
A woman with dark hair and a necklace is sitting up in bed in a dimly lit room. She has a serious, contemplative expression. The room has wood-paneled walls and a window with blinds. A pink text box is in the top left corner.

DAISY FALLS ASLEEP  
AS SOON AS WE'RE  
DONE MAKING LOVE.  
OF COURSE. MEN.

THE SOUND OF HER  
SNORING PISSES ME  
OFF. I ALMOST WANT  
TO WAKE HER UP JUST  
SO IT'S FAIR.

WHILE SHE SLEEPS SOUNDLY,  
SECURE IN HER MALENESS, I'M  
HUMILIATED, EMBARRASSED,  
ASHAMED, CONFUSED. I JUST LET  
A GUY FUCK ME. AM I GAY NOW?

BUT THE GUY WHO  
BANGED ME IS REALLY  
A GIRL, SO? AND I'M  
REALLY A GUY, SO?  
BUT AM I STILL A  
GUY? I DIDN'T FEEL  
LIKE A MAN WHEN DAISY  
STUCK HER DICK IN ME.



IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'M REALLY CONFRONTING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME. WE'D BEEN GOING NONSTOP SINCE WE'D COME THROUGH THE PORTAL. I'D BARELY HAD TIME TO REALLY EVEN THINK ABOUT THE FACT I HAD A WOMAN'S BODY.

NOW, I'M HYPER-CONSCIOUS OF THE WEIGHT OF MY BREASTS, THE WAY THEY RISE AND FALL, QUIVER WITH EACH BREATH. MY WHOLE BODY IS SOFT AND BOUNCY.

I LOVED TITS. MAN. NOW, EVERY TIME I BREATHE I'M REMINDED THAT I HAVE MY OWN TITS NOW. BIG ONES, TOO. FUCK, IT'S DISTRACTING.

THEY FEEL SO WRONG.




A woman with dark hair is lying in bed, looking upwards with a thoughtful expression. She is wearing a thin, light-colored bra. Her right hand is raised to her forehead, and her left hand is resting on her hip. The room is dimly lit, with a warm, orange glow. The background shows a wooden headboard and a white pillow.

AND YET... OH!

I BARELY BRUSH MY  
THUMB AGAINST MY  
NIPPLE AND -- WOW.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE THESE THINGS,  
SHOULDN'T BE FEELING THESE  
FEELINGS. IT'S WRONG FOR A MAN,  
EMBARRASSING, AND YET IT'S ALL I CAN  
DO TO STOP MYSELF FROM PLAYING  
WITH THEM.

ANOTHER THING I ALWAYS LOVED AS A MAN WAS  
PUSSY, AND I HAVE ONE OF THOSE, TOO. RIGHT  
NOW I DON'T FEEL IT SO MUCH AS I FEEL A LACK,  
AN EMPTINESS BETWEEN MY LEGS. I'M MISSING  
THE BULK OF MY JUNK, THE HEFT. INSTEAD I FEEL  
WARM, MOIST AIR BETWEEN MY THIGHS, FLOWING  
OVER MY-- MOUND.



IS THIS REAL? DO I HAVE A VAGINA? I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, BUT I TOUCH IT. I JUST BARELY TOUCH IT.

