

POKEMON COMIC: After a running

3D COMIC: Sonic and Amy

TUTORIAL: How to draw WRINKLED SOLES

FIC STORY Toe Hanging

STAR TECHNIQUES
SHOULD HAVE ENDED



THIS MAGAZINE HAS

QR CODES

YOU NEED A QR CODE READER



DEVFEET HAS A HISTORY.

THE FIRST VERSION WAS LAUNCHED IN 2016, AND IT WAS A GREAT EXPERIMENT. WITH 20 PAGES, IT GOT A NICE ACCEPTATION IN THE FOOT FETISHISM AUDIENCE.

NOW IT'S TIME TO EVOLVE AND LAUNCH A REAL-SIZE POF MAGAZINE. BUT YOU CAN STILL ENJOY THE PREVIOUS VERSION!

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AFTER FIVE EDITIONS OF THE FIRST DEVFEET VERSION, I THOUGHT I WAS READY FOR A REAL-STYLE MAGAZINE. I MEAN, DOZENS AND DOZENS OF PAGES WITH INTERVIEWS, TUTORIALS, STORIES, FULLSIZE COMICS AND SUCH.

EVERYTHING WAS GOING FINE, BUT SOME LACK OF IDEAS AND CHANGES OF PERSPECTIVE POSTPONED THE LAUNCH.

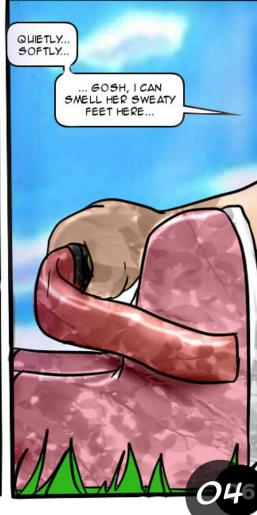
I WANTED TO CREATE SOMETHING SIMPLY PERFECT, THEN I OPENED A PRE-ORDER PERIOD. I GOT LOTS OF GREAT FEEDBACK, THEN I DECIDED TO RE-WROTE ALL THE STORIES.

UNFORTUNATELY, ONE
WEEK AFTER IT, LIFE JUST
KNOCK THE DOOR, AND I
NEEDED TO LEAVE THE
ARTS. IT TOOK ONE
MONTH BEFORE I GET
BACK TO ART, BUT IT
WASN'T FINISHED, AND I
JUST HAD SOME ONEDAY-DRAWING, TWO-DAYSDON'T. WELL, SOMETIMES
YOU NEED TO FOCUS ON
REAL LIFE.

APRIL 13 WAS THE LAUNCH DATE, BUT I DECIDED TO GET ONE MORE DAY, JUST TO GIVE SOME POLISH. AND NOW THERE IS. I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY, AND I'D LOVE TO GET CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM. THANKS!













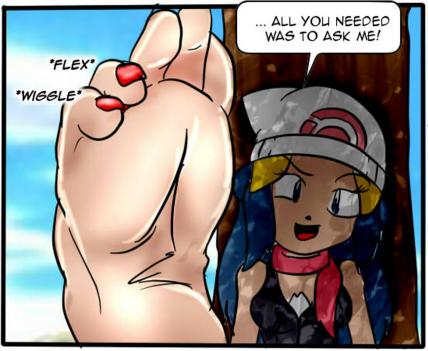




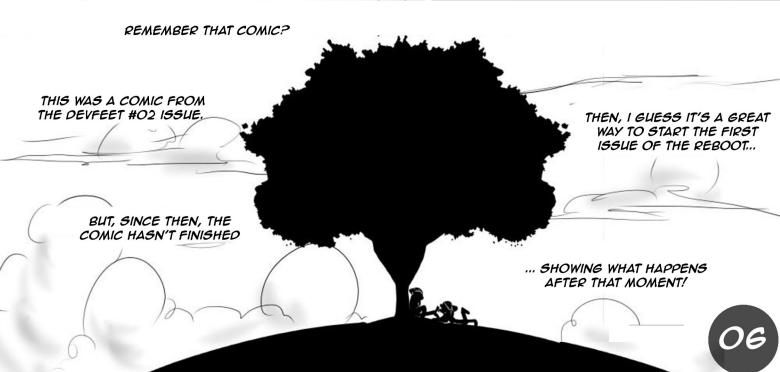






















HOWDY! MY NAME IS FLOR, AND IN THIS MAGAZINE I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO DRAW WRINKLED SOLES!

