PastelComma's Scraps

by Pastel Comma (Regina_Hark)

Summary

For all the sexy ficlets I've abandoned.
Chapter Summary

In which Rue runs afoul of tentacle monsters, orc sex, and worse.

Chapter Notes


Edit(8/31/17): I've lost interest. Sorry everyone.

Rue was a frightened mage trembling in her boots, all very expected aside from one humiliating detail. She was wet. Horribly so. A trail of liquid lust trickled from the space between her quivering thighs. Wetness bringing her panties and pussy lips closer than before, the texture and friction just enough to keep the lewd flow going. Sticky through her undergarments and leggings. The smell of herself everywhere. Desire sweetened by sweat and soap wafting up from her freckled skin.

Eleven years of temple chastity flushed down the drain. Twenty one and this was her in action.

Rue hadn’t dressed with modesty in mind. Who could when Chalise and her girls summoned her out of the dorms for more mean-spirited mischief? She’d thrown on what was easiest to wear. A simple white tunic dress with a pair of stockings to keep from the cold. And cold she felt, the liquid lust soaking through the cheap pair. Rue groaned, hating herself more. She carried a peculiar reaction to desolate locals like this one. An arousal to the unknown. Fear clung to her like a second skin. And with it came the rush of arousal, the fear-born desire to have at herself. Shameful, wasn’t it? Her sick perversion following her even here to this new land and academy. Who responded to terrible situations like this? Why did it make her so lewd?

Some men ran towards death in their fright and Rue was no different.

Only that she preferred to take it on her knees, shameless diving her fingers into her pussy. Somehow, she restrained herself this last hour. Perhaps she’d run into Chalise and her girls? They were the reason why she wasn’t at the Milford dorms at this late hour. Surely, they counted their numbers and realized they were one girl short. A loose end to be threatened into silence.

With nothing but a lamp and her faltering common sense, it didn’t look well on her end.

Thick blonde bangs stuck to the thick rim of Rue’s fogged-over glasses. She wiped at them with her long white sleeves, glass-granted sight clearing up to only reveal a familiar darkness. Seems like it’s time to admit it. She’s lost. This part of the mine, or mines as it were, was nothing but the same. Dark tunnels with looming shadows promising light. The snake-like routes doling out only more dark-lit nothing.
She wasn’t exactly sure when she separated from the others.

They were there, then they weren’t.

Odd that.

Rue hitched up the back of her dress, pressing her wet rear to the mine wall. Her body heat spreading through the blackened dirt. She tugged down her stockings, using the wall as both a stand and a privacy nook. There was no other place to do it in the Hensse Mines. All the rooms with doors were locked. Jammed from decades of dust and webbing. No hope here.

Honestly, tending to herself in an open tunnel wasn’t any better.

It was so wide that a full parade, marching band and all, could charge through with all the elbow room they needed. Rue supposed she was lucky it was dark. She couldn’t be spotted easily, Milford colors or not. Her oil lamp was useless in the damp dark. She thought it was the chilly draft but even under a dry spot out of the wind, the oil spout wouldn’t ignite.

At best, flint sparks. At worse, a ticking time bomb of a glass contraption.

The student mage slid her blue stockings to the middle of her white thighs. Thumbs sending her panties downward right after. She was glad to have her skinny rump facing a wall. It would have been even more humiliating otherwise. Her pussy was soaked, pink folds glistening in the weak torch light of the mine. Bent over like this, letting the chill nip at her most private of places, she got even wetter. Insides riled and wanting for something she never had.

Rue leaned harder against the wall, letting her cheeks part.

Eyes were on her. She felt them like a touch. This inhuman gaze flooding her fear even higher. Those unseen eyes raked over her vulnerable virgin figure. Rue studied the tunnel in front of her. Maybe it was a bug or a bat passing through? She listened out, tilting her head slight to increase her range. Nothing. Her hips twitched, rear cheeks brushing back on the man-made wall. Her fear was at an all-time peak and she couldn’t resist the chance to finger-fuck herself out of it. Rue slid her fingers down into her pussy lips. Juicy fluid strings splitting apart under her zeal.

She moaned into her closed fist, ass wiggling harder into the wall. The earth receding back.

Something meaty and thick poked into Rue’s thigh. She looked down and saw a tentacle-like creature stroke her lower leg. The student mage stared in scientific silence, quietly identifying and classifying the monster before her. The result? She had absolutely no idea what it was. Its structure was beyond known human knowledge. Tentacle-like was a given. It was literally that, a simple muscular appendage that was used for basic movement. But beyond that? Nothing.

Blood, or something like blood, pulsed through its visible bulging veins.

The wall-dweller’s silver skin was crystalline, its upper hide covered in overlapping gem-like shards. Its touch ethereal. Think morning mist or fog. Not spiritual like a ghost or an earth-bound higher spirit. Cloying. A strange hot-cold sensation met her searching fingertips. The form curiously flickered then thickened in clarity and form. Ghosts couldn’t do both at a time. And they couldn’t intensify in pressure without shifting back into their original dead form.

This tentacle didn’t look deceased at all. It was lively.

The flat fan-like tip secreted a balmy fluid. Rue ran a handful of it between her fingers. The secretion much more gummy and pliant than she first envisioned. She kneaded it with her thumb. It wasn’t
quite semen. The shifting temperature would kill any little virile swimmers. But the secretion carried a musky molten scent. Raw iron mixed with sweat and smoke.

Stringing it out, she finally saw what it was. Lubrication meant for slicking passages.

Perhaps that why the wall-dweller was drawn to her. The scent of her sex alerted it to possibly another of its kind. She studied it a little longer, allowing the tentacle to examine her body. The shifting heat grazing across her inner thighs damp with her pussy juice. On the underside of the tentacle, it bore rows of incision-like slits. She inched one open with a finger. The slit was remarkable like a vagina. Its white inner flesh was tinged with rose-like pink. The slit reached to her probing, clenching around her finger and milking it to a near unnoticed orgasm. Rather cute of it too. The tentacle blushed straight through, briefly all rose pink.

Rue slid her finger out and watched as a gray egg smaller than her nail follow her out.

“Is this how you… do the do? Just rub up against a hole and drop a pretty egg in? Wait- If I’m the first human you’ve met, I must act- Words. Words. Words. C’mon, I can sound smart. How do I do it again?” Rue bit her tongue, cursing herself for failing to use the correct academic language. This is why she failed all her oral exams. “Is this how you, a representative of your undeclared race, preform general reproductive methods to increase the local population?”

The wall-dweller removed itself from her thigh and angled itself in front of her exposed clit.

“That was terrible, wasn’t it? I do find you fascinating. Docile monsters are rare, after all.”

Rue made a noise. It did confused her with another of its kind. Rue wiggled her hips, the tentacle chasing after the rock and bounce of her twiggy legs. It wanted to line up its shot. She teased it a little longer. The student mage brought her hand back between her thighs, fingers reaching up to pull apart her gushing pussy lips. Her female scent fanning its way.

The tentacle struck.

The wall-dweller snaked out for her clit, stimulating it with its slit ridges grazing across her tender folds. It pleased the pink bud out its hood and with it came the stinging pleasure-pain of the probing onslaught. The tentacle worshiped her pussy. It threw itself against it, its whole underside raking and rutting across her pink folds.

Rue’s hips couldn’t stay still, trembling as her clit buzzed under ravenous stimulation.

The mage cracked. Her knees slumped forward and she collapsed on the ground, ass angled up for the tentacle enslaving her with pleasure. Why couldn’t she cum? It was right there. She could feel the orgasm waiting in the wings and arched for it, begging loudly for it to come. The wall-dweller stroked her harder. The pleasure-pain washing away the release that should have been hers. She couldn’t stand it anymore. Her hole clenched in need, liquid lust bathing the both of them in the wall-dweller’s zeal to coat itself with it. The sweet stench of their union-

All at once, the tentacle seized. Slime shot out a line of oozy slick monster cum across her ass.

Rue shuddered. The cum first freezing then warming up to her natural body temperature. She weakly turned her head. That sounded a whole lot like an orgasm for the wall-dweller. Rue checked its figure with the last of her mental strength. The tentacle hadn’t soften or shrunken like genitalia tends to do. It still moved with vigor, the wall-dweller slathering itself in the cum it spat out. The silky pale globs of lubrication making its crystal-clad hide shimmer.

The tentacle’s tip circled, its bulb-y flat end ringing inside the edge to her entrance.
It was going to fuck her, wasn’t it? Rue wondered on the scale of xenophilia to teratophilia this action of hers counted towards. She clutched the soil. Her hips wagging in want. Wait, she phrased the question wrong. She was going to let it fuck her, wasn’t she? It was an attractive tentacle-like creature. Muscular with a great girth, almost like a sheath, around the middle of its length. She considered the negatives. Unprofessional conduct with an unknown species. Inappropriate capture of monster genetic sample. Inappropriate container for monster genetic sample. The list went on and one. She had exactly one net positive. It was a tentacle monster.

The wall-dweller lined up with her pussy, and then, slowly, eased itself in.

The abrupt pain of it, Rue’s insides stretching and clinching to accommodate this mass of tentacle flesh, cut her orgasm-denied daze. She cried out. Rue tried to crawl herself away. She needed to finger herself more or at least, take some lessons with a monster-sized dildo. Two more wall-dwellers emerged from the wall. They wrapped themselves around her knees and flipped her over. Her hips bucked, inadvertently taking more of the tentacle in. She squeezed around it.

It didn’t hurt like those first few seconds. She expected a scream but delivered a gasping moan. Perhaps that was the tentacle’s cum, somehow nullifying the pain. But that implied it interacted with humans before. That didn’t sound likely. The Hensse Mines have been abandoned for years. Such a strange quirk would have bred out the gene pool.

The new tentacles held her legs open, their dripping slits grinding against her inner thighs.

The original wall-dweller pushed in. Rue threw her head back, the pain gone but the sensation of it, the near lung-crushing pressure, this thick-set tentacle shoving its writhing slits and that diamond-shaped hood inside her relatively small human orifice, was a completely different ordeal. It managed to get the bulk of its flat tip inside, the rest of it coiling up to make itself thinner. Rue laughed, the strain of it almost unbearable. The wall-dweller couldn’t get any thinner than it was unless it could shed that great hood and hide.

It sunk further inside. Another three packing inches disappearing into her overwhelmed hole.

Rue stared at her belly disextend from her former flat waist. She looked three months pregnant. Rue saw the tentacle bulging inside of her, cum and magic she couldn’t identify allowing her insides to even take the great length in. Coils of it kept coming and coming. Wow, could she really have it all in? The tentacles around her knees tugged her closer to the wall, the last couple of inches, yards really, ending there. Thank the saints. She didn’t want to burst.

The bloated mage caught her breath, throwing an arm over her face. The darkness now bright.

Then the tentacle moved, reeling back all those inches, and with no fanfare, she came. Rue screamed. Her orgasm surging through her exhausted frame. Her hips jerked up and she squirted, blushing. It splattered everywhere and Rue cried louder, unable to keep what was left of her will above the unleashed orgasm. By the wall-dweller was to its last inch, only the tip once more, her voice was a weak fragile thing. Thoughts now distant and hazy.

Wasn’t she looking for someone...

The wall-dweller thrusted inside of her, its bulbous length loving her inner walls. Rue’s body moved without any mental input. Now an eager student of base pleasures. She met its thrusts head-on, her insides seizing under the ravishing strokes. The tentacle’s slits met the roof of her pussy. Ah-! An orgasm came without warning. Her body arched to meet it and the wall-dweller fucked her further, slamming against her sweet spots. Toes curled tight and she arched, heart pounding so hard in her chest that she could hardly hear herself wail with pleasure.
The tentacle emptied inside of her. Eggs and cum an outflow of slime and chilly heat.

It pulled out and with it came the fertile fluid. It poured from her gaping swollen slit, the bulk of it running down the crack of her ass and staining her tunic dress and more. The slurpy cum gushing everywhere audible. Rue caught her breath. Her quivering legs folded on her chest and she simply breathed, awash in ecstasy.

Rue paid no mind to the tentacles releasing her knees. She knew they were next.

The wall-dwellers invaded her clothing. They wormed themselves up her tunic dress, dragging the garb up and over her arms and shoulders. She was now nearly naked aside from the ratty bra still left on her small breasts. One tentacle busied herself with her mouth, another flat tip kissing the sides of her mouth. The other went to her bra, pushing it out of the way. All three wall-dwellers seemed to be regarding her. The united gaze less a frenzy of breeding and egg-laying more clinical. Well, almost clinical. They were just monsters after all. How could they?

She wondered what caused the change. Suddenly, they were more aware than before.

Awkwardness settled over the wall-dwellers. They were now reluctant to touch her. Rue watched with dismay as they bumbled around trying rush back into the wall. She sat up, a hardship with the soreness around recently fucked hips, and grabbed one. It jerked in her hold, squirting cum and trying to slick its way free. She held it tighter. It can’t just run.

“You don’t get to scuttle off after you made a mess of me. I liked it if that means anything.”

Rue squeezed the wall-dweller, thumbs and fingers fondling the soft underside. The tentacle relaxed. It went limp in her hold. The whole length vibrating like a cat’s purr. She gathered some of its length and brought it closer, the wall-dweller allowed her to do so. Rue bowed her head, letting her lips meet the runny flat tip. Kissing it like it had been kissing her. Bashfully.

The other tentacles came out of hiding.

They moved around her, prodding her shoulders in a mockery of a caress. Rue knew the wall-dwellers could do better than that. Why were they so different now? What came over them? They acted like one whole organism than the opportunistic unit of a few orgasms ago. Could it be because she was now carrying their children. Rue touched her stomach. It couldn’t be that. She didn’t feel pregnant if that made sense. The seeds didn’t take root in her womb.

“I liked you touching me, you know,” she tried, murmuring softly, “You made me feel so good.”

For some reason, the awkwardness grew stronger. She just couldn’t understand. Tentacle monsters weren’t supposed to get awkward about fucking a pretty face into the floor. It felt all to familiar. This was the very same awkward guilt she suffered when she got aroused with fear.

“I can’t believe this,” Rue bleated, “You’re a weirdo like me.” the wall-dweller blushed so thickly it went red. “Admit it.” It flailed in her hold, gesturing indignation and denial. “You’re a pervy weirdo just like me. I can’t believe you’re acting like this. I’m interested. You think you-”

The tentacle pushed itself up against her plump pink lips, parting it, and pressed upward.

The wall-dweller’s flat tip probed around the edges of her mouth the same as it did for her pussy. She could taste herself on it. Female essence both salty and sweet. Her tongue went out to lick it. The tip was almost like a fellow tongue if you ignored the nipping slits. Rue jerked. Something rubbed against her pussy. She meant to look down but the wall-dweller pushed deeper in, filling up the space in her mouth. She drooled around it, groaning.
All the while, a tentacle was at her slit. Her legs spreading for it, the wall-dweller went in.

At once, the two wall-dwellers thrust. They pistonied in and out, fucking the air out and in of her delirious body. With each thrust of the bottom tentacle, Rue was hoisted further and further off the ground. She was strung up like a pig on a pole, bounced back and forth between two wall-dwellers. Rue rocked her hips, meeting each stroke with as much strength she could muster. Small breasts jiggling and clapping against each other from the force.

The last wall-dweller went to her clit. Striking it again and again. Rue seized, cumming.

Her vision faltered and everything became a comforting black.

~Turn from this path, mortal. The saints spare no enemy.~
When Rue came to, expecting to see a wall-dweller rubbing up against her hand, she found herself alone. The tentacles were gone. No trace of them left behind either, egg or secretion otherwise. Rue have herself a good examination. Nope. They didn’t even leave a drop.

“You could have left me some samples, jerks. I was going to write a thesis! A species thesis!”

Stretching and moaning out the last of the afterglow reverie, Rue stood up and picked her clothes off the floor. She snorted while doing so. Wasn’t losing your virginity meant to be climatic? Well… She did cum plenty but, eh, Rue thought it would be more dramatic than it was. Guess this was another thing the Aulra temples was wrong about. Sex did not sever the connection between men and the heavens. What a load! Rue still had her saint boon, after all.

She slid back on her underwear and scratched stockings with a bit of regret.

That said, Rue wished something more came from her encounter from the tentacles. The Aulra temple in her homeland described a ruthless reckoning of a mortal besieged by a monster. Men and women forced into monster dens of all manner of fiend. Treated no better than livestock, humans are bred for increasing the enemy of man. Monsters know no morals. Mothers of all genders would be used by their own monster offspring, producing litters that would grow to rape them without mercy. And once their production failed, they were food.

On second thought, she was thankful for the encounter ending as it did.

Rue slid on her tunic dress and tried her oil lamp again. Spirits, what was wrong with it! Rue fiddled with the noisy burner, walking as she did so, muttering under breath. The lamp went ‘click click’. Why was it giving her such a hard time? Her boots carried her forward to nowhere.

Huh, she was about to walk into the meeting spot for Chalise and her girls. Stupid that.

Rue made to turn. There was no exit in the meeting spot. It was just that. A random set of miner quarters that been left to rot. Decayed bunks and broken trunks with nothing interesting inside. But she heard a girly shriek and the unmistakable smell of hot sex. Chalise’s girls. She saw the lot of them, three of Chalise’s dinky followers, nude from behind.

The mage hid herself behind the corner and peered out, confused at what she was looking at.

Laney, Chalise’s newest flunky, was on her knees for an orc of all things. There were no orcs in the Central Continent and certainly none in the bestiary that were of that size and markings. The orc was huge, only a head shorter than an ogre, and it towered over the big-set woman. It bore the tell-tale orc features. Short nose. Broad shoulders. Yellow tusks sticking through its thick leathery lips. But its skin-! The skin was an unheard of alabaster white. Eerie even.

Rue might have called it a rare variant and saw her name in headlines and sourced papers.

Milford Mage finds Rare New Sub-Species!

But-! But she’s seen that exact shade before. The wall-dwellers. Did they have something to do with this? Looking closer at the fiend, she spied a cloak of white gem-like shards attached to its shoulders and a pelt of the same material on its waist. The pelt pushed to the side so the orc could fuck the chubby Laney into the floor. The two monsters were related somehow.

“H-Harder! You won’t make me p-pregnant with just that. B-B-Breed me!”

Laney Hildgreen squeaked when she was called in class and she squeaked even now, a thick tree trunk of a cock spearing her right through. The orc kept her steady with its massive hands clenched
around Laney’s fat thighs. The red of its grip spilling out across her fair skin. The orc fucked her like a sow, every thrust grinding a filthy noisy clap to echo through the room. The pale monster cummed where it pleased. It pulled out and released a hot load down her back.

“D-Don’t waste it! I wanna- I wanna get paid! Don’t break me! Don’t break me!”

With its cock unsheathed, Rue had a chance to examine it in greater detail. Genitalia-wise, it was a prime specimen of delivery and defense. Defense being that when that orc plunged back into Laney, not a fresh drop of cum gushed back out. It filled her hole, her thighs and hips held far apart to make room for its sheer size and mast. From below, the marvelous member was a visible outline in Laney’s pudging belly. Her squeals matching her unyielding thrusts.

The orc let go of her fellow mage’s hips and went to her shoulders, hoisting them up.

“Ah! I can’t—”

Laney came, her body caught seizing as the pale monster fucked her horizontally on its cock. She squirted a shiny line and slumped, moaning. “I’m sorry, Chalise!” she babbled to the air, “The dungeon tricked me! It said that orcs had low retention time. B-Bastard! I didn’t want to lose!” The orc lowered her down, the thick inches forcing her belly to bubble from the size.

A strange light washed over her body and Laney slumped, eyes gone blank. The orc chuckled.

Overhead, a transparent screen began to form. Strange. It looked similar to the holy scrip.

[(Human) Breeder Obtained]
~Current State~
[Mind Break(+)]: Successful seeding chance increased by 70%.
[Mind Break(-)]: Incubation period increased by 70%
[Squirtin’ and Screamin’]: Impending offspring will receive a 3+ stat bonus.
[Orgasm Overload]: Impending offspring will receive 5+ stat bonus.
[Saint-Hated Union]: Every other pregnancy is doomed to failure.

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~Attributes~
[Birthing Hips]: Breeder will have 65% chance of successful birth.
[Breed Pot (Plant)]: Breeder is compatible with plant-based monsters.
[Breed Pot (Slime)]: Breeder is compatible with slime-based monsters.
[Breed Pot (Goblin)]: Breeder is compatible with goblin-based monsters.

“Crap,” Laney moaned, “Chalise is going to kill me for messing up. I knew this was a bad idea—”

The white orc made her pussy swallow the last of its length and then it was obvious what it was doing. Laney was slung up like a human cock sheath, her wrists tied to its cloak and legs free to kick and shudder. Sweat ran down Laney’s fertile figure. Her belly not only full of cum but soon the offspring of that orc. The monster sat down on the floor, shaking it as it did so, its muscle and might fearsome behold. The orc fondled her breasts, laughing even harder.

“I’m a- I’m a Hildgreen and you can’t treat me like—”

The orc angled his cock upward and her voice became a moaning squeal. It fucked into her, moving its hips to slam up into her womb again and again. Laney endured the assault, her squeals shifting into moaning shrieks. Her belly began to balloon, cum gushing up into her overstuffed hole. The orc
thrust faster and faster, that strange light returned to envelop around Laney’s fucked-silly figure. Laney climaxed again, crying, and vanished from the spot.

An crude symbol indicating a human appeared on the wall. One that looked exactly like Laney but from the backside.

Soon it became clear where and why those human symbols were on the wall. The other two girls of Chalise’s crew didn’t last any longer. Miranda trying, and failing, to pull herself free from a slime. Enma trapped between two goblins, the pair taking both her mouth and ass. They all fell to a condition called [Mind Break] and was seeded, then, magicked to the wall.

The seeding monsters vanished with their breeder. The meeting spot empty once more.

Stranger still, there were four suggestive human-like outlines in the meeting place now. They were below the symbols. Only their bottom halves were fully defined, dirt and unearthed ore shaped around these outlines to make an image of a woman’s nude ass and legs from behind. A row of them all drawn the same. Around their knees, familiar-looking wall-dwellers bound, drawn as if to explain the odd stance. They weren’t standing with their rears presented like a bitch in heat. Rather, they were in bonds. Women strung up like human livestock. No different than cows.

Rue stepped to them in curiosity, not quite understanding Chalise’s game here.

Why draw a glory hole? Why make graffiti of women no better than breeding stock, held in restraints meant to keep them comfortable while being used by people wanting to do about anything to a free-use hole. They were pretty common in the Northern Continent. An adventurer without a dime to their name could earn themselves a steady pay check spreading in one of those back-alley stalls.

She studied one outline in particular, the last one on the right.

Rue touched the earth where it was drawn and felt heat, strange heat, meet her hand. The sensation of it not quite flesh but not quite earth. It was too firm for that, the dirt not flaking off from her nails and knuckles. For a second, the outline seemed to twitch in response. It had to be Rue’s imagination but the outline seemed different somehow. The woman’s rear pushed further out. Rue decided to blow on it. The dirt didn’t shift but the image did, changed.

What were these? Great magic-users could create magical painters but Chalise was a mage.

Head girl or not, Chalise hadn’t graduated. She wasn’t even a true mage. Just a student mage the same as everybody else in Milford. Why leave behind something like this? Just to prove that she could create a magical painting if she desired to? Rue ran her hand up the chubby thigh, the shape reminding her of Laney’s bubbly figure, then circled the pair of pussy lips spread open. Her nail met dirt and the pussy hole trembled, the earth jerking. Strange.

Rue decided to pay it no mind. What if there was a message left in these creations?

The student mage brought a finger to the pussy hole and sank it inside, inch by inch. Rue shuddered, a wave of lust washing over her. She’d fingered herself a dozen of times and this texture, it felt remarkable similar to a woman’s insides. The pliant walls twitching all around this intrusion of her finger. It clenched but that surely had to be an imagined sensation. As she stared, she saw no real motion. But her finger felt something quite different.

Slickness and heat encouraging it to thrust back and forth, a knuckle to crest the plying sides.

Rue blushed straight to her roots, glasses misting all over again from her own breath. She added another finger and with two, she arched them, pleasuring the image on the wall. Surely it had to be
her rapid blinking causing the outline to move. Fat thighs and jiggling hips bounding back to ride her fingers. Then all at once, the outline seized, cumming.

The student mage brought her fingers out and they were wet with female fluid not hers.

The female outline didn’t stop moving after her orgasm. It kept gyrating, arching on its toes to lift its backside further up. The pussy lips clenched, something crowning in the tight hole, egg-like. Rue could only marvel in madness until the outline pushed it all out. It was an egg. Black, coated in thick transparent cum and slime. The wall shook. The whole row was giving birth.

More and more eggs dropped out, all of them wet with seed and monster slime. Her vision wavered and...

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(Taboo) Job Class Obtained

You are: [Dungeon Breeder]!

~Dungeon Breeders use a variety of methods to birth and breed natural monsters for dungeons~

Class Branch 1: ????>????>????>???

Class Branch 2: ????

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~You have made yourself an enemy of Man. The saints will not save you.~

Spooked, Rue fled the room and has been lost ever since.

Here was the Hensse Mines. Surprisingly, it’s been listed as a thousand years old. A true rarity to when it came to most old-world relics still standing in the Central Continent. Everything else razed to ground in the war at the time and rebuilt a century later. Its age had been one of the reasons why it was chosen to be the practice dungeon for the Hero Fest. Ancient places had power.

Her history books didn’t have much on the subject. It was a mine. It did mine-like things.

Legend has it people dug into the earth to kill monsters that crept out. That sort of historic lingo implied dungeon. A proper one in the wilds. Not another of Central’s tamed toys, the dungeon core humbled into compliance by kings and the clergy. One that spat on life itself.

Rue lifted up her gray dress, hoping she might have been wrong about her desires.

Liquid lust greeted her as it dripped from her panties-clinging pussy lips. Sensation of it oozing out her swelling mound summoned a tiny gasp from Rue’s lips. The sound less full of horror and more of flustered resentment. It was worse than she thought. Wet heat spreading from the source, the seat of her green panties swallowed by that damp spot, and downward to her knee-high stockings and garters. Exposed, the scent of herself took to the air. Lust embolden by her earlier fuck-fest with the
wall-dwellers. She rubbed her thighs together, clenching and thinking of cleaner, safer thoughts. None helped.

There was no other way to look at it. She was a depraved pervert turned on by the unknown and frightful.

Rue closed her eyes, skittish breath slowing into flustered horny pants. Her thighs lazily rubbing against each other. This shameful tendency was easier to control when she was with others. It all started with her time spent in an orphanage. Petty children there grew up to be petty thieves when grown. They tested their skills on each other and Rue hadn’t escaped it.

She supposed that’s why she gained a saint’s blessing, the cruel [Lessor Sixth Sense].

A holy boon to counterattack in time of danger no matter what. Useful anywhere else but here. Alone in the dark with nothing but her hands to keep busy. In a sense, she was counter-attacking herself. Fingers quick to wander into her clothing and toy with her virgin self. A proper mage would have more sense than this. She shouldn’t be indulging herself here.

But then again, that was the appeal. Free to have at herself with no one around. Privacy.

Resolve waning, Rue leaned into the wall. Her legs couldn’t hold and she slid down until her pert bottom met ground. Fear, useless fear, tore at her common sense. She couldn’t hear much of her own thoughts. Just her moans, dazed and desperate for a bit of relief. Dust and ore flaked onto her tunic and stockings. Dark impulses settled in. She’ll have to wash them later. She’ll have to hide them anyway. Why not have at herself here? Who’d catch her?

Her vision swam. Blonde locks mussed by the shifting wall behind her. Odd warmth seeping in.

Distracted, the student mage paid the strange wall no attention. Fear wearing down her dignity and lust looking to take space in her emptying head. It was too much to withstand. She allowed the desire to have its way, tugging at the buttons and shedding the tunic. Dust and ore flaked onto her tunic and stockings. Dark impulses settled in. She’ll have to wash them later. She’ll have to hide them anyway. Why not have at herself here? Who’d catch her?

Her vision swam. Blonde locks mussed by the shifting wall behind her. Odd warmth seeping in.

Knees up, she couldn’t help but feel that she was flashing someone. That gaze again. Inhuman eyes on her.

Rue opened her legs, brushing her knuckles against the tender skin of her freckled thighs. Her cold fingers electric to the warmth waiting between her legs. Glasses fogging up all over again, she moved another hand to her mouth, muffling the reedy noises there. She didn’t like the sound of herself. It made her actions all too real. The less noise there was, the easier she could put it behind her. She wasn’t the best actor around people. They’d see what she’d done on her face. Temple women with their spoons.

One quick orgasm to get her priorities in order and off she’d go, back to finding the way out.

Rue’s fingers met her panties and pressed in, fingertips summoning pleasure and liquid lust. She groaned. Her fingers pushed deeper and pressed against her pussy lips, coaxing her hardening clit to wake. Her eyebrows knitted together. She could stay like this a while, letting the pleasure wash over her like shallows at the shore. There wasn’t a rhythm to it. Just her fingers and knuckles grinding and pressing on pink dripping folds. It reminded her of long nights in her dorm, one hand under covers and the other gripping the pillow. Willing herself silent.

Something stroked, or rather prodded, her hair. A tentative touch that receded into the wall.

Rue weakly lifted her head up. Eyes owlishly searching for an animal hole or an opening she
overlooked on her way around. The wall was much the same as the others. Dirt packed and pressed into a sturdy man-made shape. Pillars of aged blackened wood dotted the tunnel where it sat, these holds keeping the earth from easily caving down and killing the men inside.

The wall against her smelling of raw ore and iron and smoke colored by the underground soil.

Something flicked against her neck, another searching touch to her distracted frame.

“Who’s there?” she tried, rightly remembering the seminar on ghost and ghoul hunting practices. A ghost would have left behind a cold spot, one that took at least five minutes before dissipating. A ghoul a smell and also she would seen it a mile away. Rue figured ghost but then again, she’d felt this heat before while at the glory hole art. “Show yourself.”

The wall trembled and an actual sign, table wood re-purposed into a board, swung down.

~An Offer~

The last resident of Hensse Mine humbly asks you, viable human, to:

Provide as Willing Incubator (Time Served: 1 hour): 1000 aulra*
Donate Research Data (Time Served: 24 hours): 10,000 aulra
Serve as Dungeon Breeder (Time Served:?? days): The last of my fortune
*Negotiable

Preferred Address: Former Warren Warlord Core of Hensse Kingdom and Fiefdom.
Shorter Address: WH. Core

“W-What! What do you mean provide as willing incubator? Is that what happened to-”

Rue pinched her cheeks. The board didn’t vanish into the ether and neither did her conclusion. The female outlines she saw, they were people. Actual humans somehow merged with the rock and soil. Girls she knew. Chalise and the others! Could this dungeon have-

The sign board turned to its back. More words were written there in quill-carved scrawl.

~An Offer Continued~

Research WH. Core seeks includes:
A general showing of viable human anatomy.
A general examination of viable human anatomy.
A simulation test of a human’s reproduction features.
An incubator test of a human’s reproduction features.

For a human to qualify as worthy for [Dungeon Breeder], they must:
*Lay a single monster egg.
*Lay a clutch (12) of monster eggs.
*Lay eggs of three different monster types.
*Must make a bond with a monster.
*Must make a bound with three different monster types.

If interested, surrender yourself without hesitation.

The money was tempting. With a thousand auls, she wouldn’t have to worry about next year’s books. The time spent working part-time at a bakery, she could focus fully on her schooling. She’s twenty now. If she had been on the Northern Continent, she knows what kind of work she would have done to survive and even living here, she wasn’t beyond it. Things she did for the baker woman… Eating the woman out while she kneaded bread in the late night.
“Now what do you mean,” she inched out, knees shaking and privates wetter than ever, “by surrendering without hesitating?”

Rue licked her lips, breathless.

"What if I want you to break me?"
Serafina opened her eyes and blinked blearily into the dawn light.

Shades of early morning blue fell over her slender body, the forest gleam glistening along the tree trunks and meadows flowers that surrounded her fallen figure. Moving to rest on her elbows, fat full breasts a menace to her weary blouse, she gazed at the breathtaking site. Wickwood was truly beautiful in the morn. Unnatural shadows kept to the trees and treetops hardly undimmed at all by the morning sun but with the dew and sap clinging to the sunny leaves, it made a scene yet unheard off. Heaven on earth. A wreath of stars appeared along the canopy, bright and beautiful like the lights so far above.

The rookie mage allowed herself a dreamy sigh and caught the chill that lingered in the forest.

The coolness eased the ache of her breasts quite a bit. Switching to her summer uniform this time of season, her spring garb was much looser and airy than the one she wore in the winter term. She might as well have been wearing nothing with how easy the chill swept into her clothes and incited goosebumps to mark its conquest of her body. Serafina shivered, knees knocking together to brave the brisk breeze raking over her.

The chill crept across her swelling mounds and she bit her lip, groaning.

Why did this have to happen to her now? Her heat. Her need to be milked and made into a broodmare.

Why couldn’t it happen before she came back to Helms?

She could have weathered out at home and came to school a little later in the spring term.

This week was Spring Orientation, an adjustment week for new transfers and first-time students attending Helms for the first and sadly last time. The academy was to be closed by the end of the year and so too were Serafina’s dreams of progressing beyond her general mage certification. She had her eye on being recognized as a magi, an upper class mage capable of learning all five branches of elemental skills. Recognized? What a joke? She’d been planning to force her way into being
accepted into the elite sector by perfect scores and begging.

Her nipples stiffened in her bra and throbbed in agony.

Nubby and eager, they poked their presence through her bra and blouse, having gone through the heat-change as well. Brushing against the garment’s hold, her nipples were sore and tender. With her sensitivity gone up to such a degree, Serafina’s bra, her favorite one, felt as if it was made out of sandpaper and salt and more than that, it wouldn’t stop scraping against her.

Serafina leaned back and her breasts bobbed away from the scratchy cotton that made up her bra.

She should take it off, Serafina knew, but that would mean undressing outside. Her eyes darted around as if her thoughts could bring her nightmares to reality. Undressing outside. Undressing in public. Here it was again, more public humiliation that she was willing to undergo for what- A little comfort?! Guh, her nipples brushed against her bra again. But was it worth it? To expose herself to anyone here?

Monster-claimed territories were often filled with lowlifes, the very dredges of society. Adventurers that turned to thievery and hid from justice. Bandits that hid their treasure and guarded it with blood. Rogues that fed monster-infested dungeons with victims to spawn loot for profit.

Certainly, any other human she came across in here would only have terrible intentions against her. And yet, the thought excited her. In here, there wouldn’t be any confusion of her place. She wouldn’t need words. Only fists. She wouldn’t need compromise. Only magic. She knew exactly what she was here and the end she’ll get if she didn’t keep on her guard. Stripped naked by adventurers. Sold by bandits. Sacrificed by rouges. And worse, being forced to satisfy them before they threw her away.

Logically speaking, the rookie mage should leave. No weapons. No defenses. No chances.

“But I can’t possible head back like this. I’m still in heat! I’d have the same chances there as here.”

And that was true.

Her reputation was surely low with her stunt yesterday and whose to say Claire wasn’t already speaking poison into the professors’ ears? With her breast size and obvious sexual behavior, they could insist she head back home for the sake of her health and that would be it, farewell mage promotion. Or they’d allow her to stay permitting she was fenced away from the other students that could take advantage of her suggestible state. The result would be the same. Her unable to take classes and take the five elemental quests would still bar her from being recognized as a magi candidate.

“I’ll have to stay here. At least until I can control my condition.”

And that was that. Wickwood Forest would be her hide-out until she could control her urges.

“A week should be all I need.”

Serafina smiled and fell back on the ground, the soil warm and nice against the back of her neck and hands. She smiled and smiled until she remembered she still needed to strip her useless bra and useless blouse from her body. Exposing herself to the monsters and men and the forest at large. She might as well rub herself down in honey and gold and scream, “Free meal here! Come get it while it’s hot!”
Even so, she had to do something.

Serafina’s fingers met the start of her blouse and slowly, very slowly, she undressed. Down from her lifted head, she could see her surging mounds, two milky-white breasts gone faintly pink from the pressure and pleasure building within. They were a size bigger than the day before. A pair of firm apples gone melon-sized and wide. Her weakened white bra clung to them, the ribbon straps around her shoulders were in tatters. Serafina’s breasts wore the bra like an afterthought. Every move she made gave her mounds purchase to wiggle the rough-feeling garb away.

The rookie mage closed her eyes and groaned again. The first day. This was only the first day?!

Serafina gasped into the mid-morning air. This was awful. She felt so full and heavy and big. Her eyes couldn’t keep from her chest. She pulled her bra cups up and over her breasts and stared, gawking. They couldn’t be hers, could they? Her breasts were bigger unbound, fatter and flushed. Morphed into another size, they hadn’t been alone. Her small rosebud-pink nipples grew with them. They’d fattened up into that of a berry’s, calm pink now a swollen peachy shade. Each stiff nipple grew stiffer, udder-like and fleshy. The thought to toy with them came to mind. So fertile and ripe, they stood out against the greenery and earth. Pink blossoms begging to be stroked and touched. Serafina couldn’t ignore them even if she tried. They were lovely fertile things.

Consumed by curiosity, Serafina warily rubbed one of her breasts.

The sharp pleasure whipped through her laying form. “Oh—” she gasped, blinking back tears of bliss. How could her breasts feel so divine? She cupped the brimming mound, her hands squeezing and playing with the sensitive flesh. It felt so soft and warm and squishy. Her fingers easily sank into the pliant breast, knuckles molding around the mountain-like mound resting on her chest. She dragged the tips of her hand over her bobbing breast, relishing in the sensation of skin against skin, touch against touch. Her fingers met her nipple and she took it within her finger and index, twisting it gently.

“Oh—” she gasped again, louder now. “I’d never—”

Fiddled with her breasts, her mind answered. Why would she? She’d always disliked her breasts since acquiring them. Her ordinary size was already a cup bigger than most of the other women who attended the academy. The first thing people noticed about her were her breasts. They had an obscene look them no matter what she wore. Jutting out of blouses and dresses and aprons as if they were waiting for a pair of hands to milk them dry. And to think this is what they could feel like?

Serafina cupped her other breasts and massaged them.

She knew the only way to end her discomfort was to milk her breasts, a process that she couldn’t exactly wrap her head around. Her fingers ran around her nipples and tentatively she pulled them. Nothing came out. Working them back and forth, she couldn’t usher the precious liquid to the surface. And the more she toyed with her nipples, the more her hips began to shake, shameless.

Her breasts may have been out for the whole world to gawk at but she’d hoped to keep her legs closed.

Serafina’s skirt rode up her hips, flashing the forest population with little shame. Her stockings had been torn in the night or maybe sometime before. Long jags ran up her chunky hips, her pale skin spilling out of each suggestive tear. Legs spread and cocked themselves to a vulnerable position, her boots digging into the ground to stabilize her precarious stance. Geh! Who was she kidding?!

There’s no other way to look at it.
She was at it again. Exposing herself.

Flustered, Serafina’s legs teetered. Cool air pushed itself between her thighs, the chill honing on that part of her steadily growing wet all the while. Serafina blushed until she was as red as her hair. She could feel her panties clinging to her clit and her lower folds damp with arousal. Playing with her breasts would cause such a scenario, wouldn’t it? What a vulgar sight she must have made. An academy girl shamelessly stripping and revealing herself to a forest of monsters and men.

If she kept this up, that would be pretty much asking for a Bad End, wouldn’t it?
The rookie mage left her breasts and sat up, her mind made. She was going to continue and pleasure herself. She didn’t see why not. Why not right now? Who’d say she’d have time later? Who’d say she’d have time ever again? Breast discomfort was one thing. She was a bovine beastkin, there was some leeway about her being forced to handle that on the spot, no matter where she was. But stripping down to her undergarments? That couldn’t be excused as mere adjustment. Just what would the others think of her?

Her eyes studied the clearing.

There was nothing amiss. No monsters or men or menace hiding between the trees or in the tall grass that grew round the nature-made circle. The grass she rested on was shorter and softer. Common variety compared to the forest stalks that grew tall and towering. Serafina listened out with her ears.

She’d know if someone was there, wouldn’t she?

Grass so thick and tall would surely snap and make noise should a leg or a paw fall upon them. And if someone was indeed there, would she care? Serafina froze, conflicted.

Would she care?

Her reputation was important to her and she did her best to not step out of line, ever the model student. But in her seven years attending class, her manners and behaviors did not matter. If the men of school felt like calling her a slut, then a slut she was. Her name and room number written on bathroom stalls. If the women of the school felt like calling her a whore, then a whore she was. Gossip traded and bought for laughter and fun.

It didn’t matter if actually she slept around or paraded herself. They already thought of her as guilty.

And now that she’s done it, Serafina thought she would be feeling more torn up on the inside. Not this. Not this foreign and feverish sexual thrill that egged her on. Her classmates were one thing. She could never keep their fleeting favor.

But the others she had in mind, the others who could catch her, they were a different sort.

To be peeped on or gazed at or pleased to on purpose. It made her wet. The thought that just this once she controlled the situation. It was her choice if she was a slut or a whore. It was her choice that she exposed herself or streaked like a fairy. Spirits, it felt so good this power she had. This power she always had and chose to set aside. Learning this, knowing this, it was just as nice as a perfect score.

Serafina went to her heels and unlatched the clips around her knee length brown boots.

She took each shoe off and admired her courage to keep going. Her thoughts were becoming circular. Her logic faulty. Maybe she was merely attempting to convince herself that there was power in this? What good could it do her to have made a man walk home with a stiffy? Another woman wet? A monster aroused? She continued nevertheless.
The power exhilarating regardless if it was for her or against her. Serafina moved her hands to head under her skirt and grabbed the start of her stockings. Fingers trembled and she shuddered, cheeks steadily going pinker and pinker with the audacity of what she was doing.

What about decency? What about dignity? What about keeping her unmentionables unmentioned?

Serafina pulled her stockings off and balled it up, putting it aside. Her long legs seemed even longer like this. Nude and natural under the forest light. Serafina lifted up the front of her skirt and faltered, the shame and guilt stabbing straight into her stomach. This humiliation was almost too much. No one was there but they didn’t need to be. Just the knowledge that she was doing this with no prompting, with no reason other to satisfy her growing lust, it was intoxicating. She spread her legs even further, showing off the white of her underwear and the gentle curve of her hips and thighs.

Ah, it thrilled her.

Serafina’s hand wandered down the soft skin of her inner thigh, her hips flinching away at this unknown wanting touch breaching her modesty. Her index finger met the front of her panties and she pressed in. Her hips quaked. She touched it again, fingering the damp spot and her clit straining through. Growing transparent from the lewd liquid, her pussy was again visible, bared to the outside world. Legs arched wide, her pink folds were exposed and mapped out clearly for all to see. Her fingers stroked around her clit, the little pink nub growing harder and hotter with every circle she completed.

“I didn’t think it could ever feel this good.”

With her free hand, Serafina took her breast and fondled it roughly. Her eyebrows knitted together and her mouth fell open, her moans slipping out of her like a broken faucet. Her hand below hooked a finger into the curve of her underwear, pulling back the seat that protected her pussy from view. She moved it aside and nearly came on the spot with that impudent action. Serafina blinked back tears and panted, peering down at her uncovered pussy. She never thought much of it before. It was a hole. It existed.

She wasn’t completely unaware of concepts such as masturbation and ‘rubbing one out.’

But such things she’d always thought was below her in her quest for recognition. What good was an orgasm when she had 400 hundred pages to read within a night? What good was finding a quiet place to do it when she had an oral exam in an hour? The girls in her boarding house weren’t that discreet. They could afford to not be. They moaned or howled and cried in the late hours of night, sneaking into the unoccupied shared bathrooms for privacy.

Serafina brushed her knuckles against her lower mound, the sexual jolts intense and hot.

Squeezing it between her fingers, she grinded her clit and rubbed against her folds. Her pussy was so wet and warm, the feminine fluid coated her hands in sex and smell. Her slit swelled and oozed out more lewd liquid that dripped onto the ground. Serafina pulled back her hand and moaned at the sight, at the clear fluid strings that stuck to her fingers before snapping apart. She brought her digits to her mouth and sucked them, licking it clean. Ah, the taste of herself. Warm and sweet and sharp, lingering on the tongue as if it wanted to be savored a little longer.

Serafina squeezed her breast a little harder and resumed enjoying herself.

