



GOD,
I WISH
THAT
WE'RE
ME
TOO

A TRANSFORMATION
ARTBOOK BY
ANRBODA

18+
ADULT
AUDIENCES



GOD, I WISH THAT WERE ME TOO

A TRANSFORMATION
ARTBOOK BY ANGRBODA

WITH GUEST WRITING
AND EDITING BY ABE E SEEDY

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CONTENTS

05

INTRODUCTION

06

MATING RESEARCH

You spend the night in a cave in what used to be Dragon country. It turns out it still is, and he's excited to make you his new mate.

ENTHUSIASTIC FEMALE DRAGON TF, ORAL, SIZE DIFFERENCE

11

THE SIRIUS LEGACY

You've contracted a virus that lingers on your space colony from an accident years ago, and it's turning you into a dog person. Fortunately your colony has procedures in place for this, so now you just have to learn to manage everyday life with paws, and navigate your first veterinary exam since you lost the ability to speak.

CANINE TF, OPEN GENDER OUTCOME, SOLO AND DOCTOR/PATIENT

18

CANDY COATED CALAMITY

You're a too-clever-by-half apprentice to a clumsy master alchemist. Tasked with making sweets for the Spring Fertility Festival, you have the brilliant idea to create a potion to get your pet chicken to lay candy eggs for you. This all goes predictably (but enjoyably) wrong.

CANDY RABBIT TF, EGGS, FEMALE OUTCOME

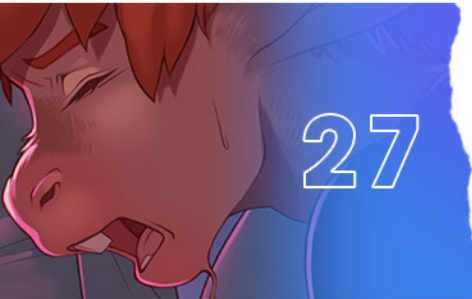
23

THE FORBIDDEN NAME

You're a student of incantations and summoning at a prestigious magical university. What started as your thesis project has left you with a second, demonic head whose whispers about power and corruption are starting to sound more reasonable by the minute.

IRREVERSIBLE DEMON TF, HEAVY MENTAL OVERTONES, RECRUITMENT

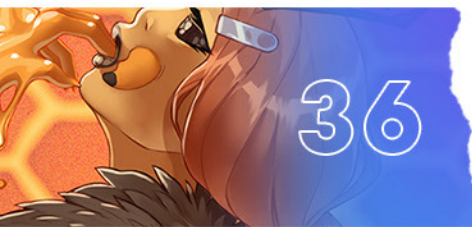
CONTENTS



BACCHANALIA

You're partying at a club famous for its 'Mule Kick' special. After the shots start flowing, the night gets hot and heavy. Once everyone starts turning into donkey people, inhibitions go out the window. Two parts, with the first being f/f and the second (a different POV) being m/m.

DONKEY TF, ALCOHOL, CONTAGIOUS, REVERSIBLE



HONEY TRAP

You were sent to survey an unexplored sector of your planet, but ended up finding a cave full of honeycomb with the most delicious golden goo, and getting... sidetracked.

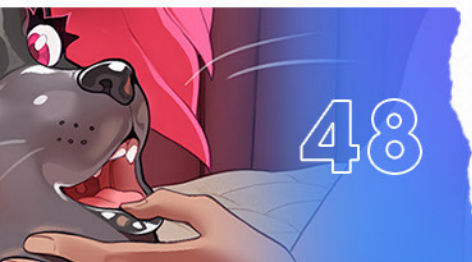
INSECT TF, FEMALE OUTCOME, MEDIUM MENTAL OVERTONES



INARI

Your new assignment is to become the cybernetic body for the wormhole tether ship *Inari*. You've Augmented your body for missions before, but never this much. Now you're on an eight month stint with the ship and her Pilot, who have a long list of ways they like to kill time in deep space.

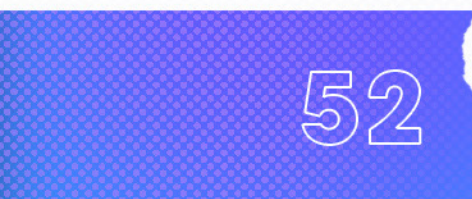
CYBERNETIC FOX GIRL TF, TENTACLE / ROBOT , DRONE-ADJACENT



THE SOIRÉE SOCIETY

You work at an evening club where all the employees wear Forms, enspelled costumes that make the distinction of who is wearing whom difficult. Your Form for this evening is Cherry, a latex red panda suit and your personal favorite.

LATEX RED PANDA TF, FEMALE OUTCOME, LIGHT PERSONALITY SHIFT



EXPOLORING FURTHER

INTRODUCTION

An explanation for new readers

This book is the sequel to a book I made in 2024, in the sense that it follows a similar format and includes the same kind of extras. If you haven't picked that one up, don't worry - this one stands alone and is totally enjoyable independent of the original. The basic pitch of the GIWTWM series is to present a suite of fantasy scenarios involving different types of transformation in different settings, allowing the TF enjoyer to do what we often do best - self insert. Each story is written in the second person, describing the situations you encounter, what you do and how you feel. Abe and I have done our best to write them to accommodate a range of starting points and preferences, although there is definitely more in here for audience members who enjoy a female-aligned form as an endpoint (sorry, that's my personal bias shining through, haha).

This time there are 5 regular length stories (around 1k words) and 3 double length ones (around 2k), which also include two images and multiple scenes. These are the ones where I particularly liked the premise or the vibe and wanted to spend more time in the world, or give the reader more options.

Your purchase of this book also includes a set of YCH style bases for each illustration as well as the relevant backgrounds. I've included different body types in the lineart for several in case you jive more with a different character setup for your fantasy scene. These bases can be used with digital or traditional media and should work fine for a relative beginner or someone just messing around. One important note here is that none of the assets included with this book are intended for commercial use. They're for you to use for yourself or your friends on art that's made for fun instead of on commission. Likewise please don't distribute the assets themselves, but I'd happily encourage you to post whatever you end up making with them :)

There's more at the end of the book about using the assets, but for now, happy reading! I hope these scenarios activate some good brain chemicals :D

MATING RESEARCH

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

Dragons don't live around here anymore, of course.

Drake's Cave is named after a Mr. Drake, and the Hidden Grotto just sounds like it's filled with deep, resonant breathing because of the way the waves below echo up through the tunnels. Still, you're allowed to dream. Plus, this makes a better place to camp out overnight and relax than most. Tomorrow you'll need to do some hard spelunking to get to where the Guild asked you to scout, but for now you can curl up with some select literature and get some rest.

When you wake up in the middle of the night, the first thing you notice is that the breathing sound is louder. Perhaps it's high tide, or maybe a storm is stirring up the sea, but that wouldn't explain the glowing light that woke you, hours after you blew out your lantern. Fortunately you've long since gotten used to sleeping in your armour, so all it takes is shifting your hand over to the dagger by your side before you can tense your body and prepare to fight. Only when you open your eyes and try to leap to your feet, you find yourself completely pinned to the floor.

As your eyes adjust you realise the light isn't coming from your lantern, but instead there's a whole slab of cave wall that's now somehow softly glowing. Sitting beside it is a massive figure, one much larger than the opportunistic rival you were expecting. The light glints of the blue scales on its flanks, and its too-long face turns unhurriedly towards you as you struggle. As it does you realise three things - first, it's been going through your stuff, and seems to be holding your latest book open between two of its claws. Second, its thick tail is planted squarely in the center of your chest, and that alone seems to be enough to keep you in place.

And third, it's *absolutely* a dragon.

It speaks before you do (they do speak!).

"This is all wrong, you know."

You spend a moment worried he's saying you shouldn't be here, until the dragon inclines his head slightly and you realise he's talking about your book. "Uh..."

"We don't bother with courts", he continues without you. "And we certainly don't allow people

to ride us. And if we were going to pick some plucky young maiden to be our consort, we wouldn't waste..."

His claw flicks through the pages. "...all this time before we got to the point."

"Sorry", you mumble. "I didn't write it."

He huffs. "No, I imagine you didn't. But, judging by the quantity of, shall we say, research material you travel with..."

Your eyes slide to your pack, which has all five volumes of that latest series splayed out beside it.

"...perhaps you might be interested in a more direct instruction?"

This is not a conversation you're awake enough to follow. "Pardon?", you squeak.

The pressure of the tail leaves your chest, only to be replaced a moment later by a heavy paw on your sternum, with two long claws bracketing your neck and holding you still. The dragon's full face brings itself into view, a commanding gleam in his rich yellow eyes as he stares down at you. When he speaks again the heat of his breath makes your forehead sweat, while your own eyes are left fixed on his sharp, shining teeth.

"To be a dragon is to be accustomed to getting that which one wants, whether that's knowledge, treasure, or..."

His grip tightens slightly.

"...a mate."

You gasp, but there's no hiding the blush in your cheeks. He doesn't waste time asking the question again, simply nodding with approval and shifting his body into position. "Very well then. Let's get you ready, shall we?"

