

Mark of the Worm

A TF DOUBLE FEATURE
BY ABE E SEEDY & ANGRBODA



18+

ADULT
AUDIENCES

©2020 Angrboda and Abe E Seedy
(monstrousdoctor@gmail.com and abeeseedyuk@gmail.com)

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A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY
ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA



The worst part about struggling in college, Virginia thought ruefully, was that she was working so hard and paying so much just to learn how cliché that was. Being tired, sad and broke was hard enough without reading yet another *bildungsroman* where the protagonist got through worse in their formative years, and did it with such poignancy that their story was elevated to a foundational classic. That was a hell of a bar to clear when most days it was a challenge for her to get out of bed. But, a few weeks ago she'd finally gotten her act together and fixed things. She'd changed her major to history. Now all the stories she was reading for class could be summarised with "things were pretty bad for a lot of people, and then eventually they all died", which at least made for a more generous comparison with her own life.

Her escape from literature was energising for a while, but it wasn't long before Virginia found herself once again skipping more classes than not. She still had the same central problem - she was working so *hard*, a shitty job at night and classes and assignments during the day - all for... what, exactly? A degree that, at best, would tick a mandatory box in a job interview to say she'd gone to college? The 'experience'? If people were having wild parties they weren't inviting her. Not that she'd have time to go to them if they did. Mostly it felt like she was getting through the day just for the sake of getting to the next one, and that new day would be just as hard and as pointless as the one before.

She'd started making bargains with herself to get through, but the rates were getting worse. "You can buy a nice snack if you get the reading done" had slowly slid to "just get onto campus and then maybe you don't have to actually go to class." Now it felt like she spent the majority of her time hanging out in the library; theoretically still in an academic setting, but without the pressure to actually do anything with it. At least she'd found a nice spot - the top floor, tucked away in the corner where "theology" was. Why a liberal arts college had such a well-stocked religious section was a quiet mystery of its own, but it meant that Victoria had a big space to unwind that no one ever intruded on, together with a surprising variety of reading material.

Finishing her latest project, a trashy occult romance novel endearingly titled "Something Wicked This Way Comes", Virginia checked her phone. Her next class was in half an hour. She really shouldn't distract herself by looking for another book, because she knew if she found one

she'd just get pulled into it. When she tried to think about actually going to class though, the wave of lethargy that followed almost put her right to sleep. In the interest of remaining awake then, this was really the only option. Uncurling herself slowly from her perch on her chair, she set out through the stacks for something new.

The book that caught her eye wasn't particularly fancy. She only noticed it at first because it was larger than most, and committing to something so substantial had a certain self-sabotaging appeal. The only embellishment on the plain brown cover were fairly functional-looking corner protectors, and she'd probably have written it off as a dry religious text if not for the title on the book - The Way of the Worm.

That sealed the deal. Even if this was some kind of off-brand bible, with a name like that surely at least it would be interesting, so Virginia lifted the book from the middle of the stack it had been crammed into, and settled back into her chair. The text seemed to be in Latin, which was surprising enough in itself, but almost every page held elaborate illustrations, showing... something. Eventually she figured this must be some sort of 'Hammer of Witches'-type thing, a medieval treatise dedicated to cataloguing obscure theological insights with a specifically demonic bent. That was the only possible explanation for the detailed diagrams of impossible forms, each flagged with a forest of indecipherable tips and notations.



Despite not being able to make out a single word, she was enthralled. The pictures were almost horrific, but bizarrely the whole thing was somehow comforting. Maybe looking at creatures with several serpent tails engulfing a reluctant couple made her own problems seem a little more manageable, or maybe it was just that it was a really cool find. This couldn't possibly be an original - because how could a 500 year old book be just hanging out randomly in some college library - but it still felt like stumbling into a significant archeological discovery. She could have checked the book out and really gone through it, but somehow that didn't feel right. Presumably the librarians knew this was here, but it still felt like an extra little secret, just for her. A private book to go with her private space, and if she had to take it up to the front desk and check it out that would make it a little less than that. So instead she simply flicked through it, her eyes wide as she took in the wild spectrum of illustrations in just the first few chapters.

Suddenly, her phone beeped. It was a notification that her next class was 5 minutes from now, and she'd have to leave now to get to it. She flicked the notification away as she'd done so many other times, but before she settled back in with the book she unexpectedly snapped it shut. No. She could do this. She'd had an unexpected treat, and the energy of that felt like it would be enough to get her through. There was no need to hide out in the library anymore right now. The book would surely still be here tomorrow, and maybe she could look through it again then. That seemed like a much more sustainable bargain than trading donuts for study time at least, so for as long as this still felt like a little illicit thrill, then maybe it would help her get through. She put the book away, grabbed her bag, and went to her class.

Virginia got up on time the next day, surprising even herself given how it normally took her at least an hour to haul her way out of bed. She wanted to see that book again, and with her next class at noon her only option was to get going earlier than normal. Previously she probably would have just skipped her class, but for now the bargain she'd established last night was still holding strong. If she wanted to see the book, she had to go to class. But given that she didn't think she could get through what was promising to be a particularly dry lecture as the first thing of her day, the only option was to get going early and see the book first. So, miraculously, she left her room while it was still morning, absently grabbing a quick bite on her way to the library.



At the end of the week, she realised that she'd attended every single one of her scheduled classes. Her night-shift work was feeling more manageable too, even if her mind had started to wander a few times. She had to hastily complete a few sandwiches after discovering she'd unthinkingly scrawled a few of the more memorable sigils from the book in mayonnaise, but if she'd accidentally unleashed some terrible hex in the cafeteria the only sign was slightly increased patronage. Hardly a terrible fate, especially given that she wasn't feeling utterly drained at the end of each shift like she had before. She'd even found herself having the energy to put on makeup for the first time in... a while. Honestly she wasn't sure why she hadn't been bothering before now - it was the work of seconds to give herself a solid goth look with black lipstick and eyeshadow, and it felt like it lasted days with each application. People started commenting on her having a Look too, which was something that hadn't happened since, well. Since she last had any energy for that sort of thing. It was kinda wild that looking at creepy pictures in an ancient book was what it had taken for her to get her mojo back, but hey, whatever works.

It wasn't even like she was spending more time in the library than before. She was going in and out more often, yes, but only because she wasn't hiding away up in the stacks for hours at a time. Going through *The Way of the Worm* was energising, but there was only so much she could get out of it at any one time. Even just one or two images were enough to give her a kick, absently running her tongue over her teeth as she took in the sight of two fallen angels competing for the right to top (or so she imagined - the good thing about not being able to read the text was that she could make up pretty much whatever story for each picture she wanted). The librarians were already familiar enough with her not to bother asking questions, and whether they thought she was a particularly dedicated student or an outrageous slacker, they didn't stop her from coming in whenever she wanted, and that was all that really mattered.

