



#0082
TGT CLASSIC
RATED X
103 PAGES

GENDER CHANGE
FEMALE CHANGE

WRITTEN &
DESIGNED BY
TYLER
ADAMS

7 DAYS: DAUGHTER
DAY SIX



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ADULTS ONLY!

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CHASE
MEWTWO
TOBY D FRALEY
DAVID DUNCAN
WHATBOB







AHEM

JUST WHO
THE HELL IS
THAT?

HUH?

A woman with long, wavy red hair is sitting in a hot tub. She is wearing a red, green, and white plaid strapless top. She has a surprised expression on her face. The hot tub is set on a wooden deck next to a brick wall. In the background, there is a white door with glass panes. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting. Four comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

MOM?

OH, LOOK
WHO'S CALLING ME
MOM NOW.

I SEE YOU AND
YOUR NEW FRIEND HIT
THE BOTTLE HARD
LAST NIGHT.

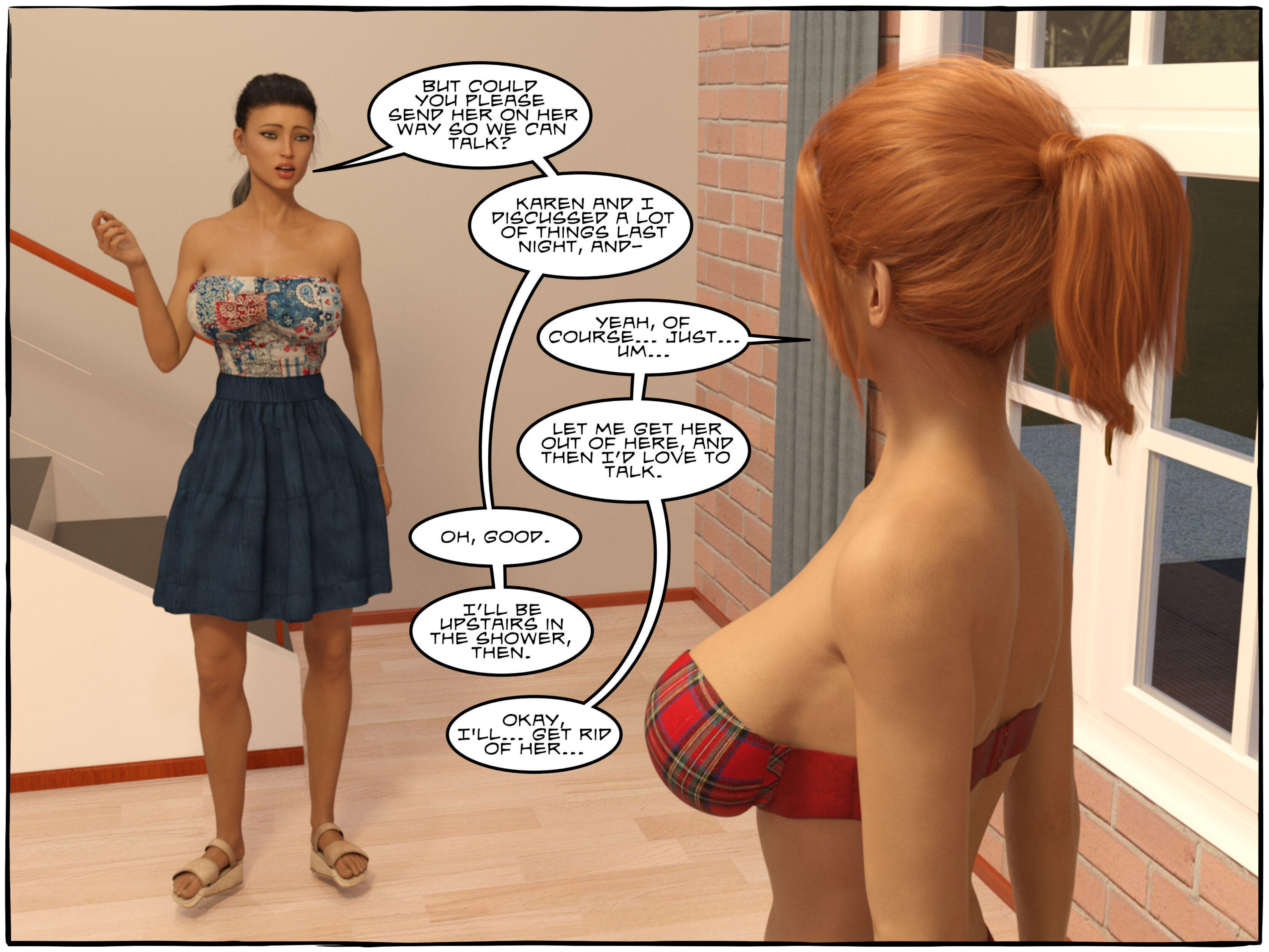
NEW FRIEND?

FUCK! I WAS HOPING LAST NIGHT WAS A DREAM!

UM, MY FRIEND... SHE'S ACTUALLY A FRIEND OF RAFFI'S. AND-

I DON'T REALLY NEED TO HEAR MORE THAN THAT.





BUT COULD YOU PLEASE SEND HER ON HER WAY SO WE CAN TALK?

KAREN AND I DISCUSSED A LOT OF THINGS LAST NIGHT, AND-

YEAH, OF COURSE... JUST... UM...

LET ME GET HER OUT OF HERE, AND THEN I'D LOVE TO TALK.

OH, GOOD.

I'LL BE UPSTAIRS IN THE SHOWER, THEN.

OKAY, I'LL... GET RID OF HER...



SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

IF I WAKE HER UP, SHE'S GOING TO FREAK OUT AND VANESSA WILL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED...

BUT... VAN NEEDS TO KNOW, RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE GOT THOSE CHOCOLATES, AND WE'LL NEED THEM TO RETURN HIM TO NORMAL.

THEN... WHAT DO I TELL RAFE WHEN SHE WAKES UP?

FUCK, THERE'S NOTHING TO REALLY SAY...

RAFE?

RAFE!?

YAWN

DEE?

WHY ARE YOU
YELLING?

I...



RAFE, IT'S
OKAY...

I'M... I'M A
WOMAN!!!

IT WAS REAL!



JUST
CALM DOWN
AND-

CALM
DOWN!?

I'VE GOT
HUMONGOUS TITS
NOW, PEE!

I KNOW,
AND-



WHY ARE
THEY SO FUCKING
BIG!?

HOW ARE
THEY-

IF YOU
STOP
YELLING, I
CAN-

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a white strapless tube top, stands in front of a brick wall. She has a confused expression. Four speech bubbles are positioned to her right, containing dialogue.

JUST WHAT THE
FLICK IS GOING ON
DOWN HERE?

SOMEONE
BETTER BE BLEEDING
PROFUSELY FROM
THE HEAD OR-

VANESSA!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!

WHAT?
WHO THE-



IT'S ME,
RAFE!

YOU TWO HAVE
TO HELP ME!

RAFE!?

HOW IS
THAT-



HE FOUND THE
CHOCOLATES, MOM.

THE CHOCOLATES!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU JUST
LEFT THEM DOWN
HERE!

