



GOD,  
I WISH  
THAT  
WERE  
ME

18+  
ADULT  
AUDIENCES

A TRANSFORMATION  
ARTBOOK BY  
ANGRBODA



GOD,  
I WISH  
THAT  
WERE  
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A TRANSFORMATION  
ARTBOOK BY ANGRBODA

WITH GUEST WRITING AND EDITING  
BY ABE E SEEDY

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## THE CULT OF THE BLACK FEATHER

Contains forced TF, latex/goo, body takeover. Implies a heavy mental shift and a female outcome.

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## DOGPILED

Contains a consensual werewolf orgy, anal sex, and multiple successive partners.

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## POOL PARTY

A mini-sequel to Floatle Mode. Contains pooltoy TF, teasing, some penetration and very light inflation.

*INTENSITY: SOFTER*



## GOO AND YOU

Contains surprise TF, solo sex, goofication, implied loss of bodily form.

*INTENSITY: MEDIUM*



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Contains surprise feline TF, very light petplay, occult themes.

*INTENSITY: SOFTER*



## DO IT YOURSELF - USING THE ART ASSETS

# INTRO PART ONE

## **What this book is, and what it includes**

GIWTWM is built around a set of ten fantasy scenarios crafted for the discerning transformation liker. Each includes a name, a mini-story of between 500 and 1500 words (roughly), and an accompanying full-page illustration. The stories are written in the second person, describing what you encounter, do and feel. In the spirit of the title, this book is for inserting yourself or an avatar character into each situation. The illustrations for each story contain characters I created to give your imagination as much to work with as I can. I tried to be wide-ranging with the situations and themes, picking from a mix of ideas I've gotten positive audience feedback for over the years as well as some personal favorites.

If you're interested in taking things a bit further, I've also included a pack of assets with your download, including YCH-ized guide lineart (sometimes other artists call these "bases") for each image. For the majority of the scenarios where it makes sense to do so, a variety of alternative lineart files are also included, in case you want the "you" character to be a different body type. You also get clean, no-character versions of the finished backgrounds that you can use if you'd like to do the interactive part of the book digitally.

**(As an important aside, these aren't intended or authorized for commercial use - they're for you to use for yourself and your friends, to make stuff you vibe with. Please don't distribute the assets, but I would encourage you to post the resulting art online if you'd like.)**

I have an explanation of how to use the assets in the second half of the book, after the scenario section. For now, happy reading! I hope one or more or all of these situations runs a finger over the good part of your brain. :D

# INTRO PART TWO

## **Why this book exists**

I got the idea for GIWTWM right before a big convention earlier this year. I'd been thinking about collaborative art, about getting back to using traditional media, and how much I was looking forward to sitting around a table with a lot of other TF people, talking about fun stuff and doing art trades. I really really like when you can sit with a mixed group and everyone does their own thing, whether it's writing or drawing or showing off the collection of art they've gotten over the years. I don't know, it's just something cool that I feel like it's hard to get from the internet. People are social animals, even when we like the idea of not being people ;)

One of the coolest things to me is that sometimes the creative vibe at a table is so good that people who don't draw much, or used to draw but gave it up, or never really even considered that they might want to try will borrow a pencil and some paper and go to town. I think this is very cool for a lot of reasons - it demonstrates a willingness to experiment, for one. Art is hard and failing to reproduce a thing exactly as you see it in your head is almost a given. Learning to accept that and to work alongside it, despite the challenges, is a practice that I think can be a real, emotional good. I also think it demonstrates a great respect for the creative process and teaches us to value the things other people make that little bit more.

There's also a flip side of drawing genre or fetish stuff that's more obvious: it's fun. It's horny. It allows us to explore stuff that's not possible IRL, and to communicate those ideas to others, with diagrams if necessary. I'd be surprised if for a lot of artists in this sphere, getting the shit down on paper wasn't some piece of the "I want to learn to draw" pie.

This book isn't intended as any kind of drawing instruction, because I don't think I could presume to teach anybody about drawing and I don't really want to try. I just want people to be able to take a stab at putting themselves in the picture. Wishes can't necessarily make it happen, but you can.

# THE SLOW LIFE

**You kneel in the hay of the stall as the late-afternoon sun streams into the barn.**

It's been a long, slow, weird road to get used to the reality of your new situation, but now that the dust has mostly settled and you've eased into your life on the farm, it's these quiet afternoon moments that you look forward to the most.

The calm is broken only by the gurgle and suck of the tubes, the surge and churn of the milk they draw from you depositing itself into a large tank on the far wall. You think of the first time you used the industrial milker instead of messily squeezing your output into a metal pail, how weird and foreign the cups felt against your growing breasts, your trepidation at the intensity of your body's changes. The relief of the pump and squeeze and suck had been palpable, and ever since then you looked forward its soothing rhythm.

That was back before your hooves, you recall, shifting them beneath you to take the pressure off your knees. It'd been hard to get used to your new gait, the new girth of your hips, but the biologists who ran the farm had helped. After all, it was only right to be compassionate to the people whose lives had been changed by the Breach, they told you. You appreciate their care but every day your old body, your old life, seems further and further away. Life on the farm is good, and you have a lot to look forward to. Your tail swishes behind you at the thought of it, a little eagerly.

Soon milking will be even better, and your production will be so much higher. It makes you feel good to think that the farm benefited from your presence as well as the other way around. You reach down and run your hand over the quivering bulk of your udder. It's been so full lately, finally completely grown in, and your overseer had to expedite getting you fitted with another set of milking cups. You take one of your udder's teats in your hand and imagine yourself fully hooked up, the strain and release of all six tubes at once as milk pumps from you, giving you a hot thrill in your core. Your udder is finally going to fulfill the promise of that first day, when you had just arrived on the farm, and it was little more than two extra sets of nipples clustered low on your abdomen. It had been chafed and sore, and a kind biologist had gently rubbed lotion on it for you, working over each stiff teat until the skin was soft and supple.

Your ears twitch at the pleasant memory. You'd had a fleeting glimpse then into the

future, to this moment, and felt suddenly that even though your body's changes meant losing something, there would be much to gain in return.





# PRIZE WINNER

**“Oh... wow,” the girl working the prize corner says,**  
after you sheepishly hoist your enormous pile of tickets up to the glass.

“Yeah, I uh... I guess I got really lucky? I’m usually only good at one or two of these games.” You play it down the best you can, but the reality of it is that every machine in this place was practically *spitting* tickets at you. This arcade only opened recently so you chalk it up to a calibration issue, even if you did notice that everyone else seemed to have a distinctly less-crazy amount of winnings.

She grins as she starts feeding your spoils through the ticket counter, like she’s genuinely excited for you. “You might even qualify for our super secret grand prize,” she says in a low voice, and winks conspiratorially.

You raise your focus slightly to inspect the shelves and shelves of novelty items behind her. Usually these types of bar/arcade combos have at least one big prize like a game console to blow your money chasing after, but they haven’t stocked up on any of the really expensive stuff yet. It’s possible that they have something cool in the back though, maybe even the grand prize she’s talking about.

