



# KAT IN HEAT



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J. Yubari  
with  
TransformFan  
Productions present:

## KAT IN HEAT

Without realizing it, Katrina ran afoul of a petty witch who cast a spell on her.

Since then, every few weeks when she feels especially aroused, Katrina starts transforming into a cat.

Will she find a way to prevent the change, or will she remain a Kat in heat?



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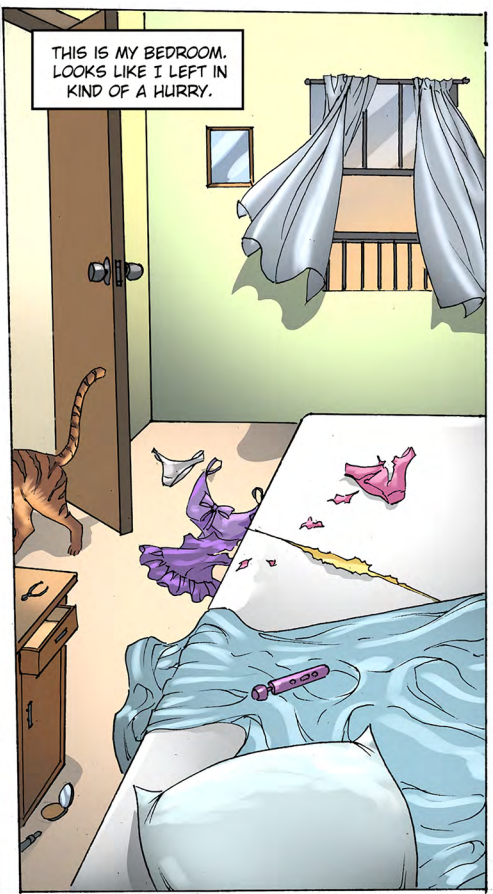
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MY NAME IS KATRINA, BUT MOST PEOPLE CALL ME KAT.



THIS IS MY BEDROOM. LOOKS LIKE I LEFT IN KIND OF A HURRY.



THIS IS MY ROOMMATE SHAYNA.

AGAIN?

PURR



SHE DOES THE BEST SHE CAN TAKING CARE OF EVERYTHING WHEN I'M... NOT MYSELF.

HAVE SOME MILK WHILE I PUT THE GROCERIES AWAY. THEN I'LL START THE TIMER.

MEOW



WE SHOULD GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT NAME WHEN YOU'RE LIKE THIS. KINDA SILLY TO CALL YOU "KAT."

JUST BECAUSE I LIKE BEING CALLED KAT DOESN'T MEAN I LIKE BEING A CAT.



I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. I'M NOT ALWAYS A CAT.



IT STARTED THE NIGHT SHAY AND I WENT CLUBBING AT THAT NEW PLACE.

THAT GUY AT THE BAR IS TOTALLY CHECKING YOU OUT.



THAT GUY? HE'S KINDA CLUTE.

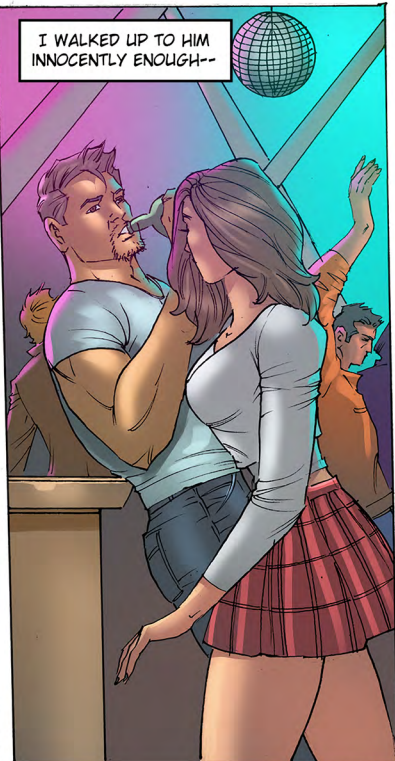
CLUTE? HE'S SMOKIN' HOT! YOU SHOULD TOTALLY GO TALK TO HIM!



AND IF YOU BRING HIM HOME, MAKE SURE TO HANG A SOCK ON YOUR DOOR!

YOU KNOW QUICK HOOKUPS AREN'T MY STYLE.

YEAH, YEAH. JUST GO TALK TO HIM.



I WALKED UP TO HIM INNOCENTLY ENOUGH--

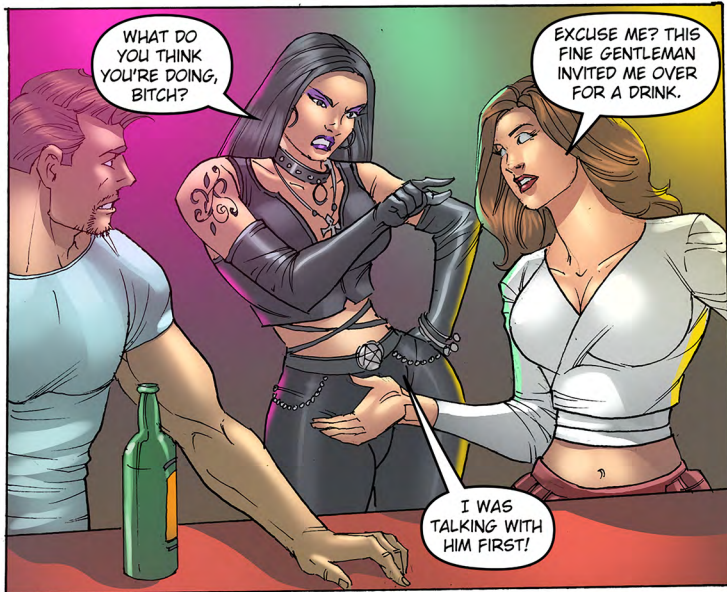
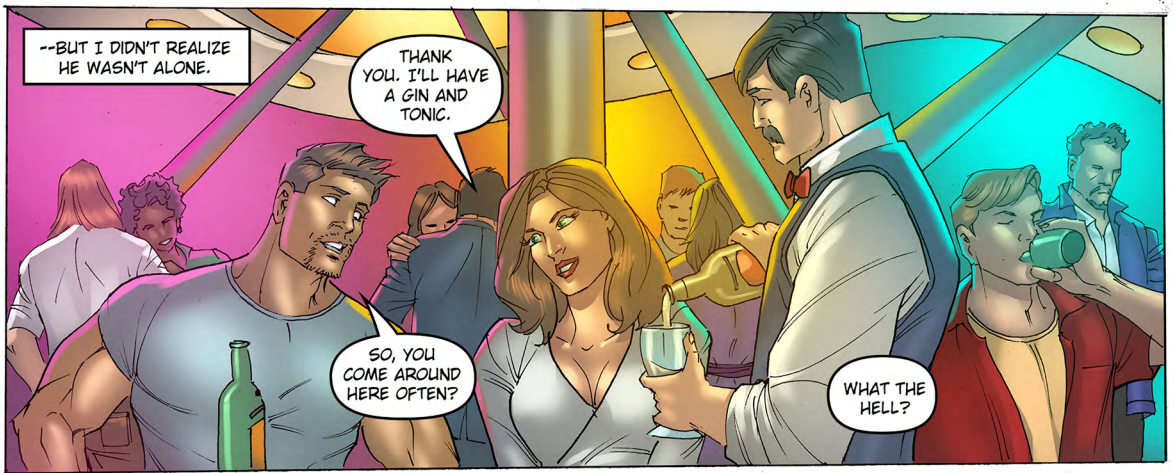


HEY THERE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

KATRINA, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME KAT.

