



FEATURING THE CAST
OF 'TOMAI!'

Night Festival

R-18 ONLY

BY DCS + ARCADE PARTY

In celebration of Tomai's
first anniversary.



DURING THE NIGHT FESTIVAL,
IN SOME SECLUDED CORNER...

BY DCS

HEH HEH HEH

OH HO HO~
LOOKS LIKE I
CAUGHT SOMETHING
SPECIAL
TONIGHT!

TWO
EELS.

MM!

SNNRK!

HEE
HEE

OH E'MON
BURDOE, THAT
ONE WAS
GOOD!

BAHA
HAHA!

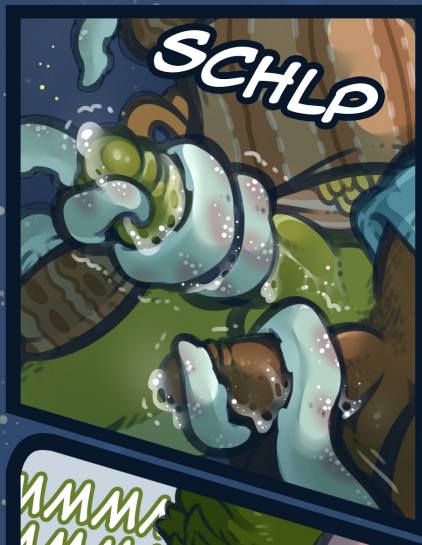
PFFT!
NO, IT
WASN'T!



COAST IS CLEAR FOR NOW-- BUT YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL~

T-THIS SHOULDN'T BE AS AWESOME AS IT IS...

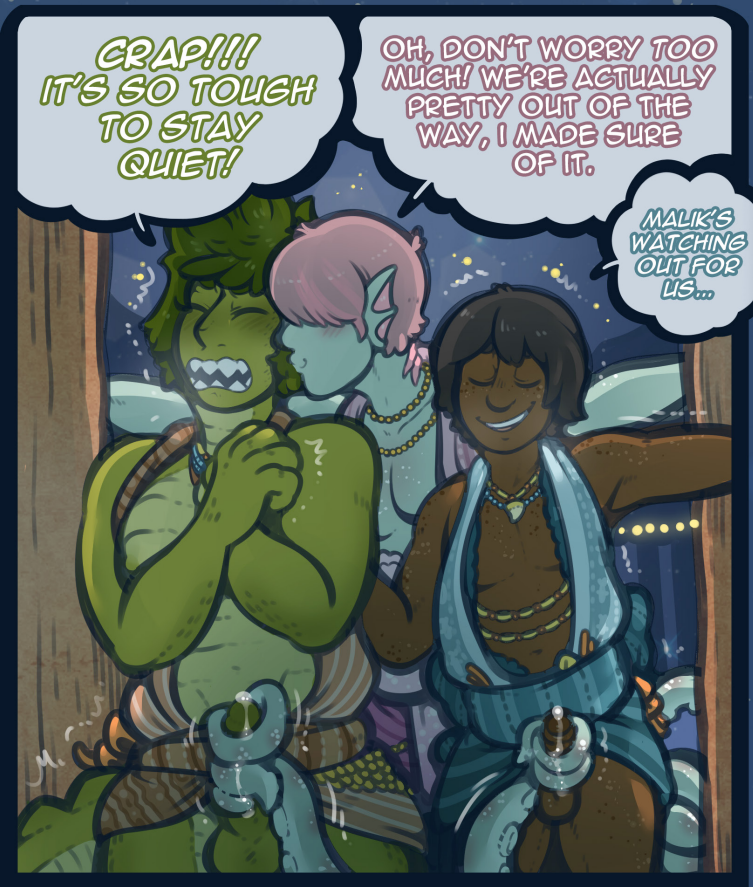
DUDE-- THIS IS SO AWESOME...



SCHLP



MMMMMMMM



CRAP!!! IT'S SO TOUGH TO STAY QUIET!

OH, DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH! WE'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY OUT OF THE WAY, I MADE SURE OF IT.

MALIK'S WATCHING OUT FOR US...



TWITCH!

WELL WHAT ABOUT YOU, MALIK? YOU WANT IN ON THIS?

G-CAREFUL THERE-- I'M A BIT OF A LOOSE CANNON.



B-BET HE DOESN'T WANNA ADMIT HOW FAST HE'D CLIM...

DIE.

A REGULAR 'OL SPEEDY MC JERK OFF OVER HERE.



KISS

SPEAKING OF-- YOU TWO MIGHT WANNA HURRY UP A BIT...