Her ticket counter dings as it sucks in the last slip of card stock. “Yep,” she chirps, this is just enough. Do you want to divvy it up to go for smaller stuff or are you interested in the Big One?”

“Do I get any hint at what it is?”

Her customer-service smile tweaks to an angle that changes it into a cute smirk. “No hint, it’s like that old game show, you know. The one with the doors.” She lowers her voice again, like she’s letting you in on a secret, “You seem like you would really like it, though.”

You look at the shelves again, and curiosity gets the better of you. “What the hell,” you shrug.

She stifles a laugh. “That’s exactly the energy I like to see in a big winner. Come on, I’ll take you in the back.”

She walks you through a nondescript storage area, back towards the wall behind the crane games. Several of the machines are built into the wall with their back panels in here, probably to make them easier to re-stock without going out on the floor. She stops at the back of one that you remember was full of really big plush animals, almost the size of a person. It only sticks in your mind because the quality seemed way too good for something you might win from a carnival game, and you remember wondering where they came from.

“The grand prize is one of these stuffed animals?”

She puts her hand out in a fifty-fifty gesture. “Eh, yes, and no. It’s... complicated.”

Without warning, she touches you on the back, and everything suddenly feels... far away. Your arms fall limp at your sides, and it’s all you can do to remain standing. You’re overcome with a peculiar tingling, and slowly, you start taking off your clothes.

Wait— why are you—?

“Sorry to spring this on you,” she cuts in, “but we’re having a hard time getting stock in and you genuinely do seem like you might enjoy it. I know it feels weird, the puppeting part.” She wiggles her fingers for emphasis.

You want to respond with something indignant, but find that your mouth is too busy turning upwards in a bashful smile. You’re naked now, and she’s walking you toward the panel in the back of the machine. She opens it for you, and walks you out into the huge glass box of the game, the panel slotting back in place behind you with an audible ‘*chnk*’.

You collapse into the soft pile beneath you, and your limbs are heavier than ever, almost... swollen. You manage to roll your eyes down and see that your arms are sprouting the same kind of short-pile fur that covers each of the animals around you. It’s warm and prickly, but vague. Each of your senses except sight seems bizarrely muffled.

“You’re probably woozy from the polyfill spell,” the girl from the prize corner explains. “Just relax and get cozy, that’s the best way to ride it out,”

Her suggestion is tempting, and you close your eyes and are just about ready to drift off when you hear a buzz, and the glass chamber fills with tinny music. Is it your imagination, or does the pile of prizes underneath you shift slightly? Wait— are all these other prizes—

All of a sudden, a huge, metal claw descends from the ceiling, grabbing you around the middle and hoisting you up with your ass in the air. You panic and think of your nakedness, think about how the people out there must have a complete view of you, but an arm of the claw rubs against your crotch as you shift out of its grip slightly and you realize there's nothing there for them to see. The attention on the space between your legs still feels very pleasant, though, and a hot blush creeps over your face. You look out of the glass to see a person standing at the controls next to the chamber, but from this angle they're hard to make out. Doesn't this seem the least bit weird to them?

"Oh," the girl's voice comes back over the mic, "the other thing I forgot to tell you about the spell is that it alters perception. To anyone outside the game, you're already a toy. Sorry, it's been a long time since my turn in there." You file that away for later. "What else... oh yeah," she remembers, as you feel a growing weight at the base of your spine, "this is the one game that's totally rigged. The claw can only lift so much and once you're fully changed you're too-"

You wiggle in the grip of the thing, its already-precarious hold on your newly-plump hindquarters finally giving way at the addition of your (deliciously soft, you note, as it flumps across you) tail.

"- heavy." She finishes, awkwardly.

You hear the buzz again, and realize that the player from before must have added another token. As the claw comes down to clamp itself against the soft plush of your body, all you can think is that for them to be so persistent, you must be *awfully* cute.



# DEEP SPACE EXPLORATION A

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

*male partner*

**You come so close to hitting the alarm. But just before you can,** you recognise the creature's face. Something in the eyes lets you know it's Kenji, even if the rest of his face has been twisted into a reptilian snarl. That moment of hesitation is all it takes for his claws to curl around your wrist, pulling you away from the console and throwing you up against the wall.

The injections had been supposed to keep you *safe*. The long term effects of exposure to this nebula's background radiation were too dangerous for humans to survive untreated, so the scientists back home had developed this course to provoke what they called 'genetic flexibility'. Any damage done to your genome could be safely mitigated and repaired, and Kenji had volunteered to wake from cryosleep first to run the initial tests. Clearly, things hadn't gone to plan.

He tears away the few remaining shreds of his clothes, leaving his altered body completely exposed. He's only been awake for a few extra hours, and already he looks so alien. What could have caused so much change so quickly? The scientist in you can't help but speculate, offering half a dozen potential explanations. A heavier than expected dose of cosmic rays? Insufficient shielding? Alien contaminants? Intentional sabotage? His claw drags slowly down the length of your arm, and you see tiny green scales starting to form in its wake. Your train of thought jumps tracks. Is it contagious? Or were you exposed too, and you'd simply been frozen longer?

A hiss builds in his throat, and you see a cerulean blue shape slide out between his legs. His intentions aren't predatory then, you note distantly. That makes sense. After all, you'd been kept fed and hydrated intravenously throughout the long journey, but this need had gone unsatisfied.

He peels your sleep clothes away casually, and you belatedly realize that you could be resisting. You haven't even tried to talk Kenji down from whatever fugue state he's in, let alone fight him off. Eventually you're forced to conclude that it's because you don't want him to stop. You feel so warm already, and every sharp intake of breath only makes that heat increase further. His slick, monstrous cock promises only relief as it presses up

against your thighs, and it makes no sense to decline it.

He mates you first right there up against the wall, pressing your body firmly up against the cool metal even as he thrusts into you from behind. He's wetter than anyone you've ever been with before, and the evidence of his need leaves your body glistening with lubrication even before he snarls his orgasm in your ear. And yet even that is just a momentary respite. Each of you steady yourselves for only a few minutes before his shining length stiffens yet again, the look in his yellow eyes matching the hunger between your thighs.

The second time you sit in his lap, clutching the spurs that are emerging from his spine as you fight for leverage against his thrusts. You lick submissively along the length of his snout without thinking, prompting him into an open-mouthed grin that shows off his lizard-like tongue. You bow your head as he drags it slowly from the tip of your nose to the center of your forehead, and you can feel your own reptilian snout forming under his attention. A growl builds in your throat this time, and you dig your sharpening fingernails into his hair as you hold him close, letting his second orgasm pool its warmth blissfully through your core.

It's you that starts your third session. You've spent his period of recharge playing with the wetness he's left coating your body, experimenting with the sensitivity of your alien blue sex. You shift your stance to accommodate your increasingly reptilian feet, teasing yourself with your claws and hissing in satisfaction as your slickness mingles with his Kenji rumbles in approval, prompting you to fall eagerly backwards onto his welcoming length.

