



FUCK,
YEAH. BEST
BLOW JOB IN
THE CITY.

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



THE
THINGS YOU
CAN DO WITH
THAT MOUTH!

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



IF SHE GOT
CAUGHT, MARCO
WOULD KILL HER.

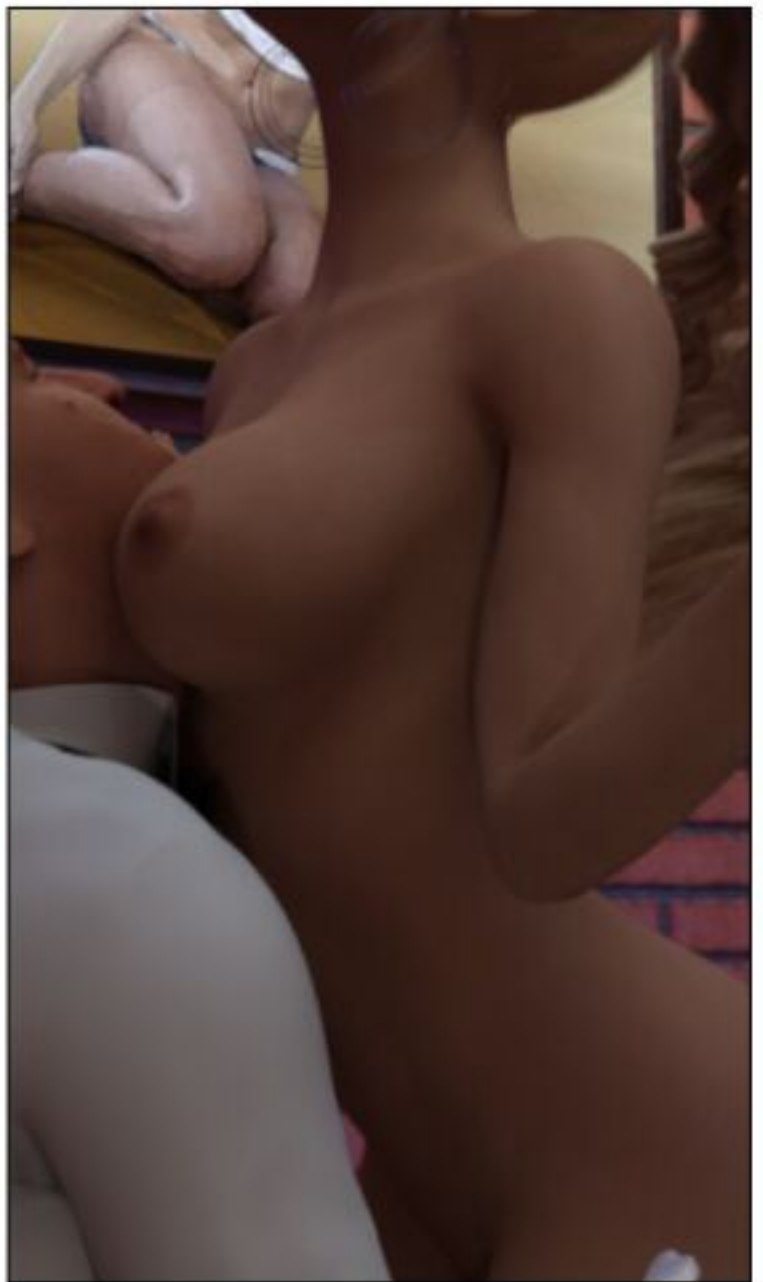


...IS
WHEN YOU USE
IT TO TALK.
HA!



PILL 1

IT WAS SO
DANGEROUS!

