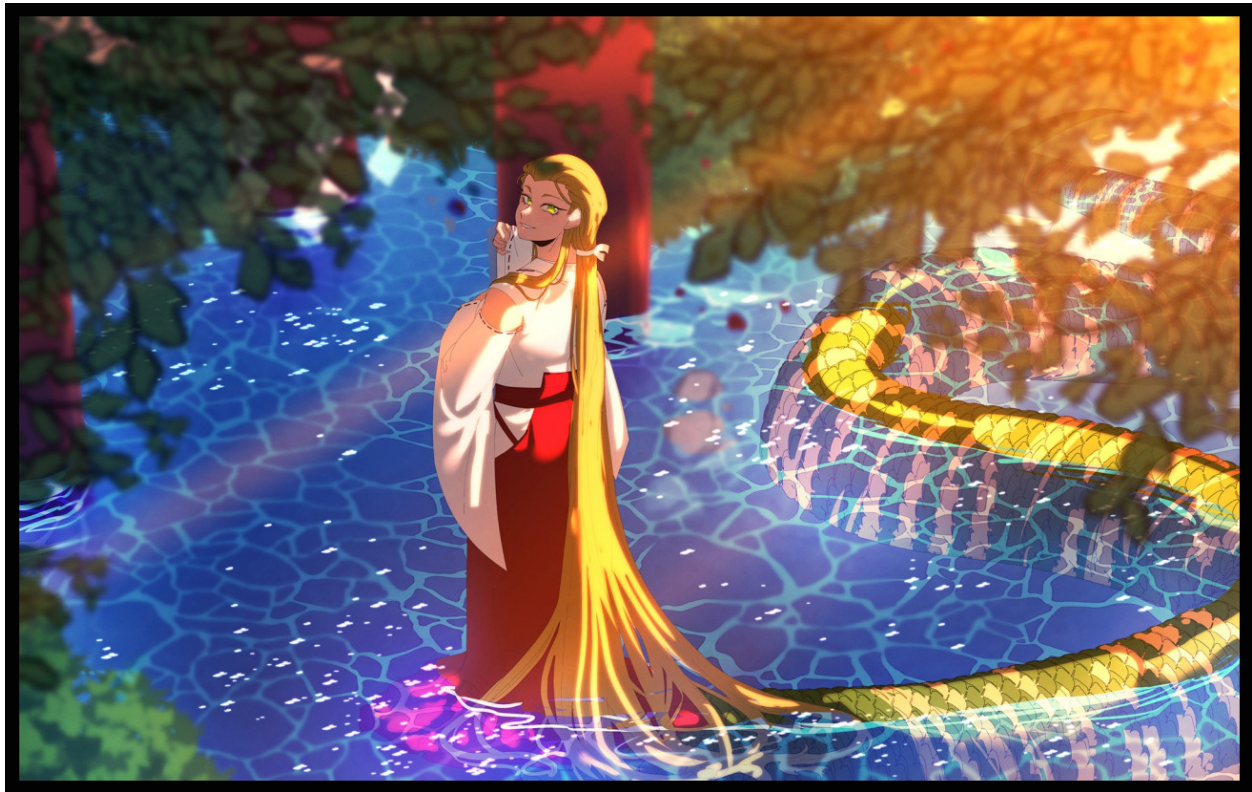




Deep within a valley of low cresting hills and fledgling mountains covered in a thick verdant green blanket of treetop and foliage that doubles over as a shroud, keeping prying eyes bereft of insight as to what lurked within the lush sanctuary.

And in a world where magical oddities were considered incredibly important finds that could draw the immediate attention of powerful groups wherever they were found, such a haven would prove indispensable to those seeking to hide such things from the world, ensuring they would never fall into the wrong hands. Or in the case of certain individuals, excusing themselves from the greater world beyond their respective sanctuaries.

