

UPON A STAR HUNTER'S CURSE

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UPON A STAR

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MEDIERTH. SIX YEARS AFTER THE NIGHT OF REBIRTH. WITH THE WORLD RESHAPED AND THE POPULATION NO LONGER REMEMBERING THE FALL OF THE OLD WORLD, THE PROMISED PARADISE OF THE GODDESS SEEMS A DISTANT MEMORY. AS SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE IN HER AWAKENING, OTHERS HAVE TURNED FROM ALL FORMS OF WORSHIP AND FIND JUSTICE IN SWORD-FOR-HIRES.



CLANK!



ONE SUCH PERSON IS RESHAM. PHYSICALLY AGED 13, BUT HAS THE INTELLECT AND SKILL OF SOMEONE TWICE HIS AGE.

GYAARGH!

YOU'RE MINE!

TRASH!





FIFTY-THOUSAND SHARDS FOR THAT WIMP? PFF... IF I GET PAID IN COPPER, THEY WON'T SEE ME COMING...

SOME BELIEVE HIM TO BE AN ELF, WHILE OTHERS FIND HIS UNUSUAL PHYSIQUE AND WIT TO BE MORE FITTING OF A SHAPE-SHIFTER. HIS DARK HAIR, COPPER SKIN AND LACK OF EYEBROWS - UNNATURAL FOR MOST PEOPLE - GAVE HIM THE NICKNAME 'THE DARK LANDER', REMINISCING TO THE SILVER-HAIRED LANDERS OF THE OLD WORLD.

THOUGH AN EXPERT MONSTER SLAYER, HIS YOUTHFUL BODY STILL LACKS THE STAMINA OF ADULTS.

TRACKING THAT THING BETTER BE WORTH IT... IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO REACH SILVERGLOAM NOW. BETTER REST FIRST.





NO...
STOP... DON'T...
PLEASE!

BUT HIS CURSE IS FAR WORSE:
BRANDED BY THE OUTCRIERS - A
MILITARY CULT THAT HUNTS AND
DESTROYS ALL FORMS OF
MAGIC - HIS TRUE NAME WAS
LOST, AS THEY BURNED A
MISPELT TITLE ON HIS SKIN.
THIS MEMORY HUNTS HIS EVERY
MOMENT OF REST.

HAVING BEEN TORTURED AND FORCED INTO THE OUTCRIERS' RANKS, THE YOUNG MAN IS STARTLED AWAKE BY HIS CONSTANT NIGHTMARES, COLD SWEAT ON HIS BROW.



Eh...oo

Eh...oo

Eh...oo

Eh...oo

NO!
THAT...
NIGHTMARE
AGAIN...

THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES NEARBY FORCES HIM TO NERVOUSLY GET UP AND REACH FOR HIS SWORD.

GREAT...
IF THAT GOBLIN
BROUGHT
REINFORCEMENTS...



ONLY FOR THE RUSTLE
OF LEAVES TO EXPOSE A
LONE RABBIT THAT HAD
WATCHED THE YOUNG
MAN'S SLEEP.

ZASS!

SHOW
YOURSELVES!

SNIF!!

LETTING THE RABBIT SCAMPER OFF, RESHAM RELAXES HIS GUARD, FEELING EMBARRASSED BY HIS REACTION.

SCARED BY A LOUSY HARE... LOVELY... I REALLY NEED TO GET A PROPER NIGHT'S-

TUM
TUM
TUM

RESHAM'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED AS HE NOTICES THAT NOT ONLY IS IT NIGHT, BUT THAT THE MOON IS APPROACHING ITS ZENITH.

DAMN IT!



AS THE MOONLIGHT STRIKES HIS MIND, HIS BODY STARTS TO FEEL HEAVY AS A SECOND VOICE BEGINS TO RING IN HIS HEAD - ONE HE BEGAN HEARING AFTER HIS 'INITIATION' TO THE OUTCRIERS.

IT'S TIME, SWEETHEART!

LRGH... FOR ONCE, CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME-





REMEMBER THE PROMISE? HALF THE DAY TO YOU, HALF TO ME.

ARGH!

SNAP!

SNAP!

BULGE!

DROPPING HIS SWORD, RESHAM USES A NEARBY TREE FOR BALANCE, KNOWING FULL WELL WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, WHETHER HE WANTED IT OR NOT. ALREADY, CHANGES WERE BEGINNING IN HIS LEGS AS HIS NORMALLY SNUG PANTS STARTED TO CREAK AS MUSCLE, BONE AND FLESH STARTED TO EXPAND.

DOING HIS BEST TO RESIST THE CHANGES, RESHAM IS UNABLE TO STOP HIS BODY FROM AGING TO FIT HIS MENTAL AGE. AS THE VOICE CONTINUES TO SPEAK IN HIS HEAD, HIS MIND - AND CLOTHES - BEGIN TO BREAK AS WOMANLY FEATURES BURST OUT.

