

Transformation Party Chapter 2

By Kallie

Character Sheets

Immeral, Drow Oathbreaker (he/him) - played by Edward, Dungeon Master (he/him)

Rhyim, Aasimar Warlock (they/them) - played by Florence (any)

Therimi, Satyr Bard (he/they) - played by Folimi (she/her)

Vauneo, Goliath Artificer (he/him) - played by David (he/him)

Marithaena, Half-Orc Ranger (she/her) - played by Hanifa (she/her)

Nadak, Fire Genasi Rogue (he/him) - played by Jack, (he/him)

Marithaena, half-orc ranger, tapped her feet pointedly as Immeral and Rhyim made their way back into camp, a gleeful, teasing look coming to her face at the sight of the sheepish, embarrassed look on both of theirs. As they approached, they noticed the way Mari was looking at them, and blushed.

“Oh, hey there, Mari,” Immeral greeted her awkwardly. “We were just... um...”

Mari giggled. “Don’t worry. I know exactly what you were doing.” She winked, and Immeral looked devastated.

“You... you heard?”

Mari couldn’t stop giggled. “Everybody heard.”

“Oh.”

That seemed to be the drow’s last word on the matter, and he looked down at the ground. His cheeks were ablaze with embarrassment, and his new, arachnid limbs shifted and skittered nervously. It was almost enough to make Mari feel bad for teasing him - almost.

“Yeah, the two of you were certainly making a racket.” Mari stuck out her tongue. “You really should have gone further away from camp if you didn’t want anyone to hear you. Or... how about a ball gag? Sounds like what you two were getting up to was at least that level of kinky.”

“Jeez!” Edward, Immeral’s player, complained. Just like his character, he was visibly blushing with

embarrassment. "You're really not going to let this go already?"

"No." Hanifa, Mari's player, folded her arms and fixed Edward with a deadpan stare. As he squirmed, she arched her eyebrow imperiously. "You two just started erotic role-playing right in the middle of our session. That's much too funny to let go."

"S-sorry!" Florence, Rhyim's player, giggled. They didn't look nearly as sorry as Edward did, though they were likewise turning a deep shade of red. "We just, uh, got carried away, OK?"

"Yeah," Edward put in, recovering a little of his composure. "I thought we agreed to just, um, move on with the session?"

"Oh, we can move on with the session," Hanifa agreed, smirking. "But that doesn't mean I'm going to let you two forget about this any time soon."

"We're sorry, OK!" Edward blurted out. "We... I know it's inappropriate. I'm sorry, sincerely, if it made anyone uncomfortable. I just really don't know what got into me."

"It's not that," Fola said smoothly, before Hanifa could make another teasing comment. "I don't think any of us here are going to be uncomfortable with things like that. We're all mature people, we're all friends, we've all spent plenty of time on weird parts of the Internet."

Edward smiled at her gratefully, and the rest of their friends all nodded in agreement.

"Honestly?" David put in. "It was pretty hot."

"But," Fola swiftly continued. "I don't think you can blame Hanifa - or Mari - for making a few, ah, choice comments about it. Because, I mean... wow, Ed."

Unsure if that was a compliment or not, Edward made a few flustered half-replies, before Jack started to grumble.

"How about we just get on with it?" he suggested, rubbing his sore leg.

"How about a ball gag?" Mari suggested teasingly. "Sounds like what you two were getting up to was at least that level of kinky."

Immeral looked like he wanted the ground he'd so recently escaped from to open up and swallow him whole. Mari was pleased - not just because teasing him was fun, but also because he was reacting just the way he always did when one of the party figured out how to embarrass him. That was good. Mari wanted to make sure he knew that his recent transformation into a drider wasn't going to change anything. The party loved and accepted him all the same.

Fortunately, it seemed Rhyim was giving him the same message. The two of them had indeed woken up the sharp-eared ranger with their nocturnal antics - and judging from the other groans Mari had heard,

most of the rest of the party too. Not that it was too much of a surprise. The two of them had been involved with each other for quite some time, and Mari had always had a sneaking feeling Rhyim had a little bit of a kinky side. It made sense they'd be interested in what Immerral's new body might be capable of.

