

# 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.



A 3D rendered male character with short brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a white button-down shirt. He has a thoughtful or slightly distressed expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing the text "WELL, SHIT.". The background is dark with a grid pattern and some foliage visible through the panes.

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.

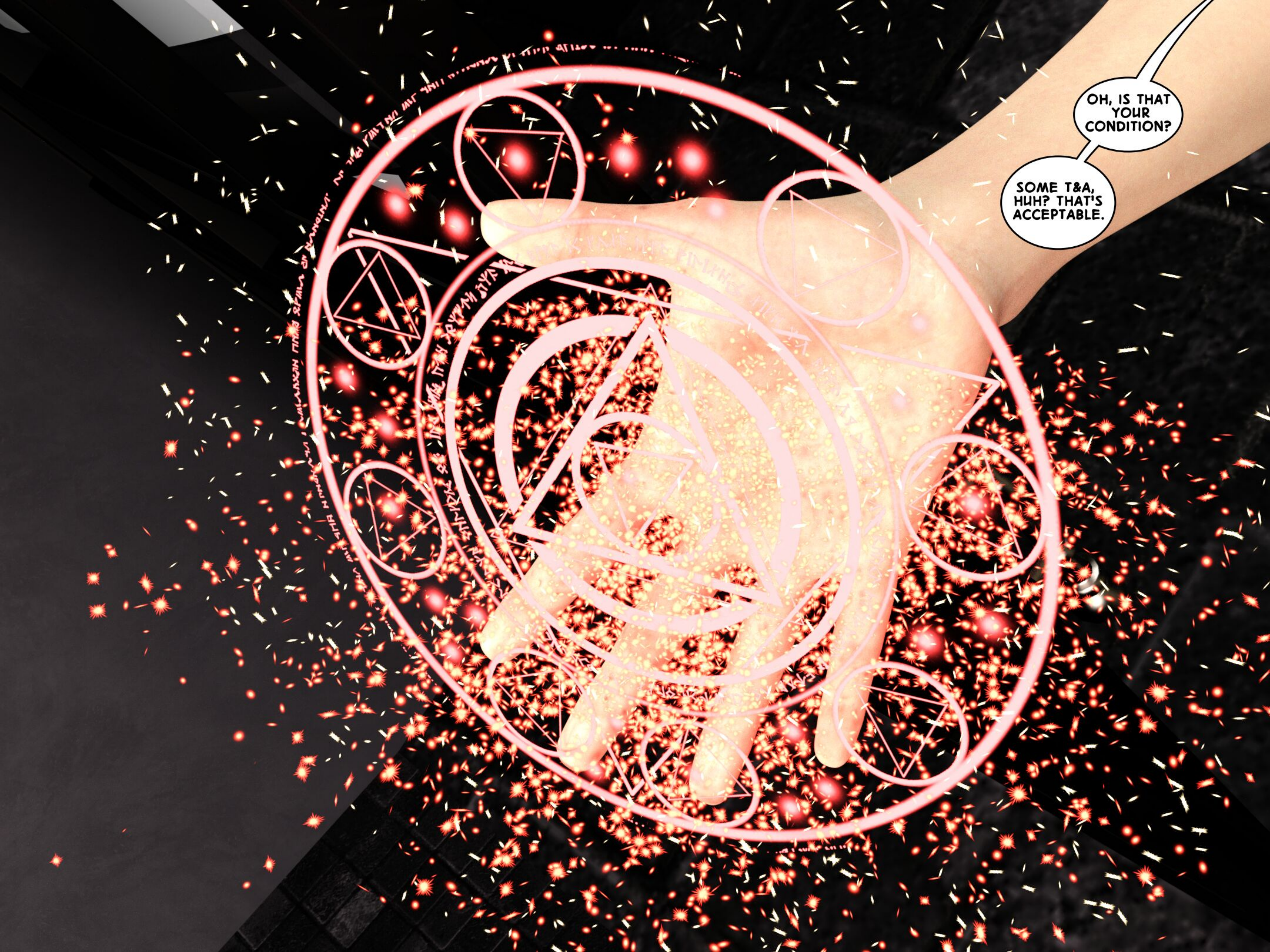




AS A MATTER OF  
FACT, I DO MIND.  
I INHERITED THE HOUSE,  
AND EVERYTHING  
INSIDE IT.