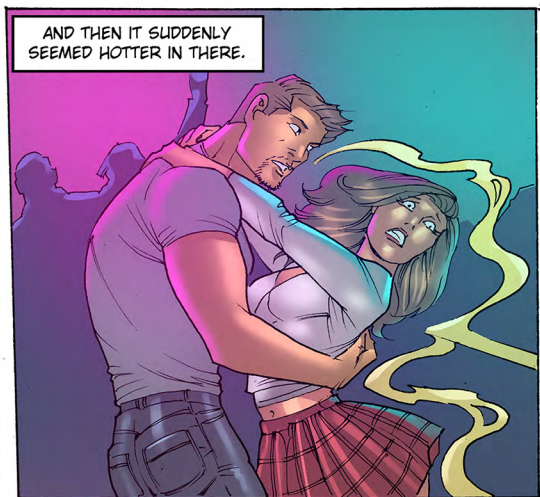
WELL HELLO, KAT. I'M CARLOS. CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?

--AND HE SEEMED CHARMING--

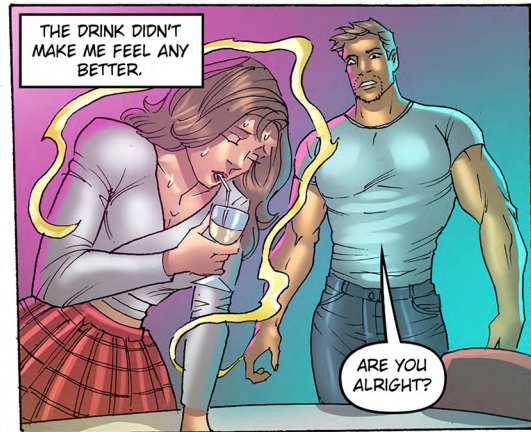




HE SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY, AND SHAY WAS RIGHT. HE WAS HOT!

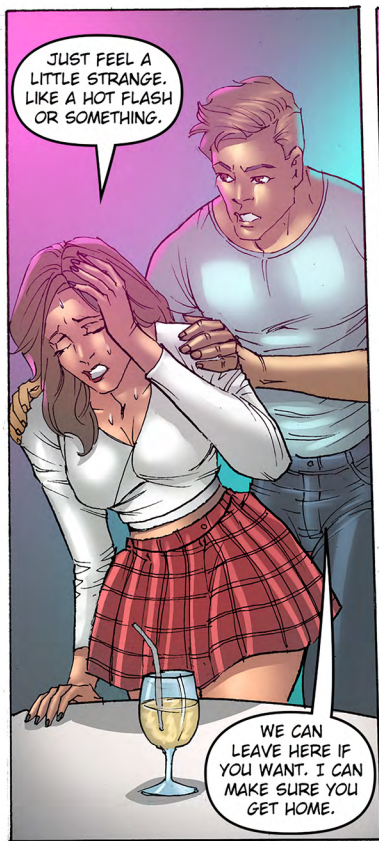


AND THEN IT SUDDENLY SEEMED HOTTER IN THERE.



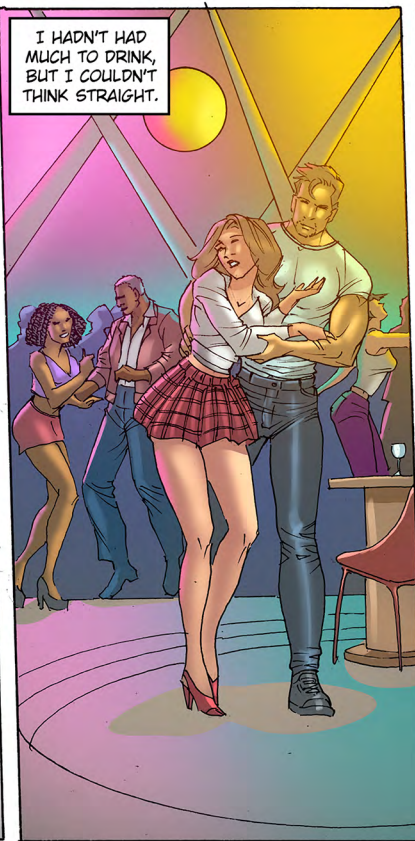
THE DRINK DIDN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?



JUST FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE. LIKE A HOT FLASH OR SOMETHING.

WE CAN LEAVE HERE IF YOU WANT. I CAN MAKE SURE YOU GET HOME.



I HADN'T HAD MUCH TO DRINK, BUT I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT.



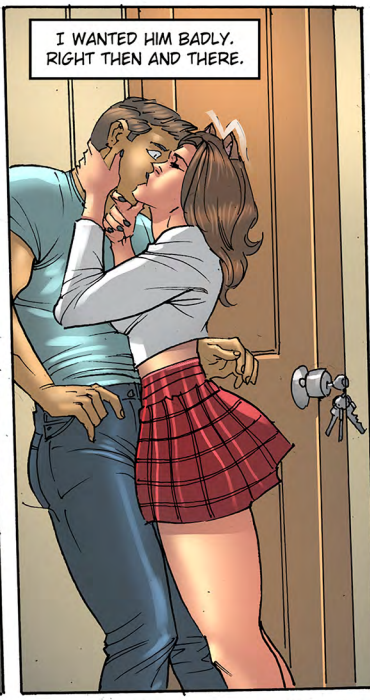
SOMETHING--MY INSTINCTS, I GUESS--TOLD ME TO TRUST HIM.



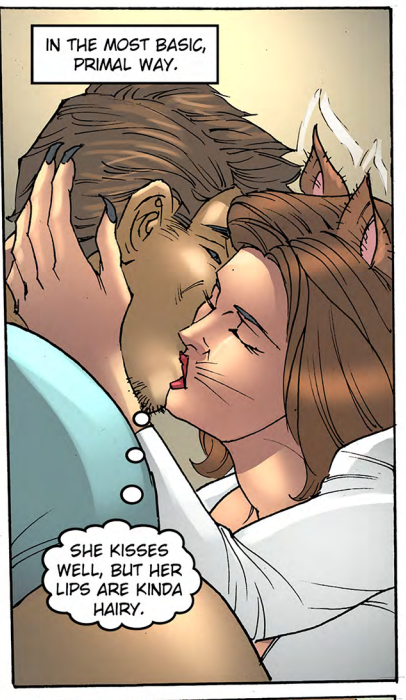
BY THE TIME WE GOT TO MY BUILDING, I WAS FEELING A DIFFERENT KIND OF HEAT.

WANNA COME UP FOR A BIT?

SURE.

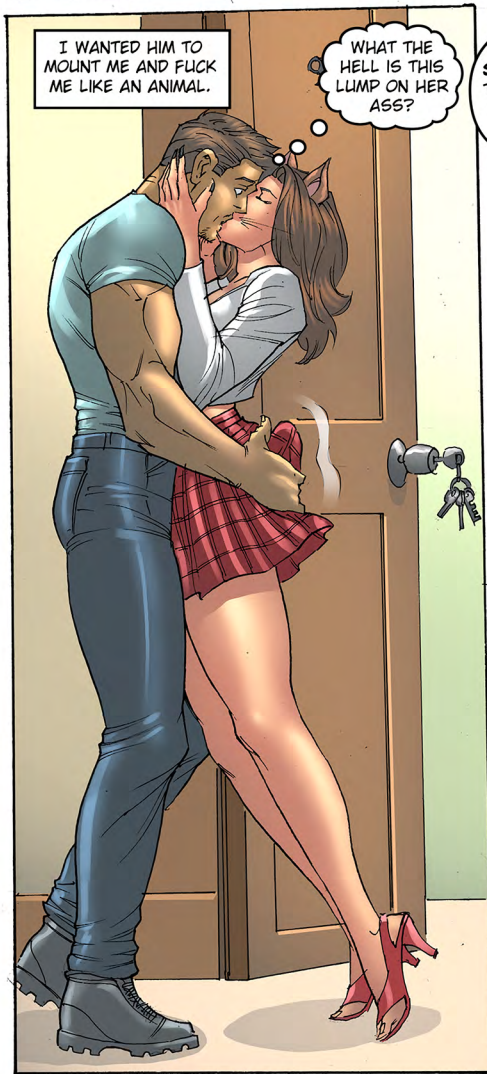


I WANTED HIM BADLY. RIGHT THEN AND THERE.



