

Down to Her Level, Chapter Two (transfem)

From top to bottom, the Adventurers' Guild dining hall has been transformed into a tableau of pure unrestrained debauchery.

The hall sparkles bright beneath the lights of the three great chandeliers above. You can instantly tell that those chandeliers are angler mimics—a heroic guild surely wouldn't feature chandeliers sculpted in such... suggestive shapes. The light they shed upon the hall has a faint rosy hue, and pulses slightly to imitate candle flickers.

The hall below has been totally overtaken by slime girls. Sugary slime girls. They've taken on forms to match their environment, and their scents are almost as overwhelming as their obscenely lewd bodies—bouncing buxom maidens of swirling, shimmering honey, of thick, bubbling syrups, of heavy, saccharine confections of all kinds.

Well-fed and allowed to multiply, these slime girls now vastly outnumber their playthings. They've totally mobbed their captive servants and trainees, multiple girls to every mortal victim, leaving the poor souls utterly submerged beneath bouncing breasts and pillowy lips and adoring squeals of glee.

At least nobody is looking towards you as you inch your way through.

The slime girls form a deafening chorus of giggles and coos as they play with their 'food'. You can hear the wet *plap, plap, plaps* echoing up and down the hall as their luscious curves bounce on the cocks and faces of their helplessly brainwashed lovers.

This many slime girls could be some challenge even for you, if they knew you were here. A single slime girl or mimic is no real threat to a true adventurer—their draining abilities are negligible for all but the weakest of heroes—but with dozens, you have to lure them out, splitting them into smaller groups more easily subdued and slowly thinning their numbers. You've done it before.

But not when you needed to remain unseen and unnoticed.

And not when your girlcock was still twitching a little from the temptations of a certain voluptuous dragoness and moaning, mewling imp.

You leaked a little for them. Watching that imp fuck herself silly, smelling that dragoness's sweet smoke... It wasn't enough to seriously weaken you. Not even close. They were minor threats at best to you. But still...

Your cheeks are burning. You're having to pick your way over writhing orgies, inch around cuddle piles. Three honey slime girls have nestled into a single chair and are taking turns sloppily making out with one another and the lone man caught between them.

A single slime girl is no threat. But dozens, when you've already leaked a little...

The scents of sex and sweetness are everywhere, a frothing cocktail of lust and indulgent temptation. You watch a maple syrup slime girl bouncing a servant maid in her arms, the maid's eyes swirling and lips parted in hypnotized bliss. The maid babbles and burbles needily, pleading to suckle at her Mommy's breast...

So many slime girls. You stumble past the pair, head spinning. So many servants, and townsfolk, and trainee heroes, all laid low by such low-level monsters.

All hypnotized and captured and broken, turned into dumb, bucking, drooling lewelpumps for the second-weakest of all monsters.

And even though you try to look anywhere but at the couplings, you can't escape the sounds.

Your ears ring with sultry gasps and moans. The acoustics of the hall only serve to amplify them. Suckles and kisses flood your head, like there are long tongues right by your ear, like you're the one being sloppily kissed and slurped and sucked. Full, plump bimbo lips suck and slurp and pop, pop, pop...

You pant, squirming, nearly tripping on a cotton candy sea bunnygirl's outstretched leg. You hear her squeal as she plunges down onto someone's cock, and briefly the whole world feels molten and pushes against your strides as you feel your cock throb with such aching need...

... just... slime girls. They're just slime girls. No real hypnotic powers. No threat to you. Only some weak, stupid, pathetic slutty failhero would let them win...

You stagger and sway, leaning on tables and chairs for balance. Your mind feels buzzy and tingly, like it's being wrapped in warm, staticky blankets, and that fuzzy static is prickling right against your brain... you hear the bunny slime girl's curvy thighs descend around her plaything's cock with a depraved *plap, plap, plap* as she squeals in ecstasy...

... you're moaning softly. You can't help it. Nobody can hear you, anyway. They're all lost in their own slutty games, all lost in the endless breeding, feeding, pumping, draining. Your sounds are just one more girl's needy whimpers in the cacophony of lust.

Nobody can see you. Nobody can... can judge you for staring. For ogling. For drooling over all these beautiful girls' beautiful, bouncing, jiggling bodies...

It's almost like you've stumbled headfirst into an endless ocean of sticky, bouncing, perverse, indulgent porn.

Made just for you.

Just for you to watch, to admire, to pant and pump and *obsess* over.

A sea of sloppy, sticky temptations encouraging you to stroke, and rub, and goon, and... *leak*...

You've reached the far end, but you don't fully register it. The whole world is a decadent haze as you sway, hips rocking slightly, listening to the moans and pops and slurps and licks and *pops*...

... it's okay, you tell yourself, blushing hot, to look at other girls like this if they can't see you. They won't know. Not as long as you keep your pants on and your belt fastened. It's safe. A sea of intoxicating goonfuel made just for you to enjoy.

You lick your lips, hand straying down under your trousers. They can't sneer, or laugh, or smirk knowingly...

Can't giggle, and tease... can't catch you alone, corner you... can't reach down and expose your hardness for all to see... can't squeal with delight, coo with glee, press in closer... *closer*...

... oh, fuck, it's been so long since you've just...

... just pumped, and pumped, and *pumped*...

... as long as you don't cum, don't leak...

... don't... leak *too much*...

... pump... pump... goon...

... *huff*...

You're rocking in place, drooling, staring at that bunnygirl as she squeals for her captive playmate to breed her, to pump *in-in-in-in-in* and make her all happy and silly and pregnant. At the rate they're going at it, there'll be dozens of sea bunnies bouncing around here soon enough. Slimes multiply fast.

