

New Hires

Commission for Deiser

By

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The following contains: Male human to anthro female chocobo TF,
mental TF.

Read at your own discretion.



A new mug slammed onto the table catching the gathered adventurer's attention. Holding it stood a man with a fairly unimpressive build. Their unkempt black hair and plain, if clean, clothes didn't say much to the hardened warriors that'd stared down death countless times in the past year. A naive rich boy getting in over his head, most likely.

"Gentlemen, and ladies, my name is Dust! I wish to offer a proposition to any fine, capable hands looking for work."

His voice carried an unexpected air of confidence for having gained so many judgmental eyes. Even so, most at the table had already finished their assessment. One by one they rose from their chairs without even slurring an excuse for their departure. Some left in pairs, embracing each other in a drunk enough state for some private adventures in bed. Others simply went back to their rooms for sleeping into a hangover. There was a silent sentiment that only a damn fool would accept whatever task this preppy nobody offered.

"So, what's the job, new friend?!"

It wasn't too hard locating the speaker since they were the only person that chose to remain. A black haired man wearing half-circle glasses raised his mug of apple cider the moment they locked eyes. Their clothes and physical appearance was only a step above Dust's own, which didn't inspire much confidence. At least the great ax he kept propped beside him looked of decent quality.

"I guess one will have to do."

"What?"

"Uh, I mean, thank you for taking my call to action seriously, adventurer!" Dust took a swig of his drink to hide a brief lapse of nerves. "Might I ask your name?"

"Deiser!" the other man said, lifting his own mug in toast before finishing it off. "No need to be so formal, either. I'm always happy to help a newbie out with their problems."

A single word sent Dust's drink surging back up his throat. He nearly toppled under the table choking on the already bitter ale while the older adventurer looked on with a neutral smile.

"You think I'm a...?" Dust screamed once the burning fermented booze stopped burning inside his nostrils. "I'll have you know I am one of the most powerful mages in the kingdom!"

“Everyone says that fresh out of training schools,” Deiser replied, waving a dismissive hand. “Then you face down a lich or a swamp hag and suddenly everything has a really nasty bite to them. Have you ever been bitten by a swamp hag?”

Dust blinked as the question derailed his indignation. “No?”

“Those jaws are really strong for such frail old ladies. And they don’t brush either. It’s such a pain seeing herbalists and priests to make sure infections don’t set in.”

“And you’re speaking from experience?”

“Oh yeah! It happened four years ago when I’d returned from overseas. I’d secured the princess a fresh shipment of pineapples when I told my party friends that we should take a shortcut through the screaming valley of pain. No one ever believes me that it’s just a location name. It’s more a valley of fire breathing ducks than...”

Dust had to slap the table after frantically waving his hands failed to get Deiser’s attention. Thank the goddess he didn’t have to resort to throwing something. “I was almost certain you were interested in my job offer, Mr. Deiser!”

“Really, don’t be so formal. It makes me feel like an old timer. I had it awkward enough the time I needed to steal an artifact from a duke, so this jackal girl tied me to a...”

“Aaaanyway, my father’s mansion has been invaded by an evil entity. Do you want to slay it or not?”

“Well, why didn’t you say so!? That sounds like an awesome way to spend the evening.”

Dust didn’t bother trying to hide his irritated groan, leaning against the table to keep upright. A reaction that didn’t faze Deiser in the slightest. “Terrific. Let’s just go already.”

“But you didn’t finish your drink. I was just getting to the good part of my story.”

The mug was flipped upside down, creating a mess the wenches would not appreciate in the next five minutes. Dust let the cup itself fall from his hands before dusting them off. “Oops! I’m all done now. Let’s go!”

“If you say so, Mr. Wasteful,” Deiser said with a childish laugh. He hopped to his boots, slinging the great ax over his shoulder. One hand gave Dust a friendly slap on the back following them out the door. Unexpectedly high strength nearly sent the smaller man tumbling into the streets. “So, as I was saying, this jackal girl had me tied up with two pillows the size of a person, because I had this brilliant idea to be launched out of a...”

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Time is a relative thing depending highly on a person's perspective. Under normal circumstances the journey across domains to Dust's estate only took a day and a half on chocobo's. Being accompanied by a seasoned adventurer like Deiser, however, made this trip feel like a month of walking barefoot through glass.