For a couple of weeks, it all went smoothly. Eventually though, there was a night where she came into the library much later than usual. She didn't have a shift of work that evening due to a morning class the next day, so she figured why not finish the day with a dive in the book before getting going early tomorrow. Not long after she arrived a sudden shower started, and she decided she should wait inside for it to clear up rather than getting drenched going home. It shouldn't take long, and besides, it was nice nestled in her usual spot, listening to the distant rain on the roof. Even the illustration she landed on seemed more sedate than usual, a particularly enticing landscape filled with inviting temptations in a two page spread. Before she knew it she'd settled down in the comfortable padded nook she'd last used back when she used to nap the days away up here, and slowly slipped off to sleep.

Her dream was... intense. Even while it was happening Virginia couldn't clearly fathom everything that was going on, but it was as though those same Latin labels had invaded her dreamscape, and were specifying things that she couldn't entirely follow. It felt like an ink drawing, shaded in stark black and white while at the same time somehow doused in a hazy wash.



What she could define was how it made her feel, and that was indisputably good. Everything indistinct and uncertain had an edge that slid right through her, except instead of pain there was only pleasure as her body was pressed and adjusted. She felt herself flatten into one of the illustrations then explode back into three dimensions, a swirling cavalcade of demons and creatures cavorting eagerly around her as she slowly joined their seductive dance. Words were said that were both heavy with meaning and completely unknowable, but she could tell that they were coming from her throat just as much as from her companions. Then all at once there was a sudden clap as the book snapped shut, and back in the library Virginia woke with a start.

She groaned. It had been a while since she'd slept here, and it had never been overnight before, but the light through the windows clearly meant she'd made it all the way through to morning. That would probably explain how stiff and tense she felt, given that she'd apparently slept on a big knot that had somehow formed in the pillows beneath her. Stretching her back she shifted around impatiently, only to discover that same lump moving with her. That... what?

There was something there. Her hand confirmed it when she slid it behind herself, but even more disconcerting was the response she felt in turn - she could feel herself pulling at whatever this was from the other side. There was no way she could have slept so badly that she'd grown a bump on her rear that large overnight, but then what else could this be? Some sort of allergic reaction like a bee sting made the most sense, but then why didn't it hurt? Spinning around to get a look didn't help, and after a few minutes of frantic investigation she was forced to conclude that as private as this spot in the library was, it probably wasn't the best place to inspect her body. Her class could wait. She'd been good lately, and besides, this was a legitimate medical issue. Probably? In any case, she wouldn't be able to concentrate before she got this cleared up. Making ready to leave, she only just caught the Way of the Worm lying open on the floor in front of her. The illustration on display was a naked, beckoning female figure, and Virginia closed it hurriedly. It'd be just her luck for a librarian to swing by while she was away and decide the flagrant tits in that book were too much for it to be on public display. Better she put it away carefully for now, and then once she got this growth thing sorted out, everything could go back to how it was.



Back in her room, Virginia took a breath as she leaned on her closed door. Even that caused her to flinch a little as the nubbin on her spine twinged at the press of wood behind it, making her shoot back up straight and stumble towards her dress mirror. She had her jeans and panties off in seconds, turning her head around as best she could to get a view of her rear. And, as bizarre as it seemed, there was something there.

Now that she could see it, there was no mistaking it for a welt or a bug bite. It was maybe an inch or two long and half as thick, a little tapering tube that extended out from the base of her spine, and as she stared with her mouth open, it *twitched*. That simple little movement suddenly made recognition click into place, and she realised exactly what it looked like. A vestigial tail. She was *damn* sure she hadn't had one of those yesterday, but now here it was, and the only sign that it was new was that the skin over it looked a little redder than normal.

That was bad enough, but eventually she caught sight of something else, some dark lines on her skin just below her shirt. She pulled that off too, then tossed all of her clothes in the corner as she stared at her naked body in the mirror.

She had a tattoo. She extremely did *not* have a tattoo, because there were some cliches she was not prepared to commit to, or at least she was saving herself up for a really good one, but no, that was no longer true now, because now she had a tattoo. It was a snake, its tail tracing her spine before it curled under her armpit, then up over her shoulder and around again to her front. It circled the curve of her right breast, its leering head stationed above her crotch while its tongue reached down to tickle her pussy.

As a piece of artwork, it was almost elegant in its simplicity, entirely rendered in thick black ink and in a flat two dimensions. As a surprise on her own body, it was considerably less simple.



Frantic rubbing with her hands confirmed that it wasn't going to come off. It *was* a tattoo. That chased away the last rational comfort that she was hiding behind, that perhaps she'd gotten blackout drunk, and one of the other students had drawn that design on her body, not to mention sticking some little prosthetic tail thing to her rear, as a weird prank. But if it was a real tattoo, there was no way there would have been time for her to get one as large as this overnight, especially while blackout drunk. And if it had been a prank that someone orchestrated for some reason, why be so overly elaborate? Why not just draw a bunch of dicks on her face, like everyone else? Surely it'd be good enough for her to go to class in the morning and not even realise how lewd she looked, while everyone else looked on and wondered exactly what she'd gotten up to? Then they could all have fun with it, with everyone else smiling knowingly, while maybe eventually she'd realise what had happened and lean into it, daring anyone to say anything to her face, and proudly wear those cocks through all the rest of her classes, and challenging anyone to make eye contact with her.

Virginia stopped suddenly, her hands frozen as they wandered over her waist. Was... was she getting horny?

The situation was serious. A tattoo she had no knowledge of had appeared on her body overnight, not to mention the little tail thing that was still tugging insistently at the base of her spine, and yet despite all of that her thoughts just wouldn't stop wandering. That snake looked weirdly *good* on her. There was something about the dark ink on her pale skin, and the way it was so direct and unabashed in its suggestiveness while still managing to be artful.

It was only when the heat began to hit her that Virginia really clocked just how long it had been since she felt like this. When the stress and the sadness kicked in the first thing to go was her libido, which didn't feel like a problem at the time because she was too busy sleeping or hiding from her coursework to indulge herself anyway. But now it felt like her long-dormant lust was coming back all at once, and the thoughts that tumbled through her head made her cheeks flush red. Maybe that was all that book was to her originally, a little private titillation she could pretend was academic enough to justify, but still stoke her fires and get her back on her feet. Well, if that was the case, then whatever debt she'd incurred there was now extremely due.

