

Down to Her Level, Chapter One

“You are the first one to make it this far, my lady!” A soft, delicate hand gives yours a squeeze.

“You’ve got to make it count!”

You nod uncertainly, squinting against the pouring rain to behold the mighty Guildhall of Heroes. The headquarters of the prestigious adventuring guild has certainly seen better days. Built straight into the hillside, the Guildhouse’s outer walls are made of black-and-white bricks, laid artfully to form what initially appear to be simplistic mosaic patterns but yield greater and greater complexities the longer you stare.

Two towering cedar trees flank the entrance of the building itself and help support the Guildhouse’s upper stories, encircled by large jutting dormers built to overlook the town. The convex windows of those dormers were cut with many facets, allowing the Guild to look out without their enemies looking in. You’ve been told that in the dawn light, those windows can look like orbs of fire.

Of course, it’s overcast today and raining heavily, so you can’t see much.

“The gates are still intact?” You point hesitantly to the wrought-silver courtyard gates, which look perfectly undamaged but have been swung wide open. A pair of snoozing catgirls lounges beside them, sheltered cozily from the rain beneath the gatehouse awning. They must be the... guards?

“Of course, fair hero!” You turn to see the shorter of your two guides smiling up at you. Her black nun’s cowl is largely shielding her strawberry-blonde hair from the pouring rain, but a few stray droplets flick from her lashes over those big, rosy eyes. “The attackers had no need to break down the gates when their new servants were so willing to have them opened.”

You bite your lip and nod uncertainly.

Even in the pouring rain, the faint scents of pollen still linger in the air around you. This town has been totally overtaken by greenery, particularly by massive viny plants with thick, succulent-like leaves. Those vines have overtaken entire buildings, have sprouted nestled into the crooks of the cedar tree’s branches, and each plant bears a single beautiful, brilliant dawn-pink orchid the size of two men. The mythical angler orchids.

Luckily, those orchids’ even more beautiful residents are currently tucked safely beneath the closed petals to wait out the storm. Some no doubt have lovers trapped inside with them.

You’ve heard the stories, of course. How several months ago, an especially weak, stupid hero was captured by one of the last angler orchids in the region—a rather frail one that had been small and weak enough to avoid the Guild’s detection up until then. How he’d been lured into pumping every drop of

his seed into her, pumping her full of all the power she needed to spread her kind all throughout the region.

Because of him, the whole area is now overtaken—not just by the orchids and their sultry temptresses, but the other monsters who’ve poured in to enjoy the newly-vulnerable countryside.

Especially now that the Guildhouse has fallen.

“I... I thought the Guildhouse was protected from outside attacks,” you mumble, shaking your head. “Even the pollen should have...”

“Oh, it was!” You turn as the nun’s companion, a comely nurse, takes your other hand with a gentle smile. Her shimmering pink hair has been left quite drenched by the downpour, but the hope in her blue eyes burns no less bright. “Of course our guild was fully warded against some silly little pollen clouds. And against any normal monster girl intruders, too! But...” She shakes her head sadly. “... we were stretched thin trying to save the townsfolk, and the Guildhouse was left practically unguarded save for servants and trainees.”

“Our wards were designed to detect and repel any powerful unknown auras,” the nun adds. “Any real threat would have had to be a being of unspeakable might to shatter through them! We couldn’t have known the danger.”

You nod hesitantly.

“And while we were busy,” the nurse murmurs, giving your hand a tender squeeze, “the Enemy was able to slip past in all the excitement. And she used her Hero-Breaking Kiss to take the Guildhouse from within.”

“The Enemy.” You swallow. Yes.

You turn back to the gates, steeling yourself. As long as the Enemy lurks within the vaults below, there will be no hope of reclaiming the Guildhouse, let alone the region beyond.

This is your duty now. This is the kind of quest you’ve been searching for all these years—the first true challenge you’ll have faced since you first started training on slimes and smoke goblins.

The first challenge you’ve faced since your transition. But that shouldn’t make a difference, should it? You’ve never been too vulnerable to the temptations of these silly monster girls. That’s not going to change just because now you have breasts and a slightly smaller... well. Anyways.

“Now it’s up to you,” the nun whispers in your ear. She bites her lip, blushing slightly and pulling away. “That binding circlet will subdue whatever beast you catch within it, and that belt will let you slip in where we can’t. I only wish we could come with you—!”