His claw moves so fast your whole body instinctively freezes, which turns out to be the right choice as he pulls your sleeping roll away, your shirt an incidental casualty as he deftly reaches in to tear aside your pants. Before you can do anything further he grabs you roughly around the thighs, levering your legs apart to give himself access to your exposed body.

He doesn't say anything else. There's no words of command or haughty speech, he simply moves you to where he wants you to be and does exactly as he means to do with your body. The first you truly know of his intentions is when his long, wet tongue lands on your crotch, and the long, demanding lick that follows makes you boil with his heat. He sweeps all the way along the length of your sex, but the barrage of sensation that follows in his wake is somehow confused. You manage to prop yourself up on your elbows to get a better look, and that's what lets you see the stripe of bright purple across your crotch, a wave of shining scales enveloping your skin even beyond the immediate reach of his tongue.

Noticing your look, he grins down at you. "Oh my, you're a fast one, aren't you? I wasn't sure how well this was going to take, but it seems your body can't wait to be suitable for mating."

It's hard to hear him clearly over the sound of your heart beating in your ears, but he doesn't need a response from you anyway. Instead he leans back down and runs his tongue across your body again, this time lingering pointedly on the lips of your new draconic pussy, showing off how accommodating to his size it's already become.

You gasp for breath. When his tongue finally pushes inside of you it feels like your whole body swells in response his heat, a feeling which is immediately confirmed by the claws of your own hands catching on your growing chest. He stops your absent squirming with a grunt, pressing your thighs almost flat to each side as his tongue once again stretches you inside. The combination of sensations is too much and you cum helplessly, slicking his muzzle even as your own begins to tug at your jaw. He leans in just enough to milk everything possible out of the orgasm, your rear rising up against him as your new tail bursts out below you, while at the same time small, half-formed wings beat back against the stone. Then he stops and graciously allows you to recover, licking his chin thoughtfully as he looks you over.

"There, you see? Simple. Now, if we stop there, I believe you could pass as one of the Blooded Drakes, I think you call them? Surely there must still be some around, so-"

You surprise even yourself with the speed at which you scramble to your feet, tripping over your new anatomy to throw yourself at his side. "What if... what if we kept going though", you say quickly.

He manages to look like he's raising an eyebrow despite his reptilian snout. "Well that's... we don't have to", he answers, but the way his thighs are shifting belies the reserved control of his voice. "But perhaps I might see my way to..."

The tip of his cock reveals itself halfway through his sentence, and you fall on it before he can finish. Just as you hoped it stretches your throat just enough to give the feeling of being utterly filled, but your body has already changed enough to accommodate him without issue. In fact, you find your tongue has lengthened so much that you can curl it several times around his length, providing another way to give him pleasure even as your lips slide further and further down towards his base. Eventually you're all but milking him with abandon, your claws exploring your own folds as you await the rewards of your service. You don't have to wait long, by the time he's shifted to let you kneel on all fours beneath him you can feel him start to tense, and soon your snout is flooded with his hot cum, your fingers twitching deep inside yourself in turn to share in his satisfaction. Before long you're forced to pull away, unwinding your tongue reluctantly to sit back on your haunches, allowing the last few thrusts of his hips to anoint the new scales that have now completely covered your face.

Once you're both done he slumps heavily to the side, and you nuzzle up to his flank with a deep, rumbling purr in your chest.

It takes time to wrangle your tongue enough to speak clearly, but you manage it by the time you've both caught your breath.

"Can we do that again later? I have quite a lot of research I want to work through."

He looks at you with what you can tell is supposed to be a commanding glare, but you can already see the veneer is slipping. "As you wish", he answers simply.



THE SIRIUS LEGACY

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

Like most days lately, you wake up tired and needy.

It's a strange combination but the one-two punch of your illness and the heat it brings with it have become the lynchpin of your morning routine. You uncurl yourself and roll over, fumbling in the drawer of your nightstand for the gentle pleasure of your sleek new vibe. It takes both paws to grab at it, but some merciful genius designed it to operate with just a single, large button. The relief of it against your aching sex is immediate, the humming sensation more than enough to provide the stimulation you no longer have the dexterity to manage on your own. You swipe and guide it into place, keeping it where it needs to be as best you can until your body relents and grants you enough release to go about your day. You've learned by now not to be too embarrassed by the whine that escapes your lips as it finally happens.

With that out of the way, it's time to get up.

Getting around your living accommodation is easier now, at least. When you first got diagnosed you'd been assigned to limited quarantine (your partner, clearly already exposed, lacked the rare genetic predisposition for the virus and keeping you together was simpler). Back then the changes to your feet made walking a struggle, so you mostly kept to your bedroom. Over the last few weeks it's finally started to feel like things are settling in the leg department, and you've more or less gotten used to the different stance and gait. Your tail coming in is helping, even if the counterbalance is yet another thing to get used to, and it's still easy to forget about when sitting down.

Thankfully, the comfort of the generous colony living quarters have made your quarantine more or less bearable. Now that you've figured out a few things, like staying in the stall when you're done showering so that when your body urges you to shake you don't drench the bathroom, your situation feels slightly more manageable. It helps that your work at the recycling center is being covered as an extended leave until your condition stabilizes, which the doctors assure you will be in the next few months.

It takes you a couple of tries to squeeze out the toothpaste, which your partner thoughtfully left the cap off of. You use both paws in the same pincer movement as earlier to pick up the brush, and get to work taking care of business the best you can. You're

getting better at this, you tell yourself, as you scrub at your elongated tongue.

The picture that greets you in the mirror is ridiculous; all furry shoulders, floppy ears, and comically tight focus on the task at hand, like a bad holovid commercial about the dangers of Dog Breath. Your toothbrush is tenuously grasped between thick, clawed digits in a prayer to cleanliness. "It's next to dogliness," you mutter, after spitting and rinsing (accomplished by lapping at the running faucet). As usual lately your words come out slightly garbled. Your growing muzzle is making it so much harder for you to be understood. The doctors assure you you'll regain full ability in this area after things run their course, and even showed you vids of other floppy-eared patients rattling off tongue twisters and Shakespeare, presumably to stave off the feelings of alienation you have every time speech fails you and only a bark or whine comes out.

You rinse your brush and square your shoulders resolutely. It helps to think about the breakfast you can already smell coming from the kitchen, and your dour thoughts lighten at the prospect of a big bowl of your partner's specialty - creamy scrambled eggs and synth bacon. There's even - you sniff again - cheese in the mix today. Your wagging tail makes getting dressed extra tough, but luckily the garments the med techs had fabricated for you are simple and soft, with velcro fasteners that even your clumsy digits can navigate.

You make your way down the hall and to the kitchen, where your partner is just setting a heaping bowl of breakfast at your seat across from theirs at the small table. They look up and smile, coming over and taking your head in their hands to ruffle your cheeks and asking you about your sleep in a moment of perfect soothing bliss. You eke out an equivocal response and they grasp your paw and squeeze slightly, escorting you to the laden table. You follow obediently, tail swishing happily behind you.



“We’re ready for you now,” the voice over the comm intones gently.

You turn to your partner and let out an anxious whine. They put a soothing hand at the small of your back. “I know you’re nervous, but it’ll be okay.”

You cast them an appreciative glance and stand up, resigned to your first face-to-face visit with the med specialists since your original diagnosis. They’ve checked in on you periodically while you’ve been in quarantine, but only over vidcall. You’ve been dreading this and now that your quarantine is ending soon... well, it has to happen sooner or later.

One of the doctors peeks out into the hallway, sees you and waves you towards the designated room. She’s wearing a surgical mask but you can see enough of her face to register her reaction to your appearance. Cases like yours are rarer these days, the virus that caused your condition a leftover remnant of a biohazard incident from when the colony was much younger. Every adult-age person in the colony is technically susceptible to the virus, but a genetic predisposition to it has become rare. You’re not the only non-human resident in this sector but... you stand out.

She ushers you through the door and closes it, bringing you into what’s clearly a changing area on one end of the room. “Do you need help getting ready for the exam?” She asks nicely. You’ve gotten better at dressing and undressing yourself but... you’re nervous. You tilt your head at her, then realize your mistake and nod instead.

“No problem,” she replies in a soothing voice, “Is it okay if I touch you?” You nod again, and she sidles behind you, carefully undoing the velcro straps at your shoulders and above your tail, expertly sliding off both your shirt and trousers, then your underclothes, leaving you bare except for your collar, which you paw at nervously.

“Oh, you’re welcome to keep that on. I know it has your ID chip, I understand not wanting to part with that.”

Your appreciation only lasts a second before you remember this is the first time anyone besides your partner has gotten such a good look at your changed body, and a small involuntary whine escapes your muzzle. Plainly laid out for her are the changes to your limbs, the encroachment of the fur along your shoulders, arms, and thighs. Your tail quivers anxiously. If only you could say something, anything to deflect and move this along, but your muzzle just finished growing and speech left you days ago.

