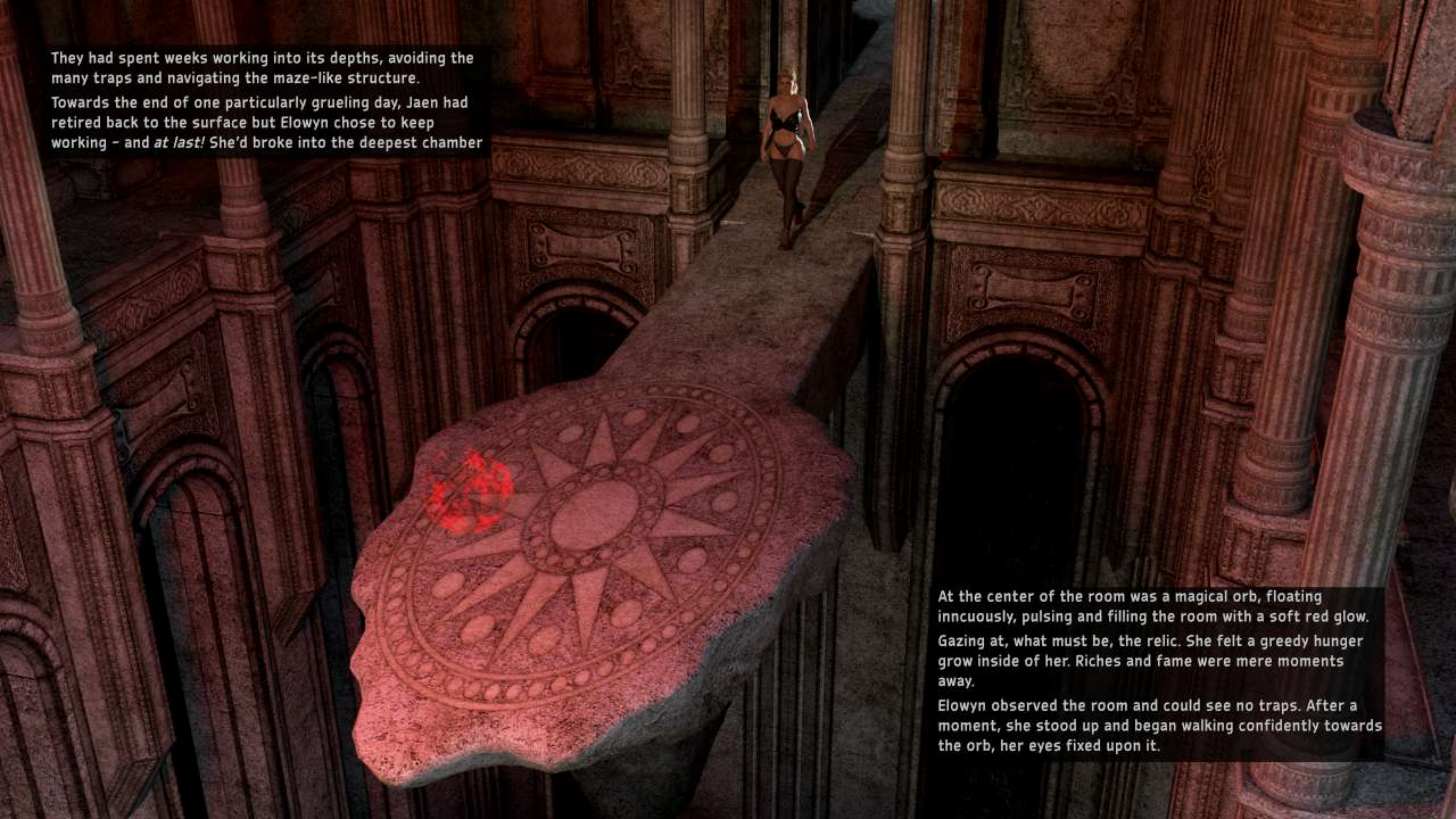


ELOWYN'S FALL: THE DARK TEMPLE

BY TIDY FOX

When young adventurers Elowyn and Jaen had chanced upon a map that showed the location to the *Inverse Temple*, they jumped at the opportunity to explore it and hopefully recover the "forbidden treasure" within, to make their mark!




A woman in a black bikini is walking away from the camera down a stone staircase in a dark, ornate chamber. The walls and pillars are intricately carved with arches and patterns. In the center of the room, a large, flat, circular stone pedestal features a glowing red orb with a starburst pattern. The lighting is dim, with the orb providing a soft red glow.