“I’ll be fine!” You smile and pat her hand, eager to dispel her worries. “I’ve faced far worse threats than this Enemy, I’m sure. She had the advantage of surprise before. This time, we do.”

The nun smiles tentatively, her eyes welling with hope. You swear to yourself you won’t let her down. “Don’t forget the binding circlet! We don’t know if your sword will be of any use against her.”

“I’ll remember,” you promise.

“And remember, fair lady.” You turn as the nurse stares at you with pouting urgency. She leans in close. “No matter what. At all costs. You must not get hard, and you *must not* cum inside one of them.”

Your cheeks heat up. You nod.

“You are the first and mightiest hero to make it this far!” The nun nods eagerly. “And a lady such as you should have a much better chance of resisting than the silly boys who let this happen. As long as you don’t... ah, *breed* one of the foul things within...”

“I won’t!”

You’re trying not to sound too confident. You don’t want to make them think you aren’t taking this seriously, of course. This *is* an important mission.

But from all you’ve heard... well, most of these monsters simply aren’t going to be in your league. Catgirls, imps, goblins, slimes. The last two quests you went on pitted you against dragons, vampire princesses, greater demons, and you bested them all with ease. Here, where you’ll simply be able to sidestep any relatively potent threats, the Enemy is the only creature you’re really worried about.

“I’ll be fine.” You give the pair a reassuring smile, reaching down to brush the belt’s gleaming silver buckle. “They’re not even going to see me coming.”

And with a hum of magical energy, you turn invisible and slip away towards the gate.

The catgirls are splayed atop one another, totally naked except for their crop tops. The redhead’s butt is sticking straight in the air, tail flicking in the throes of some exciting dream.

You do your best to avert your gaze, and ignore their adorable little sleep-mewls, as you step over them and enter the Guildhouse courtyard. Up ahead, the Guildhouse double-doors have also been left open.

You try not to smirk.

But you can't help but think that if the security is *this* lax, this might not take very long at all.

* * *

The Guildhouse courtyard has been totally infested with plantgirls, naturally, including at least one of those fearsome orchids. Luckily, most of them take shelter during storms like this. Those few who don't—lily dryads with raindrop-dappled breasts, suckleberry sprites too lazy to wriggle under their strawberry plants for cover—still can't see you as you sneak past and quietly enter the main building.

You carefully take off your boots before entering, setting them beside the doors. The last thing you need is some muddy footprints giving you away.

After hours spent beneath the endless rattling rains, it is a relief to exit the storm into a place of quiet. In contrast to the crowded courtyard, the Guildhouse lobby is relatively empty. There is only one occupant in here, seated at the receptionist's desk.

And there's certainly no risk of *her* noticing you.

She looks like a parody of a receptionist. She's a demon imp, you guess, judging by her short size and maple-red skin, and dressed in a tight white button-up shirt that visibly strains against tits fat enough to turn her chest and slender waist into a voluptuous heart shape. A pair of large lenseless glasses are perched on the tip of her pointy nose, with glittering amethyst mascara to compliment her golden eyes.

She is currently reapplying hot pink lipstick when you entered, gazing adoringly into a little hand-mirror. Her lashes flutter as she vainly considers herself from several angles, pouting those pillowy lips as if trying to seduce herself.

You turn your focus to the scenery. Five doors lead out of the lobby, including an open door revealing a staircase spiraling up into darkness. The other four doors are closed.

Which means you'll have to risk discovery to open them.

You lick your lips. The two guides didn't actually mention where the Vault was. You assumed it would be obvious, but...

Your gaze drifts back to the receptionist. Her desk is piled high with papers, many of which have been crumpled or torn or smudged—as if the desk has been used for purposes other than bureaucracy of late. But on that little table next to her...

That looks like a map.

You creep forward, then circle around the desk, trying to get a closer look. Just as you'd hoped, it's a map of the Guildhouse—no doubt to help the actual receptionist direct people to the proper rooms.

You take another cautious step, glad of your bare feet's quiet. The way she's positioned, the receptionist directly blocks your path to the map, but she's still none the wiser.

You've never understood those vapid girls who obsess so much over their makeup. It seems like so much effort, and... well, obviously it looks pretty, but for what? You always feel awkward staring at girls like that. Like some sort of voyeur, or...

