

Raiders of Moonfall

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All characters appearing in this story are over the age of 18. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to real people or situations is coincidental.

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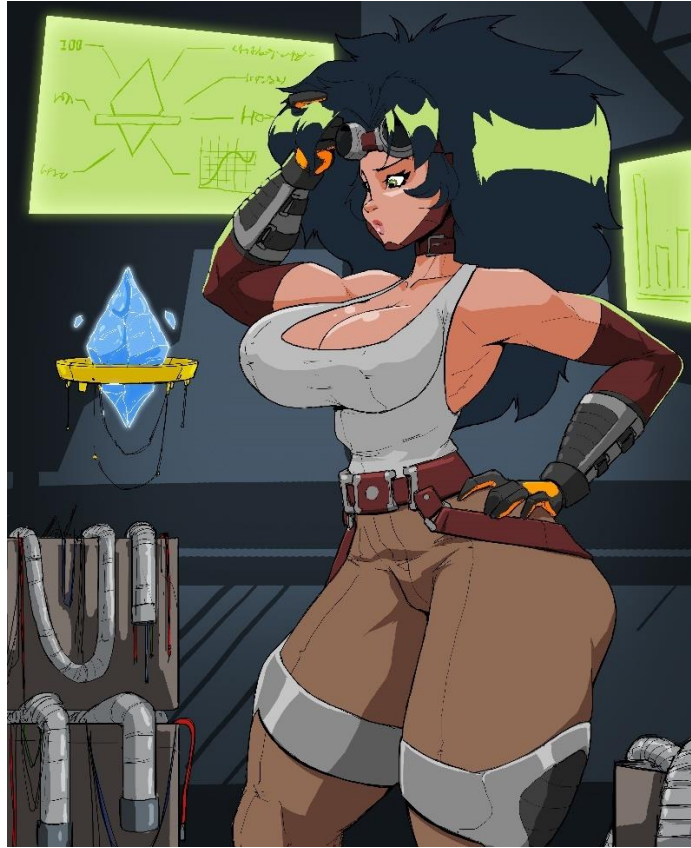
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The Tower



You sometimes wonder what the world was like before the Moonfall.

Before the Pale Goddess, one of the world's twin moons, was shattered, some say by the magics of the Ancients themselves.

If so, they got what they deserved, considering the rain of magic infused fragments pelted their once glorious civilization to smithereens, leveling cities, cracking continents, and killing millions.

And that wasn't even the worst part!

No, the worst (so the sages say) came shortly after, when the fallen moonstones started affecting the mortals who survived. Most became the Pale, their nature twisted by the fragmented power of the moonstones, their bodies turned to new forms and shapes. Males becoming little more than unthinking monsters. Women... Well, the Moon Witches had to come from somewhere.

In fact, the only ones who survived uncorrupted were those in the remote areas where the Moonfall was light, or on islands along the coast where the stones didn't fall, or where they did but survivors were able to dump the rubble and purify the area.

Ah, the enclaves. How you miss them. You can't wait to get back and enjoy some well earned rest and relaxation.

But first, the earning part.

A sudden bucking of the deck nearly knocks you free. You grab some ropes, and are given a sudden perilous view of the long drop down to the ruins below. A brass-coloured domed structure of an Ancient research facility surrounded by crooked pillars, many fallen down, most half obscured by jungle and greenery. It rises out of the thin fog which coats the entire Misty Continent, a side-effect of the sheer amount of moonstone down there, leaking the Pale's corruptive magics into the air.

"Careful, Zaid!" Jezza calls over the hum of the little airship's engines. "You'll be down there soon enough. No sense in flinging yourself off! Unless you found a relic that lets you fly."

"Har har," you say, pulling yourself back from the terrible edge.

Jezza cackles at you from the wheel, hauling on gauges and manipulating the controls. A helmet with goggles half covers her long black hair. She's dressed for the weather, you'll give her that. Only a pair of boots, shorts held up by a belt of tools, and a tight bra around her ample chest. A leather delver jacket lined for the higher altitudes hangs off her shoulders, though she's technically the pilot. But considering you've partnered with her for two years now, you don't hold it against her.

You glance back from her and to the Ancient ruin below. Their builders may all be gone or mutated centuries ago, but their relics are highly prized. Especially power cells. One no bigger than your thumb burns even now in the engine of the airship, fueling the humming propellers as Jezza makes minute adjustments, bringing you over the hole in the old ruin below. But the enclaves always need more. And pay well for them, along with any other artifacts found.

The little airship is named the *Kettle*, and certainly makes your job as a delver easier. Without it, you'd be left only investigating ruins along the shoreline, and those have been picked through long ago. And going overland is just asking to meet feral Pale. Or worse, Witches.

"How did you find this place anyway?" you ask as you look down at the tower.

"Got my hands on a map," she says.

"From where?"

"Wow! You're just full of questions today," Jezza replied airily as she makes a few more adjustments to various pressure pumps and gauges of the small airship, bringing the craft to a hovering halt over the dome. "But no time for that! We're in place. Now," she adds, spinning about, hands on her hips, plump breasts pushing out the tight strap that confines them. She grins, revealing a small gap between her teeth. "What we're looking for is a power cell. Big one too. It should still be running in this tower. Got it?"

"I got it. I got it," you say, stepping into the loop that dangles over the pit. You grasp part of the cable and nod to her. "Lower away!"

"Alright!" Jezza bangs a control lever. "Let's delve, baby. Delve!"

The winch grinds, lowering you from the hovering ship and into the coppery ruins.

You slip through the huge crack in the roof and into the chamber below. Rubble forms a slope from the breach, and dust puffs beneath your boots as you dismount lightly, your sword drawn, burster

rifle slung across your back. The room you stand in is domed, the dust of ages on the floor. The chamber is picked fairly clean, though you notice what appears to be some shelves against the wall sporting some dusty brass-coloured relics. But no power cell.

Place seems deserted at any rate, but you're not banking on that. Many Pale make their homes in places like these, drawn to the energy of power cells or moonstone. And you'd best be very careful. If you're lucky, it'll only be a male Pale. Brutish, strong, but generally dumb as a sack of rocks at best.

Females however are a different story. No one is quite sure why, though some say it's because the moon was a goddess. Whatever the reason, female Pale adore unchanged males. They delight in corrupting them however they can, and often have much higher intelligence.

The radio in your hat pops and crackles as Jezza activates it. *"Got anything yet?"*

"Main chamber seems pretty trashed," you say as you make your way through it. "Looks like something crashed through the ceiling then through the floor. I see... one door leading deeper, and the hole going down. Only entrances."

"What's the plan?"

[Go Through the Floor](#)

[Go Through the Door](#)

Go Through the Door

"I think I'll try getting through that door," you say.

"Careful now," Jezza says.

"When am I not?" you ask.

"I do have a list. Want me to read through your greatest hits?"

"Save it until I'm back aboard," you say as you reach the door in question.

It's pretty big, and pretty old, but as you press an ear against it, you can hear the subtle hum of machinery beyond it. Hmm... Stepping back, your eyes peruse it up and down. Pretty secure, but you've busted into similar vaults before. Reminds you of the one in that old ship. Oof. That had been a nightmare. You look at the wall. Let's see... should be around here... You brush your hand over the wall until you feel the dust-caked sigil beneath. Ah, there it is. You whip out a knife and fit it into the panel, wrenching it open with a pop. Some cables lie within, disconnected from a rune. Let's see... this one, and this one... and... Aha.

The rune lights up a bright blue and you slap it. With a hiss, the doors slide open, revealing the interior.

The dim light of your lamp illuminates the room, washing over strange mechanisms that fill the walls and space. Gears and veins of glowing light. Pistols hissing and struggling. Brassy metal gleams everywhere, worked in rounded patterns, though all of it appears to be gripped by foliage, gumming up gears and mechanical works. You cast your lamp about, and then it lands in the middle of the room.

Oh ho ho. Jackpot!

You grin at the sight of the pedestal, rising from both the floor and ceiling. In the middle of a runic mechanism is the power cell. It's huge, as big as a dinner plate, and glows with script that is a mystery to sages even today. It hums as it rotates softly, feeding power into the mechanism that runs the tower, though failing to do anything thanks to the vines.

"Found something?" Jezza asks.

"Sure did. Looks like I found your power cell."

"Fantastic! Nab it!"

"Don't need to tell me twice," you say, moving into the room.

But you're no fool. Your light flicks across the interior, searching for any menace as you approach the cell. As you get closer, you realize the plant isn't just gumming up the works. The thing seems almost... plugged into the pedestal somehow. Vines stuff broken pipes, and now and then bulge like they're drinking from them.

Mm. You feel a little guilty, but given the plant is stealing from the Ancients just like you will be, you don't feel too bad. Stopping before the power cell, you fit your lamp between your teeth and carefully reach out, grasping the cell. It continues to hum even as you yank it out of its moorings.

Blue electricity crackles, spitting for a moment before the humming fades. You grin, taking the lamp from between your teeth.

"Got it?" Jezza asks.

"Sure do," you say, bouncing the cell in your hand before stashing it into your satchel. "I'll take a deeper look around, but I think..."

The slithering sound causes you to trail off. You turn slowly, dread sinking into your stomach. Vines have dipped from the ceiling, along with a massive bulb. The petals slowly open like a monstrous maw, and your horror redoubles as it reveals thick, dripping sap and dozens of writhing feelers.

That's not good.

[Run For the Exit](#)

[Open Fire](#)

Open Fire

You whip your rifle off your back and open fire. Rounds of crimson light punch through the leaves of the monster, and it lets out a shriek of anger and pain. Aha! So it can be hurt.

But hurt and killed are very different things. And even as you rip holes out of the leaves, the vines lash for you. You yelp, dodging the first, dancing over a whipping second, but the third lash of the swinging vines crashes into your chest. You gasp out, thrown hard against the wall. Gods! It feels like your ribs were crushed.

And maybe they were, because you can only struggle for breath as the vines slither after you, hooking around your legs. You try and pull free, but your pathetically feeble efforts buy you nothing as the vines drag you towards the floral horror. You're lifted up towards the bulb which opens wide, sap oozing onto you, hissing and burning where it touches your skin.

"N-nooooo," you manage, a weak final cry before the petal of the flower close, sealing you inside where you'll be slowly melted to feed the monster, not even your bones left to warn others who dare delve into the forsaken vault.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Run for the Exit

You look between the reaching vines at the open door. Alright, time to book it! Before more of the groping greenery can descend, you dash towards the yawning exit.

Instantly vines twist and lash for you, but you dodge the first few, throwing yourself into a frantic roll as several more whip in the air inches over your head. You bound back to your feet, just clearing the doorway when something nabs your ankle.

"Gah!" you cry out, thrown flat onto the floor. You look back in surprise to see one of the vines has managed to hook your leg. Looking up, you see the glowing door rune and you desperately reach up for it, even as the vine starts dragging you back.

"No no no no no!" you cry the tip of your finger just managing to hit the rune.

With a mechanical whirr the doors slam shut, scything through the vine in a sudden motion. The severed end flails about like a snake, a trilling wail of pain echoing through the door even as you kick the dying vine free and scramble back to your feet.

"Zaid! What's going on down there?" Jezza cries.

"Just... just doing some weeding," you manage to gasp, right before the door shudders under a heavy blow. "But uh, better start the engine," you say, retreating quickly.

"Huh?"

Another bang comes from the door, the ancient brass metal buckling.

"Start the engine. Start the engine!" you cry, turning about and racing for the rope. You hear the airship overhead rumble to life just as you grab the cable, hooking your foot in the loop and giving the rope a frantic tug.

The doors give way with a crash, vines twisting free and slithering for you. The rope vibrates as you're suddenly hauled up through the hole in the ceiling, the vines snatching for you like the tentacles of some sea monster. You draw your sword with your free hand, frantically fending them off with wild swings before you burst through the hole like a cork from a bottle, dragged through the air as Jezza's airship starts speeding through the sky.

You sag, gasping in relief as the cable runs up through the belly of the gondola. You step free onto the deck, shoving the lever to seal the hole with a clank.

"You okay?" Jezza calls from the wheel, giving you a worried look over her shoulder.

"Yeah," you pant, collapsing onto the floor as you try and calm your thudding heart. But you grin, digging into your pocket and pulling forth the disk you nabbed, lifting it into the air so she might see its glow. "Very okay."

Jezza's eyes light up and she kicks the wheel into autopilot, easing back the throttle so the little airship cruises at a more sedate pace. She hurries to your side and grabs the relic, her eyes shining with excitement.

"By the goddess," she breathes, groping for one of the many pouches on her belt. She manages to fumble one open and pulls out a small notebook. "This is it!"

You lean over her, glancing down at the page she's holding. There's a bunch of tight writing and some Ancient script, but in the middle is a model of the thing you wrenched out of the tower. "Great!" you say. "What is it, though?"

"Our future!" she cries. "And it's all thanks to you!"

Before you can say more, she's thrown her arms around you and kissed you hard. Your eyebrows shoot up at this sudden display of affection, though not exactly unheard of with Jezza. She's made no secret she has a thing for you.

[Kiss Her Back](#)

[Push Her Back](#)

Push Her Back

You take Jezza's shoulders and ease her back. "Slow down there, hot stuff. You still haven't told me what's so special about that power cell."

She smirks easing back and tucking away the book back in her pouch. "Only that it's the biggest prize ever plucked from an Ancient ruin! At least, until we get to step two."

"Step two?" you say, your eyes glued to her ass as she bends over and reverently places the power cell into a nearby chest, shutting it with a click.

"Yep!" she says, glancing over her shoulder and giving her rear a teasing sway. "Step two. Which involves using this to get the real prize!"

"And what's the real prize?"

"I dunno!"

"You don't?"

"Nope," she says, grinning as she sits on the chest, legs crossed coyly. "But whatever is in the Heaven's Gate has gotta be worth it."

Your eyes shoot wide open. "Then Heaven's Gate?"

Jezza giggles. "Thought that'd get your attention," she says smugly. "And that's right! This baby's gonna open up the vault of vaults!"

You let out a low whistle. Every delver has dreamed about the Heaven's Gate. No one's sure what's inside, but it's one of the few Ancient sites to have survived the Moonfall relatively intact. A literal treasure trove of artifacts awaits behind that door, so it's said. Only problem was, no one knew how to open it.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. Another problem was it was in the Misty Valley, better known as the densest region of moonstone and Pale corruption on the continent. Needless to say, few ever came near it, let alone figured out how to unlock it.

"And that thing opens the doors?" you ask.

"So it seems," Jezza says with a cocky grin. "Paydirt, eh?"

"I'll say," you note, but know only too well it'll be a nightmare getting there, let alone getting the door open. But the reward would be well worth the risk...

[Enter the Enclave](#)

Go Through the Floor

"I'll take a look deeper," you say, moving to the hole.

"Careful down there!"

"When am I not?" you say, peering through the gap. A chunk of the floor had been knocked down, forming a crude ramp. Picking out a glow lamp, you flick it on and carefully descend.

The ramp stretches down into the gloom, your beam of light illuminating the interior, flashing off scattered ruins. You click your tongue at the sight of broken brass. Damn. Whatever took out the floor seems to have trashed most of the things down here. Broken machinery sprawls everywhere, some still faintly clicking or trying to move even after centuries of neglect. The Ancients certainly knew how to build to last, you'll say that much.

You step down onto the floor, casting your lamp over the machinery in the walls, and as you do, you feel a subtle... pressure in the air. Like stepping from a cold room into a hot room, yet it feels strangely...

Oily.

A pulse thrums against your back and you stiffen instantly, then slowly turn.

Oh no.

You've found what caved in the roof and part of the floor.

A moonstone.

Your heart quickens at the sight of the pale stone as it drinks in the light of your flashlight, pulsing in the gloom. Huge. Bigger than you, it throbs like with some dim heartbeat. By the golden goddess. It's... it's...

Beautiful...

You shake your head forcibly, yet a humming sound now fills the air. You know this. The Song of the Moon is a siren thing, enticing the unwary to come nearer. And so it calls to you. You feel the yearning to go closer to the pulsing stone. Like a physical force pulling you towards it.

Come to me, it seems to say.

Come.

I will make you feel good.

I will make you strong.

Come to me.

Come.

You realize you've taken a step towards the stone and force yourself to stop, yet you hesitate. Every instinct warns you away. Every lesson and warning you learned as a delver stands directly before you.

And yet.

And yet...

[Go Closer](#)

[Get Out](#)

Get Out

You stumble back, shaking your head furiously to try and dispel the Song. Still it hums in your head, the glow pulsing brighter. You feel an almost physical need to touch the stone but manage to stagger back onto the ramp, fairly running back up it.

You break back into the upper chamber with a gasp, grabbing your knees as you breathe in and out in quick, panting breaths.

Gods.

Gods, that was close.

"Zaid? You okay?"

"I'm... I'm fine," you say, straightening forcibly and shaking your head. The song no longer hums in you, the buzzing fading once you're out of the moonstone's glow. "I found what made the breach. Moonstone. Got lodged in the basement."

"Goddess! You didn't touch it, did you?"

"No. No, I'm clean."

You hear Jezza sigh in relief. *"Good. That's good. But did you see the power cell?"*

"If it was down there, it's been smashed to pieces," you inform her.

"Fuck!"

"Calm down now," you say, turning towards the sealed door. "There's still one place left to check..."

[Go Through the Door](#)

Kiss Her Back

Your hands grasp Jezze's plush hips, pulling her close as you deepen the kiss. She moans, her arms tightening around your neck, her plush breasts rubbing against you as she practically tries to mount you right there.

You grin, easing her back until she's sitting on a nearby chest. "You're... really happy to get this thing, huh?" you ask heatedly.

"Mhmm. You have no idea," she pants, cheeks flushed and eyes simmering with desire.

"You could show me," you suggest.

Her eyes spark. "Now there's an idea," she purrs, setting down book and power cell before yanking off the strap that hides her breasts.

Your eyes flash at the sight of her plump tits wobbling into the open. Firm, plush, her nipples hardened nubs in the chill air washing through the gondola. But that's far from all, because then she gets up, turns around, and bends over. With a click her belt opens, and then her pants go down, revealing the plush, heart-shaped curviness of her perfect ass.

"Goddess," you growl at the sight.

"Well what are you waiting for?" Jezza asks, grasping the chest as she pushes out her rear, wagging it teasingly. "I'm ready, hot stuff."

"Sounds like a plan," you say, eagerly undoing your pants. Your cock fairly springs into the open, already half hard. You move to the flirty pilot, leaning over her and wrapping your arms around her. Jezza moans as your palms are filled with her plump teats. She gasps in delight as you kiss the back of her neck, rubbing your cock between her thighs, getting yourself quickly to full hardness as you appreciate the soft globes of her tits. Bouncing. Molding. Admiring those perfect, plump orbs until she's a wriggling mess beneath you.

"Ohhhh fuuuuuck," she moans, grinding back against you, her breasts squeezed in your hands and sensitive nipples pinched. "Fucking hell... ah... best treasures you've... you've gotten your hands on tonight, huh?"

"Damn right," you growl, nipping her ear, making her squeak and jump under you.

"Nnn! Naughty."

"I'll show you naughty," you breathe, drawing back, aligning your cock with her slick pussy, and then sliding home.

"Ohhhhh!" Jezza moans, tightening deliciously around you, shuddering in ecstasy beneath you. You groan as her pussy squeezes your cock. A gloriously tight, silky vice of pleasure. Panting hard and fast, you start to saw into her, spanking her, every thrust rocking her against the chest.

“Ah. Ha! Ah!” Jezza gasps. “Oh. Oh Zaiiiid! Just nnn! Just like that. Oh... Oh f-fuck yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like nnn! Like that. Faster. Harder! Spear me with that fucking cock!”

Wow! She really wants it tonight. And you’ll be damned if you waste the chance. Hands tightening on her breasts, you plow her onto the chest, the slap of flesh on flesh filling the airship as you rut the gorgeous pilot, the tightness of her pussy milking you until you’re breathing hard and fast, your hands pumping her bouncing breasts as she wriggles and moans beneath you.

“Nnn! Z-Zaid! Oh goddess, Zaid. I... I’m gonna... I... Ohhhhhh!”

She tightens suddenly, her pussy squeezing you with the high of her orgasm. You groan, clutching her tight to your chest, your own orgasm rushing through you. Your muscles flex with every pulse of your cock, emptying yourself in her milking cunt.

Only when you feel thoroughly sated do you release her, flopping back and plopping down on a nearby crate.

“Fuck,” you gasp. “That was good.”

“Mmm. Nothing like risking your life for a nice bit of tail, eh?” Jezza says, tugging up her pants before giving her bottom a teasing spank.

“I hope I did it for more than that, as wonderful as that tail is,” you note, doing up your own pants before glancing again at the power cell. “So what is so special about that anyway?”

Jezza smirks, picking up her treasure and impishly tossing it up and down. “Well, it’s just the biggest prize ever plucked from an Ancient ruin! At least, until we get to step two.”

“Step two?” you say, your eyes glued to her ass as she bends over and reverently places the power cell into the chest you’d just fucked her on, shutting it with a click.

“Yep!” she says, straightening with one hand on a cocked hip, a mischievous grin on her lovely face. “Step two. Which involves using this to get the real prize!”

“And what’s the real prize?”

“I dunno!”

“You don’t?”

“Nope,” she says as she sits on the chest, legs crossed coyly. “But whatever is in the Heaven’s Gate has gotta be worth it.”

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[Enter the Enclave](#)

Go Closer

The call of the stone compels your attention. And besides, it'd be... just be for a second. Just to get closer.

Get a better look.

A better look at its beautiful shimmer.

Your feet shuffle through the dust as you approach the pulsing stone. You're so close now. The moonstone fills your view. You can almost see a shape in its soft glow. A female one. Unbearably lovely. Unspeakably beautiful. Pale and ghostly, her naked figure seems to resolve out of the light, her arms open. Her breasts are large and plump. Her hair a cascade of silver. Her face gorgeous and smiling radiantly.

"My love," she moans.

You gaze up at her in ecstasy, trembling, overcome by her divine glory. Her arms welcome you, reaching out, her gentle hands caressing your cheeks.

The touch tingles in your hand and you shudder in delight. Warmth seeps through you, a staticky feeling that makes your every nerve zing with awareness of her.

"I've waited so long," she murmurs.

"My goddess," you breathe.

She smiles and kisses you. You groan, shuddering as energy surges through you like you've kissed a live cable. Your cock throbs and your body feels stronger than you've ever felt before.

Her kiss deepens with you. She pulls you closer. You're panting, your head pounding like a piston.

"Love me," she moans. "Love me, mortal. Adore me."

You do.

By the goddess you do.

You dip your head, licking her breast, kissing those perfect soft orbs, moaning as your tongue glides along her pale skin, feeling the tingle on your tongue. Your clothes creak around your body. So tight. Restricting. You need freedom. Freedom to adore. To worship. To show your goddess how much you need her.

Your hands leave her hips, tear your jacket, pants, and shirt to shreds. You arch above her, groaning as your clothes fall away to scraps of nothing. Your chest heaves, your muscles bulging.

"Worship your goddess!" she cries, pulling your mouth back to hers.

You kiss her. Hard. Groaning as you feel her hand on your cock, slowly pumping you as you feverishly kiss her. Your manhood throbs in her grasp. Pulsing with virility. Your whole body does. Your

head swims. Swirls. All you can think of is her. How beautiful she is. How gorgeous. How perfect. The goddess. You must love her. Adore her!

She pushes you down gently. You fall to your knees, enraptured by the vision of her. Her glory. Her beauty.

You find yourself before her naked mound, her arousal gleaming like silver from her lush pussy. You inhale, the scent of her divine womanhood making you swoon. You lean forward, grasping her hips, your tongue running up her glorious pussy.

Oh.

Oh goddess.

You whimper with joy. With bliss! The taste sings on your tongue. Soaks your tastebuds and runs down your throat.

Her hands come down, resting on your head. "Good boy," she coos, stroking your hair, her hips gently rocking, riding the worshipping strokes of your tongue. "Good boy. You please your goddess. Lick, my slave. Lick, my servant. I shall make you new. I shall make you mine. Worship at my altar, my creature. Adore me. Love me. Love your goddess."

You whimper in happiness, pushing forward, feeling your tongue extend, writhe in the sweetness of the goddess. More of her juices spill onto your tongue. Down your face. Oh goddess. Oh goddess, she's so good. So perfect. You need more. So much more.