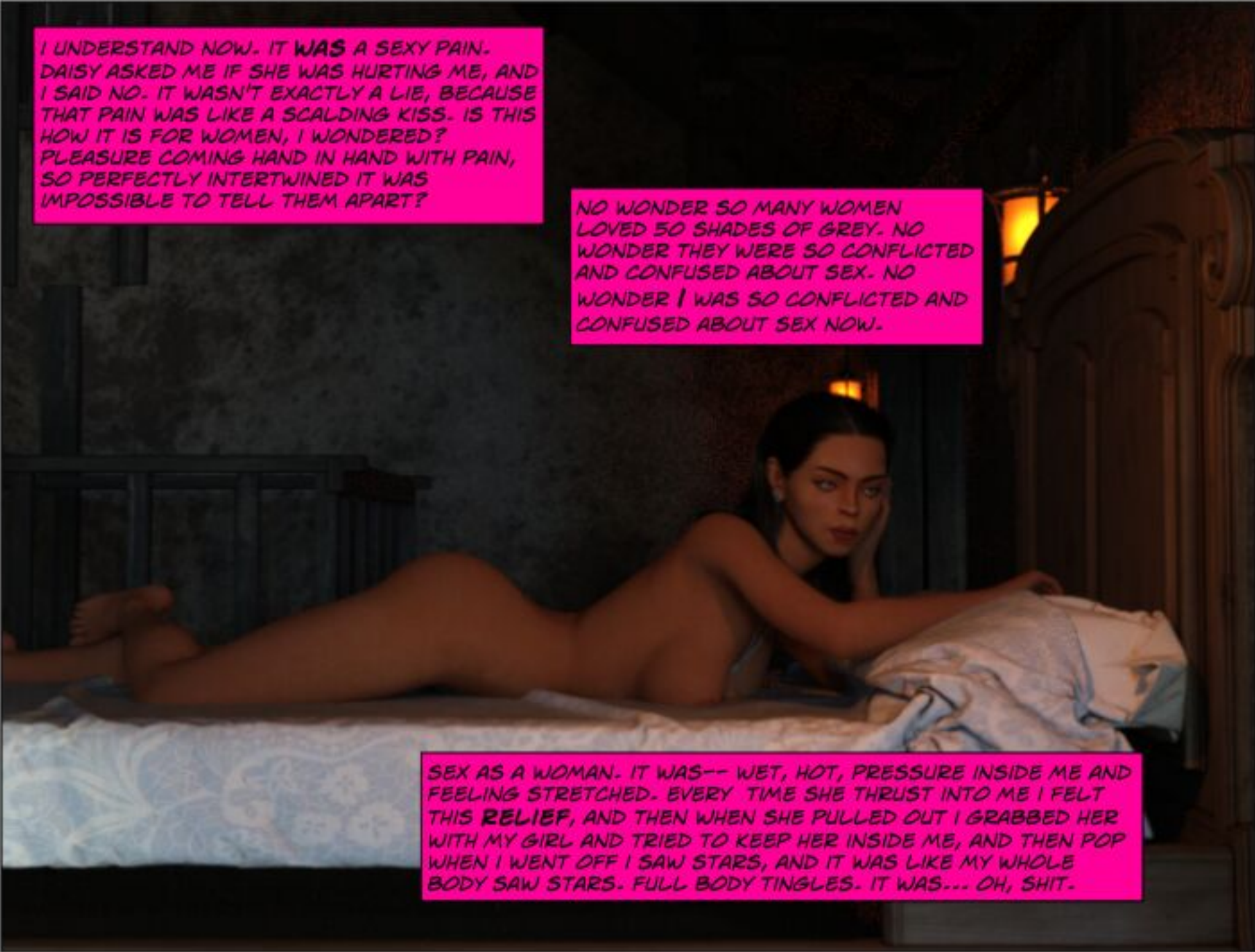
UHH!

AND IT'S JUST A TASTE OF WHAT I HAD EARLIER WITH DAISY, AND SOMETHING INSIDE MY CLENCHES. MY BODY CRAVES TO BE PENETRATED, ACHES FOR MORE.

AGAIN, IT'S THE FEELING OF WRONGNESS AND RIGHTNESS. I AM NOT SUPPOSED TO BE FEELING THIS, AND YET-- FUCK, IT FEELS GOOD.

ONE OF MY GIRLFRIENDS TOLD ME ONCE THAT SEX HURT, BUT IT WAS A GOOD, SEXY KIND OF PAIN.



A woman with dark hair is lying on her side on a bed with a white patterned sheet. She is looking towards the camera with a thoughtful expression. The room is dimly lit, with a warm light source visible in the background. The bed has a dark wooden headboard and footboard.

