

Raiders of Moonfall

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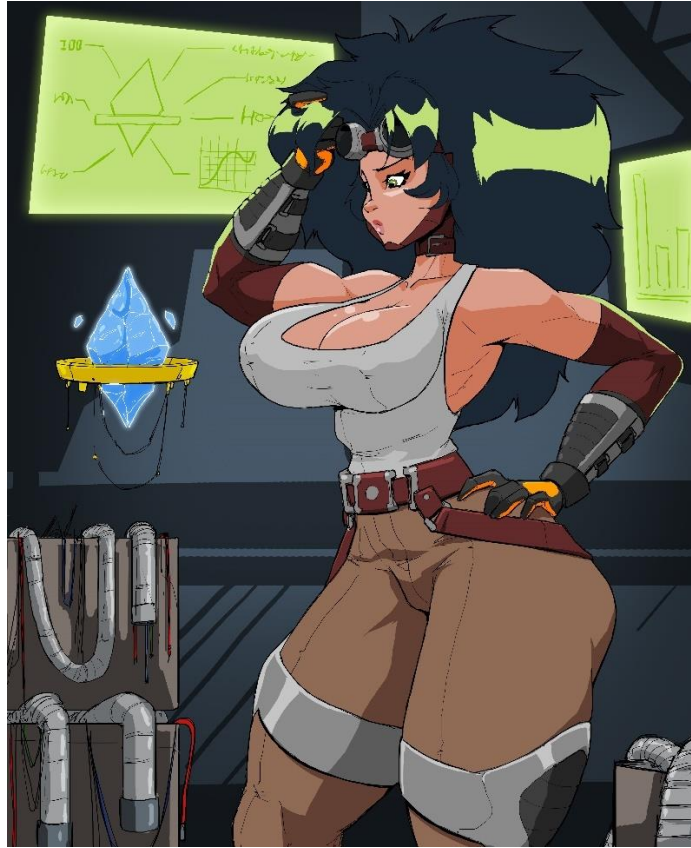
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The Tower



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 coat 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.

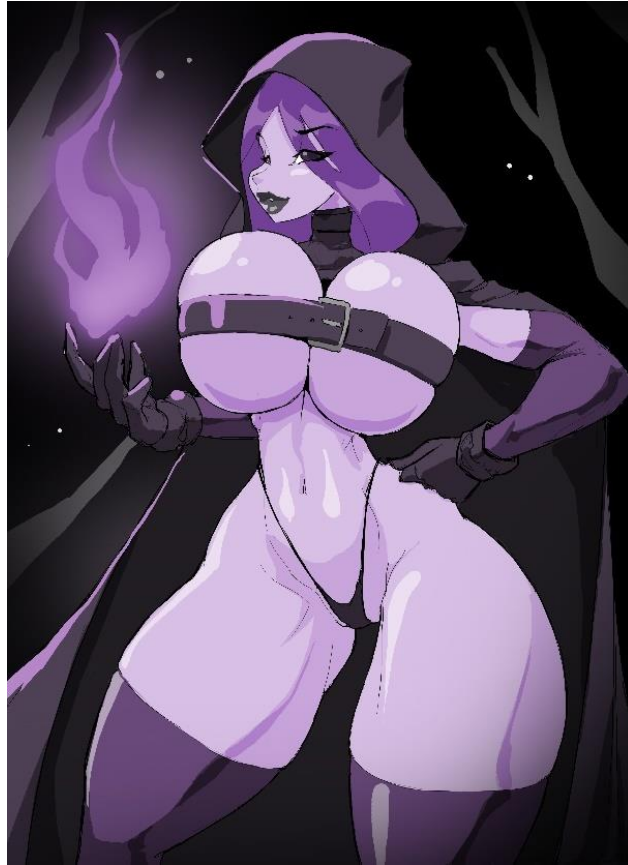
Your fanged maw opens with a grin. Lust thumps in your veins as you climb up the ramp and grasp the dangling rope, beginning to haul your way up. You must bring her to the goddess. The female must know the power of the Pale. The glory of the blessed.

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 Vault.

The Vault.

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 vault 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 Vault, 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 goddeeeeesssss!"

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 anyhow.”

“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.

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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 Vault.

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."

To be Continued

[Index Start Over](#)

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

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