"Yes," she gasps, her radiant presence pulsing with ethereal white light, her hands tightening in your hair as your body grows hot as fire. "Yes! Worship me! Your tongue must be longer to please your goddess. Your body stronger! She desires it. Obey me! Become mine!"

You feel your tongue lengthen. Swirling in her. Your hands practically lift her, but she always seems larger than you. Stronger. More powerful. More glorious! With every lap of your tongue she becomes bigger, her light enfolding you. Infusing you! Every fiber is touched. Manipulated. Instilled with her glorious light!

She towers over you, now forced to kneel to keep letting you adore her. A divine giantess. A blessed glory! You whimper and pant and moan, but can feel her getting close. Can taste it. Your whole body is buzzing. Your eyes are rolling back. Your head is filled with her light, burning away what you were. What you once knew. You are hers now. Her pet. Her beast. Her creature. You obey. You serve. You adore. Mistress. Oh goddess. Oh goddess!

"Touch yourself!" she declares, her voice thrumming through you. "Touch yourself and know my pleasure! Know the joy of servicing your goddess!"

You obey, a pathetic animal whine escaping you as your hand grasps your impossibly sensitive cock. Your length is massive. A pole of virility. Your balls throb, heavy with seed as you pump yourself in desperate motions.

"Yes!" your goddess cries, her head thrown back, her hair splaying out in a halo of blazing light. "Yes! Stroke yourself. Cum for me, beast. Cum for your goddess! Cum out your humanity. Cum your mind

away! Cum out everything! Fill yourself with my light. Fill yourself with my glory! Yes. Yes! Mine! Become mine! My beast! My brute! My... my... slaaaaaave!”

Her final cry rings in your ears. Her orgasm overwhelms you in a sudden flood. It seems to pour over you, soaking into your skin. Soaking into you. You howl in joy, and perhaps faintly of loss, for as she reaches her climax, so do you. Your cock throbs in your pumping hand, spurting, surrendering.

And with every pulse of orgasm, you feel your humanity fade, and replaced with something else.

Thick. Heavy. Muscles twitch and bulge across you. Your bones crack and reform to a powerful, brutish frame. Your jaw extends to a muzzle, your body becoming an insane mass of muscle. Fur tingles as it grows over you. You groan, arching as your fingers turn to claws.

The light slowly fades, and you blink, finding yourself on your knees in the floor of the tower’s chamber. Panting. Gasping like you’ve run a marathon and then fucked a pleasure palace worth of maidens. The moonstone glows before you, warm and pleasant, splotches of your cum staining it, but absorbing even as you watch. You shudder under the moonstone’s pale glow. The vision of the goddess is gone.

But the change remains.

You rise slowly to your feet, your new body creaking. Absurdly powerful muscles twitch across your frame. Your hands flex, your mind a fog of instinct and animal need. You look up towards the break in the ceiling, and hear the hum of the airship’s engines, the rope swaying. A memory tingles in you. A female aboard the vessel. Unchanged. Ignorant of the goddess’s blessing.

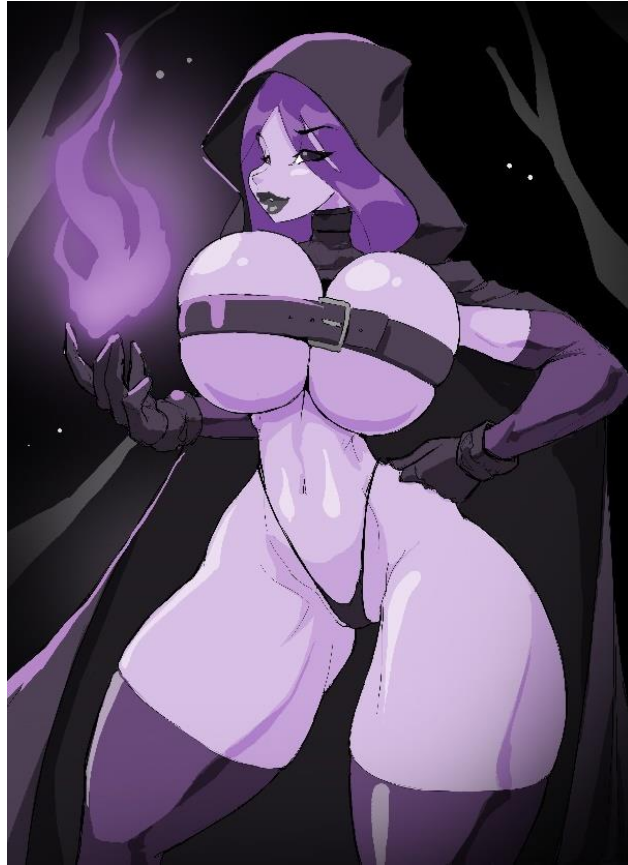
Your fanged maw opens with a grin. Lust thumps in your veins as you climb up the ramp and grasp the dangling rope, beginning to haul your way up. You must bring her to the goddess. The female must know the power of the Pale. The glory of the blessed.

As the goddess wills it...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Enter the Enclave



Morning dawns pale and wane by the time the Enclave of Serria comes into view.

Once, it had been a research station for the Ancients, from which they observed the heavens and experimented with sorcery. Built on a narrow plateau rising sheer out of the landscape like an island in the sky, the mists and clouds swirl around it, the knotted shape of tall trees just visible far in the darkness below.

Serria itself is an impressive sight, despite the destruction wrought on it by the Moonfall. Towers of white stone rise here and there out of the plateau, many repaired using far more basic material like wood and stone whose colour contrasts sharply with their foundations. The method of properly working Ancient architecture was lost in the dark days of the Moonfall, but many newer buildings have sprung up about the island. The whole place is like someone took a piece of fine jewelry and welded on a bunch of pieces of copper and junk. A motley thing, but does the job. And since not many enclaves exist this far inland, you're glad to see its crooked towers and cranes as Jezza pilots the *Kettle* down towards the docks.

There are many other ships anchored there, floating like leashed whales of the skies. Larger trader ships, smaller raiding crafts, and more than a few delver boats, marked by the mining pic daubed on the gas bag's sides. Jezza parks yours down among these, you jumping off and onto a jutting pier made of mismatched wood, the *Kettle's* anchor rope in hand before tying it off to a peg.

With a buzz your little airship's propellor dies, the *Kettle* bobbing as it comes to a rest and Jezza pushes out the crude boarding ramp, little more than a thick chunk of thick wood to provide a bridge to the dock. She bounds down, grinning at you.

"Alright! Back in town. C'mon! Let's get us some supplies."

You allow her to lead you into Serria, letting some of the tension that'd been tightening in you loosen. Not to say Serria is entirely safe, but certainly safer than below. You don't have far to go. The market runs right up against the docks, for obvious reasons. There, among the ruins of the pale Ancient buildings, stalls are set up all along the streets in a riot of colour.

They say you can find anything in Serria, and they're mostly right. Ships from all over come here, bringing goods from across the Misty Continent, making it a major trading hub, and its governor very rich. Flashy fabric awnings blaze over shops and hang over the sides of buildings converted to stores. You pass cages filled with exotic birds and hissing grills with searing meat. The scent of spices seep from huge bins, exotic crafts glitter on tables, and even Ancient relics lay spread out in stalls and rugs, while sailors and traders rubbing shoulders as they move about to the hum of conversation and shouts of sellers.

Jezza makes a few stops, picking up some food, some mechanical components, rope, and anything else you'll need heading into a place like the Heaven's Gate.

The Heaven's Gate.

You can still hardly believe it! Hands in your pockets, you try not to let your mind fixate on the treasures awaiting you in that fabled hold. It's tough not to. Every delver's dream is potentially in your grasp!

Yet despite your daydreaming, your instincts are still sharp. Your eyes never stop roaming about the market, searching for any threat. As you do, your eyes suddenly lock on a couple of figures that instantly get your full attention.

They'd probably draw your eye no matter what. Burly men in leather vests and wearing blue bandanas on their heads, they stand out sharply. Not delvers. Judging by the white skulls painted on their bandanas, you'd guess pirates to some crew. Normally that wouldn't surprise you. Serria plays host to all kinds, and so long as no one starts shit in its vicinity, it doesn't care who shops here.

But there's something more to that pair. You realize you've been seeing them ever since you entered the market.

"Jezza," you murmur, touching her shoulder as she leans in at a stall, examining some lenses spread out on black velvet.

"Hm?"

"We're being followed."

Jezza looks back at you sharply and straightens. Subtly, you indicate with your head the two pirates idling near a food cart, ordering nothing and making the owner increasingly nervous.

Jezza hisses between her teeth, stiffening even further. "Those are Spinoza's crew!"

"So?" you say.

"They're looking for us."

"Yeah. I got that. They must have been watching the docks. But why? What did we do?" You give the suddenly guilty looking aviatrix a sharp look. "What did *you* do?"

Jezza nibbled her lip. "Okay, don't freak out or anything, but uh... you know that map that showed us the way to the tower?"

"Yeah," you say slowly.

Jezza's fingers fidget nervously. "Okay. Promise not to be mad?"

"Just tell me."

"Well, I kind of... maybe... stole it from her crew."

"You what!"

Heads turn your way and Jezza lunges forward, covering your mouth with her hand. "Shhhh! Look. It's not a big deal. We just have to avoid them and get back to the ship. Easy peasy!"

"Oh is it?" you demand, pushing her hand away. "Just that simple, huh?"

"Yes! Listen. We split up, and meet back at the docks. See? Easy."

"Are you kidding me? That's insane!"

"Right. I guess we could always just give ourselves up to the pirates. I'm sure Spinoza will be understanding."

You groan. Spinoza is known for many things, but being understanding isn't one of them. And neither is being merciful. The pirate queen often preys on delvers and seizes their relics to either use or sell herself, so it's not like you're against her being robbed. You just don't want to be the one who does it, or faces the consequences.

Because Spinoza is unlike other pirates. She's known to be partly moontouched. Allegedly, her lair is near some large deposits of moonstone. She's still sane (mostly) but there's a definite edge of corruption to her these days. One of which is an alleged insatiable taste for men. More than a few stories abound of her keeping men she's been particularly struck by as fuck pets until she grows bored of them, at which point she lets them go.

From several miles up in the air.

"Look," Jezza hisses. "We'll split up! I'll head back to the ship by the north. You take the east. We meet up and then get out of here."

"That's a terrible plan!"

"You got a better one?"

"...Well, no," you admit.

“There you go! Now, run fast!”

“Jezza!” you hiss, but the pilot has already broken away, darting through the market crowd and veering back towards the docks.

You curse again and steal another look at the pirates. They’re now looking right at you!

Shit!

Both pirates start towards you, shoving their way through the crowd. Hell’s teeth! You do the same, bulling your way in the opposite direction. But though the pirates have raw strength, you’re far quicker thanks to your years as a delver and you soon open up a lead on them.

You switch directions suddenly and vault over a barrel, dashing down an empty alley and out into a whole different part of the market. Another sharp turn loses you in another mass of people. You just might make this!

But even as you think that, you see two more pirates shoot out into the other side of the street. You skid to a halt and glance about quickly.

A shrouded tent stands right beside you, the entrance veiled with cloth and a sign marketing it as *Aveera’s Fortunes* hangs over the door.

[Charge the Pirates](#)

[Duck into the Tent](#)

Charge the Pirates

They'd look in the tent soon enough. Best chance to see you past is shock. You break into a run, pelting down the tight market street and towards the two pirates. They turn in surprise even as you plow into them, knocking them off their feet and to either side.

"There he is!"

Well, that was expected. You dive into the market crowds, people ricocheting off you in your mad dash. You hear shouts of anger behind you and steal a look back, and as you feared, the two pirates from before have joined the others and are right on your ass.

And one just drew a gun.

He lifts it, firing. The crude pistol shot booms over the market and people scream, ducking and trying to get out of the way. Which is not great news for you! You finally break through the crowd, which has rapidly thinned out. A long street stretches before you and you race down it, just in time for several men in the dress of enclave guards to come running around the corner, burnished breastplates and sloping helmets flashing in the muted daylight as they block the way with their spears.

You skid to a halt, looking around rapidly. You spot a low wall beside you that you could probably jump. But the enclave's guards have no love for pirates. Especially not ones who just fired a weapon in the middle of the market.

[Ask for Help](#)

[Jump the Wall](#)

Duck into the Tent

Without a second to spare, you duck through the tent flap, brushing it closed behind you.

It's dark inside, lit by only a single dim orb on a nearby table. Strange charms dangle from the ceiling, forming gently swaying shapes that flicker in the gloom, while more cloth swathes the interior like shadows made manifest.

"Ah, at last, you have come."

You start, eyes jerking down to the figure you didn't notice before. Sitting behind the table, what you took for more shadows gains definition. She (and it's most certainly a she with breasts that big) smiles, her features faintly outlined by the glow of her crystal ball. And lovely features they are. Her face is fine and delicate, her skin pale, almost ghostly in the strange light, which is no doubt intentional, but contrasts sharply with the tumbling of her dark hair. And it takes some effort to keep your eyes on her face, considering her positively immense bust is only restrained by a strap of black fabric.

"Sorry?" you say.

"My name is Aveera. Please," she says, gesturing to the seat across from her. "Join me."

You shift on your feet. "Well... Don't suppose you have a back door," you ask quickly.

"Of course," she chuckles, her eyes gleaming as she watches you. "But you were meant to be here. Your future has been of great interest to me."

You shrug but move forward. If playing along with her scam is what it takes to get out of here, then so be it. You take a seat across the table, stealing uneasy glances at the entrance.

"Your hands," she murmurs.

"About that back door," you say as you reach out over the table.

Her own hands rise and grasp your wrists, and her smile deepens as she leans forward, the light of the crystal washing over her features. "Gaze," she purrs. "Gaze into my orb, and see your future."

You comply, though orbs other than the glowing one keep stealing your attention. Her breasts are practically draped on the table, straining the dark strap. You swallow hard and quickly look down.

"Gaze," she purrs. "Gaze into my orb. Gaze into your future."

[Gaze into the Orb](#)

[Gaze into Her Orbs](#)

Gaze into the Orb

It'd be rude to stare, so you fix your attention on the orb on the table.

Which... becomes increasingly easy to do...

You blink vaguely, the swirl of pale colours in the orb drawing you in.

"That's it," she says, her voice a whisper that tingles in your ears. "Gaze deeply into Aveera's orb. Stare deeply."

"Sure..." you say distractedly.

"Can you see it? Can you see your future?"

You... might be able to. It's hard to say. You squint at the swirling colours. There's... definitely something in there. Even more tantalizing because you can almost make it out.

"Yes," Aveera hums, her hands releasing yours and moving over the crystal, seeming to swirl the smoke beneath the glass, further stirring the image, yet making it even closer to recognition. "Gaze deeply, my friend. Deeper than ever before. Your destiny lies before you. Greatness awaiting..."

Your head nods as you stare into the globe. The smoke seems to part slowly. Something shines deep within it. A pale light that pulses pleasantly.

"Touch the stone."

You do, your hands moving, grasping the orb without thinking.

"See your destiny," she breathes.

You blink slowly as the shape within the crystal resolves. A face, brilliant. Pale. Beautiful. She smiles at you, hair snowy white around her. A mane that frames her lovely features in a way that sends a pulse down through you, your cock stiffening instantly under that glowing gaze.

"She awaits you," Aveera murmurs. "She awaits you in the light. She yearns for you. Your destiny. Your fate. Only you can unlock the secrets of Her prize. Only you can bring Her future to light."

"Embrace it."

"Become it."

You shudder, a soft moan escaping you as you gaze into the orb. As that face fills your mind. Fills your world. You know her now. She is the Pale Goddess. The blessed. You know you should feel fear, but instead only heady languor fills you.

And one other thing.

You gasp as you feel something nudge your bulge. Stroking you through your pants. Aveera's foot, you know. What else could it be? But you can't look. Can't confirm.

Can't look away from the orb...

"Good boy," the seeress purrs. "Such a good boy. The goddess knows your need, mortal. She knows your destiny. You don't know the value of your blood, but she does. Destiny awaits you. Destiny to give her this world. And your decision shall be made so easily if you just... give in..."

"Yes," you breathe, the word filled with such a shudder of ecstasy.

"Give in to her," Aveera murmurs as her foot presses down further on your cock.

"Yesssss," you groan, shuddering in delight.

"Release the stone, Chosen of the goddess."

You do so, mindlessly. Aveera rises with a rustle of silk, and another glow catches your eye, one as compelling as the orb's. You look up and see she Aveera has shrugged her robe open further, the glow which entranced you now mirrored on a necklace which dangles between her heavy breasts.

Moonstone.

She's wearing moonstone...

The realization settles in you easily. Calmly. She must have hidden an even bigger chunk in the crystal. Entrancing you with it as soon as she could. A trick. A trap. You realize this, and on some level you know you should be panicking.

But all that seems unnecessary as the voluptuous cultist swings her way around the table, her robe fully opening, revealing the tight rubbery V that barely covers her mons, and is her only other clothing. But you can't look away. Not from her breasts and the stone that is cradled between them as she pushes your chair back and settles in your lap, her weight pressing down on your tenting cock, making you whimper in shameless ecstasy.

"Good boy," she breathes, stroking your head, shivers racing through you as her other hand rises. You watch, utterly entranced as it reaches near the glowing stone hanging from her throat, stroking the pale orbs of her breasts. Her hand glides down, flicks open a catch on the strap containing her chest.

And it gives.

Your breath catches as her heaving breasts come free, bouncing before your dumbfounded eyes. You catch her smirk as she stretches her arms around your head, her body arching, shoving her breasts into your face.

And the moonstone.

You groan as the corruptive chunk of the goddess pulses, so close you can feel the power radiating right into your head. The pillowy softness of her breasts fill your view, her scent warm and pleasant as you drown in it.

"Yesssss," Aveera moans as her hips rise, her free hand stealing to your lap. "Good boy. Gooood mate. The goddess has chosen well. Mmm. Very well," she chuckles as her hand rubs your cock through your pants. "You will make a fine mate. And when the goddess returns, She will reward you so well."

"R-reward?" you moan.

"Hush," she breathes, her fingers undoing your pants, a throaty moan escaping you as her hand draws out your cock, strokes your pulsing manhood, angling you towards her lush pussy. "All will be explained, chosen one. All in good time. But for now, simply... feel..."

You can't help but obey.

Groaning in bliss as her hips lower her, sheathing you in her tightness.

Moaning as she lazily rocks her hips, riding your cock, fucking you into the chair. You reflexively grasp her hips, squeezing them as she bounces, fucking you beneath her and into the chair. Burying you in the glorious softness of her tits.

"Yes," Aveera moans with passion, her arms tightening around you. "Yes! Give me that cock. Fuck me, chosen one. Fuck me for the goddess. Let me feel your seed. Let me feel your surrender! It shall be so good, chosen one. So wonderful! Do not mnnn... do not resist. Simply give in. Simply obey. Simply... ah... surrender to the pleasure. Surrender to the goddess. Don't fight it. Don't... ah... fight it..."

You don't.

Every rock of her hips sends ecstasy surging through you.

Every bounce of her breasts buries you deeper in her cleavage.

Glorious.

Wonderful.

You can't stop. Your mind a blank. Filled with sparks and bursts of colour and pleasure.

And always the pale glow.

The glow of the goddess.

"Yes!" Aveera cries, her pace increasing, the slap of flesh on flesh echoing in the tight confines of the tent. "Yes! Surrender, mortal. Surrender to the goddess! Give me your seed. Give me... give me... your... miiiiind!"

Her voice rises, a wail of ecstasy. Of perfect pleasure as she cums with a shudder of bliss. You cry out, giving her what she needs, spurting your hot seed into her milking pussy as you drown in the soft scent of her breasts.

Drown in her presence.

Drown into darkness, where only the pale glow of the goddess is known...

[Thrall to the Cultist](#)

Gaze into Her Orbs

“Uh huh,” you say, your attention sharply diverted from the crystal ball to her breasts, which are far more interesting for you to look at. Especially with the way her breathing has grown deeper, her chest straining the strap that dares to restrict such awesome mammaries. By the goddess, it’s a crime for them to be so trapped.

“Gaze deep, my guest,” Aveera murmurs. “Gaze long. Feel your mind slipping away. Feel yourself opening up to me.”

“Feeling... something,” you say, shifting in your seat as you stiffen in your pants.

“Shall we go deeper, my friend? Shall you feel more?”

You blink and look up at her. “More?”

Aveera smirks, and you realize she wasn’t fooled for a second.

“Yes,” she breathes, arching, pushing her ample chest out and lifting your hands. “More.”

Your eyes widen as you find your hands filled with her soft titflesh. Your jaw drops in awe as your finger sink into those creamy white orbs, feeling the ampleness of her chest. The buxomness of her breasts.

“Mmmm,” Aveera moans, her eyes lidded in bliss as your hands automatically mold her tits in the restricting slash of fabric. “That’s it. Feel your destiny.”

“I’m feelin’ it,” you say breathlessly.

“Feel more, chosen one. Feel it all. Grab your destiny and don’t let it go!”

Her hands have left yours, and one has delved between her legs. The other has adjusted her cloak, and you see something peek through. Something that glows fitfully, flicking as it slips down on a chain between her breasts.

[Keep Your Hands on the Prize](#)

[Glance at What’s Fallen Free](#)

Glance at What's Fallen Free

Your eyes narrow at the gleaming white thing that has shown itself. You give her breasts a sudden bounce, the impact knocking whatever was caught free.

Your eyes widen in shock at the sight of the gold amulet that bounces down to nestle in the valley of her tits. Not in amazement at the elaborate setting, but at the pale stone it holds.

Moonstone.

She's wearing moonstone!

Like you've been burned you snatch your hands back. Aveera's eyes open with puzzlement, then she glances down and sees her necklace has fallen free.

"Oh--"

You're instantly on your feet, your sword drawn. You swing it about, resting the edge against her throat, causing her to still instantly.

Only her eyes move, glancing at the silvery gleam of your blade, then back to you. She pouts a little. "Such a waste," she says. "I would have made it wonderful for you..."

"Yeah. Thanks," you say, sarcasm dripping from your tone. "Now where's the exit?"

With the barest of motions she tilts her head towards the back of the tent. You glance there, then move about the table, keeping your sword near her throat. You edge back and sweep the curtain away, revealing a small wooden door set into the wall behind the tent.

"Another will have you," Aveera says softly. "The will of the goddess will not be denied."

"Yeah?" you say, lifting your blade, then cracking the hilt against her head, sending her flopping atop the table, unconscious. "Well, it won't be you."

Someone will find her soon enough, and see the moonstone necklace. Bringing moonstone into an enclave will not endear her to the governor or their guards. She'll be lucky if they just toss her off the cliffs. Either way, you don't dare spend another second here. You doubt she works alone. Grabbing the door handle, you wrench it open and slip through to the other side.

The sunlight is blinding after the stygian gloom of the tent, and it takes you a moment to orient yourself in the decrepit alley. But when your eyes clear and you figure out where you are, you start running, racing back into the streets. You don't see any pirates as you zigzag through the enclave's crowded avenues, and soon enough you reach the docks once more.

As you rush through the busy quay, you spot Jezza already aboard the *Kettle*, the engines beginning to hum with power. You pound across the dock and fling yourself up the boarding ramp and onto the deck.

Jezza whirls around at the sound of your arrival, a fat-mouthed pistol in her hand, but she only gasps on seeing you. “You nearly gave me a heart attack!” she cries, holstering the gun.

“The least you deserve for this shit show,” you growl, straightening and eying the docks. “Now let’s go!”

She nods, returning to the controls. With a whirr the airship rises, pulling away and nose swinging about towards the horizon. Humming with power, the *Kettle* soars into the sky, making a beeline away from the enclave and towards freedom.

But even as you climb into the heavens, you see another, darker shape rise from the opposite side of the enclave. A huge gasbag, the gondola riddled with scrap metal like it’s armoured with a junkyard’s worth of iron, your heart jumps into your throat as you spot the white skull painted on the nose of the bulky airship.

“Faster please!” you shout to Jezza as the pirate ship’s engines cough to life, roaring as it sets off after you in hot pursuit.

Looks like you’re not out of the woods yet!

[Pirate Escape](#)

Thrall to the Cultist

The hum of the airship reverberates under your feet, but you pay it no mind. All of your focus is on the Mistress.

Lovely Mistress.

