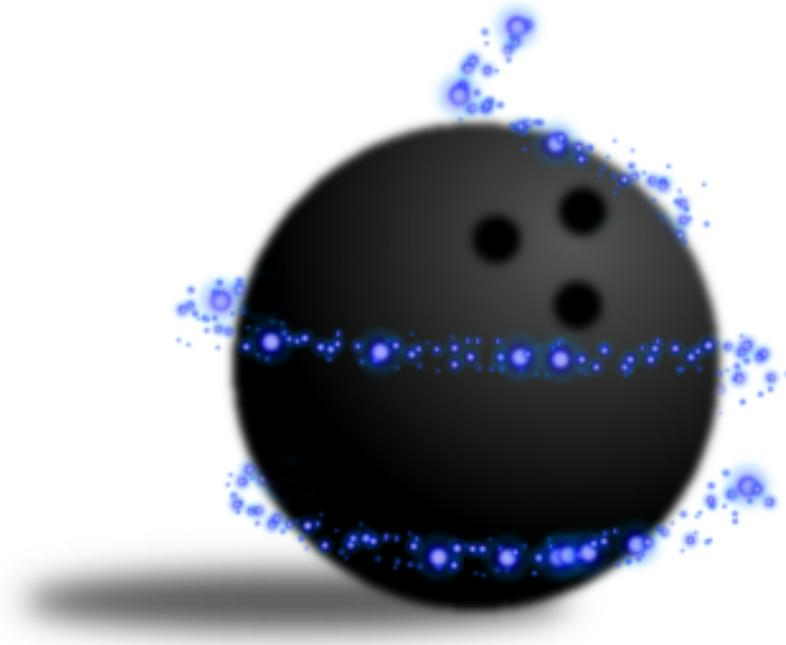


# REAL WOMAN



By Dan Standing

# **REAL WOMAN**

By  
Dan Standing

Published by  
Dan Standing Entertainment

To Amber Brood,  
whose support in these endeavors continually amazes and empowers me.

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**REAL WOMAN**

**B**ig Eddy grunted as he climaxed. His thick fingers dug into his lover's silicon curves as his back flexed and he let out a soft groan.

“Oh yeah, Darla, you know how I like it...” the round man grinned, easing out a deeply held breath as his body relaxed. He let go of the rubber woman and she slid off his softening rod. The sex doll collapsed backwards onto the worn and tattered couch, the round orifice between Darla's legs glistening from Big Eddy's fun. The open cushiony hole that acted as her mouth was starting to dry from her owner's “foreplay.”

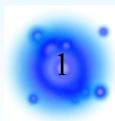
Big Eddy grabbed a tissue and dried himself off, then yanked his tightly-whities up around his big belly. Tossing the tissue to a pile on the floor and grabbing another, he approached “Darla” and wiped off her mouth, brushing back some of the bright red plastic strands of hair that had flitted over her face. Big Eddy then folded the tissue over and dried out everything between her legs. Adding the second used paper to a different nearby trash pile Big Eddy grabbed the doll around the waist and picked her up under one burly and hairy arm. As she was carried along Darla's dainty rubber feet and hands bumped and clattered against piles of trash and opened boxes filled with empty cans and bottles and other discarded refuse.

Stepping out of the trailer home and into the wooden hut attached to it, Big Eddy opened the door to his largest closet and practically threw Darla inside. She spun and landed on her back atop a pile of discarded bowling balls – one of the many piles of discarded items Big Eddy had collected. Other piles of found items surrounding the sex doll included unused garden tools, lawn ornaments, and a variety of golf clubs. If one man's trash was another man's treasure Big Eddy would have been considered a rich man.

Big Eddy turned to close the door, and after peering into the open door of the trailer home and assessing the path he had traveled, he paused to let out a sigh.

“Yah know, Darla,” the large man grunted, scratching the thinning hair on his head, “Times are I wish you were a real woman. This place could use a feminine touch.”

Resigned to continue on with the motor home in its current state of filth, however, Big Eddy closed the door, marched back through the mess to the couch, and switched on the TV. Shortly afterwards his snoring buzzed through the tiny home.



