

Stat Maxxing

Jay Aury

https://twitter.com/aurj_jay

Art by <https://www.deviantart.com/theoverloader>

Stat Maxxing and its contents are copyright 2026 by Jay Aury. All rights are reserved and no portion may be reproduced aside from brief quotations for review purposes. This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Interior artwork done by <https://www.deviantart.com/theoverloader>.

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

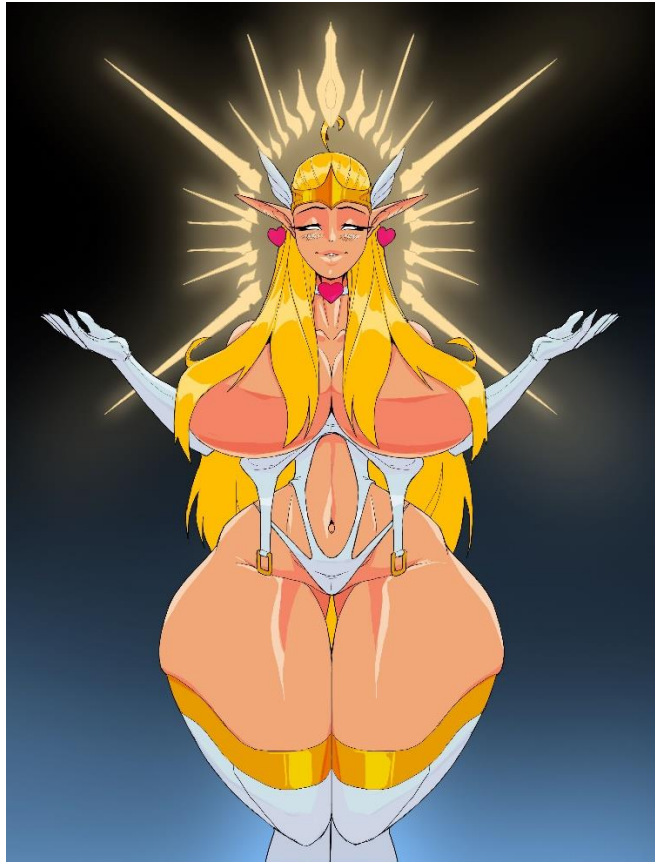
Index

[New Game](#)

[Level 1: Goblin Queen](#)

[Level 2: The Witch](#)

New Game



You Died.

Which is generally a bit of a downer, except that you opened your eyes again after, and found yourself looking at a pair of absolutely incredible breasts.

You stare for a long moment at those incredible orbs, both wrapped in a strip of white silk that seems ever on the verge of floating away. It sure beats your last view of a crazed meth head knifing you for your phone.

“Oh,” a voice like music hums down to your ears. “You’re awake.”

You tilt your head back, your gaze running up the slopes of those flawless teats and to a face of stunning beauty. Rich blonde curls frame that gorgeous visage, while above them burns a golden crown, floating like a halo above her head. Behind her is a dark void that faintly glows from her presence, like she’s a sun around which the universe moves.

“Uh...” you manage. “Am I... dreaming?”

"No," she says pleasantly, her hand stroking your head. "You're dead."

"Ah. So this is heaven?"

The woman laughs, her voice a rich, throaty sound. "Hmm. You do know how to flatter a girl. But no, mortal. It is not. Though I am a goddess. You may call me Limistra, Her Radiance, the Goddess of Good, and I have a favour to ask of you. And no, I'm afraid it's not to play with my breasts."

Heat flares in your face. "I wasn't, uh..."

Again that laugh as her hand resumes its soothing stroking of your hair. "Relax, mortal. Relax. You have nothing to fear. At least, not yet."

You cough awkwardly, but don't pull away from her lap pillow. Hey, it wasn't your choice to be here. But you're not saying no either. "Uh, right. Okay, cool," you say. "So uh, what favour do you need of me?"

"To the point. I like that," Limistra says, tapping a finger against your brow. "Mmm. I like that a lot. You see, I have something of a problem, and to resolve it, I need the aid of a mortal who is willing and able to do a task for me. An epic one, as they say."

"Uh huh," you say, feeling a little uneasy. You've read enough Greek mythology to know epic quests from gods often go very badly. "And, what might this epic task be, exactly?"

She sighs, and the glowing crown above her head dims a bit. "You see, I'm having some trouble with my sister, Asteria, the Goddess of Evil."

"Right. Yeah. I can see how you might," you say.

"Thank you. I do love my sister, you should know, but I'm afraid she has a tendency to throw a bit of a tantrum now and then. She gets easily upset when I point out that people prefer to worship me because I am lovely and kind and beautiful."

"And humble."

"Exactly so," Limistra sighs without a hint of self-awareness. "Quite so. She usually gets back at me with simple pranks. You know how it is. Stains my divine robe. Starts rumours I get pleasure from mating with centaurs named Chet. Unleashes her legions of demonic minions upon the mortal realm in waves of rapine and slaughter. Usual sibling stuff."

"Uh, right," you say. "Totally. Got it."

"But now she's gone too far," Limistra huffs, pouting.

“How?” you ask, wondering what could be worse than unleashing a tide of demons on the world.

Limistra sighs again, which causes her breasts to wobble teasingly above your face. “You see, us gods tend to challenge our champions to contests. The usual stuff. Accomplish great feats. Slay mighty beasts. That sort of thing. It’s called a Divine Game.”

“Right. I follow.”

“Good. And my sister has challenged me to one. She has constructed a dungeon and staffed it with her corrupted minions. Monstrous maidens she has turned into vile creatures. Now, normally I’d just ignore my sister’s tantrum, but unfortunately she stole something of mine. Something precious and then stuck it in this tower. Naturally, I cannot abide this. It’s one thing to be called a cow. Quite another for her to steal what is mine.”

“An outrage!” you say sympathetically.

Limistra nods, her halo fluttering with its flames. “Thank you. Which leads me to this whole situation. You see, I took your soul before it could pass on in order to help me take care of this. If you agree, I will return you to life in our world and in a body more... useful for the task you will find there. I will even grant you a blessed blade that can sever my sister’s vile sorcery from those she has enthralled. Succeed, and I will reward you handsomely. Do you follow me?”

“I uh, think so,” you say. “And if I refuse?”

“Well,” she remarks, shrugging, which does some truly fascinating things to her chest, “I suppose I will allow you to descend once more into the oblivion of death, and make the same offer to the next soul who I pluck from your world.”

“Ah,” you say. “I see.”

“So?” she asks, leaning in closer, her eyes glowing as she looks down on you. “What do you say, mortal? Do we have a deal?”

[Agree](#)

[Refuse](#)

[Negotiate](#)

Negotiate

It certainly sounds better than just dying, you will admit that. But maybe you can get a bit more out of this whole thing...

"Well," you hum, "A new life, body, and magic sword sounds pretty good. But maybe you could sweeten the deal?"

"Oh?" Limistra asks with an amused flick of her brow. "Such as?"

"Well ah!" you gasp, stiffening as you feel something brush your cock. You look down sharply to discover you're naked, and the goddess's fingers are now wrapped around your length, giving you a slow, lazy stroke. "Oh, I ah..."

"How about I stroke you to completion, mortal?" she asks with a playful smile. "I am, after all, the goddess of Good, and I do enjoy making others feel good. I will even allow my divine breasts to aid in your pleasure."

"Y-yeah?" you gasp, because hot damn is she good at this. Your cock is already throbbing with arousal.

"So?" she asks. "Deal?"

"Well..."

[Try for a Titjob](#)

[You're in!](#)

Try for a Titjob

“Maybe we could go with a bit... more,” you propose.

A golden eyebrow rises, then drops, though her smile lifts. “Well well. And what did you have in mind?”

“Well,” you say, shrugging, “I bet it would feel even better with your divine breasts getting me off. Don’t get me wrong, your hand is absolutely incredible. But well, you know...”

A chuckle escapes the goddess as her eyes lid and her smile grows a little more wry. “Hmm. Is that so,” she says. “Well then,” she continues, leaning over you. And as she does, the filmy fabric that was covering her breasts drifts clear, revealing the firm orbs of her divine breasts, and they’re everything you could have dreamed. “Shall we begin?”

[Negotiate for Her Pussy](#)

[Sounds Good to You!](#)

Negotiate for Her Pussy

“Well, if we’re going that far,” you say, grinning. “Maybe we could go a little further...”

Limistra laughs softly, smiling indulgently. “No,” she says.

Damn. “Oh, well-”

“No,” she says, taking her hands off your cock as she leans away from you. “I mean the deal is rescinded. Totally.”

You blink. “W-wait. But-”

“I had hopes for you, mortal,” she says with a sad smile. “But only a fool asks too much of a goddess. And I have no need of a fool.”

“Oh, well, I’m open to negotiaaaaaaah!”

You scream as the soft lap under you suddenly vanishes. You flail as you find yourself falling through the void, Limistra’s smiling face rapidly receding as you plummet down.

Down.

Down into the endless darkness of utter nothingness...

Bad End

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

Refuse

Though a second chance at life does sound good, taking on an evil goddess and her minions sounds like the start to a story where the words 'fate worse than death' gets used a lot.

"Uh, thanks," you say. "But I think I'm good."

Sorrow softens Limistra's face. "Is that so?" she says with a sigh. "Unfortunate, but I understand."

"Sorry," you say.

"Do not be. To stop my sister is a heavy burden, and though I regret your refusal, I do not condemn it. I release you, mortal," she says, and you do indeed feel her lap vanish and her hands move away. "Go to the fate which you were preordained to."

As her touch vanishes you feel yourself floating away once more. The goddess recedes into the darkness, and your eyes slowly gloss over with an inky blackness, your world and being swallowed by the darkness of the void.

End

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

Agree

Your old life wasn't hot garbage or anything, but you definitely feel like you had more living to do before you got murdered. And sure, your new life might require you to take on a bunch of corrupted ladies, an evil goddess, and her dungeon lair, but hell, it beats purgatory.

"I'm game," you say. "Send me in, coach!"

Limistra's face brightens until it glows like a second sun, albeit without all that painful 'eye melting' bit. "Wonderful," she says. "Then go forth, my champion. With my blessing," she adds, leaning in.

Your eyes widen as her lips come in like a plane whose pilot got into the schnapps. To your mild disappointment, it's not your lips hers meet, but rather your brow. You gasp as you feel that kiss like a brand on your forehead, albeit not painful as such. More like a sharp heat the shoots through you in a pulse that fades to a dull throb.

"Wha-"

"My blessing," she says sweetly. "I call it [Stat Max]. With it, you'll be able to empower one of your stats for a short period to its maximum potential."

"Sorry, stats?" you say.

"Best of luck," she says as her face moves back.

Then keeps moving back.

And back.

And back.

You realize with a start that the soft lap under you is now gone, and the feeling of speed surrounds you. Oh. Oh shit! You're falling! You flail in sudden panic as you plummet, and you realize that the goddess is gone, and the void has become a starry night sky. Still you fall. You open your mouth to scream.

Then you suddenly stop.

[Awakening](#)

Sounds Good to You!

You can barely believe this is happening, so promptly shut the fuck up and let it happen.

And hoo boy does it happen.

First, Limistra lets go of your cock and slips out from under you. Which is missed for a grand total of about ten seconds before she moves around to your front, her chest level with your lap. You lift your head, your legs instinctively parting to allow her between them. Limistra gives you a wry look as she cups the absolutely incredible orbs of her breasts, the strip of fabric which masked them drifting away to reveal the full glory of her tits.

And goddess, but they are glorious. Full, pale, they're utterly flawless, and somehow feel even better than they look as Limistra leans in and presses them around your cock. Hooooooly fuuuuuck that feels good. Soft, firm, it's better than some pussies you've known. And when she starts to bounce her breasts, it's all you can do not to cream yourself right there.

"And we've barely begun," the goddess says, her free hand rising and giving a flick. Sparkles of light manifest in a golden amphora that she tilts, and an amber oil pours out and onto the breasts, seeping between and onto your cock.

"Fuck!" you gasp as the oil hits your tick, every muscle tightening as your sensitivity skyrockets. Your hips buck, thrusting your cock between those pale, curvy orbs, their warm silkiness seemingly oiled with pure pleasure.

"Surely you didn't doubt that it would feel good?" Limistra asks coyly as the amphora vanishes and she cradles her breasts again. "I am a goddess of good, you know. And everything I do feels so."

"I'm... ah... I'm a b-believer," you gasp. "Oh fuuuuuck, am I a believer!"

"That's good, mortal. Very good," she says, a smile hovering on her lips while her breasts begin to bounce, slapping off your lap, their weight pushing you back down, only for you to rise up with another needy moan with every upward stroke. "Very good indeed. Because as good as this feels, imagine what I will give you when you conquer my sister's dungeon."

You're imagining it, and fucking hell but it's a wonderful thing. If her bouncing breasts feel this good, you can only dream of what her silky pussy might feel like. And that'd be one hell of a reward!

In fact, just the thought triggers the shudder of orgasm. You try and tamp it down as best you can, but once your self-control cracked there was never a prayer of holding back. "Ah!"

you gasp, biting your lip. “Fuck. Fuck! Oh fuuuuuuuuuck!” you groan as you’re pushed over the edge, your whole-body shuddering with the sudden rush of climax as you cum like a fountain. Your balls tighten and your seed spurts liberally from between her breasts, geysering like Old Faithful from between those pale valleys of glowing titflesh.

Despite the sheer intensity of your orgasm, not a drop lands on the goddess’s face, and your seed that does hit her breasts seems to dissolve almost at once, dissipating as if absorbed by a sponge. Which raises some interesting theological questions your pleasure-drunk mind is in no shape of processing.

“Well,” Limistra says, lifting her breasts off your cock, rising above you with an amused tilt of her lips and lidding of her eyes, “it seems we have a deal?”

“Wha? Oh, uh... yeah. Totally... total deal. Yup,” you say, giving her a shaky thumbs up.

“Delightful,” Limistra says with a throaty chuckle. “And now, it is time for you to go forth, my champion. With my blessing,” she adds, leaning in.

Your eyes widen as her lips come in like a plane whose pilot got into the schnapps. To your mild disappointment, it’s not your lips hers meet, but rather your brow. You gasp as you feel that kiss like a brand on your forehead, albeit not painful as such. More like a sharp heat that fades to a dull throb.

