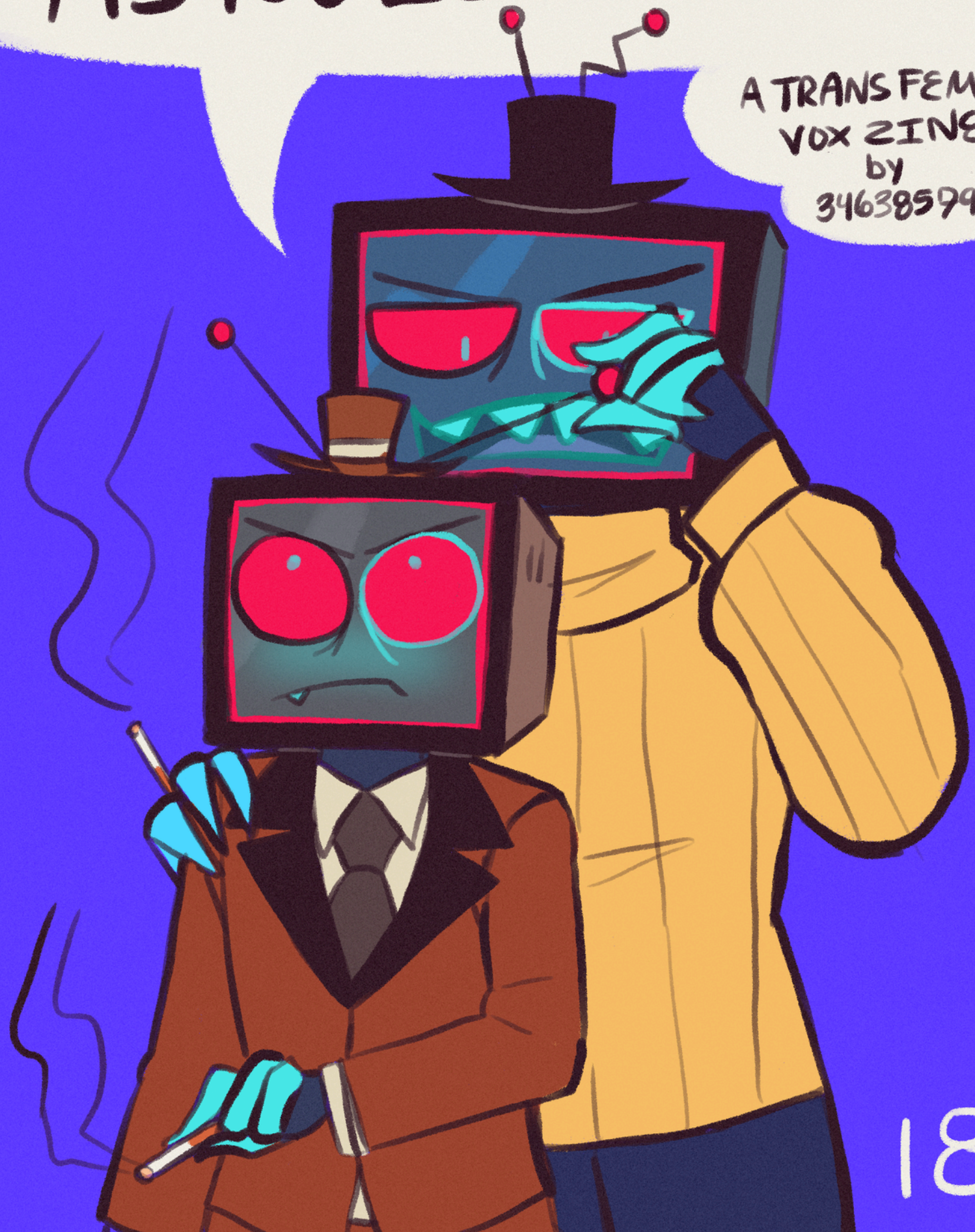


AS YOU LIKE IT! ♡

A TRANS FEM
VOX ZINE
by
346385994



18+



Content Warning

This zine is meant to be read by those who
are **over the age of 18.**

It contains **Gender** and **Body Dysphoria**,
Nudity, Violence, Substance Usage, and
references to **Sex, Abuse** and **Suicide.**

Ships include: **Vox/Valentino** and
Vox/Velvette.

Thanks <3



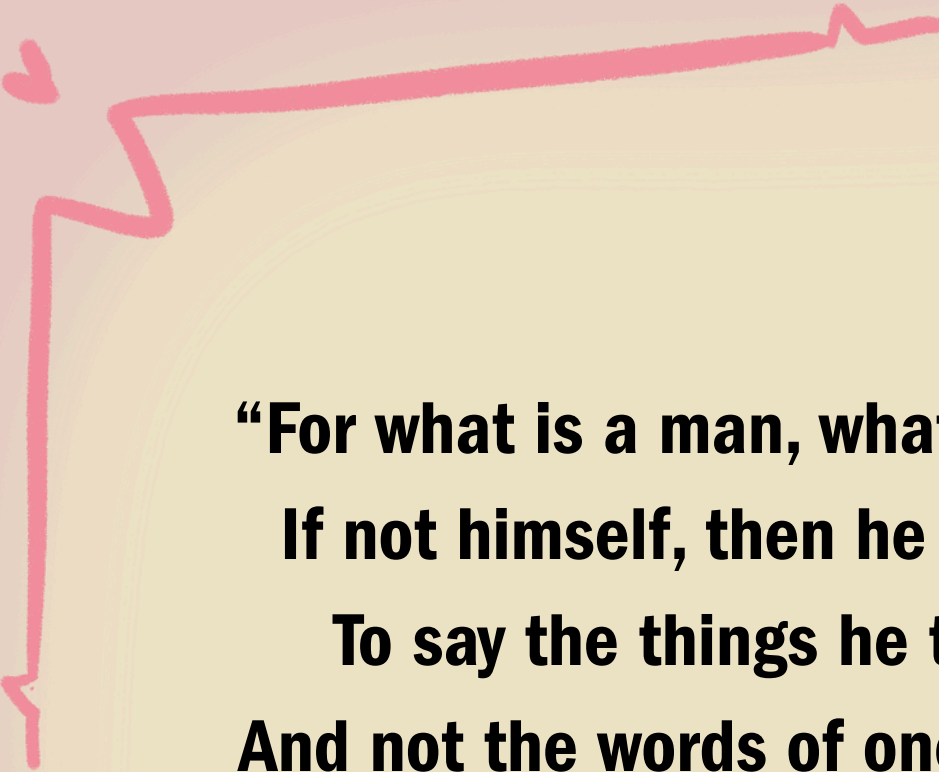


Hiya toots!
who are ya? *

I'm you.
70 years in
the future *

* in masc register

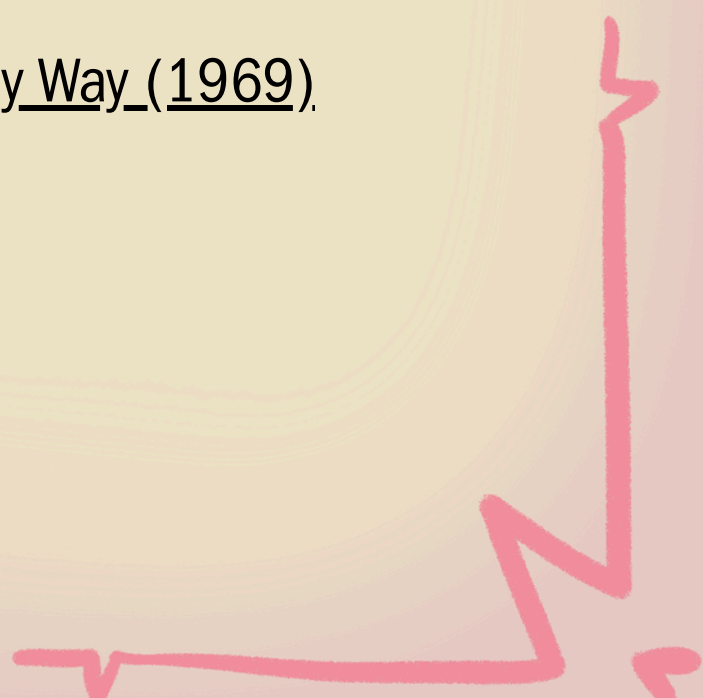




**“For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught
To say the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows
And did it my way**

Yes, it was my way”

Frank Sinatra – My Way (1969).





Okay how does Vox do cocaine?

She rubs it on her gums like a respectable sinner who cares about the state of her nostrils man idk.

Is it pure cocaine though?

Yeah man and they're not sharing.

Why trans Vox, why trans fem Vox?

She really likes the phrase "ropefuel."

So why the Zine?

Someone thought it would be funny to take down ao3 for whatever reason and this project was on the backburner for me anyway. Zine time.

Are you even trans fem?

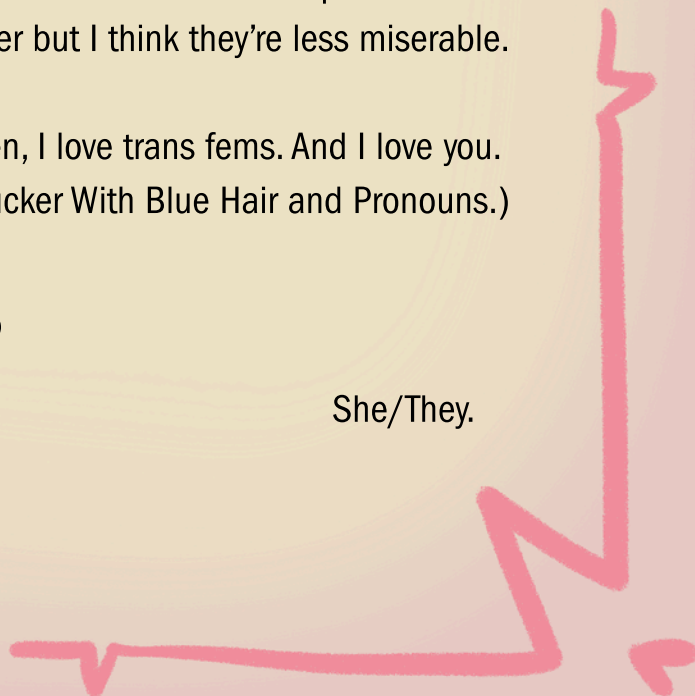
No, I am trans masc.

I live for trans headcanon of my favorite characters. trans fem Vox speaks to me in particular. I don't think she's better but I think they're less miserable.

And I love trans women, I love trans fems. And I love you.
(Vox Hates You Though. Annoying Motherfucker With Blue Hair and Pronouns.)

What are Vox's pronouns?

She/They.





WHOA OKAY
I'm not some
hermaphrodite
or anything!

fucking
Sne! they
↓

you're not.
|
you're not
even a
girl

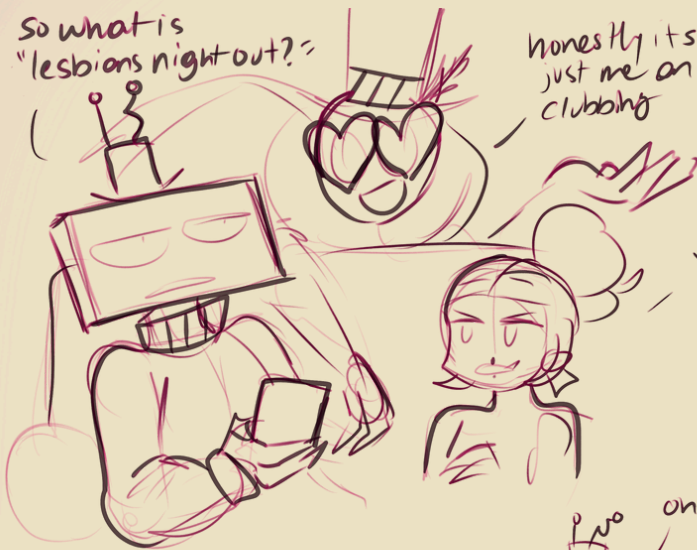
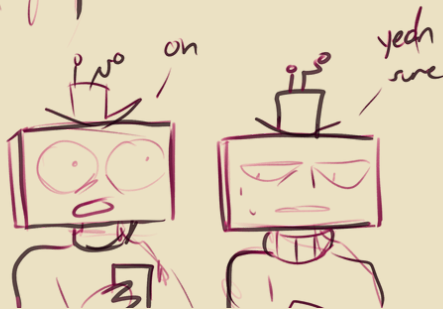
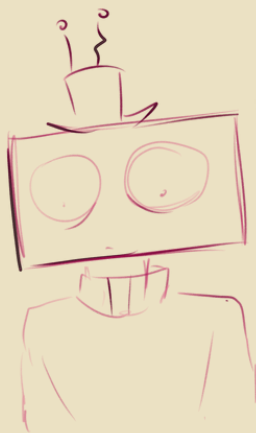




So what is
"lesbians night out?"

honestly its
just me and vel
clubbing

you probably
wouldn't like
it + v



liking
girls...
I like
girls...
they're cute
and soft...

WAIT!
that just
makes
me
straight!



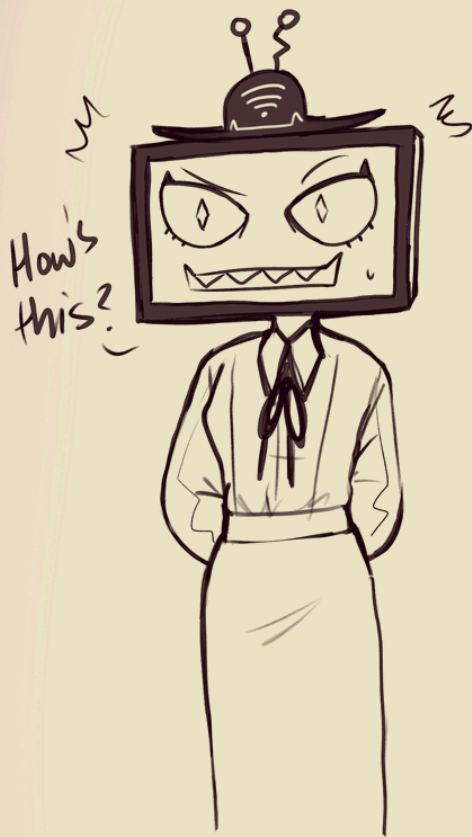
but. in
there are two
girls in
my
need...



himejoshi? →

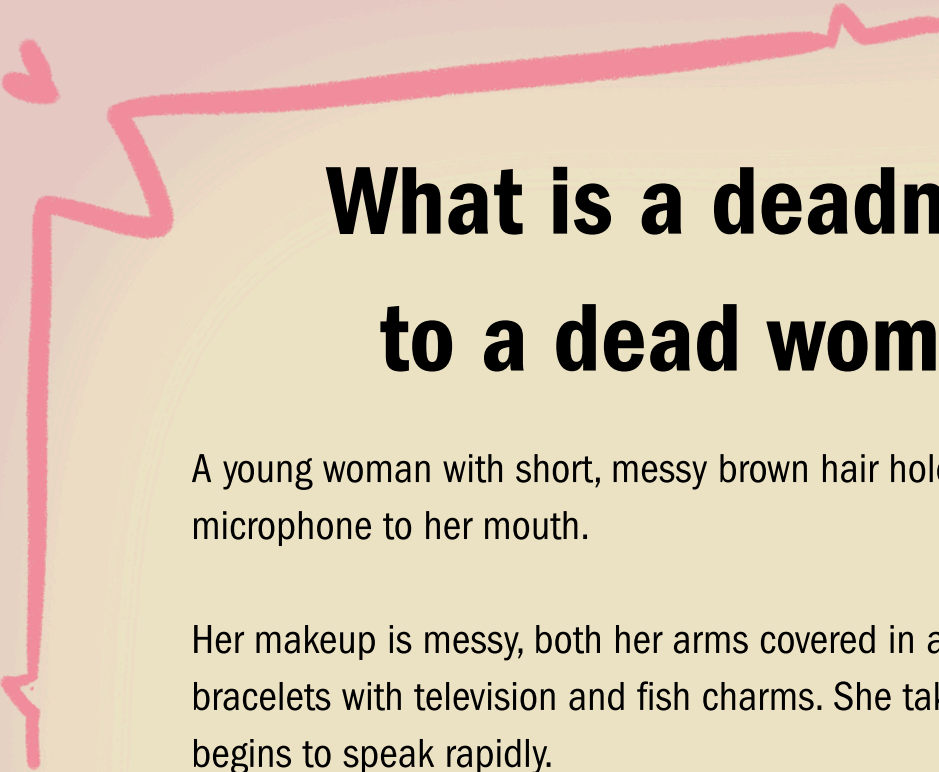






this was my first time drawing trans fem vox hfgkdhk she looks so awkward awwwww. c':





What is a deadname to a dead woman?

A young woman with short, messy brown hair holds a small clip on microphone to her mouth.

Her makeup is messy, both her arms covered in a dozen or blue kandi bracelets with television and fish charms. She takes a deep breath and begins to speak rapidly.

"Did you know Vincent Whittman is a trans woman?" She whispers too closely into the mic, causing an awful amount staticky feedback

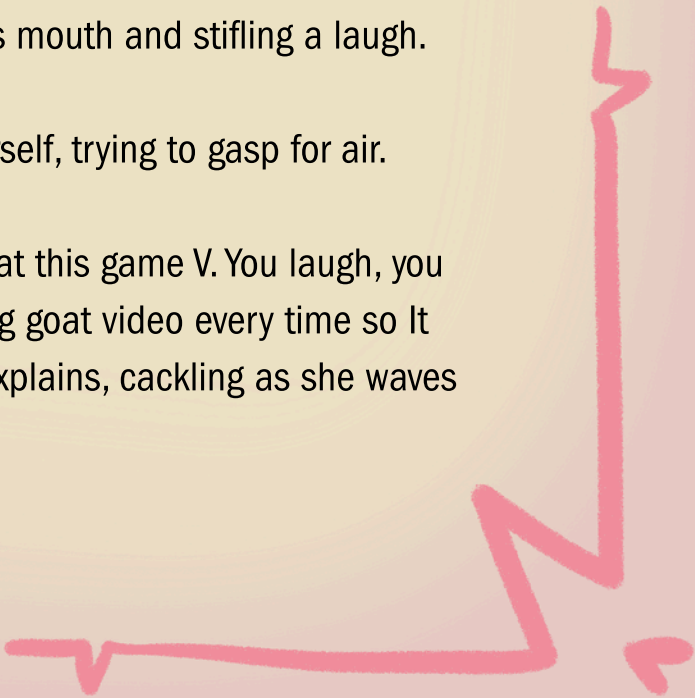
"P-pause."

Velvette grins and taps the middle of her phone, stopping the video just as Vox begins laughing uncontrollably.

"You lose!" Valentino exclaims, holding his mouth and stifling a laugh.

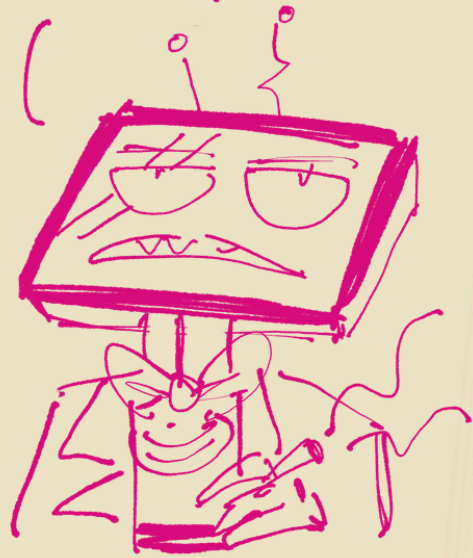
"Fuccccck. That's cheating!" Vox holds herself, trying to gasp for air.

