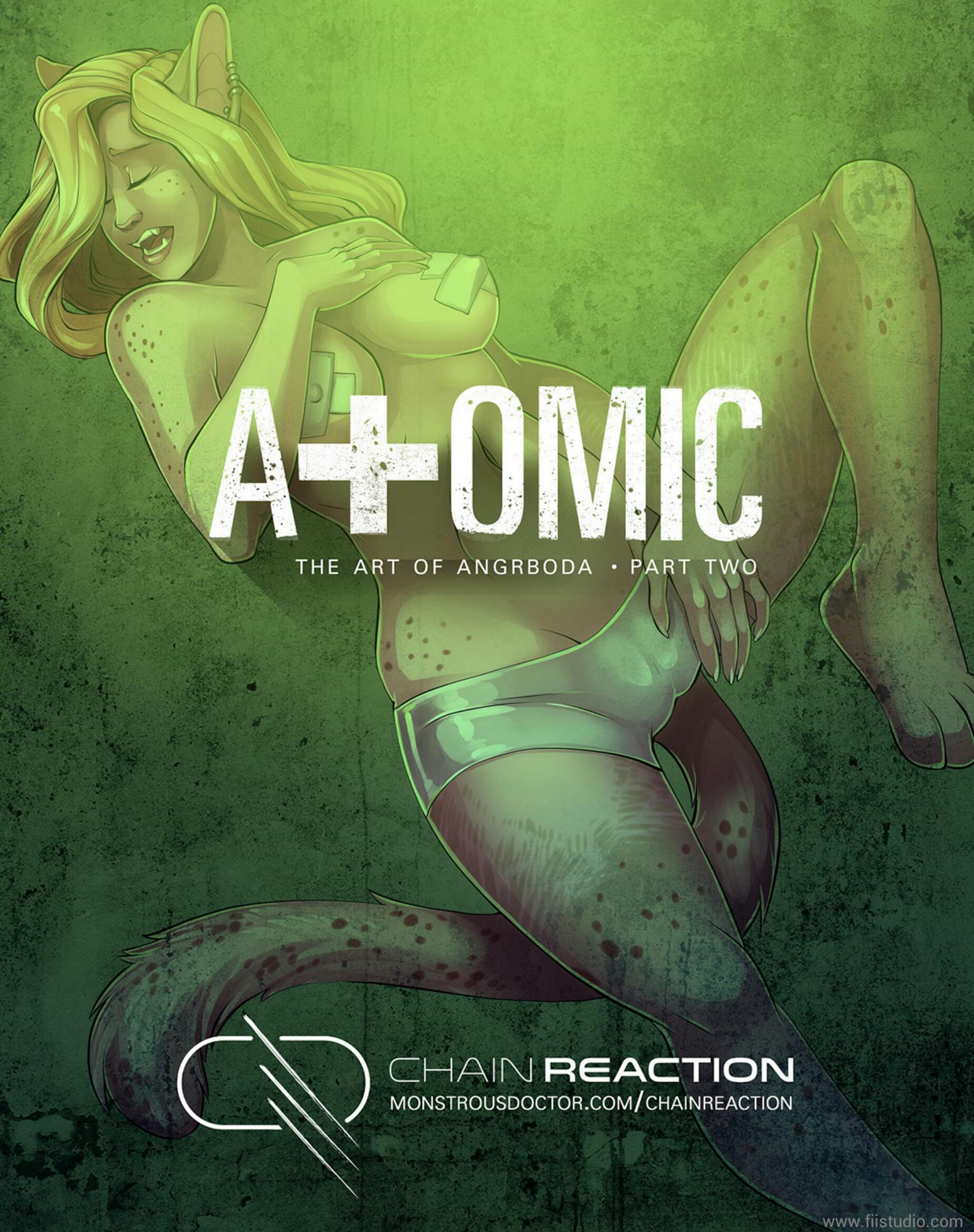




A+OMIC

THE ART OF ANGRBODA • PART TWO



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It's sequel time; and while it may not be bigger, it's definitely a couple notches badder.

Welcome to Atomic! This book is my follow-up to *Injection*, which was my first try at an art book that I released in the late fall of 2013. Unlike *Injection*, this one took me significantly less than 5 years - only about a year and a half (still slow, but not nearly as painful); from January 2014 to May of 2015.