For a few minutes Darla sat alone in the closet. The rickety construction of the trailer home's non-mobile portion allowed light and air to stream in through a few cracks of mixed sizes.

Darla had been a pristine sex doll once. All silicon and special ordered, Big Eddy had spared no expense. When she first arrived her red hair had been straight and neat. Her orange sized breasts had not shown the stresses and discoloration they now sported from such heavy usage. Her nipples had been a consistent lovely auburn, which had since faded from all the nibbling, tweaking, and slobbering. The lips that surrounded the pleasure spot on her face had also sported a bright red lipstick once.

And now Darla sat in all her well-worn glory, leaning back atop her throne of bowling balls, the Queen of the Trash Closet. She'd see no further activity until the next time Big Eddy caught site of a lady's soap commercial or popped in a bootlegged DVD.

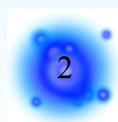
But today was different.

While in town earlier that week Big Eddy had grabbed hold of a cat chasing what Eddy believed was an injured blue jay. Holding and petting the cat long enough to let the struggling and flitting avian disappear into some shrubs, Big Eddy gently put down the cat and sent it in the other direction.

What the greasy man did not know was that this was not a bird he had saved. The tiny creature had been a young fairy named Mavi. It was unlikely she would have survived on her own after the cat had broken her gossamer wing, and after waiting long enough to let it heal Mavi had sought out her savior in order to reward his good deed. She had since discovered his homely abode and had been listening when Big Eddy expressed his wish for Darla to live.

Slipping into the closet with some difficulty through the largest crack, Mavi landed on the head of a golf club and sat herself down, intensely studying Darla.

Mavi was a beautiful little creature. Her skin was a cool blue, and it covered a curvaceous and sexy body, desirable both by human and fairy standards. Only six inches tall, Mavi's breasts would have been considered larger than grapefruits on the average sized human woman. She had an hourglass waist and flared hips, and her very round and soft butt currently pressed against the cold metal plate of the driver she had landed on. Her lovely face was framed by dark blue hair, and like all of her kind she saw no point in covering her sensuality with harsh fabric or leaves. What differentiated Mavi from her kind was the blue crackle of magic that surrounded and danced across her alluring form.





“So...how should I do this...?” Mavi muttered, looking Darla up and down.

The fairy was only a few months into the formal training of her magical abilities, but she had been learning fast. Plus, she had found the hidden collection of books pertaining to the Darker Magiks and had hidden many of them before being caught. The subsequent punishment of temporary isolation had allowed her to retrieve them and study the unwelcomed arts without restriction. However, too late she had discovered that a side-effect of studying the Darker Magiks was that she was cursed to forever display the blue energy prancing across her form. It marked that she had shown more interest in pursuing magic than respecting the laws of her people. Despite that she had been forgiven and welcomed back into the fairy circles once the term of her isolation had passed.

Putting a dainty finger to full dark blue lips, Mavi thought about the best spell to use. Creating life from the inanimate was one of the most heinous and banned Darker Magiks she had found, but if that’s what her savior desired that’s what he would get!

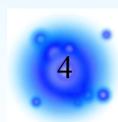
“Let’s get you back to your original fresh state, first!” Mavi giggled, waiving her hands at the artificial woman. The sexy fairy watched as some of the blue sparks left her and inhabited the doll, then rose out into view and started to arc across the silicon form. The full original color of the nipples and lips washed over them like running water. Darla’s skin returned to it’s original unstained and solid sheen. Hair returned to its original brilliance and volume. Darla looked brand new again.

“Yay!” Mavi clapped her hands, excited that it had worked. The spells she needed to satisfy Big Eddy’s request were still untested by her own hand.

“Now, let’s see if I can get you to live...” Mavi muttered, now standing up on the head of the driver. This spell required a long and complicated sequence of hand symbols, incantations, and gyrations. Mavi had to remember each exactly, or else the spell could be unpredictable. Mavi wanted so badly to make it right.

After a few minutes of what looked like an erotic aerobics exorcize Mavi finally sent her sparks of magic to the doll, and her own tiny body collapsed atop the club. Panting, the little fairy intensely watched Darla.

