Wolf Hunt

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1610.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Misogyny, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	KonoSuba: God's Blessing on This Wonderful World! - Natsume Akatsuki
Characters:	Megumin (KonoSuba), Kazuma Satou (KonoSuba), Darkness (KonoSuba), Aqua (KonoSuba), Original Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Primitivist Fantasy, Wolves, Werewolf, Captivity, Furry
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 4,870 Chapters: 1/1

Wolf Hunt

by JungleDrums

Summary

Savage wolf men make the mistake of taking Megumin captive.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Eyes like a rancid moon stared at Megumin as he pranced around in the woods. While her party explored some ruins, she was busy practicing her battle mantras.

“My power...my weapon...my madness?” The chunibyo versions of mantras anyway.

With curiosity and contempt, the braves crept through the bush, squatting low on their hind legs. They were Wulven, the tribal wolf men of the forest. The creatures were on the hunt, seeking whom they may devour. Though the hatred of humans was never far from their hearts, in this instance their hearts were captured by sudden longing. Their race could trace their ancestry back to The Great Manitoba; The Lord of the Wild lusted after *all* beautiful young women. Thus was their hate for humans quelled, as they spied on Megumin's youthful radiance.

She was peppy young girl on the cusp of womanhood. Their jaws watered at the sugary scent of her washed hair. Was she a little girl lost? No. He provocative dress, pointed hat, and staff marked her as an Adventurer; a full grown warrior in their eyes. Since she was a mage, their shaman watched her with careful evaluation. The pack did not need an order. To take captives of their enemy race was an act of worship to their gods. Their paws made no sound as they crept through the shadows of the trees. They soon encircled the girl and her cat without either noticing. Even if Megumin wasn't lost in her delusions she would neither have seen or heard them. For a million years the Wulven have hunted deer, rabbits, fish, and Men. Stalking was as natural as breathing.

Yet Chomusuke caught a whiff of a filthy smell. Her fur bristled as she arched her back in alarm. Megumin blinked, brought back to reality by her pet's distress.

“Chomusuke?” she squat down to pick up the agitated kitten. “What's gotten into you? You're acting crazy!” With her back turned, a Wulven seized the opportunity. He set his bow aside, and trot forward with his arms outstretched. Megumin was oblivious until she was lifted back, and off the ground. A leathery paw clamped across her mouth, cutting off her scream. Brawny arms pressed her back into a furred chest, as her legs dangled and she kicked. Chomusuke leaped out of her arms, and disappeared.

Megumin's eyes went wide with terror as tribal warriors emerged from all sides. Slender and strapping, their lupine features were made fiercer by the red and green warpaint that dotted and smeared their grey-black fur. The savages strode out, watchful of their surroundings and

ready to fight. They bore weapons of flint and bone, each bow, axe, and club painted and plumed like their wielder. Once the men had cleared the area, a number of half painted Wulven boys shyly emerged. This trio carried quivers of arrows, and a bundle of javelins. The third had a massive hide drum strapped to his chest. He also carried a large gourd rattle that swooshed as he moved. The last to emerge was a Wulven whose fur was black upon white. Garbed in the fringed shawl of a shaman, he bore a staff whose head was curved like a moon, with a green crystal webbed in the center.

Megumin was not wholly ignorant of Wulven, having read *of* them in her studies. But like all monsters, she did not study their habits in detail. She wrote them off as mere fodder for her experience points, nothing more. Now several were towering over her, adorned in beaded bands and human bones.

She gulped as her eyes locked with the apparent leader.

His feathered war bonnet made him seem twice as big. His muscles were thicker than his underlings. Though to Megumin his headdress made him look like a giant rooster, she was not laughing.

“Aren't you a pretty little thing?” he growled. With the head of a wolf, it was impossible to read the mutant's expression. Nonetheless when he wagged his tail as he ran his clawed fingers through her hair, Megumin's skin crawled. The Wulvens' narrow breechclouts barely concealed the thick bulges beneath.

“A camp *huawna*,” one of the braves pointed out Kazuma's tent.

“Leave it!” The pack leader was vexed at being interrupted. “We have no need for human trinkets!” He grabbed Megumin's thighs and groped them as she squealed.

The brave approached, keeping his head bowed and his ears back. “But there is good cloth...”

