



CALL OF THE DUNES

For years, an isolated community had kept to themselves in the heart of what was once a nameless expanse of endless sand, swept by violent sandstorms that never seemed to end while titanic mountains and rolling hills of sand made any attempt to travel through the arid wastes a struggle. Natural barriers that kept the people that lived there safe and sequestered from the rest of the world.

But it was only a temporary solution, for the people from beyond the sands would inevitably find ways to navigate the desert without fear and plenty of ease. With developments in engineering and magic progressing along nicely, supply lines were established, new forms of transport introduced, subterranean passageways built and maintained to cross previously thought impenetrable walls of immense sand...until eventually, first contact would be made between the eager outsiders; hailing from the bordering Delarusia Empire known for their militant arm and the native people beyond the barrier...an all-female race of demihumans known as the K'vala, extraordinary individuals adept in the arts of magic and sword, who could reproduce without need for the seed of man, following a culture far removed from what the outside world would consider 'modern and refined'...

The events of that initial encounter and what followed afterward was information kept incredibly hush hush. Known only to the highest ranking officials in the Empire and those that managed to flee the initial repulsion of their efforts to break through and seize a 'frontier desert town for the purposes of future expansion and navigation'.

The common folk at large were unaware of the truth, only knowing that from that day forward, a new war had broken out once, faced against a new nation from beyond the sands that threatened to overwhelm theirs after initial negotiations had failed...a veil of lies to cloud the truth while spurring new recruits to the front lines in what was now known as the K'valan Desert in reference to the people who called it home. A line that continued to creep ever closer towards Delarusian soil as the once inert sands seemed to be swept up in a fury, expanding the desert slowly but surely with green pastures being consumed by swathes of saturated orange grain that stung the eyes and arid heat that would sap a grown man of their strength in a matter of minutes if left exposed...very soon, the front would be pushed back further and further, all while the dire truth of the war effort would be kept a tightly held secret, threatening to leak to the public as weary nobles who had grown tired of financing the military and fearful individuals looking to jump ship before it sunk began to grow itchy at the mouths, murmuring a word or two here and there about how this mess had started...the deflating front and most importantly; *what their enemies were truly capable of.*

Unfortunately for the innocents commoners on Delarusian soil, they would be the first to bear the brunt of their government's errors, but unlike most of the soldiers and what awaited said rulers, their fate would be...*kinder*...in a sense that no actual harm would threaten their earthly existence as is once their incompetent heads had deemed the settlements and villages closest to the rapidly shrinking borders a lost cause. Leaving them to be absorbed by the encroaching desert and the K'valan horses that would soon

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follow after, the first of which to suffer would be the small, quiet village of Umberwood...or rather, what was left of it after the last regiment of conscripted soldiers had come and gone.

With most of the menfolk gone and their resources sapped to supply a front they didn't know had already vanished, that left only a handful of women and boys who hadn't decided to pack up and leave to hold the line, hopeful that their loved ones would return one day, waiting patiently in a homely village that had only grown even more quiet after the great exodus once word from the Empire's soldiers stopped coming in. But that didn't mean they weren't completely defenseless since there were still a few guardsmen and women stationed in the small village, an admittedly inadequate defense if an army were to show up at their doorstep one day. A personal thought echoed in the mind of a young lady performing her daily rounds at the outskirts of Umberwood, navigating a patch of withered foliage that she had heard was once an orchard before the soldiers came, sighing wistfully to herself as she strolls through rows of lopped stumps and piles of leaves no one had bothered to clean up.



She knew that her superiors had assigned her and all the other knights and squires to this spot for one reason instead of being brought along to serve as fodder for the front; softening the K'valan advance if and when they broke through, buying time for the rest of her countrymen to evacuate...figuring they'd be of more use here than being wasted all in one fell swoop by their enemies evidently superior strength if they had managed to both repulse and advance on their troops...she had only ever read a scholar's account on her nation's colorful history of violence and aggressive expansion, but even she knew that sort of behavior would come to bite them someday.

