



LOST SOULS



„Hello?!“ Sally slowly walked over the parking lot of the sugar factory. She had always hated the nightshift, but no matter how often she complained, Koby always told her that they could make way more money in the night than during the day. *„No ghosts.... there are no ghosts... ghosts are just not real“* She repeated to herself as she passed a few parked cars.

A sudden rumble made Sally's hair stand to end as she turned around. The shine of her flashlight caught a tin rolling over the ground with a loud, grinding sound. *„Th.. These stupid Skirrans again for sure...“* The young Zirran sighed as she picked up the empty energy drink and threw it into the trash.

The rest of the night went by without any further Skirran activities. The only thing Sally was wondering about, was that Koby seemed to be very quiet today. Her Bolgan friend had never been that talky but tonight he did not answer with a single word, maybe because of the fact she had almost ruined their reputation as a night-guard last time.

„Koby?... Koby, you there?!“ Nothing. The Zirran stepped back into the light of the streetlamps and switched of her Flashlight with a snarky *„Fine, let's play professionals now“*.

Happy that her tour was over, she sat down into the small chair she had placed next to the factory entrance and started to unpack a chocolate bar. Out of the trail of he reye, she saw that something was moving in the distance. Alarmed, she jumped up and looked into the direction: a small, bouncing light was wandering through the field next to the street.

„What the?!“ At this point, Sally was rather angry than scared. She had fallen for that bad trick last week, as s skirran had distracted her with a lantern stick, while its companions broke into the sugar factory!

Enraged, she jumped out of her chair and runned down the slope, switching on her flashlight.

„Ugh“ Her feet dove into thick and cold, muddy water. *„You won't get me this time you stupid brats! I'm after you, you sugar-stealers!“* An amused cackle halled through the field as the light moved further away, deeper into the swamp.



Sally had followed the light for almost 20 minutes now. She wondered how the skirran managed to get through the brackish waters so fast, it was almost knee-deep now.

A cold chill was suddenly running down her back. How long had she been following the bouncing light? She turned around and couldn't see the factory anymore as she looked back in front, she saw the light disappearing between a small formation of rocks.

Sally shrieked as she the light of her flashlight hit a gruesome scene: An old grave seemed to be hidden between the rocks, the tombstone wasn't readable anymore, but the skulls and bones seemed to be washed ashore the formation. Again, the cackling laughter halled through the night, as something grabbed the Zirrans feet.

„Who had come to disturb us?“ a deep female voice seemed to hall from the rocks as Sally felt the grasp around her feet becoming tighter. Something was curling around her ankles underwater! „I have brought you a new queen, mistress of the swamp!“ a quite squeaky, male voice answered. „Its full moon just like you told us!“ The water around sally seemed to move faster... something was below her. In horror, the young Zirran saw greenish tentacles emerging from the cold surface, trying to grab her.

„I see you are afraid of the dark, queen of the night“ the deep female voice suddenly sounded way more friendly. Quivering and wet, Sally looked around in panic. *„P-please, don't hurt me... please, this can't be real!“* She felt the grip around her legs loosen a bit. Was this monster having mercy with her? *„I can take away from you all fear of the dark, I can make you a queen of the night, a mistress of shadows, but I want you no harm. I am only asking to be there for me and my kind, we need a mother that cares and defends us“* The tentacles seemed to have surrounded Sally by now.

Sally looked around desperately. On the other hand, the offer of the creature sounded kinda good. She remembered all the times she had been afraid of the dark, and how Koby always called her a scaredy-cat. *„Wh- what do i have to give you in return?“*

A moaning emerged from the brackish water as the surface started to ripple *„Just let me escape my recent, disgusting form and let my power flow into you, I am trapped in this grave!“*



„And you will let me go, give me your power and make me fearless?“ Sally asked. The tentacles around her started to twitch. „Exactly, a queen of the night“ The voice answered.

„Well, then.... what are you waiting for? Queen of the night sounds badass!“

With a triumphant moan, a thick tentacle darted out of the water as it slipped beneath Sally's top. Sally had only seconds to regret her deal with a random, buried creature that maybe was trapped in that situation for a good reason. „Great, I only needed these words from you...“ The thick tip of the slimy organ jammed inside Sally's mouth. More and more tentacles emerged from the water around, as the taste of brackish water filled Sally's throat.

At the base of the tentacle a thick, fleshy slit started to open, slowly revealing a throbbing, penis-like organ that started to swell in anticipation. The voice of the creature was suddenly in her head, as Sally saw soft, fleshy holes appearing on the tentacle close to her mouth.

