



BY



COLOR OF PASSION

A TG FANTASY COMIC



OKAY,
CLASS. TIME'S
UP. LET'S SEE
YOUR
DRAWINGS.



THIS
LOOKS BAD.



HEY NEIL.
WHAT YOU
GOT DONE?



NOTHING,
REALLY, LORI.
IT'S BAD.

NONSENSE.
LET'S SEE IT.



WELL, HUH.
YOU GOT A PIC
OF ALISON, I'LL
SAY THAT.



NOT A
PORTRAIT OF
HER?

YOU DO RECALL
THAT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO DO A
FANTASY DRAWING
INSPIRED BY ALISON,
RIGHT?



JUST LOOK
AT OUR
GORGEOUS
MODEL.

DOES SHE NOT
BRING TONS OF
FANTASIES TO
YOUR MIND?



YOU GOTTA
DELIVER ON
SOMETHING, NEIL.
LET YOUR IMAGINATION
FLOW AND PUT WHAT
YOUR SPIRIT SHOWS
YOU ONTO THE
CANVAS.

IF YOU
CAN'T, I'M
AFRAID I'D
HAVE TO FAIL
YOU FOR THIS
CLASS.



HEY,
ALISON, CAN
YOU HELP ME
OUT HERE?

LET'S GET
YOU SOME EXTRA
CREDIT SO YOU
CAN BALANCE
THE SCALES.



SURE.
WHAT DO
YOU NEED?

CAN YOU GIVE
ME A HOT POSE?
SOMETHING WILD
AND DARING FOR
NEIL HERE?

OF
COURSE.
HOW ABOUT
THIS?





YIKES.

PERFECT,
DEAR.

TAKE
A GOOD
LOOK, NEIL.
I WANT YOU
TO GO HOME,
AND DRAW
ALISON IN THIS
POSE FROM
MEMORY.

LATER, ON
THE WAY
HOME.

STUPID
EXTRA
ASSIGNMENT.



HOW
AM I
GONNA GET
ANYTHING
DRAWN I
CAN'T SEE?



A man with short, light brown hair and a serious expression is walking towards the camera. He is wearing a brown and tan striped V-neck sweater and dark grey jeans. He holds a plain brown cardboard box in his right hand. The setting is a modern apartment with light grey walls and wooden cabinetry. To his left is a white dining table and a black oven. To his right is a bed with a dark headboard and a blue and gold patterned duvet. A window with a white frame is visible in the background. A thought bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text.

MAYBE THESE NEW
COLORS WILL HELP?
THEY WERE ADVERTISED TO
STIMULATE THE MOOD OF A
PAINTING.



LOOKS LIKE
PRETTY BASIC
COLORS, TO BE
HONEST.



I GUESS
I CAN GIVE
IT A TRY.

LET'S SEE HERE.
ALISON HAS A KINDA
CURVY BODY.





SOME BIG
TITTIES.

AND A
ROMP FOR
DAYS.





SHIT. I
GOTTA PAY MORE
ATTENTION TO THE
SKIN. WHEN DID I
PAINT THOSE
TATTOOS?

A close-up, top-down view of a person's head, showing their bright pink hair. The hair is styled in a short, layered cut with a fringe. The background is a wall made of irregular, grey and brown stones. The person's skin is fair, and a portion of their ear is visible on the left side of the frame.

HAIR.
SHE HAD
HAIR. YES.
WHAT COLOR
WAS IT? I
DON'T
RECALL.

SOME
UNCOMMON
DYE COLOR?
HOT PINK?
LET'S DO THAT.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME? I CAN'T
FOCUS.





WHY IS
THIS MAKING
ME SO
HORNY?



HOW CAN
THIS BE?
I LOOKED AT THE
REAL NAKED ALISON
WITHOUT GOING
OVERBOARD.

WHY IS
PAINTING HER
AFFECTING ME
SO MUCH?

THIS IS SO
UNREAL. I
CAN'T HOLD
BACK. I NEED
TO WANK.





EVEN MY
NETHER REGION
FEELS DIFFERENT.
WHAT'S GOING
ON?





I NEED MORE.
YES. YES. LIKE
THAT. ALMOST
THERE. THIS IS IT.
I'M...



CUMMING!

THE NEXT DAY.





GROAN.
WHAT THE
HECK
HAPPENED?

WHAT DID I
DO YESTERDAY?
I CAN'T
RECALL.

DID
I DRINK
TOO MUCH
AGAIN?

MAYBE
SOME
COFFEE WILL
KICK-START
MY BRAIN.



AFTER AN
ELONGATED
MORNING
ROUTINE.

HUH, I
MUST'VE PAINTED
SOMETHING,
I SUPPOSE.



WOW.
SHE'S
GORGEOUS.





I WONDER
WHO SHE IS.



HAVE I
PAINTED HER
BEFORE? SHE
SEEMS SO
FAMILIAR.



LET'S
FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT
HER.



NOW,
WHERE TO
BEGIN?



THAT
COLORFUL HAIR
SEEMS LIKE A
GOOD POINT.



SHE
SEEMS TO BE
SUCH A WILD
CARD.

DRESSING
AMAZINGLY
SKIMPY.



BUT TOUGH
AND COOL AT
THE SAME TIME.



MAYBE
ONLY SOME
JACKET TO SHOW
OFF HER BRA AND
BOOBS.





SHE'S SO
AMAZING. SO
OPEN AND SELF
ASSURED.



I WISH I
COULD MEET
SOME GIRL LIKE
HER.

I BET SHE
WOULDN'T THINK
TWICE ABOUT JUST
BANGING ANY GUY.





I SHOULD
GO OUT, TRY
MY LUCK.



MAYBE I
CAN FIND SOME
GIRL TO FUCK
AROUND WITH.
WOULDN'T THAT BE
AWESOME?

LATER

HRRRGRMBL

A man with short brown hair is sleeping on his side, resting his head on a large pillow. The pillow and the blanket covering him feature a dark navy blue background with a repeating pattern of thin, golden-brown branches and leaves. His right arm is extended upwards, with his hand resting on the top of the pillow. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned near his head, containing the text "HRRRGRMBL". The background is a plain, light-colored wall.



♪ BOP BOP BOP BOP BOPBOPBOP ♪



MOAN

TECHNO TECHNO TECHNO TECHNO





АHH
АHHHH
НАHH



SLOP

SLURP

LICK

SLOP

SLURP



OOHHHHHHH!
IT'S INSIDE!

MAKE ME HARD!

MAKE ME CUM!





GASP!



WHAT A
NIGHTMARE.



HUH?
WHERE DID
THOSE COME
FROM?



WHERE
DID I EVEN
GET THESE
PANTIES?



WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TO ME?

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANYTHING RIGHT
NOW.



MOMENTS LATER.

ALL
THIS STARTED
HAPPENING
WHEN I BEGUN
PAINTING YOU.





LET'S
NOT PAINT
HER AGAIN.



SOMETHING
ELSE. WHAT CAN
I MAYBE DO?



LET'S
GET SOME
LANDSCAPE
GOING.



SOME
LUSH, RICH,
SUPPLE
VEGETATION.



AN
AMPLE
FIELD.

WITH
JUICY
FLOWS.





AHHH.
I CAN'T
CONCENTRATE.

AFTER A BLACKOUT.

WHERE AM I?



THIS
LOOKS
NICE.

HOW
LONG HAVE
I PASSED
OUT?





HEY
THERE,
HANDSOME.



COME
OVER HERE.



CAN YOU HELP
ME? I WAS
WONDERING
SOMETHING.



ARE MY
BREASTS MORE
EROTIC? OR MY
LACK OF
PANTIES?



OH, THAT'S A
TOUGH QUESTION.
I MAY HAVE TO
INVESTIGATE SOME
MORE.



GOOD
ANSWER.



YEAH,
LICK MY
PUSSY.



MHHMMM.





I MA PUT
IT IN.



YES. I CAN
FEEL YOU.
SO GOOD.



KEEP
PUSHING,
BABY.



YOU'RE
MAKING ME
CUM!!!

LATER.

HAH.
HAHHH.
HAHHHHH!





SHIT. I
PASSED OUT
AGAIN.



NO
FUCKING
WAY.

AFTER A WAY TOO
SHORT WEEKEND.

HEY,
NEIL. YOU'RE
UP EARLY.
HOW'S IT
GOING?



A close-up, high-angle shot of a young man with light skin and blue eyes. He is looking down and slightly to his left with a somber expression. He is wearing a brown, textured knit sweater. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. A speech bubble originates from his mouth, containing two lines of text.

LOUSY, TO
BE HONEST.

