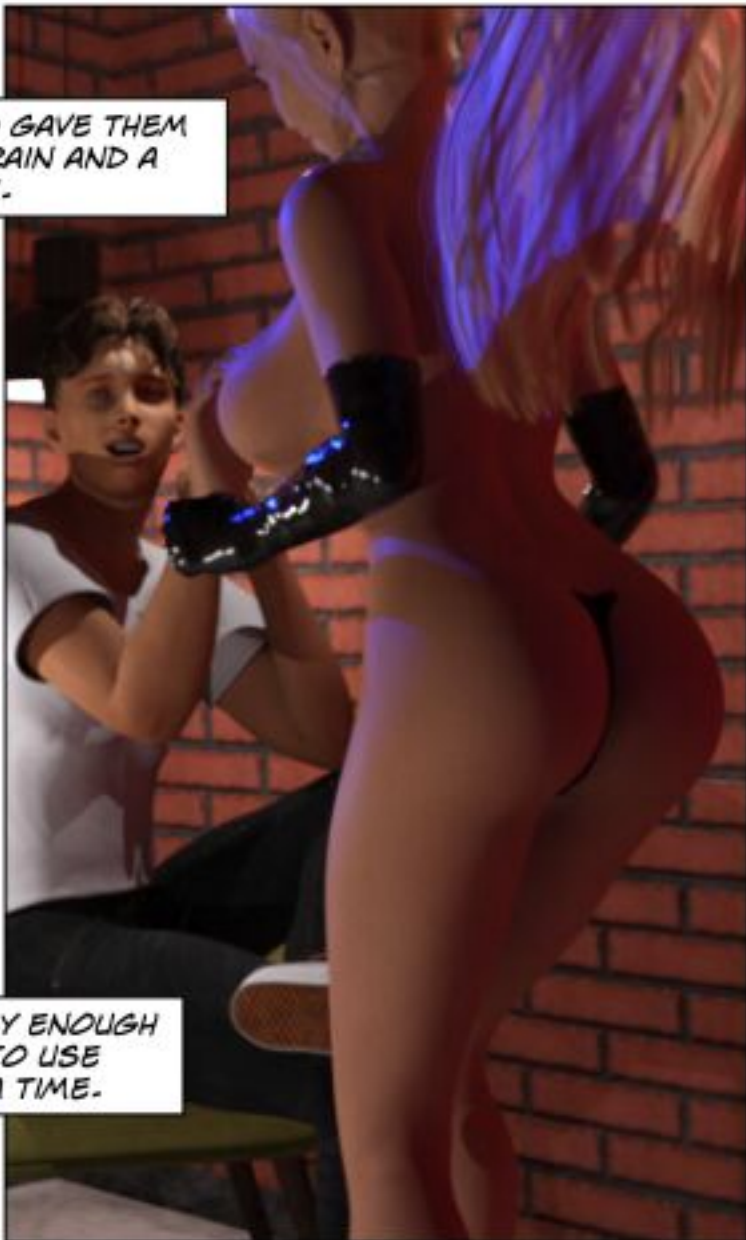
DON'T YOU THINK I'M PRETTY?



UM, YEAH,
BUT, UH, DOES
THAT COST
EXTRA?

NOT FOR YOU,
STUD.

MEN.




GOD GAVE THEM
A BRAIN AND A
DICK.



MOMMY...

BUT ONLY ENOUGH
BLOOD TO USE
ONE AT A TIME.



OH, PAUL. I
HATE TO EVEN,
WELL, THE THING IS,
I'M IN SO MUCH
TROUBLE!

CAN YOU
HELP ME?
PLEASE? I'M
SO AFRAID!



CHANGE-9. AN
ILLEGAL VERSION OF
THE DRUG THAT
MADE ME A WOMAN.



ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TO FIND SINCE
DANGERKITTY BUSTED
TRIPSTER AND
BURNED DOWN HER
LAB.



I CAN'T EVEN
IMAGINE WHERE
CHERRY FOUND
SOME.

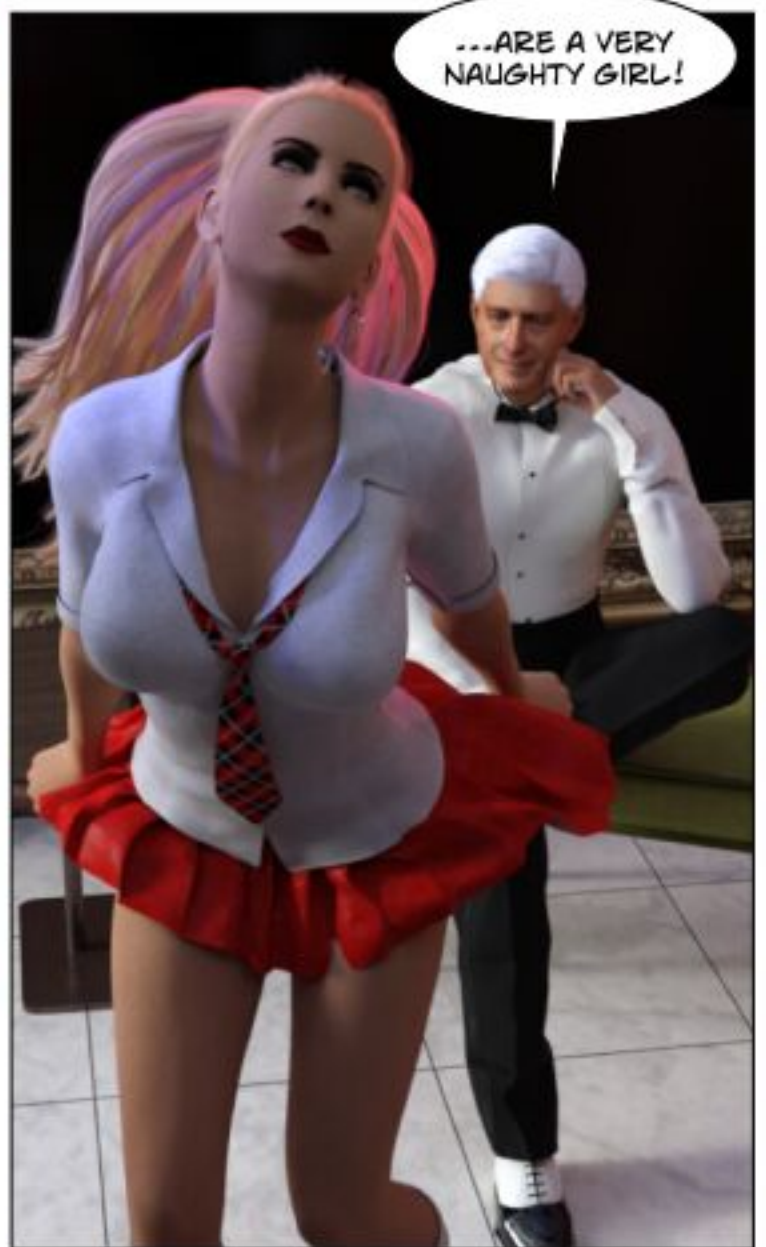
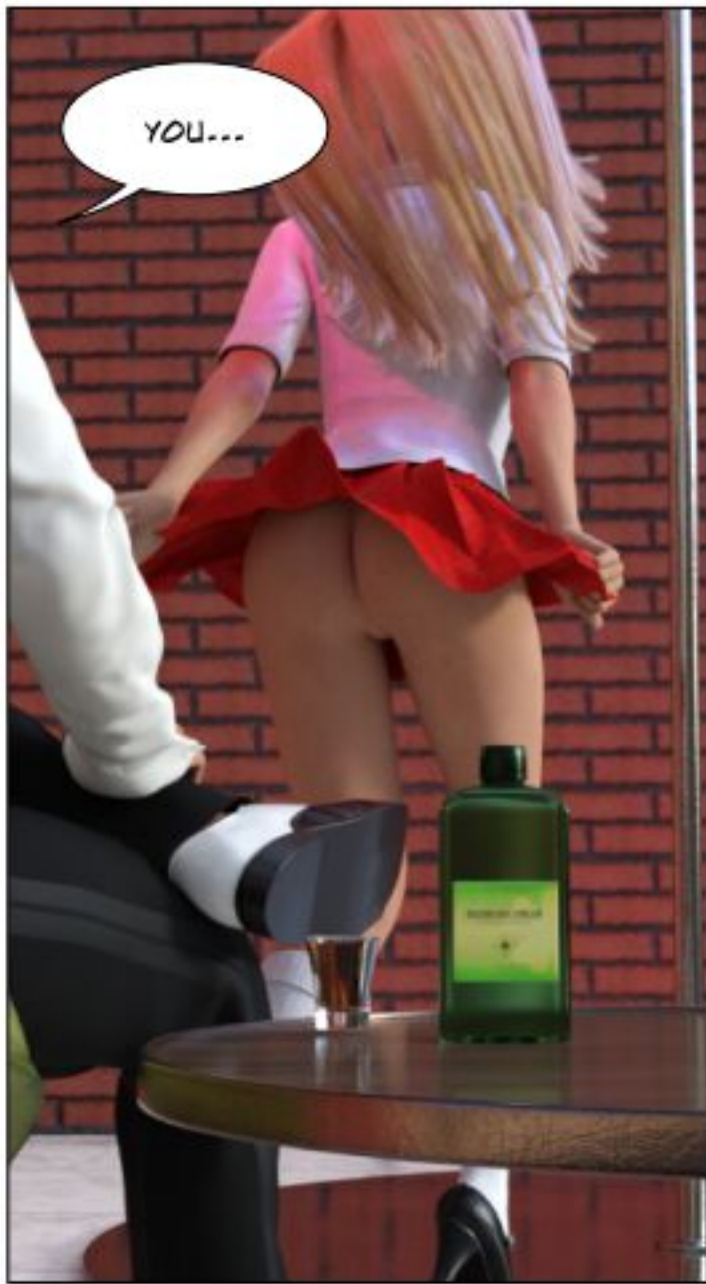






TO BE
CONTINUED...

CHAPTER 8





FUCK,
YEAH. BEST
BLOW JOB IN
THE CITY.

UNLIKE THE
CONCENTRATED
INJECTION I GOT, IT
TOOK THREE OF
THOSE STREET PILLS
TRIPSTER MADE TO
INITIATE HIS CHANGE.



THE
THINGS YOU
CAN DO WITH
THAT MOUTH!

THE
ONLY BAD
THING ABOUT
YOUR MOUTH,
BABY...



IF SHE GOT
CAUGHT, MARCO
WOULD KILL HER.

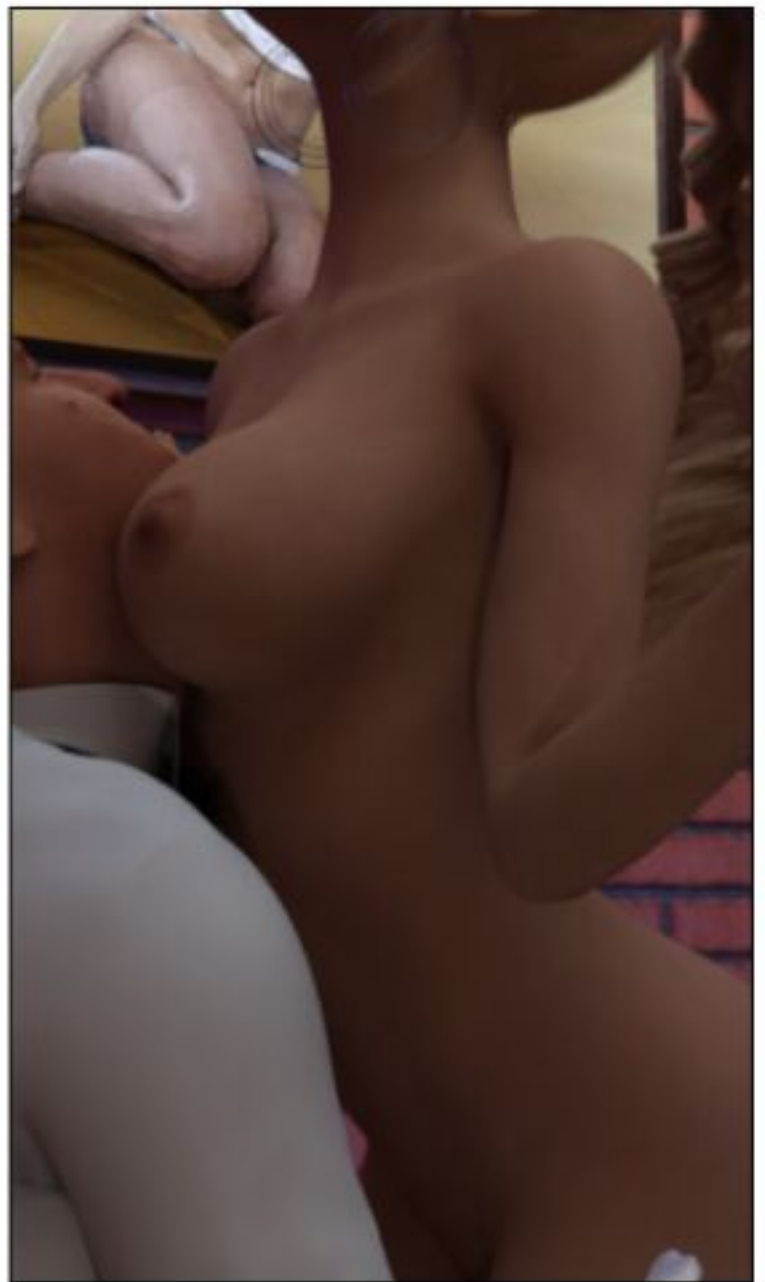


...IS
WHEN YOU USE
IT TO TALK.
HA!



