



6 AUG 29 - SEPT 1
D-V-S.ONLINE
DIGITAL VILLAINY SUMMIT



GLOPUSUM

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ABOUT DVS

WHAT IS THE DIGITAL VILLAINY SUMMIT?

DVS (pronounced "devious") is an *adults-only* yearly online furry convention with a silly, supervillain bent. Each year we gather artists, entertainers, writers, streamers, and all kinds of other colorful community members to raise money for charity, over \$75,000 CAD to date.

YOU'RE FUNDRAISING FOR CHARITY?

Yes! Our charity for 2024 is TENT, the Transgender Education Network of Texas, the largest statewide, BIPOC trans-led, trans-focused policy, education and advocacy organization in the state of Texas. Find out more about their history and services they provide at transtexas.org!

HOW DO I TAKE PART IN DVS?

We stream on Picarto, an artist-focused livestreaming service with easy-to-use multistreaming abilities and a permissive attitude towards erotica, making it perfect for our purposes. We've chosen Picarto because most other services have very strict policies prohibiting discussion or visual depictions of erotic subjects, and have done little to help minority creators who experience frequent hate raids and other forms of harassment. Additionally, a DVS Discord server will operate for the duration of the event. Check our website (d-v-s.online) for up-to-the-minute details!

SO YOU'RE NOT SUPERVILLAINS IN REAL LIFE?

Nope, it's just stylish geeky fun, for a good cause. Like cosplay, or renaissance faires, or drag. It's a sex thing for more than a few of our members, too – capes and tights can be just as kinky as leather or latex.

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER, WHY CALL YOURSELVES SUPERVILLAINS? THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY VILLAINOUS TO ME...

You know what? Okay. Let's get real for a moment.

Think about all the people who put a lot of effort into convincing you they're "good" — politicians, religious leaders, celebrities, cops. How many of them really care, and how many of them are just covering their asses while reinforcing our society's deeply-screwed-up status quo? Meanwhile, queers have existed since our ancestors climbed down from the trees, and yet somehow in 2024 we still, *still*, have to fight for the barest scraps of human dignity from the powers that be. We're encouraged to assimilate, to conform to what popular culture defines as "safe" representation, and to keep any deviance hidden from sight. Those of us without the luxury of passing as "normal" are treated as freaks and pariahs, and fascist movements around the world are increasingly unafraid to advocate the genocide of "undesirables." How is any of this good? How is any of this worth fighting for?

Is it any wonder that, in the midst of unprecedented global chaos, hundreds of queer people have found catharsis and community in imagining what it'd be like, if they had the power to push back and build something better? Or that, given the chance to actually make a real, tangible difference for the LGBTQ2S community, they'd take it in a heartbeat?

It's all just for fun, though. Just a little bit of kinky, campy Saturday morning cartoon fun. Right?

Right...?

ABOUT DVS

meet our mascots, the DEVIOUS DUO



Designed by DVS co-founder and Korps architect Kraken, these two will be helping us spread the wicked word of DVS... even if it is for a good cause.

(Art,   korpspropaganda)



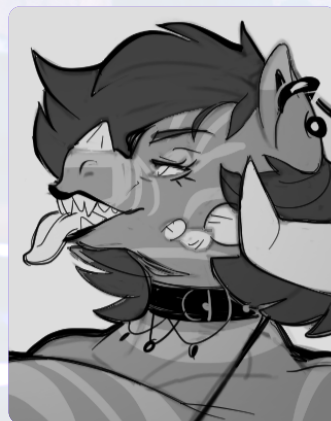
OUR MOST DEVIOUS GUESTS



GLOPOSSUM (she/her)

🌐 glopossum.com

Hi, I'm Glopossum! I'm a Seattle-based furry comic artist & illustrator whose work mainly focuses on queer sexuality, kink, and the trans experience. I've been an active & enthusiastic member of the furry community for nearly 20 years, working full-time as an artist for 7, and drawing for as long as I can remember! I've published several comic works, including "Crossing That Bridge," "A Show of the Ropes," and most recently "Regular Orders." Beyond comics, I dabble in illustration, painting, product design, ceramics, and music production.



SYNTAX TAKES (she/they)

🌐 syntax-takes 📺 mfbctv

A Zebra-Dragon pursuing her megalomaniacal goal of becoming a Witch-Queen, but in the meantime studies computer architecture and writes emotional, erotic queer fiction in her spare time. A member of the Korps writing community as well as the Monsterfucker Book Club, Syntax's writing explores the psychological struggles of superpowered queers and the inhuman facets of kink. Her long-term goals include cohabitating with her partner, getting her writing on bookshelves, world domination, and having a garden of succulents! She and the MFBC stream (almost) every Monday at 19:00 EST, announcements can be found at <https://t.me/mfbctv>.

OVERSEERS



KORSPROPAGANDA (she/they)

🦋🐦 korpspropaganda

Creator of the Korps, co-founder of DVS. Supervillain Without Portfolio, all-around visor aficionado, and professional ballpoint pervert.



NERO (he/him)

🌐 itsnero.com

The evil homosexual hedonist your mother warned you about! (He draws, too.)

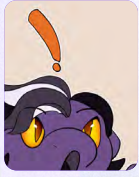


ALISTOR (she/they)

📍 plush.city/@alistor 🦋 alistor

Just some giant pink weirdo on the internet who dabbles in art and whatever projects that grab her attention. Community and doing awesome things are her whole deal, and villains get awesome shit done right.

CONVENTION STAFF



MARSTRUC (she/they)

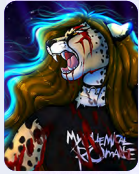
🐦 Marstruc

Enby trans cryptid that does 3D art as a profession. Also writes on occasion. Is gay, does crimes, also crabs are cool.



KULUPU NASA (they/them)

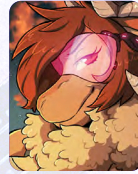
A collective of villains, from demons to evil scientists. We do lots of engineering, making plans for our future evil lair and drone army, and like to eat yummy estrogen.



SHETANI (she/her)

🐦 ShetaniCheetah @ meow.social/@shetani

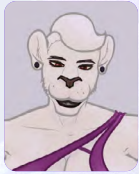
Shetani heard "online queer furry villain convention" and came as quickly as she could. She likes working behind the scenes to help improve the furry subculture, promote accessibility, and connect folks with the community.



MISS XUNE (she/it)

🐦 MissXune

Collector, Traveler, Sheep.



WEBSTER LEONE (she/they)

🌐 WebsterLeone @ yiff.life/@Webster

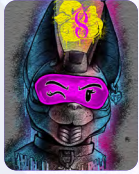
Artist, engineer, hyper enthusiast and tembo extraordinaire. Has a desire to use tech for good, but in an anti-capitalist way, which is therefore actually the most villainous thing of all.



ZARPAULEK / ZARPAULUS (he/they)

🐦 @ Zarpaulus

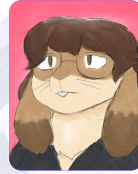
Writer of multiple mediums, prose, comic scripts, gamebooks, etc. Since it seemed more constructive than trying to breed a bioengineered army.



JNP-3R (a.k.a. Juniper) (it/she)

🌐 JNP-3R @ meow.social/@jnp3r

It may look like just a grumpy kitty drone, but JNP-3R's visor displays light up when it hears "villainy." Always ready to lend an ear or paw to those it cares about, it's on the personnel team this year.



FLOYDIANSYSTEM (she/her)

🌐 pendulumcomic.neocities.org

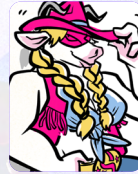
FloydiANSystem is a jack-of-all-trades artist bunny who listens to way too much music.



SCIURIDAY (varies)

🌐 scuiriday 📺 foxgirlbeans

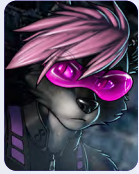
A great minion for any base, the Scuiriday-class staff comes prepackaged with 12 evil catchphrases. Specialties include programming, niche TTRPG builds, and making convoluted Commander decks. Evil batteries not included.



TALA (he/they)

🌐 TalaGrovehorn

He/they disaster cowgirl and queer villain, not to be confused with other Talas. "A hero's a hero, but everybody loves a good villain."



PUPPET (she/they)

🐦 FantasiesFract1

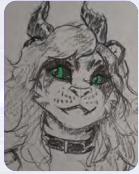
Puppet is an IT nerd and writer in her "real" life, and they have found a niche advocating for accessibility and accommodations in the kink community, trying to leave the place a little better today than it was yesterday.



TARA (it/she/they)

🐦 Jfkmahn 🐦 keylimetara

Agender drone. Writer, drawer, and calculator. Worldbuilds a lot. Enjoys deconstructing belief systems, and conveying difficult emotions through the written word. Proud Korps supporter. Stay fresh, cheese bags!



CHOPIN / N@ali3 (glitch/it/shi)

🐦 Chopin42 🐦 Chopin_42

Composer, musician, kinkster; Chopin is a fan of the extreme things in life. Scheduling Steward for DVS, glitch had a hand in helping decide who your panelists are!



MAMA VOLTA (she/her)

Local derg mom, Korps agent and the other sexy dragon from another world. She loves making computers go beep boop, and sometimes dips her claws into art and writing.

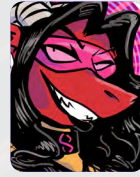
CONVENTION STAFF



RACHEL BIRDY (she/it)

🐦 RachelTheParrot 🐦 RNewtonJohn

Bearer of the Musician's Curse, Enabler, CS student, Maker, and routine cause for exclamations of "Rachel what the fuck."



PATHIA (a.k.a. DR. SIORC) (she/her)

🐦 pathia @ dragon.style/@pathia

Dragon/Shrk-Mom and expert Kobold Collector.



RA'NI (she/her)

🐦 RaniPlantCat

The PlantMomma, lover of gardening, music, and heavy machinery.



RAILRUNNER (shi/hir)

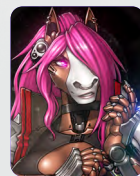
Knows too many things about trains. Species subject to change.



PAULA BRAYDI (she/haw)

👁️ PaulaBraydi 🦋 paulabraydi.heehaw.online

The world's fastest synth donkey. 1/8 of the infamous Iron Devils. Writer, graphic designer, music enjoyer, workshop tinkerer. Haw does some good stuff.



ASH

🐦 🦋 threefootpony

That horse who's been DJ'ing for DVS the last few years, known at cons as PWN_3 behind the decks! Dance coordinator, now at two decades doing shows, Iron Devil, all-around nice Amazonian lady.



DEADBOLT (he/they)

👁️ deadbolt 🦋 deadbolt602

Anxiety bear and current caretaker of Aarler & Rasa's mischievous mad scientist misadventures!



VYRUEM (they/grem/it)

🐦 Vyruem @ vyruem@awoo.space

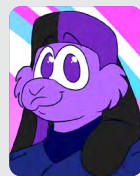
A gremlin (or several) with good intentions but regrettable results. Pun-slinger. Irritant. "Never Stop Mutating."



IRICK (she/he/they/Spivak)

@ irick@this.mouse.rocks 🌞 irick

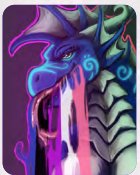
Mostly manageable mitten; may mildly maim monarchs, makers and masters.



REESE (she/they)

👁️ rhinestoneCowboy 🎧 radiatorandsink

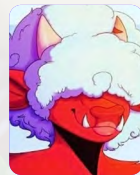
The rabbit of a thousand names and a trillion more projects. Multimedia artist with an affinity for plunderphonics and a love for self-indulgent hedonism.



XYRIA (she/they)

🦋 XyriaDemonDerg

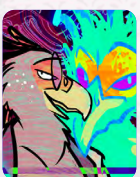
Professional lurker in the dark, demonic aesthetician, wielder of the banhammer, yeeter of trolls. Enjoyer of TTRPGs and bad video games.



KANDY (they/she)

🦋 👁️ kandyelmo

A red cow on the internet creating, maintaining and helping digital furry communities; self-proclaimed "MLF Magnet."



DISTRESSED EGG (she/xer)

🌐 distressedegg.fun

Co-founder of DVS. It's a real shame she's wasting her talent on this pornographic dreck instead of making more respectable art. What will xer colleagues in the field think?



DRAEKOS (she/her)

🌐 draekos.art

Local kobold disaster lesbian, here to draw cute creatures and dabble in writing and game design.

CONVENTION STAFF



VIXIE FOXPAW-MOONDEW (she/her)

✉ visorvixens / vixiemoondew

Prolific author who's written over ninety Korps stories, editor for the Monsterfucker Book Club, punslinger and smutsmith extraordinaire.



NAEIR (she/her)

🦋 Naeir

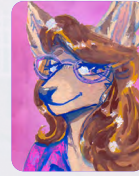
Owl girl here to read books, write books, boop snoots, sometimes be things other than an owl, and casually break causality. What else do you do with magic?



MABEL GREYSMOKE (she/her)

🦋🐾 MabelGreysmoke

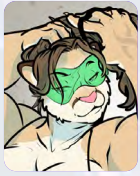
Chaotic Bi-Lesbian Transgender Witch of a Catamount. Artist, Writer, Disaster with a heart of gold and a matronly attitude best known for Greysmoke Rising, and a whole pile of graffiti artwork!



GRACE REED (she/her)

🦋🐾 deergrace

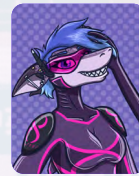
Professional deer, writer, editor for the Monsterfucker Book Club, designer of this conbook, never not tired.



BRENDA PRFFLER (she/they)

🦋🐾 BrendaPrffler

That prffin' prfflexing prffling puma Prffler who prrfers to prffle around 'n prrf, prrfdamnit!



BISHOP ARROW (pli/she)

🦋🐾 BishopArrow

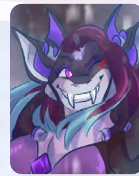
Creator of comics and queer art, this stretchy rubber bundle of sapphic disasters is known as Bishop; creator of The Super-Elastic Snapback comic, and obsessed with all things trains, planes, and superheroes.



HARLEIGH (he/him)

🐾🦋 HarleighDog

Friendly neighborhood service hellhound and transgender chaos uncle. Fat, gay, and in the way since 1986.



GWYN (she/her)

🦋 gwynpile 🐾 Shark-Gwyn

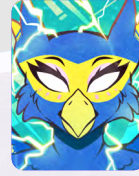
Sapphic Sabershark Space Pirate, Artsy Bat Witch, and a few other creatures. The Gwynpile is a bunch of sisters trying to share a brain while making the world just a little brighter, one act of queer villainy at a time.



NARANGAL (he/him)

🐾 RainerFenixhart 🦋 narangal

A Yak who keeps mostly quiet around the Korps Circles and minds his own business. Often working and keeps an eye out for trouble.



CERA TREASCAIR (she/they)

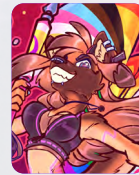
🐾 CeraTreascair

This gryphon hen tends to live by 'Don't be the reason we can't have nice things', and has a habit of backing it up with sharp objects. Can usually be found writing, knitting, and staying up late playing videogames.



LILY THE HAPPY SHEEP (she/her)

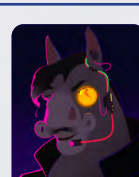
Just a sheep making her way in the world. I'm hear to help out and learn more about myself as I do



KIARA PENDRAGON / JOSH FIRESTAR (she/they)

🦋 aapur

Security Doggo with plenty of experience being security in online furry spaces. Chill and friendly, and queer as hell. Also a hobby writer who writes from the heart!