Well. Anyways. You do have to be careful of the mirror. Reflections tend to show your invisible self as a blur, and even a girl this vain will probably notice that.

You place a hand on the desk for balance and lean over above the imp, peering down intently at the map.

But as you do so, you realize that the imp isn't just checking her makeup.

Shlick~

Shlick~

Your hand on the desk clenches slightly. The imp's black pencil skirt has been shoved up her luscious thighs to the point that it conceals nothing at all. Her ass, squished into the soft chair, squirms and jiggles as her feet press against the back of the desk. And her tail...

... her tail is slipped between those curvy thighs, sliding in and out of her pussy with wet, lewd *smacks* and *pops*.

You notice now the faint hearts in those eyes, how her lower lip is quivering, how her lashes flutter. She's touching herself without even really thinking about it—just idle pleasure, a bored slut's version of playing with her hair.

As you hang there, trying to process the depraved sight, her scent washes over you. Thick and heavy, with all the trademark sweetness of intoxicating demon musk.

You nearly gasp. You've faced demons before, and imps—imps are no problem. But you can't afford to fight her here, and you only have the one binding circlet.

Gods, the open perversion... right in the open, right where you can see, that slender, phallic tail thrusting in and out...

You swallow, steel yourself, and lean over a little farther for a better look at the map. Your body stretches into the shape of a precarious arch above the imp's wriggling form. You feel a little dizzy at the closeness of your bodies. Girls don't usually get this close to you. Getting this close to one, especially under the circumstances, feels intimately vulnerable. Intrusive. Shameful, even. But you just need to...

Shlick~

Focus. Focus. You find the Vault stairs on the map. They're located at the back of the building, deep within the hillside itself.

If you lost your balance now, you'd fall right on top of her hot, sweaty body.

If she just swiveled in that chair, she'd be practically right at eye level with your...

No! Focus! You start retracing the path to find the way back to the exit, memorizing the route in reverse—a right turn, which comes after taking the third door on the left, which comes after heading straight down the passage leading from the dining hall, which comes after a left after two rights...

You hear a little *click* as the the imp finishes reapplying her lipstick and closes the tube. She plumps out her lips once more, licks them experimentally, and—

She *pops* her lips.

Once, twice. Three times.

Pop. Pop. The sound is unspeakably sticky and suggestive. Your knees wobble as thoughts begin flying into your head unbidden. Thoughts of how soft those lips must be. How sweet that lipstick might taste. Thoughts of how plump her ass is. How tightly her supple thighs grip that slippery tail.

How pretty her eyes are, and how she might smile and those hearts might blaze with amusement if she were to see you, a dumb, shy virgin girl who's never been touched the way the demon is touching herself right now...

Your cock gives a weak, confused little throb.

Without thinking, you take in a shivering breath.

Her scent is getting thicker. Your heart starts to race. Oh, gods, of course. She's a demon of Lust. Being close to a horny mortal is going to be making her more and more horny without even knowing why, which is going to thicken her scent, which is going to...

Focus. Focus on the route. A... a right turn... after the third door on the left, after going straight...

Out of the corner of your eye, you see her lick her lips again, and her thighs part wider to admit probing fingers. She moans softly, and you nearly whimper, squirming furiously—she's so *close*, and her thighs squish so invitingly as her fingers and tail slide inside...

You've never spent so long so close to an imp. She's just an imp. Just an imp. Not a threat. But she's so close...

Focus! Focus! You tremble with determination, forcing your attention back to the map.

Right turn. Third door on the left. Straight from the dining hall. Left after two rights. And... the lobby southwest door! That's it!

The imp moans a little louder, her tongue lolling, her scent thickening. Imps are least demonesses, and classic 'level drainers'. Level drainers are nuisances for journeyman adventurers, bratty temptresses who prey on the semi-experienced and steal their skills, their luck, their wits, their strength.

No threat for you, just a nuisance...

But she's getting hornier and hornier, and it's making her aura stronger, her scent thicker, and you shiver as your cock gives a tingly, needy *throb*, because it senses the perfect place to thrust just inches away... just one buck, thrust forward, and those soft, pillowy, glossy lips would capture your girlcock...

No. No. Focus on the map... just reverse the path, you're so... close...