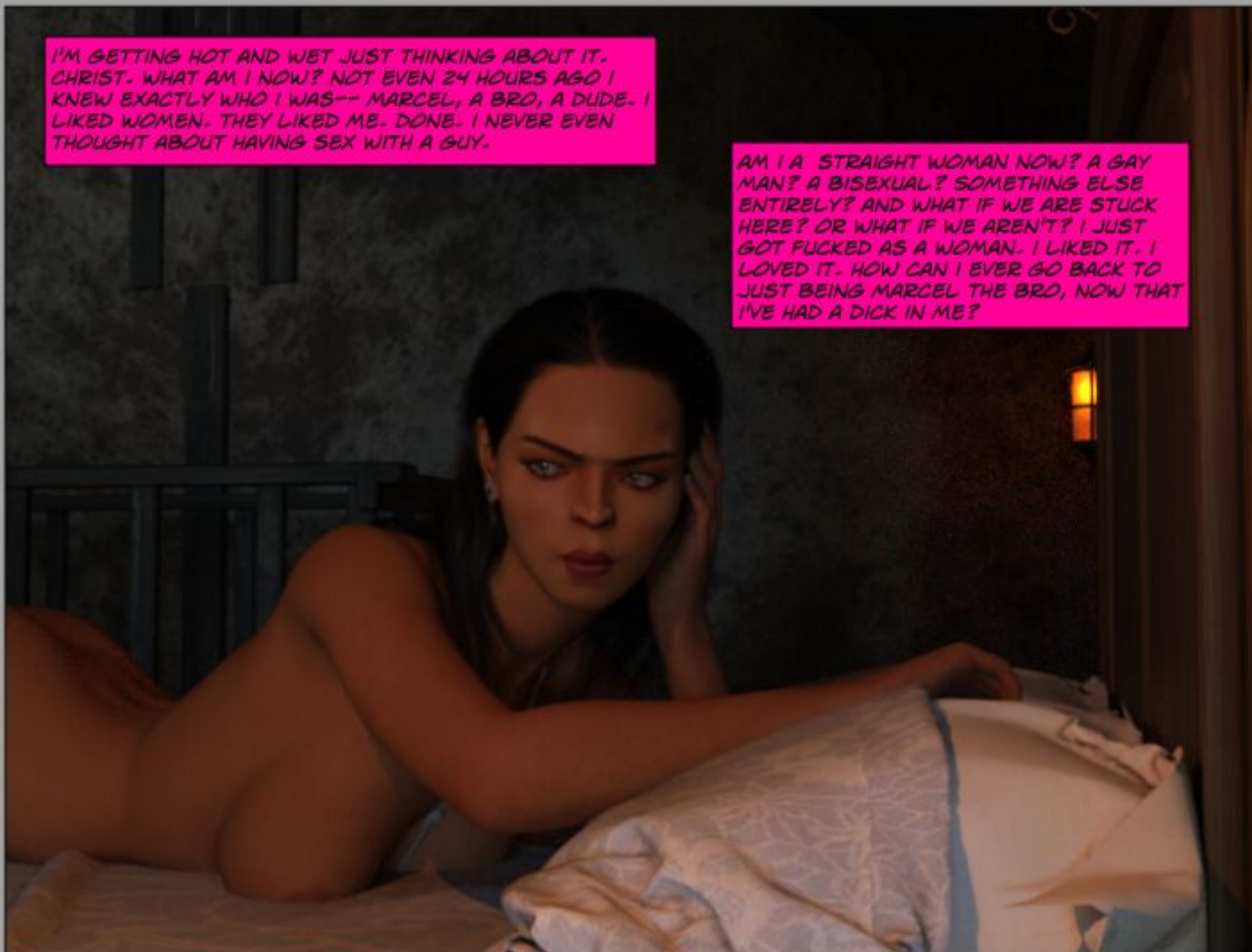
I UNDERSTAND NOW. IT WAS A SEXY PAIN. DAISY ASKED ME IF SHE WAS HURTING ME, AND I SAID NO. IT WASN'T EXACTLY A LIE, BECAUSE THAT PAIN WAS LIKE A SCALDING KISS. IS THIS HOW IT IS FOR WOMEN, I WONDERED? PLEASURE COMING HAND IN HAND WITH PAIN, SO PERFECTLY INTERTWINED IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL THEM APART?