Lydia Reicanor was one of these people. Choosing a life of solitary tranquility within the lush forests of the mountainous region, the woman was content with what she had, enjoying the resplendent scenery around her with crystal clear lakes to sit by and relax, vast chasms to thread mottled with sturdy vines and lush forms of nature that could be witnessed nowhere else on this earth and the ancient temple built into the heart of the forest where wooden pillars and grand arches painted a vivid red stood out amongst the greens and browns, surrounding a small set of buildings connected through small hanging bridges for visitors to traverse without getting their legs wet by wading through the shimmering blue, beneath which laid the foundations for the quaint structure built atop a small body of water.



Unlike the people native to the land upon which her sanctuary was located, Lydia's choice of attire, like her home, differed greatly from the drab tunics, animal hide pants and stuffy leather padding commonly seen throughout the settlements and civilized roads that dotted the lands beyond, sporting an encompassing

white top made out of the finest silk with cutouts around her shoulders and baggy sleeves which hung down around her waistline, around which a singular velvet sash was tied and secured to, holding an equally voluminous, bright red dress and its associated ribbons together. Evidently its make must've been remarkably resilient considering how the elements didn't leave even a single mark on the hem of it as it dragged along behind Lydia wherever she went on her daily rounds, across the lake, through the dusty cliff faces or the muddy forest floor everytime rain impacted the region. As well made and sturdy as her clothes were, it was a pity to most that it masked most of her body's natural beauty. Just barely able to peer through the suffocating clothes and its obfuscating creases and gaps in the form of subtle curvature and bare hints of a slender figure deceptively hidden away beneath it all, teased by her shoulder cutouts and the warm, motherly visage she bore, framed by a magnificent mane of silken gold done up into a long flowing ponytail that hangs down over her rear long enough to rake the floor.

But no matter where she went, not a single speck of dirt seemed to cling to her hair just like her clothes. Whether she was out in the sun or caught in a cold shower, nothing seemed to be able to hamper her presence.

It had the effect of placing her out of this world, as if she was a phantom cutout that didn't truly exist as a malleable existence. Not an entirely incorrect assessment when all one needed to do to realize there was more to Lydia than meets the eye was to direct their gaze a little further downward where, instead of a pair of human feet with five dainty toes, a bulky mass laid coiled and splayed out behind her, stretching around tree trunks, boulders or even the archway supports back at the shrine depending on where she was at the time.

Layered over in ivory green scales thick enough to serve as armor with speckled spots and stripes of pale beige with a softer underside of smooth, humped flesh lined with smooth ups and downs along its length. Lydia's serpentine lower half would be reason alone for her to take refuge somewhere far away from human eyes. Although the concept of demihumans like dwarves and elves wasn't completely alien to the people of this land thanks to the many encounters both hostile and peaceful made between the two sides throughout history, more 'monstrous' species like the Lamia, of which most people would suspect Lydia of hailing from, Werewolves and many others were considered too untrustworthy to establish amicable ties with. To start, Lamia were one of the most common, actual breeds of monster living out in the wilderness beyond man's notice. Utilizing the enticing form of a human woman to bait unsuspecting men towards them, never realizing the powerful whip-like body slowly coiling around them until it was too late.

Tempresses of the dark, Lamia were social creatures, living in nests located in a variety of habitats ranging from abyssal caves to thick, gloomy jungles where the light of day could not hope to pierce the foliage overhead. They were considered masters in the art of deceit and stealth, with some subtypes being capable of utilizing a natural form of camouflage that rendered them near invisible thanks to their ultra refractive scales bending light around them to mask their presence, turning the hyper lethal predators into an overwhelming force that could not be seen nor heard as they bounded across rocks or swung from tree to tree, bringing a

swift end to whoever was unlucky enough to have caught their eye through rending claws, powerful tail whips and venomous fangs.

Creatures like the Lamia served as nature's defense against the folly of those who would think to sunder bountiful land in the name of expansion, teaching man to coexist with nature lest they risk earning its wrath.

