

Extracts From A Carnal Memoir

A She-Ra Smutfic for the Sheer Trouble Zine

by Mird

Introduction

You know, my dears, there have been many chroniclers of coitus over the centuries. Perverts and harlots who wrote tales of their exploits, the exploits of others or even of characters who only exist in fiction. And not one of them would I trust to faithfully relay the tales I have to tell. And so, I have decided to recount some of them to you for posterity and, perhaps, your own titillation.

Of course, over the years a dozen less-than-scrupulous periodicals have tried to document my escapades, but who would you believe? Me...your beloved actor-saint? Or the writers of those tiresome columns? They'd have you believe anything, darling. Rumours of my libido are greatly exaggerated, for one. Some would have you believe I've slept with half of Etheria. I would put my estimates at a *third* at most. And while it is true that I have certain thirsts which are, indeed, *truly* unquenchable, not every encounter of mine is as salacious as you would believe; some, I think, are quite lovely, in fact. In this tome, I will prove it to you.

To have you understand my proclivities, I would ask that you pay close attention to these stories. Each episode, I promise you, means more to me than a lustful memory. Each lover teaches you something, after all. Oh and do try to keep up - I will tell these stories in the way I most enjoy. And linear storytelling is so very out of vogue.

The First Time With Another Shapeshifter

So I suppose you'd like to delve into my past, hm? How deep would you like to go? There is *one* story from long ago that's still worth telling. I'm sure you'd like to hear it. The setting? Green Glade...that sickly emerald hellhole where folk are too pious to even consider an orgasm.

Their name was Glamour, and they were my first. Though you must realise, the concept of a 'first' in the mind of a shapeshifter like myself, is quite absurd. When your life is lived across so many bodies, there are many firsts.

But I digress. This particular episode began in a tavern, as so many good tales do. I was in the body of what less honest types would call a man - that is to say I was broad, with a square jaw and stubble. The character was not one I was particularly proud of - too jagged. Perhaps if I were to take on that role again I'd have made him softer. But then again, perhaps the charm of that serrated form was what drew Glamour to me.

You know the look of buildings in the Glade: all vines and flowers, drenching every surface in green. Glamour came to me like a nymph through the woods, threading their way with purpose

through the throbbing mass of bodies gathered in this provincial pub. It was the harvest festival, you see - and there were so many people there it was hard to move. I had been engaged to spy on the mayor, with whom I had been trapped trading idle talk, but he was a dry dolt with no secrets to spill.

Glamour had much more to spill, I later learned - and how grateful I was for their rescuing of me. They came at me with all the pomp confidence of an Etherian deer, all eyes and horns. In the body they'd assumed - a tall, elfin type with white hair and faint wrinkles - I saw little appealing. But their eyes were on me, and my own eyes quickly met them. And when they blinked, I saw the telltale eyelids of a shapeshifter like me. They had blinked quite purposefully, it seemed. They wanted me to know.

I was younger, back then - didn't know what that quick flash of white-green irises meant. But it was a signal. One which I have not forgotten since. Glamour made it so I wouldn't.

With a whirl of words, they dispatched the woeful mayor and whisked me off with the pull of their arm, which they'd slipped under mine. As they led me out through the narrow corridor to the storerooms, I bristled with apprehensive excitement. To be singled out in a room by a stranger like that was...vitalising. As we moved further into the shadows, the feeling in my belly drifted downward. I felt the skin of my brute persona fall from my shoulders, like he'd never been there. Perhaps, to Glamour, he never had.

We didn't even exchange words - there was a mutual fire, a connection forged in an instant, like a spire of light had struck through our chests and lit us from the inside. Their disguise fell away too, curling like paper burned in the flames of our lust. Beneath, they had been naked, and for a moment I felt silly for wearing clothes beneath my false body. But Glamour quickly remedied that, reaching for my underwear as I gormlessly gazed upon their body. Their skin was green like mine, mottled and fatty in places that I recognised. They were older, but reminded me of myself. As they lifted my harness, I felt a shiver. They felt it too, and with a breathy grin, kissed me as they spidered a hand down to brush my groin. I held to their shoulders as they moved me to the corner and pressed me up against the wall.

