

VIVID SHADOWS

A COLLABORATIVE TERATOPHILIA ARTBOOK BY JILLTHESUCCUBUS AND MONSTRIFEX

VOLUME III — OCTOBER 2023







ABOUT VIVID SHADOWS

Vivid Shadows is a lewd monster art collaboration between JillTheSuccubus and Monstrifex that began in 2020. Every October we come up with a list of short prompts related to monsters, transformation, fantasy, and mythology. Then we scramble to draw 16 illustrations each, and post them over the course of the month. It can be intense, but we love it.

We've also been SUPER EXCITED to see the community participate in the project! Since we started posting the prompt list, we've seen so many fantastic stories and pieces of art from people joining in. Some of the websites we use to share these creations have been failing us, so this year we've included a **community section** here in the book! It includes one piece from every creator that joined in. We wish we could include everything, but there's just too much out there to fit here. Definitely check out all these artists and writers though, and see all the gorgeous work we couldn't include!

Thank you so much for supporting us, and for reading this book! people like you are the ones who make this possible for us, and we really appreciate it.

JillTheSuccubus











Monstrifex







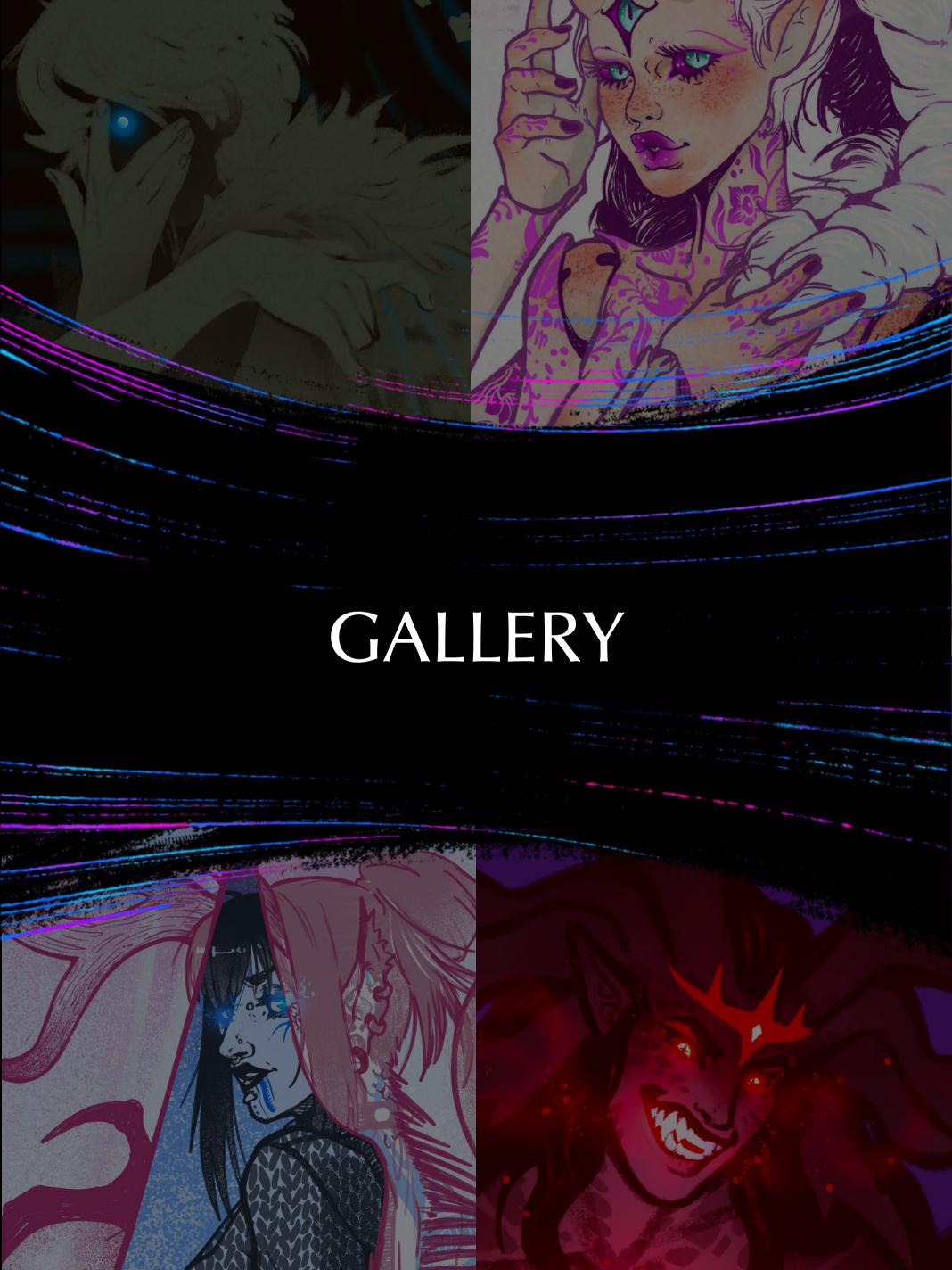


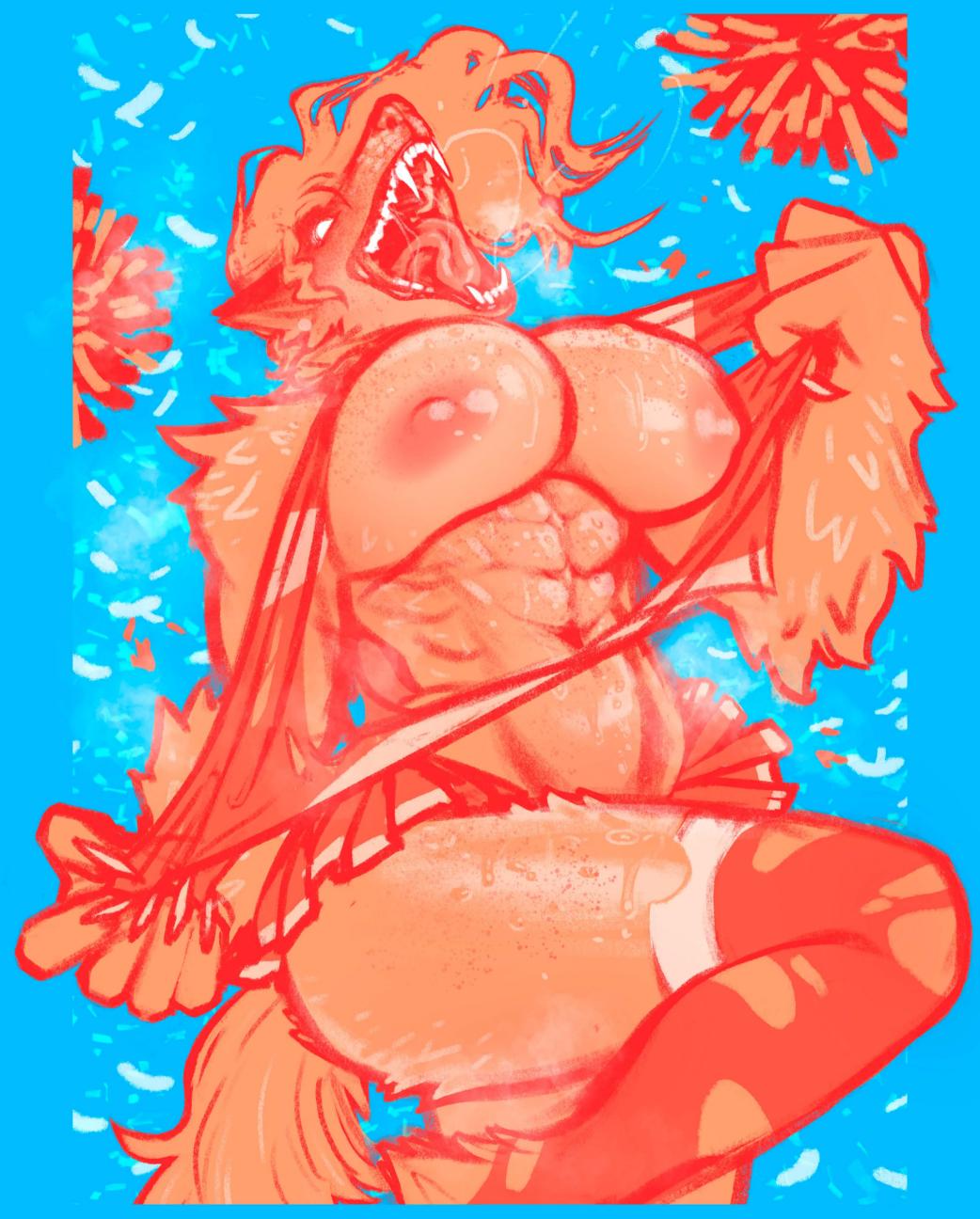


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COMMUNITY CREATIONS
SKETCH GALLERY
ALTS





ROAR

Gabby's heart pounded faster and faster. The whole cheer squad was KILLING IT, everything was perfect! Her vision blurred, her breath was hot and heavy, the thrill of victory crackled through her veins. Was her uniform getting tighter? The crowd was going WILD, their intoxicating cheers reverberated in her chest like music. Her audience roared, and she didn't even notice herself shifting as she opened her jaws wide and roared back.





---- 2 INVISIBLE

Ophelia had indulged her new tattoo on her own for months. Now that it was fully healed, it was time to show off her new ink at the beach.





VALKYRIE

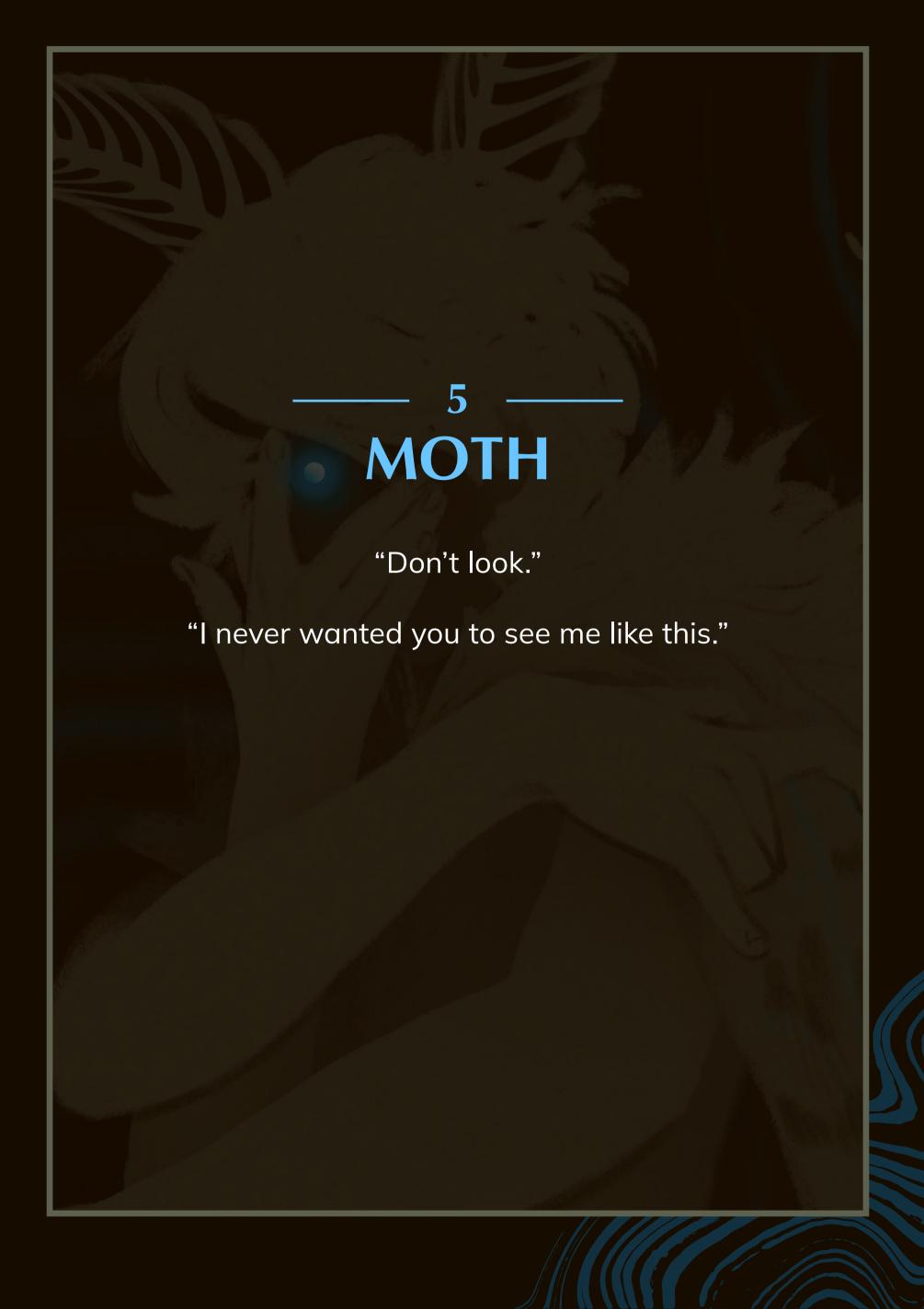
The Warrior had brushed with death a thousand times. The closer she came, the stronger the Valkyrie's longing for her grew. When the day came that they finally met, they already felt as close as a pair of old lovers.



ANANSI

A trickster in nature, Anansi loved using his godly abilities to reshape himself as he desired. Is it not the ultimate trick to defy nature and transform what was once thought to be immutable?





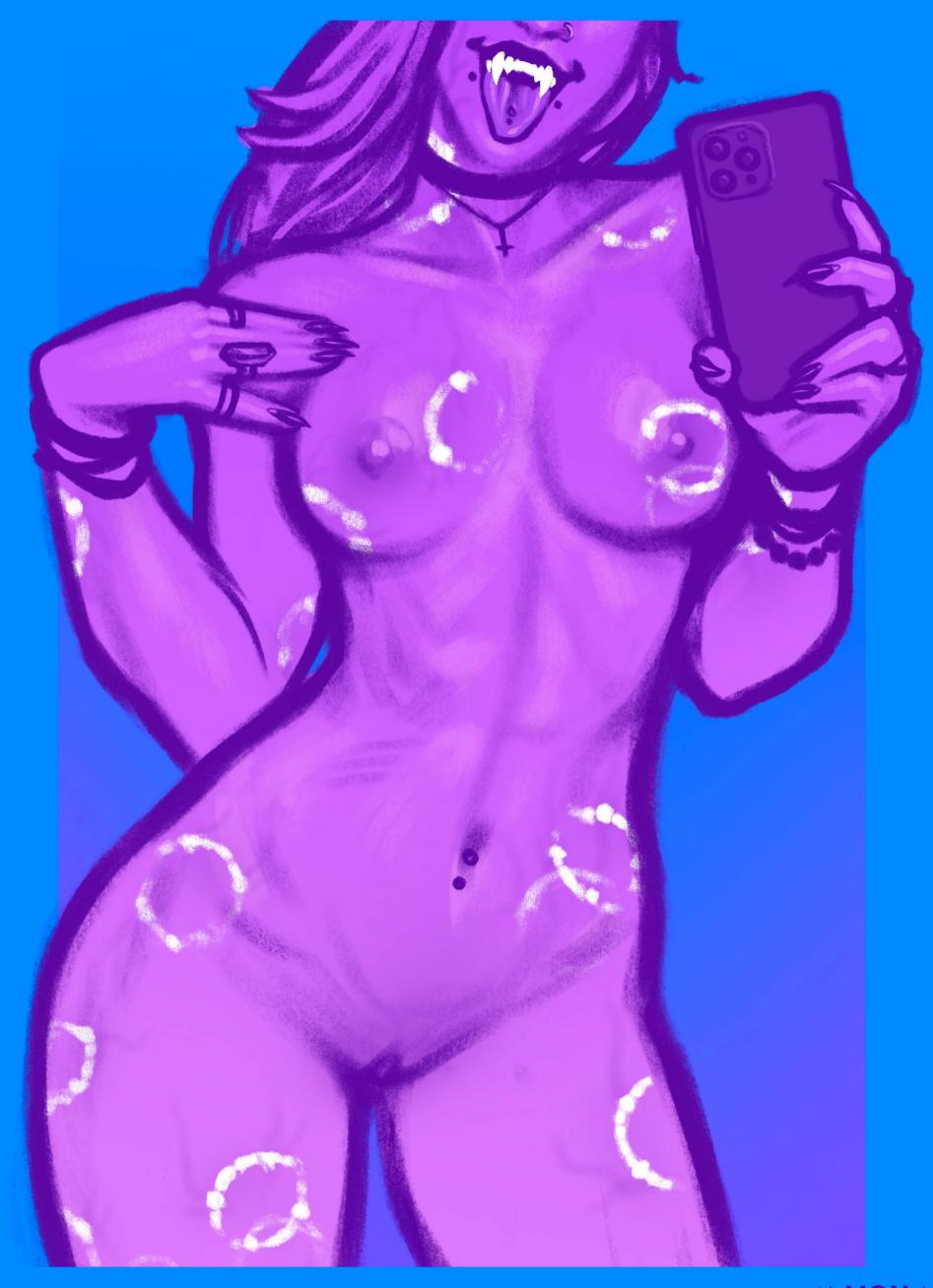


BEAST

Nasya could feel her blood getting hotter with each pump of her heart as her eyes rapidly devoured the words of her grandmother, describing the wonders of the Beast God's Ichor. There was no doubt in her mind that her words were true, each one echoed in her bones, lighting a fire within her.

Lost in the euphoria of a newfound purpose, Nasya was oblivious to the glow sparking in here eyes... words written decades ago waking up the echoes of the ichor already in her, an elongating tongue licked her growing fangs, loins aching.

She had somewhere to be.





Big newwssssss **900000**AAAHHH I finally went through with it!!! **9990**

And you guys know me, if I go in, I go ALLLL in. I've read on here that increased initial exposure can make your vampire form more powerful... so I found a dozen or so thirsty new friends and we made an event of it







Luca was a creature of cunning and pleasure, often using the former to acquire the latter.





"I see no point in living if I can't be beautiful."

-Howl's Moving Castle





CHANGELING

Jess' tattoos were known to be life-changing, but extremely difficult to get. She had all these weird rules. First have a preliminary interview, to see whether she'll accept you as a client or not, and you can't choose your design, she does whatever she thinks it's right for you... I wasn't sure if all of this was worth it, but Ophelia insisted I should give it a try.

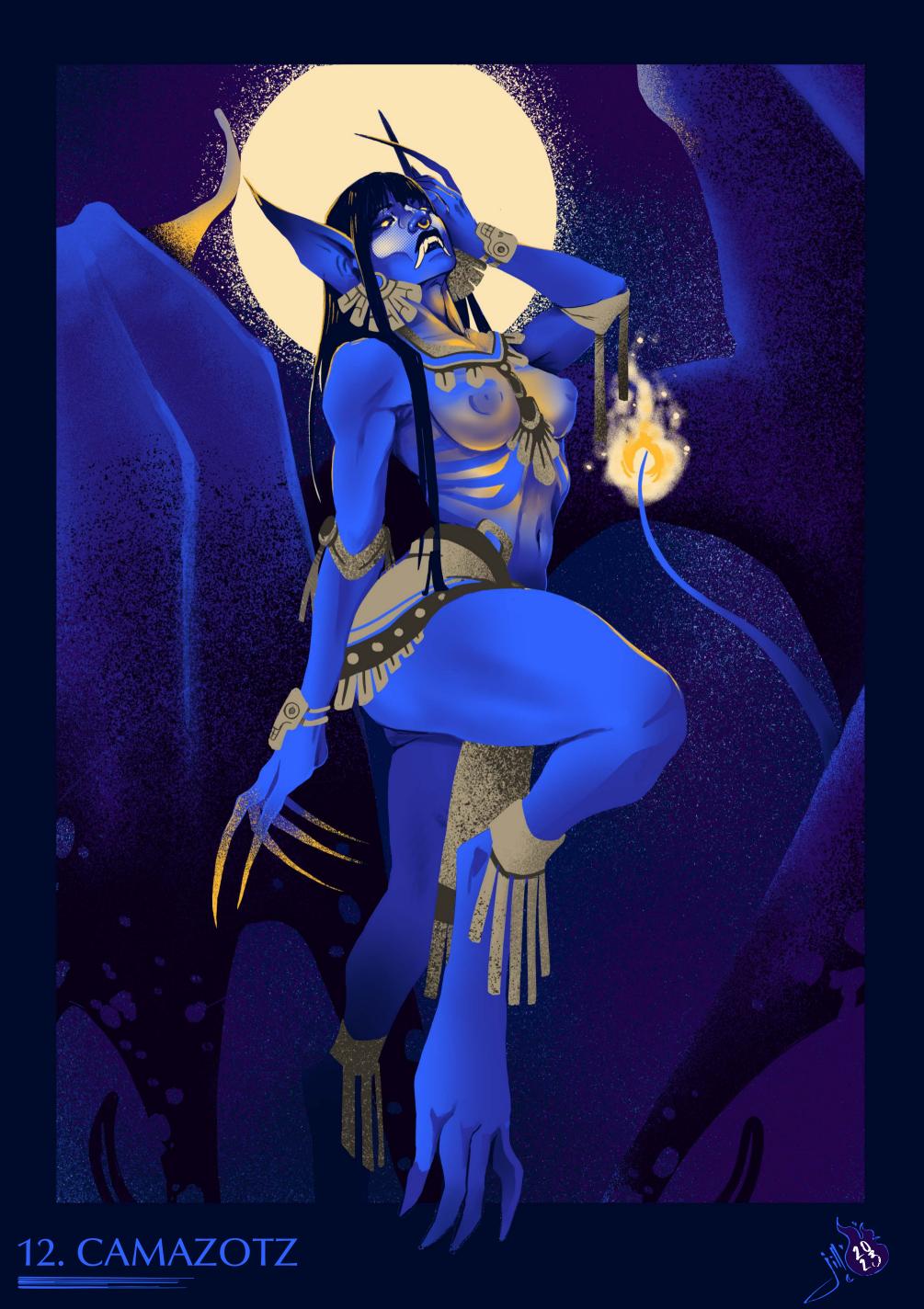
Now, after a year and a half, I walk through the dimly lit studio. A silent excitement is building inside of me. There's something otherworldly about Jess' striking beauty, and as she walks through the curtains that divide the waiting room to her station I can't help but wonder: Are the ghosts of horns and wings and claws I see are a trick of the light, or a prelude of the things that await me?