I... I
WAS SO
CAUGHT UP
IN...

YEAH, I
REMEMBER.



WAIT, WHAT ABOUT THOSE CHOCOLATES?

DID THEY DO THIS TO ME!?

YOU... BETTER SIT DOWN FOR THIS, RAFF.

MINUTES LATER...

YOU'RE SAYING
THE CHOCOLATES
REALLY DID ALL THIS
TO ME?

HOW IS
THAT EVEN
POSSIBLE?

I DON'T KNOW,
RAFE, BUT I KNOW
FOR A FACT IT WAS
THE CHOCOLATE.

HOW? HOW
COULD YOU
POSSIBLY KNOW
THAT FOR A FACT?
WHAT IT-

RAFE... I
KNOW...



A woman with vibrant red hair styled in an updo stands in a white-framed doorway. She is wearing a red and green plaid strapless bikini top. Her expression is one of surprise or concern, with her mouth slightly open. The background shows a brick wall on the left and a glimpse of a room with a white dresser and a blue chair on the right.

BECAUSE I
WAS A MAN FIVE
DAYS AGO WHEN I
ATE ONE.

YOU WERE A
MAN!?



YOU WERE A MAN!?

I WAS... MY NAME WAS JARED...

JARED?

AND I... VANESSA WAS MY WIFE.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS!

SHE'S YOUR MOTHER, AND YOU'RE CLEARLY-

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a white strapless bra, stands in a kitchen. She has a slightly open mouth and a questioning expression. The kitchen background includes wooden cabinets, a countertop with a stove, and a sink. Several comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, containing text. The woman's right hand is extended forward, palm up.

EVERYTHING SHE'S SAYING IS TRUE, RAFFI.

WE WERE MARRIED, AND-

WE GREW APART OVER TIME.

I WAS UNHAPPY, AND I GUESS...

I WANTED TO SHOW JARED HOW UNHAPPY I WAS.

BUT... MAGIC CHOCOLATE?



THIS IS
JUST TOO-

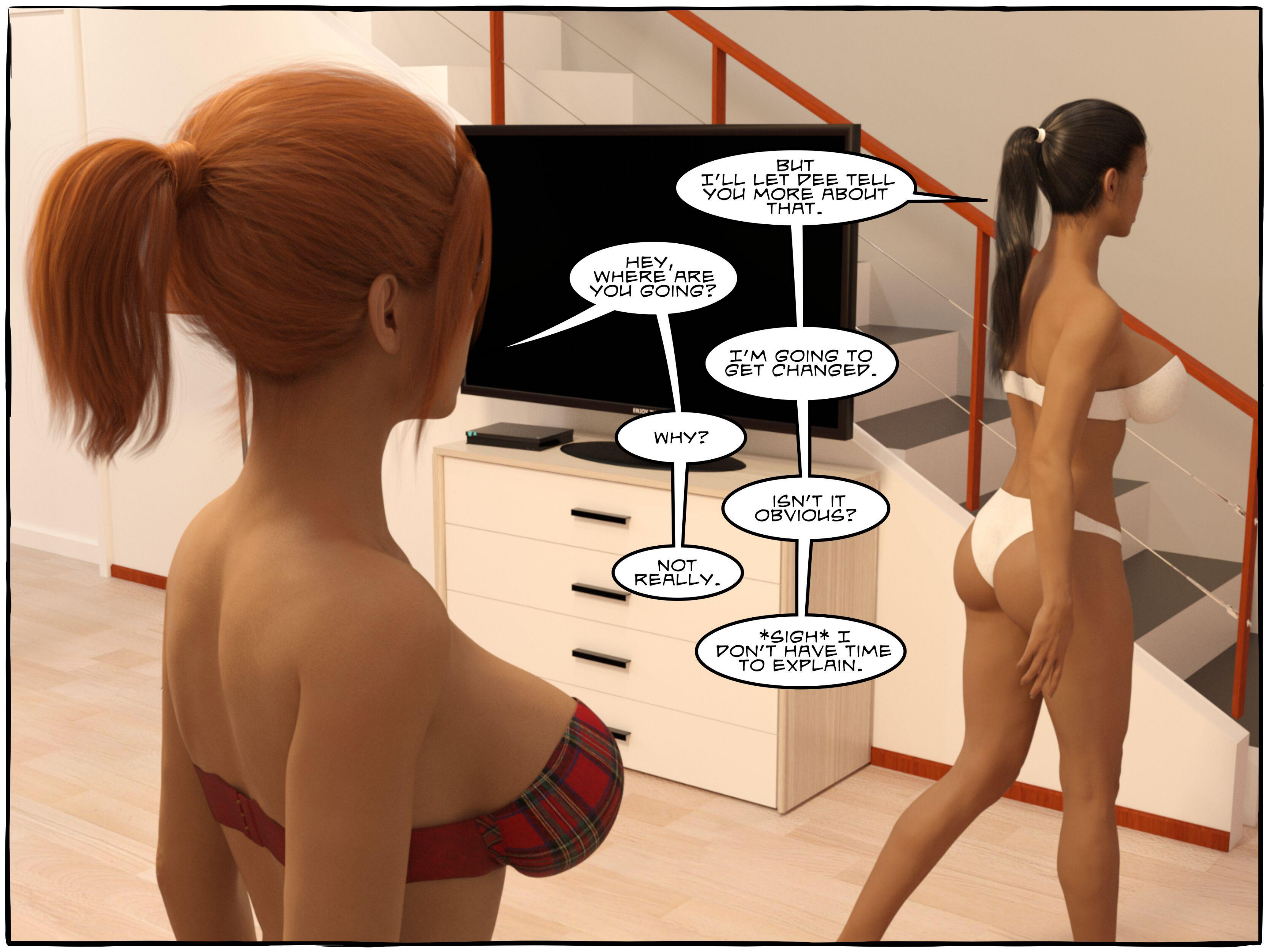
I ATE IT
JUST LIKE YOU
DID, RAFE...

NOW LOOK
AT US. IT'S
REAL.

BUT... WHY?

BEING
UNHAPPY IS ONE
THING... GOD KNOWS
MY PARENTS WERE, BUT
CHANGING YOUR
HUSBAND INTO A
GIRL?

IT'S...
COMPLICATED,
RAFE.



BUT
I'LL LET DEE TELL
YOU MORE ABOUT
THAT.

HEY,
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO
GET CHANGED.

WHY?

ISN'T IT
OBVIOUS?

NOT
REALLY.

SIGH I
DON'T HAVE TIME
TO EXPLAIN.



WHAT DROVE
HER TO DO THIS
TO YOU, DEE?

LIKE SHE
SAID... WE GREW
APART.

DEE?

WE DID,
AND I...

A woman with short, wavy red hair is sitting on a light-colored sofa. She is wearing a red, green, and white plaid strapless tube top. She is looking towards the left of the frame with a slightly open mouth, as if in the middle of a conversation. The background consists of a grey curtain and a brick wall on the right side. There are four speech bubbles containing text.

I KNOW THAT THIS IS
A LOT TO TAKE IN, BUT I
WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT
I'VE REALLY LIKED BEING
WITH YOU THESE LAST
FEW DAYS.

