

*Marilyn Stokes*



**Hello, and welcome to another episode of Female Focus, the show...**

**...where we celebrate the achievements of Fantastic Females!**



In the spotlight tonight, Detective Angelo Timmons.

He may not seem like a fantastic female.



Perhaps you haven't heard. He became a woman as part of an undercover operation.

And then what did *she* do?





She only took down **The Boss** of the New Amsterdam crime world!

Tonight, you'll hear her story.



And I think you will agree that she is, truly, a fantastic female.





Over the past weeks, I met with Amberlynn, as she now calls herself, as well as a number of other key players in this dramatic tale of crime going very much punished.







Well, honestly,  
it started as a  
joke.

A joke?

Or, so I  
thought.

Flashback!

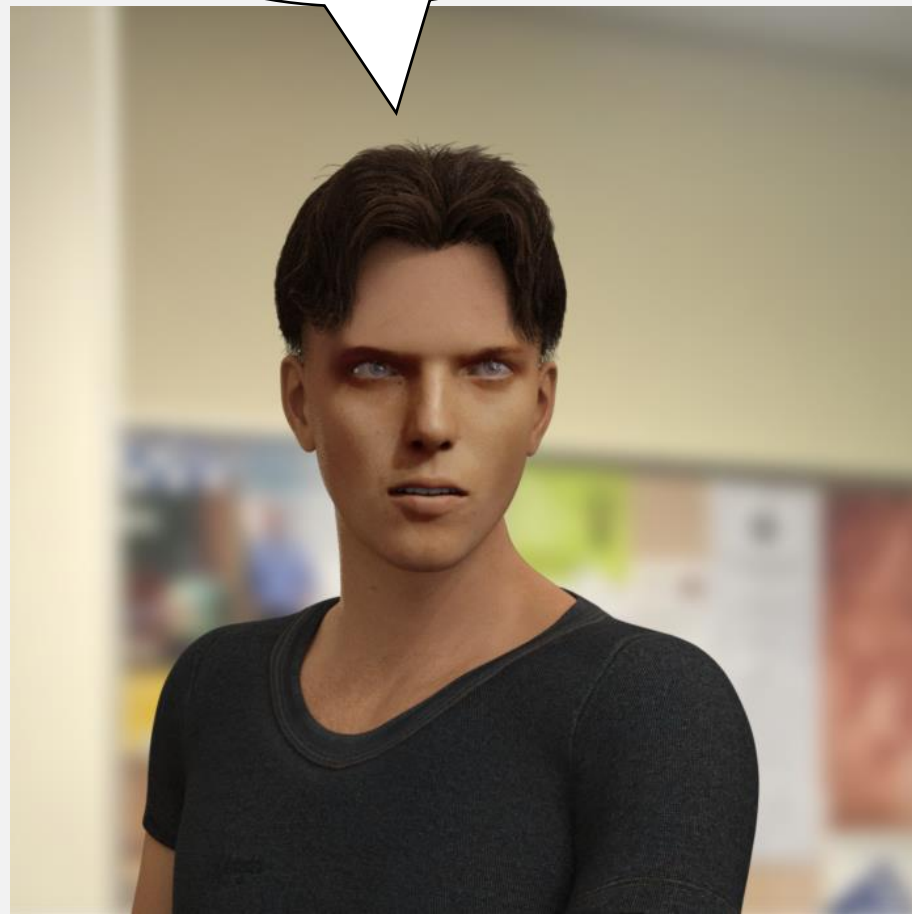


And so we need a  
volunteer to go  
undercover as an exotic  
dancer at *Kittens*

How about  
you Angelo?



How about me,  
what, exactly?



Get yourself a nice  
pair of tits, slip on  
some heels and go  
undercover as a  
stripper!







Me? A woman? A stripper?

Not that it was technically *impossible*. The tech had been invented to give someone a complete biological change of sex. But, I mean, a guy like me? Like everyone else, I just laughed at the idea. Sarge's little joke-- I'd sooner die than go girl.

# Kittens



I knew Kittens well.  
The most beautiful  
girls in the city.  
And, they were the  
most well-trained.

Sweet, eager to  
please, great dancers.

I loved *all* those girls.

But these was one...





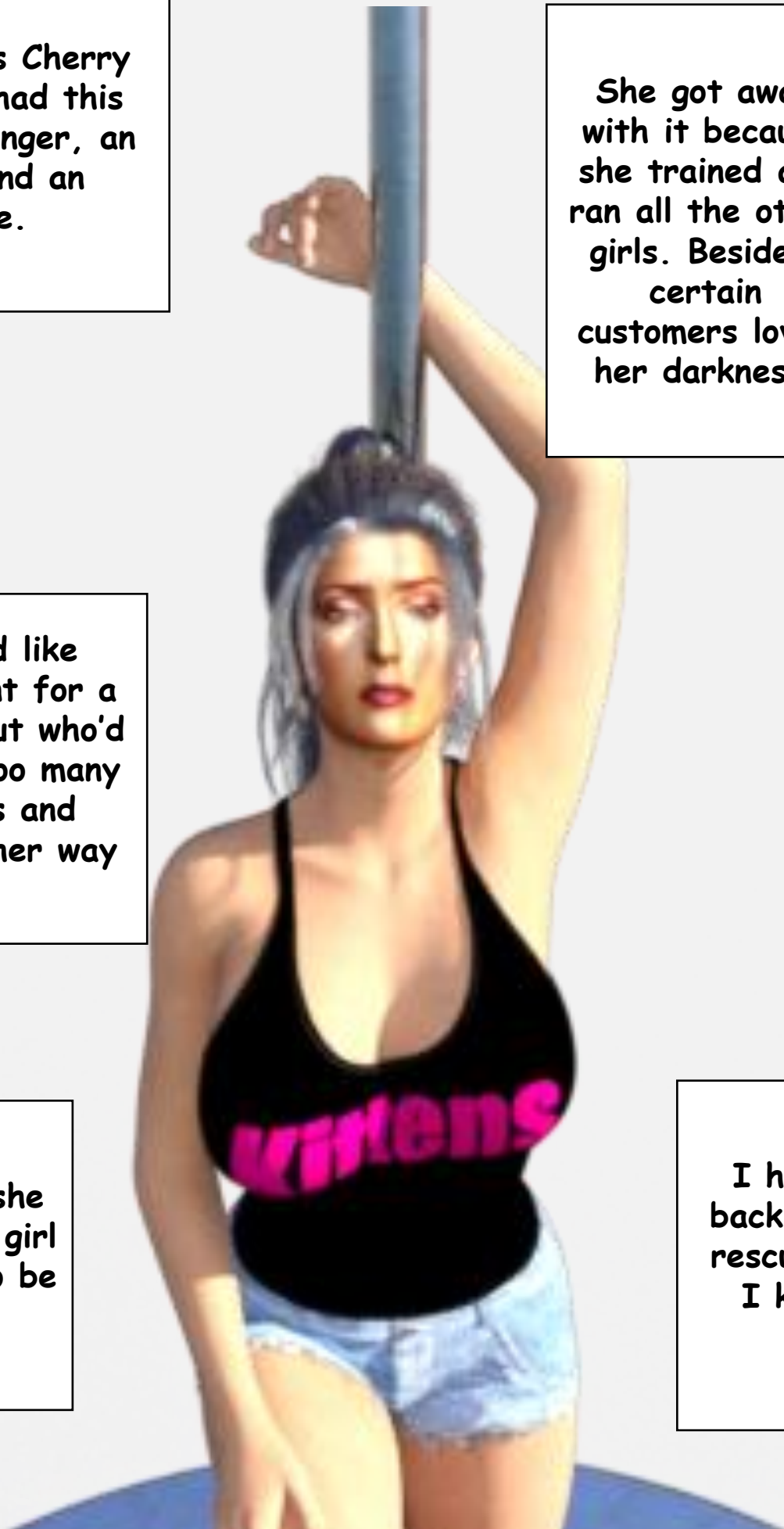
Her name was Cherry Sweet. She had this sadness and anger, an intensity and an attitude.

She got away with it because she trained and ran all the other girls. Besides, certain customers loved her darkness.

She seemed like someone meant for a better life, but who'd made a few too many wrong turns and couldn't find her way home.

Most of all, she seemed like a girl who needed to be rescued.

I had a thing back then about rescuing women. I know. The irony.



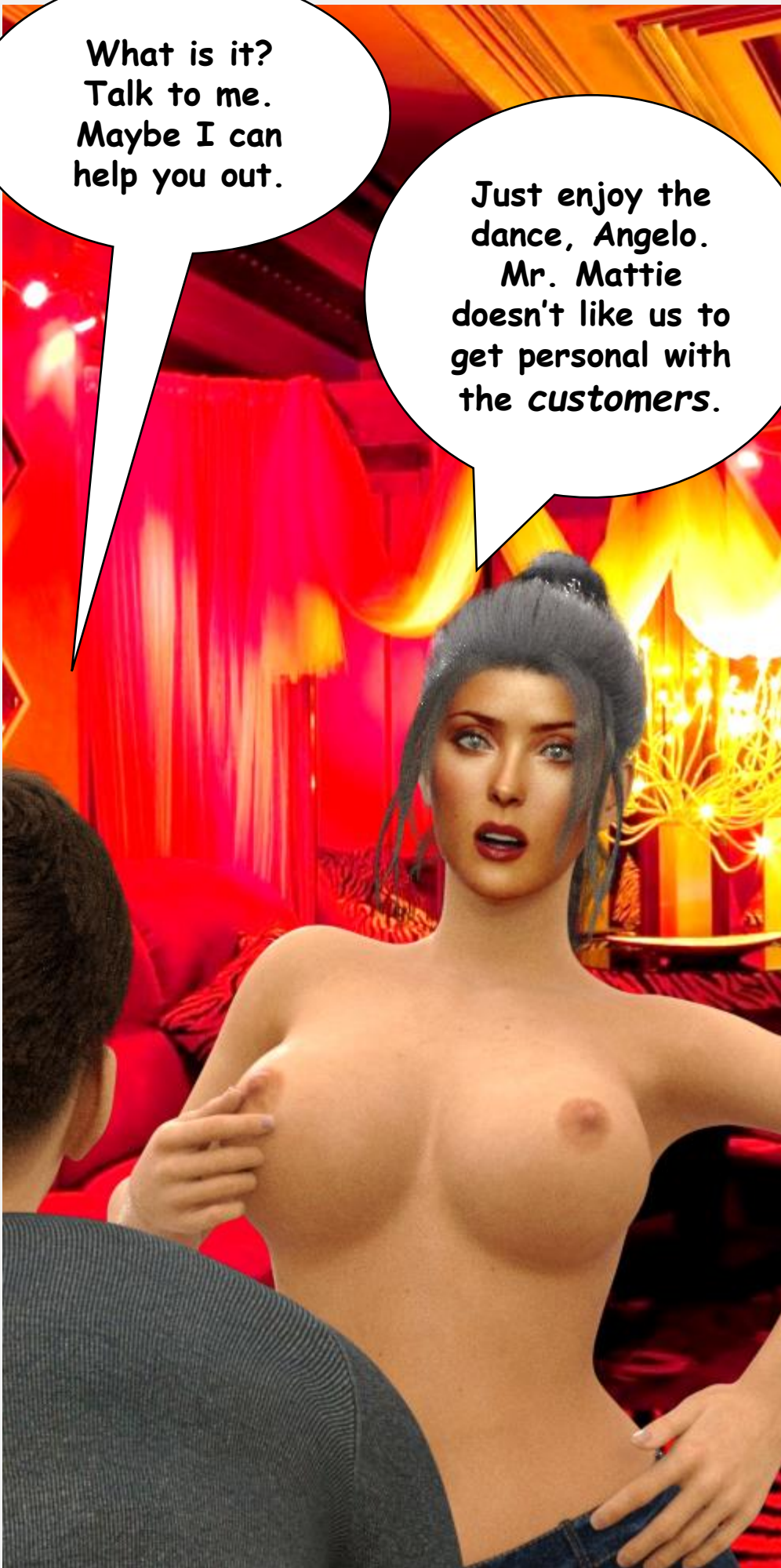
What is it?  
Talk to me.  
Maybe I can  
help you out.

Just enjoy the  
dance, Angelo.  
Mr. Mattie  
doesn't like us to  
get personal with  
the *customers*.

Marco Mattie. Boss of all  
Bosses and the proprietor  
of Kittens. Stand up guy  
for a master criminal.



Yeah, I accepted a  
few "gifts," some  
gratis lap dances. It's  
part of being a cop. I  
didn't really understand  
why Sarge had such a  
hard on for him.



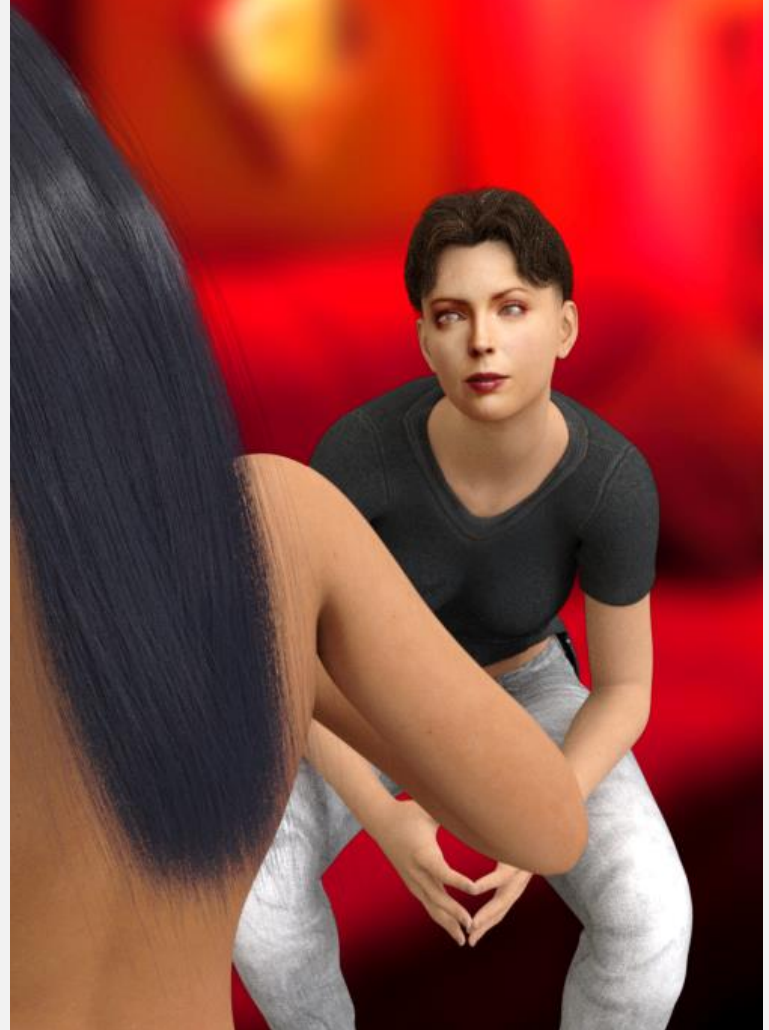


I don't know if it was Sarge's joke, but the next time I was at Kittens, it got weird.

I was getting a boner watching Cherry dance, thinking she was so beautiful...



And then I started wondering what it would be like to be HER.



With those big eyes, those long legs, ... that skin... she was everything. What was it like to be so desired? What was it like to have...





I snapped out of it, freaked at what I'd been imagining.



What the hell?



Wait.



So, you had fantasized about being a woman?

That was the only time. I'm serious. I had never done that before.