So to see one such as Lydia all on her lonesome, tending to a man made structure of alien origin and simply living each day with serene calm was a startling sight. Even sentient, the monstrous snake women would rather sink their teeth into a human than waste time talking to them, but here one was, wearing an elegant maidens attire while basking in the warm rays of the sun shining down on her home with a smile on her face.

In actuality, Lydia was far more than a simple Lamia that had gained a far greater understanding over emotion and the concept of enjoying the finer things in life. There was a far greater reason for her self imposed isolation in a world where the influence of gods and outer beings were slowly being cast aside, linked to the homely little temple that also served as her home.

She had been a goddess once, powerful beings far beyond the likes of mere men and monsters alike. Blessing land with bountiful harvests, curing ill folk of their maladies, turning bad luck around to those in need of it. The miracles she brought to the world were many, but that was from a time where Lydia lived in splendor, basking in the worship of a hundred followers who sung her name with religious fervor while offerings aplenty filled her altar.

Now she spent her days in peaceful solitude, dressed in the very same garbs her followers once wore while they performed their dances, did their duties and kept the shrine safe. Taking up the duties of her former attendants while whiling away the days in her garden world. Burying the events of the past deep in her psyche, not wishing to dwell on them anymore as she kept on going for the here and now, unsure of what purpose her existence served but content with things the way they currently were.

But a person's past had a funny way of catching up to them when they least expected it to, and for Lydia who had quite a *'colorful'* one that was simply too much to completely bury, the day where it would rear its ugly head to bite at her was fast approaching. Spelling severe, untold consequences for the land and its people in the uncertain years ahead as a stranger sets foot upon the untouched sanctuary, shrouded in mystery and clad in heavy gear made evident by the subtle clanking of plate iron and jangling chain with each heavy step forward. Lydia Reicanor's days of peace were about to be shattered as the oblivious goddess-in-hiding fails to sense the approaching evil harbored in the body of the foreigner as they leap and bound across the vast greenscape toward their target.

After decades spent separated from the outside world and all that had occurred, Lydia was woefully ill prepared for the greater force headed her way. Maybe if she'd preserved a modicum of her power, then she might've been able to fight on more or less even ground. But in the state she was now, Lydia was no more stronger than an alpha in a nest of ordinary Lamia.

Despite that fact however, the Lamia was more than assured of her own safety. After all, there was nothing of value here and the only ones who came poking around only ever came within the perimeter of the forest to collect some firewood and supplies.

But she never ever put herself into the equation, never once realizing that maybe, just maybe there could be a sinister group out there in the world looking to consolidate power through the conscription of otherworldly beings minding their own business beneath the notice of a rapidly advancing civilization whether they liked it or not.

And as the undetected intruder peels away a branch to spy on their target, a simple glance was enough to tell them that Lydia wouldn't be willing to acquiesce to their offers or power, nor would she be interested in aiding their efforts. If anything, she'd be justified to try and wipe them out just to be sure...not like she could however.

The agent however, preferred espionage and deceit over an outright confrontation. And with lecherous eyes narrowed in delight, they clearly liked what they saw beneath the Lamia's shroud of decency, peering through them as if they weren't there at all to glimpse heavy mammaries with a slight sag to them and a perky curve to their silhouette, hanging down over a toned navel spreading out into broad hips on the side with a sensitive slit down the middle. Letting out a playful chuckle upon sighting the Lamia's sensitive little flower and what it meant; A weakness, an opening to exploit.

Once night fell, her plans would be set in motion and as she watched Lydia go about her day so blissfully unaware of the threat that stalked her every move, the agent's anticipation to ruin and bring the goddess to heel, to corrupt the precious little thing before them, only grew further.

With the dying sun and it's retreating rays of light cresting back over the distant craggy peaks, Lydia would return to the central building in the temple, humming a tune under her breath while she slithers her way toward the lake, letting her ponytail flow freely as she slips the ribbon holding it together off her head before undoing the firm knots that held her dress together while slipping her top off before folding them neatly into a pile for washing when the morrow next came, leaving the confines of her simple quarters for the open pool outside in the nude, basking in the cooling waters with a drawn out sigh of relief, letting herself drift aimlessly in the ankle high pool with soft beats of her immense tail to propel her through the shallows.