Dozens of bouncy, jiggly, giggly slime bunnies just like her.

Your hips thrust slightly as you start to stroke...

With how experienced you are, you... you must have so many levels. Plenty to spare, you tell yourself dazedly, swaying as their heady scents fill your lungs. You stare at a honey slime's shimmering curves, her big, soft bubble butt jiggling enticingly mere meters away...

Just... just a little touching is fine, you tell yourself. You stumble to the side, grasping the arm of a nearby blue fainting couch. Just a little sitdown. A little time to lie back, and stare, and...

You hear a little giggle from beneath you.

Your gaze shoots down. The giggle is coming from the couch you were about to collapse into. Before your eyes, the couch's surface ripples, then bulges outward.

And pressing out of the silks emerges a girl. A beautiful slime girl with bright blue skin, wide, eager eyes, and big, plump bimbo lips.

No. She's not a slime girl. A mimic.

And you're holding onto her thigh.

"Hiii there," she burbles. She looks up at you with a radiant smile, and your cock throbs with need. You stare down at her pillowy lips, currently right at dick level...

She looks around, frowning. "Hello?"

It takes you a moment to remember that she can't see you. Right. The belt. A cleverer monster girl would sound the alarm, but this dumb bimbo mimic hasn't even connected the dots yet. You're safe. Despite the humiliating blunder.

You let out a small breath of relief and try to pull your hand away.

Your hand sticks to her thigh. The mimic giggles confusedly as she's pulled slightly along with you.

You freeze. Your heart is pounding. You forgot the stickiness. Mimics are very weak, as monstrous temptresses go, but they do have their adhesive—a cheap trick to catch a foolish hero and keep her captive until they've fully subdued her will. A trick this basic shouldn't have worked on you, but you were so... distracted...

"Hm~" As the mimic looks around, she pouts those perfect, beestung, cocksucking lips and puts the tip of her finger between them.

Suck.

Suck~

Your cock gives an eager throb, and you see her eyes glaze over a little. Oh, she must be... sensing the vibrations. She looks up in your direction, blinking those big, pretty eyes.

You pant, squirming, trying to pull away. Her lips suckle daintily on her finger, perfectly encircling the tip and taking it in just a little deeper.

She looks down at her thigh, then back towards you. Her head tilts curiously.

Suck. Suck.

Her lashes flutter. “Mm...” She leans forward. *Suck. Suck.* Her finger slides in a little deeper. Her lips smack... *ssuckk*... you can almost feel her lips around your cock, so soft, so wet...

Your hand slides up and down your shaft as you unthinkingly continue to pump... is that a knowing smile playing across those full, kissable lips?...

Can she feel the slight repetition, the little jerks and twitches of your arm?...

... can she hear the minute wet sounds of your hand squeezing and tugging around your dumb, drooling...

“*Mm~*” The finger slides in a little deeper. The mimic gives a soft moan, her breath hitching. You breathe in raggedly, and your world swims in the haze of musk...

Her long, fluid tongue slips out... and daintily *liiicks* around the finger.

Your breath breaks in a tiny, pathetic, uncontrollable cry.

At the sound, her eyes light up. She grins up at you, meeting your gaze in triumph. “Teehee! *There* you ar—”

You hear a high-pitched buzz whirr past your ear.

A split-second later, there erupts around the two of you a burst of blinding colors.

Your mind goes whirling. The aurora is dazzling. You see the mimic’s eyes cross, and the adhesive dissipates.

“*Come, hero~*” sings a new voice in your ear.

Your whole body spins like a wind-up doll to face the exit, and you start walking forward. The world blurs in a sea of vivid hues...

The next thing you know, the sounds of the dining hall are behind you, and you're standing in a dark, quiet passage leading out.

You blink dazedly. The bright lights still linger in your vision, colorful spots flickering before your eyes. You lean against the wall for balance, panting for breath. You look down at yourself, at your throbbing, leaking bulge...

A tiny little giggle draws your gaze upward.

A little fairy floats in the air before you. She's beautiful, with her red hair done up in a lovely bouffant and a busty, curvy silhouette. Two pairs of iridescent wings shimmer behind her, gleaming like a dragonfly's, and a pair of little insectile antennae rise above brilliant solid green eyes. She wears heavy makeup, with cherry-red lips, glittering star-freckles, and thick eyeliner applied for a beguiling cat-eye effect.

"Hi, Miss Hero~!" she coos. She strikes a little pose, one hand on her hip jutting out drastically to the side. "Did you like my little rescue?"

Dark, thick lashes flutter.

You stare, still dizzy. "I... um..."

"I saw she was about to get you." She pouts. "Really, Miss, losing to a *mimic*? That just wouldn't do!"

"I-I wasn't..." You blush, ducking your head.

As if sensing you've averted your gaze, she flits down to recapture it. The little fairy smirks up at where she thinks you are. "Uh-huuuh. Of course you weren't. You would never!"

"R-Right."

"But I still thought you might like some help." She cups her chin between the backs of her hands, fingers playfully steepling beneath her chin. "And li'l old me sure got that silly mimic under control, *riiight*?"

You nod sheepishly. A mere mimic... You weren't actually about to lose—now that you've had a moment, you can think of three separate ways you could have escaped—but anyone even thinking you needed a rescue is mortifying. You would never let it get that close normally.

You can feel that you leaked, too. Just a little bit more. Just a few more drops of your power. A few more ‘levels’ drained away...

But it’s fine, you tell yourself. You still feel strong and vigorous, even if you are hopelessly pent-up at this point. You still easily outscale every monster you’ve faced so far. You just need to be a bit more careful.

And stop making stupid mistakes around pretty girls.