Rhyim... it took Mari a moment to register that the Aasimar now looked very, very different. Her attention had been on Immerral, eager to make sure that he was unharmed. Once she turned to Rhyim, walking happily at his side, she noticed that they had clearly undergone their own transformation, just as striking as Immerral's the day before. Their skin had turned a vivid, red color, they were sporting horns and a tail, and a large pair of wings were folded at their back. Clearly, Rhyim had been transformed into some kind of demon. Unlike Immerral, though, they seemed to be reveling in their transformation. Rhyim was making no effort to hide what they'd become, and there was a discernible spring in their step as they walked. And most conspicuously of all, the only clothes they were wearing were a few scorched rags.

"Rhyim!" Vauneo asked, approaching them. "By gods, what happened to you?"

At the sound of Vauneo's shocked gasp, the rest of the party quickly assembled, with Nadak and Therimi looking just as surprised and confused when they arrived.

"I..." Rhyim looked an odd mix of bashful and prideful. "Well, I think it was my warlock patron? It seemed like it all happened because of the amulet they gave me, anyway."

"Your patron?" Nadak stroked his beard. "That doesn't make any sense to me. Did you do something to piss them off? Anything they'd want to punish you like this for?"

"Oh! Um..." Rhyim's tail swished from side to side. "I don't think it was a punishment, exactly. I'm pretty sure it was, well, a reward."

"A reward?" Vauneo mused, the huge goliath crossing his arms. "Seems like a strange kind of reward."

"Actually, it's pretty much perfect," Rhyim confessed shyly. "It's pretty much everything I ever wanted."

"To be a... what?" Therimi asked.

"A fucc-" Rhyim coughed abruptly. "I mean, a demon."

"Why's that?"

"Just watch." All at once, Rhyim came to life, their desire to show off overcoming their nervousness. The newly-transformed sex demon struck a pose, a radiant smile on their face. And as the rest of the party watched, they started to shapeshift.

Mari watched, astonished, as Rhyim's flesh seemed to melt and flow, effortlessly reshaping itself into a new form. Muscles grew and shrank, proportions flipped, and even bones appeared to shift and change. In Rhyim's current state of undress, nothing was hidden. The party stared and spluttered as Rhyim's body shifted from androgynous to masculine, their height growing, their shoulders broadening, and their muscles hardening. It was an impossible feat of magic, but Rhyim seemed to have done it without any difficulty.

"But... what... how?" Nadak was speechless.

"I think it's just the way I am now." Rhyim's radiant grin betrayed their intense euphoria.

"Can you... look like anything?" Therimi asked.

"Nah. I think it has to stay roughly like this - but only roughly. Mostly it seems to be what you might call 'gender stuff' that's flexible. Watch this."

Just as they had done in front of Immerral, Rhyim shapeshifted again, changing their body in the complete opposite direction. Breasts replaced pecs, hips replaced shoulders, and both their face and their legs melted into soft, inviting, distinctly feminine shapes. Within mere moments, Rhyim had gone from a handsome incubus to a devastatingly feminine succubus.

This time, it was Mari's turn to be left utterly speechless. She had to look away. Watching Rhyim change themselves like that had her stomach churning with difficult feelings. The half-orc was grateful that all eyes stayed on Rhyim, and so no-one noticed her sudden inner turmoil.

"I like it a lot," Rhyim confessed, giggling. The attention of the rest of the party made them a little nervous, but as a sex demon, it was now in their nature to enjoy in it. "And uh... well... Immerral doesn't seem to mind at least."

Immerral blushed, yet again.

"And neither do we," Vauneo quickly assured her. "I'm happy for you, Rhyim. We know this doesn't change who you are to us. Although, well, something is bothering me a little... both of you, transformed like this on the same day? Is something weird going on here?"

The party all looked at each other, concerned.

"I'm not sure," Nadak offered. "But I am sure that whatever it is, we can't do anything about it here. And for all we know, we could still have drow on our tail. I say we keep moving. Try and make it back to civilization."

The rest of the party swiftly agreed, and busied themselves packing up camp.

