

# Tough Love for Wayward Boys: The New Methodology (results guaranteed)

## Tough Love for Wayward Boys



For fuck's sake, now you want me to wear lip gloss too? Where's all this gonna end?

Yeah, yeah... I know what that psycho doctor said: total commitment. I have to be Little Miss Perfect, or I go to jail. Just for the record, Ma, I'd way rather be in reform school. But you didn't gimme that choice.

Oh God, I can't believe I'm doing my own makeup... It's that fucking brain implant--it put this knowledge, these skills into my head. Now it's telling me what to do. Shit, it even makes me want to look pretty and act like a total girly-girl. I can't stop myself! How could you do this to me, Ma? Your own son. A guy like me shouldn't be sitting here femming himself up like this.

I mean, what'd I do that was so bad? A few B&E's, some joyriding... No one got hurt. Heck, there wasn't even much damage. Drugs, sure, but everybody does that. None of my buddies got turned into a girl for doin' that stuff, so why should I? They'd have ended up looking like a real bunch of dykes too, unlike me. You know, the doc was sure right; I really do look like you did in those old pics. Who knew?

The potty mouth didn't help your case, dear.

Oh for crap's sake, now the implant's telling me to brush out my hair, put on a pretty dress, and then go to school and tell everyone who I used to be. Oh God... why does that kinda turn me on?