

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black, form-fitting, low-cut dress, is holding a black handgun to her ear. She is standing in a futuristic, dimly lit environment with blue and green neon lights. In the background, there are computer monitors displaying data and a large, complex mechanical structure. The overall atmosphere is cinematic and action-oriented.

Kiss

Kiss

Kill Kill

The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers


Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.

THE GOOD OF LIFE IS KNOWLEDGE-- SOCRATES.



SOCRATES BELIEVED ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE WAS OF THE GREATEST VALUE BECAUSE IT'S THE ONE THING WE CAN TAKE WITH US TO THE AFTERLIFE.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I WAS LUCKY, THEN, THAT NIGHT.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is sleeping peacefully in a bunk bed. She is lying on her side, resting her head on a light blue pillow. She is wearing a blue top. The bunk bed has a metal frame with horizontal slats. The bedding is a light-colored, patterned sheet. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting a nighttime setting.

BECAUSE I WAS ABOUT TO GAIN A WHOLE LOT OF KNOWLEDGE.

AFTER A LONG NIGHT OF DRINKING, I WOKE TO THE SOUND OF MY NEIGHBOR'S BLENDER. HE MAKES SMOOTHIES EVERY MORNING. HE LIKES TO BE SOMETHING HE CALLS **HEALTHY**.



I'M
GONNA KILL
THAT HAPPY
ASSHOLE ONE
DAY.

YOU CAN'T TAKE HEALTH WITH YOU, I ONCE TOLD HIM, EXPLAINING ALL ABOUT SOCRATES AND THE AFTERLIFE. HE JUST NODDED AND SMILED, HIS TEETH ENCRUSTED WITH GREEN FOAM.

HEAD POUNDING, I STARTED TO BECOME AWARE
THAT SOMETHING DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT.



SOMETHING FELT OFF.

THIS PARTICULAR MORNING I HAD AN ITCHY ASS. I OFTEN FIND MY ASS ITCHES FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, AND I TYPICALLY RELIEVE THAT FEELING OF DISCOMFORT BY SCRATCHING SAID ASS.



ONLY THIS TIME WHEN I SCRATCHED MY ASS, I DID NOT FEEL RELIEF. I FELT CONFUSED. MY BUTT FELT-- I WASN'T SURE. TOO BIG? TOO BOUNCY?

CURIOUS I PROCEEDED TO EXPLORE.

*WHAT'S THIS
SHIT IN MY
FACE?*

*AND WHEN I PUSHED MYSELF UP, TRYING TO GET A
BETTER LOOK AT MY BUTT, I FELT MY CHEST SWAY.
BUT, HOW COULD MY ROCK HARD CHEST SWAY?*

AND THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED IT
MADE PERFECT SENSE FOR MY CHEST
TO SWAY, SINCE I NOW HAD TITS.


HUNH?



THE OPPOSITE OF DEJA VU IS EW JA DAY: THE FEELING THAT NOTHING REMOTELY CLOSE TO THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE. -- GEORGE CARLIN



I LOOKED DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE GENTLE VALLEY THAT NOW NESTLED BETWEEN THE SOFT RISE OF MY BREASTS, BUT I DID NOT SEE MY JUNK.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a bed in a dark room. She is nude and has her eyes closed, with a pained or uncomfortable expression on her face. Her right arm is raised behind her head. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from horizontal blinds in the background. A book is open on a surface to the left. The overall atmosphere is one of discomfort or distress.

HAD I TURNED INTO A WOMAN? IT SEEMED LIKELY, BUT I FELT I NEEDED TO DO SOME FIELD WORK.

I FELT A SOFT MOUND. I FELT MYSELF FEELING MY SOFT MOUND. IT FELT GOOD. I CONTINUED TO EXPLORE IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE.

MY FINGER SLIPPED INSIDE ME. I HAD SLIPPED MY FINGER INSIDE MORE THAN A FEW WOMEN OVER THE YEARS, SO I RECOGNIZED WHAT I WAS FEELING, AND THE MAN I'D ONCE BEEN GOT OFF ON THAT WET, SILKY FEELING ON MY FINGERTIPS.



MY BRAIN ALSO PROCEEDED TO EXPLODE AS I FELT MY FINGER SLIP INSIDE MY VAGINA. I HAD A VAGINA. I HAD A FINGER INSIDE MY VAGINA, AND A PLEASURE NO MAN WAS EVER MEANT TO FEEL WAS BLOWING UP ALL THE CIRCUITS IN MY BRAIN.

SHIT. HELL. I WAS A WOMAN. NOW WHAT? I LAY BACK DOWN, AND I TOOK SOME DEEP BREATHS AS I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT WHAT I SHOULD DO NEXT.



SHOULD I GET UP AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHO'D DONE THIS? SHOULD I GET DRUNK, SMOKE SOME WEED? SHOULD I GO TO THE GYM? MAYBE MAKE SOME BREAKFAST? WHAT WOULD SOCRATES DO IF HE'D WOKE UP ONE MORNING TO DISCOVER HE WAS A SHE? SIGN UP FOR A WOMEN'S STUDIES SEMINAR?

OF THE VARIOUS OPTIONS OPEN TO ME, I FOUND MYSELF THINKING ABOUT ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY: SEX.

