

COTU

Jasolyn walked until reaching an abandoned forest. She had just left behind her home upon finding out this was permanent. Her gender, incapable of returning to the life of a boy he still wished to be. It wasn't a pain anybody wanted to harbour, as much physically as emotionally. Her legs gave out the moment this weight became more and more apparent. She laid on a tree, that very physical ache manifesting itself however it needed to. Even if it was through her eyes as not even closing them at their tightest would stop the tears.

And yet it was in this state that reminded her of what kind of world this was. One that never really showed much mercy, allowing her to release her emotions lightly. This with a strange yet present sort of hope that she could get used to in such a complicated yet hateful place. Her weeping lasted for a good six minutes until she was in a place that no longer hurt. But the sadness remained, so she kept on walking until she reached an abandoned building where she once released her rockets in a different place.

There she would find a frozen parade of lights that was a soothing view of the city at only four stories. She used a bobby pin to open the back door and lighted the stairs with her smartphone. Yet the real surprise came once she opened the door that lead to the rooftop: Another girl her age, lying in a relaxed pose a foot apart from the edge. Her hair was long and white, with an orange shirt to clash with a teal skirt and purple sneakers. Her instincts to leave before she heard her were cancelled out the moment she heard the sound.

A serene Trance song that Jasolyn would soon notice originated from a radio next to this same girl. She enjoyed this song and was pulled to it until she could hear the white-haired girl speak.

"Love this song" she said "If only I knew the name"

Jasolyn was as much at a loss of words as actions.

"Eh...I think it adds to the beauty" said Jasolyn.

The white-haired girl scowled and nearly looked at Jasolyn.

"Adds?" she asked.

"Of course" said Jasolyn, sitting down a yard away from her "What would you rather have? A gift from nature that doesn't deserve to be exploited, or a sound that everyone puts day after day until what made it special in the first place dies with the song?"

The white-haired girl sat up straight before looking at her to respond properly.

"Why would someone want to kill something they like?" she asked with a hint of sarcasm.

Jasolyn feared she got the wrong idea and took out her smartphone. She still had enough bars to get a video out of it. She held it up to the white-haired girl's she could hear the song of a bird so elegant it left her somewhat fearful.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The Kaua'i 'Ō'ō" responded Jasolyn "A bird native to Hawaii"

"It's...wonderful" the white-haired girl said with a smile.

Jasolyn closed the app.

"It's been extinct since the 80s" said Jasolyn.

It was there that a grim mask replace the white-haired girl's smile. She looked away before turning her radio off.

"Sorry" she said, snuggling in her now folded knees. "I didn't know beauty could die...I just...thought it was worth it"

Jasolyn's small rage began to level down once she understood this girl's angle.

"It IS" Jasolyn said "What's your name?"

The white haired girl found the earnest side of Jasolyn in her eyes before looking away again as she answered.

"Linka..." she said calmly "...Loud"

Jasolyn got closer to her until they were less than a few inches apart.

"Jasolyn Fox" she retaliated "Soooooooooooo...What brought you to my old playground, Linka?"

Linka tried her best to look at her, even though she wanted to. But after her statement about beauty trust was a luxury for anyone. Linka didn't know whether to get out or try to sidetrack her way out of this conversation.

"Just...knowing that people are impossible to satisfy" said Linka "Even when those people are ourselves"

Jasolyn knew they were getting somewhere even if she started feeling painfully responsible for her last claim.

"Linka..." she said, placing a hand on the white-haired girl's shoulder "You can't save them and yourself at the same time...it's not your job"

Linka shoved the hand off and tried her hardest to answer.

"If you only understood what my life...if you only BELIEVED my story" she strained.

"What?" asked Jasolyn "It can't top mine in terms of originally being the opposite gender or something just as insane, can it?"

As much as Linka's mouth as her eyes widened once she had an acceptable reason to look at Jasolyn. Even then she remained mute as Jasolyn also took the time, and epiphany, to process her reaction.

Was it possible?

"...Ok, let me guess: you used to be called Jason, am I wrong?" Linka asked, causing Jasolyn to inexplicably look away in embarrassment. She put a great deal of effort in replying despite her tone.