As the party's ranger, Mari led the way, keeping her sharp eyes trained on the horizon for signs of trouble. Today, she was particularly grateful for the solitude. The rest of the party were busy keeping a close, worried eye on Immerral and Rhyim, and that left Mari alone to think, and to try and figure out what she was feeling.

What was that gut-wrenching feeling that had arisen in her at the sight of Rhyim shape-shifting into such a hyper-feminine form? Deep down, Mari already knew the answer. It was jealousy. She glanced down at herself unhappily. She might have had a body to match Rhyim's current form, but no-one would know it under the clothes she was wearing. It was all padded leathers and rugged wool - eminently sensible for a ranger, of course, but not what she really wanted. Mari was a half-orc who had grown up amongst orc traders. There had almost never been time for fashion or frippery, and even when there had been, orc women were generally

expected to be hard and butch.

Mari's secret desires had always pulled her in the opposite direction. She'd always admired the rich silks her family sometimes traded, and the fine dresses of the noblewomen they sold things too. Her family wouldn't have stopped her exploring her feminine side, of course. They had accepted her being transgender, after all. But she had always been afraid that she wouldn't fit in the way a proper orc woman should, and even now that she was traveling with five other accepting and unusual party members, that same fear held her back. A feminine half-orc? She feared the idea sounded like nothing more than a bad punchline.

No matter what she did, though, the desires remained. And sometimes, they made her do foolish things. Double-checking that no-one was looking at her, she opened her pack and looked inside. Looking back at her was a fine, jeweled, elegant crown, its reflective glow almost dazzling in the sunlight. Impulsively, she'd stolen it from the drow whilst they'd been fleeing the Underdark. A proper inspection had revealed it was a magical artifact - the Diadem of the Ancient Ivy. Mari felt so silly for taking it, rather than something useful. It wasn't like she would ever have the courage to actually wear it. But still, it was so pretty...

Mari sighed, and risked a glance back at Rhyim. They were still in their feminine form, with all their curves on full display. Mari's stomach forced itself into even tighter knots, and she balled her hands into fists. She wanted that. She wanted to be able to feel like that.

She looked back to the crown. Maybe she could wear it, just once. She was tired of feeling so discontented with herself. The diadem seemed to call to her. It was so elegant, so feminine. It was everything she'd ever wanted. What did she have to lose?

Driven by a sudden impulse, she plucked the crown from her bag and carefully set it on her own brow, holding her breath.

Mari immediately recalled one of the first and most important rules of adventuring: don't start wearing a magical artifact if you haven't figured out what it does yet.

Her transformation began at once.

In an instant, Mari's whole lower body was consumed with vines. She froze. It took her several seconds to process what was happening, and several more to understand that all those vines were now part of her. She could no longer feel her legs, but she could feel dozens of leg-like vines, effortlessly supporting her weight. In that time, the transformation had only quickened. A set of huge petals unfurled around her waist, almost like a skirt, surrounding Mari as if she was a flower.

No, not as if.

She was a flower.

Mari's skin had rapidly turned a distinctively different shade of green, and with that, along with the vines that now formed her lower body, there was no denying it. She was turning into a flower. She had become a plantgirl.

That realization should have been terrifying, but Mari was possessed with an altogether different feeling: suffocation. Her clothes were smothering her. She felt as though she couldn't breathe. Mari started frantically tearing at her own clothes, even as the rest of the party raced to her side. As she stripped off her

outer jacket, the first rays of sun hitting her skin were so pleasurable they made her moan. It wasn't enough, though. Mari kept undressing herself until she was left completely naked.

Once naked, it was even more apparent what Mari had become. Her skin was leaf green from head to toe, and while her torso and upper body remained intact, a few stray vines had wound themselves up around her waist and across her shoulders. She could feel them, now just as much a part of her as anything else. A flower unfurled on her chest, its petals the same shade of vivid red-pink as the ones around her waist, and two more sprouted on her hands to match them. Finally, as she reached up, she felt one in her hair, set slightly to one side from the diadem, a little like an ornament a fancy noblewoman might wear.

At that thought, despite herself, Mari blushed.