“Wha-”

“My blessing,” she says sweetly. “I call it [Stat Max]. With it, you’ll be able to empower one of your stats for a short period to its maximum potential.”

“Sorry, stats?” you say.

“Best of luck,” she says as her face recedes.

Then keeps moving back.

And back.

And back.

You realize with a start that the soft lap under you is now gone, and the feeling of speed surrounds you. Oh. Oh shit! You’re falling! You flail in sudden panic as you plummet, and you realize that the goddess is gone, and the void has become a starry night sky. Still you fall. You open your mouth to scream.

Then you suddenly stop.

Awakening

You're In

"Sounds like a... a fair deal," you gasp.

"Mmm. It is, most certainly," Limistra says as her hand continues to pump your cock, her palm warm, soft, and oh so tender.

You grunt, shifting as pleasure aches up from your balls. Her touch is both deft and impossibly appealing as her fingers run up and down your cock. Then she leans in closer, the filmy fabric around her breasts drifting away and revealing the full heft of her pale tits.

If you'd doubted her divinity after all this, that sight would put it to rest. Only a goddess could have breasts that perfect. That big and soft and gloriously flawless. Her nipples rise from pink areola, forming flawless nubs just begging to be enjoyed.

"Play with them, mortal," she murmurs.

Can do!

You reach up, hefting those incredible orbs, your fingers sinking into her lush, perfect flesh. Fuck, you've never felt a pair of tits like this. They're both firm yet soft. Warm and tender as you massage them with utter awe. You've only ever dreamed of breasts like this, and now you can get your fill of them.

"Kiss them, mortal," Limistra says, her breath grown warm with arousal. "Taste my divine breast."

You do, lifting your head and pressing your lips to her teat. Just doing so seems to send a shock of pure pleasure through you, like you just kissed some static. Your cock throbs under her masterful touch, and you groan as your lips find her nipple and give it a loving suck.

"Mmm," Limistra moans softly. "That's it, mortal. Taste my divine breast. Suckle it just like that. Should you win me my prize, perhaps I will let you taste my divine cream. Or even lick my blessed pussy. Would you like that, mortal? To taste such treasures of the divine?"

Oh fuck yes you would. Just experiencing what you are now is almost more than you can bear. Literally. Your cock is absolutely throbbing with need, and it's taking all you have not to cum like a fucking fountain. But you refuse to give in that easy. It's not every day that you get a chance to play with the tits of a goddess, and you intend to get your money's worth.

But there's not much longer you can hold back. Her fingers continue to stroke and pump your cock. Pleasure building. Aching through you until sweat beads your skin from the strain of

holding back your orgasm. Riding that high as your lips kiss and nibble on her nipple. Your balls throbbing. Pulsing. Oh fuck, oh fuck you can't hold back much more. You can't... you...

"Mnnnnn!" you groan, shuddering as your body finally gives in, your cock absolutely fountaining with your seed, spurting in a geyser of pearly white all over your lap and Limistra's hand.

The goddess chuckles, easing back, her nipple popping from your mouth. She takes her hand off your cock, glancing at it as your seed fades from her skin, leaving her flawless. "Hmm. Most productive, mortal," she observes. She glances at you again, that same smile on her lips. "Let us hope you succeed, so we might see what you can really do."

"You sure know how to motivate a guy," you gasp.

"Well," she chuckles. "I am a goddess. And now, it is time you to go forth, my champion. With my blessing," she adds, leaning in.

Your eyes widen as her lips come in like a plane whose pilot got into the schnapps. To your mild disappointment, it's not your lips hers meet, but rather your brow. You gasp as you feel that kiss like a brand on your forehead, albeit not painful as such. More like a sharp heat that fades to a dull throb.

"Wha-"

"My blessing," she says sweetly. "I call it [Stat Max]. With it, you'll be able to empower one of your stats for a short period to its maximum potential."

"Sorry, stats?" you say.

"Best of luck," she says as her face recedes.

Then keeps moving back.

And back.

And back.

You realize with a start that the soft lap under you is now gone, and the feeling of speed surrounds you. Oh. Oh shit! You're falling! You flail in sudden panic as you plummet, and you realize that the goddess is gone, and the void has become a starry night sky. Still you fall. You open your mouth to scream.

Then you suddenly stop.

Awakening

Awakening

For a long, heart-stopping moment you can only lie there, your heart hammering in your chest with your arms sprawled out on either side. Above you is a starlit void. Around you comes the faint calls of birds and the chirring of insects.

Wait.

Birds?

You sit up and shake your head clear. You're lying on what looks like an old road, the night sky high above. Along the road are stone braziers crackling with a weird green flame. And your location isn't the only change. As you get to your feet you find yourself practically springing to them. The hell? You look down.

Woah!

Sure, your old body wasn't exactly fat, but you're fucking ripped! Which is blatantly apparent because you're only wearing a leather loincloth and some straps across the kind of chest you haven't seen outside Mr. Universe competitions. You can actually feel the vitality in your limbs as you flex. God damn you're buff as fuck! Or is it goddess damned? Anyway, there's one more article you've got going for you, and that's the sword sheathed at your side. Reaching down you grab the hilt and draw it, the blade making a singing sound as it pulls free.

"Woah," you breathe, hefting the blade before you. Niiiiiice. The steel shines with a silvery glow, which must be the blessing the goddess mentioned to you. You give it a few practice swings and marvel at the sound as it slices through the air, and your ability to wield it. It's like you got swordsmanship training downloaded right into your brain. The heft and balance of the weapon feels uncannily natural in your calloused grip.

"Damn," you murmur. "That's nice. Now..." you muse, looking around. "Where is the... oh."

You trail off as you behold the massive stone tower rising into the sky behind you. It's built with an exterior of arches piled on itself over and over again, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and in fact does appear to be tilted a bit, though that might just be the scale of the thing warping your perception. A pair of statues flank the doors, both depicting an absurdly gorgeous woman, horns rising from her full hair. A skimpy toga drapes her, literally hanging off a pair of rings piercing her nipples. Her face is gorgeous in an arrogant way, like she's some evil mirror of

Limistra, up to and including a cocky smirk. More braziers of greenish flame burn on the path to the tower, and above the entrance is carved in huge, blocky letters some words.

ASTERIA'S SUPER AWESOME DUNGEON TOWER OF HOT ADVENTURES.

And under that is a smaller sign that says 'No Solicitors.'

"Guess I found it," you say aloud. "That was easy."

Unfortunately, you kind of doubt the rest of this thing will be. Sword in hand, you start off towards the tower.

The great doors look pretty heavy, and when you push on them you find they indeed are. They barely move under your straining muscles.

"Shit," you gasp, stepping back and panting. Okay, let's see. What are your options here? Hm... Wait, what was it Limistra said? Something about stat maxing?

"Woah!" you gasp as a screen blinks before your eyes.

Stats:

Strength: 6/20

Agility: 4/20

Intelligence: 5/20

Willpower: 4/20

Huh, well, there you are. And next to each one is a MAX button.

Well, here goes nothing. You will the MAX button next to strength to boost, and before your eyes the number cranks up to **20**.

A timer flashes next to the number. One minute which begins to count down. The moment it does, you feel vitality surge through you like you just chugged a bucket of protein. Your muscles bulges with sudden strength, prompting you to gasp in surprise. You lift your arms, your body faintly glowing with a red aura that seeps off you like steam. Woah! Hell yeah! You look at the door and give it a shove.

You barely touch it and the door swings wide open with a heavy groan, admitting you into the corridor beyond. Hot damn! That was amazing. But even as you marvel at this, the timer runs down to zero, and the strange strength evaporates with the red aura. Every MAX button on the screen is grey too, while a timer of five minutes ticks by bit by bit. A cooldown, huh? Well, expected, you suppose. But good to know how long you have with it.

Once the cooldown finishes you step forward into the tower, walking into a huge round chamber lit by a roaring green flame rising from a pit in the middle. At the far end you spot some steps curving up and leading to another doorway. You scan the room, spotting more statues of Asteria filling alcoves all around the walls. Lady has an ego, you'll give her that. But then, if you were a goddess of evil, you probably would too.

"Nice place," you say aloud as you enter.

"DAMN STRAIGHT!"

You jump back in surprise as the flames in the center of the room flare, and before your eyes a figure manifests within them. You quickly recognize Asteria by her many statues, but seeing her in the (near) flesh is a different experience entirely. She rises waist-height out of the pit, leering at you shamelessly. Nearly naked, she radiates the sort of sexy crazy that everyone warns you about, but that's somehow so compelling among women of beauty. Her eyes burn emerald green, and a crown of horns dripping like they were dipped in oil hovers above her head.

"Perfect for my purposes!" the goddess booms gleefully. "A tower to my glory! My power! My amazing self! Ya ha ha ha ha! And you," she says, her burning eyes fixing on you, something between a smirk and a sneer lifting her lip. "You think you're going to be the one to best my tower? Win my prize for my sister? Ha! I laugh at your hubris. Laugh at it! Ah ha ha ha ha!"

You'd be more annoyed at her laughter if it wasn't making her massive breasts bounce tantalizingly on her chest. Instead you simply shrug. "Well, it is my plan."

"It's a stupid plan, stupid!" she suddenly snarls, leaning up against the flames. "And you're going to fail. Fail like all the others my sister threw at my tower! But go ahead, come on up!" she declares, gesturing at the door at the other side of the chamber. "If you can get past my first guardian!"

The flames roar again, washing forward and you quickly step back. The green flames rise like a snake and even hiss. You bring up your sword, bracing yourself, but the serpentine flames then twist through the air and rush into one of the towering statues. The emerald green feeds

into stone eyes and past granite lips, which flare with a malefic glow. Stone grinds as the statue's head pivots towards you, its leer wide as it steps out of its place with a bang.

"Shit," you grunt, readying your blade as the statue advances towards you with a grim purpose.

[Max Strength](#)

[Max Agility](#)

[Max Intelligence](#)

[Max Willpower](#)

Max Strength

Well, if you had to fight a giant stone statue, there are worse choices than strength. You will your strength to MAX, and again you feel that rush of power swells your body once more. Red aura seeps off you as your strength maxes to **20**, filling you with unnatural might.

And damn but it feels goood!

With a groan of stone, the statue raises a fist and brings it down on you. You lift your arms, blocking the attack. You feel the impact jar down your spine as the rocky fist slams into you, and the paving stones under your feet crack with the impact.

But you don't.

Instead, though your knees bend, your body isn't reduced to a bloody smear on the ground. Your surprise is there, but you don't dwell on it. Not with your timer rapidly going down. Instead, you heave against the first, hurling the statue's arms back, forcing it to stagger and retreat several stumbling steps in surprise.

You don't give it a chance to recover, rushing in and slamming your fist into its leg. Stone cracks and the statue's leg buckles under its weight, falling apart as the idol to the dark goddess is brought to its knees.

And, conveniently, its head brought level with you.

"Yaaaaargh!" you bellow, swinging your sword with all our might. The statue is still grinning, but you think you see a flicker of fear in its flaming eyes right before your blade slams into its neck. The keen edge of your enchanted sword and the sheer might you put behind it slice through the stone, the idol's head falling free to bang off the floor, rolling a few times before coming to a rest, facing up. The fires flicker in its eyes for a moment longer, then fade with a hiss.

Without the goddess's power the statue doesn't last long after. The stone falls apart, crumbling to a heap of rubble moments later. You draw back, breathing hard and taking in the corpse of the golem.

"Well," you say. "That was... interesting."

It was also somewhat encouraging. If you can take on a monster statue, you're willing to bet you can face whatever else this tower has in store for you. At least, you hope. If games have taught you anything, it's that the first boss is always just a warmup for the real shit.

Still, although you received no loot, you do feel filled with determination to tackle whatever else awaits you in this dungeon. Skirting the rubble, you reach the stairs and climb their winding way to the first door. Putting your hand on it, you push it open, and step through the swirling portal that waits beyond.

[Level 1](#)

Max Intelligence

You've always been a man who believed in brains over brawn, and this seems like the ideal time to use it. You quickly Max your Intelligence stat, feeling it shoot up to **20**, and as it does you observe a blueish aura rise from your body.

Instantly your brain cogitates like never before. Information rushes into you, and you realize not only the worldly appeal of such cerebral programs as Frasier, Star Trek, and the furry community, but also the danger the golem poses you. However, that is only for the feeble of mind. For with your sudden increase in intelligence, you observe that large as your stony foe is, the accoutrements which adorn it unbalance it badly, which you can surely put to good use.

"Hey!" you exclaim, prancing away from the brute. "Over here!"

The golem takes the bait, rumbling after you with a heavy stride. You draw it in towards the great flaming pit in the middle of the chamber, your feet scuffing near the rim. This will take precise timing, but your mind can calculate that to the second.

Approaching with a heavy stride, the golem takes a swing for you, only for you to shuffle aside, hastily eluding its attempt to squash you. The golem turns, following you, in its haste striding dangerously close to the edge of the pit.

"Almost had me there!" you chant mockingly as the thing tries to step on you. You scurry back, and the golem grinds with anger. It raises its arms, telegraphing its next move perfectly, and when it does finally lunge to snatch you up, you dive forward and between its legs.

The golem's feet boom as it tries to step on you, but its lunge overbalanced it. With a creak it sways on the rim of the pit, its heel finding nothing but the void. The lovely stone woman spins its arms in sudden alarm as it overbalances, and then topples into the fiery hole.

You wince as the emerald flames surge upwards in a sudden gout, then fade away. And when no irate stone woman crawls from the pit looking for revenge, you dare to relax.

"Not bad," you say to yourself, even as you feel the enhancement fade, your mind going back to its normal thought patterns. Ooh, that felt weird. But even if that intelligence boost has faded, one plain fact remains in your mind. Namely, if you can take on a monster statue, you're willing to bet you can face whatever else this tower has in store for you. At least, you hope. If games have taught you anything, it's that the first boss is always just a warmup for the real shit.

Still, although you received no loot, you do feel filled with determination to tackle whatever else awaits you in this dungeon. Skirting the pit of flame, you reach the stairs and

climb their winding way to the first door. Putting your hand on it, you push it open, and step through the swirling portal beyond.