Once the sparks entered the plastic body there at first seemed to be no effect. Just as Mavi was beginning to think she had done something wrong, she saw Darla twitch. Enthusiasm returning to the fairy’s face as she watched for more signs. Mavi noticed that Darla’s mouth was beginning to reform from a round orifice to something more natural. Between Darla’s legs and the cheeks of her ass other reconfigurations were also going on.





Suddenly Darla bolted upright, grasping at her throat and blinking her eyes. The motion startled Mavi, who almost fell from her perch. Tear ducts quickly formed, wetting the fragile orbs in Darla's head. An esophagus and lungs opened up inside the freshly awoken woman. Breathing heavily, Mavi watched as the flesh and blood figure stood up and fidgeted as other internal systems began to form.

More sparks started to surface atop Darla's chest. Forming a small circle they spread out across Darla's skin, dividing into separate rings as they reached the doll's legs, arms, and neck. The once uniform color of Darla's skin began to show signs of veins and muscle, and the doll shivered. Glass eyes lost their dead stare and hair began to fall more naturally as the sparks finished their work on her face. Darla's mouth also fully reformed into a natural tooth-filled maw.

Soon Darla sat back down on her throne of bowling balls, breathing very heavily and clearly exhausted. She examined her arms and soft pliable breasts, poking and squeezing along her newly supple flesh, and finally quietly spoke; "I'm a real woman!"

"Indeed you are!" Mavi giggled, flying from her golf club and landing gently on Darla's knee.

"Yes, you gave me life..." Darla replied looking down at the tiny being, "I...thank you."

"You're welcome!" Mavi squealed, flying up to eye level with the seated nude woman, "Now let's go show Big Eddy what I did for him!"

"Uh, no..."

"What?"

Mavi stared into Darla's eyes, and the fairy was surprised by the determination burning behind them.

"I don't want to spend another minute with that man," Darla muttered as she stood up, "All he does is use me for sex! He never dressed me, talked to me, or properly cleaned me! And do you know what he does with *this* hole?"

Darla pointed an angry finger back at her ass, and Mavi simply shook her head.

"Well, I don't know either, since I can't see it..." Darla conceded, "...but I don't *like* it. And all he really wanted me to live for is to clean up *his* mess!"

Mavi just stared back at the angry woman. The fairy realized just how powerful a spell she had used from the Darker Magiks; it had collected all the sterile experiences that still echoed across the doll's form and turned it into a personality. Mavi had thought

Darla would wake up eager to continue her life as it had been – she had never considered those previous experiences would be cause for independent existence and create free will.

And there was no magic to deny free will. Now that Darla was alive Mavi could cast no more spells on her unless the woman approved of it in some way.

“Uh, well, what do you plan to do?” Mavi nervously inquired.

“I don’t know, you brought me to life, what was your plan?” Darla crossed her arms, which caused her breasts to bulge up over them.

“To leave you with *him*...” Mavi shrugged, motioning out the of the closet towards the trailer home.

“Well, I’m not staying, so what do you suggest I do?”

“Uh...” Mavi muttered, “I guess whatever humans do...get a job, buy a house...”

“And how should I do that?” Darla exclaimed, stretching up on her toes and towering over the hovering blue fairy, “I must look in my mid-twenties. I have no ID, no education, no skills, no experience, no nothing! How can I make any money - I have nothing!”

“You, uh...” Mavi swallowed hard and flew up to Darla’s eye level - all of the things Darla listed were human constructs and beyond any fairy’s abilities to grant, “...you have your body...and you have experience having sex...”

Darla was about to dig into Mavi for suggesting such a ridiculous option, but stopped as a thought entered her head.

“I do remember Eddy watching a show about women called ‘prostitutes’ who make money by having sex...”

“There you go,” Mavi gave a mock smile, starting to hover towards the crack she had entered through, “Good luck with that!”

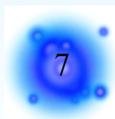
“Uh uh, one moment there,” Darla stated, gently grabbing Mavi by the legs and moving her back to the golf club. Mavi did not attempt to resist and simply let herself get placed down on her previous perch.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’ve *seen* those women on TV. They are totally hotter than I am. If I’m going to succeed I will need *way* more advantages over them than I have now.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t-”

“Can’t what?” Darla exclaimed, throwing her hands to her hips, “You gave me life. You can’t just make me and then leave me to struggle, what kind of person are you?”



