



ORIGINS OF MERRA

Lunia Locksley



The Origin of Lu

Slam

With a loud crack, the young bolgan mercenary kicked in the basement door of the abandoned mansion. Lunia had chased the slimy creature all the way down the dusty staircases, up to the point she saw the slimy purple tentacle disappearing through a crack in the door.

„What the?“ Lunia stopped shortly after she stepped over the doorsill. The basement was filled with tables and weird machines, strange artifacts and old books. Anatomical pictures of weird creatures covered the walls together with weird, almost cryptic scribbles and notes.

The young Bolgan mercenary concentrated while she slowly drew her sword. She was send here to find the sister of a client, which was kidnapped a few days ago. As a member of the Archfiends, a mercenary-group that offered to rescue victims that had been abducted by monsters, criminals or madmen, she was paid to find -and return- her target unharmed.

Nervous, Lunia checked her belt. The small pouch filled with „backfire“, a rare powder produced by Skirrans to send victims one step back in their tf-history was still in place. Lunia listened into the darkness, as a dull knocking broke the silence. She turned around and immediately saw her target, trapped inside a giant glass-tube behind a large, broken window.

Lunia tried to get closer, as she realized that the person she was looking for was already transforming inside the giant tube. In desperate gestures, the young girl behind the glas was trying to tell her something, her arms slapped against the walls of the tube until Lunia realized what was happening.

„Those madmen.. they don't really...!?“ Lunia's breath was caught. The girl inside the tube was covered in thick purple slime that was slowly merging with her perfect skin. On the walls around her, pictures of ancient, weird looking creatures covered the walls, together with a quite accurate drawing of fexa-stem anatomy-chart.

Lunia came closer, hasty notes covered the paper-sheets on the desk right in front of her. „Guarantee a fast-spreading outbreak ... Fexa stems as best organism to populate ... bring back the deep ones...?“ A loud moaning broke the silence before she was able to read through the notes further.



The girl inside the tube was changing more! in horror the young girl looked down her arms, that where slowly covered in a leathery, veiny membrane, dripping with thick slime. Long purple tentacles broke free from her back, as the victim looked to her hands in disbelief: Her filigree, female hands slowly swelled up and started to turn into massive bulges of slimy flesh. Drooling and moaning, the young girl moved up her lower arms, as Lunia realized their phallic form: Her arms had turned into massive, pre-dripping cocks.

But the transformation was far from over: before Lunia was even able to get any closer to the tube to use her backfire-powder, the face of the young girl changed as well! Leathery, slimy foreskin formed around her neck, as the opening that once was a female mouth changed into a pre-drooling cockhole.

Suddenly, something strong hit Lunia from the side and pulled her away from the poor transforming girl. Before the Bolgan mercenary even realized what was going on, she found herself trapped in the same sticky mess as the girl inside the tube.

One of the darkstrayer-fexas had escaped and now Lunia herself had to fight to not be a victim of those monsters! The slimy tentacles of the creature curled around the Bolgans legs, slowly dissolving her clothes. Enraged, Lunia slashed her sword into the slimy body of the fexa-monster, but it wasn't doing any damage! Whenever she cut a piece out of the slimy body, the wound immediately closed again...

„Salt!“ Lunia remembered that salt was a substance all slime-races she had encountered this far hated! She reached for her back-pouch, but it was already too late: The giant, foreskin covered cock-tentacles of the monster came closer and grabbed her body tightly. Slowly, the drooling main-cock of the fexa-mutant came closer to her face, as Lunia felt all clothes on her body dissolving into thin slime.



She was trapped and naked. Even her sword had been swallowed by the thick purple slime that was now slowly covering her body. Smacking and farting, the fexa squirted thick loads of disgusting cumslime over Lunias upper body, as something was sucking on her head from behind „N-No, please stop... please!!“

Lunia panicked. Slimy tentacles curled around her, slowly pushing between her legs. She felt something soft and slimy, violently parting her labial lips and entering her body as the disgusting main-cock of the creature came closer to her face.