"Mari!" Nadak cried, as he reached her side. "Gods, not you too! What's happening?"

"I... I... I..." Mari giggled. She didn't mean to, but she also couldn't help it. With the sun on her skin, she felt euphoric. She was still alarmed by her transformation, of course, but it felt as though something was smothering those thoughts, soothing them away. It was much easier to think about how amazing she looked, and how wonderful she felt. "I don't know!"

Nadak said something in response, but Mari wasn't listening. She'd realized she could hear something else, something like a song, coming from all around her. It was beautiful, but it took her a few seconds to realize what it was. It was all of the plants around her: the grass, the flowers, the trees. She could hear them. It was magical.

"Mari? Mari?" Immeral cried, finally catching her attention. "Can you hear us? I said- wait, what's that smell?"

He started to sniff the air, and the rest of the party followed suit, Mari included. Sure enough, there was a strange scent on the breeze that seemed to have appeared along with Mari's transformation. It was floral and powerful, and as sweet as honey. Mari immediately sensed where it was coming from. She reached up to touch the flower on her head. Her hand came away wet. Her flower was dripping with rich, heady nectar. Mari brought her hand to her face and sniffed. Immediately, her euphoria doubled, and other urges started to possess her. Clearly, it was more than just ordinary nectar.

"I... I think it's Mari?" Therimi offered. "This is... uh... wow."

As the nectar-scent continued to fill the air, Mari's friends started to feel its effects more and more. All around her, they started blushing a little and looking at each other strangely, their faces and body languages telling exactly one story: they were aroused. Mari giggled again. So her nectar was an aphrodisiac. That seemed like fun. She knew it *shouldn't* have seemed like fun. It should have been incredibly concerning - albeit a little hot at the same time. But Mari didn't care about that right now. She was feeling buzzed, almost like she'd been drinking. And it wasn't just her nectar, or some other mind-altering effect of her transformation. Mari did a quick spin, and watched giddily as the petals around her waist lifted a skirt. She felt so pretty.

"Mari?" Nadak warned cautiously. "Do you think you could maybe... stop doing that?"

"But!" Mari giggled euphorically. "Isn't it fun?"

Nadak fell silent, surprised by her off-handed, frivolous response, but Rhyim giggled. They were licking

their lips, looking a touch eager. "She's right, guys," the newly-transformed sex demon said slyly. "It is kind of fun."

"T-that's not really the point, Rhyim!" Therimi retorted. "I mean... perhaps, but I'm not really sure if this is the time or the place!"

Mari giggled at their indecision. She could sense that they wanted to cut loose just as badly as she did. They were worried about her, of course, but she knew there was nothing to worry about. She'd never felt better. She just needed a good way to show them that. Mari pondered Nadak's request. Turn the nectar off? Yes, she could do that. She immediately sensed it would be as easy as flexing a muscle. But... what if she did the opposite? Yes, that sounded much more appealing.

Mari concentrated for a brief moment, and the potency of her nectar tripled.

Arousal hit her friends like a wave, battering them to their knees. Mari was delighted. They looked to be feeling just as pleasure as she was. That was exactly what she wanted - or at least, she thought so. In truth, Mari wasn't quite sure why she was so eager to subject her friends to her aphrodisiac. Normally, she was pretty inhibited, and whilst she could sometimes seem childish to her friends, she always thought everything she said and did through carefully. But now, after her transformation, she felt free to follow her impulses. Intoxicated as she was, she wanted to see where they would lead her.

"Mari... come on..." Nadak groaned, struggling against her nectar. "What... what happened to you?"

She considered explaining that it had been the diadem, but she decided showing him would be much more fun. Perhaps more than any of them, Nadak needed to learn to have a little fun.

"Hey, Nadak!" she sang brightly. "Remember that thing you swiped from the drow? You know, the weird-looking cage? Why don't you take it out?"

The genasi rogue seemed confused, but he nonetheless did as she had suggested, reaching into his pack and retrieving the item. It was called Habyar's Glass Cage, he had revealed. They didn't know what it was for, but it appeared as a small prism made up of hair-thin glass wires that seemed to reflect shadow rather than light.

