



STARLET MATERIAL

Looking down a vast, empty hallway lacking in decor and color besides overbearing white, the sole human occupant of the strangely oppressive structure could do little else but crane his neck downward to look at his own being and the shadow cast by it to give his mind some measure of peace after what felt like hours waiting inside this dreadful place.

The money had been too great to refuse, but yet, he couldn't help but regret his decision to come here in the first place. It was like being in those cells or rooms he'd read about online; unsuspecting places where the inhumane drove sensible people to insanity by leaving them trapped inside rooms or other such cramped spaces without any auditory or visual stimuli to speak of...

In other words; *Sensory Deprivation*...and when the searing lights above burning brilliant white were strong enough to blot out the shadows cast in the corners of the walls, floors and ceiling worked in tandem with the eerie silence hanging in the air with nary the whir of ventilation of the thudding of footsteps to be heard, the man unfortunate enough to find himself locked inside such an environment couldn't help but wonder if he'd been lured here for the express purpose of such a terrible experiment instead of the modeling job he thought he was here to fulfill.

Born into the world as *Nathan Wilford*, the young man was already months into a profitable career as a freelance Art Model, spending hours on end staying still in whatever poses his many clients wanted him in while they sketched or painted his likeness onto plain canvases. Most of the time, his services went toward educational institutes, working with lecturers to provide fitting reference material for art students. Rarely would he ever take on singular contracts involving solo artists simply looking for a model to use as a base for their next work.

But this latest one has been far too lucrative to refuse, with a pay out totalling over five times as much as Nathan would've earned taking one job from his highest paying client. He would've been an idiot to turn it away in spite of all the nasty rumors going around about the man who had taken a fancy to him. At face value, they sounded like simple derogatory claims without rhyme or reason, fabricated lies aimed to chip away at his reputation as a famous individual in the art community by making him look like a shady recluse with criminal connections and even a link to the dark side of the government...at that point, Nathan had simply brushed aside all the naysayers he found online, choosing instead to place his trust in *Samuel Samson*, an alias the infamous artist used in all his dealings and works. With the reminder of how precarious his profession was when it came to bad months, he *needed* this boon.

He still remembered the thrill and excitement of being granted the opportunity to meet and model for such a big name in the industry. Unable to get a good night's rest the day before the fateful meeting, the heart pounding moment he had been dropped off right outside Samuel's humble abode, the burning curiosity for all the weird design choices that went into the man's home. Like why there didn't seem to be that many open spaces save for the front lobby as he follows the provided instructions listed in the email

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upon accepting the contract, going through corridor after corridor lined with locked doors he couldn't access, going on for much longer than the simple bungalow-esque exterior suggested before arriving at his destination; another indiscernible hallway with a door sporting a label with a number on it; 069...nothing obviously incriminating about that at all...

Without any further instructions, the only thing Nathan could do was wait until the strange artist was finally ready to meet him, presumably setting something up behind the singular door in the middle of the corridor, in front of which sits the chair he was currently nestled on, steadily losing his nerves once the isolated and labyrinthian nature of the tunnel network begins to eat away at his composure, steadily becoming paranoid and irksome the longer he remained there, seated with nothing else to keep his mind occupied. Cell reception was dead and a lack of signal meant that he couldn't access the internet using his phone, leaving Nathan with his hands tied behind his back, contemplating the idea of leaving with every passing second.

But just before the stress could reach its peak, the very audible click of a door lock turning instantly grabs Nathan's attention as his neck spins on a swivel toward the twisting knob right before the sleek door opens, allowing glorious auditory heaven to rush in from beyond as the model rises from his seat, trying desperately to hide the dissatisfaction on his face as he moves to shake hands with a surprisingly handsome face set atop a drastically opposing form...

He was tall and lanky, dressed in white with a head of hair that was beginning to take on the same pale coloration from the roots. And with an albino layer of smooth skin, it was almost as if the master himself was becoming one with his monstrous home if he were to grow any paler, then the red of his jaws and the dark orbs of his eyes would be the only (and most terrifying) way anyone would be able to tell where Samuel even was if he kept sticking to the dreary choice of deathly colors, or lack thereof to clothe himself in...

"Hi there! Mr Wilford yes? Sorry for the long wait, I hadn't expected the tuning to take so long. You look a bit rattled, come, I've got some refreshment prepared."

