

MOO Role Playing Game

A free weekend typically signified a chance for couples to get out of the house to enjoy each other's company. The same could not be said for a certain pair that would prefer to spend their time held up in their apartment, wasting the hours away on whatever game had most recently gotten their attention. While it wasn't the most glamorous of plans, it was one that Len and Kyle had cherished ever since the first day they met each other.

Gathering up the snacks needed for a long session of binge gaming, Len strolled her way into the living room. Her skinny body was adorned with a loose fitting, black t-shirt, and a matching pair of pajama pants. Happy to fling about her black hair after a stressful work week of keeping it stuffed into a ponytail, she was more than ready for a chance to unwind. All that was left was for her boyfriend to make the finishing touches to their latest obsession.

"How's it going?" Len asked, leaning over Kyle's shoulder as she looked at his computer screen.

"Almost finished," he replied, looking completely at ease in his grey shirt and sweatpants as he frantically typed away at his keyboard. "It was a pain in the ass though. I've done my fair share of game modding, but just installing this one has given me some trouble."

"I'm sure it will be worth it," Len commented, brushing her fingers through his short, brown hair.

"Well we won't have to wait long to figure out. I just finished."

"Mine too?"

"Of course," he said, gesturing towards the computer sitting next to his own. "I'm ready to start if you are. Just, promise me you'll at least wait a few minutes before diving into the RP

aspect. Last thing we need is the game kicking us out for using certain ‘language’ with one another.”

Len let out a childish laugh. “Do you really expect me to contain myself in a game called World of Ever Pleasure?”

“At least try to show some restraint,” Kyle replied as they booted up the game. “I want to see what this system can do before we dive into our usual entertainment. Especially considering how obscure this game is. Only reason I heard of it was because a few guys on a random forum that swear by it.”

“Well, there’s one way to find out,” she replied, kissing him on the cheek before getting comfortable in her chair.

Taking their places in front of their computers, Kyle and Len booted up the game. Upon arriving at the title screen, the couple eagerly hit the start button only to be met with walls of text. They let out a pair of groans as they hurriedly scrolled through the long paragraphs of legal speak typical of any online game. Not bothering to read even a single sentence of the agreement, they hit the confirm button and got right into character creation.

Surveying the options given to them, Len and Kyle began a discussion about how they wanted to play the game. Trying to balance out between being capable in combat and fun to use in the role play aspect, they settled on their preferred builds and race. Putting the finishing touches on their characters, they were about to put in their names when a text prompt came up. The message asked them if they wanted to pair with another player for the duration of their game.

“This is new,” Kyle said as he scratched his chin. “I don’t remember hearing anything about this on the website.”

“Should make things a lot easier for us at least,” Len commented. “Give me your player number and I’ll get it set up.”

With a shrug, Kyle gave over his code in return for Len’s. Upon exchanging numbers to connect their games together, the once empty name boxes were auto filled. Seeing their own names being typed in for them, they were more than a little concerned that they might have accidentally downloaded a virus. Before they could ask the obvious question of how the game knew who they were, their screen began to glow with an eerie light. Left to gawk at the strange sight as a myriad of colors filled the room, there was little they could do to prevent an unknown force from sucking them inside of their monitors.

The initial panic the couple felt as they tumbled through the swirling lights came to an abrupt stop as they landed on a solid, stone floor. Picking themselves up, they swiveled their heads back and forth to look upon the tight corridor they had fallen into. Looking at the way the dim torches flickered against the grey, stone walls reminded them of something. It took them a few moments for them to recognize the area as the one they had used over the course of their character creation.

“Did we get sucked inside of the game?” Len asked.

“No, this can’t be real,” Kyle said, frantically looking for a way out. “This has to be a dream or something.”

“Why are you freaking out?” she asked. “This should be every gamer’s dream.”

“On paper, yeah, but that doesn’t consider how dangerous this place could be. You didn’t see the kind of creatures that were plastered all over the website. If they look even half as menacing as our characters, I’d rather not stick around to find out.”

Kyle's panic was momentarily sated as Len reached out to grab his shoulder. "It's okay, I've got you. I'm sure we can find a way out. Pretty sure it should be that cliché thing where we go back home once we beat the big evil guy or accomplish some kind of quest. We've played our fair share of games in the past. Finding our way out should be a cinch."

Letting out a deep breath, Kyle turned back to face the dark hallway. "Alright, let's do this. It's the starting area so it can't be too hard."

"That's the spirit," Len, walking alongside him to keep him motivated as they marched onwards.