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.



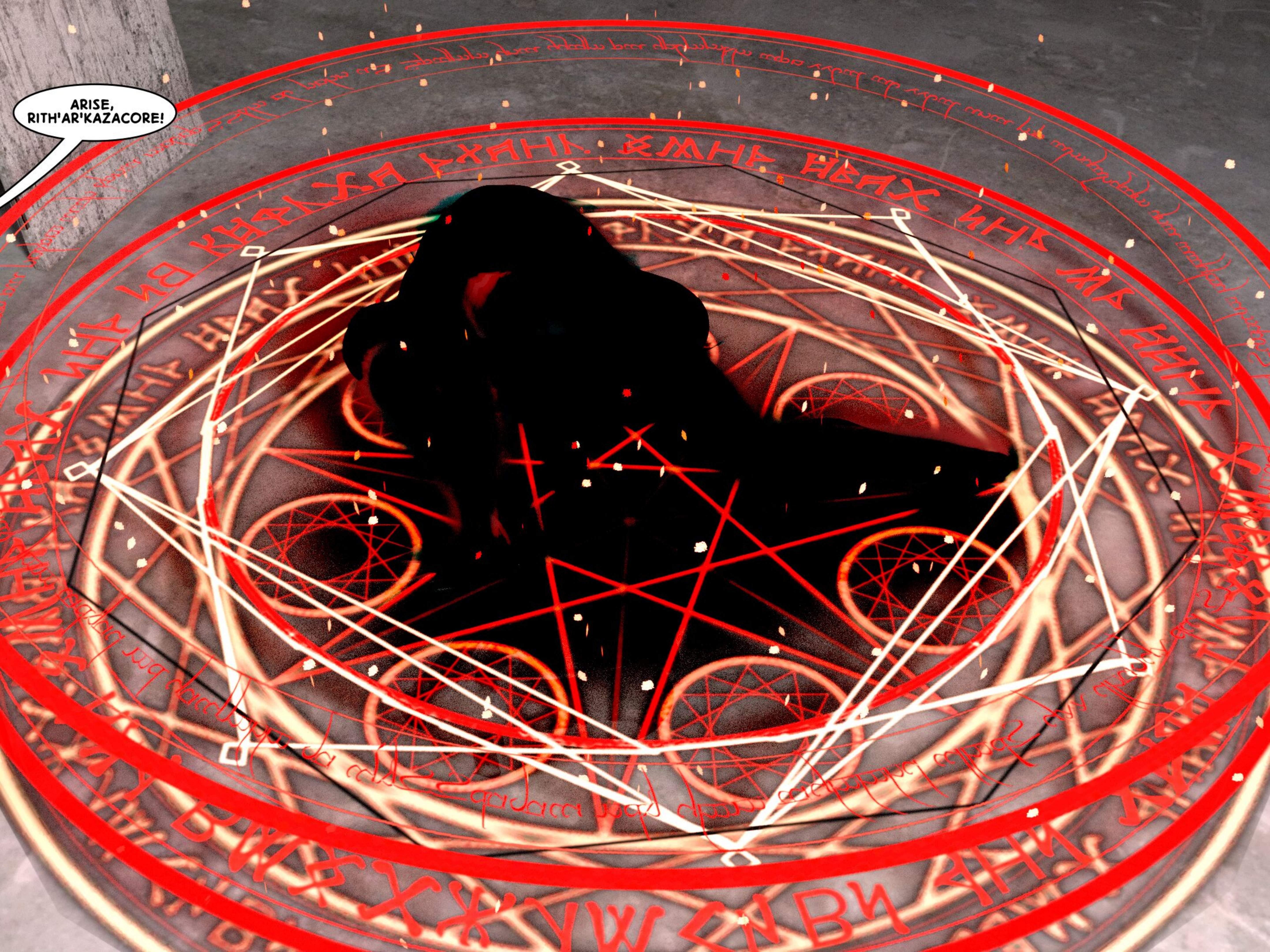


ZOOOOM

ENJOY THE SHOW.