There's something more. I can tell. Let it all out. You'll feel better.



I... I... well, there was this one time..



Everyone was in the backyard. I got curious and decided to try on some of my sister's clothes. It was nothing. I was just a kid.




My sister caught me. My father beat the shit out of me. It was all...

Why am I telling you this?

I've never told anyone this story.






You needed to let it out. It was time. So, after that day, you were the All-American Boy.

And, then, when you had that fantasy about being Cherry? Did it trigger anything?


You had to please your father.



Well, um, let's just say...

Things got hot and heavy!





**Marilyn: What did you do to prove your manhood? And don't worry. We'll edit out anything too racey.**

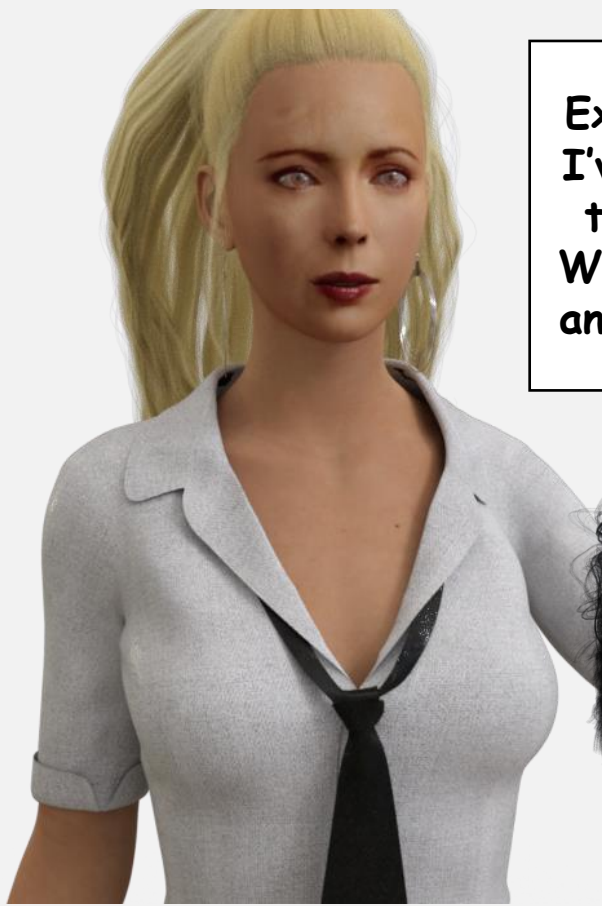
**I went wilding, and it was Kentucky Bourbon, cigars...**

**...lap dances and lines of cocaine... I pulled my badge on some loser and pistol whipped him in the alley, knowing Marco and the girls would cover for me if the guy ever complained...**

**I picked up Misty. We went back to my place.**







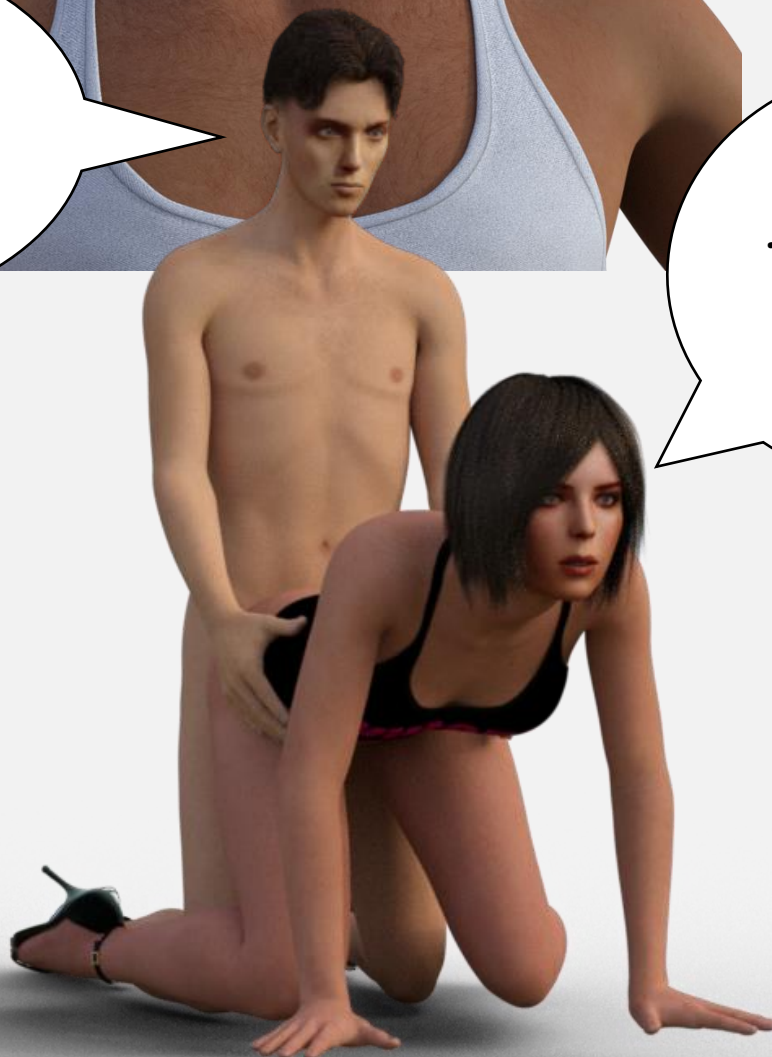
Except, that's not what happened. Not really. I've been telling myself that lie for so long... I think I actually came to believe it was true. What really happened is I was high and drunk, and my father was rattling around in my head.



You fucking little pussy!  
Don't you ever embarrass me again!

Shut up! Shut up!  
Just, finally,  
shut the hell up!

Dude, just finish so I can get the hell out of here.





Despite all that, I assure you I never really wanted to be a woman. Never.


Amberlynn, help me understand.



You did agree to become a woman. And then you trained to become an exotic dancer.


It's hard for me to understand how any cis male could elect to do what you did.





Well, *Marilyn*.  
I can clear  
that up for  
you.

You want  
to know  
why?



I'm just giving you a  
chance to tell your  
story.

**I had to  
save Maria.  
That's why  
I became a  
Kitten.**



**Maria Cortes. NAPD  
Officer. Went  
undercover as a Kitten  
and vanished without a  
trace.**

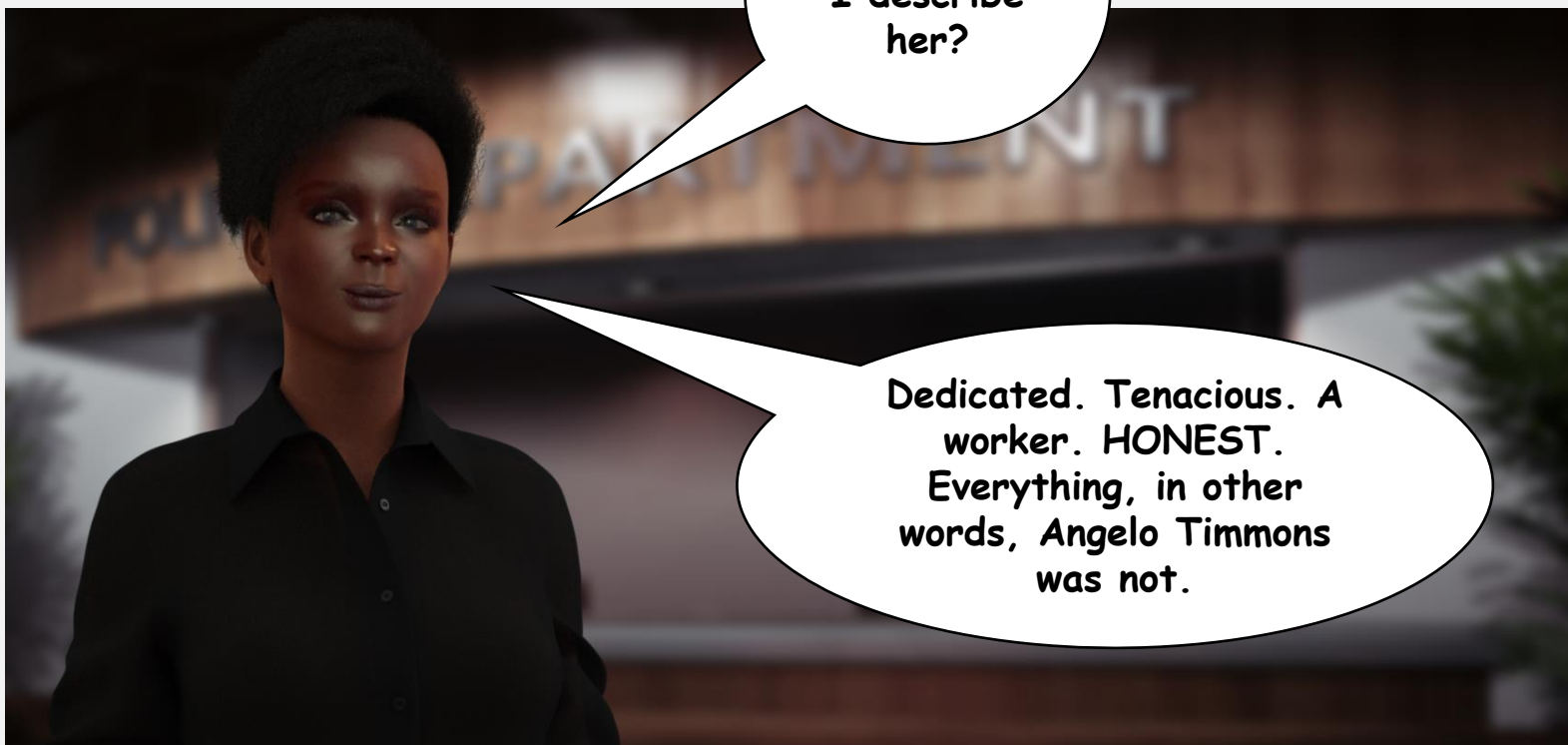


## CHAPTER 2

**Maria Cortes. One of the bright lights in this department.**



**How would I describe her?**



**Dedicated. Tenacious. A worker. HONEST. Everything, in other words, Angelo Timmons was not.**



**Sergeant Anita Washington of the NAPD. Angel's Supervisor.**

**We meet at the precinct office to get her inside perspective on Operation Angel.**

**Wait. Angelo was highly decorated with one of the best arrest records in--**

**Angelo was a deadbeat. Records lie.**



Why pick him, then, to try and save Cortes?



I trusted my gut. I knew he was the right girl for the job.



Marilyn: But..



But nuthin. After his change, I went down there and watched him dance.

He was good. Maybe the best girl at Kittens.





Marilyn: Your point?

He's a  
great little  
dancer!

That I was  
right. That  
Angelo was  
the right  
girl for the  
job.



Angelo worked  
harder at his  
dancing than he'd  
ever worked on  
anything in his  
life.



He made a better Kitten  
than a cop

You're  
telling  
me..

Officer  
Angelo  
Timmons?



He was born to be a  
**Kitten.**







Born to  
be a  
Kitten?

That is such  
bullshit!

She said  
you worked  
really hard  
to become  
a great  
dancer.



*Excuse me,*  
but I worked  
really hard  
at  
*everything!*

I learned to walk  
like a girl, talk like  
a girl. I had to  
learn to do makeup!  
And don't even get  
me started on this  
hair!

Learning to  
dance wasn't  
even the half  
of it!





Ever tried to dance in stilettos?

Do you have any idea what it's like for a man to have to live like this?

Do you think if I had a choice I--?

Oops. Omigod!


I- lost it there. I'm so sorry? Silly me.

I just- I did work hard. So hard.

I assure you...

I'm a man. I was not born to be a Kitten! I worked my fanny off to perform female!





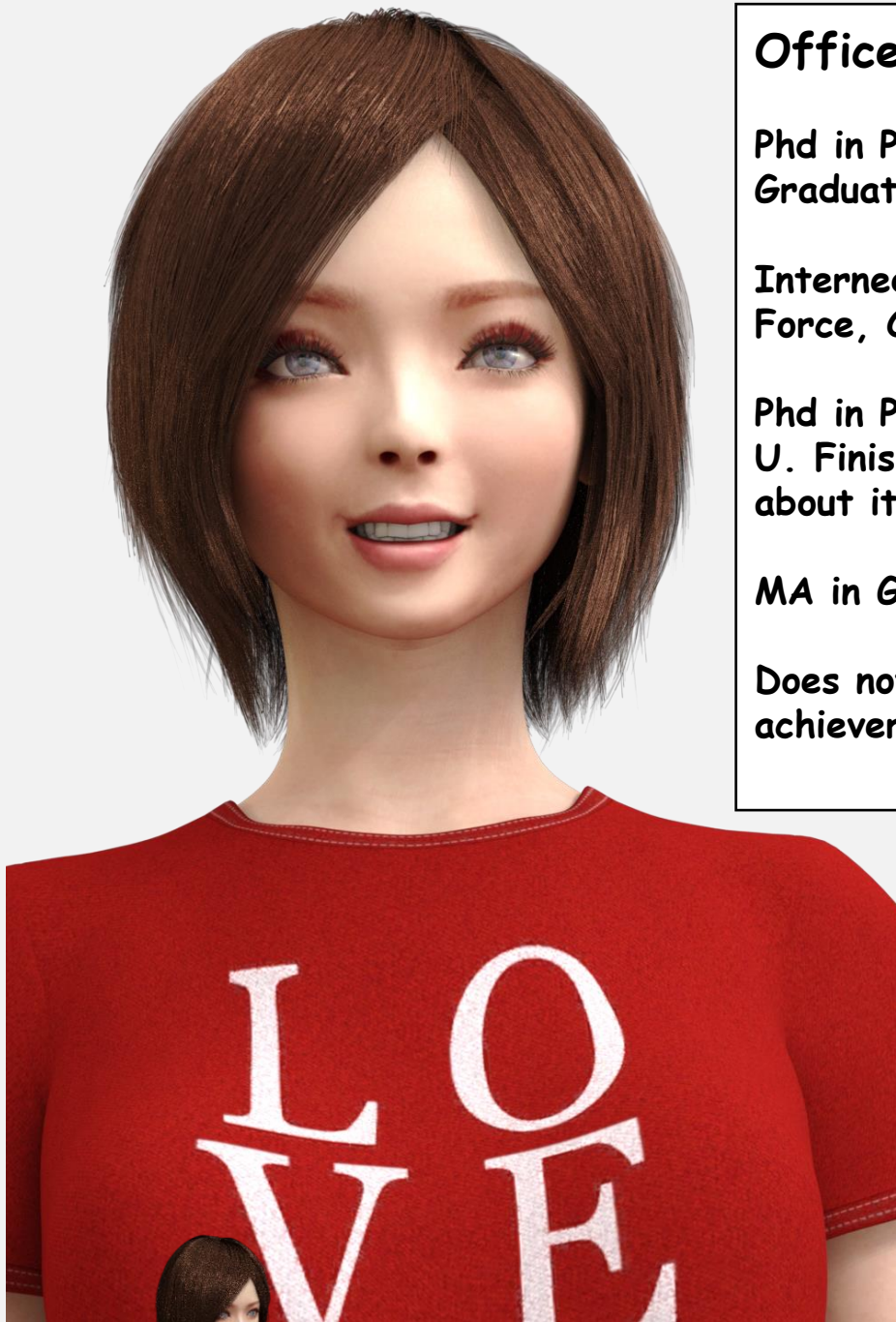
Your work paid off. You move and speak like a feminine young woman.

