

A Growing Darkness

A rather expansive commission by Lena Trueshield.

Tylla, a novice priestess, is sent to assist a group of adventurers seeking to assault a werewolf-infested castle. She ends up growing from the experience!

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Contains: F Draenei/M Worgen, breast expansion, height increase, slight muscle gain, butt growth, magic, facefucking, titfucking, fellatio



A lone figure trod slowly toward the looming silhouette of a tall keep. On a bluff above a small, surprisingly still inhabited village, Shadowfang Keep cast a menacing presence throughout the foggy forest of pines within which it stood.

Tylla shivered from the unnatural cold of the place, delicate blue fingers gripping the shaft of her anchorite's staff tightly, its tip casting a soft golden glow all around, acting as a beacon to ward off potential attackers. The Draenei's priestly vestments, well-suited to the more temperate climates of the southern regions, did little to protect her slim form against the brisk winds of Silverpine Forest. One could see the outlines of partially erect nipples pressed against the thin fabric of her robe, drawing attention to her tiny, barely-there breasts.

"Where are they?" she thought, looking for the adventuring party that was supposed to be there. Only silence and the occasional cawing of crows greeted the young Draenei. The eerie quietude of this place chilled her to the bone. The rustling of a sheet of paper pulled from her bag joined the rustling of the branches as she unrolled it.

Call To Arms

Brave heroes of the Alliance! Following reports of Worgen activity north of South Shore, investigations have revealed that a pack of the feral beast-men has taken up residence within Shadowfang Keep.

Those brave enough to venture into the darkened halls of Shadowfang will be rewarded with five gold pieces per Worgen head.

Marshall Dugrim Thundergale

When the town hall clerk had given her the piece of parchment, he had told her that a group of three had already left but would camp out near the keep, should any others wish to join them.

The sooner she could meet up with that adventuring party, the sooner she could return home, cozily studying the hundreds of religious tomes piled within the temple walls. While the trip had been relatively short and uneventful, Tylla had not packed enough food and had soon been reminded of that fact by the rumbling of an empty stomach.

A quick look to the shadows lurking all about her reminded her that she was indeed alone, and a recently extinguished campfire confirmed that others had been here recently – and that the gates of Pyrewood Village had remained closed to them. *“Start without me, did they? Better not dawdle too long, else they will be in need of more healing than I can offer!”*

Dead leaves crunched underhoof as she parted the dense fog with her enchanted anchorite’s staff, entering the keep without so much as a single foe greeting her.

“The gate has yet to be closed... I do hope this is the party’s work and not some wicked trap set by our foes,” Tylla thought, gathering whatever courage she had. She suspected, glancing at the shadows behind her, that she would be safer indeed behind the walls of the keep than outside.

For a moment, she hoped that the adventuring party had cleared the way for her, but the creeping malice of the dark stronghold offered little in the way of reassurance.

First among the oddities was the apparent lack of bodies or traces that any kind of battle had taken place in the darkened halls. Oh, there were a few clawed surfaces here and there with destroyed furniture strewn about. Nothing unexpected given the reports of a Worgen infestation. While relatively new to these types of adventures, Tylla nonetheless knew that expeditions such as these typically brought with them their fair share of carnage.

Stairs creaked as she ascended the deserted halls of the gloomy keep, ancient cobwebs fluttering about from the girl’s passage.

“Tylla, we are glad you finally made it!” came an unknown voice within the priestess’s mind, speaking with much urgency. *“Come, quickly! We have met our enemy!”*

Never one to refuse another aid, the girl ascended as quickly as her legs could carry her, not even knowing where she was headed in the keep. The Light would guide her. Years spent behind the walls of her temple made the effort even more demanding. Thin as a reed, with a near absence of fat or muscle, the white-haired girl was not the slightest bit a paragon of physical fitness or endurance. Her fingers gripped the railing when she paused to catch her breath, leaning over, plait swinging. Her legs were killing her, and her heart pounded madly within her chest.

Barely had her hoof touched the wooden planks atop the decrepit staircase that a burst of green fog exploded from a previously invisible emerald rune that glowed suddenly and violently, briefly illuminating the room before being drowned in smog. The smoke thickened, quickly filling the entire room. She had no time to utter a protective spell that the bitter fumes had invaded her lungs, causing her to cough violently, stinging her esophagus and burning her eyes.