I'VE BEEN
HAPPIER THAN I
HAVE BEEN IN
YEARS...

AND I... I
REALLY LIKE
YOU, RAFF.

I... LIKE YOU
TOO, PEE.

YOU MAY NOT
LIKE ME SO MUCH
AFTER WHAT I
SAY NEXT.

AFTER ALL
THIS? I DON'T
THINK THERE'S-



I CHEATED
ON MY WIFE,
RAFE.

I...
CHEATED ON
VANESSA WITH
MULTIPLE
WOMEN.

DEE...

I TOLD HER IT WAS BECAUSE SHE WAS WORKING TOO MUCH, BUT THE TRUTH IS I WAS JUST UNHAPPY AND HORNY...

BUT THAT WAS-

THE FIRST TIME MADE ME FEEL SO BAD, BUT THE MORE I DID IT, THE LESS I CARED.

DEE...

SO THAT'S WHO I AM... THE MAN WHO CHEATS JUST BECAUSE HE-







WHAT
WAS THAT
FOR?

A comic book panel showing two women in a room. The woman on the left has dark hair and is looking at the woman on the right. The woman on the right has red hair in a ponytail and is looking back. There are two speech bubbles. In the background, there is a white wall with a patterned ledge, a framed abstract painting, and a black chair.

IT SOUNDS LIKE
JARED MADE SOME
MISTAKES...

...BUT
RIGHT NOW
I'M LOOKING
AT DEE.

OKAY,
I'LL BE
BACK.

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO GO TO THE WOMAN WHO GAVE ME THE CHOCOLATES IN THE FIRST PLACE AND GET SOMETHING TO FIX THIS.


YOU THINK SHE'LL HELP US?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TELL MY NEW GIRLFRIEND THAT HER SON IS NOW HER DAUGHTER.

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

YOU TWO STAY IN THE HOUSE AND DON'T CONTACT ANYONE.





WAIT, YOU DIDN'T HAVE A WAY TO-

WE'LL TALK WHEN I GET BACK, DEE.

YOU DIDN'T!

I-

I SAID WE'LL TALK WHEN I GET BACK!

OH MY GOD, SHE DIDN'T...

SHE LIED TO ME.

SHE NEVER INTENDED TO GIVE ME MY BODY BACK.

WHAT'S WRONG, DEE?

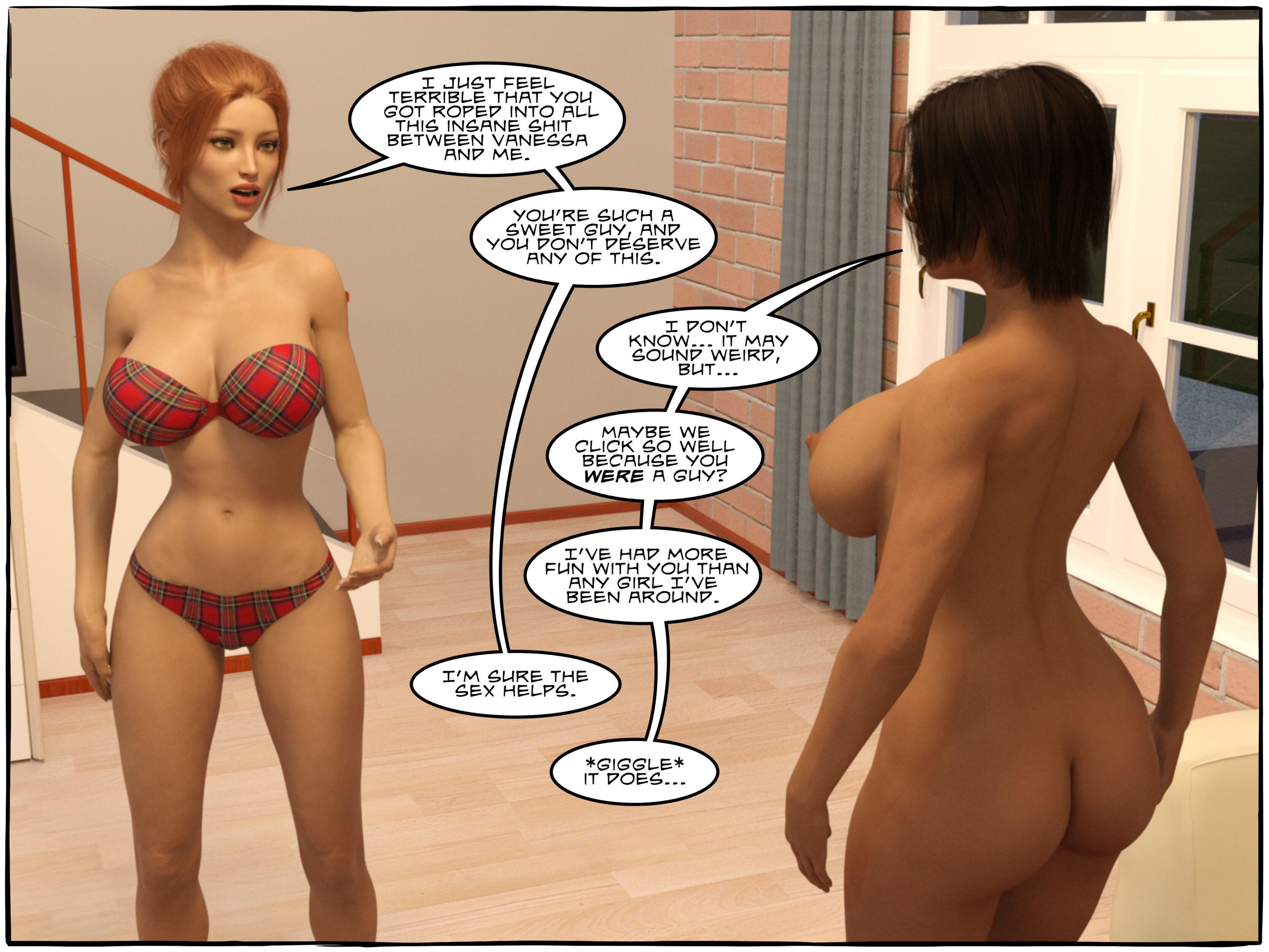
WHAT WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I... I'M JUST A LITTLE-

YOU SEEM LIKE YOU'RE IN SHOCK.

I'M NOT... I'M OKAY...

SLAM!



I JUST FEEL
TERRIBLE THAT YOU
GOT ROPE INTO ALL
THIS INSANE SHIT
BETWEEN VANESSA
AND ME.

YOU'RE SUCH A
SWEET GUY, AND
YOU DON'T DESERVE
ANY OF THIS.


I DON'T
KNOW... IT MAY
SOUND WEIRD,
BUT...

MAYBE WE
CLICK SO WELL
BECAUSE YOU
WERE A GUY?

I'VE HAD MORE
FUN WITH YOU THAN
ANY GIRL I'VE
BEEN AROUND.

I'M SURE THE
SEX HELPS.

GIGGLE
IT DOES...