"Not my fault, you know how bad you are at this game V. You laugh, you lose. And you've laughed at that screaming goat video every time so It was time I changed it up a bit." Velvette explains, cackling as she waves her phone around. ♡



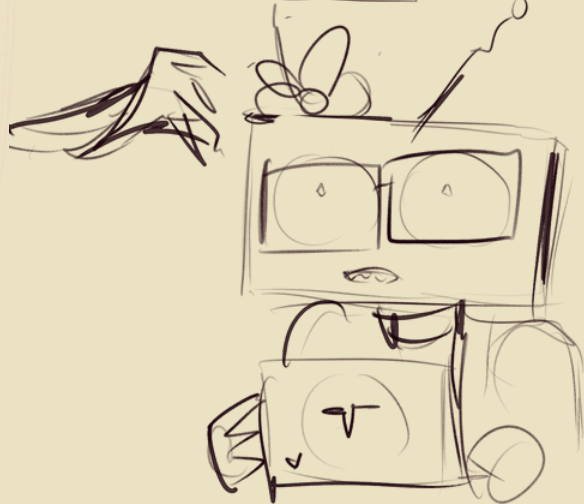


i'm probably nonbinary but
i have a job so i'm not
gonna worry abt that rn



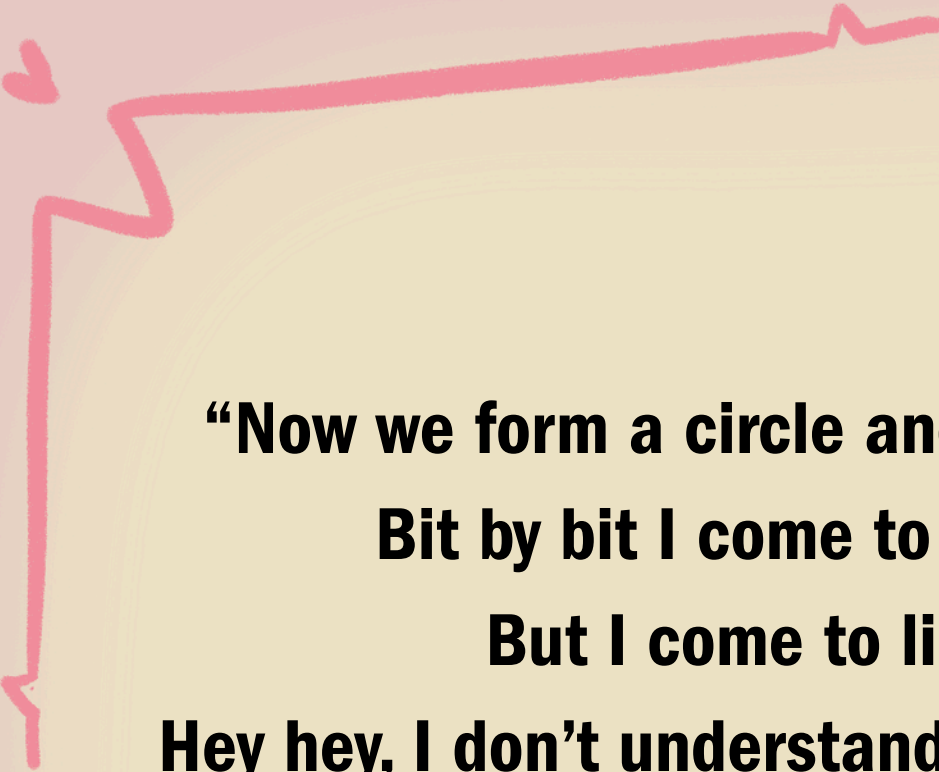


Okay like
here's a REALLY
rare subtype
of Scream Rain
called Scream Snow
and it was —



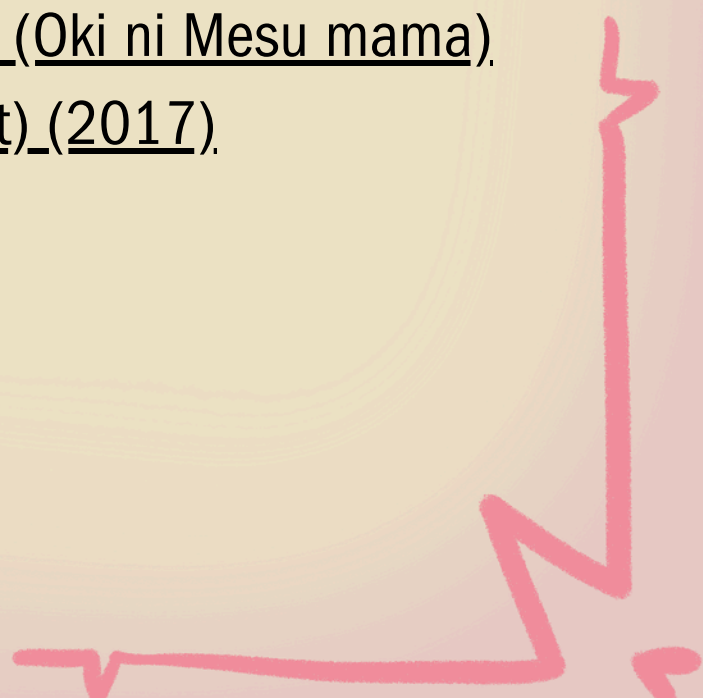
keep
talking
pabe





**“Now we form a circle and start to spin
Bit by bit I come to hate it,
But I come to like it
Hey hey, I don’t understand the meeting of
my selves
We steadily close the gap
But we remain far apart.”**

Eve - お気に召すまま (Oki ni Mesu mama).
(As You Like it)_(2017).



OK...



so listen up: you need
to hire computer programmers
and engineers from
DARPA and UC Berkeley.
Bay Area Phreakers.
Lure them in with

cocaine
and Adderall

they will
build
computers
and
phones
for
you.



Got it
cocaine
and all that
other shit



you will also
need a lot
of spirondactone
and estradiol
later but focus
on the speed.





Here's the (after)life I've always longed for

Originally published: June 2026

Velvette almost forgot what her face looks like without the heavy eyeliner, eyeshadow and lashes.

It must be the images of her all over the internet and the posters plastered all across the tower. When she wipes everything off for the day and stares at herself in the mirror, it's not her. It's someone else.

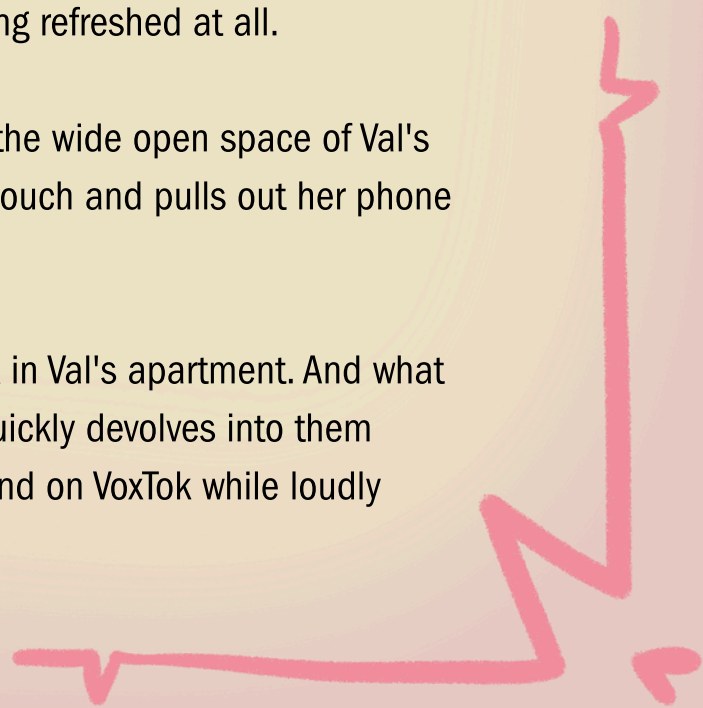
Valentino and Vox have seen her enough times without the heavy makeup, they don't usually comment or even bat an eye.

But Velvette only sees her face like this only a few times a day.

She gently washes her plastic face with water and pats it down with a towel. She cringes at the sight in the mirror once more as she shakes her head and leaves Val's toilet room not feeling refreshed at all.

Velvette makes a beeline for the couch in the wide open space of Val's penthouse apartment. She jumps on the couch and pulls out her phone immediately.

Usually, The Vees got together once a week in Val's apartment. And what starts out as "casual after work debrief" quickly devolves into them showing each other stupid videos they found on VoxTok while loudly complaining about their day.





Velvette always looks forward to their weekly bitch sesh, it's one of the very few times she ever gets the the chance to relax.

Val and Kitty were putting together drinks. They wandered over to the couch where Val, martini in hand, collapses on top of a large shark soft toy. He throws back his head and groans loudly.

"Shit week huh?" Velvette inquires, as Kitty rolls over and hands her a blue lagoon.

"You won't fucking believe it." Val whines before sipping his martini.

"Spoilers: Tiffany Tittfucker is an entitled cunt but that isn't the news— I'm gonna wait until Vox gets here to spill." He continues, his eyes going wide as he gestures to the entire room.

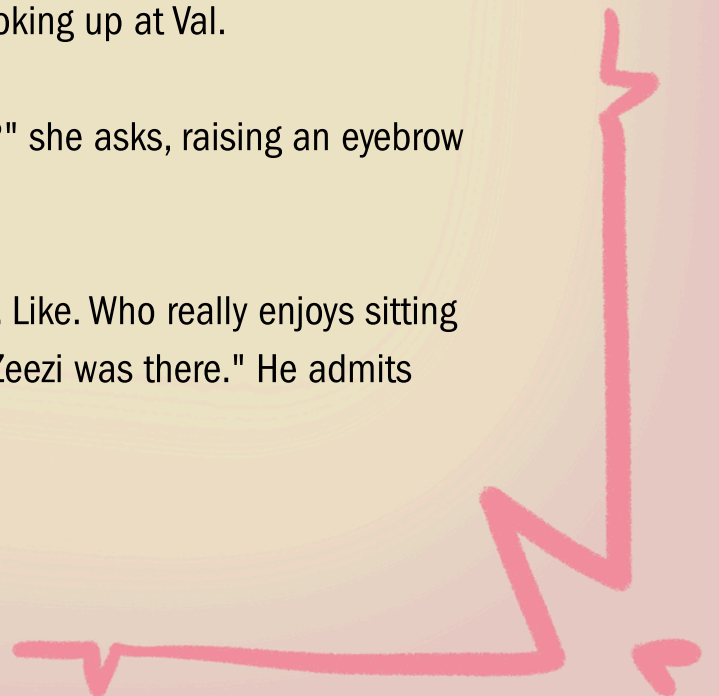
Velvette nods, drinking her cocktail as Kitty places a bottle of bourbon and a glass on the coffee table in front of them.

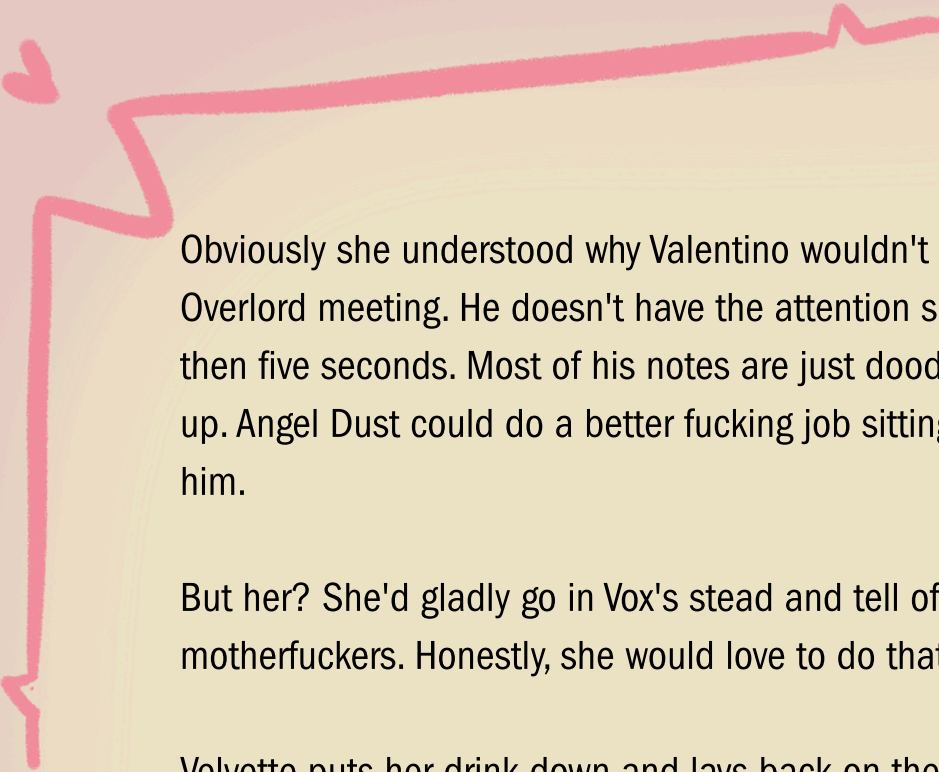
She cocks her head at the bottle before looking up at Val.

"Was the Overlord meeting really that bad?" she asks, raising an eyebrow at him.

Val shrugs his shoulders. "I mean probably. Like. Who really enjoys sitting in a room with those losers? I'd only go if Zeezi was there." He admits with a laugh.

Velvette shakes her head.





Obviously she understood why Valentino wouldn't want to go to an Overlord meeting. He doesn't have the attention span to sit there for more than five seconds. Most of his notes are just doodles of Vox getting tied up. Angel Dust could do a better fucking job sitting in a boardroom than him.

But her? She'd gladly go in Vox's stead and tell off some of those geriatric motherfuckers. Honestly, she would love to do that more often.

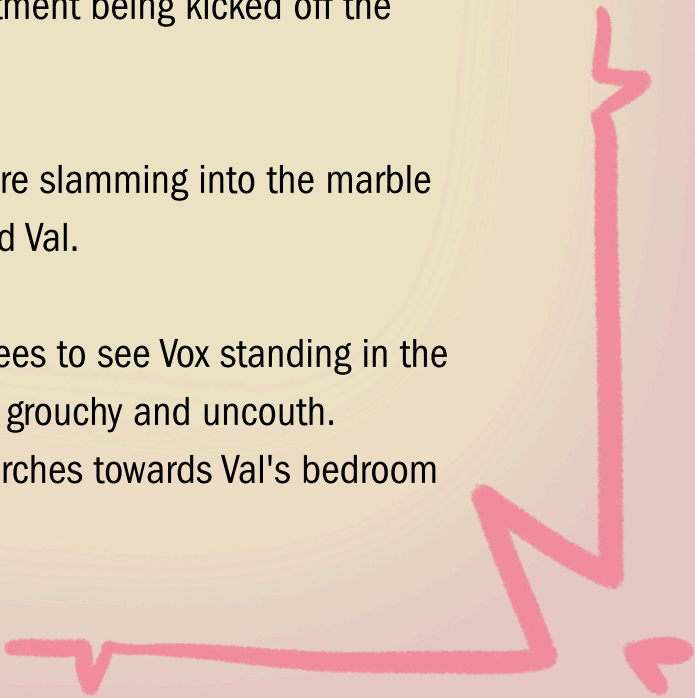
Velvette puts her drink down and lays back on the arm of the couch in a huff. "I'd put those bitches in their place for her." she argues, a grin forming on her face.

"So true, I don't even know why she doesn't ask." Val agrees, snapping his fingers on three sets of hands while swirling his martini in the fourth. Velvette nods, squinting her eyes at Val.

"Yeah, If Vox put me in char—" she begins to explain as she is interrupted by the noise of the front door of Val's apartment being kicked off the hinges.

The loud bang of the thick, wooden structure slamming into the marble floor of the penthouse startles both her and Val.

Velvette swings her head around 180 degrees to see Vox standing in the middle of the doorway looking exceedingly grouchy and uncouth. Wordlessly, Vox undoes her bowtie. She marches towards Val's bedroom and slams the door shut.





Val shakes his head and looks over at Kitty. "Could you go fix that for Papi?" He asks the robot casually, pointing to door lying on the floor of his apartment.

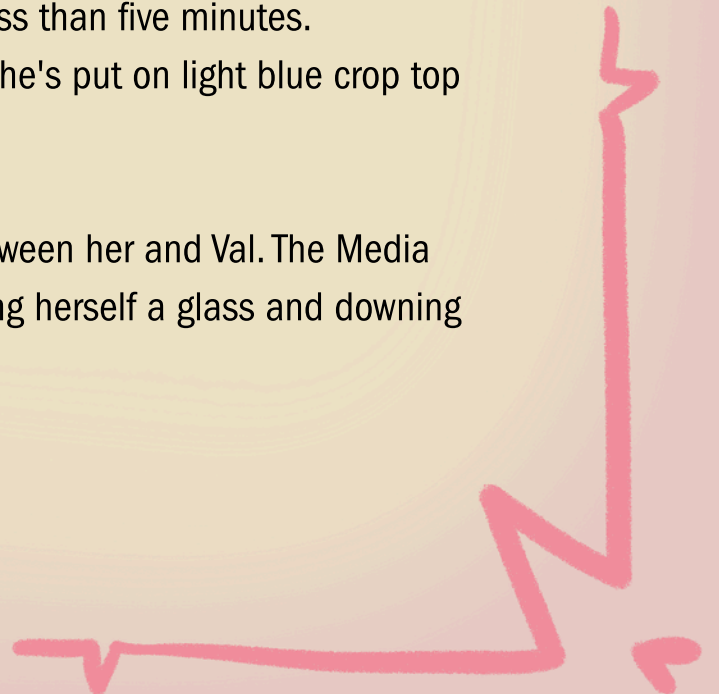
The robot nods, setting down her serving plate to scour the apartment for tools.

Velvette turns her head back around and pulls out her phone. In other news, Vox is in a mood. Water is wet.

Velvette plays around on Sinstagram, leaving a bunch of passive aggressive comments under Verosika Mayday's recent vacation photos. She shows some of the replies to Valentino and laughs at the idol stans in the comments section viciously doxxing each other over some succubus whore.

Kitty clamors around, quickly reattaching the penthouse door to its frame and going back to mixing their drinks in less than five minutes. Eventually, Vox emerges from Val's room. She's put on light blue crop top and baggy flannel trousers.

Vox jumps over top the couch, landing between her and Val. The Media Overlord silently grabs the bourbon, pouring herself a glass and downing the entire drink in one sweeping motion.





She places the glass and the bottle down on the table and slumps forward, with her antennas following suit.

Velvette notices her LED screen is smudged. Small rainbow streaks near her eyes, mimicking makeup, was smeared down her screen.

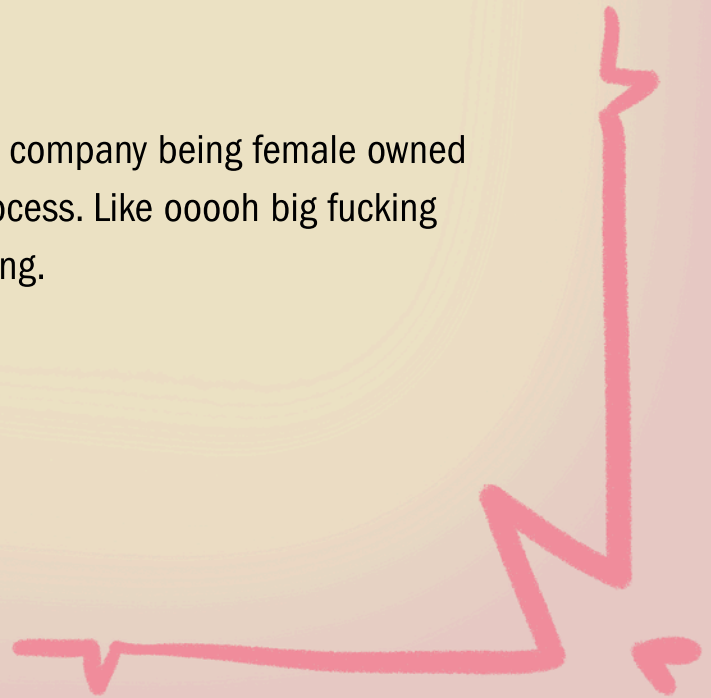
Clearly she'd been crying, but Velvette would not dare mention that aloud. Instead, she only draws attention to the bourbon.

"Shit fucking meeting huh?" Velvette asks, pointing to the bottle as she continues to scroll on her phone.

Vox lets out a deep growl, before clearing her throat and pouring herself another glass.

"Did you know I don't know shit about women in STEM? Because according to Carmilla Carmine I sure fuckin' don't." she snarls before downing another glass.

"She was talking big fucking shit about her company being female owned and led. Prioritizing women in her hiring process. Like ooooh big fucking deal." Vox rants, rolling her eyes to the ceiling.





"So we're fuckin Overlords, what's the point in discriminating against a sinners gender if it's another fucking body we can have in the building? If they're shit, we send them to the mailroom! But the talented ones get promoted of course." She continues, snapping her fingers. Summoning several blue projections in front of the couch.

Vox grabs the bottle and the glass. She leaps onto the coffee table and starts pacing around, pouring herself yet another glass.

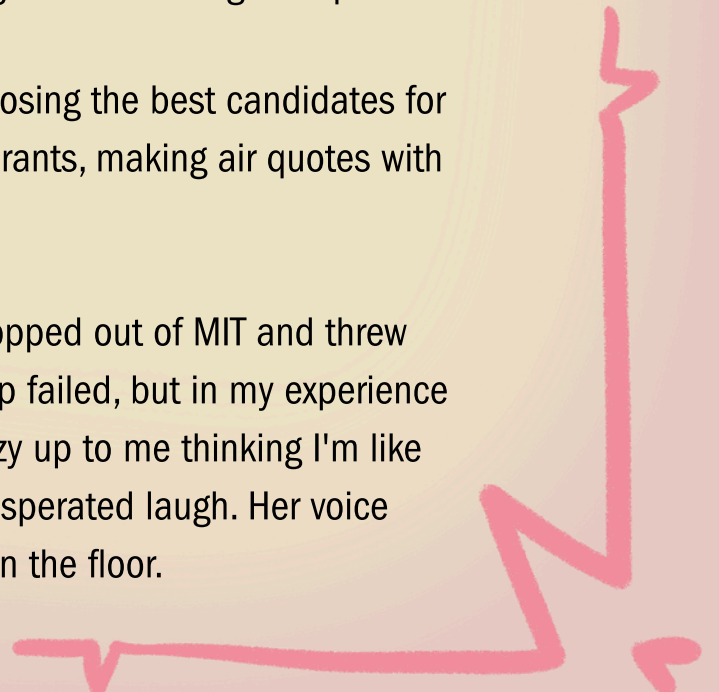
"In the case of scientists like Baxter, fuck, I even hire them outright. Just give them the money to build the fucking things I want. Build their brand. If their vision aligns with mine and there is more money to be made! Vox explains, gesturing to the ceiling.

She downs her third glass of bourbon and points at Velvette. "That's why you're here, Vel." she adds, with a lopsided grin on her face.

"Mhmm..." Velvette nods quietly, continuing to scroll through her phone.

"I don't know how my comment about 'choosing the best candidates for promotions' means anything but that." Vox rants, making air quotes with her claws.

"I could hire any mediocre fuckboy who dropped out of MIT and threw themselves out a window after their start-up failed, but in my experience most of them are entitled bastards who cozy up to me thinking I'm like Elon or Zuckerberg. " She adds with an exasperated laugh. Her voice cracking as she sets the bottle and glass on the floor.





"I'm better than those lousy fucks! I invested in those algorithms they use to run their sites years before they realized there was any money to be made on them!" Vox argues, raising her voice. Sparks of electricity zapping through her antenna as they bounce up and down.

She continues to pace around the coffee table, throwing her right arm behind her back as she continues to gesticulate wildly at the room. "And those same shitheads think they can get away with half-assed work. They don't think I notice them vibe coding, but I do." she adds with a snort.

