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His first idea was to frequent a local tavern, and see if he could glean some information as to where he might find eligible maidens. He promptly drank too much mead and was trying not to throw up in his helmet when he overheard two men discussing something interesting: One told tales of an all-female academy of spell casters to the west, full of young and lusty witches in training, while the other told of a mysterious and beautiful she-creature of the forest, known for pleasuring handsome travelers with her body.

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Deciding that lusty teen witches sounded like more of a sure thing than an unknown she-creature, Isaac ventured west, to Madame Onyxlee's Academy of Destructive Magic, where he hoped to meet his future bride.

Things looked promising at first. In the rolling hills outside the academy, Isaac met one of the students. She introduced herself as Morgana Kelnara, and if half her peers were as lovely as she was, his quest was all but complete.

However, once Isaac (as casually as he could) brought up in conversation the reputation this academy had for "lusty" students, his prospects took a drastic turn for the worse.

Morgana explained that the reason she and her female peers were so lusty was due to an enchantment placed on all students on the day they enroll. This curse upon their nether regions causes the member of any man who enters them to burn with the fire of a thousand suns. This is done to keep their bodies pure as they refine their craft. The rumor was true enough, these young witches were indeed lusty, but there wasn't much they or anyone else could do about it until they graduated.

Awash in despair, Isaac bade Morgana farewell and turned to leave, but she called out to him before he could get far. Morgana told him she was sexually curious, and eager to break some rules outside of the academy grounds.

Passionately unwilling to get his dick melted off to satisfy her curiosity, Isaac prepared to throw some grass in her face and run. Morgana rolled her eyes and explained that maybe there were *other* sexual acts they could try that didn't involve penetration.

That certainly improved his attitude. But what should they try?



Deciding that a penis in the mouth may be a bit much to start with for someone with zero sexual experience, Sir Isaac suggested that Morgana use her breasts instead. She was clumsy and more than a little chafing at first, but with some coaxing and instruction, Isaac soon found himself about to cum.

That was when things took a turn for the worse.

Isaac's ejaculation was thick and forceful. His cum blasted into Morgana's face so hard it nearly knocked off her hat. Sexually naive as she was, Morgana believed herself to be the victim of some kind of malicious prank. And her reaction was swift and terrible.

"How dare you!" she cried. " I offer you my body, and in exchange you assault me with a grotesque discharge of stinking ooze?! Taste my revenge!"

Before Isaac could reason with her, the air began to swirl around Morgana. The haunting incantation from her lips carried on the wind, and the very soil beneath Isaac's boots seemed to crackle with energy.

To Isaac's unbridled horror, he felt his body begin to transform!





When the swirling magic settled, Isaac had been transformed into a small and helpless weasel! He tried to scream in horror, but he could only manage a high pitched weasel cry that brought out a wicked laugh from the witch Morgana. She tried to laugh, anyway. Her cackle was cut short by a coughing fit as she accidentally inhaled some cum. If the curses she was uttering between coughs were any indication, Isaac decided he had best be somewhere else when she regained her composure.

Off into the woods he scampered, his mind racing over his current predicament. Thankfully, he seemed to have retained his human intelligence during the transformation. Though he did notice strange new inclinations like the desire to sleep during the day, and prey on smaller foraging animals at night. Once he'd put what he deemed a healthy distance between himself and the witch, he climbed to the bough of a nearby tree and weighed his options.

Isaac thought frantically back to his lessons from military academy. From what he remembered, witch's curses *could* be broken, but not by just anyone. In the kingdom of Castlewood, he knew of two places where such healing might be procured.

One option would be to head south, to the Healing Church of Everlasting Motherly Guilt. The clerics there should be able to lift his curse with their holy magic. Another option was to venture further into this very forest, and seek the beastly Kath'ral Tribe. Known for their talents in the field of alchemy, it was very possible they could brew a potion that would return him to human form.

Luckily, Isaac knew the land about him well enough to find either destination without a map. For he had considered both the church and the tribe as stops worth making for his quest to begin with, as both locations were known for their gorgeous women.

A distant, piercing howl shook Isaac from his contemplation, and the trees seemed to be closing in around him as he glanced nervously about. He was rather plainly reminded that he was not the biggest animal in this forest by far. He needed to make up his mind, and fast.

Beautiful clerics or sexy beast women?



In the end, Sir Isaac decided to trust in magic over alchemy, and ventured toward the Healing Church of Everlasting Motherly Guilt. After a long and perilous journey through the forest, he beheld the pointed spires of the church on the horizon at last.

Isaac had some prior knowledge of the church and its members. Worshippers of the goddess Elianna, they drew their magic from a mysterious power known only as the Weeb. There was little more to tell than that, as outsiders were forbidden from questioning the Weeb under any circumstances.

As Isaac approached the church's outer wall, he caught the attention of a beautiful young cleric. He scampered up and attempted to explain his plight, but the effort was in vain. Weasel squeaks were all he was capable of emitting.

"Aren't you just *too* adorable!" she cooed with a radiant smile. "I shall call you Paulie, and you will be my beloved pet for all time."

A glance at the cleric's thick and curvy thighs did indeed make Isaac consider becoming her pet, if only for a moment. He was quickly brought back to reality by the clanking of steel boots behind him. Isaac turned to see a fierce and imposing knight bearing the crest of the church on his armor.

"Nay, Sister Millie!" said the knight. "'Tis no stray beast we have here. What creature in this forest would be adorned with a tiny helm and scarf? This is some poor fool under a witch's curse."

"Then we must take him in at once Brother Kallen!" said Millie. "For he has certainly journeyed here seeking our aid!"

"Nay again Millie! Victims of the vampire princess Cassiel continue to fill our infirmary as we speak! The clerics as well as the knights already have more work than they can handle. There is no room for this pitiable varmint here."

"But Brother, does not the code of Weeb forbid us from turning our backs on this poor soul?"

"Do not speak to me of the Weeb code Millie! Not until you have seen men fight and die for it on the battlefield. Now expel this creature or I shall-"

"Captain Kallen!" called a voice from behind.

A tall and lanky knight stumbled up to the group.

"What is it, Sir Rayus?" asked Kallen.

"Vandalism, my lord!" Rayus responded, breathless. "The vampire princess has tainted the southern wall with her vile script. Her wicked letters call both your honor and manhood size into question sir!"

"I see," said Kallen. "Suspend all current operations. I want every knight on the grounds scrubbing that wall. We go at once."

"Sir!" said Rayus with a salute.

As Isaac watched both knights hastily depart for the southern wall, he felt soft hands lift him up.

"Stay quiet, little friend," said Millie. "I'll sneak you into my bedchambers and have you turned back into a man before you know it."

Isaac breathed a heavy sigh. For the first time in many days, it seemed he'd finally found a bit of luck.



Sister Millie carried Isaac up a spiraling stone staircase and into a small bedchamber. It was modestly decorated, and it had a balcony that overlooked a lovely view. But Isaac was in no mood to take in scenery, he was eager to return to his human form.

Seeming to sense his urgency, Millie set him down gently and knelt beside him. "We'll start right away," she said. "The ritual won't take long, just be still and try to think weeby thoughts."

Isaac had no idea what that meant, but he did his best all the same as Millie began her incantation.

Chills ran down Isaac's furry back as the holy cleric spoke the mystical words, calling on the power of the Goddess Elianna, she implored the blessing of the legendary otaku, whose powers were revered as everlastingly kawaii. It was gibberish to Isaac, but he felt his body begin to change as she spoke!

The process was surprisingly painless, even strangely cathartic, like pulled muscles popping back into place. Within moments, Sir Isaac was his human self again. As a bonus, he'd retained the helmet and scarf he'd been wearing when he was cursed.

He looked down at Millie, still on her knees, to offer his thanks. But he stalled when he met her gaze. Her face had gone red to the ears, and she wore an expression of utter shock. Isaac was about to ask a question, but it was answered as a cool breeze drifted in from the window.

Isaac had kept his helm and scarf, but nothing else. He was naked, and more than that, he was *hard*. His penis was throbbing painfully, so much so that the mere wind had caused it to twitch. Millie gasped softly as a few drips of pre-cum landed on her exposed thigh.

Isaac was about to babble what apologies he possibly could, but caught himself once again. Millie didn't look shocked anymore. She was staring hungrily his stiff dick, sucking in fast breaths as her hands drifted down between her legs.

Millie stood up suddenly, and by the time she'd reached her full height, her robes were already sliding off of her. Isaac had scarcely a moment to take in how amazing her naked body looked before she crawled up onto her bed and spread herself for him.

"We must be quick and silent," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "Or we will be found out."

To Millie's credit she did manage to stay silent, at first. When Isaac started fucking her, she did a good job of stifling her cries and biting into her sheets as needed. But once they'd settled into a real rhythm together, her composure fell apart completely. Her screams of pleasure shook the whole tower as Isaac came inside her again and again.

Isaac pulled out of Millie at last, spent. She breathed a contented sigh as she collapsed on the bed, and all he wanted in the world was to lay down next to her.

Unfortunately for Isaac, his time was up. The now miserably familiar sound of clanking metal boots could be heard thundering up the stairs of the tower. Isaac managed to bar the door just in time before it was rattled on its hinges by a heavy blow.

"Millie!" called Kallen from behind the door. "Open this door at once so that I may murder whoever has defiled you!"

"Show mercy brother!" said Millie as she rushed to put her robes back on. "The Weeb code dictates that you remain calm, and keep a clear and peaceful head when performing your duties!"



As the hinges flew off and the door came crashing down, Isaac got the feeling that perhaps Sir Kallen didn't really care about the Weeb code at the moment. Kallen's eyes filled with psychotic rage as they swept the room. If Millie still being mostly naked wasn't incriminating enough, Isaac's still-wet penis certainly was.

