



Sex Positive⁺

words and art by
Tom Reynolds

letters and editing
by Tara Bachmann

I KNOW WHAT I
LOOK LIKE NOW.
I KNOW HOW
PRETTY I AM.

MASTERING HEELS WAS
EASY ENOUGH. SO WAS
LEARNING HOW TO PAINT
MY FACE.

CROSSING MY LONG,
SMOOTH LEGS WHILE
WEARING A SHORT
SKIRT IS ALWAYS AN
ATTENTION-GETTER.

IT CERTAINLY FEELS
COMFORTABLE, NOW
THAT THERE'S NOTHING
TO GET IN THE WAY.



I'D CHANGED MORE
THAN I EVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE. BUT FOR THE
LONGEST TIME, DEEP
DOWN INSIDE, I FELT
LIKE I WAS STILL THE
PERSON I USED TO BE.



BUT MAYBE I WAS
JUST KIDDING MYSELF.
MAYBE I DIDN'T
WANT TO COMPLETELY
LET GO OF MY PAST.

I USED TO BE A GUY.

IT'S HARD FOR ME TO ADMIT.
NOBODY WOULD EVER GUESS.

I USED TO BE A GUY.

NOW I'M A WOMAN.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A
MAGICAL TRANSFORMATION...





OR... IT COULD HAVE BEEN
24 MONTHS OF HORMONE
TREATMENTS AND THREE
MASSIVE SURGERIES WITH
ADDITIONAL FEMINIZATION
AND GENDER AUGMENTATION
PROCESSES.

EITHER WAY, IT WAS
EXHAUSTING.

WANT TO SEE?



THIS ISN'T NECESSARILY
HOW IT HAPPENED,
BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.