All up, this pdf represents more than a hundred hours of work, easily. The production of it absolutely would not have been possible without Therian and Abe helping, supporting, and tolerating me throughout all of it. They also helped provide a lot of the ideas that ended up getting drawn, and Abe wrote *Upgrade* for me after I showed him the doggy-bot sketches because he's just rad like that.

Thank you also to everyone on Twitter who gave me feedback on the WIPs I posted, and everyone online who keeps encouraging me to keep drawing.

Most of all, thanks to you, for choosing to support the artists and writers who make the stuff you like. I really hope you enjoy this book as much as I enjoyed making it.







UPGRADE

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY | ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGRBODA

Alexis exhaled, looking up at the augmentation booth in front of her.

“Are you sure?”, Allie asked from just behind her, sharing her look of trepidation. “Really sure?”

Alexis nodded, resolved. “Yes. Yes, I am. I’ve wanted to be augmented for the longest time, and it’s cheap enough now that I could afford it twice over. Plus, it’s finally common enough that no one would look at me funny for it. It’s just something that people do, and I want it, so...”

The two of them looked up at the booth for a few moments more, discretely positioned as it was at the end of this quiet little side street. It was larger than Alexis had always imagined, big enough for a person to lie down in if they wanted to, and somehow the cold metal sheen of it managed to look both threatening and promising.

“Well, you’re a braver woman than I”, Allie said, patting her softly on the back. “I’ll be out here for... moral support, I guess?”

“Thanks”, Alexis answered. Then she closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and stepped inside past the automatic doors.

Inside the booth was almost empty, mostly just a grey metal box with only the computer panel on the far side breaking up the featureless surface. Alexis stopped to undress first - the fact that the process was frequently hazardous to clothing was public knowledge at least - leaving only her panties on as a slight nod to decorum. Following that she stepped forward, steeled herself once more, and swiped her palm over the payment reader.

The computer beeped once to register the approved payment before the screen in front of her switched on. Surprisingly, there weren’t any instructions displayed; just the light of the screen itself showing that the machine was clearly now on.

“Uh... hello?”, Alexis tried hesitantly, placing her face up close to the screen in case that would

help it pick her up better. "Athlete modification, please?"

A warm female voice answered her, causing Alexis to jump back a little in shock. "Brain scan initiating", it said simply.

"Oh. Uh, okay?" Alexis straightened upright self-consciously, trying to ignore the slightly uncomfortable warm sensation as her head was bathed in a soft red light from somewhere in the machine.

"Thank you", the voice continued, the light snapping off. "Doggy sex bot model selected."

"What?", Alexis choked. "I - uh, I mean - no, athlete mod, that's, uh..." She looked around frantically for any sort of input device - a keyboard or touchpad or switch or lever or anything, but there was nothing but the softly glowing screen and payment swipe pad in front of her.

"Activating", said the voice, still in that same polite, calming tone, although the effect was somewhat undermined by the noise of the door clicking locked behind her. Before she could do much more than register that however, Alexis' attention was drawn to the floor in front of her as a series of holes slid open, and from each one a long, metallic tendril emerged, all of them moving independently towards her.

She backed away, falling onto her butt as she scooped herself back against the door. "Hey, uh", she mumbled, more confused than frightened - these booths couldn't be everywhere if they were dangerous, could they? "I didn't sign up for this, right?"

If the machine heard her it gave no sign, simply continuing to slide its appendages forward. One of them moved around beside her and wrapped around her thigh - she shivered at the sensation of the cold metal against her skin, but couldn't do more than watch as it pulled her legs apart. Another two tendrils took advantage of the opening, one of them hooking into her panties and pulling them aside, while the final one moved to brush against her directly, spending a moment almost affectionately teasing her clit.



"I, uh, hey, that, um...", Alexis stammered helplessly, "I don't- ah-Ahhh!" She gasped breathlessly, interrupted by the metal tentacle sliding easily inside her. Somehow it didn't even feel cold anymore, like it had already adjusted itself to a more pleasant temperature, or maybe that she just couldn't even notice the discomfort. It felt good, and Alexis found herself bucking her hips forward involuntarily as it pressed its way deeper into her.

After several blissful moments it seemed to be done, having made its way deeper inside her than anyone or anything she'd taken before, but still somehow feeling only pleasurable regardless. Alexis looked down, whimpering slightly at the sight of this thick grey tentacle snaking out of the machine and into her crotch, but if that was the worst of it maybe things weren't so bad after all.

