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original idea & species concept © GoatyGalaxo (2024)

DREAM PET and SHADOW

”Whatta?”

Thomas startled awake in a forest. His body leaned against a grey shaded oak tree, and equally colourless damp moss. On top of his legs there was sleeping a mid-size creature with a slender cat like body. It’s elongated earless head with long neck and extensively lengthy wide tail curled up in a thick purple furred ball. A light mist surrounded the creature from white smoke emanating it’s light grey paws and tail end. It’s long hairs had been shedding all over the boy’s jeans.

”Hey, there buddy. Haven’t seen you in a while.”

Seeing the familiar animal made him smile. Petting the creature made it chirp in a soft songbird pitch through it’s noseless nostrils, and lifted it’s muzzle along with it’s large yellow fish eyes towards him. It’s friendly lighter purple face pulled into even wider toothless grin as it pushed it’s head against Thomas’ chest, purring contently while snuggling the boy. Thomas had time to orient himself.

”An old forest. It’s the stupid dream again, isn’t?”

The ancient oak forest seemed washed in grey shade colour with granny filter over it. Beside his red shirt and blue jeans and the purple creature, they were a real splash of colour in this dream – the surroundings had a old classic black-and-white monster movie feel to it. These dream definitely felt more like nightmares to him. The boy sighted.

A enquiring tweet escaped the creature’s mouth as Thomas stood up. It lounged it’s surprisingly light four-legged body against him, before brushing off and darted swiftly over the tree wicked roots on top of a near moss bump. The creature was going forward, but it’s turned head looking back at Thomas.

”You want to show me something? Okay, lead the way.”

The forest’s atmosphere was creepy. Every crack and creek made Thomas flinch and nervously glance across the white misty emptiness. Thomas followed the agile creature between the crooked trees. Their trunks covered with moss, and in their branches hanged these white pasty ”things” that were letting out a hazy smoke – Everything seemed to be giving out some kind of smoke. Not only that, the blankets of whitish goo glowed with ghostly light and dripped slimy snot with from their glossy membranes.

It made Thomas shiver and cringe from disgust. The creature stopped and checked over the boy once again with a low content coo, before it continue leading them forward.

They walked through the ghostly misty forest path before they arrived to a crumpled stone ruins of an ancient watch tower. With a elegant feline graze the creature jumped on top of an eroded stone wall, and swayed it's long tail excitedly up and down. Standing over the remains of a bone dry skeleton of a mediaeval knight wearing steel armour and grasping a long sword on it's chest.

"Huh, a weapon. That's why you brought me here."

Thomas sceptically look over the creature, that let out a bright chirp along with curious head tilt. The skeleton looked real. Far too real to be something he would ever imaging dreaming. The boy didn't like it, but still went closer. He cringed as he pried open the fossilised finger at the stiff joint. It broke down to chunky dust in his hands. Lifting and dragging the two handed sword almost as tall as the boy was extremely heavy. The sword clacked as Thomas dropped it on the ancient brick floor visible between the mossy overgrowth.

"ugh – you got to be kidding me! I can't even lift that."

Annoyingly, he said to the creature. The creature looked back and forth between the boy and the sword before hopping down. Stepping over the sword with it's long tail brushing on weapon's surface. Walking to sit on the boy's side they watched as the purple glowing over the long broad sword transformed it into a much smaller on one handed sword. A trail of purple haze travelled back to the end of the creature's tail, and absorbed into a tough cartilaginous cocoon, – a sizeable deposit of mystical energy under the top fur.

"Wow, that's rad!"

Excitedly Thomas picked the perfectly sized sword and in trial swig it around few times.

"Yeah, this would work. Thanks buddy!"

The creature chirped happily as boy petted it's head. Curling on the boys leg while it walked past him over to new direction.

"Y-you mean let's keep moving? Y-yeah, it does make sense. But let's go slow and be careful."

Thomas said nervously and followed again. He knew why his buddy had led him to this weapon.

As the two wanderers of the dream realm got further away a faint white smoke raised up from the buddy's trail of it's paws prints. Smoke twirled close to the ground, condensing and turning more darker ominous clouds in their shape. Before the wanderer's disappeared from sight, the smoke pulled and chased them, thrashing on it's way like hungry eels.

They continued deeper into the gloomy woods for a good while. Air was becoming thicker with heavy white mist, and indescribably pressing chill shivered down on Thomas' neck. Boy's hand sweated on the sword's cold handle. Even though this weapon was physically light, nervous dreamer struggled to drag the shiny blade along the ground to his side.

The alert creature stopped and turned its head toward the way they came. Looking at the same direction Thomas sees it. A monstrous and hazy black silhouette of a slumbering shadow between the woods. Scared boy sneaked behind a tree and squeeze the sword tightly with both hands. Thomas stood silently as the shadow slowly stomping towards them in an angle to the side and heading pass them soon.

There was a sound of low, judging coo. The creature had tip toed close to the boy, looking up with its enquiring head tilt and big simple fish eyes.

"Yeah, yeah. I see it."

He muttered quietly. He wished that his buddy would quiet down and let the monster walked away. Although the monster would eventually find him. There was no escaping that in these dreams. However, the monster had not noticed him. For the first time he had the element of surprise. Maybe this time he didn't have to wake up in a memory of lingering pain all over his body, and a heavy uneasiness seeing the dark shadows while awake.

The creature quietly chirped and shoved its head on boy's hand. Thomas lifted his annoyed finger up. Buddy's been getting more and more impatient with him during the couple of past dreams.

"Easy for you to say. You never face the damn monster. Coward."

Tweeting a guilty whine the creature lowered its head. Now Thomas felt bad for blaming his buddy. He sighed.