And, you didn't have much time. It must've taken a miracle.



It did take a miracle.

Her name was Kai Lin, and she is the unsung hero of this story.



## Officer Kai Lin

Phd in Psychology, New Amsterdam U.  
Graduated First in Her Class

Interned with Federal Crime Task  
Force, Criminal Profiler Division.

Phd in Psychotherapy. New Amsterdam  
U. Finished Second in class. Still angry  
about it.

MA in Gender Studies

Does not consider herself a high  
achiever.



Holds black belts in Krav  
Maga, Judo and Brazilian  
Kick-Boxing

Flaws: Loves junk food and  
reality TV.



The day Sarge finally got me to agree to my sex-change, she sent me to meet Kai at her place. I was not prepared for her intensity.

Hey, girl.

Make your own  
normal







Haha. I'm not a girl yet.

Actually, Amberlynn, you are a girl.



Amberlynn?

From this moment until the end of your mission...


You are a feminine young woman. Your pronouns are she/her.

Your name is Amberlynn, and your big dream is to be a dancer at Kittens.



Wait a minute!





Okay, cut  
the crap! I  
don't even  
want to do  
this so--

Amberlynn! You  
will drop the  
bitchy attitude!  
You have two  
choices.

You will either  
follow my  
directions, or you  
can fuck off. I'm  
not going to  
waste my time  
with you throwing  
hissy fits.

I try and stare her down, thinking this cute little Asian girl is going to be easy to intimidate.



Whatever.  
Fine.



But she just gets this crazed look in her eyes and starts laughing! I didn't know it yet, but she's an evil genius!



Good girl! Now,  
repeat after me. *I*  
am a pretty girl...







I'm a pretty girl... I  
love to dance...

It was- shocking-- for me to hear myself say those words. Suddenly, it all seemed real. I was going to be- a woman? A stripper? How had I gotten myself into this?

My name is Amberlynn, and my big dream is to become a Kitten.

Excellent.







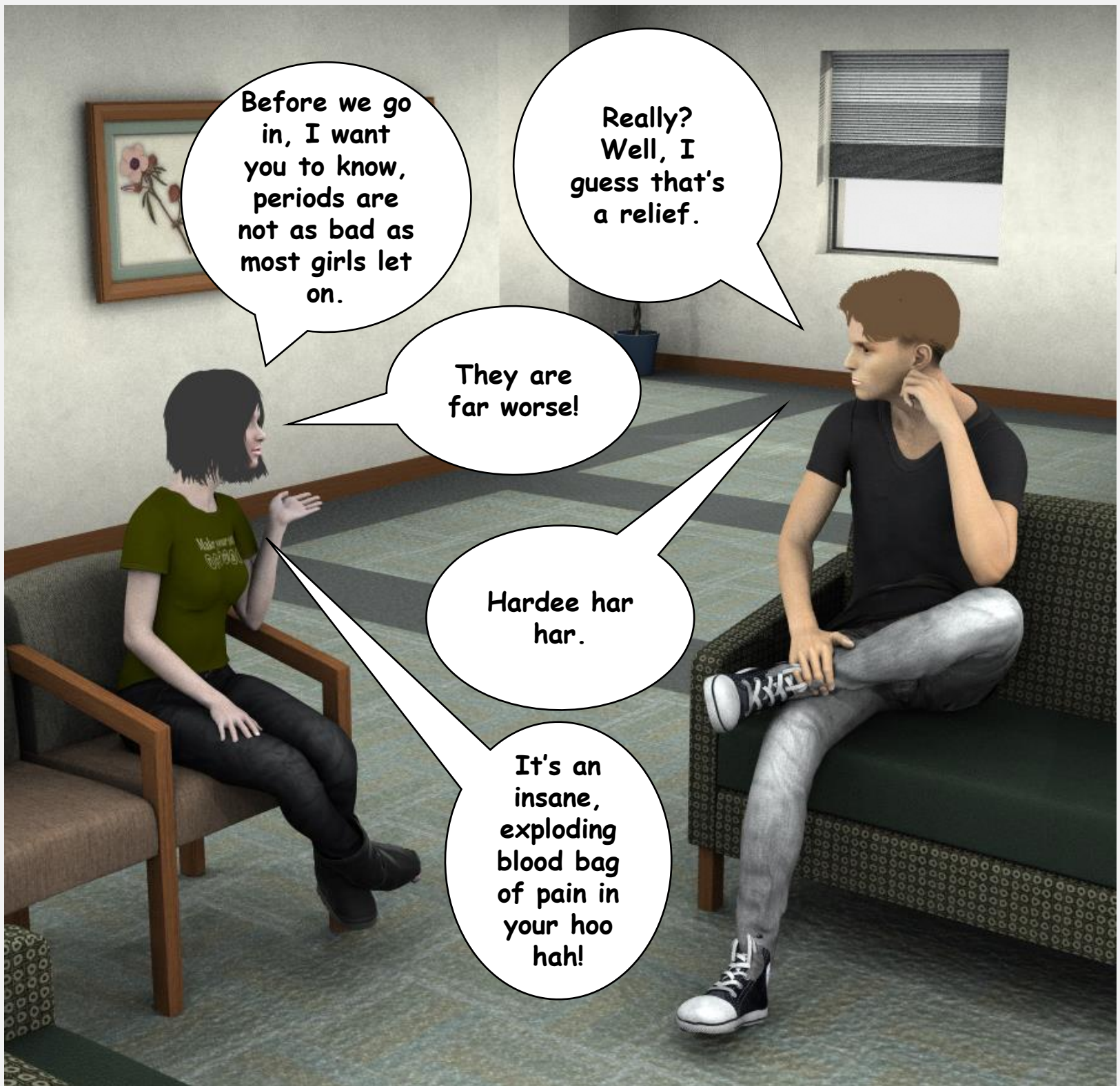
Now let's go get your shot, so you can start growing your own pair of titties!

How dare you!

Haha- Oh, I'm sorry. It's just- it's funny.



Just kidding. She has a wicked sense of humor, and thank God for that. There were a lot of time during the mission where I needed a laugh, and she never failed to deliver. I was glad to have her there with me.



I was NOT looking forward to seeing our department doctor, The Butcher, for this procedure. We didn't get along, and now I was here looking to become a woman? I was sure I would be getting ribbed pretty hard.





There was, I assure you, mutual interest. She'd been playing hard to get, yeah, but there was a lot of sexual tension. Now, that's all gone. She knows I'm here get my very own a vagina. She doesn't find my attractive at all. She can't hide the little smirk, the amusement in her eyes. She thinks its funny.

How many of my ex-girlfriends, I wonder, will laugh if they find out? Angelo Timmons, a little bitch and a stripper. I don't have to wonder about the guys at the precinct.





**It's gotten too real, too fast. I'm about to become one of THEM!**




**I don't know if  
I can do this!**

**Take my  
hand. We'll be  
strong  
together.**



**Kai took my hand, whispering, "It's okay, sweetie. It's okay" as she led me on my last few steps as a HIM, and my first few steps toward becoming a HER.**





So, it's  
Amberlynn Divine  
now?

Yes..

Honey  
Goodlay  
was  
already  
taken.

Kai..



Let me officially welcome you to  
team Girl. There's something  
they left out of the Book of  
Genesis. When God made man,  
he took one look at his  
handiwork and said, "I can do  
better."



Amberlynn, are you sure you want to go through with this?

Yes. I want to be a woman.

It was part of the story. To try and keep my eventual undercover work a secret, I would tell everyone I wanted to become a woman. This was a choice I had made. Only Sarge, myself and Kai knew the truth.



Well, then drop your pants and bend over. I have a load to deliver! Haha. That's what **he** said!





Don't you look cute.

Take my hand.

Is this gonna hurt?

It always hurts the first time! LOL!



I was bent over, waiting for the shot, fighting every instinct to run before it was too late.



**Fuck!**

**Congratulations.  
You are now on  
your way to  
becoming a  
superior  
lifeform: A  
female.**



**It didn't hurt that much physically,  
but mentally, it was like I felt her  
rip my balls off and stomp on them.  
This was it. My life as a man was  
over for the foreseeable future.  
Angelo Timmons was gone.**



## CHAPTER 3



I have Chills.

You are so brave.

And as a man, it must have been so challenging when your body started to change.



Before my body- it was the mental struggle.

We went right from the clinic to "Amberlynn's" apartment. I was told I would live there from now on.





She took my keys and ID.

I had only women's clothes to wear. All the time. Even when I was alone?

I hadn't been told about any of this! I hadn't been asked.



I thought you said she was a hero?

We had a long talk that night. It turned out she had her reasons.

It all had to do with Marco.




I want  
some say in  
all this.

You picked my name-  
and it sucks. You  
designed my body, and  
I still don't know even  
what I'll look like.

I should  
get a  
vote.







I have extensively profiled Marco Mattia. He prefers submissive, extremely feminine women.

The kind of women who prefer to have others make their decisions for them.

He prefers shorter women with big tits and plump asses. He designed your body, not me.

I know Marco Mattia's *dream girl*, and I am going to turn you into that girl.





Dream girl?

Me?



It's the only way you have a chance to complete this mission.



So that's why you're a..

Um.. you're..



A blonde with big tits?

Uh. Yah.



First thing next morning, we head right to what Kai informs me will be my second home, Dancetaria. Owner didn't pay taxes. Government took it, so Amberlynn has her own private dance studio. I am such a lucky guy.



But before I could perform my first efface devant, we had a problem.

A bra? I don't need a bra!



Your bra is not to support your body, but to mold your mind.



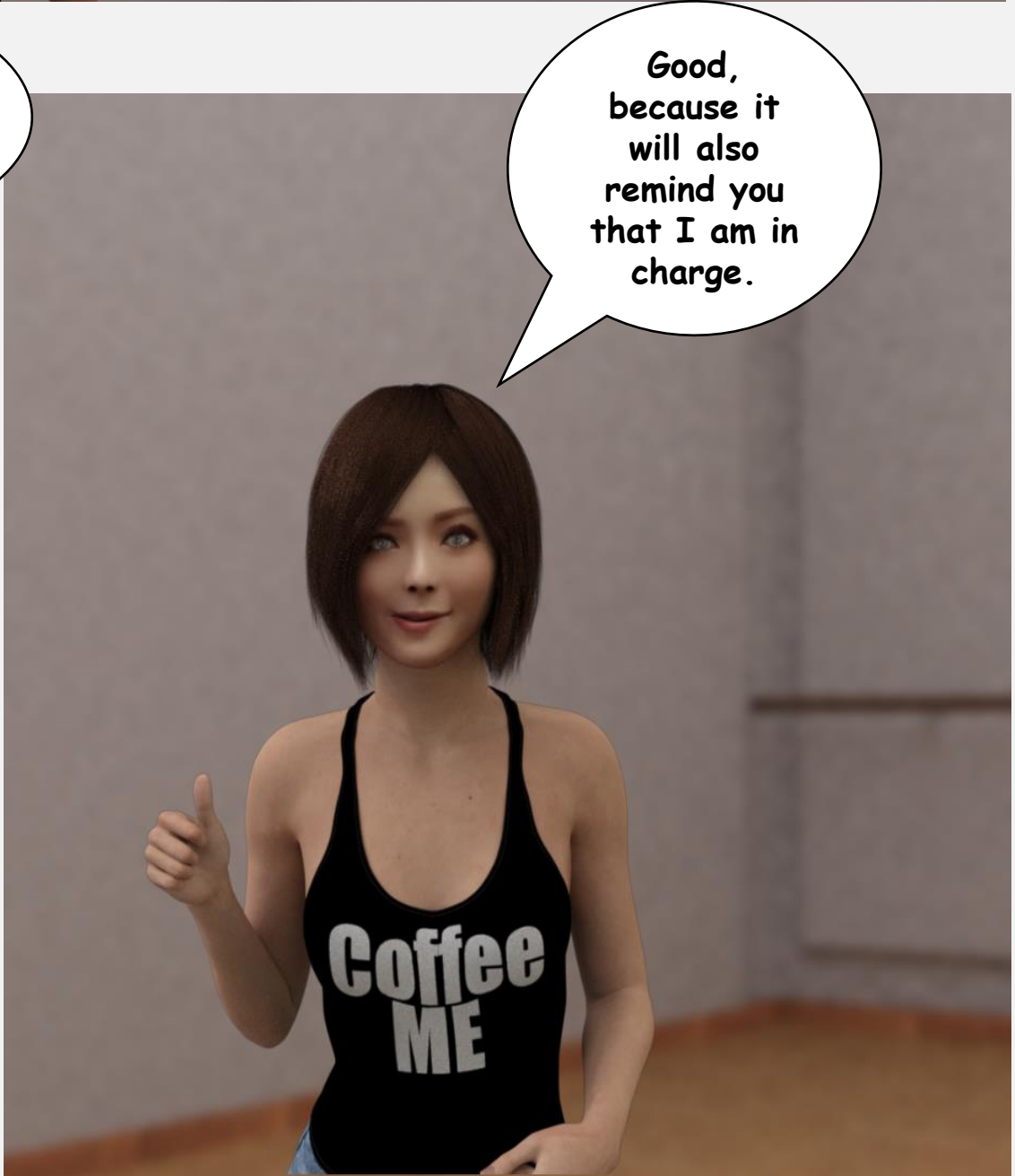
**Bra Discipline.** It has helped men become more feminine for many years. Your bra constricts, as your new life will be constricted. There is no male equivalent, so the tight strap across your back and the feeling of the cups against your chest will remind you that you are female now. It will eat away at your sense of masculinity.



Men see bras as erotic, mysterious and arousing- they symbolize female sexuality! Claim your bra and claim your sexual identity as a female!



None of that made me want to wear a bra.



Good, because it will also remind you that I am in charge.





Now stop being such a baby!

Put on your damn bra, missy. NOW!

How do you feel?

It's too small. It feels like it's crushing me.