'A bully has few friends when they need them most after all...'

But dying was the least of Natalia's concerns. She had sworn an oath after all; to concede her life to preserve those of her fellow Delarusian's. But there still remained plenty of folk in Umberwood, most of whom were women...and Natalia was no stranger to the horrors of war...and if the preposterous rumors about the K'valans were even slightly true...the thought had her heart pounding in fear, biting her lip in frustration, unaware as to how soon she would have to face such a scenario...albeit in a way she never could have imagined possible.

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Perhaps they could agree to a parley? Take her, the acting commander instead of the citizens? Sparing them in the process while she forfeited her rights...as terrifying and humiliating as it sounded...Natalia sucks in a breath to soothe her nerves, convinced that it had to be worthwhile if it meant the guaranteed safety of those innocent villagers who were just as clueless as she was if there was anyone out there to wait for. Especially the daughter of Umberwood's mayor, sent out with the last passing contingent of soldiers that never managed to come back, presumably because of a horrible fate suffered at the hands of the enemy, left to die on foreign soil...

Embroiled by deep thought and severe doubt, Natalia would never notice how her footsteps seemed to press a little deeper into the ground with each step as the weight of sleek, plate armor sinks her boot clad feet into the thick, ankle high mounds of sand that had gradually begun to encroach upon the outskirts of Umberwood from somewhere beyond what little remained of the once proud forest. All while the ambient temperature would slowly begin to rise as the sun's pleasant rays above start to flare, as if the fluffy clouds were being burnt away, leaving the sky plain azure with nothing to shield the land beneath from its unrelenting heat.

Experiencing severe discomfort from the combined efforts of her stuffy armor and the rapidly rising temperature, Natalia would soon find her will tested, unwilling to back down from the unnatural heat before slamming the base of her shield into the ground, using it as a support as the metal begins to radiate visible spouts of distorted air, as does her body once exhaust in the form of steam from rapid evaporation of sweat leaks out from gaps in her armor and clothes, concealing a gradual change in her body that would further hinder her efforts to remain mobile, shaking her head in frustration as a gauntleted hand wipes away a considerable amount of sweat, brushing aside a steadily extending fringe with a dark auburn coloration beginning to seep out of the root itself, subsuming pale blonde while the band that kept it neat and prim starts to warble and contort...

"H-How did it even...s-sand? Where did it all...t-the K'valans!"

Unable to believe her eyes as they catch sight of the brilliant gold flakes dancing in the subtle breeze by her feet, Natalia scrambles to attention, looking all around her in confusion and panic, realizing how grave the situation was when her eyes failed to recognize the remnants of a forest, watching as the encroaching wave of sand making itself known beyond the dying trees ripples and undulates like a living creature of immense size, doing more than just covering everything in thick layers of sand as the trees recede, crumbling into dried timber before all that remained were sun bleached stumps, revealing the shrouded silhouettes of individuals dressed in foreign robes steadily approaching from behind the ruining line of sand that would soon engulf the area where she stood.

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Duty compelled Natalia to stand and fight, but as her furrowed eyes witnessed the sudden arrival of what she could only assume to be K'valan soldiers with an all-powerful sway over the desert itself. She wondered how one could even fight such a thing. Water based magics might help to slow down and even impede the storm but fighting against a slurry of mud sounded like an even worse idea, for who was to say their control over the elements were strictly limited to sand? And what about her comrades? Had they seen or better yet escaped this sudden surprise attack? She needed to return to Umberwood and inform them of the coming threat!

But tactics and the safety of her fellows should've been the least of the knight's concerns, for the invaders' spell that allowed them to reduce grassland into desert hadn't just been terraforming the land. Steadily progressing beneath Natalia's notice as the last bits of beige in her hide were painted over with glistening ochre, leaving gauntlet clad hands with a pale underside while neatly trimmed fingernails adorning dainty fingers healed of blemishes left by extended periods of combat and training lengthened into sharpened shells sporting an eye-catching sheen of magenta bestowed by dye of the highest quality, produced through means known only to the K'valan artisans of royalty.