But something seemed off with water tonight. For one, the waters soaked her skin with what she had first assumed to be a rejuvenating effect of sorts, making her body vibrate with a pleasant tingle from head to tail, encouraging her to roll and pirouette through the shimmering lake, forming ripples and disturbances that gently push aside shed leaves and branches in her wake.

The second, unbeknownst to Lydia, was the subtle magenta hue the water was beginning to take on, dismissing it as a trick of the light from the way the moonlight refracts off the colorful surface of her home. It wasn't the first time she had bore witness to the many beautiful colorscapes her home could show her when the conditions were right. Sometimes it'd be a fiery red filter, bringing back memories of a time when bonfires and lit scones lined the temple grounds while ethereal realms where light and darkness were inverted could be invoked by the arrival of insidious purple bathing down upon the forest.

In this instance however, it wasn't a trick of the light but rather, a very real change caused by the water being tainted by a chemical hailing from distant lands. A potent mix of venomous powder obtained by a certain strain of moth and tampered herbal medicines to produce a hallucinogenic agent capable of inducing a variety of effects in the victim from disrupting mana flow in the body to prevent the casting of spells, rousing visions straight from the psyche, dulling the senses alongside a weakening of their physical capabilities, amping up the sensitivity of their nerves and finally, an unnoticeable boost to their libido that would build until the afflicted were left as nothing more than wanton slaves to lust. It was a brew most sinister, with only a handful of individuals left alive across the world who even remembered the complicated recipe required in the creation of such a thing.

It was so potent, not even a divine being like Lydia could resist its effects for much longer as she continued to get it all over her body, soaking in its touch, unaware of its corrupting nature as she lathers it over her breasts, down across her navel, over her long slender arms and even her moist folds as she proceeds to clean herself up after an exceptionally humid day.

By the time the deed was done however, the pleasant tingling had begun to escalate into an intense heat centralized around her brain, leaving her momentarily still in the middle of the lake with a flushed expression on her face, breathing heavily with visible puffs of steam clouding her shimmering lips as they trembled slightly against the feverish haze her body was beginning to be encased in as her lax fingers begin to tremble and twitch. It was like the onset of a flu; sudden and unexpected. Except no fly made one feel like they needed to rub one out, and that was exactly the thing Lydia was beginning to desire as her previously inert nipples perk up, swelling into noticeable, bright red nubs of swollen nerves that begged to be pinched and played with, jerking a little as a subtle gasp slips free of her gaping mouth from the sudden bolt of orgasmic bliss that runs down her spine, shooting out of her breasts, feeding the fire burning in her loins while the rest dissipates through her coiled up body as it spasms, kicking up more of the tainted lake water as her armored tail flops around, dousing her softer, fairer skin with the resulting droplets that rain down over her.

With the brew's toxin now flowing freely through the Lamia's body, the agent begins to enact the next phase of their plan, stepping out from the shadows and shedding their thick cloak to reveal a thick head of wild hair done up into four loose trails that hang down over the burly shoulders of a fur covered body bulging with toned musculature showing clear through leathery skin, complementing her bust well with a tight figure to go along with it.

But the agent was more than just a walking powerhouse. With canine features showing heavily in the form of sharp pointed ears jutting out the sides of her skull where round, humanoid ones should've been and a wild tail swaying gently in the air behind her, it became clear now how the agent had been able to intrude upon Lydia's domain without being noticed while tracking her to the temple. She was a Werewolf, supposedly ordinary folk once who were afflicted by a curse that left them looking and acting like the wolves they now were, rather than the human they had been before.

Stepping out into the lake before a stunned Lydia while slowly stripping herself of the protective armor she had been wearing all this time, the ashen gray Werewolf grins a wicked grin as she continues unabated, letting them fall into water barely out of sight with heavy splashes denoting their impact. Eyeing the helpless, naked goddess before her with sensual eyes burning with a lustful ire to taste the Lamia's body in more ways than one. Running a slick tongue over her sharpened incisors in anticipation for what she had in mind for her.