They had spent weeks working into its depths, avoiding the many traps and navigating the maze-like structure. Towards the end of one particularly grueling day, Jaen had retired back to the surface but Elwyn chose to keep working - and *at last!* She'd broke into the deepest chamber

At the center of the room was a magical orb, floating innocuously, pulsing and filling the room with a soft red glow. Gazing at, what must be, the relic. She felt a greedy hunger grow inside of her. Riches and fame were mere moments away.

Elwyn observed the room and could see no traps. After a moment, she stood up and began walking confidently towards the orb, her eyes fixed upon it.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black strapless top and black thigh-high stockings, is kneeling on a circular stone floor with a star pattern. She has a look of intense desire and is looking towards a glowing red orb with golden sparks floating around it. The setting is a dark, ornate chamber with stone walls and arches.

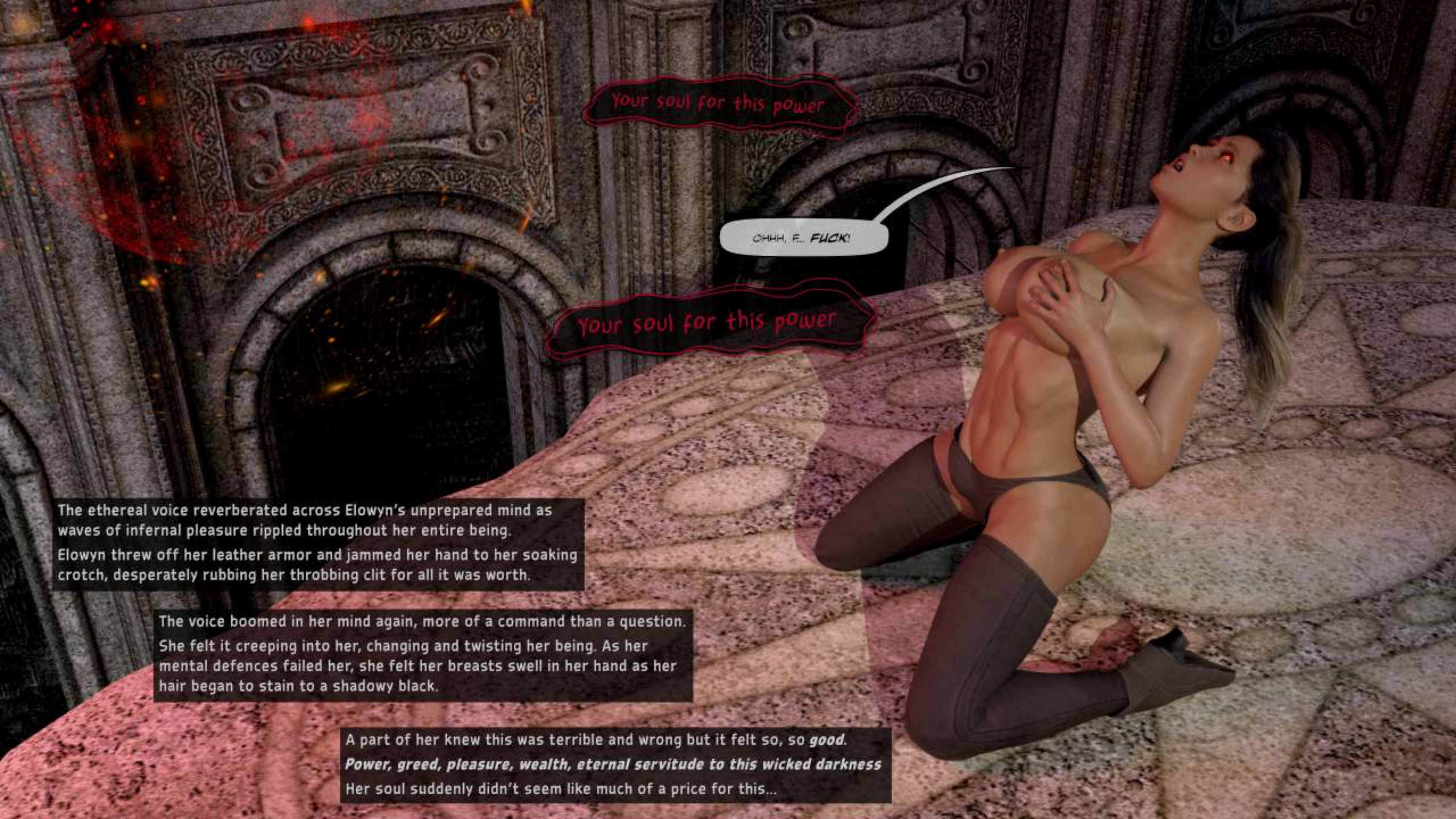
With each step Elwyn took towards the object, she felt her **hunger** and **desires** grow. Riches, *fame* and *power*! All the food, wine and *pleasures* she and Jaen would garner from this discovery!