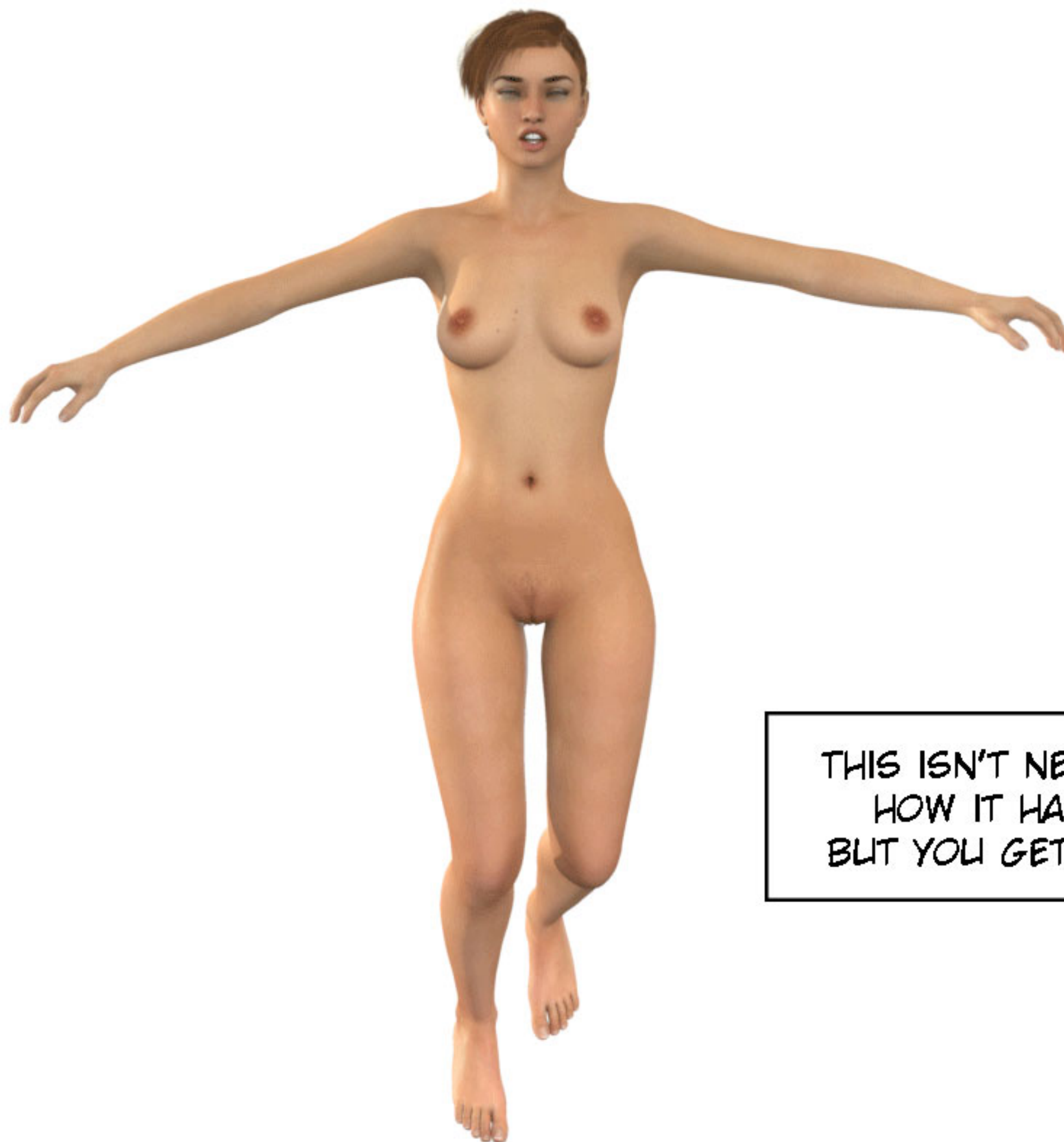
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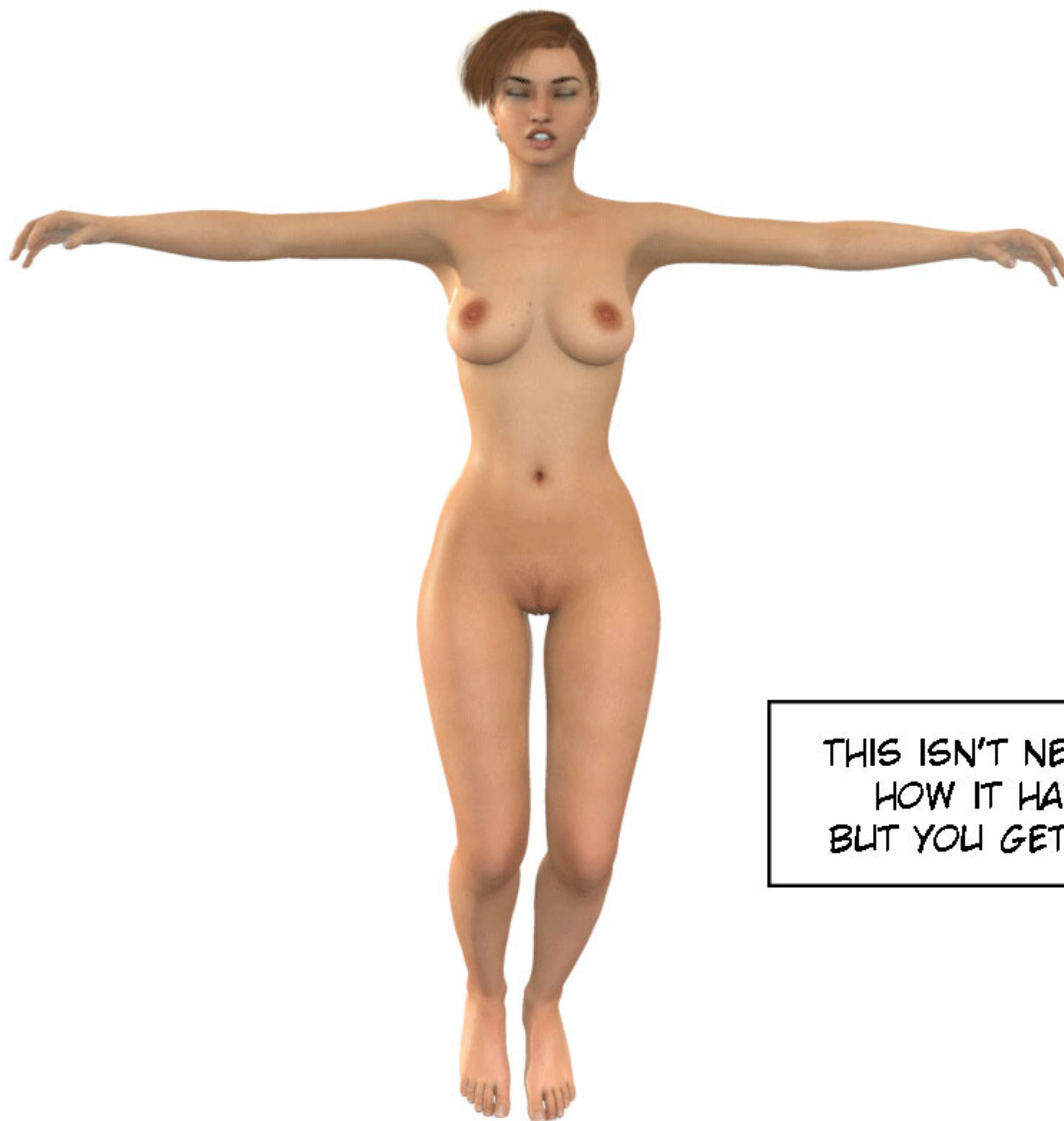
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