



# Sex Positive<sup>+</sup>

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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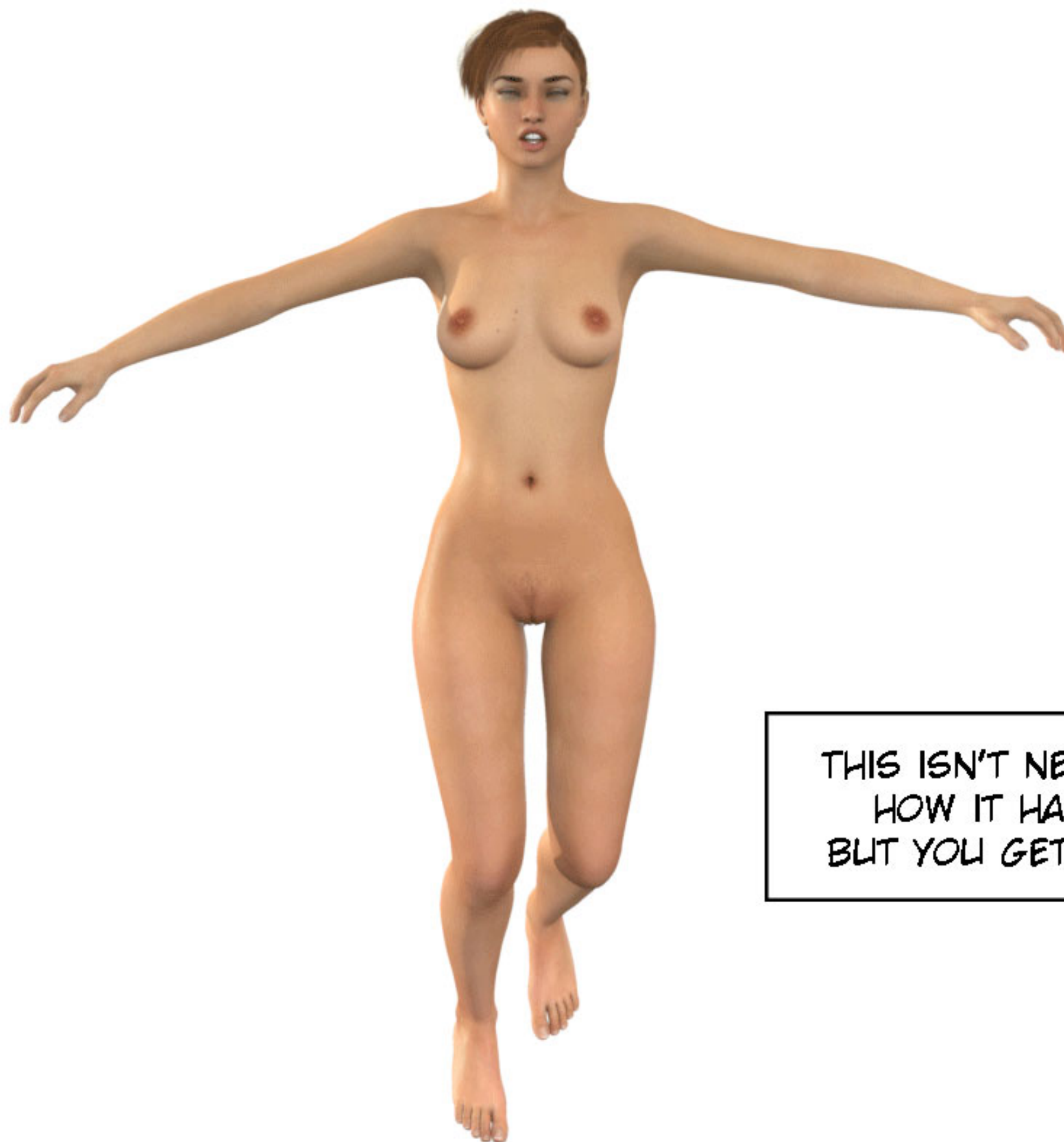