"YOU!" bellowed Kallen as he raised his sword. "You will die for touching my sister, weasel man!"

It was a new kind of fear to Isaac, having someone wave a sword at him while his penis was exposed, and he didn't care for it one bit. Even if he still had his own sword, this wasn't a fight he wanted.

With the speed of a naked man fleeing for his life, he dashed to Millie's balcony.



As Isaac jumped naked save for his helm and scarf off of Millie's balcony, he heard Sir Kallen call out behind him: "You'll never be free of me, weasel man! I'll not rest until your head is on my mantle!"

Isaac smirked; he had escaped. Sure, now that it came down to it, this tower was a lot higher up than he first gauged. But it was nothing but deep and rolling waves beneath him, landing in water couldn't possibly hurt, right?

When Isaac regained consciousness, he was flailing and gasping in the sea, and every inch of him was in pain. He could still see the shore, but he knew that Kallen's knights would be waiting for him there if he was foolish enough to return.

Splashing and helpless in the water, Isaac would have soon given in to grief. But his luck had not run out yet! He spotted what looked to be a decent sized chunk of driftwood floating in the distance, and he swam for it with all the strength he had.

Isaac clung to his makeshift raft and kicked his legs for hours. He kept the shoreline in sight as best he could, but he was now faced with steep cliffs and nowhere to safely come ashore. To make matters worse, he was beginning to tire. His limbs started to feel heavy, and he was staving off bouts of dizziness as he struggled to keep his eyes open. His attempts to remove his helmet proved fruitless, as he needed both hands to undo the straps securing it to his head. He caught himself falling asleep and slipping off the raft with increasing frequency.

Isaac dreamed of Princess Chloe, now his loving and lusty wife. She was on her knees and pleasing him orally. It felt good, *really* good, this was better than any dream Isaac had ever had-

Isaac snapped awake. That was no dream, something was on his dick underwater! He frantically attempted to discover what had latched on to his penis, but couldn't see beneath his raft without letting go of it. He caught only a glimpse of what looked like a fin or a flipper down below.

Isaac realized in horror that a fish must be biting on his penis! But the sensation wasn't unpleasant, in fact, it was *incredible*. This small creature wriggling on his erect cock was somehow creating the best blowjob Isaac had ever experienced.

When Isaac came, exhaustion claimed him at last. As his consciousness faded and he slipped beneath the waves, he thought he saw a beautiful woman. She caught him as he slid off his raft, and then darkness.

Dusk was falling when Isaac awoke. He stroked his arms instinctively in a panic, but found only sand. He was on a beach, he'd survived the water.

As Isaac got to his feet, he tried to remember what had happened before he'd passed out. Surely he'd have drowned without help, but who could have possibly been his rescuer? Wasn't there someone? Someone who caught him as he fell? Isaac strained his mind as best he could, and suddenly it all came back to him in perfect clarity:

He had fucked a fish. Likely fucked a fish to death, in fact, as he remembered being shaft deep in the poor thing at one point. It was a secret shame he would carry for the rest of his days, and a newfound fetish he would have to repress with great effort. For that fish had been *amazing*.

Shaking his head as if to clear it, Isaac stifled his feelings of quiet humiliation. He needed food, clothes, and shelter for the night. One of those, at least, seemed to be in ready supply. Isaac made his way to a small seaside cave not far from where he washed ashore.

A quick search of the cave revealed it to be uninhabited, though some of the rocks looked to be wet with something....slimy? It was hard to tell without a light. Deciding to pay it no mind, Isaac settled in and fell fast asleep.



When Isaac awoke from his much-needed slumber the following morning, the seaside cave around him presented a couple of surprises.

Firstly, the slippery rocks from the night before were revealed to be covered with purple slime. It was splattered about the walls of the cave, and painted various trails along the stone floor.

More to Isaac's interest, however, was the pile of apples nestled in the corner of the cave. They weren't there last night, he was sure of it. Not one to question his good fortune, Isaac ate them eagerly. Though he was now fully rested and sated, he knew his troubles were far from over. He was naked and penniless on a beach in the middle of nowhere. And the thought of stomping off in a random direction without so much as a pair of boots to garb his feet was not at all appealing.

Before Isaac had long to think on the matter, he heard a bubbling, squelching sound from behind him. A shudder ran down his spine. He was not alone in the cave!

Isaac spun to see what, at first, looked to be a tall and beautiful naked woman. But the way the morning sunlight graced her body quickly revealed her otherworldly nature. She was entirely made of the same purple ooze that dappled the cave. Isaac had heard of slime creatures in his travels, but never imagined they would be so nice to look at.

Unsure of how to deal with such a being, Isaac tensed for a possible attack. But after a few moments he lowered his guard. The slime then started to talk, but unfortunately it was a language Isaac couldn't possibly comprehend. Isaac pointed to himself and spoke his name, and the creature copied him. She called herself "Slizz."

In the coming days, Isaac was made to feel at home in the seaside cave with Slizz, who he grew to find quite charming. She was kind and helpful, bringing him assorted fruits and berries daily. She even put together a set of clothes for him, gathered from wherever she could find them. His boots didn't match and had holes in them, and his pants were little more than a tarp tied with rope, but it was certainly better than nothing. As the days went by, Isaac was beginning to pick up a bit of her language, and was able to communicate with her on a basic level.

A month passed, and Isaac came to realize that Slizz was the perfect bride he'd been searching for. She was fun in conversation, she brought him food, and she was completely naked at all times. If there was a better woman to marry under the sky, he couldn't imagine one. It was time to ask for her goody hand.

Despite Isaac's progress learning Slizz's tongue, asking her to marry him proved a difficult affair, as marriage was a human concept that was alien to her. When she finally seemed to grasp the idea at last, her response was: "Nawdawg."

Isaac didn't know what the word meant, but he knew enough to recognize it was a dismissal. Slizz explained that marriage wasn't for her, but when she went on to try and tell him why she had declined his proposal, she stopped making sense once more. She said it was humping season? And she wanted a...a bun in the oven? And that she wanted to get knocked upward somehow? It was frustrating, being rejected but unable to understand why.

Isaac was immediately comforted when Slizz pressed herself against him and began sliding her wet breasts up and down his chest. In all the time they'd spent together, she had never once made such an advance. If this was how slimes turned a man down, he could live with it.

Slizz wasn't gentle. She threw Isaac down on the floor of the cave and plunged her slick body onto him with a strength that was both intensely arousing and a little scary. When they were finished, he would have marks to show for it, but the pleasure was worth the pain as far as he was concerned.

After Isaac had expelled the last drop of semen he could possibly produce inside of Slizz's body, the two of them cuddled up in the cave, watching the sun go down over the beach. Isaac tried to talk to Slizz, but she appeared sullen, snappy even. When Isaac asked her what was wrong, she had this to say:

"Sorry dude. I get moody when I'm pregnant."

Isaac asked her if she could repeat that for him.



It all happened so fast!

Slizz stood up, started sucking in quick breaths, and then *pulled out* a baby. Oblivious to Isaac's girlish shriek of horror at what had just happened, she handed him the child and was gone, oozing away through cracks in the cave where Isaac couldn't possibly follow her.

Isaac felt *used!* Here he thought he and Slizz had a connection, but in the end she was just buttering him up for mating season. And now he was stuck here with this creepy little *offspring* and...and....

As Isaac looked down into the vapid, expressionless face of the child, he felt his anger and frustration fade away. This certainly wasn't a situation he ever would have agreed to willingly, but there was no going back at this point. Isaac was now a father, and this small creature was his responsibility. He would need a name, something worthy of the legacy of Isaac's knightly forefathers.

Isaac named him Blobbo. He then sat down on the beach with his son, and they discussed what they should do next.



10:

Unbeknown to Isaac and Blobbo as they sat together on the beach, an assassin watched from the treeline. In fact, she had been watching Isaac for several weeks now. She had seen everything that had just transpired, and though she was outwardly unmoved, professional that she was, she was screaming on the inside.

For nearly a month she had waited for that accursed slime to lower her guard for even a minute, even a *second!* But the moment never came. It was unknown whether Slizz was just naturally vigilant or had sensed her presence somehow, but the creature never wavered in guarding the pathetic little *insect* that was Sir Isaac. Adult slimes don't even need to sleep, so the assassin was blocked from striking her target both day and night without exception.

And now, now Slizz was *finally* gone. But in a shocking turn, she leaves behind a child?! How was she supposed to kill Isaac now, in front of a kid!?

She felt the weight of the knife in her hand, felt it aching to be plunged into Isaac's small and twisted heart. Her pulse quickened with anger. She could no longer even hear what they were saying on the beach, the blood was pounding in her ears too hard.

But in the end, her rage was insufficient. She could not attack him in front of his child. But he still had to die! She couldn't live in a world where Isaac was still sucking breath into his big stupid head! There had to be another way. She calmed herself by slowing her breathing, and listened to the conversation taking place.

Isaac had decided to seek a nanny for his offspring. Hmph! Of course he was already looking for someone to pawn his responsibilities onto. The *worm!* Although....this could be something to take advantage of.

The gears started to turn in the assassin's head. They could only leave the beach through the forest, and the forest really only had one path.....

The assassin allowed herself a smile. If she couldn't kill Isaac herself, she'd get those dull-witted serpent girls to do it for her.



Isaac told Blobbo about his quest to find a bride, which had now also evolved into a quest to find the boy a mother. But until their journey was complete, they would need a nanny.

As they trekked through the wood, one of Isaac's boots fell apart around his foot. He feared as much would happen. The tattered rags Slizz had provided for him were fine for lounging on a beach, but not enduring prolonged activity. He had no idea what he was supposed to do now.

