

*CW: FFM threesomes; body modification; magic; transformation; forced orgasms; group sex; bisexual; knotting; mind alteration; aphrodisiac;*

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# Familiar Bonds 9

## Dungeon Diving | Part 3

Commission for NikEster

by Danni Iridescent

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The corridor went dark as the flash of fire behind them fell away, and Bri turned to the witch Theodmier without being able to see him. Both of them struck up light in differing ways - Bri with a glowing orb that rested in the palm of her hand, and Theodmier with two beams of light that poured from his eyes, illuminating whatever it was his eyes rested on.

Silently, they took a moment to appreciate the others' work, and started down the corridor - after all, it was clear that the only way out, now, was through. They just had to hold on to the belief that the others in their group had made it out okay.

As they walked down the corridor, the hewn smooth stone on the ground having spots of moss and grass poking through, Bri's mind turned to Catherine, and to the way she'd looked as she drew the ire of the werewolf. She shivered, and hoped that Catherine was a strong enough witch to take the beast down without hurting the man inside. Then, she laughed at herself a little.

If anyone was capable of doing that, it was Catherine.

'A part of me thinks we should go back,' Theodmier said, his voice low like he was wary of being overheard. 'We could help.'

Bri looked at him, his features in the magical light seeming softer, his eyes lighting up and his worry clear. 'That door had a magical seal,' she said. 'Didn't you see it? We could spend time trying to get around it - hell, we might even manage it - but I don't think we're supposed to.'

'What does that mean, 'supposed to'?'

She sighed. 'I thought you were smart.'

He gave a short laugh. 'I am! Considering my station, I'm basically a prodigy.'

'Yet you were trapped in those tentacles outside,' Bri noted, registering the sting on his face; that had affected him. She started walking again, deeper into the pitch-black corridor. 'What I meant is that this place was *designed* to split up a group - all of this was built by someone, right? Which means this place has a goal. A problem to solve, a puzzle to beat.'

'You can't know that,' he said, following her.

'I think I can,' she said, seeing a bit of light up ahead. 'My bet is that, if we pass whatever test is here, we will walk out of here not only alive, but with *some* prize. That's why you're here, right?'

Theodmier didn't answer that, but he did huff a little as they approached the new door at the other side of the dark corridor. He watched Bri push it tentatively, and watched the door open up out to a glade of flowers, blue and swaying despite a complete lack of wind. At the other side, a larger, more important-looking door, with runes all over it. From this distance, Bri couldn't work out the detail, but it was clear she was right.

This was a puzzle, and she was going to solve it.

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Jamie felt like he was in another world entirely.

He was sitting on a regal, wide bed, the stench of sex and debauchery filling his nostrils as the sounds of moaning and creaking filled the room; gasps from the two onlooking Demons occasionally broke through, or Kris' whines as she rocked herself atop Jamie's thickness, driving herself closer and closer to orgasm as Ellie, naked and wet and desperate to be pleased, sat behind Jamie. She reached around and massaged his chest, kissing his neck and back as Kris rode him to another climax, all while Jamie held the beautiful woman close to him, rocking his hips up into her as they fucked.

Or, to be honest, made love. It would have even been romantic, if it weren't for the presence of demonic magic overshadowing every aspect of it.

Jamie was in tune with his magic in a way he hadn't needed to be before - he'd done things during sex like shift his partner's pleasure, or even change how *he* looked to embody more of the demonic energy inside him, but this was more... holistic. He was listening to how the magic rocked between him and Kris, and even extended to Ellie and the two Demons, Jake and Beth, flowing between them like a river coursing through their bodies, through the air.

The Demons were watching the flow, too, and saw how Jamie was able to tap into the pleasure of Kris as they fucked, as she approached the edge of her orgasm, moaning and whimpering against him, her pleasure creating a surge in the flow as it poured into him, filling him in a way that was alien to them. Not draining, but *growing* the pleasure for sustenance.

It was... beautiful. And sexy.

And the Demons were struggling to hold themselves back for much longer.

'Ready?' Jamie asked Kris as she rode him, speeding up with each thrust until they were frantically gyrating into each other, moaning and whimpering into each other's mouths, until - until-

'*FUUUUUUUUUUU*-' Kris moaned, as Jamie felt her sex-energy burst from her, a wave of bliss and lust and even love - and he drank it in, and in, and *in*. The Demons watched, eyes wide, as they recognised the way he drank in Kris' energy. His vampiric absorptions of her energy, however, did not go all the way. It didn't need to.

As Kris gave him energy, cumming so hard her eyes rolled and her body shook and her scream filled the bedroom, Jamie let it come to a natural close. He let her recover, and quickly that well inside from which he had drank refilled, a new wave of potentially-syphoned sex to drink from quickly building again.

'That is... remarkable,' Beth said, slinking up behind Kris, her taloned fingers lightly scratching the shaking woman's naked back. 'She could go again.'

'And again,' Jamie said. 'And again. Aside from physical exhaustion and the need to eat and drink and sleep, doing *this* means you'll never need to kill anyone.'

'We have a problem, however,' Jake said, kneeling on the bed and coming up behind Ellie. 'We still need to feed to have enough power to break out.'

Jamie felt Ellie shiver against his back, but made a decision. He wasn't going to let these demons drink from them and drain them - even if they managed not to kill Ellie.

'If I give you the power you need, could you just leave?'

'We can take you with us,' Beth offered. 'Get you out of here.'

'No,' Jamie said. 'We'd need to go deeper - is there another way out? Other than the way we came.'

'There's a door,' Beth said, nodding. 'This whole place is a mix of prisons and tests and experiments and traps, but the Mage who built this place made sure there were ways for her to travel through it. We've never used it because it simply goes *in* - deeper into her mess of traps. We want out, Jamie.'

'Come here,' he said, helping Kris off him. He lay her and Ellie down on the bed, and both of them complained at the fact they weren't being touched, or pleased, or *fucked*, but he ignored them. He stood with the two demons, and again had to swallow the urge that bubbled up inside him. These creatures were... beautiful. Sexy in an unearthly way that made his heart race and his cock harden - but he couldn't fall into another round of sex. He needed to get out, to go deeper, and find Bri. And everyone else, of course.

He also needed Ellie and Kris to come back to their senses, which might take some time but it *would* happen.

He held the hands of the demons, these vampires of sexual magic, winged and horned and *gorgeous*, and he opened himself to them. He could feel that magic flowing through him, which might be the extent of his power, but it was all he needed. He pushed it to his hands, and once the power connected to the demons' palms, they both gasped. They moaned; Jake stretched like a cat, up on his tip-toes and head going back, wings stretching out as his thick cock hardened before him, impressive and ribbed and dripping; Beth moaned, her legs buckling a little as her wings wrapped around her perfect body, tits bouncing as she shuddered, each wave of his magic coursing into them both.

He did it until he'd given them about half of what he had - and then, he stopped.

Or, at least, he tried to.

Jamie pulled away, but the demons were hungry, *insatiable*. They clung to him, draining him, drinking, drinking, *drinking*-

'*STOP!*' Jamie shouted. Both Jake and Beth, shocked out of their stupor, pulled off him, breaking the seal, and staggered back. They were glowing, panting and aroused, grinning like guilty animals that had stolen a meal in the wild.

Beth moved in towards him. 'We will honour what we said - no more deaths, Jamie. And who knows - perhaps we will see you again?' Then, she kissed him, deeply and passionately, her forked tongue delving into his mouth, wrapping around his own tongue, making him moan into her.

She pulled away, and Jake quickly replaced her, kissing Jamie with the same intensity, moaning into his mouth as they felt his arousal returning.

When Jake pulled away, Beth was summoning her power to reveal the door - a mirror on the wall shimmered and vanished, opening up to show a corridor behind it. It was opposite the door they'd come in through, promising that this was *the* way to go, but even so it looked... dark.

'That'll take you to whatever else the Mage prepared,' Beth said. 'And Jamie?' Jamie turned to her, and she gave him another short kiss. 'We won't forget this, you know.'

Then, Magic swirled around them, and Beth and Jake's wings stretched out, and like they were carried on unapparent winds, they flew out of the space; their magic destroyed the binds around the doorway, scratching away the runes and the magic that had locked them here. The demons flew through the hole in the wall, laughing and jeering and circling around each other as they spiralled through all of the rooms Jamie had walked through to get here, until they arched away, out of sight.