"Quickly! We require healing!" came another voice in her mind. This time, it came from that of a woman with a distinctly Darnassian accent. She could recognize the woman's accent, being quite close to the elusive Kaldorei since her arrival on this new world. *"We cannot complete the quest without the aid of our esteemed healer!"* The choice of words seemed odd, and she wondered how the group even knew of her arrival or her name. Perhaps had someone in South Shore warned them of her arrival.

A burning sensation raced across the smoothness of her skin, hair-raising pain afflicting her suddenly. No sooner had she registered the pain that it faded like a wave retreating into the sea, turning into the whisper of a soft tingling.

Her coughing, however, continued and she found it difficult to breathe, so much so that she fell onto her hands and knees, choking on the awful cloud. The echoes of the burst of pain seemed to travel across her body once more, migrating suddenly towards the nubs of her minuscule tits. Her nipples hardened even more, tenting the thin fabric of her robes. She would have moaned, were it not for the irritation in her throat that forced a cough from her instead.

She dared to open a tear-filled eye, certain that she would choke on the dark green fumes if she did not attempt something. Her thoughts briefly went to the scholarly tomes young Draenei would read in school to learn of the horrifying tactics their demonic enemies would use. Fumes such as these, she'd learned, had been used once on the world she had been born on. Many of her people had been corrupted and transformed by these and were now known as the Broken. She had yet to encounter such fumes herself, until now. Burning them away was the only way to get rid of them.

Focusing her willpower, the novice priestess reached for her staff tentatively, raising it above her head at a forty-five degree angle. A flash of light burst from the crystalline tip, burning away the devilish fog, leaving nothing behind save a few wisps of green mist.

Tylla's white, glowing eyes were quick to spot the hue of her skin which had shifted to a somewhat to a purplish tone, markedly different from her regular blue. *"Perhaps I can reverse the course of this corruption..."* she thought, breathing becoming more regular. She had inhaled much of that potent smoke, and she knew not just how much it would affect her or if it had meant to kill her. *"First, however, I need to find my party!"*

Standing up, Tylla looked around. She seemed to be alone still, yet the uneasy feeling that had followed since she'd set foot upon the Keep grounds persisted, especially as she stared into the unlit room before her. The light from the gatehouse below barely reached the top of the stairs.

As a priestess, however, she had no difficulty conjuring light-based spells. Snapping her fingers, a small light grew at the core of her staff's crystal, increasing in intensity until it illuminated the ominous hallways before her.

Each step taken by the priestess brought with it a fair measure of fear and anticipation, unsure if she'd step upon another rune-trap that would cause her further distress or if the one behind this trap had other plans for her. These traps were not needed to make the girl panic, for each new step now brought with it an unfamiliar sensation – weight on her torso paired with slight jiggling. The young woman looked down to see mounds of titflesh straining against robes far too small to contain even modest handfuls such as those she now sported.

Unmistakably, the Draenei now sported a healthy set of breasts, and she needed not think too far to how or why these had suddenly grown on her otherwise skinny body. She resisted the temptation to squeeze the alluring orbs, knowing full well that they were hers, given the sensation of her hardening nipples against the fine fabrics she wore. Bras had never been something she needed, given her previous lack of feminine charms, which only now made the jiggling that much more distracting.

Exploration of the cold and lonesome rooms and hallways of Shadowfang gave little in the way of hope or comfort, and the voices that had whispered to her previously had been quiet for the last half hour or so. Passing through the keep's courtyard and stables, Tylla soon found herself at the entrance of a long hallway, in which were two doors: one to the left and one to the right.

Only the left door stood ajar. Tylla would have been surprised if it could close at all, given that the mahogany of the left door seemed bloated and rotted from the humidity of the place.

"You have to get the key, lass!" a burly voice with a thick dwarven accent shouted in her mind. *"We dropped the key when we ran!"*

Given that the open door was closer, she opted to go through that one, only to find a row of cells against the far wall, each one open and empty. It was then that the girl realized that she felt no tiredness from walking through the keep, she was not out of breath nor were her legs killing her. Energized, she ran a hand along her stomach, feeling the muscles flexing beneath.

I feel so... powerful, she thought. It feels as though I could rip a wolf-man apart, should one appear, like I could fuck a pack of them...