[Level 1](#)

Max Willpower

With a thought you hit Max on Willpower. As the number zoom up to **20** you feel a sudden surge of conviction race through you. You know you can do anything. Achieve any deed! The surety in yourself is like a hit of pure adrenaline, so potent that a purplish miasma seems to steam off you. Your eyes flash to the statue tromping towards you, and you let out a challenging roar.

“Get some!” you cry, and rush towards it with your weapon drawn.

The statue lifts a hand and swings it at you. You smirk at the sight. As if a mere fist of solid granite could best you. As if that could challenge you! As if that could-

The fists hits.

And you discover that the will to challenge a two-ton fist driven by the malice of the gods can, in fact, pulp your bones. Quite easily as it turns out.

Whoops.

Bad End

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

Max Agility

This thing isn't fast, but it's strong. So not getting hit is going to be a priority here. With a thought you hit the Max button beside agility.

The moment that number hits **20** everything seems to change in a fundamental way. And not just you, who begins to exude a yellowish steam like an engine that just hit turbo. The world around you slows down. The dance of the flames grows sluggish and languid. The advancing statue seems to come at you at a snail's pace.

Amazed, you move your hand in front of you, which moves at 'normal' speed. Which isn't right. Because everything else is going at normal speed. You, on the other hand, are moving so fast everything else is slow.

Amazing!

You look up as the statue comes at you, its fist drawing back like it's moving through molasses. It hurls it at you, and you deftly step aside, leaving that fist to shatter the floor where you'd been standing a second ago.

"Missed me," you call.

The statue's eyes flare with anger and it swings its arm to try and swat you, only for you to dance back almost coyly from the clumsy blow. Man, this thing is slow as hell! It's so easy to dodge it.

But attacking it is a problem still. You frown, easily avoiding the heavy swings of the statue, tiles and stones shattering around you as you easily sidestep every attack. Now, just how the hell are you going to take this thing down? Yeah, you're fast as hell, but you don't have much else. Your body is plenty buff on its own merits, but not enough to cut through rock. Just to be sure, you swing your sword when the statue tries to crush you, only for your blade to spark against its arm, barely leaving a scratch.

"Shit," you mutter. "How do I..."

You trail off in alarm as you see the timer run down. It suddenly hits zero, and the world speeds up. Or rather, you slow down once more to a normal pace.

Which leaves you totally unprepared for the sudden acceleration of a fist you could have avoided with ease mere seconds ago.

You try to twist out of the way, and almost make it, but the statue's fist clips you. Just that is enough to send you flying across the room, skidding across the floor painfully. You gasp, heaving yourself onto one knee as you look up, the statue thudding towards you. You glance hastily at the cooldown for your maxing, and see there's still more than four minutes.

You manage to get it down to two and twenty before a kick from the statue shatters your leg. Then, while you lie helpless and in agony on the ground, the statue lifts a foot, and crushes your head like a melon.

Bad End

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

Goblin Queen



You step through the portal and peer about in great suspicion. You appear to have arrived in some sort of subterranean swamp. Fungi glows on sticks impaled along a trail, illuminating huge mushrooms growing out of slimy water. The air is humid and insects hum. Now and then something splats, and the smell of rotting vegetation is very potent. Two braziers burn on either side of the doorway which, when you look back, is no longer there.

“Well,” you grunt. “So much for the way out.”

“Exactly!” booms Asteria, the goddess suddenly manifesting in the flames of one of the braziers. She looms over you, smirking cruelly. “And you’ve made a second mistake coming here, mortal! Though you may have bested my statue, you won’t get past the first of my champions, Gabriella, the Goblin Queen!”

“A goblin queen?” you say.

“That’s right!” she cackles, hands planted on her hips, her bust wobbling tantalizingly. “And you’re on the menu, mortal. No one can pass by her and survive! She is my brilliant agent in these halls. The first to see the value in being my servant! And she’ll destroy you for me.”

“Right,” you say. “Any clues you might offer me for beating her?”

“And why would I give you any advice, mortal?” she demands incredulously.

“Just thought I’d ask,” you say.

“Then you thought wrong! Farewell!” she declares. With a snap of her fingers her image fades and the brazier flutters, reduced to a more normal burn.

Well, fair enough. And about what you expected. Hand on the hilt of your sword, you venture forward into the underground lair.

You move cautiously. Though goblins are pretty much the standard beginner monster, you’re not stupid enough to just charge in. It’s one thing while playing a game, and quite another with your literal ass on the line. The path through the swampy realm twists and bends, but soon enough you approach an opening and slow as you see what lies beyond.

A massive cavern opens up before you, and it is busy. What looks like fields of mushrooms and other strange, fungal plants are being tended among the swamps, and at the far end of the cavern is a huge building built into the side of it. It’s a crude construction, but no less grand for it. Boards are haphazardly nailed together to form the walls, and what looks like a massive waterwheel turns creakily on the side, fed by a spring bursting from the cavern wall. Several huge pipes also project from the side of the building, spilling an oozing green into the waterway to be carried away. Not far from the building is a sign, paint splattered over it to say *Big Green Industries*.

...Huh. Not quite what you expected. The small village squatting at the base of the factory looks a bit more ‘normal’ for goblins. Firepits. Tiny green figures keeping busy among ramshackle shacks. Only, now that you look closer, it almost looks like... like they’re all women?

No. Surely not. You take a second look, and after a moment realize it’s true. Every goblin you can see is clearly female, most admittedly dressed in ragged straps of cloth, but all with the curves that suggest femininity abounding. Breasts bulge against crude bras and loincloths cling to wide hips. Some chat by cooking pots, others move about in masks and tattered smocks while harvesting the mushroom fields, and a few here and there even keep guard with flint spears.

It’s an interesting scene, but the fact remains you have to get through the camp. Now, how can you do this...

[Sneak Through](#)

[Fight Through](#)

[Negotiate Through](#)

Negotiate Through

Though you might be new to this whole 'hero' thing, you feel like negotiation might not be out of the question when dealing with a tribe of goblin girls. Besides, if push comes to shove, you're pretty sure you could shove harder than a bunch of four-foot-tall green women armed with pointy sticks.

That in mind, you step out of cover and boldly stride towards the factory.

Your appearance doesn't go unnoticed for long, and as you near the outskirts of the village one of the two goblin girls idly standing guard looks up and spots you. She jolts to awareness, the earrings in her pointy ears jangling as she swings her crude spear around.

"You stops!" she cries.

Her companion looks up, then jumps. "Humie male!" she cries in amazement.

"I am," you say, holding up your hands. "And I don't want any trouble. I'm here to speak to your leader."

"Oooh, he a tall one!" the second guard says, licking her lips as she ogles you up and down. "Me bet he big under there too!"

"Shhh!" the other guard hisses, glaring at her companion before looking back to you. "You want talk to chief? Why should us let you? You might be tricky! Humies all tricky!"

"Me can be tricky too. Especially with tongue," the other goblin guard says, sticking out her tongue to show it's pierced.

"Shut mouth, Gobra!" the earring guard snaps.

Well, this is going both better and worse than you expected. "Ladies, please," you say. "I just want to talk to your chief. Don't you think she'd want to talk to me too?"

"...He have point," Gobra says.

The more belligerent guard growls but finally steps back. "Fine. You talk to chief. But you walk ahead. And slow!"

"Sure thing," you say, stepping forward, keeping your hands upraised. From the corner of your eye, you see the two guards close in behind you, Gobra openly ogling your ass while her companion keeps the spear at your back.

So far so good. So to speak.

As you walk into the village you quickly get noticed by the rest of its denizens. As you pass by the other goblin maids spring into motion, quickly clustering around you, jabbering eagerly and openly staring at you. They're far less hostile than you first feared, but their gaze are very heated. You see a few openly touching themselves as they watch you pass, and by the time you reach the factory, you've got a whole entourage trailing behind you.

Another couple of guard goblins lounge there, but they perk up right quick when they see you and your group come near. One nods at you angrily. "What dis den?" the goblin demands, jabbing her spear towards you. "What's it?"

"Prisoner! We catch to show Chief! You go tell her we brought!" the earringed guard declares. "You don't, then I tell you make trouble!"

The new goblin guard doesn't look thrilled at that, but she reluctantly ducks back into the building. You're left standing out there amidst a sea of green girls, some of whom openly try and reach out to touch you before the earringed goblin bats them away, swearing at them.

Fortunately it doesn't take long before the guard returns. "Fine," the goblin barks, waving a spear. "You bring in. Chief wants see him!"

Your escort growls and prods you with her weapon. You step up towards the factory, suddenly wondering if you'd made the right choice here. But it's far too late to back out now, and you steady yourself as you pass through the door.

You squint as you enter, the interior gloomy as hell. Herbs and plants hang from the rafters, and what looks like vats made of rude planks of wood fill the floor. Goblin maids tend them, stirring whatever bubbles in their depths, but they pause as you and your escort arrive. There's a smell in the room, and you can't decide if it's pleasant or just pungent. The ceiling is high, even for you, and you think you see things moving in the shadows up there, though you can't make out what they are.

What immediately draws your eye though is a swirling portal at the rear of the room. It looms high, its interior awash with a churning blue like the one that led you to the cave. Looks like you found the way down to the next floor.

"Well well! Seems we got company, eh?"

As your vision adjusts you make out the speaker, and damn, but she's a hottie. Though short like all goblins, she's also all curves, her breasts pushing out against a leather vest, while an embroidered loincloth hangs off her hips. Her silvery hair hangs loose around a face surprisingly beautiful, though you can't help but notice a cunning malevolence in her dark eyes, which are currently fixed on you.

She reclines on a makeshift throne of assembled lumber, bone, and silks, radiating the confidence of savage royalty, and you'd be lying if you said you didn't feel a bit stiffer at the sight of her. A woman of authority is sexy, and her revealing clothes only reinforce that.

The guard who brought you in immediately prostrates herself before the goblin queen. "Oh Chief Gabriella! We capture big humie! Dangerous was capture, but we do with great courage and bring to you as gift!"

Gabriella gives you a look and you shake your head, mouthing the word 'no' to her. The goblin queen scoffs and pushes herself off her makeshift throne, strutting up towards you.

"So!" she declares, hands behind her back as she looks you up and down. "You humie come to challenge goddess, huh?" she demands, squinting at you. "Hmph! And you get captured by these ones? Why?"

"I came to talk," you say.

"Talk, eh?" she hums. Her eyes flick to the goblin guards and she gestures contemptuously. "All you'z. Out!"

The goblins hesitate and exchange looks. "Uh, but--"

"You think me need you to deal with humie?" she demands, then belts out a mocking laugh. "Hahaha! Go!" she snaps with a sudden snarl.

The goblin guards jump and scurry back out the door along with the labourers at the vats, leaving you and the queen alone. The door slams behind them with a bang of finality.

Interesting development.

You turn back to Gabriella, who exhales with a huff and gives you a knowing look. "Right," she says, her voice suddenly losing much of her accent. "Well then, so you're the humie hero, eh?"

"Uh, yeah," you say, watching with perplexity as she wanders behind a work table, tugging off her headdress and leaving it there. "And you're..."

"Call me Gabriella," she says, pulling out a cup and beginning to mix herself a drink from various beakers and bottles. "And you're the newest champion for that bimbo goddess of good, right? Huh! Of course I'm right. And let me guess. You want me to let you deeper into the dungeon. Is that it?" she demands, nodding at the portal swirling in the back of the room.

"That's the gist of it, yeah," you admit.

“Well, tough. I ain’t pissing off Asteria. We got a pretty sweet deal from that psycho. You have any idea what the corporate tax rate is for this dungeon? Zilch! That goddess might not know a dick from a carrot, but she knows how to support her local businesses.”

“Er, right,” you say, frankly feeling a bitt out at sea here. Gabriella is not what you expected. “And uh, what exactly is your business?”

“Hot babes.”

“Sorry?”

She gives you an amused look and leans back. “You got any idea how desperate most monster girls are for a male? Sexual dimorphism is very real, buddy, and have you seen male monsters? Ugly as fuck! No no,” she says, lifting her drink and scrutinizing the swirling contents. “Them hot monster babes are in need to breed! And this cave,” she says with a wave of her cup, “is just chock full of ingredients for potions! Love potions. Lust potions. Potions of virility. Fertility. Femininity. Potions to give you bigger tits. Bigger balls. Bigger dicks. It’s got it all to an enterprising gob like me. I make a fortune harvesting this stuff, processing it, and selling it off.”

“I uh... didn’t know that,” you admit.

She guffaws. “Yeah, right! And I make some sweet moolah on the side too. And the rest of the monsters in this dungeon? Some of my best customers. Especially for studs like you!”

“Me?” you ask dumbly. “What do you mean?”

Another rough laugh greets your confusion before she takes a swig of her drink. “Whaddya mean? Look at you! Heroes are hot. Rugged, sexy, manly men with builds that make a girl wetter than the Cerulean Sea! And us monster girls want a piece of that shit. You think Asteria populated this dungeon because we’re all in on evil? Ha! Not likely. We’re in it for the men! Hot heroes who the gods send through here to try and win the prize! A decent man is hard to find. So why not get one delivered right to the door?”

You’re both fascinated and a bit horrified. “W-wait. So, does Asteria...”

Gabriella snorts. “You kidding me? She thinks we’re all in with this evil crap. And sure, some might be. But the rest of us? We’re in it for the hunks! The chads! The hotties coming for treasure, and getting caught by sexy monster babes looking for a mate. The gods are idiots, but hell. It works out for everyone.”

“Except the heroes who get turned into studs,” you note.

She shrugs. “Hey, I said we ain’t stupid evil. Didn’t say we were nice. Besides, beats the dating scene. You have any idea the quality of man available to some provincial orc gal? Shit’s

depressing as all hell. And you can't beat humiez for hotness. And it's not like you'd hang out if we didn't capture you and turn you into our personal studmuffin."

"Right," you say. "But see, I need to get through here and retrieve what Asteria took from her sister goddess. It's kind of my quest."

"Yeah?" Gabriella says, pillowing her hands behind her head, leaning back with a wobble of her breasts as she gives you a steely eye. "And what's in it for me, eh? I ain't running a charity here."

"Uh... the happiness of doing something good?"

Gabriella gives you a flat look. "Buddy," she says. "I didn't bring my tribe into here to make fuck potions for lonely monster girls outta the goodness of my heart. You think good feels is gonna get you past me, you're outta luck. Now," she says, steepling her fingers and leering over them at you, "make me an offer, big boy. And it better be worth my while, because those girls outside are lookin' for a stud too. And frankly," she says giving you another up and down and a smirk, "you look like the perfect fit for some goblin pussy."