Jamie looked at Ellie and Kris, both naked and smiling at him through hooded eyes, thighs shiny with their dripping wetness, nipples hard and biting their lips.

'Right,' Jamie said, trying to keep his composure. 'Do you girls wanna fuck me?'

They both nodded, and began to crawl towards him.

'Oh, *please please please please,*' Kris babbled as Jamie stepped away from the bed, towards the mirror.

'*God,* I need your *cock,*' Ellie whined, as Jamie stepped through the mirror's frame, into the corridor behind.

'If you can catch me,' he said, 'Maybe you can have me.'

It was the only way he could think to get them out of the room, without having to wait for the enthrallment to wear off. The girls' clothes were gone, and he figured that was a battle they could tackle some other time.

*Besides,* he thought as he stepped into the dark corridor, being pursued by the two ravenous, nude women, *they're not exactly hard on the eyes.* Together, they turned a left corner, and found a doorway that opened easily. Kris and Ellie were behind him, and as he pushed the door open onto a magically-lit garden, filled with beautiful blue flowers and with a strange-looking door at the other side, they caught up.

Kris and Ellie each caught an arm of his each, and the three of them toppled into the flowers; a huge *poof* of pollen was disturbed, launching into the air and, as the three of them rolled and grabbed and pulled and laughed, they all breathed it in. Gulp after gulp, the pollen filled their lungs, and the effects were... immediate.

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'*Ohh SHIIIT!*'

The impossible thickness of Vince's wolf-like cock slid into Catherine's wet sex; she was bent over for him, face in the dirt as the monstrous beast loomed over her, claws in the dirt over her shoulders as she felt him, bit by bit, pressing into her.

‘*Good,*’ Vince growled, his voice low and throaty, desperate for pleasure. ‘*Tight. Wet. Fuck.*’

Catherine wasn’t able to think, wasn’t able to cast or summon anything - each breath filled her with the pollen from the blue flowers, each inhale overloading her senses, making her ready for him - and it was a good job, too.

Catherine wailed with a mix of searing pleasure and aching pain as Vince’s animal cock stretched her, the pointed tip spearing her open easily, sinking into parts of her so deep she could feel her stomach swelling a little with each thrust.

Vince - *the wolf* - huffed and growled over her, his fur brushing her body and covering her in his warmth, radiating off him as he panted on her back. Her body flexed under him, shaking suddenly just as Vince pulled out, and he slipped out of her.

‘*Noo-*’ Catherine heard herself moan, her legs spread with her face against the ground. She was delirious, lost in the heat of this moment more than she ever had been before. Before she could complain any more about him slipping out of her, however, she felt Vince’s long, thick, slippery shaft slap against her hole, long enough to hit her clit and lay against her arsehole at the same time, his heavy balls swinging beneath as he dragged himself along her. She mewled as he pulled back, letting his entire shaft rub against her sex, the wet sounds lost under her moans and his grunts, until the pointed tip poked at her entrance again.

‘Please,’ she begged, her voice cracking in desperation. ‘*Please, fuck me - I need it - oh, fuck - oH FUCK!*’ Every inch of him slid past her clit as he rocked backwards, finding his mark, and then *slamming* himself home. ‘*AAAAAHN! FUCK! FUUUUCK!*’ Catherine’s screams were bouncing off the walls as Vince began to hammer into her.

Catherine was no stranger to strange sex - she and Tristan had experimented liberally with shape-shifting his cock, and in her alone years she’d been known to summon creatures - or at least parts of them - to keep her company in a long night. But this wasn’t the same as fucking a man she knew, who happened to be packing more exotic weaponry, nor was it the same as bringing through the eight-inch cock of a devil through a portal to use as a dildo for the evening.

This was, Catherine realised as Vince growled and huffed, his hairy hips bruising her backside as he began to fuck her with animalistic abandon, a rut.

He was *rutting* her.

His mind was blank, filled with the same lust-inducing pollen that poisoned her own mind, and his already inhibited state as a werewolf meant there was nothing now holding him back. He had her, bent over and presented to him for the fucking, and he was taking everything he could.

*PAFF-PAFF-PAFF-PAFF* - each time he collided with her, she moaned, her pussy stretched and her naked body held in place. Vince’s clawed hand found her hair and yanked her up, eyes rolling into the back of her head as his other claw came around her throat, holding her in place as he used her for his own pleasure. He would speed up and slow down as suited him, seemingly *trying* to make this ordeal last as long as it possibly could.

A part of her loved him for that.

*'Fuck me,'* Catherine whined as she looked up at the wolf's bottom jaw; his mouth lolled open, and she saw the flash of razor-sharp teeth around his pink-red tongue. Vince, panting and growling as he rutted his bitch, seemed content to stare at the wall - until Catherine reached up to him. Her hands met the sides of Vince's face, brushing through his fur, and he slowed his fucking a little as he looked down at her.

The Witch made eye contact with the beast, as she felt the fat cock inside her throb with need - he was close, and she could feel it. She needed it, too - she needed him to cum inside her, to fill her up, to take her over the edge.

His claw in her hair tightened, and pulled her head to one side as Vince went back to fucking her, and Catherine yelped as she felt him shift, his hot breath on the back of her neck.

*'Oh, yessss,'* Catherine whined as she felt herself getting closer and closer, each feral pounding of fur-on skin pushing her forwards a little, and he would follow, fucking her across this garden. *'Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES - fuck me, Vince, fuck me...'*

The wolf growled, releasing her hair and letting her face drop into the dirt as his claws went to her hips. He held her by the hipbone, two hands holding her in place as he fucked her, the rest of her body bouncing with each impact, legs and arms and face in the grass as she was taken, used like she was nothing but a hole for him to fill.

Catherine came there, as she was rutting like a dog in the grass, an animal in heat; her eyes rolled, her mouth open wide, and screamed so loud it sounded like a howl.

*'AUUUUUUUUUUGH!*

Vince didn't miss a beat, his tempo increasing - *bamf-bamf-bamf-bamfbamfbamfbamf* - rutting her, until, eventually, it was too much for him, too.

Catherine, bleary-eyed and unable to think, felt a pressure at her entrance. Her understanding of wolf physiology made her heart leap as she realised what was happening *right* as it happened to her. The beast's knot, right at the base of his thick monstrous cock, slid into her and *swelled*, locking him inside her - thick and hard and yet yielding *just* enough for her poor stretched hole to let him in.

*'FUUUUUUCK!* she screamed as she felt the tip of his cock, pointed and angled, reach new depths inside her. It was almost uncomfortable - *should* have been uncomfortable, painful even. But, in this moment, all she could do was shudder as a sudden orgasm wracked her naked, scratch-covered body.

Then, she felt the hot, thick pouring of his cum filling her up, and it was too much. Her brilliant mind cracked, and she babbled into the floor, feet and face dragging in the dirt as she was held up by her hips, and came twice more as the wolf filled her.

On the door, facing them, was the carving neither Catherine nor Vince had paid any attention to - three overlapping triangles, encircled by runes, waiting to be activated.

‘You know, you’re clearly a very adept Witch,’ Theodmier said as they looked out over the garden. ‘If you wanted to really *excel* in your studies, perhaps you could join me?’

‘What, at the Council of Arcana?’ Bri asked, still looking out at the garden. It looked calm, but they were both smart enough now to know that this place was trapped to high-heaven. Neither of them was going to just *walk in*. ‘You’d be lucky to have me.’

‘We would,’ he smiled. ‘And you’d be lucky to join. Not everyone gets in.’

‘Well, you say that, but they let *you* in.’ As she said it, Bri realised how much it sounded like she was flirting with him. While he was a little older than her, he wasn’t unattractive by any means. In fact, he was rather easy on the eyes. Not as handsome as Jamie, perhaps, but maybe that was just because she was magically intertwined, sexually, with Jamie now - so maybe that was an unfair comparison. He was certainly less *masculine* than Anton, instead looking more studious. Plus, she’d never been with an Elven man before, and she found herself wondering how they would compare to humans in the bedroom. As far as she knew, there were no major *physiological* differences, but there was always room for surprises.

