



Succubus

01



SHORT STORIES



Pig King



Story and 3D Art
Teddy

Young girl PigKing.com.br

THIS IS RAVEN. THE PERFECT PERSONA, AN ICON OF BEAUTY AND SEX APPEAL THAT EVERYONE IN COLLEGE WORSHIPS.



HER SMILE IS A MAGNET; HER PRESENCE, A COMMAND. CLASSMATES AND "FRIENDS" CROWD HER ORBIT, WILLING TO DO ANYTHING FOR A SCRAP OF HER ATTENTION.

THE IRONY? THE MORE THEY ADMIRE HER, THE LESS THEY SEE THE TRUTH BEHIND THE FLAWLESS FACADE.



RAVEN IS ONE OF THE NASTIEST BITCHES YOU COULD EVER CROSS. THEIR ADMIRATION IS HER GAME, AND HER POPULARITY IS HER PERFECT WEAPON FOR A TRULY CRUEL NATURE.



OH MY GOD... RAVEN IS COMING... I HAVE
TO BE BRAVE AND TALK TO HER...

MY MOM SAID CHICKS DIG
GUYS WITH BALLS...


WHO IS THIS DISGUSTING CREEP? WHAT THE FUCK IS HE EVEN INVITING ME TO?

HEY, RAVEN! WHAT'S UP? IT'S ME, TIMOTHY... I USED TO DO YOUR SCHOOLWORK, REMEMBER?

I WAS WONDERING IF... YOU'D BE DOWN TO GO TO JASON'S PLACE...WATCH A MOVIE...




SORRY, TIMOTHY... I'VE JUST GOT A TON OF SHIT TO DO, SO... PROBABLY NOT.




YOU'LL LOVE IT, RAVEN... WE'RE WATCHING A CLASSIC FROM THE 90S... IT'S GOT KEVIN BACON...

AND THESE MONSTROUS WORMS THAT COME OUT OF THE GROUND AND FUCKING DEVOUR PEOPLE... IT'S REALLY COOL, I SWEAR.



WHAT KIND OF SHITTY MOVIE IS THAT?
KILLER WORMS? KEVIN WHO?

I BETTER SHUT THIS TRASH DOWN NOW
BEFORE HE BOTHERS ME AGAIN.



LOOK, TIMOTHY... TO BE HONEST, I FUCKING HATE MOVIES! ESPECIALLY MONSTER CRAP...

AND THE ONLY WORM I KNOW... IS THE ONE STANDING IN FRONT OF ME, TALKING TO ME!

NOW, GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY,
I'M LATE! I CAN'T WASTE MY TIME TALKING
TO A FUCKING LOSER LIKE YOU!


SORRY, RAVEN... I DIDN'T
MEAN TO BOTHER YOU.



FUCKING NERD... NOW I'M
ACTUALLY LATE BECAUSE OF
THAT PIECE OF SHIT.



BUT I MIGHT STILL FIND THE COFFEE SHOP OPEN... I SHOULD'VE MADE ONE OF THOSE USELESS SKANKS I CALL "FRIENDS" DO THIS FOR ME.



MY DAD STILL HASN'T SENT MY ALLOWANCE. THAT OLD FUCK KEEPS FORGETTING ABOUT ME TOO...

I'M SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS... NO ONE IN THIS DAMN PLACE IS ON MY LEVEL.

A ALGUNS METROS DE RAVEN, EM UMA LOJA SUSPEITA, UMA PERSONALIDADE MÍSTICA SE CONCENTRA EM SEUS TRABALHOS DIÁRIOS...



A man with a large, spiky tuft of white hair, wearing a white shirt, a grey vest, and a striped tie, is looking down at a stack of books on a desk. He appears overwhelmed. The desk is cluttered with several tall stacks of books of various colors and sizes. In the background, there is a bookshelf filled with books and framed pictures. A lit candle in a brass holder is on the left, and a skull is visible on a shelf in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the man's head and one to his right.


GOSH, IT'LL TAKE ME DAYS TO ORGANIZE THIS...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE OPENED THAT OTHER STORE...



GOOD MORNING, SIR...

JUST A MINUTE... I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.




I DON'T HAVE A MINUTE, WALTER.

WALTER, THE OLD WARLOCK, FELT THE DARK AND FAMILIAR PRESENCE WASHING OVER HIM. A POWERFUL ENERGY HE WAS OBLIGATED TO ACKNOWLEDGE.


BY THE COSMIC GODS... IT'S HER...