"W-what does this have to do with anything?" Nadak asked, seemingly spellbound.

Mari giggled once more, oddly pleased with the way that her nectar seemed to make everyone nice and pliable. She took a childish delight in getting her own way, and in seeing all her friends embarrassed by how turned on they were. All of them held back as if helpless to intervene in whatever she was doing.

"Why don't you just look at it?" Mari suggested. She wasn't sure where her words were coming from, but she sensed she was on the right track. "Focus on it, really hard. And then... why don't you think about how you'd like to be?"

Nadak shivered. "I don't understand."

"I think you do," Mari encouraged, soothing him with her voice. She could tell her nectar was relaxing him. He just needed a little push. "Go on. Look. I promise, you won't regret it. Make a wish."

Nadak did as she had told him. He stared at the glass cage in his hands, as if lost in thought, and within moments, he too started to transform. This time, none of the rest of the party could see exactly what happened. Nadak was consumed in a huge cloud of unnaturally-black smoke that billowed forth from the magical artifact in his hand, completely hiding him from view. When the smoke dissipated and they could see him again, he looked very, very different.

The fire genasi's skin had changed from red to black, but that aside, his upper body remained the same. His lower body, on the other hand, was unrecognizable. Nadak no longer had legs; instead, he was sporting a long, serpentine tail that made him look a little like some kind of naga. But between his skin and the distinctive, wispy trails of smoke connecting him to the glass cage that had transformed him made it absolutely clear what he had become.

A genie.

The rest of the party just stared, confused. Their minds already addled by Mari's nectar, they had yet to come to terms with her sudden, dramatic transformation. A second metamorphosis was more than they could comprehend. Nadak, naturally, looked equally astonished. He stared down at himself in shock, mouth opening and closing mutely. Yet, he didn't look dismayed. As far as Mari could judge, the look in his eyes was quite the opposite.

"W... what?" he finally managed.

Mari giggled and clapped her hands, pleased. "You're a genie now!"

"But... why?"

"Well, only you know the answer to that, I think." Mari smiled at him warmly. "How does it feel?"

"It feels... uh... uh..." As he struggled for an answer, Nadak's cheeks turned an even brighter shade of red than they had been before. Mari managed to suppress a giggle. Given what she knew about genies, she could hazard a pretty good guess.

"Let's see..." Mari mused. "You're still holding Habyar's Glass Cage, but I'm the one who told you to take it out and use it. So, if you're a genie, it's like I'm the one that's summoned you, right?"

Nadak gasped and started shivering, as if Mari's words were stroking his soul. Mari knew she was on the right track.

"And genies are supposed to obey the ones that summoned them, aren't they?" Mari licked her lips as Nadak started to squirm and blush. She was a lesbian, and so he wasn't her type, but she was having so much fun. "Not only that, they want to obey. So what if I told you that I want you to tell us how you feel?"

"Submissive!" Nadak immediately blurted out, the pleasurable instinct to obey overwhelming any restraint he might have had. "I feel really, really submissive. And it feels, um, really good."

His squirming didn't stop. Conflict was writ large on his face. He was torn between embarrassment at what he had confessed, and eager relief at having been given a chance to satisfy his new craving. His eyes were wide, and almost a little delirious. Mari could tell he wanted more. In spite of how intoxicated she felt from her own transformation, Mari was taken aback. Nadak was always so stern and no-nonsense. The subby

way he was blushing and shivering seemed completely out of character.

But maybe that was the reason he'd wanted it so much.

"I think Therimi's right," Immeral intervened. He was blushing, clearly addled by Mari's nectar, but his eyes reflected intense concern for his friends. "Maybe we should at least, um, slow things down for a while."

"Hmmm." Mari didn't want her friends to worry, but she also knew there was nothing to worry about. And she was having too much fun to stop. "Nadak, what do you think? Do you want things to slow down? Tell them."

"No!" Nadak groaned, a lopsided smile hitting his face. "I... it's good," he added, even though he didn't need to. "It feels, um, really good."

