



THE CURSE OF NEWFOLK ABBEY



„Phew, finally!“ Grace took a deep breath as she lowered her bushwhacker and stepped into the dim light of a small glade. *„I hate the tangled woods...“* the tongue of the young liloc flickered in and out her mouth to cool her exhausted body - sometimes Grace really envied humans for their ability to sweat in tropical regions like this. She immediately changed her mind about that, as a summing noise welcomed her right after she had stepped into the moist, cool air of the glade *„Damn mosquitos everywhere“*

She ignored the insects that had no chance to sting through her hard, liloc skin and moved forward until she stood in front of a massive, curved stairway which led up to a small abandoned ruin. A cold breeze sursurred through the surrounding treetops, as Grace took her first steps on the overgrown, rotten construct.

„Curses, pah...“ Grace grinned *„The only curse her are these stupid insects... I beg these idiots were just stung by a few moistfever-carriers, mutated into giant roaches and never came back because they were busy slurping up shit now.“* She snickered about her own snotty joke *„Sstupid humans“*

A few minutes later, Grace finally stood in front of a huge archway. The doors of the quite impressive abbey looked, like a huge plant had unhinged and crushed them at the same time.

„Newfolk Abbey“ Grace whispered with a tiny bit of awe in her voice *„Let´s see what´s really behind all this Necra-necromancy-shit people told me about you“*

After a few minutes of carefully moving forwards, Grace grew more and more confident and saw herself confirmed: Newfolk Abbey was just another abandoned Necra ruin, people love to tell spooky stories about. Eased, but also a bit disappointed she had not found the thrilling adventure she was looking for here, Grace started to loot the place to find something to sell at least.

She had just picked up a small glowing amulett, as something was moving around her. No, It seemed like EVERYTHING was moving.... The thick branches that had curled around the columns seemed to pulsate... The whole building was overgrown by thick, slowly moving roots!



„My gawd“ Grace stood there in shock, as something dripped on her shoulders. She looked to the broken ceiling as she saw more and more roots, moving like snakes. A sticky fluid was dripping from the weird fleshy blooms at the end of each root – no... these weren't roots... they looked like brownish flesh-like tentacles with thick veins visible on them.

More and more of the slimy substance was dripping down on Grace, who tried to evade the long, thick strands. *„I need to get out of here“* she thought to herself in panic, as two massive tentacles closed the doors of the abbey and trapped the Liloc inside.

„This is bad... VERY BAD!“ Grace felt like an insect, trapped by a giant flytrap as more and more thick liquids dripped down on her. Within minutes, her upper body was soaked in the thick and sticky secretion, which also seemed to dissolve the fabric of her clothes.

„Ho Gawd, please... noo... It starts to digest me!! What is this place??“ The liquid was running into her mouth and into her crotch now, as she felt a weird sensation growing in her throat. It wasn't feeling like the slime was doing any harm... more like it inflicted a weird kind of allergic shock that made her throat grow tighter together. *„Pleafe... Ftop!...Hnoo!“*



In horror, Grace was only able to watch, as the full lips on her liloc snout started to grow back into her mouth. Within seconds, her mouth had turned into a drooling hole, that sucked in air and spit desperately to prevent her cleavage from being soaked. „*hnww... slrrp.. hnwww!*“

Her face formed a bulge around her snout, as her nostrils fused and disappeared between a wet, fleshy fold and formed a new hole that was producing a thick, sticky lubricant just over her mouth-hole. In panic, Grace drew in air greedily through her tight-growing throat while meaty lips formed a pervy slit in her face. Unable to hold back the thick new drool, grace started to slobber and almost puke thick strands of milky secretion.

Her feet felt numb, and while she was still trying to understand the anatomy of her new cunt-face a wet feeling of lust started to spread in her nethers. „*slrrp... hnoow!*“ - more slime squirted out between Grace’s lewd facial labia. Suddenly, a deep, almost demonic voice halled through the ruin, which was almost completely covered in thick, veiny tentacles by now.

„*Finally! A female to play with!*“ the voice triumphed while it seemed to come from everywhere at once. Grace shuddered, still trying her best to prevent her drooling cunt-mouth from soaking her own scaled breasts. „*Hwoo shllrrp hwo’s there!?*“ she pressed out of her tight hole.