Her reverie was interrupted when she spotted the glint of a golden key, inlaid with a twinkling ruby, hanging from the ceiling of the central cell. She raised her eyebrows, feeling the thing call

to her and, before she knew it, she had stepped into the cell. "This must be it," she whispered to herself.

The Draenei shot a hand upwards to the hanging key, finding it to be far higher than she'd anticipated at first. Her staff would have been unable to remove the key, given that it was tied with a chain and not a hook, though she gave it a fair attempt, hitting it a few times with the glowing crystalline head of her staff. Whacking the key didn't work, so she tried jumping.

The absence of athleticism on display would have made anyone laugh and then blush when they noticed the girl's large bust bouncing wildly. *Just... a bit... more...* she thought, the tip of her tongue emerging from the corner of her mouth as she focused, trying to give herself as much height as possible.

Each jump seemed to bring her closer.

Stretching her arm out, she kept reaching, jumping yet again. Unnoticed by her, her small stature had increased, allowing her to reach the key with greater ease, and increased strength had allowed her to yank it free of the silver chain. She had gained well over a foot and a half in height in the span of a few minutes only.

When she yanked the key free from its chain, the key's red gem flared, and she felt power surge through her. She watched as the definition of her arms increased and watched in horror as her bust began growing again, the seams straining from that sudden increase in volume. She gasped, the sudden movement causing her robes to rip in the front, allowing her now-huge, deep purple tits some breathing room and creating a tantalizing cleavage window from which, it seemed, the prodigious mammaries would escape at any moment.

Both the length and width of her legs had increased with the change, too, thickening her thighs to such an extent that a long tear appeared on the side of her robes, showing off the intense musculature beneath. She reached back with one hand to touch her rump, realizing that it, too, had grown considerably. Two fat, round masses of flesh greeted her fingers, and she gave them a squeeze. While she'd had the flattest ass on the Exodar before, she knew now that her colleagues would *worship* her new endowments.

She grinned briefly, though the reality of that situation quickly brought her back down to earth.

More changes... came a thought. *Should they not have stopped with the first few? When I burned the fog away... Are its effects ongoing? What other changes should I expect? I should try and find a cure before this gets any worse. I'm afraid I'll start liking it if I don't stop it any time soon. The sooner I find the adventuring party, the sooner we can get back to better healers who can help me.*

Powerful legs pumped and Tylla strode from the small cell block to continue her exploration of the depredated dungeon. Mazelike paths carried her through various rooms and hallways guided by naught but her own instinct.

They key's use became apparent when she reached the massive doors of a stone chapel on the eastern side of the castle. With a click, the doors were unlocked, allowing her to walk in. Moonlight from the courtyard poured into the modest chapel, both through the open door and stained glass windows, illuminating the contents within. Its unimpressive furnishings appeared to have been unmolested by both adventurer and Worgen alike. Either that, or it had been recently restored.

Breathing became more difficult for Tylla when another sudden growth spurt caused the twin peaks within her inadequate vestments to be squeezed even harder. She'd worn corsets that restricted her breathing less than her now gigantic tits. To her great sorrow, she found that even the lesser enchantments of her robes managed to endure the great and increasing strain upon them, for which there seemed to be no relief.

When the tightness of her garments became too much, she placed her light-infused staff against the wall to grip the edges of the cleavage window that had formed earlier. With little to no effort, she tore the thing so that it created a vast V-shaped neckline down to her navel, the enormity of her chest now apparent. While the recently enlarged breasts remained mashed within the confines of her garments, they had managed to gain some degree of freedom.

Like tearing paper, she thought. She peered down to the pumpkin-sized knockers now gracing her chest, round and proud with skin now of a deep scarlet hue. Her gaze briefly flickered to the golden idol on the altar of that chapel, giving nary a thought to the various prayers that could have strengthened her against the darkness of the place.

Her staff remained against that wall as she descended curling flagstone staircase down into darkness, forgotten, its light slowly fading.

As the priestess slowly descended into the bowels of the castle, wall-mounted torches began glowing with a cold, magical light. The bottom of those stairs had no such magic and, when she reached the end of that bottomless abyss, she was plunged into complete darkness. Even in such darkness, however, she found that she could see quite well.

