

The Devil's Mint



AN ART BOOK OF
FANTASY TF SMUT BY

MONSTRIFEX

FEATURING GUEST CONTENT BY:

Brookworm__
HoneyBearArts
JillTheSuccubus
Oblivias__art

Sabrith Ebonclaw
Piddleyfangs
SweetBurn
Zyzyyva

The Devil's Mintman



Created by

Monstrifex

Linktree
Bookstore
Patreon
Print Shop

Twitter
Tumblr
Bluesky
Furaffinity

Magic is getting weirder.

Scholars have known it for hundreds of years. They call it the **Vitiation**. Most common folks don't see it, but those that do call it Strangling. Old spells fail over time as the magic that fuels it grows too strong, too unstable. Mages in the histories are rare, and their works are small compared to the practitioners of today. Every year it comes a little easier. Every year it becomes less predictable.

Beings that use magic are changing with it. The closer they are to the source, the more noticeable it becomes. Mages, monsters, spirits, all growing wild and erratic. If the gods exist, we can only imagine what they're becoming.

No one knows why. No one knows where it ends. How this world will change is anyone's guess. But it is changing, that much is certain.

**Will you change
with it?**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TAMOR 5

Map
Regions of Tamor

HELLBORNE 8

An alchemist awakens the latent infernal power in her demonic blood

[Sequence, Self-Corruption, Curvy, Lust, Blowjob, Multi-arm, Growth, Bestial features]

Guest art by Oblivias__Art

The Hellborne Heart - Guest Story by Zyzzyva

THE MOON QUEEN'S CORONATION 30

A military general siezes a magical crown, and transforms before her cheering subjects

[Comic, Werewolf, Muscular, Giant monster, Large penis, Villainous, Public]

Guest art by BrookWorm__

Guest art by HoneyBearArts

Prince Errol - Guest art by JillTheSuccubus

UPON REFLECTION 47

Written by Sabrith Ebonclaw

A catgirl mage finds a mirror full of transformative reflections

[Illustrated Story, Clonecest, Kitsune, Size difference, Lactation, Outercourse, Penis growth]

Guest art by SweetBurn

WE DREAM THE MOON 65

Written by Piddleyfangs

A spy infiltrates a cult of chitinous witches

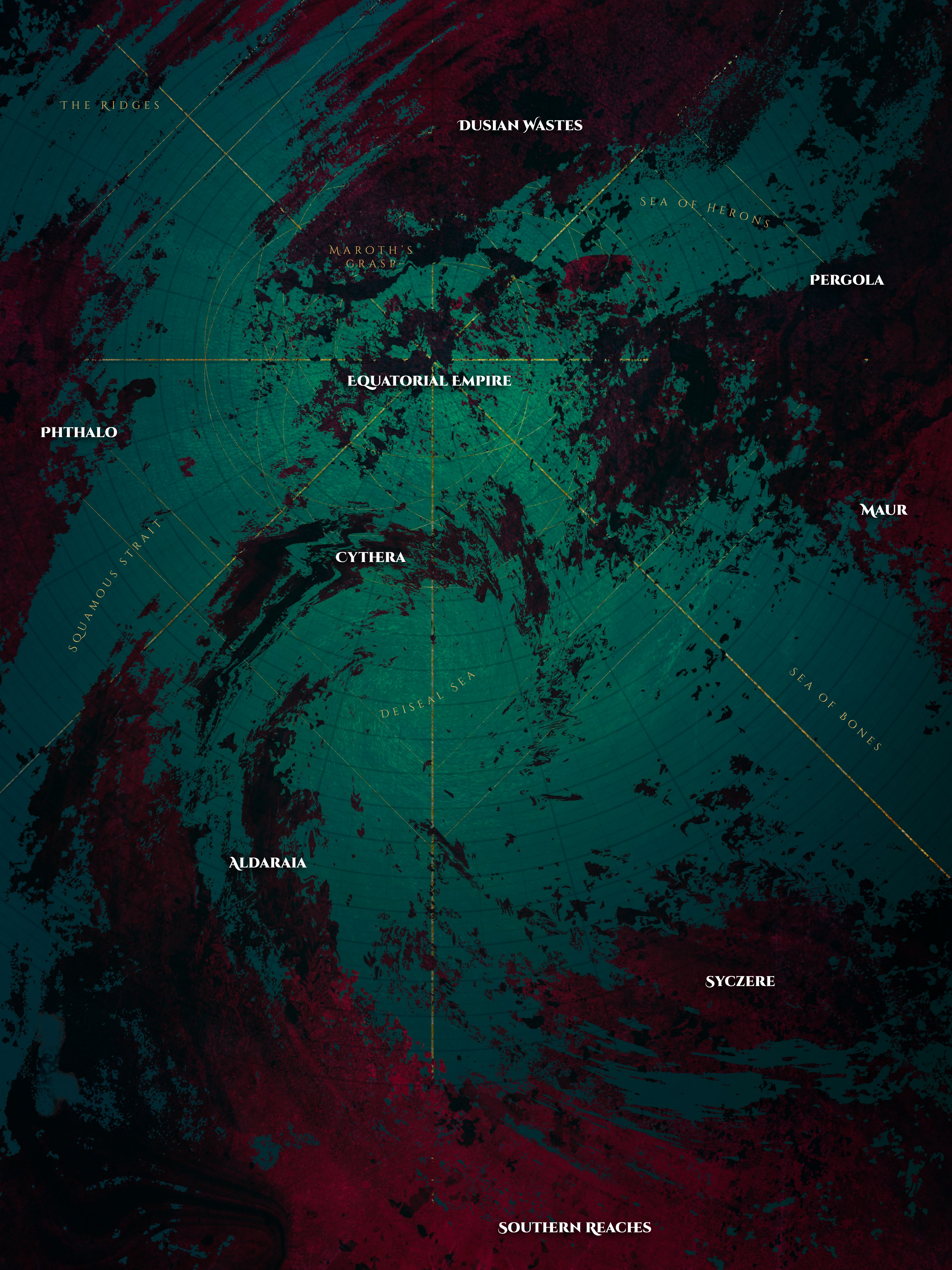
[Story, Horror, Insect TF, Mental changes, group sex, Freaky women]

Maroth illustration by Monstrifex

THANK YOU 88

Guest Contributors

Patrons



THE RIDGES

DUSIAN WASTES

SEA OF HERONS

MAROTH'S GRASP

PERGOLA

EQUATORIAL EMPIRE

PTHALO

MAUR

SQUAMOUS STRAIT

CYTHERA

DEISEAL SEA

SEA OF BONES

ALDARAIA

SYCZERE

SOUTHERN REACHES

WELCOME TO TAMOR

Tamor is a world of erratic magic and powerful monsters. This setting is meant to be open for anyone to create stories and characters within. As such, there is plenty of blank space on this map and beyond for future projects. Here is a sampling of locales in this region of Tamor.

ALDARAIA

Land of Progress

A string of port cities built into rocky bays, recently conquered by the Equatorial Empire. The Aldaraian Universities are on the cutting edge of magical theory, alchemy, and artifice.

CYTHERA

Domain of the Paeans

A vast archipelago, home to a pantheon of godlike nature spirits that distort local animal life into deadly monsters. The Paeans have recently begun to alter humans as well.

DUSIAN WASTES

The Choking Sands

A brutally hot desert scoured by yellow dust storms of growing intensity. Half-buried cities occupied by orc clans and pangolin riders.

EQUATORIAL EMPIRE

Heart of the Golden Fleet

An expansionist naval power that has conquered vast lands through military and mercantile domination. Ruled by Empress Santra Sansaviera. Most of these regions are under some manner of Empire control.

MAUR

Tyranny of the Crimson Bereaver

A volcanic mountain region ruled by Mauduthax the Red, an ancient and powerful dragon. Her citizens pay her tribute in return for her protection.

PERGOLA

The Unseen Forest

A region of dense woodlands once settled by explorers and merchants. Over the last couple decades the woods have grown eerie, and inexplicable phenomena have driven many settlers to flee.

PHTHALO

Court of Beauty

A culture world-renowned for their arts, courtesans, cuisine, and hedonism. Behind their silk curtains, the Fair Houses of Phthalo are locked in a deadly dance for power.

SOUTHERN REACHES

Lands of Ice and Blood

A large Antarctic continent, home to hundreds of isolated cultures and warring factions. Strange things dwell here in the polar tundra.

SYCZERE

The Moonlit Kingdom

An ancient warrior kingdom, seen by many as stagnating under the weight of their history. Remains unconquered by the Equatorial Empire, despite the Golden Fleet's best efforts.

ALDARAIA

Land of Progress

Aldaraia's capital city of Zofia is a teeming metropolis, a hive of archways and colorful lights built between two seaside cliffs. In Zofia's universities, Tamor's finest arcanists and alchemists work tirelessly to discover new applications for their research. There, it is said that wild Aldaraian ambition frequently leads unprincipled minds down dark paths.

Hellborne



BY MONSTRIFEX



Alchemist's log - Elixir test, Day 1

Researcher - Julep Carmine

I've made a breakthrough! After several disastrous failures, I've finally managed to suspend pure infernal energy within a liquid solvent. The resulting elixir remains perpetually hot, and ignites upon contact with air. Marvelous!

If my theories are correct, this may be exactly what I've been searching for... The key to awakening the infernal blood that lies dormant in my veins! The untapped potential of that kind of power... it's so exciting to consider. My days of cowering behind Syr Alicia and chucking acid flasks may finally be over!

I don't know exactly which type of infernal my ancestors intermingled with, that will be interesting to discover. My research indicates that any physical changes should take place over the course of days. But clothes are expensive, so I've removed them just in case.



Gulp

Glp

G!

Mm!

Oooh

So...
WARM!



Alchemist's log - Elixir test, Day 2

Researcher - Julep Carmine

Gods above and below, look at me! I look fucking *amazing*!

As I predicted, my infernal traits are growing in size and strength. My horns are longer, my fangs are sharper, and don't get me *started* on my tail. I've never felt this alive before! I'm stronger than I've ever been, and all my senses are so much more intense. I feel this heat within me, so hot it should burn. But it isn't painful, no. It feels *wonderful*.

I told Syr Alicia about my experiment. It didn't go over well. She spouted a bunch of paladin nonsense about "dark power" and "temptation." Seriously? I think she's just bitter because I won't need her protection anymore.

The changes are coming faster and faster. I want *more*. I just drank two more bottles, that's all the elixir I have. Some might call me foolish for tripling my dose. Maybe. But you don't change the world by playing it safe! If the last 24 hours have been any indication, I'm in for a *wild ride*.

Some powerful new desires have been bubbling up. The... *lascivious* nature of these urges leads me to theorize that whoever my adventurous ancestor was, they procreated with a succubus. But that wouldn't explain my growth in size and raw muscle... Could I be linked to multiple infernal bloodlines?

These desires are getting *distracting*. I keep absentmindedly putting things in my mouth to suck on, which wouldn't normally be an issue. But I am an alchemist, and I work in a lab full of volatile reagents. So, in the interest of safety, I've decided to venture down into town. I've heard of a tavern where people get things like this out of their system. Syr Alicia wouldn't approve, but something must be done!





