

There's a "sweet spot" at a certain depth of the Dark Forest where it's too deep for children to play at and too shallow for hunters to hunt, so nobody, except weirdos like me, like to wander around here. This means that only hunters going between their hunting grounds and the city come around here, and they always take the same paths that avoid cliffs and other obstacles, so certain areas *never* receive any foot traffic, and the center of a particularly wide but not very tall cliff would be a place that nobody sane would ever have business around.

And that's exactly where we'll hide and cultivate our little rape flowers.

Of course, we now need an excuse for our constant coming and going between the Dark Forest and the Dark Forest of Hatarvros, so we forage for some wild herbs and veggies to create a reason for our visit. Fodor is guarding the gates to the Forest almost every day, so we need to be careful to not alert the scum to our real activities.

The Strangler grew because the soil has enough magic in it for it to blossom, so we transplant the flower along with large patches of dirt, giving the little blue flower what it needs to grow. Three days later, our two flowers become ten, and I decide it's time to "steal" their magical energy for myself.

The book said that this method of extraction is "taboo," but I don't get it. It's a fucking plant. We steal fruits from trees and uproot veggies every day, not to mention all the pests we kill and the animals we *eat*.

How the fuck is this method of extraction "taboo for any righteous mage"?

It's almost like it was written by a Speaker who, just because the Scriptures said "doing this isn't ideal," has decided that "this is heretical," and they do this kind of shit quite often. The Scriptures are full of *suggestions* and *advice*, but the Speakers have forbidden everything because "our social stability must not be threatened" and "you're not wise enough to tread the line of morality."

Fuck that! It's hypocrisy! It's bullshit! It's... whatever the fuck other fancy word exists to describe that sort of shit!

*Wait... I'm getting side-tracked.*

I crush the flowers one by one and forcefully "steal" their energies, then I let them regenerate and repeat three times, which is about the maximum we can steal without killing the little blue things.

"So... any difference now that you have a ton of energy?" Elina curiously asks and cautiously steps towards me.

"No... I've already learned how to control this energy, so I'm fine," I calmly reply, then I suddenly grab her waist and pull her towards me.

"Nyah!" she meows loudly, the cutest sound that a female feline beastmen can ever make.

But her eyes become fearful as she believes me to be under the rape flower energy, so I just remain still for a few seconds as I grin at her to let her calm down.

"Ugh... you're a dick," she grumbles and pouts, but she's just pretending to be mad.

"That's one weird insult, you know?" I softly remark, and we chuckle softly, then we fall silent as lust starts to rise again.

We're alone, and I can't believe that I didn't fuck her these last three days while we had all the time in the world to do it.

*What the fuck is wrong with me. Hey, scholar-me, are you gay? Why didn't you fuck her?*

*Well, she was also working on the flowers and helping out, so we were both too focused to get in the mood... until now.*

*Fair argument, scholar-me, but now the time has finally come to fuck my first – woman of many.*

"Can you... help me absorb the flower's energy?" she suddenly asks shyly, and my vertical pupils open wide in surprise.

"The rape energy...?" I ask to make sure I understood her.

She nods repeatedly, – giving me a tingle between my legs.

"Say no more..." I whisper and release her, then I kneel and point to one of the flowers. "Crush a petal until it releases the glowing sap, then imagine you raping the flower..." -she gives me a confused frown- "or maybe just... 'stealing' its energy. Like, sucking it while the flower attempts to stop you with its leafy arms."

"Just that? Imagination?" she quietly asks as she kneels beside them.

I nod.

And she immediately does as she's told, crushing a single petal, but after a couple of seconds, she narrows her eyes in frustration. She follows up with a variety of expressions and grunts as she crushes a few more petals, but even I can see that she's unsuccessful.

Then she releases the half-destroyed flower and grumbles gloomily, "I don't have magical talent..." Her tail dropped down and her ears flat.

I give her back a rub as I reassure her, "You could learn it. The priests say that everyone can, it's just that it's easier with pure and more abundant magical energy."

"I know... but..." Then she sighs and lets her head drop, but after a short moment, she raises it up and gives me a curious look. "What if you pushed the energy into me?"

"Sure," I hum, not feeling like teasing her.

Of course, that's easier said than done.

"Are you taking a shit?" Sis dryly asks.