ARISE,  
RITH'AR'KAZACORE!





COME FORTH, AND FULFILL MY BIDDING.








ROAAAR!!!





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





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?





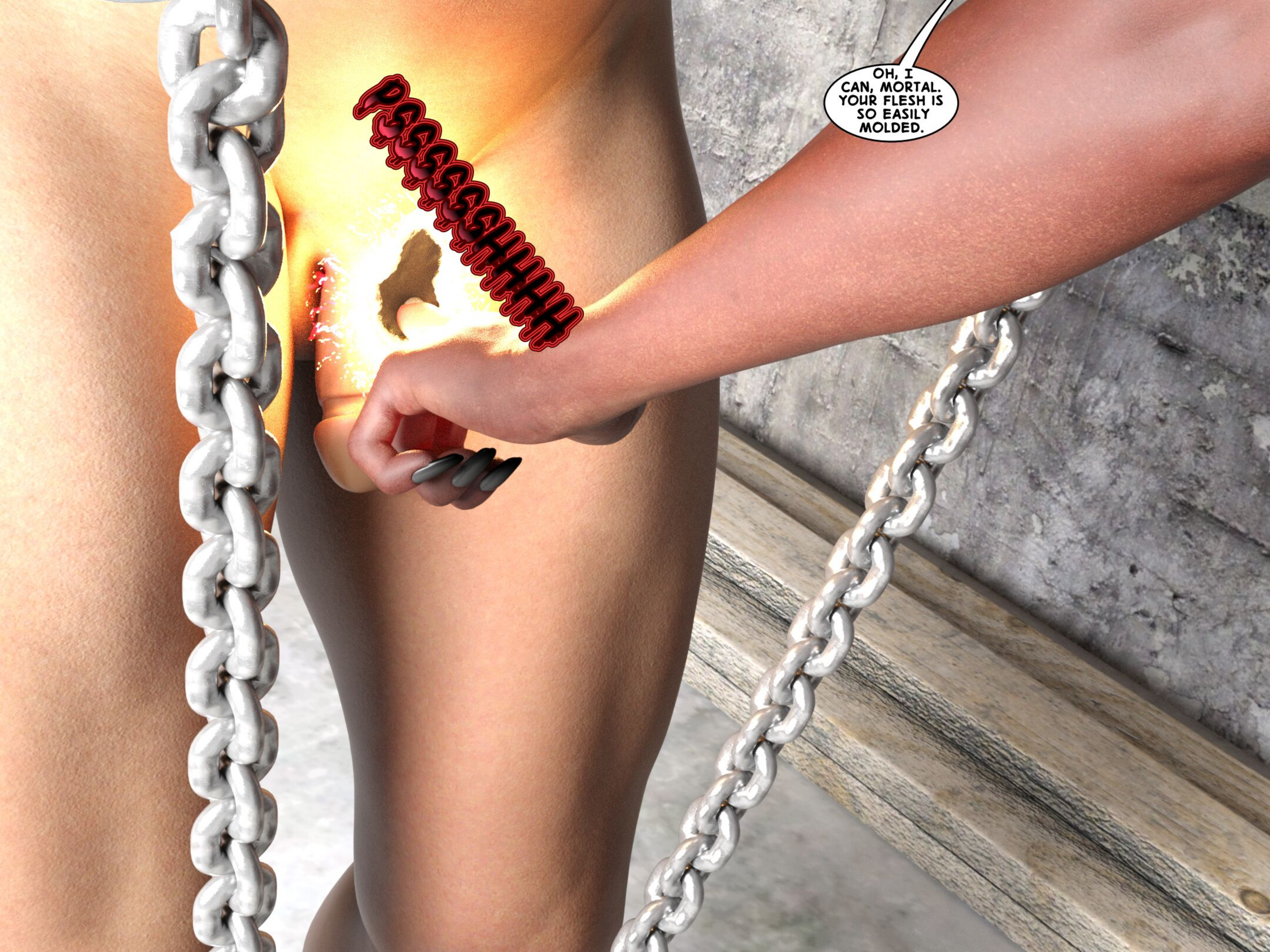
WAIT A SEC.  
YOU CAN'T REALLY  
CHANGE ME, CAN  
YOU?