She could just follow the path of the snake. One hand steadied herself on her thigh as she kneeled on her bed, while the other slid down its scales towards her crotch. It didn't make sense, but maybe that didn't matter right now. The moment she touched her slit her eyes squeezed shut, and the one thing she knew for sure was that everything else could wait. Right now, *this* was what was important.

The need was as inarguable as gravity - she could fight against it for a time, but the ache of holding her hand back would have left her far more tired than merely giving in and going with

it. Despite her earlier confusion, it all felt so simple and straightforward now. Who cared about a mysterious tattoo when rubbing her hand over her clit felt like *this*, and when she was already so wet that her fingers could slide inside herself so wonderfully. Soon the mirror was forgotten entirely, and she'd rolled over onto all fours the better to give herself the leverage she felt she needed. She rocked back and forth slowly, her eyes drifting closed as she settled into a rhythm, her steadying hand curling absently into her sheets.

She gasped loudly before hurriedly quieting down in case anyone else was still in the dorm, but in that second of quick consideration she suddenly lost her grip. She clutched at the bed frantically for a moment, and with her head hanging low she just happened to be staring at her own chest when her eyes shot open as she steadied herself. Once her position was stable she laughed a little, shaking her head at the way she jerked off so hard she almost fell over, but just as she started settling back into it something caught her eye. There was movement on her upper chest, something separate from the way her body was swaying. Something faster, and more directed.

Blinking, she tried to deliberately focus, but whatever it had been was already gone. She was just about to shrug and let herself sink back into her lust, until with a sudden shock she realised what was bugging her.

The tattoo that just a few moments ago had run almost the entire the length of her front was gone.

For some reason, her first reaction was to turn her head back and forth, looking over her body as though the ink had somehow slipped. That made no sense of course, but it only made less sense that her response actually worked. She caught sight of the tail of the snake running along her side, and the question of how it had got there was answered as it continued to move, sliding smoothly over her skin and pulling itself further behind her.

From the position she was in it was a simple matter for Virginia to lift her head and look into the mirror, and in doing so she could see the head of the snake as it swam down her spine. Suddenly it stopped, and like an animated creature it turned its head to face her reflection, unexpectedly making deliberate eye contact with her. It held her gaze for a moment more, then it hissed silently, its tongue flicking out to tickle the top of her thigh.

She *felt* that. It was like someone running the lightest feather over her skin but somehow beneath the surface, and the electric sensation it provoked was even more dramatic for how bizarre it was. Instantly the full force of the heat came rushing back to her, and Virginia found herself perched back on all fours along the length of her bed, her free hand pressing desperately into her slit.

Any attempt to keep track of what was happening disappeared as her eyes rolled back in her head. Her pussy felt electric, and even the haphazard, uncoordinated movements of her fingers were enough to set her whole body trembling. She bore down unthinkingly, her chin hitting her chest as her hand once again gripped at her sheets. Her spine swayed almost on its own, the movement echoing down far further than should have been possible. There was a pressure there, something deep and undeniable, and every press of her hand somehow just made it more maddeningly insistent. She bared her teeth as her mouth fell open, giving out a long hiss that shattered her previous effort at being quiet. She didn't care. She didn't even notice. This didn't just feel good, it felt *urgent*. Every part of her body felt too tightly constrained, and the tugging pressure of the snake tattoo as it pushed and moved was the only path to release.

Her fingers were barely holding back her dripping wetness before she registered anything more coherent than that. Her orgasm was still proving desperately elusive - every time she felt it getting close it was though it was deliberately pulled away, leaving her to whimper audibly as she redoubled her efforts. But eventually even the intensity of that wasn't enough to keep everything else at bay forever, and she slowly managed to piece together something from the disparate sensations overwhelming her.

There was a... stretching. Like a cramped muscle finally being released there was *something* coming from behind her, and no matter how hard she chased her climax she couldn't write that off entirely. That lump from before, the thing that had started all this, it was growing.



Some rational part of her reasserted itself enough to make her flick her head briefly to the side, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror once again. That growth was now indisputably a tail; several inches long, spade-tipped and devil-red. The moment she took that in she felt another sharp spasm, and she saw the tattoo on her back twitch once again. That final proof tied the two together, when her eyes cleared from the shock she realised that the front half of the tattoo was gone entirely, and the rest of it fed directly into the base of her tail.

There wasn't any conscious reaction she could give to something like that, but a large part of her body wasn't operating in the realm of conscious thought anymore anyway. Her hand in her pussy pressed inwards, surprising even herself at its movement, but then as her eyes widened she still managed to see the snake push onwards in response, feeding yet more of its length into her still-growing tail.

With great effort, she forced her hand to stop. The snake stopped too, after a final, protesting shudder, and so for a moment Virginia just hung there, panting as she caught her breath. This was under her control. She could stop. She had no idea how to make it get better, but at least she could stop it getting worse.

But.

The instant she had that thought, her whole body felt like lead. The full weight of everything in her life came crushing back, and without the energy she'd been borrowing recently to fight back it was all she could do to keep from falling flat on the bed and going straight to sleep. What was this if not just another bargain? Except instead of snacks or furtive time in the library, this was at least honest about what she was getting, and what she was trading. If she kept going, she reasoned, her fingers curling just a little against her slit at the enticing thought, then she could do anything. College wouldn't be a problem, because if it was she'd have the energy to just say *fuck it* and do whatever else was necessary. She could go to class or party till dawn, or neither or both, whatever and however she wanted. If she just *leaned in*, if she buried her hand back in her pussy and never looked back, then this heat could burn through anything.

Even though she was holding back, she couldn't quite resist sliding her hand teasingly over her slick lips, that holding pattern the best resistance she could manage for the moment. The snake seemed to wait patiently, but while her tail didn't grow further, she did catch sight of something else in the mirror as she struggled through the decision. For the first time in a while, Virginia looked herself in the face, and finally saw the short red points that were pushing through her hair, and the way her ears were stretching upwards and sharpening too.

And that, somehow, was it. In the end it didn't come down to a rational consideration, or an internal debate won through reason. In that single moment, Virginia saw in herself a fiendish

devil woman, and the only thing she could think was that she looked fucking *hot*. Her palm pressed over her clit as her fingers buried themselves into her slit, and with a gasping, trembling moan, she finally went all in.

The reward was immediate. The right rhythm just came naturally, and within moments she was trembling with desperate bliss, the feeling of her tail pulling out behind herself only slightly less overwhelming than the way her horns settled onto her head. Soon she felt the last of the snake disappear from her back, and in exchange her climax finally came. All the teasing and delay had made it powerful enough to lock her whole body up, her new tail snapping back and forth approvingly before her legs gave out and she collapsed onto the bed.