"So, I told the druid they had the right to 'bear' arms, and then their owlbear form threw me out the three-story window just in time to land on the thief's cart. Boy! I can't overstate how great their timing was for me to ambush them."

"Somehow I get the feeling they didn't know there was a cart passing by," Dust said with no attempt at hiding his full contempt for the younger man. He was just happy when they cleared the tree line and their destination came into view. "There's my place just beyond the farmland."

"Oh! Great!" Deiser straightened up, having been riding the past several hours laid across his chocobo's back. Getting frequent annoyed chirps from his steed at this posture hardly phased him. Nor did a few attempts to buck them off. Legends said it took a very skilled rider to handle a red chocobo with their insane temperaments. Somehow, Dust doubted that was why he could ride so relaxed. "So, what kind of evil do you want me vanquishing anyway?"

The fact they'd talked for over twenty hours without inquiring about job specifics went ignored. Dust's leather armor puffed and deflated with his heavy sighs. "A pair of imps moved themselves in last week. The entire staff has been chased off, so I had to go fairly far for some help."

"Over some imps?" Deiser scoffed, leaping from his giant bird mount once they'd reached the estates' fenced borders. "I almost feel like you're overpaying me. This shouldn't take more than an hour."

"Honestly, with what I've seen so far, I'm guessing you'll only go ten minutes."

"Thanks!" Deiser finished collecting his gear from the saddlebags humming a merry tune. Now equipped to take on a rampaging elephant, he gave the red chocobo a few parting pets on its flank.

It thanked him with an angry squawk and a smack on the back of the head with its wing. Amazingly, the blow only set Deiser off two steps, where he promptly turned to give his disgruntled mount a hearty laugh.

"I love you too, pumpkin! Don't worry. I'll be back in no time."

Dust was pretty sure the chocobo tried impaling Deiser with its beak next, but the adventurer had already moved out of its long neck reach. He watched this strange, happy man skip down the stone paved walkway towards the mansion. The cluster of red feathers that got entangled in his hair by the attack seemed to go ignored, if Deiser noticed them at all. A few seconds passed before dust turned and recoiled to find the large red bird was now glaring intently at him.

“Yeah. I couldn’t be paid to get close to you, much less try and make for the stables. Do whatever you want.”

The chocobo stomped one foot with feathers fluffed to make it look larger. But then it turned and bolted back towards the forest and goddess knows where.

Entering the mansion wasn’t as ominous as Deiser had been expecting. A bright afternoon sun gave perfect illumination for the foyer. Everything looked tidy and peacefully silent, so he strolled on in with great axe casually carried across both shoulders.

“Any naughty imps cleaning up in here?” His shout carried an echo through the cavernous room down various hallways. Looked like Dust wasn’t kidding about the staff taking off. Deiser picked a random direction to start his search, able to hear his own footsteps on the carpet.

Perhaps he should have asked where the kitchen was. All evil entities like to steal the food first. Checking through two bedrooms, one library, and getting stuck in a broom closet, this was starting to feel like more than a one-hour job. Luckily, Deiser knew just what to do when it came to drawing out these kinds of targets.

Dust was so happy he didn’t follow Deiser inside when what sounded like a basilisk choking on glass began singing the poorest rendition of ‘A Thousand Words’ he’d ever heard. Just having the windows not shatter from such a pitch could be considered a blessing. Hands had to grip tight to keep his own yellow chocobo from fleeing from the nightmarish horror sounding off from inside the mansion.

When five minutes of this vague musical performance failed to produce any kind of demonic creature, or anyone in general, Deiser found himself at a true loss. At least he found the kitchen in his aimless wanderings. Sprawls of prepared breads and vegetable dishes were already set out for serving, yet had long since gone cold. That certainly didn’t stop him from sampling some radishes and carrots drizzled in cinnamon honey. The butter rolls weren’t half bad either. Turns out simple dishes that border lined pet food for the mounts can still be delicious.

“Well, aren’t you a little piggie? WHOA!”