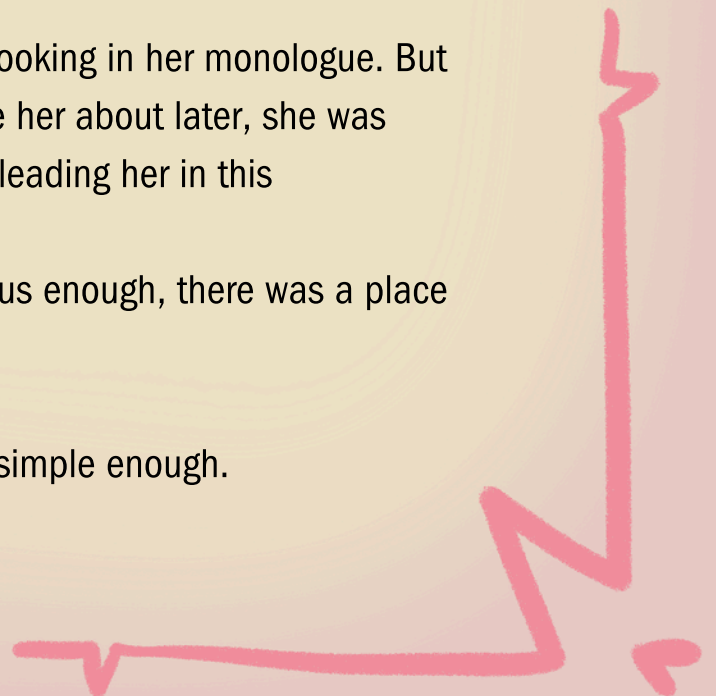
Velvette has put away her phone and was paying closer attention to what her friend was ranting about. She raises her eyebrow at Val.

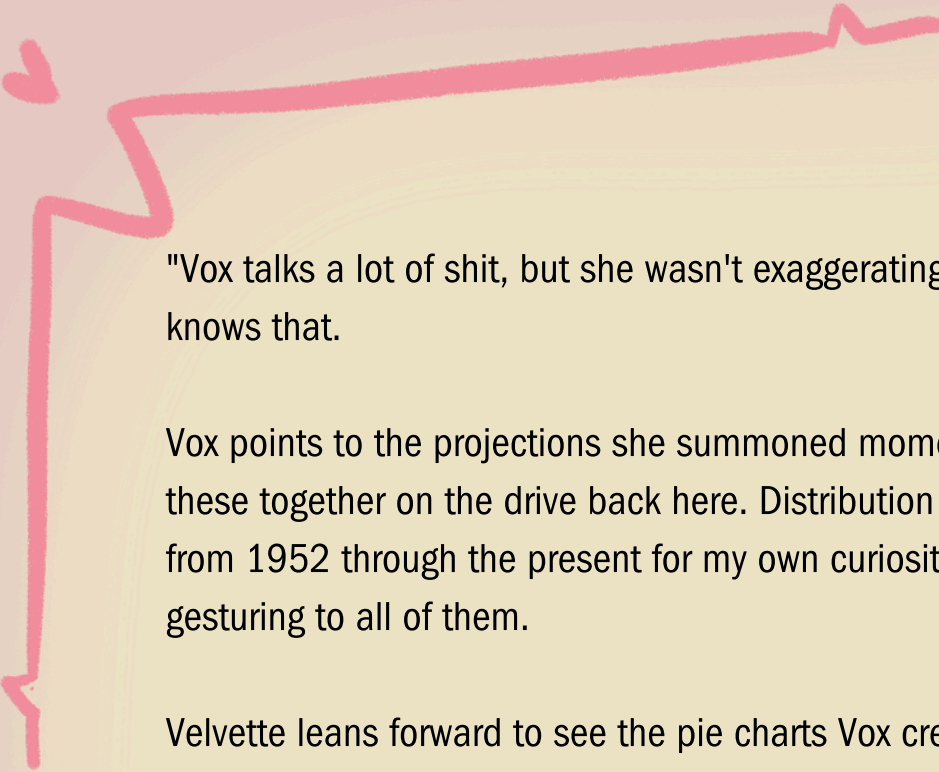
Val silently cocks his head to the side. He rolls his eyes, shakes his head, and shrugs wearily.

There were a few key pieces Vox was overlooking in her monologue. But that's something Velvette could interrogate her about later, she was mostly following where the TV demon was leading her in this conversation.

If you were beautiful, ruthless and ambitious enough, there was a place for you at VoxTek.

Just don't be complete and utter rubbish, simple enough.





"Vox talks a lot of shit, but she wasn't exaggerating in this case. Velvette knows that.

Vox points to the projections she summoned moments earlier. "I threw these together on the drive back here. Distribution of employee genders from 1952 through the present for my own curiosity." she explains, gesturing to all of them.

Velvette leans forward to see the pie charts Vox created, tilting her head to get a better look. Sometimes the projections were tough to read unless she was up close.

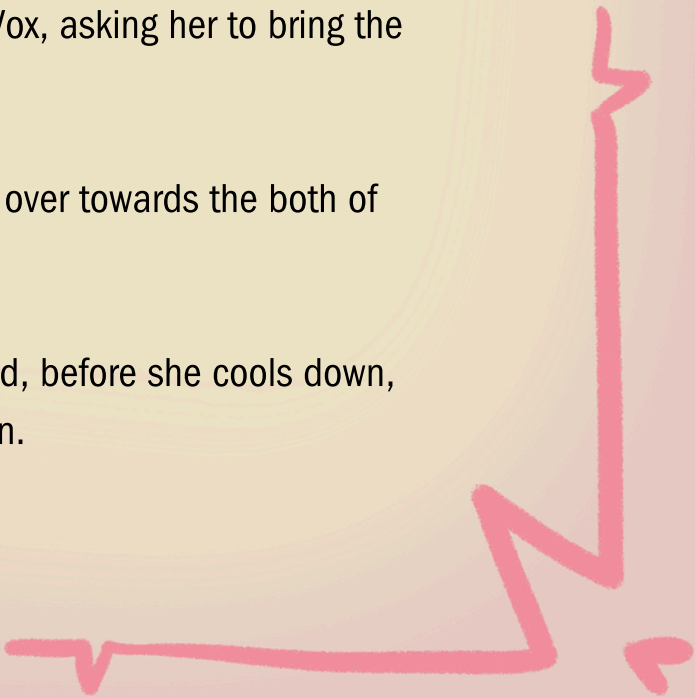
Fuck, was her eyesight getting worse in Hell? If she needed reading glasses like Val and Vox she'd kill herself.

"As you can see—" Vox starts winding up for her next diatribe as Val interrupts.

"Actually, could you like..." He gestures to Vox, asking her to bring the projections closer to the couch.

Vox rolls her eyes and flicks the projections over towards the both of them, Valentino blows her a kiss in reply.

Vox's screen turns a bright cyan for a second, before she cools down, clears her throat, and begins speaking again.





"As you can see from the charts here, my staff here at VoxTek has always been overwhelmingly female. 60 percent are female, 20 percent are male, the other 20 percent is... whatever I don't really care." Vox argues, as she leans forward and points to the pie chart in front of Velvette.

"And— do you know how many computer programmers and engineers crack their eggs falling here? A whole fucking ton. As long as they can hyperfixate on their code I don't care what fucking drugs they take to make themselves feel better." she claims, standing back up and marching over to Val's side of the couch.

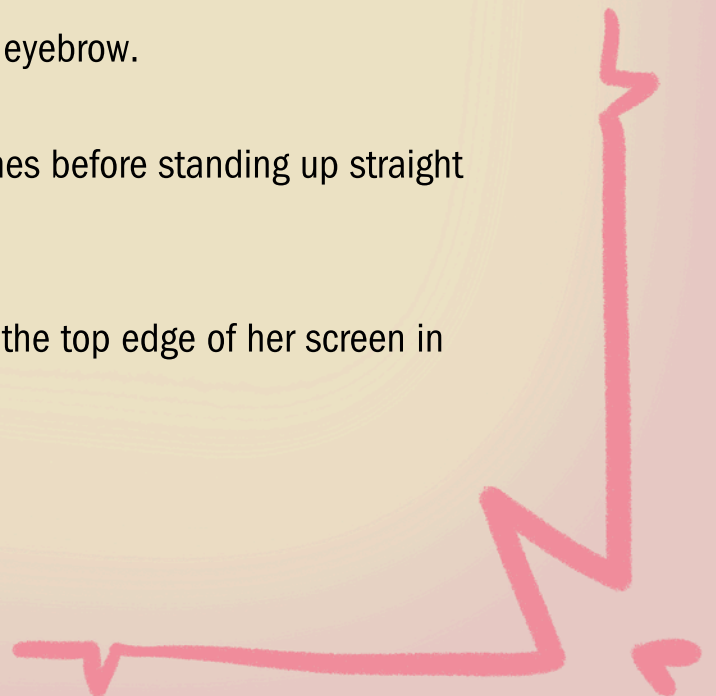
Vox pauses for a moment in front of Val. She puts her hands on her hips, squeezing them tightly as she takes a deep breath.

"I could probably dig into these demographics more if I had the time. But my point stands: VoxTek has always had women in numbers. From the lowly ranks, up to the top with Velvette—"

"—and you." Velvette interrupts, raising her eyebrow.

Vox halts. She blinks at Velvette several times before standing up straight and shaking her head.

"Nah, I don't count." She answers, holding the top edge of her screen in her hand.





Vox gestures rapidly to her body and laughs. "I mean, look at me. What about this is objectively feminine?"

Velvette sits up straight. She feels her eye begin to twitch, her face getting warm and hot as she clenches her fists and—

She snaps back into focus.

Velvette cannot get angry right now. She cannot lose her shit over a senseless, bullshit comment like that.

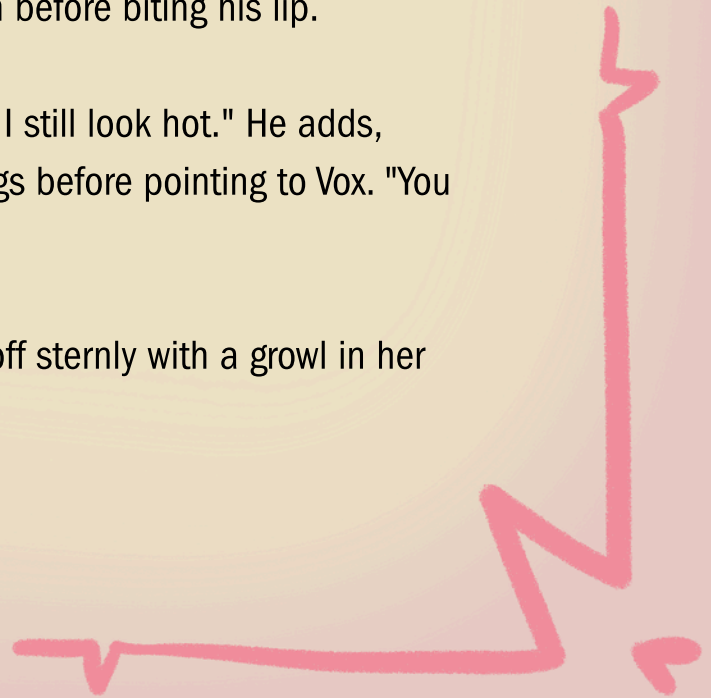
She takes a moment to recalibrate. Velvette sighs, loosens up her body and clicks her tongue.

"Self-deprecation isn't a good look, V." she retorts, narrowing her eyes at Vox.

Val squints at Vox, looking her up and down before biting his lip.

"I'm like not really passable either but like, I still look hot." He adds, sitting up on the couch and crossing his legs before pointing to Vox. "You just need to learn how to pose better—"

"That's not it either Val." Velvette cuts him off sternly with a growl in her voice.





She turns her attention back to the now slumped over TV demon standing on the coffee table.

Fucking hell, she was going to have to do everything around here. As usual.

She examined Vox, letting her eyes wander all over the Media Overlord's body.

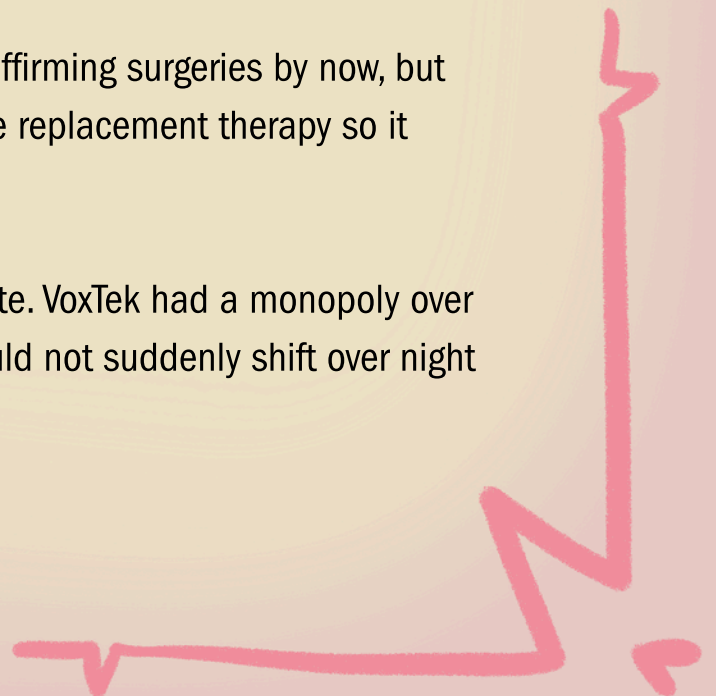
Velvette finds several holes in her friend's argument.

Vee's brand was perfection. There was no wonder why Vox focused so intensely on her presentation.

Vox reluctantly boymodes outside Val's apartment. The suit, tie and little top hat were just a shield as she rebuilt her own body into something she deemed fit for public view.

She could have gotten a bunch of gender affirming surgeries by now, but she opted with the slower route of hormone replacement therapy so it didn't wreck VoxTek's "market position."

Which was rubbish excuse if you ask Velvette. VoxTek had a monopoly over media in the seven rings. The economy would not suddenly shift over night due to Vox coming out as a trans.





To put it simply this song and dance Vox played was simply because she was not to come out yet.

And Velvette could sing along for now, but she was getting tired of it.

Velvette noticed that Vox wasn't even wearing a crop top. It was a stretched out sports bra she'd probably been using to bind her breasts. It was kind of doing a shit job if Velvette was honest. It was probably her cravat and bowtie doing most of the work hiding them under her suit.

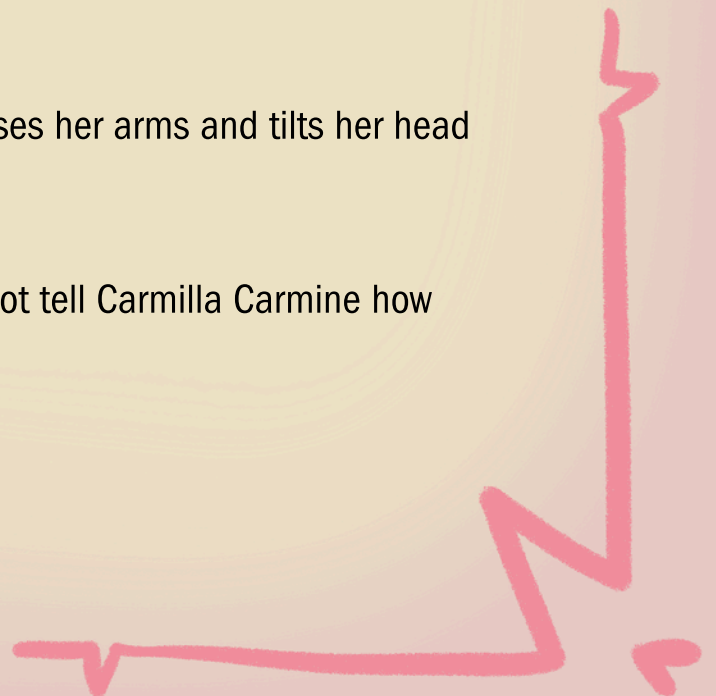
After a year of hormone replacement therapy, Vox already bigger tits than her. Velvette should just kill her right here and now.

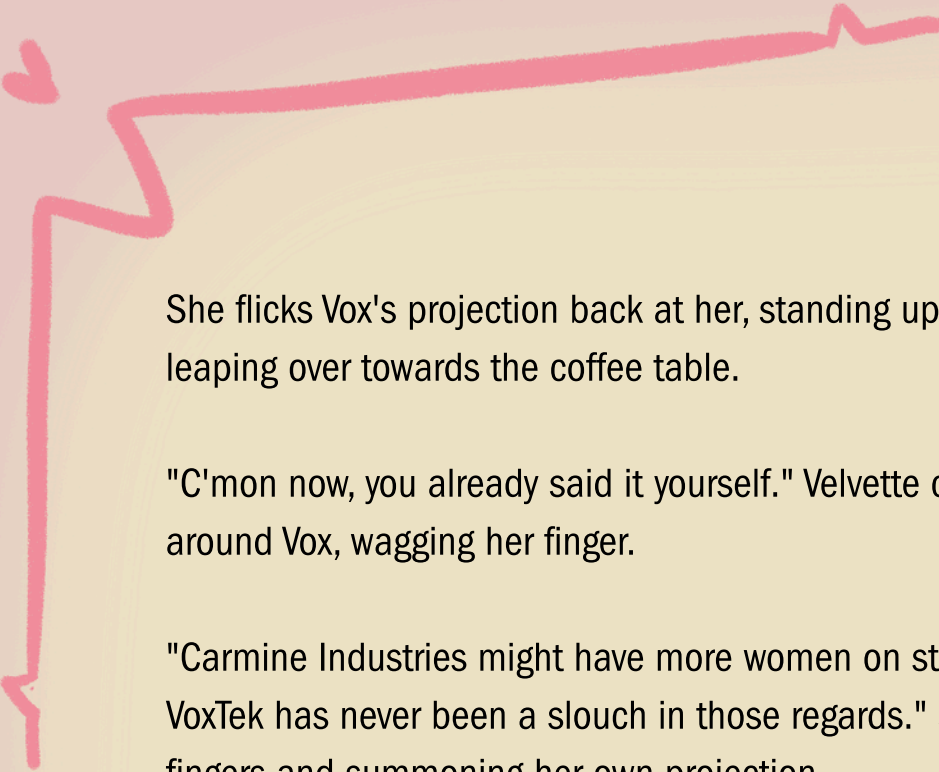
Vox even looks softer, especially around her hips and her thighs. Velvette could reach out and grab her by the waist and feel that for herself, she wants to.

She would like that.

Velvette swallows those thoughts. She crosses her arms and tilts her head at a 90 degree angle.

"I just think you're angry because you cannot tell Carmilla Carmine how wrong she is." Velvette points out bluntly.





She flicks Vox's projection back at her, standing up on the couch and leaping over towards the coffee table.

"C'mon now, you already said it yourself." Velvette continues, circling around Vox, wagging her finger.

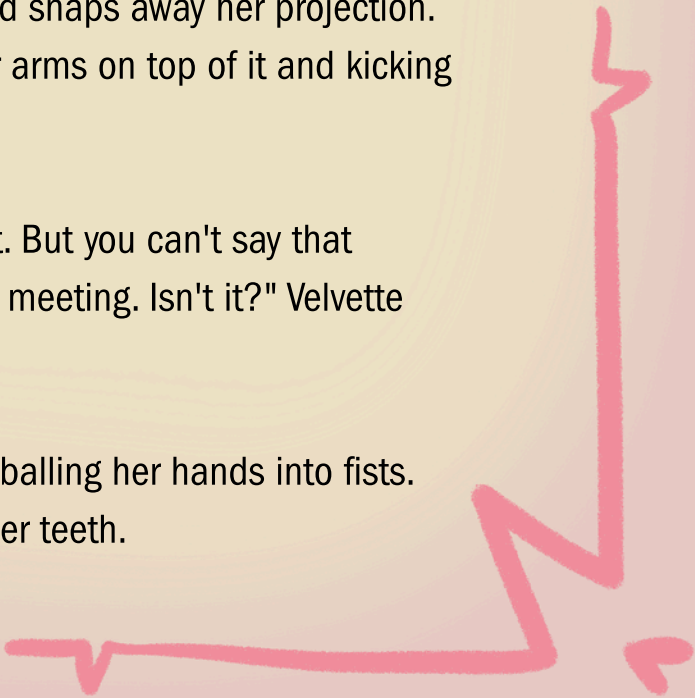
"Carmin Industries might have more women on staff, whatever. But VoxTek has never been a slouch in those regards." she adds, snapping her fingers and summoning her own projection.

"While she earns blood money funding turf wars, we have the monopoly on the media industry. We're far more profitable than her." She argues, flicking a chart comparing the profits of both companies in front of Vox. Vox silently pokes at Velvette's projection, blinking a few times trying to fully process what she was telling her.

"That alone makes you the most successful businesswoman in all of the Seven Rings. However—" Velvette pauses and snaps away her projection. She jumps back onto the couch, resting her arms on top of it and kicking her feet up on the coffee table.

"—The problem is you know you've earned it. But you can't say that publicly. That's what's eating you about that meeting. Isn't it?" Velvette concludes, raising her eyebrow.

Vox, stares at her for a few seconds, before balling her hands into fists. Her face turning a bright cyan as she grits her teeth.





"I can't just go and and say 'Oh hey, actually. I'm a woman. I just realized this about 70 years into my afterlife. Now put me at the top of your Women in Tech lists." Vox yells, her voice cracking slightly.

Valentino nods before looking at Velvette, his eyebrows furrowed with a painful look in his eyes.

"Yeah not gonna lie, that's a bad look." He agrees hesitantly with a shrug. Velvette shakes her head, eyes darting between Val and Vox before sighing.

