



## Chapter 5

When their watch ended, Grant found a place against the wall and pulled his bedroll from his inventory, spreading it out on the floor. With his corset crushing his waist and limiting his movement, it was more difficult than it should have been just to spread the bedroll. "It was more difficult," Grant thought. Everything was more difficult as a woman. Or at least a little elf woman wearing a corset and high heels.

Laying down also proved an adventure. Unable to bend his waist and propped on high heels, he ended up half falling onto the bedroll with an "oomph," his hair once again falling across his eyes.

At first, he lay on his back, but no. His body was no longer as flat as it had been, to say the least. He had a much larger backside than he'd had as a man, and the corset forced him into a S shaped posture with his chest forward and his butt back, making it uncomfortable to lay on his back. He rolled onto his side, but once again he found the corset refused to allow him to meld into the mattress, his hip and shoulder hurting. He rolled onto his stomach and—nope. He immediately rolled onto his back again, sighing.

Eric loomed into his sight, looking down at him. "Try this," Eric said, holding out a pillow.

Grant hesitated but then took the pillow. "Thanks."

"You got it."

The bedroll had pillow for his head, so he slipped the pillow under the small of his back. It was better, but he really wished he could get out of this damn instrument of torture. The prospect of being naked around these guys was not enticing. I guess I'll just have to get used to it, he thought, closing his eyes. Laying on his back, he became conscious of the weight of his breasts. They actually made it slightly hard to breathe.

He'd been going and going almost non-stop since they'd entered the dungeon. This was the first time he'd had time to just stop and think about his impossible situation. "A woman?" He thought. "Me?" He remembered looking at himself in the mirror, the surprise on that pretty face. His anger toward Madison grew. This body was an insult. When he got out of here, he would sue her— and worse. He might have lay there for hours thinking about what he wanted to do to her, but exhaustion took over and he drifted off to sleep.

*"Shake it baby," Grant called out, tossing a hand full of one-dollar bills on the stage at The Dollhouse. Cherise, his favorite dancer, was on stage, her back to the audience, shaking her hips as she looked back over his shoulder with a smile. She turned and danced toward him, leaning forward and giving him a premium look at her tits, her long blonde hair falling across her eyes.*

*Grant arched his back and thrust his own breasts back at her, shaking his shoulders from side to side, his own blonde hair falling across his eyes.*

*Cherise giggled and bit her lip, cupping Grant's chin and tilting his head back. "You got an incredible rack," she said.*



*"A rack? Grant looked down to see the swell of cleavage, breasts lifted and pressed together by a corset. He pulled back. "I'm a man," he said, but he had a squeaky little voice like a little girl.*

*Cherise's eyes turned hard and she began to laugh, a hard, cruel laughter edged with shards of glass. "You were never a man," she said. The dances and waitresses surrounded him, pulling his hair, pinching his ass. "Never a man... never a man..." they all chanted, their eyes glowing.*

*Grant screamed and put his hands to his cheeks as tears rolled down his cheeks. "I'm a man..." he whispered. "I'm a man?"*

*He was on stage now, dancing, men throwing money in the air... he felt so powerful, so sexy....*

**TIME REMAINING TO COMPLETE LEVEL: 4:44**

In the morning, Grant sat with his legs crossed while Marlena brushed out his hair. He held his princess mirror, looking at Divinity's pretty face with her big eyes and plump lips. Noemi the AI juiced him with endorphins, so he felt a buzzy sense of pleasure as he looked at the woman he'd become. He turned his head and tilted it to look at it from different angles. He smiled and then stopped, unnerved by how pretty he looked when he smiled. A timer floated above the mirror showing he still had 2:32 to wait until the buffs would kick in. He plucked at a strand of his golden hair and idly twisted it around his fingers. Thinking about pictures he'd seen of girls posing on social media, he puckered his lips and then stopped, appalled at how he looked, glancing to the side to make sure none of the guys had caught him.



Marlena was chattering away as she worked on his hair. Each stroke of the magic brush sent magic sparkles floating in the air around his head while sending chills of pleasure to dance along his skin. "So, that's when my stupid brother decided to run off and ended getting capture by a spider! Of course, they took him to the queen, and my parents had to try and save him and... do you have a boyfriend?"

The men— the other men, he reminded himself, were boasting about their fights, who stabbed who and smashed what. Their deep voices echoed around the room. "I swung straight down,"

Paul said, demonstrating with his hammer. “And crushed the top of the orc’s head as flat as a pancake.”