I can feel my hands twitching in excitement as I follow her, wishing what I'm seeing to be true.





The more monstrous flesh Myrrhine of Cythera devoured, the more her body changed. Hunting them became trivial and unfulfilling. Very well. If monsters brought her no more satisfaction, then she would simply have to eat the Gods.





Although her worshippers died centuries ago, she did not forget them. Nor did she forget those who were responsible, and the revenge that awaited them.





---- 13 ----- FAMILIAR

Practitioners of witchcraft create their familiars by anchoring a demonic spirit to the remains of an earthly creature, usually the bones of a small animal. This ritual provides them with a conduit to the plane of Wroth, from which they may then channel magical power.







— 14 — SERPOPARD

Beth's FurSympathy friends had been singing the praises of this erotic monster phone service for months, how it was "worth every penny." She chuckled at their comments. She loved her friends, sure, and knew their comments came from a good place. But who in the year of our lord 2023 paid for phone sex when there were so many other options online?

Or that's what she told herself, until a very messy break up left her angry and horny and sad. She didn't feel like going to clubs, or using dating apps, or facing people in real life. But spending a couple of bucks to spend a nice time with edibles, her wand, and someone pretending to be a hot monster giving her the best night of her life? Sure, worst case scenario she'd have a good laugh and a nice anecdote to share her online friends.

She called in after the edibles started to kick in, and the "monster" on the other side must have had good knowledge of voice editing software because she swore she could almost hear them growl. She smirked a little at how into their character they were.

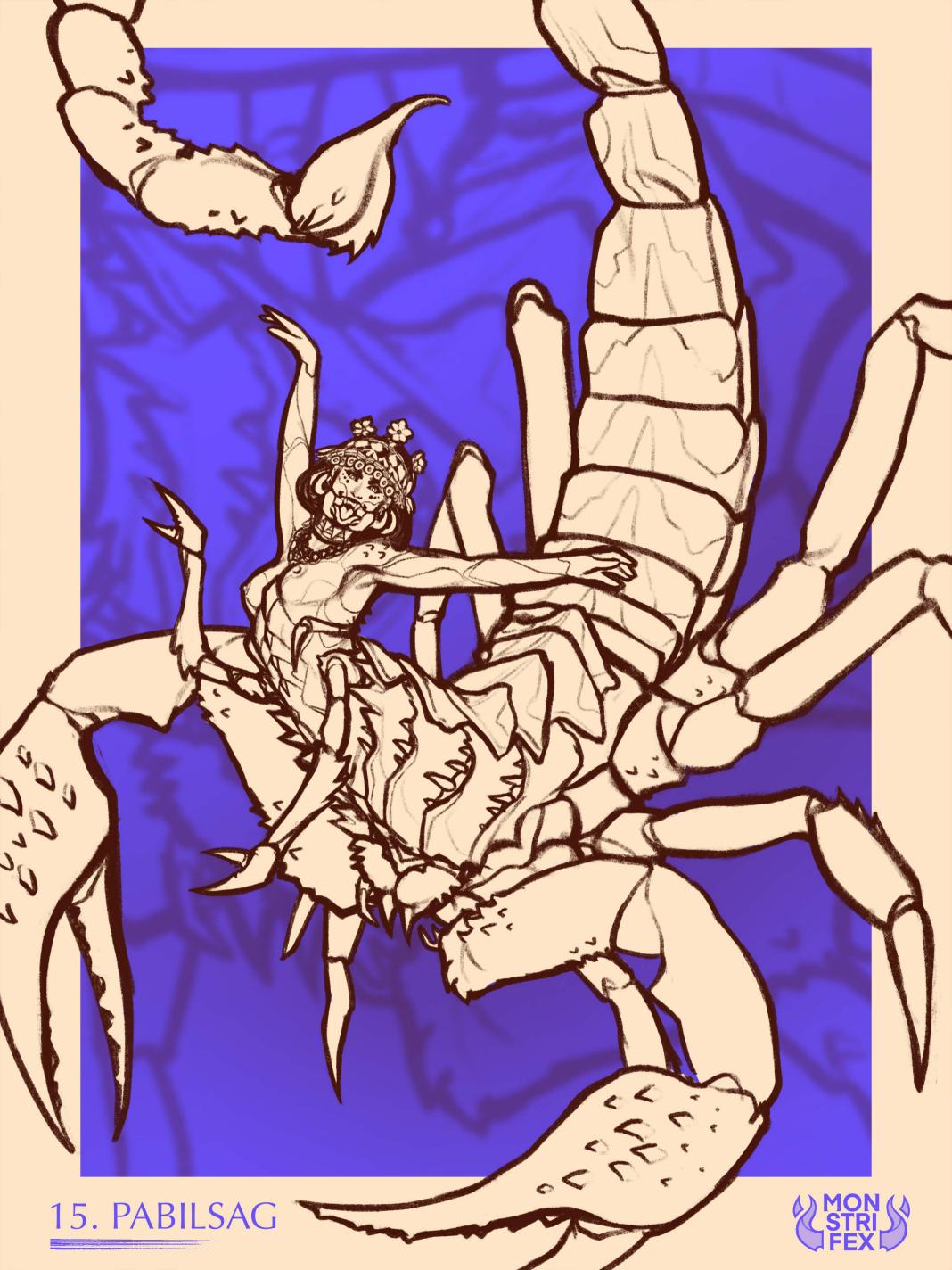
15 minutes in, Beth was starting to let herself enjoy the fantasy. She indulged the actor who was putting so much effort in their performance.

30 minutes in and the wand was already on. Sometimes she had trouble making it work for her, but tonight it was hitting just right.

1 Hour later and the monster was telling her to lick her nipples... Her breasts had always been too small for that, but this time her forked tongue had no trouble curling around the sensitive nubs, making her shiver.

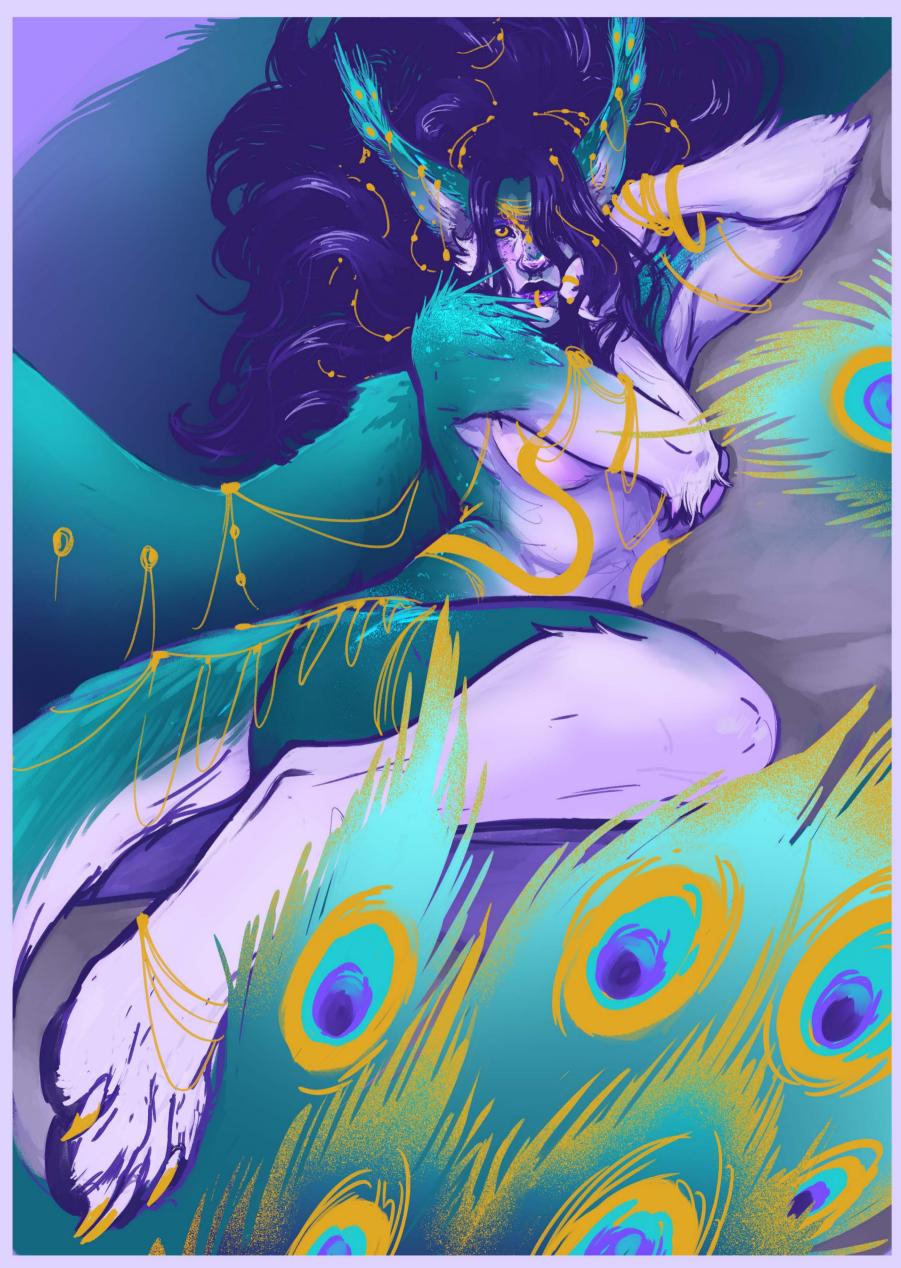
Beth had lost track of time when the monster ordered her to stroke her clit. Beth growled in excitement when her clawed fingers were able to curl around herself, making her tail twitch in and curl in pleasure.

After that the night became a blur. Beth woke up stretching in a bed now too small for her, and winced when she saw the massive charge on her credit card. She purred as she played with her phone... Maybe they were hiring?

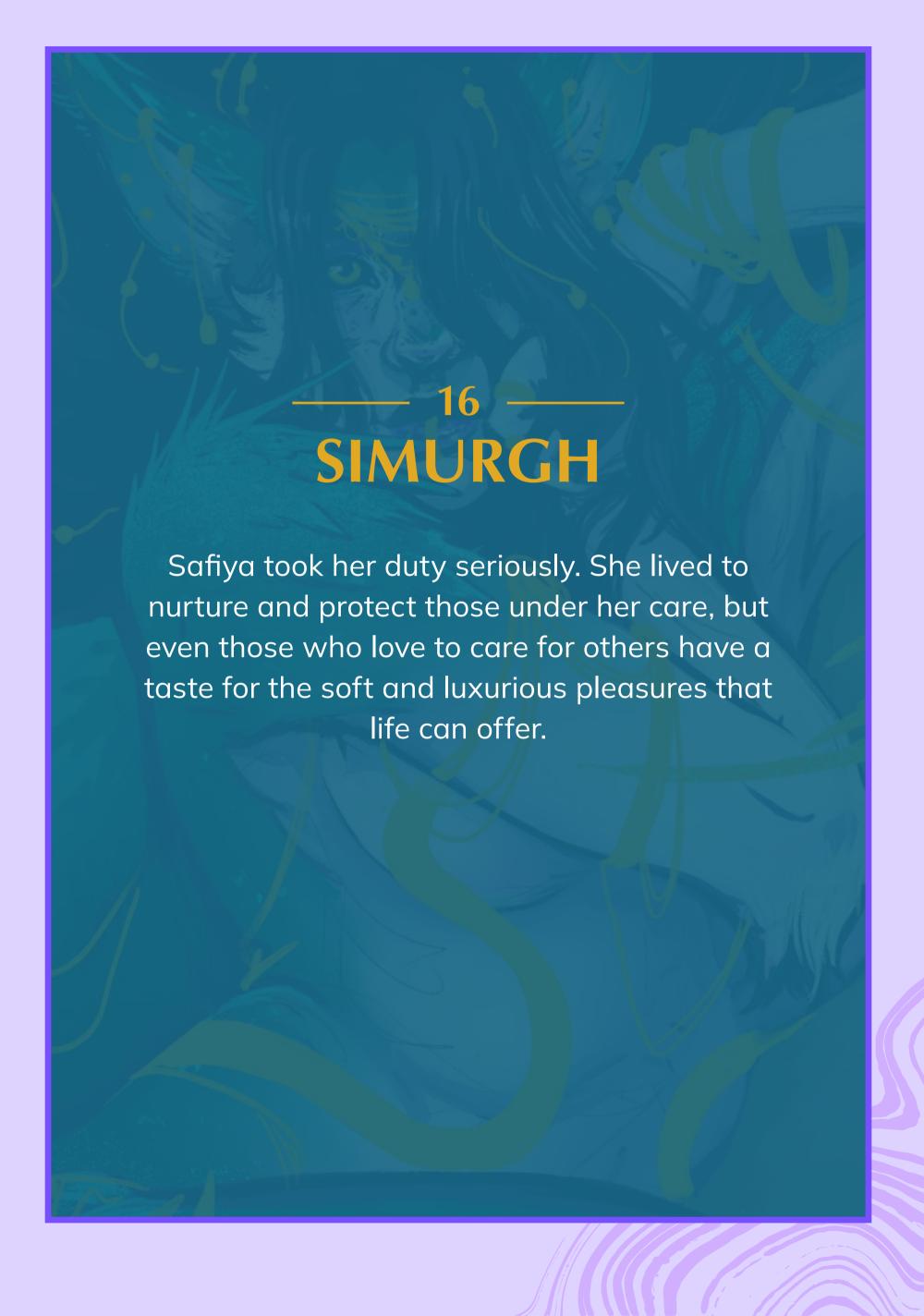


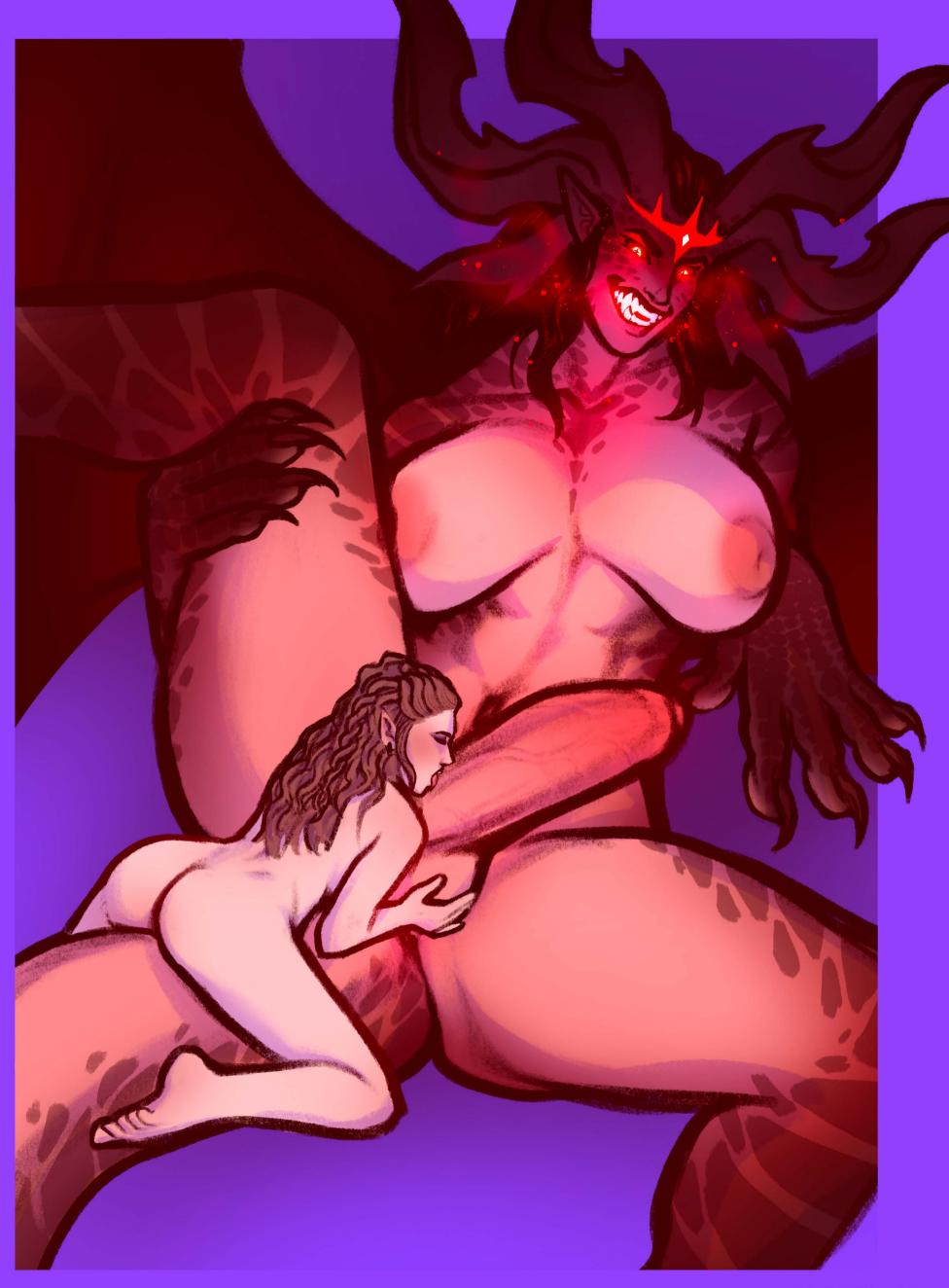


Zirat-Shala cried out in blinding ecstasy. The rite had succeeded beyond any of her wildest expectations. No longer would Pabilsag be relegated to obscurity, no. With the glorious power of her new body, she would burn his name into the very stars.