"Rattled's a bit of an understatement I think...and just Nathan will do...Nathan's good...what did you say about a tune up? I thought I was just here to model for your work...?"

"Oh it'll all be made clear in due course, come, I've got something to show you! Ah, and before I forget, you'll be happy to know the money's already in your account...*with a sizable interest to boot.*"

Before he could even move to lift a finger, the eccentric artist was already well on his way back inside the room, leaving Nathan to pick up what little belongings he had on him before following along, holding the surprisingly heavy door open as he slinks inside to join Samuel, stepping foot into a spacious room

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that, just like the rest of the house, sported no noticeable color besides the inky shadows of the two men, outlining a peculiar protrusion of spherical make extending out of the ground like a rotating display, except there wasn't anything noticeable nearby to qualify for the 'tuning' Samuel had mentioned earlier in an off handed manner.

In fact, there wasn't anything inside that could really qualify for an artist's studio, especially when it came to someone as renowned as Samuel. No easel, no pencils...the tools of an artist's trade weren't there at all, instead, all he could see once he got closer towards the center was a tray laid out with two cups, both filled with a clear, bubbly liquid of some sort that definitely wasn't tea, putting Nathan off somewhat as he watches his host nonchalantly swipe one with a practiced grip before downing the contents in one go, clearly at the top of his game in an aggressively non-hostile environment only *he* could call home...

"Well? You must be thirsty at least, have a sip. It's a custom brew of mine!"

"S-Sure...by the way...why is everything here...well...*white*? Don't you ever feel...y'know...weirded out?"

Not wanting to be rude, Nathan had done his best to word his sentence very carefully, trying to bridge the gap between 'obnoxiously nosy' and 'careful curiosity', but the brief moment of silence between them was enough to make him think he'd accidentally offended the man...before he sighs, craning his neck upward to look Nathan in the eye after carefully putting the empty cup back onto the tray...

But his expression didn't seem to convey aggression or annoyance, instead, there was a little bit of sadness to be found in those glassy eyes of his as he heaved a heavy sigh.

"Well...I agree with that sentiment...but with Achromatopsia, the world becomes a little hard to appreciate, much less my own home..."

"Achroma...you mean you're...oh gosh, I didn't mean to pry..."

"Oh there's no need for apologies...but...if you really feel apologetic, how about doing me a favor and drinking up? Cheers...for being a sport and listening to a crazy man's words..."

Picking up the last cup with an acknowledging tilt, Nathan brings the drink up to his lips, casting one last doubtful glance before downing it just like Samuel had done before him, feeling the bubbly drink pool and slosh around inside his mouth before sliding down his throat in a fizzy torrent that trickles away to nothingness, leaving the man none the worse for wear as he sets the cup back down onto the barely visible tray, coughing a little as he does so.

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There wasn't anything remarkable to say about the brew besides its fizzy nature. But that only served to bring up more questions in Nathan's mind as to what exactly this drink really was, tea or otherwise...

"Is this really a 'brew'? Not to be offensive but...it just feels like carbonated water."

"True, it's not exactly tea...or even a fizzy drink per se...but it's still a brew at the end of the day, and it's one I'll need to start working on you."

Mistakenly assuming Samuel to have misworded his statement, Nathan's idle guard fails to register the sudden rush of speed put on by the once lackadaisical individual before him as the feeling of being shoved hard in the chest comes to mind alongside a whole other host of alarming sensations; A stinging numbness at the back of his heels as they crash against the aforementioned raised platform in the middle of the room. The uncomfortable tightness in his lungs as air forcibly leaves them from the combined impact of a pseudo punch and a swift tumble to the ground and the stinging glare of searing lights above. A flurry of events that didn't give Nathan even a second to comprehend the fact that he'd been shoved and tripped over before wisps of smokey energy began to rise up around him in a spherical formation, perfectly encapsulating the man where he laid flat out on the ground.

Uncertainty turns to surprise before righteous anger takes control, spurring Nathan to try and leap forward onto his feet in an attempt to get back at the spindly man standing a few inches away with an apologetic look on his face. But instead of sending himself forward a good distance, the soles of his shoes would collide with an invisible wall, sending himself sliding a few inches backward instead before confusion overrides his senses, pawing around on the ground as his back brushes up against the other side of the ovoid container he was now trapped inside of.