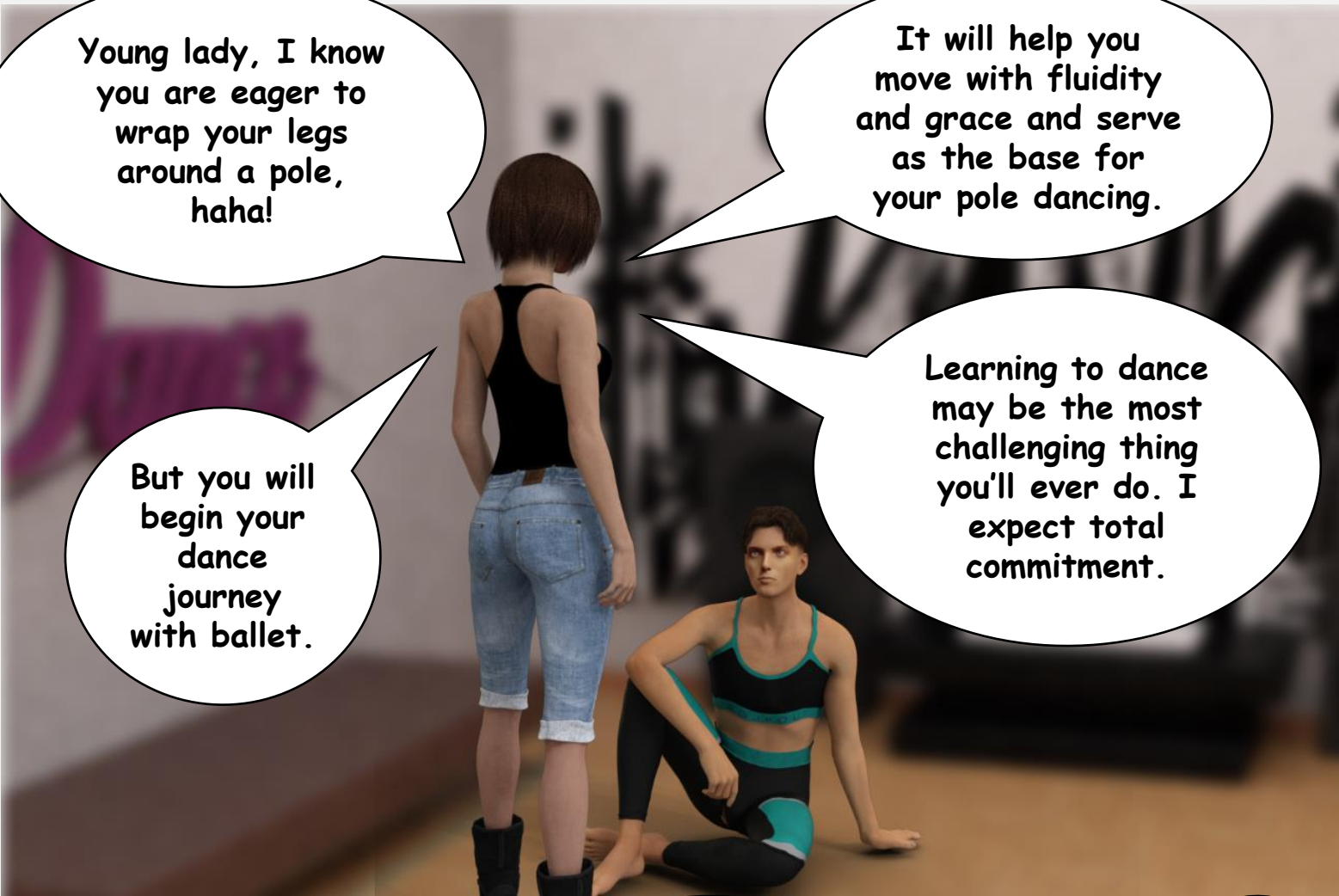
I asked how you felt.

Now sit.



Not the fit of your bra.






Young lady, I know you are eager to wrap your legs around a pole, haha!

It will help you move with fluidity and grace and serve as the base for your pole dancing.

But you will begin your dance journey with ballet.

Learning to dance may be the most challenging thing you'll ever do. I expect total commitment.



It's just dancing. I'm sure it's not *that* hard.

Show me what ya got, then.

Bitch.

I mean, *girls* do it.



Coffee  
ME





Everybody was ballet dancing!

See? Easy peasy.

Follow my movements.

Actually, terrible.



You look like a constipated ape.

Pretty good, right?






This is nothing!



I'm doing ballet, motherfucker!



I got your nutcracker right here!





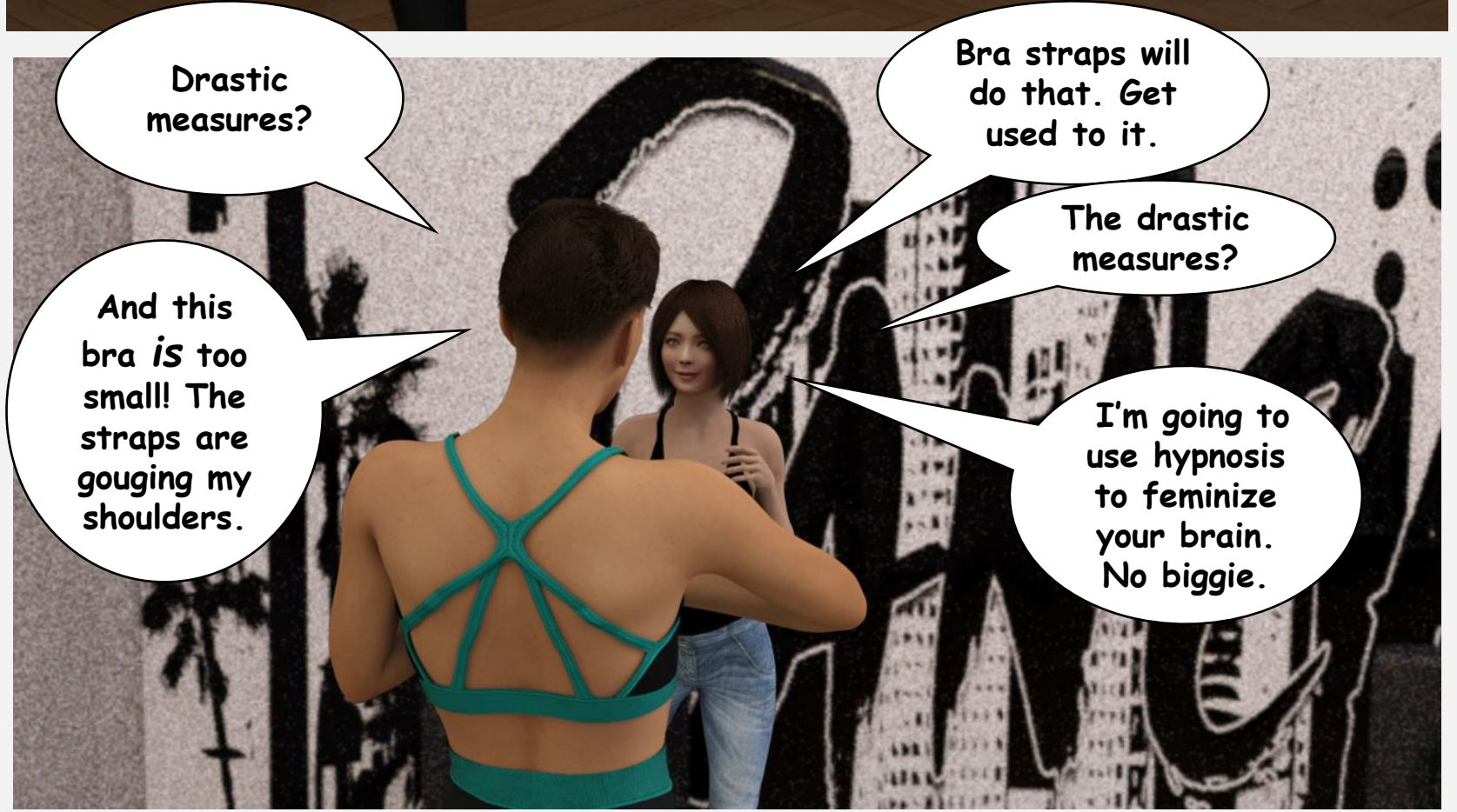


Ow! I think I pulled something!

So easy even a girl can do it, eh?

You're terrible, and your male ego is getting in the way.

This calls for drastic measures.



Drastic measures?

Bra straps will do that. Get used to it.

And this bra *is* too small! The straps are gouging my shoulders.

The drastic measures?

I'm going to use hypnosis to feminize your brain. No biggie.

Now, *Girl*, as much as you suck at dancing, you did work hard today, so you deserve a reward. Go get changed!

You're getting your nails done!

That sounds more like a punishment.

Coffee  
ME





They're so pretty!

Do you like them?

I love them. Thank you, Kai, for such a wonderful reward.

I assure you, it is my pleasure!



My nails are even worse than my bra. At least no one knows I'm wearing a bra. Everyone can see my- PINK!- nails.

How can I even use my hands without breaking one of these stupid things?

There's no point complaining. I'll just have to get used to it.






It's such a relief when I can finally take my bra off and *breath!* It left welts on my shoulders and chest. Kai says it's normal? Are women in pain all the time, then?

That feels so good!

I'm physically exhausted, mentally overwhelmed. I just want to crawl under the covers and sleep! But I still have work to do.





Kai has prepared "life stories" for me to learn- details about Amberlynn's life- her parents, her first kiss. Stories about dance class, slumber parties, losing my virginity in the woods to some dude named Leroy.

Kai says I have to learn the stories so well they become *part of me*. That eventually they will seem like memories, especially with the help of hypnosis.

The thought scares me.

And I have to practice putting on my make-up for at least 30 minutes each night. The time it takes to clean it off doesn't count.





You started living as Amberlynn.

My whole routine was just like any girl.



Not a hint of stubble!  
Legs like silk!

Yeah, yeah. I get it.





I had to do my makeup every morning, even though Kai was the only person who would probably see me.

Maybe *he* should wear it?

Marco loves that shade of pink!

Kai was there every morning?



I don't know if she even slept.

She's so dedicated.



She even made me sit to pee, long before I got my vagina. She even made me wipe myself.

At first it was so humiliating, sitting there like a girl.

But it came to feel natural. In fact, we had a big argument at dance one day, and I decided I would show her! But, I found I couldn't go standing up, even though I still had my johnson. I had to sit!

What do you think caused that?

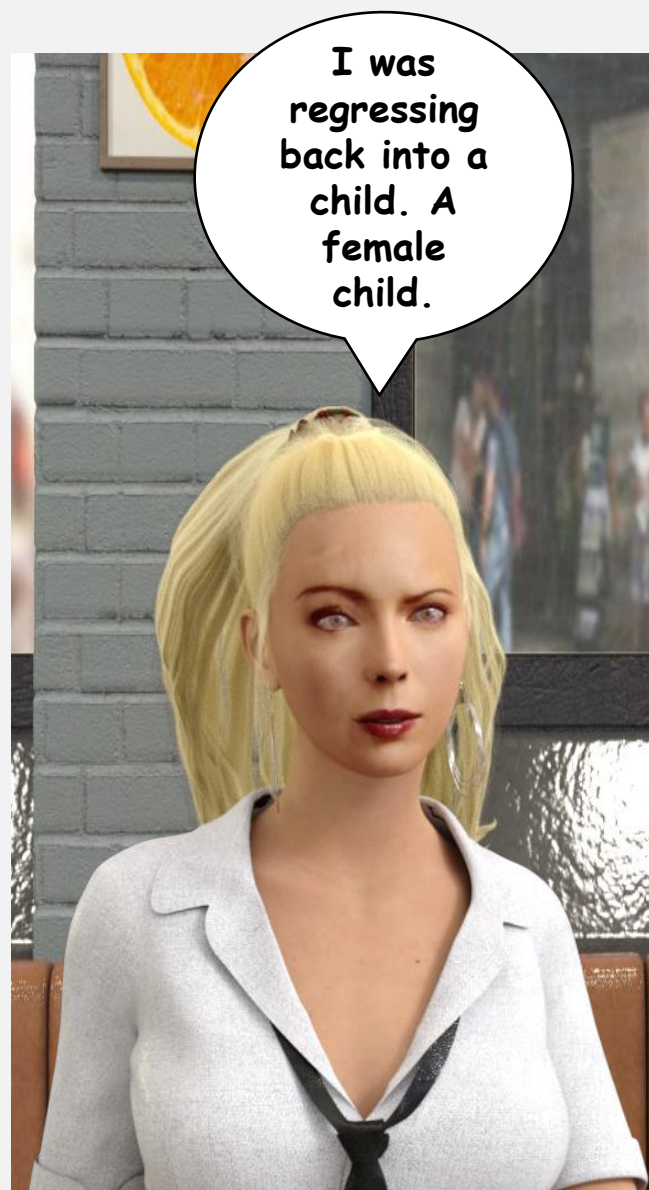
Hypnosis.



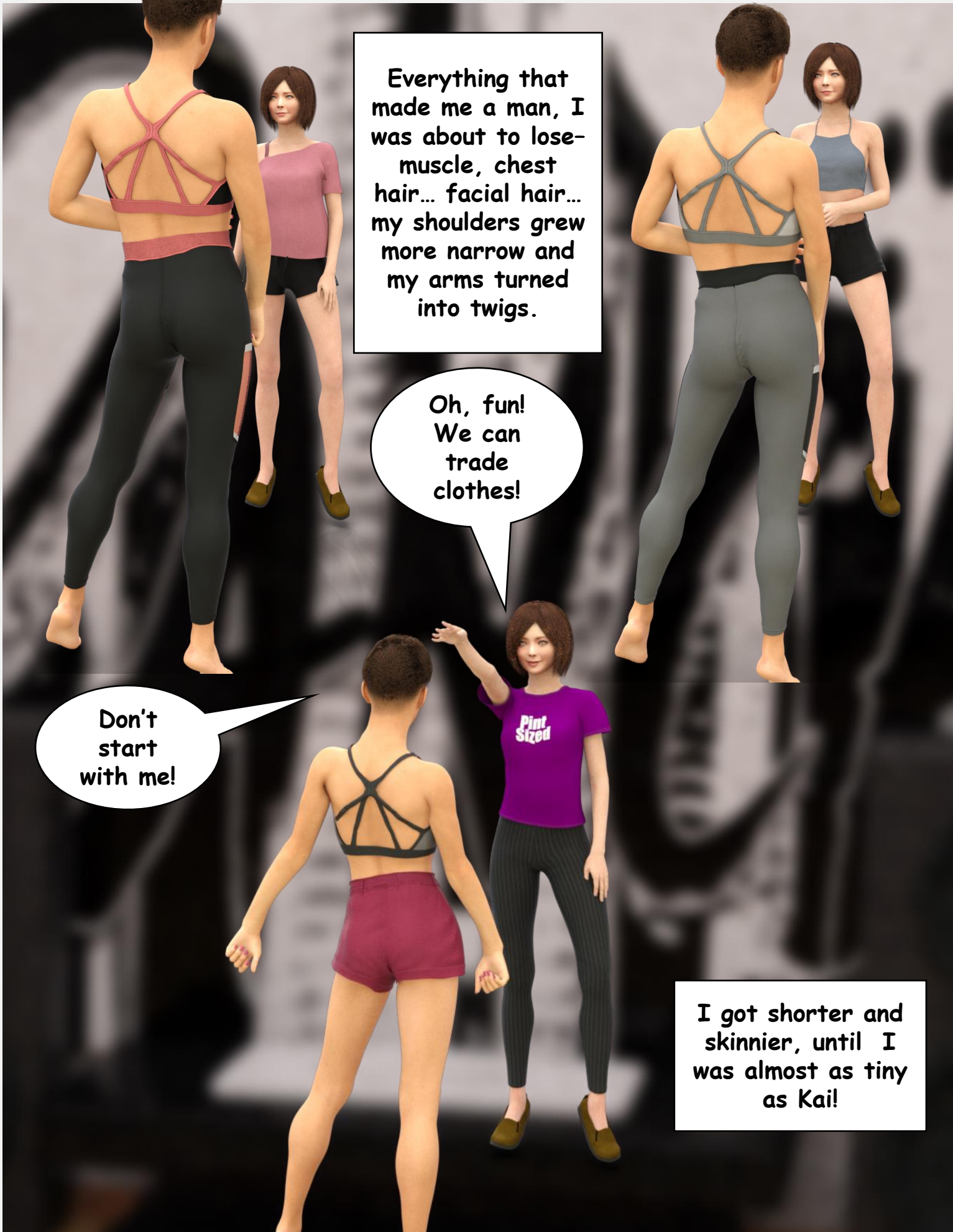




## CHAPTER 4







Everything that made me a man, I was about to lose— muscle, chest hair... facial hair... my shoulders grew more narrow and my arms turned into twigs.

Oh, fun! We can trade clothes!

Don't start with me!

I got shorter and skinnier, until I was almost as tiny as Kai!



It's like I'm turning into my little sister!

You're so pretty!

I didn't recognize myself. When I looked in the mirror, I saw- a girl.







I had been a grown man, and now I was a child! I was in shock for days. My mind refused to believe that little thing in the mirror was *me*.