Alchemist's log - Elixir test, Day 3

Researcher - Julep Carmine

Last night *unlocked* something in me. I can feel the magic boiling in my chest, the fire reshaping my flesh from within. I just want to feed myself into it... to stoke the flames until their light consumes everything. To slither out of the inferno, born anew.

I know what I am. I feel the truth of it now, how couldn't I have seen? I do have the blood of a succubus, yes. But I come from two infernal lineages, mingled over the centuries. The second bloodline is of a **Balethor**, a greater lord of the Crimson Depths. These aspects are warring within me... Twisting and melding into something *entirely new*. My body grows wild, guided by conflicting instructions and unexpected interactions. I have so many hands to caress, so many eyes to see, so much of *myself* to *indulge* in!

Syr Alicia came to my door today. At first she was furious, but then she begged me to let her in. I left her out there. She can wait until my metamorphosis is complete.

It won't be long now.



AAAAHHHH

slurp

me

CRACK

HAHH...

AHH...

HAHAHAHA



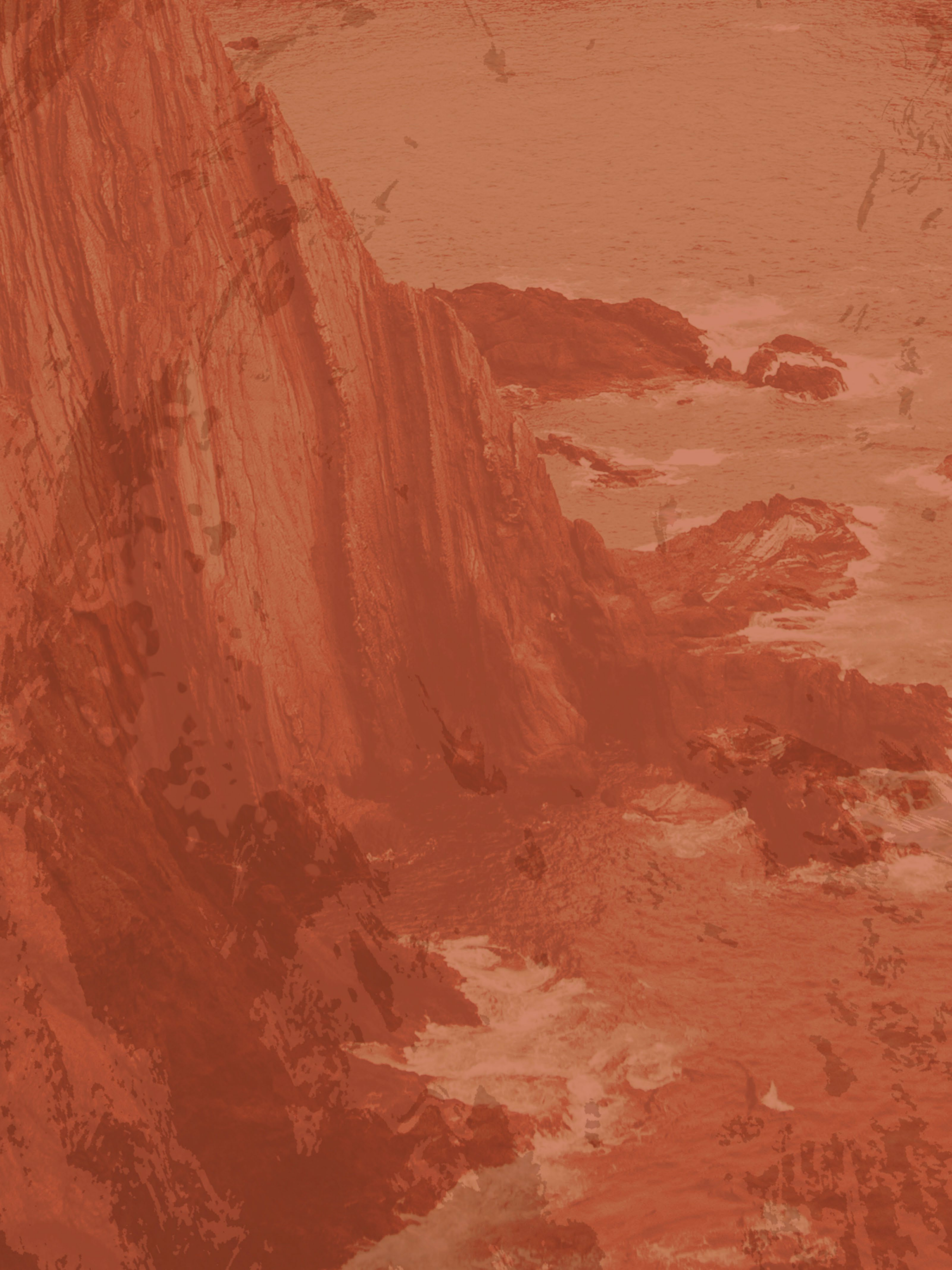
Hello, Syr Alicia.

*What's the matter? Don't you recognize
your closest friend?*

*Of course I'm still me! I feel more like
myself than ever!*

Stop me? Oh, Alicia, my dear.

You're welcome to try.





BLIVIAS
2024



My my, Alicia, that knightly resolve of yours barely lasted a moment! I don't know whether to be disappointed or flattered.

This is-*hnngh!* This is monstrous, Julep!

Mmh, *glorious* isn't it?

We can-*mnh*. W-we can reverse this somehow! Maybe- *ufff godsss*.

Not an ounce of conviction in there, hm. Admit it, dear Alicia. You want to see where this goes don't you? I'd wager you even want to know how it feels yourself.

Fffffuck. I..yes.

Oh come now, I can barely hear you!

YES! I want to know, I want- *aaaah ffuck!*

Mmmmm, I knew you'd make the right choice.

 **BLIVIAS**
2024

THE HELLBORNE HEART

Written by Zyzzzyva

“You did *what*?” shrieked Syr Alicia Monbéliard.

She should not have shouted. Even as she did it she knew she should have spoken to Julep calmly; her lack of self-control was shutting doors in the conversation already. But she was too startled (and, all right, horrified) to keep a handle on her voice.

Julep seemed unfazed. “It’s a salt of infernal energy, crystallized and then redissolved in an extremely dilute oil of niter. The calcination was-”

“That’s not important,” said Alicia, and then internally winced as the alchemist seemed hurt for the first time. “I mean, you created this solution of *dark power* and then *drank* it?”

“I’m trying to unlock some of my ancestral legacy, Alicia,” said Julep, with a calmness in the face of this terrible idea that made Alicia want to scream again. “I want to be better able to help us *fight* dark powers.”

“I appreciate that,” said Alicia, “but that’s how temptation works! Half the dark sorcerers we’ve fought started out thinking they could just make a *little* deal with demonic powers to do some good.”

“I’m not making a deal with anybody. This is just me, but more of it. Besides, you’ve always been my biggest supporter as a Hellborne, against everyone who’s ever said I’m ‘doomed to be evil’. I’m amazed you’d turn on me now, Cia.”

Alicia flushed in humiliation; the affectionate nickname was just twisting the

knife. “I *know* you’re not evil because you’re Hellborne. You’re mortal and are *always* capable of your own choices for good or ill. I just - I don’t think this is a good choice.”

“Well, I do. And -” Julep stopped and scrunched up her face like she’d been struck by a sudden headache. “Ungh.” She wriggled and twisted her shoulders uncomfortably, and then hissed a breath through her teeth. “Ahhhhhhh yeahhhh, that’s the stuff.”

“Holy tears, Julep,” swore Alicia, backing away. Julep’s arms and hips and thighs and tail had all *thickened* before Alicia’s sight, to say nothing of the infernal light that had glowed for a moment from Julep’s orange eyes. Even her hair was a little longer.

“I think,” said Julep with a tight little smile, “you’re just jealous that I won’t be your backup anymore. That I’ll be as strong as you, or stronger. I don’t think you can handle that.”

Alicia gawped at her. “No,” she said helplessly, “that’s not it at all-” but Julep was already turning away.

Alicia hammered at the locked door to Julep’s little cottage-cum-laboratory. “Julep!” she shouted. “JULEP!”

The town had been *vibrating* with word of Julep’s doings last night. Have you heard about the alchemist from over the way? Have you *seen* her? Gods, she’s *filled out*, hasn’t she? Did you hear what she did at the Crown and Stallion? Were you *there*? Do you think she’ll be back tonight?

Alicia had no inherent objections to burning off the flush of victory with the first willing partner at the first tavern one passed; it wasn’t her way of doing

things but she knew people who did. But it also wasn't Julep's. Honestly, even a few days ago she'd have welcomed Julep getting out of her house and into the wider world a bit, but this was disturbingly sudden and disturbingly out of character. Even the townsfolk's descriptions of her were making Alicia panic: her eyes were glowing all the time now, apparently.

And now she was here, banging on Julep's door in desperation, praying she wasn't too late for her friend. "Julep! Julep! Please! Let me in!"

There was motion inside. Something came down the stairs: something big, the stairs groaning under every thudding step. It crossed to the door with a heavy clopping of hooves. Alicia closed her eyes and implored the gods that it not be Julep, but her friend's voice came through the door: "Hello, Alicia."

Julep's voice was a sulfurous purr, lower and more resonant, with a growl on the gutturals and an insinuating hiss on the sibilants. Even through the fear gripping Alicia it sent a shiver of animal electricity up her spine. *Julep is my friend and she needs me*, Alicia reminded herself. "Julep! Let me in! What's going on in there?"

"Wonderful things," murmured Julep. "It's a fire, burning me, consuming me, reforging me."

"Please, Julep! Let me in, please! This isn't safe!"

"Safe?" Julep laughed, a deep and throaty sound that made Alicia's hair all stand on end. "Of course it's not *safe*. It's *glorious*. I said this was me but more - I never *imagined* how much more of me there was."

"Please," repeated Alicia, trying to marshal as much persuasiveness as she could through the natural fear and unnatural lust. "I can help you, don't do this thing to yourself alone."

Julep laughed sensually again. Alicia felt a little flare of anger that whatever was happening to Julep was also trying to warp her feelings for her friend. “Don’t you worry, it’s almost over. I’m almost complete. Come back tomorrow and I’ll *show* you.”

“Julep,” pleaded Alicia, but the alchemist was again walking away.

Alicia did not go home. She spent the night sitting sleeplessly at the foot of a tree facing Julep’s home. All night long, infernal light flared and dimmed in the windows. With dawn, stillness fell again, but Alicia, aching and tense, did not relax. She sat, her little icon clutched in one hand so hard it hurt, and watched the door.

A few minutes after dawn, Julep emerged.

She kicked open the door, splintering the wood at the hinges, and then shouldered her way through, her huge form smashing the jambs and lintel. Outside of the house, she stretched and straightened, four arms and two huge wings stretching out as high as the second-story roof of her cottage. She was huge, massive hooved legs rising to a thick torso rippling with muscle and fat; four huge, clawed arms and a vast span of bat wings above. Alicia didn’t even notice at first the second, smaller pair of wings near her hips. Her face was distorted into a huge reptilian predator snout, big white cones of teeth stabbing and twisting out of it. Her breath steamed, and so did her eyes, a half-dozen little glowing gold beads. Behind her head, that same demoniac glow softly haloed her. About the only thing recognizable to Alicia’s horrified gaze was the shaggy white-stripe-on-grey mane that spilled down the creature’s head and back and tail.

“Blood and bile,” said Alicia, gaping at her.