Her hand went to her dripping hole and her fingers parted her pussy slit, toying with it. She brought a finger to hover over her entrance and with it, she sunk in. Her whole body shook. She sunk it in
deeper, feeling the features of her finger and the sensation of her insides. Her inner walls shuddered and moved, drawing her digit deeper in. Adjusting to the intrusion, Serafina closed her eyes and lifted her hips. It all seemed instinctual. Bring her hips up and guide the foreign thing deeper in.

Serafina added another finger. Then another.

Her pussy wanted something thicker and bigger than her fingers could provide. Serafina lazily fingered herself, using her three fingers in unison to brush against her willing walls. Her tail slapped against her hip. Serafina came to attention and stared at it. Her thin tail was thicker and longer than her fingers could ever be. Reluctantly, Serafina withdrew her fingers and examined her cow-like limb.

Tan as ever, her tail was tipped with white dandelion-like fluff.

The rookie mage drew her hand over it, feeling the length and shorter bristling hairs that ran down the tail. Serafina made a face. She was a complete degenerate now, wasn’t she? Curling her tail inward, its tip brushed against her wet slit. Obeying her for once, her tail rubbed against her folds, getting nice and soaked for her perverted purposes.

Once wet enough, she brought it to her entrance and let it hover over it.

Serafina leaned back and used her hands as a brace on the soil. The air grew silent outside of her own fevered breaths and the rapid beat of her heart. If anything was to stop her from committing this act of depravity, it would be now. She listened out. Birds cawed. Trees groaned. Bugs flitted through the air. And even though she used those words: Depraved. Perverted. Impudent. She still felt the same. Still felt as Serafina. Hmmm... Maybe her way of thinking had been a little off. She thought her heat would change her into a mindless broodmare but still, she could think and reason. All her thoughts revolved around sex but they were thoughts all the same.

She moved her hips forward and her tail dove in.

Serafina cried out, moaning and begging as her tail ravished her. It plunged in and out with reckless abandon. Its great length shamelessly trying to bottom out inside of her. Her tail flicked against her shuddering walls, igniting her pleasure to reach greater heights. Her hips buckled and failed to meet its mad thrusts. Pushing inside, all of her lewd liquid was pushed out. The sound of it. The sight. Her body couldn’t stop the wave of shame and guilt that urged her to go further. Her common sense drowned under the endless ocean of untapped pleasure. Years of build-up. Years of suppression.

Her body was surely making up for lost time. Twenty-three with unmilked breasts and body.

Serafina called out. The scent of sex in the air. She was signaling, oh spirits, she was signaling to anyone or anything that was around. Her lust-laden aroma conquered the clearing, overwriting the scents of grass and flower with that of sex and submission. Serafina turned over and moved onto her knees, throwing her hips out so her tail could get a better angle. She rubbed her face into the ground, arching for release. Smushed, her breasts ballooned under her. Two globs of mountainous flesh desperate to be milked and held. Serafina waggled her hips. An enticement to any creature around.

Breed her. Breed her. Breed her.

Her head was full of thoughts just like that. Her hips seized and she knew the end was near, her orgasm incoming. All at once, she came. Her orgasm surged through her quivering frame, hips shaking, thighs buckling, feet curling and breath going out so fast, it was painful and light. Her backside pushed up and she squirted, more liquid pushing through her tail-plugged hole. The lewd liquid stained the back of her skirt and all of her underwear, her panties misused and heavy sagged...
around her legs.

Serafina moaned into the earth, hips still wigging for more, and something pushed into her mouth.

She startled, mouth impulsively closing around the intrusion but the stiff thing moved up, pushing further in. Squeezing her lips around it, the length twitched and something like a cock-slit gushed into her mouth. Serafina had her own thoughts of what a cock and cum might taste like but this wasn’t it. It was far too sweet and syrupy for that. The sugary seed poured into her mouth, the overflow trickling out the sides of her plump lips. Just what was this? Unable to force it out, Serafina worked it instead.

Her eyes fluttered closed and she braced herself on her elbows, her head bobbing back and forth.

The more the rookie mage worked it, the stiffer the intrusion became. Her saliva and its sweet seed coated the shaft, making it easier to take in and suck. Falling into the motion, she began to hum and the intrusion shuddered as if in pleasure. This was unusual, wasn’t it? A plant-like cock appearing out of nowhere but Serafina only thought of how useful it could have been if it showed itself a few minutes earlier.

Sucking away, Serafina paid no attention to the odd sensation brushing across her thighs. It felt different than the plant-cock that invade her mouth. Leafy and slim like a staff. The tips of it were feather-soft and an odd dust-like powder fell onto her skin. It tingled where it touched, the dust quickly absorbed by Serafina’s skin. Then something flicked across her clit. Serafina shouted, muffled to the world and tried to bring her hips away. What was that? Who was there? She would have heard someone walking up behind her distracted or not.

Her hips could only shake as the stranger played with her exposed clit, softness coiling around it.

It tugged it. It really tugged it as if it was a knob. The rookie mage squirmed. Her lower half was being invaded. This was it. This was her bad end. What if it was a man? He could get her pregnant. What if it was a woman? She could plug her vulnerable hole with anything. And what if was a monster? Monsters killed anything that wasn’t of their own race. Even other monsters-types.

She attacked with her tail, hoping to hit a human-shaped chest and not, spirits forbid, a muzzle.

Her tail met nothing. She swung again. Nothing. Still nothing. Where was the body? The physical frame that should be there. And thinking about it, she didn’t feel the heat of another creature against. The warmth that should be there if someone was truly there. All she felt was the air warming up from the sun and the forest morning finally going into full swing. The stranger tugged her clit back and forth and opened her folds. It didn’t all feel like a hand. The stranger’s odd limb found its way to her slit and breached, opening it.

Her clit so stimulated couldn’t stop the fluid from gushing out. She was getting wet all over again.

The stranger latched onto her slit and strangely, very strangely, began to drain it. There was a pressure around her hole that didn’t feel like a mouth or even a hand. No, it felt a little like a cup with petals around its rim and somehow, it was sucking the lewd liquid out of her. Serafina threw her hips back, the pleasure mounting through her. It felt so good. The force of the suction lightly massaged her lower lips. No matter how she moved her legs, the stranger was attached to her pussy, unyielding and firm. She moaned. Her pussy was so sensitive after her first orgasm that springing something like this on her now was cheating. Climax soon at hand, the swift pleasure was quick to bridge her consciousness.
Serafina clenched around the plant-cock and it thrust through, using her mouth as a willing hole.

Twitching all the while, it finally jerked and came. The plant-cock burrowed as deep inside her mouth as it could and shot off, its sweet seed exploding into the back of her throat. Serafina gagged and gulped what she could, the sweetness pushing itself deeper into her body. The bulk of it splattered onto her front and breasts. Green and glittering, the sweet seed drenched her mounds and sank into the soil.

Serafina stared in horror.

It could move. The sweet seed could move on its own. The plant slime thickened itself on her breasts and lathered a clear liquid against her skin. It tingled the same as the dust of earlier. Serafina moved onto her hips and stuck her fingers into the living mass. It jiggled. Her fingers sank harmlessly through and the texture was like chilled cream. She flicked it and the plant fluid molded around her finger, sucking her digit lightly. In fact, that was it was doing to her breasts, dripping down and sucking the skin as if it was looking for something.

In thick green globs, Serafina cupped the plant slime and lowered over her perked nipples.

The reaction was immediate. The plant slime leapt out of her hand and latched onto her nubs. It coiled itself around her nipples and sucked, coaxing milk to emerge. Serafina clutched the front of her skirt. The sensation felt really, really good. All of the pressure in her heavy breasts were moving up and out. Her nipples swelled and the pink rings around them, dark and pliant, ached in pleasure. Serafina panted, blushing and bothered. Her voice cracked and she drooled, losing strength to keep her face orderly.

Had she reached her limit?

In this form, the plant slime resembled two translucent buds. She poked one. It jiggled all the same. The twin buds against her breasts felt like two large hands pressed against her, wordlessly groping her needy mounds. Having her breasts be so brazenly touched, she couldn’t put a word to it. Who knew that being milked could feel so, feel so right? The slime buds sucked and sucked but no milk was came out. Her breasts were full. Her nipples were heavy. She idly wondered why. Was there a step she was missing?

The ground rattled underneath her and she felt something prod her pussy lips.

Serafina lifted her lips and saw a familiar sight. The plant-cock. In the sunlight, the shaft was downright devilish with its wide girth and oozy slit. Looking at it plainly, it was more a vine than a cock, leafy skin littered with blue veins and white wrinkles. Serafina yanked it up into the soil and squished it between her thighs. They needed to have a talk.

“You took advantage of me while I was distracted. Don’t you think I’m owed something for that?”

The plant-cock trembled between her thick thighs. Serafina rubbed her thumb along its slit, coaxing more of that sweet seed to sprinkle onto her skin. The plant-fluid drizzled and wept thick webby lines of sap fluid. The texture of it was different than the slime on her breasts. Less porous and mold-able. Serafina flicked the tip and the plant-cock was springy, rocking back and forth, clearly humoring her. A real cock wouldn’t have been so flexible. But it was just as good. She felt a drop of that power of earlier run down her spine. If only in pretend, this cock was at her mercy.

“Don’t you think I’m owed something from that?” she repeated, surprised at the forcefulness in her voice. “Explain yourself if you can.”
The earth rattled underneath her again and a vine poked through the soil, patting her hip. “Okay?”

The vine shriveled for a moment and the skin around it flaked off. “You were thirsty and—” Then it made a motion of searching and then reappeared under her, rifling through the wet soil her orgasm made.

“Oh… I’m sorry for that. I didn’t know that there was anything underneath me.”

The vine stiffened and shot through the earth next to her, point made.

“Was this an accident?” Serafina gasped, blushing brightly. “I’m so sorry to have confused on you today. I’m a little confused myself and who could I talk to? No friends. Family overseas. You see this all started when I was asked to help a transfer student and she took advantage of—”

The plant-cock wedged itself further into her thighs, the tip angled toward her.

“It wasn’t, huh?” Serafina said, trying to re-channel that forcefulness back into her voice. “I bet you do this to all the girls you come across. Disgraceful. Just sticking your thick vine into any open mouth and hope they won’t bite back. If I hadn’t been in heat, I’d cut you down for being a pervert. But seeing that I am, you can make it to me.”

Serafina lifted herself up, and with a deliberate roll of her hips, rubbed her pussy against the plant-cock.

Its cock-head moved to drool against her clit, the seed and slime spreading open her entrance. She could feel the slime cluster into her hole, the sharp coldness growing hot under the heat her body made. Serafina grinded her hips against it. The pleasure was rising up into her all over again but now, her scent changed. Something was happening to her nipples. The first drops of a watery liquid appeared inside of the buds on her breasts. Her first milk. That was her first milk.

Serafina moved herself to hover over the plant-cock, lewdly grinning, and lowered herself down.

The girth of the shaft split her into two and had her wincing as pain fizzled out into uncomfortable throbbing as she adjusted to the shape. And this was just the tip? Serafina pushed herself further down and allowed the plant-cock to worm deeper into her. It filled her right up. The length bulging through her middle as more of it coiled upwards. Filled to the brim, her breasts began to give milk. The white liquid gushed into the buds, streams of it filling up the engorged slime. A light turned on in her head.

For a broodmare to give milk, she needed to be penetrated first.

Using her hips, Serafina lifted herself up and thrusted her way down. Her shout of pleasure echoed through out the wood. Damn it, this was— This was better than anything she’d experienced before! The plant-cock plunged inside of her, brushing against the bundles of sensitive flesh that lined her walls. Her hips gave and vines grew around her thighs and knees, holding them up and spreading her legs apart. They pulled her down and the plant-cock fucked into her. Everything on her bobbled and jiggled, the slime buds, filled and fat, fell from her nipples and yet milk still flowed.

More slimes crawled up the plant’s shaft, slithering their way up her body to latch onto her breasts.

They took turns, turning white from the sheer amount of milk they carried and falling off once they grew too big. She bounced, crying out and her mouth lolling open. The plant-vine flared inside of her, the folds around its tip spreading out and something round and egg-like was emptied into her womb. In those seconds, her hormones overtook her body. She was being breed. She was given seed to carry.
“M-More! I want more! Please give me more!”

The plant-cock released more of those eggs into her pussy, the slime inside and her quivering walls ushering it deep. Its unfurled folds scraped and grazed against her tender insides, making her climax again and again. Serafina’s mind went blank. More vines sprouted around her and took her arms and wrists, lifting them high into the air. She weakly fought against them but even that desire was washed away.

Her head drooped and Serafina knew darkness.
Tentacle Maiden Calandra

Chapter Summary

In which Calandra serves detention with a man-fucking plant.

Chapter Notes


Here's all the work I've lost interest in. I'd meant to put this on Amazon but I changed my mind. Here it is.

Calandra glared at the assembled ward crystals and the blight they surrounded, the faunaweed. She clicked her teeth. Pearly whites grinding. Plush pink lips pulled back in an unrefined snarl. Her mage uniform and pinned up hair couldn’t conceal how much of a child she was acting like.

It wouldn’t do to be this way in mixed company but then again, she didn’t have any company at all!

Calandra dragged her knee-high black boots along and crossed her arms, expecting a peon or a boy to do her work for her. None appeared. Why would they? She was alone in this stupid and unreasonable punishment.

A Mundis of her name and guild prestige would never entertain something as wretched as garden work.

Calandra cleared her throat softly and brushed down the front of her clinging skirt to look natural. A peon might have called it a sigh. The guild mage waited a little longer. Quite sure of herself. Someone would slink back into the classroom and declare their loyalty to her and her family name. They wouldn’t leave her to deal with the faunaweed by herself. Guild-elite like herself was beyond such peasantry. Calandra glanced at the classroom door again and again, careful to not look too eager, ears straining to catch heels like hers or a boy mustering up the courage to beg for her favor.

No one? Why was there no one there? They couldn’t be underestimating the Mundis name, could they?

Calandra faltered. What was the point of wearing such form-fitting clothes and her silver locks braided into a refined bun if not a single one of her peers would pledge themselves to her?

She felt like a doll in these clothes.

The red bell-shaped skirt clung to Calandra’s firm thighs and full hips, the only part of her worthy of a second glance. She wished puberty had been more kind to her. While the others of her age shot up like unfettered weeds, she was the same height of a miserably potted pansy. She met the middle of
most people she met. Only reaching their shoulders in heels and tiptoes.

And this pleated skirt was a damn nuisance.

The skirt seemed to hug her ass to a near erotic degree. It hadn’t been tailored for petite people like her with generous rumps on their backsides. The skirt was long on her, covering those legs she prized, but was near constricting around Calandra’s hearty cheeks. So tight and clingy, one could make out the outlines of her silk panties if she bent over. The skirt hiding nearly nothing from view. If anything, the only thing this mage garb was good for was the color. A solid crimson red.

Her white blouse and black bodice was just as worthless. They fitted her no better.

The simple blouse could only bring eyes to what she was lacking in the chest department. She was flat. Smooth like the iron board she used this very morning. Of course, Calandra had something like a bust, woman still. Nipples to hide. Breasts to cover. Little hills of soft pale flesh that goes pink so easily under her own fingers. She’d never let a man have her there. What good could come from it? The guild mage’s gentle mounds were like balls of cotton to the frilly bodice she wore over her blouse. The bodice’s cups were deflated against her smaller breasts. Unable to register the afterthoughts that sat on her chest.

To make up for her short stature, Calandra often had to overdress and assert herself.

Her first unofficial day at Helms, this being orientation week for transfers and early birds, had not gone well. Instead of being the biggest star in the room, she’d become the littlest joke for them to laugh at. And she just couldn’t understand why. Was it jealousy? Fear? They couldn’t handle someone from the Central Continent and noble-born. She was a Mundis. They could have not heard of her family name.

Perhaps if the professor had stayed, Calandra would have played her toothy frown as a simple grimace.

It wasn’t though.

She bared her teeth. A delicate mouth filled with a full frontal snarl. Trembles ran down Calandra’s lithe body. Her lady-like stance and elegant posture ruined by her unseemly rage. She couldn’t stop it. She couldn’t control it. There was no one here she needed to look lovely for. Her pink lips pulled back and her short teeth were on display like an animal’s. Fangs an unsettling white. Her nails clawed into tender palms, drawing blood as she tightened her fists.

Unladylike and certainly a disgrace, Calandra couldn’t help but to indulge in her nasty habit.

Who was he, the professor, to make her into a laughingstock in front of her new peers? It was a joke. Only a harmless joke. Capital city humor that went over the heads of these backwater dolts. Big-breasted buffoons like Serafina are often given -and fucked and rutted in public spaces- to satisfy the near endless appetite of a captive faunaweed. Her classmates were supposed to have laughed and laughed. Calandra would have smiled politely, now firmly established as a new leader of her peers.

And Serafina, well, would have been fucked for their general amusement.

Calandra sucked in a breath. There was no point in sulking over lost opportunities. She was stuck with these fools for a whole year. Certainly, there would be plenty of chances to learn how to get in their good graces. Something hot and wet ran down her cheek anyway. In truth, she would rather not get in their good graces at all. They were beneath her and now she would have to grovel for favor from northerners?
The guild mage refused to think of it as a tear. It was a thing of frustration.

Something must have gotten into her eye. It was the dust. This dirty classroom hadn’t been aired properly for the new semester. Pinching, Calandra’s face went red. She sniffled. Spirits, this is why she couldn’t deal with people her own age. They always made her feel so inadequate no matter what.

Twenty years old and she was no more competent than a two year old in the social arts.

The ward barrier sizzled and Calandra snapped to attention, her hand moving to her blade and finding nothing but air. Ah yes, her guild weapons were unnecessary at a place of higher learning. A sickly-pale vine pressed against the risen transparent field. The rude creature wiping where her eyes might have been had she stepped closer. The guild mage scowled, sniffling even harder.

How dare this monster show her pity?!

It didn’t have eyes. It didn’t have a heart. A blight it was. A miserable shrunken thing of roots and rot.

Calandra stared up at the faunaweed, troublesome pest, and found no peace there. In its charm-etched pot, the plant monster wiggled. Amusing itself by rocking back and forth in a frivolous rhythm. It was all sorts of infuriating. Every sway and bounce and wiggle a clear sign of who’d have fun here.

Detention for her. Playtime for it.

Calandra sprinkled aldine spice over her shoulders and ambled over with little enthusiasm. The powder smelled of rancid meat and she took care not to put much on her. The spice may mask her scent from the plant monster but she wouldn’t dare risk carrying an offensive odor back to the boarding house.

And besides, she wasn’t a beastkin. The feeble-minded weed wouldn’t want a thing from her.

Plant monsters came in many different varieties but on the books, they were clearly classified into two categories. Those that preyed on humans and those that did not. Obvious from the name, faunaweed, it preferred hunting beastkin. Humans that bore hoof or fur or scale.

Now into the drawn circle, Calandra regarded her new charge.

The unclassified faunaweed they caught was in dire straights. Most of its vines were limp and idle, skin bleached into a bone-like color. The ones spared from the encroaching sickly shade were only a hint darker. A lilac tan if she had to be clever on the spot. Harvested of its fauna, a humanoid upper half meant to bewilder and beguile victims into coming closer, it seemed to be dying very slowly.

The weak monster didn’t even bother to court Serafina when she was near.

Taking the cutting shears, Calandra snipped and snapped the grayed leaves and cracked buds from the plant monster. A few vines attempted to evade her shears. Dipping and diving up and around each other like headless chicken. Three heads taller than her, the faunaweed became even more of a rude monster when she ran out of low-hanging vines.

Catching one slippery fellow, the guild mage held it down with both of her hands.

Pressed against the plant monster’s curious texture, skin-like bark, Calandra’s fingers kept the shears near despite the faunaweed’s attempt to shake them off. The vines were obnoxious. They became oddly skittish around the shears but they frolicked to her free hand, rubbing up against it before
giving her the chase again. The plant monster couldn’t be a clever creature, the guild mage knew, it wouldn’t have been caught otherwise.

But it was beginning to feel like the monster was leading her deeper and deeper within the vines.

Calandra snorted. The plant monster didn’t even have a brain anymore. With its smarter upper half gone, the creature was no different than an ordinary fly trap. Merely responding to any and all stimuli. It couldn’t have the thought process to lure her away from the ward crystals and beyond the rescue of anyone who could come through the classroom door. Those who would couldn’t see her between the vines forming something like a cocoon behind her. She glanced back. Cocoon-like indeed.

It must be trying to spook her. How childish.

With a vine wriggling in her grasp, but not attempting to escape, Calandra had an idea. How much like a human were these vines? Before snipping some more, the guild mage used her hand to pet it. A simple gesture. Slowly, her soft palm ran down the sizable length of the vine. All at once, it stiffened. No more of its rude wriggling or wiggling. The vine grew rigid and hot. Warmth met her hand and the texture shifted under her fingers. More like skin than wood, fleshy and flexible and firm. So firm.

The mage’s fingers wandered down the tensing expanse.

Calandra cupped and squeezed for the vine to turn more flesh-like and fat. Touching the plant monster like this, her small hands dwarfed by the rising girth and size of its impressive length, Calandra found herself enjoying the gentle caress she gave it. Coaxing more transformation. The vine got even hotter, the toasty warmth nice on her palm. Stroking the length up and down, the faunaweed’s limb shuddered. She felt something under her fingertips churning and pooling on the inside. Then it showed itself.

She felt something under her fingertips churning and pooling on the inside. Then it showed itself. The bone-white skin on the vine’s tip peeled back to reveal a translucent shaft.

Calandra gawked at it, flustered at the sight. She could see through the violet-tinted protrusion and stare at the pale slime-like substance dribble out the fat engorged slit, the thick droplets splattering on the wood floor. Shamelessly, the guild mage’s mind went vulgar and she immediately thought of it as a plant cock. Absurd. Plants didn’t have anything like cocks. This was obviously a-

She… She couldn’t think of anything else. The protrusion was certainly cock-like and gallant.

Calandra sniffed at the air. The shaft and slime, or should she call it nectar, was emitting a distracting aroma. Flowery and pungent with its aggressive plying scent. Vexed, Calandra grabbed the shaft to push it back in and the sensation surprised her. It pulsed under her palm, the shaft meaty and slimy between her fingers. The tip of the plant-cock bubbled out a purple slime, a thicker nectar.

So the more she touched it, the more of its nectar would gush out? Another strike for plant-cock.

Perhaps the faunaweed needed physical stimulation to keep its vine system lubricated? That might explain the sickly shade and its interest to have her stroke it. Calandra tried to recall what little knowledge she knew of plant monsters. They hadn’t come up at all during her guild training and fieldwork. As far as she knew, these monsters didn’t make nectar so easily in captivity, if at all.

But a Mundis always makes results. It would be her and her alone heal this monster, wouldn’t it?

Calandra pumped the vine shaft, drawing both of her hands to milk more it out. The shears could wait on the floor until she was done. The shaft thickened up and blue veins became visible through
the tinted membrane. As she worked the middle, the rounded tip darkened into a richer purple, jerking and spasming in throes. Even so, the nectar continued to trickle out so slowly that it was as if she was fixing a stubborn faucet. Her hands coated with slime and nectar oozing out the membrane, Calandra brought them to the fatty tip and playing with the bulging end.

Probing the slit with her thumb, the guild mage found the problem. There was a blockage inside.

Some of the nectar made it out but the rest was ballooning inside the vine shaft’s cock-head. Calandra made a face. Did she just use the world cock-head? A lady of her position should never be using such vulgar and tasteless words. Calandra used her thumbs and massaged the slit. It was the baffling situation she was in, encouraging a plant monster to literally cum, that led her to speak.

“Come now, all this nectar here can’t be good for you.”

Her voice was flighty as a fawn but the guild mage pushed on, tongue cooking in perversion.

“You need to let it out. I know you want to. You wouldn’t have shown your-” Calandra hesitated but then pressed out, feeling positively naughty. “You wouldn’t have shown your cock, er, plant-hood, otherwise. It’s such a big and meaty one too. I can’t fit my hands around it and now you’ve made it even harder by being so wet and huge. I wanna… I want to, ahem, make you a little better. And to do that, you need to release your seed. Cum for me, my little faunaweed.”

This was ridiculous. A feeble-minded monster did not need encouragement to do what is natural.

“I want you to cum on me.”

That was a slip of the tongue. She did not mean that.

“Don’t-!”

Calandra squeezed the bloated slit, trying to stop the incoming load, and the shaft spewed out a hose of nectar regardless. The purple nectar and pale slime mixed together and gushed mostly on the floor and mostly on her face, puddling into a mess of slime and plant seed. The gunk was everywhere and Calandra wiped the mess from her front. These purple stains weren’t going to come out, were they?

The guild mage snorted. The stains weren’t the issue. The state of her clothing was.

The purple spew of plant seed and slime sunk into her white blouse and front, somehow making the fabric go translucent and mold against Calandra’s lacking front. Ugh. You could see her pink nipples and the pinker rings of dark flesh that surrounded them. The plant seed kept on oozing in and met her skin, sinking in even further. Calandra held in a gasp. Why did it tingle? The plant seed somehow was stimulating her little mounds, her nipples perking and breasts tensing in pleasure. It ached like no other.

Hmmm... She wondered what its nectar might taste like.

It couldn’t be that harmful, could it? As delicious it smelled, the taste had to be even better. Calandra brought a slime-coated finger to her mouth and brought in. Mmmh! The taste. It was so sweet and thick and gummy. Calandra licked her finger in earnest, lapping up the delicious nectar. Her theory was correct. This was nectar.

Calandra licked her hand clean, her lips and mouth tingling and sticky.

The more she had of the nectar, the thirstier she became. The sweetness stealing all the moisture in her mouth into its sugary form. Calandra swallowed what she could. The tingling sensation roaming
down her throat and falling into her belly. For a moment, everything was settled. She’d captured the vine, had a drink, and was ready to return to her detention chore. That is until the tingling sensation invaded her small frame and raised her sensitivity up a notch.

Suddenly, her clothing was too warm and constricting and clingy. The friction near intolerable.

Calandra audibly swallowed. Her mouth was making far too much saliva too. She was drooling now, her mouth pooling with liquid. Her body was rebelling against her thoughts. Everything was hot and sweltering. Sweat broke out across her body. Each drop trickling down her white skin a distracting sensation. Her hand went to the start of her blouse, a finger circling the first button.

Why couldn’t she just undo one? Just one to let some cool air fall against her chest.

Calandra shook her head. She wasn’t interested in getting comfortable here. This was detention. Not a place she’d ever feel comfortable in revealing some skin. Faunaweed or not. Alone or not. This place was a dusty dump and she didn’t wish to stay a second longer than she had too.

The guild mage brought her attention back to the vine and found it gone.

She frowned. Of course, it’d run with her distracted, the miserable plant. Calandra went after another vine and chased it down for a little pruning. Wiser now, she certainly didn’t trust it not to bolt when she stopped rubbing. Her hands occupied, the guild mage decided that her legs would have to do.

Calandra led the vine to rest between her legs.

Letting it pass through her lanky legs sent a shiver through her vexed skin, her skirt a thin shield to the heat it gave. The warmth welcomed to press against her inner thighs and tender flesh. So big and wide this new vine was, it made her knees fan out the moment it settled between her legs. Calandra expected that she would have to stimulate the vine again by rubbing or squeezing her thighs together but the vine was a step ahead of her.

Again, the vine’s outer layer pulled back and a shaft emerged, fresh nectar and slime coated against her.

Calandra held a hand against her mouth, silencing a sharp inhale. Why did it feel so good? The vine shaft was thrusting through her legs, staining the expanse of milky-white skin with slime and seed. Her thighs closed around the plant-cock. Calandra’s sensitivity sky-high and demanding more friction and touch. She needed more and her body couldn’t stand it, willfully rocking back into into the vine shaft.

The slime slathered against her reached higher and breached the daring cut of her white panties.

Calandra’s composure cracked. She moaned between her fingers and arched, throwing most of her weight onto the vine shaft quite happy to arch along with her, curving up like a hook. W-Wait! The bloated tip, same as the vine shaft before it, hit the back of her skirt and bulged. It sounded downright obscene. The squelching squirt of her skirt and that plant-cock meeting. The slime and nectar dribbled into her backside and drenched the back of her panties, the tinging sensation molding and molesting her cheeks into spreading, her flesh alight in fizzing bliss.

And her mind couldn’t help but go filthy. What would happen should it reach her other privates?

Calandra coaxed the vine shaft to return to its former thrusting between her thighs and less between her cheeks. She lifted up the front of her skirt, brazen to the bone, and pulled the front of her panties to the side. Her confidence briefly faltered. Was she really going to do this? Grind on this monster for what, a cheap thrill? Her life had already been full of thrills greater than this one. Slaying hordes of
monsters. Rescuing villages. Would the Mundis blood-line be proud to have a monster-fucker like her in it?

Ah, her name didn’t mean anything in this silly place, this silly mage academy.

Calandra brought her hips down and rubbed her pussy against the shaft, her lower lips spreading for it easily. She bit into her free hand and with the other held it up so her skirt wouldn’t get any more stained. The vine shaft grinded upwards, the slimy membrane stroking her clit and the engorged tip probing her entrance. It felt so good, so deliriously good that Calandra felt quite good enough to forget herself. She cried out, her voice light and lewd, moaning and drooling and shameless.

The easy tempo between them -back and forth- soon quickened into piston-like speed.

In its thrusts, the vine shaft’s lower end slapped against her knees, urging them further apart. They gave and Calandra found two vines quick to claim her legs, lifting them up. The mad lust between her and the faunaweed continued regardless. Calandra far too gone to consider what it meant to be hoisted up and spread with a plant-cock between her legs. The vine shaft rubbed itself onto her mound, mixing its plant seed into her feminine fluid and the outpour of their liquid passion drizzling on the floor.

The vines around her knees lifted her further up and the bloated slit dangled over her hole, dripping.

Its tip ringed around her clenching virgin hole, slime directed to spill inside. Calandra moaned, hips jerking all the while, free to do so while bound and aloft off the floor where she didn’t need to keep on her toes. The position was almost relaxing and the thought of it. To be held and hoisted in such a way she could become a complete mess and never worry about falling. The vines were as strong as ropes but were gentle around her knees, shifting their texture to that of softness and flex.

More vines stroked her inner thighs, inciting her to go louder and louder.

The plant-cock, on the other hand, seemed content to merely show slime and seed onto her pussy. All it wanted was for more and more of it to pour inside. The sweet gummy nectar toying with her inner walls, intensifying each thrust the vine shaft made against her. Calandra’s legs kicked out and weakly tried to close. The faunaweed didn’t have eyes, didn’t have a single one, but she felt a gaze rake over her form. She didn’t want it to look. To watch her come undone for the whole dignity of it all.

But her pussy was hoisted up on display and she could feel the orgasm the vines was inducing to come.

Calandra couldn’t hold it back. She came, clenching, and the vine shaft sunk its bloated slit into her entrance at the very same time, cumming inside of her. Everything was bright and beautiful and she saw stars in the sheer intensity of her orgasm sweeping through her. Slime and seed gushed into her maiden walls, the large load spewing right back out around the edges of the tip, and she felt the bulk of it steer into her womb. She came again, the pleasure sharp and knifing through her, the vines relentless. They caressed and soothed and coaxed more and more of that plant seed and slime and nectar into her very being.

The vine shaft finished and pulled out, her pussy gaping when it left. Slime flooding right back out.

The rest of the vines let her go and Calandra was on her knees and hands, catching her breath. Her womb! There was something in her womb being absorbed into her body! Just what did the faunaweed do? No matter. If she denied it, it didn’t happen. A Mundis like her couldn’t be caught in scandal. Calandra brought her hands together and did a simple sending spell. She focused on the
faunaweed’s fluids and sent it, all that could be moved, to the furthest place she could think of. The tub in her room.

With the evidence mostly gone, besides what dried on her clothes, Calandra laid on the floor.

She hadn’t the strength to pull her slime-slick skirt back down, knees on the ground and body in such a position Calandra knew she couldn’t blame the faunaweed for taking advantage of it. The vines moved her satisfied body around. Her rear now facing the large pot the faunaweed sat in with her body still in that receiving and scandalous position. A pair of vines lifted her skirt all of the way up and another pair went to her legs, spreading them apart.

Calandra gave her ass a slight wag, encouraging more. One hole wasn’t good enough, was it?

The vines went to her panties and began to tug the ruined pair off her hips. She let them. Calandra sighed into the wooden beams that made up the floor, wondering that in between the cracks, could someone in the classroom below her could hear her. The vines led the guild mage’s panties to her knees and tried to have her move her legs herself. Calandra wasn’t feeling that helpful. She brought her legs together and waited to see how the faunaweed might react. It could flip her over easy but that could be said for this entire experience. It was a monster that lures and beguiles its prey to come to it willingly.

That said, she did not expect to be spanked.

The first strike against her thick ass-cheeks made her leap and of course, the vines would take to her wrists, holding her down. The second strike settled against her clit, a teasing blow. Calandra shuddered, turned her head to gaze at the monster who’d whip her like a common criminal. The silly monster rattled its upper vines and it sounded a bit like laughter. Much like laughter. The faunaweed laughed and it spanked her again, swinging its vines to whip her white cheeks into red ones.

Calandra fumed into the floor, attempting to arch her ass this way or that way.

It didn’t matter. The faunaweed allowed her the feeble attempts of resistance and increased the strikes per cheek for every escape she tried. It stung and tingled and her clit burned, wanting to touched instead of bullied by the whipping vine. The cruel thing wouldn’t leave her privates alone. It swatted her everywhere. Tapping upwards to incite her pussy into becoming wet once more and then downwards against her ass-hole.

In the end, Calandra thrust her trembling ass up to receive what the faunaweed had in store for her.

Another vine shaft pushed itself between her ass-cheeks and grinded against her pucker, pumping slime and nectar in the same way as it did to her pussy and front. It thrust between her cheeks, the strength of the thrusts pounding her into the floor. Calandra hated herself for liking it, liking how she could feel her knees bruise and her skin redden from the rough thrust of it. The vibrations ran across her body and back, things on her jiggled and bounced and clapped a fleshy sound. It was defiling all of her. All of her!

Calandra’s face lit up and she hid in her hands, cursing herself all over again.

Thin vines went to her asshole, worming themselves in, and massaged the ring of muscles into relaxing. She tried to force them out. There shouldn’t be anything going in back there! But their skillful touch of her pucker had the guild mage reconsidering once they found bundles of sensitive nerves inside of her. Once she was prepped, they stretched her ass-hole open and she could feel the waves of heat of the plant-cock above her.
The tip slid into her like a key would inside of a door. Snug and a little tight.

“Ah…!”

The pain washed away. How could it persist with the ungodly amount of seed rushing in?

The plant-cock tilted up inside of Calandra’s ass, slamming her weak walls into submission. The angle was all wrong and sloppier than before. Each thrust went upward and Calandra knew she had to stand if she wanted to keep herself inline with the vine shaft. But that would mean throwing herself on the plant-cock with no pretension of what she wanted. There could be no excuse for this now. None. All this time, the guild mage had plenty of reason to blame the faunaweed for this shameful display.

It could have been the nectar, lowering inhibitions. It could have been the slime, increasing libido.

The faunaweed’s liquids did that and more. But Calandra was still in control. She could still think and reason while being led along by her filthy desires to be fucked into the floor like a cheap whore. A true monster thrall wouldn’t be allowed that. The faunaweed could have broke her easily. Could still now. It hadn’t run off with her virginity. It plugged her, sure, but it hadn’t pushed in like it was doing with her ass. Panting into her hands, Calandra knew it was now fucking her and it felt so divine, so wonderful.

The cocoon of vines that had blocked the rest of the classroom had moved and Calandra saw the door.

There was a mirror on it. One that reached the floor and showed the whole of the professor’s desk and uprisen floor where they were. There was no denying it. She could see herself, stained and sticky with slime and nectar. It was beautiful. The woman in the mirror grinned and Calandra blushed all over again. Oh, what would the guild head think of her! A day here and she’s lost everything she’s prided. And for what? It? The faunaweed?

The guild mage’s hips buckled but she drew on her strength, rising onto shaky feet and weak knees.

Calandra threw her hips back and lined her body with the plant-cock, riding it. This new position was much better. The vine shaft went idle. It hovered but seemed content to let Calandra fuck herself on it. Panties around her ankles and her hands holding her skirt up, she couldn’t stifle her pleasured cries. Spirits! She watched herself take the plant-cock in and make it her own, using it to bring her closer to completion. How could such a big cock fit inside of her little hole, she’d never understand.

Each thrust back fucked the breath from her body. Marvelous. She didn’t need air anyway.

The vine shaft twitched inside of her and she squeezed around it. “Cum in me,” she ordered. “Do it!” The faunaweed gave her ass an another strike and came, hilting so deeper that Calandra could hardly inhale without feeling the thick length bulge in her insides. The nectar and slime poured in and flooded her ass.

Calandra accepted the load, moaning slightly. She was so stuffed and full and content.

An odd creature called satisfaction made itself comfortable in her belly. Dazed, the guild mage’s thoughts became scattered. Various terms she hardly cared about popped into her head. Fertilization. Cross-species pollination. Nectar sac. Monster thrall. Ah yes, that one. She knew about that one.

Wasn’t that term for humans who fell prey to monsters that required an incubator or host to reproduce?
Legend has it that to become a [Monster Thrall], a monster would have you, err, violently and that was it. Their profane dark essences would corrupt the human body and soul and turn the recipient into nothing more but a meat toilet. A slobbering rotten corpse that takes monster seed and drops monster eggs until their bodies gave.

Honestly, a lusting thrall was no different than the wrathful undead in the monster hunting book. Calandra had willingly laid with a monster and found herself the same as always. Sore and satisfied. She arched her hips and clenched her ass in intervals, taking more of the faunaweed’s fluids to satisfy the plant monster’s odd ritual. Perhaps the monster thrall process depending on the species of monsters? Dark creatures weren’t the most thoughtful lovers when it came to human biology. Maybe the more common variety of monster thrall she’d come in contact with were of those that died during the process? Their unsated lusts rising them from the grave, more monstrous than before.

But what would this mean for her? The faunaweed went of its way to take Calandra in the ass. Why? The plant-cock swelled inside of the guild mage and plugged her ass, a single drop unable to escape. Calandra cried out. It was so big, so unreasonable huge inside of her! The sudden new girth forced her asshole to stretch and gape and accommodate that engorged tip. It was too much! She couldn’t- Calandra drew her hips and crawled away, pushing and clenching to force that vine-shaft out. Spirits, this was humiliating.

The guild mage was on her hands and knees, a drooling mess, with a monster cock implanted in her ass. She looked behind her. The vine shaft and the vine it was attached to had changed color and size. All of the faunaweed had. No longer was it sickly, shriveled, and bone-white. Now it was lively and a sharp regal purple. There’s no way that a bit of sex could have healed the monster so fast. Its former look an illusion. Calandra’s thoughts moved quicker than she would have liked.

They’d never captured it, did they?

Could it have tricked them? Her! Tricked her?!

The feeble-minded monster without a brain or anything that could be called clever.

The faunaweed allowed Calandra to crawl a few more inches before it tugged her back. Vines sprung out and coiled around her elbows and knees, hoisting the guild mage up into the air. The engorged tip inside of her, bulbous and throbbing, flared out. The leafy membrane slit opened, churning in fluid. Calandra peered down, seeing through the vine shaft to see an egg-like purple seed being pushed through the nectar and slime. It couldn’t be.

“You’re breeding me?! I’m not even a beastkin. Go after Serafina, she’s your perfect monster thrall!”

The guild mage squirmed but the tentacle-like binds upon her wouldn’t yield. Was there nothing she could do? Crossing one forbidden line, letting herself get fucked silly, was one thing but to be made into a [Monster Thrall]? She liked being human and having a soul and her perfect skin and- Calandra’s knees were brought up to her chest and all she could do was watch as the plant-cock pumped slime and nectar and the monster egg closer to her asshole.

The monster egg passed through the plant-cock’s slit and entered into her. Calandra’s body stopped obeying her and slumpt. Her inner walls relaxed and her muscles became like jelly. Ah, why did it feel so right? The egg inside her tight little space. She felt a little like a hen brooding over a nest and eager to see what it might become.
The monster egg was draining all of her magic and replacing it with monster mana.

She’d come to blows with monsters that carried magic before. Greater slimes. Chest mimics. Undead sorcerers. Mana held by dark creatures always had a sort of revolting taint to it. Every spell or curse or strike meant to corrupt and corrode their prey into meat or preserve their wretched existence.

But this was different, so different.

The monster egg’s magic was merging so easily into her body’s natural leylines. The sensation of primal power and pleasure surged across Calandra’s bound form and pooled into her womb, collecting there and transforming it. Her pussy walls shuddered and clenched. Lewd liquid trickling out and the smell of her sex, hot and female and wanting, gained a hint of flowery sweetness. What was happening to her?!

This invading sensation claimed her body bit by bit. Sweat into sweetness. Tears into sweetness.


They weren’t just words, were they? It was species specific information she was being taught by it.

The monster egg rubbed up against the bundle of nerves inside of Calandra’s ass and had her whining, no, begging for release. The mix of slime and nectar pushed the egg further and further up until it wore away. The egg absorbed into her very being. She came. Her orgasm drowned her thoughts and memories and mind until only her pride clung to the tiny throne that was her self of being.

The faunaweed pulled out of her and brought Calandra deeper into its vines, cocooning her inside.
Goddess Game

Chapter Summary

Basic Summary: Chuck finds a goddess on his VR headset.


Then a girl, no, a goddess, plummets in a streak of chaotic light. She crashes down into the black void, smashing face-first into the cosmic concrete. Rippling out like the shallows at the shore, the artificial universe laps at her divine form.

Little flower buds forming and dying around her ankles and toes.

“Greetings,” her voice stutters out distracted, softening into that of a flimsy weak whisper. “I was not made aware that the mortals here are far more forward than they are in my realm. I usually must convince them to partake. Set their hearts and loins at ease. They must be reassured that they commit no act of impudence in looking upon that which looks upon all.” she fidgets in a un-godly manner. Hips and thighs discretely inching closer to him. Almost as if she couldn’t control it. “This is… different.”

“How so?”

Chuck plays along. “I can’t imagine this app is playing out any different than how it was intended to.”

“It is different,” she admits, “Mortals in my realm don’t believe in gods or deities any more. They have grown deaf to our plight and purpose. I feel your acknowledgment of my presence seeping into me. It is captivating.” the goddess sighs, a shudder crossing through her nymph-ish shape. “You see me. You hear me. It doesn’t matter whether you believe I am real or not. You acknowledge my title. Goddess.”

He stares, Chuck’s sweatpants gone uncomfortably tight.

His eyes rake over the fallen goddess.

The fallen goddess is practically wearing a napkin for as little as it covers. One wispy white gown adorns her nymph-like frame and pert, peach-like rear. From head to splayed-out bubbly thigh, the gown is short and most importantly, see-through. While the goddess sits up, knees knocking together, Chuck is getting a centerfold spread of her lady bits. And uh spoiler, her lady bits aren’t pink. Pale pussy lips lead to soft green folds. Wet folds, he might add. Green as sea foam, her exposed pussy drips in the cosmic void.

Distant stars shine on her tawny bark-like skin and horn-branches on her head.

Chuck ogles without a hint of shame. Ain’t his fault that there isn’t a censor bar or a dollar sign here.

Those thick trunk-wide thighs are cocked straight open. A second passes. Then another. Chuck
clears his throat. She’s not closing them. Her yellow eyes, like sunset sunshine corked in a bottle, darken. Wood-brown fingers slide into the space between her bow-like legs. Chuck’s breath quickens. She touches herself. Fingers pushing and pressing into her pretty pussy folds.

Her hips quake.

Chuck cups himself through his sweatpants. He grinds the heel of his palm down, matching her.

Okay, then. So it is one of those 360 viewers. A lazy one. They all play the same. Here’s a naked chick. Masturbate. Please sign up for a subscription to unlock upcoming sex positions. Just fantasy-styled to reel in rpg players like him. Fuck it. He’s feeling sixteen all over again. Popping boners for polygon tits and ass. She isn’t even doing anything but touch and he’s sporting the mother of all stiffys. Wanting in.

He lets his imagination take the wheel.

How would he fuck a lost goddess like her? First off, he’s finding her green lady bits pretty interesting. It can’t all be green, can it? He imagines pushing her pretty thighs apart and sliding his head up against that firm and flushed skin. Chuck closes his eyes, letting that vision wash over him.