"Apologies for the rough treatment Nathan, but there's no other choice in the matter..."

"W-What the hell sort of stunt are you trying to pull? Let me out you lying son of a bitch!"

"Y'know...for all it's worth. I haven't actually been lying to you this whole time...I really do intend to have you model for my next piece...although I think the wording might be particularly skewed when it comes down to it..."

Samuel's posture remained slumped, radiating an air that didn't suggest confidence or even joy. Despite the wry smile on his face, the closest thing Nathan could associate his appearance to was like watching a kid enjoy a bar of chocolate...after stealing it from the store and knowing full well the crime he had just committed...

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But a familiar saying was more than enough to keep the imperiled man from believing in Samuel. After all, he *did* shove him inside some futuristic cage composed of energy without any prior warning. And unless his 'next piece' involved some level of physical duress in the subject, Nathan couldn't help but distrust the pale figure before him no matter what he might have to say or how 'sorry' he looked.

"Yeah right...once people notice I've been gone for too long, they'll be wondering next whether you're really a color blind 'master artist' or just some balmy kook whose shut himself away for too long...nabbing people for whatever screwed up shit you've got going on down here..."

A simple sigh was all Nathan would get out of Samuel as he begins to walk toward the cell, reaching out to touch the invisible wall to trigger a hidden mechanism, recognizing it's master's touch as a reverberant chime pings out across the room, sending a chill running up his spine upon noticing the increasing volume of whirring machine joints and humming generators as the pale white flooring comes apart around the podium, leaving him stranded on the circular platform once a yawning abyss had opened up around him to produce an array of clicking arms and vials, alongside a complete set of tools an artist would need to begin his work...a futuristic workshop, setup in an instant without a second to waste.

But amongst the brushes, empty canvases and preset array of colors that seemed to suggest a specific end goal in mind. There were other weird, alien bits that made Nathan break into a nervous sweat when he realized the foreign prongs and barrel-like protrusions were all pointed menacingly at him, arrayed in such a way as to ensure total coverage in the spherical radius that was his prison, turning his defiant gaze over toward Samuel, his visage looking slightly less regretful now as if a part of him had been soured by Nathan's words...

"I would've liked to explain the procedure but...it would just be a waste of time. But like I said; no need to worry...I'll be with you every step of the way, just like everyone else..."

"W-Wait! Don't-"

Nathan's sentence would never be finished as the whirring cacophony emanating from the glowing light show put on by the dangerous machinery reaches its peak, producing multicolored beams of effervescent energy that collide with the barrier, forming a whirlwind of light and raw energy that obscures the man within from view while a thundering crackle drowns out all other insignificant noises, preventing the victim's protestations and vocalizations of fear from being heard by Samuel, who had retreated to a safe distance as he usually did to observe a gnarly scene he'd witnessed many times now, remembering how long it took for him to 'recover' from the first time all the way up to now, where repetition and a firm mind to do what was at the end of the day, a necessity, had all but desensitized the man to such a thing.

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At this point, it had become a ritual of sorts for Samuel, forcing himself to endure the searing light through squinted eyes as he observes the barely visible form of Nathan begin to fragment, breaking apart like a Lego structure would as a result of the unique energies being shot through and around him at light speed reacting to the spiked drink he had unknowingly imbibed. A clean process that would leave nothing behind as Nathan himself would discover with sheer terror as he struggles to stop the inevitable, waving and raving until arms were broken down before his entire jawline was snatched away, exposing not blood and gore but a glowing cavity of flickering cuboid shapes rapidly being drawn from within his being and out towards the surrounding walls, funneled unbeknownst to him into the plain canvas held tight in the machine's arms while other runaway pieces were suctioned into the spare arms that weren't occupied with shooting the dazzling light, absorbed into the solar array-esque panels that lined their entire length.

And with each piece taken, the beginnings of an image would begin to form. A stylized painting visualizing a simple backdrop consisting of blurry shapes in the darkness interspersed with shining stars in the distant night sky...a simple background upon which an invisible hand paints the beginnings of a familiar jawline of a man, coinciding with the disappearance of Nathan's entire head, leaving very little of his organic form left standing in the middle of the podium as his animated likeness appears on the canvas, slowly but surely as a frozen mouth opened mid yell forms across the rough surface, followed shortly afterward by his panicked mug, a crew cut head of brown and a broad neck...