Shlick~

... and all you'd need to do is lean a little farther... lose your balance, it wouldn't be your fault... your bulge would press against her cheek, your girlcock would throb against her, and her eyes would widen...

... she's panting, licking those plush lips, eyes glazing over as more hearts flutter into them... just an imp, the weakest of demons, you—you have to—*focus*—

With a throaty moan, the imp drops the mirror and presses back into the chair, lounging backwards until she's staring straight up at you. Her eyes are glazed. Her legs are parted. You can just look down and see her whole body writhing and rocking, her fat tits bouncing and jiggling—

Focus! You frantically reverse the path. Southwest door. Left. Two rights. Straight. Third door on the left. A right.

—her shirt stained translucent with sweat, eyes filled with charm-hearts she could start filling you with in an instant now if she knew you were here, level-draining lips parted and drooling—

—her curvy thighs clenched and *plapping* around her thrusting tail and stroking fingers, those lips forming such a perfect o-shape and—no, no, you can't keep your balance, you're going to—

“Ohhh,” you hear her gasp, “oh, p-please, *oh, pleaseee~!*”

You tear yourself away, shoving yourself off the desk and away from the lust-drunk imp. Your footfalls are loud and clumsy, but she can't hear anything but her own squeals right now.

Neither can you. Your heart is pounding, and you're breathing heavily. Focus. Focus! Focus! You can't lose now, not to this, not to a mere imp—

But as you see that tongue loll and those eyes cross with so many pretty hearts, you breathe in her scent, and...

... you feel your hips bucking forwards as if drawn by invisible threads.

One thrust. One thrust, and those eyes would flutter, and—your hands drift to the belt buckle—she wouldn't be able to give you away, after all...

... her mouth would be full of your cock... sucking, slurping, lips *popping*, happily taking care of her pretty heroine...

... there's her telepathy... but no, she's so sweet and so beautiful, surely she'd be happy to... to...

You take a stumbling step forward.

Then several panicked steps back, so fast you nearly fall on your rear.

Your hands fly from the belt. You make yourself look away, shut out the sounds of the least demoness's mewling desire, and rush to the southwest door. Left. Two rights. Straight. Third door on the left. A right.

Your thoughts feel molten and sluggish. You can only spare only a moment to collect yourself—it's basically impossible, anyways, with a demoness edging herself in the same room.

You don't even check to see if she's watching the door. Looking at her is too risky, and... and surely she's not. Not with how focused she is on her own pleasure. So much pleasure.

You grasp the doorknob, carefully turn it, and slide the door open as much as you dare.

To your relief, the door's hinges are well-greased and the hallway beyond is empty. You slip through.

Your mind only begins to clear when the door clicks shut behind you.

Your mind is still spinning a little. Your cock is still hard, and the embarrassment and shame of the near-miss burns inside you.

You made it in. That's what matters. You've now made it farther than any hero before you. You smile hesitantly, trying to focus on that, and not the desperate, instinctual need you feel to rush right back in there and breed that cute slutty little imp silly.

The first trial was a bit tougher than you thought. Stealthy missions have their own disadvantages, clearly, and you're unused to dealing with monster girls as a girl, and you... may have underestimated the lust aura's effects over time. Just because imps are weak doesn't mean you can just ignore them completely.

But you resisted her temptations and got what you needed.

And with the door shut behind you, there's no turning back now.

* * *

You make your way through the Guildhouse, quietly repeating the directions to yourself each time you reach a turn.

The halls and chambers aren't totally empty. You pass by a pair of giggling bunnygirls who seem to be taking turns teasing a pinned, musk-drugged novice heroine into breeding them, and it takes every ounce of your resolve not to burst in and rescue her. You see some succubi having their way with two Guild servants, and again, that longing... but no, no, there's no way you could do it without causing a commotion. You'll find a way to help them later.

At least you feel more in control now, you tell yourself. That imp was just a brief lapse, a bit of bad luck. You got closer than you should have, but you're resisting these temptations easily now that you're being more careful.

Soon you'll be at the dining hall, and then beyond to the entrance to the Vault. And then the real challenge begins.

Any minute now, and you'll come within sight of the dining hall's great double-doors.

Any minute now.

Did you pass through the dining hall without noticing? The hall you just passed through was quite wide, so maybe the furniture got moved. If that's true, you need to keep going straight, and then take the third door on the left, and then...

