



DOMESTIC

THE ART OF ANGRBODA | PART FOUR

18+

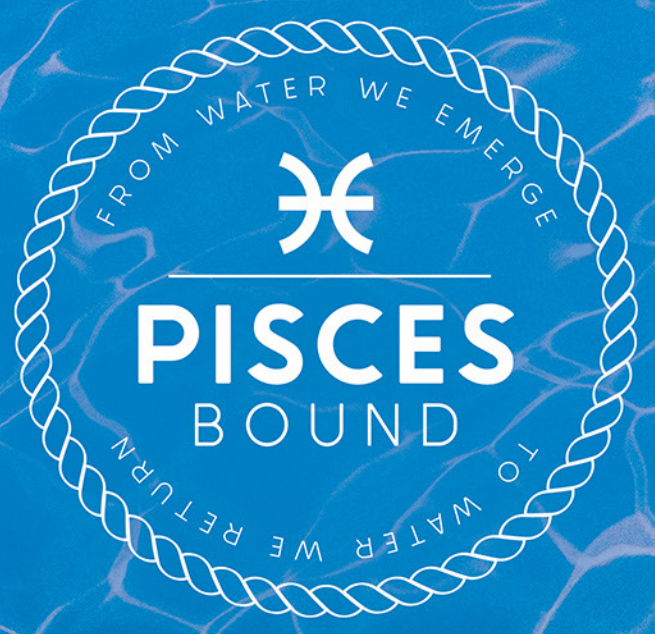
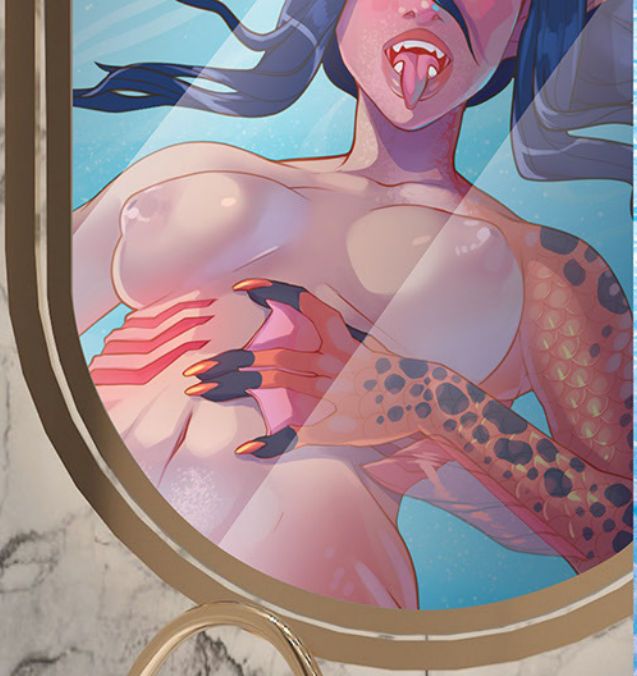
ADULT
AUDIENCES



DOMESTIC

THE ART OF ANGRBODA | PART FOUR

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A TRANSFORMATION STORY
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY ANGRBODA

female aquatic tf | rope play | egg laying





Mari was used to waking up suddenly, jerking up at the sound of her phone's first alarm, or the second one she set for 15 minutes later just in case. The first one was pleasant, all chimes and birds, but the second she'd picked to get the job done, sharp and hard. It didn't matter, she hated them both.

But today, there was no first alarm. Or second. The buttery light of morning oozed into the bedroom between sheer curtains, pooling on the smooth silk sheets of the bed, waking her gently. Reflexively, she grabbed for her phone, groping around for a nightstand that wasn't there. Because she wasn't in her bedroom. Or her apartment.

The night before seemed like a dream. Like a very vivid dream. Like a very vivid, borderline life-changing dream. She would have been satisfied with that explanation if she wasn't currently naked, wrapped comfortably in expensive sheets on a bed that was unmistakably the one from last night. She still ached, but in a good way. It was hard to imagine what she was supposed to do in this situation because she'd never been seduced and dominated by a mysterious rich woman before.

The architecture of the house was clean, modern. Unencumbered by too many things in a way that was somehow more expensive than having a lot of stuff. Mari vaguely remembered the trip here last night, but it was mostly a blur. It wasn't the drinking that had done it, she hadn't been that drunk and she was hardly a lightweight from all the office happy hours she'd suffered through. It was something else. Something about the woman felt... slippery. Misgivings or inconveniences like 'where is your estate and how are we going to get there' just rolled off of her. And anyway, she was here, so this was all kind of a moot point.

She wasn't going to get any answers from her fling this morning; one of the more innocuous things she remembered from last night (her face reddened a few notches remembering some less innocuous things on the way) was that she'd be gone before sunrise, called away by business. Mari was welcome to stay as long as she wanted. It was possible, though, that she could put together some answers going through the rest of the house, and she did still need to find her phone (even if at this point not having it didn't seem so bad).

Her clothes from last night were suspiciously absent, but a robe had been laid out for her neatly on an ottoman, along with a towel in case she wanted to shower. A note on top of the robe told her there was coffee in the kitchen and she was, of course, welcome to anything in the fridge. All of this must have been done by the woman from last night, because otherwise the house seemed completely empty. Before Mari shrugged on the robe, she

checked herself out in the full length mirror opposite. There was hardly a mark leftover from the ropes, despite how tightly she'd been bound last night. Only the faintest lines traced across her thighs and calves, and they were already fading. It struck Mari that such a major experience for her could be just another Saturday for the woman; she was obviously good at it. Something about that thought stung, but Mari didn't really want to interrogate that now, so she finished putting on the robe and went to find the kitchen. Coffee would help.



It turned out the kitchen had a sliding door that opened out onto the back patio, which let in ample enough sunlight for her to pour herself a coffee and a water. Something about the experience last night had left her parched. It was probably the drinking more than the sex, if she was honest, but she just felt... dried out. She ambled onto the patio, having downed the mug and glass, and settled into a plushly upholstered deck chair. The view here was perfect. The wisps of cloud overhead in an otherwise uninterrupted blue sky and the shade of the pergola overhead both reflected off the glinting surface of what had drawn her here: the pool.