“I saw that,” Hal said, nodding. He brandished his twin blades, slashing at the air in an x-shape. “I seem to have an instinct for finding weak spots. I hit one twice— once in the chest, once in the gut and he went down like a sack of sand.” He chuckled.

Eric raised a hand, eldritch fire playing along his fingers. “I feel like I have blasters for hands,” he said. “Unleashing death with a thought.”

As the boys went on like that talking about fighting and smashing, Grant sighed. He missed being one of the guys. He’d always been the biggest and strongest, the loudest. He wished he could be over there with the guys right now, bragging about kicking ass, but his character couldn’t fight at all.

“You didn’t answer me,” Marlena said, drawing his attention back to her and his feminine life. She’d fully brushed his hair, and a notification appeared:

**Princess Serrenina Brush.**

**For the next 12 hours character receives the following buffs:**

**+5 Charisma**

**+5 hitpoints**

**Character may cast charm 1 over the next 12 hours.**

“What?” He said. “No. No...” he struggled to say the word. “Boyfriend.” He thought about the tingly feelings he’d been having toward Paul and Hal, and shivered. “I’m not— no.”

“Whhhaaaaaat!” Marlena screeched. She came around where Grant could see her and put her hands on her hips. “You’re too pretty not to have a boyfriend!”

The men all looked over. Grant turned his head away, blushing. “I know the perfect boy for you,” Marlena was saying. “He’s cute and everyone says he’s a great kisser.”

Grant heard the men laughing. He wished he could just crawl into a hole and disappear. When the timer finished, Grant put the mirror back in his inventory.

Notifications appeared.

**You know you’re pretty.**

**For the next 12 hours character receives the following buff:**

**Confidence. All spells +1 Level.**

Grant struggled to stand up, his corset and stiletto heels making what was once a simple task a serious challenge. Seeing him struggle a bit, all three of the men started to move toward him, but Grant held up his soft little hand. “No. Nope. Don’t.”

“Hold still,” he said to Marlana, putting his hand on her shoulder and bracing against her to help him stand. He could feel the men watching him, looking amused. He hated how helpless he was now. How small. How female.

The +5 charisma effect had given him a glow that the men all noticed. Each of them had an even harder time keeping his eyes off of her.

Marlena took his hand. The two of them walked over to the men. “So, wine cellar?”

“Morning drinking is the best kind of drinking,” Hal said.

“What’s morning drinking?” Marlana asked.

“Something you don’t need to worry about.” Grant brushed Marlana’s bangs back from her eyes. The little girl smiled at him.

“There’s still one room between us and the wine cellar,” Eric said. “Let’s proceed with caution.”

Hal checked the doors for traps. “All clear.” He grabbed the iron ring and pulled one of the doors open. They knew from the map that the next room was another long, rectangular room. Unlike the mirror room, it was lined with torches that sputtered to life as the door opened. The room appeared, “Empty?” Hal said.

He crept into the room, checking for traps. The group followed behind. The map showed a door and a set of stairs leading down to the cellar. Hal went to the door, checked for traps, picked the lock. The door swung open and they headed down the stairs.

“Welcome to Spirits Unlimited.” A tall, muscular werewolf stood at the entrance to the wine cellar, leaning against the door frame. Behind him the party could see wooden shelves filled with wine bottles, stored on their sides. A warm light lit the room, though no source could be seen. All four felt thirsty, their bodies suddenly aching for wine.

## **NEW QUEST**

**Acquire Bottle of 20-year-old Everlass Reisling.**

**ALERT: This quest must be completed in order to leave this level.**

“Can we drink it after we get it?” Hal asked.

“No,” Noemi answered in her sultry whisper.

Hal shrugged. There were plenty of other bottles here for drinking. "Good sir, I would like a bottle of Everlass."

"You can purchase any **other** bottle of wine here," the werewolf answered. "But the Everlass is not for sale at any price."

Eric stepped forward. "How do we get Everlass, then? We need it."

"Only I can give out the bottle of Everlass," the werewolf said. "And I will give it to no one ever." As he spoke, his eyes fell on Grant. He looked the pretty little elf girl up and down.

As the elf looked him over, Grant rolled his eyes. Great. Another perv. He noticed the others all looking at him, nodding their heads between him and the wolf. "What?" Then, he realized what they were suggesting. "No. No." He backed up.

"Let's huddle up at the top of the stairs," Eric suggested. The group followed him up.

'No.... No... No," Grant said.

"You have that charm spell," Eric said, "plus you're hot as hell. You can talk him into it."

"It's too... too... no." Grant recoiled the thought of flirting with a man. "The answer is no."