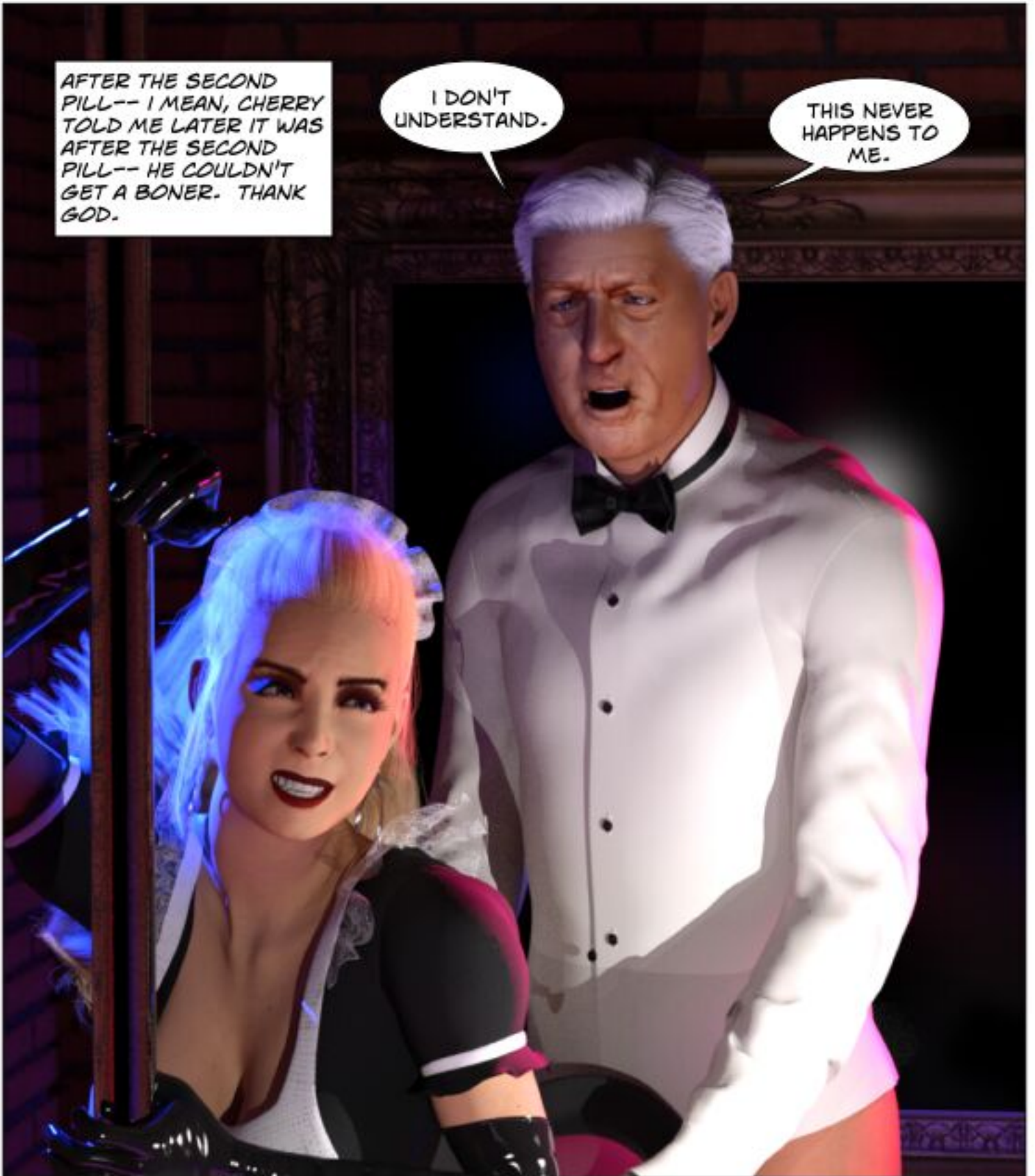




AFTER THE SECOND
PILL-- I MEAN, CHERRY
TOLD ME LATER IT WAS
AFTER THE SECOND
PILL-- HE COULDN'T
GET A BONER. THANK
GOD.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

THIS NEVER
HAPPENS TO
ME.





YOU'RE STILL MY BIG, STRONG MAN!

SUCH A STUD!



I THINK YOU..

...JUST NEED...



... A DRINK.