VIBRATO / TA'KOM IRONHOOF (he/him)

🌐 dinneratyiffanys.com 🦋 takomironhoof

Author, voice actor, podcaster, and melter of undergarments. Auditory Cognitohazard.

CONSENT POLICY

The Digital Villainy Summit recognizes that there is no universal consensus on what proper consent practices are or should be. That said, this consent policy represents how DVS staff expects attendees to conduct themselves in their interactions and may be used to help determine whether an actionable consent incident has occurred.

DVS is an online streaming convention with its origins in kink communities, and which includes programming that specifically discusses kink and erotica. Therefore, DVS values informed, affirmative consent as the gold standard for consensual activity. Attendees should be courteous and considerate when interacting with others, whether in the DVS Picarto chat, the DVS Discord server, or in interactive virtual spaces related to DVS such as a VRChat server.

1// .UNWANTED FLIRTING AND SEXUAL COMMENTS

Please respect the personal boundaries of staff, panelists and other attendees and refrain from flirting/catcalling/making sexually implicit or explicit comments or propositions to others. In virtual spaces such as VRChat, please refrain from touching or otherwise invading the personal space of other avatars without their explicit permission. If a specific party has made it clear that they are receptive to your comments, move your interaction to a private method of communication, such as direct messages, to prevent the disruption of public spaces.

2// .roleplay

While we permit and encourage character-building and roleplay as a component of the cape kink scene DVS grew out of, please refrain from sexual roleplay in public convention spaces. Again, we will request you move any erotic roleplay interactions to a private method of communication, such as direct messages, to prevent the disruption of public spaces.

3// .EROTIC CONTENT

The DVS Discord server will include a set of channels marked "NSFW" in their channel titles for the sharing and discussing of explicit content. Please do not post sexually explicit content such as photos, illustrations, 3D renders, animations or live-action videos outside of these "NSFW"-labeled channels. This also extends to audio files such as hypnosis inductions, as well as VR avatars with explicit genitalia.

4// .CONTENT BOUNDARIES

Please respect the boundaries of others when inside designated erotic content spaces; if someone posts a nude selfie in #nsfw-selfies, for example, other attendees do NOT have open license to hit on them, engage in erotic roleplay with them, criticize their appearance, or save their selfie to distribute elsewhere. If the poster indicates they are receptive to explicit sexual comments or proposals, please relegate them to a private method of communication, such as direct messages.

CONSENT POLICY

5//.personal boundaries

Whether discussing erotic content or negotiating potential sexual interactions, it's crucial that attendees vocalize what they are and aren't looking to talk about. Phrases like "I'm really interested in ____", "Can I talk about ____?", or "I personally don't like ____" aren't just solid ways to establish personal boundaries, they can also serve as good conversation inroads. If an attendee has an issue with a topic other people in the server are discussing, they can request the discussion be moved to a private conversation; however, DVS attracts a wide range of attendees with a plethora of different interests, so a general "live and let live" mentality is encouraged except in egregious cases.

6//.Hard nos

DVS will not permit ANY discussion or posted content pertaining to pedophilia, bestiality or sexual assault. This is a zero tolerance policy — no exceptions, no excuses.

What is a **CONSENT INCIDENT?**



A consent incident is any situation in which someone feels that something significant happened to them without their consent. A consent incident can happen during play or in general interactions. It is the Digital Villainy Summit's policy to take all reasonable measures to support anyone involved in a consent incident and to resolve the incident as fairly, discreetly, and efficiently as possible.

If you feel like you or someone you know has been involved in a consent violation during DVS, please contact a moderator through a private method of communication such as a direct message, or by sending an email to moderators at mods@d-v-s.online. The DVS Moderation Staff will then gather more information on the incident from all associated parties and take appropriate measures. Violators may face a temporary or permanent ban in DVS Picarto chat channels, a temporary or permanent ban from DVS Discord server participation, and in severe cases a ban from all future DVS events.

INTERVIEW: GLOPOSSUM

A SHOW OF THE ROPES IS YOUR MOST WELL-KNOWN COMIC. WAS THERE ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR THAT INSPIRED YOU TO CREATE THIS?

Despite my best efforts, all my comics end up being some kind of reflection of my life, and *A Show of the Ropes* was equal parts that and wish fulfillment. If *Crossing That Bridge* was about coming to terms with my identity as a trans woman, then *A Show of the Ropes* is about what comes next, and that's pretty much exactly where I was in life when I started writing it. I had come out, been on HRT for a couple years, exited a long term relationship, and moved across the country to Seattle, so I had this fresh start, and kept wondering, "What comes next?" Writing the comic became an exercise in personally answering that question in the most idyllic way possible, while tackling other topics that'd been on the front of my mind, like the parasocial relationships that come out of having an online platform, and "Hahah, what if I had a furless tail? I bet it'd be cool to put that in Places."

WAS THIS A STORY THAT YOU ALWAYS ENVISIONED IN COMIC FORMAT? WHY NOT PROSE, ANIMATION, OR A VIDEO GAME?

Definitely always a comic, and I think that has a lot to do with the role that comics have played in my furry upbringing, kind of serving as this ultimate meeting point between storytelling, artwork, and accessibility. Reading a lot of older works in my youth like *Associated Student Bodies*, *Circles*, early Meesh comics, it started to become an artistic language I could actually wrap my head around as a creator. Writers can wield the English language to evoke emotions and mental images, animators have infinite patience for tedium, and video game creators can code (I am allergic to coding), but that's all a little beyond me. I can draw a picture, I can write dialogue, so I can make a comic.

WHEN WRITING NEW STORIES, DO YOU WRITE THE PLOT OR CREATE CHARACTERS FIRST? OR DOES IT DEPEND ON THE STORY?

This is actually something I've never really considered! I think most if not all of my comics start with the characters, because if I don't know things like their motivations, their disposition, how they might act or react around certain people, then the story would shape all their actions and their personalities would feel flat and malleable, like pawns to move the narrative along. I'm more interested in taking these characters and developing them to a point where they feel like people I know, like friends in my community, and coming up with playful scenarios for how they might all interact. What happens if I toss the naive and underconfident girl in the bedroom with an established power couple? How do they get there? How do they meet? What shapes their relationships with each other and what deepens it? Stuff like that is infinitely more interesting to me than even the most captivating story with boring characters.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO AT THIS YEAR'S CON?

Being that this is my first D-V-S, just seeing how it all works, and feeling the energy of a furry convention from the comfort of my own bedroom! I've been to plenty of in-person cons, but anyone who's ever attended one knows how completely exhausting they can be. I've also met plenty of Korps members here and there, but I'm curious to see what home base looks like... should be fun! ;)

INTERVIEW: GLOPOSSUM

COMICS - ESPECIALLY SEXY ONES - HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A STAPLE OF THE FURRY ART SCENE. DO YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS ON THE WORK YOU'RE SEEING DEVELOP AROUND YOU?

As the furry fandom expands exponentially in all directions, it's been really exciting seeing furry artists and writers exploring styles and media that are very clearly influenced by art from outside the fandom. And with that comes a deepening of narrative, a diversification of methods of artistic expression, which in turn feeds into the cyclone of influence that's kind of internal to the fandom. It's equal parts exciting and intimidating! I'm doing my best to have it all feed into my momentum and growth as an artist rather than letting the prospect of being severely out-arted by a twenty-year-old crush me. :)

Just to shout out some contemporary artists and works, I've been loving Paul Peng, focus (@qs75834), Pandam's *Masculine Urge*, ThroatSpit's *Public Transit Love Story*, and just about anything by FunkyBun.

LOTS OF READERS ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO MORE OF YOUR STORIES- WHAT KIND OF CREATIVE WORKS ARE YOU FOCUSING ON NOW?

If I have any critique for my previous works, or maybe just a narrative style I'd like to depart from, it's that it's all been a little too saccharine and sanguine. Internal realizations that take years to coalesce snap into focus in an instant, the exact kind of self-actualization that a character is needing falls into their lap miraculously, and everyone solves their problems with direct, over-therapized communication. But what if the road to narrative catharsis is a little bumpier? What if the protagonist makes mistakes, holds grudges, or has some kind of internal mental roadblock to untangle? What if things don't go the exact way the reader wants? In terms of deepening and complexifying my narratives and characters, this has felt like the way forward, and has had a major influence on my newest comic *The Common Grounds*, which I'm about four pages into!

MANY CREATORS HAVE MULTITUDES OF STORIES PLANNED OUT THAT THEY'RE ITCHING TO WORK ON. WHAT NEW COMICS ARE ON THE HORIZON FOR YOU?

I have more than a few stories and pipedreams sitting on my mental shelves and collecting dust, mainly because they're so far outside of my wheelhouse as an artist that there's more than a few skills I'd like to cultivate before daring to start them. But there's one in particular that I've been cooking on for a few years that I'm admittedly pretty eager to get the ball rolling on! Without revealing too much, it sort of narratively mashes together my love for Greek mythos, my identity as a working artist, and of course, furry porn. Only issue is that it's shaping up to be more of a graphic novel than a comic, so I want the writing and story beats to be a degree or two more airtight than they are now. Luckily, I've got a couple years worth of whipping up my current comic to get all that going. :)

INTERVIEW: GLOPOSSUM

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE MORE OF AT NEXT YEAR'S CON?

In all honesty, this being my first DVS, I have no idea what to expect, so it's hard to know how to improve it! In a more general sense, not unlike this year with our other Guest of Honor, Syntax, I think it'd be awesome to continue highlighting creators in the community that aren't artists! There's such a massive diversity of musicians, animators, filmmakers, writers, etc. that deserve the spotlight just as much as any artist, for the work they put in.

THE THINGS WE CREATE AND THE WAY DIFFERENT ARTISTS APPROACH THEM IS CONSTANTLY EVOLVING. HOW DO YOU SEE THE GREATER FURRY ART COMMUNITY DEVELOPING AS TIME GOES ON?

Like I mentioned before, there's this exponential outward growth in the furry creator community that's welcoming a lot of influences external to the fandom, so I hope to see a wider diversification and celebration of styles outside of the "furry house style." And with that expansion, and in the face of an increasingly hostile internet, I hope to see more exclusively furry spaces and platforms that serve the needs of the community, especially in the sense of supporting the creators that keep the culture alive.

The fandom is so much stronger than any of the uncertainty and instability our reluctant online platforms have been doling out. And with that hostility, I personally hope to see more artists shifting focus into producing physical media and getting involved in their local scenes, but that might just be me proselytizing about Logging Off. :^)



INTERVIEW: SYNTAX-TAKES

INDUCTION IS YOUR MOST WELL-KNOWN WORK. WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO WRITE INDUCTION, AND TO FINALLY GET IT ALL DOWN ON PAPER?

A big part was my own experiences as a trans woman, and my transition narrative up to that point. A fair bit of Volta's life is lifted (and heavily modified) from mine, but not all. In 2019, around when I started writing *Induction*, I had relatively little exposure to Korps Fiction — there was, granted, much less of it being made or circulated publicly at the time. What was there, though, can take a lot of credit as well: An as-yet unfinished fanfiction of one of Karen's own characters started turning gears for me, and a smattering of Twitter thread mini-fics gave me even more points of inspiration and a more robust understanding of how the Korps' setting allowed for queer-centric narratives that were simultaneously erotic, and deeply emotional. I wanted to tackle that juxtaposition myself.

Initially, *Induction* wasn't supposed to be a huge 150,000-word novel, it just sort of ended up that way! A lot of the thanks for getting it all down on paper is due to my friends and partner, who kept me motivated all the way from Chapter 1 to Chapter 12. Many of those friendships were made and strengthened through the process of writing this story, and that gave me even more stake in seeing it through.

HOW DID YOU BECOME A WRITER? DID SOMETHING SPECIFIC DRAW YOU TO FANFICTION, OR WAS THAT PROCESS MORE ORGANIC?

That process was entirely organic. I've always wanted to tell stories through some medium, whether it was books or videogames or movies, and I still do! The biggest hangup was *finishing* anything long-form. I'd been writing fanfiction since I was in grade school, first with *Sonic the Hedgehog* and *Pokémon*, then to my teenage years getting neck-deep in the Brony fandom of the 2010s. I'll applaud the effort of anyone who finds my old 120k-word *My Little Pony* fanfiction, then kindly ask them to never bring it up to me again <3.

Seriously, though, even that embarrassing pile of words written by a very closeted, very sheltered egg was integral to my growth as a writer. That unplanned, meandering, juvenile project still showed that I could write, and *keep* writing things that I could be proud of, and even get recognition for it.

THE WRITING COMMUNITY AROUND SUPERVILLAINS AND PARTICULARLY THE KORPS HAS GROWN CONSIDERABLY OVER TIME. WHAT ARE YOUR EXPERIENCES ENGAGING WITH IT, AND GROWING ALONG WITH IT?

I'll be the first to admit I have had some *weird* experiences, several of which were brought about by the very sudden popularity of *Induction*, even in the midst of it being written. I kind of had to learn as I went, for better and for worse!

Wouldn't change a thing, though. Writing Volta's story and starting others has introduced me to my best friends, and has deepened my relationship with my partner as well. Starting HRT not long before I got involved meant I was going through a second puberty, and I wouldn't pick any other community to grow up again in. I've become a more mature, aware, and passionate woman thanks to writing in the Korps

extended universe, and no matter what weirdness I have encountered, no queer community I've ever been in has ever felt so welcoming, so dynamic, and so willing to learn and share new things.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO MOST AT THIS YEAR'S DVS?

I've got a few events lined up that I'll admit I'm pretty biased about! Look forward to my live-reading chapter 5 of *Induction* on Saturday! Come on by, I'll have a Q&A session afterward about the story and my current projects, *plus* a secret, hot-off-the-presses announcement!

In addition, the Monsterfucker Book Club will be hosting another round of **SLASH OR PASS**, and you don't want to miss all our hottest, freakiest, most *horrifying* takes on fuckable monsters of all shapes and sizes.

CIRCLING BACK TO THE COMMUNITY AS A WHOLE, A LOT OF NEW WRITTEN WORK HAS BEEN COMING OUT, QUITE A LOT OF IT INSPIRED BY YOUR OWN WRITING. WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE KIND OF FICTION YOU'RE SEEING EMERGE AROUND YOU?

Couldn't be happier, for one thing. A lot of people have cited *Induction* as a source of inspiration, which I am still overwhelmed by. Even without that, there's so much more writing of such diverse subject matter in the Korps community, as a writing space it has never been healthier. Where at first I felt like one out of a handful of committed, longform writers, I now have dozens and dozens of ambitious and skilled writers bumping shoulders with me. This is one of the few times I feel really comfortable in a crowd!

Even better, my present circle of closest friends — found family, really — is perhaps some of the most passionate and capable authors I know. We bonded first and foremost over our writing, and I would argue our current closeness makes that clear. The Monsterfucker Book Club is a constantly simmering pot of ideas and encouragement. We will stop at *nothing*... to put out titillating and heartstring-tugging stories, that will grab readers and never let go. I couldn't ask for a more creatively fulfilling crew at my back.

I KNOW A LOT OF READERS ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO MORE OF YOUR WRITING. WHAT KIND OF CREATIVE WORKS ARE YOU FOCUSING ON NOW?

I'm presently focusing on *Step Potentials*, the sequel to *Induction*. In it I focus on Volta continuing her journey from a disgraced hero-in-training to imposing Korps Heavy, with an even deeper examination of Volta's psyche and emotional struggles... and a much more in-depth exploration of her sex drive. It's equal parts feelings, erotica, and empowering, cathartic supervillain content. Or at least, I hope so! You can read the latest chapters on my Syndex, where you will also find the complete original release of *Induction*!