AND SPEAKING OF
SEX... I REALLY LIKED
KISSING YOU JUST
NOW.

REALLY?
YOU MEAN-

SURE, BUT... I
WATCH A LOT OF
LESBIAN STUFF ONLINE
WHEN I...

SO...

WAIT, ARE YOU
SAYING WHAT I
THINK YOU'RE
SAYING?

WELL,
VANESSA TOLD
US TO STAY IN
THE HOUSE,
AND...

...IT'S NOT
LIKE WE
HAVEN'T
ALREADY...
SO...



YOU WANT ME
TO SLIP OUT OF
MY LINDIES?

YEAH,
THAT'S AN
EXCELLENT
START...



IS THIS
WHAT YOU
WANTED?

YES,
AND...

IS IT WEIRD
TO LOOK AT ME,
NOW THAT YOU
KNOW I WAS A
MAN?

NO, NOT
AT ALL.

I THINK
YOU'RE JUST AS
BEAUTIFUL NOW
AS YOU WERE
BEFORE.

THOUGH...



...I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO FROM HERE.

YOU TOOK MY VIRGINITY A FEW DAYS AGO, SO I REALLY DON'T-

YOU SAID YOU WATCH A LOT OF LESBIAN PORN, RIGHT?

SURE, BUT-

WHERE DO THEY TYPICALLY START?

TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO.

I GUESS...

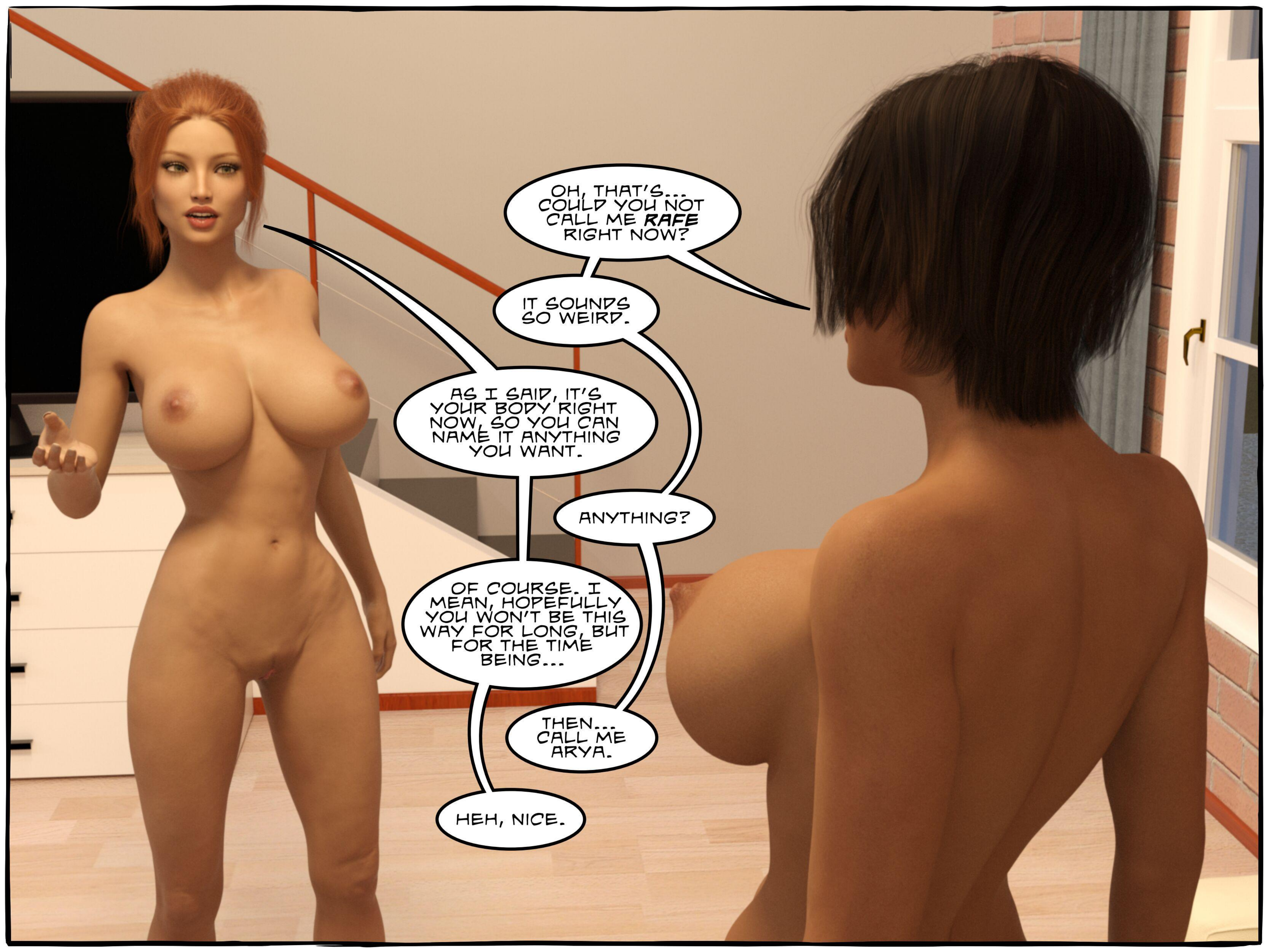
A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a person's face and upper torso. The person has dark skin and is looking downwards. The background is a light-colored, vertically-pleated curtain. On the left side, there are four speech bubbles containing dialogue. The text is in a bold, sans-serif font.

I WANT
YOU TO LICK
ME... **DOWN**
THERE.

DOWN
WHERE?

DEE, I-

IT'S YOUR BODY
RIGHT NOW, RAFE.
OWN IT.



OH, THAT'S...
COULD YOU NOT
CALL ME **RAFE**
RIGHT NOW?

IT SOUNDS
SO WEIRD.


AS I SAID, IT'S
YOUR BODY RIGHT
NOW, SO YOU CAN
NAME IT ANYTHING
YOU WANT.

ANYTHING?

OF COURSE. I
MEAN, HOPEFULLY
YOU WON'T BE THIS
WAY FOR LONG, BUT
FOR THE TIME
BEING...

THEN...
CALL ME
ARYA.

HEH, NICE.



SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO TO YOU, ARYA?

I... I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN ON ME.

BE MORE SPECIFIC.

COME ON, DEE. ISN'T A NAME-

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, ARYA.

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES HERE, SO THERE'S NO REASON TO BE SHY.



I WANT
YOU TO LICK
MY *PUSSY*,
OKAY!?

IS THAT
WHAT YOU
NEEDED TO
HEAR?

YES, AND I'D
LOVE TO...

A woman with dark hair is sitting on a white sofa, leaning back with her head tilted upwards. She is nude. In front of her, another woman with red hair is kneeling on a grey and white striped rug, also nude. The room has a wooden side table with a lamp and a decorative object. The scene is framed like a comic book panel with speech bubbles.

THAT FEELS
SO WEIRD!!!

IT'S SO
DIFFERENT
THAN...

OH, A
PUSSY... IS SO
NICE...

DEE!?

WHAT ARE YOU... *FUCK!*

SUCK ON THAT MORE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S...