"We can't get off this level unless you do it," Hal said.

"Take one for the team," Paul chimed in.

"Do you want to be stuck like that?" Eric chimed in.

Grant sighed. "I'm going to sue them so hard." He tugged at the top of his corset, tossed his hair back over his shoulders. "I don't know how to do this from the girl side of things."

"Just remember how girls used to flirt with you and do that," Paul said.

"Yeah," Hal said. "You know. Giggle. Smile. Play with your hair. Maybe..."

Grant slit his eyes and barred his teeth. Hal shut up.

"Wait up here," Grant said to Marlana.

"Okay," she said. She was hopping up and down. "This is so exciting. He's cute!"

Grant turned and headed back down the stairs, heels clicking. The guys waited a couple beats and then crowded at the top of the stairs and watching, grinning.

The werewolf once again let his eyes roam up and down Grant's soft little body. Grant sensed the man was mentally undressing him. It shocked him to have a man just brazenly looking at him like that, appraising him like he was cattle, but he hid his discomfort behind a bright smile.

"Hey, beautiful," the werewolf said. His eyes dropped from Grant's face to his cleavage. "What's your name?" He smiled, showing his fangs. He had dark hair and dark eyes.

Grant kept the fake smile plastered to his face. It looked so forced it was unnatural, almost like he was in tremendous pain. He almost answered *Grant*, but then he remembered his character name. "Divinity," he said. He tried to giggle the way girls did when they were flirting. It sounded more like he was about to be sick. "What, er, is your name?"

The werewolf felt confused by Grant's weird behavior, and it showed on his face. "My name is Danger. Are you okay?"

"I, um, well..." His voice grew even higher pitched and strained as he forced himself to say words he didn't want to say. "I find you to be an attractive, er, male."

"Rawr?" Danger said, turning his head to the side.

"Charm spell," Eric whispered from the top of the stairs.

Grant had forgotten about the charm spell. He cast it now, even as he did his mind flooded with new knowledge, even as sparkling spell dust swirled around Danger. Grant lifted his little round shoulders and arched his back, pushing his chest out. He put one finger to his lips and now in sultry whisper he said, "You're so big and strong." He put this other hand on Danger's bicep and squeezed.

Watching from the top of the stairs, the crew could all see how Grant's body language had suddenly become more feminine, more seductive. "The charm spell not only effects the target," Eric said, speaking out loud, observing the change. "It's making Divinity more charming."

"Charm is one word for it," Paul said.

"Don't be rude," Marlana said.

Back down at the wine cellar, things heated up.

"I work out," Danger said, moving closer, brushing Grant's hair away from his face. "You're gorgeous," he said, staring into Grant's eyes. In fact, thanks to the spell, Grant was now the most desirable woman he'd ever seen by far.



Grant giggled, and this time it wasn't forced at all. He looked down and to the side and then back up. He bit his lip. He put his hand on Danger's chest now, digging his fingers into the man's thick body hair. "I wonder if you could do me a favor?"

"Just ask."

"I really need that bottle of Everlass. Can you let me have it?" Grant batted his eyelashes.

"Pretty please? You'd be my hero."

"Well, babe, I might be able to part with that bottle, but I'd like a little something in return."

“Oh?” Grant let his fingers glide down Danger’s sternum and to his belly. The werewolf’s fur was soft and silky. As they flirted, the werewolf began to give off a musky smell, a deep, earthy smell. Grant felt light-headed. His body ached.

“A kiss.” Danger now cupped Grant’s cheek and tilted his head back.

Grant panicked. The real Grant beneath the spell. Me? Kiss a guy? A werewolf guy? Oh, shit. Danger moved his face closer... Grant’s heart raced. Butterflies danced in his stomach. As much as he wanted to scream and push Danger away, he knew they needed the Everlass. He closed his eyes. Take one for the team, he thought, repeating Paul’s line in his head. He felt Danger’s hot breath before he felt the bristly cheeks and the surprisingly soft lips press against his. Danger’s mouth tasted like wine, sweet wine, and Grant felt himself swoon as the passion of that kiss shook him to his core.

Madison and Kim, who’d returned from their time off, smiled as they jacked every pleasure receptor in Grant’s body to the max. Kim bit her lip, enjoying the sight of Grant getting kissed silly. “I believe we can, over time, make him boy crazy,” Kim said.

“In the name of his rehabilitation, of course,” Madison said.

“In the name of science.”