She sits in a chair beside you, the moonstone necklace bright on her neck, unashamedly revealed along with her gorgeous figure. One leg crossed over the other, her toe taps in time to the clicking of the altitude gauge as she watches the clouds shift outside the windows. Cultists of the Moon move about the cabin, adjusting gauges or working the controls, studiously avoiding looking at you and Mistress.

"Coming up on the Heaven's Gate now, my lady," the cultist at the wheel says.

"Good," Mistress purrs, her hand lazily toying with your leash. "Very good. Come up, pet. Come see your destiny."

You pant, obeying at once the tug at your collar. You stand, your tail wagging furiously. A new addition, among others. The Change is coming on you slowly, but surely, thanks to your collar of moonstone. You relish it, knowing it's what Mistress desires. She wants you no more than her pet. A mindless creature utterly adoring of her.

Fortunately, that's what you want too.

She directs your attention away from her, and reluctantly you tear your eyes from her beauty, instead looking beyond the prow of the airship.

Out of the canopy of the jungle rises the mountain walls of a deep valley cut into the landscape. At its end, looming above you and the misty vale, is a pair of vast bronze doors built into the face of the cliffs. Tall, looming, you feel a shiver of something nameless deep within you at the sight of those imposing gates, surrounded by broken marble towers and brass domes. A temple lost in the clouds, revealed suddenly as the airship cruises towards it.

"Look at them, pet," Mistress breathes, her fingers scratching behind your canine ears in that way she knows you love. "There lies destiny. Ours. And this world's."

You whine softly, tail thumping with happiness. "Yes, Mistress," you gasp.

She chuckles, patting you again. "Don't worry, chosen one. You will understand all soon. So much will be made clear."

"Yes, Mistress," you say, utterly uncaring if it will be clear. It means nothing to you. Only Mistress's pleasure matters. Only service to her, and the goddess.

And speaking of, you can feel her desire growing in the way her hand rubs your ears. You can smell it on her as she uncrosses and recrosses her legs, her tongue licking her plump lip hungrily. Triumph spiking her desires as she rises suddenly to her feet.

“Come, pet. Let us leave the crew to their work.”

“Yes, Mistress!” you say, docilely following her as she gives your leash a tug. You know what’s coming next. Soon enough, you arrive at her cabin, shrouded in shadows and silken hangings. The only light comes from the moonstone she wears and another on a nearby altar to the Pale Goddess. The door locking behind her, you don’t even notice, for Mistress has shrugged off her robe and pulled away the strip which covered her breasts.

You fairly drool at the sight of those creamy orbs. Her curvy figure flawless, her hips pushed out and her wavy dark hair tumbling about her face. Hands on her hips, she towers over you, soaking in your adoring gaze as surely as she does the corrupting rays of the moonstone around her neck.

“Do you love me, chosen one?” she asks with almost mocking amusement.

“Yes, Mistress,” you breathe, slowly getting down on your hands and knees, gazing up at her, barely able to see her past the globes of her breasts. “Love Mistress. Love her.”

Mistress’s smirk deepens, her hands gliding over her figure as she lazily shimmies down to sit on the edge of the bed. “Do you believe I am most suited for the blessing of the goddess?”

“Yes, Mistress,” you say, your nose twitching as you inhale the sweet musk of her pussy. The wonderful tang of her growing desire. Your tongue tingling with the need to taste her arousal.

“Will you do anything for me, chosen one? Will you do everything for me? For the goddess?” Mistress asks huskily, her hands cradling her immense breasts, weighing them, bouncing them.

You whimper with need at the display, your cock throbbing beneath you, twitching and desperately hard, drooling your pre onto the floor. “O-obey Mistress. I obey. I love Mistress.”

Her smile deepens. “I know you do,” she purrs. “Now, prove it.”

She gives your leash a lazy tug, pulling you towards the hairless delta between her thighs. Eagerly you crawl to her, just human enough to feel a burn of humiliation as you nose her pussy, a shudder running through you as you inhale the deep, musky sweetness of her desire. Your cock aches with need, but you know that’s not what she wants.

You understand, on some level, that Mistress is ensuring you’re no more than a thrall. A love-drunk slave unable to resist her. Unable to think for yourself. But you also know that you don’t care. That you love Mistress. Love to serve her.

And with that in mind, you get to it.

You reach up, grasping her hips, squeezing her ass and pulling you forward as your tongue glides along her slit. Mistress moans softly, her hips rocking as you stroke her pussy, relishing the taste of her. With every hour the Change claims you more, but Mistress carefully manages it, keeping you nice and docile. Nice and obedient. No feral monster for her. No brute to savagely mate her. She’s ensuring you’re her pet. Obedient. Weak.

A perfect domesticated slave.

“Oh yesssss,” Mistress moans, her hand resting on your head as she rocks above you, pushing you deeper into her pussy, riding your tongue with shameless ecstasy. “Just like that. Ah. Worship me, chosen one. Worship the one you have given yourself to! The goddess... mmm... the goddess shall be pleased. She shall be delighted! We shall do so much. Now deeper, chosen one. Show me your devotion!”

“Mistress,” you gasp between laps of your tongue, delving into her hot box eagerly, hearing her gasp and feeling her tighten deliciously around you. Your tongue strums her clit, teasing it in a way that sends shocks reverberating through her. “Love Mistress,” you moan into her cunt. “Love you. Want Mistress. Mistress. Missmph!”

The last pant of worship is cut off as she pulls you harshly against her pussy, her fingers twisting in your hair, tightening, a cry of ecstasy rising from her as she reaches her peak, her juices flooding your sycophantic tongue as you desperately lap it up, nearly drunk on the sweetness of her orgasm as she cums with moaning ecstasy.

You lose track of time buried in that glorious delta of soft female flesh, but at last she pulls you out. Your head spins as you look up at her, the moonstone illuminating her pale face starkly, her eyes burning hot and her cheeks warm and pink.

“Onto the bed,” she husks. “It’s time.”

You shiver in excitement and obey the tugging of your leash, crawling onto the bedding and laying on your back, your head cradled by the pillows.

Mistress looms above you, her legs moving, straddling your waist. Your cock twitches as she lowers herself, resting her twitching cunny against your manhood, a whimper escaping you as jolts of sweetest pleasure surge through your cock.

Above you, Mistress looms, her hand winding your leash tighter around her fingers. The flawless orbs of her breasts sway as she lazily grinds forward, rubbing you under the delicate folds of her pussy, making you moan and whimper and writhe in ecstasy, unable to even dream of forcing the issue. Your pleasure is hers. You are hers. She is everything. She is your goddess. Your queen. Your Mistress.

You can tell she knows it. Sees it in your eyes. Her smile widens and her hips lazily rise, your cock jolting upright. Then, she lowers herself, sinking you into her tight folds.

“Mnnnnn,” Mistress moans, biting her lip as your cock vanishes into her tight depths. You cry out, head thrown back in delight as she takes you, the hot sleeve of her pussy squeezing your increasingly inhuman cock.

“Yes,” Mistress breathes as her hips begin to rock, riding you into the bed, her hand holding the leash tight to control your every movement. “Yes! Chosen one... ah... That’s it. Fuck me. Give me your seed! The goddess... ohhhh, the goddess shall reward me. Reward us! You will join me. Join me in eternity! We will rule this world for the goddess! Yes. Yes! Chosen for me! We were chosen!”

“Mistress!” you gasp, watching her, in awe of her. Her beauty, her drive, her breasts as they bounce upon her chest as she speeds up, her grip on the leash so tight you’re nearly choking.

“Yes! Yes! All for us! We were chosen! We... were... Nnnnn!”

She cries out, her eyes squeezed shut, her teeth biting down on her lip as she hilt on your cock, her inner walls rippling, squeezing, milking your cock with the sudden high of her orgasm. So aroused, so close, that moment of ecstasy is all it takes to push you over the edge too.

You cry out, thrusting up into her, cumming in a sudden heavenly surge that seems to devour you in a rush. Mistress wails in bliss as she feels your corrupted cum spurt into her in bursts of wonderful pleasure, her breasts quivering with her orgasm.

You moan, sagging beneath her, nearly drained from the force of your orgasm. But you have more to give, for as Mistress pulls your leash, dragging your face up into the softness of her pillowy breasts, you feel your cock revive. Feel the glow of her moonstone ache through you and change you more. You groan into her ample titflesh, your cock hardening within her once more.

And as the airship descends towards the brass gates of your destiny, you rut into your Mistress, the past forgotten, the future irrelevant. It will be what the Mistress says it is.

And for now, that means pleasuring Mistress...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Ask for Help

"Hey!" you call, waving frantically at the guards. "Little help, please!"

The guards look at you in surprise, which turns to rigid duty as they see the pirates coming up behind you.

"Halt!" one guard commands.

You do, skidding to a stop in front of them. You glance back and see the four pirates uncertainly slow. No surprise there. Though Spinoza is a terror of the skies, not even she'd dare risk the wrath of Serria's governor. And a sure way to do that is to piss off the enclave's troopers.

"What's going on here?" one of the guards demand.

"They're trying to shoot me," you say quickly.

"He's a thief!" a pirate snarls.

One of the guards scoffs. "Bit rich coming from pirates."

Your four pursuers glower. "Give him over," the one with the pistol snaps.

The guard grabs you by the shoulder and levels his spear at the pirates. "Not a chance. You?" he says, looking your way through his helmet's grill. "You're coming with us. We'll have some questions for you at the barracks."

You wince, but given the options, you suppose you'll just have to deal with it. Better than getting dragged off to an uncertain (but no doubt painful) meeting with Spinoza.

"Clear off, you lot," the second guard orders, gesturing roughly with his weapon.

The pirates fume, but slink away. You let out a sigh of relief, before the guard holding your arm shoves you forward. "Move!"

You obey reluctantly, marching off down the cobbled streets under the care of the two guards. Fortunately, as long as Jezza didn't steal the map on Serria itself, the guards won't have any reason to detain you or her. You're not exactly looking forward to being delayed long enough for Spinoza to cook up some other scheme, but you shrug. What can you do?

But is it you, or is something off. You look about the streets, puzzled. You're no expert in the enclave's layout, but is this really the way to the barracks? And the streets you're going down are looking increasingly run down and abandoned, with cracked walls, trash, and an air of neglect. The lack of other people starts making you uneasy.

"Where are we going?" you ask.

"Quiet," one guard snaps.

You do so, but your uncertainty grows as you reach a crude door built into a wall. One guard raps a spear butt against it, and the door swings open with a creak. You're pushed through by the two guards, who force their way in after you.

You squint at the gloom you find yourself in. But as your eyes quickly adjust, you make out a hooded figure standing in front of you. And what a figure! Your eyes pop open at the sight of a pair of huge, plump breasts cradled by no more than a strip of black cloth, and only a V of sleek fabric hides her mons, a display as brazen as it is appealing.

"We have been waiting, chosen on," the woman in black breathes.

"Wha-"

A heavy blow cracks across the back of your head. Your legs fold up under you, and darkness claims you before you even hit the ground...

[Thrall to the Cultist](#)

Jump the Wall

You really can't afford the time to get grabbed by the enclave guards for questioning, and there's no guarantee they'll even let you go. You swerve sharply for the low wall, launching yourself up off a box set under it. The old wood gives way with a cracking sound, but you've already planted a foot on the pale stone, lunged up, and caught the edge of the wall.

With the sort of skill only a delver could have you swing yourself over the top, ignoring the startled exclamations from the guards and pirates, whose voices are soon barking at each other in argument. You grin, panting, but don't revel in the feeling of triumph for long. You've still got a lot to do.

You're in a lush garden behind a modest wedge of a home, crammed between dozens of others. Without delay you rush the door, pushing it open. You're in a kitchen, and a woman in the midst of stirring something in a bowl turns in surprise.

"Lovely home," you tell her as you dash past her, into her foyer and out her front door before she can move on from her shock to scream.

You slam the door behind you, finding yourself in a wide residential avenue, the homes a mishmash of construction and style. People pay you no mind as you hurry down the street, and much to your relief you don't run into any more pirates before you reach the dockyards.

As you clear the busy bays and stone docks, you spot Jezza already aboard the *Kettle*, the engines beginning to hum with power. You pound across the wooden pier and fling yourself up the boarding ramp and onto the deck.

Jezza whirls around at the sound, a fat-mouthed pistol in her hand, but she only gasps on seeing you. "You nearly gave me a heart attack!" she cries, holstering the gun.

"The least you deserve for this shit show," you growl, straightening and eying the docks. "Now let's go!"

She nods, returning to the controls. With a whirr your airship rises, pulling away and nose swinging about towards the horizon. With a rattling of the engine, the *Kettle* soars into the sky, making a beeline away from the enclave and towards freedom.

But even as you soar into the heavens, you see another, darker shape rise from the opposite side of the enclave. A huge gasbag, the gondola riddled with scrap metal like it's armoured with a junkyard's worth of iron, your heart jumps into your throat as you spot the white skull painted on the nose of the bulky airship.

"Faster please!" you shout to Jezza as the pirate ship's engines cough to life, roaring as it sets off after you in hot pursuit.

Looks like you're not out of the woods yet!

[Pirate Escape](#)

Keep Your Hands on the Prize

If a gorgeous seeress wants you to keep fondling her incredible breasts, who are you to say no?

Especially as her foot continues to rub you under the table, nudging and stroking your cock through your pants. Making you shiver and moan in wonderful pleasure, your fingers sinking into the plump goodness of her breasts.

“Yessss,” Aveera moans. “I can feel it. Feel your destiny awakening in you.”

“That r-right!” you gasp as her toes cradle the head of your cock, squeezing teasingly.

“Yes. Feel it grow. You have such a tremendous destiny!”

“I’m feelin’ it,” you manage to say. “I’m feeling it!”

“Yes, yes you are. Focus on that feeling. Focus on how good it is to be destined. To be chosen for a great fate!”

“Feels amazing!” you pant in awe as you pump and squeeze her gorgeous breasts. Absolutely enamored with them. Enthralled with the way the pale light shines off her perfect tits and bouncy boobflesh.

“Yes. You’re doing well. Look deeper, chosen one.

“Gaze deeper...”

She doesn’t need to tell you twice. You couldn’t dream of looking away from her breasts as her toes continues to stroke and tease your twitching cock. As she shifts, her breath hitching as your fingers find her nipples, pinching them and making her suck in a breath of pleasure. Goddess, her tits are incredible! They seem to glow with their own light. Their own illumination.

“Good boy,” Aveera purrs.

You shudder at her teasing praise. You feel good. Feel wonderful. Feel warm and happy and pleasant and... and strong! Virile.

And horny.

Goddess you’re horny.

You can’t stop thinking about that, even as Aveera leans back, your hands finally coming loose from her breasts. You almost try to crawl over the table to regain them, but then you notice she’s stood up and is strutting around the table, coming towards you, smirking, her face wreathed in shadows save for where a pale light glows.

A pale light coming from the necklace around her throat.

You stare, the light enrapturing your attention. In a gold setting is a moonstone as big as your eye. It hangs in the valley of her ample tits as she looms above you, yet you feel no panic. No fear. You wonder why?

"How easy it was, chosen one," Aveera purrs as she pulls something out of her cloak. You stare at the collar studded with small glowing shards of moonstone without comprehension. Then she leans forward, and you offer no resistance as she latches it around your neck. All your attention is once more on her breasts as they wobble before your entranced eyes.

Heavy.

Perfect.

Beautiful...

"Good boy," Aveera breathes, stroking your cheek, making you shiver and moan in shameless delight. "Unable to resist. Unable to turn from your destiny. Do you understand?"

"No," you admit without thinking.

Aveera merely chuckles. "No need to," she purrs as she slides her finger down your chest, into your lap. You whimper as she undoes your pants, your cock fairly bursting into the open with your hardness, twitching with need. "The goddess shall guide you, chosen one. And I shall help. Once you tell me where to find the key."

"K-key?" you say, blinking.

"To the Heaven's Gate, silly one. That which will bring the goddess to her full glory. The one you got from the tower."

"Uh huh," you say, barely paying attention. Who could with a pair of flawless tits like those right in your face? But... but something about her request teases uncertainty. If you tell Aveera, then... then Jezza might be in danger.

"I... I don't..." you say, brow furrowing with the effort of concentration.

"Shhhh," she purrs, straddling your lap, making you groan as the delicate dampness of her pussy lips rub up against your shaft. As she gives a lazy roll of her hips, stroking you against her cunt. "The goddess wishes it, chosen one. The goddess cannot be denied. Tell me. Speak, and know the joy... of her pleasure..."

You groan as your cock throbs against her slick pussy. As her body rocks forward, fairly burying your face in her glorious titflesh. Your eyes roll back, the moonstone hanging from her neck bouncing before your enraptured eyes.

"Tell me, chosen one," Aveera purrs as she smothers you beneath her breasts. As she grinds you with her pussy. As her body promises you pleasures you've only ever dreamed of and can now sense an inch away from coming true. "Tell me, and the goddess shall reward you."

"O-on the airship," you breathe, your voice feeling strange, distant, like it's not even you talking. Not even you betraying your companion to who knows what. "In a... in a chest. Locked..."

Aveera's eyes flash and her smirk is both tender and terrible. "Good boy," she purrs, her hips rising, your cock jolting upright, aimed directly at her lush pussy. "And the goddess rewards... her faithful..."

She slides down, and you groan in unspeakable pleasure as her pussy devours your cock. Tight as a sleeve as she begins to rock, riding your shaft with an expression of glorious euphoria. Of endless delight.

"Ohhhhh," you moan.

"Yesssss," she gasps, her expression rapturous, thrown into sharp relief by the stone shining from her neck. "Oh goddess yesssss!"

Your hands clutch her ass, digging into a new pair of soft orbs as she begins to bounce atop you, fucking you into the chair, her breasts bouncing around your head as she takes you to the root with lazy movements of her hips. You groan in glorious pleasure, thrusting up into her pussy, feeling it tighten and massage your cock as you rut up into her with shameless lust.

"Yes. Yes!" Aveera cries. "Fuck me, chosen one. Your cock... ah... your cock is so g-good! Kiss my breasts. Adore them! Adore them, for they are the goddess's blessings!"

You can believe it. In fact, you do believe it. Every moment you wear the moonstone collar and stare at the glow of her necklace you feel more like she's right. That she's perfect. That everything she says has the weight of divine truth. You kiss her perfect breasts, tongue stroking her soft flesh, your lips capturing a nipple and adoringly sucking on it, eliciting a keen of pleasure from the cultist of the pale goddess.

"Fuck me! Deeper! More! Don't stop! Don't... nnnn... stooooop! Yes. Yes! So close. So close. Cum. Cum with me! Cum in her name! Cum for... for... the goddeeeeeesssss!"

Her final cry heralds her peak. She wails in pleasure, her pussy tightening, milking you wonderfully, squeezing your shaft as you surrender to her pleasure. With a groan of shameless delight you cum with her, an explosion of white light seeming to go off within you as you pump your hot seed up into her glorious pussy.

"Mmmmmm," Aveera moans, slowing down atop you, her arms lazily winding around your head as she pulls you deeper into her cleavage. You feel the warmth of your cum leaking from her pussy, and shiver anew with the pleasure of that knowledge.

"Mmm. The goddess chose... chose well," Aveera sighs, stroking your hair as she lazily twitches her hips, her pussy pulsing around your cock. "She is pleased. And so am I. Ah, chosen one," she sighs, hugging you tighter. "The goddess shall reward us both, beloved. Hmm," she purrs, her fingers stroking your hair. "And I can feel that she already begins to."

You grunt in happiness, feeling her nudge something on your head. A lump of some kind. You wonder what it is? Then the thought is dismissed as she rises off you, straightening and looming above you with a smirk.

"Come, chosen one," she says, hooking a long leather leash to your collar. "It is time to take what is ours. It is time to claim glory for the goddess."

You nod along, watching the amulet sway with her breathing. “Yes,” you say mindlessly, following the gentle tug of the leash deeper into the fabric-shrouded darkness of the tent. “Yes. Glory... for the goddess...”

[Thrall to the Cultist](#)

Pirate Escape



You watch with growing alarm as the pirate ship rumbles after you, the bulky craft's engines roaring and propellers growling as it bears on, slowly but surely closing the distance. Already your head start has shrunk to near nothing, and the distance grows ever smaller.

"They're closing fast!" you shout.

"I'm working on it!" Jezza replies tartly from the controls.

You peer at the pursuing pirates, seeing something happening. A part of the prow opens and the dark mouth of a gun barrel pokes out, a jagged metal spike jutting from it. Realisation hits you suddenly.

"Harpoon!" you shout even as the weapon fires with a bang that shakes the air.

Jezza curses and yanks on the controls, the *Kettle* jerking sideways as the propellers give a sudden snarl. The harpoon shoots past you, ripping through the air before reaching the end of its chain, falling taut before being cranked back towards the pirate ship.

“Plan, please!” you bark.

“We’ll lose them in the Needles!” Jezza says. “It’s the only way into the Misty Valley anywho.”

“The Needles!”

You turn around and stare in shock. Rising out of the misty forests of the mainland are a range of pillar-like mountains threaded by a maze of canyons between them. A favourite hideout for pirates and Pale alike, not to mention riddled with turns tighter than Jezza’s top. Only a madman would fly in there with an airship.

“Are you crazy?” you yelp.

“Crazy like a fox!” Jezza cackles. “Or do you want to let Spinoza get us with those harpoons?”

You glance back at the pirate ship rapidly closing and swallow thickly.

[Fly Over the Needles](#)

[Lose them in the Needles](#)

Fly Over the Needles

You have plenty of confidence in Jezza's piloting skills, but testing them in the ruthless depths of the Needles doesn't sound like a plan to you.

"Go high," you call to her. "Lose them among the clouds."

"Think that'll work?" Jezza says dubiously.

"Better than threading the Needles," you reply.

She doesn't look convinced, but nods and pulls hard on the controls.

Almost at once the *Kettle* jerks back, the engine sputtering with effort as the airship starts to climb, nose pushing skywards as it rapidly ascends. You widen your stance, grabbing the rigging securely as the new angle threatens to dump you out into the void. You risk a look back, and feel a thrill of satisfaction to find the pirate ship not following. You were right! They can't climb like the *Kettle*.

But they don't need to.

You hear a boom and from a cloud of smoke erupts the harpoon again. For a brief moment you dare to think their gunner misfired, but then the jagged metal slams into the keel of your ship.

The impact nearly throws you free, but you manage to keep hold of the rigging as the spikes in the pirate's weapon deploy, anchoring itself securely among the splintered wood of the *Kettle*'s rear. And then the harpoon's chain starts to crank back, dragging you towards the dark bulk of the pirate ship.

"Shit. Shit!" you curse, glancing back at Jezza. "Can you break us free?"

"I'm trying!" Jezza yelps as she wrestles with the controls. She suddenly abandons them, grabbing a cutting torch and igniting it in a flash. "Gimme a minute! I'll cut us loose."

A minute is more than you have. Turning about, you see several pirates hop from the prow of the dark ship and start running along the taut chain, a feat as impressive as it is dangerous. You draw your sword grimly as the first screaming pirate closes the distance.

[Fight him on the Chain](#)

[Fight him in the Cabin](#)

Fight Him on the Chain

You leap up and onto the ruined heap that was the *Kettle's* stern, bringing up your sword as the first pirate comes at you with his cutlass bared. You jab at him, causing him to twist aside and nearly overbalance, pinwheeling his arms over the yawning void of open air. He manages to regain his footing with a gasp.

And then you push him off.

The pirate goes over, screaming, plummeting towards the forest below. The man who'd been behind him comes at you more carefully, inching for you, his cutlass flashing as he jabs. You knock aside the clumsily probing blade, and when he tries a sudden, vicious sweep you duck the blow and lunge, impaling your foe in the heart.

The pirate topples over, already dead, and the next pirate is already upon you, carrying a knife between his teeth and two blades in either hand. He lunges, slashing, and you barely parry, but he deflects the blow so skillfully he doesn't even lose a step, still coming at you. A rain of slashes descend on you, and you frantically duel him, being slowly driven back.

"Any time now!" you call back to Jezza.

"Almost," she replies over the crackle of cutting torch against metal.

"Surrender ye swab!" your opponent barks around his knife. "Tha captain be a merciful soul."

"Not from what I heard," you grunt, parrying another slash with a flash of sparks. The back of your heel suddenly finds emptiness, and you unexpectedly fall back into the *Kettle's* gondola.

