

DARK INHERITANCE

Jeysia

OH, FUCK.
PLEASE!
MAKE IT STOP!





HUFF
HUFF

MY, MY.
SUCH A
BIG SET.



NOW, THEN.
LET'S MAKE
SURE YOU'LL BE
READY FOR
MEN.

NO,
PLEASE!
I CAN'T...

OOOOHHHHH!!!!

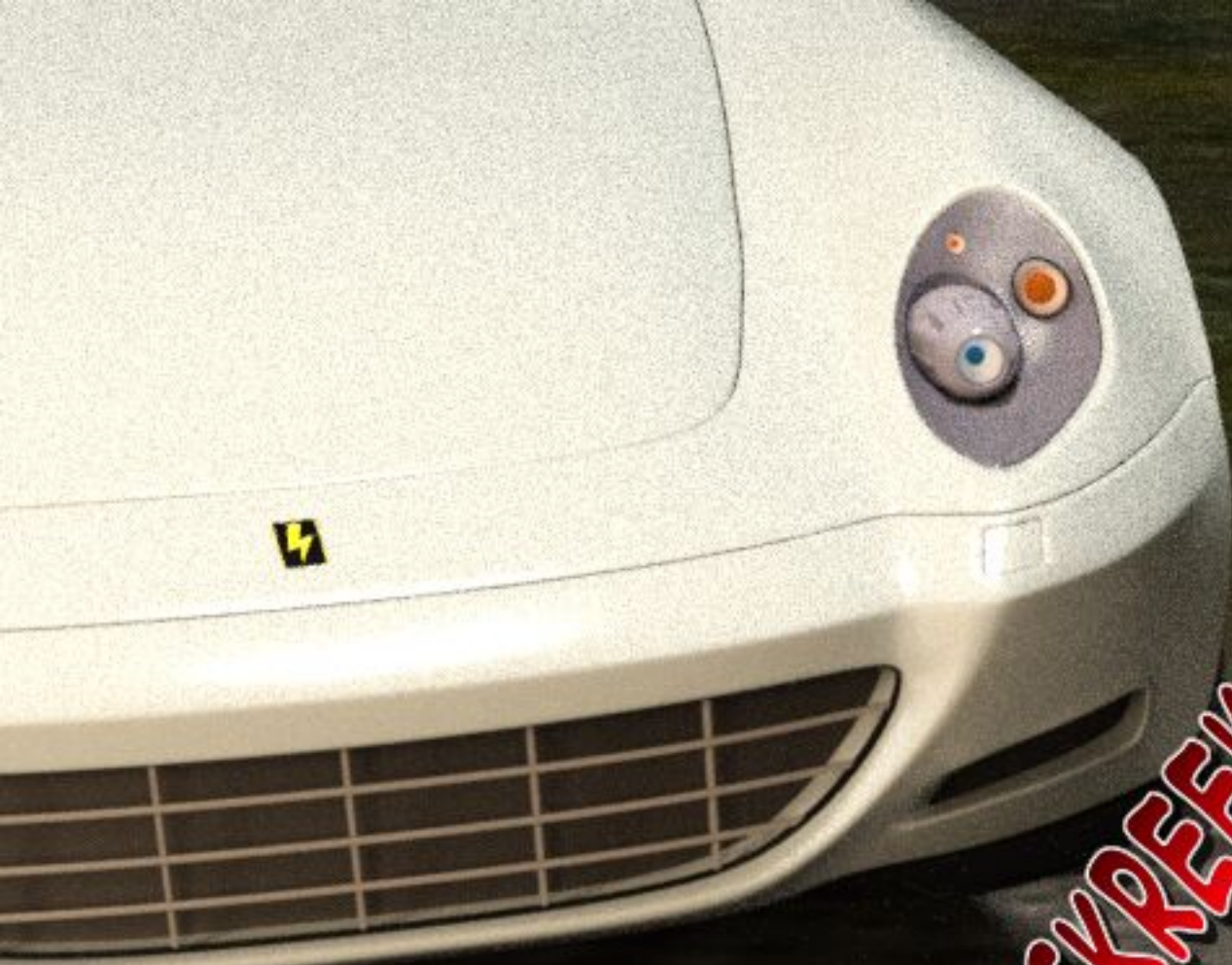
YOUR SLIT SAYS OTHERWISE.

LOOK HOW WET YOU ARE.



EARLIER.





SKREEEK

FINALLY.



HEY, MISSY.
YOUR MAN IS
HERE.



SPARE
ME THE
BLABBING,
PAUL VAUNT.





