

Stat Maxxing

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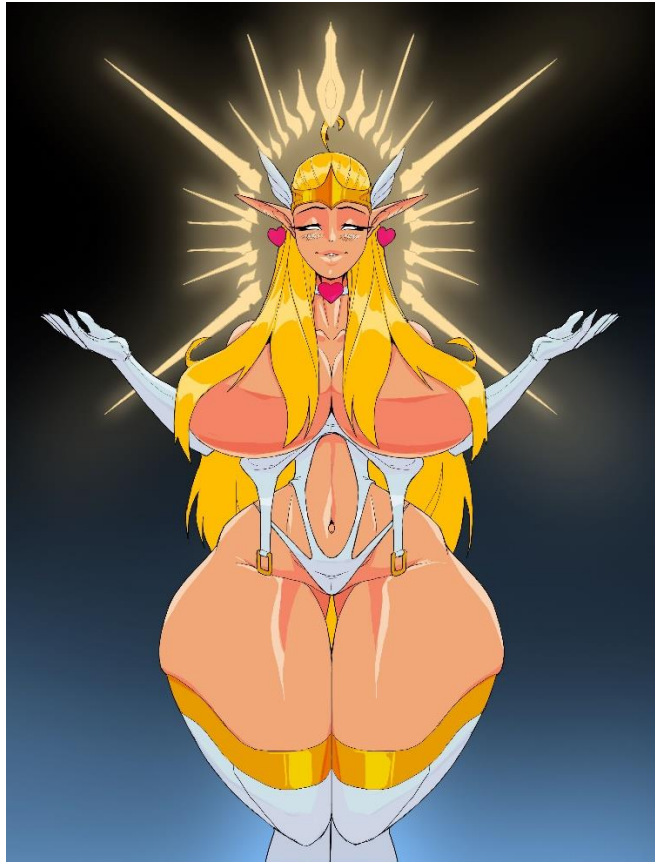
All characters appearing in this story are over the age of 18. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to real people or situations is coincidental.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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

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[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

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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

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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 crueller, 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...

To be Continued

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

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

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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](#)