YOU NEED A PEN TABLET (WACOM BAMBOO, WACOM CINTIQ) OU JUST PEN AND PAPER! LET'S START!

HOW TO DRAW FOOT WRINKLES

FIRST OF ALL, YOU NEED
TO LEARN HOW TO CREATE A
BASIC FOOT. THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A
BASIC TUTORIAL ABOUT HOW TO DO IT IN THE
LAST PAGES.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW HOW TOES BEND OVER THE SOLES, AND THE PERFECT WAY TO KNOW IT IS LOOKING AT YOUR OWN FEET.







LITTLE LINES.

CHANGE THE BORDER OF THE

FEET TO ADJUST TO THE

WRINKLES. LOOK WHEN THE WRINKLES. LOOK WHEN THE WRINKLES CAN TOUCH THE SIZE OF THE FEET AND MAKE IT LIKE AN "EXPANSION". YOU DON'T NEED TO MAKE ALL THE WRINKLED BORDERS, IT MAKES THE FOOT "OLDER".

BEFORE MASTERING FOOT WRINKLES, YOU NEED TO LEARN NATURAL WRINKLES, THE ONES THAT IS MADE WHEN THE FEET IS SIMPLY RESTING.
WHILE STEPPING, YOUR SOLES ARE DIVIDIED IN FOUR PARTS: THE HEEL, THE BALLS, THE SIDE-PART AND THE REST. WHILE THE THREE FIRST PARTS TOUCHES THE FLOOR, THE REST OF THE FEET MANTAIN ELEVATED. THE WRINKLES STARTS THERE, AND WE START TO CREATE MOST OF THE WRINKLES IN THE "UNTOUCHED" PART OF THE SOLES.

FIRST, IMAGINE A BOOT SOLE, THEN, DIVIDE YOUR FEET IN FOUR PARTS, STARTING FROM THE HELL, THEN THE BALLS (YOU CAN USE A "WAVE" FORMAT) AND THE PART THAT NORMALLY TOUCHES THE GROUND.

YOU CAN USE DIFFERENT COLORS TO SEPARATE THE BUT YOU CAN USE A DARKER COLOR FOR THE "UNTOUCHED" PART,



IT'S THE FINAL PART OF THE FOOT MODELLING. CLEAN THE
LINES, CHANGE
THE COLORS,
REMOVE THE
PART MODELS

AND PUT A LITTHE SHADING IN EACH WRINKLE









FIRE AND FREE ARE SLEEPING ON FIRE'S BED, IS LATE AT NIGHT. THE GIRLS HAD A PRETTY BUSY DAY... AND A PRETTY BUSY NIGHT TOGETHER AS WELL (IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN), SO THEY ARE SLEEPING DEEPLY.

IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE SUMMER NIGHT FOR THE GIRLS IF IT WASN'T FOR A **SHADOWY FIGURE** INVADING THE APARTMENT.

THE BURGLAR LOOKS YOUNG, AROUND SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD, BUT PRETTY CONFIDENT, PROBABLY HAVE DONE THAT MANY, MANY TIMES BEFORE. HE SEEMS TO BE A FOX HE IS SKINNY, NOT VERY TALL; HE IS WEARING A BLACK HOODY, DARK GRAY PANTS, GLOVES AND THREE PAIRS OF BLACK SOCKS AT THE SAME TIME, WITH NO SHOES, SO HE CAN MOVE WITHOUT MAKING ANY NOISE.

THE YOUNG THIEF LURKS AROUND THE APARTMENT, MAKING SURE TO CHECK EVERYTHING FOR MONEY, JEWELRY OR ANY VALUABLES. SOME MONEY WAS FOUND, NOT MANY VALUABLES, "ALMOST DISAPPOINTING" HE THINKS.

HE WASN'T READY TO GIVE UP THOUGH; HE CAREFULLY CREEPS INTO FIRE'S ROOM, HOPING TO FIND SOMETHING OF VALUE, BUT WHAT HE FINDS SURPRISES HIM.