The leader balled his fist and smashed it into his underling's jaw, knocking him to the ground. “I said leave it!” His thunderous growl sent a shockwave through his men, and Megumin. Fears ran wild through her mind. That she was dead meat was certain. She could only hope

Kazuma and the others rescued her soon. She eyed her staff which lay uselessly on the ground. If only she could get her hands on it...

The shaman sauntered over to it, his drummer boy in tow. Megumin's heart sank as he gathered it up to examine it, handing his own staff off to his apparent disciple. She wanted to scream as he sniffed and licked at the red crystal at the staff's head. Squeal she would, as the leader and his men closed in around her. The fiends were drooling, sticking their snouts in close to sniff her over, and join in on the leader's groping.

"*KAZUMA! KAZUMAAA!*" was he muffled, tearful cry.

Suddenly, the leader lashed out at his comrades crowding him. They drew back swiftly, with some taking a knee to show their respect. "This woman is mine!" he declared.

EEEP, Megumin wished she'd die right then and there.

The leader looked about to see if any of his men would challenge him. "I will plant my seed in this woman. You pups wait your turn." Some nodded in acceptance, others hissed in frustration. Megumin was so horrified she couldn't even move.

"Hold, Burning Claw," the shaman spoke. He strode with ethereal confidence, un-cowed by the leader's rank hostility.

"Frost Coyote," he mumbled. "It is not fair to challenge me."

"I do not seek to usurp you *huawana*," he bowed to show deference. "But this woman is a mage. Where magic is concerned I must intervene. Lest we break the laws of our gods." He stood next Burning Claw, Megumin's eyes were drawn to his apparel. Around his waist he wore a green band bound by a ring of jade, from which two antler pieces hung parallel to the ring. An older fear supplanted the one she had of her peril, one mysterious yet so familiar. "Let me see her eyes."

Burning Claw snorted, but stood aside. The shaman tenderly placed his paw upon Megumin's head. There was a kindness in his yellow eyes she wasn't expecting, but she looked away in defiance regardless.

“Red eyes,” he noted. “Are you a Crimson Demon?” He eyed Megumin's captor. “Let her speak.” No sooner than the Wulven released her mouth, she unleashed her tongue.

“I AM MEGUMIN! SUPREME GENIUS OF THE CRIMSON DEMONS! WIELDER OF EXPLOSION MAGIC! I AM THE DESTROYER OF DESTROYERS! DESTINED TO DESTROY EVEN THE DEVIL KING! MY MIGHTY POWERS ARE BEYOND YOUR FEEBLE COMPREHENSION! WITH A SINGLE WORD I WILL...” Her loud shrill voice injured the ears of her captors. With a curt nod, Frost Coyote signaled to her captor that he'd heard enough. They all had. He clamped his paw down on her babbling mouth.

Frost Coyote looked to his pack leader with an air of contentment. “She is cute isn't she?” Burning Claw stared at him in disgust.

“Fine. You can have her then.” He lowered his ears in frustration.

“You are most generous *huawana.*” he bowed again with a flick of his tail. “With training I think she will make for a charming *concubine.*” Megumin wanted to strangle the shaman. The braves were careful not to snicker too loudly at their leader losing face. He would kill them on the spot. Burning Claw's fists shook with anger, yet even in his rage the thought of striking the shaman did not enter his mind. To harm a shaman was certain death, as they were the Wulvens' direct link to their gods. His men would turn on him. Even if he managed to kill them all, the forest itself would come alive and hunt him down. It was better to cede ground, no matter how it shamed him.

After all, it was not like he would not be able to sample the girl at all...

“We go!” They had lingered too long. The braves were on their feet in an instant. Megumin was hoisted away in a swift trot. The pack vanished into the trees.

= = =

Kazuma's heart stopped when he realized Megumin was gone.

“Megumin!” He and Darkness hollered to no avail. He sighed. “This better not be a prank.” The camp was unmolested, but Chomusuke was no where to be found. It made sense that she would have gone with Megumin, yet this did not dispel the dread they were all feeling.

“Kazuma Kazuma!” said Aqua.

“Yes, yes, I'm Kazuma,” he quipped.

“Maybe she went to the bathroom! Honestly, you need to be more considerate about these things!”

“FOR TEN MINUTES?! OY! Megumin! If you're taking a crap speak up!”

“Kazumaaa!” as the two fell into their usual bickering, Darkness spotted strange footprints.

