**A.N.**

*“I think I should deliver my message to the Queen first.”* Grace did feel a bit bad about having to part ways from Karr, but his words were true, he needed to at least get his mission rolling. He’d been distracted a few times already, and although the temples were also on his list, the Queen really probably shouldn’t be made to wait much longer.

So he parted ways from the Infernal blooded guard, promising a reunion though at some point in the future, and after gathering themselves up, he headed back out. The thief in proper hands now, and he was sure Astred was doing just fine for herself elsewhere also, so he headed straight back to his cart and horses. They thankfully hadn’t been robbed in his absence and managed to get them to the nearest stables, checking in his supplies before heading straight down the main road to Castle Cotvyre.

He was greeted at the gate with the expected amount of caution from the guards, dawned in their brigandine and swords, they inspected him for any contraband and weapons before hearing out his call of holy pilgrimage, then escorted him inside the grand building, passing through the bright brass colored gates, however inside the palace was quite different from the exterior. While most buildings were made of this sandy colored stone, matching the terrain beyond the forest, inside the castle was a much less scorching series of dark colors.

Purple velvet curtains and carpets colored around him, as well as red velvet furniture’s, dark woods and black marbles. Occasionally, he’d pass sculptures of the dark elf goddess drawing water from an elegant jug and pouring it down into the planets oceans. A beautiful piece of art framing area of worship around the oceans and tides pull from the Moon.

It was only then that he came to realize that he’d seen a few dark elves in this city. They weren’t common of course, but despite being in a very sunny landscape, they seemed to populate this area a bit more then others. Like inside the castle, several guards were dark elves, with greyish, blue, and purple skin. Castle workers and maids had hair colors ranging from pure silver and white to dark blue or black, with only a few other non-elvish races speckled in.

Now as he was escorted beyond the audience chamber, and led up a grand spiraling staircase, a messenger came to him and informed them that the Queen had heard his message and was expecting to see him in her private chambers. This explained why she didn’t receive him in the great hall, perhaps she needed healing?

Grace had been flexing his powers quite a bit lately, and he could feel them growing inside him. Getting stronger, more blessed by the fertility goddess. So if the Queen needed his magic, he’d happily oblige! But of course that was getting ahead of himself, she may just wish to discuss important matters away from prying ears.

At least that’s what he thought for a moment before he was led to her chambers hall. Where the guards took a step back and two dark elvish maids approached him. Their outfits were a rather scandalous looking attire, unlike the maid uniforms you might expect for cleaning a castle, their outfits had dark black leathers integrated into them. Straps around their chests that accentuated their breasts and made the inner material cling extra tight to their fit bodies. “The Queen will receive you, but you must allow us to remove your garments. She will not allow you in her presence lest you are freed from every stitch of clothing.” That pretty much solidified Grace’s original idea.

Not that he minded of course! Like he said, flexing his power was making him stronger, making him feel like he…almost levelled up! If one could do such a thing of course.

But he nodded in acceptance of their terms. “Of course.” And before he could reach for his clothes, the ladies were on him, swiftly unlacing his robe and tugging his cloak away from his body. He nearly flinched from how fast they worked but had to bite back a giggle at their exuberance also.

Within moments, they loosed him of his clothing, even removing his shoes and socks. Absolutely nothing was left to cover him, and they bundled his clothing neatly for retrieval afterwards. Then after taking a good long moment to drink in the sight of the slender, feminine and fair elf boy, they nodded, “Right this way.” Insisting of course he walk in front of them.

Grace blushed, he was no stranger to sex or sexual attraction anymore, but he still was getting used to being so openly ogled. His fingers fidgeted while he walked, feeling the two women’s gaze warming his bubbly butt while his hips swayed with each step.

They led him to the double doors at the end of the hall, taking hold of the handles and pushing through, Grace was met with a grand bed chamber. The bed itself a canopy with dark purple curtains, like two king sized beds put together. Fluffy black carpet covered the polished hard wood in some places. A number of Wardrobes and dressers and a huuuge vanity mirror to his right. The ceiling was high, but he managed to perceive some odd looking chains or straps dangling from up above on some kind of mechanism.