"Yeah...well what did they call you? "Link"?" she said, nearly crossing her arms.

"I'm...pretty sure Leif wanted to call me that when I tried to explain my situation" began Linka

"Though it DID sound more flattering than "Lincoln", apparently"

Jasolyn smiled a bit once he got the name.

"Heh, your brother Leif sounds like he's TRYING to have a sense of humor" said Jasolyn.

"You're telling me, humor is supposed to be LANE's specialty amongst the 11 other boys" Linka responded.

Now Jasolyn adopted the surprised glare.

"ELEVEN? I'm...somewhat hard pressed to imagine how life was like when you were still a boy" said Jasolyn with shrinking surprise.

"How many sisters did YOU have when you were still a guy?" asked Linka.

Jasolyn couldn't help but feel this question get under her skin. Her attitude towards Paige practically reversed itself once she was a girl. She stopped hating her so much that she almost completely forgot what it was like to be a boy.

"Why?" asked Jasolyn.

"Just wanted to know how they felt once THEIR genders swapped" Linka responded, throwing Jasolyn on a loop.

"Uh...their genders never swapped, girl, just mine" Jasolyn answered.

"Oh..." said Linka, partially to herself "Why didn't I tell Lisa THAT instead of putting me in a reality with just dudes?"

Jasolyn looked away to think before redirecting with an answer.

"Cant you try convincing her masculine equivalent in the current reality" Jasolyn asked.

Now Linka wanted to look away again, but felt she may as well keep going even further at this point.

"Yeah, but...according to Levi, there's a one to a googol chance that I WON'T get complete amnesia if I try it with any other reality" Link said, saddening in the process.

"Oh" said Jasolyn, feeling strangely futile with such an idea.

"I...know...and even if...even if i DON'T...what's the point anyway?" Linka answered, feeling her emotions punish her. "I...*SOB*...I can go...to thousands...among THOUSANDS, HIC, of alternate existences, and...SOB, the...the only thing they'll have...SNIFF...in common with me...is...is...SOB...that they can never be...be satisfied"

Linka covered her face with both hands as she let it out, leaving Jasolyn beyond awkward and once again guilty. Even then she still maintained the will to help Linka, especially since she was probably the only girl in the universe who happened to go through the same ordeal as Jasolyn had.

"Then...I supposed that means any friends that you may have had also became girls?" Jasolyn asked.

Linka nodded gently as she covered her eyes with her left hand while her right hand took her own smartphone out. The wallpaper was a picture of Linka and an African American girl hugging as they looked at the camera.

"Of course...she even looks like Marcus if we exchanged wardrobes and eyes" said Jasolyn with a hint of relief.

Linka was only starting to get used to all these coincidences her self as she wiped her tears away.

"...Marcus?" Linka asked, her voice still sickly.

Jasolyn got closer to Linka as she prepared a response.

"Oh yeah" said Jasolyn "Before he started calling me gorgeous we would go to certain spots, like this one per sé, to blast our rocket ships off in hopes they would surpass the atmosphere."

Linka continued rubbing her eyes before making as much eye contact with Jasolyn as she could manage.

"A lot of people see the atmosphere like a barrier against the crippling vacuum of space. We and Marcus, needless to say, were not like a lot of people. We personally always felt crushed by what was out there. By what Sirius A was in the flesh. By the likelihood that the Horsehead Nebula may turn out to look like a duck if dinosaurs could turn out to have feathers. By the idea that we don't need to wait until the year 2063 for Nuclear War to leave someone as silly as Zefram Cochrane to make first contact! By the reason they gave Asteroid 2309 THAT name in the first place...basically by everything our rockets never could reach"

Linka could only smile as a perfect alternative to the juggling of both confusion and surprise by Jasolyn's bombast of a lecture. Jasolyn looked at Linka with that same newfound zest and thought of something that could lift Linka to her level of inspiration. The blonde haired girl held Linka's hands and raised her until they were both standing up. Jasolyn then reached for her smartphone once more and looked for a song.