“I’m not a person, I’m a fairy,” Mavi replied sternly. Now she knew why the spells of Darker Magiks were kept secret, “And I wasn’t supposed to bring you to life in the first place. It’s one of the most serious infractions amongst my kind!”

“Then breaking a few more rules shouldn’t be a big deal,” Darla smiled. “Now, first, make me more sensitive.”

“What?”

“You know, make it easier for me to orgasm. Increase my erotic sensations. I’ve been fucked countless times and I never got anything out of it, and it doesn’t seem like this new fleshy body is much more sensitive...” Darla poked a nipple with one finger and the slit between her legs with another to prove her point, “The women Eddy watches are screaming in pleasure and getting off at the slightest touch. It’s time I had that.”

“Um, okay...” Mavi replied, trying to recall a spell that would do the trick. After a moment she performed the hand motions and threw a few sparks at Darla.

At first the tall redhead didn’t seem to have any reaction to it. She simply watched the blue balls of energy pass into her skin, then looked up at Mavi expectantly.

“And when should I - *oh...*” Darla nearly collapsed and grabbed onto the rickety shelves for support. She hadn’t yet noticed the gentle breeze that weaved its way through the shoddy building, but now that it licked at her suddenly sensitive nipples and pussy. Darla was overwhelmed. She nearly collapsed, and the sudden movement had caused her breasts to shift and bounce a bit, adding to her selection of new sensual sensations.

Taking a few deep breaths and slowly straightening up, Darla glowed from the experience. Mavi did not have a direct spell with which to grant Darla’s request, so she used another to loop Darla’s sensations through the woman’s new clitoris. It was like Darla’s entire body was as sensitive as her pleasure nub, her nipples even more so, and her own clit’s sensitivity doubled back on itself. A woman with actual life experience would have quickly realized that being as sensitive as the redhead was now would be very detrimental. Darla had never worn a shirt, but if she had one on now the pressure of the fabric would have probably brought her to orgasm already. And if she tried on panties...

“That’s *wonderful...*” Darla cooed, swinging her body in the air and letting herself get lost in the sensations.

“Great to hear that, so I’ll be-”



“No!” Darla exclaimed, her eyes snapping open, “There’s no point to being a prostitute as sensitive as this if no one wants to pay me for sex! I want you to make me sexier than any of the women Eddy watches!”

“Um...what do they look like...?” Mavi asked, having never watched whatever Darla was referring to.

“Uh, like you,” Darla pointed at the little fairy, “Your dimensions...except bigger.”

Mavi didn’t really understand what Darla meant, and things were starting to get completely out of control. But Mavi still needed time to find a way out of this situation, and giving Darla what she wanted was a good stall tactic. The little fairy knew her own curves were proportionally more pronounced than Darla’s. She’d start there.

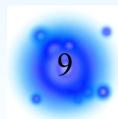
Casting some magic at the woman, who’s legs were occasionally buckling as the wind picked up, Mavi sat back to watch the show.

As the blue sparks reemerged and danced over Darla’s body, the first thing she noticed was the pressure in her chest. Still slightly bent over from the breezy caresses she was getting, Darla looked down at her dangling breasts. From her angle it wasn’t at first clear, but as she tried to stand up straight Darla felt their additional mass start to rest on her ribs. For Darla the feeling of growth was indescribable, but another woman may have compared it to toothpaste slowly refilling a tube. Mavi’s magik was also improving the muscles Darla would need to support the massive mammories that were slowly encroaching down her ribs. Although impressive before, Darla gasped as she surpassed the size of cantaloupes, and crept towards watermelons. Her nipples were also engorged and elongating, stretching out past the size of thumbs and quickly growing larger than double-shot glasses.

So wrapped up in her growing chest was the new woman that she barely registered the changes acting on her ass. The cheeks of her butt continued to grow and shape until it almost seemed like two bowling balls had stuck to Darla’s rear when she stood up. They were certainly peach shaped...if not over ripe peaches.