YOU'RE
LUCKY I'M
STILL HERE.

I HAVE
OTHER
APPOINTMENTS TO
TAKE CARE OF,
YOU KNOW?



WHAT CAN I SAY? BUSY DAY AT THE STOCKS.

BULLSHIT. YOU WERE LOAFING ABOUT, AS USUAL. SIGN HERE, AND HERE.



YOU NOW OWN
THIS MANSION, LEFT TO
YOU BY YOUR LATE
GRANDMOTHER.

BLESS HER SOUL.
THIS CONCLUDES OUR
BUSINESS.

ALRIGHT, SWEETUMS.
WANNA CHECK OUT NANA'S
PLACE WITH ME?



I CAN PAY
FOR AN HOUR OR
TWO OF YOUR TIME,
IF YOU CATCH MY
DRIFT.



YOU HAVE HALF
A SECOND TO REMOVE
THE HAND FROM MY BUTT.
OR ME AND MY LEGAL
BUREAU WILL HIT YOU WITH
A COMBINED SEXUAL
HARASSMENT AND ASSAULT
AND BATTERY LAWSUIT.

MR VAUNT.
I'VE BEEN VERY
PATIENT WITH YOU,
OUT OF RESPECT FOR
YOUR GRANDMOTHER
AND HER WORK FOR
WOMEN'S
MOVEMENTS.



GEE,
WHAT A
STUCK UP
BITCH.



VROOOOOOM

LET'S
CHECK OUT
THE GOODS.

WELL,
SHIT.





TALK ABOUT AN OLD PEOPLE HOME.

DING* *DONG

GREAT.
NEW PLACE
AND I GET
PEDDLERS
ALREADY?





HI, THERE.
MY NAME'S
MORGAN ELFIN.

I WAS
WORKING WITH
THE LATE MRS
VAUNT.

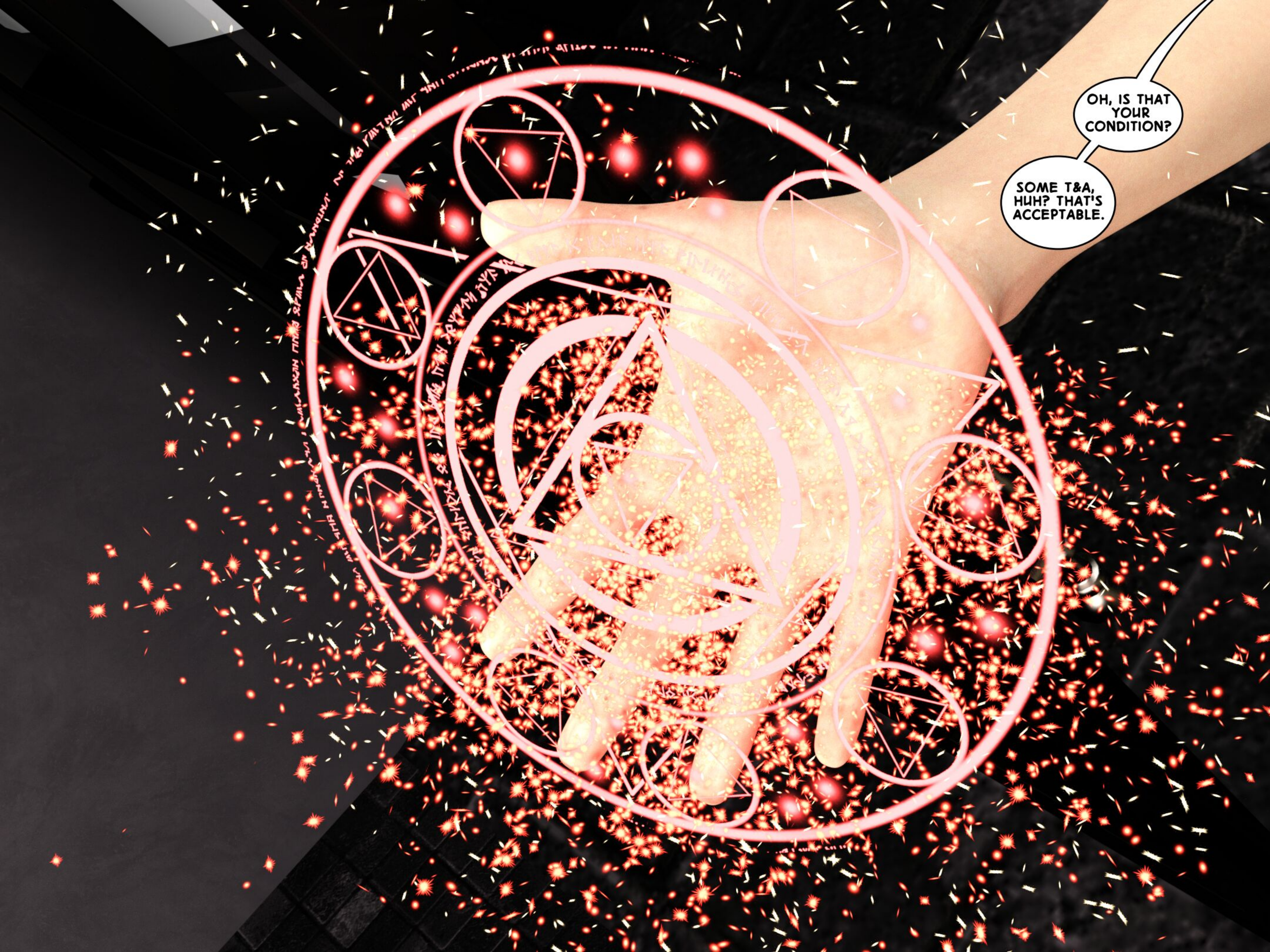
A woman with short red hair and brown eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a brown, ribbed tank top. Her right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with fingers slightly spread. She has a slight smile and is looking upwards and to the right. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing text. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an outdoor setting at night or in low light.

