


Bullchester north side, 7:42 PM...

OH MY
GOD,
WHATEVER
CAME OVER ME
TO LET
GLORIA DO
THIS?





COME ALONG,
SWEETIE, YOU GOT
PLENTY OF TIME TO
LOOK AT YOURSELF
NAKED... I WANT TO
SEE YOU IN THESE!

OH, MY
GOD,
GLORIA... I'VE
NEVER WORN
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS IN MY
LIFE!

GOODNESS,
THIS WOMAN
IS A BAD
INFLUENCE...

NOW YOU
KNOW WHY I
GOT YOU ALL
NICE AND
TRIMMED DOWN
THERE - HEE
HEE!

A close-up photograph of a woman's midsection. She is wearing black underwear. Two hands are visible, one on the left and one on the right, adjusting the waistband of the underwear. The woman's skin is fair, and her navel is visible. The background is a soft, out-of-focus pink and white. The image is framed as a comic book panel with a black border.

OHH, GOD, I
FEEL SO
WEIRD WEARING
PANTIES LIKE
THIS!

I KNOW
THEY'RE NOT
SHAPEWEAR OR
GIRDLES LIKE YOU'RE
USED TO, CELIA, BUT
BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE
FILLING UP YOUR
DELICATES DRAWER
WITH THEM IN NO
TIME!

MY TUMMY
STICKS OUT OVER
THEM. I CAN'T
WEAR THESE,
GLORIA!

A
PROBLEM
EASILY SOLVED,
SWEETIE, WITH
THIS WAIST
CINCHER...

WAIST
CINCHER?

YEP,
ACTS JUST LIKE
THE SHAPEWEAR
YOU LOVE
WEARING!

WOW,
THIS IS
REALLY
TIGHT!

SAVE YOUR
COMMENTARIES
FOR YOUR
STUDENTS, CELIA! I
JUST WANT TO GET
YOU DRESSED AND
OUT THAT DOOR!

GLORIA, MY
GOD, YOU ARE
BECOMING A BAD
INFLUENCE... IT
FITS LIKE A
GLOVE!



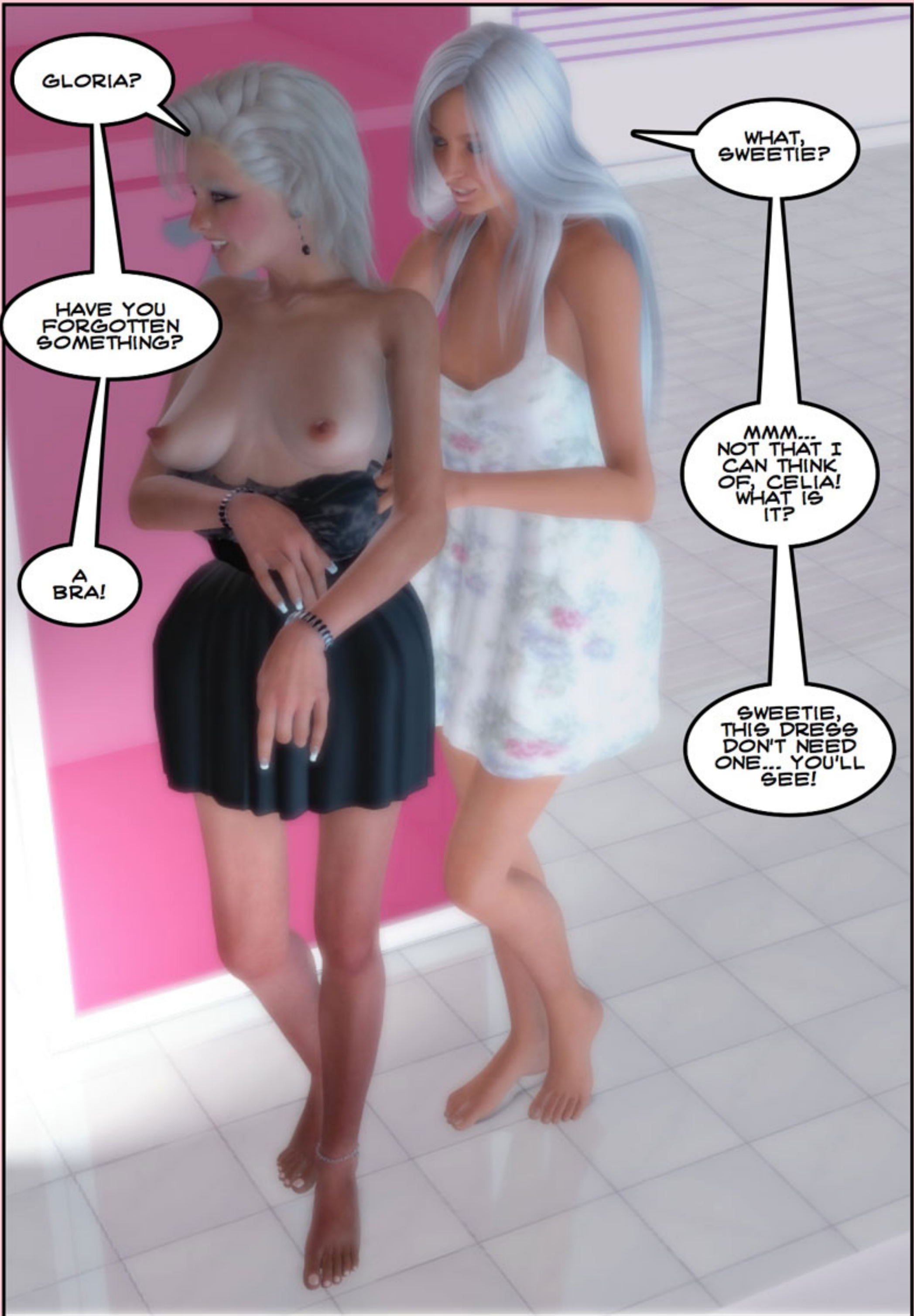
GOD, I'VE NEVER LOOKED SO TRIM SINCE I WAS 15!

IT STILL SHOWS MY TUMMY, BUT NOT AS BAD AS WITHOUT IT!

YES, YES, OKAY - I'M GETTING THERE!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR DRESS, CELIA!

SHE'S SHAPING UP SUPERBLY, AND A LITTLE TOO SHAPELY FOR MY LIKING... BUT SHE'S IRENE AND GWYNN'S GIRL, SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH IT!



GLORIA?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?

A BRA!

WHAT, SWEETIE?

MMM... NOT THAT I CAN THINK OF, CELIA! WHAT IS IT?

SWEETIE, THIS DRESS DON'T NEED ONE... YOU'LL SEE!



OH, LORD,
THIS DRESS
HUGS ME SKIN
TIGHT!

IT SURE
DOES, CELIA...
YOU LOOK
AMAZING IN
IT!

IT FEELS
LIKE MY
BREASTS ARE
NAKED AND
BOUNCING
FREE!

THAT I WOULD
NEVER KNOW - I
HAVE LITTLE
BOOBS!

YES, SHE
DOES, AND
AS MUCH AS
SHE LIKES
SHOWING THEM
OFF IN HER
SKIMPY
CLOTHING, MINE
ARE MUCH
BIGGER!

WAIT A
MINUTE...

YOU WANT
MY BOOBS
TO BOUNCE,
DON'T YOU?

YOU'RE
THE GIRL ALL
MOTHERS
WARN THEIR
DAUGHTERS
ABOUT, AREN'T
YOU?
HEE HEE!

WHAT?

WHO, ME?
GIGGLE

SURE
AM!

NOW, I
HAVE MY
STUFF
DOWNSTAIRS
IN GWYNN'S
PAD, SO
GIMME 30
MINUTES,
AND WE'LL
BE OFF!

The Burgess residence, suburb
of Midhampton, 7:12 PM

OH,
MOMMY,
YOU LOOK
FAB!

YOU
HAVE A
WONDERFUL
FIGURE,
MOMMY, AND
YOU SHOULD
SHOW IT
OFF...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I
LET YOU
CHOOSE A
DRESS LIKE
THIS FOR ME
TO WEAR,
HECTOR!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I
FIT INTO IT,
EITHER!





NOW,
REMEMBER WHAT
I SAID ABOUT
TONIGHT?

I
CAN'T
BELIEVE
MY SON IS
HAVING A
SLEEPOVER
WITH THAT
KAPPER
BOY!

I DON'T WANT
TO HARP ON IT
SO MUCH,
HECTOR, BUT I
WAS A YOUNG GIRL
ONCE! THAT'S WHAT
WE USED TO DO ON
SLEEPOVERS...
RAID OUR MOMS'
CLOSETS AND
THEIR MAKEUP!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I JUST
SAID THAT...
SOMETHING IS
TRULY NOT RIGHT
ABOUT ALL THIS,
IS IT?

HOW ARE THE
HEELS I
CHOSE FOR
YOU, MOMMY?

THEY ARE
JUST FINE,
HECTOR,
THANK YOU!

YES,
MOMMY,
WE'RE NOT
TO COME IN
HERE AND PUT
ON YOUR
CLOTHES OR
USE YOUR
MAKEUP!


Although Ruth was beginning to question what she was seeing and hearing, her subliminals were still focusing her on her growing sexuality and blossoming curves...

I MEAN IT, HECTOR, IF I...

OHH, GOD, LOOK AT ME! HOW ON EARTH DID I LOSE THAT TUMMY AND HIP FAT?

YOU'VE SPENT FAR TOO LONG INDOORS, MOMMY! IT'S TIME YOU HAD SOME FUN!

HECTOR, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO FEED A WOMAN'S EGO, HONEY!



HER BODY
IS LIKE A
SCULPTURE!

YOU
LOOK...
WOW!

ME?

AWW,
THANKS...
BUT IT'S YOU
THAT'LL KNOCK
'EM DEAD AT
THAT CLUB
TONIGHT,
CELIA!



YOUNG
MEN?

WHEN
ALL THOSE YOUNG
GORGEOUS MEN SET
EYES ON YOU, CELIA...
IT WON'T JUST BE THAT
DRESS CLINGING TO
YOU, SWEETIE!

YES,
SWEETIE...
THE CLUB'LL BE
FULL OF THEM...
AND THEY LOVE TO
TOUCH YOU WHILE
THEY CHAT, SO
BE WARNED!



YOUNGMEN
PAWING AT ME? AND
I'M WEARING A
DRESS THAT WILL
ATTRACT THEM? I'M
NOT LIKING THE
SOUND OF THIS!



I DON'T
THINK I
SHOULD...

RELAX,
CELIA, I
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE GOING
THROUGH! I WAS
LIKE YOU
ONCE... OOOH,
HERE'S OUR
TAXI! QUICK!


DID SHE
JUST SAY SHE
WAS LIKE ME
ONCE?

WHOO-WEE,
LITTLE LADY,
WHERE TO?

CINCHERS,
PLEASE... AND
KEEP YOUR EYES
ON THE ROAD,
OKAY?

SURE
WILL! HOP
IN... IS YOUR
SEXY FRIEND
JOINING
YOU?

YES,
SHE IS!



WHAT AM I
DOING, WEARING
A DRESS THAT
LETS MY BREASTS
BOUNCE SO FREELY?
AND GLORIA AND THAT
DRESS... SHE MIGHT
AS WELL HAVE
GONE WEARING
JUST HER
PANTIES!

CELIA,
SWEETIE,
COME ON!
METER'S
RUNNING!

RUTHIE, OH,
MY GOD, YOU
STILL LOOK
AMAZING!

I KEEP
TELLING HER
SHE DOES, MRS.
KAPPER!

THANK YOU,
HECTOR... YOU
LOOK GOOD
YOURSELF,
GIA!

OH, MY
DRESS IS
MORE
REVEALING
THAN HERS!

HOW
COULD I LET
HECTOR TALK
ME INTO
WEARING
THIS?

NICHOLAS,
HOW ARE YOU,
MY DEAR?

ITS NIKI, MRS.
BURGESS... AND
I'M WONDERFUL,
THANK YOU!

YOU'VE
BOTH GONE
BLONDE, I
SEE...


NIKI
WANTS TO
BECOME A
MODEL, SO WE
BOTH DECIDED
THAT WE'D
HAVE IT
DONE...

OH,
THAT'LL BE
JULIE!

SHE WON'T
DRESS SO
PROVOCATIVELY, AND
THAT WILL GIVE ME A
GREAT EXCUSE TO GET
CHANGED INTO
SOMETHING MORE
RESPECTABLE...

WHATEVER
POSSESSED
ME TO LET
HECTOR BUY A
DRESS FOR
ME?

WAAAA BURGESS



I WISH YOU'D
STOP WITH ALL THIS
"THEY'VE DONE
SOMETHING TO YOU"
CONSPIRACY CRAP... I'VE
SPENT YEARS BRINGING
YOU UP WHILE YOUR ASS OF
FATHER PLAYS WITH HIS
WHORES, SO NOW IT'S MY
TURN TO HAVE SOME
FUN - DO YOU
HEAR?

BUT, MOM,
YOU'VE NEVER
DRESSED LIKE
THAT BEFORE!

YOU'RE
GONNA NOTICE
A LOT MORE
CHANGES
COMING UP FOR
YOU, TOO...

SHE'D NEVER
SAY SOMETHING
LIKE THAT TO ME
BEFORE THIS MS.
STONEBRIDGE
APPEARED!

NOW, ALL THIS STUPIDITY CEASES AT THIS DOOR! I DON'T WANT YOU EMBARRASSING ME IN FRONT OF MY GOOD FRIENDS! DO YA HEAR WHAT I SAY?

YES, MOM...
SIGH

AND WITH A BIT OF LUCK, RUTH AND GIA'S DELIGHTFUL BOYS WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO BEHAVE PROPERLY, TOO!

OH, MY, IS THAT JULIE?

AND I FELT UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE WAY I'M DRESSED!

IS EVERYTHING OKAY, JULIE?

WOW!

I LOVE THOSE SHORTS ON HER!

LIKE, DO YOU NEED HELP GETTING OUT OF THOSE BOOTS, BABES?
GIGGLE

GIRLS, I'M PERFECTLY... O.M.G.... SAY HELLO TO MY BFFS, CRAIG!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES!

I AM SO EMBARRASSED... SHE'S BEHAVING LIKE THOSE AIRHEADS AT THE STORE!

OH, PLEASE, IT'S JUST A DRESS!

WE'LL NEED SCISSORS TO PRY RUTHIE OUT OF THIS DRESS!
GIGGLE

OH, AND HI, CRAIG...

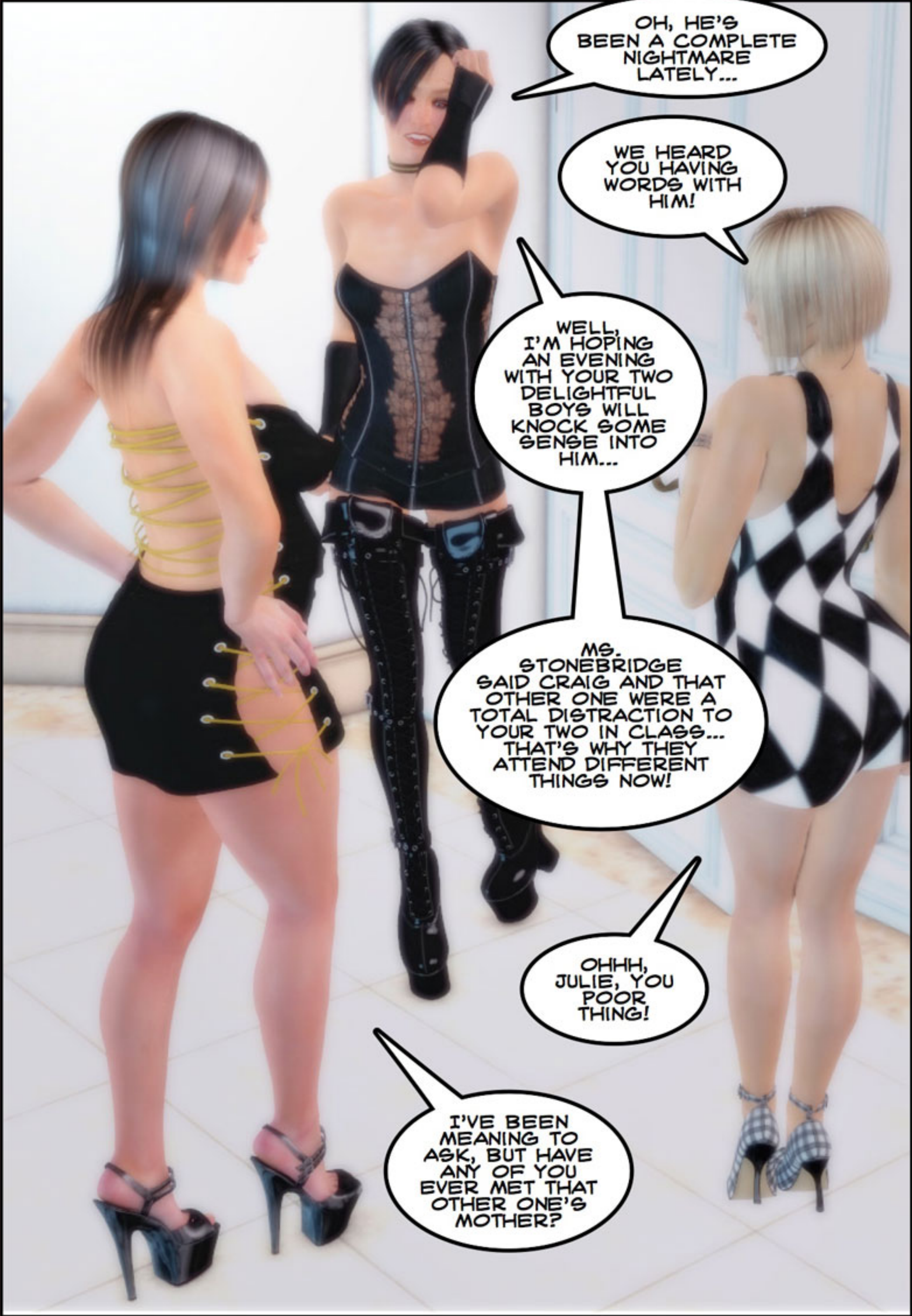
SORRY, BABES, YOU KNOW WHAT US GIRLS ARE LIKE... HEE HEE!

YES, HI, CRAIG, JUST GO THROUGH INTO THE HALLWAY, DEAR... I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY HECTOR'S ROOM WHEN WE'VE CAUGHT UP ON OUR CHATTER!

YES, MRS. BURGESS!

DAMN IT, RUTHIE, YOU'RE GONNA MELT HEARTS IN THAT!

NOT WOMEN YOUR AGE, NO!



OH, HE'S BEEN A COMPLETE NIGHTMARE LATELY...

WE HEARD YOU HAVING WORDS WITH HIM!

WELL, I'M HOPING AN EVENING WITH YOUR TWO DELIGHTFUL BOYS WILL KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO HIM...

MS. STONEBRIDGE SAID CRAIG AND THAT OTHER ONE WERE A TOTAL DISTRACTION TO YOUR TWO IN CLASS... THAT'S WHY THEY ATTEND DIFFERENT THINGS NOW!

OHhh, JULIE, YOU POOR THING!

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK, BUT HAVE ANY OF YOU EVER MET THAT OTHER ONE'S MOTHER?



I HEARD
SHE'S SOME
KIND OF
WAITRESS!

A
WAITRESS?
HOW COULD
SUCH A LOW-
PAID WOMAN
GET HER SON
INTO THIS
COURSE?