YOU MEAN OUR PAY.

DON'T WORRY: I'LL FIND YOU SOME NICE CLOTHES... AND SOME FOR MYSELF, TOO!

HAHAHA...

NOT NOW... THAT... WARRANT... MY PAY!

POP!

POP!

TRISH!

TRISH!

TRISH!

TRISH!

AS LONG AS YOU PROMISE...
OH CRAP!

OH, DON'T WORRY SO MUCH!
YOU KNOW I ALWAYS TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU...

HAHAHA...

WOMP!

STRETCH!!

SHRIMP!!

BULGE!

RESHAM'S MOMENTARY COMPROMISE CAUSES THE VOICE'S INFLUENCE TO GROW STRONGER, ALLOWING ONE LAST PUSH TO TEAR HIS PANTS ASUNDER!

LOOK... EVER SINCE YOU TOOK THAT GEM FROM THAT STATUE, I'VE BEEN SAVING YOU FROM GOING MAD OR DYING.

STOP THAT, MERKA! I ALREADY LOOK LIKE A FREAK AS IT IS!

URGH... FINE! JUST... GET THIS OVER WITH!"

IF YOU DON'T ALLOW ME OUT, YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY TO TOWN WITH MY LEGS... UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO BE AROUND FOR A FULL DAY?

RESHAM STRUGGLES TO KEEP CONTROL, STRUGGLING TO FIND A WAY TO COVER HIS WOMANLY ASSETS. THE VOICE STRIKES HIM WITH A TRUTH HE CANNOT DENY.

YOU WANTED ME TO 'GET IT OVER WITH...'
HAHAHA...

GYAAAAH!

CRACK!

ZAP!

RIIIP!

POP!

BULGE!

CRACK!

BULGE!

CRACK!

STRETCH!

TRASH!

TRASH!

THE MOMENT RESHAM SPEAKS OUT HIS HURRIED ORDER, MERKA PUSHES THE CHANGES FURTHER AT AN ACCELERATED RATE, CAUSING HIS UPPER BODY TO GROW IN SIZE TO MATCH THE WOMANLY LEGS, TEARING THROUGH CLOTHES AND LEATHER ARMOR.

AS WHAT REMAINS OF RESHAM BEGINS TO FADE INTO MERKA'S FORM, HIS - NOW HER - HAIR BEGINS TO LIGHTEN TO A PEARLY WHITE, FACIAL FEATURES LOWING ITS AWKWARD MASCULINITY. A GROWING PRESSURE ON RESHAM'S CHEST FORCES BOTH HANDS TO THAT LEVEL. WHILE HE TRIES TO STOP THEIR GROWTH, SHE GROPEES THEM IN AN EFFORT TO HURRY THE CHANGES.

WHAT'S... HAPPENING? IT FEELS...

GOOD? BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR MISSING...

SNAP!

POP!

SNAP!

RESHAM ATTEMPTS ONE LAST STRUGGLE TO KEEP CONTROL OF HIS BODY, THOUGH THE PRESSURE AND PLEASURE OF MERKA'S GROWING BREASTS ARE QUICKLY MAKING IT A LOSING BATTLE.

I'M ALMOST THERE, SWEETHEART, SO JUST LET THEM - AND - ME OUT, ALREADY!

JUST... STOP...

SNAP!

POP!

BULGE!

POP!

SNAP!

ONE LAST PUSH BRINGS MERKA TO THE SURFACE AS HER ENLARGED BREASTS FINALLY RIP THROUGH WHAT REMAINED OF RESHAM'S ARMOR.

AH...
OH!
FINALLY!

RIP!

SHRIIP!!

WOMP!

BOING!

BULGE!

AS MERKA TAKES OVER, SHE EASES HERSELF UP, THE NIGHT WIND AND MOONLIGHT EASING HER BACK INTO HER FULLY WOMAN SHAPE.

MMM...
IT ALMOST FELT
EASIER THIS TIME...
MAYBE HE'S
STARTING TO
LIKE BEING ME?
HAHAHA...



AS MERKA REACHES FOR RESHAM'S SWORD TO LEAVE THE AREA AND RETURN TO SILVERGLOAM, SHE NOTICES THE HARE SCAMPER TOWARDS HER.

HUH?
OH! INABA!



PICKING UP HER FAMILIAR, SHE SWEETLY NUZZLES IT. WORK CAN WAIT A BIT, AS THE TWO REUNITE AFTER A TWELVE-HOUR-LONG PARTING... TO RESHAM'S IRE.

YOU PLANNED THAT WHOLE THING, DIDN'T YOU?
AT LEAST SHE'S KEEPING HER PROMISE...

AWW... DID YOU MISS MOMMY?

HAHAHA...
COME ON. LET'S GET YOU A COUPLE CARROTS AND A NEW DRESS FOR MOMMY!