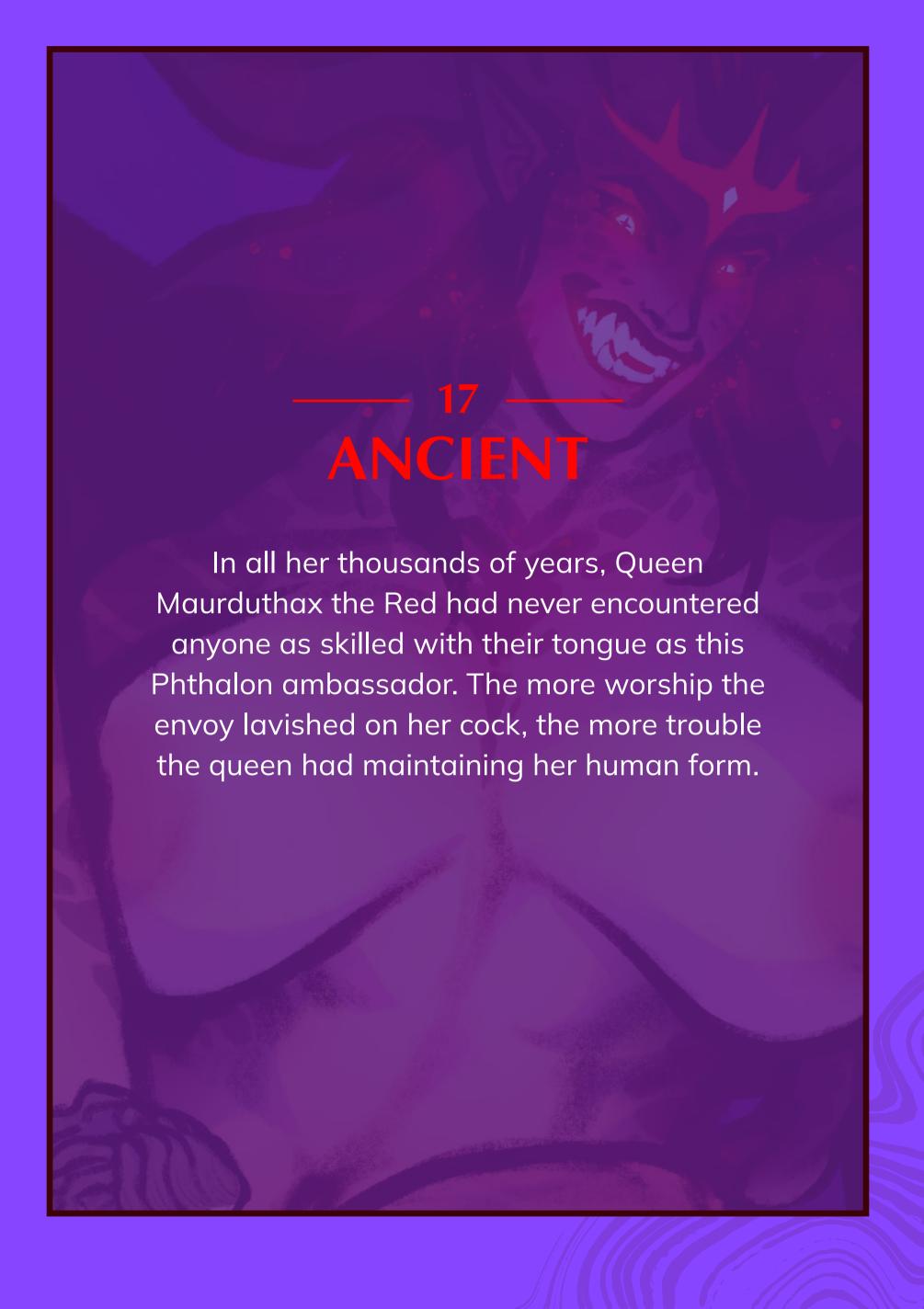


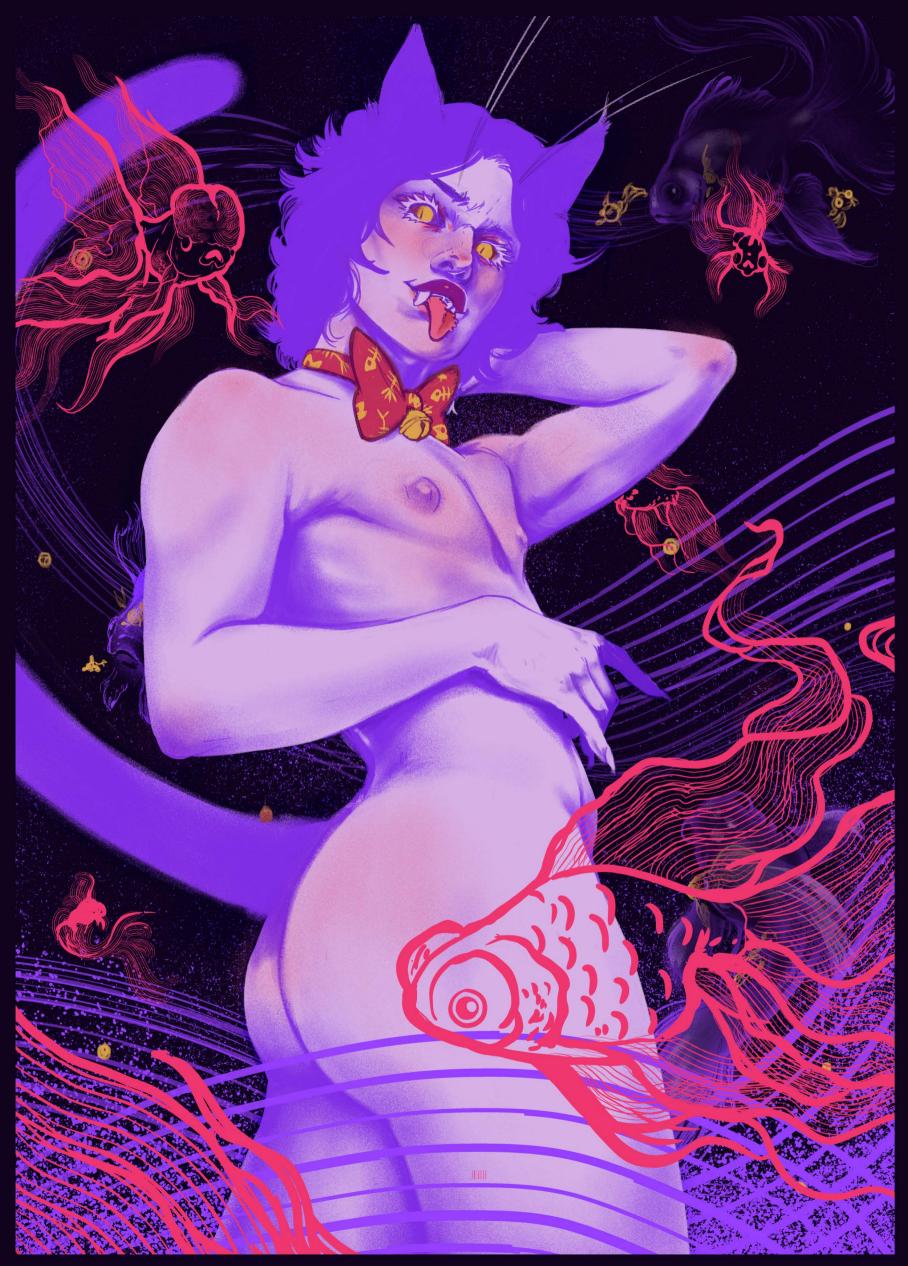








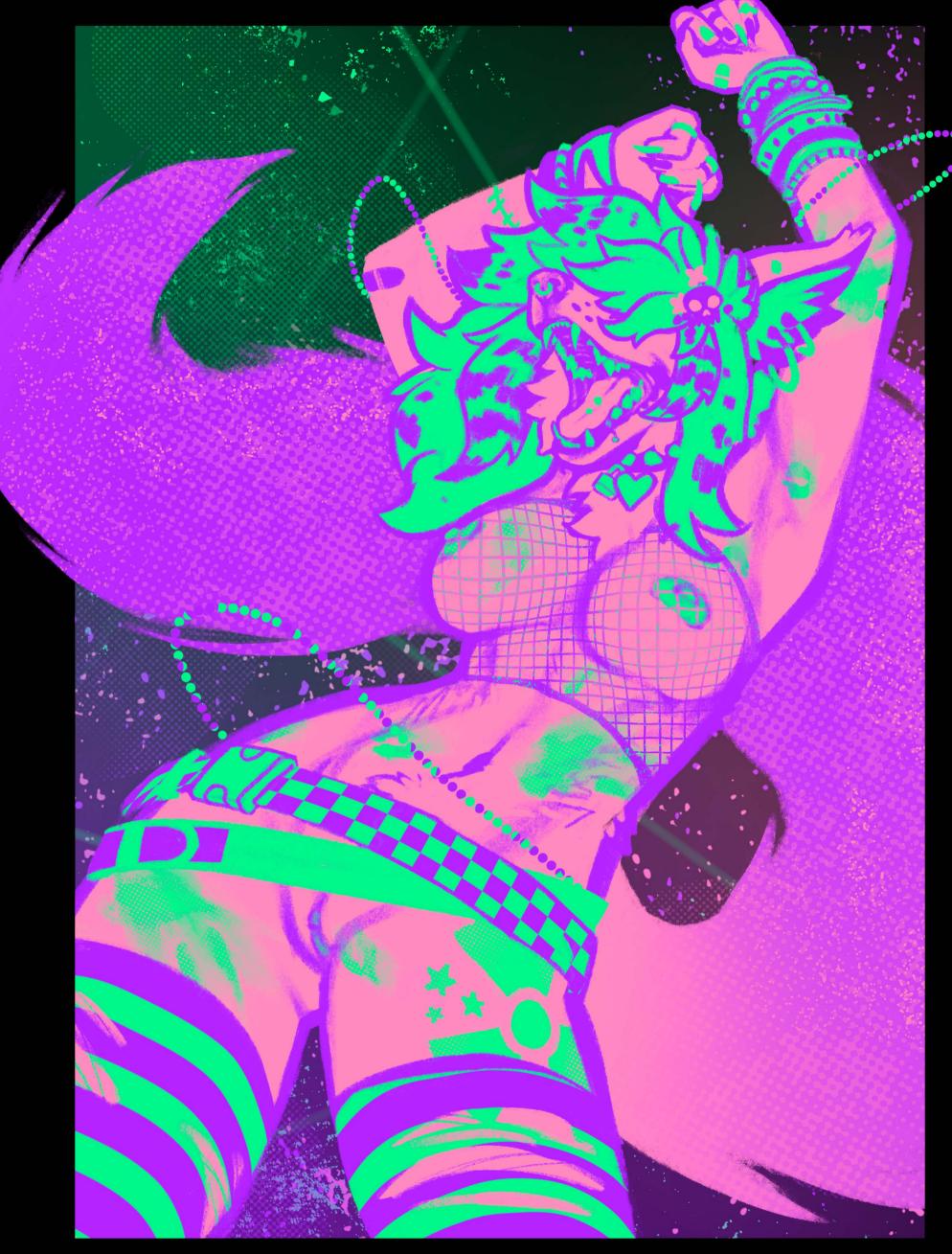






PHANTOM

When Phantom finally ran out of lives, he had to face all the creatures with whom he had played a little too roughly in the land of the living. But he wasn't scared — It just meant he had lots of friends to entertain him in the afterlife.



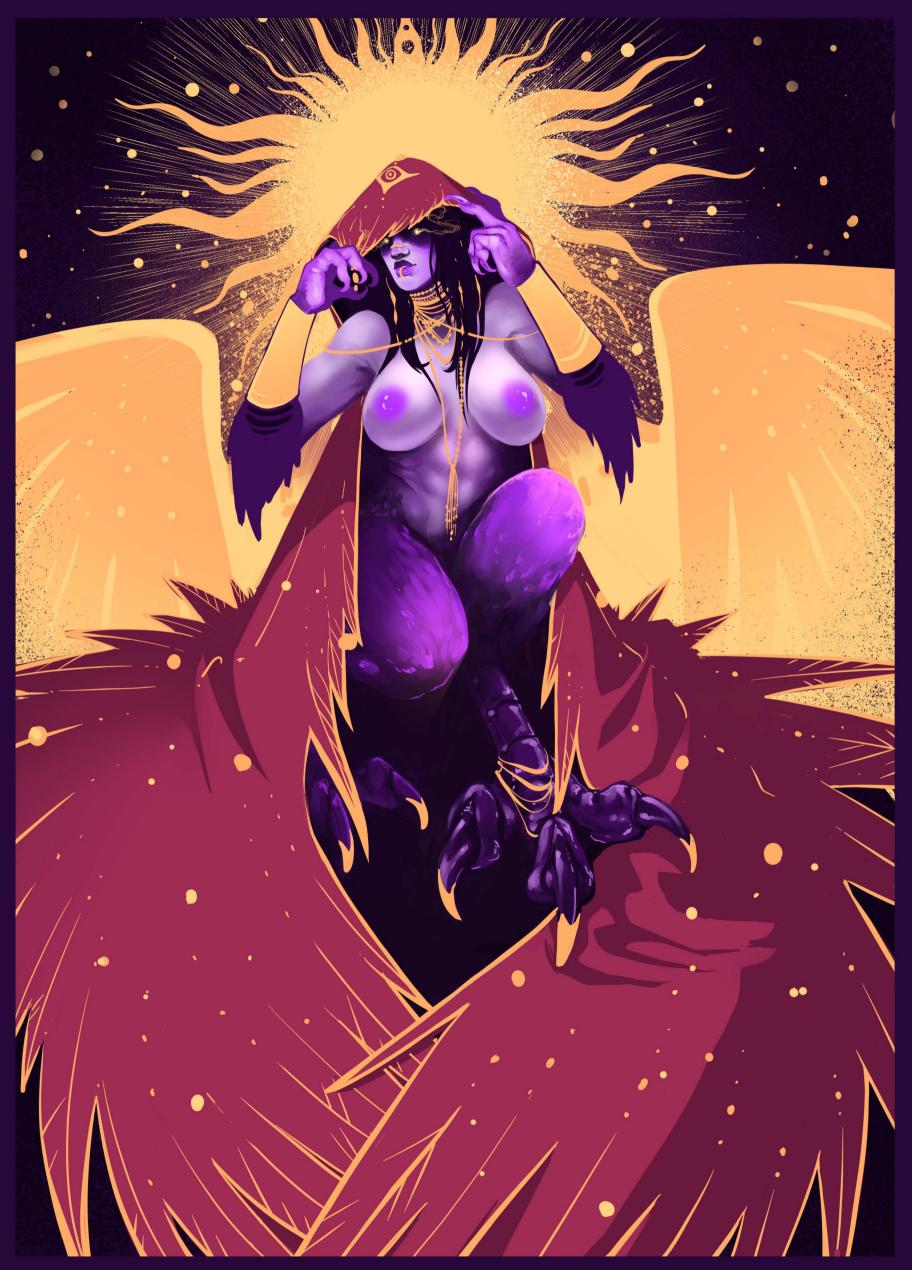




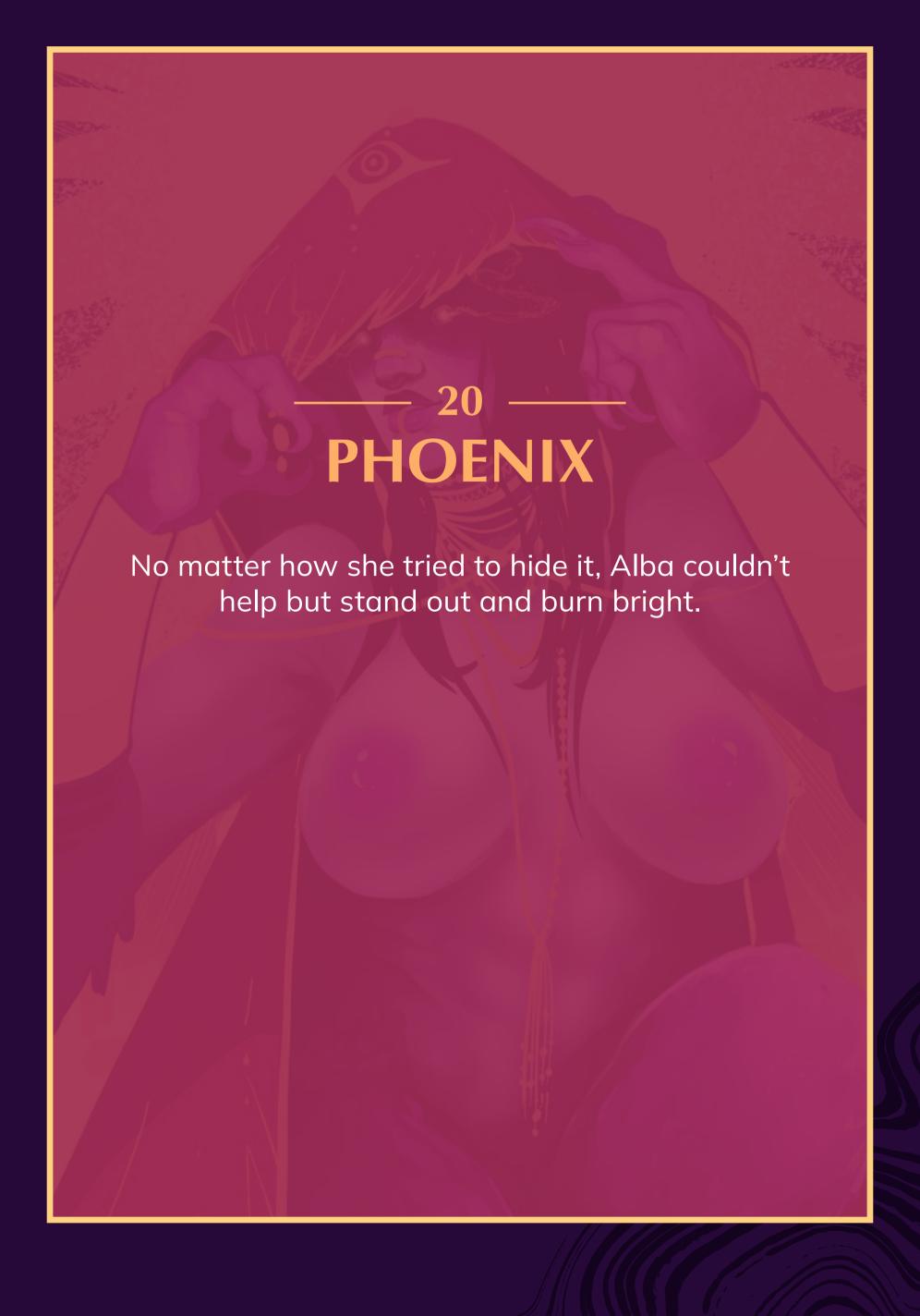
NAME: Chromina Stargasmica

LOVES: Raves, being touched, gummy bears, sex, rainbows

HATES: War, her parents, broccoli, paying taxes





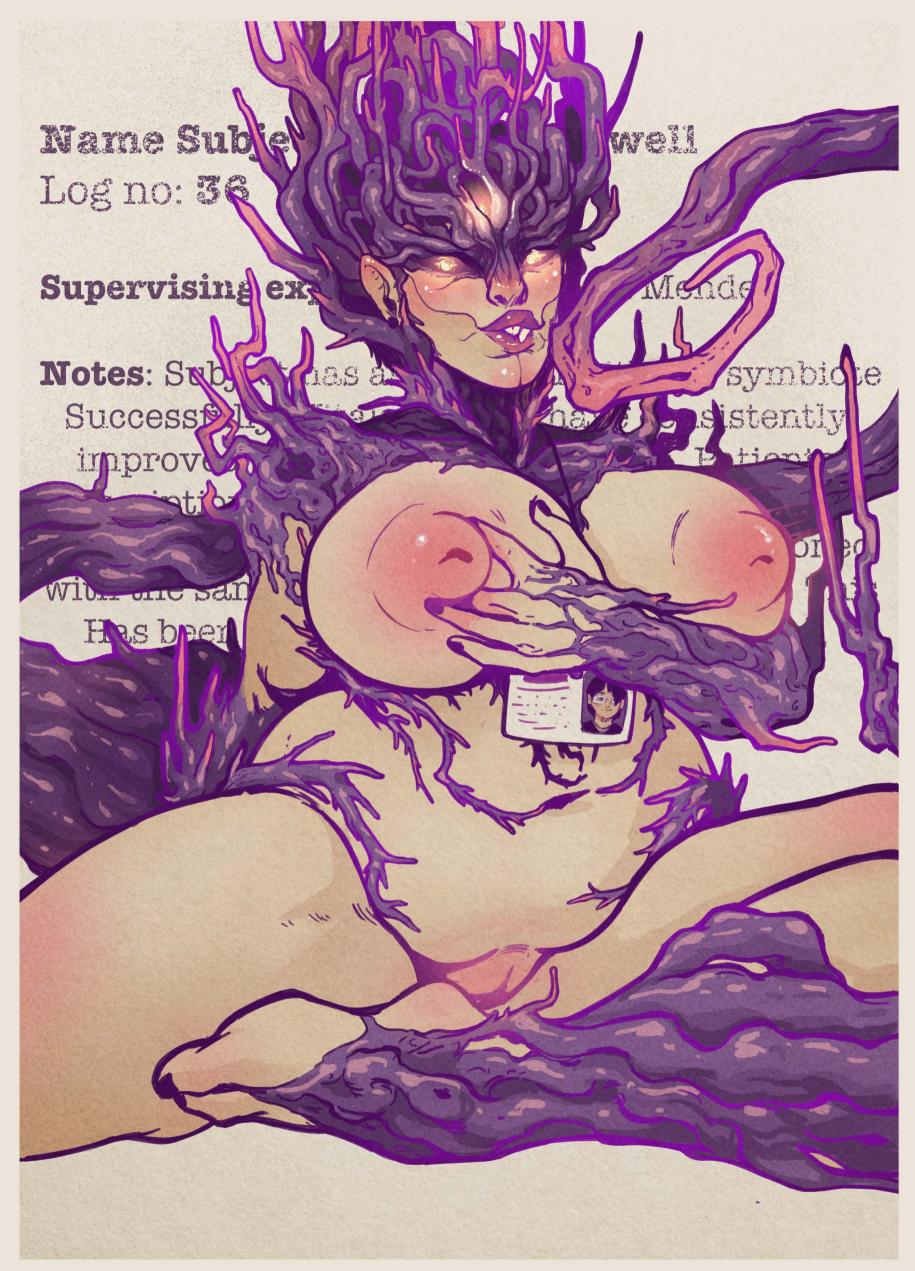








"That's what you defaults never seem to understand. Once you get a taste of real you, it's all over. There's no going back."





— 22 — THICC

Tammy couldn't figure out what her friend, Doctor Victoria Mendez, did for work. She just knew she loved her nerdy and quirky friend, who did very secret science stuff she couldn't discuss due to a myriad of NDAs. The two had little in common, but that wasn't an impediment to the love and care they had for one another.

Their friendship eventually proved vital. Tammy's life went through a series of hiccups that slowly led her down into a depression that she couldn't shake off. No matter how she tried, there was never the right yoga pose, therapist, shaman, drug combo, or psychedelic microdosing that made her feel better. One of the few things that kept her going was Tori's weekly visits to indulge their shared love for crappy horror movies. The comfort of sharing an evening with a loved friend without the pressure of having to entertain or perform, just be, to laugh and acknowledge the awful acting and CGI was what allowed her to enjoy Victoria's company instead of spiraling down into anxiety.

In one of these hangouts, after a bottle or wine (or two, or three) the clearly inebriated Tori started sharing how well her project was going. How her test subjects were having such positive results that she was sure to get more funding to continue her research. Or at least that's what Tammy thought she was saying, in their drunken state she couldn't be sure.

Victoria's explanation got progressively quieter, giving the impression that she was no longer having a conversation with her friend but rather with herself. Her voice became a murmur, and she got seemingly lost in thought. After some seconds in silence Tori's eyes went wide. With an alcohol-induced-lightbulb-moment she held her dear friend's hands, and in very slurred speech she told Tammy this could be her opportunity to get better! They had enough data to assure it was safe (mostly, Victoria's concept of 'safe' wasn't considered standard within the medical field) and she would be there every step of the way!

Tammy went along with it, being quite intoxicated herself and possessing the conviction that can only be found at the bottom of a bottle. Then, she promptly forgot about it when they went to bed. Luckily for her Tori didn't, and the following weeks were a blur of second guesses and paperwork.

When the day came that she entered the facility, carrying her luggage for a long stay, she realized that no amount of paperwork or conversations could've prepared her for what came next.

A Symbiote.

A fucking alien symbiote.

A fucking sentient symbiote from space.

What kind of comic-parody-bullshit was happening to her? Had her depression turned into psychosis?