Your foe crows in triumph, stepping onto the ledge of the stern, when a sudden creak arrests his advance.

"Done!" Jezza cries.

You and the pirate look down as the harpoon suddenly loses half its anchoring spikes with a bang. Without them, it rips through the keel of your ship in a sudden rain of splinters. The pirate screams, his footing torn from under him, four other pirates down the length of the harpoon's chain sharing his fate as they tumble into the void.

The sudden release of the anchor sends the *Kettle* lurching forward, swaying as Jezza grabs the controls and gets it back underway. And good thing too. From your vantage point through the new whole in the ship's deck, you see the pirate ship roaring back in pursuit, already cranking the harpoon back up.

"Down into the Needles. Now!" you shout to Jezza.

"Aye aye!" your pilot gasps, not even bothering to say she told you so. A sure sign of the danger as she yanks a lever, sending you plunging down into the towering walls of a canyon threading through the Needles.

But Spinoza is still right on your tail, the bulky airship having surprising manoeuvrability as it ploughs after you, engines roaring like some monster in pursuit of prey. And worse, though your ship is nimbler, hers is much faster.

You cling to the rigging as Jezza swings the *Kettle* through the jagged turns. Mist explodes before your tiny craft as you hum forward. But always the pirates pursue. You're not surprised. Spinoza probably knows these canyons like the back of her hand.

A sudden turn momentarily loses the pirate ship and you look sharply ahead, spotting a large gap in the canyon walls, just barely big enough for you

[Hide](#)

[Ride](#)

Fight Him in the Cabin

Not exactly keen to try and balance on the chain as it twangs around a thousand feet in the air, you wait for the pirate in the security of the cabin. He obliges by charging in, bellowing as he viciously hacks at you. You parry, but the sheer momentum of his attack knocks you back, and he keeps coming.

You duel the pirate, blades flashing in the tight confines of the gondola. Managing to knock his sword aside and create an opening, you slash him across the chest, sending him to the floor with a shirt soaked in blood even as his companions follow their mate, three of them swarming you.

You back off before the wall of glittering steel, teeth grit.

“Throw yer weapon down! Or the bitch gets it.”

You look sharply about and see Jezza in the grip of one of the pirates, her cutting torch abandoned on the deck, her head in the man’s grasp and the edge of his sword to her throat.

You hesitate, looking between the enemy, but you know a hopeless situation when you see one. Reluctantly, you drop your sword and raise your hands.

“Attaboy,” Jezza’s captor cackles. “Now, you two ‘r comin’ with us. The cap’n ‘d like a word with ye.”

[Captured](#)

Lose them in the Needles.

"Into the Needles" you declare.

"Love it," Jezza says, and yanks a lever.

The engine roars with power once more, the *Kettle's* propellers snarling with such torque you can feel the deck under your feet shake. In a burst of acceleration, the little ship speeds towards the canyons, Jezza yanking a crank to suddenly drop in altitude, hurtling into the gap between the cliffs.

But Spinoza is still right on your tail, the bulky pirate ship having surprising manoeuvrability as it ploughs after you, engines roaring like some monster in pursuit of prey. And worse, though your ship is nimbler, theirs is much faster.

You cling to the rigging as Jezza swings the *Kettle* through the jagged turns. Mist explodes before your tiny craft as it hums forward. But always the pirates pursue. You're not surprised. Spinoza probably knows these canyons like the back of her hand.

A sudden turn momentarily loses the pirate ship and you look sharply ahead, spotting a large gap in the canyon walls, just barely big enough for the *Kettle*.

[Hide](#)

[Ride](#)

Hide

“There!” you cry, pointing at the hole.

“Hold on tight!” Jezza cries, cranking the wheel and yanking the break.

You’re glad you followed her advice, for the sudden reversal of the engines nearly throws you headlong out of the gondola as Jezza whips the airship around, putting it into a spin that makes the wood of the *Kettle* groan in protest, sending the airship skidding into the spacious cave.

You cling to the rigging breathlessly, the *Kettle*’s engines wheezing as Jezza kills them. The silence only lasts a moment. Then, with a howl like a beast unchained, the pirate airship rushes past in a flash of corroded steel and engine exhaust.

Heart hammering, you listen to the fade of the engines. The mists swirl in, filling in the space around you until silence and stillness hangs heavy in the air once more.

“They gone?” you breathe.

Jezza squints. “Looks like it,” she says, her voice slightly muffled by the mists. She eases the controls and the *Kettle*’s engine puffs back to life, droning softly as the little ship noses out of the cave. She peers about at the mist-clogged air, then looks at you with a grin. “Looks like-”

The bang is barely heard, but the impact is certainly felt. Spearing out of the mists comes the harpoon, which slams into the side of your airship like a hammer of the goddess. You cry out, your feet thrown out from under you as you slam into the railing, your head banging off some altitude instruments.

Worse yet, Jezza is flung across the deck and right into you, the pair of you going down on the floor. Feebly, black spots spinning in your eyes, you try and rise, but before you can the *Kettle* shudders under you as it’s dragged through the mists. You roll over groggily, only able to watch as the nose of the pirate’s gas bag with its painted skull looms out of the mist.

And then you black out.

[Captured](#)

Ride

You don't dare risk the chance, and in an instant the choice is gone as you whip past and the pirate ship sways in behind you in hot pursuit.

"How far are we running?" you shout over the roar of the engines.

"As far as it takes!" Jezza answers.

You're on the verge of replying when another boom erupts from behind you. A flash passes by you as the harpoon flies past your ship, dropping into the mists that seem to grow thicker and thicker.

"Faster!" you shout.

"I'm going as fast it gets!" Jezza barks back.

You curse, looking back, watching as Spinoza's ship closes. You notice the walls of the canyons are getting tighter. Narrower. The *Kettle* skims through them easily, but the bulky shape of the pirate airship seems more unwieldy. Yet still it closes.

Closer.

Closer.

And then the inevitable happens.

You don't see just what part of Spinoza's ship hits the canyon wall, but in an instant the huge airship is jerking wildly, the gasbag igniting in a sudden plume of fire. You gape as the ship seems to disintegrate, smashing wildly off the walls of the canyon as it tears after you.

But now it's even faster!

Horror grips you as the inferno of metal, wood and fabric hurtles after you like a flaming Ancient rocket. You spot a chunk of jagged iron pinwheel out of the devolving airship, ripping through the air and over the *Kettle*.

Under your feet the little airship shudders. A scream of air reaches your ears as dials and gauges go insane all over the control panels.

"It clipped the airbag!" Jezza screams in horror. "We're going doooooown!"

You grab the rail, watching in white-knuckled horror as the walls of the canyon suddenly thin.
Open.

You're out!

You burst from the mouth of the Needles like a cannon shot, clearing the air for a heart-stopping moment.

And before you stretches the Misty Valley.

It extends far ahead, suffocated in the heavy mists, glowing strangely from the sheer amount of moonstone that fills it. The steep walls of the mountains slope up as if the whole valley were a cauldron seething with boiling corruption.

And there, far at the other end, lies the Heaven's Gate.

The great brass domes of the Ancient's fortress gleam in the fitful light, and you swear you can even see the immense doors that seal it off from intruders. Like a sleeping palace at the end of the world it awaits, sullen and beautiful for all the ages it's lain dormant, lit by the spectral glow of the moonstone below. The sight takes your breath away.

And then gravity asserts itself and the *Kettle* is screaming down towards the forest canopy.

"Hold on to something!" Jezza cries, clinging to the wheel.

You grab the rigging tighter as the little airship tumbles into the mists like the terminating arc of a catapulted boulder. The forest rushes up beneath you, trees yawning out of the mists.

"Oh shi-"

The *Kettle* impacts the tree tops sending branches flying as the little ship bounces, sinks deeper, trees whipping by you and cracking off the hull like you're being attacked by a spastic drummer. Again the *Kettle* ricochets, then at last it hits the ground hard, grinding through the forest in a spray of dirt and roots and undergrowth.

Slowing.

And finally coming to a shuddering halt.

You sag from the rigging as the deflated gasbag settles atop you and Jezza like a heavy blanket. Grunting, you heave it off to find Jezza is still clinging to the wheel with a death grip of terror, but she manages to look back at you and give you a shaky grin.

"S-see?" she says. "Nobody pilots like... like me..."

"I'd just like to point out," you gasp, "that I blame you for all of this."

[Into the Garden](#)

Captured

Jezza at your side, you're dragged into the cabin of the pirate ship and flung down to the deck, pain exploding through your knees and your head rattling from the impact.

"Well well well. Look who's here."

The bubbly voice freezes your blood and you slowly lift your head.

Your eyes first meet sandalled toes, each nail long like a claw and painted bright pink. Up your gaze goes, passing over tight leather leggings, then higher to a pair of positively huge breasts lifted in tight, rubbery fabric. A dusty jacket absolutely bedazzled with shiny trinkets and medals comes next, then a bit higher to a distinctly feminine face, but with unmistakable canine qualities. Specifically, the pair of wolf ears rising from her blue hair, framing a cocked captain's hat.

Spinoza truly lives up to the rumours of her beauty, but by the golden gleam and the twist of her smile, you also know the tales of her sadism are going to be equally well founded.

Lucky you.

Spinoza rises off her scrap metal throne, her heeled shoes clicking as she approaches. "Aw, what a cutie you are!" she giggles, grabbing your face and turning your head this way and that. "So hot and dumb. My favourite kind of man!"

"I-"

"Shhh," she says, squeezing your cheeks. "No talking now. Because you've been a very bad boy, haven't you? You and your friend stealing from me," she purrs, glancing over at Jezza, who flinches from that gaze. "Very naughty naughty! But don't you worry," she adds, patting your cheek. "I've got a way for you both to pay me back. Especially you."

"And as for you," Spinoza says, looking at Jezza, who cowers from the glare of the bimbo pirate. "You've been an especially bad girl." Spinoza jerks her head. "Toss her in the brig. I'll think of what to do with her later."

"Wait!" you cry as Jezza is dragged off. "I-"

Spinoza's hand slaps you sharply. "Naughty boy! Talking without permission. Looks like you need some... training."

Instantly the pirates holding you force you facedown to the deck, and you catch a glow from the corner of your eye. You look up and suck in a horrified breath as you see Spinoza pull out a small vial and open it, tapping a glowing dust into her gloved palm.

Oh goddess.

That's powdered moonstone!

You renew your struggles, but Spinoza just laughs as her pirates easily hold you down. “Collar him, boys,” she commands, and you feel something latch on to your throat securely.

“W-wait!” you gasp. “Please!”

“Oooh, I love it when they beg,” Spinoza coos, leans down, and suddenly blows the dust into your face.

You wheeze, inhaling before you can think better of it. Fear seizes you as you hack and cough.

But the fear soon changes to something else entirely.

A strange heat blooms through you. Your eyes grow dim and your thoughts thick and sluggish as tapioca. A shudder wracks you as the heat grows, swelling in you like your skin is a size too small. You feel your muscles twitch. Swell. Thickening as bones reform and agony turn to a strange sort of euphoric pleasure.

“You can go, boys,” you dimly hear Spinoza say. “I’m gonna enjoy my new pet!”

The hands that gripped you release and you hear the creak of a door closing. But you instantly forget it as the bones of your face expand, shifting, forming new features. A more bestial visage. Your teeth sharpen to fangs. Your fingers spasm into claws. Pale fur sprouts over your body as you tear free of your clothes with an almighty howl.

Heaving, gasping, you lurch to your feet, more a wolf than man. Tall. Powerful.

Lustful.

“Oooh, what a hottie!”

Your eyes instantly move to Spinoza. It takes you a moment to recognize her, for your mind feels fogged and uncertain. But when you look at her, you do know one thing.

She is the sexiest woman you’ve ever seen.

Your eyes are glued to her large breasts in their tight top. You trace the curves of her hips and the proud swell of her rump and her wagging tail. You realize you’re panting and don’t bother stopping, your sense of smell taking in the pungent medley of her perfume, spiced with arousal. You grunt, your cock instantly hardening.

“You like?” Spinoza asks, lazily turning in place, her hips swinging and jacket fluttering.

“Y-yessss,” you growl.

She giggles and gives a tug on the leash connected to your collar. “Then come over here, big boy, and show me.”

You obey the pull. Obedience is easy. Though this female is obviously not fully blessed by the goddess, you can sense her desire for you. And mating her will bring her closer. Will help make her what she needs to be.

Spinoza's eyes are hot, her tongue sliding over her bubble-gum pink lips with hunger for you. She shrugs off her jacket, kicks off her shoes and pants, leaving her in nothing but a tight rubbery bra, panties and fishnet stockings. "C'mere, big boy," she breathes. "Let's have fun."

"Yessss mistresss," you growl, reaching up, grabbing her top and yanking it down.

"Oh!" Spinoza remarks, her eyes popping open as her breasts burst out of her bra, those plump, tanned orbs bouncing gorgeous before your eyes. She giggles and thrusts her chest out. "Like those, huh? Well, have some fun with them."

Gladly.

You fill your paws with her heaving titflesh, your head dipping down, your tongue running along those flawless curves, tasting her. Her warm skin. Her thick scent. Perfect. Wonderful.

And all for you.

Spinoza giggles, petting your head. "What a good doggie you are," she coos. "A big, buff, hottie of a doggie. And mistress Spinoza knows what good doggies need. They need to beg! Can you beg for me, doggie?"

"Rrrrr," you growl, confused and aroused, not sure if you're the dominant one despite your size. Not that you care. Instinct guides you now. "Want... fuck you," you manage to articulate.

"Of course you do! Because I'm cute and sexy and so very naughty! So, let's do it. Now sit!"

Spinoza suddenly spins you about, planting you in her throne. You grunt, but before you can get up the pirate has grabbed her panties and squirmed out of them, the sway of her balloonish breasts riveting your eyes. In an instant the last of her clothes are stripped away save her hat, leaving the gorgeous pirate queen naked before you. Proud. Arrogant. Savagely, absurdly, whorishly beautiful.

You stare at her, your red cock lewdly jutting up from your lap, throbbing with desire. Spinoza looks down on it with a greedy smile.

"Oh yeah, baby," she breathes, moving forward, straddling your lap, the slick gash of her pussy rocking forward, rubbing against your twitching manhood. "That's what I love to see."

You groan as her sex rubs against you. Your hands reflexively rise, grasping the lush swells of her hips, your fingers digging into her ass. Spinoza coos, hips eagerly rocking forward, grinding herself against your throbbing cock.

"Ohhhh baby, yesssss. Like that. Fuck you're big. Pale are such... mmm... fucking good lays. Play with my tits. Lick them, doggy! Lick them like I'm covered in peanut butter."

You grunt and obey, your tongue lathing the plush orbs of her tits, lapping at her needy nipples, the metal tang of her piercings sending another throb right to your cock as Spinoza continues to shamelessly grind against you.

"Mmmm! Gooood doggy. Such a fffffucking good boy. Goddess, I... oh fuck it!"

She suddenly rocks forward, burying your startled muzzle in her breasts. Your manhood slides along the dewy lips of her pussy as she rises up. Then she settles down.

And buries you deep inside her.

“Ohhhhhh!” Spinoza moans.

“Wooooooo!” you howl in equal pleasure, your grasp tightening on her ass as you begin to pump upwards into her hungry depths, fucking the lovely pirate queen with feverish intensity, her inner walls squeezing and massaging your feral cock.

“Nnnn! Oh f-fuck yes!” Spinoza cries as she rides you, her breasts bouncing around your face, nearly smothering you in her titflesh as she yanks on your leash, forcing you into her soft chest. “Yes! Yes! Just mmmm! Just like th-that! More. Keep... ah... f-fucking me more! Good dog. Good doggy! Make me fffffucking cum! Cum like a slut! Oh yes. Oh goddess yes! Yes! Yessssss!”

She screams in ecstasy, her inner walls clamping, squeezing your cock as she reaches her peak in a surge of her climax. Her inner walls rippling around you. Milking you in a sudden swell of pleasure.

What little self-control you had goes out the window with the tightness of her orgasm. You slam her down a final time onto your cock, and let loose a howl as you unload into her hungry cunt, pumping her full with great bursts of your thick seed.

“Ohhhh yesssss,” Spinoza moans, sagging atop you, a pull of the leash dragging your muzzle from between her breasts so you’re looking into her smoky eyes. She smirks down at you, her lush lips wide and soft. “What a good pet I have,” she croons, stroking you between the ears. “A good, obedient puppy.”

You grunt, but then her lips are on yours, and you’re dutifully kissing her, pushing your tongue into her hot mouth and submitting without reservation to the bimbo pirate queen. For females must be obeyed by good boys.

And true, maybe some day she’ll grow bored of you and throw you off her airship. But that day is not today. Today, you are her pet. Her breeder. Her plaything and sexual toy.

And tomorrow is too far away to bother thinking about...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Into the Garden



You help where you can in digging out pieces of the *Kettle*, but it's a grim scene. Though the gondola is mostly intact, it took a hell of a battering, and a lot of the machinery inside the ship is pretty badly damaged. Not to mention the gas bag has a rip in it longer than you are tall. After some time, you and Jezza step back and survey what you've got.

The pilot exhales a slow breath and shakes her head at the mangled ruin. "Well, it's not great. Take me a good while to get it running again, but I'll be able to get her airborne."

You sigh in relief. "Good," you say, uneasily looking around the mist shrouded forest. "I don't want to hang around down here too long. Best to get out of here before any Pale show up. Or Witches."

"Right," Jezza says slowly, sneaking a sideways glance your way. "About that..."

Oh no, you know that look. "What?" you demand suspiciously.

"So, here's the thing," she says, her foot nudging the chest containing the power cell taken from the tower. "You're gonna have to go overland to the gate."

You laugh. "That... that's a good joke there, Jezza. Hilarious."

"Yeah," she agrees, smiling up at you. "It would be, Zaid." Her smile drops. "But it isn't. You gotta go."

"Are you insane?" you protest, gesturing at the grim forest. "This is the Misty Valley! The whole place is crawling with Pale! Not to mention riddled with moonstone and Moon Witches. Why the hell would I try and trek across it? Something no one has managed to do and survive, I might add," you note. "The whole reason I partnered with you was so I didn't have to trudge around monster infested forest."

"You mean it wasn't for my charming personality?" Jezza asks with a flutter of her lashes and a look of coy innocence.

"Don't start that with me," you growl.

Jezza drops the cutesy look and sighs. "Well, you're right. But the thing is, someone has to get this thing far away from here."

She cracks open the chest and pulls out the glowing power cell. "Because if you don't," she continues, grim expression outlined by the glow of the power cell as she holds it out for you, "then every pale in a hundred miles is going to be coming this way anyway. You know how much they crave the energy from these things. If it stays in one place too long, it'll be an absolute magnet for them!"

Oh hell, she's right.

You feel your stomach drop as the truth of it hits you. Though you really really don't want to make such a journey, hanging around isn't an option either. And just leaving the power cell behind and trying to get out of the valley on foot is a death sentence too. You need the airship, and that means Jezza needs to be able to work without getting attacked by Pale.

"But..." you say, trying to find an argument against it, and not doing too well.

"You take it and make for the gate," Jezza says. "I'll stay here and get the airship running again. Hopefully, I'll be able to get it aloft before too long and catch up with you. When I do, bada bing bada boom, we hit the Heaven's Gate, grab the loot, and split before anything happens."

"Aside from me running into any of the moontouched that infest this place," you say bitterly, but take the power cell all the same.

Jezza grins. "No worries! You're the best delver in the Enclaves. You'll make it, no problem!"

An exaggeration, but there's not exactly a whole lot of choice right now. You sigh and tuck the glowing cell into a pouch on your belt. So long as you keep moving, you shouldn't draw any Pale. But running across them as you cross their territory is another question. You look up, barely able to see the fractured glow of the world's lone remaining moon through the heavy mists and forest canopy.

"Get that thing in the air fast," you say.

"You can count on me!" Jezza declares with a salute.

You sigh, but you suppose you can rely on Jezza. She's a talented pilot and engineer. As long as no one comes across her, she'll get the *Kettle* running before too long. Which means the rest is up to you.

Reluctantly, you turn and start off, trudging away from the crash site and towards where you know the Heaven's Gate stands tall.

The mists swirl around you as you go, but despite the gloom, it's not pitch dark. Though, that itself isn't a good thing. The pale glow of moonstone illuminates everything in an eerie light, filtering through the mist wherever the stones have embedded themselves in the earth. Often, they're even in the trees, bulging cancerously from the trunks like yellow eyes, having grown with the trunk and emerging from the very bark.

You shudder, fingering the hilt of your sword, ears straining for the sound of the monsters who you know stalk these dark places. Ironically, you hope you'll run across Pale. The corrupted males that infest the world are dangerous, true, but far less so than the females. You really don't want to run across any Moon Witches. With their malevolent intelligence and madness, they are a far greater threat than mere brute muscle. More insidious as well.

You shiver and rub your arms, peering about the forest. As you've been walking, the nature of the woods has changed. It took you a few minutes to notice, but now that you do, your eyes narrow in wary attention.

The forest has become more overgrown as you walk. The trees have grown taller and thicker. Roots bulge from the undergrowth and brambles gleam like barbed wire. Ivy riddles the trunks of the forest, and strange red flowers unfurl lush petals whose vibrancy glows with moonstone the size of your fingernail.

Your nose twitches, and you realize the air is heavy with both mist and perfume. You slow, thoughtful. The scent of the flowers is pleasant, but you've heard dangerous stories of certain plants corrupted by moonstone. Not just like the one you encountered in the tower, but of other flowers whose very scent carries toxic scent. You touch your belt where you keep your breather mask for just such occasions. But the scent isn't too strong. In fact, it's kind of... pleasant. And if you put on the mask, you'd lose out on enjoying it...

[Put on the Mask](#)

[Keep Walking](#)

Keep Walking

Your hand slips away from the mask and you resume your slow stroll. You don't really need the mask, after all. It's just scent. Just perfume. Nothing harmful about that.

And it's just so marvellously pleasant...

You breathe in deeply, skin tingling from the rich scent that rushes into your lungs. Ooooh, that's the good stuff. The mist gets deeper. Thicker. But you don't mind at all. You just have to keep following the scent.

Following your nose.

No harm in that.

You realize you're smiling, though you're not sure why. You're just... in a really good mood. That's all. Nothing wrong with being in a good mood.

In feeling good.

Feeling happy and floaty.

You look around and find the vines have grown much closer around you. Flowers dangle like bells, quivering though there is no breeze, raining down the golden pollen you inhale, fogging up your thoughts even more.

Goddess but you feel good.

So good and happy.

Happy is good.

It's good to be happy.

Happy and smiling.

Tree limbs part before you, leading you deeper, and your foot suddenly catches on something. You gasp, falling forward, mists parting before you to reveal a bed of flowers. You tumble into it, the soft grass cushioning you. In fact, the grass is so comfortable, why even get back up?

You moan, nuzzling into the grass. More flowers puff with pollen and you greedily inhale. Oh goddess, that's so good. So very good. So good you... you feel a little horny, actually. Moaning softly, you wriggle, ass in the air, your face in the flowers as you fumble with your pants, eventually managing to tug them down around your knees. Your cock is rock hard, and a whimper escapes you as your fingers wrap around your shaft.

"Oh," you breathe, panting as you start to rut into your own hand. Still breathing. Inhaling. Sucking in gusts of that sweet pollen. "Ah. Ha... Mnnnn..."

Your head swims. Pounds. Pleasure throbs through you like your whole body is an erogenous zone centered around your cock. You moan wantonly, furiously stroking yourself, rocking atop the grass, inhaling the rich scent of the flowers, spurring yourself ever onward. You have to cum. You need to cum! It's gonna feel so good. So perfect. So... so...

"Mnnnnn!" you groan, shuddering as your body surrenders to its needs, your cock spurting shamelessly into the grass beneath you. You pant, eyes foggy, cheek rubbing into the green sward.

"Oh my. Seems another poor, silly fauna has wandered into the garden."

You turn your head blearily and see... see...

See the most beautiful woman in the world.

Her skin is a vibrant green and her lips are red as roses. She seems to wear a flower on her head, or perhaps is one. Vines lazily twine and twist from her back, and her expression is almost matronly in its warm affection.

And all over her, growing like thorns from her skin, is moonstone.

You stare at her, smitten at once. Dazed and amazed. She moves up behind you and reaches down, running her finger along the seam of your bare ass. You shudder again, groaning as that mere touch instantly hardens your cock. No sooner are you hard again than you start stroking yourself anew.

