

Treasure of the Serpent Queen

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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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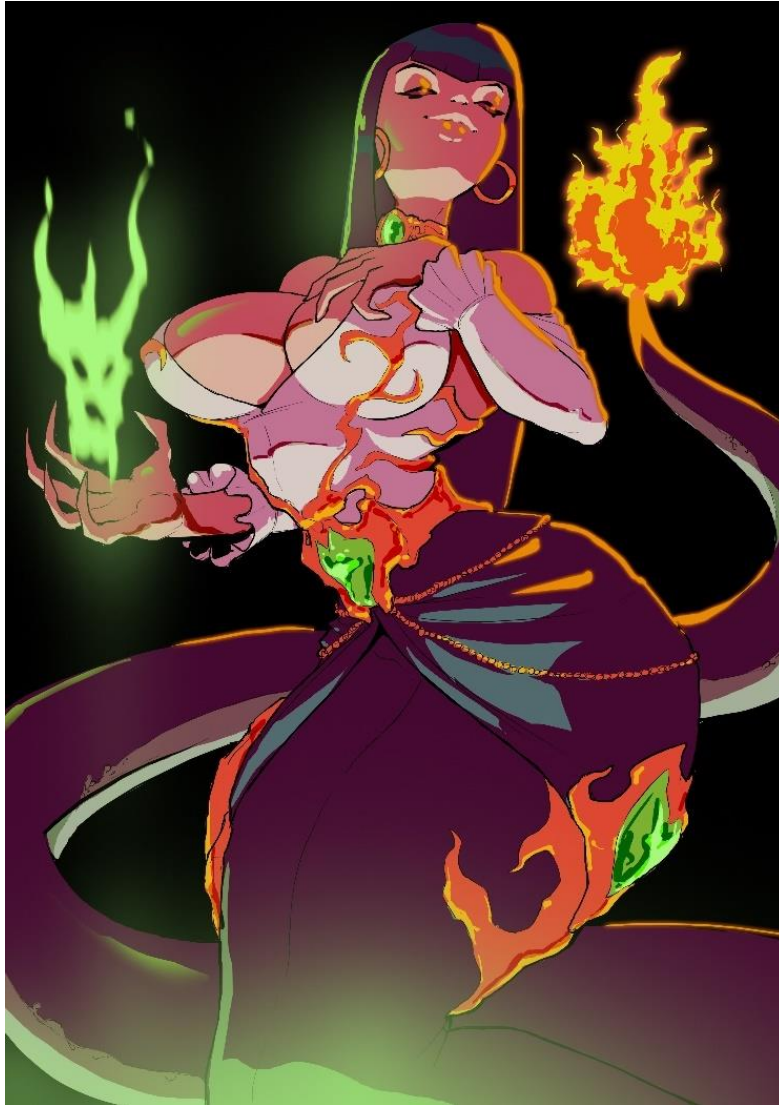
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Sorcerous Serpent



The air is so dry and so hot it shimmers across the sandstone ruins of Ladua. Huge, ancient buildings whose hollowed shells play host to the squatting adventurers who dare the distant realm of the desert, men and women seem not so much to live as crawl in the shadows of the titanic buildings, their own hovels dwarfed by the converted palaces and temples half choked in the sand. Among cracked pillars are bazaars and tents of itinerant marketplaces, lost in the shadows of ancient statues looming like petrified gods.

You scan it, assessing it. There are many races in here. Men and women and monsters as well. At a stall you spot a lizardman haggling with a figure so swaddled in robes you cannot tell their identity. At another, a tabby catgirl entices a turbaned merchant to try a perfume, though the man seems more interested in the sash that serves as her only clothes, leaving one firm breast bared.

At your back is the shining sea, the ship that brought you here bobbing at anchor. Your name is Alistair Vat, you're back in Ladua after a harrying mission for your mistress, and you'll be glad to see it finished. You start off, a grey cloak deadening the sun's rays, the satchel with all your worldly goods thrown over your shoulder as you approach one of the square buildings, half buried in the endless sand. The building leans between the legs of some colossal statue whose arms have long since fallen away, but whose feminine aspects are far from forgotten. You can't help but admire the impressive orbs of the cleavage. Some stoneworker spent an extra amount of time getting those right. The statue's other, more bovine features are of interest as well. It's said that once these lands were of milk and honey. Well, you can see where the former came from.

You shake your head and approach the curtain that serves as a door to the hovel. You pull it back and enter.

Gloom devours the interior, but as your eyes adjust to the glow of a single lamp, you make out the sprawl of goods. Mummified animals hang from the ceiling. Books so dry their spines crack fill crooked shelves crammed into cracks in the walls. A strange, spicy scent hangs heavy in the air.

"Is that you, apprentice? Come in. Come in."

The voice seeps from an adjoining room. A shiver works up your spine at the sibilant voice and you approach. Beyond is a large room filled with more books and faded tapestries, their threads worn and hung on the walls on wooden dowels that clack softly from the breeze gusting through a large open window. Cracked relics, artifacts, and statuettes crowd every corner and shelf. Books lie open on every surface, tags marking pages in the crooked towers of piled volumes.

Eyes catch the light. A hiss of scales on stone preludes the lamia stirring from where she lounges among a pile of cushions, unwinding herself as lazily as a snake in the sun. Her scales are black with violet swirls, a loose white blouse gleaming with golden stitching, a plunging collar teasing you with her firm, full breasts. Hoop earrings hang from her ears, while bangles ring up and down her serpentine lower half. Her eyes gleam with a serpent's slit pupils. Though she resembles the dancer of a seraglio, this woman knows more of sorcery and power than many bearded archivists at the highest colleges in the world.

"Lamera," you say.

Lamera smiles, her fangs gleaming as she winds around a low table and reclines behind it. The beautiful serpent woman is a sorceress of the highest degree, despite the shabbiness of her home. She claims to be the descendent of the original rulers of Ladua. A forgotten dynasty ruined by their own hubris, supposedly challenging the gods themselves. After working with the flighty, arrogant lamia for a few years, you can well believe she's their heir.

"Please, sit," she says, gesturing across the table.

You feel the end of her tail nudge you and you obey, the cushion you kneel on puffing with dust as you get comfortable. You swing the satchel off your shoulder and open it, digging out a bronze disc, strange carvings radiating from each of the eight facets.

"I got it," you said. "But I had to dig it out of a slime in some ruins of an old swamp. It was--"

“Yes yes, very difficult,” Lamera says, greedily snatching the amulet from your hand. You sigh, settling back as she holds up the relic, her eyes devour its facets and the scratches of script.

“Yessss,” she hisses, the bangles on the tip of her tail rattling with growing excitement. “This is it! At last. You have done well, my apprentice. Now, to use it! Swiftly. Clear the table.”

You roll your eyes but obey, unable to suppress a subtle shiver of anticipation. Apprenticeship to the sorcerous serpent before you has not been what you were expecting, that much is for sure. Lamera is brilliant, of that there is no question, and she delights in acquiring knowledge, but the actual acquiring of it is much too onerous for her. In fact, it’s why she originally took you on as her apprentice, and your trekking about the world leaves little time to learn magic, if she were even inclined to teach it. You sigh again. You wish you could have found another instructor for sorcery, but times are tough for education. Honestly, you don’t know why you hang around here.

“Excellent,” Lamera says as you finish clearing the table. “And now, let us begin!”

Without further ado, Lamera grasps the neckline of her blouse and tears it open, her firm breasts bouncing into the open. Your eyebrows pop up as you behold the perfect orbs of the snakewoman’s tits, arcane signs inked into her pale flesh. Oh, right. You’re... starting to remember why you hang around.

Lamera places the amulet in the center the table, aligning the eight points in some arcane way. Long faded engravings in the wood suddenly glow hot as she spreads her hands above them, a murmur of words in the language of sorcery spilling from her forked tongue. You suck in a breath, sudden darkness enfolding you both, as if the world outside the room were snuffed out like a candle.

“Now, to break the seal. Apprentice?” she says as her hands weave in the air, magic flowing between her hands as if she swept them through violet water. “Deal with the guardian.”

“The what!”

Your cry of alarm is lost as the disc rattles and jumps. A hiss like the desert wind builds in the air, blue smoke whistling from the amulet, whirling like a twister in the air. You bolt to your feet, grabbing your sword and drawing it as a figure takes shape upon the table. The hissing smoke whirls around her, resolving into a form of shockingly feminine beauty. Full breasts of blue flesh bounce into being. Hips swell to a narrow waist. A crown of gold inlaid with rubies top a mane of silver hair. Strips of silk garb her, as ethereal as the wind, hiding nothing of her strikingly beautiful form. Her eyes open, flashing with luminous light, her body floating in the air. Perfect. Flawless. A woman of unearthly beauty. A goddess of air and magic.

Alarm wars with desire in you. You recognize her now. A djinn. A spirit bound as a guardian with accursed spells, her powers of seduction unmatched in the mortal realm. Immortal. Beautiful. There’s countless legends of men falling to their wives, bound in their service for all eternity.

And you get to deal with her.

“Shit,” you hiss.

Her eyes pick you out and her smile of beatific loveliness literally takes your breath away.

“Mortal,” she says, her voice a breathy moan, her hands gliding up her hips, cupping the blue orbs of her immense breasts. “You have freed me from my seal. And now I, Nadia of the West, shall grant your wish to serve me.”

Your tongue fumbles. “I uh, that’s not my-”

“To enjoy the pleasure of my lips,” she says, ignoring your protest, blowing you a kiss, a cloud of smoke puffing from her, striking your face. You inhale sharply, your lungs and head filled with the smoke. “My breasts,” she says, giving her chest a bounce, captivating your stunned gaze. “And my love,” she says, her giving her hips a roll, displaying her lush, velvety pussy...

You gape at her, in awe of her beauty. Her loveliness. Her... her...

No.

No!

You shake your head, the fog in your mind dissipating for a moment. You recognize her trick. A hypnotic spell to draw you in, enthralling you to her wiles and her body. But you won’t fall to her here.

...Right?

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Attack

Though the ethereal beauty before you is a being of unimaginable power, you've never met a foe who could resist a sword in the heart.

Before you can again fall under the power of her jiggling tits, you let out a cry and lunge for her. Her eyes widen in surprise as your blade leads, plunging into her chest. She gasps, your sword sliding into her with such ease it's like you were stabbing a cloud.

"Ohhhh poooooooo!" she moans, light blazing from the wound. Your eyes widen moments before she explodes in a blast of light. You're thrown from your feet, hurled across the room to crash into a rotting bookcase. You rebound, landing flatly on your face, several volumes of ancient lore knocked loose, smacking off your prone body in a few final blows to your dignity.

For a moment you just lie there, groaning as your body twitches with pain. But as you feel the winds of magic fade in the room you wearily raise your head and behold Lamera finishing her spell. The darkness that swathed the room fades as a bead of light glows hot atop the bronze amulet, moving slowly about the surface like a dog sniffing for a trail.

Lamera lets her hands fall, planting them on the table. She looms over her prize with a fanged smile, its glow washing over her rapturous face. "Yesssss," she purrs. "It works!"

You climb painfully to your feet, approaching the table. "I'm fine, by the way," you say.

"Hm?" Lamera says, glancing up briefly. "Oh, good. You're still alive. Well done, apprentice."

You open your mouth, close it. Your shoulders sag in exhaustion at dealing with her, knowing that's probably the only apology you'll receive. "Was all this worth it?" you ask instead.

"Of course! Behold," Lamera purrs, spreading her hands on the table before her, her burning gaze looking at the bronzed disc.

You lean in as well, peering at it curiously. The bead of light seems to have made its decision, shining white like a guiding star, rising up towards the east.

"What's that?"

"Our compass, my dear apprentice," she purrs, her voice sibilant, trilling through you. "One to the greatest prize in all the world. Know you of the Black Pyramid?"

"Of course," you say, shrugging. Who doesn't? It's been said to exist by many. The fabled final tomb of the last great queen of Ladua. Lost millennia ago among the sands when an apocalypse claimed the forgotten kingdom. Some said that the gods, grown angry at the vain queen, raised the deserts to devour the once prosperous kingdom, destroying it in a single night. Many an adventurer and expedition has gone out seeking it. None have discovered it, if they returned at all.

"This artifact, my student, points the way to it."

That gets your attention. You look closely at the bead of light that burns upon the disc. "That's what it does?" you say.

"Surprised?" she giggles, the bangles on her arms and girdle chiming. "I have put much work into this, my dear apprentice. And with it, I will gain access to the Black Pyramid and all its many treasures! Its knowledge and power will be mine for the taking! And with it, I shall regain the throne robbed from my ancestors so long ago."

You sag back as she delves into her rant. It's a familiar refrain. Lamera has had you trek around the world to bring her scrolls and books said to belong to her fabled dynasty, all in the aim of reclaiming her 'royal birthright'. It's been a pretty poor apprenticeship, all things said. She's barely taught you a scrap of sorcery, which is why you've invested so much time in the martial arts.

"Let me guess," you sigh. "You want me to get it?"

Lamera chuckles and flicks your chin with the tip of her tail. "What a clever apprentice I have."

You shiver, cock throbbing in your pants. It would be a lot easier to abandon Lamera and try to find another teacher if she wasn't so damned attractive. And she's made the promise of raising you to a high rank when she's queen. For a long time you thought she was merely mocking you, but for once, you think she might actually pull it off. It's a tempting prospect, and the sultry snake knows exactly how to get you riled up.

"So ah, when do I leave?"

"Today," she says, idly stroking the disc in her grasp. "You will need to arrange our journey with that cow of a priestess, of course."

Damn, that's right. You'd almost forgotten about that. Though Ladua has no real government, the Temple of the Moon basically run the place, and any expedition that seeks to enter the desert needs to run it by them for permission. The only safe road runs through their holy ruins, and they're very temperamental about that. Not to say you can't try and pass through the ruins without their permission. It's just that no one has and survived. You've had to deal with them before, and though their system is... difficult, you know what you're about.

"Alright, sounds good," you say, then remember something. "Wait... 'our' journey?"

Lamera gives you a playful look. "You didn't think I would leave such a work to you alone, did you? No no! I shall travel, and you shall accompany me."

Though you should probably feel relieved knowing your powerful mistress is going to come along on a dangerous journey, you're only more anxious. Lamera and the high priestess of the Temple are not exactly on the best terms. "Oh," you say. "How... marvelous."

Lamera raises a brow, clearly now buying it. "My my. Is my apprentice disappointed?" she asks, the tip of her tail teasing under your chin.

You swallow hard, head tilting back. "No, no," you say quickly. "I just ah!"

You gasp as the end of her tail swipes your legs out from under you, dumping you into her firmcoils. She moves over you, her golden eyes gleaming. "But my precious student," she purrs, her

serpentine body sliding under you, propping you up to look at her. “You sound doubtful. Need I to convince you of the many...” she says, reaching down, teasing the collar of your shirt, flicking open a button. “Many benefits to my presence?”

[You’re Convinced](#)

[Maybe a Bit of Convincing...](#)

Wait

You hold back, wary. You've heard much of djinn but have never personally faced one, and you'd be a fool to rush in based on what you know only from rumor and hearsay.

Not that Nadia seems too worried. The djinn's smile deepens and her hands cup her bust.

"Mmm. Are you admiring me, mortal?" she breathes, a waft of warm air tinted with the scent of cinnamon washing over you in a gust. "Do not be ashamed. Watch me, mortal. Stare. I am immortal. I am beautiful. I am here for you..."

The cadence of her voice seeps into your ears like water over a stone. Lazy yet irresistible. As another waft of sweet air hits you, you find yourself staring at her breasts. Admiring the way her blueberry bust bounces in her hands. Perfect. Flawless. Full and tantalizing beyond compare.

"Just watch," Nadia breathes, her voice echoing in your ears like a hundred whispers. "Just stare. Good mortals don't resist. They only submit. You cannot look away. You cannot resist the softness of my beautiful breasts..."

Your arms feel heavy. You blink slowly. Weren't... weren't you supposed to... supposed to be doing something...

Her hands suddenly pull aside the jangling brazier, revealing herself utterly. You gasp, the sight of her jiggly soft breasts nearly knocking you on your ass. Your head reels and you gape in awe as she gives her breasts a bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce.

"Come closer, mortal," Nadia coos. "Come closer to my breasts. They call to you, mortal. They need you. Show them how much you love them. Show them how much you adore them..."

Your feet shuffle on the floor. The lazy swirl of cinnamon air seems to push you towards her. Beckon you towards the unearthly beauty bouncing her perfect tits. You're soon right before her, watching her bounce her breasts. Captivated by the sway of those orbs, your breathing slow, timed to every rise and fall.

"Kiss them," Nadia breathes.

You lean in and obey, pressing your lips to a bright blue breast.

"Lick them."

You find yourself running your tongue over her flawless teat, a taste like cinnamon and liquor tingling on your tongue and rushing into your head like a breath of fumes.

"Serve them," she purrs.

Your hands come up, cupping her soft, malleable breasts as you lovingly kiss and fondle her tits. Pressing them together, squeezing their marshmallow softness between your fingers. You groan, your head spinning, any thought but adoring these tits seeping from your mind, eroded, stone to sand, washed and played with by the humours of the cinnamon sea. Your mouth finds the peak of a nipple, gently suckling, nibbling at her firm teat, groaning with slavish pleasure.

"Gooooood slave," Nadia moans, her hands moving around your head, tugging you deeper into her tits, pressing your face into the valley. Surrounding you with her. "Gooooood boy. Adore my breasts. My lovely breasts. So soft. So perfect to cradle your empty head. So perfect to submit to. To obey. Good, obedient slave. My breasts are your everything. My breasts are your obsession. I am your obsession. You live to serve them. Serve me.

"Serve my big.

"Bouncy.

"Breasts."

"Yesssss," you moan, voice muffled between her tits, face smothered in those orbs as you kiss and nuzzle them.

"Good boy," Nadia purrs again.

You hear her snap her fingers and gasp as your clothes suddenly dissolve to nothing. You groan as she pulls you deeper into her breasts, one of her hands diving between your legs, her fingers wrapping around your cock.

"Let me show you... what good slaves... get..." she murmurs.

You gasp as her hand begins to stroke your cock. Pumping you in lazy, slow motions that sends aching shockwaves up into your groin. You feel as if you're floating, trapped in the prison of her breasts and the gentle stroking of her hand. Her grip is gentle, and yet you can't even dream of escaping it. Not as long as those pillowy tits squeeze around your head. As long as that hand pumps your needy cock.

"That's it," Nadia coos. "Just forget, silly mortal. Just forget ever thinking. Just forget who you were. You're my slave, mortal. My obedient servant. You love to serve mistress. You adore her. Need her. Can you feel it, slave? Feel all those thoughts about freedom... All those memories before my breasts... Can you feel them gather in your balls? Growing so heavy? So desperate to spurt out of you?"

"Y-yesssss," you gasp.

"And what do you think will happen, pretty slave, when you cum?" Nadia hums.

"D-don't kn-knoooooow," you groan.

"Silly," she giggles. "Why, you'll forget all about before, and become my good, obedient, mindless slave." You feel her lean in closer, her warm breath teasing your hair as she whispers, "Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

It does.

It really does.

Especially when her hand increases its pace, running up and down your cock tenderly. Lovingly. You groan, rutting into her stroking palm, desperate to cum. Desperate to give in. You want to. You have to. It will feel so good. So right. Cumming for mistress. Serving mistress. Adoring mistress.

You have to cum.

Cum.

CUM!

“Ohhhhhhhhh!” you groan, shuddering cock throbbing pulsing, spurting your seed into the air. Emptying your balls. Your mind. Your will. Casting it aside for that moment of ecstasy. That eternity of blissful servitude.

You hear mistress giggle, her breasts jiggling around your head.

“Good slave,” she purrs, easing you down.

Down.

Down into the blessed darkness of obedience...

[Djinn's Slave](#)

Magic

You may not have learned much magic at the feet of Lamera, but you've got enough to hopefully banish this buxom temptress. You gather a crackle of power in your hand and swing your arm towards her.

"Ha!" you cry, a bolt of lightning crackling from your palm, spearing towards the djinn.

Who opens her mouth, and eats the bolt like a piece of spaghetti.

Your triumphant smile falls as Nadia sucks in the spitting bolt, her tongue teasing around her soft lips, sparks dancing and fading. "Mmmm. Delicious," the djinn giggles, her eyes narrowing as they scrutinize you, her hand touching her plump lips in thought. "But I think I hunger for an even better snack."

You hastily gather your magic for another assault, only for the djinn to inhale, her chest swelling with the breath she takes, and then blow a sudden cloud of cinnamon scented smoke at you.

You yelp, drawing back, but the smoke consumes you in a rush, whirling around you like a tempest with you trapped within the eye. You turn wildly, wondering where the next attack will come. But as you do, you begin to feel strange, your stomach flopping with vertigo like you're on a ship in a storm. Your clothes suddenly feel looser than before.

You stagger, shaking your head and bump against something hard. You step back as the whirling tempest begins to fade and find yourself before what seems to be the massive foot of one of the titanic statues from the ruined city.

Giggling laughter rumbles above you. You look up in shock.

It's not a statue.

Your eyes follow pale blue thighs to a slender waist, past the planets of breasts and to Nadia's smiling face. The djinn towers over you like a goddess made real, her spell having shrunk you to the size of a mouse! And worst yet, your clothes didn't go with you. You stand before a titan of sultry beauty utterly naked.

"Much better," Nadia says, her voice booming like thunder as she squats down with all the slowness of a giantess, her hand blotting out the world as she reaches for you.

You yelp in horror, turning to try and run, but she easily scoops you up, her laughter ringing like the silver bells of a church of Agren as she lifts you up.

The rush of air is deafening, and in seconds you find yourself level with the djinn's face. She's even lovelier up close, a fact you can't help but notice despite your terror. You try and wriggle from her grasp, but her fingers, though holding you loosely, do so firmly, cradling your body in her palm like she might a doll.

"How cute! Look at your little legs," Nadia giggles.

“W-wait!” you gasp as she moves you towards her mouth, your kicking feet ignored. “Hold on! Please! No! I... nnnnn!”

