

A week had gone by since Robyn became a woman. *She* hadn't left *her* dingy studio apartment since getting back to the city. How could she? Almost everyone Robyn knew lived in Morganta, the city of ivory marble and sandy granite townhouses, where fountains spewed water at every avenue and plaza, where the ambitious came to find glory, and where her workplace Adventurers Gone Wild was based.

Not Robyn. Not anymore. She had to make plans to leave. Start a new life someplace far away. Farther than anyone could possibly recognize her. Maybe the boonies? Start a farm and become self-sufficient like her folks?

"I wonder what everyone on XXXitter is saying," Robyn said, pulling out her phone to check the widely-used social media site for adult use.

The triple-X logo taunted her. This simple device powered by the web of arcane energies across the world connected people from all walks of life. Robyn had used it to follow her favorite adult actresses and friends where they often posted updates and life stories. She even ego-surfed herself often.

When the app opened, thousands of notifications and messages signified by the red dot over the icons awaited Robyn. People had flooded her inbox. Her profile description was as followed— '25, adult actor. #AGW #elf #stud. A week ago, she only had 43 followers and among them were a small handful of fans who regularly interacted with her. Now? Her follower count had ballooned up to over 9,000!

How?! Why?! It was no god damn coincidence that this happened right after transforming into a girl.

"Man... I wonder what people are inboxing me..." Robyn hesitated to select the direct message icon.

They must be messages of support, right? People who were fans of when she was a guy, reaching out after hearing about her feminization. They had to be!

Robyn opened the most recent message sent an hour ago by a profile named 'xxOrcBGC4Femxx' and was greeted with a giant, green penis. The tip was oozing cum over the vidcrystal box cover of her latest porno with Lilia. Captioned over the image read— *Cum Tribute for Robyn*.

"It's settled." Robyn sat up in bed. "Social media was a mistake, and I'm getting the fuck outta Morganta."

Someone rapped their knuckles against the door to Robyn's room, sending her back underneath the covers.

"Are you done moping yet? For the love of all that's decent, get out of there already. We got pornos to shoot!" Cordelius' annoying and shrill voice pierced her ears like an ice pick.

"Is that you, Cordy? I'm not leaving!" Robyn shouted back.

"Let me try," Sienna could be heard saying. "Robyn, I can smell the instant cup noodles in there! You've stacked them up again, haven't you?"

"N-No..." she replied, shooting an uneasy look at the table where two tilting towers of empty containers sat.

As if Robyn could afford to eat anything else on such a paltry income. Even this shitty apartment reflected her wealth. The cupboards had no doors because the hinges were broken. Sometimes, a mouse would scurry from one hole to another. The walls were so thin, she could hear the upstairs couple going at it every other night. Get out of here already! Split rent elsewhere!

Sienna and Cordelius started whispering, probably trying to concoct a plan on how to get Robyn outside. While they were talking over each other, she tiptoed over to the table, gathered all the cup noodles, and dumped it all out the window which fortunately faced the alley.

"Robyn won't come out as long as you're here, Cordy. How about you head back to the office and let me talk to her alone?" Sienna suggested.

"It's been a week, and I ain't waiting another damn day! I've got scenarios lined up for the next ten years with Robyn. He— I mean, *she*— hehe... is going to be Adventurers Gone Wild's golden goose!" the stupid imp exclaimed.

"I'm not coming out of this room!" Robyn marched right up to the door and yelled. "Do you even know what I'm going through? Every day I go to sleep, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. These tits are in the way of everything. Just one goddamn step, and they bounce like a slime. Hell... I've been pissing sitting down!"

Both of them quieted down. It was silent for a bit.

"You're right. How could I have been so shortsighted? There's a market for waterworks!" Cordelius exclaimed.

"Fuck you, Cordy! I quit!" Robyn threw her hands in the air.

"Well, I guess you won't be needing your royalties then."

The heavy jingle of kleins, the standard traded currency in the Hamisburg Republic, stopped Robyn in her tracks. When Robyn opened the door just a crack, Cordelius and Sienna were there. A fat sack of kleins rested between the imp's feet. Her jaw dropped.

"Th-That's my week's royalty?" Robyn gaped.

"110 pure silver kleins from— you guessed it, that flick of you getting turned into this bombshell babe." Cordelius nodded, flashing his gold buck tooth.

Robyn reached for the bag of kleins, but Cordelius was faster. He pinched the opening shut with his forked tail.

"If you quit, then I've got no reason to pay ya." Cordelius grinned.

"Fine, I won't quit! I'm not staying this way forever though. I get the final say about being in a film as per our contract. In the meantime, I'll be looking for a way to reverse this spell," Robyn said.

"Reverse?!" His face contorted with horror until Sienna elbowed him. "Okay. Just get your ass to the office!"

Cordelius tucked tail and flew downstairs, leaving behind the bag of money. Robyn picked up the hefty sack and gazed into the mountain of glinting silver square tiles.

"You alright?" Sienna asked.

"Heh... hehe... I am now. Tonight's round of drinks are on me!" Robyn pulled out two handfuls of kleins and breathed deeply of their metallic scent.