But you came to accept that you were now...



A girl.

Well,



I didn't have much choice.





I sound like a bimbo!

Marco...

...is gonna love your little voice!



... to prepare himself for life as a 14-year-old girl.

You knew these changes were coming.

At least you had a chance to prepare yourself.

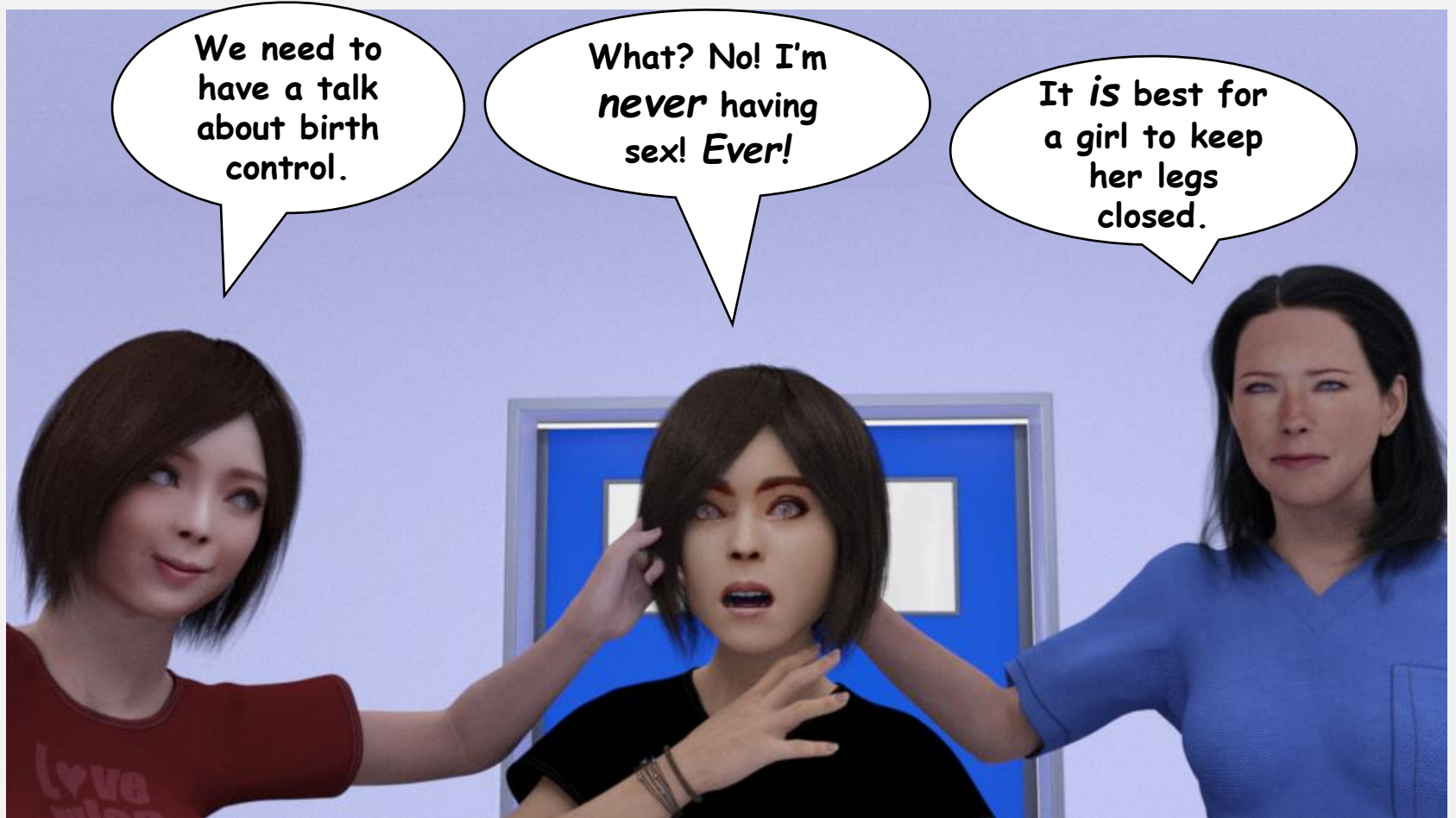


There is no way for any man..









We need to have a talk about birth control.

What? No! I'm *never* having sex! *Ever!*


It *is* best for a girl to keep her legs closed.



That night I spent hours reading about PMS. As a guy, periods were just something gross women used as an excuse to act like bitches. Now that I was a girl, they were just something gross.

Moods swings. Headaches. Bloating. Breast pain. Joint pain. Depression. I didn't want to deal with any of that shit.



A woman with short dark hair and pink lips is sitting on a floral patterned chair in a kitchen. She is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with small pink polka dots and pink and white checkered pants. She is holding a glass in her hands and looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background shows a kitchen counter, a wall-mounted light fixture, and a tiled floor.

My time of the month  
came. The Curse. The  
Girl Flu. Code Red. Aunt  
Flo. The Red Army.

After all the  
shit I gave  
women about it  
for all those  
years, Angelo  
Timmons was on  
the rag.

And, yeah, I  
was kind of a  
bitch on  
wheels all  
during leak  
week.

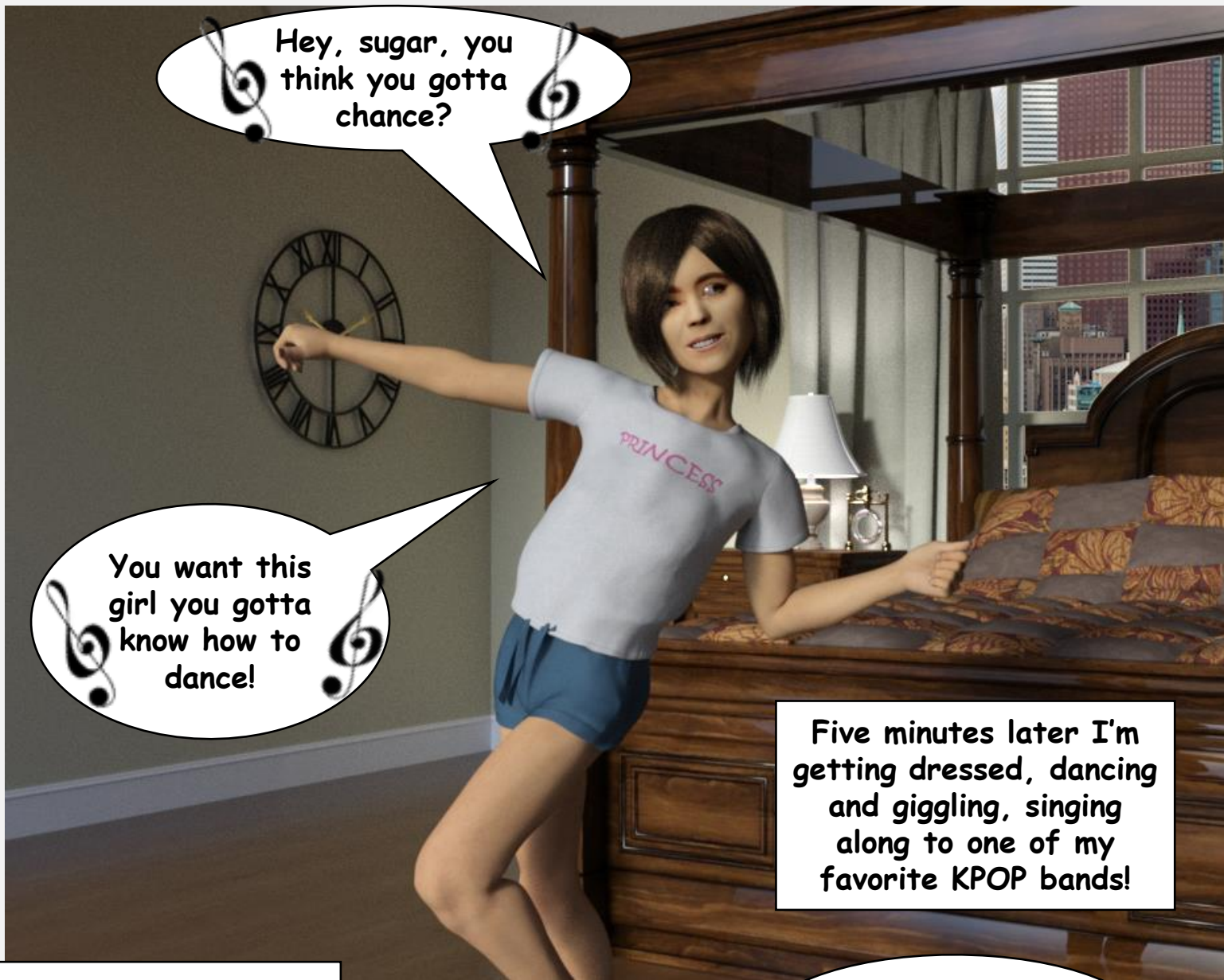
An ovary-reaction.  
Haha. I didn't think it  
was funny at all.

My emotions were all  
over the place!



One minute I'd be practicing my makeup and  
burst into tears, thinking "My Life is Over! I'll  
never be happy again!"





Hey, sugar, you think you gotta chance?

You want this girl you gotta know how to dance!

Five minutes later I'm getting dressed, dancing and giggling, singing along to one of my favorite KPOP bands!

Ballet saved me. It was, like, so important. Kai's hypnosis was digging into my brain.



Amberlynn!  
You're getting so good!

I need to be great!

No matter how achy or bloated or-ugh- I felt, dancing made everything better.



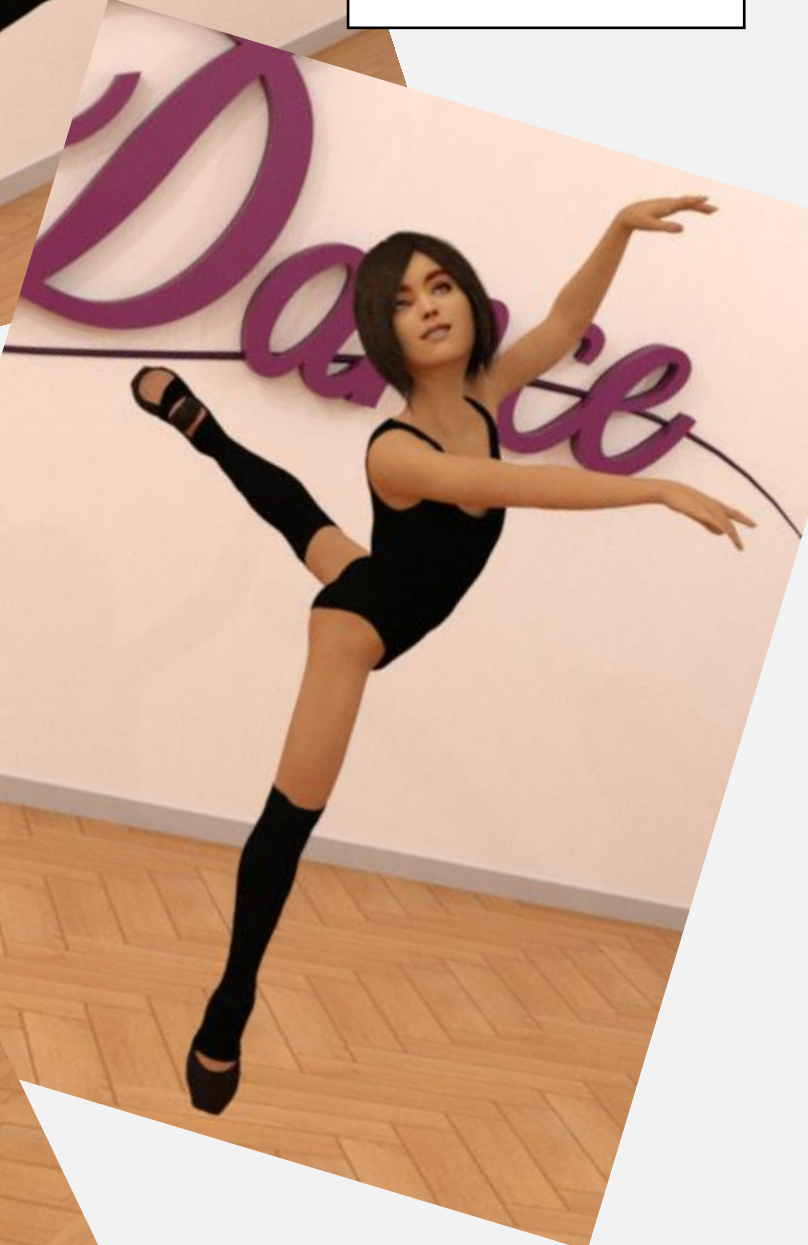
I wanted everything that made a prima ballerina.

Poise.

Grace

Elegance.

I was a *ballerina!* And I was getting really good!





Kai had me watching videos of the Misty Copeland, Anna Pavlova. Under hypnosis I absorbed everything I saw. Inside the dance studio, I felt confident. Outside? Helpless, which was part of Kai's training.

Of course, Amberlynn. It's also time for another trip to the salon! Are you excited!

Um, can I have some money and a ride to the store? Please? I need some stuff.

I'm totally *not* excited. Not at all. No.





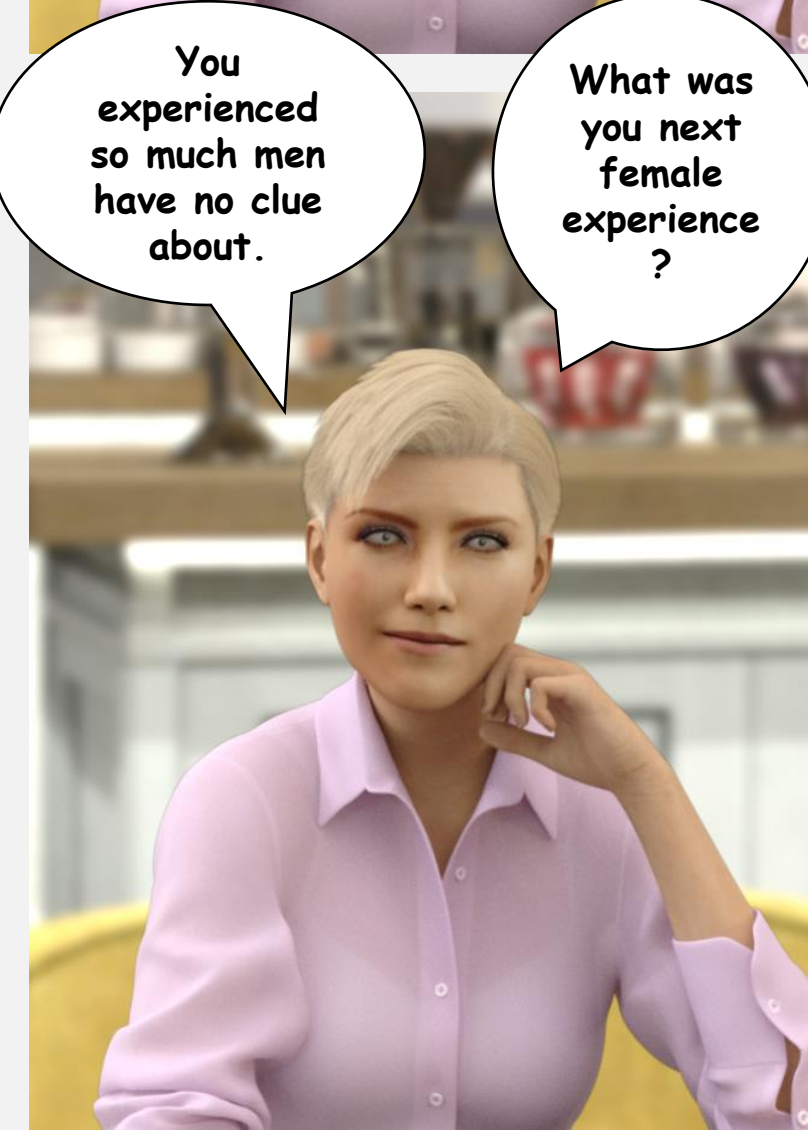
When people think you're a fourteen year-old-girl, they talk down to you. They play with your hair. You're always cute and sweet and adorable! Oh! She's such a doll! Daughter? I was a man! But I kept my mouth shut. Mostly because I sounded like a Barbie Doll. You know. Cute.