“Hey, look at this,” she squat down. Kazuma and Aqua stopped throttling each other to look. “They look like paw prints.”

“Paw prints? Did she get run off by wolves?” Kazuma tried not to imagine the worst. The prints themselves were half the size of a man's, far larger than the average dog or wolf.

When Aqua looked she heard the ring of a tiny bell. Upon the spiritual plane, of which Kazuma and Darkness had no perception, she sensed a presence old and foul. A vision flashed before her eyes with a menacing growl. That of a mutant wolf with antlers sprouting from his forehead. His eyes shined like blaring headlamps, seething with malice. Aqua shuddered, suddenly aware of what had happened.

“W-wulven...” For once she was not afraid for herself, but for Megumin.

“Wulven?” Kazuma repeated. He'd never heard the term before. Given the way Darkness' ears perked up, he was sure he was going to hate it. As was expected, Aqua gave no explanation, opting to cry hysterically.

“KAZUMA! Wulven stole Megumin! What are we going to do?! Why are you just standing there?! We have to save Megumin!” She grabbed and shook him by the collar.

“LET GO OF ME YOU COW! I'm worried too! We'll find her! We'll find her!” he was about to slug Aqua when Chomusuke appeared, meowing frantically.

“Chomusuke? Can you lead us to Megumin?!” Kazuma asked. The cat nodded and chirped affirmatively. She turned and ran as fast as she could, and Kazuma's party followed suit. They cried out Megumin's name every step of the way.

In the trees a sparrow was watching. As soon as the adventurers fled, it took off after them. It rapidly overtook them, hurling itself through the trees to Frost Coyote.

= = =

The savages kept a quick pace for many miles. They came to a rest, sure they were deep enough into the wilderness that none could find them. Megumin tried to not show fear as they surrounded her. Her head was laid to rest on the thighs of a kneeling Wulven, Burning Claw. Though she tried to bolt, he gripped her shoulders and slammed her back down. Two of the mutants flanked her, holding down her arms. When she tried to kick, her feet were easily caught, as though they were playing a game. Hungry eyes were on her from every direction. She felt her stomach churn as Frost Coyote knelt closer.

“Your leg is bandaged my little one. Are you injured?” He gingerly ran his hands down her leg to test it. He watched her for winces of pain, and found it odd when she did not. His groping fingers caught her boot and slowly pulled it off. Megumin grit her teeth as he took up her foot, sniffed and nuzzled it against his furry face. “Beautiful,” said he. The braves snickered with growing anticipation.

D-don't... is what Megumin wanted to say, but a Wulven paw was still clamped over her mouth. The beasts threw her hat away, and unclasped her cape. The bastards were toying with her, no, preparing her.

“I have a gift for you. To welcome you to our tribe.” On Frost Coyote's arm there were several beaded hemp bracelets. Carved of wood into the shape of moons, wolf heads, and other animals. Each one was painted in red, black, yellow, and green. He undid one of them, and tied it around Megumin's ankle. If she were not in dire peril, it might have made for a cute accessory.

“Aren't you even going to say thank you?” Burning Claw mocked. “Have you no manners girl?” Megumin glared at him. He was still covering her mouth! She blurted out muffled insults.

Frost Coyote started to un-bandage her leg, when a sparrow landed upon his shoulder. His eyes widened in alarm.

“Truly?” he said to bird.

“What is it now?” said Burning Claw, ever short on patience.

“The girl's comrades come. Led by her familiar.”

The Wulven muttered among themselves. Some wanted to flee, others to fight. Megumin's heart gladdened. *Hurry Kazuma! I'm scared!*

“Set an ambush! We came to hunt. Adventurer meat is always filling, heh heh...” He looked Megumin right in the eyes as he said these cruel words.

“I think we should retreat to the village,” the shaman cautioned. “We stand a better chance with strength of the whole tribe.” They were a fighting force of six, not counting the boys.

Megumin's mind went wild with horrid imaginings of their village. She saw the anklet like the beginning of an infection. That they would strip her naked and sully her was inevitable, but what then? They would paint her body in grotesque runes, forcing her molder in sweat and mud. Her hair would frizz from going unwashed. She could see herself clad only in a skimpy loincloth, with a menagerie of crude ornaments hanging from her like chains. Her belly would swell up with a mutant wolf baby, the foul transformation complete. “Megumin” would be gone forever, a putrid shell left in her place. She'd never see her family again. Never cast Explosion again! Worst of all, she'd never see Kazuma again. She wailed in despair.