Reader, I cannot overstate how thrilling it is to be with another changeling. I pity those of you that don't possess the ability to mould your body to fit perfectly against another. It really is singularly intoxicating. Glamour leaned their body into mine and with each careful rocking motion we edged closer into each other. I could feel them inside of me - not just between my legs but in the spaces in between my fingers, among each layer of skin. From my cunt to my lips and back down to my tail which wrapped so naturally around theirs, I could feel their passion, could feel every bit of intention.

A curious thing can happen during this sort of entanglement. Before long - and because Glamour was practiced in this - I began to see through their eyes...and they through mine. This trick, unique to our kind, takes some getting used to: you must first pass through a wave of anxiety. Which I did. As I began to see a blurry reflection of myself, I felt my hands hover above me, even as they grasped and plucked at Glamour's chest.

It wasn't until I felt the sensation of my own cunt squeezing on their cocks that I realised: I was no longer one, but two. I could see myself from their eyes, and they saw themselves through mine. And when we came, we did as one shivering mass, blurring together in the dark shadows of that tavern, gasps and moans drowned out by the party din.

Interlude: Peacetime

You know that I cannot name names, of course. The last thing I'd like to do is threaten the carefully-built peace we've come to enjoy these past few years. In my head, I promise I've changed their names, so in case I must refer to them you can be sure that no-one will know their secret. Their positions in the new order formed in the wake of our *glorious* revolution would not survive the scandal - and I dare say that they should. But yes, it's true. I have slept with more than one princess. And more than one prince. And more than one queen.

Oh. Oops. I couldn't possibly comment on the identities of any of these paramour royals, of course. But I'm sure there are some of you that will have your suspicions. The most recent taught me some very valuable lessons in roleplay, you know. She was quite unused to the idea of queendom, and needed a little...training. I was more than happy to oblige. It's quite surprising how much a queen wants, when so much is provided for her. And how much a queen can give, when she's tied to her throne.

The Time I'm *Sure* There Was Someone

It began as a feeling of warmth. There was something familiar about...everything. Their touch, their skin - even my surroundings. As I woke, I felt a smile form on my lips, even as I lay with my eyes still closed. It was reassuring...comforting. Whoever it was, they had great and tender affection for me. The entire exchange was wordless, and in my sleepy-headed state, I didn't think much further. Wherever I was, and whoever it was, it was good.

At first, I wasn't sure where I was - I recognised it as a large, open room. In itself, that wasn't too unusual - I am, of course, quite used to the great open stage. If not a stage, I thought, perhaps I'd found myself waking up on the floor of some cavernous ballroom in the manor of one of the many noble ladies I'd fraternised with in my youth. The parties those Meadowlanders would throw...oh! It makes me shiver just to think about it.

Slowly, I came to recognise my immediate surroundings. I was at the centre of the room, laying on my side. I was aware of a softness beneath me, and promptly understood it to be a large, blue velvet chair which sloped up dramatically at the sides. I was lying across it, from arm-to-arm.

I wriggled around, hoping for a few more minutes of graceful sleep, and perhaps a few minutes passed, perhaps a few hours. It was only after that I felt them slide behind me, as if they'd been there the entire time, and were only now just changing position alongside me. It was a person, I was sure - I felt their heat, the pressure of their body against me.

As they reached their hands around me and pressed themselves into my back, I lay with my legs bent, curled, with my feet tucked beneath my thighs. Their shape encapsulated me, and their soft weight elicited from me a gasp. The visitor was so familiar - I could feel it in their skin. That's one thing you learn, you know, when you're a *true* artist, when you've learned to trace and preserve in your mind each and every body you come into contact with. And when you've had as many lovers as I have, the catalog of skin surfaces becomes quite extensive. This person felt like many - as if I had met another

shapeshifter, and they'd split themselves into a dozen different hands, limbs and organs. For a moment I wondered if it was Glamour, come to visit.

Their hand slid over my chest, pulling me closer. Fingers skimmed across my belly and down, down to where I wanted their hand to go. But instead, they tauntingly withdrew it and, with barely a moment to give me thought, replaced their focus.

I mumbled words to myself which were oddly familiar, "Yes...I can resist no longer..."

