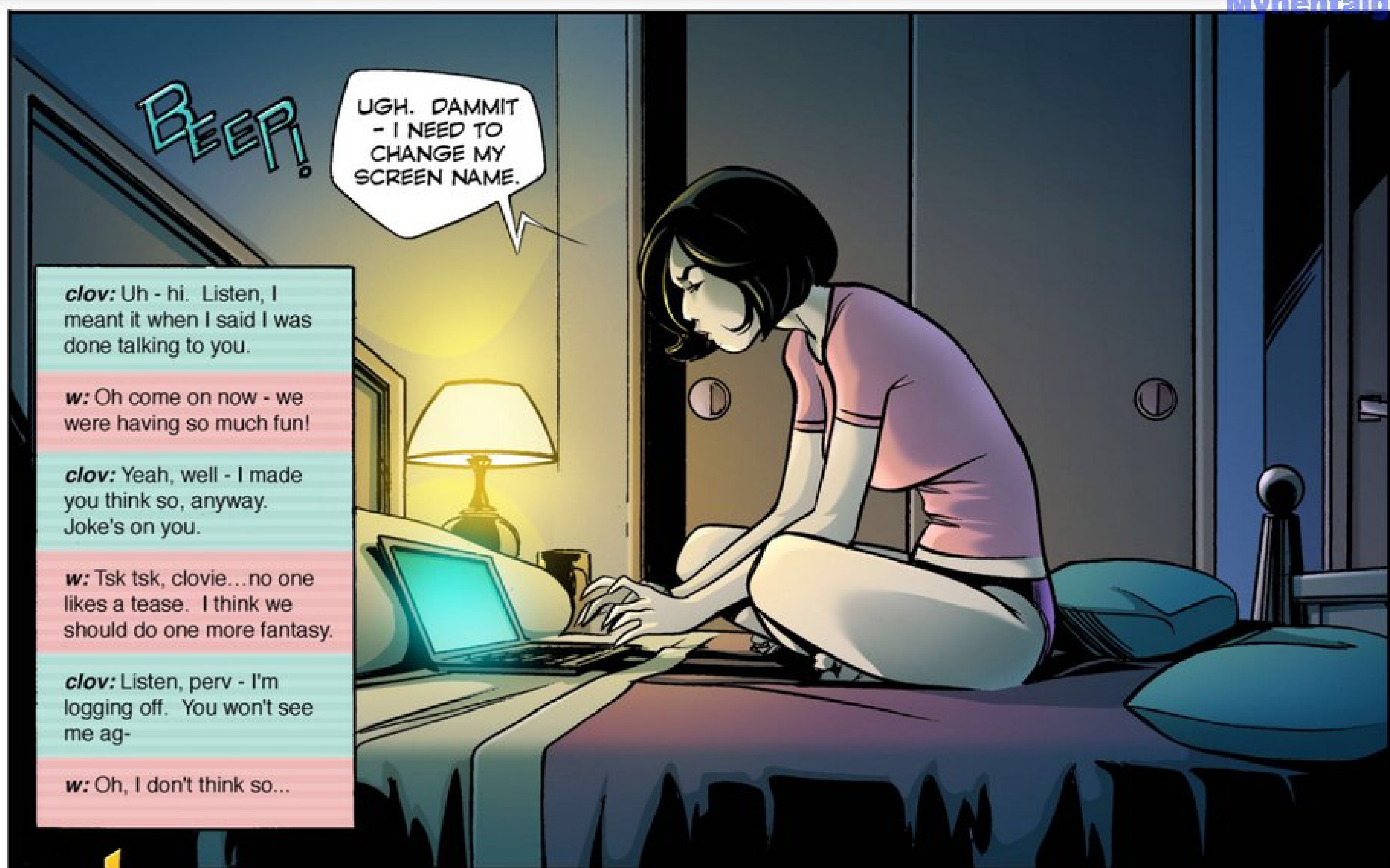


CHAT

BY WANDRER WITH ART BY PORTALCOMIC





w: That should make things a bit more interesting. To start - no logging off or going anywhere for you, clovie. And I'd like to see what you're really saying.