An adjacent bathroom was also to the right, but obviously the star of the show, the Queen herself stood by one of the two windows on the far end of the room, on either side of the bed. She was tall, but slender and elegant, different from his previous lovers who were all pretty strong and built. But her build was clearly a tightly packed one, with long legs accentuated by her high heels. She wore a black sleeveless and strapless dress that showed off her silky smooth shoulders. Her skin was a dark ash color and her hair a bright pure white, with pointed ears that stuck out from the tresses. One of the maids spoke behind him, “Her Majesty, Queen Xya of Cotvyre.”

Dark makeup making her purple eyes pop and beautiful amethyst jewelry around her neck and wrists. She turned to face Grace at last, her eyes slowly drinking in the boys appearance up and down, and she smiled, “Finally you have arrived little cleric. Thank the gods, I wasn’t sure I would be able to bare this headache much longer.” Grinning at her excuse for needing healing.

A headache? Well…not necessarily an injury but, he supposed he could work with that. Whether she was telling the truth or not. Either way he was bound in service to this queen for as long as he served in her city until he moved on, if he ever decided to. “Well, I am at your service then your majesty.” He gave a little girly curtsy.

Much to the pleasure of Xya, she turned from the window, and only then did Grace notice the light glyphs of enchantment over the glass, probably helping her bare the harshness of the light since dark elves were a little sensitive to it. But she approached him with a purpose in her step, her strappy high heels clicking while the slit in the side of the dress showed just how high the straps went up her legs, all the way to mid thigh. He also could very plainly see a bulge shifting between her thighs as she walked. “And you will serve, but first, you must serve your Queen properly. How all our males service our needs.” She then nodded to the maids behind him who had closed the doors, but had yet to leave the room.

They quickly approached him again and this time produced a strange harness like setup with a pair of cuffs. Immediately Grace thought back to his studies of the dark elves, how they were quite inclined toward the sexual tastes of bondage and domination. It wasn’t just specific to them of course, many races liked it, but it was well known that the dark elves certainly helped perfect it.

He felt the cool padded leather being slipped around his shoulders, sliding the straps into place followed by a few quiet clicks. His arms were pulled up to be crossed behind his back where the soft lined cuffs snapped around his wrists. They were metal, but the cushioned leather on the inside was a precaution for his comfort.

The straps were tightened, keeping Grace almost in a reverse straight jacket like pose before next a collar was slid around his neck, tightened enough to make him gasp in surprise before it too had a lock clicked into place around it. The word ‘SLAVE’ stitched into the material, and clicked onto the lock was a leash that was hastily handed off to Xya as she approached arms length.

“W…well…I have yet to be of service in this manner-AH!” Suddenly he felt the delightful sting of some kind of riding crop whip across his bare breast. Immediately hardening his nipples and sending lightning up his spine. The Queen had been hiding a toy at her side as she approached, a leather wrapped handle and nine long soft lashes dangling from it. Nothing that would leave marks or hurt, but something designed solely for sexual pleasure and thrill.

She twirled it in her hand a bit, “Quiet yourself, while you are in my service, you do not speak unless given permission. Your training should have prepared you this in the temple, don’t disappoint me boy…do you understand?” She asked, tilting his chin up to look at her. Even though she was roughly six feet, probably the shortest of all his lovers so far, her heels easily brought her to 6’4, making petite Grace have to look up to lock eyes with her.

“Yes my Queen…” Grace trembled, already his cocklet was hard, pointing at her excitedly hoping for some more surprise punishment! He had trained for the art of pain and pleasure as well, Astred had given it to him somewhat with her roughness, but this seemed much more of a mental domination this time. He was bound and at her mercy, already being looked at like a lesser being.

Xya nodded her head proudly, “Good slave, now down on your knees.” She rested her hand on his shoulder, pushing him down in front of her, Grace obliged of course, but she kept pushing, suddenly lifting her high heeled clad foot and stepped on his head, pushing him down further! “No, all the way, face on the floor.” He mewled as his cheek touched the floor, face down ass up with her shoe still holding his head down in an act of subservience and submission. “That’s where you belong understand? Under my heel, and you should be grateful I gift you with such a position.” She spoke with almost a disdain in her voice, or an indifference, like she was talking to a dog.

“Ye…yes, thank you my Queen.” Grace replied, quickly falling into his role, adapting to the sexual desires of his current client.

“Mmh…” She hummed a moment, approving of his reply it seems before letting her heel apply just a bit more pressure before stepping off of him and setting her foot down by his face. “Kiss my feet.” She ordered expectantly.