You were condescended to as a girl.

But don't men do it to you even as a grown woman?



You experienced so much men have no clue about.

What was your next female experience?



Of course.

And being blonde? Forget about it.



Girls' night.

Kai decided it was time for me to learn to socialize as a female.

I might have even looked forward to it, but Kai informed me I would wear a dress and heels.

I hated the idea of wearing a dress! Hated it!

You're so unfair! I hate you!

I was going to walk into a room full of women in a little black dress and pumps? Me?

Kai was training me, as always, but it felt to me like she wanted to humiliate me.



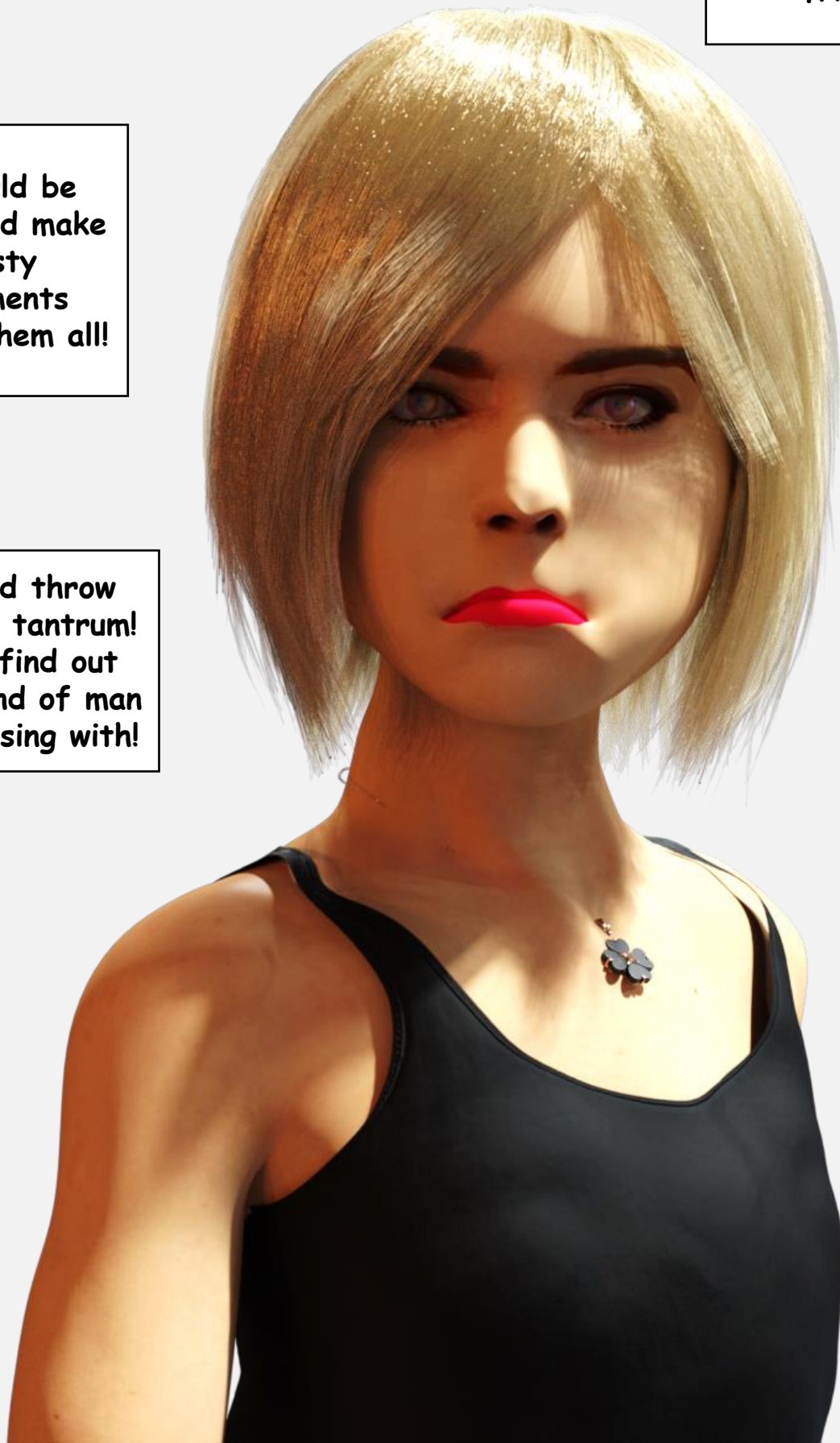


**I was so angry! Of course, I decided I would be the biggest bitch ever.**

**I would embarrass Kai in front of her friends!**

**I would be rude and make nasty comments about them all!**

**And I would throw the ultimate tantrum! She would find out just what kind of man she was messing with!**





Yes.  
Very  
manly.



Did you  
consider  
pulling  
her hair?

Yah, right? In  
addition to the  
hormonal  
nightmare I was  
living...



My brain had  
become that of  
a female teen.  
I was thinking  
like a girl and  
didn't know it!

Hi! You  
must be  
Amberlynn!

I love  
your  
dress! So  
cute!



And just as I  
was about to  
go off on her...

Cute?  
You  
think  
I'm  
cute?







Thanks!  
Your outfit is cute, too!

Oh, my God!  
Look how I'm sitting! I'm so sorry!



I found myself wanting to be just like her. I changed my stance, copied her intonation.

It was the same with the other women.



Oh, my God!  
Look how I'm sitting! I'm so sorry!



I found myself admiring these amazing women. I wanted to walk the way they walked, talk the way they talked.! I watched them intently, absorbing all I could about how to be feminine and confident and so badass! And I became embarrassed to have any masculine mannerisms! I concentrated so hard on not allowing another faux pas like with my manspreading. I wanted to fit in so badly!



Tell me more about you!

Me? Well, my job...

Don't get her started on her job!

Do get her started!

And I developed an amazing new super power! I was able to actually listen to women! I mean, listen listen! Not like...

Marilyn: A man. I know what you mean, believe me.



Mmm. Hmmm.



Pretty soon I felt like I was just one of the girls, giggling and laughing along to some silly Rom Com!

Omigod!



The client kept postponing

Soooo annoying!



It was Kai's hypnosis, of course. From that day forward, I needed to be feminine!

I looked only to women as my role models.





Why haven't you had Kai defeminize your mind?

Why have you remained so feminine?

Good question

Um...



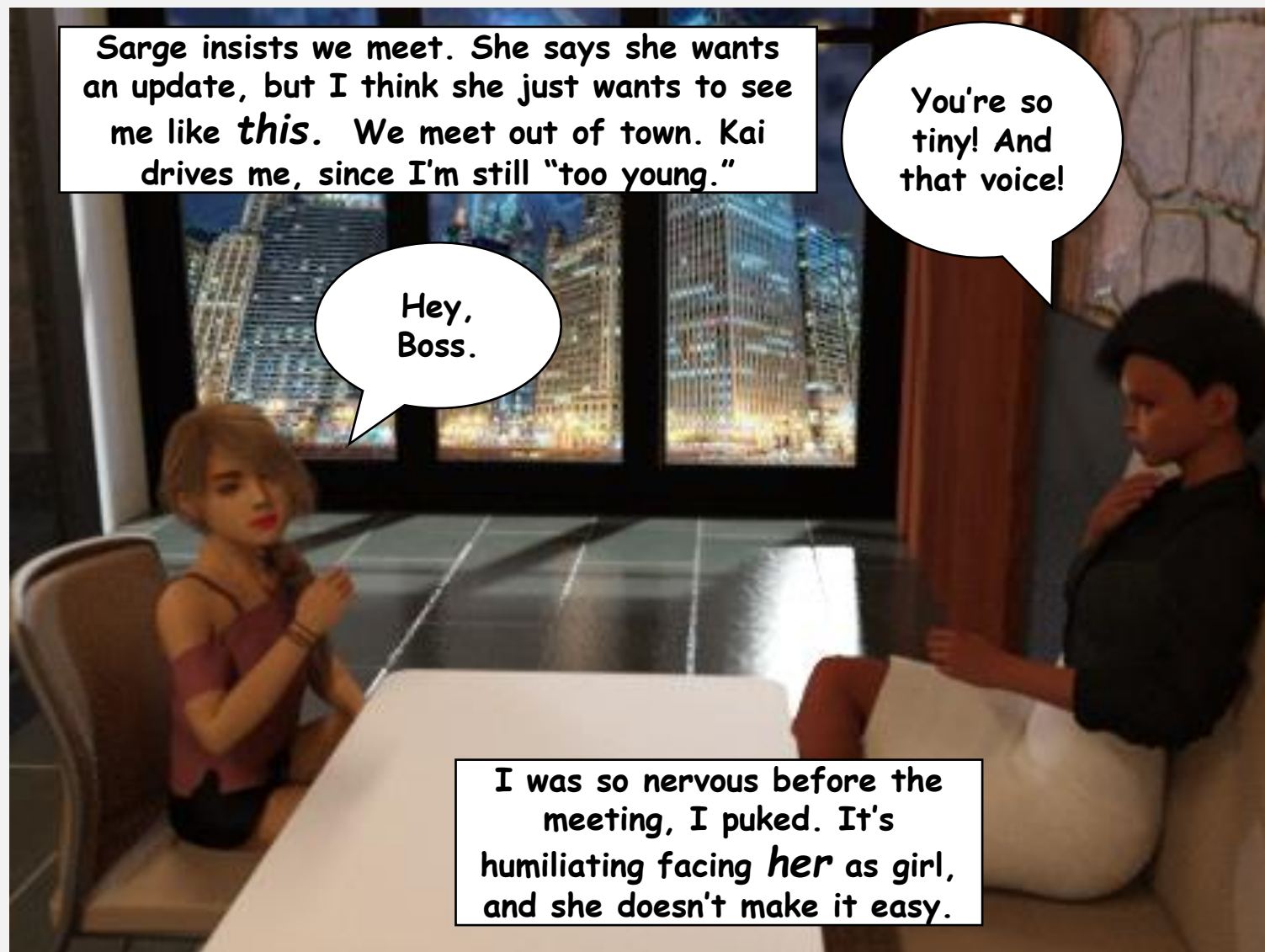
I don't mean to be rude, but...

I don't think I can answer that right now. Sorry?

It's classified?



## CHAPTER 5







**It stung. There I was wearing lipstick and mascara, my blonde hair in a ponytail. I'd done my nails that morning, and I'd tried to assert myself as a man only to have her laugh in my face.**

**I was totally emasculated. And, she wasn't done.**







Well, you knew I was going have to bust your balls a little, right, flatty patty? So, let's get down to business, Angelo, the "man."

Tell me all about your first period. It's such a big moment in the life of a *girl*.



Kai's hypnosis. I was as ashamed of my flat chest as I was having her throw my period in my face. And, because I had been trained to please people, I felt bad for upsetting Sarge!

I'm Sorry.

It killed me. I was so feminine now, and I hated-- I hated being a girl!



I was furious. I wanted to punch her, but my conditioning took over. I plastered a pretty smile on my face, put my hands in my lap and made myself small.

How have you been, Sarge? How're things at the precinct?

Good girl.

Like I said, I was so over being a girl. Other than ballet, it sucked.



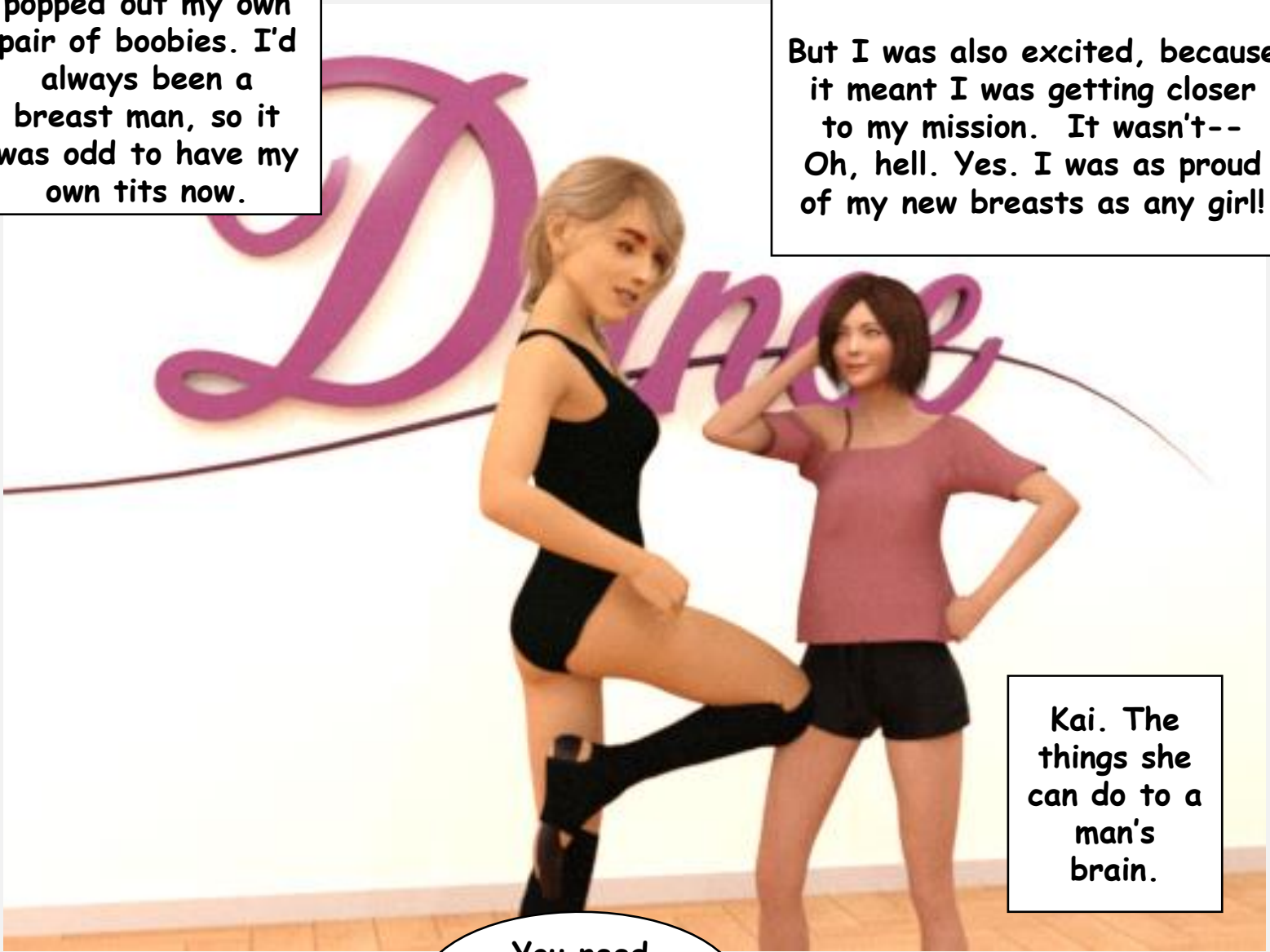
I'd been 14 for-  
EVER! I couldn't wait to finally grow up.