Mari ran her hand over her thigh, thinking about last night. The beautiful wavy hair of the woman. Her lithe body and firm hands, binding Mari's legs in an elaborate series of ties and knots, restricting her movement. Strong arms carrying her here, out to the pool. Submerging her into the water, gently. Playing with her, teasing her, teaching her to move with her legs together, seamless, a perfect unbroken tail. It had been her most consistent, private fantasy made beautifully and intensely real.

In her chair by the pool Mari's hands crept towards her middle as she remembered, one caressing the smooth, dry skin of her middle and the other further down, reaching gently inside herself, darting up slightly to rub ever so gently on her clit, as the woman had done. Last night Mari had cum over and over, lost in a haze of obedience, focused only on training herself to move through the water as sinuously and beautifully as possible for the pleasure of the woman. As she remembered she felt the pressure inside herself build, focusing in on each caress, each direction, and finally, remembering the offer...



She came, her hips bucking slightly as she rode wave after wave of tension clenching and unclenching. In the cold light of the afterglow her face reddened, remembering what she had said, what she'd agreed to. It was silly... and anyway, it was impossible. But the memory had been good. And maybe that was enough.

Maybe... she'd let herself have one more dip in the pool. But then she was going to shelve this fantasy and get things sorted out.

The shock of the cold water on her calves as she stepped in was brisk. The pool was set up without a ladder; instead there was a slope with gradual steps along one end that allowed Mari to walk fully into it. Her entrance disturbed the surface, cascading ripples causing the lily pads and flowers dispersed throughout to bob and sway. The water itself was weirdly somewhere between a pool and a pond - it wasn't chlorinated, but still was almost crystal clear. Plants floated on the surface, and the outside edge was peppered with rocks and foliage along the side opposite the patio. But like a pool, there were no animals, no fish or frogs. Just Mari.

She quickly moved out to the middle section where she could swim. Closing her eyes, she submerged herself. Underwater, the silence made it easier to focus on her memory, her legs pressed together into one powerful mass, the hands of the woman correcting her flow and posture as she moved. Teaching her. Shaping her. The water flowing easier and easier past her, she imagined her fins billowing out behind her, cutting smoothly through it. She imagined her scales tight to her body, minimizing drag, her naked form armored like chain-mail, but incredibly thin and beautiful. Without thinking she breathed in deep, the cool water of the pool surging through her chest, filling it, then releasing. Her gills-

Suddenly, she thought too hard about breathing and forgot how to do it.

Mari broke out of her reverie, clawing her way to the surface and gulping gasp after choking gasp of air. Moving back to the side she hoisted herself up, crawling backwards out of the water, scrabbling for purchase on the marble of the patio. This was all wrong, she was breathing and breathing and it *still felt like she was choking* and- her vision cleared and focused for just long enough to realize why.

The wheezing sensation in her chest was focused farther down than it should have been - on six bright pink gashes lining her ribcage. Her brain was screaming at her to take in whatever she needed to process and then *get back in the water right now*, which gave her the kind of split second, doesn't-matter-if-it-makes-sense clarity to understand what she was seeing. She was drowning. Or... reverse drowning. Because she had clearly grown a large set of gills.



Beyond her chest, she could dreamily see her far hand clenching and unclenching. The space between her fingers was webbed, translucent skin grown in to link her newly clawed fingers in a kind of mitt. Her arm was covered almost to the shoulder in glistening scales, their bright orange and black surfaces interlocking into the most delicately patterned plating. That was all she could make sense of before her sense of self-preservation kicked back in, launching herself back into the water where, sputtering, her gills could begin to resume the process of breathing she'd interrupted by not realizing they existed.

At first she had to put her head fully underwater and breathe in through both her mouth and chest to be able to work through the dissonance of where she expected the intake to be (because that's where it had been for the last 30 years of her life). She placed her right hand (which didn't seem to have as much... *going on* yet, which was preferable) over her gills and forced her chest up and down slowly. Focusing on her breathing should have been calming but every time she got comfortable enough with it her finger would slide over one of her new openings, causing her to shudder at how sensitive, and obviously part of her body, they were.

Slowly, she allowed herself to move deeper into the pool, sinking lower and lower until she was sitting at the bottom, hearing nothing except her heartbeat, focusing on nothing but her breathing. It was easier here, but also the sensory deprivation made it impossible to ignore the changes to her body. She hadn't been able to catalog what had happened to her feet when she had surfaced, but now it was clear they had elongated into some kind of proto-fin, not much different from a scuba flipper. When she flexed them they bent too much, far more than they should, and the thin webs connecting each toe displaced water each time she wiggled them. The feeling of the water moving over her fins was hypnotic, calming, so she used that to her advantage and kept doing it.

The element that really sealed the deal was the fact that her knees, which she assumed she'd pressed together out of fear or anxiety, were actually beginning to fuse. She couldn't pull them apart. It was clear that eventually... she was going to have a tail, instead of legs. Just like -

Mari was already breathing underwater, so reasonably, none of this should have been more of a shock, but the reality of her legs merging into a fish tail was still a lot to process. This had all seemed impossible last night, like a game, or like a dream, but clearly it wasn't. Because the offer she'd been given at the absolute height of the session between her and the mysterious woman was to live like this.

To be an aquatic creature. Taken care of as a pet. A mermaid, kept for her beauty and the enjoyment of her... owner.

And of course she'd said yes when she'd had a taste of it - who could say no to that? Who could just go back to the regular, anxiety inducing every-day reality of the grind where

nothing beautiful or magical-

Her legs spasmed. Beneath the knee they were still separate, but above... the fusion was complete. Mari extended a clawed hand, caressing the new scales that covered what was once her thighs, the taught muscle underneath making it clear how powerful her new tail would be. Her abdomen was covered in these same light colored scales, perfectly smooth and hard, and in between...

Her pussy was just... on the front, now. She ran a hand over it, marveling at how good it felt, but how alien... to have her most intimate area out here in the open instead of between her legs. Her midsection still came down in a V, but beneath that her slit sat vertically, her clit (she shuddered, making sure with her hands) at the top. Rubbing at it and playing with it made her feel... incredibly hot, even in the chilly depth of the pool. This wasn't the right time to be horny. Her body was rearranging itself into something alien...

And beautiful...