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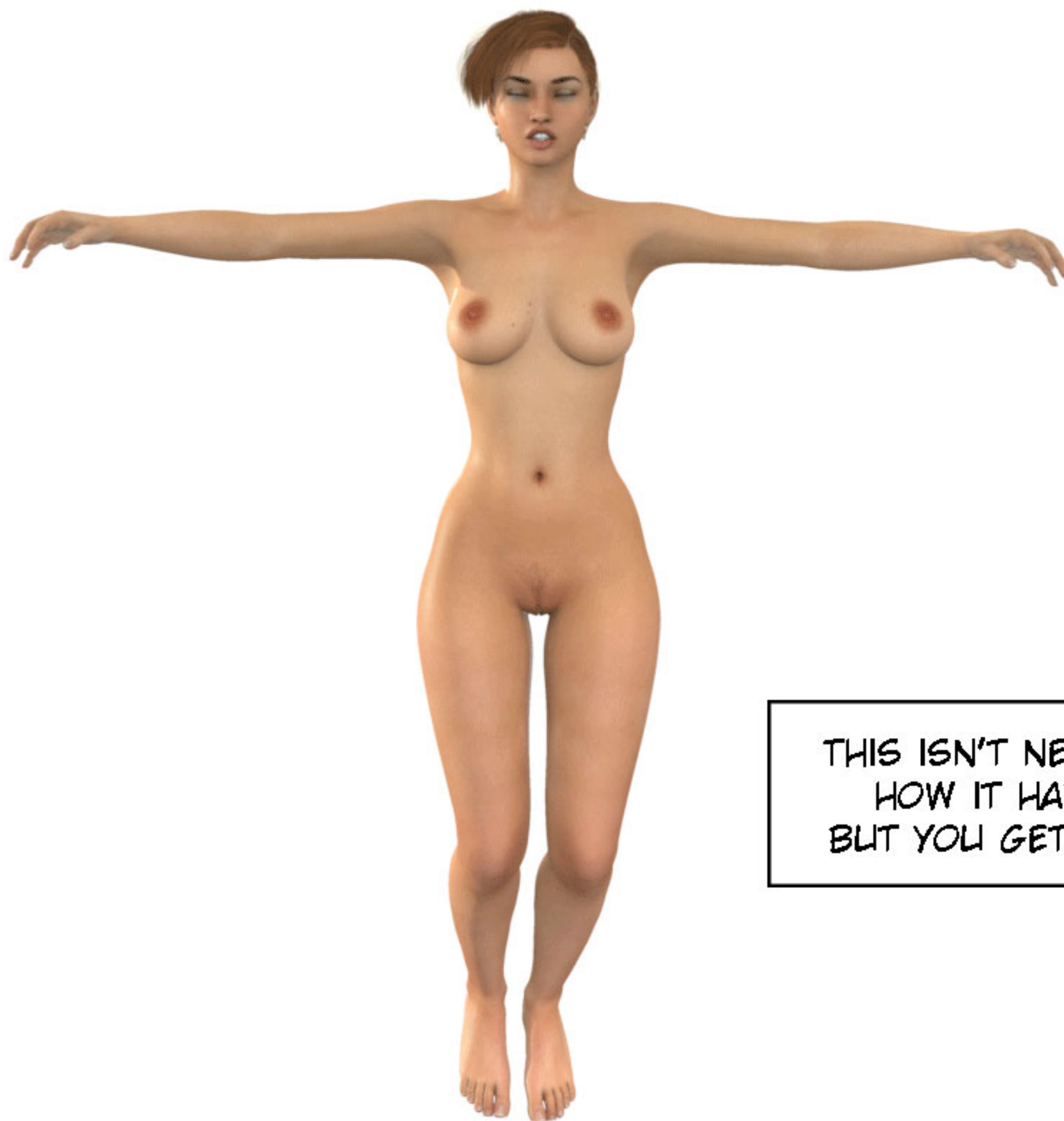




