

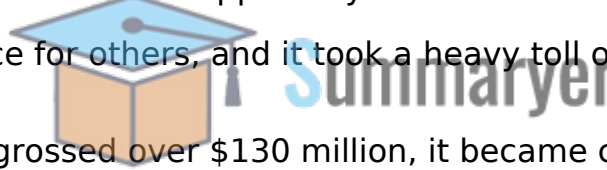
Chapter 32

Chapter 32 describes a time when I was caught in a web of control and manipulation, where the small moments of freedom I once had were stripped away. I felt trapped in a life where even simple things like having a meal or seeing a date required permission and constant scrutiny. My father, who controlled every aspect of my life, imposed strict rules on who I could be with, what I could eat, and even how I could spend my time. When I went to dinner parties, security would inspect the house for any alcohol or drugs, even something as harmless as Tylenol. Once I arrived, no one could drink until I left, and it felt like I was constantly being watched. The lack of autonomy over basic decisions made me feel suffocated, and my sense of self was constantly being eroded by the restrictions placed on me.

The pressure from my father extended to every part of my life, including relationships. When I began dating, the security team would run background checks on potential partners, make them sign NDAs, and even require them to undergo blood tests. My father's need to control everything extended to even the most personal aspects of my life, which caused me immense humiliation and isolation. The conservatorship prevented me from having normal relationships or experiences, and the deeper I was pulled into it, the more I lost touch with myself. I had always been strong-willed, but the constant pressure to comply with others' demands made it harder to hold onto the person I was before. I felt like a puppet, and I was starting to lose the ability to see a way out. Even simple moments of rebellion, like the desire to enjoy a date or a quiet moment, felt impossible under such intense scrutiny.

Despite the weight of these controlling forces, there were moments when I tried to break free, even if just in small ways. I sought solace in my children, and doing whatever I could to see them again became my motivation to comply with the conservatorship's rules. But as the years went on, I realized that my personal

autonomy was being completely disregarded, and the damage to my mental and emotional health was undeniable. The more I tried to meet the expectations placed on me, the more my sense of identity was lost. My body, my actions, and my choices were no longer my own, but a product of the conservatorship and my father's control. This realization, combined with the ever-present financial exploitation, was a harsh reminder of how far my life had deviated from what I once envisioned. The money made from my tours was used to keep the system of control intact, with those around me profiting while I remained trapped. My sense of self-worth had been reduced to what I could produce for others, and it took a heavy toll on my spirit.



As the Circus Tour grossed over \$130 million, it became clear that my freedom was being traded for financial gain. My father, as a conservator, profited from the deal, receiving a percentage of the earnings, along with a monthly salary that exceeded anything he had made before. This realization only deepened my anger and frustration. My willingness to comply with the conservatorship's rules, to be away from my children and stripped of my freedom, was all in exchange for the hope of seeing them more. That small trade, of being with my kids, became my only solace, yet it came at an incredibly high cost. The profits generated from my work were not just a personal sacrifice but a direct exploitation of my identity and labor.