Realizing your position, she rebounds like a true professional. “Shh, shh, it’s okay,”

she soothes, moving from folding your clothes onto a chair and lightly placing a gloved hand between your shoulderblades. She moves it in a long, slow pattern, breathing in and out with you to calm you. Wow... her bedside manner is excellent. You begin to relax, letting her lead you over to the examination table at the other end of the room, pleasantly lit with sunlight from the pseudo-windows behind you.

Another doctor enters from an adjoining office, holding a stethoscope. He hands it to her, doing his best to project a smile at you through his surgical mask. "You've been in good hands, I see. Dr. Mitchell is the best Mammalian Specialist we have in this settlement." She nods modestly, acknowledging the compliment. Underneath your fur, your face heats as you realise what that means. She... she was so good with you because she's a *veterinarian*. Because she knows how to soothe an anxious animal. For a moment your heart rate spikes, but her gentle, competent grip as she takes your pulse brings you back to earth, calming you enough for her to take a reading she's happy with.

The other doctor, Dr... Diaz, you realize, spotting the name embroidered to his scrubs, checks a tablet sitting on the adjacent counter and gets to work, gingerly taking your muzzle in his gloved hands and examining. He grabs a light from his breast pocket and shines it down your throat, then, apparently satisfied with what he sees, turns to an examination of your canine incisors.

They each go through a few more tests, and with every touch you increasingly get more self-conscious, not less. They probably don't even realize it but this is so much more perfunctory than any exam you were given while human. You filled out a questionnaire before arriving (painstakingly, on the giant type-touchscreen set up for you at home) but all that means is that they have little to ask or consult you about. Not to mention, you were so nervous and preoccupied this morning that you didn't have time to... calm yourself down. This is more physical proximity than you've had with almost anyone in months. You can feel the heat almost emanating from you, the thrum of your pent-up neediness apparent.

Dr Mitchell exhales at last. "Just one more examination, okay?" She seems a little nervous. "We know about the... secondary effects of the virus, but we need to examine your sex. I'll be gentle - are you -"

You cut her off with a plaintive whine. They can both see how pent up you are. There's no point in being shy.

Mercifully, she understands. It's hardly a standard exam, but this is hardly a normal situation. Seeing your clear discomfort she slides you around until she's standing behind you, her gloved hands on either side of your torso, then she reaches down and strokes gently, massaging your most tender part. Another high, needy sound works its way out of your muzzle as you begin to pant in sharp, shallow breaths. This is - you shouldn't, but you need - "It's okay," you hear her murmur over and over, "It's okay, it's okay, shhhh."

For his part, Dr Diaz looks on, clearly slightly embarrassed but also just as clearly interested. All you can do is paw urgently at yourself, squeezing and bucking your hips in time with her hands and silently begging the obliging Dr. Mitchell to do more, touch more, press harder, squeeze -

You cum with a yelp, supported by the steady arms at your sides. You barely feel your own wetness sliding down and matting your thighs before Dr. Mitchell finishes the actual exam and chimes in - "Should be all set now. Dr. Diaz, can you please get me - yes, thank you." You turn your head to make sheepish but grateful eye contact with her.

"Oh, please don't worry, this isn't my first rodeo," She strips her gloves and replaces them with the pair she's been handed. "The... urgency is a fairly standard symptom of your condition. You've done great, overall. There's a shower in the adjoining office," she waves a freshly gloved hand, "And plenty of towels. Take as much time as you'd like and holl- er, bark if you need anything."



CANDY COATED CALAMITY

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

It's time to admit it - you don't know how to make a chicken drink a potion.

It should have been simple, testing out such a wonderful idea to create the candy sweets for the Spring Fertility festival. But while the technical elements of crafting the formula and creating the potion are a breeze, this last hurdle has defeated you completely.

Betty looks up at you one more time, completely ignoring the small bowl of shining white fluid you've laid out for her. By now you've amped up the dose so much that even a single peck should be enough, but the silly thing refuses to drink. In frustration you grab the bowl yourself, raising it up to your face and repeatedly mimicking the head bob she'd need to wet her beak and bring the potion into her mouth. "Like this, see?"

Which is, of course, exactly the point when a sudden crash echoes through the shop, your ever-clumsy master apparently demolishing yet more of the merchandise. You jerk back in fright, spilling a few drops between your lips as you start.

Your first response is to hiccup, dropping the bowl on the floor as you reflexively swallow. That's enough to scare Betty for good, sending her scrabbling off her perch and out into the yard. That barely registers with you though, as you rub your hand on your throat and trace the tell-tale heat down into your chest. Right. A powerful dose for a chicken, with the much greater potential afforded by your increased mass - you probably don't have much time to waste.

"Gonna have to take... a short break!", you call out to the front, hurriedly taking off your coat and working on shucking the shirt beneath.

There's a few coughs before your master answers, apparently dealing with a mess out there too. By now you know each other well enough that you don't need to bother with the details. "Anything bad?"

"Shouldn't be", you answer. "Probably best to keep some Reversion Fluid on hand just in case though."

"Right. Do you need a hand now? Only..."

The heat hits the pit of your stomach, and the weight of it makes you splutter before you can respond. “No no”, you manage to choke out, inwardly cursing yourself for taking such a direct route. “I’ll... uh, keep you posted.”

Another crash from out front closes out the conversation, right about the time you finish shedding the rest of your clothes. And not a moment too soon either, as a sudden pressure drives you to your knees, leaving you panting heavily on the hardwood floor. With a cautious hand you raise one of your legs in the air, parting your thighs in the direction of the full-length mirror to prove - yep. Just as you’d planned, the potion is starting its effect there.

A similar smooth white texture is flowing freely from your slit, spreading upwards over your crotch and rounding out across your rear. It feels cool to the touch from where it slides under your fingers, somehow wet and a little stiff all at once. You really can’t explain just how unusual the sensation is - it’s like your skin is creasing rather than yielding to the touch of your hand, closer to the crisp shell of a candy sculpture than living flesh. You’d love to be able to document it carefully, maybe put together some notes for how the process goes in case you want to replicate it later, but a dramatic increase in the sensation of pressure drives all those thoughts out of your mind.

Huffing and biting your lip, you spread your legs even wider as the egg starts to press itself through your pussy. It’s mercifully smooth and firm, making you gasp and slap the floor as it stretches you open. That tension lasts a long, heart-stopping moment before, with a sudden, shuddering ‘pop’, it slides down your thigh and comes softly to rest.

Breathing out slowly, you spend a moment trying and failing to categorise exactly how that felt. Still, now that you’ve gotten through the test egg you’d set the potion up for, you should be able to collect yourself and undo this. You just-

The pressure, which had been subsiding, suddenly redoubles. With a strangled gasp you roll flat on your back, your feet kicking and sliding as your whole body trembles. What... what is...?

In amongst all the confused sensation, somehow the one that rings clearest is the taste of something rich and thick on your tongue. Bewildered, you prop yourself up as best you can, curling your head around to look in the mirror. That gives you your answer, letting you see the shining white slickness already seeping over your lips and washing over your jaw. Of course a mix that was calibrated for the wrong mass has led to a chain reaction,

with your own body producing more of the potion to further the runaway effects. Your tainted saliva is spreading the changes out from your head, while another lift of your leg confirms that the slickness that followed the egg is doing the same for your lower body.

But you're not just changing colour. A trembling little tickle behind you heralds the sudden growth of a short tufted tail, already twitching and scratching at the floor with the errant spasms crawling down your spine. At the same time, the dripping whiteness that has enveloped your right foot has left it curiously stretched outwards, a fate that your left foot seems destined to follow even before the candy coating reaches it.

Breathing heavily, you follow the changes over your chest, taking in the mottled center where the two sources of alchemical influence have yet to fully meet. Your breasts however have already swollen dramatically - presumably your milk glands are responsible for their startling uptake, and you suppose you have to be thankful you didn't start lactating this misguided potion on top of everything else. Still, the weight of it is impossible to ignore, causing you to flop heavily onto your side as your candy-pink nipples stiffen in the open air. The flailing thumb of your right hand brushes against one accidentally, provoking both a full-body shudder and a tiny spurt of rich cream. Almost immediately your nails begin to harden beneath a shell of their own, causing you to quickly revise your non-lactation theory.

Tiny jolts pierce your cheeks as cotton-candy whiskers poke through your skin, bringing your attention back to your face. You're just in time to see the whiteness finish building up above your upper jaw, your new pink nose twitching adorably as you stare at yourself. It's only then that you register the weight on each side of your head isn't simply your braided hair, but instead the result of your ears stretching out and down to below your shoulders, flopping heavily against your chest.

And you thought you were *so smart* mixing in some rabbit formula to enhance the subjects' productivity.

It's just as you lock eyes with yourself in the mirror that the next egg makes its appearance, and you can already feel the one behind that queuing up to follow. You couldn't bring yourself to admit it at first, but the feeling as they squeeze slowly through your pussy is among the best, most intense orgasms you've ever had. You can't help but lean into it, spreading your hips wide to goad the next one onwards, eventually rubbing a candy-coated finger over your clit the better to heighten the sensation. Some distant, rational part of your mind observes that additional stimulation will only result in you

producing more of the potion, which will only make you lay more, larger eggs. The rest of your mind quickly agrees, your buck teeth just barely biting your lips enough to keep you from yowling as you work yourself over, drawing shuddering, egg-laying orgasms out of your changed body one after another.