You groan as she takes your legs between her lips, her eyes growing lidded as she gently sucks on your lower body. You gasp as her saliva slickens you, your cock rubbing against her lip as her tongue teases your legs. Despite the horror of your situation, you can’t help but get hard, tormented with your own pleasure as the insidious goddess toys with your body.

You groan, wriggling between her lips as she sucks on you, your whole body aching with wonderful pleasure. Fear, desire, and a dozen other strange emotions roil you as you struggle in her mouth. Your terror has begun to abate, only to revive as she slides you up to your chest into her mouth.

“Mmmmm,” she hums as her hand suddenly opens. You squeal in surprise as you slide down her palm and into the hot cavern of her mouth. You try and grab for purchase, but your grasping hands find nothing to stop your descent. You fall into the warm cavern, her mouth closing, wrapping you in darkness and the thick, teasing of her tongue.

“Oh f-fuuuuck!” you gasp, trying to escape the writhing thing, but it rolls you against the walls of her mouth and teeth without a care.

It’s slimy. It’s hot. And fuck are you ever turned on! Your cock is absolutely rock hard with desire, rolled against her tongue as she teases you, your arms and legs tangled as you try and struggle against her. But there’s nothing you can do. And it feels so good. Your head is soon spinning, body aching, numb and tingling by her cinnamon breath. Drugging you. Enticing you. Begging you to give in until you can’t even remember why you’re fighting.

“Oh. Ohhh! Ohhhhhh!” you groan, shuddering as her tongue lathes your inner thighs, balls and cock in a single motion, pushing you past that shameful brink. You find yourself pressed against her teeth as her tongue rubs between your legs, trapping you, stroking you despite your slimy struggles. It’s horrific. It’s carnal. And you can’t stop your body from relishing the sensation. You squirm without hope, your cock throbbing. Aching.

“Ah. Ahhh! Oh f-fuck. Oh fuuuuuuuck!”

You cry out, your moan of orgasm echoing in the chamber of her mouth as you cum, body shuddering as you spurt and surrender your seed to the sadistic pleasures of the enchantress.

Her giggle echoes around you as you flop, boneless with the heavy pleasure of your orgasm. Chest heaving, muscles spent, you don’t even offer a token resistance as her tongue lifts you, rolling you back towards the dark depths of her throat. You can’t muster up anything more than a whimper as she swallows you, pulling you deep inside her.

Down.

Down.

Down into the nameless depths, where you’ll be digested by the sadistic djinn...

Bad End

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

Parlay

"W-wait!" you cry. "I'm not the one who broke the seal!"

"Are you not?" Nadia coos, still massaging her breasts, mashing those pillowy orbs together in teasing, rolling motions. "Are you suuuuure? Because... if you did... then you would get to play with my big... soft... breasts..."

You swallow hard, eyes riveted again to those jiggly orbs. No matter how hard you try, you can't seem to look away from them. "I-I mean, I didn't..."

"Didn't you?" Nadia breathes, giving her breasts a bounce.

The jiggle seems to echo in your mind, thoughts jumping and scrambling. "I-I don't think..."

"Thinking is soooooo hard," she croons, her thumbs rubbing slow, lazy circles around her nipples. Round and round those lovely buds. "Don't think. Just... feel. Just clear your mind, mortal. And remember what's important. Remember my breasts. Remember how much you love them..."

You're practically drooling as you watch her tease rings around her nipples. "I... I don't... I mean..." you gasp.

Nadia giggles and exhales deeply. Blue smoke seeps from her lips, wafting to you. Too late do you notice. You start, sucking in a breath, which only fills your lungs and head with the cinnamon scented smoke. You gasp, blinking, head swimming. Confused. You... you try and focus. "Gotta... gotta remember... um..." you stammer.

"Remember how you broke the seal, sweet slave?" Nadia breathes, leaning forward, hefting her perfect tits, her cinnamon scent whirling around you like a playful breeze. Again you inhale, taking in another gust of it. "Remember how much you wanted to see my breasts? Remember how desperate you were to look at them? Adore them? Obsess over them?"

You sway on your feet. Your head feels light. Muddled. Soft as if wrapped among cinnamon clouds. Soft as breasts. As Nadia's breasts. Big, soft breasts. So wonderful. So tempting...

"I..."

"Broke the seal," she says.

"B-broke the seal," you murmur, voice soft, as if coming from very far away.

"To see my breasts."

"To see your breasts..."

"Because you want to obey."

"Want to... obey...?"

"And be a good slave to mistress."

"G-good slave," you murmur, your body feeling light, as if it were floating. Your eyes blinking slowly, each time your eyelids seeming to open just a little less. Your thoughts a little more sluggish. But why think? You don't need to think. Just remember her breasts. Just adore them. Obsess over them. Think only of them.

Even as Nadia's arms reach around you, drawing your head forward, pressing you between her wonderful, perfect breasts.

"Gooooood slave," she purrs, stroking your head as you sink into her bust, your eyelids fluttering a whimpering groan escaping you. "That's it. Just surrender to mistress. Just obey mistress. Just serve. Just obey. Just... obey..."

"Obeyyyyyy," you groan.

"Good slave," she coos, and snaps her fingers.

You gasp as you feel your clothes dissolve around you, leaving you utterly naked before the goddess of the winds. She suddenly pushes you free, and you're falling back, vertigo making your head spin. You jerk reflexively as you land among the softest cushions you've ever known. You lift your head, marveling as a palace seems to form from the very air. Clouds becoming veiled curtains and fluted columns of whitest marble. Cushions of sultry purples, blues and reds trimmed with gold resolve around you. A decadent seraglio of sweet surrender.

But you only catch a glimpse, for in the next moment you're again looking at Nadia's breasts as she straddles your lap, the warm furrow of her mound resting against your cock, her hips grinding your manhood between your stomach and her slit.

"Thaaaat's it," she breathes, smirking down at you as she works herself against your cock, her arousal slickening you up for her inevitable conclusion. "Good slaves give in to mistress. Good slave please her. You love mistress, don't you?"

"I-"

"Don't you?" she coos, giving her hips a particular aggressive sway, sending her breasts bouncing atop her chest.

You gape, thoughts once more jumbled by the sight. "Y-yes!" you gasp, trembling under her with need and desire. "Yes! L-love mistress. Love her breasts!"

"Good mortal," Nadia giggles. She lifts her hips, your cock springing up to attention.

And she sheathes you within her.

Glorious pleasure surges through you in a rush. You cry out, never having experienced such an intense physical bliss. Nadia coos, her hands pressing down on your chest, her hips rocking, her body moving as if she were riding a horse at full gallop, her pussy devouring your cock with every lazy beat of her hips, her breasts bouncing before your dumbstruck eyes.

Bounce.

Bounce.

Bounce.

“Yessssss,” Nadia moans. “Ohhh yesss! Give me your cock. Give me your mortal dick! Ah. Ah! Ohhhhh, good slave. Good slave. Fuck me. Fuck your mistress haaaaard!”

You can’t help but obey. Every other thought has vanished from your mind. Your shaking hands grasp her rump, clinging to the pillowy softness of her blue ass as if to anchor yourself to sanity as her hot pussy devours your cock in mind-melting waves of pleasure. Every buck of her hips drowns you deeper into your enthrallment. Her every cinnamon-spiced gasp steeps you in the perfume of her control.

“Yes! Yessssss!” Nadia cries. “Yes! Fuck me. Cum for your mistress! Give me your seed. Give me your cum! Cum for me, slave. Cum for mistress. Cum.

“Cum.

“Cum!”

“Mistresssssss!” you wail, pushed beyond the brink, hilding within her, clutching her ass as the most intense orgasm you’ve ever known hits you. Your whole body seems to shudder with the ecstasy of the moment, your hips pushing your cock as deep as you can go within her, your moan rising in tone with sweetest bliss as you hit the peak of orgasm.

“Yessssss!” Nadia groans, her pussy drinking your cum, rippling and squeezing your needy cock with every panting, buck of your hips.

You collapse beneath her, utterly spent, utterly drained. Sweet waves of cinnamon wash through your mind, blanking out your thoughts. That there might be something wrong with such wonderful, aching emptiness doesn’t even occur to you. You know nothing. Think of nothing. Nothing but pleasure.

You shudder with delight as Nadia’s hand strokes your cheek, the djinn looming above you, an amused smile gracing her lovely lips.

“Good slave,” she purrs.

You exhale happily, nuzzling her hand. “Yes,” you murmur mindlessly, “mistress...”

[Djinn’s Slave](#)

Seduce

A djinn is a being of immense magic power and unrelenting vanity. Perhaps you can use that against her? In your journeys, you've known many women. Perhaps that's the key to defeating the luscious spirit of the sands.

"Yes, I broke your seal," you say quickly. "And for the very reason you say! I've dreamed of pleasuring a beauty such as you."

"Ohhhhh, really?" Nadia coos, tilting in midair, her dainty feet kicking girlishly, her ample breasts floating.

You try not to stare and fail miserably. "Y-yes," you gasp. "I wanted to sh-show such a powerful, beautiful, wonderful woman what I can do to serve her."

She giggles, her laughter making her tits bounce even more. "Awwww, that's lovely! What a good mortal you are. So quick to understand your place. But let's see what we have to work with first."

She snaps her fingers. You gasp, jolting as your clothes disintegrate at once, dissolving to mists and leaving your body utterly bare. You're not vain, but do believe you have a good figure. Judging by the way Nadia's eyes light up, she agrees.

"Hmmm. Not bad at all," the djinn coos, tilting back in the air. "But looks are only part of it, silly mortal. The real test... is your skill..."

She parts her thighs, revealing the delicate furrow of her cunny. "Go on," she breathes, cinnamon tinted smoke gusting from her lips, her hands running down her inner thighs, framing her lush cunny. "Show mistress what you can do."

The wind rushes around you, slamming into your back, lifting you into the air like a giant's palm made from a cloud. You tumble to your hands and knees before her and raise your head, only to find yourself at eye level with the djinn's delicate blue pussy.

She hovers above you, legs bent back, body tilted so she's looking down between the flawless globes of her breasts and right at you. One of her hands part her cunny, revealing the pink depths, index finger stroking the bead of her clit where it rises from its hood.

"Be a good boy," she croons as her other hand gives her breasts another bounce, "and obey."

You stare, for a moment too gobsmacked to do as bidden. But then your nose twitches, that spicy cinnamon scent tingling in the air even stronger. A shiver of pure delight thrums through your veins and down to your naked cock, hardening you instantly. And... and isn't this what you wanted? Planned? Isn't this what you sought to engineer with her?

Of course it is. You're still in control.

Utterly in... control...

You move forward, the breeze of cinnamon wind seeming to guide your face between her thighs, press you against her mound. You kiss her folds, her taste tingling on your lips, drawing your tongue out to run up along her cunny, a headiness like you just downed an entire glass of rich wine sending your mind spinning.

“Ohhhhhh,” you groan.

“Do I taste good, mortal?” she coos. “Does mistress’s lovely pussy delight your palate? Then please, feast, little slave. Feast as your mistress commands.”

You obey. No other choice even occurs to you. You run your tongue along her cunt, gathering up the sweetness of her arousal, licking her out with all the savouring pleasure of a man at a feast of the gods.

Nadia giggles and gasps as you eagerly eat her out. “Ooooooh, goood boy. You’re... ah... being so mmmm... so very goooooood. Ah, yes. Higher. Higher. Mnnnnn!” she gasps as you obey, your tongue strumming the needy bead of her clit, her thighs tightening around your head. “Ah! Yes! There. Right theeeeere! Ohhhhh, but it seems... mmm... unfair only I... ah... I’m having fun. Take your cock in hand, mortal. Stroke it for me.”

You know you shouldn’t. But you’re just so horny. Your fingers move into your lap and wrap around your shaft. You groan, voice muffled by her muff as your cock answers your touch with a thrum of pure desire.

“That’s it, mortal. Now, stroke it. Stroke your needy slave-cock.”

You try and nod, but her thighs prevent it. The only thing you can do is lick. And stroke. And do whatever she says. Any thoughts about what else you were supposed to be doing has long since been forgotten. Banished to oblivion by the storm of achingly wonderful pleasure that burns through your veins. Your nose presses against her shaven mound, your mouth fairly sucking at her pussy as you lap at her slit, your lips kissing her folds, your tastebuds buzzing with the liquor of her juices. You seem to lose yourself in her. The repeated motions of your hand pumping your cock. The stroke of your tongue and the way her breasts bounce with her every hitching breath. The way her thighs tighten around your head, her body arching as she draws nearer her peak, her whimpers growing even stronger. Rising as her hands clutch your hair, pull you hard against her pussy.

“Yes! Yes! Oh g-gods yesss! Lick me, mortal. Lick me ouuuuuuuut!”

Her voice hits its peak with a sudden song of orgasmic joy. Her body trembles around you, holding you tight against her as she cums! Her juices flood your mouth, flowing over your tongue and lips.

You guzzle her lust, eyes fairly rolling back at the storm of sensations that you feed upon. Your whole body quivers, your cock absolutely pulsing with need in your lap. You stroke it once, twice, and that’s it.

“Mnnnnn!” you moan into her cunny as your cock pulses, throbs, spurting your needy seed all over your hand and lap, euphoria blazing like an explosion in your chest and core. You sway, nearly toppling backwards if not for her legs still holding your head steady.

You feel her hands stroke your head, her giggle shivering through you. "Mmmm," Nadia hums. "Good boy. You did so very well."

"Th-thank you," you say, dazed voice muffled by her muff.

"You're welcome, slave. In fact," she says, thighs flexing, squeezing your cheeks. "You did so well, it would be a shame not to keep you."

"K-keep... me?"

"You don't have a problem with that, right?" she asks.

You blink dazedly at her. Do you? You try and think about it, something niggling at the back of your mind, only for Nadia to lean in and blow a gust of her cinnamon smoke into your face. You blink, eyes growing lidded as you inhale deeply, a dumb smile alighting on your face, your worries sinking into clouds of scented lust.

"Sounds... wonderful... mistress," you breathe.

"Of course it does, slave," she says. "Now, I think you had something to get back to. Hm?"

You moan as her legs tighten around your head, pulling you back against her pussy. Adoringly, your tongue gets to work, your hand resuming its slow pumping of your cock as the world around you seems to swirl away. Transporting you from the darkness of the void in which you challenged the djinn. To where? You don't care.

Not so long as mistress is there.

[Djinn's Slave](#)

Djinn's Slave

You dip your hands into the warm oil, withdrawing them, fingers slick, shining with the glow of the eternal golden sun that burns high above at the apex of the dome. Geometric filigree in dizzying patterns sprawl like ivy down every wall. Thrones and beds of softest cushions surround you on all sides. A realm of recumbent pleasure. A world of perfumed bliss. Endless ecstasy. Eternal joy.

"Mmm. Slave?"

You realize you were lost in the ambiance again. You shake yourself out of it, focusing once more. Your mistress has need of you.

But you take an extra moment to admire her, as you always must. Nadia is draped upon a bed of blue cushions before you, as if she floated on a satin sea. Her clothes are gone, her achingly lovely form stretched out on the bedding, tempting you with her loveliness. Her skin seems almost to shimmer, a glint of light that makes your head grow light and empty. Her bum a soft mound that rises from her slender waist, begging for your attentions. Her hair cascading over her shoulders like twin falls of precious silver.

"Sorry, mistress," you say, reaching down and beginning to rub the oil into her flawless skin. "I was just..."

"Mmmm. Distracted by me?" she asks, tilting her head, her eyes twinkling impishly, taking your breath away.

"Yes," you say, your voice a sigh as your fingers sink into her skin, spreading the shining oil across her body.

"Mmm. Well, I can hardly blame you," she giggles, wriggling under your hands. "Poor slave. So... enraptured with your mistress's body..."

Your face burns, sensitive, tingling in the cloying smoke of the room. You're naked, of course, but for a loincloth of finest white silk. One which is now notably tenting as you spread the oil across her warm skin, fingers pressing it into her. Rubbing it into her. Gods she's beautiful. Gorgeous. Impossibly perfect. Your cock throbs, the gold ring around the root keeping you nice and hard for her, but denying you a wasteful climax. She decides when you cum, as is only right. If not for it, there'd be nothing to keep you from spurting your load every time you touch her gorgeous body.

You inhale the smoke that fills the air, feeling it fill you in a sudden rush. You're floating in heaven. You recall nothing beyond this chamber. It's all there is. It's everything. Time has no meaning in here. Merely an endless sequence of experiences and moments serving your mistress. There is no world beyond it. No life. No existence. There is only here.

There is only the mistress.

Your hands find her ass, and you lovingly massage it, dipping your fingers into the oil again to make sure you have enough to make her shine. Your fingers press into the firm orbs of her bottom, and

you lovingly massage her, squeezing her rump, her cheeks slapping together as you spread them and release them, the sound echoing with sympathetic throbs of your slave-cock.

"Mmmm. Good job, slave," Nadia breathes, shifting. You draw your hands back as she rolls over, cocking her hips, her breasts wobbling as she rests on her back, her slender tummy revealed, her eyes lidded, glowing, her lips smiling, teasing as she rubs her thighs together. "Now, the front."

"Yes, mistress," you breathe.

You get to it with almost unseemly eagerness. Such an honour must be enjoyed. Your fingers run up and down her thighs, making them gleam with oil. You stroke her hips, her waist, ensuring she's coated in the glistening shine. Your fingers hesitate the barest moment before they engulf her breasts.

"Mmmm," the djinn moans, her eyes closing, her head tilting back, her chest thrusting up into your hands. You swallow, mouth dry. The heat of lust aching through you as you adore her breasts. Again and again you have to dip them into the oil to get enough. Your fingers sink into her softness. Spreading the glistening layers the oil. Making her shine. Glisten. Your hands run up the sides, lift her breasts, linger and rub circles around the nipples before releasing them, her breasts bouncing back down, Nadia gasping, cooing. Gods you love her. Love your mistress. Adore your mistress.

"Lower, slave," she murmurs.

You obey, sensing the culmination to this moment. Your hands slide down her body, between her legs.

"There," she says, parting her thighs.

You obey, slickening her inner thighs, spreading the oil up and down, lingering on her mons. You stroke her, making her pussy shine, your fingers teasing along her slit, making her moan in soft pleasure.

"Yesssss. Like thaaaaaat," she groans, stretching like a cat as you stroke her pussy, making it glisten with oil and desire.

Your body trembles with your lust. Your cock nearly pushes your loincloth aside you're so hard, the feel of the fabric nearly sending you over the edge. Your eyes are riveted to the way her tight pussy sucks at your fingers as you pump them in and out of her. Her thighs spreading further, leaving herself bare, open, easily stroked and touched by your hand. A second finger slides into her, your thumb rubbing her upper folds, making her keen with pleasure.

"Yesssss!" Nadia moans. "By the sands... ah... yesssss. Keep mmm... going. Keep going. Ah. My slave. I need... Need more. Give it to me. Give me your cock."

"Y-yes, mistress," you gasp, pulling free your fingers, glistening with her arousal. You move between her thighs, grasping her hips. You pull her onto your knees, your cock nudging forward, stroking against her folds. The djinn groans, her breath hitching as you push inside her.

"Yesss!" Nadia gasps, her pussy tightening around your shaft, squeezing you with her pleasure. "Oh g-gods yessss! Fuck me, slave. Fuck your mistress!"

"Yes... Yes, mistress," you pant, barely able to form the words, the tightness of her cunny nearly robbing you of your voice as you begin to thrust into her, pumping your cock in and out of her heavenly

pussy, every impact making her hips buck. Her breasts bounce. Her voice hitch with the pleasure of your rutting.

But you can't cum.

Were you able, you'd have pumped her full the second you felt her tight pussy surround you. But the ring around your shaft holds you back. Keeps you pent up. Needy. Desperate. You groan, frantically fucking her, plowing her, plunging into her with greater and greater abandon. Sweat glistens on your body. Your balls ache. Your eyes swim in the tension of it. The ring around the base of your cock digs into your sensitive, swollen flesh as you frantically fuck the lovely djinn.

"Ohhhh! Ohhh mistress... Mistressssss!" you groan.

"Yes!" Nadia cries. "Yes! Don't... ah... stop. Don't stop! Fuck me. Fuck me haaaard! Slave... ah... fuck me, mortal. Fuck me my mortal slave!"

You whine, rutting her like an animal, lost to your own need. Your own desperate desire. Your sensitive balls smack her oiled rump, sending shockwaves pulsing up your cock. You feel like you're going mad! Ready to explode! But you can't stop. Can't stop fucking this gorgeous spirit. She commands you. Owns you. Your every pleasure is hers to enjoy. Your every thought of her. Your every act to please her.

And pleased she is. Her blue cheeks are a plum purple. Her glowing eyes are lidded, the jewels in her hair chiming with your thrusts. She clutches the pillows, her voice rising in ecstasy.

"Yes! Yessss! Fuck me! Rut me! By the stars... ah... By the sands and nnnn staaars! C-cum with me. Cum with me, slave. Cum with your mistressssss!"

Her voice rises, a wail of pure pleasure as her inner walls convulse around you. You groan, hilted in her, head thrown back as you join her in that moment, your cock aching, throbbing. You feel the ring loosen, and pleasure explodes through you! You cry out, shuddering, your cock pumping your seed into her rippling depths, your whole being becoming a pinprick of burning light. An orgasm of such intensity you seem to float and disperse on a wave of blissful pleasure.

Slowly, you come down from the heady clouds, finding yourself collapsed among the cushions, naked chest heaving, sweat cooling on your skin. You whimper as you feel something nudge your aching cock and you raise your head, finding Nadia sitting opposite you, the djinn smiling impishly, chin in her palm as one of her legs stretch out, her toes teasingly rubbing your sensitive cock.

"Did my slave enjoy that?" the djinn coos.

"Ohhhh mistressssss," you groan.

She giggles, her toe giving your cock a final playful flick. "Mmm. Good boy. But it's time for mistress's bath. So come come! Up we go."

Though your arms and legs feel ready to come off, you force yourself upright and onto your feet. You don't know if it's something about the smoky air, your mistress's enchanting beauty, or just the realm you reside in, but already you can feel the haggardness of your orgasm lifting, as if your body were simply forgetting about its pains. You follow your floating mistress towards the bathhouse, already

walking with an eager bounce, your cock thickening, your eyes glued to your goddess in worship. Every day is new pleasures as the djinn's slave.