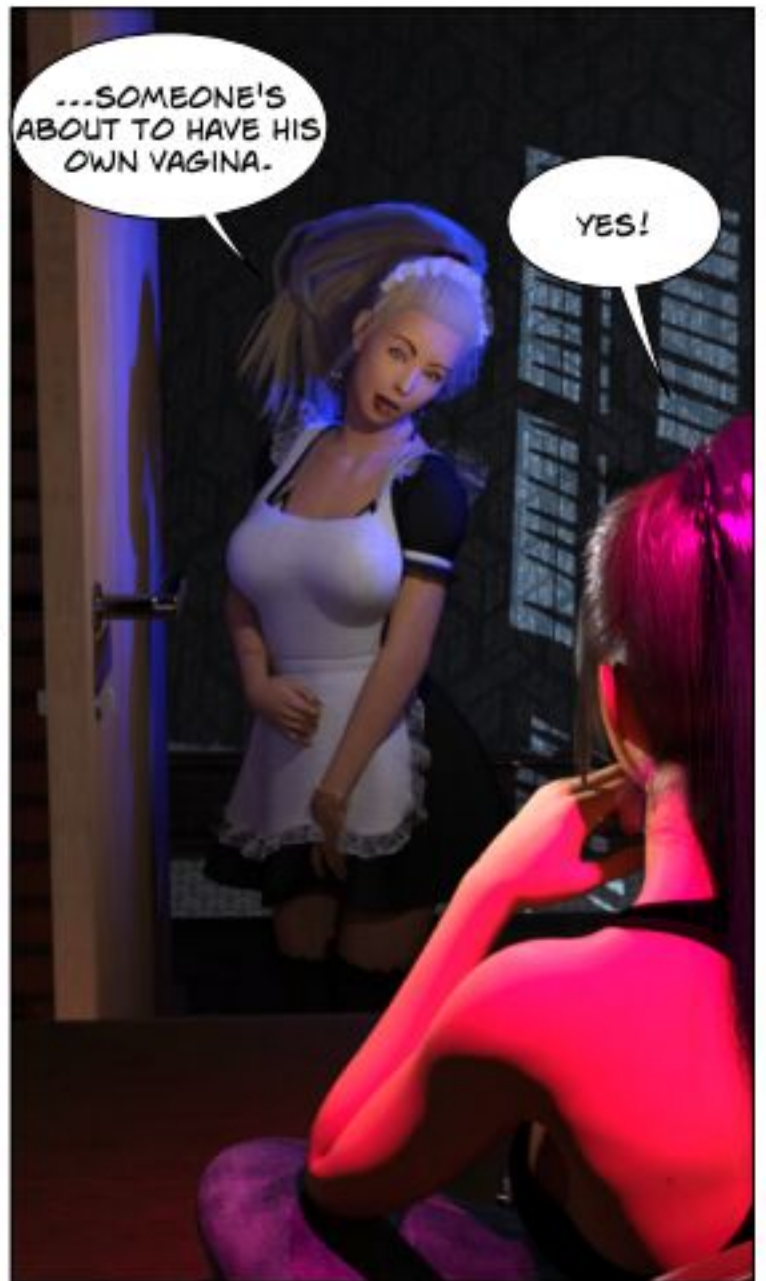
BOTTOMS UP.



YOU DESERVE IT.

THANKS.

PILL 3



WE CELEBRATED.
IT TURNED OUT TO
BE TOO SOON.



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



MARCO
STARTED TO
CHANGE.





HE GOT SMALLER.

YOUNGER.

BITCH!



YOU GODDAMNED WHORE!

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK



HE BECAME EMOTIONALLY UNSTABLE.

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

WHIMPER



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

SUCKER.

WHIMPER...

HE WAS ALL IMPOTENCE AND ESTROGEN.



HE GOT CHATTY.

MY WHOLE BODY ACHES.

I LOST 50 POUNDS.