There comes a time with every alchemical failure where you need to just throw up your hands and ride out the effects, learning what lessons you can to do a better job next time. You might not have saved yourself the effort of making candy for the festival, but you sure as hell have an idea for a new product that should sell *very* well.



THE FORBIDDEN NAME

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

So... the summoning spell was a bad idea.

Slouching against the wall of your cell as you adjust the annoyance of your bonded wrists and ankles yet again, you're more than willing to accept that you made a mistake. The research had seemed so promising, and you really needed something solid for your thesis to graduate with honors from the College-

"They are fools, and thou art a fool also to be cowed such by lowly mortals," it whispers acidly, interrupting your ruminations.

Your... constant companion since the summoning spell has been a hindrance, barely letting you finish a thought in between attempts to corrupt you further. This would be less of a problem if it wasn't attached to you.

Your new second head, having gotten your attention, returns to its favorite topic. "Why needst we suffer one more minute in this place? Speak the Word and draw on our power."

When it mentions the Word, you feel a now familiar longing. The head isn't the only thing that changed about you that night. You lean away from the wall slightly, allowing your spaded tail to move more freely. Because the spell didn't have a chance to complete before you were saved (foiled), you're stuck in a halfway state that must have seemed distressing to those that found you. Perhaps that's why they didn't bother making you redress before binding and locking you away, but the odds are just as good that they were scared to touch you, in case your corruption was somehow contagious.

Theoretically this imprisonment is temporary and will end when the senior staff can engineer a way to unbind you from the demon you called, but you know enough from the research you did that the likelihood of that-

"Barely merits consideration," the head chuckles. The staff had the decency to muzzle the thing, but somehow it still manages to talk almost incessantly. It's become harder and harder to tell if it's speaking out loud.

The head wants you to complete the spell. Only the invoking of the Word remains -

there's that shiver again - and this cell, maybe this whole building would be nothing more than a smoking crater. Your escape would be no more difficult than the flick of a wrist. The faculty are under the impression that the cell's wards are strong enough to withstand an outcome where you Fall, but they've made a critical oversight - they don't know the Name of the demon you summoned.

You make the mistake of thinking of the Name for the briefest of seconds, and the power of the Word burns on your elongated tongue. You extend it, panting, breaking out in a fresh sweat at the pressure you need to exert to maintain control. Beads of sweat roll down the heaving skin of your enhanced chest and race down your newly chiseled abs before getting absorbed into the fur at your groin, just above your glistening, demonic cock. The demon, not satisfied to change merely your physical appearance, has overridden your most intimate anatomy. Beneath the cock hangs an ample set of balls, and behind that... your mind begins to wander as you tease the folds of your pussy with the tip of your tail.

You can feel a greasy smear across your memories, a place the essence of the dark being reached out and smudged, and though you're terrified to admit it, you can't quite remember how your new body differs from your old in several places, including here. You know that you... shouldn't be like this, but the moment this part of you fused with the aspect of the being you called, its disregard for the shapes of mortal forms and its hunger to experience whatever pleasures it might desire simply overwrote you.

You vaguely register that it's begun whispering to you again, but you don't have the strength to push it away right now. Maybe if you can give yourself release you can compose yourself. For some reason that idea seems more rational with each passing moment.

Your hands flick down to your nipples. The briefest brush over them with your clawed fingertips makes you gasp. You massage them as gently as you can, circling the tip of each with a finger. Beneath you, you feel your cock stiffen even more, a bead of liquid appearing at its tip. Insistent thoughts sketch themselves in your mind - the ease with which you could beguile and subsume a human mate. Why stop at one? A cadre, a congregation of worshipful servants whose every wish is to sate your needs - all you have to do is...

A moan escapes your lips, but it's far from a formless utterance. Did you just? How could you...?

The head, its whispers... these weren't your thoughts at all. But now it's so hard... to distinguish...

You feel a low, rhythmic chanting escape from your other throat, and a web of symbols ignites on the floor below you. Out of the center emerges a glowing tendril of pure infernal magic, which reaches up and... caresses you. It fits itself around your cock and pumps, strokes, massages, erasing all your concerns except the one immediate Need.

The tendril splits, working its way into your slit, filling you deliciously. Unconsciously, you grind down on it, pushing it further, demanding more, even while you feel the tension begin to build in your cock.

Your worshippers eventually will have no need for their human forms, just as you no longer have need of yours. All of them will be eager, so eager to take on form after debauched form, each better than the last at giving and receiving pleasure. Sweat pours down your face, pooling and dripping from your increasingly elongated chin. Your nostrils flare as the scent of your own arousal peels back your blackening lips in a tight grimace.

Once each of your supplicants is truly a demon in both body and spirit, you'll turn them out to do your dark works in the world, then start fresh with new converts. The magic surges underneath you, pumping and squeezing while you envision each delicious set of lips, smiling maw, desperate, leaking cock-

Power flickers and surges through you as you cum, your thick demonic seed burning the ground where it lands. You breathe out slowly as the infernal magic withdraws, a sizzling cloud of steam emanating from each muzzle. The bindings on your other head are no more than a momentary annoyance; you make a quick gesture with a claw and they crumble into ash. The same effort dissolves your restraints - incredible that the fools believed such trivial measures had any hope of containing you. At least the paltry strength of their spells tells you this place is ripe for an easy, pleasurable conquest. As you step a delicate hoof through the melting bars of your former prison, you smile to yourself, wondering which delicious form to bestow on your supplicants first.



BACCHANALIA

(PART 1)

WRITTEN BY ABE E SEEDY

The house special 'Mule Kick' shot went down easy,

but the warmth of it sat heavily in the pit of your stomach and somehow just never let up. You spent several minutes trying to ignore it as you swayed back and forth to the thumping rhythms on the dance floor, but the only thing that really snapped you out of it was when you tripped over your feet and stumbled forwards into the cute red-headed girl in front of you. Luckily she hadn't minded, just looking back at you with a knowing smile then wagging her hips in an invitation for you to dance closer. Which, after a bit of a dumb grin of your own, you'd taken her up on. Why not, right? You're all here to party, after all.

You run your hands down her side until you have a loose grip on her waist, but a sudden push from behind presses the two of you together. Before you can react she breaks the tension with a laugh, placing her own hands on yours and keeping you in place. The song hits a heavy beat and suddenly everyone is jumping up and down, her cute butt rubbing hard against your crotch.

Normally you're good on the dance floor, but right now it's a struggle to stay standing. The heat from that drink has finally ebbed away, but now it feels like it's spread out over the rest of your body, making you slow and heavy as you stumble around. Somehow the music sounds both loud and distant, and your nose twitches as you run your face down her hair into her shoulder. But even that is just a sideshow to the truly distracting sensation coming from your crotch.

You didn't mean to grind up against her, but she leaned back so hard into your staggering stance that you can't help but melt into it. It's unlike anything you've ever felt before, and you shake your head from side to side dreamily as you try to comprehend it. There's something there, something stiff and long and nice that just makes you want to indulge, encouraging you to press yourself forwards and let this girl ride you up and down, leaving you panting heavily into the nape of her neck. It feels... good, and makes you want to... you're not even sure what exactly, but you couldn't possibly resist...

The beat changes, and another surge pulls you apart. You stagger backwards reluctantly, catching her eye as the crowd comes between you. "I'll find you when you're done!", you

hear her shout, then you're washed up against a wall, panting and sweating.

Miraculously, you arrive at the bathroom just as the cleaner was leaving, letting you stumble into a completely empty room. You push the door open with an elbow, unable to trust your fingers with anything more complicated than that. Your heart is pounding, and you need a moment of quiet to catch your breath. Gripping the edge of the sink like you're drowning, you look up at the mirror and see your mouth drop open.

Your face is wrong. Two nostrils flare on the side of a blunt little muzzle, while beneath them large front teeth bite into thick black lips. Long floppy ears stretch out the side of your hair, somehow carrying your piercings with them as they spill down your shoulders. Everywhere dustings of short grey hair slowly join together across your skin, forming a unified coat wherever they meet before sweeping further over your body.

You gasp loudly, the sharp intake of breath highlighting just how much your breasts are straining against your favourite mesh top. You barely have time to register that after you notice that your hand on the sink somehow only has 3 thick fingers, and even that you're pulled away from when your boots tear open, your ankles rising smoothly into the air as your toes solidify into shining black hooves.

All of that should be overwhelming, but it's nothing compared to the heat that's absolutely aching at your crotch. Subconsciously you'd been avoiding thinking about it ever since you walked in, but when your short skirt peels upwards of its own accord you can't help but stare at your massive, stiff cock. Without realising it your still-human hand jerks the back of your skirt downwards, freeing your swishing grey tail before shifting around to give you more space in the front.

You stare, helplessly, having to tilt your head from side to side to even see it all clearly as your still-growing muzzle threatens to get in your way. None of this makes sense. How did you take one drink and start turning into some sort of donkey, not to mention one with such a great, straining dick?