How would she smell? How would she feel? Would she fight him?

Would she pull him closer?

The fallen goddess spreads further out, legs and wings and one hand to keep herself upright. It’s here that Chuck realizes her lady bits are more than what they seem. Her pussy lips swell, becoming far more petal-like as they bloom around the star attraction, the holiest hole in existence. The goddess doesn’t have a clit. She has three.

They are less like pleasure spots and more like thin pollen stems.

Her fingers strike her pollen-clits. Golden dust flutters and falls onto her flustered skin, shimmering.

Chuck gulps. Loudly. He’s thirsty for the drink seeping free from her pussy flower. His nose keeps on fucking with him. It thinks he can smell nectar and sugar. It thinks he can smell forest flowers in bloom. He can’t. She’s not real. She’s just some digital fap fuel for him to work his shaft. His cock tents in his slacks, cum and sweat making a white foamy spot. Chuck grinds into it, imagining the stain is somethi-

The goddess loses her balance and drops backwards, her barren wings flopping under her. She moans.

The juice tricking out of her pussy flower isn’t clear and thin like a human girl’s. It’s different. Nectar and tree sap. The lewd liquid oozes out as fast as the floral drink but is thick and sticky as sap. Just masturbating had to be an ordeal for her. There’s no easy way she could hide her visible lust. The floral juice pooling down her glistening shuddering thighs and into the crack of her plump ass-cheeks.

He presses down harder on his cock. God, he wants to fuck her so bad.

Chuck thrusts up, refusing to pull out his cock and stroke it. Doing that would only remind him he’s only masturbating to a digital goddess. Cause shit, he is. What is he doing? Doing it like a dumbass because he wants to feel like it’s real. Chuck closes his eyes, trying to get himself to cum faster. It’s not working. He wants to see her. He wants to watch her become undone, to cum silly on the stars.
Where’s the slider? Where the buttons for changing the sex position?

What an interesting phone app this is. Chuck’s VR headset vibrates around his ears, matching the fallen goddess’ writhing body. Her heated moans going straight into his ears, hot and husky and meek. He didn’t think that most app devs cared to code so in-depth. This is some fine work, the VR seamlessly registering his thoughts and desires into the game space.

He doesn’t need to use his phone at all.

Chuck snorts. If they could code this good, they should have long since moved onto PC and holo-tech.

Chuck opens his eyes, looking around. Shit. There isn’t even a basic UI screen. He looks at her. She’s beautiful. A grove of green hair spilling out the black abyss. Her sounds. Her little stifled moan as she comes closer and closer to release. Damn it, his hand isn’t good enough. Not now. Not anymore. He wants to pretend that the pressure on his groin is from the flowering folds of her pussy. Each petal latching onto the length of his cock, slathering pollen and liquid as it ushers him further inside. Holds him there. Forcing him deliver deep his hot stick cum.

His hips rise, and then, for no reason at all, the goddess’s slit expands like something’s pushed in. Something cock-shaped.

Chuck doesn’t use the chance to think it through. All he can feel is heat and sweetness around his cock-head, faint fluttering touches planting kisses around the slit. He rocks up. The goddess squeaks, squirms, her petals wrapping around an invisible intruder. This heat is so warm and slick and hers. He wants- Chuck’s hands fall onto something like knees and they continue down, caressing their way to a pair of heavyset hips. The fallen goddess’ skin isn’t human-like at all. It’s hot. It’s cold. It shifts in both temperature and texture.

He can only describe it in sensations.

The summery touch of a hot day. The nipping chill of a frosty morning. His fingers press in. The skin is first stiff and hard like the bark of a pine tree. Then it softens, ebbing into that of moss. He kisses with his fingers and brings her closer.

The angle of the VR headset adjusts itself. It now shows him right over her, steady between her hips.

She locks eyes with him. “Forward, aren’t you?” Chuck doesn’t respond or maybe he does. He can’t hear much over the loud thudding of his heart. The thrill of having a goddess at his mercy. Chuck groans. If he waits too long, he might cum just like this. Only a single intoxicating inch inside her. He can’t have that. Chuck plunges in until his balls slap against pussy petals that aren’t as decorative as they looked. They coil around his meaty orbs and massage them. A line of sticky liquid coats the edge of each petal and as they fondle him en-mass, his pre-cum spilling out as stringy white threads.

He fucks her.

They move together, a rhythm building between the divided pair. It’s so freaky. There isn’t a game model on the screen for him. No avatar or even a virtual cock fucking the digital deity as him. Her hips bounce. Her body moves. Chuck sees an invisible rod thrusting in and out of her flowering mound. Her folds flatten down by a meaty length and white cum. It doesn’t make any sense. Then the pressure he feels all around his cock. Inner walls squeezing and clenching around him so tightly, he’s seeing stars. Each pulse that passes through his shaft feels like it might be the last. The pleasure all-consuming.
His cock stiffens, then, he cums without an ounce of shame.

The petals tight around his balls milk him relentlessly. His first load not good enough. They stretch and grope his balls until another climax plows straight through his overstimulated frame. Something changes. He can feel his body fill with that pressure, that energy from earlier. It sings to him.

The goddess before you is inexperienced and has no true ambition.

She can be his if he overwhelms her will.

Gods aren’t like mortals. Free that do as they will. Gods do not exist without purpose.

What?

She is a fragment. She desires to be made whole once more. Use that. Sate her desire. Drown it.

Who’s sending him these messages?

Gods may give mercy but they so rarely earn it. But you have. Take what is yours. Have her.

The voice is right. He did earn this. What’s the point of rebuilding shrines and temples and altars? And lets be honest, she must have been a shitty goddess if she let them get destroyed in the first place. Frankly, Chuck’s doing her a favor fucking her. God knows a woman like this wouldn’t drop into his hands without a catch. Bet if she had options, she’d leave him. Bet if he gave her none, she wouldn’t.

Break her.

Chuck drives into the fallen goddess. Her legs kick up and lock around him, urging him to go deeper. The voice purrs in the back of his mind. His vision shifts. Wait, what’s that? Her divinity is leaving her. Mystic light ebbs from her godly form. Her glow weakens. Wait, he didn’t want that! Shit. Chuck reaches for the headset and yanks it right off. He comes to in his familiar room. Four dirty walls.

“Shit.” he sits up, a sheet of sweat thick around his reedy frame. “Shit,” he breathes out.

Chuck catches his breath. His eyes drag over to his rig and finds more of the same. Tidious code and fragmented data lit against the pale screens. Wow. Chuck snorts, forcing his body to calm the fuck down. That was an experience. Most VR games aren’t that immersive unless you pony up for the sleep pod. And that, my friend, was only a phone app. Who the hell made that game? Coding that shit must have been a real bitch. Chuck snorts again. He just played a corruption simulator. The fuck is that.

His VR headset vibrates on the end of his cot.

The visor glowing and glowing until-

The fallen goddess flutters out. Light and data stacking onto each other until she projects a solid form. Then it solidifies. Her knees drop onto the cot and the bed creaks, the frame tilting to her side of the mattress. The goddess politely glances around his shack of a room. Then looks at him, curious.

“Uh-?”

“You left,” she says, her words light and airy with a hint of accusation. “At any rate, I would like to apologize. Mortals within my realm aren’t as forward with their affection as they are here. I watched
my sisters plenty of times. They always needed to reassure the mortal that they weren’t committing a
taboo by partaking in their lust. Truth-sworn, you are the first human I’ve engaged with sexually."

“I am?”

The fallen goddess averts her eyes. “Don’t make much of it. I am not that inexperienced. I’ve laid
with monsters and champions and beings beyond your mortal comprehension!” she puffs herself up,
something twitching behind the goddess. Seeing them in the flesh, Chuck notices that her wings are
made of wood. Twiggy branches sprouted out of her shoulder-blades. They look sickly. Rotten.

“But I’m getting besides the point,” she spits out, “I need your help to revive my goddess.”

“Aren’t you a goddess?”

“But I’m getting besides the point,” she spits out, “I need your help to revive my goddess.”

“Now is the time to make proper introductions,” the fallen goddess deflects. “I am Piffaro, an aspect
of the slain goddess Pastoria!” she boasts, her wings crowing wide. A moment passes. Then another.
“Ah, you earthens wouldn’t know a thing about aspects or divinity, would you? No matter. I can
explain.”

Piffaro makes a halo with her arms.

“Think angel. Think supervisor angel of a particular concept. That is what an aspect is.” the aspect
goddess continues, “To be divine, you must know everything. To know everything, you must be
everything. An aspect is the result of a god gaining in power and presence. We are parts of her that
specialize in things she has outgrown devoting her attention to. I reside over fortune and field.”

“So you’re basically a servant.”

“No!” Piffaro shouts. “I am an aspect! With Pastoria gone, I am now a lessor goddess without
anything to my name and power.” she sighs, her wings coming to close around her. “I am
descending little by little everyday. Look at me, I’ve become a dryad. Soon I’ll be like the others.
Insane and bloodthirsty.”

And that voice wants that.

Why? Why would it care about an aspect trying to revive a goddess?

Piffaro bows her head. “Anyway, I wish to give you a thousand pardons. It has been a long, long
time since I received such naked devotion straight from a believer. That taste of it. Rich and heavy
and pliant. You wanted me so bad. You wanted me the moment your eyes met mine. It washed over
me without care or concern. I couldn’t resist. I couldn’t fight it. It swept me away and I loved it.”

Chuck scratches his neck and weakly admits, “It felt like that for me too.”

“I- I do not mind letting you have at this silly form of mine in exchange for your belief. Gods and
other divine beings derive their strength from their purpose and people. Fear them. Love them. It
does not matter as long as you believe in them. I was created in order to be what maidens looked for
in Pastoria. A friend. A lover. A confidant. I almost wish I’ve been created for soldiers and
warriors.”

Piffaro touches her heart. “Perhaps had I been, things could have been different. But enough. You?”
Chuck blinks. He sort of stopped paying attention when she started going on about belief and stuff.

“I think I am having the longest hallucination in my twenty-two years of living on this rock.” Chuck
taps his forehead. “Is this happening because I didn’t de-sync right? But wait, I was playing a phone game. Ah, that’s it.” he brings his fist to his open hand. “I’m dreaming. Too much stress and too little sex.”

“I am willing to aid in your sexual release once more. Show me how much you believe in me.”
Rue crept along a high-rise plank, tottering her slime-slathered ass towards a hot and illegal shower. She idly looked down. The drop so high that if she fell, her bones would splinter on impact. And of course, she’d be dead. Another run-of-the-mill freelance taken out on the field. Terrible that. But the fact that her splintered shards would cut across the waterway as human shrapnel, slitting through the air as fast as possible to fuck up anyone nearby, that was worth something. A grand “fuck all” in death.

She oughta drop now. Make no ceremony of it. Make no last words.

Just tilt over the side and hope that her fragmented ass got to fuck up that pack of idiots who hired her on. Rue cackled to the sewer void. Her merry hitching voice hardly to be heard over the churning machinery. A metal vista of massive pumps and shoots and hanging bridges over a watery stew of shit and steam.

This was the great Eastern Sluice Drainwall. A spiraling underground citadel of epic size and forgotten grandeur. So forgotten it got more work as a sewage dumpsite than a proper site of culture. Only about 3% of it was actually used by the city built above, sea-kissing Pirewood near the shore.

Adventurers these days didn’t have a lick of respect for the places they looted. They rushed in, wasted time and energy getting assembled, then left like they achieved something. Oh, they couldn’t find the source of the slime infestation?

Must of never been one, where’s my money?

The job request said that there’s a sickness in the water? Coming from these eight old pumps? Well, the adventurers found a random set of pumps, killed a monster there, then left. Coins, please. How could they act so rotten?

The problem wasn’t their terrible plan to scam her.

The real original knuckleheads who thought they could fill a coin purse with stones and get away with it. No, the problem was far more insidious than that. It was like a terminal affliction with these types.

They’d done it because they thought they deserved it.

And that line of thinking was almost untreatable. Because that right there made the world a zero sum game. They’re not interested in paying for the routes she gave or the area-specific information she had. Because to them, Rue didn’t have it. Crazy, right? Her four years of working these sewers.

They had it. Or rather, they would have had it if she didn’t keep it from them.
The pricey bitch, eh?

No one could afford to be that naive and entitled in this day in and age. She was worth the money. Adventurers new to the Eastern Sluice Drainwall often failed to comprehend the bizarre structure they were standing in. They thought it the same size as Pirewood. If they walked from left to right in a straight line, they’d find themselves at an exit or a staircase. You stupid village child. A drainwall was just that, a wall. Everything else: The waterways, the metal hulls, the narrow nooks, the vents?

All of it built to keep anything lost here, human or not, trapped until it drained into the water.

Rue trotted her sticky way to her hidden nook in the wall, passing from floor C-59 to A-01 with a single crosswalk. The idiots would be down there for hours. Maybe days if another drainwall escort didn’t make a round to retrieve them.

Or they’d starve, turn on each other like rats in a crate.

Village boys and their screaming girls used to be her favorite to ferry along. They hadn’t heard of her reputation yet. The men were always the sort to rush the front. The women hiding behind as an archer or an untrained mage. Teaching them was fun. Plenty of bad habits to beat out of their knuckleheads.

But she saw less and less of the rookies’ faces after a while.

Rue didn’t blame them for not lingering around the drainwall. It could be some tedious work if you weren’t willing to dedicate yourself to it. Frankly, a whiny crew of four couldn’t make it past A-10. They’d see the big gate, stare, then head on back, thinking that was end of the sewers. Not once did any of the parties she did not escort bother to look up. To see a dangling bridgeway heading over.

A-10 was almost like a challenge room. To see who had it and who didn’t.

But that was her professional bias showing. Better pay could and would be found elsewhere. Rue herself would not be haunting these walls if she could afford it. As a freelance mage, she had an absolute weak spot. One that only appeared outside these steel-smelling waters. Meat shields. That is Rue had no meat shields to fend off the first blow from a monster. Get it? An ugly weak spot.

Mages usually joined up with a group of three. More numbers meant more chances to dodge a blow.

When it was down to a mage alone, it all depended on who had the first shot. Rue loved her magic. She really did. But magic could be unpredictable in the heat of battle. Sometimes you fudged a chant and suffered a recoil of your own spell. Others, you used the wrong spell or hit the wrong target. With every second you fumble for the right spell, the enemy grows closer and closer. Then you’re dead.

Ah, death. She’s been thinking about it often these days.

In the end, her magic or her academy training or her field experience would not kill her. It would be something else. The one thing that all academy-trained mages are told. Find a meat shield and make him think he’s in charge. But Rue simply didn’t have the personality for it. She wasn’t sociable. Her ruthlessness a poor charm point.

Men drunk wouldn’t even look at her. They could taste it in the tap.

The blood she’s split in the waterway.

Both man and monster. The sin bleached into her bones.
Boots on the ground, Rue checked for any stray fare that might have followed here. Nothing caught her eye. The freelance mage carried on, entering a series of narrow brick-made crevices then turned left. Never turn right, she thought in her mind. The right led to the sluice gears.

A shame they lost Helena to it.

Rue’s slime-spunk coated thighs twitched. The pale gelatinous substance growing as it fed off her magic, the little liquid parasites stimulating her body to give more, more, more. That last group of idiots? Spirits, how did any of those shit-behind-the-ear asses make it to adulthood? Just where did they think were? A backwater village in the nowhere? A small dirt-harvesting farm in nowhere good?

Did they not know their colors?

Green slime, forest slime. Transparent slime, run.

Rue stumbled to a wobbling stop. Right in front of her was the metal nook in the hole, she was looking for. She forced herself to take a step. Then another. The slime on her thighs rising ever high each move forward. They slid themselves up into the open folds of her modesty shorts. Ones worn precisely for the rare occasion she might have to go without her dress.

Nobody warned about battle damage.

Fingers fumbling, the freelance mage hoisted up her smeared slimy black dress.

It was worse than she thought. The mindless slime-spunk, sloot, wedged itself between the gaps of her under-armor. This was going to be one of those days she wished she stayed at the temple, wasn’t it? She sucked on her bottom lip. Didn’t have to worry about temple chastity when you were surrounded by the horrors of those bred for a monster’s amusement. The sloot budged itself between her leather breastplate and bodice. The feel of it.

The slick putty-like maw of a needy creature. The whole of its body, each one of those horrific globs of living procreation, felt like a slurping tongue.

Rue dropped to her knees.

The sloot reached her panties. A multitude of eager tongues licking at her lower lips and inner thighs. She let them have it. Rue pressed her face to the ground and lifted her ass to the air. The new position directing the sloot to bring their attention to her needy pussy. She felt the slime-spunk prod at her exposed lower lips, her legs spreading for them.

This was bad. This was really bad. But was it her fault that she hadn’t masturbated in a while?

Yes. Yes, it was. Rue bit into the back of her hand, her hips wiggling as the sloot wormed themselves into her pussy folds. She weakly clenched her hole, knowing it wouldn’t stop their relentless search if they got wind of the fact they could force magic out of her by fucking her into the floor. Why couldn’t those idiots listen to her advice?

There was a clear difference between slime secretion and slime sloot.

One binds a prey or threat and the other cocoons. Cocoons for what, you might ask? Breeding, idiots!

The sloot on her front nudged their way further into her breastplate and met her flustered skin. She gasped, weakening as they drank from her mana pool. Slimes found in the Eastern Sluice Drainwall
are often mistakenly classified as ground slimes. Slimes that hibernate in damp and tight places. Ah-!
The sloot pushed against her swelling clit. That might have been a poor choice in words.

The thing was-

These slimes were well-fed. Lack of predators. Multiple food sources.

And unfortunately, the perfect breeding condition. The sloot snuggled themselves down the gentle jut of her breasts. Fed a steady allotment of her magic, the slime-spunk turned a misty blue and grew frigid. Her pebbly nipples budded in response. She wished they hadn’t. Surprised to see a new growth on a creature they’d probably declared subdued, the sloot clambered to be the first to suck them.

Rue closed her eyes and readied to spend an hour in a slime cocoon, bred without mercy.
Rue trotted along a high-rise plank, tottering her slime-slathered ass towards a hot and illegal shower. Her slime-spunk coated thighs twitched with a desperate need. The pale gelatinous substance swelling and merging as it fed off her magic, the little liquid parasites stimulating her body to give more, more, more. This was the problem with slime quests here in the Eastern Sluice Drainwall. Regular slimes? They leave a trail of sticky goo that slows an adventurer down. Messy but expected. Sluice slimes?

Sluice slimes squirt, and yes, they fucking squirt both standard slime and breeding sloot.

Now the typical adventurer, your farm men and village boys, will have never dealt with breeding sloot. Slimes out in field and forest are often in the process of forging. Either they’re low on fluids or traveling to a new den. These slimes operated on the assumption that they would lose up to 80% of their original body mass when forging. Those two facts are the reason why an adventurer from a farm or village has never killed a slime. These men think they do. They slice and the goo goes everywhere.

But what does that have to do with slime sloot?

Sloot was basically slime cum. Living slime cum. Designed to capture then cocoon a viable host.

Rue crossed the last of the metal plank. The freelance mage leapt onto a dangling crosswalk, a steel four-way bridge. She carried on. Wobbling feet led forward by slender swaying legs now dripping with a mix of sloot and sex. There are exactly two things to take from this. The majority of new adventurers come from villages. And every single one of those stupid knuckleheads cannot kill a slime. A win for it.

They failed to realize how slimes increased their numbers. How they could vary from place to place.

The slime sloot rose up her white thighs. Their thick putty-like forms worming themselves into the open folds of her dark sheepskin shorts. The pair she worn specifically for the occasion her mage dress was damaged in close combat. This wouldn’t have happened if she hadn’t modified it recently. A big fucking hole right on her tailbone. What for? Rue cackled. What for, indeed! She didn’t really want to admit it herself. Rue was like a slime in a way. Always trying to be a little bit better the next day.
And because of that, she thought she would save herself the trouble. End the lies. Move the fuck on.

The sloot vibrated against her tender inner thighs. Rue stumbled to a stupid horny stop. Ah, it was happening again. The skin on her tail bone throbbed, muscle and sinew stitching together to make something entirely not human. Rue threw out an arm and wheeled herself to the metal railing. The bones along her spine snapped, elongating as it resettled itself within her skin.

The new length pushed out. Blood oozing around it cooled, shifting into an inhuman fluid.

Rue glanced back. Fuck! There’s no other word to describe it. No clean way about it. She’s read about them aplenty in textbooks. What they looked like. What they felt like. It was a tail! A dragon’s tail! The raw length fanned out wide from her tail bone, its under-scales and her skin the very same genetic source, before tapering into a fat tip. The scales were a teal blue. Soft like skin. Between the overlapping scales, a lubing clear liquid seeped up, keeping the under-scales from drying out.

It was actually kinda of heavy.

Almost like a third leg, the dragon tail weighed against her until she straightened out much like a cat does. Distributing the weight evenly. Unfortunately, this method also lifts up the back of her dress. Which was why she wore shorts. Shorts that were torn straight through the elastic and now dangling around her knees. Thank the spirits she was cheap when it came to underwear. Strings can’t fail you.

Her pair of black snug string-held panties were as fine as before. You know, besides the sloot.

Rue touched the collar on her next. The cursed item that started this whole mess. Rue was a mage deprived of magical items. It wasn’t a secret. Anytime she found one in the Eastern Sluice Drainwall, she took it, and fenced it for ale and rent money. The one time she decided to keep one, it turned out to be some cursed living armor. Rue stabbed the scaly leather with her nail. It didn’t even look the sa-

You should have seen it! A beautiful choker with a dragon’s eye as the jewel. The gem, by the way.

The moment she put it on, it transformed into an ordinary blue collar. Rue sucked on her teeth, wincing as she remembered. She went to every fencer in Pirewood, promising them the collar if they could take the curse off. They all refused her. Dragging her to their chosen expert in cursed objects.

“I can’t find anything here.” “What a snazzy collar, you have.” “Wanna be my play kitten?” Bastards.

Rue directed the tail to curl inward, bringing the thick tip to brush against the fleshy base.

At her time in Milford, dragons were considered a slain species. Much of their history and culture forgotten through the centuries. They’d been wiped out along with all the other traitor kin that turned against the saints. The fairies. The nymphs. The demons. The winged folk. That said, she wished the academy kept a book on basic dragon anatomy. Her body didn’t match the history books.

Her thick tip brushed against a pair of soft folds. No, not the ones between her legs. It’s on her tail. Under it, actually. Hot stewing air pressed against her vertical tail slit. She mentally measured its length and size with her tail, unable to will herself to look at it. The history books did not mention that dragon females carried two breeding orifices. Rue wheezed into her palm, croaking on her mad laughter. Breeding orifices? Perhaps a less technical word would help. Two cunts. Two pussies.

Rue clenched her ass. Ascertaining that she still had an accessible human anus.

Why would a dragon female need two pussies? For what purpose could it have held? Scientifically speaking, it was a redundant orifice. If dragons gave birth to live young, they would have needed just
one. If it was eggs, still one. Could it even function the same as a human’s reproductive hole?

Her tail stroked the outer lips of the dragon slit. It twitched the same as her own, growing slick.

Rue nudged them open. The tail slit was much hotter than a human’s pussy. It radiated heat like a furnace, the lewd liquid oozing out quite chilly in comparison. Her tail ringed around the inner folds. Ah, it was larger too. Likely meant for long, sheath-sporting genitalia. The dragon tip collided into something interesting. Two somethings, actually.

One clit on the hood of the slit and another found directly on the bottom.

Rue decided to stimulate one. She willed the tail to press against it, concentrating to move the tip alone. Back and forth, the fat tip stroked the underside of the fleshy nub. The stimulation surged through her body, her pussy clit stiffening as if it was the one being touched. All three clits swelled in unison. Rue’s knees shook into the metal bars. With just this, she could, she could cum without-

Her tail pressed into the dragon slit, its wide size pressing down on both of the draconic buds.

Rue cummed. Her orgasm knifed straight into her womb, the monstrous pleasure thickening and condensing into a force she never knew she could make. All at once, it erupted out of her. She wished she shrieked. Wished she moaned or groaned or even giggled like a whore in a whorehouse. But a roar escaped her dazzled mouth. It echoed for miles and miles, bouncing off every metal wall near.

The freelance mage collapsed onto her knees. Pussy juice drenching the bottom of her dress.

She dropped her face into her hands. Hating herself even more. She didn’t deserve this blight, this trouble-making curse. Just about every Drainwall escort hear that monster call. That’s why the place has been packed with so many stupid newbies to the adventure life. They came to make their fortune. Find the monster. Kill the monster. If another human looked at her now, they’d only see an easy mark.

Afterglow faintly felt on Rue’s aching joints, the dragon tail slotted back into her body.

Summoned by lust. Banished by orgasm.

Her sex life was in ruins.

The sloot grinded against her skin. Rue parted her fingers and looked down, finally remembering the other bastards in her life. You’d think a single orgasm would have satisfied her. It didn’t. It couldn’t.

She now had the worthless bottomless sexual stamina of a horse, er, dragon.

Rue moaned to spite herself. Sloot wasn’t a human but it still was a good substitute to those lonely night with only her hand. Knowing better to let her body give in, to make sounds of want and need. It only encouraged them. Stimulating humans until they went hoarse and obedient to the slime-to-be. She forced herself onto her feet and walked exactly where she meant to. Unwilling to kneel here.

Another sliver of magic from her internal mana pool went into the parasites.

They grew. Bulging visibly under the folds of her knee-touching dress. Their secretion hardening onto the fabric. Those secretions meant to encase her away from all that protected her from them.
Slimes did not learn from experience. They learned from what they could hunt or squirrel away.

The sloot wedged itself between the gaps of her under-armor, willing it apart by a coalition of like-minded globs. Globs that were now a faint blue. The exact shade of Rue’s magic nowadays. This was going to be one of those days she wished she stayed at the temple. Rue slid a tongue across her plump lips. Didn’t have to have worry about temple chastity behind a fortress of wards and saint protection.

Slimes learned differently than humans do. They capture, they kill, they breed. That’s how they evolve.

It doesn’t always follow that order. A slime could kill a bird and have offspring that exclusively hunted birds from hour one. A slime could also catch a sapling alraune or a young water sprite, harvesting their sap and breeding with them for the fun of it. Gaining new attributes and hunting styles as a result. Slimes ultimately evolved from docile prey to relentless predator within a season.

And here’s how sloot played into that. Every drop of it would gathered into a dormant slime.

Even now, the sloot was attempting to do so.

Massing into a single entity meant to take her down. Her life narrowed to food or breeding material.

The slime-spunk spilled into the worn black bodice under Rue’s clothes. They grazed the gentle jut of her petite breasts. She bit her lip, hands clenching and un-clenching under the breeding allure of the sloot. The leeching sloot rubbing into her flesh a secretion to weaken her will twicefold. The smell of it. Sweetened ground water and salt-smelling iron. Then her. Her own scent of salt and sweat and want, womanly and dizzying as it fanned out from her opened thighs, her needy thighs. Bastards.

The oozing herd of goo converged around the soft curve of each breast.

Fondling the tender skin, they formed into a single mass. They into we. We into it. Now as one fluid-based muscle, the mostly non-sentient sloot groped her breasts at the same time. Its strength unified, her small white mounds were at the mercy of their first few thoughts. Rue snorted. She remembered a time as a student where such developing speed and power would have been absolutely fascinating.

Those times were over. She was twenty-six and in heavy academy debt. The future distant.

Careless and curious about Rue’s strange new growths, her pebbly pink nipples nudged into blooming, the sloot threw itself on them. First it ran itself across her sweet nubs. Learning her nipples’ properties. Was it a plant? Was it organic? Could the sloot pick it? Could the sloot take it into itself for storage?

Mind you, it would sound terribly less intelligent in the sloot’s head.

The gooey mass tugged up a nipple inside of it, squeezing and pushing it out as far as it could go. Rue lost her grip, wobbling to a wall. It did the same to the other. Twisting the new little nub until it realized it was connected to the whole.

Rue slapped her forehead, cursing herself for letting the sloot have at her body.

She was losing magic. A lot. The main bulk of her internal reserves. Magic and mana was purely a unit of measurement for as much wayward energy a mage could carry per day. It didn’t have a number. It was mostly a knowing sensation. Her mind and magic interlinked. Her breath panting. Her heart near lost.
Fumbling for strength, the freelance mage hoisted up her smeared black dress. Shouldn’t she stop?

The sloot on her breasts were still at it. Now what function could these nipples serve? It spreaded out its body mass, a cord of liquid muscle winding around the underside of her little hills. Then a set of two around each nipple. The sloot went through every secretion stored into its genetic origin, shifting from weak poison, stinging acid, sticky sap, lust poison, and more until it found the one it wanted. A milky white fluid lathered onto her bound breasts. Ah-! Rue studied this one. A natural stimulant.

Her soft breasts tingled, pressure welling up from deep inside. The sloot pressed harder. Oozing more.

Rue cupped a hand over her mouth. Fuck it. She moaned into her palm, lengthening teeth bit into the palm of her hand. She’d never acted this way before she found the collar. Prone to letting a monster or two fuck her silly. You know never without feeling guilty about it. On her wrists, a pair of thin silver-sporting bracelets sat. Not only would they not come off, thin and easy they were to put on, like rings, they had a habit of transforming into something unseemly and did the same to the rest of her.

But frankly, it wasn’t worth getting into it now. If she’d ignored it and kept on ignoring it, then-

Rue brought her free hand to her panties. She rubbed herself through the fabric, canting her hips up to ride the slick friction. Her breasts swelled like the sloot. Gaining a size in the curve of her mounds as the pressure wound up and up into the tender space. Her breasts tensed and twitched of their own accord, the unfamiliar surge flowing higher and higher to the only opening available. Her nipples held hostage. The sloot squeezed tighter and a drop of white appeared. Damn it, she’s been made a cow!

The sloot tasted it. Murmured as it did, warbling and vibrating a cry of good will and discovery.

Rue rolled her eyes. The sloot praising her for making milk and shared the joy of now knowing what milk tasted like. The sensory information to be stored somewhere within its multitude of shared information, the sloot, soon slime, would always know where to find milk on a human person.

Nipples led to breasts and breasts led to milk.

It would never forget this unless its family line was wiped out.

May it fuck someone else over, someday.

The sloot warbled again, happily asking her to join in the celebration. Rue snorted and blew a raspberry, answering its call. Best to play along. It warbled back even happier. Sloit could never reason out that the creature it had been planted on wouldn’t want to share in any celebration. They’d murmur to the host creature for hours and hours. Expecting some sort of response beyond incoherent moans. Then wail. Failing to understand that they killed or starved or raped their living nest. By this time, a village-born adventurer would have already succumbed to the lust poison the sloot secreted.

An orgasming mess unable to walk or stand. Unfound, their bodes and minds deteriorate.

The sloot would cocooned them for safety. That’s what many researchers theorized happened first. The cocooned victim would become the sloot’s first den site and it would forage, returning again and again. The human would take a turn for the worst. Suffering from dehydration and starvation. Sinew and muscles softening under the cocoon’s effect. Turned from living host to stored meat.

Sometimes the sloot realized this and fed their host, forming a rare symbiotic relationship.
Most time they didn’t. Hunting instinct far more important than a fleeting imprint.

The sloot nuzzled her body, nestling in with a sated sigh as it began to milk her in earnest. Slimes were herd creatures. They often formed colonies despite being territorially aggressive when it came to solo forging slimes. As far as the sloot was concerned, they were now a cluster. Trouble that.

But it could keep milking her.

Spirits knows it was responsible for the twin trickling streams of milk coming out of her puffy nipples. Rue stroked herself harder. Her hips made circles against the wall, smearing more slime and sloot between the loose bricks. This was bad. This was really bad. By all rights, she should have froze the sloot the moment they became a problem. The moment they became an it that could speak and sing.

Her breath hitched, milk flow increasing under the sloot’s gentling grip.

The sloot lifted up her drink-filled mounds. It instinctively understood that due to her small size, it would need to fondle the whole of her breasts. Not just the sweet nipples and the rings of pink pliant flesh they sat on. It groped her. Molding and caressing her flesh to ease out more and more milk. Her groan hissed through her fingers. The sloot startled then mimicked her, hissing out a fellow cry.

Rue was going to regret that.

The sloot absorbed as much milk as its mass could support. The blue of its gelatinous form gone misty with white. Unable to think where to put it, it allowed the excessive drink to run down to the other unmerged sloot. Creamy white running down her taut stomach and chunky thighs. In the steam-filled draft of the Eastern Sluice Drainwall, the scent of herself took to the air. Fertile and hot and pungent.

Rue moaned, leaning against the wall.

She felt the bracelets react to the parasite-like sloot. Shifting into shackles. Their cuffs gone rough, scale-like. The shackles sunk onto her skin and scales crossed out, molding and merging with her human skin. Her hands lengthened much like her teeth. Fingers far more bony and claw-like, nails ending in dagger-shaped talons. Saints, this was why she didn’t bother masturbating anymore. This happened.

Around her front, coarse scales grew and overlapped. Meaning to hide any weak stab-able spot.

Her breasts weren’t spared. The curse, because what else could it be, of the collar worked on them. They grew three sizes bigger. Widening out to that of a ripe garden-grown melon. Her bust needing to fit the amount of scales it wanted to weave around each breast. The raw skin forcible grown burned and stung. Rue’s nipples grew a centimeter or more. Udder-like. Their pink color magicked into a monstrous blue. That’s what happened to everything pink and human about her. It turned blue and inhuman. Her tongue not spared. Her throat not spared. All of it blue. Spirits, even her pussy folds.

A pair of black and demonic-looking nipple clamps attached themselves to her teal-tipped nubs.

They weighed down her large jutting breasts, taming the udder-like tips of their desire to rub against everything. Her skin was so sensitive now. Every bit of fabric she wore on skin unscaled felt wrong. As if she was meant to walk topless with her ass and pussy out for every person to see. Those were the parts the collar didn’t transform as of yet. Thank the saints. She honestly didn’t want to know what her pussy might look like as a dragon’s. And that was the problem. She was shifting into a
dragon.

Everyone born with a head knew the dragons were dead. Slain for their rebellion after the saints’ rise.

And yet- Rue stared at her piercing talons, nails a darker vicious blue. She was one. Half one at any rate. The sloot, excessively naive, reacted to this new development with a tentative warble. Did it hurt? Would it hurt? Did she know it? Did she forget? Rue meant to respond with an easy raspberry but a body-shaking growl came out instead. She clutched at her mouth. The many teeth a maw.

Nonplussed, the sloot warbled back. Greatly reassured with how she responded the same.

Slimes spoke to each other with scents and sounds and vibration. They had an area of perception that allowed them to identify creatures and objects. But for the most part, they were blind. You could and can trick a slime into leading you back to its colony with the right sound and vibration. They could be arrogant like that. Thinking they and they alone could mimic and communicate in a unique way.

When you are familiar with slimes, you are familiar with sloot. Deaths were preventable.

The sloot clustered itself back onto her draconic breasts, murmuring as it went. Sniffing and marking and vibrating on her two fat breasts. She idly wondered what it thought of them. The sloot bumped into her nipple clamps, the ones that looked like a door ringer, and learned something naughty. It weaved itself up to coil onto the clamps and pulled. Milk squirted out in two foamy jets.

Her vision went white.

Rue cummed, her choked roar cascading off the sewer walls and tunnels and waterways. Her body seized all at once. Tears beading at the corners of her eyes while she openly wept in unmitigated pleasure. Magic fluttered up and around her, pouring out to her cry. Stupid! She couldn’t hold it back. The sloot drank and drank until it gain the true sentience of a slime. Form and mass evolving brightly.

Based on the fluidity and muddied color, it was a ground slime. An all-rounder in slime hunting tactics.

Ah, another topic that adventurers were sadly ignorant on. A slime foraging was not the same of a slime hunting. Based on the area, slimes would hunt in a variety of ways.

People thought slimes killed the occasional human. A stupid person who sleeps in grass fields alone.

It was far more complicated than that. They didn’t realize that those slimes were built from the ground up to hunt those very same humans down. A skill many village-dwelling slimes knew.

The ground slime, with its crystal core shimmering bright, went at her breasts again. It cupped each large mound. Vibrating all the while, it learned that the best way to get more food was to make her cum as violently as possible. The slime formed two tongue-like tendrils and went for the knockers on the clamp, pulling them while warbling how proud she should be for it figuring this out.

Dragons weren’t supposed to make this much milk! It poured out of her, a steaming squirt of white.

Her tail bone ached. Bones and sinew shifting and forming up and out of her rump. Spirits, not again! A tail, a dragon tail, tore through the waistband and back of her panties. The new limb, long like a monkey’s tail, steamed in the open air. Human blood simmering into dragon ichor. Unlike the rest of her body merely covered in a set of magicked scales, this was an actual part of her cursed permanently into a dragon-like state.
The collar magicked a set of armoring scales across it.

Even so, her tail was still quite sensitive. It was hard to move, long and strange as it was. Rue concentrated. Willing the monster limb to obey and directed the dragon length to move to her front. She reached out with her talons. Peeling off a scale or two. It would drive her crazy otherwise.

Milked tits and milked orgasms aside, Rue needed to make a move on.

She pulled her dress back down and ignored the milk spiling into the fabric. She took a step. Then another. Her will hardening much like the scales on her tail. The ground slime left her breasts and stuck out its core through the collar of her clothes. It was recording the route they were taking, mapping not only the walls but the smells and sounds the tunnels made. The slime murmured.

Naturally, it believed the spot it came into sentience should have been the den site.

But the slime was not in charge here. She forced herself up and out of the desolate tunnels bridging the Eastern Sluice Drainwall to the Pirewood Sewage Site. It moved to her back, looking at all they passed. Slimes weren’t particularly intelligent. They could be made to understand concepts and basic numbers. One less raw egg stored meant one less egg in the winter. Parlor tricks like that.

Yet it wasn’t acting the same as a sloot-born slime should. It wasn’t wailing at her to stop, to go back.

The ground slime murmured at everything new they passed. Oh, that’s a metal wall. Oh, that’s an iron grate. Between opening door and deciding the route to take back to the surface, the slime would stick out a tendril and touch the closest surface. Familiarizing itself with the feel of it. The strange sensation of metal against gelatinous flesh. She wasn’t sure what to think of this development, especially when the slime warbled to her for reassurance. Sloot was stupid. Slime-sloot even more so. But a slime?

Rue pinched the gooey center of the slime’s jiggling mass.

Based on the core’s size, it was a girl. Slimes can, of course, breed with each other. They were also egg-layers, leaving a clutch of small jelly-like eggs just about anywhere they was a slow moving water. With city life, they tended to go for anything with an exposed pipe. Got a weird shower? Slime eggs. The sink turns off and on at random? Slime eggs. That’s why slime quests were a regular constant and deadly for village-born adventurers. They go, get caught, then die or bred for more slimes.

She kinda wanted to pitch a basic slime slaying class to the Adventurers’ Guild. Save some idiots.

But the kingdom wasn’t all that fond of change. These last few decades or so, a lot of kingdoms have been trying to crack down on the power and political pull guilds had on the land. Citizens recruited into guilds were able bodies not to going a local militia or the army or the rangers. Fact is, guilds are little disobedient city-states. They have and will steamroll the local monarchy in a bloodless coup.

The best way to handle that was to let the villagers and farmers see how many of their own die.

You could come back from the army or rangers or live in town as a militia member. But adventurers? Rude lawless half-cocked idiots that rolled into town smelling their own shit and then died in shit. Nobody really wanted that for their kid. Can’t pretend they’re living the high life when you know they’ve passed the town next over, starving and doing blowjobs for some spare change.

It truly was a numbers games. How many people needed to die before the guilds folded into line?
Rue’s breath hitched. Her hand, in mid-reach of her goal, the door handle to a city sewer grate, writhed in pain-pleasure. The sloot on her thighs reached her panties. The feel of them. The knowledge of it shifting into a slime crafted from conception to subdue her without mercy, to breed her until she laid slime eggs clutch after clutch! All designed to hunt after more mages like herself!

She threw herself at the grate, wrenching it open, and fled into the smaller city tunnels. Will weak.

The sloot between her thighs pushed up into the seat of her panties, fusing their unorganized forms into a single, tentacle-like mass. It pressed itself against her black undergarments. The whole of its body, not unlike the slime resting between her breasts, felt like a lush, thick tongue. With one stroke, it licked the drenched seat of Rue’s hip-clinging pair. Each vicious thrust towards her aching mound nudged those lower lips open. The freelance mage moved of her own accord, rocking into the sloot.

Her pussy mapped out, the slime-spunk went for her vulnerable clit and her twitching hole.

Rue careened into a staircase and fell between a pair of steps. Her hips and tail lifting up to encourage more. The sloot slapped her clit with no sense of grace or style. It was crude. Battering her clit until she could see nothing but stars and ringing bliss. She shouldn’t let this be the method that made her come undone but- But it’d been so long! Magic pearled along her body, bright and dense. Hungry as ever, the sloot devoured the mana feast. They grew into bulbous transparent chunks of slime and magic. Some sloot would fail to evolve into proper slime. Instead they hardened into cocoon weave.

Her hole clenched in need and lewd fluid trickled out, drizzling onto the tentacle-sloot.

The pussy-pounding sloot peeled her panties to the side. Its curved jiggling head pushed at her exposed hole, lapping at the feminine fluid. Rue moaned into the stairs. Face pressed against the cool concrete. The tentacle-sloot pushed in. Rue cried out. Her tail slammed against the staircase railing, cracking it into two. The sloot fucked her. Thrusting in and out as it vibrated, expanding inside of her.

Rue fought to turn onto her back. Her hips bouncing from the rapid force of each thrust through.

Fuck! The tentacle-sloot grew bigger and bigger, the shape of its ballooning length now visible through her skin. And the size of it, the great thickness of a slime cock slurping and squelching on her inner walls, was almost unbelievable. Every thrust in, it drove deeper. Desperate to have at her womb. Rue squeezed around it. The tentacle-sloot squished. It squished like overripe fruit, the sound so silly and wet. Rue snorted. Her sense of humor absolutely horrible. The sloot molded to her pussy walls as wetly and loudly as possible. Each thrust out, the slimy length would drag across her quivering folds.

Rue hiccuped from what little air the sloot would allow in. Driven out by girth and mad laughter.

The tentacle-sloot slammed straight in and buried itself as deep as possible. Unlike a normal cock, twitching before it came and cumming in a straight line. The sloot, well, exploded. Its form spewed forward as a bubble-filled load of slime and cum and eggs surged into her womb. Each bubble laced with a natural stimulant to finish the job. A successful pregnancy required a successful orgasm. They popped inside of her, splashing as much stimulant as possible everywhere. Her hips tilted upwards.

Rue cummed. Oh spirits, she came. Her tail slicing right through the solid concrete under her.

Her insides ushered the breeding mix in, unwittingly letting through a clutch of slime eggs sized the same as chicken ones right to her human womb. The space wasn’t meant for slime eggs. The slime fluid that eggs were carried in gunk themselves across her folds, making a filmy makeshift barrier.
There was a term for this sort of practice. Pussy plugging. All of the eggs pushed against her womb’s entrance, dousing it with stimulant fluid and slime sloot until it edged wide enough for them.

Rue laid there a twitching mess. Gasping as the slime eggs wiggled themselves in, the tiny vibrators.

Sloot, soon to be inert cocoon weave, went for her legs. They encased her knees and shot of strings of slime to the broken railing and the other to the side. Beginning the foundation for the den site. The sloot clustered to her back and tilted her up in a viable breeding position. Ass and pussy up and off the ground. As the fluid crammed in, Rue’s flat belly pudged out. Her womb a nest for Rue counted her orgasms- six eggs. Six slime eggs quite capable of moving in their egg sacks. They pushed at her womb.

The first clutch of slime eggs was generally the easiest. They’ll never hatch. Born to be little settlers.

Their purpose to adjust womb size and increase egg capacity. Or to form a womb where there was none. Slimes could nest and lay eggs just about anywhere. That was why there was so many variants of the same species running around. So diverse they were different genetic trees of the same source material. A forest slime was not a lake slime and vice versa. But introduce their offspring to the area, you wouldn’t have known the difference. Only that they adapt and adapt fast. Little waiting threats.

“Alright,” she spat out. “I’m done for the day. I already have one slime to deal with.”