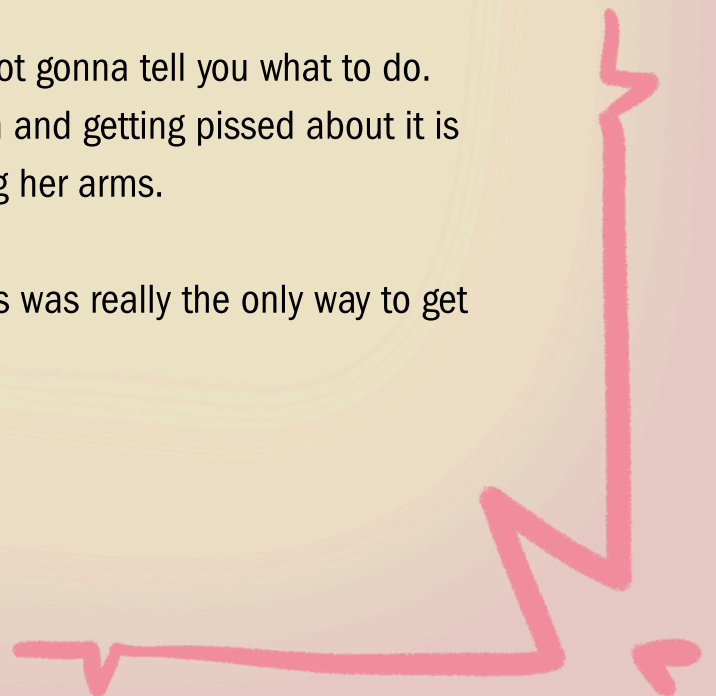
"Well you're going to have to own it eventually V, or be miserable forever." she scoffs as she rests her eyes on Vox.

The sides of Vox's mouth twitches, as her screen refreshes twice.

"I could do that, it's not that hard." she replies through gritted teeth, her voice pitched up and staticky.

Velvette clicks her tongue. "Sure, and I'm not gonna tell you what to do. But I also don't think kicking the door open and getting pissed about it is a good look for a CEO." she snaps, crossing her arms.

Velvette, of course, was ragebaiting Vox. This was really the only way to get through to her.





And Velvette knows Vox could react in one or two ways: She could strangle her with her wires for being correct. Or, Vox could shut down and give up for now, because she is correct.

Either one works for her, but in this case Vox chooses the latter.

The TV demon's screen goes from a bright cyan to a pitch black as her monitor shuts off. She slowly climbs off the table and slumps over to Val. Falling into the moth's already open arms. This was standard operating procedure when Vox's CPU experiences a fatal error.

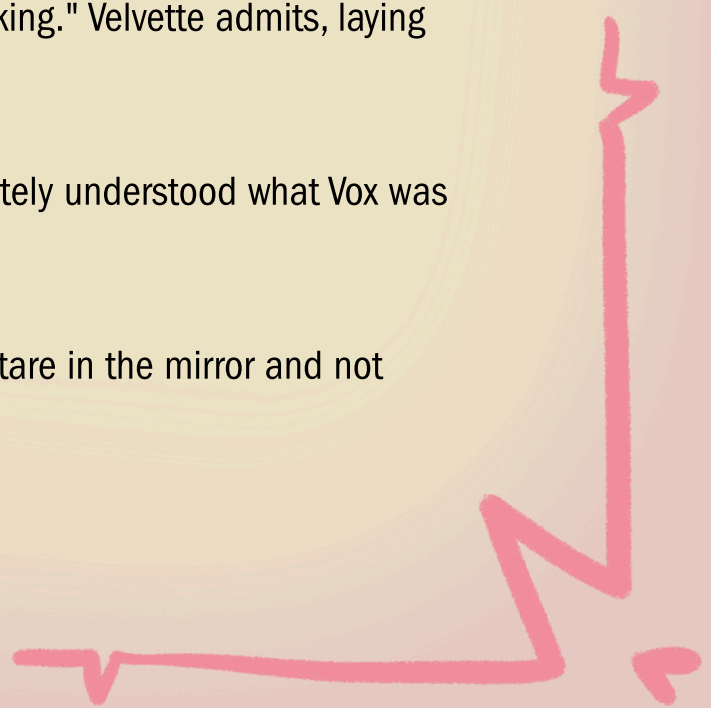
"You're being kind to her tonight." Valentino whispers, flicking Vox's right antenna as she rebooted herself into safe mode.

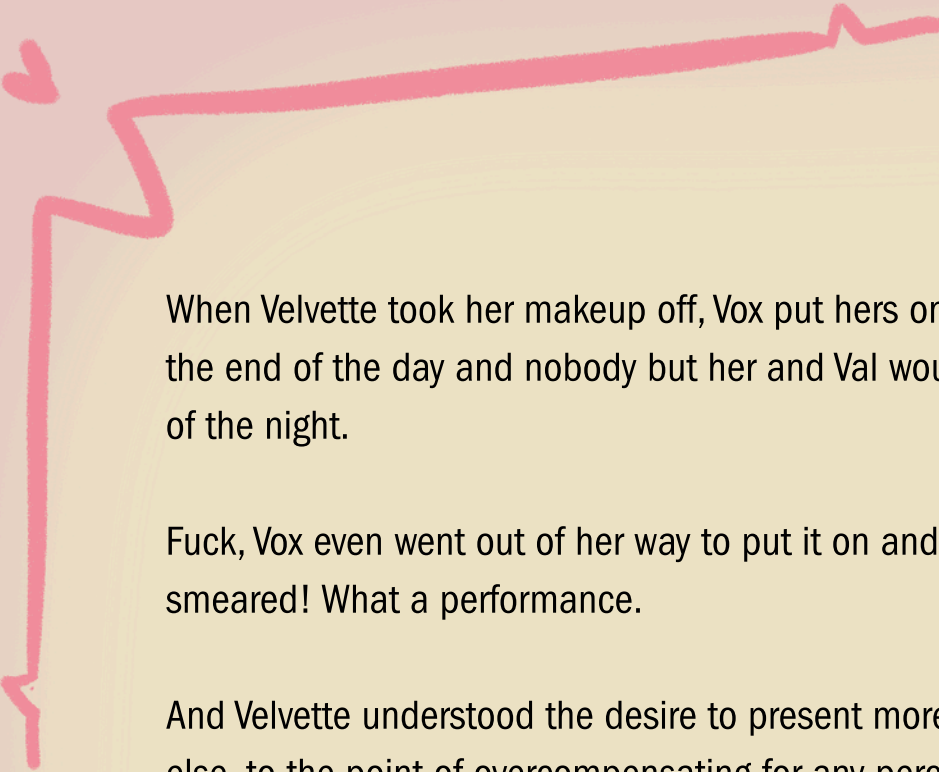
Velvette shrugs, as she falls over onto Vox, wrapping her own arms around her body in a tight, warm hug.

"I'm fucking annoyed she said she didn't look 'feminine' enough, like the patches and pills I made for her aren't working." Velvette admits, laying her head on Vox's chest.

Velvette isn't gonna lie and say she completely understood what Vox was going through.

However, she did know what it was like to stare in the mirror and not recognize the face staring back at you.





When Velvette took her makeup off, Vox put hers on. Even though it was the end of the day and nobody but her and Val would see her for the rest of the night.

Fuck, Vox even went out of her way to put it on and then cry so it looked smeared! What a performance.

And Velvette understood the desire to present more perfect than anyone else, to the point of overcompensating for any perceived flaws. She made a career of it. It was her job to tell sinners and hellborn alike they wouldn't be beautiful unless they bought her potions.

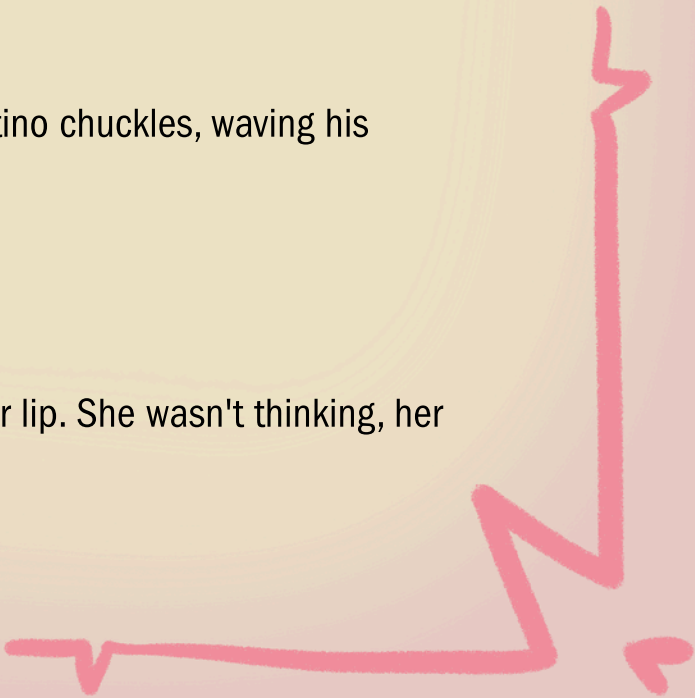
And, dammit. She knew the drugs she was making for Vox were working. She could see it! She could feel it, on her face—

"Oh fuck!" She shrieks, pushing herself up and bracing her arms on the side of the couch. She feels the blood rushing to her cheeks as she stares down at the still offline Vox.

"Awww, you looked really cozy there." Valentino chuckles, waving his phone around in his one open hand.

Of course that fucker filmed her.

She looks away from Valentino and bites her lip. She wasn't thinking, her body just... ended up on top of Vox's. Fuck.





"What was that Bible verse again? Something, something about God admiring her work?" Valentino continues to cackle as he presses record on his phone again.

Velvette growls at him, before sighing.

"Then God blessed the se— sixth or eighth day, give or take— and made it holy, because on it she rested from all the work of creating that she had done." Velvette paraphrases and lays back down on Vox's chest.

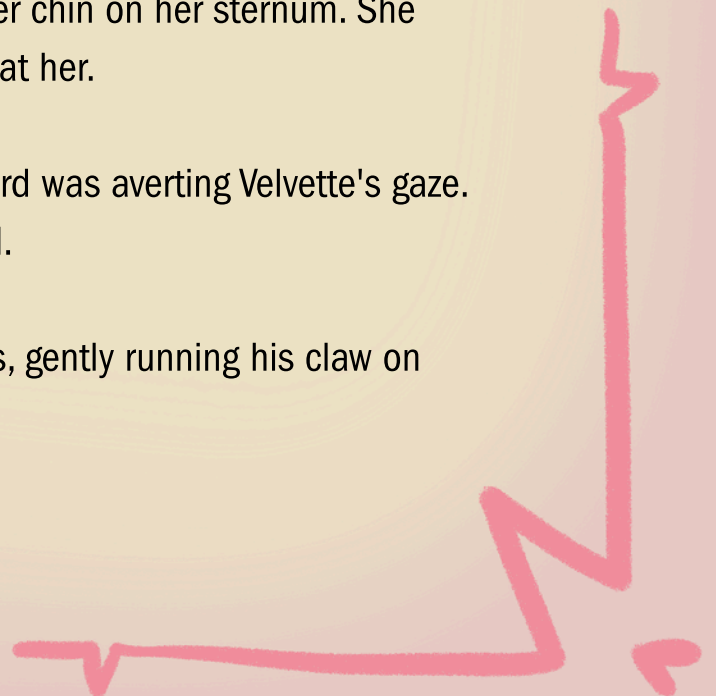
"Oohh, I forgot you were a church girlie." Val laughs harder, wrapping his bottom set of arms around her and Vox.

"I would rather forget." Velvette mutters into Vox's bra, her arms falling to the sides of the couch.

Then, a few moments later, she feels the gentle tap of claws on her back. Velvette looks up from Vox's chest, laying her chin on her sternum. She puffs out her cheeks and narrows her eyes at her.

Vox's screen is bright, but the Media Overlord was averting Velvette's gaze. She looks at the head of the couch instead.

"How are you feeling babe?" Valentino asks, gently running his claw on top of her display.





"Headache." She mumbles in a staticky voice.

"Mmm... you know you were mocking Velvette's work earlier." Valentino mutters before flicking her antenna again.

Vox continues to look uncomfortably off to the side. Her mouth twitches, revealing part of her overbite that she always tried to hide.

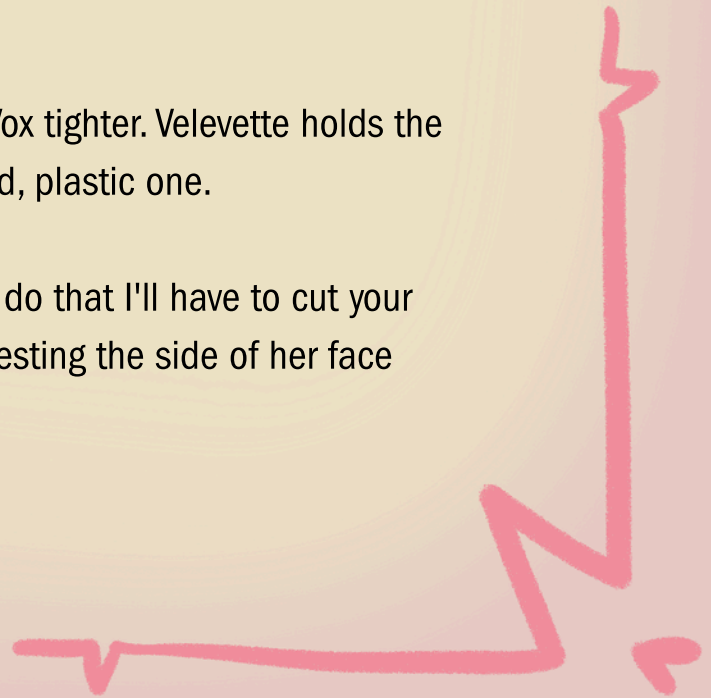
And Velvette has long thought Vox's smile was cute, along with her big heterochromatic eyes that looked like they would bulge outta their eye sockets if she had a human skull.

She was funny, silly and messy bitch. Always biting off more than she could chew, always getting in over head.

It would be an insult to Velvette's brand to admit so casually that these little imperfections were beautiful to her. She couldn't, not tonight at the very least.

Velvette squeezes her eyes shut and hugs Vox tighter. Velvette holds the Media Overlord's soft body close to her rigid, plastic one.

"You disrespected my friend. Next time you do that I'll have to cut your head off." She mutters indignantly before resting the side of her face against Vox's chest again.

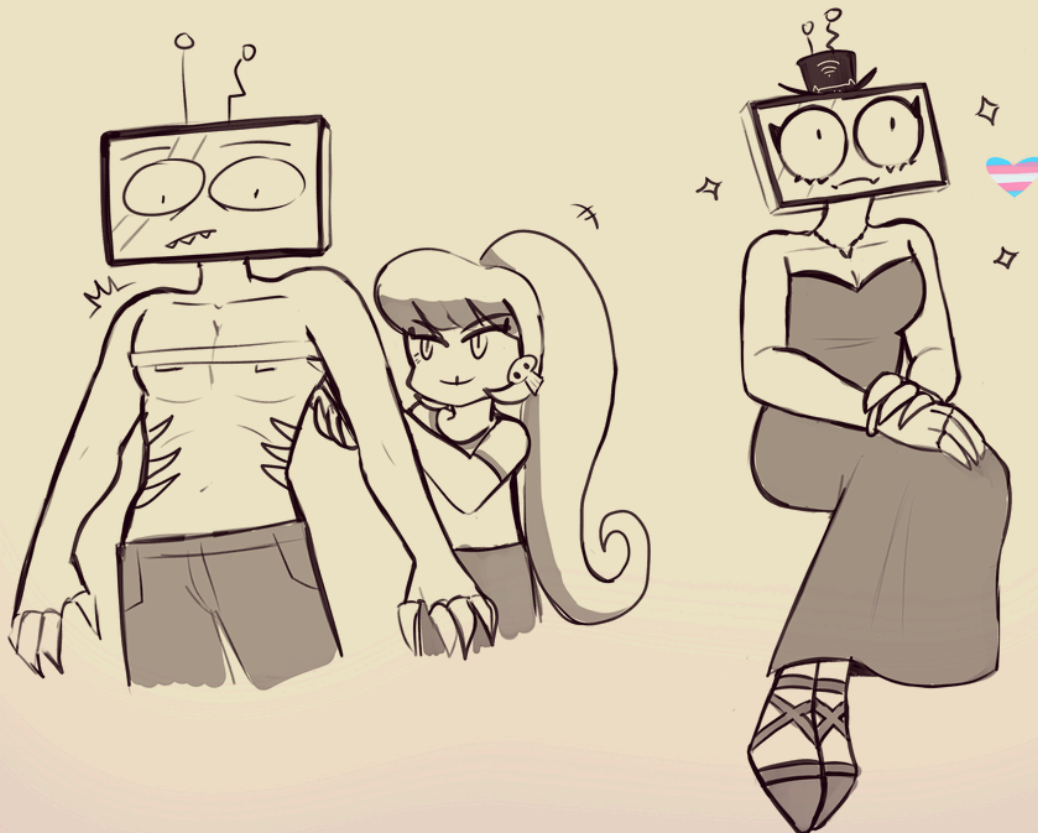


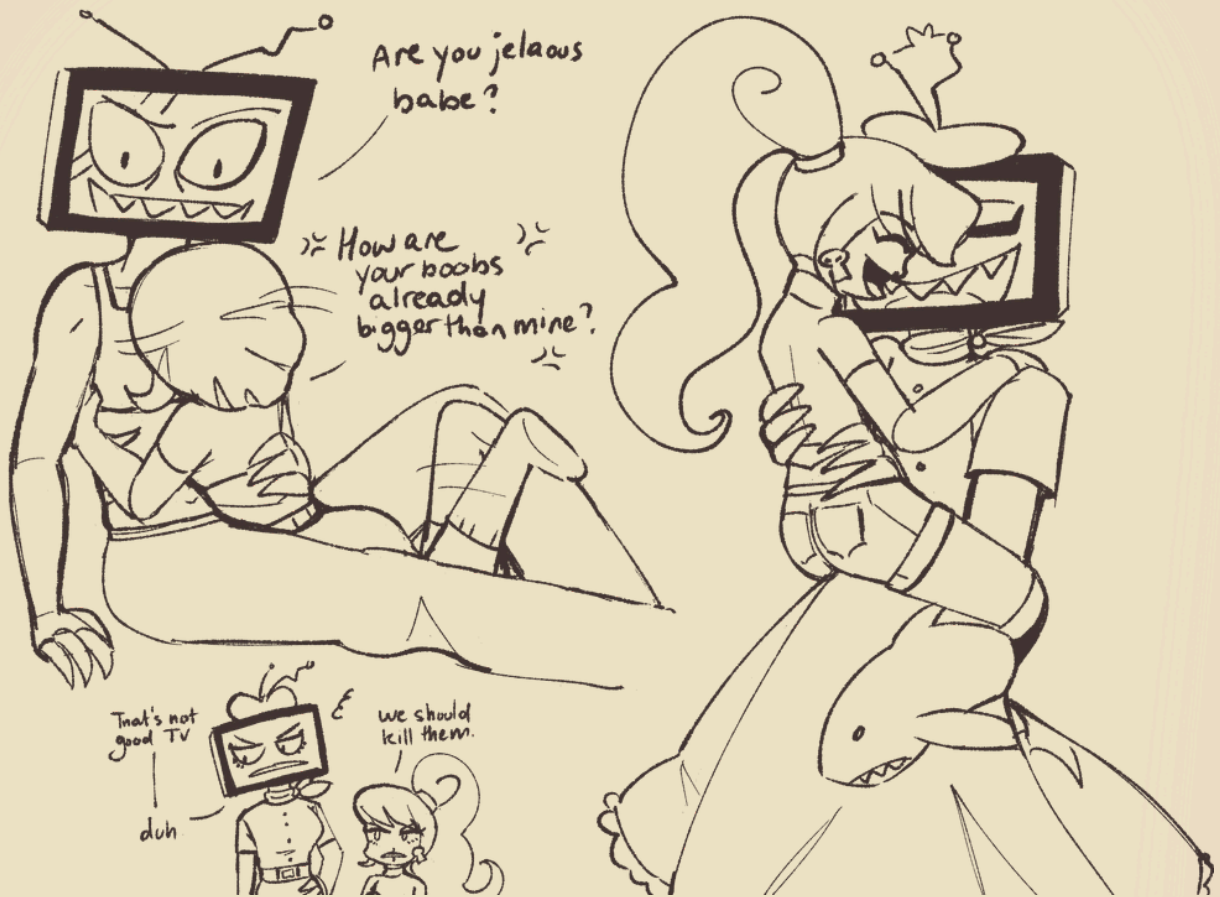
"But when you're ready to put that cunt Carmilla in her place, I'll make you shine. You'll be the brightest bitch in Hell." She adds, her words muffled by the fabric of Vox's bra.