By the time she had crossed half the distance between herself and Lydia, the blonde Lamia had collapsed back into the lake after struggling for a brief moment to right her slumping posture, grunting weakly as her behind hits the water hard. Her skull was thumping and her vision was beginning to grow blurry, wincing in a mix of exertion and pleasure as Lydia continues to fight against the growing need to masturbate building inside her tingling brain. Each movement brings with it a piercing cramp in her muscles that discourages resistance while the longer she stays still, the pleasant euphoria of release seeps into her brain like a drug, keeping her on the edge of orgasm, only able to relish the thought but doomed to never be able to feel it for herself. It was a twisted system designed to enforce submission while discouraging resistance...not like that was enough to stop the iron willed goddess as she continues to fight, flipping over onto her belly, trying to push off of the lake even when her sputtering slit explodes with activity, releasing an impressive spray of precum that bubbles and froths as it splashes into the lake. A sight that momentarily leaves the Werewolf surprised at the limits of Lydia's body, watching as the Lamia continues to right her form despite the intense release of juices from below, no doubt pushing the goddesses pleasure centers to their limits.

But no man or woman could endure an unending orgasm forever, not even Lydia, as a final throb in her loins forces her dull eyes to roll back up inside her head while a guttural moan slips free of her maw, slumping back down into the water as her arms give way beneath her with a tremendous splash, dousing the perpetrator responsible for this in a wave of the corrupted water as she comes to a stop before the tuckered

out Lamia, panting heavily while her shoulders continued to shake and jitter uncontrollably. But to her dismay, no easy way out presented itself for the humiliated goddess as the Werewolf falls to a knee, unfazed by the taint as she gently takes Lydia in her arms, leaning the limp humanoid torso of the serpentine woman against her shoulder.

Except the look on her face made it clear she had no intentions of giving Lydia any respite. At least, not until she was done firmly teaching her body and breaking her mind to submit to her new calling, the mission she was born to serve. And to do that, Lydia's will would need to be broken, hardening back to times long forgotten to do so while black miasma begins to burn around the mysterious assailant. Radiating off of her in waves while slowly seeping into Lydia's body.

Ever since the corruption had seeped into her body, her mind had begun to fall to its influence, unable to discern fiction from reality as her vision distorts, seeing things that weren't there before; like the aforementioned plumes of fire that burned high into the night sky while phantoms swayed to the rhythm of a slow familiar beat, a distorted cacophony of twisted drums and ominous chanting, a perversion of the song she was humming not too long ago. It was as if she'd been trapped in a waking nightmare, unable to do anything as she watched shadowy figures emerge from the surrounding trees, bearing swords with which they use to cut down the ghostly dancers around her, cutting the morbid festivities short as the rest scatter before being hunted down and put to the slaughter.

But as she stood there, paralysed not by fear but by some twisted form of arousal beginning to affect her thinking as the faint screams and terrible sounds of splintering wood from that day returns to the forefront of her mind, Lydia's vapid eyes lock on to a distinct figure emerging from out of the woods before her, bearing a familiar face that squeezes a stifled scream of despair from her dried throat and out of her trembling lips, falling backward in a futile attempt to get away from the figure, unaware of how disgraceful she was being back in the realm of reality as she simply stays frozen, leaning forward, arms splayed to her sides while shamelessly basking in orgasm, adding to the lake with a bountiful jet of fluids from her sputtering slit, all while she remained trapped in her fictional dreamscape, unable to flee the approaching miko who had tended to her shrine all those years ago. The only human she would ever hold intimate feelings for.

And the very same one who haunted her psyche to this very day, thinking she could never forgive her for failing to stop the massacre that night when she had been away. While she celebrated with her fellow divinity, the bandits laid waste to her followers. While she swapped tales both old and new, her shrine was desecrated and looted clean. And while she took her own sweet time to return home with thoughts of her miko in mind, unspeakable atrocities occurred under her nose, all while prayers for salvation went unanswered...