THERE ARE
SOME NOTES ON
OUR WORKS I'D
LIKE TO COLLECT,
IF YOU DON'T
MIND.



AS A MATTER OF
FACT, I DO MIND.
I INHERITED THE HOUSE,
AND EVERYTHING
INSIDE IT.

SO,
UNLESS YOU
WANNA BRING
SOME T&A IN
HERE, YOU CAN
TAKE A HIKE.



OH, IS THAT YOUR CONDITION?

SOME T&A, HUH? THAT'S ACCEPTABLE.



HUH?
WHAT'S
THI...



NIGHTY-NIGHT.

LATER.

ALRIGHT,
CREEP.





SLAP

TIME
TO WAKE
UP.



HUH?
WHA...
I...



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

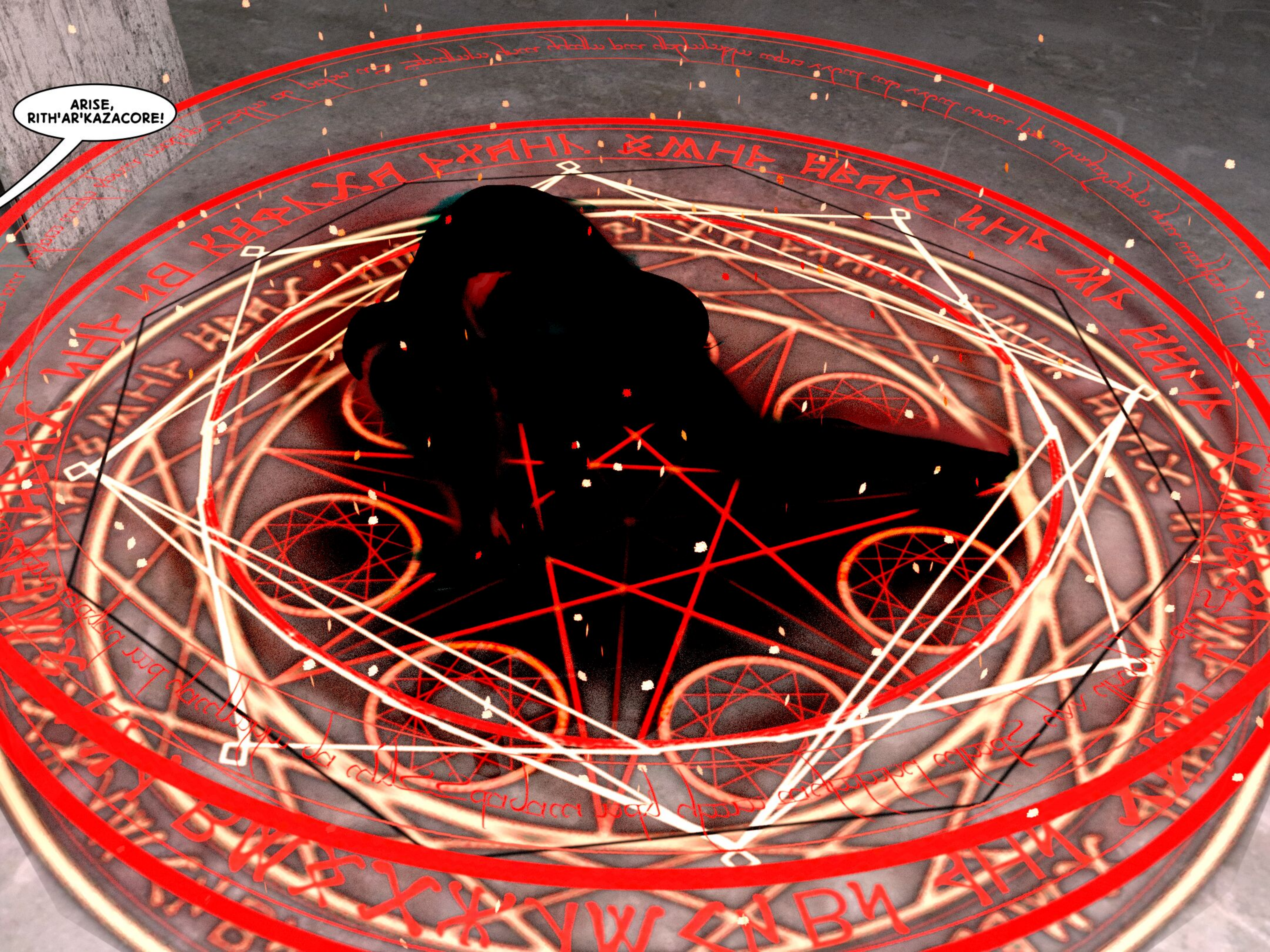
BRINGING
YOU SOME
T&A, AS I
PROMISED.