Trying to lift her shield bore the knight no fruit, only managing to hurt herself in the process as weakened arms stripped of the muscle that allowed her to swing the immense tower shield like a club struggled to pull it an inch out of the clinging sand that had since engulfed even more of its mass ever since she had stabbed it into the ground after the giddiness wrought by the sudden heat wave had initially struck her, but the stinging in her fingertips was what concerned Natalia the most, for it reminded her of the first time she had ever picked up a sword as a novice in training.

Moving to peel away the gauntlets concealing her arms from view, Natalia lets out a shriek at the sight of alien hands revealed in broad daylight. She didn't remember her skin being so sun kissed as to take on a natural tanned hue complete with a creamy vanilla undertone to the surface of pristine palms that no longer bore the mark of hard work, and neither did she recall letting her nails grow to be so long that balling her hand into a fist was enough to cause discomfort as the lengthy shells would dig into the flesh of her fingers in response.

And in that moment of panicked movement, more bits of change would be revealed to Natalia as long, curly locks of hair tickle the sides of her face, giving her a glimpse of a brand new head of red hair while a suffocating tightness all over her body would be made known to her, falling to her knees with a stifled gasp as the moment of realization turns into outright terror by an oncoming rush of sand that envelops her, forming a whirling chamber that conceals the imperiled knight from view, unable to fight back as wide eyes watch phantom trails of living sand seep into the gaps of her armor, coiling around bare skin as they maneuver past sweat slick undergarments that shift in tune as if they were being guided like sheep, tickling a bloating physique that pushes against the metal that once protected it, like a turtle experiencing a sudden growth spurt, threatening to shatter into pieces.

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"Gugh! N-Need...to warn...every...everyone! Warn-bngh! M-Maria!"

Grunting like an animal with her once sweet sounding voice starting to take on a husky, mature vibe while the first few figures of the K'valan invasion force stroll on by without paying the captured woman any heed, a loud tearing sound signals the first piece of Natalia's clothing giving way to the pert flesh peering through the newly shredded holes in her inner wear, revealing more of the exotic skin tone the altered knight now bore in place of her own. And with another series of sharp noises, worn fabrics and loosened straps allow for a mellowed out tummy to burst free, followed shortly afterward by thick thighs and firm calves composed of a perfect fusion of supple fat and toned muscle, indicative of plentiful use that kept the strength of her lower half intact.

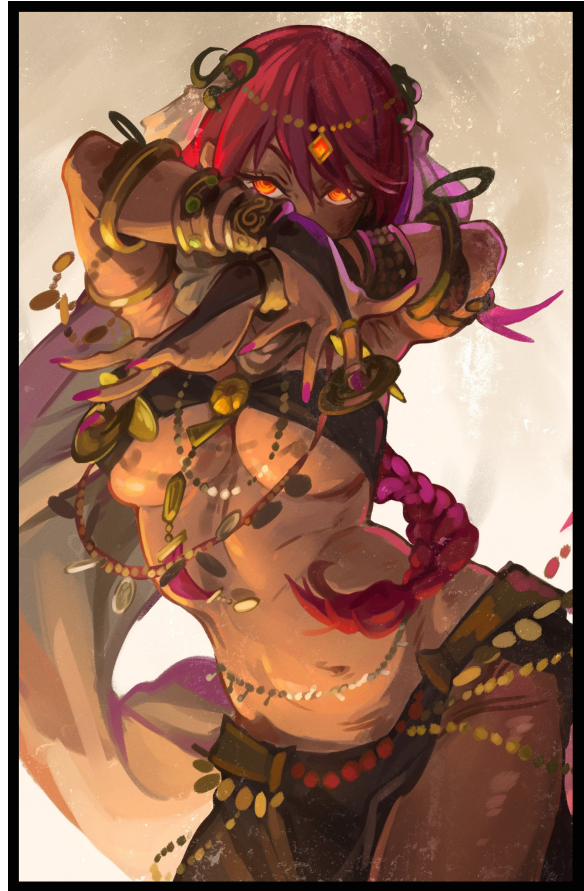
Another cry, this time more sonorous and emotional than the fearful yell from earlier would accompany a sudden change in posture as Natalia's full form explodes out of her failing armor, crumbling into pieces around the fallen knight to reveal a bodacious figure quite unfit for battle, much less physical labor. Sporting a bountiful bosom with a perfect sag to match their weight with swollen brown areola hidden by smoky trails of sand encircling Natalia's aging body, forming new garments that were more suited for a grown woman than the petite youth she once was. Transparent veils through which the naked eye could see toned flesh and pert fat undulating beneath impossibly smooth skin, ornate accessories of bronze and gold to draw the eye toward long dexterous hands and broad hips alongside a host of salaciously designed fabrics that showed off plenty of the wearers curvy body to fit the new purpose set for her as ordained by the minds behind the magic currently warping the Delarusian knight into someone else entirely as if the removal of her armor and power wasn't enough of a disgrace. Feeling the ominous fingers of the magic that laced the sandstorm begin to creep inside of her brain, prodding without care, digging around inside her memories like a patron watching a play before growing bored and deciding to trash it all.