"Shut up...! HNGHHH...!" I groan as I try not to shit myself. I already tried everything I could think of to get this energy out of my body, so now all that's left is good-ol' brute force!

Except that magical energies apparently give no shit about how hard I try to push them out of me.

"You actually gave yourself a boner..." she remarks, a bit surprised and also unsure of how to react.

I grin at the sight of her staring at – it in awe, but then I exhale, and it returns to its sheath.

She rubs her human chin with her paws as she admits, "Actually, that's a bit impressive, giving yourself a boner on command."

"A bit of a useless skill since I only need to think of you to get one," I reply with a growl, and we both smirk suggestively at each other.

*I want to fuck her so bad... but magic!*

But her expression becomes a bit gloomy as she questions, "Well... if you're trying so hard that you're sending blood – down, then maybe it's impossible after all?"

I sit down in front of her and stare at my own padded, clawed, and furry hand. I can easily move this rape energy around, even to the tip of my claws or fur, but I can't push it out, for some reason.

The simplest form of magic is conjuration, like creating a flame that floats at the palm of your hand or producing a stream of water out of your finger, but you need to be

able to push the energy *out* of your body before you can do that because it's obviously bad to create a flame *inside* of you.

"I don't know why this energy doesn't want to leave my body," I admit pensively.

"Don't the Scriptures you like so much have something that could help you?" she asks as she leans forward, momentarily distracting me with her pretty face, then with her pair of nice, round tits.

And I hum absentmindedly, "If they had then I'd already-..." -Realization strikes me- "Wait, maybe-...!"

She snorts at my erratic behavior, but then she stares at me in expectation.

The Scriptures of Magic say that magical energies have preferred methods of storage, like water element energies prefer to be stored in water and etc. This magical energy likes to be stored in my blood, so what if I tried to make myself bleed?

No, wait, before I cut myself needlessly, let's try something else... This energy came from a plant, so how about roots...? But I'm no plant, so how about my veins?

And then the most horrible chill runs down my spine as I see red veins push out of the palm pads.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" Elina shouts and crawls away.

But while my horror is immense, my curiosity is even more powerful, and I stare at my pulsating red veins in awe and wonder as they grow and extend upwards like horrific red roots.

Then I turn my head towards Elina, and her pale face pales further.

"Oh, no, no, no. You're not putting that in me!" she asserts with a frown.

But I grin wickedly. "Come here, Sis. Let me penetrate you with me red, pulsating... VEINS!"

"AAAAAAH...!" she shrieks as I pounce onto her, but she doesn't actually try to run away, so I easily press the red stuff against her chest, and it surprisingly enters her without resistance. "Oooh~...!" she moans with a wavery voice, making me stop in surprise and curiosity, then it hits me.

Suddenly, I see myself in my right eye and Elina on my left as a wave of pleasure washes over my body, like when the Strangler's magical energy first hit my balls, but not strong enough that I lose control of myself.

Elina blinks, and I notice my right eye also blinks, but then I realize that I'm actually seeing *through* Elina's eyes. I cover one of my eyes with my free hand, and she immediately mirrors my movement, which is a bit freaky.

"Fiubun... my body... is moving... on its own..." she slowly grumbles, as if it was difficult to speak, and I feel like I'm almost overwhelmed with the desire to repeat her words, then I let my jaw loose in surprise, an action she once again mirrors.

*Wait... am I... controlling her?!*

I do a bunch of random movements, all of which she mirrors with some resistance, then we both exclaim in sync, "I'm controlling you!"

"No... *you* are..." she corrects herself with a strained voice, and her body starts to twitch while a weird smile appears on her gorgeous face.

While this is awesome, I think it might be a horrifying experience for her, so I pull my veins back, and they come out of her body without leaving a wound, then she collapses onto the grass.

"Sis! Are you okay?!" I exclaim as I grab her shoulders and force her to sit up.

"I'm okay..." she whispers sultrily, a seductive purr in her tone that gives me a chill that ends – between my legs.

Suddenly, I'm pushed back, and now she's on top of me, grinning like an imp, her cat eyes open wide in excitement, and her tail waving mischievously.

"I think your energy is inside of me, but I can't control it, so..." she confesses with a heated breath – "So I'm going to rape you."

"-- But what if I want it?" I immediately reply –.

"I don't give a fuck what you want; I'm taking your virginity," she answers with a maniacal grin.