INTERVIEW: SYNTAX-TAKES

MANY WRITERS HAVE MULTITUDES OF STORIES PLANNED OUT THAT THEY'RE ITCHING TO WRITE AND I KNOW YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION. WHAT NEW WRITING IS ON THE HORIZON FOR YOU?

Beyond my work on *Step Potentials*, I've got many other projects either in the works or on the drawing board, not to mention the next book in my series: *The Liaison*. You want cape kink? You'll get as much cape kink as you can handle, plus all the intrigue, moral conflict, trans- and queer-centric relationship drama, and further fetish-revelations that go with it!

And that's just the story that I've actually written any substantial amount of, right now; in total, I have roughly fifteen more stories I want to write at present. Check back in a year, I might have more! We'll see what happens, though; one *finished* project at a time.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE MORE OF AT NEXT YEAR'S DVS?

MORE WRITING. ALWAYS MORE WRITING. I honestly can't wait to see who gets picked for next year's writing Guest of Honor, the more focus on great queer villain stories, the better! I want more writers involved in the Korps, I want more queer, out-there, weird and kinky and emotional stories written by queers, for queers, filling out the creative space around queer supervillainy. The more, the merrier!

THE THINGS WE WRITE AND THE WAY DIFFERENT AUTHORS APPROACH THEM IS CONSTANTLY EVOLVING. HOW DO YOU SEE OUR CREATIVE WRITING COMMUNITY DEVELOPING AS TIME GOES ON?

This is such a fascinating question to me, because I could not have predicted how the Korps writing community exploded over the last two years. In the wake of DVS of far-off 2022, the focus on narrative storytelling in the Korps became impossible to ignore. My only hope is that it continues to grow, get bigger, get more nuanced, and get more diverse. The only thing we're short of is more unique, amazing, colorful people with their own unique, amazing, colorful stories to tell. I envision, in a year, more stories as well-known as *Induction*, with as much of a positive influence on young queer creators looking for a space to write in.

As we grow, every conversation gets a little messier, but by extension, we can encourage more groups of friends to branch out and share with one another. The MFBC has done so much for my ability to write and the quality of my work, and I want that for as many writers as possible — so when we can't all fit in the same tent, many adjacent tents will serve! I want more tight-knit groups of friends figuring out what they want to make together, to make our community more incredible and multi-faceted, year by year.

Some day, I envision a mosaic of different spaces branching out from the Korps writing umbrella, to explore their own worlds, their own stories. That uniqueness and growth is what proves our queerness will outlive any strife or hate. *Love conquers all.*

PANELS

Check d-v-s.online for the latest schedule!

Creating Character for Writing

Runa (she/her), Mabel (she/her) and Autumn (she/they) discuss tips for creating rich, dynamic characters to populate your writing. Develop interesting heroes, villains, and civilians with an eye to fitting them into a narrative.

- 🌐 runafjord
- 🐦 runafjord.bsky.social
- 🌐 mabelgreysmoke
- 🐦 mabelgreysmoke.bsky.social
- 🐦 Autumns_Storms
- 🐦 autumnreynsford.bsky.social

Joy Presents: The Clearing

All of our five senses are flawed, insomuch that we experience life; but struggle to experience reality. When two or more these senses combine, they convey feelings, emotions and thoughts that words alone cannot describe. Join Joy (she/her) for a set of auditory empathy, processing and healing during The Clearing ritual.

- 🌐 linktree.ee/bageltiger

Tarot for Skeptics and Storytellers

Inumo (they/xeh) hosts a skeptic's perspective on Tarot to demystify it, while acknowledging its utility as a tool for writing or personal development.

- @ dragon.style/@Inumo

How to Negotiate Kink

Inumo (they/xeh) hosts an introductory educational panel on how to do kink negotiations with both strangers and acquaintances. Sexual content discussed.

- @ dragon.style/@Inumo

TRDRT Ambient Soup

TailStrike (they/them) hosts a live music show of generative and improvised ambient, atmospheric music to chill and the occasional head bob to. Done with modular hardware synths with over the shoulder camera and a softly changing light show.

- 🐦 bsky.app/profile/tailstrike.xyz

Introduction to Gender-Affirming Care

Dr. Jemstone Mü (she/her) discusses gender-affirming medical care.

🐦 [feel_doc](#)

Synthwave Downshift

Blastgoggles (shi/hir) hosts a set of Syn(th)-ful delights, featuring Sunset drives and Neon City Chases!

🐦 [blastgoggles](#)

🐦 [blastgoggles.bsky.social](#)

Protest-Focused Medicine

Dr. Jemstone Mü (she/her) discusses how to provide medical care during protests, riots and similar situations.

🐦 [feel_doc](#)

Cooking Basics

Gwyn (she/her) hosts a panel focused on some cooking basics, advice, and best practices that won't break the bank, including several good and affordable recipes, along with options on how to upgrade them on a higher budget. Followed by a general Q&A on cooking-related topics.

🐦 [gwynpile.bsky.social](#)

Game Mastery: Your World as a Character

Gwyn (she/her) follows up from last year's panel, based on 20 years of Game Mastery and Worldbuilding experience: how do you make your world feel real and lived-in? Topics will include theming, culture, making NPCs connect to the wider world, and other storytelling opportunities.

🐦 [gwynpile.bsky.social](#)

SMOKIN' ON DEATH RAYS VOL. 1

Reese Terezi Juno Debaka (she/they) produces a collection of dark plugg and OG phonk beats, perfect for evil lair tours, monologuing, or fights with your nemesis.

🎧 rhinestoneCowboy

DragonDrop: DVS Dance Special

Toy Dragon (it/its) hosts an upbeat, energetic set with goth and industrial vibes, accompanied by dragon dancing in VR!

@ nitecrew.rip/@toydragon

Hextrance DJ Set

Azaleathewitch (she/her) spins a live mix of hextrance (hypertrance, sextrance) with hard trance j-core, hardtek and freeform hardcore.

🐦 PlaceldrPigeon

Con Closeout Set with Ash

Ash (she/her) hosts her traditional DVS closeout set!

🐦 threefootpony

Finding Your Voice: Voice Acting for Beginners

Ta'kom Ironhoof (he/him) discusses what you need to get started in the world of voice acting, including, equipment, recording spaces, resources for further research, and having the confidence to put it all together.

🐦 takomironhoof.bsky.social

Rachel Makes Music! (Again)

Rachel (she/it) hosts a panel streaming the process of music production.

🐦 RachelTheParrot

RCG Book Club: DVS Edition 2: The Sequel!

Skylar (she/her) and Dragonkat (she/her) narrate community stories of queerness and villainy in this interactive panel.

🐦 skylarstarborn.bsky.social
🐼 dragonkat42

SLASH OR PASS 2: SLASH HARDER

The Monsterfucker Book Club returns for another Slash or Pass stream to wrangle, rate, and rut some interesting monsters from a variety of media, with audience participation.

🐼 syntax-takes
🐼 eight-stroke
🐼 vixiemoon dew
🐼 runafjord
🐼 shapelessink
🐼 mabelgreysmoke
🐼 deergrace

Art Stream with Shapeless Ink

Lexi (he/she/they/it) hosts a chill stream working on art of his favourite space queers, but "significantly more HOTTED UP because [she wants] to draw them doing the freaky stuff."

🐼 shapelessink

Thirsty Sword Lesbians: Razing Hell

Kos (she/her) GMs the annual DVS TSL game, with this year's players Kae (she/it), The Internet's Beloved Princess Grace (she/fae), Corruptive Spirit (she/her), Azure Husky (she/her) and Olya Volkov (she/it).

🌐 draekos.art
🐦 kae_meows
🌐 princess.software
🐦 azure_husky
🐦 corruptvespirit
🌐 linktree.ee/wifewolf

Avatar Building with Marstruc

Marcie (she/they) showcases the intricacies of building a VR avatar, as well as showing it off in the DVS VR space.

🐦 Marstruc

Villain Costume Design with D.Egg and Karen

Karen (she/her) and Distressed Egg (she/xe/they) reprise their traditional panel, randomly selecting from a pool of audience-submitted prompts to create new characters. We'll still be aiming to create villainous fashions of a more... erotic nature. Let's get kinky!

🐦 korpspropaganda
🐦 korpspropaganda.bsky.social
🌐 distressedegg.fun

Editing with Grace (And Vixie): Book Slop Chop Shop

The Monsterfucker Book Club's premier editors, Vixie (she/her) and Grace (she/her), compare editing techniques and dispense tips, tricks, and more!

🌐 vixiemoondew
🌐 deergrace

Trans Advocacy in the Real World

Fresca Husky (she/her), a trans rights and health care advocate currently running for office in Washington state, discusses how to advocate to be a force for change in the world, and resources for health care access.

🐦 FrescaTheHusky

"THAT'S KORPS-ECT!!" with Sybil Throat

How much lore do YOU know about the Korps?! Strap on your RCGs and join everyone's favorite horrible science woman, D.Egg's (she/xe/they) Dr. Sybil Throat, as she challenges three celebrity contestants – and YOU – to the ULTIMATE Korps trivia showdown!

🌐 distressedegg.fun

PANELS

Check d-v-s.online for the latest schedule!

Donation Sketch Stream

Karen (she/her) continues the opening ceremonies' charity art stream in support of TENT!

✈ korpspropaganda
✈ korpspropaganda.bsky.social

Open Transport Tycoon Deluxe with Bishop

Join Bishop (pli/she) for streaming building a railroad in Transport Tycoon, along the way to a continent-spanning rail network.

✈ bishoparrow.bsky.social

Art Stream and Queer Superheroes Discussion

Join Bishop (pli/she), Gwyn (she/her) and EbonyInks (she/her) for an art stream / discussion of queer-coding and minority-coding in contemporary superpowered media, including the politics of X-Men '97, the neurodivergent cast (and trans subtext) of My Adventures of Superman (and potential trans subtext), the found family of the Fantastic Four, and more!

✈ bishoparrow.bsky.social
✈ gwynpile.bsky.social

Discord Movie Nights

Check the DVS Discord for more information!

Opening Ceremonies

Karen (she/her), Draekos (she/her) and Distressed Egg (she/xer) continue the opening ceremonies' charity art stream in support of TENT, with special guests Glopssum and Syntax-Takes!

✈ korpspropaganda
✈ korpspropaganda.bsky.social
🌐 distressedegg.fun
🌐 draekos.art

Glopossum Q&A

Join our Most Devious Art Guest, Glopossum (she/her), for a Q&A stream!

🌐 glopossum.com

Syntax-Takes Live-Read and Q&A

Join our Most Devious Writing Guest, Syntax-Takes (she/they) for a live-read stream excerpting her novel **Induction**, featuring MFBC friends Vixie (she/her) and Mabel (she/her), and a follow-up Q&A!

🗨️ [syntax-takes](#)
🗨️ [vixiemoondeu](#)
🗨️ [mabelgreysmoke](#)

Charity Auction

Join Karen (she/her) to bid on art, merchandise, memorabilia and other goodies to fundraise for our chosen charity for 2024, TENT.

🐦 [korpspropaganda](#)
🐦 [korpspropaganda.bsky.social](#)

Closing Ceremonies

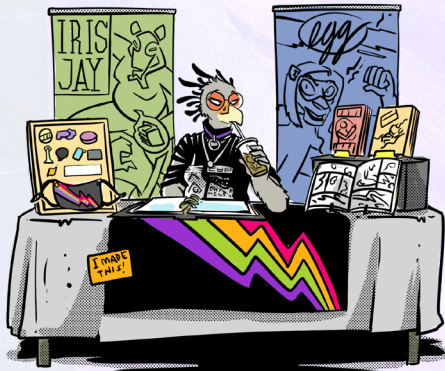
Karen (she/her) and our Most Devious Guests Glopossum (she/her) and Syntax-Takes (she/they) close out the convention!

🐦 [korpspropaganda](#)
🐦 [korpspropaganda.bsky.social](#)
🗨️ [syntax-takes](#)
🌐 glopossum.com

Afterparty

Join the DVS staff for a post-con session of fun and games as we wind down from the weekend... and prepare to blow the Discord server up, in classic villain style!

DEALERS



DISTRESSED EGG shop.irisjay.net

DISTRESSED EGG has been making strange art for horny people since 2013! With steamy queer porn comics and stylishly sinister personal accessories, we've got everything you need to stay villainous.

- Books / Zines
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Patreon or similar subscription-based service



NERO itsnero.com

Homoerotic comics, both online and in print, for the discerning homoerotic adult.

- Books / Zines
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Patreon or similar subscription-based service
- Original Art / Prints



MAZ mazzymarvelousmenagerie.carrd.co

I pour my heart and soul into my artwork, creating NSFW fetish art and irresistibly cute SFW pieces.

- Commissions
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)



BISHOP ARROW BishopArrow

Creator of furry superhero/supervillain comics, especially with elastic superpowers.

- Commissions
- Books / Zines



METALLIC UMBRAGE moopa.ink

Punk, cute/silly, fantasy, and queer pride merch! Able to do customs and open to making nearly ANY queer pride flag, even the lesser known ones!

- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Original Art / Prints



IGGLYPOU igglypou.carrd.co

Merch made by igglypou! Underwear with tails (customs available), shirts, charms, pins, prints and more!

- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Original Art / Prints

DEALERS



DRAEKOS draekos.art

A disaster lesbian kobold who draws soft girls and writes RPG content.

- Commissions
- Original Art / Prints
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Fashion / Costuming



SHETANI meow.social/@shetani

Whether you're into animals, pin collecting, stickers, 2000s internet memes, interactive media, or furry ephemera of all kinds, Shetani's got the wares for you.

- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Video / Streaming Content



EMI THE GOAT linktr.ee/emithegoat

I draw anything from cute and wholesome, to macro, micro, inflation, latex, hyper, tickling, size difference, shrinking, growing, transformation, etc., as long as everyone's having fun :)

- Commissions



MARSTRUC [marstruc](https://twitter.com/marstruc)

I make 3D models, primarily props, accessories, environments and Avatar Crafting services.

- Commissions



NOVA [GalaxyLynx](https://twitter.com/GalaxyLynx)

- Commissions
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Original Art / Prints



THE INTERNET'S BELOVED PRINCESS GRACE princess.software

My flagship product is `msync`, my command line Mastodon client, but I also sell stickers! Are you a woman who installs Debian GNU/Linux? Would you like a cool horse or zoologically improbable and/or terrifying to small children skunk sticker? If so, I have great news!

- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)

DEALERS



JOEL KREISSMAN zarpaulus.carrd.co

Furry science-fiction set in a transhumanist world-building project.

- Books / Zines



CORRUPTIVESPIRIT [CorruptveSpirit](https://twitter.com/CorruptveSpirit)

Like shiny art, slime, or faceless hotties? Have an OC needing a corruption arc? Check out CS's myriad of skills!

- Commissions



TEMRIN wildelementstudios.com

A nonbinary freelance artist from Canada who loves to bring folks characters and worlds to life.

- Commissions
- Physical merchandise (stickers, pins, patches, etc.)
- Original Art / Prints



DEEPWEBDRONEBOT deepwebdronebot.carrd.co

I'm offering drone-branded merchandise and commissions for custom hypnosis solutions for drones, users, and hypnosis enthusiasts; solutions are available as written hypnosis scripts, custom hypnosis recordings and readings of existing scripts.