The faces of her parents became a mystery to her before new ones began to appear, accompanied by memories of a vastly different childhood that made them endearing figures despite her disgust. Years of practicing sword arts and intermediate magic casting were blinked away in an instant in favor of dancing lessons and meditation alongside the worship of a foreign deity. The sight of rolling green hills and buy farmland of her village in Delarusian territory became muddied, knowing only the simple yet majestic halls of the subterranean temple within which she lived her life alongside..her many sisters...living in complete servitude to her masters...it all sounded so wrong...but yet, Natalia just couldn't find the strength or will to resist the temptation of it all as new feelings; a yearning to return to this new life of hers began to take root in her rapidly dwindling mind, barely able to hold on to her old name as whispers of a new one more befitting of her modified form tempts her over to the shadowy recesses of her subconscious, a line she would never be able to return from as the growing persona of a minor member of royalty begins to take root and flower over that of her knightly soul.

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The last of Natalia's identity to fade under the deluge of morphic sand would be her youthful visage, gaining in years just like the rest of her body had as wide, naive eyes shrink into foxy slits, slanting at the edges, granting a permanent sultry gaze while a cute button nose broadens slightly, perched above a lean pair of lips that were in the process of being pumped full of pliable flesh, forming kissable extrusions in the form of a fattened lower lip that juts out just a tiny bit, granting the mature mask the illusion of a wanton pucker, tempting the hearts of those who would look open her from now on into approaching for a kiss, only to be greeted with something more, the knowledge of which begins to seed itself into the reborn woman's mind as the last of her genetic identity as a Delarusian citizen collapses in on itself just like her mind had, like the desertified land around her until nothing of Natalia remained in the scarlet haired lady kneeling silently in the middle of what once was a damp forest. Letting out one last sigh as her sea blue eyes go dark while the torrent of sand keeping her down vanishes entirely now that their work was done, revealing the limp form of a big breasted woman in all her glory as a cloaked K'valan warrior makes their way toward the fresh convert amidst the sound of faint shouts and cries breaking out, accompanied by more spouts of whirling sand appearing elsewhere in the distance too far for the eye to make out what was happening as the conversion magic finally reaches Umberwood proper...