"Poor thing," the rose woman says, gently patting your rump as you rock into your own hand. "The world is so cruel to you fauna. Don't worry, precious thing. Botana will take care of you. Your suffering is at an end. Only happiness, precious fauna. Only joy."

You barely hear her. Your mind has sunk once more into mindless pleasure as you pump your cock. You vaguely see her wave her hand, and feel the flowers around you suddenly grow. Petals close like luscious lips and begin to kiss you. One sprouts under you, enveloping the tip of your cock in its gentle sucking, making you whine in animalistic pleasure, before another flower kisses you on the lips.

You whimper, moan, lost and damned in the garden. The taste of sap soaks your tongue from the flower, and you eagerly guzzle that sweet ambrosia. You cum again. Again. Body trembling and surrendering to its basest pleasure. Little more than a living ornament of carnal degradation.

And you couldn't be happier...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Put on the Mask

You shake off the momentary stupor and yank your mask free, slipping it over your face. Your breath rattles in the filter, and almost instantly your head clears. Corruption in the pollen. A Pale of some kind, or more likely a Witch is ahead. You heft your sword, and with cold steel in hand, you push ahead into the forest.

As you go the pollen grows thicker. Practically a miasma at this point, and deeply interwoven with the mist. The trees have thinned, but the foliage hasn't. Instead, thick vines like hedges close in around you, their brambles arching overhead. Flowers like bells hang from them, raining down pollen. The ground has grown soft and spongy under your feet, and through breaks in the mist you see more flowers carpeting the floor, all breathing out the intoxicating scent.

Goddess, it's so all consuming you can fairly feel it soaking into your skin. Which is a distinct possibility. You tighten your grasp on your sword and plow on.

And then you hear someone... singing.

You slow, listening intently. It's not so much singing as humming. A gentle, soothing melody that only makes you more wary. You look around, but the hedges hem you in on either side. Risking a glance back, you see it blocks that way too.

Shit.

Grimly, lacking a better option, you forge ahead, the singing growing louder. Along with other sounds. Is that... moaning?

You stop, the mists so deep now you can't make out anything.

"Welcome, fauna," hums the singing voice.

Like curtains the pollinated mists part, seeping away and unveiling what they'd been hiding. You stand in what can only be described as an immaculately tended garden. Beds of flowers bloom all around you on hillocks in which naked figures pant and writhe and rut, half masked by swirls of mist. But you barely pay any attention to the people lost in the throes of ecstasy.

Not when you can look at the throne ahead.

It's made of a single massive flower tilted forward. Vines and roots tangle from its base and spread across the garden like an arboreal heart. A woman sits among the petals. Gorgeous. Ravishing. Full figured with plush green breasts as big as your head. And speaking of heads, hers seems to sprout into a massive rose, the petals her hair, her face lovely and smiling in almost matronly affection. Vines sprout from her back, lazily waving.

But, more saliently, her body is also alive with moonstone, sprouting from her like thorns and pulsing in her skin.

You're instantly on guard, lifting your sword quickly, but she merely smiles and rises. "Please," she says, gesturing gently. "I am Botana, keeper of this garden, and I mean you no harm."

"I've heard that before," you say, your voice muffled by your mask.

She nods sadly. "It's true," she sighs, looking about herself wistfully. "The world beyond my garden is a terrible place. A dangerous place. Monsters and vicious creatures stalk the world, devouring the helpless fauna. A cycle of predator and prey. Vicious. Ugly."

She shudders, which makes her chest move in some very interesting ways. She shakes her head and smiles anew. "But that is why my garden exists," she declares, gesturing grandly. "To save as many precious fauna as I can. To keep them safe and happy from the horrors of the world beyond."

"Is that what you call this?" you ask, gesturing with your sword towards one of the writhing figures, the mists clearing for a moment to show an enormously busty woman, her mouth open with shameless moans, her nipples covered by flowers that suck and pump her enormous teats. The woman pants in mindless pleasure, her eyes dim, so deep in the euphoria of the pollen she doesn't even see you.

"Oh yes," Botana says, smiling happily. "Wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't call being lost in a drugged stupor happiness," you remark.

"And yet it is. No more fighting. No struggling. Just endless pleasure. Is that such a bad thing? Is that not what all creatures yearn for?"

"Cute," you say. "But I don't intend to hang around."

Her smile turns sad. "So brave. Yet so foolish. Do you think you could survive in the Valley? There are countless of my sisters who would be far less kind in bringing you to the goddess's embrace. How could I simply let you leave?"

"Because I'm not giving you a choice," you inform her as your sword glints in the glow.

Her smile deepens. "Then, I shall make you a deal," she says, gesturing, the vines parting to reveal a dark corridor through the foliage. "Survive a trial through my garden, and you will prove you may survive in the wilds, foolish though you may be. But fail, and show you would soon fall prey to one of my fellow acolytes of the goddess."

"And if I refuse?" you demand.

"Then you have proven you lack the wit to survive regardless," she replies pleasantly.

You scowl at her, but she can't see your expression through your mask, whose filter you can't help but notice is starting to get clogged up from the sheer amount of pollen in the air. Ball's in your court now...

[Take Her Test](#)

[Attack Botana](#)

[Bluff Botana](#)

Attack Botana

“How about this instead!” you shout, lunging for the plant girl, your sword gleaming wickedly in the glow of the moonstones.

Botana looks on you sadly and makes a gesture. As your foot lands the ground suddenly bucks under you, rolling your ankle and sending you crashing to the ground with a startled shout. You hit terra firma hard, wheezing, and before you can react the roots that tripped you have grabbed your legs.

You struggle to your knees and raise your sword to slash yourself free, only for a vine to whip around your wrist, arresting you mid sword stroke like a green shackle. You look up in shock, and a second vine snakes around your other arm, yanking it back, dragging a pained grunt from you.

“Poor fauna,” Botana sighs as she steps forward, shaking her head sadly. “But so it is with beasts. Only able to think with their muscles and instincts.”

You see her reach for your mask and you try to pull away, but the vines and roots hold you securely. You wince as her fingers pluck the mask from your face, letting in the sweet miasma. You try to hold your breath, but it’s a battle soon lost, and as your vision darkens, you can’t stop yourself from taking in a gasping breath of pollen laden air.

You cough, hacking, feeling the heavy perfume rush into your lungs. You tremble in horror. It... it feels...

Good.

You blink, your eyelids growing heavy. Your body warm and listless. Realizing what’s happening, you try and shake it off.

“Don’t struggle,” Botana murmurs gently, her deft fingers undoing your thick leather coat. “Just... breathe...”

Your head lolls. Your chest heaves as you take in another lungful of pollen rich air. Another. Another. Soon you’re breathing deeply and steadily. A groan of bliss and despair escapes you, your skin tingling. Sensitive. Wonderful.

“There,” Botana says, smiling down at you, her ruby red lips right in front of your face. “Good fauna. Just... relax...”

You whimper as her hands reach your pants, tugging them down. A gasp escapes you as she cradles your cock and balls. Then she’s moved forward and is kissing you hard. Passionately.

Oh.

Oh goddess, that’s so good. So very... very... good...

You stop struggling. Stop resisting. You moan in blissful joy as your lips move against hers. As her hand pumps your cock and her fingers gently stroke and tease your balls. Ecstasy. Pleasure. Your eyes swim with the glow of dancing pollen raining down on your face.

It doesn't take you long to cum. Botana's gentle touch coaxes it from you in a whimpering cry, your manhood throbbing, spurting, unloading your thick load in great spurts onto the grass to shine like dew as she continues to kiss you.

You taste a sap on her tongue and eagerly you drink it down, shuddering as virility throbs once more in your cock. Hardening you for a second coming. A second orgasm as blissfully wonderful as the first.

At some point, Botana stops kissing you. You barely notice. Lolling in the vines, your cock caged in roots and flowers that continue to suck you off as you moan in mindless pleasure, head falling limp, body shuddering as you cum.

Cum.

Cum again and again in Botana's gentle grasp...

[Garden of Delights](#)

Bluff Botana

"You don't want to do that," you say, opening a pouch on your belt.

"No?" she asks.

"No," you say, pulling out a fire stick. A simple phosphorous thing used to illuminate caves. It burns hot but burns fast. You only hope Botana hasn't seen it before.

You twist and ignite it, angry red sparks hissing from the tip, pollen burning away to nothing around it as you defiantly lift it over your head. "This is a special little bomb. We call it the Devil's Kiss. If I drop this, it will explode in an inferno that would put a forest fire to shame. Your entire garden will go up in smoke."

Botana stares down at you, her head cocking slowly. "All this to escape joy?" she asks.

"To escape a drugged slavery, yeah," you say.

Silence stretches between you and her, filled only with the crackle of the fire stick. You feel sweat stinging down your back and face as you wait, praying she doesn't call your bluff. Because this is the only fucking card you've got.

Finally, Botana sighs. "Very well," she says, gesturing. On the other side of the clearing the vines part, wood creaking as brambles and trunks bend out of the way, revealing a dark passage. "You have courage, if nothing else, fauna. I pray it is enough to save you."

"You and me both," you say, backing towards the opening. You glance over your shoulder periodically as you shuffle into the tight tunnel, and eventually the roots close behind you, trapping you in darkness save the burning of your stick.

It's a fraught journey, but only lasts maybe twenty minutes. Then, the vines and brambles thin for the familiar looming dark trunks. The mist regains its wispy white. Finally, you dare pull your mask and breathe in.

Air.

Fresh air.

Well, as fresh as it gets in the Misty Valley.

Still, never has it been so sweet. You sigh in relief, tucking your mask away and checking your compass. With haste you turn your steps away from the garden and back towards the Heavens Gate.

You've got a ways to go yet, and fates lurk ahead that will make the garden look like paradise in retrospect.

But on you trudge. Deeper and deeper into the embrace of the valley of the damned...

The Bullmen

Take Her Test

“Fine,” you grunt. “I’ll take your test.”

“As you like,” she says, gesturing again at the opening.

Sword in hand, careful not to turn your back on her, you make your way towards the waiting passage out of the clearing. You duck through, and the vines close behind you with a rustling. No going back now.

The way forward isn’t particularly charming either. You stand in something like a hedge maze, though every inch of the thick foliage is marked by flowers breathing out perfume and pollen. You start off, grip tight on your sword and eyes peering about for whatever threat awaits you.

You don’t have long to wait.

You hear a moaning sound and instantly your sword comes up, your eyes searching for the source. The sound comes again, straight ahead. The only way forward, in fact. Teeth grit, you prowl forward, on guard, every breath rattling as your mask’s filter grows ever more clogged with pollen.

You reach the corner of the maze and peek around, and if it weren’t for your mask being in the way, your jaw would have dropped.

A blonde-haired woman seems to grow out of the wall of the maze. No, that’s not quite right. The wall has grown around her! From the waist down she’s sunk into the pitcher of an immense flower, her arms bound behind her by ever shifting vines, her eyes dim, lost, clouded with pleasure. And little surprise. Flowers on the ends of vines surround her, the petals kissing her immense teats, sending shudders of pleasure through the blonde. Her breasts are positively immense. Swollen almost comically, the area around the nipples has turned green, as if her breasts were becoming literal melons.

But they aren’t just green. From her nipples drools a thick, sappy substance that splashes into the waist-deep pitcher below, and you can see a thick vine growing from the base of the flower and feeding into her pussy, lewdly squelching as it pumps in and out of her with steady affection.

“Goddess,” you breathe.

“Ohhhhh,” the blonde cries again, her hair tossed as she shudders, cumming, nipples spurting another gush of sap into the pitcher below.

[Help the Pitcher Girl](#)

[Abandon Her](#)

Abandon Her

The decision tears at you. To leave someone to that dark fate in Botana's garden goes against everything you are. But, though reluctantly, you tear yourself away from the sight and force yourself to walk past, a sudden keening cry of orgasmic bliss echoing behind you, causing your jaw to tighten in self-loathing.

Mercifully, you soon leave the sight and sounds behind, the hedgerows growing quiet once more as you trudge on.

You've been walking for maybe five minutes when the sudden crackling of dead wood has you halt sharply. You whirl around and take a quick step back at what you see.

From another part of the maze a figure emerges. It looks like a gigantic wolf made of old, gnarled wood, its fur a carpet of moss, its teeth splinters as it lopes out of the gloom, eyes glowing with green malevolence.

A low, crackling growl like breaking deadwood comes from the timber wolf as it faces off with you.

[Fight the Timber Wolf](#)

[Flee from the Timber Wolf](#)

Flee from the Timber Wolf

You don't like the look of this thing. You doubt your sword would do anything worse than chip off some kindling before it tore you to bits. Lacking a hatchet, you do the only sensible thing in such a situation.

Turn around and run like hell!

You hear the timber wolf howl behind you, but you don't look back. You don't need to. The sound of the thing running after you is like a rotting forest falling over. Snapping. Crackling. The monster closes. You can fairly smell the decay of its foliage even through your mask.

But wait. Ahead. You can see it! You can see the exit! Your heart leaps with joy. You put on another burst of speed. Closer. Closer.

The sound of pursuit suddenly vanishes. For a split second you wonder why.

Then the leaping timber wolf slams into your back, bowling you forward with a cry. The bulk of the monster heaves against you, a paw pinning you to the ground.

You wheeze, struggling to get upright, but only manage to lift your head. And in so doing, you spot your mask lying before you.

For a moment you fail to understand what happened. Then you smell the perfume of the garden. Inhale the scent of pollen and the smooth, thickness of the flowery mist.

Tension oozes from your limbs. You sag where you lie, a dopey smile alighting your lips. You actually giggle as the timber wolf bites down on your jacket collar, the immense monster easily dragging you away from the exit.

Away from freedom.

And deeper into the perfumed bliss of the plant girl's realm...

[Garden of Delights](#)

Fight the Timber Wolf

You don't much like your odds of taking this thing in a fair fight.

Fortunately, you're a delver. Which means you can fight very unfair too.

Your hand snaps to your belt and you pull out a fire stick. Grabbing the tip, you wrench it off, igniting the rod with a crackle of searing red flames. Even as you do so the timber wolf howls and charges, speeding right towards you, splintered maw open.

Which works great for you.

You hurl the fire stick right into its mouth. The crackling rod bounces right down its gullet, causing the timber wolf to stumble to a halt with a look of confusion on its wooded face.

For a moment the monster just stands there, staring. Then it belches sparks.

And then, with a whoosh, it goes up in flames.

"Holy hell!" you curse, taking a quick step back as the timber wolf ignites like a stack of kindling soaked in oil, its ancient wood and moss greedily feeding the flames. As it burns, the pollen in the air around it vaporizes, the timber wolf howling, staggering about like a torch in blind agony.

You don't waste more than a few seconds admiring your handiwork. Very much doubting Botana is going to be thrilled about what you did to her pet (and a growing section of her forest), you turn and race for the exit of the maze.

The roaring flames illuminate your path, and in short order you notice the foliage is beginning to thin. Then, the vines and brambles melt away for the familiar looming dark trunks of the Valley proper. The mist regains its wispy white and finally, with the fire and the garden vanishing behind you, you dare pull your mask off and breathe in.

Air.

Fresh air.

Well, as fresh as it gets in the Misty Valley. And now tinged with a hint of woodsmoke.

Still, never has it been so sweet. You sigh in relief, tucking your mask away and checking your compass. With haste you turn your steps away from the garden and back towards the Heavens Gate.

You've got a ways to go yet, and fates lurk ahead that will make the garden look like paradise in retrospect.

But on you trudge. Deeper and deeper into the embrace of the valley of the damned...

[The Bullmen](#)

Help the Pitcher Girl

Simple humanity won't let you leave the poor girl to her fate, and besides, she might know a way out of this maze.

Thus decided, you move towards the moaning woman, looking over her as you try and figure out how she's bound to the pitcher plant.

"Ohhhhh," she moans, dim eyes blinking up at you.

"Stay calm," you say, reaching out and grabbing some of the vines holding her arms in place. "I'll get you out of there. Just give me one... moment... Aha!"

You slash, your blade shearing through the thick vines cleanly. The top-heavy woman wobbles, the sap she lazies in sloshing, almost splashing over the rim as she falls forward and against you.

"Easy. Easy," you say gently, holding her steady, flushing as you feel the immenseness of her breasts squish against your chest, spurting the thick sap and staining your leather coat. "Just give me a second and I'll get your other arm."

"Feels... goooooood," she moans.

"I know it does," you sigh, spotting where the vines still tangle her.

"You're... nice..." she breathes, smiling dimly, stroking your cheek.

"Just... doing what any man would do," you say, taking aim at the vines.

"Mmmm," she hums mindlessly, her eyes pink with pollinated submission. Her hand petting your face lovingly.

No.

Not petting.

Too late do you feel her hook a playful finger in your mask. "W-wait!" you cry, but it's already done, the mask slipping off your mouth and nose. You try and pull it back on, but your hands are occupied with the voluptuous woman and your sword.

But her hands are very free, and they cup your face, her lidded eyes gazing lovingly into yours.

"Feel... goooooood," she sighs again.

And kisses you.

You freeze, tasting her lips. Tasting the sweet cherry of her tongue as it teases against your own. Before you know what you're doing you've inhaled a gasp of air.

Sweet.

Heavenly scented air.

You shudder, head taking off into the clouds like an airship that lost all its ballast. You sway, knees suddenly weak, and suddenly you're being pulled off your feet, into the pitcher that the woman nestles in.

She giggles as you topple atop her, your body bouncing off the heavy softness of her breasts. Your lips are again captured by hers, and the kiss deepens. Her tongue plunging into your mouth, playing with yours, a kiss so deep you can't help but... but sink into it.

Sink into the pitcher.

Into the sap as you begin to kiss her back.

Forgetting why you shouldn't.

Forgetting why you should resist.

Why you shouldn't enjoy her lips.

Her breasts.

Her sweet... delicious... sap...

You barely notice when your clothes become soaked in the fluids of the pitcher. When they sizzle and melt, leaving your sensitive skin naked to soak in the syrupy goodness. Rolling with your buxom lover as she giggles and coos, so drunk on love and pollen. Nubile loveliness that cradles your head to her chest, pressing your mouth to her breasts. To a fat, drooling nipple.

Moaning as you begin to suck.

"Mmmm," you groan, eyes rolling back as you guzzle her sweet, thick milk. Feeling it slide down your throat like warm maple syrup. Only breaking from her twitching nipples to kiss her again, feeding her her own sap.

Splashing. Fumbling. It's almost accidental when your cock slides into her pussy, lubricated by the fluids that fill the flower. You gasp, the sensation more intense than any you've known before.

"Mmm. Fuuuuuck meeeee," she moans.

You do, instantly beginning to rut her. Fucking her in the sloshing pitcher plant, the sap swishing around the both of you as you pant, pounding her against the walls of the pitcher, your chest rebounding off her breasts with every thrust, spurting more of her intoxicating cream into your shred bath. Too lost to notice. Too aroused to think.

Not even caring as more vines reach down, gathering up you and her.

Drawing you back against the plant.

Stroking your naked legs, ass, back and ribs.

You don't care.

Don't notice.

Because everything is good.

Everything is wonderful.

And as you cum, moaning, pumping into the keening garden beauty under you, you know it's only going to get better...

Forever...

[Garden of Delights](#)

Garden of Delights

The world moves around you, but you pay it no mind.

You pay nothing any mind.

If the second moon were shattered you probably wouldn't notice. Your existence is an endless parade of sensations and pleasures. Lovers and delights. Nothing intrudes upon this perfect world of yours.

Nothing but happiness.

Before you is another denizen of the garden. You don't know her name. You don't care, and neither does she. You've forgotten your name ages ago. You're not even sure how you came to be behind her, your hips slapping off her plush bottom as you rut her atop a flowery knoll with feverish intensity.

You're panting, the sweet scent of the flowers stuffing your head and thoughts with blissful ecstasy. Your balls ache, throbbing, heavy with seed. You can feel your climax coming. Nearing. With a whine you throw back your head.

And cum.

"Ohhhhh!" the woman beneath you cries, shuddering with you, her pussy rippling as she joins you in ecstasy, milking you of your thick, potent seed. Almost sap-like now, and very invigorating for your lovers.

Heady pleasure fills you, and with a dopey smile you let yourself fall back, cock unsheathing from your lover with a wet schlicking sound. Only it's not the usual grassy field of flowers you fall into, your impact raising a cloud of thick pollen that smothers your recovering form in powdered pleasure that makes you wriggle and giggle in delight.

No.

Instead, you fall against two plump, soft orbs that you nearly sink into, your arms draping over them like you were reclining against some amazingly plush couch. You blink lazily and tilt your head further back, finding yourself gazing up into a pair of loving eyes and a face of green beauty. A head a crown of petals like a rose...

"Hello, fauna," Botana breathes.

Her name flashes through your mind like the fin of a fish, only to vanish a moment later into the dark waters that drown your mind. You smile in dimwitted joy, only knowing that she is busty, loving, and that you're utterly safe in her hands.

"Hiiiiii," you say, grinning stupidly up at her.

Her smile deepens and her hand begins to pet your head. You shiver and moan as her fingers play along your sensitive scalp. Stroking your canine ears (did you always have dog ears? You can't remember. It doesn't matter). "Are you happy, fauna?" she asks gently.

“Soooo happy,” you moan.

“And would you ever want to leave my garden?”

You gape at her blankly. Leave the garden? There’s places beyond the garden? You can’t even conceive of it. Even the thought feels wrong somehow.

She seems to sense your turmoil and smiles. “Nevermind,” she croons, stroking your ears again. “You don’t need to think about it.”

You relax, forgetting already, exhaling heavily in satisfaction. Then inhaling sharply as you feel Botana’s vines slide around your naked hips and wind around your cock, beginning to gently squeeze and massage you, cradling your sensitive, heavy balls in their ropy grasp and giving them slow, tender pumps.

“Ohhhhhh,” you groan, head sinking deeper into the valley of her breasts.

“Good boy,” croons Botana. “Such a good fauna. A happy fauna. Don’t think about it. Just be happy, fauna. That’s all I ask of you. Just be happy and enjoy the pleasures of flesh. Your poor, simple flesh. A slave to instinct. To pleasure. Poor thing. You’d never have survived in the wild.”

You moan, nodding vaguely, agreeing with whatever she’s saying. The words don’t matter. Just the tone. Just the gentle, soothing drone of her voice as you buck into the stroking vines, your head sinking deeper into the enveloping firmness of her tits. Joy illuminates your soul. Happiness defines you in the garden of Botana.

And as soon as you cum, moaning, spurting your thick, rich seed onto the grass, you’ve already forgotten that sweet orgasm. For Botana has lifted you in her arms, carrying you like a precious pet, only to deposit you into a pitcher plant.

There, a flower encases your cock, milking you as your arms are bound up by vines, your moans of delight joining countless others that fill the garden of the plant woman. Happy slaves to instinct. Obedient thralls to the endless parade of new sensations offered inside.

Heaven found within the garden of delights...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

The Bullmen



The forest seeps with mist as you hurry onward, occasionally casting wary looks around. You keep to the deeper shadows, which isn't hard. Barely any light penetrates the thick canopy. Now and then you hear the distant sounds of predators and prey. The rustle of brush and whisper of movement, but mostly there's only the suffocating silence.

At least, until you hear a distant grunt.

You freeze, instantly whirling about towards the sound. Foliage sways and branches crack. From out of the gloom you spot a hulking shape slowly rear up, soon followed by several others. Red eyes gleam, filled with dumb animal rage and violence.

Pale.

Horns top their heads and bovine muzzles stretch their corrupted faces. They walk like men but are far bulkier. Muscles bulge almost obscenely from their hairy bodies and their heads slowly swivel, scanning.

Hunting.

You take a wary step back as the bull-men lope out of the shadows, knuckling along, clad only in crude hide and carrying brutish clubs. Maybe you can just... slip away...

You see the leader's nostrils flare, snorting as he breathes.

No.

Scents.

His head suddenly swivels towards you and he lets loose a bellow.

Uh oh.

[Fight](#)

[Flight](#)

Fight

You whip your rifle off your back as the herd of bull-men charge at you, roaring with feral fury. You fire, your rifle knocking against your shoulder, the crimson round punching through the air and into the lead minotaur. It slams into his chest hard, forcing the monster to reel back, but then he shakes it off and keeps coming.

Shit!