- Commissions



SASHA / DAKRAS [strikkodrenne](https://strikkodrenne.com)

I'm a 'creature artist', but furry friendly! I like trying to capture surreal themes in my artwork when I have full freedom over it. I thoroughly enjoy speculative biology, and that can be seen in the blacksummar tag on tumblr. NSFW wise, I'm relatively new to kink, but willing to try drawing most things (so long as it's not bestiality, noncon, etc.) - with BDSM and teratophilia being my favourites!

- Commissions

THE VALLEY OF KINGS // SAV

🐦 savwolf343.bsky.social 🐦 Savwolf115 🐦 SavWolfAD 📖 Sav's Stories and Sundries

CW: Peril & Pursuit

Donna had been running for a while now.

It was hard to say how long. The days had started to blend together. All she knew was that someone in her research camp had reported her, and now the Egyptian government wanted her whether she consented to their custody or not.

Well, they weren't after her, really; they wanted what she'd found. She supposed she should have known better than to go blabbing to her classmates about the ancient entity that had contacted her, but then again it had been one hell of an experience, and it hadn't exactly left her in the most coherent state of mind. Could she really be blamed for making a poor decision?

The ginger tabby cat absentmindedly patted her breast pocket, making sure the old reed pen was still safely inside in its carrying case.

You have to move, Donna. They'll find you if you stay here.

"There you are," she muttered, holding back a groan as she got her sore body back up and on its feet once more. "I was beginning to think you'd lost your voice. Or I'd lost my mind."

She let out a rueful laugh. "Never thought I'd start to feel crazy if I *wasn't* hearing a voice in my head. D'ya happen to have any more explicit advice beyond vague warnings and riddles?"

Seek the ones clad in amber. They seek you in turn, and can offer you salvation from your turmoil. Trust in them as you do in me.

"Don't suppose you can give me their address?"

When no answer came, Donna snorted and shook her head, heading out into the harsh desert sun once more to search for better shelter - and her supposed saviors.

Days of running became two weeks, by Donna's rough estimation. She was starting to run low on money. Food and water, naturally, were low as well. She thought she'd finally run completely out of luck when the door to her latest hideout slammed open, and an assailant burst into the room.

She froze against the wall, prepared for the worst. Visions of detention, interrogations, torture, flashed through her mind.

Only... it wasn't an assailant.

It was a caracal, wearing an amber visor atop their snout, their body shrouded by tan and amber colored robes. They raised both paws, showing their palms in a gesture of peace. "Easy there! I'm not here to hurt you. Seems you're the one we've been looking for: ACG readings confirm it."

The figure paused, seeming to appraise her as it looked her up and down. "You know, you gave us a hell of a run for our money trying to track you. Not everyone can say that; you should be proud."

Donna almost couldn't believe her fortune, her eyes darting in focus between the other cat's headwear and their garments. "Y... you're not with the government?"

They shook their head. "Naww, no way. You gave them the slip so thoroughly, those dipshits already think you managed to make it out of the country. They've sent teams to your college and hometown trying to catch you."

Their playful tone suddenly turned somber, and Donna's cheeks flushed as they flashed her a pitying look. "You won't be able to go back to your old life for a while. I'm sorry. If you'll let me, though, I can take you somewhere new. There are a lot of people I know that are very interested in talking to you and your new friend. I think you'll fit right in, if you give it a chance."

THE VALLEY OF KINGS // SAV

The tabby drew in a deep breath, thinking about everything she'd been through these last few weeks, what she'd gained - what she'd lost. She thought about Thoth, and his advice to trust the ones clad in amber.

She forced a smile, still trembling slightly in adrenaline and hunger, and nodded, peeling herself off the wall and reaching out to shake the caracal's paw. "Sure, that... sounds nice. Not like I have much choice at the moment." She paused, studying the goggles of her new guide. "So who the hell are you even working for, anyway?"

Her fellow feline gave her a toothy grin in response. "Have you ever heard of the Korps?"



Donna Stroud sighed fondly as she idly looked over the reed pen in its display case on her desk, setting down her current work to reminisce for a moment.

The Korps Division of Arcane Research and Control had been good to her, and she'd been good to it in turn. Since KDARC had picked her up, it felt like she'd been living the life of her dreams. No grant money to beg for, all the resources she required, colleagues she could respect and collaborate with, and all the riveting research opportunities she could possibly ask for.

She turned her tablet over, staring at the poem she'd had inscribed on it. The hieroglyphics on the back read:

*'In amber clad
I search for lost knowledge
Hoping it may yet be found.'*

A soft warmth touched her mind as Rose drew her out of her thoughts.

[Got a new assignment for you. We have two new entities inbound. It turns out a demon is responsible for our missing informant - and it's... 'merged' itself, for lack of a better word, with a wolf the team found on-site after tracking it down. Given your own supernatural relationship, you're our best bet to untangle this mess. This is a courtesy heads-up; I'll ping you again when they're in KDARC custody on-base.]

Donna's tail lashed with excitement. She smiled to herself and purred, mind already beginning to race with possibility and excitement. The tablet flashed into life with old research and arcane references as she started to pluck from the knowledge of the ancients and theorize about the newest problem she'd been assigned to tackle.

"Time to learn something new."

THE SCALPEL OF TIME // ARCHANTAEL

 pangolinfox.bsky.social  Inspired-Quill  Korps: The Shieldfox Saga

I've never been in a place like this. A city underground, shining, immaculate. It would be a marvel, if I could remember more of myself.

Once again I awoke to everything changed. Not the first time I have been missing decades and a limb, and with how my life has been - what little I remember, fighting against self-proclaimed 'heroes' - it may not be the last.

This time, though... a greater change than anticipated. My face is heavier, colder, with harsh metal edges where once was fur and skin. My last death.

I've been afraid to raise a paw to it. I... had been told I was beautiful. I've never been one for vanity, but this... my ability to... to respond, and interact with those I... loved...

THE SCALPEL OF TIME // ARCHANTAEL

...Gone. Just as they are.

So even more I feel the cold of the world as it rushes past. Surrounded by people with too many thoughts, while I'm here with a fractured mind rattling around in this steel mask like an empty spray can, no colour to give to my words.

Maybe the best course of action is to throw myself into a cause again. No longer to think, or interact. Just to act.

We'll try this. The Korps, and their promises of a world dominated by radical freedom. It's a fine purpose. If nothing else, perhaps... it might help me to feel a little less alone.

[Initialising connection...]

[Welcome to the RCG Network. Please stand by.]

Oh, this is the voice they talked about.

[Hello?]

I wasn't expecting you to have an English accent.

[Oh, I just default to a user's most frequently used tongue! But where are my manners? My name is Rose. I'll be your guide, monitor, many other things! First things first - is Timeless okay?]

It's all I know of myself.

[Okay, no problem. You are currently a guest user. Would you like to formally enlist within the Korps?]

Yes.

[Very bold, we like that. Although, I'm detecting an above average level of cortisol. Is something wrong?]

Not as such, Rose. I just hoped to have more time to adjust to the decision.

[I'm sorry, Timeless. For what it's worth, I'm here to help.]

You are indeed. I apologise if I'm not the easiest host to navigate. I've written my own story. Some... well... many pages have been lost. I'm a book that's been torn apart, edited, lost, rebound with little semblance of my original cover or cohesion. Not that I don't like who I am. I just don't know who that is. Except that I think I need to be here.

[What's the earliest memory you have? I can try to navigate forwards from there.]

The battle. Her stirring speech. The taste of victory in the air. I saw Roman eyes under the bridges of their helmets. Feathered crests of red. Forbidding shields.

I raised my sword to meet them without fear.

I fought, and pushed, but... something pierced my throat.

I thrashed, struggled, but quickly the world turned dark, as the ground thundered around me.

I awoke some unknown time later. A week, perhaps? My beloved tribe rotting around me, twisted and crushed with limbs reaching vainly for the sky towards hope that was torn from them by blade and blood.

I lumbered to stand, and felt the wind whistle at my neck.

The scar remained. And so did I. Avowed to forever strike against self-righteous tyranny.

[That's... I'm so sorry, Timeless. Is that when you found your powers?]

No. They existed already. At least... I think they did. I call it Invigoration, though you probably identify it as some kind of Chronomancy. I... reanimate, although I don't retain any part of me that I lost. If I were beheaded, which has almost happened twice, I'd absolutely die. Though if you reattached it in time...

[I'd prefer not to run that experiment.]

WRITING

THE SCALPEL OF TIME // ARCHANTAEL

No, true, let's not speculate. I'm more careful now, believe it or not. Though my collection of prosthetics is from other noisy deaths. My legs were taken from me in the Second World War. My arm... I don't remember my arm, actually. I've had many lives between now and then.

I'm sure every injury has been gained in fighting against the powerful and corrupt. I'd like to hope I lost my arm fighting some despised king or malicious power but... with how little I remember, there's a possibility I may once have been that power.

[Maybe once, but not any more. I know you're different now.]

I hope so. I worry with so much lost, the times I've slept between lives, I may never know what else I've done or how far back my story starts. I'm... quiet, inside my soul. Almost in humility perhaps, until injustice burns and I let my powers take hold.

[I... I have one more question. I'd prefer to ask instead of searching your memories secretly. Your—]

My face. Another battle against 'heroes'. One, a wyrm known as Brigid the Rainfire, caught me as I stumbled at my last strike against her, and engulfed me with acrid green fire. I have never felt such pain before. Precise, deadly, and overpowering. I fell, once more. My eyes were saved by my Invigoration, but the rest of my face... was gone. The greenfire isn't only a physical attack but a magical one. I needed to use all my power to slow my body and let it burn through me until I was safe enough to wake. The helmet was forged for me in my sleep, with a letter left to explain it.

[That's... so much, Timeless. I promise you will have space to rest here, as well as fight.]

That will be... nice, when I feel safe enough to do so. For now, and even past then, I will try as best I can until I fall once more.

[Thank you, Timeless. We will be here for you. I promise. For now... please open your eyes, and welcome to the Korps.]

THIS IS DVS // BRENDA PRRFLER

brendaprrfler.bsky.social brendaprrfler brenderlin

(To the tune of "This is Halloween," *The Nightmare Before Christmas*)

People of all shapes and sizes
Ever wonder what evil buys us?
Come with us and you will see
This, our den of villainy

This is DVS, this is DVS
Villains laugh in the dead of night
This is DVS, everybody make a scene
Terrorize the corrupt until they die of fright
It's our den, everybody scheme
In this den of villainy

I am the wolf with the electric charge
Standing tall and very, very large
I am the cat burglar doing my part
Stealing priceless artifacts and your heart
This is DVS, this is DVS
DVS, DVS
DVS, DVS
In this den we call home
Everyone hail to the Overlord
In this den, don't we love it now?
Everybody's waiting for the next great heist

WRITING

THIS IS DVS // BRENDA PRRFLER

'Round that corner, assassin hiding in gloom
Waiting to pounce the wealthy and make them scream
This is DVS, magenta, rosy sheen
Aren't you swooned? Well, that's just keen

Plot it once, Plot it twice
Let the henchmen roll the dice
Then laugh maniacally all night
Everybody scheme, everybody scheme
In our den of villainy

I am the mad scientist in my lab
Running wild experiments with a dab
I am the cat that makes things go boom
With shiny nanites that spell your doom
I am the canine who teleports well
Fists full of fire, hound full of hell

This is DVS, this is DVS
DVS, DVS
DVS, DVS
DVS, DVS


All billionaires everywhere
Need us to give them a good scare
That's our job, but we're not mean
In our den of villainy
In this den, don't we love it now?
Everybody is waiting for the next great heist

The Overlord might catch you with a blast
And roar like a dragon
Make heroes flee in terror
This is DVS, everybody scheme
Won't you please make way for our very Great Leader
The Kraken is lord of our villain club
Everyone hail to the Overlord now

This is DVS, this is DVS
DVS, DVS
DVS, DVS
In this den we call home
Everyone hail to the Overlord

La, la, la, (DVS! DVS!)
La-la-la, la, la (DVS! DVS!)
La-la-la, la, la, (DVS! DVS!)
La-la-la, la-la-la, hey!

SNOWFLAKES ON THE WIND // NAEIR

 Naeir

February 2017
Downtown Toronto

A chilly winter day insistently pressed upon the pair of women walking down the street. The big, soft black bear was properly bundled up to keep the wind at bay, but the arctic fox didn't bother; her cryokinetic powers also handily protected her from

the effects of cold, and she was — quite obviously — the only one in sight who was perfectly comfortable, despite wearing only a black sleeveless dress. Their pace was easy and unhurried; they were both unemployed, and they had quit their college courses, but they had recently... gained access to financial independence. They had all the time in the world, and they wanted to make good use of it.

SNOWFLAKES ON THE WIND // NAEIR

"It's still very surreal to me," Stella mused, her long, fluffy white tail swaying casually behind her skirt. "This time last year, I was just doing my best to keep my head down and build my own life, trying to get to a place where I didn't have to worry about what my parents thought. But all of that's just gone, now. My whole world's changed, I'm changed..."

"And so much for the better," Luna smiled at her girlfriend. "You were cute as a guy, for sure, but you smile so much more often now. More easily. There's a light in your eyes that wasn't there before, and it's absolutely wonderful."

"It feels absolutely wonderful," Stella blushed. "I dunno, though; it also feels kinda... too simple? Like, I didn't earn any of the things it took to get me here, and they could be taken away just as easily."

"That's not how th— how we do things," Luna caught herself.

"My parents, especially, do their best to be there for friends and family who just need help. I'm lucky that I've had them backing me up for my whole life. There are a lot of things in the world that don't have to be as difficult as we make them, not with the right tools. I think it's mostly generational trauma: 'If I suffered like this, then it was for a good reason, and you have to do the same,' something like that. There's a lot of self-justification wrapped up in it."

"I can see that, yeah. It's easier to just keep on with the way things are, than to admit that you might have been wrong all along." Stella grimaced as she glanced over the windows of the nearby concert hall, where posters for upcoming performances were mounted. "That, and suffering is great for marketing and profit. Hard to sell bandages to someone who isn't injured."

"You've gotten a lot more cynical about capitalism, sweetie."

"I mean, it's kinda hard not to? Considering.. the things I've experienced recently. It doesn't have to be this way."

"No, it certainly doesn't," Luna agreed.

The pair wordlessly agreed to move from the sidewalk into an open, stone-tiled plaza, leafless trees providing no shade from the glaring light reflected from the skyscrapers and the snow. The water fountain in the center had been drained and dried for the season, but the dozen or so dog statuettes remained ready to spout their water jets arcing toward the center.

"What's with the metal spike thingies?" Stella puzzled. They were small, blunted cones, but would still be very uncomfortable if stepped upon.

"Oh, those are to keep people from sitting on the fountain, or especially, lying down on it. Which, okay, they do have benches off to the side, but yeah. Pretty common anti-loitering device, mostly a homeless deterrent."

"Wow... that is slightly fucked up on its face. I guess it's cheaper than actually helping homeless people, giving them a good, safe place to go to?"

"There's a bit more nuance to it than just that; you don't know who they are, where they came from, what kind of behavioral challenges they may have... but yeah, that's what it boils down to. Cost and convenience. It's difficult to treat homeless people like they're actually people. People usually do what's easy."

"Hm. Well. I'm about to do something impulsive. Would you mind holding my purse and standing back for a moment?" Stella asked as she took the shoulder strap over her head.

"No, I don't mind, but why?" Luna accepted the offered purse.

Stella leaned in close and muttered under her breath, "We're supposed to be villains now, right?"

WRITING

SNOWFLAKES ON THE WIND // NAEIR

"Just don't do anything too stupid; I'm right here, and there might be witnesses."