Even as Isaac pondered the problem, a solution presented itself. Just ahead there was a clearing in the trees, and the two discovered a campsite. The place had long since been abandoned, judging by the leaves and pine needles covering everything. Isaac and Blobbo set to scrounging for supplies.

A decent sword was too much to hope for it seemed, but Isaac still found far better bounty than he imagined he would: a tunic, pants, and boots all close enough to his size, a water skin, and a leather belt with a small pouch. What befell the previous owner that would cause them to leave behind such treasures Isaac shuddered to think about, and found himself casting wary glances to the trees around him. It was on one such tree that he found a piece of parchment, pinned with a curious-looking dagger.

"Lamia Nanny Services," Isaac read the parchment aloud. "Best child care in the kingdom, no children devoured or your money back! This is it son! 'Tis truly a fortunate day for our party!"

"Don't you think it's a little TOO lucky pops?" replied Blobbo. "That ad is sketchy as hell, and this whole scene feels whack. We should bug out, you feel me?"

"Oh, my young naive boy," Isaac said, kneeling to place a hand on his son's slimey shoulder. "You know what life is, son? Life is a never-ending full brass symphony of pain and suffering blowing right in your ears for every miserable second you're awake. So on those rare, precious instances where the anguish abates, never, *ever* question it. Just take it in, and enjoy your good fortune. Because it will not last."

"There is no hope, take good things no matter how suspicious. Got it pops."

"There's a good lad. Now, this says we'll find the Lamia camp if we follow the river, let us be off!"

As they walked along the river bank, Isaac told Blobbo what to expect when they reached the camp. They were snake women, to put it plainly. Carnivorous indeed but not actively murderous towards men. No, they instead offered various services toward the living in exchange for a contract stating that the tribe could claim ownership of one's body upon death. The contract would cover everything from Lamia service and duration all the way up to what wine one thinks they would best pair with when being eaten.

Blobbo still had reservations about walking directly into a camp full of man-eaters, but Isaac assured him that they would be perfectly safe.

So you can imagine how stupid he felt when a Lamia sprung from the trees behind them, brandishing a fork and a meat cleaver.

"Hello!" she cried. "I'm going to kill and eat you now if that's all right! Please don't struggle or bleed too much!"

Isaac had to think fast!



As the murderous Lamia advanced, licking her pointed fangs in hunger, Sir Isaac weighed his options.

They could try to run, but Isaac had yet to see how fast Blobbo could move if he had to. Plus the boy's slippery exterior would make him difficult to carry while running. They had no choice but to stand and fight. Sir Isaac tensed his muscles, steeling his body for battle.

"Pray tell! Cried Sir Isaac, pointing a finger behind the Lamia's scaly shoulder. "What beith over yonder?!"

The Lamia turned to look. "What?" she asked, blinking large and curious eyes. "What beith? I wanna see what beith yonder. I'm looking but I don't see anything. Just trees over there.....mmmyep. Hey.....wait a second!-"

The Lamia turned back to her prey, only to be smacked in the face with a clump of dirt and grass. As she sputtered and coughed, her would-be victims sprang into action. Isaac went straight for the tail in attempt to subdue his attacker, and Blobbo, armed with a stick, bravely swatted the Lamia about her head and shoulders as she was defenseless. Sir Isaac was proud of his son indeed this day.

"Yield, foul monster!" called out Isaac to his attacker. "Take your strangely attractive hide back into the wood from whence thee seductively slithered!"

"What the hell are you guys doing!?" she yelled. "And stop that!"

Blobbo reluctantly stopped hitting her with his stick.

"We're defending ourselves from your attack of course!" Sir Isaac boldly responded. "Now take your nude shapely form and...and be...begone! Yes. Begone. There is a child here."

"But I thought you wanted to be eaten!" said the Lamia, her face scrunching up into a pout. "That masked lady with the knives said that you *wanted* to die because you were a miserable, pathetic, needle-dicked narcissist with no hope of ever finding joy!"

Sir Isaac dropped her tail. "Ridiculous! Those claims are only half true at best!"

"Ya got bamboozled brah," said Blobbo to the Lamia. "Some shady goon played you like patsy-shaped fiddle."

"W-what?" she asked. "I'm sorry, I don't understand your language."

"He says you were tricked, woman!" said Isaac. "You were duped into attempting to ambush and kill two innocent travelers on the road."

The Lamia didn't take the news well. She went red to the ears and started muttering angrily to no one in particular. From what little was loud enough to hear, Isaac deduced that this young woman didn't like being tricked, but that it happened quite often nonetheless.

Once she had composed herself, she apologized for attacking them. Considering this creature had been swinging a knife at him mere moments ago, Isaac found it hard to hold a grudge against her. He told her all was forgiven.

The Lamia, who introduced herself as Parkeriss, smiled sweetly at his reply. She asked if there was anything she could do to make things up to them. As Isaac stared at her perky naked breasts, several ideas came to mind. But none of them were appropriate with his son present, so instead he thought a bit more practically.

Isaac asked Parkeriss to accompany them to the nearest village they could find, as it occurred to him that she may not be the only snake woman sent out by their unknown enemy. Sir Isaac reasoned that he stood less chance of being ambushed again if he walked with one of their number.

Parkeriss cheerfully agreed. And with that the three set off again along the river.



After a day's walk along the river, the party found a place to set up camp. Blobbo, it turned out, did need to sleep after all. The boy was mercifully easy to put to bed, and once he was down, Isaac and Parkeriss decided to get to know each other a little better.

It was quite the sensation for Isaac, having Parkeriss's wet forked tongue twist around his hard cock. It almost made up for the anxiety he felt seeing those glistening white fangs of hers so close to his tip.

On the note of of anxiety, Isaac couldn't shake a lingering sense of dread. He felt like he was being watched by some unseen malignant entity.

"Parkeriss?" Asked Isaac aloud. "Do you get the feeling we're currently being watched by someone who hates me so much that their blood is currently boiling with the repressed fury of a thousand murderous screams?"

"Mmmnope," replied Parkeriss with a full mouth.

"Ah, probably nothing then."

Isaac came hard, and she swallowed every drop eagerly. For a variety of reasons, Isaac was now seriously considering asking Parkeriss to stick around longer than they had initially agreed.

Satisfied, Parkeriss coiled up in the grass and fell fast asleep. Isaac was left alone with a fresh wave of mysterious unease. He felt like something in the shadows wanted to stab his eyes out with a red hot poker.

Isaac shook his head as if to stave off such nonsense. The only thing out to get him was surely his own overactive imagination.

With that, he set off into the dark woods alone to relieve himself.



As Isaac relieved himself behind a tree, he reflected upon his journey thus far. It had been quite an adventure. He's been turned into a weasel, jumped out of a tower, made secret shameful love to a fish, and even become a father.

And now he couldn't help thinking of how it all began: at his rejection by Princess Chloe. To this day, his heart still ached at the love he had lost when she turned him away. But there was no use dwelling on it now. Isaac thought it best to try and put the princess out of his mind for good.

This became a difficult prospect as he turned around just in time to see Princess Chloe leap from the bushes, her eyes filled with rage as she screamed into the night:

"I'M GONNA FEED YOU YOUR OWN DICK YOU UNFAITHFUL PIG!!!"



Isaac drew his sword just in time to catch Chloe's attack, and the clash of steel rang out in the empty forest clearing. As Isaac struggled to parry her subsequent strikes, he was shocked to see that his beloved princess possessed such skill! But actually, it explained a few things that had puzzled him from their childhood.

Chloe had always bragged about her "shadow arts" training, and yet if you put her in front of candle she couldn't even produce a decent bunny rabbit or quacking duck. It was now clear that he'd misunderstood the nature of her lessons.

But in the present, Isaac was in a moment of crisis. He could never bring himself to hurt Chloe, but if he didn't, it was just a matter of time before one of her knives would find his neck.

Thankfully, he was spared making that grim choice. Chloe gasped as a familiar purple tail emerged from the night to coil itself around her torso. She dropped her knives and struggled in vain, Parkeriss had ensnared her completely.

"Unfaithful, you called me," said Isaac as he sheathed his sword. "How do you figure? It was you who rejected my proposal."

At first, Chloe's response was nonsensical stream of profanity as she thrashed against Parkerriss's hold. When that proved futile, she composed herself, if slightly.

"You were supposed to *beg!*" she growled at last. "You were supposed to beg and grovel and abandon your dignity, and after a couple years of that I would have said yes!"

"But what did you do instead? *Forget me immediately!* You traipsed off to fornicate with witches and priestesses and *had a baby with a slime!* You've broken my heart and for that you must die!"

Isaac was taken aback. She was right, he did set off on his quest to find a wife more or less immediately after she rejected him. But it hadn't been because he'd forgotten Chloe, far from it. He set out in *attempt to* forget her and his own broken heart, though over time it had proved impossible.

He began to voice as much, but was cut off by a chilling screech from the trees. Several more screeches followed amidst the flapping of leathery wings.

"I know that sound," said Parkeriss, her eyes wide with fear. "Vampires!"

"The camp!" cried Isaac. "Blobbo!"



Isaac and Parkeriss made for the camp in a breathless mad dash through the dark forest. Chloe had vanished into the shadows the moment she was released. Isaac regretted not having a chance to tell her how he felt, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

They came upon the camp to find a lone figure in the firelight. Isaac had never seen her before, but he knew who she was in an instant: the vampire princess Cassiel.

She hovered over the ground in unnatural flight, smirking down on them from above. As Isaac beheld what she had suspended in some kind of magical bubble, he felt a stab of fear and panic in his gut the likes of which he'd never known before.

"Release my son at once you *ghoul!*" yelled Isaac as he drew his sword.

"Son?" the vampire princess cackled hatefully. "Wow, I bet *that's* a story. But I ain't got the time, sadly. I just found me a nice rare monster for my ever-growin' and unstoppable army of the night!"