When she woke back up, several hours had passed. There was a brief window where it all felt like a bizarre dream, but if the way her hand was still slickly buried between her thighs didn't put paid to that, then the answering twitch of her tail behind her as she stirred certainly did.

So. That happened.

It was hard to know how to feel exactly. There were a *lot* of questions obviously, but the bargain had held, and the energy was still there. Things felt manageable. Even her horns seemed to have receded back far enough to almost hide beneath her hair, and assuming her tail could be corralled into a concealing pair of pants then it could just be... fine? Nothing made sense and the world at large was apparently desperately unknowable, but hey, same as always, right? Who cares if you have a devil's tail if you can still accrue more student debt?

She checked her phone, and saw that if she hurried she could still make her late afternoon class. Somehow, the weirdest part of all of this was that she actually wanted to do that. Within a few minutes she'd pulled on some jeans, a bra, top and hoodie, reasoning that panties were out of the question given the tail. It was fine though, surely she could just sit nice and still during the class, and put all this weirdness out of her mind while she went to class like a good little student. If she told herself that enough, maybe it would even be true.

The class itself was a lecture, held by the most notoriously boring professor in the whole department. Not long after Virginia settled into her seat towards the back, she discovered an

unexpected downside to her current situation. She might have much more energy than before, but that didn't mean she was suddenly going to find a deep-dive into pre-revolutionary politics fascinating. Soon, her mind wandered.

She found herself focussing on the jock-looking guy sitting in the row in front of her. He was hot, or at least he seemed like it from what Virginia could see from behind, but that wasn't what caught her attention. Something about the way he was sitting, the way his chin rested on one hand while his other was tapping absently nowhere near his notes, made it clear he was distracted too. In fact... the small flush in his cheek, the steady stare in the direction of nothing in particular - he was fantasising about something.

For some reason, the book came into her mind. Not even the pictures, but the indecipherable words she'd always glossed over. One in particular stuck in her head, and although she still didn't know how to pronounce it, somehow it was less effort to let her tongue shape the sound than it was to hold it back. It slipped out under her breath, and in an instant things changed.

The room fell away, all except for the guy in front of her. Then there was the brief sensation of movement, and suddenly she found herself sitting inside his head, watching the idle fantasy playing out in front of him. There were a hundred rational reactions to this, but surprisingly, what Virginia felt most was annoyance. It was just so *mundane*. A cheerleader was performing a slow striptease, winking and smiling as she teased him from a respectful distance.

Well, Virginia thought. We can do better than *this*.

She didn't have a plan, but the possibilities in front of her were intoxicating. Even after dismissing the cheerleader with a wave of her hand, there was more than enough material to try something a little more interesting. She just needed something to start with, a thesis statement to work towards. Looking down at the masculine body she was sharing, she quickly developed an idea.

"The most important thing is to be constantly horny", she stated, the commandment settling into his mind, anchored securely beneath the weight of the word. Accordingly she felt his body respond, his cock starting to rise upwards. She prompted him to curl his fingers around it lovingly, planting a deep and abiding satisfaction for the contact, together with the shameless desire to indulge himself. Clearly the next step was to both show him how good it felt to fulfill her demands, and make sure he was properly equipped to follow them.

The word rang out again, louder this time as it echoed inside his head. She felt him settling back, as though in the passenger seat of his own mind. Even though he could see and feel everything, for now it was Virginia's body rather than his, and she had no intention of leaving it as she found it.

First and foremost, she stroked the length of her cock, endowing it with such weight and heft that it almost pulled her off-balance. Her hips had to shift to cope, splaying her legs outwards as she squatted downwards. As her hand began to pump forcefully she leaned forwards and inhaled, flooding her head with the scent of her dripping heat. What was the point of having a cock if you didn't enjoy it constantly, and any cock you couldn't enjoy constantly was a waste. The rest of this body should be built to accommodate that single purpose, and it was a simple matter to make that the case.

Her legs shifted seamlessly, settling into powerful haunches that let her be steady in this formerly awkward position, bent low over her crotch and sniffing hungrily at herself. Her tongue lapped outwards, quickly becoming long and rough as it swept along the length of her slick shaft, while her face slid into a bestial, canine muzzle. Her hands swelled and softened into thick paws, equally suited to holding herself comfortably on all fours and to clumsily grasping at her demanding cock. She eyed it hungrily, her maw mere inches away from making contact, and the heat of her panting breath was just making it more and more achingly stiff. More. She needed more.

Shaking, she felt muscles rippling beneath her skin as deep red fur swept over the surface of it, her whole body growing in mass and barely-contained strength. A sudden, dramatic quiver started at the top of her head, sending her hair flowing out into a lustrous mane, and by the time it reached the base of her spine it spun out into a swaying, dog-like tail. She whimpered, her teeth sharpening in her mouth as she thrashed, but the only thing she was really focusing on was how it felt to drag her cock slowly along the ground beneath her, and the size of the pool of pre-cum that left in its wake.

More, she commanded, rolling onto her back and kicking her legs in the air, her front paws kneading frantically at her aching balls. This is what it was to be a sexual beast, a hellhound in her service, a creature built to cum and rut and spread the word with abandon. All it took was to say it, and then all of this was possible.

She made him say it. That was the last window of control she offered him, but in truth all it took was the opportunity, as the word was the only coherent thing going through his mind. It was enough though, and with a triumphant howl she came, a flood of thick cum coating her chest as she writhed with pleasure. The efforts of her flailing paws didn't let up even as she orgasmed, and accordingly she rewarded that devotion with a series of hip-thrusting climaxes, until finally she was cumming so hard she felt it paint her face. Then she curled inwards, taking her cock in her muzzle and all but wrapping her tongue around its entire length, sending pulse after wonderful pulse of cum flooding down her throat.



For a moment they relaxed in the afterglow, and then the reality of their surroundings came flooding back. Virginia opened her eyes first, in time to see the guy in front of her visibly flinch as his head snapped upwards. The other students nearby were giving him a Look, and Virginia was soon very glad that he'd apparently drawn the attention rather than her. She felt the blush return to his cheeks as a distant, withdrawing heat, and deliberately pulled herself away from it as she lowered her face into her hands. At the same time she realised that her own body had not been idle this whole time, and she felt something uncurling from around her thigh, the thick tip of her tail dripping with her own satisfied slickness.

The guy seemed at least as distracted as she was. For a moment he shifted awkwardly in his seat, and then he suddenly gathered his things and stood up. "Training", he said flatly to the room at large, before walking with a stiff-legged gait very rapidly out the door.

That provoked a raised eyebrow from the lecturer, which raised even further when Virginia quickly stood up as well.