EVEN THOUGH HE WAS AN EXPERIENCED WIZARD, IT WAS TOO POWERFUL FOR HIM TO IGNORE.




HELLO, WALTER... IT'S BEEN A LONG
TIME, HASN'T IT?

AM I INTERRUPTING SOMETHING
IMPORTANT?




NO, LADY AGNIS... YOU COULD NEVER BE A DISTURBANCE. IT IS AN HONOR TO RECEIVE YOU IN MY HUMBLE ESTABLISHMENT...



SPLENDID, WALTER... HAS MY ORDER ARRIVED? YOU KNOW PRECISELY WHAT I AM REFERRING TO, DON'T YOU?

OF COURSE, MY LADY... I WILL FETCH THE ITEM FOR YOU IMMEDIATELY...



HERE IT IS... THE TEAR OF A SUCCUBUS. AN ARTIFACT OF INCOMPARABLE RARITY AND POWER.

THANK YOU FOR ENTRUSTING ME TO BE THE CUSTODIAN OF SUCH A MASTERPIECE, GREAT LADY AGNIS.

EXCELLENT, WALTER... YOU HAVE PERFORMED YOUR DUTY EFFICIENTLY...

IT IS MY GREATEST JOY TO BE OF USE TO YOU. THE GRATEFUL ONE IS I... MY QUEEN OF WITCHES.


FUCK... THAT WAS CLOSE. I NEED TO BE MORE CAREFUL.

THAT DISTRACTION COULD HAVE COST ME DEARLY...


SHIT... I HAVE TO RUN, THAT FUCKING COFFEE SHOP IS GONNA CLOSE ANY SECOND...



GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY
WAY, YOU DISGUSTING MUTT!



GO FUCK YOURSELF, YOU
WORTHLESS BUM!



HEY, GIRL! SHOW SOME RESPECT
FOR MY DOG!



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WHAT DID YOU CALL ME,
YOU INSOLENT GIRL?

DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE
GOING, YOU SENILE OLD HAG?



MING ANTIQUES

1250

1252

THE HO

SCOTT
MAY
1909

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YOU KNOW WHAT? FORGET IT. I'M NOT WASTING MY TIME ON A BROKEN-DOWN OLD CRONE LIKE YOU.

SNAP!

HOTEL
SR-D



INSOLENT GIRL... YOU THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU STEALING MY STONE?

VERY WELL THEN... YOU WILL KNOW MY WRATH. I CURSE YOU.





AWAKEN, ENTITY OF PERVERSION AND LUST! USE THIS INSOLENT GIRL'S BODY AS YOUR VESSEL!





ZHUMMM

ZHUMMM



THIS JEWEL MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE... TOMORROW I'LL PAWN THIS PIECE OF SHIT OFF.

IT SHOULD COVER ALL MY EXPENSES UNTIL THAT USELESS OLD MAN I CALL A FATHER FINALLY BOTHERS TO SEND MY ALLOWANCE.

NIGHT FALLS OVER THE COLLEGE CAMPUS, AND RAVEN REMAINS UTTERLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER. HER DESPICABLE BEHAVIOR IS ABOUT TO MEET ITS FINAL JUDGE.






HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THIS THING IS WORTH? FIVE HUNDRED? A GRAND?... MAYBE EVEN THREE?

THAT CRAZY OLD HAG LOOKED LOADED... I'D RISK FIVE THOUSAND FOR IT, EASY.



ZHUMMM

ZHUMMM



WHAT THE!?! IT'S GLOWING!?! WHAT
THE HELL IS THIS?!

THE SUCCUBUS'S TEAR IS ACTIVATED. THE ESSENCE OF THE QUEEN OF LUST VIOLENTLY INVADES RAVEN'S BODY, MERGING WITH HER VERY SOUL.



WHOOOSH!

RAVEN REMAINS CONSCIOUS, A PRISONER IN HER OWN FLESH, FORCED TO FEEL EVERY ACTION, EVERY PERVERSE PLEASURE, AND EVERY TOUCH OF THE ENTITY NOW PILOTING HER BODY.

AND WORSE: THE SUCCUBUS'S PRIMORDIAL INSTINCT IS TO SEEK OUT THOSE THE MOST WRONGED MOST DURING THE DAY, TRANSFORMING THEIR VENGEFUL DESIRES INTO A SUBLIME AND ENDLESS TORTURE FOR THE VESSEL.

MY GOD!?! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!?! IT FEELS LIKE I'M ON FIRE FROM THE INSIDE!