"Dude that sounds lame AF," said Blobbo from inside the force field.

"Quiet you!" snapped Cassiel. "If you won't join my army, maybe I'll just spread you on some toast instead!"

Unable to contain his blind fury, Isaac lunged forward with his sword, but the princess rose into the air above his stroke with ease.

Cassiel laughed again. "Just what do you think you're goin' to manage here? You think some shabby wandering vagrant and his pet worm could stand a chance against the mistress of the night? I'll let you live, but only because there would be no sport in killing you!"

With that, she was gone, disappearing into the night sky as a swirl of bats emerged from the trees to follow her. Blobbo's cry of "Laaaaaame," faded as she drew away.

Isaac dropped to his knees, his sword falling limply from his hands. She had gotten away with his son.

Wallowing in despair, Isaac felt a gentle hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see Parkeriss beside him.

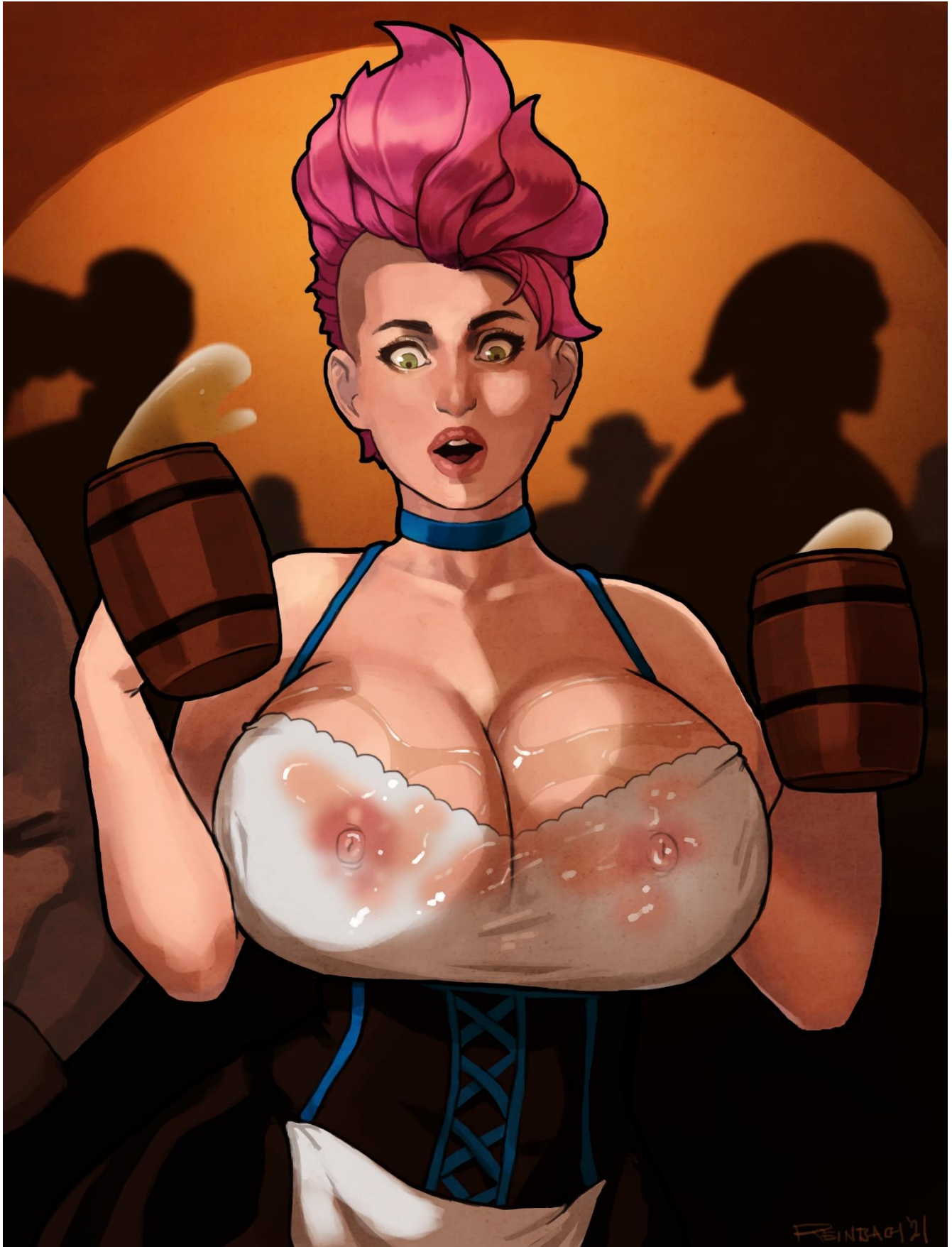
"She said she would keep him alive, Isaac," said Parkeriss. "We still have a chance to rescue him."

"Rescue?" said Isaac, incredulous. "And how are we supposed to do that? We're to storm the castle of the vampire princess, we're to overcome her *army of monsters* and somehow extract Blobbo unharmed?"

"What other choice is there?" asked Parkeriss.

Isaac felt strength returning to his limbs. He picked up his sword and rose to his feet. He sheathed the weapon slowly, and by the time the hilt reached the scabbard, he had made up his mind.

"We're going to need backup," he said.



Isaac and Parkeriss set to devising a plan to storm the vampire castle and rescue Blobbo. After two hours of intense deliberation, they concluded that neither of them had any ideas that didn't end in their gruesome deaths, and that they would need to find a strategist to advise them before much else was decided.

They set off on foot toward the capital city, the very place where Isaac's journey first began. As they walked the trail, Isaac's heart was heavy with worry for his son, as well as what may have become of Princess Chloe. They reached the city gates without incident just before nightfall.

As they walked the streets in search of lodging, Parkeriss grabbed Isaac by the arm. "Look, Isaac!" she exclaimed. "A tavern!"

"You read my mind," said Isaac. "Let's get hammered."

"No! I mean we might be able to find someone who can help us there!"

"Oh, right."

They entered the warm and bustling tavern, "Ye Olde Dragon's Dangler" according to the name outside. As they found themselves a table, Isaac's spirits were low. Still lacking in coin, he would have to rely on Parkeriss to pay for his meal for now. He highly doubted that whatever she had in her small coin purse would be enough to hire any number of the skilled mercenaries they would require the aid of.

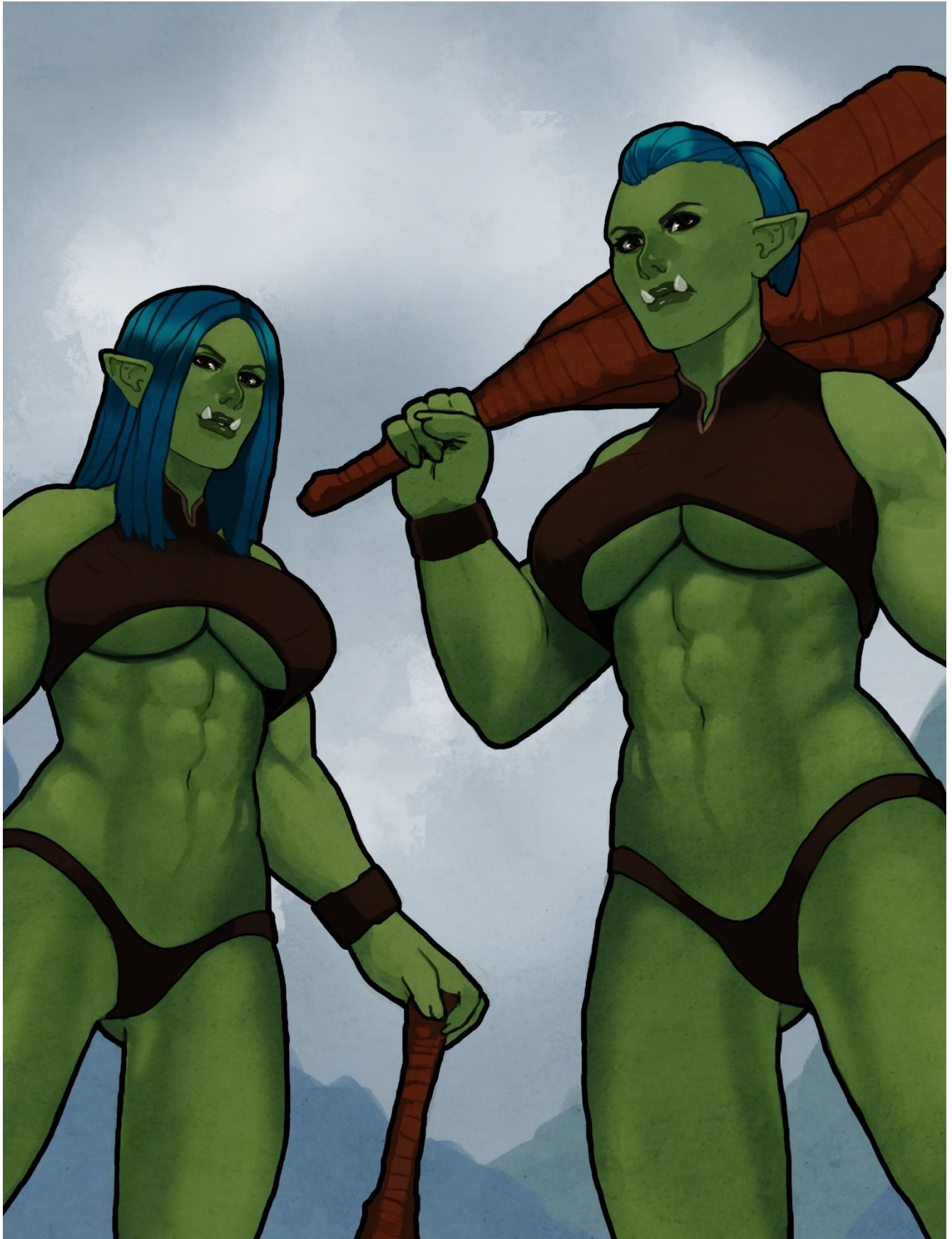
His melancholy was interrupted by a lovely young barmaid passing their table. She was quite voluptuous, with a striking hairstyle and big green eyes that he couldn't look away from. She introduced herself as Synthiria, and Parkeriss stopped her to ask for information about the vampire castle.