"Fuck yeah," I happily hum, then I send a bit of energy down –, making me hard as a rock and giving me an almost uncontrollable desire to – do her. "And I'm taking yours!"

With the Strangler energy to "refill" my balls, I'm going to last *hours!*

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The sight of Sis' orgasmic face is orgasmic by itself. She's got a nice pair of lips with the perfect amount of juiciness; the famous "almond-shaped" amber eyes that everyone raves about; a small nose that balances out with her other features; four

white fangs that peek out of her mouth with every word; short, cheek-length, black, white, and orange striped hair that looks quite fluffy; and furry small tiger ears that humans envy so much.

Because she's a female, her body is much smaller than mine, though still taller than the average human man and even stronger, too, giving her enough muscle to look a bit buff, but that just makes her so much sexier in my eyes. What's the point of a small, petite human woman who breaks halfway through wild sex?

*I guess this is why Gra-ah loves beastmen.*

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I suddenly notice that I'm also almost completely out of stamina, so I use a bit of the energy on my whole body with the exception of my balls, and it refreshes my tiredness.

"Holy fuck..." Sis moans weakly in disbelief at what just happened, then makes herself comfortable on my broad chest.

"Yeah..." I happily hum and pat her head, paying good attention to her sensitive tiger ears.

Then we fall silent as we bask in the degeneracy we just committed, both our tails waving happily in satisfaction.

"Little Bro-..." she hoarsely begins.

But I cheekily interrupt, "Can you really call me 'little' after what I just did to you?"

She hisses at me but then mirrors my cheekiness. "Okay. Little Bro With a Big One, I know that the priests say this is wrong, but I'm not giving you up, I want you – every day. I think as long as I drink the Purple Sap we'll be fine."

This topic is another gripe I have with the priests, so I speak earnestly, "The Scriptures say that this is only bad if you do it for many generations."

She lifts her head to look me in the eye. "Then why is it forbidden?"

The Scriptures actually have a lot to say about our kind of degeneracy, but the Speakers are lazy and just go – "this is bad" while the Blossomites are "just don't do it," and from what I know of the Dewies, I think they'd say something like "as long as there's love."

"Well..." I awkwardly begin, but then I realize it'll be a pain to properly explain things to her, so I take the easy way out just like a Speaker and deflect, "There are other reasons, but they don't apply to us. I think it'll be fine even if I put babies in you."

And my last few words make both of us excited, but we're still too tired to – do it again, so I just wrap my tail around hers, making her widen her eyes in surprise, then we both purr softly in delight. We fucking love each other, we love fucking each other, and we love fucking with each other.

But then she becomes a bit shy and gives me a hopeful look as she hesitantly confesses, "If... if we last as a couple, like, a few years, then I think that we should marry."

"Yeah..." I hum back with a grin. She – is now my girlfriend, and it's a bit weird but also really fucking exciting.

Her hesitation disappears with my agreement, and she suddenly smiles like a devil as she adds, "You know... I talked to Margit and apologized-..."

"Nice," I grunt in approval.

"I just got jealous... I wanted us to have our first time together," she guilty confesses as one of her claws cutely traces circles on my furred chest.

And I hum in understanding, "Oh, okay, yeah. I get why you got a bit angry."

The Scriptures of Love talked about this. Quite a lot of women put way too much importance on their "first time," which is weird since virgins are obviously bad at sex and likely to have a shitty experience for the first time. Ours was amazing, but it's because we had the rape energy to get us going.

"I was also jealous of *her*..." Sis quietly adds, and I give her a *really* confused look. "I want to be a slut. I want to fuck *a lot* of people."

*Wait, wait, hold on a bit, my dear lower-me...*

I frown concernedly. "I don't like men, and I'd rather you don't fuck other men."

To my relief, she looks up at me and stares me in the eye, thinking seriously for a moment as her tail rubs against mine and slowly arouses me again, then she nods in acceptance, "Hmm... well, fine. We'll fuck a lot of women, then."

"Ooh~..." I hum excitedly.

Then she delivers something even better, "Starting with Margit, as an apology."

"Ooh~...!" I hum *very* excitedly and rub my tail against hers, too.

"Together, alright? We'll fuck her together," she whispers warmly as she pats my chest.

"Together... like a couple?" I ask tentatively.

And she chuckles, showing me her cute white fangs. "What kind of couple fucks other people together?"