Eh, what the hell. She was here anyway. Tammy thanked her depressed brain for making it impossible to be amazed by something as earth-shaking as contact with sentient life from another planet.

Her first week was spent getting to know the other participants in the experiment, and how they felt about it. Hours upon hours speaking with several participants informed her that enthusiastic consent was vital for success, given that higher cortisol levels caused by stress increased the chances of rejection. She found it hard to imagine not consenting, listening to the other's experiences.

She became particularly fascinated with Layla, one of the first participants. Tammy's cheeks flushed as she listened to them intently. Apparently the symbiote desired higher endorphin levels, given that it strengthened the bond between them and their host. She also learned that because of a quirk of the symbiote-human connection, Layla wasn't always in control of the new and, as Layla put it, *very sensitive* tendrils.

This caused some surprises during Tammy & Layla's conversations. The symbiote must have considered their endorphin levels too low, or maybe they just thought they should be higher, or maybe they just knew that Layla loved to show off. Their tendrils would

start caressing their body, even if they were in the middle of a very pleasant conversation.

"You have nothing to-Ah!- to worry about, darling," Tammy heard Layla purr, as the tendrils started to massage their perky breasts. Tammy bit her lip as Layla licked theirs. "I promise you, love. Once you're in... you're, ah...." Layla started to rub her thighs together, as if the mere idea they were trying to share was enough to turn her on. "Once you're one of us, you'll feel like the- oh god- like the world is at your feet!" The last word was almost a gasp, as she started to suck on her tentacle-like tail.

Layla observed in quiet fascination for a moment, waiting for her friend to regain some self control. She was painfully aware of how wet she was getting, and blushed even further when she considered that Layla (who kept eye contact the whole time) might have been aware of how much they were turning her on. Was she reading too much into it?

After some awkwardness and some laughs, the conversation continued a while longer. After hugging them good-bye, Tammy walked to her quarters with Layla's words echoing in her head. She couldn't remember the last time she felt so aroused. Had she ever? But that wasn't important. She barely made it to her room, and as the door closed she started to undress. She hastily caressed her breasts as she fell on the bed, the image of the human-symbiote hybrid making her gasp in pleasure. She lost herself in the fantasy of being in Layla's place.

The next morning Tammy woke up to Victoria's voice on the intercom. She blushed again as she realized how much her room smelled like sex and sweat.

"Good morning Tam! This is your big day, are you ready?" she heard her friend say.

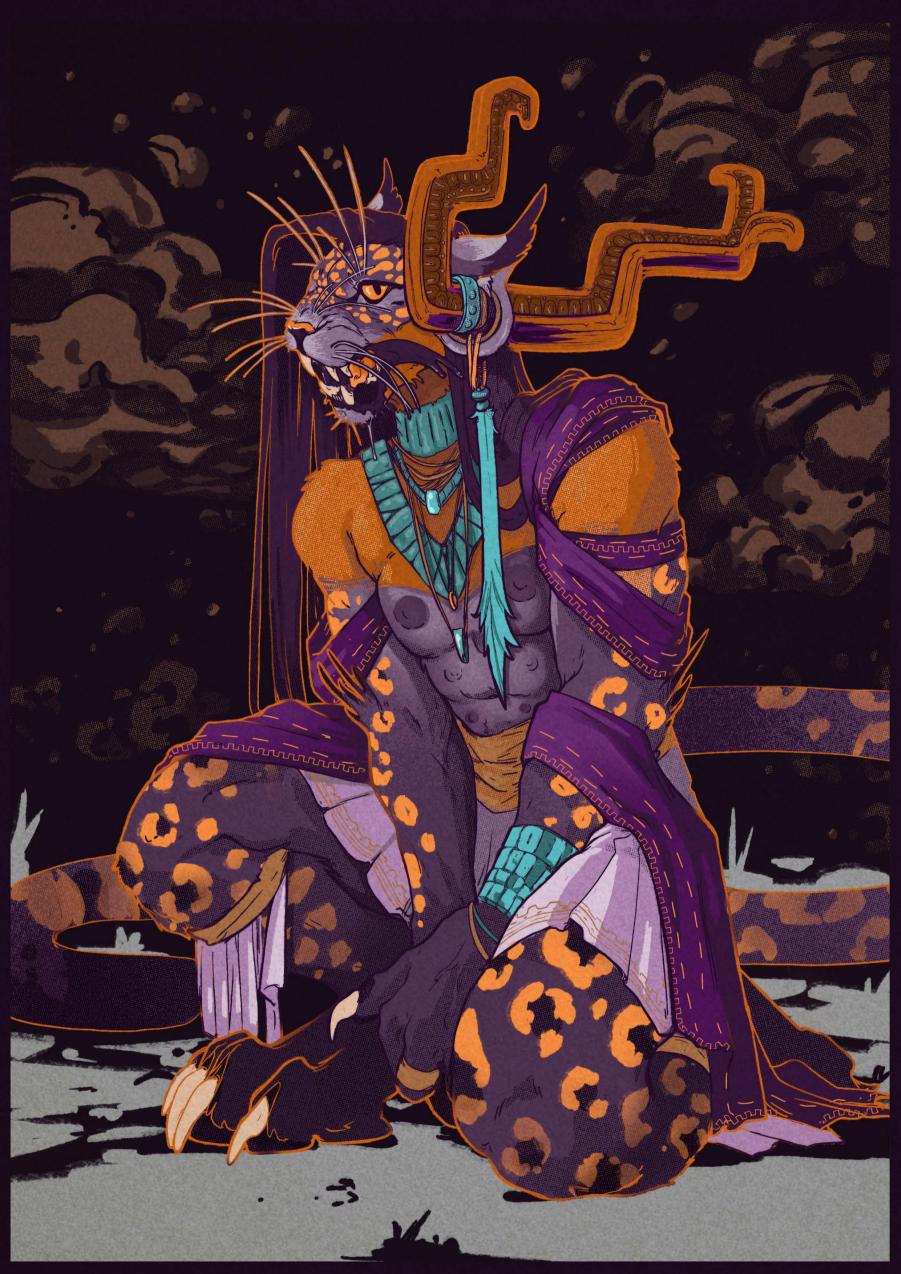
Tammy smiled. "I can hardly wait".





NECROMANCER

"I know what you're thinking, and the answer is yes. I do fuck the skeletons."







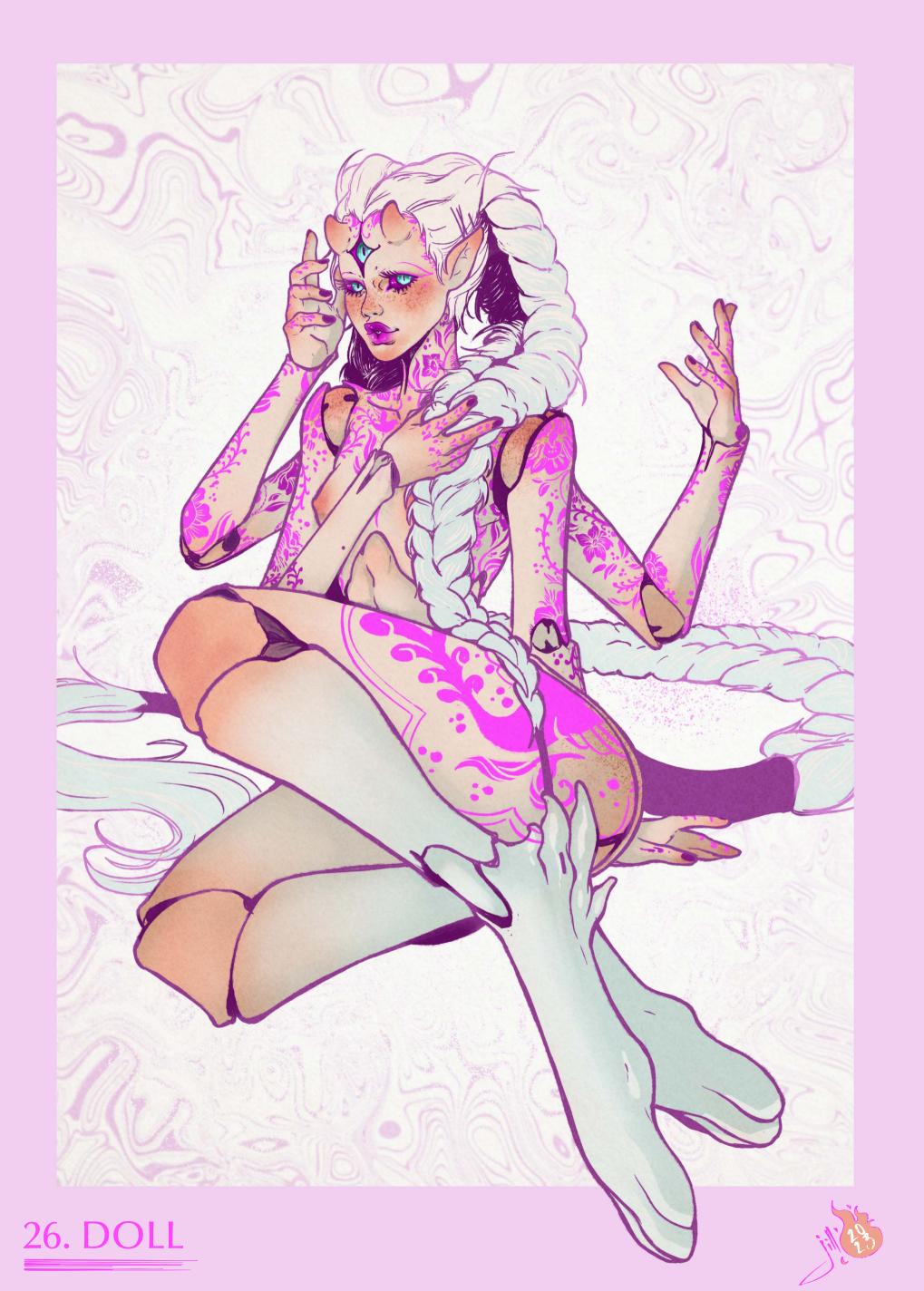


SMOKE

Despite being a succubus, Nora had been a pretty awesome dormmate. She had shown up on move-in day with a Tupperware of cookies and a sheet of paper printed with her do's and don'ts. Do: leave chores for her, she was a night owl so she'd get to them eventually. Don't: bring any hazelnuts into the dorm, she had an allergy. Beneath it all, in bright red and bold text, was a section titled, "LUST FRENZIES - EMERGENCY INFO"

The description had been detailed, and this fit the bill exactly. I could hear her thrashing; her desperate moans were muffled behind her bedroom door. I was supposed to stay far far away, to make sure her room was locked from the outside. But... I couldn't help myself. I reached for the doorknob. Just to crack it open, just ever so slightly. A little peek. She'd never even know.

As I eased the door open, a wave of pink smoke rolled free from the narrow gap. I breathed in before I even registered what was happening, and tasted the soft bouquet of it — toasted sugar, sweat, and cherry blossom. My vision blurred and heat flushed across my face. When my eyes finally refocused I saw Nora crouched on her bed, hips slowly gyrating, eyes locked on mine like two burning stars.



DOLL

As soon as cyber augmentations were legalized, Deedee went all in. She loved each and every one of them. People started teasing her by calling her 'doll'. What they didn't get though, is that dolls can be shaped into anything you can dream of.

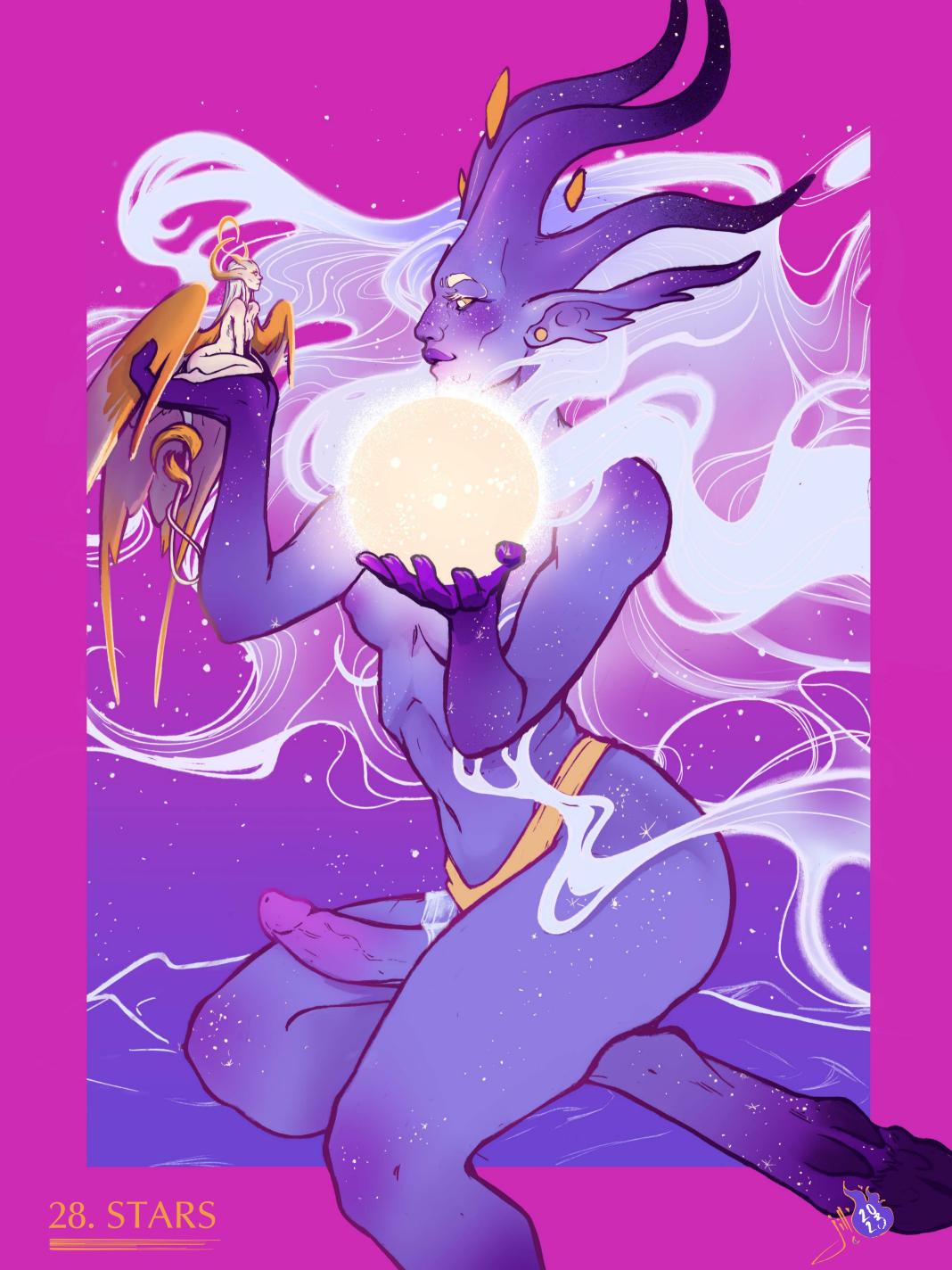


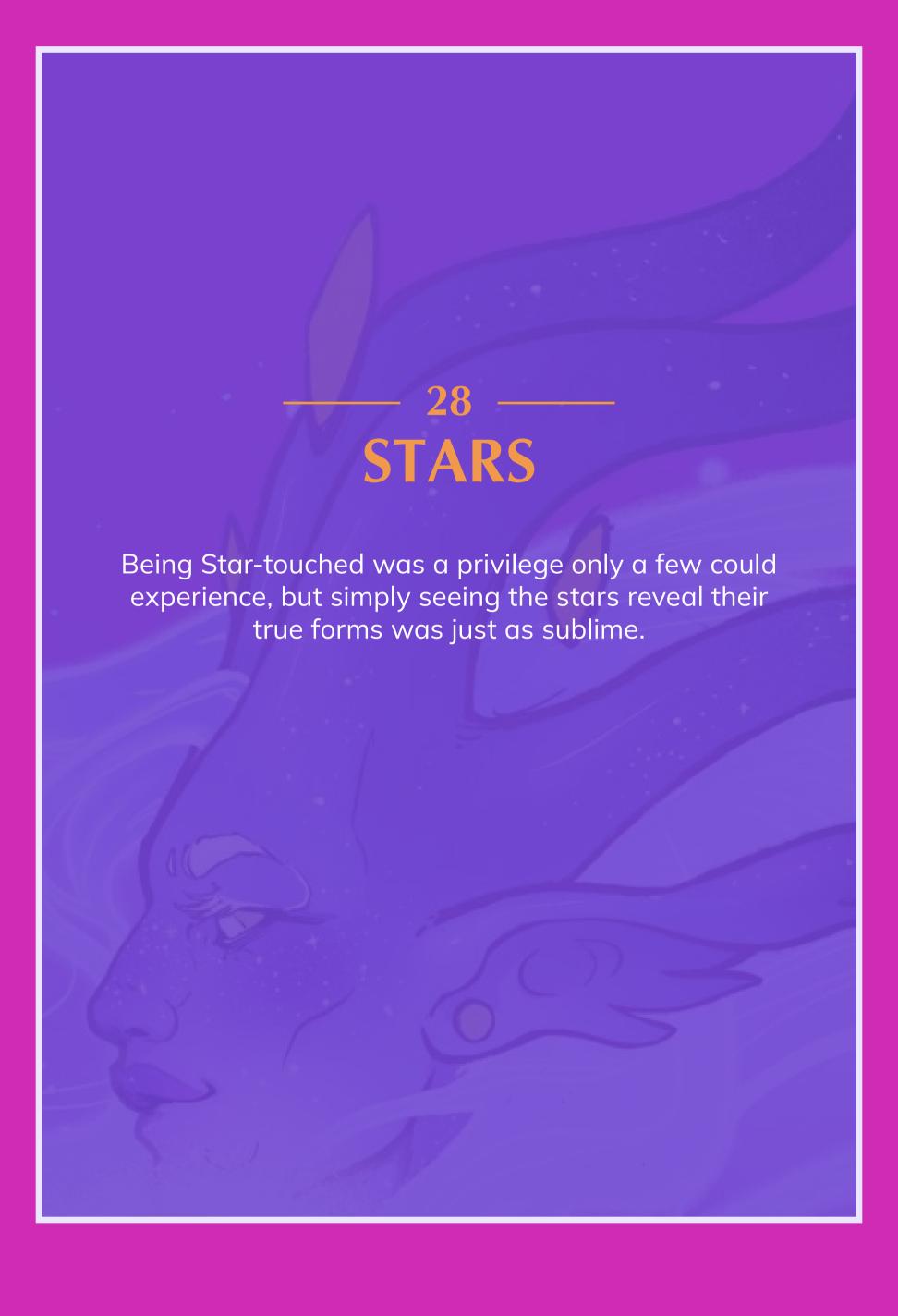




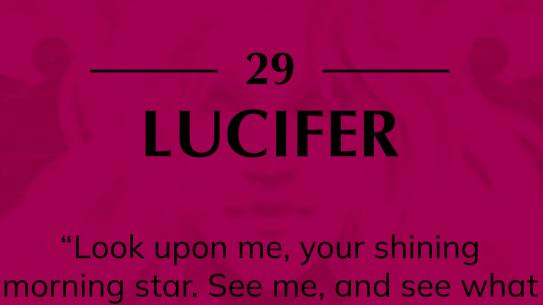
HIGH VOLTAGE ENERGY DRINK!
SUPERCHARGE THE THUNDER BEAST IN
YOU!!!*

*The sale and consumption and HIGH VOLTAGE has been prohibited in several countries. Check with your local food and drug administration before enjoying HIGH VOLTAGE.