Within seconds, the man's form had been disintegrated into morphic cubes transplanted over onto the inanimate slab, leaving the podium vacant and the machines free to power off with a dying hum, allowing for Samuel to stroll over toward the steaming canvas as the vice-like claws holding them up descends to pass the artist the template upon which he would paint his latest work, gingerly prying the thing free to gaze down upon the flattened, life-like still of Nathan, panic clear to see in his eyes despite the suave pose he had been depicted in, looking like he was about to turn a corner while walking down the dark hallways of a non descript location after realizing he'd made a mistake somewhere along the way.

'True to life indeed...'

But the canvas wasn't the only thing produced by the reduction of Nathan's human form as the last of the machine arms populate the vacant podium with an array of tools, ranging from a canvas stand to an artist's palette. A custom made piece carved from some form of plastic for the arms of none other than Samuel himself, except there wasn't any paint to be seen in the rapidly formed ensemble produced by the gaping maw as the last of its inky darkness vanishes beneath reformed floor panels, clicking back into place as if nothing had happened, bridging the gap for Samuel to cross over and plant his newly acquired canvas on the wooden rest, clearly eager to get to work despite the 'hesitation' he had earlier expressed in defense of his actions much to the dismay of the still very much aware Nathan. Left blind to the true happenings of the outside world when an entirely new one was there to shroud it from view.

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Free to move once more in an even bigger cage, Nathan stumbles away from the cold hard wall of a building rendered in stylistic splotches and hard lines. A painted effect that extends to the rest of the surroundings and the various inhabitants of this strange world, folk he hesitated to call human thanks to the way their blob like forms wobbled and swayed with every step. Lacking in life-like weight as cartoonish sprites navigated winding streets with exaggerated pomp and swagger while wearing goofy smiles and inquisitive stares as they passed him by, seemingly intrigued by his presence but not enough to find the one 'normal' person there to be a major oddity...almost as if they knew something he didn't...or just didn't care much at all to say a word.

"How in the hell is this...no...it must be a dream...it's got to be...there's just no way this is-"

'Real? I'm sorry Nathan, but it very much is. Welcome to your new home for the foreseeable future...'

As if on cue with the booming, disembodied voice of Samuel echoing across the air, the toonish inhabitants of the city all turn to face the newcomer with mixed expressions that seemed to mix subtle sympathy with welcoming warmth, signaling to Nathan the fate that awaited him alongside the many other folk that had probably found themselves 'lucky' enough to be scouted by that certifiably insane madman before being put through the same frightening process he had...but if so, why weren't they all up in arms?

'Acceptance Nathan, they've all come to realize how good this existence is in comparison to their old ones. But don't worry, I'm certain you'll find yourself a suitable place here once I'm done with the finishing touches. I thank you again for your cooperation in coming here today...'

"No! Screw this! Screw *you*! Let me out!"

Samuel's echoing voice would never return, leaving an imperiled Nathan with no other choice but to await the inevitable as the crowd of cartoon folk going about their business slows to a stop, surrounding the man where he stands before an explosive flutter of crimson consumes his waistline. A flat swathe of bright red that tightens like a constricting snake to crush the jacket beneath alongside the man's still organic body, feeling nothing but an eerie chill as Nathan's cheeks drained of color at the sight of his sturdy navel being morphed and twisted like a tortured balloon, seemingly undecided upon the shape they would take before a cartoonish 'POP' finalizes the core of a tight waistline, impossibly thin and compact as if a giant wizard's magic infused hand had compressed his body right down the middle as some sort of prank.