In all the process takes hours, each frenzied rutting extending the scales over your skin a few inches further or pulling one more part of your body into the correct shape. By the time you're enticing him by waving your lizard tail in his face, drops of your mixed fluids are floating freely in the cabin, the gravity generator long since a victim of your careless thrashing. You only stop when a flashing light warns you both that it's nearly time for the next crew member to be awakened, and without discussion you go to greet them. Now your flicking tongue can more clearly identify the pheromones that lace the air, pouring off of each of you as you casually stroke your improved body. A look flashes between you as you briefly consider mating one more time, but you shut that down with a quick hiss. It wouldn't do to leave your crewmates waiting, after all.

# DEEP SPACE EXPLORATION B

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

*female partner*

**You come so close to hitting the alarm. But just before you can,** you recognise the creature's face. Something in the eyes lets you know it's Naomi, even if the rest of her face has been twisted into a reptilian snarl. That moment of hesitation is all it takes for her claws to curl around your wrist, pulling you away from the console and throwing you up against the wall.

The injections had been supposed to keep you *safe*. The long term effects of exposure to this nebula's background radiation were too dangerous for humans to survive untreated, so the scientists back home had developed this course to provoke what they called 'genetic flexibility'. Any damage done to your genome could be safely mitigated and repaired, and Naomi had volunteered to wake from cryosleep first to run the initial tests. Clearly, things hadn't gone to plan.

She tears away the last clothes over her lower body, leaving only a strained undershirt to keep her distorted modesty. She's only been awake for a few extra hours, and already she looks so alien. What could have caused so much change so quickly? The scientist in you can't help but speculate, offering half a dozen potential explanations. A heavier than expected dose of cosmic rays? Insufficient shielding? Alien contaminants? Intentional sabotage? Her claw drags slowly down the length of your arm, and you see tiny green scales starting to form in its wake. Your train of thought jumps tracks. Is it contagious? Or were you exposed too, and you'd simply been frozen longer?

A hiss builds in her throat, and you see a cerulean slickness between her thighs. Her intentions aren't predatory then, you note distantly. That makes sense. After all, you'd been kept fed and hydrated intravenously throughout the long journey, but this need had gone unsatisfied.

She peels your sleep clothes away casually, and you belatedly realize that you could be resisting. You haven't even tried to talk Naomi down from whatever fugue state she's in, let alone fight her off. Eventually you're forced to conclude that it's because you don't want her to stop. You feel so warm already, and every sharp intake of breath only makes that heat increase further. The air is dense with the scent of your need, and it makes no



sense to decline her insistent relief.

She mates you first right there up against the wall, pressing your back firmly into the cool metal as she thrusts herself into you. She's wetter than anyone you've ever been with before, or perhaps you are, but some combination of the two of you leaves your body glistening with lubrication even before you hiss your orgasm in her ear. And yet even that is just a momentary respite. Each of you steady yourselves for only a few minutes before your arousal peaks again, the look in her yellow eyes matching the hunger between your thighs.

The second time she sits in your lap, clutching the spurs that are emerging from your spine as she fights for leverage against you. You lick possessively along the length of her snout without thinking, prompting her into an open-mouthed grin that shows off her lizard-like tongue. She returns your attention, drawing the point of contact slowly from the tip of your nose to the center of your forehead, and you can feel your own reptilian snout forming in response. A growl builds in your throat this time, and you reach around to claw at her tantalizing slickness, drawing out her shuddering orgasm. You feel the rumble of her satisfaction as it pools its warmth blissfully through her core, the vibration sending you to your own, frantic release.

The third session starts sooner than stamina should allow. She spent your brief period of recharge playing with the wetness you left coating her body, experimenting more with the sensitivity of her alien blue slit. After bracing herself with her increasingly reptilian feet she teases her clit with her own claws, hissing in satisfaction. You can't help but rumble in approval, prompting her to turn towards you, her open maw and tongue sweeping over your aching sex for the first of many times.

In all the process takes hours, each frenzied rutting extending the scales over your skin a few inches further or pulling one more part of your body into the correct shape. By the time you're enticing her by waving your lizard tail in her face, drops of your mixed fluids are floating freely in the cabin, the gravity generator long since a victim of your careless thrashing. You only stop when a flashing light warns you both that it's nearly time for the next crew member to be awakened, and without discussion you go to greet them. Now your flicking tongue can more clearly identify the pheromones that lace the air, pouring off of each of you as you casually stroke your alien cock. A look flashes between you as you briefly consider mating one more time, but you shut that down with a quick hiss. It wouldn't do to leave your crewmates waiting, after all.



# UNICORN HUNTING

**“I forgot to ask over text but I just wanted to make sure -**

do you have any allergies?” Sydney asks, her voice carrying to you from the next room over.

“I... don't think any that are relevant? I'm not great with bee stings, so no weird bee sex I guess.”

“Okay,” she answers, like you're totally serious and not just trying to ease your nerves with a dumb joke. “That's good for me to know.”

—

You'd met Sydney and her boyfriend, Caleb, on FetMeet, a kink dating site that had the benefit of letting you meet people who were into the same things as you, even if those things happened to be... very specific.

They described their practice of your mutual interest as 'intensive body shifting erotic role play' and by all the indications in their joint profile, they were good at it. Their wall on FM was full of long, effusive thank yous, their play partners were always blown away by... whatever their experience had been.

From the small suite of pics Sydney had sent you during the vetting process, you assumed this was because they seemingly had access to a huge library of very high quality gear and prosthetics. “I definitely prefer the full-body makeovers”, Caleb had told you, “Getting to see what Syd can do with the full canvas is always the most fun”. The thing that had excited Sydney most was that you'd granted her more-or-less full creative freedom with the scene, giving her only a list of things that were off-limits, things you really enjoyed, and things you were interested in but had never tried. Her eyes had practically sparkled as she'd read it over on the video call. “Damn, you really get it,” she'd grinned hugely, “This is going to be an all-timer.”

—

And now, you were a three hour flight away from home, in their bedroom. At least they lived in a city that had been on your list to visit anyway, so if this was a total bust there

was still a long weekend of museums, cafes, and parks to look forward to.

“You still want just this evening, right?” Caleb asks, “I know you said you had other plans while you were in town.” You nod, as Sydney finally emerges, naked and almost vibrating with excitement. In one hand, she’s holding what looks like a horse bridle, but a weirdly cute one? It shimmers between magenta and purple in the light, and the hoop where the bit would attach is shaped like a star. In her other hand, she holds... a glass bottle. You struggle mentally not to call it a potion because that’s the look it has - cork and everything. The bottle, also decorated with a star, is half full of a viscous, pearlescent fluid.

“I hope I don’t have to drink that,” you joke, to which Sydney responds “Oh, not this one, it’s topical.”

She sets the bottle down on the nightstand and directs you and Caleb to undress, while she covers the bed with a crisp-clean extra blanket ‘just in case’. When you’re ready, she takes your face in her hands, kissing each cheek, and slips the bridle on. You feel a faint tingle, but it’s easy to chalk it up to nerves and her soft touch.