PILL 1

IT WAS SO
DANGEROUS!

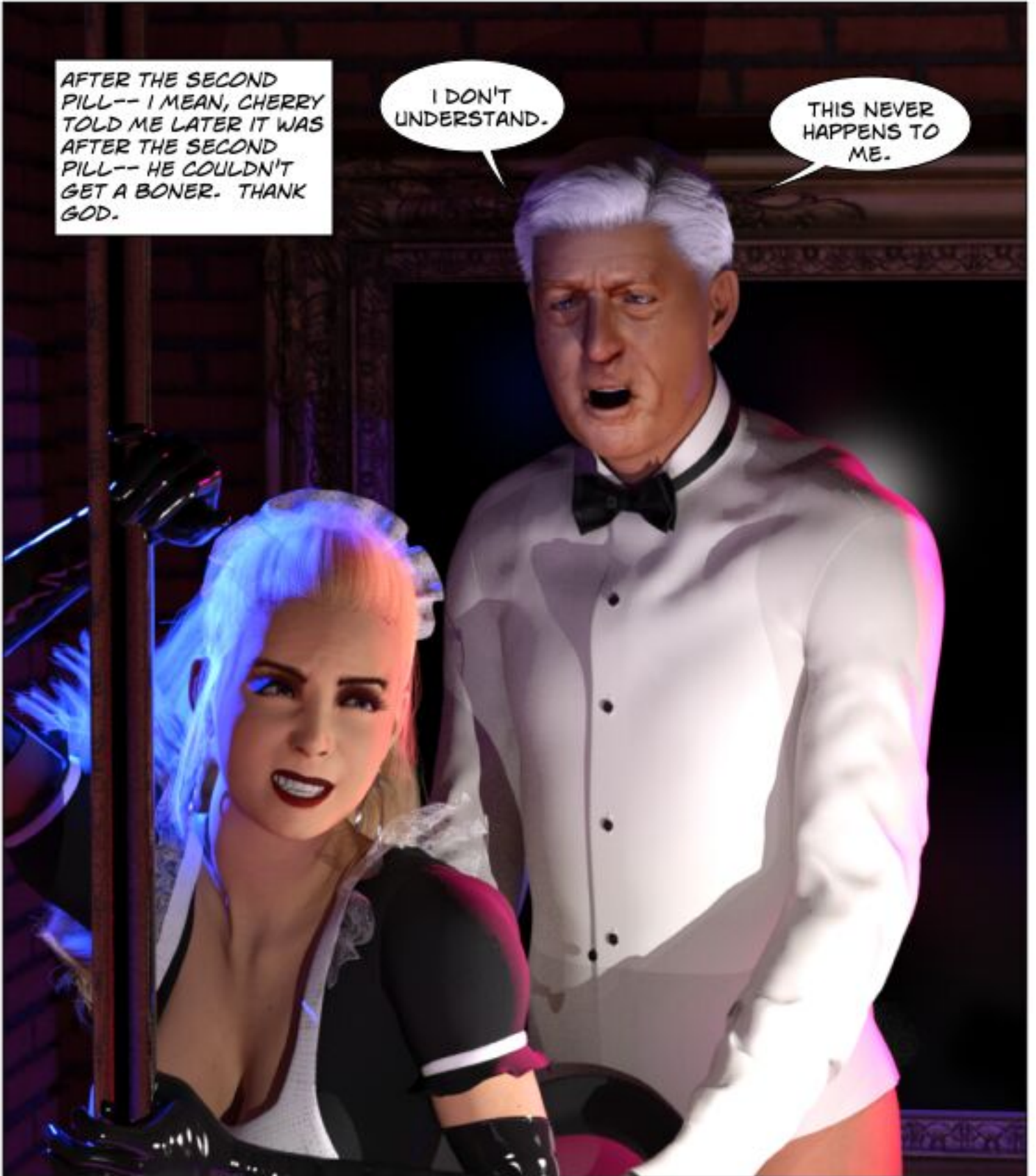




AFTER THE SECOND
PILL-- I MEAN, CHERRY
TOLD ME LATER IT WAS
AFTER THE SECOND
PILL-- HE COULDN'T
GET A BONER. THANK
GOD.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

THIS NEVER
HAPPENS TO
ME.





YOU'RE STILL MY BIG, STRONG MAN!

SUCH A STUD!

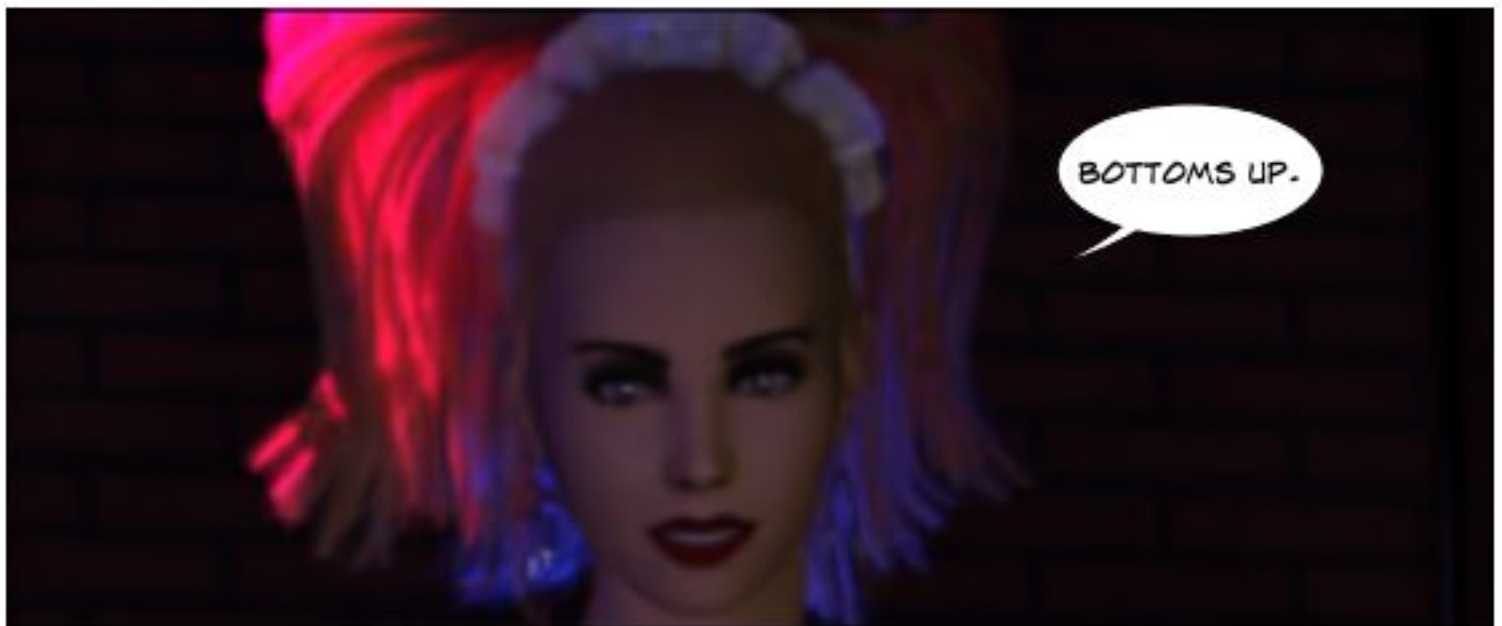


I THINK YOU..

...JUST NEED...



... A DRINK.



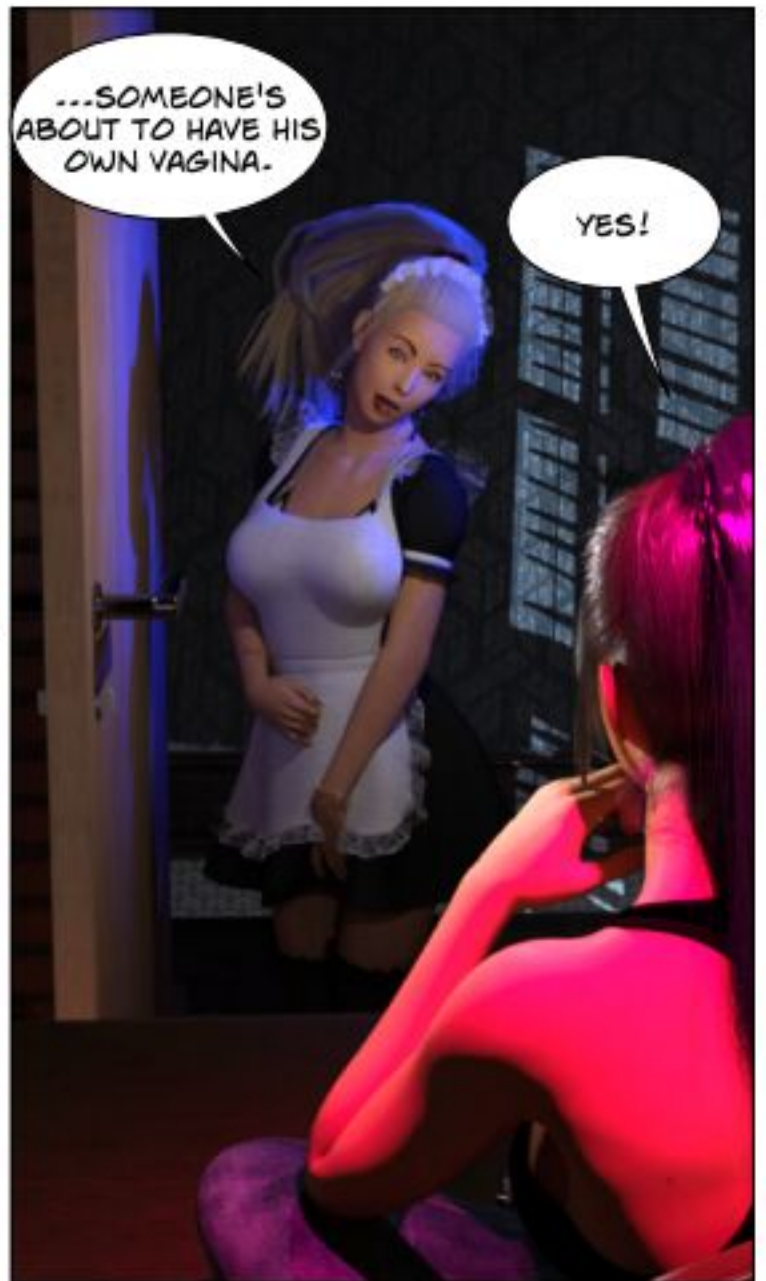
BOTTOMS UP.



YOU DESERVE IT.

THANKS.

PILL 3



WE CELEBRATED.
IT TURNED OUT TO
BE TOO SOON.



WE
NEED TO
MAKE SURE,
WHEN HE
FIGURES OUT
WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
HE
BLAMES
SOMEONE
ELSE.



MARCO
STARTED TO
CHANGE.





HE GOT SMALLER.

YOUNGER.

BITCH!



YOU GODDAMNED WHORE!

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK



HE BECAME EMOTIONALLY UNSTABLE.

SHIT. OH, SHIT. DID I DID I GO TOO FAR? FUCK.

WHIMPER



I'M SO SORRY. LET ME HELP YOU UP.

SUCKER.

WHIMPER...

HE WAS ALL IMPOTENCE AND ESTROGEN.



HE GOT CHATTY.

MY WHOLE BODY ACHES.

I LOST 50 POUNDS.