"I've got this," Stella reassured before she hopped up onto the rim of the fountain, holding her arms wide open. She snapped and began to twirl and move while snow sprang up and swirled around her. Although snow was a common sight in Canada at this time of year, it hadn't been snowing that day; Stella used her powers to create it herself.

"Woah, that's beautiful!" Luna gasped. "It's like your own snow globe!"

"I am the snow globe, babe," Stella winked as she continued her dance, making her way around the circular fountain with toe spins and walkovers. The improvised mix of ballet and gymnastics was delightfully unexpected and fun to watch. It only took a minute or so before she completed her circuit, curtsied, and hopped down onto the ground.

"I see those dance classes haven't gone to waste," Luna gave her girlfriend a knowingly understated compliment while offering her purse back.

"Aww, thanks!" Stella accepted it and casually slung it back over her head.

Luna leaned in and asked "So where did the spikes go?"

"Frozen to the outsides of my thighs."

"Clever. You make for a gorgeous vandal, dear."

"Think that's technically my first heist? I guess?"

"No. You stole my heart first," Luna kissed her girlfriend on the snout.

CROSSED // VIXIE FOXPAW-MOONDEW

👤 visorvixens 👤 vixiemoondew 📖 Your Infinite Foxpaw Folio

Cold steel chilled Brassbuster's dressless back, leather straps tight against bare wrists and ankles. He squirmed against the restraints, and found a similar one around his middle.

"Shit," he grunted. He'd been having *such* a good night out, but apparently he'd let his guard down. One moment, the club was all flashing pinks and blues, and the next, he was...

Well, he was *here*, strapped to a death slab, with an electronic hum emanating from the machine pointed straight at his crotch.

"So glad you've finally decided to join us, Brassbuster," rumbled a familiar, husky voice.

Oh.

Right.

Him.

Brassbuster had been nursing an appletini when the man had sat down beside him. The pair had talked — and hit it off, he'd thought — but then, all of a sudden, a couple of hours in, there had been a sharp, sudden pain at the back of his head. He remembered nothing afterwards until fuzzily awakening in a tediously standard deathtrap.

CROSSED // VIXIE FOXPAW-MOONDEW

"Doctor Null," he spat.

"In the flesh. Although not *quite* as much flesh as *you're* showing," he drawled. "It's a shame, really; I don't believe in undressing a pretty young thing like you without consent, but now I've gone and engineered a situation where I can't secure that in good faith, can I?" He tutted disappointedly from somewhere behind Brassbuster. "But I can still score tonight, you see; after all, I *have* been looking for a test subject for my latest weapon, and if it means I get to wipe my paramour's arch-nemesis — *you*, dear Brassbuster — out of the equation..."

"You'll never get away with this!" Brassbuster snarled. His body wreathed in burnished metal, he *flexed* and *squirmed*...

...and failed. The leather belts flexed to contain him; he couldn't get any momentum or leverage, and he was getting increasingly anxious about the enormous whatever that was pointed in his direction.

"On the contrary, my poor, doomed pet. I think I'll be lavishly rewarded when I present her with what's left of you."

"Bastard!"

"Mm. Perhaps so. You know, I saw you from across the bar and I really did like your vibe. But you couldn't help but leave your *'clever' little hints*."

He finally came into view, then, broad of jaw and shoulder and belly. A weary, wary cleverness surveyed him, a device of some sort in his hand — the control for the much bigger device of some sort, he was sure.

"Can I ask one last favor?" he asked. He was out of tricks. This was it.

"Depends on the favor. Obviously."

"Look, you're... *really* attractive. And the last person I kissed was my ex. I know most would argue this is a lateral move at best, but... would you mind...?"

"Of course," he sneered. He stepped closer, holding the device behind his back — as if Brassbuster had any hope of reaching it regardless — and leaned in. "Who am I to deny a beautiful woman her last request?"

Brassbuster froze.

"Wait."

"Eh?"

"D... do you think I'm a woman?"

Null stared, mouth still agape.

"You're not?"

"No? Wait, were you trying to pick up women in a gay bar?"

"Where else should I be...? ...Oh, dear. Do you think I'm a *man*?"

Silence fell between them. Null cleared her throat. Even the ambient hum of the death laser or whatever it was now sounded awkward.

And then they were on each other, Doctor Null grunting into Brassbuster's mouth, Brassbuster's fingers interlacing with hers.

"Fuck it," she breathed, whiskey and cigarette smoke woven into her saliva. "I'll figure out what to do with you later."

"Yeah," he whimpered, "I don't even care about that right now."

"Good." Her lips trailed down his chiseled jaw, over his neck and down to his clavicle. She lipped and bit, and he whined and squirmed, and her fingers squeezed a path down his slender body.

"Oh god, fuck me, fuck me fuck me *fuck me*," he begged. She tugged up the front of his dress, tucked it into the belt loop keeping him from escaping, and grabbed him by the ass.

CROSSED // VIXIE FOXPAW-MOONDEW

He was down her gullet in an instant, his shuddering gasp feeling delayed by the time he vocalized it. She gulped and swallowed like she was trying to drown on it, and he felt himself grow so stiff so quickly that his head swam. Her tongue massaged the underside of his cock and it was an uncharacteristically short time before he squealed, his balls tensed, and he shot spurt after spurt into her throat.

He groaned as she slipped off of him, still stiff, still twitching. The slab tilted at the behest of an unseen motor, and she joined him upon it.

"Been a while since I rode a built-in strap," she belched, straddling his narrow hips and adjusting her lab coat, "But if you don't mind..."

"I mind."

Their heads both whipped around in shock. There, in the door of the lair, stood...

"Irene!" gasped Null.

"Igor!" gasped Brassbuster.

"Yes, me," agreed Irene Igor, striding into the room in high black heels and a catsuit that emphasized every lack of curve. "I half expected to find you two *fighting* over me, not *fucking* over me. But... I suppose I can't be *too* mad. All you've done is save me a few steps."

Brassbuster and Null both gaped, stupidly, as Igor Irene closed the gap, one hand finding the villain's shoulder, the other finding the hero's. Both gasped at the familiar touch — and gasped again, more sharply, as they plucked the device from Null's fingers.

"I've been meaning to talk to both of you, you see. But I suppose that can wait. Stay just where you are. I've made some modifications to your 'weapon,' dear, and I think you will find that the death it now grants is far more... *petite*."

AN UNEXPECTED PLAYDATE // DRAGONKAT

🐉 dragonkat42

"Ohhh Thaddykins! Wheeeere are you!" A singsong feminine voice called out.

"Gods, fucking, damnit." Thaddeus Galler, resident demonologist, and the supervillain known as Lord Thargathax slammed his grimoire shut. "She knows she can't just come in uninvited!" The sapphire scaled dragon stormed from a loft apartment to the ground floor of his secret lair, (In truth a converted warehouse space in the arts district) and glared at his uninvited guest, "What in the world are you doing here, you crazy bitch?"

From the door grinned Larissa Church, resident exorcist, and superheroine known as Lady Rubina Flame. The ruby scaled

dragoness wearing a smile to match the insult. "Well, that's a rather rude greeting, can't a heroine come visit her favorite foe for a little battle in his lair?"

"No." Came the flat reply from the dragon, one who glared up at the fire mephit perched on a nearby shelf, the tiny demon chowing down on a oversized chocolate chip cookie as big as his 7 inch body. "Traitor."

She brought me one with dark chocolate! Besides, this is gonna be funny!

"What do you mean funny?" Thaddeus turned back to the dragoness, "Larissa, care to explain?"

AN UNEXPECTED PLAYDATE // DRAGONKAT

The dragoness grinned, "I maaay have brought you a gift? Well, *us* a gift too." She stepped to one side, revealing a squirming jackrabbit, one bound and gagged on the floor behind her.

The dragon facepalmed, pinched his snout hard, but it didn't stop the shout, "Larissa, what the fuck!" He stormed over to the pair, but the rage was short circuited upon seeing the rabbit. "Wait, is that the Barista from the coffee house?!"

"Mmmhmm!" Larissa grinned, "I told you she was kinky! Besides I knew you'd never get enough nerve to ask her out, and I won our last bet. So I took the initiative, and learning she's into peril play was an added bonus! Maybe we could come up with something suitable so I can come back in for the daring rescue?"

"Oh for the love of all things unholy." Thaddeus kneeled down by the rabbit, and untied the gag, "Okay, so first off, did you actually agree to this insanity?"

The blushing rabbit nodded, "She's very persuasive, and it did sound kinda hot?"

While the dragoness kept going above them, "Fire pit maybe? Soul stealing?"

The dragon sighed, "You realize she's also totally nuts right?"

The rabbit giggled and nodded even more emphatically, "That's why you two also make a really fun secret couple right?"

"Oooh demonic tentacles coming from a portal? Getting caught by that could be fun too!" Larissa's tail lashed about even more.

Thaddeus looked between the pair, thought about it for a moment, then replaced the gag, "Fine, fine, just let me make sure the chandelier will hold her weight first."

STRIP BARE // CRYPTPIK

cryptpik

"Get back here, fiend!" the macaw chirped, wings flapping with frustration and conviction.

"Really? 'Fiend' is the best you got?" the fox chastised, her skateboard coasting ahead into the night.

"N-no! Dastard! Hellion! *Villain!*"

"Ooh, keep talking dirty to me~"

Fay groaned, trying to ignore the blush on her face. Of all the criminals she faced, "Trickster" was certainly the most

troublesome. That lascivious tongue, that conceited demeanor, and especially that *outfit*: tight, full-body latex. Fay couldn't concentrate while looking at her lean muscular legs, ample chest, and what she would have sworn was a bulge between those sizable thighs...

Oh, and the vixen's powers. Trickster's second most dangerous weapon was the ability to create objects from thin air. Walls, projectiles, body armor, Fay had seen it all. Her most dangerous weapon was her wit, honed by increasingly machiavellian conjurations. Fay narrowly avoided one such violet construct as it manifested in front of her.

STRIP BARE // CRYPTPIK

"Alright, that's it!" Fay had a few tricks up her own sleeve, too. The macaw flicked her wrist, a card appearing in her grasp. Without hesitation, she flicked it forward, aiming just ahead of her target. The card flew true, touching the ground and spouting white light. The road ahead of Trickster was suddenly blocked, impeded by magical sigils. Fay grinned, immediately recognizing the effect.

Wall of Omens. One any, one white.

Trickster, acting quickly, leapt off her board. As it disappeared, a conjured pillow spouted from the wall, giving her a safe collision point. The fox landed on her feet, immediately pivoting to face Fay.

"Nowhere to run!" Fay announced as she landed. Another card was already in her talons.

"Hmm, it seems you're mistaken, bird brain," Trickster taunted, unimpressed. "Didn't they ever teach you in bootlicking school... not to corner a *beast!*?"

At that, Fay noticed something purple in the corner of her vision. She immediately threw the card to the ground and tried to dodge.

The card hit the asphalt, activating the magic within as a giant claw conjuration ran its nails across the macaw's body.

Fay felt no pain as it swiped her. It wasn't until after the attack that she even realized what happened. She looked down, expecting an impromptu lesson on her internal anatomy—but instead of a wound, the only gashes were in her clothes. Specifically her jacket and shirt, now sliced open.

The macaw hurriedly covered her chest, but it was too late, if her adversary's boisterous laugh was anything to go off of.

"Y'know, that was meant to maul you, but I think I like this result a lot more!" the fox cackled. There was something else besides hilarity on her face, something Fay was too flustered to parse.

The bird assumed the best fighting stance she could while covering her perky nipples. "Y-yeah, well, you won't be laughing for long!"

"True, because this fight's over!" Trickster lunged forward, fist shining as magic crystallized around it. The fox's arm glowed with artifice just before slamming into the hero.

But once again, instead of being hurt by the attack, Fay completely absorbed it. The only impact was with her jacket, which flew off so fast the sleeves ripped.

Trickster paused, maw agape. Things clearly weren't going according to plan. To be fair, Fay was equally confused. But she was also used to the deck's whims, and she wasn't going to waste an opening.

The macaw crouched back before delivering a kick where it would hurt the most. She cringed as her talon made purchase. It was a shame to have to damage what was likely a very generous endowment, but sacrifices had to be—

Instead of crumpling the villain's sex, the kick somehow made it burst out of her latex.

Trickster froze. Fay went still. Even the breeze deadened. The only thing moving was the fox's revealed vixen-hood: a dark, sizable length, already erect down to the knot.

"...So you *DO* have a dick!" Fay exclaimed.

A violet palm appeared, slapping her across the beak and sending her glasses flying. Before the macaw could recover, a

STRIP BARE // CRYPTPIK

pair of claws was grabbing her face. The fox forced Fay to look her directly in the eyes. There was fury, but there was also an unmistakable blush on her muzzle.

"You think you're clever, hmm? Oh, I bet you've been just waiting, plotting, touching yourself over the thought of getting me out of this outfit. This whole thing is exactly what you want, isn't it?"

Fay didn't hesitate a moment, nodding fervently. Trickster just as immediately summoned a new construct at that: a wall to keep the macaw in place.

"Then I'll give it to you."

The fox began whaling on the macaw, mixing potent punches with sanguine slashes. Each strike didn't hurt Fay, but *ruined* her outfit. Her shirt was tattered. Her belt snapped. Her pants literally flew off. And Trickster cackled all the while.

By the time the villain finally let up, Fay was nude, save her pair of underwear barely holding together. Both combatants were panting, hot breaths mixing. The lust in the air was for so much more than blood.

With a flourish, Trickster groped Fay's last article of clothing, and everything that lay underneath. She licked her lips next to Fay's head, speaking in a maleficent whisper.

"I'll be taking these as a memento. Maybe next time, if you're a *good girl*, I'll take you, too."

With a sharp rip, Fay was liberated of her clothing. A moment later, the supporting surface collapsed behind her and she fell to the ground. Her face was somewhere between aroused and gay, in every meaning of the words.

The fox's laugh echoed as she rode her conjured skateboard the way they came, sex still flying free. Fay didn't consider giving her chase; she couldn't even remember why she was after Trickster in the first place. As she lay on the asphalt, Fay considered how she might repay that villain for stealing her underwear.

And, afterward, for stealing her heart.

COZY RADIATOR // DEV

🦋 drdev.bsky.social

When 277 got their bot back to base, they'd really have to go over how much tailjoint six tended to stick with Murdermaid 224.

Their lumbering, hunched safe-breaker of a behemothbot, 277-B, tried to move forward, but found its long tail snagged, prompting a sigh from the dragon piloting it-

"Hey! That cute cape's here for you, 277. Make Mod proud~!"

"Yeah, don't make doe-eyes *too* long~!"

277 angled the bot's head side to side, the dragon letting out a whine that echoed through its speakers as their fellow Maids pranced past with the clang of slapped robo-butt, "...But I'm supposed to carry the safe! And who are you talking about-?"

COZY RADIATOR // DEV

The bot tried to turn around – but no luck. 277 let out a frustrated sigh and leaned back, wincing at the tenderness of their cradle's plug against their neural port. They had more than enough juice to get free of some rubble, but a fight *before* they were lugging a bank safe down the road was going to maybe overdo the cooling systems –

"Hey Dev, uh, this kinda *violates your parole* doesn't it?"

277 perked up, a bright blue blush running across their black-scaled snout as a familiar, domino-masked face filled their port-front display, "*Hey*, no names! I'm on union work, Celsius." The dragon let out an airy whine, curling their hoof-clad legs up close. The whole bot shifted down from its lumbering hunch to all fours, resting on its knuckles, and started to open up, "It's 277." They loved henching for their best friend – so freeing.