“You mentioned an interest in trying out pony play,” she explains, tightening the bridle’s strap, “so that was my starting point.” She lays you down on your back, and Caleb scooches in behind you, your head resting on his chest. For a moment your anxiety spikes as you realize you have no idea what to do, but he whispers a soothing encouragement to you and Sydney reaches down to stroke your flank. For some reason it sets you immediately at ease, and you relax back into him, taking in the reassuring scent of his cologne.

Now that you’re calm and in a suitable head space, Sydney kneels over you, uncorking the bottle with a small ‘pop’. “Once I’d picked out a theme, I thought about what else to add. One of the fantasies on your list of faves was toy stuff, and we haven’t gotten to do one of those in a while. Like I said before, you have exceptional taste.” She begins to pour out the liquid across your midsection in a pastel rush, and when it hits your skin, it’s a peculiar tingly mix of warm and cold. She reaches out with her other hand and starts to spread it, whispering something lilting under her breath. Everywhere the liquid goes it clings to you, coating your body. Before long your whole torso has that same pearlescent shimmer, except for your nipples which are a bright purple pink. Caleb brings his hands up and runs them along your chest, fingers sinking in slightly to your rubbery, artificial skin.

Sydney drips more of the stuff onto your nipples and you see it form into piercings there,

barbells with a gold star on either end. You're starting to match the aesthetic of the bridle.

"I was a real girly-girl as a kid," Sydney goes on absently, "and my favorite toys were these little plastic unicorns with brushable hair. They had a great vibe - all rainbows and sparkles. I had the lunchbox and everything." You look down, and it's clear the pastel coating is actively spreading on its own. Your right hand came up to rest across your middle at some point, and now it too is being subsumed. Your fingers have separated into two groups, and are being overtaken with a cap of purple plastic. As you watch, it closes over fully, leaving you with a cloven hoof where your hand ought to be. You press it against yourself, and with it you can feel the give of your plastic skin.

That's the point when you realize, perhaps a little later than you should have, that none of the people in the pictures were wearing costumes. It should be scary or weird, but instead it just ignites a hot thrill in you. The glittering goo reaches your crotch just then, as if on cue. You feel it make the necessary adjustments to subtly enhance your new toyhood, expanding your pleasure centers and finessing your opening to make you perfectly receptive. Almost on cue, one of them slips a finger inside you, and you could honestly cum from just that. The need to be pleasing, to be a perfect and beloved object, is just too much.

"Muh-more please," you gasp, and Sydney obliges, dribbling the liquid across your face just as Caleb reaches down to grab your thighs, hoisting you up slightly to rub your opening against his erect cock. You find yourself almost drooling, and realize it's because your mouth has started to stiffen into a round O shape, as its also begun to push itself out into a muzzle that better fits the shape of your star bridle. Sydney runs her other hand soothingly through your perfectly brushable nylon hair, stroking it against the ridges of your horn.

"Just give me one second," she says to Caleb, who seems almost ready to press himself fully into you. She reaches into a bedside table and removes a harness and a strap, getting it all set up on her crotch with a practiced quickness. In the meantime, Caleb hoists you up, directing you across the bottom corner of the bed on all fours. He stands behind you, ready to enter as soon as Sydney is good to go. You feel your lips quiver in anticipation as she cups a tender hand around your chin, and they take both ends of you in the same moment. Every thought, every feeling, dissolves into stars. You can only feel the pressure and rhythm of their attention, responding in kind as your nylon tail slaps happily back and forth against your thigh. You feel Caleb start to cascade into quicker and quicker thrusts and you match his timing, milking his cock as thoroughly as any faithful toy possibly could.

His absolute, quivering, orgasmic bliss melts into you, sending you over the edge.

He withdraws and collapses, leaving his cum to run down your moisture-resistant legs. Sydney backs off as well, wriggling out of the belt and making an obscure gesture over your muzzle. Suddenly your mouth un-stiffens, but before you can say anything, she shoves herself onto you, and you respond the only way you're capable, with gusto. She hitches a leg up on the bed as you lap frantically at her pussy, your hooves clumsily straining for purchase against her legs. In the end she simply grabs at the straps of your bridle and *pulls* you forwards onto her clit as she finally finds her release. Again, the wave of it hits you; the pleasure, the absolute joy of fulfilling your plastic body's purpose so thoroughly.

Spent, she also collapses, and you follow. A long, exhausted silence falls, which you eventually break. "So... about the length of the session," you venture.

"When is your flight out?" Sydney asks, still clearly dazed.

"Tuesday," you answer.

"Tuesday is great," Caleb responds, and you relax down into the mess of the blanket. You'll check out the city on another trip. This long weekend is clearly spoken for.



# GETTING A LEG UP

**Lately you've started to feel like your guild leader is,**

not to put too fine a point on it, a stupid asshole. About a week and a half ago, he'd sent your brawler on a solo mission to a pretty treacherous local cave system, solely based on a dubious story about some kind of ancient treasure. Now he's violated the most basic, common sense rule of adventuring and sent only one person, you, on the rescue mission. You only agreed to it because you're worried about Valra, and had decided that after you find her, heal her and bring her back, you would quit the guild and go back to soloing.

Granted, in theory you're a better option for scouring these caves than Val was, since your scholar-level black magic gives you a lot of options when it comes to the kinds of mob monsters that tend to live here. Unfortunately that magic relies on intricate gestures, and your hands are currently tied at the wrists and numb from some kind of spider venom.

So, the crux of your current problem is that deep in the caves, you were absolutely swarmed by low-level spider monsters. Their behavior was... weird, and the split second of confusion you felt at the way they seemed to know exactly the range you'd need for most spells was enough to leave you overwhelmed. Your anti-poison charm worked great against the first dozen bites, but after that, not so much.

Now you've been stripped of your mage's robes and suspended in ropes of spider silk, your arms tied against your chest wrist-to-elbow. The rest of your body is criss-crossed in a series of restraints that in other, less cave-like circumstances... let's just say you might find them 'intriguing' and leave it at that.

The tunnel you're in is wide, and you seem to be suspended at its widest point. On the far wall, a torch is set into a ring crudely clawed out of the rock. It seems like the spiders were courteous enough not to leave you in the dark, at least.

What brought you out of your woozy slumber was a skittering noise down the tunnel that sounded way too big to be any of the monsters from before. You force yourself to raise your head, squinting out towards the edge of the torch's ring of light.

A huge, dark form breaks into the threshold of your vision, its six legs working in concert



to keep the bulk of its form smoothly moving forward. A massive spider's abdomen bristles at its base, surmounted by the black, chitinous torso of a generously-endowed female figure. Her silky white hair glistens in the torchlight, and her eight red eyes catch and reflect the fire's glare, seeming to almost to glow.

Your stomach drops. A Spider Queen. You are... screwed? Doomed? Definitely, totally dead meat?