SLP

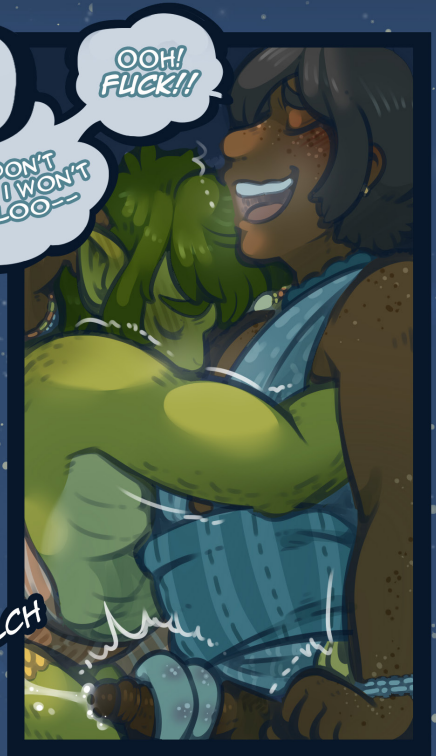


SLP



ONE DOWN,
ONE TO GO!

OH, DON'T
WORRY I WON'T
BE L-LOO--



OOH!
FUCK!!

SLCH



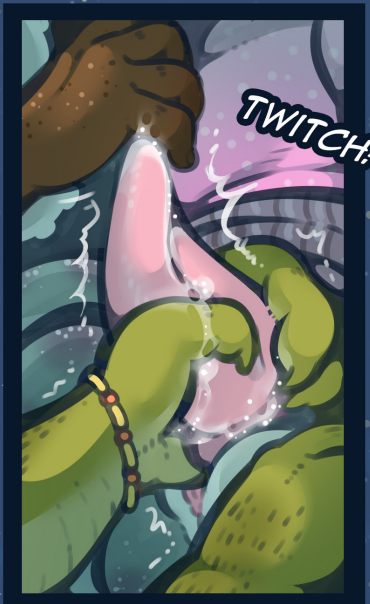
WOO WOO!
WE MADE IT
HAPPEN!

MMM...

HANGIN' IN
THERE
BIRDOC?



C'MERE, SQUID
BOY. IT'S YOUR
TURN!

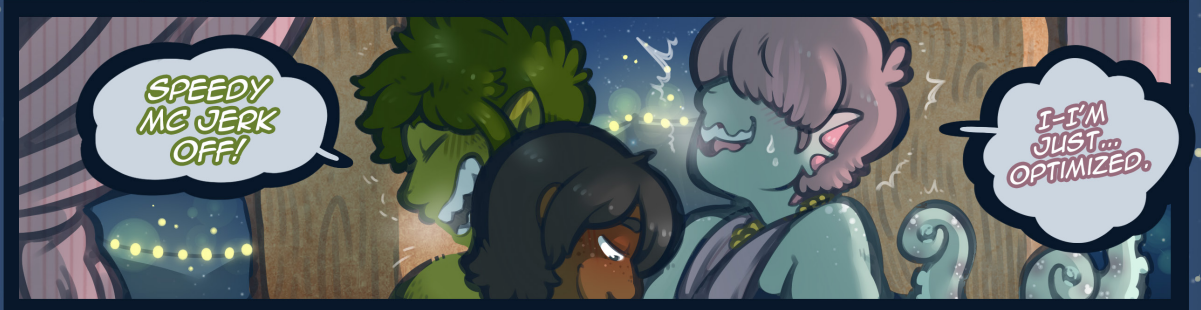


TWITCH!



HEH

W-WHOA-
AAAAH AAAH!



SPEEDY
MC JERK
OFF!

I-I'M
JUST...
OPTIMIZED.



I GOT
OUT CLEAN
ON THIS
ONE!

MALIIK!
Y-YOU CLIM WAY
TOO MUCH! HOW AM
I SUPPOSED TO GET
CLEAN?!

JUMP
INTO THE
RIVER.



NO WAY--
WHAT ABOUT
MY OUTFIT?!

JUST GET
NAKED FIRST...
NO!!!

THE END!

Once a Year

Written by Arcade Party

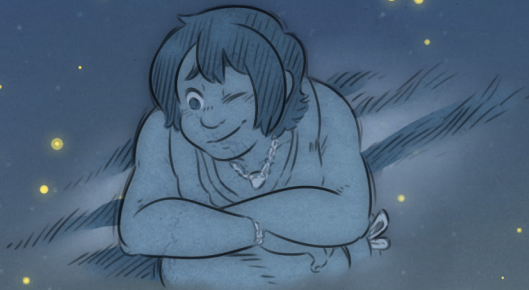
It barely took twenty minutes into the festival before Burdoc tripped and landed flat on his face.