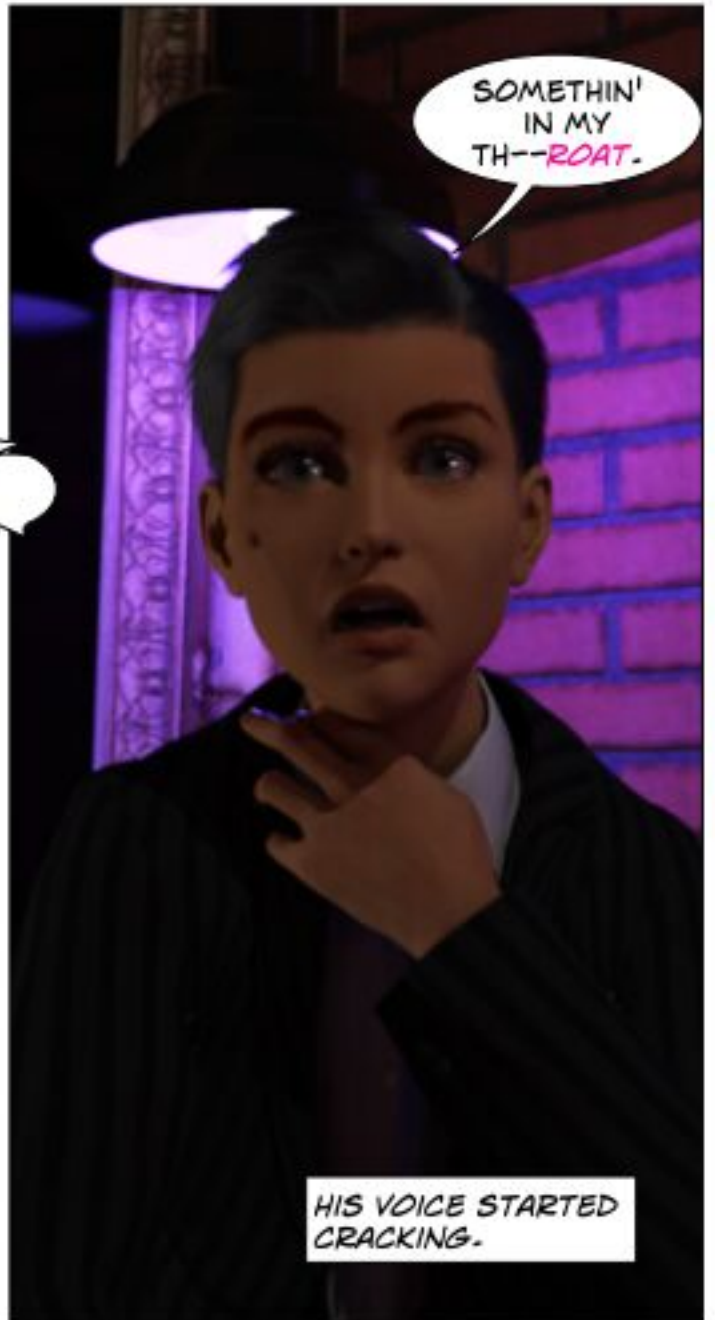
I CAN'T SLEEP.

DO YOU THINK I SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR?

I HATE DOCTORS, THOU--

CRACK

INSECURE



SOMETHIN' IN MY TH--ROAT.

HIS VOICE STARTED CRACKING.

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



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



I COULDN'T
TAKE HIM
SERIOUSLY.

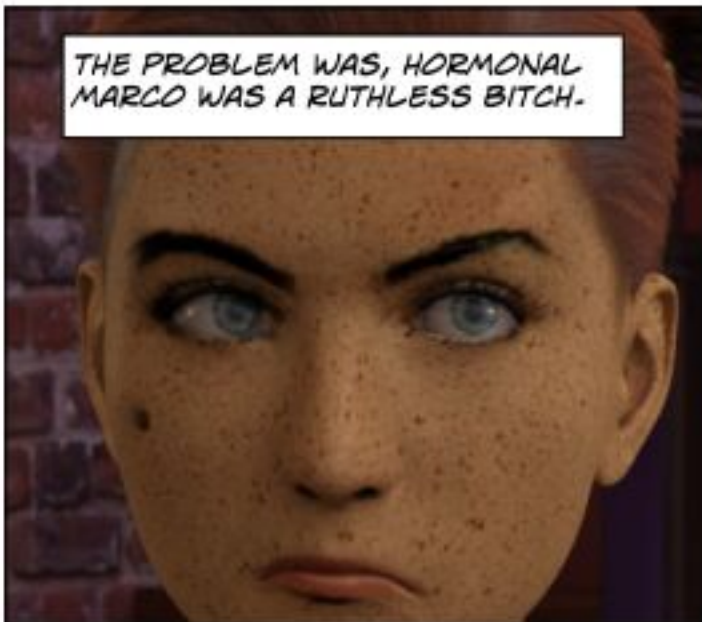
THE OTHER GIRLS
NOTICED. HE WAS
ALMOST AS SHORT AS
US NOW, ALWAYS
TALKING LOW, TRYING
TO HIDE HIS SQUEAKY
VOICE.