"Uh... I'm um, *really* sorry about this," she interrupts your mental spiral. You notice her mandibles twitch, and her hand finds the back of her neck, rubbing in a way you can only describe as *sheepish*.

"You're... sorry?" You mean to say but it comes out in a mumbled mess. The spider venom is still making things difficult.

"Yeah, I um, I didn't realize the guild would send anyone after me. But after, well, this," she waves a clawed hand to encompass her whole arachnid form, "it's not like I could just go back into town. I mean, there's no way people there would be... normal about it."

Even if you weren't laid up from the venom, it would still have taken you a second to understand what the hell she's talking about. As it is, she stands there awkwardly while you muddle slowly through it.

"Valra?" you eventually manage, incredulous but quickly realizing that it *does* make a weird kind of sense. You can see it now, the shape of her hair, the tone of her body. Val's same ample... assets.

Before she can answer, a shudder visibly runs through her and she bites her lip. Some kind of tension seems to completely overwhelm her and she leans her head back toward the roof of the cavern, her arachnid eyes half lidded. Jerkily, she grabs at her breasts, massaging the nipples, and the tremors in her abdomen seem to reach their peak. She gasps, and several quivering, orange orbs drop from her to land gently on the floor below.

"S-sorry," she stammers, still recovering, "The Clan is in the middle of a big expansion cycle right now. It's gotten... so hard to keep up." Your mind flashes back to the dozens, hundreds of spider drones who swarmed you earlier. Ah. "That's why I needed you," she continues. "Otherwise, I would've directed them to just shoo you back towards town. But lately I can feel this urge... the Clan needs..."

Her eyes flash red again and she's on you, sinking her fangs into your left shoulder. You can feel the pump of the venom pouring into you and surging out just as urgently from the bite, setting your veins on fire. At last she breaks contact, seemingly spent.

"*What the fuck, Val?!*" You try to yell, but the fire in your throat won't let anything out. Your vision swims, splits, and you realize it's because something in your cheek has shifted. Your secondary eyes, you realize. This is... it's happening really fucking fast. Is there a counter-charm? It seems to be biological so curse removal won't work...

Your rushing thoughts are ceased by the feeling of her clawed hand on your aching, tender chest. You're so swollen that you're chafing against your restraints. You squirm, and her hand moves down, caressing a series of bumps on your torso that even as she lingers there resolve themselves into the nubs of four flailing, segmented limbs, each one with a sharp, clawed tip.

She moves down again, and you tense, anticipating her touch on your most intimate area. When her fingers arrive, though, it's just... not where you expect it to be. She keeps going and between her positioning and the new heft you're starting to feel there, you realize that she's stroking the underside of your new, growing abdomen. Eventually she finds its tip and you gasp as she sinks her clawed digits into your new sex, the monstrous pussy of a spider queen.

At your gasp, Val uses her other hand to cup your full, aching breast, your tender nipple drawn between her thumb and forefinger. "I had to go through this myself, so I figured the least I could do was help," her seemingly cheerful words come out in a hungry hiss. You look up and her ruby eyes are shrouded in some distant ecstasy. A strange, deep instinct in you activates, and you understand - she's fulfilled her command from the Clan, successfully ensnaring and producing an additional Queen.

As the weight of your new limbs and abdomen increases, you use your claws to shred what remains of your restraints. Almost as soon as your legs bite into the floor of the cave, you feel the reservoir of your eggs begin to fill, bringing with it a pressing and undeniable urgency. *Drones*, you understand, thinking of the swarm in the caves above, are unfertilized, haploid. Once hatched they act as a rough extension of your consciousness, their burgeoning tide enacting the will of the Clan. At that thought, you feel the pounding thrum of the Clan's demand within you and squirm. As the first egg bulges and slips wetly from you, you're increasingly sure you'll find satisfaction in fulfilling your new role.



# THE CULT OF THE BLACK FEATHER

## **She grabs both of your wrists and there's just nothing you can do.**

Whatever way and however much you desperately twist, her body simply slides along yours, adjusting her grip-angle seamlessly. She's vacuum sealed to you, and she knows it. The ink-dark alien perks her ears as high as they'll go and flashes you a mouth of bright white, canine-seeming teeth in a vicious grin. Her gold jewelry is luminous in the dusty sunlight of the remote ruin.

"A lively one, eh? All the better for me, then. I hate a host with no *spirit*." When she speaks, the sounds and words she forms are a complete mystery to you, unlike anything you've studied associated with this place, but somehow the meaning arrives exactly as she intends directly in your head.

She's fully abandoned the lower half of the body she'd briefly formed when she crawled up out of the broken altar. Everyone else on the expedition had dismissed it as less important than the one in the main chamber, but you'd stayed behind, perplexed by a glyph with connotations of "solace", "sleeping place" and, most ominously, "prison". Before you could react to the sudden presence of the space-black, shimmering puddle of her, she'd snared you in a wave of her viscous ichor, pinning your feet to the ground and using a series of amorphous tentacles to remove your boots one at a time.

At this point she's stripped you entirely, fully encompassing you to well above the waist. Every drop of her is probing and massaging, and it's impossible to tell if you're wearing her like a costume or if she's wearing you like an armature.

"I'm impressed, really," she goes on, leaning forward so that her ample chest presses wetly against yours. "Usually when I bond to a lower life form, I can subsume them rather more quickly than this. To be fair, it's also possible that the millennia in that dreary chamber those little cult-lings sealed me in after claiming this was to be my *temple*," her eyes burn molten gold with barely contained rage, "have left me a bit out of practice. I suppose I'll just have to try a little harder."

Her canine tongue extends from her muzzle, roughly brushing over your nose and mouth. You briefly struggle to breathe, but she withdraws quickly. Extending between her chin

and your nose is a string of liquid black, and you realize that she's just spread herself even more, preparing your face to be subsumed as well. As you watch, your nose pushes out slightly, working its way towards a muzzle not unlike her own.

In addition to the assault on your face, she's fully engaging herself below your waist, coating and clenching and stroking... it's impossible to tell how much of the arousal this brings on is coming from her or from you, but the mounting ache makes that distinction less relevant with each passing second.

"Well, it seems that at least *part* of you has accepted me," she almost purrs. Seemingly pleased by the blooming desire she senses in you, and possibly *feeding* on it, she begins to expand, the perfect black gloss rising more on you with each second. The weight of her chest fuses to yours and she raises your (her?) clawed fingers to caress a pert, blue nipple. A delighted gasp escapes your lips, and in response the claws dig in, the blunt tips drawing small noises of complaint from the smooth flesh underneath.

You feel her wrap around your collarbone, then your neck. Her avaricious smile slips neatly in place over yours, your muzzle already her perfect twin, reproduced in her image. As your vision is replaced by hers (it has a marked infra-red component, you realize in a detached way) her sharp, flawless bob flows over the hair you've been struggling in vain to keep neat since you left desert base camp. Finally, her jackal's ears crown your head, anointing you as her latest conquest.