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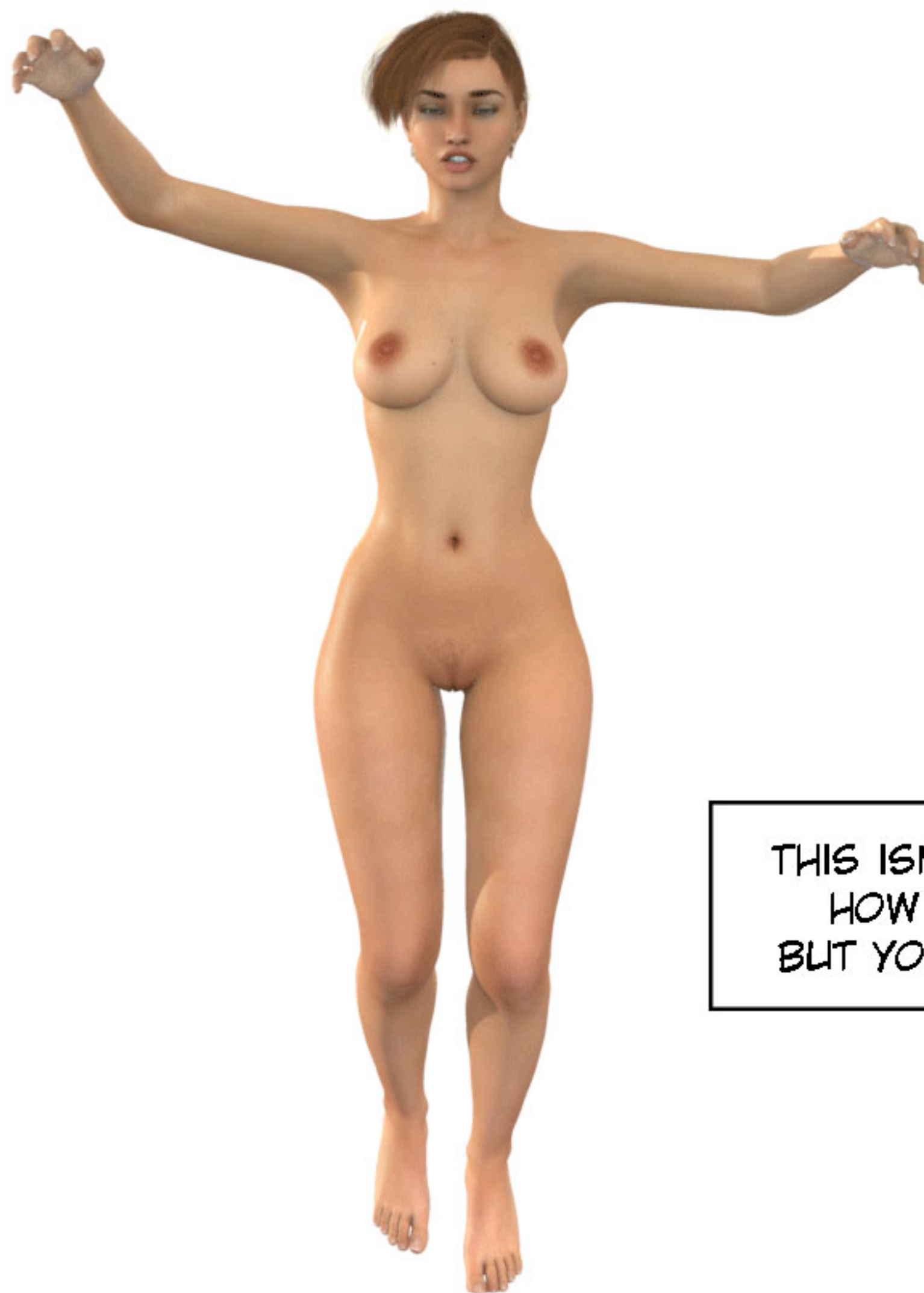


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THIS ISN'T NECESSARILY  
HOW IT HAPPENED,  
BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.

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.