"Uh, I'm the one training him", she found herself saying, then she scooped up her stuff in two hands and marched out of the room before any responses could catch up to her.



Virginia charged into the mercifully empty bathroom, locking the door behind her as she settled into a stall. She'd lost sight of the guy from the class almost immediately, but then again, she wasn't sure if she should be chasing him or running away. All she knew for sure was that what had just happened was... intense.

She'd hitched a ride on his fantasy, then not just taken control, but corrupted it, made it far more perverted and wild than it had been. And she'd *liked* it. So had he, she had to assume, if his reaction meant anything. But just what was actually *happening*? Now that she had some privacy, maybe she should check to see just where she was at.

It proved to be more difficult than she expected to undress. It wasn't that she didn't want to be naked - far from it, if she was being honest - just that it was a lot more awkward to pull down her jeans when she kept finding new elements of her body getting in the way. Even just persuading her tail to unwind from her leg and pull back from her slit was a challenge, and

for a while she considered just letting it fuck her then and there. The thought of having an experience like she'd just had in class, then ducking out into the bathroom and immediately jerking off was... enticing, but there was too much going on right now to let herself have that level of abandon. Still, she couldn't help herself from hoping that wherever that guy was, he was doing exactly that.

For now though, she continued to struggle against her clothes. Her top got a little caught on her regrown horns, but the biggest challenge was still her jeans. Even after she'd persuaded her tail to behave there was some other dramatic development that got in the way, and it was only after she'd peeled the fabric slowly aside that the new change to her body fully revealed itself. With an audible flap twin wings spread out behind her, and it felt like relieving a cramp she hadn't realised she had as they unfurled.

They were deep red, the same as her horns and tail, and their bat-like nature continued the definite theme. From their weird placement, just to each side of the base of her spine, they presumably weren't meant to be functional - it didn't look like she'd be flying anywhere soon, even if not for the fact that at less than a foot long there was no way they could carry her weight. No, it was clearly ornamentation, something to draw attention to her swaying hips and increasingly sculpted rear. A scaly redness spread out from where they joined her body, sinking steadily through her flesh like a growing corruption. At the same time the middle of her chest was taking on a golden yellow hue, and Virginia couldn't help but be reminded of the belly scales of a snake. It felt different to run her finger over, a little harder while at the same time a little more sensitive; smooth and cool and hot all at once. Those shining scales reached all the way down to her pussy, and when a fingertip strayed that far her whole body jolted as she could somehow feel her eyes flare. It felt... powerful.



Once again there was the near-overwhelming temptation to start jerking off, but this time it was only curiosity that let her put that aside. She'd seen the changes on the lower half of her body, but there was no mirror in the stall, and she suddenly *needed* to see her face. After a fumbling few moments she managed to get her phone from the pocket of her discarded hoodie, holding it up to her face to unlock it.

It didn't work.

She tried a few different angles, set her expression carefully neutral, but her phone was resolute - whatever she was pointing it at, it wasn't Virginia's face.

It was impossible to pull apart the strands of different emotions that hit her at that moment. There was frustration, yes, and definitely an increased curiosity to see her features for herself, but once again she surprised herself with her main reaction, which was, somehow, satisfaction. Pleasure even. Her phone, the single most personalised item that she owned, no longer recognised her. She wasn't Virginia anymore, or at least she wasn't *that* Virginia; the sad, struggling college student barely making her way through life. Tapping in the manual unlock code she finally saw the new her, blazing green eyes set in the middle of a rapidly reddening face. She stuck out her tongue playfully, feeling it slide over her pointed teeth as she posed for a selfie. The old Virginia might have needed bargains and trade-offs as she worked to find herself, but this new one was done with that aimless confusion. She knew what she was about, and it was obvious from the tips of her still-growing horns down to the end of her impatiently swaying tail. This Virginia *fucks*.

She fell back heavily on the seat behind her, the phone falling to the floor as she casually let it go. Maybe it was still filming, she thought with a grin, and maybe it would catch the rest of her development, recording the whole thing as she masturbated in this random bathroom stall, cumming again and again as her body sank further and further into demonic corruption. Maybe someone else would find it, and they'd be drawn to watching her over and over again even if they didn't understand it, the corruption seeping into them as they heard the word and embraced the Way of the Worm themselves.

Her eyes shot open, as suddenly things made so much more sense. The book had done so much for her, but only now did she know what it was actually for, and what she needed to do to complete her part of the bargain.

Getting back to the library would be difficult, especially considering she physically couldn't put some of her clothes back on. Her shirt and her hoodie worked well enough to cover her top, but her jeans continued to be a struggle. That was only solved when a sort of delicate fire spread out from where she was gripping, reshaping the jeans into something more akin to stockings. That

just left her waist, and as much as walking around on campus with her pussy on full display was appealing, it would attract more attention than she wanted right now. Thankfully though, she found one practical use for her wings was curling them protectively around herself, and so long as she didn't linger anywhere long they'd probably pass as a stylish skirt. It was enough, and so without wasting any more time she set out, scurrying to the library and heading straight for the rear entrance.



There was no one around like always, so Virginia had no trouble getting to her spot in the theology section. Pulling up her chair she reached for the book, but stopped herself with a frown. After all this, a simple wooden seat wasn't going to be enough, now was it?

A word came to her again, a simpler one this time, but strong enough that even inanimate objects couldn't deny its power. She uttered it casually as she sat down, and all around her a small whirlwind whipped up. Books fell from the nearby shelves, while the wooden chair reshaped itself into a backless, padded seat beneath her. The *Way of the Worm* lay open at her feet, and she grinned as she saw yet more words waiting to be revealed. The book itself only barely contained the power of the Worm, and now all she had to do was set it free.

Leaning back, she opened her wings to reveal the golden scales now running all the way from her chest to her crotch. Even as she spread her legs the last of her clothes burned away, the flames licking harmlessly against her skin as they revealed more and more of her altered body. She paused for a moment, shaking her head and running her clawed hands through her hair to coax the last few inches out of her horns, but surprisingly her fingers found purchase on something. Turning to her side she saw a shining red snake solidifying out of the strands of her hair, curling around her hand before pressing its snout close to her pointed ear. It hissed softly, but instead of language she heard it whisper yet more words, each one filling her mind with power and possibilities. Its sibilant voice was soon joined by another on her other side, a new pair of glowing green eyes gazing encouragingly towards her own.

"Do you want a show my dears?", she answered with a seductive smile. "Well, I wouldn't want to disappoint..."



