

The Naughty Aunt's Notebook

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Anna turned the red leather notebook over in her hands, half curious and half afraid to crack the thing open. Her birthday had been just yesterday...and this particular gift had been slipped to her by her aunt when no one else was looking. Which was, of course, why she was concerned. After all, it had been *quite* the scandal when her uncle Brandon had married a Succubus, bringing her into the family with a brazen lack of concern that was characteristic of the man. Which was also, of course, why he was Anna's favorite uncle. And why her parents did their dead level best to keep her away from him and, most especially in the half dozen years since the marriage, away from her new aunt.

Which was all sorts of suck, since Anna was very much more like her uncle than she was her own parents. While she'd inherited her father's talent for magitech engineering...she was far more likely to use that talent to covertly build and race a hovercycle, rather than design new and more efficient admin systems and security bots for some megacorp. She had, in point of fact, been grounded for that exact scenario. Twice.

She really did still need to do something nice for Uncle Brandon for hiding that second cycle at his place. Her parents knew she'd been racing, but with him hiding the bike, they'd at least been unable to destroy her work this time. Pity that she couldn't actually access it until she had a steady means of income, though. Until then, she was stuck at her parent's place, with them controlling what access to education she had, as well as monitoring her coming and going too closely now to slip street racing by them. Not that the engineering track wasn't something she'd have done anyway, which made the situation at least somewhat bearable...but she'd have preferred to pick her own school and classes for a better focus on her own interests. At least one or two of her professors had realized how good she was and were willing to work with her on...creative applications of their required coursework, in order to keep her interested.

None of which was really all that relevant to the notebook she was turning over in her hands. The thing positively *reeked* of powerful magic. So much so that she was pretty sure the bloody thing was an actual Artifact, though a lesser one. And the only words on the outside of the thing made that fact even more startling. Anna's Options. That was it. That was all it said. In beautifully embossed cursive that she recognized as Aunt Resha's own handwriting. Which meant that her aunt had *made a bloody artifact* and clandestinely slipped it to Anna on her eighteenth birthday. Anna had always known, distantly, that Aunt Resha was some sort of bigshot in the Succubus clans. But it was still startling to have that fact shoved into her face out of the blue like this.

The Succubus race had come out of hiding only a little over a century ago. It had been during the celestial alignment that had caused a magical awakening on earth...and the appearance of the succubi had saved humanity from the brink of disaster. That had given them enough leverage to explain that they were actually just refugees from another reality, rather than monsters in the dark. But, rather predictably, not all of humanity had come to accept that just yet. The fact that Succubi actually *did* have sex-based powers helped explain that. Even if the truth was that they'd apparently been *engineered* as a sort of pleasure slave species before escaping their home reality. They'd had enough evidence to

convince the majority of people...but that didn't mean most of that majority were really any more eager for them to be living among them. It wasn't even 'people's' fault, really. Their values and appetites of Succubi simply weren't exactly compatible with a lot of humanity's own. It was only how critical the clans had been in saving Earth from the Magical Awakening had let them be accepted enough to intermingle freely. And even so, there weren't enough of them to be a common sight. Aunt Resha and one of her sisters were the only Succubi that Anna had ever met...and thus she hadn't really processed until now what it meant that her aunt was high-ranking in the clans.

Apparently, what it meant was that she could either personally make or have commissioned a *bloody ARTIFACT* for her niece's eighteenth birthday. Outside one or two under Megacorp control, the notebook in her hand was probably the most powerful piece of magic in the entire city...the entire city of nearly five million people. And Resha had just slipped it to her with a grin and a wink, casual as could be.

Anna rocked back and forth in place on her bed. She *knew* that the notebook was probably trouble. Possibly with a capital T. On the other hand, she knew that Aunt Resha liked her, frequently calling Anna her 'second favorite human,' behind only her husband. Which meant that, whatever the monstrously powerful notebook in her hand did, it wouldn't be malicious in any way. Yet...Aunt Resha was a Succubus, and there was no telling just what she thought Anna needed in the way of 'options.' Still...at the end of the day, it came down to how much she trusted her aunt. And so, with only a little bit of anxiety, Anna finally cracked the notebook open. As she did, she had to hastily catch a note that fell out from the first page. Recognizing her aunt's pretty handwriting, she decided to take a look at the note first.