“What’s the matter,” purred Julep, her voice even deeper and silkier than the night before. “Don’t you recognize your friend, Sia?”

Alicia did not. She half-instinctively raised her icon in front of her. Julep laughed, a deep fiery rumble. “It’s still me, Sia. I feel more like myself than ever.”

“That’s just the abyssal energy talking,” insisted Alicia, although she actually wasn’t certain what had happened to Julep’s mind and soul. It was extremely clear what had happened to her body. She kept her icon up.

“What are you going to do, then?” asked Julep, taking one huge thundering step forward. “You’re going to *stop* me?”

Alicia’s hand was steady. “I am going to help you, Julep. Whatever form that takes.”

Julep took another step towards her, huge and hot and naked and *huge*. “Oh, Sia,” she said. “You’re welcome to try.”



SYCZERE

The Moonlit Kingdom

Lunar Church doctrine claims that long ago, a shard of the Shining Moon Limne fell upon the land of Syczere. Once known for their legendary warriors, this Kingdom has slowly diminished as they've lost territory to the Equatorial Empire. However, Syczere's fierce new leader may change her nation's course.



The Moon Queen's Coronation

BY MONSTRIFEX

You may find it hard to believe,
but the Moon Queen of Syczere was
once an ordinary human.

It was a cool autumn night, and the
coronation was about to begin.

The previous King had succumbed to
an illness of the blood, passing away
peacefully after several years under
the Lunar Church's care.

The heir to the Crown, Prince Errol,
was prepared and escorted by his
Priest Attendants to the Capital

The Crown itself was placed in a
warded silver chest, and delivered to
the reigning High Lunate by 60 of the
church's most loyal knights.

After lying in wait for so many years, this
was the moment that **General Vittorja**
and the rest of the King's honor guard
made their play for power.

GENERAL VITTORJA, ORDER YOUR MEN TO STAND
DOWN AT *ONCE!* HOW *DARE* YOU INTERRUPT THE
CORONATION, THIS IS *TREASON!* THIS IS
BLASPHEMY!

THE *CROWN*, HIGH LUNATE.
HAND IT OVER.

ARE YOU *MAD?* THE PRINCE IS SYCZERE'S
RIGHTFUL RULER!

HE HAS TRAINED *ALL HIS LIFE* TO CONTROL THE MAGIC
OF THE MOONSHARD CROWN.

HAVE YOU ANY *IDEA* HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO
THOSE WITHOUT *CHURCH TRAINING?*

SILENCE.

I TIRE OF YOUR SERMONS, PRIEST.

I KNOW VERY WELL THE POWER THAT HIDES WITHIN
THOSE STONES. YOU AND YOUR ORDER WOULD CAGE
IT, SMOTHER IT'S LIGHT AND *STARVE* IT OF THE
WIELDER IT *DESERVES.*

MONARCH AFTER MONARCH, TRAINED INTO
TIMIDITY LIKE SO MANY BEATEN DOGS. *COWERING*
AT YOUR EVERY COMMAND. YOUR PRIESTHOOD
HELPS ITSELF TO ROYAL SILVER, *LAUGHING* WHILE
OUR PEOPLE *LANGUISH* IN *DESTITUTION.*

BUT I AM NO DOG.

IN CENTURIES PAST, THE MOON KINGS
CONQUERED THIS LAND WITH RAGE AND
HUNGER.

I MAY NOT SHARE THEIR
BLOODLINE, BUT I *DO* SHARE
THEIR *TEMPERAMENT*.

CITIZENS OF SYCZERE!

TONIGHT MARKS THE
RISE OF A *NEW AGE*.

BEAR WITNESS...

TO MY

ASCENSION!





LONG LIVE
THE QUEEN.

HAHH... HUFF, HAHA...
HAHAHAHAHA!

CENTURIES OF
POWER...

PENT UP...
RAGING...

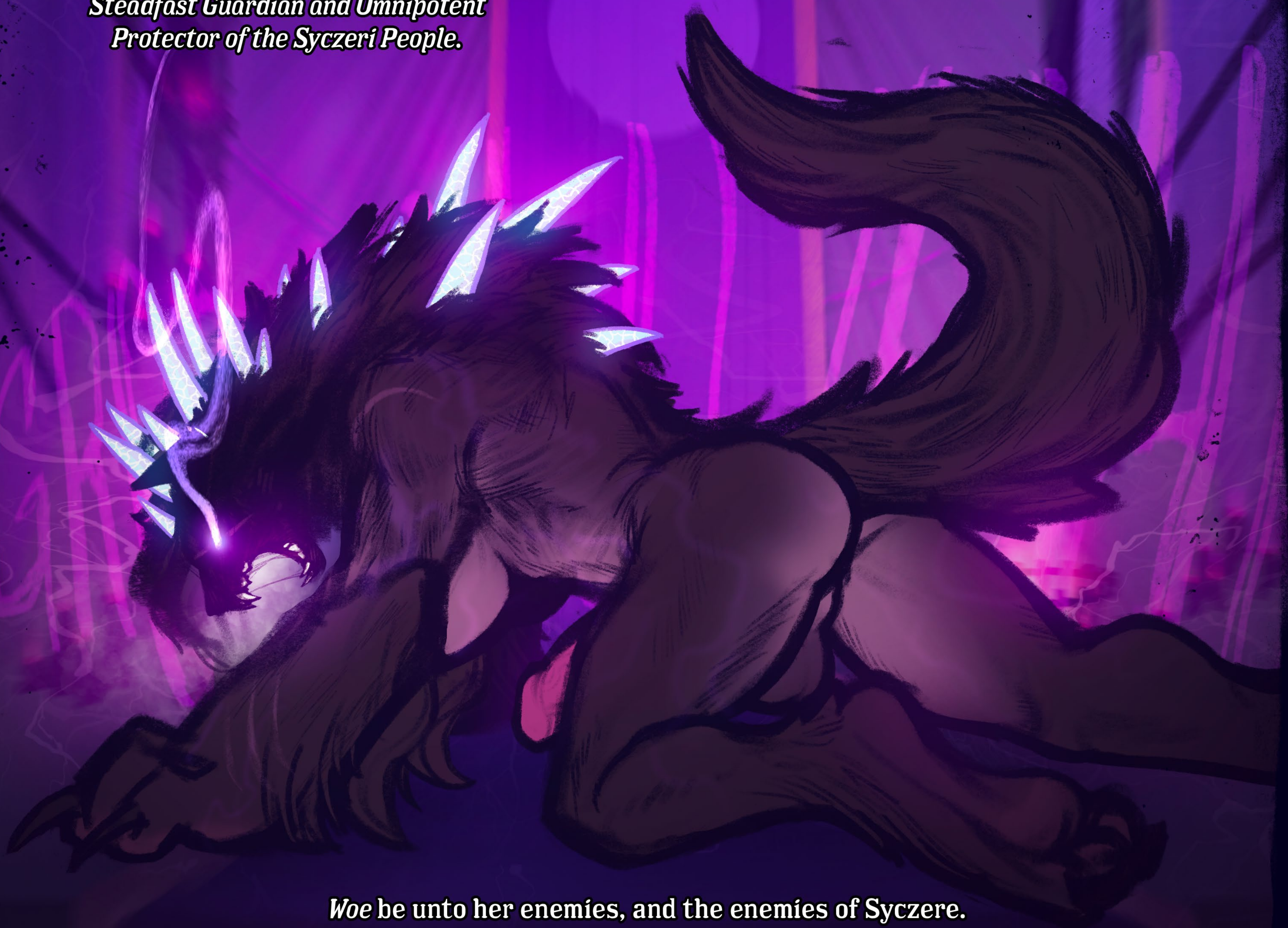
ALL WAITING FOR A
WORTHY
INHERITOR!

That night, Syczere saw again
the true face of their history.

We were ***not*** a pious and
tranquil nation, steered
wisely by the benevolent
priests of the Lunar Church.

No. We are a kingdom of
snapping bones. A tribe who
dared to *steal* the power of
the moon and *bind* it in the
throbbing flesh of our
greatest warriors.

***Long live Moon Queen Vittorja the
Magnificent, First of Her Line.
Fiercest among Beasts and Men.
Steadfast Guardian and Omnipotent
Protector of the Syczeri People.***



Woe be unto her enemies, and the enemies of Syczere.

THE CROWN
HAS BLESSED
HER!

THE GENERAL
FIGHTS FOR
US!

THE LEGENDS
ARE TRUE!

GLORY TO
GENERAL VITTORJA!

CHEER

CHEER

CHEER

YES!

GIVE ME YOUR
WORSHIP!

KNEEL BEFORE
YOUR

QUEEN













h2
02/11/20





h2
02/11/23
J/S

PERGOLA

The Unseen Forest

When refugees from the Equatorial Empire's conquests first ventured into the dense forests of Pergola, they were terrified. Over time, as trade money for rare furs began to pour in, they became more comfortable living within these woods. However, in recent decades there have been more and more unexplained disappearances. Towns stand abandoned, either deserted out of fear or emptied by more sinister forces.

SABRITH AND TAYELLE IN

UPON REFLECTION



WRITTEN BY SABRITH EBONCLAW
ILLUSTRATED BY MONSTRIFEX



UPON REFLECTION

Written by Sabrith Ebonclaw

Illustrated by Monstrifex

The pink-haired catgirl sighed a bit as she sorted through yet another bag of mostly trinkets and practically useless wands. “Why do people always hang onto wands with one or two charges left? They’re worthless. Nobody’s ever going to buy it.” She dug out a sword that had some sort of rubber enchantment on it, and tossed it over to the pile for ‘recreational’ magic items. Her fluffy tail flicked a few times, her ears attentive to noises around her as her red-haired partner was closing the shop up for the night.

“Well, I can’t answer that. Probably like all those dead adventurers we find with expensive potions still in their bags that could’ve saved them if they used them early enough. Too worried they’ll need it more later.” The red-haired catgirl grinned as she moved over and flopped onto the plush couch in the laboratory and research area just behind the storefront. “Find anything good in all those crates we got delivered from the manor house yet, Tayelle?”

The pink haired catgirl sighed. “No, Sabrith, I haven’t had a chance yet. There’s a limit to how many spells I can cast, even with plenty of potions, and you definitely don’t want to get a mana overload or burn.”

Sabrith grinned. “Oh, right, sounds absolutely terrible.”

“Oh shut up! Just because you can go all day swinging that big hammer axe of yours doesn’t mean everything has unlimited stamina! Besides, you keep up this smug grin of yours and I’ll wear you out another way.” Tayelle huffed, her fluffy pink tail swishing with her irritation.

Sabrith winked over to her. “Threaten me with a good time, will you?”

Tayelle let out an annoyed huff of air, but her heart wasn’t in it. She pulled something out of the crate in front of her and turned it over. It appeared to be a small, carved brown oval of rock, and had something carved into it with glowing magic. “Have you ever seen one of these things, Sab?”





Sabrith sat up and looked over, before getting to her feet and walking over. “Ooooooh...I haven’t seen one in a long, long time but yes. And it means we’ve got some adventure to get to!”

Tayelle just looked confused. “Wait, how do you know about something magic that I don’t?”

Sabrith smiled and gave the shorter catgirl a kiss on the forehead. “Because, my dearest and most brilliant lover, you can’t know everything.”