And tomorrow never comes.

Bad End

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

You're Convinced

"Ah, that's okay. I believe you," you say, catching her hand and pushing it away.

Lamera pouts. "Hmm. Spoilsport," she says.

"Maybe," you admit. "But remember, I've got a lot of work to do to prepare for our expedition. Mustn't waste time."

"Hmmm," the lamia says, rolling back and lounging in a seat of cushions, her finger teasing a lock of her hair. "I suppose that's true. And that cow can be so fickle. Very well, apprentice. But, do hurry back," she says, her tongue flicking the air, her eyes gleaming. "I am quite eager to be gone."

"Likewise," you say, doing up the loosened buttons, keeping a wary eye on the lounging serpent. You waste no more time, throwing aside the flap of the door and setting back out into the dusty ruins of Ladua. You've got work to do, and the faster you get it done, the sooner Lamera can become a queen, and hopefully give you your long-promised reward. One thing is for sure.

Your life is about to get very interesting.

[The Temple of the Moon](#)

Maybe a Little Convincing...

"Well," you say as you feel her coils lazily undulate around your legs. "If ah... you wanted to make the argument, I'm willing to listen."

"How reassuring," Lamera croons, leaning in, tilting back your head and kissing you full on the lips.

You wish she wasn't such a good kisser, but wishes do you little good when her lips are locked with yours. Her body lazily wraps around your legs, pinning them tightly in her coils. You groan as her tongue pushes into your mouth, your own wrestling with hers, your body tingling with the hot passion of her kiss. You gasp as she lifts her lips from yours, her forked tongue flicking, tasting the air.

"Did you enjoy that, my apprentice?" she says, her voice a sibilant hiss.

"It's a... ah... compelling argument," you say, your lips still buzzing from her kiss.

Her smile quirks. "Hmm. But I can make an even better one..."

You lift your head as she slithers lower, her body sliding down yours, her breasts dragging across your chest and into your lap. You suck in a breath as her fingers toy with your belt, undoing it, your laces giving way. You groan as she draws your cock out of your pants, her hand taking your shaft, her fingers lovingly running up and down you.

"Hmmm. Delightful," she says, her forked tongue flicking the head of your cock, making you gasp, buck, your body tensing as shocks of pleasure race down into your groin. With another teasing smirk, Lamera reveals another of her serpentine skills, her lips kissing the head of your manhood, then parting, her mouth descending, taking your cock to the root in a single hungry gulp.

"Oh f-fuuuuuuck!" you groan, head falling back as her prehensile tongue wraps around your shaft, slithering up and down it adoringly, her mouth sucking you off with slow, steady strokes of hungry lust.

You try and move, the sensations shooting up from your cock demanding some response, but Lamera's coils have already wrapped around your arms, sneaking up your body while you were enthralled by the sight of her adoring your cock. The grip of her serpentine lower half sends aching excitement racing through you. You groan, straining her coils without success, her coils as tight as steel bands, squeezing you affectionately as her throat and mouth swallow your cock.

"Oh g-gods," you gasp. "Fuck. Fuuuuck! Mistress... ah... mistress, I... I..."

"Mmmm," Lamera croons, her lips lifting off your cock for a moment, her saliva coating your manhood in a glistening pillar of desire. "Don't hold back, my apprentice. Give it to me. Show me that virile lust that makes you... mmm... my favorite. Give me your cum, my darling apprentice. Give mistress what she wants."

Her words end where your cock begins, her lips again descending on your shaft, swallowing you into her throat and maw, her mouth bobbing anew atop you, sucking you, her tongue slithering around

your shaft. You groan, trembling, trying to hold back, but it's too much. Too good. You gasp, shudder, orgasm surging through you until... until...

"F-fuuuuuuck!" you groan, shuddering with your peak, your cock throbbing, pulsing, basting her mouth and throat in your hot seed. You moan, every throb of your cock unloading another spurt of your cum into her, swallowed by the sultry serpent with obvious relish.

You sag in her coils, panting as Lamera lifts her mouth from your cock. Her tongue teasing about her lips with utter satisfaction, chasing every drop. She laughs throatily, patting your cheek as you soak in the weakness of post-orgasmic bliss.

"Now now! No sleeping, my dear apprentice. You still have work to do."

You groan as her coils loosen around you, propping you up as her hands deftly tuck your cock back into your pants and do up your belt. "Yeah, yeah. I'm going," you grunt, setting your feet under you, rolling your shoulders to loosen the kinks after your struggles in her coils.

Lamera's tail deftly turns you about and nudges you towards the door with a jangle of bangles. You take the hint, starting off, adjusting your pants as you go until you're more comfortable. Thrusting aside the curtain of a door, you cross the room and exit Lamera's lair, stepping once more into the dusty dryness of Ladua. Looks like you've got work to do, and the faster you get it done, the sooner Lamera can become a queen, and hopefully give you your long-promised reward. One thing's for sure.

Your life is about to get very interesting.

[To the Temple of the Moon](#)

The Temple of the Moon



The road to the Temple of the Moon is a dusty one, passing through the towering ruins of the tomb-city Ladua and the statues of forgotten gods. You spend the time trying to think of how to make your case. To say Bovara, the high priestess of the temple, hates your mistress is an understatement. They've never gotten along, even before your apprenticeship, and their relationship has hardly improved. That said, you've made trips through the holy ruins before without incident, and Bovara seems to have a bit of a soft spot for you, so maybe you can swing this.

Not that you have much of a choice either way.

The temple itself is easy to find. It stands alone on the outskirts of the city, where the old highway runs into the desert. Rows of crumbling obelisks mark the path to its high white walls. The condition of the temple is pristine compared to the ruins in which it dwells, without a crack to mar the cyclopean walls that separate it from the desolation of the rest of the city. Passing through the gate admits you to a wide boulevard flanked by pools in which lilies float like lazy pleasure yachts. Statues of

the goddess carved of whitest stone guard the mighty doors, her radiant face looking out upon the grounds, her arms positioned as if begging a supplicant to rise, and her breasts... well, they certainly fit a goddess of fertility and bovine beauty.

It's a look mimicked in the priestesses who populate the temple. Lovely all, they lounge among the pools and gardens, dressed in scanty white gowns, slits in the sides revealing wide hips. Acolytes play and splash in the waters while higher priestesses, their horns laced with glittering silver threads like spider webs, look on. Such beauties can rest easy, owing to the guards.

Of them there are many. Minotaurs, their burly frames as rigid and powerful as if carved from granite. Straps of leather cross their chests and loincloths hang between their legs. Huge axes dangle from their belts, ever near at hand, and ever ready to be used. No one who wishes to keep their heads dare molest a Daughter of the Moon.

There are few supplicants today, fortunately, and you don't need to waste time before climbing the wide steps towards the main doors. There, a pair of immense minotaurs await, arms crossed. You halt before them with a bow.

"A supplicant has come to greet the Moon," you say.

The bullman snorts. "Back again?" he grunts.

You shrug.

The minotaur chuckles and heads inside. You don't need to wait long before the guard returns and tilts his horned head, and you follow him into the temple.

The interior is cool, the light dim and pleasant. Baths sink about the edges of the room, giggling acolytes lounging in the waters while motherly Matrons observe their charges. More minotaurs people the chamber in intervals, watching the lovely acolytes, stone faced despite the sultry young women's teasing. You'd be surprised that they can restrain themselves, if you hadn't heard that in the after hours, the guards are often called to 'attend' on the priestesses to aid in their prayers. And a goddess of fertility tends to have a very intimate method of worship. Sometimes, when you passed by the temple at night, you could hear the pleased screams and rutting bellows over the walls.

As you eye the bountiful cow-girls, their breasts glistening with water and oils, a few wrapped in one another's embrace, mooing softly as soft lips lovingly suckle from creamy nipples, you think about how unsurprising it is the cult survived the fall of Ladua.

You focus as you're brought into a receiving chamber, where more pools fill the air with humid steam. Here, another statue of the goddess awaits, her upper half rising out of the floor, her face more bovine than those outside. Between her horns she bears the moon, the disc of silver glowing softly, her immense breasts framing a raised dais where the throne of the high priestess awaits.

You've seen Bovara a few times, and each time you're further impressed. The high priestess holds herself with all the dignity of her goddess, her skin a light brown, her bovine horns rising from rich black curls, framing a silver disc in the same style as the statue. In one hand she holds an ankh of gold, in the other a fly whisk. Her figure is made of matronly curves. Soft and lovely, yet bearing a strength beyond mere physical power.

And her breasts...

Ye gods, her breasts.

The maidens in the antechamber were busty, but she's on another level entirely. Almost twice as large as your head and tantalizingly soft, yet without sag. Only a pair of dove-white strips of cloth cover them, crossing her chest in an X, meeting her girdle which dips a loincloth between her heavenly thighs.

You drink in the sight with appreciation, and when she sees you she smiles pleasantly.

"Alistair," she says. "It's been a while."

"Too long," you say with a short bow.

She tilts her head in a friendly way, beckoning you to come nearer. You obey, coming to the foot of the steps and getting down on one knee respectfully. Bovara reaches over and plucks a date from a tray held by an acolyte naked from the waist up.

"Mmm. These are quite good. Care for one?" she asks.

"Thank you, but I'm okay."

She shrugs, her chest bouncing in a way that makes you swallow hard. "As you like," she says, eating it lazily. "Hmm. Then, if not with the fruit of our orchards, how might I help you?"

"Blessed Bovara," you say. "I wish for your permission to undertake a trek through the Pillars of the Forgotten."

Bovara purses her lips. "I see. Off on another venture for that snake of yours, hm?" She sighs, and reaching for the dates again. "I suppose it should be alright for you to wander through."

"Ah... now that you mention it," you say, dreading every word. "I... won't be traveling alone."

Her hand freezes enroute to the dish. "Oh?" she says, looking down at you, tilting her head so the silver disc between her horns flashes. "Who else?"

You lick your lips. "I ah... will be escorting Lamera on a... a journey."

The silence that fills that holy place presses around you. Slowly, Bovara withdraws her hand, looking down at you intently. "Is that so?" she says.

"Er... yes. She insists. She seeks the Black Pyramid, and the journey there travels through your realm. Of course, I would never dream of attempting the crossing without first consulting you," you say quickly.

Bovara's eyes are unreadable, but that is itself a tell. No longer is she the pleasant matron meeting you. Now, she is the grim representation of the goddess upon the material plane, and you've just asked a major favour.

"I see," she says, even her voice resonating differently in the room. "So, the snake wishes to trek through our sacred grounds? And didn't even come herself to beg?"

"Er... Pretty much," you have to admit.

She nods slowly. "Very well. In that case, my dear Alistair, you will have to face the Maze."

A chill works up your spine. "I um..."

"Such a request must be answered by the goddess," she says, making a gesture to the acolyte with the dates. The young woman bows, drawing back, vanishing behind a curtain. "And so you shall be tested."

"Oh," you say limply as the acolyte returns with a silver bowl. "Goody."

Bovara takes the bowl and rises from her throne, descending the steps towards you. You watch pensively as she sits before you and sets the bowl in her lap and bids you take a seat. You kneel down before her.

"That is..."

"The path to the maze," she says, pulling aside one of the straps of her gown, her immense tanned breast bouncing into the open. She cups it, her eyes lidded in lazy pleasure as she begins to slowly, tenderly, pump her massive teat.

You watch the priestess uneasily but riveted with interest, your arousal at the scene almost dwarfed by your fear. You've heard of the Mazes of course. Everyone has. Apparently, it's a ritual for someone to lay bare their soul to be judged by the goddess, to see if one is worthy of traveling through the sacred sands.

And it's not without risks.

Your eyes wander to the minotaurs standing by. Rumor has it those who fail become the guardians of the temple, cursed by the goddess to serve her acolytes and priestesses. A delightful idea of slavery, if you're being honest, but you're not quite ready to give up your mind and humanity just for some amazing cow-girl sex.

"Mother goddess," Bovara moans softly as she cradles the bowl to her breast, pearly milk dripping from her nipple to splash into the silver vessel. "We... mmm... ask your blessing... for this trial. To see... ha... this mortal through. Should he be worthy... let him pass. If he is not... mm... let him face the consequences. Ohhhhh..."

She can't quite suppress the moan that escapes her as her cream spurts from her nipple, pinging off the metal. You watch, your cock throbbing as she milks herself into the bowl, nearly filling it.

Bovara gives a shaky sigh and pulls the strip back across her breast. With a small bow of her horned head, she passes the bowl to you. "Now," she says. "Drink. And accept the goddess's trial."

You take the bowl. Well, here goes. Tilting it back, you drink down the cream. It's as smooth and sweet as you always imagined it would be, but there's more to it. A sharpness that's like liquor. It tingles going down, and when you lower the bowl, the room seems to shift and wobble before your eyes.

"We begin," Bovara says, spreading her hands above you, her eyes closing as she begins to hum.

The tone seems to vibrate in the air, the pillars of the chamber beginning to drone in sympathy. You sway in place, as if being battered by the humming song. Or perhaps the room sways. It's hard to tell. You inhale, and something smoky seems to fill you. The room around you fades. Melting like it were made of sand. The grains pour around you with a silvery sound, only to rise suddenly again, solidifying into a room of blank white stone in a void of nothingness. The whirling of your head begins to fade, and you blink, no longer in the chamber of the goddess's temple, but somewhere else.

You rise, at first unsteady, but soon the ground feels more solid beneath your feet. A rumble echoes, and the wall before you shifts. Two great doorways take shape, two markings hissing above them, etching themselves into the stone. One a sword, another a cow.

"Fancy," you say.

"Choose your path," the voice of Bovara says, echoing down to you from seemingly everywhere before fading away once again.

[Path of Blades](#)

[Path of Cream](#)

Path of Blades

Those swords look dangerous, but given the implications of the second door, your best bet is to challenge the predictable. You walk forward, your body feeling curiously light. You know you walk down the path of the spirit, your actual body in a trance in the chambers of the temple. But what goes on in the Mazes of the Goddess influences the real world, and whatever becomes of you will be reflected there.

You step through the door, and it slams shut behind you. You find yourself in a barren maze, the stone walls milky white, grains of mica glittering as if the walls were embedded with diamonds. You walk slowly, the path twisting and turning before you. But you've delved into too many ruins to be lost in here, and with your hand on the wall, you make good time.

But it's the end of the maze that you should have been worried about. You step from the twisting corridor suddenly, and find yourself in a large chamber, the floor dipping like a bowl. At the far end stands a high doorway wrapped in shadows, open and topped with a pair of horns.

And the doors aren't the only horned thing in the room. Towering in the center of the chamber stands a massive bullman. The minotaur is huge, easily two heads taller than you, his black fur thick and horned head bowed as if in thought or prayer. In one hand he holds an immense club studded with metal, his only clothes a loincloth that dips between his thighs. A golden ring hangs from his nostrils, and as you enter his eyes flash open.

You take a startled step back at the literal fire that burns in his eyes. Tongues of flame lick from them, the minotaur rising, built as stolidly as stone, the air whooshing as he lifts his club to his shoulder and stands to face you.

Well, there's little mystery of what this challenge is. You draw your sword, facing off with the minotaur grimly. Looks like you're in for a fight.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Magic](#)

Parlay

But maybe you've misunderstood the challenge of this chamber. Perhaps this isn't a test of your physical prowess, but your mental ones? It's a curious idea, but gods are notoriously fickle.

You lower your blade, straightening before the immense bullman. You hold out your arms.

"I come in peace!" you say loudly.

The minotaur looks at you.

Then bellows and charges.

Your eyes fly wide open. You try and retreat, gain some distance, but the beast is shockingly fast! Belatedly you try and raise your sword to block the sudden swing of the beastman's club, but even as you do you know it's futile.

The minotaur's club smashes past your sword, plowing into your side. You feel bones break and organs pulp as he finishes his swing, sending you soaring through the air. You hit the wall, sliding down to the floor in a broken heap

As you lie on the floor, you feel your mind fog, slipping away. Your consciousness fades, and you close your eyes to the maze...

[Awakening the Bull](#)

Wait

You hold your ground as the minotaur gives a mighty bellow and surges towards you. The earth shakes under his hooves and you crouch, readying yourself for your chance. The bullman roars, swinging high his club and bringing it down.

In that moment you hurl yourself forward and right between his legs. The earth shudders, stone cracking under the impact of his club, the shockwave propelling you forward as you tumble back to your feet, sword flashing as you turn, hamstringing the beastman with a slash of steel.

“Rooooooooooooo!” the minotaur howls as his leg gives way beneath him, sending him crashing to his knee. He tries to turn, swinging his club again at you, but you dance backwards, delivering another flashing cut at his other ankle.

The minotaur bellows again with pain, his eyes blazing with fiery fury. He twists his torso, trying to backhand you, but you were waiting for the attempt and easily duck the clumsy blow. Finding yourself looking up at the beastman’s furious muzzle, you straighten your sword and thrust upward.

The tip of your blade plunges through his lower jaw, piercing the soft flesh and going right into his brain. The minotaur’s head jerks back from the impact, his mouth slammed shut by your thrust.

With a flutter, the flames of his eyes go out. You withdraw your blade, and as you do, his flesh grows harder, the minotaur solidifying into a granite statue. You step back in surprise as, with a hiss, the monster dissolves into sand, nearly filling the bowl of the floor. You pull your feet out of his gritty remains, shaking it from your shoes.

You look about the room, but nothing else changes. Seems you’ve passed the trial of blades. Trudging out of the sands, you make your way to the dark doorway at the end of the room. You try and see through it, but only the icy void lies beyond, sucking at you with a moaning hunger. You shiver, but seeing no alternative, you step forward into the darkness, which rushes up and devours you whole...

[Awakening in the Temple](#)

Attack

In your experience, the aggressor is the winner in such martial combat, and you'd hate to miss that chance. You shout, charging the minotaur with your sword at the ready. The beastman bellows throwing himself forward to meet you, his hooves sparking off the floor. You swing your blade for him, only for his immense club to parry your slash with ease, your sword crashing against it, the impact ringing up your arm.

You stumble back, but the minotaur is still coming. His hand swings, a massive fist coming for your face. You duck out of the way, but he clips your head.

Even so light a touch of the massive club sends you flying. You skid across the floor in a tumble, dazed and head spinning. The edges of your vision darken before resolving.

But maybe it would have been kinder for you to black out. At least that would have spared you the sight of the minotaur lumbering up to you, his fiery eyes blazing as he raises his club and brings it down upon your head, ushering in the utter darkness of oblivion.

[Awakening the Bull](#)

Magic

Though you have great confidence in your swordsmanship, you don't have this much! Fortunately, you've always been a proponent of brains over brawn.

As the minotaur bellows and rushes upon you, you snap your fingers at the ground before him. The quicksand spell is an old favorite, and the minotaur's foot splashes into the suddenly liquified ground audibly, sinking up to his ankle, slowing him down.

But not by much.

Your eyes widen as the bullman charges through the quicksand, barely breaking his stride. You hastily try and gather enough magic for another spell, but it's too late! His massive mace swings for you, the air howling around the club. It hits you hard, splattering the brains you were so proud of all over the walls in an ignominious end.

[Awakening the Bull](#)

Path of Cream

You have no intention of going down the door with the sword and discovering what a goddess would consider an appropriate martial challenge.

Which leaves you with one choice. And to be fair, your favorite. After all, better to face the breasts of the cow than the horns of the bull, and recalling the lounging acolytes of the goddess, you're more than ready to see what this path has in store.

You set off down through the doors, finding yourself in a maze of milky white stone that glows with their own inner light. As you step over the threshold, another slab of stone rises behind you, sealing off your retreat, forcing you to only go forward.

You start walking, making your way through the maze. Fortunately, your career of dungeon delving has equipped you for such places, and with a hand on one side of the wall, you easily navigate your way through.

As you walk, you begin to hear singing. A sweet sound in a language you don't know, but that fills the air with its lovely tune. It grows louder as you venture on, and as you turn a corner you find the source at last.

A large room awaits you at the end of the corridor. Opposite to you is a doorway whose top displays a pair of curving cow horns carved of marble; the doors themselves sealed shut with a circular indent halfway down.

The walls are bare, surrounding a large pool of crystal-clear water. On the rim of this sits a holstaur of stunning beauty. Dressed in nothing but a skirt, her horns are decorated with golden rings, her heavy breasts on full display. Her skin is a tanned bronze, her eyes shadowed with mascara and her lips plump and cherry red. She sits with legs crossed daintily on the edge of the pool, and around her neck is a gold chain from which hangs a silver disk of the moon. Around her are a number of large clay pots painted with elaborate swirls and scenes.

The cow girl spots you and stops singing, a pretty smile alighting on her lovely lips. "Welcome, wanderer," she says, her voice as lovely as her song. "You must be the one who has come to perform the trial."

"Yes, that's right," you say, stepping closer. You glance from her to the doorway, noting the indent in the stone and the disc she wears. "And I suppose you're the challenge?"

"I am indeed," she says, rising delicately, her impressive breasts wobbling teasingly. She offers a gentle bow, dipping and sending her breasts bouncing again. "I am Denera, and I welcome you here."

"And, let me guess," you say, noting the silver disc she wears. "I need to get that disc in order to open the door over there and pass the trial."

“My!” she says with a playful smile. “You are a smart one. It has been a long time since such a handsome, clever mortal has come upon my trial. And I shall give you this disc, mortal. But first, I have a task for you.”

“And that is?”

She cradles her chest, hefting those massive, milky orbs. You stare, swallowing thickly at the sight, actually able to hear her tits slosh with their creamy bounty. Dear gods, she might be even bigger than Bovara.

“It has been so very long since I have been visited,” she moans, kneading her ample teats, her nipples thick, milk dripping from them wantonly. “I fear my breasts are simply stuffed to the brim! If you might... mmm... help me find release of this burden, I shall offer you the way out.”

[Accept Her Challenge](#)

[Use Force](#)

Use Force

You eye the lovely cow-girl, noting her softness and lack of weapons. "I have a better idea," you say, drawing your blade. "You give me the necklace, and I let you live."

Denera gasps, reeling back in shock. "You... you would threaten me? A poor, innocent maiden of the goddess?"

"I would. I am. I will," you say, taking a step forward, naked steel glittering.