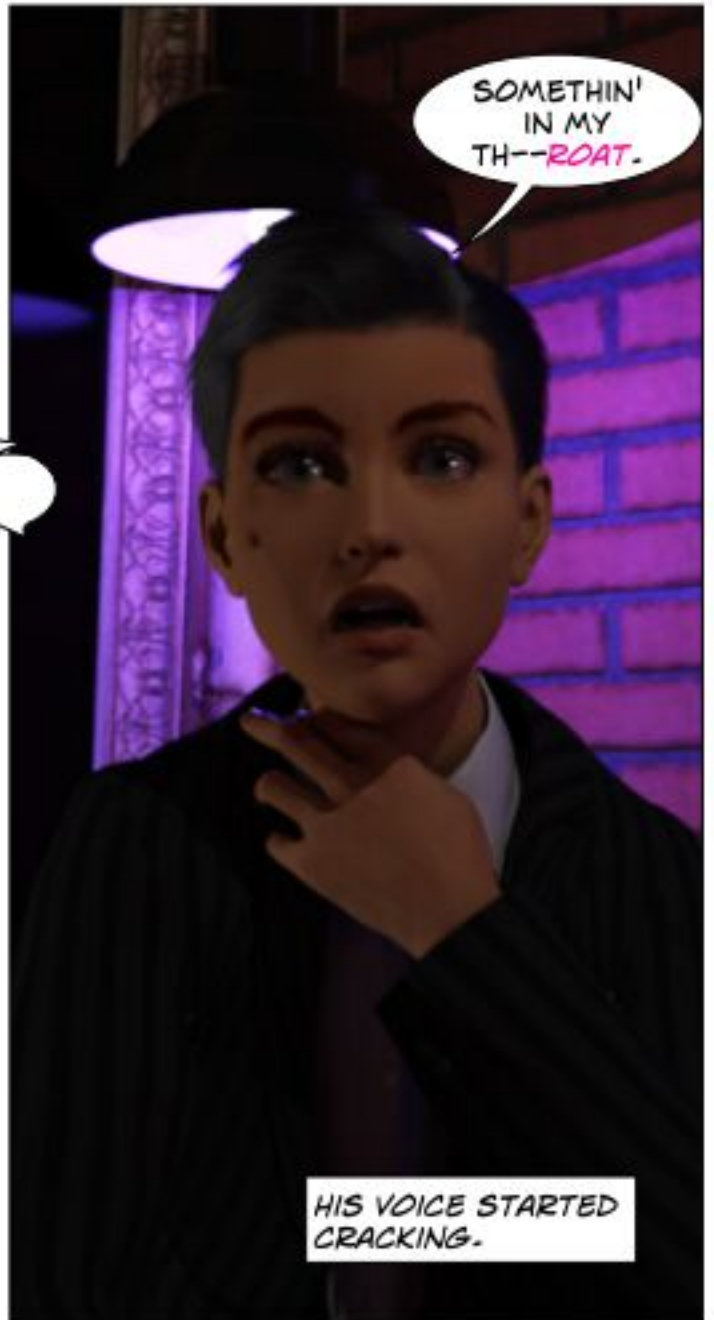
I CAN'T SLEEP.

DO YOU THINK I SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR?

I HATE DOCTORS, THOU--

CRACK

INSECURE



SOMETHIN' IN MY TH--ROAT.

HIS VOICE STARTED CRACKING.

THE PILLS WE-- CHERRY--
GOT-- WE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT THE DESIGN FOR HIS
NEW FACE AND BODY WERE.



HE TURNED
INTO A
GINGER.
RED HAIR,
FRECKLE-
FACED. HE
WAS CUTE.



I COULDN'T
TAKE HIM
SERIOUSLY.

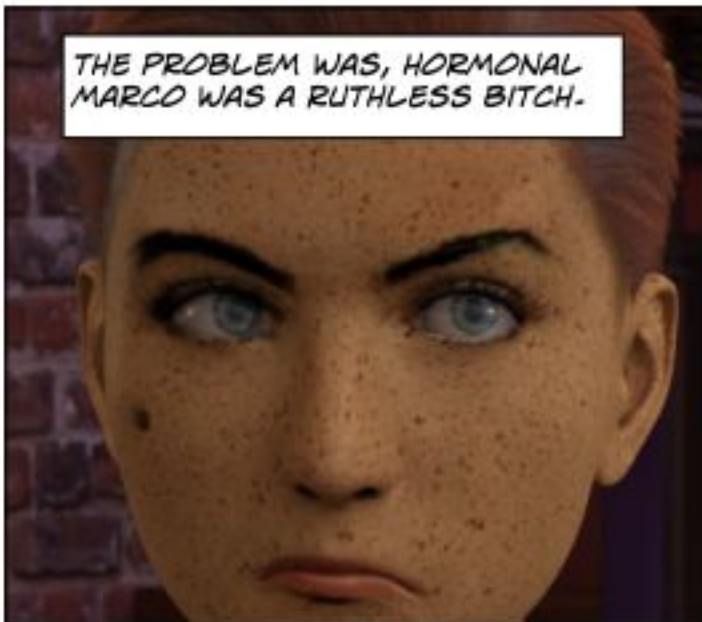
THE OTHER GIRLS
NOTICED. HE WAS
ALMOST AS SHORT AS
US NOW, ALWAYS
TALKING LOW, TRYING
TO HIDE HIS SQUEAKY
VOICE.



MARCO?

HE COULD
ONLY STAY IN
DENIAL FOR
SO LONG.

THE PROBLEM WAS, HORMONAL
MARCO WAS A RUTHLESS BITCH.







MY INTUITION WARNED
ME I WAS IN DANGER.
RUN! RUN!

BUT I DIDN'T LISTEN. I
DECIDED I WAS JUST
THINKING LIKE A
SCARED LITTLE GIRL.

CHERRY HAD ASSURED
ME IT WAS ALL TAKEN
CARE OF.




HE TOOK ME TO THE
BASEMENT.

WE GIRLS CALLED IT
"THE DUNGEON."



IT WAS FOR CLIENTS WITH--
SPECIAL-- TASTES.





MY INTUITION-- IT WAS BUZZING LIKE CRAZY, SAYING DO NOT GO DOWN THERE, BUT I AM SIZING MARCO UP, AND HE DOESN'T SEEM SO SCARY ANYMORE.






THERE'S
A CODE,
AMBERLYNN
DIVINE.

BETWEEN
MEN. A CODE OF
HONOR.

YOU BROKE
THAT CODE.

MARCO, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT!



I PAID YOU A LOT
OF MONEY FOR YOUR
LOYALTY,
AMBERLYNN...

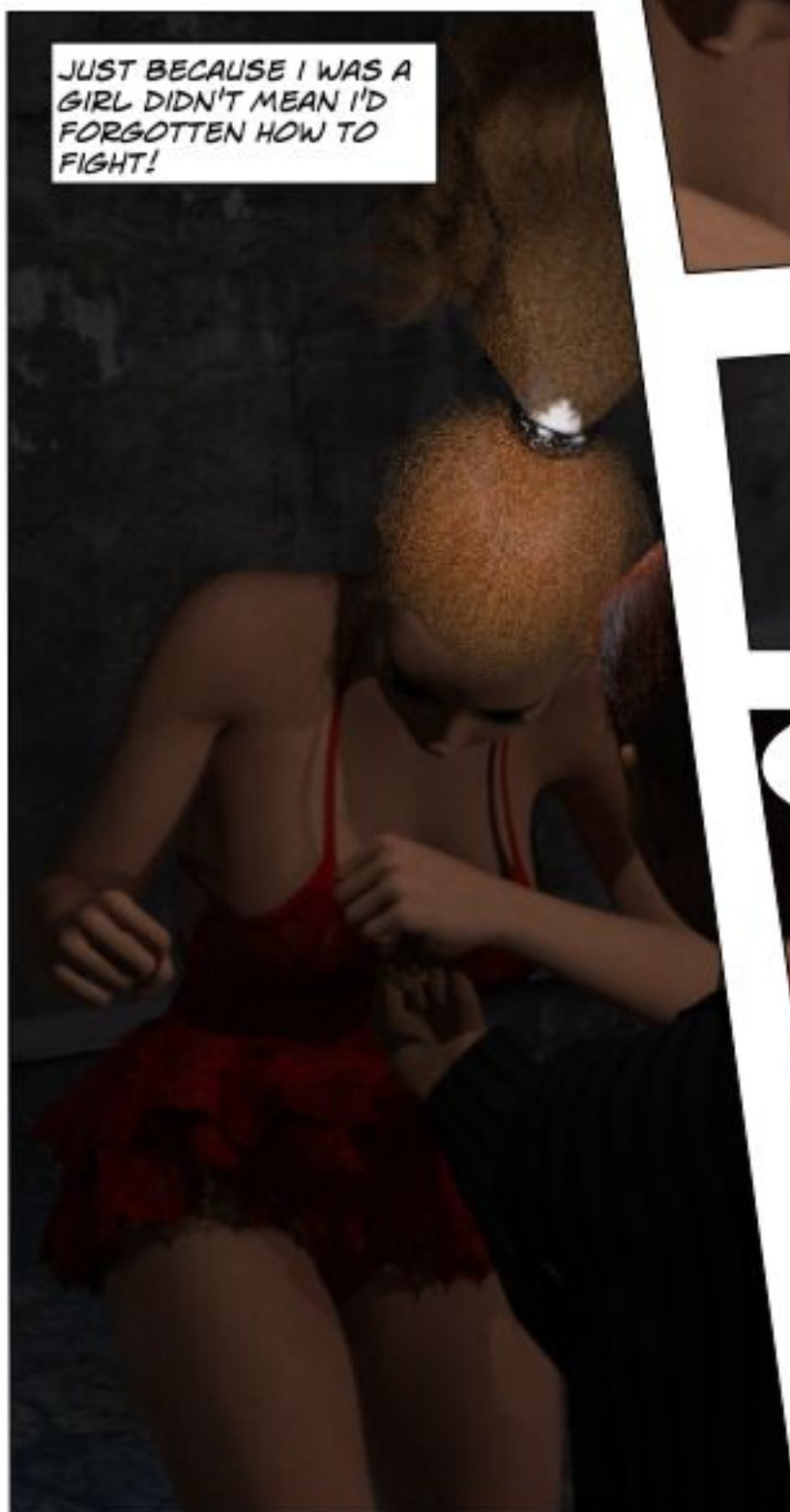
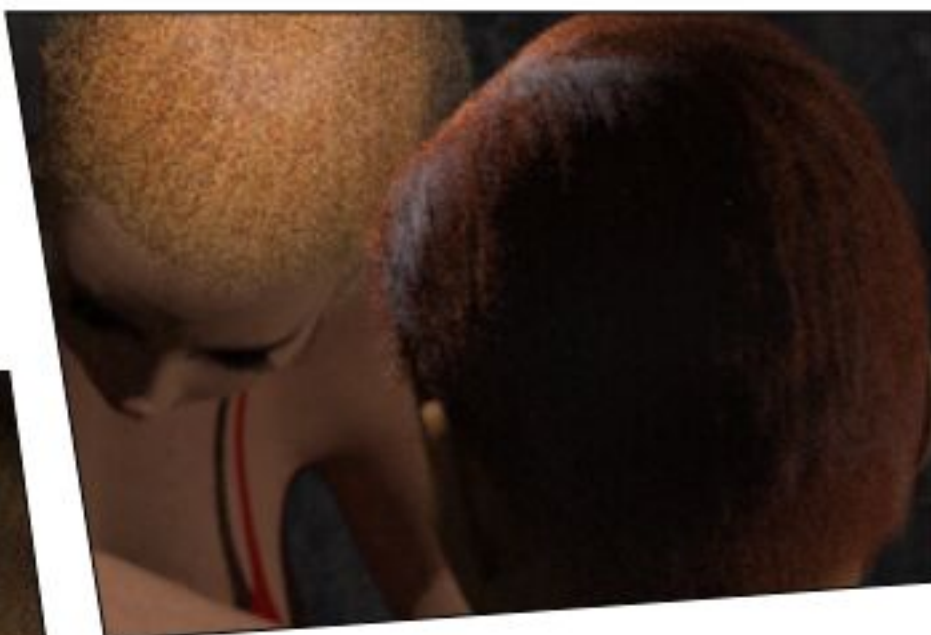
...OR, SHOULD I
CALL YOU DETECTIVE
ANGELO
TIMMONS...

FUCK



YOU.. KNOW?

TIME FROZE. I
I FROZE. I
THOUGHT HE
WOULD TRY
AND KILL ME,
BUT HE WAS AS
SKINNY AND
WEAK AS ANY
GIRL NOW. I
FIGURED I HAD A
CHANCE.



JUST BECAUSE I WAS A
GIRL DIDN'T MEAN I'D
FORGOTTEN HOW TO
FIGHT!



BITCH!



I'M GONNA...

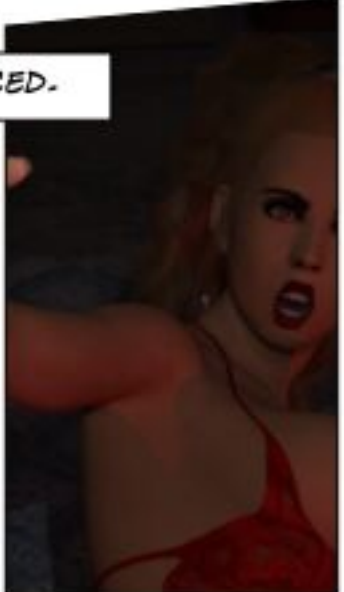
...SHIT!