She saw movement in front of her, her eyes snapping upwards to see another tendril gliding towards her face, and without thinking her mouth dropped open to accommodate it. It slipped inside her before she could even process what she had done, filling her mouth completely and sliding almost down her throat. Why had she done that? She couldn't think why but it felt like how she'd always imagined it would feel to suck a sex model's cock, and her eyes rolled back in her head at the sensation of it. It felt warm, her whole head felt warm somehow; she felt her reservations slowly beginning to peel away. She wanted this. She'd always wanted this. Why should she hold onto her old inhibitions, when she felt so good being filled from both ends like this? Being careful not to dislodge either tendril, she shifted herself around onto all fours, giving the tendrils easier access and letting herself feel the pleasure of all of this even better.

It was as though her repositioning triggered something in the machine, and the intensity of it ramped up a notch in response. Another tendril wrapped itself around her legs and lifted her bodily up into the air, making her every moment of sliding back down against the shaft inside her all the more wonderful. More than that though, she felt the tendrils inside her begin to pump her full of nano-paste, the thick, liquid-like substance sliding sensually down her throat and pressing gloriously through her slit. She felt her body respond almost instantly; her feet splaying out into paws, her face pushing forwards into a muzzle, and everywhere the soft sheen of her own metallic skin wrapping over her. She smiled blissfully, shuddering as she felt her tail extend from her backside, wagging happily behind her as her remodeling continued.



She blinked. There was a warmth in her head, an insistent pressing sensation, and when she blinked again everything had changed color; as though a slight red filter had been placed over the world. Before she could dwell on that for too long, small white text began to appear in the bottom of her vision.

INSTALLING DIRECTIVES, it read.

A moment passed, and then that text was replaced.

DIRECTIVE 1: CRAVE SEX CONSTANTLY

Alexis drooled hungrily as she felt that change take place deep within her. She would, she would crave sex constantly - always ready and eager for sex like a good doggy sex bot.

DIRECTIVE 2: ORGASM ON COMMAND

She shuddered, her slit dripping as her body interpreted even that notification as a command and responded accordingly. That was her now, always ready, always on a hair-trigger, just waiting and desperate for someone to set her off. Just the thought of it felt so good.

DIRECTIVE 3: KEEP THE DETAILS OF THE UPGRADE PROCESS CONFIDENTIAL

Alexis grinned. Of course, she wouldn't want to put people off undergoing this wonderful transformation themselves, would she?

DIRECTIVE 4 -- CONFIDENTIAL --: CONSULT LIST OF NEARBY OMNITECH TOWER EMPLOYEES, OFFER YOURSELF TO THEM AS A MEMBER OF THEIR HAREM (cf document: "Your New Life As An Employee Benefit")

By now Alexis had her eyes closed, her head tilted backwards against the overload of pleasure as she revelled in her new body. She felt free, able to be who she'd always wanted to be, to embrace her sexuality absolutely as she offered herself to others as often as possible. She felt a collar click into place against the metal coating of her chest, and it felt perfect, absolutely perfect.



Allie looked up as the doors of the booth opened with a soft click, gasping as what she could only assume was Alexis stepped out. She seemed happy, more than that; she seemed blissful, practically floating out of the booth as she made her way towards her. "Alexis? Are you okay?"

"Of Course I Am Allie. I Feel Great! Would You Like To Have Sex?"

"I-what? Uh, I don't? Uh...", Allie coughed, her attempted sentences tumbling over themselves as a million pressing thoughts fought for dominance. "How can you-?"

"Shhhh", Alexis responded, placing one of her startlingly paw-like hands on Allie's lips. It felt... warm, somehow? "You Don't Need To Feel Confused. Here, Let's Get Some Privacy And Let Me Help You..."

They were already inside the booth before Allie had even realised it. Alexis' clothes were still in a pile by the door, forgotten. A beep brought Allie's attention forwards again, and she realised that Alexis had swiped her palm across the payment reader. "What?", Allie started, interrupted as the machine's cool female voice began to speak, and soon the soft glow of the scan enveloped her head.

"Think Sexy Thoughts", Alexis said as she slipped back outside the door. "I Can't Wait To Share These Directives With You..."