She sifts through your memories, and you can feel her weighing which other members of the expedition she thinks might make... useful allies. She shows you images of what you might make of them, together, and your need burns hot and sharp. You can feel yourself practically *leaking*, black drips gently pattering on the stone floor beneath your paws. As a token of her approval, she opens more of herself to your consciousness, and you can faintly feel her compatriots off-world, ageless and unchanging. Your check-in would have been expected thousands of years ago, but your people are nothing if not patient. You'd made so much of this world and now you can simply pick up where you left off. The delicious opportunities presented by that thought are more than enough to spur you back towards the group, ready to make up for lost time.



# DOGGPILED

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

## **“So, why was it so hard to get you to agree to an interview?”**

Casey, the one they jokingly call the Leader of The Pack, raises a bushy eyebrow at your provocative opening question. You can see him biting back a snarky response, settling instead on a passive aggressive shrug. “I just don’t see what we get out of profile pieces with people who don’t know our genre.” His eyes flash, then he adds, “no disrespect.”

“You mean the supernatural investigation slash friendly hangout vlogger genre?”, you retort. “I know you’re blowing up right now, but I’d hardly call that a *genre*.”

Out of the corner of your eye you see Big Dave bristle, but Casey cuts the tension by laughing. “Okay, okay. Maybe we’re both being a little dismissive. But still, I don’t know what people get from reading about us in your fancy magazine that they wouldn’t get from just watching our videos.”

“Let’s leave that up to them. For now, let’s go back to talking about genre. Do you mean the niche horror reviews you used to do, back when you were on your own?”

He chuckles to himself, shaking his head before he responds. “I probably shouldn’t be surprised that you did your research. But yeah, sure. That’s what all of us in The Pack first bonded over. Schlocky horror is such an easy go-to for a chill hang, it’s kinda hard to relate to folks who don’t like, have that gear. Y’know?”

“Maybe you’d be surprised at the sort of people who enjoy good bad movies”, you answer casually. “I mean, it’s not hard to appreciate goofy setups, big drama, and surprisingly elaborate costumes.”

From somewhere behind you, Big Dave quietly laughs. Casey nods appreciatively though, and you follow up on your in. “So, care to tell me about your favorites?”

“Oh, we don’t have *that* kinda time”, he scoffs, but you can tell from his grin that you’ve got him. “But I’ll run through some classics if you’re interested.”

You take a moment to angle your recorder at him more directly, then lean back in your chair. “Go right ahead.”

That discussion gets the whole group into the conversation, and after a few hours you have more than enough material for a solid interview. Casey is apologetic when they hit their hard out, lingering as the rest of The Pack start to leave. You take your time putting away your recording equipment, and it pays off when he sidles back over, a glossy card between two fingers. Flipping it over you see an address, with no further information.

“In case you want to continue our conversation a little more privately.”

It’s cute how suave he thinks he’s being. “A one-on-one interview?”, you ask, looking him up and down appreciatively.

He huffs. “Well, we’d be coming straight from a shoot, so the whole Pack will be there. Plus we’ll still have all our prosthetics and stuff on, at least initially, so-”

You cut him off. “Hot”, you say simply.

“Oh yeah”, he answers with another wolfish grin. “You *definitely* gotta come. Be there at 10pm.”

—

You’re expecting it to be a sex thing. You’ve been around quasi-famous people enough to know how they roll, and what you’re signing up for when they invite you to a private party. What you’re not expecting is how quickly things go in an... *alternative* direction.

It starts with Big Dave wandering shirtless through the campsite while everyone else is still just chatting, which wouldn’t really be remarkable except for the fur that absolutely coats his chest. Either he’s the hairiest person you’ve ever seen, or their costumes go way harder than you’d expected. By the time you and Casey are making out he must have slipped in some fake fangs, but you have to admit the way he bites softly against your neck is a little hot. And then something fluffy brushes past your back, and you think you spot a wagging tail. You assume one of them is wearing the most elaborate werewolf costume money can buy... except that the bright red cock between his legs is something that you’ve *never* seen done that well, especially not the fat bulge that stiffens authentically against his curled paw.



A low howl starts nearby, lasting for about 5 seconds before a spray of beer douses the offender across the nose. “For fuck’s sake man, we are *not* starting up with that right now.”

It takes you a moment to catch Casey’s voice, coming as it is from a wolf-like muzzle next to you. It’s got more of a growl to it now, but you can still recognize it as him. “So yeah”, he adds, turning back to you, “werewolves are real, we are them, do you still wanna fuck? Oh, and it’s contagious, so you’ll be joining the Pack too.”

You pause. “Do I have to be in the videos or anything?”

“Uh, no.”

“Then yes, absolutely, I’m in.”

They surround you with practiced coordination. Casey takes your jacket carefully, but after you rip the buttons from your shirt the rest of your clothes get disposed of with an indelicate mixture of claws and teeth. Soon soft paws are running the length of your limbs, while Big Dave cradles your head. His cock rises in front of you and you waste no time in tasting it, feeling an immediate tingle on your tongue in response. He starts to say something, but your attention is distracted as another muzzle curls beneath your chin, and you only realize Casey is standing behind you when he’s pulled you backwards and has you lying on his chest. The red tip of his cock settles between your thighs, and you recognize that the rest of The Pack is holding back. Of course, it only makes sense that the leader would get to start first.

He takes his time to line himself up, and the rest of your partners lavish you with encouraging strokes while you wait. Eventually it clicks that they’re not just teasing you, but actively encouraging their gift as it spreads to you. Fur is already blooming across your legs, and the grasping paw against your head is guiding canine ears through your hair. You run your sharpening claws over the tense muscles of Big Dave’s chest, while at the same time a tail swells proudly from your lower back. As much as it all is, you can barely focus on anything else as Casey’s arms envelop your waist, drawing a single padded finger along your skin before settling his paw enticingly just where it needs to be. He’s clearly getting you ready, and you’re caught between a moan and a howl as your mouth stretches into a muzzle of your own. The only thing you have the presence of mind to do is hike your hips up slightly, guiding his cock towards your rear, so he and the others can use their paws on the rest of you while you take in his cock.

Casey catches your hint, and soon your eyes widen as his tip stretches slowly into you. He huffs as he fights for restraint, clearly struggling against his instincts to simply mate you in a mindless frenzy. He isn't left to dwell on that for long though, as another Packmate quickly steps up between your thighs and slides his cock against your sex, and Big Dave at last takes advantage of your panting muzzle to service his glistening length. You feel your fangs dragging lightly along his cock as he presses forward, his flavor rich and salty on your lengthening tongue.