By the time she had sensed the danger and made haste towards the distant plumes of suffocating smoke rising beyond the mountains, the temple was in ruins and corpses laid everywhere. Defenseless men and women lying broken, some in horrible condition that hinted to their fate before the release of death. And at the center of it all, before the ruined statue made in Lydia's likeness hung the miko with her arms stretched to impossible lengths across the spread arms of her statue. Echoing the same pained wail that rolled across the lush forest that day as the ghost of her lover takes her in her cold arms. No matter how much she tried to convince herself that this was a dream, that she was hallucinating. Total fear held dominion over Lydia's mind, leaving a powerful Lamia such as herself crying like a baby while she shivered in the all too real grip of her deceased lover, unwilling to look her in the eyes, oblivious to the way her real body simply laid limp in the Werewolves grip, filtering reality through glassy eyes, warping it into the delusional prison she was trapped in.

With what little remained of her powers beginning to wane in the face of her slipping mind, the facade that masks the true state of the temple begins to fall apart as a visible distortion in the air occurs, removing the cowl of paradise as a scene depicting untold horrors long ago sets in; broken pillars with fading scarlet paint and splotches of black, dried blood along the length of deep grooves and nicks made by cleaving sword edges and biting ax heads. The bleached skeletal remains of the people who once lived here poking up through the mud and shattered implements lying in the water, stained, bloodied and forgotten. All of it had been a fabrication meant to keep her mind from falling over the edge as she fell forward that day, after she had screamed her remorse to the heavens and back. The immense trauma she had to endure after that witnessing the horrendous state her followers and most importantly, her love had been left in was enough to shatter her psyche for a moment, time enough for her subconsciousness to kick in; inventing a new story all while her powers worked to cast a veil over the entire place, concealing the bodies, 'rebuilding' the temple...until all she was left with, was herself.

Instead of that tragedy, her fabricated memories told her her followers had simply abandoned her, leaving her all on her own to fend for herself. But despite thoughts of leaving to find a better place, a deep longing within her heart insisted she stay. And it was that longing that left her chained to her derelict temple for all these years, unaware of the bodies she passed every single day, blind to the bones of her deceased love clattering to the floor of her statue as she passed it by every single day.

Until not even those remained to mark their presence upon the world, long since having been carried off by carrion hunters and scavengers, devouring the bones and scraps. A nightmare brought back to reality as the shaken goddess lies before her desecrated home in two fronts; frightened and afraid within her mind and totally oblivious to the rough treatment she was begin subjected to as the Werewolf thrusts a hand deep into her sopping wet vagina while forcing her tongue down her willing throat. Knowing full well it was too late for Lydia to do anything as she lies there unmoving with nothing but a blush on her cheeks to denote emotion, grunting on occasion whenever her partner's hands knock against the back of her throat. Giggling

as her wicked eyes take note of sickly black veins beginning to seep out from her deadened irises, dyeing her warm skin a snow white coloration while exaggerated, angry scales manifest around her half lidded eyes.

Except Lydia couldn't see the Werewolf, feeling the cold arms of her old love against her face instead as she moves to pry her hands away from her face, forcing the shaken Lamia to face her with a gentle smile on her deathly pale face to no avail.

"Shhh...raise your head Ly~ Everything's going to be just fine~"

Still refusing to open her eyes, the ghost of the Miko leans forward, whispering into her ears with a tempting voice while tracing the contours of her naked body with a long finger, raking it across her sloping navel before teetering off the edge to flick at the Lamia's exposed loins, breaking her concentration for a moment, a moment that's more than enough for her phantom love to catch her full attention, fearful eyes gracing not a bludgeoned cranium but the intact visage of the young oriental beauty who had caught her eyes with her graceful demeanor and caring heart, just as she remembered all those years ago from her stifled past.