Pulling down the hood to reveal a weathered woman's face, the desert warrioress inspects the altered female, eyeing a hairband from a long dead childhood flame to keep well maintained blonde neatly in place supplanted by a ritual veil set atop a flowing, braided head of saturated auburn hair considered a rarity amongst dancers like her. Hastily forged protective armor from the belly of the Empire's smithing guilds broken and shed for ornate, revealing clothes designed to bring out the full beauty of the maiden wearing it with trailing lengths of intricately patterned fabrics drawing the eye towards the teasing gaps between long, luscious legs and the darkness that was all she had to mask the exposed lips of her untouched flower just like the skimpy straps that bore the tips of erect nipples without shame for the concept no longer existed in the rousing mind of the K'valan dancer as her new companion smiles in satisfaction, watching the blue in her eyes dilute with yellow before a fiery orange like the fire of a setting sun ignites within, consuming the last vestiges of who she once was while rising to her feet with grace and respect for the warrior in front of her, standing with her back upright, uncaring of the foreign village behind her coming under assault by the encroaching sand with her



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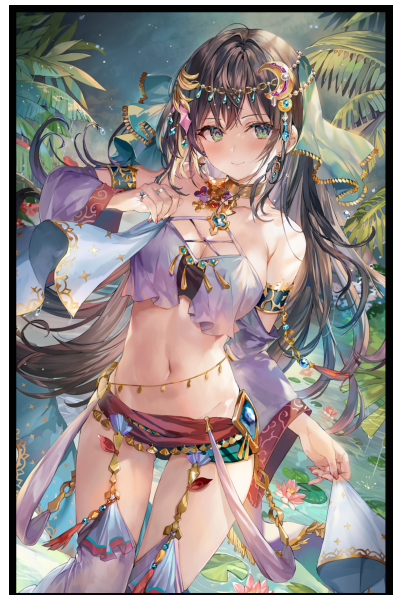
undivided attention focused solely on the commanding officer before her bedazzled eyes, pinprick ears picking up the order given to her. An order she was more than happy to fulfill as she takes a step forward before arching her spine in a sensual fashion, accompanied with mesmerizing sway of her hips, a maneuver easily accomplished by the flexibility afforded to her by a body trained and tempered for such things.

Fully understanding K'valan tongue thanks to a hefty insertion of knowledge, the dancer obeys without question, fully getting into the rhythm of things as her expressive, almost violent maneuvering begins to pick up speed, thrusting her arms over her seductive face with a jingle, giving her unsupported rack a nice jiggle from the force of her movement before snaking dexterous arms out toward the entranced warrior, eyes locked on the gyrating pendulum that were her broad hips, accompanied by a snappy shimmy of her lithe form and a swooping spin performed on the heel of her left leg while the other remains hanging in the air behind her, using the strength of her upper body to maintain that perilous stance until the roundabout was complete, landing back where she once knelt before bowing her head at the end of the demonstration.

The royal dancer's ears absorbed the praise as well as any criticism her sole audience might've had in response to her satisfying performance, falling in line by her side as they moved towards the foreign village in the distance, well under siege by the all consuming sands while other K'valan warriors milled about, some inspecting the new sandstone and clay structures signature to their society that had arisen in place of the primitive huts and cottages of the conquered village while others tended to the many women that would serve an important role in K'vala wherever they were needed. Mothers, farmers, architects, sand riders...there were many occupations to earn their keep, much more so than the wretched Empire they would never remember living under from this day forward as the remaining villagers slowly fell to the K'valan deity's ancient magic, scouring the land, the Delarusian folk and even reality itself, unable to do anything else but bend a knee and accept the inevitability of change for the greater good of all...



Walking side by side with the warrior as her escort, the dancer could see various soldiers accompanied by others like her. Barely able to remember the likes of Natasha, a bubbly girl that once ran a bakery in Umberwood before its eventual degradation once resources ran dry and the number of visitors fell, a slight tinge of regret in her heart being the only thing the desert dweller could feel at the sight of



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the ruined storefront before it changes into another dwelling for her people.

A home whose renewed occupants instantly click into place within her mind as the reborn figure of N'yala ingrains itself within, watching the woman in question emerge from her home still dressed in the bridal outfit she had worn last night upon sealing her vows with her chosen mate, feeling a flutter in her heart at the sight of the two women sharing a kiss in the comfort of their abode, masking her emotions with an unfettered gaze as her serpentine eyes move over toward the warrior she was accompanied, wondering what she would do if she was in N'yala's place, envisioning her predominantly scarlet dancer's attire exchanged for a more modest set of marriage dressings similar to the one worn by the pale beauty, holding hands with her own destined mate she would partner up with for life till death did them part.