FROM
WHAT I'VE
HEARD, HE
WAS A TOTAL
SLEAZE WHO
WALKED OUT ON
HER WHEN THE
BOY WAS
FIVE!

I CAN'T
EVER SEE A
WAITRESS GOING
TO THE
SORBONNE! ANY
IDEAS WHO THE
BOY'S FATHER
IS?

SPEAKING OF THE SORBONNE, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU IN PARIS, YOU WAS WITH THAT ACTOR...

YEAH, OH, BABES, THAT WAS, LIKE, WHEN I WAS 19!

AND YOU WAS BLONDE AND HOT THEN, TOO!

GIGGLE
YEAH, MY NIKI WANTED TO GO BLONDE, SO HE MADE ME DO IT, TOO!

SUITS YOU!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, JULES? I CAN SEE THE OLD LULU SURFACING AGAIN...

WELL, I HAD TO DO IT! I BEEN FEELING SO ALIVE THESE PAST FEW DAYS... I THOUGHT W.T.F., CUT IT AND TATTOO ME!

WOW, LULU!



JULIE BEING CALLED LULU, AND GIA ACTING LIKE SHE DID AT SCHOOL?

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING SOMETHING IS NOT QUITE RIGHT WITH ALL OF THIS?

RUTHIE, OH, MY GOD, YOU GOTTA CHECK OUT LULU'S TATTOO!

HMMM?



I LOVE THE SMELL OF THIS PERFUME...

Acker Acker

ME, TOO! SPRAY SOME THIS WAY, HECTOR!

WILL DO, NIKI... THAT'S A COOL ABBREVIATION, BY THE WAY!

MY MOM SAID I NEEDED A GOOD TOMBOY NAME!

SHE'S ACCEPTED YOU BECOMING A MODEL, I GUESS?

SHE CELEBRATED THE NEWS BY GOING OUT AND BUYING ME LOADS OF NEW CLOTHES... I'M NOT COMPLAINING, THOUGH, 'CAUSE SHE ALSO GOT ME LOADS OF PANTIES, TOO...

WOW... THAT'S AMAZING!

SHE SAID SHE WAS HALF EXPECTING IT - HEE HEE!

I CAN'T SAY I HAVE GIVEN IT MUCH THOUGHT...

SO WHAT ABOUT YOU, YOU THOUGHT ABOUT SHORTENING YOUR NAME?

TORI?

WELL, HOW ABOUT I MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU AND CALL YOU TORI?

I LIKE THAT!

WELL, IT'S ME THAT'S GONNA CALL YOU IT, NOT YOU, SILLY! *GIGGLE*

TORI IT IS, THEN, NIKI!

DON'T
OVERDO THE
PERFUME, BOYS...
NOT SURE CRAIG
WILL WANT TO
SMELL SO
PRETTY!

"TORI"?

GIGGLE
NO, MOMMY!

WHY,
THANK YOU,
NICHOLAS!

WE CALL
HIM NIKI
NOW THAT
HE'S A
MODEL!

OH, WE
WON'T, MRS.
BURGESS,
WILL WE,
TORI?

YOU LOOK
AMAZING IN
THAT DRESS,
MRS.
BURGESS...

YOU HAVE A
WONDERFUL
ROLE MODEL IN
YOUR MOTHER,
NIKI...

I DO, MRS.
BURGESS!
SHE'S
AWESOME!

NOW, DON'T
FORGET WHAT
I TOLD YOU,
HECTOR!

I DON'T
WANT TO BE
HERE...
HMPH

YES,
MOMMY!

OKAY,
I'LL LEAVE YOU
ANGELS BE... SO IF
YOU CAN MAKE
CRAIG WELCOME,
PLEASE!

WE
WILL!



HI,
CRAIGY!

JEEZ,
LOOK AT
THESE TWO!
AND THIS
PERFUME -
WHAT THE
FUCK?

DO YOU
TWO KNOW
HOW
RIDICULOUS
YOU
LOOK?

YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
YOUR OPINION,
CRAIGY... JUST AS
WE THINK YOU LOOK
SILLY DRESSED
LIKE THAT... ISN'T
THAT RIGHT,
NIKI?


SURE IS,
TORI!

FOR
FUCK'S
SAKE, CAN'T
YOU SEE
WHAT THAT
WOMAN IS
DOING TO
YOU?

WHICH
WOMAN IS
THAT, SUGAR,
HMMM?

THAT
STONEBRIDGE
WOMAN!

JUST GET
TO THE
POINT, IF YOU
HAVE ONE,
THAT IS!
PFFT



JEEZ, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TWO HAVE NOT REALIZED IT! SHE HAD ME STUFFED AWAY IN THAT DEPARTMENT STORE WITH THOSE TWO AIRHEADS 'CAUSE I WAS A PROBLEM TO HER... AND JAKE... FUCK, MAN, SHE HAD A MAJOR PROBLEM WITH HIM, HE'S BEEN SHIPPED OFF SOMEWHERE ELSE!

JAKE? I WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, TORI...

ME, TOO, NIKI... BUT HE WAS A TOTAL JERK-OFF!

SO WHAT HAS MS. STONEBRIDGE GOTTA DO WITH IT?

SHE'S DONE SOMETHING TO ALL OF US, AND OUR MOMS, TOO... MY MOM IS ACTING REALLY BIZARRE! YOU SHOULD SEE HOW SHE WAS DRESSED... MAN, I WAS COMPLETELY EMBARRASSED!

I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR MOM IN OUR LESSONS, SUGAR...

YEAH, NIKI IS RIGHT... YOUR MOMMY'S NEVER BEEN TO OUR LESSONS!

THAT'S NOT MY FUCKING POINT... MY POINT IS WE NEED TO CALL THE AUTHORITIES... THE POLICE, EVEN!

THE POLICE? WHY?





WHAT'S
HE ON
ABOUT?

NOT SURE,
BUT I GUESS
HE'S ANNOYED
THAT MS.
STONEBRIDGE
DID NOT WANT HIM
IN CLASS
DISRUPTING OUR
LESSONS...

OH, I
SEE!

I NEVER REALIZED JUST HOW FAR GONE THEY WERE! FUCK, I GOTTA MAKE THEM SEE THIS SHIT...

ARE YOU TWO LISTENING TO ME? FOR FUCK'S SAKE... LOOK AT YOURSELVES! YOU BOTH SMELL LIKE GIRLS AND ARE ACTING LIKE THEM, AND BELIEVE ME, IT ISN'T NATURAL! YOU WERE BOTH ORDINARY LAZY-ASSED GUYS LIKE ME LAST WEEK, AND BEING WITH THAT WOMAN, SHE'S DONE SOMETHING TO BOTH OF YOU!

DONE WHAT, EXACTLY

LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR! MAN, THINK BACK TO LAST WEEK WHEN YOU LOOKED AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR... YOU WAS A GUY, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...

AND NICK IS EVEN WEARING FUCKING MAKEUP! LOOK AT HIM... MONDAY HE WAS READY TO IMPRESS EVERY GIRL IN THE SCHOOL WITH HIS SIX-PACK, REMEMBER?



I LIKE WEARING MAKEUP, TORI!

OKAY, SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, THEN, CRAIG?

YOU'VE FINALLY GOT IT... WELL, WE NEED TO FIND WHERE JAKE'S MOM HAS SENT HIM! HE WAS ARRESTED BY THOSE LESBIAN LOOKING GUARDS AT THE MALL, FROM WHAT I OVERHEARD, AND THE RUMOR IS HE'S BEEN SENT TO SOME REHAB CENTER TO SORT OUT HIS ATTITUDE!

I DON'T LIKE HIS ATTITUDE, TORI!

FUCK, LOOK AT HIS NAILS! OH, MAN, STONEBRIDGE HAS DONE A NUMBER ON BOTH OF THEM!
GULP

Unfortunately for Craig, he had not realized just how heavily influenced Hector and Nicholas had become from their daily attendance at Feethams. Craig may have been the alpha male on Monday, but five days later Hector was now the queen bee of the group and was loyal to Ms. Stonebridge and the school...

HE'S
FRIGHTENING ME,
TORI... I LIKE MS.
STONEBRIDGE!

WITH ALL OUR
MOMS OUT OF
THE WAY, WE CAN
ALL GO OVER TO
JAKE'S HOUSE! I'VE
GOT HIS
ADDRESS...

ME, TOO...

OKAY, I
JUST NEED TO
FRESHEN UP
FIRST!

FFFFFFFFUCK...
ARGHHH, YOU....

tsssttttttt

OH, MY
GOD, WHAT
WAS THAT,
TORI?

ANNABELLE
GAVE IT TO ME...
SHE SAID IT WAS A
SPRAY TO HELP GIRLS
WARD OFF ANY
PREDATORS, AND IT HAS
AIDED IN THE ARREST OF
MANY WOULD-BE RAPISTS...
WELL, NOT LIKE SAYING
CRAIGY IS A RAPIST OR
ANYTHING, BUT HE WAS
BEGINNING TO
CREEP US OUT!


YES, HE
SURE
WAS!

Just under a mile away from the Burgess residence...

ALL
TARGETS ARE
IN PLACE,
MA'AM!

EXCELLENT...
BEHAVIORAL
PATTERNS?





THAT WILL
BE THE
WILSON BOY...
HE WILL BE
YOUR TARGET
FOR THE
EVENING!


WE HAVE
TWO
DISPLAYING
SIGNS OF
DEGENERATION
IN THEIR
PROGRAMMING,
WITH ONE
BECOMING A
CODE BLUE,
MA'AM!

YES,
MA'AM!

INTENSE
PROGRAMMING FOR
HIM TONIGHT! I WANT
THAT CODE BLUE A CODE
PINK... HIS SUBLIMINALS
HAVE BEEN PUT IN PLACE
AND JUST NEED NURTURING!
THE OTHER TWO BOYS
HAVE ALREADY BEEN
PREPARED, AND THEY
WILL RESPOND TO THE
SITUATION PUT
BEFORE THEM!


YES, MA'AM...
THOUGH IT APPEARS
THE WILSON BOY'S
ESTROGEN LEVELS ARE
VERY LOW... WE'LL NEED
FOR HIM TO HAVE
SUFFICIENT LEVELS
INCREASED FOR US TO
PROCEED WITH FULL
CONTROL!





THAT
WILL BE
TAKEN
CARE OF BY
THE
BURGESS
BOY... NOW I
NEED TO
PREPARE
THINGS ON
MY SIDE!

YES,
MA'AM!



The sisterhood which had evolved from the echelons of Cresswell's had one aim, and their power and influence had grown stronger and stronger, and there was nowhere that the arm of the Sisterhood of the Sacred Lady could not reach. Cresswell Industries were pioneers, and at the forefront of every technological advance made, from cosmetics to bioengineering to DNA manipulation, right up to the intricacies of the human mind... Cresswell industries had laid the foundation for the next step in their secret agenda for humanity's evolution...

CLICKKKK

Their tactics of execution were done with precision and stealth. Their acts and movement, whether slow or rapid, were untraceable. Any subject they chose to seduce, invite, or in most cases ensnare, were vetted thoroughly, and all possible links to that subject were traced - and inevitably, where required, would be brought into their web, too...




I'LL HAVE
TWO GUESTS
STAYING
TONIGHT,
GEMMA!

YES,
MRS.
MOORE,
MA'AM!

THEY WILL
BE SHARING
ONE ROOM, SO
PREPARE THE
NORTH WING
BEDROOM FOR
THEM!


YES, MRS.
MOORE,
MA'AM!



WILL THEY BE
SPENDING THE
DURATION OF THE
DAY IN THE
ROOM, TOO,
MA'AM?

YES, THEY
WILL, AND YOU
WILL BE AT THEIR
BECK AND CALL...
SEE TO IT THEY
HAVE EVERYTHING
THEY REQUIRE
DURING THEIR
STAY!

YES, MRS.
MOORE,
MA'AM!



I HOPE THIS IS
A LESSON TO YOU,
GEMMA... AND YOU
WILL THINK TWICE
BEFORE YOU PUT A
"BUT" INTO YOUR
SENTENCES!

YES, MRS.
MOORE,
MA'AM, I WILL,
I WILL!

BEING
REDUCED TO A MAID
IN MY HOUSEHOLD IS NOT
A PLEASANT ROLE, AS YOU
FOUND OUT LAST NIGHT - AND I
CAN EASILY HAVE A NUN
INSTALLED AS MY RELIGIOUS
TEACHER AT THE SCHOOL, AND IF
THAT HAPPENED, I WOULD HAVE TO
SEND YOU BACK TO THE NUNNERY,
AND I AM SURE YOU WOULD NOT
LIKE TO BE UNDER THE
MOTHER SUPERIOR
MADEMOISELLE
LEFEVRE, WOULD
YOU?

NO,
PLEASE, MRS.
MOORE, MA'AM!
PLEASE DON'T
SEND ME BACK
THERE, I BEG
YOU!

YES, I WILL,
MRS. MOORE,
MA'AM!
THANK YOU!

THEN CARRY
OUT YOUR MAID
DUTIES WITHOUT A
WHIMPER, AND I WILL
LET YOU STAND IN
YOUR CLASS AGAIN
ON MONDAY!

2 hours later...

THERE YOU GO, CRAIGY!
DON'T YOU LOOK
AND FEEL MUCH
BETTER?

WHAT
HAVE THESE
IDIOTS DONE
TO ME?

I...
ERRR...
FFFFF?

WHY
CAN'T I
FUCKING SAY
WHAT I WANT
TO SAY...


NA...
NNONYESS...

SHOW ME
YOUR NAILS,
SWEETHEART...

NOW, DON'T
THEY LOOK SO
MUCH BETTER?

AND YOUR HAIR
LOOKS MUCH
NEATER LIKE THIS...
WAYNE SHOWED ME
HOW TO DO THAT...
I LEARNED SOOO
MUCH TODAY AT
THE SALON!

The effects of the spray always penetrated deep into the recipient's hippocampus and rendered them unable to think or move coherently. The spray had been developed some time ago and was useful for short-term hypnotic and behavior control, and the person delivering the spray would be recipient's controller. Tonight, however, it was being deployed to open up the recipient's subconscious for a much more rapid and deeply embedded personality change...



WOW, TORI, YOU'VE
LEARNED SO MUCH
AT THE SALON...
YOU'RE, LIKE, 50000
WAY AHEAD OF ME IN
CLASS!

NIKI,
YOU'RE
GONNA
BE A MODEL...
ME, I'M GONNA
BE A BEAUTICIAN,
AND THOSE
CLASSES SPAN
ALL OUR
NEEDS,
HON!

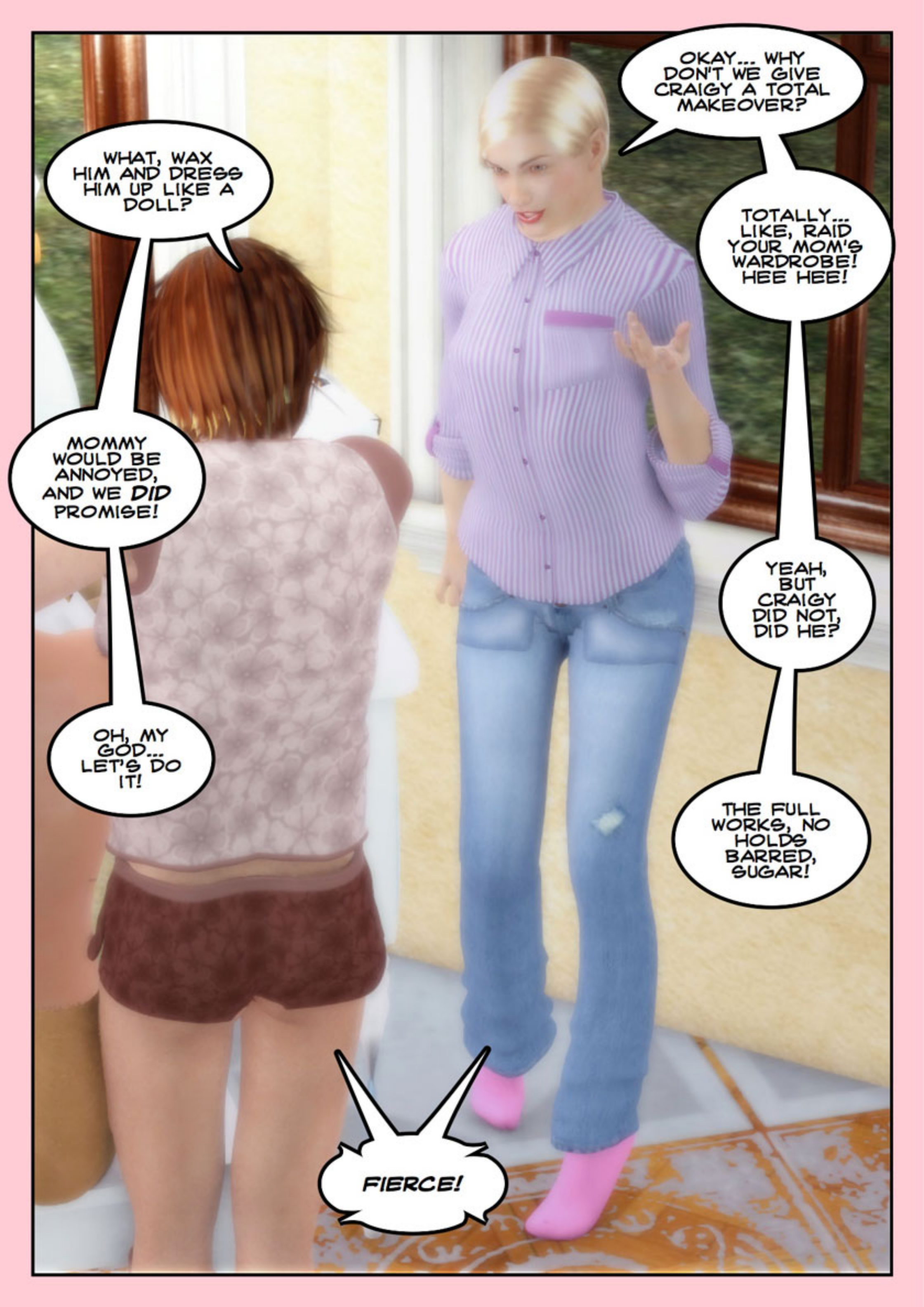
YES,
HON?

COME ON,
WHAT?

YEAH,
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT...

UHMMM,
TORI...

NAAH, WE
COULDN'T!
GIGGLE



OKAY... WHY
DON'T WE GIVE
CRAIGY A TOTAL
MAKEOVER?

TOTALLY...
LIKE, RAID
YOUR MOM'S
WARDROBE!
HEE HEE!

YEAH,
BUT
CRAIGY
DID NOT,
DID HE?

THE FULL
WORKS, NO
HOLDS
BARRED,
SUGAR!

WHAT, WAX
HIM AND DRESS
HIM UP LIKE A
DOLL?

MOMMY
WOULD BE
ANNOYED,
AND WE *DID*
PROMISE!

OH, MY
GOD...
LET'S DO
IT!

FIERCE!

Meanwhile, deep in the nightlife of the city...

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M OUT DANCING!

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW HOT YOU LOOK IN THAT DRESS, RUTHIE! YOU LOOK INCREDIBLE!

OH, JULIE, STOP IT... IT'S ONLY WHAT HECTOR FOUND FOR ME! HEE HEE!

YOUR HECTOR HAS A WONDERFUL EYE FOR FASHION, IF YOU ASK ME!

YES... YES, HE DOES!

I THINK HAVING OLD STONEFACE TUTORING HIM HAS WORKED! WHAT ABOUT YOURS, JULIE?