The couple's trek eventually came to a halt as they approached a set of imposing, double doors. Blazing braziers flanked the massive structure, shining a light on the various runes adorning the carved stone. Looking across the images on the doors inevitably brought the pair's attention towards a crystal eye placed above the frame. Locking their vision with its black iris and white sclera, they attempted to figure out what it all meant.

"I think it wants us to stand there," Kyle said, pointing towards the two circles carved into the ground.

"Oh, it must be like a pressure plate puzzle," Len said as she took her place. "Pretty basic, but I'm not complaining if the rest of this dungeon is going to be this easy."

"That doesn't mean we should let our guards down," Kyle said as he stepped on the plate next to her. "No telling what kind of tricks they have in-store for--"

The moment Kyle took his place, a loud click echoed through the room. Both Kyle and Len brought their attention towards a loud, buzzing noise emanating from above the door. The sound forced them to once more look into the ominous eye to see it begin to emanate with an

aura of magical energy. As the power revved up, Kyle noticed the iris shift to turn its gaze upon Len. He only had a moment to react as he watched a beam shoot out.

Charging into Len, Kyle managed to knock her out of the way. His reward for his bravery was getting shot by a bolt of crackling, black energy. Falling to the ground on his knees, he clasped his hand against his chest as he tried to deal with the waves of energy pulsing through his veins.

“You heroic idiot,” Len said, scrambling to her feet to try and help him. “Hold on. There must be like a potion or a spell that can-“

Len interrupted herself with the sound of her foot stepping on the plate Kyle had been standing on mere moments beforehand. Without warning, the eye shot out a second beam to hit her and completely negate Kyle’s act of bravery. Watching her fall to the floor, he tried to reach out to aid her only to stop as he saw something that wasn’t supposed to be there.

Bringing his hand up to his face, Kyle tried to make sense of the hard, black material that had taken over his fingers. Tapping the digits together created a clacking noise that was reverberated by Len repeating the motion with her own morphed fingers. A few more repetitions let it sink in they had obtained hoof-like fingers, but still left them unprepared to face the rest of their modifications.

From the base of their fingers began to spread out a thin layer of white fur. The hairs rapidly made their way across their bodies to cover up every last inch of flesh. As the fur reached their feet, they both let out shouts of terror as their slippers were torn asunder. With nothing in their way, they were able to watch as their toes were merged together to become hardened, black hooves. Their panic only increased as they felt a pair of lanky tails slip out of their pants to wave

their tufts of black fur about. As the fur reached their heads, the hairs on their scalp fell off to leave nothing to distract from the white tufts that completely covered their skulls.

Disoriented from their still changing bodies, Kyle and Len looked towards one another for an answer. Though they tried to call to each other for help, their cries came out as a series of animalistic moos. The strange sounds coming from their mouths made much more sense as their faces began to develop bovine muzzles. Flickering their flat ears as they gazed upon each other's cow-like heads, they began to recognize some of the features as things they had used in the creation of their characters. At first they assumed that they were transforming into their own avatars, but that notion was quickly dismissed by something growing within the confines of Kyle's shirt.

Grasping at the fabric with his hoof-like fingers, Kyle tried to get a grip on the swelling orbs forming along his upper torso. Unable to handle the strain for much longer, he ripped apart his shirt to reveal the set of luscious, fur-laden breasts hanging from his chest. The presence of his boobs demanded him to get a better feel for them using his hooves. Running his fingers along his nipples and letting out a moo of pleasure from the sensation was more than enough to prove that they were real.

Taking his hands away from his chest, Kyle brought his attention towards something emerging from beneath his pudgy stomach. The bulge was a shade of blinding pink that swelled to the size of a watermelon. He could only watch as four protrusions emerged from his newest addition, giving him the final clue needed to figure out what it was. Unable to handle its own weight, his new udder sagged downwards to sink between his legs and bump up against something that shouldn't have been there.

Desperate to find out what was going on, Kyle set to work tearing apart his pants. In addition to giving his tail and thicker rear more room to jostle around, the removal of his underwear revealed one of his more drastic changes. Gliding his hand beneath his udder, he felt the folds of the deep womanhood that had taken the place of his cock and balls. He only had a moment to come to grips with his changed gender before a tearing noise brought his attention back to Len.