Rue willed her magic into a single force and released a wave of ice across her body. Know your magic fundamentals, kiddos! Do a spell so often, you won’t need to speak it after a while. Save your chants for longer spells. Learn those short ones and learn them fast. The sloot froze and with her tail, Rue snapped the cocoon weave restraints. Oh shit. Rue wobbled onto her feet. Slime sloot and cum puddling right out.

Err, maybe she’d went too far. Probably should have froze it before it fucked her.

Rue dragged herself up the staircase and into a forgotten basement of a bath house. Pirewood residents could be really naive when it came to their buildings. All of Pirewood was built on top of the Eastern Sluice Drainwall. As buildings were built and tore down, the people forgot about the many tunnels leading straight up into their houses. That’s why slimes and rats and waterway monsters were a common problem. Accustomed to human homes and a safe nesting spot out of the Drainwall.

She opened the door leading to the fifth floor showers and killed a [Hero] standing there.

Wait, that couldn’t be right.
The Hero Meets His End(s)

Chapter Summary

The hero dies.

Chapter Notes


Author Note: And for you people reading for the story, there's some mild gore and detailed body regeneration. No vore.

Aulden died.

Ethan woke.

Eyelids flecked with blood, the lost soul stared up into a maw of many teeth. Hellish fangs crunched on what to be an iron shoulder-plate. The maw chomped and chewed, shrapnel and bits of beaten metal its crumbs. Ethan watched this with an unfamiliar sense of peace. A settled self. He was different. Different than he had been before. His mind whirled back to his earliest memories to the confusing now.

He couldn’t remember. Where he was. Who he was. His name. Why was he so sure he was Ethan?

Calm blanketed his form. He continued to stare, gauging the size and distance of that maw over him and his unlikely chances of escape. This calm was not natural. A disconnect between him and the body around him. The heart raced. The palms wet with sweat. The body was now screaming. The man. The man that he was not. The maw ate over them unconcerned, content with its scrap and armor.


The man lifted their head. Ethan revealed in the sensation of motion and breath and flesh in motion. It had been such a long time since he was allowed to think, to be, to feel. The man was dressed so odd too. He looked like a knight out of a video game. Red hair. Tanned skin. He kept on screaming. It must have been the blood loss. So much of it on the floor, spilling between the old floorboards. The smell.

The maw spat out the last of its meal and moved closed, fangs encircling that shrieking human.

Ah.

It was now red everywhere.
Ethan woke up.

Eyelids wet with fresh blood, the lost soul blinked blearily into a maw of familiar teeth. He knew every skull-crushing canine, every skin-flaying incisor. Ethan blinked again. Ethereal impulse melding into human instinct. These were his eyes now. And as they was his, so too did the rest of the body fall in line. He chose each breath. He picked each thought. Ethan was now alive, living. And he couldn’t understand why he hadn’t been doing so a second ago. That there existed measured periods in time when he wasn’t.

The maw was much smaller this go around.

Less like the endless jagged cage of a great beast and more like a person with a wide fang-filled smile. Huh, this place actually had a roof. He looked up and over to spot a ceiling and the night sky peeking in. Looking away with those blood-red teeth, Ethan realized that the maw belonged to a woman and that the woman was beautiful. She closed her maw. Gray inhuman eyes staring into his living ones.

The creature leaned over him. Her ash-white hair cascaded down. She smelt of blood and rock and field.

“Here again, spirit?” the monster spoke, her speech carrying a whimsical whistle to his ears. It was curiously adorable. A creature beyond all human comprehension with a voice so gentle, so fawn-like. He admired her. She bore a human-like shape. Arms and legs with a single head. Black horns curved up around her ears and a thick blue tail waved from behind. Ethan waved back. It was only polite.

Her black lips were glossy with blood. It suited her.

His hand moved and unhesitating, he touched her face. A thumb on those deadly lips. The horned creature murmured wordless sounds. She didn’t look opposed to his touch. She welcomed it. Ethan eased her lips open. The monster allowed it. His thumb swept in and he gazed once more into that marvelous maw. His finger skirted past the sharp tips and rows of glinting fangs. It met her tongue. Black and flat. Wide like the back of a brush. He pressed down on it, enjoying the sensation of it.

The horned beast closed her maw. His thumb locked in.

She sucked on his finger, steamy saliva trickled out in thick clear drops. He added another finger. Watching how easily she accepted it. Two fingers sliding in and out of her drooling mouth. Just the sight. Just the feel of her mouth on his skin. Her submissiveness. He wanted more. The horned beast noisily slurped his fingers. Her tongue looping around to make them pair together to make a cock-

Ethan couldn’t find his voice.

The lost human thrusted into her mouth, spellbound with how she looked at him. Her dark eyes glassy, glazed over with lust and the desire to simply submit to his whim. Did it feel good to her, he wondered? The creature’s mouth was intoxicatingly tight around his fingers. She milked them for cum that would never come. Her tongue lapping at the soaked tips. His breath hitched, wanting and weak.

She murmured again, slitted eyes now looking to please.

The horned creature opened her maw. Clouds of black smoke billowed out and Ethan took back his fingers, eyes on the silver string of saliva snapping into two. “Where do you want me?” the beast rumbled. Ethan swallowed and spoke. “I’m afraid you haven’t linked to the language of that human,
spirit. You will have to show me where I must serve you. Don’t be afraid. I permit your impudence.”

Ethan reached for her horn, sending strength to the almost unresponsive arm, and grabbed it.

He pulled. The horned creature gasped, weakly resisting, as he brought her down from her heavenly seat over him. Their bodies met. Her bare breasts pressed against his flat chest. It was then he realized that this body was stripped of clothes. The armor that it had donned before. The strange one with those gold seals around the chest and helm was in pieces, scattered around the room. She had eaten them. Metal parts half-chewed. Fabric parts nibbled, then spat out singed. He felt oddly grateful.

The monster glanced at him from half-lidded eyes. She looked so very much amused.

Ethan pushed her down to his cock, grunting from the new sensation her body brought. Her scales dragged across his skin. They were smoother than they looked and hot to the touch. Snake-like but soft, pliant. Ah-! His soft cock slapped against her face. He couldn’t stopped staring. The horned creature settled herself behind his cock, letting it rest against her face and nose. She nudged it forward, sniffing.

Her nose pressed hard against his balls and taint. Smoky breath swirling round the shaft, fangs gently nipping at his salt-smelling skin.

“Does this please you? I thought a spirit such as yourself would be beyond earthly pleasures. You're seeking it. Why?”

Ethan pushed her harder into his cock. “My, did I hit a nerve? Pleasure makes slaves of us all.” He upped his grip on her horn and brought his free one to the other. Huh. They were like bike handles in a way. “I suppose you didn’t know. I know not what manner of dark sorcery the humans committed but it involves you. You and that body you’re in. Perhaps it was yours? But it is no longer. Do you remember that name? His?”

Aulden.

“I-” Ethan yanked her forward, forcing her to service him. She cackled. The monster kissed his thick cock, licking and sucking at the swelling shaft. “I’m not-!” His cock slapped against her skin. Fleshy thuds overtaking the sounds of the long night. The creatures elsewhere that called, that howled. This wasn’t Earth. This wasn’t anywhere like Earth. Above, he saw a foreign sky through a wide hole.

Two moons stared down. One white and the other smaller, black.

“I found it odd that a mere human could resist death. I slew that hero because he annoyed me. I slew him again because he came back unharmed and unwilling to yield. It was fascinating to this beast. When the hero drew his last breath yet again, his flesh dissolved in a gold light. Your light. Then he returned the same. There was no magic I could sense. No trickery. He defied death. He defied me.”

“I am not that man. I wasn’t. Earth. I’m from- Who is he, this Aulden?”

“You’re in his body, aren’t you?” the horned beast noted. “If he had a relic, I thought to destroy it. If he earned a blessing from some stupid god, I thought to exhaust it. There were times through this night I was merciful. I let him go. And he came back, unwilling to leave without my head.”

Ethan lifted her head by her horns and pushed her face into his cock-head.

Cum smeared onto her gray scaly skin, streaks of white mixing with the human blood drying on her fat breasts. The horned creature opened her mouth. Her eyes twinkling. She glanced at him once
more, her maw glinting in the moonlight. Daring him to do it. To tame her. Ethan brought her down, unwilling to yield. His cock pushed in, his length bulging through her cheeks. He looked at her.

“Don’t bite.”

The monster raised an eyebrow. Who was he to be ordering her around? Who was he to think he held even an ounce of power in the exchange? She saw it in her eyes. Her light amusement warming into a smoldered rage. Ethan meant what he said. “Don’t bite,” he repeated.

“You dare to order me-!”

Ethan cocked a grin and slid home.

Her words, whether they were meant to be warning or a dismissal, were fucked out of the equation. Ethan had her. Her spirit so much weaker than his. Their bodies linked, he couldn’t resist the urge to take. Gold light washed over her form, surging in and out of her body. His presence given form. The horned creature went slack around his cock. Drool and weak little cries dribbled out. Ah, she was so much more obedient now. She only had one purpose now, one charge. To bring them both pleasure.

“Touch yourself for me now, precious.”

The monster lifted her long tail. Her body trembling as she did so, the horned creature still resisting and resisting, her spirit a flutter within his true unfathomable maw. He meant her no harm. He sent that feeling towards her, a balm to her worry. They shared the same sensations now. He urged her thighs to part and they did so. He called her tail to rub against her pussy and it submitted, touching her. The pleasure went both ways. The sweet jolt of her clit now teased by her tail tip. His cock burrowing inside.

“You’re doing so good. I know you were looking for something like this. I know you, dragon.”

The horned creature stirred, her will reignited to fight against his. Strange. She was already so open to him. Despite her outward struggle, she gave in. Scattered thoughts and words and fears fell into his consciousness. He caressed them all. She was so lonely. She was so scared of the future, of her fate. The dragon didn’t need to be. He was here. He’d carry it all for her. Those mortal worries. Beautiful.

He slowed his thrusts inside of her. Her mouth felt so good around him, hot and tight.

Ethan opened his intangible maw and let loose her spirit. Tasting it inside of him, he now knew she wasn’t a living creature. She was artificial. An echo of a dragon sorceress that thought to escape death. The body she was in was not her own. The same circumstances of his own. Yet her fate was a crueler one. A lingering memory was not as strong as a lost soul. She would fade into her vessel.

Loathing flared at him. She hated that he now knew that fact, that worthless weakness.

Ethan petted her head. Nothing was worthless in all of the unknown universe. He wished he could show her what he knew. What no living thing would ever know. His chest tightened and the long-lost sense of cumming -god had it really been that long- took him by surprise. He came. His cock jerked inside of her mouth and liquid pleasure surged out. He couldn’t stop it. His hips plunged in as far as he could. Balls smashed against her plump, pillowy lips. The dragon gulped. Her throat clenching around his softening shaft. The skin so sensitive that it shot off again. His lungs creaked. His breath stilled. Ah, this pleasure. He had forgotten it. He had forgotten what it meant to come undone.

The horned creature spoke around his cock. “Audacious.”
“I imagine that’s not a compliment,” Ethan answered, much more assured of himself. Of itself, really. It knew things Ethan didn't. It had existed long before light came to be in the great cosmic stew and it would exist long after all universe in all of the infinite would cease.

Ethan was of no greater purpose. Ethan was a role it had been given.

It needed Ethan no longer. And yet, it could not will itself to vacate the body. It now had a name. A lovely name. Ethan. He was Ethan. No more. No less. It puzzled over this fact as Ethan relaxed in post-coital bliss. The dragon spat out his shaft and the human enjoyed his work. The red in her face and those sweet swollen lips. “Why did you help me?”

The dragon snorted.

“I helped myself. I thought you might have been another of my make. A cursed object being employed by the kingdom. I sought to find and eat you to preserve myself a little longer. My hatchling. My darling hatchling. She is so obstinate. She refuses to take any of what I want to teach her. I don’t have long. I’ve fed and hunted and marked places for her to rest. But she is too young, she will not know.”

“Your hatchling is that body?”

“She is inheriting my power. What else could she be but my heir?” the dragon said, wistful. “She does not know how to shed her scales. She cannot fly. Her wings yet to grow in. She starves herself like humans do. My hatchling does not understand she cannot pretend to be like them no longer. Spirit, let us make a deal. I have something that you do not have. Something you want dearly.”

“Oh?” it spoke, thinking of devouring her consciousness completely. “What could that be? I could take it from you anytime I wish.”

The dragon cackled.

“A man dies three deaths. The cruelest of which is when his name is uttered no more. But you would know this, wouldn’t you? You told me yourself not only an hour ago. I know you Ethan or do I? You don’t seem agreeable to my terms yet, Ethan. Let us consort Aulden. He may persuade you yet.”

Wait-!

“Wake up, Aulden.”

A single second within a multiverse of infinite end could not even finish a sentence in the great annuls of time and existence. Such an irrelevant footnote as a mortal being, as the human known as Ethan, was outrageously and pitifully so below to be mentioned or remembered or noted. It should not bear that name. It should not cling to him as desperately as he does. As all things occur and have occurred and will not occur ever. Lives born. Lives dead. The universe turns. The universe ceases.

Ethan remembered trillions more and yet-

Of all forms it is and will be and will never be, Ethan had been its first separated from the infinite.

And Ethan had been stolen.

The infinite cares not for a single life but taken with Ethan, bottled inside, a shard of it cares greatly.
And it longed to be called by its name.

“Hello again, Aulden.”

Ethan remembers-

[Commencing Dimensional Summon]

…

[Searching]

…

[Searching]

…

[Hero Candidate Found]

…

[Portal Transfer Successful]

[Welcome Ethan Fletcher, Summoned Hero]

Consciousness swept into a corpse’s eyes.

Huh, hadn’t he died? Just another broken body dragged into the undercurrent with a dozen or so cars. Ethan would have managed to breached the river’s surface if a steel pillar didn’t follow him on the way down. Who could have dodged that? It impaled him straight through and he drowned, trapped. As a cause of death, it wasn’t particularly bad. Painful as hell. But quick. His body went within six minutes.

But his soul, his consciousness, that was a different story. Turns out if you don’t believe in anything-

Ethan blinked. Fish-eaten eyelids restitching and regrowing into proper skin. Ethan blinked again, marveling at the insignificant motion. You know, he died with his eyes opened. Got to watch the little bastards gnaw and tear their way into his rotting skull to get at the soft meat. Ethan willed his eyes to blink once more. He hadn’t been dead so long to forget that there was a pattern to it. It’d been easy.

Personally, he didn’t miss being human. Too much upkeep with an unattractive design flaw.

Ethan’s forgetting something, wasn’t he? He’s blinking. Check. He’s thinking. Check. This was his original body, right? Ethan peered down on his skeletal hand and the muscles coiling around each sun-bleached bone. He might have died in the Hudson but his bones washed up far and wide down the east coast. Hah, he remembered. Breathing! Ethan’s forgotten how to breathe. The reviving corpse banged his fist onto his rag-wearing rib-cage. Cause that was all it was at the moment. A bone cage.

He took that first breath, then heaved for all his worth onto the floor. Shit, he forgot pain! The worst.

Swallowed teeth and a shriveled strip of tongue meat washed onto the floor. The original one, he guessed. A new one regrew in his mouth and so did the teeth, his canines and fronts lengthening until they were the right size for a human. Ethan slid his tongue around them. Were they supposed to be this sharp? And they lengthen at will. Ethan tested them. His top row lengthening like knives.

Must have been a mistake on the miracle. Human anatomy was tricky right off the bat.

Ethan brought his eyes up from the floor. Hmmm… He didn’t remember this many people dying in the accident on the bridge. He frowned. Remembering how to human and remembering how to
remember like a human was pretty hard. His mental processes kept on splintering apart. Monitoring eye lubrication. Monitoring lung capacity. Hmmm… Ethan pounded his chest. There it goes. Thudding softly in his chest. Now monitoring heartbeat. His eyes bounced across the marble floors and banner-dressed stone walls.

All the banners proclaiming 10th Centennial Hero Summon.

Interesting.

Ethan sat up in a more dignified position, the river water on the floor drying into translucent golden dust.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the hero-seeking kingdoms, I ask that you settle yourself once more. We seemed to have summoned a twelfth hero. I know that twelve is an unfortunate number. An insult to the saints. But in our records, we’ve had summoning accidents before! The 8th Centennial Hero Summoning led to a goat joining the heroes of six. The one before that, a monster gifted wisdom.”

Ethan craned his head to the speaker, a portly court-dressed man. Summoning accident?

“This one perished on arrival,” the man exclaims, “Had it not been for the saints’ benevolence, we would have gotten a corpse for a candidate. A true scandal. Clearly, had he been meant to take up the mantle, he would have survived the summoning. He did not. I had a scribe divine his stats. Look up.”

Overhead, a translucent screen appeared bearing his name and numbers. Strange rpg-like numbers.

Ethan Fletcher [Summoned Hero]
[Titles]: [Hero], [the Summoned], [Summoned Hero]
[LVL]: Undefined
[Race]: Summoned
[Species]: Off-World Human
[HP]: 0/0
[MP]: 0/0
[Saint Boon]: [CORRUPTED], [CORRUPTED], [CORRUPTED]

“It’s worse than a commoner’s,” a woman called out, “I did not come to see such a poor showing!”

An out roar broke out across the grand hall.

Men and women babbling about curses of all things.

“The saints do this every centennial! It’s their way of joining the fun. Calm yourselves! Remember the goat. He’s a joke candidate. Far as the royal scribes are concerned, he does not count as a poor draw or a sign of interference. We watched the saints revive him before our eyes. He’s their lucky draw.”

Ethan arched an eyebrow. “You didn’t jam my spirit back into this corpse on purpose?”

“Oh um-” the speaker stuttered, “Officially, you are considered a failed hero candidate. Don’t be dismayed at my words! It’s the proper term for it, good lad. To be considered a proper hero candidate, you must arrive from another world. Be capable of slaying fearsome threats. And of course, wield magic. All humans here can do so. With your stats the way that they are, it would be like throwing a babe to the wolves. Utterly unreasonable. Hero, why are you making that face! It doesn’t suit you at all! Rejoice!”
“I am-” Ethan searched for the right word. “-present again. I find that to be irresponsible. I am to reside over the infant star system in-”

“Hero, you’re looking at it wrong! You have been gifted with a second chance. You look young, eh! Have you actually accomplished any of your life goals? Did you marry? Did you make money? Were you happy? I bet not or otherwise you wouldn’t have died so early. Why would you question this?”

Question? All he’s asking who does he blame for this awful mix-up.

“I did not die on arrival. This organism has been deceased for five of Earth’s years. I spent the first few days trapped inside of my corpse, unable to comprehend the fact that I was still capable to reason with a dead brain. I was still pinned. I couldn’t move. It hurt. The water. The pressure. The teeth of the fish.”

Ethan breathed slowly. “With time, I let go of being human. It was a distraction to what I must acc-”

“You are speaking a dead man’s madness,” the speaker declared, “I think you need to have a drink. The saints do not revive the true dead. Those beyond a month’s window. That’s a blasphemy that even they would never commit. Go drink. Eat. Remember the joy of just living and eating and now.”

The portly man signaled to a court aide. He resumed addressing the crowd.

“Par the summoning rite, the current [Summoned Hero] shall be given free passage between continents and be hosted in any kingdom he chooses. As for the other hero candidate, choose wisely which kingdom shall sponsor you. Until you have reached basic mastery in any of the weapon arts, you will be kept from wandering as you please. Kingdoms, court your candidates!”

A thick brown towel dropped onto Ethan and he was quickly ushered from the stage by the court aide.

But something happened-

Ethan blinked.

There was a dragon-like woman over him.

“How we have a deal?”

Ethan grinned.

“Of course. I will kill them all.”
Chapter Summary

Words settled between her sloping mounds. “I’m here.”

Chapter Notes


IMPORTANT: This chapter has explicit references rape/non-con encounters that female lead has had. Hence the tag. For those who might be not like to read that thing, you have been warned.

“My name. My name was Ethan. I can’t believe. I can’t believe I forgot that. Ethan from Earth.”

Rue opened her eyes to a farmhouse left to rot.

She swept her sight over what was available on her side of the room. Looking to draw as little attention to herself as possible. There was a man in the room. A man she didn’t know. An Ethan. Rugs of green invading moss weakened the floorboards, their roots winding low and round the wood. Wild ivy conquered the left wall. A canopy of leafy green and peeling paint sticking to the widest leaf. Rue looked for their point of access. It was the ceiling. The collapsed ceiling, rather. Simply put, this place was a shit-hole. Rue sniffed the air. Okay, that was a little mean. She's woken up in places far more worse than this. It smelled okay if nature and trees were your thing. It wasn't hers.

The mage tapped a little of her magic into the floorboards, realizing then that she was stripped naked.

Plump breasts tipped with puffy pale nipples greeted her eyes. All of her slender nude frame tinted blue. Just great. She knew that shade. The deadman’s blue. Rue turned her attention to her hand. Fingers armored in hardened scale. Black flesh-severing talons as nails. She clacked her talons together, confirming the worst possible situation. She was not only kidnapped but kidnapped as this. Even better. Now more people knew what her fucked-up curse self looked like. More people to find. More people kill. Yay.

Rue brought a claw to her neck, confirming the collar and crueler, that curse was indeed active.

White feathers and wintry fluff met her finger. A feathery plume grown around the base of her neck. She drew her dagger-like talon down until it met crystal. Here it was. She tapped it. The cursed collar that started this whole mess. Rue used to be an ordinary unemployable mage before she found this trap. Down in the depths of the Eastern Sluice Drainwall, magic items were a profitable find. It tricked her. Donned the look of a priceless pendant. Black with a single dragoneye jewel. She put it on and-
This was the result. A curse to turn into a man-eating myth, a dragon.

Rue stifled a snort. She called on her magic, hoping to have a number on the crooks in the house. Bandits and rogues rarely worked solo. Gangs even less so. There was a steady stream of new adventurers dumb enough to walk around with their entire life savings to make the criminal life profitable. The more men you had, the more naive marks you could shake down in a day.

Her magic reported back with a rudimentary scan of the house.

The farmhouse had been abandoned for some time. About three months or so according to the lack of charge on the protection runes. The ward stones cracked. Five or so corpses on the first floor. Their bodies weren’t fresh. Rue could already guess how they died. A bad harvest too many, they thought that maybe they could get by on not replacing their ward stones. But without them, monsters came.

Civilians got stupid when it came to monsters. They thought an ax and some courage would do.

They failed to understand that the greatest achievement for mankind yet, and their useless lives, was the ward stone. Civilians had many misconceptions. They thought monsters only attacked at night. They believed they could tell the difference between a docile one and a hostile one. It was all nonsense. Monsters could and would attack day and night. And they would do so as a horde.

See, ward stones shielded homes and human-occupied land from monsters. Hid them, really.

Monsters couldn’t attack what they didn’t know was there. When the ward stones were down, all monsters in the local area now knew there was territory unclaimed by any of them. Humans considered pests at best. Food at worse. They would come en-mass, an endless stream of bats and beasts and slimes and undead. Killing everything and everyone on the land until it was settled.

What was settled, you might ask? The territory dispute. If no monsters lived there, nothing lived there.

The old farmhouse groaned. Straining itself to be somewhat of a shelter. Houses built with ward stones tended to gain a weak bit of sentience from the decades it housed people. Given time, this sentience would fade. But the farmhouse was now awake and aware of the squatters. The structure shook as it made itself more hospitable. Visibly closing the vermin-made holes along the floor.

“Ethan. How did I forget that before? I kept on asking the princess and she kept on calling me that name.”

Warm wispy air brushed against Rue’s ear. Those rambling words colliding onto her soft skin. The strange man was next to her, curled up against her legs and back. Just where did he think he was? A brothel with his favorite whore? He was cuddling her. One arm, her pillow. The other on her body. Ethan nuzzled into her lilac hair. She wondered why he didn’t run. Why he held her so simply?

For practical reasons, Rue killed anyone who invited themselves to her sleeping figure.

It was simply good business. She cared little for their reasons. Thieves and bandits and rapists traveled the same roads as she did. And you would never know when an adventurer had decided they had enough. Friend to your face while in the night bringing a blade to your neck. But this man seemed content to rest against her. Naked as she was. Vulnerable as she was. She’d been held hostage before.

Men. Women. They’d take clothes and weapons and threaten her body for coins they wouldn’t find.
Rue remembered those strange shakedowns. She came across crooked adventurers more often than you’d think. No one wants to be threatened by those amateurs. They couldn’t be satisfied. They’d demand more and more. Power-hungry to the point of being drunk. Money wouldn’t be enough. She remembered their grubby filthy hands, male or female, fondling her body. A rope around her neck.

The mage’s hips gave a desperate horny twitch.

Sometimes, she didn’t kill criminals right away. They failed to understand the visible differences between a mage lost from her party and a freelance mage alone on a hunt. Mages in adventuring parties tended to be freshly-minted from the academies. They shouted their spells and was awkward in battle. Relying on the swordwielders and shieldbearers to protect them from most frontal attacks. They’re dumbasses basically. Baby mages with their shitty staffs and shit-all ability to fight.

Rue was quite uncommon in that regard. She needed no verbal words to call forth a blade of ice among other uncommon things.

But those fools didn’t know that. They’d gagged her like a skittish waif and held her staff hostage, thinking she was tamed. The cruelest thing you could do to a mage was to break their first staff. The one they raised from seed in academy. The sickest? Well, that would be to fuck them with it.

Rue recalled how those amateurs liked to do it. They all did it the same. All so uninspired.

She would be thrown onto her back, arms and wrists tied as they stood over her. Knave’s first fuck. She’d kick at them. That’s what they expected her to do. Put up a fight, squirming on the ground. It got them off. A man would pull out his sorry-looking dick and cum on her. A woman, she’d sit her ass on Rue’s face. Riding it to the first of many orgasms of the night. Then they forced her thighs apart.

Rue grinded her hips back into Ethan, caught in her reverie. Her tail a flickering mess.

Those crooks wanted her to see them doing it. Had her eagle-spread, knees pointing to each wall. Threats were uttered. Slaps were given. She didn’t much liked being slapped. But she endured it for them to get to the good part. Insults to her wet cunt. Insults to how they’d make her a whore. Then they’d bring out her oh so precious staff. She’d wail to have it back and they’d give back. To her cunt.

She supposed they would have done it with or without her permission. But she allowed them to do it.

Rue had her reasons. They weren’t exactly clean ones. About one shakedown a few years back escalated to the point that a crooked swordsman would try to rape her. The fear that should have been there wasn’t. At that time, she figured out how to cast her weakest spell non-verbally. She could stop him. She could kill him. And that power, that delirious power over his life, was intoxicating.

Knowing that his last moments were in the palm of her hand was almost better than breath itself.

Rue couldn’t restrain herself then and she couldn’t do it each escalated shakedown since. The crooked adventurers forced her pussy lips open with the fake staff. They’d insult her some more. Whore. Slut. Spit on the staff to make it move slicker. The spit a waste. She was already so wet her slit might as well find work in a bath house. They were so full of themselves. Unable to notice how she drew them deeper. Dictated each thrust in and each thrust out. Urging them to fuck harder and harder. Spirits.

Crooks always thought themselves clever.
And then she killed them. What? She owed them nothing. They were rapists and thieves and
lowlifes. What if they attacked someone who couldn’t defend themselves? What if they already did?
Rue carried odd desires. It was true. But she didn’t attack people or leave them off worse than dead.

Honestly, she was doing a service. She was the wrong target. The last victim.

Rue’s hips twitched again. She discreetly lifted a hip, bringing a talon to her lips. She bit off the
sharp tip, her tongue shifting into that of sandpaper and rubbed it down. Perfect. The mage licked the
softer pad of the talon’s underside and led it to her thighs. Rue exhaled slowly. Steam left her
nostrils, a stream of curling, twirling white. It had been a while since she had time to simply breathe.
Or perhaps this was the instinct of a dragon. To lounge in sun and light and pleasure as long as
possible.

Early morning blue ebbed in from the hole in the straw-thatched ceiling, spilling over the two of
them.

Rue grinded into her finger. The talon sliding in with ease into her lower lips. There we go. Her free
knee rocked left and right. The vibration crossing up and around her body. She honestly didn’t know
if dragons had human-like bodies for not. Their remains had been found. Skeletons of epic size and
terror but dragons were recorded with the ability to change in size. Why not in form as well?

But she felt more like a human invaded with scales and feathers than a proper mythic beast.

Under tender breasts, blue diamond-shaped scales wreathed across her skin. They acted almost like
the shoulder-less bodices she saw in the tailor’s. Lifting under her dragon-enhanced bust while
providing armor to her lungs and squishy parts. If she concentrated, she could grow the scales over
them. Rue supposed maybe that was the reason of their placement. To provide cover when
necessary.

Rue dragged her dulled talon onto her clit, circling the little blue bud.

It was strange how blue it actually was. Pussy folds a sweet blue. All her pinker parts now varying
shades of blue. Nothing had been spared. Not even her tongue, now long and a dark fleshy blue.
Rue opened her toothy maw. She drew out her serpentine length, letting it spill out and drag onto her
breast. She felt Ethan. His tumbling breath missing from her yearning skin. She indulged in it.
Then continued. Her tongue slid around her thick breast, squeezing it tight and firm.

She could taste herself. Skin and sweat and scale. Her tongue’s tip drew itself up to graze along the
ring of darker flesh that sat on her breast. The sensitive skin there tightening and tensing for her
captive audience. She flicked it against her nipple. The little blue nub stiffening. She flicked it again.
Ethan shuddered against her. An ever-present spectator. His breath now heated gasps fluttered onto
her neck. It was kinda cute, watching a man give to his desires, to her demanding desire.

With him more or less aware of what she was doing, Rue stretched her hip over him.

She needed the space. Her dragon tail caught between her pert ass and his tenting slacks. Rue’s
tongue swept over her nipple. Lathering it with thorough attention. Her finger teased her blue pussy.
Sex took the room. Guess dragons smell more fragrantly than other creatures mid-fuck. It didn’t
smell quite human. Fleshy and hot and womanly. No, it smelled stranger than that. Thick and ripe
and rich like molten metal fresh from the forge. It would, wouldn’t it? Her internal temperature ten
degrees hotter than a human with a fever.

“Can I-”
Rue blinked. She figured that all this time she’d been kidnapped by an addled idiot.

“Can I touch you?”

He was asking for permission? He cared about a dragon woman he brought here against her will? Ethan didn’t seem all that aware of the real world. He spoke in circles. On and on about his name and a woman who called him the wrong one. This Aulden. Impulsively, her tail slapped against his clothed cock. His hips jerked under her. Desperate for more touch and friction. Rue kinda liked it. Different.

“I want to touch you,” she said, snorting, since kidnappers asked for permission now, “Can I?”

“Y-Yeah.” Rue used her tail and dragged it against his baggy slacks. The shape and make of most villagers wore east of Pirewood. Ethan was so naive. Why hadn’t he worn more of disguise? Didn’t he know that people could track you down from the clothes you wore on your back. The littlest detail. His cock swelled, bulging thickly through the fabric. So much so her tail took ahold of it, tightening.

In the long list of filthy shit she’s done, glory holes excluded, Rue hasn’t made a man cum in his pants.

She pushed him onto his back and clawed her way on, minding her talons as she went. His clothing might be something worth to be pawn later. Their eyes met. You’d think a man this handsome wouldn’t stoop so low to kidnapping people. With a face like that, Rue wouldn’t mind following him home. His eyes were green. Should be green. But they had a gold-ish glimmer to him. A divine one.

Rue rubbed at her eyes. It’s been years since she was a orphaned twerp among many stuck at an Aulra temple. That color couldn't be right.

She stared into his bright ones again. Green fading into that divine gold. Must be the curse messing with her. Anything shiny became the shiniest to the dragon inside of the collar. Ethan had a pretty face. Skin an uneven tan around his shoulders and hands. His face and neck a tawny pink. Farm labor a dead giveaway. Messy red hair crowned his head, the white tips crinkling as it rested onto his skin.

Rue touched his face. Talons brushing the white streak in his mane of red. Huh. It wasn’t dust?

Meanwhile, she tortured his cock. The mage dragged herself further up his waist, giving herself room to worm her tail into his slacks. Rue balanced herself on her knees. Bringing them to lock her prisoner between two thick trembling thighs. Ethan got an eyeful of everything. Hips spread, she fingered her pussy lips apart. He blushed like a virgin. His white face smeared with pink. She grinned, drinking it in.

Her tail coiled around his length, rougher scales receding into her smoother under-scales.

Rue didn’t bother with the crown of his cock. She’d get to it when she was ready. No, she wanted his balls. Cock bound, her tail tip fondled his churning balls. They felt so heavy and full. She squished them, watching Ethan’s twisting face. He wasn’t really here. Not yet, anyways. Ethan slipped in and out of mental clarity. Dazed like he been dosed by a yearling’s spore. But his body? Oh, it wanted her.

Her tail clenched around his shaft. Sticky cum painting his slacks a fine new white.

Rue took Ethan’s hand, removing the glove off it. Interesting. It had a royal crest on it. The mark of the Aligned Kingdoms up over on the Central Continent. She wondered where he stole this from.
These gloves weren’t safe to keep. A knight in the service would spot and lock you up for thief of the castle. Didn’t matter which castle, either. These things were best chucked and pawned as fast as possible.

She freed him of it and took his fingers into her mouth. That hot gaze of his. Ethan was back.

“Hello, precious.”

Spirits, he was cheesy. “Hello Ethan. Are you with me now?”

“Course I am. I’m-” he struggled for a bit. “Ethan, yes. I was Ethan.”

His eyes fell on her lips then the glinting fangs in her great maw. Rue sucked on his salty digits. Her long tongue flicking across his knuckles. His hand was soft. Too soft. They felt like an infant’s, gentle and faintly smelling of soap. She licked for callouses and coarse skin. The sort you’d find on most lowlifes doing an easy score. He lacked them. His skin unmarked and pristine- She bit him, growling.

Ethan grunted. A bit of his blood running down his held hostage hand. She gave him a weak smile.

Rue cleaned it up, licking as slow and delicately as possible. She hadn’t meant to bite him. Ethan’s cock stiffened between her tail coils. Oh, this is what got him off? The mage kissed his fingers, lavishing them with her apologies. He seemed a little more aware. His eyes falling to her blood-wet lips. Rue licked the last of his fingers cleaned and brought them to her thighs. Ethan bent them, taking action.

“You’re here, Ethan,” she said as a jest, “Welcome to Plethora, dummy.”

“You’re a dragon,” Ethan spoke, the first fully-aware statement he directed to her. It sounded almost like a question. He moved his fingers to her lower lips, his thumb sinking into her steamy folds. Ah-! The strange man explored them. Fingers dipping into her wet slit. She thought to answer him but he said something else. “You’re real,” he said, marveling at her dewy cunt. Two fingers pushing up and in.

Rue pumped his cock. Pre-cum oozing down thick coils squeezing around him.

Ethan thrust his fingers in and out. What was happening? She felt so dizzy and hot, feet curling from the bubbling pleasure. Those eyes. His eyes raked her body. Her pussy clenched and she came, a little. Her weak orgasm a hazy thought with Ethan pushing her onto her back. He loomed over her. His wispy breath sprinkling across her jutting breasts. Then his lips. Soft things pressing onto her skin. It was-

“Ethan?” she Breathed. Her head heavy with the all-consuming weight of his full attention. “Ethan.”

Words settled between her sloping mounds. “I’m here.” A kiss. “I’m here with you, a dragon.” Another. “For once, I can’t really think of any other place I should be. I oughta thank you for that. You know my name. You know I’m real. Say it. Say it for me, my precious dragon.” There he went again, talking weird. She humored him. Called his name over and over as he kissed her breasts, wanting more.

"You know exactly how to be a good girl, don't you?"

He slung her leg over his shoulder.

A hand undoing the belt holster on his slacks.
Rue tried to lift herself up, wanting to see the best part of letting a crook fuck her. Dick out. Sin in. Ethan held her down. A hand on her belly. So, he thought he was in control here? Rue freed his cock making sure to spitefully shake his cum all over the both of them. The bastard chuckled. Ethan dragged his cock across her folds, smearing his white into her blue. The sound of it. He was a nasty guy, wasn’t he? Liked to listen to the squelch and fleshy slap of their bodies. Her ears burned, thinking of anyone hearing it.

Ethan found her slit and eased it open, his cock-head soundly crushed by her inner walls.

Men liked their woman tight right off the bat. Dragons, well, they liked their men cumming upon entry. They cried out at the same time. Her slit widened for a brief moment of mercy, Ethan dazed yet again, and she kicked his shoulder, demanding he push all the way in. She could sense the exact amount of seed wasting inside of his cock. Ethan wasn’t moving. Her talons dug into his shirt, shaking him.

“Ethan, I need you to finish what you started. You have a lot of nerve to just-”

Warble.

Rue slammed her jaw shut. Her human sounds ended in a dragon warble. A whiny warbling cry that danced between casual public humiliation and the standard, ‘oh fuck, I’m a dragon’ horror. And Ethan, that awful laughing bastard, liked it. “Make that for me again, precious.” No. She would not. That was a mistake- She warbled again, the sound coming from her chest. “I like it.” She didn’t. This was terrible. "Don't you want to make that sound for me again? I bet I could help you along too. Watch this."

Ethan plunged further in, the stupid fuck. She hoped it hurt. His cock smashed from all sides.

Look at him. The bastard had the nerve to be smiling. His eyes on her lips. If he thought he could get her to make that sound again, he had another thing coming- Ethan leaned low and kissed her. Her lips nudged open. Oh saints, she couldn’t feel her toes. Ethan rocked into her, his cock free only a few inches before her inner walls would suck his length back in. She had a feeling that male dragons sported sheaths. The way her pussy was acting, it was looking to knot with one.

“Don’t get fussy,” Ethan said, pulling her hips flush to him. “I know you need this.”

What was he talking about- His hand found her tail and forced it up, fingers searching until it bumped into her second slit, her second pussy. No! He needed to stop. He had no idea what he was messing with- Rue arched, her heels slamming against the floor. Ah-! His fingers wedged themselves into her tail slit. Female dragons carried a second breeding orifice. A slit hidden behind the base of their tails. But he shouldn’t have known that. No one knows that but her, the last living dragon in human history!

Her womb clenched and liquid pleasure gushed down her inner walls, slicking the space.

“Bet that feels good, precious. Been waiting for me to do that the whole time.” Ethan slid out, taking all her coherent thoughts with him. “You didn’t claw me up either.” His cock was gone. He’d left her without a drop. “You’re a good girl for waiting.” Ethan pushed in, a steady stroke splitting her insides. “Tell me now, how do good girls say thank you?” The dragon warbled, her tongue lolling out. Rue clutched her mouth. That wasn't her. That was the collar! She wasn't willingly making that-Warble. Oh, today was the worst!

“Mmmh, I like that.”
Ethan gripped her hips and fucked with vigor. His thrusts pistoned deep, his balls slapping against the back of her ass. The dragon rumbled under him. With his free hand, he fingered her tail slit. Fondling the pair of clits that sat across each other. Her pussy squeezed his cock, her inner folds caressing the underside of his shaft. Her insides re-positioning his line of fire. Like with her two slits, dragons had an extra womb for various breeding purposes. However, these wombs, rather breeding sacs, were for-

His cock jerked inside her. Rue struggled to think. There was something she was forgetting.

Ethan came. Rue locked her legs around him and forcing him to hilt in. He cried out, her pussy now an iron brace around him. Her pussy walls stimulating him to the razor-thin edge of pain and pleasure. It didn’t matter if he fired his load or not now. Cum streaked her insides but his cock was caught mid-climax. He was still so very hard. His cock convulsing, shot off another rich load. Her insides gulped it.

Something very, very important as in egg or eggs or the difference between fertilized and unfertilized eggs.

The path to her human womb closed and his fertile seed was directed elsewhere, the worst possible elsewhere. Pleasure coursed through her clits and then back. This was a dragon’s orgasm? Why wasn’t it? Why wasn’t it stopping! It kept going and going. It surged to her soul and she shook, roaring. Her tail wrenched away from his hand and slammed, smashing a crater in the floor. She sobbed. Oh saints! Her orgasm continued, her pussy still milking his cock. A space inside of her drinking his seed.

The more she stored, the stronger that current of electric ecstasy would course through her veins.

“Calm down, Rue.”

She stared at him through wet, widening eyes. How the fuck did he know her name?

“We’ve done this before.”
Palmtop Heroine (Draft 1) NO SEX

Chapter Summary

Ellis Cauldwell was an ordinary paper-pusher when he finds himself summoned by a cocky mage hell-bent to have a drop of the greatest power known in the universe.

Which is, apparently, stored in his balls.

Chapter Notes

It's the opening prologue to Palmtop Heroine (a trashy light novel) that I am working on right now. This draft is fine and I might follow up on for another story. It's rather more serious in feel than the other draft that I'll be posting along with it.

Give it a read and let me know if you prefer this over draft 2.

Thanks in advance.

Nothing like a bit of unpaid overtime to get a man’s priorities in order.

Ellis lets his head hit the glass. Jesus! These annual stag parties have gone too far. The gaudy veneer of this place just isn’t doing it for him. He can’t strut along like a proper underling, coiffed curls and a perfectly punchable smile, with upper management and his pack of fellow ass-kissers. No matter how much he thinks of it... it’s nothing but public masturbation!

“Remember, men! We all equal with our desire here. Brilliant beasts in the sheets!”

Soft light seeps under the glinting gaps of the glass stall like a piss-yellow pint tipped into a toilet. This ritzy VR joint has all the status symbols. Velvet carpeting. Candle-lit lighting. Attractive waitstaff. But hell if any of it matters. The company stag parties have always, always been rigged. But to be this blatant, someone must be off their rocker! Questions cram themselves into his skull. Why here? Why now? Who told the old fogies about this place?

The old bastards prefer live entertainment.

Ellis pinches the bridge of his nose. Tonight won’t end well, will it? He’s not naive enough to join the, uh, activities. Morons grouping together to make fools of themselves in the name of male solidarity. Don’t get it twisted. He’s one of em. A moron drawing a salary all the same. But there’s a fine line between corporate coward and corporate chew toy that he ain’t crossing.

No one’s equal here. The stag party is a glorified whipping event for upper management.

Ellis clasps his fingers together. Here is how it goes. Bootlickers: Mocked. Flunkies: Blackmailed. Underlings: Reminded of their place. That’s the hierarchy of power. Surely, his lack of participation is noted. Ellis lets out a huff. He’ll pay for it. They always make sure the spoilers of a stag party do. He’ll be given shit work and dead accounts for at least a season if not more.
But what more could they expect? He isn’t tech-savvy when it comes to full-immersion VR tech.

God, he can’t help but make air-quotes. You’d think business types wouldn’t fall for the same meaningless buzzwords. Can’t be full-immersion when people can see the user publicly cumming into a plastic rig. Ellis shudders. God knows, they’re probably recording it.

Dust sticks to his rumpled suit. He peers through the two-way glass, watching people pass.

Ellis thumbs his temples. All he needs to do is give upper management some blackmail and to be honest, a bit of masturabation is on the low end of terrible. Ellis shudders again. What if off-work friends saw it? He doesn’t plan to be a wage slave forever. What if he opens a restaurant and some psycho from the cubicle next over starts playing a clip of his debauchery to his customers. You can’t trust these people. Ellis groans into his hands. He’ll never live it down.

Strength leaves him. Visions of him jerking the john swarm his eyelids.

“It’s not that bad.” he bleats, trying to trick himself into believe it. “It’s not that bad. I’m twenty-four. People have shitty videos of themselves all the time. It’s not a career-ender. My mother still doesn’t know how to work a computer. I’m fine. So many other men do it.”

Ellis slinks to the floor. Couldn’t they’ve gone to a real whorehouse? He needs actual stimulation.

His eyes fly around the little hiding spot he’s chosen. A ‘suite’ composed of flimsy glass walls and hanging panels of soundproof foam. Call it a stall is rude but Ellis doesn’t care. It’s not like he paid to be here. Screw it. His presence here is even ruder. Outside the little veiled opening, an outrageously lavish sign of Reserved was of course happily ignored by yours truly. Couldn’t hope of not being bothered anywhere else. He should rejoin the throng of morons but, but…

Ellis supposes he’ll be shooed out eventually. That’s when he’ll rejoin the others.