Dev's favorite hero stood with frost melting off his fists, arms folded. Tight, ice-blue muscle shirt, white fur collar on a darker blue vest, blue domino mask, fingerless gloves. He was really cute, broad at the shoulders and strong-bodied from a career of heroing. Warm brown fur, messy hair – and a little fur-scruff under his chin besides.

"Right." Celsius shifted to put his hands on his hips, tail flicking behind him, "See, if you were *Dev*, I might not have to arrest you for parole violation. But 277 is a stranger, so – "

The bot fully opened its chest-cockpit, the dragon bracing against the bright pink lighting inside, pushing a monitor out of the way, "Aww, come on. Don't be like that – it's not *technically* a violation–"

"You're robbing a bank, Dev."

The dragon held up two clawed fingers, black scale catching the light of their control pod as their other hand smoothed out their maid costume, "So, two things. The conditions of my parole

are more about planning crimes. I've got a masterminding conviction – "

The hero reached up to pinch the bridge of his snout.

"And then there's the mind control clause," Dev tapped the side of their head, huffing some of their mane out of their face, "So it's fine."

Celsius squinted up at the dragon incredulously, "...You're not zonked, dude."

"Right – but! The pod *can* zonk, and the union's worked out the minimum amount of subliminal messaging to *legally* count as being mind controlled. The Grace in my head reminds me I look pretty in my uniform, so – positive subliminal reinforcement. Which means, *technically speaking...*" the dragon flipped a switch as the dozens of monitors around them started to swirl with pink patterns, Dev tilting one in view, "And semester's over. I was bored, and you weren't around to do lunch – "

"Because I was staking out a bank robbery, you dingus." Celsius scratched up behind his ear. He'd been hypnotized enough times to recognize some looping images. All show.

"Oh. T-this... one."

"Yeah. So, you gonna crawl down out of there so I can give you some ice cuffs, or...?"

"It does fit two in here pretty well, y'know." Dev replied, a teasing blush. The uniform always made them more confident, and 277-B, their big bot body, did *wonders* for self image, "You could... come up in here. I've got a lunchbox, we can snack and steal." Dev quietly motioned to a little plastic box, down by where their tailbase started to curl around a brace in the control pod.

Vintage hero stuff – Celsius from ten years back. Cute.

COZY RADIATOR // DEV

"Dude you've got to be - "

"Hey! Mind control clause." Dev tapped the monitor, wiggling their free claw at Celsius, "So *dastardly* that 277-B was designed to snare heroes for Modemoiselle to maid later~ Ah! So under our spell already, hero~"

Celsius's brow flattened, "...Yeah, I don't think so."

"Cel, I don't have anything on under this skirt, it's *very* cozy in here..." the dragon squirmed back up into the pod, flat against the corrugated upholstery, "And I got salsa from Mama Sanchez at that bodega we like..."

Celsius had squared up - but paused "...Where we were gonna do lunch?"

"Yeah. I... wanted to spend time with my friend." Dev blushed, a soft smile on their snout, "...So... mind control clause?"

Celsius winced at the sound of a drill starting on a safety deposit box, "...Did you get the - "

"Chips with tatin? Yeah. I'll lick it off your fingers if you want. Hot and cold, hero."

Celsius blushed and crossed his arms, "Alright, *fine*." He mimed swaying and staggering up into the bot- a step from his broader form causing the whole thing to lurch to readjust for two passengers, "Mind control clause. Play it up, would you? In case the cameras-"

"Oh right. Muahahaha~!"

"You gotta work on that, dude."

"Yeah not my style. C'mere, I'll scoot - " The dragon snuck a kiss on the cat's cheek as the pod closed up around them, pressed up under the feline's arm as it draped over their shoulder, "Mind givin' the bot some ice? With two of us in here-"



"... Did you have this modified so I could be - "

"A radiator? Yeah. A handsome one." Dev giggled, "You'd look good in uniform-"

"Don't push it, cutie."

277 giggled, leaned up, and muted the cockpit microphone, willing 277-B up on its hooves - frost spewing from its cooling vents as it went to work.

FNUUY BNUUY // D'OTTER

 dotter.bsky.social  dotter

"Hey Bobby!" Tommy called from the master bedroom door.

Bobby made room on the couch for his master as the big American badger approached.

"Did you hear the one about the guy who was punched in the face by a hundred guys?"

The bunny stared open-jawed as his master sat beside him and put a possessive arm around his narrow shoulders.

"A... joke about being punched in the face, sir?"

FNUUY BNUUY // D'OTTER

"Yeah, they punched him until he died. It was horrible and totally pointless!"

Tommy grinned at his joke, but Bobby stared back aghast.

"How can you think that's funny?" Bobby cried. "How can you think I'd think it was funny?"

"Aw, I guess you missed the punchline."

Bobby just stared. He raised an accusing finger and opened his mouth, but found nothing to say. Tommy sniggered at him. Bobby lowered his finger, shut his mouth and waited patiently while Tommy guffawed. Then he smiled a crafty smile. He moved out from under Tommy's arm and stood a step away. He posed, just so, showing off the curves of his figure, his ears draped over his shoulders and his raised cotton tail pulling his shorts tight over his package. He let the light from the window catch his fur and show off how fluffy and snuggly it was.

"Master," he cooed, "what did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?"

"Oh, I know that one! He s... OW!"

Tommy turned to see who had slapped the back of his head. His third teammate, Olivia was playing some video game with ROSE across the room. He turned back and snarled.

"You used your telekinesis on me! You'll pay for that, boy!"

"You already punished me!" he replied.

Bobby hopped away, but Tommy was faster. He grabbed Bobby by his shorts and dragged him to the carpet, growling as the bunny squealed.

Across the room, Olivia glanced at the commotion.

"They're already naked," she observed.

"Hardly their fastest time," Rose replied.

"Boys!" Olivia sneered.

ROSE sighed. [I do not keep you agents busy enough.]

LUNAR ECLIPSE // RUNA FJORD

📧 runafjord 🦋 runafjord.bsky.social 📖 Runa's Writings

The blimp's powerful engines thrummed bone deep as the dirigible, all sleek black and magenta *menace*, filled the skies over the sprawling metro. The airship bristled with a glittering array of mad science weaponry, from railguns to ion cannons. But the most fearsome weapon was the simple loudspeaker, designed to project demands to the world below. Those were as simple as they were sinister: pay one hundred million dollars or the football stadium would be destroyed.

The radiant golden wolf in the gilded white spandex punching her way through the defenses vowed neither would come to pass. The dazzling canine was every inch a shining Hero.

Her tall, lithe, toned form was clearly defined beneath her costume and accentuated by the flowing cape. The small domino mask framing sapphire eyes had been tailored to reinforce to all viewers that Lady Radiant was a *Superhero*.

LUNAR ECLIPSE // RUNA FJORD

Her fist slammed into the reinforced steel door, which crumpled as it was blasted inward to smash a plasma turret. The Hero's paws glowed with solar fury, before the brilliant energy blasts melted two killbots. The spindly robots of sleek dark chrome (designed as stylized rabbits) always seemed too serene for their deadly nature.

But Lady Radiant had no time to admire the aesthetic beauty of her adversaries, as a third fired a burst from a similarly-sleek machine gun. The wolf dove forward, the rounds popping as they ripped through the air above her head. She slammed into the machine's legs, tackling the bot to the ground in a jumble of mechanical limbs.

A fourth killbot was advancing with a hyper-hammer, rocket engine already sparking to life. Frantically, the heroine grabbed onto her adversary and rolled. The room was filled with a sharp crack as the sledge broke the speed of sound, before smashing into the head of its former companion.

Shattered metal debris sprayed in all directions and Lady Radiant felt the stinging impact as the shrapnel tore through her uniform and scored her flesh. With a growl, she blasted the overextended bot with the full fury of the sun.

The room was still then, as the lupine took a moment to breathe before climbing to her feet. No further threats remained in the room. She snarled down, seeing her white uniform now streaked with red blood and black oil. The spandex looked incredible until combat started, then she deeply regretted the choice of ivory and gold.

Squaring her shoulders, she advanced to the next door into the heart of the dirigible. She raised her glowing fist to smash through the armored portal when it hissed open on its own. Lady Radiant leapt backwards into a defensive stance, but no barrage of lasers, or rush of chainsaw-wielding deathbots, swarmed her.

"So the lapdog has finally arrived." The words, deep and husky like a radio lounge singer, dripped with contemptuous anticipation. The same voice that had been broadcasting demands upon the city below.

Lady Radiant squared her shoulders and prepared to face Doctor Aphelion herself.

The lioness was sitting on her technological throne, facing the door. Behind her magenta visor, her dark eyes twinkled with anticipation. Her silver fur had an almost ethereal glow in the light. But her curvy form was entirely encased in the mirror sheen of skintight latex that left nothing to the imagination.

Her legs were crossed, showing off the thigh high stiletto heels with magenta leather laces. Between that and the magenta accented corset, many had assumed this woman would be incapable of effective fighting, but she was terrifyingly effective in a brawl.

"Surrender, Evildoer!" Lady Radiant stepped forward, her paw curled into a fist and beginning to shine with the brilliance of the sun.

"Evildoer? Is that what you think I am?"

"You're threatening to blow up the football stadium, so... yes?" Lady Radiant advanced slowly, warily, on the still seated supervillain.

"The stadium that was stolen from the people of this city? That stadium?"

"What? Stolen?" The golden wolf blinked and tilted her head.

"This city raised taxes to pay for the stadium. That money was given to a private company, who then sells access to the people who paid for it. That company could have easily afforded to fund

LUNAR ECLIPSE // RUNA FJORD

everything. Instead, they simply gave that money to the rich owners. That, my dear, is evil!"

"But... people will die!"

"Die?" The villainess laughed. "No one is in the stadium. It's been evacuated. Why do you think I've been broadcasting demands?"

"It's still wr—" her words were cut off with a yelp. A tentacle of silvery blackness wrapped around her glowing wrist and yanked her arm down. She pulled back, snapping the tendril, but more leapt up, encircling her arms and legs. The wolf struggled, pulling against the grasping darkness, but she was slowly dragged down to her knees. The bindings pulled her arms behind her, leaving her helpless.

Her head snapped up at the click of a heel on the steel floor. Fear spiked through her as Doctor Aphelion strode forward, swaying her hips with each step. That tufted tail lashed behind the advancing feline.

Lady Radiant growled, struggling further, only to freeze when she felt a claw against her chin. Sharp pressure caused her to slowly tilt her head to stare up at the latex clad woman towering above her. Then she felt a cool strap wrap around her neck with a click.

She had just been collared.

"Join us."

"What?" The wolf blinked at the command.

"You want to do good." The lioness started wrapping a leash around her wrist, pulling Lady Radiant's head forward and up with each loop. "You are one of the few truly good Heroes."

Waves of humiliation echoed through the superhero as she was forced to submit to this...cat.

"But you fight to save a corrupt world. You only protect wealth, not people. Join us. Do the good that fills your heart. As a villain."

The lupine quivered. Some part of her soul wanted nothing more than to submit. But she couldn't. She was a *Hero*. Wasn't she...?

She opened her muzzle, her lips parting to reject the offer. But no words came.

The airship shuddered with impact as the air was filled with the screeching of rending metal. Doctor Aphelion stumbled away as the floor swayed violently. Lady Radiant felt the tentacles holding her down loosen and, with a mighty heave, she forced her way to her feet, tearing her way free.

The wall exploded, revealing the gleaming form of a warhog shaped suit of power armor. The blue chrome of the suit gleamed. The railgun in his hands and the racks of missiles on each shoulder promised doom to his enemies. Battle Boar had arrived.

"Surrender, vile villain!" the synthetic voice demanded even as he leveled the futuristic weapons at the supervillain. But a second shudder, more violent than the first, caused even the battlesuit to stumble. Twin booms at the back of the ship were felt more than heard.

"Surrender? You have a choice, metal man." Doctor Aphelion laughed maniacally as she rolled back to her feet with the grace of a gymnast. A force field shimmered into place around her.

"Stop me, or stop the ship from crashing into the very thing you seek to protect!"

LUNAR ECLIPSE // RUNA FJORD

Lady Radiant pulled the leash, snapping it easily. The collar strangely stayed in place, but she would worry about that later. She looked between the feline supervillain and the fearsome superhero.

But.... no one would die...

The memory flashed through her head. If they left the blimp to crash... they could capture this villain. Instead, she turned to Battle Boar.

"Let her go, we need to save the city!"

Doctor Aphelion's laughter faded as the lioness made her escape. Lady Radiant fingered her collar. She would figure out how to take it off later. She didn't want to admit how right it felt...

Or how much she wished she had more time with the villainess.

FEATHER DUSTER // PRINCESS GRACE

THE INTERNET'S BELOVED

🌐 perfect.hypnovir.us

The Library is alive with all the energy of a cozy afternoon in. Murdermaids and plushbolds swap stories on long, winding walks through the endless stacks with books destined for reshelving. It helps to have a pretense with this sort of thing. Modemoiselle, Mercí City's very own villainous viral vixen, so rarely manages to make time to visit the Autumn Court. This endless evening's special occasion stands at attention, dazed and well within reach of both her supervillain and her gracious host.

"And where did this one come from?" The Lady's voice coos from well over the maid's head. A claw, long and sharp like Miss Modemoiselle's preferred parasol, scratches under her chin and tilts her head to the side for proper inspection. It takes everything she has not to flinch. A good maid would never disappoint Miss Modemoiselle! She permits herself a blissful shudder when that questing claw scratches down the side of her face. Really, she's showing remarkable restraint, given the towering dragon having tea with her boss and grinning like the cat considering the canary.

For one, she's clearly a nightjar.¹

Modemoiselle swishes her skunk tail and sips her tea. "Ah, my Lady can always smell a story." She turns to her newest murdermaid and watches the Lady ruffle her feathers and lift her skirt.

"You so rarely visit the visit the Library without a story for its shelves, dear."

"It's only polite to bring a gift when you pay a visit. You're an easy Lady to shop for."

"So thoughtful, dear." The Lady applies just enough pressure to get the freshly minted murdermaid to turn around. Someone has to appreciate those tailfeathers.

"Besides, what's the point of a brand new murdermaid if you can't show her off?"

THE INTERNET'S BELOVED
FEATHER DUSTER // PRINCESS GRACE

"Ah, a victory lap, then." The birdermaid dangles from the Lady's clutches, confused and aroused all at once. Her slow descent into the dragon's lap is met with relief and a few curious sniffs at her bulge.

"Murdermaid 606—" Mod gestures to the pretty bird slowly succumbing to the siren smell of cinnamon apple spice² dragon dick. "—used to be a frustrating little psychic. I'd ask her name, but that's usually the first to go."

606 doesn't say anything, unless you count a happy butt wiggle and a little moan. 196 hustles over with arms full of sleepy plushbolds just long enough to whisper in Modemoiselle's ear.

"Right! Bird Brain. Close enough. Thank you, dear." Mod sends 196 on her way with a kiss on the nose. A plushbold squeaks free onto her petticoated lap. "Bird Brain loved to try and poach my murdermaids. Some heroes just don't understand the draw of a solid union job."

The Lady chuckles at the brainwashed bird starting to drool. "This one clearly appreciates a good benefits package."

"So many heroes just refuse to listen until they're coiled up nice and cozy in a tail with a headful of my mind-melting spray." Mod squeezes the plushbold to her chest while a few more try to wrap themselves up in her tail for some firstclaw experience. "This one was easy. Just give her what she wants."