Denera glares at you, pouting. "Fine," she says, fairly tearing the necklace off and holding it out. "Here. Take it, if it gives you satisfaction."

"Many thanks," you say, snatching up the silver disc. Keeping one eye on the cow-girl, you make your way across to the door. Holding up the disc you fit it into the waiting slot. You smirk as, just as you suspected, it makes a perfect fit.

"Well," you say to the indignant holstaur as the stone doors groan, sliding slowly open. "It's been fun!"

You step through the door, and it slams shut behind you instantly. You find yourself in a barren maze, the stone walls milky white stone, grains of mica glittering as if the walls were embedded with pieces of glass.

Wait.

Another maze?

You slowly turn back around and look up, then curse. On the keystone of the door behind you is the engraving of a blade.

"Shit!" you grunt. You ended up on the Path of Blades. Tricky cow. Grimacing, you glare at the door, but the faceless stone offers no way back in.

Well, nothing for it.

With a resigned sigh you start walking down the path of the maze, the twisting and turning before you wearily familiar.

You make good time, and soon, you step from the corridor and find yourself in a large chamber, the floor dipping like a bowl. At the far end stands a towering doorway wrapped in shadows, open and topped with a pair of horns.

And the doors aren't the only horned thing in this room. In the center of the chamber, towering within the pit, stands a massive bullman. The minotaur is huge, easily two heads taller than you, his black fur thick and horned head bowed as if in thought or prayer. In one hand he holds an immense club studded with metal, his only clothes a loincloth that dips between his thighs. A golden ring hangs from his nostrils, and as you enter his eyes flash open.

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[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Magic](#)

Accept Her Challenge

Milking a busty cow-girl in order to pass her trial?

Yes please!

“Sure,” you say. “I’m game.”

Denera beams at you. “Then, come,” she says, gesturing at the large pot beside her. “Show me your skill, mortal, and receive the blessing of the goddess...”

[Milk Her Tenderly](#)

[Milk Her Roughly](#)

Milk Her Tenderly

Your eyes devour the lovely cow-girl as she lounges beside the fountain, her long lashes teasing you with flutters, her bare breasts gently undulating like waves with her every breath. You lick your lips, your cock hard and eager.

“Bend over the pot,” you say. “I’ll give you what you need.”

Her eyes spark and her smiles widens as she obeys. With a swing of her hips she gets down on her knees, positioning herself over the large pot, her breasts swaying over the mouth.

“Like this?” she asks sweetly.

“Yes. Perfect,” you breathe, moving up behind her. You grab Denera’s rump, making her gasp and jolt. Your hands sweep up her flanks, under her body, cradling her breasts.

“Oooooooh,” she moans, the voice soft with pleasure. “Such skilled hands.”

“A good cow must be milked gently,” you say, leaning over her, kissing her ear.

Denera shivers in delight, gasping as you gently suck on her lobe while your hands lovingly pump and fondle her breasts. You’ve some experience with the priestesses of the cow goddess, and today you put all that skill to work. You press her breasts together, bouncing them in your hands, listening to the heavy sloshing of the cream that stuffs her. Though heavy with their bounty, her ample teats are wonderfully soft, filling your hands like two immense marshmallows as you do your work.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moans, wriggling under you, the silver disc around her neck flashing as you work her tits. “Ohhhh goddess yesssss. Yessss! Mooooooo!”

Her lowing moan heralds the beginning. From her plump teats spurts a splash of cream, hitting the bottom of the pot musically.

“Good cow,” you whisper, kissing the back of her neck. “You’re being such a good cow. So heavy and milky. Let’s get those big breasts of yours nice and empty for me, hm?”

“Mmmmyesssss,” Denera moans, arching beneath you as you work her udders.

You tease and caress her, admiring her breasts without hesitation or reluctance. You massage her as if to demonstrate your admiration for her form, pumping the richness of her cream into the waiting pot at a steady rate.

Denera moans again, the sound deeply feminine. Divinely bovine as you work her. “Yessss,” she moans happily, grinding back against you, making you gasp as her rump presses against your crotch. “Yessss! Milk me. Milk mooooo!”

“You like that?” you murmur, squeezing her chest, filling the waiting pot with ever more of her sloshing cream. “Does my pretty cow like it when I milk her big cow tits?”

“Mooooo!” she moans, frantically rubbing herself against your crotch, the heat and dampness of her arousal soaking into your pants as she does so. “Mooooo! Mooo! Moooooooooo!”

Her final cry heralds a sudden shudder of orgasm, the holstaur cumming merely from having her big breasts pumped like the cow slut she is. Only your hands around her chest prevent her from going face-first into the pot, now filled with her rich cream.

Mooing softly, the lovely holstaur sags back against you, her rump squishing against your bulge, her breath panting hard and fast.

“So ah, did that work for you?” you ask her, in no hurry to stop fondling her breasts.

“Mmmmm. Sooooo muuuuuch,” she moans softly. Her cheeks glowing with her blush, her chest heaving with her pleasure. She teasingly rubs her rump back against your crotch, making you suck in a breath with sensitive arousal. “But surely... mmm... you’re not done. Would you like to further enjoy your cow, my farmer?” she asks impishly.

[Give Her the Vitamin D](#)

[Press On](#)

Milk Her Roughly

"Get over the pot," you growl, eyes devouring her bovine curves. "Show me that pretty cow ass."

Denera's eyes widen in surprise, then lid in smoky anticipation. "Of course, master," she says, and oh how that word awakens things in you. Especially when she turns about, showing off her stunning rump as she leans over the pot, grasping the rim securely, her plump bottom thrust out, her creamy tits hanging heavily from her chest.

You move up behind her, barely able to suppress a growl as you grasp her plush ass. The shiver that goes through her excites you even more, your cock ready to burst from the confines of your pants, your hands running up and down her wide hips to her narrow waist, making the waiting holstaur moan with a distinctly bovine flavour.

"You like that?" you say, moving in closer, leaning over her so your lips are right next to her ear, the scent of her body filling you like a drug, your cock pressing against the seam of her ass through her skirt. "You like it when the farmer takes his slutty cow out to get milked?"

"Mmmm. Soooo muuuuch," she moans.

"I bet you do. You know why?" you ask.

"N-no."

"Because," you say, giving her ass a smack, making her jump, gasp, her rump rubbing against your bulge shamelessly, the slickness of her arousal nearly soaking through your pants. "You're nothing but a slutty, milky cow in need of a good milking. Isn't that right?" you ask, your hands gliding down her chest, cradling her milky tits, making her low with pleasure as you mold her jugs in your skilled hands. "Go on. Say it."

"Ohhhhh!" Denera moans. "Ohhhh maaaaster. I'm just your slutty milk coooooow. Pleeeeease master... ah... pleeeeeease milk meeeee!"

"Do you need it that bad?" you whisper, your hot breath stirring her hair, making her flinch and quiver with need, your hands squeezing her pillowy, plump tits together, bouncing them and making them slosh. "Do you really need me to milk your fat tits that much?"

"Yes," Denera gasps. "Yes! Pleeeeease! Oh master... master. I... I need it... need it so baaaad!"

"Alright. Here it comes, my pretty cow. Let's get those fat tits drained!"

You suddenly pinch her nipples, making her cry out, arch against you with desperate pleasure. You grunt as her ass rocks back, grinding against your crotch, her lowing moans rising in pitch as your hands pump her jiggly breasts.

"Yes! Yes! Oh master... Oh fuck. Yes. Milk me. M-milk... moooooo!"

“Of course,” you grunt, nipping at her ear. “Anything for my good cow. My pretty cow. My big... milky... cow slut.”

“Ohhhhh!” she moans, whimpering as you squeeze and massage her tits, rubbing them together. Molding them. Pumping them so hard you’ll probably leave bruises. Her breath escapes her in short, heaving gasps. She rocks beneath you, mooing eagerly, quivering desperately.

“Oh yes. Yes! Master! Ohhhhh, master! Yes! Milk... milk cow. Milk... m-mooooooooo!”

Her final cry heralds her peak. She moans, cumming right there, her nipples fairly bursting with her cream, spraying the inside of the pot with great fountains of her milk. The scent hits you like a punch in the face, your head reeling back as hot lust pumps in your veins and your cock throbs in your pants.

“Gooooo cow,” you purr, squeezing and pumping her, gushing her delicious milk into the waiting pot in great spurts of pearly pleasure.

“Mmmmmoooooooo,” Denera moans, sagging in your hands, body pressed against the pot for support, the bountifully bovine beauty panting weakly as you squeeze and massage her breasts, milking her until the stream becomes a trickle.

“Good cow,” you husk into her ear. “Master is very pleased.”

“Mmmmmoooooooo,” Denera moans happily, tilting her head and nuzzling your chin lovingly. You chuckle, giving her breasts another playful squeeze before removing your hands and straightening.

But before you can pull away Denera rocks her hips back, pressing her plush bottom against your cock again, rubbing the crease against your aching bulge. “Ooooooh, but master,” she coos, glancing over her shoulder. “Don’t you want some... mmm... satisfaction from your cow tooooo?”

[Give Her the Vitamin D](#)

[Press On](#)

Press On

"I would," you say, looking down at her, unable to keep from admiring her plush curves, presented with all the sultry need of a bitch in heat. "But I did come here for a task. And I do need to unlock that door..."

Denera giggles. "Ohhhh, what a silly bull you are," she says, slipping out from under you so easily you start. She flops lazily onto the rim of the fountain, her breasts bouncing on her chest as she fixes you with a smoky look. She puts a hand to her mouth, laughing prettily. "Silly silly bull."

"How so?" you ask.

Her hand glides down, plays with the disc of her necklace. "This won't free you from the maze. Nor will the door."

"No?"

"No. The test was... mmm... to see if you were one who would be willing to serve the mission of the goddess. And I can say," she says with a quirk of her dark brows, "that you certainly have the skills for it."

"Uh, thanks," you say. "But, if the door's not the way out..."

She giggles again and grasps the rim of the pot. Tilting it, she pours the freshly milked contents into the pool. Rich, pearly cream mingles with the water, swirling like pale tentacles spreading their grasp. You watch in fascination as the milk settles, tinting the whole pool, whose surface begins to glow.

"Step in, mortal," Denera says, rising to her feet. "You have passed the Maze of the Moons, and you may return. And I pray the other gods find your worthy as well."

"Sorry, other gods?" you ask.

"Some truths must be sought," Denera says with a secretive smile.

Ah, the religious. Always filled with such charming and infuriating mystery. Shrugging, you step onto the rim of the pool. You give another uncertain glance at Denera, who merely nods encouragingly. Taking a deep breath, not sure what to expect, you step out and into the milky water.

You fall, your foot touching nothing, sending you crashing through the surface with a shock. Into the depths you descend, pulled deep into the creamy pool. The world swims around you, swirling, pulling you down.

Down.

Down into the dark depths beyond worlds...

[Awakening in the Temple](#)

Awakening in the Temple

You groan as your vision slowly clears. Your head is heavy and body numb, but feeling is slowly returning. You squint blearily, vision clearing. You find yourself in a richly appointed balcony of stone, overlooking the gardens of the Temple of the Moon. Pillars hold aloft the ceiling, shading you from harsh sun. Meditative pools line the greenery beyond, interspersed with palm trees that sway in a gentle breeze. Laughter and music can be heard just out of sight, teasing like a kiss upon the wind. Curtains of nearly transparent silk flutter, gusting like the skirts of a Etuvan harem dancer.

You're on a lounging couch, your head resting on a comforting cushion, the softness strangely soothing. You tilt your head.

And behold a pair of immense breasts hovering over you.

You stare, too dumbstruck at first to respond. Then the breasts above you shift, and Bovara's face moves into view. The lovely holstaur smiles down at you, her hair swishing about her face, and you realize you're resting on the priestess's lap.

"Hello," she says.

"Uh... hi," you say. Your eyes roam uneasily about. "Um..."

"So, you have succeeded," she says.

"I... guess?" you say.

She chuckles, patting your head. "Of course. Had you not, you'd now have two horns, fur, and be my new obedient bull slave," she observes.

"Ah," you say. "Yes, well, uh, definitely not that."

"Pity," Bovara says with another gentle smile.

You feel your face heat, but don't feel terribly motivated to move off her lap quite yet. "So uh," you say. "We can travel through the Pillars of the Forgotten?"

"You may indeed," Bovara says. "Or..."

You tense. "Or?"

Her hand brushes your hair back, Bovara looking thoughtfully down at you. "Or... you can remain here. With me."

"As a bull?" you say, instantly wary.

"No. As a man. Ah, Alistair," she says softly, her hand cupping your cheek fondly. "You are too good for that snake of a mistress. It has been so hard to watch you be used by her. Your skills are far too great to be lost to such a witch's mercies. I have often thought of this, but seeing you overcome the Mazes has convinced me I am right. Stay with me. I have need of a male of your skills."

"You do?" you say.

She lifts her head, looking out upon the gardens meditatively. "For too long has the Goddess been confined to this temple. This ruin of a city. The milk of her blessing should be supped in every corner of this world. Yes," she says. "The time has come for the temple to expand, and a man as well travelled as you shall surely know the best places for our acolytes to go and convert others to the goddess." She looks down at you again. "Stay with me, and be the man who shall aid me in guiding the Temple into the future."

Your jaw actually drops at the offer. "Are... are you serious?"

"Intensely," she says, and her voice has the passion of it. "Stay with me," she says again, "and I shall show you such pleasures as you could never dream."

[Accept Her Offer](#)

[Journey into the Desert](#)

Accept Her Offer

If you're being honest, you were never exactly sold on Lamera's whole 'reclaim my ancient magic and throne' thing. Aside from being unlikely to be real, her tendency to use you as her delivery boy doesn't imply a lot of trust in getting you your reward.

So the question is: why should you help her?

Does serving the sadistic serpent-woman compare to the chance to be the personal stud/advisor to a temple of beautiful cow-girls and their lovely high priestess in particular? Sure, things might be tough going forward, but hell, with your knowledge and Bovara's power, she's much more likely to succeed in spreading the faith than Lamera is in reviving a dead kingdom. Which can only benefit you.

"Well, how could I refuse such a generous offer?" you say.

Bovara's brows flick with amusement and her smile warms. "Hmm. I was hoping you might agree," she says, the hand she'd been brushing your forehead with wandering lower. "And, I should tell you, there is a certain... initiation ritual involved, when one enters the temple as the advisor of the high priestess."

You suck in a breath as her hand ghosts over your crotch, teasing your far from subtle bulge through your pants. "O-oh?" you say, smile widening. "Well, far be it for me to deny ritual to the goddess I'm swearing to serve."

"Exactly," Bovara says, her fingers tugging open the laces of your pants, drawing your manhood out into the open, her fingers wrapping around your shaft. "I think you'll fit right into the temple."

You groan as her hand glides up and down your cock, stroking you slowly. Tenderly. You sit up suddenly, surprising her. Her mouth opens but before she can ask a question you take her shoulder and push her down. She lands on her back among the soft cushions of the couch, her eyes at once growing lidded, her smile teasing.

"My my. You're quite forceful," she breathes.

"When I want to be," you say, leaning over her, your hand pushing aside one of the fabric strips that masks her breasts, baring that ample orb to the light. She gasps as you palm her teat, feel the softness of her, the heaviness of her cream. "Do you dislike it."

"Mmm. Quite the contrary," Bovara breathes, her eyes lidded and hot with ardour.

"That's what I like to hear," you say, and kiss her.

Bovara moans softly into your lips, the sound growing throatier as you massage her breast, feeling her cream spurt against your open palm.

"Mmmmmooooo," Bovara moans between kisses. "That feels... mmmm... goood."

“Does it? I had no idea,” you tease, gently rolling her breast under your palm, squeezing and pumping her, making her squirm and blush and pant as milk spurts from her teat.

“You’re such a... ha... a tease...”

“And you love it,” you say, kissing the corner of her mouth before meeting her lips again, your hand moving down from her breast and to her loincloth. You yank it aside, revealing the curves of her inner thighs and the delicate gash of her pussy, your finger gliding over it, making her hips buck and voice moan in low pleasure.

“Ohhhhhh!” she cries, quivering as you stroke her slit.

“Like that?” you ask.

“Sooooo muuuuuuch,” she says.

“That’s what I love to hear,” you say, sliding a finger into her, soon joined by a second, your index finger curving, rubbing her clit with every pump.

“Oh. Ohhhh!” Bovara gasps, her hips rocking, riding your hand eagerly. “Oh g-goddess yessss. That’s... ah... that’s it. Keep... mnnn... keep f-fucking me like that.”

“Fucking you? My priestess, I haven’t even gotten started.”

Bovara laughs, then her breath hitches as you adjust your fingers, plunging them into her as you lean up and capture her nipple between your lips. She moans, hips rising, hands stretching above her head for some release of the pleased tension that thrums through her, the thrill of pleasure squeezing her as she takes your ministrations, her cream spurting into your mouth with every heave of her breasts. The taste is unbelievably good. Sweet. Smooth. Heavy. It fills you with warmth and energy, surging down into your cock, throbbing in your twitching manhood as you massage and milk the lovely holstaur. Gods but you’re so hard for her.

“Goddess yessss!” Bovara moans. “Yes! Oh fuck yessss! Take me. Ah. Ah! Fuck me! Don’t s-stop. Don’t... stop... m-moooooo!”

She moans with bovine pleasure as she hits her peak, cumming with a shuddering climax that seems to wrap her up in ecstasy, her pussy squeezing, sucking at your fingers as she rides her orgasm out upon them.

With her cumming, her cream seems to grow even more delicious, spurting into your mouth in a sudden deluge. Greedily you drink it down, moaning as the warmth of it seems to spread through you in a wave, wrapping you up in its hot pleasure.

You pull your fingers from her fluttering cunny, raising your hand to your lips. You suck her juices from them, relishing the taste. “Mmm. Delicious.”

Bovara laughs breathlessly, the normally reserved priestess flushed like a novice as she lifts her head, looking at you from between the valley of her breasts. “Naughty... ha... boy...”

“I can be naughtier,” you say, moving over her, lifting and parting her thighs, your cock absolutely throbbing to taste this sultry cow slut.

"Can you now?" Bovara says, her smile teasing but eager, her chest heaving with renewed excitement. "Show me."

"As you command, my priestess," you say, sheathing your cock into her warm depths.

"Mooooooo!" Bovara moans as your cock sinks into her, her silky depths squeezing deliciously around your length. She's spacious, and little wonder considering the bulls of the temple, but when you start thrusting into her she tightens wonderfully.

"Ohhhh yessss!" Bovara groans, her legs wrapping around your waist, tugging you deeper inside of her. "Yesss! Fuck me! Fuck me haaard! Oh goddess... goddess yesss! Take me, Alistair! Don't stop! Mnnn! Don't... fucking... stooooop!"

"Gods!" you gasp as you rut her, pounding her back into the cushions, every thrust sending her immense breasts bouncing on her chest, milk spurting from her stubby nipples. You grip her hips, your cock pistoning in and out of her, pounding her into the couch relentlessly. Going faster. Faster! Every thrust another delicious ripple around your cock.

"Oh goddess. Goddess yess! Yesss! C-cumming! Moo! Mooo! Mooooooo!"

Bovara lows again, her body tensing, her pussy squeezing your shaft with that delicious high of orgasm you can barely believe it. You cry out in heady pleasure, hilding in her as you cum, joining her in orgasm, filling her rippling pussy with sharp bursts of your hot seed.

The pleasure of the exertion wraps you in the sweetness of post-coital bliss. You slump atop Bovara, your head nestled in the warm valley of her breasts. The holstaur priestess hugs you close, cooing softly, her pillowy breasts still leaking her glorious cream.

"Mmmm. That was wonderful," she hums.

"I do... aim... to please," you gasp.

She chuckles, the reverberations of her mirth jiggling through her sloshing breasts around your head as she pulls you deeper into their valley. "You've certainly done so. And I do believe you'll provide many such services to come..."

"That a promise?" you say, kissing her breasts, tasting the cream that has spilled upon them.

"Oh yes," she says, again petting your hair, her voice growing low with delight. "Mmm. A sacred one..."

[Agent of the Goddess](#)

Journey Into the Desert

Maybe it's your sense of loyalty talking, maybe it's your greed for the position Lamera promised, or maybe it's none of those things and something entirely different, but you realize you can't accept Bovara's offer, tempting though it is.

"I ah... I think I'll have to pass this time," you say, sitting up, dodging around the orbs of her breasts. "Nothing against you or the temple, of course. I just... have to do this."

Bovara nods in understanding. "I see," she says.

"You do?" you say, a little skeptical about how easily she's going along with this.

"Of course. To discover the Black Pyramid would be a tremendous feat, and to see if your mistress speaks the truth of its existence should not be ignored. If the pyramid does exist, it could hold untold secrets of this land's past, and the apocalypse which doomed it."

"Right! Yeah. Exactly," you say, relieved.

"Which is why I shall be going with you."

"...Come again?"

Bovara rises smoothly from the couch, and you can't quite keep from staring at her breasts as they wobble with the motion. "Yes," she says serenely. "It behooves me to see that no damage comes to our sacred ruins as you travel through. And with your mistress in tow, I must ensure she does not defile the place."

"O-oh," you say. "I... suppose that... makes sense."

"It does indeed, doesn't it?" Bovara says, smiling down at you. "But worry not. I shall not impede you. In fact, I suspect you and I may have much to discuss during this journey. Hm?"

She makes a rather unsubtle motion towards her chest, teasingly stroking her plump teat. You swallow hard. "S-sure. That sounds ah... sounds good," you say, even as you internally cringe in worry.

Lamera is not going to be happy about this.

[The Oasis](#)

Give Her the Vitamin D

No way you can refuse that opportunity. Not now. Not like this. You practically tear her from the pot, Denera laughing as she lands against the pool's rim, already parting her legs, her skirt fallen open to reveal the slickness of her pussy.

"Yes!" she cries, opening her arms to you, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining with excitement. "Give it to me, my bull!"

"Absolutely!" you gasp, moving between her thighs, kissing her lips so fiercely it's like you were devouring her. Her plush breasts press into your chest, her milk soaking into your shirt as you grasp her hips, lift them, and ram your cock into her with a single heavy thrust.

"Mooooooooo!" she moans into your lips, her body shuddering as you stuff her.