I TRIED TO GET
SOME WORK DONE
DURING THE WEEKEND.
BUT I SEEM TO LOSE
MY FOCUS.



YOU'RE
NOT SICK,
ARE YOU?

EVERYONE ELSE
IN THE CLASS IS
RUNNING A FEVER.
YOU BETTER
CHECK.



NAH, NO
FEVER. OR
COLD.

I FEEL
LIKE I'M SPINNING
MY CREATIVITY AROUND
THIS GIRL I CREATED, AND
I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP
THINKING ABOUT
HER.



SHUT THE
FRONT DOOR.
YOU CREATED AN
ORIGINAL
CHARACTER?

WHERE IS
SHE? CAN I
SEE HER?



I'M NOT
SURE,
REALLY.

I LIKE TO NOT
THINK ABOUT HER.
MY MIND GOES
WEIRD PLACES
WHEN I DO.



I UNDERSTAND.
WELL, STUDIO IS
ALL YOURS.

FEEL FREE TO
DO SOME FREE
FORM DRAWING. I'LL
BE USING THE TIME TO
SORT SOME THINGS
IN THE BACK.



I SHOULD
REALLY TRY AND
TAKE MY MIND OF
THAT GIRL NOW.



MAYBE I
CAN PAINT LORI
INSTEAD. SHE'S A
GOOD GIRL.



THAT LOOKS
ABOUT RIGHT.
SOMETHING'S
MISSING, THOUGH.
WHAT IS IT?



WAIT.
NO. A GIANT
COCK WASN'T IT.
WHY DID I DO
THAT?



NEIL! STOP.
YOU'RE SLIPPING
AGAIN.

PUT
THE BRUSH
DOWN. YOU
CAN'T...



OH NO.



NO
NO NO NO.
I CAN'T DO
THAT.

I CAN'T...
I CAN'T...
~AHHH!



I CAN'T BE
WITHOUT A COCK
IN MY CUNT.
SOMEBODY FUCK
ME!



HELP.
I FEEL SO
STRANGE.
WHAT IS
GOING ON?

THIS
THING JUST
CAME OUT
OF ME.



DON'T
WORRY, I
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.



~HAH.
OH GOD. YOU
TOUCHING IT MAKES
IT THROB EVEN
HARDER.

THAT'S THE
IDEA. NOW LAY
ONE ON ME.



A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair and purple eye makeup looking at a person with bright pink hair. The woman's expression is one of confusion or intrigue. A speech bubble is positioned near her mouth. The person with pink hair is partially visible on the right side of the frame, with their hand near the woman's face.

THIS IS SO WEIRD.
MY MIND IS SO
CONFUSED, BUT MY
BODY WANTS TO FUCK
YOU.



WELL,
GOOD. I
HAVE NO USE
FOR YOUR
MIND.



YOUR BODY,
ON THE OTHER
HAND...



THIS IS INSANE.
HOW CAN YOU MAKE
ME FEEL THIS GOOD?
IT'S ALMOST AS IF IT
WANTS TO
EXPLODE.



NOT YET.
FIRST, YOU
MAKE ME FEEL
GOOD AS
WELL.

IT'S GOING IN.
MY DICK IS GOING
INTO YOUR
PUSSY.





SHOVE IT IN.
HARDER. I
WANT ALL OF
YOU IN ME.



OH FUDGE.
YOUR PUSSY IS
CLAMPING ME SO
TIGHT. THIS IS
UNREAL.

PUMP IT.
LET MY SLIT
FEEL THE MIGHT
OF YOUR
COCK.



I WILL. I...
~OH HH... IT'S...
~AHHHHOHAAH...

IT'S
HAPPENING AGAIN.
I'M ABOUT TO
BURST.



~AHHHHH!!!!

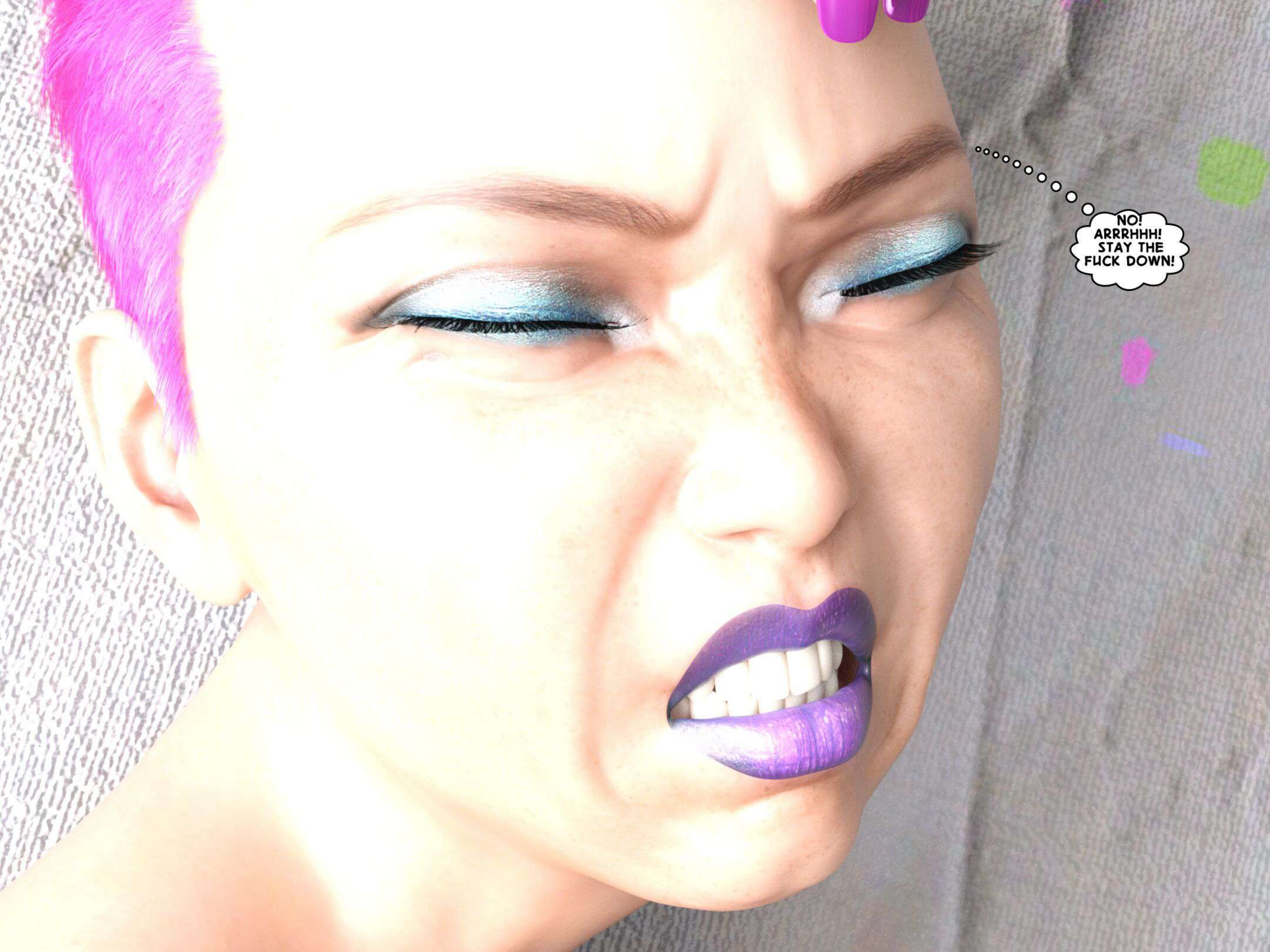
DO IT.
SPRAY YOUR
STUFF INTO
ME.