"I guess all the bars we visit can finally collect on your tab." The draph smirked, wiping the smile off Robyn's face.

They headed into the dirt-stained Prattle Street that was once polished white. It was named as such for the chattering lowlives that made their homes around this block. Carriages, who had no choice but to brave the cracked asphalt, always picked up the pace to get to the more aesthetic part of the city. A rank sewage stench wafted up from the drain grates.

Robyn had thrown on several cloaks, hoping no one noticed her. Unfortunately, no amount of clothing was going to hide these damn breasts. Her eyes wandered to Sienna, who was much more endowed.

Since the only clothes Robyn had were from when she was a dude, they were all tight around the chest. For once, she didn't have to tighten the lace around the tunic's collar. It would suffocate her breasts if she did it now.

"Never thought I'd end up griping about my own clothes... How are you able to walk without them flailing all over the place?" Robyn asked, peeved by how much they pinched her skin.

Sienna laughed. "Same way you kept your balls from flailing all over the place. Instead of briefs, it's called a bra. Though, you wouldn't have one since you were a guy until last week. I'd let you borrow mine, but uh..."

"Comparing tits size with me now, huh? Is it anything like how guys compare dicks size?"

"Kinda. Except we don't, you know, have an existential crisis over them being small. But what I want to know is... have you... *touched* yourself yet?" she whispered with a teasing smile.

Robyn straightened up and went red in the face.

"N-No! I... I mean... yes... a little..." Robyn pressed her index fingers together.

She expected her friend and work colleague to make fun of her, but the laughter died down abruptly.

"Hey, uh... I want to get something out of the way. I know you're freaking out about losing your dick. Just know that you can lean on me, alright? We're friends. Before you lost it, you've stuck that thing into me more times than I can count. If you ever need anything, let me know," Sienna said.

Right then, Robyn was reminded of the mortified look Sienna had in the dungeon. When the magic circle activated, she sounded genuinely terrified.

"Appreciate it, Sienna. Though it doesn't look like I'll be sticking my dick in you anytime soon." Robyn sulked.

The two shared a laugh and didn't notice the group of rough men surrounding them.

"Well if it isn't Milky!" A large human man with a wreath of red hair sidled up to them.

"Oh, great." Sienna cursed under her breath, then put on a high-pitched voice. "Hey! Are you guys fans of Milky's Milk?"

Robyn's jaw dropped for the second time today.

"Why are you talking like that— oorrghh!"

A powerful elbow jab to the side knocked the wind out of Robyn.

"Who's that you got with you, Milky? A cute little elf?" Another one of the group, his arms tattooed-up from the wrists up to the shoulders, leaned down to her with a salacious smile.

"That's just my friend," Sienna said, pulling Robyn behind her and attempting to skirt around them to leave. "We're going somewhere, so if you don't mind—"

"What's the hurry? Why don't you two spend some time with us?" The same large man who approached them first tried to put an arm around Sienna's shoulders.

"Yo, hands off. Can't you tell she's not interested?" Robyn swatted his hand away.

They were taken aback, then cracked a couple of smiles.

"You're a feisty one, aren't ya? Bet you can squeal just as nicely." He leaned in so close, looming over Robyn that it reminded her how much smaller she was.

"E-Eep... You know what? It's time to go!" Robyn grabbed Sienna's hand and bolted down the street.

"Hey—!"

Ignoring them, they raced down a couple of blocks before rounding a sharp corner. Thankfully, those guys didn't give chase. Robyn pressed her back to the wall, gasping for breath.

"Holy crap, I forgot I wasn't a guy anymore... People usually leave me alone after I speak up. How come you didn't tell them off?" Robyn asked, panting.

"As if that works... Listen, Robyn. You don't have a dick anymore," Sienna began in a scolding manner.

"You don't have to preface every talk with that!"

"Things'll work very differently for you now. Guys like them aren't going to leave you alone. Sometimes, you have to clench your jaw and put on a smile. Or it doesn't end well," she added.

"I didn't like that you had to put on an act. That's for the cameras. It was obvious they were getting on your nerves. I couldn't help it," Robyn said.

Sienna's demeanor shifted to a softer look. Her hair wasn't in a braid today, draping freely down her back and chest. She twirled a couple of locks in her finger.

"Th-Thanks..." Sienna mumbled. "But I'm a draph. You should know more than anyone I can handle myself. Anyway, let's get to the office before Cordy blows a lid."

Adventurers Gone Wild was an abandoned storage building situated behind an ore smelting facility. This industrial side of Morganta saw little foot traffic, mainly because it always smelled like smoke. The entire side of their one-story office, once a pristine white, was now dusted gray from ashes and cinders.

Still, laborers and burden beasts pulled cut stones in giant wagons through the streets. The wealthy quarries of marble and granite which surrounded Morganta created countless job opportunities. From them came the need of the Civil Guard, a massive civilian guild that stretched across the continent made up of adventurers doing all sorts of odd jobs. Here in Morganta, their main line of work was protecting quarry laborers from monsters.