It was in that moment that a drunken patron bumped into Synthiria, spilling a flagon of ale on her white blouse and rendering it almost completely transparent. Synthiria went on to speak for several minutes in answer to Parkeriss's questions, and Isaac heard none of it. He was too transfixed on the wet nipples of the busty barmaid. Parkeriss had to snap her fingers in front of his face and recap the story for him after Synthiria had taken her leave.

They were fortunate, they needed not seek to form a party to attack the vampire castle. It just so happened that such a quest was already in progress by others, and Isaac and Parkeriss needed only but to find and join them. Two warriors there were, set out from the city just days before: a barbarian known as Derek the Unfortunate, and a young arcane scholar named Warrender. They sought the aid of two fearsome orcs to join their assault, and had ventured to their lair in the mountains to implore them for aid.

Isaac shuddered. Were these two insane? There were only two orcs in the surrounding kingdom, and anyone with half a mind would no sooner ask them for help than throw sticks at a grizzly bear. Indeed, Isaac had heard horrifying tales of Trishavere and Marakull. Derek and Warrender's plight must be even more desperate than his own if they were seeking aid from those hulking savages.

Sure enough, the two warriors had not yet returned. Nonetheless, Isaac's options were slim. He and Parkeriss agreed that they would set out for the mountains at dawn. They would hope to join the party in their assault on the castle, or, at the very least, see to it that whatever might be left of two fools in the mountains receive a proper burial.



Isaac and Parkeriss had set out early from the inn, they broke off from the main road and into the winding pass of the mountains by the afternoon. As they progressed, Isaac noted the sunny sky surrendered to looming clouds, seemingly in direct correlation with their every step along the path.

Soon the pair began to notice bits of refuse littering the trail. An empty bottle here, a distressingly large bone there. They were getting close.

It was then that Isaac heard voices, voices up the mountain pass raised in anger. To those who didn't know better, it would sound like one woman arguing with herself, but Isaac knew that these were the infamous twin sisters that he'd been seeking.

"I should be the one who gets pregnant because your face is ugly!" yelled Trishavere.

"My face is your face! We're twins you empty headed sack of meat! And I should be the one to get pregnant because I'm the only one with any brains!"

"I'll brain YOU!"

"Bring it!"

This wouldn't do. Isaac and Parkeriss didn't come all this way just to watch these two club each other.

"Ladies!" called Isaac, somewhat shakily.

"If I may, um, what seems to be the problem here?"

Both orcs spun to face Isaac. Parkeriss huddled behind him out of fear as the twins approached.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded Trishavere.

"You got some balls, coming here," said Marakul.

"R-right," stammered Isaac, attempting to compose himself. "I am Sir Isaac the Merely Adequate, and firstly I come seeking two male travelers who set out from the capital just days ago."

The orcs nodded over their shoulders, and it was then that Isaac noticed two cages made of bone. Each one contained a groaning naked man with a bruised and battered pelvis. A chilling realization hit Isaac right in the face, things just got complicated.

"Getting ready for Runt Sling, I take it?" asked Isaac.

"W-what's Runt Sling?" asked Parkeriss.

"It's a gathering of orcs held every five years," said Isaac.

"A crude catapult is erected, and orc females launch their babies into the woods to fend for themselves as a rite of passage."

"That's horrible!" squeaked Parkeriss.

"It's a proud tradition!" said Trishavere.

"I gummed a wolf to death at just two months old!" said Marakul.

"That was ME you fucking liar!" yelled Trishavere.

"Bitch I'll gum you to death right here and now!" At this they both raised their clubs once more.

"Ladies!" Isaac interjected again. "Let's focus on the real issue. Runt Sling is next year, and you two still need more sperm to get pregnant, right? And in a hurry, I'd gather?"

"More sperm?" Parkeriss seemed to forget her fear and perk up at this, oddly enough. "Those guys aren't enough to get them pregnant?"

"Orc females need...a lot of sperm to get pregnant," said Isaac. "And in a short time frame too. If they use humans it usually takes at least two or three males all squeezed into dust to impregnate a single orc."

“Drop your pants or die little man!” shouted the twins in perfect unison.

“Whoa, whoa!” cried Isaac, taking a step back. “I’d be more than happy to help, but I won’t be getting an erection if I’m fearing for my life. Perhaps a deal can be struck?”

The orc twins lowered their clubs and huddled, speaking in rapid whispers to each other. It was strangely cute to behold.

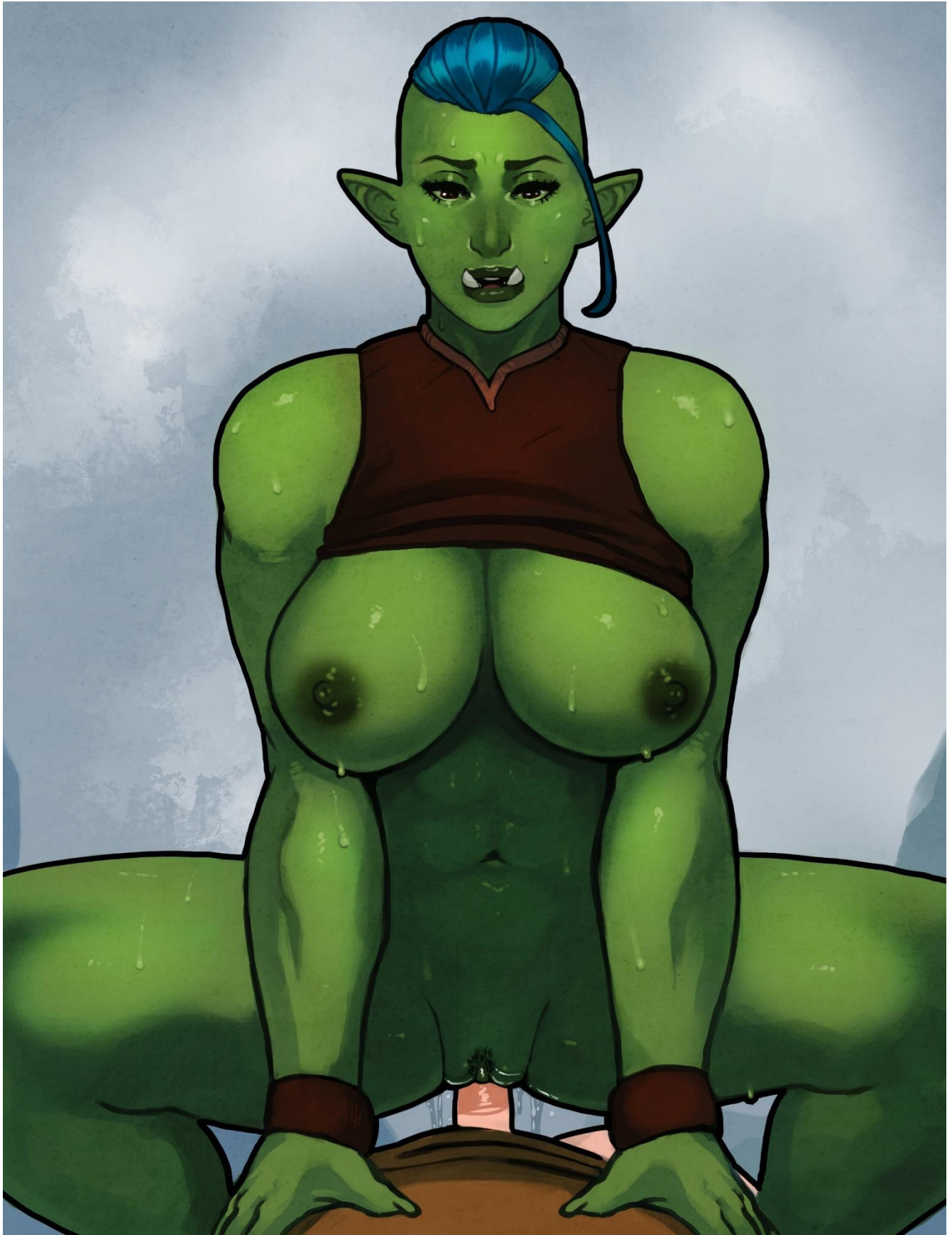
“Fine,” said Marakul at last.