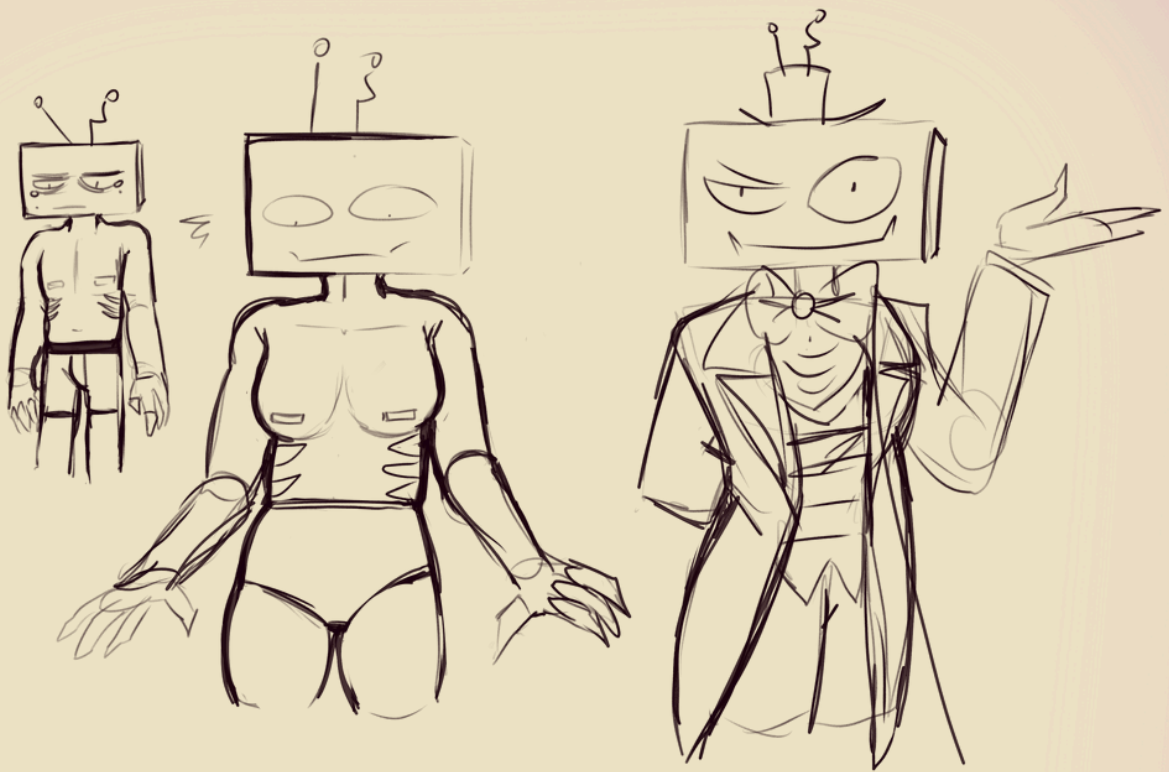
Vox takes a moment, before she reciprocates Velvette's hug. Her screen becoming lighter as she brings Velvette closer to her face.

"All three of us will be matching, right?" Vox asks quietly as Val rests his head on top of her screen, a small smile on his face as he squeaks reassuringly. Velvette nods.

"Of course, of course." she replies softly, basking in the warm, comforting glow of Vox's screen. ♡









Most miserable
bastard in all
the Pentagon

Happiest cunt
you've met in
Hell

Get
a
load
of
that
guy!



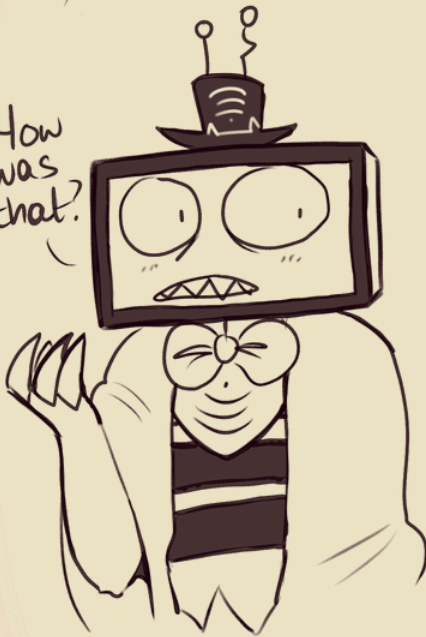


muhehehe

HEH KEKEKE KEKEKE!



How was that?



It's giving old hag.

it IS?!?





JUST for some
social media
Bit?
Right?

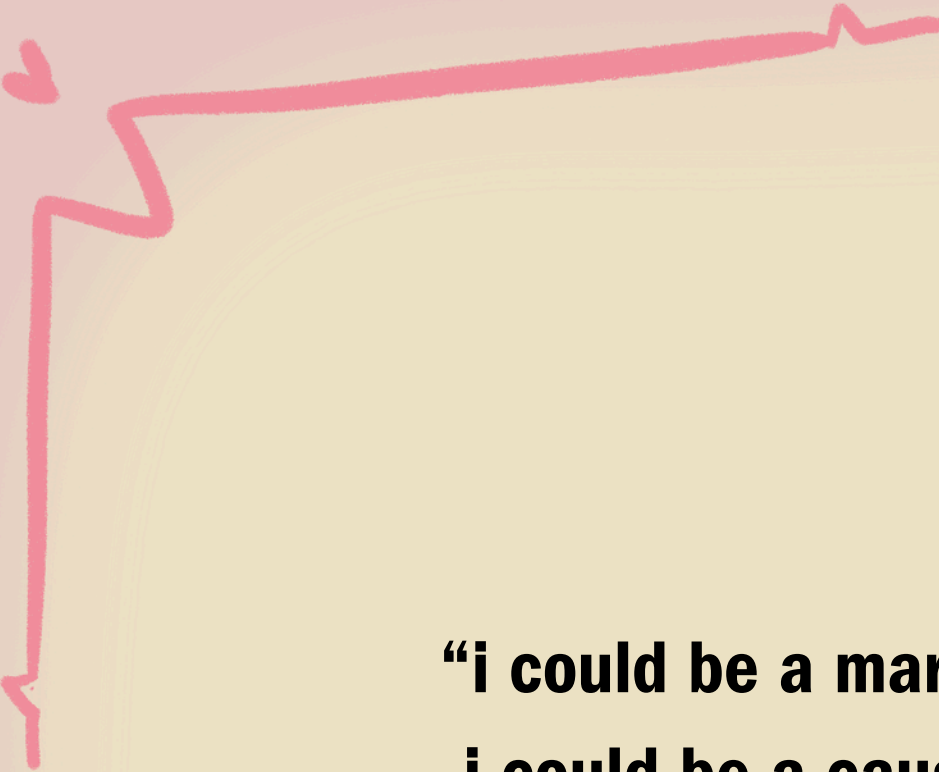


But I'm
too rich
to care
what
you
think



Also they
are
real
fuck
you
all





**“i could be a martyr
i could be a cause
i can be whatever everybody wants”**

FLAVOR FOLEY - Spoken For ft. Kasane Teto (2025).



In about 25
years you'll meet
this sinner named
Valentino. He will
supply you PCP.



QUIT IT!
I'M NOT
QUEER



His boyfriend
is clingy and
annoying
though



his
name
is
Angel
Dust-





Cover Model

Originally published: July 2026

Vox learned very early on in their business partnership that Valentino could be easily tamed so long as you took him shopping.

Val was a simple man: If he was upset, you buy him shoes. If he was frustrated, you bought him diamond ring. If he was feeling particularly murderous, a new sports car would do the trick.

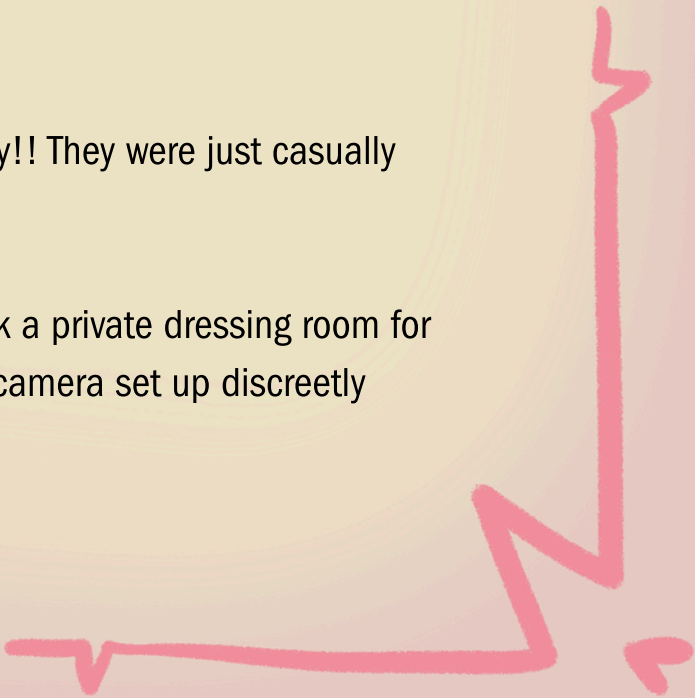
And since the advent of the internet, there was almost no reason for them to go shopping together. Vox could just hand Val the company card and he could go shopping online himself.

It was certainly a more efficient method of dealing with Valentino's mood swings, but Vox sometimes misses watching Val try on lingerie in the intimates section of the department store.

Which is why she was excited when Val asked if they could go the mall later and visit Ozzie's Secret.

It wasn't like Val was even mad at her today!! They were just casually hanging out at the mall after work.

Vox called the manager of the store to book a private dressing room for them. Specifically The one with the VoxTek camera set up discreetly behind the mirrors.





They get driven to the mall in one of the company limos. Vox pulls up the soundproof barrier and relaxes into Valentino's lap, laying the back of her set on top of his lap.

She looks up at the heart-shaped cut out on the chest of the sweater dress Val was wearing. She giggles along to story Val was telling about one of the actors on his latest film falling out of a harness and right onto another actor's dick.

"You caught that on camera, right?" Vox asks, with a grin forming on her face.

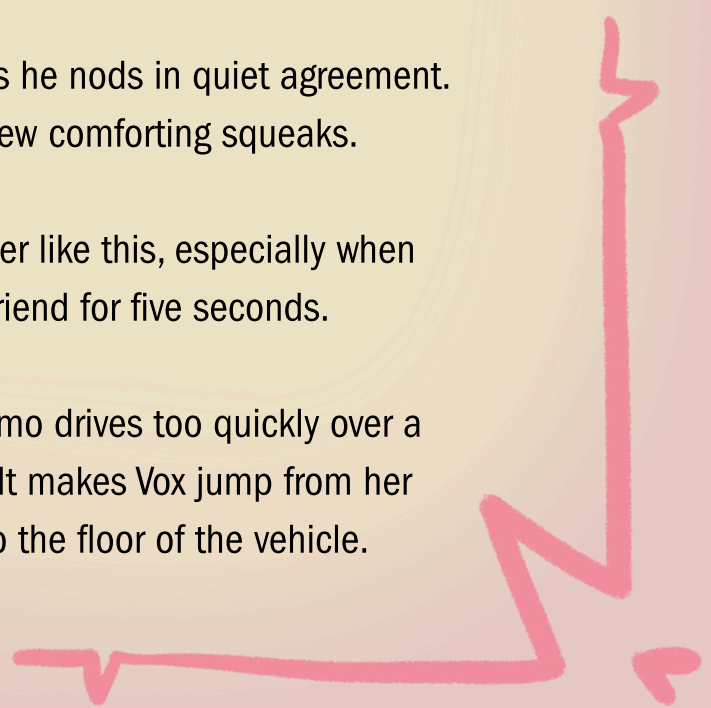
"You know it babe," Val answers with slight cackle.

"Make sure it is included in the outtakes and upload it to VoxTube and VoxTok." she adds, taking one of Valentino's hands and holding it with both of hers against her chest.

She rubs circles into the back Val's hand as he nods in quiet agreement. He gently flicks one of her antenna with a few comforting squeaks.

It was nice when the could be alone together like this, especially when she could stretch out and just be Val's girlfriend for five seconds.

However, this moment is ruined when the limo drives too quickly over a speed bump in the parking lot of the mall. It makes Vox jump from her place in Val's lap, and she almost falls onto the floor of the vehicle.





The sudden shift was enough to jolt Vox back into boymode. She clears her throat and adjusts the lapels of her jacket.

She was going to have to throttle the driver later for zir reckless driving, but for now she opens the door of the back door of the limo and reaches her hand out towards Valentino.

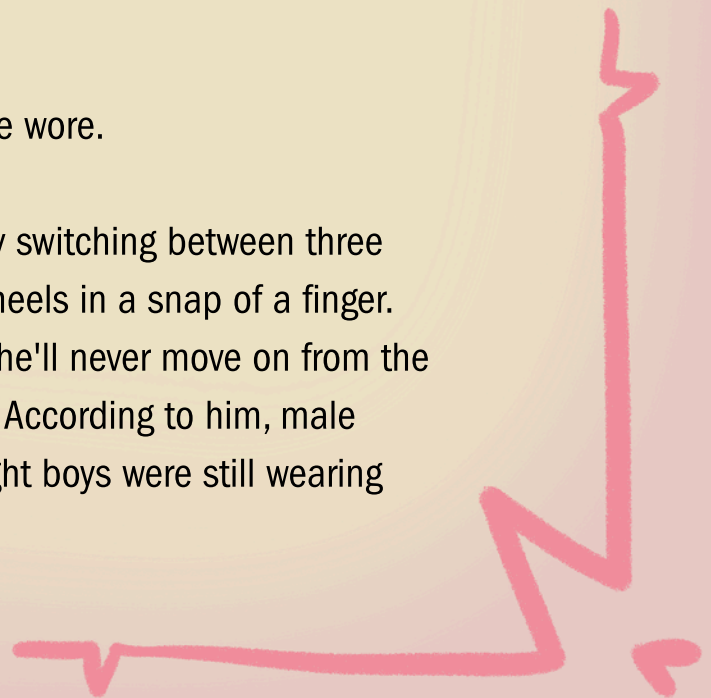
Valentino smiles and takes her hand.

Vox twirls the straw of her boba tea around to see if she could pick up last bits of the tapioca on the bottom of the cup.

She's sitting in the private dressing room at *Ozzie's Secret* surrounded by several bags and boxes of apparel that she's already bought for Valentino. It was one thing to keep Valentino content, it was another thing to make sure the Film Overlord was beautiful too.

And Valentino was stunning in everything he wore.

He was kind of a fashion chameleon. Easily switching between three piece suits to mesh bodycon dresses and heels in a snap of a finger. Val has always been the first to admit that he'll never move on from the disco era when it comes to men's clothing. According to him, male fashion trends peaked in 1981 when straight boys were still wearing booty shorts and crop tops.





On the other hand, Valentino kept up with women's fashion. From the tight leather pants of the 80s, all the way to the low rise jeans of the 2000s where you could sometimes see his thong if he moved his wings and bent over in the right direction at the right time.

The man had perfected whale tails.

As for her though? Other than the suit she wore to work, Vox liked big comfy sweaters or cardigans that she usually paired with a blouse, pair of pedal pushers and Keds.

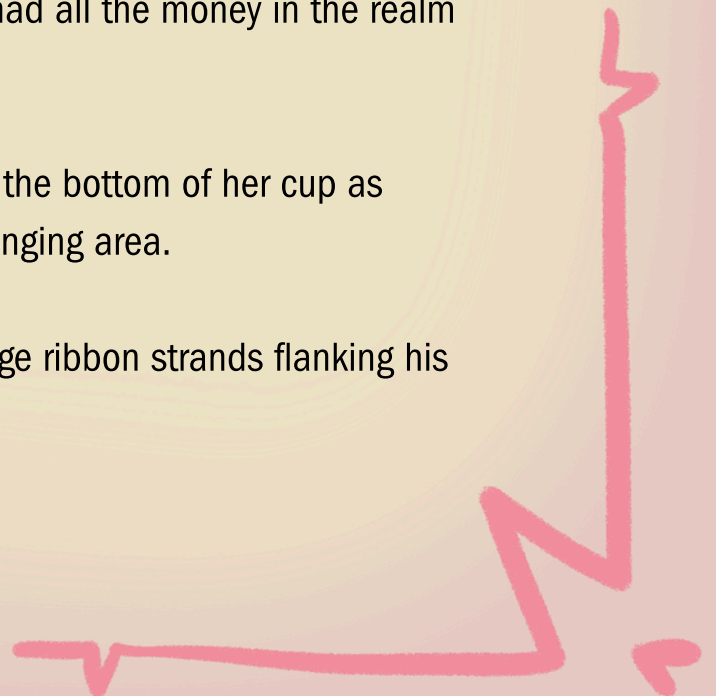
"Grannycore" as Velvette like to put it.

So no, she didn't care about fashion like the other Vees. She was comfortable and that's what mattered to her.

And if Valentino was happy and looking gorgeous around her arm, then she'd enable his shopping addiction. She had all the money in the realm to burn anyway.

Vox is still fiddling around with the boba at the bottom of her cup as Valentino flings open the curtain of the changing area.

He's wearing a red satin corset with two large ribbon strands flanking his side.





Vox stops playing with her drink. Without blinking even once, she spins a claw in the air and gestures Val to turn around.

Val smiles and spins on his heels, He lifts his wings over his shoulder, revealing that the corset was laced all the way down his backside and led to a large ribbon tied right over his butt.

Vox takes a sip of her boba. She leans forward in her seat and looks Valentino up and down. She would really like to throw herself on top Valentino and undo that ribbon holding his corset together. She's getting a bit wet thinking about it.

But she will try to be on her best behavior today. She sits back up, crosses her legs, and gives Val a thumbs up.

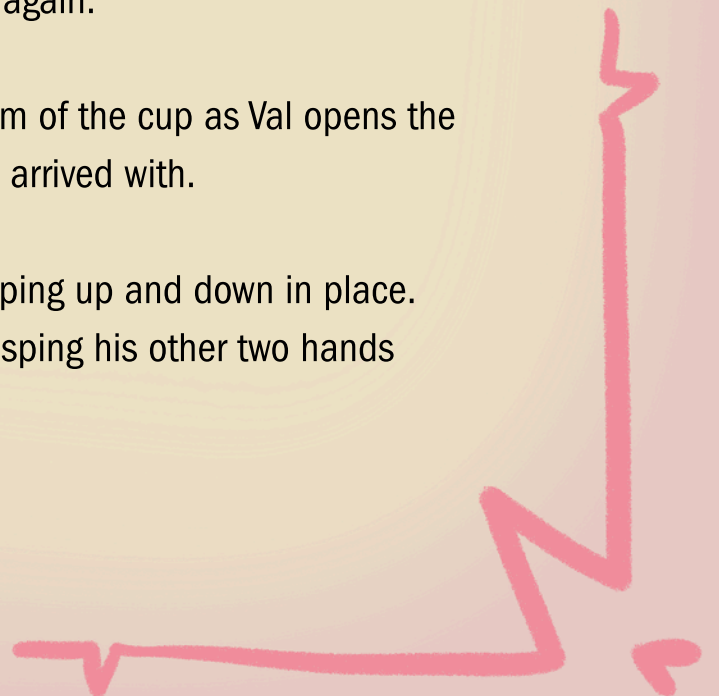
They'll definitely have fun with that corset later.

Val blows her a kiss and shuts the curtains again.

Vox sips the last of the tapioca at the bottom of the cup as Val opens the curtain again, wearing the sweater dress he arrived with.

"Ok, it's your turn!" He states excitedly, jumping up and down in place. Lifting one set of arms up in the air and clasping his other two hands together.

Huh?





Vox stares at him silently, mouth agape. She squeezes the empty cup of boba tea with her hands, cracking the plastic cup with such force that the domed lid pops off and hits the ceiling of the dressing room.

Her eye twitches, she tilts her head to the side trying not to laugh at Val. "It's my turn?" She asks, sounding intentionally ignorant. She points to herself with a shaky claw.

Vox knows what Valentino is asking her to do, but she's not sure if she wants to do it.

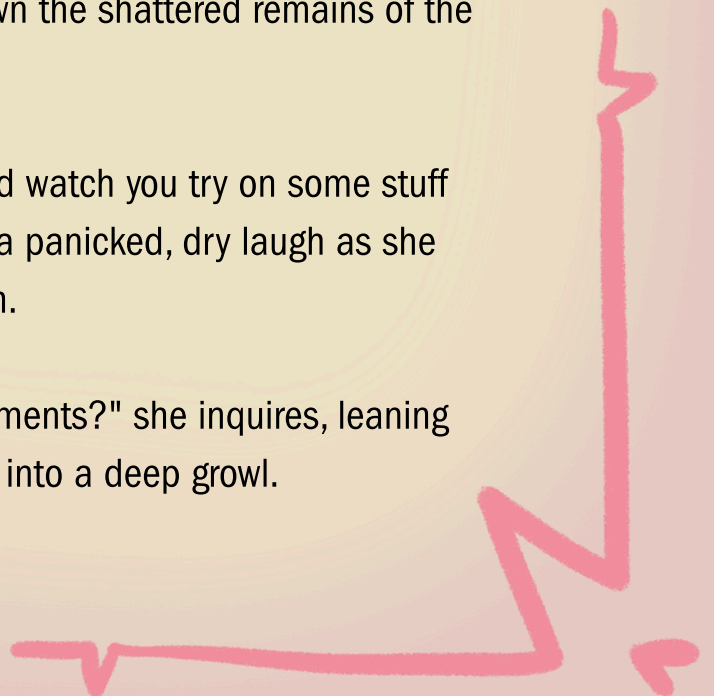
Val clicks his tongue and struts over to where Vox is sitting. He bends forward and puffs out his cheeks.

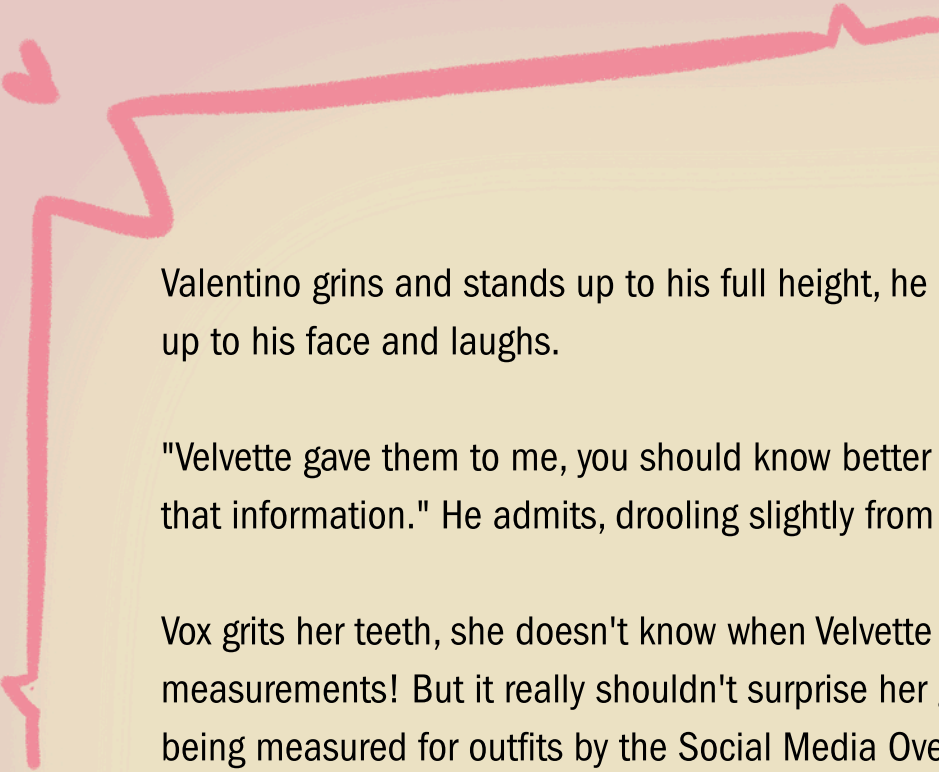
"I said I wanted to try on lingerie *with* you." he pouts, leaning closer to Vox's face.