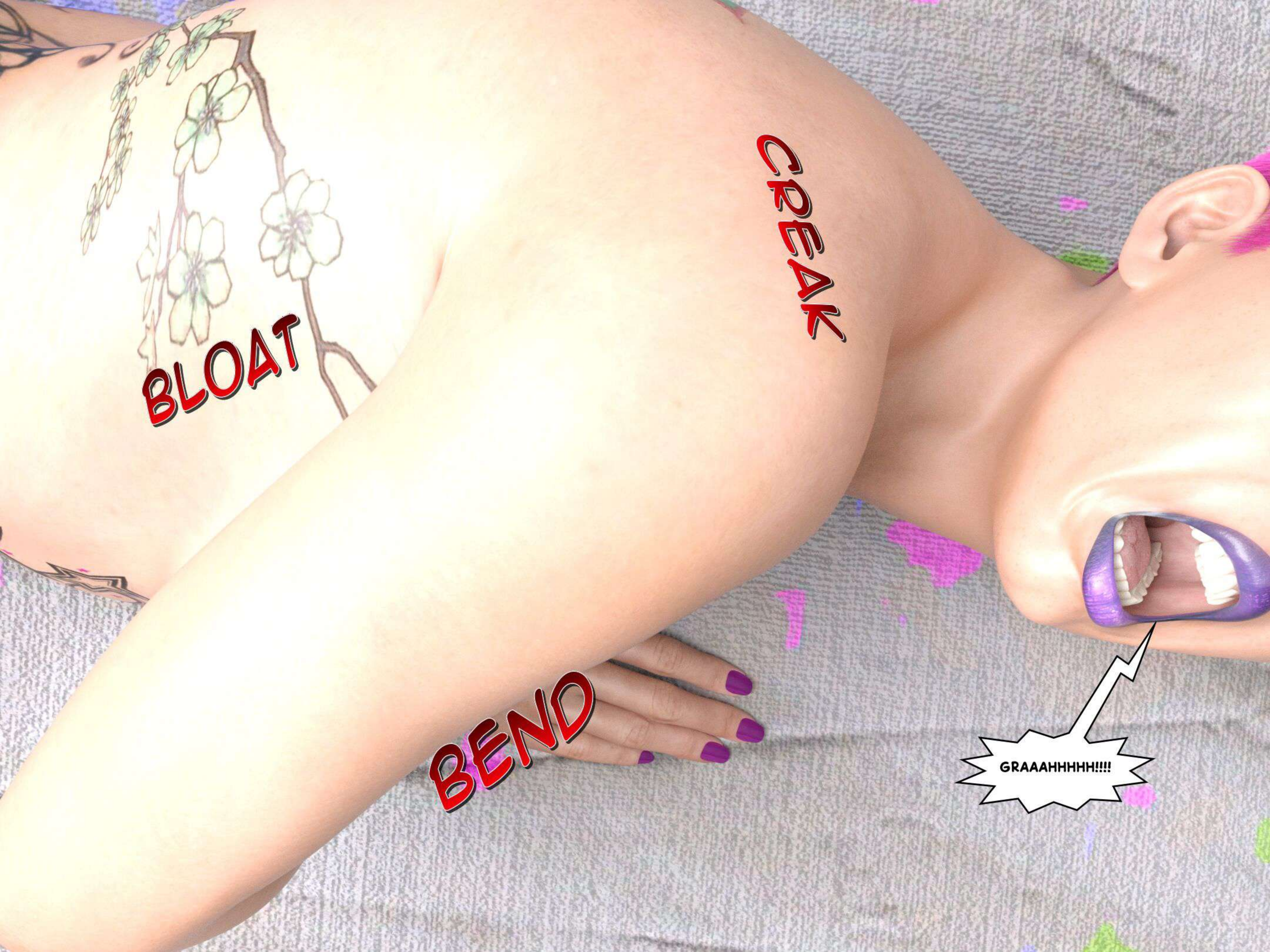
GOOD GIRL.



~HUFF.
OHHRRRGGHH.
THAT WAS
SOMETHING
ELSE.



NO!
ARRRHHH!
STAY THE
FUCK DOWN!



BLOAT

CREAK

BEND

GRAAAHHHHH!!!!



WHAT
WAS THIS
NOW? DID I...
LORI?

WHAT
THE HECK?
WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
MY BODY?





QUICK.
CLOTHES.
GOTTA GO.

AFTER A HASTY ESCAPE.

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WHERE'S MY DICK?





AM I
GROWING
TITS?



OF
COURSE YOU
ARE, YOU
MORON.



DID THAT
PICTURE JUST
TALK? AM I
LOSING MY
MIND?

IMAGINE
LOSING THAT
PATHETIC TINY
MIND OF HIS.

I HOPE
IT'S GONNA
BE SOON.





WHAT
IS GOING
ON? HOW
CAN THIS
BE?

A woman with short, bright pink hair and purple lipstick is lying on her back on a yellow and black plaid blanket. She is wearing a black, ribbed, strapless top. Her right hand is raised, with her index finger pointing upwards. On her left side, a tattoo is visible on her stomach, featuring a large star and some smaller stars and decorative elements. A speech bubble is positioned near her mouth.

WE'RE
YOU, YOU
IMBECILE. NOW
MOVE OVER,
AND LET US
TAKE
CHARGE.



YOU'RE A
GARBAGE WASTE
OF SPACE. WE'LL
TAKE OVER YOUR
LIFE.



NO! I
WON'T LET
YOU!



DIE, YOU
MONSTER.



LEAVE
ME
ALONE!



STICK
THIS INSIDE
YOU!

SMASH

SPLASH

POW



YOU
CAN'T HAVE
MY BODY.

A hand with purple nail polish holds a purple hairbrush over a grey fabric with colorful paint splatters. The background features a stone wall and a white tray with a pen.

I CAN DO
WHATEVER I
WANT.

I'LL
PIERCE YOU
DEEP. AND
SHOW YOU.



OOOOHHHHH!!

BRRRRZZZZ





YESSSS!!!
FREE ME! FUCK
THESE THOUGHTS
OUT OF ME.



SO GOOD.



SO
RELIVING.



BRRRRRRZZZZZ

MORE.
MORE.
MOORRRREE!!!!

A woman with short, vibrant pink hair and purple lipstick is lying down on a grey, textured surface. Her eyes are closed, and her hand is pressed against her mouth. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment. The background is a grey, textured surface with scattered pink and purple heart-shaped confetti. A speech bubble is positioned above her hand.

I...
~AH... YES...
LIKE THAT... I...
OOHHHH!!!





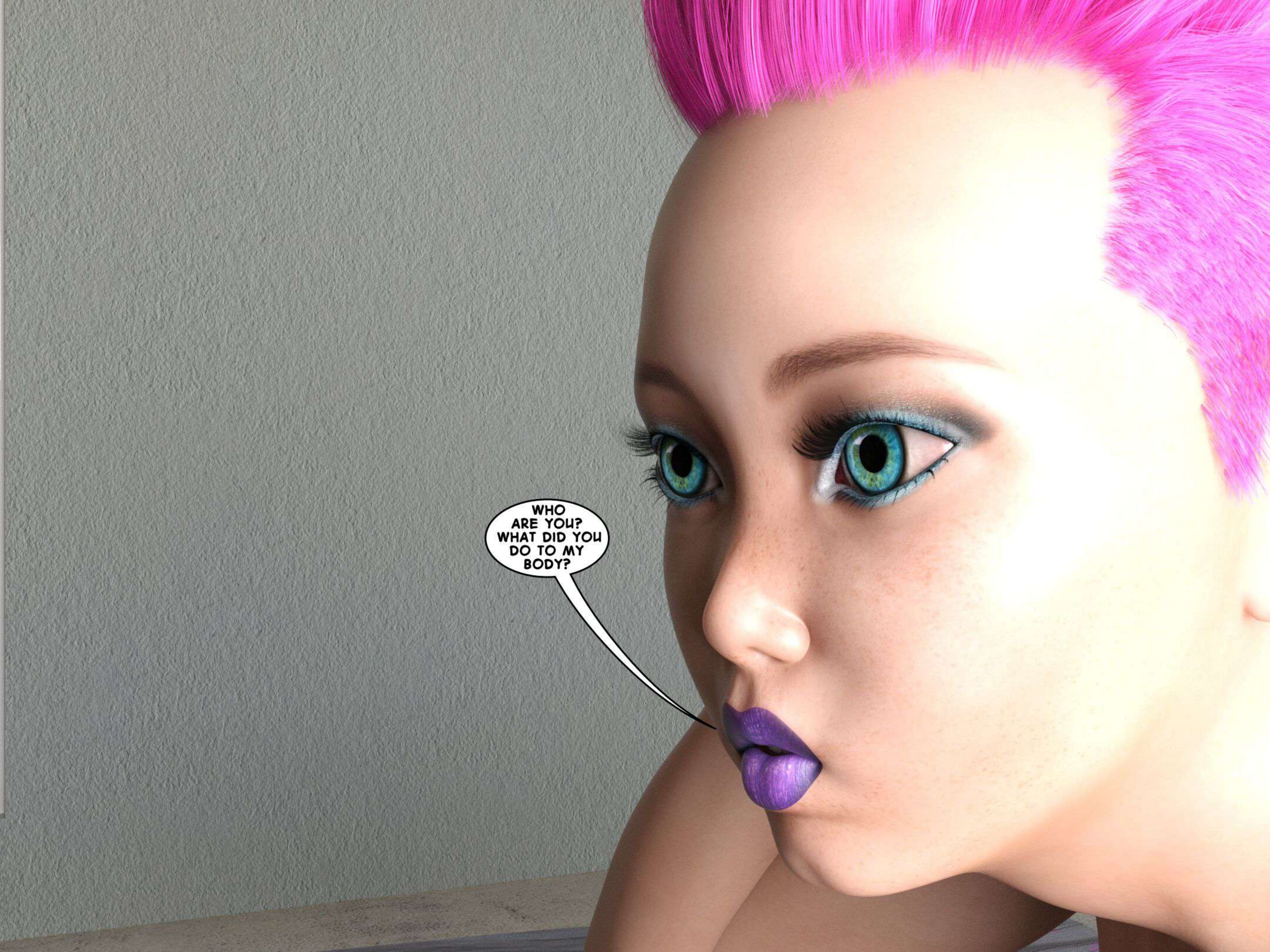
SLURP



I HOPE
IT'S GONE
NOW.