Tayelle scrunched up her face. “Alright, I am about five seconds away from REALLY wiping the smug grin off your face in a way you aren’t going to like if you don’t tell me what thi-”

Sabrith laughed, and plucked the stone from her hand. “I know about it because they were specifically making them with the intent to bypass the need for magic users like you to be present, at least for travel. This is a runestone! They never really caught on though, mainly because of how pricey scrolls are...But anyways, you can attune this thing to a book, or you can cast a teleport spell or scroll right on it, and it’ll take you to wherever the rune was fashioned on it.”

As she spoke, Tayelle started to recall having heard about them, and by the end was nodding along. “Oh, right, and the other reason was because if you chipped the rocks they could send you anywhere.”

“Well, that’s why I said adventure.” She casually tossed the stone back to Tay, who frantically grabbed at it with both hands.

“DON’T DO THAT! You just said if it chips it could send us anywhere!” Tayelle moved over to the storefront, and cast a very minor spell, and the listed hours on the door changed to show they were closed tomorrow. “We’ll check it out in the morning.”

“Sounds good to me~” Sabrith said, before heading to the bedroom.







The next morning came bright and early, and with it a pair of snoozing and lazy catgirls who didn't bother to greet the morning whatsoever. It was closer to noon when they finally decided to escape the comfort of their covers, Sabrith making her way to the kitchen to prepare something hot for now and some sandwiches for later. She didn't bother to get dressed until after they'd eaten, Tayelle slinking down in a nightshirt.

Having provisioned themselves, they each donned their typical adventuring gear, Sabrith not feeling her heavier armor should be needed. After all, if things were too dicey, they could just teleport back anyways. Tayelle prepared the spell, holding onto the rune in one hand and Sabrith's hand in the other, and they vanished.

A moment later they reappeared, this time finding themselves in an autumn like climate where ever it was they had found themselves. The trees were multicolored and beautiful, but there didn't seem to be any sign of any people or even creatures nearby. The only sign of civilization seen at the moment was an old, now overgrown dirt path. Sabrith had her axe at the ready, but after a quick survey had shouldered it with a shrug. "Seems clear, but....must've been something nearby if someone bothered to make the stone, right?"

"Can't fault your logic, so...which way down the path?" Tayelle remarked, as it led off in either direction.

Sabrith responded by flinging a coin high into the air. "Heads we head my side, tails your side." The coin sailed back down and Sabrith snatched it out of the air, opening her palm to reveal tails. "Lead on, then!"

Tayelle started down the path, her boots pressing down encroaching foliage and greenery as they trailed along the path; Sabrith would pause every so often to check a bit of fur, a feather, a track, trying to get a feel for what might be near, but never spoke up about any concerning findings. It didn't take long before they were able to spot what this end of the path led to, however, as they crested a hill and beheld a dip in the terrain near a shaded stream, where a structure had been built. It had clearly been abandoned for some years, the fields nearby overgrown and untended, and the massive tree in the front having shed branches onto the roof it hung over to form a pile. Aside from that, it was a sort of shrine or temple of sorts, but fallen into disrepair.

"Well, may as well check it out." Sabrith muttered out, clearly a bit downhearted at what they'd found. "Already walked all this way, so no point checking the other side until we confirm if there's anything worthwhile here. I've seen no sign of anything bigger than





a deer in the area, so I'll check the outbuildings while you check the main one, alright?"

Tayelle followed after. "Alright, but be careful...we don't know if there might be hivewasps or anything that would've set up shop. I'm not spending all night pulling stingers out of you again if you decide to barge in somewhere without being careful."

Sabrith growled. "One. Time. That only happened ONE TIME!"

Tayelle grinned impishly back. "And yet, you still like to barge into places, don't you?"

Sabrith's voice begrudgingly grated out. "....Fine, I'll be careful."



Separating, Tayelle found herself opening the sliding door to the main part of the temple, and found that at least it was sealed well enough to not have too much dust. She looked around carefully, running her hand through some of the dust on one of the counters. She came across a scroll and looked it over, but the ink was practically dust itself at this point. She idly ran a finger over it, but even the imprint was indistinct enough to use to read.

She wandered around, and found a large, full length mirror hidden in a side room, that appeared to be done up as a bedroom. There was a four poster bed, and what appeared to be silken sheets and scarves all over it. The mirror was ornate, and she looked into it with curiosity, when she realized that she had seen the mirror image blink. She quickly stepped back and went to cast a spell, but the image of herself in the mirror suddenly stepped forward, captured her wrists, and kissed her. Tayelle's eyes went wide, and Tayelle felt her own tongue plunging into her mouth, her own hands stroking her body and swiftly disrobing her.

Whatever this mirror image was, it knew exactly how to touch her...but as she fell into it's embrace, she felt her arousal surging and for whatever reason she didn't feel worried. A moment later their lips parted, and she was naked; She realized the image of herself was too, but there were differences. The chief amongst them was the much larger breasts that this version of her had, and that they were leaking milk. A moment later one of those heavy, lactating breasts pressed against her lips, and she found herself eagerly suckling and moaning. She could hear her own voice, but a bit huskier and sultrier. "There there...such a harsh life you lead. Why don't you stop worrying so much, and just enjoy your powers...you know that there are ways to get stronger. So drink up~"







Tayelle swallowed the sweet, enriching breast milk that flowed into her from that plump nipple. As she did, she felt a surge of magical power, and her own breasts started to swell, feeling fuller and fuller. Her ears felt like they were being stretched, and her tail was swishing excitedly. Her other self's hands slid down between her legs, and were swiftly rubbing at her leaking slit, her clit throbbing with her pulse. She could feel a powerful tingling deep inside herself, at the very core of her being, and she gasped as she managed to pull away. She could feel a heavy welling up of magical energy inside of herself, and she was practically brimming with it. She felt practically supercharged with power. She wondered if she should stop...

When she felt hands grasp her hips from behind, another version of herself that had slipped out of the mirror; A winged version that had an impish grin, and with a little wiggle suddenly shrank. The fairy version of herself flitted around, before the motherly version of herself moved her hands out of the way..and she felt her clit being pressed between the pixie versions legs. Tayelle grabbed the lactating version tightly, and started sucking on her other breast frantically. Her arousal was spiking through the roof, her whole body tingling with ecstasy. "Don't you love how you can make yourself feel? Don't you deserve such wonderful things?" Tayelle normally would've had a quick quip or witty reply, but instead she just swallowed another mouthful of milk, while her hips twitched and thrust along with the pixie. Her hips felt like they were practically on fire, even as she felt a tugging sensation behind her, but couldn't identify what it was. She managed a single glance towards the mirror, just enough to see her fluffy tail swishing...right next to another, equally huge fluffy tail that emerged from the same place. "Feel the magic swelling up into you~ You're so powerful...enough to do anything you want..."

Tayelle's eyes rolled back in her head and she gasped, moaning her way through a climax, even as the other two versions of herself also did, and falling down to her hands and knees, her swollen, now leaking breasts dripping down to the floor beneath her. She staggered up to her feet, her hips widened and a duet of huge, fluffy fox tails flitting behind her...as well as what appeared to be some sort of stylized fox emblem just underneath her heavier breasts. She felt her magic surge within. "What...was that..."

Suddenly she felt a pair of furred paws slide up to her from behind, gripping her tits and squeezing, causing sprays of her milk to jet out in a dozen directions, some of it spraying onto the mirror. She could see yet another version of herself in the mirror now, gripping her from behind, a fully naked, furry anthropomorphic kitsune version.





“It was the first steps you’ve taken to becoming a demigoddess~” Tayelle was still in the afterglow of that powerful orgasm, hypersensitive...as she looked down to see a huge, bestial fox dick slowly pressing further and further out between her thighs from the shorter version of herself behind. “We’ll finish the process, I think~ With your permission and consent of course...We both know you want it, since we’re both you...but we also both know you want to say it...to accept it...and to embrace it.”

Tayelle could feel the furry body pressing against her from behind, and a long tongue licked along her neck, and she nodded. “Yes...Please...give it to me!”







A moment later the paws grabbed her by the hips, and that tapered cock pressed against her already soaked folds. As they parted, and bit by bit slid forward, then rocked back, Tayelle could feel her body as if every inch of it was turning into an erogenous zone. Bit by bit as the thrusting began, Tayelle could feel different parts of herself being affected, that incredibly powerful glow welling up, but nowhere more so than the emblem that had appeared below her enlarged, milky breasts. As the anthro Tayelle plunged harder and deeper, Tayelle realized her hands had turned into furry paws, and she started to rub and stroke her body, hastening the spread. It felt so incredible, like one rolling orgasm that never ended. What was even more amazing was the sensation that was spreading out from her crotch where she was being mated with. Fur was building up, thickening, and above her slit was slowly forming a bulge...it wasn't long before the head of a bright red fox cock was slowly pushing out of her very own sheathe, even as her face felt like it was being tugged forward, and scents assaulted her.

As soon as it was big enough, the version behind her reached around and grabbed it, and started stroking it. The duality of the assault was far too much for the mage, and she could feel herself building up to something that was going to be above and beyond anything she could've possibly been prepared for. Her own voice whispered in her larger, fluffy fox ear. "A perfect form to bring about your disciples, your worshippers, isn't it? Even to breed new ones..."

Her own voice from her own throat replied with a hissed out, delighted "Yessss~" at the prospect, unable to control it. Her paws grabbed the edges of the large mirror to steady herself, and she thrust back into her other versions delightfully enthusiastic pumps even harder. She could feel that bigger, thicker part that she wanted buried in her completely. Her own knot had just slipped out of its sheathe as well, and she knew it was going to be huge, and feel so good inside herself. Her heavy, panting breaths were mirrored behind her, and the pleasure was drowning her. She couldn't help it, she loved it, and she finally decided to let herself simply sink under. Her body exploded with ecstatic delight, her voice crying out in a wordless shriek of bliss that surely could've been heard across the entirety of the structure. Any thoughts she might've had were lost as the pulsating waves of pleasure blew away any thoughts she might've had, until she finally came back to herself.