NO WONDER SO MANY WOMEN LOVED 50 SHADES OF GREY. NO WONDER THEY WERE SO CONFLICTED AND CONFUSED ABOUT SEX. NO WONDER I WAS SO CONFLICTED AND CONFUSED ABOUT SEX NOW.

SEX AS A WOMAN. IT WAS-- WET, HOT, PRESSURE INSIDE ME AND FEELING STRETCHED. EVERY TIME SHE THRUST INTO ME I FELT THIS RELIEF, AND THEN WHEN SHE PULLED OUT I GRABBED HER WITH MY GIRL AND TRIED TO KEEP HER INSIDE ME, AND THEN POP WHEN I WENT OFF I SAW STARS, AND IT WAS LIKE MY WHOLE BODY SAW STARS. FULL BODY TINGLES. IT WAS... OH, SHIT.

I'M GETTING HOT AND WET JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. CHRIST. WHAT AM I NOW? NOT EVEN 24 HOURS AGO I KNEW EXACTLY WHO I WAS-- MARCEL, A BRO, A DUDE. I LIKED WOMEN. THEY LIKED ME. DONE. I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT HAVING SEX WITH A GUY.

AM I A STRAIGHT WOMAN NOW? A GAY MAN? A BISEXUAL? SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY? AND WHAT IF WE ARE STUCK HERE? OR WHAT IF WE AREN'T? I JUST GOT FUCKED AS A WOMAN. I LIKED IT. I LOVED IT. HOW CAN I EVER GO BACK TO JUST BEING MARCEL THE BRO, NOW THAT I'VE HAD A DICK IN ME?