"Did something frighten you Ly? Wipe those tears off your face! There...much better...do you wanna talk about it?"

It left Lydia stunned as she turned her head on a pivot, glancing madly from left to right only to find the shrine back in its pristine condition. No bones, no shattered supports and the water was as clear as it always was, shining brilliantly against the searing sunlight beating down upon the two women. She wanted to know why, how she was kneeling here before her untouched, blabbering on about the events of that horrendous night, reaching out to hug, prod and touch her with unsure arms, questioning if this was all some wild dream she would soon awaken from.

"Does it matter if this is all a dream? Even if it is, you'll wake up, and I'll still be there by your side, right Ly? How rude, thinking I'd just do nothing and drop dead, you dummy..."

Pulling her in for a hug, Lydia's protests fall silent, freezing up with her wide eyes staring skyward, feeling the sting of the bright morning sun above in her irises, the warmth of the miko's body in her arms, the tickle of auburn hair against her nose, the weight of a young woman pressing down on her tail...had she truly been dreaming all these years? A millenia spanning dream of endless repetition, only to then be awoken in the arms of her beloved, naked in the middle of the temple's purifying lake. But where was everyone else?

"The others? Everyone's waiting for us Ly! They've already assembled in preparation for us just down the path outside...for what? Did you really forget the procession to enforce your will upon the masses beyond? You've done so much for the humans...so it's only natural they give back in return right? Fruits and drinks are boring..."

Lydia's brow raises in alarm as a tingle runs down her spine at the ominous tone the miko's sweet voice devolves into as she says the last words, realizing too late that this was all a trap to get at her using the face of her loved one as it splits open down the middle, pushing her through the floor of the shrine in a wave of nauseating black tentacles, its slick pores oozing with grime and radiating an evil miasma that sends Lydia reeling as she yells in frustration and anger for being tricked like this, lashing upward with her tail to strike at the corrupted visage of her deceased love, only to realize that her extremities had already been consumed by the thick bog released from the foul creature once it's deceit had been fully realized.

More alarmingly however, was the occurrence of something strange spreading in waves across Lydia's exposed body wherever the sludge touches, radiating like dark fingers as an ashen silver color bleaches over her shimmering green scales, replacing their metallic finish with a matte one akin to dried bones while the speckled stripes 'harden' along the edges, turning a fearsome red to give the appearance of a demon's flaming maw. All while the same crimson fire begins to burn within the gaps and seams where her scales connected, making the Lamia feel strange inside while she continues to struggle, her murderous screams long since stifled by a swift tendril jamming itself down her open mouth.

Back in the real world, the miasma's work was almost done altering the goddesses physical form, leaving her once lively form looking dreadfully pale with visible black veins of corrupted fluid running near the length of her waist where her serpentine lower half connects with her humanoid torso. But besides the change in coloration, the most prominent one laid in the Lamia's formerly fair and nature visage, twisted and warped into the frightening face of a demon; with a sleek brow framing slant eyes narrowed in at the edges, hiding blackened sclera upon which sits an ominous red light glowing brighter and brighter the further the corruption pushes its way into her mind. Fueled by the lustful Werewolf still fingering, fondling and groping at Lydia's unmoving form, directing the foul presence currently doing the same to Lydia's mental projection, sliding it's tentacles into her snatch, defiling her innards while smaller tendrils slip inside her ears, tickling her brain with foul thoughts and urges she would never have indulged before. Blind fury fueled by revenge, overwhelming sadness that blinds her to the pain of others and a wanton lust for sex that threatens to shatter her resolve, made worse by the relentless fervor by which the many tentacles, ranging in size from big to small originating from the bog assault her with, groping her breasts as they fatten up just a little while nibbling on her violet tinged nipples. Scouring her ashen torso while others piston in and out of her poor mouth, sporting fangs far sharper than they previously were while lean lips are '*upgraded*' into pert cushions painted a pale purple, letting loose disgraceful, half gurgled moans and happy giggles while her eyes, despite the furious frown her brows were locked in, betrayed her anger from the ridiculous way they go cockeyed with gleeful abandon despite her best efforts to the contrary.