Grace again, being a good cleric, followed along quickly, his dicklet rigid and already threatening to leak a girly string of precum down onto the polished floor. He pressed his lips to her exposed toes, then moved up her whole foot and just kissed it all over. Worshipping it like they belonged to his goddess. Fully well aware that the maid were in fact still in the room also, they were simply standing back and watching him get dominated like this.

Xya smirked, satisfied with how quickly he submitted to her. It pleased greatly and she reached behind herself to unlace her dress, letting it spill off around her, taking it and tossing it away from the bed. “Good slave, chin up.” She moved her foot under his face and used it to lift him back onto his knees, since he couldn’t use his arms, this was seen as a favor to him.

Underneath her dress though, she was not naked, oh no, she was donning a deep black corset with red laces tightening it. Her breasts were already quite ample and perky, but they were even more so thanks to the effects of being pushed up. It hugged the shape of her body perfectly and attached to her long strappy heels was a garter belt, making them virtually thigh high boots. And no panties at all to conceal her own engorged girl meat protruding from between her legs. It throbbed and jumped excitedly while she rested her shoe on Grace’s chest while he knelt, a deep grey color like the rest of her body, pulsing at ten inches proud before him and shapely smooth balls underneath it. There was her true ailment, they were probably over flowing and in need of draining.

As if she read his mind she continued on, “Now, you’re going to drain my balls and alleviate my pain. Understand?” Grace nodded rapidly with his new ‘yes my queen’ hushed response. Her cock was beautiful like her, perfect clean with a curve to it that allowed it to point up slightly, almost like how she kept her own chin up, looking down on her subjects as if she was above them all. “You’ll use your mouth first to get my member wet.” She removed her shoe from his chest and stepped up to him.

Now this was going to be interesting, servicing a cock without his hands, he’d done it before with Astred, but he had his hands at least briefly in sucking her off. Plus Astred liked to just skull fuck him recklessly, Xya stood with her hands on her hips, her dick now waving in Grace’s face and looking down at him expectantly.

He nodded again and licked his lips, she must’ve just bathed and perfumed herself because not only did he get the wonderful scent of her balls, but also she entirely just smelled amazing. Like lavender and berries in a delightful mix that made him wish he could drift closely to her. But the best he could do was shuffle forwards on his knees and beginning with a kiss, he smooched her tip, eyes flicking up to her purple ones while he pressed his lips to her shaft next a few times. Then of course down to her balls to kiss them and feel the weight of her breeding tanks, indeed in need of a good draining.

Then he pulled back just to the tip again and parted his lips, taking her beginning to leak tip into his mouth and gently sucking. “Mmmh…” Xya moaned at last, “Good slave.” She repeated, watching him work. His hands trapped behind his back, he had to lean in close to suck her deeper into his mouth, lips keeping a tight seal while he was on her, only pulling back to run his tongue over her throbbing dick. Swabbing it with his spit to give her all the lubrication she’d need. “That temple makes good cleric boy whores…I’ve a mind to simply keep you here as my own.” She said, not touching him at all yet, simply keeping a grip on her flogger and watching him service her. “Would you like that? Abandoning your mission and staying here, just to service the needs of your queen? I think you would.” She answered without letting him reply.

Of course Grace wasn’t so eager to abandon his mission, he assumed she was just getting off in her own words…right?

Regardless, he bobbed his head, slurping along her length. Sucking and twisting his head and letting his drool flow, if his mouth was going to be their only source of lube, then he knew how to make the best use of it. He’d sucked bigger cocks so he was able to wriggle his way forward and really get her good and deep down his throat. “Grrrrrrlrkk…” He crumpled his face up a little when she pushed beyond his gullet, taking her to the balls and swallowing. Which earned him a shiver from Xya above him before he pulled back with a wet gasp, face flushing a bit, “Gwwk…hghhh…ssckkschlurrrrpp…ggk! Gllk! Glck!” He worked up a pace, bobbing his head faster now, it was much more of an effort when his hands were bound like this! However it was also very exciting.

He was defenseless, and had to obey, plus the eyes of the dark elf maids watching behind him could just be felt. His clitty was dripping onto the floor from the new situation he found himself in, it was less of an aggressive domination, more like a mental one.