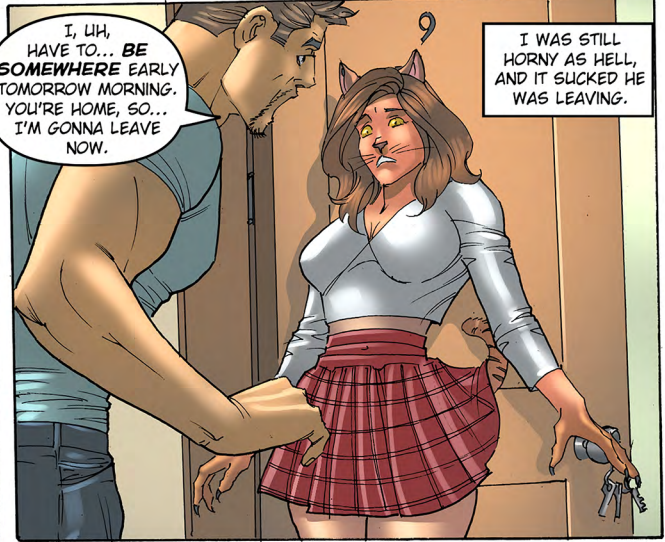
IN THE MOST BASIC, PRIMAL WAY.

SHE KISSES WELL, BUT HER LIPS ARE KINDA HAIRY.



I WANTED HIM TO MOUNT ME AND FUCK ME LIKE AN ANIMAL.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS LUMP ON HER ASS?



I, UH, HAVE TO... **BE SOMEWHERE** EARLY TOMORROW MORNING. YOU'RE HOME, SO... I'M GONNA LEAVE NOW.

I WAS STILL HORNY AS HELL, AND IT SUCKED HE WAS LEAVING.



JESUS, WHY DIDN'T I NOTICE HER FACE IN THE CLUB? WAS IT THAT DARK?



MY INSIDES WERE ON FIRE,  
AND I ACHED ALL OVER.

WHY DOES MY  
HEAD HURT SO  
MUCH? AND MY  
FEET?



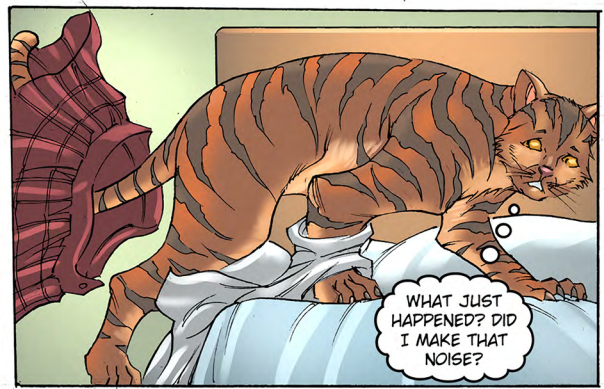
I NEED TO  
GET THESE TIGHT  
SHOES OFF. I  
DIDN'T DANCE THAT  
MUCH, DID I?



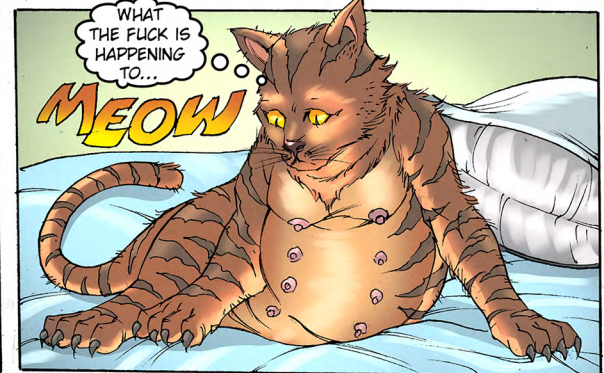
I CAN'T  
HELP IT. I JUST  
WANNA TOUCH  
MYSELF.



**MRRROWOW**

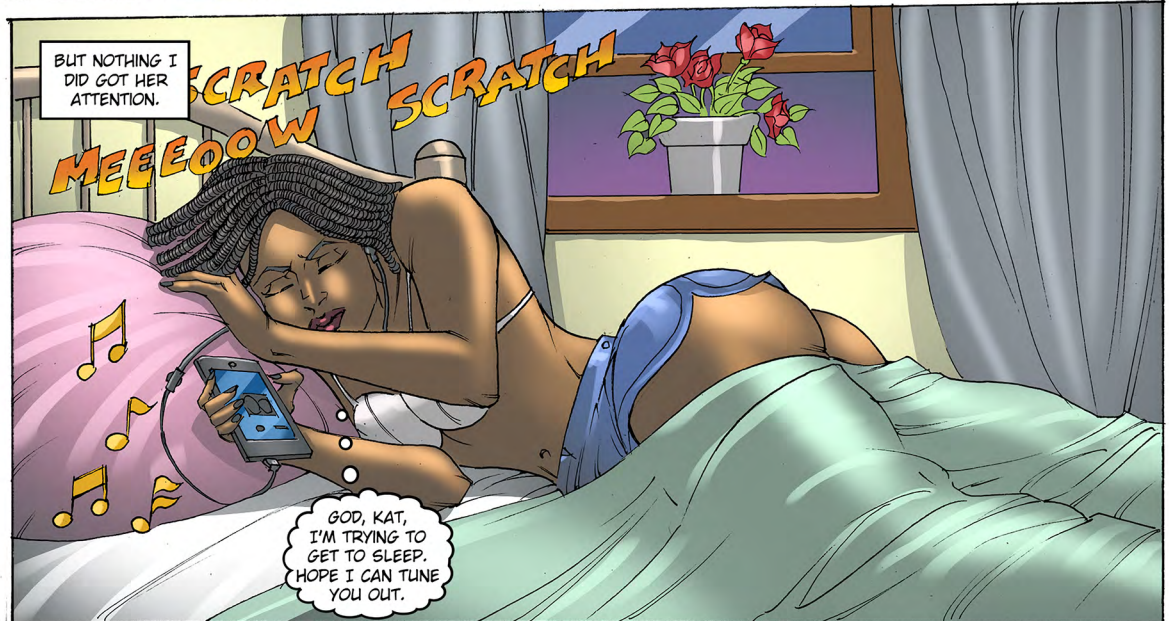
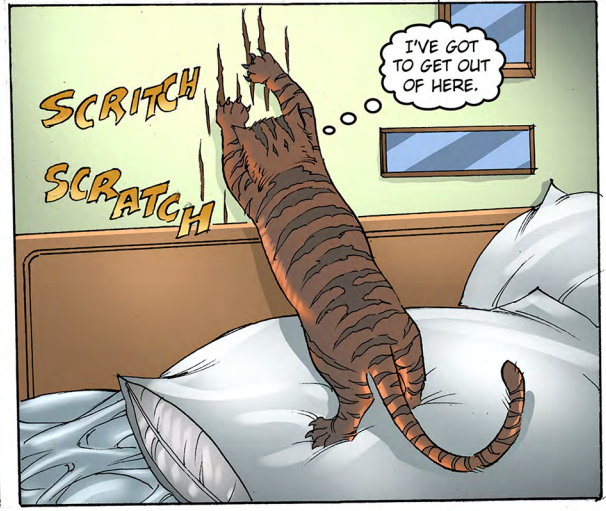
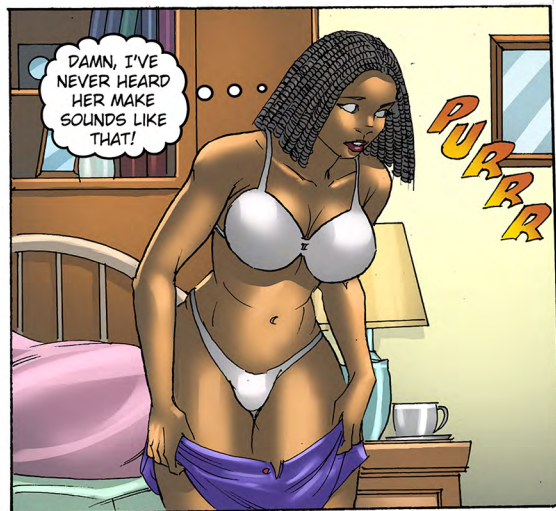