MARCO?

HE COULD
ONLY STAY IN
DENIAL FOR
SO LONG.

THE PROBLEM WAS, HORMONAL
MARCO WAS A RUTHLESS BITCH.





IT'S HAPPENING!

MARCO SAW A DOCTOR. HE KNOWS HE'S BECOMING A GIRL.

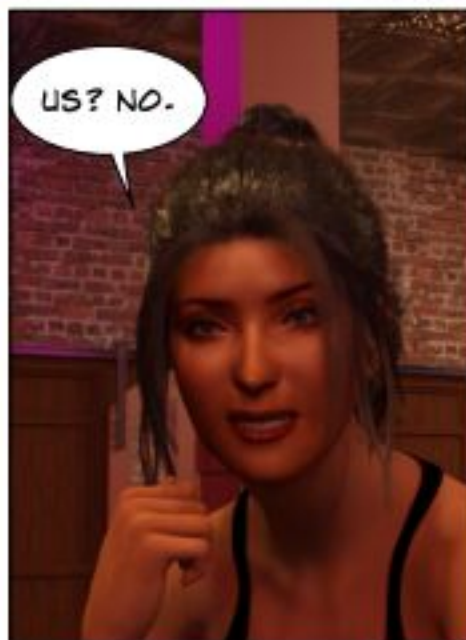
HE ASKED FOR MY HELP. HE ACTUALLY CRIED, POOR LITTLE THING.

THAT'S AWESOME.

I'M TAKING OVER KITTENS. EVERYTHING! JUST LIKE WE PLANNED.



AND YOU'RE SURE HE DOESN'T SUSPECT US?



US? NO.



NOT US.



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

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

CHERRY HAD ASSURED
ME IT WAS ALL TAKEN
CARE OF.




HE TOOK ME TO THE
BASEMENT.

WE GIRLS CALLED IT
"THE DUNGEON."