“Nnnff…good slave, suck the cock of your Queen. Mmmhh…if you stay here, I’ll show you all the wonderful pleasures of my people.” She said, lifting the flogger and teasingly letting the lashes run along his skin, stroking and tickling him with the threat of another surprise whip. “You’ll be bound…intensely, your pathetic, useless cocklet will be locked away forever…my ladies and my guards will have free access to you. And I will have you in all my devices of sexual torture…tormenting you with pleasure day and night…you’ll be my slut puppy.” She playfully tapped his back with the tails again and again, making him flinch with delight. “Filthy slave boy…that’s enough. Up.” She snapped her fingers and suddenly pulled back, surprising Grace with the quick extraction of her member from his throat, his spit spilling from his lips while he gagged.

Nearly retching as his gag reflex was suddenly freed, but he had to exercise some core strength to not fall flat on his face due to the abrupt extraction. He sniffled though and watched as the Queen rounded the bed, and he struggled to get to his feet, but before he could, Xya suddenly turned around and came back to him, grabbing his leash and yanking him up. “Aah!” He yelped Bare soles padding on the floor as she led him now to her royal canopy bed.

“Get on it, as you are meant to be, face down, ass up.” She commanded, virtually throwing him by the leash onto the bed.

“Unggh!” Grace groaned as he was carelessly tossed onto the bed, landing almost perfectly as she demanded, but even so he still tried to right himself so that he wasn’t a complete mess and was posed ‘properly’ for her majesty. “Yes-Yes my Queen!” He mumbled, having to keep his cheek down on the mattress, with no arm support, the blankets half obscured his face. While Xya stood on the bed behind him. Not bothering to remove her heels, she was Queen who cared if she had her shoes on the bed? And stood with one leg on either side of the smaller elf boy. She coiled the flogger around her hand though first and raised it up nice and high to swiftly deliver a fresh whip to Grace’s ass cheek. “HNNGH!” The sharp sting made his toes curl right away, and a jolt send through his tummy and into his clitty of a cock.

Xya chuckled, “Hehehe, remember, that’s just a taste, stay with me and I’ll really show you what pleasure and pain is.” She dragged the tails of the flogger along his silky smooth back again. Teasing him some with the promise of what it could be like to be flogged. But instead of hitting him with it again, he felt her tip touch his star.

Rubbing it for a moment while she held it in her hands, aiming herself to be poised to strike before pressing in. Even with only his saliva and her oozing precum as lube, she felt her member smoothly glide right inside his bred for fucking body. “Ugggghnn…oooghhhh…” Grace groaned as he felt her meat suddenly spear him. So far, the only part of her body to actually touch him, was her cock, slipping nice and deep into his depths on one good long stroke.

Only for him to feel the sting of another whip! This time along his back, only partially blocked by his bound arms. He yelped while she growled, “What do you say when your Queen grace’s you with her cock!?”

“Nggh! Thank you my Queen!!” He yelled immediately, “Thank you thank you for your cock inside me!”

“That’s better.” Xya said, coiling the leash in her free hand now and tugging on it, pulling his collar tight and squeezing his throat. Grace gasped as he felt the strong pull, lifting him off his face and being forced to arch back with how tightly she pulled on the cord. Keeping it wound around her hand so that he was on a, literally tight leash. “Hmmm, your training is passable at best, I’ll have to train you further in the art of pleasuring a Queen.” Her flogger smacked his ass this time, making his perfect pale cheeks tinge a pretty pink from the impact and making him squeal once again while she began to work her hips.

She didn’t start slow, or fast really, but rolled right into an even rhythm of riding him. Holding his leash like a horse’s reigns, and riding him as one as well. Mounted from behind and keeping his collar choking him with just enough pressure so that he had to fight for each breath.

“Ggghhg…aaahhhahh!” Grace groaned, again, while her cock wasn’t as big as his other lovers, she overpowered him in other ways, using every one of her ten inches to split him open and claim his tight tunnel as her own. Keeping him immobile and bound to her, it made his prick feel weak, needy and close to firing off. “Unnggghh…aaah! My…My Queen please…nnggh! Please may I cum?” He asked.

Although he probably should’ve known the answer, “Absolutely not!” He was whipped again with that flogger, the sting though again making sparks run through his veins and push him even closer! “If you think you’re allowed to cum at all with me your training has misled you slave! You hold your pathetic boy load, if you cum you’ll be punished. Your little cock will be locked in chastity until the day you die!” When she barked this out, she suddenly started to RAM into him!