With a loud ripping sound, a girthy, black horse cock ripped apart Len's pants to reveal its full glory. The presence of the massive member alongside its pair of white, baseball-sized testicles made it difficult for Kyle to focus on the added muscles building atop of Len's body. In exchange for bulking up her limbs, gifting her six-pack abs, and broadening her shoulders, the transformation replaced her breasts with a set of tight pecs that helped her tear through her shirt. A set of black horns emerging from her furry scalp was the finishing touch needed to complete her transformation into the well endowed bull man Kyle had intended for himself to play in the game.

Left to gawk at Len's new body, Kyle was brought back to his own predicament as he felt something emerge from his back. As bizarre as it was in comparison to the rest of the changes, the growth was slightly expected. After all, he had gotten a good look at the character Len had spent so long putting together. Her hard work was seen in the pair of enormous, feathery wings that sprouted from Kyle's back. Flapping about the angelic additions, the sheer wonder of the bizarre body wasn't enough to stop him from stumbling over to Len to see if she was alright.

"Len, do you feel okay?" Kyle asked, trying to continue speaking through the shock of hearing his more feminine voice.

“Yeah, yeah, I think...” Len trailed off, both in confusion at her deeper voice and the sensation of her cock swinging between her legs. Though she was bewildered at first, she didn’t seem to show any shame as she shook her hips to continue jostle her new genitalia around. “Huh, is this what it’s like to have one of these? It feels kind of good. Although I’m not sure why you chose a horse dick for a bovine character. It’s completely anatomically incorrect. A bull’s penis would look more like a-”

“Len, you need to focus,” Kyle said, grasping her by the shoulder.

Len scratched at her chin in thought for a moment. “That name doesn’t really fit me,” she replied, a snort coming from her nostrils as she put on a wide smile. “For now, you can call me... Lenneth.”

“Lenneth?” Kyle asked.

“Hmm, guess I should start calling you Kayllin or something similar while I’m at it.”

“Absolutely not!” Kayllin replied, the exasperated cow woman trying and failing to get Lenneth to keep his mind focused on their current predicament.

“I think you’re the one that needs to calm down,” Lenneth said, looming over Kayllin by at least two feet. “Sure, we’re in a strange place with even stranger bodies, but that doesn’t mean we’re completely lost.” Reaching out his hoofed hand, he proceeded to pat her head. “We have each other and that should be more than enough to get through anything. Right babe?”

“I... guess you’re right,” Kayllin admitted, chewing on her lip as Lenneth continued to brush her fur. “Wait, what did you just call me/”

The impromptu massage came to an abrupt halt as they heard something begin to click. Turning their attention back towards the door, they watched it swing open to reveal another

chamber. Waiting in-case the door had anymore nasty tricks, they walked side by side into the next room.

Though the chamber still had the same stone walls and dim lighting of the outside corridor, the rest was made to appear like a comfortable bed room. A thick, shag carpet led the way towards a king-sized bed covered in red, silken sheets. Nearby the pair of heart shaped pillows were small tables holding bottles of liquor and some “toys” that were sure to help with any couple’s needs. As the two of them pondered if they had been sent to the equivalent of a medieval fantasy honeymoon suite, Kayllin managed to spot something on the side of the bed that looked quite out of place.

“Why is there a bucket here?” she asked, holding it up for Lenneth to see.

“Dunno, but it probably goes with these,” he replied, reaching underneath the other side of the bed to pull out several more.

“What exactly do they intend for us to do with-“

Lenneth let out a yelp as she felt something pulse in her chest. Dropping the bucket, she sat down on the edge of the bed as she attempted to massage her chest to make the pain go away. As her fingers approached her breasts, she was stopped by a small trickle of white liquid leaking out from her teats. The longer she stared at the droplets leaking from her nipples, the more she noticed similar leaks coming forth from the protrusions along her udder. Though she didn’t want to say what the liquid was out loud, Lenneth didn’t seem to have the same hesitation.

“Woah, you’re actually producing milk,” the bull man said, eagerly watching the droplets splatter across the ground. “Guess the boobs and udder aren’t just for show. Can I have a taste?”

“A-absolutely not,” Kayllin replied, chewing on her lip to suppress a series of urges coursing through her body.

“Why? Do they hurt?”

“It’s not that it’s just... they feel kind of swollen.”

Scratching his chin, Lenneth stood back up. “I think I’ve seen this on a nature documentary or something. The pain might go away if I milk you.”

“That’s completely out of the question,” Kayllin replied.

“Not like they’re going to stop on their own. Besides, I don’t think you’re in any state to do it yourself.”

Trying to refute the bull man’s claim, Kayllin tried to give one of her nipples a slight pinch. Though she did manage to push out a small squirt of milk, the resulting shiver of strange pleasure made her quickly move her hand away. When she recovered from the small squeeze, she looked back to see a smug looking Lenneth looming over her.