"Ohhhhhhh!" you groan, head tilting forward, hips swinging as you begin to pound into her, plowing this fertile cow slut with all your strength.

"Yes! Yessss! Fuck me! Milk me! Milk me moooooore!" Denera lows as she bucks beneath you. Her hands cup her breasts, bouncing them, milk spurting from her plump nipples. The sight entrances you. Enthralls you. Your mouth is so dry. So horribly dry.

"Milk meeee!" she cries.

You can't restrain yourself. You lean forward and eagerly take a stiff nipple between your lips. Instantly her milk sprays into your mouth, dousing your tongue in her rich cream.

"Mmmmm!" you moan, eyes nearly rolling back as that delicious flavour hits you. As your body feverishly pumps into her with your need to breed this sultry cow slut.

More.

More!

Your thrusts grow stronger. Rougher. Heat from her cream spreads through you, filling your body. A fever pounds in your head. Your cock throbs in her pussy, which is feeling tighter than before. Denera seeming oddly smaller than you remember.

But it doesn't matter.

None of it matters.

Nothing but fucking her.

"Yessss!" Denera lows, clutching your head to her breast, her inner walls rippling around your fat cock. "Yess! Mate me! Yes! Oh goddess yes! Fill me, stud. Fill me with your cock! Don't ah... hah stop! Keep going! Fuck me, my bull! Plow me! B-breeeed meeeee!"

You groan, your voice lower, heavier. Thicker. Your body feels bigger than ever. You look down at Denera in a haze, your pants growing ragged as your thick cock plunders her. Her milk still spurting

onto your tongue as you lift her bodily, towering over the lovely holstaur, slamming her down atop your cock.

“Oh g-goddess yesssssss!” Denera wails, her voice singing among the towering walls around you, her pussy tightening with the peak of her heavenly orgasm.

You let out a roaring bellow as her pussy milks you, your cock unable to withstand her. Your manhood throbs, your balls pulsing, stuffing the beautiful holstaur with great bursts of your thick cum.

You moan as you empty into her, every aching pulse of your cock another quivering high, riding you into your orgasm. You feel like you’re emptying everything into her. Every thought. Every memory poured into the lovely cow-girl’s hungry pussy.

You gasp, panting, feeling like you’re floating, clouds enfolding you as you rise from the smiling holstaur, carried away as if all your earthly burdens were abandoned.

“Welcome, bull,” Denera giggles as the clouds swallow her up in a haze of pleasure. “Welcome to the faith of the goddess...”

[Awakening the Bull](#)

Awakening the Bull

You groan as your vision returns. You find yourself on your knees, arms flopped at your sides.

You feel... different.

Not bad necessarily. But different, though you can't quite put your finger on what it is. Or anything for that matter. Your brow furrows.

Who... are you again?

"You're awake."

You raise your head slowly, feeling heavier than before. You find yourself in a vaguely familiar place. An immense stone statue of a busty woman with cow horns looms ahead, while before you rests a throne in which sits the most beautiful woman you've ever seen.

Bovara.

The name springs into your thoughts like the flash of a star. You give a small start at it, the name filling you with a pleasant warmth.

"You have fallen to the mazes," Bovara says, her voice intoning the words, but spoken not unpleasantly, and her smile reveals she's far from disappointed. "And now, you must face the consequences." She raises her hand over you. "Now, be reborn, my bull."

A throb pulses through you. You gasp, starting. With a throaty groan you feel the warmth within your stomach spread through you like a fire consuming a field. Your body bulges with muscle, swelling with strength. You flex as new might stuffs your every fiber, your chest expanding, tearing your shirt to ribbons. Your pants rip apart, your cock flopping free, growing fatter, the tip flaring to a bullish bluntness. Thick, dark fur sprouts across your body, swallowing your remaining humanity in bestial savagery.

You pant, hands planted on the ground. A pressure pounds in your temples and you moan as you feel the dam burst. Huge, pointed horns sprout from your forehead with a creaking sound.

"Ohhhhhh!" you groan as your face extends, becoming a bullish muzzle. You stumble slowly to your feet, your new body throwing off your equilibrium. Yet even as you stand you settle into your new build, as if this had been your true shape all along, and not the one you had before.

What did you have before?

You try and think back, but already your memories as a human fade from your mind. Slipping away like a discarded coat. You have no need of it anyway. This is who you truly are.

And by the looks of Bovara, she approves.

The holstaur priestess looks you up and down, her decorum unruffled, but you can see the warmth in her eyes and the subtle shift of her legs as she takes you in.

"There," Bovara says, leaning back in her throne, cupping a heavy breast and lazily fondling it. "At last, you have joined the herd."

You snort, scenting her arousal. Her cream. Goddess. How did you miss it before? Her scent fairly soaks the air. Filling it with a heady pleasantness that demands reciprocation. She gestures.

"Kneel, bull," she says.

Though you could snap this lovely cow like a twig, you never even consider it. At once you get down on your knee before her, bowing your horned head obediently. Only your cock fails to submit to her command, remaining firm and throbbing with lust.

"I... serve..." you say, your voice rumbling with respect.

Bovara's eyes glow with satisfaction. "Good bull," she says, her voice breathy and warm. "Very good bull... Now, come," she says, pulling aside the straps of her gown, letting her large breasts flop into the open. "Serve your priestess."

You obey with alacrity. Rising, you move towards her, towering over her and her throne. You reach down, hefting her milky tits in your gentle yet leathery hands. Bovara gasps, already blushing as you lovingly fondle her naked breasts, lifting them to your muzzle and running your thick tongue over both her nipples at once.

"O-ohhhh," she moans softly as you lap at her teats, tasting the first teasing hint of her cream. "Yes. Goddess yes. Good bull. Taste your mistress's cream. Mmmm."

You obey. Obedience is instinctive. Necessary. Wonderful. You wrap your lips around her nipples, your large hands squeezing her breasts.

And you taste the first spurt of the full richness of her cream.

"Ohhhhhhh!" Bovara moans, her hands clutching the arms of her throne, her head tossing in ecstasy as her milk spurts into your mouth, coating your tongue as you instantly drink it down. You groan in pleasure as you feel the heat spread once more through you, filling you with that heavenly heaviness. The warmth of the cream goes lower, gathering in your crotch, your balls growing swollen with your cum, your flaring bull-cock throbbing with your arousal and need.

"Yes," Bovara moans, shifting under you, slipping aside her loincloth, revealing her lush pussy. "Yes. Milk me, my bull. Milk my big tits. Ah. You're so horny, my darling. So ready. So am I. Give me your cock. Bless me with your manhood. Show me you are truly my bull!"

"Yes, priestess," you grunt.

You press forward, rubbing the tip of your shaft against her folds. The heat of her fairly draws you in, and you thrust forward, burying your bull-cock in her spacious cunt, slamming her back into the throne with the aggression of that thrust.

"Oh g-goddess yessss!" Bovara cries.

You moan as her pussy tightens deliciously around your cock. A surge of pride fills you, knowing she has taken many of the temple's bulls, but that for you she remains tight and needy.

You grip the back of her throne, looming over her as you thrust steadily, rutting the gorgeous holstaur with slow, mighty strokes of your cock. Every beat of your hips seems to bury you deeper within her, until your hips are meeting her mound. Your hot breath steams the air as you increase your pace, shortening your thrusts to fuck her even faster, the stone of her throne creaking under your grip as you claim the lovely priestess.

“Oh goddess,” Bovara gasps, clutching your horns as you fuck her, meeting your thrusts with swings of her hips, her head tilted back, mouth open, gasping as you claim her. “Goddess yes. Yesss! Fuck me! Claim me! Breed me! Ah... ah! My bull. Yes. Yes! Fuck your priestess! Fuck your mistress! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Take me! Yes. Yes! My bull! Moo! Moo! Mooooooo!”

With that final lowing cry she reaches her peak. She wails in pleasure, tightening deliciously around you, her orgasm milking your cock with shuddering highs of her climax. You bury yourself a final time deep within her, feeling the surge of her pleasure rush into you. You throw back your head and bellow in pleasure as you cum! Your cock throbs, pulsing, flooding her hungry cunny with your potent seed.

“Yesssss!” Bovara moans, a second climax claiming her as she feels your hot cum fill her to the brim, overflowing and pouring onto the seat of her throne.

You huff as you ride down your orgasm, slowing your thrusts, your body feeling pleasantly heavy with your high. You grunt as Bovara pets your head, soothing you with her touch. You withdraw your cock from her and kneel once more before her, awaiting her next command.

As a good bull should.

[Temple Bull](#)

Temple Bull

"Oh, this ring is nice," Luisia says.

"Isn't it? The ruby looks beautiful on you," Canda says.

"Silly! Of course it does."

The merchant smiles, wringing his hands eagerly as the pair gush over the wares spread on his stall, but his eyes continue to wander to where you loom behind them.

Like a statue of male power, you stand guard over the giggly acolytes, for you are on escort duty this day, and you take your mission seriously. Many a man would delight to have an acolyte of the Moon Goddess as a slave, and Ladua is hardly safe, though only a fool would anger the Temple of the Moon.

But of fools there are plenty in this world, and thus every priestess who leaves the temple grounds must do so under guard. And today, that guard is you.

"Oh yes!" the merchant says eagerly. "Such a lovely gem for so lovely a maiden! No doubt it would only enhance such beauty as yours. And it is so reasonable a cost. And see the colours in the facets? How they shift in the light?"

Luisia leans in closer. "Mmm. Not really..."

"One must... must look closely sometimes," the merchant says hotly.

Luisia leans forward as he suggests, offering the plump man a look down her robe and her pale, ample tits. The merchant licks his lips greedily.

You take that moment to pointedly cross your arms across your chest, leather straps creaking as you lazily flex, an axe that would need two normal men to lift it hanging loosely at your waist. The robed merchant cringes at your display and hastily looks away.

"And ah... a d-discount is always available to daughters of the goddess," he says quickly, bowing his head.

Luisia and Canda giggle, giving you a shared look of shrewd amusement. Though the acolytes and priestesses of the temple may seem absentminded and even dumb, you know from experience there are few sharper. You snort, the ring that pierces your nose jangling.

"Thank you for your offer," Luisia says, plucking up the ring. "I think I shall take it!"

The merchant fairly melts with relief. "Of course! Of course. Three gold pieces would be of fine price for such a jewel."

"Ooooh. Three? I don't think we have that much. I think I only have one and ten silver."

The merchant's smile fades a little. "Ah... that is unfortunate, for I fear it would be difficult to part with a gem of such quality for so little. I could offer it for two gold pieces and, ah, perhaps seventeen silvers."

"But you said it matched my eyes!" Luisia cried, pouting. "Ohhh. Canda? How much do you have?"

"Um... Only twenty silver. I bought that ivory comb earlier."

"Still, such a cost can barely be borne," the merchant says.

"Oh poop. What about you?" Luisia asks, turning to you innocently. "How much do you have?"

"No silver. Only steel," you grunt.

The merchant pales as the two acolytes laugh, Canda slapping your barrel chest playfully. "You're so silly."

You merely snort again, glaring down at the merchant.

"Ah... ah... on s-second thought, such a price to match such a beauty is more... more than fair," he says, his fat wobbling with his trembling.

The two acolytes gush about his generosity, Canda going so far as taking his hand and pressing it to her chest with emotion. The feel of those ample tits nearly makes the merchant swoon, and by the time your charges leave him, the man has likely completely forgotten the threats, and now only remembers the loveliness of your cows.

"It really does look amazing!" Luisia giggles as she lifts the ring to the light, peering at the gem's facets.

"And such a reasonable price! Thanks to our friend," Canda says, slapping your chest again.

You rumble as Canda's hand lingers, stroking the thick, powerful muscles there. The acolyte's eyes grow lidded and teasing. She exchanges a knowing look with Luisia, who giggles, her laughter sending her breasts bouncing in her loose gown.

They quickly find an alley and check to make sure no one's about, then pull you inside. Your bulk blocks the view from the street, and both girls turn to you, their eyes warm and smiles eager.

"Your reward, bull," Canda says, dropping to her knees before you, pulling open her gown and releasing her full breasts.

"For being such a good guard," Luisia purrs, joining her sister on her knees before you. You grunt as they undo your loincloth, your massive flared bull-cock bulging into the open. The pair gasp, and no surprise. Even among the bulls of the temple, you're large.

You can see the two cow's eyes fog with the scent of your arousal. The musk awakening their lusts and stirring it to a lather. "Ohhhhh," Canda moans, leaning in, nuzzling your shaft and heavy bollocks. "I've been waiting for this all... ha... day..."

"You and me both," Luisia coos, her delicate hands stroking your shaft, her cheek pressing against it, feeling the heat radiating from your manhood. "Mmmm. It's been a while."

"It's not even been ten hours," Canda says.

“Exactly. Far too long to deny ourselves the blessing of the goddess,” Luisia says, tilting your shaft, her playful eyes meeting yours as she delicately licks your flaring tip.

You grunt, hands going down, resting on the pair’s heads. Both acolytes giggle as you push them against your shaft, the two cows moaning softly as they begin to lathe your manhood with their tongues, licking you lovingly.

“Hrrrrrooooo,” you groan, head tilting back in ecstasy, your thick fingers nudging the pair’s modest horns as you press them to your cock.

“Ohhhh my bull,” Canda moans.

“He’s so biiiig,” Luisia agrees, their words slurring a little, already partially drunk on your musk. They press in closer, their impressive breasts nudging your balls until their busts their way to your root, sandwiching your cock with shared softness as the pair adore your manhood.

“Mmmm. Dibs... dibs on the first drink...” Canda gasps.

“Ohhh, you naughty slut. Fine,” Luisia says in faux disappointment.

“Oh blessed goddess,” Canda moans, kissing your tip, her tongue running around your crown. “Bless your daughter... Give her the strength... ha... to show you her devotion...”

Canda’s words tingle against your cock as her lips slide down you. You groan throatily as she takes fully half your shaft, her eyes rolling back with her pleasure, her tongue bathing in your musky taste as she bobs, drool and pre rolling down your shaft, lubricating it for her bouncing tits.

“Oh goddess yes,” Luisia gasps, grinning wickedly, nudging closer to her sister. “Go for it. You’re doing so well, Canda. Take his big cock. Mmm. I can see you like it. The goddess has favoured this one. Show him your appreciation.”

“Mmmm,” Canda moans as she fairly chokes on your shaft, Luisia sneaking her hands down her fellow acolyte’s front, one molding a plump teat while a second delves between Canda’s lovely thighs.

“Goodness, Canda. Someone’s been taking the practices of the goddess to heart,” Luisia giggles, nibbling on Canda’s ear as she pumps her fingers into the other woman’s cunny, her free hand continuing to mold and bounce a soft, milky teat.

“Mmmmm!” Canda moans, practically overloading on the pleasures assaulting her. And she’s not the only one. Your cock is absolutely throbbing in the face of such displays of eroticism. Your hand pushes Canda down on your cock harder, something that she enjoys by the thrumming of her moans. Goddess you can’t hold back. You feel your peak growing closed. Closer. The pressure overwhelming until... until...

“Roooooo!” you bellow, shuddering as your cock fountains into Canda’s mouth.

“Mmmm!” the acolyte moans, chugging down your thick seed as it hoses her, her own body quivering as she cums in the loving touch of Luisia, surrendering herself to the pleasures of the moment and your cock.

When the last pulses of your cum are exhausted Canda lifts her mouth, a sated groan escaping the bovine acolyte as she slumps back on her knees.

“Ooooh, you gave her a lot,” Luisia giggles as she rises, turning about and pressing her hands to the stone wall, her rump thrust out tantalizingly. She looks over her shoulder at you, her eyebrows flicking up as she waves her rear back and forth like a matador’s cape. “Got some more for me?”

The sight stirs you anew. Your cock thickens almost at once as you move up behind her, tossing the hem of her robe up, catching it on the curve of her rump, revealing the fullness of her ass. You grunt, your leathery palms grasping her hips, making Luisia moan lustily and part her thighs, revealing the slickness of her cunny.

“Mmmm. Give it to me, bull. Bless me with your cock!”

You need no further urging. Bracing her hips, you plow your virile length into her lush pussy. Luisia cries out as your thick manhood stuffs her. The priestesses at the temple can take your full cock easily, but Luisia can only take about half right now. Not that you mind. That’s plenty for your purposes, which is to make this bovine slut sing praises to her goddess.

And she doesn’t disappoint.

“Yessss!” Luisia cries as you pound into her, fucking her ruthlessly into the wall. “Ah! Ah! Mnnnn! Oh g-goddess yesss! Give it... ah... give it to me! Give me your fffucking cock! Need it... ah... n-need it so bad! Oh goddess! Goddess! G-give me the fortitude to... to take his fat coooock!”

The goddess is kind, that much is for sure. Though her pussy tightens and flexes deliciously around your pounding shaft, Luisia takes it like a champion. You release her hips, instead reaching around her and grasping the softness of her bouncing tits. Luisia cries out in ecstasy as you squeeze and pump her milky breasts, practically mounting her atop you lap as you fuck her.

“Yes! Yes! G-goddess! Moo! Mooooooo!” Luisia wails.

It takes her longer to cream than most women you fuck, for she is still but an initiate into the faith. But when she does, it fairly burst from her breasts, spurting over the wall as if she were painting it, her pussy rippling deliciously around your cock with her orgasm.

Such a high demands and answer, and you give it, bellowing your pleasure as you plunge your cock deep inside her, cumming in great bursts of your boiling seed, basting her inner walls with your bestial cum, riding out your and her orgasm with lazy strokes.

Chest heaving, you gently ease Luisia off your cock. Like Canda, she slumps to the dusty ground, mooing softly in pleasure, her stomach faintly distended from the sheer amount of cum you pumped into her.

You snort with satisfaction, then glance at the mouth of the alley. Several passersby had paused to watch, but when you look their way they hasten on their business.

You grunt, rolling your shoulders as you wait for the pair to recover. Once they do, they’ll be heading back to the temple. And when you arrive there, you have little doubt they’ll be ready for round

two. And if not, you know there are dozens of priestesses that would be more than happy to be fucked by a male like you.

This is your daily life as a bull of the temple. Guarding the cows, obeying them, pleasuring them, and receiving their pleasures in turn. Once, a man imagined becoming a sorcerer and perhaps even a king, but all in all, becoming the personal bull mate to a bevy of lovely cow-girls isn't a bad alternative. Your adventure may have ended in the Temple of the Moon, but you have no complaints.

For you are their bull.

And are ever ready to serve.

Bad End

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

Agent of the Goddess

The gongs thunder to toll the hours, and like a river the worshippers file out of the temple. You watch them go, smiling to yourself at the sight of the women, all of whose dresses no longer quite fit around the chests, while the men's clothes seem far tighter about their more muscular frame.

You lean against one of the dock's pegs, watching the new worshippers return to their pleasure barges or palanquins, the nobles drifting back to their estates, filled with the word of the goddess and, more importantly, the cream of Her priestesses. The commoners wander back to their work for the day, filled no less than their highborn peers, their bodies floating on clouds of holy bliss.

As the last depart you push off from the post and make your way towards the temple. The walls are large, stone things, once dedicated to Equin, the god of the horse, but his cult had been brittle and weak, and it had been child's play for Bovara to convert his priests. Renovations were underway, the horse-headed murals which once framed the temple's doorway being chipped away. Two huge statues of the goddess were already almost finished, minotaurs grunting as they hauled on ropes, lifting the stone figures into place, much to the delight of some of the lingering women.

You chuckle, passing them by and entering the holy temple.

"Morning Alistair!"

You nod to some of the holstaur acolytes lingering in the foyer. The busty girls in their white robes blushing with the innocent eagerness of their youth. You tip your hat their way, sending them into another burst of giggles and fluttering lashes. You chuckle. Had you some time, you'd linger with the group and show them some real fun, but not today. For first, you have to report to the high priestess.

You make your way through the quiet halls, minotaur guards letting you pass into the inner sanctum with barely a glance. You're a very familiar face in here, and even those burly bulls give you their respect. It's a pleasant feeling to be sure.

But even more pleasant is the sight of Bovara.

She awaits in the inner sanctum, lounging on a couch. A nearly transparent cloth is all she wears, and it bunches around her plush curves pleasantly, outlining her gorgeously soft body in its folds. A shutter in the ceiling is raised by some acolytes pulling a rope, allowing the warm sunlight inside, its glow reflecting off some bronzed mirrors to illuminate the inner chamber. A statue of the goddess borne up the sea has been placed at the far end of the room, sticks of incense swirling their scented smoke in the air.

Bovara stirs as you arrive, smiling warmly as you approach. "Alistair," she says, sitting up, the cloth she wore slipping from her upper body, pooling around her waist and revealing the plush orbs of her impressive breasts. "You have returned. What news?"

You kneel before Bovara's chair. "All good, my love. The queen of Kathar has heard of you, and wishes her youngest daughter to learn from the faith. She is sending the girl to Ladua any day now, and has invited you to the palace to accept a writ of consecration for a new temple on the river."

Bovara nods, pleased. And so she should be. Kathar is the biggest trading city on the continent, and the queen the true power behind the throne. With her protection and blessing, every trader will come to do homage at the temple, and thus can be pressed upon to take missionaries across the sea to every port. The faith will explode in number and reach.

"Excellent," Bovara breathes, tilting her head back, gazing through the shutter at the sky. "You have done well, my love," she says, dismissing the acolytes with a gesture, leaving you and her alone.

Anticipation tingles in your chest and groin. You bow your head again. "Anything for the goddess, and her priestess."

Bovara laughs lightly, her breasts jiggling. "Indeed. As you have proven time and again. And, my love, I do believe a reward was promised."

"To serve is its own reward," you say.

"Perhaps. But I think I can do a bit better than that."

You raise your head on hearing the whisper of silk, Bovara pulling aside the cloth that clothed her, revealing the fact she is utterly nude. The sight of her lush pussy makes you lick your lips, your cock throbbing, blood heating with arousal. You shoot her a teasing look.

"I must admit, I did miss some of my devotions while on the ship," you say, moving before her.

"Mmm. Did you?" she murmurs, parting her legs.

"Oh yes," you say, kneeling once more, your hands on her inner thighs to steady her as you lean in, inhaling the sweet scent of her sex. "I must make up for it."

"Well, if you insist," Bovara coos.