THAT WAS
AMAZING.



WHO
ARE YOU?
WHAT DID YOU
DO TO MY
BODY?



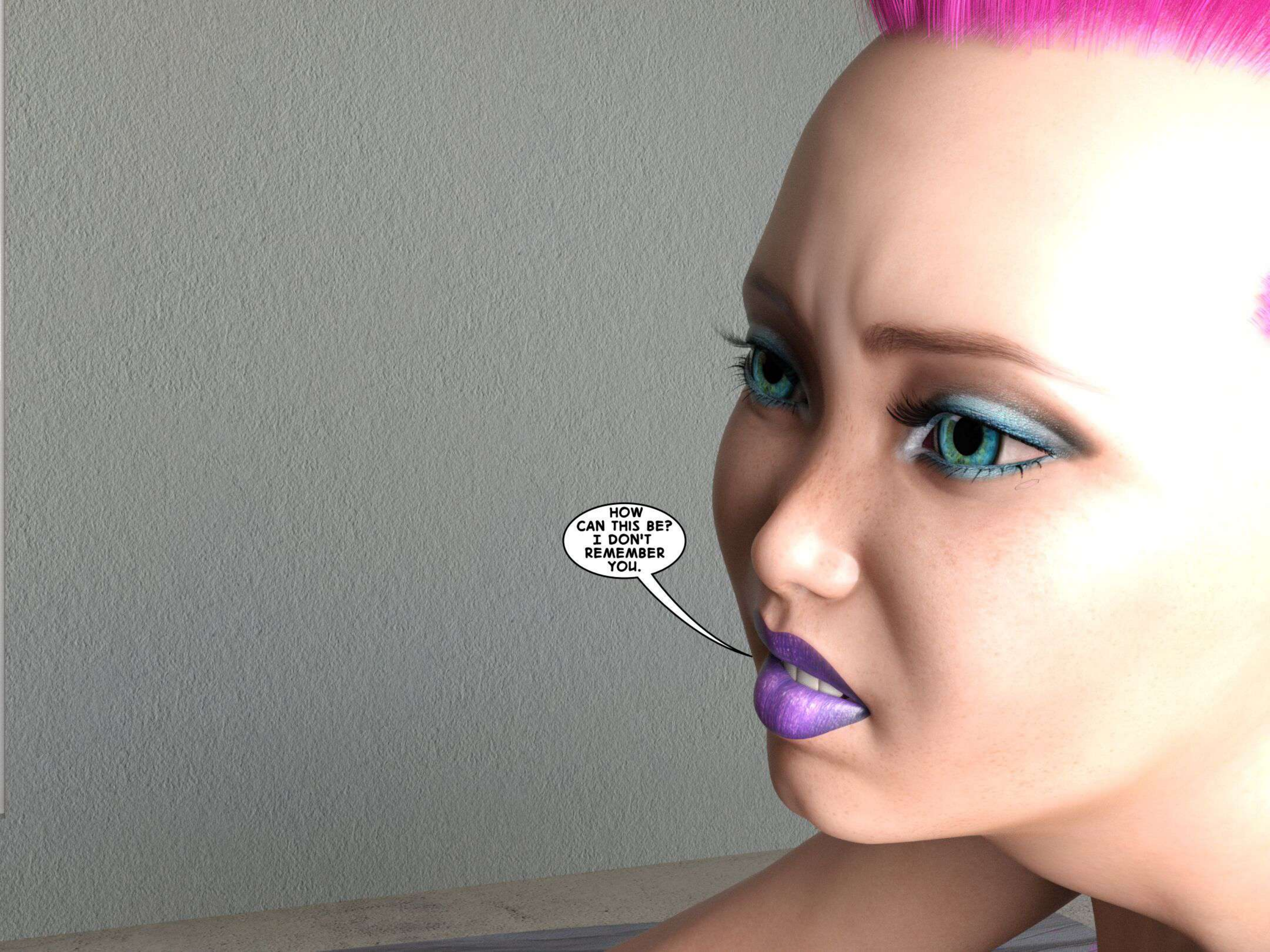
OH.
YOU'RE STILL
AROUND.



YEAH, IT'S
MY BODY, SO
GO AND GET
LOST.



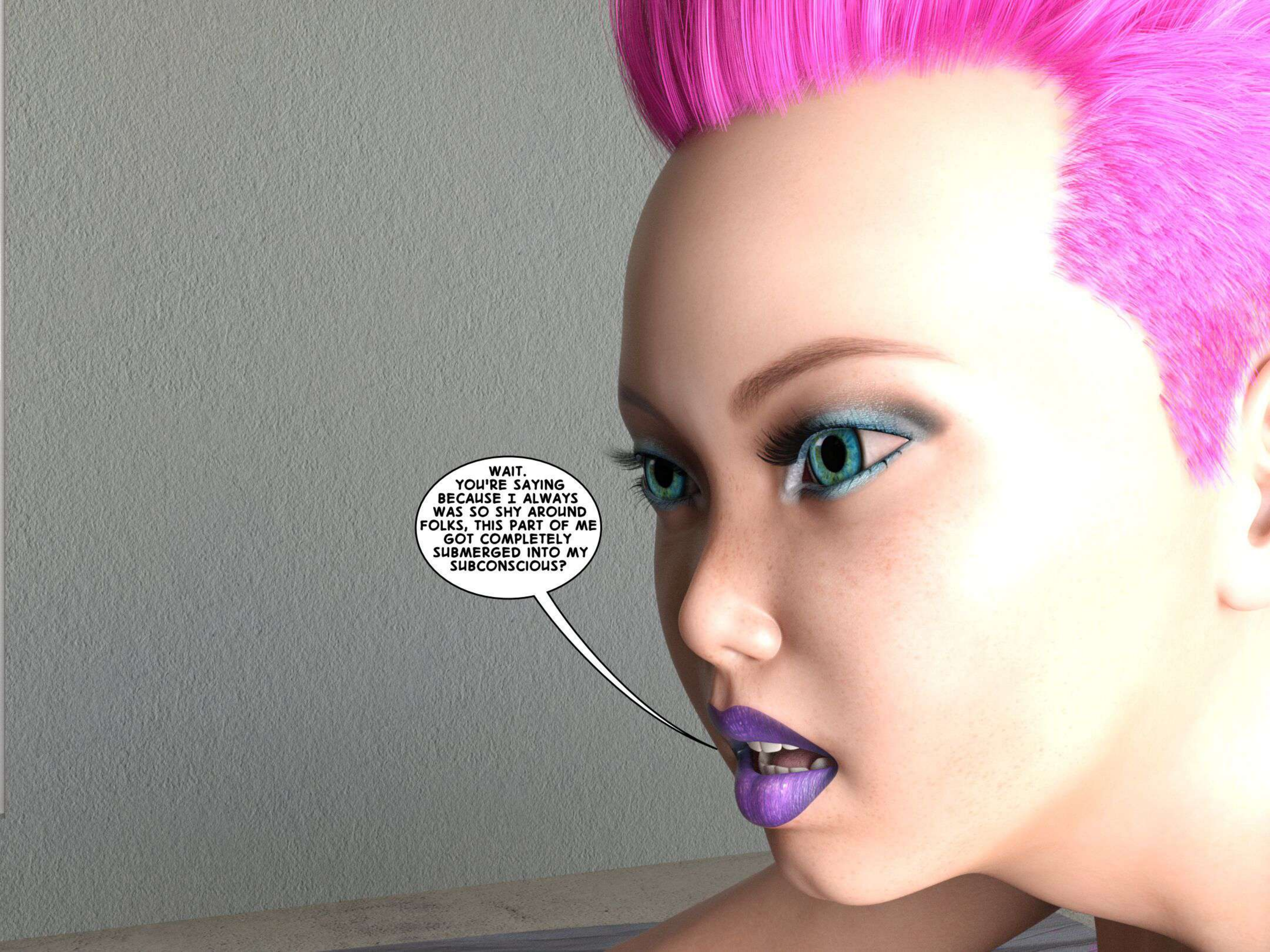
IT'S MY BODY,
TOO, YOU IDIOT.
I'VE BEEN HERE JUST
AS LONG AS YOU
HAVE.