“See what I mean?” the bull man asked. “No need to be shy. I’m your girlfriend, er I guess boyfriend for now. You can trust me.”

Kayllin wanted to refuse, but she could barely hear herself think over the sound of her milk trickling against the floor. Unable to take the strain for much longer, she finally relented. “Okay, you can do it. Just promise to be gentle, okay?”

“You can count on me,” Lenneth replied, giving her a mock salute as he brought over a bucket.

Placing a bucket beneath the cow woman’s breasts, Lenneth carefully reached out to grasp her nipples between his fingers. Clenching her hooves into the sheets from the mere act of touch, Kayllin tried to keep herself calm as the bull man proceeded to carefully tug on her teats. The act did the job of letting out spurts of milk that echoed throughout the room as they fell into

the bucket. Though progress was slow, it was doing the job of replacing her discomfort with an entirely different kind feeling.

“T-that’ll be enough for now,” Kayllin spoke up to get the bull man to stop.

“But they still feel pretty full,” he replied, jostling around one of her breasts only to be stopped as she grasped his wrist.

“I-I’m sure they’re fine,” she said, unsure how much more groping her mind could take. “Why don’t you focus instead on the udder for now? It probably has a lot more milk in it.”

“Makes sense,” Lenneth said, shrugging as he got down on his knees and reached out for the cow woman’s udder.

A sigh of relief from Kayllin barely left her lips before she had to force her mouth shut once more. The sheer euphoria she felt as the bull man worked on her udder’s teats brought her to the very edge of her wits. She sunk her hooves deep into the mattress as she squirmed to try and keep her urges at bay. Just as Lenneth gave a hard pull to one of the teats to let out a gush of milk, that was the moment Kayllin broke her limits to let out a loud moo.

“Woah, are you alright?” Lenneth asked, looking up at the flushed expression on Kayllin’s face. “Sorry, if I was a little too hard on you. Maybe we can find something else to take care of your milk problem. Like some kind of fantasy milking machine. Hold on, let me see if I can-“

“No,” Kayllin said, holding onto Lenneth’s wrist. “Don’t go away.”

“Then how else are we going to take care of you?”

Kayllin’s entire body shivered as she summoned the courage to give in to her desires. “I want you to do it. Not with your hands. With your...with your...”

The cow woman's shaking figure was momentarily halted as Lenneth reached out to cradle her chin. "I think I know what you mean," he said, shooting her a grin. "It would be my pleasure."

A gentle nod from Kayllin was all the bull man needed before he brought his muzzle close to her breasts. Despite his brutish appearance, Lenneth managed to gently wrap his lips around the cow woman's nipple. A brush of his tongue along her areolae were enough to get her to start lactating. Judging by the pleased hums emanating from him, the flavor was giving him just as much enjoyment as Kayllin was getting from the moment of intimacy. However, it was far from enough.

"H-harder," Kayllin spoke up as Lenneth was about to move to the other breast. "You can go harder. I can take it."

"Alright, if you're sure, babe."

"Why do you keep calling me--"

Kayllin's words turned into a mess of moos as Lenneth latched onto her teat and began to drink. A surge of milk pouring down the bull man's throat rewarded him for each suckle. On the other end, Kayllin was unable to stop her tail from swinging wildly back and forth as her entire body squirmed from the unusual sensation. Chewing on her lips as she tried to suppress even a fraction of her moans, it was only through a sheer miracle that she managed to last through the session.

Releasing the cow woman's breasts from his mouth with a popping noise, Lenneth licked his lips clean before tilting his gaze up at her. "Want me to keep going?"

"Yes," she replied, her entire body quivering in anticipation as she watched him go even lower.

Spoiled for choice for where to start with Kayllin's udder, Lenneth closed his eyes and let his instincts guide him. The result were his lips consistently switching between each of the teats as he deeply drank from each one. Yet again, Kayllin was thrown into the throngs of her unusual pleasure, no longer even trying to prevent her animalistic cries from echoing throughout the room. As the bull man continued to drink, she could see similar vibrations affecting his own figure. Hearing something slap between his thighs as he suckled up the last few drops of her milk, she took a deep breath to confirm her resolve.

"T-that's enough," Kayllin spoke up, getting the bull man to pull away to look towards her. "Allow me to pay you back. Come here and get on the bed."

Lenneth let out a hearty chuckle. "Don't have to tell me twice."