Of course, I never miss a chance to lecture others on the Scriptures. "We do. The Scriptures of Love talk a lot about different relationships... but the Speakers tell us to just be 'normal,' instead because that's easier."

"Alright, we're a couple, then," she happily accepts, looking so pretty that I pull her in –.

My tiger head makes my lips a bit clumsier than that of a human's, but my tongue is more dexterous to compensate –. It's also much bigger than hers, but this just makes kissing more fun.

Once we decide to get up, a problem arises: Elina can't feel her legs. I solve it with my genius by applying trace amounts of the Strangler's energies directly in her muscles, and she manages to *not* move the energy around, though it takes her a bit of mental effort. At least none of it ends up – downstairs, so she doesn't get rapey, giving the energy time to gradually help her recover her stamina.

I still have control over my – seed, so I clean us both from it with just a thought, and somehow even her juice disappears along with it. I believe it's because I managed to "take control" of her body that I still have some control over her juices.

"Maybe Margit won't be able to take you if I was left like this," Sis jokes as she slowly stands up.

I shrug and reply, "That's her problem. We're fucking her whether she likes it or not."

She raises an eyebrow at me. "Spoken like a real rapist."

And I just chuckle as I slap her back, almost making her fall on her face. "You're the one who deliberately wanted to get injected with rapist-flower energy."

"To give me the courage to fuck you," she answers with a frown, not even bothering to hiss at me.

She's cute when she stops teasing and acts honest, but I still smile cheekily. "Didn't need that to tease me with your pussy."

But she becomes even more serious. "Because I trust you and I know you'd never be forceful with me."

Okay, making fun of someone for confessing something personal isn't nice, so I stop joking and awkwardly reply, "I mean, I also won't be forceful with Margit. She already looks like she's interested, so I don't think she'll decline."

But Sis crosses her arms and narrows her amber eyes at me, her tail slowly waving in pondering. "You talk big about fucking someone, but you didn't push me to – do it with you these last few days even though I gave plenty of signs."

*Scholar-me was in the way.*

"Because I was distracted by magic," I answer with a shrug.

She becomes skeptical, but I also sense a bit of insecurity. "You... really weren't scared of our first time?" And it surprises me that she doesn't make fun of my answer.

"I trust the Scriptures," I answer casually.

"They taught you how to fuck?" she questions, eyebrows knit in confusion. "Sounds kind of fun, so maybe I should read them."

And I smirk suggestively. "The Scriptures of Love is a better teacher than any priest or sex ed."

"Okay, then, Sex God," she dryly replies, unamused.

I feel like she's getting offended, so I earnestly try to appease her, "I'm... not anything special. Look, I feel like I can be confident like this because it's *you*."

And that finally hits the spot as her tense post and tail relax, then she suddenly gives me tight a hug. "Thanks, Bro..." she whispers warmly and gives my ass cheeks a squeeze.

I reply in kind as I also grab a handful of ass, "Love you, Sis."

"Love you, too..." she repeats as she gives me a dreamy look then slaps my cheeks and jumps away before I can slap back.

After a bit more fooling around, we return back to the city and finish our job for today at the inn. Then we return home as usual, but once we get inside, Mom stops us with a serious look on her gorgeous pale face.

"Did you two finally do it?" she soberly asks, and the fact that she uses the word "finally" makes me a bit shocked.

"Yep," Elina impassively answers for me while I remain silent and tense.

Mom sighs tiredly, but then she gives us a comforting smile as she grabs our shoulders. "Just don't confuse familiar love with erotic love. You two may be a couple now, but you're still family first, so don't let your... love for each other ruin this family."

"Yeah, I get it. Even if we break up, we'll still be family," I confidently reply, and Mom nods at me in approval.

Then we turn to Sis and she waves her furred hand dismissively. "I get it, I get it. I definitely won't be the bitch that breaks us up," she awkwardly states, but it's *because* she's awkward that we know she's taking Mom's words seriously.

But I just have to thank this kind woman who's always looking out for us, "Thanks for the advice, Mom."

I love praising her because she makes a really cute expression that's a mix of pride and smugness, and it's just so refreshing to see that I can't help myself.

And she gracefully takes it, "Of course. I love both of you very much, and I know you two also love each other..." -she smiles wryly- "in a variety of ways, so I'll never let either of you ruin this great relationship that you have."