Burning Claw's fist hammered down on her face, and left a bruise. “Silence slut!” said he. Megumin desperately tried to reign in her sobbing, her need to fight back against these monsters.

“Be meek. Become demure,” Frost Coyote counseled Megumin. “You must do as you are told if you are to survive in *our* world.” The shaman stood, and the sparrow rode on his shoulder. He stroked the bird's head with a tender finger. “Thank you my friend. Your clan's oaths are fulfilled.” The bird tweeted and flew away. Megumin wanted to bite the little bastard's head off.

Frost Coyote traded Megumin's staff with his own. She was given to the two spear carriers. Though they were boys about her height and weight, their muscles were as taught as steel. They grappled her into submission with ease. She loathed herself more than they for the moment, for her pride was bleeding.

Burning Claw drew a bark covered great bow. It was a miraculous weapon, formed as if it had naturally grown from a tree into its shape. Indeed, it was grown by the druidic magic of his people. Still living vines made up the string. Eerily, it never broke. Eagle feathers dangled from the top limb, blessings of his clan's animal totem. He and his braves dashed in the bushes, and waited.

= = =

Kazuma marathoned ahead of his party, waving his arms overhead and howling like a loon.

“MEG-U-MIIIN!!!” his concern had set his heart ablaze to the point it melted his brain. Aqua was no less graceful with her blubbering. Darkness' lip was aglow with drool. Keen ears or no, the Wulven could not fail to hear them coming.

Megumin squirmed in the boys' iron clad grip. She wanted to warn her friends, but one of the little shits had his hand clamped over her mouth. They lay on the ground, one of them hugging her legs. The other held her in a head lock, digging his claws into her scalp. Her hair felt wet and she relented her useless struggle.

“Shut up bitch!” he whispered. “Know your place.” She winced in terror.

Kazuma burst onto the scene a galloping target. Wordlessly the Wulven let loose a barrage of savage arrows. Megumin held her breath and shut her eyes, unable to bear the sight of her most cherished friend die. Kazuma yelled in a panic the arrows swarmed in his direction. With a flailing dance and devilish luck, the arrows flew past him, leaving not so much as a nick. Kazuma ducked behind a tree as a second volley porcupined the bark.

Found em, he thought. He was perturbed, yet glad. Chomusuke stood at his side, tail and fur flaring as she growled. Not long after Aqua came bumbling along in the same manner as Kazuma. Darkness hid behind a tree across from Kazuma. He cringed at her crazed grin, knowing all manner of lewd thoughts had overtaken her.

Frost Coyote smelled the scent of the sea before her saw Aqua's hair. He gasped in horror when he finally saw her. He had seen this creature, before in daemonical dreamfasts where he walked and talked with ancestral spirits and the gods of the Wulven. What humans ignorantly called “The Old Gods”.

“It cannot be,” his blood chilled. His eyes did not deceive though he did not want to believe. He bolted upright out of the bush. “Cease fire! Cease fire!” His comrades froze, withdrawing their arrows. Burning Claw's fur stood on ends. What did that blasted shaman think he was doing?

Aqua stared inquisitively as the shaman stepped out of the bushes. He stabbed his staff into the ground, approached Aqua, but kept his distance. He clasped his fist into his hand and bowed low in the ancestral greeting. This sign had been made between mortals and forest spirits for over hundreds of thousands of years.

Aqua sneered in contempt of him and his old ways.

The shaman grit his fangs in frustration. “You are Aqua, the Usurper.”

“What's this? A mangy dog that can talk? So stinky! I can see your fleas leaping from here!”

“My apologies. You are the *least* of the three Usurper gods.”

Aqua stamped her foot. Kazuma grinned. The Wulven began to come out of hiding, arrows trained and ready to fire. Others armed themselves with their crude spears, axes, or war clubs. With ears drawn back, they showed their superstitious fear. Even Burning Claw was not exempt. The braves now looked to their shaman for their next move. Kazuma looked over to Darkness who was panting with lust. A plan was beginning to gestate.

“Why are you here?” The shaman demanded. “Are the End of Days come at last? Have you come to ruin what Earth is left?”