Thoughts of violence crossed her mind as she hoped to find the one responsible for such humiliation towards her. Demonic corruption was the greatest insult a Draenei could suffer. A door with a skull-shaped knocker made of ivory stood before her. Before she could reach for it, the skull began moving its mouth, two green dots appearing in its orbits.

"Ah! A visitor! You must be the one I've been told so much about," it greeted her in polite tones.

The minuscule specks of light in its orbits, she knew, were focused on the enormous, swollen breasts, so out of proportion for even her (now enhanced) frame. They had grown yet again, reaching now to her navel, and the way they pressed together in that cleavage window made

them appear entirely natural. She had been gaining mass in other places as well, as her robes felt ever tighter around her ass and thighs. The hem of her robe barely reached down to her knees now, while previously it had covered the entirety of her legs.

“You heard of me?” doubtfully asked the red-skinned priestess, trying to mask any semblance of annoyance. If she was to get to the bottom of this nonsense, she would have to play their game.

A raspy chuckle came from the skull-door. “Heard and seen of you. Oh! That, I have,” it said. “You’ve much changed since you first set foot in the master’s domain. Let us be merry, for there is much change yet to come!”

Tylla frowned. “What? I am still myself, no matter the physicality of these... modifications that are afflicting me. This is nothing that cannot be reversed. The anchorites of my home will cleanse this foulness, you can be certain of it.”

“Will they? Once they see what you’ve become?”

The skull quite suddenly melded into the door before the whole thing began shimmering, replaced by a mirror in which she could see her reflection.

The woman in the mirror looked nothing like her. At least, nothing like the woman she’d been when she arrived at the keep. The most striking aspect of this change was the emerald blaze of her eyes that had replaced the glowing silver of her people.

Now, she seemed tall enough that doors would be an issue, with colossal tits between which she could easily crush a gnome. When she had departed South Shore, she had been incredibly thin, with a near absence of curves. The woman in the mirror was the total opposite, with an hourglass silhouette of incredible proportions, carried by long legs and thighs like tree trunks.

Tylla ran a hand along her body slowly, feeling the muscle underneath the feminine softness, amazed at the changes. She could not deny the appeal of such a form, noting the pleasant tingling as her fingers brushed against the overabundant flesh of her overgrown breasts. Their weight was undeniable as she lifted one slowly, giving it a gentle squeeze, feeling her fingers being submerged by the fleshy mountains. A delicate moan, unsuppressed by the biting of her lip, slipped from her when she allowed her fingers to tease a fat, diamond-hard nipple.

Never one to allow herself much in the way of carnal pleasure, Tylla’s entire body was now aflame with lust. *Fuck*, she thought, many meanings carried by that single word. *There’ll be time enough for that once you get those guys out of here. Don’t forget why you’re here, Tylla, why you even set foot in this accursed place...*

A great hunger in her loins prompted her to step forward, and she found that she could pass through the mirror with no resistance.

Suffocating. The darkness beyond surrounded her and she felt as though she were floating in a vast, ink-black ocean.

“Welcome,” said a voice, its source unseen to her. It was not that of the skull in the door or of the voices that had spoken to her previously – now silent. “I must admit my surprise at seeing you here. The others were not so lucky, but I suppose there was a hidden strength hidden within that lithe form of yours.”

A light was lit some thirty feet away, and color flooded Tylla’s vision. She then saw the richly decorated bedchamber within which she stood, a crackling fire burning in its hearth, illuminating the room with its warmth. By the smell and the look of the room, as finely decorated as it seemed, she was still within the walls of Shadowfang Keep.

“I do not intend to stay here long. Tell me where you are keeping the others and I will depart,” Tylla said as her gaze found her interlocutor.

She could not see the entirety of the being sitting on the red cushioned chair, most of his form hidden behind the chair back. Floorboards creaked under her immense weight as she approached him. Every step taken allowed her to see more of him, until she could see his face, eyes staring at the fire burning a few feet before him.

This was the Worgen of Shadowfang. Dressed in rich robes of purple, trimmed with angular gold patterns, two curved horns sprouted from his forehead. His eyes shone with the same emerald shade as hers now did.

“Do sit,” said the wolf-man, seemingly unbothered by her previous statement. “You’ve much to learn about your new self.”