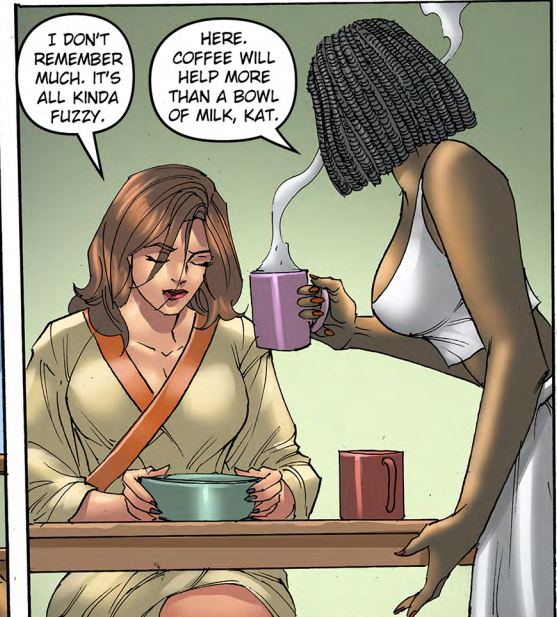
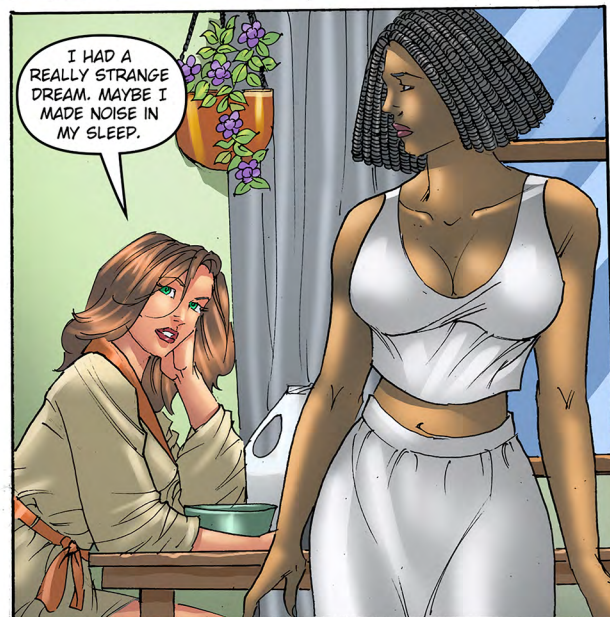
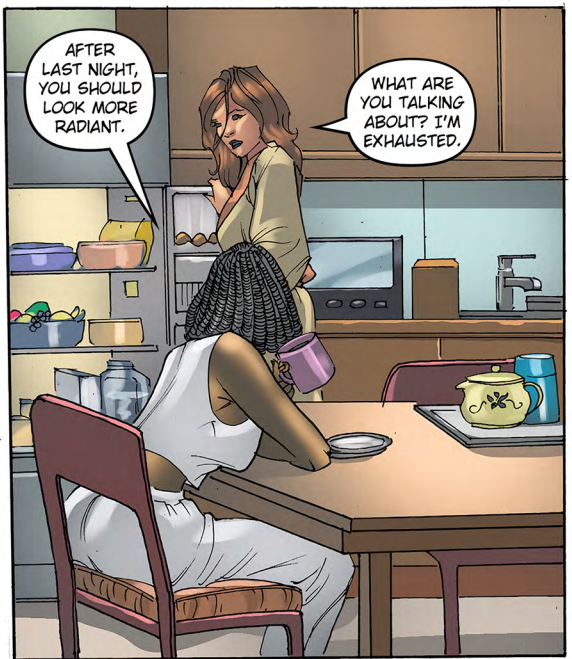
WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED? DID  
I MAKE THAT  
NOISE?

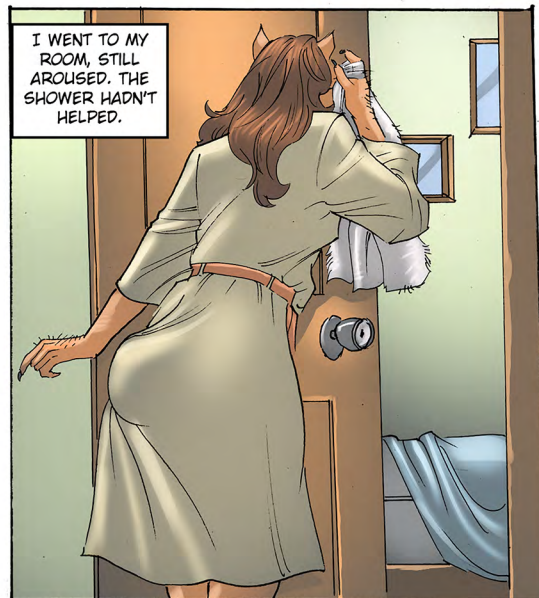
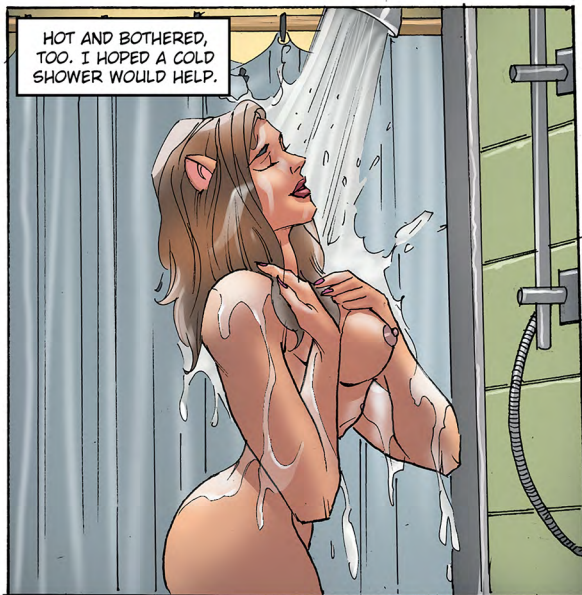
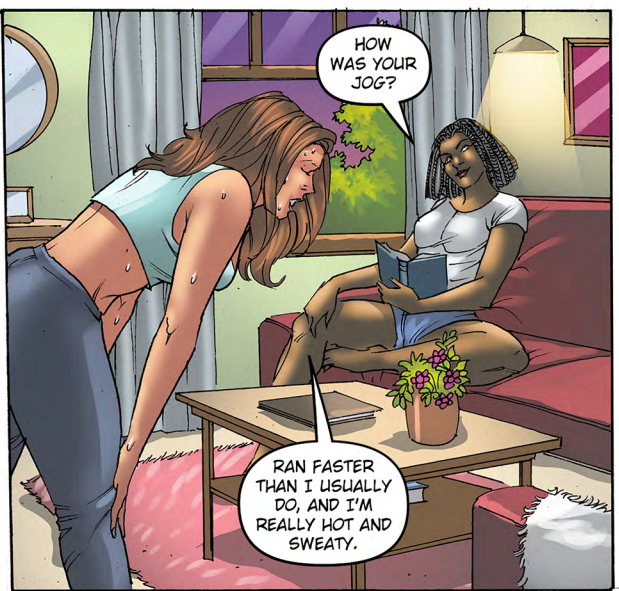


WHAT  
THE FUCK IS  
HAPPENING  
TO...