DON'T GET ME STARTED ON MY CRAIG! HE'S NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, AND I BLAME THAT OTHER BOY FOR HIS LACK OF COMMITMENT TO STONEFACE'S CLASSES!

WELL, BEING WITH MY HECTOR AND GIA'S BOY MIGHT MAKE HIM SEE SENSE, JULIE!

LET'S HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT... OH, AND, RUTHIE?

YES, JULIE?

IT'S LULU, HONEY, NOT JULIE!

LULU? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN CALLED THAT SINCE...

YEP, AND I FEEL LIKE A TEENAGER ALL OVER AGAIN! DON'T YOU?

YEAH, I DO!
EVER SINCE I HAD
THAT NEW SHOWER
SYSTEM INSTALLED,
I'VE BEEN FEELING
SO VIBRANT!

THAT'S
AMAZING! I
FEEL EXACTLY
THE SAME WITH
THE SHOWER I
HAD
INSTALLED...

MY SKIN
FEELS SO
NOURISHED
AND SOFT...
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S IN THAT
FOAMY
SUBSTANCE,
BUT I AM
KINDA
ADDICTED
TO IT!

WHOOOO,
I LOVE THIS
SONG!

YES, THAT
FOAMY WATER
IS SOOOO
REFRESHING!
HEE HEE!

YOU KNOW,
RUTHIE, I ALWAYS
LIKED HANGING OUT
WITH YOU WHEN WE
WAS IN BASEL!

YOU DID?
BUT YOU WAS
ALWAYS PARTYING
WITH GIA AND
THOSE THEATER
GIRLS...

YES, I
WAS VERY
QUIET, I
ADMIT...

THIS DRESS,
YOU MEAN?

LULU? OH,
MY GOD, ARE
YOU HITTING
ON ME?

YEAH, I KNOW,
BUT GIA WAS
ALWAYS SO FLIRTY,
BUT YOU... YOU WERE
ALWAYS SO
INNOCENT AND
QUIET!

BUT LOOK AT,
YOU KNOW...
GIGGLE

I'M NOT
GONNA LET
YOU OUTTA MY
SIGHT, GIRL!


SHHHH!
HEE HEE!



GLORIA
TELLS ME YOU
ARE ENJOYING
TEACHING
AGAIN!

OH, IT'S
BEEN A
REVELATION,
MRS. MOORE,
AND I AM
THANKFUL THAT
YOU OFFERED
ME THE
JOB...

MAY I
ASK
WHEN THE
BABY IS
DUE?



IT IS DUE NEXT
WEDNESDAY...
THANK YOU, MS.
STONEBRIDGE!

DO YOU HAVE
ANY CHILDREN, MS.
STONEBRIDGE?

NO,
CAROL, SHE
DOES NOT...
CELIA IS A
SPINSTER BY
CHOICE!

OOH,
YES, HOW
SILLY OF
ME!

ANYWAY, THAT'S
ENOUGH BABY
TALK! WE'RE HERE TO
DANCE AND ENJOY
OURSELVES, SO DON'T
LET MY WIFE DETRACT
YOU AND GLORIA
FROM HAVING A
BALL!

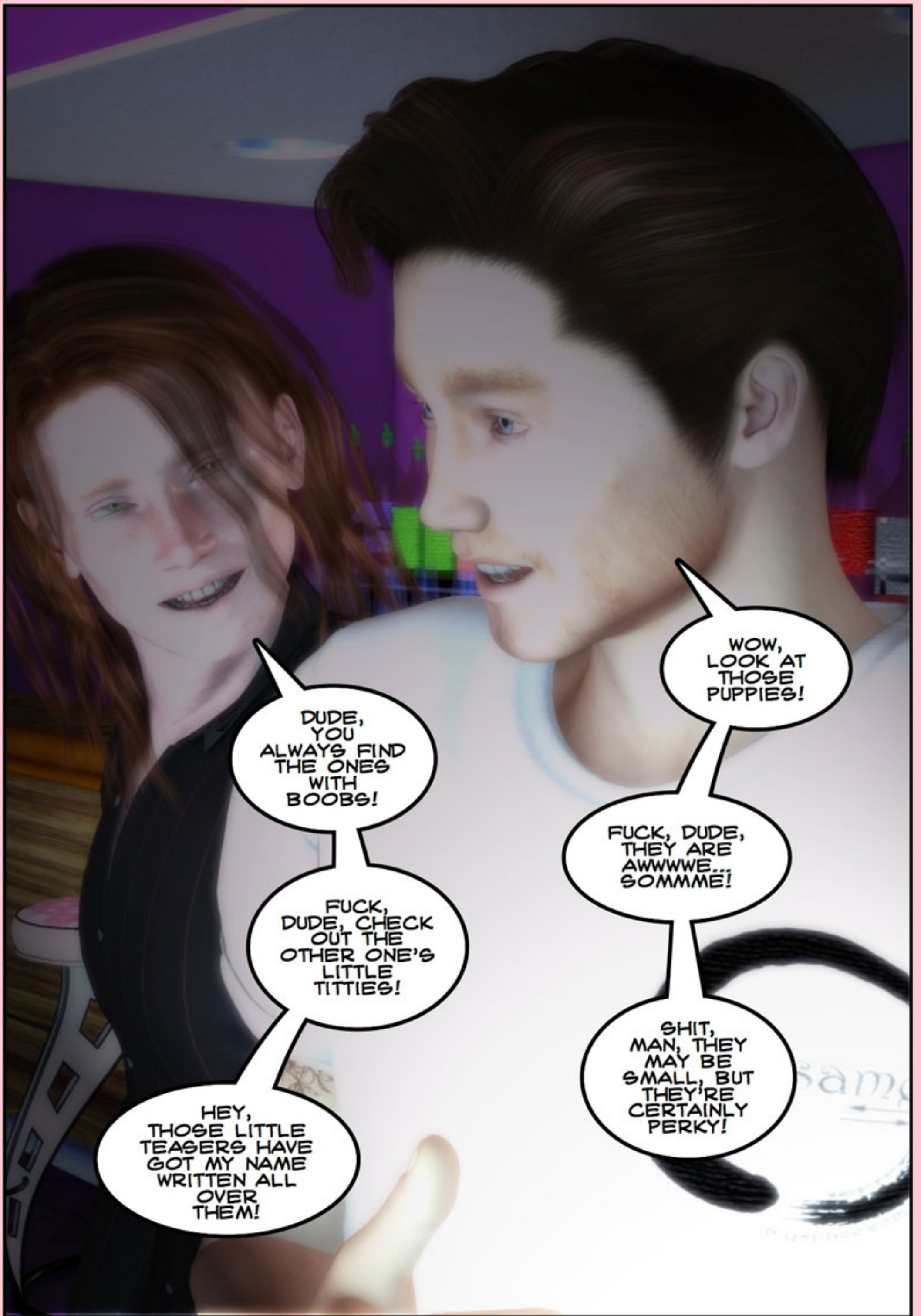
OH, IT'S PERFECTLY FINE, MRS. MOORE...

OH, DON'T YOU WORRY, IRENE, ME AND CELIA PLAN ON MAKING THE MOST OF LETTING OUR HAIR DOWN!

I HAVE TO ADMIT, THAT DRESS LOOKS ABSOLUTELY SEXY, MY DEAR...

IT HUGS YOUR WONDERFUL FIGURE WELL...

OH, THANK YOU! I BOUGHT IT FROM THE MALL TODAY!



HEY,
THOSE LITTLE
TEASERS HAVE
GOT MY NAME
WRITTEN ALL
OVER
THEM!

FUCK,
DUDE, CHECK
OUT THE
OTHER ONE'S
LITTLE
TITTIES!

DUDE,
YOU
ALWAYS FIND
THE ONES
WITH
BOOBS!

FUCK, DUDE,
THEY ARE
AWWWWWE...
SOMMME!

SHIT,
MAN, THEY
MAY BE
SMALL, BUT
THEY'RE
CERTAINLY
PERKY!

WOW,
LOOK AT
THOSE
PUPPIES!

SORRY, MA'AM,
BUT IF I WAS YOUR
HUSBAND, I WOULD
NOT LET YOU OUT
OF MY SIGHT!

I'M NOT
MARRIED,
YOUNG
MAN!

IS THIS
YOUNG MAN
HITTING ON
ME?

CAN WE GET
YOU TWO
GORGEOUS
LADIES A
BEER?

I AM...

SUPERB!
SHE'S
ATTRACTED A
MAN
ALREADY!

YES, OF
COURSE,
WE'D BOTH
LOVE A
BEER!



FOUR BEERS, PLEASE, MA'AM!

YES, OF COURSE!

SO ARE YOU,
LIKE, A MODEL
OR SOMETHING?

HE IS
CHATTING ME
UP... GLORIA
WAS NOT
KIDDING WHEN
SHE SAID
THERE WOULD
BE LOADS OF
YOUNG MEN
HERE!

HEAVENS,
NO!

WE ARE
TEACHERS,
HONEY...

SURE WISH I
HAD A TEACHER
LIKE YOU WHEN I WAS
IN SCHOOL! I WOULD
HAVE SHOWED UP TO
CLASS MORE OFTEN...
SO WHAT DO YOU
TEACH?

I'M A
BEAUTY
TEACHER!

BEAUTY
TEACHER...
NEVER HAD
THOSE AT MY
SCHOOL, BUT
SOME OF OUR
TEACHERS
COULD HAVE
USED THAT
CLASS!
HA HA!

I'M SURE
THEY WERE
NOT ALL THAT
BAD...

SO WHAT
SORT OF
THINGS DOES
A BEAUTY
TEACHER
TEACH?



AND MY CLASS ALWAYS INSIST ON ME WRITING EVERYTHING ON THE BLACKBOARD!

OOOH YOU!

I CAN SEE WHY 'GRIN'

I TEACH MY CLASS ALL ABOUT THE ETHICS OF WOMANHOOD!

YES... SHOWING THEM HOW TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES, HOW TO MAKE THEIR MAN WANT THEM!

WITH ME, THEY LEARN ALL ABOUT THE ILLUSION CREATED BY UNDERWEAR...

WOMANHOOD?

WOW... GO ON!



I TOLD HIM THAT IF HIS HANDS WENT ANY LOWER, I WOULD PUT HIM IN DETENTION AND TELL HIS MOM!

WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM? HE'S COMPLETELY SHOCKED!

CELIA, OH, MY GOD!

THEY HAVE
POLE DANCERS
HERE?

I HAVE
THIS
FEELING
THAT I
WOULD HAVE
FOUND THAT
DISGUSTING
ONCE...

I KEEP
GETTING
THESE WEIRD
DREAMS WHERE
I'M THIS REALLY
PRUDISH AND
OVERWEIGHT
WOMAN!

IT SEEMS TO
REVOLVE AROUND
MY MIRROR... I LOOK
INTO IT TO SEE
MYSELF, AND THIS
CURLY-HAIRED,
GROTESQUE-LOOKING
THING KEEPS TRYING
TO MAKE ME
LISTEN TO HER...

OH, MY
GOODNESS, YES!
THE WOMAN IN THAT
MIRROR SEEMS TO
BE A HORRID
WOMAN... I'M GLAD
IT'S JUST A SILLY
DREAM!

DURING THE
DAY, MOSTLY...
YOU KNOW,
LUNCHTIME!

DISGUSTING?
WHY, SWEETIE?

HMM...
NOW THAT'S
INTERESTING...

WHAT
HAPPENS
IN THESE
DREAMS?

CELIA,
THAT
SOUNDS
HORRID!

IT'S GOOD TO
KNOW SHE'S NOT
TAKING THE
DREAMS
SERIOUSLY...

LET'S
STAND OVER
HERE!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE SHE IS
AROUND MY AGE!
HER BODY LOOKS
SO MUCH
YOUNGER...


I WORK
OUT EVERY
OTHER NIGHT
AT THE
GYMNASIUM,
SWEETIE!

HEE HEE!
THEY'RE NOT THAT
BAD, SWEETIE...
I'LL TAKE YOU
THERE IF YOU
WANT, YES?

CAN I ASK,
GLORIA...
HOW DO YOU
KEEP YOUR BODY
SO TRIM AND
PERFECT?

OH, A
GYM?

OH, I'M NOT
SURE A GYM
WOULD BE A
PLACE FOR ME,
BUT THANKS!

A man in a white tuxedo and a woman in a black and white checkered dress are standing on a boat deck. The man is looking at the woman, who is smiling and touching his bow tie. There are three speech bubbles containing dialogue.

COME ON,
YOU HUNKY
GORGEOUS MAN,
JUST ONE MORE
DANCE, AND I WON'T
UNDO YOUR BOW
TIE...

I'M SORRY,
MA'AM, BUT I'M
AN ESCORT TO
ANOTHER LADY
TONIGHT, AND I
BELIEVE SHE
HAS ARRIVED!

DAMN, WHAT A
LUCKY LADY...
PERHAPS I'LL
HAVE TO HIRE YOU
OUT FOR THE
NIGHT, TOO,
HMMM?

HEY, CELIA, ISN'T
THAT ONE OF YOUR
STUDENTS' MOTHERS
OVER THERE?

GIA CORDINI, I HOPE YOU ARE BEHAVING YOURSELF!

OH! ***GIGGLE***
YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM... I'M JUST TRYING TO
GET THIS HUNK OF A MAN TO
DANCE WITH ME... HE IS
JUST SOOOO YUMMY,
DON'T YOU THINK?

THIS
WOMAN STILL
ACTS JUST
LIKE SHE DID
WHEN I USED
TO TUTOR
HER!

IT'S A
PLEASURE TO
FINALLY MEET
THE GREAT MS.
STONEBRIDGE
HERSELF!

YOU KNOW MY
MOTHER, MA'AM...
YOU TAUGHT HER,
AND SHE SPEAKS
HIGHLY OF YOU!

I AM LARS
NORDVIST, BUT YOU
KNEW MY MOTHER
AS HEIDI -

IT IS, YOUNG
MAN? SORRY,
BUT DO
I KNOW YOU?

YOUR
MOTHER,
HMMM?

VANDEMBERG...
HEIDI VANDEMBERG,
YES, I REMEMBER
HER WELL!

HE SAYS
HE IS HERE
TO ESCORT
SOME LUCKY
WOMAN!

LUCKY
WOMAN...
SIGH



AWWW, COME ON,
BABY, I DON'T SEE ANY
SIGN OF THIS WOMAN YOU
ARE ESCORTING, SO GRAB
A GOOD HOLD OF ME AND
TAKE ME TO THE DANCE
FLOOR!

AN
ESCORT?

YES,
MA'AM! I'VE
BEEN
ASSIGNED TO
SOMEONE
TONIGHT, AND I
DO APOLOGIZE
FOR THIS
WOMAN'S
ACTIONS!

WHO ARE
YOU
ESCORTING,
DEAR?

MS.
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM!

WHAT?
ME?

WOW,
CELIA!

YES,
MA'AM!

WHY ON
EARTH WOULD
I WANT TO BE
ESCORTED?

I
CANNOT
SAY,
MA'AM!

I
DON'T
NEED AN
ESCORT...
AND WHO
HIRED
YOU?

WELL, YOUNG
MAN, I DO NOT
WISH TO BE
ESCORTED, SO YOU
CAN TELL WHOEVER
EMPLOYED YOU TO,
THEY'VE WASTED
THEIR MONEY!
THANK YOU!

IRENE,
YOU DEVIL!
HEE HEE!

YOU HEARD
THE LADY,
YOU'RE FREE TO
DANCE WITH ME
NOW!

HER
LOSS,
MY GAIN!
COME
ON!

JUST
INDICATE TO
ME IF YOU
REQUIRE ME,
MA'AM!

CELIA, IS
THAT A TOUCH
OF JEALOUSY
CREEPING IN
THERE?


YOU ONLY
HAVE TO ASK
HIM, SWEETIE,
AND HE'LL BE AT
YOUR SIDE, NOT
HERS!

LOOK AT
THAT
WOMAN!
DOES SHE
HAVE NO
MORALS?

SHE WAS
ALWAYS
SLEEPING
AROUND WHEN I
WAS TEACHING
HER!

LOOK AT
HER, SHOWING
OFF ALL HER
BODY... THE
SHAME OF IT!

ERRRR, NO... IN FACT,
I'M A LITTLE ANNOYED
THAT SOMEONE WOULD
HIRE OUT AN ESCORT
FOR ME!




THAT GIA
WAS A MODEL
WHEN SHE WAS
YOUNGER, WASN'T
SHE?

SHE WAS
NOTHING BUT AN
EMPTY-HEADED
FLOOZY BACK THEN,
AND FROM HER
BEHAVIOR TONIGHT, IT
LOOKS LIKE NOTHING'S
CHANGED... JUST LOOK AT
HER! SHE SHOULD BE
ASHAMED THROWING
HERSELF AT THAT
YOUNG MAN!
PFFFT

AS HE SAID, CELIA,
HE'S *YOUR* ESCORT
TONIGHT, SO WHETHER
YOU WANT HIM OR NOT,
YOU CAN EASILY PRY HIM
AWAY FROM GIA,
SWEETIE!

HMMM, THAT
WOULD TEACH
HER A
LESSON...

NO, I'M
PERFECTLY FINE,
GLORIA!



JAYNE,
HIYA!

SHE'S
OUR
FASHION
TEACHER,
CELIA!

JAYNE?

MRS. SMITH...
MS. STONEBRIDGE,
IT'S A PLEASURE TO
MEET YOU!

WE MET
MONDAY
MORNING
AT
SCHOOL!

OHH, YOU
LOOK SO...

I DON'T
ALWAYS DRESS
LIKE THIS, SO...
HEE HEE! WELL, I
GUESS YOU'RE
FINDING IT A LITTLE
TOUGH GETTING
BACK INTO THE FLOW
OF TEACHING
AGAIN... I WAS OUT
OF TEACHING FOR
5 YEARS BEFORE
I FOUND MY
ROLE AT
FEETHAMS!

TEACHING IS SECOND NATURE TO ME... BUT I MUST SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE A WHORE IN THAT DRESS! YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, A TEACHER, AND WHETHER YOU ARE WORKING OR NOT, YOU SHOULD MAINTAIN SOME DECENCY!

WHAT I CHOOSE TO WEAR WHEN I GO OUT FOR A NIGHT, MS. STONEBRIDGE, IS MY DECISION!

YOU HAVE YOUNG IMPRESSIONABLE LADIES UNDER YOUR TUTELAGE, MISS WALLIS, AND I'M SURE THEIR MOTHERS WOULD OBJECT TO THEM BEING TAUGHT LESSONS BY A TEACHER WHO WANTS TO LOOK LIKE A COMMON STREET WHORE WHEN SHE GOES OUT AT NIGHT!

WHAT A BITCH!

EVERYONE HAS THEIR OPINION, MS. STONEBRIDGE, AND I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN FOR MY PUPILS, BUT I WILL DRESS HOW I FEEL LIKE WHEN NOT AT WORK, REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU THINK...

THIS IS ONE TEACHER I WOULD FIRE IF I WERE HEADMISTRESS!

NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I WOULD LIKE TO ENJOY MYSELF, THANK YOU!

As the night progressed...

WELL,
OKAY,
CELIA...

IF IT MAKES
YOU MORE
COMFORTABLE,
SWEETIE!

I'M
SORRY,
GLORIA, BUT
WATCHING THAT
SLUT DRAPE
HERSELF ALL
OVER THAT
YOUNG MAN IS
MAKING THESE
HEELS MORE
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR ME TO
DANCE IN!

YOU CAN
CARRY ON
DANCING! I'LL
TAKE A SEAT
OUT OF VIEW
OF HER!