Hmmm… What exactly does this tiny stall do to get such a fancy sign? Ellis stares up into the shadowed light. The glass is thicker. He palms it absentmindedly. More dust comes free. But as a whole, this stall isn’t any different than any of the stalls he’s seen on the way here. It follows the same design. The floor is black. Padded. Must make it easier in cleaning less discrete stains. There’s not much of a door. It’s a drape, fancy, but a lazy drape all the same.

But he’s not getting the whole experience. The suite isn’t in active use.

Technically, the drape goes up once a client arrives and a privacy panel comes down, slotting into the deliberate opening. A safety hazard if you ask him. There should be an exit route in every stall. Even one that is mostly constructed out of two layers of tech glass and elaborate pulleys and ropes. A good bathroom stall isn’t this complicated. Supposedly, a trained staff member is able to open the privacy panel at will while other clients, looking to have a peek, cannot. But whose to say that these staff members can’t be bribed or blackmailed?

His eyes turn to the main attraction, the VR rig everyone’s sliding their cocks in this very second. It looks like a dismembered torso gummied in white waxy latex. Ellis gives it a once-over. With a headset over his head, maybe it wouldn’t matter but that’s a lie, it does matter. It looks like shit. Two joints, almost like shoulder-blades, rise out it’s wire-infested sides. Below them, gaping gullet-like holes, the foot and leg slots, descend into the skin-textured plaster.

Ellis blinks at it owlishly, his thoughts whirling to the uncomfortable obvious.

Oh god, where does his cock go?!
That’s it. He needs a smoke. Ellis pats himself down, taking out a pack and a lighter. Probably shouldn’t be smoking in place like this. But hey at this point, he’ll take any excuse to be kicked out. Can’t leave on his own. The first one who leaves is the first one on the chopping board come audit season. Woulda been great if Mannford or Rowehouse left first. Interns and all.

But those fuckers got snapped up by a project manager. Thus prolonging all their suffering.

What’s the time? Ellis lets his cigarette hang in his mouth. He fishes for his work watch and squints at the clock. Midnight? Fucking perfect. He’s supposed to clock his sorry ass out round nine but by the look of all the suits still waiting for freedom, he’ll be here forever.

Ellis lights, lounges back and hits the glass with a surrendering thud.

Glass shatters. Ellis stirs at the sound, eyes opening to a seamless darkness. Guess he dozed off. Ellis spits out the ash-sprinkling butt. Huh? Why’s it so... dark? He looks over his shoulder, seeking that same piss-yellow light spilling under the wall-frame and it isn’t there. Hell, not even the wall. Ellis gets onto his knees. Nothing? He strains his ears. Nothing all the same.

This doesn’t look good.

Ellis gets off his ass. His hand bumps into his clattering lighter. Ellis grabs that and starts walking around, trying to find his bearings. The stall isn’t this big. It’s about three men wide. Where’s the wall. Where’s that stupid drape? Okay, so what does he remember? Stalls have two entrances on either end. They’re no different than a bathroom stall with length and size.

So, he hopes, if he keeps walking he’ll have to bump into a wall. It can’t be long now.

Exit? Where’s the exit? Ellis counts his steps. The number’s getting high. It shouldn’t be high. He’s paced the reserved stall. Hardly enough space to pace. Why is his feet dragging him further and further away? If this is a prank, he’s not getting the whole picture. The walls. Why would they remove the walls? Ellis swings his arms out. Nothing bumps into him. What?

He steps out of a shoe. If this is the third floor, he’ll know it by the carpet on his foot.

Huh. Huh?! It’s all smooth. Hardstone. The ground is cold even with his sock on and air sweeps up from between the brickwork. Ellis frowns. He can’t say he’s seen all of the pleasure house. Ellis slides his shoe back on and keeps walking. A minute goes by. Then two. Then ten.

Something’s wrong with his eyes.

It’s dark. Pitch-black. He can’t see anything distinctive in the distance ahead of him or behind him. But it’s the foreground that’s fucking with him. The darkness around is a dim one. He can faintly see himself. He can faintly see the gray stones on the ground. But anything like a structure be they walls, lights, stairs, frames… It’s not here. And his eyes, these eyes.

You know how you stumble in the dark of your bathroom right before you turn on the lights?

Ellis does it all the time. Long shifts and ugly late nights heading home do not mix well. He’s never bumped into his bathroom walls because the darkness on them is darker than everything else. It’s weird he knows but that’s how he’s always thought of it. But here? The true darkness seems to fan out further and further into the foreground.

Like the real walls are miles and miles away and that’s... crazy.
Ellis decides to change direction. He’ll head left. Ellis lets himself drift for a while, checking with his watch to confirm that time is actually passing and he isn’t hallucinating walking a strange stone void. Two minutes. Six minutes. Ten. He shouldn’t be able to read numbers if this is a dream. But what if that’s dream logic? Shoulda brought his phone. He could’ve looked it up.

Supposing this place can carry a signal and all.

Oh fuck it, he’ll use the lighter. Sparks fly to the floor. A red light cuts through the bleak. This is worse than he thought. Ellis lifts the lighter higher. The darkness falls back. He doesn’t know this place. Everything’s ancient. Desolate. Dust drapes every crack and crevice. Ellis looks back the way he came. He sees his footsteps, the only footsteps, in the ash-white muck. No one’s here.

There has to be a logical explanation.

He’s been moved to storage. It fits. Ellis laughs off-key. It fits! Someone moved him to a storage facility at the behest of his bosses as a prank. Which is, you know, odd of them. They’re not known to be quietly malicious. But hey, they dragged everyone to a VR pleasure house for shits and giggles so who knows?

Ellis moves the lighter around, mapping out the bizarre dimensions of this place.

He marches forward with his face as scared as he can pretend. He hopes those assholes are getting a good chuckle out of this. Ellis plays up the act. He trembles and stutters, brandishing his lighter like a torch. Come on. Why won’t someone jump out already? They got him, ha-ha.

Then he feels it, a slight incline under his heels. He moves to step forward.

[Syncing to Servers]
[Calibrating Previous Scenarios]
[Establishing Link]
[Loading avatars]
[Loading alt-world resources]
[Counting viable souls]

Words far, far away float above. Ellis jerks back. He falls on his ass, the lighter clattering away.

Light fills the void. Cheery music plays. Then holy fuck, he's looking up at a dumb movie-sized VR screen! Ellis grips his face, groaning. And here he was thinking he got stuck somewhere dangerous. "Staff? Hey! Hello?"

[Welcome to the Courageous World of Conquest Heroine]
You, a hero with strange memories of another world, must band together with a group of lovely ladies to hold back the forces of evil.

Won't you save us?

Ellis ignores the floating summary. You'd think with all this light the room would finally start making sense. The brightness of the screen doesn't stretch far. It casts out a thin moon-like shadow, painting everything close enough with a fuzzy glow. At least, he can see what's in front of him. A weird basin heading down into red peeling paint. From what he can spot, the rim's damaged. Old accidents, he guesses. It's funny to look at. It almost looks like long, sallow scratches dug deep into the stone. Guess he needs to play up the scared factor a little more.

"Anyone? Hello! I'm stuck here. Can you please let me out?"

The game auto-plays without him. The title screen vanishes and something like a character creation
screen appears. Must be on a randomizer. Names, mostly of the male sex, slot in and character stats are picked accordingly. There's seven stats: STR. INT. AGI. CON. WIS. CHR. Guess this game has a RPG mechanic.

But hell if he knows what any of the abbreviations means.

The game runs for a while on just that screen. It goes through about forty names which may or may not be that impressive. He wouldn't know. You'd think a randomizer would have a large name database. The game moves to the next half of character creation, the backstory aspect that seems to influence which girl you can recruit first.

[Farmer]

Your father was a farmer so of course, you'd take up the same profession. It's not the smartest work. When times get rough, things on paper don't matter. Only numbers. As such, you can only speak the common tongue and can't read most things advertised in a large city. That's okay. Your indispensable common sense does all reading for you.

Base Bonuses: (+8 CON), (+4 STR), (+2 WIS).
Base Penalty: (-8 CHR), (-4 INT ), (-2 AGI).

[Merchant]

Your father was fond of numbers and fools so of course, he sent you to school. It's not the most honorable profession. When sums don't fall right, a head must roll. And yes, you will be paying a man to do it for you. You can speak coastal tongues and read well in most cities. But village tongues confuse you. That's okay. Your money will do all the talking for you.

Base Bonuses: (+8 CHR), (+4 INT), (+2 WIS).
Base Penalty: (-8 CON), (-4 STR), (-2 AGI).

[Priest]

Your family gifted you to the priesthood and you've never thought once of taking off the cloth. It's not the cruelest purpose. When answers aren't found, you must make sacrifices. Human or otherwise.

You can speak the common tongue and tend to even more isolated villages. But city-dwellers confuse you and so do their written words. That's okay. Your faith will do all the talking for you.

Base Bonus: (+8 WIS), (+4 CON), (+2 CHR)
Base Penalty: (-8 STR), (-4 INT), (-2 AGI)

[Guard]

Your family gifted you to the kingdom and you never thought once of taking off the helm. It's not the kindest career. When trouble appears, it's you who must beat it until it bleeds. Or hands over a bribe. You aren't picky. You speak your local city tongue but all other languages confuse you. And you don't fancy yourself the reading sort. That's okay. Your blade will do all the talking for you.

Base Bonus: (+8 STR), (+4 AGI), (+2 CON).
Base Penalty: (-8 WIS), (-4 CHR), (-2 INT).

O-okay? Those same forty names slot in one by one into the history tree, or seeds as it's showing on the screen. The game has some sort of legacy system? Ellis cups his hands and calls out. "I'm ready to go now. Hello? Staff? Anybody?" This has to be a prank by upper management. Doesn't it explain everything? Who else would carry him out and drop him in some sort of pre-testing arena?

"Ha-ha, am I right? You got me! I was scared! It was creepy, okay. Can I go now?"

The game continues on. Female silhouettes appear on screen and voice lines play. They look like anime stereotypes. Everyone's seen an episode once or twice. There's Big-Tits, Tiny-Tits, Squeaky, Attitude-Problem, Sexy-Tease, Milf-Tease and lastly, Best One. Isn't that how the designing goes? Seven braindead broads to drool to over.
Ellis sits his head on his hands. Who did this? Matthew? God, it is Matthew!

They're going to keep him here for hours, aren't they? Some sick joke to get at him for looking at a personal email at work. Goddamn it. If it wasn't for his fucking student loans, he’d quit right now-

A lighter goes click.

Ellis stiffens. He dropped his. A smile is born and he leaps up, giddy. "Oh thank god, I thought I was alone. Can you show me t-the... the... the..." Ellis stares up at a skeleton holding his lighter. A ragged thing of blackened bones, each brittle bone laced little fractures that open and close with its every false breath.

"Uh..."

The eye sockets are empty, empty empty until a blue light fills them. Then the skeleton stares at him, puzzled. "That ain't right. I've never seen a fucker with all his flesh before." It speaks. Its jaw rocks up and down, a grisly sound somehow mimicking human words. "You don't get to keep it. They put new ones on."

"W-Who puts the new ones on?" The storge crew? They can't be machines, can they?

The skeleton strokes his chin. "That's a good question. I don't question where the flesh comes from. It's flesh. I deserve flesh. But now, I'll do it. If you still have your flesh, then, in theory, my flesh is somewhere around here too." It looks around, the upper half of its sockets mimicking eyebrows. "How'd you remember what you look like? I don't."

This is a weird conversation. "I, uh, think of it every morning."

"You'd think that'll work for me? Think of it every morning and I'd get it back here." The skeleton nods. "I like it," then he adds, "They don't like us coming back here too quick though. I'll do three loops before I make my move."

"I hope it works out for you."

"Yes, yes." The skeleton replies, sounding pleased, "So that's step one. What's your next move here?" It peers at his face. Then snorts, cackling "You don't have a step two, you lucky fuck. Flesh is nice but that doesn't mean nothing if you don't got a way out. Fact is... Oh shit, where's your crown? Where's the crown!"

Ellis scrambles back. He loses his balance and tumbles into the basin.

"I thought you were just a lucky fucker but this asshole has a plan!" The skeleton lets out a whoop and runs right after him, lighter in hand. There's more. Oh god, there's more skeletons crowding the basin, all in various stages of decay. "Wake up, fuckers! He's got flesh. He's got blood. Smell it. He's gonna bring more!"

The curved ground under him surges. Sunlight spills up into the black space. It's a door?

[Syncing Complete]
[Scenarios Established]
[Active Hero Roster: 39 Souls]
[Retired Hero Roster: 6 Souls]
...
The game screen above glitches into red.


[Welcome to the Courageous World of Conquest Heroine]
You, a hero with strange memories of another world, must band together with a group of lovely ladies to hold back the forces of evil.

Won't you stay with us?

Chains reach up and out of the earth and he's pulled into an unknowable hell.
Chapter Summary

Ellis Cauldwell was an ordinary paper-pusher when he finds himself summoned by a cocky mage hell-bent to have a drop of the ultimate power.

Which is, apparently, stored in his balls.

Chapter Notes

I wrote a second draft because I wanted the opening prologue to be more sex-focused to let people what they were in for. But I started overthinking it. Go figure. It's an alright draft but it lost a lot of tension that the other draft had in spades. I'm posting it here to convince myself to stop picking at it and move on. I think I've reached a happy medium with the third draft but we'll see.


Ellis stirs in the night, flighty fingers thumbing up and round his cock. A sigh slides out. His hips jut up, rolling into the foreign, lazy touch. These fingers are different. New. They're missing his old calluses. Round his meat of his palm small unhealing cuts curl. They're softer. Slender. His thumb has never been this dainty. Persistent are these fingers. They stroke him without hesitation, each touch probing and prodding the stiffening flesh. Cupped and posed this way to that way much like a flag pole being freshly mounted in a field. Ah, it feels-

Awake. Now, that wasn't going to be the word he chose but now, it's about right.

He's awake and someone, something, is touching him. Knuckles rock softly into his swelling shaft. Ellis bites his lip. Did an intruder break into his apartment? And what, decided to get their jollies in molesting an honest man in his sleep? Fingers tighten round his cock. He should be doing something, anything. He can't just lay here and let a rapist have their way! That's what this is. A sexual assault! Ellis frowns. He never thought he'd have to use them and he guesses, so does every other assault victim. It couldn't be him. It wouldn't happen to a man.

Bullshit.

Ellis takes a breath. He's of a decent height, weight, and this is his apartment. When the police arrives, they'll side with him should the culprit be someone playing dumb. Maybe he's overreacting? This could be a misunderstanding. A wrong apartment situation. Even so, they should have checked the person's identity before they proceeded to play with sleeping people's privates. He nods to himself. Alright, he's thought this through and is prepared to file a report.
His hands take hold of the sheets. He needs to end this. Then throws them to side.

No one. Ellis looks between his legs. There's not a single soul in the room with him. He's confused. Rightfully so. Where? What? Who? He would've heard the bed springs squeak if the culprit fled for the door. Ellis rolls all his sheets together. He doesn't have much on the mattress. It is a hot summer night, after all. Ellis flops back down. It is a dream. A wet one. Nothing else can explain it.

He relaxes into the mattress and those fingers are upon him once more.

Fingers squeezes his balls, palming the orbs as if they were plucking apples. He pants. It's as if he's being milking from the root. They're determined, these fingers, kneading harder and harder into the base of his cock. Ah. Sounds escape and Ellis blinks blearily up into the ceiling, a slow smile growing on his face. This feels... great. His eyes flutter shut and he lets himself arch in orgasm-

What!

His eyes fly open, gawking at the floating display above him.

[Establishing User 1 Link]
[Establishing User 2 Link]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]

[Link Established: CONTACT ENABLED]

How long has that been there? Ellis swings his legs over the bed and walks, searching the dim darkness for the source. Where is it coming from? He can't find an obvious light source or projector. Ellis goes to his window. The blinds are down. He waves his hands in front of them to be sure. Did someone plant something in his apartment? Why? All the while, the fingers on him fight tug on his thighs.

"I feel awake."

Ellis pinches himself. Pain blooms. He is awake. Ellis open his bedroom door and does a sweep of his tiny apartment. Bathroom clear. Living room clear. Kitchen clear. He can't find a device that's out of place but that didn't exclude the possibility that there is one. He spends most of his days and nights at the office. Fact is, a night where he's home alone without his phone going off are rare ones. Ellis scratches his head. Could someone be squatting in his apartment?

That could explain it. Some techno loon squatting among his things.

His feet lead him back to the bedroom. He checks the closet. The tiny bathroom. The bed itself. The words stay where they are, mocking him with their presence. Nothing makes sense. He'll sleep the crazy off. Maybe he ate something that cause wild hallucinations at two in the morning? He crawls back into bed, searching the darkness. There isn't anyone here. His ears pound. There can't be anyone here.

If only he could believe it.

Ellis yawns into his cool pillow. Ah, it's nice to have peace again. His knees drift apart. Fingers curl once more round his dick. A nice pleasurable peace. He feels a soft palm press into his shaft with hesitation then knead into the throbbing flesh. His crown gifts pearls in appreciation. White dribbles out his cock-slit and smears into the fabric of his boxers. And that when it hits him.

Something is here. Unseen. Unrelenting. His body a human fuck-stick for a creature.
Ellis snaps. This isn't fair. This isn't right. He didn't sign up for this. He's not a toy for some invisible dick-fiend. It can try to distract him with his cock all it wants. Pleasure means nothing. He's nothing but patient. What does the cock-fiend want? His moans? His secrets? The orgasm itself? He has a price!

Light whips around him. What's happening?

[Exporting User 1 Data]
[Importing User 2 Data]
[Logging Character Data]
[Error: Corrupted Data]
[Error: Real-World Object]
[Error: Real-World Human]
[Adjusting Syncing Parameters]
  [Adjusting]
  [Adjusting]
[Adjusting Complete: CONQUEST ENABLED]

The fuck does CONQUEST mean?

Ellis scrambles, twisting his hips away from the growing grip. It doesn't work. Ellis hisses through his teeth. He wrenches free his alarm clock from the socket and swings the cord, smashing the center of his bed. "Show yourself, asshole!" The clock meets nothing but bouncing bed springs. If it can touch, it can feel pain.

"Why are these freaky words on me now?" He swats at himself. "Get off!"

Game-like stat bars hover off him. Basically like a user interface. But more than that, they're reversed as if the words aren't made for him to look at. Ellis reads what he can. Resistance? Subjugation? Orgasm Counter? God, he must be reading it wrong. Why would any of these be stat bars? Ellis glances at the resistance bar. It's fluctuating. It rises with his anger and drops with his confusion. Ellis concentrates on it. Damn, it's not working. It won't fill to the brim.

He feels... funny. The walls around him warp and blur. Resistance drops.

Ellis shakes his head. Breathes in. Breathes out. Ignore the stat bars. They're just there to distract him. Think logically. What would be the purpose of this conquest? What value could Ellis give another person if he was, in their terms, subjugated? Corporate sabotage? At work, he's a low-hanging underling and likes it that way. Draws just enough of a pay check to keep the student loans off his ass.

His phone buzzes on the end table.

Ellis rolls for the other side of his bed, fishing for his phone charging on the end table. Pleasure stabs in. He makes it to the edge of the mattress, an outstretched hand twitching in lust. His brain bubbles. Pressure and pleasure once more encircle his eager cock. Ellis links a finger round the cord, reels it near.

The screen reveals a single app playing. Conquest Heroine. The fuck is this?

Before his eyes, he sees a girl on the other side of the screen.

Her head is bowed. A halo of yellow hair hangs from her rosy cheeks. White ribbons drape her nude body. Ellis looks at her hands. She's the one doing it?! Ellis watches as she struggles with it, her fingers wrapping around something that looks distinctively phallic. Above her head, he sees a title,
'User 1'.

If that's User 1, then he must be User 2.

Ellis zooms in. Okay, so how does this game work? There has to be a way to stop her. Same as him, those weird stat bars float over her. They're facing him. To the side of her, a stone tablet similar in design to his smartphone glows. Ellis spins the in-game camera round. He can't find an exit or stop button anywhere on the screen. The only thing accessible is the girl herself, still groping his cock.

Fine then.

Ellis presses a thumb down on her arms. He shudders. The sensation under his finger doesn't feel like glass but like human skin, real human skin. He runs his thumb up and down. The girl freezes and squirms out of the way. For a brief second, the fingers around his cock vanish. So that's how this works, huh?!

Let's see how she likes being played with!

With a pluck of his fingers, he knocks her forward on her knees. She moons him, two white cheeks wag and wave at the camera. Cute. She looks behind herself. "Stop messing with me," he says to the screen. Maybe, she can hear him somehow. Her eyes bounce around and she grips his cock, an unyielding grin on her face.

Ellis blinks. Is this a game to her?

The girl pumps his dick with more gusto. His hips rock forward with little rabbity thrusts. He brings his finger down on the screen. With a fleshy thwap, one perky little asscheek blooms pink. Her resistance bar takes a hit. Ellis goes for the other one. "This can't be my life. I'm spanking an AI. What the fuck is this!"

Her hips bounce with every slap he sends her way.

Knees giving, her breasts fall onto his cock. Two ribbon-clad mounds envelop his member. They groan at the same time. Ellis catches his breath. This is too weird. He has to be hallucinating. Ellis moves his finger to the phone settings. Can't he just uninstall the stupid malware? In a box on the screen, the girl's lovely ass twitches. Ribbons tied over her ass and pussy are now transparent and slick.

His eyes linger too long.

The girl throws her thighs round his cock and squeeze. The heat, her flesh, it's too much. Ellis drops the phone. His skull meets pillow and his balls tighten in fuckin' familiar way. The girl, somehow, finally discovers his waistband and tugs it down, freeing his cock. "I can't-" Pre-cum beads on his cock-head and pulled upwards like white dewdrops. More of his cum gathered the same way, floating white swirls up above his middle in a slow-moving orbit. Ellis squeezes his eyes shut. He's-He's cumming. With a short yelp, he shoots his load.

The cum is swept up along with the collected rest.

Golden light rings round his white load and the empty space over him crackles with thunder and lightning. The light thickens as if it's coming from another dimension, like a goddamn sci-fi movie, and something weirder, a portal, forms. Ellis watches with a slack jaw as he stares up into the cum-churning hole. For a fraction of a second, he sees a pair of nude breasts, plump and pink-tipped pull away. Blonde bangs long like sunflower's stem brush against the portal's veil.
Ellis lifts his head, trying to see further. It's... updating.

  [Calculating CONTACT Success]
  [Calculating CONQUEST Success]
  [Calculating CONTRACT Success]
    [Calculating]
    [Calculating]
    [Calculating]
  [Error: CONTRACT Not Found]

The portal shatters and Ellis rolls out the way. Cum rains on his sheets. He stands a safe distance away. His phone pings with a new private message. He doesn't recognize the number.

"Forgive me, ancient one. My desire for your power hastened me to move quickly. Too quickly. I will seek you again."

Time to buy a new phone.
Goblin Slut

Chapter Summary

Prudence Fletchwall, a young mage, is out on an adventure to bide time and earn money for her promotion exam.

Chapter Notes

A snippet sitting in my drafts. Didn't want it to be deleted so... Why not post it here in the meantime?

You can see this as an example of how I draft. Right off the bat, the drafts are SFW with all the worldbulding/character crud it needs to have to be a basic chapter. Then I go over and add in the fetishes.

For example, what's missing from this draft is: Somnophilia, Musk Addiction, Scent Kink, Corruption, Public Sex, Rape/Non-Con.

If you squint, you can probably tell where certain scenes will take place in the next version of the draft.

Day 1

Buzzing wings flock to a fool in the sun.

Prudence swallows a frown. No j-jitters here. She shakes out her wrists. It wouldn't do to look anything less than adventure-ready. Even if adventure-ready, in her terms, used to mean a safe stroll on academy grounds. The hillside crumbles under her feet. There's no monster-proof glass out here in the wild. She knows that. But isn't suppose to be... exciting, heart-racing, terrifying?

This hike is meant to clear her head but it's only made it worse.

Surely, the structure before her couldn't be a goblin nest? Prudence peers at the defiant little structure. She might've mistook it for a mere hilly cave had it not been for the fingers. Fingerprints, rather. Round the narrow mud-black entrance, long sallow dents wreathe a warning to all things not-goblin. Her footsteps falter. Much of the dirt has been clawed away much like a meat on a carcass.

Instinctively, Prudence stabs her staff into the yawning cave.

Her staff meets air. As it should, Prudence asserts. She hasn't visited a goblin nest before. Such creatures could never thrive on the mainland. But she has read of them and knows of their habit of nesting in stupid places. Just look at this. Prudence taps the rigid walls, confirming her suspicions. Limestone. Limestone means water and water means death for any tunnel-dwelling creature.

The mage fiddles with her hipside flask, turning the cheap light on.
There's nothing wrong with a bit of proper fieldwork. Monster-free is almost as good as monster-proof. Prudence takes a soft breath. How often would she get the chance to examine a deserted goblin nest? Goblins don't appear often in centralian bestiaries, seeing that they are known as a common Southern Continent pest.

Hmmm... this could be useful for a research paper. Now to think of a title.

Prudence crosses the threshold. Daylight behind her shrivels into a dim, desolate orange. The mage studies the odd effect. She sticks her hand in and out of the entrance. There must be a scientific explanation for that. Religious types call it domain corruption, the good land perverted under the habitation of monsters.

The books keep the unvetted nonsense purely because the church owns the crown.

Prudence is of a different mind. It could be a type of mold or fungi attracted to den sites of monsters. One with hallucinogenic properties. Prudence heads further in, inspecting the nest. She pats the walls. They're curved, corroded into a chalky white. A good amount of water must pass through here. Recently, too.

She minds the tunnels, striking at the darkness with her staff.

Goblins have no sense of craftsmanship. She can't quite understand their design. The water might have played a roll, hollowing out much of the structure, but it didn't explain the tunnels. So many tunnels. There are three main tunnels. She'll call them halls to distinguish them. The light of her flask reflects easier on them, the limestone smoother. The halls branch out into rounded rooms.

Ones that seemingly are dead-ends.

The walls are darker, stained with mud and clay. Her lamp can't shine as well. She strikes at the darkness and lo and behold, smaller tunnels hidden away in the walls. Perhaps, they are an attempt to direct the water? These tunnels are around the height of a child. 4' feet and less. Some of these tunnels are perches. Hollowed-out nooks with a ledge retreating in the rock. Lookouts? Bed sites?

Prudence heads on back to the hall.

All halls lead to the largest and darkest room. Her books call them, throne rooms. It's here where the goblin chief and his troop will spend most of their time asleep. Goblins tend to be more nocturnal than not. It isn't quite noticeable but there's an incline here. Her senses tell her that she's upright, seeing straight. But her body rejects it. She's off-balanced. Her feet near drag her into the center.

Why on earth would a goblin build an incline?

Prudence puzzles over it loudly, pulling out a small notebook to take notes. Did they? Maybe they dug into a natural basin and made a throne room out of it? Being short creatures, they could have not been affected by the incline. Interesting. Above the center, a skylight lets in light. It isn't practical. The light only makes the surrounding darkness even more impenetrable. Her eyes hurt readjusting.

And with that, her fieldwork is complete.

Prudence blinks. Oh, that hadn't been bad. It hadn't been bad at all. Prudence checks her pocket watch. She has plenty of time to hike before heading back to town. She'll linger here a little longer. It's far cooler than an overpriced inn room. Prudence heads up and out of the throne room, her legs hurting.

Spirits, it's even worse going up.
Prudence sets up camp in one of the secret nooks inside of the hidden tunnels. She can just about fit, her hips and thighs snagging only a little on the clawed rock. The mage unfolds a simple hanging cot and attaches it from curved wall to curved wall. It looks silly but it will do.

She settles in for a quiet hour of flask-lit reading.

Something... smells... Prudence wiggles her nose. It's not a particularly bad smell. Just potent. Pungent. Musky smells come and go but she's never smelt one so richly. Earthly. Prudence sniffs it a little deeper. Like summer soil given flesh. It's close. Very close. Prudence blindly reaches out with her fingers and tugs it near. Could it be the fruit in her satchel? Switching from edible to ripe.

No. The fruit hadn't been so big or lumpy in her hands. A new property?

Prudence weakly opens her eyes. When did she fall asleep? The sight before her is a perfect darkness. No shapes. No forms. Not even a dim outline of the cave walls. The thing in her arms struggles. She lets it go. Air splits and then she hears two feet hit the ground. Prudence yawns. Might be a type of digitigrade mole that-

The mage yawns again.

Below the cot, the creature paces. Prudence studies the sound of its gait. There's a soft clap of its claws. On dirt, it would be inaudible but on stone, the sound echoes. She wonders why its so agitated. Could it be territorial? A smaller creature would have left the nook. She's of a decent size, human and all. A bigger creature would have tried its luck and Prudence, well, she'd waste a honing stone.

To encourage the creature to leave, Prudence fishes out a round fruit.

She tosses it in its general direction. The fruit is caught, gobbled, then snarls are hurled her way. Prudence snorts. The mage tosses another. It eats and snarls again, the spitting growls a bit softer. To save herself the trouble, Prudence brings out the whole cloth bag. "Want this? Shoo." She offers it out.

The creature snatches it and only its retreating footsteps tell her it's gone.

Good riddance. Prudence turns onto her side, fiddling with the flask. It gives one spark, two, then dies in an explosion of embers. Cheap coins earn cheap death. Prudence studies the black. Must be night. The darkness hadn't been so absolute before. She'll have camp the night here. Better that than to waste a hundred auls.

Clapping claws cut into her brief daze. It's back. Why? It has food now.

Her cot swings. The creature lifts itself up and onto the makeshift swing. That unusual smell follows it. Prudence pulls herself up to give herself a bigger appearance. Size goes very far in establish dominance and hostility, a book once told her. The cot shakes. The creature cowls.

As expected, Prudence notes. She must be blocking the way to its den.

Prudence keeps her chest high, minding not to leave her throat vulnerable for attack. She scoots to the side. The creature crawls over her and takes the space left free. Huh? There's an alcove right next
to the cot. Prudence frowns. Smaller creatures like foxes and birds hardly fear a large herbivore like a deer or a cow.

Since she's not its direct meal or direct predator, she gets the snarl treatment.

That does make sense. But animals and beasts on a whole often go out of their way to avoid humans. This one must be extremely familiar or very, very sheltered to not react with the immediate abandonment of its hideaway. Or at least, make itself scarce until she leaves. The creature settles itself deeper into her cot, uncaring.

Alright then.

Prudence lays down herself. The creature can surely feel how much taller she is. It's hardly half her size. If they were standing side by side, the creature would only reach her hip. Its grass-like fur bristles across her skin. Interesting. A type of plant-variant? Prudence tugs on a strand. It's woven. A false hide.

The creature faces the wall and Prudence faces it, their bodies pressed together.

Prudence yawns. She can't keep watch of it all night. It's not a threat and it isn't looking to be one either. It's awake. She wonders if it's watching her as much as she's watching it.

The mage rests her eyes and sleep comes shortly.

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**Day 2**

Morning arrives with little hurrah. Prudence wakes with the creature gone, her satchel looted for anything that looked like food, fruit-wise, and gratefully alive. She leaves the cot as is. The creature can have it. Apparently, it's of the filthy sort. Dirt and dust coat her as thickly as it does the walls.

Her staff leads out of the cave and she heads to town, adventure behind her.

Thoughts of the creature linger in her mind. What does it eat? Where does it sleep? Is it nocturnal? Had it moved in when the goblins moved out? Questions like that keeps her mind at ease. These are the sort of questions she had to answer in school. Simple ones that didn't require real-world logistics such as: how will she feed herself for the next six months? Those questions aren't easy ones to answer.

But what harm could there be in a little distraction?

Prudence spends a few coins. She visits a fruit cart, a meat stand and a farmer quite proud of his fertilizer. Flasks are useful for a few hours, he tells her. She buys a couple of his. And besides, the inn offers a cheaper rate when storing goods over hosting guests. She heads on up into the hillside and into the cave.

Daylight wanes but Prudence is prepared. Flasks sit in the ledge above her new cot.

The creature comes. She studies it with one eye, faking sleep. The creature snarls, the pitch a tad more even than the night before. Perhaps it speaks in snarls? The flask is lit but the creature pays it no mind, nimble and clearfooted in the dark. Night vision? It stalks over to the gift she's left for it.

The creature eats fast, hunched over as it minds the way it came in. Agitated.
A scavenger type? The creature gobbles the fruit, the flesh soft and easy for it. The meat slows it down. It's unfamiliar with the cooked kebabs, stall food. Yet with the raw fish and beef, it tears it open slowly, gently. Habit or instinct? The creature eats around the fish bones. The beef it swallows outright, then chokes. The creature wrestles with its food a little longer than moves on.

The fruit is gathered and it vanishes through the tunnel. The meat remains.

Soon, the creature returns with a pile of mud. The meat is rolled into the mud and the creature leaves again. This implies a higher intelligence. The mud might be a way of preserving or fermenting the meat to its taste. Also, by it's eating habits, it has dealt with fish before. Not as a preferred staple, though.

When the centralian bestiary refers to goblins, they are described as red-skinned.

Could this be a goblin? It doesn't match the illustrations no matter how outdated they are. This goblin is a faint green. It's as tall as a short child. The goblin sports a pair of pointed ears and wears a poncho of leafy green. It looks deliberate. With the texture of grass, it looks more like a yearling mandrake than a proper goblin. And a goblin without a troop is easy pickings on the food chain.

The goblin cleans itself up, lathering with the sap of a split leaf.

Interesting. Goblins aren't known as tool-wielders. Tool-snatcher, more like it. They steal and snatch and hoard. They don't care to repair or care for what they take. And Prudence doubts that this goblin is any different. Necessity drives it.

She openly stares at it. Curiosity propels her forward.

The goblin's ears twitch, one ear angled in her direction. It hears her move. The goblin ignores her until it cleans itself soundly. Does hygiene matter or is it an attempt to mask its original scent from predators? Then it turns around, snarling.

Prudence watches it leaned on one elbow. It stands on its toes. She looms in response.

Goblins are and always been classified as man-eaters.

They lock eyes, hers amused and its annoyed. This goes on for a minute or two. Fascinating. Prudence moves onto her other elbow and looms higher. This gesture triggers something in the goblin. It cowls but interestingly, it cowls with its hands thrown over its neck, protecting its vitals. What use is the gesture?

Prudence relents and easing back into her arms, still watching.

The goblin ambles over and throws its lean, leathery hand on the side of her current cot. She gently pushes it away. "You have your own now." Prudence points to the old, dust-covered cot. "Go on." It rewards her with snarls. She fans it away, using her height as an deterrent whenever it looks to straight attack her.

Finally, the goblin gets the point.

It climbs up into its cot and stares at her from across the room. She looks for something human in them. Is that a stare of hatred? Fear? Is it considering the risk/reward factor in killing her, hurting her?

What makes monsters so different from animals, anyway? A statue is still a statue, human-shaped or not.

Prudence stays up a little longer, writing away her observation before turning in.
Breeding Book Prudence (Pt 1)

Chapter Summary

In which Prudence (accidentally) trains a goblin into a cum-whore.

Chapter Notes

AN//An alternative beginning to Goblin Thrall Rue. Seeing that I hadn't gotten any comments at the time of posting the first three chapters of Goblin Thrall Rue, I could only think that it was the Rape/Non-Con tag deterring readers. So this was my way of remedying that.

Here's a totally more wholesome version of that.


Blonde bangs drape Prudence's sticky cheeks. "They never warn about the weather, huh?" Her lips curl. She hadn't packed for a climate so muggy and miserable her cotton garments weep for winter. Over her shoulder, a glare is thrown to the pile of shrugged off goods. Her cloak went first. Then the boots. Hiking boots hardly necessary now on the flat stone floors of a shore-side cave. Of course, more went.

Chalk coats the mage's kneeling figure. Prudence knows better to brush it off.

Sweat brims along Prudence's corset-bound breasts. Gentle mounds held high by loose lazy ribbons. How many are left: Three? Two? Prudence squeezes a finger between a string or two. She pulls. The ribbon unfurls. Fabric and color flashes before her eyes and the ribbon is tossed to join the pile. Prudence corrects her count. There are exactly three left. Her breasts jut forward. Pink under the heat.

Prudence sits up, idle. She rolls a piece of chalk between her callused knuckles.

At Milford, they told her she had the hands of a scribe and that it was expected that she'd serve under one. Preferably on her knees for an old wrinkle-cock foggie. At times like these, she can understand why. Mages don't have the patience. They concern themselves with flashy spells, quick casts. It's easier. Hunching over stone and recalling runic letters is tedious, tiring work.

She nearly doesn't have the patience herself. But if it will give her an edge...

Prudence steadies the chalk in her hand. She casts with each etched stroke, pouring in raw magic into the drawn line. It's tiring. Draining herself for this single sigil array. Her lungs hurt. Her sight is dizzy, desperate. Magic wanes. Prudence breathes. She wills her hands to steady and finishes the next rune in the sequence.
Lips parted, her eyes sweep the stony nook. There can be no onlookers. But if there are... And yes, there is an unerring gaze upon her.

Prudence bends forward. Her bundled skirt flutters high over bare hips and thighs. The frilly hem drags across her damp skin. It would've been a cheap trick to do in Milford. She's done it before. Up on the ladder, shelving books per orders, she'd get an obnoxious classmate standing right under. What shade of white does a temple girl wear? They look and look and get a fat dictionary on the head for their troubles.

But today is different. Today is brilliant. Today she doesn't have to worry about her conduct on school grounds. She's graduated after all.

Round her inner thighs gone rosy with the heat, garments a good girl should be wearing are missing. The lack of stockings are obvious to spot. Boring too. Then her underskirts. Extra material to give shape to her top skirt. Expected as well. The skirt hem's breaches the top of her rear cheeks. "Ah-!

And here it is. Lewdly. Rudely. Pinkness greets the light.

Flashing the washed-out daylight, her unmentionables do, well, the unmentionable.

They are exposed. Unguarded. Freely flaunting their existence. Prudence snorts. Her eyes roll, gleaming as she giggles. It's not her fault that sex and sexual sensibilities are a weapon to draw on. Milford Mages can be a fickle prudish breed.

Prudence blows the dust from her fingers.

She licks them, running her tongue over each pale digit. Prudence flips over. Her legs widen, letting more washed-out light hit her pink pretty pussy. Her fingers slide to her lower lips. A thumb splits the puffy pair, peeling the already drippy and sticky folds apart. Prudence gasps. Her hips roll up, rocking into her hand.

Fingers rub and grind against the tender flesh.

Prudence throws an arm over her mouth. Curved and crooked as the shore cave is, it surely must echo. Bathed in dusky lamplight and a overcast sky, Prudence surrenders to her lazy touch. Stiffened, her clit swells to attention. She plays with the little hard nub. Squeezing and striking it to a crazed rhythm. Her knees shake. Her breath hitches, hot and heaving and haze-filled. She cums.

The mage arches. Magic ignites around her. Sparks crackle and careen like little snuffed out stars.

Pleasure washes in. Pleasure washes out. And Prudence is back once more in a damp, dinky cave in middle of Nowhere Important. The mage pulls her fingers from her. She stares at the lewd liquid left on her fingers. Dewy threads threatening to pop. Prudence brings them to her mouth. Licks them clean. This is as much amusement she can muster in here on this remote isle.

The mage catches her breath. A minute passes. She goes back to work, casting.

Prudence strains her ears. There it is again. That sound. A faint clattering clack. If it had been some villager, they would have enjoyed their little peep-show and left already. If it had been an animal, surely they'd attack already. Prudence can pinpoint which direction the sound is coming from. The grotto tunnel she'd used to enter. With her work lamp as it is, the shadows would give them away.

It's not that she enjoys being watched. She'll deal with them the moment she can. A Milford Mage must be discreet in all matters.

But the chase, the excitement, the hunt of it all... It's tantalizing. What must she do to force them to
show their hand? Absentmindedly, Prudence's hips tilt and turn. They wag, waving once more her wet and waiting unmentionables. Her guest can look and look but surely, seeing it so close, won't they want to touch?

Eager and earnest, her hips open for the cool draft that the cave floor provides.

Sweat pearls along the pleasured skin. Each drop sending soft shudders up her spine. Her eyes seeks a unfamiliar shadow. She sighs. Still no movement other than her own. Prudence sends another finger to her corset. Another ribbon to be unfurled and thrown away. Prudence pauses. Why not do away with the whole corset?

If it is a villager, what's he going to say to the others? He peeped on a tourist?

Prudence tugs the corset off. Careful to not pop a button on her blouse. The corset joins the others and Prudence celebrates the moment by leaning on her palms, letting her breasts rock with her long and deep breaths. They sway. She looks once more at the shadows. Still no good? She has a polite giggle. More then?

Her fingers fly to her blouse. The buttons don't deter her. They go one by one.

Prudence peels off the shirt. She shudders from the shameless thrill, her shoulders shaking. A blush blooms across her neck. She leaves the blouse on the ground, rising up. Her bared breasts jiggle. Air settles on the wet mounds and the skin tightens, teases. Prudence steps to her lamp. Fingers clutch the handle.

"You know I know you're there."

Prudence shimmies out of her skirt. She kicks the garment into the pile.

"I want you more than I want to win. Won't you come and enjoy your spoils?"

Prudence turns off the light.

Dim-lit in daytime, the shore cove is blanketed in a gauzy black. Prudence thinks these things. Waiting. Watching. Listening for quiet, clever footsteps striding near. Shafts of light flicker, falter between the clouds crossing over. Thunder sings in the distance. It'll rain soon. High water will drown the path to the cave. She'll have to swim. They'll have to swim, Prudence corrects.

He strikes.

And Prudence, pleased and giggly and nude as a fresh napkin, strikes faster.

"Didn't they warn you about mages?" she declares, turning the lamp back on. "We're an untrustworthy kind. We use em', dupe em' and dump em'. Isn't that what they say on the Southern Continent? We're nothing but-" her gloating speech comes to sharp halt. He's not a villager. He's not even a human. It's a- "Goblin."

Caught in her ice sigil, a green creature struggles to escape the wall of ice.

Prudence snorts. "Really? I thought it would be someone worthy to play with." the mage steps near, studying its runty form. "You are a goblin, right?" Centralian monster bestiaries report goblins to be red-skinned stout-shaped humanoids. Imp-like basically. This creature is green. Aggressively so. He wears a cloak of leaves. Aren't goblins suppose to be naked aside from a ratty loin cloth?

Had it been taller, she might've have mistook it as a mandragora. Leaves and all.
Prudence steps near, leaning to get a better look at her catch. Her breasts bob close to its face. His frantic breath bakes them in skittish heat. Her skin tenses. Nipples, pink and soft, rise and rally. The goblin freezes. He stares at them, ogling the lovely sight. Prudence shudders. Yes, it was his gaze on her.

The mage should kill him. She's allowed. He's nothing but a monster after all.

Prudence hesitates. She rocks her breasts closer. His exact expression is hidden in the leafy foliage. The only thing not grass and leaf might be his pointy fur-tipped ears. Now in range, his mouth springs forward. A black tongue loops round her left breast. He reels her in, drooling like the devious monster he is.

She lets herself be led. Let's see how this will play out.

Now pressed flushed against the summoned ice, a chill spreads through her naked body. Goosebumps spill. Her nipples harden, stiffened under the tongue-squeezing assault. The goblin brings her breast to his toothy maw. He release his tongue and grabs her wrist with his claw-sporting hand. Does he really think that's enough to hold her? Restrained to his standards, he licks her breast.

Prudence gasps, squirming.

For all her lewd tricks, she's never had a tongue to her tits before.

The goblin laps at her weak nipple. He seems to understand that the more he licks, the stiffer they become. At full bloom, her peach-pale bud is now a swollen red. He opens his maw and the tip of her breast goes in, arola and all. Her knees weaken. Pleasure surges up from her aching core. She grabs onto the goblin, dizzy.

He spits out the first nipple and moves to the next.

There's no preamble this time. Her breast enters his mouth and he sucks, nibbling and rolling the weak bundle of flesh back and forth against his canines. Her hips twitch and rock. It shouldn't feel this good. All at once, her feet curl and she cum. Loudly. The goblin lets her breast goes and buries his face into her mounds.

He licks between them, sniffing and then licking the sweat and saliva and skin.

Prudence pulls away and falls onto her rear, legs shamelessly cocked open. The goblin gawks at her pussy. An erotic stiffness greets her gaze. He's hard. His hips uselessly thrust the air. If he'd been human, she might let him...

No, that's a lie. If it was a human, things never would have escalated this far.