"Well that's... good to know," said Vauneo. "But even so, we're meant to be on the road, remember? I don't think it's such a good idea for us to just start... um... you know."

"Maybe Mari just needs to get it out of her system?" Rhyim piped up. All eyes were instantly back on them as they sashayed to Mari's side, a particularly joyous spring in their step.

The sex demon was clearly basking in the aphrodisiac effects of Mari's nectar. There was no mistaking it. The aroused blush that filled their crimson cheeks made them radiant, and as they arched their back, striking a deliberately provocative pose, they shivered with anticipation. Rhyim had shifted back to a more androgynous form, but their hips were still plenty wide enough for them to swing enticingly, and all their charm was directed straight at Mari.

"Oh yes," Mari agreed, giggling and licking her lips. She was hornier than she'd ever been. Her euphoria at her new, feminine appearance was only further driving her excitement to see what her new body was capable of. "I like that idea."

The rest of the party exchanged a few glances. It seemed like the most elegant solution to their bizarre situation - and besides, none of them were thinking particular straight.

"Fine," Immeral agreed, smiling ruefully. "Just... don't take too long."

From that moment on, Mari and Rhyim were focused only on each other. Rhyim waltzed closer to the newly-transformed plantgirl, and with each step they took, the look of naked lust on their face grew more intense. Proximity only made the intoxicating effects of Mari's nectar hit harder, and Rhyim seemed energized by the feeling. The androgynous sex demon pressed their body close against Mari's, and reached up to run a fingertip along one of the petals of the flower growing from her head, their hand coming away wet with nectar. They slipped their fingertips into their mouth, sucking them provocatively, and shivering as the nectar's effects took her.

Mari moaned. To her surprise, Rhyim's hand on her petals felt scandalously intimate. Clearly, her new body was amazingly sensitive - her flowers most of all. Rhyim's presence was proving just as arousing to her as hers was to Rhyim. The sex demon exuded an aura that filled her head with fantasies and made her want to throw all her inhibitions to the wind. Not only that; her friend's androgynous beauty was something Mari had always admired, and now that they were comfortable showing plenty of skin, she couldn't help but stare.

“What are you waiting for?” Rhyim teased, batting their eyelids coquettishly. “Let’s see what the new Mari can do.”

Mari took that as permission. Reaching forward, she pulled Rhyim into her embrace, enveloping the non-binary demon with her arms and her sweet nectar-scent. She pressed her lips to her friends’ in a ravenous kiss, and Rhyim met it eagerly, their long, demonic tongue fighting Mari’s for dominance. They moaned into each others’ mouths as they kissed, and Mari’s skin felt like it was burning as Rhyi touched her. She needed this so bad.

“Mmm, that’s good,” Rhyim purred, as they broke this kiss. “But... c’mon. You can be a little more creative than that.”

They glanced pointedly down at the many, tentacle-like vines that now made up Mari’s lower body. Mari gasped as she took their meaning, and then grinned. This was going to be even more fun than she’d thought.

Mari started experimentally flexing the many, many vines and tendrils that now adorned her body. They responded effortlessly to her thoughts, as if they’d always been part of her. Within moments, she was completely comfortable with them, and had them curling and twisting dexterously exactly how she wanted, and extending to grant her further reach whenever she needed it.

A moment later, she sent dozens of them surging towards Rhyim.

Rhyim giggled and gasped as they suddenly felt themselves lifted off their feet by a huge mass of tentacle-like vines. Mari gripped them firmly, making sure their tentacles were wrapped securely around their torso and each of their limbs. They held so tight, Rhyim was virtually immobilized in her grasp. Rhyim didn’t seem to mind. She didn’t struggle or protest at all, beyond writhing and squirming at the maddening sensation of Mari’s vines reaching and groping across their body. There were so many of them; Mari found she could touch her friend everywhere at once. Their hips, their chest, their thighs - and she could feel every part of it just as if she was touching Rhyim with her own hands.

Mari’s intoxicated grin just kept growing wider. Her new body was incredible.

“How’s this for creative?” Mari teased. Now that she had Rhyim exactly where she wanted them, she started to focus her tentacles on their erogenous zones, sending her vines groping for their inner thighs and their amazing, curvaceous ass.