Speaking of which... You frown up at the fairy. “Miss, why did you, ah, help me?”

“Huh? Don’t you know?” She tilts her head. “Fairies are always friends to heroes like you!” She zooms in close. Sparkling fairy dust scatters off her wings and blows right into your face, briefly dazzling you. “Plus, these monster girls keep attracting members of our Court to defect, and that’s no fair. So I’m here to make sure not even an ounce of your precious seed goes to waste against them!” She winks. “I know girl heroes only get so much of it~”

“O-Oh.” You squirm a little. “Well... thank you! I just need to get to the Enemy, and then we can finish this.”

“The Enemy? Teehee, all these temptations must really be wearing you down.” The fairy raises an eyebrow. “Are you sure you can still handle someone *thaaat* powerful?”

You nod resolutely. “I-I can! I just... need to focus.”

The fairy’s lips quirk to the side. “Need to focus, huh?”

You nod again. The fairy has gotten very close, but she can’t see where your eyes are wandering to. She can’t see you openly staring at her chest, barely concealed in that tight little crop top, admiring how those ‘little’ boobs jiggle and bounce as she bobs in the air.

“Well.” She smiles and darts back, wings casting another cloud of glitter into your face—you blink rapidly, shaking the stuff away. “We’d better get you to the Vault, huh? You wanna follow me there?”

“Y-Yes!”

“Okay, Miss Hero. Then you’d better...” Her eyes gleam. She turns and starts fluttering down the hall, scattering glittering fairy dust in her wake. “... *focus*.”

* * *

“That’s it. That’s right, Hero.” The fairy’s crystal-bell coos linger around you, echoing off the walls, as you advance farther into the hillside. “We’re very close now. We just have to go a little bit deeper.”

You nod dreamily, forgetting again that she can’t see you.

“Deeper.” The fairy’s ass jiggles as she floats from side to side, weaving through the air like a needle and thread. “Just a little deeper.”

“Deeper,” agrees another fairy.

“*Deeper*,” echoes a third.

There are a few other fairies now, friends of hers here to help you on your quest. Some face the path like she does, backs turned to you, short skirts swishing as they sway to and fro. Others face you, flying backwards, smiling brightly as your eyes linger on their big, bouncy tits. They all swirl through the air in elaborate patterns, leaving clouds of fairy dust for you to stumble directly into.

And two have settled on your shoulders, one by each ear. Their presence helps the rest of the fairies tell where you are—and their little moans and sultry whispers help keep you very, very focused on your helpful guide.

“*Thaaat’s* it,” your guide trills, beaming back towards you. “Teehee, you’re doing *sooo* well!”

“Just *come deeper*,” sings the left shoulder fairy right in your ear, “and *deeper~*”

“Take that yummy, drooly girlcock where we tell you,” burbles the right shoulder fairy, her fluttering wings lightly tickling your ear, “and we’ll take *suuuch* good care of it.”

She *pops* her lips with a giggle. “Isn’t that nice of us?”

You’re openly panting, stumbling stupidly forward as your cock leaks and throbs. Yes, the... the fairies are so... *nice*. So nice to meet some girls who don’t just want to... tease you. Who want to take care of you. Take... *good care* of you...

“That nice, heavy, yummy-dummy cock,” squeals the left shoulder fairy. “It must be getting so uncomfortable in those tight trousers~!”

You nod dumbly, and the two shoulder fairies feel the motion and giggle excitedly. You think you notice the left fairy giving the others a thumbs-up.

“Maybe you should let us *see* her?” one of the orbiting fairies suggests, coming to a halt in front of you with an adorable pout.

You lick your lips. Let them... see...?

“Ooh, yeah~!” A fairy zooms around your head, scattering more glittering dust all over you.

“Let us see!” A fairy bounces in the air before you, boobs nearly jiggling right out of her crop top.

“Let...” You feel your head shaking uncertainly. No, that... that would be a bad idea down here. To let them see. To let everyone see.

You’d have to take your belt off. To let them see.

Let them see you leaking more precious droplets of power away. Drip by drip, twitch by twitch, just tiny losses, just... they’re just fairies, basically harmless, but...

“*Oh, pwweeease, Miss~!*”

“It’ll feel *sooo* much better to have it out~!”

Your hips buck slightly, and you let out a slight, pathetic little moan.

“Teehee! *Thaaat*’s it~”

“Just for a moment~”

Twitch. Leak. It *is* really tight... your hand fumbles to the belt...

“Just take it out...” moans the fairy on the left, her sensuous voice sending intoxicating tingles through your body.

“... and let us see that big, pretty leelfaucet *twitch*,” coos the fairy on the right, her cutesy, lilting singsong making you blush hot, making you feel so... dumb and small...

You buck into the air, staring straight at three asses swishing in your face. Yes... show them, let them see...

“Actually,” remarks another fairy, “is it already out?”

“No way,” says another, giggling. “It must still be in her pants. Even a dummy low-level ‘Hero’ like this one must have *thaaat* much control.”

“For now,” the two shoulder-fairies purr in unison, right into your ears. You cry out dazedly, stumbling, swaying.

“But soon she’ll be *pump-pump-pumping* for us!” the left fairy purrs.

“Gooning those dummy pervygirl *bwainsies* to *goo, goo, goooo*,” the right fairy sings in mocking, bratty babytalk. “Poor wittle Hero~!”

You moan aloud. Your hand drifts down. It sounds so... so good... just pumping... rubbing... *gooning* like the pathetic, slutty pervert these girls know you are...

“Ooh, she’s moving!” exclaims the right fairy.

“I think she’s about to do it! Oh my gosh!” The left fairy alights from your shoulder and zooms down to crotch level. The right fairy flutters down to join her. Their eyes are shimmering with hunger. “Let us see! Let us see!”