She was on her knees, in front of the mirror, which was now covered in dripping breast milk and thick ropes of her own kitsune cum. Her own paws were on her cock and a heavy breast, and as she really looked around there didn't seem to be any evidence of



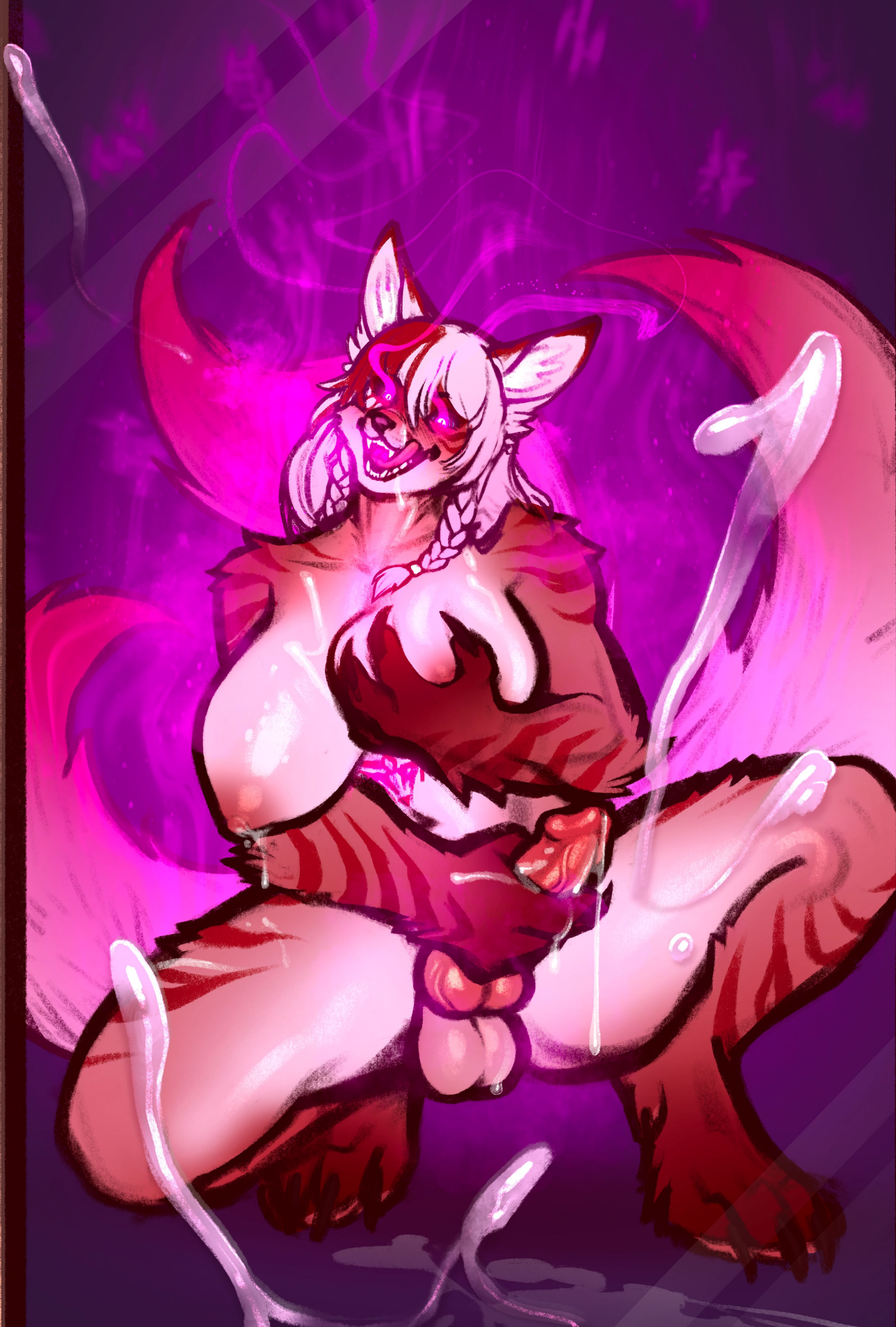


anyone but herself in the room. She could also see the now trio of extra fluffy kitsune tails flicking around above her plump, fur covered rear. She still felt supercharged with magical energy, and she thought for a moment...

...and an instant later she was suddenly the pixie version of herself. She thought again, and she was the more motherly version. Of course, each version still had the triple fox tails. She thought back to the normal version of herself...and was suddenly draped in fine silks, covered in what appeared to be a version of a highly extravagant and expensive set of robes. The magic power swelled even further, and she felt her arousal returning, as a heavy bulge started to tent the robes at her crotch. She smiled with delight, and knew the absolute first thing she wanted to do before anything else, questing with magical senses...

“Ah, there you are, my sweetheart~ Now, I think I was talking to myself about breeding.” She snapped her fingers, teleporting herself to her lover, with some very fun plans to enact.











THE EQUATORIAL EMPIRE

Heart of the Golden Fleet

It is often said that there are more islands in the Equatorial Empire than there are stars in the sky. While astronomers and cartographers would argue differently, the Empire seems determined to keep conquering territory until the adage becomes true.

Empress Santra Sansaviera is less militant than her predecessor, but she is far more dangerous.

WE DREAM THE MOON

By [Piddleyfangs \(SaltTea\)](#)

Proofread by: [Grim Grove](#)

Locations of note:

A sizable fishing city located somewhere in The Equatorial Empire

An abandoned fortress with a pristine lake to the southwest of the city

A mountain colony of cultists to the north of The Empire known as Maroth's Grasp

The following is the recollections of a woman named Shama:

Before me was one of the most powerful men in The Equatorial Empire. He was sobbing into a posh rag. Behind him in this meeting room was a banner depicting a golden sun with beaming triangular light that then turned into the silhouette of ships. This banner covered up something beneath it, likely a shield bearing now invalid heraldry based on the outline of the covered object. The wind had whipped the corners of it before a servant closed the windows for the nobleman to deliver his request for me in peace. Mid-sentence he devolved into hysterics.

I am not particularly phased. Before even meeting for a contract, I always do a little digging into a client, so I already knew this man fairly well.

Vicari Oran was his name, and he was a touch infamous for his emotional moments. Hard to blame him, however, since his daughter had been kidnapped. At a few feasts he had made town gossip when he sobbed during his toast to the beneficial Empire that allowed him and his family to maintain their regal position. Another time, again, he had allowed the waterworks when his daughter competed successfully in a sword fighting tourney and emerged from it victorious. There, on that stormy night in that fire-lit meeting room, he was crying for justifiable reasons.

“Did she have any motivation to leave home?” I ask. I need details before I go on the chase. My services are difficult to reverse and necessitate understanding and reasoning from the client.

“Of course not!” He huffed, squeezing his finger and big thumb through his half grey beard to ease himself. His cheeks were red and wet like a sweating baker’s. His furrowed brow strummed like a violinist’s bow to show when he summoned his patience. “She was happy, my sweet girl. Successful, strong! I listened to her and turned away all the suitors she had a distaste for even though it pained me! Countless wealthy and powerful people who all wanted her... And now she’s gone. Stolen away by those... those...!”

Fury had taken him, overwhelmed by the passion of a direction to point his emotions. So rarely do we see men go from one side of the arrow to the other. As wistful and light as a father to then as hard and pointed as the iron tip of the arrow. I spoke the

word he was tripping on. "Cultists?"

"*Witches,*" He corrected me, more pleased with the precision. He sipped his wine and sighed as the blue light of the night painted his face tragic and the shadows drew lines of age in his concerned, vengeful gaze. "It was slow. Her friend had been recruited by them, changed somehow. They cast their spells—and magic has already grown far too strange, I might add! But theirs is already bizarre, already foul, and pungent... They *used* her friend as bait, a familiar face she trusted! Why else would she leave home and me...? Seduced from her home and never to return. I found some of their letters after she left, read over just enough to know where she had gone and who she expected to meet."

And it was in those steps I would repeat. The steps to track. To do my job.

My name is Shama. My profession is repairing situations that need my delicate touch. There are problems that require people who will act outside normal restraints and not with clumsy banditry but with precise and calculated finesse. This is the path I have walked since I was nothing more than a child with a rusted knife and willing to steal to get a better life. I think back to myself holding a dagger to someone's throat and think it now childish compared to what I arrange now. Who I face has changed as well.

For this contract my enemy was a strange cult that had swept away a naïve heiress and left her father to rue and grieve. I was given letters the heiress had received. They were a sincere and empathetic correspondence she held with a dear friend who spoke of a group known as the Astral Watchers. When not by this title, they were referenced as The Sisters or Sisterhood and even just The Circle when referring to a smaller chapter of this group. Some of the letters had been destroyed or lost but the words of the initial seduction remained:

"Anaya, don't you wish to see it? I know you feel lost, like the world has little need of you, and all that awaits you is marriage and securing heirs, but there is more than that! When I found The Sisterhood, they showed me stars. You might not know this, but the stars speak and The Moon sings. Whispers at first and not much to share. I grew disenchanted and left for a time. But I returned to them when one night I heard so much more. When my eyes changed. And I have been happier ever since. I have purpose above. I miss you so dearly, friend."

While the prose was romantic and assuring, my favorite part of their letters was when this seductress dictated a clear meeting place. It was a small port town just a few steps away from Oren's city. It was likely the first time Anaya had strayed from home without telling her father where she was going or without her guard to keep her safe

from bandits and suitors. I set up shop at an inn in this town and laid low.

Credit to this Sisterhood, they operated very quietly. The missives had made it seem like there was a practicing circle situated here in town and it wasn't just where the two had met to abscond. It was through these words that I learned not just of where they met, but what might a recruiter for this cult be looking for in a person.

I made myself pitiable. Just what they were looking for. I have had a thousand jobs before where I changed who I was and made myself easy to find but hard to read. Purposefully, I visited stores and played my role until shopkeepers threw me from their shops. Word spread fast I was penniless and pitiful. With the plenty of coin I actually did have, however, I bribed a few sailors to pretend to have been lovers who led me on and then abandoned me after our voyage was over. I was alone, broken, afraid, and impressionable.

At some point I thought to call the ruse to an end. The baiting technique wasn't always the way... *and then she approached me.*

Part of the bait ruse was to appear to be in violent and urgent trouble whilst also making it obvious where to find you. The hook never changed, just the bait. If this was a cult that focused their efforts on women in trouble, then I'd make it clear my life was miserable and the only place I could ever find solace would be in a nice secluded tavern. I'd yell its name at my paid pretend suitors, "You good for nothing sailor, I'll be at Bent Penny! Bastard!" Since the cult was likely composed of locals I could rely on them to find the place with name alone, for word to reach them, for them to be nearby to hear our fights. They had heard.

My face was down on the wood of the tavern bar. Someone had seated themselves next to me on a creaking stool made of near black pitch wood. "Are you hurt?"

"Only my pride..." I rose my head. A robed woman smiled down at me. Coils of curly hair peaked past the frame of her hood. She was beautiful but hid it well beneath the rain stained hood. Her revelation of beauty to me was intentional. I had to admit, for a first look and for the sake of recruitment, it was working.

We traded names. For sake of cover I went as Vela. Her name was Ava. We talked for a while, and I filled her ears with my tale I had rehearsed carefully in my inn room.

In this tale practiced down to every consonant, I came to this town on a boat with my laboring lover. We broke up as soon as our feet met the pier as he revealed he

no longer loved me and had fallen madly in love with a siren somewhere in Cythera. My family had disowned me and scorned me as a failed daughter before I boarded the boat with the damned sailor. With nowhere to return and no skill I could market myself on, I was truly lost.

Ava offered me a place where I might be sheltered for a time. I smiled as the hook notched into place.

We followed the road that lead out of town. The grey coast roamed nearer to us with every passing wail of wind. I watched the foam collect for a time at the grey sand filled with verdant seaweed green as rot only to be collected by water that offered cold and grey and salt. Where we went provided more color.

At one point the road veered off to a fenced garden secluded by a wall of trees and woven canopies. I feel myself grow intrigued as Ava undid the lock on the fence and lead me down the loose cobble stone path.

The road ended in to a wide manor with deep slanted roofs and two wings each with their own little tower and met in one central chapter. This is where The First Circle laid in secrecy. My general lay of the land research had informed me lightly of this manor. It was owned by a rich maiden who was single to this day though she spent most of her time parrel across the sea in an entirely different mansion. I was able to glean that she might herself be a part of the cult as Ava explained that "We are allowed to stay in here for a time. Lady Revalia allows it as she is sympathetic to the lost."