"Ever heard of "Child of the universe", Linka?" Jasolyn asked.

The smile that nearly cheered Linka on waned into blushing.

"I've certainly sung it two out three times, though I'm pretty sure I've forgotten the words and am far from perfect at singing it anyway" she said.

Jasolyn turned the music on despite knowing this.

"Then you're used to singing with more than just yourself" said Jasolyn, still holding Linka's hands

"...and don't be afraid of perfection. After all, it's unreachable"

They began rocking back and forth before Jasolyn started.

"The sun is only a star, around that star we spin, but there are many other stars, where do we fit in?" She sang.

Linka looked away before making the effort.

"I am only a grain of sand. Tossed by ...all...the wind" sang Linka haphazardly, before Jasolyn sang with her, catching the former's attention. "But there are many grains of sand, *where do I fit in?*"

It was then that they started waltzing slowly around the roof, with Linka no longer intimidated.

"Child of the universe, let your spirit fly. You are the special one, and here's the reason why" they sang *"You're a child of the universe So climb your mountains high. You are the chosen one To try and touch the sky."*

They took advantage of their abandon and headed downstairs towards the empty darkness, Jasolyn clipping the smartphone, with all its musicale, to her person as they continued each step.

"Tell me, what can I aim for In a world that's quickly changing? Tell me what my purpose is; Where do I fit in?" they sang and slid around the vast corridors, the light from that same phone illuminating the way.

"Shall I follow a dream? Or are dreams just made for children? Well all of us are children now, That's where I fit in."

Jasolyn held Linka by her sides and lifted her as the former twirled her around and around. Linka never felt so liberated on so many levels by this.

"Child of the universe Let your spirit fly. You are the special one, And here's the reason why," they sang, once again in each others arms as they went up and down the stairs. *"You're a child of the universe So climb your mountains high. You are the chosen one, to try and touch the sky."*

They were so intertwined by the moment that they forgot they were back on the roof. Linka sat in newfound enthusiasm as Jasolyn accompanied her.

"Jasolyn...wow...thank you, I don't know...what..." said Linka, truly at a loss of words while looking into Jasolyn's eyes.

"You're most welcome, Li-" Jasolyn replied, feeling herself also distracted.

It was in the helm of their moment that Linka allowed herself to be transported into another planet within the window of Jasolyn's soul. She was scared of the wonderful kind of joy blossoming wishing her as Jasolyn approached her until their faces were less than an inch apart. The kind of joy only once thought possible in the afterlife.

But how could Linka? They were both very much alive. Jasolyn's very door only obstructed by the glasses which blocked Linka from her path. And yet Jasolyn's confidence destroyed these boundaries. This once the telekinetic inside of her followed Linka's whim by removing her glasses. Linka's heart skipped a beat. How were the resplendent shadows of Jasolyn's ocean THIS gorgeous within such a tide? Linka nearly blushed at the thought of keeping Jasolyn waiting. She closed her eyes in hopes of Jasolyn following suit. That's when this same planet began to show its taste. Their lips exchanged tact, balancing and fighting the pros and cons of one another, if not the taste of Skittles and a Fruit roll-up. Jasolyn wished to cherish the unfiltered Linka chained by her shy heart. Despite this Linka nevertheless tried mustering SOME courage to cement an impression.

It was Jasolyn's knowledge of this jaguar in a Tabby's layer which fed her growing appetite. She continued to exchange this repressed warmth as they walked towards the girl's bathroom. Once inside Jasolyn multitasked and opened a diaper changing table as she lifted Linka's shirt.

Linka could feel herself harden by a sudden heat. The very fire fanned by how snug yet glorious the thought of Jasolyn seeing her with nothing on. She never thought such a freedom could exist again.

They continued to exchange the strength from each other's prodigious lips before Linka removed Jasolyn's shirt. Jasolyn only kept the rhythm going as the former's tongue began to unlock the zest within Linka's own. Their taste buds met as their respective mouths sucked on one another.