You hastily chamber another shot, backpedaling as you fire again. This one hits the lead bull right between the eyes and he finally goes down so hard the earth shakes. But there's near a dozen more of them, and they look pissed!

You chamber a third bullet, but by then the herd is upon you. A huge, grey brute bellows and raises his club. You dodge a blow that whistles past you and thuds into the ground. You fire wildly and wing the minotaur, but then the others are upon you. Another Pale swings wide and you duck his club, but a huge hand hits you hard.

You spin away, the world reeling, your head ringing like a bell. The forest floor races up to you as you topple, dazed.

And helpless to do anything as another club comes down, and ends your journey for good...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Flight

You're not so proud you won't run, and if ever there was a moment for that it's now. You turn, pelting away from the herd in a mad dash through the forest. The bellows of the monstrous Pale thunder behind you as they give chase. You feel the earth tremor with their steps as you leap over protruding roots and dodge beneath swishing branches. The glow of moonstone illuminates your way, your breath rattling in your chest as you go on. On!

The fence comes out of nowhere, suddenly rearing up out of the forest. You almost run straight into it, but at the last moment you grab the top rail and vault over it, landing on the flat sward on the other side. You hear the bellowing roar and risk a look back, but then slow.

The bulls have stopped.

They stand at the fence, snorting and glaring at you with their beady red eyes as they mill around the posts. Only then do you see the strange runes carved in the wood, glowing an angry red, throbbing like a wound.

You stop, panting, confused but watchful as the bulls glare at you. But your relief is short lived as several begin to pace about the fence, never breaking their stares.

You grimace, then look back around. You realize you're in a small clearing in the forest. A cottage rises out of the middle. Round, with a thatch roof like a broad brimmed hat, the cottage squats like a toad in the pale moonlight, gardens all around it growing strange plants by the light of moonstone. You see an attached barn, and that the fence goes all the way around the clearing.

There's something almost... cozy about the whole scene. At least, there would be, if you didn't know for damn sure that you're undoubtedly looking at the home of a Moon Witch.

You hesitate, but a glance at the brutes lurking outside the fence decides it. Sword in hand, you open the door with a creak and peek inside.

The interior of the cottage is huge. Herbs hang from the rafters to dry and shelves are arranged all around the room, filled with potions and components. More shelves are lined with tomes, while still elsewhere what looks like Ancient tablets are angled against the walls, the script in a forgotten tongue and imprinted on copper and gold.

But the thing that really catches your eye is the absolutely massive moonstone which takes up the middle of the room. It hangs from the ceiling by dozens upon dozens of ropes, suspended over a black cauldron. Something white glistens on the glowing stone, slowly dripping down into a funnel, then drained away by copper tubes in an immense alchemical distillery to plop into a waiting jug. Before this, on a workbench, are three bottles.

As soon as you see the immense moonstone you feel the subtle draw of it. The whisper of compulsion caressing your ear and thrumming in your veins.

You shake your head violently and move slowly through the house, sword at the ready. You can't help but step near the bottles, and as you do you examine them. They seem to be some kind of potions. One is red and sports an image of bull horns, another pink and... well, those look like a pair of breasts on the label, and a third is transparent and unlabeled.

You eye them, uneasy. Who knows what the hell they do, especially since they seem to be made from the essence of the goddess. Your eyes again go to the stone, its glow pulsing softly in the room. You look back down at the bottles and pick one up, examining it.

The click of the lock snaps your attention around to a door you didn't notice at first. It begins to slowly slide open.

[Hide!](#)

[Stand Your Ground!](#)

Hide!

You look around quickly and spot a nearby armoire made of well-worn wood. Putting the bottle back, you yank open the armoire and tuck yourself inside among many robes and denim overalls, quickly closing the closet behind you.

And none too soon. As you hunch down, you hear the slow thunk of footsteps walking across the room. A throaty, feminine hum fills the air.

“My oh my. Now why are my boys so energetic out there?”

You sink back a bit deeper into the obscuring clothing. Goddess help you. The Moon Witch!

You swallow thickly as the footsteps make their slow passage outside your hiding place. You hear them stop, then a faint sniffing sound.

“Well now,” the voice chuckles throatily. “Seems I have a visitor, don’t I?”

You tense, gritting your teeth as you lift your sword as best you can.

“Now I do wonder where they could be? Perhaps in my pantry? Or behind the couch? Or maybe...”

The footsteps draw nearer. You bunch yourself up, readying to lunge out as the steps suddenly stop before your hiding place.

Click.

You blink, but hear the witch chuckle again and her footsteps move away. Something’s wrong. You reach out and gently push on the door.

It doesn’t open.

Oh no.

You push harder but it doesn’t budge. She locked you in!

“And now,” croons the witch as her footsteps draw near once more. “How about my dear guest get a little taste of mommy Cara’s newest concoction?”

Something pushes against the keyhole and a smoke begins to seep through. Oh fuck! You throw yourself against the door but it doesn’t give. The smoke pumps into the tight space, and despite your best efforts you can’t help but breathe some in. You gag, fumbling for your mask, but your numbing fingers drop it. What... what’s going on?

You can’t see, but suddenly, your shirt feels looser. Your head begins to pound as your clothes sag on you, suddenly feeling much too big, fairly sliding off you. You gasp, pushing against the door again, but your efforts barely rock the armoire.

What... what’s happening to... to you?

You sink to your knees, coughing. You try to hold your breath, but it's like it's like the smoke is pushing through your ears and eyes. You feel weak. Dizzy. So dizzy and... and soft. What... what's happening? Where are you? Who... who are you?

You've stopped struggling at some point. Why were you struggling? It's so hard to remember. You lean against the door, breathing hard, trying to remember. Your clothes are so baggy. Why are you wearing them? They're so... uncomfortable...

The door suddenly opens, spilling you onto the floor. You prop yourself up dazedly, and find yourself staring at a pair of hooved feet.

As if compelled, your eyes slide slowly upwards. The hooved feet swell into wide, childbearing hips outlined by tight denim. Higher still are a pair of breasts bigger than your head, swelling over you like a cliff of soft titflesh, straining the fabric which garbs them. Potions glow around a belt that hugs the huge woman's hips, and her face looks down at you, positively beaming and barely visible past her bust. Completing the image are a pair of bovine cow horns arching from her head.

"Well hey there, cutie," the woman purrs.

Just the sound of her voice seems to thrum right in your cock and balls. You shiver, gaping up at her with awe.

"Now what'r you doing down there?" she asks, crouching down in front of you, her bust wobbling. "And all dressed! Don't you know good milk boys don't need clothes?"

"M-milk boy?" you stammer, your voice soft and high pitched.

Her smile widens. Almost... predatory. "Well sure. What else would a cute, slim boy like you be called?"

"Slim? But... I..."

You look down at yourself and realize she's right. Your body is so slender. Soft. Almost feminine, though your cock denies this. Just another glance at the gorgeous cow woman makes your balls ache and manhood twitch. And the difference in size between you and her makes you blush and feel both embarrassed and, well, unbelievably turned on.

"Oh yes," she breathes, reaching down and cupping your bulge. You let out a soft cry, the strength fleeing from you as she gently massages your package, tenderly squeezing you through the fabric of your pants. "A nice, soft boytoy for your mistress. Mmm. But hefty where it counts, ain'tcha? But you should know better, Sweetie. No pants, no clothes, no nothing when you're in Mistress's presence."

You nod shakily. How could you have forgotten? As she continues to fondle you, you hastily take your shirt and coat off, tossing them aside and revealing your slim chest. You blush as you wriggle out of your pants, and only then does the witch stop handling your cock. You kick away your pants and underwear and look at yourself in amazement.

You barely have any muscle. Instead, you're all softness and curves. A boyish, cute figure including wide hips and plush ass. A perfect boytoy, and one that Cara positively towers over. Impressive. Powerful.

And absolutely drooling over you.

"Oh goddess," the cow woman breathes, her bust trembling as she sucks in a deep breath. "It worked. Goddess be praised, my perfect minitaur."

"M-Mistress?" you say uncertainly.

She snaps back to the present and her smile deepens. "Don't worry about it, sweet thing. But goodness, you must be so thirsty," she croons, sliding her thumbs under the straps of her overalls. "Let's fix that, shall we?"

Your jaw drops, all other thoughts forgotten as her top falls away, revealing the full, creamy heft of her breasts. Just the sight of those immense orbs absolutely consumes you. Enthralls you. Your cock is instantly rock hard, quivering as you gaze in awe at those twin moons of titflesh.

"Mmm. A very good look, baby," Cara croons as she lazily moves astride your lap. "Wanna get a closer one?"

Her thighs press around your legs, easily trapping you between them. Your cock rubs against her overalls, the coarse fabric feeling strange against your extremely sensitive cock. Rough but pleasurable. Her breasts press in close, as if you're being swallowed by the immensity of the Moon Witch's glorious curves.

"What do we say, baby?" she breathes, cradling your head in her hands.

"Th-thank you... M-Mistress," you breathe.

"Good boy," she coos, arches forward.

And gives you what you need.

A nipple descends upon you and you eagerly latch on, moaning as sweet, heady creams spurts into your mouth in a flood. You groan, shuddering as you greedily drink from her teat, your mind and body drowning in glorious warmth. Wonderful comfort.

"Good boy," Cara croons as she strokes your hair. "Gooooood boy."

Her praise fills you with the warmth of love. You cling to her, drinking, drowning yourself in the richness of her cream as it pumps into you with thick spurts. Every gush of milk seems to ache in your balls. Thrum in your cock. Without thinking you start to rub yourself against her denim-clad mound. Humming her with whimpers and gasps of submissive eagerness.

"Mmmm," Cara groans, blushing as you massage and milk her. "Oh goddess, that's good. So... so thirsty. Drink up, Sweetie. Drink Mistress's big tits. She has... ah... she has so much for you. Ohhhhhh yes she does."

You whimper, your thoughts drowning in creamy submission. In slavish bliss. You're rutting against her like an animal. Moaning and gasping as you cling to her breasts, buried under her. Smothered under her tits as you mindlessly hump at her pussy. The sensation is so strange. So good. The rough fabric chafing your sensitive cock, but you can't bring yourself to stop.

"Nice and needy," Cara pants. "Good boy. Goddess. So horny. So eager. Ah. Ha. Yes. S-suckle just like that. Oh... oh Sweetie. Oh yes."

You grind against her, too weak to push her off. Too weak to escape. Helpless beneath her breast and her cream. And so horny. So sensitive. You whimper, feeling the surge of pleasure rising. Irresistible. Uncontrollable.

And loving every second of it.

"Mmm. Mmm! Mmmmm!" you moan into her teat, shuddering as you cum, spurting your seed onto her overalls in wonderful, shameful pleasure.

Mistress gives you a pitying look. "Dear oh dear," she croons, stroking your hair. "Look what you did. Naughty boy."

Your face burns with shame, but her forgiving smile makes you relax as she continues to stroke you, her touch comforting and patient. "There there. Don't worry, Sweetie. Momma Cara knows you didn't mean it. You were just so sensitive. So weak. So helpless against my big tits. Shh. It's okay. We'll do it right this time."

She rises lazily, your mouth popping free of her nipple. You barely notice, your gaze enraptured as she lazily strips her clothes off, revealing the full, hefty curves of her gorgeous figure.

You gaze up at her, utterly enthralled. She's so big. So soft. So perfect. Feminine curves that drink in your gaze, a lazy smirk hovering on her lips as she crouches over you again, grasping your cock to make you whine in delight as you instantly harden again.

"Mmm. Good boy," she coos, stroking you lazily. "Nice and eager. Okay, Sweetie. Time for Mistress to get what she wants too."

She lowers herself onto you again, but this time your cock slides into the slick warmth of her depths. You cry out at the sheer intensity of pleasure as her inner walls tighten around you.

"Is it good Sweetie?" Cara croons as she rocks her hips, lazily riding you.

"So g-gooooood, Mistress!"

"And it gets so much better," she breathes, leaning in, her bouncing breasts suddenly smothering you once more.

You cling to those soft globes, pressing your face between them, inhaling the wonderful, heavy scent of her body. At once you're back on a nipple, eagerly drinking the rich cream of her milk as she rides you beneath her.

And goddess you love it.

Love her.

Every jolt of her hips slamming her down on you. Crushing you under her curves. Under her love. Rich spurts of creamy goodness drowning you in the sweetness of her ample bust.

“Yes!” Mistress cries, hugging you to her bouncy breast. “Yes! Baby, baby yes! Milk me! Love me! Love... love... mooooooooo!”

The throaty sound seems to vibrate through you and her. You feel her tense, holding you tight against her pillowy breasts as she cums. The sudden rippling pleasure of her pussy pushes you over the edge and you groan in helpless bliss as you cum with her, pumping into her in great, greedy bursts.

Mistress moos in ecstasy, her hips slowing, her hands petting you as you soak in the moment. Riding out the most powerful and wonderful orgasm you’ve ever known. She looks down at you from over the curve of her breasts with a loving smile.

“Mmm. Such a good boy for Mistress,” she coos.

And you warm, blushing happily as you gaze up into your mistress’s smiling face. Knowing that you’re safe now. You’re hers.

Hers forever and ever more...

[Minitaur](#)

Stand Your Ground

You straighten and take a quick step forward as the door swings wide open. What can only be a Moon Witch steps through before drawing up short, finding your sword at your throat.

It takes her a moment to stop completely. She's big, standing a good head taller than you, and that's not including her bovine horns. Her breasts are positively immense, and bounce atop her chest. Her eyes widen, glowing soft yellow with corruption, her clothes denim overalls and a belt loaded with phials and potions that clink, swirling with strange, glowing brews.

"Oh my," she remarks, her eyes lidding in interest. "So you're why my bulls are being so rambunctious."

"Not another step," you growl.

"Certainly. But if you kill me," she adds with a sly look, "then my wards will fail, and those boys will charge through here immediately. Unless..."

"Unless?" you prompt.

"Well," she purrs with a lazy look at the three potions on the table. "One of my concoctions could help you sneak past. If you make it worth my while."

You follow her glance before meeting her eyes anew. "And how exactly would I do that?" you ask pointedly.

"Mmm. Well," she hums, cradling her bust, lifting the immense orbs of her teats and dear goddess, you can actually hear those creamy orbs slosh with cream, "you see, I've been awfully... pent up lately. If you were willing to help give me a proper milking, I might be willing to help such a cute boy."

You eye her, then smile sweetly. "Turn around," you order.

Her eyes brighten with excitement and she does as you command. "So forceful," she breathes, loosening the straps of her overalls. "I can appreciate that in a—"

You cut her off with a firm rap of your sword's hilt to the back of her head. The busty witch topples to the ground with a heavy thump, her breasts wobbling on her chest before she settles with a soft groan.

You listen, but hear no activity from outside. Seems that wasn't enough to draw out the bulls, and the wards still hold. But that does leave the problem of them waiting outside.

You look again to the bottles on the counter. Three potions. The witch might have been lying, but you doubt it. She obviously thought she had you where she wanted you. One of them must offer an escape from this accursed place.

But which?

[Drink the Pink Potion](#)

[Drink the Red Potion](#)

[Drink the Clear Potion](#)

Drink the Clear Potion

You pick up the transparent concoction and remove the cap. You sniff it, but it has no aroma either. Well, bottoms up.

With grave reluctance you tilt back the bottle and down the brew. It tastes... odd, but nothing you can pin down. You lower the now empty bottle, smacking your lips and eying it.

And notice your hand is gone.

You start in shock and drop the vial to the floor with a crash. You look at your other arm and watch as it seems to evaporate. You grab it with your free hand and breathe out in relief when you feel your wrist. It's still there, just invisible.

Much like the rest of you is becoming.

You look down in amazement as more and more of your body seems to fade away until it's completely gone. Well, this should get you past the bulls, but there's no telling how long the potion will last.

Not wasting a second more, you hasten out the doorway the Moon Witch came from. Through it is a storeroom, and mercifully a back door. You open it wide and step out into the yard, only to stop dead in your tracks.

Just a few feet away lies the fence and one of the bull-men, and he's looking right at you. You freeze, not even daring to breathe as the Pale stares at you.

Then looks away.

You stay where you are as the bull-man wanders off, patrolling the fence and snorting heavily. When he's gone several feet, you dare breathe again, and don't waste another second. Mist swirling around you, you dash for the fence and hop over it. Landing on the other side, you hurry out into the woods, listening intently for any sound of pursuit.

Mercifully, you hear none. Good thing too, for soon enough your body reforms, becoming visible once again like someone were painting you back into existence.

A shame, you muse as you flex your hand. That potion would have been useful to have more of. But at least it got you out of one jam. You just hope there aren't too many more before you reach your goal...

[Temple of the Fox Girls](#)

Drink the Red Potion

You pick up the red potion with its label of horns. You give it a swirl, but when that fails to reveal just what it does you shrug, tilt it back, and chug it down.

The brew fills you in a rush. It tastes... weird. Thick as cream as it coats the way down your throat, but with an aftertaste of... vanilla? You lower it, smacking your lips. Not bad. Actually, it was kinda... good.

In fact, you feel good too.

You grunt, lifting your arm, giving it a flex. You feel strong. Really strong! Like you could lift a carriage over your head and bench-press it a dozen times. You flex again, grinning as your muscles bulge against your sleeve. Again you flex, grunting as the fabric suddenly tears around your bulging bicep.

Oh hell yeah!

You grin, flexing your other arm, its sleeve tearing to your inhuman power. But you can do even better! You curl your arms in, groaning as you tighten every muscle with all your might.

Your shirt and jacket fairly explode off you as you quiver with the strain. You bellow a laugh, the sound thundering as you straighten and admire your physique. Goddess but you're strong! Your body ripples with muscle in the glow of the moonstone hanging from the ceiling. You spot a mirror from the corner of your eye and strut in front of it, your pants shredding as your legs thicken with each step.

You stop before the tall glass, admiring yourself. Nothing but a few strips of torn rags garb you now, allowing you an unrestricted view of your new body. And damn but it is a sight to behold. You turn this way and that, admiring how your muscles tighten and flex. Your cock is a veritable hose of girthy masculinity. And your head...

Your head...

Puzzlement furrows your brows. You reach up and touch the strange nubs growing out of your brow. Were those... always there?

Your brow furrows further as those nubs grow. Swelling out of your skull. Your eyebrows rise as a pair of positively huge bull horns soon arch upward from your head, nearly scraping the roof. Goddess! That... that's not...

"Ooooh..."

You turn, and the sight of the woman sitting up banishes all other thoughts from your mind. Goddess but she's gorgeous! Those bovine horns. Those massive breasts. Those soulful eyes and soft, curvy figure.

A throb of pure animal need pulses down into your cock. Throbs in your balls. You grow warm, your breathing heavy.

The bovine beauty shakes her head and looks up, spotting you. There's a moment of confusion, then amusement enters her smile.

"Well well," she says, pushing herself off the floor, leaning against a table as she examines you. "Seems you made a wrong choice, huh stud?"

"Huh?" you grunt.

She laughs and shakes her head. "Nothing you need to worry about, Sweetie. No. Not when I imagine that big cock of yours is proving quite distracting, isn't it?"

How'd she know that? You look at her in awe. She must be pretty smart! Much smarter than you. Why, you can barely string two thoughts together when confronted with her massive breasts.

"Having trouble thinking?" the cowgirl asks, smirking as she cups her bust, hefting those soft globes in her denim overalls.

"Yeah," you practically drool, ogling her chest.

"I bet. It's because those big balls of yours are so full," she croons, bouncing her breasts, the sloshing sound reaching your ears, every bounce sending another throb of need pulsing through your cock. "Poor boy. But don't worry, I have a cure."

"Yeah?" you grunt.

"Yes indeed," she purrs, pulling off her top and dipping to her knees before you. You gape in excitement as she gives you a flutter of her lashes, then mashes your cock between her ample tits.

A throaty groan escapes you, your head tilting back as the heavenly softness of her titflesh envelops you. Milk spurts from her nipples, lubing up your shaft as she begins to slowly bounce her breasts around your cock.

"Ohhhhh," you groan, reaching down and grabbing her horns in your powerful hands.

"Like that, big boy?" she croons, her voice dripping amused condescension. Not that you care. In fact, you find it hard to care about anything but how it feels to have those plump tits running your shaft between them. Her cream fairly frothing as it lubes up your pulsing manhood.

"Yeaaaaah," you groan.

"Such a big boy," she breathes and she smooshes her breasts around you, and even your immense girth can barely crest those ample orbs as you rut between them. "So big for me. So horny. What a good bull. A good... mmm..."

She bends her head, her soft lips kissing the tip of your flared bull cock as it emerges from between her breasts. You suck in a gasp of delight as she bends down lower, her lips enveloping the head of your manhood.

"Hrrrrrrrr!" you growl, pleasure throbbing in you. Pulsing in your balls as they slap the undersides of her breasts with every eager thrust. You fuck the buxom witch with ever growing urgency, pleasure aching through you. Fuuuuuck, big tits are the beeeest! You're practically drooling as you rut

into her bust and mouth, panting hot and heavy. Her eyes look up at you, lidded and flirty. Hot with sultry amusement.

“Hr. Hr! Hrrraaaaaa!” you groan, hilding into her breasts a final time, your head thrown back as you cum like a geyser, your balls tightening as you unload what feels like gallons of your hot seed into her eager mouth.

“Mmmm,” the witch moans, her throat working as she drinks down your fountaining seed in downright stunning fashion. You can barely believe it as she finishes, lifting her lips off your fat cock with a lewd lick of her lips.

“Mmm. Not bad, stud,” she says, smirking as she rises to her feet, looking you over proudly. “Some of my finest work in fact. Oh yes indeed. A shame I couldn’t give you a more appealing shape, but I suppose another bull around the place is good too.”

“Yes,” you grunt, grinning dimly. “Me very good.”

“That you are,” she coos, patting your cheek fondly. “And you’re gonna be a good bull for Mistress, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” you say, nodding your horned head eagerly, obedience to the Moon Witch as natural as breathing. “I obey. I good bull. Good bull for Mistress...”

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Drink the Pink Potion

You pick up the pink potion speculatively. Well, it certainly looks safer than the other two. Popping the cap, wincing at the fizz that sparks from the bottle, you close your eyes and down it in one go.

Which proves surprisingly easy. The brew is incredibly sweet and sugary. You're not a big fan of candy, but if more tasted like this, you could probably come around.

You finish the bottle and swish the dregs around thoughtfully. Mmm. Very good. Very good. You hiccup a pink bubble and stare at it with shock.

"That's..." you start to say.

Then hiccup again.

Again.

You... you feel funny. Your skin tingling and your chest feeling strange. Achy. The same with your hips and your ass. You giggle, then slap a hand across your mouth.

A giggle?

That's...

That's kinda funny.

You giggle again.

Hiccup.

Pink bubbles soon float around you, more with every hiccup. Gosh! They're so pretty. You coo, popping one. Then another. Another. Bubbly glee escapes you in heedless laughter as you continue to pop them. This is so much fun!

But oh gosh, your chest is feeling, like, so restricted.

You groan, grabbing the front of your jacket and pulling it off. Oh goodness! Your chest is positively straining your shirt. You quickly undo the buttons, hiccupping all the while. And with every hiccup your shirt grows tighter. Stretches more until the last few buttons absolutely pop off!

"Ohhhh!" you groan as your breasts bounce into the open.

Wait... breasts?

You look down at the hefty globes on your chest. What... what's happening? How... when... Slowly, unbelieving, you reach down and cradle your new teats.

"Mnnnn!" you groan as aching pleasure shoots through from the space below your tummy, your legs quivering as strength flees from them. Oh... oh g-goddess that feels goood. You moan, slowly

sinking to your knees as you cradle and squeeze your swollen tits. But if they have grown larger, other parts of your body have thinned significantly. Your waist has shrunk and so has the muscle on your arms. You can feel your face tingle as it grows more feminine and your hips and ass swell out. And speaking of areas below the belt, your cock feels... feels very strange...

"Oh... Oh g-goddess," you pant, undoing the front of your pants, your hand shaking as you push them down, revealing your manhood. Or, what's left of it. Even as you watch it shrinks. Small. Smaller. You shakily fumble for it, grasping what remains of your cock. "Nnnn!" you groan in glorious pleasure, your dick so sensitive even as it continues to shrink, soon so small it actually inverts! You gape down at your mound, barely able to see it over your new heaving bust, your finger no longer stroking a cock but strumming a glistening pussy.