DANCING IN STILLETOS IS HARD. MARTIAL ARTS? ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.



I FELL. HE POUNCED.





MARCO IS USED TO DOMINATING ME, BUT HE USED TO BE BIGGER AND STRONGER. I WAS AN ALL-STATE WRESTLER IN HIGH-SCHOOL.

EVEN IN HEELS, I CAN STILL WRESTLE.



I FLIP HIM, TWIST HIS ARM UNTIL IT POPS OUT OF THE SOCKET, TAKE OFF ONE OF MY HEELS AND SLAM IT INTO WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS BALLS.

IT TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM.

I DECIDE TO GET A LITTLE PAYBACK.

MARCO, HONEY?

YOU HAVE SUCH A FAT, SWEET ASS.



I JUST KNOW YOU'D LOVE A GOOD SPANKING.

WOULDN'T YOU, DOLL?

WHACK!

WHACK!



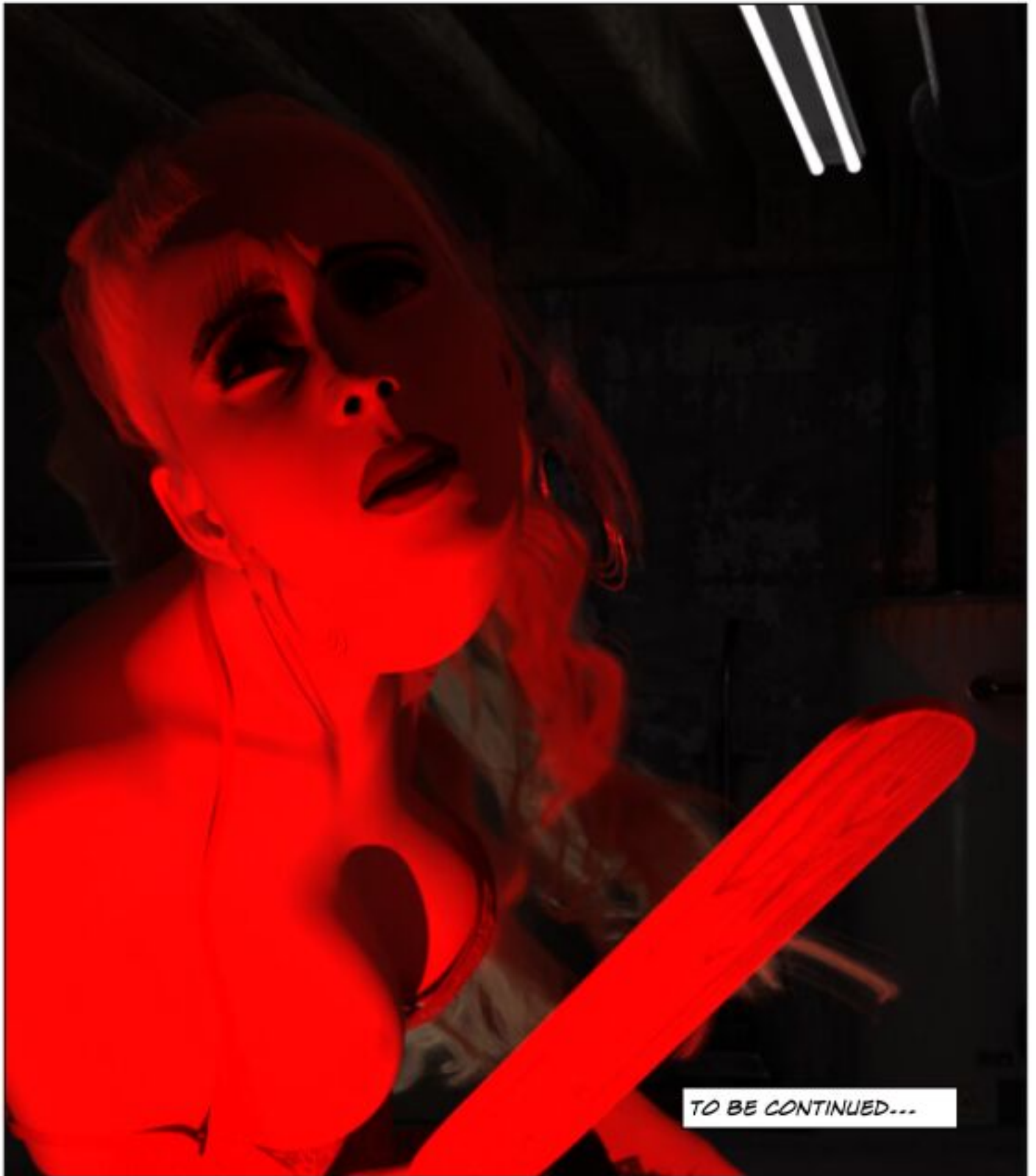
HAHAHA.



HAHAHA!

click





TO BE CONTINUED...

CHAPTER 9



I FOUND MYSELF IN A
DARK PLACE OF PAIN.

UNH...

MEMORIES SWIRLING
THROUGH MY HEAD.





YOU?

THE BUTT OF THE GUN
SLAMMED INTO MY
TEMPLE. THE WORLD
WENT BLACK.

POW!

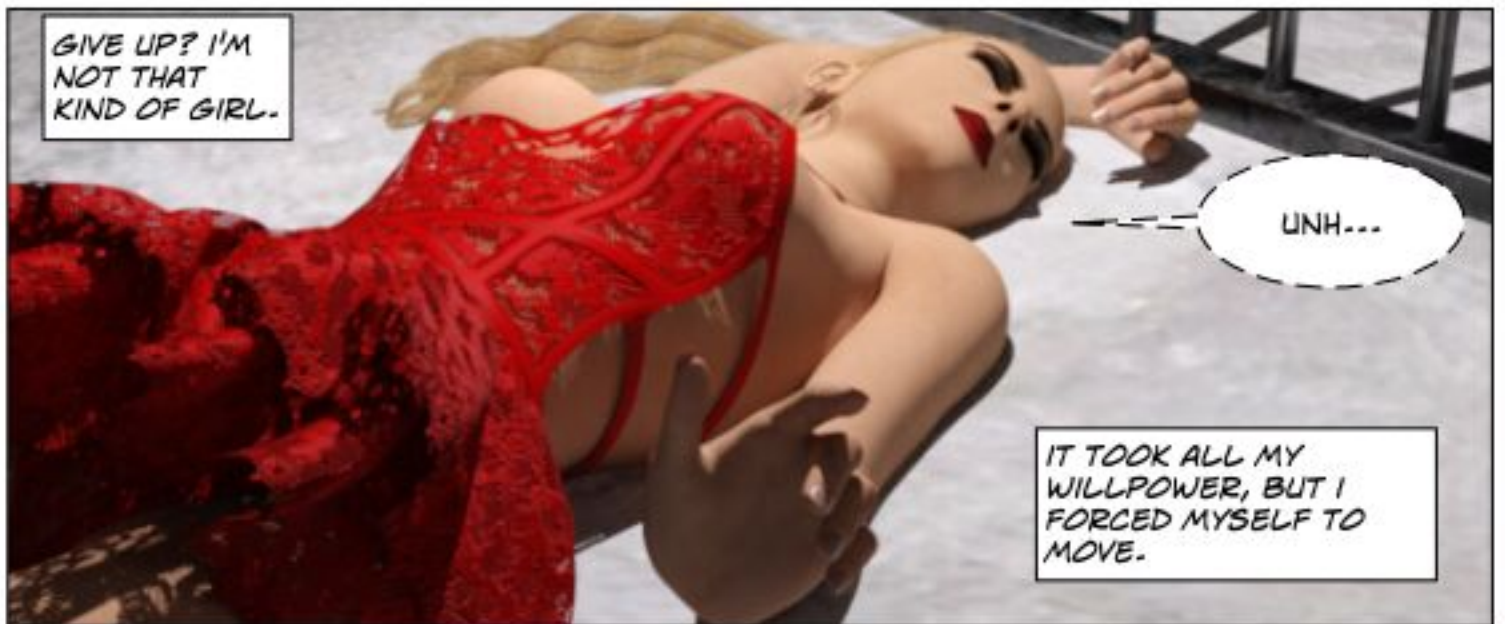
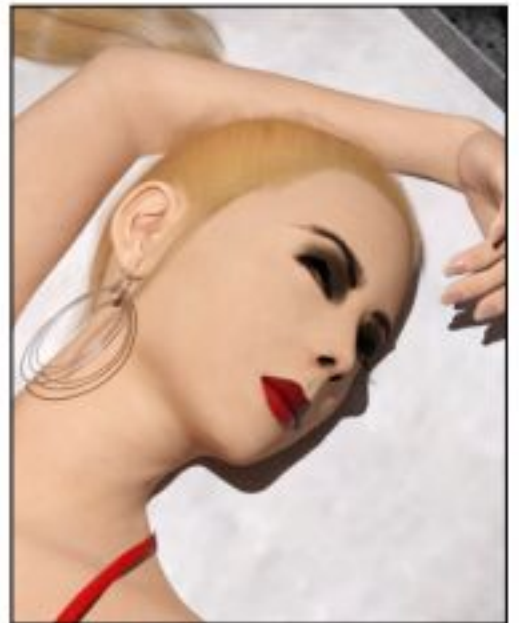


I WAS IN SUCH PAIN. SO TIRED.



I JUST WANTED TO LAY THERE, REST.

GIVE UP.



GIVE UP? I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL.

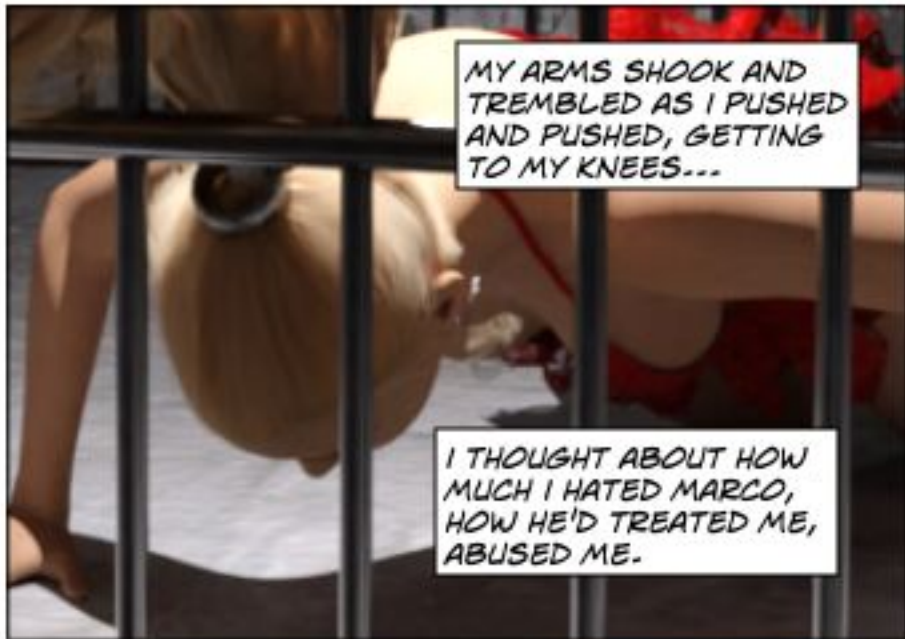
UNH...

IT TOOK ALL MY WILLPOWER, BUT I FORCED MYSELF TO MOVE.



MY BODY SCREAMED, MY HEAD SWAM. I STRUGGLE AGAINST THE URGE TO QUIT, A VOICE TELLING ME I'D LOST, THAT THERE WAS NO POINT FIGHTING ANYMORE.

COME ON, AMBERLYNN...