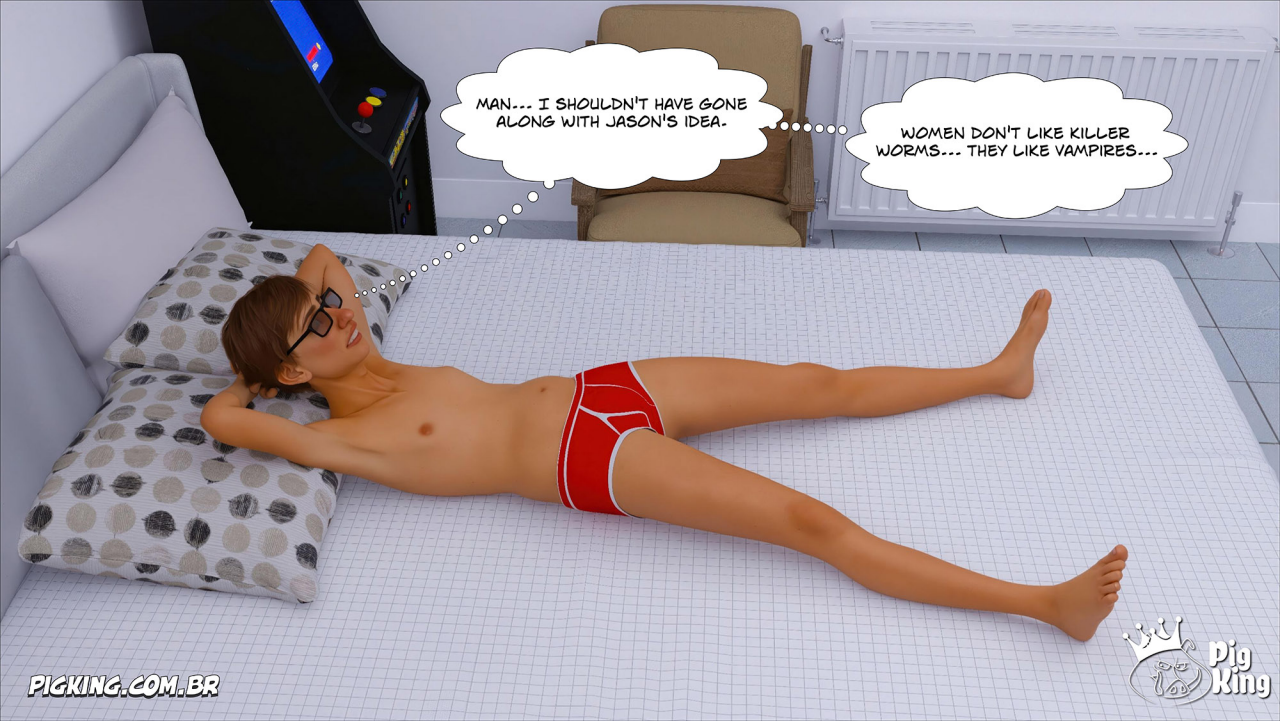


AHHH... FINALLY.

MEANWHILE, IN TIMOTHY'S ROOM---

EAT
SLEEP
GAME
REPEAT



A man with short brown hair and black-rimmed glasses is lying on his back on a bed with a white grid-patterned sheet. He is wearing red briefs with white trim. His hands are behind his head. In the background, there is a grey sofa with patterned pillows, a black arcade machine, a brown armchair, and a white radiator. Two thought bubbles are connected to him by dotted lines. The first bubble is above his head, and the second is further to the right.

MAN... I SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE
ALONG WITH JASON'S IDEA.

WOMEN DON'T LIKE KILLER
WORMS... THEY LIKE VAMPIRES...



JUST TO SHUT MY BRAIN OFF
FROM THIS SHITTY DAY.

WHAT A FUCKING EMBARRASSMENT, DUDE.
BETTER PUT ON SOME ANIME TO ZONE OUT...
OR SOME HENTAI, HONESTLY.



THAT'S IT... SOME HOT SCENES WILL HELP ME RELAX.

IF I CAN'T GET A REAL GIRL, AT LEAST I HAVE MY IMAGINATION...

A woman with red wings and a red bikini is flying in a room. She is smiling and looking towards a man who is sitting on the floor, looking up at her. The ceiling has a large red pentagram with intricate patterns inside. The room has a modern, industrial feel with grey walls and ceiling lights.

HELLO, TIMOTHY... YOUR
LONELINESS IS OVER.

JESUS! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!?

WHOOOSH!

MY GOD!?! WHAT AM I
DOING HERE!?!



END

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CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.