She ran her hands slowly along the length of her body, luxuriating in the way the stiffness of her scales complemented the softness of her curves. Already her tail was tickling over her slit, seemingly anxious to pleasure her once again with its thick spade, and she pushed it aside as though chiding an over-eager pet. There would be time for that later, but this called for something more hands on.

There was one last moment of stillness as her feet stretched and strained outwards, and she gripped at her thigh as she rode that tension while they changed. She could see the hooves they were becoming, feel the shifts they were making to her tendons so she'd always be walking as though on high heels, and she enjoyed that sight almost as much as she did the last of her clothes burning away into nothingness. But soon the moment was complete, and the soft lick of serpent tongues at her cheeks wouldn't stand for any more delays. So, finally, she brought her hands down to her slit, sliding her fingers deliciously inside herself as she finally fully indulged.

Around her, the whirlwind intensified. Now dozens of books flapped in the growing vortex, the sound of their covers snapping open and closed like a welcoming applause. Even the most distracted librarian on the ground floor must be able to hear the commotion now, but Virginia was beyond petty concerns like that. She hoped they did hear it, hoped they got curious and turned away from their work, finding their hands wandering down to their own crotches as they basked in this mysterious heat. That was her purpose now, to be a beacon, to not just show others the Way of the Worm, but say the words and perform the rites that opened the door. And all it took was for her to slide her curved fingers inside herself just so, to bite her lips with her fanged teeth as the pressure grew within her.

She could feel her first climax brewing already, her body perfectly configured to allow for satisfaction at a moment's notice. It felt *good* to lean into it, to circle her clit with one finger while another two worked over her slit passionately, her rhythm never breaking despite the swirling chaos around her. Her back tensed, her wings stretching to their full length as she chased this down, and distantly she felt several more snakes slither free from her hair and surround her panting face. She could tell they were looking on approvingly, and with their eager encouragement she held her breath, waiting as they whispered in unison the next word for her.

Whether it was commandment or permission it was enough, and she cried out that same word in turn as she came, slickness pouring between her fingers as she slid from her perch down to the floor. That was never going to be enough for her though, and soon she'd started up once again. This time she finally took advantage of her tail, allowing it to press its flared tip inside her pussy and gasping at the overwhelming sensation it provoked. Of *course* it was shaped just right for this, of course she could fuck herself so powerfully with just her tail that she barely needed anything else. What else would be fit for a servant of the Worm such as her?

At that thought she came once again, thinking about how perfect and well-honed for her tasks she was now, and how her domain was to be pure and unending pleasure, both for herself and for all those caught up in her wake. Her whole being was an engine for temptation and corruption, and it was a purpose she would feed with blissful abandon.

The whipping wind around her grew even louder, until finally the books started to come to pieces. Pages tore from their covers and funneled into the maelstrom, no doubt preventing anyone from seeing what she was doing even if anyone else in the library still had the presence of mind to look for her. In the center of it all Virginia simply lay back and relaxed, satisfied for just a moment even in the eye of the storm. Pages from the Way of the Worm itself were scattered on the ground around her, but even they were of no consequence now. The power inside them had been freed, and for the moment it resided purely in her.

Anything she had left to learn she could hear from the snakes that curled approvingly around her hands, one of them even allowing an affectionate tap on its snout from her questing finger. They were surprisingly cute, and it was nice to have the company of pets even in this moment of recovery.



While she relaxed, the ink on the loose pages began to come unstuck. It pooled up from the paper like oil bubbling from a well, and soon an immense volume of slick blackness spread outwards over the floor. It felt cool and soothing as it washed beneath Virginia's body, and with her eyes half-closed in bliss she rolled over to face it. At the same time, thick tendrils formed in the mass of it to curl around her, a particularly satisfying one emerging between her legs and surging into her welcoming slit. She grinned as she sank downwards, feeling the encouraging embrace of her new residence take and fill every part of her.

Back in the library, the whirlwind stopped, the remaining books all falling to the floor as everyone else in the building struggled to return to their senses. The tar-like pool slowly came back together, condensing once again into an updated edition of the Way of the Worm, waiting to be placed back on its shelf for the next candidate.







Hellbound

A TF STORY BY ANGRBODA



“Babe?”

Harper set her keys on the table by the door, shrugging off her coat as she entered their shared apartment.

“Rachel texted me and said you’d left class early,” she peeked into the bedroom, but Noah wasn’t in there, either. “Is something wrong?”

She cocked her head, listening for his telltale snore, thinking maybe he was on the couch. Instead she caught a scrabbling from the bathroom, some kind of frenzied scraping on the linoleum floor. Maybe he was sick instead? She was suddenly glad she’d made a point of coming back between classes to check on him.

Knocking lightly gave no response, except for maybe more subdued scrabbling. It was enough to start genuinely freaking her out, and suddenly all the wild possibilities of things that could be wrong were going through her head. Despite not getting a response she couldn’t help but open the bathroom door.

Not that she could have imagined—

“What the fuck?!”

Noah glanced up as she entered, an almost guilty look on his face. Or... what remained... of his face. There was a lot going on. A lot was wrong.

“Harper...” he breathed, reining in his tongue, naked body bent double, his straining cock clearly the original center of his attention. “Shit.”

She barely registered the comment. She barely registered anything. Her boyfriend was splayed out on the tiles, his back pressed against the bathtub and his pants crumpled around his ankles, the rest of his clothes discarded. His body was misshapen somehow; hunched, his legs shorter and his torso longer than either should have been. His shoulders hulked and his muscles absolutely rippled, glistening with sweat. As she watched, his body spasmed, forcing him to arch his back as his vertebrae audibly popped. His face contorted for a moment in discomfort, and it, too, was somehow twisted - his nose too long, his teeth, she noticed as he grimaced, too sharp.

At the center of the whole display, his cock strained, glistening with a mixture of sweat and cum. Like the rest of him it was flushed, but more-so, an almost beet red.

“Hold on,” he mumbled, steadying himself between waves of muscle spasms, “I just gotta—” He curled a hand around his quivering length and squeezed, pumping a few quick thrusts until he came again, his load hitting the side of the bathtub and running downwards, slowly.

He breathed heavily for a few moments “Now I know this all — it must seem — like a lot,” his hand began pumping again, “but it feels—” he gritted out between unsettlingly animal teeth “real good.”

She was frozen. She’d never been frozen before, not like this. But what else could she do? Did you call 911 for this? How would you even describe it? Just the thought of *telling* someone about this made her recoil. And yet Noah himself seemed distressingly at ease with what had happened — what was clearly *still* happening.

In the absence of her response, he had given up on using his hands and had doubled over further, instead extending his dog-like tongue to lick at himself. It didn’t matter that she was there, that she was seeing him like this. Soon she would — he remembered the word the voice had said to him. The one that had set him loose the first time, in class, forever ago now.