But as the minutes go by, and you keep seeing landmarks you don't recognize from the map, the certainty begins to sink in that somewhere you took a seriously wrong turn.

You're not heading deeper into the Guildhouse anymore. You're increasingly sure of that as you take that final right turn and find yourself staring out at the courtyard once again.

The rain is pouring down from the roof in a dense near-solid sheet, rendering the lewd games of a trio of purring dragonsnap dryads a blurry haze.

You can hear their squeals of pleasure, though. Even through the window, you hear those dumb, horny coos and pleas.

You turn away with a shudder. You're lost in an outpost totally overrun with monster girls. This is... dangerous. But you're still invisible, still fully-armed and armored. And they still don't know you're here!

You just have to stay calm and keep making your way through. Surely you don't need a map to find your way.

You carefully begin to retrace your steps. This time, you try to examine every turn. You remember where the entrance is, nestled deep into the base of the hill. So as long as you keep moving deeper into the complex...

... but of course, checking every possible turn means you'll have to see more. Hear more.

Goblin girls taking turns bouncing on a servant's cock and face, their sweaty, doughy butts *plapping* loudly as he moans and nuzzles in hopeless adoration.

A pair of demon imps leaned over a table playing dice games—you try not to think about what they're gambling on, but those hungry smiles, their licking their lips, those whimpers from under the tablecloth...

Two pale vampire spawn giving sugary-sweet smiles up at a woman tied to the wall, slowly licking and suckling at her throbbing, leaking cock and drinking every drop that comes out, their eyes shining and lips parted for the happiest, dreamiest moans you've ever heard...

Lesser monsters. No real threats. But so many... and you're forced to gaze upon these scenes so you can get your bearings, forced to just stand by and let it all happen in front of you...

You're stumbling a little as you approach a promising pair of double doors. They've been left wide open, and your heart fills with hope. Surely this must be the dining hall! If you can cut through there...

You nearly walk straight into the dragon's den before you realize what you're doing.

This great chamber is no dining hall, but pure gluttonous indulgence does suffuse the tableau laid out before you. It once must have been a lounge for the Guild's leadership or guests, judging by the cozy fireplace and lavish tapestries. Now, colorful pillows and blankets are strewn about the place, and the fireplace flickers with rosy-pink flames.

A tall dragoness lounges back upon many piles of blankets. She smiles slyly, eyes gleaming with swirls of metallic gold and rusty amber that match her scales, and reaches down to cup the chin of one of her two whimpering playthings.

Two women, both clearly former adventurers, lie entwined in each other's arms before her. They squirm and grind against one another in hopeless lust. They're achingly beautiful, but totally broken, sweaty and red-faced and panting, *drooling*.

These two former heroines have been reduced to little more than dumb dogs in heat.

So much heat.

Your mind turns glassy as you look at the dragoness, voluptuous curves squished beneath her as she lounges halfway on her side. You can almost see the steam rising off of her naked body. Her fiery red lips are a vivid contrast to her jet-black hair, and her scales gleam in the firelight as she pouts those luscious lips.

"Such pretty little playthings," she sings, reaching down to grope one of the heroines's breasts. "You know, it's almost a shame we couldn't have met under better circumstances. I would have loved to break you two in myself."

You've faced dragons before. Mightier dragons than this one, even. You just weren't ready for one to be right here, unguarded, so casually dropped in your lap.

So... to speak...

“P-Please,” you hear one of the adventurers moan as she humps desperately against her lover’s hand. She smiles dazedly up at the dragoness, pure infatuated worship in those pretty heart-filled eyes. “P-Please—!”

The dragoness giggles, brings her fingers to her lips, and blows out a perfect ring of reddish-gold smoke. “*Mwah~*”

The heroine swoons back into her lover’s arms with a blissful, stupid moan.

“But then again,” you hear the dragoness purr, “if I’d met you before *her*, I might never have realized that you two make such a perfect couple~”

You’re rooted in place. Your mind spins in wobbling circles as you stare hopelessly at the depraved scene.

At the dragoness’s depraved, sinful body.

You’re so lost in her luscious curves—in the lovely bodies of the two ex-heroines at her feet, the jiggling bubble butts, the tits squished together—that you only barely remember in time to duck behind the door as the dragoness’s eyes drift upward.

You almost even look right into her eyes.