Sis' tail begins waving mischievously, then she suddenly skips forward and gives Mom a tight hug. "Love you too, Mom!" she happily exclaims, making Mom blush, but then Sis pulls her head back, stares into Mom's blood-red eyes, and steals a kiss.

"Ah! You little-...!" Mom squeaks, and Sis jumps away while giggling just in time to dodge a slap to her shoulder.

But while this is cute and all... the first woman I ever got a boner for is Mom, so...

I take a step forward, and Mom opens her eyes wide at me.

"Fiubun..." she warns me, but I take another step. "No...!"

I take a third and lunge forward, pulling Mom into a tight hug, then I steal a taste of her red lips while she slaps my shoulder repeatedly.

Her resistance is far too weak for her to be really hating this, but I won't press my luck, so I release her, and she takes a step back while she nervously rearranges her silver hair with her hand.

"You two are seriously-...! Too lewd!" she whines and quickly walks away with a pout.

"Okay, so you got the hots for Mom, too?" I quietly question Sis.

"I'm a slut. I want to fuck anything that moves," she heatedly confesses.

*Fun times ahead...*

Then I take her bed from her room and put it right beside mine so we can sleep together. We lay down right beside each other and entwine our tails, then we close our eyes and soon start to become drowsy.

Just before I fall asleep, I think about what it means to "be a couple" with – her. For me, it feels like the most natural thing ever, as if we were always a couple, just now we decided to finally kiss and fuck.

I guess beastmen are really fucked in the head if it's so common for us to practice this sort of shit...

While Sis and I want to fuck Margit together, the opportunity to get to it doesn't really arrive so soon. We get a sudden influx of Tear Explorers into town, a few looking for "valuables" that have appeared in the wake of the Water God (which makes us fear for our flower patch), a few are hunting monsters on behalf of the mayor (which is concerning since our patch is a bit deep in the forest), and a good number of them are here to escort the miners who search for metal (and the reason why they need more metal makes us worried). So, it seems like there is bad news coming.

But the real problem is that everyone is working double to take care of the large number of guests, and Margit seems too tired and busy to think about tiger cock.

But the real, *real* problem is that monsters will be searching for our flower patch. Unlike animals, monsters are born from wild magical energies, so they have an appetite for magical things, like the Strangler flower.

And just two days later, we find a monster greenskin prowling about the area where we've been collecting the magical soil that the rape flowers love so much.

"Is that a fucking goblin?" Sis whispers as we watch the ugly, naked, green, little shit sniff and lick the soft dirt. His little thing is so small that it might as well be a nipple, and I hate myself for coming up with this comparison.

I frown and mumble hesitantly, "I think so... but the Scriptures say that the monster version of the soulful is always ugly and warped, so who knows what the fuck this one is."

Then Sis suddenly recites something wise, making me very surprised, "Goblins are small, big-headed, big-nosed, and have pointy ears like elves, but you should never tell that to an elf or they'll gut you."

"How do you know that?" I question her confusedly.

And she smirks teasingly as she finally knows something that I don't. "Stories. You read the Scriptures too much. Read a fucking romance one of these days and gain some culture instead."

I hold back a growl to not alert the green little shit, but I still bite back, "Well, I know what greenskin goblins are supposed to look like, it's just that monsters are warped versions of the original, so this greenskin could be of any type, really."

She waves her paw dismissively. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. This one is small and weak, so let's just kill it before it finds the flowers."

"Kill it with what?" I grunt annoyedly.

"We have claws, you dunce!" she whisper-shouts angrily.

But I just stare at her, baffled by her coldness. "We've never killed anything before, Sis. Are you a fucking psycho?"

She grabs my hand and pushes it against her tit. "Just give me some of that energy and I'll do it."

Now it's my turn to whisper-shout, "No, you can't control it very well yet, so you're just gonna rape him!"

She glares at me and slaps my shoulder. "Then *you* do it!"

We hear a shuffling, so we look forward again and see that the goblin monster is looking directly at us, though it doesn't seem to have spotted our exact position as we're almost fully hidden behind a bush.

"Make a choice, Little Bro," Sis whispers softly, and I feel her claws grip my shoulder hard.