The intense pleasure scared Grant, who tried to push the man away, but Danger pulled Grant tighter, keeping the kiss going, pressing his body against the little elf girl. Grant had never felt so small and so powerless in another’s arms, and on top of the terror he felt at the intense feminine pleasures popping off in his mind, he felt a surge of confusion because, that feeling of being small and helpless?

He liked it.

The kiss ended. Grant’s knees had gone weak, and he would have fallen but Danger held him up. Grant squeezed the man’s arm in gratitude. Shaken, confused, blushing, he stepped away, leaning against the wall for support. He glanced back at Danger to see the were-wolf grinning, his teeth gleaming. “You’re a great kisser,” Danger said.

Grant fanned himself. He was so hot and thirsty.

“Okay.... Okay... okay...” Hal said coming down the stairs, followed by the others. “So, that wine, please?”

The bottle appeared in Danger’s hands. It was dusty, green glass with a label that read “Everlass” in medieval script. Hal reached for it, but Danger handed it to Grant. “This prize belongs to the fair maiden.”

Grant accepted it with a giggle and a toss of his hair.

"Now that we've settled that, do you have any regular wine for sale?" Paul said. "I'm partial to Burgundy."

Danger smiled. "Come in. Come in. I have the best wine selection in all the realms."

"Do you get a lot of customers down here?" Hal said. "This being a dungeon full of orcs and rats and spiders and all?"

"I love sarcastic people," Danger said. "They taste good with ketchup."

Danger turned out to be a convivial host, making recommendations, telling stories and even opening up a free bottle for them all to share and sample in addition to laying out a platter of exquisite cheeses. Grant had lingered at the hall door for some time, trying to compose himself. Eventually, his chest stopped heaving and his cheeks stopped burning. He pulled out his mirror and checked his face, quickly ran the brush through his hair and then headed into the cellar.

"Fair lady," Danger said. "I have the perfect bottle for you."

Grant giggled. He couldn't seem to help it. He didn't realize it, but he was crushing bad on the were wolf. As a man, he'd been attracted to certain women, but the feeling of being attracted was all different now as a woman. He didn't understand what he was feeling. Danger seemed like tall, handsome scoop of yummy.

As Danger put a hand on the small of Grant's back and guided him toward a rack at the back of the cellar, Eric stopped munching on cheese and leaned in. "I think we better move on before Wolfie there gets any friendlier with our fair maiden."

The other two looked over to see Danger had now slipped his arm around Grant's waist and was whispering in his ear. Grant took a sip from a small glass Danger had given him. Eric saw magic sparkles swirl around Grant.

"Did you see that?" He asked the others.

"No," Hal said. Paul shook his head.

"What?" Marlena asked.

"Magic," Eric said. "I think he gave her a magic potion." He clicked on Grant and saw the other was now **Mind Controlled**.

Danger whispered to Grant some more. He steered the little female back toward the group. Grant smiled. "I have decided to remain here with Danger," he announced.

"Indeed. This little one has stolen my heart," Danger said. He leaned down and kissed Grant. "We are in love."

Marlena growled.

Eric raised his hands and magic energy flashed. "I saw you cast a spell on her," he said. "She's coming with us."

"A spell? I'm offended. Darling, tell them."

Grant clung to Danger. "I'm madly in love," he said in a breathless voice. "Danger is my soul mate. He's my destiny."

Danger pulled Grant closer. He showed his teeth and growled. "The female belongs to me."

Paul raised his hammer. Hal pulled out his flashing blades. Eric let the fire dance around his fingers. "There are three of us," Eric said. "And only one of you."

"Two of us," Grant said, slitting his eyes in feminine fury. His blade appeared in his little hand, not that anyone felt in the least bit threatened by it.

"The female desires to be my mate," Danger said. "You have no right to interfere."

"You used a potion on her," Marlena growled.

"You can't win," Hal said. "We still have you outnumbered."

"Not for long." Danger howled, and they heard a howl in response, then another, and another. "My pack. Werewolves and Wargs. We'll tear to pieces."

"You can't take my friend!" Marlena shouted as she launched herself onto Grant, biting him on the neck.

"Grab her!" Eric shouted at Paul.

"Which her?" Paul asked.

"Both of her!"

Paul pulled Marlena off Danger and grabbed Grant around the waist, lifting him off his feet. Grant, who'd been about to heal Danger, screamed and started kicking and squirming. "Let go of me! Let go!" He let out a shrill scream.

Eric's magic missile slammed into Danger's shoulder sending the wolf spinning and slamming into a wine rack, bottles shattering and falling, blood red wine spilling on the stone floor.