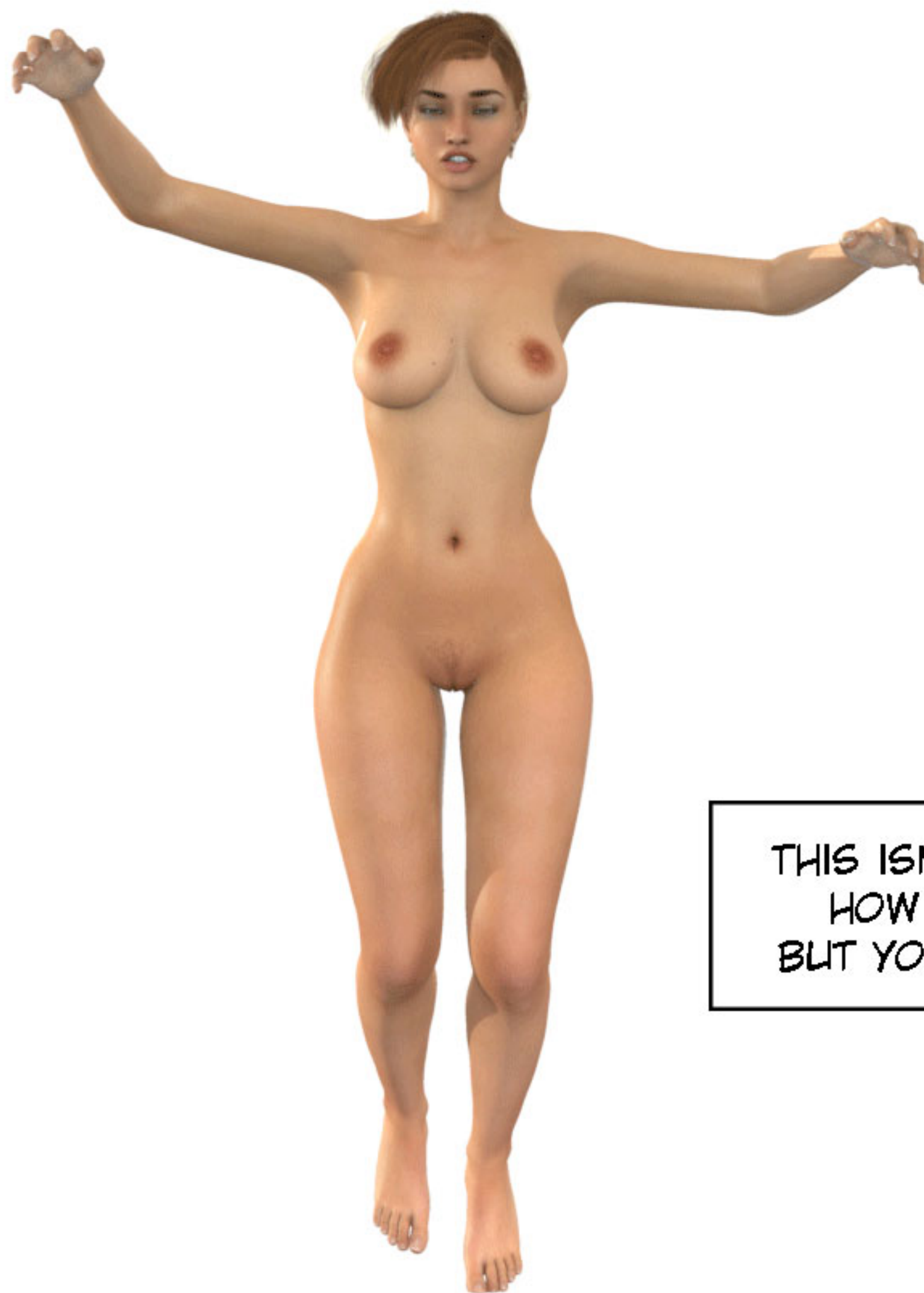
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BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.