To My Second Favorite Human

Anna! Now that you're of a proper age, I wanted to present you with some more...options...for going forward with your life. The notebook I hopefully managed to slip you will allow you to pursue some more...entertaining...forms of income gathering. If that's what you want to do. If not, then it will just be a fun thing for you to mess around with, as well as helping you snare a good mate and saving you a fortune on makeup. Whatever you decide to do with it, don't feel I'll be disappointed. Whatever else, have fun with it...and make sure to read the instructions thoroughly. It's fairly safe, but it's still potent magic!

-Your Sexy Aunt

Anna furrowed her brow as she carefully read the note, twice. Her aunt's handwriting was pretty, but actually a bit hard to read for a modern girl like Anna. They didn't even teach cursive in

schools anymore, these days. Let alone actual calligraphy like this. Still, she muddled through and, despite the slightly ominous warning at the end, she felt a surge of affection for her aunt. Even Uncle Brandon hadn't actually tried to offer her solutions, even if he covered for her when he could. She wasn't sure she could bring herself to use anything Aunt Resha thought was 'entertaining,' but the thought was nice...and maybe it would be less crazy than she thought. Turning back to the notebook, a quick flip through it showed her all but one page was blank. Turning to that, the first page, she finally found out what the notebook was for...

Resha's Naughty Notebook of Options

This notebook allows the bound user (Annabelle Naomi Williams) and only the bound user, to make changes to their body. Write a change, any non-harmful physical change or mental change, into its pages and 'Resha's Naughty Notebook of Options' will make the change happen! All changes are reversible and will automatically undo themselves if the book is destroyed. As a bound item, the notebook cannot be lost or stolen and can be willed to hide itself in a dimensional pocket. Make sure you read and understand the following rules.

- 1) Changes consume power. The more radical the change, the longer the book will take to recharge. Be aware that sufficiently radical changes (such as gender reassignment) may result in significant recharge times.*
- 2) Mental changes are always temporary. They will last for twelve hours, by default, unless otherwise specified.*
- 3) Changes cannot grant any ability beyond that of a Lesser Power, regardless of the form the changes take.*
- 4) Mental effects caused by hormonal changes will be suppressed but not eliminated, observe caution when shifting too far away from your own physical baseline.*
- 5) Prolonged Transformation will result in your body's baseline template shifting. Get too used to a new form and that form will affect your mental image of yourself. Once this happens, returning yourself to default will include the changes you have accepted as part of yourself.*
- 6) In order to reverse a change, simply strike through the line you wrote. It will fade in a few days, so that the notebook doesn't fill up. Until then, it stays to act as a log of what you've done recently!*
- 7) That's it, sweetie! Have fun! I'm sure you can see the potential in this!*

Anna gaped, jaw hanging loose as she read over the short description and list of rules several times. If this thing was real...she could certainly see the 'options' that her aunt had been alluding to. Her mind raced as she worked through the many *many* options. Of course, the obvious ones, the ones that would be easiest for her to reach in her current situation...she bit her lip. Yeah, those obvious solutions would appeal to Resha. But that didn't necessarily mean that they were out of the question for Anna. She wasn't going to become a prostitute or anything...but maybe some tamer options it presented

would be things she'd be willing to try, assuming she could get away with being unrecognized. Which meant...she needed to test the book. To see if it was real, or just some prank. She didn't *really* think her aunt would do that...but this was too much to believe just on faith. Her hand trembling a little, she reached over to her desk for a pen...only to stop herself.

Mentally chewing herself out for the near moment of recklessness, she put the notebook down and checked her door. Still locked and an ear against it could hear the TV downstairs going. A quick check of the time showed that she should have *at least* another hour before either of her parents thought to check on her. Okay, so long as she made sure to do something hidable, just in case the transformation couldn't be undone quickly, it should be safe. Satisfied with her safety this time, she did the next logical step...and stripped out of the comfy PJs that she'd been wearing. She hesitated at her panties, biting her lip, then decided to leave them on for now. There was plenty she could test without going that far and, if she was caught somehow, she could just claim to have been changing. She hadn't gone downstairs since switching from her day clothes, so it wouldn't be very suspicious.