BUT PLEASE DON'T STOP!



OH, I THINK
THAT'S...

AM I CUMMING!?!?

FROM THE
WAY YOUR ASS IS
JIGGLING, I'D SAY
THAT YOU'RE
DEFINITELY
CUMMING.

IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE
PRETTY SENSITIVE
DOWN HERE,
BABE.

BUT NOW IT'S
TIME FOR YOU TO
MAKE ME FEEL
GOOD!

WHOA!

DON'T
CRAM SO MANY
FINGERS IN AT
ONCE!

WHY NOT?

YOU'RE SO
WET DOWN HERE,
DEE.

I... OH, I
GUESS...





WHO AM I
KIDDING!?

THRUST THEM
IN ME!



FUCK ME WITH
YOUR FINGERS,
ARYA!

YES! I'M GONNA...
I'M CUMMING SO
FUCKING HARD!!!



SO, NOW
CAN WE...

WHAT? WHAT
DO YOU WANT
TO DO?

IT'S SILLY,
BUT... CAN WE
SCISSOR?

YOU MEAN GRIND
OUR PUSSIES AGAINST
EACH OTHER?

YEAH, IT'S...

NO NEED TO
EXPLAIN, BABE...
I'M ALL FOR IT!



AND YOU'RE
OKAY WITH ME
BEING ON
TOP?

WHY
WOULDN'T
I BE?

I DON'T
KNOW, THIS
IS-



LOOK,
YOU'RE
DOING GREAT,
BABE.

DON'T
OVERTHINK WHAT'S
HAPPENING RIGHT
NOW, AND DO WHAT
FEELS GOOD,
OKAY?

SO JUST...
GO FOR IT?

ABSOLUTELY...

GRIND AWAY!

FUCK,
THIS FEELS
AMAZING!

WE'RE IN SUCH
A RHYTHM... OUR
BODIES ARE SO IN
SYNC!

AND GODDAMN,
THIS FEELS BETTER
THAN I THOUGHT IT
WOULD!

THIS COULD EVEN
FEEL BETTER THAN
WHEN HE FUCKED ME
BY THE POOL!

MAYBE...
OH, FUCK...



MAYBE WE
CAN... BE
LESBIANS
TOGETHER...

WOULD
THAT BE SO
BAD?

WOULD
HE... SHE...
GO FOR IT?

OH, DEE!
HARDER,
BABY!!!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

仁仁燕窩莊

道模型

ホビーランド
秋葉原2号店

新創作

パティ-1号店 B1

GODDAMMIT!

HOW COULD
I BE SO
STUPID!?

LEAVING THOSE
CHOCOLATES OUT
LIKE THEY WERE
NOTHING...

I JUST
HOPE PINKY-





WHAT THE
FUXX!?

NO... THIS
ISN'T RIGHT...



THIS
CAN'T BE
THE SAME
PLACE!

ON FOURNIL

AU BON FOURNIL

TARTES

PRIVEE

OUVERT DU
MARDI AU DIMANCHE
7H / 19H30



HI, I'M
NICKI, AND
WELCOME
TO-

YOU!

I... I
REMEMBER YOU
FROM BEFORE,
BUT-

WHAT
HAPPENED?

I'M SORRY, I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE QUESTION.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright red sleeveless top and dark jeans, stands in a bakery. She has a surprised expression and her hands are held out. Behind her is a counter with various pastries, including croissants and tarts. A chalkboard in the background says 'TARTES'. The bakery has a brick wall on the left and a tiled floor. There are framed pictures of pastries on the wall.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER SHOP?

EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED, AND I WAS JUST HERE FIVE DAYS AGO!

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE *SWEET TREATS!*

WHERE'S PINKY? SHE-

OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT PINKY HAD PROBLEMS ARISE WITH SOME BEACHFRONT REAL ESTATE AND HAD TO MOVE RATHER QUICKLY.



DO YOU HAVE ANY
OF HER **UNIQUE**
CHOCOLATES?

NO, THIS IS A
BAKERY NOW, NOT
A CONFECTION-

THEN, ARE ANY
OF YOUR ITEMS...
SPECIAL?

SPECIAL?
WELL, THE
RASPBERRY TART
IS DELICIOUS,
AND-

NO, I MEAN...
ARE ANY OF THEM...
MAGICAL?

I'M SORRY, BUT I
DON'T KNOW YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT,
MA'AM.

THEN IS
THERE ANY WAY
I CAN CONTACT
PINKY?



MY APOLOGIES,
BUT PINKY MADE IT
VERY CLEAR THAT I'M
NOT TO GIVE OUT HER
INFORMATION TO
ANYONE.

PLEASE, SHE
GAVE ME SOME
CHOCOLATES
THAT-

AGAIN, SHE
MADE IT VERY
CLEAR THAT-

SHE KNOWS
ME, AND HER
CHOCOLATES-

MA'AM, I
CAN'T GIVE
YOU WHAT YOU
NEED.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright red, sleeveless, high-necked dress, stands in a bakery. She has a shocked or angry expression on her face. In the background, there is a display case filled with various pastries and tarts. A sign on the wall reads "TARTES".

MY GIRLFRIEND'S SON NEEDS A CHOCOLATE TO REVERSE WHAT THAT BITCH PINKY DID!

SHE SAID THAT CHOCOLATE WOULD FIX ALL MY PROBLEMS, BUT NOW EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FUCKED BECAUSE OF IT!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO RAISE YOUR VOICE, I HAVE TO INSIST YOU LEAVE.

NO! YOU FIND YOUR OLD BOSS AND TELL HER THAT I NEED HER HELP, OR I'LL FIND HER AND RIP THE PINK HAIR RIGHT OFF HER SCALP!

MA'AM, I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.

FINE, I'LL LEAVE YOUR PRECIOUS LITTLE BAKERY!



SHE'S THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME, AND I'M FUCKING COMPLICIT IN HER SON BECOMING A BIG-TITTED WOMAN...

AND IF SHE FINDS OUT ABOUT THAT, SHE'LL KNOW ABOUT DEE...

FUCK...

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO TELL KAREN?

FUCK!

BACK AT THE HOUSE...

DAMN,
THIS FEELS
SO WEIRD.

I KNOW,
RIGHT?

NOT THAT
EITHER OF US
REALLY NEEDS TO
WEAR A BRA...





...SINCE
OUR TITS ARE
IMPOSSIBLY
PERKY.

BUT YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT IT
BEING WEIRD TO
JUST WALK
AROUND NAKED
ALL DAY.

YEAH, BUT NOW I
THINK WEARING A BRA
AND PANTIES IS EVEN
WEIRDER.

YOU'LL
GET USED
TO IT.

OH, YOU...