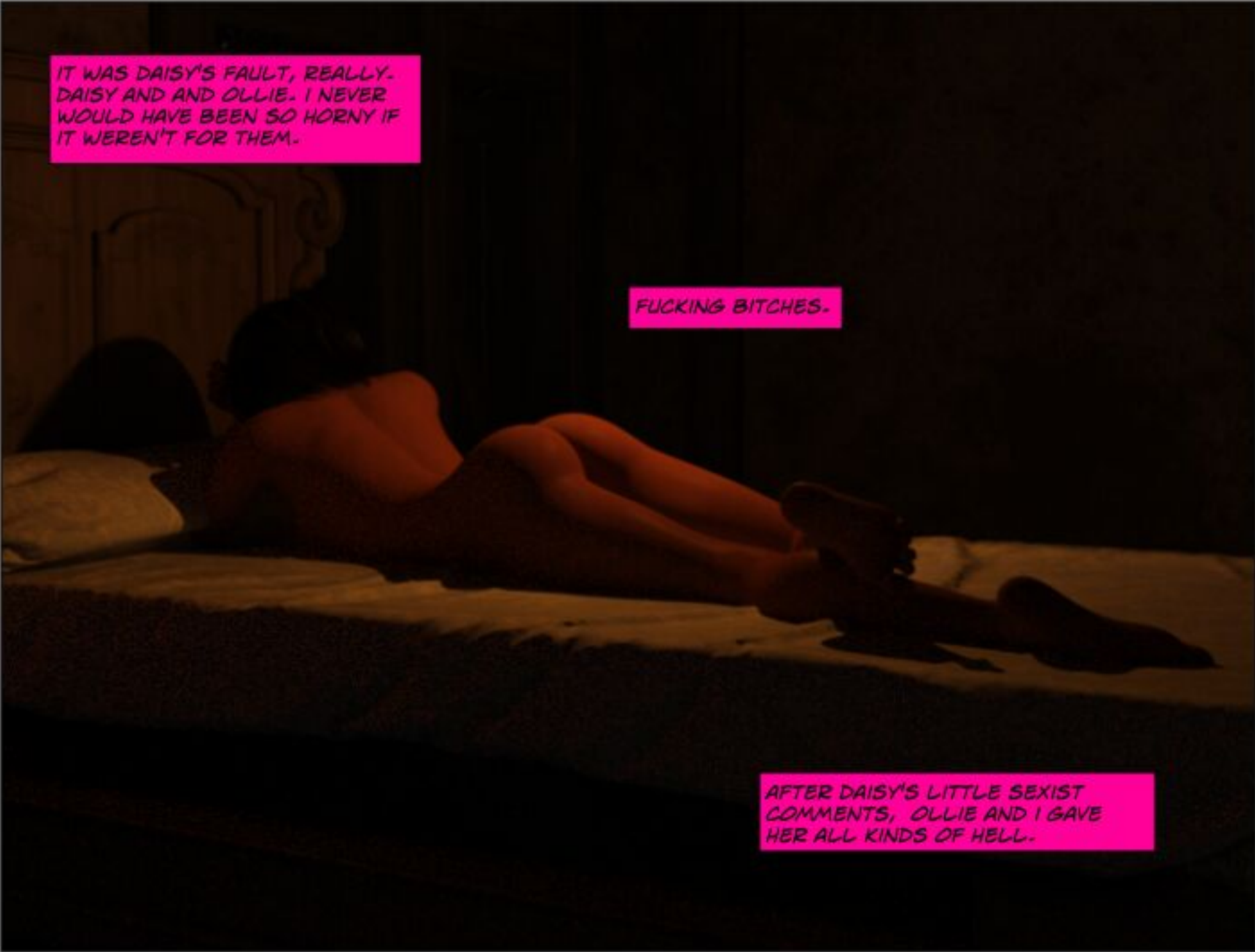


SHIT. I NEED TO CALM DOWN. TO STOP THINKING. SLEEP. WHY DOES DAISY HAVE TO SNORE SO DAMN LOUD? WHY DID I HAVE TO LET HER FUCK ME? WHY? WHY?

LET HER FUCK ME? I BEGGED HER TO. GOD DAMN. I BEGGED FOR IT LIKE I WAS SOME KIND OF FILTHY LITTLE SLUT.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?  
WHAT HAVE I BECOME?





IT WAS DAISY'S FAULT, REALLY.  
DAISY AND AND OLLIE. I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE BEEN SO HORNY IF  
IT WEREN'T FOR THEM.

FUCKING BITCHES.

AFTER DAISY'S LITTLE SEXIST  
COMMENTS, OLLIE AND I GAVE  
HER ALL KINDS OF HELL.