Your heart is pounding, you realize dumbly. Your cock’s happy, brainwashed throbbing almost drowned it out, but...

A seed of awareness strikes you.

Instead of grabbing onto your dumb, needy, drooly girlcock, you frantically grab something from your belt and toss it down the hall behind you. It flies invisibly for a few meters and lands on the floor with a clatter.

“*Huh?*”

The fairies erupt into chaos.

“Wait! Where is she?”

“She’s over there?”

“But we just had her, she was—”

“C’mon, the cumfaucet’s getting away!”

“*Hey, herooo~*”

The fairies form a cloud of swirling lights and bolt down the hall in ‘pursuit’.

You barely duck in time to evade the swarm, nearly losing your balance and tumbling to the floor in the process. You lean against the wall. Your head feels so... heavy...

You manage to right yourself and hurry off.

The world is spinning in uneven circles around you as you race around the corner and out of the fairies' reach. For now, at least. You pant for fresh air, one hand on your knee and the other trying to brush as much of the fairy dust as possible from your hair and clothes.

That was... much, much too close.

You've heard how while some fairies do like to 'guide' heroes—sometimes for altruistic reasons, sometimes less so—others can be sly, wicked teasers with no goals other than the hero's total enslavement.

The most cruel fairies love nothing more than to stoke a captive hero's lust as high as it can go with their licks, their whispers, their soft, grinding bodies and their echoing hypnotic mantras. Sometimes they turn the hero into a mewling, drooling quickshot, moaning and spurting at the slightest, tiniest fairy-kiss. Sometimes they train the hero to ruin every orgasm, blushing and trembling as wave after wave of incomplete pleasure melts her brains into goo. And sometimes they just... tease, keeping their victim trapped right on the edge, twitching and moaning, her cock helplessly drooling an endless trickle of precum for them to eagerly lap up.

And they rarely get to keep their toys for long. What they really wind up doing is turning their hero into easy pleasure-tranced prey for *other* monster girls to snatch up—especially since the little lust-drunk creatures can rarely keep quiet enough to avoid attract attention. And then the hero has no chance of resisting.

You don't know what you were thinking, letting them get so much control over you.

Although you suspect you know what you were thinking with.

It only processes in you a little late, as you creep down the hall towards a promising alcove, just what it was you threw away as a distraction.

Your hand opens and closes around where the scabbard used to hang from your belt. You swallow.

No matter, you tell yourself. You still have your belt of invisibility, and you still have the binding circlet. Any creature caught by the binding circlet will be bound and helpless, obedient for whoever holds the other end of the long, slender leash. And while you're invisible, no monster has any real chance at beating you.

At long last, you come before the entrance to the Vault. It is a towering door of solid silver. It bears seven sturdy-looking deadbolts, and mystical runes of protection are inscribed in tight twirling loops around the borders. At the door's center is an indentation that might be meant to admit some mystical jewel or key.

But the door is currently cracked partway open, so you just squeeze inside and descend into the Vault of Heroes. Into the Enemy's lair.

* * *

You're finding the Vault's holdings to be surprisingly empty so far. You don't know why that surprises you.

The passage you're in is quite narrow, and the steps are just tall enough that you have to keep hold of the railing as you descend. Your footsteps echo ever-so-slightly—you took off the rest of your armor at the top of the stairs and left it behind, just in case its clanking might give you away. The walls have wide, deep shelves carved into the stone. Some shelves bear tomes or trinkets, but most are barren, long-since looted, and it's likely that whatever remains holds no real power. Trinkets that even the ether wisps and imps and goblin sorceresses didn't bother draining the magic out of. Trinkets that not even the weakest, pettiest of smoke goblins would bother to steal.

You don't bother looking long, anyways. For all you know, the remaining items are just more sleeping mimics. Besides, the Guild wouldn't have left anything useful to you here so exposed. The true treasures lie deeper.

You finally reach the bottom of the stairs. Down here, you find the halls curve and bend at not-quite right angles, and it takes you some time to realize the shape of these passages is hexagonal.

You creep along in the near-pitch-black, only the occasional glowing relic offering you enough light to not walk straight into walls.

As you go, you start to notice an unfamiliar scent hanging in the air.

When you first notice it, it's so subtle you half-wonder if it's just your imagination. It's not quite like the sweet pheromones from above. It's not like the incense usually used for wards, either. It's something in between, almost. You can't put your finger on it.

You're busy trying not to think about the girls upstairs, anyways. Your cock is still a little hard, and your mind still feels... dizzy. Your thoughts keep creeping back to the soft thighs of the imp, the mimic's plush lips, the dragoness's intoxicating scents, the adoring smiles of the subverted heroines, the sultry moans of the fairies by your ears...

But you're... fine, you tell yourself. You're fine! Those girls were no match for you. You're just a tiny bit pent-up, is all. You only lost a few droplets of your strength.

More than you planned to lose. More than you've ever lost in a single day.

All because you underestimated how tempting it can be to listen and ogle when nobody can see you doing it. How intensely the scents can overtake you when you're stuck breathing them all in. How sexy and alluring these weaker monster girls become to you with your cock already hard and leaking. How easy it feels to touch...

But still a pittance. You still feel strong, still feel your vigor and confidence. Maybe the dragoness or mimic hall might be a slightly greater threat to you now than they were earlier, but... you could still definitely handle them! Definitely! Easily!

You just need to rally all your strength and all your will for what lies ahead. You need to focus.

Focus on the real threat.

Your breathing takes on a slow, even rhythm with your slow, studied footfalls. What manner of creature might the Enemy be, anyways? She must be truly fearsome to break down the guildhall's wards, since the wards were designed specifically to repel any being of real power.