Shit, well, you figured this wouldn't be easy. And worse yet, you don't have any money to bribe her, which seems like a bit of an oversight of the goddess. Now, how will you play this...

[Overpower Her Physically](#)

[Business Opportunities](#)

[Offer Her a Fuck](#)

Business Opportunities

You might not have money, and you'd rather not whore yourself out, but maybe there is something you can offer.

"You know," you say thoughtfully. "Have you considered that you might be missing a money-making opportunity here?"

Gabriella lifts a manicured brow. "Go on," she prompts.

"You said it yourself," you observe, "that lonely monster girls are in the market for your potions. But have you considered the monster girls of good?"

Gabriella blinks. "Hm?"

"I mean," you say, waving airily, "at the rate evil monster girls are nabbing guys and heroes are getting themselves killed, it's going to put the screws to the dating scene for elves, princesses, and so forth. Competition is going to be fierce for the remaining hot guys. Seems like a whole untapped market, really."

Gabriella's lips purse thoughtfully. "True..." she muses.

"So," you say, sensing your advantage, "if you let me pass, I'll put a good word in with Limistra. And if you can sell to her too, you can play to both sides of the aisle and make double the profits. Hell, I bet there's plenty of lonely heroes out there who'd be game to offer their seed to some hot monster girls. Right?"

Gabriella drums her fingers contemplatively on the counter, her golden eyes lidded and lips pursed. "Ya got a point," she observes slowly. "But it is risky. If it got out, Asteria ain't exactly the type to be merciful to traitors..."

"Has any profit been had without risk?" you observe.

Gabriella gives you a shrewd look. "And you'll pass on that I helped to that fat titted goddess of yours?"

"Of course."

Her fingers resume their tapping. Then her mouth splits open with a sharp-toothed grin. "Well well," she purrs, resting her chin in her palm. "You're not bad at this whole negotiatin' thing, are ya?"

"I have my moments," you say.

“That you do. Alright, hot stuff. I agree to your terms. I’ll let you go, and you put in a good word with ol’ sparkle tits. Though...”

A prickling of unease works up your spine. “Though what?” you ask.

Her grin widens. “You’ve got some potential there, humie,” she says, her voice dropping to a throaty purr. “See, I’ve been looking for someone to be my right hand, so to speak. Girl’s gotta get with the times, am I right? And business expands. Not to mention the clan. So, here’s the deal. You join me as my stud husband. No brainwashin’ required. Just all the sex with hot monster babes you can handle.”

“Uh,” you say. “I really am sort of busy with this whole goddess thing...”

“Fuck ‘em,” Gabriella says, planting her hands on the table and leering greedily at you. “You’re here. I’m here. You got a bod that just won’t quit. Why go deeper into this dungeon and maybe get nabbed by some gal who’ll be much crueler, eh? Me and my gobs’ll love to make you nice and happy around here. Why not give us a chance?”

You hesitate. A harem of goblin girls is awfully tempting...

[Move On](#)

[Stay with Gabriella](#)

Offer Her a Fuck

“...Must be kinda boring around these parts,” you remark. “Selling potions to other monster girls. Hanging out here with just your tribe of females.”

“Eh,” she shrugs. “I get by.”

“Yeah,” you say, lazily unclipping the leather straps on your chest and shrugging them off. You don’t miss how Gabriella’s eyes are instantly riveted to your firmly muscled abdomen. “But you know...” you muse, “I bet a change of pace might have an appeal too. Right?”

She licks her lips. “Maybe...”

“Mhmm,” you say, stepping towards her. The goblin’s eyes run up your figure and lock onto your face as you kneel down in front of her, grinning as you reach up and stroke her chin. “You ever been with a human before, Gabriella?”

“Well...”

“Because I have to say,” you growl, leaning in, “I haven’t been with a goblin before. But I bet it’s pretty... interesting having fun with a hot, green girl like you. All curves. All raw sexual power.”

“Mmm,” Gabriella purrs, grinning her sharp teeth as she leans into your touch. “Well, you ain’t wrong, humie,” she says, reaching out and palming your crotch. You grunt as her fingers stroke your manhood under your loincloth. Her eyes widen a bit. “Oooh, and seems you’ve got plenty to show me, huh?”

“You’re damn right,” you husk hungrily. “So, I tell you what. You let me through, and I’ll show you what a man over four feet tall can do. We got a deal?”

Gabriella licks her lips again. “Well,” she murmurs. “I was thinking of just drugging you into a hot studmuffin for my sexual gratification, buuuut...”

Okay, a bit disturbing but also kind of hot. “Buuuut?” you prompt teasingly.

She chuckles throatily and gives your crotch a squeeze. “Well, let’s say I’m curious where this’ll go.”

“Sounds like fun to me,” you say, lean down, and kiss her hard on the lips.

Gabriella groans in pleasure as your mouth work against hers. Your hands move to her full green tits and cup those soft orbs, giving them a teasing squeeze and earning a quivering moan from the goblin merchant queen.

“Mmm,” she hums, her touch growing bolder. She brushes aside your loincloth and her hand finds your length. She lets out a grunt of appreciation as she fondles you, her fingers wrapping around your shaft. Pumping you with slow, passionate strokes as your lips work against hers. You let out a low growl and move a hand to her ass, cupping it as you lift her. She gasps as you put her on the edge of her table, Gabriella breaking the kiss to give you a heated look.

“Bold of you to handle me like that,” she says throatily.

“I’ll be bolder yet,” you say hotly, kissing her again.

The goblin laughs, but submits eagerly to your lips and tongue as you push her down onto the desk. Your hand goes to her girdle and tugs it down and off, your palm pressing against her pussy. You feel her wetness and relish the shiver that shoots through her as you stroke her folds, feeling her slickness sticking to your fingers.

“You really needed this,” you chuckle.

“Shut up and fuck me,” the goblin queen pants.

You can do that.

Without further hesitation you pull aside your loincloth, freeing your manhood as you push forward, rubbing your tip against the needy folds of the goblin queen. Slickening yourself up for what comes next. Fuck, maybe this whole hero thing is going to be even better than you thought?

For her part, Gabriella gasps, then moans as she arches to the feel of your rubbing cock. “Yessss!” she groans, her cheeks flushed a darker green as her hips rock, rubbing herself against you. “Fuck. Give it to me! Fucking stuff me!”

“Is that a royal command?” you ask mockingly.

Her golden eyes flash dangerously. “I’ll give you a royal ohhhh!”

Her threat ends in a trebling moan as you push forward, filling her with a stroke. Despite her height she’s deep, and you can feel her tight depths swallow your cock nearly to the root before you hit her limit. But that seems more than enough, and the goblin queen sucks in a shuddering breath as you pull back, then thrust forward.

“Ah!” she cries, clutching the table’s rim as her body bucks with your thrust. “Oh. Oh f-fuck! Fuck! Fuck yesssss!”

“So the... goblin queen is a... ah... a size queen,” you say, setting a steady pace. “Go figure.”

“S-stop being f-fucking clever and rail me you human b-bastard!” she cries.

Snorting with amusement, you grab the back of her head, tilt it, and capture her lips in another hungry kiss. Even as you conquer her mouth you do as she commands. Her hands abandon the desk to cling to your back as you pound her, your free hand gripping her hip and driving her down onto your cock as you fuck her to her absolute limits. Panting gasps and needy moans are all that escapes the goblin queen, her body rutting against you with animalistic lust. But you hear hints of words between her ruttings.

“Yes!” Gabriella gasps. “Fuck! Fuck! Deep. Ohhh so fffffffucking deeeep! Ah. Ah! Harder. H-harder!”

Oh you will.

You’ll give it to her as hard as she can take. Her body seems tailor made to be absolutely railed by huge dicks, and you’re giving her what she’s always needed. Soon she’s a mess of moaning, writhing pleasure struggling to hold onto you, the tension in her body as her orgasm threatens to overwhelm her palpable. But not even a queen can resist your cock for long.

“Ah!” Gabriella pants. “Ah! Oh... oh f-fuck! Oh fuck yes! Yes! F-fuck yes! Fuck me! Breed me! Stuff me! Breed... breed... breeeeed meeeeee!”

Her voice rises in a crescendo of desperate pleasure. Her whole body tightens deliciously around your pummeling cock, and with a wail she cums, shuddering, overwhelmed by the sheer power of her orgasm.

She’s not the only one. The sudden tightness of her pussy pushes you over the edge. Lifting your head, you let out a loud groan as you push your cock deep as it can go into her. Jolts of pleasure thud through you as you cum, pumping the needy goblin so full of your seed you swear her stomach distends a little.

“Ohhhh fuuuuuuck,” Gabriella moans, flopping onto the table bonelessly, her eyes spinning and mouth open, faintly drooling a little.

You can’t help but chuckle at the sight. “Another satisfied customer,” you grunt, unsheathing your cock from the goblin and pushing your loincloth back into place.

“Ooooooh...” Gabriella moans.

Grinning, you pull back on your chest piece and look towards the portal. "Guess I'll just be going then..." you say.

Before you can pull away Gabriella's hand grabs your wrist. "W-wait..."

You pause and look down at her. "Hm?"

She sits up unsteadily, a drunken grin on her face, but there's enough focus in those eyes to tell you she's not down for the count quite yet. "Listen," she rasps. "That was... wow. Just... fuck. Alright. Look. Here's my... my counter offer."

You raise a brow. "Counter offer?" you ask.

"Yeah," The goblin queen says, grinning. "You stay... stay here as my partner. Right? Chief needs her... her mate, get me? You be my right hand man. This business'll explode with you here!"

"Uh," you say. "I really am sort of busy with this whole goddess thing..."

"Fuck 'em," Gabriella says, leering, horny eagerness giving her voice a persuasive growl. "You're here. I'm here. Why go deeper into this dungeon, eh? Me and my gobs'll love to make you nice and happy. Why not give us a chance, eh?"

You hesitate. A harem of goblin girls is awfully tempting...

[Move On](#)

[Stay with Gabriella](#)

Move On

Tempted as you are, you get the feeling that pissing off a goddess of good will cause some very not good things to happen to you. Plus, you do owe her for giving you a new lease on life. Not to mention a body to die for, though hopefully not more than once.

“Sorry,” you say. “I’m a man of my word. And I have to hold up my end of a bargain. What business goblin would want a guy who couldn’t keep his word?”

Gabriella groans but releases your hand. “Fiiiiine,” the goblin sighs, flopping back with a pout. “Then you better not let those other bitches beat you, humie. Because we ain’t done, in my opinion.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” you say, giving her a wink before making your way towards the swirling portal, and without further ado, you step through to the next floor...

[Level 2](#)

Overpower Her Physically

Your eyes run up and down Gabriella. Now, you're not an expert, but you're pretty sure you've got the advantage in size and strength with her, so why not take advantage of it?

Without further hesitation you march up to the goblin. She raises an eyebrow as you grab her by the front of her vest and lift her up off the ground. "Alright," you growl. "Listen up, goblin, and listen good. I'm going deeper into this dungeon. And you're not gonna stop me. Got it?"

"Oh sure!" she says. "I won't lift a finger."

"Good. Then-"

You hear a waspish buzz, then feel a sting in your neck. Your hand flies to the spot, and you pull something free. For a moment, you can only stare at the dart in your hand, your jaw dropping in confusion.

"Wha..."

"But my girls hidden in the rafters, on the other hand," Gabriella giggles. "Well..."

You look at her, but the goblin seems to waver. The room sways under your feet. Strength bleeds from your arm and legs, and you slowly sink to your knees, still weakly holding Gabriella. Well, up until she easily breaks your grip on her vest, the goblin smirking at you.

"Remember this well, humie," she says, mockingly tapping your forehead, the sensation oddly dull. "Potions and poisons are a gob's best friend. Something you're gonna get real well acquainted with. Boop!" she chimes, poking your head.

You topple to the floor, your body numb. Your vision fading.

And then goes dark...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Goblin Stud

The slap of flesh on flesh echoes in the breeding barn.

“Yes!” Gobra moans, clinging to the bench as your hips spank off her plush ass, your cock schlocking into her slick pussy. “More! Fuck me moooooore!”

You pant, glad to. Frantic to. Your head is fuzzy but pleasantly so, your hips hammering her plush ass with a need as your manhood saws into her. You’re naked, as always, as is proper. Good studs don’t need clothes. Good studs just fuck and breed sexy goblin girls. Your muscles flex as your powerful form pounds the gorgeous gob beneath you, your breath coming hot and ragged.

Sometimes... sometimes you feel like there was more to your life than the breeding barn. Its four walls, large bed, and endless supply of Goblin Brew. Sometimes you feel like maybe there’s more waiting for you outside these walls and the parade of needy goblin maids that come through to fuck you. Usually this happens when you forget to drink your Goblin Brew on time, a bottle of which waits even now just beyond reach.

Sometimes you feel like the haze in your mind is dissipating...

“Yes!” Gobra cries, her inner walls rippling around your pounding cock. “Yes! Deeper! Good! So good! Gonna... gonna... Nnnnnn!”

Her body quivers as she hits her orgasmic peak, her hot pussy squeezing your cock deliciously. The sensation is beyond good. Beyond wonderful. And in short order her orgasm has carried you over as well in a swell of pleasure. You groan, arching, muscles tightening in a sudden flex of orgasmic bliss. Your balls clench, and you moan as you pump her full of great bursts of your seed. You’re amazingly productive thanks to the potions the goblins have been giving you, and you demonstrate with the hot gob quivering under you, stuffing her so much that your virile cum oozes out of her and down her thighs.

As you lean over her, panting, you feel the bliss of clarity settle on you with your orgasm, and you remember that you haven’t been outside the barn in quite some time now. Maybe... maybe you should ask about that...

“Whew!” Gobra sighs in satisfaction, squeezing out from under you, cum sliding down her luscious green thighs as she sways towards the door. “Good stud! That fun. I bet you breed me good today!”

“Happy to serve, Mistress,” you say breathlessly as you slump back onto the bench, your eyes glued to the plump green curves of her ass. “But... Mistress?” you ask, lifting your eyes nervously. “Can I go outside today?”