While not a serious threat to a seasoned adventurer like you, even a younger dragoness like this one can see straight through invisibility spells. And their dragonawe will leave even concealed intruders feeling a little bit...

You squirm, listening to the two broken adventurers’ sloppy, drooling makeouts. The moans and coos and happy adoring babble seem to pour right into your ears as if they’re right beside you, filling your head with a constant flow of sound, an inescapable soundtrack of dumb, horny need.

Despite yourself, you find yourself peeking again. Your breaths are getting ragged. Even from here, you can smell the perfumed smoke the dragoness keeps puffing into the faces of her playthings. So sweet. So thick and heady.

You long to move to save these two. You’ve faced dragons before, and to see two heroines reduced to such a pathetic, mewling state...

The girls’ lips part with a pair of dainty little *pops*.

Throb. Your hips buck forward slightly.

They stare at each other, totally love-drugged out of their minds. Saliva trails between their briefly-parted lips for just a moment... before they sink back into desperate kissing.

Your own lips have parted as you ogle the dragoness's fat, doughy ass, noting how it squishes into the blankets beneath it, giving way to the slightest pressure with unbelievable yield, unbelievable softness.

Maybe you *could* save them. You could. It might even be smart. Maybe the pair could help you with the mission!

Or maybe...

Your eyes drift down to the pair as their lips smack and tongues slurp together, drawing out yet another long, slutty kiss. Their eyes are positively flooded with hearts, their tongues lolling in blissful smiles. Overjoyed at the chance to put on a show for their Mistress.

What if they saw you and... and licked their lips, just like the imp did, and started crawling towards you... moaning and cooing... asses swaying with pure sensuality, eager to please you, to please Her... to help you become a dumb, pretty, obedient ornament-slut just like them...

Throb.

You're panting a little without realizing it. Your hips keep bucking forwards. The dragoness's scent is everywhere, and every breath just brings in more of that thick, intoxicating musk. Your vision is filling with rosy fog.

Just a lesser dragoness. You lick your lips, trying to refocus. Her musk is thick, and the dragonawe is dizzying, but—but it's not strong enough to break you!

It's just strong enough to make you a little... slower, that's all. You can shake it off. If only you weren't already so pent-up from earlier...

The dragoness smiles and laughs mockingly down at her playthings. "Such good little failheroes~!" she coos, her voice thrumming with draconic pleasure, and blows them another perfumed smoke ring. "*Mwah~*"

The ring encircles one girl's neck like a collar, then dissipates, and you watch them breathe it all in. Even from here, you can smell traces of it, traces of...

The dragoness's eyes shimmer with triumph. Your mouth hangs slightly open as you stare. She's... so beautiful. Those plush, kissable lips, those fat, round, perfect tits that could smother three adventurers

within their cleavage, drowning you in Her scent, then letting you look up at Her with dazed, dreamy eyes, letting you lose, surrender, give it all up, and...

Your hand is hovering over your crotch. All she'd have to do is look up, and she'd see you here, swaying in place, panting deeply, fighting with all your might not to touch...

You could... use the binding circle, could catch her and save them and...

... and stroke, pump, pump your throbbing cock to the sight of these heroines' delectable defeat... to the thought of your own...

No! *No. Focus.*

You shake yourself frantically and dart out of sight. Your head is swimming. You can't use the circle on a mere dragoness! Whatever dwells in the Vault, the Enemy that defeated these heroes, must be ten times as dangerous.

Like she said. *She* wasn't the one to bring the Adventurers' Guild to its knees. However the Enemy managed it, she must be unbelievably powerful to slip in unobserved and catch all these heroes off-guard with the Hero-Breaking Kiss. A monster strong enough to shatter wards so ancient... even with the Guildhouse all-but-unguarded...

She is your target. Not this temptress.

You lick your lips, absently humping the air as the lewd moans from the other room fill the air. Moans and laughter. Sweet, sultry laughter and purrs and giggles and *pops* and...

A loud metallic clatter you out of the daze. Your hand flies from your lap, where it once again had strayed.

You look dizzily up at the double doors some ways down the hall.

That isn't the clashing of swordplay. That is the clinking of cutlery.

With some effort, you make yourself slip away from the dragon's lair and hurry to the entrance to the dining hall.

You can only pray that whatever lies within won't be able to see through invisibility spells. You're stumbling too badly right now to manage much stealth.