“Oh!” Darla gasped, running her hands through her hair as the blue sparks continued to dance around her, and she felt her waist adjust slightly. It had already been designed very slim, but now it sucked in just a bit to further accentuate the top and bottom of Darla’s literal hourglass figure.

As the flesh of Darla’s body rearranged itself the connection to the woman’s clit was causing her privates to shift. Soon she was the proud owner of a larger pleasure button repositioned for better contact for whenever Darla was penetrated.





“There, that should be the end of it!” Mavi smiled as Darla braced herself completely upright. Darla looked down at what her body had become. Her enormous breasts, which had very little droop, jutted out from her chest like two pale blimps. They naturally pushed together to create a deep cleavage, completely hiding Darla’s legs from her view. Darla’s nipples stuck out a few inches, and were so hard they had no droop whatsoever. The areola had not grown much, which left the enormous teats looking even more ridiculous and out of scale.

Very carefully Darla took a shaking hand and let the tip of one of her fingers touch the very end of a nipple. Her body bucked, and although Darla’s face tightened up to scream she found the sensations overwhelmed her ability to voice the pleasure that rocketed from the end of her tit down to the very wet cleft between her thighs.

Panting and leaning heavily on the shelves, Darla turned to Mavi.

“This is great, but now I need it to be certain it’s pleasurable for me when a man wants to do me in the rear.”

“What? But isn’t that what-”

“Look, fairy, there are a few things I’m gonna need if I’m to survive in the world out there! And I’m certain that turning that down would be bad for business!”

Mavi sighed.

“Why don’t you just list all of the things you need done, and then I can try and cast *one* spell that takes care of all of them...instead of having to keep adding?”

“Uh, ok...” Darla replied, carefully bringing one hand over her massive cleavage to tap at her plump lips.

“I don’t want to have to shave my legs or pussy.”

“I shouldn’t be able to catch an STD.”

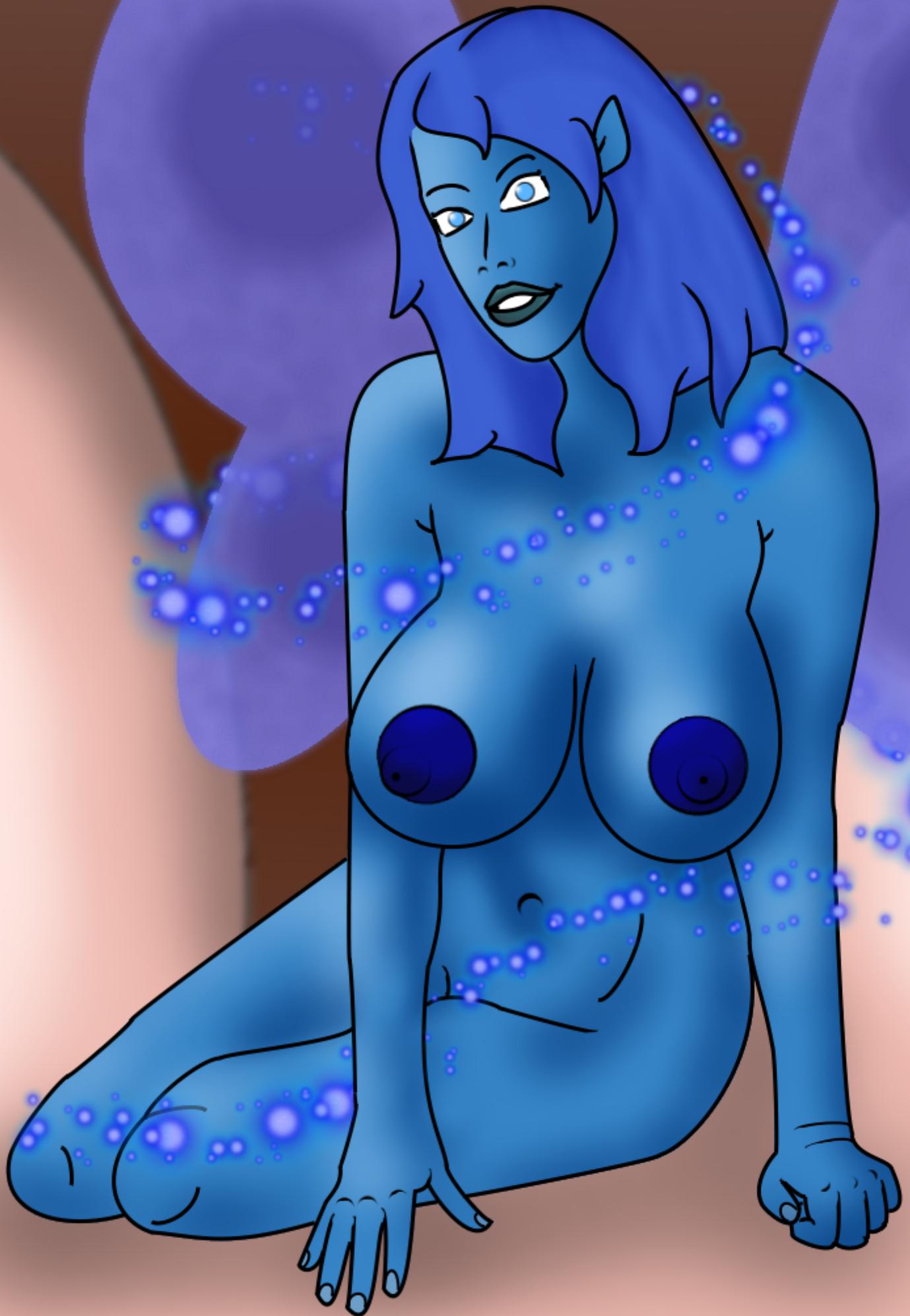
“I always want to be wet when I need to be.”