Vox feels a lump in her throat, she puts down the shattered remains of the cup next to her on the bench.

"Well I thought I was just gonna sit here and watch you try on some stuff like the good old days?" She answers with a panicked, dry laugh as she sits up straight and narrows her eyes at him.

"And since when do you know my measurements?" she inquires, leaning into his face. Turning the lump in her throat into a deep growl.





Valentino grins and stands up to his full height, he holds one of his hands up to his face and laughs.

"Velvette gave them to me, you should know better than to trust her with that information." He admits, drooling slightly from his mouth.

Vox grits her teeth, she doesn't know when Velvette got those measurements! But it really shouldn't surprise her given how often she is being measured for outfits by the Social Media Overlord.

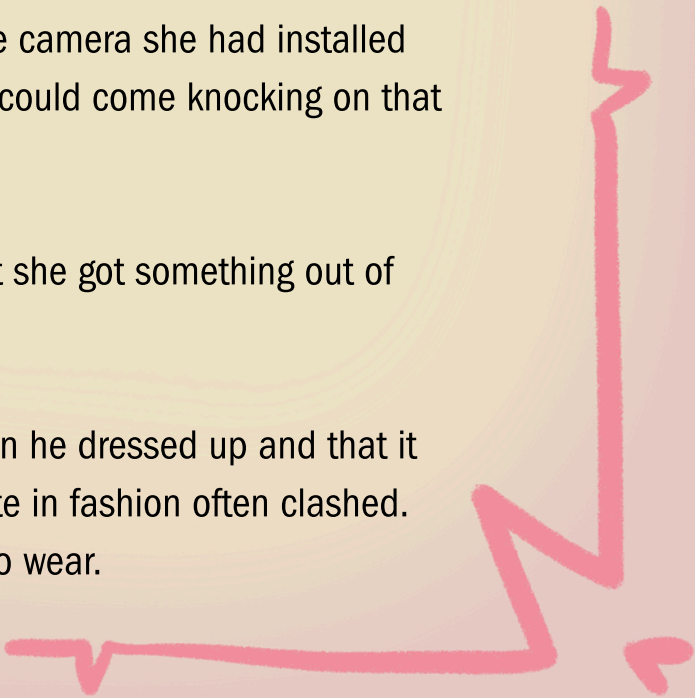
Vox stares at Valentino, feeling her screen become warm. She couldn't control the brightness of her face and Val becomes awash in cyan. She was suddenly very embarrassed.

Vox has never tried on fancy lingerie. Right now, all she had were these sports bras and plain cotton undies she discreetly bought online and had delivered to a PO Box in Imp City under a fake name.

And this room should be private, despite the camera she had installed behind the big mirror ages ago. But anyone could come knocking on that door and bust in if she wasn't careful.

On the other hand, maybe Valentino thought she got something out of watching him try on clothes?

She wasn't going to deny that she liked when he dressed up and that it itched a particular kink for her, but their taste in fashion often clashed. Nothing he wore was something she'd like to wear.





Well. Most of the time.

She bites her lip and looks down on the floor.

Vox has been watching Val try on underwear for years. And for the first time in their nearly five decade long working relationship, he was inviting her to join him in that. She shouldn't just say no to him.

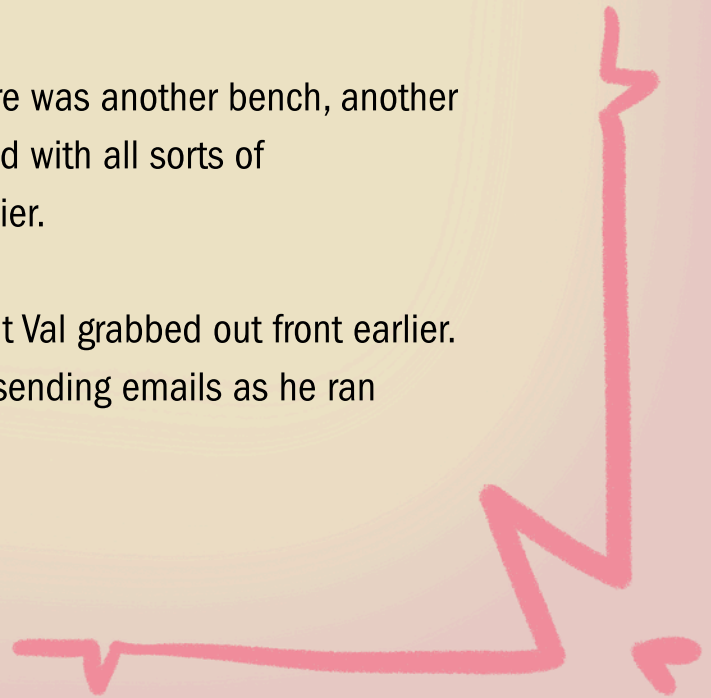
It was best to keep him happy.

Vox stands up from her seat and walks over to the door of the dressing room. She double, *triple* checks that it's locked before turning around and walking back over to where Valentino was standing.

"If anyone comes in here, kill them on sight." she growls in a low tone, pushing him aside and walking towards the curtained off changing area. She turns around to see Val with a large grin on his face, taking a seat on the bench and she rolls her eyes and closes the curtain.

The curtained off area was quite small. There was another bench, another mirror on the wall, and a changing rack filled with all sorts of undergarments picked out by Valentino earlier.

Vox wishes she was paying attention to what Val grabbed out front earlier. She was mostly fussing with her drink and sending emails as he ran around the store.





Most of these items were chosen with her in mind, they were a smaller size then what Val would normally wear.

She takes a black satin slip off the rack and holds it up against her body. She looks at herself in the mirror and cringes.

Vox needed to get out of boymode. She sighs, and summons a projection with a snap of her claws.

In that menu, she toggles on lashes and eyeliner. She didn't need to wear makeup to try on a bra, this was more for her peace of mind then anything.

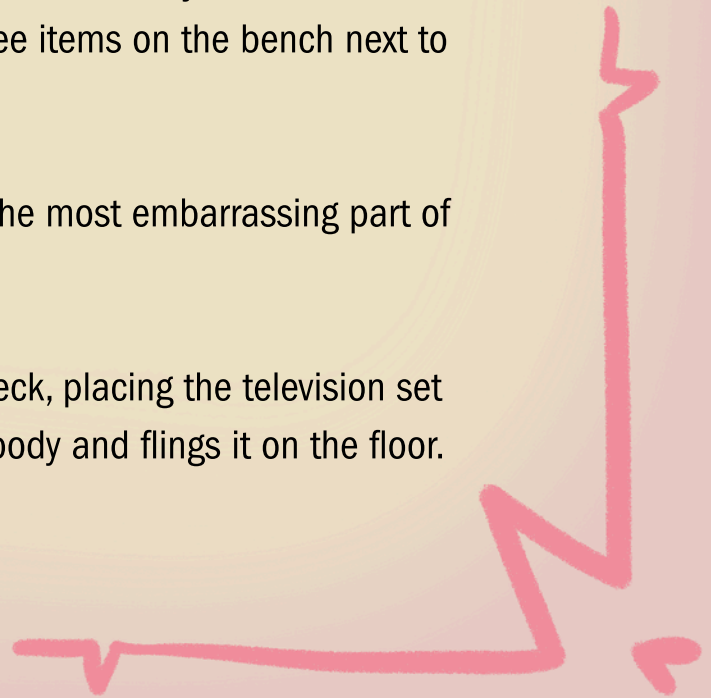
She swipes away the menu and gazes into the mirror again.

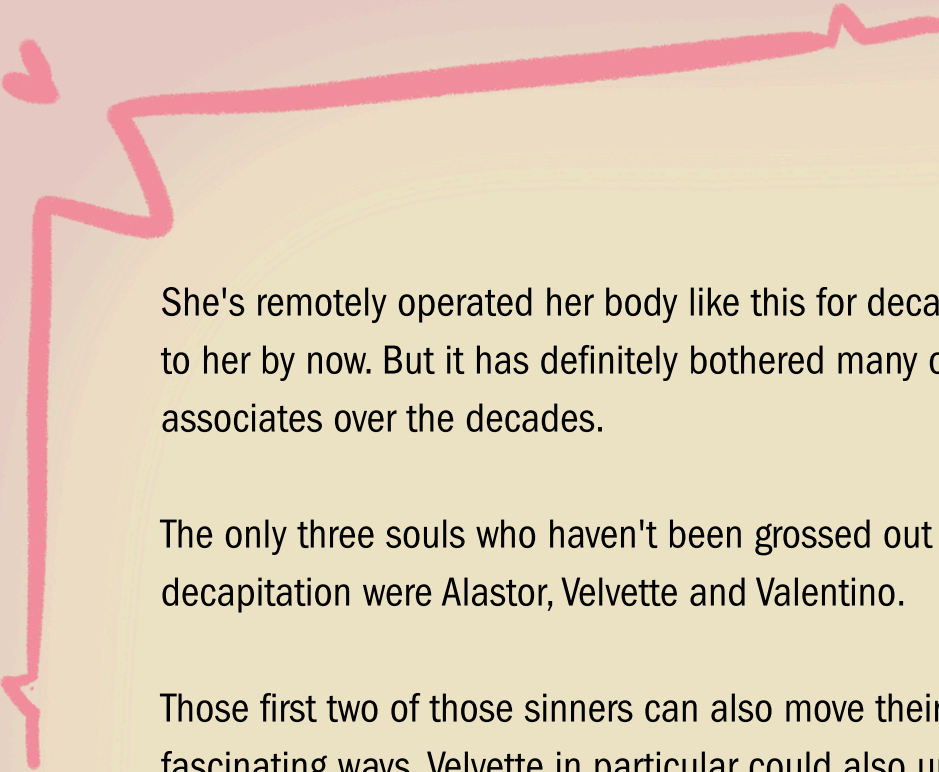
She looks a little better, a little more honest.

Vox puts the slip on the bench as she removes her hat, jacket and tie, folding her jacket neatly and placing all three items on the bench next to the slip.

She takes a deep breath, about to go into the most embarrassing part of the undressing process.

Vox carefully unscrews her head from her neck, placing the television set on the bench as she lifts her vest over her body and flings it on the floor.





She's remotely operated her body like this for decades, it's second nature to her by now. But it has definitely bothered many of her business associates over the decades.

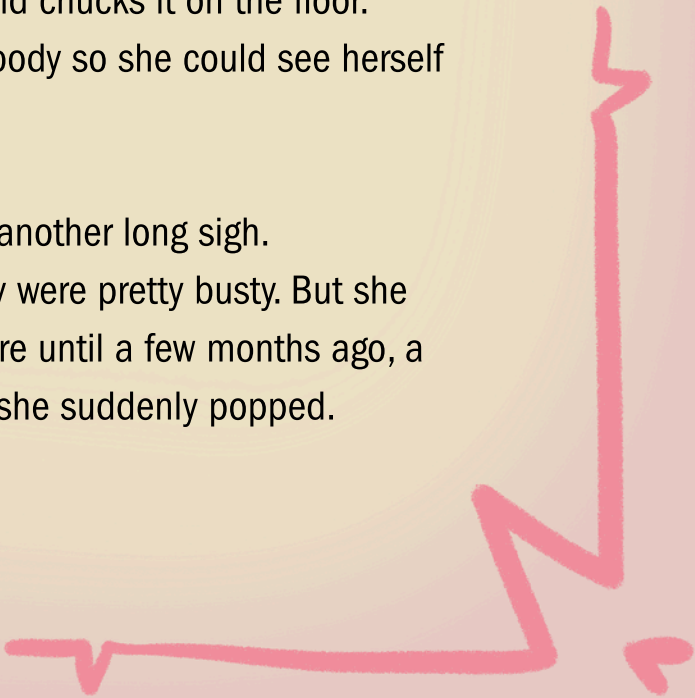
The only three souls who haven't been grossed out by her casual self-decapitation were Alastor, Velvette and Valentino.

Those first two of those sinners can also move their bodies in weird, fascinating ways. Velvette in particular could also unscrew her head from her body, Vox always felt in good company with her.

And Val? Val just started listing all the freak shit he could do with her screen the moment he found out. Insane. Unhinged. Pretty cool, she had to admit.

She unbuttons her shirt and throws it against the wall, where it falls haphazardly next to her head on the bench. She then pulls the ugly blue sports bra she was wearing over her neck and chucks it on the floor. Vox takes her set and re-screws it onto her body so she could see herself in the mirror once more.

Vox stares at her now bare chest and takes another long sigh. She was aware that the women in her family were pretty busty. But she had forgotten about that useless piece of lore until a few months ago, a little over a year into her hormone regimen, she suddenly popped.





She squeezes them with her hands, pushing them up and together. It wasn't uncomfortable, but definitely a little weird for her yet.

Vox takes off her shoes and unbuttons her pants, kicking them away and onto the bench. The only articles of clothing left on her body are a pair of black socks and light blue panties that hugged her hips.

Her eyes flick over to the black slip she took off the rack a minute ago, now covered in parts of her boymode outfit. She bends over and pushes her pants and shirt aside in order to pick up the slip again.

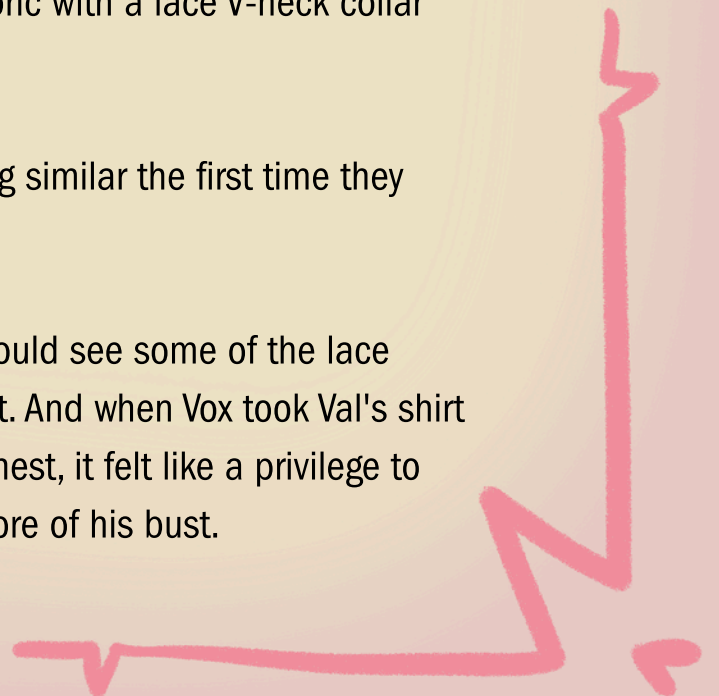
Vox takes a deep breath, stepping into and pulling the slip up over her body.

She adjusts it around her breasts and hips, flattening it out before looking back up in the mirror.

The slip's design was classic: nice shiny fabric with a lace V-neck collar and hem.

Vox remembers Valentino wearing something similar the first time they slept together.

She remembers how Val bent over so you could see some of the lace peaking out from his unbuttoned dress shirt. And when Vox took Val's shirt off and saw how the slip accentuated his chest, it felt like a privilege to pull down the straps of the slip to reveal more of his bust.



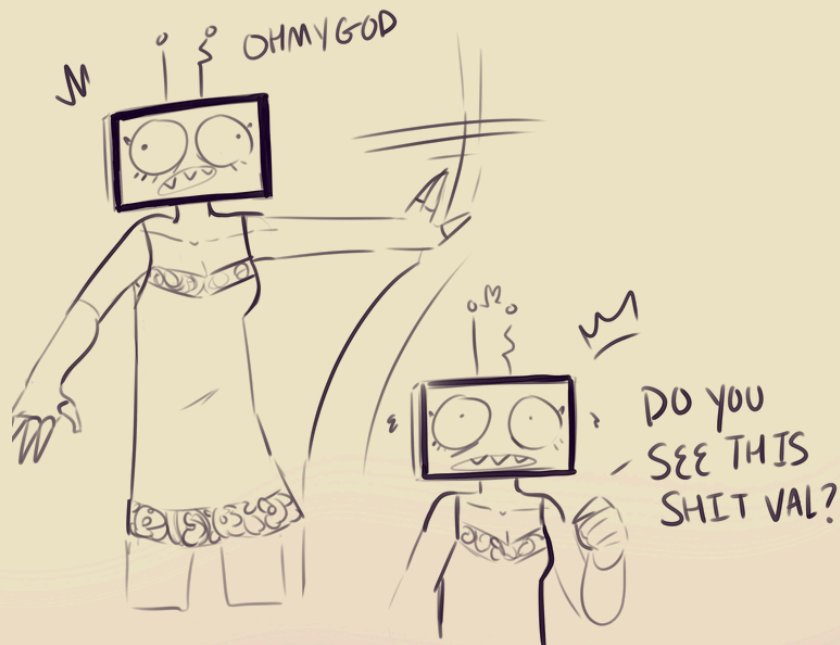
Shelf of the slip Vox was wearing pushed her boobs up slightly, showing a bit of cleavage on top. It was snug around her waist and tummy, but otherwise created a rectangular silhouette.

It looked different on her then the looser fitting slip Val wore decades ago. But that really didn't matter, something flipped in Vox's brain the very second she looked in the mirror.

She quickly turns around and pulls open the curtain, she's looking down at her chest before she looks up at Valentino.

Val had lit a cigarette and almost dropped it on the floor after Vox suddenly threw open the curtain.

She blinks at him once or twice before pointing to her chest.





Val looks her up and down. His big, wide eyes peeking out over his heart-shaped glasses.

He slowly nods, with a big grin forming on his face.

"Yes I do, mi amor." He laughs, leaning back in his seat. He dangles his cigarette holder in one hand as he pulls out his phone.

Vox spins around twice, almost falling over as Val takes a couple of pictures with his phone.

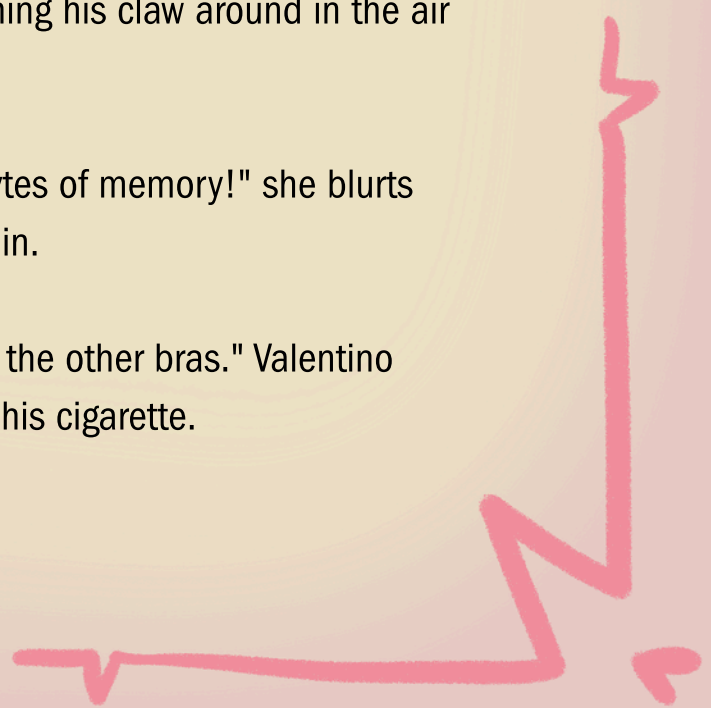
Vox then grabs her chest again and stares up at Val.

"What the fuck?" She mumbles under her breath as Val continues to cackle.

"That's what it's supposed to do!" He answers with a smirk. He points to her chest with one of his open hands, spinning his claw around in the air before smugly crossing his arms.

"They look like they could hold 1000 terabytes of memory!" she blurts out with a laugh, pushing her boobs up again.

"And you're only wearing a slip? Girl, try on the other bras." Valentino smirks, gesturing to the dressing room with his cigarette.





Vox pauses slightly, smiling before letting go of her chest.

She nods at Valentino before she scrambles back into the changing area.

Vox feels giddy.

She's tried on all sorts of lingerie today. Lacey corsets, baby doll dresses, even an underwire bra with a cut out that showed her underboob. She was rolling around the floor, prancing around the room, posing for Val as he took a bunch of photos and videos.

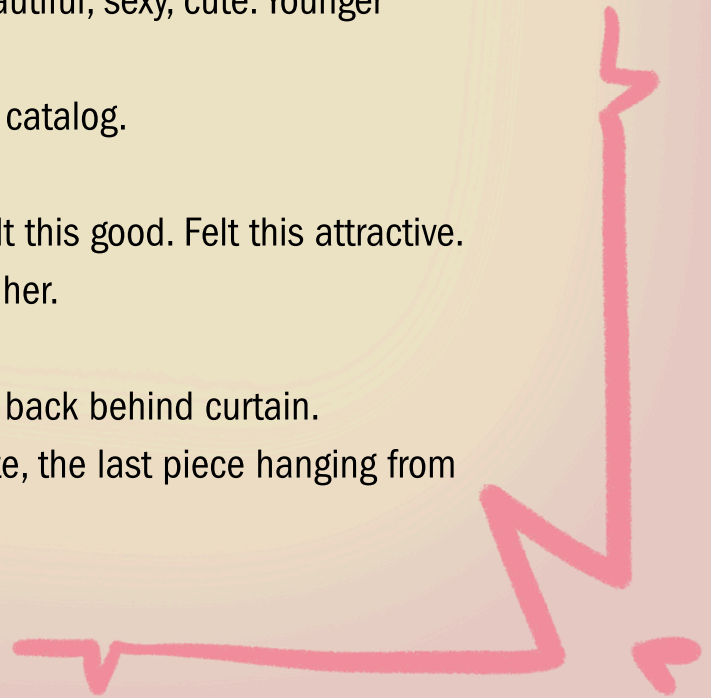
He also had a basket next to him, showing Vox what panties, socks and garters would match best with the upper garment she was wearing. Although, she wasn't paying attention much to what he was telling her.