"Dude," Malik groaned, "*Every year?*"

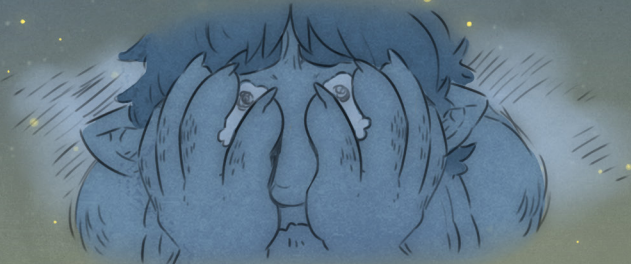


There was a tiny, barely-audible groan from where Burdoc still hadn't moved. If past experience was anything to go off of — and Malik wasn't wrong, since this did seem to happen every year — it would be at least another twenty minutes before the shame faded enough for Burdoc to pick himself up. Longer if an old woman walked by and laughed at how ridiculous youth could be.

Not content to just leave one of the loves of his life there, Tomai crouched down and leaned in. "Hey."



A big, teary crocodile eye peered back at him from between Burdoc's gigantic fingers.



There were a lot of different things Tomai could choose to say to console Burdoc. He'd tried a lot of different ways to pick up Burdoc's mood after humiliating accidents over the years, and Malik had tried even more ones.

(Somehow, despite the fact that Malik's suggestions tended to be a little bit too direct or mean for Tomai's tastes, they always ended up working out better.)

But sitting there, looking at Burdoc's glowing green blush and listening to Malik's tentacles fidget absently behind him... Tomai couldn't help but really, sincerely appreciate how they'd been coming here every year. He'd always taken the festival for granted — kind of taken Malik and Burdoc being there for granted, too.



Tomai lifted his head and inhaled, breathing in the fresh, crisp air rolling off the lake. He listened to the bustling of the people as they sold their wares, or argued with each other, or even just walked by without saying a word.



His friends — boyfriends, Tomai reminded himself with an inevitable creeping blush — just watched.



Then he looked back down at Burdoc and offered a hand. Malik leaned over his shoulder, grinning, and nodded at Burdoc.

"Burdoc," Malik said, "I can see your whoooole butt, so you better get up."

With a shriek, Burdoc shot to his feet. He swirled around, clearly trying to get an angle so he could see how likely it was that his humiliated-and-prone pose had showed anything off. With Malik, sometimes he'd just say things to see what happened — Tomai knew that just as well as Burdoc did. And the way he was hovering around Burdoc, cackling up a storm, made it impossible to tell.



(Malik definitely had been telling the truth this time and Burdoc's underwear had definitely been a magnet for Tomai's eyes, but Tomai wasn't about to tell him that in the middle of the festival.)



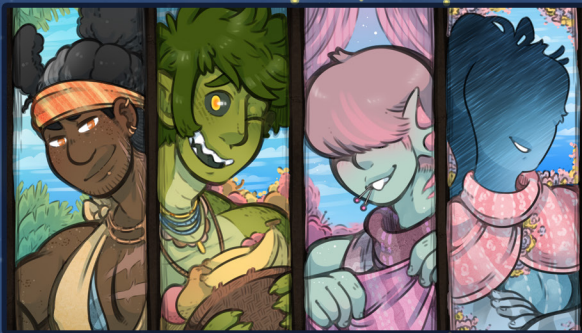
He cleared his throat, trying to catch his distracted companions' attention again, and gestured behind him to the food stalls. "C'mon," Tomai called out, watching their faces light up, "We've still got lots of stuff to go see!"



Tomai

THERE'S JUST 15 DAYS BEFORE THE ANNUAL NIGHT FESTIVAL-- HOW WILL YOU CHOOSE TO SPEND YOUR TIME? WILL YOU SPEND IT WITH YOUR FATHER, THE LADY, OR YOUR TWO BEST FRIENDS BURDOC AND MALIK? WHAT YOU CHOOSE WILL AFFECT TOMAI FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

CHECK OUT THE GAME, FOR FREE!
R-18 OR PG-13 ROUTES ARE BOTH AVAILABLE!



DARKCHIBISHADOW.ITCH.IO/TOMAI

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I'M DARKCHIBISHADOW OR DCS JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE!

JOIN TOMAI, MALIK, AND BURDOC
FOR A LITTLE BIT OF HORNY FUN
DURING THE ANNUAL NIGHT FESTIVAL.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS THE
COMIC 'NIGHT FESTIVAL' BY DCS,
PLUS A BRAND NEW SHORT
STORY BY ARCADE PARTY!



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