HOW
CAN THIS BE?
I DON'T
REMEMBER
YOU.



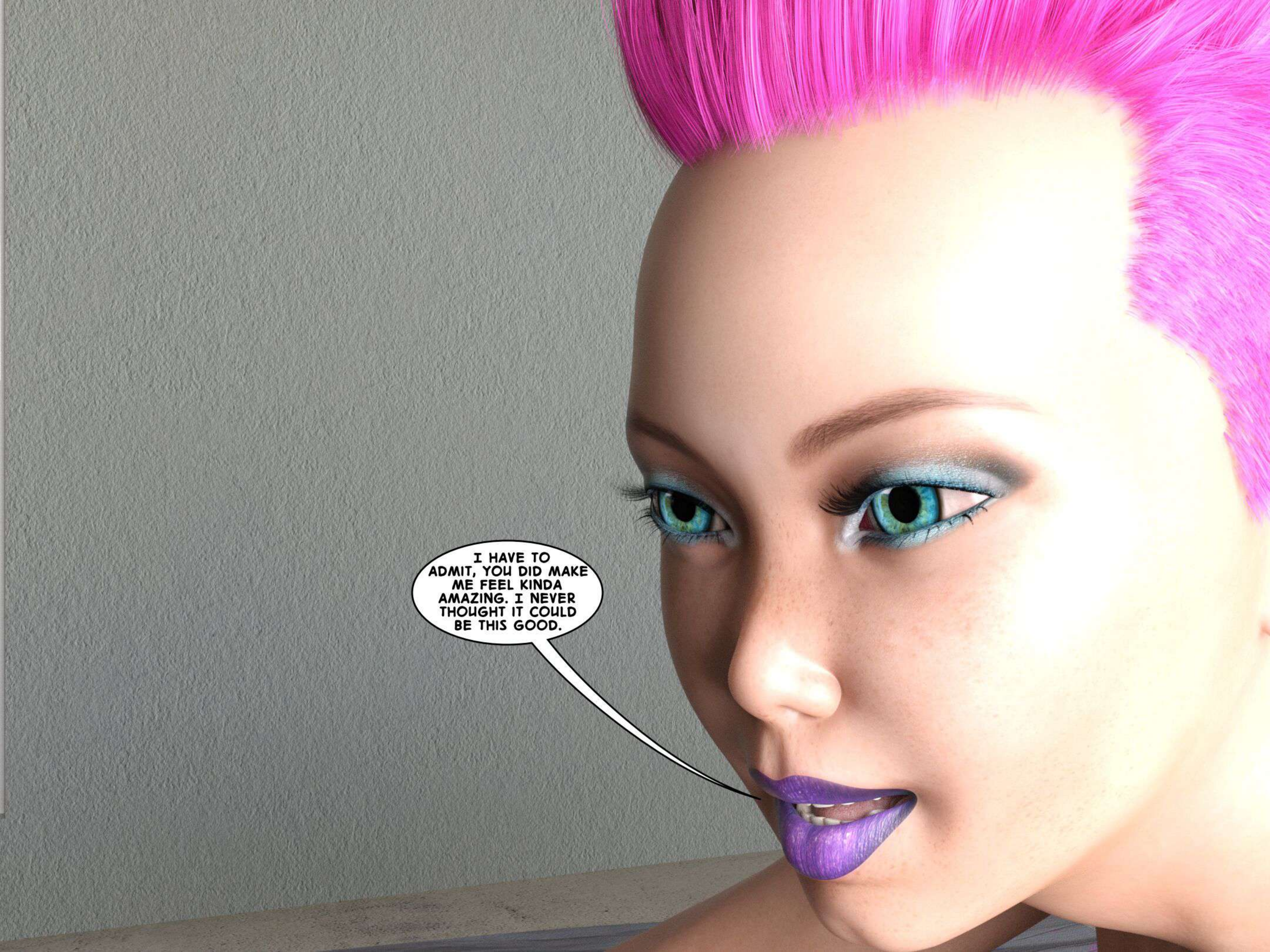
YOU ALWAYS
REPPRESSED ME.
I'M YOUR SEXUAL
DESIRE. YOU'RE LUST
FOR HUMAN
INTIMACY.

A close-up, profile view of a woman with vibrant pink hair, light blue eyes, and bright purple lips. She is looking slightly to the left with a thoughtful expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

WAIT.
YOU'RE SAYING
BECAUSE I ALWAYS
WAS SO SHY AROUND
FOLKS, THIS PART OF ME
GOT COMPLETELY
SUBMERGED INTO MY
SUBCONSCIOUS?



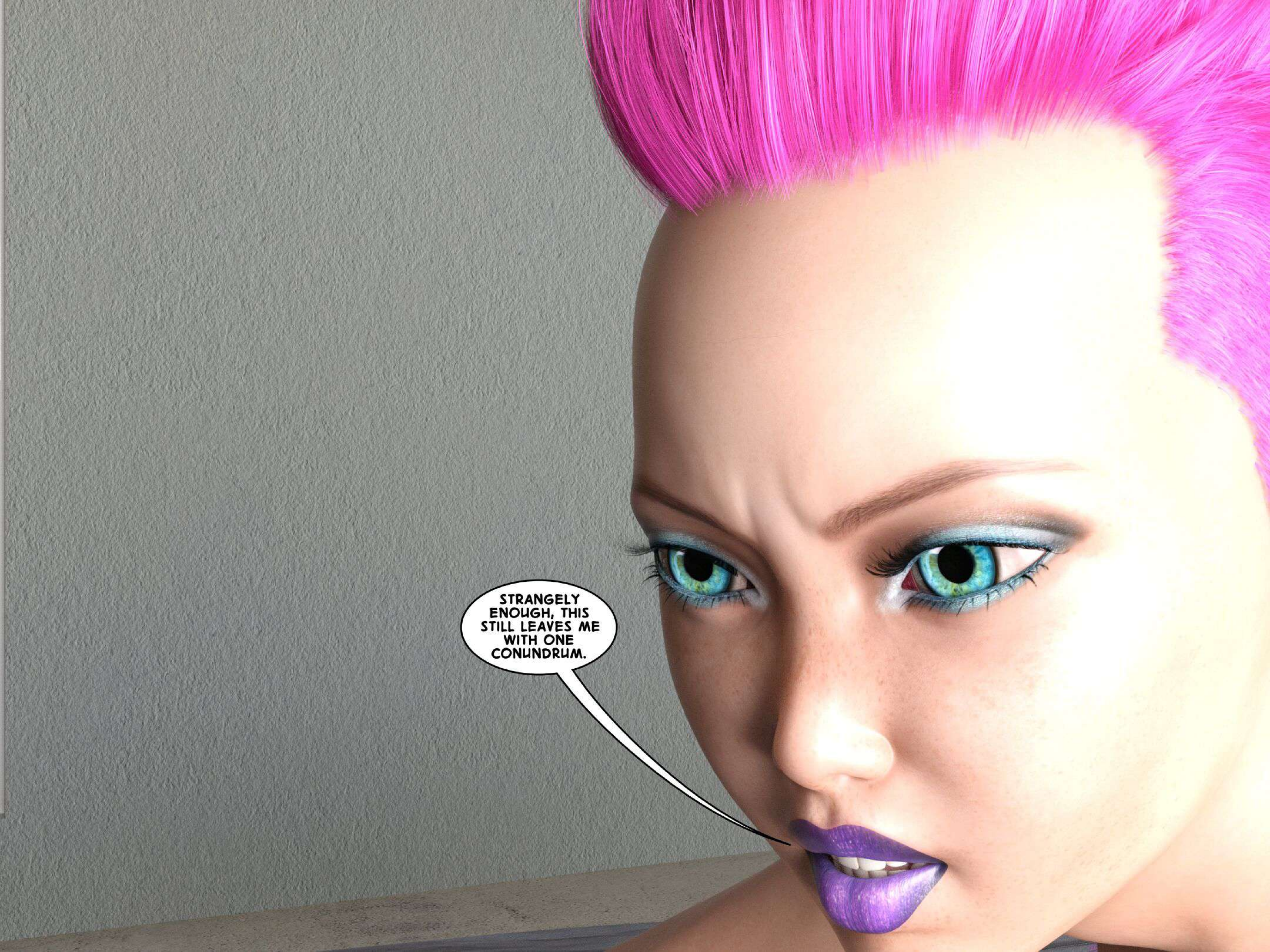
IT'S ROUGH TO
SIT THERE. ESPECIALLY
IF YOUR KEY FEATURE IS
LONGING FOR HUMAN
CONTACT. I LASHED OUT
WHEN I GOT THE
CHANCE.