Vox was too... excited? Happy? She felt beautiful, sexy, cute. Younger even.

She could be the cover model for a lingerie catalog.

It has been an awful long time since she felt this good. Felt this attractive. And Valentino was taking a lot of photos of her.

She's overwhelmed, vibrating as she jumps back behind curtain. This time she puts on a powder blue bralette, the last piece hanging from the rack.





It wasn't as fun as the other lingerie, but it felt comfy and matched the panties she was wearing the best. It was already better than the tight sports bra that compressed her chest.

She whips open the curtain and struts over to Valentino, who's pulled out another cigarette. He's preparing to light it as Vox clicks her fingers together creating a spark of electricity between them.

She leans over towards Valentino, holding one hand behind her back. She pushes her shoulders up and squeezes her breasts together.

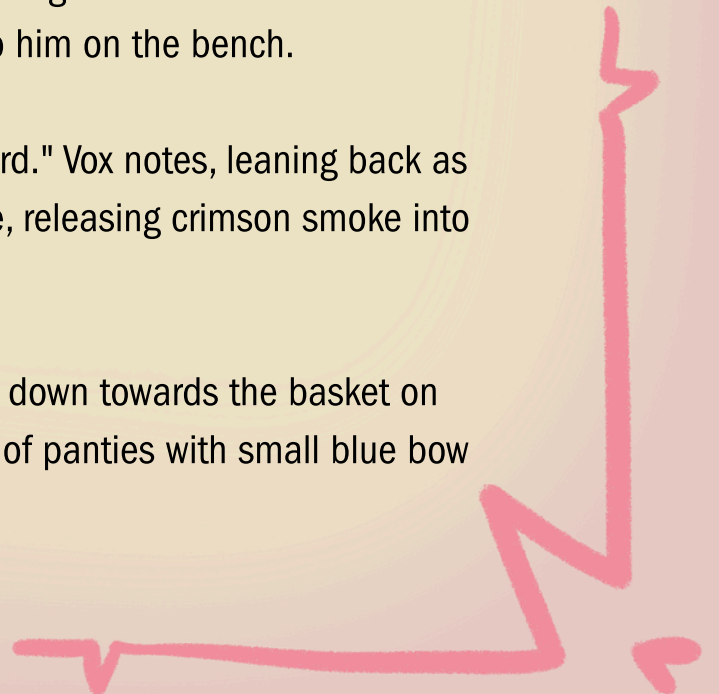
"Shall I?" she says with a smirk, tipping her head to the side and tapping her claws once or twice.

Valentino cackles, his tongue falling out of his mouth as he leans forward and lights his cigarette with the electricity Vox had created.

Vox smirks at him, looking down to see the bulge in his dress. She taps it once before sitting down next to him on the bench.

"Somehow it's the bralette that gets you hard." Vox notes, leaning back as Valentino takes a long drag on the cigarette, releasing crimson smoke into the air from his mouth.

"Less is more." He chuckles, as he reaches down towards the basket on the floor and pulls out a small, striped pair of panties with small blue bow on the front band.





He turns them around in his hands, showing off a small, embroidered shark fin on the back.

Vox feels her face get warm as she looks at the pair Val pulled out. They were really cute! The colors were perfect and the striped pattern was adorable. Her antenna sprung upwards and a spark of electricity jumped between them.

"I saw these on sale on the store's website and I was like 'Oh, these are totally for Vox!'" He squeaks, handing her the pair as he dug into the basket.

Val pulls out red pair with a lighthouse on it, a green one with an anchor. Placing them on her lap.

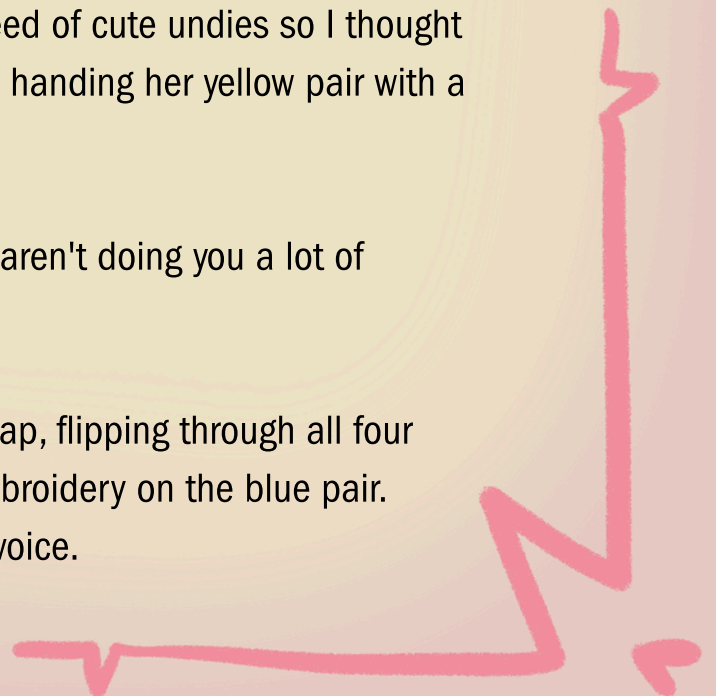
Vox holds her face with both her hands and fails to hide the blush that was brightening her face.

"And Velvette said you were in desperate need of cute undies so I thought it would be fun to bring you here." He adds, handing her yellow pair with a starfish on it.

"Those granny panties you've been wearing aren't doing you a lot of favors." he admits with a laugh.

Vox picks up the rest of the panties on her lap, flipping through all four pairs. She runs her claws over the shark embroidery on the blue pair.

"Is it really that bad?" She asks in a small voice.





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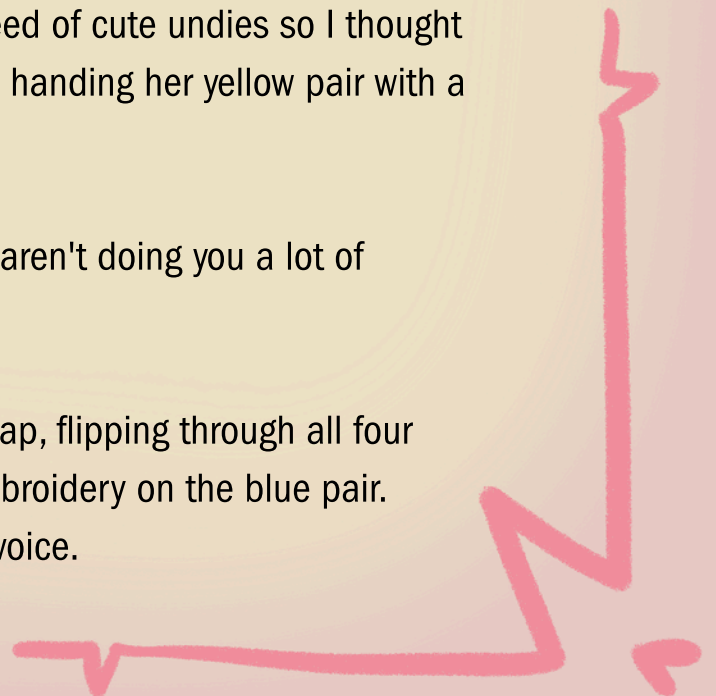
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"It's dire, beloved" Valentino answers with a nod, taking one of his hand and holding her shoulder.

Vox leans into his shoulder and neck fluff as he burns his cigarette down. She continues to run her fingers on the embroidery.

Why was she holding back so much when there was all this fun to be had? When she could look this cute, not just for Valentino's pleasure, but for herself?

Val giggles and flicks her antenna, he rubs her shoulder as they sit in a prolonged yet comfortable silence.

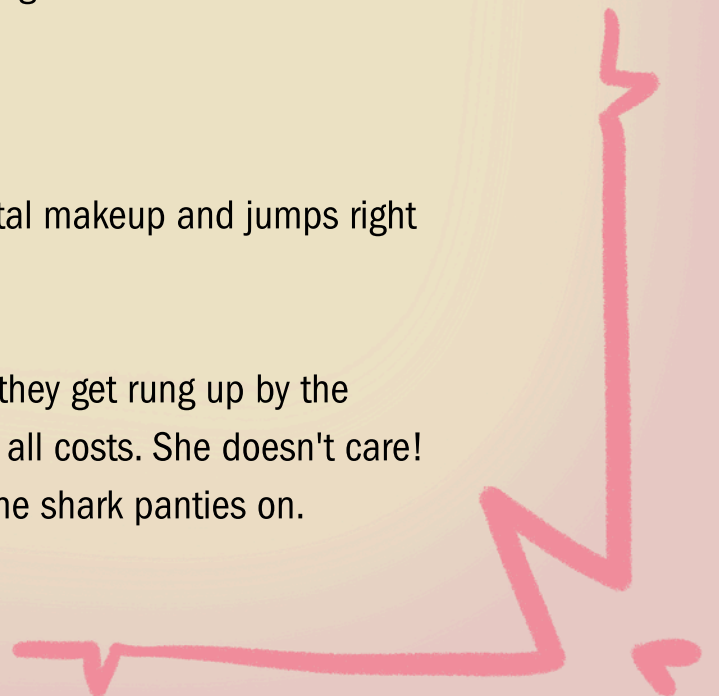
Val clears his throat, and looks down at her.

"Which ones do you want?" He inquires with a small smile.

"All of them." she answers, with a grin forming on her face.

Vox gets dressed, wipes her face of any digital makeup and jumps right back into boymode.

Val brings everything up to the register and they get rung up by the cashier. Vox doesn't even know how much it all costs. She doesn't care! She wants to go back to the tower and try the shark panties on.





She puts one of Val's boxes down so she can take her out her credit card and pay for everything.

However, Valentino beats her to the punch. He smiles at her as he taps his card on the counter.

"I got it Voxxy, don't worry." He coos, patting the top of her screen as he hands his credit card over to the cashier.

Val leans over the counter and tilts his head.

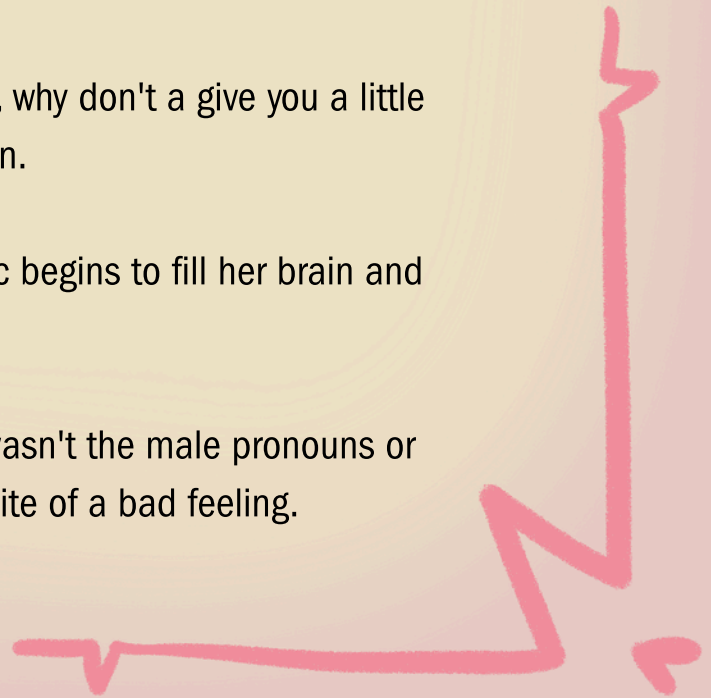
"Voxxy's credit card has been getting too much of a work out recently by my hand. It's only fair to give him a break from all this spending." He laughs and points to her, a big toothy grin on his face as he flirts with the cashier.

The bear like cashier is blushing, tapping his paw on his face as Valentino licks his teeth.

"That's a nice thing for you to do for Mr. Vox, why don't a give you a little discount?" He giggles, ringing them up again.

Vox watches the whole interaction and static begins to fill her brain and she zones out.

No, it wasn't Val flirting with the cashier. It wasn't the male pronouns or titles addressing her. It was quite the opposite of a bad feeling.





It had everything to do with Valentino paying for the lingerie.

That one move broke the dam that she'd been pushing back all afternoon.

Vox holds a box up to her face as Val picks the bag of lingerie off the counter. She follows him out of the store, her vision starting to get blurry and wet.

She stops walking in the middle of the crowded mall, holding all the boxes in her hands, the bags digging into her arms.

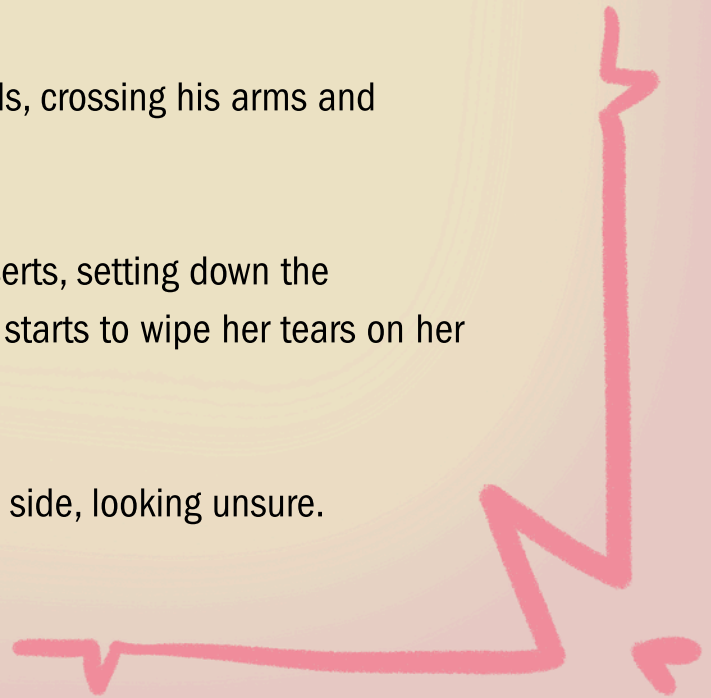
She's shaking and unable to control her sobbing.

Valentino spins around, appearing concerned. He ushers Vox into an empty maintenance hallway and takes some of the boxes out of her hands.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" He growls, crossing his arms and leaning into Vox's face.

"Nothing, nothing's fucking wrong." She asserts, setting down the shopping bags, her voice choked up as she starts to wipe her tears on her suit sleeves.

Val stands back up and tilts his head to the side, looking unsure.





"Then why are you crying so loudly? Is it the hormones or something?"

He asks in huff, only a bit less harsh than before.

"Fuck you. Maybe." Vox mumbles between gasps of air, she looks off to the side trying to avoid eye contact with him, she looks toward the far end of the dark hallway they were hiding in.

"I think I'm just... happy. Happy you brought me here. Happy you thought of me like that." she blurts out, balling her hands up into fists.

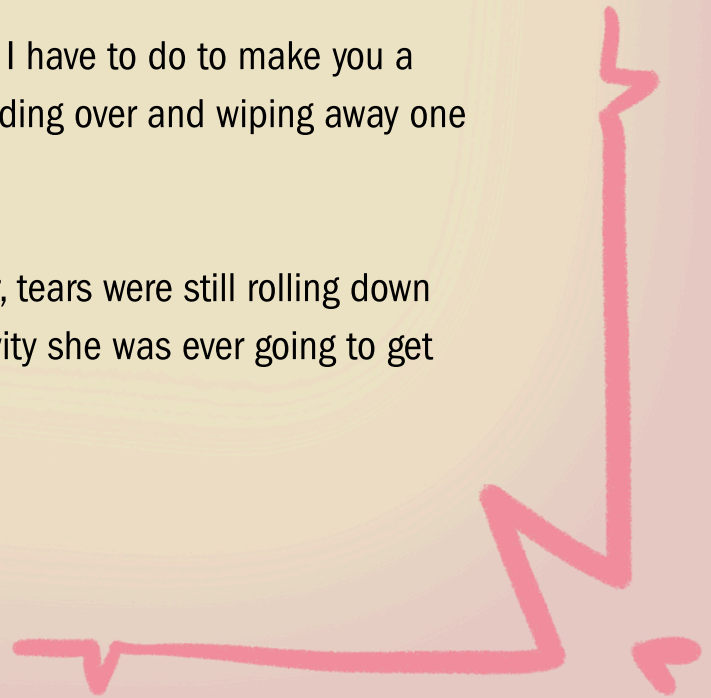
Vox suddenly regrets saying all of that fucking embarrassing word vomit to Val. She got too vulnerable, too soft. It was disgusting.

But it's already too late for her.

Val squeaks in surprise, his eyes going wide. A big wide grin forming on his face as he grabs all of the shopping bags and boxes from the ground.

"You're a little pathetic, y'know? If that's all I have to do to make you a sobbing mess on the floor." Val teases, bending over and wiping away one of Vox's tears with his open hand.

Vox laughs quietly. She's still gasping for air, tears were still rolling down her face. This is just about as much sensitivity she was ever going to get from Val.



But it was fine.

She felt wonderful.

Val holds out his one open hand and gestures for Vox to take it.

"Wanna go home and try on your new stuff?" he asks in a whisper.

Vox nods, and takes his hand. ♥





DID YOU
KNOW FEMALE
SHARKS ARE
LARGER
THAN
MALE
SHARKS?



I HAVE
GROWN
3 INCHES
SINCE I
STARTED
ESTRADIOL



WHERE?
YOUR
CHEST?







EH I'm
not sure
about
this



Skirt is
too short
its too
restrictive

i don't
like the
nat



well its
perfect
but
fine
maker



I'll figure
something
out!
I like a
challenge

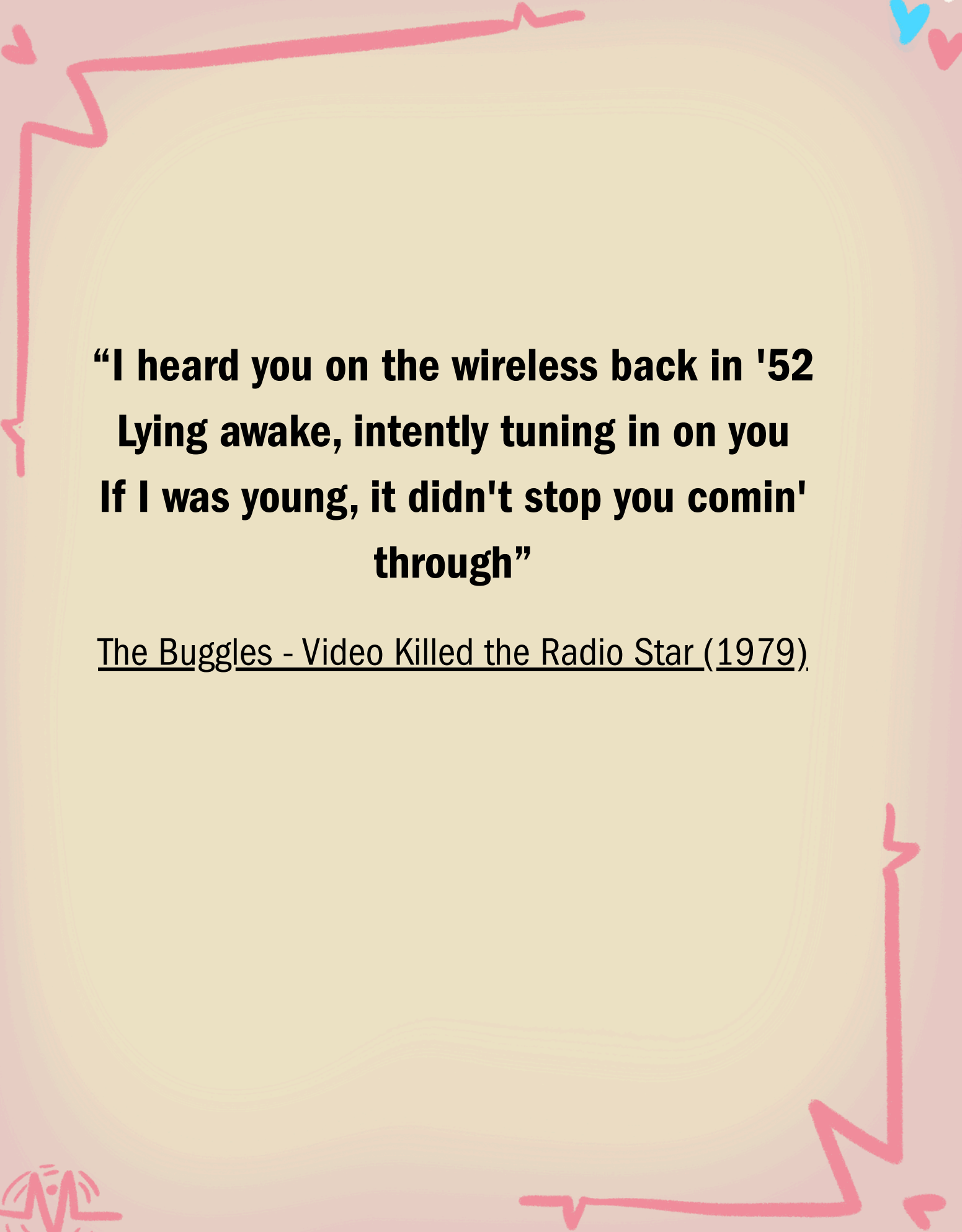


this is
velvet
the
COO
of
veetek



She runs
the everyday
operations
of the company





**“I heard you on the wireless back in '52
Lying awake, intently tuning in on you
If I was young, it didn't stop you comin'
through”**

The Buggles - Video Killed the Radio Star (1979).