**MEOW**









WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

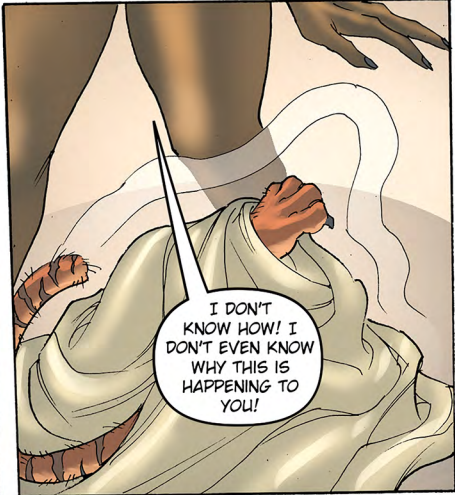
SHAY?

HOLY SHIT!



YOU'RE GETTING SMALLER. AND TURNING INTO A CAT, KAT!

YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME--EOWW!



I DON'T KNOW HOW! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY THIS IS HAPPENING TO YOU!



BUT UNTIL WE FIGURE IT OUT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

PURRR.

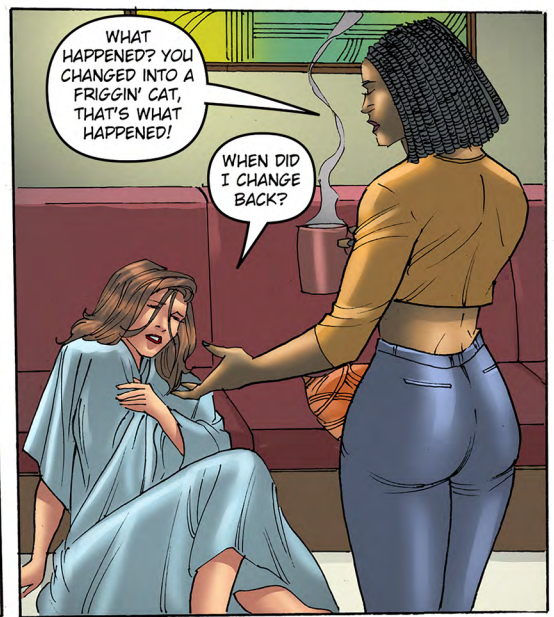


BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE QUIET ABOUT IT. OUR LEASE DOESN'T ALLOW PETS.



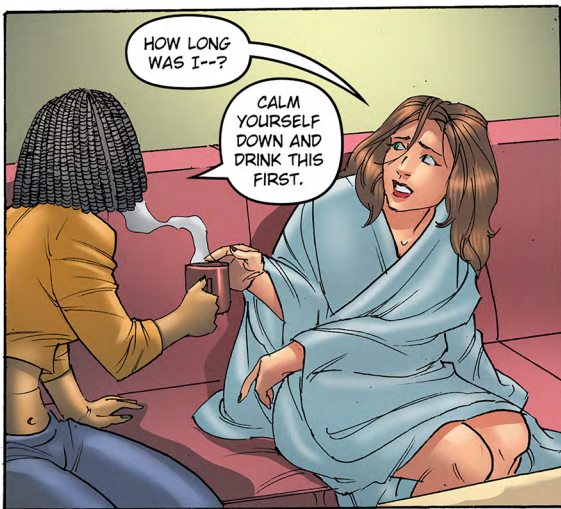
EVENTUALLY, I WOKE UP.

UGH, WHAT HAPPENED?



WHAT HAPPENED? YOU CHANGED INTO A FRIGGIN' CAT, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!

WHEN DID I CHANGE BACK?



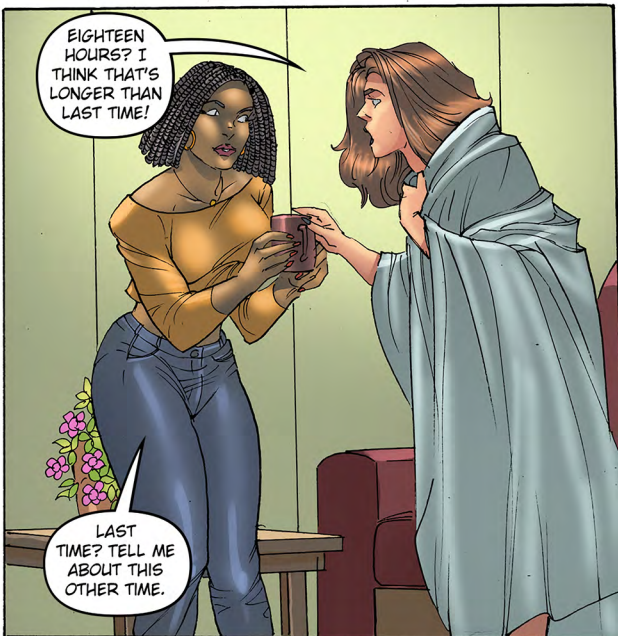
HOW LONG WAS I--?

CALM YOURSELF DOWN AND DRINK THIS FIRST.



THIS IS LOUSY COFFEE.

I PUT MORE MILK IN IT THAN USUAL SINCE THAT'S ALL YOU'D DRINK FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN HOURS.



EIGHTEEN HOURS? I THINK THAT'S LONGER THAN LAST TIME!

LAST TIME? TELL ME ABOUT THIS OTHER TIME.



SHIT, I'M LATE FOR WORK!

ALREADY CALLED IN SICK FOR YOU. TOLD THEM YOU NEEDED A FEW CAT NAPS TO FEEL BETTER.

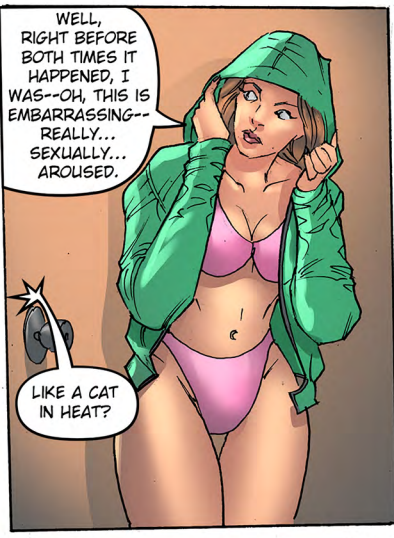


SO WHAT MAKES YOU GO ALL WERE-CAT? OBVIOUSLY NOT THE MOON, LIKE A WEREWOLF.

HUH?

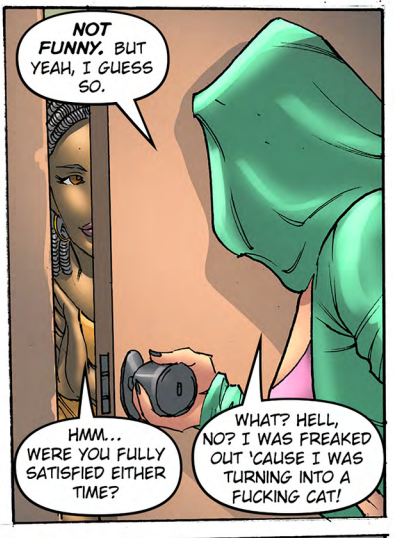
I MEAN, WHAT TRIGGERS IT?

