Your Character Here (Digitization, Expansion)

Mira struggled not to grin as she opened the DM. "Congratulations… You've been selected as the winner of my latest raffle!" She spun around and squealed in delight. Yes! Yes! She couldn't believe she'd finally won one! She'd been applying to various artist's raffles for years, but she'd never expected to actually win!

Turning away from the screen, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to focus herself. "Okay. Okay, Mira, try to calm down. It's only an art raffle. You haven't exactly won the lottery."

Focusing herself, she turned back to the screen and scrolled through the rest of the email in search of instructions. "Yada yada… No gore or bestiality. Yada yada… Please reply with an image of the character you want drawn…?" She bit her lip. Wait. The character she wanted drawn was herself–she'd told the artist that much when she submitted the request. Did he want her to take a picture of herself too?

She DM'd him back, asking as much, and practically fell out of her seat as the speed of his response. It was like he'd been waiting for her to ask.

"Just follow the link below. I'm assuming you have a webcam." Mira frowned as she read his instructions. Why couldn't she just use her phone?

She flicked a suspicious glance at her webcam, wondering if perhaps she should have taped it over, and shrugged. Well, it couldn't hurt, right? At worst, he'd get a picture of her in her hoodie and jeans… With one last shrug, she clicked the link.

No sooner had her finger left the mouse button, her screen turned a bright white and her webcam snapped on, equally as blinding. Mira squealed and raised her hand to shield her face, but the light poured through her skin and revealed her bones. She squealed.

Finally, he light dulled, replaced by a thin blue beam which swept rapidly up and down her figure. For a moment, she sighed in relief–then her heart started pounding again as she realized what it was doing. "H-hey! Stop that!"

Where the beam touched her clothes, they blurred, pixelated: even as she watched, her sneakers dissolved into a cloud of little squares, followed swiftly by her socks and her jeans and her tights and her underwear. Sweeping up her body, it vaporized everything she wore, leaving her squealing and naked, struggling to cover her exposed form. "H-hey!" she cried, wrapping her arms around her breasts. "What the hell?!"

The light flashed again, more intense than ever, and Mira squealed as a tingling struck her skin. Looking down, she moaned to see it blurring as well, breaking into thousands of tiny, flesh-colored squares. "Hey–!"

From the camera came an impossible sense of suction–Mira screamed as bits of her flew away, sucked into its maw like dust into a vacuum. She screamed again as it subsumed her.

For a second, there was only a blinding light and a strange sense of being squeezed through the tightest possible tunnel. Then, with a *pop*, she found herself standing in a strange white room, unable to move. Her body felt strangely 2D, as if she'd been flattened out and plastered to a wall. Straining her muscles, she tried to tear herself free, but she couldn't move at all. She wanted to scream.

Worse than her inability to move was the pose she found herself trapped in: legs spread with one hand slipped between them, bending forward so her admittedly average chest dangled, her free hand cupping a tit, and her face aimed ahead, giving a sultry wink to the camera. She wanted to melt. *What the hell is going on?! Turn me back!*

Something shifted ahead of her, and the entire front wall of her new room vanished, replaced by a window into a giant's bedroom. She gaped at the anime posters covered the walls and the lewd figurines stacked on the shelves. Just who did this place belong to?

A chair creaked as an enormous figure settled into it. "Oh, good," said a high-pitched but distinctly male voice. "I was hoping that would work." Taking a deep breath, they pulled their chair closer to her–closer to their computer, she realized in horror–and squinted at her, the bristles of their neckbeard aimed at her like a thousand little daggers. She wanted to recoil.

Scratching their chin, the artist snicked. "You came out much better than I expected when I sent you that stupid link. Still there's a lot of improvement to be made before I can post you to my Pixiv…"

Chuckling–it sounded like a sloshing lard–he picked up a stylus and dropped its tip towards her.

I'm in his tablet, thought Mira, horrified. *I'm in some pervert's tablet!*

"First things first, let's make you a little thicker." With a laugh, the artist selected the smooth eraser and went to work on all her curves.

N-no! cried Mira, horrified. *Get away from me! Get away!* Where the stylus touched her, an orgasmic tingling spread rapidly through her flesh. Even as the edge of her boobs and her thighs dissolved, smudged out of existence, the pleasure only grew hotter and hotter. *Nn~! Stop!*

Satisfied, the artist switched back to the pencil tool and began to redraw her in the most generous manner possible: Mira squealed as he sketched her thighs twice as thick if not more so, changing them from a pair of spindly sticks to a couple of giant tree trunks. Her boobs he was just as excessive with, drawing a pair of wild, curving lines, the latter of which became a squiggle as it passed over her hand. She moaned–2D or not, she could feel everything!

Redoing her nipples as a pair of fleshy doorknobs, the artist pulled back his pen and admired her with a look of satisfaction. "Excellent. My viewers are going to *love* you."

Mira flushed. Her body felt so erogenous she could burst. *You jerk! Turn me back!*

Licking his lips, he leaned in closer in laughed. "Now for the Patreon-exclusive cum-drenched version~."

Th-the what?!

"Enjoy~." His stylus glided towards her like an executioner's sword.