She caught herself once her mind had drifted to wondering how long Theodmier’s cock was, blushing a little. Even now, as a veritable Witch of sex, with a sex-magic-powered Familiar, she was still getting flustered. Maybe it was the way Theodmier was *right there*, maybe she had been splashed with a droplet or two of holstaur milk. She wasn’t sure - but whatever it was, she was getting... hot under the collar. Not too much, but enough to notice.

Theodmier was too busy being flirtatiously insulted by her jab to notice the fact that she was blushing, and he nodded at the garden before them. ‘How about a bet?’

‘A bet?’ Bri asked, clinging onto a change of subject happily.

‘You see the door - that’s clearly where we want to go next, and yet this all feels *far* too easy. So, why not make it interesting?’

‘First one to the door wins?’

‘Sure - but wins what?’

Bri thought about it for a moment. ‘We’re both Witches. We can summon or enchant whatever we want, given the time and effort.’

‘You’re saying it’s hard to put down a bet with anything more than bragging rights?’

Bri shrugged. ‘Why don’t we just do it the childish way. Whoever wins, the loser has to be the other’s servant for the day.’

Theodmier looked at her. ‘Servant? When I was young, we used to say *slave*.’

Bri swallowed and tried not to blush again. ‘Three. Two. One.’

‘Go,’ they said together, and instantly a flurry of magic whipped up around them. It was a masterclass in magic, in some senses - spells of all kinds being whirled out in moments, only for the other to counter, be countered again, and then have to re-group.

Theodmier didn’t bother with speed - he opted to teleport across the space *directly* in front of the door, and appeared in a puff of smoke; Bri had predicted this, however, and opened a portal under him that only lasted the second it need to for him to drop into it, reappearing in the tunnel



behind her. Bri blessed herself with speed, and as she went to run into the room, Theodmier threw a line of ribbon-like magic from his sleeve, which wrapped around her ankle and yanked her down. She landed on her back in the grass and blue flowers, and as the pollen began to rise into the air, all she could think about was creating a near-invisible pane of glass above her. A moment later, a flying Theodmier *slammed* into the glass, laughing as he spiralled down into the ground while Bri righted herself.

She took an inhale of the pollen, and in a moment her ideas started to shift. She stood in the glade and, instead of making for the door, whipped up a whirlwind that blasted out from behind her, *directly* into Theodmier's face. He toppled backwards, before whipping his hands up, raising the ground itself up around Bri's legs, up to the thigh. She countered by making herself, *briefly*, incorporeal so she could step out of the mound of dirt and flowers and grass - and *also* out of her clothing, which fell in a pile around her.

Suddenly naked, her eyes and Theodmier's met, and she watched his eyeline as he glanced down at her breasts, her naked sex, and she felt a warmth come over her. With a note of horror, she realised how wet she was - and that she *should* have known that was going to happen if she became incorporeal.

Well, maybe she did.

She took Theodmier's hesitation in stride, however, and realised she already knew his weakness - the kind of magic he used required *movement*. The tentacles had incapacitated him.

So, she made more.

Directly beneath him, Bri summoned a ring of writhing, rippling tentacles, deep purple and slightly slickened, with thick stems and thin, *strong* arms a few feet long.

'Oh, *shi*-' he yelled before they grappled him; in moments, they were wrapped around his arms, his legs, crawling into his clothes and circling his body, and one had quickly forced its way into his mouth to the point where Bri could see his eyes watering and his throat bulging.

'Oh, fuck,' Bri said as she walked over. 'You're looking a little stuck, there, Theo.'

'*Hmffff*,' he groaned, eyes rolling as the tendrils worked into his clothes, and Bri realised he was enjoying it.

Then, she noticed the way his erection was tenting his cloak, thick and hard and rather obvious.

And *then*, she saw the shifting shape of a tendril come up around his cock, and from within his robes began to do *something* to him that had him moaning on the spot.

'Oh, wow,' Bri said as she watched, getting more than a little hot under the collar. Her hand, mindlessly, travelled down to her sex, and just as she felt her wetness, she watched Theodmier begin to hump the air, as his clothes began to tear under the strain of the writhing masses trapped within. Breathing hard through his nose, Theodmier inhaled more of that pollen, and Bri started to realise what was going on.

As his clothes bulged and ripped, Bri waved her hand, dispelling the summoned tentacles in a wave of light - releasing the male Witch from his binds.

'I think we-' she began to say, before she saw the look in his eye. A look of wanting to get his own back - *and* a look of deep, primal lust.

He dove at her, magic swirling around him, creating glowing white chains that immediately went for Bri's limbs. They creaked with immaterial strain as they span round and round each limb, until she was positively immobile - with a chain for each of her naked breasts, and a final one for her throat. Suddenly the vulnerability of being bound was flipped, and Theodmier reviewed her with a smug smile. His eyes slid over her, drinking her in.

'Wow,' he smiled. 'You truly are a *fantastic* specimen.'

'Never seen tits before?' Bri shot back. 'Unlucky you - you'll never see any *this* perfect again.'

He walked up to her, their playful fighting paused in his apparent victory, and he brought his hand up to one of her breasts, squeezed in the glowing chain. 'Hmm. Is that so? Better make the most of it.' His cloak was almost falling off him, and Bri caught a glimpse of his now-hard cock poking through. She resisted biting her lip, even as his hand came up and fondled her left breast.

'*Hahhn*,' she sighed, the light touch sending lightning through her. Theodmier smiled, enjoying the fact that he was able to affect her like this so easily.

'You're sensitive,' he commented.

She looked at him through hooded eyelids as his fingers tweaked her nipple again, before slowly falling down her front, catching on the chains as he went lower, and lower, and lower. His fingertip felt the tickle of her pubic hair, short but soft, and *just* as he was about to feel just how wet Bri had gotten, she revealed that she wasn't locked into the same limitations he was.

That is to say, she was able to cast certain spells *without* moving.

She spoke a word in an ancient arcanic language, and Theodmier's eyes went wide as he felt a mind-splitting pulse move through him. In a moment, his concentration didn't just slip - it *crumbled*, as something that was between pain and confusion and fear overwhelmed him completely.

Bri dropped to the ground, her own spell coming to an end as she decided that magic wasn't going to sort this - so, she just body-tackled him. They rolled, magical chains dissipating still in the air in a whirl as she grabbed him. He hit the grass, coming back to reality, and saw her eyes bearing down on him.

He rolled so he was on top; again, so she was. Again and again, until Bri was looking down at him. Each roll took more of his shredded clothing off him, and the moment they came to a halt they both realised what had happened.

She was on him. His hardness was poking against her inner thigh, less than an inch from her wet slit.

Their eyes connected. His hands found her hips, and she leant in to kiss him.

It wasn't clear which of them was the *true* culprit, but in seconds it stopped mattering - his length slid into her completely, and they were moaning in the grove, naked and sweating.

Neither of them even noticed that they were right at the base of the door they'd been racing towards.

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Ellie, Jamie and Kris were a flurry of skin and lips and wetness.

The pollen had impacted them all before they'd even really figured out what was happening, and the fact was that they'd barely escaped the enthrallment of the demons in the previous room. All three of them had been bubbling with sexual nervousness and arousal before they'd taken those breaths of libido-enhancing pollen, landing amongst the blue flowers. As a result, there hadn't even been the presence of mind to question what was happening.

Instead, as Jamie had fallen between Kris and Ellie, the transition into kissing was as easy as breathing. In seconds, Jamie was atop Kris, kissing her neck as she mewled in glee, as Ellie *finally* got to play properly - she manoeuvred herself between Jamie's thighs, on top of Kris' pelvis, and opened her mouth to accept Jamie's hardening shaft into her mouth.

'*Mmmhhh,*' she moaned around him as she devoured him, savouring the way he flexed inside her mouth, his precum on her tongue tasting sweet and salty.

'Oh, that's *nice,*' Jamie groaned between kisses with Kris, who was holding his head as Ellie clambered on her. 'She has a talented tongue...'

'Turn over,' Kris ordered, breathless and moaning. He obeyed - Ellie not letting him go for a second. He landed on his back, with Ellie between his legs as she worshipped his shaft, while Kris shifted, throwing a thigh over his head. 'Show me how talented *your* tongue is, baby.'