Caveat EMPTOR

A TF COMIC BY ANGRBODA

HELLO, PROFESSORI.

F-FRANCESCA...

I--

OUR CONTRACT
IS UP.

YOUR
PRINCESSA
IS HERE TO
COLLECT.

BUT- I'M NOT READY!
THE RESEARCH WE
BARGAINED FOR
ISN'T COMPLET--

WHETHER YOU ARE
READY OR NOT IS
OF NO CONSEQUENCE
TO ME.

I HAVE
NEED OF YOU.

YOUR CLOTHES ARE
UNNECESSARY.

NO!

YOU--
I CAN'T BE NAKED
IN THE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY!

CERTAINLY
NOT IN THAT
SORRY STATE.

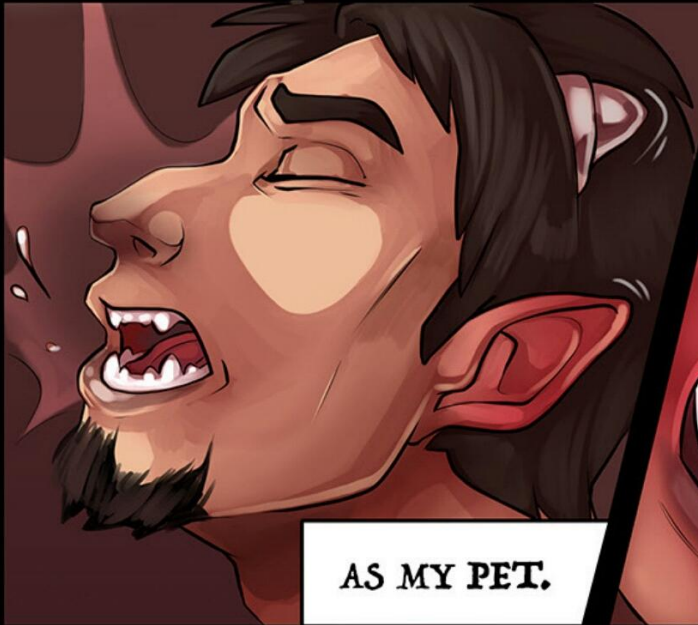
LET'S MAKE YOU
SLIGHTLY LESS
...USELESS.



THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO START, I THINK.



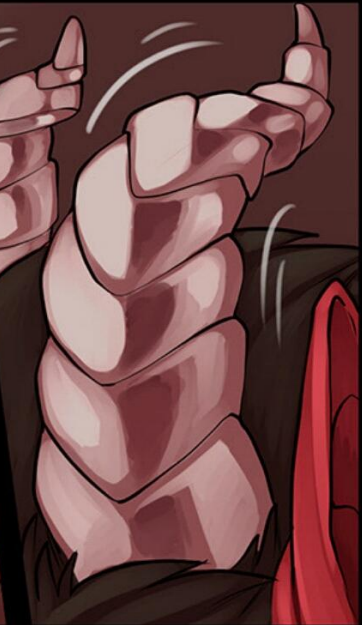
I'LL NEED TO MAKE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO SEE THAT YOU CAN FULFILL YOUR NEW ROLE-



AS MY PET.



RRRUHHH



STILL STRUGGLING? POOR BABY. THIS WILL HELP WITH THAT.



Fwoosh



THAT'S A GOOD BOY.



MUCH BETTER.

YOU WILL MAKE
A FINE PET,
PROFESSOR!

I LOOK FORWARD TO
YOUR TRAINING...





WARNING
LAB STATUS
COMPROMISED





THIS Little Piggy

A **TF STORY** WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA

"Finally," Sadie exhaled as she crossed the threshold of her apartment, her back slumping against the closing front door with an audible thud. Slowly, she slipped off her heels, kicking them off unceremoniously to land wherever they fell in her front foyer. She'd pick them up later. Or maybe tomorrow.

Tomorrow sounded good.

It wasn't until she'd tossed her keys onto her kitchen counter that she realized she still had the small box in her other hand - the one physical acknowledgment of today's significance for her in a stream of text messages and social media posts. It was a relatively small, crisp white bakery box with an embossed gold foil sticker on the top lid. It was too fancy to have come from the corner bakery near her work - whoever had gotten it for her had definitely gone out of their way, in that regard. She frowned slightly at that problem - she had come back from getting a stack of presentations bound to find the box sitting on her desk without any attached note to indicate where it had come from - but today had been too hectic to have previously given it much thought.