FIRE AND FREE ARE STILL DEEPLY SLEEPING, SO MUCH THAT THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THAT THEIR BLANKET WASN'T COVERING THEIR FEET. UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE GIRLS, AND FOR HIMSELF, THE BURGLAR HAS A PRETTY STRONG CASE OF FOOT FETISH.

HE TRIED AS HARD AS HE COULD TO IGNORE THE SWEATY, SOFT FEET ON THE BED.

- GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, DAMNIT!! - HE THOUGHT - IT'S JUST FEET, YOU NEED MONEY MORE THAN FEET, YOU NEED TO "NOT GO TO JAIL FOR ROBBING" MORE THAN FEET!*

BUT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE EVER HAD THE CHANCE TO TOUCH SOMEONE'S FEET... AND WE HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE FIRE OR FREE'S FEET. THE YOUNG ROBBER APPROACHES THE GIRLS' FEET, MAKING SURE TO NOT MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVEMENTS.

- ULUGH, THIS IS A MISTAKE... SWEET, SWEET MISTAKE, I CAN'T RESIST!

HE THINKS AS HE TAKE OF HIS GLOVES AND GENTLY TOUCHES FREE'S LEFT SOLE, HE IS AMAZED BY HOW SOFT IT FEELS. LITTLE BY LITTLE HE WAS LOSING THE FEAR OF TOUCHING THEIR FEET AND WAKING THEY UP, HE TOUCHED, RUBBED, LICKED, SNUGGLE THEIR SOLES, HE WAS ON HEAVEN...

... BUT WITH CARELESSNESS COMES RISKS. WITH ONE ACCIDENTAL HIT ON FIRE'S LEG, SHE WOKE UP.

IT HAPPENED TOO FAST. FIRE WAKES UP, FREE WAKES UP, THEY START TO ROLL AND MOVE ON THE BED, AWAKENING. THE BURGLAR REACTS FAST; HE GETS A NEARBY TABLE LAMP, A STURDY ONE, AND SMASHES IT AS HARD AS HIS THIN ARMS CAN ON FIRE'S HEAD, LUCKILY FOR HIM IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HER FAINT. FREE WASN'T STILL AWARE OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING WHEN THE SAME HAPPENED TO HER.



- OH GREAT, NOW I'VE DONE IT... THANK GOD THEY ARE ALIVE, AT LEAST... - HE THINKS.

NO BLOOD WAS SHED, THEY JUST PASSED OUT.

HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HIS EYES ROLLED ON THE GIRL'S SOLES, HE TOUGH ON ALL THE FUN AND PLEASURE HE WAS HAVING BEFORE THE INCIDENT...

- I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE... I HAVE... I... I WANT THEIR TOES, ALL OF THEM

IT WAS LIKE HE WAS POSSESSED
BY SOMETHING, OUT OF HIS MIND,
THE ONLY THING HE COULD THINK IS
FEET. HE GAGGED THE GIRLS, TIED
THEIR HANDS TO THEIR BACKS AND
DRAGGED THEM THE SAME WAY HE
ENTERED THE BUILDING, THROUGH A
WINDOW ON THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE
THE APARTMENT

THE WINDOW WAS A ROPE CONNECTED TO A BUILDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF AN ALLEY.

MAYBE HIS DELIRIOUS MIND WAS THINKING ON TAKING THE GIRLS TO HIS HOUSE...OR MAYBE HE JUST WANTED TO PLAY WITH THEIR SOLES ON THE WAY OUT...

THE ONLY SURE THING IS THAT WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS SENSES, BOTH GIRLS WERE HANGING BY THEIR TOES ON THE ROPE.

BOTH GIRLS WAKE UP WITHOUT MOVING MUCH, THEY TRY TO SCREAM, BUT THEIR MOUTHS WERE GAGGED.

- OH NO, WHAT HAVE I DONE?!? - HE SAYS, WORRIED ABOUT THE GIRLS.

HE WAS A THIEF, NOT A MURDER.

- D-DON'T WORRY, I WILL SAVE YOU BOTH!

HIS HANDS REACH FIRE'S FEET AND LEGS, BUT AS SOON AS HE FELT THE SOFT TOUCH OF HER SOLES ON HIS HAND, EVERYTHING ELSE STARTED TO FADE AWAY.

- O-OR... MAYBE.... I CAN HAVE SOME FUN BEFORE THAT...