As a final precaution before testing the notebook, she used the body-length mirror in her room to get a good long look at herself, focusing on remembering her body the way it was, just in case. She was, she supposed, pretty enough. Lithe and fit rather than curvy, her breasts were barely C-cup but still made for somewhat noticeable curves on her relatively slight frame. Her nose was perhaps just a bit to pert for classic beauty, but she pulled off 'cute' pretty well. Her side-shaved, purple-dyed haircut, which was one of the few acts of rebellion she'd managed to truly get away with, enhanced that cuteness with a bit of punk-goth flair. With her richly blue eyes, the vibrant color the natural result of magic use for her projects, her appearance was striking if nothing else. Her shop work and racing had left her with a decent bit of subtle muscle, too, and a nice tight ass that was probably her best single feature. She wasn't an epic stunner by any means, but she'd certainly had plenty of offers from both genders. She'd even taken up a few of those offers...from both genders even. Though never anything truly serious, with her parents being somewhat of a downer on the types of people she'd actually find interesting.

Satisfied that she had a good mental image of herself, she set down at her desk and grabbed the notebook and a pen. What to change? She glanced down at her braless chest. Well, the obvious test was obvious, wasn't it? She *did* always wonder what it would be like to have bigger boobs. She supposed most girls did, unless they were naturally gifted and an early bloomer. Rocking back and forth for a moment to decide on just how big a change to make...she finally decided boldness was the right way to go.

Increase Breast Size to E-Cup.

The moment she added the period, she gasped and dropped her pen as heat began to rapidly build through her chest. At first defuse, it rapidly concentrated into her breast tissue, sending pulses of pleasurable fire through her nervous system even as she felt them shift, change, and grow heavier. She lost control of her voice as the pulses of energy and heat hit her nipples, making her moan and whimper, only just able to keep the volume down through a mix of adrenaline and fear of being caught. Then, abruptly, it was all over, leaving her gasping...and unconsciously fondling her now blatantly heavier tits.

Stopping took more of an effort of will than she'd like to admit...but she managed to do so after a few long moments. Long enough to move in front of her mirror again, at least. And that mirror showed that the transformation was every bit as spectacular as she could have hoped for. Where before she'd

had the gentle curves of a swimmer...now she was top heavy enough to almost look like too much for her body type. Only almost, though, she noted...even as she began to play with her newly resized tits again, moaning very lowly at their new feel. There was also no question in her mind that the Notebook was Succubus magic, now. For her simple command of 'increase breast size' had done more than just add mass. It had also made her breasts a little perkier than should be truly possible for their size...and considerably more sensitive than they had been at their natural size. She rather strongly suspected that any alteration she made would default to an idealized version...not that she was going to complain about that. Particularly when even just playing with her new boobs was making her wetter than she'd been in months.

That thought was enough to make Anna grimace and she, very reluctantly, forced herself to stop playing. A quick, critical look at her body made it obvious that the change was a bit *too much* for her to realistically hide. With a little bit of sadness, she returned to the notebook and reluctantly struck a line through the change. She couldn't help but pout as her regular C-cups returned with only a minor burst of the previous pleasure.

Putting down her pen, she closed the Notebook to quiet the distracting thoughts about what else she could change, forcing herself to sit and think through what she was going to do...

Anna took a deep breath, only to grimace at the reminder that her next stop *really* needed to be a clothing store. While the longer-term size increase she'd guiltily given herself last night, along with a few other equally guilty little tweaks to her body, wasn't nearly as drastic as the E-cups she'd first experimented with...it was still enough that she was going to need some new bras. Besides, she'd need new clothing for her other project too, though the thought of what it would do to her limited savings was a bit depressing. Still, the whole point was to *fix* those very money issues. Which is why she was hovering over the high-end magitech holo-camera choices, trying to convince herself to actually pick up the option she'd long since decided on.

It was only when she spotted a salesperson starting to zero in on her that she finally reached out to grab the camera. Or, rather, the tag that could be redeemed for the entirely-to-valuable-to-sit-on-a-shelf camera when she checked out. Quickly moving away from the salesman that had been zeroing in on her, she made her way to the checkout of the specialty shop. A few minutes later she winced as something like forty percent of her entire savings vanished...but if she was going to make this work, she *needed* that holo-camera. Now, she just needed to find somewhere to get a couple of decent bras...and somewhere else to get cheap lingerie that looked halfway decent.

Stepping outside, she pulled out her phone and got to work, looking for the best deals she could get on the rest of what she needed.