And yet, barely muted by the bathroom walls, the music still plays. The party is going on, just as loudly and wildly as it was when you were out there, when you felt so good wrapped up and enjoying it. Maybe you should just go with it, follow the rhythm and obey the desperate urges welling up inside of you. You're here to party, right?

The tip is already dripping before you wrap your hand around your shaft. The cool black of your hooved fingers feel so deliciously firm against your flesh, you feel your eyes almost cross as you slowly pick up the pace. The brush of your tail slaps against the tile wall as you settle backwards, almost curling up over yourself as you sink down into this. God, this feels good...

You hear the music suddenly pick up as the door swings open, a cute red-headed girl in a tank top and hotpants stepping quickly inside. She blinks as she registers your presence, then a heartbeat later you recognise her as the girl you were dancing with, just in time to see her eyes widen as she looks you up and down. And why wouldn't she react like that? Seeing the bestial state you're in, some big-dick animal freak pleasuring herself openly in the bathroom.

It would be harder to argue against if you could stop yourself from running your hands along the length of your cock, the slickness finally guiding your remaining human fingers into the correct, hoof-like shape.

"I'm sohh-rry", you pant awkwardly. "I can't... can't st-awwhhp!"

She looks you squarely in your deeply blushing face and smiles. "I hope not", she answers as she walks over, putting one hand on your shoulder and guiding you firmly backwards into an open stall. "They always give the special shot to some newbie, but I don't want to end the night without getting a taste."

She slams the lid down underneath you and you hit it with a gasp, your hooves clacking against the walls as your limbs flail for balance. She barely gives you a chance to brace yourself before she kneels down and sweeps forward, engulfing the tip of your cock with practiced ease. From there she bobs up and down to the distant rhythm of the music, and as your stiff fingers find purchase in her hair, you slowly feel her own ears stretching upwards and outwards. Soon she's taking more of your length in a growing muzzle of her own, her thick, dark lips teasing across your flesh more and more at the whim of her own changes. Eventually she opens one eye and looks up to give you a sultry wink, sliding one hand behind you and tugging gently on your tail, and it's that last bit of encouragement which finally makes your body stiffen up. Something somewhere between a moan, a cry and an animal bray escapes your throat as you tense and release, this overpowering, unfamiliar and utterly addictive orgasm making your hips press forwards, the warmth of her mouth coaxing every last drop of your new cum from you.

She swallows as much as she can but eventually is forced to withdraw, letting the rest chase the grey hair coat that's already sliding down her neck to her chest. For a few moments all you can do is pant to catch your breath, but finally you manage to say "th... thanks."

Once again she grins, but this time it's accompanied by her running a hand down her chest, leaving it circling the growing bulge tenting her hot pants. "Oh, don't worry", she whispers, "I'm sure you can find a way to thank me properly..."

You lick your lips. Well, you did come here to party, after all.



BACCHANALIA

(PART 2)

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

In the past hour or so, the vibe at the club has shifted.

You've come here a couple of times before, but something's always called you away early and you've never made it to the part of the night the rumors were about. Given that those particular rumors usually involve an orgy, it's more than likely that they're fake, fabricated to draw in tourists and weirdos (and, you have to admit, you). But this time, it seems like you've finally made it.

The crowd is hungry, uninhibited, free. You've heard more than one laugh that got... really weird at the end and felt more than one bulge rubbing against you, and by now your shorts are drenched with a combination of sweat and... something else. You'd be more embarrassed about the ache of your own obvious erection if it didn't seem like everyone else around you in the pumping crowd was also hard.

You feel a new dancer squeeze into the space on the floor behind you when someone else is pulled away. He leans in close, hands caressing your torso as he positions his face right next to yours so he can clearly hear him say "Having fun?"

"If you were in front of me, you wouldn't have to ask," you reply, hoping it's flirty and not weird. This entire place is going to be a writhing train of bodies in under 20 minutes - you really don't need to worry about sounding corny.

He reaches down, hand appreciating the bulge between your legs, then takes it a step further, yanking down the band of your shorts to let your straining cock out into the open air of the club. At the same time he leans in, pressing his own close to you in an unmistakable declaration of intent. Your train of thought crashes. It takes you half a second to process any of it, but eventually you put together

- 1) Is this a crime?
- 2) It feels really good
- 3) People can definitely see you
- 4) It feels weirdly good that they can see you?
- 5) They are unbothered or bothered (complimentary)

- 6) You aren't the only one in this situation
- 7) Your dick looks.... different... than it should.

That last one is the one you fixate on, because it demands your attention. First of all, it's huge. You'd like to believe you were always this hung but you're incredibly horny, not delusional. The shape also seems wrong, thick and long with a flat end and a ring in the middle...

Your nostrils flare as you take in your own scent, and it's all you can do to let out an anxious "How...?" except what comes out instead is a braying "Hawwwww-"

Your dance partner laughs, punctuated by bits of that same sound. Immediately you register the feeling of his cock against your back, clearly also freed from his clothes and clearly also changed the way yours has been. It would freak you out more if it didn't feel *incredible*. You sense him grasp at something behind you and then shudder as you put together that he's wrapping a hand around the base of your tail.

It seems like it only takes a second for him to hit the floor behind you, gesturing you to bend over and lift your tail for him, and then you feel his tongue on your asshole. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.... Your cock strains in front of you, somehow even harder at his expert attention, each swipe of his tongue preparing you for him. Your knees buckle, not helped by the absolute disaster of your feet which are halfway to thick, clumsy hooves. You can't stay standing like this much longer. Thankfully (but also to your immense regret) he finishes up behind you and positions himself ass down on the floor, guiding you on top of him. Squatting in this position is somehow more comfortable, and you lower yourself down and down, until he enters you. You avoid the reflex to clench, instead relaxing onto him and getting into a pleasurable rhythm. You never would have been able to take him before tonight, but your body has clearly changed enough to take his girth in stride.

The whole thing is so much that you belatedly notice you've shut out the crowd for a good few minutes now. Abruptly brought back into your surroundings, you realize that you're being out and out fucked on the dancefloor. It's not enough to make you stop, but your ears flap nervously, and your cock twitches. There's no cause for you to worry - the crowd is in total chaos. At least half of the people, maybe more, are visibly changing, and those that aren't yet are no less involved. Half naked, fully naked, cocks out, mid fuck, blowjobs, rimjobs... the music is still pumping but it's increasingly punctuated with bray after desperate bray. You've never experienced anything like it, every single person in the room fully given over to animal desire and pure abandon.

Underneath you, your dance partner is totally focused on the intersection of your bodies. Placing confident hands on your knees for leverage, he uses his growing muzzle to lick at your straining cock, erasing whatever concern for the general scene still existed in your mind. You're absolutely leaking and so, clearly, is he. Unable to ask for anything, to say anything, both of you descend into insensate animal braying as the thumping bass of the music fully seeps into you. A piercing flute overtakes the synth, and as it rises and rises, faster and faster, your pace changes too. He unloads first, filling you with pump after pump of thick cum, and you hit your climax a half second later, the perfectly-angled pressure of him milking you dry. You remain together for only a brief, wet minute and then roll apart, panting. He shoots you a quick buck-toothed grin, and you give him a weak thumbs up, or the best approximation your now three-fingered hand can manage. You look down and realize your shirt is intact but your shorts and underwear are totally shredded. You're jealous he had the presence of mind to take his off - clearly it wasn't his first go at this... experience.

After only another minute or two of panting recovery, your cock begins to ache again. You've never recovered this fast - you can't possibly - your thoughts of your body's usual limits cut off as the flute begins again, calling you back to the writhing throng. You can, and will. Last call is still hours away, after all.



HONEY TRAP

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

“Huh,” you mutter to yourself,

scrubbing back over the last bit of the survey drone’s feed on your tablet. It almost seems like something has been... drawing you in this direction, over half a day’s trudging through Survey Area 15BB (a temperate, floral-heavy medium-sparse jungle). You sigh and clip the screen back to your belt, swapping it out for your water bottle, and consider things.

The cave system is seemingly limited to only a few chambers before degenerating into some kind of porous blockage, but the mission guide is fairly clear that this should be marked and left for a tandem survey team to investigate in more detail later. There’s still plenty of plant samples that need cataloguing and packaging, and it’s already a long trip in the hopper back to Base15. All your best instincts are telling you to wrap it up and head out, but... you can’t bring yourself to leave just yet.

Another hour of dedicated hiking finds you at the mouth of the largest cave, staring in wonder at the amber hexagonal deposits lining every wall. By now each step is unconscious, bringing you closer and closer to the interior of the chamber and the great golden cascade of.. some sort of gel dripping from the absolute center of the room, surrounded by a pillar of glittering sunlight.

The floral scent of it hits you even across half the diameter of the chamber. You can’t leave or turn away, so you just observe it for a few minutes, until each drop hitting the cave floor causes a fresh anxiety in you, such a feeling of waste that your sense of reason abandons you.

Dreamily, you begin to strip off your survey gear as you drift closer to the shining stream. First there’s your sturdy pierce-resistant boots, which need to be unclipped in three places before you can shuck your feet free. By now you’ve sweat enough that feeling the bodysuit peel away and expose your bare skin to the cool, dry cave air is the sweetest relief. Shedding your underclothes is comparatively easy. Fully naked, you finally step into the ring of sunlight. A shudder of anticipation vibrates through you as you extend a questing hand into the stream.