Before she could think about it more both hands were moving on their own, finding purchase on her new anatomy, her claws deliciously firm on her clit. Her fingers darted in and out, circling and squeezing, getting rapidly used to how easy it was now for her to wriggle and bend and give herself leverage to reach as far into her pussy as she liked. She ran her tongue over her new, sharp teeth, her focus taken off breathing enough to let her slip back into autopilot. The more she went with it, the easier it got. The more she fought, the more her new body would fight her. If she'd agreed to this, she might as well lean in. It was happening.



Caressing her torso, she felt her breasts and nipples, not yet covered in scales, still soft against her new fin hands. Just below, she carefully probed the opening of her gills, gently examining their tender surface. They were unbelievably sensitive, the feather touch of her webbing over the top of them making her shiver. Now she could see this new body for what it was - pleasurable. If she was going to be a pet, she'd have days at a time to herself, days to caress and play and swim and be this new, incredible, sinuous thing. As the tension escaped her it became clear how flexible and strong this body would be. Her legs were almost finished joining, and already her tail felt so good - the promise of what was only a play, a glimpse, last night rapidly becoming realized and fulfilled.

She swam as she touched and squeezed and probed, remembering her instruction last night, lengthening her spine, reaching out and feeling the twist of her hips and the curve of her shoulders slip into place. It was pure ballet. Each loop and dive and twist pushed her further from her doubts. How could she want anything but to be this? At last, her tail fin surged to its finished length, billowing out behind her in a bright pink wave.

Overcome, Mari returned to her original purpose. What was left? What wasn't complete? She couldn't take stock of it right now, she could barely -

Her increasingly desperate hands brought her to orgasm again and again, each shuddering harder and harder. Something was... building, inside her. A pressure. Something... new. Mari doubled up, her fins thrashing underneath her as she rubbed at herself furiously. It was like she couldn't cum, even though she'd twisted herself through wave after breaking wave of it. What was- what was-

Inside her, she felt a lurch, and the pressure reached its limit. She leaned hard into her hand, grasping furiously at the vegetation at the bottom of the pool for purchase. Great gasps of water pulled through her gills, now as simple and natural as breathing air.

She squeezed her eyes shut, grinding and grinding and- Ahhhh!!!!

A massive wave crashed over her, sending great, shuddering spasms all through her as egg after gelatinous egg squeezed out beneath her desperate fins, clumps of them sticking to the algae beneath her. Once it started, it kept going and going, it was so much, too much, the biggest release she'd ever felt. A hundred eggs, a thousand eggs, she couldn't count them all. It seemed like it lasted for hours. Maybe it did.



Eventually it subsided, and, exhausted, she opened her eyes. Surrounding her were hundreds of glistening orbs, all stuck fast to the bottom of the pool. It had been easy while she was in

the heat of it to slip outside herself and disassociate, to see and feel these changes in her as if they were happening to someone else. But here all around her was incontrovertible proof that what had happened to her body was real. This morning, she'd been human, and now she was something else.

Some part of Mari, some tiny voice, had worried that once the change was complete, once she did exactly what she needed, that her satisfaction in her choice would fade. Or that maybe once she saw herself, once she was truly confronted with the reality of it...

She did a few lazy laps of the pool to calm her nerves. It still felt good. Finally, she'd put it off enough. Carefully navigating to the shallow area she shouldered up against the side of the patio, scrupulously keeping her gills submerged. Now that her head was out of the water, she could see herself in the reflection.

A koi fish. It was hard to avoid the comparison, but more than that, a siren. A mermaid? Opening her mouth as wide as she could and probing around with a clawed finger she could feel the sharp edge of her teeth. Definitely more sea creature than cartoon princess. Her nose, which had been petite to begin with, had rounded and flattened, now little more than a smooth bump with slits for nostrils. Beneath it her lips protruded, open and full.



Still, the biggest proof that she wasn't just piscine on the bottom were the large, stark lines of her gills on the outside of her ribcage. In addition to being startling to look at and (she remembered from earlier) strangely sensitive, they presented a very real problem: she couldn't get out of the pool. The woman (Mari was extremely sure by this point she was more than that, but she could only handle one existential crisis at a time) was gone, and the house was empty. She could swim all she wanted but how was she going to eat? What if she wanted to leave?

Almost on cue, there was a clatter from the far side of the patio. Mari looked over quickly but there was still no one there. What was there was a bamboo tray with silver handles, glinting on the marble next to the edge of the water. That absolutely hadn't been there a second ago.

She swam over hesitantly to investigate, unsure of what other weird goings-on to expect.

On the tray was a note. In an even, archaic seeming hand, someone had scrawled out a short message, evidently for her. Beneath a symbol she only recognized from the woman's shoulder tattoo and she assumed was a trident, it said simply:

DEAR ONE,

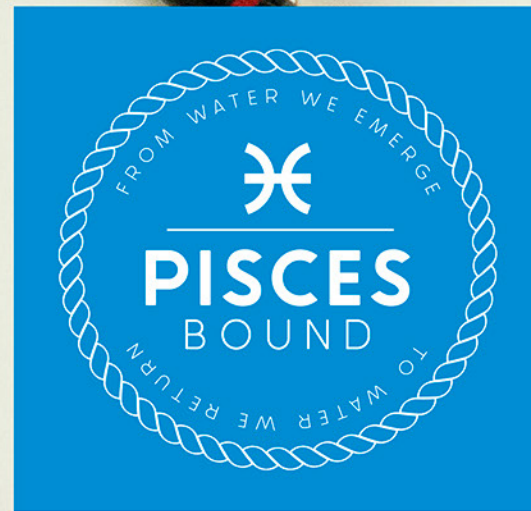
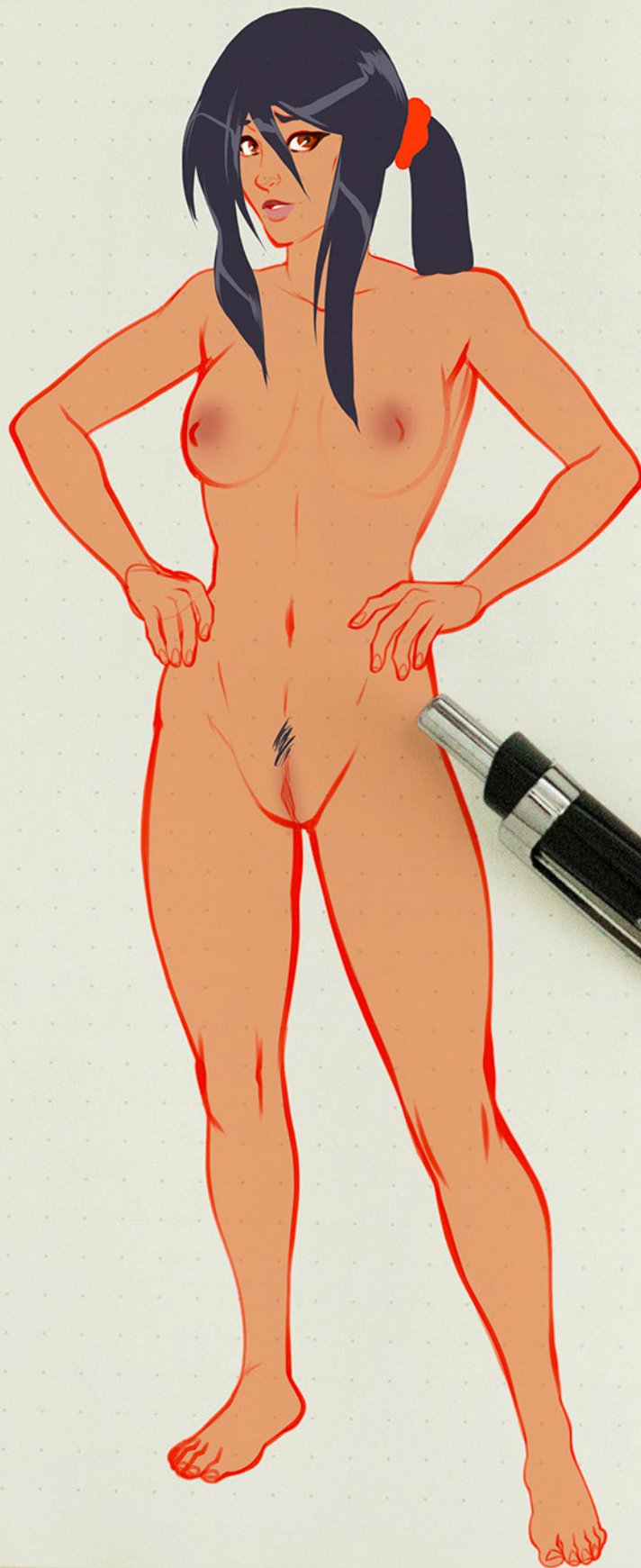
I'M SURE YOU HAVE MANY QUESTIONS; I WILL RETURN FOR THOSE IN TIME. PLEASE KNOW THAT EVEN WHEN I AM AWAY, YOU WILL FIND MY HOSPITALITY UNMATCHED.

Next to the note were several dishes artfully arranged with fruits, chopped vegetables, and (her stomach growled suddenly) a pile of shrimp. No one was around, so she didn't worry about being elegant. It had hit her all at once that her experience had left her exhausted and starving, and her instinct to feed was too strong to ignore or second guess.

It became clear pretty quickly as her new teeth gnashed together that while this body was all billowing lines and sleek curves in the water, there was a monstrous aspect to all of this that... it was probably best not to fixate on. She turned back towards the deepest part of the pool, slipping down effortlessly beneath the surface, her gills smoothly drinking in the cool, dark water. This body liked the deep. There was little reason to cling to the surface, or the clumsy, awkward world above.

Whatever ancient place this form had come from, whatever inhuman magic had been worked on her, it was old and strong, and in the calm silence that filled her as her fins guided her descent, she knew without question that it was binding.





Mari (human)
character concept



WATER AND FADE PROOF, PIGMENT INK
FINE LINE

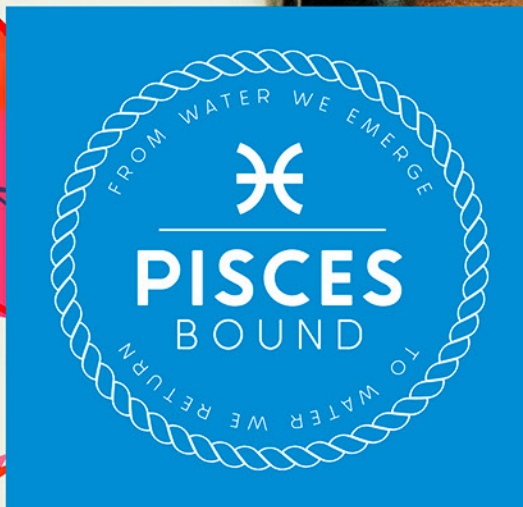
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PIN 05-200
BLACK



MADE IN VIETNAM



Mari (koi siren)
character concept



A TRANSFORMATION COMIC
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY ANGRBODA



HEXMART

female feline tf | petplay | light occult themes



HEXMART

FIRST SHIFT AT A NEW PLACE. AND I'M... REALLY EARLY. I GUESS I'M MORE NERVOUS THAN I'D LIKE TO ADMIT.

MY NEW MANAGER SKYLAR WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME AND GO OVER SOME STUFF BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING CAME UP.

GOOD THING I ALREADY PICKED UP MY KEY.

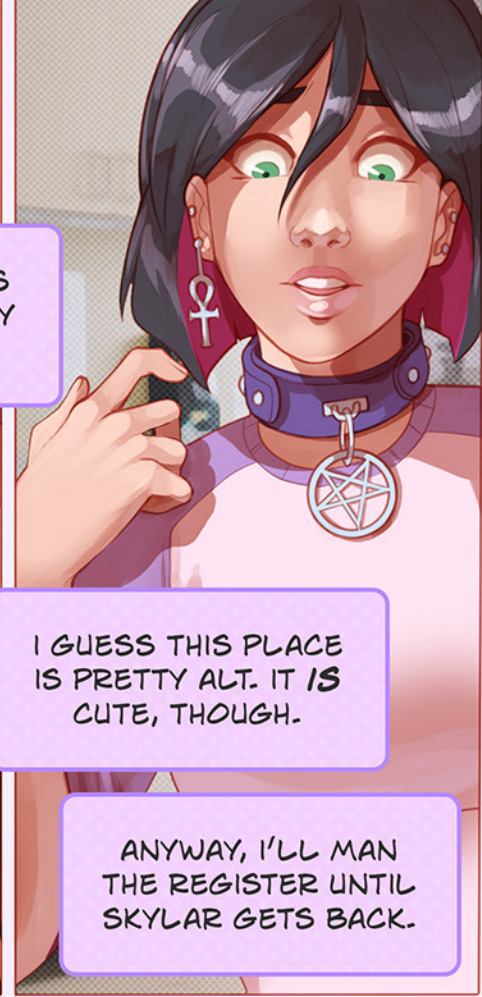


NOT A BIG DEAL, THIS ISN'T MY FIRST RETAIL JOB - **HEXMART** SHOULD BE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS. EVEN IF THE JOB DESCRIPTION WAS... PRETTY WEIRD.