No sooner did a new voice suddenly start speaking than Deiser’s years of combat habits kicked in. One should never consider an adventurer defenseless when they’re relaxed. The plate of roasted produce smothered in garlic he’d just picked up left his hand with a hard whirl in place. It sailed through the air spinning like a buzzsaw that only stopped when it impacted the far wall.

Shame the red imp that’d been hovering in the air kept just enough wits about them to dodge the improvised projectile. It retreated towards the ceiling, clenching its chest in heaving deep breaths. Eyes remained fixed on the metal serving tray lodged in the wood for several seconds before regaining enough composure to scoff at Deiser.

“Wow! I thought you types were all about playful banter-AAH!”

Whatever smugness the imp had left was quickly killed while it zoomed around the kitchen trying not to die with it. Dinner plates, drinking cups, silverware, anything that wasn't nailed down got flung in its frantic flight path with the finesse of a crossbow bolt. When those ran out Deiser resorted to chucking cooking utensils, followed by the reserved fine China.

Surviving the first minute of Deiser's barrage was the important part. After that, the kitchen filled with evil cackling as the imp grew used to zig zagging around each attack.

"That's a great arm you got there, ugly. Have you considered..."

Diverting the slightest of attention for taunting proved to be a fatal mistake. Though to be fair few experienced fighters would have seen the ham hock coming until it smacked them in the face. It wasn't even clear where a ham could have come from with most of the prepared dishes being plant based. The imp couldn't recover from the heavy meat strike, crashing across stove tops before flopping on the kitchen floor. Next thing it knew, Deiser loomed over it with axe pulled back for the triumphant finishing strike.

"Gotcha now, jabber mouth!" Deiser said. Muscles tensed, reeling back the weapon and making the imp brace for his strike.

A sharp crack broke through the kitchen with a flash of blue light. Deiser gave out a startled gasp that seemed to die off halfway out of him. His posture had come to an abrupt stop mid-swing and continued to remain rigidly in place. Not even his eyes blinked in the preceding seconds the imp stared on before finally letting itself relax.

The paralysis spell had landed perfectly on the distracted idiot just in time.

"You really need to stop trying to taunt humans!" a blue imp poked its head out from under Deiser's armpit. Its little clawed hands still smoked from a large discharge of magic. "We were lucky this guy didn't come with any resistance items."

"Dust was supposed to take care of that if they did." The red imp lifted itself back into the air in a hovering stance near its colored counterpart. "For how bad his singing gets, guy sure knows how to chuck a ham."

"Yeah? I'll mock you later for it. Hurry and help me with the rest of our job before my stun spell wears off."

"Oh. Right."

Both imps hovered around to flank Deiser. The man's triumphant smile remained unchanged while clawed hands were placed upon his head. Voices echoed through the kitchen in their unified demonic chant, bringing forth an extreme amount of ether from their tiny forms. Like dumping water on this dorky human's head, their magic flowed onto Deiser without resistance, cascading in a waterfall across his body.

Shame it was only at the last second the blue imp noticed a series of sparks emanating from their victim's hair. They leaned in with wide slit eyes to watch some entangled red feathers infused with their magic. Fibers intertwined, converting hair into matching plumes to overtake the human scalp.

"What the hell spell did you cast?!"

"Me?" The red imp glared back as Deiser's bangs rose into a crest between them. Its large plumage formed into a decorative crown pattern with the dark red shifting into a sun orange at the tips. "This is your damn polymorph spell. What'd you do to mess it up!?"

The imps bickering would have gone on for some time if the stunning spell on Deiser hadn't chosen to wear off. His feet buckled and the axe came down in a clumsy swing that left it sliced deep into the kitchen floorboards.

"Mmmph!! W-wark!?"

He looked around at the flanking imps trying to make sense of his lapse in focus. Attempting to open his mouth and question this aloud prompted a beak to explode forth from what had once been his teeth. Lips became devoured under the hard shell replacing his jaws, while the wide surface scrunched his nose until only nostrils remained at the base between his eyes.

Eyes that grew larger and more angular as they went cross to stare at his short avian muzzle curving downward into a pointed tip. Lashes lengthened at an outstanding pace to become thick and stylized, perfectly synergizing with the feminine shape of his reformed skull.