CHAMPAGNE, MISS,
COURTESY OF MR.
NORDVIST!

OHH,
ERRR...
WELL,
OKAY!

OH, MY
GOODNESS, IS
THAT WHAT I
THINK IT IS?

IS
EVERYTHING
OKAY,
MISS?

ERMM, ERRR,
YES... YES, IT
IS... BUT,
PLEASE, ARE
YOU A...


YOU MEAN
DO I HAVE A
COCK IN MY
PANTIES?

WELL, I
DIDN'T MEAN...
BUT, OH...

I'M NOT GOING
TO WASTE TIME
EXPLAINING MYSELF
TO YOU, MISS, SO IF
YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT
IT, THEN GO LOOK IT UP
ONLINE OR
SOMETHING!
PFFFT

HMMM,
TOUCHY...

THAT GIRL,
OR BOY,
WHATEVER IT IS,
HAS SOMETHING
VAGUELY
FAMILIAR
ABOUT IT!



As the night progressed, Celia's alcohol intake increased, her thoughts bounced around with many questions, and each and every one of them heralded another question for her. Although the sight of the waitress with a very prominent bulge in her panties had tapped into her past memories, the thing that seemed to be center stage in her thoughts was the young man sent to escort her, and her pupil Nicholas's mother Gia...

HE IS
HERE FOR
ME, AFTER
ALL... HOW
DARE THAT
SLUT GRAB
HIM!

OOOH,
GLORIA,
THERE YOU
ARE! HEE
HEE!

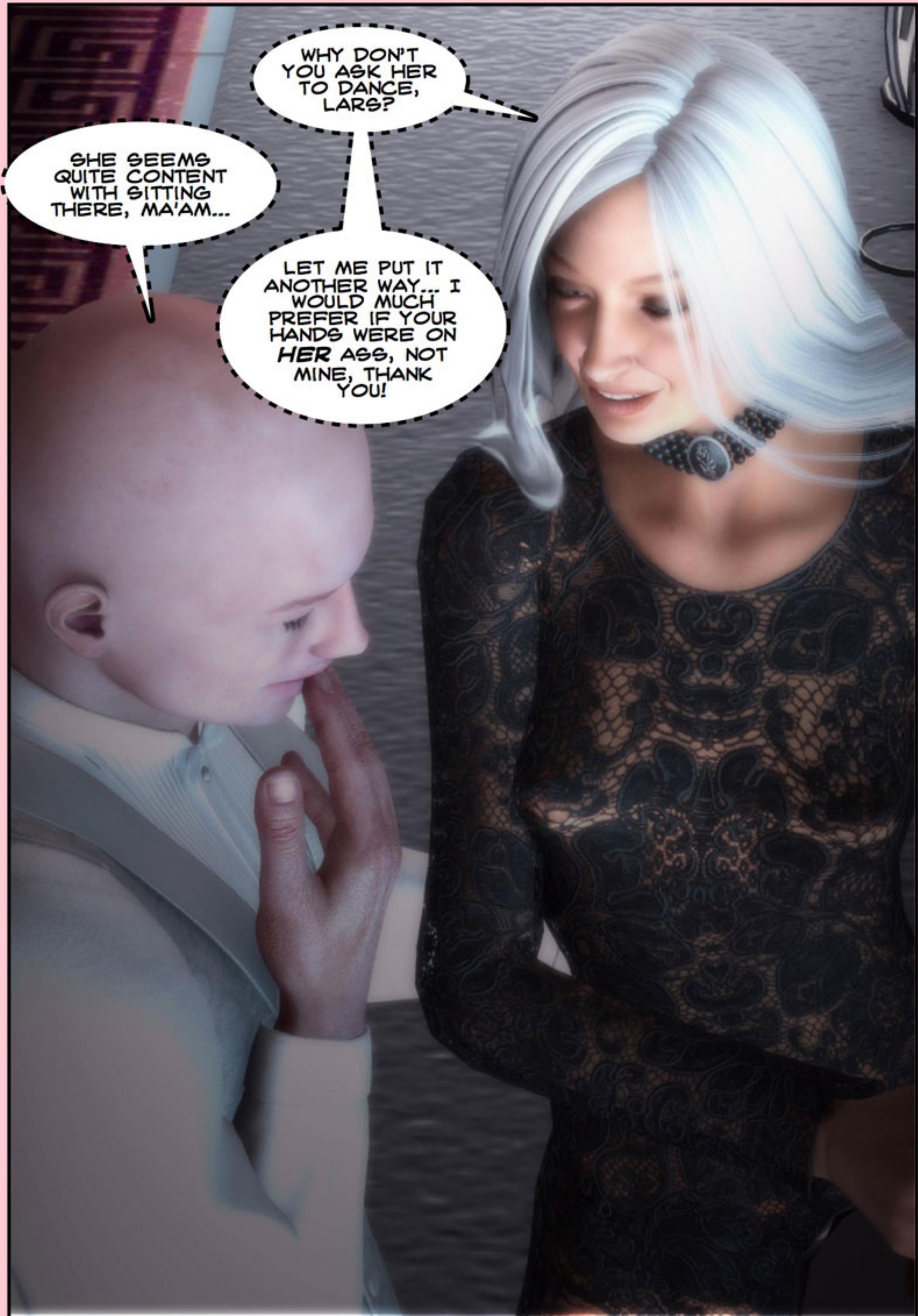
OHH, CELIA,
YOU HAVE TO
DANCE WITH
LARS! HE'S SO
GOOD WITH HIS
FEET...

AND HIS
HANDS!
PFFT

OHH, I'M
PERFECTLY
FINE SITTING
HERE
WATCHING!
HEE HEE!

I HOPE YOU ARE
ENJOYING THE
EVENING, MS.
STONEBRIDGE...

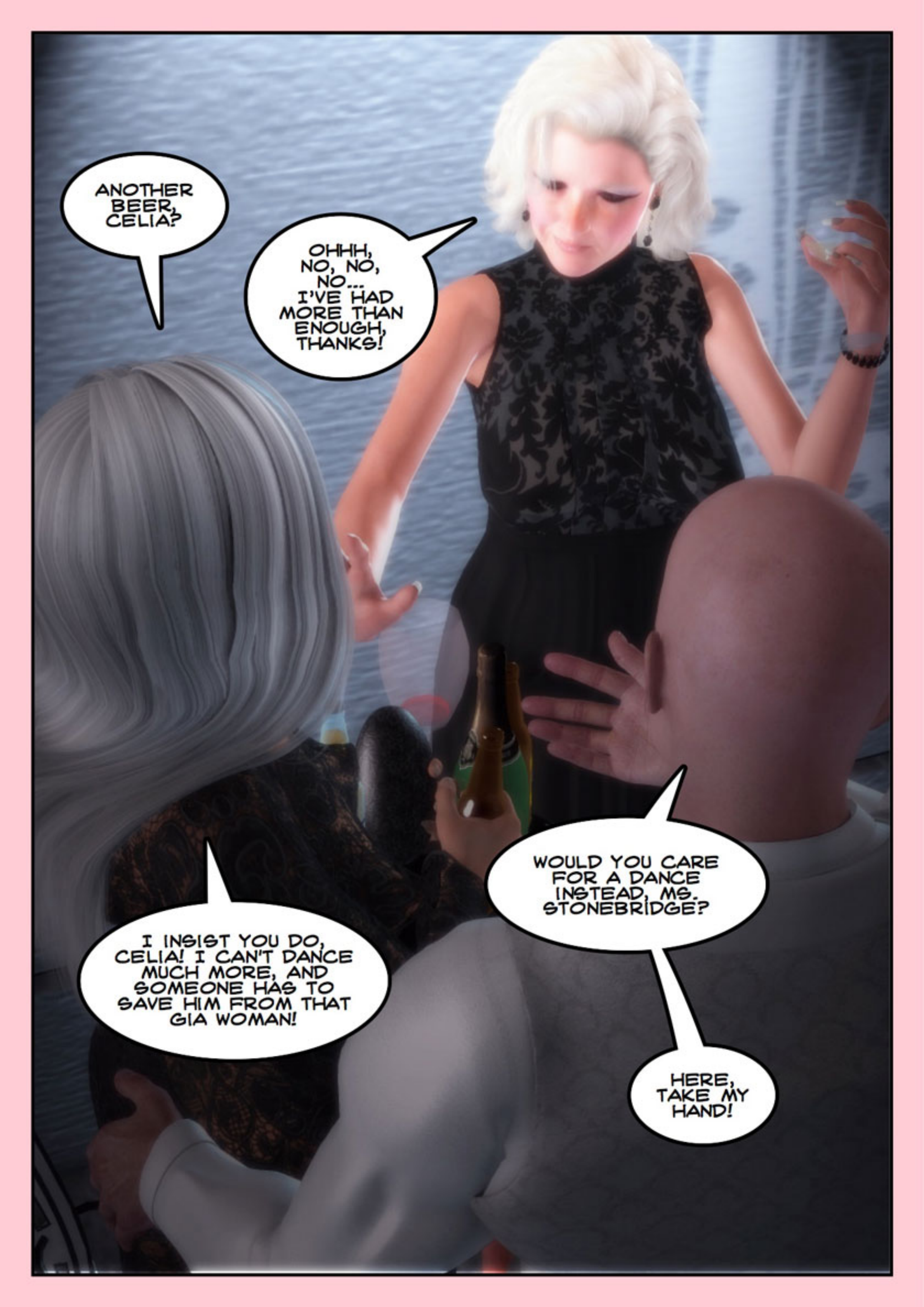
SQUEEEZZE



SHE SEEMS
QUITE CONTENT
WITH SITTING
THERE, MA'AM...

WHY DON'T
YOU ASK HER
TO DANCE,
LARS?

LET ME PUT IT
ANOTHER WAY... I
WOULD MUCH
PREFER IF YOUR
HANDS WERE ON
HER ASS, NOT
MINE, THANK
YOU!



ANOTHER
BEER,
CELIA?

OHHH,
NO, NO,
NO...
I'VE HAD
MORE THAN
ENOUGH,
THANKS!

I INSIST YOU DO,
CELIA! I CAN'T DANCE
MUCH MORE, AND
SOMEONE HAS TO
SAVE HIM FROM THAT
GIA WOMAN!

WOULD YOU CARE
FOR A DANCE
INSTEAD, MS.
STONEBRIDGE?

HERE,
TAKE MY
HAND!

OOOH, I WOULD LOVE TO SAVE YOU FROM THAT SLUT... YOU ONLY HAD TO ASK, YOUNG MAN!

THAT SLUT IS NOT COMING ANYWHERE NEAR MY MAN AGAIN TONIGHT!

PHEW

CELIA, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL STUMBLE INTO HIM... I BELIEVE OUR MS. STONEBRIDGE IS QUITE SMITTEN WITH LARS AFTER ALL!

HERE, LET ME GUIDE YOU, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

OOOPS! *GIGGLE*

WHY, THANK YOU, LARS!

trippity



THERE YOU GO...
NOT SO BAD A DANCER
AFTER ALL, ARE YOU,
MS. STONEBRIDGE?

NEVER
THOUGHT
SHE WOULD
THROW
HERSELF
AT HIM!

AND I'M SURE
YOU'D RATHER BE
DANCING WITH ME
THAN THAT AWFUL
TRAMP, MR.
NORVISSST...

I WAS A LITTLE
WORRIED THAT HER
SEXUAL
PREFERENCES WERE
NOT HETERO FOR
AWHILE...

THE KAPPER
WOMAN SEEMED
TO BE THE KEY TO
HER EVENTUAL
CAPITULATION!

INDEED, A
LITTLE JEALOUSY
GOES A LONG
WAY, MY DEAR!

THE
WAITRESS
MENTIONED HER
RATHER WEIRD
STARE AT HER
BULGE...

YES, I
HEARD...
IT APPEARS HER
THOUGHTS MAY
HAVE DEVIATED
SOMEWHAT, SO I
WILL INFORM GWYNN
OF A POSSIBLE
FLASHBACK TO
HER PAST
CONCERNING
THAT!



LARS IS PERFECT FOR HER, DON'T YOU THINK?

ANNABELLE SAW HER BODY, AND SO HAVE YOU...

THEN WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, DO WE?

IRENE, YOU HAVE NOT... HAVE YOU?

WELL, YES... HER BODY HAS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF SEVERAL YOUNG MEN TONIGHT!

SHE STILL HAS HER PRUDISH THOUGHTS... SHE DISPLAYED THAT WITH JAYNE, AND SHE ALSO MENTIONED HER DREAMS OF HER FORMER SELF TRYING TO MAKE HER SEE SENSE!

THAT'S JUST RESIDUE, GLORIA, EASILY WORKED AROUND, AND TOMORROW SHE WILL BE VERY COMPLIANT, BELIEVE ME!

OH, I HAVE A FEELING LARS IS GOING TO OPEN A WHOLE NEW WORLD TO HER... SO YOU BETTER WATCH OUT, GLORIA... WE'RE GONNA HAVE ANOTHER WENCH ON THE BLOCK! HA HA!

WELL, GIVING HER THAT HUNK WILL CERTAINLY WHET HER APPETITE! *GIGGLE*

COMPETITION FOR ME? OH, IRENE, HOW COULD YOU? HEE HEE!



WHAT D'YA
THINK, NIKI?

OH, MY
GOD,
HE'S A
NATURAL!

COME
ON, CRAIGY,
YOU GOTTA
APPLY YOUR
OWN MAKEUP
TO FINISH IT
OFF!



IT FEELS
STRANGE...

WHY CAN'T I TALK?
HOW THE FUCK ARE THEY
DOING THIS TO ME? WHEN I
BREAK FREE, I'M GONNA
SMASH THEIR SISSY HEADS
IN... THEN I'LL GET MY DAD
ONTO STONEBRIDGE...
SHE'S DONE THIS, THE
BITCH!

YEAH, ME,
TOO...
THAT DRESS
FITS YOU
WELL,
CRAIGY!

LOOKS
GOOD TO ME,
CRAIGY...

AND THOSE
LEGS WERE
MADE FOR
HOSE!

Craig's mind was becoming more and more confused as the hidden transmitters began to emit on a frequency that only his subconscious mind could receive...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, CRAIG... FUCK, THEY HAVE YOU IN WOMEN'S CLOTHING NOW!

WHAT THE FUCK? WHERE DID THAT THOUGHT COME FROM?

RIGHT, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I'LL GET DAD ONTO THEM, AND HE'LL HAVE THE AUTHORITIES ON THEM!

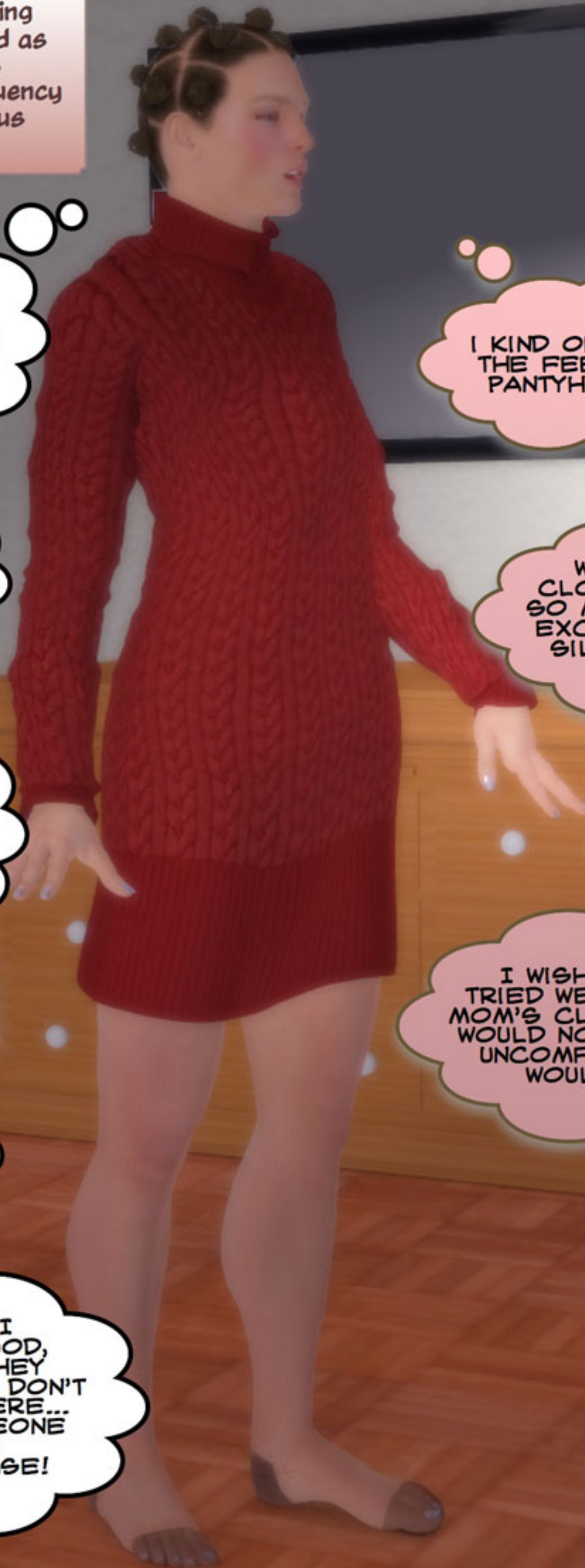
WHAT THE FUCK? WHY WOULD I EVEN THINK THAT?

WHY CAN'T I MOVE? OH, GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO ME? I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE... PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP ME! PLEEEEEEEASE!

I KIND OF LIKE THE FEEL OF PANTYHOSE!

WOMEN'S CLOTHES ARE SO MUCH MORE EXCITING THAN SILLY BOYS' STUFF!

I WISH WE HAD TRIED WEARING OUR MOM'S CLOTHES... WE WOULD NOT FEEL SO UNCOMFORTABLE, WOULD WE?



Another short burst of transmission fluctuated the neurons in Craig's brain, sending out short bursts of synaptic shocks designed to inject his hippocampus with their newly written processes, a method of execution that gave the recipient a short loss of memory...



...a loss of memory that would enable the transmission to embed the release routine of Craig's new and more dominant voice, a voice that would make what had once seemed wrong take on a different meaning. However, before this new voice could ignite the suggestions that had systematically been fed into his subconscious since he had arrived, its trigger had to be released, a trigger which could be a phrase, a set of random patterns, or, in Craig's case, a certain irreversible incident...



YOU
OKAY,
CRAIGY?

HE LOOKS
A LITTLE
STUNNED...

I...
ERRRR...

WHOA,
WHAT WAS
THAT?
FUCK!

As Craig Wilson's new thought patterns began to emerge, his former voice of reason, the one he had always relied on to make his decisions, teetered on the brink. The heavy dosage of subliminal thought waves which had been battering his mind all evening were about to seal his fate, and the one incident that would trigger that completely was soon to be played...

CRAIG!
LISTEN
TO ME!

WHY
AREN'T YOU
LISTENING?
CRAIG!

WHAAA?

WHAT WAS
I DOING?

AM I ALL
RIGHT?

ERR,
YEAH,
SORRY...

WE THOUGHT WE
HAD LOST YOU
THEN, CRAIGY... YOU
KINDA WENT ALL
WEIRD ON US!

I HAD A BIT
OF A BRAIN
FREEZE, I
THINK...



WHEN WE HAVE YOU ALL NICE AND PRETTY, IT'S THE ULTIMATE FINISH!

ULTIMATE FINISH?

YOU CAN FIGHT THIS! THERE MUST BE A WAY! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS? IT'S NOT RIGHT!