Not even a second would be given for Nathan to react before that minute change begins to spread across the rest of the model's body in sporadic fashion, causing the man to stumble and waver for support once

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the left half of his entire leg falls victim to the rippling distortion, slamming his back against the wall as the afflicted side of his body expands outward near the pelvis as a flesh and blood form becomes artificial and picturesque, gaining glitz and and luster as skin fades away beneath the painted layers of a skin tight, low cut gala dress that splits off down the side, exposing the beginnings of creamy smooth skin differentiating itself from the coarse hide of the burlesque man's unchanged form with pale vanilla beiges and the fact that the newly gifted proportions of a massive bubble butt sagging out from the rear fused perfectly with the equally curvaceous length of drumstick thighs and supple calves were obviously those of a woman's. Giving Nathan a clear indication of what Samuel had in store for him as the artist, knee deep in the middle of his passion, continues to paint over his still model, adding tone and weight to flat colors alongside the texture one might expect of such a luxurious dress, painting the outline of a buxom babe's legs pressed up tight against the form fitting dress to replace the blocky pillar that was Nathan's left leg in an effect that fuses the remnants of his drab jeans with the silky red material.

With sneakers settling into stiletto heels to finalize the completion of a cartoonish leg, Nathan could only groan in discomfort once Samuel's brush dabs itself into the crystal clear surface of the palette before coming away with yet more splashes of red to dab on the canvas, ruining years of hard labor and physical training as strained abdominals and solid pectorals are washed away in a single stroke, losing rigidity as the same 'wavy' effect that grips the bystanders applies itself to Nathan's increasingly feminine form with the sudden growth of a woman's melons, pulled straight out of the flesh with a subtle but wet sound as unseen reactions trigger unnoticed, filling the beginnings of a burgeoning bosom with plentiful liquids and heft in the form of pliable fat and tender flesh, finalizing the formation of unsupported breasts that must've weighed in at an incalculable scale as they jiggled to the slightest movement...exaggerated...just like the rabid menfolk around as they coo and whistle at the sight...

Distracted by panic and embarrassment, Nathan wouldn't notice the consumption of both his arms once the glitchy, spastic mutation spreads up and over his sturdy branches. Spreading the creamy expanse of smooth skin over what should've been a jacket and long sleeved t-shirt as it all fades away, leaving two slender limbs of undulating flesh wrapped up tight and snug in shimmering gloves of rubbery latex, sticking to sensitive skin that begins to send a bevy of alien emotions zipping through adjusted nerves and an arching spine straight into Nathan's brain. He'd never felt so...*good* before, especially not from something so simple as a slight brush of the skin against skin tight gloves and that delightfully smooth dress cupping the majority of his unrecognizable body, leaving just one half of an erect member hanging down low between the spacious gap of a hairy right leg of manly brawn and a smooth, plump thigh that was the left leg of a stunning woman. But with Samuel's drive to finish his next masterpiece burning strong, the status quo would change once more as an invisible force grabs hold of Nathan's head, causing him to let out a brief shout of defiance...

"D-Damn you Samuel! Stop this right noo-ohhhh~"

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...that steadily devolves into a wanton moan vocalized by the distorted vocals of a man's baritone and a seductresses husky call before completely giving way for the latter to dominate, spurring the excitement of the crowd as they sear the memory of that titillating voice cooing out in lustful need once a majority of Nathan's head falls to the transformation, blending into an indecipherable mass of colors and splotchy shapes before cracking bone and liquefied flesh reforms into the cartoon visage of a foxy lady, complete with a regrown mane of fiery hair, cascading down past small shoulders before settling in a wavy curtain



that tickles the bare skin of *her* exposed back. An unnoticed change only few would notice with their eyes focused on the half fused amalgamation that was the right fragment of Nathan's frozen mug and that of the most recognized sex symbol in Western animation...

Down between the indent where jean and dress came together, the bulge that once strained the fused material had been wasted away, reduced by a drastic surge in the form of a spillover that causes the creamy texture of Nathan's female half to creep over his still resistant schlong as it stiffens up in a final act of defiance despite the loss of foreskin as it all recedes, smoothening and rippling to form a gash that plumps up with sensitive nerves and tender meat, oozing watery liquids as a hole widens into existence beneath a now useless penis as if seals itself off permanently before shrinking past the point of no return, causing

yet another orgasmic cry of bliss to escape their owner's mouth as a right ass balloons to full size in tandem with a whole host of internal changes going on beneath a sweaty stomach to complete the formation of a truly slappable derriere brushing against the concrete support, feeling a dozen eyes undress what little she had on with a furious blush on her cartoonish cheeks as the creeping line that was Samuel's brush lands on the canvas once more, blotting out the last of Nathan's former visage while her penis snuffs itself with a wet 'SPLRT' between her legs, oozing wasted essence as vaginal muscles strain against her will to expulse semen in an act that rids her feminized body of its former functions once heated testicles-turned-ovaries flanking a womb pumps her body full of feel good chemicals and female hormones in an act that spurs her to behave appropriately once twitching legs bend inward at the knees, spasming madly as the bubbling mass that was her head begins to settle down. Ridding the newly birthed cartoon of her original self once the last bits of a scuffed sneaker tightens into a pinprick point of glossy pink, heels clacking against the ground once the finalization of a matching right leg comes to an end.