I couldn't wait to finally be a woman.



And, finally, I popped out my own pair of boobies. I'd always been a breast man, so it was odd to have my own tits now.

But I was also excited, because it meant I was getting closer to my mission. It wasn't-- Oh, hell. Yes. I was as proud of my new breasts as any girl!

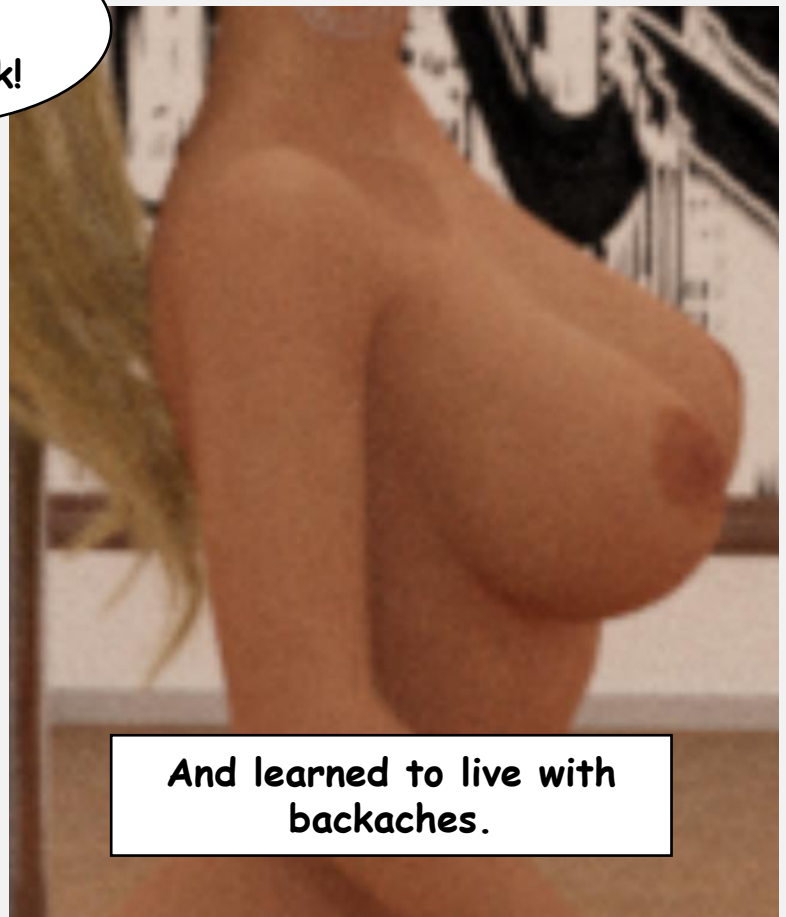


Kai. The things she can do to a man's brain.


You need new bras every week!



I blossomed rapidly.



And learned to live with backaches.



My name is  
Amberlynn Divine. I  
am a pretty girl.

I love to dance,  
and my big dream  
is to be a Kitten!

You are  
ready.

I missed ballet, but I knew  
if I was ever going to be a  
Kitten, I needed to master  
the pole. My days were now  
spent dancing topless and in  
heels.



# KITTENS

I had an anxiety attack when I showed up for my audition. My first time back to Kittens since my change. I'd left as a man, and there I was in a little black dress, heels, a purse slung over my arm.

I had tits. I was a woman. It seemed like some kind of nightmare. What would my father say if he saw me now? I turned and started to run home. Hide.

I almost ran away. Almost.







Cherry would see me like *this*. All the girls would see *me* like *this*.

If I walked through that door, I would end up a Kitten, a stripper.



But, I couldn't run. I had to be a man and do what I'd agreed to do.

Angelo Timmons didn't run from a challenge. He faced them head on. I clutched my purse to my side, took a deep breath and marched into Kittens.



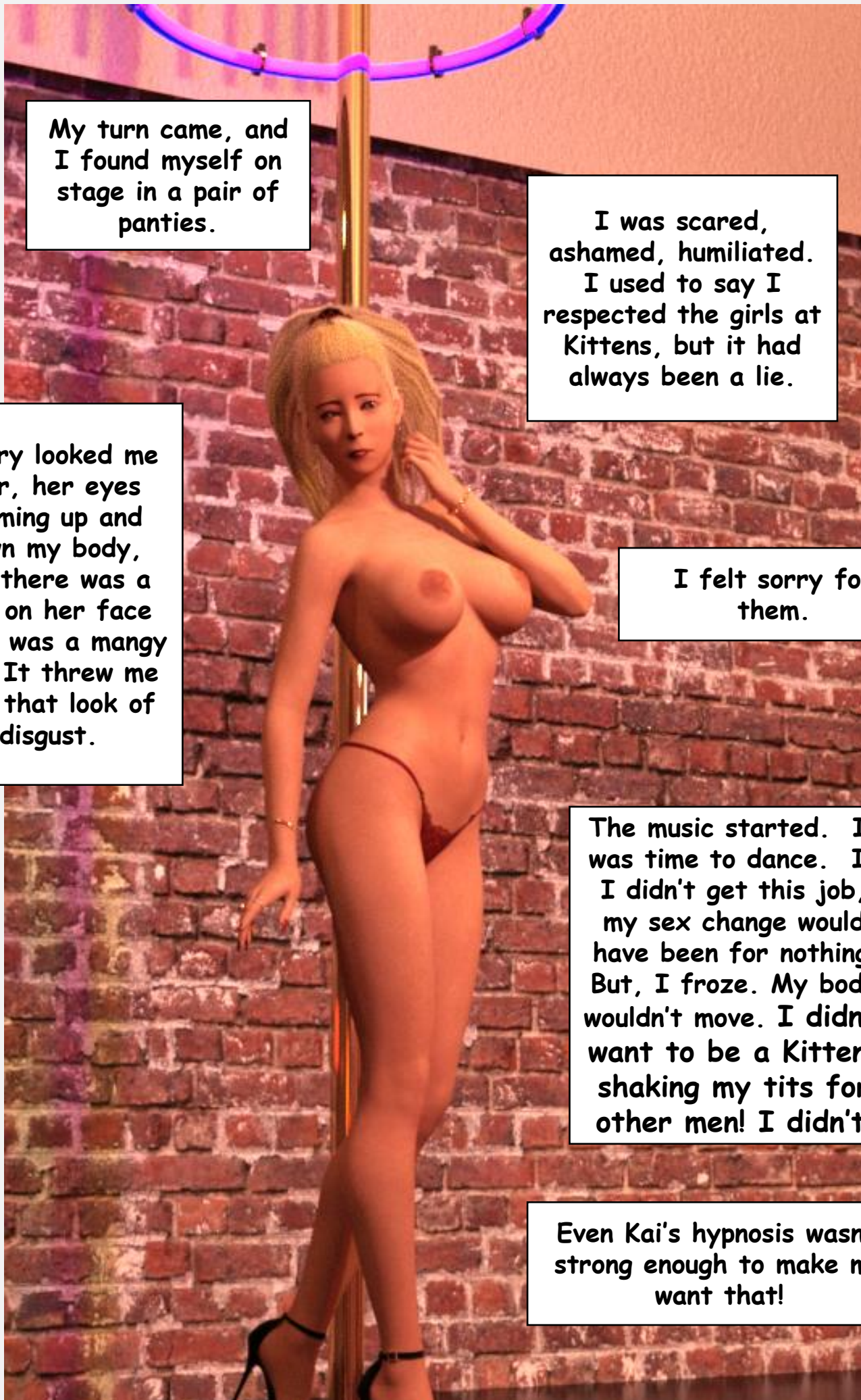




I remembered that day I'd imagined I was a woman, dancing for Cherry. Somehow, it had come true. I was a woman, and I was about to dance for her.



What would she think if she knew it was me, Angelo, about to dance for her? That it was me inside this bombshell body, with the bimbo voice? Would it turn her on? Would she laugh at me?



My turn came, and I found myself on stage in a pair of panties.

I was scared, ashamed, humiliated. I used to say I respected the girls at Kittens, but it had always been a lie.

Cherry looked me over, her eyes roaming up and down my body, and there was a look on her face like I was a mangy dog. It threw me off, that look of disgust.

I felt sorry for them.

The music started. It was time to dance. If I didn't get this job, my sex change would have been for nothing! But, I froze. My body wouldn't move. I didn't want to be a Kitten, shaking my tits for other men! I didn't!

Even Kai's hypnosis wasn't strong enough to make me want that!



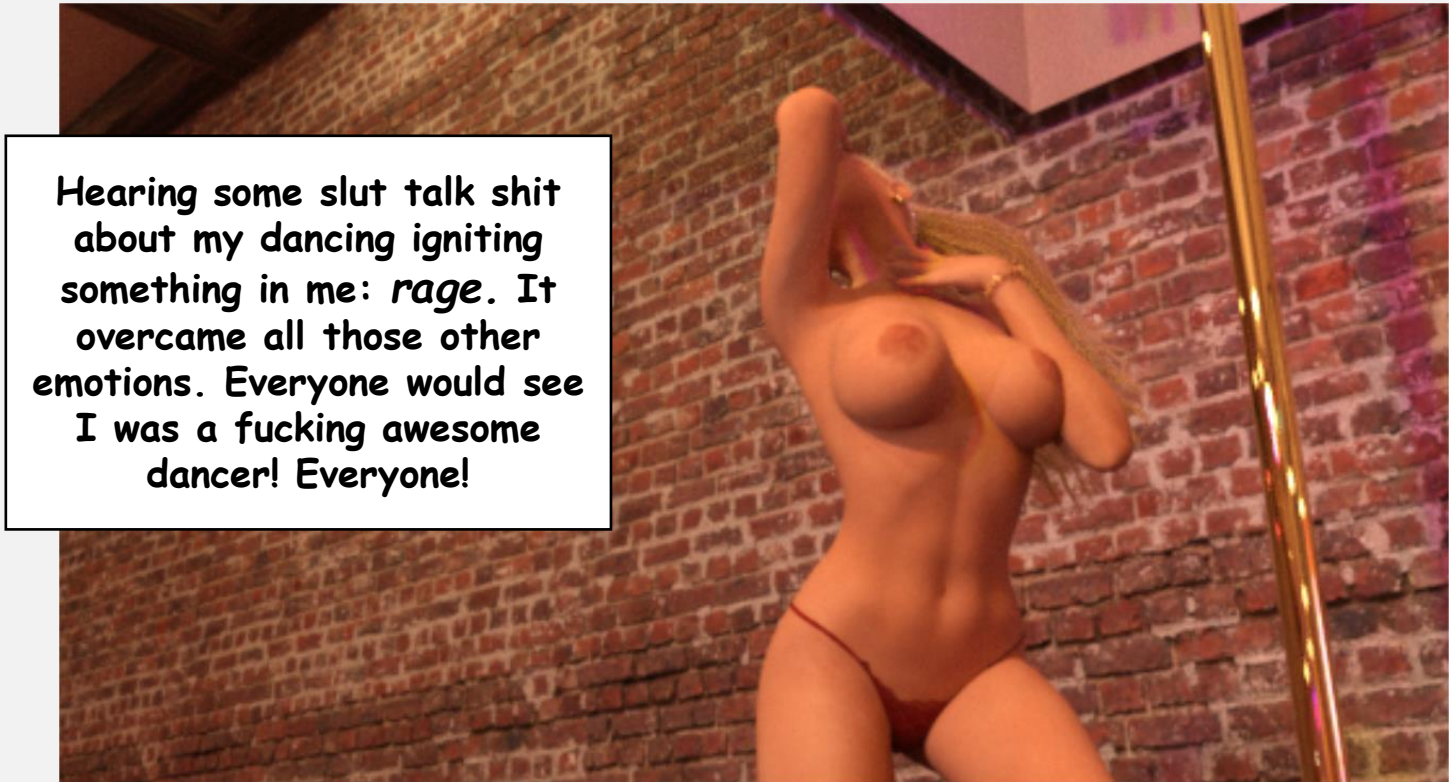


Fuck !

I thought it was over. That I had failed, and I almost cried. But then I heard one of the other girls who was there to audition say, "She sucks."



Bitch, what the hell did you say?



Hearing some slut talk shit about my dancing igniting something in me: *rage*. It overcame all those other emotions. Everyone would see I was a fucking awesome dancer! Everyone!