ZOOOOM

ENJOY THE SHOW.

ARISE,
RITH'AR'KAZACORE!



COME FORTH, AND FULFILL MY BIDDING.





ROAAAR!!!



WELL,
HELLO, CHILD.
DELIGHTFUL TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.

A woman with short, vibrant red hair and brown eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark brown, ribbed tank top. She has a serious expression and is speaking. To her right, a man with dark hair and blue eyes is shown from the waist up. He is shirtless and has a shocked expression. He is wearing silver handcuffs on both wrists, which are attached to a chain. The background is a dark, textured stone wall.

I CALL UPON
YOU, BY OUR
BOND, TO TAKE
VENGEANCE ON
THIS MORTAL.

THE
FUCK...?



A DELIGHTFUL TASK.

MAKE HIM A WOMAN, LET HIM SUFFER THE SAME AS HE PUTS ON OTHERS.

HE'S A CHAUVINISTIC WOMANIZER, AND A POX IN BEHAVIOR.





NAH, DO AS YOU PLEASE.

I GOTTA GO AND COLLECT THE VAUNT SPELL BOOKS. FUCK KNOWS, WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HAD THIS INHERITANCE FUCKER FOUND THEM FIRST.

DO YOU PREFER ANY SPECIFICS?

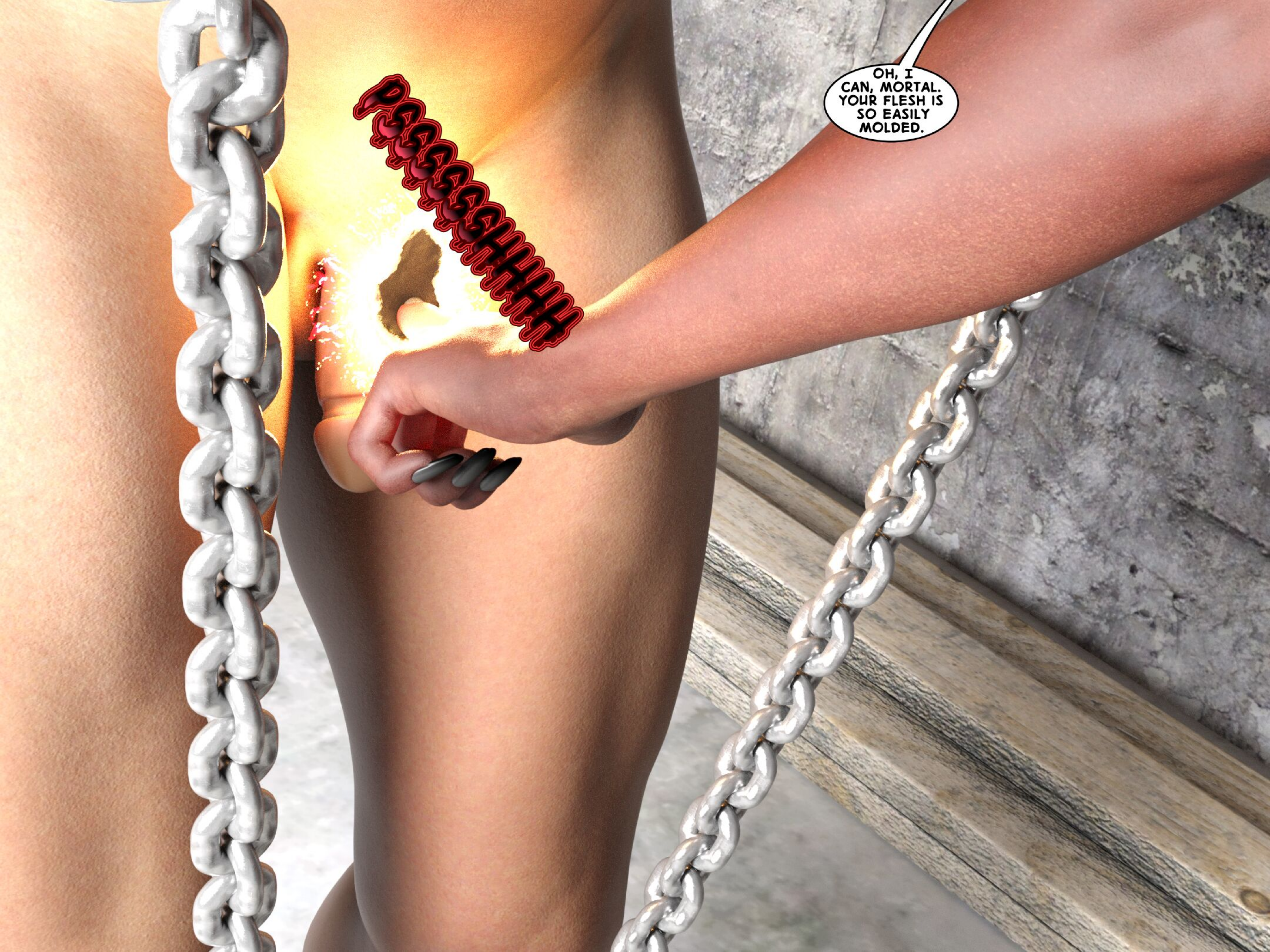


WAIT A SEC.
YOU CAN'T REALLY
CHANGE ME, CAN
YOU?

SO, YOU'RE
THE VAUNT HEIR,
HUH? SHOULD
MAKE THIS EVEN