Perhaps... perhaps a dragoness. An even mightier one than the one you encountered, like a goddess of smoke and flame. Her eyes gleaming with possessive hunger as her awe presses down on you, her lips plumping out to blow a stream of lust-inducing fire to send you straight into squirming, panting, huffing heat...

You take in a deep, shaky breath. Your head feels heavy. Your mind swims with thoughts of the girls upstairs...

Maybe an elder succubus. Like the imp you met, but smarter, stronger. A sly, buxom little demoness, her tail sliding between her slick thighs to keep her scent nice and thick and overwhelming as she smirks at you... advancing slowly, her hips swaying from side to side, licking her lips with anticipation at all those secret, sinful desires of yours she's about to expose...

Or... oh, gods, maybe a mimic? An ancient mimic, capable of splitting herself into many, many copies, forming breathtaking images of pure temptation targeted directly at your most hidden desires... them smiling and squishing up against you, sandwiching their dumb, brainwashed heroine between them...

Your footsteps are becoming uneven, your breaths increasingly ragged. Your mind drifts to the other girls you saw upstairs, turning the already-ruinous daydreams into pure, blatant horny fantasies...

... a mighty bunnygirl sorceress, cooing as her butt bounces, enspelling your cock to thrust, thrust, thrust...

... a powerful wine dryad, her vines creeping forth as her bouncing, jiggling tits capture your mind and squish it to goo...

... you're panting, stumbling forward... the smell is getting thicker, but you barely notice as your mind wanders deeper and deeper, corrupting fantasy after corrupting fantasy spinning around your consciousness. The enchanted glowing relics around you pulse with dim light, and their glow has taken on a reddish glow without you noticing...

... a sweet-scented nymph queen plunging down on your cock... an irresistible vampiress with perfect, cocksucking lips... a hypnotic lamia wrapping you in her coils...

... being compelled to serve, compelled to breed, compelled to *pump*...

You sense a shift in the air behind you, and by split-second reflex, you jerk your body to the side.

A whirling length of twisting shadows streaks just where you last were, like a bola made of deep inky darkness.

"H-Hey!" You spin around, fantasies vanishing, and lunge instinctively for a sword that isn't there.

You catch only a brief glimpse. A sleek, slender silhouette. Beautiful golden eyes. Then she vanishes back into the shadows.

You sense instantly, though...

"You." You forget briefly that you're invisible and need to conceal your location. "You're..."

"Her," coos a soft voice from directly behind you. You whirl around in time to glimpse fingers rising to plump, pillowy pink lips, glossy as if they've just been painted. And along with her single word...
"*Mmwah~*"

A thick pink vapor flows from those full lips and rushes forth to engulf your head.

You stagger, breathing it in unthinkingly—and instantly recognizing that strange, warm, musky-floral scent.

You blink fast, and she is gone again, vanished back into the mist.

“Th-The Enemy,” you whisper. You rush after her, trying to conceal your location, but your footfalls are clumsy, and you can’t help but ask— “What are you?”

Silence. You hesitate, slowing to a stop. The halls are beginning to widen into proper chambers, now, large hexagonal chambers full of shelves and chests. Too many hiding places.

From the dusky shadows comes that soft, wispy voice. “My name is Kuna~”

You spot the speaker in the darkness just as she smiles at you, pouts those candy-pink lips, and blows another... “*Mmwah~*” Her lips pop wetly to release a second burst of sweet pink smoke.

You see now that she’s clad in a skintight black bodysuit, leaving only those beautiful golden eyes and plump, bimbo-esque lipstick-pink lips exposed. The smoke seems to drool from her lips with every rise and fall of her chest.

You race towards her, trying to dodge the cloud this time, but it swerves to the side just as you d.

Breathless from the chase, you find her scent filling your lungs before you even realize what’s happening

Your cock throbs.

“S-Stop,” you gasp. You shake your head, trying to disperse the cloud, but it’s like the smoke follows you, like it can see you even if she can’t. Every whiff of her smoke makes your head feel heavier, and more enters your lungs with every breath you take.

By the time you reach her hiding place, she’s vanished again into the murk.

You hear her giggle, and whirl around to see—“*Mmwah~*”—Kuna blowing another puff of pink smoke. This one is different, though. It swirls into a shape as it approaches you, the shape of an elegant, curling heart. “You’re weak,” she coos softly.

You stumble towards her again, hoping to push right through the cloud this time to minimize your exposure.

But this cloud doesn’t float towards your face.

You watch the cloud of pheromone mist float directly down, down towards your crotch, and as it reaches you it billows and whirls into a new form...

“Hi, hi, hiii~!” the blue mimic burbles up at you, knelt right between your legs. She licks those plump lips, squishing her arms around her tits with a vapid, sugar-dripping smile. “You, like, *toootally* wanna let me have *juuust* a little taste, right?”

“I—” You buck instinctively, watching as her long, sinuous tongue flicks out. So long, and wet, she’s practically panting with desire... “How—you’re not...”

She leans in closer. Those beautiful blue eyes are shimmering with curly pink hearts. She tugs needily at your belt. “Off?” she asks with a meek little pout. “*Pleeease, hero~?*”

Moaning, mind going blurry, you buck forward again...

... into nothing but pink smoke as the illusion melts away.

You stare at the smoke drifting around your legs. Your mind stumbles.

You think you hear girlish laughter. But you can’t tell from where.

“Nngh...” You weakly shake your head. “I’m—that’s not—”

“*Mmmpop~!*” You hear the luscious, sticky smack of Kuna’s lips and spin in time to see another one of those heart-shaped clouds soaring towards you.