Jamie didn't need to be asked twice - his hands gripped her thighs, pulling her soaked sex down onto his face, moaning into her pussy as he ate her out, while Ellie fellated him for all she was worth.

There was no romance or hesitation - Jamie's hands were grabbing the women's arses, their hips, their breasts, as Kris rode his face. Ellie, after a few minutes of ensuring his cock was hard and wet and ready for her, pulled him out of her throat and straddled him.

'*Fuck,* I love this cock,' she moaned as she mounted him; he slid into her effortlessly, his thickness invading her body as she groaned, hands on Jamie's chest as he moaned into Kris' sex.

The girls were, now, facing each other, and as Jamie held Kris in place with hands around her thighs, their hands found each other. The two sex-addled women rode him, holding hands, moaning his name and grinding their hips onto him happily - *desperately*. Like there was nothing else in the world.

'Ride that *fucking* cock,' Kris moaned as she watched Ellie's hips gyrating on him.

'Fuck that *perfect* face,' Ellie shot back, grinning. 'Isn't he just *perfect*?'

'*So good,*' Kris moaned, and Jamie sucked on her clit. '*Fuck - FUCK! God, he knows just what to do to me...*'

'I love this cock,' Ellie muttered, almost to herself. 'I love it, I love it, I love it, love it, love it, love it, love it...'

'Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-*FUUUUUUCK-*'

*'Loveitloveitloveitloveitloveit I LOVE ITTTT!'*

Both the women came on him, screaming in ecstasy as they shuddered on him, before falling towards each other, grinning like idiots.

Jamie moved from beneath the girls, setting Kris to the side, his face slick with her juices, and rolling Ellie onto her side. Rolled onto her left, he lifted her right thigh and positioned his cock at her entrance - devoid of any care anymore.

He needed to cum, and he was going to fuck *one* of them until it happened. He slid into Ellie, and she moaned into the grass as he began to fuck her - and it was, truly, *fucking*. His hips slammed into her with each impact, holding her right leg up so her foot was over his shoulder, almost folding the poor girl as he hammered into her.

*'Yes-yes-yes-yes-'* she panted as she was fucked by this sex-magic-powered *beast* of a man, who was losing himself in the physical act; her eyes were full of adoration and gratitude, whilst his were full of purpose. A purpose that soon came to Ellie's lips as they found the same wavelength, the same *need* bubbling inside them. *'Fuck! Yes, Jamie, baby fuck me - fucking take me - fucking breed me! Oh, fuck yes - breed me, Jamie - put a fucking cub in me - make me cum while you breed me - breed me - BREED ME!'*

She came hard, eyes rolling back as the orgasm ripped through her mind and body, leaving her a whimpering mass of flesh; she rolled, and Jamie slid out of her before he was able to join her in cresting over the edge.

Stepping over her, Kris saw an opportunity. Before Jamie had an opportunity to slide himself back into Ellie's gaping, twitching hole, Kris presented herself to him.

*'I've missed you,'* she said, a little breathless. *'I don't really care about Bri - about any of it. I'm just jealous because I like you, Jamie. I want you. And I want you to want me.'*

Jamie looked up at her, his cock throbbing, harder than it had ever been, dripping with Ellie's juices. *'I'll never be a one-woman situation,'* he said, a sovereign just a little. *'That's just who I am now. Things like this - they happen. There will always be a Bri, or an Ellie. Or a Rosie. Some other girl I'll be fucking until they can't think. Can you handle that?'*

Kris looked at him, at his eyes, and then down to his cock. *'I can handle it.'*

*'Do you think you can handle me?'* Jamie asked, standing. As he did, something seemed to shift - he was a little taller than usual. Horns began to sprout from his forehead, small and rounded at first, but quickly sharpening. Kris had seen a version of this, the last time she'd spent time with him - with Rosie, in her flat. But it hadn't been like this. She watched, eyes open, as Jamie transformed, his skin darkening in patches all over him, like a reverse case of vitiligo, turning him a deep purple bit by bit. His cock was one of the first parts of him to change hue, and Kris watched as the already monstrous member seemed to grow angrier, impatient at the fact it wasn't already *deep* inside her. From his back, Jamie grew two leathery bat-like wings that spread out, intimidating and impressive and, in a sick way, *regal*.

He looked demonic, and powerful.

Jamie took a deep breath, like one would after a particularly satisfying stretch, and as he did he felt himself take in more of the pollen - and this time, he was able to recognise it. Or, at least, recognise *something* in it. Some of the magic seemed to sing with this new side of him. He felt the aphrodisiac blossom inside him, and now he could almost *see* it - the same way he could see the arousal of others, their kinks and their turn-ons, like a living thing moving into him. It was pushing him towards that side of him, pulling him towards the Demonic power inside him. He wasn't a Demon himself, of course, but that aspect of the demonic that had turned him into Bri's Familiar was made from the same stuff, and it liked this pollen. It liked what it was doing to him. It was harder and harder for Jamie to deny it - and he wasn't sure he even wanted to. It felt *good* to give in. To change more. To embrace the change.

He knew he was giving in, in some way. Maybe even 'losing' some fight he was only half-aware of. He didn't care. He just looked down at Kris, whose eyes were wide with lust, cheeks flushed, breathing the same pollen as him.

'I want to find out,' Kris said, her voice a little hoarse. 'If I can handle you. More than anything. Even if it all goes wrong, and I go crazy from jealousy... I want to try.'

Jamie flashed a smile, and the demonic side of him seemed to give way a little - the horns were just as sharp, and the wings were just as demonic, but there was Jamie underneath, coming through, like a shine of daylight under a shut door. He held out a hand, and Kris took it.

He pulled her in, and his cock slipped between her thighs as he brought her in for a passionate, *intense* kiss that took her breath away. His tongue, long and forked, snaked into her mouth and wrapped around her own tongue as his hands found her rump, and thoughtlessly they both started to grind - he wasn't even inside her, but she could feel the thick ridges and veins of his cock dragged against her clit, her sex already slick with her own arousal now mixing with Jamie's pre-cum and the wetness left on him by Ellie. She moaned into his mouth as they kissed, her hands on his back and around his neck, holding onto him as he fucked her thighs, softly but with an unmistakable intent.

'I can never be just yours,' Jamie groaned, almost *growled*, with his hands on Kris' cheeks and his cock thrusting against her slick folds. 'But you could be mine.'

Kris was panting, hands on Jamie's chest as she looked up at him, eyes wide and mouth open. 'If I say yes,' she gasped, before having to start again as the base of his cock hit her clit. 'I-if I say yes, will you fuck me?' She trailed her hands up to his face, pulling him into a kiss. He groaned into it, their pelvises meeting with each thrust, their bodies meeting without penetrating. It was maddening, and yet neither of them was capable of stopping. They were completely locked in, now, and the only way either of them was going to even *think* about stopping was if it was to do something *more*.

'Say yes,' Jamie said into her ear. 'Be mine - and then I'll *think* about fucking you.'

Kris nodded, and kissed him again. 'I'm yours. I give myself to you. And- and- *fuck*, this feels so good, Jamie... I'll let you fuck other women. I even kind of... like it. With Rosie, and now -

with Ellie - I like watching you fuck them so good they can't think. I like it when you fuck *me* like that, too...'

'But not just you?' Jamie asked, stopping thrusting for a moment.

Kris swallowed. 'Not just me.'

'Prove it,' he said, as Kris ground her sex into his shaft. 'Go and get Ellie ready for me again - and watch me fuck her.'

Kris looked up at him. 'R-really?'

'It's not a punishment,' he said. 'And if you're *good*, I will reward you.' Fuck, it felt good to him to be like this - to see Kris, who he had lusted after for so long, look up at him with pleading eyes, grinding her weeping cunt into him, *begging* to be fucked. The satisfaction was perhaps a little cruel - but he couldn't help it. It felt good. After all, how much was Kris loving it? She was slipping into madness as he played with her, *toyed* with her - it felt incredible. He could feel her pleasure, the way she moaned and panted feeding him, some part of him that was dark and feral, and yet wanted the same thing as the kind part of Jamie. For Kris to be happy. It just had a more... *primal* way to achieve that goal. Whatever voice Jamie might have had in his head promoting care or restraint was being happily silenced by the pollen - the aphrodisiac that coursed through him, fuelling the Demon that sat inside him.

