

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH2: SUCCUBUS(TING)

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“What is taking Laios so long? We’re don’t have a lot of time...”

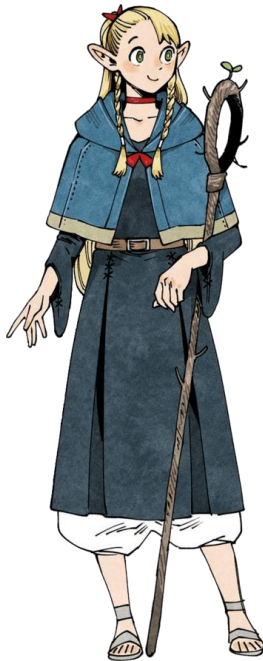
Marcille Donato was *very much* aware of the importance of what Laios was doing. He was scoping out their potential escape route, an important task if they were going to return to the surface with several of their party members in the conditions that they were presently in after clashing with the red dragon. Marcille was one of the weakened. The magic energy in her body had been more or less completely dried up, and she was still suffering from some of the more minor effects of mana deficiency even after a good night of sleep.

“Falin! Are you almost ready?” The elf had been ranting to herself outside of the safety of the abandoned home that their party had been using to rest, having been led outside by her own impatience. Chilchuck was off grabbing their stuff from the red dragon fight, while Senshi was down by the dragon trying to carve away the rest of the meat that he could. That just left Falin and herself at the house, and Falin had been insistent on needing some time to ‘take care of some business’.

She’d been awkward about it, but Marcille had heard her talking to someone in one of the rooms as she headed downstairs. Falin was uniquely empathetic to spirits, and she *did* say someone who had lived in the home had given them permission to sleep there. So, the mage just figured that her friend was saying thank you to that spirit.

But she was taking too long! Chilchuck and Senshi would be back soon, but Laios’ absence was more of an issue. Was it just a Touden thing to waste her time!? Well, she’d definitely be *way* more forgiving of Falin than his brother; that much was incredibly obvious just based on her

past behaviors. Marcille was incredibly endeared to Falin because they were childhood friends, and her affection bordered the romantic. She would *definitely* forgive the Tallman woman, even though she hadn't received a reply to her question.



The woman didn't have the foggiest idea that the monster population in the dungeon was in the midst of a severe imbalance. How *could* she know? There weren't many monsters on the floor she was on in the first place. But what she *did* know was that there was a strange sound coming from beside the house they had slept in. "**Huh? A baby?**" It definitely *sounded* like a baby's cry, but that had to be impossible, right?

Nonetheless, Marcille was the type of person whose curiosity tended to get the best of her. *Just a quick peek...* That was what she told herself as she slipped into the alleyway, but she immediately had a bad feeling. It was very dark, and wasn't it possible that this was a trap? Some monsters were capable of *mimicry*, right? "**Wait, maybe I should...?**" But it was too late. The trap was one laid by the dungeon itself in an attempt to pull the elf out of plain view.

"Actually, it doesn't seem like anything is even here. That's weird... maybe my mind is playing tricks on me?" They *had* been in the dungeon for a while and she was still recovering from her mana deficiency, so it wasn't really impossible. Hadn't Laios said he'd been hearing things too? Maybe she had just come down with whatever she had? But, then again, it was merely her mana deficiency playing tricks on her mind...

There wouldn't have been any reason for her body to begin appearing *differently*.

There were several inconsistencies early on that all revolved around the elven woman's head. Take her *ears*, for example. They were usually a little rounded at the tips, contrary to how sharp the ears of other elves *tended* to be. But that changed. The tips of those ears were pulled sharper, narrower, and the cartilage as a whole became significantly thinner so that they didn't really resemble an elf's ears beyond their general shapes. But there might have been *monsters* who had ears like that?

But there was also the addition of a splash of *pink* to the woman's visage. Initially? It could only be seen delivering a spritely addition of vibrancy to her hair. One blonde strand was suddenly dyed bright pink, and then

it emerged within another and another until most of her head was filled with the color. **“Hm? Is something up with my hair?”** But just as her head was almost *entirely* painted in this new color, its style changed. Strands thickened, which inadvertently undid the braids and ponytail and pushing the ties out of position. Marcille went so far as to gingerly touch long, curled pink bangs that framed her face. But despite recognizing the differences? She just shrugged them off instead.