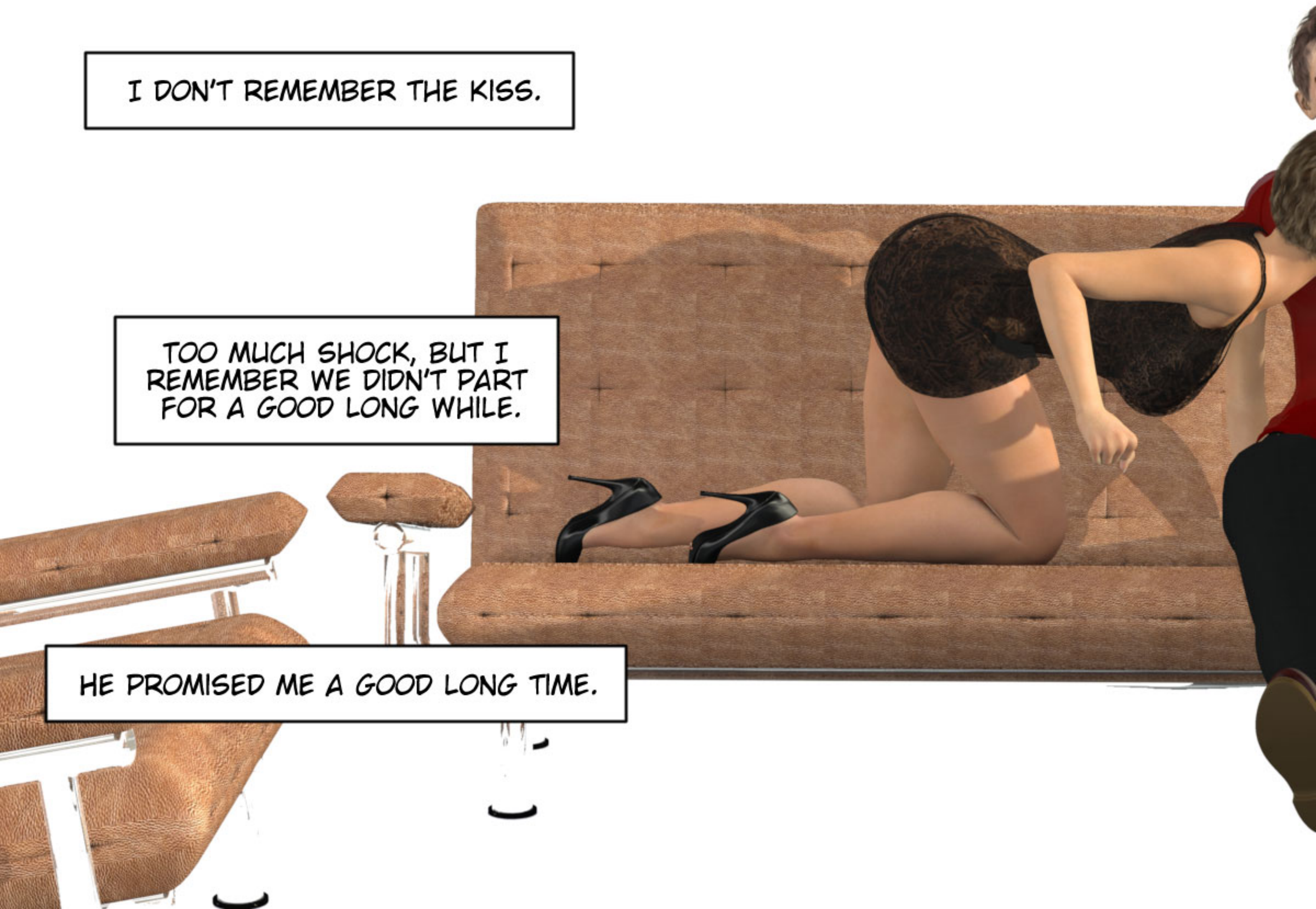




I DON'T REMEMBER THE KISS.

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 brown hair kneeling on a white surface, facing a man who is lying on a brown tufted couch. The woman is touching the man's groin with her right hand. The man is shirtless and has a very muscular physique. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, creating soft shadows. Four text boxes are overlaid on the left side of the image.

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.