He had the power and the privilege to pleasure Kris to the point of madness, and he would take it - even if it *was* tinged with sadism.

Kris stepped back, her thighs sticking to his cock a little as she moved, and went to Ellie. The young vixen had started to recover from her mind-wiping orgasm, and as Kris came over to her, she let herself be pulled over to Jamie.

Jamie stood in place, watching Kris put Ellie before him, pulling Ellie's hips up and pushing her back into Jamie. Ellie's rump pushed into him, and Jamie groaned with satisfaction as Ellie rolled her hips.

'Kris,' he said, and Kris hopped over, happy to serve. 'Put me inside her.'

Kris was panting, her chest tight and her mind reeling as she grasped Jamie's thickness in her fist, unable to close her fist around him, and lined up the deep-purple head of his cock with Ellie's sweet pussy.

'*Mmmmfh yesss*,' Ellie purred.

Kris moaned too, as she applied pressure, and watched the man she *adored* slide into a near stranger, stretching her open. Because she had agreed to it.

'You like that?' Jamie asked Ellie, while his eyes held Kris' gaze, his purpling skin taking her back to how he was with Rosie. She saw his horns, and his wings, and every part of Kris' body wished that he was inside her instead. And, even though he had asked *Ellie* if she liked it, she found herself nodding to him. Accepting what was happening as she felt her wetness grow, her need and excitement bubbling over.

'I fucking *love* it,' Ellie moaned, her voice cracking with an indulgent moan, back arching as she took him. 'I love your *thick fucking cock*,' she moaned.

‘What was it you were saying earlier,’ Jamie said, feigning thinking as he held Ellie’s hips, slowing his thrusts a little.

‘*Nonononono*,’ Ellie whimpered. ‘I... I don’t *know* - can’t think... *fuck*...’

‘Breed me,’ Kris said.

Jamie’s eyes snapped to her. ‘Oh?’

‘She said ‘Breed me’,’ Kris repeated.

Jamie’s eyes glimmered. He sped up, and Kris watched his pummelling, inhumanly fast fucking turn Ellie out - *paf-paf-paf-paf-paf*. ‘And should I?’

‘FUCK, *YESSS*,’ Ellie screamed, the first orgasm of this new tryst crashing over her. As she shuddered and roiled and came hard, Jamie didn’t let up. He barely broke stride.

‘Should I?’ Jamie asked again, his eyes on Kris.

‘I-’ Kris stammered.

‘Because she’ll never stop asking,’ Jamie said. His powerful thighs were smashing his thick, *gorgeous* cock into Ellie’s poor abused hole, each impact reverberating around the room.

*Pafpafpafpafpafpaf*.

‘*Pleeeeeease*,’ Ellie moaned, still standing in place as she was fucked from behind, Jamie holding her in place with powerful hands, her whole body bouncing with each meeting of meat.

‘I need it - need it need it - *need it please please please please!*’

‘She wants me to breed her,’ Jamie said, his voice level. He and Kris hadn’t broken eye contact, and even though it was Ellie bouncing on his cock, Kris felt an impossible intimacy with him in that moment. A new level of understanding. He was, in a way, inviting her into his world. ‘She wants me to fill her sweet, pummelled cunt with my cum. And she won’t be the only one - you know that, Kris? She won’t be the last - not by a *long* shot. I’ve barely had any time like this, but I can tell you right now that this will be the rest of my life. I will meet *beautiful* women, and they will beg me to fuck them. Beg me to *breed* them-’

‘*-PLEEAASSE!*’ Ellie screamed, punctuating his point. Jamie grinned.

‘And maybe I will. Maybe I’ll just fuck them until they can’t think, or until I’m done with them.’ His head cocked to the side. ‘Could you handle *that?*’

Kris swallowed. She wasn’t sure.

*Pappappappappappap-*

‘Picture it,’ he said. ‘Picture her swollen belly, heavy with my child.’

‘*OughhhhhHHHH*,’ Ellie whined, cumming again as she pictured it too.

‘Kris,’ Jamie said, solidifying the connection they shared. ‘Picture her - pregnant. Tits swollen with milk. Still *begging* for my cock, cumming on me as she carried my children. Could you handle that? Could you handle being a part of it?’

Ellie was almost insane; her eyes had rolled back, and her moans had levelled out into one scratch-throated moan. Kris watched her cum, and cum, and *cum*, and she realised something.

She had never been more turned on in her life.

The idea of Jamie impregnating other women, claiming them as *his*, should have upset her. Should have made her territorial and angry. Instead, she just felt a cocktail of emotions. The feeling she got as she watched Ellie moan, and Jamie's hands find her hips, fucking the girl standing up in front of her, was... intense. Unlike anything else she'd felt before.

Humiliating.

Upsetting.

Arousing.

Addictive.

She realised, as Jamie's eyes burned into hers, that she was feeling something she would be chasing for the rest of her life.

'Tell me to breed her,' Jamie said, a devious smile on his face.

'*Breed me, breed me, breed me, brEED ME!*' Ellie panted, begging for him to cross that boundary.

'Tell me to cum inside her,' Jamie said. 'Then, we can be together. Never *just* us, but you will be mine, Kris.'

She swallowed, stepping back a little. She was *soaked*, and felt like she was toeing the edge of her own orgasm. She steeled herself, leaning in. After all - she wanted this. She wanted to cum - she wanted *Jamie* to cum. She wanted the pleasure, and the relationship, and the sex, and the *man*.

'Cum in her,' Kris said. 'Breed that slutty little bitch.'

'*Yeeesssss*,' Ellie groaned.

'Put a fucking baby in her,' Kris said, rounding her to stand behind Jamie, her hand on his butt, another on his chin, bringing him down to kiss her.

As his tongue slid into Kris' mouth, Jamie *planted* himself home deep inside Ellie's ruined hole, and... let go.

'Oh, *GOOOOOOODD!*' Ellie screamed, as she came - and came - and came. He pumped enough cum into her for her belly to bloat a little, as she felt herself be filled with his warmth; thick, hot cum poured from her, down her thighs and mixing with the grass as he filled her.

Jamie's mouth stayed on Kris' the entire time, even as he filled Ellie's beaten cunt with his seed, pulse after pulse emptying him into her. The kiss ended, and Kris and Jamie just stared into each other's eyes for a moment as he bred the wolf-girl. As his gaze bore down on her, his cum filling someone else, Kris had the strangest, least predictable orgasm of her life. It came on from within, surprising her, making her stumble and gasp, falling as her legs buckled, knees giving out.

Jamie's attention had been on Kris, and he saw her body give in as this orgasm took her. He moved quickly, body fuelled by the sex and lust. He slipped from Ellie, who dropped to the ground, her body leaking cum in volumes she had never experienced before. She gargled and laughed, head empty and cunt filled.



Jamie's arm caught Kris' exhausted frame and she leaned into him, eyes fluttering as he moved, his back taking her weight by hitting the wall behind him.

No - not the wall. That door they'd forgotten about.

As his skin contacted it to stay upright, Kris whimpering as the orgasm tore through her, they ignored the fact that a triangular rune on the wood began to glow - a deep blue, to match the flowers of the glade.

~o~O~o~

Catherine was... pinned. In the few minutes since she'd felt Vince pumping hot, *thick* cum into her pummelled, beaten pussy, she had learned something new about werewolves. They were, when it came to mating, beings of opportunity. Surprisingly, a creature that only exists by way of the moon once a month doesn't get too many chances to meet up with another of its kind, in wolvern guise, and mate well enough to sire offspring. It wasn't unheard of, and Catherine's orgasm-dripping mind dimly remembered learning of the complexities of full-blood lupine beings - but that wasn't what had happened here, necessarily. Vince wasn't under the impression that he was breeding her - not biologically speaking, anyway. The primary way a werewolf breeds outside of wolf-to-wolf intercourse was, of course, through biting. What was happening here was... unusual.