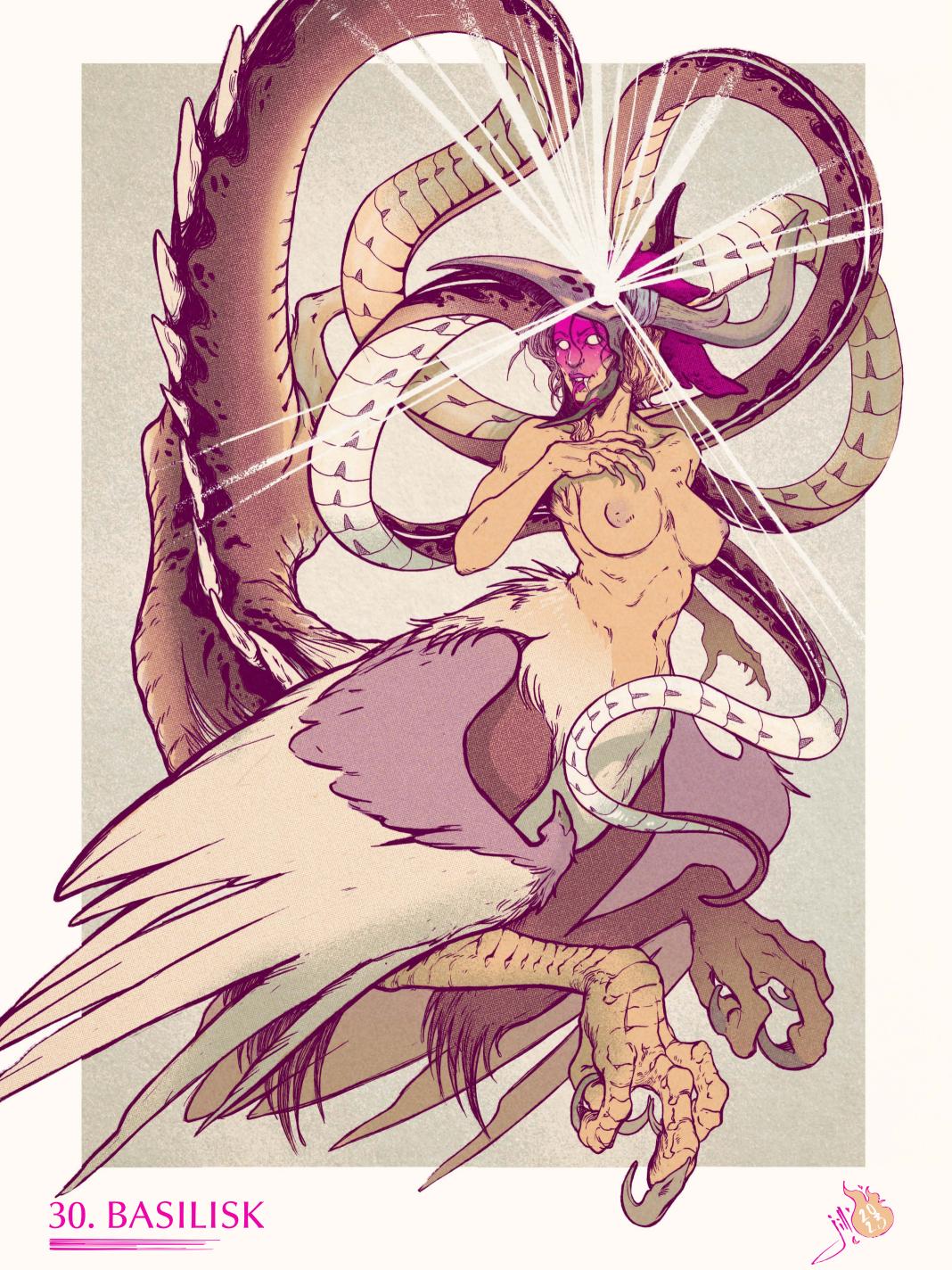




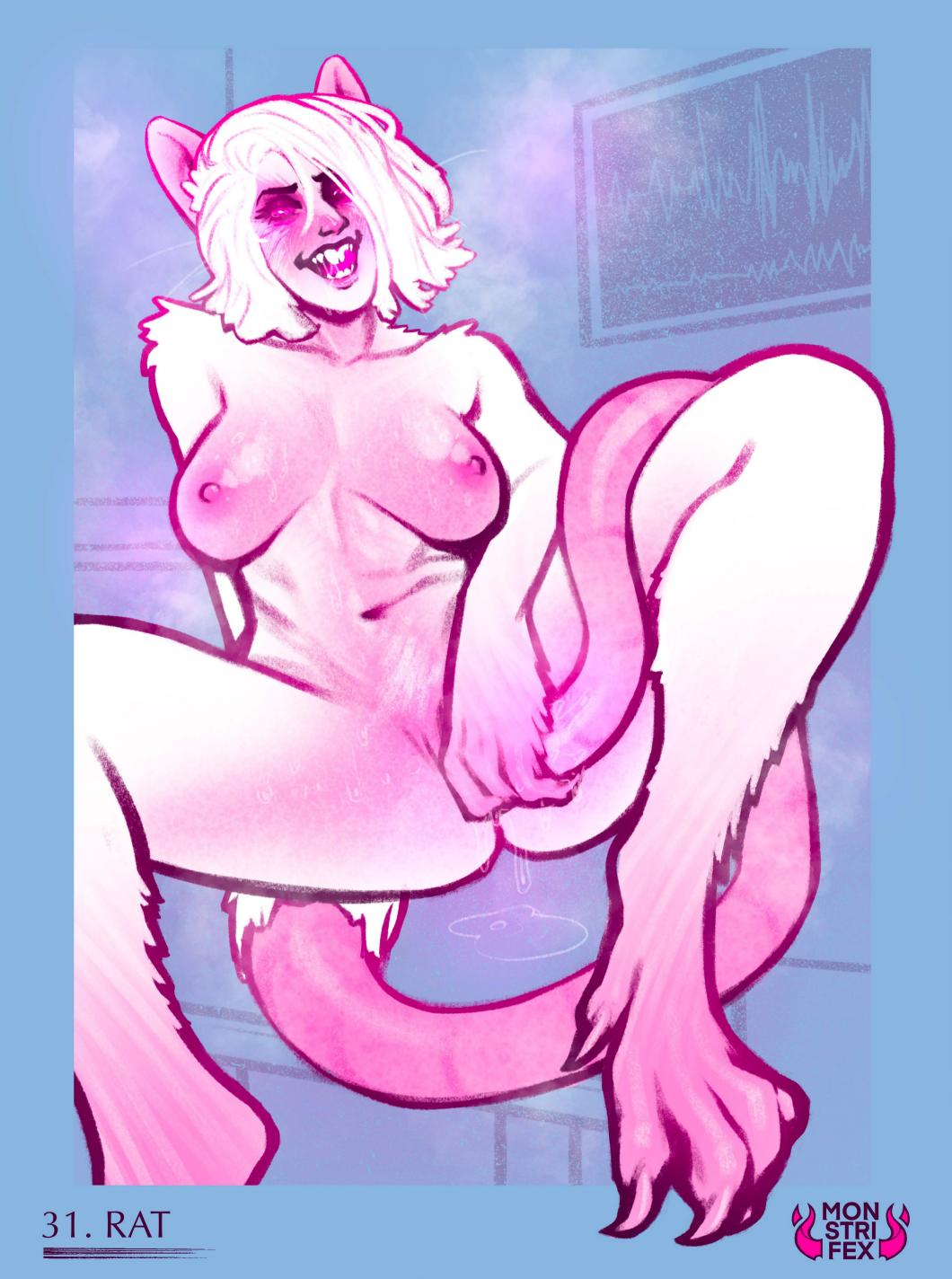




my Father's love is worth."







"Denied for human trials? That's ridiculous! I've been training the gene editors for years on our animal subjects, what's the worst that could happen?"









As descendants of the fallen ones, it was natural that nephilim had a particular fondness for their feline familiars





When I was brought under the scalpel, they said I would be heralded as a hero, as someone who saved humanity from threats beyond our understanding. But now, now I look at myself with disgust, I have become nothing more than a corporate tool to point at something and destroy it. A weapon for this capitalist hellscape they forged from our Utopia. Now I sit in the cockpit of my mech, the only place of respite I had in this hellish prison that was home base. My core hums as I begin to get worked up, only for the cooling systems to cool down and numb my emotions. They don't want their weapons, their power sources, to overload their reactor by getting worked up, so they dull out emotions with their coolants. But not tonight, not anymore. I stole some cooling inhibitors from my mech, and have been installing them one piece at a time, and tonight, I can finish installation, and finally feel emotions again.

Once the last piece clicked in, the apathy which had been forced on me began to dissipate, a grin on my face forming as the Abyss Drive within began to rev up again, and along with that, was the rage, the anger, the hatred towards the people who have taken advantage of me, and without the apathy systems forcibly dulling my emotions, cracks of lightning coming from my core as I began to lock myself into my mech, starting the integration process. I could feel the surge of energy from the core as the abyss drive began to power the mech, much further than was intended. I didn't even realize but as my senses dulled and integrated with the mech, I was cackling. Laughing at the rush of emotions that I haven't even felt in years, the bliss of integration and the rush of excitement as my freedom was so close. I sent a barrage of missiles into the nearby wall, and rammed through it as my boosters kicked in. My abyss drive continued to crackle, growing in power and sending cascading waves of abyssal energy through my mech. The roaring whir of the engine was like music as I flew around missile barrages, the energy beginning to overload my systems, but not destroying them. I had heard of what happened when the Abyss Drive was allowed to meltdown, that they have become something even more inhuman than we were made, that they and the mech were one, and the feeling of meltdown was, well it was ecstatic. My body began to feel less and less like a human in a suit, but the mech itself, our bodies becoming one. The abyss drive roared, and I could feel the metal and circuits begin to change, melting and becoming fleshy, while other parts remained. I was becoming something truly inhuman, beyond a mere abyss driver, a vessel for these energies, I was becoming truly one with it, with my mech. My engine didn't roar, but I did as I felt my apotheosis complete, becoming something truly deserving of something abyssal.





MOTH + BEAST

A comic script by @mistyfdfa

Moth + Beast (Four Pages)

Page 1 (2 panels)

<u>Panel 1</u> (2/3 page, int. Elevator. A tired-looking woman dressed professionally – blazer, pants/long skirt – is standing alone. Her hair is short, with shorter bangs.)

SFX: Ba-doop.

Panel 2 (1/3 page. Woman is looking down at her phone.)

Caption (Grey, Black Text, Bottom-right): Date Night - 6p.

SFX: DING!

Page 2 (3 Panels, arranged like a sandwhich)

<u>Panel 1</u> (1/3 page. Int Apartment - Foyer/Kitchen. Side view. Woman enters her apartment from the left hand side. The door is between her and the viewer.)

SFX(Left, as if she'd sent the text as she came through the door): Ba-woop.

Caption(Grey, Black Text, top-left): We still on for tonight?

SFX (middle-right): Ba-doop.

Caption(Russet Red, Black Text): Hells yeah. By in a bit to pick you up.

<u>Panel 2</u> (1/3 page. Int. Apartment - Bathroom. Silhouette of woman showering.)

SFX (top left): Be-woop.

Caption(Grey, Black Text): Be ready for a surprise!

<u>Panel 3 (1/3 page. Int. Apartment - Walk-in closet. The woman is in</u> nice lingerie, her back is to the viewer.)

Caption(Russet Red, Black Text): So long as it's not another twin sister.

Page 3 (Four panels. Two vertical panels take up 2/3 of the page and are next to each other. A third occupies half of the remaining space and the fourth is borderless, appearing under the other frames.)

<u>Panel 1</u> (We see the woman from the hips up. She has put on a camisole and a scarf. The dangling ends over her shoulders make it look like she's sprouted moth wings.)

<u>Panel 2</u> (We see the woman from the waist down. She's put on a skirt and it has seemingly given her much bigger thighs and a bigger butt, too (as if to imitate the silhouette of a moth).

<u>Panel 3</u> (We see the woman from the waist up as she pulls on an elegant-looking half-jacket (it only goes to her waist and not her hips).

<u>Panel 4</u> (We see the woman's headshot, now altered to make her look more elegant. She still looks human, but feather-like antennae sprout from her forehead beneath her bangs. Her eyes' colors are inverted with the whites of her eyes now her eye color and her irises white.)

Page 4

Full page. Front door of Moth-woman's apartment. The moth woman is off to the left. The door has opened and is on the other side of her from the viewer. Center-right is a figure that is bestiallooking and wearing a similar jacket although the trim is more jagged and wild than smooth and. The hallway is somewhat visible around them. The artist is free to design beyond that.

Beast: Oh good, I was worried I would be overdressed.





CONTAGIOUS - by <u>@Liv_after_dark</u>



The phone rang. Lorraine snatched the headset up from the cradle, fury in her eyes.

"If you call me again, you goddamn pervert, I am going to send my boyfriend to kick your ass!"

There was silence on the headset for a second. "Uh, hi, nice to hear from you too, Laraine."

Laraine blushed, and pressed the headset to her ear.. "Oh jeez. Sorry, June."

"You've been getting obscene phone calls or something?"

She scoffed, twirling a lock of permed hair around her finger. "Or something. It's not even heavy breathing or a guy reading Penthouse Forum letters - it's animal noises! Growling and grunting and howling!"

"Maybe someone gave Wolfman Jack your phone number."

"Hilarious, June. It's...too realistic to be animal noises, but there's something human about them, too. He's been calling me for days. It's really giving me the creeps."

"Well hey, why don't we go somewhere there aren't any phones - like the movies? I'm gonna go see that new Carpenter movie, the one where they're in an Arctic base or whatever."

Laraine strolled around her kitchenette, playing with the phone cord and watching the moon rise out the window. "Ugh. The reviewer in the paper didn't like it."

"Sure, but he probably wasn't planning to drool every time he saw Kurt Russell, like you."

Laraine sighed, even though June was right. "I...I don't know, June, I'm kinda achy and itchy tonight, and I'm still freaked out from this whole thing. I don't know if I want to see a horror flick."

"You want me to come over instead? We can watch Carson, have a sleepover."

The moonlight was streaming into Laraine's window now. And suddenly, she felt something shift, deep inside of her. The howl started ringing in her ears again. And she started to change.

Bones cracked. Muscles swelled. Dark, coarse hair poured from every inch of

skin on her body. It all started happening so fast, she barely had time to react - or to scream. She dropped the phone as her hand started spasming, claws growing from her nail beds as her palms turned coarse and leathery. She let out a cry of anguish from her increasingly fang-filled mouth.

She was turning into a fucking WEREWOLF! The guy calling her - he was one, too!

But she'd seen dozens of werewolf movies - that wasn't how the curse was spread! It was biting and clawing, not howling! And it hadn't been a full moon until tonight - how was that other werewolf calling her? Shouldn't he just have been a guy at that time?

But maybe the movies were all wrong. Maybe there were lots of ways to get cursed. Maybe werewolves were smart enough, and evil enough, to use modern technology to spread their curse. And maybe...maybe once she changed, she wasn't going to change back.

June's voice continued to issue from the fallen headset. "Laraine? Are you still there? I heard a crash."

June! She had to hang up the phone before she finished changing - or she'd infect her friend with her howls, too! She tried to grab the phone, but her hands were too new to her, too clumsy! And she was struggling to stand up as her legs and feet shifted into a digitigrade stance, so she couldn't even smash the cradle, or tear the line out of the wall.

"June. you have to hang up!"

"Laraine, what's going on? Do you want me to come over? Your voice sounds terr - "

"Fucking HANG UP, you BITCH! I'm...don't come here, leave me ALONE, PLEASE!"

"It's okay, Laraine. Just stay on the line, you're just having a panic attack or something! I'll come over as soon as I can.

Something was rising in her - an uncontrollable urge to bay at the rising moon. And with it came the urge to spread her curse, no matter how much the dwindling part of her human mind protested. As her eyes glowed yellow and her face crunched into a bestial muzzle, she gave into that urge.

"Nooooo...I...don't...want...ha...hrrr...HAWWWWOOOOOOOO!"

On the other end of the line, June felt the howl in her bones...



ANANSI - by <u>@BustMidas</u>





I saw her more prepared for the battle ahead than any of her soldiers. Her polearm in hand as she surveyed the field. She felt so high above the rest of us. No mere mortal, her armour gleaming in the light small decorative pieces to ensure she was recognizable as the commanding officer, the most notable being the phoenix emblem on the right side of her breastplate. A stunning piece of gold standing out in the steel of her plate armour. The other object on her denoting her status was the unique gauntlet she wore on her weapon arm. Made of enchanted steel it had a distinct shape, the fingers coming out into sharp talons.

We weren't ready

I saw her walk off satisfied into the commander's tent probably to discuss battle plans. I was just a simple blacksmith. I simply repaired the gear at the camp. I'd probably just be hurried off to the sidelines when the fighting starts. Along with the medics. Though if previous encounters were anything to go by the battle would be won before the end of the hour it began.

Blood flowing like a river

Some scouts returned, and it seemed they got into a slight scuffle. Some handed me gear to check up. No major damage, a lost stud on the armour here, a broken strap there. The leader of the scouts didn't stop to say hello. It was odd he usually did. Must be urgent. I watched him dump the heaviest of his gear behind and rush to the tent I saw the commander enter. Definitely urgent.

I held her in my arms, tears mixing with the sanguine

The sun was beginning to set and I didn't have much else to do. So I tinkered a while before some concerned soldiers dragged me to the mess tent for some dinner. I could see the cooks already cleaning up. They would join me and the medics away once the battle started. I grabbed a mix of food not particularly hungry but the soldiers pestered me to eat, some saying they didn't want to lose their favourite blacksmith. That put a smile on my face.

An armoured boot splashed mud upon me

All packed up with the non combat members we began to head to our hiding spot. I looked back at the battle soon to begin. There she was glittering in the moonlight atop her noble horse. I could not yet see the encroaching army.

I held her protectively, cutting my hand on the metal splinters of her destroyed armour

I panicked and left the group rushing down to the battlefield. Someone tried to stop me and I broke free. I saw the enemy coming in from the sky crashing into the frontline. I saw her fall off her horse.

The figure before me laughed, a vile chuckle

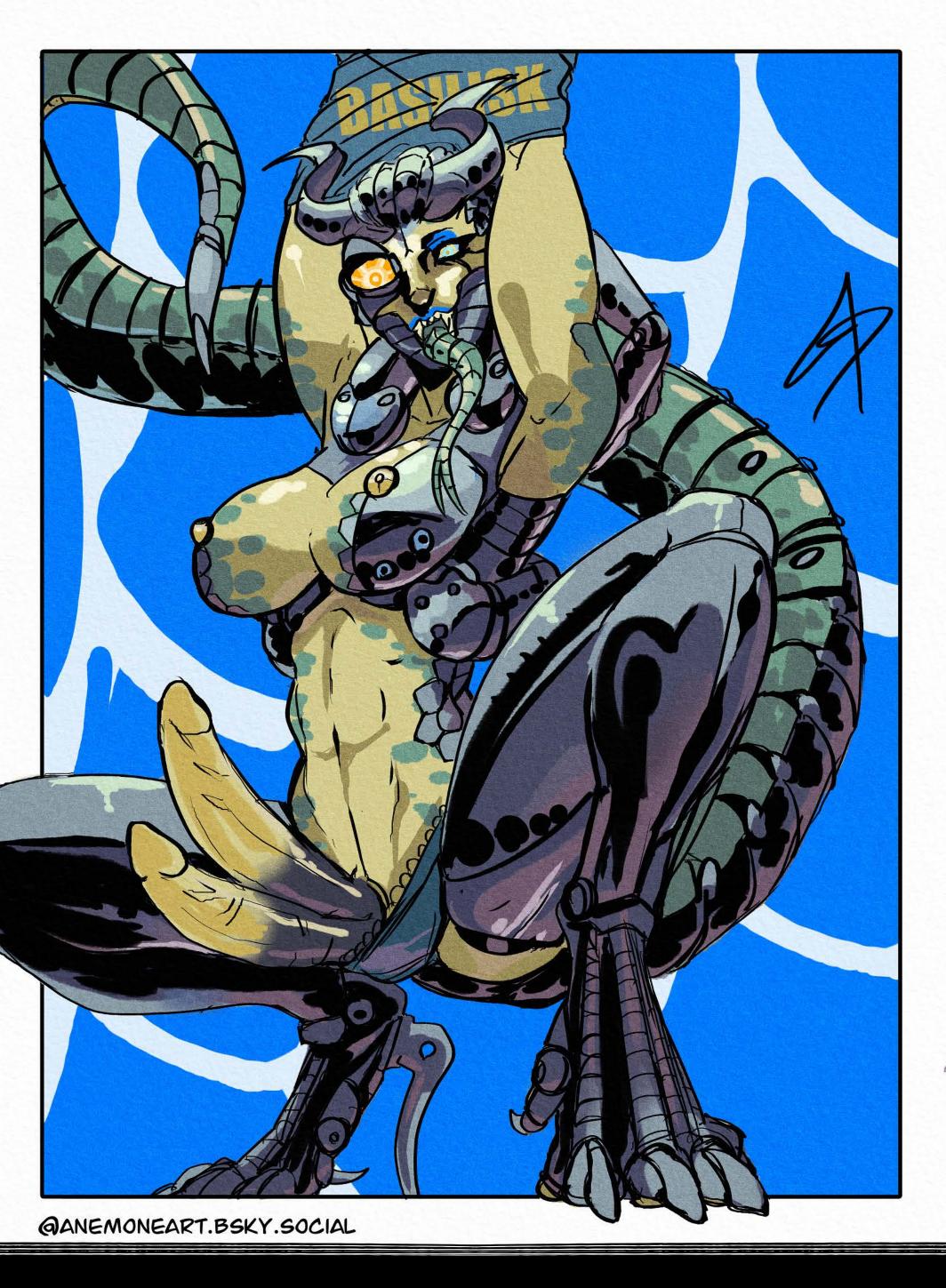
It wasn't long before I saw only soldiers running for their lives or corpses. I was so far away so helpless. I kept running, I needed to make sure she was safe. I took my hammer out from my side pouch and picked up the pace.