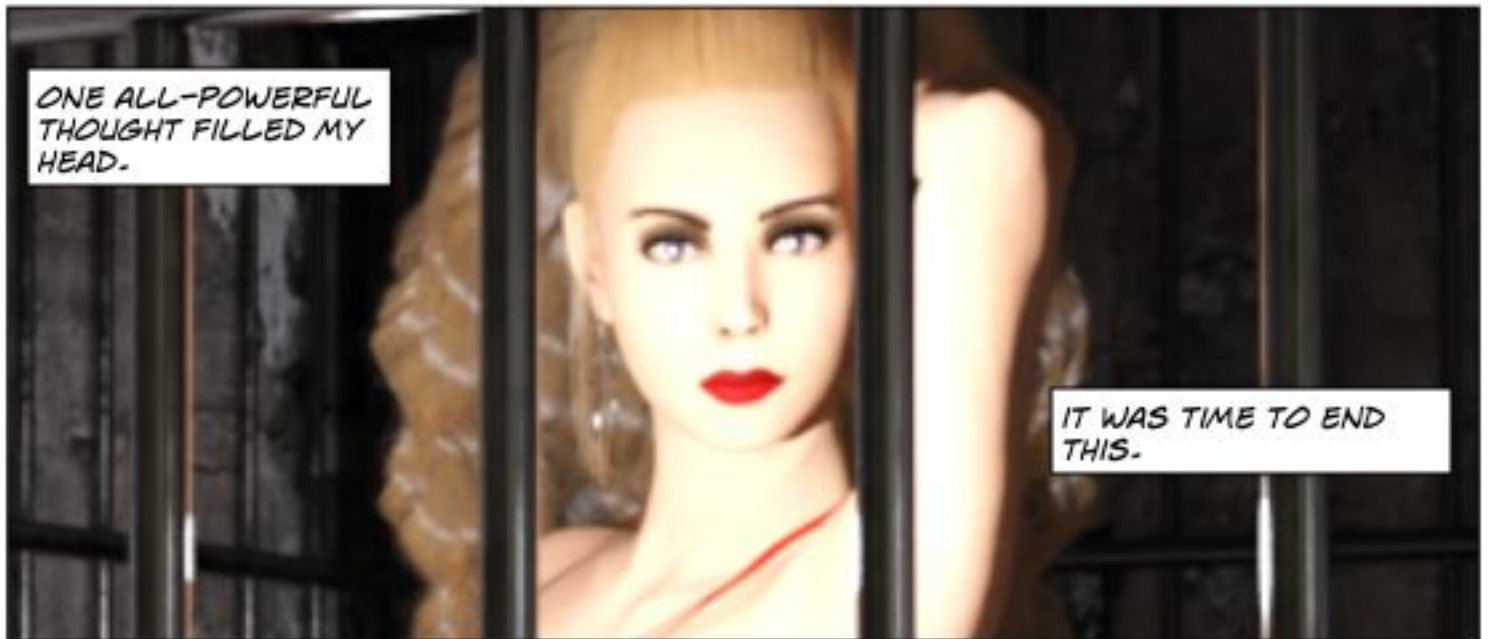
MY ARMS SHOOK AND TREMBLED AS I PUSHED AND PUSHED, GETTING TO MY KNEES...

I THOUGHT ABOUT HOW MUCH I HATED MARCO, HOW HE'D TREATED ME, ABUSED ME.



I MADE IT. I GOT UP.

I'M STRONG.




ONE ALL-POWERFUL THOUGHT FILLED MY HEAD.

IT WAS TIME TO END THIS.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a red lace dress, is seen from the waist up behind vertical metal bars. She is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The background is a dark, textured wall.

I WAS ONE PISSED OFF BITCH AND READY FOR WAR.

A close-up shot of the woman's legs and feet. She is wearing red high-heeled sandals. Her feet are pressed against the vertical metal bars of the cage.

THE HEELS CAME OFF.

A close-up shot of the woman's feet. She is barefoot. Her feet are pressed against the vertical metal bars of the cage.

I LAUGHED WHEN I LOOKED AT THE LOCK ON MY CAGE

A close-up shot of the metal lock mechanism on the cage door. The lock is a small, circular device with a keyhole, attached to a horizontal metal bar. The background shows the vertical bars of the cage.

THEY SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED THE KIND OF GIRL THEY WERE DEALING WITH.



I COULD
PICK A
LOCK
LIKE THAT
IN 15
SECONDS.



AS LONG
AS I HAD
SOMETHING
TO PICK IT
WITH.

HMMMMN.



BINGO!



A BOBBY PIN.

IT WAS ALL I NEEDED.

MARCO WAS ABOUT
TO--





UM, SO, I'M GONNA FINISH THE THING I WAS DOING, AND THEN I'LL COME BACK AROUND TO THE OTHER THING.

IT'LL KINDA MAKE MORE SENSE, I THINK?



DO YOU NEED SOME COFFEE?

SOMETHING TO EAT?



WHY WOULD YOU ASK ME THAT?

WHATEVER. ANYWAY, I FOUND MYSELF ABOUT TO TAKE ON THE KING OF CRIME... OR QUEEN... OR PRINCESS, MAYBE...

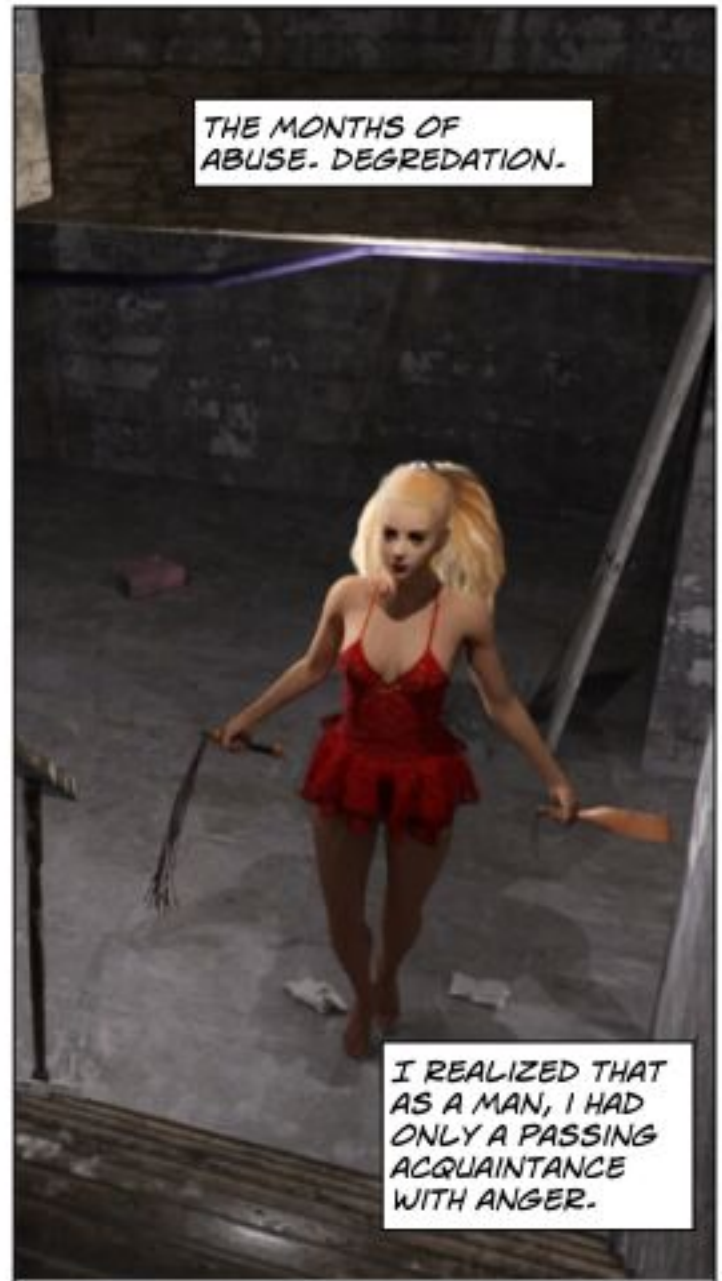


NANCY DREW, EAT YOUR HEART OUT.

BREAK



WITH EACH STEP, MY ANGER GREW.



THE MONTHS OF ABUSE. DEGRADATION.

I REALIZED THAT AS A MAN, I HAD ONLY A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE WITH ANGER.



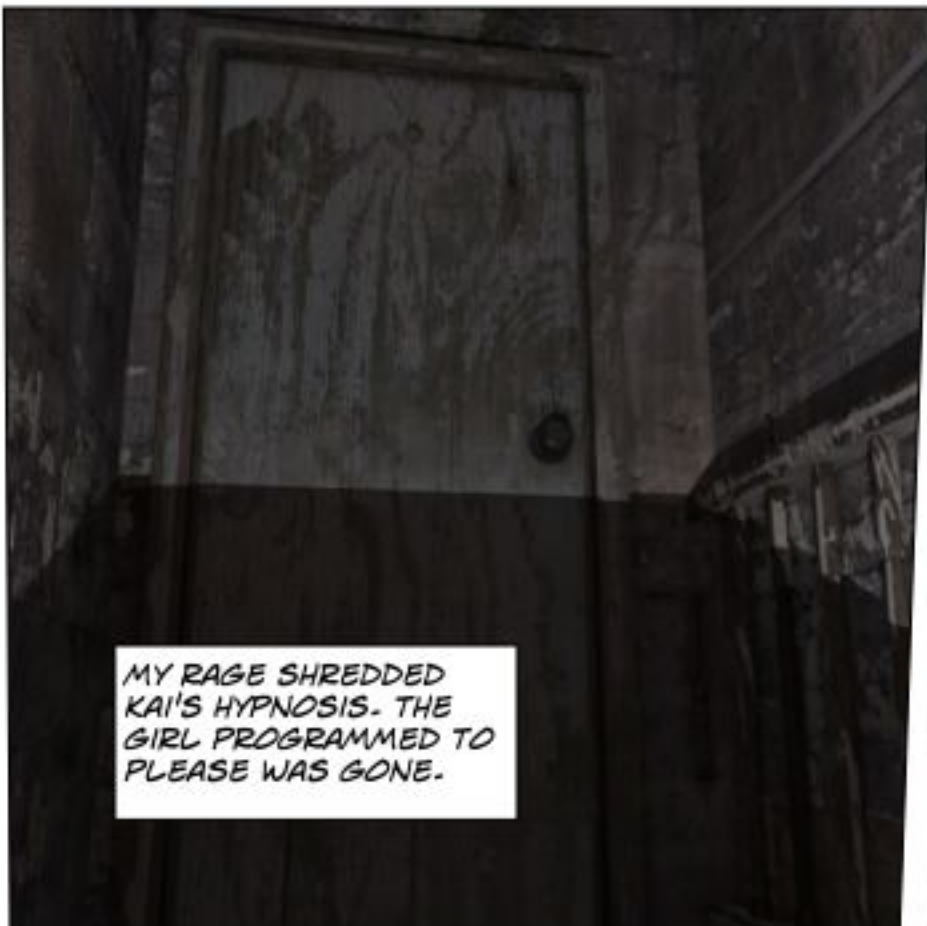
NO WORDS COULD CAPTURE MY FURY.



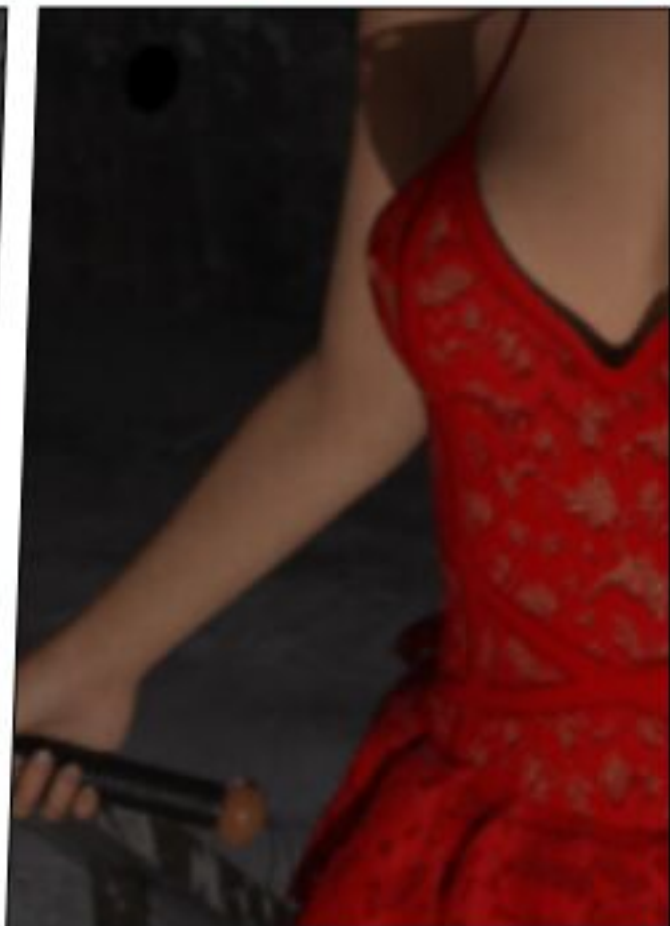
AS A WOMAN?



NO CAGE COULD
CONTAIN IT.



MY RAGE SHREDDED
KAI'S HYPNOSIS. THE
GIRL PROGRAMMED TO
PLEASE WAS GONE.





I KICKED OPEN THE
DOOR TO CHERRY'S
OFFICE.



SHE WENT FOR THE
GUN.



I WENT FOR THE EYES.



FUCK!



IT'S HUMAN INSTINCT
TO PROTECT THE EYES.

WHEN SOMEONE
ATTACKS OUR
EYES, WE PANIC.

EVERY OTHER CONCERN
BECOMES SECONDARY
TO DEFENDING OUR
ABILITY TO SEE.

WE FORGET ALL ABOUT
LITTLE THINGS LIKE
GRABBING A GUN.

THUNK!