You twist away, and at first you think you managed to dodge—it swirls and bursts behind you, narrowly missing your twitching, leaking cock. You smile with tentative relief. So they *can* be dodged! You can still...

You feel an arm slide around your waist from behind.

“*Poor little girl,*” the dragoness purrs in your ear, giggling softly.

“N-Not real,” you pant, but her scent is everywhere, her tits are squishing against you, she’s so soft, so *warm*... so much heat, so, *so* much molten, gooey, mind-leaking heat...

“It looks real,” moans one of her harem-bound heroines, pressing into your chest.

“It *feels* real,” coos the other, nuzzling into your crotch and giving several long, sloppy licks right through your trousers.

You squeal softly, knees quaking, and wave your arms frantically to disperse the illusions. “N-No.” You’re panting. Swaying.

You see Kuna appear off in the distance, and instinctively, you start stumbling towards her.

You dizzily follow her into the next chamber. The pink smoke is getting thicker. It drips from her mouth, swirls in the air, forms a blanket of thick fog over the floor. Soon you can't see below your ankles anymore, then below your knees.

Her scent is everywhere. Pressing in. Filling your lungs, your mind, your heart. And emerging from the mist...

"You just wanna *thruuust*," purrs the bratty imp receptionist as the mist swirls into her lovely form. She's faced away from you on her hands and knees, brazenly wiggling her butt in the air. "You wanna thrust, and *thrust*, and *spurt-spurt-spurt* until you're our dummy slutty wittle buckbrained lelvelfarm. Don't you? Don't you, *loser*?"

"N-No..."

But as you stumble forward, her ass presses up against your cock, the heart-shape squishing to encircle it within soft, plush heat. You moan, almost tripping on your own feet, cock throbbing desperately.

"Breed me," she hisses, giving her ass a deliberate grind, "my big, strong Hero~"

Your hand drifts to her hips. Just... just to push her away, you tell yourself dazedly, as you grope her soft, doughy, heart-shaped ass... gods, she's so *hot*, and such a *brat*, you've never touched a girl like this before and she's so, so...

"*Mmwah~!*" You see Kuna's plump bimbo lips curving up in a sly grin as another heart-shaped cloud captures your head.

This cloud swirls into the form of a pair of big, heaving tits right in front of your face. Bouncing, squishing, jiggling...

"P-Please," you pant, stumbling forward as the illusory imp dissipates, finally escaping the imp's irresistible, breedable butt—

—only to hear familiar little voices giggling in your ear.

"*Give us—mmm—everything, Hero,*" the fairies coo, moaning, sighing, and you can hear them making out right next to your ear... *shuuurp... pop...pop... smack...* "You should just cum right now and lose for us, 'cuz it's gonna feel *soooo good~!*"

"I-I—"

“*Mmwah~*” You can hear Kuna laughing at you. She’s barely bothering to hide anymore, because you’re barely remembering to look. A pair of phantom lips manifests by your ear, moaning, pouting and popping, smacking... a tongue slipping out to lick and slurp and *swiiirl* and...

The smoke is up to your ankles.

“*Mmwah~*” You gawk up at a beautiful ass swaying right in your face, curves rippling and jiggling with every sudden swing of the hips.

The smoke is up to your knees now as you stagger into the final chamber. You breathe in deep of Kuna’s sinful smoke, deep of her mind-numbing pheromones, the addictive musk of the Enemy...

More phantom mouths are appearing around your cock. Even through your trousers, you can feel those wet, sloppy, sticky kisses, the tongues slurping and slobbering and licking, swirling mercilessly around your tip...

Your knees are quaking. You can barely think. You’re supposed to be able to fight this, but your mind is so choked with lust, and she’s preying on every fantasy, every upstairs temptation, and... and your levels are...

You spin around, stumbling to keep your footing, desperate to catch a glimpse of—

“*Mmwah~*” Suddenly two buxom slime girls have you sandwiched between them, and you’re trapped between their licky, sticky makeouts, slurping and kissing you and one another, each with a thigh pressed against your cock to squish it between them... squish, bounce, bounce...

“*Mmwah~!*” Now a plump bunnygirl is sitting right on your face, wiggling, giggling, bouncing, grinding...

“*Mmmwah~!*” A catgirl has her legs locked around your hips, and she’s grinning with adoring glee, her hungry, lusty rumbly purrs making your cock twitch and *throb* and... *leakkk*...

You weakly push yourself through, feet dragging with every step, drooling as your cock is teased and touched and slurped and kissed... as the sounds fill your ears... have to follow... have to... use the binding circle...

“Oh, hero~?” you hear Kuna call, her voice a mocking singsong. You turn in time to see her blow—

“*MmmppPPOP~!*”

Two twin hearts sail through the air towards you, swirling with endless pink promise...

... and *pop* in front of your face.

The nurse and nun stand in your way, each with an arm around the other's waist. They smile sweetly up at you, and their outfits look much sluttier than normal, showing off more, showing off so much...

"Won't you touch for us, My Lady?" coos the nun, batting her eyelashes.

"Just a little," suggests the nurse. "Show her your big, pretty cock, and surely she'll realize she can't possibly beat you!"

"I... guh..." You stare at the nurse's big, jiggling tits, drooling like the dumb, buckbrained drainbait girl you are...

"You can breed her stupid with it," coos the nun, turning and swaying her ass, and you don't remember her outfit being so lewd, but she has such a nice ass... "Fuck her brains out and then bind her while she's too horny and dumb to resist!"

"A-Ah... b-breed..." You shake your head stupidly, then feel a phantom hand on your head making you nod, because...

"*Pump*," husks the dragoness in one ear.