Anna stared at the open notebook, with dozens of lines written and crossed out over the last few days as she tweaked the persona she was creating. It had needed to look enough like her that the shit photos they still used for driver's licenses could excuse the differences for the websites administrators...while also looking enough NOT like her that there was zero chance of anyone recognizing her. Thankfully, OnlyFollowers and Twerker had half-decent security, so there was little

chance of her real id being leaked. And the id photos were still only headshots, even in an age where actual shapeshifting was a thing. A rare thing, sure, but a thing. And quite troublesome for identity protection. Which, she supposed, was good for her since she was planning on abusing the fuck out of shapeshifting herself. With a bracing shot of whiskey, stolen from her father's private stash he didn't know she knew about, she starting writing the series of changes she'd worked out over the last few days. Her parents were only going to be out of town for the three-day weekend...so she needed to make the most of this to get a running start.

Increase Breast Size to E-Cup.

Increase Butt Size by Twenty Two percent.

Increase Hip Measurement by two inches.

Increase Hair Length by eight inches, exclude left side.

Invert Hair Colors

Alter Eye Color to Violet.

Lower Vocal Tone half an octave.

Increase lip plumpness by fifteen percent.

Increase body erogenous sensitivity by thirty percent.

Apply Sexy Goth Makeup Preset.

Anna's moan as the sensitivity increase settled in was *not* a quiet thing. Testing that one out had almost gotten her caught, twice, in the last couple of days. Once, the first time she'd written it. And then again when she'd been testing it out. She'd actually had to fake being sick the second time...which had actually worked out as her flushed face had helped convince her parents she really *wasn't* well and they'd more willingly left her behind for their visit to the grandparents. Though, being left *insanely* horny as she'd been caught between two orgasms had been immensely frustrating. At least the resulting horniness the next day had also helped her work up the courage to set up her initial OnlyFollowers site with a few tasteful implied-nudity shots, though. And those shots had already gotten quite a bit of interest.

Which, she thought to herself as she moved to check herself in the mirror, was only fair...given how good she looked. Instead of her normal, lithe look, the *woman* looking back at her was very much curvy in all the right ways. Breasts almost too large for her frame, but with natural movement that belied any traditional 'work' having been done. Decently wide hips, with a still tight but plumper ass. Longer shoulder-length hair, though still side-shaved, and now it was a vibrant purple with black streaks instead of black with streaks of purple. Enchanting violet eyes that obviously weren't natural but could easily be mistaken for good quality contacts. And all of it topped up with one of the best features she'd found of her Notebook. Remembering the line about not needing makeup anymore, Anna had experimented, and discovered that she could create 'presets' by mentally labelling one look or another.

Since the Notebook took its intended meaning from her own mind, organizing her thoughts in such a way let her apply 'makeup' that matched what she'd mentally created as a preset. In truth, it wasn't *actually* makeup, so much as it was a mix of illusion and shapeshifting, but the effect came across like she'd hired a Hollywood expert.

The current 'preset' was what she thought of as 'full goth.' Dark eyeshadow, void black lipstick, full-body pale skin...and even a couple of flowing tribal tattoos that she'd sketched out herself the first couple of times, in the notebook. The fact *that* particular trick had worked had actually done more to impress upon Anna just how versatile and potent the book was than anything else she'd done with it up to that point.

And the end result of all her work was unquestionably spectacular. Yeah, she'd *totally* fuck herself senseless if she met her at a bar. Which, given that fucking herself senseless was on the agenda for the weekend, she supposed was a particularly appropriate turn of mental phrase. Giggling at the thought, she stumbled just a bit as she worked on her saunter, trying to get in the mood for what was to come...

Anna took a deep breath as the magitech holo-camera initialized, outlining the field of effect for her...a field of effect which was mostly her bed and a bit of floor in front of it. As she noticed the last series of lights start to come on, she gave her nipples a little tweak through her lingerie, sending a rush of pleasure through her that helped still her nerves. As the last light activated, her image appearing on the old flat-screen monitor she'd rigged across from her bed, she smiled brightly.

"Hey everyone! Welcome to my first OnlyFollowers video! Enjoy me enjoying myself!"