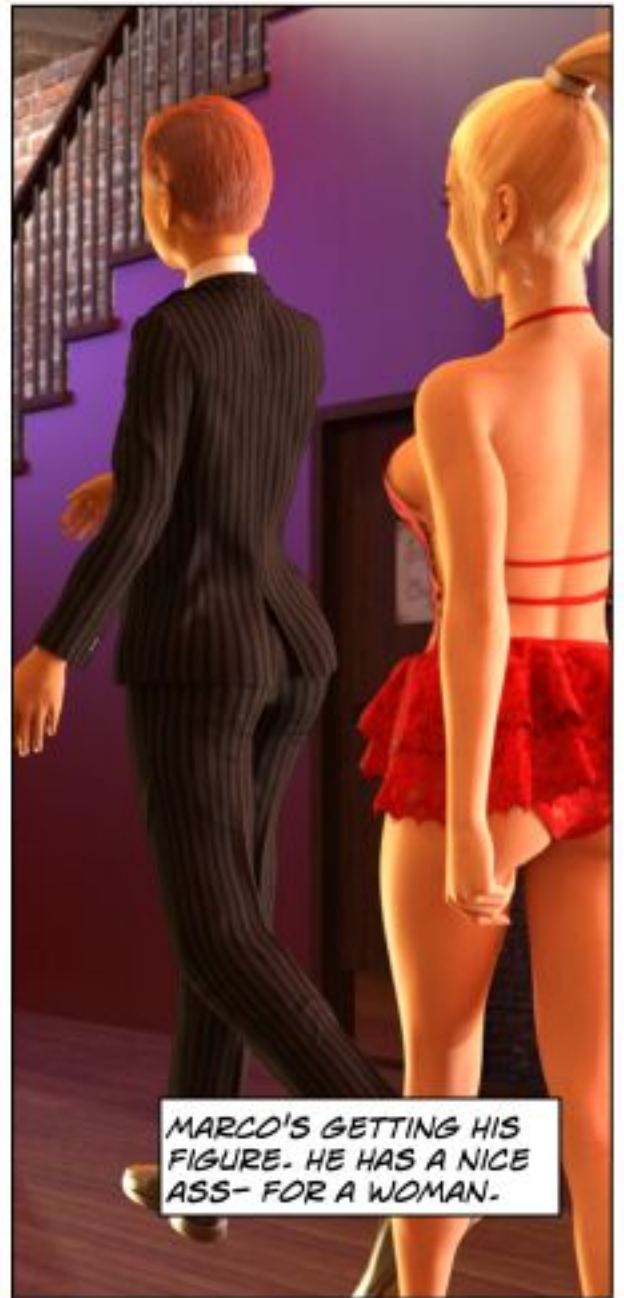


IT WAS FOR CLIENTS WITH--
SPECIAL-- TASTES.





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






THERE'S
A CODE,
AMBERLYNN
DIVINE.

BETWEEN
MEN. A CODE OF
HONOR.

YOU BROKE
THAT CODE.

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



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

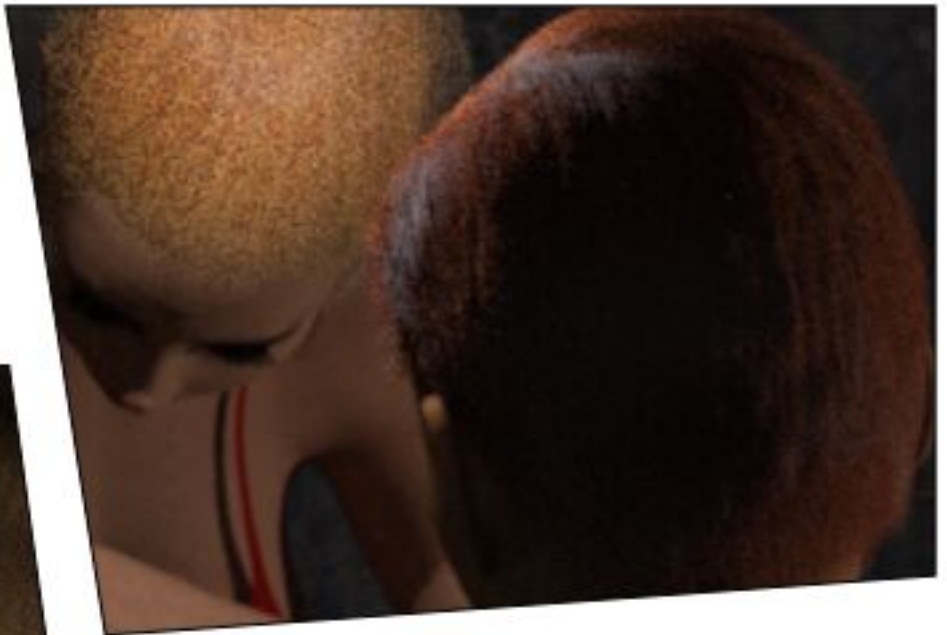
...OR, SHOULD I
CALL YOU DETECTIVE
ANGELO
TIMMONS...

FUCK



YOU.. KNOW?

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



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



BITCH!



I'M GONNA...

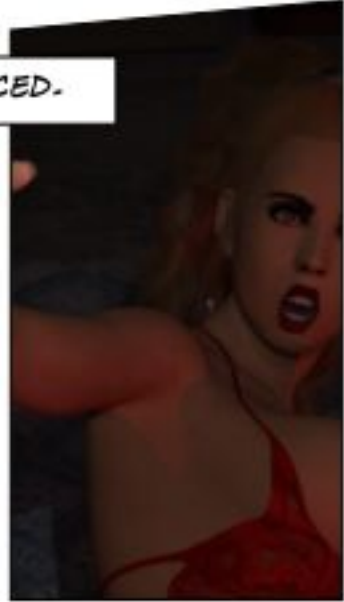
...SHIT!




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



I FELL. HE POUNCED.





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

EVEN IN HEELS, I CAN STILL WRESTLE.



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



IT TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM.

I DECIDE TO GET A LITTLE PAYBACK.

MARCO,
HONEY?