LOOKS LIKE THIS IS WHAT SHE MEANT BY MY "UNIFORM" ...?



I GUESS THIS PLACE IS PRETTY ALT. IT IS CUTE, THOUGH.

ANYWAY, I'LL MAN THE REGISTER UNTIL SKYLAR GETS BACK.



... THIS PLACE IS PRETTY DEAD. DO THEY REALLY NEED M-



SQUEEEEE!!!

AHHH!

WHAM

UM... DID I JUST...?

THIS IS WEIRD ON A LOT OF LEVELS.



OKAY, DON'T PANIC,
I JUST NEED TO...



NEED TO...



... GET A
BETTER LOOK
AT WHAT'S
GOING ON.



PANT PANT
G-GOTTA GET MY
SNEAKERS OFF
BEFORE -

RRRRIP

WHAT IF SOMEONE
COMES IN? AND I'M
LIKE THIS?

THE **HEAT**...
I NYAH - I NEED -

BUT I'M **BURNING**
UP MORE THAN
I CAN T-TAKE

RUB
RUB RUB

NYAHHHHHHH!!



HEY VIVIAN,
SORRY I'M LATE,
YOU WOULDN'T
BEL-

OH... AH-
WOW.

I'VE NEVER SEEN
THE COLLAR WORK
THAT FAST.

OR THAT...
MUCH.

ALL HALLOWS EVE
Broom & Bri



I'VE GOTTA SAY VIV, WHEN I HIRED YOU FOR *PEST MANAGEMENT*, I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D BE SO GOOD AT SENDING THESE GHOST MICE ON THEIR WAY!

AND YOU DO SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF...

HEXMART'S REALLY LUCKY TO HAVE YOU ON BOARD!

PRRRRRR!



HEXMA★RT

Vivian (human)
character concept



HEXMART

Vivian (cat)
character concept



HEXM★ART

Vivian (cat)
character concept

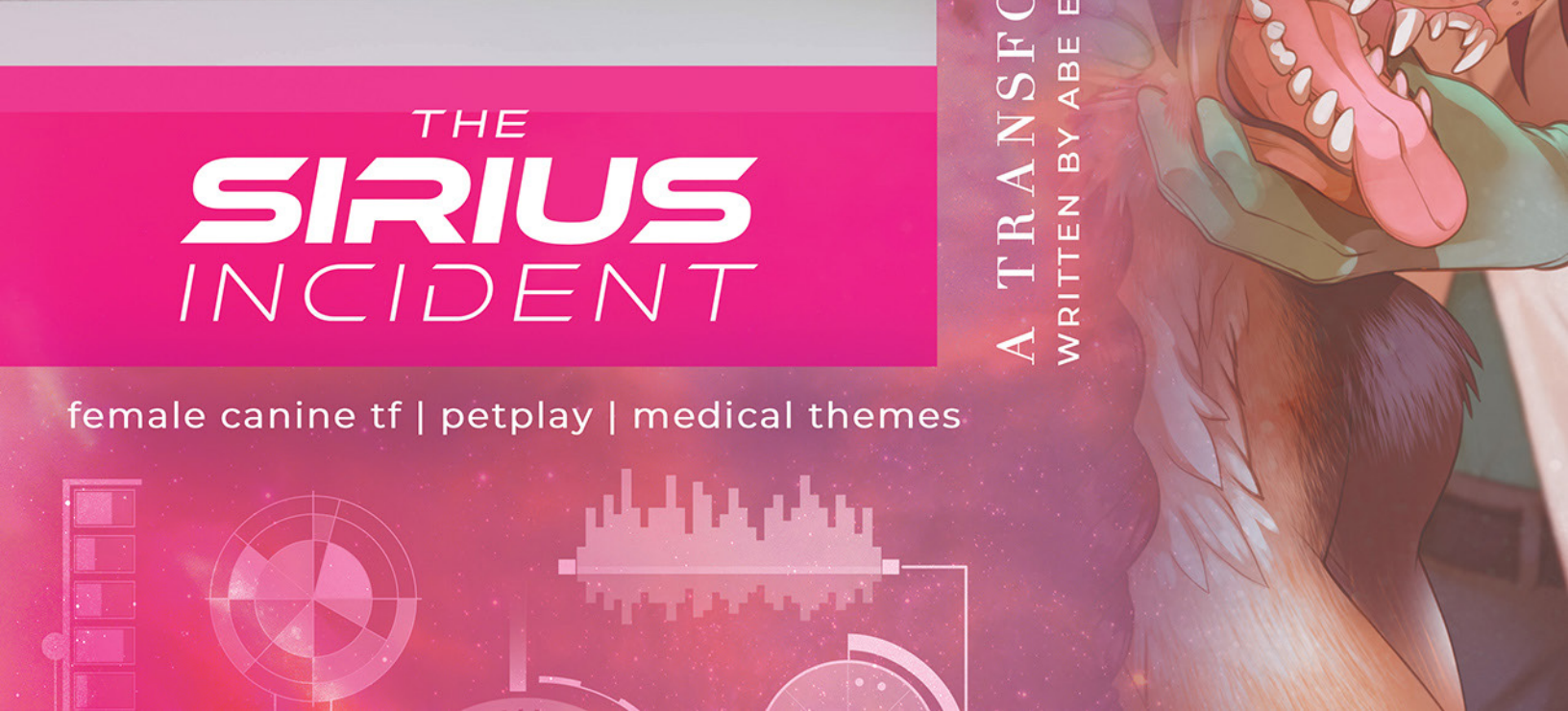


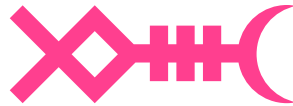
A TRANSFORMATION SERIES
WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY DRAWN BY ANGRBODA



THE
SIRIUS
INCIDENT

female canine tf | petplay | medical themes





The following is the transcript from series of examinations associated with a genetic exposure incident which occurred at the frontier outpost of colony 413-beta. The speakers are Dr. Daniel Diaz, the colony physician, and colonist Whitney Mitchell (biotech assistant). **Dr. Diaz's remarks are bolded** for ease of review.