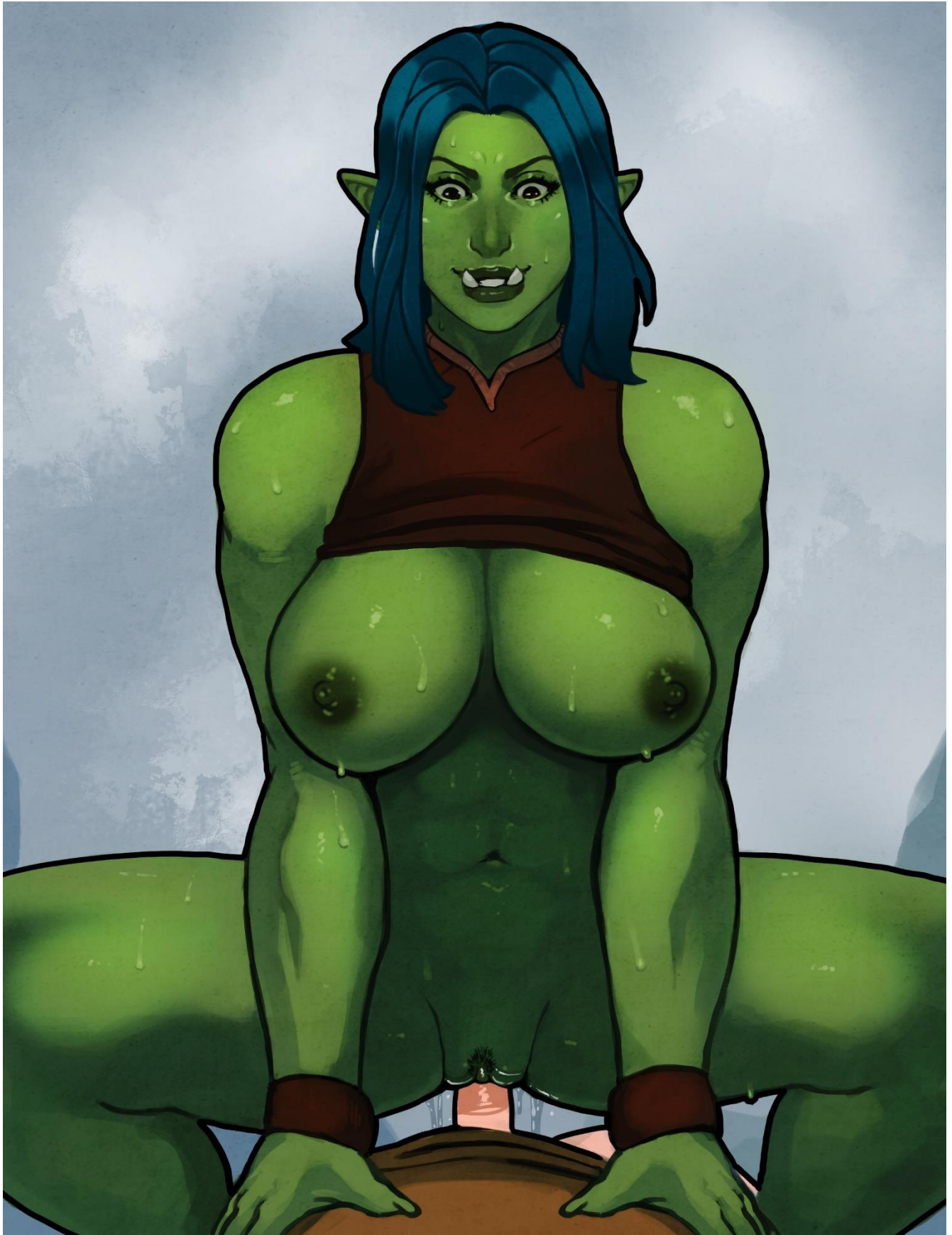
“You give us the goop we need to make orclings, and we’ll see about this deal.”

It wasn’t a fair trade by far, as it required an uncomfortable amount of trust on his end, but Isaac knew he wouldn’t get a better offer.

“Very well,” he said.

The sisters dropped their clubs and stripped naked. Isaac knew this was going to hurt.





No bed no shelter, no nothing. The orcs pulled off Isaac's pants and threw him down in the dirt. Parkeriss dramatically cried "I cannot watch!" but made no visible effort to cover her eyes. In fact, she soon settled into a seat on a nearby rock and started snacking on the rations Isaac had been saving for later.

Trishavere landed a heavy punch to the back of Marakul's head, and was thus allowed to go first. Honestly, she was surprisingly gentle, tender, even. Despite her considerable strength she was careful not to hurt Isaac, and the experience was heavenly when he came inside her. If Trishavere had been the only orc Isaac had made love to that day, he would have come away with a very favorable opinion of orc sex overall.

Unfortunately, she wasn't the only orc who would climb on top of him. Marakul came to her senses and shoved her sister off of Isaac, and what followed felt like an hour of pelvis-shattering fornication. Isaac begged for mercy, but Marakul was relentless. By the time she pulled herself off of him, Isaac was a drained, twitching, broken shell of a man.

Parkeriss poked Isaac gently on his shoulder, a scarcely audible squeak of pain his only reply.

"Is he going to be ok?" asked Parkeriss.

"Should live," said Marakul. "May walk again in a few days or more."

"But we don't have a few days!" said Parkeriss. "His son has been kidnapped by the vampire princess, and we have to rescue him right away!"

"Hail!" came a voice from the bone cages. "I am the scholar, Warrendar. I too, seek to destroy the vampire princess, for she is a scourge on the good people of our kingdom."

"As do I," came a voice from the other cage. "I am Derek the Unfortunate, neighbor of the vampire princess, and she plays her music way too loud all night."

"We need to team up then!" pleaded Parkeriss. "With all of us together, we may stand a chance against her!"

"I don't know," said Marakul. "I'd planned on taking it easy for a while now that I'm pregnant."

"Good!" shouted Trishavere. "Then your baby will be a puss-bitch just like you! And my mighty offspring will pummel it daily!"

"My baby will kick your fat ass-"

"There is more to consider," interrupted Warrendar. "Numbers we may have, but the vampire princess is no less formidable. She has no known weakness, even sunlight seems to merely trifle her."

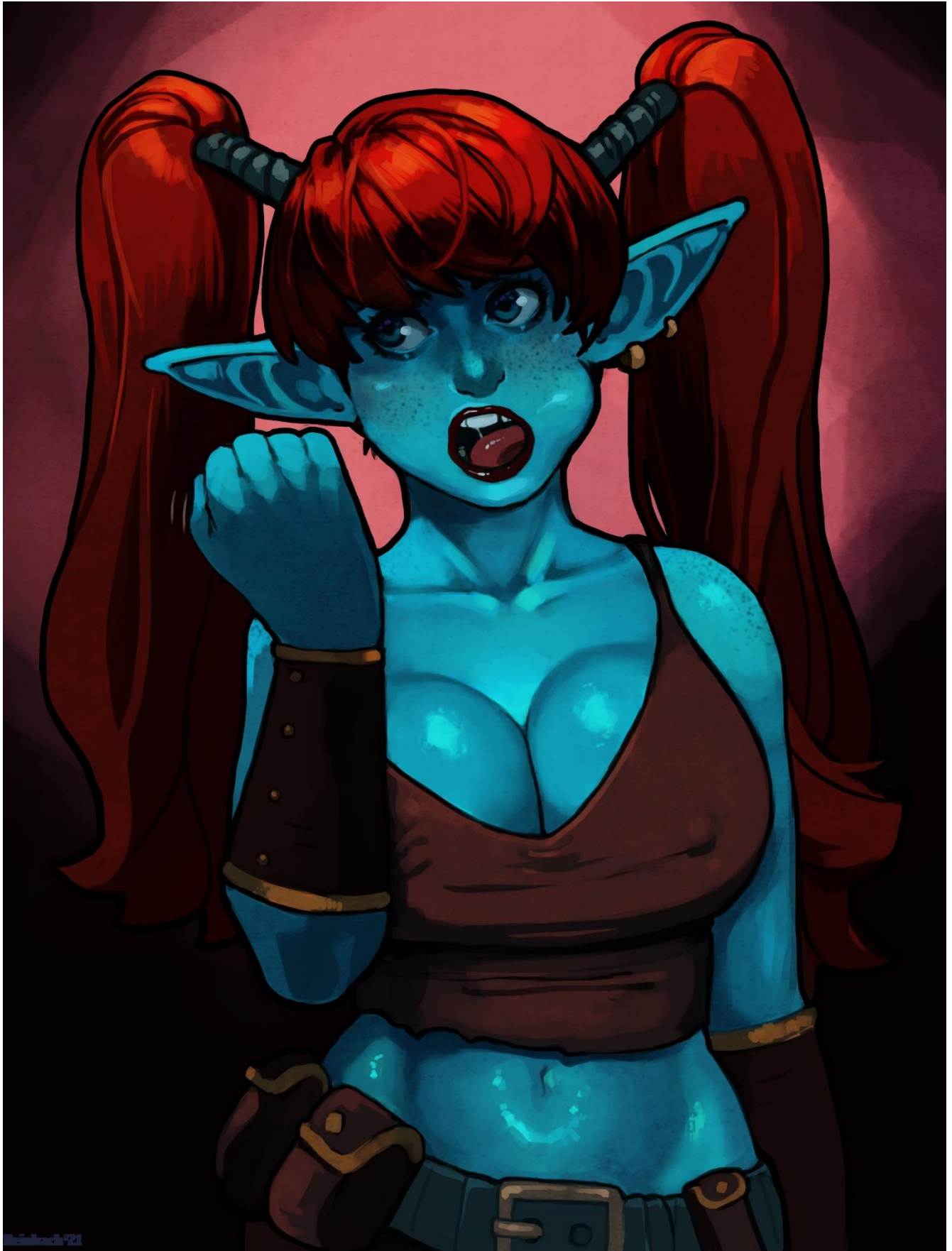
"Ooh!" chirped Marakul. "The hobgoblin chief! I bet she knows the weakness! She knows everything!"

"That's true," said Trishavere. "The hobgoblin chief is all-knowing and beautiful. Long live the hobgoblin chief!"

"Long live!" called Marakul.

Amazed as Parkeriss was to see these two agree on something, they had no time to waste. Derek and Warrendar were freed and dressed. Despite a few aches and pains, they seemed to be in good health. A crude cart was fashioned from the wreckage surrounding the camp, and Isaac's crumpled, whimpering husk was carefully loaded in.

The orc sisters took point, leading the way to the lair of the hobgoblin chief.



Night had fallen over the mountains behind them when Trishavere announced they were approaching the hideout of Abiglix, the hobgoblin chief. The marching order had the orc twins in the lead, followed by Parkeriss, then Warrendar (who pulled Isaac's cart with great toil and protest.) Derek took up the rear. Parkeriss took him for a paranoid man, his eyes darted among the trees as he walked.