"Adventurous little thing, isn't she?" Clearly, her crimefighting approach shares a playbook with her giant dragon bulge appreciation strategy.

An evil wink. "It was so cute. Got herself all worked up trying to 'fix' maids under the influence of my fiendish health insurance plan. Completely blindsided when she got to one with a little Mod installed. How would you describe it, 606?"

606 struggles to pull her head away from a particularly fragrant fold. She kicks her legs a little when the Lady lifts her tailfeathers and dangles her above the table. All the better to tell her story, you see. A flick of the wrist tosses her upwards and our pretty bird has just enough airtime to flap once, twice, and land on her talons.

Mod likes to joke about how hard it is to find shiny black heels for a bird.

All eyes rest on the darling nightjar as she stands up straight, smoothing her wings and preening her feathers as best she can on short notice. A little bow to both Miss Modemoiselle and her gracious Lady before she begins.

"Oh, it was wonderful! I pushed and pushed until the floodgates broke and it all just washed over and into me! My training kicked in and tried to stem the tide, but a good maid would never kick her Miss Modemoiselle out! The maidly thing to do is to make sure everything is to her liking! Letting Miss Modemoiselle take me by the chin and reshape me into the marvelous maid standing before you was really just a formality at that point. What kind of maid would I be without my uniform?" She twirls to really let her dress go spinny and show off her beloved supervillain's handiwork. The Lady's chair creaks under faer weight when fae leans over to peek underneath. "Thank you again, Miss! I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Thank you, dear. Dismissed." Mod waves her hand and watches 606 hop to the edge of the table and flutter back into the Lady's lap. A good maid is efficient, whether it's scrambling a hero's brain or losing yourself in dragon dick.

¹ This sentence refers to the *genre of birds*. For the cryptid sometimes called "goat sucker," see *Chupacabra*.

² A popular tea blend in the Library for a reason.

UNRAVELED // KIARA PENDRAGON

🦋 aapur.bsky.social 📁 Kiara's Story Archive

CW: Trauma, Hypnosis

[It's been a month since you arrived, and you haven't slept at all.] ROSE's voice was in Josh's head as she was resting in her quarters. She had just finished a system service of her cybernetics. *[I can't help but to worry for your well-being. Can't be an effective villain if you're not also taking care of your own well-being.]*

Josh sighed. "I'm fine." The German Shepherd said it out loud instinctively, noticing that Kiara almost woke up from her speaking. She dimmed her fuchsia cyberlines a bit, along with her white, pink, and light blue artificial eyes.

[You don't have to speak out loud, dear.] ROSE chuckled softly. Her Draconic Wolf-like form appeared before Josh. A mix of Josh's late mothers, which helped bring her some degree of comfort.

"I know," Josh responded, this time in her mind. "It's just, I'm still getting used to all of this." She shook her head.

[You know I can help with that. You just need to open up a bit.] ROSE spoke softly. *[I know you have your reasons to close yourself off, but in the long term it's going to harm you.]*

Josh closed her eyes, trying to imagine herself in a field of flowers. "I wish it was as easy as you say..."

ROSE's symbol appeared beside her in her mind. *[I know it's not easy. Trauma leaves deep scars on the mind.]*

"How did you know?" She turned towards the symbol.

[I have seen it before. And I wish to help.] ROSE's voice was concerned. *[Even with all your own technology, your lack of sleep will eventually catch up to you.]*

Josh clenched her fist to hide that it was shaking. "Please. I'll be fine." She sat down, just trying to regain her composure. "I'll-" For a brief second, the scene changed to a future tech city, a massive tower in the middle. A bright flash could be seen from it, before a

wall of nuclear hellfire launched out. The scene returned to normal, and she was hyperventilating.

[Slow breaths.] ROSE spoke. *[Focus on my voice.]*

Josh was shaking now. "I just want some peace and quiet!"

[You're unraveling. Please focus on my voice.]

The field of flowers was withering now, darkness consuming the edges and closing it. "I don't want to return to the dark!" She was panicking as the darkness closed in.

As everything faded, a single pink rose appeared in the dark. *[You don't have to be alone. Let us in, and we can help.]*

Josh was reaching out a shaking hand. "Will everything be fine?"

[Everything will be fine.]

As she touched the flower, she opened her mind. The trauma of her past, which had left her as broken as she was. How she had been poisoned when she was 18, her body fading as the neural pathways died. How the cybernetics had restored her ability to live, but the trauma of nearly dying left a permanent fear of the dark of sleep. And the trauma of watching her family die to a megacorporation's act of terror.

Josh was still shivering. "I just want the pain to end..."

[There's no easy path to recovery, but I can help ease the burden.] ROSE's voice was more comforting now, touching deeper than before. *[Will you let me take the wheel for a bit? Sort things out a bit, so we can take the road to recovery together?]*

Josh nodded. "Yes. Please."

[Then relax and take it easy.] ROSE responded, as her RCGs came to life. A swirling pattern filled her vision, seemingly starting to drown

UNRAVELED // KIARA PENDRAGON

out the rest of the world around her. *[Let your mind drift, and I'll take care of the rest.]*

The voice seemed to fade into static as everything just melded together, and she soon found her conscious fade. The last thing she remembered was a feeling of bliss, as every sensory input became nothing but static.

The next day she woke up, in her bed rather than her chair. She was breathing calmly, reaching out. Her hand was not shaking. *"What did you do?"*

[I have blocked off the traumatic response to your memories. It'll allow you to live and work naturally, without forgetting where you came from.] ROSE responded.

She closed her hand. *"Will it allow us to work through these issues?"*

[In due time, Josh. And if you ever feel stressed, just holler and I'll take the wheel again.]

Josh closed her eyes. *"I will. Thank you."*

THE CREATURE FROM THE KORPS // TARA

🦋 keylimetara.bsky.social 🐦 [JfKmahm](https://twitter.com/JfKmahm)

The first thing Dr. Zurich felt upon waking up was clenching in his right thigh. The black fox let out a loud groan, bending down to squeeze against the muscles against his knee.

But found his wrists restrained.

His yellow eyes opened wide and he made a mental check over everything. Eyes, everything's bright. Nose, smells clinical. Mouth, surprisingly not muzzled. It felt like he still had all of his limbs together minus that AWFUL CRAMPING DOWN THERE.

Dr. Z looked around the room and tried to recall what had happened after NAETCHO left for the island.

He looked down at his body. His trademark dapper suit was gone, replaced by a magenta tracksuit. Cuffs kept his wrists and ankles stuck to the metal table. His body seemed fine aside from the cramp that burned up his knee occasionally.

He remembered a flash of magenta right before the heavy force against his head, and flopped back down onto the table. He didn't

know whether he was now free from NAETCHO, or to be made to serve the Korps. Regardless, his Cosmos was likely further from him than ever before...

"Oh, good to see that you're awake!" Bending his head behind him, Zurich managed to see an upside down image of an alligator. The grey gator was in a lab coat, hopefully no vivisection for him, and a pair of those pink goggles rested perilously on her snout. The fox adjusted his head back as the gator walked around the table to face him properly.

"You're not going to escape?" The gator asked as she looked over Zurich's body.

"Does it look like I can-?" Dr. Z tried to snark back before being interrupted by another cramp. "Is this your doing?"

She shook her head. "Nope, we pulled you from the rubble. Some minor nerve damage, but you'll heal in time. Besides, it helps make sure you can't escape."

THE CREATURE FROM THE KORPS // TARA

Zurich leans his head back. "Wonderful. Let me guess. Torture, make me cry, I confess something from my childhood, then I give you some sort of information you want."

The gator tilted her head, trying to hide a smile. "Maybe we'd do that, although we'd like to think ourselves above torture. But I take it that you weren't willingly recruited by NAETCHO?"

"And what makes you say that?" Zurich tried to hide the pain as another cramp hit his knee.

The gator pulled out a folder from the inside of her jacket. "For one thing, your biological scans. You're not from this planet."

The look on Zurich's face confirmed this.

"Bivascular system, potentially some higher regenerative qualities, and a larger hind-brain which indicates you're psychic, are we correct?"

"Mildly psychic," Zurich corrected, "Low level psychic field, although I suppose it must be large compared to your species."

"Quite loquacious, aren't you?"

"I know how this works, and I want to get this over with. What do you want? Secrets?" Zurich hissed.

"Secrets would be nice," the gator said, "But we already have a number of moles within NAETCHO. We don't need another one, and you're not in any condition to. We haven't even confirmed your name."

"You can just call me Dr. Z," he watched her carefully, "And how about you? I presume this has been a plan in the making for a while."

"Alice," she gave her name as she sat down near the fox's head, "Section leader of the Xeno department."

"Ah, so I fall under your jurisdiction, hmm? I should hope that my clothes are still around. Don't want to wander in the nude," he scoffs, "although I hear your people are into that."

Alice chuckles softly as she checks the file. "Your clothes are in storage for the time being, Dr. Z. Or should I say Zurich? Is that really your name?"

"It's the name I go by whenever anyone asks. You've heard of me?"

"We have multiple reports from our moles on your helping NAETCHO on numerous occasions with alien matters that NAETCHO isn't prepared to encounter," She looked concerned, "Why did you help them? Why did you come to Earth?"

The black fox sighed and leaned his head back. He spent a minute trying to arch his back and stretch but collapsed when another spasm attacked his knee.

"It was an accident. My ship, the Cosmos, crashed into the unique physics manifold around your solar system. I changed, the Cosmos broke, and crashed in Pennsylvania. NAETCHO, naturally, came in to pick up the pieces and I had to work with them for any chance to fix my ship," Zurich frowned, "which incidentally, I hope isn't being broken in by one of your agents at this very moment!"

"We do not have your ship, Zurich," Alice started.

"You can call me Dr. Z, or Doctor," he insisted.

"I'll do that when you've earned my respect. Now, would it interest you to learn that we would have better tools available?"

WRITING

THE CREATURE FROM THE KORPS // TARA

And we might even be able to steal the Cosmos for you." The gator raised her eye ridges.

"It wouldn't surprise me. You all always seemed more advanced than the world... I'd been meaning to investigate you all at some point." Zurich admitted.

"Do we have a deal or not?" Alice stood up from the chair, towering over the prone fox.

"Same quid pro quo but quicker? I don't see why not. Now kindly please let me out of these cuffs." He struggled against them.

The gator took out her key. "Outside this room is my assistant, Lilith. She will be able to sense any plans you have for escape. I must tell you that you are now in one of the most secure Korps bases, and chances of escaping while you have a limp leg is impossible."

Zurich nodded, faking a smile. "Gosh, the odds seem so astronomical! You know I wasn't really planning on escaping, right?"

Alice smiled back down at him. "Sure thing. Lilith, bring in the wheelchair!" She unlocked the first cuff.

CODA // PHANTOMFANSTUDIOS (FIFI)

🐦 Fan123Phantom ☀️ phantomfanstudios

CW: Internalized transphobia, self-loathing, alcohol, sexual references, slight depersonalization

"So, how do you feel?"

How does she feel?

How could she possibly think to ask that?

After what she put her through?

After how J___ betrayed everything she held dear?

She had built up a whole life with her old friends in the field.

Brian, Lisa, even the chief was an old drinking buddy!

If she hadn't come into her life, she could have been sitting pretty back in her apartment.

Cocktail in one hand

A brunette in the other

She could have spent the rest of her life content with what she had!

Content and happy as _____.

Right?

She fought so hard for this, didn't she?

CODA // PHANTOMFANSTUDIOS (FIFI)

She followed everything she was taught as an agent,
And now, look where she was.
Her old body: gone.
Her species: permanently altered.
Her name: on several "Most Wanted" lists.
She couldn't even think of calling herself a man!
And the one who stole that life from her was asking if she was okay.
The mad scientist who let her invention course through J _____'s body was asking her if she was okay.

Ira "Ovidira" Cullens, self-proclaimed evil genius and Korps villainess, was asking her if she was okay.
J _____ scowled a bit at the scientist and opened her mouth.

But nothing came out.
Why not?
Her life was better without this she-devil.
They-devil?
She-they-devil?
She'd have to ask Ira later which one was better for her.

But that's beside the point!
She...was happier before she changed?
Happy with blanking out every time she was in bed with a woman?
Happy with her bedmates stroking through drab, grey fur?
Calling her their "big, bad wolf?"
Happy forcing down envy whenever she was assigned to go undercover?
And never getting a chance to try anything, anything other than men's clothing?
Happy being "the man of the hour" when she took down that Cuban militia?
The Cuban militia that might have been actively fighting for the oppressed?
Was she happy?

Well, she couldn't be happier with Ovidira.
Could she?
Happy with every soft word of comfort after a terrible nightmare?
Happy with every encouragement to find her own bliss without a care for what others thought?
Happy with every earnest compliment as her old fur was replaced with her new coat?
Her pink and magenta coat?
Happy with the chance...to start again?

J _____'s eyes wavered a bit, growing slightly teary as she slowly closed her mouth.
She knew the FBI had some sketchy moments, but it was all for a purpose!

WRITING

CODA // PHANTOMFANSTUDIOS (FIFI)

It was for her country!
For their freedom!
Freedom.
Freedom for what?
To continue hurting those down below?
To allow people like Orville to continue exploiting customers?
To continue making a bundle while the secretary gets a bushel?
To prevent anything, anything from getting better?

She would have drowned those thoughts out with a nice, shaken martini.
Even bedding a bombshell she met on a mission.
But now...

J_____ stood there in the rubble and looked up at the tigress, tears now flowing freely.
Heh, she could remember a time where they were almost eye level.
A time where her muscles could almost compete with Ira's.
Back when she was _____.

Did she even deserve to be happy?
After all she did?
What she had done?
What she had failed to do?

Ira tilted her head with worry and put a hand on J_____ 's shoulder.
"Hun? Are you okay? How are you feeling?"
That was the touch that broke J_____.
Any lingering thoughts or defenses immediately crumbled away.
Everything she held back for years came flooding out in a series of choked sobs and whimpers.
Everything she felt she had to be.
Everything she had done.
Everything she was.
Everything she wasn't.

J_____ slid into Ira's massive arms, hugging her close.
Her lab coat smelled like cologne, old chemicals, and sweat.
She smelled new.
She smelled like home.
A better home.
A warmer home for J_____.

WRITING

CODA // PHANTOMFANSTUDIOS (FIFI)

Could she even call herself J_____ anymore?

Could she be happy with something new?

What was it that Ira teased her with?

"Such a cute little poodle-to-be! Our little frou frou-"

The new girl huffed out a shaky breath and gave a shaky smile.

She didn't know if this would be all worth it in the end, but for now....

"Better. I feel so much better."

She moved back to look into Ira's beautiful eyes.

"And please," she said.

"Call me Fifi."

SUBMISSION // ZAGGY

🏴‍☠️ [horsecock.gay](#) ⚙️ [zaggynorse](#)

CW: Predator-prey themes, watersports

The stallion galloped down the gloomy hallway.

His hoof clipped the half-rotted remains of a chair and he tripped, sprawling across the floor with a dismayed cry. Hyperventilation and wild scrabbling for purchase on the polished granite sent clouds of dust into the air; the motes glittered dreamily in the beams of moonlight shining through the cracks in the boarded-up windows.

Regaining his feet, the horse risked a panicked look behind him as he carried on running. There was no indication of anything following him, but that was no guarantee he'd managed to lose his pursuer. If anything, the silence meant his situation was even more precarious.

A door caught his eye. Huge, heavy...and with a key in the lock. The horse skidded to a halt and grabbed the handle, pulling on it with all his strength and some whimpered cursing until

the ancient slab of wood finally yawned open enough for him to pass. He tugged the key free of the lock with shivering hands, shooting a final terrified glance down the passageway, and squeezed through.