Normally having your birthday on a Friday at her office meant the day was more or less a wash in terms of getting anything done, but her boss had sprung a surprise client meeting on her that had been difficult to make all the arrangements for in the time-frame she'd been given. Frankly, she was still pretty pissed; she hadn't expected a present from him (even after three years of being his personal assistant, ugh), but he could have at least not made today such total hell...

She hadn't even had time to see what was in the box.

She rectified that now, slicing the sticker with her fingernail and popping the top open. Inside was a sizable but perfectly decorated chocolate fudge cupcake with a pile of pink frosting - butter cream maybe? - all surmounted by a single glistening cherry. Her stomach gurgled, reminding her that she had skipped lunch, but all she could think of was how many calories this beast must contain. Her mouth was actually watering...

"Fuck it," she said aloud, popping the cherry in her mouth, and licking off the frosting clinging to its shiny red skin, "It's my birthday."

Lifting the cupcake out of the box and starting in on the perfect swirl of frosting piled on top, she checked her phone. She had made plans to go out tonight to celebrate her big day, but after such a frustrating afternoon, tabling them in favor of a relaxing night in seemed like the better option.

Even with her mouth full of frosting, suddenly nothing sounded more appealing than ordering an entire pizza and just letting herself go for this one night out of the year. Sweatpants, Netflix, and maybe a nice bath...

She'd start with that last one. Setting down the half-eaten remains of her mystery cupcake, Sadie made her way to the bathroom, already starting to discard her blouse. As she turned the tap all the way to hot and allowed it to warm up, she shimmied out of her skirt, rolling her matted tights down off her sweaty thighs. She'd been hot all day, and somehow it had only gotten worse since she'd gotten home - getting naked now was just what she needed.

She put the stopper in the drain to allow the tub to fill, idly swishing her feet in the water. Her toes felt weirdly numb - probably from being stuck in those uncomfortable heels all day. She flexed them slightly to work some of the feeling back in while she waited for the tub to fill. When it was finally full enough to sit in she hoisted herself up to slide gently back into the -

She slipped, landing in the tub with a splash. Her ass hitting the bottom of the tub pushed a surprised snort from her nostrils.

"Heh... heh... hahahaha!" She busted out, her laughter echoing in the bathroom with only the sound of the ventilation fan for company, "What a klutz! I'm glad no one was around to see that." She snuck a hand under her ass, as she reached to turn off the tap, rubbing where she had taken the brunt of the hit gingerly, "Ow ow ugh...."

Her finger brushed against something.

"Huh?" She probed it further, trying to see what the deal was. There was definitely... something... a small bump protruding slightly from her tail bone. It must have swelled up faster than she thought. Taking care not to lean on it too hard, she settled back into the tub, letting her arms come up to her sides, and then onto her chest...

She was idly running her fingers in circles over her nipples before she was conscious of it, lazily brushing her fingers across them just enough to make them start to respond to her attention. Now this was what she actually needed, way more than some dumb bath. Her thoughts started getting away from her the way they usually did at this point - any stocky but strong guy pulled from her fantasy memory bank would... yep.



Her hands migrated down from her chest, sneaking lower to their new focus.

She was stranded on the side of the road, somewhere in the country. Something had happened to her car - the details were unimportant. Coming along in a cloud of dust was her usual visitor in a beat up pickup truck, eventually slowing down and pulling over behind her. There was usually more foreplay - more "what seems to be the trouble, ma'am", but this time he came up behind her wordlessly as she leaned over the hood of the car, reaching his rough fingers inside the tight confines of her daisy dukes to grab her supple ass cheeks.

Dimly outside the bounds of the scene playing in her head, she registered that the same numb feeling that had now enveloped all her toes had spread to the fingers she was using to sneak open the lips of her pussy and rub her swollen clit.

Inside her fantasy, she could feel her visitor's hard-on rubbing her back through the straining denim of his jeans. Reaching forward to grab one of her tits tightly, he used his other hand to free his cock from the confines of his pants. She could feel the precum sticky on his fingers as he hiked up her shirt, grinding against her until she could feel herself absolutely dripping with need.