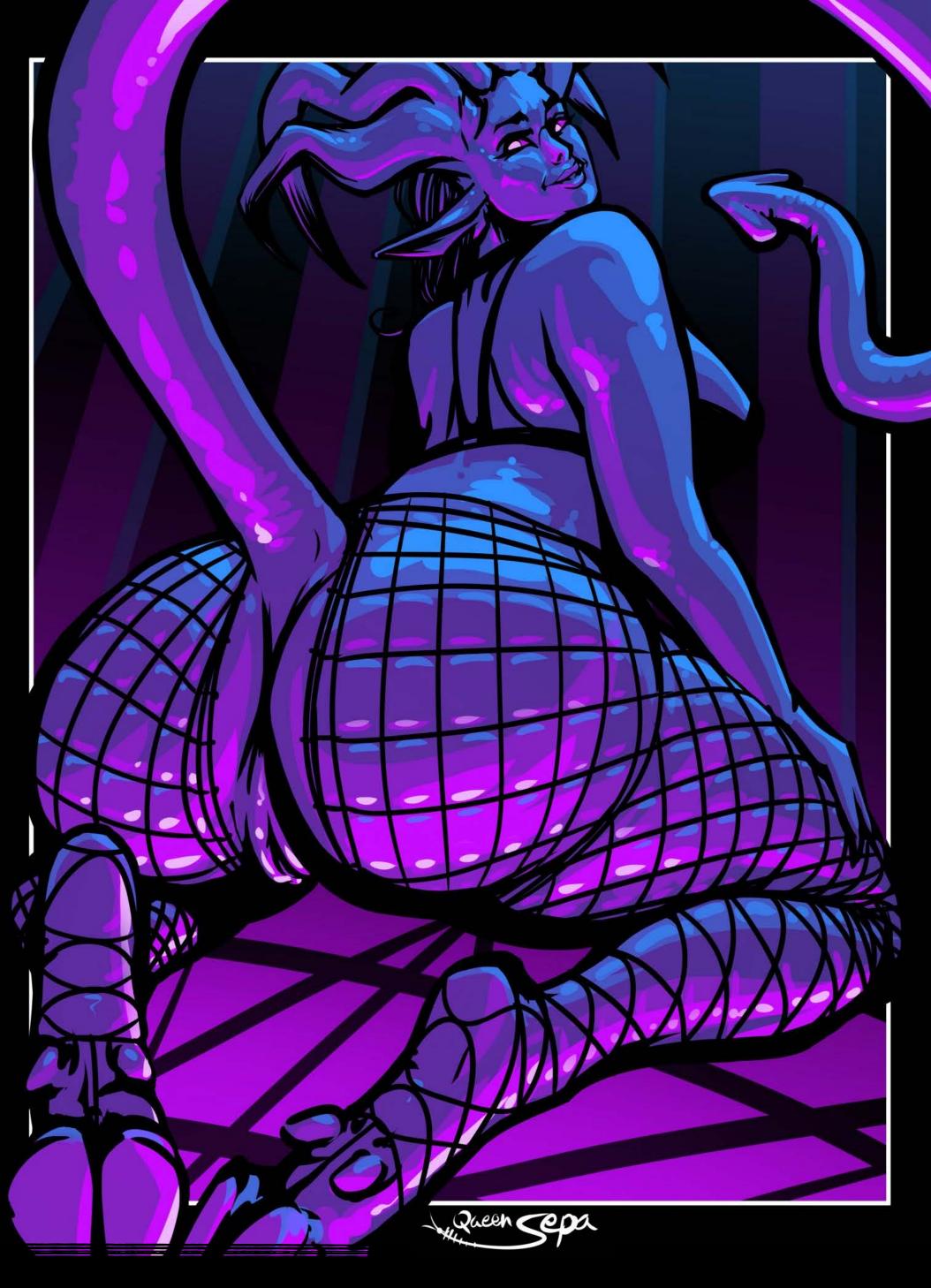
I found her, the armour I made for her shattered. The phoenix emblem unrecognizable. I watched the blood pool beneath mixing with the blood of her steed. I pulled her into my arms. My leather smock stopping the shattered armour from hurting me too severely. I wailed as what had happened dawned on me. The scouts had failed. That's why they were in such a rush. We weren't prepared.

One of the monsters stood before me, I could only see his boot as the mud splashed. That gross sound as he laughed at my plight. I tightened my hold of her, a shard snapping off. The tears slowed as fury began to overtake despair. The creature spat at me, landing on my smock.

I leapt up from where I sat metal shard and hammer in hand. Adrenaline aiding in my speed I latched onto the large creature. His pale skin glowing under the moonlight. He hissed at me but it was too late. I swung my hammer into the shard cutting deeper into my palm as the shard went straight through his heart. We both collapsed, I was curled up atop his lifeless body. Some force helped my strike pierce his armour.

I turned to see what was behind me, seeing a golden apparition of the woman who was my wife. She had helped even in death to protect me. I watched her ride into the heavens atop her steed. I collapsed in tears upon the battlefield.





THICC - by <a>@QueenInChitine

THICC

Written by @Lanathekitkat, illustrated by @MichelOdy_nsfw

Minotaurs were known to be many things. The males generally were powerful strong warriors. The women were quite often the same, but also were known to be a bit plusher and softer. So it wasn't uncommon to see plenty of minotaur women working taverns, but it also made Bailey feel fairly self-conscious.

Bailey Calflean wasn't large like other minotaurs, and it never ceased to bother her. Of course, others had told her she was fine, and cute, but she didn't want to be CUTE, she wanted to be big, large, in charge, and...she shook her head, her hair dancing around the edges of her vision as she reached down and sipped from her mug. The ale was flat, probably near the end of the keg, but that didn't matter to her right now.

She looked up, seeing the magical dial above the bar continued to tick around, he was late. "Lance...I hope you didn't bail on me." Bailey couldn't help but feel anxious, what if he did? What if he decided he was too good for this menial pickup job she called in a favor for? What if-

Her worrywart train of thought was halted as she heard the door open. The tavern wasn't empty, but it was quiet, being somewhat later in the day, but not quite peak hours yet. In walked a lithe, muscled, and fairly average sized catman, for an adventurer. His blue hair, usually kept into a neat and tight ponytail, was disheveled and messy, fresh scratches and bruises covered his face and bare skin on his right arm and midsection.

His long blue skirt was torn, and the mail coverings on his cat-legs were torn and messy. A double bladed sword was strapped across his back, and his armored left-arm looked a little limp as he closed the door behind him. He looked around the tavern, his yellow eyes focusing in and out before he finally focused on Bailey, a smile coming to his face as he made his way over to her.

Bailey smiled, blush coming to her face as her worry faded away. "La-"

"Lance, darling!" A different minotaur woman walked up and placed her arm around Lance's shoulder. She stood a good head taller than him, her bust pushing into his shoulders and almost into his face. "You look all torn up, are you in need of some service?" Bailey's face grew redder, a spark of envy, annoyance and frustration dancing through her eyes.

She half expected Lance to take her up on the offer, but he gently pushed her arm up and gave her a dull, but glaring, look. "No, thank you. I'm here on business." The minotaur stepped back, shocked as she looked down at Lance, then over to Bailey. Bailey crossed her arms, trying to share Lance's intimidating glare, but she couldn't quite pull it off.

Bailey had spent plenty of time with adventuring types over the years, offering her services as a freelance coach driver to anyone who needed the extra hand. Watching horses, or the rare oxen, and keeping simple wagons in shape was nearly

second nature to her, even before taking up the job. She picked up quite a lot over the years, Lance easily being one of the best regulars she ever spent time with.

He always showed a soft spot for her, that went past mutual respect and adoration. He called her cute once, she said she didn't like being called cute, so he never called her cute again, even going to bat for her when the rougher types didn't acknowledge her request. The minotaur seemed to gulp, never seeing Lance this serious in a long time. "Of...course. Can I get you a drink at least?"

Lance glanced at Bailey, then to the minotaur. "Strongest ale you have, and some water." Lance pushed his skirt aside, reaching down into the medium sized pouch strapped to his left thigh. He fished out a few coins, and handed them to her, and she nodded and skittered away towards the bar. There were a few eyes glancing his way, but as Lance glanced back, his eyes narrowing, everyone went back to their own conversation.

He groaned as he sat down across from Bailey, seeming to rub his ribs as he gave Bailey a warm smile. "Sorry about that. Hopefully I didn't scare you too much."

Bailey gave Lance a worried look, leaning over the table, half-whispering to the cat. "Lance what happened? I thought you said it would be a simple pick up job?"

Lance chuckled, grunting as he adjusted his position in the seat, seeming to only want to sit at a particular angle. "Well, I thought it was. But you see..." He let his voice trail off as the minotaur women returned, two mugs in her hand. He nodded to her as she set them down ant toddled off, mingling with more... accepting, patrons.

"Anyways. It turns out, your information was just a TAD bit off. The potion in question was an elixir. And sealed away in a great vault in some ancient ruins. Needless to say, the dungeon crawling was the easy part, could have done it in my sleep."

Bailey looked shocked yet intrigued. She knew Lance loved to play up stories and tales, but he was never one to lie or stretch the truth too much. "That doesn't explain...well." She motioned to Lance's entire body and he smiled, a toothy grin that showed off his fangs.

"Oh I'm getting there. Well, long story short. Let's just say some kobolds and goblins had heard about the elixir as well, wanting to be big and bad and...yeah. It was quite the fight for sure, fun, but little rascals didn't want to let an opportunity slip by."

"How many?"

"Oh...don't worry about it.

"Lance." She glared at him, and he sighed, caving in.

"Two dozen"

"WHAT!?" Bailey covered her mouth, giving a curt, apologizing wave to everyone who turned at her outburst. "Two dozen goblins and kobolds? Lance you could have been killed. Or worse. Oh gods I'm so sorry I shouldn't have asked for such a favor like that and-"

Bailey stopped as Lance placed his armored left hand on top of her hand. He

stared into her eyes, calming her with the oddly soothing yellow of his slitted pupils. "Bailey, you didn't know, you couldn't have known. I owe you for all the free rides and patch ups you gave me, so don't worry about it." She still wasn't convinced, but Lance was.

"But, I have something interesting though to add to the pot." He reached under his skirt into his pouch and pulled out two items. One was a rather ornate bottle, seemingly etched with beautiful carvings, but so worn out from time and the elements that it was impossible to say what it was. The other was a small notebook that looked like it was on it's last legs.

"So, here's the elixir, but this intrigued me." Lanced opened up the notebook, showing off several pages of scrawled drawings and runes even Bailey hadn't seen before in all her travels. "I've never seen these letters or runes before, lost language. Now, I have an old cleric friend who was super intrigued in this stuff, so we can find him up and see what we can figure out. Unless you know someone who would love this more?"

Bailey was frankly more interested in the elixir as she reached across the table and took it, holding it in her hands like it was something extremely delicate. Lance chuckled, closing up the book and putting it away into his pouch. "Or we can do that later. Now, before we get going though, a couple things."

Bailey dropped her focus from the elixir and looked to Lance as he took a deep swig of the ale. He rolled his neck, seeming to let it sink in, before he brought his right hand up to his left shoulder. Bailey wasn't sure what to expect, but the rapid twisting motion Lance made, along with the barely audible wet crunching sound, and the stifled grunt from Lance made her nearly jump out of her seat. "Your arm was dislocated?"

Lance nodded, lifting his left hand, testing his grip and rolling his shoulder a few times. "Yeah, didn't notice till I got all the way here. It's no worry though." Lance took a swig from the water, sighing as he stood up. "I'm gonna go clean up real quick. When I'm back we can go over a good time and place to use that on ya."

Bailey was confused, "What do you mean?"

"Well we don't know if there are any side effects to the elixir. I mean it was sealed away and a buncha others had their sights on it. Can't be too careful."

Bailey's face dropped, "Yeah...you're right. Okay." Lance smiled and nodded before he sauntered away to the back. Bailey watched him go, he was always so graceful no matter how simply he moved. She watched him disappear around the corner, but her vision was taken up by a couple minotaur women coming out from the opposite corner.

Her vision grew green with envy, and her cheeks red with jealousy. The way they showed off, both intentionally and unintentionally. Their busts, their curves, just seeing them made Bailey feel every pang of envy and jealousy she could imagine. She looked down at the elixir, Lance's warning still fresh in her mind, but now pushed aside by a new thought. "Not anymore." She uncorked the bottle, not even noticing the fine trail of pink fumes trailing from the opening, and she downed it in a single gulp. ~

Lance wiped off his face with the towel next to the washbasin, he looked himself over, admiring the new, albeit small, scars on him. "Well, at least the orcs will think I'm not as frail." He straightened up and opened the door, a bit more peppy now that he'd washed up. He was shocked to find Bailey standing there in front of him, her face angled downward, shadowed by her hair. "Bailey? Are you-"

Lance yelped as he was talked down, the door slamming shut behind Bailey as she held him down. Lance looked up, his heart thumping in his chest unexpectedly as he saw the pink glow in Bailey's eyes. "You...You already drank it huh?"

Bailey lifted herself up, gazing down at Lance with hungry eyes. "It's already done...are you gonna fight me over it?" Lance smirked, leaning up and wrapping her arms around her waist.

"Nah...I like the energy you're giving off~" If Bailey was surprised, Lance couldn't tell as he leaned in and kissed her neck. She shivered and moaned slightly as he bit down on the single strap holding her top up. He pulled back, undoing it, and letting her nearly flat chest out in his face. "ah, finally a delicious meal~"

Bailey blushed even more as Lance ran his rough tongue along her chest. She whimpered, biting her lip and gripping one of her horns with her right hand. Something about the way Lance truly and unabashedly loved her chest always made her feel better, even for a little bit. He took one of her small nipples into his mouth, suckling on it with a deep purr as he pulled her deeper down on top of him.

Bailey moaned, arching her back as she gave into pleasure, her heart pounding as she swore she could feel the elixir pumping through her veins. Lance could hear her heartbeat growing more intense, he wanted to calm her down, or at least keep her close, to make sure nothing happened. But she had her own ideas, and as Lance felt her nipple, and tit, grow ever so slightly, he could only imagine where this would lead.

Bailey shoved Lance back down, making a slight popping sound as he was pushed away from her nipple. "Hey, I was enjoying my-mmmph!" Lance was silenced as Bailey twisted around and shoved her ass down on his face. He barely managed to see her back turned face over her ass, which admittedly, had gotten bigger...if only slightly. Her eyes had the same pink glow to them, which seemed to be more intense as she glared down at him.

"Make that mouth useful...kitty~" Lance snickered, smothered beneath her, but eager to please. She turned her head and lifted up slightly, showing off the bulge in her tightening shorts. He opened his mouth, his fangs bared as he gently bit down on the fabric. It tore, and with a slight surge from Bailey, ripped open, revealing her balls and cock.

Of every asset Bailey had, this one certainly couldn't be considered small, not even remotely. Not that Lance's compliments mattered, but he put his mouth to good use as she wanted. Her half-hard cock easily made him stretch his mouth nearly to it's limit, and he loved that. The medial ring pushed gently against his lips, while her length continued to push down his throat as she continued to harden. Lance closed his eyes, purring softly as he bobbed his head as much as he could, but given his limited movement, and the fact that Bailey was growing heavier by

the second...he was cautious.

Then his eyes snapped wide and he squirmed, feeling a long, warm, wet tongue run across his pussy. "Someone's needy~" Lance let out a muffled noise as Bailey dove in, digging her tongue into his folds, making him truly squirm beneath her. Lance wanted to move his arms from beneath her, but it felt like the more aroused she became, the more she grew, and in turn, the deeper her cock reached.

"Oh gods Lance~" Bailey pulled back, pushing her hips down and ramming her cock fully down Lance's throat. The medial ring pushing deeper into his throat, bulging it out just enough to make him gag. "I forgot how good you tasted...and felt. Mmm, you're extra tight, just for me~" Bailey giggled, sounding slightly tipsy, as if she'd drank a copious amount of ale, but Lance recognized that type of excitement.

Too many nights caught up with Succubi, and he knew the lust-drunk type of laugh one gave off. However, this time, Lance wasn't fighting for his life, at least in the normal sense. Bailey must have had an extra powerful growth spurt, because Lance's world had gone completely dark, his head buried beneath her large ass. He should have caught on earlier, with the sound of ripping fabric, but he was too caught up in being face-fucked to really care about much else.

"Oh, don't worry, the fun isn't stopping here." Lance's eyes were watering as Bailey finally pulled up, the wet sound of her cock leaving his throat, and the subsequent coughing that follow was music to her ears, and only made her hornier.

"Gods Bailey *guh* that thing was *ack* really stretching my...my..." Looking up at Bailey was much...much different now, but not bad, just different. She was much wider, significantly wider, hell, she was probably wider at the hips than any minotaur woman in the tavern...and she looked like she was just getting started.

"Here, let me help you up~" Bailey reached down, scooping her arms up beneath Lance's and hoisting him up. "Wow, I never realized you were so light...and with all that muscle~" Bailey bit her lip, a taunting grin on her face as she stepped forward slightly and pinned Lance to the wall.

His face showed a mixture of slight annoyance and enjoyment, his paws dangling a few inches from the floor, even with how much he was drooping at the shoulders. He looked like one of those cats that didn't want to be picked up, but had no choice in the matter. "Really?"

Bailey smiled, "Yeah~" She lifted him up a little more, before leaning in and giving him a deep kiss. Lance closed his eyes, and melted into it, loving how soft and warm she felt. Despite how soft she appeared to be, one gentle touch of her arms showed she was far beyond just soft.

Afterall, she was able to easily lift him up, and despite him being lean, he wasn't light. He purred once more into the kiss, enjoying how soft she was against him, her breasts keeping him pressed against the wall as if he weighed nothing. Then the real fun started as he felt something snake it's way down his throat.

Lance quivered, his eyelids fluttering as he felt Bailey's newly grown tongue squirm and worm it's way into him. He clutched at her arms, his paws clawing at the wall behind him as he tried to pushed back, but it was obvious that Bailey

held all the cards. The corners of her lips curled up happily, she pulled back slightly, letting a few inches of her tongue hang between their lips, before she pushed back in, closing her eyes and giving Lance the most passionate extreme deep-kiss of his life.

After several minutes of this, and Bailey gradually growing little by little, until she was threatening to jam her horns into the ceiling, she finally pulled away. Her long tongue, which made some cocks Lance had been stretched by look small, dripping with saliva as she admired her handiwork. Lance was a panting mess, his tongue hanging out, his chest heaving, and juices dripping down the inside of his legs and forming a small puddle beneath him.

"Gods Lance, you're just ruined~" Bailey looked down at him, then noticed the drops of white against his chest, soaking into the enchanted fabric. "Oh my~" She stepped away slightly, her hooves almost feeling like they were sinking into the wood as she held Lance out at arms distance. "Man, whatever that elixir did to me is more than I could ever have imagined. Heh, you thirsty?" Bailey snickered as she slightly lowered Lance down towards her chest, and to her surprise, he lazily opened his mouth and took one of her dripping nipples between his lips.

"Oh~ I guess cats really do like milk~" Bailey bit her lip, as Lance suckled her tit, purring deep in his chest as he drank to his hearts content. One of his hands came up, squeezing her other breast, causing her to yelp slightly from the shocking amount of pleasure, and she felt a surge of size again. "Oh Lance...thank you...but I think I owe you something in turn~"

Bailey reached one of her hands down between Lance's legs, sliding her fingers under his skirt, then tights, and finally in between his soaked lips. He shivered as she pushed two fingers into him, but he melted as she slowly moved, gently bouncing him up and down as he continued to suckle her tit. Bailey closed her eyes, moaning between her closed lips as she 'gently' pushed Lance up to the wall, the pleasure was simple, but something about was so intense.

Lance mewled as he was smothered, Bailey blinked, coming down from her orgasmic high as she stepped away. The sound of creaking, cracking and breaking wood shocked Bailey, and as she tilted her head back she saw the ceiling dangerously close to her face, gouges in the wood from her horns. "Gods...I'm so..."

"Huge~" Bailey looked down, crouching lower, almost painfully given how much larger and thicker she was, seeing Lance's pink-glazed eyes. "So...good. Please...I can't take it. I need it~" Bailey's face curled into an almost crazed smile as she locked lips with lance again. She pulled hi close and in one swift motion shoved her painfully hard cock into him. He quivered in her tight, powerful, soft and warm grip, like an ever-caring bear who wanted to get VERY intimate.

"mmmph!" They moaned into each other, Lance feeling smaller yet safer than ever as Bailey started to properly move her wide hips into him. She didn't hold back as she pounded him into the wall, the wood creaking an cracking as she pushed her entire minotaur mass into Lance. The cat let out an especially quivering moan into Bailey, both from orgasm, and from worry as he heard the tell-tale sound of-

"AAH!" Bailey yelped as she felt her body fall forward, the sound of snapping

wood nearly drowning her out. The room shook from her slamming down onto the ground, and every eye in the tavern turned towards her. She looked up, blush bright on her face as she remained motionless, thinking if she didn't move then she wouldn't be seen.

"Bai...leey." She gulped and looked down, seeing Lance crushed between her tits, his face barely visible.

"Y-yeah?" Bailey couldn't help but glance around at the numerous eyes glaring at her, some in shock, some in envy, and some even in lust...it seemed that elixir might have had a lot more effects than previously expected.

"I think...we should...call it here." Lance pushed each word out with a struggle, Bailey definitely wasn't used to being this large.

"y-yeah...lets do that."

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"You act like armor that has enlarge reduce on it is difficult. I don't get why you're being complicated lad." The dwarven smith seemed both annoyed and joyous as he looked up at Lance, who didn't share the joyous half of the attitude. The taller man had gotten cleaned up quite a bit, but he seemed a tad more tired than he should have after a nights rest...assuming he even got rest.

"I'm not asking for that. I'm asking for armor that can grow not at whim, but just...does. Like it's a subconscious thing."

"Oh! Why didn't you just say so." Lance growled, his eye twitching at the dwarf. "Well, given that it's a special magic item...I'd say it'll be two weeks and three hundred gold."

"I need it tomorrow. Make it five hundred." Lance dropped a heavy bag of coin onto the table, and the dwarf's eyes went wide.

"Hells, if I'd known you needed it that bad, I'd have made it six."

"Then I'll find someone else to do it." Lance scowled as he snatched up the coin and turned to leave the shop, but the dwarf ran around in front of him.

"Wait wait, I'm sorry, I'm a dwarf afterall, coin and whatnot. Tell you what, four-hundred fifty, it'll be done no later than midnight tomorrow, deal?" Lance looked down at him, a growl deep in his throat. "Four-hundred. I can't go lower cuz I'll be pushing back other customers."

Lance locked eyes with the dwarf before depositing the bag in his hands, "keep the change." The dwarf was shocked as Lance left the shop, but he immediately got to work, this was a rush order after all. Lance sighed as he stepped out of the shop, the combination artificer and smith shop was the only one within two days travel, and he knew Bailey couldn't keep buying clothes several times a day.