That must be it; the thing that would make her understand. She just needed to take it in.

“I don’t... what the fuck is—” Harper started, and then he uttered it; his deforming mouth contorting to speak a language that didn’t belong anywhere in this reality.

She shook, visibly.

He repeated it.

She sank to her knees.

It was impossible to describe what he’d said, or the flood of images and sensations that had followed. Her perception of what should or shouldn’t be happening seemed impossible to cling to, a writhing, melting mass that seeped through her fingers faster the harder she squeezed.

Something had happened to Noah... hadn’t it?

She sank all the way to the floor, her eyes closing. Everything seemed like it was shutting down under the onslaught of sensation, the weight of the dripping blackness too much to stay afloat in.

She sank into the darkness.



Harper gasped. A warm prickly feeling on her abdomen was tugging her from unconsciousness, slowly bringing her around. It was calming. Nice, even. She was so hot, so unbearably hot... but this warmth was pleasant. Nostalgic maybe? Or anyway, she didn't hate it.

Opening one eye slightly, she glanced down to try to make sense of what had woken her. She was in the bathroom at home, she realized, which a tiny voice somewhere tried to amend to "still in the bathroom" and was outvoted. Her sweat drenched body was sticking to the linoleum, proving that she didn't just feel hot. Was she sick? And anyway, what was going on under her shirt?

She peeled it upwards, revealing the culprit. Noah was licking her abdomen, his long tongue sweeping over the warm skin there and soothing her the best he could. That was sweet of him. She didn't remember him ever doing that before, but for some reason it made sense as something he should be doing now. His black nose felt cold when it pressed against her. It was good.

The small voice, though, was in full freak out mode the minute she saw Noah. Briefly, it was loud enough to consume her, panic rising at the sight of his new snout and pointed ears. He turned glowing yellow eyes to meet hers, sensing her discomfort. Something passed between them, some indistinct images flitting across her vision and through her memory, and the voice faded. He had always been like this. Or he hadn't? Or it didn't matter. It seemed plain that whatever changes had taken place were still ongoing - even as she looked down at him, he seemed to swell slightly larger, to loom even greater in her view.

"I'm glad... you're okay," he said. The words were slow and deliberate, like speaking wasn't something that came easily to him. "I... was worried."

"I think I'm all right," she croaked. Picking herself up and dragging her body across the floor to the bathtub, she opened the tap, cupping the water in her hands to drink and splashing some on her face. Before she could turn it off, Noah followed her, sticking his snout in the flow from the faucet and lapping at it, clearly also thirsty. When he seemed finished, she twisted the handle to turn it off. She couldn't shake the feeling that seeing him do that was somehow upsetting, but she had no idea why. Her head ached.

"It goes away, eventually," he blurted, cryptically. "It hurt a little... for me... at first too. Except when it felt really good. So I just kind of... went with it." He gave the best approximation of a

shrug he could with his hunched shoulders.

Harper was barely listening. It was so hot. She was going to ask him about it and then realized that he was still naked, a realization he assisted with by resuming stroking his swollen cock mid-sentence. It looked good. Being naked was a good idea.

Getting her clothes off seemed like a herculean task, but once it was mostly complete, she could lay on the linoleum and let the heat dissipate, wafting away from her skin like steam. The only article of clothing that remained on her was her undershirt. She hadn't been wearing a bra - she was flat enough that most days she could get away without if she was wearing layers - and absently she raised a hand to her abdomen, running it up her smooth skin until she reached her nipples. Teasing at them was the first time she had felt good since waking up - maybe Noah had the right idea with his... self obsessing. Touching herself made the nagging voice feel more distant and the heat less pressing. She could allow herself this.

Her right hand drifted down, threading itself between her meticulously shaved lips, her fingers finding purchase within. She was shockingly wet; a couple of quick in and out motions was all it took for her hands to be slippery with her own anticipation, a welcome feeling on her incredibly tender clit. How she'd gone from head pounding and confused to aching needy on a dime was anyone's guess, but it clicked with whatever was going on with him. Maybe they just needed to—

It was like she fucking summoned him. Her eyes snapped open and clenched abruptly shut again as his bulk was on top of her lower half, his muzzle all but buried in her pussy. It was so much all at once; his canine tongue smearing across the inside of her without skill or finesse, eating her out with a brute force underscored by the fact that he was still so relentlessly horny that he was humping her leg all the while. When he withdrew and moved his attention to her clit, she actually yelled. It would have been a problem if she wasn't past the point of giving a shit if their neighbors heard them — were they going to barge in and see her getting railed by her boyfriend whose body was warping into some kind of huge horny dog man? And then what, exactly? Thinking that brought an intense shard of pain into her head, which was chased away immediately by another tongue swipe at her most sensitive point. Thinking was for later. Or maybe for never. It was hard to care about anything else in the face of this.

She wrapped her hands around the sides of his head, threading them through his hair on the one side, and the scruff of his neck fur on the other, and *pushed*. She was so close she was so close she was so goddamn *close* — her entire body tensed in anticipation, and then, mercifully, he hit it just right. She came, riding a cascade of muscle spasms and dopamine down a waterfall of absolute pure bliss.

He didn't stop. She gritted her teeth, her lips peeling back as something between a whine and a snarl escaped her. There was more to do, of course. He was going to — she came again, the pounding of blood rising in her ears as her legs hitched and spasmed. Still, he held on. Her engorged clit fucking *ached*. It felt more and more like every time he came back there, it lasted longer, drawing his tongue from the base of it to the top. It was unbearable, but the thought of him pulling away without seeing this through was worse. Her feet clenched and unclenched, her

whole lower body giving a weird series of pops and muscle spasms as the tension was folded in and out of her by his relentless tongue. She looked down for the first time since this had started and experienced a shock so bad it almost knocked her out of the dream of it.

The... wrongness... in Noah's body was spreading to her. Her legs, hooked up over his shoulders, were twisted in a way they shouldn't be; her feet swollen and her toes shortened, the ends of them pushing out into bone white claws. Wine red fur was sprouting from her legs, seemingly starting at the point of contact with his face and moving outward from there. That led her to... the ... other thing.

Her clit felt the way it did; the tension, the straining, the absolute mind shattering rush to escape her body, because it was growing. From base to tip it was already a few inches, and steadily gaining length and girth with every shred of attention it was given. It was excruciating. Her breath hitched in her throat as it swelled, larger and larger, unmistakably further and further away from being her clit and closer and closer to being—

In the space between them, she caught a glimpse of Noah's quivering, bright red length, pointed tip dripping with inexhaustible need. It looked just like hers.

