

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH4: (GHOSTLY) WIGHTS

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Just as Marcille had surmised, Falin Touden *had* lingered in the house that they had been staying within to communicate with the spirits.

She had asked permission from a young girl spirit the night before, and so the cleric had believed that it was only right to pay her respects before setting out. Falin had a kind heart, which was probably why they had all ended up in this situation in the first place. The entire adventure down into the dungeon had been a direct result of Falin sacrificing herself to save her brother, Laios, from the red dragon. She had never expected to be saved, and she would have been content to have just remained dead if it meant her brother got to live on.

But that hadn't been the case. She'd been given a second chance at life thanks to Marcille's dark magic, and now she wanted to make the best of that life. She wasn't going to leave any regrets behind so that she could avoid becoming just another one of the spirits that haunted this place if she ended up dying again. It was important to make sure that, if you died, you could do so peacefully.

"Thank you all again!" Falin bowed to the spectral family that had been haunting the home one more time before finally leaving the bedroom and setting course down the stairs. Marcille was likely annoyed with her after waiting for so long, but she's stopped calling for her about ten minutes prior. The elf tended to know when to give up when it came to Falin, which the cleric herself appreciated. It meant that she was still patient enough to accept that sometimes she just took a while!



The abandoned living room was at the bottom of the stairs, and the tallman woman spent a moment to check over everything one more time to make sure nothing was forgotten. She couldn't remember how many times in the past that they'd had to run back to an old camp because Laios forgot something of importance, and with their destination being the surface it was probably for the best to quadruple check. **"Nope! Looks like they packed everything!"**

She shivered suddenly. **"Brr... It sure is cold in here all of a sudden, though."** Just how cold *was* it? She could see her breath as she exhaled, plain as day. It tended to get cold whenever ghosts manifested, like it was a little chilly in the room upstairs when she had spoken with the spirits. But none were present downstairs that she could see or sense. For all intents and purposes, she was the *only* one down there.

Which, technically, meant that the only source could be *her*, right?

That felt like such a stretch that Falin didn't even consider it at first. Although, that said? The warning signs were *definitely* there. The pink and healthy complexion that had been restored to her after Marcille's magic brought her back to life had been set on a reverse course thanks to the cold, and little by little all of that color ultimately drained from her person altogether. She soon became immune to the chill, but only *after* all possible color had been robbed from her flesh. She wasn't *just* pale.

Her skin was a *porcelain white*, so deficient in color that it begged the question of whether or not blood was even running through her veins. It *wasn't*. It was very much still there, but it had stilled. **"Huh?"** Falin had felt it too, but the weight of *what* she felt didn't really appear to occur to her. She pressed a hand against her right breast for some reason, right above where she *should* have felt her heart beating. But that was what surprised her. She *couldn't* feel it beating at all. That was a problem. It should have definitely been *considered* one.

Yet the cleric shrugged it off just as her dully colored eyes swirled with a menacing crimson glow. It was an ethereal color that made her look just as inhuman as her ghostly white body. **"Something feels... *Oho!* ...a little wrong?"** There was a vague part of the woman that appeared to recognize this, and her reddened eyes went wide at that odd little laugh in the middle of her question there. **"Why did I laugh...?"** And why did it sound a little *annoying*?

Falin tilted her head with a touch of confused curiosity. She'd done well to sense that something was amiss, but it simultaneously appeared that her ability *to* recognize things was both incomplete and degrading. Had she been hyperaware of it, she might have noticed just how much weight shifted when she tilted her head in the first place. This was courtesy of her own hair, which wasn't thicker, but it *was* longer. Her ash blonde strands grew out in a wavy fashion behind her, its hue lightening a little at it reached the backs of her thighs.

The quality of this hair deteriorated too. It was clear it wasn't receiving the same nutrients that a head of healthy hair might. Frayed bangs were parted in the center, while those on the sides of her head swirled down to her chest – and hid that her ears had taken on very subtle points at their tips. Not like an elf's ears, but something a little more *demonic*. **“This is so... so... Ohohoho!”** This time? The laugh went on longer, and she raised a hand up to her lips as she laughed.

Though her lips didn't look quite the same way they had before, either. They were passively puckering out farther than they did before but were also glossier despite the increasingly obvious fact that her body was devoid of *life*. At least in the traditional sense. This was part of a broader sweep of changes to her face. Falin had always been a cute woman, but her features were enhanced to become more *beautiful* and *sexier*. She was given a thinner chin for example, or a sharper nose. Her face was rendered longer on the whole, and narrowed eyes of red were framed with mascara.

“Am I shorter?” The woman eventually questioned with a shriller voice that had only been heard during those odd laughs prior. Her loss of height had been so subtle of a change that it was surprising she realized, for she'd only lost two inches, and her frumpy outfit made it difficult to tell what was going on beneath the folds of those clothes. But a lot had actually been happening that she *hadn't* noticed because of those very same folds.

Falin was *thinner* around the waist for one. Not that she was particularly pudgy in the first place, but she was a little softer of build than her friends. The softness that she *did* lose eventually returned with the vengeance, however. It seeped into her legs, for example, seeing to it that her porcelain white thighs burgeoned forth with cold but supple weight, each one matching her narrowed waistline in terms of girth. It was fed into the cheeks of her ass, too, pushing her cheeks out behind her in a pleasant heart shape.

Her frayed locks swayed from side to side as she shook her head again. **“No. What am I even worried about?”** The woman's voice sounded

sassier and more self-important now. Shifting posture had a hand resting on a widened hip as she looked around. The familiar room, ultimately, appeared more and more foreign to her. But what she didn't *seem* to find foreign were the new *additions* to her body. Large, translucent, spectral claws with three fingers that wrapped around her existing arms.

“Ohohoho! I’m just as young and beautiful as I’ve always been!” The woman raised her hand again as she laughed, lifting it right past a chest where more fat was provided to her build. Her D-cup breasts had begun to swell gratuitously beneath her robes. She didn't wear a bra nor any bindings, so nothing stopped her erect nipples from growing forward as they were lifted by the pale flesh beneath them. They would have fit neatly into a *G-cup* bra in the end. **“Hmm... But something else is amiss here, isn't it?”**

She felt *stifled* somehow. It was her clothing. It didn't suit her tastes at all. But it was also irrelevant before long. Her robes ended up dissipating entirely, revealing a brand new outfit clinging to her body underneath. A dark purple dress that clung to her breasts without any straps, leaving them completely exposed as a skull pin sat at their base. The dress had a slit on the left side to reveal her porcelain hip and bulging thigh, highlighted by the light purple thigh high legging that slipped beneath a darker purple heel. Otherwise, she had detached sleeves with a furred rim, a necklace, and a silver tiara with purple gemstones.

“Ohohoho!” No longer uncertain of anything, the *Wight* named *Ghouela* raised one of her giant spectral hands and laughed into the back of it like an arrogant *ojou-sama*. Which was what she was at her core, albeit a very *ghoulish* one. Wights were undead raised from the corpses of dignified individuals like nobles, kings, queens, and even *princesses*. Ghouela had been a princess in her past life, or at least that was what she had been told upon resurrection. She really didn't have any memories of what that life might have been like.

Her glowing, red eyes surveyed her surroundings. **“A cozy little home, but a little too low bar for my tastes. Are there not any castles or manors around here for me to settle into?”**



The beautiful, buxom, walking corpse desired a much *nicer* place to make her nest, and this peasant's home just wouldn't do. She would have to set out to seek another, because after all...

“No men for me to lay with will simply waltz into a mediocre home like this! But a manor, well... They'll just be falling into my lap for me to milk dry!”