I WAS LOW
FOR LONGER
THAN I COULD
HANDLE.



IT FELT LIKE
I WAS FALLING.



CRAZY, RIGHT?

I WAS ONLY
NINETEEN...

I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE ABLE
TO ACCEPT IT.
ADJUST. BUT I DID.

THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED TO TALK
ABOUT.
HOW I GOT
THERE. FINALLY.



I KNEW WHAT I'D BECOME.
A CHICK. GIRLIE. SISTER.
DAME. BROAD. MAIDEN.
DAMSEL. BROAD. WENCH.
AT LEAST ON THE OUTSIDE.

BUT AS FABULOUS AS
MY NEW SKIN WAS,
I DIDN'T FEEL
COMFORTABLE IN IT.
NOT COMPLETELY.

DON'T HATE ME WHEN
I TELL YOU HOW
I LEARNED TO
TRULY ACCEPT MYSELF.

DON'T DESPISE ME WHEN
I SAY IT TOOK A MAN
TO MAKE ME TRULY
FEEL LIKE A WOMAN.



I ANTICIPATED IT WOULD
BE AN ALIEN FEELING,
LYING BENEATH A MAN.

THE QUIET STRENGTH.

THE MEASURED
ROUGHNESS.

THE TENSE
RELAXATION.

THE HARD BODY
ATOP MINE.



A WORLD I NO LONGER RECOGNISED.

LOOKING FROM THE OUTSIDE IN.



BUT IT ALL FELT SO NATURAL.

AS IF IT WERE MEANT TO BE.

AS IF UNSEEN FORCES
HAD CONSPIRED TO
SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET.



I HADN'T BEEN LOOKING
FOR ANYONE. I HADN'T FELT
ANY PARTICULAR LONGING.

THAT'S WHY I WAS
SURPRISED WHEN HE
ASKED ME OUT.

I WAS EVEN MORE SURPRISED
WHEN I SAID YES. BUT I WAS
TOO NERVOUS TO SAY NO,
TOO RESTLESS TO STAY HOME
BY MYSELF ONE MORE NIGHT.



I WAS SHAKING WHEN WE MET AGAIN,
UNDERNEATH THE BRIGHT SHADOW OF THE BAR.

WE SAT CLOSE, HIS HEAT
AGAINST MY SKIN IN THE BOOTH.

HE MADE ME LAUGH.

THE FEAR LEFT ME AS I DRANK.

WE DANCED.



THE WHOLE JOURNEY HOME
I WAS WRACKING MY BRAIN
THINKING OF WAYS TO GET
RID OF HIM.

I KNEW WHY HE WAS THERE.
I KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.
BUT EVEN SO, I DIDN'T
MAKE HIM LEAVE.