As I did so, I felt a mass against my backside. It was a taunt, a promise and an offering all at once. Something to fill me. I surely let out a moan loud enough to alert anyone else in the room, but so far as I could tell, beside us it was empty. All the world beyond this intimate moment was asimmer.

They kept on pushing, and before long I was pushing back, both of us trying to bury ourselves as deeply in each other as we could. It felt like my buttocks were being forced apart by a spell, widened to accommodate an ever growing organ which filled not just my hole, but every inch of flesh around it.

I lost control of my eyes, dipping to black and then back to sight, rolling my vision around in the desperate hope that I might focus on something. But as I lost my sight, I lost my mind. It was a perfect fit, in every regard. In my mind, I was reduced to a vessel, built to be filled.

And just as I dazedly stumbled upon that thought, the pressure withdrew. For a moment I recognised the shape of the thing that had gone inside of me as fingers, but I also felt their hands on my chest.

I gasped again, and with a titter, they delved their fingers back into me. No, not fingers. A cock. A clit. Something in between. Both. Something. Whatever it was, I ached for it, kept moaning, kept rocking. I'd burst if I didn't have this mysterious lover thread themselves right through me.

Who was it? Who could be giving me such pleasure? I could barely regain control of my thoughts, let alone theorise. Glamour? No...I'd not seen them in a long time. This was the age of princesses...and I had been here on a mission. My errant recollections gave way to more gasps as they reached further and further into me with whatever part of their anatomy it was.

In response, I could feel my own anatomy changing back and forth then back again. Two cocks, two cunts, each in different places and sizes and each time throbbing harder. I coiled my tail round and round, trying to squeeze my lover, as if I could force their cum out of them and into me.

"Oh please..." I begged. And turned my head to try and meet their eyes.

I jolted, as if shocked, and for a second I closed my eyes. When I opened them, my lover was gone.

I was still laying down on the chair. But this time I recognised where I was. This was Castle Brightmoon. It was the age of princesses. And I was alone in a cell.

Interlude: Sweet Tea

Now I would be *appalled* at the suggestion that I am some sort of gossip. You'll note that until now I've strived to preserve the anonymity of my lovers. But what's a memoir if I don't spill a little tea? Remember Prince Peekablue? Oh yes. I do. I remember him quite well. Conspicuously absent during the final years of Etheria's revolution, and vulnerable to impersonation by yours truly. Until I performed as

him, he'd not been seen since the last Princess Prom, and has since only recently emerged from his so-called 'disappearance'. In truth he was hiding. Hiding in shame.

I happen to have the real story - the one which his own memoirs will never tell. He'll tell the story of how he was besotted with Sweet Bee, that delectable honeymaker who so publicly betrayed his love, and nowadays cavorts with the Star Siblings. But let me tell you, dear reader: he's no better. Sweet Bee cheated on him, yes, but I was the one to prompt their separation, when she found the two of us in his bed. And by two, I of course mean *two*. That was some particularly useful research: his form would come in handy in the latter days of the war.

And you know the truly perverted thing? He enjoyed my public portrayal of him. Asked me to continue my performance for some months more once the war was over. I recall that he said it *made his cunt slick*.

The Last Time I Was Someone Else

My first impression, besides her allure, was that she was hopelessly in love. That changed things...for a while. I liked her very much - not least because she had a large *purse* - but remained...docile for her. I did her bidding, so long as she paid. It was a mutually beneficial relationship. One which, these days, I still look upon quite fondly.

In those days, though, I had very little idea what I was doing, you see. When I first met her, I did so with a wink - a signal I was *sure* she'd receive. The form I'd taken was one I was sure would win her favour - that of her comrade, a shapely bulk of a woman with white hair (who on more than one occasion in the years since I've had the pleasure of encountering in more intimate settings). I was sure she'd appreciate such a gesture, and for a moment I thought she did. When she shoved me against the crates, pinned me there in anger, I knew there was something. She made me dewy. And when she snapped those handcuffs on me...it was then that I vowed to *get into her skin*, so to speak.

As we began working together, I came to learn more about her than I had by observing from afar. She liked it when I took her lover's face, for example. A lover who had left her, turned against her, but for whom she clearly had great affection for. At first, it was just a game, but soon enough she called it *thrilling*. It quickly progressed from a joke done via datapad call to something she'd ask me to do in person when I returned to give my reports.