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.

PSSSSSSHHHH








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.







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.





OOOOOHHHHHH!!!!

LOOK  
HOW WET  
YOU ARE.





FUCK. THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING.

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





WHAT  
DID YOU DO  
TO ME?

WHY ARE YOU  
CURSING ME?





I MADE  
YOU THE PIECE  
OF MEAT YOU  
THOUGHT EVERY  
WOMAN SHOULD BE.  
A PLEASURE TOY  
FOR MEN.





AS TO WHY?  
CAUSE MORGAN  
SAID SO. WE HAVE  
A DEAL.

YOU'RE HER  
PRISONER, NOT  
MINE. SEE YA.





THIS IS  
MESSED UP.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE GOT TITS THAT'D MAKE A PORN STAR JEALOUS.





LET  
ALONE A  
MEGA JIGGLY  
ROMP.



AND THAT  
GODDAMN SLIT  
BETWEEN MY LEGS  
THAT MAKES ME  
CRAVE...







...CO... COCK...  
COOOOOOCKS...  
OOOOOOHHHHH!!!





DAMN IT.  
I ALMOST CAME  
JUST FROM  
THINKING ABOUT  
THAT.

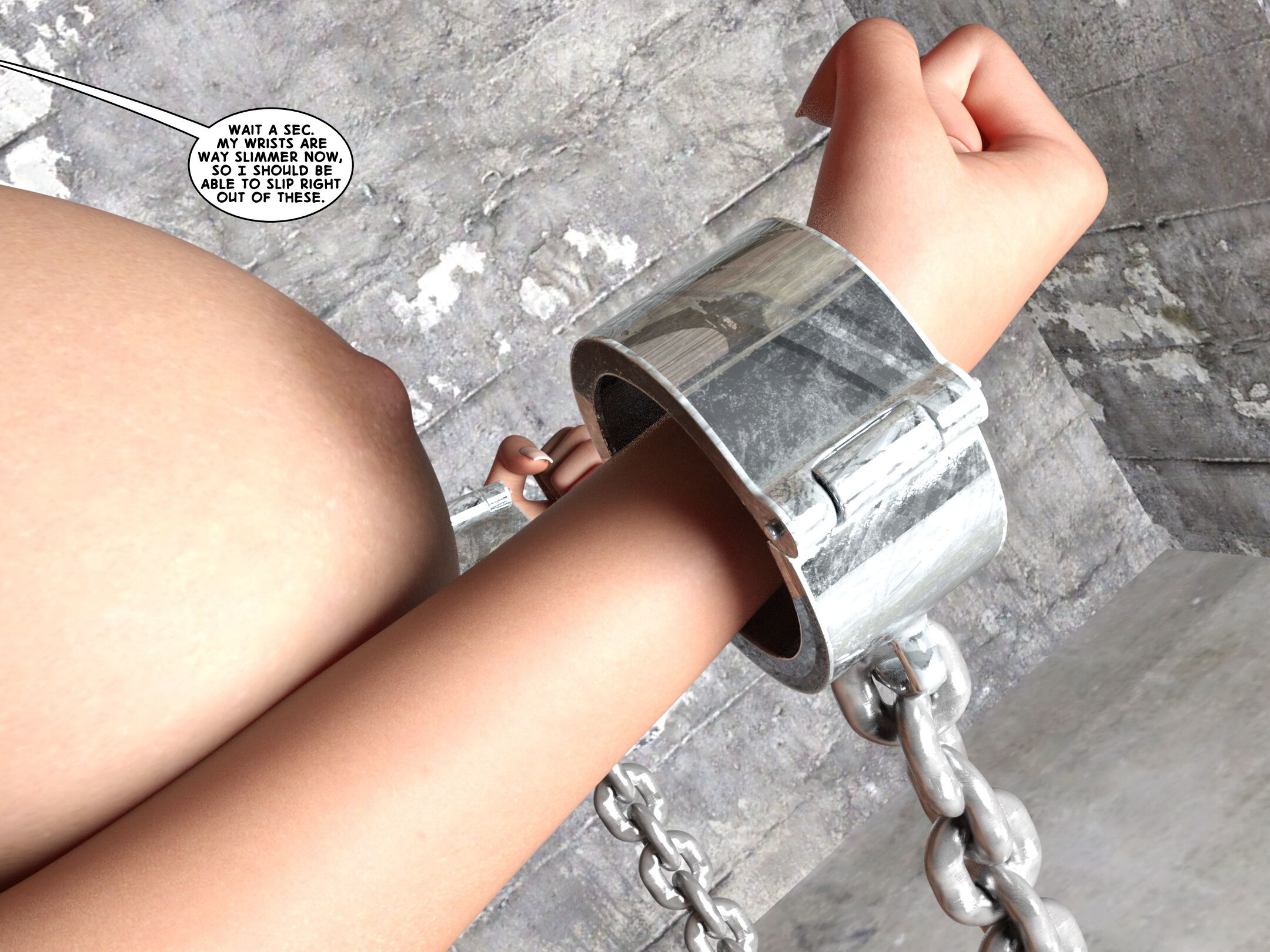




I NEED  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE.



WAIT A SEC.  
MY WRISTS ARE  
WAY SLIMMER NOW,  
SO I SHOULD BE  
ABLE TO SLIP RIGHT  
OUT OF THESE.





THERE WE GO.

CLANG

CLUTTER







I HOPE MY  
CAR IS STILL  
OUTSIDE.





AND MY  
KEYS ARE  
SOMEWHERE.





PLEASE  
BE AROUND.  
PLEASE BE  
AROUND.





MY PANTS.





YES!  
MY KEYS.  
GOT THEM.  
NOW I  
CAN...



CAN  
WHAT,  
EXACTLY?

OH, NO.





YOU'RE  
MAKING A  
DASH FOR IT,  
AREN'T YOU,  
MORTAL?





PLEASE LET ME GO. YOU'VE ALREADY CURSED ME ENOUGH. I'M BEGGING YOU.







RELAX, MORTAL.  
I HAVE NO  
INSTRUCTIONS TO  
RESTRAIN YOU  
HERE.





THAT BEING SAID, I HAVE NO INCENTIVE TO NOT RAT YOU OUT TO MORGAN.

SO, YOU WANNA LEAVE? WHAT DO YOU OFFER FOR MY SILENCE?





MY SOUL?  
ISN'T THAT WHAT  
YOU DEMONS  
WANT?