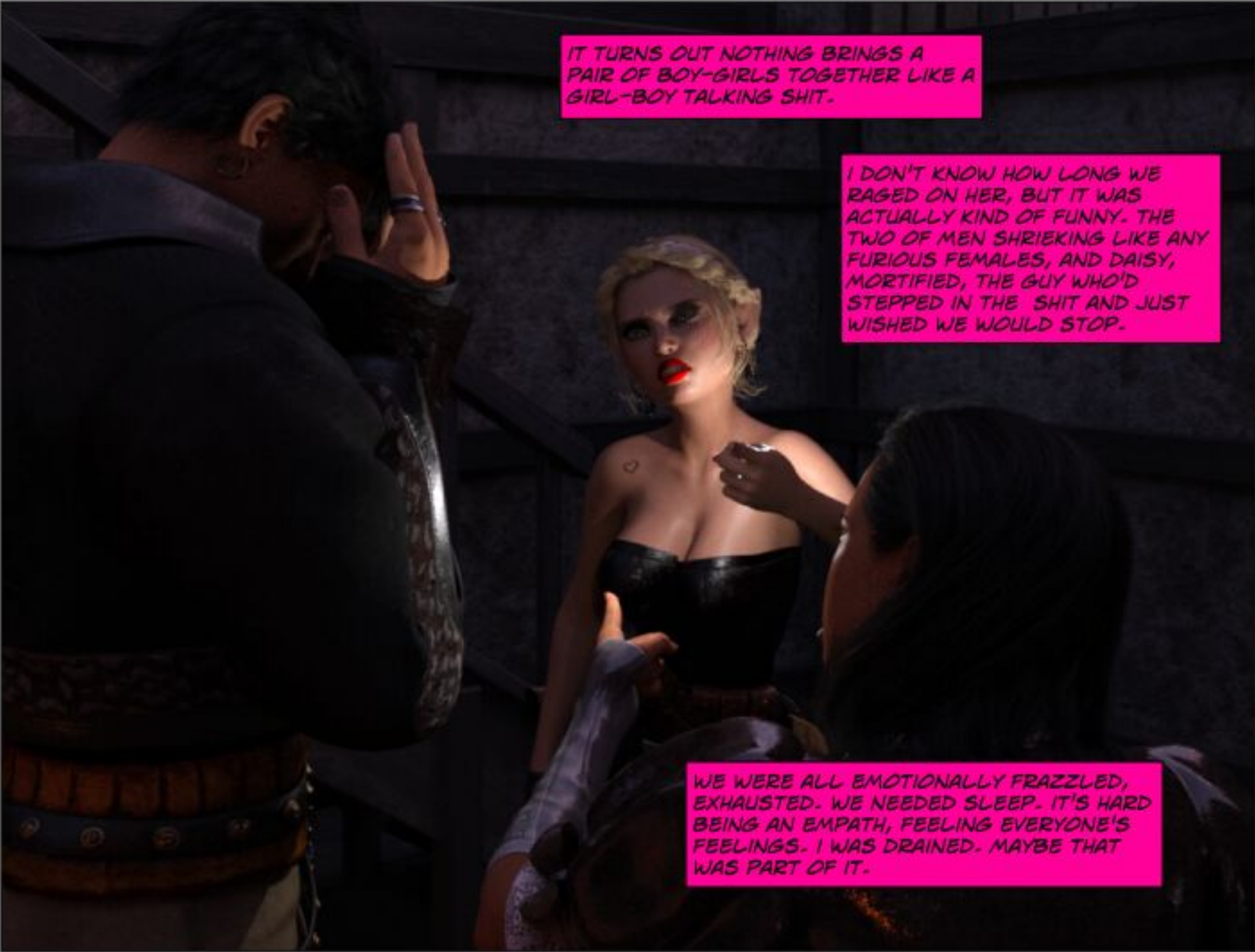




YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER!

I WAS ONLY JOKING...

GOD! YOU'RE SUCH AN ASSHOLE!




IT TURNS OUT NOTHING BRINGS A PAIR OF BOY-GIRLS TOGETHER LIKE A GIRL-BOY TALKING SHIT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE RAGED ON HER, BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY KIND OF FUNNY. THE TWO OF MEN SHRIEKING LIKE ANY FURIOUS FEMALES, AND DAISY, MORTIFIED, THE GUY WHO'D STEPPED IN THE SHIT AND JUST WISHED WE WOULD STOP.

WE WERE ALL EMOTIONALLY FRAZZLED, EXHAUSTED. WE NEEDED SLEEP. IT'S HARD BEING AN EMPATH, FEELING EVERYONE'S FEELINGS. I WAS DRAINED. MAYBE THAT WAS PART OF IT.





ONCE WE'D FINISHED BITCHING, I TOOK ONE MORE LOOK IN THE MIRROR BEFORE HEADING TO THE ONE BED WE'D FOUND UPSTAIRS.