Day 0, [4 hours after exposure]

Miss Mitchell, I'm sorry for keeping you waiting. Are you okay to begin the follow-up exam now?

Uh, sure. Look, like I said before, I'm sorry for the accident. I was working too late, trying to get stuff tidied away before the next set of colonists arrived and-

It's okay, you're not in any trouble. We just need to run some tests, confirm a few things. Can you walk me through what happened, exactly?

Okay. Well, like I said, I was trying to get stuff sorted properly into the gene storage vault, ready for the next batch of colonists. That's when the geneticists are going to arrive, right? They'll need all the DNA samples there to replicate the animals we need for the terraforming, to really get the colony to the next step, so we can have like, draft and service animals and not have to rely on those few robots so much. Plus, they'll be better company, right?

I'm sorry, I'm rambling, aren't I?

That's alright. Take your time.



Okay. Uh, thank you. Anyway. I was trying to get the last set of samples on the top shelf, and the label said "Domestic Dog", but for half a second out of the corner of my eye I thought it said "Domestic Drugs" and I was so surprised I lost my balance on the stepladder. Next thing I know I'm on my rear on the ground, covered head to toe in the sample, nursing a bruise where the specimen jar broke over my head.

Okay, thank you. That makes a lot of sense.

Am I going to be okay?

...Yes. Yes, I'm sure you are.

I don't like that pause Doctor Diaz.

It's... do you know how the recombination vats are set up to work, Miss Mitchell?

Sure. The biotech leads load in the blanks, then the specimen information, and after it's done cooking, out comes a healthy version of the animal we're trying to make.

Exactly. But it's new technology, developed just for this colony. The specimen samples - they're not just DNA. It's designed to cause an aggressive integration, so the blank can be overwritten quickly and seamlessly. But no one knows quite what it will do when introduced to a living subject.

Oh. I see.

The smart money says absolutely nothing will happen. But there's an outside chance it will cause enough of an infection to give you a nasty fever while your body fights it off. Like I said, this is new territory for everyone, so we need to keep you in quarantine until we're sure either way.

I understand. Gotta make sure nothing wild breaks out into the wider colony, right?

Exactly. Thank you for your understanding Miss Mitchell. I'll check in on you again tomorrow, for now please get some rest, and let me know if you feel off at all.

Thanks, Doc. Will do.



Day 2

Thank you for agreeing to another session Miss Mitchell. I was surprised that you canceled our appointment yesterday.

Yeah, I know, I'm sorry. Is it weird to say I wasn't feeling good for it?

I mean, considering the circumstances...

I know, I know. It just... it didn't seem like something I should bother you about. But then I looked in the mirror this morning and thought 'okay, my nose is changing shape, I should probably tell Dr Diaz about this'.

I'm glad you did. But your message also mentioned that your nose and ears weren't the extent of this. Or at least not the first thing you noticed.

No, they weren't. It's... ah, fine, let me just pick up my robe and show you, okay?

Thank you, that's very... Oh.

Yeah. You're telling me.

You say this has been like this since yesterday?

Or thereabouts. I think I noticed the fur first, but this had the, uh, biggest impact.

I'll need to examine and record this properly to enter this into the log, if that's okay. So that we can have all the information we need to work on the cure.

Sure. I mean, I'm already up on the bed, right? Might as well get it over with.

Thank you. Okay. Subject is demonstrating a growth of white fur along the inner thigh, together with the previously mentioned sharpening in the shape of her ears and flattening of her nose. Her pupils seem to be experiencing discoloration, transitioning from a pink iris to blue. Her feet also appear to be developing pads, with what appear to be distinct claws growing in.

You're avoiding the main event, Doc.

The subject's genital area appears to have inflamed dramatically, presenting as, for lack of a better word, 'puffy'. Am I okay to inspect the area physically? I'll be wearing sanitary gloves.

Yes, that's fine.

Thank you. Please let me know if you feel significant discomfort.

I'm not sure what counts as *significant* discomfort here, but I'll let you know if- ah!

Is that too much?

Nno, it's just... sensitive...

I'll be careful.

Th... thank you.

Okay. On physical inspection, the subject's vagina feels less tense than inflammation would suggest. Instead, the springiness and-

Uhm-Mmn!

Uh, yes. In any case, now that I've concluded the physical examination, it does appear that the canid sample is having an impact on the subject's physiology. However, the altered areas do seem to be healthy, which is a heartening development. For now, we will have to continue observation.

Can I ask Doc, what do you think is going to happen? What should we be doing?

If I had to guess - and please bear with me Miss Mitchell, this is merely a guess - I think we are seeing hybridisation in process. The blanks don't have anything to contribute, so the samples overwrite them completely, but this looks more like it's a mix of yourself and the canid sample rather than just one or the other. The only question is the ratio it will arrive at before we can halt the process.

And can we undo it?

We... are working on that, Miss Mitchell. I'm sorry to say it's more difficult than we would have liked. From the look of the tests I've run since the first day, it seems like the DNA has been integrated across your entire genome. We might be able to adjust the mix, but undoing it entirely could be like trying to take the strawberry out of a smoothie. Do you feel any discomfort?

Uh, no. I don't actually. Are you quite done with the examination?

Yes, you can redress now.

Thank you. And, uh, one more question - would it be okay if you called me Whitney? 'Miss Mitchell' sounds so formal.

Okay Whitney. I'll keep that in mind for our next session. Does noon tomorrow work for you?

Sure Doc, I'll be here. I don't have anywhere else to be, after all.



Day 3

Thanks for making our appointment Whitney, I- oh.

'Eah, Doc.

This is quite a development. Are you having trouble speaking?

'Es.

Okay. I'll do most of the talking this session then. I'm going to conduct another physical examination now, I'll to trust you to let me know if you're in distress. If you could just get fully up on the bed then - oh! That was an impressive jump.