"What did you...do to me?" Deiser stuttered at the new singsong tone of his light voice. Soft red down continued developing down his slender neck across the rest of his body, making it itch something fierce under his clothes. Hard shifting of bones caused him to gasp as his shirt became slack around the shoulders, but pants tightened around widening hips. He looked at his hands watching their nails lengthen into fine manicured black claws before the fingers themselves slimmed into a refined dainty cast.

"Well, at least he's still becoming a bimbo," the blue imp mused, giving Deiser's thickening flank a smack that caused him to chirp in alarm. "Maybe the boss won't get too ma-AAH!!"

Turns out that having his figure slimmed into an elegant style didn't necessarily rob Deiser of his adventuring strength. With a loud crunch, his feathered arms easily yanked the axe out of the floor and swung at the mishandling imp. The attack came too fast for the off-guard creature to dodge. It took the blades broad end to the face like a bat to a baseball. Its force was plenty enough to send the creature flying across the kitchen into a cabinet of teacups, decimating the porcelain contents within.

“Whoa!” The red imp zipped as high as it could fly to avoid a combo swing. Its attention darted rapidly between the changing human and the pile of debris its comrade had become.

“Hnngh!” Deiser wanted to finish his job despite this setback. However, the hard churning sensation flooding his pelvis proved too strong for his professional resolve. It was all he could do to lean on the axe’s handle for a brace to keep standing.

His beak contorted with long, droning moans in a display the remaining imp found almost provocative. Each outburst was punctuated with his hips popping a little bit wider. Thighs inflated the legs of his pants with developing meat. Most especially attention grabbing was the inflation overtaking his ass. Both glutes were puffing out behind the adventurer with amazing speed. Seams creaked and snapped all over the seat of his pants, forming tears that grew with the soft feathered flesh that bulged through.

The waistband simply couldn’t keep up and was easily pushed down in a gradual reveal of Deiser’s avian backside. It looked so juicy squeezed by the tight denim that the imp almost dared attempt another smack. Although he still didn’t trust that axe the blossoming chocobo clenched in horny desperation. Eventually his bottom half got so plump the tearing jeans slid completely off to catch on buckling knees.

“And here I thought full moons only rose in the sky!” The red imp still wasn’t above some casual taunting from a safe distance. They ignored the death glare Deiser gave since all the quivering from their insides rearranging still kept them mostly stationary. Just enough of a distraction for a closer peek at that amazing booty. “Heh. Not looking too manly down south now. Are ya?”

“KWEH!” Deiser’s response was an annoyed squeak so loud it sent the imp spiraling in a frantic retreat. Tension vibrated through his shins, shredding the remains of his pants while they strengthened with intense muscles. Feathering stopped just past his slender knees, becoming brown scales almost like long socks.

That wasn’t what totally drew his ire. The real discomfort was the way his boots bulged in odd ways from his reshaping feet. He was about ready to take his axe to them when the changes brought on a rush of relief. Two extremely sharp talons erupted from the fronts, followed in unison by a single talon from the heels. With the structure weakened, the remaining footwear easily tore away from the enormous bird feet growing to help support Deiser's curvy new body.

“W-wark?” Just when he thought the nightmare had ended, a flush of heat in the chest told Deiser he wasn’t so lucky. He reeled back with a squawk, grasping the kitchen counter to stare at the rapid fluttering taking place underneath his shirt. Creases in the fabric smoothed out with the rapid rising of his pecs, straining taut as the area split into two distinct mounds. They were quick to eat all the available space for their rapid expansion. Breathing became hard as their greedy mass squished against his ribcage.

"Graaah!" Denial at what was obviously happening couldn't help Deiser cope with the pressure. With a mighty roar she tore at the shirt with both sets of newly grown claws. Fabric tore with ease under the assault until she'd rent the entire garment off her slender torso.

Breasts beyond human comprehension bounced free in the carnage, eventually settling into a heavy hang off Deiser's chest. Her beak fell open in awe at their round cantaloupe shapes. Strips of shirt remains slipped between her fingers as she brought both hands to cup and gauge the hefty masses. Under normal circumstances such godly boobs would have left a man starstruck.

In Deiser's case, she was not too thrilled about how they blocked the downward view. She let her tits go, accidentally causing a hard bounce that sent shivers through her tail feathers. Brushing through the fine down left them very sensitive.