A woman with blonde hair styled in a large bouffant, wearing a red lace dress and a purple long-sleeved top, stands against a dark brick wall. She holds a whip in her right hand and a cigar in her left. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting.

YOU
BACKSTABBING
BITCH.


IT WAS CHERRY
WHO'D SHOWN UP
WITH THE GUN.
SHE'D BEEN
PLAYING ME THE
WHOLE TIME.

SETTING ME UP TO
TAKE THE FALL FOR
MARCO'S SEX-CHANGE
WHILE SHE TOOK
CONTROL OF HIS
CRIMINAL EMPIRE.



I HANDCUFF HER TO HER
DESK. GOT THE KEY TO
MARCO'S OFFICE.

THE ONLY
THING
BETWEEN
ME AND
SAVING
MARIA WAS
A HULKING
GUARD.



I WAS READY...

...BUT HE WASN'T
THERE. NO ONE WAS
GUARDING THE DOOR.
THEN--

АААААА!

A WOMAN
SCREAMED!

I NOW HAD SUFFICIENT CAUSE TO LEGALLY ENTER THE OFFICE. THERE WAS A CIVILIAN IN DANGER.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU DISGUSTING PIG!

WHOEVER THE GIRL WAS...

...SHE WAS CLEARLY IN PERIL.

YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING ME.

BEND OVER AND SHUT UP!

SLAP!

HOW DARE YOU! I'M A PRINCESS!

WELL, I'M YOUR HUSBAND, PRINCESS!

ONLY BECAUSE YOU TRICKED MY FATHER!

ALLADIN, WHERE ARE YOU?

UNH... UNH...

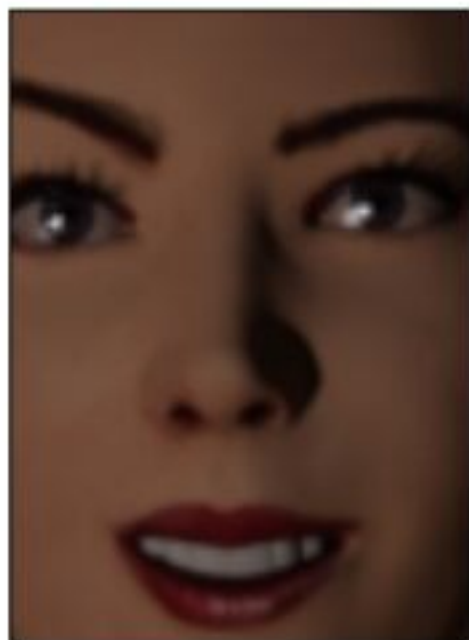


PRINCESS?

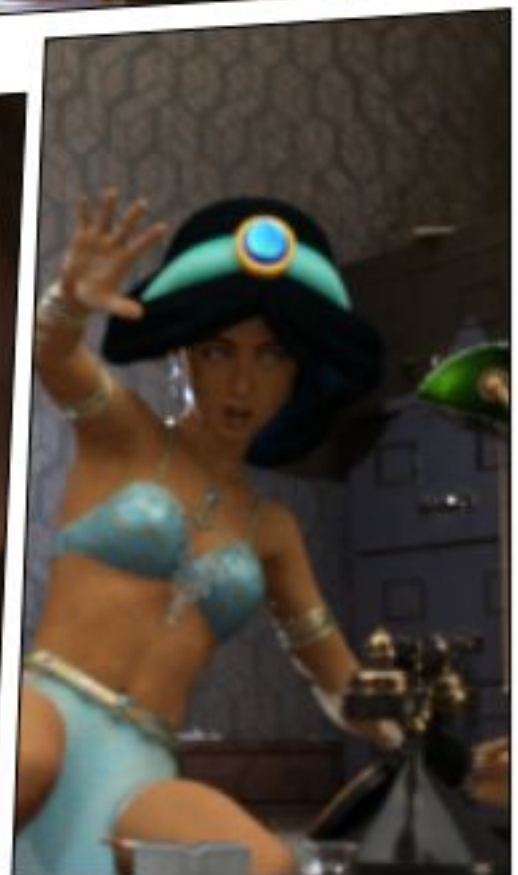
I SWEAR, I THOUGHT A WOMAN WAS BEING ATTACKED. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON IN THAT ROOM.



I JUST KNEW.



I HAD TO GET INSIDE.



CRASH!



NICE
OUTFIT,
JASMINE.

NOW THAT
YOU'VE SEEN
THIS...

...YOU
KNOW I CAN'T
LET YOU LIVE.

BRING IT,
PRINCESS.





MARCO SURPRISED ME. I HAD NO IDEA HE COULD LEAP LIKE THAT.



ONE THING ABOUT GIRLS: WE HAVE STRONG LEGS.



I PANICKED, MISSED MY SHOT.



I COULDN'T GET THE WHIP AROUND FAST ENOUGH.



IF I LOST, I DIED.
MARCO COULDN'T RISK
ME TELLING ANYONE
ABOUT "JASMINE."



IF MARCO LOST, HE
WENT TO PRISON.



AS A WOMAN.

TWO BITCHES IN.



ONE BITCH
OUT.



TO BE
CONTINUED.

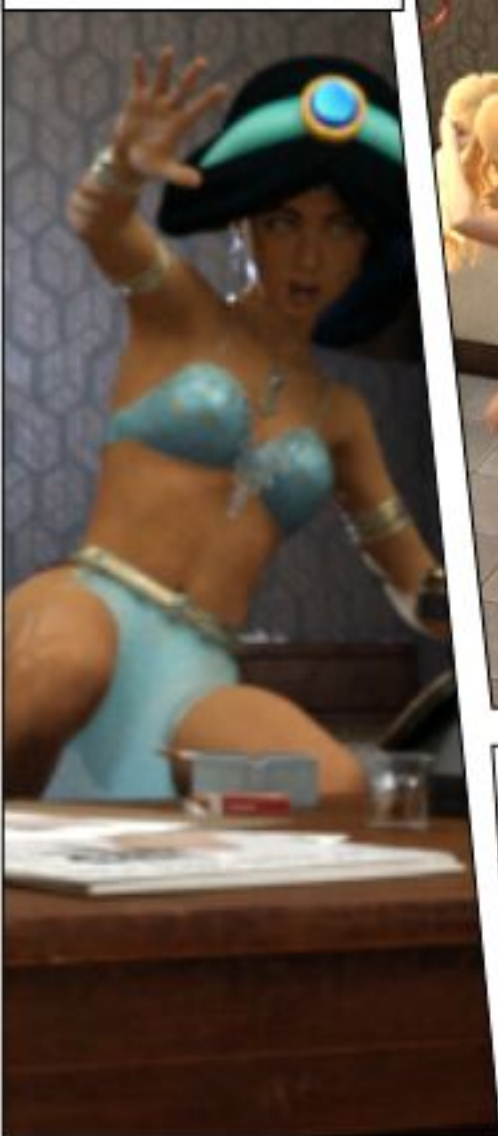
AND IF
YOU BREATH
ONE WORD OF
THIS TO
ANYONE, YOU
DIE.

CHAPTER TEN



IN THIS CORNER,
DRESSED IN THE RED
TEDDY, DETECTIVE
ANGELO TIMMONS

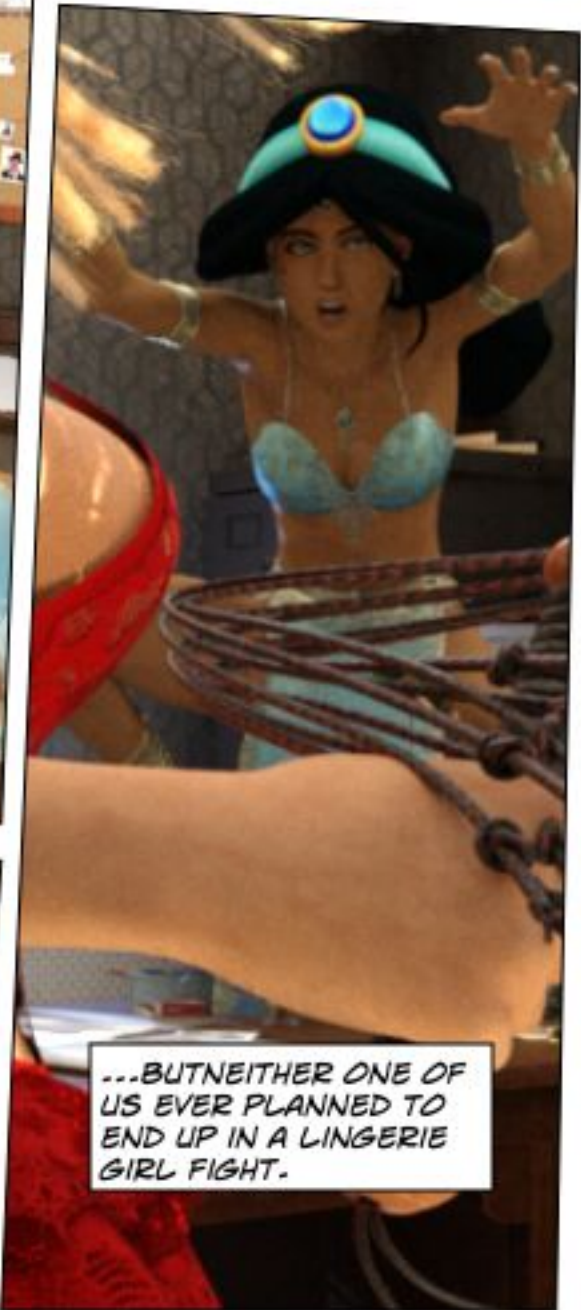
IN THAT CORNER,
WEARING AQUA BLUE
BRA AND PANTIES, THE
NEFAREIOUS CRIME
LORD OF NEW
AMSTERDAM, MARCO
MATTIA.



THEY SAY MAN PLANS,
AND GOD LAUGHS.



GOD MAY WELL
HAVE BEEN
LAUGHING...



...BUT NEITHER ONE OF
US EVER PLANNED TO
END UP IN A LINGERIE
GIRL FIGHT.



MARCO, PLAYING PRINCESS.



HE'D BEEN THE TOUGHEST GUY IN ALL NEW AMSTERDAM BEFORE HE GOT A HEAD FULL OF ESTROGEN.

AND AS FOR ME?



I WAS A SEXIST PIG.

I THOUGHT WOMEN EXISTED ONLY TO PLEASE MEN.



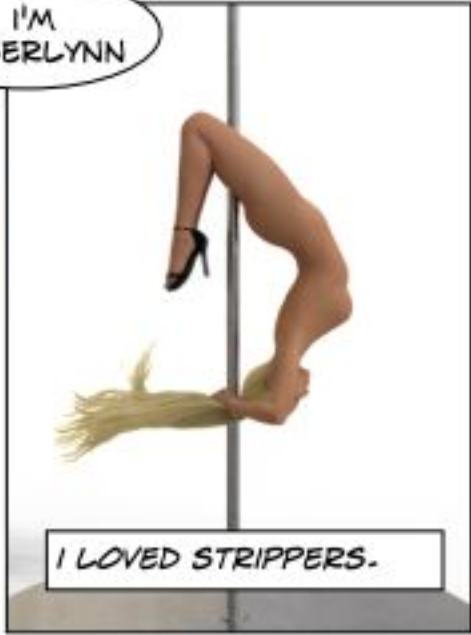
I'D ENDED UP BECOMING MY OWN FANTASY GIRL...



...LIVING TO PLEASE MEN.



I'M AMBERLYNN




I LOVED STRIPPERS.



I BECAME A STRIPPER...