Shaking her head at the incredulous idea of settling down, the dancer continues unfazed, passing by many familiar faces of the converted as the noises in the background died away, replaced by lovely chatter and the bustle of a relatively normal K'valan settlement by the time the duo had arrived outside the temple, a newly established building with grandiose flair that had at one point in time been the simple home of Umberwood's mayor...now home to its new overseer whose image could barely manifest in the simple dancer's mind. Only able to see a monochromatic blur of a young foreign lass in overbearing clothes as was to be expected of foreigners, a train of thought that would come to an abrupt end as her charge raps her once on the shoulder in a signal to proceed alone.

"My services to the people are needed elsewhere...live well...and may your performances grow to be ever more wonderful."

Nodding in silent thanks to the warrior's praise, the redheaded K'valan descends into the subterranean structure, lit by burning scones hanging off the pillars that supported the empty interiors. Massive chambers where wandering members of royalty and other important figures were an expected sight, no doubt busy with affairs back at the capital beyond their encroaching front upon the barbarian's territory in this losing war of their own making. The thought of which paints a wry smile on the woman's face as she continues down a hall lined with empty rooms that served as quarters for the workforce.

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Enlightened by the truth the Delarusia Empire had tried to suppress from their citizens, the dancer felt no remorse for the people they would inevitably absorb, the land they would repurpose, the cultural icons and architecture they would rebuild in their image. In fact, she saw it as a mercy. Liberating innocent souls under the rule of tyrants while granting them purpose much like she had along with N'yala, the rest of the remaining villagers...and last but not least, as her ears picked up on the stifled scream of a young woman fading into a choking groan coming from the other end of the hallway behind closed doors, the last remnant of Umberwood's population to finally fall to her people's overwhelming magic, eager to see the results as she pushes open the heavy stone slabs into a modest chamber fit for a Princess...

But before she could bow in greeting, a rough hand slams against her throat before tightening its grip, single handedly lifting the lightweight K'valan off her feet before chucking her in the direction of a single bed in the far end of the circular chamber carved into the sand, forcing bile out of the dancer's mouth, threatening to break her usual silence with a barely suppressed cough of pain coming out as a soundless rush of air, rubbing at her aching neck from the rough treatment at the hands of the boyish woman standing just beside ajar doors, locking cold, distant eyes underscored with pale face paint that accentuates unnerving orbs of amber in a smug display of her superiority, nonchalantly tying back a spiked mane of raven black hair while watching her quarry squirm in pain on the sheets, scanning over the voluptuous maiden she didn't feel the least bit of pity for as she seems to come to a conclusion with a decisive, balled fist coming down hard to the side, slamming the doors shut while the hinged latch falls from the earth shaking rumble produced by the act, securing it against any potential disturbances for what she was about to do...



Despite her status as royalty, M'lyn was not a woman renowned for her smarts in K'valan politics or for an overwhelming air of grace that left many a mate drooling for her hand in marriage. Rather, the complete opposite of all those things combined was what made her an *infamous* figure amongst the public instead of a paragon for her people's ideals many thought she should be.

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Instead of an innocent princess, M'lyn was known for a bloodthirsty penchant for violence, taking pleasure in the art of combat, whether it be against woman or beast, making it a habit to display trophies from her various kills during the time she had gone against her parent's desires and set out into the wastes as a Sand Rider, hunting with her bare hands rather than the harpoons the rest of the Riders usually used to spear Dunesharks with. If there was one thing she had in common with the rest of her K'valan folk, it would be the brash display of her powerful yet bodacious form, made undesirable to most by the abundance of scars on her back as if the omen she had been born with wasn't enough; signatures left by the many girls she had taken as bed warmers and one-time lovers in the capital and beyond...partners that didn't manage to last a day before she either sent them packing or they left on their own volition, fearful of the brute and what she would do to them if they spent another second in her midst. All besides the royal dancer that M'lyn now fancied after having caught her eye in the capital, ordering for her presence a few days later after tending to the matter of the barbarians at the front...and now here she was, ripe to be bred once more as the domineering K'valan warrior goddess approaches the bed, tearing off her robes loincloth before undoing the straps that kept her tremendous bosom hidden, exposing swollen pink nipples to the air in contrast to the dancer's dull brown nubs, coming free in tandem once the young princess strips her cohort of her clothes, treating the respected figure as if she were a simple playmate to be used however she saw fit in her voracious hunger for fair women to bed...