"Totally not the form we intended, but at least you're still a bombshell." The red imp floated around in front of Deiser, eyeing her mix of avian and human body with an analytical rub of its chin. Lips curled into a lusty grin revealing his needle-like fangs. "I doubt the boss will complain a lot about the feathers with a dairy rack like that to play with."

Deiser's beak burned red at the vial creature's implications, but they also rekindled her primal need to wring its little head off its shoulders. Unfortunately, the little demon had caught on enough to act first this time. Right as the chocobo woman's fist rose for a strike, it darted downward. Her amply inviting chest had been left wide open, and the imp's stubby arms possessed just enough reach for it to grab and twist her ruby-red nipples.

"Ah haa!!" A pure lightning bolt struck through her mounds, making their fist go limp. Deiser staggered back on wobbly chicken feet but the imp remained stubbornly latching onto her chest by their most tender points. "You little tomato rat!"

She tried to shake off the pleasure washing from her tits, refocusing anger for a counter attack. That crumbled seconds later when the imp squeezed and tugged at the nipples again. It cackled as it began kneading her mounds with unrelenting gusto. Electricity exploded from her chest in a stream of pleasure her transformed mind was not adapted to. Knees buckled under the stimulation, sending her crashing against the stove. The room quickly began to fill with a scent of moisture developing between her clenched chicken thighs.

"Hehe! Gotcha birdy!"

The imp gave one more twist on the puffy pink nubs. This time his palms added a dose of ether that zoomed through Deiser's ribcage straight up into his brain. A very minor spell that the former adventurer's whirling mind had no chance of resisting.

The onset was immediate but too gradual for the aroused chocobo to notice. Something akin to a heavy weight settled upon the few coherent thoughts Deiser could

muster. It's pressure only increased by the second, shoving him down into the blackness of sleep.

She gulped and shook her head trying to grapple onto sanity, only for the imps insistent groping to knock away her grip. Slowly, her pupils expanded, swallowing the color out of her irises and then growing to overtake the sclera until there was nothing but a black void of avian eyes staring with a blank expression at the kitchen ceiling.

"Why the nine hells am I hearing explosions in my house!?"

The imp was so glad he managed to finish casting minutes before Dust came running into the kitchen. There had been enough violent interruptions destroying its evil mantra in the past half hour for its liking. Luckily, the stupid hyur had higher priorities upon arrival.

"MY TEACUPS!" Dust pulled at his hair looking ready to pass out from hyperventilating. That he could give off such a high scream was fairly impressive. "What the hell did you do to my kitchen? Why is that idiot a bird!?"

"Hey! That idiot took out my partner in one swing, and also your cabinet, sorry about that." The imp offered a shrug that did little to ease Dust's panic attack. "She put up way more of a fight than you told us your patsies would be. For that matter, why is there only one? You said you were getting a whole group of dumb mercs for this little 'housemaid recruitment' as you put it. We set up this glorious trap in the master bedroom and everything."

"Right. Please disable that before you go." Dust seemed to be calming down now that his eyes were focusing on the humanoid chocobo. More specifically, her ridiculously rich curves practically locked his attention downward. "I guess I need to work on my sales pitch. He...she was the only one even interested in checking out my place. Glad you finally found a way to shut him...her up. Is she okay in there?"

He waved a hand inches from the black eyes. They only continued staring past his presence into the emptiness beyond. Only the gentle shifting of her breasts with each breath gave any sign of life.

"Oh yeah!" The imp said with a confident nod. "She had some feathers on her that messed with the polymorph spell, and I had to solo improvise the mental conditioning with my friend obliterated back to the ethereal plane for a while. She should be fine and ready to serve, though. I never knew animal parts could mess with that spell. Might be fun to see if I can make some cow people later."

"You do you, I guess. Now that I think about it, having an exotic beast man for a pet might not be too bad. So, how do I...?"

Being this up close became too good for Dust to hold back any longer. His hands grasped onto the chocobo's boobs, enjoying the unexpected fluff of their down. It was really like holding reverse pillows.

“WARK!?”

