



THE NIGHT HAD BEEN CRAZIER THAN MICHAEL THOUGHT POSSIBLE...

...BUT HAVING SETH'S
HEAD BETWEEN HER
THIGHS FELT *RIGHT*.





MMMMMM!



OH,
SETH!



CALL ME
SASHA! I'VE
ALWAYS LOVED
THAT NAME!

OKAY,
SASHA...

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT MRS. PERRY, SO....?

UM...





MICHAEL
DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.

SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN
MICHAEL, AND SOMETIMES
MIKE OR EVEN MIKEY WHEN
SHE WAS YOUNGER...

...SO GOING WITH
MICHELLE SEEMED
LIKE AN EASY
ENOUGH CHOICE.

CALL ME...



BUT ANOTHER NAME
POPPED IN HER HEAD
THAT FELT... *RIGHT.*

TRACEY.
CALL ME
TRACEY.



NICE TO
MEET YOU,
TRACEY.

I'VE
THOUGHT OF A
FEW WAYS TO
THANK YOU FOR
THIS AMAZING
GIFT.

I MEAN, IF
THAT'S OKAY
WITH YOU.

IT WAS.

SHOW
ME.



AS SASHA BEGAN
TO WORK HER
FINGERS IN AND
OUT OF TRACEY'S
PUSSY...

...A PART OF TRACEY
WONDERED WHY SHE HAD
CHOSEN THAT NAME.



A close-up photograph of a person's hand resting on their hip. The skin is a warm, golden-brown tone. The hand is positioned with fingers slightly curled, resting on the hip area. The background is a solid, vibrant red color. At the bottom of the image, there is a red rectangular box with a white border containing white text.

THE NAME OF
HER *DEAD* WIFE.



ON ONE HAND, IT FELT
BLASPHEMOUS...



OH,
TRACEY!
YES!
YES!



...BUT HEARING SASHA
SCREAMING IT OUT MADE
HER FEEL LIKE IT HAD
ALWAYS BEEN HER NAME.



EVERYTHING
FELT RIGHT...

... TO THE POINT IT
BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE
BEING MICHAEL WAS A
DREAM.



OH,
TRACEY!

YOU MAKE
MY PUSSY
FEEL SO
GOOD!





YOU TOO!
MY PUSSY'S
ON FIRE!

YES!
YES!
YES!

AHHHH!

OH,
GOD!

I'M CUMMING!!!



TRACEY WAS
CLIMMING TOO...

AHHHHHH!

A 3D rendered scene. In the foreground, a person's arm is visible on the left, resting on a red surface. A patterned pillow with abstract designs is positioned behind the arm. To the right, a potted plant with long, green, feathery leaves sits on a wooden floor. The background features a textured stone wall. A red text box is overlaid on the pillow.

...BUT SHE WAS
ALSO GOING.

TO BE CONTINUED...