“I... it’s... mmfmff,” Rhyim moaned. It was all they were capable of. The feeling of being bound up by Mari’s vines was sending them spiraling into mind-addled pleasure. “F-fuck...”

“That’s what I thought,” Mari giggled. The feeling of being so completely in control was wonderful. “Now... what was it you said? Get it out of my system? Gladly.”

With a single thought, Mari made her vines splay out all of Rhyim’s limbs, putting the submissive sex demon on full display. The tips of her tentacles dug their way into the revealing clothing they were wearing, prying them away from their body until Rhyim was completely naked. Mari purred with satisfaction as she ogled and inspected them.

“Gods, I can’t believe your patron managed to make you even hotter than you already were!”

Rhyim just moaned wordlessly in response, drunk on the thrill of having their body manipulated by Mari with such ease, as if they were nothing more than a puppet on strings. They loved to be stared at, especially now, and everyone was staring at them.

“This is... wow,” Mari breathed. Already, they were almost overwhelmed, and shivering repeatedly with arousal. She’d never been so turned on. She’d never allowed herself to be. But now that she was blossoming in feminine glory, it felt too good for her to hold back. With her vines wrapped around Rhyim’s body, her hands were free to touch her own, feeling needily at her breasts and her delightfully sensitive flowers.

Driven by her lust, her tentacles kept reaching further and further, until the tips of several of them were pressing up against the entrance of Rhyim’s pussy. Rhyim cried out at the touch, their body desperate for more. They were arching their back, their tail writhing, their constant moans filling the air. Mari could tell exactly what they wanted.

“Oh?” Mari giggled. She was enjoying being a little playful with Rhyim. “Does this slutty sex demon want my tentacles inside them?”

Rhyim nodded furiously, but Mari made a show of pondering it, putting a finger on her chin thoughtfully.

“Hmm,” she mused. “Maybe... maybe we should help you loosen up first.”

Without any warning, she pulled Rhyim towards her. Helpless to resist, the sex demon found their body pressed close against Mari’s - and their face planted straight into the huge flower sprouting from Mari’s chest.

Rhyim squirmed wildly for a moment, sending Mari into paroxysms of moaning at the sensation of Rhyim’s lips touching against the deepest and most sensitive parts of her flower. But then, Rhyim went limp. Mari smiled, and lifted Rhyim back. The sex demon’s face was smeared with aphrodisiac nectar, and they were wearing a dazed, helpless, distinctly blissed-out expression on their face. Given no choice but to breathe in a huge lungful of Mari’s nectar and pollen, they were now completely under the plantgirl’s spell.

Perfect.

Mari knew exactly what she wanted to do now, and she knew Rhyim wanted it too. Holding the bound sex demon securely in place, she pressed her tentacles against the lips of Rhyim’s pussy and started fucking them.

The moment the tips of her vines started to enter Rhyim, the fuccubus started writhing and squirming madly again. In their intoxicated state, the sensation was undoubtedly overwhelming. Their face twitched in an expression of absolute, manic joy, and a thin trail of drool escaped their lips. They were clearly in heaven. Mari’s face hurt from grinning so hard, but just like with everything else, she couldn’t stop. She loved seeing how much pleasure she was bringing her friend.

And there was still so much more she could give. Mari was only just getting started. She kept penetrating Rhyim, pressing her tentacles deeper and deeper until she was bottomed out inside the sex demon. As inch after inch of soft, reaching vine entered them, Rhyim moaned their pleasure louder and louder, savoring the way that Mari was treating them like a toy. Mari was loving it too; her hands were running up and down her own body, each one of Rhyim’s delirious reactions making her hornier and hornier. She was

already close to orgasm herself, but she wanted to see how much further she could take it.

