


Hit Me With Your Best Shot (but I'm stickin' to that story)

Amanda Hawkins

Hit Me With Your Best Shot



Sure thing, hon. Whatever you say. Let me just touch up your foundation... then I'll volumize your hair and finish the blow-out. I know you like it poofy.

This won't work, you know. Make me as pretty as you please, I will never reveal to you the location of the jade monkey.

Why bother? No matter how sweet you make me look, no matter how gorgeous this 'do turns out, I simply cannot and will not let the jade monkey fall into the wrong hands. Its power is too great.

Uh-huh... The glue's had time to set on those breast forms, so I'll just add a little base there too, to hide the seams. And blusher to enhance the cleavage, of course. It worked out nice last time.

Irrelevant. You can pour me into that sexy little pouf dress over there, the one with the cute flounce skirt, but no amount of such coercion will ever elicit the information you require.

The jade monkey is a secret I will take to the grave, even if you make me 100% passable as a woman and force me to go home with the dude I'm meeting for dinner in an hour.

Yeah, whatever. Do you want me to finish your makeup as well? Lipstick, eye shadow, mascara... the works?

Yes, please---damn you. Hit me with your best shot. But this nut ain't gonna crack...

Amanda Hawkins

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