"*Stroke*," moans the imp in the other.

"*Goon, goon, goooon~!*" sings the mimic, beaming down at you and bouncing her tits.

The nun and nurse press in, lashes fluttering.

"Trust us," the nun whispers.

"Take it out for us," the nurse purrs.

You stare at their jiggling boobs, their bouncing butts, trembling under the force of so many sweet, lewd, sticky kisses and slurps. They're so pretty... girls this pretty usually aren't so nice to you, and you want so badly to make them happy...

"Just a few itsy-bitsy pumps for us, Miss~"

... yesss...

"Show that little brat who's in control~"

... just... just a few pumps... to show the little brat...

Your hand fumbles the buckle.

... who's... in... control...

You hear the belt hit the floor with a clatter, and your pants follow suit. Then your underwear, and...

Your cock springs free with a feeling of pure relief.

It is met with a chorus of sweet, adoring, triumphant coos from your little illusory audience.

Your hand wraps around it and begins to pump. You're drooling, looking around for Kuna... or for more nice, lewd images to stroke your dumb, stupid, throbbing girlcock to...

"That was easy~"

You moan helplessly, bucking into your hand. Your cock is slick, *drooling*, oh, gods, it feels so *good to lose*...

... but... no... you can't lose...

"Another nice, weak, low-level heroine~" Kuna's hips slowly sway as she advances on you. She's not even bothering to hide from you anymore. Those plump, rose petal-pink cupid lips are curved upwards in a smile—not of delight or glee or triumph, but satisfaction.

As if all this time, she was only waiting for the inevitable.

She brings her fingers to her lips and blows you a deep, indulgent kiss. You see her lips press against her fingertips, see how they linger as her fingers pull away, clinging stickily before releasing with a wet, drooly *pop*—

And another heart-shaped cloud slips from between those gorgeous lips. This one is crackling like a little thunderstorm, tiny volts of rosy lightning streaking across its surface as it drifts towards you to totally submerge your head within rosy-pink static.

Crackle~

"*Charm*," you hear a smoky, feminine voice whisper from within.

Crackle~

“*Charm.*” A dulcet coo, dripping with desire...

Crackle~

“*Charm.*” A sultry, wanton moan...

“N-Nnooo...” you gasp, bucking in blissful surrender. Charms—such a minor spell, but you can’t—can’t push them out—

“*Charm.*”

You’re drowning in pleasure, drowning in the scents, drowning in the intoxicating sounds of your own cock thrusting between your fingers. Those sounds are audible proof of how utterly you’ve lost control. How much deeper you could still sink, if given a proper sheath...

Kuna’s eyes seem to be drifting up and down your half-naked body, admiring her... prize...

... no, you can... can still...

She continues walking closer, flitting in and out of the shadowy mist as she goes.

The Enemy... isn’t even that tall, you realize, now that you can see her clearly. She’s much shorter than you. The swirling mists reach almost to her waist. The mists pour from her lips and spill down to form elegant little loops and curls around her body.

And now, as the Charms take hold, more and more wisps begin to float up instead to form pretty little hearts floating around her perfect heart-shaped face.

... oh, she’s so... *beautiful*...

Buck. Throb. You’re drooling, staring hopelessly at those pretty lips... at the shining hearts in those bright golden eyes...

You stare down at her helplessly. So cute... with that lithe, agile build, clearly built for stealth and espionage... those long, delicate fingers... those cute pointy ears, fully wrapped so you at first mistook them for horns...

Just a few meters away, she plumps out those lovely strawberry-pink lips. “*Mmwah~*”

She’s too close to dodge now. Too dizzy to try. Too horny to remember to want to.

Pop~!

As the heart floats up and explodes into mist around your head, you feel soft hands manifest behind you, pushing at your legs. You look down slowly, head bobbing in clouds of endless pink, to see a pair of cute little illusory imps smirking up at you.

“*Down for Goddess, babygirl,*” they coo in unison.

Your knees hit the floor.

You sway dumbly, staring *up* now at the beautiful girl who’s... defeated you...

You blink dizzily, and then she is up close. The Enemy licks her lips, giving her head a cute tilt to the side.

“So easy,” she purrs.

You blush, squirming and drooling hopelessly, and pump faster as you admire her perfect, wonderful, intoxicating body. Lovey-dovey charmhearts swirl everywhere around her pretty face.

You want so badly to object. To tell her that it’s not your fault! You want to impress her, to prove you’re not low-level, the—other monster girls just softened you up, they wore you down, and *Kuna*—mighty, invincible Kuna, the Enemy who laid you low—*no one* could possibly stand a chance against a being so powerful, so unstoppable, so...

... so...

... small?

Your head is spinning. You struggle to process what you’re seeing. Those... ears. That slight build. Those bright, shining golden eyes.

The smoke.

She’s... is the infamous Enemy who opened the Guildhouse gates...

... a basic smoke goblin?

A smoke goblin couldn’t break through the wards. But... but she wouldn’t even need to. The wards wouldn’t even *notice* her.

You’re panting, huffing her scent, moaning, drooling as she leans in... no, she *can’t* be a smoke goblin, she’s about to use her Hero-Breaking Kiss, the demonic power that no heroine can resist... if she *was* a

smoke goblin, you could fight her off! You still have most of your strength, you could just... just reach out and...

... but the Hero-Breaking Kiss... that *must* be some sort of infernal attack, some ancient magic or primordial invocation. Something... truly, utterly beyond your reckoning... not your fault...

You stare up at her plump, pillowy pink lips... humping your hand faster and faster... finding yourself leaning forward in stupid anticipation for her wonderful, heavenly, soul-stealing...

As her lips are close enough to brush yours, she gives her lips one last wet, lewd *pop*...