“Excuse me? Who do you think you are prying into a lady's affairs? You're not only stupid, but rude as well!”

“The lady has all the elegance of a squid.”

Aqua's cheeks puffed up red. Kazuma snorted. He was crushing that useless goddess. More importantly, she was keeping them distracted.

“You got a lot of nerve!” Aqua shook her fist. “We put a lot of work into fixing this dung heap of a world. Did you even thank us? No!”

“You empowered Men to destroy the forests. To make war upon the True Gods and their children. Then, you brought the evil of the Devil King upon us!” He pointed to accuse.

Eh? There was a plot twist Kazuma wasn't expecting. He growled as he bolted from his hiding place over to Aqua's side.

“Oi oi oi! Is he saying its *YOUR* fault there's a Devil King in the first place?!”

For an instant, she bore the look of a petulant child caught stealing. She smoothed it over with a look of saccharine cuteness.

“Why Kazuma, would I do something so irresponsible?”

“Yes. You would.” His face was bleak.

“It wasn't my idea!” she protested. “All I said was having my followers fight some smelly old deer god forever was boring. How was I supposed to know Heaven would let demons in?”

“YOU STARTED A WAR?!” the unfathomable depths of stupid this so called goddess sank to!

“Two wars,” Frost clarified.

“Kazuma! Who ya gonna believe? Me or some smelly wolf? Wulven never tell the truth. Everyone knows that!”

“You DARE!” the shaman snarled. Even his rock solid composure was starting to crack.

“Oh ho ho! Touched a nerve huh? Your gods had one simple job, and they let the place go to *shit*. If it wasn't for me and Eris, everyone would still be living in mud huts and banging rocks together!”

The Wulven snarled like the beasts they were. They saw only nobility in their aboriginal ways. Few things outside of living memory mattered to them. Yet, they resented that the world had moved on past them. What arrogance to pour scorn on the paradise Grandfather Manitoba bequeathed to The Wolf Father. That they, His children, inherited from Him? Aqua was truly a goddess of humans! Contemptible in thought and deed!

“Enough talk!” Burning Claw could stand it no more. With Aqua dead in his sight he fired an arrow. The other Wulven looked on in horror, for they feared the wrath of the divine. The arrow was set to pierce Aqua's chest. To that end, Kazuma threw himself upon her, and knocked her to the ground. The arrow struck a tree instead, inflicting a grievous wound. Burning Claw roared, throwing his bow aside, and drawing his war-club.

“Kill them! Kill the Man-filth!” Since no divine deluge came and drowned them, the Wulven shook off their fear. Inspired by their leader's fierceness they charged Kazuma and Aqua, intent of stabbing and beating the duo to a bloody pulp.

Darkness rushed into the fray, her armor absorbed the opening blow from Burning Claw's club. He had battled knights and paladins before. He even manage to kill a few that were careless. But in all his years of bitter hatred, he had never faced an enemy who came at him such a look of such sheer, depraved bliss. He shrank back, for fear he might become possessed by whatever evil spirits had taken hold of his woman. That awful grin on her once beautiful, now fractured face; the mad hungry drool that hung from her lips. Surely this was no natural creature. His comrades followed suit freezing in their tracks. Frost Coyote threw up a sign to ward off evil.

With all eyes on Darkness, Kazuma dragged Aqua off as they *Snuck* away.

“I know what you are...” Darkness gasped. “I know what you want! You want to beat me into submission. You want to berate and belittle me for being a woman. You want to strip me bare and savage me from every direction. I'll scream for mercy and you'll beat me again. Then you'll drag me by the hair back to your village, where the rest of your men will ravish me! YES! You'll smear my body with your filthy seed and drool. Then you'll paint my skin, and force me to convert to your heathen gods!” She hugged herself as she raved like a lunatic.

The Wulven's fear melted as she stripped off her armor, giving rise to anticipation for her womanly curves.

“My belly will swell with child! Then the moment I give birth you'll ravish me again and again!” She squealed. “OOH! The cruel fate of it all! Once a noble crusader, beaten and raped into a mindless breeding slave for savages! It's too much! TAKE ME! TAKE ME NOW YOU STINKING WOLVES! AAAAAAAAH!” Blood gushed out her nose.