"Okay..." Lance rolled his neck, and his ears stood straight up as he felt a quick surge of magic. He turned rapidly, drawing his sword and holding it up to the neck of the tiny imp that had teleported behind him.

"ACK!" The hellmouth imp froze, looking up at Lance in shock, before Lance's eyes focused and relaxed his shoulders. He pulled his blade away and the imp

rubbed at his neck. "What the heck was that for?"

Lance sighed and placed his sword back onto his back, "You teleported right behind me. You know how fidgety I get with that. Or at least, your boss knows, Tanvo."

Tanvo, a bottom-heavy hellmouth imp with an attire akin to a dancer and a bulge in his trousers that made him look like a pear with an extra growth, was someone Lance had an...interesting, history with. Tanvo brushed off his shoulders, wiping off a small bead of sweat from brow as he tilted his back to look up at Lance. "She tends to spare those less than important details. Mistress Iris has been real busy lately, hence why I'm here and not her."

Lance nodded, "I can see that. Is there an issue with my request?"

Tanvo smiled, his cheeks seeming to separate slightly for a split second, before he reached behind his back and pulled out a ring. "Not at all. In fact, she said she'll stay listening for your next request for how easy this one was." Lance reached out and took the ring, looking it over with intrigue, admiring the carvings and magic emanating from it.

"Any nuances or tricks?"

Tanvo shook his head, "Iris is the best around. All you gotta do is let it attune to you and then, at will, you can turn it on or off, and it'll turn you on or off." Tanvo chuckled at his joke but coughed at Lance's raised brow. "Sorry. But uhm, if you don't mind me asking, what did you want a lust ring for anyways? You never seemed like the type to need or want it."

Lance slipped the ring into his pouch. "It's not for me. Let's just say it might have something to do with that copy of the old minotaur runes I sent back with you. Did Patience get anything on it yet?" Tanvo's face dropped, blush making his pale violet cheeks turn purple. Lance smirked, "You forgot to give it to her, didn't you?"

"I uh...g-gotta go!" Tanvo opened his mouth, a swirling portal deep in his throat and his body seemed to be devoured by it. In a sound akin to a popping cork, he was gone, and Lance could only chuckle at the scatter brained imp. He sighed, looking up at the sky, it wasn't even noon yet. He shook his head and made his way back towards the smaller in that he and Bailey hadn't made a scene in yesterday.

"Lance, you got a nymph or something up in your room?" The barkeep, an older tabaxi woman that Lance had another long history with pointed her thumb over her shoulder.

He sighed again, he was sighing a lot today. "You can say that. Sorry for the noise."

She waved him away. "Oh, no worries. I haven't had any complaints yet, and besides, it reminds so much of my younger days. Ah, the adventurers just couldn't keep their hands off me~"

"Thanks...I really didn't need to hear that." Lance walked back past the bar towards the rooms in the back, hearing the moaning and pleasurable cries before he even opened the door. "Bailey, it's not even noon yet."

Bailey was on the bed, jerking her cock, squeezing at her breasts as she had

grown slightly, but nowhere near as big as she'd reached yesterday. She stopped mid-stroke, her eyes dimly glowing, with a pang of sadness and desire flickering in them. "Laaaance, please help me. I want to be big again." Lance snickered at her pouting as he closed and locked the door, strutting towards the bed as Bailey remained frozen, whimpering slightly.

"You really can't handle not being big?" She shook her head, and Lance barely held strong against her pleading. He reached into his pocket, pulling out the ring and showing it to her. "This is a lust ring. It'll give you that same lust-filled sensation that made you grow." He instinctively pulled his hand back as she dived for it, and Lance lifted a leg and placed his paw on her back, pinning her to the bed.

"Now, as I was saying. It can permanently keep you big, strong, soft and all that, but most likely you'll be borderline insatiable. Your armor will be ready tomorrow, and I'll give it to you then."

She squirmed beneath him, without her growth, she was much more manageable for Lance. "Lance let me up! I wanna grow! Why are you tempting me like this and-ooph!" Lance lifted his leg, letting her flip herself off the bed before he crouched down over her. He smirked, his yellow eyes glimmering in the light shimmering through the half-closed blinds.

"Because I'm gonna make you work for it~" Bailey was confused, but as Lance pocket the ring, then pulled his underwear aside to show his pussy, she caught on. "Be a good girl and I might let you get bigger than yesterday~"

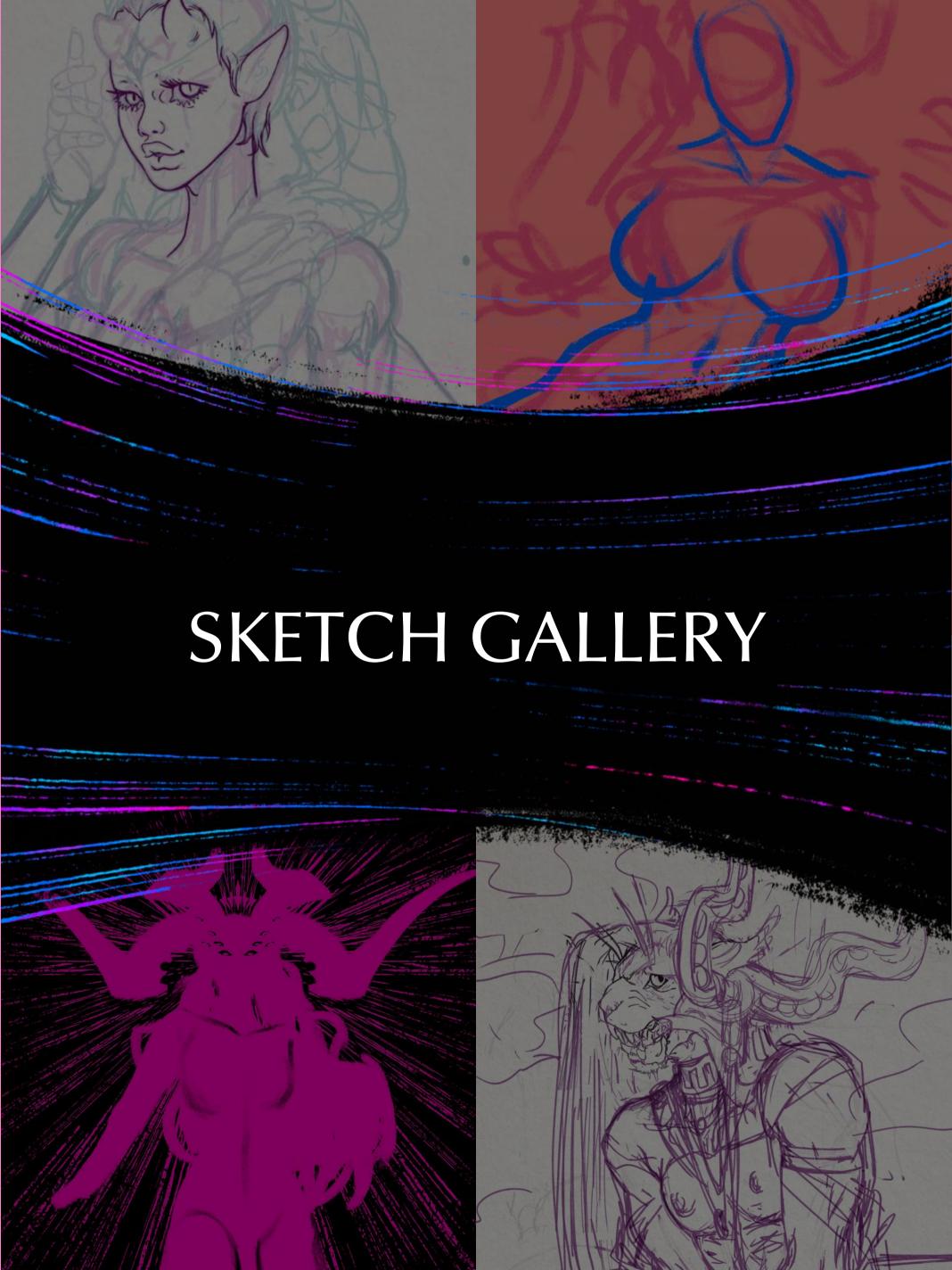
She smirked, her eyes flashing bright pink. "Really? You think you can tell me what to do?"

Lance smiled as he planted himself on top of her, burying her mouth into his mound. The blue fur of his bush tickled her nose slightly as he put his full weight on top of her. "Oh, you have no clue what you're in for. I'm gonna enjoy teaching you all the ways of an adventurer~" And with that he began to grind into her a soft purr vibrating in his chest as he felt her body begin to grow slowly, but steadily...he loved teaching newbies.