You wink, then lean in and run your tongue up along her cunny. Ohhh, it has been too long. Her taste is as wonderful as you remember. Sweet and tantalizing, singing on your tongue as you begin to lovingly lick her out.

"Mmmm," Bovara moans softly, leaning back upon her couch, her legs spreading wider, allowing you unrestricted access to her gorgeous cunny. You tease her slit slowly, working her clit from its hood before flicking it, making the holstaur priestess gasp and buck with every lash of your tongue.

"Ohhh! You naughty teeeease," Bovara moans.

"Forgive me, priestess. It's just too tempting a prize," you say.

Bovara laughs, her hands fondling her ample breasts, massaging them as you continue to pleasure her cunt. "Mmm. Forgiven. But only so long as you continue."

You chuckle and obey your holy cow. Again and again your tongue flicks and rubs her clit, Bovara's moans growing deeper and more bovine, her hands squeezing and bouncing her immense teats. Though the day's rituals have drained her, she still has plenty to give, her cream spurting from her nipples as she grows ever nearer to her climax.

The taste of her pussy spurs you on. Your cock aches in the prison of your pants, throbbing with anticipation to taste this bovine goddess. Your chest aches with love for her. You want to make her feel so good. So good she'll never forget it.

"Yes. Yessss!" Bovara moans. "Like that. Oh... Oh Alistair... Alistair yes. Oh yes. Goddess yesssss. Lick me. Lick me d-deeper. Tease my clit. Ohhhh that silver tongue. Yes. Yes! Oh goddess yes! I'm so.... So closer. I... ah... Alistair, I'm... I'm going... going to... Mmmmmoooo!"

She moos, shuddering as she cums, her juices spurting, eagerly lapped up by your tongue, her breasts gushing in bursts of pearly cream. She falls back atop the couch, breasts heaving with the power of her orgasm, milk drooling down her chest, dripping onto her soft stomach.

You rise from between her thighs, opening your pants. Your cock fairly springs out into your waiting hand. Much like you, it has grown bigger over the years of service to Bovara and the cows. Though she would never transform you into a full bull, her milk has had its influence. Not that you're complaining. Your new musculature and thickened cock have come with an accompanying virility, and that you'll never complain about. You lean over Bovara, and she smiles, face flushed, eyes smoky with desire.

Without a word your lips meet hers, kissing her deeply. Bovara moans as your tongue pushes into her warm mouth, your chest pillowed by her plump teats, her milk staining your shirt as her arms wrap around you, pull you closer.

You groan as your cock nudges her folds, stroking her silken pussy. She breaks the kiss with a gasp.

"Alistair," she breathes, reaching between you and her, grasping your cock, making you hiss. "Give it to me, my bull."

"Of course, priestess," you say, voice thrumming and deep as you take her lips again, push forward, her hand guiding you to fill her with your thick cock.

"Mmmm," Bovara moans into the kiss, her body arching as you begin to saw in and out of her, thrusting into her welcoming cunt. Her inner walls tighten wonderfully, massaging your plunging shaft as you increase your pace. The slap of flesh on flesh echo in the holy chamber. Her breasts smack your chest with every hungry thrust. Her legs wrap around you, pulling you atop her, Bovara tumbling onto her back on the couch, you crouched above her, plunging your cock down into her with every greater urgency.

"Mmm. Mmmm! Yes! Oh goddess yesss! Give it to me, Alistair. Give me your cum!"

"Oh fuck... oh fuck! Bovara! Yes! I love you! Love you! Yes! Yes! Ohhhhhh!"

You shout out your adoration for her, plunge your cock a final time into her heavenly cunt. Your body tightens deliciously with your orgasm, your mind going blank, an explosion of orgasmic pleasure shooting through you as you pump your hot cum into her welcoming cunt.

"Yessssss!" Bovara wails, cumming again as you stuff her with your seed, her body shuddering, breasts wobbling, fairly soaking your shirt with a sudden gush of her delicious cream.

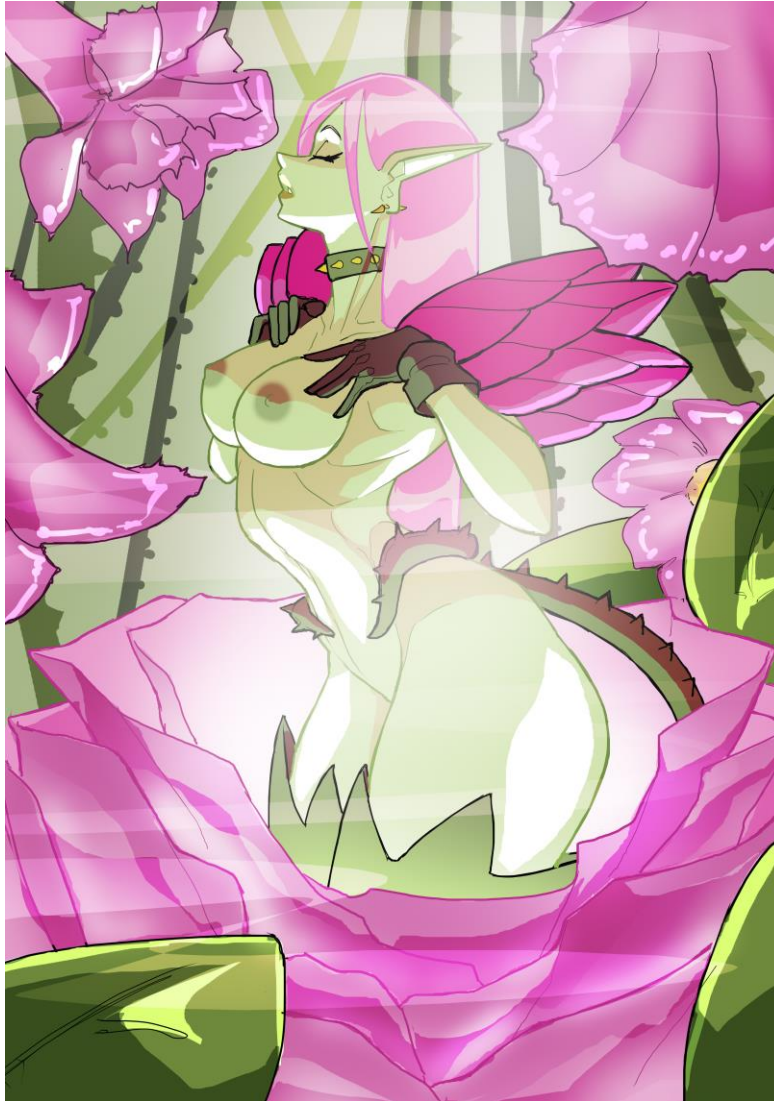
You moan, riding out your orgasm atop her, sagging against her breasts as you sink into the wonderful lethargy of post-orgasmic bliss. Bovara hums happily, pulling you close, snuggling against your powerful form.

You let her, embracing her in turn, dreams of conquering ancient ruins and finding forbidden magic far in your past. Only this matters to you now. Only serving your priestess, spreading her faith, and in turn her legs. The future is bright for the Temple of the Moon and its priestess. You've much work to do to spread her faith, but for Bovara and her goddess, you're more than willing to see it through.

End

[Index Start Over](#)

The Oasis



As you expect, Lamera is less than thrilled at the prospect of having Bovara along on the journey. But she takes it surprisingly well, all things told.

“Really? You’re not mad?” you say skeptically.

“If we must have the cow along to pass through their ruins, then so be it,” Lamera says as she packs away things into a waiting trunk. “And besides,” she adds, slamming the lid shut, her head cocking to look at you over her shoulder. “This may be of use to me.”

“It will?” you say.

“Of course!” she says, waving a hand as she scoots her rear onto the trunk with a cunning look. “It will benefit my ascension to power to have her along. For some reason, the rubes here hold her in high esteem. Having her as witness will be all the better for when I take my rightful place as queen!”

Well, she's got you there. And you're not exactly going to quibble the point. Especially not with all the other preparations you still need to make.

These are done swiftly, the final one being arranging for a wagon towed by a horse for Lamera, who enjoys the shade of a silk awning, lounging within like the queen she dreams of being. You're a bit surprised when all the baggage she brings ends up being the large trunk you saw her packing, but knowing her there's more to it than it seems. And again, you're not complaining. The less gear you have to bear the better.

You wind up guiding the horse and wagon through the dusty streets of Ladua, passing the scraggly markets and hollow buildings before reaching the Road of Eternity. You step beside an obelisk whose carvings are faded by the bite of frequent sandstorms. Not far lies the Temple of the Moon, and soon enough Bovara shows up, and with considerably more pomp.

She comes in a veiled palanquin of wood embossed with gold, carried by four hulking minotaur guards in naught but loincloths and their heavy axes. Busty acolytes in fluttering white robes precede her, raining petals down in her path, singing praises and prayers of good fortune for their mistress.

"Hmph. Show off," Lamera says, peeking from her curtain before receding back into the shadows, but you can practically feel the heat of her seething at being upstaged.

You sigh. This is going to be a long trip.

You set off, leading your strange little convoy down the ancient highway, the parting calls of the acolytes ringing in your wake.

After that showy departure, your journey takes on an agreeable steadiness. The road is baked stone running clear into the shimmering horizon, the wheels of the wagon and thump of footsteps the only sound accompanying you. Hills of sand stretch in either direction, the dunes an ever-shifting landscape, running up against the occasional hard, sudden break of rock, emerging from the desert like leviathans lost in a golden sea.

The first day has little conversation or events, you and your party resting in the shade of a long-abandoned outpost until the scorching noon passes, then venturing on.

It's when evening begins to draw close that you spot in the distance the ruins of the sacred grounds of the goddess. Like a dark stain on the horizon, the Pillars of the Forgotten form the broken teeth of old buildings and the shattered remains of cyclopean structures far ahead. You can almost make out the ancient obelisks that lead the way in, and which gave the ruins their name. Every time you see those ancient stones you feel a shiver of nameless dread, and passing through is nearly as bad. It's too far to make the journey in a day, however, and you'd be mad to try anyway. Many a tale lingers about the Pillars of the Forgotten, and more than a few travelers who have tried to go through during the darkened hours have vanished, never to be seen again. You've seen too many things in your life to discount such stories.

You set up camp in an oasis just off the highway, sheltered in a cleft of red sandstone. Mercifully empty, the charred hollow of a firepit show the signs of many travelers stopping by. The greenery of the foliage is a pleasant change after the barren gold of the seemingly endless sands, and in the clearing near the crystal clear pool framed by flowering wild rosebushes and palm trees you pitch camp.

Bovara's tent is made ready by her minotaur bearers, while Lamera slithers out from the wagon and into the dust, shading her eyes against the evening glare peeking over the ridges, spreading deep shadows already.

"Hmm. This will do. Unload my trunk," she instructs you.

You do so, grunting under its weight and placing it near her. Lamera glances at it and makes a commanding gesture. The lock snaps open, the lid springing wide. You step back quickly as something bulges from within, spreading like the crown of an inflating balloon. With an audible *POP!* an entire massive tent of red and gold silk bursts from the trunk, floating elegantly down to await its occupant.

Lamera smirks, giving a sideways glance over at Bovara's more modest but still quite elaborate tent of square fabric spreading out from the palanquin. Standing outside it, Bovara tilts up her nose at your mistress's display and strides inside her own tent.

Lamera chuckles to herself then glances back at you. "Coming, apprentice?"

"Eh?" you say.

"I believe we have some things to discuss, you and I," she says with a suggestive flick of her tail, "And I would eagerly wish to speak on them."

"Uh..."

"Think about it," she says, unsubtly giving her chest a bounce, the coins that decorate her brazier jangling temptingly as she ducks past the tent flap, her tail vanishing with another teasing curl.

You swallow, the meaning behind her suggestion hardly subtle. But before you can do that you have to water the horse and bed it down. Removing the halter you lead the horse to the pond, where it snorts, dipping its whole nose in to drink while you stand by holding the reins.

"Human."

You turn your head to find one of the minotaurs approaching. You straighten attentively.

"Yes?"

He nods his horned head towards Bovara's tent. "The Mother sends invitation. She would have words."

You glance at the tent, the glow of lamps throwing the curvy silhouette of Bovara against the wall. "Uh..."

"She says you're welcome," the minotaur says, and with the typical bluntness of his kind, turns and rejoins the other minotaurs around a fire they kindled near the palanquin.

You finish letting the horse drink and pat it down, hobbling it by the wagon for the night. Once finished, you lean against the wheel, noting the rosebushes that practically swell over your carriage in a tangle of thorny greens, climbing the wall of the canyon and spreading in tangles all around you. The pink and white flowers that bloom from them bob in the gentle breeze, pollen knocked loose flashing like gold. You sigh, then glance back at the twin tents awaiting you.

[Visit Bovara](#)

[Visit Lamera](#)

[Sleep Outside](#)

Visit Bovara

You suppose it could be useful to see what the lovely priestess wishes of you. Her company is surely to be more agreeable than Lamera's, at any rate. Leaving the horse, you approach the tent, the silhouette of Bovara still moving against the fabric, the swell of her chest only more obvious by the sharp outline of her figure. Two minotaurs stand guard on either side of the entrance, and step aside to let you pass. You tap a fist against the flap of the tent.

"Come in."

You do so, ducking inside. The interior of Bovara's tent is as elegant as she is. Several rugs have been laid out on the ground and a number of pillows and cushions to supply her bed have been brought from her palanquin. Among them the priestess is, naked but for a sheer nightie that does nothing to hide her figure. If anything, the transparent gauze only seems to draw further attention to the loveliness of her curves, her horns crowned with the silver disc, her eyes darkened with mascara. She kneels towards the east and rising moon, her hands clasped in prayer, her horned head bowed, the very image of devotional beauty and holy serenity.

She quietly tilts her head towards some cushions beside her and you take a seat, legs crossing under you. You try not to stare too openly at her impressive breasts, but you've rarely faced a greater challenge.

At last she finishes her prayers, sighing in beatific serenity. She shifts in place, lounging back among the cushions, looking oddly luminous, as if the tent were awash in silver moonlight, her pale skin nearly glowing as she smiles at you.

"Thank you for coming, Alistair," she says.

"You wanted to talk to me?" you say.

"Very," she says, sitting up a little more, her breasts shifting, nipples rubbing against the inner fabric of the gauze tantalizingly. "I've some questions about this journey..."

"I really don't know any more than you do," you say with sincerity.

"Perhaps even less," she notes.

That gets your attention. "Oh?" you say.

Bovara lazily stretches, her every movement a masterclass in sensuous temptation. Her foot brushes near you, her painted toenails gliding along your leg, your skin tingling from her teasing contact. "Mmm. Quite so. There are records available only to the priestesses of the temple. Ones which shed some light on what your mistress seeks. Tablets carried from the damned city of the dead as it fell, hurried across the desert before arriving in Ladua and being hidden away."

That's news to you. You perk up, your natural curiosity stirred. "I see. And... what were they about?"

"Information," she says, her foot lazily stroking your leg. "Records and legends that spoke of the effort of the serpent queen, She who Sought the Heavens. She dared challenge the gods, and sought to steal their power by drinking their blood. For her hubris, her palace was destroyed and land made barren, her people banished across its breadth."

"Uh huh," you say, trying to focus on her words and not on the way her foot strokes your leg or how her breasts move beneath her gauzy nightie. "So..."

"But also, it is rumored, that the spell was complete."

"Interesting," you say, then blink as your mind catches up to what she said. "W-wait, then, that means..."

"You are quick," Bovara breathes, drawing her leg back, pushing herself up to a sitting position. "That's right. If She Who Sought the Heavens did succeed, godhood itself may lie within the Black Pyramid, waiting to be seized by any who manage to reach it."

"And you want it?" you say. "But, don't you worship the goddess of the moon?"

She chuckles. "Indeed I do. But my goddess would loathe for some uncouth mortal to achieve such ascendancy. I wish to prevent one who would abuse such power to rise to that level."

"I see," you say, quickly putting the pieces together. "So, you want my help when we reach the pyramid?"

"That is my hope," Bovara says with a playful smile. "But I do not expect an answer right away. I know your loyalty to your mistress is not something given up easily."

"Er... yeah. That," you say.

"But," she adds, leaning suddenly forward, cupping your cheek and gazing warmly into your eyes. "That does not mean we need not... deepen our understanding of one another?"

"O-oh?" you say, glancing down at the jiggle of her breasts in her filmy gown.

"Join me in my prayers tonight, Alistair," she says, her voice smooth and warm as fresh churned cream, her eyes lidded with promise. "I believe they shall help you see... the light..."

[Fuck Bovara](#)

[Leave the Tent](#)

Leave the Tent

“Maybe another time,” you say, drawing back.

Bovara’s eyes grow lidded with disappointment, but she doesn’t make an issue of it. Instead she nods, easing back once more. “As you wish,” she says, lounging among the cushions. “It is still some distance to our destination, I suppose. Do think carefully about it, though.”

“Of course,” you say, rising. “Thank you for your time.”

She waves her hand dismissively, already turning to one of the plates of fruit she had scattered about the tent. While she’s distracted, you duck out and back into the night.

The minotaurs eye you as unflappably as ever, and you move away from them quickly, glancing about the camp site. It’s still early, you muse, looking to Lamera’s tent. You suppose you could still see what she wanted...

[Visit Lamera](#)

[Sleep Outside](#)

Visit Lamera

You turn towards the grandiose tent of golds and reds, making your way towards it. The glow of lamps leaks from beneath the skirts of the tent, and when you draw near Lamera says, "Come in."

You pluck aside the flap and duck inside, the interior so typical of your teacher. Glowing balls of light float about the center pole of the tent, while foldable scroll cases stand about the walls. Lamera lounges atop a lush bed of red satin, her coils shimmering as they slide beneath her, scales shining like obsidian jewels. She's wearing nothing but a bra and a shawl, her hair hanging loose about her face as she idly reads from a scroll, her free hand idly palming some runestones.

"You wanted to see me?" you ask.

"Hmm. I did," she says, the stones she handles clicking against each other as she rolls them in her palm. Her eyes slide to you, a chill jerking at your spine so you straighten. "I wished to talk to you about my... quest."

"O-oh?"

"Yes. Please, have a seat."

"Sure, I hey!" you yelp as her tail flicks your legs out from under you, dumping you onto one of the pillows. "You don't have to do that every time!"

"Of course not. But I want to."

You roll your eyes, lounging back among the cushions. "Well? What did you want to talk about?"

"I'm sure you recall my promise, hm?" Lamera says, the stones once more clicking in her hand, her eyes lidded, assessing you from across the room. "I promised you a high rank in my new kingdom. Lordship. Higher, perhaps."

"Yes," you say. "You said that every time I asked for a raise."

"Indeed I did. And I certainly wouldn't lie to my favorite apprentice."

"I'm your only apprentice," you point out.

"And such a clever one," she purrs, dropping the scroll she was reading, her coils suddenly bunching, pushing her towards you. You draw back instinctively as she sidles in beside you, quick as a striking snake, stretching out along the cushion, her fanged smile smirking down at you. Her free hand rises, tapping your nose teasingly. "It's why I've kept you around, my dear. Such a shame to lose so clever an apprentice. And so worthwhile a one. But do keep this in mind, we are predators, you and I. Not herbivores. And it would be a shame to see such... ambition curtailed by some cow."

Doesn't take much to see where she's going with this. "So, stick with you, and not with Bovara. Right?" you say.

“Precisely. Such a very clever man,” she purrs, her finger gliding down your chest, teasing the clasp of your cloak while her coils slide sensuously against your legs, her chest pushing out and her eyes lidded with sensuous promise. “And I have many uses for a clever man. Shall I show them to you?”

[Fuck Lamera](#)

[Leave the Tent](#)

Leave the Tent

“A ah... tempting offer,” you say, sliding back along the cushion. “But I’d hate to disturb you. I know how much you value your sleep.”

Lamera’s lips purse and she pulls back, looming over you with unreadable eyes. She smiles suddenly.

“Of course,” she says, lounging back among her coils, once again rattling the stones in her hand. “As you wish. But do keep my words in mind, my dear... dear apprentice. I’m sure you understand the tremendous opportunity I’m bestowing upon you.”

“Sure do,” you say, sliding back and off the cushion, climbing hastily to your feet. “And I want to tell you how much I appreciate that. Thanks again. Have a good night, mistress.”

“And to you,” Lamera says with a lazy nod, already plucking another scroll from the rack and beginning to peruse it, the stones clicking in her hand.

You shuffle back and out of the tent, exhaling heavily once you’re again in the cooling evening air of the desert. You glance over to Bovara’s tent, and notice the light remains on. Seems there’s time yet to visit the lovely holstaur priestess this evening...

[Visit Bovara](#)

[Sleep Outside](#)

Fuck Bovara

“Well,” you say, cupping her breasts, feeling the softness of those ample orbs. “If we’re going to be traveling together, I suppose I should lend a hand.”

Bovara shivers in delight as you gently knead her plump teats, her back arching, offering more of herself to your touch, a throaty moan rising from deep in her chest. “Mmm. How wise... ah... of you... Let us.”

Her face moves forward, her lips meeting yours. You groan as her tongue slides along your lips before you meet her halfway, tongues wrestling as you gently knead and pump her breasts.

You press against her, and together you and the lovely holstaur fall onto the cushions, she beneath you, her full breasts bouncing in the loose fabric of her chemise. It parts somehow as you fondle her, her breasts emerging from the filmy fabric like islands rising from a silvery sea. Her nipples quiver with her heavy breathing, begging for attention.

“Milk me, my bull,” she purrs.

How can you say no?

You cup her breasts, pressing them together, massaging them and bouncing them, every gasp and needy whimper that escapes from the busty holstaur only driving you to enjoy her body more. Cream already leaks from her nipples, running in wasteful rivulets down her chest.

“Oh g-goddess,” Bovara moans, her cheeks flushed, her pants quick and needy, her body undulating beneath you, pushing her heaving breasts further into your hands. “Oh Alistair. I... ah... I’m so very full. Please. N-need you... Need you to m-milk me.”

“Gladly,” you say, and that’s the truth. You bend your head, wrapping your lips around one of her plump nipples. Bovara moans, the sound heralding her surrender to your teasing as her nipples give up great bursts of her delicious cream.