Her cock.

He wrapped his snout around her in earnest and the absolute bliss of it, the warmth of him closing around her, was too much. She bucked her hips and came, feeling the ropes of her cum paint the inside of his maw. A noise she could only register as a howl triumphantly escaped from her throat, and at the same time, a pressure underneath her popped, and her tail worked itself free, quivering back and forth in unchecked exaltation.

The moment didn't last though. It couldn't, really, because now, the voice was having a meltdown. Suddenly, it became sharply, painfully clear. Something in her was being suppressed.

The voice was her.

Abruptly horrified, she scabbled backwards over the tiles, away from Noah, who was still fastidiously running his tongue over his teeth, cleaning up the vestiges of her orgasm. For the first time since this all started she saw him clearly and without the haze the word had imposed on her.

His caramel skin had been all but overtaken by thick fur the color of drying blood. His posture had been warped to make a four legged stance more comfortable, he sat perched on paws slightly more dexterous than a dog's, but still far from any hand she'd ever held. He had been muscular before but now he was truly huge; his hair bristling into a mane that bisected his rippling shoulders. His face was less far gone, but still clearly inhuman, his nose extending together with his jaw to form a black nosed snout, his ears long and pointed, curling in on themselves and beginning to make their way further up his head. The most... unsettling thing about his face was the way his teeth had seemed to supersede his lips in a way that evoked some kind of living skull. His eyes, locked intently on hers, burned an eager yellow, and his head was crowned with a pair of

horns. His cock, as ever, trembled, eager for them to pick up where they'd left off.

Turning her attention to herself, Harper realized that she was making a lot of progress towards becoming his mirror. One leg bent towards a fully animal paw, the other not quite as far gone but still most of the way there. Fur had overtaken her to the waist, and feeling at her face and head confirmed the presence of both horns and the beginning of the skull effect around her jaw.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, and she realized - he wasn’t forming the words with his mouth. His mouth was opening and closing, but slowly, out of time with the words. She was hearing him *inside her fucking head*.

She pulled up her top as if to answer, realizing that part of the preceding events had dramatically increased the size of her chest, casting her glance down to her changed body. Her cock twitched, dribbling, as if to remind her that she was still unsatisfied by their efforts thus far. Beneath it, she could feel that the rest of her pussy was still intact and more than ready to be enjoyed. As wrong as it felt, just seeing it all built up a wave of heat that almost knocked her back into the haze.

“W-what’s happening to me,” she stammered, realizing that she wasn’t speaking out loud anymore, either. She wanted it to sound accusatory, and maybe it did. Or maybe it sounded confused. She wanted answers, didn’t she? Or she wanted this to stop? Increasingly, as he plodded closer, she wanted either of those things less and for him to put his mouth on her cock again much more. Or to fuck her... she realized she was losing control and bit down on her tongue.

“I heard the word earlier today,” he answered, “so I shared it with you.” He said it like it was the most matter-of-fact thing in the world and he was surprised she even needed to ask. “It felt good. I wanted to feel good with you. You like it, don’t you?” His tail did an honest to god wag of anticipation for her answering affirmation.

It was undeniable that she did. It was just... it had been easier when she didn’t need to confront the whole truth of it. It was tempting, so tempting to allow herself to slip below the surface again, to go with it and stop trying to hold onto the melting clay of her objections. It had only been a few minutes and it felt like an eternity. She was tired.

Also she desperately wanted him to put his cock in her.



She eased off of her white knuckled restraint and raised herself onto all fours instinctually, turning away from him. He tilted his head, unsure.

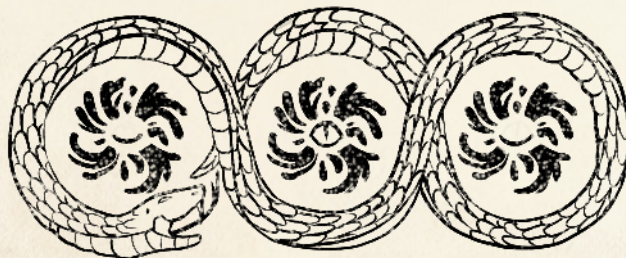
She raised the stub of her tail, making the invitation clear. She bit her lip. “Plea—”

He barely needed the answer. Like before, he all but snapped into place, thrusting into her judiciously - deliciously - so deep and wide she stretched to contain him. He was huge now, too much for her to take in before but - her spine cracked - maybe just enough for her new configuration. Underneath them her cock absolutely leaked, a steady stream of pre-cum drizzling onto the tiles, the floor already a mess from everything else that had happened. She took advantage of the wetness and wrapped her shortening fingers around herself and squeezed, timing her pumping with his thrusting behind her. It was ecstasy. Her reservations melted, vanished, faded into nothing. Instead visions of even more pleasure crowded her head, of others like them joining in on the game, a shape beneath her, lapping at her length while her slit was filled. She would cum and then slot into that position with another partner, or take up Noah's spot, pistoning her cock into a pack mate until, howling, she filled them instead.

He let loose inside her, and at the warmth of it she came also, great pulsing strands marking the floor beneath her twitching paws. The release of it was fantastic, her body stretching and reshaping in time with the outflow of tension. Her fur bristled and shook, tail unfurling to its new length as he dismounted. Circling a few times, he collapsed on the floor, apparently finally spent, at least for the moment. She padded over to him, cleaning his exposed length with her tongue as a quick thank you. “Ah,” he rumbled, “that... was fucking good.”

She wanted to agree, but the word stopped her short, flashing a series of images in her head - the echo of a cavern, the warmth of a fire, the tender embrace of the writhing darkness.

“I don't think it's time to rest yet—” was all she could reply before the floor opened up beneath them both, a soft chasm caressing them with a horde of hungry tongues as they were drawn through to the other side. The rest of the pack was waiting.



bonus



Virginia's final design

Thinking about a succubus as an agent of temptation, I thought it would be cool to give her snake / Medusa elements to bring it back to the biblical story of the Fall. The snake woman on the title page is an art history nerd Easter egg - she's a reference to the Sistine Ceiling (because I am extremely myself).

bonus



Virginia's original design

I felt like this was a little too generic - it's pretty similar to other devil girls I've done in the past . Once I changed the design, the theming came more easily into focus.

bonus

Hellhound design

I used most of this except that I wanted Noah and Harper to keep their hair. I wanted this story to be a little more creepy / eldritch, which I think the skull face works well with.





Thank You

to everyone who bought this and supported niche content! Abe and I love working on this stuff and it wouldn't exist without you. We both worked hard on this book and we sincerely hope you enjoyed it!

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