Heeding Kayllin's orders, Lenneth climbed up onto the mattress. Spreading himself out across the sheets allowed her to get a good look at the intimidating sight of his rigid cock. Crawling her way over to his member, she wondered if what she was going to try was even possible. Not helping matters was the heavy musk that emanated from the sizable dick and balls. Considering how much the game had already changed their bodies, she could only hope for the best as she got to work.

Going off of what she had seen in erotic games and what the bull man had done back in their original bodies, Kayllin started off slow by sliding her hooved fingers across the length of Lenneth's shaft. Getting into the groove of things, she hazarded to every so slightly up her speed as her free hand gave light squeezes to his testicles. Hearing guttural grunts begin to emanate from her partner's mouth, she cuddled up to him to embrace his cock between her breasts. Putting her pillowy mounds to work on something other than producing milk, she rubbed them up and down his member. The act did the job of sending waves of pleasure through his body

while simultaneously spreading his musk across the bed. Droplets of precum leaking from his tip got her to momentarily pause and look him over. Licking her lips in reaction to a strange desire brought about by the semen and stench, she hazarded to allow herself to move on to a more direct method.

Opening up her mouth as wide as possible, Kayllin leaned forward to swallow up Lenneth's cock. Ever so slowly she slid down its length, waiting for the moment its girth would become too much for her. Much to the surprise of the bull man and herself, the only reason she stopped was when the tip of her snout pressed up against his groin. Feeling her chin resting up against his swollen testicles, she looked up to see an expectant look on his face. Too far in to stop now, she decided to go all the way.

Keeping a tight grip on Lenneth's hips, Kayllin proceeded to bob her head back and forth. Though she was far from being experienced at doing such a thing, her movements seemed to do the trick as she heard him let out guttural grunts and moos with each repetition. More precum dribbled out of the tip to pour down her throat; the bizarre taste motivating her to increase her speed in an attempt to appease their libidos.

The blowjob came to an end as Lenneth let out a bellowing moan. Reaching out with his hooved fingers, he grabbed the back of Kayllin's head to push her back down to the base of his member. A surge of semen emerged from his cock to fill up the cow woman's cheeks. Though she was shocked at first, she eagerly swallowed every last drop. Even when the bull man let go of her head, she still lingered behind to lick up any residue. Finally seeing fit to pull her head away, she looked back at his member to see that it was still as hard as before.

"Want to keep going?" Lenneth asked, noticing the gleam in Kayllin's eye. "Been a while since we last did it. Plus I'm dying to see what my new equipment can really do."

“It’s never been like this,” the cow woman replied, watching as his member twitched.

“Come on, you’ve used yours on me plenty of times.”

“Yeah, but I wasn’t nearly this big,” Kayllin replied, flinching as Lenneth’s dick throbbed again.

“You just proved that your body is a perfect match for me,” he replied, grasping his shaft to wave the monstrous cock around. “Wouldn’t hurt to at least give it a try once. You might like it.”

Chewing on her lips, Kayllin struggled with her internal fight between her rational side and her more primal urges. Making matters worse was the lingering flavor of Lenneth’s semen clinging to her tongue. A single sniff summoned forth the tainted air of their lust to fill her nostrils. No longer able to take her own desires combined with the expectant look on the bull man’s face, she began to shuffle towards him.

“Okay, but I’m taking the lead,” Kayllin said, standing up to hover her lower body above his cock.

“Whatever you say,” he said, aiding her by putting his hands on her hips to get her in position.

Shaking out her wings in an attempt to rid herself of her nerves, Kayllin proceeded to slowly push the tip of Lenneth’s cock inside of her. Clenching her fingers, she struggled to get past every inch of the sizable member. Her entire body shuddered from the mere act of insertion, fighting against her inherent need to ease herself into the new sensation. With only a few inches left, a light push from Lenneth brought her down to the base of his cock.

Given a moment to realize what they had accomplished, Kayllin looked towards her partner for an explanation. Being met with only a mischievous grin, she turned her gaze

downwards once more. Hoping her thick belly was for more than just show, she sucked in another mouthful of the musk-laden air and began.

Kayllin started off slow, putting her hands against Lenneth's chest for support as she moved her body up and down. Getting used to the sensation, she hazarded to up her speed with the assistance of her wings flapping on occasion. The constant motion let gasps intersperse the couple's moans and further spread their scents of lust across their bodies. It was through this overwhelming stimulation that allowed Kayllin to further give in to her desires.