HEELS!

HEELS? WOULD THAT BE RIGHT?

YES, HEELS, AND JUST SO YOU DON'T FEEL WEIRD OR ANYTHING, I'VE SNUCK A PAIR OF TORI'S MOM'S HEELS ON, TOO! HEE HEE!



IT FEELS STRANGE DOING THIS...

THAT'S IT, SUGAR PIE... COLOR THOSE CHEEKS!

ANYTHING YOU TRY FOR THE FIRST TIME DOES, I GUESS!

FUCK! LOOK AT ME... I FEEL SO STUPID!

I THINK THAT COLOR SUITS ME!

THIS VOICE IN MY HEAD... WHERE?

THIS VOICE IN MY HEAD... WHY IS IT SO NEGATIVE?

NOOOO!
MOMMY WOULD
GO NUTS IF SHE
CAUGHT ME!

HAVE YOU
WORN HEELS
YET, TORI?

YOU'RE
GOING TO
BE A
MODEL?

HE SURE IS,
AND I'M GOING
TO BE A
BEAUTICIAN...

I GUESS I
GOTTA GET
USED TO THEM,
BEING A
MODEL NOW...

THAT'S GOOD
APPLICATION,
CRAIGY! MS.
STONEBRIDGE WOULD
BE PLEASED IF SHE
SAW THAT!

SHOULD I
PUT MORE
BLUSHER
ON?

WHAT?
NOOO!
DID I JUST
SAY THAT?

NOPE,
YOU'RE JUST
PEACHY, SUGAR
PIE... IT'S
HEELS
TIME!


OH, MY
GOD, I'M
REALLY
DOING
THIS!

PLEASE,
CRAIG, DON'T
DO THIS...
PLEASE, I
BEG YOU!

SUCH AN
ANNOYING
THOUGHT! WHY
WOULD I NOT
WANT TO DO
THIS? LOOK AT
MY PRETTY
TOES!

PLEEEASE,
NOOOO!

With just several inches of mesh-encased toes ready to slide into Hector Burgess's mother's heeled sandals, Craig's future would be changed forever...



THAT'S, IT
SUGAR
PIE...

HERE,
LET ME HELP
YOU!

OH, MY
WORD!

I'M
REALLY
DOING THIS!

CRAAAIG...
PLINK

OOHHHHHHHHHH...
WHAT A WONDERFUL
FEELING!

The heel fit was perfect, and as Craig lifted his other foot....

...Craig's new persona was released...

OH, YES,
I CAN WALK
EASILY IN THEM...
OH, MY GOD,
GUYS, WHAT A
RUSH!

AN ABSOLUTE
NATURAL, TORI,
RIGHT?

ABSOLUTELY,
NIKI!

OH, MY
GOD, I LOVE
THESE
CLOTHES...

THANK YOU
GUYS SOOO
MUCH...
I NEVER REALLY
KNEW YOU
COULD FEEL
SOOOO
FANTASTIC!

YOU'RE
WELCOME,
CRAIGY!

...and his new voice embraced its freedom.

IF ONLY I
HAD RAIDED MY
MOM'S CLOSET...
I'D HAVE FELT THIS
WAY SO MUCH
SOONER!

WON'T YOUR
MOM WONDER
HOW HER
CLOTHES GOT
STRETCHED?

THAT'S A
STRETCH
DRESS... IT'LL GO
BACK TO NORMAL
SHAPE! AND
THE HOSE AND
PANTIES... MOMMY'S
GOT LOADS OF
THEM!

SHE'S AWESOME!

WHOA, YOU GUYS HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH FROM MS. STONEBRIDGE!

I'VE MISSED SO MUCH FROM BEING SUCH AN IDIOT!

YEAH, IF IT WERE NOT FOR HER LESSONS, I NEVER WOULD HAVE REALIZED MY AMBITION WAS TO FOLLOW IN MY MOM'S FOOTSTEPS!

SHE WAS A MODEL, YES?

I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ABOUT CLOTHING AND MAKEUP!

I BETTER ANSWER THAT PHONE... EXCUSE ME!

GO AHEAD, TORI...

YES, SHE WAS, CRAIGY!

CRASH!





YEAH, MY MOM
HAS ME BOOKED
TO SEE AN AGENT
NEXT WEEK... SHE
SAYS THE TOMBOY
LOOK SUITS ME...


SHE FILLED
MY DRAWERS
WITH PANTIES
AND OTHER
COOL STUFF,
TOO!

YOU WEAR
PANTIES?

SURE I DO!
THEY FIT MUCH
BETTER... CRAIGY,
DON'T YOU FIND
THE PAIR YOU'RE
WEARING DO?

YEAH,
THEY DO... WOW,
NIKI, YOUR MOM
IS THE
COOLEST!

ANY
IDEAS ON
WHAT YOU
WANNA DO,
CRAIGY?

A woman with dark hair styled in buns, wearing a red, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress and high-heeled sandals, stands in a wooden closet. She is looking towards a mannequin in the foreground. The mannequin has blonde hair and is wearing a pink and white striped top with a heart pattern and bright pink boots. The closet contains various items like folded clothes, a hat, and a bag. The floor is made of light-colored wood.


I HAVE NO
IDEA... I'VE
MISSED OUT ON
SO MUCH NOT
BEING IN
CLASS!

WHAT TYPE OF
CAREER WOULD
THAT BE? PLUS, I'M
SURE MY MOM WOULD
BE ANNOYED AFTER
PAYING SO MUCH FOR
ME TO ATTEND MS.
STONEBRIDGE'S
CLASSES!

WHAT ABOUT
THE STORE
YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING IN?

AT LEAST
YOU'LL BE
AROUND ALL
THOSE GREAT
CLOTHES...

YEAH, I
WOULD!
HEE HEE!

A comic panel showing two young girls sitting on a bed with a brown and white striped blanket. The girl on the left has dark hair and is wearing a light purple top. The girl on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a pink and white striped top and pink socks. They are both looking at each other and talking. The background is a grey tufted headboard.

MOMMY SAID
YOU CAN SLEEP IN
HERE TONIGHT,
CRAIGY!

THEY'RE ALL
STAYING THE
NIGHT AT THE
HEADMISTRESS'S
HOME...

WOW, A REAL
SLEEPOVER, THEN!
GIGGLE

ANY
THOUGHTS ON
TOMORROW,
GIRLS?

DARE?

WE COULD
PLAY **DARE** AT
THE MALL!

YEAH, WE
EACH WRITE
DOWN A DARE FOR
EACH OF US, AND
THEN PUT OUR
NAMES IN A HAT
AND PULL OUT THE
NAME FOR THE
DARE!

SOUNDS
COOL!



WELL I'M BEAT,
GIRLS, SO TIME FOR
BED!

ME, TOO...
BUT WHAT
ABOUT THIS
MAKEUP?

THAT MAKEUP
IS 24 HOUR,
AND YOU NEED A
LOTION TO
REMOVE IT!

OHhh, WOW,
CRAIG LOOKS
SOOO CUTE!

YOU KNOW,
HOSE AND
PANTIES LOOK
FAB ON YOU,
CRAIGY!

I REALLY
AM FINDING IT
HARD TO STOP
FINDING GUYS
SO YUMMY!

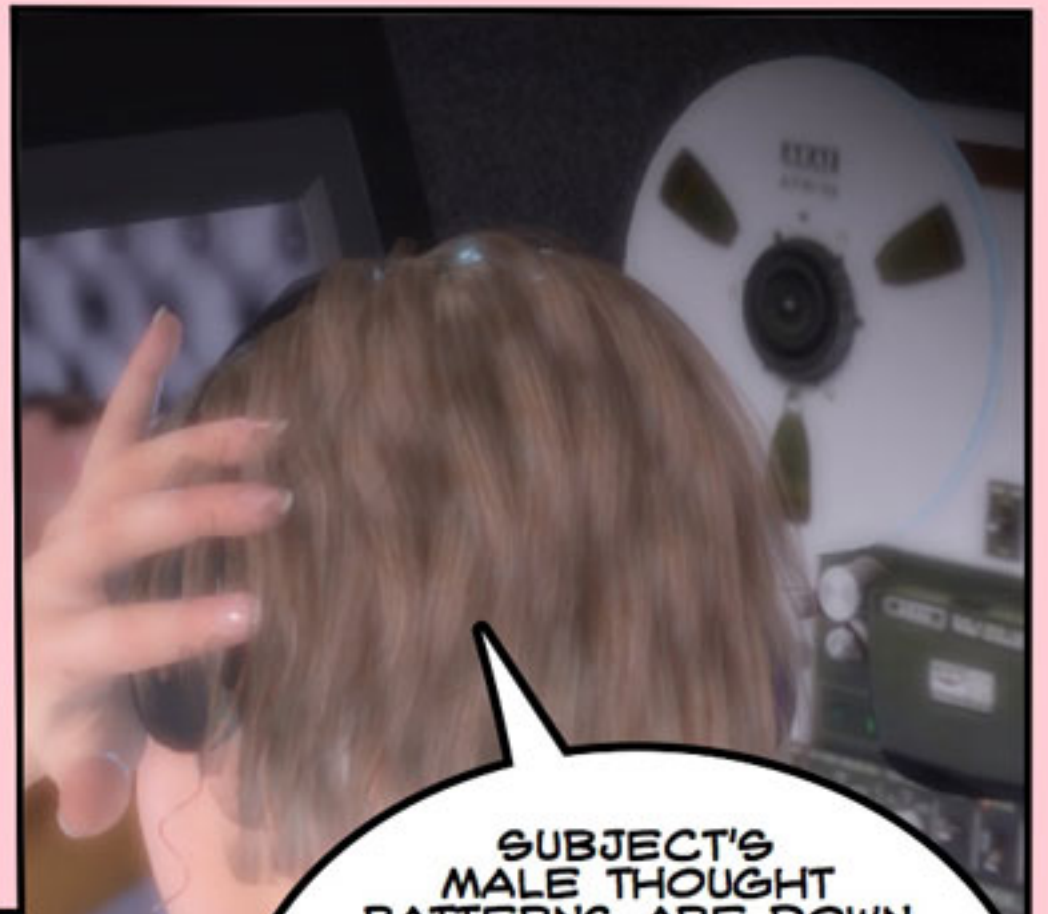
THANKS, NIKI...
BUT WON'T I GET
MAKEUP ON YOUR
MOM'S
PILLOWCASE?

THAT
MAKEUP
DOES NOT
RUN, HON!

As Craig settled down for a night's sleep...



...the finishing touches to his new thoughts and thinking processes were being sealed...



SUBJECT'S MALE THOUGHT PATTERNS ARE DOWN TO 15 PERCENT, HIS FEMALE THOUGHT PROCESSES ARE STABLE AND ARE IN COMPLETE CONTROL.... THOUGH HIS ORIGINAL 'Y' CHROMOSOME LEVELS ARE STILL VERY HIGH! ANY SUGGESTIONS, CONTROL?

OKAY, IT WILL BE IN MY REPORT FOR MADAME IRENE TOMORROW MORNING, CONTROL... BLESSED IS OUR LADY!

SUBJECT WILL BE UNDER SUPERVISION ALL DAY TOMORROW, AND ENGINEERS WILL HAVE THE CODING INSTALLED FOR HIM IN THE WILSON SHOWER SYSTEM FOR TOMORROW NIGHT!

BLESSED IS OUR LADY!


Meanwhile...

DO YOU
THINK CRAIG
IS RIGHT?

ABOUT MS.
STONEBRIDGE?

YEAH!





ALL I KNOW
IS I WAS LIVING
A POINTLESS
SELFISH LIFE
BEFORE I MET
HER!

I HAD NO
RESPECT FOR
MY MOMMY...
AND THOUGHT MY
DADDY WAS THE
BEST!

AND BESIDES, I LOVE THE WAY MY SKIN FEELS! IT'S SO SOFT!

YEAH, MINE DOES, TOO... AND I LOVE MS. STONEBRIDGE! SHE'S THE BEST!

ME, TOO... I'M SURE CRAIG WILL SEE HOW WONDERFUL SHE IS, TOO, WHEN HE COMES BACK TO CLASS!




BUT,
UHMMM...

NOW
WHAT?

NOOO, I
CAN'T!
GIGGLE

C'MON, NIKI,
TELL ME
BEFORE I
TICKLE IT OUT
OF YOU!

WELL,
ERRR... IT'S
MY BODY...



THE ITCHY
NIPPLES, YOU
MEAN?

WELL, I KNOW
SOMETHING IS
GOING ON WITH MY
CHEST, YEAH...
BUT IT'S...

NIKI,
YOU'RE
DRIVING ME
SILLY! WHAT
IS IT?

OKAY, LIKE,
HERE GOES...
IT'S MY THINGY!

YOU MEAN IT'S,
LIKE, GETTING
SMALLER?

WELL, I
KNOW *THAT*,
BUT I'VE BEEN
GETTING THESE
DREAMS!

ABOUT
GUYS?

OH, MY
GOD, YOU,
TOO, TORI?

YES, I
DO, AND?


I'M SOO
ATTRACTED TO
GUYS, AND, WELL,
I'VE BEEN WAKING
UP SOO EXCITED
ABOUT THEM,
TOO!

ME, TOO!
OH, MY GOD,
I THOUGHT IT
WAS JUST
ME!

HAVE YOU
CUM THINKING
ABOUT THEM?

OHHH, NIKI,
THOSE DREAMS
ARE JUST SOOOO
YUMMY! OF
COURSE I HAVE!
HEE HEE!

OH, MY
GOD, I'M
SOOOO
RELIEVED YOU
HAVE!



WELL, I'M
LOOKING FORWARD
TO WAKING UP TO
ANOTHER STEAMY
DREAM TOMORROW
MORNING!

WE COULD HELP
EACH OTHER OUT IF
WE DO! ***GIGGLE***

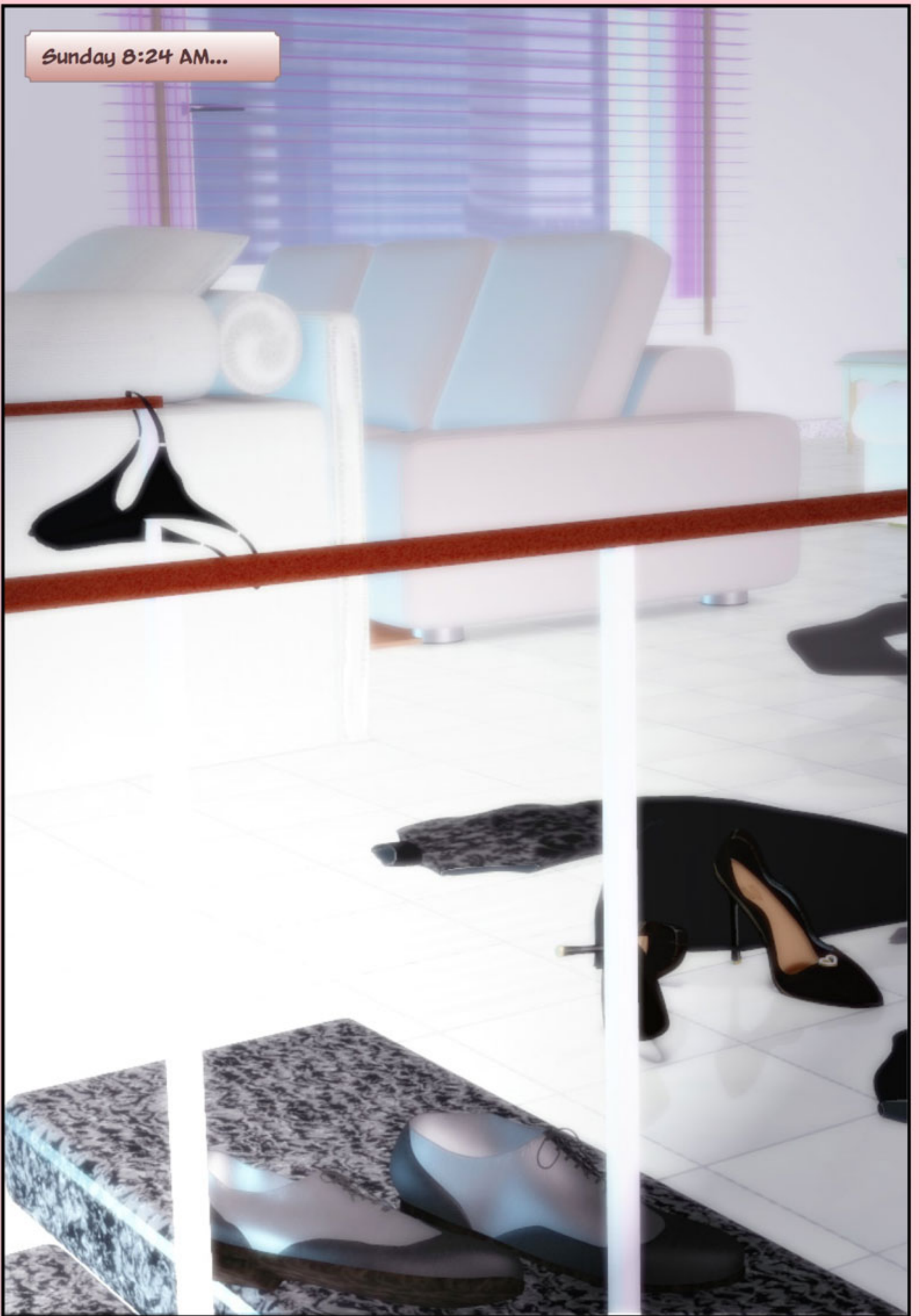
LIKE, OH,
MY GOD...
ME, TOO!

I'M NOT
THAT TYPE OF
GIRL, TORI!
GIGGLE

C'MON, LET'S GET
SOME BEAUTY
SLEEP... I THINK
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO
HAVE A LOT MORE
SLEEPOVERS! WHAT
DO YOU THINK?

OH,
DEF!

Sunday 8:24 AM...



Celia's lucid dreams usually consisted of residue from her former personality leaking into her subconscious and mixing with words or thoughts that had implanted themselves either during the past day or sometimes even further back. However, this morning, her lucid dreams had turned very romantic, and from the whispers she breathed during her sleep, were slightly erotic...

OHHHHH...
MMMMM...





EH... OHHH...
UHMM, WHAT A
BAD DRRRR...?

WHAT?



OH, MY
GOD...
LARS?



OH, NOOO,
HE'S NAKED,
AND SO AM
I....

BUT IT
WAS JUST A
DREAM! HOW
CAN THIS
BE?


A BETTER
DREAM THAN
THOSE AWFUL
ONES WITH THAT
HORRID GRUMPY
WOMAN IN
THEM!



OHHHH,
NOOOO,
PLEASE DON'T
SAY WE DID IT...
PLEASE!

FUCK, MY
CLOTHES?
OH, MY GOD,
WE STRIPPED
BEFORE?

I NEED A
DRINK!



CELIA, CELIA,
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE? AND WITH A
FORMER PUPIL'S
SON, TOO?

HOW CAN
I FACE
ANYONE AFTER
THIS? AND TO
THINK I WAS
CALLING *GIA* THE
SLUT... OH, MY
FUCKING
GOD!

HEY, MS. STONEBRIDGE, WHAT'S WRONG?

WHAT'S WRONG? CAN'T HE SEE?

I, ERRR... NEEDED A DRINK!

YOU LOOK A LITTLE SHOCKED, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

OH, MY LORD, HIS TOUCH IS ELECTRIFYING!

I AM, YES... I'VE NEVER HAD A ONE NIGHT STAND BEFORE!