However, the rut that he had been sent into by way of the effect of these flowers had activated whatever part of Vince that was in charge of *that* kind of breeding - and that part of him was expecting this to be a once-a-month pleasure. As such, he was biologically predisposed to make the most of it.

Because of this, despite *filling* her to the point where she felt bloated with hot, thick wolf-cum, Vines cock was still rock hard inside her. The thick orb of his knot was lodged inside her channel, her poor sex stretched by the monster's length, his girth making her ache too much to get used to him, with his cum *constantly* pumping into her in heavy throbs.

'*Nnnrg*,' Vince panted above her, his claws in the dirt over her shoulders as he came, over and over. Her own orgasms had been rolling over her, brain too addled to fight them, and the feeling of Vince's strong form dominating her had been unlike anything she'd felt before. Even when Tristan had used magic to shape his own cock into any myriad of magical creature's phallus, it had always been *Tristan*. Even the few times he allowed her to fully shape-shift him into some kind of beast for sex, it was always him underneath - a man who she trusted, and believed had her pleasure in mind.

Vince was not that.

Right now, he was not a man - he was a beast.

He didn't care about her pleasure, fucking her for *his* pleasure.

He wouldn't stop until he was done. Until he was sated.

And thinking about *that* made Catherine cum again. ‘*Mmmffuuuuck,*’ she groaned into the dirt as she rolled her hips, feeling how her lips had closed around the stem of his cock, the bulb of his knot inside her thick and unyielding, and his long shaft spearing her so deep it felt like she might never be *quite* the same shape again.

Through watering eyes and a hazy mind, Catherine looked up at the beast above her. He was panting, and she could see his tongue and teeth - easily strong enough to rip her apart. *Fuck,* the thought of that made her pussy flex, and the beast groaned at the sensation of her squeezing him.

She was so small under him, and she knew she wasn’t going anywhere. She was nothing to him but a hole, and it was *incredible*. She hadn’t cum this primally, so many times in a row, for years - and the only thing that was bouncing around her fucked-empty head was the fact that her head was *so* empty. She was a genius, a tactician and a wielder of high magic. To be reduced to nothing but a cock pocket was...

It was everything.

At least, right *now* it was.

Even so, when she looked up, she saw the doorway - brown and hard, wooden. So different from everything else. As she was watching, half-thinking, one of the runes on the door began to glow - a deep blue triangle. She could see that it was matched with two others, creating an overlapping shape.

The shaking, throbbing cock inside her wouldn’t let her move, so she had no chance to touch it, and yet something in her mind told her she *needed* to. That touching the door was what she was *supposed* to do.

No - that was wrong.

She was *supposed* to kneel her, in the dirt, and concentrate on the way that Vince’s throbbing cock held her against his furred pelvis, filling her. She was *supposed* to withstand the beast’s lust, enduring the unending orgasms and aching limbs.

Still, some part of her encouraged her to reach forwards, to lift her hand towards the door.

‘*Heh,*’ Vince chuckled above her, and she felt his movement shudder through his cock, shifting her entire abdomen in a way that made her whimper. He shifted, and Catherine felt his claw on the back of her head; his taloned digits threaded into her hair, and he closed his hand into a fist, turning her dirty-blond hair into a leash with which he lifted her, head first. At the same time, Vince stood, and Catherine groaned with one hand outstretched towards the door, pathetically unable to get anywhere near close enough.

His other paw closed around her stomach, and she felt her poor body as she was pinned in two ways. His chest against her back squeezed her rear, hell - even her *spine* against him, pinned by the thick cock impaling her. On the other side of that impaling, her organs and abdomen were between the cock and Vince’s hand as he held her. She was caught, inside and out at the same time, at the complete mercy of Vince’s whims.

It became clear, however, what his whims were quite quickly. She could feel some of the pressure lessening inside her, and the feeling of cum drooling down her thighs to her dangling feet was getting thicker and heavier. His knot was deflating, and as it did, Vince manoeuvred Catherine so she was aloft; when his cock became thin and soft enough to slip out of her, it was followed by an absolute *gush* of hot, thick cum. It poured from her, and she shuddered with the sensation of the evacuation, a small orgasm making her whimper against Vince's chest, holding on for dear life to his forearm around her chest.

'*Goooooohhhhh,*' she moaned, eyes shut and body shaking, as Vince took a few steps. She heard him breathing in deep, measured breaths, and knew that the pollen would reach him again - this was only round one. She knew she was in his grasp and that there was no way for her to escape.

Well, that wasn't true - she had her magic. She could run, hide, teleport away, or maybe send Vince to another dimension for a minute or so.

But she wasn't going to.

She was going to be held in place as Vince's cock became hard again. She was going to whimper as the shaft slid against her gaping hole, blindly humping at her body to try and find its way inside her body again. She was going to be pressed against the wall as he readied her to take his monstrous cock again.

Not - not a wall.

The door.

He was pressing her face and tits against the wooden door as he pulled his hips back, aligning himself with her hole, the tip slipping *too* easily into her as he took another deep breath. She could feel the scratch of the old wood against her soft skin. Most surprisingly, however, was when the carved rune against her left breast began to glow, matching the one that was already alight.

Catherine was about to start thinking about what might get the third and final triangle to join, but that was right about the time that Vince slammed himself completely into her, and Catherine screamed in unbridled pleasure as the two of them fell back into a mindless, animalistic rut.

~o~O~o~

Two triangles out of three were aglow.

Theodmier and Bri had noticed, perhaps, at some point - but their minds were *fully* elsewhere by now. Theodmier's mind, for example, was filled with lustful notes about Bri's body - about the way her breasts bounced perfectly with each of his thrusts, the way her nipples were hard and perfect for suckling, the way she whimpered when he nibbled on her neck, or kissed her lips, the way her cunt stretched for him and gripped him like no lover he had taken before, the way her body rippled and moved against him, under him, over him, around him. He was by no means a virgin, but Bri was rewriting what he understood sex to be - not simply romantic or

for procreation, as was the norm back home; nor was this mindless, selfish *fucking* that he had experienced once leaving home a few times. This was the best of both - their bodies were focused on pleasure, but their minds were alight, rather than dulled with alcohol, or cowed by unfamiliarity. Sure, he had only met Bri today, but neither of them seemed to be holding back what they wanted.

This was honest, frenetic and *great* sex.

Bri's mind, of course, was somewhere slightly different. She was thinking about Theodmier's body, the way he felt inside her at the apex of each thrust, how he was skinnier than guys she'd been with before, the way his cock was slightly bent in the middle - not that it was much of a complaint, his girth was enough to make her moan, and the way the fat head squeezed into her was *heavenly*.

'Fuck - *fuck!*' Bri moaned, her body locking up as he fucked her through an orgasm, the pleasurer ripping through her as she shuddered atop him, a *massive* smile on her face. 'Oh, *yessss*, that was good...'

Bri looked down at him, at the concentration in his face as his eyes locked onto her breasts. She was thinking about the way this stranger had now brought her to a few orgasms, and she was ready to gift him the same back - to make him cum *hard*. She'd discovered, through their tryst together, that he was something of a submissive. Not completely, and she was unsure *he* even really knew that he seemed to prefer that role, but when she took charge, he reacted strongly. He would moan louder when she was on top, when she kissed him first, when she grabbed his wrists and pinned him to the ground, blue flowers all around them.

She decided, then, that she was going to finish this off by doing something she'd only partially explored with Jamie. She was going to *dominate* this elvish Witch, and have him shaking by the time she was done with him.

'Here,' she told him, as she leant over him, her breasts in his face bouncing as she rode him. 'Do you want me to make you cum?'

He nodded - he was desperate. 'Oh, *yes...*'

'Good,' she said, standing. She slipped off him, and he groaned in frustration.

'But-'

'Roll over,' she told him.

He frowned but, predictably, did as he was told. When they had been sparring with magic, he'd put up a good fight - he was a strong arcanist. In bed, though, Bri knew she had him beat. She just didn't think he was very upset about it.

And why would he be?

Theodmier rolled so he was lying on the ground, face-down, his pert butt looking up at him. He had, Bri thought, something of a nice butt. Surprisingly pert, and utterly spankable. She smiled, and cast a small spell - one that Theodmier immediately recognised.

'Did you just... *clean* me?'