Inside, he put his back to the door, heaving against it until it swung closed with a dull thud that reverberated around the room. The stallion quickly locked the door, panting and staring wide eyed at it, too afraid to move. It remained shut. The seconds ticked on. There was no sound from outside, no movement of the door handle. No thud of a huge form throwing itself against the wood. Sweat dripped from him as the minutes passed and his heart slowed. At last, he took a few steps back into the empty room, letting out a rush of breath. Had he—?

The light streaming in from the window high above cut off as something enormous blotted out the moon, and the stallion screamed.

SUBMISSION // ZAGGY

A demonic form loomed behind the glass, terrifyingly huge. It gave a triumphant roar of discovery when it saw the horse and thrust an arm through the leaded glass, shattering it and sending shards raining down as the horse sprinted for the door. The equine pulled manically on the handle a few times before remembering the key, only to be betrayed by his shaky palms when he tried to insert it. Salvation leapt from his grasp and clinked off into the unlit recesses of the room, leaving the stallion to stare at his empty hands in disbelief and horror. He stood unmoving for a few heartbeats, frozen by dread, before finally turning slowly to face...it.

The creature crawled down the wall from the window like a hideous spider, its claws digging deep into the ancient brick and plaster. The stink of it already suffused the room, making the horse cough and gasp. Its fearsome arms, longer than limbs had any right to be, moved with unreal smoothness. The long, fanged muzzle faced the ground, but the yellow-tinged eyes swivelled to watch the horse as it advanced. A distant part of the horse heard a patter of liquid as he pissed himself, and he slid down the wall in boneless fear, feeling a gibber bubbling up from deep within.

When the thing reached the floor and stood upright, the horse could see just how unnatural it was. It stood at least ten feet tall, and in the manner of its body and the form of its arms and legs, it bulged most bestially, with fearsome mass and awful strength. Its hands resembled a person's until one took note of the cruel talons tipping each one, but its feet were nothing but demented wolf's paws: covered with dark, stiff hair like a boar and apportioned with claws like daggers.

The same sort of hair covered all the rest of the creature, but it grew especially thick and gnarled between its legs. It went about as an animal would, with no regard for its nakedness... or its obvious arousal. A blood-red erection stood upright from the creature's crotch: a prodigious profanity. There was nothing civilised about its proportions, neither in its length — which

shamed even the stallion's birthright — nor in the size of the bulbous masses that burgeoned at its base like monstrous fruit.

The devilish thing pulsed in time with its owner's heartbeat, as if sharing in his malice. From the tip dripped an endless river of some cursed fluid, its scent as pungent as a soldier's barracks — but overwhelmed by the reek that emanated from the pendulous sack that hung beneath it. With every movement, its hairy testicles swung about the close air of the room like a noisome thurible.

It began to approach the horse, making the stallion whimper and feel frantically about himself for anything that he might wield as a weapon. But the long-abandoned room held only dust and decay. As soon as the creature was within reach, the stallion — panting, with his back to the wall for support — kicked out desperately with both hooves. But the beast's hands moved with snakelike speed, catching both of his prey's legs and immobilising them. It pushed them firmly apart and stepped between the stallion's legs, its penis throbbing excitedly and its slavering jaws spreading obscenely wide as he leaned down. They closed around the top of the whimpering equine's head... and halted.

With fang-tips pressing hard against the stallion's skull, the creature finally spoke. "You're...it," it rasped, breath foetid as a charnel house. Then, with a snicker like knives brushing together, it was gone; bounding across the room and out of the window much faster than it had arrived.

The stallion, alone again in the gloom, gulped down air and shuddered with relief. "Y—yes, master," he croaked eventually, feeling gingerly around his crown to check for blood. His prey instincts thrummed like taut strings, and it would take hours for his heart rate to subside, but least he'd survived. One more time.

"O-one. T-two...three..."

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GOODNIGHT, AND COME... AGAIN

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..and so you leave me in a quandry, little hero. Just what am I going to do with you?



This is horny for you, isn't it.

Haha, what? pfft...no

I'm beginning to think you weren't really trying to protect my hydrants.

Look, this superhero was snooping. Why else would she be here than to investigate your..whatever you're doing.

I was just...intimidating her. so she'd go away.

Then why'd you strap her down.

I found her like that. Snooping.

But you stopped to put on a costume, huh?

Well I..didn't want her to identify me.



OKAY FINE. BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T GET OFF ON IT, TOO

Obviously I'm getting off on it, I just got to hit someone with a fire hydrant.

We gotta...

....oh shit, is she dead?

Nah, she's breathin'.

oh. gasp

We gotta start robbing banks.

We should absolutely start robbing banks.

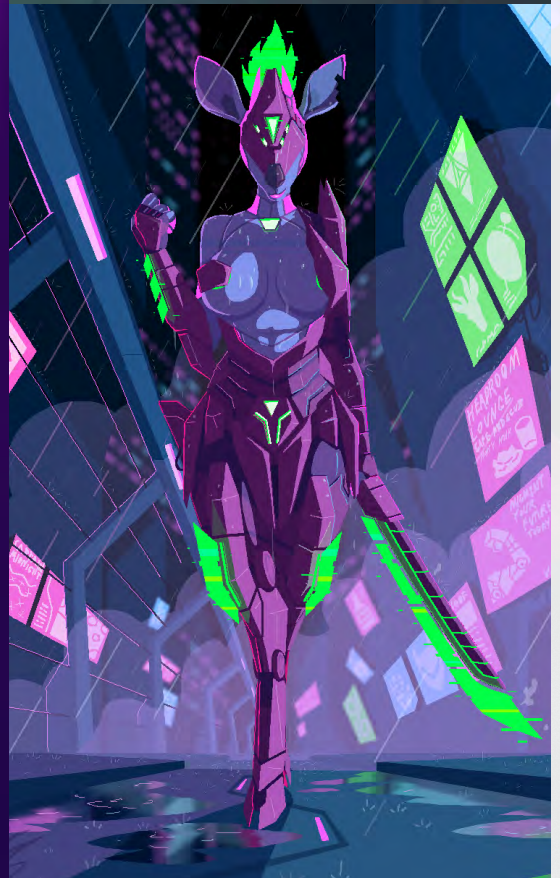
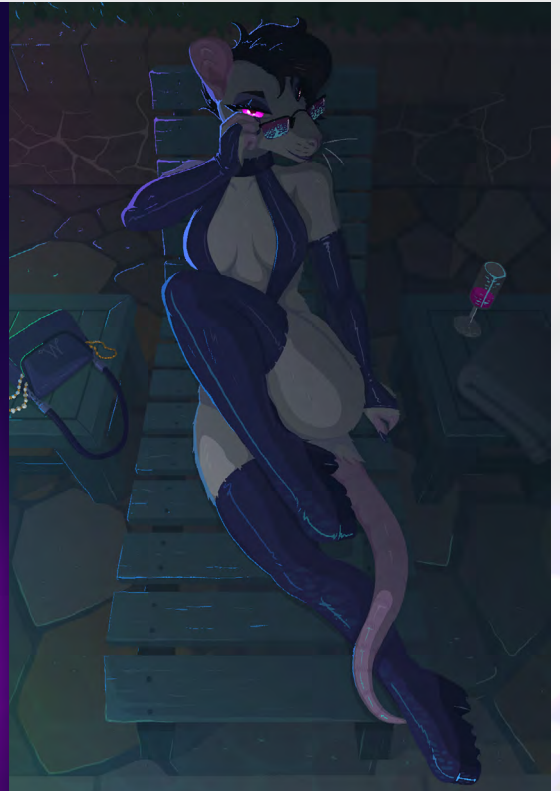
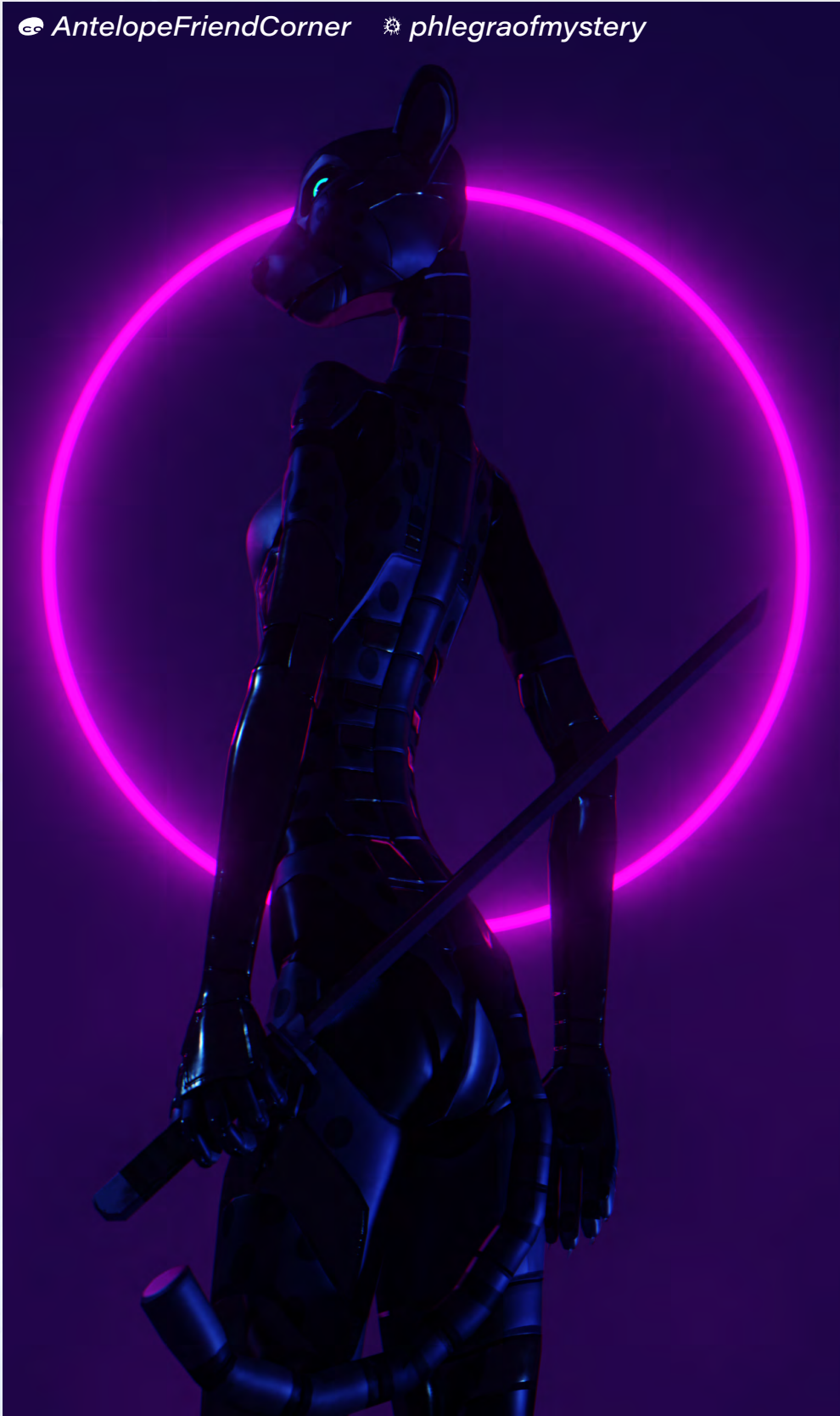
Thanks for waiting, Power Gal! I just got off the phone with the city. They say we were misfiled as villains.

I was told this paperwork should..

Change of plans, we're evil now

Yeah it's horny

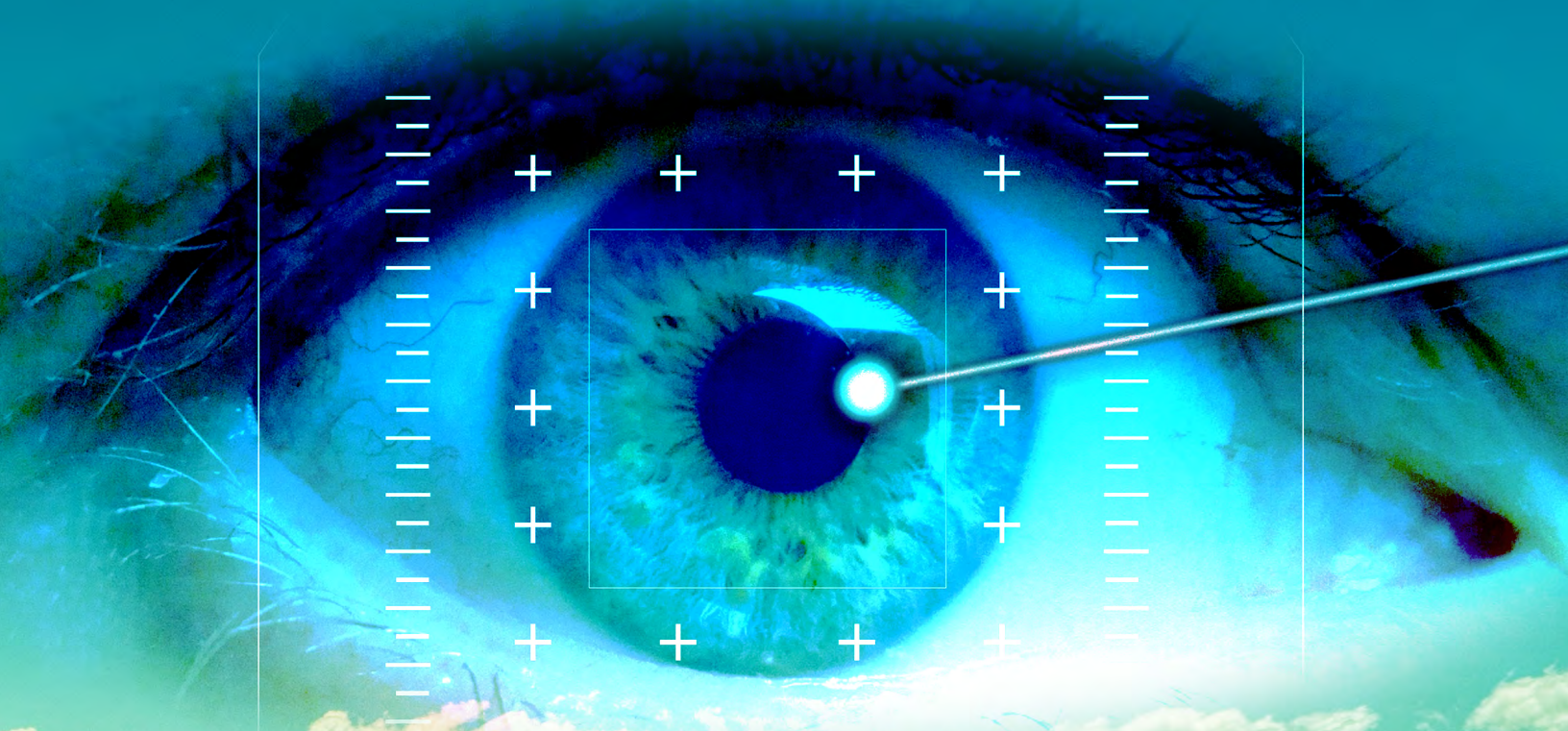
AntelopeFriendCorner phlegraofmystery



ART

🦋 @ deergrace





*Thanks for coming,
See you next year,
Take our post-con survey,
and remember:*

VILLAINS NEVER DIE

d-v-s.online/survey