I SAT FAR AWAY,
BUT WE GREW CLOSER.

I WAS SILENT, BUT HE TALKED
THROUGH THE AWKWARDNESS.

I WAS CLOSER THAN EVER
TO MADNESS, BUT I WAS
CLOSER THAN EVER TO HIM.



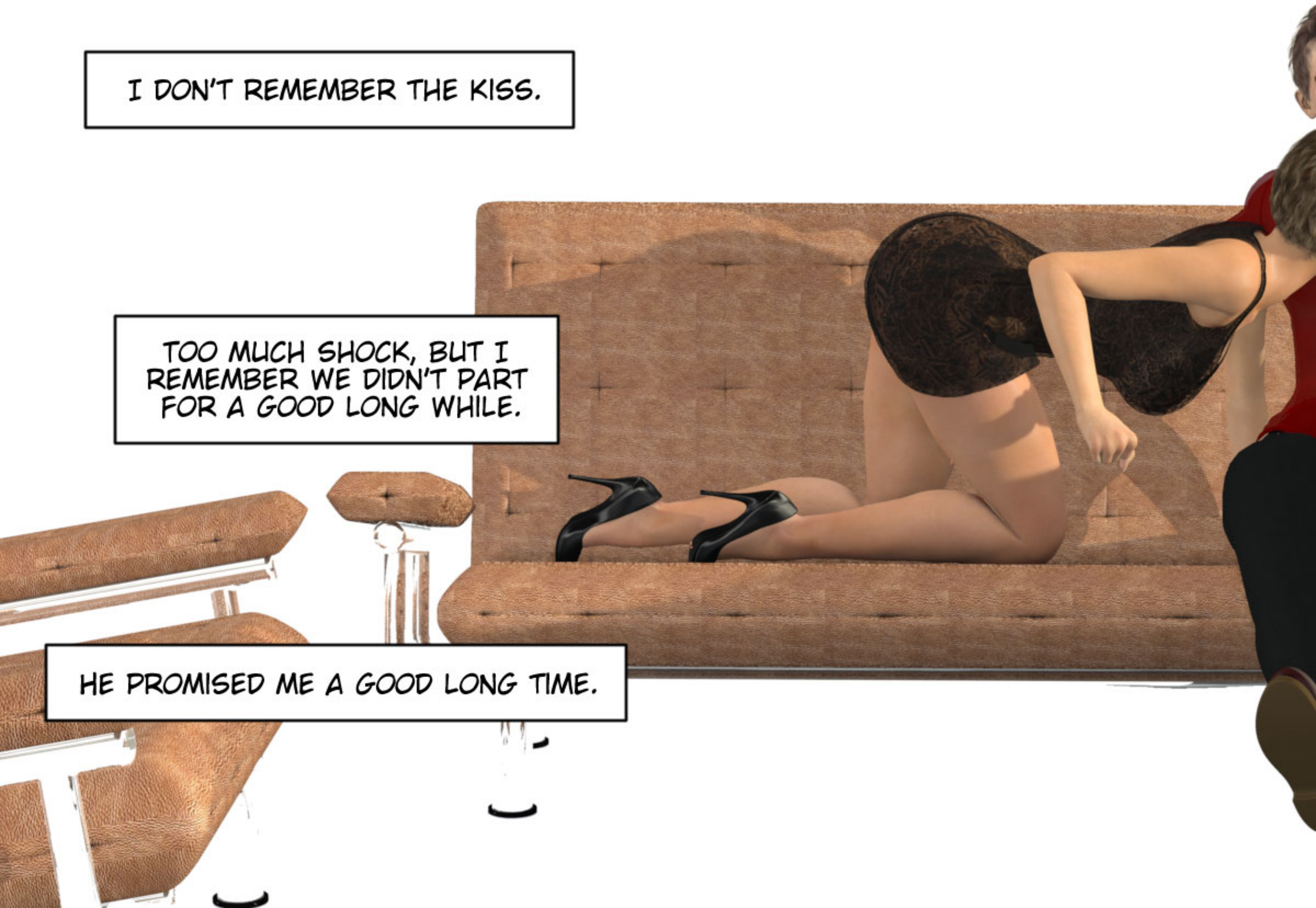
SO ACUTELY AWARE OF MY
NEWFOUND FEMININITY, MY
BOOBS BULGED AT MY
PLUNGING NECKLINE, MY
LEGS FELT COLD IN THE
OPEN AIR, MY HEART
RACED BENEATH THE SKIN.