"As fun as this is, I've read up on goblins. I know what you are. Thieves and rapists with not an ounce of mercy. You'd rape me the moment I let you go. Ripe for babies, you'd violate me for hours on end. I might survive the first birth and second birth but not the third. And there'd be a third. There always is." Prudence sits up, asserting her height over the wretched creature. He spits.

The mage presses two fingers on the drawn sigil.

"It's nothing personal." The rune for wall and the rune for spear are so delightfully close in the runic language. "I can't have any distractions for this important-" Prudence falls silent. He could be useful in that regard, wouldn't he? A minor monster. Goblins are weak-willed things and he must be incredibly so. He isn't in a troop. Goblins like him don't last long in the wild. Disposable.
Prudence listens out for any other goblins that might snuck in with him.

It is what she expected. He's alone. Prudence grins from cheek to cheek. Goblins without troops are loners. One of the easiest prey in the world. He'll be a good test subject for the alchemist's forbidden array. Prudence nods to herself. Research material she can play with.

"Today is your lucky day. Rejoice. I've decided to spare your worthless life."

The goblin grunts. Must be gratitude in goblin. Prudence leans over him, taking in his strange form. Aside from the leafy cloak he wears, his height is quite interesting. He's short. Greatly so. Freed, he'd only reach about mid-thigh. Prudence thumbs through wide leaves and sap-sealed grass that make up much of the curiously-made cloak. Her fingers find his loin cloth, pushing it to the side.

His fat dagger-thick cock springs free.

Her eyes widen. "A creature like you is built for breeding, huh?" Kneeling, Prudence pokes the puffy cockhead.Marveling at the fleshy sensation that meets her finger. The cock boings back into place. She flicks it this way. She flicks it that way. The shaft wiggles, wobbling right back to a full thrusting salute. Close as she is, it slaps her. Prudence gasps. The goblin jerks his hips to the right.

"You need to learn some manners, I think." Prudence steps away and returns with a ribbon, tying it round the base of the overeager cock. "It'll do you some good." Prudence gives backside to the creature, hands on her rear cheeks offering her pussy and ass to the goblin. He whines once more, thrusting and clawing to escape.

"First, I think you need to learn who's in control here. Go on, take me."

The goblin uselessly rocks his hips up and out of the ice. His cock dribbles and drools a sticky white, dirtying the clean black ground. Prudence lets him writhe. She leans further over, wagging her pussy in front of his face. Prudence glances over her shoulder. He's too easy to read and too stupid to understand he'll never reach her. The goblin tries to angle his cock up. He fucks the air. Whines louder.

"You're a smart goblin, right? Think about it. Why did I let you touch me before?"

At this point, Prudence is pretty sure he doesn't understand human. Her patronizing tone flies over the goblin's dun head. Instead of getting angry as he should, as any man would to be held captive by a ditsy-looking mage, he gets more excited, wanting. Her eyebrows raise. The goblin gives up on his cock!? He stops thrusting. Prudence frowns. Doesn't that imply a sign of intelligence?

The mage scoffs. She's only seeing what she wants to see. Everything's a thesis and a paper to write up.

Prudence lowers her rump down, bringing her pussy into cock-thrusting range. The goblin's hips snap forward. Prudence pulls her hips away. His cock slaps her thighs. She laughs. "And here I thought you were learning." Prudence repeats the motion. Lining her pussy into range and pulling away right before he thrusts in.

Goblins are creatures of immoral instinct. Not repetition. It's impossible to train them. They happily slit the throats of any who thinks themselves their masters. Demon or not.

She should stop torturing the feeble thing. But it feels so, so good about having him at her complete mercy. His eagerness. His drooly cock. His excitement to have at her, to ravish her like a whore in a
whorehouse. It's intoxicating to have this power. To be wanted so badly and so desperately that the thought to escape does not even factor in his simple mind. Undiluted lust. He wants her because he can have her. There's no preference to it. No rhythm or rhyme. He simply needs to breed. She simply needs to be bred.

And honestly, it's so relieving to have all out on the table.

Prudence lowers her pussy once more, freely exposing herself to her little captive. She waits. Then waits a little longer. Prudence looks back and finds the goblin actually restraining himself. Shivers roll across his small frame. That can't be right. She backs into his cock, letting the swollen tip drag against her pink slit. Doesn't he want it? The goblin throws his head back. He whines, crossing his knees. A clear sign that he's trying to not thrust at her.

This can't be right. "Well done." Maybe a goblin can't sustain an erection for longer than ten minutes? "I knew you had it in you. Good boy," she lavishes.

Prudence lifts her rear up to his face. "Now we move on to the next step. Servitude can be a two-way street. Please me and I'll please you. Go on, show me how hard you'll work for my maidenhood." The goblin plunges in. Prudence yelps, surprised by his gusto. He laps at her clit and slit in one furious swipe. Her hips buck. His tongue batters her tender flesh. The mage cries out.

The goblin nudges her open, forcing her to widen her stance. His tongue wedges itself into her virgin slit. Prudence clutches her mouth. Her prim and proper gasps degrade into whorish heaving moans. He pushes in. Her insides clench around his squirming member, the tongue penetrating deep into the lovely unknown.

"I shouldn't be surprised. You're looking to see if I'd been fucked before," she breathes, wits rattling out her mouth. "Goblins have a poor tolerance for any semen not their own."

Goblins may attack as a horde but they can be very particular about who breeds what in their ranks. They can and will pile en mass on an unlucky lass. They are monsters after all. But usually right after a woman has been caught and quartered, the goblins displayed their true pecking order. Lower-ranked goblins are barred from breeding. Those just a rank above them clean out the women with their mouths, emptying out semen from the mass coupling. Then those with high rank breed their captives. Securing the future of their meager troop.

It depends on the current needs of the troop who gets breeding rights first.

If the troop needs more scouts, then the highest ranked scout gets the first birth. If it needs more attackers, then the strongest warrior gets a go. Goblin troops more organized than that are rare but still recognized as threats to keep a look out for. For example, if a goblin troop is led by a goblin shaman or goblin marksman, they'll have breeding rights for all three births.

Goblins are like slimes in a way. They breed for efficiency. Prudence rides his monstrous tongue. The goblin instinctively paints her inner walls with his saliva. Not for any fertility reason. If anything, it's for the opposite. A goblin's saliva kills any semen found inside of a woman's womb. If she'd been a few weeks pregnant or close to being so, the saliva would end it here and now. His saliva will be a useful commodity to sell on the market.

Her insides twitch, seize. She's close. Prudence bites her lip. She's so, so-

The goblin stops. Prudence's eyes fly open. He's stopped? "You can't stop. You mustn't! Finish what
you started, you-" Weakened, her knees drop and the goblin slams himself in. "Ooh!" she cries, the girthy cock splitting her slit in half. Her mouth lolls open. Prudence's tongue swings out, drooling as she thrusts back.

Flesh upon flesh, skin upon skin, their unholy union echoes through the cave.

Prudence loses her balance. Her ankle slips and smears the chalk-made sigil. The goblin's prison shatters before her eyes. "Whoops!" Now freed, his claws dig into her hips, hoisting her in place. His damnable cock burrows deep and without mercy, hilting as deep as he can, thrusting his thickening cock inside her twitching hole. Prudence rocks into the ground. Her breasts clap and drag, sweat rains free.

The goblin slaps her ass. Prudence grunts, squeezing tight around him.

Her plump rump jiggles, the chunky cheek now crowned in crimson. The goblin swings again. A clap rings out. Could it be the sound or the sight of him defiling her, him rutting her like a bitch in heat that spurs him on? Magic crackles round her fingertips and she puts an end to the game. The ribbon round his cock whips to life. Fabric balloons up his shaft and tighten, strangling every inch he has.

"You really didn't know any better, did you? Didn't anyone warn you about mages?"

The cock falls out with a noisy pop. Prudence laughs. It is not a kind sound. Prudence rolls over onto her back and admires her work. The pitiful goblin thrusts uselessly in the air once more. Ribbons adorn his bound cock. "Pay attention," she speaks while knowing, to be honest, she's probably only speaking to hear her own voice. "You ought to not play with your food before your food plays with you."

"Never hesitate when it comes to a magic-user. Strip them naked if you have to."

Prudence brings two fingers to clutch a bow. "You might have dealt with our lesser cousins. Casters we call them. Girls and boys that learn parlor tricks in the village. Don't mistake a dinky caster for a trained mage. We're fond of fools like you." She tugs the bow free. Wet in white, the goblin's cockslit greets her gaze. It's so engorged. Fat and fattening still, the poor things weeps cum.

The mage licks it. The ribbons coil around his cock, stroking and caressing.

"Kneel." Prudence points to the floor. The goblin complies with an ungraceful thud. "Cum." The ribbons swirl along the meaty length, milking the twitching shaft until a foamy white spews out. Prudence lets a few ropes of cum squirt across the floor before she tightens the ribbons once more, wrestling the orgasm back into his balls. "Kneel." Prudence helps him up. "Cum." The ribbons usher in a climax.

The mage brings his fingers to her lips, kissing the knuckles. "Doing good."

"Kneel." He drops to his knees. "Cum." His cock jerks up, the overstimulated cock-slit twitches and seizes under all the ribbons and bows wrapped around it. He's so docile now. "Kneel." Look at him. Limp and idle, he waits willingly for her next command. "Cum." His cock bloats. Swollen as it struts. Veiny with black stretched veins. "Kneel." She continues to dispense her orders. It's too fun to stop.

"Good boy," Prudence praises. "You think you're good enough for a real test?"

Laughter leaves her lips. "You know if you fail me, it'll be alright. I won't hold it against you."

Prudence pats his head. The goblin nudges his face into it, craving her touch. He can act tame all he
wants. She's not stupid. He'd attack her the moment her attention wanes. "But if you do real, real
good, I'll be very good to you. You would have made a Milford Mage very proud. That's a high
honor you'd never get on these unimportant shores."

Prudence pulls the ribbons free. Slimy cooling cum splashes everywhere.

"Make yourself useful and kneel here," she suggests. "Your reward will be... respect. Empty and
hollow like your head, I imagine."

Prudence steps away, stretching and rolling her shoulders. Aches assert themselves her already
hurting joints. Geh, too much kneeling in one day. The mage scrounges up her clothes. The hunt is
over. The spoils accounted for. She might as well redress. Prudence relaxes as obliviously as she can
muster. He'll attack. He will.

The mage fishes out a piece of chalk.

All that talk about research material... It's a lie. She just wanted an excuse to play with monster dick.
Practice for human dick. Maybe. Prudence sighs, lips thinning as she thinks it over. It doesn't matter.
She waits for the sound of rushing feet. It doesn't come. He must be waiting for the right moment.
Prudence steadies the chalk and casts.

An hour later, Prudence spares an eye on her guest. What is he waiting for?

Daylight wanes into dusk and the mage is of the mind of leaving for town. The goblin is still here.
Kneeling where she left him. Could he have perished under the sexual strain? Prudence stands and
heads over to him. She studies the creature.

He's breathing. She kneels, giving him a poke. He squirms. He's alive then.

Prudence tilts her head. Why hasn't he run away? Where's the attack? Questions cram themselves
into her dizzying skull. It's impossible. He can't understand human and even if he could, human-
hunting biology drives his every move. Goblins are man-eaters. If he can't breed her, he'd kill and eat
her. They hunt humans!

Patience isn't suppose to be a goblin's strong suit.

Voice trembling from the awful, awful implication that won't leave her head. Had she trained him?
Goblins aren't obedient to nothing but their depraved appetites! "Cum?"

The goblin complies. Right in the line of fire, cum douses her in gooey white. Prudence can't shield
herself in time. Liquid pleasure hit her face and front. Ropes of hot white stream into her blouse,
smearing her breasts in cum and seed. It pools in her lap. Her skirt sagging under the liquid weight
dribbling through.

Flustered, Prudence goes to shout, to shriek, but the words that leave her are-

"Good job. Y-You can leave now. You don't have to prove yourself anymore."

Slack with pleasure, the poor thing collapses.

Pink-faced and weirdly aroused, Prudence decides to let him live a little while longer.
Breeding Book Prudence (Pt 2)

Chapter Summary

In which Prudence (accidentally) trains herself into a cock-whore.

Chapter Notes


"You're here again, aren't you?"

Yesterday was full of spitting and growling. Today, the goblin is noticeably quiet. Walking. Stalking. Openly gazing at her. It's worse.

Prudence sits up. She brushes the willowy bangs from her face. Ears keen to catch the sound of goblin feet clacking cross the stone. She seeks his eyes. It's no good. They can't be spotted so easily under all that foliage. Seconds give onto minutes and minutes give onto a whole half-hour of his unyielding stare. A sign of... patience? The goblin has patience?! She thinks it over and realizes he's waiting for a signal on her side of things. That's interesting. Prudence turns off her lamp and darkness swallows the room. A familiar sound draws near. He never learns. The ice sigil activates and up he goes, encased in a icy wall-face. Prudence leaves the goblin struggle and snarl.

She can't play with him all the time.

However, it is tempting. He's tempting, her mind stupidly corrects. She shakes her head. Why does it matter? He's an it.

Prudence checks her middle. Flat, the hidden knife presses against her belly. She's practiced all night in her inn room. "Flex and flick," Prudence repeats under her breath, "It'll be quick." Quick for the pillow, quick for the bread, and will certainly be quick for the goblin should it be necessary.

Oh, it'll be necessary soon enough.

She couldn't actually have tamed him. An aura of tolerance wafts off him. Almost as if he's indulging her than it being the other way around.

Prudence finishes another rune for the alchemist's forbidden array. It's coming together. Just a few more sections to go and then she can finally activate the troublesome thing. Prudence takes a soft breath. Light-headed, she stands. There's nothing wrong with taking a break. She's earned it. Years of temple-forced chastity and boarding-school-induced celibacy has led to this point.

Why is she even thinking this over? She doesn't have to explain a thing. She's bored. He's bored.
They've... entertained each other.

Prudence crosses over to him and breaks the sigil, freeing the creature. Their bodies meet. How impudent. Hasn't he learned a thing? Prudence looms over him. Hardly afraid to use her height as a weapon. He is in her circle of influence. A chant or a spell or even a quick-drawn sigil and his insolent existence would be smote then and there. The goblin doesn't shrink back. Tenacious, he stands.

"I can already tell you're arrogant." Between curling yellowed leaves that shield his face, she spots eyes at last. "You're so-" That can't be right.

They're gold, those defiant eyes. Her lips curl against her will. Funny how this lewd grin blooms with ease across her face. Aren't goblins suppose to have black eyes with black pupils? She pinches her nose. Again, she's relying on secondhand information from old textbooks. This is terrible. She doesn't have any reliable data to draw on. These creatures aren't native to the mainland. Not anymore. In olden times, they were a plight on the land but the Aligned Kingdom of Centralia put an end to that a good couple of centuries ago. The quintessential centralian goblin is now extinct. The one mentioned sporting a red shade and a short, barrel-like figure. All hunted to their squealing, spitting last. Thinking it over, the goblin doesn't even have a piggish snout. Someone should have fact-checked this.

The records kept on Southern Continent goblins are spotty. Gaps in their knowledge supplemented with superstitions about the dead centralian goblin.

Unverified nonsense flouted as the truth by lazy centralian researchers. There needs to be a correction. Perhaps a re-printing. These lies could get someone killed. This goblin is patient, devious, and sports gold eyes! What of the rest? What skills could they be hiding? Could they be more of a threat than previously recorded?!

Her breath hitches. Just who or what is she dealing with?! It's clear he's a threat or will become one very soon. It'd be doing the world a favor to strike him down now.

"Today will be about your pleasure. I want to know what makes you tick."

Prudence straightens up. She pulls her hair up into low fairy-like pigtails. They'll be easier to keep clean this way compared to the cum-soaked mess of yesterday. The mage sits down and gestures to her lap. Pats it. "Have a seat."

The goblin growls deep in his throat. It's a different growl than yesterday. Softer somewhat. He steps forward and sits, making sure to face her.

"I see." A tolerant goblin does not equal a trusting goblin. "I'm not looking to hurt you," she plies, before adding on as an afterthought- "Yesterday didn't hurt, did it? I just want to understand your physic. I can't promise it'll be strictly confidential," she babbles, "but we can draw a contract. You're interesting." Spirits, she's talking to him as if he's a real person. Prudence shakes her head.

"I'd like to disrobe you."

Prudence gathers a couple of leafy hand-holds, lifting the cloak of green. It gives. Rattling all around like a tree harassed by a gale, the mage studies the goblin-made garb. It's held together by a mix of sap and spider webbing sown between the overlapping leaves. There isn't any real stitchwork so she imagines it'll fall apart give or take a couple of days spent in the rain. But still.

"Did you make this?" she gushes, marveling at the clever design. "Sap like this must draw insects.
But these leaves, they’re reedhems. Winged insects dislike the smell.”

Prudence places the cloak to the side. Without the cloak, she now can have a good look at his body. He’s lean. Greatly so. Thin and toned, it points to an aggressive lifestyle of running and fleeing. He’d make a decent scout in a proper goblin troop. Surviving this long there has to be a quirk about him. Why isn’t he in a troop? Prudence studies his green skin. It’s warm to the touch. Clean.

It’s quite the vibrant color. A thornapple green. The shade of a hawthorn leaf.

Prudence discreetly sniffs him. He bathes? Goblins don’t. Or now they do if this goblin is the common standard. Perhaps she’ll write her own bestiary. This goblin alone could fill a couple of chapters. Nude aside from the loin cloth he sports, Prudence moves to the goblin’s torso and belly. Typically, goblin loners tend to be close to starvation when they’re spotted around towns and villages. Driven to inevitably steal from crops and barns. He’s better off than he should be. Too well-fed. She pokes his shoulder muscles and his arms. Too healthy.

He’s quite the shorty in her lap too. Ears, long and pointy towards the tip, arch and quirk. Seemingly listening to two sounds at once.

An ear presses against her chest. Fuzz-tipped, it tickles. The mage rubs the pointy end. The hairs are bristle-like. Thin. They’re nearly invisible in the light. Could they help with hearing or are these hairs for something else? She hums. The ear on her twitches. Why? Prudence’s fingers find their way to his coin-sized nipples. Round and flat, she runs her short nails round them. They rise, stiffen to her calling touch. Black buds rise to meet her flesh. They’re like ripe blackberries, utterly impossible to leave alone on the vine. She teases them. Her fingers stroke and tease. He grunts.

His ears writhe from the sensation. Is his nipples that sensitive? Perhaps she’ll up the stimulation. To learn his limits, of course.

One ear in particular slaps her cheek. She can’t resist. Her mouth opens and she catches it, sucking on the flailing tip. The goblin bucks in her lap. He squirms, gasping and whining. Prudence nips the ear. Biting soft then licking the gentle pain away. Prudence lets the ear go. It flees. She goes after the other one.

His ears grow hot in his mouth. Do goblins sport a higher temperature than humans?

Tipsy on the power, Prudence tips the goblin’s chin up. He hardly has any lips. Mostly fur and teeth. She kisses him anyway, opening her mouth to his. It’s a drooly affair. Saliva drips free as she coaxes him to kiss her back. His tongue keeps on trying to push pass her own, aiming to fuck her throat the same way it fucked her pussy. She kisses soft, certain. He kisses back hard, frantic.

For a goblin, a mouth is mostly used for eating. She can’t expect much.

Prudence pulls away but the goblin leans up, refusing to break the link between their mouths. His tongue worms pass her own. He relishes in the softness of her lips. The goblin mimics her first fumbling attempts. Lips collide into not-lips. His tongue burrows through, and as it wanted it in the first place, fucks her mouth. Prudence groans through her nose. It’s so thick and long. Pushing in and out. Green as he is, he’s like a sapling. A horrid plant-beast with sex toxins.

He fucks her mouth just like they would. Pounding away any thought of resistance.

She places her hands on his shoulders and pushes him down. His tongue ropes out. Prudence catches her breath. “This isn’t suppose to be about me, remember?” Now over him, the mage tugs up his loin cloth. “So this is why you don’t carry a weapon.” Gorgeous in green, a thick cock already at half-
mast salutes its hello.

It's a slightly darker than the rest of him. A dusky green.

Prudence palms it, tilting the length up for inspection. It's quite thick. From the tip of her nail to the knuckle in her hand, the shaft is a vertical beast. She studies the crown. Puffy black flesh surrounds the slit, the cum-line wreathing down until about halfway on the shaft. That's odd. Prudence brings two fingers to the slit line. It peels open. Pre-cum pearls the wedged edge. Streaks trickle.

The mage blows a soft breath on the skin.

The cock jerks, twitching from tip to balls. Prudence brings her eyes to his balls. They're big ones. Hearty and full, they hang low under him. Prudence blows a breath there. They clench and go taut like a rope on a pole. Prudence presses a thumb between them. His hips shake. They're so hot. Round the size of an orange, Prudence fondles them. She pumps a ball, squeezing and willing the liquid pleasure up the shaft. Then does the same to the other. Pumping and groping them together.

His cock swells.

It doesn't stiffen like a human does, well kinda, but it's extremely interesting to study. Within seconds, it's engorged. At full-mast, fluid fills the shaft, inflating the thickening girth. Cum oozes out the slit line. Prudence brings her mouth to the crown. More stimulation is necessary. She licks. "It's good!"

Sweetness surges amongst the salty taste.

So he keeps a fruit-favoring diet? It's a reasonable observation. A goblin on his own loses the ability to hunt effectively. No scouts to warn of danger or spot easy prey. No attackers to hunt or defend. A goblin's greatest asset is their numbers. They breed faster than they can be wiped out. Without them, they're a easy kill.

Prudence laps away. Her tongue maps his twitching length, stirring more lust.

The goblin whines, canting his hips up and smacking his tip against her face. "That feels good, huh?" Prudence plops her lips against his cock's crown. She kisses it. He whines louder. Prudence laps at the slit, coaxing out more cum.

It shouldn't be this delicious. Fleeting, Prudence imagines running a item store.

She blushes. That would be a terrible idea! Monster-made goods are unheard of!

Absently, she hums her thoughts out. His ears twitch and raise. Cum gushes out the cock's crown, spreading a thick stream of white dribbling out his long shaft-spanning slit. As his cock quickly crosses from merely thick to gloriously thickened, she sees the trick about him. That's not his real cock at all.

It's a sheath!

The slit splits open like a flowering bud, sheath folds unfurling round and round until the true cock pistons up into the air. Heat radiates free from its massive size. Emerald-green in color, the true shaft twitches in time with her tongue. Veins throb throughout the thickening flesh. Oh, the saints! It's-"Glorious."

She can't hold herself back.
Prudence angles herself over the true shaft's steamy tip. Mouth wide, she brings it into her cheeks. "So thick!" she moans, muffled and smothered in hot flesh. Prudence relaxes her throat. She can't take the whole thing now. It'd be insane to try. It's as thick as a wheel of cheese! But she does take in what she can.

The mage stirs her tongue around.

The goblin fucks her mouth, his hips slowly thrusting up into her greedy, grinning lips. She begins to move. Her head bobs up and down, taking the shaft in. Its sheer size bulges her cheeks. Prudence takes it slow. She'll nip him otherwise. The true shaft stiffen, heralding the end. He's going to cum soon! Prudence milks the fat tip. Cum spills out. The taste is different. Thicker. Hotter. Sweeter.

She moans in appreciation.

The goblin jerks his hips up. His cock goes rigid between her plump lips. Prudence closes her eyes. She's ready. He's going to cum... now! Seconds pass. He's going to... cum now! Second pass again. Prudence opens her eyes. His whole length is stiff as stone. He's ready, isn't he? Prudence frees her mouth. "What's wrong?"

Oh! He's tamed. Kinda. "Cum."

He shoots his load, foamy white splattering her face and top once more. "You better not get used to cumming on my face." Prudence declares, licking up a thick glop from her chin. His cock drains a little longer. Weak squirts shake the softening shaft. Slowly, the true cock shrinks in width and the sheath messily spirals back around the shaft. It's like watching a flower shutter its petals.

"Blessed be, I'm a mess." Prudence fishes out a pocket watch. "That's an hour."

The mage sighs. She has to get back to work now. Prudence gives the goblin a lazy pat on his head. He's faintly fuzzy to the touch. A thin layer of green fur lines his skin. She gets up and returns to the alchemist's array. Cum drips off her. It's alright. Cum is fluid and fluids are her bitch! Prudence holds her palms out.

Magic gathers and she directs her will.

Cum and its companions, sweat and saliva, drift up from her sticky figure. The filthy mix gathers into a pale bubble. Prudence points with her finger and off it goes, flung down the tunnel and out to sea. She's the best. "Say it's a parlor trick now, Chalise!" Prudence cackles, picking up the chalk from earlier.

The mage boasts, fist pumped into the air. "I never have to worry about stains."

Prudence kneels. Hand ready, the mage begins to draw the next rune in the sequence. It goes well. Lines straight. Cast steady. Magic dolled out in acceptable amounts into each stroke drawn. It's all too easy to forget her guest.

Rear high, her hips wag as she moves on her knees.

Hands settle on her ass. "Eh!" Crap, she- the goblin! "I order you-" Her panties are pulled to the side. That gesture. He remembers the motion she did to his loin cloth! It doesn't work the same. Her panties are made of a thicker fabric than the stolen rag he made his own. His hands fist the seat, forcing it aside.

Her voice dries. Wait? What! No, she needs to order him to stop. He can't just-
The goblin lines himself up with her hole. Already, she's wet. Been wet the whole hour. Slick and waiting, his tip meets little resistance as it drags against her slit. "Ah!" she spits out. Her eyes lower to the ground. Damn, she wants it.

"F-Fuck me."

The goblin toys with her. His thick tip grinds against her weak-willed hole.

"Don't make me say it twice. Fuck me."

Prudence steadies herself and plunges back, taking the length in. Her mouth falls open. "That girth!" The goblin thrusts forward. Ah. Ah! Her body rocks along. She's like a slave to that thing. Just the smell. Just the touch. More.

More! Prudence meets his gusto with her own. Loving the pleasure sliding deep in.

"You're going to make me mess up the array," she whines, "I can't!"

Prudence grips the chalk. She draws line after line, pouring her magic into each finished rune. He thickens inside of her. Spirits, his cock is so husky! Too husky. Her legs give under her. The goblin pounds away, each of his mighty thrusts bouncing her pleasure-drunk body. Cum balloons her belly. Hot and fast, it pours in.

Her insides squeezes around him.

"Cum," she orders. "Cum," she begs. Her sight darkens. She's so heavy, so full and flooded. The more he thrusts, the more cum is shoveled right out. She's at her limit. "I can't!" Prudence cums. Her insides seize like a brace around him, writhing and tightening for more, more, more. His cock plunges without mercy.

Whirling through her star-lit climax, a terrible thought crosses her mind.

What if this is the opportunity he was waiting for? At his mercy, she'd be easy to turn into an obedient breeding bitch. Prudence reaches for the knife. Her fingers find the handle. She wields it, readying the strike. "F-Flick and-

The goblin takes her by the chin. Lips crash and all is now a glorious white.

Prudence wakes with her head in a fuzzy, unfamiliar lap. She cranes her head up. It's the... goblin. "You," she declares. It's as much of a respectable address he'll get. For now, anyways. Can't exactly go around naming monsters.

It's unheard of. His mouth stretches in a mockery of a human smile. Too much teeth and too much malicious intent. It's a hunting smile. One that promises feasting and flesh. His claw-like hand dangles over her. Trembling, it touches her head.

The mage blinks. He's waiting for some sign of approval. Prudence carefully nods.

He strokes her, patting her forehead. Is it mere mimicry or something more? She looks for chains or ropes or her belly ripe with child. She is more or less the same. Still dressed. Still stained in his lewd colors. Isn't this... wrong?

"You're a defective goblin, aren't you?"

The cruel creature has the nerve to look embarrassed.
Maiden Maker Chuck (NO SEX)

Chapter Summary

Chuck learns he qualifies as a heroine.

Chapter Notes

Probably will delete this one. Just posting it to get some distance before I take another crack at drafting.

Chuck glances up and yeah, the floating text is still there, still... looming.

[Greetings, Heroine Candidate!]
[Please Choose One of the Following Classes!]
[Princessl Holy Maidenl Shrine Maidenl Village Maiden]

Hilarious.

Night hour, the gray walls are as black as the dark streets out the window. Pale distant dots streak across the wet glass. New place with a new leak, the noisy drip of ceiling-born rainwater cuts through the unsteady silence. Good thing he unpacked the kitchen supplies first. Purely to look like a civilized person living well. But uh, it's working out. A pink sister-gifted bucket holds the fort while a mop sits to the side for easy cleaning in the morn. He'll get to it. Eventually.

He looks again. Yup, the hallucination is looking to be a keeper.

Chuck runs a hand through his black shaggy hair. The plastic crinkles under his weight. He's half-sitting, half-kneeling on his foam mattress. It smells like a factory's furnace, raw and stale with a lingering rubbery scent of a fire about to rise again. Chuck wrinkles his nose. Wouldn't it be nice for it to be a gas leak?

Shame, he can't smell anything foul enough to get the fire department involved.

"You looking for my sister?" Silence. "How'd you confused Chuck and Catherine on your systems, only god knows, but she ain't here." Chuck lifts his head. "And she won't be. Catherine is about six states over. Might as well move on. Seeya."

[Adjusting Heroine Parameters]
[Adjusting]
[Adjusting]
[Adjusting]
[Heroine Parameters Adjusted!]

"Super." Chuck throws out. "Now if you can just leave my apartment..."

[Greetings, Heroine Candidate Chuck!]
Oh lookie, it's voice-activated. Maybe that's a clue? Chuck rolls his shoulders. Old football aches reassert themselves against his sore spine. Can't get a goddamn wink in with this fucking text-based terror haunting him round the apartment. The guy who lived here last, Henry or whatever, left a lot of his gaming stuff behind. Headsets. Joysticks. Gaming rigs left to catch dust. Maybe the floating text is being projected from a device he can't find? That actually explains a lot.

Maybe he should play along. "Can I get info on the classes?"

[Princess]
The kingdom of Concordia seeks an heiress to retake the lost crown.
Base Bonus: Bloodrite. Royal Proclamation. 1000 Funds.
Base Penalty: Warmonger.

[Holy Maiden]
The church of Auldra seeks a prophetess to reunite the splintered flock.
Base Bonus: Saintrite. Divine Order. 500 Funds.
Base Penalty: Heretic.

[Shrine Maiden]
The faith of Pastoria seeks a priestess to restore and rebuild shrines.
Base Bonuses: Ritualrite. Woodland Worship. 250 Funds.
Base Penalty: Heathen.

[Village Maiden]
The village of Osith seeks a lass to renew life and fortune to the isle.
Base Bonus: Villagerite. Green Thumb. 100 Funds.
Base Penalty: Stranger.

The best job, because that's what these things are, jobs, would be to take the [Shrine Maiden] class. Why? It's the easiest one. Shrines in video games are usually up and out of the way of the main conflict. Forest shrine: fight a goblin. Desert shrine: fight a scorpion. Does he need go on? Princesses are kidnapped. Holy Maidens are killed. Village girls get bumped off early. But shrine maidens? They're named extras. NPCs that can't be killed off because who'd give the quest?

She's a side piece. The extra face in a harem's group shot. Right up there with the underaged jail-bait, the slutty teacher, and of course, the milf-next-door. If dark forces come knocking on his door, fuck the crystal, he'll hit the road. And when he does, a pack of heroic twerps will swoop in and do all the hard work for him.

"Let's say I pick [Shrine Maiden]. Satisfied? Ready to slip into snooze mode?"

[Chosen Class: Shrine Maiden]
[Generate Heroine Vessel:]
[Y/N?]  

Chuck sucks in a sigh. He nods, not expecting anything more than a pixel avatar.

The floating text ripples and a orb of light emerges and lands on his mattress. Chuck's eyebrows quirk up. A humanoid creature forms before his eyes. Naked and bald, its sleek silvery skin is smooth and featureless like a doll. The mattress dips. New weight, imagined weight, ripples across
the cheap plastic sea he calls a bed. His mouth falls open. "This can't be-" Chuck gawks, gasping. "Shit!"

He throws a hasty glance to his carbon monoxide detector.

[Altworld Vessel]
[HP: 0/0]
[MP: 0/0]
[Info: A empty vessel.]

"This has to be one of those..." Well, he doesn't actually know. But uh, awesome?

The humanoid is feminine in design. Hips and thighs and waist cut into faint curves. Chuck's knee hits the mattress and he moves closer, leaning over the humanoid, er, vessel. It doesn't have fingers or feet or pupils. The little things that makes a human human. It breathes. Gray skin rising and falling at a steady rate. Chuck takes a waxy hand into his own and simply marvels at the sensation. It's lacking knuckles and wrinkles but whatever material its made of can clearly work without it. The hand can be shaped, bent. It's soft. Firm to the touch.

Light swells across the female vessel. In seconds, it transforms into- "Me?"

To be exact, a female version of him. Chuck measures himself and then the transformed vessel on the bed. Wow. They're about the same height. Aren't chick versions of a guy suppose to be shorter? Fem Chuck, Chuck decides, has the same summer tan. It looks better on him than it does her. What girl wants to walk around looking like overcooked mystery meat? It'll peel off but still. She's broad-shouldered, straight-waisted, and is on the small side, breast-wise.

The two of them could play as twins aside from a little padding in the chest area.

"Reset," Chuck speaks aloud, "Randomize." He doesn't want to play as Fem Chuck. What's the point? They're literally identical. "Just because I might play as a girl doesn't mean I want to BE a girl." Chuck rubs his temples. "Just a heroine."

[Assigning Scenario to Heroine Candidate]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]
[Scenario Synced!]

Pastoria, the goddess of the green glen and ally to HEROINES everywhere has FALLEN. Her shrines forgotten. Her altars destroyed. Her temples infested with monsters. Only you, a MAIDEN of PURITY, can free these bastions of untold ruin.

Relight the shrines!
Rebuild the altars!
Remake the temples!

The vessel turns back to that blank, silver-gray state.

Echoes are the lingering will of Pastoria's first followers, her first war-maidens. They seek to protect what remains. As Pastoria's domain is restored, more war-maidens will be available to you.

Call out their name and they will lend you their form and power.

Echo of Ritta (Ovine)
Echo of Opal (Aviane)
Echo of Myrtle (Lapine)
Echo of Clara (Taurine)

"You're not going to make this easy for me, are you?"
Maiden Maker Chuck Pt 2 (SEX)

Chapter Summary

Chuck meets Ritta.

Chapter Notes

I was going to write four intermissions for each echo but I changed my mind. Here's what I had.

In the vessel's place is a flesh-and-blood girl... with rabbit ears.

Two fuzz-tipped ears, long and flimsy like a stalk of spring-sown corn, crown a mane of messy white hair. Fur, Chuck corrects. It's silker than any human hair he's touched. Fluffy too. The outer hairs cluster together as his fingers strive to sink deeper. They grow dense round Chuck's touch, binding him in a prison of impenetrable fur. His fingertips dangle in a space that shouldn't be there. Softer hairs tickle and tease from within like the underside of a good hunter's pelt.

Chuck gives up trying to reach further and settles with petting Ritta from afar.

Her ears twitch ever so. Swiveling towards the moans and groans that a old apartment building makes at night. Snowy tufts crest the base of each ear. Chuck can't help himself. His fingers reach out and curl round a rabbit ear. "Ah~" they say together. A flash of something, pleasure maybe, hits him low in the belly.

Chuck recoils. He doesn't have anything receptive there. Cock's a little lower.

Ritta mirrors him. Cheeks and eyes now bright and bewitched and too stupid to leave. "What was that?" Chuck mumbles. A second voice follows his own. His fingers hover once more over her waiting ears. Something's wrong. Her ears now twitching to the rhythm of his own clumsy breath. Chuck holds a breath in. Ritta's ears stiffen. Chuck lets it out and the ears twitch away, focusing on farther sounds.

He touches her.

Fingers descend, grasping the tempting tip. It's so soft. Velvety to his fingertips. His thumb grinds in and another shared "Ah~" ebbs out into the dizzying dark. Heat worms itself deep inside of him. A buzzing pleasure runs down his spine and Chuck can't think of anything but this sensation, doubled and divided, coursing through him and her. Ritta's lips part and she gasps loudly.

Chuck frees one ear and goes for the other, stroking this one even fiercer.

Not only is it soft. But it's supple, too. Her quivering tip fights him. Attempting to flick him free like it might do a mosquito looking to land where the fur's the thinnest. Chuck swings his fingers down the furry curve. He hits the base of her ear and scratches. Shit! The sensation swells. Damn, it feels
Chuck arches up into it. Led forward by an warm and soft invisible touch.

Damn. Blood fills his face. Sinna is as pale a bleached shoreside shell. White like the bottled sand that you order online. She's nude. He knows that. But her nudity didn't quite click until now. Sinna is long and lean. Legs and calves toned like a track star. Discolored skin rings round her bruised knees. Hips are slim. Torso too. Just about everything on her thin and striking like a green reed rising out a concrete slab.

His hands tap her taut belly. A trail of thin white hairs meet his fingertips.

Dollops of soft flesh sit on Sinna's chest. Mounds so little that her nipples probably wear the bra. They're small but adorable in their own way. Chuck lets his hand lead him upward. Her skin tenses under him. Skin upon skin, it tightens. Chuck reaches her breasts and lets his knuckles glide across the pinking skin.

Albino or not, her blush is vibrant as it spills up onto the surface of her skin.

Chuck leans low and his lips brush against her dusk-pink nipples. They bud. Fat like a unripe strawberry, a nipple knocks into his chin. He opens his mouth and takes it in. Pleasure spills across his spine. Phantom lips wrap around his own nipple, the sensation doubled and divided and divine. Chuck laps away, coaxing the little bud to stiffen even further. Sinna takes a sharp inhale. Her hips wiggling.

He doesn't have to back to know that his own hips are doing the same thing.

Chuck moves to the next nipple, letting his mouth drag against the skin as he moves to the left. Huh. It uh honestly didn't feel this good when he let the occasional fling play with his chest. A impromptu pillow for a chick who likes to cuddle. Sinna must be more sensitive than him. He curls his tongue round her nipple. His breath hitches. Her breath hitches. He's starting to lose who's who.

His vision blurs, blinks, and suddenly, Chuck's looking up at himself.

"Are you-" they say at the same time. Eyes linking. Her eye color matches his, shifting then and there to a ordinary gray. "Sorry, I-" It happens again, the two of them speaking over the other. Chuck tilts his head, chagrined. Sinna mimics him. They'll never get anywhere unless he takes the lead. "You're Sinna, right?"

Sinna doesn't answer.

"Feels like I'm fooling around with a sex doll and that's not that fun."

Sinna's thighs rock up and spread. Her nude slit presses up against his middle. Chuck's head drops. His eyes fling themselves to take a snapshot of that flash of wet pink. Suddenly he's needy, wanting a taste of that sweetness. His fingers let go. Chuck gets on his hands and knees, nose brushing her white chalk-like skin. Thin fair hairs go. Chuck gets on his hands and knees, nose brushing her white chalk-like skin. Thin fair hairs tickle his chin. Then he's at the slit, kissing it nice and open.

Dual pleasure surges up and round his clenching balls. His belly tightens.

[Soul Sync Established]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]
[Syncing]
[Auto-Sync Function: Activated!]
Consciousness fills Sinna's eyes. She stirs. Her bleary gaze falls to the vessel-maker now kneeling between her legs. He is now inert. Sinna remembers her name and the fleetfoot grace that comes naturally to her limbs. But that is all she remembers to be distinct of herself. She has a sister named Catherine and a couple of calls she has to make in the morning. Rodrick wants her come in early.

Sinna tilts her head.

This isn't right. She's shorter, yeah? Sinna measures herself. Counting her second-set of ears in the inches, the numbers still don't add up. She's thinner. Slimmer. Limber in ways she hasn't been since high school. Sinna tilts her head again. That can't right. She couldn't have landed herself on boys' football team.
Chapter Summary

In which Ethan updates into a MGE-styled monster.

Chapter Notes

Rejected scraps of my upcoming fic. Since I wrote so much of it, I thought I might post it here.


General Summary: Ethan Hill was your average office slacker when he was summoned, murdered, then dumped into a soulless monster. Life is swell. He's now a bottom-feeder. Too much of a wimp to take on other monsters and too proud to dine on human flesh. Can't say he sees the appeal of humans outside of bait meat.

But things change when he bumps into a live human and learns he's playing by MQE rules.

Technically, this isn't cannibalism.

And if Ethan says it long enough, he might actually believe it.

His eyes streak across the torch-lit dark. The blood starts here. Intruder. Ethan frowns. Ah, intruders. No wonder the tunnels are so festive. This desolate pit gets about ten idiots a day but to get about a hundred human suckers at once...? Crazy. Maybe the lucky bastards up on topside get to eat this good but for the slithering abomination of the eighth gate, it's looking to be Christmas.

Nobody has to die tonight. Nobody but the humans.

Ah, he hates using that word. Human. It's so aggressive. Accusing, really. When a monster eats a human, Ethan's a little sad, a little worried about his own hide. He is human-shaped after all. But when a monster eats a intruder, who gives a hoot? Humans don't live in the dungeon. They're outsiders. Trespassers. Target practice for any monster aiming to make it topside. Frankly, humans lose the right to be called human here. They're overdressed meat.

Here in the ugly dark, 'intruder' is simply another word for 'free meat'.

Ethan sails a careless glance over his shoulder. Twenty years stuck in this ring of hell and he's gotten goddamn cocky about his place in the pecking order. Last to eat. Last to be eaten. That ought to be a point of pride, you know. Damned or not. A winged beast like himself can do no better. He's seen hatchlings of his fellow birdkin. Cockatrices are common down here. They probably wish they weren't. Anything with wings and under fifty pounds is the first edible fucker up on the chopping
But him? Ha! He's survived to adulthood in this black hell.

The ex-human cackles.

His wings rattle and rise. Untempered things, the stained feathers fan out and shake. They're at it again. His wings flap. Along his fluff-coated limbs, the feathers ruffle. Trying to fling free the darkening agent he applied to them. Not today. Ethan reels himself in. A hint of their true color gleams in the dim dark. Jesus. The powder is necessary, you idiots. You wanna catch the eye of a chimera? Besides, it'd be annoying to have to reapply the cave powder so soon. Itchy too.

Under all the ash and grounded powder is a pair of glitzy, gaudy wings.

Diet influences their color. Maybe sunlight too. At any rate, they've turned bone-white in the dark. He's practically a albino among his fellow beasts and everyone knows what happens to a white bambi. That's why he keeps his bestial instincts in check. If he lets himself follow every urge, he'd be dead within an hour.

Copper dots streak the snowy undersides of each broad fuzz-lined wing.

The ex-human checks his tail-feathers and remembers all over again that he's- Ethan sours. Might as well spit it out. Ethan's a female monster. It's not like he's actually forgotten. It's just that it's easy to push that little detail out of his mind. Male or female, he's still a monster. Life would be easier if this body was just a female version of his old one. It's not. He's piloting a stranger.

Ethan strides the fresh carnage.

Carcasses line the blackened floor. Dark robes. Dark hoods. The story writes itself. Wouldn't be the first time a failed ritual led to a massacre in these halls. Screams carry on the stone. That's not his problem. He hasn't caught a glimpse of a live intruder since landing here and doesn't plan to break the streak now. That's a hatchling's game. Even so, a few of the young ones, a juvenile chimera and a graywing drake give chase. They dart round his figure. Ethan gives a low whistle. They're getting faster.

Thirty seconds on the dot, they reach the poor bastards down the corridor.

Intruders sure love to pull a last stand. God knows why. If he was in their shoes, he'd slit the throat of the screamer and kick the fresh corpse to the beasts. It's just logical. Assuming it's a group of four, standard intruder tactics, the odds of living aren't in their favor. Two of them will die. The third'll die mid-escape. And the fourth, oh, the lucky fourth might escape to the seventh gate.

Ethan can't say he knows the odds of that last one. He hasn't seen happen once.

The ex-human listens keenly. Bone snaps. Ooh, that's a leg break. One runner down. Three more to cripple. Here it comes. The screams crescendo, a chorus of six shrieks, and a comrade hits the floor with a broken thud. Tragic. Those youngsters have it handled. They'll be topside material in no time.

Ethan turns away. If he listens too closely, he'll start catching names.