‘Up on your knees,’ she said, settling in behind him as he obeyed. She *had* cleaned him - inside and out. Just a little politeness, she decided, as a gift to herself. After all, this was the first time she was doing anything like this.

He rose up onto knees and elbows, that pert little butt just *asking* for attention, his still-hard cock dangling down between his thighs, balls heavy and full and begging for release.

Bri licked her lips, and kissed his left cheek.

‘Oh!’ Theodmier chirped. Then, as Bri kissed a little further in, getting closer to his virgin hole, tight and clenching in anticipation, her soft hand closed around his shaft. ‘*Oohhh...*’

Bri’s kiss couldn’t go any deeper, so she pulled back, softly stroking him in one hand. ‘Open yourself - lie on your face.’

Theodmier obeyed, totally in it, now. He moved so his face was in the dirt, and reached back to pull himself open for her. Bri didn’t waste a second - she leant in, and kissed his puckered ring. ‘*Ahn!*’

Bri smiled to herself, closed her other hand around Theodmier’s balls to massage them softly, and went in for another kiss.

This kiss had tongue, and as she slid into his hole, she felt the Witch tense up with a moan that was downright pornographic.

‘*HAAHhhhhhn!*’

It sent a shiver through Bri that merely egged her on; she kept massaging his heavy, full balls in one hand while she stroked him, base-to-tip, slowly at first but gathering speed as she continued to tongue-fuck this man’s tight hole.

‘You like that?’ she asked between slobbering kisses.

‘*Uh-huhhhhh,*’ the Witch moaned, feeling his orgasm building quickly now. He was still holding his cheeks open, moaning into the grass like a whore as Bri stroked him faster, squeezed his balls a little tighter, and cast a final spell.

Theodmier felt Bri’s tongue suddenly stretch, becoming long and strong enough not only to break into him, but to delve *deep* into his poor virginal guts. The sensation of the sudden stretch, the wet, squirming invasion of her tongue into him sent him over the edge.

‘Oh fuck - *oh FUCK!*’ His orgasm blasted out of him, all over Bri’s hand and sprayed into the dirt under them, pulse after pulse.

Bri moaned as she felt him clenching around her magically-enhanced tongue, his muscles squeezing and pushing even as she rolled her tongue against this man’s prostate. He mewled, and a new vigour came from him, extending his orgasm *just* a bit longer, while Bri’s hand focused solely on the head of his cock, sliding under his foreskin using his own cum as lube, teasing him in this overstimulated state - between the prostate and his cockhead being massaged, he didn’t stand a chance.

He came - *again* - and it was no less thick and hot as the last one, though perhaps lasted a few spurts fewer as his cum dripped off Bri’s palm.

She pulled her tongue out of him and grinned. ‘Good boy,’ she hummed, before kissing his cheek. He finally let go of himself as Bri released his cock and balls, and Theodmier slumped to the ground.

Up above him, she saw the door - now with two magically-lit triangles. Her mind was clear enough after milking Theodmier that there was an obvious goal presented here, and she even remembered that this was what the *original* challenge had been between them.

So, she stepped over the shuddering Witch and placed her hand against the wood. The third triangle glowed blue, and the door opened. The moment it did, it was followed by two things: one, a sudden wave of *powerful* magic washed across them, coming out from behind the door. Bri knew it immediately - it was a dispelling of magic. Her tongue was back to normal immediately, and that haze of arousal slipped away in an instant. Second, there was a great *rush* of wind that travelled out from behind the door, and all of the pollen that had filled the room was dispersed, shooting high up into the chamber and away, where it would never impact them again.

Once it was over, Bri and Theodmier stood together at the mouth of the open door. Theodmier was still slightly overcome by what had been done to him, but Bri had one thing on her mind.

*Was everyone safe?*

~o~O~o~

Suddenly, the third triangle came to life, and a wash of magic seemed to balloon out from nowhere, accompanied by a great thrust of wind. The pollen was sucked away, and Jamie felt his body returning to normal as the magical arousal it had caused in him, in all three of them, dissipated in a moment .

‘Are you alright?’ he asked Kris and Ellie as the three of them extricated themselves from their salacious threesome. ‘You’re not hurt? I didn’t do anything to hurt you, did I?’ Jamie’s voice shook a little, and despite their sex-addled minds, the women noticed that he seemed genuinely a little frightened of what had happened here.

Jamie took a step back, wiping his face to clear away the sweat - and other juices. He had done this to them. Sure - the pollen had impacted all of this, and yet he couldn’t shake the feeling that all it had really done was wake up a part of him that had been sleeping. Slumbering, just beneath the surface, ready to pounce. It had done so with Rosie, when Jamie had taken her for *hours* despite knowing she was in a relationship. Or, with Veronica, tapping into some dominant part of him that he’d never felt in himself before. It was starting to worry him, how easily he could slip into this other ‘persona’, and he made a mental note to ask Bri about it.

They took a moment to review themselves and each other, before noting at last the now-open door, inviting them inside.

Jamie took a step forward, keeping the women behind him, and pushed the door open first to head inside.

~o~O~o~

As the magic enveloped them, an instant change took place - Vince the werewolf became Vince the man.

Of course, he hadn't been cured - that wasn't possible. No, it was clear to Catherine that the luproot that had triggered this change had been magically inerted, cleaned from his system in an instant.

A tunnel of air pulled away the pollen, and as their minds cleared and Vince dropped Catherine to the floor, tears in his eyes, they recognised what had happened.

'Don't blame yourself,' Catherine said, immediately closing the gap between them. 'Vince - I do not blame you.'

The man looked horrified with himself, and tried to pull away from her, but Catherine held tight.

'Neither of us could have fought that. And, for the record, your Paige is a *very* lucky woman.'

Despite himself, Vincent laughed, and looked down at Catherine with a complicated look in his eye. 'I haven't... *been* with another woman than Paige in... years. And never as the wolf.'

Catherine nodded. 'I'm sorry it happened like that, Vince, I truly am. But don't be upset on my part - we were both affected by some sex-crazing magic. I say, lets go through that door and find out who the fuck did it to us.'

Steeled by her words, Vince nodded and, cupping his manhood in one hand for modesty, followed her through the door.

~o~O~o~

Three doors were open.

As the wind settled down, seven people walked into the central room through three doors, which dotted the southern wall of what seemed to be a fairly small chamber. Bri and Theodmier emerged from the right-most door, Jamie, Ellie and Kris from the left, and Catherine and Vince from the centre. Every single one of them was naked, and sheepish half-embarrassed looks were shared around the group as they all realised what was happening. That all of them had gone through the same thing. All of them had been ravished, or had ravished another one of the group; all of them had cum, multiple times, and the slick and sticky states of their bodies was undeniable. This group had, at one point, looked like something of an adventuring party, the kind that might make a habit of delving down into dangerous locals such as this - but now, it was more like the aftermath of some shameful orgy.

Eyes made contact and then flitted away; hands covered chests and genitals; cheeks blushed heavily. Only after a moment did Catherine's voice break through the silence.

'Wait - where are Tristan and Paige?'

As though in response, a magical portal opened for a moment in the middle of the room, illuminating the dark space for a moment, and out of it dropped the Mimic. It slammed into the ground, apparently dead, and as the mouth lolled open, out rolled the truly fucked-stupid forms of Tristan and Paige slopped out in a slurry of cum, Holstaur milk and Mimic saliva.

'Congratulations, participants! Adventurers!'

Everyone but Paige and Tristan reacted with a *strong* wariness - Bri and Catherine immediately crackled up some energy in their hands, and the room began to glow with enough light to make the speaker visible.

Before them stood a figure in a robe, regal and purple, elegant and intricately decorated with silver filigree - all of her slightly translucent. Her head was gaunt, almost skull-like, and it was hard for Bri to make out many details but for a wide, thin-lipped smile.

'Who the *fuck* is that?!'

It was Vince who'd spoken, but his words could have been anyone's.

Bri was the one to answer. 'I think this is the one who *built* this place.'