“I don’t want to get sore from sex.”

“I never want to get tired from sex.”

“I, uh...” Mavi watched intently as Darla paused, seemingly out of steam, “...wow, I mean, I really just need to be made for fucking.”

“DONE!”



Before Darla even had time to think about what she had said, Mavi tossed the spell at her. As the sparks hit Darla's skin it suddenly returned to an artificial sheen. This sheen spread across Darla's body, bleaching out any veins and natural changes in pigmentation as it went. As the wave of transformation swiftly swept over Darla's bosom and up her neck, she only had a moment to softly say "Oh!" before her face was turned back into silicon.

The reverted love doll's grip on the shelves loosened, and her curvaceous form fell backwards onto the pile of bowling balls. The extra cushioning in her rump caused her to bounce, and the enormous rubber orbs attached to her front wobbled and squeaked loudly as she finally settled down. Wiping some sweat from her brow, Mavi took flight and landed between Darla's enormous breasts. Taking a few steps as she examined her handiwork, Mavi finally sat down in front of Darla's face.

"Sorry, my dear, but things were getting out of hand," the little fairy sighed, casually running a hand down one of the sexy hills, "But I think Eddie's still going to appreciate the changes that were made. And so will you...since I can't take away your consciousness."

Indeed, Darla's newly living mind was still awake within the silicon form, and quite aware of Mavi. Trapped inside her once again immobile body Darla's thoughts ran wild as she realized what she had asked for. Her glass eyes could inexplicably still see the tiny woman, and Darla's mind had been rocked by the feeling of miniature feet walking across the surface of her still hyper sensitive flesh. And that tiny caress had been excruciatingly pleasurable.

"I added some of those other final requests, too," Mavi smiled, "So you should get quite a thrill the next time Eddie uses 'that hole.' Plus, you have all this wonderful sensitivity to really appreciate his usage of you. And my magic has insured you will never wear out or break – you can enjoy sex for all of time! Enjoy!"

Darla would have screamed as the fairy took flight and flew out the large crack in the wall that she had entered through, but nothing moved. Darla's mouth remained in the O shape it had taken at the final moments of her human existence. It was the same shape her other holes had returned to.

As Darla lay in unblinking stillness she felt another orgasm wash through her mind as the breeze picked up. At first she desperately tried to shudder in pleasure, then stand, sit up, kick, any of the physical abilities she had briefly tasted. But desperation turned to hopelessness as she realized her greedy requests had done nothing more than rob her of the freedom she was trying to make easier.

Darla silently cursed Mavi for hours. Eternal helpless consciousness seemed to be the worst thing that could have been inflicted on the doll. But a little voice in the back of her mind kept saying, *This is what you asked for, after all!*

A few hours later Big Eddy woke up. After catching a commercial for women's shower soap he came back for Darla.