I'D NEVER TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF A
LADY, AND I ADMIT
HAVING SOMEONE AS
GORGEOUS AS YOU
STRIP ME OF MY
CLOTHES WAS VERY
TEMPTING, BUT YOU HAD
CONSUMED QUITE A LOT
OF ALCOHOL, AND I
MANAGED TO FIGHT
OFF THE TEMPTATION
AND JUST CUDDLED
YOU TO SLEEP!

CUDDLE?
YOU MEAN WE
DID NOT...


BUT MY
PANTIES!
THEY ARE
HANGING...

STRIPTease?
OH, MY, I DID
DRINK TOO
MUCH!

NO, MS.
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM, WE DID
NOT...

OH, YOU HUNG THEM
THERE AFTER GIVING ME A
WONDERFUL STRIPTease...
AND BELIEVE ME, IT WAS
WONDERFUL!

YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING TO FEAR,
MS. STONEBRIDGE...
YOU HAVE MY FULL
DISCRETION!



SO DO YOU
FEEL BETTER NOW,
MS. STONEBRIDGE?
OR CAN I CALL YOU
CELIA?

I AM
RELIEVED
THAT NOTHING
HAPPENED,
THOUGH...
OHHH...


OOOH,
MY GOD,
HIS BODY!
MMMMUST...

CEEEL...
CELIA IS
JUST FINE...

RELIEVED
THAT NOTHING
HAPPENED, SINCE
YOU WERE DRUNK
AND WOULD NOT
REMEMBER IT,
HMMM?

MASTER
NORDVIST, ARE
YOU
PROPOSITIONING
ME, YOUNG
MAN?

IT'S
HARD NOT TO
WHEN A GORGEOUS
AND SEXY THING
LIKE YOU IS UP
CLOSE TO ME,
CELIA!



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, WHEN THOSE GORGEOUS BREASTS OF YOURS ARE PRESSED SO TIGHT AGAINST ME?


LOOK, YOUNG... OH, MY GOD, YOU'RE...

BUT, LARS, I'M...

OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY GRANDMOTHER, YEAH... SO WHAT?

OHH, CELIA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT WOULD HIS MOTHER SAY IF SHE...



LET'S GET YOU
BACK WHERE YOU
BELONG, SHALL WE,
GORGEOUS?

OHHH!
GIGGLE
LARS, SHOULD
WE BE...

OHHH, MY
GOD, HE'S
SOOO
HANDSOME AND
MUSCULAR...
I CAN'T!

Celia's resolve...

...could not keep hold...

OH, MY GOD,
CELIA, THIS IS
REALLY GOING
TO HAPPEN!

OOOHHH...

YOU KNOW,
EVERY GUY IN
CINCHERS LAST
NIGHT WAS
TALKING ABOUT
THESE!

AND YOU'RE
THE LUCKY ONE
WHO GETS THEM!
GIGGLE

MMMMM...
LICK

...and sensations...

...she had not felt in
over 40 years...

OHHH,
FUCK, I'VE
NEVER FELT
LIKE THIS
BEFORE!

OHHHH,
YES, LARS!
MMMMM...

I NEVER GOT
THIS MUCH
ATTENTION FROM
MEN WHEN I WAS
YOUNG, EITHER!

...coursed through her body.

OHHH,
LARS, IS
THAT...

YES,
GORGEOUS!
ARE YOU
READY?

I CAN'T FIGHT
THIS FEELING...
MY BODY IS
ELECTRIFIED, AND
HE IS 50000
FUCKIN' HOT!

**FUCK
ME, LARS!
I WANT IT!**

**OHHHH,
GOD, IT'S...
HE'S INSIDE
ME! OHHH!**

**HHHHHH...
NYESSSSSSMMMM!**





**OHHHH,
FUCKKKK
YESSSSS!
OHHHH!**

**OHH,
CELIA, HIS
MUSCLES...**

**OHHHM
MMMM!
YESSSS!
MMMM!**

**GOD, I'VE
NEVER FELT
SOOO
TURNED ON!**

**OH, YESSS,
BABY, YOU'RE
SOOO FUCKING
HOT!**



**OHHHH,
FUCKKKK
YESSSS! FUCK
ME, LARS!
YESSSSSS!**

**OHHH,
BABY, I'M
GONNA CUM!**

A woman with short, wavy white hair is sitting in a white bathtub. She is nude. A person's hands are massaging her back and buttocks. The background features a pink wall with large black Japanese characters. To the left, there are white blinds. The scene is lit with soft, warm light.

OH, MY
FUCKING GOD!
YESSSSSSSSSS...
YESSSSSSSS!

FUCK, I
LOVED THAT...
I'VE MISSED
OUT ON THIS
FOR SO LONG!
FUCK, WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
ME?

OHHHH, FUCK,
CELIA, YOU'RE
AWESOME!

Squuuuuuuuu

A couple of hours later...

OH,
CELIA, I WOULD
LOVE TO SPEND
THE REST OF THE
DAY IN BED WITH
YOU... BUT I HAVE
TO CHECK IN TO
MY GYM FOR AN
HOUR!

AND
THERE'S
NOTHING
LITTLE ME
COULD DO TO
MAKE YOU
STAY,
LARS?



PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL YOUR MOTHER HOW NAUGHTY YOU ARE, HMMM?

YOU WOULD, WOULD YOU...

SEXIER THAN GLORIA?

SHOPPING?

I'D PREFER DETENTION, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

SURE WOULD! WITH A TEACHER SEXIER THAN GLORIA SMITH? YOU BET I WOULD!

BUT HOW ABOUT I MEET YOU AT THE MALL, SAY ABOUT 1 PM, AND I TAKE YOU SHOPPING?

YEAH,
I COULD NOT
HELP NOTICING
YOUR WARDROBE IS
A LITTLE ON THE
LIGHT SIDE,
MA'AM!

HMMM,
I FORGOT
HE'S BEING
PAID TO
FUCK ME!

SO
TELL ME... IS
THIS ALL PART
OF YOUR TASK
OF BEING MY
ESCORT,
HUH?

NO, MA'AM...
MY JOB OF
ESCORT FINISHED
WHEN WE ARRIVED
HERE LAST NIGHT,
BUT YOU INSISTED I
STAY... AND THAT
STRIPTease,
WOW!

HE DID
SAY ALL
THOSE YOUNG
MEN IN CINCHERS
WERE TALKING
ABOUT ME... I
CAN'T... WHAT
AM I
THINKING?

Subbubub

SURE, BABY, WE CAN MEET, AND YOU CAN FILL MY WARDROBE UP TO OVERFLOWING!

HEY, I'M NOT A MILLIONAIRE, YOU KNOW! HA HA!

NOPE, YOU'RE A GUY, AND AS HE SAID, I'M SEXIER THAN THAT GLORIA, AND IF I PLAY THIS RIGHT, I WILL HAVE THESE YOUNG MEN EATING OUT OF MY HANDS!

WELL, I DO HAVE EXPENSIVE TASTES... BUT IF YOU'D PREFER I TELL YOUR MOTHER WHAT A NAUGHTY YOUNG MAN HER LARS IS IN BEDDING HER FORMER TEACHER...


IF IT MEANS I GET TO HAVE YOUR BODY DRAPED NAKED ALL OVER ME, THEN IT'S WORTH IT!

HMMM, YOU MAKE
ME SOUND SO
DELICIOUS, MASTER
NORDVIST!

NOW KISS
ME!

YES,
MA'AM!

I'LL SURE
MAKE THESE
YOUNG MEN
SQUIRM FOR MY
ATTENTION... AND
AS FOR THAT
GLORIA SMITH,
I'M SURE GONNA
GIVE HER A RUN
FOR HER
MONEY!




PERHAPS I
MAY EVEN BE
SO BOLD AS TO
ASK YOU OUT TO
DINNER
WEDNESDAY
EVENING?

YES,
MA'AM!

IF IT MEANS
I GET TO PAW
YOUR BODY
LONGER, THEN
YOU ARE GOING
TO HAVE TO BUY
ANOTHER
WARDROBE!

A DATE?

WELL, LET'S
SEE HOW FULL
YOU GET MY
WARDROBE, AND
GO FROM
THERE, EHP?




IT'S NICE TO MEET YOU, MS. STONEBRIDGE... THIS IS ALEISHA, AND I'M LUCY... HOW MAY WE ASSIST YOU?

YOU'RE A WORLD-FAMOUS TEACHER! AIN'T SHE, LUCE?

NICE TO MEET YOU, TOO, BUT, ER... HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

ME... FAMOUS?




HEE HEE! WELL, YES, YOU ARE SOMEWHAT OF A CELEBRITY, BUT WE HAVE ONE OF YOUR STUDENTS WORKING WITH US HERE DURING THE WEEK, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

ME, A CELEBRITY? I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS PLACE THE MORE I STAY HERE... AND TO THINK I WAS GOING TO LEAVE AFTER ONE DAY!

OH, YES, CRAIG... HOW IS THE YOUNG MAN?

HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME SULKING IN THE STOCKROOM, BUT HE'LL COME AROUND!

BUT, PLEASE, MS. STONEBRIDGE... HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU AND YOUR BOYFRIEND?



OH, THIS YOUNG
MAN IS NOT MY
BOYFRIEND! HE JUST
WANTS TO MAKE MY
WARDROBE LOOK A
LITTLE MORE
EXCITING... DON'T
YOU, LARS?

SURE DO,
MA'AM!

MY BOYFRIEND?
HMM, AS IF I
WOULD EVER
CONSIDER HAVING
A BOYFRIEND!

WELL, HE HAS
BROUGHT YOU TO THE
RIGHT PLACE, MS.
STONEBRIDGE... THIS IS OUR
NEW "HEARTBEAT" LINE
OF LINGERIE!

WHOSE
HEARTBEAT
ARE WE TRYING
TO INCREASE,
MASTER
NORDVIST,
HMM?

MINE,
HOPEFULLY, MS.
STONEBRIDGE!



A PERFECT CHOICE! THE ANGEL BABYDOLL WILL FLUTTER ANY MAN'S HEART!

IT WON'T JUST BE MY HEART THAT'LL BE FLUTTERING, EITHER!

HA HA! EVEN OUT OF SCHOOL SHE'S A DISCIPLINARIAN... BUT I'M SURE THE YOUNG LADY WOULD AGREE YOU'D LOOK GREAT IN ANY OF THESE SEXY ITEMS!

MASTER NORDVIST, KINDLY KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF!

IF SIR
WOULD LIKE TO
SEE MS.
STONEBRIDGE
WEARING THE ITEM,
THE CHANGING
ROOM IS JUST
THROUGH
THERE!

YOU BET! NOW
MY HEARTBEAT IS
FLUTTERING!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
I HAVE THIS
HANDSOME YOUNG
MAN SO EXCITED! BUT
WHAT A THRILL IT
GIVES ME
DOING SO!


[Pink scribble]



YOU NEED ANY
HELP THERE, MS.
STONEBRIDGE?

HEY!

OH, DON'T
YOU LOOK...



GET OUT,
YOU NAUGHTY
YOUNG MAN!

YOU CAN'T
BLAME ME, MS.
STONEBRIDGE!
YOU'RE ONE SEXY
LADY!

DAMN,
YOU
LOOK
HOT!

OUT!

Celia's new persona was being molded perfectly along with her body...

OH, MY,
LOOK AT
ME!

NO WONDER
POOR LARS CAN'T
KEEP HIS HANDS
OFF ME!

CELIA
STONEBRIDGE,
IT'S TIME TO
FACE FACTS...
THIS NEW
TEACHING POST
AND CITY IS
DEFINITELY
YOU, GIRL!

OH, AND
ARE WE
GONNA HAVE
FUN, TOO!



WELL, LOVER
BOY?

OH, MY
GOD, LOOK
AT THE
POOR THING!
HE'S SIMPLY
DROOLING
OVER ME!

FUCK..

IS THAT
ALL YOU
CAN SAY,
HMM?

I MEAN, WOW, MS.
STONEBRIDGE!

A woman with short, wavy blonde hair and red lipstick is wearing a white, ruffled, spaghetti-strap dress. She is looking down and slightly to the left, where the back of a man's head is visible. The background consists of a white wall with purple curtains. There are three speech bubbles: one from the woman at the top right, one from the man at the middle left, and a thought bubble from the woman at the bottom right.

IT'S *MISS* NOW...
MS. STONEBRIDGE
SOUNDS SO STUFFY AND
OLD, DON'T YOU
THINK?

ERRR...
YES, MISS,
IT DOES!

I CAN
FEEL HIS
TEMPERATURE
RISING... OH,
CELIA, WE ARE
GONNA HAVE
MEN MELTING
AT OUR
FEET!

ALL I'M SAYING
IS YOU GOT AWAY
LIGHTLY WITH THE
DARES!


JUST PURE
LUCK, TORI!
GIGGLE

WELL, NONE
OF YOU ARE
WALKING IN
HEELS!

BUT YOU LOVE
WEARING HEELS
ANYWAY...

YEAH, YOU
DO, CRAIGY!

YEAH, BUT NOT
ACTUALLY GO INTO
A SHOP AND BUY
THEM TO WEAR
STRAIGHT AWAY!



SO WHAT ABOUT THAT DATE ON WEDNESDAY, MISS CELIA MA'AM?

HMMM... YES. THAT DATE?

I WOULD BE HONORED TO HAVE YOU ON MY ARM, MA'AM!




I HAD TO
HAVE MY
HAIR DYED
AGAIN...

I HAD TO HAVE
MINE PERMED! YOUR
HAIR WAS ALREADY
BLONDE!

WELL,
NEITHER OF
YOU TWO HAVE
TO HAVE YOUR
THONG ON
DISPLAY, DO
YOU?

YOU WERE
THE ONES WHO
WROTE DOWN MY
DARES... I CAN'T
HELP IT IF NEITHER
OF YOU PULLED
OUT ANYTHING
MORE EXCITING
FOR ME!

BUT YOU KEPT
WINNING THE
STICKS TO DECIDE
WHO TOOK THE
NEXT DARES...




I WROTE DOWN
FOR YOU TO WEAR
A DRESS, NIKI, SINCE
YOU'RE SUCH A
TOMBOY!

PLUS, HOW
DID I GET THE
BELLY BUTTON
PIERCING?

YOU DREW
THE DARE,
TORI!
GIGGLE

IT DOES
SUIT YOU,
TORI!

THIS SOUNDS
LIKE... OH, MY
GOD... NIKI, YOU
FIXED IT!



WHO, ME?
HEE' HEE!

SHE
FIXED THE
STRAWS?

AWWW,
RELAX, GUYS!
YOU BOTH LOOK
ABSOLUTELY
FAB!

YES, SHE
DID!


I MAY LOOK FAB,
BUT MY MOMMY
WOULD GO MAD IF
SHE SAW ME
EXPOSING MY BODY
LIKE THIS!

HELLO, MY DEARS!

MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

MASTER NORDVIST, THESE DELIGHTFUL MORSELS ARE MY STUDENTS!

PLEASUED TO MEET YOU!




WE WERE PLAYING A GAME
OF SHOPPING DARE, MS.
STONEBRIDGE, WHICH ME AND
CRAIG SEEM TO HAVE LOST...
HEE HEE!

WELL, IT CAN'T
BE A BAD DARE
GAME! YOU ALL
LOOK QUITE
ENTHRALLING!

AND THE
BELLY
BUTTON
JEWELRY?

THAT WAS
PART OF THE
DARE, TOO,
ALONG WITH ME
HAVING TO WEAR
A THONG!



MINE WAS A PERM
AND HEELS, MS.
STONEBRIDGE!

IT LOOKS NICE, MY
DEAR... WHAT DO YOU THINK,
MASTER NORDVIST?

WELL, HAVING
YOU AS THEIR
TEACHER IS A
DEFINITE
ADVANTAGE...
THEY ALL LOOK
WONDERFUL!



IS THIS GENTLEMAN YOUR BOYFRIEND, MS. STONEBRIDGE?

YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE... PLEASE TELL US!

MY BOYFRIEND?

YOU GUYS ARE ONE LUCKY GROUP TO BE IN A CLASS WITH THIS SEXY LADY!



OH, MASTER NORDVIST
HAS DESIRES ON ME
BECOMING HIS GIRLFRIEND, BUT
WE WERE JUST ENJOYING A NICE
DAY OUT TOGETHER, WEREN'T
WE, MASTER NORDVIST?

AND WHAT A
GREAT DAY IT'S
BEEN... BUT, HEY,
GUYS, PUT A WORD
IN FOR ME... YOUR
BEAUTIFUL SEXY
TEACHER IS
PLAYING HARD TO
GET, I'M
AFRAID!

HARD
TO GET?
YOU BET
I AM!



YA HAD A NICE DAY, HON?

OH, GWYNN...

Shopping



I'VE BEEN TO
THE MALL! THAT
WARDROBE IS
LOOKING SO EMPTY,
AND I KINDA GOT
CARRIED AWAY!
HEE HEE!


COME JOIN
ME IN A GLASS
AND TELL ME
ABOUT YER DAY,
SUGAR!

AN' I WANNA
KNOW EVERY
LI'L DETAIL...
HERE, SIT!



I KEEP
FORGETTING
THIS IS HER
PLACE!

YOU KNOW
ABOUT MY...

A woman with long, wavy red hair is sitting on a light blue couch. She is wearing a floral-patterned, short-sleeved, low-cut top and blue denim jeans. She has large, intricate black tattoos on her right arm and shoulder. The background consists of a wall with horizontal purple and white stripes.

HON, THE ONLY THINGS I NORMALLY HEAR ON A SUNDAY MORNIN' ARE THE CHURCH BELLS RINGING, AN' YA SURE DROWNED 'EM OUT!

OH, I'M...


NOW SIT, DRINK, AND TELL ME EVERY DETAIL, HON!



THAT'S
REAL V.I.P.
TREATMENT,
HON!

I WAS
GIVEN AN
ESCORT LAST
NIGHT...

WELL,
V.I.P.
TREATMENT
OR NOT, I
GOT RATHER
DRUNK!



OHHH,
GWYNN, IT WAS
INCREDIBLE! I'VE
NEVER FELT LIKE
THAT... EVER!

AND HE
WANTS TO
TAKE YOU
OUT ON A
DATE,
TOO?

HE
DOES, BUT
I'M NOT
SURE...

WELL, Y'ARE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, HON... SO I'M SURE YOU'RE GONNA BE BEATING A LOT OF YOUNG MEN OFF YA NOW...


BUT HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT CONTRACEPTION, HON?





HAVE YOU
HAD YOUR
PERIOD
YET?

OH, MY
GOD!
BUT I'M
SIXTY-SIX!




A PERIOD? OH, MY GOD... I'VE NOT HAD ONE OF THOSE SINCE I CAN REMEMBER!

YOU AIN'T BEGUN MENSTRUATION YET, SO HOPEFULLY THIS TIME, YOU WAS LUCKY...

I'LL GIVE YOU MY DOCTOR'S NUMBER... SHE'LL SORT YOU OUT SOME CONTRACEPTION, HON!

IS THIS POSSIBLE?



RIGHT,
CELIA, THE
REASON I'M HERE
IS A MAN FROM THE
IMPOUND LOT
RETURNED SOME
BAGGAGE
BELONGING TO
YA!

MY
BAGGAGE?



THEY
FOUND 'EM IN
A STOLEN
CAR!

A STOLEN CAR?
OH, DEAR... BUT I
DON'T RECALL
LOSING ANY
BAGGAGE...




THE TAG
HAS YOUR
NAME ON
IT!

IT DOES
APPEAR
FAMILIAR...

HMM,
YES, IT
DOES...

LET'S
OPEN IT
UP, HON!