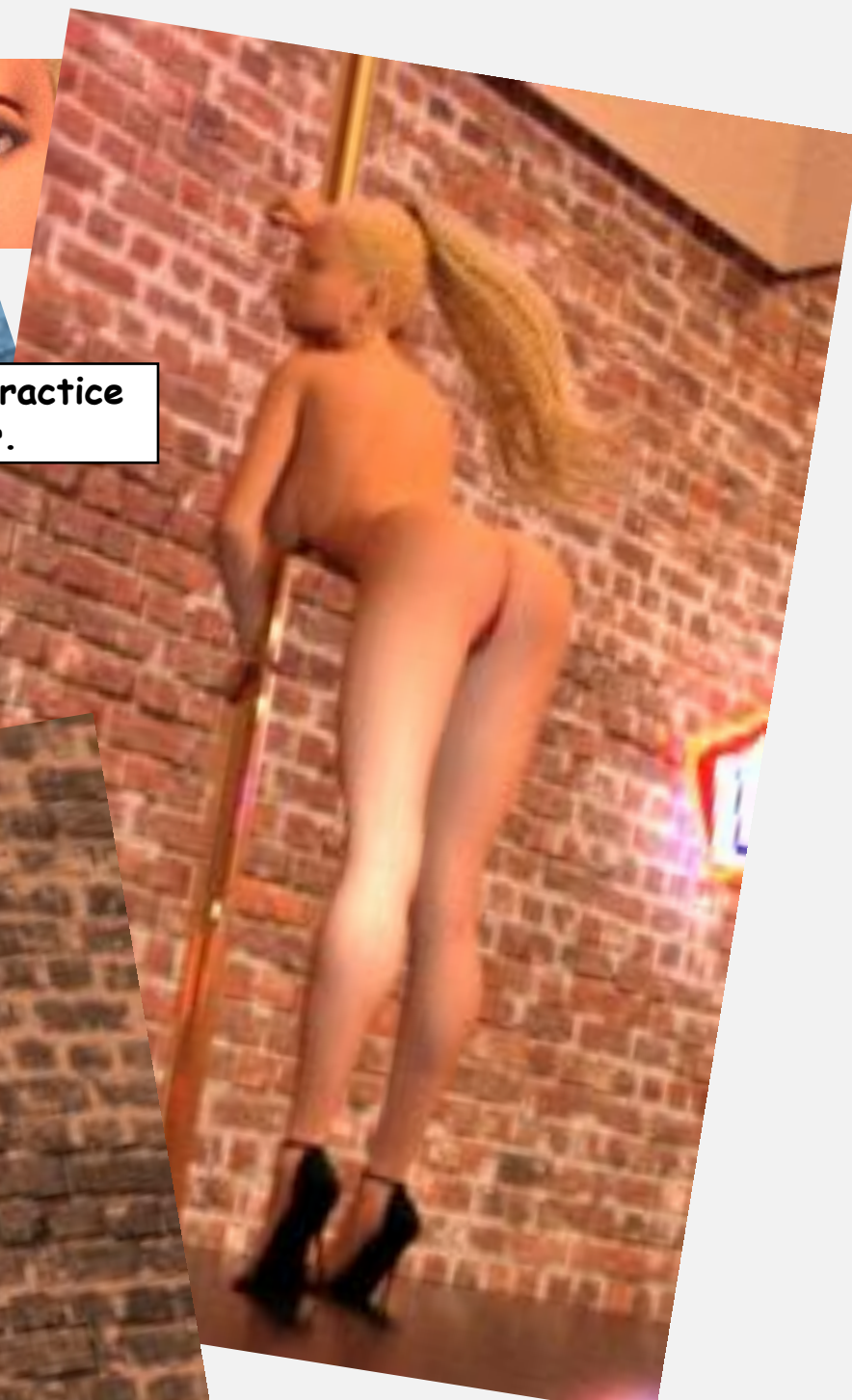
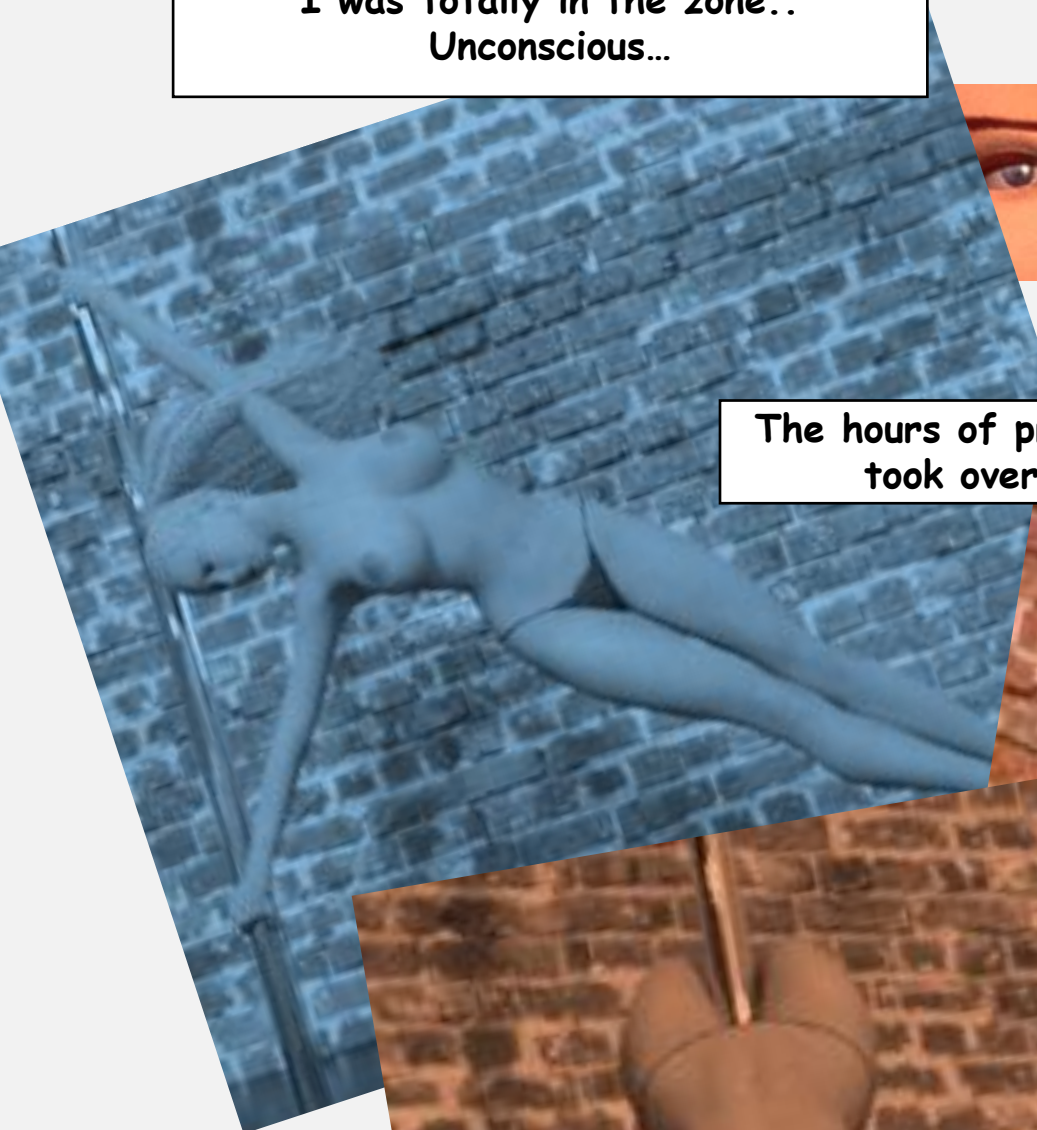


**I was totally in the zone..  
Unconscious...**

**The hours of practice  
took over.**

**I forgot all about my Dad,  
Cherry, everything!**

**I just danced, and danced  
and danced my ass off!**







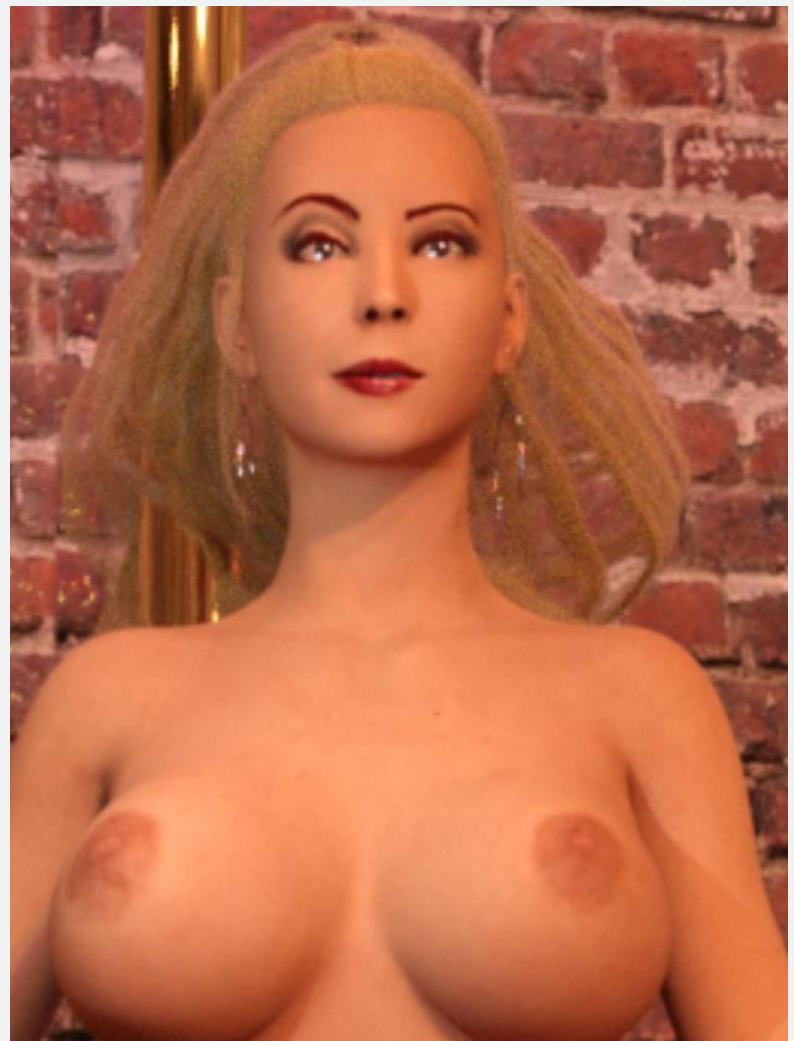
**When I finished, I knew I'd nailed it, and I looked right at that girl who'd said I sucked and smiled.**

**I could see it in her face. I could see it in all the girl's faces. I fucking rocked. I was the best dancer in that room, and every bitch knew it.**





I had beaten all those sluts. I felt like a queen as I stood up there on MY stage, thinking, give me my crown.



Honey, you have talent.

And nice tits.

I'm about to become a Kitten. I don't know if I should laugh or cry or scream. It's the best worst day of my life, and the woman I want to fuck so bad thinks I have nice tits, and it's so insane.

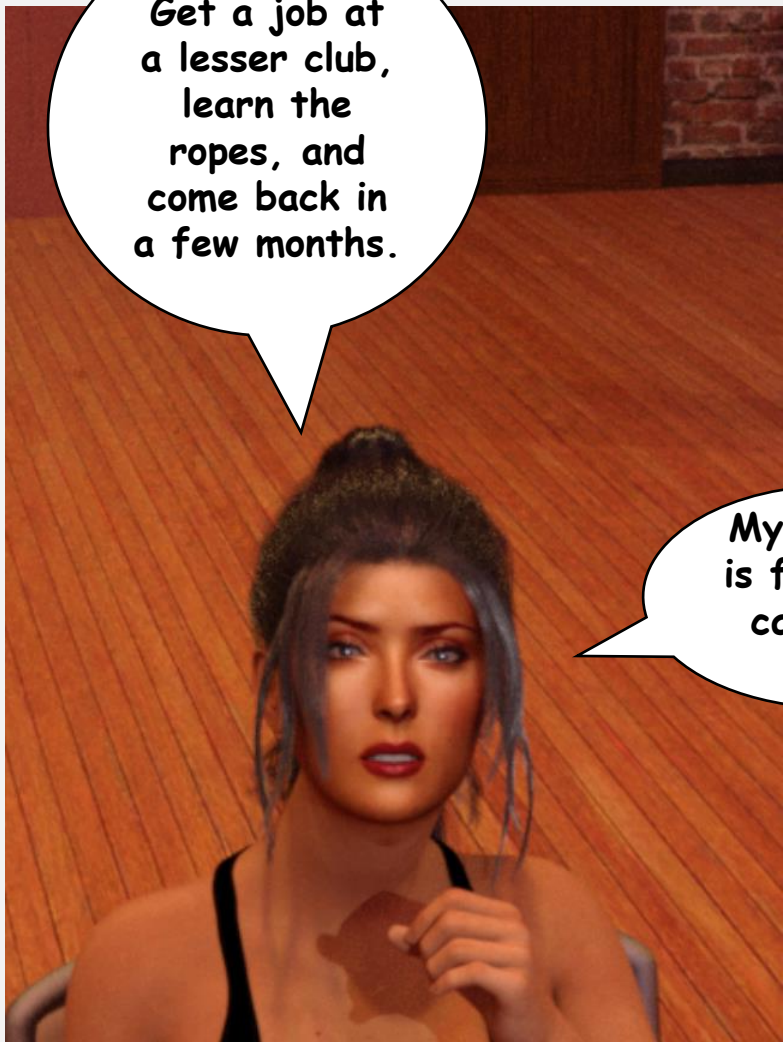




But, you're not ready to be a Kitten.

What?

You have no experience.



Get a job at a lesser club, learn the ropes, and come back in a few months.

My decision is final. You can leave now.



Months?

Please! Give me a chance!



The other girls all started laughing. I was devastated. Months?

I had failed. I had failed as a woman, and all this was for nothing. It was the lowest point of my life.

It had *already* been months since Maria disappeared! With each passing day, the chances of finding her grew smaller.

And then, a gravely voice saved me.



I like her.

Put her on the payroll.



Well, Miss Divine...



Yes?



Be nice.

Congratulations. You are now a Kitten. Let's have a talk.





We met in Cherry's office. She sat and just stared at me.



And stared.

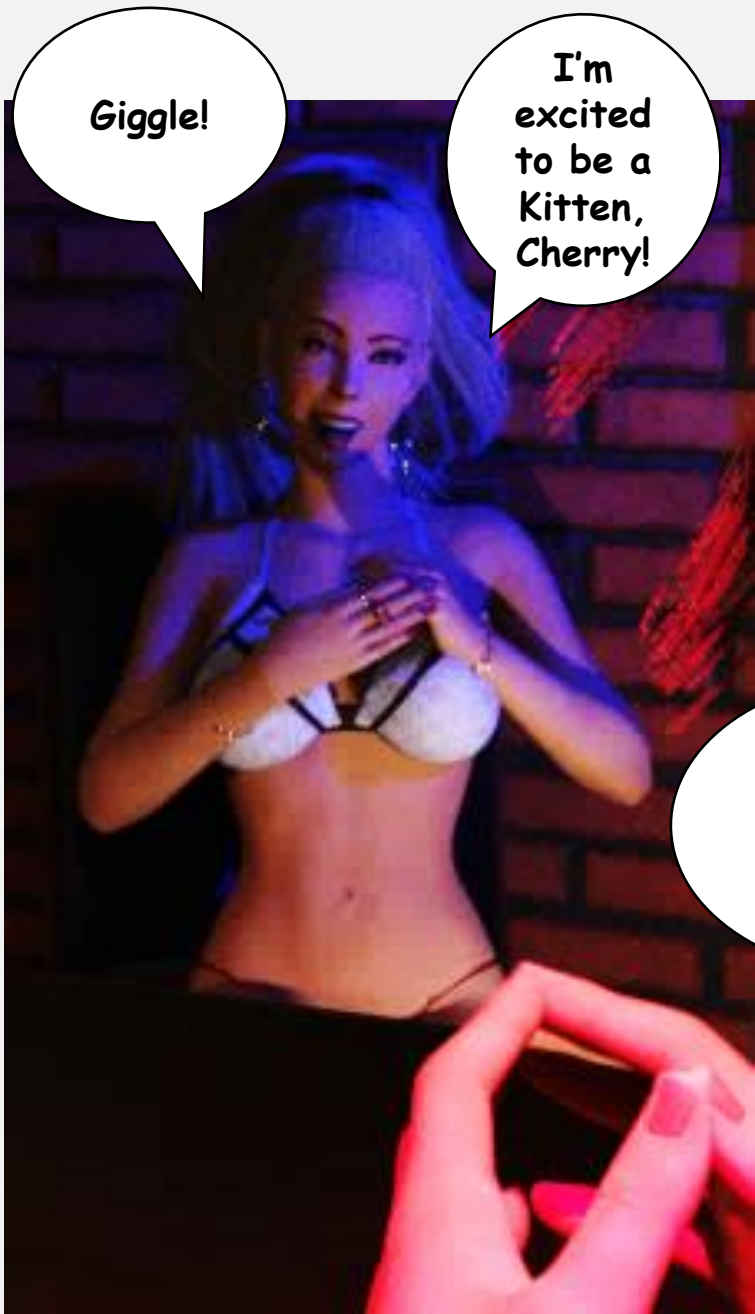
And stared.



She looked at me like she hated me, wished I was dead. The tension built until I couldn't take it.







Giggle!

I'm excited to be a Kitten, Cherry!



Shut up. You will refer to me as Miss Sweet.

I am your boss.

And don't think you're special because Marco picked you.



Fucking me?



He's got a thing for blondes with big tits. That's all, and he'll get bored fucking you soon enough.





You cross me, little girl,  
and I'll make your life a  
living hell.

Understood?

You show up  
everyday ready to  
work your ass  
off, we'll be okay.

She's so  
fucking hot!



Yes, Miss  
Divine. I won't  
let you down,  
Miss Divine.



Later...

I failed the audition, but Marco wanted me. I'm a Kitten!

You failed the audition?



Who gives a shit?

You did it!



Omigod! I couldn't have done it without you!

Very True! Come here, girl!





Are you proud of me?

I am so proud of you, Amberlynn!

Look at what I have created!

Marco's probably whacking off thinking about you right now.

GROSS!



You're like my very own Frankenstein monster.

Except you're not green and you have a better ass.