Gobra pauses. She looks over her shoulder and gives you a smirk. “Aw, not today, stud. It rainy out. And we can’t have stud out in rain. What if you get cold and can’t breed us for a bit? That be awful!”

You flush. That would indeed be awful. You should have known better than to ask, really. If the mistresses thought there was a good reason for you to go outside, they’d let you out. Though, you’re not sure how it rains in a cave. But you don’t question it. The gobs all know how stupid you are. Fortunately, studs don’t need smarts. They just need to obey, and breed, and fuck. “Sorry, mistress,” you say, properly chastened.

“It okay, stud,” she says, leaning over and patting your head, making you smile. “Now, be good boy and drink brew. That talk not for barn, is it? You just need ready to fuck next gob, right?”

She’s so right. And drinking the ale always makes you feel better. Happily, you pick up the bottle and down that sweet brew. Mmm. The smooth flavour coats your throat and settles deep inside you, spreading those tendrils of warmth you’re so familiar with. Your mind fogs further, drowning that silly idea of going outside. Why would you when all the hot gobs you need are right here?

And speaking of, the door has just opened and Galdia has walked in, the saucy goblin giving you a grin that shows the gap between her front fangs. “Hey hey!” the goblin croons, tugging off the strap of her bra and baring her full, lush tits. “Humie ready ta breed me?”

“Yes ma’am!” you say happily, beaming with delight, your cock jutting out proudly.

Because that’s what a stud is for.

And you’re a good stud.

A very, very good stud for your gobs.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Stay with Gabriella

The longer you think about the offer, the more it makes sense. Sure, the Limistra saved you from death, but only to do a job for her. Frankly, you were made to do this basically under coercion, and that doesn't seem too fair to you. You've got a new body now. You've got free will. Why shouldn't you live your own life?

And if that life happens to be as the hot husband of a tribe of goblin babes looking to get stuffed full of human cock, well, frankly you see it as your duty to support interspecies relationships. It's the progressive thing to do!

"You know what?" you say. "You make a compelling offer, Chief Gabriella. You need a hot human stud? I'm your man."

"I'll say," Gabriella says, practically drooling as she looks you up and down. She claps her hands. "Alright! Then let's make it official, hot stuff. Bend down."

You do so at once, and Gabriella grabs your face, pulling you in for a fierce kiss. Though momentarily taken aback by this you recover quickly, and loop your arms around her, pulling her in as you deepen the kiss passionately.

Gabriella moans softly as your tongue wars with her, pushing into her mouth and tasting the fruity liquor of whatever she'd mixed up for her drink. You break the kiss with a gasp, leaning back and admiring her, while she does the same.

"Mmm," Gabriella hums, licking her lips. "Now that's what I'm talking about! You and me, stud?" she chuckles. "We're gonna do biiiiig things."

"Sounds like a plan," you say, and pull her in for another kiss.

[Business Gob](#)

Business Gob

It's funny, but you suppose you should have realize long ago what kind of money can be made from lonely monster girls.

And the last few months have been amply demonstrative.

"And as you can see," Gabriella says, tapping the bottle. "This potion is exactly what a hot gal like you needs to give you a bit of edge against those sluts out there. The polish is perfect to make your scales shine and really catch the eye of any man."

"Mmm..." the lamia hums uncertainly as she eyes the bottle. "I don't know..."

So she says, but her eye doesn't remain on the bottle too long. Her gaze constantly flicks over to you, standing beside Gabriella. Not that you can blame her. Your new body was already impressive, but once Gabriella started giving you some of her potions, you're downright irresistible. Buff. Strong. Your body actually faintly glistens from the oil Gabriella massages into your skin every morning. Not to mention your bulge, which your tight pants does wonders to demonstrate. You're more fuckable than a Chippendale dancer on lady's night.

And in this business, every night is lady's night.

"Personally," you say, your voice smooth and sonorous, like liquid lust being poured in the ear, which is blatantly clear by the lamia's sudden blush, "I find that a lady's shining scales really brings out her feminine beauty."

"You... you think so?" the lamia asks, twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

"And how," you say, flashing a grin.

She blushes again, and after a few more compliments and Gabriella's subtle salesmanship, the lamia leaves through the portal with not only scale polish, but a subscription for a weekly top up, as well as a potion of Ample Bust.

Gabriella cackles as she counts the coins left behind. "Look at this, stud! We're rich. Richer than rich! That hot bod of yours is a goldmine!"

"I know," you chuckle, reaching down and giving her ass a pat. "You tell me every night."

"Damn right," Gabriella says, grinning as she reaches over and palms your package, making you grunt and tense in arousal. "But if I wanted some real money, I'd be offering them a chance to ride this."

“And here I thought you were monopolizing that for you and the tribe,” you say, your voice a bit rougher than before.

“You kidding?” Gabriella snorts. “With those virility potions you’ve been chugging down, there’s not a gob in the tribe not pregnant!”

Too true, and you have zero regrets. Between the stamina potions, virility potions, and the fact that you’re the only male in the entire cave system, you’ve got every goblin maid in the tribe heavy with your child. Including Gabriella.

Your eyes roam down to the subtle gravidness of her belly, and you feel that familiar warmth of paternal pride. It’ll be strange having a bunch of your kids running around, but you are looking forward to it.

“Not like it’s slowed you down,” you observe teasingly.

Gabriella hums affectionately, gently squeezing and fondling your cock and balls until your manhood is about ready to tear out of your pants. “And why should it, eh? In fact,” she husks, turning about and unlacing your pants, “the next customer isn’t supposed to be here for another twenty minutes. And you know they always buy extra when the room smells like sex.”

“Very true,” you say, grinning as she finally unlaces you. Your cock literally springs into the open, throbbing with arousal.

Gabriella licks her lips. “Aw yeah, baby,” she breathes. “Come to mama.”

Her head moves in, her lips kissing your crown with something almost like reverence. Just the touch of those plush lips sends a throb of arousal pulsing to your balls. You grunt, resting your hand on Gabriella’s head.

“Mmm. You like that?” the goblin maid asks, giving you a teasing glance.

“You know I do,” you husk.

“I do,” she laughs. “But I know you love this even more.”

Her mouth opens and she leans in, her lips sliding down your length. A groan escapes you as her mouth swallows your shaft, the tightness of her throat working around your cock. Though her size would normally be an impediment, Gabriella has shown herself to be amazingly adaptable. You certainly appreciate her skills, and groan in bliss as her head begins to bob.

“F-fuuuuck,” you moan as the goblin queen sucks you off, your hands fisting her hair. “Fuck. Fuck yes, Gabriella. That’s... ah... that’s a good gob. A good fffffffucking gob. Holy fuck yes.”

“Mmmm,” Gabriella hums, her tongue lathing the underside of your cock, her lipstick leaving streaks along your shaft. Fuck, this is almost insanely good. And she just keeps going! Her lips slide up and down you with the hunger of the starving, and you’re getting increasingly close to giving her what she needs. Your balls ache with your pent-up seed, and your grip tightens on her hair.

“Oh fuck,” you gasp, your hips twitching as you fuck her mouth. “Fuck. Fuck! Gabriella, I... this is... Ohhhh fuuuuuck!”

You groan in bliss as your balls tighten and you cum. What feels like gallons pump from your heavy balls, Gabriella groaning in almost pathetic bliss as she tastes the sweet flood of your seed, her throat working in her eagerness to swallow it all.

And she does.

By jove, she gets every fucking drop, treating your seed like it’s the finest wine money can buy. And hell, it was when she gave you that Cum to Wine potion a few weeks back.

“Mmmwah!” she gasps as she unsheathes her throat from your cock. The goblin maid pants, swaying a little, which also isn’t too surprising. Apparently your seed is like a drug to goblins now. You’d feel a bit worse about addicting the entire tribe to your cum if they hadn’t insisted.

“Like that?” you ask.

“L-love it,” Gabriella gasps, licking her lips as her golden eyes gleam hungrily. “But I’m not done.”

“No. No we’re not,” you assure her, your cock still rock hard and balls still heavy and full. Another alteration thanks to her potions, but a necessary one. No normal man could satisfy the lusts of an entire tribe of goblin maids.

So it’s a very good thing you’re no normal man anymore.

You prove it amply the rest of that day, fucking Gabriella into a moaning mess any chance you get, and there are plenty. By the time her meetings finish, she’s totally spent, considerably richer, and with a bowlegged gait, she goes to lie down, clinking with stuffed coin sacks the entire way.

Which isn’t a problem for you, because that means it’s time to satisfy the rest of the tribe.

And by midnight as you rest, gleaming with sweat, your bed strewn with the sated bodies of a dozen goblins stuffed with your hot seed, you sigh, hands behind your head as you stare at the ceiling.

Frankly, not bad for a second life.

Not bad at all...

End

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

Sneak Through

Thanks to stat maxxing, you suspect you'd be able to fight past the various goblin guards protecting the factory. But frankly, why take the risk? They don't look particularly on their guard. And that building looks pretty fragile. You bet if you get close, you'd be able to find your way in. Or just bust down a wall with your stat maxxed strength.

Your course set, you sink back into the shadows and start creeping around the perimeter of the camp. It's not hard to do. There are fields of the weird mushrooms sprouting all over the place, their bluish glow radiating a pale light to see by. Keeping low, you crawl through the field's rows.

Things go well. There's no guards or sentries out in the mushroom patches, allowing you to wriggle ever closer to the waiting factory.

In retrospect, maybe there was a reason for that.

Your first hint of this is when you notice a strange, bluish powder all around the ground. You didn't notice it at first due to the glow of the mushrooms. Maybe there's a connection? Spores or something.

Heh. Spores. What a funny word.

You laugh softly to yourself. Aw man, it feels good to laugh. You feel a grin spread over your face. Spores. Spores. Spore spore spore spore.

You snort, giggling. Wow, you feel good. Great even! Your skin tingles with sensitivity and you look down. Hey! Your bare chest is covered in that blue stuff. Woah. It's so... glowy. The colours pulsing and almost... swirling.

Man. That's... that's amazing...

You realize you haven't been moving for a while, but aren't too worried. It just feels so... so good to lie here. So good to feel your skin tingle as the spores cover you. So good you start rubbing them into yourself, moaning softly. Awwwww fuuuuck. That feels amaaaazing...

"Oooh, look! Humie!"

You tilt your head, your swimming vision managing to make out two goblins, their hands covered in thick burlap gloves and bandana masks over their faces.

"Heeeeeeey," you say, grinning and giving a lazy wave. Goblins are so... so cute, right? "Wanna... wanna have some fun?"

The goblins exchange a look, then giggle and turn back to you. "Oh yeah," one says as they lazily approach. "We gonna have lots a fun, humie. Lots 'nd lots a fun."

"Aaaawesome," you sigh, offering no resistance as they grab your arms and start hauling you away. For what? You don't know.

You just hope it feels goooooood...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Fight Through

It would be an absolute crime to be a hero with a body like yours, an ability to crank up your physical powers, and not go on a bit of a rampage now and then. Grinning, you summon your screen and mentally push the Max button next to strength.

Instantly you feel your physical power increase as your stat hits **20**. Might radiates off you like a red steam and you flex contentedly. Oh yeah. Now, time to make your mark before the counter goes down.

You charge out of cover and towards the first set of goblin guards, roaring a battle cry. The two goblins jump at your sudden appearance and fumble their spears, only for you to hew through both weapons with a savage swing of your sword.

Both goblins yelp and dive off the path. You consider finishing them, but you don't have time to linger. Already the counter on your strength is buzzing down, and you've still got a lot of ground, a whole tribe of goblins, and their queen to deal with.

Plus, your little arrival has raised the alarm in the village. Goblins shriek in surprise and scatter to their huts as you charge into their midst. You laugh. Aw man, this is easy!

Then, you hear the hiss and feel something sting you in the arm.

You look down in confusion and spot a dart jutting from your bicep. The fuck?

You yank the dart free, but even as you do several more hisses reach your ears and you feel more pricks of pain. You look around and spot several of the goblins with blow guns and more darts now jutting from you.

"Hey," you say. "That's..."

You sway, the ground suddenly tilting under your feet. Woah! And your limbs are... are feeling kinda... kinda r-rubbery.

"W-wait," you manage to say as you collapse to your knees in the dust. "H-hold up. That's... that'sh not... whabbout?"

Your tongue feels thick and clumsy in your mouth, garbling your words. And you're... you're suddenly so tired. Your eyes so heavy. Your head spinning. Maybe... maybe you should... should lie down for a second.

Yeah, you think as the ground rushes up towards you.

A nice... nice nap feels... feels...

...good...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Level 2: The Witch



As you pass through the portal you pause, taking in this new floor you find yourself on.

Before you is what appears to be a forest. Crooked trees grow thick, bordering a narrow path winding through them. As you expected, a pair of braziers burn on either side of the portal, crackling with an emerald flame. Also as you expected, after a moment they flare and the goddess of evil takes shape in one.

“So!” Asteria declares, looming over you in all her pointy glory. “It seems you overcame the goblins, eh?”

“I-”

“Well what does that matter?” she demands haughtily. “They were mere goblins! And now you face the true powers of my minions within this dungeon. No doubt you think you’re hot stuff. But you’ll soon see the error of your ways when you face Nadia! The witch!”

"You got a witch in here?" you say with interest. "Does she have a gingerbread house?"

"No! She has only contempt and cruelty for a man such as you. We'll see if you're so flippant once she has you in her paws!"

"Sorry, paws?" you say.

"You'll find out soon enough!" she cackles, the flames swirling as she fades away.

Hmm. Your eyes wander along the path cutting through the forest. Well, you're not getting anywhere standing here, dick in hand. Without further preamble, you start off.

The woods only get gloomier the further you go. The shadows deepen and the forest grows wilder and more... well, honestly, kinda spooky. The trees are gnarled and twisted, and animals hoot and shriek from deeper in the dark. Barely a hint of sunlight breaks through the canopy, leaving you almost blind as you follow the twisting trail. You grip your sword tightly as you go, keeping it ready for any hint of attack.

Instead, you reach the end of the road, and discover a small cottage sitting in the middle of a clearing.