You moan as you chug down her bounty, every spurt filling you with a heavy warmth. A comforting balm to the soul as you tenderly milk and massage the lovely holstaur, kneeling so you straddle her waist, hefting her tits and feeling how heavy she is. How full. Her keening grows less voluble, her moans becoming a steady pant of pleasure as she calms, soothed by your gentle ministrations. Her arms wrap around you, pulling you closer. You groan as your tenting cock rubs against her inner thigh, your hips moving, stroking yourself against her, manhood so sensitive you nearly cum right there as you milk her.

“Mmmm,” Bovara moans. “Good, Alistair. Good. You’re so... ah... good at mmmmilking m-moo. By the goddess... ah... This is... oh... Dear goddess, thank you for... ah... for leading this man to your... ohhh... your faithful daughter’s bosom.”

You don't know about the goddess, but you're grateful to have been led to Bovara's bosom all the same. So plump and needy. So heavy with cream. You lift your lips from her breast, kissing around the nipple of its partner, meeting her eyes with a teasing glint.

"The goddess makes you so bountiful," you say, tongue gliding around her quivering peak, making her shudder again with pleasure.

"Mooooo," she moans softly. "She does. Ah... And you as well," she says, leaning in a little, her hand brushing your bulge, making you suck in a quick breath of sensitive pleasure. Her smirk teases you as her fingers tug open your pants, your cock fairly bursting free, thick and throbbing with pleasure denied.

"Mmm. Seems it's not just me full of need," Bovara observes, her fingers gently wrapping around you, stroking your pulsing manhood with the skill only a fertility priestess could manage. You groan, arching over her, her amused smirk inspiring you to wipe it off her face by taking her nipple and giving a hungry suckle.

You succeed, Bovara's lips parting in a sudden O of pleasure, her eyes growing lidded as her nipple spurts her rich cream into your mouth. "Mooooo!" she cries.

Half guided by her hand, half by instinct, you move between her legs, her thighs parting further to allow you in. You press forward, thrusting your cock into her hot cunny. Bovara cries out as you stuff her, beginning to saw in and out of the plush priestess, her breasts bouncing as she takes your thrusting cock.

"Oh g-goddess yes!" Bovara moans, clutching your head to her teat. "Yes! Take me! F-fuck me! Ah. Ah! Goddess yessss! Ohhh goddess! Thank you... hah... thank you for this... this b-bountiful cock! Oh yes. Yesss! Goddess yessss!"

You groan, thrusting into her faster and faster, her praises singing through you as she wails in worship of your mating, her breasts bouncing, her arms tugging you tight into the softness of her tits. Your hands grasp her hips, lifting her bottom, your hips pounding into her with ever greater urgency. Your hands squeeze her ass and thighs, your thrusts growing shorter, harder, wrenched from you with heavy gasps until...

"Mmmm!" you moan into her breast as you cum, your balls tightening, unloading a sudden deluge of your hot cum into her tight depths.

"Yessss!" Bovara cries, quivering beneath you with ecstasy, her own orgasm rushing through her as you plow her and fill her with your cum. "Oh goddess yesss! Thank you... ah... Thank you for this... this bountyyyyy!"

She cries out her orgasm as she milks your cock, every lingering spurt of your seed oozing through you with pleasant heaviness. You sag atop her, pillowed by her impressive breasts, pulled deeper against her with her loving arms as you nuzzle her pillowy tits. Sleep seeps over you like a haze, and without a care, you find yourself nodding off in the soft embrace of the holstaur priestess.

Sleep Outside

You fetch out your bedroll and lay it out near the shelter of the wagon, putting it between you and the two tents, and also giving you an excellent view of the narrow pass leading into the oasis. You crawl under your blankets as the chill desert night settles around you, the rosebushes that grow along the broken walls of the nodding in the low wind, their scent sweet in the evening air. You sigh, snuggling into your blankets, your view the rich panorama of the oasis pool as tiredness washes over you, your eyes sliding slowly shut as the fronds wave in a gentle breeze, the bursts of colour from the roses on the bushes seeming to catch the final rays of day. You inhale slowly, scenting their pungent perfume, your body easing, relaxing yet further as the darkness deepens. Everywhere but in the flowers. Those bright, pretty flowers that seem to dance and sway as the darkness closes. Their scent so sweet. So alluring...

You suppose you must be dreaming, for the flowers seem to be coming closer. Gently twirling and swirling above and around you like the bobbing heads of curious birds. The scent of roses fill you with every sighing breath until... until...

Until a sharp stone catches your arm, scratching you.

The pain jolts you upright. This is no dream, but you are moving. You look down, and discover gnarled vines wrapped around your ankles, dragging you through a narrow hole in the cliff wall, formerly hidden by the rosebushes which now seem to part like curtains drawing back.

"Fuck!" you cry, lunging back towards your bedroll and pillow. You grab the blankets as the vines drag you into the dark mouth of the hole. From the fabric you manage to wrench free your sword, never far even when you sleep. Especially when you sleep!

You twist back around, finding yourself dragged into a tiny cave. A hole in the ceiling lets in a ray of silver moonlight, tinted pink in the pollen-soaked air. A riot of rosebushes fill the interior, coating every wall, surrounding you like a dome, swaying, spilling from their petals pollen like pink snow.

And the bones.

So many bones.

Skulls and femurs and ribs are twined with vines and thorny bushes everywhere. Hollow sockets stare down at you and jawbones leer at you. Horror chokes you, but you finally swing your sword, slicing the roots that tangle you with a flash of steel.

"Ouchie!"

You look up sharply as you kick the limp roots from your legs. So occupied by the vines, you barely noticed the immense bulb which rises from the middle of the room, surrounded by a tangle of vines and a pile of bones like some charnel throne. It now unfurls, pink petals veined with white pushing open and revealing the treasure it once hid.

You behold a woman, her skin the lush green of palm leaves, threads of white veining her body in luminous loveliness and elfin points sharpening her ears. She grows from the waist up out of the

flower, her eyes burning with enthralling beauty, her hair the pink of the wild roses, but there's a predatoriness behind her smile, accented by the thorns that sprout from her wrists, waist, and neck like a collar.

"Well! That wasn't very nice," she says with an exaggerated pout. "You're being very naughty."

You scramble to your feet, and once there you get a gander at the interior of her flower. It's deeper than it seems, sinking into the floor like a pit, and you feel your stomach tighten in fear at the sight of the thick sap which lies within. You know this creature. A Venus Pitcher! Plant girls who entice the unwary into their clutches with sex and beauty, then dissolve their victims in the acidic sap of their flowers. And it very nearly had you!

"Now now," she coos, more vines twisting from around her base. "No need to fight. I'm going to make you feel ever so good..."

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Magic](#)

[Seduce](#)

Wait

You stagger back, trying to get a read on her abilities. You've never faced her kind of alraune before, though you have seen pet ones in the gardens of great nobles and palaces across the seas. What was it they were kept for? Gods, it's on the tip of your tongue but it's so hard to think, your head feeling like it were stuffed with cotton.

"What's the matter, little mortal?" the plant girl coos, wriggling in place, radiant in the moonbeam as if she occupied a pink spotlight. Her arms cross to plump up her chest tantalizingly, bouncing her impossibly firm and shapely teats. "Don't you want to come closer? Don't you want to have fun with me?"

Your vision swims as you try and focus on her, but it's so hard. Your head only feels heavier and heavier, your mind struggling, your breathing come in pants. You feel so weary. So tired. What... what is... is going on...?

"That's it, silly thing. Just breathe," the alraune purrs, her hands moving under her chest as she inhales heavily, her breasts seeming to swell to twice their size. "Just relax..."

You stare, entranced at the sight. What... what were you... were you doing? You were trying to do something, but you can't quite seem to remember. You just feel so heavy right now. Like your limbs were filled with sand. Weighed down. Your head nodding as if you were falling asleep.

The alraune opens her arms wide, her smile broadening. "Come to me," she coos.

Yes.

Yes, you... you must... must go to her...

You take a stumbling step across the garden floor, but nearly trip on a skull. Oh. Oh, that... that seems like it should be concerning. You feel a tickle of old fear, but before you can grasp it more of her vines reach from her flower and curl around you, lifting you up, helping you stagger towards her. She seems almost luminous in the moonlight, her pollen glowing all around her.

Oh, yeah. Perfume. That was why those nobles kept tamed alraunes. Because they... they smelled so... so...

Good...

"That's it," coos the carnivorous plant-girl, her arms open as if to embrace you, her lush lips smiling hungrily. "Come closer, silly mortal. Come closer, my delicious human. Deliver yourself alllll to me."

You stagger on, practically floating towards her on the vines. Your feet slip from the floor, dragging thin lines in the foliage before you find yourself pulled over the lip and into her pitcher.

You splash up to your chest into her sap, wincing at the sting, but lacking the strength to do anything about it. And the pain is only momentarily, followed almost at once by a soothing warmth that makes you sigh, relax, sinking deeper into the thick waters.

“Good boy,” the alraune coos, leaning down, her grin wicked as she tilts up your chin. “Good, scrumptious human...”

She kisses you, her pink lips making you moan and quiver, sinking deeper into her sap. Never feeling it dissolve your clothes. Your skin. Your bones.

Never waking from the dream of the plant girl’s embrace...

Bad End

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Attack

You heft your sword and charge the plant girl with a shout. But though you may have escaped the grips of her vines, you shouldn't have assumed those were her only ones.

Something catches your ankle, arresting your charge. Your legs fly out from under you and you hit the ground hard, scraping your palms and dazing you.

In that moment of weakness the vines that had tripped you twist around your legs and others around your arms and your chest. Belatedly you try and struggle, but the vines merely squeeze you tight, crushing the air from your lungs even as you try and breathe, strength numbed from lack of air and shock.

The alraune laughs as her vines drag you through the bones and ivy. They suddenly lift you up, dangling you upside down before her lovely face, her rouged lips smiling wickedly and her eyes glowing with emerald mirth.

"Silly human," she says, and exhales a cloud of pollen right into your face.

At the same time her vines ease around your chest, and reflexively you take in a great gasp of air. The pollen rushes into you, filling your head in a sudden explosion of pink fuzziness, making you wheeze, cough, swaying in the vines as your head grows stuffed as if with cotton. What... what were you...

"Breathe," she commands again, exhaling another plume of pollen into your face. "Breathe..."

You do, head growing light, empty, as if you were being stuffed full of helium. You moan as an aching weakness spreads through you, the tension in your body unloosening, your eyelids fluttering as your breathing grows slow and heavy. It's actually quite... quite pleasant.

"Good boy," the alraune coos, gently lowering you. "Gooooood boy..."

You groan as you feel her fingers on your pants, undoing them. Your cock springs free, thick and throbbing, much to her delight. The alraune's eyes gleam and her smile widens, her green fingers cupping your manhood with obvious appreciation.

"Hmmm. There we are. Such an excellent heft, human. You will be simply delicious."

"What..." you gasp. "What do yooooooh!"

Your question dies with a moan as the plant girl leans forward and takes your shaft between your pillowy lips. You suck in another breath soaked with pollen as she begins to bob, her lips running up and down your shaft with hungry appreciation, her saliva sending aching tingles up your cock and into your balls.

The numbness spreads, the sap of her saliva having some drugging effect, but you can't even think of why that might be a problem. It just feels so good. So glorious.

So wonderfully...

Fucking...

Perrrrrrfect.

"Ohhhhhh," you moan. "I... ah... oh f-fuck yesssss. I... oh g-gods. Oh g-gods yesssss... That... that's... ha... ha... Oh... Oh g-gods. Gods yes. Yes! Yesssss!"

The whimpering cry escapes you, more a plea of ecstasy than anything else, your body quivering in the bindings of her vines as you cum, her lips draining your cock, sending aching weakness blossoming through you in another wave, as if she were drinking more than your seed. Something immutable. Something invaluable.

Something vital.

Her lips slowly slide off you, her tongue flicking with satisfaction.

"Mmm. Delicious. And I can't wait to taste the rest of you."

There's not a chance to ask her what she means, for in the next moment her vines are lowering you into the thick sap of her pitcher. You don't even try to struggle, too lost in pleasure, drugged by her perfume, you can only moan as you're dipped into her acid waters, sinking deep down.

Down.

Down into the ecstasy of eternity...

Bad End

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Parlay

"W-wait! Hold on!" you protest. "We don't have to fight."

"Of course not," the alraune coos as the air grows thicker with her perfume. "You can simply... mmm... surrender to me."

"Th-that's not what I... what I meant," you say, blinking, forcing yourself to think through the thickening pollen that seems to stuff your head.

"Oh? Then, perhaps, a contest?" she says.

"Contest?" you say, wary at the sudden change, but given the circumstances, you're not sure if you can refuse the offer. "What kind of... of contest?"

"A riddle game, silly!" she giggles, the soft sound of her shifting vines sending quiet thrills racing through you. "I'll ask you a riddle, and if you get three right, I'll let you go."

That sounds... sounds pretty standard for strange, enchanted women living in the desert. You can handle that, you think. It's hard to tell. Your head is so fuzzy and muzzy and filled with pollinated pleasure.

"O-okay, yeah. Sure," you say.

"Attaboy!" the plant girl giggles in delight. "Now, who are the artisans that make a golden comb?"

"A golden comb?"

"Yes. Think hard now. Think deep," she purrs.

You frown, trying to do so. It... it can't be an actual person. Riddles are never so specific. But you're having so much trouble focusing. Your head feels so heavy and fuzzy. Your eyes constantly drawn down the lovely plant girl's figure, lingering on her plush breasts as they rise and fall with her breathing.

You blink slowly, finding that you're panting, breathing in the air thickened with her pollen. Man, it's a good thing she didn't give you a time limit on this, because you are having a terrible time figuring it out. Who does make golden combs?

"Having troooooouble?" the alraune coos.

"Uhhhh," you say.

"Maybe you're just feeling a bit tense. Here. Let's get you nice and relaxed..."

You gasp as some vines slither under you, knocking your feet out and cradling you in a hammock of greenery. Yet your surprise is curiously muted, as is your alarm. Why should you be worried again? It's hard to remember. Your head is so heavy and full...

"Figured it out yet?" the plant girl asks sweetly.

You squirm in the vines. "Um... I... H-hold on..."

"Aw, having trouble thinking?" she asks teasingly. "Maybe try relaxing. Just relaaaaax all that tension. It'll be so much easier to concentrate once you stop worrying."

"I..."

"Oh!" she says, a hand moving to her lips. "But then, maybe you aren't stressed. Maybe you're just... mmm... horny?"

You gasp as you feel the vines slither up your legs, wrapping around your bulge and giving it a squeeze. "O-ohhhhh!" you groan.

"Mmm. Looks like that's it," the alraune says, licking her lips, the patterns of her lipstick swirling. In fact, everything seems to be swirling. The air alive with colours and psychedelic waves, the green of her skin so vivid and deep you feel like you could smear it like paint. "We should fix that, shouldn't we? You won't be able to think all horny like that."

"N-no," you gasp, nodding along, entranced by the swimming hues. "No. Can't think..."

"That's what I love to hear," she coos, leaning in, reaching out. You gasp, twitch as her fingers brush your bulge, lazily undoing your pants and freeing your cock. You groan as your manhood springs into the open, twitching with sensitivity and need. A feeling that only grows more intense as the vines twine around your shaft, slithering about your root and cradling your balls.

"Ohhhhh," you groan.

"Don't forget to try and think," the alraune giggles as the vines flex and pulse around your cock. "Think hard, human. Who makes combs of gold?"

"I... ah... Um... I th-think... ah..."

You try and put together a sentence, but you can't seem to work past the feelings radiating up from your cock. Every squeeze and pulse of the vines sends another ache of pleasure radiating through you. You moan and whimper, writhing in ecstasy as the vines do their work, the pressure of orgasm building behind your eyes, squeezing your mind as surely as the puffy softness of the pollen.

"Better cum, human," the alraune coos as her vines squeeze and massage your cock, stroking it like a ribbed sheathe. Sensuous. Skillful. Sinful. "Just cum, and all that thinking will be so much easier, won't it? Just cum. Just cum. Just cum..."

Her cajoling words echo in your mind, as if your head truly were empty. You can only gasp and moan, bucking and quivering in the bed formed by her vines. It would be so good. So goooooo!

"Oh... Oh! Ohhhhhh!" you moan as you're at last coaxed to your glorious climax, stiffening as your cock fairly bursts with your cum, pumping your seed all over your lap, some arching over the lip of the alraune's petals and into her pitcher to plunk into her thick sap. When... when did you get this... this close...

"Oh goodness," the alraune giggles. "Look at that. You seem even dumber than when you were so horny! Well, I think I know what will help you relax. A nice, warm dip into my sap."

“O-oh... okay,” you slur, mind numbed, body heavy and senses aching with the dull weight of her intoxicating pollen, your post-orgasmic weakness only heightening it.

“Good boy,” the alraune coos as her vines gently lower you into the warm pool of her sap, the initial sting of its acid not even registering. “Now remember to keep thinking on that riddle. I’m sure you’ll get it soon.”

That is, of course, a lie. But you don’t really think about it for long. You’re still wracking your brain to think of who makes golden combs as her acid dissolves you, your nutrients feeding the satisfied plant girl as she slithers back under the sands, hidden to await her next prey.

Bad End

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Seduce

You've met alraunes of various varieties before, and know a fair bit about them. Though they do enjoy the taste of nutrients from their prey, what they really feast upon is the essence of their victims. And you know one way to offer up a sip of essence without needing to be dissolved.

"Hold on," you say quickly. "You just need some of my essence, right?"

"I was hoping for it," she replies.

"Then, there is another way I can give it to you," you say meaningfully.

She gives you a momentary blank look, then her eyes wander down to your crotch and her eyebrows flick up.

"Oh!" she says, then deeper, "Oh... Really now? How interesting. Well, I suppose we can do that too..."

You step back as the vines around her shift. Bones rattle about her base as they're pushed away, which hardly comforts you as a large bulb emerges, curling up on a length of vine like the head of a cobra. You eye it, and in particular the strikingly suggestive shape. Sap glistens around its tip, the interior petals a tantalizing pink.

"Come closer, human," the alraune coos, beckoning you with a crooking finger. "Let's make you feel good..."

You'd be lying if you said you weren't uneasy at this course of action. You'd also be lying if you said you weren't immensely aroused. You can only imagine how the lips of that flower might feel, and since you've already agreed to this, the only thing left is to follow through.

You approach her slowly, walking through the haze of perfume and pollen. A sensation like passing through curtains of smoke from some unspeakable bordello no mortal soul should ever know. You undo the front of your pants as you walk, waves of pollen breaking on your skin, sucked into your mouth and tingling in your chest and head with every breath. You feel strangely light, as if your head were floating, your face warm as you draw out your cock, grasping your shaft and giving it a few slow strokes.

The appearance of your cock greatly interests the alraune, whose face seems to positively light up, her tongue sliding along her rouged lips hungrily.

"Wonderful," she breathes, which is pretty flattering if you're being honest. "Now, if you would," she adds, gesturing to the bulb as it rises up, level with your crotch.

You move forward until you're within range. You have a brief moment of dread as you look down at the bulb, sap dripping like drool from its lips. But before the urge to pull away prompts you to act the bulb eases forward and caresses your tip.

"A-ah!" you gasp, the feel of the sap unlike anything you've known before. Your cock twitches, tingling under the touch of those soft lips, the petals of the bulb gently wrapping about your tip, sucking tenderly, its ministrations only making you harder, your balls ache more.

"Mmm. Delectable. You're so... virile," the alraune breathes, nibbling on her finger as the flower moves further forward, enveloping more of your manhood in its slick embrace, coating your shaft in tantalizing sap.

You groan, bracing yourself as the flower leisurely swallows your manhood, every inch taken another ache of pure ecstasy.

"Oops!" the plant girl giggles at the sight of your quivering knees. "Silly me. Here, let me make you more comfortable."

You gasp as you suddenly feel her vines behind your legs, wrapping them up and winding around your ankles and wrists. How did you miss that?

"There we are!" the alraune says as you're lifted off your feet, sagging between the vines as more prop you up, lifting you into the air. "Isn't that much better?"

"Y-yeah," you say drowsily. You have to admit it is. Now that you're not struggling to stay on your feet, you can focus far more on the feeling of the flower lovingly sliding up and down your cock, stroking you so sensuously you can't suppress a needy moan of pleasure.

"That's what I thought," the alraune coos. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Y-yessss," you moan as the petals of the flower slide all the way down to your root, gliding back, dragging along your achingly sensitive cock, leaving a layer of drooling sap that drips down your balls, spreading their tingling, numbing pleasure. You blink as you find a bunch of the crimson flowers hanging over your head, then sigh in bliss as they shake, raining down soft stars of pollen onto your upturned face.

"Good," the alraune coos. "Then just relax. It'll feel so much better once you just... relax..."

She's right. As the tension bleeds out of you, replaced by pink, fuzzy pleasure, you can even further appreciate the sensation of the flower around your cock. Your face grows flushed as the pollen tingles, landing on your upturned face, the sinfully smooth petals of the bulb running up and down your dick, pumping it, your balls aching, cock quivering, pleasure building like a throbbing pressure in your skull and manhood. Every sliding stroke pulls you closer and closer towards that blissful edge.

"Oh... Oh... Oh f-fuuuuuuck!" you groan, arching in the vines, crying out in shameless pleasure as you're pushed past the brink, moaning as you cum, pumping your heavy seed into the sucking flower.

The flower pulses, drinking down every spurt of your cock, bulges passing down its stamen and into the alraune's base. The plant-girl closes her eyes, ruby lips parting with a soft moan of pleasure as she drinks in your essence.

"Ohhhhh, that's goooood," she purrs, her lashes fluttering open, her grin growing wicked. "Ready to give... mmm... some more?"

"M-more?" you gasp.

"It'll be so goooood," she coos as her bulb squeezes your cock.

You gasp, realizing you're still hard. Still sensitive. Still so very full of cum. How, you're not sure. You only know that though the rest of your body feels curiously weak, your shaft is still throbbing with virile strength.

"I... ah... I..."

"Say yes," the alraune purrs, the flowers over your head quivering, raining down more pollen onto your slackening face. "Say yes to mistress..."