And goddess but it feels goooooood.

"Ohhhh," you moan, sinking back against the table, rubbing your clit, massaging your ballooning tits. You continue to occasionally hiccup pink bubbles and giggle at them. You vaguely remember a feeling of panic recently, but you can't quite remember what you were so worried about. Everything is good as long as you have big tits. Everything is sooooo goooooood.

You hear a groan and dumbly look aside to see a horned woman on the floor. Gosh, she's even bustier than you! You gape stupidly as the bovine woman sits up, rubbing her head and looking around. She seems confused, like you, but when she sees you her eyes clear.

"Oh," the cow woman says, rising slowly to her feet, smirking. "Oh ho ho. Well well. Look at that."

"L-look at m-me?" you say dumbly, still masturbating and pumping your fat teat, staring at the confident, imposing, beautiful cow girl.

"Of course," the bovine beauty coos, her gentle tone calming your momentary uncertainty. "Look at you with those big, soft tits. That pretty dumb pussy. Why, you're so pretty, aren't you?"

You giggle, relaxing utterly. "Y-yeah! I'm pretty," you say.

"Of course you are, dear," the cow woman says, striding towards you. "But look at you. Masturbating on the floor like that. So silly!"

"It... it um, is?" you say.

"Of course! Especially when you could have me helping you."

"Ohhhhh," you say, beaming. "Yeah! We can, like, do that."

"That we could, sweet thing. Especially with that dreadful technique. But don't worry. Momma knows how to make pretty girls' tits feel super good! You want me to do that, baby girl? Want Momma to make your big, bimbo tits feel super wonderful?"

That does sound good! "Um, yeah! Totally!" you say, nodding eagerly.

The witch smirks. "Of course it does, baby girl. Now, sit forward a bit."

“Kay,” you giggle, obeying happily.

Momma sits down behind you and pulls you into her lap. You fall against the plump softness of her immense breasts, then moan in ecstasy as her hands envelop the heavy orbs of your breasts.

Oh fuuuuuck! Momma wasn't kidding. She is good at this! You positively melt into her hands, panting as she lovingly pumps your bouncy breasts. Squeezing and massaging you. You whimper, wriggling in delight. Momma's hands are so skilled. So soft. So clever in the way they fondle and pump your fat udders. Stroke and pinch your tender nipples until you're lowing with bovine delight.

“Ohhhhh Momma,” you groan.

“That's it, baby,” Momma purrs as she squeezes your firm tits together. Tweaks and teases your needy nipples. “Give it all up. Give me a nice moo. A nice moan. Just cum and cream like a good cow. A good cow for Momma Cara. She's going to take such good care of her pretty dumb cow. Her slutty bimbo and her fat, dumb tits.”

The degrading words make you wriggle in delight, your fingers furiously strumming your drooling pussy. Needy whines escape you as you rock against her touch, your voice rising in cries of pleasure, your eyes rolling back as you feel an orgasm more intense than any you've known before rushing on you. Surging through you. Gathering in your breasts and pussy like a sweet pressure that begs for release. Begs for satisfaction. Begs for... for...

“M-moooooooo!” you wail as you cum, trembling as your nipples spray cream across the cottage, your head floating in blissful pink clouds, sinking into joyful ecstasy as the final few pulses of glorious orgasm finish racing through your veins.

You sag against Momma, who coos and continues to gently milk your spurting breasts. “What a good cow I have,” she murmurs. “A good bimbo cow. So productive. So dumb. So happy. Are you happy being Momma's dumb cow?”

“Y-yes,” you groan, smiling dimly. “Happy... happy cow for... for Momma.”

Momma laughs and kisses your neck, making you mewl with pleasure. “Mmm. Good girl. And believe me, Momma is going to make sure you become a very good cow indeed...”

[Cowgirl](#)

Cowgirl

Is there anything more wonderful than being milked?

Well, actually, yes.

Being fucked while being milked!

“Ohhhhh!” you moan, voice echoing in the barn’s rafters as you rock back atop the milking bench, your breasts swaying below you as Grunt saws into your hot pussy, the bull-man’s massive cock so wonderfully big inside you it’s like you’ve been stuffed full of his colossal manmeat. The bull grunts above you, rutting into you hard and fast, his huge hands enveloping your plush tits, squeezing and massaging them as thick bursts of cream spurt into the milk tank below you.

You pant, moaning in shameless delight as you ride back against him, the fur of his stomach tickling your soft bottom as his hips clap against your ass, his horned head nodding with every sway as he relentlessly pounds you. Light flashes from the rings that pierce your nipples, each tipped with glowing moonstones, the feel of their power wonderfully pleasant. Momma explained that they’re why you’ve grown your pretty horns and never seem to run out of milk. You don’t really get it, but that’s fine. Cows aren’t supposed to think.

They’re just supposed to get milked.

And get fucked.

And be a good girl for Momma and her bulls.

“M-mooooore! Mooooooooore!” you wail in shameless ecstasy.

Grunt obliges, adjusting his stance, pounding you atop his cock with ever greater urgency. Grunt is easily one of your favourites. Though all the boys are wonderful lays, Grunt has stamina to spare, and always manages to milk you thoroughly before filling you up with his seed.

Yet you can feel him reaching his climax all the same. You feel the veins of his cock throb against the inner walls of your pussy as he quickens the pace, bouncing you atop himself with growing urgency. Growing lust! He’s so close. He’s almost there. And so are you. You can feel it. Feel the tightness in your belly spreading, the explosive orgasm building.

“Oh! Oh! Moo! Moo! Moooooooo!” you wail as your inner walls reach the brink. As you tighten, crying out in glorious pleasure as you reach your glorious climax, milk spraying as you cum in a shameless surge of sweet ecstasy atop Grunt’s cock.

The bull bellows, hiltng you, his balls slapping your mound a final time before they tighten, his flaring cock throbbing as he unloads the wonderful heat of his seed into your adoring pussy.

“Yesssssss!” you whine, shuddering as aftershocks of pleasure rock through you, following on the heels of every lazy spurt of grunt’s remaining seed.

“Well! Looks like someone’s been busy.”

You shakily raise your head and smile in dim delight as Momma walks into the barn.

The witch returns your smile and looks to the bull. "Grunt, sweet thing? Let that poor girl go. Or were you thinking of walking around with her like a figurehead mounted on your cock?"

Ooooh, that'd be fun! Just the mental image sends a shudder of pure delight quivering into your stretched pussy.

Sadly, Grunt instantly obeys Momma, pulling his wilting cock free of you and letting you slump to the straw on the floor, panting and moaning as cum drools from your pussy.

"Good boy," Momma says, patting Grunt's muzzle. "Now, you go ahead and get those new posts painted. Alright, dear?"

"Yes," Grunt grunts, nodding docilely. "I go..."

"Attaboy," Momma giggles, patting his shoulder and shooing him out of the barn. You watch the bull go with a pout, but smile in delight when Momma's attention shifts back to you.

"Well look at that!" Momma declares, admiring the milk tank. "So productive today. What a good girl you are."

You squirm in pleasure at her praise, the bell around your neck clanking. "Y-yes! Good cow. Me g-good cow for Momma."

"Very good," Momma coos, patting your head and sending another shiver of pleasure racing through you. "Very good. Keep this up, and I'll have plenty of supplies for my new potion!"

"C-cow do good?"

"I just said that, sweet thing," Momma says patiently, again stroking your head.

"Then um... then does... does cow get um, special treat?" you ask hopefully.

Momma gives you an amused look. "Well, you did just have it yesterday. Are you sure you deserve another special treat, my pretty cow?"

You nod frantically, your bell clanking. "Y-yes! Good cow. Good cow d-deserves treat! Please, Momma. Pleeeeeease!"

She sighs and musses your hair fondly. "Oh, very well. I may be spoiling you, but how can I resist those pouty lips? Boys?"

She turns towards the doors and you follow her gaze, spotting the rest of the bulls standing just outside the barn, lust burning in their eyes and their immense cocks out and hard as rocks.

"Time for a special treat," Momma says with another indulgent look down at you. "Enjoy. And remember not to drink all her milk. There's more tanks to be filled tomorrow, after all."

The bulls grunt as they file in, passing Momma on her way out. You barely notice her leave. All your attention is on the bulls as they crowd around you, their massive flared cocks jutting above you. Thick. Pulsing.

And all for you.

You lick your lips eagerly, crawling towards them and nuzzling Thud's shaft. Your hands rise, grasping the thick cocks of the twins, Big and Bulk, beginning to slowly pump them. This is your life now. The milky plaything to the bulls. The eager, busty slut to the dozen virile studs who live on the farm.

And as they crowd around you, lifting you up and bending you over the milking bench for your inevitable gangbang, you know that you're right where you belong...

Bad End

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Minitaur

It's tough being the runt around the farm.

Not to say you don't love your life here. But being the smallest of the bulls means the others don't give you any respect.

Today is one of those days as you hurry through the woods and towards the cottage. Grunt is lounging around near the wards and eyes you with a snort. You duck your head, and he looks like he might cuff you. But then he sees the flowers you clutch and he reluctantly lowers his hand. He might not like you, but he'd never impede Mistress's work.

You exhale happily as you pass him by and duck through the fence. Their wards glow softly, but don't activate. Mistress made sure they'd let you through. Of course, that's also probably why the bulls are so jealous of you. For you're the one Mistress keeps around to help her in her work.

And you always reap the benefits of it.

As well as the risks.

You push through the cottage door. "Mistress?" you call. "I found the flowers!"

Mistress is standing before the cauldron, stirring it with a large spoon as she taps some droplets from a vial into the concoction. As each drop hits a puff of smoke rises, but with your arrival she looks back and beams.

"There you are, Sweetie," she croons, abandoning the stirring to sweep you up, tugging you into the valley of her immense breasts. You blush hotly as you're squeezed between those ample orbs, one of your arms sticking out ludicrously and keeping the flowers from being crushed. Spotting it, Mistress gasps in delight and sets you down, snatching up the flowers.

"Oh Sweetie, these are perfect! Exactly what I needed. Such a good boy you are."

You blush hotly at her praise as she pats your horned head. Then she turns to the cauldron and tosses the flowers into it. They sizzle as they hit the brew, and you see it change from a pale blue to a potent purple.

"Mmmm. Perfect," Mistress croons as she fills the large spoon, then turns to you. "Now, open wide, Sweetie."

You eye the potion nervously. It would hardly be the first time you've been used to test her concoctions, but the experiences are rarely pleasant. "What uh... what does it do, Mistress?"

"Something very special, Sweetie. And Mistress would find it so helpful if you take a sip. Don't you want to help Mistress?" she asks with a mocking pout.

You're still hesitant, but could never resist a direct request from Mistress. Without further complaint, but with considerable trepidation, you take the spoon and lift it to your lips, downing the brew.

Mmm. It tastes... strange. Not terrible, but very odd. As it settles in you, a heat seems to grow in your stomach, then radiate downwards towards your crotch.

"O-oh. Ohhhhhh," you groan as a dull aching radiates from your groin. Heat spreads through you and a sudden heaviness pulls you to your knees. You watch in growing amazement as your bulge swells in your loose pants. In a sudden panic you reach down, opening your belt and pulling your trousers down.

Just in time.

You stare in shock at the size of your cock and balls. You're huge! Despite your slim frame, you've always been well endowed, but now you'd rival the bulls. And you're still growing. A whimpering moan of pain and pleasure escapes you as your balls swell as big as your head! And so much heavier. Fairly churning with your hot seed.

"Oh how wonderful!" Mistress exclaims with a delighted clap of her hands. "Exactly what I'd hoped! Look at how hefty you are, Sweetie."

"M-Mistress," you whimper. "I... I feel f-full."

"No doubt, Sweetie. That little potion should make you oh so productive and horny. Mmm. But it seems like I may have miscalculated the dosage. Well, not to worry, baby," she coos, kneeling down beside you, her thumbs hooking in the straps of her overalls. "I know how to make it better."

Your eyes widen in awe as her overalls are pulled down, the immense heft of her bust spilling into view. Her plump, needy nipples already leak their rich cream, and instantly you feel your mouth go dry with thirst.

A gasp escapes you as one of Mistress's hands grasp your thick cock, tenderly stroking it as her other hand cradles the back of your head, easing you towards her plump teat. You offer no resistance. Why would you? This is everything you wanted.

And you get plenty.

You moan in submissive bliss as you fill your mouth with a nipple. Her wonderful cream pours into your mouth as you tenderly squeeze and pump her, milking her as she milks you. Your balls throb with pleasure, your cock aching with ecstasy as her hand lovingly strokes you. Pumping you while her cream floods your mouth and you drown in her soft titflesh.

"Good boy. What a goooood boy," Mistress breathes. "Keep going. So close, baby. I can feel it. Just let it out. Just cum, my sweet boy. Cum for Mistress. Cum for me."

"Mmmm. Mmm! Mmmm!" you moan, whimpering, body shuddering as you cum with sharp bursts of your hips. Your balls tightening in ecstasy as your cock throbs and pumps thick ropes of your seed onto her hand and the floor.

And yet you're still hard.

"Good boy," Mistress croons, still stroking you. "Going to pump your big cock until those fat balls are empty, Sweetie. Going to let you milk me until you're fit to burst. Then, we're going to try my other potions. Won't that be fun, Sweetie? Won't that be amazing?"

“Mmmm,” you moan, and know she’s right. It will be fun. Will be amazing. Your cock is even more sensitive now, and you’re enjoying every moment of her stroking hand.

Because you love her.

Love her attention.

Her affection.

Love her milk as you drink it down.

Love the pleasure of her touch.

You relish every moment cradled against your busty, soft Mistress. Your goddess in the flesh. You’ve never been happier. Never more delighted. You don’t even care she constantly experiments on you. Changes you. Warps you more to her liking. You want it. Want to be hers. Loved by her. Perfect for her.

Perfect... for Mistress...

Bad End

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Temple of the Fox Girls



Through the occasional break in the trees you make out the mountains ahead, growing closer with every step. You even catch glimpses of the Heaven's Gate, with domes glowing silver in the light of the remaining moon.

You're nearing the foothills, and the woods have begun to thin a bit. Which is both a relief, but also makes you even more wary. Pale light spills down into the valley, contrasting sharply with the shimmering glow of the moonstone which saturates the trees and hills. The fragments have begun getting bigger as you move through the trees. Practically boulders, they hunch out of the ground, filling the air with their corruptive, blueish light. You swear you can hear the whispers of the dead goddess like a breath of wind in the air.

You swallow hard, wondering just how much of the corruptive radiance you've absorbed already? You don't feel different. But the most insidious corruption is like that. You've heard of delvers

who still thought they were human, even as they grew horns and claws. As you're thinking about that, you step past some brush and come to a halt.

A great waste of devastation cuts through the forest. You gape at it and follow it to its conclusion, where you discover the ruined mass of Spinoza's pirate ship caught among surviving trees, tangled in the ruins of its gasbag and rigging. The gondola is in ruins, torn apart by its crash and its fiery demise. You're surprised to see it this deep. It must have stayed airborne much longer than you thought.

But its presence is also a warning. You don't only have to watch out for Pale and Moon Witches down here, but potentially surviving pirates. Though, if any lived through that crash, you'd be surprised.

Still, you give the ruined ship a wide berth before heading once more towards the distant cliffs.

As you walk, you notice one of the boulders of moonstone you pass has a sign carved into it. You don't look too long, lest the glow captivate you, but it looked a bit like the stylized head of a fox. Strange. Almost as strange as the wooden archway rising up in front of an empty clearing. You look up at it as you pass through, wondering what it's doing there. The remains of some ruin? But it looks quite new-

Your foot lands on lacquered flooring and you freeze.

You're in a hallway. Finely polished wooden walls are all around you, geometric patterns running down them. You look around quickly, but the hall stretches on behind you seemingly into eternity.

What the...

You pinch yourself, but no, you're definitely not dreaming. An illusion? Maybe. But it'd take a hell of a powerful witch to do something like this. You draw your sword, the soft sound of steel against leather comforting despite everything, and with it in hand you pick your way down the hall.

Despite your best efforts, you can hear your every footfall and wince every time. You have no idea what you've wandered into, but you'll be happy to get out of it. However that happens.

As you walk, you see a branch in the corridor. You slow, glancing between the two. One is an open doorway, steam breathing through and you hear faint splashing. Looks to be some kind of sauna or hot springs. The other is a more solid looking door, but inlaid with very elaborate carvings like little figures and foxy designs.

You glance between the doors uneasily, considering...

[Through the Sauna](#)

[Go Through the Carved Door](#)

Through the Sauna

You poke your head into the sauna door and peer through the fog. It dissipates a bit after a moment, revealing what looks like hot spring baths with tiled stone flooring. Rocks mound up amid pools of waters, steaming so hot they form clouds of white drifting about the room.

You slide warily inside, keeping your sword at the ready and eyes darting about for any threat. You've gone maybe a dozen feet when you hear the soft pad of footsteps.

Fear tightens your gut and you quickly duck behind a mound of rocks. Just in time as a figure steps out of the steam. You catch your breath as you see her. She's absolutely gorgeous, a fact that's readily apparent because she's utterly naked. Perfectly formed with dainty feet and full, soft breasts, her skin is pale and flawless, as is her hair. It's a snowy white that spills down her back and shoulders. She's so beautiful, you almost miss the pair of fox ears rising out of her hair, and likewise the three fluffy tails that swish about behind her.

A Moon Witch!

You tense, watching as she passes near your hiding place, but fails to notice you. Your grip tightens on the sword. You could try and grab her, then force her to show you the way out. Or stay hidden until she's gone...

[Grab Her](#)

[Let Her Pass](#)

Grab Her

This whole place is clearly made with some kind of spell, and she has to know the way to break it. If you miss this chance, who knows how deep into the illusion you might roam?

Resolved, you wait until she passes nearer, then you burst out of cover. She starts to turn with surprise but you're already behind her, your sword at her throat.

She freezes, her back pressing against your front. "Move and you die," you hiss.

She tilts her head ever so slightly and glances at you. "Ah," she says.

"Quiet," you snap, pressing the cold steel against her throat as you nervously glance around. "Here's how it's going to work. You lead me out of here and back to the real world, and I let you live. How's that sound?"

She nods just a bit, and you ease the sword a hair from her neck. "Good," you say. "Now start walking. And no funny business."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she murmurs, but you catch a spark of cunning mischief in her eyes. Well, she can try, but she won't get far with your blade at her neck.

She starts walking, her bare feet padding on the tiled stone. You keep close, and only then really realize your predicament. By keeping her close, her naked body is pressed firmly against you.

You try to ignore the way her soft ass presses against your crotch, rubbing your cock through your clothes. And it's a struggle not to watch the way her breasts subtly bounce with every step. Her tails certainly aren't helping things, brushing against you. Soft, ticklish, stroking you with gentle swishes.

"Keep your tails to yourself," you growl.

"I can't. They have a mind of their own," she replies. "My name is Rin, by the way."

"I didn't ask."

"Just seemed sensible since we're so... close," she breathes, her rump bumping up against your crotch again.

You hiss at the shiver of excitement and arousal that throbs through you. "Stop that," you order. "Or you'll find how sharp this blade really is."

"Whatever you say," she hums pleasantly.

You scowl, not liking her upbeat attitude. Not exactly the right one for a hostage. And her tails are so damned distracting.

Still, she's been leading you forward without any deviation. But her tails are growing bolder. Teasing and brushing you. Trying to get under your clothes. Which isn't the worst thing, really. The worst bit is how damn hot it's gotten.

Which shouldn't be surprising. You're dressed for the season, and it's damn warm in the baths. You feel sweat bead your forehead and stick against your clothes. Your head begins to pound and you blink away a blariness that creeps in at the edges of your vision.

"Are you alright?" Rin asks sweetly.

"Fine," you grunt.

"Because you seem a little... hot."

"I'm fine!"

"If you say so. But it wouldn't be too bad to cool off a bit. Right? You'd hate to be so hot you pass out. Waver. Find yourself... losing focus..."

You blink, squinting, trying to keep your vision steady. But... but she does have a point. Your clothes are so heavy on you. You can feel them stick to you with sweat.

"Would you like my help?" Rin asks.

"N-no. Won't take... take my sword off you..."

"Not to worry. You won't have to. And I won't use my hands. I'll stay utterly at your mercy..."

You can hear the smile in her words, but before you can answer her tails begin to move against you. Stroking and teasing your coat off you. You tense, but they don't do more. Just... push it off you. You switch your sword between hands as the coat falls away, but there's little relief.

"Still hot?" she asks.

You grunt.

"Me too. I'm sweating ever so much."

"I know," you say blearily. Which is true. She is sweating. You can smell it on her. A faint musk. Strangely tantalizing if heavy. A scent that stuffs your nose and head. You blink again and again, trying to focus on her. But it's tough. Her tails keep moving. Keep stroking. Brushing under your shirt and undoing it. Another caressing your belt.

You blink. "What... what are you..."

"Shhh. Isn't this much more comfortable?"

Is it? You're not sure. You hear a click as your belt comes loose and your pants slip down. You step out of them, still following Rin, your sword still held at her throat as her tails stroke you.

Brush you.

Tickle and soft.

Fluffy and puffy.

Rubbing your bare legs. Teasing under your shirt.

Stroking.

Touching.

"So hot," Rin breathes.

"Yeah," you gasp.

"So heavy."

"Uh huh..."

"Hands so heavy. Body so slow. Blood hot. Head full. Thumping. Throbbing. Aching. So hard to focus. So hard to think. So hard. So heavy.

"So..."

"So..."

"Horny," she breathes.

You shiver, groaning as her ass moves back, rubbing your cock through your underpants. She's stopped walking, you realize. Which is... a problem? Goddess it's hard to remember. Hard to think.

So hot.

So horny...

"You need relief, right?" Rin coos as her ass grinds against your crotch, her tails stroking you. Teasing around your waist. Up your ribs. You inhale sharply, breathing in the thickness of her musk. "You need it, handsome. You want it. Right?"

"I... I um..."

"Want me to give it to you?"

"But..."

"I won't do anything bad," she breathes, looking over her shoulder teasingly. You feel her touch your free hand and draw it up, resting it on her breast. "I'm utterly at your mercy. I'm your prisoner. I wouldn't dare betray you. Deceive you."

That... that was right, you realize as you look into her lidded eyes, your hand distractedly squeezing her soft breast. Warm, malleable flesh that sends another throb down to your cock.

She's at your mercy.

You don't need to worry so much.

It's okay.

You can let what happens happen.

You nod. "Y-yeah. Yeah, that's right."

“Exactly,” Rin says, turning around, facing you with a teasing smile. “That’s exactly... right...”

You gasp as you feel her hand cup your bulge and gently massage you. Her other arm winds around your neck and pulls you close. She leans up, her eyes lidding, her lips soft and plump as she comes close.

Kisses you.

A wonderful kiss. Soft. Hot. So hot. A heat that worms through you and makes your pulse quicken and blood grow thick and warm. You moan softly, shuddering in pleasure as her tails continue to move over you. Swishing.

Stroking.

Teasing.

Easing the rest of your clothes off you. Your underpants falling away, your cock instantly in her grasp. Stroking. Pumping you with gentle insistence. With hot passion. Her breasts rubbing against your now naked chest. Your head spinning.

Hot.

So wonderfully hot.

You pant, feeling so weak. So wonderful weak and good. You hear a clank and realize you dropped something, but can’t remember what it was. Your legs seem to fold up under you, and you sink to the floor, Rin coming down with you. Settling on your lap. Still kissing you. Her tails stroking and petting you. Easing you to the floor under her.

She moves atop you, straddling you. She breaks the kiss and lifts her head, smirking down at you. Her hands are on your chest. She’s smaller than you, yet feels so heavy. Holding you down with ease. Moisture glistens on her and her eyes gleam with amusement and hungry passion.

“Good boy,” she coos, hips easing back, the slit of her pussy rubbing against your twitching manhood. “Verrrrrry good boy. Giving in so easily. Never seeing through the illusion.”

“H-huh?” you gasp.

“Don’t worry about it,” she coos as her tails resume brushing, stroking, and petting you. Drowning you in pleasant softness. Glorious fluffiness. “Don’t worry about anything. Just relax. Just give in. Just sink. Just blank. Just... lose yourself...”