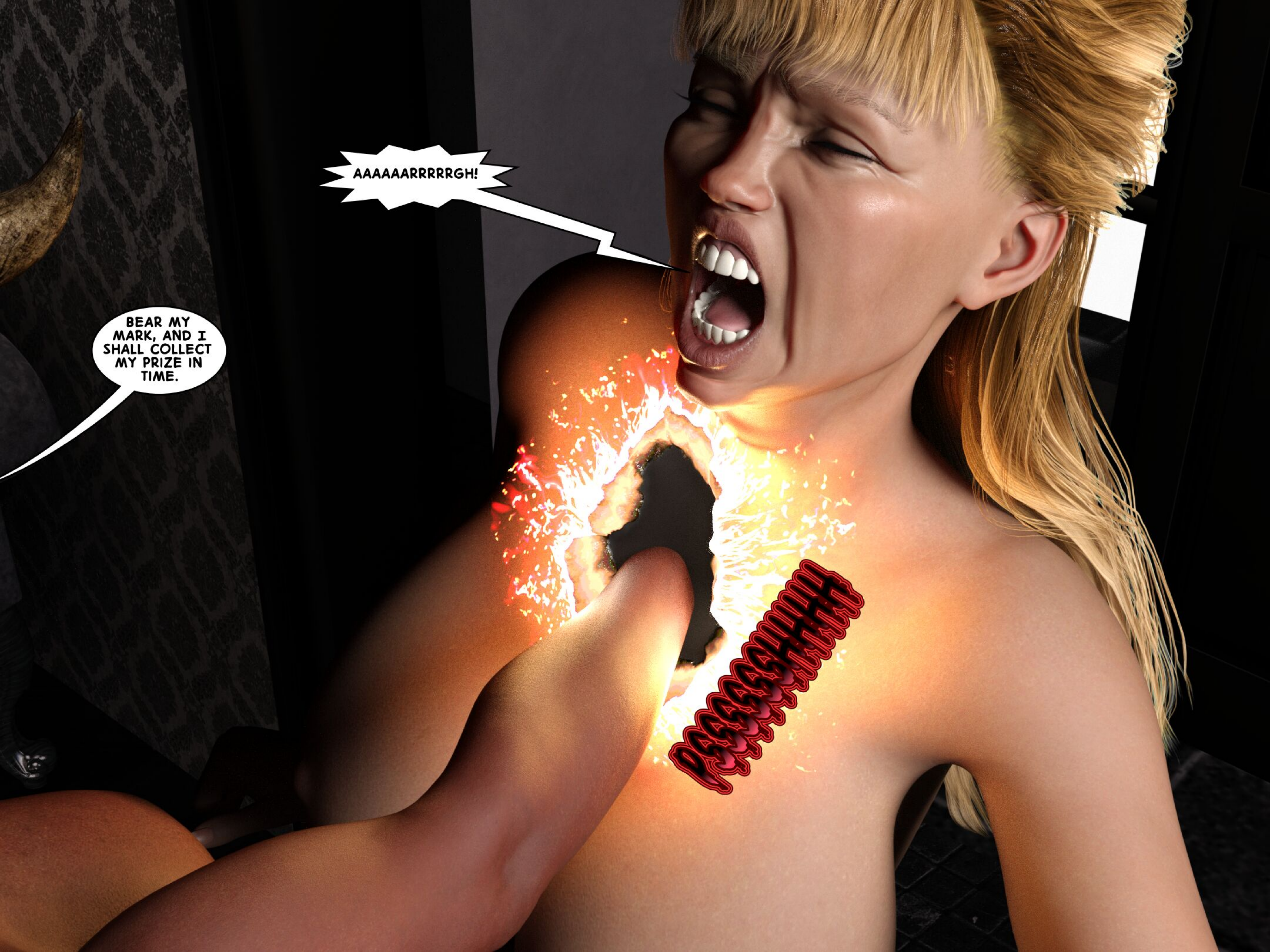
YOUR  
PROPOSAL IS  
ACCEPTED,  
MORTAL.



AAAAAARRRRGH!

BEAR MY  
MARK, AND I  
SHALL COLLECT  
MY PRIZE IN  
TIME.

HHHHHHHHHH  
AAAAAARRRRGH!







IT BURNS, OH, FUCK.  
AAAAARRRRGH!



WHY  
DOES THIS  
HURT SO  
MUCH?







VROOOOOOM



OH, GOD. IT  
FINALLY CALMED  
DOWN.

VROOOOOOM!





AT LAST,  
I'M FREE.

TO BE CONTINUED