“HAAAUHAAHGH!!!” Grace howled when she suddenly amped up her pace! Winding the cord around her fist again to pull it even tighter and make his eyes water from the tightness! Grace had a choking weakness as he discovered earlier, and she was exploiting it biiiig time right now. Despite her threat of never letting him cum again, for some reason…that just made him want to cum even more! “Guugghnn!! P-Please…my Queen!? Nngghh!! I can’t hold iiitt!!! Please my Queen!! Please I’m begging you please let me cum!??” He cried out with a strained voice, feeling her dark grey balls slapping onto his own, his climax was rushing up and threatening to shoot.

Despite his desire to follow her command, he wasn’t going to be able to hold it. A fact Xya, one hundred percent knew, and she grinned wide. “Never…” And struck him once more, this time around the front to flog his pink, pert nipples again, sending the precise jolt down his belly and into his loins.

“UUUHNNGG!!!! HAAAAGH!!! I’M SORRRYYYY MY QUEEN!!! NGGH!! I’M CUMMIIIINGGG!!!!” He cried out in his full on, highest pitch, girly tone. The submissive bottom bitch virtually weeping as his prick could hold back no longer and started to weakly dribble out his milk. Spilling onto her nice clean blankets below as his body spasmed from the rush of euphoria spilling over him.

His anal walls tensed! Clenching and squeezing her cock with all their strength., Xya biting her lip and tilting her head back in delight at the wonderful massaging sensation she was being given. “Nnnnnnnfffffff, ohhh you baaaaad, bad slave…nnnnfff, gonna have to punish you nowww…” She virtually sang with joy, her cock feeling the wonderful silky tightness of clutching muscles while it stroked and pounded its way deep into his depths. She had planned to milk this a bit more, but she was beginning to feel her own peak looming in from his climax.

Seeing his pretty blue eyes light up gold while he came, how he squirmed and spasmed, it did just enough to bring her towards the edge of ecstasy. However, she wasn’t going to fill him, he hadn’t earned that yet. And once more, she released his leash, letting him fall forward and stood up straight, yanking her cock free from his ass before he had even really finished cumming! “Aghn! Unnnff! Ugh, whaa…?” Grace bumbled a bit being planted face down once more, but saw out of the corner of his eye, Xya hopped down off of the bed grabbing his leash again and pulling him by it. Choking him some more as she forcibly tugged him so he was on his back and his head dangled over the edge of the bed.

“You haven’t earned my seed inside you yet slave.” She said cruelly, “But you’ll be good enough to satisfy my needs in the future, so you wear my seed for now. When you earn it, I’ll fill your womb with my sons.” She declared, coiling the leash in her hand several more times to ensure he was secured, head dangling over the edge of the bed while she grabbed her cock and jerked it over his face. “Now open your mouth.”

Easily enough done! Grace opened wide and stuck out his tongue, he hadn’t taken many facials so far in his pilgrimage, so this was a different take! Although he couldn’t deny, he did miss the creampie feeling…his tummy didn’t even get that golden glow and that soothing warmth. She denied him like that, continuing to tease and taunt him. So many promises of pleasure should he submit to being her slave.

Regardless he opened up and let out a soft, “Aaaaahhh…” Watching the visage of her upside down while she stroked herself fast.

Her face crumpled and contorted a bit, brow furrowing while she brought herself to the brink. “Nnnnnnnnnfffff…that’s right...good boy whore…I’ll break you in proper soon. But first wear my seed like a medal, my gift to you for pleasing as much as you have…aaaahhaaa…” She rolled her neck, her member throbbing in her grasp, feeling her balls begin to rise up. Cum rushing up her cock pipe before, “Nnghhh, yesss…here it comes slave..aaahh wear your Queen’s cum! Ooooooooooohhhhoooooooooohhhhhhhh!”

Grace flinched as the first ropes flew out of her tip, plastering his face and landing on his tongue. Dripping instantly down from his upside down angle to trickle down his throat. But he held fast, moaning softly from the intense heat! It was actually somehow just as naughty as her dumping this load inside of him. Feeling the ownership of having his face painted with her lust, while maybe not as intimate as inside, it still made his legs squirm a bit. Butterflies fluttering in his tummy and the wonderful taste of her liquid love. It’s sweet, salty flavor a delicacy on his tongue.

While the rest of her viscous, white seed dappled all over him, it was nice and thick, long full ropes of gooey cum that dripped down his features, some of it missing his face entirely and plastering over his boi titties. It’s heat was almost surprising, how it felt truly boiling as it landed but quickly cooled to a pleasant warmth that he relished on his skin.