Letting out a long moo, Kayllin gave it her all as she repeatedly thrust Lenneth's cock into her needy pussy. The increase in speed added the sound of her udder and heavy breasts slapping against her flesh to the cacophony of their moans. Despite the earlier feeding, milk once more began to spill from her teats to douse the couple in the sweet liquid. The apex came as Lenneth lost himself to his own urges as he reached out to slam her down once more onto his cock. The result was their bodies becoming covered in a spray of Kayllin's milk as Lenneth's seed filled her womanhood.

Slumping forward off of Lenneth's cock, Kayllin took a deep breath to revel in her lingering euphoria. Shuffling along his torso, she deliberately let her mouth suckle the milk droplets clinging to his chest. Upon reaching his muzzle, she gave him a chance to share the sweet drink by locking their lips together. Reciprocating the kiss, Lenneth put his arms around her waist to pull her in close. The couple only saw fit to release one another once they felt the cow woman's tail brush its tip against the bull's still throbbing member.

"Guess I'm not done yet," Lenneth boasted as he grinned at Kayllin. "Think you're ready for another round, babe?"

"Yes," Kaylin replied, without a hint of hesitation to her words.

“Then I guess you wouldn’t mind me taking the lead on this one? Looks like you can take whatever I can dish out.”

Leaving a kiss on Lenneth’s cheek, Kayllin turned herself around. She shook her hips to ensure he was watching every move of her irresistible body as she got down on all fours. Reaching back with her hooved fingers, she lifted up her tail and spread out her ass cheeks to give an unhindered view of the leftover cum seeping out of her vagina.

“Go ahead,” she said, looking over her shoulder to lock eyes with him. “I’m all yours, stud.”

Getting up on his knees, Lenneth shuffled forward to reach her. “With pleasure,” he said, giving a light smack to her thick rear before bringing himself closer.

As eager as both of them were to fully indulge their urges, that didn’t prevent Lenneth from having some fun with the cow girl. Sliding the very tip of his cock across her plump backside, he took strange delight in the shivers afflicting her body as droplets of leftover cum drizzled onto her fur. Hearing the needy moos emanate from his partner, he drew closer to their goal as he pressed his tip up against the entrance to her womanhood. Moving up to wrap his arms around her hips, he finally shoved himself inside with a rough thrust.

Kayllin barely had a chance to cry out in ecstasy before the penetration was followed by a vigorous session of the bull man putting his strength to good use. Each jolt of his hips sent ripples of ecstasy through the two of them. The euphoria of the act was expressed in the constant, animalistic cries that echoed from their mouths. Letting out a snort, Lenneth leaned his entire body on top of her as his hooved fingers grabbed at whatever they could reach. Going across each nipple to squeeze and grope them ensured that every single inch of the sheets was covered in Kayllin’s milk. Through all of this stimulation, the cow woman dug her fingers deeper and

deeper into the mattress, hoping to make the moment last as long as possible. It was upon Lenneth throwing his entire weight into one shove that they both were overtaken by their lust. Letting out a mix of a moan and a moo, Kayllin frantically flapped their wings as they reached their climax.

Uncaring of the mess of milk and cum splattered across the bed, the two bovines let their weary bodies slump onto the bed. Crawling through the lingering euphoria and scent of their release, they cuddled up to one another. Though they were far too weak to attempt copulation again, that didn't stop them from appreciating each other as they embraced once more. Getting their fill of letting their hands slide across the wonderful bodies they had been gifted, they came in close to put their lips together again.

The couple stopped as they heard a clacking noise echo through the chamber. As they climbed up off the bed, they supported each other's exhausted bodies as they searched for the source. What they found was a clear gem stone placed in front of a blank wall in the room. Picking up the jewel and holding it up to the light they watched as words appeared along the stone bricks.

"Congratulations on completing your first challenge. When you are ready for the next step in your quest, merely press the gem up against the wall and a passageway will open."

As the words disappeared, Kayllin grasped the gem and held it above their heads. "I have to assume that whatever quest this thing is talking about is the only way we're getting our bodies back and returning to our world."

"Guess that makes sense," Lenneth replied as he scratched the back of his head. "If you want to go, just give me a few minutes to catch my breath and maybe find something to stop my dick from flailing around in the open."

“I’m in no rush,” Kayllin replied, placing the gem on a table before returning to the bed to sit. “We can keep playing along with the game AFTER I get another round with my favorite stud.”

A smirk appeared on Lenneth to mimic the expression on Kayllin’s face as he joined her on the mattress. “I’d be more than happy to oblige.”