**SLAM**



WELL, RIGHT BEFORE BOTH TIMES IT HAPPENED, I WAS--OH, THIS IS EMBARRASSING-- REALLY... SEXUALLY... AROUSED.

LIKE A CAT IN HEAT?



**NOT FUNNY.** BUT YEAH, I GUESS SO.

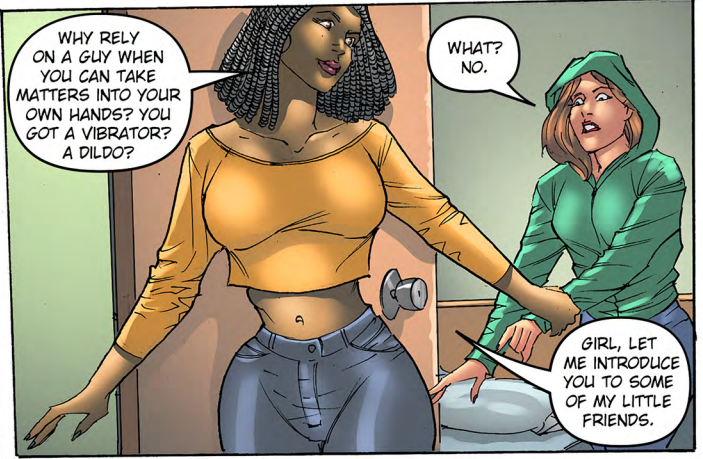
HMM... WERE YOU FULLY SATISFIED EITHER TIME?

WHAT? HELL, NO? I WAS FREAKED OUT 'CAUSE I WAS TURNING INTO A FUCKING CAT!



WELL, NOT QUITE A **FUCKING** CAT, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO STOP THE CHANGE.

SO I NEED TO FIND A GUY WILLING TO SCREW A CAT-WOMAN?



WHY RELY ON A GUY WHEN YOU CAN TAKE MATTERS INTO YOUR OWN HANDS? YOU GOT A VIBRATOR? A DILDO?

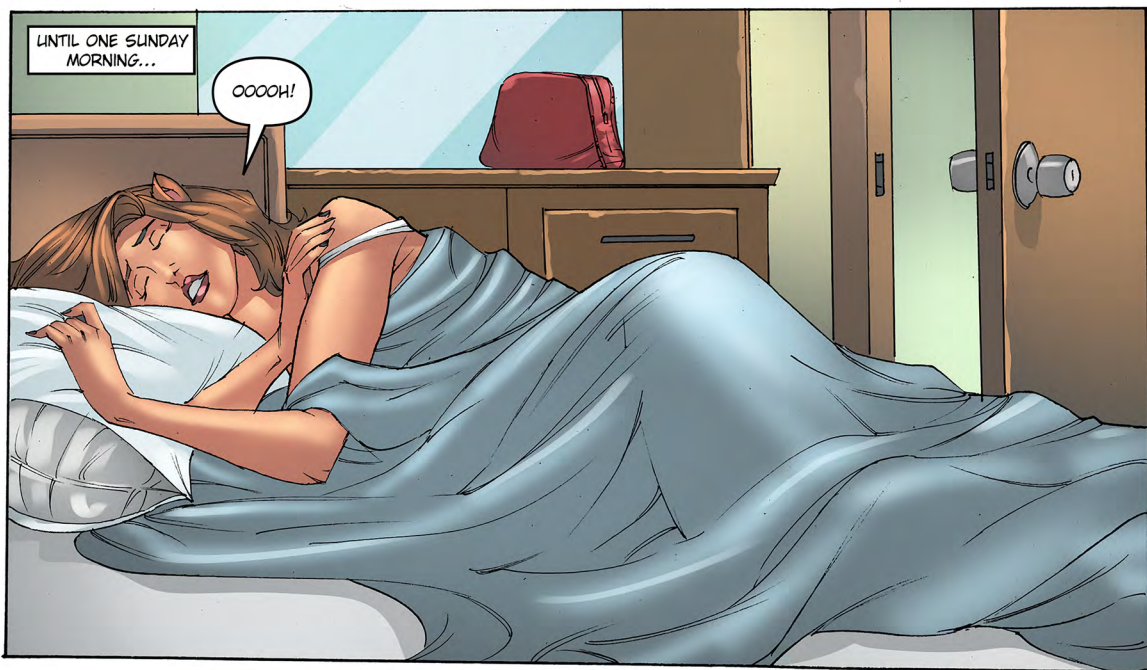
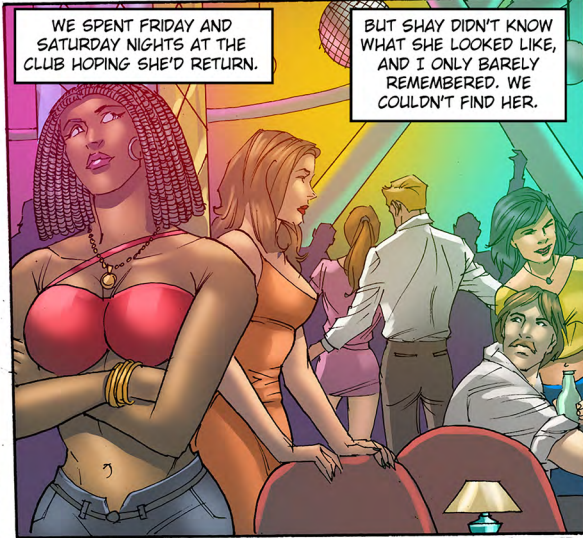
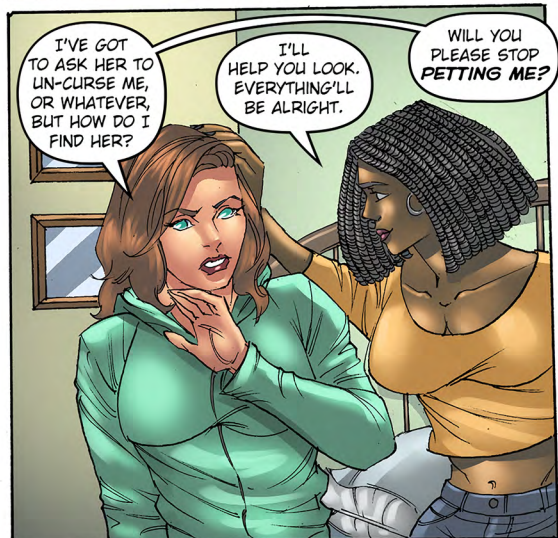
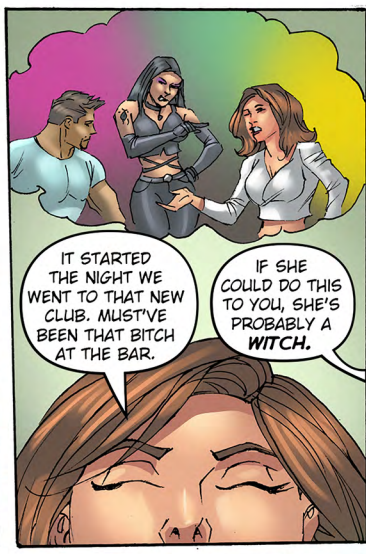
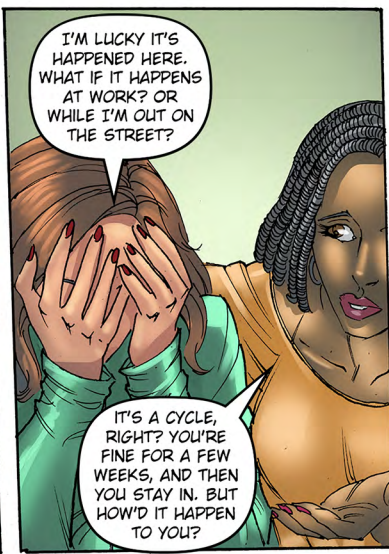
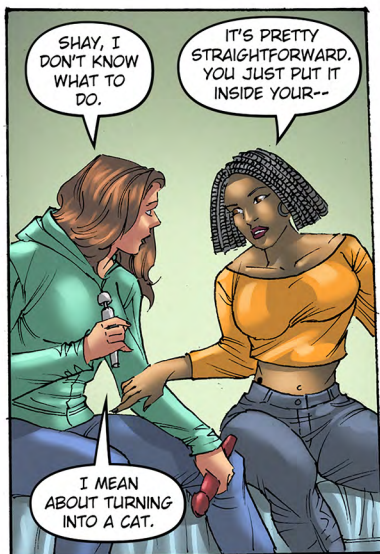
WHAT? NO.