Inside the manor it feels like a village has settled in the living room. The windows have been closed so nary any light intrudes on the nocturnal populace. Woman lay across decorated couches in various states of clothing. I see two girls cease their kissing behind a pillar and turn to watch me as I enter. A black haired one watched me carefully, her eyes a dazzling purple with a bright red ring that seemed to shimmer and shift as I moved.

All in that house were those who either needed help or displayed earlier signs of what Ava called *Resonating*. When I asked her what that was she told me not to worry.

“Were you one who Resonated you would be asking me other questions than what it is like.” Her only concern was that I am fed, safe, and warm. There were other women there who were in a similar situation. None of these lost women spoke with me in my time there. They held cups close and stared out the few slithers of light afforded where the curtains weren’t nailed down. They could only see the grey sea and the stifling privacy of the garden. I spent the evening examining each of these dejected lost and noted that none of them were my runaway.

I would lie if I said I felt guilt for manipulating my way through to this place. I saw the logic that should have sparked this feeling in me, but if it were guilt that controlled me then my blade would be stayed, and I would not be where I am now.

Through the letters the heiress had received I knew much of the process and what it was the cult looked for. The first night I slept soundly, gave them more time to grow used to me, let those glares on a stranger slowly subside.

Cults, more so than any, are excited to believe. You might think I should have spent a week, maybe a month, feeling out their personalities or getting them further used to me but you would be wrong. So eager are cults to have their beliefs enforced that they would sooner believe their miracle occur again and again than doubt my words. All the same, I recited carefully.

The next day I awoke in a convincing cold sweat and caught Ava before she made it to her bed chambers (which notably were not empty.) I said to her that I had heard something in my dreams. Something incredible. She raised a brow. In the early morning light I could see her eyes more clearly. They were this intoxicating blue with purple and a bright cyan swirling around, like a star bleeding out on a canvas. It was oceanic almost. This was my focal point as I spoke.

“What was it you heard?” She asked.

“It was like... a low... no more that it starts high. Whale song but the swirling effect is more intense like it is spinning around you and through you. And then it grows lower and lower, lower than you think anything can possibly go. All the while the sound is... noisy. There’s this sharp whistle that blisters at the whale song like sharp nails of rain batter the side of your ship so violent you think the deck will collapse...” I had tears in my eyes. I hid my smile in my mind.

Ava had her hand over her mouth.

If before I was watched, that day I was studied. Every movement was looked over. The women there just for a meal and shelter never approached me again but the strange ones were now upon me constantly. Black hair was now close to me at all times, accompanying me to meals and leisure like a puppy. Were the door not closed on private matters I perish the thought of her continuing to watch me with those red ringed eyes.

With her so close I could see something... more.

Her chest strained against her rags. Between her mounds there was something strange. It seemed harder than skin but softer than armor, the gloss comparable to an acorn and the color dark grey. She was always close and constantly teetering over the touch barrier so I hazarded to graze my finger over it to examine.

Chitin.

"I'm so sorry!" I apologized but black hair didn't mind my clumsiness.

"An accident?" She asked for me to clarify. I nodded my head and she almost seemed disappointed. "Your visions are strong. Ava says they are much stronger than mine. The last people who came here with visions strong as yours were moved up right away. They're very happy now. I hope I get stronger visions soon!"

No guilt entered my mind. All I could think of was how to not break the puppy's heart and keep her naïve. "Of course you will. Just... focus. Let it come to you and you might resonate beautifully."

"That would make me so happy!" She laughed and threw herself on the couch on her back. The two woman were disturbed from their seat and arouse. She rose her feet in the air and kicked her shoes off. I saw they were strange but couldn't collect more detail. Her count of toes seemed off.

It was the next day that Ava asked me if I was still having the dreams. I said yes. She smiled.

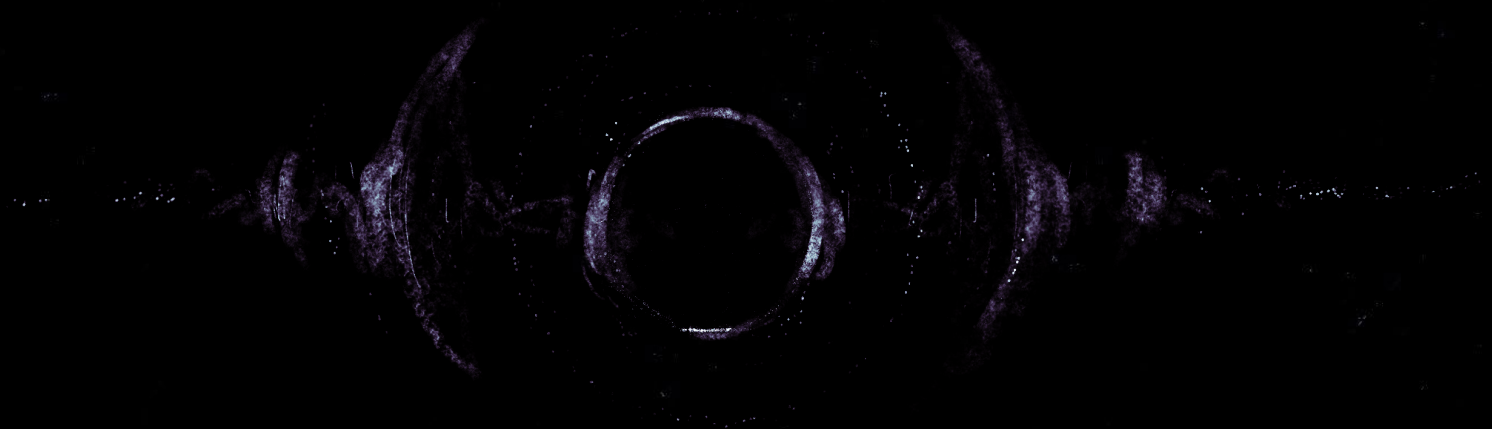
"Last night I communed with the next Circle above ours nearest to us. They agreed to take you in since you show potential."

I smiled, perhaps my true smile even. Intruding this strange cult excited me in all honest, but this also meant I came that much closer to catching the runaway and returning to my home. The coin from this job would be enough to move in to a proper house and start investing in something more powerful for myself.

Ava gave me the most empathetic gaze I ever saw. Again, I was intoxicated by her eyes. "This you must heed... The next Circle are eccentric members who have dedicated themselves to learning Resonation as well as encouraging others. With this Circle you may stay for a while and decide if you wish to learn to Resonate more deeply or if you are pleased with what of the song you've heard. But... if you go forward you will for all but certain change. Be it your mind, your body, or who you very well are. There is no shame in departing now and this is no game. Proceed further only if you truly wish to learn, Vela."

I nodded my head. I don't remember the words I said but I am certain they were convincing for Ava's worried face was dispelled and all that was left was *relief*.

"I will be proud to call you my sister, then, Vela. I shall send word of your coming and we shall see you there shortly."



Three days pass of us journeying. Ava accompanied us for the first day where I was traded not dissimilarly to a prisoner. It was clear to me that if I changed my mind at this point it would be much too late and the occupants of the new cart would be forced to use the daggers they kept hidden beneath their cloaks.

My fellow passenger was a woman who was likely a much more ardent believer than I. She introduced herself as Ylva but was intensely excited to receive her moon name at some point. She chattered to herself and hummed strangely beautiful music that was always just a cent short of the correct pitch. Was often she ceased suddenly and apologized to me for being a nuisance and each time I told her she was forgiven.

Were she screeching that would be another issue but luckily enough my moon obsessed partner was a composed and considerate one. It gave me hope for my new Sisterhood.

I gazed through the tarp on the day we were due to arrive at our next Circle, both me and my cart-mate starved without any rations. I considered this might have been intentional and was grateful I had smuggled a ration aboard. I looked out and saw a crystal-clear lake nestled by trees with long beautiful leaves. None of their branches blocked the moon's reflection upon that peerless sheen. Stars uncountable dotted the

canvas and the wind rippled the mirror for only a moment. A dark shadow was cast by the featureless stone wall of a fortress.

Alas, wise as I often was, I did not know what this place was. Three days' travel meant we could be anywhere. Perhaps then we were in the middle of a war path covered in once vital reinforcements and defenses now condemned to tomes covered in dust. What better place for *insects* to settle? I was not so different, having slept in abandoned buildings during my upbringing.

Banners had been torn down from those solemn walls. Where huge chunks of stone were missing from cannon fire or spells there was now wood patching shut these wounds like stitches. The cart came to a stop and the tarp was opened by a mysterious figure.

The figure gazed at us with glowing yellow eyes. "The stars..." She cackled to herself. "You are Lynette, yes?"

My cart friend giggled with ceaseless enthusiasm. "You know of me?"

"How would I not? As you grew nearer, the outline of your name shivered through my mind all last night. I woke whispering your name and knew it then you'd be here..." She reached out her long, chitin covered hand and stroked Lynette's cheek. The freckled girl shuddered and gasped and shrunk into the grasp of the tall woman. This woman turned her gaze to me. Two piercing yellow eyes. White chitin covered most of her face. Frilly long black and red hair oozed out from her hood like tongues on some sinister beast. And yet she glowed like the moon in the lake and smiled at me. "And yet your name was not said to me by The Moon above. It was Ava who told me of you."

Was this bad? I didn't waver. "Were it I knew why, sister."

"I am not your sister yet, dear. Vela, was it?" She asked for confirmation. She trusted the moon for certain, but words spoken to her from a fellow mortal demanded confirmation. I nodded my head for at that time I was Vela. "Vela. It is exciting. You may very well have a new piece of the song we have been searching for. Strangers to me are opportunities for our moon above. Come, let us make a sister of you, Vela. I'm certain our Mistress will be ever pleased to meet you."

The prior Circle I stayed at was owned by a rich woman donating it to the cause so it hadn't been blessed by the cult's moniker, but this place was fully and entirely their own. They called it Gazer's Lake.

Humanity was abandoned at Gazer's Lake. Here there were none but those truly thrilled by the song. I watched girls itch their skin and then tap their chitin in comparison. The lowering ratio excited them and drew them to share the pleasure with another within arm's reach. Hedonism rose in prominence as did their lunacy scholarship.

They pondered the stars in near obsession. That lake dotted with stars was oft occupied at night by the most lost, desperate to maybe see themselves in the lake or perhaps watch that figure of themselves fade so that they might see the stars more clearly. I was searching too. For my payment.

Anaya Oren was still nowhere to be found in this dark place. I was more careful than ever to speak her name rarely. Still, if she was not here then where could she be?

I felt more eyes upon me than ever. If it wasn't the woman with yellow eyes who had greeted us in the cart it was these stranger members. There were these girls who rarely spoke and often wore masks that covered their mouths but not their eyes. Each shared these deeply frightening eyes. Purple on the rims and bluer and cloudier near the center only to be speckled with violent red in the center. Their irises were shaped like two dots connected by a single strand in the center; like barbells.

Besides that they acted similarly and calmly. They watched me. And I despised being watched. This was the closest I came to turning tail and running. Everywhere I went there were girls in various states of surrender to the stars moaning their dreams into each other's lips and studying magic... strange terrible magic.