MORE FUN.

OH, I
CAN, MORTAL.
YOUR FLESH IS
SO EASILY
MOLDED.

AAAAAAAAAAAA
HHHHHHHHHH





THERE
WE GO.
GOOD
START.



FACE?
I... *COUGH*
OH, NO. MY
VOICE? IT CAN'T
BE...

HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?


MAGIC, MORTAL.

PSSSSSSHHHHH





LET'S CAVE
IN THAT
WAISTLINE.



THERE WE GO,
MUCH MORE
ATTRACTIVE FAT
RESERVOIR.

TITS? TITS!
OH, FUCK I
HAVE TITS. THIS
ISN'T RIGHT.





YOU
KNOW WHAT,
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

THIS
ISN'T QUITE
RIGHT, YET.
LET'S MOLD
SOME
MORE.

**MULTIPLE
CHANGES
LATER.**

**NICE FAT
ASS FOR THE
BOYS TO
SLAP.**





PLEASE STOP.
I DON'T WANNA
BE THIS
WOMAN.

TOO BAD,
SUGAR.

NOW,
I GUESS
THOSE ARE A
TWO HAND
JOB.

PSSSSSSHHHH

PSSSSSSHHHH



OH, FUCK.





PLEASE!



MAKE IT
STOP!



HUFF
HUFF

MY, MY.
SUCH A BIG
SET.



AAAAAAAAAAAA

NOW, THEN.
LET'S MAKE YOU
READY FOR
MEN.

NO,
PLEASE! I
CAN'T...



WHAT ARE THESE THOUGHTS?
I CAN'T FOCUS.

LOST MY DICK.
YUMMY, DICK.
NO, I CAN'T WANT THAT!



YOUR SLIT
SAYS
OTHERWISE.



OOOOHHHHHH!!!!

LOOK
HOW WET
YOU ARE.



FUCK. THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING.

WHY CAN'T I STOP FANTASIZING ABOUT HUGE, HARD COCKS?

TO BE CONTINUED