... and twists to kiss you on the cheek.

You realize with a sudden intake of breath that this is the first time a girl has ever kissed you.

Her lips smack against your skin, soft and wet and as sticky as taffy, and thick pink steam and whirling, bubbling hearts come pouring out of her mouth to capture you in a cyclone of sweetness. The nearly-direct application sends her pheromones flooding straight into your mind—pure, raw, *pathetic hopeless smoke goblin lust*—and the *pop, pop, pop* of the bursting hearts echoes in your ears as you hear her tummy rumbling.

Her hands settle on your breasts. You hear her smug, triumphant giggles echoing in your ear, and you arch your back, begging wordlessly for her to touch you more, to grope you, to violate you—but she doesn't.

As the casual, playful little kiss's pheromone-smoke utterly overwhelms you, your world goes pink with dumb, obedient heart-fluttering pleasure.

She pulls back her hands and pushes on your chest with one finger, and you fall on your back before her. Your hand is still wrapped around your girlcock as you pant, huff, drooling dumbly, gazing up with adoration at your Goddess. The place where she kissed you is tingling, now stained with her lipstick. A humiliating mark of ownership.

She smirks, standing directly over you.

“Want another ‘kiss’, silly girl?” she coos, hands on her knees so she can crouch above. You whine, babble, pleading wordlessly... no, *please*, at least a kiss on the lips, *at least that much*...

... but she just leans down, grinning, to plant a wet little smooch on your forehead. Soft. Linger. Her chest briefly submerges your face. And when she rises, lipstick remaining on your skin and seeming to tingle right against your brain...

... the smoke is everywhere.

More hearts. Pop, pop, pop. More pink mist. You buck and mewl needily as Kuna vanishes again, but then the mist begins to form more illusions, and there are suddenly so many pretty girls cooing and whispering and purring in your ear, so many pretty voices reminding you to...

“Buck, stupid girl~”

“Throb, silly wittle drainbait bitch~”

“Sink deeeper~”

“Pump for Mommy~”

“Huff, huff, huff~”

“Goon, goon, goon~!”

Soft, tender lips, drooly tongues, lewd moans... you huff, huff, huff, bucking into the air as they take your hands and pin you fully to the ground... you could easily push them off, but it feels so, so *good*...

... and then Kuna stands above you, and you stare up between her thighs and see that the Enemy is ready for you.

She smiles.

And slides right down onto your throbbing, twitching, drooling girldick.

Her pussy briefly takes just your tip, almost like a kiss. You tremble, because the pleasure is unspeakable, but—but you can still—you can still resist, can still fight her off, can still—

Then she slides lower, and your cock plunges into her and is captured within her tight, slick, breedable womb. Her inner walls squeeze and contract, so hot, so slippery, expertly milking you with long, slow pulses, and strokes, and you moan—you gasp—!

Her eyes glimmer with one unspoken command.

You lose.

The lips *pop* and *slurp* in your ear, her belly gives a satisfied *rumble*, and you squeal and *thrust* into her, instantly spurting, instantly losing everything, *giving* her everything. The embarrassment of defeat is swallowed in sweet, dumb, blissful pleasure, because it feels too good to be wrong—it was always

going to be this way—mighty, invincible Kuna barely even had to try—perfect, sweet, loveable Kuna—

And you can certainly tell by her satisfied moan that *she* never thought you had a chance.

Because of course you didn't.

You pant and drool and huff hopelessly as your cock pumps every ounce of your seed, your power, your hard-earned levels right into her waiting womb. She's sighing with pleasure, savoring it all. Your seed is hers, your *power* is hers, and you feel your will surrendering fully to Kuna's control, where it belongs.

You beam stupidly, broken and charmdrunk. So happy to breed Kuna, your Enemy, your captor, your Goddess. So happy to give her everything, because she deserves everything. And more.

All it took was a kiss on the cheek.

And you'll do anything for another.

Her broken, obedient, scent-addicted first-level breeds slut~

As you hopelessly spurt it all away for her, as Kuna moans with delight—draining so much more than she'd surely ever expected from a low-level rookie failhero like you—you dimly notice the smoke is beginning to clear.

And you finally see what lies here, in this final chamber.

Throughout the entire chamber lie heroes. Men and women, prone, broken, whimpering as they buck and drool into the air, captured by their own intoxicating illusions. Enslaved just like you were.

Dozens of them. Maybe more.

An army of heroes that fell before you.

Kuna slides off your cock with a lewd **shlick**, straightens, and gives her back a crack. She adjusts her wrappings to cover herself again, then smiles at you and blows you one last wet, sticky kiss.

You whimper and squirm and blush in shame, lovesick flutterings rising in your heart.

With a little level-drunk giggle, Kuna turns and walks away, leaving you prone on the floor—still brainlessly pumping into the mists.

You've served your purpose for now. You whimper, for here you will wait, alone and enslaved, here for Kuna to claim again and again, to milk endlessly, her slavegirl, her leveldfarm, her dumb, obedient plaything... the hours between her conquests your only respite from the brainless, helpless lust.

At least you're safe for now.

Maybe... maybe she was too tipsy from draining you to remember to create new smoke-illusions for you. Maybe you'll have the chance to recover some of your wits now, to... to make a plan, to retake control, to get your belt and find binding circle and...

As Kuna leaves the chamber through the far exit, you notice a faint light approaching from the other entrance.

And to your horror—and dumb, hopeless, infatuated virgin loserhero bliss—you hear a familiar fairy's giggle.

* * *

The nurse smiled sweetly, leaning down towards the receptionist imp. She held out a hand.

“Sooo,” she chirped, “the usual fee~?”

THE END.