„Gahw, noo!“ The young bolgan tried to break free as the slimy tentacle between her legs slowly started to move in a pumping way, drilling deeper inside her tight vagina. Lunia saw the half-erected glans-head of the disgusting monster staring right at her with thin strands of pre dripping from the greedy looking cockhole.

„You are one of my cocks now“ something whispered to her. Lunia was not sure if the voice came from the creature she was trapped in, or if it was already inside her head...

Suddenly, a part of the creature started to move in a different way. It was like the monster was dividing itself into two parts! Slowly, the bigger part of the creature let go of Lunia, who was still covered in a big load of purple slime. „Noooo“ Lunia gurgled, as the monster slowly slipped away to leave her in her transformation.



„One of my cocks... You have to obey!“ Lunia shuddered. Almost her whole body was covered in thick purple slime now, her tail was slowly becoming one with the thick, sticky mass and the first tiny tentacles started to spread from her once bolgan body.

Lunia felt a pressure in her nethers, as she saw something slimy and thick slowly pushing out of her cunt. „Look at that cock you little slut... Its your first and will not be your last one“

The voice in Lunias head was laughing like a madman, as she looked to her hands, which slowly turned into foreskin-covered, male sexes. She tried to scream as the voice in her head started to become louder.
„Ts Ts Cocks don´t speak... look at that great new cum-sack on your chest...“

In horror, Lunia looked down her chest: Her tits had turned into a single, wrinkled and slimy sack that was dangling on her front. Her nipples rendered useless, she felt the strong pressure inside them slowly travelling up her throat, as she knew what would happen next.

The skin in her face had turned purple as well. A leathery, wrinkled foreskin had started to form around her neck, slowly travelling up her throat. Lunia felt the lower half of her face becoming insanely-sensitive, as her mouth started to turn into a slit that was soon only able to create greedily sucking noises.



In desperation, Lunia pulled up her new phallic arms, the voice inside her head was laughing out loud, as her new cock-arms touched the soft foreskin of her new head. Pre drooled from what was once a bolgan face and with a loud, farting noise, Lunia puked her first load of viscous cum from her cockhole. She was starting to enjoy it, she was feeling great in her new body! Her swollen arms rubbed along the soft foreskin of her head as she started to think about transforming her first victim.

The testicles on her chest started to swell up, as the pressure quickly pushed more sticky substances up her throat. In a bliss, She squirted a gush of thick cum from the opening, that was once her mouth, feeling the hot jizz running over her wrinkled breast-sack.

Lunia felt great, maybe greater than ever and it was like she could live on like this forever: But suddenly, a strong voice in her head woke her up from the bliss:

This wasn't her! There was something wrong with this body... something didn't fit here...The darkstrayer was taking over her mind slowly, but she was still a bolgan, not a fexa...

Confused, Lunia felt like her whole body was collapsing and reforming over and over again. Suddenly, she was melting, fighting the monstrous fexa-part in her. Like fighting against her own, her monstrous body started to twitch and deform faster and faster, until she collapsed and formed a messy pool of purple slime on the ground.



A few hours later, Lunia finally woke up again. She was exhausted and felt nearly dead as she tried to pull herself out of the pool of thick slime on the ground. She noticed that the thin puddle was more like a deep lake she was pulled back into over and over again. Desperate, she started to swim and move forward, until she eventually reached solid ground.

Totally exhausted, but also kinda happy she had defeated the fexa-part in herself, the now purple bolgan girl curled up and slept away in a blink of an eye.

Hours later, Lunia woke up for the second time in this night. Her new body was feeling weird, but also kind of powerful. Slowly, she tried to stand up. Her body had become that of a bolgan again, but more flexible. Lunia noticed that she was able to change the hardness of every inch of her body to her liking... she was liquid and solid at the same time. It was kind of overwhelming to her, and she knew: Her life would never be the same from now on.