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT...HEY...HOW - HOW IS THAT HAPPENING?

clov: What the hell does that...hey...how - how is that happening?

clov: That's not possible... I have to - why can't I turn off the computer? And I can't... I can't move!

w: Well - you can move, as long as you aren't trying to get away. Now then... what shall we play? Well to start... why don't you turn on your camera and start recording yourself for me?

clov: What, no! I'm not going to...

clov: Wait - no Oh god!

w: Oh my, you *are* cute, aren't you? But let's get a better look. Take off your clothes,

clov: Wait - please...don't make me do this...!

w: Make you do this? Well, that would be silly, wouldn't it? It would mean all this magic stuff is real...



w: Even cuter naked. Now, clovie - why don't you play with yourself for a bit while I decide what to do next? Give me a nice cam show.

clov: WHAT?! That's disgusting! I'm not going to...



clov: Oh god...I can't stop myself...!

w: oh, *very* nice. You know - I've always wondered what your real name was. From now on, you can only refer to yourself in the third person.

clov: Wh-what? Lynn doesn't...oh god - wait! Don't make Lynn...

w: Lynn, huh? Well that's kind of boring... we'll play with that later. But for now - let's see what else we want to change about you.



clov: Ch-change? What do you mean?

w: Well - you seem to like kinky transformation fantasies, Lynn. So why don't we start with those little tits of yours.

clov: Lynn's...Lynn's breasts? What do you...

w: Breasts? Oh, that won't do. I think only nastier words from now on.

clov: What do you mean? What are you going to do to Lynn's titties? I mean - Lynn's boobies. Wait - that's not what Lynn

clov: OH GOD! LYNN'S TITTIES!!

w: Oh, look at those! So much nicer. I'm thinking bigger though. What shall we go with, Lynn? E? F?

clov: Please! No!

w: Really? Bigger?

clov: You - you fucker! Lynn is a freak!! Fix Lynn's udders now, you bastard!

w: Ooo...good idea, Lynn!

clov: You bastard! Fucking - urk... wh-what? Oh g-god... what's...

w: Hey, you said it - I didn't...I fixed your udders for you.

clov: N-noo! Please! Ohhh god... Lynn's jugs are so f-full...

w: Oh, I'll bet...do you need to be milked, little Lynn?

clov: F-Fuck you!! Ohhh...oh god... please...





clov: Oh god they ache! Please... help Lynn...

w: Well... if you need to milk them, I suppose you can use your mouth...