She felt herself getting wet as her mind was flooded with images of debauchery and sins, not even noticing the orb begin to change.

By the time she reached it, she could barely contain her lust. This was it! This was the power she was looking for, it would be *hers*! Jaen had slacked off and now Elwyn would take it all for **herself**.

She dropped to her knees and began to roughly massaging her aching breasts; transfixed at it's beauty; enraptured and *desperately* horny.

As she knelt in the center of the chamber, her eyes drinking in the shifting patterns of the relic, and mind consumed by a thirst for **lust** and **greed** she suddenly heard it in her mind...



Your soul for this power

OHhh, F... *FUCK!*

Your soul for this power

The ethereal voice reverberated across Elowyn's unprepared mind as waves of infernal pleasure rippled throughout her entire being. Elowyn threw off her leather armor and jammed her hand to her soaking crotch, desperately rubbing her throbbing clit for all it was worth.

The voice boomed in her mind again, more of a command than a question. She felt it creeping into her, changing and twisting her being. As her mental defences failed her, she felt her breasts swell in her hand as her hair began to stain to a shadowy black.

A part of her knew this was terrible and wrong but it felt so, so *good*.
Power, greed, pleasure, wealth, eternal servitude to this wicked darkness
Her soul suddenly didn't seem like much of a price for this...