Can you QUIT
treating me like
a CHILD



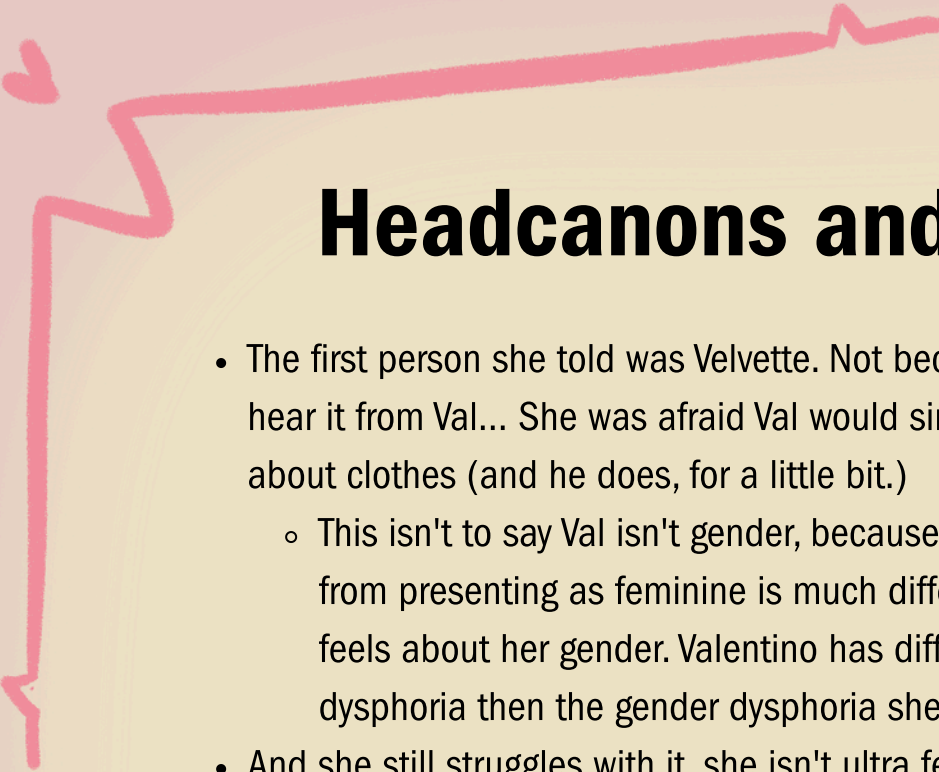
That's it
from
me!



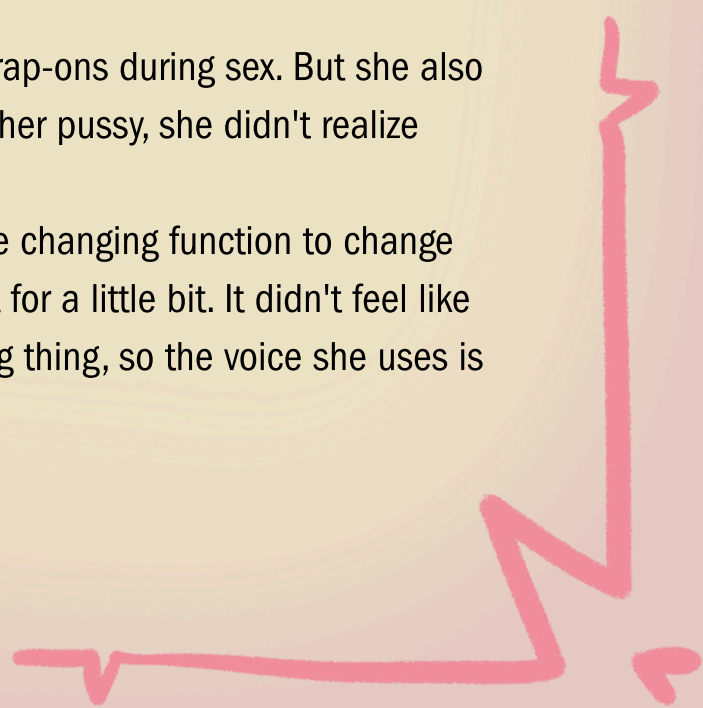
Any
questions

I'm
115 years
old
you
ARE
a
child

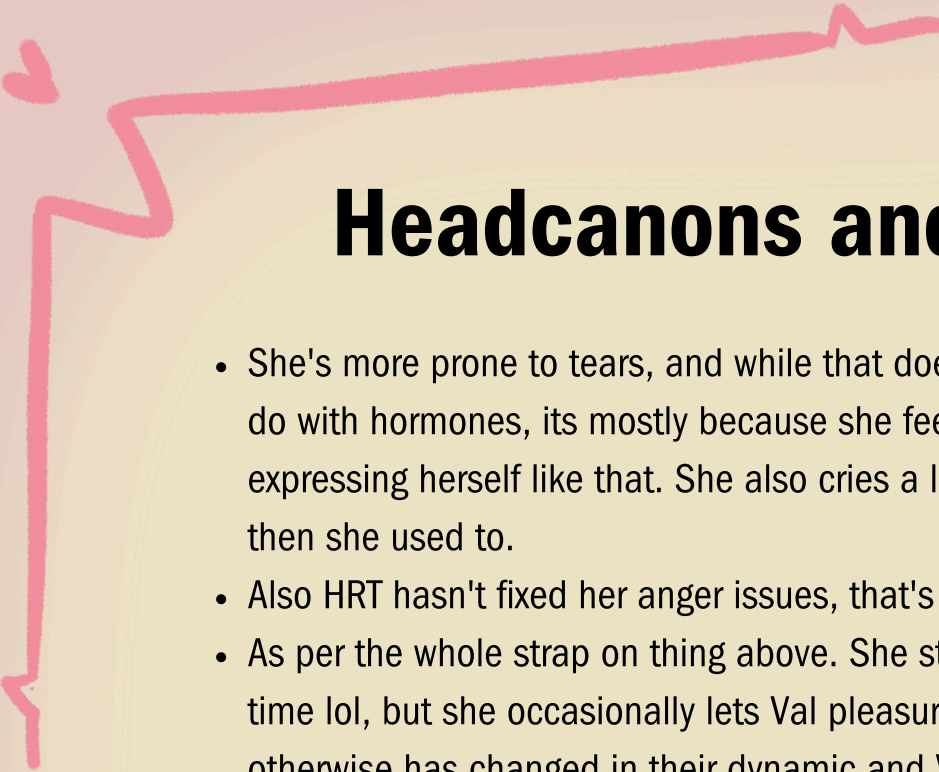




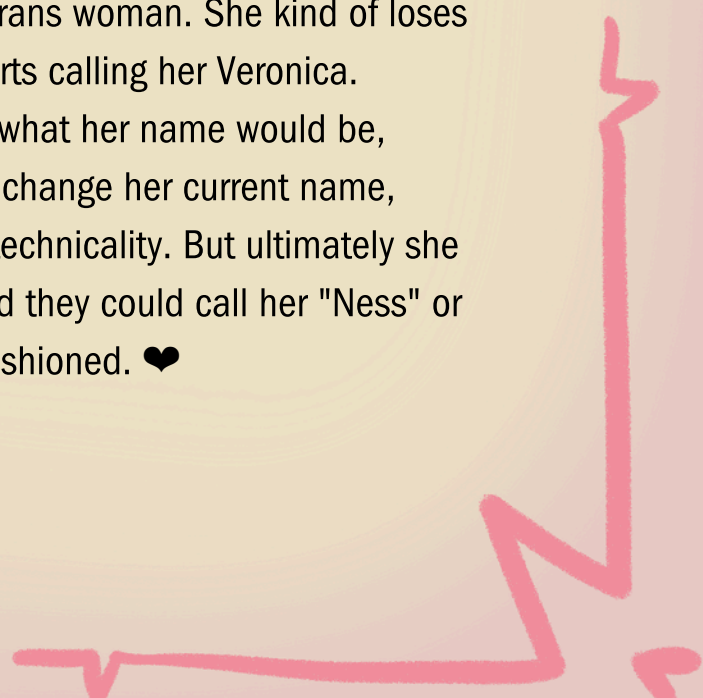
Headcanons and Such

- The first person she told was Velvete. Not because she wanted to hear it from Val... She was afraid Val would simplify it or make it about clothes (and he does, for a little bit.)
 - This isn't to say Val isn't gender, because he is!! What Val gets from presenting as feminine is much different then what Vox feels about her gender. Valentino has different issues with body dysphoria then the gender dysphoria she has.
 - And she still struggles with it, she isn't ultra fem like Velvete or Val is. Very concerned about passing which is why she boymodes for much longer then she needs too.
 - She got bottom surgery in the 2000s. This had maybe a bit to do with her gender, but her bioengineer (trans man) was trying to figure out USB dicks and she was far more interested in being able to change out her penises at the time then what was really down there.
 - She normally wears a fleshlight now, a really nice one. Her old dicks don't work much anymore because of the andro suppressants she's on.
 - She does however use various strap-ons during sex. But she also really enjoys when Val plays with her pussy, she didn't realize tgirls get wet!!
 - She could hypothetically use her voice changing function to change her face and voice, and she did use it for a little bit. It didn't feel like her so she did the whole vocal training thing, so the voice she uses is actually her own.
- 





Headcanons and Such

- She's more prone to tears, and while that does a LITTLE BIT have to do with hormones, its mostly because she feels more comfortable expressing herself like that. She also cries a lot more in happiness then she used to.
 - Also HRT hasn't fixed her anger issues, that's just the Mental Illness.
 - As per the whole strap on thing above. She still tops Val most of the time lol, but she occasionally lets Val pleasure her. Not much otherwise has changed in their dynamic and Val is Very Cool with his hot wife penetrating him.
 - Actually not a lot has changed over all about her fashion sense. she loves sweaters, has always loved sweaters. And continues to wear sweaters usually.
 - She does want Velvete to dress her as a bad bitch sometimes and match with her and Val. ;o; Obviously Velvete obliges.
 - One time, about a year or so after she started taking hormones, she sees an insane TikTok from a serial killer fandom girlie who headcanon's Vincent Whittman as a trans woman. She kind of loses her shit. Especially when the girlie starts calling her Veronica.
 - Which prompts a conversation about what her name would be, because Vox doesn't feel the need to change her current name, Vincent was already a deadname by technicality. But ultimately she decides she really likes "Vanessa" and they could call her "Ness" or "Nessie" if they like. Lil sweet n old fashioned. ♥
- 





70 YEARS LATER

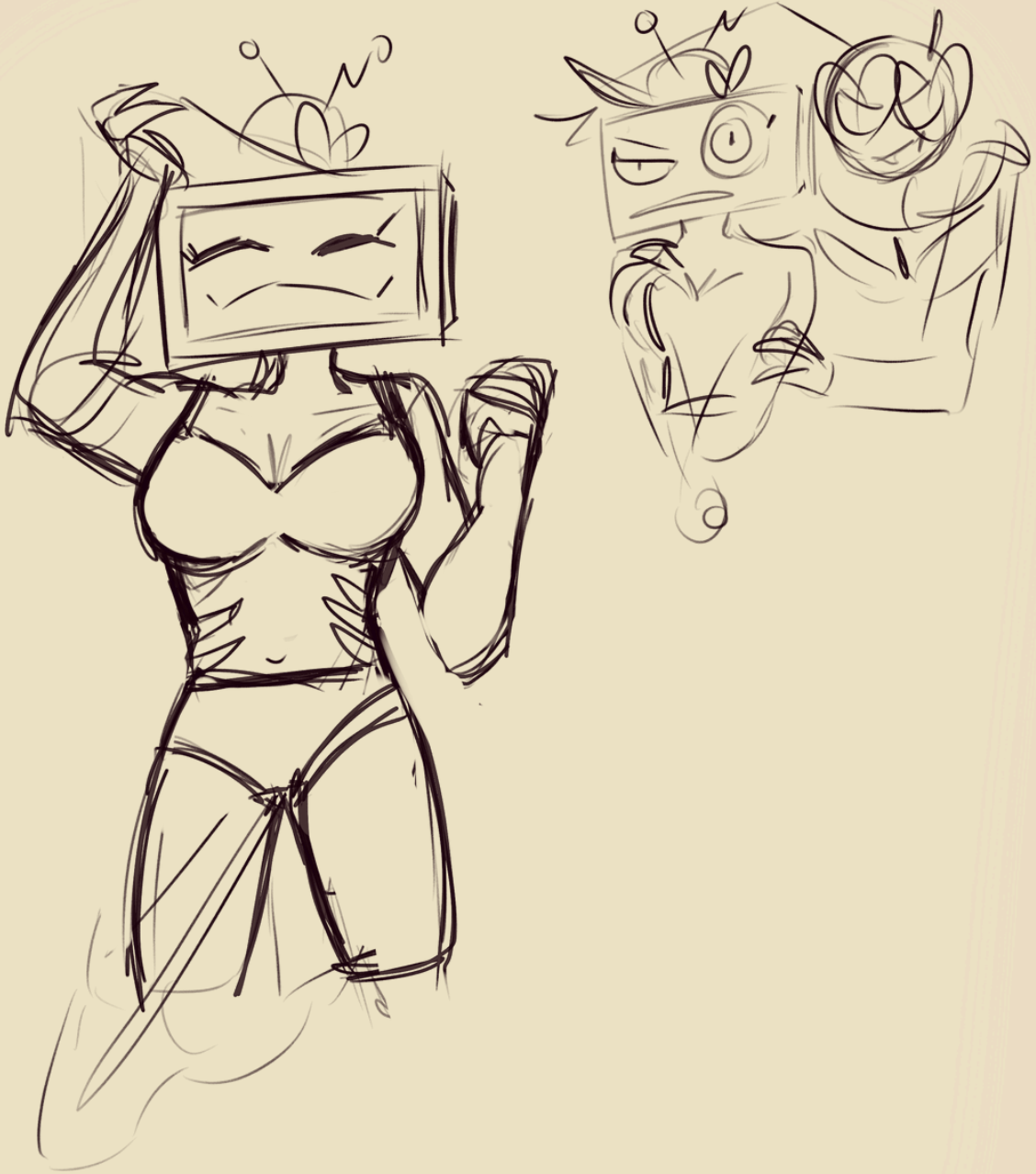


OH YOU ARE A GIRL!

Your outfit is really cute!



i kno i drew his antlers wrong. i don't care <3





Oh Mr. Vox
it's really nice
that you're picking
up your wife's
estradiol



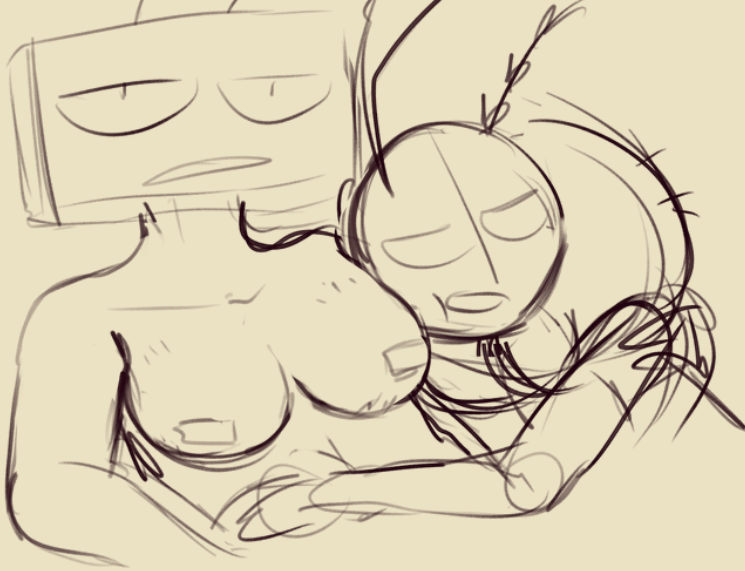
wait can
sinners even
go through
menopause





Val, what are
the benefits
of boy moding
male privilege

I see





**“Hey, if you’re going to express your love,
right now, exactly who is it inside your heart?
Wrenching open the box, holding your heart,
come on-
show yourself (who is) an exact lookalike, to
me?”**

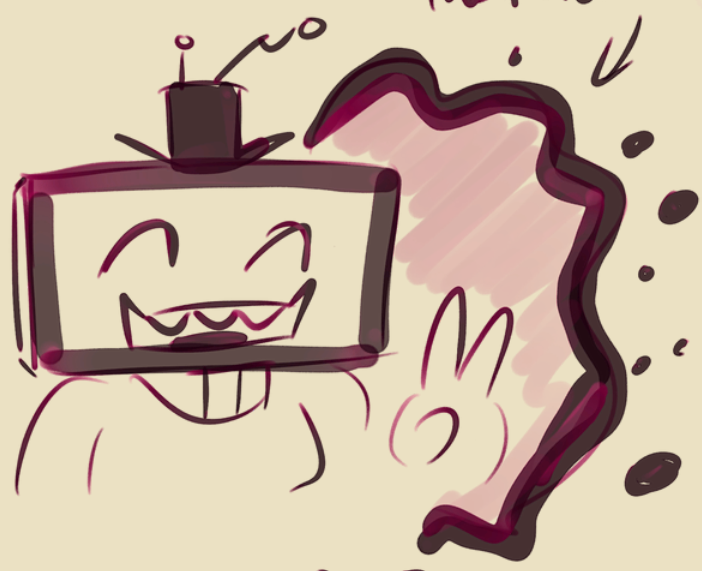
wowaka - アンノウン・マザーグース
.(Unknown Mother Goose).(2017).



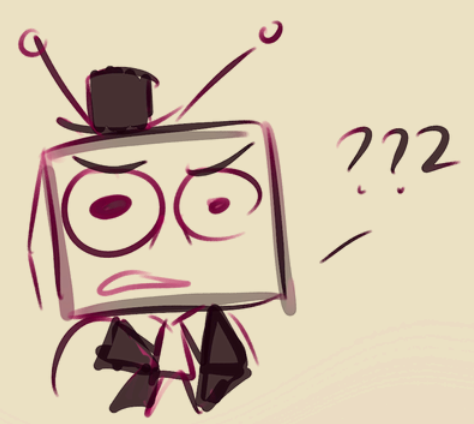


OKAY
going
now
GOOD
LUCK
with the
AFTERLIFE!

Portal back 2 the
the future



AND
UM...
Stick with
the deer.
for now.



Afterword

ok i was joking about ao3 being down for a hot minute, but to be real i have had this on the backburner since like... june? In a less sketcher form then this and with more prose. But. Holy crap this is already 70+ pages. And I formatted it in 5 hours this!! is enough!!

Anyway I hope u all share this zine, it's super rough and pretty basic but!! i want it to be tossed around the internet. To be in those fic archives that have popped up since our dear archive's passing (she's still alive but i can't hear her right now.)

trans fem vox u mean the world 2 me. she's not what the creator intended but alas that is what fandom should be right? to be able play with these characters in a sandbox. and that doesn't have to always happen on ao3 ya know?

i hope she means something to u too. thanks 4 reading. ♥

-mem/beasttrash/346385794 (2026.10.31)

oh and happy halloween??

jfc i have work in the morning never let me do this again.





huh?

what did
I mean
by "I'm
not even
a girl"?



i...
i have
notime
to think
about
that
nn





Credits

Vocaloid Lyrics Wiki for English translations.

People who upload old commercials on to Youtube.

Bert who has to deal with my yapping about Hazbin Hotel yaoi (The owl did nothing wrong - Bertie, 2026)

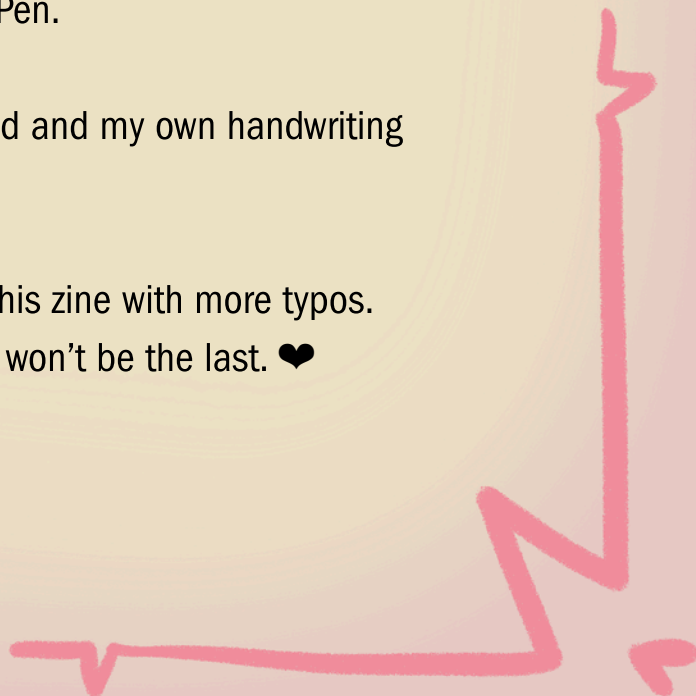
All the trans people who I have gotten the pleasure of knowing over the years. ilysm, we're going to make it.

Made in Canva with one middle finger up at the generative AI button.
(fuck that guy)

Fic written in Ellipsus. (if you take any more private equity money ellipsus i will destroy you) Drawings and layout made with Procreate and Clip Studio Paint. Drawn on iPad Pro and a XP-Pen.

Font face: ITC Franklin Gothic LT Condensed and my own handwriting
(sorry!)

You might have seen an earlier version of this zine with more typos.
Hilarious. Keep sharing that one around. It won't be the last. ♥





MADE BY MY OWN BLOOD + SWEAT + TEARS



NO COPYRIGHT, LEFT beef

if you sell this zine i will throw you in a locker.
and steal your lunch money

SHARE! THIS! ZINE!

2026.10.31