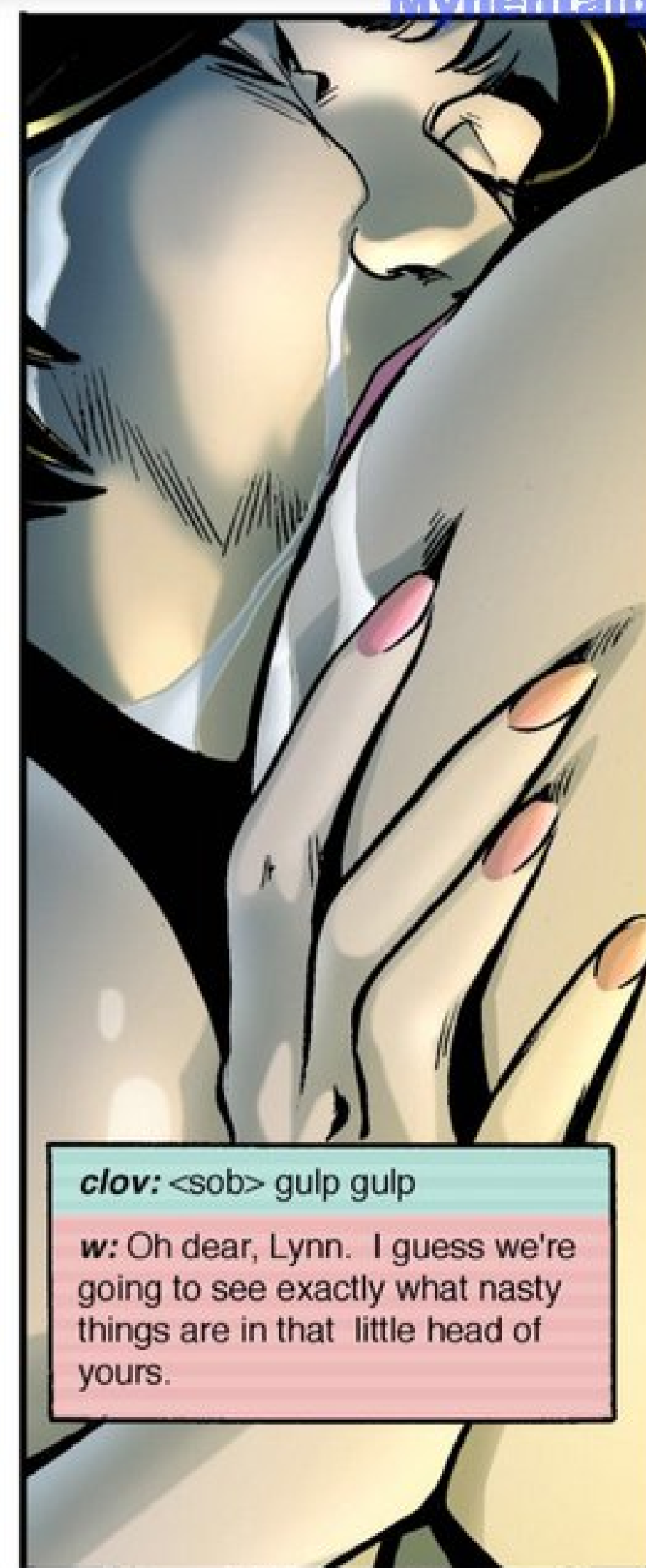
clov: That's... that's disgusting! You sick fucker! Lynn won't... owww...



clov: Oh god... oh god...