Too bad Robyn, in all her averageness as a guy, didn't have the strong body cut out to work in the quarries. Neither did she have the magic or martial talents to become an adventurer.

Which was why, as they finally reached the dusty door to their office, Robyn had taken the only job that was offered to her— an adult actor. *Actress* now.

"About damn time!" Cordelius exclaimed from the head of the rectangular table.

The modest conference room was filled with posters of their previous works. Though, it was mostly to cover the wall since the paint was peeling off. Copies of magic crystals printed with past films lined the shelves. On the largest cubby, a small shrine was dedicated to Milky's Milk. It consisted of the crystal on a cushion, elevated on a pedestal.

The other members of the production crew were around, too. Seven people in total, with five others on contractual rotation. Twinkle was their lighting assistant. Skip and Dane were the main cameramen. Cordelius was the company's *esteemed* director. Robyn and Sienna were the in-house actors.

Last but not least, Sylvia. No last name. The stone cold devilin, who wasn't with them during the shoot, currently stood at Cordelius's side. She was a crimson-skinned business woman in a black dress suit and skirt. An earpiece plugged into her right ear, always at the ready to take or make calls. Two horns, the right one blunted from an accident, protruded from her jet black bob-cut. In each hand held a clipboard, currently being written into by two tails holding pencils. Having a pair of tails was unique to the devilin race, and any who possessed two were supposedly destined for greatness. Yet Sylvia was the studio's secretary, who handled all of the behind-the-scenes negotiations.

"Seeing is believing, Robyn." Sylvia acknowledged her with a nod. "You really are a woman now. By the way, the collaboration with Lilia Amerella was a resounding success. Although, she isn't very happy about the changes to the script towards the end."

Quite the busybody as usual, that devilin.

"Yeah, well... You can blame Cordy for that. So, why's everyone here? We shouldn't have a shoot until next month," Robyn said as she sat down next to Twinkle, and Sienna took a seat adjacent to her.

The entire production crew didn't meet unless it was to film. Every other meeting, like brainstorming a scene or idea and hashing out a collab, usually cut out Twinkle, Skip, and Dane.

"Told ya at your apartment, didn't I? No point waiting for next month when we've got a treasure trove of scenarios to film. Sylvia, take it away." Cordelius snapped his fingers.

"Of course." Sylvia cleared her throat and lifted one clipboard up to her glinting, black eyes. "While you were wallowing away in despair the entire week, we've taken the liberties of drawing up several scenarios and preemptively reaching out to independent actors for collaborations. All of which will star you."

"Say what?" Robyn stared blankly.

"Firstly, and this is the director's most desirable choice: Sex Slave to Orcs," she said.

"REJECTED!"

The director slammed both hands onto the table. "Being captured by the less intelligent races is getting popular! Female adventurers fight things like orcs and goblins all the time. Deep down, they long to be defeated. To become their prisoner and made a sex slave out of. They just don't want to risk the shame associated with it. Or possibly being brutally hurt."

"And you think I do?!" Robyn asked in shock.

"I've done it with an orc before. I didn't like it, but don't knock it until you try it." Sienna shrugged.

"Th... There's no way I would..."

Robyn had seen that flick of Sienna and the orc before. The size and girth of their massive green thing... full of warts and... She shook her head before the thoughts could burrow any deeper.

Strange. Did the thought of having sex as a woman actually turn Robyn on? She squeezed her thighs together.

"Very well. The next on the list is slime play. We have contacted a slime ranch that raises non-acidic and non-corrosive slimes for all manner of uses," Sylvia suggested.

"Remove everything that has to do with putting *anything* inside me!" Robyn demanded as a wave of dizziness assailed her.

"Hey, hey! Do I have to remind you what our job is? What are we without porn?" Cordelius groaned.

Having sensed Robyn's hesitation, Sienna raised a hand.

"I'm taking her side. Robyn *just* became a girl. We can't possibly expect her to just do everything I've done. Cordy, how would you feel if we stuck something up your ass right now?" Sienna asked seriously.

"Depends. How much am I getting paid? It's all business to me!" Cordelius fired back.

"All I'm saying is give her time," the draph implored them. "She'll come around. Until then, is there something more tame?"

"Sienna... you're an angel..." Robyn muttered tearfully.

"You're not out of the woods yet. I want to see you get dicked one day." She smirked.

"Urk..."

Sylvia and Cordelius exchanged glances. The secretary's sharp eyes went to the other clipboard, quickly scanning all that must have been written in there.

"In that case, we did receive a product advertising opportunity. Tammy's Steel. Tammy Rocan specializes in forging armor for women. She recently signed a contract to work with a big enchanting company for a new line of armor. They are seeking models to try their equipment and photograph for poster display in their stores," Sylvia explained.

"I can do that!" Robyn jumped to her feet, excited for a quick pay that didn't involve sex. "What kind of equipment are we talking? Full plate? Chainmail?"

The secretary shook her head. "Bikini armor."

Robyn's excitement vanished like a candle being snuffed out.

"B-Bikini... armor?" she stuttered.

"Weren't you complaining about clothes, Robyn? Ready to try on something new?"
Sienna flashed a wicked smile.