Darla had not been able to see his reaction to her renewed and reformed body, but she could hear his gasp and meandering mutterings on the matter. At first Darla was pissed at being so helpless, but as his rough and hairy arms grasped her skin and lifted her from the pile, Darla's negative thoughts were washed away by the waves of pleasure. As Big Eddy carried his doll back towards the living room even the feeling of Darla's hands and feet dragging against the carpet and debris was intoxicating. Plus, Darla could feel air brushing against her very sensitive backside; whatever Mavi had done, the doll was certain that the next time Eddy used "that hole" it would feel incredible.

Darla found herself placed on the couch, and Big Eddy began readying himself for what was to come. As Darla sat, completely still, she couldn't recall how many times she had been placed on this cushion, waiting. But for the first time the fabric felt *good...or felt* at all. The rough material seemed to cradle and caress her silicon skin, driving her desire and anticipation for how amazing this time with Eddy was going to be.

How *every* time with Eddy was going to be.

Darla rethought her fate.

She was a sex doll. That was what she was, always had been, and should be, right? It was *her job*. No – *her purpose*. And no other doll in the world could *enjoy* itself. This was *better* than being human, right? This was what she was made for. She would embrace her purpose, her proper form, and now she could finally enjoy it.

And a few minutes later, she did.

**FIN**

## AfterWord

REAL WOMAN started out in my head as a comic with a very different ending. Actually, it didn't have an ending. It was one of those annoying pieces that tells only the beginning of an actual story. In the original version Darla wakes up, Mavi makes the demanded changes, and then they decide to escape Big Eddy (a less positively portrayed person at the time) and start a life as partners in a strange new world.

Someday I may take that version and tell a full story, but I always disliked it as a stand-alone tale. Where's the conclusion? I've read dozens of comics and short stories that are basically written as nothing more than an excuse for the transformation. What 'story' there is rarely qualifies as anything more than origin...hardly a complete tale. And of course, such material is rarely followed up on, and lacks closure. So, when it became clear a comic would be too expensive to do and I had to rewrite it as a short story, Darla's fate was sealed; closure probably meant she couldn't walk out of that closet.

And then it occurred to me...how would a person suddenly brought into existence actually live in this world of ours? She'd be lacking a lot of basic social documents, knowledge, and requirements. As I thought more and more on what skills she did have, and what she'd want done to remain a competitive presence in that market, how to end the story became clear. I tried to imply it worked out in the end...in some sense.

Plus, it let me include some iroty. That's *erotic + irony* for those who don't know.

Doing the images myself was interesting. I'm still heavily reliant on using exact poses as references. I don't seem to have yet developed the ability to draw strictly from my imagination – at least not as detailed and acceptably sexy as I wanted the images to be. So it was fun to track down poses of models to refer to. Of course, the faces and the bust sizes and the wings and the backgrounds are all purely mine...it's a start.

The benefit to you, dear reader, of my necessity to find visual reference is that you ended up with *four* pictures instead of my intended two! I had only ever intended to draw the image of Mavi on the golf club (my first image done and my least favorite), and the second image of the “improved” Darla. But poses by two other models just would not leave my head, and I knew I had to draw them as well. So, I hope the results of my random experience of *brainlodgitis* was enjoyed!

Certainly let me know if you enjoyed Mavi. This story isn't intended to be part of my larger Traverse series, but a little stand-alone series of naughty fairy hijinks would not be without its entertainment...

## Regards

I want to thank Real Doll. That may seem odd, but here's why. After I wrote the book I decided to see if I could arrange some sort of cross promotion or other project with them. I figured it was unlikely, but why not try? So I did some research, drafted up an email, and sent a proposal over. I actually heard back from them *within* one day. Not a stock email, not some auto-responder, but an actual marketing exec got back to me. Now they did turn down my proposal, as they said they do not cross promote, but they actually *responded* to me. In addition they also gave me permission to use the Real Doll name in the story. Since I didn't know if their product would show, or even have, the sort of wear-and-tear that Darla displays I opted not to specify her as a Real Doll so as to not possibly sully the quality of their product. Instead, I simply want to thank them here for responding, and treating me with prompt politeness and professionalism.