You stop, instantly on guard. Not because you see anything dangerous. Quite the opposite, actually. The scene is almost disgustingly twee. The way the sunlight pours down like the cottage sits in a spotlight of gold. A thatched roof which slumps like a witch's oversized hat. A little smoking chimney. The gardens abuzz with bees and butterflies. Even the round windows radiate a sort of idyllic Swiss pastoralism that makes you cringe. It's all just... sickeningly pleasant.

That said, at least you found the witch, no doubts about that. The only question remaining is what are you looking at here? This doesn't exactly feel like the lair of some evil sorceress, lacking both the looming presence of a spiky tower, or the suspiciously edible walls that are perfect for luring in small German children. It just looks like a pleasant cottage, which yeah, has to be a ruse. It's all just too cozy.

Aside from the tree.

It stands out starkly in the otherwise picturesque surroundings. Growing out of the garden, it's a twisted, black thing with leafless branches and a thick, crooked trunk. There's something about the bark that's particularly unnerving, looking disturbingly like a screaming face. It matches the rest of the forest far more than the cottage itself.

You shift your weight indecisively but, well, no sense lingering. The only way is forward, so you move into the clearing slowly, watchful for anything that even hints at a trap. Well,

beyond this whole situation. Almost unfortunately, no monster, demon, or other sorcerous impediment rises to accost you, and you soon find yourself at the front door.

You hesitate there, wondering if breaking it down might be a bit extreme, but before you can decide it swings open and a huge brimmed hat pokes its way out.

Nadia is... not what you expected, though maybe a bit of what you hoped.

She's almost ludicrously busty, a fact only too apparent with her skimpy clothes. She doesn't wear pants so much as a thong, hugging amply curvy hips, and her hair is a wave of violet locks which her huge hat rides. Her shirt looks more like a laced-up corset doing a poor job containing the absolute funbags of her breasts, but the thing that really draws your eye is the pair of cat ears and tail she sports.

She's also wearing a weird little mask, which throws you a bit. But no more than when she claps her hands in glee, which makes her more distracting attributes bounce as well.

"Finally!" she cheers. "You're finally here! Come in. Come in! Oh gosh, you gotta come in!"

"Er-"

But she's already gone, vanishing back into the cottage.

Uh... alright.

You poke your head in after her to find a huge room absolutely stuffed with clutter. Books are piled everywhere in perilous towers, along with disused bottles, potions, and other sorcerous things. A massive cauldron sits in the middle of the room, while several animal skeletons and herbs hang from the ceiling. There's a scent in the air like an aromatic candle, and in fact you spot quite a few extinguished, dribbly candles here and there.

"I'm so glad you're finally here!" the catgirl giggles as she flutters about the room. "I've been waiting for just aaages! Mew! You have no idea!"

"Waiting?" you ask, stepping inside, tense and ready for anything. "Waiting for what?"

"For you!" she giggles, bouncing around to face you. "My mistress was promised a hot man, and that's why she set up here!"

"Your mistress?" you say. "You mean, you're not the witch?"

She snorts again. "Of course I am!" she says. "But I wasn't! I was just her familiar."

"Her familiar?"

“Yep! I was her smart kitty cat! But that was before I stole her magic hat!” she declares proudly, adjusting said headpiece. She then pouts. “And old Hagara was such a jerk! She’d be so mean and rude and demanding! She’d never play with me and threw things at me when she was mad. Not to mention she always forgot to feed me, and I couldn’t do a thing! I had to obey her because I was her familiar! It was so frustrating!” she says, stamping a foot petulantly.

“Uh huh. And... where is she now?” you ask, looking about.

“Silly!” she laughs. “You already saw her!”

“I did?”

“Yeah! That was her out front.”

You give the catgirl a blank stare before sudden understanding hits you. “Wait,” you say. “You mean, that ugly tree...”

“Yup!” she chirps. “When I got the hat, I became human! And I wasn’t about to let that nasty, mean witch turn me back. So, I turned her into a tree! He he he he!” she giggles. “I’m so clever!”

Holy hell! Airheaded as Nadia is, she’s clearly dangerous. “Uh, right,” you say. “Then, why are you still here?”

“Well duh!” she says, flapping her hands. “I need a familiar!”

“So, what? You need another cat or...”

“That’s so silly! Mew!” she says with an exasperated roll of her eyes. “I can’t have an animal familiar. I’m a cat! But I’m also a witch. So that means I need...a human familiar! Yaaaay!” she cheers, bouncing in place, which has her chest doing some very distracting things in that tight top.

“Uh... Right. So, basically you-”

“That’s right!” she chirps gleefully, aiming a finger right your way. “I need to make you my familiar! Ohh, and it’s gonna be so awesome! I’ll take care of you and pet you and fuck you and have so much fun!”

“Sorry, fuck?”

“I know! Suuuper lewd. Can’t do that with animal familiars, right? Which is how you know I’m so smart!” she declares, puffing out her chest and smugly tapping a fist off her bust. “Much smarter than my old mistress, huh? And all you gotta do is put this on!” she declares,

producing a red leather collar marked with runes. “Put it on, and you’ll be my totally sweet adorable familiar who’ll do whatever I say!”

“Uh... huh,” you say warily. “Mind going over what that’ll entail.”

“Sure! You’ll be my precious pet, and super useful to help me to conjure magic and, ya know, keep me company. Especially on those cold nights in this cottage. Place can get suuuuper lonely. Right? Oh!” she adds, enthusiastically snapping her fingers. “And naturally, you won’t be able to, like, disobey me. Right? Because you’ll be my familiar! So you gotta do whatever I say.”

Okay, it sounded a bit appealing at first blush, but that last bit is kinda suspect. “Uh huh...” you say.

“So! You gonna put it on?” she asks, bouncing in place.

[No Way](#)

[Hell Yay!](#)

No Way

"I'm gonna have to pass on that," you say.

Oh, how it hurts your heart to see Nadia's ears wilt and tail go limp. "Wh-what?" she asks, lower lip quivering. "But... but..."

"Look," you say quickly. "You're a lovely cat... witch... girl, but I can't really tie myself down right now. I'm sort of on a quest for a goddess, and I'm pretty sure she wouldn't take it well if I quit. So..."

"No!" she exclaims, stamping her foot. "No no no! You're my familiar! Mine!"

You look around quickly as the house begins to rattle. Pots and pans clatter and bottles quiver on their shelves. Your eyes flick about before swerving to the cauldron in the middle of the room as the lid rattles, jumping.

"I deserve my familiar!" Nadia wails, her hair beginning to float around her with power, the room tinting a deep, menacing red. "I want my familiar! And you're gonna be it!"

"Uh-"

"One way or another!" she screams.

The lid of the cauldron explodes off, washing the interior of the cottage in a kaleidoscope of hues. Your sword springs into your hand and you take an uncertain step back as something oozing emerges from the cauldron. Dripping tendrils of swirling hues like some Jello monster out of an acid trip, it looms behind Nadia as the witch giggles madly and opens her arms towards you.

"Now be a good familiar and just give up," she declares.

Shit.

[Strength Max](#)

[Agility Max](#)

[Intelligence Max](#)

[Willpower Max](#)

Strength Max

Something like this is going to be a bitch to slay. For anyone else.

Calling up your stat screen, you mentally press the Max button beside the strength stat. In an instant you feel your strength grow, cranking straight to **20**. A throb of pure power pulses through your body, swelling your muscles in a jolt that'd make Arnold Schwarzenegger proud. You whirl about your sword, smirking as a red mist seeps off your body from your sudden might.

"Alright then," you growl. "Let me show you how it's done!"

You lunge at Nadia, only for her cauldron-born monstrosity to take a swing at you. You parry the tentacle with ease, your sword slicing through it in a single mighty stroke. This is easy!

And it is.

Except there's suddenly more tentacles.

Dozens more.

They spawn out of the cauldron like a nest of hydra heads, oozing their strange tendrils. Uncertainty hits you slowly as they suddenly all lunge at you.

You roar with defiance you swing your blade, hewing through the rubbery limbs as they try and engulf you. You slash through several with ease, but there's so many of them! They overwhelm you, wrapping around your sword arm and a leg. You try and pull away, but it's like fighting a mass of taffy! It just stretches and springs back, your strength counting for nothing against such an attack.

That realization hits you right around when several more of the tentacles do, glooping onto your other arm and leg, another wrapping around your waist. You shiver at the strange sensation that throbs through you as the tentacles tighten their grasp, hefting you helplessly into the air. Your skin tingles with a sudden sensitivity, and your cock throbs in your loincloth. Oh hell. This shit is... it's d-drugged!

"Yay!" Nadia cries, clapping her hands and bouncing in place. "Caught you! Caught you! Meow meow mew mew mew! And that means that you're my familiar now!"

"The hell it does!" you snap, pulling at the tentacles savagely, to no apparent effect. "Release me right now!"

"Nope nope nope!" Nadia giggles as she pulls out the collar and skips up to you. "Because I got myself a familiar pet! I always wanted a dog, and you'll make a great one."

"I am not a dog!" you snap, trying to avoid her hands, but she easily snaps the collar around your neck.

"Sure you are!" she giggles, stepping back. "And doggies don't talk. What do doggies say?" she asks, snapping her fingers.

"Woof!" you snarl. Shock rolls you. "Woof?"

"Yay!" Nadia cries, clapping her hands. "Good boy!"

Your face flushes. This is so demeaning.

Yet, it's also kinda...

Nice?

As you process this, a throb radiates from the collar. You gasp, arching, shivering at the sudden rush of pleasure that radiates through you. Oh. Oh that... wh-what the...

Magic. A spell!

Shit! N-no. No! You shake your head furiously. You refuse to... to submit to...

"Ooooooh," you groan as another pulse of pure pleasure radiates from the collar. As your cock aches, tenting your loincloth and your body shudders with shameless arousal. Fuck. Oh fuck you... your head feels so foggy. Your chest heaves with the pressure of sensation and pleasure. What... what is...

"Oh. My. Gosh! You're soooo cute!" Nadia squeals, clapping her hands again before waving off her cauldron monster.

Slowly and, it needs to be said, stickily, the tendrils that bound you recede, pulling back and into the cauldron. You slump to your hands and knees, panting, overwhelmed by the shock and the sudden strength of your senses. Everything around you has a sudden new dimension. One of scent and sound and your awareness of both stuns and excites you. You inhale deeply, relishing the storm of aromas that fill you.

Especially one in particular.

Your eyes zero in on Nadia as she stands before you, a naughty glint in her smile. "What's the matter, boy?" she coos, teasing her thumbs in the band of her thong. "Smell something you like?"

You inhale deeply, and realize what that alluring, spicy scent is. Your tongue lolls out as Nadia tugs the paltry fabric off, and reveals the fact that she's not wearing any panties, her pussy slick and ready for some attention.

You growl, rising back to your feet. You loom over the witch until she raises a finger. "Unh uh. Naughty naughty. Good boys know better."

A sensation of shame washes over you from your collar. You let out a soft whine of abashment.

"Awwww. That's okay, sweet boy!" Nadia coos, stroking your head. "I know you can't help it. You're just a dumb pup. A silly pet for mistress."

Yes. Yes, you are. You feel the weight of that knowledge again radiate from your collar, and you offer no argument or refusal. It is only proper that you accept it. Accept Mistress. Do anything for Mistress.

"Well?" Nadia asks, squishing your cheeks as she rises to her tiptoes, looking into your eyes. "Are you gonna be a good boy for mistress? A good, obedient pet? My happy familiar?"

"W-woof," you manage.

"Good boy!" she giggles, releasing your cheeks in order to clip a leash onto your collar. "And good boys get... treats!"

She suddenly yanks your head down and you fall to your knees, then find your face shoved up against her pussy.

"Lick, Pet," Nadia coos. "Lick kitty's pussy!"

The urge to do so washes through you, and you immediately obey. Your tongue laps out, stroking her slit adoringly. The taste of Nadia's nethers washes over your tongue in a wave of sweet ambrosia, dancing on your enhanced tastebuds magnificently. Fuck. Oh fuck, that is good. Naughty and spicy and delightful all at once.

"Ooooh, good boy," Nadia moans, hauling on your leash as she rocks her hips, grinding herself on your eagerly lapping tongue. You press forward, and her ass bumps against a table nearly upsetting several jars and bottles. "Mnf! Good fffffucking puppy. Oh yes. Lick me. Lick kitty's cunt! Mew! Oh, that's so goood! Get your tongue in there. Oh fuck! Yes. Like thaaaat!"

You obey her instructions, guided by your collar, and not just because Nadia keeps tugging at your leash. You want to obey her. You need to obey her. You need to do whatever she says the second she demands it. The thrum of magic from your collar compels you, and if it didn't, the ache from your cock would. You're so horny being so close to mistress. Sniffing her. Tasting her. Worshipping her. It feels so good to serve. Makes you so horny to obey and lick and pant and moan.

“Fuck,” Nadia gasps, her ass grinding against the table as she bounces to the strokes of your tongue, her free hand grabbing your hair tightly, the pain only accenting your pleasure, her breasts heaving with her panting breaths. “Oh f-fuuuuck! That’s it. G-good boy. Good boy! Oh fuck that’s... nnn... that’s good. That’s so goood! Lick me. Lick me like nn! Like that! Fuck. Fuck! Yes! Yes! Oh Pet. Oh fuck! I... I... M-mroooooow!”

Her yowl heralds her orgasm, her tail shooting up straight, her body tightening, quivering as she cums like a geyser. You eagerly lap up her juices, more of it squirting onto your face. But you don’t care. You don’t mind. It’s too good. Too fun. Too perfect and she tastes so wonderful! You love Mistress, you think as the bell on your collar chimes. You love Mistress oh so very much!

“Ha... ha...” Nadia gasps, sagging against the desk, her grip loosening on your leash, prompting you to slow the lapping at her pussy. “Oh fuuuuuck,” the witch moans. “Pet, that was... that was goood.”

Her praise makes you whimper as utter bliss radiates through you from your collar. You gaze up into her eyes, and Nadia smiles down at you with glee, stroking the hair on the top of your head.

“Mmmm. You’re gonna be the best pet ever,” she purrs.

[Witch’s Pet](#)

Intelligence Max

You take a quick step back as the amorphous octopus thing rises from the cauldron. Be good if you were smart enough to know what to do here. Fortunately, you have that ability, and with gusto you pump that intelligence score to the max.

As you hit that glorious **20** realization dawns on you about this situation, and you look down at the grinning catgirl with new understanding.