As soon as it touches your skin you need more of it on you, in you, to somehow be coated

in it both inside and out. You cup your hands in a supplicant gesture, collecting a shining, delicious puddle of the golden substance, and then quiver with ecstasy as you part your lips and pour it into your waiting mouth.

Honey was the taste you expected, but this is so much more - rich and earthy and sweet but with a gentle burn. It's all you can do to gasp out a breath or two in between succulent handfuls. It's impossible to say how much you consume before your lips begin to feel slightly numb and there's a momentary pain in your jaw. Thankfully you only need to pause in gulping down the nectar for a brief moment before the ache subsides and your mandibles are fully grown in, twitching to usher more of the viscous liquid between your plump, black lips. The view you have of your own face has become larger and distorted somehow, which gives you enough pause to allow the stream to overflow onto your torso. Sluggishly it pools down your swelling chest, building up in a sticky mass over your aching nipples. You lower your hands to grasp at yourself, hefting the weight of each tender breast.

The feeling of arousal this brings is familiar, but the location of it seems wrong. Too far back, as though it's somehow behind you. You reach in that direction and feel a developing growth at the base of your spine, and shudder at the gentle, questing pressure of your fingers on the ribbed flesh of your growing abdomen. Working yourself gently to the rear tip, your attention is rewarded with the strongest jolt of pleasure you've had so far, as one clawed digit ever so gently strokes your new opening.

Your knees buckle, and you fall wetly to the cave floor. The pleasure, the pressure, the weight of your newly ripe body is too much, and your legs have stopped cooperating. You plant a hand on the floor, and another on your thigh, and another-

Abruptly, you realize you have too many limbs. You let out an anxious vibration from your mandibles, the low gentle hum echoing back to you from the walls of the cavern. Your antennae register a slight, questioning thrum in response from an adjoining chamber. Without even considering it, the sound emanating from you alters pitch to an imperious rebuke. Not yet.

Your minor hands grasp and claw at your breasts as your major ones funnel yet more of the shining nectar between your lips. Your form drifts further from its original blueprint; thighs thickening, hips and ass rounding, soft, bristly tufts of hair forming and flowing across your collarbone and shoulders. A pressure at your shoulderblades resolves itself as a quartet of shining, gossamer wings unfurl and begin to vibrate behind you, drying out

and hardening.

Finally, your antennae shiver with a desire that can no longer be delayed or denied.

The warmth in you is reaching its crest, each sense on the edge of overload as your abdomen stretches and swells to its full size, the translucent exterior seemingly barely containing the visible glisten of the eggs within. You turn all four hands to your breasts, squeezing and coaxing desperately, dragging your abdomen against the floor of the cave, feeling it build, and build-

Your orgasm finds you at last, the wave of it breaking in a shuddering surge of pump after pump of your own glistening jelly escaping from you, pooling around you and mixing indistinguishably with the stream of nectar still dripping down from overhead.

You give a series of exhausted clicks, summoning the workers at last. Your focus shifts, and your segmented eyes find the trail of your clothes and gear, discarded on the floor of the hive. In amongst them is your emergency beacon, which unless you check in will begin broadcasting soon.

You certainly don't intend to turn it off and deprive the hive of company. After a short rest you're certain you'll be able to be productive enough to give your rescuers a warm, sticky welcome.





INARI

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

You've taken plenty of Augmented assignments before,

but never one this... intense. The ship is still docked in low orbit, so you do have time to back out, technically. You're not 100% sure how you even got cleared for this one, given your lack of experience with a full-body mod, much less one lasting this long. You've done Level 3 adverse environments and even been modded for deep sea work at least twice (the second time because you legitimately blocked out how much it sucks to re-learn how to breathe without gills, a mistake you won't make again). It's possible that experience worked in your favor, but your only other clue is that you heard through the grapevine at the agency that the Pilot for this mission is very particular, and liked your psyche profile.

You have to admit that for a long-range deep-space job like this, psyche would be a big factor. Wormhole tether ships aren't large, and minimizing the crew is very important given the physical effects of an unshielded wormhole and the relative rarity of anyone willing to mod hard enough to meet safety parameters. An excellent Pilot who can also Navigate cuts the need even further, and you've heard this one is certainly special. So, just a crew of two, and eight lunar cycles at the bleeding edge of traversable space. All that needs to happen now is for you to get into the chamber. You've got a ship to embody.

In terms of tether ships, *Inari* is in a class alone. You've seen Chassis Embodiments in vids, and you've served on one ship where you worked distantly with the Ship's Agent, a medium-heavily Augmented human with a half-mask who seemed relatively normal except for a distracted tendency to take a second too long to respond when queried. *Inari* by contrast requires a total-body mod with very specific requirements, which the ship herself sent you. You take one more deep breath, then start to remove your clothes. Once they're folded and stored in your locker you place your palm to the glass of the ship's Augmentation Chamber and it opens, welcoming you with a soft orange glow.

You kneel, and the ship tentatively offers a long cable, which lowers like a tendril from the ceiling. **Consent Requested**, a soft, almost musical voice murmurs from a speaker somewhere to your left. "Consent granted," you respond, as automatically as ever. You've already made your decision, drawing it out would only be awkward.

The cable snakes into the port on the back of your neck, and immediately a series of

images flashes before you, which you recognize as the schematics you were sent for *Inari's* chassis, your new body. You lower your head and wait for the familiar vibration of the nanomachine implant in your spine waking from sleep and registering the schematics. It doesn't take long.

The first place you feel the tingling is usually your extremities, and this time it's your right arm. You watch with a forced calm as it hardens and segments, geometric tracery inscribing itself over your skin and then deepening, becoming the kind of hard plating ships tend to prefer. Abruptly, this makes sense to you, the desire for the safety of a strong hull. You wonder why you've never made the connection before.

That's the point at which the process... departs from your previous experience. A shining metal tentacle emerges from the floor directly below you, slithering languidly between your legs and against your inner thigh. **Further Consent Requested**, the voice chimes meaningfully, and suddenly, several inclusions in the schematic files you were sent start to make more sense. You thought those were an oversight maybe, or a weird hazing from the Pilot. Now, you realize, the ship has its own... nonstandard priorities.

"Ah," you reply, a blush blooming across your cheeks, "Uh... granted...?"

The tingling that assaults you has a distinct "let off the leash" feeling. The tentacle nestles up against your swiftly reforming sex, caressing you as the nanotech reshapes you to *Inari's* liking. You can feel a small piece of her consciousness begin to settle on top of yours, and her feeling of rightness, of enjoyment with this configuration pushes aside any misgivings you have about the change. The tip of the appendage plays with your clit, contorting against you affectionately and thoughtfully coating itself in the wet lubricant leaking from your slit before it enters at last between your soft, silicone lips.

Inari loves this. (Has she been programmed to love this? How else does a ship learn to enjoy being fucked?)

The pleasure of the shaft writhing inside you, pushing against your walls, is too much to argue against, so you don't even try. You hoist yourself up on your knees to have better leverage to press against it and feel her approval. Hard-light hands extend from another point below you, grabbing your ass as perfect twin tails grow behind you with every thrust, almost as if they're being pushed out. You can feel your skin segmenting all across your body as it's restructured into a chassis, a comfortable form for you and the ship to

share. Your hair grows out around you, falling in cascading curtains of bright, synthetic red while your ears elongate, twitching above your head as you begin to pick up a host of new inputs. The momentary confusion of hearing radio signals is almost too much, until you feel her step in and dial down the inputs. Like you, she doesn't want to be disturbed, having finally achieved the pleasure of a physical body.

You might have thought that to a ship docking would be like sex, or refueling, or some other metaphorically sexual task, but the joy of the body, of a form designed for giving and feeling pleasure, is a special thing. Feeling her, you, both of you, cry out in pleasure with your clawed hands splayed against the glass, your mechanical form wracked with wave after wave of release, is oddly grounding. This body should feel awkward and unfamiliar with its short limbs and ample hips, but it's starting to feel very comfortable. A full-face visor descends from the ceiling, guided gently by a mechanical arm. The click as it locks in place around your changed face is electric. You raise a paw and caress the smooth, featureless glass of it, while your vision switches to an augmented camera display. Your reflection stares blankly at you from the wall of the chamber, and the total erasure of your human features plucks such a powerfully dark chord inside you that you cum one more time. The tentacle withdraws slowly, almost regretfully, but with your Embodiment complete, you have a long list of tasks to manage before departure.



ATTENTION
DO NOT OPEN PANEL. CONTENTS WILL REQUIRE COOLING

INARI

Four lunar cycles deep in your mission, you've been given a lot to consider.

Fortunately, *Inari* likes to partition space between you to discuss the topics you've become interested in. You're surprisingly aligned on a lot of them, which makes sense. You understand now that she was the one who selected you based on your psyche profile, and the Pilot was following her judgement and acting as her agent.