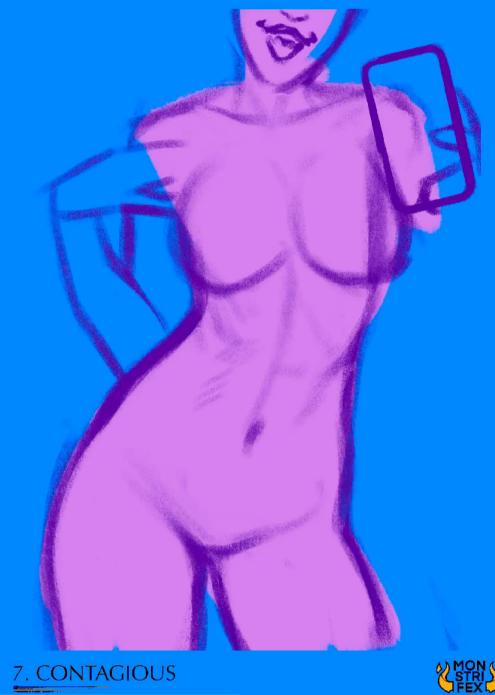


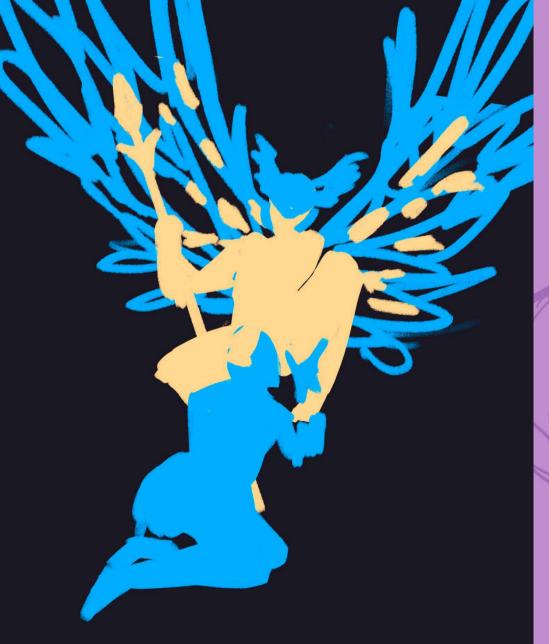


32.Nephilim

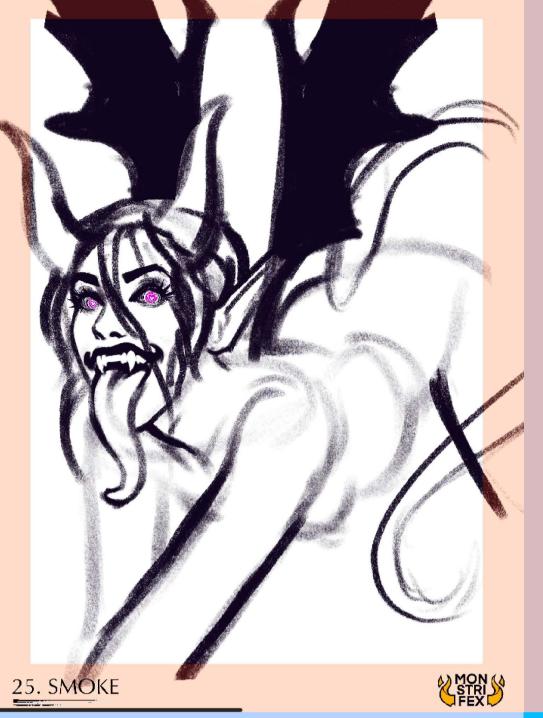


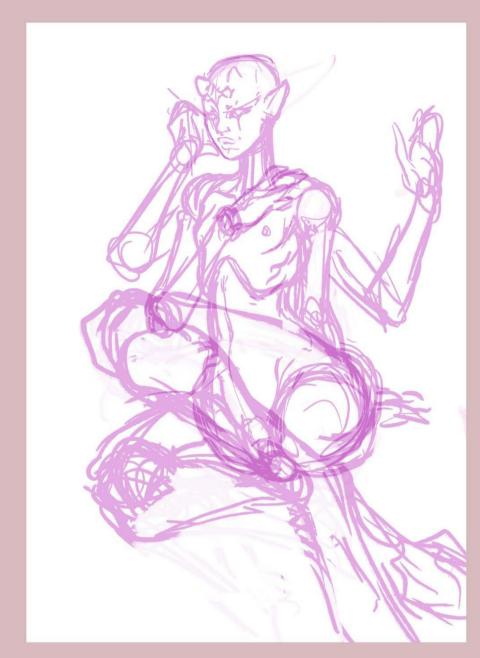






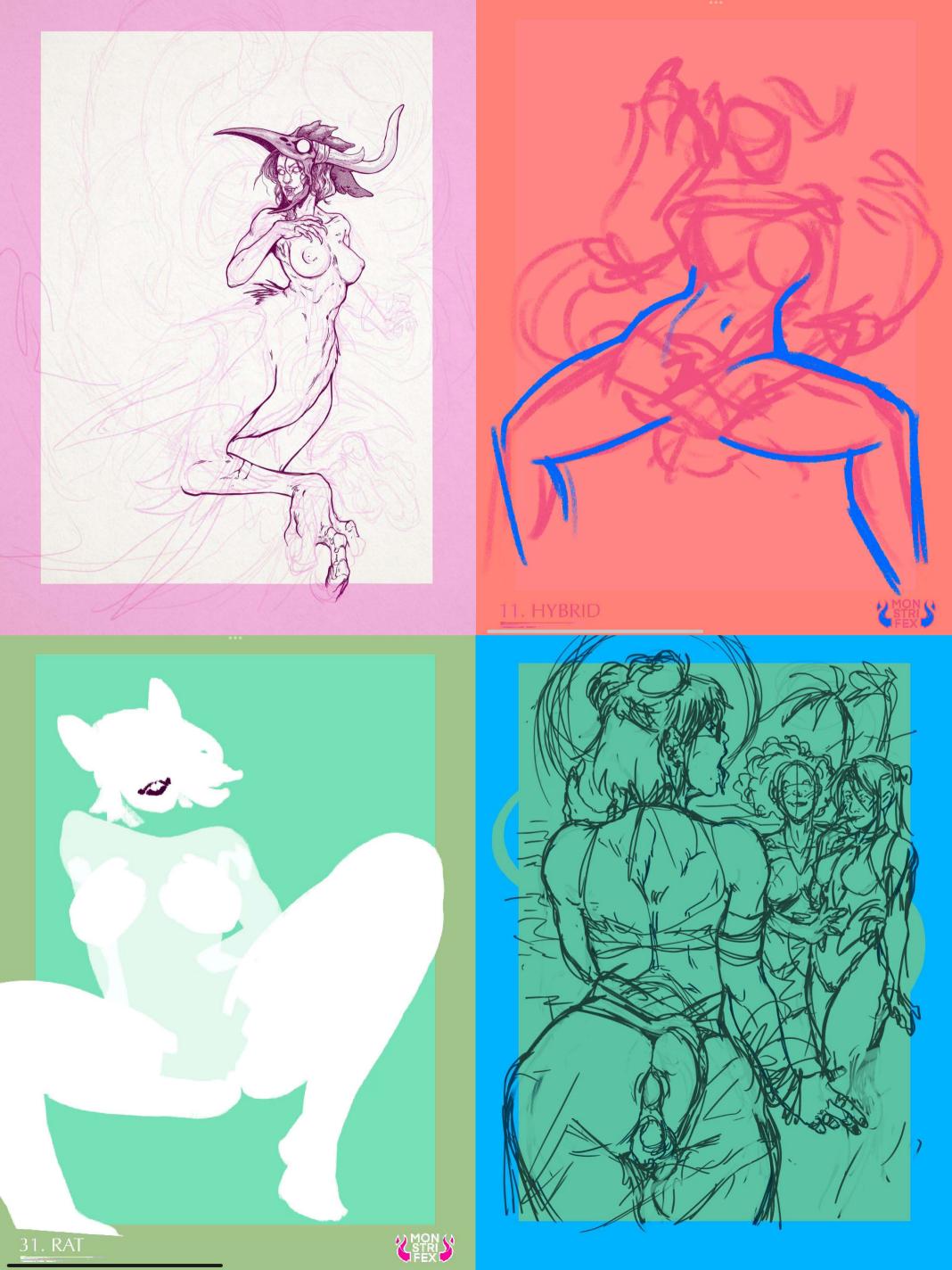




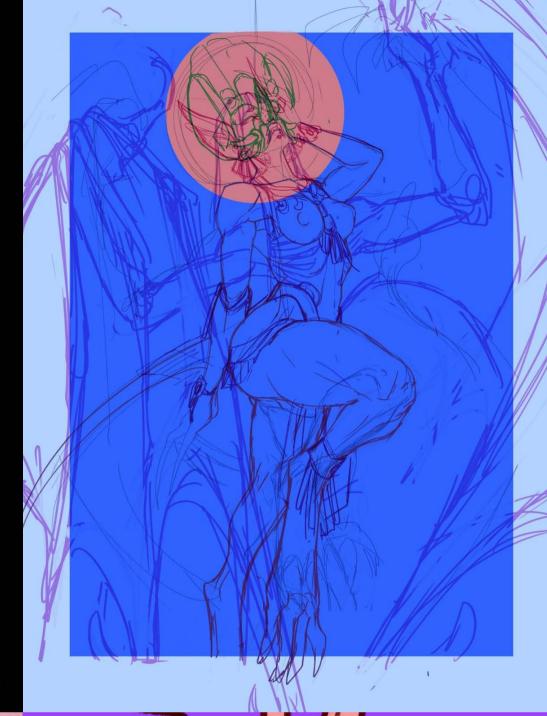




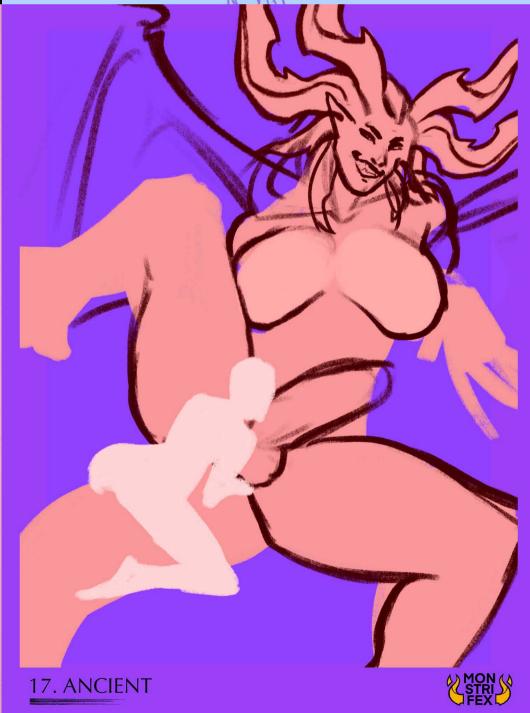






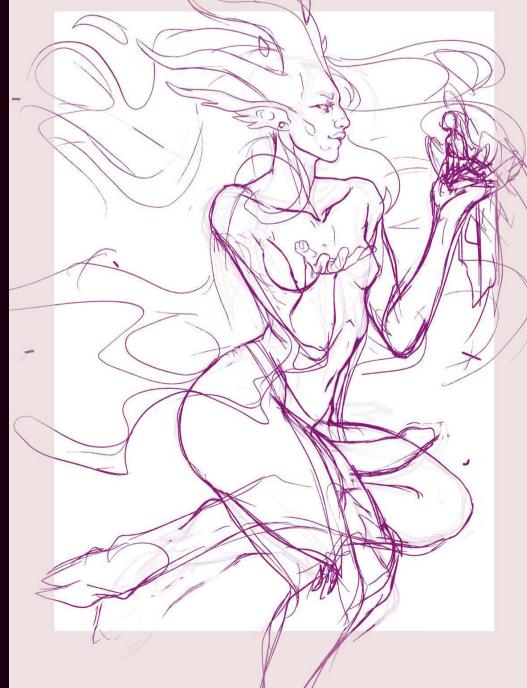




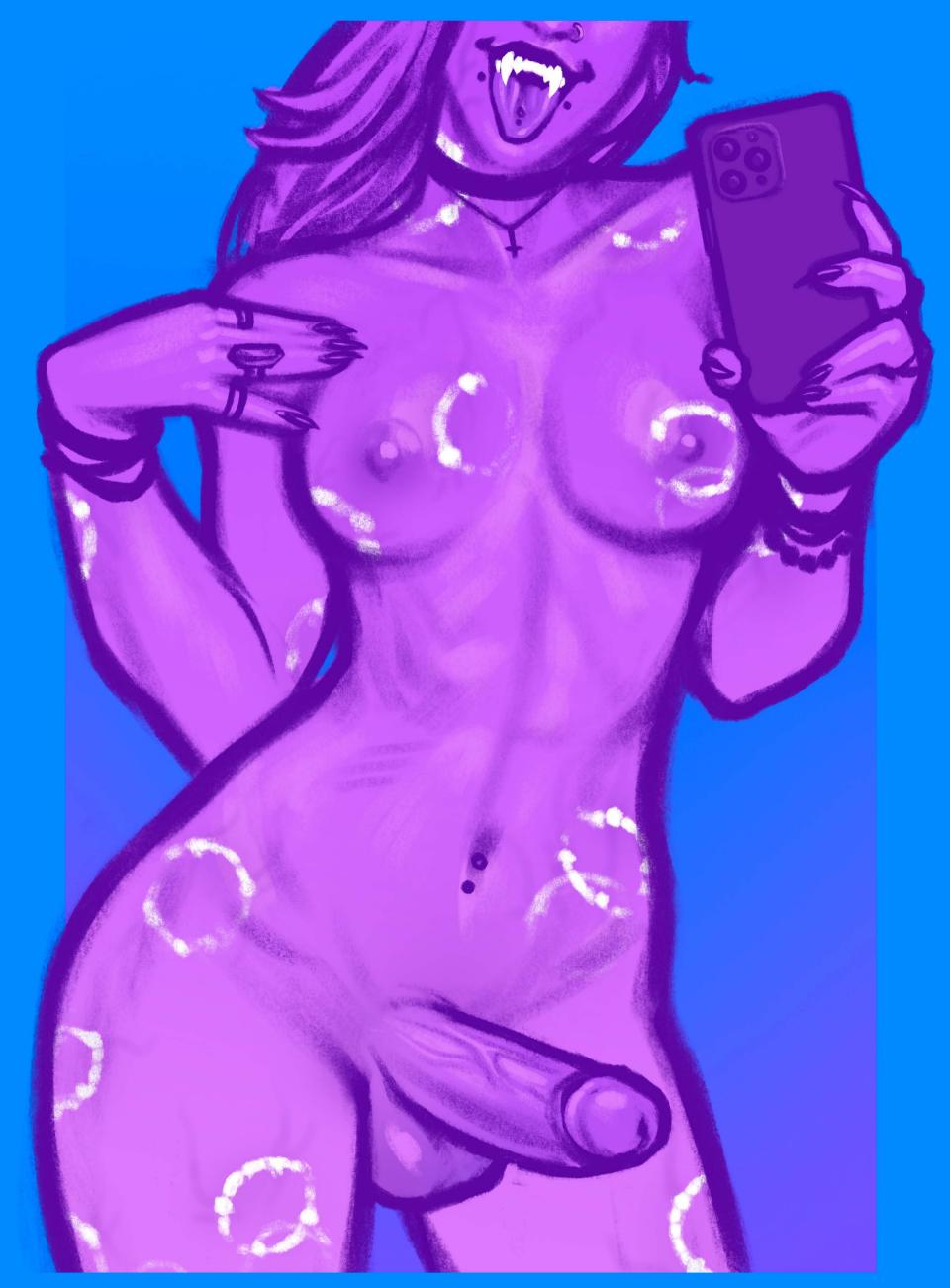




MON S STRI FEX

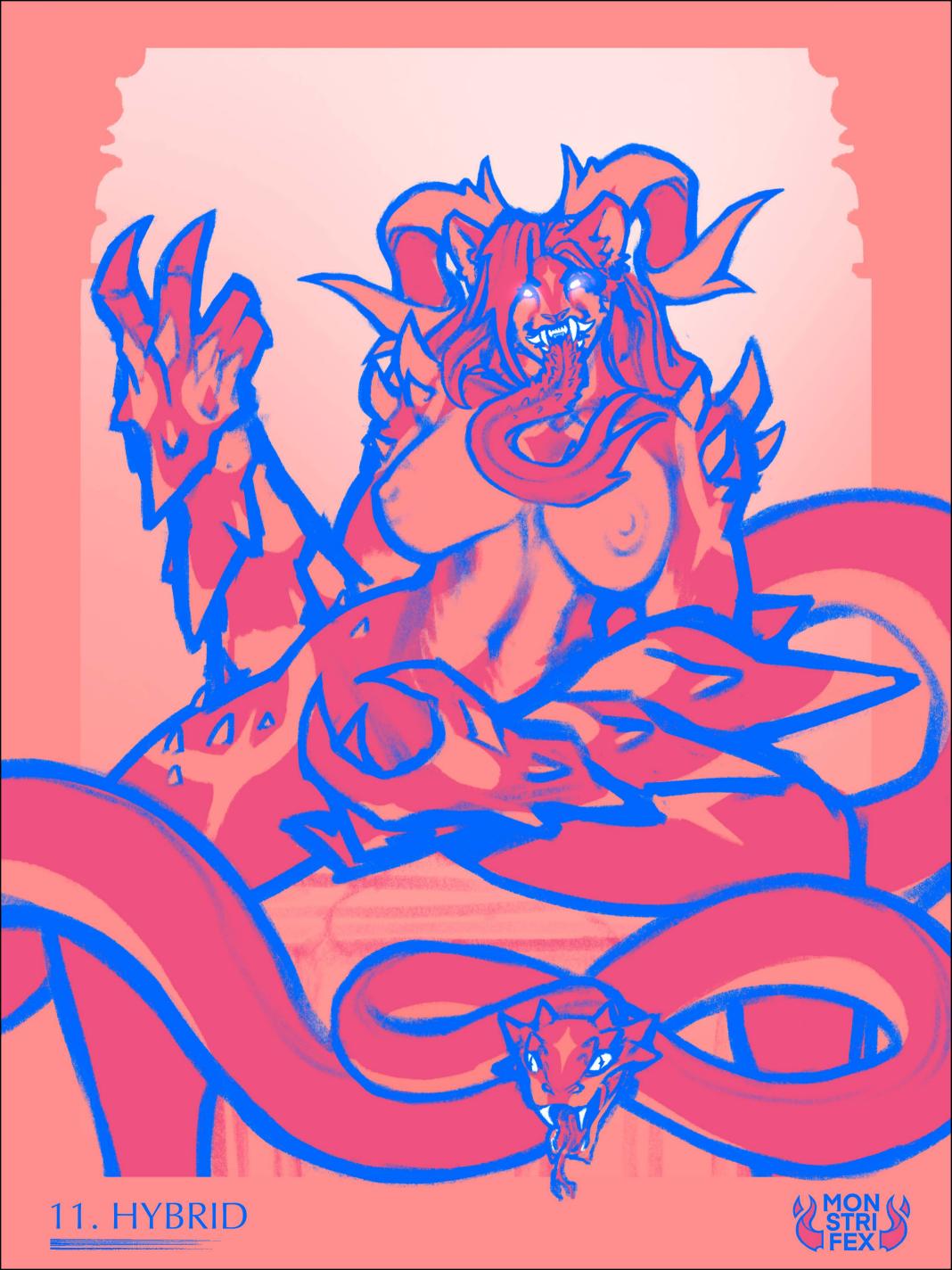


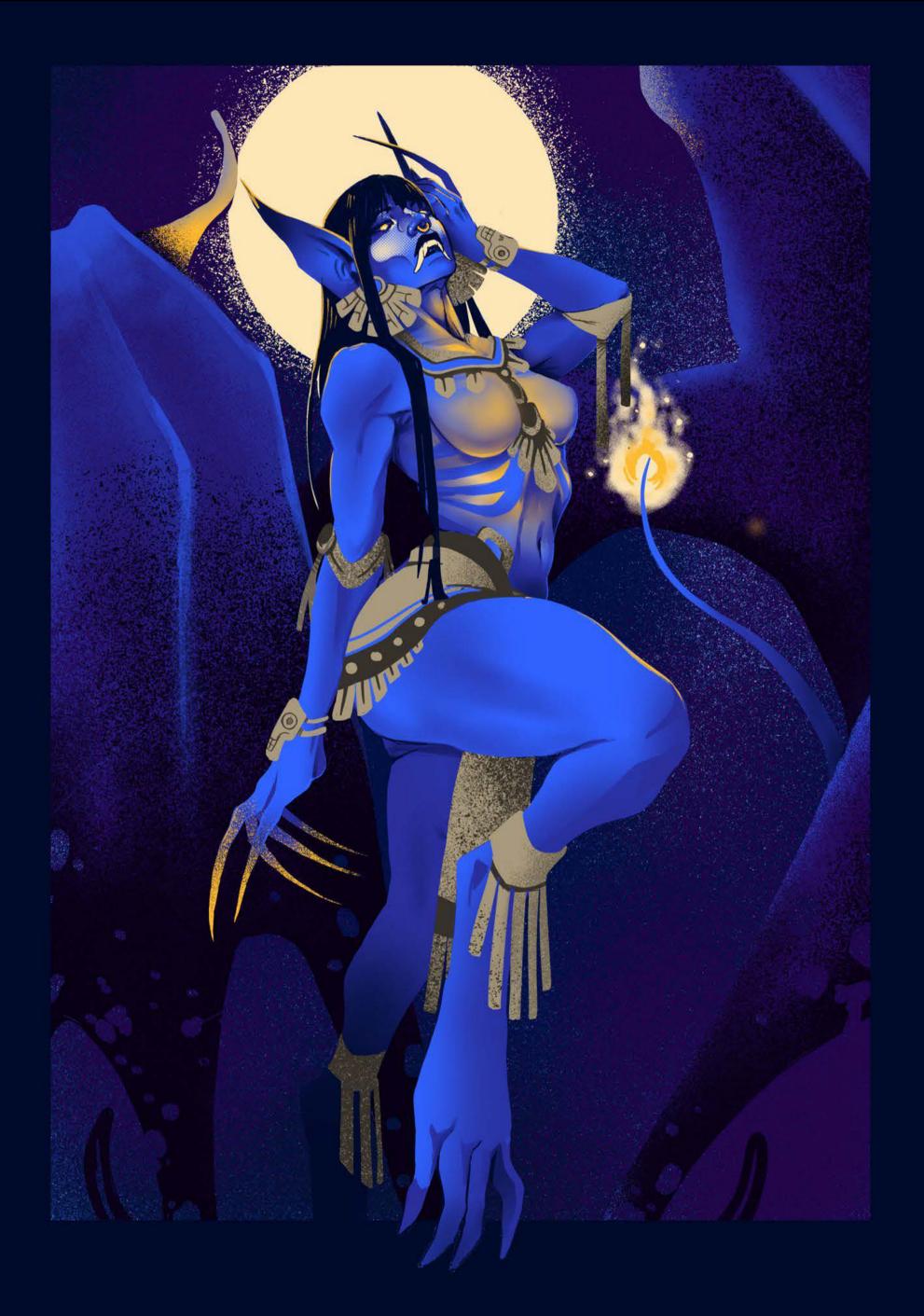


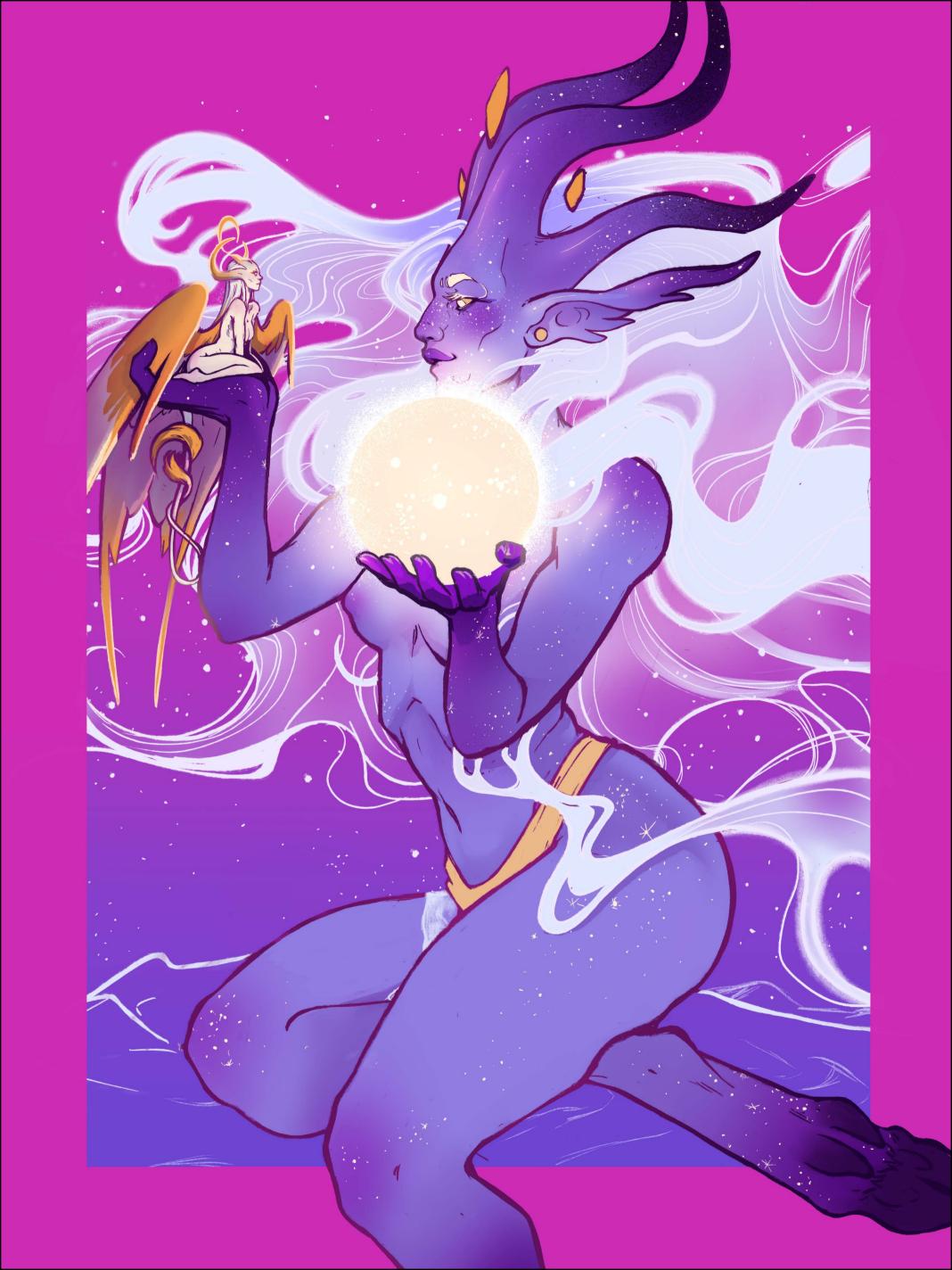


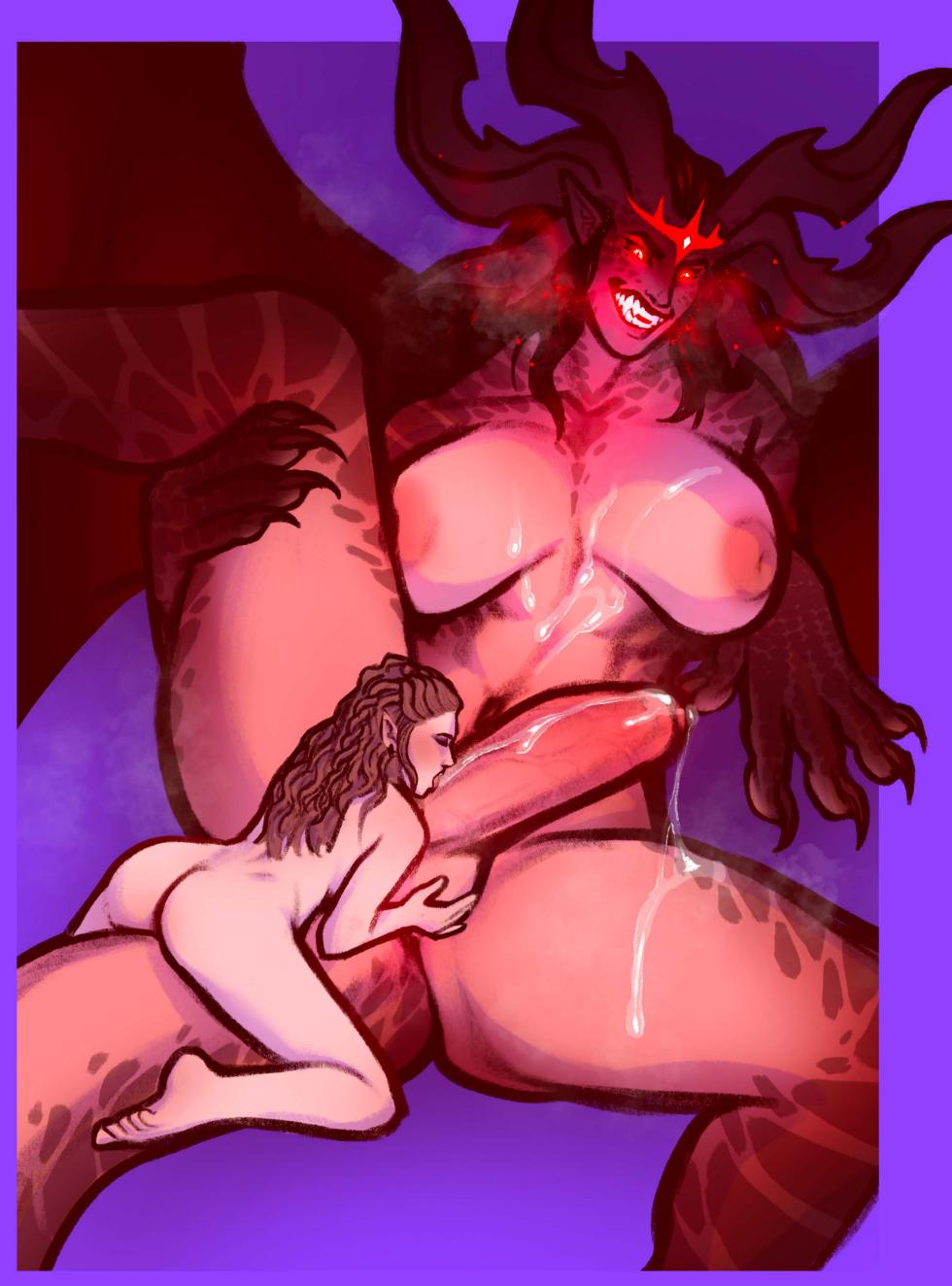




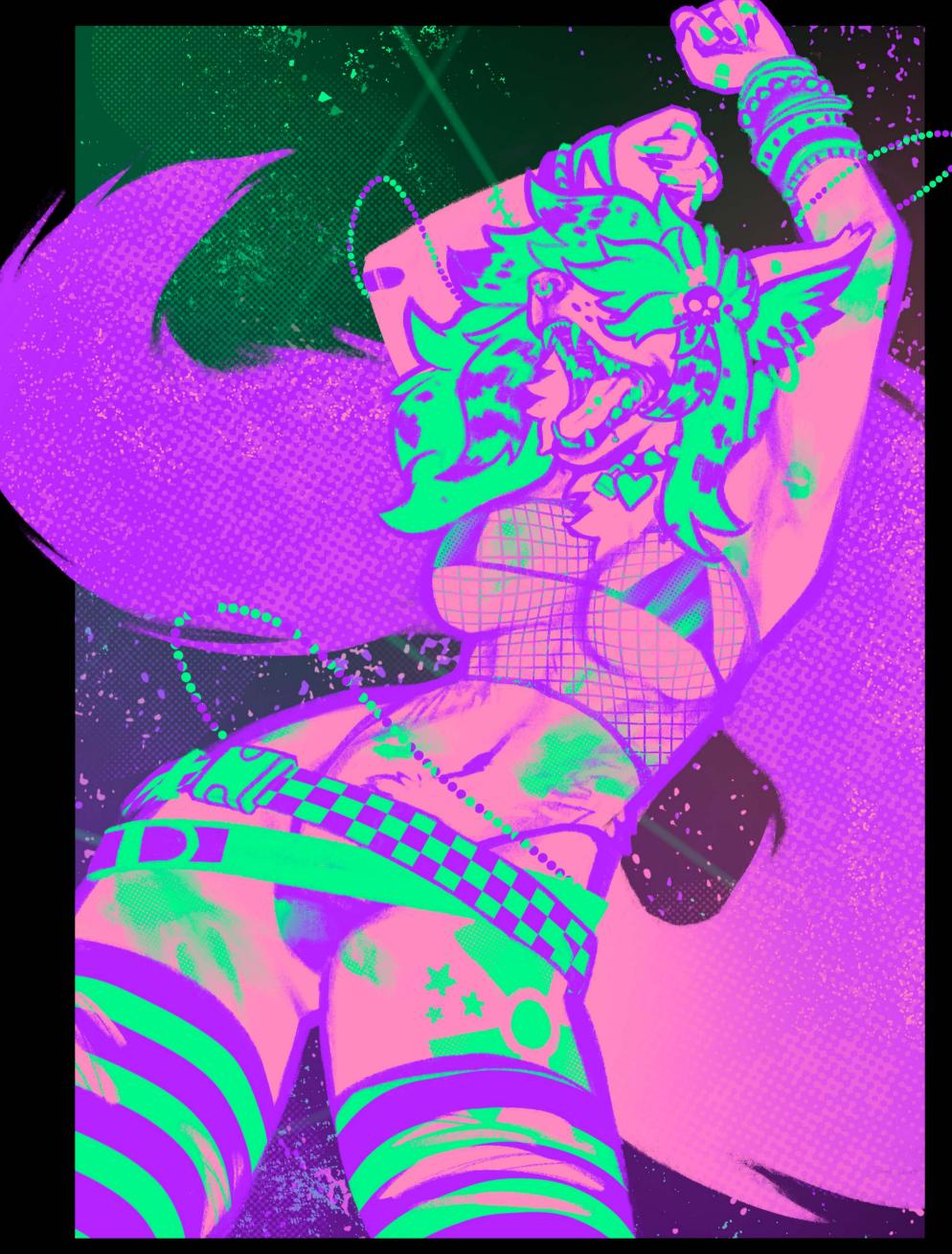














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