Every night I slept restless, disturbed by sounds I didn't know stone walls could make. I slept and had the stillest, coldest dreams of my life. My feet felt icy and like my body weight might shift and fall. Everyday I awoke there was one of the violent eyed women standing outside my room and peering. I'd be checked upon either by another woman then or the yellow eyed woman. They'd ask me what I dreamed in excruciating detail wanting to know every single thing. I often fibbed and said my dreams were just as brilliant as the ones that got me here or other days I'd state the truth, that my dreams

were bleak and dark. Luckily enough I didn't lack for detail and could simply parrot the stories I had the fresher recruits discuss. I did notice that; the new members spoke often and furiously and kept changing more and more, but the older members seemed more settled, entrenched and entertained. It was like watching philosophers admire new students wonder when enough parts had been replaced on the boat to consider it a wholly new ship.

It was a week in that I was certain I was going to be kicked from the cult. They must have known. My cart mate Ylva was being called sister now, was having her skirt torn down and her loins kissed. At some point she had grown mandibles. Her chitin glittered like stars. But I was still as I was with rough unflattering skin and scars. I wasn't touched save for teasing glances and an occasional finger teasing my chin. I began to fear they knew through touch alone. Ylva lifted her mouth from a higher ranked matron and smiled an inhuman grin. "Will the moon spell the end of all empires?"

"Absolutely shall," The matron replied and stroked her fingers through Ylva's hair. "Though we are still learning..."

The Violent Eyed roamed the fortress. The learners regarded them with curiosity, but the veterans didn't seem to mind their presence much. They only gave occasional, knowing looks. They looked at them differently and never spoke with them.

I walked past a pair of them and returned to my bed and laid down, thankful I wasn't sharing my chambers with anyone else. A place of privacy... to collect my thoughts. There and then I decided I would give this a few more days and then...

My eyes were so heavy.

I was stood naked.

What was this place? For as far as I could see was the pale crystal ocean. It moved slowly across my feet, waves in infinitely slow motion that slowly spanned nearer normal speed as they fanned away from me. The sky above was black. There were no stars. And then there was the moon.

A dark, deep sound rumbled across the sea. The waves grew faster and began to rise in height. Higher. Reaching for the moon. The moon reached back. Deeper, the sound sunk in to my chest. I felt like a church bell. I felt rusted and broken and then of iron older than the fortress I grew up in.

The moon grew closer. And closer. I could hear its song. I could hear it through my entire being. Sweat dripped down my form. The echoing toll struck me so fierce I thought my eyes would cry not for sorrow but of physical failure.

I squinted and tried to look behind the moon. All I could think in my dream was “where is this sound coming from?”

When I awoke there was a Violent Eye on top of me.

I was panting, broken, so horrified. Death shivered through my bones and I rubbed my eyes for fear they were bleeding. I wanted to sob and throw my body in to the corner, beneath my bed, anywhere but be in this stranger’s bed with this stranger atop me. The Violent raised a finger and wiped the tear away and whispered to me. “Sssh... Are you okay, dear?”

“I’m... I...”

“We will hear what you saw, if it comforts you. Do you wish to share?”

I nodded my head.

“Then... let us meet.” She smiled.

That morning I was surrounded by three Violent Eyes at all times. They would never leave my side but they wouldn’t reply to any questions I had either. I was asked countless questions by the new members but the veterans remained silent. In fact... they looked *scared*. Eyes wide, some of them anxiously checking the windows. *When, when, when...* Their chitin claws moved curtains to peer through partially boarded windows to look out at the sun slowly falling on the mirror lake. I felt my eyes begin to tear up when I saw that peerless water.

Anxiety was contagious. Seeing the higher ups be so worked up and knowing that it was likely *my fault* didn’t make me feel calm. After today I’d leave. I’d sneak out. I still had a dagger hidden in my stuff and I’d use it if I had to.

"A vision that brilliant... didn't your last recruit cause a commotion?"

"You mean Anaya?" A woman replied, her voice frail and haunting.

"What Lunar Name did she receive anyways?"

My ears violently perked. I turned, careful that my sudden attention wasn't detected by The Violent Eyes that refused to leave my side. I memorized the look of the woman who had said that. Was this her penpal? She wore a hood so it was hard to make her out but she was also the only one hooded indoors. I somehow managed to shake The Violent Eyes and follow her as she made for the kitchen.

"Were you speaking of Anaya earlier?" I asked. I could afford to be more direct. If this didn't work I was leaving no matter what and telling Anaya's father that she was good as gone. "I was a friend of hers for a while. Might you know where she is now?"

"She excelled..." The woman slowly turned to me and gestured for me to follow her. She walked through the fortress and lead me away from the others to a further wing. Was this going to be a trick? This was the person who had seduced Anaya to the cult, this was the one who knew everything about her. I wished I had grabbed my dagger.

We entered an abandoned chapel. Fortresses that are meant to last a very long time will have stations of worship installed to keep piety high and a feeling of normal life. Normalcy was lost on the rotted stained glass and the darkness that filled this room. Until a pair of Violent glowing eyes filled me with dread. They were ringed with red across that beautiful purple and blue nebula.

"Another one of you?" I sighed.

"No..." The robed woman pulled her robes down. Her eyes were the same.

In the darkness, the figure opened a second and third set of Violent eyes and slowly she came to stand. I watched as her rising head matched my height and then went until she was stood twice as tall as myself. The candles were each ignited blue. I was stood before her.

"Hello, dear," She purred to me. This woman was tall. Her hair was a long cloud of intricate dark purple haze, little clusters of blue glowing in it occasionally. Her bangs were long and covered a large part of the right half of her face. Crooked horns and antenna stretched out from the top of her head. Mandibles decorated the sides of her head. Her chitin was smooth and dark, layered perfectly and precisely, her heavy breasts

hidden behind a veil I could nearly see through in the candle light. Her robes opened to reveal all four of her arms. Her under arms and the palm of her hands were slightly see through and showed strange astral magic flowing through her, as if she had stolen a part of the sky. She leaned down so she might be eye level with me.

"I... I..." Every part of my body shrieked to leave. Danger sense yelled the nails out from the floor boards and shattered every window. She wiped the tear from my cheek.

"Ssshhhh... have you been having bad dreams?" She tilted her head, her eyes moving like a venomous moth swinging in the haze of night. "I was there to comfort you. I am glad I was, you must have seen something truly frightening."

"What... why does she have the same eyes as you?" I could only focus on my curiosity rather than her.

"Because she is one of my vessels," The woman said as though it were normal. "She is still in there, happy, content, able to take control whenever she wishes, but through her I may extend my reach, and through all my closest sisters I may spread my careful coddling through every Ring and Sister," She smiled at me. "And you seem the most deserving of all of my attention. Tell me dear, what is your name?"

"Vela..." I stammer out.

She seemed amused.

And then she said, "And I am High Matron Maroth. What a pleasure it is to meet you as myself."

"This is... your true form?"

"The main vessel. This is who I was first and final and the part of me that still experiences the dreams. And it was a few nights ago when you joined me in one of them. How excited I was to see you finally have your own dream."

I wanted to correct her, run scared to my cover story of my numerous false dreams before this day like a scared dog huddling under cover, but all I could think of in that moment was two things. How beautiful she was. And how did she know to mention Anaya?



Every night I had another dream.

The moon came and visited me.

And what it said thrilled and horrified me.

Why did I wake up every day wondering then...

Where was this sound coming from?

Maroth became the focus of my life from then on. Every day I awoke to one of her Puppets patiently waiting for me, their eyes peeking at me through cracked doors and windows. Whenever I was with one of the Puppets the others were at ease and calm. Ylva would chat with me and show me how her body was changing. However, when Maroth came to visit they all left me alone and stayed as far as possible.

When Maroth visited she brought with her banquets and treats and became incredibly possessive. Her hands met my neck often as if she was fascinated by it. Was she testing how easy it'd be to end a spy's view of her cult, or was she more enamored by the fact I let her?

Every time her hands went lowered I didn't stop her. My panting and moans encouraged it. Her claws slid my robes apart. She saw the scars that lined my stomach and traced them tenderly. I want to grab her wrist and squeeze shut some part of me and keep it secret but she was so soothing in her approach.

"Are these from your sailor lovers?" She asked me.

My eyes went wide. Her fingers were at my neck. My pulse thrummed against her thumb. She squeezed down a little tighter. "They're so used to gutting fish and leaving refuse to the sea that they must have forgotten how to treat things of value..." Her eyes lowered to my scars and then back at me. The main row always snapped first and then the bottom and then the top.

"No... they are from... guards," I muttered. "When I was young I would steal. When guards came for me they started by throwing rocks and then trying to grab me. Eventually it came to blades." I had no idea if I should be telling her truths or desperately clawing at my lies still. I knew if I left or tried to escape I would find one of them waiting for me, one of her servants.

Maybe she'd answer my questions. "Why do the others stay so far away from you?" I asked. "You are a High Matron, you outrank them, shouldn't they treat you with reverence?"

"To be a High Matron is to be as far from sense and humanity as possible," She mused, sounding the most like the others she had so far. "In our Sisterhood, there are a few ways of thinking. We all agree that on The Moon there is a great source of power, perhaps a being that wishes to be freed, and we all agree that The Moon must be brought here so the power might be shared beyond simple song resonance. The performance we hear is distant and muffled..."

“To hear it in full, to truly become a part of it...” Her fingers traced my thighs as I was tugged deep in to her lap. I shivered at her touch but relaxed in to her. When her finger traced my lip I found my mouth opened. She laughed and slowly slid her finger against the broad side of my tongue. My tongue slowly turned blue at her touch. I didn’t know this was happening at the time. I couldn’t feel the edges of my tongue grow sharp and grubby with little feelers lining either side in parallel. “Whilst we all agree that The Moon must be brought here, we however don’t all agree on what should happen next. One sect thinks when The Moon arrives we will return our power to it and be granted new, greater forms. The Reborn. Another group thinks once The Moon arrives the song will grow so loud it will deafen the world and turn all into our strange forms and bring peace to each and every nation and bring about the downfall of all empires. The Peace Birds.

“And then, there are a final third sect. A wretched, cruel group. These members believe that when The Moon arrives...” The red circles in her eyes grew brighter, consuming her entire eye in pure red, her black barbells narrowing into a cross shaped slit. “We will kill it. Consume it. Take its power and make it our own. We do not know, truly, what The Moon will do. We peruse our dreams and visions like readers of lost tomes trying to find some key phrase to retroactively translate all these horrors into truths... These are called The Devourers. I... am the leader of this group.” She squeezed me as tightly as she ever had before. Her face pushed right next to mine. She whispered in my ear as it grew longer, “And this is why they fear me. I mock their peace. Let them dream... I’ll plan instead.”

She laid in her bed moments later. I fell on top of her. She tore my dress apart. What was this fire?

Her legs spread. I dared not look what she had but I knew it slithered and pulsed, I knew it moved by her command. I looked up from the bed they had placed in the church and saw all of her Puppets watching us. I looked down at her again as her hands grabbed my hips and the other set groped my breasts.

Consume me.

I fell again and again. She felt so good inside me. I can’t remember what drove me there but the intoxicating sensation had grown so powerful that I couldn’t bring myself to eat or think of anything but her. She never left me alone even when I was certain she was gone.

I think I loved her. Then and there if I had read the same letters that Anaya had read I might have fallen just the same. I kept my hips high but lowered my frame so I could feel my head against her chest. "Do you love me more than Anaya?"