And she did. Before even realizing what had happened.

“I could go on and on about my experiments with fel magic and how I’ve almost devised a way to create heroes, such as yourself, that are better suited to dangerous environments, capable of withstanding vast amounts of punishment. The side effects, as you’ve probably noticed by now, are rather noticeable, with enhanced sexual attributes and hunger, along with the appearance of certain demonic features.”

She listened without a word, eyes darting down to the noticeable bulge growing beneath his robes.

“If you desire to tend to those other adventurers, I am certain they will be glad to see you, if they are still of this world. They might still be breathing. Why don’t you go and have a look?” he offered, waving towards a closed door on the other side of a room. “I don’t know if the Light will still respond to you, but it might be worth a try...”

He glanced at her, a devious, knowing smirk on his lips. "But you don't want to, do you?" he said, parting his robes to allow a fat, growing manhood to appear.

All thoughts of heroism and bravery melted away in that moment, and she found herself staring at the sorcerer's enormous cock. It grew and grew with every gentle throb. A multitude, criss-crossing along its vastness pumped blood through it, causing a progressive growth and hardening.

She had never seen a male so endowed as he. In truth, the Draenei had not seen many cocks in her lifetime and she had found herself unimpressed by those.

Tylla was no longer sitting, and she found herself crawling towards him, gigantic red tits finally finding freedom from the constrictive garments. The twin orbs hung low enough that they brushed against the carpet, eliciting a soft sigh of pleasure from her.

His clawed hand reached down to her priestly robes, hiking it up to her waist as she made her way on all fours to him. A single one of his rough fingers ran along her ass crack, pushing between the globes of her fat, round cheeks until he found the glistening slit of her cunt, already soaked with anticipation.

The girl arched her back in response. "Ahn-!"

"Eredar women really are something else," he said, teasing her drenched pussy with his finger. "You don't mind that term, do you? You prefer to be called *Draenei* to differentiate yourselves from the nasty, nasty Man'ari, is that correct?" he said with a chuckle. "Your transformation is yet to be complete, there is still much work to be done before you are truly changed into your pure demonic self, one free of the shackles of the Light. I can imagine much better uses for lips such as yours."

His words seemed to put chains on every part of her mind, and she could not resist his words. She bit her lower lip, looking to him with submissive lust. His intense gaze met hers.

Her draenic insides burned with desire, the evidence of which ran down her inner thigh. Whatever thoughts she might have had before entering this room were now wiped clean, replaced with a clenching in her gut, an almost painful *need* in her core, a need to be stuffed full of cock, to have her insides ravaged by the fattest dicks she could get her hands on.

It seemed like a lifetime ago that she'd been traveling to the Eastern Kingdoms, eager to help those in need and to claim her place among the heroes of the Alliance.

The Worgen's hand gripped her plait firmly, tugging on it so she knelt facing him. She winced in response, averting her gaze as he observed her. Even as he held on to her in such a way, she could feel her breasts pressed to his thighs, cradling his humongous nutsack. Looking elsewhere did nothing to hide the fact that he was now sporting a full erection. Its size was monstrous, larger than any she would have dared fantasize about.

She doubted even her gigantic tits could have covered the entirety of the thing's enormity. As if it had felt her gaze upon it, a single droplet of piping hot precum dribbled from the tip and landed on her cleavage with a loud *splat!*

He let go of her hair, allowing her back onto her knees. She needed no other indication, and the red-skinned woman soon found her mouth set upon the man's engorged prick. The control he had over her was exhilarating, terrifying.

While her mouth was focused on the helm of his throbbing behemoth, Tylla could feel the Worgen's hands cupping her overgrown melons. Even with hands as big as his, he would have needed perhaps four times as many to fully grasp each soft, jiggling tit. His squeezing fingers on her scarlet peaks were appreciative, it seemed, as he palmed the twins, watching her work his dick with gentle kisses.

Pursed lips reached the Worgen's cock and he moaned in response. Before he could truly appreciate the girl's teasing lips, she fell upon his maleness like a starving lioness, eager to feel him deep in her throat. A brief moment of surprise took her when she managed to squeeze him into her throat with little to no effort. A cock thicker than her arm should have been a greater challenge and the ease with which she achieved the task briefly took her by surprise.