With a small wave, she made it a point to spin slowly for the holo-camera, letting everyone get a perfect 360 degree look at her enhanced body, then she sunk back onto her bed with languid grace. She'd replaced the sheets with fake black silk, setting off her pale body and the skimpy purple lingerie that covered it artfully. Making herself take it slow, she reached up for her lacy-bra-clad breasts and lifted their heavy, satisfying weight. With moans that, courtesy of the amplified sensation she was currently victim of, were entirely real, she began to knead her tits. Those same amplified sensations made it hard to keep it slow and sensual, but she'd practiced this already and forced herself to a pace that would match the background music she'd selected. She slowly worked her way inward, taking a good couple of minutes to really work herself over before even reaching her nipples. She spent another thirty seconds or so playing with them, before finally smirking at the camera and unclasping the front-fastened bra. Letting the lacy undergarment fall away, she playfully hid her breasts with her hands for long moments, lifting them up just a bit more...then letting them do their jiggly best in a classic boob drop. Then it was back to moaning as she did the whole thing over again, this time with bared breasts.

Eventually, she moved on, running her hands down her tight belly, teasing her future viewers as she played with her soaking-wet pussy through the half-transparent cloth of her side-tied g-string. Then, the panties went the way of her bra, showing her freshly shaved-looking pussy. Her pretty kitty was one of the few things she'd left almost utterly unmodified, beyond semi-permanently removing any hair below her shoulders with the Notebook days ago. She'd already liked how her pussy looked, being one of the lucky girls naturally gifted with what she'd heard crudely referred to as a 'pornstar pussy.' In other

words, perfectly symmetrical, with her inner lips fully contained by the outer, resulting in that flawless smooth look that came across as almost *too* perfect. In her case, it really was all natural, not having even needed the aid of the Notebook, and she got a bit of a thrill out of knowing that as she spread her legs for the whole world to see...so long as they were eighteen and up and paid her for the privilege, of course.

Her moaning turned lewder as she escalated from there, teasing her clit, then penetrating herself with a finger...then two...then three. She shifted through several positions, from missionary to doggy style...and then upped the ante by reaching for one of several toys she'd prepared just for her maiden show. They weren't anything *too* kinky. She'd save that for later videos. For now, she just took a simple, lightly curved vibe, sucking on it for the camera for a few seconds before turning it on and trailing it slowly down her body, stopping at each nipple, then at her clit. She almost came then, barely holding it off...and didn't last long at all when she finally inserted it and ramped up the power. She came explosively, not even attempting to control her voice as she howled through her first climax...and it was *only* the first.

She still had more positions and another toy to show off, after all...good thing the Notebook hadn't had any trouble making her fully multi-orgasmic...

The rest of the weekend slowly turned Anna into a blissed-out mess. She'd recorded another two dozen videos, some for immediate posting, but most as a buffer for when she couldn't find enough alone time to record more once her parents returned. She had plans to alleviate some of that problem...but they would only work so many times. By the time the third day of her alone time rolled around, she'd barely been able to wobble upright to set up her first livestream with her new fans...though the extra sexual stamina she'd given her body on day two meant that she'd been able to keep up with most of the requests during said stream, at least. Some of them had taken things farther than she'd originally intended, such as taking her largest current toy anally...but by the time she'd seen that request she'd been too far gone in the sea of pleasure to think twice about it. It had been surprisingly enjoyable, too, given her lack of much experience with anal previously.

All told, she only just managed to clean herself up by the time her parents actually did return. Though her slightly wane and exhausted complexion on returning to her normal body had helped sell them that she'd been sick most of the weekend. Which was a nice bonus, if an entirely accidental one. And...the money from the livestream tips alone had *already paid* for her startup costs. With the OnlyFollowers subscriptions also rolling in and a decent number of videos ready to keep the interest going, she was set to make a tidy profit on her little experiment before the week was over. She'd known that, even in a world with Succubi out in the open, there was still a major market for this sort of thing, and she'd also known exactly what markets to appeal to. But, she had to admit, she hadn't really been able to fully convince herself it was going to work. Not in a big way.

But...if the numbers were accurate...she might have more than a few options opening to her in the near future. And this, just from a single three-day weekend of exhausting self-pleasure. Why did people have day jobs again? Oh, right. They didn't have magical notebooks that could let them do this with zero accountability or risk. Well, sucks for them...and she owed Aunt Resha one *hell* of a thank you

present. She'd have to think on that later. You know, in a few days, when she could properly feel her legs again...

<End of Part 1>