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has vibrant pink hair styled in a short, spiky cut. Her eyes are a striking blue-green color, and she is wearing heavy, dark eye makeup. Her lips are painted a deep purple. She is looking slightly to the left with a subtle, knowing expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

I HAVE TO
ADMIT, YOU DID MAKE
ME FEEL KINDA
AMAZING. I NEVER
THOUGHT IT COULD
BE THIS GOOD.



I DID LIKE IT AS
WELL. IT WAS SUCH A
RELIEVE TO FINALLY FEEL
THE FREEDOM.



STRANGELY
ENOUGH, THIS
STILL LEAVES ME
WITH ONE
CONUNDRUM.



HOW ON
EARTH AM I
FULLY FEMALE
NOW?

I GUESS IT
HAS TO DO WITH
THOSE PAINT COLORS?
IT'S THE ONLY THING
ELSE NEW IN MY
LIFE.



I SHOULD
TALK TO THE
SELLER, MAYBE
THEY'LL KNOW
SOMETHING.



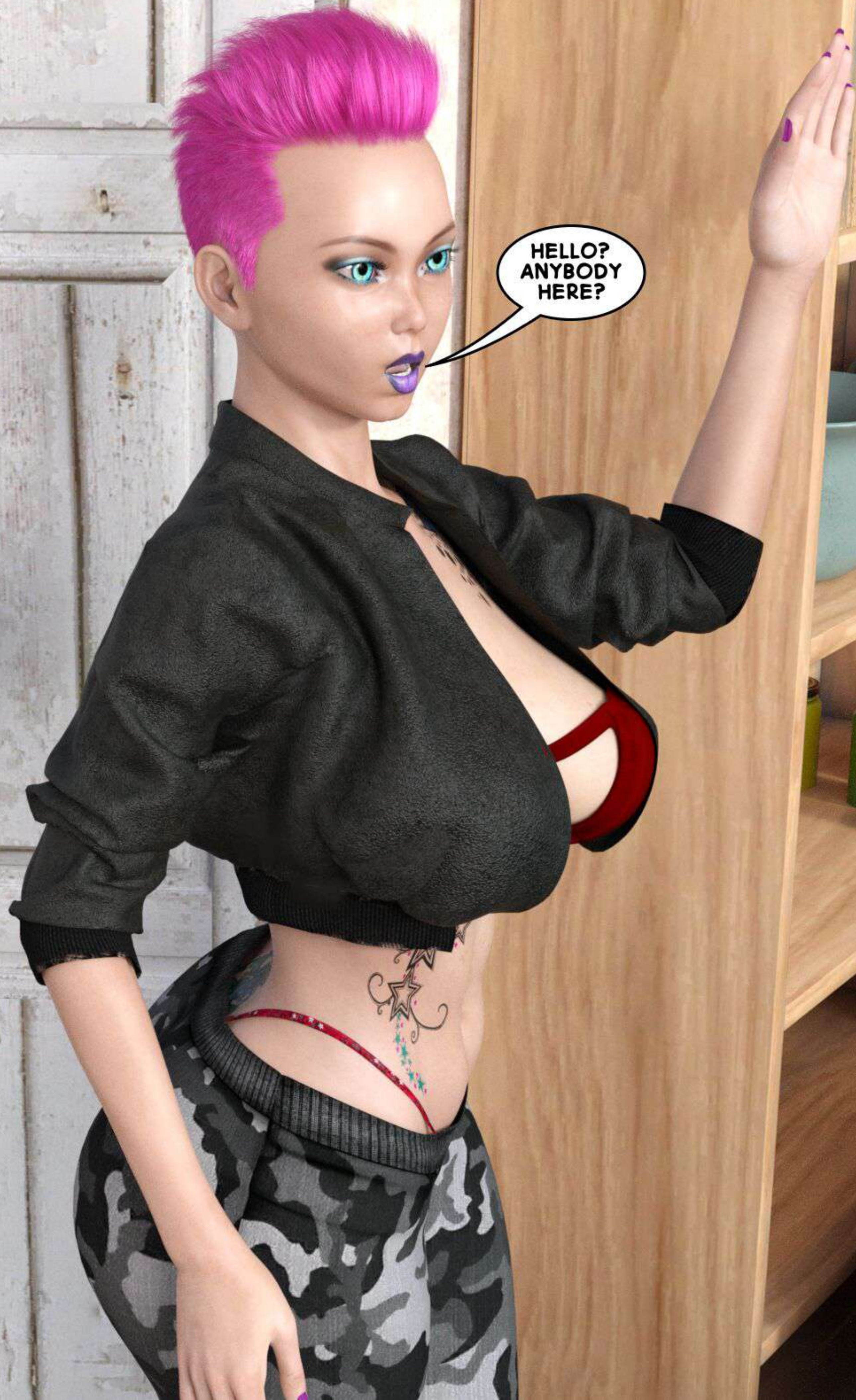


I DO
HAVE SOME
SWEET TASTE IN
CLOTHING. I LIKE
THIS OPEN
JACKET.



LET'S VISIT
THAT ADDRESS
THEY SEND THE
COLORS FROM.

A SHORT
JOURNEY
LATER.



WHAT A
WEIRD PLACE. IS
THIS A STUDIO?
HOW DO THEY
PRODUCE THOSE
COLORS?





EEK.

GREETINGS.



HI. SORRY,
YOU STARTLED
ME.

I DO TEND
TO DO THAT.
HOW MAY I
HELP YOU?



WELL, YOU
SEE, I WAS
WONDERING ABOUT
THOSE PAINT
COLORS YOU
SOLD.

I RECENTLY BOUGHT A
BOX, AND WHEN USING THOSE,
IT KINDA CHANGED ME.
A LOT, ACTUALLY. SO I WAS
HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME
ABOUT THOSE?



YES. HOW
DID YOU KNOW?
DO I KNOW
YOU?

OH, YOU'RE
THAT SHY ARTIST
FROM THE CLASS.
NEIL WAS YOUR
NAME, IF I
RECALL?

YOU
MAY NOT
KNOW THIS
ME.

BUT
YOU MAY
RECALL ONE OF
MY OTHER
FORMS.





WHAT?
YOU'RE THAT
MODEL? WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?
WHAT ARE YOU?