„You will be a cum-slurping slut for these males, if you want it or not now. Before you rule them, you must give them the release they crave for!“ The massive tentacle started to rip her top into shreds, as the tiny, flying creature landed on her chest and started to grin into her face.

Sally tried to scream, as she saw the creature stroking over its small, erected cock, before it leaned forward and carefully slipped it inside the fleshy hole of the tentacle. „haha, yes.... It will squirt its filthy load into you.... you have no other choice than eating its semen“ Sally tried to fight the grasp and close her eyes. The tiny imp-like creature thrust back and forth as it fucked the fleshy tentacle that was stuck in the throat of the Zirran.

Something thick tangled around her arms, as she felt them slowly pushed inside a cold, wet hole. Still horrified that her face was fucked by the small creature Sally realized, that her hands and lower arms were slowly swallowed by thick greenish tentacle-cunts that greedily sucked in her limbs with a farting, slimy sound.

„Hm Gwd, Hnnnw!“ Sally's voice was muffled, as the creature finally squirted its salty load into the tentacle. The cum was oozing from multiple holes that smacked while the viscous jizz was pumped inside her throat.



A pressure started to grow in the back of Sally's head, right after the salty taste had vanished in her mouth. The small creature flew off, clearly satisfied, as Sally felt the tentacles pulling down her shorts.

„Now its time to have some real fun“ The creature whispered. The cock on the tentacle looked swollen and thick, already oozing strands of disgusting semen. Sally felt as her shorts and slip were ripped from her crotch, as the drooling tip of the monstrous cock came closer.

Her arms sunk deeper into the slimy openings of the cunts, bending her backwards and pushing her sex closer to the lurking penis. Cum dripped out of the Zirrans mouth, as another tentacle curled around her waist and throat.

„Such a nice body... you will be a wonderful queen...“ With these words, Sally felt the tip of the thick cock slowly parting her inner labia, drooling pre into her pussy to make it nice and wet. Smacking and farting every time the slimy glans slipped back and forth, the hard shaft finally slipped into her wet cunt.

Sally moaned out loud as the cock-tentacle lifted her up into the cold air. With a slurp, she pulled her arms out of the cunt-like openings, as the slimy flap around the cock sucked tight around her crotch.



The liquids of the creature had turned her hands into dark, weird-looking claws. A strange kind of dark fur started to cover her old skin, fur that had the color so dark it was impossible to even see it in the night.

Sally looked at her feet, which had almost become two-toed, armored boots... or at least that was what came closest to it. The thick cock inside her made Sally moan out loud, as she felt herself wanting more.

This cock wasn't enough for her. Wet sex-sounds halled from the stones around her, as she screamed out loud *„Is that all you got bitch?, haha, Im not feeling you at all! Come on, give it to me!“*

Suddenly, Sally realized, that the voice was not in her head anymore. It was more like her own voice sounded exactly like the creature that was taking her. Her once pretty high Zirran voice had now a deep-almost demonic taint to it... *„Hhh“* Sally moaned and breathed heavily, as she felt the cock in her cunt slowly turning flaccid *„hh... no.... NOO!“*



The tentacles around her seemed to collapse into the brackish water. The thick mainpart with the cock slowly let go of her as it slipped back into the cold dark.

Sally was able to see everything out of a sudden. It was like the sun had risen and the smell of grass, mud and sugar filled her nose. Her own body now completely covered in midnight-coloured fur, She touched her face with her new claws for the first time. No Muzzle. Something horrible had happened, she was not herself anymore! She looked down to see her reflection into the water as a demonic female looked back at her confused. Long horns had grown out of her now almost human skull. Weird, glowing marks shimmered through on her tights and hands.

And like if she had always known it, Sally whispered: „Lux“

A bright, ghostly flame appeared in her palm, a flame that seemed to cry in a weird way.

Sadness filled Sally's heart, as she realized it was the soul that had turned her into her current form, a ghost buried and forgotten that had made a pact with an unnatural force, angry about not being missed. A black tear rolled down her chin „So much anger... so much loneliness...“

She knew what her task was now: To collect all the lost souls, the ones that were buried nameless and make them her children.

„Vitas“ She whispered again, as the ghostly flame started to brighten up, forming a small body with wings. The crying was no more, and the tiny body collapsed in her palm: A small whisperer male was carelessly sleeping in it now.

„Rest my son, I will keep watch“ she whispered as she walks away with her new child and disappeared into the comforting darkness of the swamp.