Even as she started to fuck Rhyim, more of her tentacles were descending on the rest of Rhyim's body, enveloping the helpless demons in vines and tendrils. They touched them everyone, massaging their stomach, coiling around their petite chest to tease their nipples, and thirstily groping all the softness of their ass and their thighs. Mari could feel it all, though she struggled to take it all in. Rhyim's body felt incredible in her grasp. She was overwhelmed by how soft, inviting and sleek the demon's androgynous form was, and she could tell that Rhyim was just as overwhelmed. Their transformation had already made Rhyim incredibly sensitive; the effects of Mari's nectar took it to new heights. Rhyim felt like they were being groped by a thousand hands at once, each one skillfully teasing and massaging all their most sensitive spots. For a demon that fed off sex, it was absolute bliss.

As she started thrusting her tentacles in and out of Rhyim's pussy, Mari delighted in how much of a mess her friend looked. Their limbs were splayed out and bound in alluring, exhibitionist poses. Their face was slick with nectar, and their body was being groped and squeezed lasciviously by Mari's tendrils. Rhyim was shivering and writhing still, their back arching as they tried to thrust back against the tentacles Mari was fucking her with, whining when they withdrew and moaning with delight once again when Mari buried them back to the hilt in her dripping slut. And with each motion, they contorted and bounced and bucked, head filled with nothing but pure ecstasy.

Mari wanted to see even more.

She pushed another of her tentacles into Rhyim, carefully opening them up with the tip before pushing in deep, burying it alongside the others. Rhyim cried out with thick pleasure, but with their muscles incredibly relaxed, they easily accommodated it, and their moans only grew louder. So, Mari penetrated them with another tentacle. And then another. And then another. Rhyim's eyes started to roll back as they were filled deeper than they ever could have imagined by an orgy of plant tentacles. Their body was starting to bulge obscenely from how full they were, and their screams of bliss were growing hoarse. They couldn't believe how amazing it felt.

Mari felt it too. She could feel every little move Rhyim made - ever twitch, every shiver of pleasure. She could sense exactly how close she was to Rhyim's limit, and she knew they were close. Just a little more. Mari quickened her pace, groping her own tits urgently, breathing hard. They needed this so bad.

Both of them came at the same moment.

For Rhyim it was a huge, screaming orgasm that left Mari's tentacles covered with wetness. For Mari, it was a satisfied sigh as her own fingers drove her over the edge, utterly lost in the sight of their friend hanging bound in their vines, little more than a willing plaything in her grasp. She loved all of this - how she looked, how she felt, how she could make Rhyim feel. She noticed that Rhyim looked like they were about to black out from the pleasure, and so they carefully lowered the blissed-out sex demon to the ground, quickly falling on them in a careful, gentle embrace as their twin orgasms faded.

The whole room was staring at Hanifa, open-mouthed. Her mouth was open too, the goth girl's jaw open and closing helplessly as the obscenity of the scene she'd just narrated dawned on her. Her brown skin

turned the deepest shade of red any of them had yet seen.

“Wow,” Florence exhaled, after a long moment. They’d been narrating it just as equally, and slumped back in their seat, satisfied.

“Seriously?” Edward grinned. “After all the shit you just gave me?”

“I... I... um...” Hanifa had no excuses at all. She just kept blushing and blushing.

“Well... I guess we’re all really in a mood tonight, huh?” Fola laughed awkwardly. Sex was far from a taboo topic for the group - most of them were experienced erotic role-players, online - but it never entered their sessions in such a way. Fola’s cheeks were almost as red as Hanifa’s betrayed how aroused she’d been by the scene.

None of them noticed the way the strange incense Edward had bought was burning brighter than ever.

“I want to double-check what Jack thinks,” Edward announced, turning to the older man. “That was... kinda unplanned. Genie with a submissive side, huh?”

“Yeah...” Jack rubbed his leg, looking thoughtful, and a little dazed. For once, he had no grumbling complaints about the group’s antics to offer. “I... think it’s good. A good angle. I’m interested to see how it goes for Nadak, I guess.”

Edward nodded.

“Well...” he coughed conspicuously. “That’s, uh, two unplanned diversions for the night. We still have a lot of stuff to get through, so how about we just keep going?”

The rest of the group swiftly agreed - Hanifa swiftest of all, hoping to leave her indiscretion behind her.

Under her hijab, no-one, not even her, could notice the way the skin on her neck was starting to turn green.

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