You quickly lose the ability to follow everything that's happening, your consciousness drifting from moment to moment as an endless array of new sensations roll over you. Warmth fills you as the first of your partners cums all through the matted fur of your crotch, his cock almost immediately replaced by the next werewolf in line. A spasm from a sudden thrust makes you bury your claws in the fuzz around Big Dave's crotch, and he rewards you by flooding your muzzle in turn. Through it all Casey rocks back and forth steadily, demonstrating his mastery with his restraint as he sets the rhythm for the whole group. It's only when the rest are running out of steam that he changes things up, his paws gripping fiercely at your flanks as he increases his pace. By now your thighs are a mess, your new fur sopping and slick almost from chest to knees. He growls in your ear as he puts that lubrication to use, sliding you firmly down his length until you feel the bulge of his knot. After that your eyes lose focus, and everything fades into a pleasurable blur.

—

You resurface slowly, an indeterminate amount of time later. There's an arm wrapped around your knee, a leg tucked under your neck, and Big Dave's whole face buried in your chest. All of them are naked, but all are also back to being apparently human. A chorus of soft groans greets your attempt to rise, and slowly The Pack shuffles reluctantly back to their feet. You've never seen a set of werewolves look so sheepish, but it's clear once again why Casey is the leader as he's the only one with the confidence to attempt to play it smooth with a new member.

"So, same place next full moon?", he tries.

You respond with a wolfish grin. "Just try and stop me."



# POOL PARTY

**“I feel like you were pretty disingenuous about the nature of this pool party,”** you say to Yvette archly. Snark is the only way you can think of to ward off the impending cascade of ‘what the fuck’ that started a few minutes after she slathered you in that fucking sunscreen.

True to her mischievous nature, she’d made such a big deal out of how totally expensive and all-natural it was, that it had come as part of the super high-end house sitting gig Gabi was doing that gave them access to this amazing pool. You’d let her put it all over you, because anything to do with Gabrielle had an air of responsibility and legitimacy. She didn’t seem at all like the kind of person who would involve you in an elaborate prank that turns you into a plastic pool animal.

Who expects their friends to do that? Because how? Why?

Yvette runs a hand along your increasingly springy skin, admiring the slight pattern of cartoon scales, then reaches over your plump, inflatable ass to trail a finger down the plastic handle that’s appeared on your left thigh. Every second of her contact with you is a weird form of torture - it feels so incredibly good, but you just want to be allowed to be mad about it. You want to yell at her to mind her own business but your growing snout doesn’t want to let you - you glance toward a distant window and see the reflection of your face locked into a wide, cartoon grin.

“What do you say, Gabi, should we get the air compressor?” Yvette chimes, still obviously delighted with herself.

“Yvette, stop being so extra. We can get the compressor later if it seems like it might be fun,” Gabi climbs out of the water, and now that she’s out you can see that her bottom half is a toy like yours, teal blue and banded with purple stripes. A shark. Her fins slap wetly against the faux-marble of the sun deck as she approaches.

Your gaze moves unconsciously to her crotch, where she has the same kind of... plug... that you seem to have now. Yvette already delightedly opened yours, and as much as her touch on the vinyl of your opening made you self-conscious, it also filled you with the

desire to lean back into it, to beg her to add finger after finger until she stretched you to your limit, if only to see what your new limit even is.

Abruptly, she lets go of you, grabbing the bottle of sunscreen for herself and slathering it on. You're momentarily shocked but quickly realize she must have done this before; she didn't seem surprised by any part of what happened to you, after all. Her skin starts to darken to a shiny charcoal while her chest inflates, filling out her swimsuit to the point of strain. She lays a hand approvingly on one firm, plump breast and it suddenly occurs to you that the three of you might actually be able to salvage this and have a pretty great time after all.

You don't really have the crowd for a pool party, but a pool threesome sounds just about right.



# GOO AND YOU

**Once you notice the crack in the containment chamber,**

there isn't much you can do to avoid contamination. You're just too close, and you're *sure* that a second ago, the thick pane of glass had been perfectly intact. Maybe you'd gotten complacent because lately the goo had finally been settling down, had seemed to begrudgingly accept its enclosure. Regardless, now it's out. And all over you. And... dissolving your... clothes...

The touch of it on your skin is warm; a cozy, numbing sensation pouring out from everywhere it touches your bare skin, seeping into you and making you feel unsteady on your feet. Maybe the best idea is to kneel down and wait for someone to come help. After all, the alarm - isn't sounding, you realize. The chamber should have been rigged to automatically trigger an alarm once containment was breached, but it's clearly been disarmed.

Somehow, the puddle of slime around your knees manages to feel *smug*.

Beneath your tattered lab jacket (you really *liked* that one, dammit), your clothes aren't faring well. You notice that it's not just contact with the goo, but contact with *your skin* that's melting them away, which is also coincidentally when you realize that there's suddenly less meaningful distinction between the two. You push a finger down against a swelling, increasingly goopy thigh, and feel it give and squish in a way you can't help but feel a small thrill at. Everywhere you grab or push, your flesh just *gives*, and you have to concentrate slightly to retain your own surface tension instead of sinking down into a comfy puddle.

You're also starting to feel peculiarly... heavy. Certain important parts of you definitely seem to have more heft than they used to, and all you can think to do is *squeeze*. The warmth of the goo has spread to your whole body now, and it's hard to think about much else. To feel much else. You run your hand, your last limb that remains unchanged, over the swell of yourself, and the gelatinous quiver it provokes is sublime. Maybe it *is* worth the trouble it takes to retain your bodily form, at least for a little while longer.





# MORE FAMILIAR

## **So far, being Ophelia's familiar seems to mostly involve**

helping her find her car keys. Occasionally she'll get a premonition, like 'the weather will darken and turn sour' when the forecast already calls for rain. She also seems to unerringly know when you're thinking about going out for a coffee, and suddenly you'll get a push notification that she's preemptively sent you enough to cover her favorite pumpkin latte, plus tip, plus a little for gas. Like all her witchy foibles this skill expertly toes the line between useful and useless, interesting and irritating. You tolerate it because she's a good roommate who picks up after herself. She gives you space when you need it and has good taste in movies when you don't. So the title of 'familiar' is something that you've always just shrugged off, or treated as her bizarre way of showing you friendly affection.

That is, of course, until she gets her hands on The Book.

It's old, and everything in it is in Latin, transcribed in neatly handwritten black letter. The facing pages opposite the text are full of diagrams (magic seems mostly to be about diagrams, in your limited experience as a familiar) which cover everything from magic circles to Vitruvian men to star charts and beyond. Tonight it's open to one of the spell pages, and, squinting at the Latin next to it, the spell seems to involve... cats.

Ophelia pats her lap, directing you to lay across it. You're dubious about all of this but she seems excited, and it's not as if she ever manages real magic. In half an hour you'll be teasing her about it while you flip through a streaming app together, looking for something to watch to put this all behind you.

It would be less embarrassing if you weren't both in your underwear, but she insisted on the point, claiming the spell generates a ton of heat. It's not like you haven't seen each other in your skivvies before, so it's annoying but not worth arguing about. You are, however, going to make her go to the store and buy you both that expensive gelato you really like a few times before you *fully* let it go.

She's chanting and it takes you a minute to realize anything is happening, because the build up of the tingling that grabs you is long and slow. Eventually it graduates to full on itching, and then to something... else. It's like every hair follicle on your body is straining,

and you glance at your shoulder. You're growing fur.