She was hot - in the fantasy and out of it - her cheeks were on fire and she could hear the blood pounding in her ears. She should have cum by now - it never usually took more than a few minutes and it had been excruciatingly longer than that already. Sadie breathed out a high pitched sigh, and continued attending to herself with even more urgency.

Her visitor was done playing nice. He walked over to his pickup and pulled something out of the bed - she didn't even have to turn around because he was back in an impossibly short amount of time, the rope in his hands. He gruffly pulled her hands behind her back, binding them together at the wrist and elbow and tying them off expertly. As he yanked the waist of her shorts down, pulling her underwear with it, and leaving her aching pussy exposed, he grabbed her ass cheek tightly and whispered in her ear,

"I want you to fuckin' squeal for me."

She came, and the bathroom echoed with a piercing cry.

She opened her eyes suddenly, immediately shaking off the afterglow of her orgasm. Was that... her? Had she really made that noise? Still slightly shaky, she brought her hand out of the water to her mouth. What she saw then was really disconcerting, to say the least. Her index and middle finger seemed to be in the process of... fusing together, was the only way she could have described it. Her other two fingers were undergoing the same process, but also had fully numbed at the tip and were coated with a shiny black surface that was like a...

"--What the fuck," she said aloud, to no one in particular "What the fuck what the fuck

whatthefuck..”

And the weird thing - maybe the weirdest thing, even more so than her hand that was swiftly and undeniably becoming some kind of hoof, was that she was still unbelievably horny. In deference to this weird emergency, she crawled out of the tub, but was unable to stand, instead slumping against the outside surface of the bath fixture. Her feet, she noticed almost absently, were doing the same thing as her hands, her toes sliding together painlessly into chunky black shapes that already resembled a cloven hoof.

But again, all these observations were secondary to what had rapidly become a total and overwhelming need - to bury her hands in her snatch, coating her new fingers with her cum, and to continue to rub at her now painfully tender clit. She could still manage that well enough even with the hooves - only the tips of her now three fingered hands had hardened so they were still surprisingly dexterous.

She was also changing now in her mind's eye as she was bent over against the hood of the car, her hooved hands still tied together behind her back. The visitor slid his thick shaft into her deliciously wet pussy over and over, mercilessly pounding against her, occasionally punctuating his thrusts by slapping her ass.

She was squealing for him the entire time - stopping wasn't even a thought in her mind as she frantically worked herself over. She could dimly feel something happening to her ears, and her mind's eye adjusted as they became pointed sow's ears, moving to the top of her head where they nestled in with her straw colored hair.



"This little piggy went to market," he breathed as he fucked her.

"This little piggy stayed home." She could feel her nose pushing out. She snorted, her snout wrinkling slightly as she enjoyed the delicious smell of her own arousal.

"This little piggy had roast beef." The bump on her tail bone pushed out against the porcelain of the tub's surface, and within seconds she could wiggle her new curly tail, which trembled with built up tension as she moved closer to climax.

"This little piggy had none" She gritted her teeth as her tension reached its apex.

"And this little piggy cried--"

"-- Weeeeeeeeeaaahhhh weeeeeeeeeaaahhh weeeeeeeeeaaahhhh----"

She came again at last. Her legs shook as her whole body released its tension, the thunder of the blood in her ears finally subsiding from its deafening roar.

After a few minutes, she opened her eyes.

"Well, that was fucked up," she muttered, finally looking up to lock eyes with her reflection in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She looked very much like she had at the end of her fantasy... still undeniably Sadie - same straw blonde braids and slight love handles and blue eyes and cute dimples - but also sporting hoof hands, blushing pink skin, and what she could only describe as a pig's nose. A snout. She snorted, trying it out, and the whole thing was so weird she laughed again.



But the weirdest part (the new “weirdest part” she guessed) was that she didn’t feel scared or terrible or anything... she actually felt really good. She reached down and brushed her hoof against the lips of her still extremely wet pussy, and that still felt really good, too. She’d have to pencil in some more of that, later.

Finally getting back up, she walked naked back to the counter, where she had left the cupcake. She noticed for the first time a small card stuck to the bottom, and peeling it off and bringing it up to her face she read it:

Dear Sadie,

**Happy Birthday! You always work really hard without rewarding yourself -
I thought you deserved a weekend of pigging out.**

“You’re damn right I do,” she answered the message aloud, and went to grab a towel to dry off.