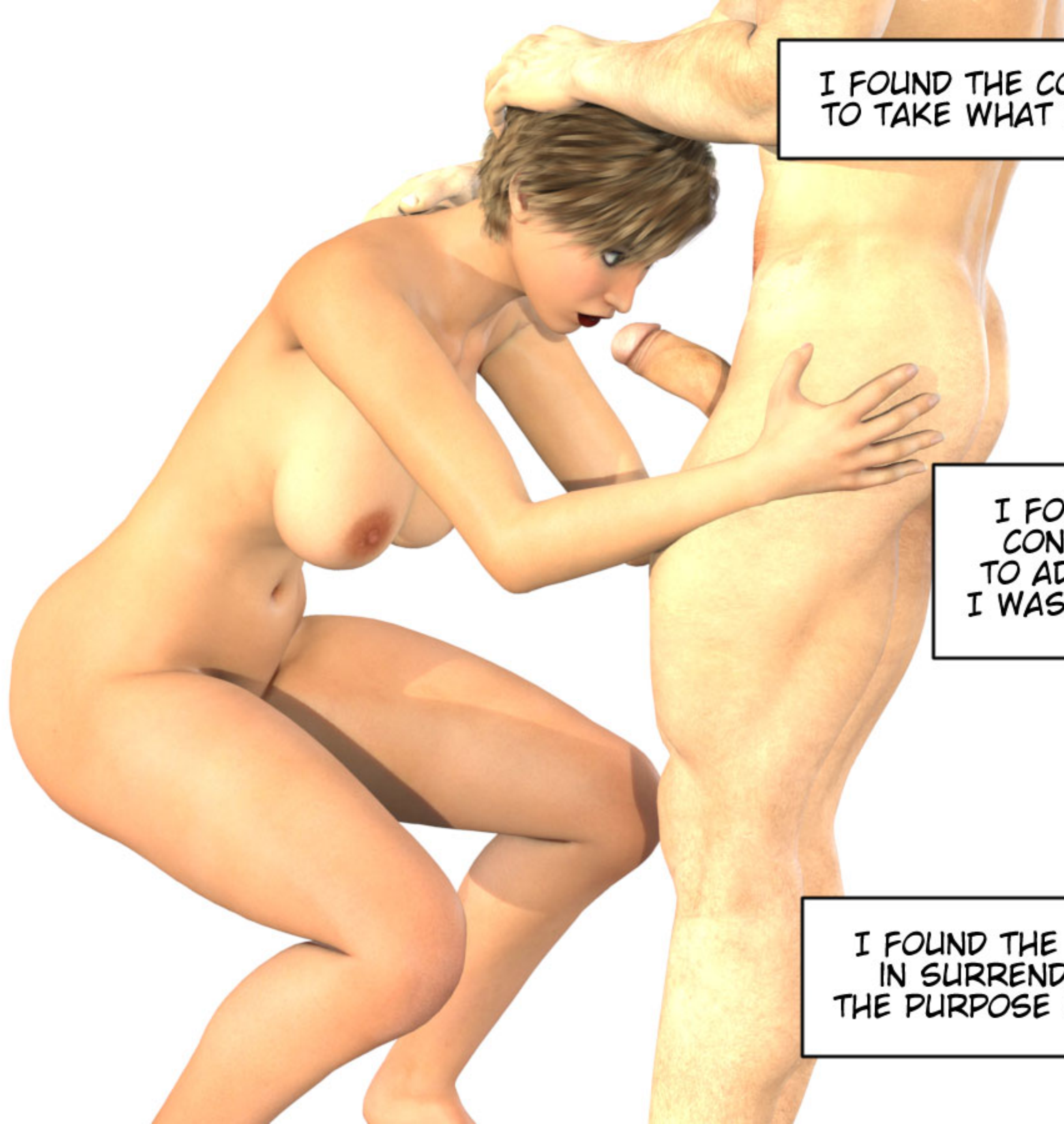


THERE WAS A  
CERTAINTY IN THE AIR.

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 SUCK 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<sup>+</sup>



You can find Tom's  
comics and caps at  
[JG-Caps.com](http://JG-Caps.com) or at  
JG-Caps on  
deviantart  
he also has a  
patreon at  
[patreon.com/caps](https://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

A woman with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the back, standing against a plain white background. She is wearing a dark brown, sleeveless, form-fitting dress with a subtle, intricate pattern. The dress has a high neckline and a short hem. She is also wearing black high-heeled shoes. Her right hand is resting on her hip, and her left arm is slightly extended. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body and the texture of the dress.

by Tara Bachmann  
and Brett Bunn