Parkeriss shot a glance back at Isaac, who was still curled up and whimpering softly. She hoped he pulled himself together soon, time was of the essence and they couldn't afford for him to be useless much longer.

At last, the party came to small cave just off the road, and it was there they found what looked to be a trap door set into the dirt. Marakul informed the group that they had reached the entrance to Abiglix's lair.

"The men will wait here," said Marakul.

"What? Why?" exclaimed Warrendar.

"We have every right to-" "Shut your hole pipsqueak!" snapped Trishavere. "You can't come in 'cuz there's a sign in there that says 'no wimps that cry when they cum!'"

"Excuse me for having feelings!"

"The hobgoblin queen is dangerous and unpredictable," said Marakul. "Take my word when I say it will be better if the women go in first. However, be prepared to enter with haste when we call for you."

The men reluctantly complied, and the women flung open the trap door to the tunnel below.

The stone tunnel was unlit, but orcs and lamia had no trouble seeing in the dark. A flicker of light could soon be seen behind a closed door. Loud, off-key singing emanated from the unseen room beyond.

The singing stopped when Marakul knocked loudly on the door.

"Eh? Whozzat?" came a shrill and squeaky voice from within. "You bitches can't be back already!"

The girls entered a small and cozy subterranean bedchamber, lit by lanterns and smelling heavily of spices and alcohol. Abiglix lounged in a high-backed chair that appeared comically oversized for her diminutive frame. She looked up with surprise when she saw them.

"Well well!" exclaimed Abiglix. "If it isn't my favorite matching set of eight-foot sluts! With a little squirmer in tow, even! What brings you hulking beauties to my lair this evening?"

"Hail, Abiglix the tall, mature, and sultry-voiced!" said Marakul with a salute that Trishavere copied. "We come seeking your advice of how to defeat the vampire princess Cassiel!"

Abiglix rolled her eyes and fell back limp in her chair like a doll. "Boooooored! I don't feel like giving advice, not for another few hours anyway. My crew is raiding a nearby village to fetch me some entertainment. And until they get back I-"

The sound of idiots tripping on rocks could be heard in the cave behind them. Then, as far as Parkeriss could tell, Abiglix disappeared into thin air.

That was how fast the pint-sized hobgoblin moved. A flash of knives was all Parkeriss saw as Derek stumbled into the room. He would have been dead in an instant if Abiglix hadn't stopped short an inch from his throat.

Her knives clattered to the floor, and her face lit up like she'd just opened a birthday present.

"Cock!" squealed Abiglix. "You girls brought me cock! Oh, it's just what I wanted! I didn't know how I was going to last until my raiding party got back with a fresh batch of husbands and fathers to get all up in me!"

About that time Warrendar made his way in as well, straining and grunting at the weight of Isaac's limp form on his back.

"And a smaller, weaker one for dessert!" cried Abiglix, hopping up and down with delight. "Not sure what the dead one is for though, that's kind of weird. But who cares! I get cock!"

"W-what's the meaning of this?" stammered Warrendar.

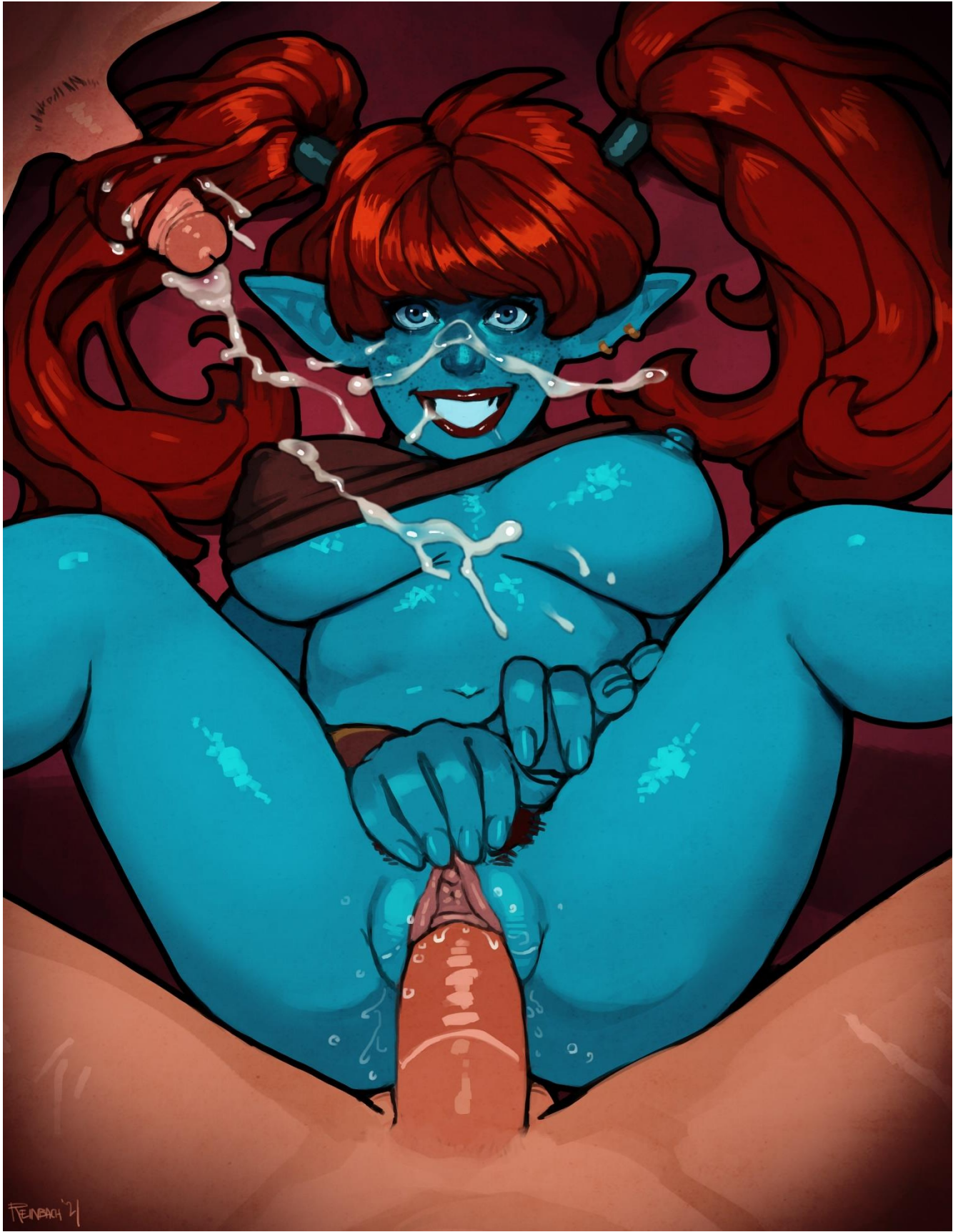
Abiglix giggled sweetly. “All right, I'll tell you something about me: I love cock. Cock is the first thing I think about in the morning, and the last thing I think about before I go to bed. I slurp so much cock that everything else kinda tastes like cock, and that's just the way I like it. Whenever anything but cock goes in my mouth it just makes me angry and sad.”

“But as much as I love sucking cock, I think I like getting stuffed by it more. Up my pussy, in my ass, fuck my tits, my feet, I don't care. As long as I'm getting cum blasted on me or in me, I'm not picky. I try to fit two cocks in one hole when I-Wait. Why am I explaining all this to you *when you could be fucking me right now!!*”

At this, Abiglix took a menacing step towards the men.

“I'd hoped to save you dopes as a bargaining piece,” said Marakul, eliciting an indignant snort from Abiglix. “But what's done is done. The hobgoblin chief accepts only one form of payment. If you want to know how to defeat Cassiel, you'd better give her what she wants.

Derek nodded solemnly, and Warrendar stood up straight and proud, dropping Isaac to the floor in a heap.



And so, what followed was quite a spectacle. Parkeriss, Trishavere, and Marakul attempted to excuse themselves, but Abiglix demanded that they all stay and watch. The hobgoblin moaned with ecstasy as Derek gave her what she wanted, and laughed derisively as Warrendar really did try his darndest to do the same. She was pretty mean, really, but she brought him to climax so many times that the young sorcerer wasn't in much position to complain.

Isaac made what Parkeriss would later recount as "pitiable squeaks of longing" to join in, but his pelvis was still far too broken from his ordeal with the orc twins to manage much else.

Eventually, both Derek and Warrendar collapsed as well, for they too were still recovering from encounters with Trishavere and Marakul. Abiglix booed petulantly as they fell into heaps, but seemed more or less satiated. Dripping with sweat and other various fluids, she sauntered over to a small chest in the corner of the room.

She produced a brass container, no bigger than a man's fist. "This here is all you need to defeat the vampire princess," she said. "Do NOT under any circumstances open this box until you absolutely have to, or Cassiel will be the least of your troubles. Got me?"

The twins nodded solemnly as they accepted the parcel. Meanwhile, Isaac felt the first inklings of strength returning to his battered limbs. They had what they needed. It was time to go and save his son.



That was easy enough to say, anyway, but it was still two more days before Isaac could walk, five before he was at full capacity and could actually swing a sword confidently again. But now, now it was time to save his son. The vampire castle loomed large against a bright, shining blue sky. Birds chirped, and a crisp breeze carried on it the scent of spring. Parkeriss remarked that this would be a lovely place for a picnic. Isaac imagined the place would be a lot scarier at night, but only a fool would miss a chance to attack a vampire during the day. Just outside the walls of the castle sat a small hut, which turned out to be Derek's house. He wasn't kidding when he said he lived right next door to the vampire princess. Warrender had to stop in briefly to use the restroom, but then it was time to commence the attack.