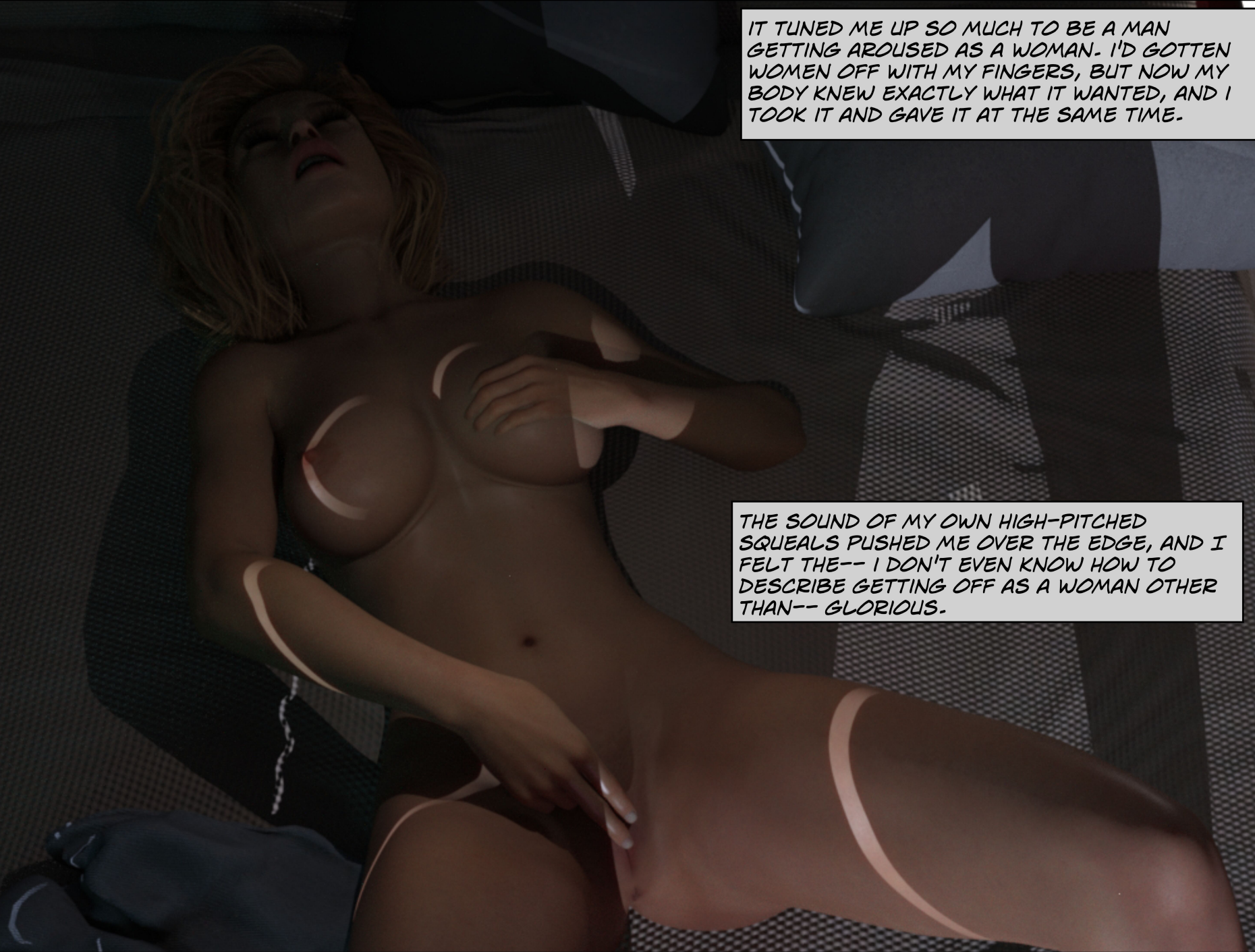


I MEAN, I HAD BREASTS RIGHT HERE FOR THE TAKING, AND A VAGINA. I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO ANY FLIRTING, AND I WAS ALREADY NAKED AND WOULD NEED A SHOWER ANYWAY. WHAT WAS THE DOWN SIDE? THIS WAS A CHANCE TO LEARN SOMETHING NEW. I WAS SURE SOCRATES WOULD APPROVE.

I STARTED SLOW, TENTATIVE. JUST KIND OF BRUSHING MY THUMB AGAINST MY LIPS, FEELING MYSELF GETTING WET. MY BODY STARTED TO HUM. IT WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM GETTING HORNY AS A MAN. IT FELT LIKE IT WAS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE.



I FELT THIS GROWING SENSE OF EMPTINESS... OF NEEDING TO BE PENETRATED.

A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a bed, wearing a black bikini. She has a blissful expression on her face, looking upwards. Her hands are resting on her chest. The lighting is soft and focused on her, with the background being a textured grey surface.

IT TUNED ME UP SO MUCH TO BE A MAN GETTING AROUSED AS A WOMAN. I'D GOTTEN WOMEN OFF WITH MY FINGERS, BUT NOW MY BODY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WANTED, AND I TOOK IT AND GAVE IT AT THE SAME TIME.

THE SOUND OF MY OWN HIGH-PITCHED SQUEALS PUSHED ME OVER THE EDGE, AND I FELT THE-- I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE GETTING OFF AS A WOMAN OTHER THAN-- GLORIOUS.

I LOVE THAT SMELL.



IT'S SO MUCH BETTER
THAN NAPALM IN THE
MORNING.



OH, YEAH. I WAS
DEFINITELY A WOMAN.

I HAD TO TAKE A LEAK. IT WAS TIME TO GET UP.



I WAS ALSO IN TREMENDOUS PAIN FROM A NIGHT OF HARD DRINKING.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY HANGOVER CURES INVENTED OVER THE YEARS, BUT I WAS A FIRM BELIEVER IN HAIR OF THE DOG.



LOOKING AT MY LIQUOR CABINET, I SAW I WAS OUT OF HOOTCH. DAMN.

JUGS OR NO JUGS, A
MAN'S GOTTA DRINK.



I'M PRETTY SURE MARCUS AURELIUS SAID THAT.

TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ON KISS, KISS, KILL, KILL