Her own mind was revolting, turning the Lamia's memories, her values, and what made Lydia...Lydia, against her. Feeding on her grief, amping up the rate she felt for the murder of her loved one and followers. Tweaking the romance the two shared until pure love became overzealous greed and blind lust. Removing

her hesitation to cause harm and the concept of morality holding her back from true destructive potential as the evening skies around the awakening demon begin to tremble, darkening even further while the bones of her followers begin to move, bursting free of the temple grounds, shuffling over toward their mistress as she rouses from her slumber, giving in to the dark whispers seducing her with promises of power. Enough to avenge her dead. Enough to bring the world to its knees...all with a simple pledge of allegiance.

She knew it was wrong, that if she said yes, her very existence would be doomed to eternal damnation. But the pure ecstasy she felt right now was simply too much to resist. Nodding faintly in her sleep just as the last bits of blonde in her hair are gobbled up and replaced by silver ash while darkness consumes her dream, blotting out the blue skies above while that happy shrine, a memory of old, ceases to be...



A nanosecond after her defeat, a massive release of energy occurs centered around Lydia, blasting the surrounding ruins in a thick cloud of miasma produced by the former goddess as the Werewolf lands safely on her feet after being caught in the shockwave, wiping a line of saliva off her lips with a grin at the sight of the defiled divinity before her, reborn a comrade, a fellow sister to the cause. Laughing snidely as she descends to the ruined forest floor in a flutter of radiant silver locks tied neatly behind her head and raven black clothes that were no longer those of the shrine maiden's attire but her original divine raiment...stripped of its former nobility as it radiates the same ominous aura her entire being was soaked in.

No longer would Lydia excuse herself from the outside world, grieving for the dead. With her psyche tweaked and positively filled with corruption and debauchery, the defiled goddess had no intention of letting those who had wronged her go free. And on the off chance they and their bloodline had expired? The rest of mankind could pay the price in their stead. A hefty tag involving bloodshed in the millions before she could be considered mildly satiated. A fitting price she thought, for hundreds of years of what she now considered to be a humiliating withdrawal and an act of cowardice on her part. Staring lifelessly at the half ruined statue of herself before crushing its top half without ceremony much to the awe of her Werewolf accomplice, deleting the enormous chunk of stone with a spatial crush as if it was nothing.

Because despite the vile vitriol seething within the daemonified Lamia, her love for the miko still remained albeit in a twisted form. Even her newfound loyalty to the greater being pulling the strings behind the scenes was second compared to her love. But as long as she did her job willingly, the primordial being so no further reason to bend Lydia any further lest she become an uncontrollable beast. With her inhibitions erased and her morality broken, Lydia was a perfect weapon to unleash against its enemies, obeying its will without question. Just like the Werewolf, just like all the others currently operating under its name elsewhere across this vast wretched earth waiting to be consumed.

With a bark and a pep in her step as she leaps down off the ruined floorboard of the temple, the Werewolf signals for Lydia and her small army of undead to follow closely, lazily slinging her belongings into a sack while making her way back down the path leading out of the forest.

Taking one final glance at the space she'd just obliterated the space her love hung from. Lydia's slim lips break into a grin before pushing herself off the withered structure without remorse, herding her small army onward beside her temporary comrade, unwilling to let the peppy canine go free after what she just did to her; drugging her then defiling her while she was helpless? Unacceptable. Once they settled down elsewhere, she would return the favor tenfold, shooting the unknowing Werewolf a wry smile as a potent cocktail of aphrodisiac venom drips forth from one of the demon's enlarged fangs. Raking the ground with her ashen form while bones clacked and stomped away in a procession of the dead.

By the time the morning sun returns to shed light over the forest, all had fallen silent. And the once resplendent lake and the temple built in the center would be left in ruin, abandoned to time with only the faintest signs pointing to something dreadful that had happened on hallowed ground...

THE END