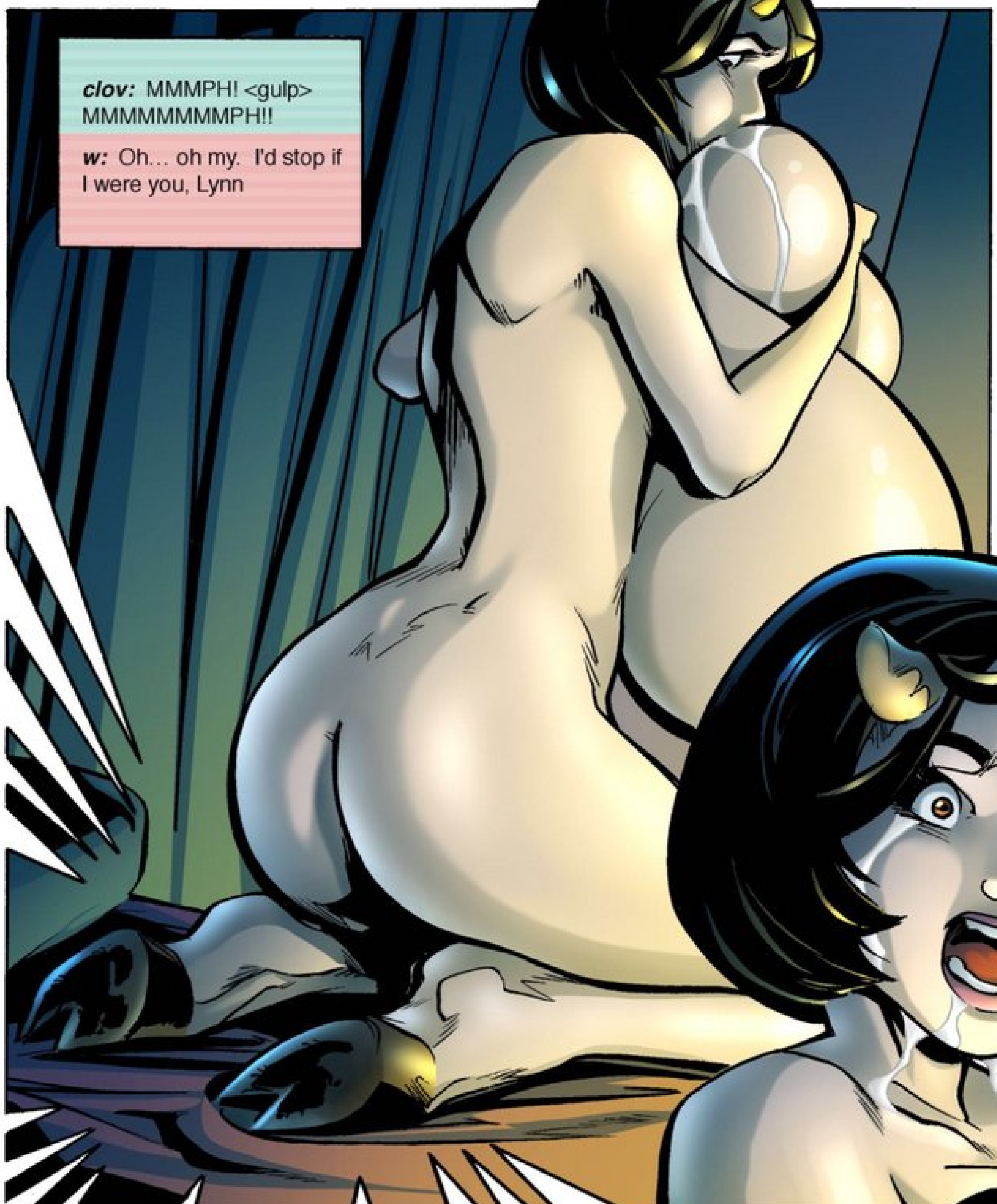
w: I should probably mention - your milk will transform anyone who drinks it into whatever humiliating form they think of...

clov: Noooooooo... pleaseeease...



clov: <sob> gulp gulp

w: Oh dear, Lynn. I guess we're going to see exactly what nasty things are in that little head of yours.



clov: MMMPH! <gulp>
MMMMMMMMMPH!!

w: Oh... oh my. I'd stop if I were you, Lynn

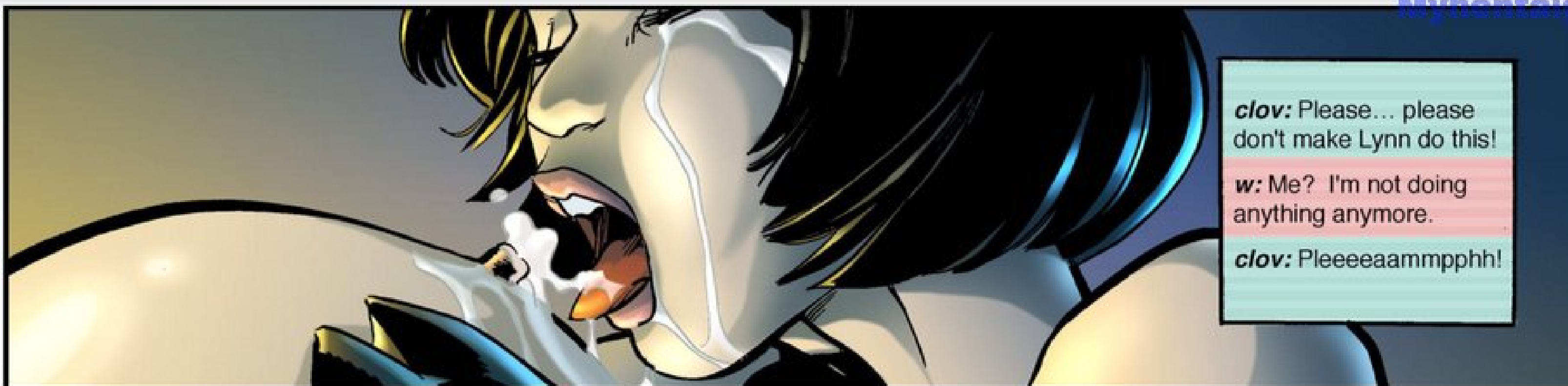


clov: OH GOD! PLEASE!
NO!