Infected by Darkness' lust, the Wulven went mad with desire. They threw away their weapons and pounced on her, howling, ripping, and *licking*. Anything to get at her transcendental flesh. The Wulven boys froze aghast at this hellish sight. Their drummer shut his eyes to block out the trauma. Megumin just rolled her eyes.

The drummer boy fell over, suddenly coiled by rope that conjured out of the aether. Before he could cry out for help, the very life was sucked out of him. Kazuma grinned evilly as the life force flowed into himself. Such a great deal of mana it was! Meanwhile, Aqua loomed over the remaining boys with an aura of killing intent. They looked up at her in dread as she cracked her knuckles.

“God. Blow,” she whispered before bringing her fists down into their skulls.

Megumin squirmed out of their filthy grip. She sniffed herself and wanted to gag. Their stink was upon her. She'd have a long hot bath when she got home.

“Kazuma,” her words were an arctic breeze, cold and cutting. She held out her arm with an expectant hand. He snapped her staff into its proper place, standing back as she twirled it about in preparation. Her eyes blazed with fire. She abandoned her usual bombastic chants. “Death to perverts...death to perverts...death to perverts...” she muttered over and over.

Darkness lay in bliss, her black bodysuit half peeled down revealing her breasts and belly. The space between her legs were slashed and ripped open. The Wulven growled and moaned in primal delight. She giggled as every limb was licked and groped. Burning Claw was hunched over her, his loincloth pulled away, and ready to stab.

A titanic summoning circle shrouded them and the entire area. Frost recognized it, as his short brutish life flashed before his eyes. The rest of his kin looked up at the small girl that was about to rain death upon them.

“Death to perverts! DEATH TO PERVERTS! DEATH TO FUR-VERTS!!!” Fire, all encompassing, all consuming tore the sky, trembling to erupt upon the earth and punish the wicked. “DIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!” The spell ignited.

“Flee!”cried Burning Claw to no avail. The Wulven scrambled to escape. Only Frost Coyote stood, awaiting his doom with open arms, and acceptance.

“It is a beautiful day to die,” were his final words.

The Explosion disintegrated the forest. The Wulven wailed in agony as their bodies burned. Mercifully, their suffering was brief, as they collapsed into blackened bones. Not a single one of them survived.

= = =

As the party marched home, Darkness was sobbing. That her under-suit was torn up, her hair and body were singed, and her armor ruined...did not register with her.

“I was so close...”

“Furry,” Kauzma teased.

“NOOOOO!!!” Darkness covered her face to hide her blush.

All of them were thoroughly roasted, yet no worse for wear. They had survived yet another disastrous failure of an adventure. They would not recall what their original objective was for about a week, and then rush blindly back out.

Megumin rested comfortably on Kazuma's back, cluching him tight for fear he might vanish. Her hat, cape, and boot was restored to her. Chomusuke purred as she followed the party.

“Megumin! Not so tight! You're strangling me!” In truth her smothering was bordering on amorous. Aqua was giving Kazuma dirty looks. That he was blushing didn't help matters. Megumin's warmth was intoxicating.

“No!” she murmured, resting her head on his shoulder. Her body was sore, and her heart still pounding. A little ice would soothe the swelling on her face. Above all else she was safe.

“You sure you're all right?” He could feel her trembling.

“I am now,” she smiled secretly.

= = =

The shit stink of the mutants lingered, but was overpowered by the soap scent. After slipping into her pajamas, she sat at a vanity mirror, brooding upon her face and brushed her hair. After a time, she considered the savage bracelet she left on the counter. Holding it up in the light she noted it wasn't as crude as she initially thought. The round moons had a texture matching the real moon's pock marks. The little wolf heads were cute, with a carved texture that felt like real fur. The remaining beads were red, green, and white. Each one was hand carved, how long did it take them to make each one? It was all bound by an intricately woven band of hemp.

It was too Boho for her style, something some tree humping granola girl would wear. As was demonstrated it could be worn as a bracelet or anklet. She frowned. She knew she should just throw the stupid thing away. She hated those horrible beasts. She should have hated them. They hurt her, humiliated her, and were going to do the unspeakable to her.

She slipped it on her wrist all the same, just to see how it looked. The shaman was right, she thought with a dreamy smile. She was beautiful.

End Notes

I had the crazy idea to write a KonoSuba fic feature some homebrew D&D monsters. Expect to see more of them in the future.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!