Oh, yes, she had me out on missions, most of the time, But she so enjoyed the act of recalling me. I surmised it gave her a sense of control over people she had affection for that she found lacking all elsewhere in her life. I did try to resist, but if I'm being honest, it was too tempting to return her favours. Sometimes, early on, she'd seek some modicum of touch - a brushed arm, a gentle faux-punch - later, she'd steal kisses, and by the end of our time together, steamy rendezvous in her quarters.

It was...a curious arrangement. She had feelings for me - that is, the real me - but I wondered how much that was because she knew there was some kernel of her former lover I carried inside me. I told her so often that I lived to serve...for a price. It wasn't my fault that she came to depend on my companionship. Those were the last days, you see; there was a certain fervor in the air. We were all so heightened, you could scarcely look at someone without silently begging for their comfort.

In the final hours of the old regime, I returned to her one last time. When I came upon her, I saw it was worse than I thought; she was a mess. This, I thought, was the moment we would reach our dramatic climax, for I'd come with news she had so often professed a desire for, but for which I suspected she had a secret desire to never hear.

"She-Ra is gone," I told her, ending my line with a pointed "...so..."

Her gratitude was immediate and intense; her face lit up as a potential future cast its light upon her. With a flash of my white-green irises, I gave her the same signal Glamour had given me all those years ago, and all thoughts of our next strategic move dissipated. She grasped my hand, and led me through the grim halls to her bed chamber.

When we reached her bed, she stopped, and for a moment I worried that my fear was true. Perhaps she could not shake her thoughts. I waited for her on the bed, already half naked and ready to embrace her. The hesitation was brief, and moments later she was on her knees in front of me, kissing me.

"I've waited a long time for this, kitten," I said to her between breaths, knowing my nickname for her would stir her to action.

She bent her knees and lifted herself up, managing to make herself as tall as me. I sensed that she was trying to convince me she was just as assertive as I was. But I quickly denied that thought by thrusting my hand beneath her belt. She squirmed and giggled as I tickled her clit.

"Deetee...I-..."

With a shush, I eliminated her chance to finish her sentence, and instead instructed her to turn around and remove her clothes for me. She complied, and I smiled as she arched her back for me, pulling off her shirt and tossing it aside. Each time I saw it, her naked form so completely enraptured me that I had to resist the urge to replicate it.

I reached around and, as I toyed with her, she stretched upward further and further, quivering at the touch of my fingers, which I subtly shaped to suit her pleasure. She pressed her back against my chest, and for a moment I thought we'd fall back onto the bed. With her hands she reached back for the nape of my neck, and with her legs struggled to find purchase on the mattress. But she was too overcome with excitement to stay still for even a second.

Eventually, I relented, and crawled back onto the bed, enticing her to follow. Unthinkingly, my body adjusted itself and she ran a finger along the length of my newly-formed member as she crawled over me.

"This never gets old..." she said, and lowered herself down to kiss me again. She cupped her hands around my cheeks and as she did, I once again detected that she was trying to regain some power. But I was having none of that. I pulled her buttocks close and lifted her, pressing my cock against her belly as I flipped her over, reversing our positions.

She gasped, and put her hand through my hair as I slipped inside her. She knew her place, now - and I was happy to oblige in being her conqueror. It was so delicious to rob her of that, after she had tried so hard to prove her worth as a warlord. Whatever happened next - however much power she accumulated in the coming days, I'd be riding her, both figuratively and otherwise, to the top.

As we continued our congress, I could feel my body oscillating, rippling with pleasure. Like it was back in the tavern, with Glamour. It had been a long time since I'd felt such a connection. Though I knew it wasn't possible with her, it almost felt like we were seeing each other through each other's eyes.

“Oh Deetee...Deetee, I’m in trouble. I can’t get these thoughts out of me,” she panted, still rocking against me, “Deetee, I’m-...I’m seeing double.”

I wasn’t sure what to say. Wasn’t sure what she was seeing.

“Show me...show me *her*. Please.”

In that moment, I can’t say for certain that my face was my own.

“I love you,” she said. And I knew the words weren’t for me.