I DON'T REMEMBER THE KISS.

TOO MUCH SHOCK, BUT I
REMEMBER WE DIDN'T PART
FOR A GOOD LONG WHILE.

HE PROMISED ME A GOOD LONG TIME.



I WASN'T SHIVERING ANY MORE.

I WAS STILL SO SCARED, THOUGH.

NO IDEA WHAT TO DO
WITH MY HANDS.

HE HAD SOME IDEAS.



A 3D rendered scene showing a woman with short blonde hair kneeling on a white surface, facing a muscular man lying on a brown tufted couch. The woman is touching the man's groin with her right hand. The man is shirtless, showing his chest and abdominal muscles. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, creating soft shadows.

KNEELING IN FRONT OF
A GUY WOULD HAVE
BEEN TERRIFYING
A FEW WEEKS AGO.

WOULD HAVE BEEN
TERRIFYING A FEW
MINUTES AGO.

BUT SOMETHING
HAD AWOKEN IN ME.

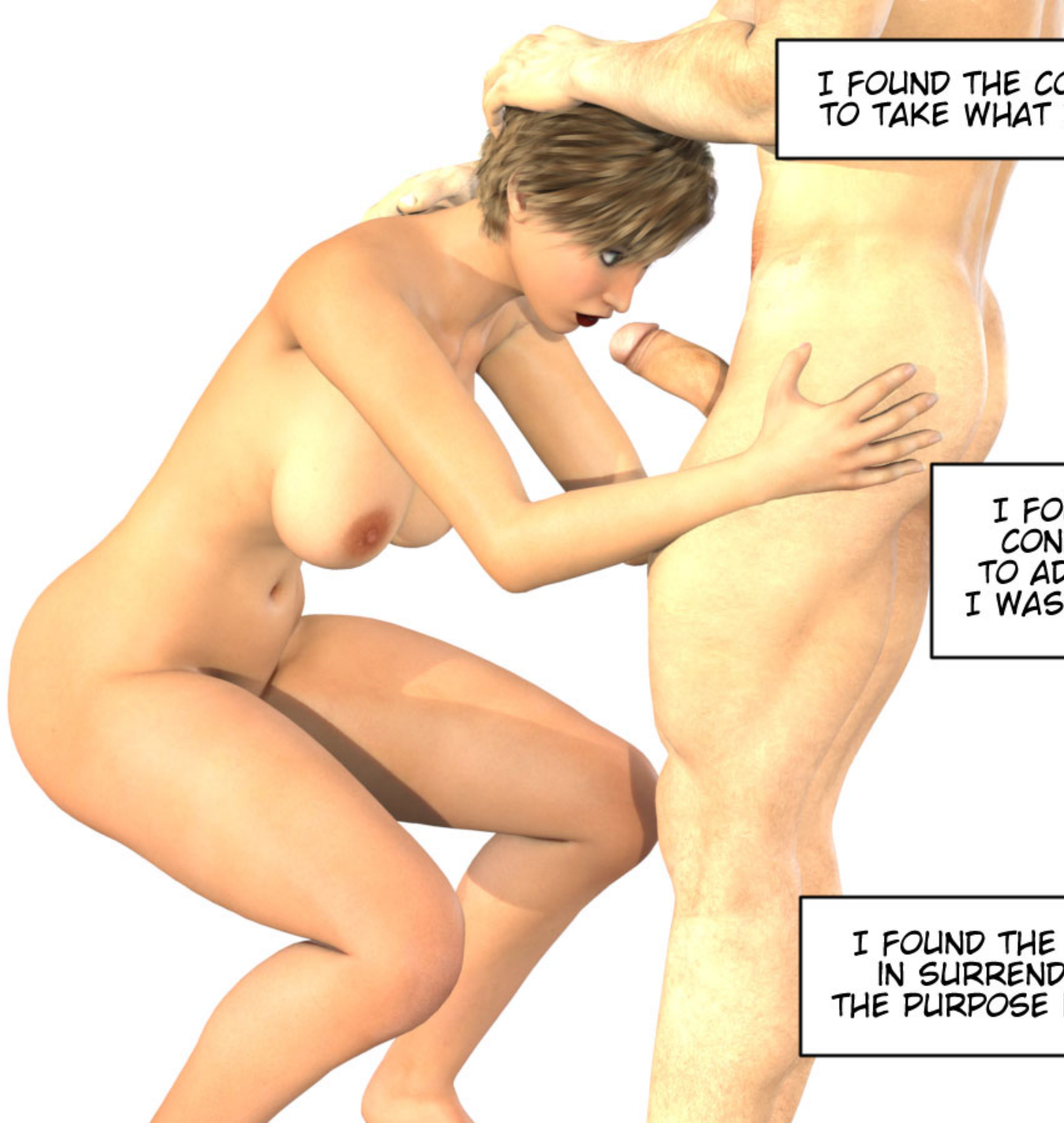
THROUGH THE FEAR,
I WAS FINDING MYSELF.



