

THE DESIRE RETURNED EVERY NIGHT.

MY ONE TREASURED DREAM.

MY BEAUTIFUL PRISON.

THE WAKING WORLD STOLE MY PLEASURE AWAY.



THOUGH IT WAS NEVER FAR FROM MY THOUGHTS.



HE NEVER LEFT ME ALONE FOR LONG.



THERE WAS NEVER ANY TENDERNESS TO HIS TOUCH.

ONLY STRENGTH...

ONLY LUST...

ONLY HUNGER...





A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black bikini, is sitting on a dark-colored couch. She is looking towards the left side of the frame. The room is dimly lit, with a patterned rug on the floor and a white wall in the background. A white object, possibly a trash can, is visible in the upper right corner. The overall mood is somber and intimate.

HE WAS MY DRUG. MY ADDICTION.

ALL DAY I WOULD BE RESTLESS, KNOWING  
SOMETHING WAS MISSING.





ALL NIGHT HE WOULD TAKE ME AND TAKE ME AND TAKE ME-





MY OWN PERSONAL MINDFUCK.





HIS POWER OVER ME WAS GROWING.

IT DIDN'T MATTER WHERE I WAS.

ON A WORK TRIP A FEW CITIES AWAY.

DRUNK AND ALONE.







IT WAS IN THAT HOTEL ROOM THAT EVERYTHING CHANGED.







IT STARTED AS A TINGLE.  
A FAMILIAR SENSATION.



BUT THEN THE FEELING GREW MORE INTENSE.

PRACTICALLY PAINFUL.





A 3D rendered scene of a woman with short, wavy blonde hair, nude, crouching on a bed with white linens. She is looking down with a concerned expression. The room is a hotel room with a modern aesthetic. In the background, there is a bathroom area with a white bathtub and a wooden cabinet. To the right, there is a black bedside table with a white lamp and a headboard. The lighting is warm and soft.

MY FLESH WAS SHIFTING...

INSIDES REARRANGING...

THE COMPLEX BIOLOGY THAT HAD ALWAYS TORTURED ME HAD SUDDENLY BECOME SIMPLE.

MALLEABLE.



THIS WASN'T MY DREAM WORLD.

IT FELT REAL.





THE LIGHTS WERE ON, BUT I WAS WEARING HER FACE.





I SOON POSSESSED EVERY INCH OF HER BODY.







HOW COULD THIS BE HAPPENING?

THE DREAM, THE ONLY DREAM THAT MATTERED...

IT WAS COMING TRUE.



I NO LONGER HAD TO HIDE IN THE SHADOWS TO BE HER.





I COULD SLIP INTO THE LINGERIE AND HEELS I ALWAYS PACKED IN MY BAG.

I HAD NEVER HAD THE COURAGE BEFORE.