Her hands wrapped around my back. "You are the most interesting woman I've ever held. I won't say I love you more or less, I won't dare compare you until I solve you. A conclusion like that would be... unfair to who you might become."

"Do you love me more?" I repeated, louder. I broke from her hug and sat up so she could see me in full. I stared down at those daggers for eyes she had. "You must love me more since you keep me near. She is not here."

Maroth didn't move an inch. "Of course not... she's elsewhere, pursuing her own studies now, deciding who she is. I brought her in, but I dare not define her. Every choice she made was of her own volition."

"Every one of them?" I pressed. "When she began to dream? Did she choose to dream?"

"Does anyone? How often do you choose what you dream, when your sun rises, what knife cuts for you? I wrote to her of how to dream, how to see it, and when saw it by her own choice every action after was beautiful..." Maroth smiled the way I hoped she wouldn't. She grabbed my shoulders and roughly pressed me down. She filled me. Thrusts grew in strength as moonlight poured through the stained glass.

I gasped and groaned. I felt passion burn with fury and curiosity, a bouquet of emotions that turned amber in my heart. When I opened my eyes I saw that my hands pressed into her had turned to claws of chitin.

When she finished inside me I felt her power glowing through me, felt her possessive eyes never leave me even as her Puppets left to patrol.

And that night I left.

I pretended to fall asleep, grabbed my dagger, and raced out the door. There were no guards that night and I still wonder why. I ran and ran. My thighs were covered in a slow growing dark armor of chitin, my feet claws now. I couldn't look back. I'd see the moon reflect in the pond and it would drive me to tears.

Every night, every inn, I dreamed of her again. Maroth haunted me. I wore robes that hid my face and yet I scanned every face I saw for her. She could be anywhere. And

yet... she never did intrude on my life again, at least visibly.

I met Vicari Oran again one day after retracing my steps. I wore careful clothes and never revealed who I was. That day I had an especially terrifying dream of The Moon. With no hand to wipe my tears I feared I was still a mess. And yet, the need of payment still needed to be discussed. "Shama?" Vicari Oran asked.

It was my turn to speak. He smiled at me as I rose from my chair. "I failed to return your daughter to you. I am here to report why. In my mission to rescue her I infiltrated a cult known as The Astral Watchers. They are a large organization formed of people of various creeds who have shared a dream of The Moon singing to them. I too have witnessed one of these dreams."

At the confession I saw his smile flicker like a candle flame. Was he losing his confidence in me? I continued; "Your daughter has been seduced by an extremely powerful High Matron of this cult known as Maroth. Maroth... is likely one of the most powerful witches in all of Tamor. She seduced your daughter, but she went by her own free choice. Maroth controls multiple bodies, likely in every reach of the world, but her main vessel is the host of her power. Even in this cult, she is considered a radical leader, feared for her ideas, her sway, her power..." I wondered if I was shaking. His smile was gone.

"You dare..." He raised his voice. "How dare you speak of my daughter like that. She is not so weak. Whatever spell this Maroth cast can be undone. Much the same as this," He brought the contract we had written. He ripped it and cast it into the flames.

My eyes narrowed. I felt my half-grown mandibles curl beneath my hood.

"I wanted my daughter, and you failed me, assassin."

"And I expect to be paid."

He grumbled at that... but he made good on our promise. His servant appeared with a pocket of coin for me. For what it was worth it was the full amount. I gave him vague directions to where he might find The Circle I last saw Maroth and we parted ways.

I walked slowly from his castle.

That night the dream came to me again.

More clear than ever before. The bell rang again. But when I focused...

I should have known sooner. A smile spread across my face.

When I awoke I broke into laughter. A eureka moment uninvited and terrible that it made me shake. I curled in to a ball on my bed and felt my still growing abdomen from my rear chitter and shake. I stared at my jointed claws and rubbed my fingers across my belly. The chitin covered half of my scars.

“Maroth...!” I laughed. “Maroth please...! Tell me you’re near! Please...! The thought of keeping these words to myself...! No one else will understand it. I’ve learned something so *terrible* just now. You said I’d never be alone, I’d always be comforted after my nightmares!”

A part of me wished the silence had been longer. A finger pushed my tears away. A set of eyes emerged from the darkness. “I feared you might never return, Vela. There there...” The tears were cleared from my cheek. She gave me a moment. “Tell me... what have you learned?”

I laughed as I tried to speak. “That bastard... he doesn’t deserve his daughter first of all!”

“I agree,” Maroth laughed. “And? Of your dream?” This was what she was hungry for. She was starved to hear my words.

“The sound... we have it wrong! The Moon isn’t what sings. We resonate, do we not? The Cult members, the Sisters. We resonate the song and spread it, yes?”

“We do,” Maroth replied. “We are the Vessels for the song that the moon emits.”

“The song is coming from behind The Moon. It is a Great Vessel.”

Maroth’s eyes narrowed into slits. And then she laughed. And I laughed too. I cried through my laughter. Maroth wrapped her arms around me. “Let’s go home...”

The Oran home was lit ablaze that night. Fire punctured the wooden structure and swallowed every painting. Their estate vanished into the soot and ash. I returned in

Maroth's arms to the fortress but that was only for a short while.

She wanted them to witness how far my change had progressed and encourage me to go further. My form became sleek and agile. My clawed fingers glowed cyan at their tips and my dark scales turned bright white in the night as if I was changing with the rising of the moon. The recruits kissed my thighs and admired every inch of my body. The veterans looked at me. They feared me just as much as they feared Maroth.

"And where is this that we head now?" I asked Maroth when our travels neared their end.

"To my home. We have much to learn together..."

Stretched over the edge of the mountain was a strange palace of pale stone and water. Situated near it was a colony of strange buildings etched from stone with methods that made the stone seem partially organic. I watched as the seams in the brickwork vanished the nearer we came to the stairwell that lead to the massive building ahead. The streets were marked with hood figures and naked Sisters glowing in the moonlight.

We walked across the glass stairs towards its crooked door where servants with Violent eyes awaited us. It was this home where Maroth's loyal Devourers studied and dreamed. I knew this would be my final home. I was growing taller. How long until I matched Maroth? I hoped I never would. I vanished in to Maroth's Grasp, the name of this place hidden deep in the world.

I eagerly await my next dream and my next chance to convince others of the truth. There is something out there beyond it all. And we must end it and take its place.

THANK YOU!

Thank you so much to everyone that made this book possible! Starting with all the guest contributors and collaborators that brought some of their own creative vision to the world of Tamor. Follow them on their socials, their work is fantastic! (This is not a request. Go do it now.)

GUEST CONTRIBUTORS

Check out their other work!



Brookworm__

Carrd
Twitter
Patreon
BlueSky



Sabrith Ebonclaw

Twitter
FurAffinity



HoneyBearArts

Carrd
Twitter
BlueSky
FurAffinity



Piddleyfangs

Twitter
Website
FurAffinity



Jill the Succubus

Carrd
Twitter
Patreon



SweetBurn

Carrd
Twitter
Patreon
FurAffinity



Oblivias__Art

Twitter
NSFW Twitter
Tumblr
BlueSky



Zyzzzyva

BlueSky

THANK YOU!

And an enormous thank you to my patrons on [Patreon](#)! You folks make spending tons of time on these books possible for me. Thank you so much, seriously.

2178939	Daniel Hooks	J	Mitchell Wheatley	SchwarzeSchatten
1man2hands	Derek Leader	Jacob Caswell	MyCactusandI	SDC
aabsurdity	DeusExIgne	Jacob Slough	MysteryDevil	Sebastian Wolf
Aaron Deemer	Devon Conley	Jason Bean	Nemm	SereneHells
Abel Savard	Diego Rojo	Jazzakid	neogreggory	Shadowen__Marlfox
Ada Bee	Diesel Marcus	Jeff McTrib	Niamh Cinnduibh	Shasta Monecke
Aesbeth	Dishman	Jesse D Miers	Nicholas Panno	Shifty H
AgonWolfe	Donald Bowker	Jibsie	Nick Sargent	SHOGO__TF
Aidan Branch	Draco Ranger	Jill The Succubus	Noah Littrell	Shroomie
AjaxProGamerHD	dragon lord231	jin xun	noob	Smith6x7
AL	DragonByte	John Doe	Not Fenimore	Steve Ronuken
Alexis Lewin	Dragoneye098	John parker	obj	strelok23
Amatain	Dreadnought Valkyrie	John Smith	Oddington Goon	Taxia
Andrew Antolick	ElGrecotheGreat	JohnTheFisherman	OrderlySummit	Taya
anon	Ell Superguest	JStacey	Pascal Nadeau-Loiselle	Teabree
ArborealOctopus	EnemyBASA117	Juan Grey	PhaineOfCatz	Teej
ascof	Erin	Julian	Pierce Luthi	TehDeminz
Ashen Flare	Ev Usher	Justin Biggs	Pistachio the Cat	tenor41
Ashgar	Evevos	Kaizer	Propermutation	Tentacle Tiedling
Aurora	Evie	KarinCorrupted	Psuedonym Smith	tfProxy
Austin Judes	Fitzypyro	Kay	Quarter Heat	That thing in the attic
Batdinosaurusblanket	flavoredquarks	Kayana Wyatt	Quelana	The Other Czar
Becca	Forvet	Ken Smith	rosewurm	Thomas
Bergamoh	Fred Jacques	Kilodeer	RadfordDadford	Thomas Hiscox
Beth Lucy Stab	Frigg K	Koalasseum	ras1903	Thomas Hobbes
Billy12345	Fritz Karl	Kodama	Rasquill	Thovapexus
BiOniKks	FrostSpectre	Kommi	Reaverd	tinpin
BlackDragon	Genotyp	Lana	RebelLenore	Tokalla
BloodWolfHQ	ghostie	Larry Rabenstine	Redmask#23	Tricked11
brick	Gintasa	Lavacus	redrpx	Tsang Kwok Yiu
Brogan	Goblinounours	Lenz Steinbacher	ResidentWeevil2077	Ulmslval Nithrus
Brooke Austin	Gymgrindr	Lilly	Rhogerian	unded
BunnyHun	Habital	loryi	Rombles	Urmmux
Caffeinated.critter	Han	Lost__In__The__Lust	Roy	Valka Blackwell
Caleb	Hawk Haines	Luke	Rufus brock	Var Gunbard
Catherine	HellishHurricane	M4gicPh4ntom	Ruyxi Sylpheyes	viciousmagpie
Chaikoiry	Hexzerro	Mac	Ryan McElligott	Victoria
Charlotte McKenzie	hey its me jos	Maego	Sable	vilani
chc117h@yahoo.com	HurraWirLebenNoch	MasterShake	Sam	Walter Krueger
Chris	Hydeang	Max Houston	Sam	WickedestCape
ChrisRagS	Hydragaming	MC__Dance	sam	Will Shipley
Christian Ulsenheimer	imh6649	Menoud Martin	santiago tirado	Woodsie13
Coxen	Indigo	Mikaela Sewell	Sarah C Zartman	Xurnami
Crimson Exploud	IridiumPatreon	Mikee	Sarmhan	Z-ray
Cryptophore	Ishmu	milk	Saurustorpechodix	zee__skwerl
curegore	Ivrione Moonshadow	Misty F.	ScarySerum	Zeem
Dan Danielson	Ivy Buck	Mitchell	Schrodinger's Dystopia	zoombini