"But I don't have much choices, do I?"

Terrified to his bone, Thomas slowly sneaked behind the Shadow monster. Getting closer the unclear silhouette didn't get much cleared from the smouldering black smoke that surrounded the Shadow. In each dream the shape was little different. This time it was a like a hunching Bigfoot, huge wide shouldered ogre dragging its extra long arms to the side. Each time it grow bigger.

Sword pointing forward Thomas had been stepping silently on the soft moss and getting closer on Shadow's back. But it turned. The shapeless lump of a head rotated. Two piercing and haunting red eyes fixated on the boy.

Turning white Thomas took a step back. His buddy circle around behind him and lift its forelegs against boy's back, singing a chattering tweets into his ear.

Leaning on the boy's back. In a split second the creature's muzzles splits open over the nose and across the top of its snout. Out the slit pushed out a harpoon tipped bone at the end of a slender tongue, lanced with numbing poison. The narrow needed tip shot into the boy's neck, and finger thick bone dived deeper into his flesh and bone without resistance. He didn't flinch nor feel a thing.

"I-I can't fight this thing. There's no winning this."

Scared Thomas looked over his shoulder. Creature quickly lowered its muzzle to hide the split lower jaw, lip and tethered tongue attached to the boy. It assuringly and encouragingly chirred again and notched the boy forward. Thomas stumbled forward with his sword. Creature held back, letting its tongue camouflage into the surrounding environment, and extend the line connected to the boy's neck. Thomas shakingly walked forward, unaware of the extra weight he carried.

Boy had to confront the monster. He had no choice.

"It's just a dream, it's just a dream."

Despite trying to reason himself Thomas' hands couldn't stop shaking from fear. Twice his size, the tall Shadow towered over him. It seemed to get bigger every time. He swung his sword across the torso. It dodged back. Again, again. It was cautious and Thomas got more confident. The last one hit. Ripping a small part of its side and making it hold it as if hurt by it.

"I got it! Did you see that buddy!"

Creature moved closer and side of the two. Putting its forelegs on a stone to hiss loudly in anger. Hiding its back body where its tail cartilage was starting to glow brighter with purple light. It was absorbing more the host's psychic aura, eagerly drinking it between the flesh sail lips that waved excitedly against its tongue. Needing more sustenance, the attached harpoon shot the painless spike deeper into the boy's neck, the purple glowed brighter.

The white mist around creature's feet and tail turned dark black.

Just as Thomas felt like he had some chances. Shadow peered down on him with its terrible eyes. The glare that on him with an angry disappointment. For some reason it hit harder than stares of his shoving buddies, thrashing teachers and his neglecting father's stare. Thomas had to fight back. Stabbing its sword forward against the monster.

The blade phased through the dense smoke of a large shadow hand, but the weapon was stuck. Black mass formed around the hand and blade. Black slimy tentacles wrapped around boy's arms.

"No", he whined miserably. He saw Shadow's mid torso dense into a black body, splitting open vertically from the middle to a horrifying row of gruesome teeth thicker than his arm.

"no, no, no, no---"

The light shining from the creature's cartilage in a beaconing bright purple. Veshaar's true colours were showing as its lips opening wider, splitting across its jaw, snout and sides of its head and breaking the false fish-like eyes and lids in half. Sensing the host's body getting dangerously close to Shadow's voraciously extending teeth, creature whipped its attached tongue out.

In puff of white smoke the host was removed from this realm as the triangular harpoon violently shot open, with all its multiple terrifyingly slicing and gripping bone hooks extended outwards. Quickly clucking together, the tongue tip slithered back to its owner's mouth. The Shadow's teeth were left snatching empty air before it turned its head towards the changing creature.

Veshaar's body quickly grown from the small cat like features to a enormous panther. Its sail lips peeled over against its head-disguise, revealing inner cheeks of black bed filled with thin needles and sharp fangs. Center of the mouth, around the harpoon tongue burst out a collection of black tentacles with their own sets of strong and tough claws. The whipping members in its mouth spread wider open and apart to emanate the mystical glow of its black-white core, chaotic sphere of cinder twirling in smoking black ethereal and glowing white haze. It flared with a strong radiance as Veshaar confidently stepped forward, let out a horrifying hollowed screech echoing the unrecognizable and incomprehensible proto-eldritch nature of its primal essence.

The slumbering shadow cautiously recoiled and slowly backing away. Hunching over the small pebble it was crushed under the Veshaar's paw as it leaped towards Shadow. The two massive entities' countless black tentacles violently slammed together, stood on their grounds and wrenched against it's each other. The gigantic maw of Veshaar spread wider to almost able to swallow the shadow whole. The shadow pushed the tentacles further aside to extend it's own massive teeth outwards and bite into the black flesh. Veshaar screeched and pulled back. Massive sail lips rolled over Shadow's limbs. Two hidden white purplish extenders are revealed under Veshaar's neck fur, and circled around to the shadow's body from both sides. The white scorpion's stingers like poison glands twitch before striking fast into it's target.

The red eyes of the shadow widen and unstably shivered, scorching out in red fumes. The shadow monster goes completely stiff. Veshaar's longer tentacles slither out around the paralysed shadow's whole body that disappeared into bigger creature's mouth.

Veshaar hunches over it's prey to consume. The large cocoon shining in waves of changing light as dark ripples wash over the purple glow. Verhaar's bend torso surges outwards one last time before shrinking back down. The tail and warmly glowing cocoon wrapping around it's body and swaying happily. The small version of the creature lifts the appealing mask up and lets out a victoriously chirp. It's tail still glowing brightly purple as it slipped into the forest's shadows to find a rest place, before hunting for a new host.

Still knowing friendly old host will return with more delicious and greater fears.

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