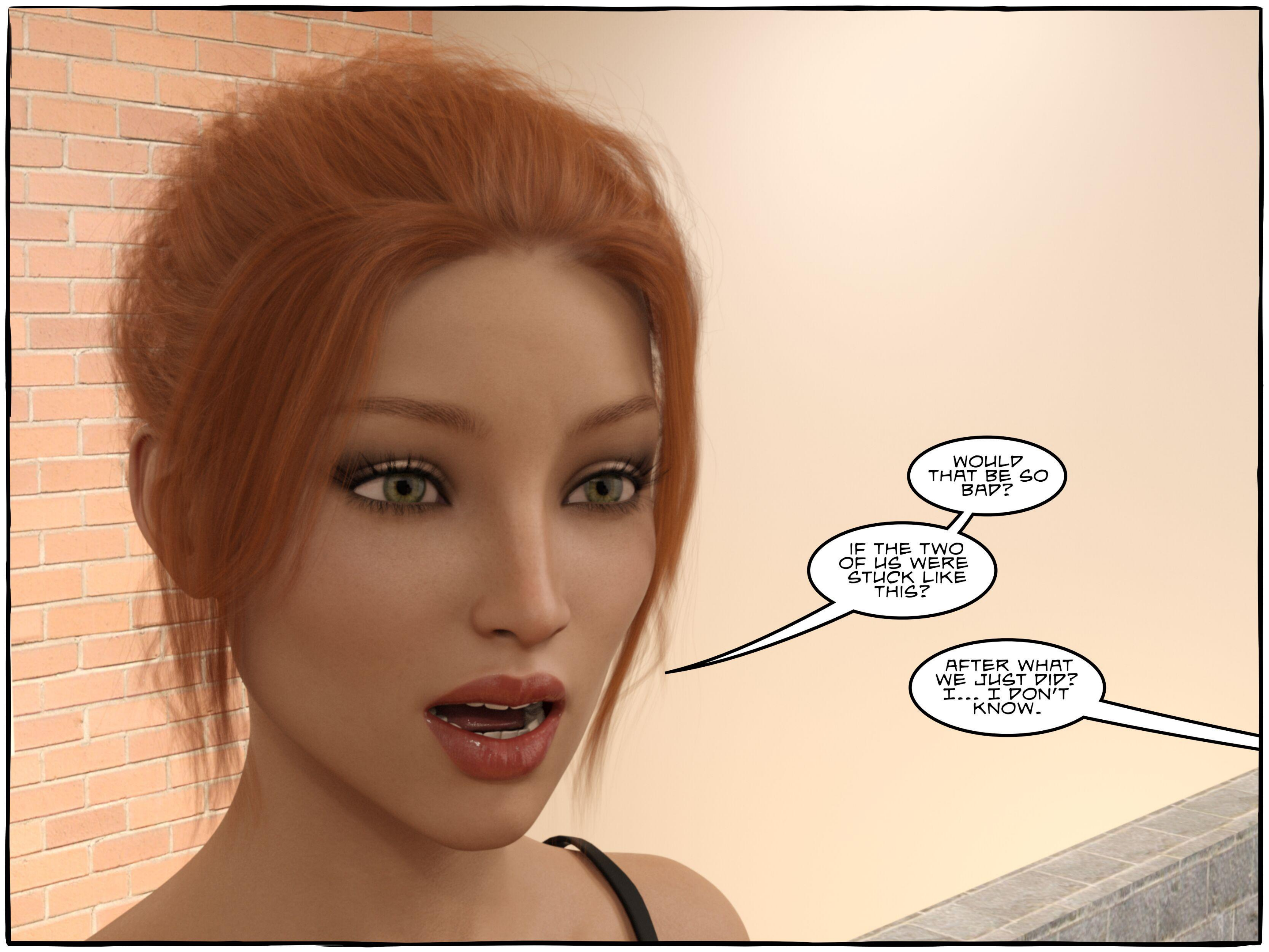


YOU THINK
I'LL HAVE TO
GET USED TO
THIS?

YOU THINK
YOUR MOM... I
MEAN, YOUR
WIFE...

SHE
WON'T BE
ABLE TO FIX
THIS?

WHAT? NO,
THAT'S... I JUST
MEANT FOR TODAY,
BUT...



WOULD
THAT BE SO
BAD?

IF THE TWO
OF US WERE
STUCK LIKE
THIS?

AFTER WHAT
WE JUST DID?
I... I DON'T
KNOW.

DO YOU...
LIKE YOUR NEW
BODY?



SHE'S...
I'M... SO
SEXY.


I CAN'T
ARGUE
THAT.

NO...





...YOU CAN'T ARGUE THAT.




BUT I'M A
MAN, YOU
KNOW.

IT'S ALL I'VE
EVER KNOWN, AND I
DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE
ABLE TO DEAL WITH
EVERYTHING THAT
BEING A WOMAN
ENTAILS.

SURE,
BUT... COULD IT
BE ANY WORSE
THAN BEING A
GUY?

REALLY?

YOU'VE
THOUGHT THIS
THROUGH?



SO, VANESSA HAS
ALREADY TAKEN YOU
TO THE PHARMACY TO
PICK UP SOME
TAMPONS?

WHAT!?

WHY THE
HELL WOULD
SHE-

BECAUSE
YOU'RE A
WOMAN,
DEE.

IT'S MORE
THAN JUST
TITS.



OH, I...

I HAVEN'T
THOUGHT ABOUT
THAT.

YEAH, AND
THAT'S JUST THE
BEGINNING.



YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING THE LAST FEW DAYS, RIGHT?

AT LEAST... WHEN I WAS STILL A GUY...

YEAH, WE'VE BEEN HAVING SEX... A TON.

A TON, DEE... WITHOUT PROTECTION.

OKAY, SO...?



OH GOD...

A BABY.

SHE THINKS
THAT ALL THE
UNPROTECTED SEX WE
HAD COULD LEAD TO ME
GETTING PREGNANT,
BUT...

IS THAT EVEN
POSSIBLE?

SEE... YOU
OBVIOUSLY
HAVEN'T PUT A LOT
OF THOUGHT INTO
ANY OF THIS,
DEE.



ME... A
MOTHER?

I COULD BE
CARRYING RAFE'S BABY
INSIDE OF ME AT THIS
MOMENT...

I NEVER
IMAGINED THAT
I MIGHT BE
ABLE TO...

WHAT IF IT'S
TRUE?!?

DEE?

WHAT ARE YOU
THINKING?



WOULD THAT
BE SO BAD?

IF I *WAS*
PREGNANT?

WHAT?

WE JUST
MET, AND-

YESTERDAY
YOU SAID YOU
LOVED ME,
ARYA.

YOU SAID IT
THE DAY AFTER
WE MET.



AND I...

I THINK I
MEANT IT,
DEE.

BUT A
BABY?

THAT'S
SUCH A HUGE
THING.

YOU'RE STILL
MARRIED FOR ALL
INTENTS AND
PURPOSES, AND
I'M...

I DON'T-



WAIT, SO YOU'RE
TELLING ME THAT EVEN
KNOWING YOU COULD BE
PREGNANT...

...AND
KNOWING
EVERYTHING
THAT COMES
WITH IT...

...THAT YOU
THINK YOU'D LIKE
TO STAY AS A
WOMAN?

I... I DON'T
KNOW, ARYA.

ALL I KNOW IS I'VE BEEN HAPPIER AS A WOMAN THAN I EVER WAS AS A MAN.



AND VANESSA?



I... I FEEL CLOSER TO YOU THAN I HAVE TO HER IN YEARS...