The pink didn't stop there, either. It painted her brows and pubes, but other than her hair? It painted over the green of the woman's eyes. They briefly emitted an eerie glow that appeared to correspond with a dramatic mental shift; not that it felt all that 'dramatic' to Marcille. She just felt confused. *Falin... She's pretty hot, right? And I saw her in the bath last night... Thinking of that makes me feel pretty hot...*

“EEP!? Wh-What am I thinking!?” She did have a crush on Falin, but to think so thirstily about her was out of her usual wheelhouse! But it wasn't a matter of just *thinking* about it. Her body felt a growing *need*, and her loins burned. She tried calming down her urges, but the stronger they became? The more her body changed. Take the rest of her face, for example. She was biting a lower lip that was swelling larger beneath her teeth, whereas canine teeth became sharper. Her nose narrowed and her eyes enlarged, her shape far more beautiful in a way that departed from the usual elven beauty standards.

Marcille traditionally wore fairly frumpy clothing down in the dungeon. It made it difficult to make out her figure, and that was more or less by design. She had a slender form without much excess to her curves, which was basically standard for elves, so it wasn't like she had much to flaunt even if she had *wanted* to. Or, at least, that had *been* the case. Until this point, anyways.

“Mmn... It's getting kinda hard to think...” She was right *in a sense*. There was a suggestive purr to a vaguely deepened voice that matched her changing mental state. She was still thinking lustful thoughts, and as a result her thighs were rubbing together needily. As they rubbed together though? The friction between these two legs grew, courtesy of those thighs growing plumped. The weight they gained add a few inches, but it also pushed some of that weight into her *ass*. Her cheeks burgeoned with meat, pushing out the back of her tunic and the loose pants that she wore underneath it.

Her lustful fantasies were changing similarly to her body, though. Falin's face disappeared, leaving the person she was fantasizing about vague. At times it was a woman, at others a man. Big tits, a fat cock; all of it felt appealing to her. And she inherited *one* of those features, at least. The front of her tunic was pushed forward courtesy of her own

bosom swelling, what were once B-cups at most surged within her clothing, nipples thickened in their erect, aroused forms in a way that rubbed up against her clothing sensitively. By the end? They were roughly *F-cups*, and the limited space offered by her current outfit was *clearly* restricting their sizes.

Fortunately for her, there was an immediate fix. *BOING!* Not only her tits, but the fuller cheeks of her ass bounced as they were all freed simultaneously. Marcille's frumpy outfit had been replaced by a leather bikini with matching, thigh high boots and detached sleeves. Navy blue was the primary color, though the straps that made up the bikini top, running vertically over her nipples and exposing the rest of her boobs, were pink on top just like the heels of her new boots and the cuffs of her gloves.

"MMMMMN!" It felt like a burden had been lifted from the woman's shoulders, and so she stretched upwards to take that extra edge off with her pink eyes closed. With her arms raised? Two growths emerged from her shoulder blades. Bat-like wings that were navy blue on their backs, but dark pink inside. When she broke the stretch and slackened her posture, everything jiggled again.

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP!

She didn't seem to notice the sensation of something twitching back and forth behind her, either. **"My head feels a little clearer, but mm... It's hard to be so needy sometimes."** Her *tail* seemed to agree. It had arisen when her tailbone had darkened to a navy blue, before pushing out little by little until she had a tail that was roughly five feet long. The tip had even been malformed into demonic little spade. 'Demonic' summoned up her appearance fairly well.

This *demon* was just missing one more demonic trait. But it emerged soon enough. Or, well, *they* emerged soon enough. Two rock hard growths from the sides of her head. Horns fashioned from silver that pushed out and then curved inwards to give her silhouette an even more menacing appearance. It would be extremely difficult to mistaken her for an elf at this point, but what she now was could be seen as far more captivating.

While she was very much a *monster* now, this *succubus* had not inherited a unique identity to go along with things. That said? She was keen to come up with her own. **"Why do I go by 'Marcille', anyways? That isn't very cute..."** Nor could she remember *how* she had gotten that name. She just knew herself to be a succubus, and one that had been brought to this dungeon from another world. A *Netherworld*? The

details were kind of fuzzy, admittedly. All she knew was that she was *definitely* different from the usual succubi of this realm.

“How about Marcie? That sounds waaay cuter!” It almost felt humorous that a woman with her tits and ass out cared so much about how ‘cute’ her name was. You would think that she would want to sound *sexy* instead, but that just wasn’t *Marcie*’s style! She couldn’t really remember why she was on this floor of cobblestone paths and buildings, either. **“There are other floors, right? I don’t think the biome of this one really suits me.”**



Her lustful form would be better served on a floor where there were victims *to* seduce, no? So, to those ends? She extended the huge wings on her back and gave them a flap, taking off into the air without even looking back. Which ultimately left Falin all on her lonesome...

Not that it would matter for long.