w: Oh, so *cute*.

clov: YOU FUCKING
COCKSUCKER!
CHANGE LYNN BACK!!
Ohhh... owww....

w: Oh dear... other udder
still bothering you?



clov: Please... please don't make Lynn do this!

w: Me? I'm not doing anything anymore.

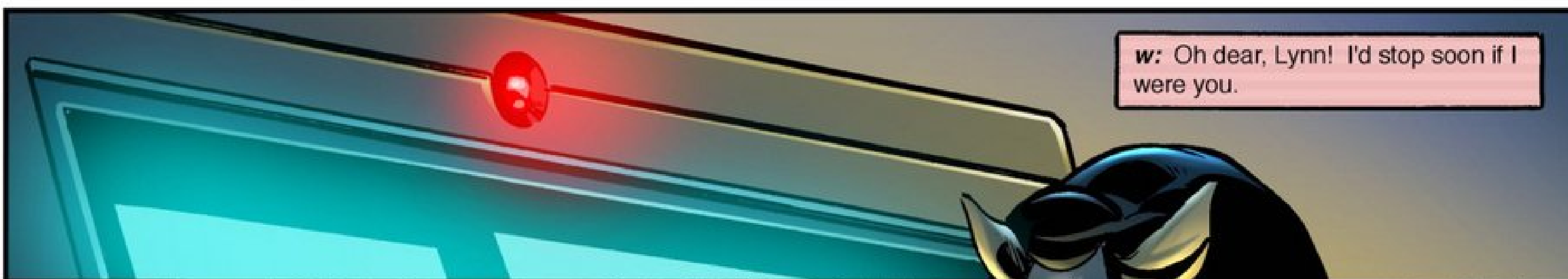
clov: Pleeaaaammpphh!



w: Oh dear, Lynn... are you *shrinking*?

clov: MMMPPPH!!! MMMPPPH!!!

w: What a deviant little mind you have.



w: Oh dear, Lynn! I'd stop soon if I were you.



clov: Oh! Oh no! Lynn is... um... Lynn f-funny an stuff!

w: Uh-oh Lynn... I think you might have changed your little brain this time.

clov: Wh-what?

w: Tell me, Lynn... what's 2+2?



clov: Uh..uh...<sob>...Lynn doesn't know!

w: Oh dear, oh dear. I'm sorry, Lynn. It looks like you are just a dumb little cow now.

clov: No! Please! Help mmm-mmm-mmmmmooooOO!



w: Oh, that's just priceless.

clov: F-fuck you, you...you m-moooo m-meanie! This isn't Lynn!

w: You know...you're right. You're not really a Lynn any more. You look more like...a Mooslut.



clov: What?! That's sick! Mooslut's name is...Mooslut! Wait! No! Please... ohhh.... <sob>

w: What's wrong, Mooslut?

clov: <moan> Oh god... Mooslut is mmmmmooooooo! So moooo horny!



clov: Nnnmmooooooo! Help mmmmmmmooooooo!

w: You know - if you look at the end of your bed, I think I see something that might help...



clov: P-pleeammmooooooo!! N-nooommmmmooooooo!!



w: Well, Mooslut, I'm guessing your boyfriend will be home soon. I wonder what he's going to think of you now?

clov: Moooooooooooo!!!! Mooooooooooooooooo!!!!

w: Bye!

[Session Ended]

Clank
Clank
Clank
Clank
Clank
Clank