As she forced more and more of the Wolf-man's colossal cock down into her hungry maw, she would pull it down slightly, like some sort of throbbing lever, to gain a better angle of attack. In response, he grabbed her horns and roughly jammed the rest of his precum-spewing monstrosity down her throat with a satisfied grunt.

Her emerald orbs widened in surprise at the speed with which he started fucking her face, his enormous balls smacking against her chin repeatedly. The tempo of that rough throatfucking only increased as his pleasure did, feeling the muscles of her esophagus contract and massage the entirety of his two-foot cock.

Fat spurts of warm precum flooded her stomach, every thrust bringing with it another wave of the fel-tainted liquid, the man's fur hitting her lips as he hilted himself repeatedly in the warm wetness of her mouth.

When the sorcerer tired of ravaging her mouth, he pulled back from a coughing Tylla, strands of spit bridging the distance between her lips and his mighty prick. "I've been a good host, have I not? I think I am due a taste of the gifts I've lavished upon you," he said with a smirk, fingers traveling this time from her head to her tits. His claws teasingly circled the fat areolae of her mountainous scarlet-hued orbs.

A soft sigh of pleasure slipped from her lips as the hardened tips of her newly grown udders were teased, delicious pain emanating from the sensitive nubs as his claws dug slightly into the pliant

flesh. From that touch, she knew what he wanted, and she lifted the titanic knockers up, wrapping them around the fat girth of the stranger's manhood.

"Riven," he said.

"What?" she replied.

"My name. I'd have you call me 'Master', but I think you're a woman of enough intelligence that you need no master. You still have a little learning to do when it comes to not taking unnecessary risks, but I nonetheless admire your bravery and dedication to people you haven't even met." He glanced to the closed door once more.

"I... I don't know what you want of me," she said as she slowly started sliding her fat breasts up and down his towering pillar of fuckmeat, eager to please. Despite her inexperience (she had never really had much in the way of breasts), Tylla nonetheless managed to coax an appreciative groan from Riven. "All my life, all I have ever done is study in the temples. I know little of what else there is and my first true expedition outside the confines of these temples ended in disaster."

"Disaster?" He allowed his clawed hands to grope and fondle the vast expanse of her huge breasts. "Dear girl, I see this as a success for both you and I. Not only has the fog managed to work miraculously well on you, but you seem to retain your cognitive functions. Most other women who've experienced this level of enhancement only seemed to be turned into drooling sluts with nothing but dick on the brain."

She leaned down to tease the angrily throbbing head of his slick cock with her tongue and lips, rubbing her oversized jugs along the shaft of his veiny beast. The horned priestess stared up into the Worgen's eyes for a moment before replying. "I cannot say that this is not currently the case for me," she said with a soft chuckle.

"Mm, yes. Some increase in sexual desire is to be expected," came his reply, deep voice causing Tylla to shiver in delight. "This is true of all fel-touched creatures," he added.

As his cock speared through her cleavage, the priestess once more brought her lips to its helm, bringing him closer and closer to release with every act of suction. One of his hands gripped the armrest of his lavish chair as he leaned back, trying to delay his own release for as long as possible.

Inevitably, she began drooling around his girth as her tits were squeezed tighter around his cock, moving up and down at a quickening pace. Inadvertently, he began thrusting upwards into her cleavage, slamming the head of his cock in the back of her throat, her lips forming a tight seal around him.

"I'm gonna--"

The first blast filled her mouth and flooded her throat, the thickness of his release surprising her. The following salvos filled her stomach until she had to pull herself from him, lifting her gigantic breasts up to give him an easier target to fire at. In only a few spurts, he had completely painted her face, lower neck and cleavage with off-white strands of thick demon-worgen splodge.

She grinned at him, licking a thick string of cum dangling from the corner of her mouth.

“You wicked thing,” Riven smiled.

But Tylla was not yet done, and her mouth instinctively dove for his slowly deflating prick, sucking it down her mouth yet again to clean it of any trace of cum. Riven howled in response, overly sensitive cock still reeling from that mind-blowing release.

It was but a few moments later (though it felt like much longer to the groaning Riven) that Tylla released her mouth from his cock with a wet gasp. She seemed as a work of art, painted with the thick, droopy semen.

“We’ll make a proper demoness of you yet,” Riven chuckled.