You don’t know what she’s saying. But then you feel her pussy against your cock. Feel her sink atop you, a soft moan escaping her as her slick tightness envelops you. Your eyes roll back. Your body tightening in ecstasy as her pussy swallows you up. As her body begins to bounce atop you with slow, passionate movements. Riding you as you sink into the wonderful heaviness of pleasure. Of the baths.

Of sweet, mindless submission...

[Foxfire](#)

Let Her Pass

You hold off. Stealth is the better choice in this strange realm, and soon enough the fox girl walks past you and vanishes into the swirling steam.

Once you're sure she's gone you slip back out and resume your journey, every sense straining as you creep through like a shadow.

You soon reach the end of the baths and find another door. You slide it aside and peer through, finding yourself in what looks like some sort of temple. Pillars line the way and smoky trails from incense burners twist in the air. The burners are each set before what looks like a tablet of gleaming moonstone, the pale stone inscribed with strange runes you can't read, but easily recognize as Moon Witch script.

You shudder, feeling the familiar tingle of the goddess's corruption. The whole temple is positively throbbing with it. The air slick and tingling against your face like pins and needles. You peer through the room and manage to make out something at the other end. It's an arch, just like the one you passed through to enter this strange realm.

You lick your lips, glancing nervously about. The room seems empty, but who knows what might be lurking in the shadows. Nonetheless, you have no choice, and slip inside.

The whispers of the goddess slither through the air like a chorus of caressing fingers as you hurry through. The hairs on your arms and neck tingle. The sweet incense smoke writhes, and a sudden flash of fire brings you up short, whirling to face it with sword upraised.

Two braziers burn with a low, sullen light. An immense figure stands between them, arms crossed across her chest.

Holy shit.

It's a giant statue of the fallen goddess made out of pure moonstone!

For a moment you're so gobsmacked by the sight you don't move. The scale of her shocks you. The beauty of her stuns you. She's dressed in nothing but a mantle that spills over her shoulders and chest like twin waterfalls of fabric, emphasising her beautiful figure and the plump, full curves of her breasts. Long, lustrous hair falls about her, masterfully etched from the stone. A face of radiant bliss looks down at you, her arms held low and out as if in benediction. A crescent moon rests behind her head like a sickle halo, and all of her, every mouthwatering inch of her, glows with the soft blue of corruption, like she was a living beacon of moonlight.

Come to me.

The words ache through you, your legs quivering as you gasp, almost falling to your knees before the incredible work of carnal art. A physical embodiment of her glory. You can almost see her move. Shimmer as if a phantom were overlaid upon the stone, beckoning you near.

Come to me.

Kneel before me.

Worship me, my love.

My beloved.

Be mine.

The words slam into your mind one after the next. You reel before the statue, trembling. You... you have to... have to...

[Kneel](#)

[Avert Your Gaze](#)

Avert Your Gaze

With tremendous effort you tear your eyes away from the sight and stumble away from the statue. It's almost painful to do, like you're ripping your eyeballs out of your sockets, but you do it. You stagger a few steps away, falling to a knee, gasping as you try and get a grip on yourself.

"Now that is surprising."

Your head jerks up to find another fox-woman standing not far. She's older, with plump curves and long, dark hair tumbling about her like rivers of onyx, shimmering in the pale glow of the tablets. An air of matronly maturity surrounds her, radiating from her. Her eyes are knowing and her expression amused. A gown so filmy you can see her shapely curves beneath hangs off her, and her collar is studded with moonstone.

But the most interesting thing about her is that her eyes are milky white.

She's blind!

She smiles at you, and you reflexively bring up your sword before recalling that she can't see. Does she know you're here?

"I can smell you," she notes as if reading your thoughts.

You wince. "It's been a long day," you say, a tad defensively.

She chuckles. "Destiny is like that."

You move carefully forward, keeping your sword trained on her. "I'm going to leave now," you inform her.

"I suppose you are," she says, her head turning with you, her ears flicking to the sound of your footsteps.

"Don't try and stop me."

"Me? Goddess forbid it."

That gets a frown out of you. "Really?"

She chuckles, a wry smile upon her face. "Oh yes. My sisters in worship have a... partial vision of what the goddess desires. Even She has an incomplete one, for what you sense are mere echoes of her greatness. Her will and power."

"What are you talking about?" you demand, even as you continue to maneuver around her.

She turns with you, her bare feet whispering on the floor, her filmy gown fluttering. "Simply that. I can sense your destiny, male. Though I am blind, I can see her hand upon you. Though her echoes seek to entrap you, you must forge on. Your true fate awaits you beyond these walls, and within the prison."

"What destiny?" you demand, stealing a glance at the arch. Just a little further...

She laughs again. "You will know soon. I can sense her hand guiding you, male, as surely as I can sense that key in your pocket, thrumming with the power of the Damned. And I pray you succeed. More than your freedom depends upon it. The goddess is in pain, male, and she needs your succor. Though, what form that shall take remains to be seen..."

"Uh huh," you say, realizing you're in range of the gate. "Sure thing."

She smiles sadly. "You do not yet believe," she says with a soft chuckle of amusement. "But you will learn yet. You will learn. Now, best hurry. The acolytes shall be here soon to polish the statues. But they would delight in polishing your cock as well while you change beneath the influence of the goddess."

You hesitate a moment more, but then hear a distant door open and girlish laughter. With a last wary look at the priestess, you turn and run for the arch.

You pass through with a sudden sense of vertigo and stumble to a halt. You twist back and look at the arch of wood standing behind you, rising out of the clearing like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Weird," you say with a shiver.

Then you freeze as you feel the cool barrel of a gun against the back of your head, and hear the click of a hammer being cocked.

"Oh really?" a throaty voice drawls. "Do tell."

To Be Continued

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Go through the Carved Door

You try the handle and ease it open a crack. Peeking through, you see what seems to be a stone sculptor's shop. Blocks of granite, marble and other stone stand about inside, while workbenches loaded with tools and chisels are just visible. There's plenty of cover within and you don't see anyone, so you gratefully hurry in and slide the door shut behind you.

Creepy doesn't begin to describe the place. Stone idols, busts, and other workings are everywhere. Graven images of the Goddess of the Moon fill every corner of the space, many worked out of marble or moonstone. Yet everything feels subtly... off. Even more than usual. Like the room and everything in it is progressively bigger and smaller every time you look at it. It's beyond unnerving, and you'll be glad to get out of it.

Especially when you come across the statues.

You come across them seemingly out of the blue. Rounding a stone image of the goddess either the size of your waist or big as a cabin, you suddenly stop sharply at the sight of a set of climbing steps. What look to be miniature images of the goddess are arranged on them, standing in rising rows, their features locked in benevolent sadness. The sheer glow from them is almost blinding, and you feel your skin tingle from the magic they pour out.

The urge to grab them and kiss them surges in you, but you blink, turning away from them with difficulty.

"Well well well. Looks like someone's admiring my works!"

You spin about, sword drawn. Not far stands a Moon Witch, her hair a sea blue, five fox tails swirling behind her and triangular ears twitching on her head. Her hands are on her hips and her head tilted back with a smirk, looking down at you with plain amusement. Triangular designs pattern her cheeks like fake whiskers, and she wears an elegant dark robe with a low cut, exposing the depths of some impressive cleavage. But there's a cruel glint to her eye and curve to her grin. Something wicked and mean.

She smirks as she gives you a knowing look. "Not that I'm surprised you would. Who wouldn't admire the glory of the goddess as captured by me? Mmm. I am a wonderful craftsman, don't you know. For example..."

You see her pull a pouch from her belt and lift it up.

[Charge Her](#)

[Throw Something](#)

Charge Her

You can't let her do whatever it is she's doing! You charge across the room, sword extended. The fox-girl merely laughs and throws the pouch at you.

You reflexively swing your sword, slicing through the bag. The second you do; a mass of whiteness spills out. You recoil, slashing furiously, but your blade passes through the cloying smoke harmlessly even as it rushes upon you.

The fog envelops you and you swing wildly, holding your breath. But even as you do, you feel your clothes suddenly grow loose. You blink, vertigo putting you off balance. You stumble but manage to right yourself, only you're suddenly standing on a soft hill.

A hill made of fabric.

You realize with a start you're naked, and as the smoke clears you find yourself standing in what had been the collar of your shirt.

"What the hell!" you squeak.

A shadow falls over you. You spin about and look up. Looming above you is the fox-girl from before, but bigger. A giantess compared to you.

She leans over, and you can't help but stare at her immense breasts as they bounce with the movements. She smirks down at you, her elongated canines gleaming and her eyes burning hot.

"Well well!" she giggles. "Look at that. A new toy just for me."

Her hand reaches down. You yelp and try to escape, but your attempt to scale Mount Shirt ends quickly with her hand engulfing you and lifting you into the air. You try and struggle but to no avail, and soon find yourself lifted up before the giantess. She looks down at you, smirking in amusement.

You shiver, fear turning your stomach as her warm hand holds you tight. The realization that she could easily crush you with no more than a thought is both utterly terrifying and, to your absolute shame, incredibly arousing. Your cock pulses with arousal and hardens despite your predicament as you wriggle in her grasp.

"Silly boy," she coos, her thumb stroking your legs, rubbing your cock under her thumb. "Trespassing in the home of the Sisters of the Goddess was a very bad idea. And you must be punished. But I'll need to really think about how. So let's just put you somewhere safe while I do."

"W-wait!" you cry as she lifts you over the immenseness of her bust, her other arm rising, squeezing her breasts together. "Don't-"

But she does.

Her hand opens and you drop with a cry into her cleavage, vanishing between the warm mounds of her breasts. You're squeezed by ample, pillowy softness. And then she starts to bounce in place.

You gasp and moan as you're rubbed between her tits, your cock ground against her. You wriggle and writhe, trying to climb back to the surface, but with little success. Every bounce pulls you back down, soaking you in the scent of her sweat and body. The warmth slickens you, your cock rubbed with insidious pleasure.

It's humiliating.

Horrifying.

And fuck but it gets you going.

You're soon moaning, grinding yourself against her body, mind absolutely drowning in the fog of heat and lust and scent of her. It's shameful. It's terrifying. And it's so gooooood!

"Ah. Ah. Ah!" you pant as you feverishly rut against the softness of her titflesh, rubbed and slickened and pleased beyond your ability to comprehend. "Oh! Ohhh! Ohhhh fuuuuuck!"

You cum, your cock spurting and smearing against her titanic tits as you grind against them with a last few shudders of pleasure.

You go limp in your soft prison, aftershocks bucking through you. You don't even resist as the soft pressure eases and you slide out from between her breasts, plopping into her waiting hand.

The fox-girl lifts you to her face, smirking down at your small form, panting and laid out in her palm. "Mmm. A good look for you, male. And I do believe I've figured out what to do with you."

"Wh... what?" you gasp.

She grins, again flashing those teeth, then she opens wide. Your terror returns with a vengeance as she tilts back her hand and you slide down towards her mouth.

"No!" you squeal, trying to claw your way away from that dark fate. "No! No please! No no nooooo!"

You scream as you fall into her mouth. Her teeth snap shut behind you, trapping you in moist darkness. Immediately her tongue attacks you, rolling you, slathering you with her saliva and knocking you against her teeth like a pink wave in a dark cave. You squirm and try and struggle free, but for naught. You're but her toy, and once again your body betrays you, your cock growing hard almost at once as you feebly squirm, helpless against her tongue.

"Mmmm," she hums. "Tastes goood."

The sound deafens you. Then her tongue lifts you, slides you back. Again you cry out in terror as you slide towards her dark gullet.

Down.

Down.

Down into the depths of her throat and to her stomach, where your end will be slow and far from short...

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Throw Something

Without a moment to lose you grab one of the nearby statuettes and fling it at the fox. She yelps as it cracks her in the head, losing her grip on the pouch she was about to throw at you, dropping it at her own feet. A sudden gust of smoke plumes from it, enveloping her.

“No!” she shrieks, her eyes wide and panicked even as the smoke cocoons her. “No! No! Noooooo!”

You stare as her voice grows smaller and smaller. The smoke swirls around her in a rush, then suddenly bursts apart in a gasp of gleaming sparkles.

And reveals the mound of the fox-girl’s clothes on the floor.

You stare at it blankly, then jump as something moves in it. A lump traces its way down a sleeve, and from out of it crawls a tiny naked fox-girl.

She climbs to her feet and shakes her fist at you. “You... you... you’ll pay for this!” she squeaks, her voice barely audible.

You raise a brow, and then your foot. She yelps in fear as you stomp towards her. Turning around, she runs away. Just before your boot turns her to paste, she dives into a crack in the wall, and out of sight.

You smirk with some karmic satisfaction, but the smile soon leaves your face. You don’t have the luxury of revelling in her fate. Small as she is, she might be able to warn the other residents of this strange realm, and you don’t want to be around when she does.

Turing, you quickly pass through the rest of the workshop. You soon reach a door and grab the handle, turning it and peering through.

You find finding yourself in what looks like some sort of temple. Pillars line the way and smoky trails from incense burners twist in the air. The burners are each set before what looks like a tablet of gleaming moonstone, the pale stone inscribed with strange runes you can’t read, but easily recognize as Moon Witch script.

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Come to me.

The words ache through you, your legs quivering as you gasp, almost falling to your knees before the incredible work of carnal art. A physical embodiment of her glory. You can almost see her move. Shimmer as if a phantom were overlayed upon the stone, beckoning you near.

Come to me.

Kneel before me.

Worship me, my love.

My beloved.

Be mine.

The words slam into your mind one after the next. You reel before the statue, trembling. You... you have to... have to...

[Kneel](#)

[Avert Your Gaze](#)

Kneel

Compulsion seizes you. The glory of the goddess settles on you like a giant hand, forcing you to your knees as you gaze in awe at her glory.

You tremble, seized by her beauty, captured by the artist in the stone face.

But no.

It's not just in the stone face.

You stare in awe as a ghostly figure seems to shimmer from the statue. Waft into the air. Beautiful. Divine. Her hair a great river of silver. Her face a beatific etching of maternal glory and understanding. Her smile is compassionate. Loving. Adoring. Her figures is naked, her breasts large and heavy, her hips wide. She glows like a ghost of sacred glory.

"My love," she breathes.

You're weeping, tears streaming down your face as you gaze upon her. She seems to float down, so much larger than you, yet seemingly perfectly sized to reach out and rest her hand upon your head.

You shudder like a shockwave passes through you. You feel your clothes strain around your body. Tear off you as you gaze upon her glory. Your ears grow to points. Fur bristles across your skin. You groan as your face grows into a canine muzzle, a low howl of adoration escaping you as you gaze up at her.

The goddess smiles, removing her hand, but still your cock throbs. Pulsing. A red spear of animalistic lust as you worship the goddess with your eyes.

"She is glorious, isn't she?"

You hear the words behind you, but cannot turn around. Cannot avert your eyes from the ghostly figure glowing before you. You feel the soft brush of tails caress you as breasts press against your back, a warm body embracing you.

"She is wonderful. Glorious," the sonorous voice continues as a hand slips into your lap and grasps your cock. You whimper, moaning as it begins to slowly stroke you. Pumping your feral manhood with lazy, loving motions. *"Gaze upon her, mortal. She is all that is good. All that is love. She suffered through no fault of her own, but still loves us all. Still wishes us well. Still wishes us to embrace... our true... forms..."*

You give a soft pant of pleasure as the hand strokes you. As the image of the goddess shrinks a little. Still nearly double your height. But now her pussy is bare, glistening before your face.

"Worship her," whispers the voice behind you.

You do.

You fall forward, crawling to the goddess. Before her, you lean in and run your tongue up along that sweet gash. It's odd. You can feel the buzz of the solid moonstone under your tongue, but there's

also something soft as your tongue caresses the glowing image of her glory. Like licking at pudding, but the taste is divine. You feel it sing on your tastebuds as you gaze up at the goddess, your muzzle pushed against her mound, her face nearly hidden by the great orbs of her breasts.

“Destiny is such a strange thing,” the voice behind you murmurs, breasts rubbing your back as a hand pumps your throbbing shaft. “Who can say where it will lead. To glory? To damnation? But we are all destined for something. It seems this is yours. Fate is funny that way.”

You barely listen. How could you? How could you think of anything but how glorious the goddess is? How beautiful? How she deserves every iota of your attention? You softly moan and pant, strumming the pussy of the goddess. Licking her out as her face grows rapturous and flush. You can feel the buzz of her power radiate through you. Change you more. Your mind warping under her presence. Your memories before this moment distorting. Fading away.

“Adore her,” whispers the voice behind you.

You do.

“Love her.”

You will.

“She is all. She is everything. Her pain demands succor. Her being worship. You are hers. You are ours. Worship. Serve. She is everything. She is all.”

She is.

She is.

You feel this truth with every thump of your pulse. The throb of your cock. Needy pants and whines escape you as you adoringly lick her out, her expression growing ever more rapturous. Ever more pleased. Her voice slowly rises.

“Yes!” the goddess cries in love. In bliss. *“Yes! My love! My beloved! Yes. Yes! Oh yessssss!”*

Her cry of ecstasy rings in your ears. You moan as she cums, her divine essence pouring onto your tongue. Into your mouth. Swallowed down with greedy gulps as you shudder in ecstasy and delight.

The moment is too powerful. Too perfect. You whine, arching beneath the statue, your cock throbbing, pulsing, unloading in hot, spurting bursts at the foot of the moonstone statue as you surrender your essence in a final grand gesture at her divinity.

You hear a soft breath from before you. The goddess’s face grows serene, and gently joins with the statue once more.

You moan, trembling, happy beyond words. Blissful beyond expression. You feel the hand on your cock give a final squeeze and draw back.

“Good boy.”

No longer chained in worship, you turn your head to find another fox-girl behind you. Older than the one you saw before, but no less lovely, her expression is amused but a little sad. Her eyes are also milky white, revealing she's blind.

"A pity," she sighs. "But I suppose the goddess had other plans for you than I thought."

You cock your head, not understanding. She merely pats your muzzle. "Don't fret," she says gently. "The goddess is wise beyond us. We must follow her path. And don't worry," she adds with a wry turn of her head. "We have much work for you."

You turn to look and see a half dozen fox-girl maidens standing not far. Each only has a single tail, but they swish with excitement and their eyes are glued to your cock, which immediately begins to harden.

The older fox-girl chuckles and pats your head again. "Yes. There will be a great deal to keep you busy indeed..."

[Fox Fire](#)

Fox Fire

The Mothers are debating again.

And again, you know who is going to win.

Mother Anna stands across from Mother Sada in the heart of the temple. Behind them rises the grand statue of the goddess, her radiance spilling over the pair. The blind fox-girl, Anna, looks sad and resigned in her filmy gown, while Sada looks triumphant.

"And I say again," Anna says gently. "We must head to the Prison of the Damned and bring the male with us. He will unlock that door and free the goddess."

"A foolish idea," Sada scoffs with a dismissive gesture. Taller than Anna, she wears a dark robe and has triangular tattoos on her cheeks like fake whiskers. "The male is not needed, and the Prison of the Damned does not hold the goddess. She is among the stones which we gather. She speaks to us through them! She is not sealed in any place, but among us. And besides, why risk the male? He is far too valuable to chance sacrifice him."

You know Sada doesn't really believe that. You also know it doesn't matter. You will obey the females in all things, for that is what you do. What the goddess formed you to do.

And you can feel the decision being made. The sisters kneeling on the floor before the arguing pair are looking at you again, their gaze warm and aroused. You shift under their stares, fur bristling along your mighty frame. Muzzle parting slightly as your tongue lolls out. Several nearby sisters shiver as they inhale your musk, and more than a few are looking in rapt interest at your hardening cock.

"Enough," Sada cries with a dismissive gesture. "We have said our piece. Now, to the sisters go the vote. Shall we undertake this hazardous journey? Or remain here, where the male might best serve us in our comfort?"

You can see Anna sigh and give you a sad look, but you don't pay much attention. For no sooner has Sada finished speaking than a chorus of, "Stay!" fills the room from the delighted sisters.

"Then before the goddess, the will is spoken," Anna says with a defeated shrug.

Sada smirks. "It is done. Return to your duties, sisters. Aside from you, Sister Aria. I believe it is your turn with the male today, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mother," Saria squeaks, jolting to her feet and beaming. A slim but pretty fox, her tail swishes with eagerness and her breasts stretch her robe in a most appealing way.

Sada nods. "You have the male tonight. Take him to your worship, and be sure to use him properly. His purpose is to praise the goddess, not merely your pleasure. Isn't that right, Male?" she demands.

"Yes, Mother," you grunt.

Sada sniffs and gestures. "Then dismissed!"

Barely has the last syllable been spoken than Aria has grabbed the leash attached to your moonstone collar and eagerly pulled you away. Many of the sisters shoot her jealous looks, but Aria ignores them, as do you. You merely lope after the lovely Sister of the Moon, eyes glued to her ass and the way the fabric clings to her.

She brings you to the Chamber of Worship. As soon as you enter the small room your eyes are arrested to the carving of the goddess. Made of pure Moonstone, it's like a miniature version of the grand one in the great temple. Incense burners cloy the air with scent, and your body warms under the radiance of the moonstone.

Aria is so eager to get started she barely manages to stumble through the rite of worship.

"Oh goddess," Aria pants, reverently if hurriedly removing her robe, revealing her pale curves. "We offer ourselves to you. You who have formed us. You who have given us flesh. You who have blessed us and made us as we should be.

"Oh goddess," Aria moans, sinking naked to her knees before the statue, planting her hands and forehead on the floor. "I thank you for your blessing. I beg for your mercy and succor. And I give myself to you, to be made anew."

Your eyes stare at the statue as its pale glow strengthens. You can see the shimmer of the goddess within in. The ghostly shape of her looking down at you and Aria in compassion, her great breasts swelling with love.

"*Serve me*," the goddess whispers.

You look down.

Aria is now prostrate on the floor, naked, her ass raised and trembling with need. You can smell her arousal. See the slickness of it on her inner thighs as she awaits your cock. Ready to take your seed and accept more of the goddess's blessing within her.

You growl low and deep. "*Serve... goddess*," you growl.

Aria shudders in anticipation and rocks her hips eagerly as you move over her, crouching atop her. The tip of your thick, red cock rubs her slick entrance. A throaty moan of need escapes her as you push forward, filling her tight depths. You grunt, arching above her, beginning to saw into the slender neophyte, her tail swishing under your belly as you fuck her doggy style.

You start slow, but Aria moans and tugs on your leash, pulling you deeper inside her. You plant your hands on either side of her, surrounding her with your furry bulk as you saw into her with greater and greater urgency. Growling and breathing hot and heavy as you rut into the gorgeous maiden.

"Ohhhhhh yessss!" Aria cries over the slap of flesh.

The sound of her pleasure thrills you in unspeakable ways. Drives you to thrust into her harder.

Faster.

Deeper.

Soon she's whining like a bitch in heat, pushing back against you as you drive your cock into her with sharp, brutal motions, rutting into her like she was little more than an instrument of your pleasure.

And by the way she hauls on your leash, she's loving it.

"Yes! Yes! Oh yesssss!"

The wails of the neophyte ring through the temple chamber as you pound her into the floor with greater urgency. Her hand yanks at the leash that connects to your moonstone studded collar, urging you to rut deeper into her. You certainly don't need the encouragement. The sight of the lovely fox-girl bucking in utter rapture as your cock plunders her depths is all you need to redouble your efforts, her body shaking from the force of your thrusts.

"Oh! Oh! Oh goddess yessssss!" the fox-girl wails, her pussy tightening around you, her body arching and eyes rolling back as she cums with a great shudder of pure pleasure.

The sudden tightness pushes you over the edge. You howl in ecstasy, filling her up with a final thrust, your cock pulsing as you stuff her with great bursts of your virile seed, your knot swelling, sealing her shut and locking you and her in carnal bliss.

The neophyte whimpers and gasps, her eyes lidded and expression locked with rapture. You pant, admiring her. When your knot finally shrinks, you draw out of her, your seed spilling down her thighs despite a sudden tightening of her muscles, as if reluctant to surrender a single drop.

A pulse seems to ripple through her. Her foxy tail swishes, and before your eyes splits, a second one forming from it with a quiver of fur and a flare of pale light.

Aria moans in ecstasy, sinking to the floor, spent, sated, but beatific joy written all over her face. You grin, then turn your eyes back to the moonstone statue of the goddess, feeling Her joy in what you have done. Extending her blessing to another worthy vessel.

As the goddess commands.

"As goddess... commands," you growl, bowing your head in obeisance.

Bad End

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