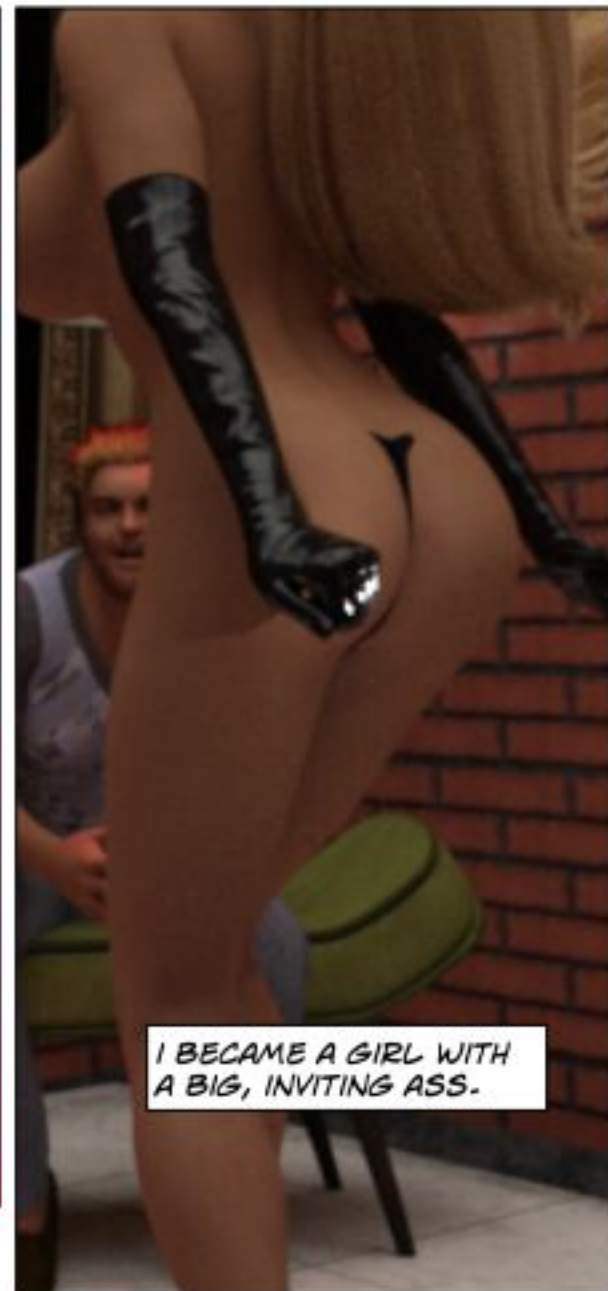
...SHAKING MY TITS AND ASS WHILE MEN, HOOTING AND HOLLERING, TOSSED MONEY ON THE STAGE.



A man with dark hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark t-shirt. He is in a cluttered office or workspace with desks, papers, and a lamp in the background.

WHEN CAPTAIN WASHINGTON FIRST SUGGESTED I BECOME A WOMAN AND GO UNDERCOVER AS A STRIPPER, I'D LAUGHED. I WAS A MAN'S MAN THROUGH AND THROUGH. THERE WAS NO WAY I WOULD EVER AGREE TO THAT. NO WAY.

AND THEN I DID. I BECAME NOT JUST A WOMAN, BUT MY OWN WET DREAM.





I LOVED TO WATCH A GIRL WITH BIG TITS STRUTTING AROUND IN HIGH HEELS.

I BECAME ONE, WITH THE ACHING BACK AND LEGS TO PROVE IT.



AND, LASTLY, I LOVED TO FUCK WOMEN, ESPECIALLY DOGGY-STYLE.



AND DID I EVER END UP GETTING FUCKED DOGGY-STYLE.



BITCH!

BRING IT!

MARCO. HE'D TREATED ME WORSE THAN AN ANIMAL, AND I LOVED SEEING HIM IN HIS LITTLE BRA. HE WAS SMALL, WEAK. I WOULD MAKE HIM PAY.



MARCO WASN'T USED TO HIS NEW BODY-- THE SIZE, THE SHAPE. HIS MOVEMENTS WERE CLUMSY, EASY TO ANTICIPATE.

I'D SPENT MONTHS STUDYING BALLET, DANCING IN PUMPS.

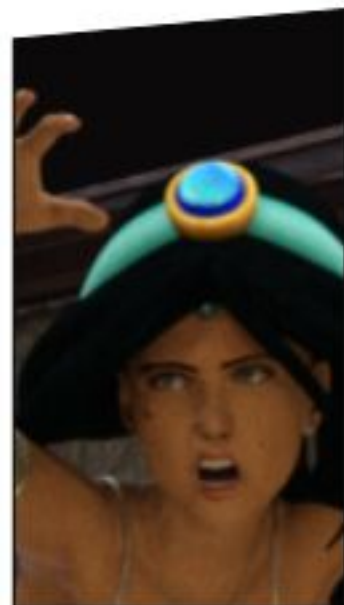
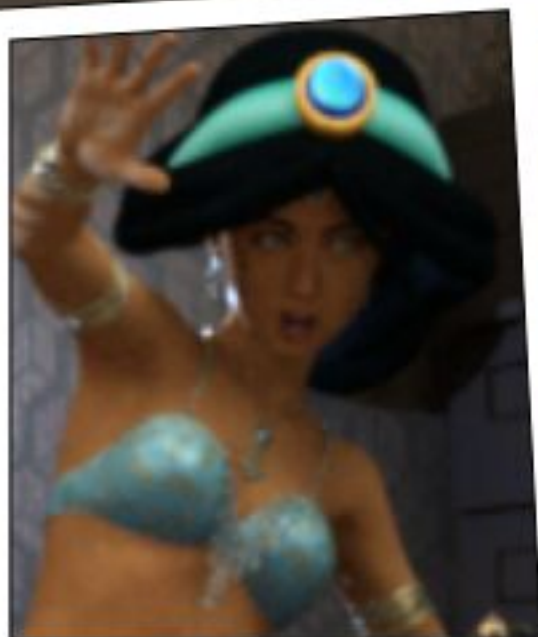
ALL THAT TRAINING CAME IN HANDY NOW AS I MOVED WITH GRACE AND SPEED.

JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME WE
FOUGHT, MARCO STILL
FOUGHT LIKE A MAN.

I FOUGHT LIKE A GIRL.



WHICH IS WHY I KICKED
HIS ASS. AGAIN.





IT WAS OVER. I'D WON.
MARIA WOULD BE FREE.

NOTHING COULD STOP ME.



AGAIN? YOU
HAVE TO BE
KIDDING ME.

THIS TIME, I
FINISH YOU.

ANY LAST
WORDS?



IT WAS FINALLY OVER.

NICE KICK.

I KNOW.





I'D SACRIFICED EVERYTHING.

AND I'D WON.

GOOD TIMING.



WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME HOME I GOT WORRIED.

THE REST OF THE TEAM IS ON THE WAY.



MARCO MATTIA, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT...

MARCO BEGGED US TO LET HIM CHANGE CLOTHES BEFORE HIS PERP WALK.

I DIDN'T FEEL GENEROUS.

THE MEDIA WAS WAITING WHEN WE MARCHED HIM OUT DRESSED UP LIKE PRINCESS JASMINE, HIS BUDDING NEW SEX OBVIOUS TO THE WORLD.

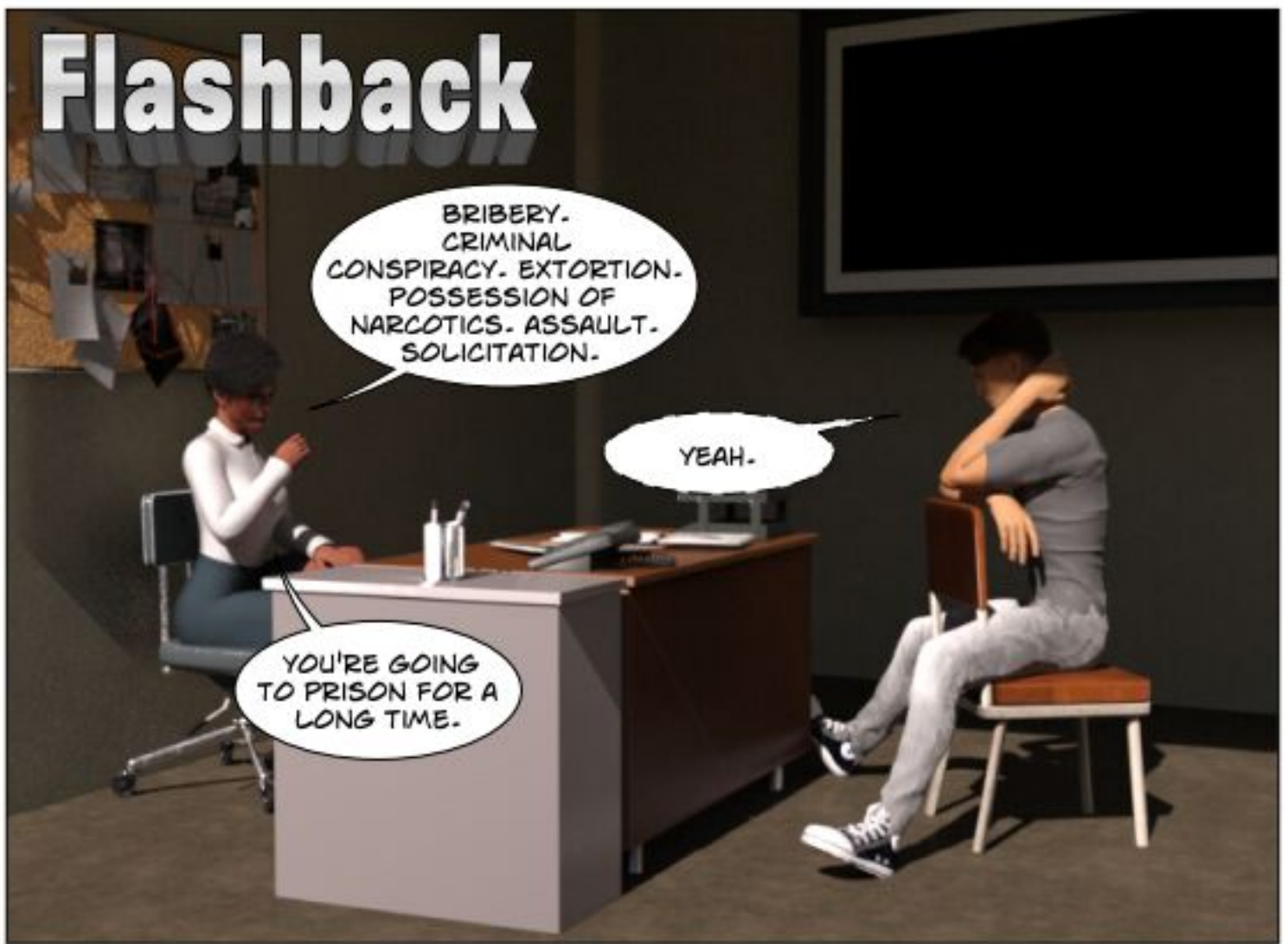
THE POOR LITTLE THING GOT EMOTIONAL AND STARTED CRYING AS THE COPS FOUND AN EXCUSE TO MAKE HIM STAND OUT THERE ON THE STREET WHILE THE MEDIA BOYS GOT FOOTAGE.

HE WAS DONE AS CRIME BOSS OF NEW AMSTERDAM, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TRIAL.



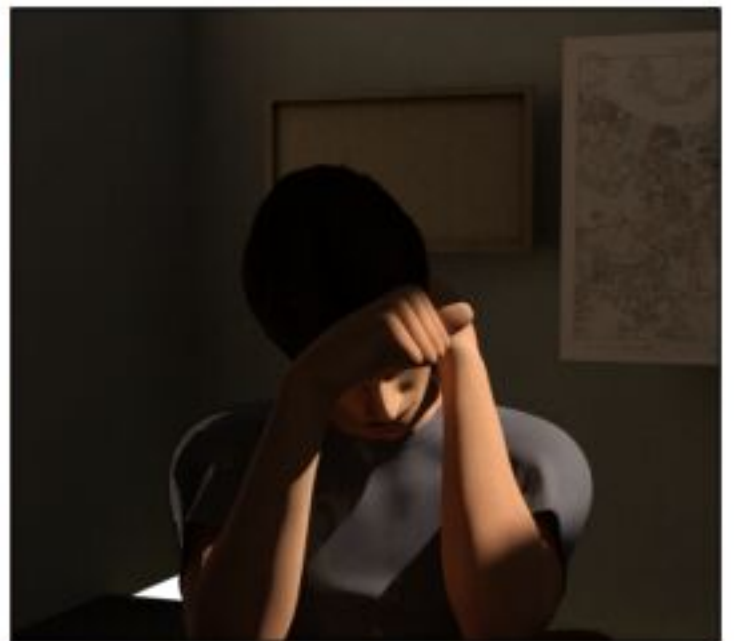


Flashback











JUST
AGREE TO
BECOME A
WOMAN.

ALL THIS
GOES AWAY.



YOU
WANT ME TO
SHOW I'M A
GOOD
FATHER?

BY
AGREEING TO
GET A CUNT?



IRONIC. ISN'T
IT? BECOME A
BITCH OR BE A
BITCH.

I DARE
YOU TO SAY
NO AND STILL
CALL
YOURSELF A
MAN.

THE DARE.



WHY ARE
YOU SO
OBSESSED WITH
TURNING ME INTO
A WOMAN?



TIME'S UP.

BZZT!

GET
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY ON
THE LINE,
GIBBS.

NO.
I'LL DO IT.
I'LL BECOME A
WOMAN.

FOR MY
DAUGHTERS.





AND A STRIPPER?



AND A STRIPPER.