“Wait!” you declare, holding out your hands. “This won’t make you happy!”

Nadia cocks her head. “Huh?” she asks.

“This isn’t what you really want,” you say gently, your hands making soothing, waving motions. “Do you really want to make someone your familiar slave like you were to your old mistress.”

“Wha?” Nadia gasps and frantically waves her hands and shakes her head. “No! No no no, that’s not at all what I’m doing!”

“Isn’t it?” you ask, keeping an eye on the tentacles, which have hesitated at their mistress’s confusion. “Isn’t this exactly what your old mistress did before you became a witch instead? Do you really want to be the same as her? Do you really think we’d both be happy like that?”

“N-no. But, I mean. It’s different, because I’m cute and cuddly and know what... you know, what you’d like and I um... um...”

She fidgets, confused and panicky. With care you move in, wary but knowing the poor girl needs a bit of empathy right now. “Hey now,” you say, taking her shoulder and helping her sit down on a nearby stool. You kneel beside her, holding her hand. “It’s okay. You just thought this was how it was done. You didn’t mean to hurt me. You just... didn’t think this one through.”

“But I... I mean, I’d have been a really nice mistress,” she says miserably. “I know I would of.”

“I’m sure you’d be lovely,” you tell her, stroking her hand and rubbing her back. “But if you slapped that collar on me, I’d just be like you were with your old mistress. Just your helpless pet, and just as unhappy. And you don’t want to do that, do you?”

“N-no,” she mumbles, squirming on her chair. “I guess not. But... but I mean...”

“Yeah?” you press.

“But I... Ohhhhhh!” she moans, burying her face in her hands and crying. “I just wanted a proper familiar!”

Though you’d normally feel very awkward comforting a crazy, scantily clad cat-woman witch, your intelligence stat lets you know just what to do to make her feel better. Gently you pet her head and squeeze her hand, letting her cry out her sadness. It’s a tough thing, and she’s plainly a bit... well, dumb and immature. But that’s no reason to hate her.

Unless she’d managed to go through with it. But since she didn’t...

“Listen,” you say soothingly. “It’s okay. I’m sure you’ll find a wonderful person who’d be happy to be your, uh, familiar.”

Sniffing, Nadia lifts her head, eyes glistening with tears. “You... you really think so?”

“For sure,” you say. “You’re cute. Charming. Lots of guys would be happy to be your... um, pet.”

“Yeah?”

You steal a glance at her chest before yanking your eyes back to her face. “Oh yeah,” you say earnestly. “Absolutely.”

Like the raincloud of depression suddenly vanished, Nadia beams. “You’re right. You’re right!” she cheers, throwing her arms around you and hugging you tight. “You’re so so so right! Someone would totes love to be mine! Oh, thank you thank you thank you!”

“Uh... no problem,” you gasp, clearing your throat. “And uh, by the way, would you mind telling me where the portal to the next floor is?”

“Oh, sure!” she chirps, releasing you to bound over to one of several bookcases around the hut. “It’s right behind here. Looked sooooo tacky just out there, so I covered it up. Um, let’s see. Mew mew meow!” she says, waving her hand, her cat ears flicking.

Sparkles envelop the bookcase like it’s suddenly wrapped in glitter, the whole thing rising then drifting out of the way to reveal a cracked stone frame holding in its grasp a swirling portal. That’d be it.

“Perfect,” you say, taking a step towards it. “Thanks a lot. I-”

“Um, hey!” she cries, grabbing your hand before you can go. You pause and look back at her, and... you’re pretty sure she’s blushing.

“I um, know that we maybe, kinda, got off on the wrong paw. You know, with my whole trying to enslave you as my familiar pet thing. But I was thinking... well, would you um, like to become my familiar willingly?”

“Huh?”

“I’d be a super good mistress!” she quickly adds, bouncing in place. “I’d be nice and sweet and loving and totally wouldn’t even, you know, force you to obey me or anything! We could be a totally wonderful pair, right? So um, what do you say?”

Despite everything she tried to do here, it’s a remarkably tempting offer, though that might also have to do with your Intelligence stat no longer being maxed out. She does seem genuine, and after you explained everything she clearly has had a bit of a change of heart. Now, whether she keeps it is another question. But being the hot boytoy to a ditzy catgirl witch is an interesting prospect.

And there is another factor here, though you try hard not to stare, is her absolutely rocking figure. Nadia is almost ludicrously hot, and it takes everything you have not to gawk at her plush tits in her tight top. And the things you could do with them...

[Become Her Familiar](#)

[Move On](#)

Move On

There are times when a man has to think with the head on his shoulders and not the one in his pants, and this is definitely one of them. Though your cock is making a compelling argument as well. Still, you shake your head. "Sorry," you say. "I made a promise to the goddess, and I gotta see it through. But I'm sure you'll find someone one of these days who'd be the perfect match for a cute girl like you."

"You... you mean it?" Nadia asks hopefully.

"Absolutely," you say. "Any guy would be lucky to have you." And that's the truth.

Nadia pouts, but lets go of your hand. "Okay. Be careful," she says.

"I will," you promise her, then turn to the portal and step through to the next floor.

To be Continued

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

Willpower Max

This looks like a job for some mental resistance, and you have just the stat for that. Conjuring your stat screen, you mentally hit the Max button beside your Willpower stat, and feel your strength of will grow by incredible leaps and bounds. Once it hits **20**, you feel new confidence. New bravery. You can handle this slut. With gusto you step forward and-

"Shit!" you curse, your meditations cut off abruptly as the tentacles lunge for you. You frantically swing your blade, severing several of the flailing limbs, but your efforts avail you little. There's simply too many! Inevitably, one manages to grab your leg, yanking it out from under you. You yelp, slamming down onto the floor with a bone-numbing crash. Your head spins, but you nonetheless manage to cut off that groping limb with your sword.

Unfortunately, your dazedness and distraction leaves you wide open to the rest of the writhing tentacles, which quickly grab your arms and legs, pulling them wide and leaving you spreadeagle on the ground. You grunt, trying to pull free, but despite your new body's impressive strength, the gelatinous tentacles have more than enough give to lock you helplessly on the floor.

"There we go!" Nadia chirps, stepping over you and crouching down. "See? It wasn't that bad!"

"L-let me go!" you gasp, though this sudden angle gives an amazing new perspective on her curves. And also of the red collar in her hands.

Your eyes widen and you try and belatedly pull away, but that option has been taken off the table, and the next moment she's snapping the runed collar firmly around your neck.

You gasp as it latches shut, tight but not too tight. More like a constant reminder of its presence.

"What... Ooooooh," you groan, shuddering as a pulse of nameless yet wonderful sensation shoots through you from the collar down to your toes. You stretch, gasping as your skin grows suddenly and wonderfully sensitive. Even the feel of even your loincloth and paltry straps that wrap around your chest is acutely erotic.

"Mmm. Do you like that?" Nadia asks, straddling your waist, her weight a pleasant warmth on you. She gasps as she feels your bulge press against your crotch. "Ooooh, you do!" she giggles, beginning to rock herself atop you.

"A-ah!" you gasp, breathing growing quick and hot as pleasure throbs through you, your cock pulsing as Nadia's mound rubs you through your loincloth. "H-how dare you! I-"

"Ah ah ah!" she chides playfully. "Pets don't talk! They only woof!"

"Woof!" you bark, then realize what you just did. "W-woof? Arf!"

Nadia giggles, clapping gleefully as she quickens her rocking on your cock. "Look at that! Good Pet! Oh, you're gonna make just the best familiar ever! And I'm totally gonna be just, like, the best owner!"

"Woof!" you growl.

"Aw, don't believe me? Here! I'll show you!"

She leans in, and you snarl at her, but something keeps you from resisting her, even as she attaches a leash to your collar.

"There we go!" she chirps, settling back and reaching down, fondling you through your loincloth. "Ooooh, and feels like someone is ready for his reward! Are you? Is my good boy ready for his reward?"

You want to be indignant at this shameful degradation, but something about the words 'good boy' sends an ache of pure physical bliss flowing through you. Especially with the way she's handling your dick. You groan, arching, pushing your crotch into her kneading palm, your teeth biting down on your lower lip with helpless pleasure.

"Mmmm. Gooooood boy. Now, let Mistress see what you're hiding down there. Woah!" she gasps, her eyes lighting up when she tugs aside your loincloth, unveiling the full heft of your cock. "Holy meow! Looks like you brought me a really big bone!"

You grunt, but a thrill of excitement awakens in you as Nadia crouches over you, her feline tail twitching and ears flicking as she tugs aside the strip of cloth that covers her nethers, then aligns your cock with her pussy. She meets your eyes, smirking. Then her knees bend, her folds kiss your tip, and she starts to slide down.

"Mrrrrroooooow," she moans, a distinctly feline sound as she sinks atop your cock. You moan in agreement, head falling back, your hands tightening to fists in their gelatinous prison.

"Mmmm! Oh f-fuck. You're... you're a big boy. Buuuut I'm... ah... I... Oh fuck. Good boy. Ohhhh good boy! Gimme that cock. Oh yessss. Mistress wants pet's cock!"

You groan, thrusting up into her. Driven. Compelled! As the timer runs out on your Willpower Maxing, you feel your doubts and hesitation vanish. Nothing else matters but her. But

pleasing Mistress. But getting your cock ridden and fucked and making Mistress feel incredible and happy.

Heat blossoms in you with every buck of your hips. Being under Nadia. Having your collar tugged. Being used and taken and ridden for her pleasure. It all feels so good. So wonderful. So right! You're not sure how you never considered it before, but it does. She's so good. So sexy. So perfect! You love Mistress. You love Mistress! You want to make Mistress happy. Make her cum. Give her everything you've got.

"Mew! Mew!" Nadia moans atop you, increasing her pace, her ass slapping your pelvis as she bottoms your cock in her. "Yes! Yes! Fuck mew! Fuck... fuck... mroooooow!"

Her felinid wail of orgasmic bliss sends shockwaves through you from your collar. Your balls throb, tightening, and with a throaty moan you thrust up into her a final time and give her all you've got. Your cock pulses, pumping great bursts of your thick seed into the catgirl's needy pussy. Filling her with a sudden high of pure, orgasmic bliss.

Nadia remains atop you, quivering with the sudden rush of pleasure. But as her orgasm winds down and her tail curls up, she flops down atop you, curling up on your chest with a purr of pleasure, her huge breasts squishing pleasantly atop you.

"Mmmm," the catgirl moans, rubbing her cheek against you. "That was... was goood..."

"Woof," you gasp.

She giggles, and you bask in her satisfaction. Her happiness. This is good. This is right.

And as you feel your collar warm, you know this is where you belong.

[Witch's Pet](#)

Max Agility

Those tendrils look like a real big problem, but they don't look to be particularly sturdy. Which means you have one weapon in your arsenal that will make literally quick work of both them, and their mistress.

Summoning up your stat screen, you mentally click the Max button beside your agility stat. In an instant it cranks up from **4** to **20**, and you feel a sudden burst of energy rush through you. The whole world seems to slow down to your perceptions, and you grin, pressing forward.

Nadia throws her hand towards you, and the gelatinous tendrils rising from the cauldron obey her command. Yet to you they seem to move at an almost glacial pace, and with almost mocking ease your sword comes up, slashing through them.

You see Nadia's expression of glee melt away to surprise as you advance, cleaving through the tendrils like a walking buzzsaw. Her eyes widen behind her mask and she makes to retreat, only to bump up against the cauldron. She yelps, and before she can make an escape you grab her by the straps of her top, holding her just back from toppling into the cauldron.

"Where's the portal?" you demand, idly hacking apart any tentacle that draws near.

Too scared to speak, she can only shakily point at a nearby bookcase. You glance at it and notice that there is a stone arch just visible behind the frame.

"Thanks," you say, and give her a light push.

The catgirl squeaks in shock, and then topples into the cauldron. Instantly the magic tendrils turn on her, Nadia squealing in surprise, then mewling in pleasure as the gooey tendrils stroke and slide over her, wriggling under her top and past the tightness of her thong.

"Oh! Ohh mew!" Nadia moans, rapidly sinking into the pleasuring tendrils with an expression of drunken bliss.

Well, that takes care of two problems. You blur over to the bookcase, and though you're not buffed for strength, your mighty thews still have plenty of muscle to move the piece of furniture, shoving it aside and revealing a swirling gate hidden behind.

Nice.

You glance back and see that Nadia is deep in the throes of pleasure as her spell continues to stroke and tease her. Tempting as it is to stay and watch that show, you don't want

to be around when she inevitably gets out of it, one way or another. That in mind, you turn ahead, and step through the swirling gate.

To be Continued

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

Become Her Familiar

Although true, Nadia is clearly a bit of a... well, a bimbo, you doubt she's actually malicious. If anything, she needs a firm hand to keep her from going overboard on whatever idea happens to pop into her head. And if said hand happens to be yours, and also happens to be palming a huge breast or groping her ass, well, that's just destiny, baby.

It's not all just carnal lust though. Nadia seems a bit hapless when left to her own devices. You'd honestly feel bad leaving her to bumble ahead and potentially get herself into real trouble. She needs you. Surely more than the goddess does, who can just snatch another soul out of the nether and send them on her quest.

"Alright," you say, turning away from the portal. "I'll be your familiar."

Nadia gasps, hands flying to her mouth as her eyes shine. "You... you will?" she breathes. "Really? Really really really?"

"Yeah, sure," you shrug. "Why not?"

"Oh thank mew! Thank mew thank mew!" she cries, flinging her arms around you and hugging you adoringly.

"With conditions," you say, gently prying her off your midriff. "None of this 'servitude' thing. I'll help and keep you company, but I'm my own man. Got it?"

"Got it!" she chirps, bouncing eagerly. "Got it! Totally! I'm all about that! Lemme just... alter this collar a bit... one sec."

She turns away and brings back out the red collar. Muttering to herself, she makes several arcane gestures over it, her ears and tail flicking with sparks of sorcery. You see the strange magic runes written on the collar shift and reform, glowing as they settle and turn dark once more.

"Okay!" Nadia exclaims, spinning back around and pushing out the collar towards you. "All set up! Just put it on and we're good to go!"

Though you still have some reservations about this, you did agree to the deal. And with that in mind you take the collar and thread it around your throat. As the ends connect you feel it shut, and you gasp, jolting with surprise as it seals itself. And you feel... feel...