The spectral figure's gaze turned to her. 'Correct! My winners, you have successfully completed the trials I put before you - you bested my tendrils, survived my captured Demons, bypassed my traps and willed your way past the gardens. Many have attempted this dungeon before - and all have failed. Congratulations. From your performances, I am willing to give *five* rewards, to the following.' Then, her voice seemed to shift, and Bri felt the faint buzz of magic surveying her - learning her name. 'BRI!' she shouted, her voice reverberating around this chamber. 'JAMIE! ELLIE! CATHERINE! VINCENT!'

The notable non-winners were Paige and Tristan - presumably because they were trapped by the Mimic - Theodmier - because he was trapped by those original tendrils - and Kris. it wasn't entirely clear why, though Bri wondered if it was because she wasn't a part of the group in the first place - she was an unintended addition to the adventuring group. Interesting that this spectre seemed to know that.

As this happened, Paige and Tristan seemed to be coming round, the magic and milk wearing off a little as they roused, sitting up. Ellie and Vince went to Paige, helping the dripping werewolf stand up a little and get onto shaky legs. She held her family by the shoulders, knees weak, and looked up at the spectre.

'O-okay,' she said, a little out of it.

Catherine helped Tristan up, and he shared a quick glance with Paige before letting Catherine take his weight.

The spectre floated up past Bri, who was still trying to make sense of all of this, and went to Vince - the last person on his list.



‘To you - a vial that will cure your affliction, as well as that of your love.’ Her ghostly eyes landed on Paige, still shaky and a little out of it, but understanding his words.

‘R-really?’ Vince asked, holding his hand out as the spectral mage whipped her hand around and summoned out of thin air a large glass vial full of swirling milky liquid. It fell into Vince’s hand, and he looked down at it with reverence and gratitude. ‘Thank you.’

‘You earned it, buddy,’ the spectre said with an odd levity. She moved to Catherine next, and despite being naked and quite conspicuously dripping Werewolf cum down her inner thighs, she stood with her typical posture, tall and straight and poised. ‘Catherine Oliver - I gift to you a rare, magically-tamed creature’s loyalty and servitude.’ Then, she stepped aside and revealed the Mimic. With a wave of her hand, it cracked and creaked a few times, its fake-wooden walls repairing as whatever the teleportation had done to it was undone. It sprung to life, and immediately moved on small metal feet, running round to hide behind Catherine. It settled down and immediately seemed to be nothing more than a simple chest. Tristan eyed it carefully.

‘Ellie!’ the spectre called, shifting over to her. ‘Another vial - this one is *just* for you - to cure that emergent little affliction recently passed to you - only, yours is a little different.’ She leaned in, and in a magical whisper only Ellie would hear, told her, ‘Cures the wolf - keeps the *heat*.’

She leant back, and without offering her another glance, moved on, while Ellie tried to hide the *new* blush in her cheeks.

The spectral mage moved on to Jamie, who was still standing with Kris. She stood a little straighter as the mage approached him, finding his eye. ‘A little enhancement, eh?’ The mage nudged him - or tried to, her elbow passed through Jamie’s shoulder. Then, she passed the Familiar another elixir in a vial, thin and oily, and moved on to his final winner.

Bri watched her with a suspicious eye - she wasn’t completely convinced by any of this. She had heard that a great, *powerful* mage had set up this dungeon, and they’d heard at the base of it were treasures, sure, but this was... unorthodox. Typically, from what she’d read about in adventuring reports and the newspapers and such, that meant *actual* treasures - gold and jewellery, weapons. To find a *being* down here, magically gifting out things like this - and calling people ‘winners’? It seemed... strange. Her mind, however, turned to the vision they had seen at the very beginning of this dungeon, on the door outside - words about the triangles, and that those who got through the challenges would be rewarded.

This whole fucking thing, she remembered, was a *game*.

And... they had won it. That felt good, at least.

‘The Witch of Mirbeck,’ the spectre said, whirling her hands. ‘I think, for you, I have only one appropriate gift. As the one who led a group through this dungeon, led your peers and your friends - citizens, too - you are to be rewarded. To you, I gift my Tome. The Tome of a Wizard, it can only be opened by you, the one with the skill and worth and *temperament*. An heir to knowledge is an incredible thing to be. Do you understand?’

Bri watched her carefully turn her hands, and in her grip suddenly was just as she had described - a tome. A Wizard’s book, heavy with secrets, pages rough-edged and browned, the

cover a deep maroon and bound with leather in scraps and patches that looked like it was the result of decades - *centuries* of work and repairs.

‘Take it,’ the spectre said, holding it out. ‘Maybe wait until you’re somewhere safe before you read it, though. Yes?’

Bri nodded, taking it. ‘I’m confused, though - who *are* you?’

She smiled. ‘Ah-ah! No questions, I’m afraid. Just know that this place has now served its purpose - to find somewhere for *that*’ she tapped the book. ‘-to live.’

She flitted to his original spot, away from the group, and opened her arms wide. Her purple and silver robe looked incredible, and seemed to shine in the din.

‘Ta-ta.’

She clapped his boney hands, and another wave of deep blue magic exploded from her in another bubble and-

~o~O~o~

Bri was in the forest. The clearing, where the entrance to the dungeon had been - though now, there was no doorway, no tendrils, no chamber. Just rock and tree and vine.

She was dressed, she realised - in the same clothes she’d been wearing at the start of all of this, and in her hands, in the same position as she’d been in the cave, she was holding the Tome.

Around her, the group was the same - dressed, those who’d been given some reward still holding it.

‘Powerful magic,’ Catherine said with a sigh. She turned to the group, and then to Bri. ‘What’s the plan?’

Bri looked down at the heavy book in her hand, and then up at the group waiting to hear her words.

‘Let’s head home,’ she said. ‘Catherine, Tristan - we can teleport back to the town gates, yes?’

Together, the Witches started their ritual. The Werewolves rejoiced, saving their elixirs for when they were home, safe. Jamie helped Bri, holding the Tome for her while she summoned her magic.

Not one of them spoke about the trials inside that dungeon. They didn’t speak about the lust they had felt, or how *good* the sex had been, or how they each had new intimate understandings for at least *someone* in the group’s body. How they sounded when they were begging for pleasure. What their faces looked like when they came.

Theodmier took his leave, nodding to Bri on his way out - a silent recognition of their shared experience. He was another Witch, after all, and now he knew where Bri was if he ever needed someone’s support or help. Or, you know, for any other reason.

The magic whirled, and Bri took her friends home, away from the forest, back to Mirbeck. The group, in a swirl of colour and wind, was on the outskirts of the town, a minute’s walk from the main gate.

It was a strange experience for all of them, having gone through what they had. The conversations started up again, slowly. Vince, Paige and Ellie discussed the potions they'd been given, and didn't say a word about anything that had happened in the gardens as they began to walk away from the town centre, back towards whatever camp they had set up. Catherine and Tristan spoke about the magic at work, quietly talking about the Mage, and the Tome, as they walked towards the tower - being loyally followed by the shambling chest-shaped Mimic that had been given to them. Bri was focused on the book itself, and let her feet start to take her home, but Jamie didn't follow.

Instead, he felt a hand on his shirt, and Kris dragged him away from his Mistress.

'You owe me,' she whispered into his ear. 'I... I still haven't... *had* you.'

Jamie looked at her, a little shocked, but didn't argue, and let her drag him back towards her flat, a spring in both their steps.

~o~O~o~

Once they were clear, and he was alone, Theodmier began to walk. He walked until he found a small river with some stones smooth enough for them to hold runes clearly. He drew with chalk, quickly and efficiently, and let the magic flow through him warmly.

Before him, in the water, a figure began to emerge - female, and familiar to him. She grew from the earth and water and dirt, a manifestation for them to communicate through. Quickly, her features cleared, and Theodmier knew he could speak, and he would be heard.

'The Tome was recovered, but not by me,' he said quickly. 'But I know where it is, and who has it. I can get it - *quietly*.'

The figure's head turned slightly, and though her mouth didn't move, he heard her words.

*If you do not, we shall arrange... less subtle means of recovery.*

'I understand,' he said, nodding his head. 'Mistress, I will not fail you.'

*Again*, she noted.

Theodmier nodded quickly. 'Yes - again. Sorry, Mistress.'

Without warning, the water and earth crashed down, becoming nothing again, and the connection was broken. Theodmier washed the chalk from the rocks with the stream water, and then he walked away.

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