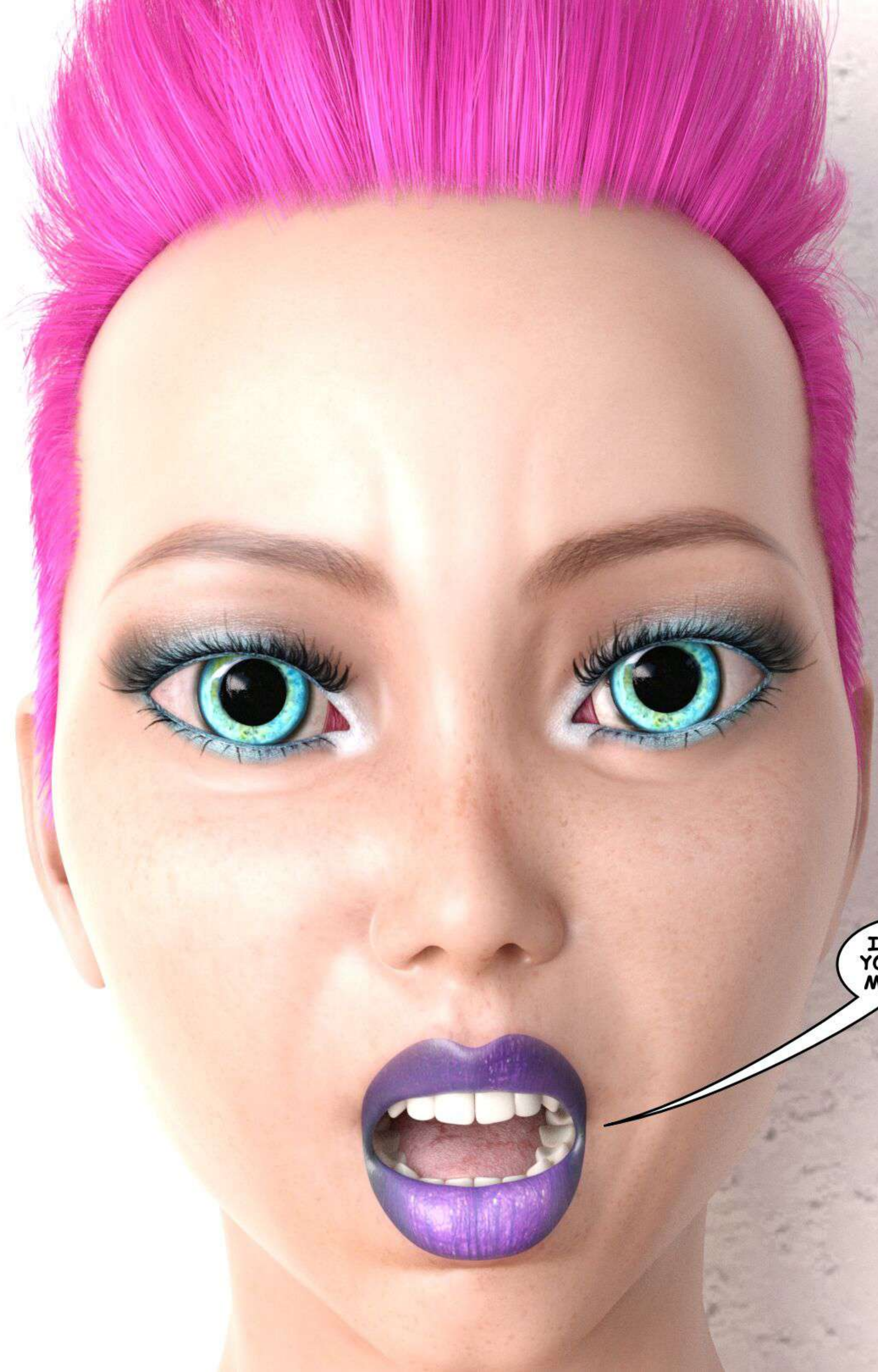


NO. STAY
AWAY. YOU
CAN'T HAVE
ME.

IT CORRUPTS
ARTISTS TO CHANGE
REALITY, AND GIVE IN TO
THEIR DESIRES. ONCE THEY
ARE FULLY ADDICTED, I
CONSUME THEM.

I'M A
CREATURE OF
SHADOW. I LACE
PAINTS WITH MY
DARK ESSENCE.





IT'S CUTE THAT
YOU THINK YOU
HAVE A CHOICE.
NOW STRIP.

I WON'T.
YOU CAN'T
MAKE ME.



BUT I
CAN, LITTLE ONE.
I'M IN COMPLETE
CONTROL OVER YOUR BODY
AND YOUR ACTIONS. YOU,
IN FACT, HAVE NO
CHOICE.



NOW
BE A GOOD
GIRL AND BE
QUIET.

WHILE I
FEAST ON
YOU.





~AH!



OH? YOU LIKE
THIS, DON'T YOU?
YOU'RE A NAUGHTY
GIRL, AREN'T YOU?



JUST WAIT
TILL YOU CUM,
THEN YOU'LL BE
INSIDE ME
FOREVER



CAN I AT
LEAST MAKE
ONE FINAL
REQUEST?



CAN YOU TAKE ME
WITH A DICK? I DON'T
THINK I CAN CUM FROM
A HAND-JOB.

WHAT IS IT?



YOU
REALLY ARE A
NEEDY BIMBO,
HUH?



LUCKY FOR
YOU...

...I CAN
ACCOMMODATE
YOU.





THANK YOU.
PLEASE GIVE IT
TO ME.



GET
READY FOR
ONE FINAL
RIDE.

HERE IT
COMES.

SLURP



YES. SO GOOD.



THIS IS SO
MUCH BETTER.
FUCK ME HARD. MY
PUSSY IS GOING
WILD.



I AM. FILL
ME UP.

YOU'RE NOT
WASTING ANY
TIME, ARE YOU?
ALREADY READY
TO CUM?



THEN
TAKE MY
LOAD.



BE IN ME
FOREVER.



THUNK

LATER.

ORGH.





WHAT WAS THAT?
WHAT'S GOING ON?



WHY AM
I IN A
CAGE?



I PUT YOU
IN THERE,
THAT'S WHY.

A woman with vibrant blue hair and bright green eyes is shown from the chest up, behind vertical metal prison bars. She has pink lipstick and is looking directly at the viewer with a slight, enigmatic smile. Her hands are gripping the bars. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. A speech bubble is positioned near her mouth.

YOU?
HOW ARE YOU
STILL AROUND?
YOU CAME. I
CONSUMED
YOU.



YOU DON'T
KNOW THE FIRST
THINGS ABOUT
HUMANITY, DO
YOU?



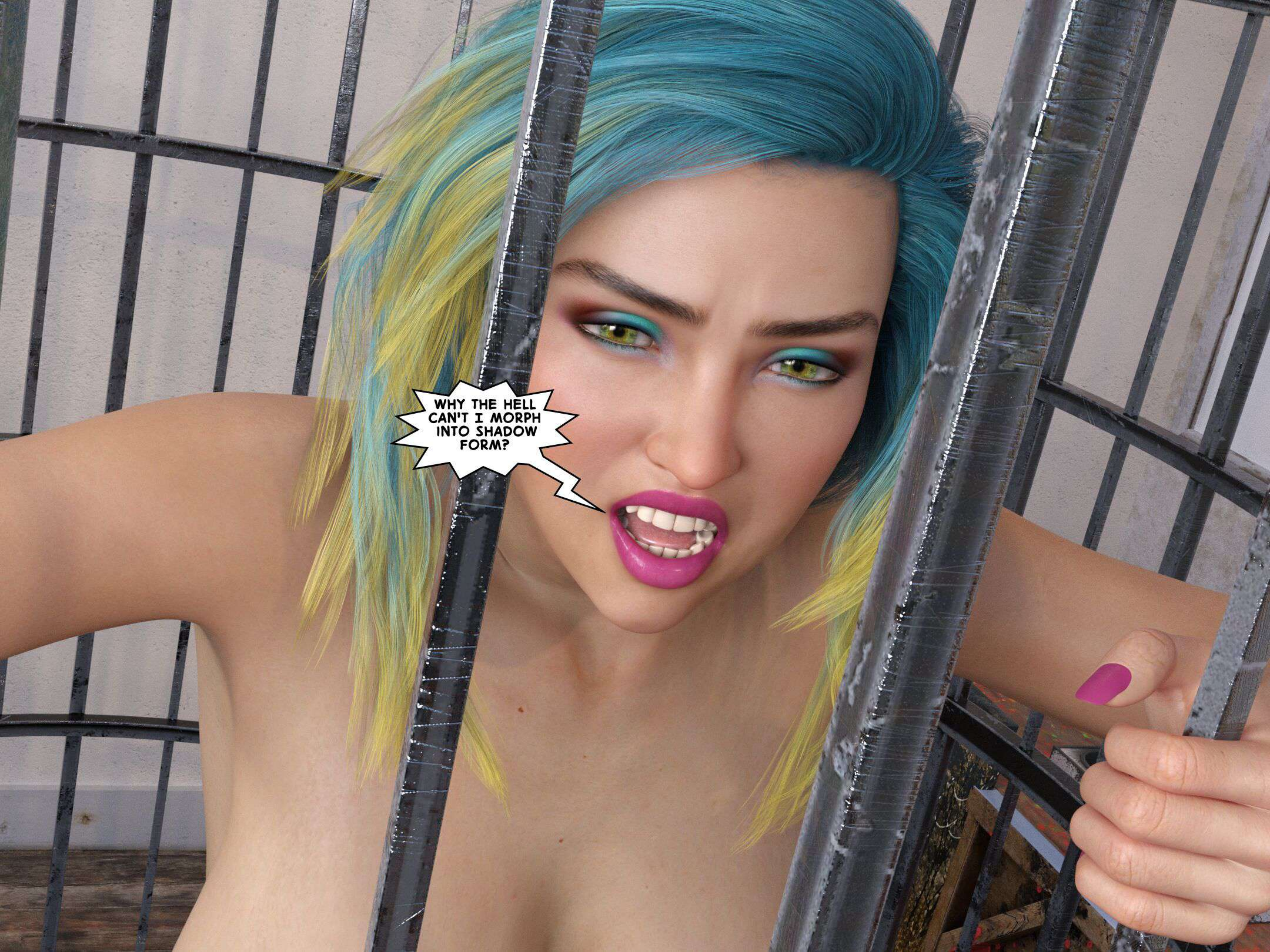
FIRST, YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA HOW MANY
WOMAN FAKE ORGASMS
EASILY DURING
INTERCOURSE?