I KNOW THAT'S A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY, BUT IT'S TRUE.



WAIT, SO
YOU'RE...

YOU'RE
SAYING YOU
WANT TO BE
WITH ME?

YEAH, I
DO, ARYA.

I CAN'T... I
CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU'D-

DEE, WE NEED
TO TALK.

SLAM!

I'M SORRY,
RAFE, BUT COULD
YOU GIVE DEE AND
ME A MINUTE?

UM, OF
COURSE.

THANKS,
SWEETIE, AND I
PROMISE I'LL FILL
YOU IN ON WHAT'S
HAPPENING.


OKAY...





I'LL BE
UPSTAIRS
LISTENING TO
SOME MUSIC,
OKAY?

OKAY, WE
WON'T BE
LONG...

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in an updo is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black lace bra with thin straps. She has a concerned expression on her face. The background consists of large white-framed windows looking out onto a green landscape. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

SO, DID YOU FIND A CHOCOLATE THAT CAN TURN HER BACK TO NORMAL?

I... WENT BACK TO THE SHOP I GOT THE CHOCOLATE AT, BUT IT WAS ALL DIFFERENT.

THE WOMAN WHO GAVE ME THE CHOCOLATES ISN'T THERE, AND THEY WON'T TELL ME WHERE SHE WENT.

SO, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? RAFE DOESN'T-

RAFE?



WHAT ABOUT YOU?

AREN'T YOU PISSED OFF THAT I DIDN'T HAVE A WAY TO TURN YOU BACK?

RIGHT NOW, I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT RAFE.

YOU MEAN...

I CHANGE YOU INTO A GIRL AND LIE TO YOU... AND YOU-

NO, BUT-

LOOK, YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT TO DO WHAT YOU DID, OKAY?

I WAS AN ASSHOLE WHO WAS ACTING OUT BECAUSE I WASN'T GETTING THE ATTENTION I THOUGHT I WAS ENTITLED TO.

YOU DESERVE TO BE WITH SOMEONE LIKE KAREN, VAN.

YOU...

WOULD YOU RATHER I BE MAD, VANESSA?



A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright red, form-fitting, sleeveless top, stands in a room. She has a serious expression. A series of speech bubbles are arranged in a descending staircase pattern to her right, containing text. The background shows a doorway and a wall with a light switch.

I WAS ANGRY WHEN I SAW YOU WITH RAFF.

HELL, I FEEL LIKE ANGER HAS BEEN DICTATING EVERYTHING I'VE DONE THIS WEEK...

EVEN HOOKING UP WITH KAREN WAS DONE OUT OF SPITE, BUT THEN IT CHANGED.

I WAS HAPPY WITH HER, AND WHEN SHE SAW MY ANGER DIRECTED AT YOU, SHE...

SHE TOLD ME TO LET IT GO.

SOMETHING IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO DO.

IT WASN'T EASY, VAN.



SHIT, I'M
SO SORRY
FOR ALL THIS,
JARED.

I... I WANTED
TO MAKE YOU PAY
FOR WHAT YOU DID,
BUT WHY?

I DIDN'T FEEL
ANY BETTER WHEN
YOU CHANGED, AND
MOST OF THE SEX HAS
BEEN HOLLOW
ATTEMPTS TO-


I KNOW, VAN.

I FELT THE
SAME WAY WHEN I
WAS WITH... OTHER
GIRLS.

I JUST
WANT TO BE
HAPPY,
JARED.

ME TOO...

WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN FOR
US?



I THINK IT
MEANS WE'RE
DONE, VAN.


I DID LOVE
YOU ONCE... SO
GODDAMN
MUCH...

I DID, TOO...

BUT-

I KNOW...
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO SAY
IT.

OKAY, SO... WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO DO
ABOUT RAFF?

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a bright red, form-fitting, sleeveless dress, is shown from the chest up. She is looking upwards and to the right with a slightly open mouth, as if speaking or reacting. The background is a simple indoor setting with a white door and a light-colored wall. Several speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

UNLESS I
CAN FIND THAT
WOMAN... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT WE
CAN DO.

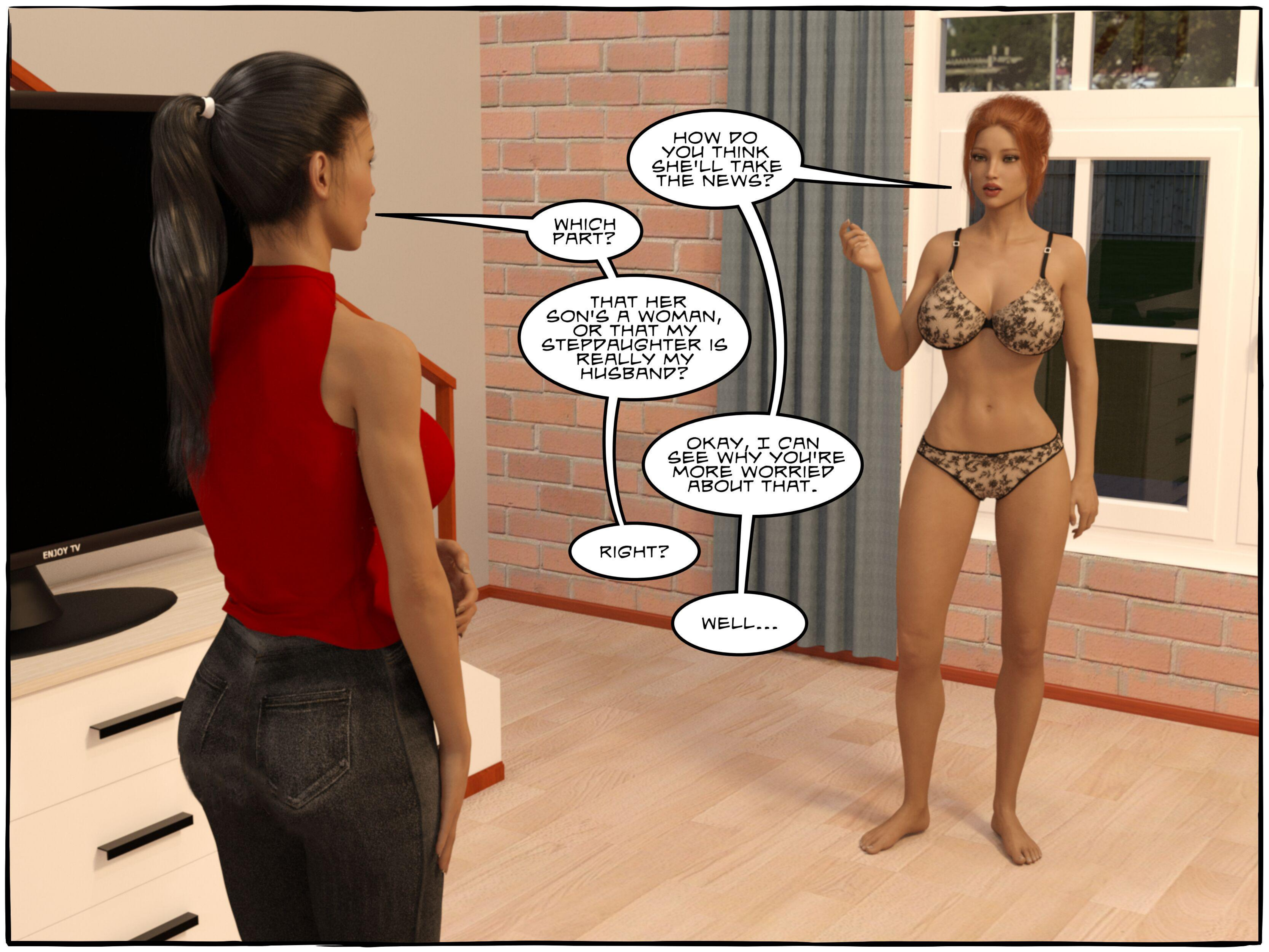
THOUGH...
SIGH

WHAT?
WHAT IS
IT?