THIS LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD
WOMAN'S
CASE...

THEY MUST
BELONG TO
ANOTHER CELIA
STONEBRIDGE!



I DON'T THINK THAT YOUNG MAN YOU BROUGHT HOME LAST NIGHT WOULD FIND YOU SO SEXY IN THIS, WOULD YOU?

OHH, GWYNN, I'D NEVER BE SEEN DEAD IN SOMETHING SO "OLD LADY"....
HEE HEE!



EWWW...

WELL, I'M
GONNA
UNDRESS AND
SHOWER,
GWYNN, WHILE
YOU DO!

WHOEVER THIS
WOMAN WAS, SHE
CERTAINLY WAS ON THE
OVERWEIGHT SIDE,
AND FRUMPY...

I'LL SEE
IF I CAN
FIND AN
ADDRESS
IN HERE!

NO LUCK, THEN?

NOPE! GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO DROP 'EM OFF AT A CHARITY OR SOMETHING!

YOU'VE REALLY TAKEN TO THAT SHAPEWEAR, HON!



OH,
LIKE A
DREAM,
HON!

HELLO,
GWYNN, HOW
DID THE
TEST GO?

SHE'LL
BE READY
FOR
TOMORROW,
THEN?



SHE IS... HER
LUGGAGE DID NOT
REGISTER AT ALL!

AND SHE IS
BECOMING
OBSESSED WITH
HOW GOOD SHE
LOOKS!

OF COURSE,
MADAME IRENE,
AND I CAN'T WAIT TO
MEET THAT BITCH
AGAIN!

YOU'VE DONE
SUPERBLY, GYWNN,
BUT I CAN'T
EMPHASIZE THE
IMPORTANCE OF CELIA
TO OUR MAJOR
ASSIGNMENT... A LOT OF
TIME AND EFFORT HAS
GONE INTO ACQUIRING
THE HOLDSWORTH
ESTATES AND
HOLDINGS!



GWYNN IS
RIGHT! I DO
HAVE A GREAT
BODY FOR
MODELING THIS
UNDERWEAR...

THOSE
STUDENTS ARE
NOT GONNA KNOW
WHAT'S HIT THEM
TOMORROW!

A woman with long, wavy white hair and red lipstick is wearing a white lace two-piece outfit. She is standing in a room with a closet in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

IS EVERYTHING
OKAY, GWYNN?




YEAH, IT IS... I WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU, HON!

ME?

HOW GORGEOUS YOU ARE...

AND HOW LUCKY THAT SCHOOL IS TO HAVE YOU THERE!

OH, GWYNN, STOP IT!
GIGGLE




HONESTLY,
SUGAR PIE, IF I
WEREN'T HETERO, I'D
SERIOUSLY CONSIDER
EATING YOU UP!

NOW
I GOTTA
GET MY
ASS TO
WORK,
HON!

OHH...

OH,
I CAN'T WAIT
TO SHOW YOU,
SUGAR PIE... BUT
ALL IN GOOD
TIME!

CAN I
ASK WHAT
IT IS YOU
DO?



OH, YES, I
NEARLY FORGOT,
HON... DELIA WON'T BE
COMING BACK!

OH?

MR. FOO IS
SENDING HER
BACK TO
THAILAND!

OH, YES,
SHE COULD
NOT SPEAK
VERY GOOD
ENGLISH, I
RECALL...

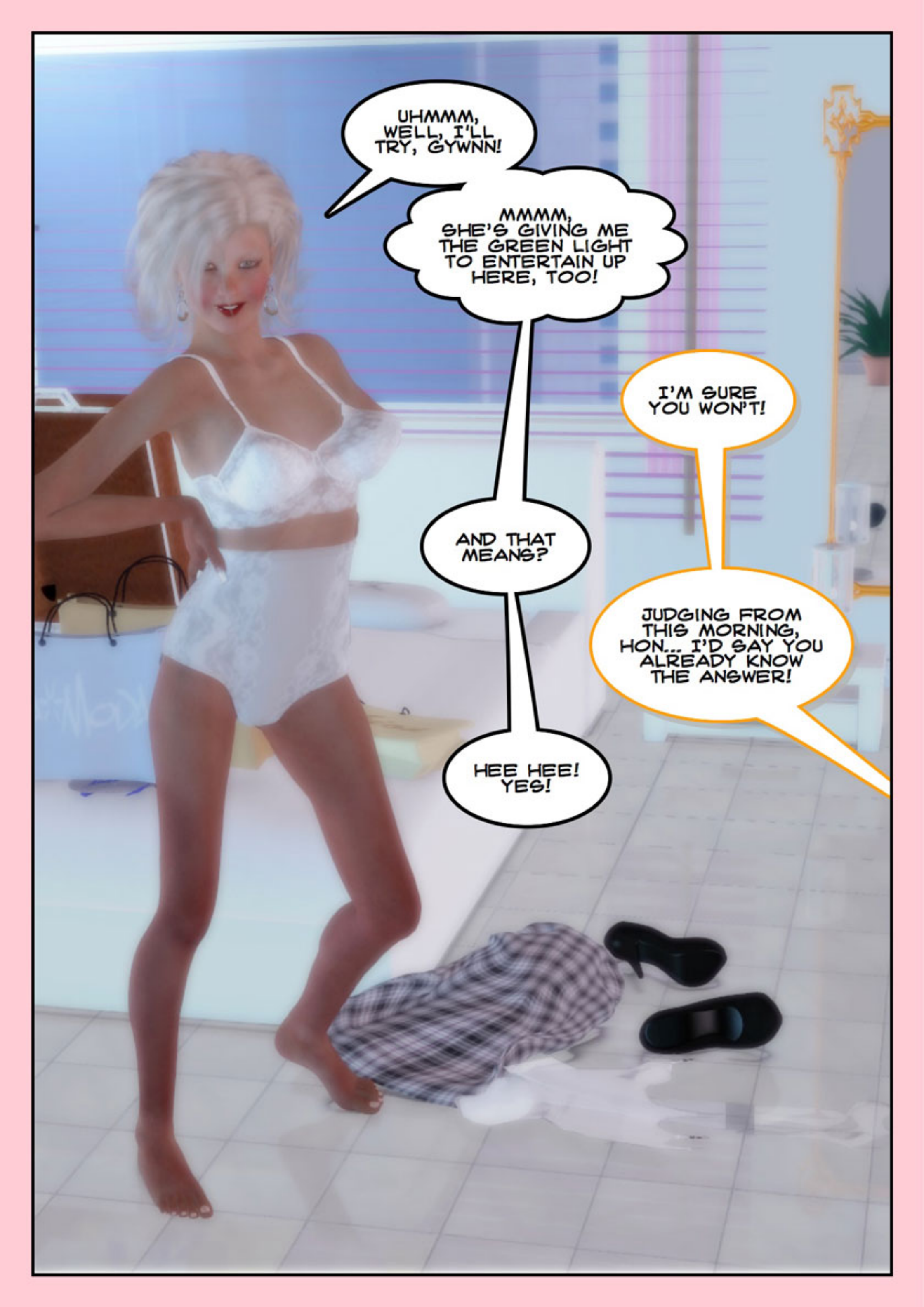
WELL, SHE
SURE HAD
PLENTY OF TIME
TO LEARN,
HON...

BUT WHAT
THAT MEANS IS
YOU CAN STAY
HERE UNTIL YA
FIND ANOTHER
PLACE TO
LIVE!

OHH, MY!
YES, YES,
THANK YOU!

OH, MY GOD, I
FORGOT I WAS
JUST STAYING
HERE UNTIL DELI
RETURNED!

AND ONE LAST THING,
HON... TRY TO KEEP YOUR
EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY
NOISES DOWN... IF YOU
CAN, THAT IS!

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white lace two-piece outfit, stands in a room. On the floor in front of her are a plaid shirt, a white shirt, and a pair of black high-heeled shoes. The room has a tiled floor and a window with blinds in the background.

UHMMM,
WELL, I'LL
TRY, GYWNN!

MMMM,
SHE'S GIVING ME
THE GREEN LIGHT
TO ENTERTAIN UP
HERE, TOO!

I'M SURE
YOU WON'T!

AND THAT
MEANS?


JUDGING FROM
THIS MORNING,
HON... I'D SAY YOU
ALREADY KNOW
THE ANSWER!

HEE HEE!
YES!

Week 2,
Monday
8:50 AM...

SO YOU'RE
ALL SET
FOR A NEW
INTAKE LIKE
ME?

click clack



I'VE BEEN TOLD I
WILL HAVE THREE
CLASSES FOR THE
NEW SEMESTER!

OH...
MY...
GAWD!




MS.
STONEBRIDGE, GOOD
MORNING TO YOU,
MA'AM!

IT'S *MISS*
STONEBRIDGE,
IF YOU WOULD
NOT MIND!

IT'S
CALLED
EFFORT,
MISS
WALLIS!

YOU LOOK SO
DIFFERENT!



I WILL SAY YOU
ARE DRESSED
BEFITTINGLY FOR YOUR
ROLE AS OUR RELIGIOUS
EDUCATION TEACHER,
GEMMA!

OH, THANK
YOU, MISS
STONEBRIDGE!

SOMETHING
MISS WALLIS
COULD HAVE
MANAGED IF SHE
HAD PUT HER
BIMBO MIND
TO IT!

WELL,
EXCUSE
ME!

BITCH!

click clack



ANNABELLE SAID SHE'LL BE AT THE FASHION SHOW... WOW!

SHE MUST HAVE AN ARMY OF MAKEUP AND CLOTHING DESIGNERS WITH HER!

OMG, SHE IS SOOO PRETTY!

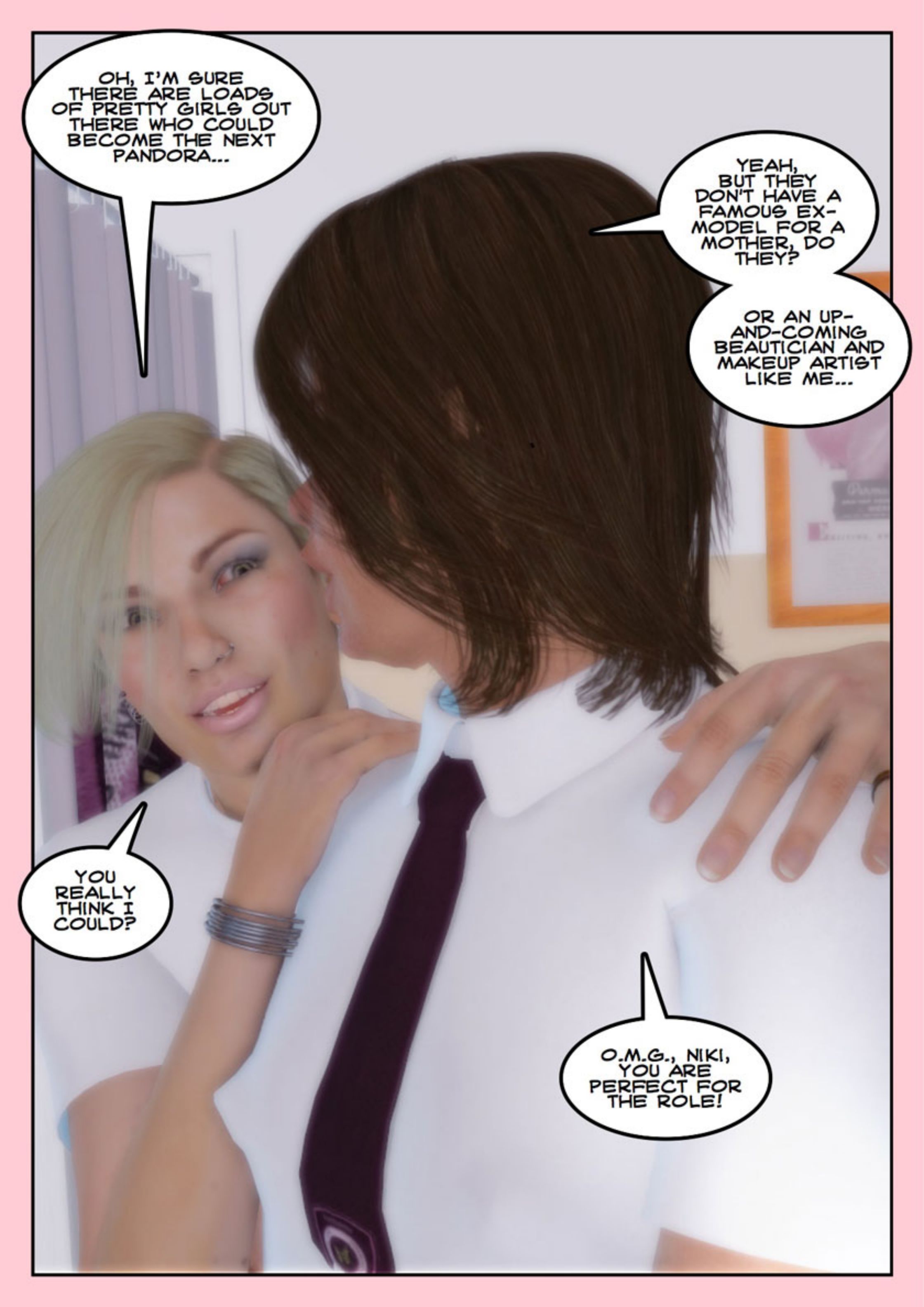
YES, SHE SAYS THAT SHE'LL BE THERE TO HELP PICK OUT THE NEW FACE OF PANDORA!

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BECOME THE NEW PANDORA MODEL, NIKI!



NIKI IS,
WELL, PRETTY
AND STUFF...

I COULD
SWEAR MY
HAIR GETS
LONGER
EVERY DAY!




OH, I'M SURE
THERE ARE LOADS
OF PRETTY GIRLS OUT
THERE WHO COULD
BECOME THE NEXT
PANDORA...

YEAH,
BUT THEY
DON'T HAVE A
FAMOUS EX-
MODEL FOR A
MOTHER, DO
THEY?

OR AN UP-
AND-COMING
BEAUTICIAN AND
MAKEUP ARTIST
LIKE ME...

YOU
REALLY
THINK I
COULD?

O.M.G., NIKI,
YOU ARE
PERFECT FOR
THE ROLE!



I HOPE
THIS IS NOT
A REPEAT OF
LAST
MONDAY!

GOOD MORNING, MISS STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

AND IN REPLY TO MY QUESTION...

NO, MISS STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!



SO WHAT
ARE YOU ALL
CHATTERING
ABOUT?

YOU HAVE AN
ADMIRER, MISS
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM!
GIGGLE


I DO, DO
I, HMM?

THANK YOU,
MASTER
NICHOLAS!

FLOWERS
AND A
PRESENT, I
SEE...


THEY ARE NICE,
MISS STONEBRIDGE!

Feethams

A woman with short blonde hair is looking at a large bouquet of flowers. The bouquet is held by a person whose face is partially visible on the right side of the frame. The bouquet consists of several large red roses, smaller red carnations, white carnations, and purple flowers. The woman is wearing a light-colored top and has a watch on her left wrist. The background is a simple indoor setting with a white wall and a window with blinds.

I BET THEY ARE FROM THAT HUNKY GUY YOU WAS WITH YESTERDAY... HE WAS YUMMY!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR OBSERVATION, MASTER NICHOLAS...



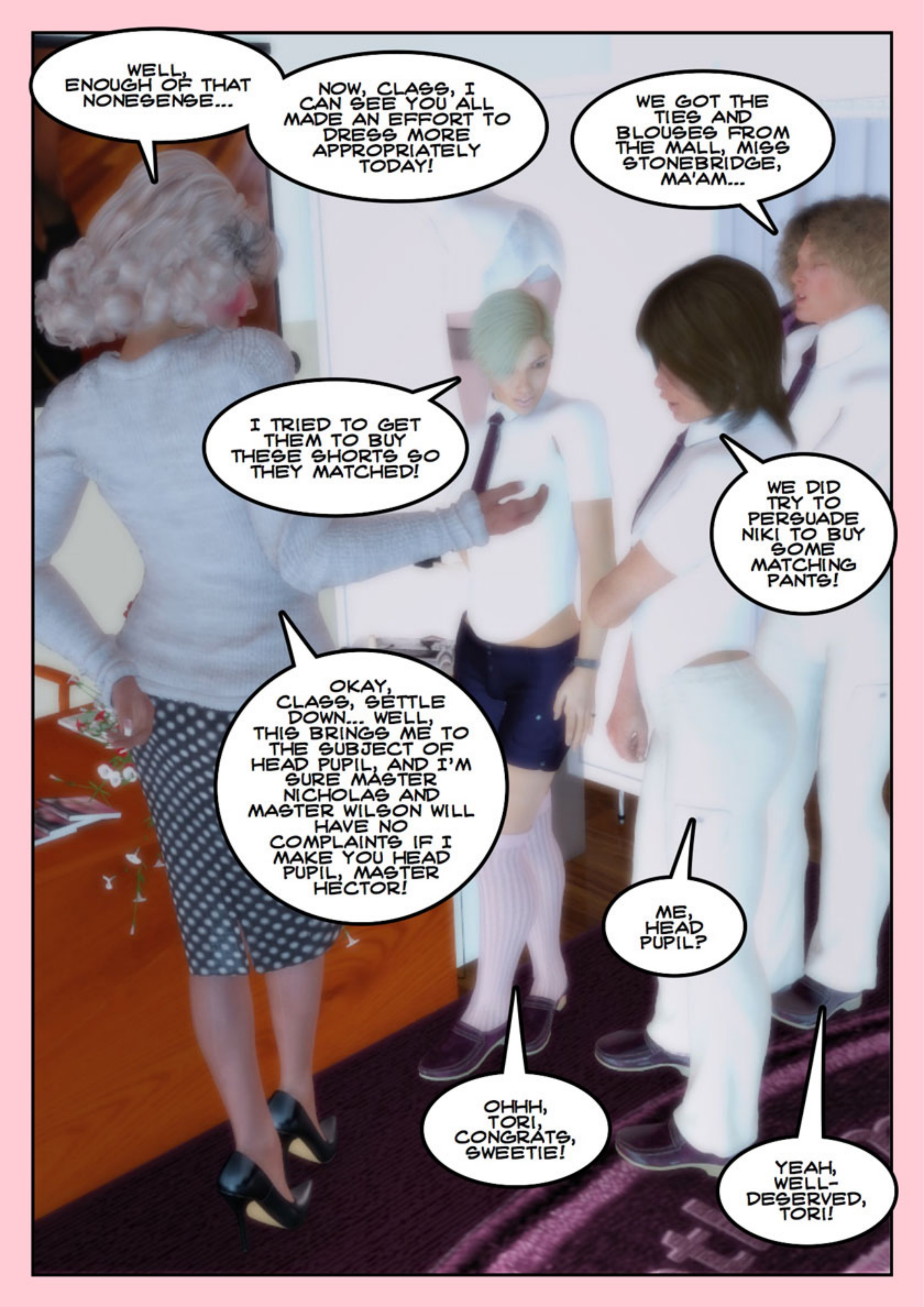
IS IT HIM, MISS
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM?

YES,
PLEASE TELL
US, MISS
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM!

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT,
MASTER
NORDVIST!
PFFT

APPEARS TO
BE THAT VERY
SAME YOUNG
MAN!

Will pick you
up at 8pm
Wednesday
Lane



WELL,
ENOUGH OF THAT
NONESENSE...

NOW, CLASS, I
CAN SEE YOU ALL
MADE AN EFFORT TO
DRESS MORE
APPROPRIATELY
TODAY!

WE GOT THE
TIES AND
BLOUSES FROM
THE MALL, MISS
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM...