The voice stayed quiet for a bit, until the whole Abbey started to rumble and more and more brown tentacles broke free from the underground. „*Am lfex, the great Absorber!... Called by the foolish bats, waiting for more live to consume!*“ A few of the tentacles looked vaguely like human bodies, completely covered in wet, veiny skin. „*These are the bodies I consumed... I turned them into fertile arms to spread further, But I am still unable to leave this place!*“ One of the bodies came closer, it seemed that the huge tentacle had fused with its legs and was growing out of its crotch. „*Their lust almost messed up this time!... sooo much cum inside!*“



The fleshy end of the tentacle flapped open, as a thick, pulsing cock pushed out of the ending „*That is all that is left of the last idiots that came here... a pulsing cock that wants release! I am happy you came here... your task will be to care for all these drooling, sweating things!*“

Grace gurgled, as the thick throbbing member came closer to her face. A part of her still wanted to run, but somehow, this cock looked cute and juicy out of a sudden. „**shrllrp* Hnooo... I--- slrrp I dont wanna...!*“

Her hand played with her lower pussy already, which was soaking wet, while her other hand pulled away what was left of her top to reveal her growing, scaled tits.

„*oh yesss.. you want...*“ the voice triumphed. „*Soon you will be the slut for all these poor cocks... you will clean me, so I can trap more adventurers here and grow... grow until nothing can stop me!*“

Grace tried to pull herself away, her bare tits seemed to arouse the cock even more, as thick veins started to form around it's shaft. „*Hnoo.. I dwnt wanna... slrrp!!*“ Thick liquid dripped from her smacking facial fold which was trying to ignore what she was saying and opened wide, aching for the fat cock in front of her.

Flies and mosquitos gathered around the sweet smell of the cockplant and Graces cuntmouth, until the urge became too strong and she slowly let the hard glans of the disgusting organ push inside her tight vagina-throat.

Tears runned down her cheeks as the sweaty organ slipped into her. The hole that was once her nose almost squirted out new lubricant to suck deeper on the intruding penis, which was spreading her labial lips. „*Dn `t... slrrp wnt...stwp...!*“



„good slut!“ The full cock pushed deep inside Graces Vagina-troat, as her lube-hole excreted a gush of liquid. The fleshy flaps smacked tight around her jaw, as the cock rammed inside her facial folds, squirting its load into her.

„You will obey!“ Graces Skin started to mutate more and more... green carapace replaced her once brown scales. Her tits grew huge, and her hands became insectile claws with 3 digits. The cock in her throat pumped load after load into the still changing female, as she felt an overflowing feelin gin her nethers.

Aroused and willingless, Grace squatted and made herself ready to take a piss. She was just a tool now, it didn't matter anymore. The only important thing was the sweaty rod in her mouth, pulsing and squirting tasty jizz down her throat.

Grace moaned as the flaps on her face smacked and a gush of cum escaped her cunt and leaked over her breasts. She was ready to go and ignore all rules of social manners she had learned... the pressure in her hips was just too much.

With a loud splat, a thick white substance poured out of her pussy instead of urine. The slime quickly formed a pool between Grace's legs, until a weird pressure stopped the flow. Something thick wanted out of her lower cunt, but Grace couldn't care less. Driven by instinct, she tried to force it out with more pressure, until a white egg slipped free and smashed into the pool of slime below.

„Good...“ the voice halled through the ruin „So fertile!... your smell will lure more spitbugs and moistfevers here... more to please my unholy army of cocks... more to consume and make them fuse with me!“



Grace just drooled mindlessly... as long as there were enough cocks for her in the future, she couldn't care less... cocks were everything now for her... lust... food.. life.

A few hours later, The cock finally slipped out of Graces lewd opening. Tired and unhappy, the new spitbug smacked and drooled angrily, already missing the tasty embrace.

Her belly had swollen thick, she was pregnant with the loads of her master. Flies and mosquitos revolved around her head, attracted by the crotch-like smell of sweat and lubricant produced by Graces new mouth.

„Go now, slut! Place a few traps for your insect-sisters around the Abbey... for that they may become a part of me!“