AND SECOND, MALE
ORGASM LEAVES THE
SUBJECT TOTALLY EXHAUSTED
FOR QUITE SOME TIME.
SO, THANK YOU FOR ZONKING
YOURSELF OUT.



YOU BITCH. I'LL
GET YOU FOR THIS.
ONCE I GO INTO
SHADOW FORM...



WHY THE HELL
CAN'T I MORPH
INTO SHADOW
FORM?



DANG,
YOU'RE DULL.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU
CALLED ME A BIMBO
EARLIER.



DID YOU
REALLY FORGET
ABOUT THE REALITY
CHANGING PAINTS
YOU CREATED?



WELCOME
TO BEING BASIC
HUMAN,
SUCKER.



NO!
YOU CAN'T
DO THAT
TO ME.



I CAN.
AND I
ALREADY
DID.



YOU'RE A
VANILLA MORTAL
NOW.



AND TO
MAKE SURE YOU
CAN'T GO BACK,
I'LL NOW
DESTROY THOSE
PAINTS.



NO! WAIT.
I CAN SHOW YOU
HOW TO GO BACK.
DON'T DESTROY
THEM.

TOO LATE.
I ALREADY MADE
UP MY MIND THAT
I'LL BE A WOMAN
NOW.



IT'S A
PRICE I'M MORE
THAN WILLING TO
PAY IF IT GETS RID
OF A MONSTER
LIKE YOU.





ALSO, THESE
ARE WAY TOO
DANGEROUS TO
EXIST IN THIS
WORLD.

HAVE YOU
EVEN CONSIDERED
WHAT THESE WOULD
CAUSE A
MEGALOMANIAC
TO DO?

WHO AM I
KIDDING? OF
COURSE YOU DIDN'T.
YOU PLANNED TO
EAT THEM.

NOO!!!!

FWOOOSH





GRAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

FLOOF

LATER.

YOU
BURNED
THEM. ALL
OF THEM.





YOU
MIGHT AS
WELL END ME
NOW. I'VE
NOWHERE TO
GO.



YOU
WOULD LIKE
THAT,
WOULDN'T
YOU?

TOO BAD.
YOU DON'T
GET THE EASY
WAY OUT.



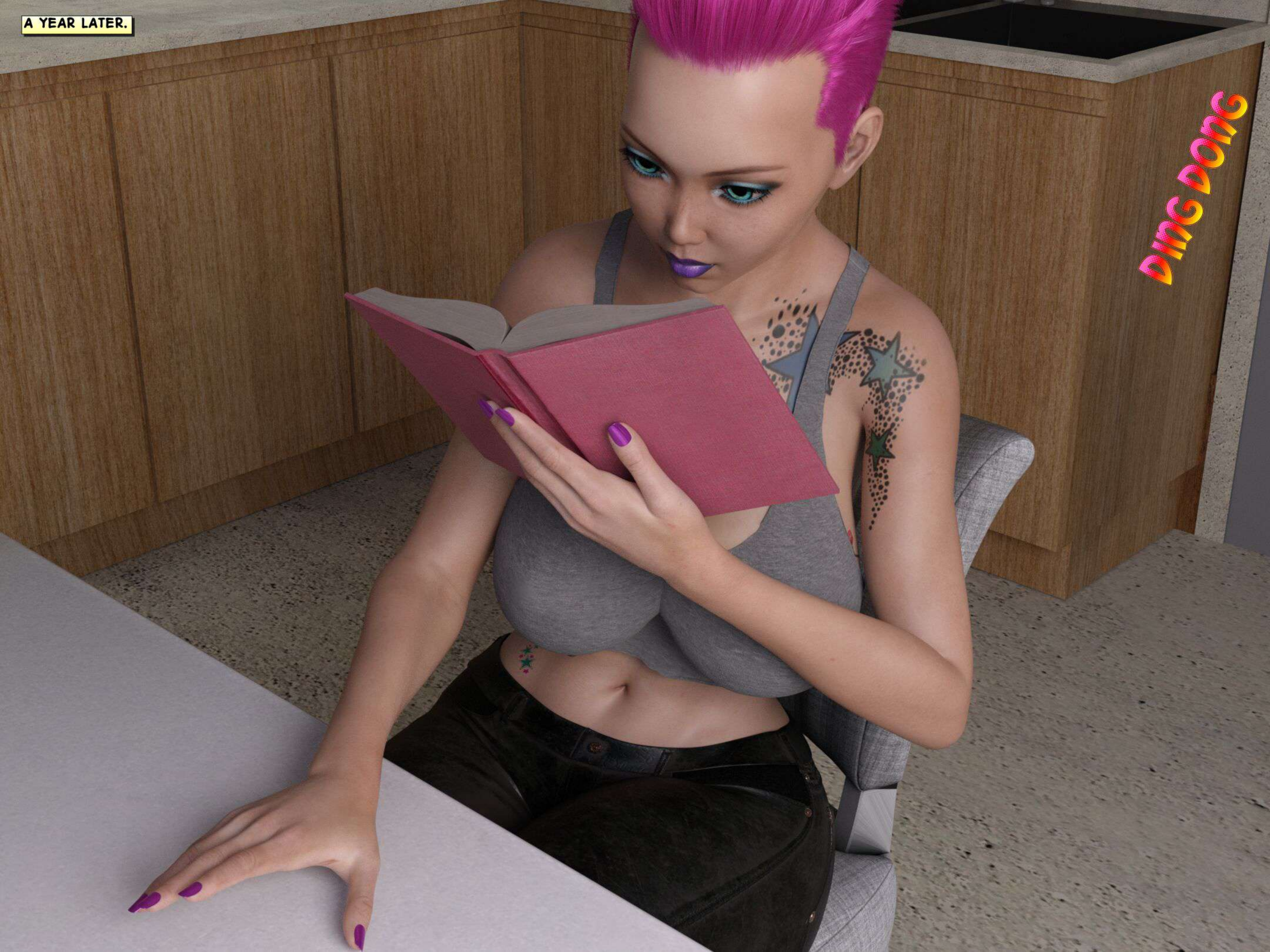
HERE'S THE
CAGE KEY.
HAVE FUN
ADAPTING TO
YOUR NEW
EXISTENCE.
JUST LIKE
ME.



SEE YOU
NEVER,
CREEP.

A YEAR LATER.

ding dong





WHO
COULD THAT
BE?



HEY, LORI.
HOW'S IT
GOING?



HEY, NELLY.
IT'S... ROUGH,
TO BE
HONEST.

I REALLY
DON'T WANT TO
IMPOSE ON YOU, BUT
I COULD USE A
FRIENDLY PERSON
TO TALK TO.



LORI, YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME. COME ON IN.



IT'S THE
BOARD OF
DIRECTORS,
NELLY.



IT WAS FINE
FOR YEARS.
NEVER WAS AN
ISSUE THAT I WAS
A TRANS GIRL.

BUT FOR THE
LAST YEAR NOW,
THEY'VE BEEN
GIVING ME HELL.



I DON'T
KNOW IF I CAN
COPE WITH IT
ANYMORE.

THEN YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO.



A WISE
TEACHER ONCE
TOLD ME I SHOULD LET
MY IMAGINATION FLOW.
LOOK AT WHAT MY SPIRIT
SHOWS ME. AND
FOLLOW THAT TO
MY GOAL.



THAT'S...
NOT QUITE
WHAT I MEANT
WHEN I SAID
THAT.



BUT WAS IT
UNTRUE? YOU TOOK A
YOUNG, SHY FLEDGLING
UNDER YOUR WING, AND
MADE HER BLOSSOM.
SHE'S VERY THANKFUL
FOR THAT.

AND BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, SHE HAS
SOME IDEA WHAT IT
MEANS TO GO THROUGH A
SITUATION LIKE YOURS.
ADAPTING TO A NEW
LIFESTYLE.

WITH HER,
YOU CAN BE
FREE, AND YOU
CAN BE YOU.
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE LOVING
HER?



YOU WOULD
STILL WANT ME?
EVEN WITH THAT...
THING BETWEEN MY
LEGS?



GIRL,
REMEMBER THAT
MOMENT WHEN WE
WERE INTIMATE BEFORE?
I'D WANT YOU
ESPECIALLY FOR
THAT THING.

AND IF IT
HELPS YOU
ALONG, I'D BE
HAPPY TO BE
YOUR GIRL.



MAYBE
EVEN
GIRLFRIEND?

I'D LIKE
THAT.



THE END