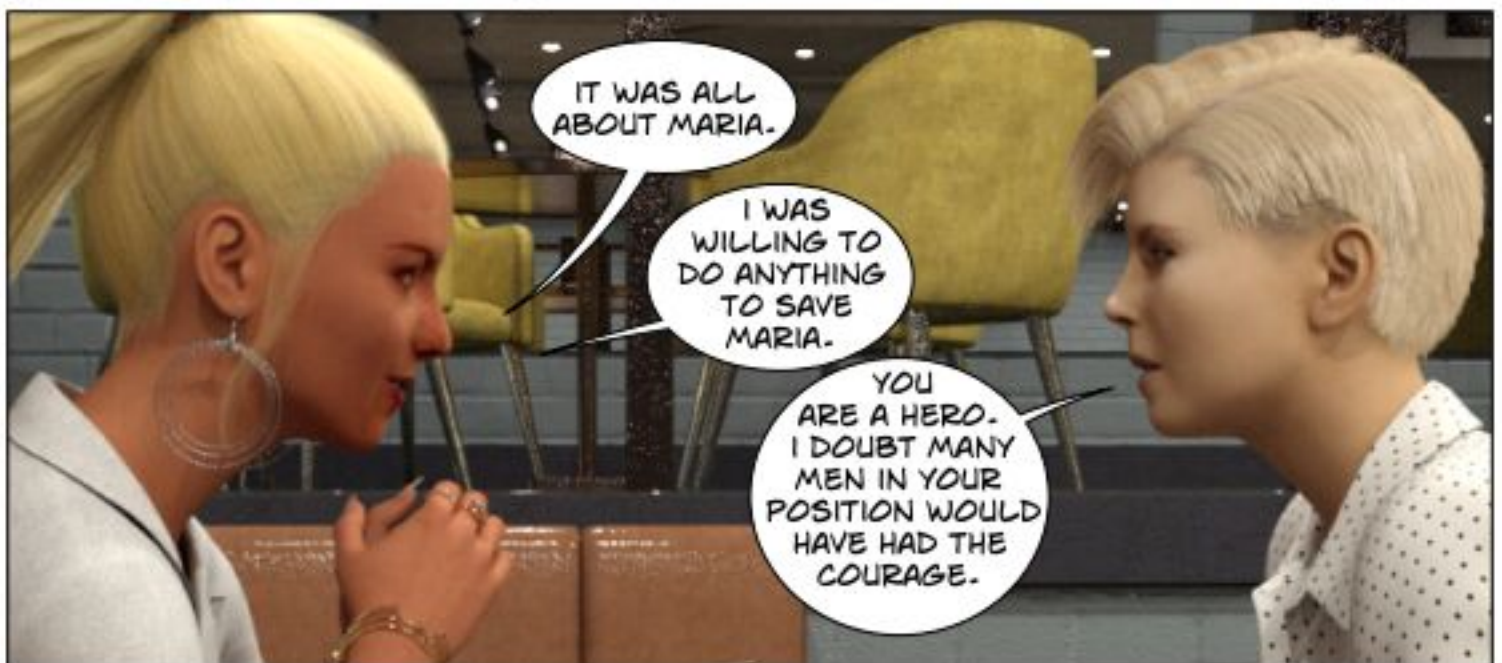
THAT ENOUGH FOR YOU?



YES.

I BET YOU DON'T EVEN LAST A WEEK AS A KITTEN. YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A PUSSY.

THE BET.



IT WAS ALL ABOUT MARIA.

I WAS WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO SAVE MARIA.

YOU ARE A HERO. I DOUBT MANY MEN IN YOUR POSITION WOULD HAVE HAD THE COURAGE.





NEW AMSTERDAM WOMEN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY (NAWC). 10 MONTHS LATER.

HEY, MARCO.

AMBERLYNN.



I BROUGHT THE THINGS YOU ASKED FOR.

THANK GOD. THE PRISON TAMPONS ARE LIKE SANDPAPER.



I'VE TRIED KOTEX, BUT I JUST FEEL SAFER WITH TAMPAX, ESPECIALLY THE RADIANT.



LOOK AT US. JUST TWO GUYS TALKING ABOUT OUR FAVORITE TAMPONS.

BY THE WAY, YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS. GOING TO A BARBIE CONVENTION?



I FEEL RIDICULOUS.
YOU WANT A LAUGH? I'M
TAKING MY GIRLS AND
WE'RE GETTING MANIPEDIS.
A LITTLE
MOTHER-DAUGHTER
BONDING.

THEY
ACTUALLY
LIKE ME MUCH
BETTER AS "NEW
MOMMY" THAN
THEY EVER DID
AS THEIR
DAD.

GO FIGURE.



MAKES
SENSE TO ME.
YOU WERE AN
ASSHOLE.



SO, HOW
ARE THINGS
WITH CHERRY?

OH, SHE'S A
MEAN BITCH, BUT
SHE PROTECTS ME IN
HERE, SO THERE'S
THAT.



WE CHIT-CHAT AND GOSSIP, LIKE ANY GIRLS, TALK ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIPS.

CHERRY AND MARCO WERE BOTH SENTENCED TO NAWC. THEY SHARE A CELL.



MARCO IS THE FEMME.



HE'S TRAINING TO BE A HAIRDRESSER.

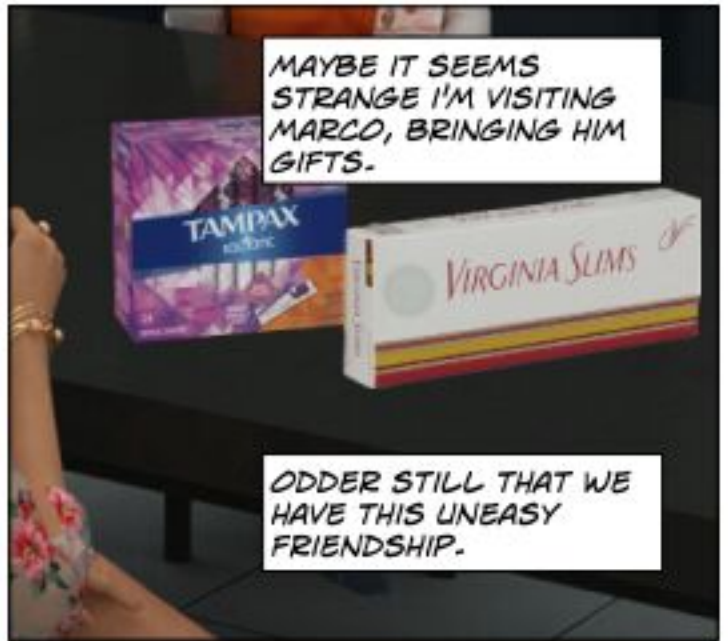


I LOVE YOUR HAIR!



THANKS. IT TOOK FOREVER!

PART OF HIS REHABILITATION.



MAYBE IT SEEMS STRANGE I'M VISITING MARCO, BRINGING HIM GIFTS.

ODDER STILL THAT WE HAVE THIS UNEASY FRIENDSHIP.



THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, THOUGH, WITH COPS AND CRIMINALS. WE BOTH KNOW IT'S JUST BUSINESS. MARCO? SHE, HERSELF, IS NOT MUCH OF A THREAT.



BUT, SHE'S CHERRY'S WIFE NOW, SO I SHOW THEM BOTH I CAN STILL BE USEFUL. JUST IN CASE. I HAVE KIDS.

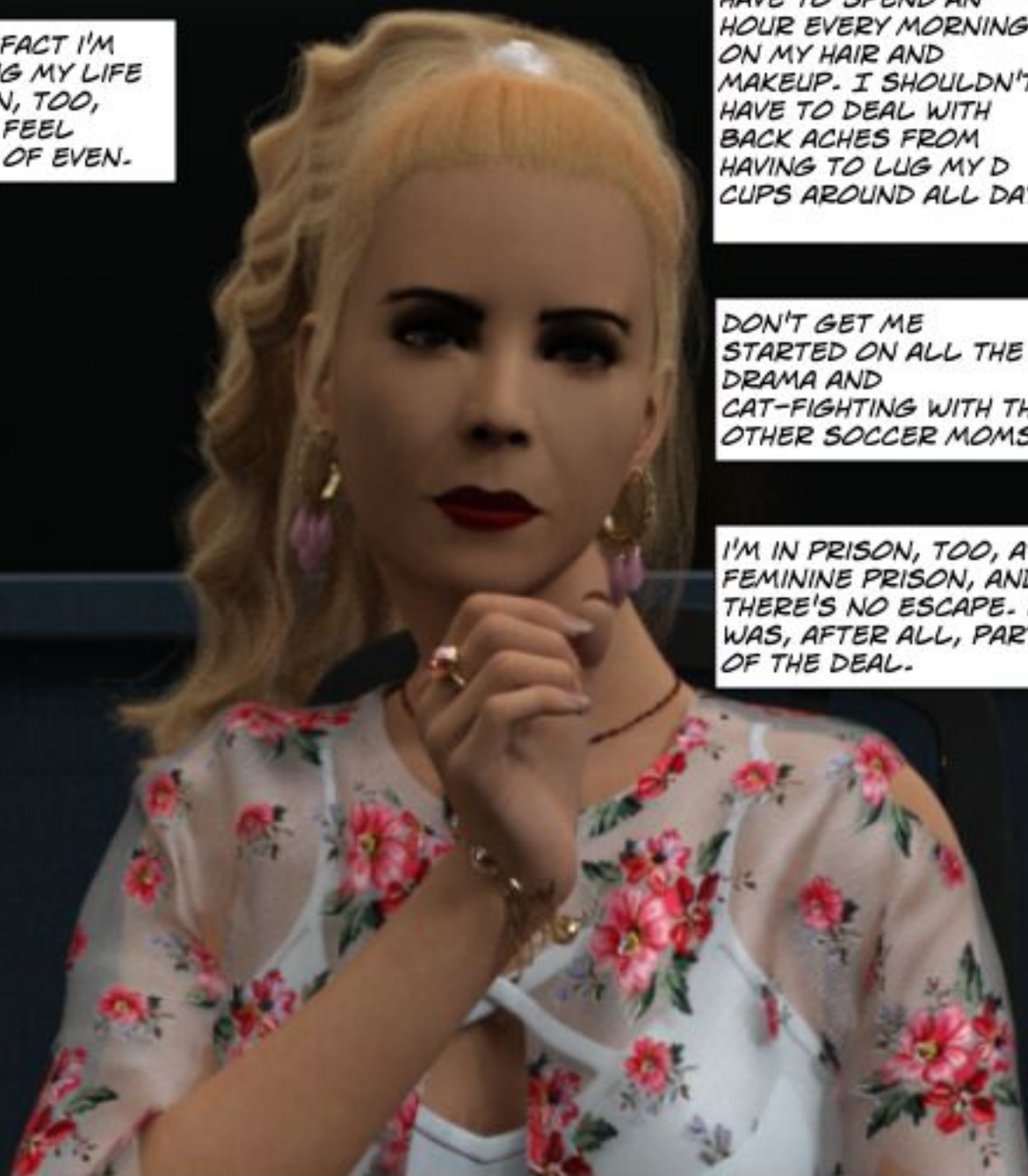
MARCO DOESN'T ENTIRELY BLAME ME FOR THE FACT SHE'S A WOMAN NOW. SHE KNOWS IT WAS CHERRY'S IDEA.

I THINK THE FACT I'M STUCK LIVING MY LIFE AS A WOMAN, TOO, MAKES HER FEEL WE'RE KIND OF EVEN.

SHE KNOWS I HATE IT. I'M A MAN. I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO SPEND AN HOUR EVERY MORNING ON MY HAIR AND MAKEUP. I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH BACK ACHES FROM HAVING TO LUG MY D CUPS AROUND ALL DAY.

DON'T GET ME STARTED ON ALL THE DRAMA AND CAT-FIGHTING WITH THE OTHER SOCCER MOMS.

I'M IN PRISON, TOO, A FEMININE PRISON, AND THERE'S NO ESCAPE. IT WAS, AFTER ALL, PART OF THE DEAL.





AND BY THE WAY, MISS TIMMONS?

THIS IS A ONE WAY STREET. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LIVE AS A WOMAN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

I STILL DANCE A
COUPLE NIGHTS A
WEEK AT KITTENS.

I'M PUTTING THE MONEY IN A
COLLEGE FUND FOR MY DAUGHTERS.

SHE'S HOT...
SHE'S A COP...

BESIDES...

...I LOVE DANCING.
AND I'M REALLY GOOD
AT IT, TOO.



MY NAME IS
AMBERLYNN DIVINE,
AND I'M A KITTEN.

THANKS TO ALL MY PATRONS FOR YOUR SUPPORT!
YOUR GENEROUS DONATIONS HELP PAY FOR THE
COSTUMES, SETTINGS AND ALL THE RESOURCES THAT
WENT INTO CREATING DEALS, BETS AND DARES.

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO MY
\$9 PATRONS (AT TIME OF
ORIGINAL PUBLICATION!)

A COOPER
ADAM BRENT FORD
ALEXIA
FRANK SEEGER
JOE BLOW 78
JOHN MCMANUS
MACKENZIE HUNTER
MATT
R BRIERS
SHADOWASSAIN12
TERRY ROSE
WILLIAM