I TRIED TO GET
THEM TO BUY
THESE SHORTS SO
THEY MATCHED!


WE DID
TRY TO
PERSUADE
NIKI TO BUY
SOME
MATCHING
PANTS!

OKAY,
CLASS, SETTLE
DOWN... WELL,
THIS BRINGS ME TO
THE SUBJECT OF
HEAD PUPIL, AND I'M
SURE MASTER
NICHOLAS AND
MASTER WILSON WILL
HAVE NO
COMPLAINTS IF I
MAKE YOU HEAD
PUPIL, MASTER
HECTOR!

ME,
HEAD
PUPIL?

OHhh,
TORI,
CONGRATS,
SWEETIE!

YEAH,
WELL-
DESERVED,
TORI!

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and a dark tie, is adjusting a grey, textured sweater on another woman. The woman being adjusted has blonde hair and is seen from the back. In the background, there is a poster with the text "Whatever your shape, size and proportions..." and a logo for "Bubu sarong" featuring a diamond shape with the word "Bubu" inside and "sarong" below it. There are also some faint text fragments from the poster: "...make a translation to fit you perfectly", "...the personal services of a highly qualified", "...the girl with the Bubu badge", and "...but an most great compe".

YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR MOTHER WELL, IF I SAY SO, MASTER HECTOR... SHE WAS A HEAD GIRL, TOO!

OH, MY GOD, WAS SHE REALLY? WOW... THANK YOU SO MUCH, MISS STONEBRIDGE MA'AM! WHAT CAN I SAY?

WELL, YOU MAY BEGIN YOUR NEW POSITION BY UNVEILING THE CLASS'S NEW UNIFORM, WHICH YOU WILL ALL WEAR IN CLASS!

YES, RIGHT AWAY, MISS STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM!

WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT VISITOR TO THE COLLEGE, SO LET'S MAKE A GREAT IMPRESSION FOR OUR HEADMISTRESS!

OH... HURRY, TORI! WE SOOO WANT TO SEE IT!

OH... MY... GOD!

YES, PLEASE, TORI!



A woman with dark hair is standing in a dressing room, looking at her reflection in a mirror. She is wearing a purple dress that is pulled up to her waist, revealing white underwear. She is also wearing white knee-high socks and purple shoes. The room has white curtains and a wooden floor.

OH, MY
GOD...
OH, MY
GOD...

OHHH, YES!
I'VE BEEN
SOOO DYING TO
ASK MOMMY IF I
CAN, AND NOW
MISS
STONEBRIDGE
INSISTS!



OHHH,
WOW, A
DRESS!
YESSS!
THANK YOU,
GOD!

I HOPE
OUR
MOMMIES
APPROVE,
GIRLS...

COME ON,
TORI! WE ARE
DYING OUT
HERE!

TA DAA!


OH...
MY?

TORI,
YOU LOOK
AWESOME,
GIRL!

YES, MISS
STONEBRIDGE,
MA'AM, THEY
DO!

GIRLS LOOK
SO MUCH BETTER
IN DRESSES, DON'T
YOU AGREE,
CLASS?





NOW I HAVE TO
GO TALK WITH MRS.
MOORE, SO, TORI, THE
CLASS IS YOURS UNTIL I
RETURN, AND I WANT TO
SEE YOU ALL IN
UNIFORM!

OH,
LOOK AT
MASTER
HECTOR'S
FACE! THIS IS
WHY I LOVE
MY JOB
SOOO
MUCH!

YOUR CLASS
IS ALL READY, MS.
STONEBRIDGE, I
HOPE?


OH, THEY
ARE MORE THAN READY,
MRS. MOORE... BUT
PLEASE, CALL ME *MISS*
STONEBRIDGE!

I NEVER GET THIS NERVOUS, MISS STONEBRIDGE, BUT THIS WOMAN'S FINANCES WILL PUT THIS COLLEGE ON THE MAP!

OHH, IRENE... I MAY CALL YOU IRENE, YES?

YES, YES, OF COURSE, CELIA!

HMM, I AM SO GONNA GET YOUR JOB... YOU'D NEVER FIND ME FRETTING OVER SOME RICH WOMAN'S SAY-SO!



SO MY CLASS
IS THE ICING ON
THE CAKE FOR THIS
PROJECT OF
YOURS, HMM?

WELL, OUR
RELIGIOUS
STUDIES ARE,
TOO, CELIA, BUT
GEMMA IS AN
EXCELLENT TEACHER
SO THAT COVERS THAT
ASPECT... HOWEVER,
THIS INVESTOR IS A
FORMER BEAUTY QUEEN
AND MISS UNIVERSE,
AND IF WE GET HER
SEAL OF APPROVAL
AND FINANCE, WE'LL
BECOME MORE THAN
JUST A BEAUTY
COLLEGE AND
PRIVATE
SCHOOL!


BRING THIS
WOMAN TO MY
CLASS, AND SHE'LL
BE WRITING YOU
CHECKS ALL DAY,
IRENE!



I KNEW HAVING YOU ON BOARD WOULD BE A GREAT DECISION... THANK YOU, CELIA!

OH, YOU'VE NOT SEEN THE BEST OF ME YET, IRENE!

THIS IS GOING TO BE MY OFFICE... I CAN FEEL IT!



OH, AND MRS. MOORE, ONE LAST THING...


YES, OF COURSE, CELIA... WHAT IS IT?

I WILL CHOOSE WHO ESCORTS ME IN THE FUTURE!

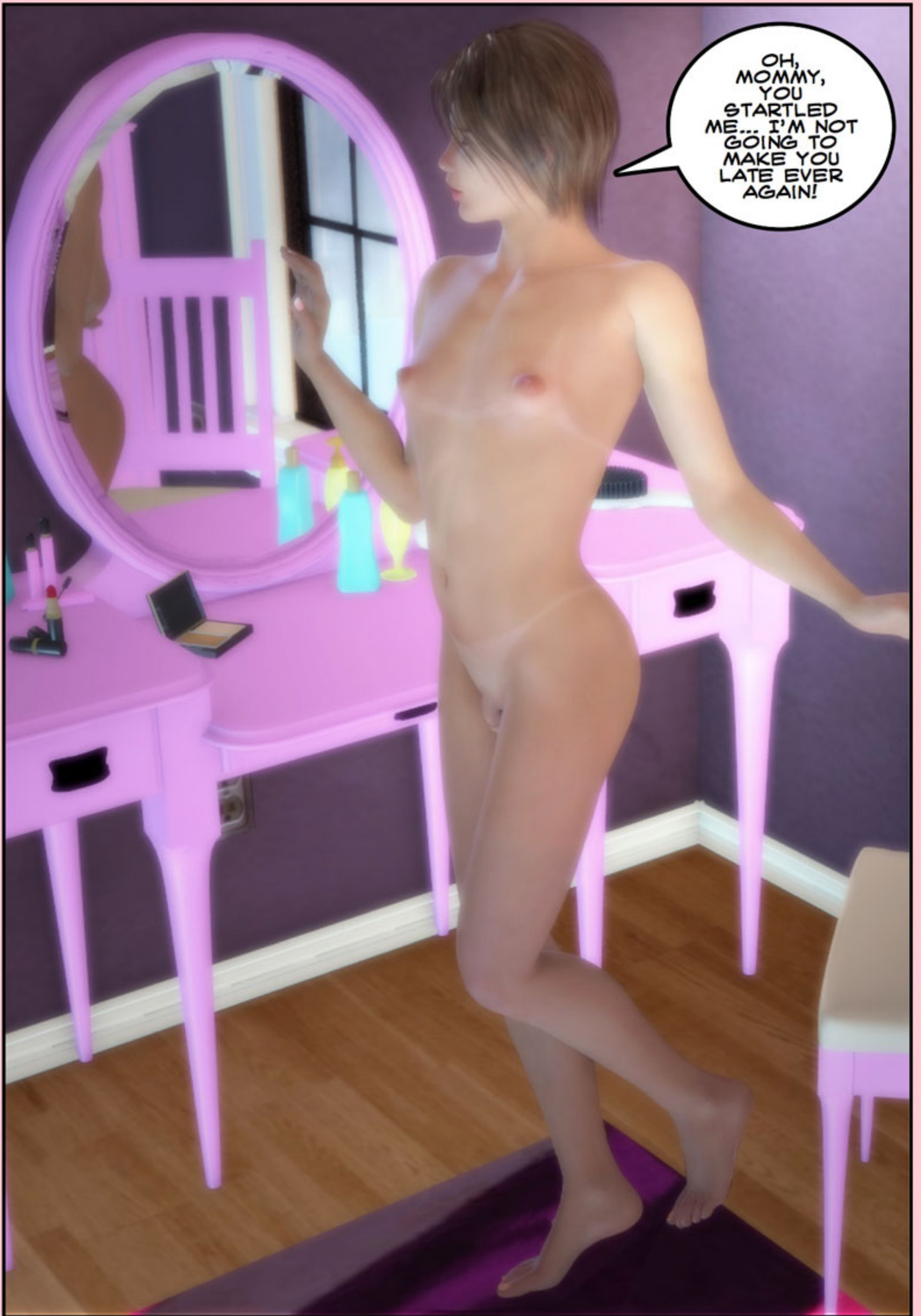
Celia Stonebridge's new persona was in full flow. Her past was being filtered cleverly back into her, while a new past was being weaved and entwined within it. Although Gwynn had been promised her revenge, Celia served a purpose for the greater goal of the sisterhood, so for now, it would have to wait...



MY
NIPPLES
ARE GETTING
VERY
SENSITIVE, AND I
MUST DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS TAN!
I CAN
DEFINITELY
SEE BIKINI
LINES...

A woman with short dark hair is standing in a doorway, looking towards the right. She is wearing a white dress with horizontal red stripes, white tights, and pink high-heeled shoes. The background shows a doorway leading to a room with purple walls and a pink table. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

GOOD MORNING,
CHERUB... UP NICE
AND EARLY, I
SEE!



OH,
MOMMY,
YOU
STARTLED
ME... I'M NOT
GOING TO
MAKE YOU
LATE EVER
AGAIN!

A comic panel featuring two characters. On the left, a young girl with long brown hair is shown from the chest up, looking towards the right. On the right, a woman with short black hair, wearing a white dress with horizontal pink stripes, white tights, and pink high-heeled shoes, stands in a doorway. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the woman at the top, one from the girl in the middle, and one from the woman at the bottom.

HMM... HE IS
LOOKING A
LITTLE SAD...

IS
EVERYTHING
OKAY,
CHERUB?

I THINK I
MIGHT BE
COMING DOWN WITH
SOMETHING, MOMMY!
I FEEL LIKE CRYING,
AND MY BODY
SEEMS TO BE
TINGLY...



OHH, CHERUB,
PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD STAY AT
HOME TODAY...

OH, MY GOD,
HIS NIPPLES
ARE VERY
PUFFY...

TINGLY,
YOU SAY?

OH, NO,
MOMMY, I DON'T
WANT TO MISS OUT
ON BALLET, BUT MY
NIPPLES ARE VERY
TENDER, YES...

THIS IS
GOING TO
TAKE SOME
GETTING USED
TO!

YOUR
NIPPLES DO
LOOK A LITTLE
PUFFY,
CHERUB...

COME TO
MOMMY, MY
CHERUB! IT'S
OKAY!

I FEEL
SO
ASHAMED,
MOMMY!
SOB



OH,
WHAT DO
WE HAVE
HERE,
TEARS?

I FEEL SO BAD
AT THE WAY I'VE
TREATED YOU, MOMMY!
I WISH THAT STUPID
INHERITANCE WAS
NOT THERE!

WELL, ALL I CAN
SAY IS IT HAS FELT
LIKE A WEAPON
AGAINST ME, BUT YOUR
FATHER DID LEAVE IT
FOR YOU!

OHH, CHERUB, I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT! BUT YOUR FATHER GAVE IT TO YOU... I COULD NOT POSSIBLY TAKE IT FROM YOU...


I WILL GIVE IT TO YOU, MOMMY! YOU DESERVE EVERY PENNY OF IT! I'VE BEEN A TOTALLY HORRID PERSON BECAUSE OF IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! IS THIS REALLY MY JAKE?

ALL THIS TIME I'VE PUT THAT HORRID MAN ON A PEDESTAL! IF HE HAD AN OUNCE OF DECENCY IN HIM, HE WOULD HAVE SHOWN UP AT LEAST ONCE FOR MY BIRTHDAYS!


I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE, CHERUB!

I'M NEVER GOING TO LET HIM HURT YOU EVER AGAIN, MOMMY!



I AM SO
GLAD THIS
COURSE HAS
WORKED, BUT I AM
A LITTLE
CONCERNED AT HOW
HE IS CHANGING... I
WILL SPEAK WITH
TRISHA ABOUT
THIS!

OHH,
CHERUB, WE'LL
BOTH MAKE SURE
THAT HE NEVER
GETS TO HURT
EITHER OF US
AGAIN... THAT I
PROMISE!



WELL, OF COURSE YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR JAQUI!


I AM NOT SURE, BUT I COULD SWEAR HE IS GOING THROUGH SOME HORMONAL IMBALANCE, TOO!

I HAVE A WONDERFUL DOCTOR I COULD SEND YOU TO IF YOU ARE REALLY WORRIED...



HOLD ON
A MINUTE!
DID SHE JUST
CALL MY SON
"JAQUI"?

OH, I
HAVE NO
INSURANCE TO
COVER ANY
DOCTOR'S
BILLS...



WELL, YOU DO,
AND THAT IS WHAT I
NEEDED TO SPEAK
TO YOU ABOUT...

YEAH, SURE...
DID I WIN THE
LOTTERY OR
SOMETHING?

NO... IT'S
JUST THAT MISS
TORMOLI WANTS
TO TAKE YOUR
JAQUI ON AS A
STUDENT OF
BALLET!

A STUDENT
OF BALLET,
MY JAQUI?

"JAQUI"?
NOW SHE HAS
ME CALLING
HIM THAT!

MIAH HAS SPOKEN
VERY HIGHLY OF JAQUI
AND BELIEVES HE HAS
WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME
A VERY GIFTED BALLET
DANCER!


WHICH
MEANS THAT
ALL THE
COURSE FEES
YOU'VE PAID TO
FEETHAMS WILL
BE REFUNDED
TO YOU IN
FULL...

MISS TORMOLI'S
SPONSORS PAY FOR THE
TRAINING OF ANY GIFTED
DANCERS... SHE IS ONE OF
THE BALLET WORLD'S MOST
SOUGHT-AFTER
CHOREOGRAPHERS!

SHE IS
DELIBERATING
THE FEMININE
ASSOCIATION
WITH HIS NAME
- THAT'S
GOOD!

BUT SURELY I
HAVE TO PAY FOR
JAQUI TO ATTEND
THESE BALLET
LESSONS,
THOUGH...

SHE'S
ACCEPTED HIS
CHANGE OF NAME!
ALL THAT'S LEFT IS TO
MAKE HER ACCEPT
HIM BECOMING HER
DAUGHTER NOW!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a white dress with horizontal purple stripes and a white scalloped hem, stands in a room with a red sofa. She has a thoughtful expression. Five thought bubbles of varying shapes are connected to her head, containing text. The background is a plain light blue wall.

SO LET ME
GET THIS
STRAIGHT... MISS
TORMOLI THINKS
MY JAQUI CAN
BECOME A
PROPER BALLET
DANCER?

HE'S 21
SOON, AND
IT'S HIGH
TIME HE GOT A
CAREER
SORTED OUT
FOR
HIMSELF!

THERE I
GO AGAIN,
CALLING HIM
JAQUI... THOUGH IT
DOES SEEM TO
HAVE A MORE
CALM TONE TO
IT...

YES,
DENISE!

I CAN'T
DENY HE'S
BEEN VERY
HELPFUL AND
POLITE SINCE
ATTENDING THESE
BALLET LESSONS,
BUT I'M A LITTLE
CONCERNED
ABOUT HIS
HEALTH...

OF COURSE YOU ARE, DENISE, BUT AS I SAID, I HAVE A VERY GOOD DOCTOR WHO WILL SEE IF HE IS OKAY!

THAT IS VERY NICE OF YOU, TRISHA, BUT GOING BACK TO THIS BALLET THING, HE WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT HERE AS ARRANGED ANYMORE, WOULD HE?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT MY JAQUI COULD BECOME A BALLET DANCER FOR REAL!

I CAN ALWAYS FIND ANOTHER ASSISTANT, DENISE, BUT GIFTED BALLET DANCERS ARE A RARE THING!

WELL, I DON'T WANT TO STAND IN HIS WAY, AND IF HE TRULY WANTS TO DO BALLET, THEN IT'S FINE BY ME!

VERY WELL, I'LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU TO TAKE JAQUI TO MY DOCTOR! IT'S A BIT OF A TREK, BUT SHE IS AN EXCELLENT PHYSICIAN...

I REALLY CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, TRISHA! YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME AND JAQUI ALREADY!


YOU AMONG MOST PEOPLE DESERVE BETTER, DENISE, AND I'M GLAD YOUR JAQUI HAS FOUND A CAREER TO PURSUE!



THAT'S GOOD, PUMPKIN... VERY ELEGANT!

I EVEN DREAMT ABOUT BALLET LAST NIGHT, MISS TORMOLI!

THAT SHOWS YOU ARE VERY PASSIONATE ABOUT BECOMING A BALLET DANCER... DREAMING OF IT!




NOW BREATHE IN AND
PIROUETTE, THEN LET ALL
THAT AIR EXPEL AND SLOWLY
DROP TO THE SOLES OF
YOUR FEET!

TELL ME,
PUMPKIN, DOES
YOUR TUMMY HAVE
A SMALL FLUTTER
WHEN YOU SEE
YOURSELF
DANCING?

I... ER, OH,
YES, IT DOES,
MISS TORMOLI...
IS THIS RIGHT?

HE IS
READY!
EXCELLENT!

YES, IT IS,
PUMPKIN...
ABSOLUTELY!



YOU ARE A FAST
LEARNER, PUMPKIN!
YOUR POISE IS
PERFECT!

OH, THANK YOU
SOO MUCH, MISS
TORMOLI!

I HAVE
EXPRESSED TO
MADAME TRISHA MY
WISHES TO TAKE YOU
ON AS A FULL
STUDENT OF
BALLET!

A FULL
STUDENT, MISS
TORMOLI?

YOU HAVE EXCELLENT AGILITY AND ARE A FAST LEARNER, MY DEAR, AND IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL CAREER FOR YOU!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, MISS TORMOLI! I DO LIKE BALLET, BUT I CAN'T SAY I WOULD CONSIDER IT AS A CAREER...

YOU RECALL THE QUESTION I ASKED ABOUT YOUR TUMMY FLUTTERING?

ER, YES, MISS TORMOLI...

EVERY GIRL I'VE EVER TRAINED FOR A CAREER IN BALLET HAS THAT FLUTTER! AND AS ELEGANT AND MAJESTIC AS VICTORIA IS, SHE HAS NEVER HAD THAT FLUTTER... BUT YOU DO, AND THAT IS WHY I AM GOING TO TAKE YOU ON AS MY STUDENT!

ME, A BALLET DANCER? OH, WOW!

I'M REALLY GRATEFUL THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE ME YOUR STUDENT, MISS TORMOLI! BUT MY MOTHER MIGHT OBJECT...

SHE WILL WARM TO YOU BECOMING MY STUDENT, AND BESIDES, MADAME TRISHA CAN BE VERY PERSUASIVE... SO DO NOT FEAR, PUMPKIN!

TO BE CONTINUED...