YOU HAVE SUCH A FAT, SWEET ASS.



I JUST KNOW YOU'D LOVE A GOOD SPANKING.

WOULDN'T YOU, DOLL?

WHACK!

WHACK!



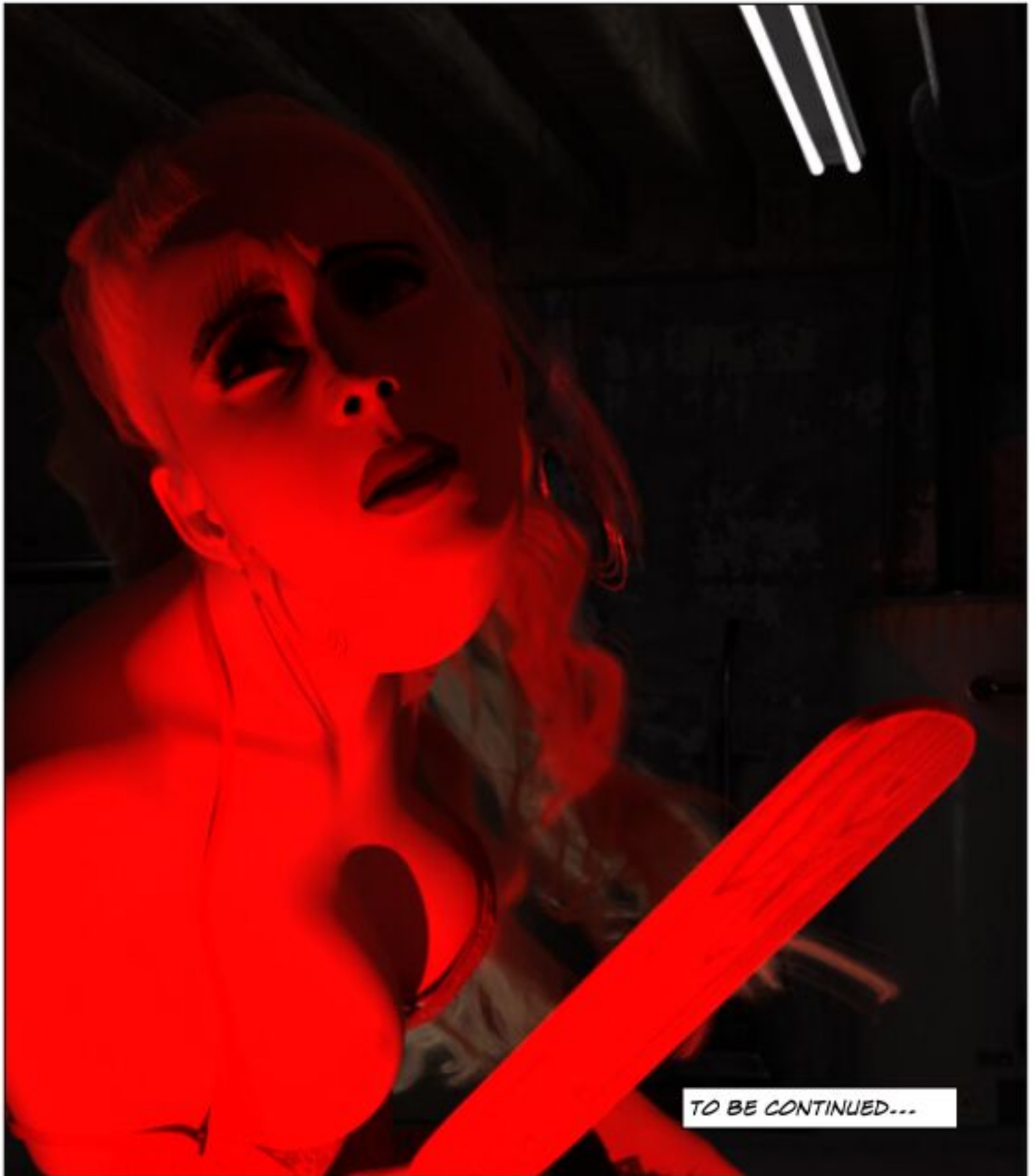
HAHAHA.



HAHAHA!

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TO BE CONTINUED...