

A Stone Cold Fox: Here's how to make the best of a bad situation...

A Stone Cold Fox

What happened? What *happened*? I'll tell you what the hell happened, Mister big-shot district attorney. Your enemy--the one you're jonesing to stick in that supermax for the rest of his life... his boys paid me a visit last night. The night of the trial, no less. And this--*this* is what they did to me! Can you believe it? Those motherfuckers turned me into an honest to God piece of tail, with boobs, a pussy and everything else!

How? *How*? They used some kind of magic, that's how! They touched me with this weird medallion and the next thing I know, I turn into this blonde chick. Where the hell were *you* anyhow? You and about a hundred-fifty cops were supposed to amuse yourselves by keeping me safe until I could testify, right? *Right*? So here I am locked up nice and tight in the biggest, swankiest hotel in town--how come those guys could get in so easy, huh?

Man, I *do not* believe this shit. I'm a woman and your case is straight down the crapper. I sure as hell can't testify looking like this. Big Teddy is *so* gonna walk. You made me rat out my old pals and for what? Nothin, that's what. I'm not even a man anymore! Uh-huh, yeah, sure: I got me a big ole pile of dough. So what am I gonna spend it on--makeup?

Who is she? Oh gawd. They said the chick was one of those high-priced call girls... before she met with an "unfortunate" accident. Her body was never found, but her clothes were. Go figure, huh? And she was never reported missing, so as far as anybody knows she's still alive. And now I'm *her* for like freakin' ever! Is that fair? You guys wouldn't've believed me in a thousand years, if ya didn't find me stuck here in this sealed room. No way is anyone else gonna know who I really am. Which means I'm stuck... totally stuck. I'm gonna be this *female* for the rest of my freaktastic life... shoot me now!

And that ain't even the worst part. You know what the boys said, just before they left? When this shit blows over and Big Teddy's a free man, they told me to look him up... and apologize. Can you believe it? All I have to do is make the dude happy--hint, hint--for a few days, more like a few years, and maybe then he'll consider letting me use that medallion to turn back into a guy. As if! Do I look that dumb?

Here's the bottom line... If I let him do me, he'll just keep on doing me 'til he gets tired of me and then I'm out on my ass. Big Teddy never's gonna let me change back--if that's even possible. So... that's it. Finito. I'm a skank for life.

Could be worse, though. Ratting out my buddies might be my only useful skill, but now that I'm a stone cold fox I should be able to land myself a flush boy-toy, amiright? See, if there's one thing I know back to front and up top, it's how to bang a stick between the sheets.

So, Mister big-deal DeeA. It's just you and little ole me, now that the cops are gone. Maybe you'd care to sample the merchandise? Play your cards right and you could be that boy-toy. But there's only one way to find out... Let's hit the king-size and I'll show ya what a guy can do when he turns into a certain kind of woman... Best--sex--ever.

Amanda
Hawkins

stone cold fox:
n. a very fine and sexy woman;
(slang) a very sexually attractive
person (most often female, duh).