



Well,
that takes care
of that.



Figures
I'd meet her
again.

Hey
there...





Hey Alice.
Good to see you.

...me.



So we did actually do it? Transition over?

Yup. Was quite a journey, let me tell you.




I can imagine.
How long has it
been?

SNAP

Little
over 5 years
now.






Gosh. And all this time, I have been what remained of our male self image?

Until just now, yes.



Was
anything even
real?



In a way. You met our transition doctor, Bonnie.


She appeared as the bunny girl to you. She is dating Josie now, as it turns out.

And then there is Hatty.




She is having our child.

We are having a child?



Well, technically.
When I had my crotch
operated, I donated my
testicles stem cells.

Those were used
to help her overcome
her problems in
conceiving a child.



I think of
her more like a
nice though.


Wow,
that's quite a thing.
I can't believe
that's real.



Wait a second.

That does not mean we murdered the Red Queen, right?

Nah, she was a total figment born from the anxiety around the cock, the reminder of our male origin.



The only
other real things
are near and dear
to me.

There's
our cat, and our
boyfriend.



We have a
boyfriend?



Yeah.
You have met
him.

Dee. He is
a trans male. We
are very much in
love.

God, that's
why it felt so right
to be with him.



I know.
And I am not
gonna force you to
come along with
me. I can't.

This
is a lot to
absorb.



It has to be your decision.

Take me with you.

It seems crazy, but I do want to be united with you again.




Then
focus, Alice.

For the first time in
a really long time,
actually wake up.





Hey, little
fuzzball.

A woman with short, vibrant red hair is sitting on a bed with a white textured coverlet. She is wearing a black lace bodysuit with thin straps. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the camera. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "Will you look at that." The background is a plain, light-colored wall. To the right, a portion of a grey sofa with a dark cushion is visible.

Will you
look at that.





Hey,
sunshine.

Hey,
babe. How ya
doing?





That answer your question?



Sure
does.

What
good fortune
got you into such
a high spirit?



It's just...

For the first time in years, I feel whole again. At ease with myself, you know?



Hey Dee?
How would you
like if I get some
breast
implants?

Make myself
nice and
fuckable?

I would
totally love
that.

THE END

THANKS FOR READING.

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