'Nks.

Let's get this examination started. I think the most important development to examine is the, uh, muzzle growth. Open up please...

Ah...

Thank you. My apologies if these gloves are cold. Okay, let's see. Facial cartilage seems to have built up dramatically, transforming the subject's nose into a canine muzzle. Teeth have sharpened and enlarged, again, like a canine rather than a human. Tongue is longer to fit the new shape of the oral cavity, but it appears this development is incomplete. Manual manipulation indicates the muscle is improperly developed, given how stiff and inflexible the muzzle feels. Hm. Could you speak, Miss Mitchell?

Arf!

...I'm not sure if that was a joke. I mean, could you try to say a complete sentence?

Ah. 'Ello, I nahm i' Whiitney.

Right, yes, sorry. Thank you Whitney, good girl.

...nks.

Oh! Okay, the growing tail has, uh, made itself known. It seems the canine tendency to wag the tail when happy has imprinted itself in the subject. Miss, uh, Whitney - I'm going to step back now to talk to you about a few things, okay?

'Kay.

Okay. So, we've made progress on our testing. We think we could introduce a modified solution that will halt any further developments. Unfortunately, we don't think that we'll be able to reverse what has already occurred, just keep it from going any further. But...

'Ut what?

You're in a very, uh, 'in-between' state right now. Your muzzle is currently too short and inflexible to allow you to close your mouth, which is making speech difficult. I'm sure eating and drinking is harder too.

'Eah.

With that in mind, I'd recommend we keep this progressing for another day before intervening. All your growing tissue seems healthy, it just could use more time to progress to a more viable hybrid state. How does that sound to you?

I a'ree, Doc.

Well, I'm glad the consent was clear. If you change your mind, or just want to talk about it... well, if you want someone to talk to *you* about it at least, please do let me know. I don't want you to have to worry about anything.

Nk's Doc. I 'eally a'ecciate it.

You're welcome Whitney. I'll let you rest your mouth now. See you tomorrow.



Day 5

Hello Whitney. I-

Hey, Doc! Thanks for coming! I'll get up on the bed for you, shall I?

Oh, uh, yes, thank you. Feeling a bit better today then?

Yeah, absolutely. I feel like I have a ton of energy! And I can definitely talk properly again, which is a big relief. Thanks for your help!

Well, I didn't, uh, do anything. You just progressed to a more stable state.

Right. Well, thanks for helping me get there! There is one weird thing though. Am I supposed to be like, *really* uh.... pent up? Erm... *excited*, if you know what I mean?

...Doc?

Sorry, I just... sorry. I don't think you're *supposed* to be anything from all this, but I suppose it's not outside the realm of possibility. With all the new sensations and, uh, changes, it makes sense it would have an impact.

Ah, okay, yeah, I understand.. Do you want to start the examination? I can lay on my back so you can check out... some of the most recent stuff. And maybe touch it? If you need to, of course!

Ah, huh. Hm. Okay, yes. I'll... I see you're already undressed.

Yeah, the robe was kinda itchy on all my fur anyway, so I haven't really been wearing it. I hope that's okay?

It's certainly understandable. Are you okay with me starting the physical examination on your lower body?

Yeah, that would... actually be really good, haha.

Thank you. If... if you can just stop wagging your tail so much, that will make it easier for me.

Sorry, sorry. It's just no one else comes in here all day, so this is... sorry. I'll try to sort of... put my weight on it... there we go.

Thank you. Right. Let's start with your feet. I'm noticing that your left foot seems to be much closer to a paw than your right. Are you experiencing difficulty walking?

I don't really get much opportunity to walk, so it's hard to know. Kinda cooped up here, if you hadn't noticed [laughs]. I'd really love it if we could go out together for a bit, maybe? For a walk, or something! Just getting out around the colony would be really nice.

I'd like that too Whitney. But right now I'm too busy working on your tests, as well as catching up on the rest of the medical work the colony needs.

That makes sense! No pressure, of course.

Not to mention you're still supposed to be in quarantine.

Yeah, true. The privacy has *some* benefits, but it is pretty lonely, y'know? I'm just having a hard time with - ahn... [whine]. Sorry Doc, where you're touching right now is really sensitive -

Ah. Erm, I'm sorry, Whitney. I'm just going to shift my grip around a little so you can, uh, sit more comfortably. But you're right, I should be doing something about that quarantine. All your tests indicate you're not contagious, so I'll see about getting that officially lifted. And the first thing we can celebrate with is a nice long walk together. Uh, if that's okay with you.

Oh, wow, yes, that'd be great, thank you!

Tail?

Right, right, yeah. I'll force it down again.

Thank you. But that brings us back to the examination. Are you having difficulty walking?

Oh! Yeah, sometimes. I get thrown off a bit, right? Like, I'm a little higher on one side, and then my tail throws me off even more. I've taken a few tumbles, let me tell you!

But... I'm not seeing any bruises, thankfully. Can I see your chest there?

Of course!. Yeah, if you need to run your hands up along the middle there, that's... ahhh, mmmnnn. But uh, yeah, I don't have any bruises or anything. Maybe the fur is helping cushion my fall?

I think there's some more muscle and tissue growth which is helping on that front too, actually.

Boy, 'helpful tissue growth', huh, Doc? You sure know how to compliment a girl.

Huh? Oh, sorry, that's not what I was meaning...

It's okay, I was just-

I mean, you do wear it very well. The, uh, fur and everything. For an accidental development, it's coming together into a surprisingly cohesive....

...

I'll just wait for you to press your tail back down - thank you. That, uh, was my fault, sorry. Anyway, it's good to see that your speech is back to normal. It appears your muzzle has gained the flexibility that we'd hoped.

Yep! Peter Piper Picked a peck of pickled peppers!

Ha, well done. And your ears seem to have come through too, no difficulties hearing with them as they are now?

Nope! If anything I hear better. I feel like I know the schedule of everybody in the clinic by now just from their noises, haha.

Okay. Well, that's a plus. And how are your hands? It seems like the ends of your extremities are the least fully hybridised. Are you noticing any difficulty with that?

Uh, yeah. Now that you mention it, I am having a little trouble. I can *kinda* grab at things, but it's pretty hit and miss, I guess. It's frustrating because obviously I was already pretty clumsy before. That's uh, why all this happened, I guess.