THERE WAS A
CERTAINTY IN THE AIR.

THERE WAS
NOWHERE
ELSE TO GO.

THERE WAS
ONLY ONE ANSWER.



I FOUND THE CONFIDENCE
TO TAKE WHAT I WANTED.

I FOUND THE
CONFIDENCE
TO ADMIT THAT
I WAS A WOMAN.

I FOUND THE SERENITY
IN SURRENDER, AND
THE PURPOSE IN AGENCY.

THE DICK PASSED MY LIPS.

I SOARED HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS,
FLOATING ON VICTORY ALONE.

THERE WAS NO SHAME IN ACCEPTANCE.

THERE WAS NO SHAME IN LOVING IT.





SHUDDERING, DIRTY BLISS.

HE TOLD ME I WAS GOOD.

I LOST MY HANGLIPS.



I MUST HAVE LEFT THEM A LONG WAY AWAY.



HE TOOK MY HAND.

HE ASKED ME IF IT WAS OK.

I SAID YES.



I'D LONG THOUGHT OF
SEX AS A BATTLE...

A MAN CONQUERED AND
A WOMAN WAS DEFEATED.

BUT I DISCOVERED IT'S
FAR MORE COMPLICATED.

A WOMAN'S CAPITULATION
MAKES IT SOUND SO WRONG.



WE BOTH FOUND SOMETHING.

I FOUND THE MAJESTY
AND MYSTERY OF THE
FEMALE FORM, THE
INNER BEAUTY AND
DARK SECRET OF
MAKING LOVE
AS A WOMAN.

HE FOUND A SCARED
GIRL LOOKING TO
SHARE HER NIGHT.



NOT EVERYONE WHO
SUCKS A DICK IS A WOMAN.

NOT ALL WOMEN SLICK DICKS.

NOT ALL WOMEN ENJOY IT IF THEY DO.

I DID.

THAT'S FINE.



IT DIDN'T HAVE TO
MEAN ANYTHING, THOUGH.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A
HUGE REVELATION, OR
IT COULD HAVE BEEN TWO
WARM BODIES BENEATH
THE SHEETS.

MAYBE IT WAS BOTH.





I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.
I DIDN'T NEED TO.

I'D GOTTEN WHAT I
WANTED... WHAT I NEEDED.



The
End⁺



You can find Tom's
comics and caps at
JG-Caps.com or at
JG-Caps on
deviantart
he also has a
patreon at
patreon.com/caps



You can find Tara's
caps on Deviantart
at XX-XY or
TaraJG.

She has cowritten
one of Tom's comics
and edited this one
under duress.

She was paid in
sweets

xx
+witiioq

word and art by
Tom Reynolds
letters and editing
by Tara Bachmann