Linka didn't care if she wasn't used to the taste of another girl anymore. Reason would still dictate her limits if common sense mattered anymore. While Jasolyn and Linka tongue wrestled the former began to remove her purple shoes with uncomfortable adrenaline as she neither wanted to untie her shoes nor remove her socks separately. It was when the ground pushed its cold surface towards her bare feet that Jasolyn, without warning, rested Linka's pulsating back onto the diaper changing table. Linka was at first perplexed at Jasolyn's pause in their own kissfest before looking up. Jasolyn didn't hesitate to lower her jeans and step out of them before returning to the white-haired girl. Jasolyn kissed her neck, releasing the REAL feline from Linka once the latter began to feel the former's hands undo her bra. The very sweat drip down from the plaid pink of her nipples nearly made Jasolyn blush despite Linka being too caught up in the former's moves to care. The tears from what Linka assumed would be horror turned out to be that same perspiration that represented Linka's indifference.

Jasolyn kissed the rings of Linka's teats before returning to her reddening visage. She continued to caress her mouth with softer kisses before Linka chose to return the favor and proceeded to undo Jasolyn's bra. This excited Jasolyn and impulsed her to remove the hairband, allowing her sunny mane to rival Linka's length. Linka was intoxicated by the spicy aromatherapy of Jasolyn's Peach perfume. After Linka looked away from the image of Jasolyn practically transforming into such a vixen she took it up another notch and flipped their bodies over until Linka was on top. Just as the blonde's expectations had been exceeded enough Linka moved Jasolyn's panties down to her heels.

She slid down to Jasolyn's bare waist and took a mental picture of Jasolyn's bare sex and stuck her mouth into it. She rubbed her tongue into the opening, searching for her cervix. Jasolyn strained a sigh as Linka's once frail yet delicious tongue tasted like promise at last delivered. Soon Jasolyn's sighs evolved into weak squeals as the sensation of her clit being manifested like

this almost made Linka's somewhat weak resolve contagious. Linka valued the advantage and undid her shoelaces before swiftly removing her sneakers. She ignored her socks and skipped to her skirt by removing it out of her person, panties practically glued to them as they slid just as down. Linka cherished Jasolyn's willpower to hold this climax down as the former returned to the table and licked the latter's lips. Despite this borderline emotional instability Jasolyn was all too good at hiding Jasolyn was naught but devoted to satiating willing epicenter. She rose enough to hold Linka's inhaling ribcage as she turned her around. They switched spots once more as Jasonlyn carefully laid Linka flat on her belly. It was a special sort of ache for Jasolyn to harbor seeing Linka like this. Vulnerable yet innocent compared to her sprightly yet licentious being. As if it wasn't enough that she was laid like an equally naked infant with a table to match. Jasolyn wanted Linka to share this wonderful struggle by containing such undeserved ecstasy. Linka felt those same forceful yet caring lips emerge, with tongue, on the back of her neck as the latter began slowly licking down her back, making sure every synapse activated. It was when that tongue reached the closing of Linka's large buttocks that the heat from the blood of the latter's intimacy scorched her face. Yet it wasn't until Jasolyn's tongue touched down the white-haired girl's own slit that Linka felt uncontrollably stiff. Unlike Linka, Jasolyn was far from a newcomer to this. Jasolyn kneaded Linka's stomach as she dampened the many pulsating openings of Ms. Loud. It was the warm, soft touch of Jasolyn's digits when Linka started to clench her eyes close and shriek somewhat louder, if just as intensified, as Jasolyn slithered her palm from Linka's belly to her robust thighs, flexing with the whirlwind they caught themselves in. Linka squinted her eyes open as he best was no longer enough to keep it inside. Jasolyn released her own climax the moment Linka screamed hard enough to make the entire abandoned building they were in tumble down. They both rested onto the surface next to each other. Jasolyn spooned Linka's earnestly frail self as they took a good breather.

"Oh..." Jasolyn said. "By the way...do you still want to know the name of the Trance song?"

Linka remained motionless. She still had the chance to get what she wanted since she got there. And yet she compared it to something else instead.

"Yes" said Linka, before flipping around to kiss Jasolyn again "But yours was better"

Jasolyn smiled as she once again snuggled with her.