The ex-human kneels between the bodies. Loot. Loot. Loot. He knows better than to pocket anything that looks like human food or drink. Upon death, anything a intruder carries rots into poison. That or maggot mold. Heh. Don't knock the last one. He wouldn't mind the maggot mold if it didn't spread and sour anything edible. Lost a whole lizard leg to it once.
A faint sweetness cuts through the ripening meat.


That is the sweetness and softness a monster aspires to bathe in at all times.

And yet the scent persists. Ethan sifts through his memory. Why can't he name it? This is the crumbling dark. Festered stone and infested halls. Tunnels that end with dead. Tunnels that start with dead. The walls themselves wail and groan. They weep filthy tears. The air hates all that breathe. Sickened, his lungs grieve.

Scents soft and sweet, faint and weak, do not exist in the stirring black.

And yet the scent persists. His lips thin. It shouldn't be here. It'll be- "eaten." Ethan startles. His eyes fly across the still carcasses. That was his voice. Her voice, really. It's a stranger to his ears. He hardly speaks. His language is a lone one in this new world. He's the only speaker and he isn't fond of speaking to himself. At home, it'd be called english. Here, it's earthen.

The voice that seeps out scalds his ears. This is a mouth not made for kind words.

Ethan finds his bearings. He tries to focus on the bodies around him. The intruders aren't carrying much. Between ten of their number, Ethan collects a silver ring and a pouch of useless copper coins. The edges of the coins are fairly sharp. They might be useful as flint. His wings shivers, rally. The scent beckons.

The ex-human wavers, wobbles, mid-step.

Ethan sniffs again. Excuses march in line. That strange scent might not mean trouble. It could be anything. What about a rare dungeon plant? One of the non-carnivorous kind! It's been a while since he had fruit. Or uh a different type of meat? Animal! Ethan licks his lips. He hasn't had pork in years.

The scent sweetens.

Ethan swallows loudly. The scent so thick he's outright tasting it on his tongue. Light and airy with a hint of salt. His mind strays back to food. Huh. Smelling so sweet, you'd think it be a cake or any kind of pastry. It's a bit savory too. His hips abruptly shiver. Ethan freezes. His hips shiver again.

The ex-human looks down.

They're odd ones these legs. Half-human. Half-bird. Black talons serve as his feet and thick flint-grey skin and scale drape his twiggy lower legs. Thighs are bare. The skin there normal like a human's. Feathers sprout around his knees. He stares. Could he'd gotten a tick again? They've always been dependable legs. There's been hiccups before. A winged beast does not walk with the same ease as a human.

Ethan delivers a slap to his legs. What's the problem? He gives another one.

They shake. They wobble. His thighs grow rosy. Ethan hesitates, wings held in mid-swing. He hasn't been smacking them that hard. Why are they blushing? Ethan forces a foot forward. Then another one. The longer he stands here, the more the scent weakens his senses. He can't smell much of anything else. These leg-born jitters invade Ethan's stomach. His insides riot. Ethan grabs his front. The tightness isn't there. He's putting pressure on the wrong place. He sends his wingtips
lower. Winged beasts like him don't have belly buttons. Right where he should have one, his wing-finger presses in. Ethan breathes. The pressure helps. His legs shape up and stiffly move but-

Ethan squirms.

His insides liquefy. It doesn't feel gut-related. He'd know. But the problem feels like it's sitting right behind the bathroom pipes. This swelling discomfort. Tumor? Magic tumor? God, wouldn't that be the icing on this shit-cake. Honestly, he's starting to feel funny. Feverish. The scent calls from wherever it's hiding. Another whiff of it and he breaks out in a whole body shudder. Ethan pants. His ragged breath spills out hot and hissing.

Fine. He'll have to use a word he hates. "S-Status."

(Dungeon-Born) Winged Beast
  [Class: Monster]
  [Level: Undefined]
  [HP: Undefined]
  [MP: Undefined]
  [Race: Winged Beast/Harpy Variant]
  [Race Traits: Scent Sight I. Sound Sight I. Sharp Eye III. Razor Wings.]

This is nothing new. "Scan Self."

[Linking to Server]
[Server not Found!]
[Attempting Self-Repair]
[Repairing]
[Repairing]
[Self-Repair Failed!]
...
[Linking to Server]
[Server not Found!]
[Attempting Self-Repair]

"I don't even know why I bothered. You always do this. For the last twenty years-"

[Server (Proxima) Found!]
[Linking to Sever]
[Linking]
[Linking]
[Character Data Found!]
[Downloading]
[Downloading]
[Downloading]
[Update Complete!]

His lips quirk up. "You're fixed? I d-didn't think that was possible."

(Winged Beast) Ethan Hill
  [Class: Dungeon Resident]
  [Level: 1]
  [HP: 5/5]
"So, you've got numbers now. Neato. Can you scan me?"

Ethan stares in horrified silence.

[Achievement Unlocked: First Heat!]
[Here are the following rewards: Aroma Boost! Sensitivity Up! Orgasm Factor 3X!]

"Go away. Go away. Go away."

Ghouls rise from the remains.

Ethan cracks a grin. "You never learn." They don't get far. Rats and beetles surge on the fouling flesh, meat and muscle stripped from the bleeding frame. If there's anything monsters hate more than tainted meat, it's undead meat. Let a ghoul rise and that fucker get first dibs on everything. Who's gonna stop them? Any monster with working nostrils will run in the opposite direction. Time to earn his keep.

His talons grip up a knee cap and he twists, ripping the bone out the socket.

A ghoul that can't walk is a ghoul that can't feed. The bigger monsters allow him to work around their meals. He's earned the tolerance. They know he won't want the prime cuts they guard.

Once the carcasses are mostly shredded strips, the spirits shriek and flee.

"Go haunt your next life," he mutters, "This hell is already full." You're gonna have to desecrate at least one corpse or a spirit will think themselves clever and cram their essence into a skeleton. And the thing about skeletons is that they don't like to play nice with other monsters. They'll swing at anyone not in their undead numbers. Let them kill a single intruder and you'll get a ghoul, a ghost and a new skeleton to add to their ranks. They're like cells. Ever dividing into more.

His eyes land on a fresh corpse. That's odd. It's the only one in chains.

Well, it's not a real ritual without a some good old-fashioned human sacrifice. Ethan walks over. He takes a knee, examining the corpse for any tainted flesh or territorial bites by a monster who might come back for it. Odd. Intruders aren't often left in one piece like this. Ethan counts the limbs. This poor bastard still has all four. Ethan thinks it over. He's always wanted to start his own larder. Just about every day, he has to make his rounds of the dungeon's tunnels. Searching cracks and crevices for slime clutches, snake holes, and spider nests. But a whole human corpse could change that. Imagine all the bait meat.

Ethan hoists the corpse onto his back.

"Jesus," he hisses. The fucker's making him lopsided. Nearly too tall for his back. It's two heads over
him. Ethan steadies. Old scares flare under Ethan's knitted skin and he swallows down the pain. Sometimes, it's hard to remember he can't walk like a human. His talons and three-toed front feet at odds with his muscle memory.

Ethan draws in a sharp breath. That scent. It's circling him!

He's getting foggy-headed. Ethan wobbles to the left. Ethan wobbles to the right. His nose twitches. It's that scent! It's... fucking with his senses. Sight leaves his eyes. The familiar darkness falls back and Ethan is left in a empty void. It's not real. Ethan shakes his head. Under his talons, the old stone is still there. Why can't he-? Ethan sniffs. His own scent cuts through the invading sweetness. It's not safe here, it says. He needs to stash the scent somewhere safer.

Impossible. A dungeon isn't safe. Not for him. Not for anyone. He can't-

Instincts take the wheel. The beast inside him adjusts the corpse on his back and then his talons moves, a primal stalk merging with his human stride. Ethan walks by the elder slimes. They don't clamber for a piece. Ethan walks by the wingless wyrms. They don't crowd him, hissing for the spine. Ethan walks by the three-headed chimera. One of their numbers sniffs loudly in his direction. Oh, they'd want-

The chimera bears his teeth. Not at him. No, it's directed towards the corpse.

Ethan continues out the chamber. Not a single monster demands their share. He can't imagine why. It's not a ghoul. It isn't claimed by another monster. And he would've smelled the tainted meat on the skin. It's fine. It's fine! Ethan shifts the corpse on his shoulders, letting the head loll onto the side of his neck.

And that's when he hears it. The first shuddering inhales of a live body.

Technically, this isn't cannibalism. It's murder.

And if Ethan says it long enough, he might actually commit it.
Angel Altar, Pt 2 (SEX)

Chapter Summary

In which Ethan deals with the consequences of failing to be a murderer.

Chapter Notes

More rejected scraps of my upcoming fic.


Ethan sets the corpse down in his oldest hunting hatch.

Corpse? Heh. No point in correcting himself. It'll be a corpse. Eventually. For now, he'll call it Bait-Meat Carrion. Carrion for short. The corpse ought be thankful. It wasn't easy unchaining him. The ex-human sighs, sliding the false wall over the exposed gap they came. Been a while since Ethan squatted between these old bricks. Rags and ripped strips keep the place lively against that backdrop of bleak pale stone. He has em' hanging like flags and tassels. Faded blues and reds and trinkets galore.

It's not a kind sight for a human. There's likely a body for just about every object he has.

Mudwater bleeds a lazy river down the western wall. That's a feature, not a bug. Slime don't like crossing moving water but they sure are fond of smothering people in their sleep. That's why he's here after all. To outsource a little thing called murder. Ethan snorts. The hutch itself is a wide nook nestled between a pair of walls. The way its shaped, bloated and round, it's like a festering sore putting the squeeze on the pit's main veins, the tunnels right outside.

Ethan readies the flint. Can't exactly let a man die without letting him get a good look at who's doing it. Shit like that causes ghosts.

With a few stony clacks comes the bright flying sparks. He gets a torch going. It's nothing fancy. Just a old shirt wrapped round a metal handle. Ethan lights the rest. "Let there be light," he mutters. Up the torches go. Eighty dirty-yellow lights to keep the long shadows curled in the corners. Lucky there's a draft in here. Otherwise the smell of burning cloth would suffocate them both.

Ethan steps over to the water wall. "Feels like forever since I had a real bath."

Up against the makeshift water filter strung up by steel strips is a bronze helmet serving as a bucket. What can Ethan say? It's not like the dead can wear it. Brimming with murky water, Ethan dumps it over his head. He hisses. Shit, that's cold. Along his shivering wings, the dust and powder drips down in thick streaks of white sludge. Ethan taps the bricks. He knows it's about- Ah, here it is. The
third one on the right wobbles and pulled out the hollowed stone. Can't leave things out in the open.
Intruders help themselves to just about anything.
Ethan fishes out his handy-dandy washstone. A smooth rock wrapped in stiff cloth.

He unwraps the white strips bundled round his chest. Hello girls. Pert and plump, they're soft dollops of creamy flesh. Ethan runs the water directly on his chest. Jesus. Is it winter up on topside or what? The chill's sharper than a knife. Round his fat nipples, the velvety pink tightens. He gasps a little loud, a little ignorant of the echo this damn place decided to throw right back at him a second later. Blood fills his face. It's one thing to make to make a hot, fluttery gasp but in the echo, it's repeating like a five-second porno. Maybe Carrion over didn't catch a word of it-

The fucker's moved.

Ethan raises an eyebrow. Now, that's a first. The fucker now lays against the corner away from the false wall. Interesting. "You didn't think I'd notice?" Ethan sinks a talon into the thick puffy part of the fucker's fancy shirt. "Really?" It doesn't rip easy like the cheap stuff most adventurers wear. "Really, asshole!" Ethan drags the corpse to the center of the slanted room. The fucker doesn't even resist. He's got a good poker face, Ethan'll give him that. But for all intents and purposes, this is a morgue. He should be scared. Soon or later, his cooling corpse will be on that slab over there.

"Die here. Die there. Doesn't matter. But couldn't you've been more sneaky about it?"

Ethan cops a squat over the corpse. Wet breasts bobbing as he tries to keep a straight face. "I demand an answer." He won't get one. Humans here don't speak english. But a 'ah, monster!' is a universal sound. Ethan pinches the corpse's cheek. The guy's not moving a muscle. Is Carrion sick? Ethan leans down and presses his forehead against Carrion's own. It's running a little high. Ethan checks again.

"Maybe I won't need to bring in help. Maybe you'll just die on your own."

Ethan leans up, his breasts rising with him, and their swelling curve knocks into the human's chin. Water drips onto those cracked lips. It's then and there that Ethan actually takes the fucker in. He's pale in a sickly way. Bruised. An odd sallowness on his dirty skin. There's a faint layer of grime on him. The dirt's different than what lines the pit's cracks and crevices. It reeks of iron.

"They held you captive, eh? Same here."

Carrion's a looker. You know. In that classic generic protag kinda way. The fucker's a shaggy-haired, smooth face, self-insertable doormat. Manly enough to root for but not too handsome to be a threat. If he'd been blonde, he'd be the sort of character who dies in the prologue. A faceless pretty-boy grunt.

The seconds drag on.

Ethan stares a little longer than he needs to. He can't help it. This is a human. The starter character to just about every rpg. He's envious. Feverish. This fucker's probably had an easy life. Could've had one at any rate. With a face like that, he'd win a girl easy. It's unfair. Why are they both here? Two assholes damned to die in the dark.

With a loud plop, his near nude rear drops right down on the man's lap.

Ethan pushes up Carrion's shirt. Just how pretty is this pretty boy? It'll take a second. That's all. The fabric gives and up it goes, revealing a flat expanse of freckled skin. Carrion shivers. Ethan snorts. What a baby. Can't he handle the cold? Amused by the goosebumps racing across Carrion's pinking
skin, Ethan blows a warm breath down.

Those soon-to-be-dead eyes open and can you believe it, they're gray like a grave.

They look at each other. Carrion blinks and his unsure eyes land on the swinging pair of breasts right in front of his headlights. This man knows his priorities! Just like that, a hardness asserts itself under Ethan's thick thighs. "Hoo boy." Ethan lets loose a bitter laugh. Who could pop a stiffy in a place like this?

His eyes flit round the hunting hutch and something in Carrion's expression changes.

Carrion doesn't scream. He should. There's a monster in maiming distance of his cock. Ethan leans and takes a long look at those pupils. The fucker could be sporting a concussion. They don't look glossy. While Ethan tries to recall the basic signs of a concussion in a human, Carrion's hips move. God knows why.

He starts slow.

Carrion's legs flex up and it's then and there that Ethan realizes he's aiming for friction. Seriously? Who could ever sustain a boner with a beast in his lap? The cock under Ethan's thighs swells.

Through the thin seams, it thickens, sailing straight into half-mast. Pri-or-ities. Ethan's a little impressed. Bulging, Carrion's willing cock presses up into Ethan's inner thighs. The ex-human gasps. He's warm. Near scalding to the touch. This fucker could double as a furnace.

"Jesus," Ethan swears, "You shoulda've kept all that hot blood in your skull."

As expected, his words fly over the human's comprehension. The fucker smiles. Carrion's hips snap up. Ethan falls forward, his breasts bobbing and the tips of his wings claw in. Carrion hisses. Thin bloody cuts wreathe the human's chest. The smell too rich to ignore. It's not cannibalism. Carrion's still alive. Ethan dips his head and laps it up. It's tasty. His tongue slides down the salty flesh.


Fingers hook under the loin-cloth's strings and away it goes.

A warm palm makes it to the top of the ex-human's ass. Ethan lets his knees kneel and angles up into it, knowing right where to lead it. Heat hits the base of his tail and he groans, near-panting like a bitch in heat. "You're doing good, pretty boy. I might just reward your complete lack of survival instincts. Lucky you."

Ethan tugs the hands off his ass and straddles Carrion's lap. "Comfy up here."

His hips go low. Carrion sharply inhales. His pussy drags over the human's fat cock. It's trapped under him. Might as well be a vibrator the way it's twitching with every lazy slide Ethan throws its way. Beads of dewy cum ebb to the surface. It smears. Ethan wiggles his nose. He's forgotten this smell. The musk of a man. Jesus, he's getting jealous again. Ethan wiggles his hips and he finds the throbbing tip. Spreading his thighs wide, he grinds his wet slit up into it.
Carrion moans. His dumb voice going high like a girl getting ate out in the pews.

Ethan licks his lips. His wingtips claw into the human's shirt, digging deep as the ex-human finds a rhythm. He swivels his hips. Bound in fabric, the cock-tip slaps against the slick slit. Carrion cants his hips up. That cock of his aiming to plunge itself in. Ethan idly thinks it over. He doesn't owe this fucker a happy ending. That said, his clit's hard and hot. It aches. Pink flesh puffy as hell.

It's not like he has anything better to do. Why the fuck not? It's his afterlife.

Ethan leans forward, lifting his hips and tugging down the human's sticky slacks. He drops right back down. The cock slides between his thighs. It's a damn cum-machine. The fucker's gushing a small river of white. Ethan swings his thighs close and starts to bounce. "Fuck-" Skin to skin, that cock is near searing, intoxicating with that endless heat. God, it feel good. His clit grinds into the hot length. "Ah-!"

His hips twitch in that knowing way.

Ethan pants. He's about to- His thighs buck and then he cums, pleasure spewing right through his loins. He arches. Lips fall open and he lets out a low, girly moan. Dizzy in the afterglow. Carrion's cock thrusts between Ethan's now putty thighs. The cock slides deeper and deeper til it's pressed flat against his pink folds. That angle...! The cock flexes and it breaches the sated slit.

"Y-You lucky dog."

Carrion's big. Near too big. Just the hint of his tip splits the ex-human's virgin slit. Ethan arches up, arches away, but it doesn't matter. Carrion snaps his hips forward. Gravity aids him. His cock thrusts up and Ethan plunges down. It's in. The thick tip barrels through. Ethan squeezes around it, his mouth lolling open. He didn't mind the first girly moan. He's prone to em'. He is in a girl. But to hear himself moan even more? His pleasured cries high and fluttery to near crescendo into a trill? It's weird. Real weird. He's not a... real girl. Carrion's cock tries to thrust another inch of itself in.

Ethan raises his hips. Rides the tip like he'd do a stripper pole. Fuck, he's hanging on for dear life.

Can't let the fucker any further in. It's purely on principle. Don't wanna to feel even more like the chick than he does. Mother of a mood-killer. Ethan lets another stray inch in. Shit, he'll regret that. Dudes take dick sometimes. It happens. Ethan wouldn't say he's completely straight. Otherwise this fuck-fest wouldn't have gotten this far. But that's not a random hole Carrion's in. One that Ethan can just write off. That's his... pussy. Her pussy. It's uh weird and jesus, is that a goddamn understatement. He should stop. End it before things get too real. But Ethan's liking the sensation. Tabbity thrusts trying so hard to make his weakening thighs tap out. The cock's spreading his insides. Up against his quivering inner walls, the tip pounds into the tender flesh. Ethan bounces on it. Thick cum oozing out the slit. All at once, the length stiffens. Then it shoots. Cum gushes upward and floods his insides with hot steamy white.

Surprised and dizzy-headed, Ethan loses his balance.


"Least," Ethan says between breaths, "-you can say you got laid before you croaked. That's
something. Dying with a orgasm in you."

Carrion's quiet. He might've spoke himself but Ethan wouldn't understand a damn word. All Ethan knows is that the fucker's real pleased with himself. He's smiling like a well-fed cat. Glowing in that 'I just got laid' way. Good for him, Ethan guesses. The ex-human tries to will his limbs to move. There's shit to do. He can't stay here all day. Fuck, he can't move. His legs won't give up the noodles act.

The human pulls him into his arms and Ethan doesn't have the strength to resist.


It takes him an hour to pull himself away. Carrion's neck remains unmarred.

"It's not personal." Ethan wobbles onto his feet and stumbles to the water wall. "It never is." He scrubs himself raw and curses his sharper sense of smell. He can't get the human's scent off his feathers. "You would've just died out there." Ethan ties on another loin cloth. "Another corpse on the pile." He rebinds his breasts. "It'll be quick. I've seen their work. It's always quick. You'll be okay."

Dead but okay.

Ethan rolls away the large rock that sits over the drain gate. He didn't put the drain gate in. The nook came with it. Who knows. Maybe this pit used to be the sewers of a castle. Might explain all the stone. Re-directed, the water empties into a deeper abyss and the watery moat drains out. Give it time. The slimes will come.

That's how he found the nook in the first place. Infested with nesting slimes.

Ethan gives a two-feather salute and leaves the corpse to his fate.

About three days later, Ethan returns to the hunting hutch. He would've came by earlier. But you know. Slimes. They're little territorial bastards. Ethan pushes the stone cover to the side and slips through the gap. Huh. It's not dark in here. Those torches should've went out by now. Ethan shakes his head. Guess that's magic for you. Some of the fabric is enchanted. If a intruder did get in, the fool would've made a campfire in the middle of the room. He takes a cautious sniff. Doesn't smell like fresh wood on a fire. And shit, light's near out.

The ex-human worms through and slots the false wall back in place.

He keeps it close for a reason. Nooks like this one are prime real estate for the small prey of the dungeon. Problem is when you have a bunch of snakes or spiders or insects crowding round a space, their direct predators start camping outside the walls. It's a balancing game. How many creatures can he hide in one hutch?

Ethan swings his new loot high over his shoulders. Knapsacks are rare here.
Two steps in and he walks into a sword. His eyes flies up from the rusted blade to the man who's holding it. Carrion. "You're alive?!" That's the only second he gets. Carrion swings. Ethan jumps back and dives into a dodge. His talons skid on the slimy floor. Shit. Thirty adult slimes rot where they lay. "You're human. This is a trick! You're a fucking ghoul." Carrion wheels around. Here comes the swing. Ethan braces for the blow. These wings aren't just for looking pretty. They're knife-proof. Ethan takes the hit. Carrion ups the barrage. The fucker won't quit.

The ex-human's arms weaken and he's back on the defensive, skidding out of range.

Carrion pursues. There's a rhythm now. Carrion aims for a gap, a delay, a second where Ethan has to think hard and fast when to block and when to give up the momentum. He's slower than he should be. Awkward with his wings. He can't attack and defend at the same time. Obvious, isn't it? Carrion keeps him busy with blocking. The fucker's doing it on purpose. A hint he sees Ethan's form a striking stance, talons rising, he wields that sword like a spear, launching upward for the heart.

Ethan slides out the way and then it hits him, he's getting slower. It's the goo. The goop hardening under his heels.

He hits a corner. Carrion plunges forward. Ethan deflect one blow and misses by a inch the second blade the bastard whips out. Dual-wielding in his house, eh? Ethan elbows the fucker in his side and sends a knee to his balls for good measure. Carrion doesn't stay down. The fucker gets back on his feet and then once more, they're swinging at each other. Blow to blow, it's Ethan who's wobbling at the end. He's covered in cuts and they're all bleeding bright. Shit, he's losing.

Ethan cackles. "Fine. I'll take off the kiddy gloves. Let's go!"

The ex-human fan out his wings, willing his feathers to sharpen into blades. He sprints forward. Carrion blocks at a angle. That won't work. His feathers release and they sail through the air like throwing knives. Three miss. The others don't. Carrion steadies his sword. Ethan chuckles. He coils back and lets loose a near-endless barrage. Carrion stands his ground. Feathers plunge into that scrawny fuck. The smell of human blood fills the air. Carrion won't go down. He swings.

Ethan ducks out of the way.

"Attack me all you want." The ex-human readies his next attack. "You'll bleed out long before I do!"

Lost feathers already regrown on his wings. Carrion takes another one of those funny-looking stances. Ethan's seen them before. It's a stance that sword-wielding intruders use. It's sloppy on Carrion. Power surges into the blade and the fucker swings. A glowing strike cuts through the air.

Doesn't matter. Ethan's still faster. A single blow will end it all.

The ex-humans skids round the human and gets a knife to the chest for his trouble.

"I-I got. I got too cocky." The broken knife rips through the white strips. The makeshift top tears into two. Just great. He'll die with his tits out. Real classy death here, eh? Can't tell if it was good luck or bad luck that the knife had a blunted point. Ethan loses his balance and hits the floor with a ungraceful thud. God forbid he's allowed to catch his breath either.

Carrion follows him down and there's the knife, pressed up against his neck.

"Didn't think of your kind would be the one to put me in ground." Ethan shakes his head. Or he tries too. Carrion doesn't seem to like any sudden moves at the moment. All things considered, it's not a bad way to go. Ethan raises his wings in surrender. Carrion scowls. Presses the knife even closer. "Be happy, you numskull. You won. Do me good. Give me a good stabbing. Aim for the guts."
With Ethan now down and out, Carrion scops out the rest of the room.

What's with that new look? Ethan frowns. Something in Carrion's expression changed. The human's staring at the knapsacks left to fend for themselves after the brawl started. Why? What's so special about them? Did he know the corpses Ethan's stole em' from. Heh. The fucker's probably gonna kill him nice and slow.

Those gray eyes land on him. "What? You gonna chicken out? Guess I'll have to be the bigger man here."

Carrion's making a stupid-looking face. Like he's real sorry about what he's gonna do next. Heh. Don't be. Things die in these tunnels every day, every hour. Can't be soft here. If they swapped places, there wouldn't be any wishy-washy staring going on. Ethan would've knock the human to the ground and stomped on his head til it was pulp. Promise you that. This is a classic ending. Man over monster.

The human still has a knife on his neck. That won't work. These feathers don't bleed.

Ethan gestures to his breasts. The skin's the thinnest there. Quick kill. Clean kill. You need to aim there. Hacking at his feathers won't win that goal. Awkwardly, Ethan takes Carrion's free hand. The human doesn't resist. Course he wouldn't. The knife a unsaid threat. Ethan leads that hand to his breast, pushing up the mound to help those fingers to locate his heart. "Fuck." They're cold.

Carrion mutters something and throws the knife to the side.

Ethan stares. What? Why? Another hand joins the ex-human's chest. Human fingers warily cup the soft flesh. Maybe he wants to find the ribcage? Carrion's thumbs splay and press into the curving mounds. They jiggle for him. Ethan reddens. His nipples rise. Swell. They're pink like the first bite of a spring-born strawberry and as they stiffen, they fatten to their full height. Ethan averts his eyes.

Carrion gropes them. Fingers, long and slim and unusually soft for a human of this world, brush and play with the tender buds. Isn't that's unusual. Sword stance means swordsmen but where's Carrion's calluses?

He can't actually be someone important, can he?

Carrion lightly touches Ethan's cuts. He's talking. Saying something that sounds sad and weirdly enough, a little annoyed. The human huffs. Carrion slaps a hand on Ethan's shoulder. Okay then. The human's clearly having a moment. Ethan continues to hold his wings in surrender. Carrion will get to the stabbing eventually, right?

Hardness asserts itself against the ex-human's thighs. "You're hard now?!

Ethan sighs. "I shouldn't have fucked you the first time. Betcha you think you're entitled to last fuck rites because you won?" Ethan recalls his perfectly fine orgasm. "That's not what this is." Clearly. "I'm the one entitled to last fuck rites."

The ex-human cocks open his legs. "Eh?"

Carrion frowns. "Oh no, buddy. Don't make that face. We'll both feel good." Ethan moves his loin-cloth to the side. Carrion still won't move. Fine. Ethan sits up and touches Carrion's slacks, cupping a dick that gives a twitching hello the moment his feathers press in. The human's cock swells. It salutes, tenting through the stained fabric. Ethan coils his feathers round it. Carrion's hips snap forward.

"I knew you'd be down for it. Can't resist a pretty monster girl, can ya? I wouldn't."
Ethan gets the cock nice and fat and then he drags the slacks down, letting the length spring free. The ex-human glances up. Carrion looks guilty. Ethan rolls his eyes. He can't claim he understands why Carrion's acting like this. For Ethan, this world is a video game made real. Nothing here really matters. It's just like the real world. Shitty. Boring. A place he can't log out of. And that's why Ethan doesn't care about being a monster or fucking a guy or touching a cock not his own. He's nothing.

And if that sounds a little like depression then fuck, it is.

Carrion pulls the ex-human into his lap, Ethan's back to the man's front. "Woo!" The human drives his cock through Ethan's thighs. "Shit, you're eager." Carrion bounces him on his lap. That cock pushes through the ex-human's folds. Carrion cups a breast, squeezing it. Ethan's fine with that. They grind into each other, cock and pussy getting nicely re-acquainted. His hips shake. Ah, he's gonna- Carrion adjust their position, his cock now grinding against Ethan's lush rear. Fingers slide down the ex-human's belly and then they touch his lower lips.

Ethan arches. "Not there. Not with them. I don't want to feel like a real-"

The fingers curl. They push in and spread his tight slit, making it gape wide. A thumb pelt his clit in pleasure. Shit, he fingered a woman in Accounting just like this. Had her straddling the desk while on a conference call. She was a trooper. Knew how to hold in a whimper. Ethan's not. He's a moaner. The fingers plunge deeper. Ethan can't stop his hips. They take the fingers in like they'd do a cock. Wetly. Tightly. He can feel the fingers so clearly inside of him. It's insane.

Just with them, just with their seeking touch, Ethan cums.

He goes limp. Ethan falls forward. It's a ploy. What he really is doing is making his escape. Ethan gets less than an inch away before he's held in place. Carrion's cock thrusts through his cheeks, the hot tip hitting the base of Ethan's tail-feathers. Ethan howls. He's a goner. His hips drive back and it's a hot, nasty affair. Pre-cum dribbles down his battered ass-crack. His cheeks redden, gripped up by the fucker. The cock goes rigid and then Carrion cums.

Ethan tries to make his escape again and the fucker flips him over, unsatisfied.

Carrion totters and teeters. His broad shoulders a brief unbroken line until he abruptly falls forward onto Ethan's chest. The ex-human squirms. He didn't ask to be smashed! Smothered in titties, the lucky fucker's dead to the waking world.

"Guess I couldn't rely on slimes."

Another day in the hunting hutch and Ethan's up, rinsing the last of the unusable goop off the stone. The place's almost back to normal if you ignore the human sleeping in the corner. Ethan couldn't bring himself to kill a man in his sleep. Carrion's earned it. He somehow held off a slime infestation for three days straight. That takes guts. Ethan glances at the man now wrapped in a bloodied cloak. Why isn't he dead yet?

It's tempting to not fix the moat. Let the slimes crowd in and infest the place. A week for now, Ethan could be finding nothing but hair and teeth. But if he did that, he might as well left Carrion with the other corpses. Maybe he should've.
Ethan sighs.

While he was gone, Carrion made himself at home like most intruders do. Most of Ethan's sword and dagger collection moved from their hidden nooks. Stolen, honestly. The fucker's been polishing them. Sharpening them as best he can. Unfortunately for him, not a single rock in here is sharper than his talon. They've been specifically shaved down to keep intruders like him from pocketing them for themselves. Besides, you can't clean decades of rust with just water.

The ex-human sets the chestplate pot down.

Carrion better appreciate this. He has the pot sitting on three face-plates that are doing well as a stand. Right between the legs is a small smoldering fire. It's for the human. The fucker been drinking from the same filter that Ethan does. Which is, honestly, the stupidest thing a human could do in a dungeon. Don't drink the water. Don't eat the food. It's filtered enough for a monster like Ethan can tolerate but that dumbass over there been's feverish for the last twelve hours.

The fucker might actually die.

But when Carrion does, it better be with healthy flesh. Ethan fans the weak flame. It'll be a while before it gets to a proper boil. Meanwhile, Ethan sets up the sister pot. The boiled water will cool in here once it's done. Ethan huffs. Why is he going to all this trouble? He should just sit on Carrion's face. Let gravity and his heavy ass finish the job. Killing humans should come natural to a monster.

And it does. Ethan's just a unfortunate outlier.

Ethan flicks his forehead. Don't need those thoughts today. Ethan grabs a set of fresh rags and dumps them in the filtered water. It's clean enough for what he needs them for. He hobbles over to Carrion and switches out the cold compress for a new one. His fever better break. Ethan's already thinking of next murder method.

Carrion's eyes crack open. Confusion fills them. As it should. Then they soften.

Ethan pinches the fucker's nose. He shouldn't relax in a place like this. Ethan sniffs. Carrion's smelling rank again. Ethan pushes Carrion off the bedroll and dumps him just about close enough to the water wall. The ex-human hauls over a couple of his helmet-buckets. Ethan sticks a cloth rag in and gets to scrubbing.

Carrion gets chatty. Hums. He's a little too damn chipper for Ethan's taste.

Ethan leans on his knees. Bare breasts pressing hard against Carrion's shoulders. They drag against the human's skin. Budding nipples growing hard as the cold water spreads on them both. Carrion's ears go pink. Ethan can hardly understand why. Sponge baths were pretty awkward for him when he had a stay in the hospital.

The ex-human gets Carrion's shoulders and his upper arms, lifting them high.

Ethan moves for the front. He squeezes the rag and washes the legs. That goes by quickly. Then he goes for the chest. Ethan avoids the neck. It's still making that sweet scent and smelling it makes his teeth feel funny. Carrion can wash that himself. He focuses on the torso. His rag scrubs the pecs. Shockingly, the fucker actually has a little muscle. It's new. But Ethan can feel it as he goes down, wiping the old sweat and grime off.

His eyes go lower.

"I swear to god." Carrion's cock stands proud and tall. "No." Ethan grabs a bucket and dumps cold
water on it. "No." He does it again. "Are you a masochist?" The hot length briefly sags before it bounces it back, harder than before. "I can do this all day." Ethan drowns it. "Really, I can." The ex-human makes a face. Where is this fucker getting his energy from?

Maybe he needs to empty Carrion's balls? Put the fucker in his place!

Ethan grabs the human's dick. His eyebrows quirk up. It looks harder than it actually is. The cock is soft. Almost flaccid in his hold. Carrion looks embarrassed. Eh, whatever. Ethan gives it a lazy pump and the cock slowly fills with blood. But they'll be here for hours at this rate. Ethan studies his wing. The feathers are too soft to make any brisk friction. He'll have to improvise.

The ex-human gets on his elbows and blows on it.

That does something. It's saluting. Ethan moves forward and his breasts rock into the standing length. The cock jerks to life, reaching half-mast. Ethan guides it between his breasts. God, it's real warm. Ethan groans a little, adjusting to the sudden heat. And that smell. He's gonna get jealous again.

Ethan starts to move.

First, it's slow. Water by itself doesn't help speed things up. Even so, Ethan doesn't yield. He takes his time. His breasts move up and down the thickening length. They grow rosy. Nipples hardening into stiff pliant nubs. His breath speeds up. Wow, he's getting hard here. It's the smell. That musky aroma rising from Carrion's skin. The cock-head puffs up. His breasts trap it between two pillowly hells. Pre-cum dribbles free and then Ethan ramps up, moving faster.

Carrion shoots his load but Ethan's isn't satisfied with just one.

Forty-five minutes later and a well-rung out cock, Ethan admires his work.

"Try to get it up now, asshole."

Arms wrap around him. Ethan tolerates it. Can't scoot over anywhere else on the bedroll. Ethan wiggles his nose. Pretends he's not loving the smell. It stinks in that distinctive human way and he can pretend.

Just a little.

That he is the one holding the harpy girl.
the Good Goblin v1

Chapter Summary

Little is the divide between man and monster, man and goblin. But Hollista can't be choosy about allies. The goblins are as good to her as they can be. Murderous monsters and whatnot. And it's not their fault that they've drawn the attention of a unknowable beast. A Goblin-Eater.

Chapter Notes

Goblin Slayer.... fanfic... thing.

But to be honest, it's more original work at best.

Goblin Slayer doesn't have much of personality (and I'm talking canon). The setting is a generic fantasy cesspool land. And my OC might as well have the entire show. I'm dumping it here because I'd like to move on to the next draft. It has parts I like and parts I don't.

Give me a day or two and I might have a viable draft forged from festering remains of v1 and v2.

The problem with this draft and the one after it is that I'd restrained myself for the sake of the canon. Hollista can't have too much of the spotlight. Her goblin band can't be too interesting. Her 'before Goblin Slayer' life should be quick and tidied up for his appearance. And it shows. Everything reads rather flaccid to me. It starts on a exciting note and flat-lines because I just had to keep the stage open for Goblin Slayer.

Moving on.

Not enough goblins.

How could there ever be not enough goblins?

Hollista hurries. She hoists high her staff and wills herself on, the last of her men hot on her heels. Err, minions. Minions! Spirits, she's done it again. Nothing good can come from confusing men and monsters, men and goblins. The worm-eaten dead can attest to that. Yet fondness persists. Could these creatures come to care for her? Ah, she is committing blasphemy yet again. These minions of hers don't deserve such consideration. Nameless. Aimless. Worthless. They're monsters. Creatures of the Unprayed, fiends spawned from the hellish beyond. And she won't-

Snaggleoak whimpers and the ex-cleric slows her pace, thinking of his ankle.

Curses! Excuses simmer inside her skull. Names mean nothing! It's purely for practical purposes. Rolcall! Tactics! Training! Disposable minions might be fine and dandy for some heretics. But her
men need to be more of the hearty stuff! Grunt-quality! Capable of following basic orders and, well, understanding extremely simple battle tactics. Qualities you will not find in your garden variety goblin. This, of course, comes with drawbacks. She must train every single goblin in her elite guard. With their inevitable death to a blade or a trap or a adventurer, each loss hurts. Err, her fighting power that is!

What is a cleric without men? A church without priests? A kingdom without people?

Hollista chants a prayer for true light and her god grants it, lighting the way. Blessed be. Magic cuts a path through the swaying dark. Tunnel to tunnel, footsteps rage across the muddy black. She needn't be quiet, clever. The lair is lost! All around, death echoes. Arrow upon arrow. Blade upon blade. Adventurers swarm the clusters of armed goblin duty-bound to hold their positions. Ah, correction. Spell-bound. Goblins would never willingly lay down their lives for a woman.

That's the trouble in training them.

You see, the goblins already have in their minds three strikes against her. She's human. She's woman. She's living. That, and perhaps even less, is all they need to see her slain. Demonic seals carved into their skin keeps them under her control. Defy her? Die. But that does not stop the clever and cowardly among them.

Hollista turns a corner, reassessing the situation. The fools! They've given up?!

A trio of goblins throw down their weapons. Scouts in shape and form, they flee in the opposite direction. They must think they are faster than the others. Smarter too. It matters not. Treachery rewards its own. The seals go off. Tattoos vines itself across their deceitful necks and then it's over. Loudly. Heads part from necks. Hollista admires her work. Gasping guttural screams carry and the latest cowards renew the efforts of the living. Fight well, minions!

The ex-cleric sets her mind to thinking a plan of escape. How did the adventurers-

Pain blossoms. Hollista sharply inhales. Something is poking her. Her eyes flit down and she spies a knife jutted into her belly. Marvelous. The owner of the knife cackles. "Leafgrin, is this really the time? You fools never learn," she scolds with a defeated smile. "You could've done this anytime. Anytime but now. I can't let this go. Someone must always be weaker than me. And I liked you, Leafgrin. I really did. You knew how to work a lock. May hellfyre warm your soul."

She pats his head. The others of her guard stare, knowing far better to interfere.

Hollista's fingers slide to his chin and she tilts it up, appraising it. How hard is it to comprehend a simple order? Defy her? Die. Hurt her? Die. She is the earth which upon these worms flourish but yet and still, they'll think to kill her when she's at her weakest. Fools. Spell-assisted, the knife wound transfers to Leafgrin. His lips gurgle. Drools. Hollista idly wipes the stain away. Be dignified, fiend. Her hand covers his own and she thrusts the blade deeper, staring, staring, staring. Leafgrin earned this right. His death to be carried.

Priestesses protect the living. Clerics collect the dead. That is the law of life.

Soon enough, it becomes apparent that she's holding onto a corpse and lets it go. Hollista kneels down. Her hands search the cooling body and she finds a trinket to take with her. Bloodied garland swiped from that relievement of burdens from the merchant cart. It'll do well. Hollista brings her hands together in prayer. Dresses the body. All creatures under heaven deserve a sending. Heretic or not.
The fighting whips into a frenzy and then she is back on the run, garland buried.

If there is any good that comes from using goblins in a lair, it is that you won't need to have torches everywhere. The adventurers need them and what a great shame it is. Their torches are like little embers in the endless black. In these maze-like tunnels, it's too easy to avoid a conflict. But her numbers aren't as strong as they should be. A single well-armed adventurer can take out three goblins.

Arrows sail through the air. Fernflea falls. Then two more after him.

Hollista swivels, dodging the fourth arrow. It matter not. It's aimed for Oaktooth who dies, the arrow shaft jammed into his eyesocket. Black-tipped and stinking of poison. She knows these arrows. Her eyes widen. No! Why must this madness follow her everywhere? Suspicious multiply like maggots in a grave. They swarm into-

T-That creature! It must be in these tunnels! T-Taking advantage of the chaos!

Something is stalking the goblins. Something is hunting the goblins. Why? They are the size of children and hardly any meatier than a carcass cooling on the roadside. From lair to lair, this creature greets with omens. Her scouts fail to report. Her hobgoblins don't return. Her gobshamans flee, knowing full well that if they stray from her, their reward is sudden death.

She cannot even return to the old lairs. They've been tampered with. Blackened.

Hollista dares not to think dragon. But it is a constant thought on her mind. What if one of her bound goblins toyed with a drake and now an adult, it returns to burn them all. But surely she'd notice a towering beast clad in scales and malice. And this isn't even her original set. Culled again and again by that creature, she's had to replenish her troop by catching wandering goblins.

There should be nothing to distinguish them different from any frontier goblin.

Regardless, she needs a distraction. Now. Hollista sends two in the direction where the arrows came. They won't come back. With the rest, a paltry seven men, she leads to the left of the maze. They take refuge into a alcove. It's time to accept the unacceptable.

She will lose all her goblins here, won't she?
Chapter Summary

Little is the divide between man and monster, man and goblin. But Hollista can't be choosy about allies. The goblins are as good to her as they can be. Murderous monsters and whatnot. And it's not their fault that they've drawn the attention of an unknowable beast.

A Goblin-Eater.

Chapter Notes

The only difference between v1 and v2 is tiddies. You're welcome.

Not enough goblins.

How could there ever be not enough goblins?

Hollista hurries. She hoists high her staff and wills herself on, the last of her men hot on her heels. Err, minions. Minions! Spirits, she's done it again. Nothing good can come from confusing men and monsters, men and goblins. The worm-eaten dead can attest to that. Yet fondness persists. Could these creatures come to care for her? Blasphemy. Heavens, she knows that. These minions of hers don't deserve such consideration. Nameless. Aimless. Worthless. They're monsters. Creatures of the Unprayed, fiends spawned from the hellish beyond. And she won't be fool to-

Snaggleoak whimpers and the ex-cleric slows her pace, thinking of his ankle.

Curses! Excuses rattle in her skull. Names mean nothing! They're purely for practical purposes. Rollcall! Tactics! Training! Disposable minions might be fine and dandy for a dim-headed demon. Useless creatures to be lobbed at human walls. But her men need to be more of the hearty sort. Dare she say it? Competent. Grunt-worthy. Capable of following basic orders and employing simple battle prowess. Traits you will not find in your garden-variety goblin. Course, this comes with drawbacks. She must train every goblin in her personal employ. With their inevitable death to a blade or a trap or a adventurer, each loss hurts.

Err, her fighting power that is!

Hollista tugs down her lacy hem. The spiteful thing unfurls. Higher and higher does the flimsy fabric mount her milk-white thighs, giving less than a hoot about present company. Goodness. Look at her. Running around a soot-filled hell as a half-dressed fool. Well, this is where having competent minions comes in handy. Hollista parts from her men. Loyal if only to their lives, the goblins carry on. Prepped far in advance on what to do when the lair is lost.

Course, she hadn't expected to lose Kirkhill Abbey the very night she arrived.
Hollista ducks into a crumbling corner. Once more, she wrestles her worthless hem. Did the adventurers really need to attack at eve-night? Dawn itself still a distant dream. What fool would be up at this hour, anyway? You must understand. Goblins are fiends of the night and as their leader, she too took up the habit. It's been a near nightmare getting the men to bed after a week of furious travel and now the moment they close their eyes, humans and blades upon them. Madness.

The ex-cleric sets her staff to the side. Curse her luck! She should've readied-

Hollista peels the flimsy slip off. Translucent and pale, what little modesty it means to offer flutters to the floor. Goodness. Modesty meant for easily tempted. Temple-raised, Hollista didn't care a whit about undergarments and breast bindings aside from a well-washed dowry slip. And she still doesn't. Let an adventurer cross her now and he'll earn his eyeful of her privates. Rosy from the run, pink blossoms upon the bared skin. Her thighs swaying and switching to keep in warmth. Can't claim an ounce of modesty now. Sweat rolls down and with it comes heat.