The walls were breached with little effort, but it was within the gothic courtyard that their first obstacle awaited. Isaac knew what he was looking at in an instant, though he still couldn't believe his eyes. It was supposed to be just a legend.

As a boy, Isaac heard many a haunted tale about the mad Doctor Roycen Beckerstein, and the monster he created by stitching together the limbs of the muscular, hunky dead. Isaac never believed the stories, but this was undoubtedly that very monster. The hulking frame, the patchwork skin, the sexy five o'clock shadow. The monster rose to its full height, towering above even the orc twins. Its massive fists crackled with power.

The battle was short and easy, but Derek's house got destroyed anyway. Despite cutting an imposing figure, the monster was wildly outnumbered and frankly kind of a wuss when it came to getting hit with swords. It surrendered with enthusiasm, and the party left it alive and sulking in the courtyard. Parkeriss felt bad, and suggested they try to cheer the monster up before resuming their siege. Isaac reminded her that the rescue of his son took priority, and she admitted that was fair.

Pressing onward, the party came into a cavernous great hall. They assumed it was cavernous, anyway, but they had only the echo of their own footfalls to make such an assessment. The daylight of the front door was swallowed up by darkness within just a few short steps beyond it, and the group had little choice but to light a torch to get their bearings.

An obvious choice presented itself: go up, or go down. The orc twins proposed that the vampire princess was no doubt in the very top of the tower, as she would want a vantage point to survey the land below. Warrender proclaimed that idea to be ridiculous, as a vampire would no doubt seek subterranean refuge during the day. The orc twins were slapping Warrender when Isaac held up his hand. He thought he heard something.

A quiet howl from below, building into a chorus of screeches that Isaac remembered all too well from the night his son was taken. Their presence had alerted Cassiel's vampire thralls, and now they shrieked for blood.

Isaac readied his sword, steeling for the fight of his life, when Marakul shoved him toward the spiral staircase leading upward.

"You are brave, and the small man is dumb," she said. "Find your son, we will hold the line here!"

Isaac looked at each of their faces, Derek, Warrender, Parkeriss, Trishavere, and Marakul, the allies, no, the friends he had made since setting out on his journey. They echoed Marakul's sentiment as they lit sconces along the wall, preparing for the fight. Isaac bowed humbly before his companions, and turned to sprint up the stairway, vowing not to waste what they had given him.

Isaac's chest pounded as he climbed the stairs, stumbling in the dark but pressing ever upward. Determined as he was, he felt no fear, but he did feel...alone. He realized it had been quite some time now since he'd been alone. Hadn't that been the reason he set out on this journey to begin with? He had sought a wife, yes, but maybe that hadn't been the truth of it? Princess Chloe had rejected him, and he now realized he hadn't even had any friends to console him at the time. So alone was he, he'd set out on this journey because he simply had nothing else to do, no other way to cope with his heart being broken.

Torchlight broke the darkness in the narrow stairwell, bringing Isaac back to reality. The time for personal epiphanies would have to wait. As he came to a wooden door carved into the stone, he prayed that Warrendar had been wrong about where the princess may reside. The odds were in Isaac's favor, at least, the young mage was frequently wrong about most things in general.

Kicking through the door, Isaac found himself in a spacious bedchamber. It was a hedonistic den not unlike the hobgoblin queen's lair he'd been in just days before. Heavy curtains blocked out the sun completely, but a jagged fireplace sent ominous orange patterns dancing across the stone. The vampire princess sat sprawled in a regal, high-backed chair against the far wall. Cassiel beheld him with bored, hooded eyelids as she chugged from a wine bottle in a manner unbecoming of a lady. To her right, in a magic bubble suspended in the air, was-

"Blobbo!" cried Isaac.

"Pops!" called Blobbo. "You gotta save me, dawg! This chick is cuckoo bananas. She's forcing me to give out free therapy!"

"Oh fuck off, I am not," slurred Cassiel.

"Avoiding responsibility for your behavior as usual yo," said Blobbo. "This is why the other vampires wouldn't play with you."

Cassiel gasped, incredulous. "I told you that in *confidence you little bastard!* That's it! First thing tomorrow I'm spreadin' you on fuckin' toast!"

"I doubt it, sister. That would mean actually following through on something, and that's not your thing."

"You mother *fucker-*"

"Enough!" declared Isaac, pointing his sword. "Release my son, and deal with your issues!"

"Never!" cried Cassiel, throwing her wine bottle dramatically aside as she did so. "Die, little meat sack!"

In an instant, Cassiel was behind Isaac. She wasn't fast, like Abiglix, it was more like she could blink between shadows at will. He dodged not a second too soon, and Cassiel's fist cracked into the stone wall beside him, sending bits of debris to the floor.

Isaac had nary a chance to regain his footing before Cassiel raised her other hand, and a ring of magical fire surrounded Isaac. The flames licked at his skin, he was trapped.

Cassiel laughed wickedly. "Hey slime ball! I'm about to roast your old man, how's that for follow through!?"

"Well *duh,*" said Blobbo. "He's an invader who's attacking you. You always expect praise for doing the bare minimum yo."

"Shut up! You're the worst therapist I've ever kidnapped! I'm gonna-"

This was it. The only moment Isaac was going to get. His foe distracted, he sprang forth with his sword through the fire.

Isaac despaired as Cassiel vanished into the shadows once more, long before his stroke could land. He instead sliced clean through one of her curtains, spilling sunlight into the chamber. "Fuck!" yelled Cassiel, recoiling from the sunbeam.

"You know what?" she said, growling with anger. "This ain't fuckin' cute anymore!"

With a flick of the vampire's wrist, Isaac was instantly suspended in floating bubble, just like his son.

"This beith so *cheap!*" lamented Isaac.

"It is, ain't it?" sneered the vampire. "You're goin' out the window now, bye."

Isaac struggled fiercely. He could move, but it was like he was underwater. There was no way he could swing his sword, but it was then that he remembered the small box given to him by the hobgoblin, the one that contained

Cassiel's one weakness!

In hindsight, Isaac realized he should have had this box in his hand and ready to use before he even opened the door to the chamber, but it was no use kicking himself now. He struggled to pull the box from his pocket as his bubble carried him towards the deadly fall that awaited him.

“Aw, what have you got there?” said Cassiel mockingly. “Some kind of last-chance effort to save yourself? Those are always cute. Let me see.”

The box was pulled from Isaac's pocket and into Cassiel's open hand. Upon beholding it, fear flashed across her face, followed immediately by rage.

“Abiglix,” she snarled. “Is there anyone that that dick-eating little cock-sleeve *won't* give my one weakness to?!”

The chamber shook. The *castle* shook. So great was the anger of the vampire princess that her eyes blazed like hellfire. When she spoke, her words echoed with demonic power.

“That's *it!*” she screamed. “When the sun sets, I'm gonna find that fuckin' imp and bite her on the head! I'll bite her friends! Her family! The nearest town! The whole kingdom! *Everybody's* getting bitten on the fuckin' head!”

Cassiel's fangs gleamed in the firelight as she lunged at Isaac.

“Startin' with you!”

Still imprisoned, Isaac could not even brace himself for death. Just before vampire's claws could pierce him, a strange yet familiar pointed knife whistled through the air from outside the window.

The knife missed Cassiel, but it did strike the small box from her hand. It fell open as it hit the stone floor.

From it, a set of simple dice clattered to a stop. Cassiel let out a blood-curdling scream of terror.

The sky went dark. The fire in the room swirled and twisted with unnatural color. Now before Isaac stood a tall naked woman with red skin, long purple hair, and horns sprouting from her head. Cassiel cowered in the corner, and Isaac and Blobbo were released from their respective prisons.

“All right!” said the creature. “Who's gambling and what's the game? I'm feeling lucky and I-”

The red woman's jovial demeanor faded as she looked about the room, settling into what seemed like exasperation.

“Are you fucking kidding with this, Cassiel?” she said.

“M-my queen!” stammered Cassiel. “Oh great Sylvana, mistress and lord of evil! So honored am I to have you in my home-

“You let *another* goddamn wannabe hero summon me just to stop you. *Again*. You know what this means, right?”

“N-no! Wait!”

It happened so fast. In seconds, Sylvana had stripped Cassiel of her corset, thrown her over her knee, and was just...just...spanking the hell out of her bare ass right in front of him.

Slowly, carefully, Isaac picked up Blobbo, and inched his way out through the chamber door. Sylvana didn't seem to pay them any mind, and soon the slapping of flesh and Cassiel's yelps were fading behind them as they hurried down the stairwell.

Blobbo hugged Isaac tightly. “You totes rescued me, pops,” he said. “That was baller, yo.”

“Sorry it took so long, lad,” said Isaac. “But we must hurry, our friends are in danger!”

Isaac found his friends in the great hall where he left them, scuffed and bruised, but alive. The thralls had apparently retreated in terror when the sky went dark. Judging by what he'd seen in the tower above, Isaac didn't question their desire to flee.

“You saved him!” said Parkeriss, her eyes welling with tears. “I knew you would!”

“It was only because of all of you that we succeeded,” said Isaac. “Now that our mission is complete, what will

you all do?"

"Continue my studies," said Warrender.

"Crank out babies," said Trishavere and Marakul in unison.

"Build a new goddamn house," said Derek.

Parkeriss looked suddenly shy. "I'd...I'd like to keep traveling with you and your son, Sir Isaac, if that's okay, I mean."

"Of course, it is," said Isaac.

"Really?"

"Was there any doubt?"

Parkeriss rattled her tail and smiled. Isaac was no longer alone, and that had been all he truly wanted. He took Parkeriss by the hand, and they stepped out into the courtyard to try and cheer up the depressed monster.

The End!