*Fuck it. BEASTMODE ON!*

I flood my muscles with energy, and an overwhelming bloodlust takes a hold of my whole body, then my muscles almost move completely on their own as I rush out of the bush. I still have enough self-control to make decisions, but I decide to just give in to violence.

The energy makes so fucking fast that the goblin can't even do shit before I reach him, and the bloodlust makes me so crazy that I grab his chest with one hand and his throat with the other, then I pull them apart.

The goblin groans weakly as it chokes, its claws digging on my wrist yet they don't even draw blood. I feel only a small amount of resistance, then my fur is suddenly coated with blood as I rip his head off his shoulders.

I pull back the Strangler's energy before I make an even bigger mess, but I'm still left stunned at my own brutality.

Then Sis' mildly teasing voice pulls me out of it, "So... now we know that you can kill a child barehanded... but did you *have* to do it this way?" she asks, both bewildered and amused, which I think is called "bemused."

"You fucking psycho. This ain't fun..." I grumble back and grimace at the blood on my chest, then I throw the two body pieces away from me and turn to her. "Now what?"

"Take the head back and we can get some leaves as bounty," she answers as she steps closer, then she stares at my bloody chest with a look of, to my horror, *desire*.

*Sis is a psycho...*

"But first, let's give you a bath, Ripper," she teasingly adds and grabs my hand.

There's a small brook nearby, and we've camped near it a few times before to watch the animals that come take a sip, so we know it's safe.

She casually carries the bloody green head by its ear, and the beast in me says this behavior means she's a good mate, but the scholar in me is still scared of her. Then I realize that *I* should be a lot more disgusted at what *I* did than I currently am, so I guess my beast nature makes killing a lot easier than I thought it would be.

Once we get to the water, she throws the head into it and starts washing me with a mischievous grin. The blood starts to drip down and seep into the water, returning my chest to its normal white color, but her hands continuously go down.

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As we walk back towards the city, I notice a bit of magic coming from the blood that drips down the stump. While I know that messing with magical energies of plants *can* be bad, those of *monsters* are a no-go even for me.

You *become* a monster if you absorb those energies, and even your soul can rot away if you use too much of these energies, turning you into an actual monster. But

without a soul, you can't cast magic, and the Crusaders kill all soulless on sight, so it isn't worth tapping into this sort of power.

Then I remember that the goblin tried to claw my hand, but it couldn't even draw blood, which is odd since its claws were pretty sharp.

*Wait, the book said that this energy increases "body hardness" so does this mean that it's like armor?*

I test it on myself and confirm that it's true, using the energy makes my skin tougher, but the hardness isn't anything extreme, so I think that actual armor is still better. And then I watch as the little prickle I did to myself heals in just a minute because of the energy.

*So fucking cool...*

Once we get to the gate, Fodor is once again there with a squad of randoms. Their numbers increased to eight, so this must mean that the City Militia thinks that the Dark Forest is getting dangerous.

"Yo, got a gobbo?" one of the beastman guards greets us and takes a drag of his pipe.

"We found one wandering about, and my bro ripped his head off," Elina cheerfully brags and slaps my ass.

"Nice one, tiger," he hums back.

"Gra-ah smiles," another follows.

"Beastmode, man," I reply with a grin.

And the other beastmen chuckle while the humans (Fodor, especially) give us wary looks.

We manage to get through without being harassed, which is great, and then we take the head to the Hunters' Office.

Just like the inn lately, the place is full of Tear Explorers and other fighters, who strut around as if they own the place. The humans like to give me dirty looks due to my size, as if their masculinity was threatened by my presence, while the beastmen are more chill and keep their distance, so I do the same to them.

We aren't allowed into the office itself since we have a corpse, so we're guided to a warehouse right next to it, where a bunch of other people have also brought corpses to be evaluated. The place smells of death, and the floor is stained with blood, making me glad that I put on boots whenever I go out into the Dark Forest.

We wait half an hour only to get five Moss Leaves, paid through a single piece of rectangular, light-blue moss paper. I may not care much about money, but I do admit that it's kind of pretty. It has a big five at its center, and around it, there are some metallic clouds with a rainbow-like reflection that I believe is called "iridescence."

Anyway, pretty shit pay, to be honest, but these monsters are bottom-feeders, so I guess it's fair. Bringing a live one pays forty leaves, but who's got the patience for that? Not only that, but I don't want to know why anyone would ever even *need* a monster body, let alone a *live* one.