The Pilot is one of the areas you... aren't as aligned. Strictly speaking, it would be impossible for you to match the ball of devotion, fascination and, frankly, lust that represents her attitude toward it after their years and dozens of missions together in deep space. To you, the Pilot is instead both moderately inscrutable and highly insatiable. You suppose the latter is one of the things *Inari* appreciates about it.

The concept of a NHE, a Non-Human Entity, was something you were hypothetically aware of before this mission, but not a type of person you'd actually ever encountered. It's helped that *Inari* has filled you in a great deal on the related philosophy, the subtle difference between Non-human and Post-human entities, and other personal anecdotes of the Pilot, which have helped you avoid a few embarrassing social faux pas.

Put as simply as possible, while the Pilot was originally born human, it no longer regards itself as such. It struck you immediately when you met that it was one of the more peculiarly Augmented beings you've encountered, seemingly preferring a completely nondescript chassis that resembles a factory drone, with (as you later confirmed over several... meetings) a fairly large suite of prefab modular parts to fit any desired configuration.

Sometimes you think back to that moment of seeing yourself in the chamber, when your emotive features were turned off and the screen of your visor was as flat and featureless as the Pilot keeps its face, and you think you understand it a little.

You later find out that the Pilot's human-like setup (1 head, torso, 2 arms, 2 legs) has more to do with the form factor for the job and a deference to *Inari*'s sexual appetites than any kind of personal preference. You're sitting on its lap in the cockpit being idly fucked while it fiddles with the remote stim settings for your chassis (which *Inari* of course hard coded for it and then locked you and herself out of, because that's more interesting) when it asks how you feel about the possibility of fucking a cargo drone.

"The - hff- ones that have the c-crab legs?" your synthetic sounding accent gasps out between thrusts and stim activations. Your clit throbs appreciatively each time, bringing

you closer and closer to another peak.

“That might be my next project,” it muses, laying off the stim controls to stroke the plates of your nipples. Its voice has a deadpan affect that makes it hard to read intent, but you have enough personal background at this point to understand it’s serious.

“How would that, h-how...” Feeling the rhythm of your orgasm building, it caresses the stim again, perfectly nailing the timing. Your sync level with *Inari*’s onboard computer spikes 3% and then sputters briefly as you cum. The pilot takes that as its cue, standing you both up and bending you over the controls so your breasts cover several of the port side spatial projections as it continues to thrust.

“With a genital modification, I feel like it has real possibilities.” You imagine yourself on all fours beneath the crab-like drone, a tentacle-like cock extending from it to fill you. Despite *Inari*’s preference for human-like forms, her interest is clearly piqued by the chance to fulfill the Pilot’s fantasy. She quickly edits your memory into a short clip and shunts it into the Pilot’s feed. You feel it tense in appreciation, then unload inside you, wave after wave of lubricant pumping to fill your eager slit. It withdraws from you, then slumps back into the chair, fairly radiating an aura of satisfaction.

“You... were an excellent candidate for this position,” it huffs out.



INARI
CHASSIS

ALIGNMENT
VECTOR
WORMHOLE

INARI

THE SOIRÉE SOCIETY

WRITTEN BY ANGRBODA

You're in the Marble Room today with a trio,

you register as you glance at the assignment board on your way into the changing area of the Employee Lounge. That usually means new clients, and this time your instincts are telling you a gentle touch is in order. In that case, something crowd pleasing and comfortable... you smile to yourself - a great excuse for your current favorite Form.

The dress code at the Soirée Society is... special. It took you a long time to wrangle this job, but whenever you open the Wardrobe and take in the racks and racks of Forms, the thrill that shoots through you is just as electric as your first day. "Cherry, please," you politely speak into the echoing space inside the doors, and the racks begin to move. Within moments, the Form is presented to you, neatly hanging and spotlessly clean - a latex body suit with gold hardware and a large, cuddly tail, paired with a cheerful red panda mask with attached bright pink hair. You take it in your hands lovingly, thanking the furniture and giving it a gentle pat on the doors as you close them for good measure.

Each time you put on a Form, you give silent thanks to the founder of the Society, who had the forethought to seal this room off from the main lounge. None of your coworkers have seen you "out of uniform", and neither have you seen them. It's maybe your favorite Society policy, the total anonymity, and at the very least it means no one ever gives you grief for how much you wear Cherry.

Once you strip, you savor the feeling as you step into the bodysuit. The enspelled material glides up and around you smoothly, its interior a cool relief against your warm skin. As always, it begins to mold you into its shape right away, and you feel your body respond from underneath the material, your toes plumping into Cherry's demure paws, your legs taking on the shape of her chunky calves and slim ankles. You flex the nubs of the claws on your feet into the rich carpet, savoring the texture against your rubber skin.

The reason these are Forms and not... costumes (you habitually admonish yourself for even thinking the C word) is because once you put them on, you become them, fully. You begin to zip up Cherry's gold front fastening and with each inch of skin covered more and more of your body is simply her. You briefly swish your ample hips and feel the comforting weight of your tail behind you, playing it back and forth, savoring it.

Gingerly, you reach down and unzip your crotch, exposing your synthetic pussy, which you'll need for tonight's appointment. You finish shrugging your arms in and fasten the rest of the zip up to your neck in one smooth pull. One of your favorite features of this Form are the shining gold piercings through your nipples, stark against the midnight grays and blacks of your body. You give them a small tug to make sure everything is in place, your breasts stretching obediently and returning with a pleasant jiggle on release. The more adept clients can do a lot with these, while the novice clients... usually become adept eventually, with some guidance.

With your body all set, you grab the mask in both hands and slide it on. Once your eyes are aligned with the holes you feel the peculiar swelling and suction of your face reshaping, which never stops being at least a little weird. There's a split-second of disorientation and then you bring your paw to your cheek, testing. You feel your claws make contact with your skin, the nubs pricking ever so slightly. Opening and closing your muzzle is next, before finally running your pink tongue over your teeth and giving a quick bite at your plump, black lips.

There's only two further things you need to do to get ready for the night. First, you clip on your pink collar, cleverly ensorceled to make it impossible for clients to be able to undo your zipper. Second, you turn slightly to face the full-length mirror in the chamber directly. You work down the hair tie you placed on your wrist earlier, scooping the abundance of your pink locks between your paws and tying it up in a high ponytail.

Cherry likes to wear her hair up. She's bisexual with a narrow preference for women. She loves a sweet red wine and detests white. She enjoys service but is a bit of a tease and can top with grace, if not enthusiasm. She's a warm bath for you to sink into, and when you're wearing her, your own preferences, loves, and hates all fade into the background. She's easy to be. Other Forms are harder, or softer, or less insistent, and you remember how being them felt, the nights you spent in their shapes. It's taboo to discuss but well understood at the Society that members slowly take on the personalities of their most-used Forms, even outside the club. For that reason, some people apparently avoid favorites entirely, rotating between the seemingly limitless options of the Wardrobe to prevent bleed-over as much as possible. You've taken this caution on board but... it's so hard to resist the familiar pull of Cherry's Form. If you've been ordering more ruby port lately, or lingering longer in a gallery to appreciate a particularly fine odalisque, it's just because you've found a new appreciation for these things. Or at least, so you pointedly tell yourself.

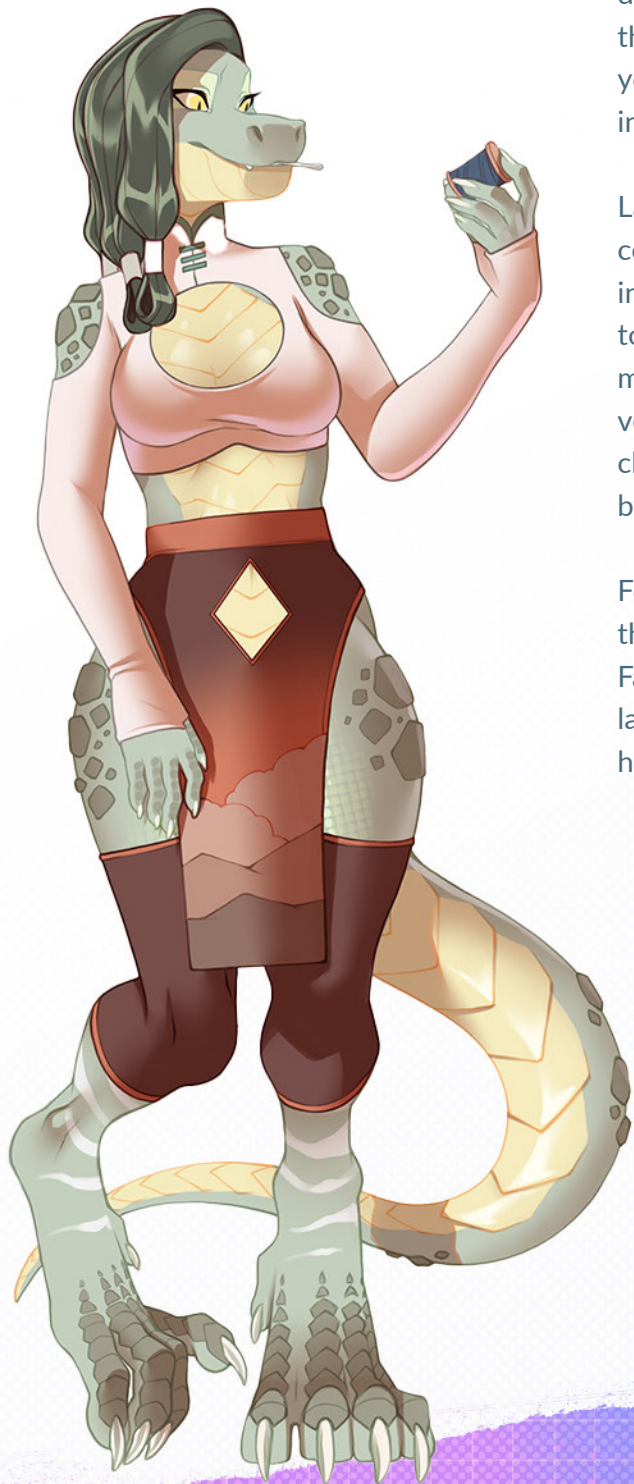
You place your clothes into the basket left for them and activate the magic lock on the door with a paw, stepping into the Lounge proper.