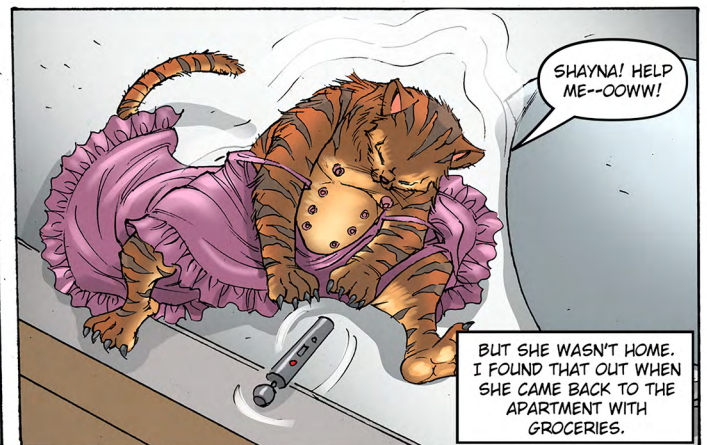
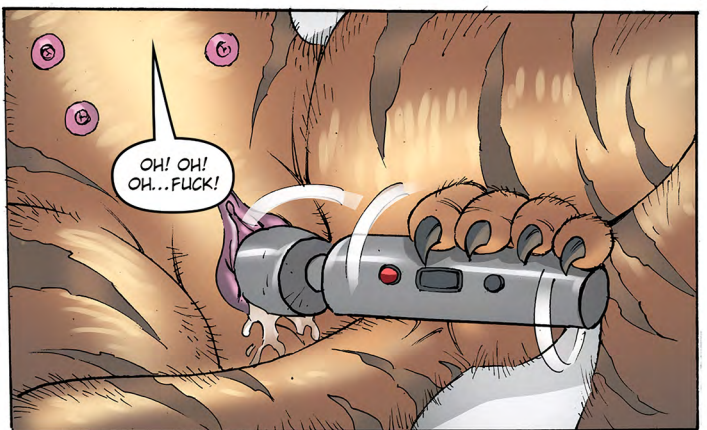
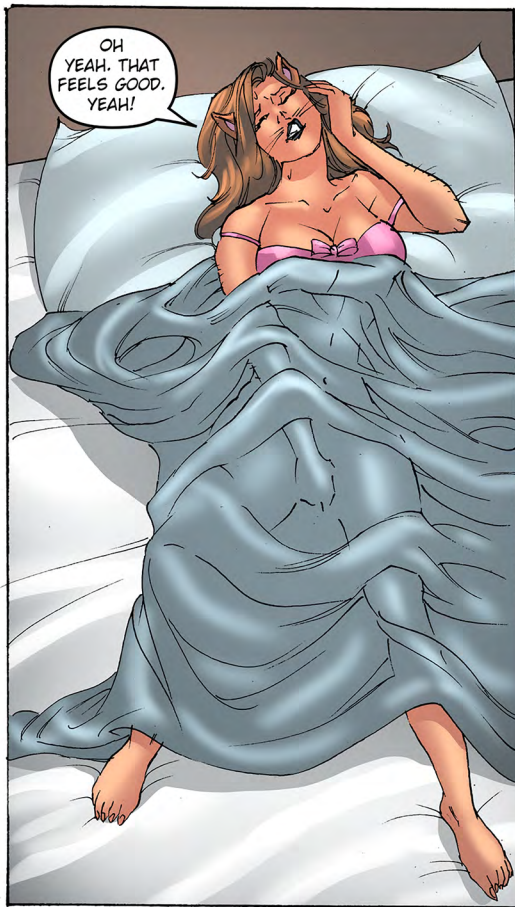
GIRL, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

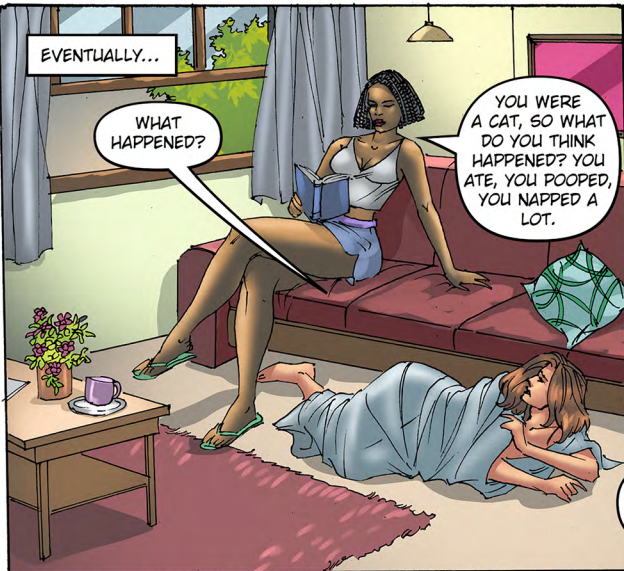


HOLY SHIT, SHAY! WHAT KIND OF **KINKY BONDAGE THINGS** ARE YOU INTO?

HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE I'M SUGGESTING YOU WEAR A COLLAR.



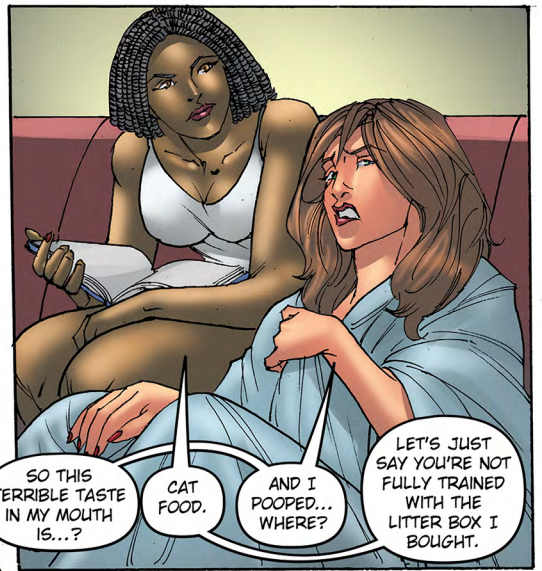




EVENTUALLY...

WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU WERE A CAT, SO WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? YOU ATE, YOU POOPED, YOU NAPPED A LOT.