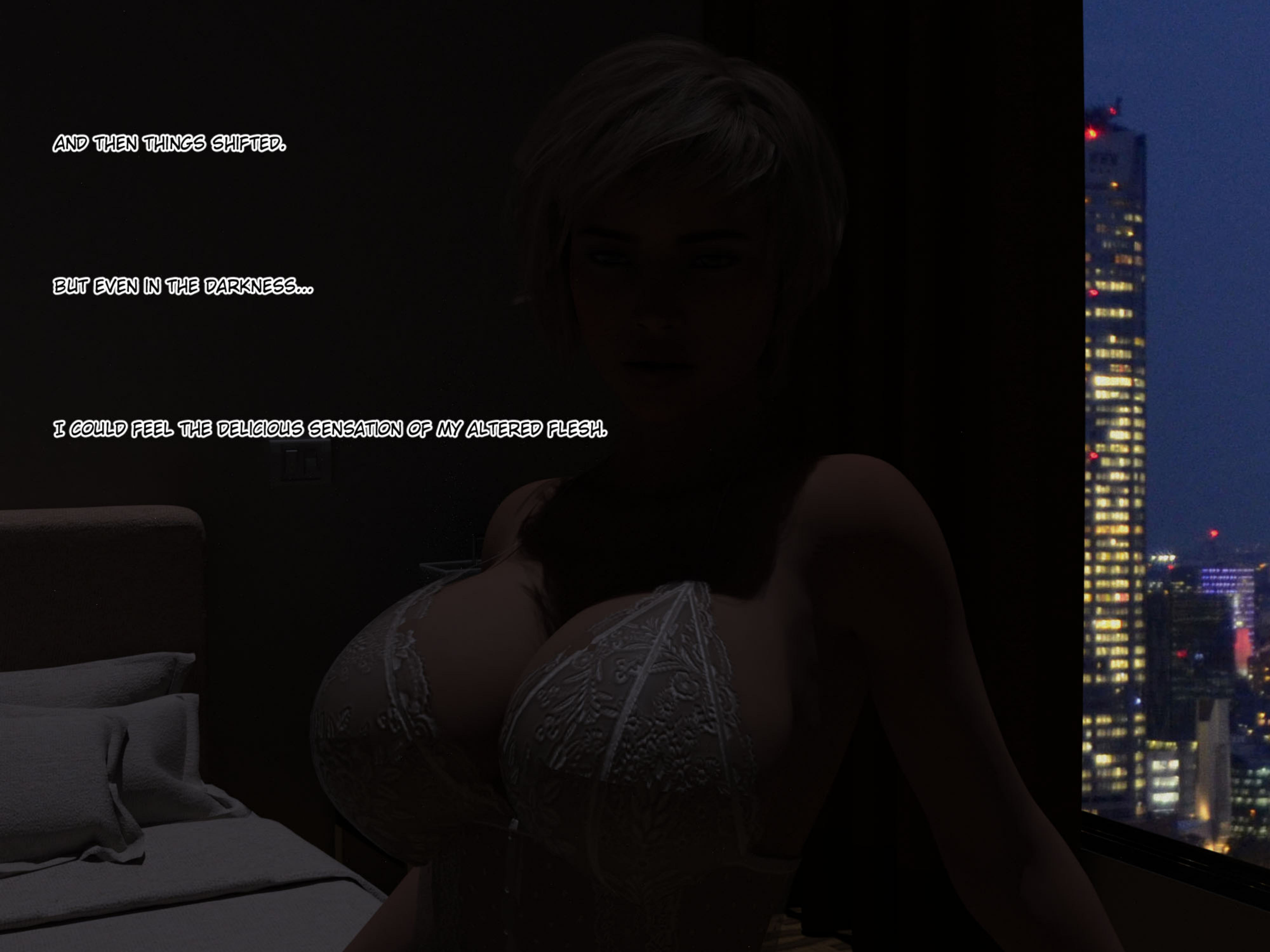




AND THEN THINGS SHIFTED.

BUT EVEN IN THE DARKNESS...

I COULD FEEL THE DELICIOUS SENSATION OF MY ALTERED FLESH.





HE HAD ARRIVED.

ONLY THIS TIME, HE WASN'T ALONE.





A PANG OF ANXIETY WASHED OVER ME.

FEAR.

BUT IT PASSED AFTER AN INSTANT.





MY BODY WAS READY FOR THIS.

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN READY.

THE STUFF OF DREAMS.





IT FELT DIFFERENT NOW, TO HAVE HIM INSIDE ME.

TO HAVE THEM INSIDE ME.





A dimly lit bedroom scene. A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a black strapless dress, is crawling on a bed with a grey blanket. She has her mouth open in a gasp or scream. Behind her, a man in a dark suit is also crawling, his face partially visible in profile. The room is dark, with a lamp visible in the background.

THERE WAS NO DENYING THE TRUTH.

I WAS A WOMAN.

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN A WOMAN.

BUT HE WAS THE ONE WHO DID THIS...

THE ONE WHO ALLOWED ME TO BECOME THIS WAY.



**TOM  
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THANKS FOR READING.