“Aaaaaaaahaaaa…” Xya sighed like she’d downed a thirst quenching beverage, as her strokes started to slow down, squeezing her cock from root to tip to make sure she wrung out all of her delicious gunk onto his tongue and face. Thoroughly coating him in her gift, she grinned, feeling the relief of empty balls and the satisfaction of a new slave covered in her cum. “Mmmhh…not bad for your first time here whore.” She released her cock and let it plap onto his face, Grace not missing a beat, tilted his head to start suckling on it and kissing along its tip to continue to please her. “Hehehe, good boy. But now, onto business.” She said, again suddenly pulling her cock from Grace’s grasp and knocking the wind out of his sails.

It was such a tease! She loved to deny him the satisfaction and literally pull the rug out from under him when it came to her cock. She grinned when she heard a little frustrated growl come from him while she spun on her heel and walked to some fresh towels nearby. Held by one of the…rather horny looking maids who just bore witness to that whole thing.

Grace wanted more! No cumming inside him, and no letting him service her thoroughly. He was sure she was doing it on purpose to get him wanting more of her, probably hoping he would beg to continue. And it was working!

After grabbing her towels, she went to her wash basin to start cleaning herself up while he simply laid there covered in her cum. “Now your services have been sorely needed, not just for myself, but among others of my city as well. It’s been quite a long time since we’ve had a fertility cleric among us and the tension is malleable.” She explained without looking at him, “Obviously, the temples need your consecration. They do what they can on their own but you are needed to help further the blessings of fertility among my people. So while they may be a priority, I also have a request for you though, a bit more of a personal one however.”

This had Grace attempting to flip over onto his side to look at her more directly, “What is it my Queen?” He felt more comfortable talking now since she seemed to have entered business mode.

“I have a friend, who is of the dark elvish persuasion, however…she has a mix of something else in her blood too.” She paused and finally spared him a glance. “She’s an escapee of the goddess of spiders. Meaning once she served her, but no longer, like me and my people. But she’s cursed with the body and desires that comes with it.”

The spider goddess? Grace had to recall into his teachings a bit of the pantheon of their realm, and remembered the images of her and her people. “You mean…she’s an Arachnawoman?”

Xya nodded her head, “Yes, I’m sure you’ve seen them in books. Half spider, half dark elf. Now to put it simply…she occasionally…goes into a heat of sorts.” She explained, facing Grace now, “Where she needs to lay her eggs and fertilize them, it’s an incredibly pleasurable sensation for her. However if she doesn’t get too, then they build up and it causes her pain. However, obviously not many people are willing to give themselves to one of her kind, much less so to bare her children for the night. However, since you are in the business of pleasure and healing, and judging by the glow in your eyes, I presume you have the fertility rite integrated into your magic. Therefore, you’d be perfect to carry her clutch.”

Grace gulped, “I…she’d…”

Quickly Xya explained, “Don’t worry, it wouldn’t be unpleasant, and it wouldn’t be long term. Her eggs just need a safe warm boy womb like yours to fertilize and grow, afterwards, you’d lay them, and be on your way with a very pleased Arachnawoman thankful for your service.”

That was at least a slight sigh of relief, he wouldn’t be pregnant for the long term, just for one night, but still he’s…never had eggs laid inside of him before…should he do that? Would it feel good? Probably…and an Arachnawoman? It sounded scary…and a little…sexy.

However, he still was unsatisfied right now having not gotten a creampie, and the Queen’s promise of enticing punishments were fresh in his brain. He was curious about what they would be and…maybe her friend could wait if he begged for her to show him more of her culture’s sexual appetite.

Then again, she said herself the temples would need him also, perhaps Astred was there by now too? Not to mention Karr. He didn’t know for sure but he said he’d meet up with her soon, maybe he should go looking for her? Or consecrate the temples with the fertility goddess’s blessing, he had so much to get done, so much he wanted to do…

So…what should he do?

‘I’ll help your friend lay her eggs.’ -Tend to the Arachnawoman’s breeding needs. (Sex, BDSM, Oviposition, Impregnation)

‘Please my Queen, I want more of you.’ -Beg the Queen for round two. (Sex, BDSM, Chastity, Domination)

‘The temples are my first priority.’ -Go to the temples for consecration. (Sex, Gang Bang, Holy, Bukkake)

‘I need to find my companions first.’ -Head to town to find your companions. (Sex, Threesome, Size Difference, Rough)