It is appreciated.

I also want to thank Amber Brood for reviewing all four images and providing feedback and advice regarding character consistency. She also assisted me in eliminating the issue of “alien face” as she put it. As always her support and good humor about these projects is truly appreciated.

Thank you!

# Gallery



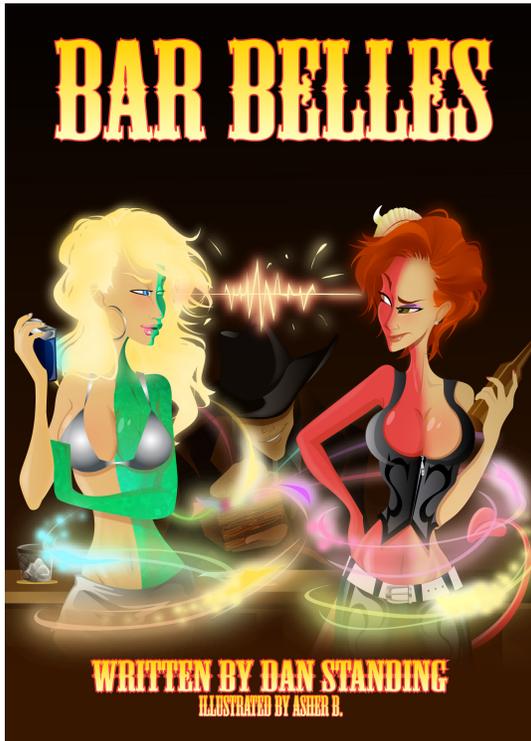






## BAR BELLES

### teaser



Kylie and Alyssa don't like each other. In fact, the only thing they can agree on is keeping secret the fact that they both lied to get their jobs as bartenders.

Then one night a mysterious traveler arrives, who is quite annoyed that neither woman knows how to make his favorite drink. He leaves with them a strange box filled with different drink mixes.

At first the girls are more than happy to have the box at their disposal. But it quickly becomes clear that any drink they make out of it will get them more than just a tip. As things like Fuzzy Naval, Soviet Cocktail, Sexy Devil, and Jade start to act on them, will Kylie and Alyssa be able to survive their shifts, an angry boyfriend, each other, and find a way to reverse the curses acting on them?

BAR BELLES is over 80 pages long, and features 6 illustrations by vector artist Asher B. The art is very sexy, but has no *explicit* nudity. The text, however, is quite explicit. Head on over to <http://www.danstanding.com> to purchase BAR BELLES, the first book in Dan Standing's epic Traverse series. If you're a fan of breast expansion, devil girls, tails, petrification, lady love storytelling, and other erotic transformations & magic then BAR BELLES will not disappoint!

<http://www.danstanding.com>



## About the Author

Dan Standing has had a love and interest of transformative erotica for 10 years. He has read and researched an immense amount of material on the subject, stretching back from the earliest myths to the newest online posts. He is dedicated to expanding and advancing the genres and formats of transformation literature, which is in part why he founded Dan Standing Entertainment in 2009.

In 2006, between jobs, he decided to write his first book, *The Chest*, which was published on the [BE Story Club](#) in 2007. Since then his ongoing comic series (*T&A*) and a stand-alone comic book (*Spritely*) have also been published through the **BESC**. While Dan plans to continue working with the **BESC** on series which purely involve breast expansion, and has written a few more issues of *T&A*, Dan decided that he wanted to break off on his own to write material that involved transformations of other types.

Dan intermittently posts poems dealing with transformations of various sorts on his [Deep Underground Poetry](#) page. He has also been posting on his [deviantArt](#) page the semi-regular series *MORPHOS: Webcast*, through which Dan has started to build the groundwork for a larger and expansive story he has dubbed **the Traverse**. His premiere self-published book, *Bar Belles*, is the first full length entry into this new literary universe, and Dan has already written and story-boarded more tales to tell.

Dan lives in the USA with his true love, Amber Brood.

Dan's website is: <http://www.danstanding.com>

Feel free to follow Dan Standing on Twitter: [@dan\\_standing](#)

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