I KNOW THAT
YOU'RE WORRIED
ABOUT RAFF,
BUT...

YOU'RE
WONDERING
HOW KAREN'S
GOING TO
REACT?

SORRY,
BUT I AM.



HOW DO YOU THINK SHE'LL TAKE THE NEWS?

WHICH PART?

THAT HER SON'S A WOMAN, OR THAT MY STEPPAUGHTER IS REALLY MY HUSBAND?

OKAY, I CAN SEE WHY YOU'RE MORE WORRIED ABOUT THAT.

RIGHT?

WELL...

MAYBE SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT ME?

I COULD JUST...

MAYBE WE ACT LIKE WHAT YOU SAID IS TRUE?

BUT IT'S NOT TRUE, JARED.

SHE'LL KNOW IT'S A LIE WHEN YOU TURN BACK INTO A MAN.

WHAT IF I DON'T...

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, WE'LL-

NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, VANESSA...





WHAT IF I
DIDN'T BECOME A
MAN AGAIN?

EVEN IF THERE
WERE A CHANCE I
COULD BE
JARED...

...THAT I
CHOOSE TO
STAY A
WOMAN?

WHAT?

YOU...
WANT TO BE
A WOMAN?

I DON'T
KNOW.

BUT YOU'RE
OBVIOUSLY THINKING
ABOUT IT.

I AM,
VAN... I
REALLY
AM.

I...
CAN'T
BELIEVE
THIS.

IT'S NOT AS IF
I'VE MADE A FIRM
DECISION...

IS THAT A LIE?

HAVE I MADE A DECISION ALREADY?

I KNOW I WANT TO BE WITH RAFE... ARYA... WHATEVER SHE ENDS UP AS...


AND WHO KNOWS?

I COULD BE PREGNANT RIGHT NOW AS WE SPEAK, SO MAYBE I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE IN THE MATTER?

...BUT I'M NOT OPPOSED TO IT IF THIS IS WHAT MY LIFE IS NOW.

JARED, I NEVER THOUGHT...



A woman with vibrant red hair styled in an updo is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black lace bra with thin straps. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. The background consists of a large window with white frames, showing a glimpse of a blue building and greenery outside. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT LATER, BUT RIGHT NOW I THINK YOU SHOULD BRING KAREN INTO THE LOOP.

LIKE... HOW FAR IN THE LOOP?

I THINK SHE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING... INCLUDING ME.

WHAT IF SHE FREAKS OUT?

WHAT IF SHE REPORTS US TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND THEY TAKE YOU AND RAFF OFF-

I'M SURE SHE WON'T DO THAT.



WHAT ABOUT YOU AND RAFE?

I'LL TELL HER WHAT YOU TOLD ME, AND...

...WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT COMES NEXT.

SHOULD I... LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE TONIGHT?

WOULD YOU BE OKAY WITH THAT?

WELL... YOU KNOW WHERE I'D BE AND WHAT I'D PROBABLY BE DOING.

SO...
YOU'RE OKAY
WITH THAT?

AND YOU
KNOW WHAT
WE'D BE
DOING.

YEAH, I
AM.

THEN SO
AM I.

SEE...
THERE'S NO
REASON TO LIE
ANYMORE.

NO, THERE
ISN'T, AND...





THANK YOU
FOR BEING SO
UNDERSTANDING,
JARED.

I'M... I'M
SO SORRY
ABOUT ALL OF
THIS.

I'M THE ONE
WHO NEEDS TO
SAY I'M SORRY,
VANESSA...

I PUSHED YOU
INTO THIS.

AND... YOUR
BOOBS ARE
SMASHING INTO
MINE, SO...



SORRY...

HONESTLY,
I'M STILL
GETTING USED TO
HAVING BREASTS
THIS BIG.

YEAH, YOU'RE
TELLING ME.

SO... I GUESS
I'LL SEE YOU
TOMORROW?

YEAH, AND
WE'LL FIGURE
THIS ALL
OUT.

I'M SURE
WE WILL.

MOMENTS LATER...

GOD,
HOW AM I
GOING TO
EXPLAIN THIS
TO HIM?

ARYA, I...

I'VE GOT
SOME BAD
NEWS.

VANESSA
TRIED TO TRACK
DOWN THE WOMAN
WHO GAVE HER THE
CHOCOLATES,
BUT-

I HEARD,
DEE...

I HEARD
EVERYTHING.



A close-up photograph of a woman with vibrant red hair pulled back, green eyes, and red lipstick. She has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or surprise. The image is framed with a black border, and three comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side.

ARYA!?

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING!?

THAT
CONVERSATION
SOUNDED ROUGH,
SO...



...I WANT TO
HELP TAKE YOUR
MIND OFF OF IT.

AND SEX HAS MADE
ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT
MY SITUATION, SO WHY
NOT DO IT AGAIN?

BUT...
YOU MUST
HAVE HEARD
THAT-

THE
WOMAN IS
MISSING, AND WE
COULD BOTH BE
STUCK AS
WOMEN?

YEAH,
EXACTLY.

I DON'T
KNOW WHY,
BUT... I'M SURE
SHE'LL TURN
UP.

BUT WHAT IF
SHE DOESN'T?

DEE...

I KNOW THAT I'M NEW TO BEING A WOMAN...

...HELL, I WAS ALSO A VIRGIN A FEW DAYS AGO...

...BUT IF I EVER CAME ACROSS A WOMAN WHO LOOKED AS GOOD AS I DO WHO WAS SPREADING HER PUSSY FOR ME?

I WOULD STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND JUMP IN.

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...

A 3D rendered nude woman with red hair styled in an updo, standing in a room with dark wood paneling and a white wall. She has a confident, slightly provocative expression. Her right hand is on her neck, and her left hand is on her hip. The scene is framed as a comic book panel with a black border.

...WHO AM I TO
KEEP TALKING?

I KNEW
YOU'D SEE IT
MY WAY. NOW
GET OVER
HERE!

YES, MA'AM!



OH, PEE!!!

END OF DAY 6

THANKS FOR READING!

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THANKS TO THOSE WHO LEGALLY PURCHASE MY WORK AND MY AMAZING PATRONS WHO ALLOW ME TO HAVE THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD!

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