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Planted arms rise in a flourish to finger the rippling length of a distorted mask as if trying to bring calm to the maddened flesh as occasional features of who she once was pulls free of the sloshing soup before fading away once more. But the inevitable could only be withheld for so long, and once dainty arms cup themselves over smooth, rounded cheeks, fattened lips painted in heavy layers of cherry red lipstick were free to just forward, allowing the woman to take her first breaths before the bridge of a cute nose twitches to life above, followed shortly afterward by twin slits with a notable slant at the sides, signed off with mascara and miscellaneous makeup to complete the visage of a young starlet that would make a perfect fit within a bar or some other similar locale, the husky voice vocalizing haggard breaths, an immaculate fit for a jazzy songstress, the life of the stage.

"It's done...my latest work...and the newest resident to make her home in my painted world..."

Stepping back from the canvas to observe his work, Samuel's eyes start from the bottom, working up through the masterful tease of a creamy thigh, the dip left by the crevice between her legs. The unsuspecting expanse of broad hips masterfully hidden by the subtle twist of a pencil thin waistline that emphasizes a toned stomach overshadowed by heavy breasts hidden within the cups of a glimmering dress. Leaving plentiful skin exposed all the way down the lengths of equally stunning arms that would've been heavenly to feel were they real. Frozen in a suggestive pose as the woman they belonged to runs one through her hair while the other plants itself firmly behind her spherical rump. Bringing the eyes up and down as they glanced between the husky woman's vivacious eyes and glimmering earrings while her luscious body lingers on down below...being careful not to expose too much while putting on a *much* more revealing show through other less obvious means.



It was perfect, both as a representation of what Samuel could really do were he not born with such a debilitating ailment and the current state of Nathan Wilford within the painted world as she struggles to catch her breath, mind left reeling from the blinding deluge of information and behavioral tampering included in the surgical tampering triggered by the long lasting and quite literal hold of Samuel's brush over his head, burning synapses in a fiery migraine that imparts all the necessary information Nathan would ever need to know; from Samuel's circumstances to the truth behind this entire facade.

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Government schemes, secret drafts to solve the world's problems by making entirely fabricated worlds to shove people into...etcetera etcetera.

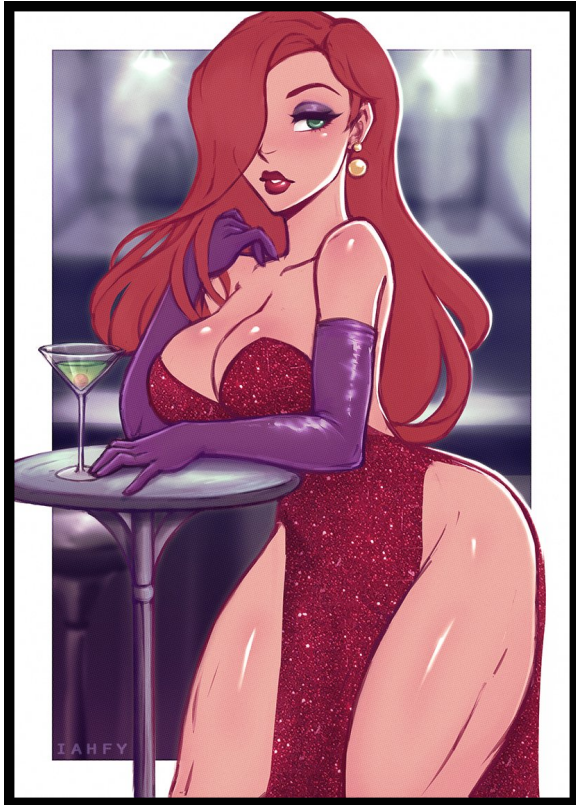
But the one thing that did catch his interest in the middle of that mess was Samuel's own personal stake for being a willing participant in this seedy mess. He had no way of knowing if it really was true, but the surge of warm, fluffy emotions in the middle of it all certainly did help in easing him in to the knowledge that the eccentric artist, bogged down by the sudden onset of severe color blindness before he could make a big splash in the field had been approached by some folk from the government claiming to be able to somewhat restore his ability to see the world in color once more, if only he would become their willing hand in performing the many experiments tailor made to suit Samuel's artistic talents, a series of procedures that would link the man with his supposed victims through the consumption of a special fluid that would enable him to perceive and manipulate their bodies in a special 'interface' that enabled him to ply his trade without worry, a guilty pleasure derived from the breaking down and reformation of those he would lie to, casting them like putty into whatever respective 'world' he desired to populate with Nathan simply being the latest addition to one of the many realms provided to him by his gracious benefactors.