I see. Okay, that brings me to what I was thinking about.

Well, open up with it, Doc. I always want to hear what you're thinking about.

Ah, well, yes. I assure you, it's mostly you lately. No, no, that's okay, you don't need to still your tail, we're done with the examination. What I meant to say was - I think we have a choice now. The serum is ready, so we could arrest things here. You appear to be healthy overall, but we'd need to go through some physical therapy to regain more of your fine motor control. In all honesty I'm not sure what level that would get you to, but at least we could come up with coping strategies to get you functional.

I think I hear an 'or' coming there, Doc.

Yes. Or - we could just allow this to continue. The process seems to be finalising, and every development so far has seemed more stable than the in-between state. It would mean abandoning the aim of getting you back to as close to human as possible. Instead we'd be accepting your new, hybrid form as the template and working with that.

I see. And... what do you think, Doctor Diaz?

This isn't a decision I can make for you. We can get a good set of therapies and aids in place if you choose to stop here, but there's no data to indicate that your progressing hybridisation is resulting in anything other than a healthy synthesis. Medically, we can support you either way.

And... not medically? Do you have an opinion?

If you're asking me for my personal opinion... you've appeared more comfortable once the hybridisation has settled in at each stage. If it were up to me, I believe I would let it run its course. It seems likely to me that doing so will provide you the best outcome.

Thanks, Doc. I agree, it just felt good to hear someone else say it. So I knew I wasn't crazy for thinking it, y'know? I gotta admit I'd like to see where this ends up.

I, uh, yes. I admit I am also curious about... your potential outcome. But just to be sure - are you officially saying you agree with that course of action then? To allow this to progress? We can always introduce the serum later if things go too far.

Yes. Yes, Doc, I agree.

Okay. Is there anything we can do to help you feel more comfortable while the rest of the process runs its course? I probably can't lift your quarantine until then but if there's anything we can provide, I can put in a request for you.

Uh... this is um, pretty embarrassing and I'm not sure...

Please don't feel like you can't ask for something you need, we can be discreet.

Well, um, thanks, Doc. I... erm... so I'm having some... difficulties. Like, related to instincts and stuff. I guess to be more specific it's libido... issues? I uh, I get why some company isn't a reasonable ask, but I could really use something to... help relieve some of the stress, if you know what I mean? My... my hands aren't cutting it.

Uh, no, that's just... yes, that's a perfectly reasonable request. I'll get something manufactured that should be suitable and have it delivered to you.

Thanks, Doc, that's a huge relief for me. I didn't want to make it weird but I'm like, it's uh, it's been rough.

You're welcome. We'll pick this up with another appointment this time tomorrow, okay?

Sounds good, you know where to find me, haha.



Day 5

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Rhhrr-ah!

Uh, Miss Mitchell? Whitney?

Oh! Doc! Is it noon already?

Uh, yes, it is. Would you rather I come back? I can reschedule some things and...

No, no, you're right on time. Thanks for... for coming...

I suppose that's true. If you're comfortable continuing then?

Yep! I sure am! Ahnn ah ah ahrrrr...

I... I meant continuing the examination.

Oh! I'm sorry. I just... let me sit down...

Oh. Sorry, just... have something in my throat...

There, all out of view.

So, you're okay with continuing the examination?

Yes, absolutely. I'm sorry, I hope you didn't think all that was rude. I've just been kind of starved for company, and as much as the toy they gave me helped physically, I've been missing like, companionship. Having you in the room here... uh, helped. Sorry, I hope that's okay.

That's perfectly okay Whitney. I understand.

Thank you. Uh... we might need to wait a while before I can stop my tail going, sorry.

Ha, that's quite alright. I don't think we need to worry about a physical examination today.

We don't? Oh. Why not?

From everything I can see - and from what all the tests have indicated - you're done. The hybridisation is complete, and if I may say, shockingly healthy.

I know, right? Not a bad result for a complete accident!

Uh, yes. That does leave us with the question of where we go from here though. You're physically perfectly healthy, but with your paws, fur, and, uh, other developments, you'll have particular needs that aren't going to be catered for throughout the rest of the colony.

Right. Yes, I've been thinking about that. Uh, a lot. I think it might be helpful for my... continued therapy and whatever, to maybe, like, help out at the clinic?

Really?

Yeah, if that's okay, I was just thinking you already know about everything I'd need, you can keep an eye on things if anything goes south, you're used to all this weirdness, and you've seen me, um, yeah - you've seen all that already, so I don't think there's anyone more qualified than you to take care of me. Not that I'd be a burden! I'd find a way to help out after all. I'm a fully qualified technical assistant, remember! I might not be able to carry and shelve stuff that well anymore...

Evidence suggests that you weren't all that skilled in that department previously.

Doctor Diaz, did you just poke fun at me?

Uh...

No, it's good - I'm glad to hear you can make jokes too. But yes, if I can't use my hands to do things so much anymore, I'm sure I'll find some other tasks to compensate...

[Coughs] Ah, excuse me, I... uh, wasn't expecting you to, uh, stand up like that. I'm glad that, device I printed has worked well for you.

So, what do you say?

I... have to say I feel a lot better about the prospect now that you've suggested it. I had a whole speech planned.

Don't worry Doctor Diaz, I'm sure I'll find some time to listen to that speech of yours.

Maybe you should call me Stephen, Whitney.

No Doctor Diaz, I don't think I will. Now, if I'm not mistaken, I believe you owe me a walk, and then we can talk about what exactly I owe you in return...





THE
SIRIUS
INCIDENT

Whitney (human)
character concept



THE
SIRIUS
INCIDENT

Whitney (dog)
character concept



THANK YOU

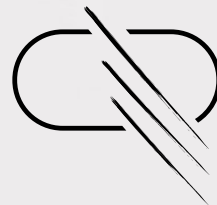
to everyone who bought this and supported my work on it. I really wanted to do some “classic” pieces that showcased what I really like about this type of content, so I hope they resonated similarly with you.



Thanks as always to Abe who collaborated with me on The Sirius Incident and provides the love and support that helps me keep drawing.



If you'd like to see more of my work, there's stories and art at my site below for free and links to a catalogue of other projects like this:



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AN ADDITIONAL THANKS

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