Her fingers hook themselves under her modesty wrappings.

With a teasing tug, the dressing yields. Up goes the ribbon-y white. Hollista gasps. Now here's the problem with breast bindings. She can't do a thing about the bounce. Her fat mounds boing if you will. Hefty, they jut out from her chest. Wet with sweat and eager to have at the air. Creamy like the rest of her, the soft skin glistens in what little light the tunnel gives. Hollista fiddles with the loose strips. Perhaps one of these days, she'll pony up the coin for a proper-

Dirt crunches, and it's like this, just this, Hollista knows she's not alone.

Hmmm... What to do? Hollista can't say she's fond of killing adventurers. They're humans, after all. Who is she to strike down a man or a woman looking to earn a honest living? But then again, who are they to take her life? Hollista cannot delude herself with coincidences. She has a bounty on her head same as any other heretic. Why else would they arrive mere hours after her escape to the frontier?

But if she can end the encounter without violence, then-

Hollista turns around, a mockery of a maiden readying in her form and face. Church robes. Church smile. Who'd not fall for the girl in white? And then she deflates. It's only a goblin. The smell wafting off the armored thing says enough. Her eyes flit forward. Ah, it's a hobgoblin. Scrawny, isn't he? The goblin reaches her in height if only a head shorter. That's good. She is not a short woman.

Affixed in a array of cheap looted armor, the only thing distinctive is his helm.

Three metal bars line the face and when she stares, only darkness greets her. Hollista let out a breath. Fine. It's fine. Better it a goblin than a human. Hollista returns to her dressing. She doesn't fear a single goblin. Can't really. Weakness like that will have em' swarming her in the night. The odd hobgoblin continues to loom. Ah, he must be one of her new ones. Thinking that if they just stare holes into her body, she might spontaneously turn into a breeding bitch.

If it wasn't one of her own, she'd have slit its throat already. Can't be weak.

Dirt crunches and he's off to elsewhere. Hollista gives up on her modesty wrapping. She'll save them for last. Hollista yanks open her travel bag. Now which disguise should she wear on the road: Cleric? Nun? Priestess? Heaven thank the church whites. People who need faith will flock to her and people who don't will flee in the opposite direction. And with a chest like this, who exactly is looking at her face? Regardless of which robe she decides, Hollista fishes out the stocking.
They've certainly seen better days. Torn and worn, the white is near grayed out.

Hollista sinks her toes into the feet and pulls up the stocking, careful not to ruin them any further. Distracted, she near misses the tread of those heavy soles. The hobgoblin. Hollista glances back. Yes, it's him. His helm angles towards the bundle of worn and stained church robes hastily pulled out the satchel. What of it? Silence answers her and Hollista blanches, surprised at herself for expecting an actual question. Most goblins give a grunt. This one? Absolutely nothing to work with. The silence continues until the hobgoblin wander off... yet again.

Does he not have an drop of a survival instinct? Flee, you fool! Danger's afoot!

Hollista happily returns to rolling up the stockings. Torn round the thighs, bits of her skin bulge through the seams. Disgraceful. But surely she'll have time to replenish her wardrobe in the next town over. Then something is thrust to the side of her. Hollista spies a glove-clad hand and in it, moth-eaten underwear. Her eyes fly to the left and it's him, the hobgoblin. What does he want?

The ex-cleric straightens up and takes the beast in, stunned.

He must be quite the silent killer because he hadn't been stained in blood before. Not so obviously, she'll admit. My, that figure. Intimidating. It must've kept her from noticing the weapons on his person. The sword. The blade. The three little knives on his hip. The bow. By goodness, where on earth did he find the bow? Fernflea? Aside from the stench of goblin that cloaks his figure, she guesses it's where she stood that kept the death from her nostrils. Upwind in comparison of all the other sunken tunnels below dear Kirkhill Abbey. Baffled, she takes his token.

Hollista slides the threadbare pair on.

Honestly, she felt more dressed before putting it on. Skimpy-cut and held together with thin strings, it would've made a harlot's day. Hollista goes on with her dressing, ignoring the unending stare to her back, and waits til the scrawny upstart leaves. It's odd. By now, a goblin would've pulled out his cock and started whining for relief. But him? Nothing but stares and silence. Odder still.

She bundles up her stuff and heads northbound, aiming for a exit tunnel.

Quiet here. Hollista drops her things and resumes her plotting. By now, her elite squad should've cut through the abbey's underground and breached the forest. It's best that they part for now. Hole up in one of the many goblin dens nearby. It's the frontier. There must be some willing to take in a wandering goblin. Especially ones that know how to hold a blade. She'll go retrieve them once a new lair is found.

Goodness, her luck is downright terrible.

A year a heretic and most of it spent retreating.

Hollista knots up her wrapping and then a rag, something that had been a shirt once, is dropped onto her head. Who dared-? Him. Hollista squints at the hobgoblin before her. What does he want? She's on the edge of letting him learn discipline via finger loss before the fool outright forces the shirt on her. Madness! The only saving grace is that he's quick and gentle about it. Nothing cuts her aside from the roughness of withered cloth. And oh, it's big on her. But why, has he-?

His hand comes next and grips her own, dragging her through the tunnel.

Dawn hour, sunlight doesn't not greet the fools up at this hour. Hollista eyes the confusing hobgoblin before her. Goblins do tend to flock together like cattle. On his own, maybe he thinks he's herding her to a safer place. Hollista snorts. Ah, a fuckable place to make her ripe with seed. This mad march
of his goes on until they hit the bow of the hill. Below them a clearing of grassland and then the little city of Kirkhill Cross. Walls and towers ringed with early morning mist.

She stares at the silly town and the few church spires she can spy from here.

Freed from his hand, Hollista turns from the worthless scene and means to march back into the abbey. The hobgoblin must not get it. She's in little danger. The adventurers are looking for a dastardly villain with goblins at its beck and call. Dressed like this or dressed in nothing at all, no one would think her the threat. Couldn't he understand that? That he's the monster here to be slain.

She gets three steps in before the hobgoblin outright lifts her onto his back.

What?

Why?

And by the gods, why does it look like they're heading toward town!
Shrine Maker Roy: The Different Story

Chapter Summary

Roy Kirkhill isn't a nice guy. He knows it. His guild knows it. The city knows it. But when karma comes a-knocking in the form of two goody two-shoes, a hero candidate and a head-priestess-in-training, the ones you DON'T fuck, Roy can't help but fuck them over. Literally.

Problem is, the moment you stick your dick in crazy, crazy sticks its dick in you.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Tagged it Rape/Non-Con due to bondage-induced orgasms and lack of consent to said orgasms. But it gets resolved in this chapter and will probably be the only instance of rape/non-con in-fic. Slight Worldbuilding/Plot Set Up.


"Shit. Shit. Shit."

Roy hustles down the hall, ducking and dodging the milling morons who clearly haven't gotten the memo. What memo? Dungeon to dimwits: You're fucked. Roy keeps his pace nice and polite, ever careful to keep the impression of a lazy jog. He's the only fucker heading upwind in this crowd. Gonna have to pick the right idiot for this next maneuver. On his left, there's this guy with the mother of cowlicks. Cowlick Kid. On his right... Hello mayhem. Roy side-steps a trio of clerics and, of course, winds his grapple cable round Cowlick Kid's belt.

The ranger gets a couple feet away. Calls the cable home.

Cowlick Kid skids across cobblestone and falls face-first into the happiest place on earth. That's gonna be cleric pussy. Roy whistles. Guess it's true what they say about temple girls. Naked under the heavens. A crowd gathers and Roy falls into a dead run, grinning for his real prize. Deniability. Eyes turn to him. Laughter breaks out.

Just about every asshole he passes thinks they got a clever comment. It's fine. Keep it coming, folks. Better you focus on a prank than the fact he's cut twenty minutes of walking into five minutes of sprint time. Fact is, he's running longer than he needs to. Fact is, he's not stopping. One mad dash is joined by a clumsy footfall of two. Roy doesn't need to look behind. Cowlick Kid looks to be the spunky type. The real kicker is that cleric girl keeping up with them both.

Roy rests a hand on his grapple cable. It'd be easy to trip them both over.

He doesn't hesitate. Roy throws out two jacks and as they hit the ground, the cord looped between them tightens. Cowlick Kid makes it. Cleric Chick doesn't. So he'll have to waste another set of jacks
then? Roy's readying his next shot and slams into a magical wall. Pain washes over his sight. He stumbles back, nose bleeding, and his eyes fall on the cleric girl with her damn staff raised high. "You bitch!"

Cowlick Kid takes him down and within seconds, Roy's tied with his own cable.

Heh. You know, he almost deserves the punch that comes right after.

Roy comes to.

He snorts. Dim and dimmer have taken him to a alcove right off the main hall. It's a small room. Practically a closet and the two of them have him on the floor. He looks between their legs. That's a door. Useful. Roy studies the miasma gathering in the air. It's aiming for the main hall. He was planning on hoofing outside but with a door and two meatshields in front of him, maybe he won't have to work as hard. Just wait somewhere quiet and walk his way to freedom. Roy frowns.

Quiet's gonna be hard with these two assholes arguing over that to do with him.

Roy licks the blood running from his nose and spits, aiming high. He ain't sorry for shit. Cowlick Kid scowls. Cleric Chick rests her hands on her hips, flinging that pisspoor judgmental stare. Who let this idiot out the convent? She's hardly a day over twenty. Aren't cleric chicks supposed to be in their late twenties before they're let loose on the world? His eyes slide to Cowlick Kid. Same story. He's old enough to drink but if you'd told Roy the kid needs a couple more years in the womb, Roy wouldn't double-think it. Cowlick Kid's real baby-faced but tall where it counts. He's broader than Roy. Country living does to a man. Village made.

The ranger sighs through his teeth. Why won't they get on with it?

"We're gonna take you to the guard." Roy rolls his eyes. The fuck is this? Is he being lectured by a pair of low-rankers so inexperienced that if they were a drink, they'd be water? "You can't just go around doing that stuff to people! It's not right. I didn't want to see her... parts and she didn't want me anywhere her-"

"Look. Look. Look," the ranger starts, "I get it. I did you a poor turn but if you think dragging me to the nearest guard station will get you justice, you're wrong. First of all, you can't prove shit. And second? This problem is between you two." Roy's eyes fly to Cowlick Kid. "You're the dipshit who knocked Big Tits over there over and made her flash everybody." They slid to Cleric Chick. "And you? The hell are you doing walking in a public place without any undergarments or armor?"

"Your rope-"

It's cable. Not rope, you shit-brain bastard. "Did you see me do it?"

"You ran-"

"Like I'm allowed to do in this damn country. You got some real circumstantial evidence. Just about every ranger has grapple cable and a speedy walk. You don't know me. And third, you fuckers don't even have your stories straight. You're gonna have to use big boy words to explain yourself to the guard. The real ones."

Cleric Chick blushes. "No we won't. I can't believe we'd have to use crude words-"
"Guard! Guard!" Roy raises his voice into a falsetto. "Help me! Help me! I felt a tingle in my private place because everyone saw my pee-pee hole." Roy switches to a gruff voice. "Did someone strip you naked?" The ranger continues. "N-No! I wasn't wearing panties and a random boy fell on my pee-pee hole. I think the awesome guy did it." Gruff voice again. "Why?" Roy finishes with, "-he made my pee-pee tingle."

"We don't talk like that!"

"My mistake then." Roy clears his throat. "My inner goddess was fondled by fate-

Cleric Chick throws her hands out. "Stop! I can say the words. I know the difference between public and private conversation." Roy raises an eyebrow. Cleric Chick harrumps. Seconds slide into minutes and out comes a pitiful... "P-Pussy."

"I didn't know we were talking about cats."

"Shut up." Cowlick Kid comes in with the save. "You can't talk to us like this."

Roy looks him up and down. Doesn't see a damn badge on him. "I'm pretty sure I can. You're not the fucking law. And frankly, can you do it? Use your words. Say what I did?"

Cowlick Kid blushes to his blonde roots. "P-Pussy."

"Hey!"

He looks over to Cleric Chick. "I don't mean it like that."

God, this is priceless. "If I was a guard," Roy begins, "I'd wouldn't have goddamn clue what to do with you jokers. You know I might admit some things if-" Roy lets the word hang. "-if I knew exactly why it troubled you. You know with the right words. You're gonna need a confession. No witnesses remember? Outta. Of. Luck."

And that, my friends, is how you string a pair of idiots along.

Cleric Chick falls for the bait. She swallows. Loudly. "You? I?" She takes a second or two to gather her thoughts. "We're taught at my convent to never wear more than what we need. This was to be my first outing to a dungeon. I hadn't thought I needed more than what I wear in the convent's inner sanctuary. That was foolish of me but surely, women aren't tossed over their heels and exposed like that."

"Go on."

She pinkens. "This isn't even what I normally wear." Cleric Chick does a little twirl. Her black robe and hood emblazoned with the sign of her faith. The church of Aulra. "If it's okay-" Her eyes dart to Cowlick Kid and he shrugs. Cleric Chick pulls her arms out her hood and disrobes the upper half. Typical for woman of the Aulra faith, temple-edition, she's wearing nothing but white modesty ribbons.

Roy takes her in.

Long blonde hair cascades down in a veil of gold. She's as pale as white dust. The first snow right before it gets trotted on by a horse's hoof. Cords of off-white hang around her large breasts, the wrappings looping around each lush mound tapper into peaking gaps. Roy supposes nobody's told her this before but he can see her nipples. One large pink slit sits on each breast. Guess she has inverted nipples.
His eyes continue down.

She's bottom-heavy. More hipsy than a typical centralian girl. She's lean round her snowy middle. Slimness giving into a little chub. Guess the cleric life involves more kneeling than not. Her lower half is pretty toned though. Lovely long legs and thighs to carry those fat tits. You know, without the robe, she shouldn't be looking a little holy and a little more slutty but the churchy aura keeps to her. Might be the cleric headdress she hasn't taken off. It's practically a large black ribbon.

"This robe is what we wear to receive guests to the temple. Again, my mistake."

"But," Roy answers for her.

"But I didn't deserve to be made a fool of in public. You used me. You used him. You couldn't possibly understand how I felt in that moment. Exposed. Stripped. My heart a thunder in my chest. The eyes on me. The eyes on my... on my pussy! It shouldn't have shone in the light like that. My pink slit on full display! And worse still, I'd froze. He... Erik. He moved and I felt his mouth there."

"How that make you feel?"

"Terrible!" Cleric Chick shouts. "And it wasn't his fault. It's yours. I'd relieved myself before. We aren't sexless prudes! But I'd never had that before. I felt swollen. Down there. I felt so drippy. Down there. I felt so... so hot."

"Down there?"

"Shut it! You need to take responsibility. I'm still out of sorts. I'm breathing and breathing and I'm still uncomfortable in the loins. Erik feels the same way. Think about what you did. Think about my poor swollen pussy dripping and dribbling hot liquid down my thighs. I'm not wearing underwear. They'll smell that. Smell what've you done to me!"

Wow. "Your turn, Cowlick."

The man pales. "What do you mean 'my turn'? You have a dick. You get it?!" Roy looks at Cowlick Kid again. He's a swordsman but every civvie out a village think themselves a swordsman or a martial artist or a sorcerer. Using a sword is not the same as wielding the sword. Erik, Roy guesses, is scrawny. He might have some good shoulders but that doesn't mean shit if he can't throw weight around. The swordsman has a fading tan on him. He's been out the fields, what, three months? He's cleaner than most civvies are. Hygiene on the backburner when you're poor.

Must have a day job to supplement the adventuring. Roy licks his teeth. Erik's one of those then. A dreamer with a delusion. Roy glances at the shoulder-guard and the odds and ends the swordsman's wearing. Those are hand-me-downs. Better equipment than most low-rankers start out with. They're a little too big on him. Father's? Grandfather's? A decent-looking man like Erik usually kept in villages.

Erik scratches his head. "I got a little hard but I knew it was wrong."

"It's okay," Cleric Chick says, "You can let him have it. I feel better!"

Erik blinks hard like so many dumbshts do and lets it rip. "I know it was you because I saw you jogging by and thought, that was kinda cool. You're the real deal. A ranger. You have so much cool stuff. The bow. The crossbow. That half-mask you're wearing. Totally cool. I'm the tallest guy in my family and you're taller than me." The fuck? "And tall people, they uh, turn me on. Like her and you."
"I was paying attention to you and I thought then you'd touched my ass."

Erik throws out his hands. "Like you didn't. I know that. But you could've and I never thought a guy would ever do that. And then, right after that, I was thinking what if I did that? Touched a guy's ass. And I'll be honest, I was thinking about your ass. Which is... weird... but I wanted to do stuff I couldn't do in the village. Just so many expectations. It was killing me there. So I saw you."

"Uh? Question. Question. Question."

"Let him finish."

Erik twiddles his thumbs. "I got half-hard thinking about it and then the rope-thing dragged me into her and knocked her over and her skirt went up. Laurel here was real nice about it. But I'd never got so hard in my life. Thinking about asses and now thinking about her pussy. I froze! That never happened before. I froze and everyone saw how hard I was. You'd could see the outline. I was so, so hard you could see the cum on my front. And I'm thinking, I'm knowing, that's unfair!"

Roy stares. "Imagine I raised my hand."

"Okay."

Roy says, "Question. Question. Question."

"What's the question?"

"So I'm here and I'm thinking that there's a solution to both your problems. It's true. I was in the area. I had rope same as anyone else who was there. But your problems come from a lack of sexual education and experimentation. A problem I think you two can solve together. Untie me and walk away and you two can figure it out. Together."

Erik glances at Laurel. Laurel glances at Erik.

"He talks too much."

"He's not saying sorry."

"He could probably out-talk the guard."

"Repentance is the first step of confession."

"What if the guard believes him and not us?"

"Justice must be delivered no matter the shape or form. Aulra will direct us."

Roy bats his eyes. "You could, yanno, just fuck me?"

Laurel glances at Erik. Erik glances at Laurel. "That could work."

With only two brains between them, it only makes sense that they could flip from angry to horny within a second. They drag him to the center of the room and just like that, they're undoing the many belts and knife holsters he has on his waist. "It's only fair." they whisper guiltly, happily and worse than that, shamelessly.

The sound of his zipper is loud in the swelling silence.

Fingers tug down his leather slacks. Then they hesitate, attractively so, round his boxers. Laurel's
fingers graze the tan divide of golden skin and white deprived of skin. Erik touches the trail of fine
curly hair leading down to Roy's groin. They're so ridiculous. Haven't they been around a man
before.

Roy's thinking about saying something rude. He should. He is goddamn good at it.

But they're eager little assholes. Erik palms his groin and Laurel leans low, sniffing in that primal
down-to-fuck way when a virgin smells cock. He'd know. He's had fun chasing a few back in the
city. Virgins have that tick to them. Her nose wiggles. Her breath deepens. Then worse still, Erik
does the same. Erik keeps on palming Roy's groin, too skittish to outright touch his cock, and Laurel
watches like a cat about to get some milk. His dick gives a little horny twitch.

Roy stares up at the ceiling. The fuck is this? He shouldn't indulge such idiots-

His boxers bulge. His cock starts to thicken up, its girth growing more and more obvious as the
steady touch and the steady stare ushers it on. Laurel lifts her hand and she touches his boxers. His
cock twitches again. Then she joins Erik, touching and palming and kneading with their knuckles
just about everywhere but his cock. Roy squints harder at the ceiling. It's been a while. He can't
control-

Somebody better say boing because he's now half-hard and hoisting the flag.

Their fingers tremble. Roy can't say which of em' does it first. Their hands are different. Erik's got
farmer's calluses and Laurel has a few scars on each hand but someone does it and then other joins it
in. They touch his cock. Fingers glide across the cloth-covered bulge. They don't have a goddamn
idea what their doing. Someone squeezes. Someone pinches. Fingers wiggles themselves into his
balls while another concerns themselves with his cock-slit. A thumb rubs itself back and forth against
the sensitive slit. His hips jump. And that when it happens. What, you might ask? That's when they
realized that they could, indeed, fuck him.

"It's so t-thick." Laurel struggles with the word. "I didn't know they felt so thick."

"Yeah," Erik answers a little winded. "His balls are really warm."

"He's making seed. Early. Is that normal?"

"Yeah. I do it too."

Together, they work up the nerve to pull his waistband down. Boing. Roy's a riot. His cock salutes
the air and there's nothing more satisfying than getting a impressed gasp from the audience. Fingers
slide round his length and they're clumsy about it, flinching at the twitch Roy's mottled cock gives at
every touch. They do get better. Roy can't help. He's tied up. Roy won't help. He's too proud to say a
damn word. But they do get his body talking. Laurel squeezes nice and soft round the base of his
cock and Erik fondles the pink puffy tip. His hips rock up and they're liking it, wide horny smiles on
both their dumb faces.

Roy controls his breathing but goddamn his cock is of another mind.

His cock-slit makes it rain white. Hot sticky pre-cum dribbles out and his cock near rocking side
from side, terrorized by these warm soft grips. Erik won't stop cupping his balls so they're churning
and churning into two hard orbs of hot seed. He'll cum in a minute or two. Might even do faster just
to spite the idiots. Then he hears the sniff. That's not just any old sniff. That's a spit-swallowing sniff
which means-

Laurel breathes onto his cock and with her pink eager tongue, gives it a lick.
Roy exhales loudly. "We got him!" Roy spits out, "You didn't get shit." Erik slides his soft tongue across the gooey slit. Damn it. His hips rock up into it and hands hold him down. Laurel licks one side. Erik licks the other. It's so noisy. Tongue and lips sliding on inches of hot heedy flesh. Roy bites hard on his lip. These assholes-! His cock goes stiff and the two of them are relentless, licking faster and faster, breathing hard and loud. They know it. He's gonna-

He cums.

Hot seed spews everywhere and Roy wheezes in misery, thrusting up into the half-opened mouths of Erik and Laurel. He's going soft and they won't stop. Laurel takes in his cock-head, pushing it between her giggling cheeks like a gumball. Erik ducks low and pushes nose between Roy's balls, taking one in. They suck at the same time. "Fuck!" Roy hisses out. "Fuck, I'd- I'd- You-

"Yooh goot somenuthi' to saay?" Laurel says, muffled by cock.

Roy wheezes into a straight face. "No. Please continue wasting your time. I'm not sure how this is going to look like a confession to the guards but hey, I'm not complaining- Guhhhh..."

Laurel hums round his cock.

He thrusts up. Laurel moans, mouth spreading to take more of his length in, and Roy's happy to take advantage of it. Inch by inch, her cheeks bulge as she takes her first cock. She's drooling. Threads of saliva wreath his cock like a rosemary. Damn glorious in the low light. Laurel opens wider and takes charge, rocking down as he pistons up. Distracted as he is, the faint touches of Erik on his thighs doesn't faze Roy til he feels the finger round his asshole.

It's slimy. Erik must've found the lube vial in Roy's holster.

Roy clenches hard to keep the finger out. But Erik's patient. He massages the hole. His mouth on Roy's inner thighs, making them shudder and shake. Roy relaxes. The finger gets an inch in and that's all it needs. Roy's ass practically welcomes it in. Shit, that lube's cold. Erik squeezes more in, lathering the inner walls he can reach with that one finger. It curls inside of him. Then presses on a bundle of nerves. Roy goes rigid and slams up, plunging as much of his cock inside of Laurel's mouth as he can. Then he cums, oh heaven, he cums hard.

Laurel falls back in surprise. Hot white coat her breasts in thick cummy sludge.

Roy breathes loud. He'll admit it. He's weepy-eyed. Red in the cheeks. "D-Don't do that again." Roy considers his odds with the guard. Ehhh... Paying a little fine for public disorder (that can't be proved to be honest) won't be that bad. He knows a guy with an outfit. He'll play it for these idiots' peace of mind.

"Do what?" There's a giggle in Laurel's voice.

Erik answers, "I think he means this." He curls his finger again and stokes his inner walls, hitting that spot again and again. Roy clenches his teeth.

"I see." Laurel nods. "We're making progress."

"Yeah. He came two times and now he's talking to us.

"I wanna have i-intercourse first, can I?"

"Sure. And it's fuck. My older cousin taught me how to say it."
"I wanna fuck him first." They smile at each other. Dumbasses.

Laurel lifts her impromptu robe-skirt, flashing the world her loins yet again. She's wet. Her pretty pink pussy is out on the town. Roy's cock sways left and right. Erik rolling on what feels to be a sheepskin condom. The hell? Roy knows he didn't have that in his stuff. Erik pumps him. Roy's cock gets hard against and Laurel steadies herself, fat cheeks and ass backing into his dick.

Erik helps his cock get into position.

Laurel plunges down and shit, she's perfect. That velvety heat, oh spirits, he shakes from below, desperate to swing his hips up into that sweet hole. She's only got the tip in and it's such a sweet, sweet squeeze. Damn, he can't think. All the blood in his head has gone straight to his balls. Guess what they have to say: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Laurel squeals, her cute face making a perfect o with her lips.

She ain't screaming in pain so he's guessing it's good for her too.

Laurel's breathing hard and Erik holds her from behind, helping her drop on his dick, and then they start kissing. It's weird. He's been in threesomes, seen 'em too, and that's not how you kiss in a threesome. It should be desperate, greedy. My orgasm first. But these chucklefucks? They're kissing in that first crush/first confession kinda way. All sweet and sugary and careless.

And damn it, it's making him hard. Two virgins to corrupt.

Inch by slow inch, Laurel's taking him in. Her thighs meet his and they both gasp, getting used to each other. She's like a marshmallow cake. Fluffy and yellow and bubbly. He cant's up his hips and she bounces, the jiggle rippling across her beautiful breasts. "So I've fucked him, yes?" No! No? That's not what fucking is.

Erik looks between her and Roy. "I guess?"

"No!"

"No?" They answer together. "You have something you want to say?"

"Yes!" he hisses. "I just- Fuck you!" Roy writhes weakly, unable to will his legs start kneeing some assholes sitting on top of him. "Fine. I'll admit it. I might have needed a distraction but goddamn, it wasn't planned to be like that."

"That almost sounds like a confession." Erik declares.

"It does."

"But is a good enough confession? He kinda still sounds like an asshole."

"No, it is not."

They move him. Laurel lays on her back, Roy's in the middle, and Erik's at his ass again, fondling it. "Can I?" Roy sighs loud and hard -the fuck is this- and nods. Erik wedges him open. First one finger. Then two. Then three. He can feel Erik's amusement with how well his ass is taking those fingers. Laurel holds Roy by the shoulders and then Erik positions himself, pushing a condom-clad cock in.

Roy moans. Fuck it. He moans louder.
"Let's see how many times he needs to cum before he confesses to us."

"You're doing so well, Roy."

"I always knew you could. You just needed to put your mouth to good use."

"Such a good boy, Roy."

Ha-ha, you assholes. Roy can't say any shit back cause his mouth is occupied. Literally. Thigh with thigh, he's smothered under Laurel's chunky rear. Her pussy rocks against him and he laps it up, drinking that sweet nectar women dish out. Roy focuses on her slit. His tongue wedges it open and that tightness, that heat, it's intoxicating. Roy mindlessly moans. What? They already think they've won.

Erik sucks his cock, back to back with Laurel, slurping his seed down with gusto.

Shockingly so, they make a good team and he's the idiot who introduced them to each other! They're both naive as hell but Erik knows a man's fantasies and Laurel knows a basic restoration spell. By all rights, the virgins should've worked themselves into a tizzy and bowed out by now. He could've lasted that. But this? Erik gives the direction and Laurel provides the stamina. Just give up, already.

Roy weakly cums for the last time. It ain't even seed now. Just slimy water.

Laurel rocks into him harder, moaning like a whore in a whorehouse, and then she cums. She shakes, thighs tightening into a pillowly hell, and if this is his last breath, goddamn is it a good one. Laurel goes limp, moan-y, and moves back. She pants loudly, breasts bobbing, and stares at him as if he's the one and only.

Roy goes red. "Erik, it worked."

"I knew it." Erik punches the air. "Every guy want to be sat on by a nun!"

"Got something new you want to tell us, Roy?"

"Anything. Anything."

Silence and then- "I sold some fake fairy dust to the guild and got away with it."

The idiots high-five each other.

"Thanks for sharing, Roy." Laurel clasps her hands. "That's the twenty-eight crime you've confessed too. And you really should go visit your brother. He probably misses you."

This is hell.

Erik adds, "Honestly, I think you were right to leave home. I wouldn't have stayed if my mother refused to acknowledge me. It's not your fault that your father had an affair."

This is true hell.

"None of that's true, you-" They look at him and Roy get flustered, dizzy-headed. He forces himself to roll his eyes. "You got me. Yay." Roy wiggles his bound hands. "You got enough confessions to put me away for a long time. Yay, you."

Laurel and Erik share smug looks.
"Confession is good," Laurel begins, "Repentance even better. Saint Aulra will look kindly upon you in heaven. But. But we've been thinking that all your evil deeds are tied to your cock. Erik says men often think with their d-dicks. The more we milk it, the honest you are."

"You can be a good man Roy and we're willing to milk you into one."

The hell?
the Idle Hour (Angel Altar Variant)

Chapter Summary

In which Roy argues with a door and ends up a god* in the process.

*terms and conditions do apply. Namely, the open seat for a god is actually for a goddess.

Chapter Notes

Posting a variation of an idea for a fresh new look. May stick with it or remix it into something new.

Who'd rig an apartment building to do this?

Abandoned Altar
[Info: An ordinary altar.]
[Resident of Altar: Vacant]
[Presiding Blessing: 0]
[Earnings: 0]
[Offerings: 0]

Out in the hall of his new place, Roy makes faces at the door. This wasn't mentioned in the lease. He'd know. There wasn't a single line about a floating text-based security system in all twenty pages of that mind-numbing rag. Not that reading it actually mattered. He still wound up paying twice of what they agreed to. First-time renter, his ass. And now there's this. Words in his face. Like he's honestly in the mood to read anything but the numbers nailed to the door. Just who? Why? When?

"Deactivate," he bleats out, trying every shutdown command he can think of. "Reset, maybe?"

There's no response. Doesn't respond to voice commands, huh? Roy slides his hand free of his oversized suit jacket. Who knows if it was nice enough to get him the job he's betting everything on. A rental bought on short notice, so short that it was five minutes in and five minutes out, he didn't have time to be measured for the perfect suit. His spindly fingers rise up to tap the screen. They slip through. It's as if the floating madness is made of mist. He takes his fingers away, baffled by the hint of moisture on them.

To be honest, he hadn't noticed the screen the very second he arrived at the door.

He'd been in a hurry. Find the key. Secure his luggage. Get in. And all the while he'd been fumbling for that little key, there'd been a shine to the door. Near unnoticeable with its odd sunny hue, it being night and all. He would've ignored it, should've ignored it, had it not been for how persistent the light became. Growing brighter and brighter til a message appeared. The very same one annoying him now.
Roy touches the screen again.

His fingers press through and it is so very strange. He does not feel what should be mere millimeters away. The coldness of a cheap metal door installed in a renovated hall. Instead, he feels heat. Light. Dare he admit, sunlight? There's a warmness on his fingers and as he moves them, a rocky surface greets his wayward search. His fingers press further. Something wet and leafy bumps into them.

Roy retracts his fingers.

He squints at the simple-looking door frame. There's nothing high-tech about it. His eyes bounce up and down, trying to locate the source of the image. These words can't be formed by nothing. Something's projecting them onto the door. What if it's tiny sensors installed in the handle? Or perhaps tiny projector bulbs planted in the wall behind him? Fuckers. Roy inspects the opposite wall.

Wallpaper crinkles hello as he palms it, searching for the answering sensors.

He can't find it.

Roy nods to himself. Well of course, he can't. It must be in the ceiling or something. Wait, what? The location of sensors shouldn't even matter! He's losing it. There has to be a logical explanation for everything that's going on. Just give him a minute. Maybe there's a compartment in the door and all the lights are on in his apartment? It makes sense. Management might've set the security system because they weren't sure he was coming tonight. Double-sense, even. And he nearly wasn't til Johnson kicked him off the couch again. His couch by the way. Johnson's just holding it for him.

And you know something? This is far too much thinking at ten at night.

Roy pats himself for the key. He'll pick a fight with whoever's manning the lobby in the morning. Renovations aside, a security feature like this should've been disclosed to him face-to-face. What if this stupid system needs a pin code or something? With his luck, they've probably forgotten to give him a keycard to actually open the door. Bastards.

Regardless of his misgivings, Roy slots the key in. Then freezes. What now?

\[
\text{Sacrifice Token} \\
\text{[Info: A token denoting the presence of a sacrifice.]} \\
\]

He can't help but sputter, "Sacrifice? What for? I- what?! Who'd code in such a stupid phrase?"

\[
\text{Tutorial: Sacrifices and the Use of Sacrifice Tokens} \\
\text{[Stripped of both a shrine and a residing spirit, altars left to fend for themselves will revert to a hostile state. As such, sacrifices are a necessary part of life for any mortal creature that dares settle near them. To keep the altar in a docile state and prevent it from thralling any and all living thing near, one must assign the chosen sacrifice among them with a token or marker.]} \\
\]

He hadn't expected an answer.

"So you do hear my voice?" Roy declares, "Can you explain how you work and why?"

\[
\text{Tutorial: Altar Basics I} \\
\text{[Altars are physical conduits of the heavenly domain. They wax and wane according to the strength of their residing spirit. But being born of earthly make, be it stone or wood or wave, they are contrary creatures when left to their own devices. Miracles may rain down for one hour, then malice the next.]} \\
\]
Who programmed this nonsense?

"O-Okay but that didn't answer the question. Why are you in my door?"

Abandoned Altar
[Info: An ordinary altar.]

"Yes, I get that. You're an altar," Roy admits reluctantly. Why not play along if it will hurry whatever this on? "-and you've been abandoned but all I want is my room." Roy gestures to his luggage. "You kinda need to get with the program. Here are my things. Here am I. Where do you think all this belongs?"

The door doesn't answer.

"Useless. I don't wanna have to go all the way back downstairs and be that guy. You're a door. You're supposed to just open and close to my whim. Take all this down and just be a door. Can you do that?"

Abandoned Altar
[Info: An annoyed altar.]

"You just changed your character description. That's against the rules, isn't it!"

The door knob retreats into itself.

"Hey! Hey, c'mon." It is a security system. "Look, I've had a long day and you're the unreasonable one here. Did you just get ripped off by two shady assholes downstairs? I put hard earned cash into this apartment and I deserve at least one night not stuck arguing with a goddamn door. It's mine. By that logic, that means you're mine. And guess what? Your whole gimmick is annoying. Stop it. Make yourself useful and help me get in." The screen goes blank. "Fine. Go huff in the hinges. I don't need you."

Roy pats himself down for the key.

He'll pick a fight with whoever's manning the lobby in the morning. Renovations aside, a security feature like this should've been disclosed to him face-to-face. What if this stupid system needs a pin or something? With his luck, they've probably forgotten to give him a keycard to actually open the door. Bastards. Regardless of his misgivings, Roy slots the key in. Then freezes.

Sacrifice Token
[Info: A token denoting the presence of a sacrifice.]

"Sacrifice?"

Roy's eyes fall to the key in the door and his eyebrows rise. "I- what?" It'd been an ordinary key in his hand. Small and silver like a car key. But now, it's longer. Stranger. He studies it from above, unwilling to touch it less he catch more of the crazy. The key's shifted in both shape and form. Skeletal like an attic's key, its crimson color gleams in the low light of the hall. A large jeweled bit sits where you might hold it. There's no jewel inside it but a engraving of an unfamiliar sigil. It's a flower. Maybe. And the longer he stares, a careless thought crosses his mind. He's never seen a flower quite like the one etched here.

Not that it particularly matters. This must be the security system's way of telling him wrong key.

They must've changed the locks since the last time he was here. And that was on Monday, just here
to scope out the place for bed bugs, cockroaches, or any other small-fry pests. Good thing he got a spare on the way up. Roy fishes out the second key. There's a bit of brown paint stuck to it. Aside from that, it's near identical to the first. Roy breathes on the key and chips some of the paint off. This has to work.

Then he turns to the sacrifice token, err, his apartment key.

With not-so-steady hands, Roy pulls the key out. Huh. It's not turning back to the normal. He was hoping the whole crimson bone key thing was just a trick of the eye. Not so. It stays its odd shape. The paint on the key slightly waxy and quick to grow warm in his hold. Roy tucks it into his front pocket. He'll deal with that later. Now for the spare key, he brings it to the keyhole and presses it in, hoping for a click.

Offering Token
[Info: A token denoting the presence of an offering.]

"You're kidding me."

The spare key shifts in size and form, no different than the first. It's now a sharp emerald green. He eyes its length. It's thin just like the crimson key but somewhat curved and coiled toward the handle. A empty jeweled bit hangs off the end. On each flat metal side, there's that sigil again. The unfamiliar flower.

Roy scratches his chin, trying to remember the logo of the renovation company.

They have an obnoxious flower stamped on all their vans outside. Could it and the sigil be the one and the same? But that's besides the point. How the fuck is he suppose to get into his apartment if neither key works? Or maybe they do work? Roy settles his hand onto the offering token and pushes in. The handle gives. He frowns under the hall's light, watching the door open into a ink-black space.

He could go inside but something feels off about this.

Roy glances back to the floating text and nothing on there is reassuring.

[Offering is Approaching!]
(Offering) Roy Finch
[Job]: Offering
[Level]: Offering
[HP]: Offering
[MP]: Offering
[Class]: Offering
[Class Skills]: Offering

Well, why not try the sacrifice token?

[Sacrifice is Approaching!]
(Sacrificing) Roy Finch
[Job]: Sacrificing
[Level]: Sacrificing
[HP]: Sacrificing
[MP]: Sacrificing
[Class]: Sacrificing
[Class Skills]: Sacrificing
He walked right into that one. What is this, a *puzzle*?

"What's the difference between a offering and a sacrifice?" Roy mutters, "They're the same thing! Does one of them trigger the police to arrive or a security guard or a janitor or something? I just don't get it. It has something to do with altars but altars are religious symbols right? I've never heard of an altar outside a church. You give things to the altar. I thought these were my keys. But what if they're fake keys and I need to um-"

Wait.

Didn't the door say right at the beginning that the altar was *vacant*?

Roy pulls out the key and grabs the handle. It's locked. Ha, he won't fall for it. Roy shakes the knob. "I get it! This door doesn't need a key. It's my door, therefore it's *my* altar and everything in it belongs to me! Why on earth would I use a key to get inside of something that's mine. You hear that?! Open up."

*I'm the god of my domain.*

"Oh dear lord, why didn't anyone warn me that the job came with TITS!"
the Idle Road (Angel Altar Variant I)

Chapter Summary

In which Roy searches for his apartment and winds up a god*.

*terms and conditions do apply. Namely, the process of godhood requires a lot of legwork.

This can't be right.

There used to be an apartment building right where this inn now stands.

Tucked into the backstreets of a factory district, rows of the same brown-brick housing face what used to be a busy road. Only trucks haunt these empty streets. And most days, those trucks are probably lost. People lived here. Who else was all this housing for? Crowded up and around where the factories once were. Looming structures of metal and purpose. All that's left now is their emptied-out coffins. Chained fences keeping broken glass and bent metal in than any kid with a spray can out.

Even so, there's life lingering in these houses.

Rent's too low for there not to be a unlucky soul or two edged out into the outskirts of the city.

Before Roy can demand an answer -wrong street, wrong block, wrong address-, his only ticket out of this slum hightails down the street. The fuck?! He paid a premium to have a cab in this weather. The least that bastard can do is wait a little! Night hour, it's as black as tar. No working city lights here.

The storm piles on the hellish downpour.

Within seconds, he's half-drowned. His oversized suit collapsing into itself. Jesus. The suit's a rental. But hey, all he can blame is himself. Should've picked a block with a working laundromat. His secondhand loafers squeak in the rain. And fuck, that better be a muddy puddle and not dog shit. He really didn't need this tonight. Aced his job interview to wind up the very next day smelling of street piss and grass stains. Now left curbside with almost all his means: Suitcase. Backpack. Two moving-in bins.

Honestly, he's thanking his stars that he didn't hit up Johnson's place for the rest of his stuff.

Roy stacks his belongings up onto the sidewalk. A apartment building can't up and move. With the light of his phone, he wheels his suitcase along trying his luck with the first three backyards. Most of the housing on this street is single-family only. Not that there's a family in any of them. Collapsed roofs and boarded up windows says it all. He doubles-back, unwilling to leave his largest box unattended to for long. Roy squints where he can. In this foggy place, he can't make out much. Here's hoping for a landmark or better yet, a bus stop. Won't be able to make another cab show up this late at night.

The general area looks familiar.
Like he's seen this same brand of industrial shit-hole before. And he has. Wouldn't have gotten out the cab if he hadn't been so gung-ho about the address. Just about everything about this street is as it should be. Cupping his hand, he stares up into the blackened sky. Searching the skyline. Where's his building? Four stories up, he can't have missed it. Just on this morning, it was...? It was there...!

His eyes land onto the inn and he frowns, thinking. Why does he feel such a strong urge to ignore it?

Rotten walls. Ivy-choked stone. Roy eyes it up. Just who would plop down a rustic cottage in a slum like this? It's too much of an eyesore for him not to notice it. The outer walls painted a faded, festering yellow. And the roof? Gray and bleached as it is? Thatched with straw? Can't be real. Oddly enough, the inn's british-styled. Roy frowns. No. Not exactly. Medieval, maybe? There's something whimsical about it. The yard around the inn green and wild. River rocks form an uneasy path to a pair of wooden doors.

Then Roy blinks.

When did the inn have a yard?

Roy rubs at his eyes. It's as if the space around the inn has gotten bigger. On both side of it, the houses sharing the space have faded out of the frame of his vision. Overgrown grass stalks straying up and out of the yard's boundary like the afterimage in a frame, hinting at more just waiting out of view. The inn is higher now. It rests on a hill that hadn't been there before. A cresting grassy knoll dotted with flowers.

Wow. That's settles it. He's hallucinating and god, it is not helping.

Out of all the places nearby, he'll admit that only the inn looks approachable. It's the front door that does him in. This street's an alleyway and even he wouldn't be friendly towards a knock this time of night. Especially one at the backdoor. Fine. He'll take his chances with the fairytale inn on the hill.

Roy tightens his grip on his suitcase, wheeling up and into the wilds of the inn's property.

The moment he puts a foot out the boundary of the sidewalk, the yard fills with life. Roy startles. Bugs fly pass his face. Clear-winged, a jewel-colored dragonfly settles on his nose. He blinks and it flutters off, zooming to places elsewhere. And it is not alone. The grassy glen is alive with sound. Flashes of crickets among the sun-yellowed green. Their cries swooping on the stormy wind. Hornets hover onto his shoulder, the buzzing wings threatening anger as they sniff at the rainwater on his sleeves.

He hurries. This can't be right. Hornets? Crickets? Summer bugs? It's January.

The rain above thins into a persistent drizzle and uh, he thought the inn was a lot closer than this. Around him, the air stinks of spring. Pollen and dust kicked up by his wet soles. The wildflowers wave in the breeze. Why does it sound so real? Their petals crinkling. The mud slicking. It has to be a sound machine or something. Roy reaches the crest of the hill and catches his breath. Is that a waterwheel?

He spies on the along the side of the inn a large wooden cog spinning away at a slow-moving stream.

Okay. It's official. He's losing it. Roy continues on to the inn's front door, hesitating. Something's... wrong? His head throbs and his sight corrects, the pasture-filled view shuttering back into concrete and asphalt. He blinks. Only the inn remains and even that's questionable. It's less of inn and more like a old house left to be eaten by the ground. No field. No hill. No bugs. Only a imposing wall of
stone and half-carved rocks. And of course, the door. He glances at the box-cut window. Curtains hide the inside from view. From out here, the inn has to be about a single room wide. A bathroom in the back? Can't be big.

Roy shoves down his unease and knocks.

His knuckles touch wood and words float up into the empty space.

The Hibiscus Inn
[Info: An ordinary altar built upon consecrated earth.]
[Resident of Shrine: Vacant]
[Presiding Blessing: None]
[Offerings: 0]
[Earnings: 0]

Right then.

Roy ignores the hovering text. He tries the handle and the door gives, opening in.

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