The window of enjoyment lasted about three seconds as his contact with her jolted the anthro bird into a flurry of motions. Tail feathers fluttered with the quack of her hips, gorgeously feminine eyes stared down in shock at the man groping her, and then her own elegant hand came up.

The red imp was pretty sure its personality adjusting spell on the bimbo bird was not supposed to encourage it to give Dust a knuckle sandwich. It could hear when the poor guy's jaw dislocated upon impact. Having her body slim down from polymorphing apparently did nothing to affect her ex-adventurer strength, either. Just one hit sent Dust rocketing across the kitchen until he crashed into the pile of wood and shards that used to be the man's China cabinet. If anything, the anthropomorphizing might have made her stronger.

“What the hell are you doing? WARK! Oh gosh! Master!” In the time it took her to blink, the chocobo's furious rage dropped to a cute timidness. She scrunched her shoulders in flustered guilt running to Dust's side. The sight of all that shifting mass in motion would have been an amazing spectacle if her mere presence hadn't left the watching imp horrified. “Oh master! You poor thing. That was a nasty landing. Are you all right?”

She waved an elegant hand over the broken body of Dust. Green ether rained down from their feathered fingertips, near instantly ebbing away the many bruises until the man sat up with a startled gasp.

“I, uh, y-yeah. I...I'm fine!” Dust's gawking expression mirrored the imp's own budding fears. Unfortunately, the death hugs his new chocobo girl placed around his neck kept him pinned to the messy floor. Love hearts could be seen glowing in the darkness of her eyes, somehow making her nuzzling beak more terrifying.

“Oh, thank the goddess! A little more effort might have done you in. And then what would I do!? You're way too careless in your own home, master.”

“Can't...breath!” Dust slapped desperately at the chocobo's hips, but she refused to budge. Her arms wrapped around his neck only hugged harder in response. The burning sensation building in his lung made it impossible to enjoy her soft chest shoved against his face.

“That's right! Suffer for your stupidity, IDIOT! What is wrong with you?” The hearts in her eyes remained, only now their glow was amplified by a blazing fire behind them. With no effort, she stood and flung Dust across the kitchen in one fluid motion. His body hit the far wall where it hung for a second before gravity forced him to flop in a daze atop an ice chest.

The chocobo woman was on him before Dust could draw in a breath. Somehow, she'd found a riding crop and, with one free hand, flipped him face down across the storage unit. There was just enough time to realize through the initial pain what was going on before a sharp crack brought fresh agony to his ass.

“What the fuck is wrong with YOU!?”

Another snap promptly put Dust into a crying mess. Fist clenching tight atop the chest to keep from biting his tongue.

“How dare you talk to your pet like that. You filthy little hyur maggot.” The chocobo whipped him one more time. For fun or to emphasize her point was anyone’s guess. “You don’t get to just run around risking your safety in front of me. My love for you is worth way more than that and you will learn your proper place as my master!”

“H-help me!!” Dust managed to crane his head enough to spot the red imp flying above their heads. One trembling hand reached out for it as if that could somehow bring salvation from another butt whipping.

The little demon for its part could only give a pathetic head shake in kind. “Yeah. No! This has gone beyond my expertise. I’ve always heard the red birds are way more aggressive than their derpy blond friends, and frankly, you ain’t giving me enough to go near this. Good luck boss!”

“No wait!”

But the red imp had already vanished in a poof of grey smoke back to the other realm it’d been summoned from. Dust continued to stare at the tiny cloud dispersing in desperate pleading. That is until his new chocobo servant grabbed him by the hair and forced his view onto her hanging breasts. What the hell sort of magic did she have that can conjure a leather harness and thong on her curves?

“Making deals with demons, too!” The bird woman snorted, yet her beak twisted in a cruel smile that had her master’s blood running cold. “I guess you’re going to need a more extensive lecture about safety measures, master. Let’s get you to your bedroom where we keep all the good pet toys.”

“No! Noooooooooo!” Dust grabbed the ice box for dear life but his strength was nothing compared to the former adventurer. He tried for the doorframe when she dragged him out of the kitchen only to have the same result.

It was hard to know what was more terrifying; the monster he’d paid to accidentally create, or the fact his bedroom was still booby trapped.

New Hires
13

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Afterward

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