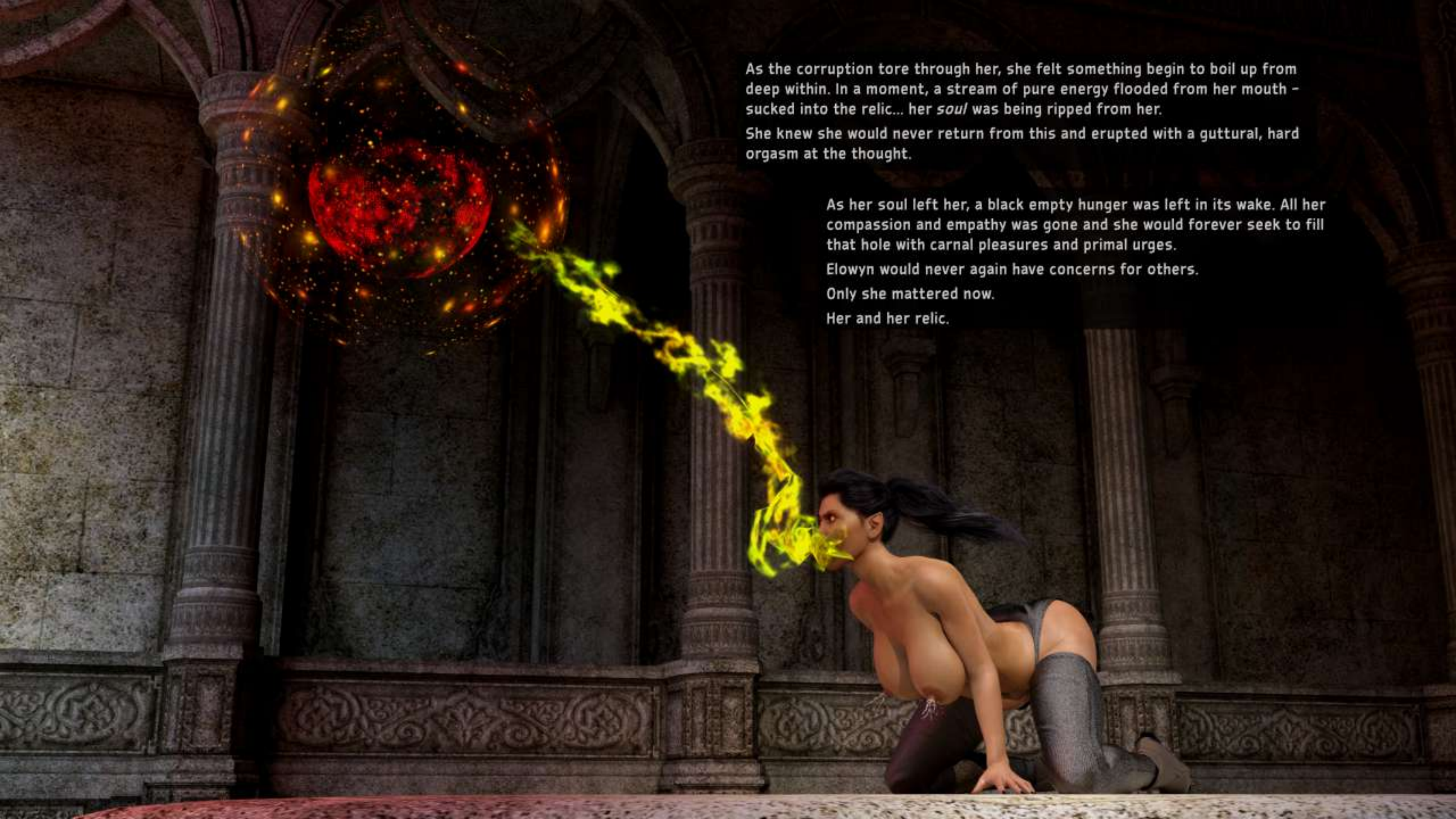
Your soul for this power

*YESSS, I WANT THIS!
GIVE IT TO ME!*

Elwyn, the young cocky adventurer, never stood a chance against this ancient evil. It's temptations and powers far beyond anything she could've imagined... She readily gave in and accepted the corruption into the core of her being.

Her eyes glowed with a deep red as her teeth were reforged to vicious fangs and her hair completed its transition to jet black.

The changes outside also reflected the taint within herself. Her hopes, dreams and passions were twisted and torn apart to align with her new self.

A woman with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit, is kneeling on a stone floor in a dark, gothic-style setting. She is breathing a stream of bright yellow and orange fire into a large, glowing red orb that is suspended in the air. The orb is surrounded by smaller, glowing particles. The background features stone arches and columns.

As the corruption tore through her, she felt something begin to boil up from deep within. In a moment, a stream of pure energy flooded from her mouth - sucked into the relic... her *soul* was being ripped from her.

She knew she would never return from this and erupted with a guttural, hard orgasm at the thought.

As her soul left her, a black empty hunger was left in its wake. All her compassion and empathy was gone and she would forever seek to fill that hole with carnal pleasures and primal urges.

Elowyn would never again have concerns for others.

Only she mattered now.

Her and her relic.

Without a soul, any final tatters of resistance within her evaporated away and a flood of dark energy filled her up, accelerating her transformation. Her olive tanned skin lost its life as it dulled to a pale white, her blood turned thick and black as her heart shrivelled.

The power of the relic also tainted her clothes, changing them to reflect her grim new visage.

All through this Elwyn was lost in ecstasy, her fingers furiously pumping in and out of her soaked pussy.

More, she demanded *more!*





MINE, THIS POWER IS ALL
MINE NOW!

I WILL RAZE THIS WORLD!

As she accepted her damned fate, Elowyn's mind flooded with new power and knowledge. The relic, whatever it was, was just a fragment to a greater being that existed beyond this world.

Wars had been fought for this power and to stop it. Darkness and plague had always followed the unholy power.

This temple had not been built to guard any treasure, but to trap this curse in the hopes that it would never surface again!

In her mind's eye, a new purpose emerged within Elowyn. She was to feed her new god: defile, corrupt and spread unholy worship across the land. She would be the new avatar and bring about a new age of tyranny!

Dark power encircled Elowyn and as she stood triumphant with her utter and complete defilement, she felt the power of the relic link her to the dark creature from beyond.