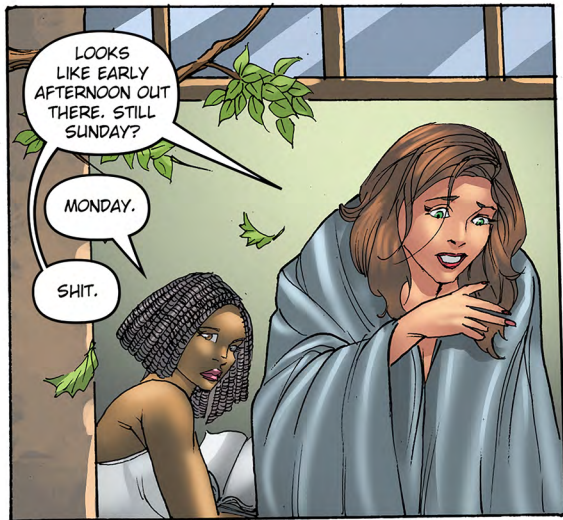


SO THIS TERRIBLE TASTE IN MY MOUTH IS...?

CAT FOOD.

AND I POOPED... WHERE??

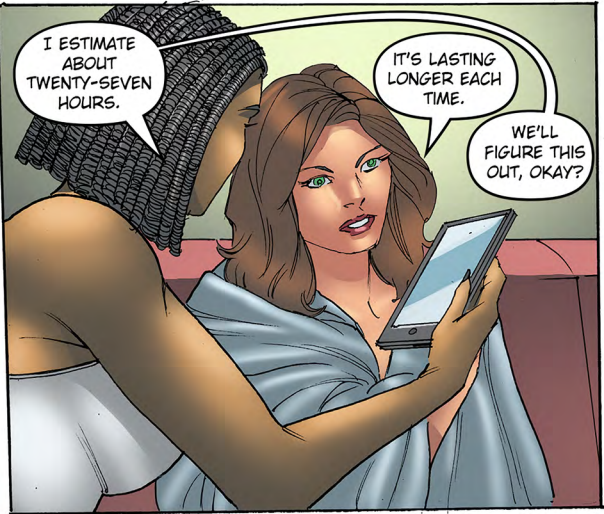
LET'S JUST SAY YOU'RE NOT FULLY TRAINED WITH THE LITTER BOX I BOUGHT.



LOOKS LIKE EARLY AFTERNOON OUT THERE. STILL SUNDAY?

MONDAY.

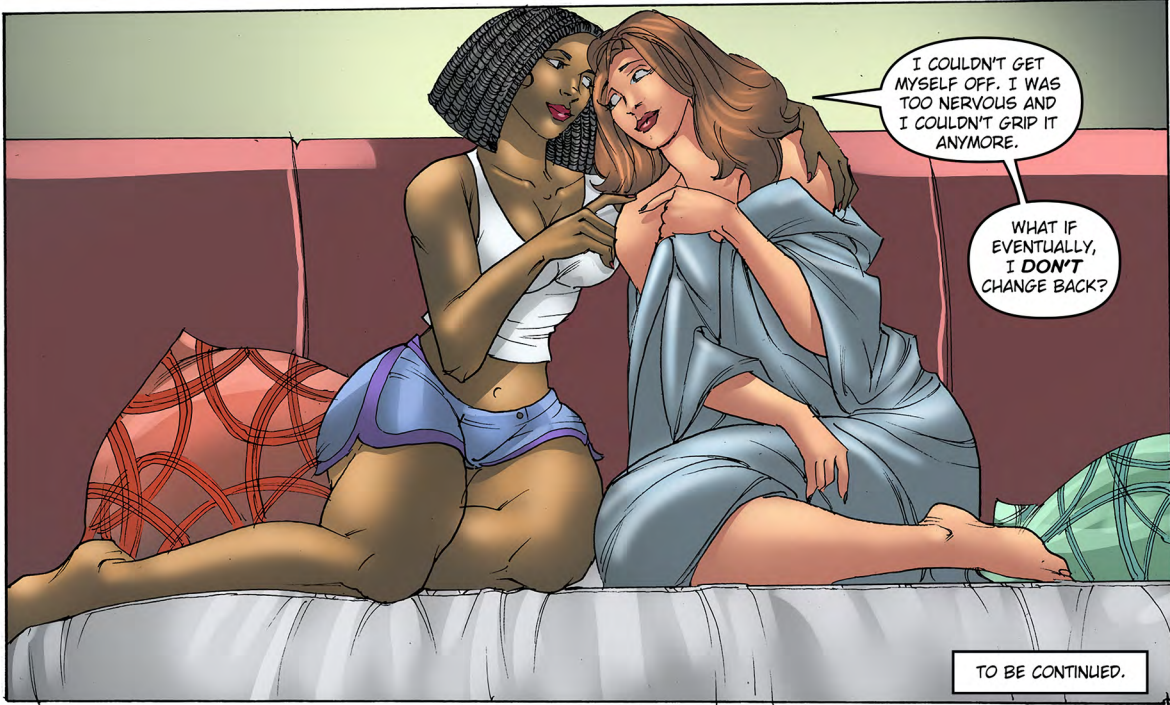
SHIT.



I ESTIMATE ABOUT TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS.

IT'S LASTING LONGER EACH TIME.

WE'LL FIGURE THIS OUT, OKAY?



I COULDN'T GET MYSELF OFF. I WAS TOO NERVOUS AND I COULDN'T GRIP IT ANYMORE.

WHAT IF EVENTUALLY, I DON'T CHANGE BACK?

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHECK OUT SOME  
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR  
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



# SLIME INFECTION

AUTHOR:  
SV WRITER

ARTIST:  
DANUSKO



# THE HIGHLAND WILDCAT

AUTHOR:  
MAC ROME

ILLUSTRATOR:  
SALO

COLORIST:  
YLENIA DI NAPOLI



SHRRRRRIPE!



HISSESSSSSSSS!

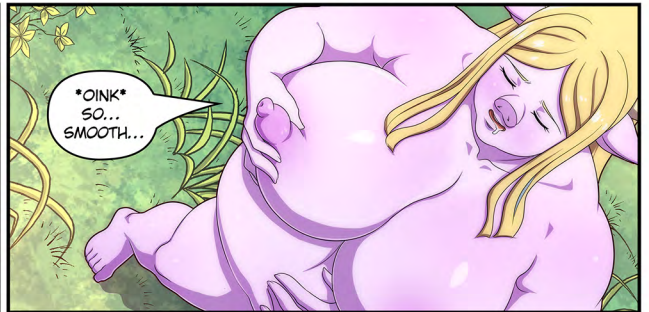
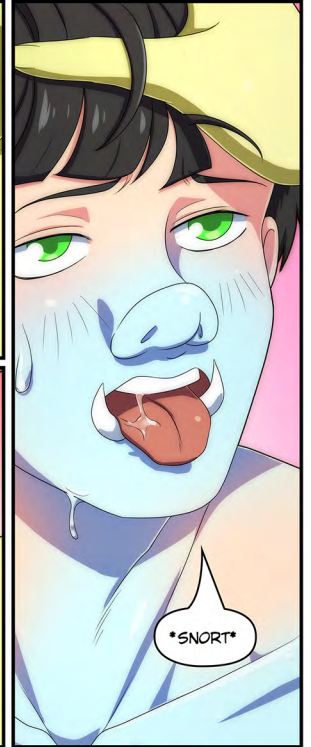
YYYYYAHHHHH!  
RUN! RUN!

SHE'S  
SOME SORTA  
MONSTER!  
FLEE! FLEE!

# LOST IN THE WOODS

AUTHOR:  
GIDEON STORM

ARTIST:  
BOKUMAN

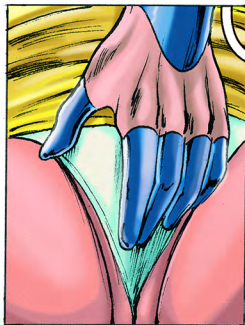


# PRIME CITY

AUTHOR:  
GIDDEON STORM

ARTIST:  
MAD MAX DUARTE

INTERIOR COLORIST:  
OMAR VINOLE



EMBRACE THE CHANGE.



THE MASTER HAS NEED OF YOU.