HEY. MARCEL. I WANTED TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR SAVING MY LIFE.

DAISY JOINED ME. PUT HER ARM AROUND ME. I FELT SO SMALL! AND NERVOUS CAUSE SHE HAD THIS MOONEY LOOK IN HER EYES, AND I COULD SENSE HER EMOTIONS, BUT I TOLD MYSELF I WAS BEING RIDICULOUS. SHE WASN'T GOING TO TRY ANYTHING. SHE WAS A GIRLY GIRL.

HEALING DAISY HAD BEEN A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. I FELT OUR SOULS TOUCH AS I PULLED THE WOUNDS FROM HER BODY. IT WAS-- WE BOTH FELT A CONNECTION NOW.

DAISY WASN'T COMING ON TO ME, I TOLD MYSELF. SHE WAS JUST BEING A GOOD FRIEND.



AND THEN SHE REACHED FOR MY ASS.

YOU'RE SO FUCKING HOT. CAN I HELP YOU OUT OF THAT DRESS?

DAISY? WHAT THE HELL?






IT'S  
ME,  
REMEMBER?  
MARCEL? I'M  
NOT INTO  
GUYS.

I'M NOT  
REALLY A GUY,  
THOUGH. SO  
MAYBE--

--JUST,  
PLEASE. DON'T.  
THIS IS HARD  
ENOUGH.



DUDE. WOW. I  
AM SO SORRY.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT I  
WAS THINKING.  
RUDE.



I SENSED EVERYTHING SHE FELT:  
EMBARASSED, ASHAMED, MORTIFIED,  
REJECTED. I DIDN'T WANT HER TO BE  
SO DOWN.

DON'T FEEL  
BAD. IF I WERE  
INTO GUYS, I  
WOULD TOTALLY  
BE INTO YOU.

IF YOU WERE INTO  
GUYS? IT'S SO  
WEIRD I'M THE GUY  
NOW. WAIT. ARE YOU  
READING MY  
EMOTIONS?



YEAH.

OH, SHIT. THEN YOU  
KNOW? LOOK I CAN'T  
SEEM TO HELP IT. MY,  
UM- THINGY?

<WHISPER>  
IT HAS A MIND  
OF ITS OWN.



IT'S CAUSE  
YOU'RE A GUY, AND  
I DIDN'T NEED ANY  
SPECIAL POWER TO  
KNOW YOU WERE  
PERVING ON ME.  
YOU HAVE A  
BONER.

OMIGOD.





YOU CAN  
HELP ME  
'TAKE MY DRESS  
OFF' IF YOU  
WANT?

HAHAHA.  
YOU'RE  
HILARIOUS. I'M  
GONNA HIT THE  
SACK.



I COLLAPSED INTO  
BED, AND I WAS  
ALMOST ASLEEP, BUT  
THEN DAISY WAS SO  
DAMN HORNY.




SHE DECIDED TO DO SOME  
FIELD RESEARCH. I, OF  
COURSE, FELT WHAT SHE  
FELT, AND MY BODY LIT UP.





AND OLLIE STARTS  
FEELINGS HIMSELF UP,  
AND NOW MY WHOLE  
BODY IS ON FIRE.

I HAVE NOT ONE BUT  
TWO SEX-CRAZED  
MANIACS IN MY HEAD,  
WHICH ALL LEADS TO--  
ME WANTING DAISY TO  
HELP ME OUT OF MY  
DRESS.

A woman with long dark hair is lying on her side in a bed, looking towards the camera with a frustrated expression. She is propped up on her left arm, resting her head on her hand. The room is dimly lit, with a warm light source visible in the background. The bed has white patterned pillows and a light-colored blanket. The wall behind her has a dark, textured pattern.

YEAH. IT WAS ALL THEIR  
FAULT.

AND IF DAISY DOESN'T STOP  
SNORING SOON, I'M GONNA TAKE  
THIS PILLOW AND SMOTHER HER.

To be continued...