HE PASSES HIS FINGERS GENTLY OVER FIRE'S SWEATY SOLES. FIRE RELEASES A SMALL GIGGLE.

- HIHIHIHIH
- OH, SO YOU ARE TICKLISH, I SEE...

HIS FINGERS FEROCIOUSLY ATTACK FIRE'S SOLES, THE TIP OF HIS FINGERS SLIDE ACROSS THE SWEATY WRINKLES ON HER SOLES. SHE FEELS A CHILL GOING DOWN HER SPINE, JUST BEFORE BURSTING INTO LAUGHTER.

FREE WATCHES THE SCENE, HORRIFIED, WHEN SHE SUDDENLY FEELS THE SAME CHILL ON HER SPINE; HE WAS NOW TICKLING BOTH GIRLS, HIS DELIRIOUS UNCONSCIOUS IS APPARENTLY VERY GOOD AT MULTITASKING.

MUFFLED LAUGHS ARE THE ONLY SOUND THAT HE HEARS NOW, THE SMELL OF THEIR SWEATY FEET IS ON HIS FINGERS.

THE GIRLS TRY TO HOLD THE ROPE AS TIGHT AS THEIR TOES CAN, BUT THAT'S NO EASY TASK. THE SWEAT IS MAKING THEIR TOES SLIPPERY, THE INCONTROLLABLE SENSE OF DESPAIR MAKES THE GIRLS SWING BACK AND FORTH.

EVEN THOUGH SHE IS TERRIFIED, FIRE CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HOW MUCH SHE LIKES THE SENSATION OF BEING TICKLED, THE PLEASURE THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO LAUGH MIXED WITH DESPERATION OF WANTING TO MAKE IT STOP... IT'S ALMOST LIKE A MINI-ORGASM, SHE THINKS.

FREE'S TOES STARTS TO LOSE GRIP.
HER SOLES ARE TOO SENSITIVE TO
ENDURE HIS SKILLFUL FINGERS.
EVERY INCH OF HER SOLES, HER
HEELS, THE SIDES OF HER FEET,
EVEN THE PART UNDER HER
STRETCHED TOES, NOTHING WAS
SPARED.

SHE LAUGHS AND LAUGHS UNTIL ONE OF HER TOES SLIPS OFF THE ROPE.

FOR A SECOND ALL OF HER BODY FROZE, HER MIND JUST REMINDED HER THAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO FALL OF A BUILDING. SHE TRIES TO SCREAM, BUT SHE CAN ONLY LAUGH.

THE THIEF DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE
THAT HER TOES ARE SLIPPING OFF
THE ROPE. ONE BY ONE, HER SWEATY
TOES SLIP OFF THE ROPE, AS THERE
IS LESS TOES HOLDING HER BODY,
MORE DIFFICULT IT GETS TO HOLD ON
TO THE ROPE.

THE MUSCLES ON HER SOLES
BECOME TENSER AS THE TOES SLIP
OFF, UNTIL ONLY THE BIG TOE HOLDS
ONTO THE ROPE. THE BIG TOE
COULDN'T RESIST FOR LONG AND
EVENTUALLY SLIPS TOO.

HER LEFT FOOT ISN'T HOLDING THE ROPE ANYMORE.

THE THIEF NOTICES HER FOOT, SWINGING AROUND IN THE AIR WHILE SHE LAUGHS, AND GRABS IT. NOW HE HAS A WHOLE FOOT TO PLAY WITH.

HE TICKLES IT, MASSAGES IT, EVEN REACHES IT WITH HIS HEAD AND LICKS IT, TICKLING HER SOLES AND TOES WITH THE TIP OF HIS TONGUE.

AS THE THIEF FOCUSES ON FREE, FIRE FINALLY GETS A RELIEF; SHE BREATHS DEEPLY AND START TRYING TO UNTIE HER OWN HANDS.

FREE IS GETTING TIRED, NOW THAT THE THIEF HAS HER LEFT FOOT, HE COULD TICKLE VERY SENSIBLE AND TIRED PARTS OF HER FOOT, THAT ISN'T HELPING THE SITUATION FOR HER. THE TOES THAT ARE STILL HOLDING ONTO THE ROPE ARE GETTING VERY TIRED AND SLIPPERY; SHE CAN'T HOLD IT FOR MUCH LONGER.