Through a precise set of checks and prerequisite conditions, the shady folks working behind the scenes had been able to 'supply' Samuel with the most willing candidates who would inevitably choose to settle into their new lives as animated folk and other such stylized characters living in new worlds that were admittedly far more interesting than that of the dreary old life they once lived. Dissatisfied individuals nearing the tipping point. Penniless folk with no one and nowhere to turn to. Isolated people with no family or friends to look out for them. Contract workers like Nathan who oftentimes found himself struggling to get by if a bad month happened upon him...and with the knowledge of his, or rather her new near immortal state in a world that had more comforts to experience and enjoy with no hardship in sight for the foreseeable future, it only served to seed the temptation to remain 'in-character' even further as the perfect replica of *Jessica Rabbit* finds herself being ushered along into a nearby bar for some fun and merry making in an effort to welcome their new, animated kin...and with a whole new host of talents and skills suited for her new appearance floating around in that pretty head of hers, it wouldn't be long till the sounds of enchanting vocals would ring out across the streets in the vicinity of the bar once a little alcohol addled the mind and soothes tense nerves.

She was still furious to be sure, irate even at the thought of her treatment, but a new level of clarity had Jessica realizing that her own aggressiveness left little room for compromise...and the government being what it was, would most certainly never have let her leave on her own free will if Samuel's initial surprise had failed to catch her. And as the artist steps out of the chamber and into the next room beyond within the physical world with his finished work in hand, the newly toonified human would be left to slip further and further into her surroundings as she finds herself slowly blending in with the energetic crowd, contrasting their frenzied movements with slow, practiced shifts of her thick flowing legs, unable

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to stop herself from walking with a natural sway to bourgeoisie hips as the surrounding masses usher her toward the uplifted platform that was the bar's main stage, unsure of what to do or say as her gloved hand falls across the cool surface of the microphone...but thanks to the aforementioned tampering of her thoroughly addled brain, that momentary but of stage fright would soon come to pass as silence gives way to a hushed gasp before the beginnings of a song start to trickle forth from wine painted lips, resonating with Samuel's reluctant joy as he hangs up the finished painting next to all the others he had done for this particular genre of art many times before. A fitting centerpiece to mark the gallery with and one that would most definitely keep the rest thoroughly entertained moving forward.



Thanks to a warped perception of time flow, very little would come to pass in the real world in comparison to the events occurring within the painted world.

By the time Samuel had filed another report on that day's successful 'addition' and gone to bed, the budding songstress had already graced the bar's inhabitants with both song and dance, steadily falling into her new role as the city's redheaded diva whose voice was arguably worth seeing much more than her salacious appearance was, drawing adoring gazes just as much as she did lecherous eyes as she swung and twirled in slow, gentle arcs across the stage for more 'energetic' performances while slow drums and steady violins carried the patrons to sleep with her dreamy voice to keep them comfy and nestled, reminding some of their former selves through nostalgic lyrics and once forgotten tunes.

When the time came for the next newcomers to arrive and fill the streets of the colloquially named Toon City, Jessica's role as a simple bar singer would take on a much more meaningful purpose after giving each one a hearty welcome most 'old timers' there never had the chance to experience, integrating them into the community much more easily as a result while Samuel continued to fulfill his passions out in the real world, whisking troubled folk pointed out by the suits to be added into his many envisioned worlds as their soon to be willing residents, free from all their worldly troubles...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image Sources

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