Various shapes recline, chat, and even play cards, some of which you know and a few of which you've been. You give a small wave to the muscled form of a satyr sitting by the fire enjoying a record with a snake woman, her coils looped up over the side of the divan. She raises an eyebrow at you, hissing out a polite "Haven't you been busy?". You sketch a slightly mocking bow without breaking stride and head off down the hall towards your waiting trio.

Service, as ever, calls.



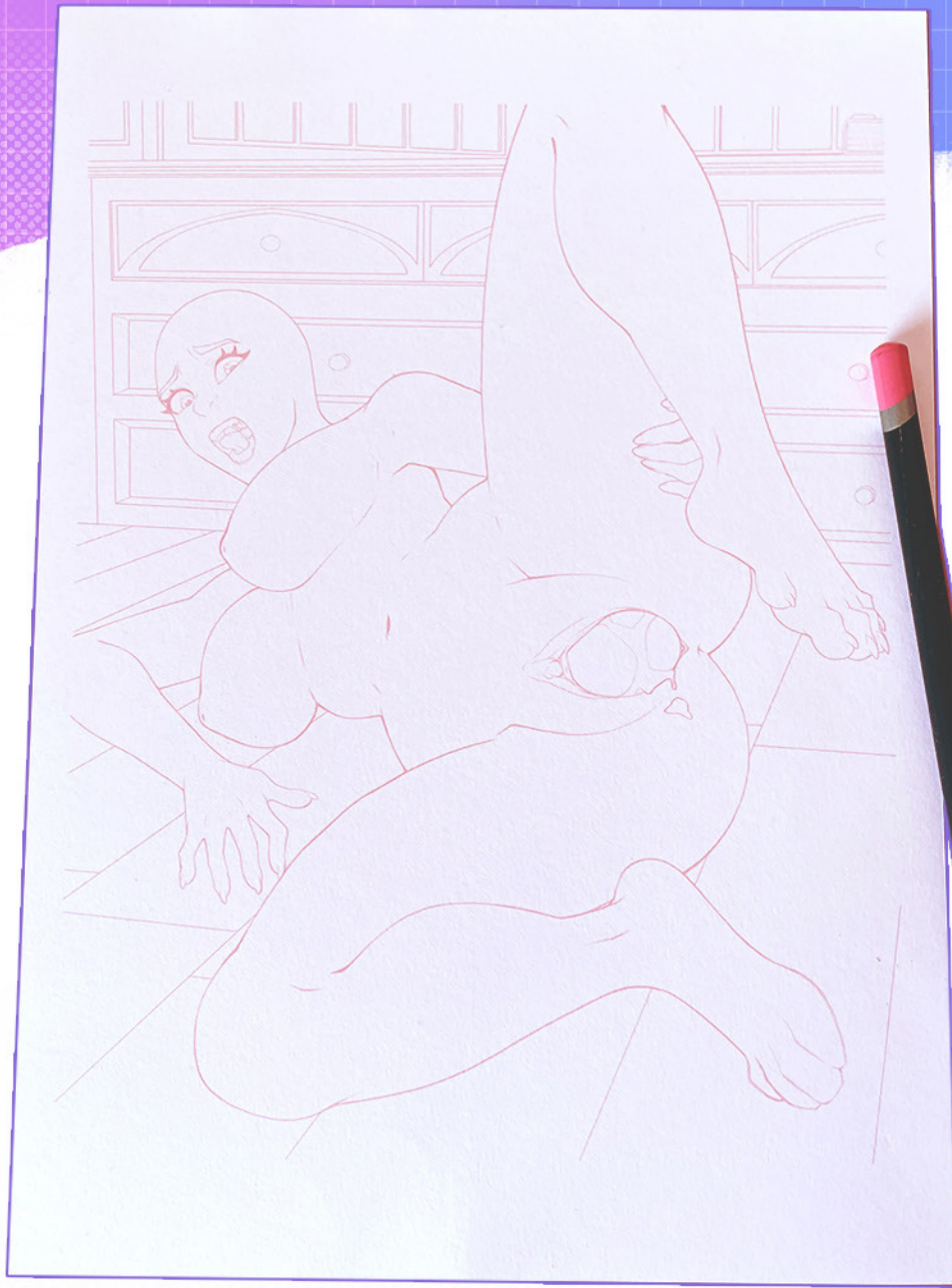
EXPLORING FURTHER



Aaaand, scene! I hope you enjoyed the stories in this one, and I really hope you dug the art! This is a little section about using the art assets included with this book, in case you want to put yourself (or your character!) in the pictures.

Last time, I did a fairly extensive write-up on compositing the images, digital and traditional inking, and digital coloring. This time I wanted to give a bit more coverage to traditional media, because lately I find working physically very relaxing and I think traditional has a very charming look and feel that I enjoy even more by contrast in this, the age of slop.

For our character this time, I'm picking Nadya, the lizard-woman tailor from my comic *Farmhanded*. Since I have a base for an egg laying pic I thought it would be fun to draw her late in her TF having an egg surprise :3c

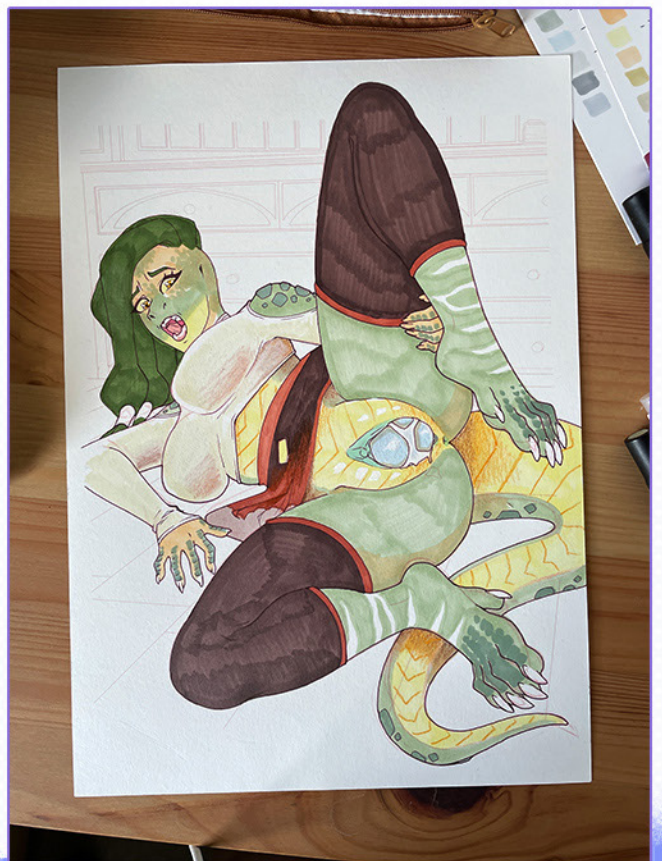


I started by taking the non-rabbit base for the image and making it pink. I did this so it would blend in better with my markers and leave less of the construction lines behind. I printed it on cardstock and used a pink colored pencil to make changes to the lineart to bring the character in line with Nadya's design.



After that I kind of just went to town. Here's some progress pics. You can see I used alcohol markers, colored pencils, liner pens and acrylic markers. Up in the corner are my marker swatches which really help when it's time to pick the colors closest to her ref.

A disciplined artist with a better attention span would ink, then color, then shade, but I am not that person, so I kind of just work in bursts until it's done. "Done" can mean a lot of different things, but usually it means it's at a point where I can feel okay moving on to the next piece. Working without an undo button teaches you a lot about humility and rolling with mistakes. It's pretty zen!







THANK
YOU

For buying this book and supporting the kind of niche media you (presumably) like to see. I somehow made this book even bigger than the first one, so I really hope there's something in here that you really enjoyed.

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 as always to him for all the support, writing, editing, encouragement, and for still finding all this as fun as I do.

MONSTROUSDOCTOR

THE ART & STORIES OF ANGRBODA & ABE E SEEDY