Hal grabbed as many bottles of wine as he could and threw them into his inventory as he followed the others out the door. Eric had run back up the stairs, he started to go left, but the howls seemed to be coming from that direction, so he turned back to the right. He was pretty sure they could get to the spider tunnels that way.

The howls grew louder and closer. He heard claws scraping across the stone. "They're getting closer!" He heard Marlena scream.

A couple crossbow bolts whizzed by his ears. He heard Hal shout in pain. He looked back, but Hal was still running, gesturing "go go..." the hallway behind Hal was packed with werewolves and wargs. There must have been dozens. "Shit." Eric cursed.

Grant saw the ragged opening of a tunnel up ahead with stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Unlike the hallways, this had the look of a natural cavern. It was also narrower than the hallway, making it a better place to make a stand. Eric's feet skidded as he made the sudden turn into the tunnel. The party followed behind. They turned now, backing slowly away, preparing to fight. The wolves ran up to the edge of the tunnel and—stopped. Danger stood at the head of the pack. He sniffed the air and howled. The pack retreated.

Eric looked behind himself, half expecting to see some terrible monster, but he saw nothing.

"No!" Grant screamed, reaching toward the now empty space where Danger had been. "No! I love him!" Tears now poured freely down his cheeks as he once more summoned his dagger from his inventory and stabbed it into Paul's arm.

"Ow!"

"Hold her still," Grant said. "She's been mind controlled. I have a spell I think will help." Paul pinned Grant's arms behind him and lifted off his feet.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Grant cried, overcome with grief at the loss of his man. Tears poured down his cheeks and he felt cold, empty. He needed Danger. He couldn't live without his man. He spoke those very words. "I need him. I need him. He completes me!"



Eric cast **Dispel Magic**.

Grant's mouth dropped open. He gulped. "What the hell just happened?" He asked, his passion now replaced by all-consuming shame and what he'd just been feeling.

"I think you just had the hots for that werewolf dude," Hal said. "You looked like you wanted to jump his bones."

Paul set Grant down. He chuckled. "You actually screamed "he completes me."

“What? No. That’s such bullshit,” Grant said. He remembered clearly having the hots for the werewolf, though that feeling had vanished with the spell. He didn’t want to admit to what he’d felt—not to himself and not to anyone else.

“You were under a mind control spell,” Eric explained. “Danger Wolf was in your head making you think what he wanted you to think.”

“See?” Grant said, brushing his hair back. “I’m not into men at all.” Yet, he remembered the kiss, and he remembered how good it had felt. He shoved the memory away, his sense of self threatened, morphing with new feelings and information.

“It was the spell that turned her into a sex-crazed bimbo,” Hal said. “Got it.” He waited a beat and then added, “can someone teach me that spell?”

“I swear to God,” Grant said.

“Any chance you can heal me real quick?” Paul said. “Seeing as you’re the one who stabbed me?”

Grant lay his hands on Paul.

Marlena came up beside him. “It’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” she said. “He was really cute.”

“I’m not into...” Grant started but bit his tongue. There was no reason to get snippy with the little girl. “Thank you,” he said, patting Marlena on the head.

“Where are we?” Paul asked, peering into the darkness of the tunnel. The map appeared, floating above them.

Their location glowed on the map. It was the beginning of the tunnels that would lead to the spider queen’s lair and the chance to rescue Marlena’s family.

“I could really use a glass of wine about now,” Grant said.

“We should really move on, the time...” Before Eric could even finish, bottles of wine popped into the hands of Paul and Hal.

“I agree with the fair maiden,” Hal said.

“But the...”

“The plan all along was to have a little wine. The thing with the wolf was a mere speed bump.”

“Half the reason I came into this thing was because they told be there’d be booze,” Paul said.

‘Me, too,” Grant said.

“You came for the booze, but you got you some boobs,” Hal said.

“Just give me a bottle.” Grant held out his soft little hand. He wanted to drink away the memory of what just happened, as well as the taste of Danger that still lingered on his lips.

“White or red?”

“Anything,” Grant said. “Now.”

Eric looked at the timer and sighed. **3:31 to Complete Level 1 and receive bonus.**

He didn’t think they would be able to beat the level in the allotted 12 hours. There was nothing for it. He decided not to drink. Someone needed to be clear headed in case wandering monsters showed up.

Madison sighed. “Criminals,” she said. “They struggle with deferred gratification.”

Kim smiled. “We’re going to make them better.” She was quite interested to see what might happen when Grant got tipsy and lost his inhibitions, especially now that they’d lit him up as he’d been kissing the wolf.

**Bonus**