"Whoa, whoa, what IS this spell?" you demand, but she's fully into it now. There's a hot pink light coalescing around her outstretched hand, and as it whirls and dips you can see it struggling to form a shape - a copy of her hand. The glowing appendage brings a finger down to your tailbone, and the magic jolts through you like you've been shocked.

Your body responds, extending your spine out to a tiny nub, and the abrupt constriction of it against your underwear makes you snap both hands down, stripping them off. Now free to access its goal directly, the hand *pulls* the growth, teasing it out, drawing it longer and longer. Fur blossoms all along it, and you can see the pattern - calico. Ophelia places the hand she's not using for the spell on your back, as if to comfort you. She can't say anything to you or break her concentration but from the grin on her face you can tell that this was the desired outcome.

While you're been paying attention to your new tail, other parts of you have shifted at the same pace. Your long socks give way as soon as you flex your thickening toes and unconsciously unsheath your new claws.

"Nyoh fair," you yowl plaintively, "I love those!"

The burning of your fur coming in has subsided into a different kind of heat, and the hand of the spell moves again, pawing at you, soothing you. You flip onto your back to give it better access and you can feel the movement unconsciously take the positioning of your tail into account. The spell graduates to full on stroking, its electric fingers stimulating you in just the right places. You look up at Ophelia and think how she must see you, *what* she must be seeing, the wanton neediness of your animal form, and the thought makes a hot blush creep over your furred cheeks. Her only response is a soothing pet to the top of your head as the spell continues its work on you. She runs her fingers along your velvety soft ear and it feels so good that you can feel your whiskers twitch. Without realizing it you've started to paw at your torso urgently, and an indignant series of meows escapes you, commanding more, more, more, faster, faster-

"Nyahhhhh—" you gasp as you cum, wave after wave of pent up tension cascading through you, each one punctuated by a faint zap of energy as the spell finishes. You can feel something deep click into place inside you, and the pink light fades.

“Wow,” Ophelia gasps, finally free from the weight of holding the spell with her chanting, “that was incredible!”

Now that the pleasure from being brought to magical orgasm has faded, you look at your clawed, padded hands and groan slightly, putting your soft muzzle between your palms. Ophelia looks at you quizzically.

“You owe me so hard for this,” you answer, “and I’m not even sure if cats can *eat* gelato!”



# DO IT YOURSELF

**Whew! If you're this far, I really hope you enjoyed the stories and art** and that at least one of them (and hopefully a few) gave you some new, fun ideas. Now it's time to take those ideas and DIY some porn to go along with them :)

The first thing we need to figure out is what character to use, and what scenario to put them in. I'm borrowing my character Selene from the robot bunny story Abe wrote for one of my artbooks, *Synthetic*. You could use your regular old self, an idealized version of you, or a completely different character (for those of you who aren't of the self-insert bent).



For the scenario, I think it would be fun to see Selene turn into a cute bunny plush, since she's usually a bunny sex robot. I have her character reference handy, so all I need is to pick the right base. The plush has two options, a masc and a femme body type, so I'll grab the femme one and get going.



The technique I'm going to talk about first involves doing the lineart for your picture in traditional media, and then coloring it on the computer. Later I'll touch on doing everything on your computer or tablet, and doing it all in traditional media.

You'll want to print the guide lineart on something you're comfortable inking on. I used a smooth Bristol board (it's basically fancy card stock) but you can even use regular old printer paper if you want. Way back in the day, when I used to do all my lineart on paper, I just used whatever I had.

The key to this is that when we scan the lineart as black and white only, the blue lines from the guide won't show up. Use pencil to adjust the guide to reflect your character, and then carefully ink over your image. Leave it to dry fully and then use an eraser to get rid of your pencil guides. There's a zillion brands of inking pens with Sakura microns being probably the most popular. I don't really like them and opt for Uni or Faber Castell (their PITT artist pens are my fave). None of these are crazy expensive but you can also just use whatever you have. There's some inkers that even swear by ballpoint pens, which can get quite a subtle look.



Now we scan, making sure to set the scanner to black and white. As you can see, the blue lines don't get picked up.

Using the background asset for the plush, I created a new file and inserted the femme plush lineart as a guide to place my scanned lines.

There's as many ways to isolate lineart as there are graphics editing programs, it's easy to find a tutorial for most of them by searching online for '[program] isolate lineart'. Here, I've done it in Photoshop with the channels selection. Regardless, the goal is to have just your lines be on a layer, which makes them easy to color later if you want.

From there the lineart gets moved into our file, and the next step is the flat colors. You'll want these to be on a layer below your lineart. Some programs like Clip Studio have a handy tool that lets you bucket fill on a layer below your lineart by setting your lineart layer as a reference. I like to make the flats layer by selecting all around the figure, expanding my selection, inverting, and filling the selection.

For shading, I work on a layer above my flats. Areas that will remain light get painted in white, areas of shadow in a color that matches my lighting scheme. I usually default to a muted cinnamon color and adjust from there. This layer gets set to multiply, which means it can only make the layer below it *darker*.

I finish up by adding some little details and extra shadows. You can see the final result on the next page. You'll notice the lineart looks different than the digital lineart from this book, but I think traditional lineart does have a unique charm.





You can also use the assets in a wholly digital environment, which means you need to have a tablet to be able to do your lineart digitally. If you're at the level where you have access to a tablet, you probably don't need my instructions ;)

All the files are sized at 2550x3300 pixels, so you can layer the relevant ones and start sketching your lineart changes on another layer. I like to do these in red or pink to stand out but it's up to you. I described my coloring method in the previous section if you want to give it a try.

Finally, if you don't feel comfortable working digitally or just want a break from computer (don't we all), you can also use the assets to do a fully traditional piece. If you adjust the guide image so it's very, very faint (any image editing program can do this, including free ones) you can print it on paper or card stock and work over that. You can also print a darker version instead and use a light box or a bright window and some tape to trace your lines onto a clean sheet of paper to get fully clean lineart with no guides. Once you have your lines ready, just go to town coloring with whatever media you like. I usually dig coloring with markers and cheap alcohol markers have gotten quite good in the past few years. Here I'm using Copics and Prismacolors because I've had them for years, but I've used everything from colored pencils to highlighters before. One tip I love is to use a white Gelly Roll gel pen for highlights (since obviously, highlights are my jam, haha). They're not expensive and they can add a lot of oomph to your drawings.

You'll find the materials that you're the most comfortable with by trying out a bunch of options. Experiment and make cool shit!



# THANK YOU

For buying this and supporting the kind of niche media you (presumably) like to see. This book was quite a big project, and I hope people both enjoy it and get a chance to play around with the included assets.

As always, if you'd like to see more of my work, you can find it at my site below, just click the link. There's free art and stories, along with a catalogue of other TF projects you might like, including ones by my husband and most frequent collaborator, Abe E Seedy. Thank you so much to him for all the help, support, editing and encouragement. It's done! Hooray!

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