“How long's it been since we last saw each other? A week? Maybe a month?”

The dancer wanted to correct her by saying only a handful of days had passed since she had seen her at the capital, but her vow of silence stays her tongue, keeping the humiliated dancer mute as she struggles to lean back against the headrest, knowing full well that any attempted display of resistance would be met with something far worse than a harsh hand around her neck if the tales she had heard whispered amongst the nobles she entertained about the Rogue Princess were even remotely true. Even with her status as a nameless herald of their people's deity, she severely doubted that fact would matter much to M'lyn, gritting her teeth beneath her sealed lips as she allows her face to be handled by the princess, inspecting her visage with that emotionless gaze of hers, feline slits burning holes into her soul while doing so, even more evidence that there really was something inherently *off* about the masculine, overbearing princess...which brought tales of a certain legend to mind; one where a K'valan would one day be born with the eyes of a foul serpent, an individual who represented nothing but misfortune, one who would defy the norms and go against their people, bringing ruin by the tail end of their life.

But in another rendition spoken of by even fewer still, said bearer of ill omens would find respite in the arms of another, averting the dark fate that awaited both the masses and the troubled soul born to fill the role of a villain to be shunned...M'lyn fit that bill nicely, afforded temporary safety by her parents and status as royalty, but not enough to guarantee she live long enough to raise her own progeny into the world.

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Spurred on by a sudden burst of courage, the dancer pries the princess' hand away from her face, gripping her muscular wrist tightly with a determined look on her face, staring up in defiance against M'lyn's advances as a cold look of surprise crosses the lady's face before breaking into a smile as her partner slowly let's go of her wrist, falling back silently against the bed in silent admission to do as she pleased with her.

"Hoh? Looks like you've got some bite in you...you dancer folk're supposed to be mute yeah? Let's see if I can't make you sing for me~"

As much as she despised being treated so roughly, the scarlet haired maiden knew she couldn't just sit back and do nothing, especially if M'lyn was fated to meet a grizzly end. But what to do to help her avert that fate would be a question for later, doing her utmost to maintain her grit once the princess' fingers trace her sensitive areola, encircling it before biting down like a snake, pinching her nips before twisting, forcing the divine lady to arch her back in response to the electrifying pleasure shooting through her body from the stimulating ministrations of M'lyn's well trained hands, having made many a woman scream for her to stop not even a second into their respective sessions many times before in this new reality the two were now fated to share in.

While the assimilation of what remained of the rapidly dwindling territories of the Delarusia Empire continued in the background, M'lyn would find a new challenge in the form of her personal dancer-cum-playmate, doing her damndest to make the indignant woman break her oath of silence, but no matter how hard she tried or whatever practiced skill she pulled off that would've left any other woman a drooling mess, the red headed dancer would refuse to submit despite how honest her body was being to how she truly felt beneath the frown she struggled to maintain on her steely eyed visage. A second battle between the two naked women, isolated beneath the surface of the new K'valan settlement. All while efforts began to resettle the converts who had to wait till now to return to their homes, altered in the same way they were save for the stubborn few who had resisted the change...or the foul, corrupt souls who had started this whole mess in the first place for they had no place in their future

By the end of the week, the Delarusia Empire would be no more, its former borders serving as the new walls that would keep a strengthened K'vala safe and isolated from the outside world once more...as for whether or not the hopeful dancer would manage to lift the curse of violence that plagued the frontier princess...that would be a story for another time...

THE END

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