Fine, actually.

In fact, you feel good.

The change creeps in slowly, if you can even call it a change. Your awareness seems to grow. The textures of the world becoming sharper and more defined. Your skin becomes more sensitive. More attuned to sensations.

But the big change has to be the magic.

You blink in amazement, realizing you can see it. Like the world has taken on a whole new slew of colours that wash through everything. Radiating from objects all over the cottage. And particularly around Nadia.

But there's more than just colour around the witch. You realize you can sense her. Like a phantom limb, you can feel her nervousness and desire as she looks at you, her breasts wobbling as she squirms anxiously.

"How's it feel?" she asks worriedly.

"Great!" you say, and that's the truth.

"Yeah? Oh how wonderful!" she cries, and the sudden swell of her joy hits you like a rush of fine booze. Nadia bounds forward and hugs you again, rubbing her cheek against your chest. "This is gonna be great! We're gonna be great! Mew and me are going to do amazing magic! I just know it!"

"Yeah," you say hotly, licking your lips as you look down at the lovely catgirl. "I think so too."

She glances up at you, and you see the desire in your gaze reflected in her own. The warmth of her joy becomes something hotter. More primal and headier. Lust. Pure, powerful lust for you.

"Yeah?" Nadia purrs, sliding down your chest and to her knees. "You want me to show some fun magic?"

"I'm game," you say, voice rough as your cock bulges against your loincloth.

She giggles. "I bet mew are," she says, winking before pulling the fabric aside.

Her eyes widen as your shaft fairly bursts into the open, thick and throbbing with lust for the flirty feline witch. She gasps, her ears twitching and eyes widening in awe. "Oh," she breathes, then licks her lips. "Ohhhhh," she coos, leaning in and letting her tongue glide up along your underside.

You grunt, tensing in pleasure as her lips do their wonderful work. Purring softly, Nadia runs her tongue along your cock, slickening it and sending pure lust thudding up through your veins. After the third trip from base to pole her lips part, and she takes your shaft in her mouth.

“F-fuuuuuuck,” you moan, resting your hands on her head as she begins to passionately bob, her lips running up and down your manhood, her tail and ears flicking with delight as she gives you the most passionate blowjob of both your lives.

And the collar is making it even better.

The magical sensitivity that throbs through you radiates from the collar and your cock. Nadia’s passionate affections make your breathing grow heavy and hot. Panting in pleasure as she bobs on your manhood, your tip hitting the back of her throat, her hands stroking what her lips can’t get around.

And fuck does it feel good.

“That’s it,” you breathe, stroking her head. “Good kitty. Just like that. Fuck. Just like thaaaaat.”

“Mmmm,” Nadia moans, her eyes shyly meeting yours, but burning with a lust that you can feel radiate through your bond with her.

You grunt, firming your legs as you feel them threaten to buckle as she puts her tongue to work too. Fuck, she’s a blowjob queen! And you don’t think you can hold out for much longer. Especially when her hand teases between your legs and starts fondling your balls, her clever fingers cupping and gently squeezing them as if urging you to give up your seed.

And you’re gonna.

Fuck but you’re gonna give her all she can take.

It feels so good. Too good.

Fuck.

“Fuck!” you gasp, biting your lip with the effort to hold back. A wasted effort. A hopeless one. But good. So good. So near.

Fuck.

Fuck!

“Oh fuuuuuuck!” you moan, head falling back as you absolutely explode. Your cock throbs, and you pump what feels like gallons of your thick seed into Nadia’s hungry mouth.

The catgirl moans with happiness, drinking it down with delight, swallowing thirstily with a pleasure you can feel through your bond. She’s fucking loving it, and making sure you know it.

Breathing hard, you feel yourself slowly soften in the catgirl's mouth. Finally, she lifts her lips from your shaft, her tongue flicking to catch any lost droplets of your seed. "S... see?" she pants, beaming. "Isn't that wonderful magic?"

"I'll say," you gasp, grinning. "Know any more?"

She giggles. "You bet! And my familiar is gonna get all of them. Mmm," she hums, nuzzling your crotch adoringly, the brim of her hat cocking against your body. "My own familiar!"

You smile fondly down at her, feeling the genuine love she has for you. You stroke her head, which sets off her purr again, and you chuckle. Well, your witch is not hard to please, that's for sure.

And you have a feeling life with her will be very fun...

End

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

Witch's Pet

Your axe swings, cleaving through the wood on the chopping stump with a single blow.

With a grunt you grab the halves of the log and toss them onto the rest of the pile, taking a moment to admire your work for the day. Not bad. Not bad at all. Mistress will be pleased. And that's everything for you.

You smile as you think of her. Lovely mistress. Wonderful mistress. A breeze wafts across the garden, making you shiver a bit. It would be nice if Mistress let you wear clothes, but she loves to see you naked, and you love making Mistress happy. Therefore naked you will be, and you'll like it.

"Oh Pet! Come here please!"

You perk up at the familiar voice and drop your axe, eagerly making your way back to the cottage. You open the backdoor and spot Mistress tending the cauldron, her back to you as she works.

God but she's gorgeous.

Your eyes run over her curvy figure. Her wide hips and the flick of her weaving tail. Her lush, perky ass. Her huge breasts visible even while she's facing away. All trapped in clothes that are practically painted on. You feel your collar warm and love for her washes through you in a wave of heat, focusing naturally on your cock, which juts out shamelessly at the sight of her. You can't resist the urge to wrap your fingers around your length and give yourself a slow, tantalizing stroke.

Mistress Nadia turns towards you, the quick motion sending her breasts bouncing, and when she sees you she smirks.

"Aw, Pet! Are you horny for mistress?" she asks sweetly.

"Woof!" you say, nodding eagerly.

She giggles and skips up to you, pressing her massive tits to your chest as her hand joins yours on your cock. "Aw, that's so sweet! You're such a good boy for Mistress. Aren't you? Aren't you Mistress's good boy?"

You shudder at those words. At her touch. At her hands stroking your head and cock respectively. Had you a tail, it'd be going a mile a minute. "Woof! Woof!" you gasp.

"Who's my good boy?" she teases. "Who's my good boy? Is it you? It's you, isn't it?"

You whine in agreement, panting as pleasure throbs from your cock, your knees growing weak at her touch.

Nadia coos, leaning up and kissing your cheek. "Mmm. I know, boy. I know! But not yet," she says, pulling her fingers away from your shaft, making you whimper in disappointment. "Aw, sorry, Pet. But I can't let you cum for me yet. Because I need your help with a spell first."

A spell?

You perk up eagerly. You can help with that. You love helping with Mistress's spells! After all, that is your job. Your task. Your purpose as her familiar, beyond doing whatever she says and fucking her into a moaning mess each night.

"Oooh, I knew that'd make you happy," Nadia giggles, fluttering her lashes at you. "Now c'mon! This way, Pet," she chirps, grabbing your leash and giving a tug.

"Woof!" you say enthusiastically, obediently following her to the cauldron. You peer inside, examining the swirling hues of the magic within. Oh boy, you can't wait to see what she intends with it! Her spells are always so much fun.

But mixing the potion is too, and you watch expectantly as Nadia unlaces her top and pulls it off. You literally drool at the sight of her plump breasts spilling into the open, her pale flesh flush and nipples perked with arousal. She sees your stare and winks, fetching out a potion from her belt.

"Let's get started, pet," she coos, downing the phial.

The moment the sparkling blue concoction is down her throat Nadia moans, and you stare as her already huge bust grows easily another cup size. Her breasts quiver, and Nadia pants, cupping them wantonly.

"Oh fuuuuuck," she gasps, massaging her tits. "That's... ah... O-okay, Pet. Time to... time to make some m-magic!"

"Rrrrr," you growl hungrily, moving up behind her. On shaky legs Nadia turns towards the cauldron, grabbing the rim and leaning over it, thrusting her ass out. Your hands land on her hips, the catgirl squeaking in sensitivity, her flesh quivering under your touch. You give her ass a squeeze, then hook your fingers in the band of her thong, pulling it down and unveiling the full orbs of her rear. Which were already plenty visible, but now you can see the lush gash of her pussy too, and that is worth another look.

You move in closer, leaning over her, your leash falling onto her shoulder as your hands slide up her slim waist and to her chest. Your palms fill themselves with the plushness of her breasts, and Nadia mews in pleasure as you gently squeeze. You rock your hips forward, your

cock sliding between her thighs, rising to rest against her pussy. The heat of her arousal radiates against your shaft. Her juices soak your cock as you saw it against her.

“M-mew! G-gimme it, Pet,” she pants, her tail twitching in ecstasy. “Gimme that cock!”

You growl again, draw back, then push home.

“Oooooooh!” Nadia moans as you stuff her with your cock, her tail shooting straight up against your stomach as you begin to rut into her. Thrusting at first slow, steady, driving your cock into her lush pussy with a lazy swing of your hips. Your hands squeeze and pump her massive breasts, massaging them as your fingers play over her nipples.

Nadia whimpers, mews, and moans. Putty in your hands. Helpless under you. But in control still. A word would make you stop. A command would see you on the floor whimpering. But she doesn't. She wants it. Wants you. Wants your cock and your hands and to be fucked like a bitch in heat.

And you give it to her.

You take her hard and fast, your hips spanking off her ass as you pump her bouncing breasts until cream spurts from her nipples, spraying into the cauldron below.

“Yessss!” Nadia meows in helpless pleasure. “Ohhhh yessss! Fuck mew! Fuck mew hard! Nnn! Don't nnn stop! Yes! Milk mew! Good kitty. Good boy! We're good... good... ah! Ah!”

Her praise sings through you from your collar. You redouble your efforts. Pounding into her. Mating her. Taking her. Fucking her with frantic jackhammering of your hips. The concoction in the cauldron swirls and pulses. Sparks burst from it as her magic infused milk adds itself to the mix.

“Mew! Fuck! Yes! Yes!” Nadia wails, trembling. “Oh f-fuck yessssssss!”

She wails as she cums, her inner walls clenching around your pounding cock, and there's no way you can hold back from that. You let out a howl as you stuff her a final time, filling her, and then your balls tighten and you pump her full of your thick, potent seeds.

It feels like gallons of it stuffs her, and Nadia wails in bliss as she takes your load. Your seed that, due to the familiar contract, is so stuffed with magic her breasts swell anew, then absolutely gush with her mana infused milk.

It pours into the cauldron, and a great heave of arcane smoke exhales from it, swirling in the air and around you both. You watch it dimly, barely caring as you continue to gently massage and pump Nadia's breasts, milking her down to her normal cup size.

“Ooooh,” Nadia moans, sprawling against the rim of the cauldron, spent but delighted in it. “Good... good boy. Oh mew, what a good boy.”

The joy you feel at those words is almost more than the pleasure of your orgasm. You lean down, kissing the back of Nadia’s neck, making the lovely catgirl giggle and squirm under you, still impaled on your cock. A familiar position. A wonderful one.

For you are the witch’s pet.

And there’s nowhere you’d rather be...

Bad End

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

Hell Yay!

Look, there's a time when a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. And if fucking this bimbo of a catgirl requires you wear her collar, then so be it. Sure, you'll be abandoning the goddess's quest and submitting yourself to the whims of a hot catgirl with about two braincells to rub together, but come on! That body. That offer! No man alive could really refuse it.

"Sure," you say. "I'm game."

Nadia gasps, clasping her hands before herself happily. "You will?" she asks. "Really really really?"

"Absolutely," you say, getting down on your knees, throwing your arms wide. "Collar me, baby."

"Yay!" Nadia squeals, bounding forward and into your arms. You catch her, holding her against you, and much as you suspected, her body feels incredible. Your hands engulf the cheeks of her ass and give a squeeze, feeling that firm, melony goodness of a perfect rear. Her tits squish against your chest gloriously, and her ears twitch an inch from your nose.

Then you feel the collar slip around your neck and seal tight, and oh mama, it gets even better.

"Mmmmm," you groan as pure tactile pleasure washes through you from your neck down. Your body seems to grow more sensitive. More aware of every sensation. The roughness of your loincloth on your cock. The tightness of your belt. The softness of Nadia's breasts and the diamond-hardness of her nipples pressing through her top.

Oh fuck, this is the good stuff, baby.

This is what you're here for!

"So," you grunt, grinning down at her. "How's this whole-"

"Shhhh," she purrs, pressing a finger to your lips and giving you a wink. "Good pets don't talk. Good pets just... feel..."

You raise an eyebrow as she slides slowly out of your lap, her face coming to rest near your crotch. You gasp as she pulls aside your loincloth, your cock springing to attention at its full length.

"Ooooh," Nadia coos, licking her lips as her hands reverently begin to stroke your manhood. "That's goooood."

You groan as she gets to work, her hands tenderly pumping your cock. You don't say anything. After all, she told you not to. And you have to obey the Mistress. You don't even really think about how that is now so important. It just pops into your head, and feels perfectly natural. Much like the way that Nadia's lips run up and down your cock, her tongue doing things you never even thought possible.

"Mmmm," Nadia purrs, the vibrations aching through to your balls. You pant hot and heavy, head tilting back, hips bucking to push yourself into her mouth. Oh fuck. Oh fuck, that's good. That's soooo goood.

Her pace increases, and you realize Nadia has her hand between her legs and is strumming herself through her thong. The knowledge excites you even more, and your hips make frantic jerks, your climax growing closer. Closer. Your breath grows hotter. Heavier.

"Ah. Ah! Awooooooo!" you groan, whole body tightening as your orgasm rocks through you. Your cock throbbing as you unload into the witch's hungry mouth.

"Mmm," Nadia moans, her throat working as she drinks your seed, her body quivering, hips twitching as her own orgasm rocks through her, soaking her thong until her juices drip onto the floor.

"Mmwah!" Nadia gasps, lifting her mouth off your shaft, her eyes glowing with delight as she looks up at you. "That... that was great, huh Pet?"

"Woof," you reply, not even wondering why you're barking. It's only natural for pets, after all.

Nadia giggles and reaches up, tapping your nose fondly. "That's right! And you're gonna be my good boy, right?"

"Woof! Ruff!" you pant, nodding as a bliss almost orgasmic courses through you at the words 'good boy'. Because you are a good boy. A good boy for Mistress.

And you just know you're going to be so happy here...

[Witch's Pet](#)