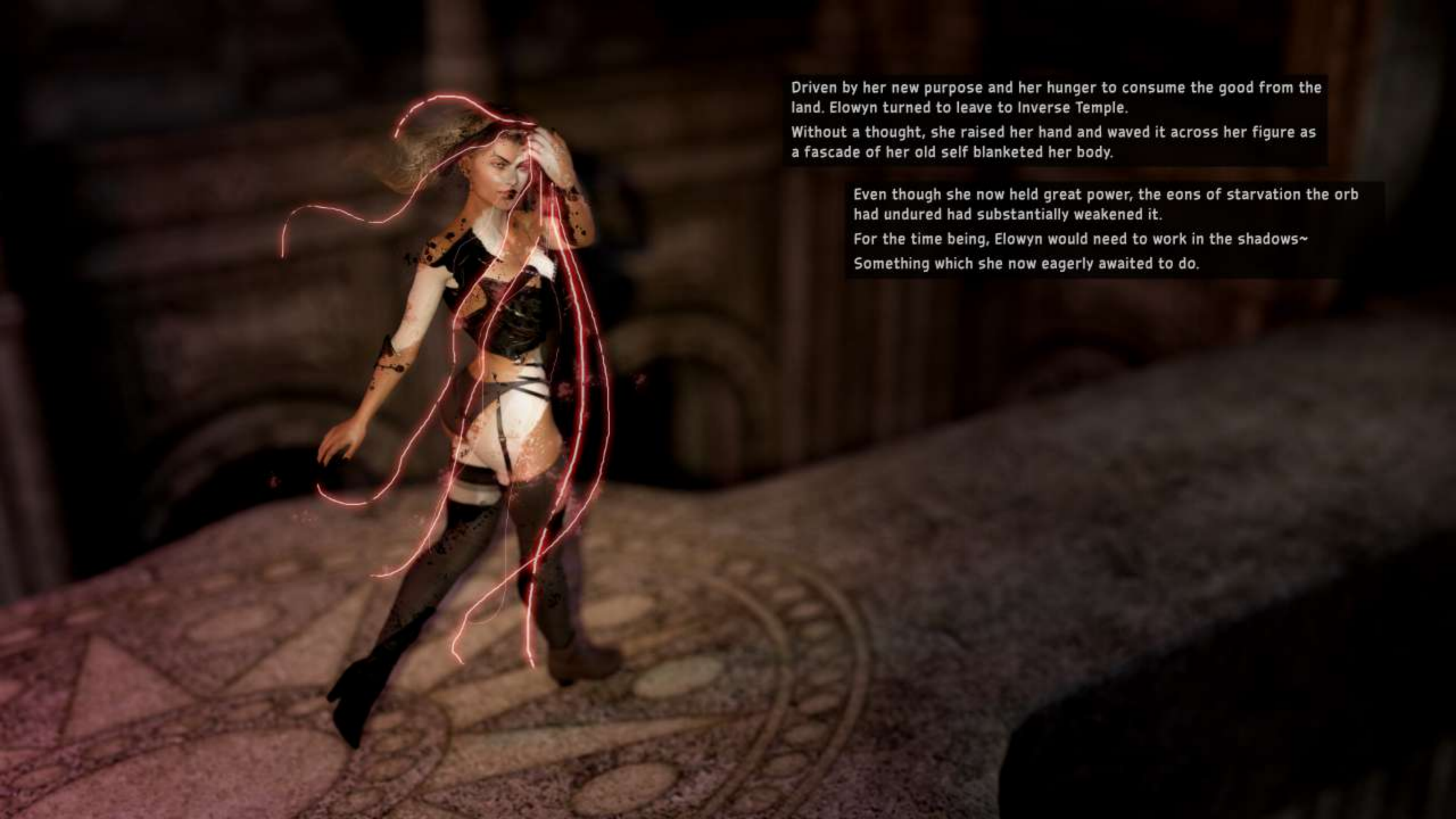
From now and beyond her death, she would forever be tied to it.



YESSSS, I FEEL IT.
I MUST SHARE THIS PLEASURE WITH
OTHERS.
THEIR SOULS WILL BE OURS...

As Elwyn's corruption completed eating through her body and mind, she stood with a new purpose and god.

She gazed upon the relic, now a shard of her own undying body, and understood what she needed to do. She could feel the hunger within her, the throbbing need to consume more life and souls so that she could prepare this world for the arrival of the darkness...



Driven by her new purpose and her hunger to consume the good from the land, Elwyn turned to leave to Inverse Temple.

Without a thought, she raised her hand and waved it across her figure as a fascade of her old self blanketed her body.

Even though she now held great power, the eons of starvation the orb had undured had substantially weakened it.

For the time being, Elwyn would need to work in the shadows~
Something which she now eagerly awaited to do.

Elowyn's thoughts turned to that of the surface. Jaen was undoubtedly resting at their campsite.

It was only right that she be the first person for her to share the treasures of the temple with...



The End?