ALL THE SCREAMING AND LAUGHING ARE MAKING HER DIZZY. HER TOES ARE ON THE EDGE OF THE ROPE, SHE IS ABOUT TO FALL.

AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS, FIRE MANAGES TO UNTIE HER HANDS, BUT EVEN BEFORE SHE COULD TAKE OFF THE GAG ON HER MOUTH, SHE ACTS QUICK, MORE OF A REFLEX THAN ANYTHING, AND GRAB FREE'S LEGS AS SHE WERE FALLING DOWN.

HE SUDDEN MOVEMENT MAKES THE BURGLAR COME BACK TO HIS SENSES, NOTICING FIRE STILL HANGING BY HER TOES, AS SHE HOLDS FREE'S FEET WITH HER HANDS.



- OH FUCK, WHAT AM I DOING?!?! HOLD HER TIGHT, I WILL PULL YOU!

HE GRABS FIRE'S ANKLES AS HARD AS HE CAN, MAKING SURE TO FOCUS THIS TIME.

- COME ON, I CAN DO IT, I'M NOT LETTING THEY DIE! - HE THIOLIGHT.

FIRE IS HOLDING FREE'S FEET AS HARD AS SHE CAN, BUT FREE'S FEET ARE REALLY SWEATY AND SLIPPERY. HER FINGERS START TO SLOWLY SLIDE THROUGH FREE'S SOLES, EACH WRINKLE HELPS TO SLOW DOWN THE PROCESS, BUT NOT BY MUCH. THE THIEF NOTICES THAT AND FOCUSES.

- OK, IT'S NOW OR NEVER, PUUUUUUUUU!!

WITH ONE POWERFUL HALE, HE PULLS FIRE BACK INSIDE THE WINDOW. FIRE MANAGED TO HOLD ONTO FREE'S FEET DURING THE SWOOP.

FIRE AND FREE ARE BACK INSIDE THEIR BUILDING, LYING DOWN ON THE FLOOR, BOTH VERY DIZZY. THE YOUNG ROBBER IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR, BREATHING DEEPLY. HIS ARMS ARE ACHING AND VERY TIRED; HE ISN'T THAT STRONG NORMALLY, ADRENALINE SAVES THE DAY ONCE AGAIN!

- A-ARE YOU *PANT* OK? SAYS THE BURGLAR, HE FEELS PROUD ABOUT SAVING THEIR LIVES.
- I THINK SO... SAYS FIRE ...WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??

HE BLUSHES AND LOOKS AROUND TO FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE, BUT HE HAS NO CHOICE.

HE EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED AND RETURNS ALL THE THINGS HE STOLE, FIRE LOOKS REALLY UPSET, BUT DOESN'T INTERRUPT HIS EXPLANATIONS.

HE SAYS THAT HE WAS ABANDONED TO LIVE BY HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS STILL A KID; HE JOINED A GANG OF THIEVES SO HE COULD HAVE SOME MONEY TO BUY FOOD AND A PLACE TO LIVE. HE ALWAYS FELT BAD FOR DOING SO, BUT WHEN HUNGER PRESSES, SHAME LOOSENS...

- PLEASE, I BEG YOU, DON'T CALL THE COPS, I WILL NEVER STEAL FROM YOU AGAIN, I WILL NEVER STEAL ON THIS PART OF TOWN AGAIN, I SWEAR HE SAYS, CRYING.
- HMM, WELL, YOU LOOK LIKE A GOOD KID... - SAYS FIRE, ANALYZING HIM - OK, OK, DON'T WORRY. I WILL LET YOU GO... BUT YOU WILL NEED TO BE PUNISHED FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.
- UUH WHAT? HE SAID, SOBBING.
- YOU WILL SEE... SAYS FIRE, GRABBING HIS ARM AND PULLING HIM TOWARDS HER APARTMENT'S DOOR. -YOU KNOW, I KINDA LIKE FEET TOO, I'M AN EXPERT ON TICKLING AND TEASING...
- OH NO... HIS FACE FROZE AND HIS EYES FILLED WITH REGRET; HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE IS GOING TO DO TO HIM. - NO, ANYTHING BUT THAT, PLEASE!
- OH DON'T WORRY ,LITTLE GUY FIRE GETS CLOSE TO HIS FACE AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR - IN THE END, YOU WILL BEG FOR MORE...























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