Your eyes roll back as you feel the pollen land on you, tingling on your skin, rushing up your nose and into your head like a shot of pure pink puffiness. A blissful smile floats upon your lips. "O-okay," you breathe.

"Gooooood boy," the alraune giggles.

And her bulb begins to bob once more.

Pump.

Caress your cock.

Coat it in more and more sap. So much that it drools onto your lap, soaking your pants and underwear. Not that you care. How can you? How can you think of anything but how goooood this feels?

You can't, of course.

You can only gasp.

Groan.

Rut into the flower weakly until you cum.

Cum.

Cum.

Again and again.

Pumping into the flower.

Sinking into bliss.

Sagging with pleasure even as your skin grows tight upon your bones. Your muscles shriveling. Your body withering as your essence is drained by the gluttonous flower. Only your cock remaining virile. Healthy. Even as your body grows mummified you keep going. Keep rutting.

Keep fucking until your last gasp.

Your last cum.

And the withered remains of your corpse are released by the vines to slide down into her pitcher, where her sap will dissolve the last of you to feed her hunger...

Bad End

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Magic

You've run into alraunes of different species, and you know there's one weakness they all share.

Even as the alraune rears above you to attack, you put aside your sword and lift your hand. You snap your fingers, and from between them crackles a spark.

The alraune jerks back as a flash of flame ignites in your hand, sending dancing shadows gamboling across the floor and fluttering in the sockets of her former victims. "Wh-what are you doing?" she gasps.

"Want to see?" you say, and hurl the ball of fire at her.

The flames crackle through the air, igniting the pollen in its path. The alraune shrieks and throws up her arms to shield herself, but it does no good. The fireball hits her, igniting her like she were soaked in oil.

You quickly retreat before the inferno, the alraune's wail ringing in the cave, smoke already suffocating it. All around you roses and vines writhe, the bones of the dead rattling in their grasp. You blunder backwards until your back hits the wall of the cave. Ignoring the flowers as they ignite, you fall to your knees and squeeze back out the hole, crawling through the narrow aperture, the only one of many who entered this way to ever exit it again.

You drag yourself out of the hole, smoky pouring after you. Coughing, you pull yourself to your feet, staggering, just in time to see Bovara and Lamera emerge from their respective tents, looking at you in wonder.

"What happened?" Bovara asks.

"Is something burning?" Lamera asks, sniffing the air.

"Just... just an alraune," you say, jerking a thumb back the way you came, the glow of the fire flaring in the hole like a smoldering mouth. "She tried to eat me but I convinced her not to."

"So I see," Lamera says as she eyes the aperture. The lamia smirks, slithering up beside you. "Not bad, my apprentice," she says as she passes you by. "Allow me to put up some wards, to ensure no more... disturbances..."

"That would ah, be appreciated," you say.

Lamera's eye gleams, the slits of her pupils shining as she slides from you and to the perimeter of the camp, a gesture leaving a sigil burning in the air before it fades, though you can feel the magic of it linger in the air.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Bovara asks, approaching, the hourglass shape of her naked curves blatant under her filmy chemise and the light of the moon.

Just the sight of the busty beauty almost makes you forget your near miss, and you laugh it off. "Well, I've had closer calls," you say.

Bovara frowns. "Perhaps. But still... I will put my bearers up in shifts to watch the night as well. And you had best sleep closer to our tents, Alistair. It would truly be tragic to lose you."

"No arguments here," you say.

With the excitement done, you salvage your bedding and lay down once more, though you clutch your sword over your chest, just in case. One disturbance is enough for one night, and you don't intend to be caught unaware again.

And yet, you're so exhausted that not even your brush with death can keep you awake, and before long your eyes slide shut, and with the scent of burning roses in your nose, you drift away to sleep

[Morning By Yourself](#)

Morning By Yourself

Dawn breaks, the rays of daylight bouncing off the oasis pool like a mirror to stab you right in the eyes, of course.

Groaning, you get up, stiff until you manage to loosen up with some sword practice. As you do, you can't help but notice Bovara has emerged as well, setting herself up not far, watching you while her minotaurs break her camp and load it back into the palanquin.

Lamera, as usual, wakes late, but given that a flick of her hand is enough to stow all her goods and squeeze her tent back in its trunk, you can't really blame her. At her direction you heft the trunk back up into the wagon. Then you tether the horse and hoist yourself into the driver's seat as Lamera slithers into place in the shade of the wagon's awning behind you.

"Shall we, apprentice?" she asks.

You check to make sure Bovara has climbed aboard her palanquin and is being lifted by her bullish bearers, then give the reins a flick. The horse pulls, the wheels grinding as you roll out of the ravine and back down the narrow path, rejoining the highway and setting down it once more. Off towards the Pillars of the Forgotten, and whatever awaits within.

[The Pillars of the Forgotten](#)

Awakening with Bovara

You wake more comfortable than you've been in years, and that's in no small part because your pillows are a pair of huge, plush breasts.

Beside you Bovara moans, her arms wrapping further around, snuggling you deeper into the valley betwixt her teats. The sweet scent of fresh churned cream, sex, and sweat soaks her and you, and you're hard pressed to leave the buxom beauty's embrace until you think of what Lamera will be like if you're late. Admittedly, the serpent sorceress is always late, but you don't want to tempt fate. Not if you want to pass through the Pillars of the Forgotten before nightfall.

That thought is enough to prompt you to action, and you gently stroke Bovara's inner thigh, your arms currently trapped at your sides by her embrace. "Uh, Bovara?"

"Mmm..."

"Bovara?"

Her lashes flutter slowly open. When she sees you, a warm smile alights on her lovely lips. She lifts her head, the silver she wears between her horns flashing in the morning glow bleeding through the tent's fabric.

"Mmm. Time to get up, I suppose?" she says.

"We do have a bit of a way to go," you say.

"A shame," she says, stretching lazily, once more pushing the orbs of her breasts into your face. "I do believe we could have spent the time far better."

No argument from you there. But before you can reconsider that maybe facing Lamera and ruin's wrath might be a decent trade for some more busty fun, Bovara releases you, rising onto her knees and stretching. You can't help but admire her, her pale skin striking in the weak golden light bleeding into the tent, casting her in an almost divine glow, her ample teats wobbling atop her chest, nipples nubby with last night's attentions.

She catches your stare and smiles warmly, stroking your cheek. "Not now," she says gently. "But remember it, Alistair. Remember it, for I promise much more on the road ahead..."

You shiver in delight as her fingertip trails down your chest, sliding up your throbbing cock and off the tip as she rises to her feet with a saucy smile and swing of her wide hips. You watch her depart the tent, and only once the flap flutters shut behind her bovine tail do you belatedly realize you're still naked and hastily dress.

In short order you stumble outside, just as her bullish bearers begin to take down the tent, dismantling it with practiced rapidity. You wonder what the bulls make of the fact you spent the entire night pleasuring their mistress, but they ignore you as if you didn't exist. Scratching your chin, you look about the camp site, and as you do you notice that Bovara has waded into the pool and is bathing.

Once more you find your thoughts fluttering away as you gaze at the holstaur priestess's glorious figure. Water spilling from her long hair and across her plump breasts. Sliding down her inner thighs, erasing the evidence of your coupling last night, and it's very hard to ignore the throbbing of your pants begging you to show her some more good times.

"Ahem."

You jolt and whip around, finding Lamera has emerged as well, the serpent sorceress's eyes slits, her expression unreadable.

"I was just... uh..." you begin.

"No matter," she says, flicking the tip of her tail at the horse and the wagon. "Prepare us to depart."

Though you know it's stupid to say, you can't help but ask, "You're not mad?"

"Mad?" she says with a lazy smirk. "Please. Do you really think I believe I'll lose my apprentice to some cow?"

"Um..."

The tip of her tail taps your nose teasingly. "You're mine, apprentice," she says, her eyes reflecting the daylight, burning with the fire of her ambition and confidence. "I know you'll never stray far."

"O-oh," you say, swallowing thickly. Well, you suppose that's good. At least she isn't going to punish you somehow.

Or at least, not punish you severely. She does make you get the cart ready on your own, and heft her chest into it once she's put all her things back inside it. And if you're not mistaken, it's about ten times heavier than it was last night.

With a grunt you finally heave the chest into the back of the cart, leaning against the wheel, panting with exertion as Lamera dismissively slithers aboard behind you. Your attention is caught by Bovara, who has since finished her bath and dressed once more in her filmy white robe. As regal as a goddess, she waits for her bearers to open the flap of her palanquin, a glance over her shoulder catching your eye. A smile alights her lips, as tender as a secret, and then she slips inside and behind the curtain.

You gaze at her silhouette, feeling again how hard you are, until Lamera's tail taps you on the head.

"Today, apprentice. Or were you lying when you spoke of the dangers of the ruins at night?"

Shit! That's right! Shaking the vision of Bovara from your mind (or trying to, anyway) you hoist yourself into the cart and gather up the reins. A flick and a, "Yah!" has the horse strain into motion, soon followed by Bovara's palanquin as the minotaurs heft the thing onto their shoulders, following at a close pace, off towards the Pillars of the Forgotten, and whatever lies in wait.

[The Pillars of the Forgotten](#)

Awakening with Lamera

It's been a while since you've awakened in Lamera's arms. Never, actually, but you've often awoken in her grip.

That happens now, your eyes sliding open as your internal clock tells you it's time to rise and shine. Both of those will be difficult, however, because the only thing of yours currently ambulatory is your head.

The rest of your body is wrapped tightly in the coils of your serpentine mistress, hugged like her favorite stuffed animal. A turn of your head spots her human half not far, draped among cushions, hair tumbling like waves of an onyx sea upon shores of satin.

You squirm, but don't get very far, and you know only too well how late in the day Lamera often sleeps. Fortunately, this is hardly the first time you've been caught in such a predicament, and you know your way out. You brush your fingers against the lamia's scales, stroking and tickling her as best you can.

"Mm... mhm... Mmm ha ha ha!" Lamera giggles, stretching her arms over her head, her eyes opening lazily and her coils gently flexing around you. "Mmmm. Good morning, apprentice. Sleep well?"

"Grk," you manage as her tail squeeze you. "Had... better..."

"Good. Then it sounds like I didn't go too easy on you last night," she purrs, loosening her coils around you. "And I trust you'll keep in mind what we talked about last night."

"O-of course," you gasp as her serpentine body slips from around you, gathering under her as she lifts herself up. As she stretches, the low glow of magic lamps etching her in their orange light, you can't help but take a moment to admire her figure. Her firm breasts high on her chest. Her long neck and waves of dark hair. A face of such classic beauty you think she truly may be the heir to a lost dynasty of the desert.

She catches your admiring eye and smirks, flicking your nose with the tip of her tail. "Now now. Much as I do love you adoring me, apprentice, we need to get to work. Or we'll end up spending the night in the ruins. And you've often told me how bad that would be..."

You jolt with realization. She's right! If you waste the day here, you might be caught among the Pillars of the Forgotten at night, and that can never end well. You hastily bound to your feet, then belatedly grab your clothes, hastily getting dressed, much to Lamera's amusement. Utterly unhurried, she lounges among her cushions, watching you scramble into your clothes, the sharp gleam of her eyes in the gloom making you flush and cock harden. You finally manage to get your pants on and stumble outside the tent.

As soon as you're past the flap the brilliance of the daylight blinds you. You wince, squinting against the glare until the world resolves into something more familiar. Bovara is already up, supervising her minotaurs as they take down her tent and pack it back up into the palanquin. She spares you a glance, raising one brow and moving towards you.

"Ah, Bovara," you say. "About last night..."

"No need," she says, halting before you, her breasts jiggling, practically eye level and supremely distracting. "I understand."

"You... do?" you say. You're not even sure you understand.

"Of course," she says, smiling down at you. "It's hardly surprising. When your mistress summons you, she should take priority in who you attend."

"Oh. Yeaaaah. Exactly. So--"

"And likewise," she says, suddenly leaning in towards you, the bounce of her chest momentarily distracting you before you look back into her eyes. "If you should find yourself a new... mistress... I imagine you would show that same level of devotion."

"Uh..."

"Something to think about," she says, a promise in her smile as she leans back and returns to the palanquin, organizing the final set up.

You stand where you are for a moment after that, trying to take in what she said. But with a start you soon recall you've got work yet to do. With haste you hurry to feed and water the horse, managing to hook it back up to the cart by the time Lamera emerges from her tent. She's as radiantly beautiful and strikingly dressed as ever, and with a wave of her hand her tent and belonging sink back into the chest. It's up to you to load it, which you do with alacrity, heaving it into the cart moments before Lamera slides aboard, her tail lingering on your shoulder, the smooth scales stroking your neck.

"Shall we be off, apprentice?" she asks.

You swallow hard and nod. Lamera chuckles and slips under the shade of the wagon's canopy. Letting out a breath and shaking off the shivers of her touch off, you climb into the driver's seat and take the reins. A glance confirms Bovara has entered her palanquin, and with a click of your tongue and a flick of the reins, you start the horse down the ancient highway and towards the dark horizon of the Pillars of the Forgotten.

[The Pillars of the Forgotten](#)

Fuck Lamera

You shiver in anticipation at her words. "Well, if you're offering..." you say.

Lamera smirks, her coils sliding over your feet and legs, her face moving in closer. "Very much so," she breathes, and kisses you.

Her kiss is as powerful and thrilling as ever. Her forked tongue teases your lips and when you open your mouth it slides in. You groan as you feel her silky scales rub against you, winding around your legs.

She pulls back, leaving you panting. "Undress," she commands.

"Yes ma'am!" you gasp, shrugging your jacket off, grabbing your shirt and yanking it over your head.

Lamera purrs softly as your toned chest is revealed. You in turn admire the way she sways atop her serpentine lower half, her upper body moving like a belly dancer as she undoes the ties of her brazier, letting it fall away like she was shedding it, revealing the high globes of her breasts. Modest yet firm, her nipples hard and begging for attention.

And then, of course, there's her pussy. Your eyes are instantly drawn to that teasing slit among her scales, planted just below where her human half meets the snake. Your cock throbs in answer to that silky cove, and without hesitation you grab your pants and tug them down, your boxers following suite, and both getting bunched around your knees when they reach where her scaly body winds around your thighs.

"Er," you say.

"What's the matter?" Lamera asks coyly, still swaying over you, her hands beginning to lazily run over her figure, stroking her narrow waist and wide hips, sliding up as if she were bathing herself in the orange glow of the arcane lamps. "Are you, perhaps, not enjoying yourself?"

"Hardly. I just uh..."

"Oh? Are my coils in the way?" she asks, her hands moving to her chest, lifting her firm breasts, thumbs rubbing teasing circles around her nipples, her face cast in shadow but for her eyes that glow with mischief and lust.

"A-a little," you gasp.

"Then I will move them," she purrs, and true to form, she does. Except she moves them up.

You suck in a breath as her coils slide up past your bunched pants, her dark scales rubbing your bare skin with a sensation unlike anything else. Shocks of pleasure jolt into your cock and balls as her tail wraps around your waist and halfway up your chest, your cock squeezed between her thick coils.

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuck," you groan as her scales rub your manhood between them.

"Enjoying that?" Lamera laughs, leaning forward, amusement dancing in her red lips. "I know you do. You love my scales so much, don't you?"

"Y-yeah," you gasp, and there's really no denying it. You do. The feel of your cock being stroked between her coils is so good you almost can't bear it.

"Good, apprentice. But we're not here just for your pleasure. We're also here for mine."

Her upper body moves atop you, her hands planted on the back of the couch as she arches above you, pushing her lower half towards your face until you're fairly kissing the dark gash of her cunny. You suck in a breath, inhaling her scent. A sharp spiciness that promises nameless pleasures for your services.

Which sounds like a good trade to you.

Without hesitation you tilt your head towards her cunny, your tongue sliding along her scales, tasting the perfume she uses and her own sharp flavour. Something like the hint of incense and a tang of citrus. But that's only until her pussy parts to your delicate ministrations, opening like a flower and allowing you to service her deeper.

"Ohhhh," Lamera moans softly as your tongue gets to work, gliding up and down, stroking her fluttering cunny in that way you know she likes, the taste so distinctly her you can't help but groan. "Yes. Oh yesssss. Ah. Apprentice... mmmm... That's so good."

"Are you pleased... mistress?" you ask between strokes of your tongue.

"Sooooo pleased," she moans, her hips swaying above you, grinding her pussy onto your tongue, her coils squeezing your body deliciously, your cock throbbing in its prison, rubbed in ways that make your balls throb, ache, and pressure pound in your skull. Instinctively you strain against the bindings that hold you, but her tail is strong as iron bands, holding you captive as you pleasure the sorceress. And what a wonderful prison it is.

With a will you lick her deeper, tonguing out her fluttering pussy. You're well acquainted with all the things she enjoys, and by the way she gasps and coils tighten, you clearly haven't lost your touch.

"Yes!" Lamera gasps, her upper body undulating above you as your tongue dances along her pussy, stroking her clit as deftly as painter's brush would his masterpiece. "Oh gods yes! Ah, apprentice. I... mnnn! I missed that talented tongue of yours. Oh gods yes. By the Queens! Ah. Once I am... ohhh... once I have claimed my place, I'll be sure to... to... mnnn! To keep you by my side. If only... if only for... for... Ohhhhhh!"

Her wail of orgasm precedes a sudden tightening of her coils, squeezing you so hard you feel your ribs creak, her arousal practically pouring into your mouth.

"Mmmmm!" you groan, the sudden crush giving you a high of low oxygen, your head spinning, your cock aching between her coils as they rub you to the point of no return. "L-Lameraaaa!" you cry as you cum with her, your cock pumping all over her shining scales as you're pushed to your orgasm.

You ride high the ecstasy of that moment, barely feeling Lamera loosen her hold on you, sinking down your body until her hands are planted on either side of your head, her breathing hot and heavy as she looks down triumphantly at your flushed, panting face.

“Good... ah... good work, apprentice,” she croons, her eyes gleaming like a tigress sated by a feast. “You were... mmm... quite good.”

“Th-thanks,” you gasp.

“Oh, don’t thank me yet,” she coos, her coils bunching around you once more, her position shifting, you gasping as you feel her folds brush your cock. “For the night has just begun.”

Her lips descend upon you, crushing you with a kiss. You moan as she does so, her forked tongue playing with yours, her coils squeezing you until your cock is rock hard once more. Only then does her body slide against you, your cock slipping into her tight cunny.

“Mmmmm!” you groan into her lips, your hips working frantically in their bindings, fucking her as best you can. Lamera merely croons, still kissing you, her hands capturing your face, holding you by the cheeks as she deepens the kiss, her tongue impossibly long. Her cunt squeezing your cock as tightly as her tail does your body.

It’s indeed going to be a long night.

And you can’t wait.

[Awakening with Lamera](#)

The Pillars of the Forgotten



As you draw nearer the dark stain on the horizon, more details make themselves known. Walls once surrounded the dead city, but that was a long time in the past. Now, the massive blocks are tumbled like some petulant giant knocked them over, every stone charred and blackened by the cataclysm that visited it. Buildings are still faintly visible, but they are broken, husks of a once vibrant city, and whose fate the centuries have not dulled in their forbidding air. The gate stands open, little more than a hole in the ancient walls. Flanking the highway leading to it are a number of obelisks, many toppled and broken by the cataclysm that ruined the city, others standing like spear-shaped tombstones marking the countless dead.

As you pass the gate you feel the sudden chill that always surrounds the place. Not even the blazing sun can dispel it completely, for it is a cold that reaches for the very soul. Even the sand that has crept into the city seems duller, almost grey in the shadows of the broken buildings. You have no trouble believing this place is indeed cursed.

Along the main road that runs through the city are stabbed stakes whose tips are marked with red paint. A warning by the priestesses of the Moon to travellers not to venture beyond them. The wind moans among the hollow windows and shells of buildings. Your party rattles through what had once been a market square, the deathly stillness of the city suffocating. It's little surprise to you the Cult of the Moon moved to the seaside city and its temple there. Though these may be their sacred lands, only ghosts would live in such a place. You shift in your seat, eager to be gone from the city and back on the road beyond.

Yet no sooner have you reached the grand plaza than Lamera hisses, "Stop!"

You curse, suddenly hauling on the reins. "What?" you ask.

Lamera leans out from the back of the wagon, and you notice she's holding the strange compass, the bead of white light hovering towards the north.

"We turn here," she said.

You raise a brow and glance at the route she's speaking of. An ill-used avenue curves away from the main road, half swallowed in sand. A marked contrast from the way you've been following, which had the benefit of being trod by countless merchants, wagons and beasts over the past few centuries.

"Are you sure?" you say uncertainly. "Maybe it'll loop back around..."

"Do you doubt me, apprentice?" she asks with a glance your way.

"Uh..."

A smirk quirks her lip. "Nonetheless, it is the way we must go," she says.

"What's happening?"

You turn to find that Bovara's palanquin has drawn up beside you, the holstaur twitching aside the curtain curiously.

"Looks like we turn here," you say, nodding towards the north.

Bovara follows your look and frowns deeply. "I see..."

"What?" you say, feeling the tingle of unease race up your spine.

"That is the path through the Mausoleums of the Faithful," Bovara notes.

Oh.

Oh, that doesn't sound good.

"Is that a problem?" you ask uneasily.

Bovara glances your way levelly. "It is where the high priestesses of old are laid to rest, and where the Last One keeps her tomb."

"The Last One?"

Bovara nods. "When the Blight fell upon the land, our high priestess at the time returned through the gate of the north and warned us of what was to come. Thanks to her, the faithful were able to shelter as best they could, and shield themselves from what passed. When she died, she was the last to be laid to rest among our ancient temples."

You hadn't heard of that. But Bovara is likely privy to much information not shared among others. "Is it safe?"

"As safe as can be among the dead," she says.

How reassuring.

"We go," Bovara says to her bulls before vanishing back behind the curtain. With a grunt the minotaurs start off. You hastily snap the reins, the wagon rattling back into motion behind them, Lamera sniffing and receding back behind the flap as you pass the painted sticks set up along the lonely highway.

Your little convoy makes its way deeper through the ruins, but even you can tell you're entering a new part of the city. You'd always known better than to try and explore the abandoned home of the ancient holstaurs, sticking instead to the main highway, and as you travel, you can see your caution was warranted. The sands seem almost grey now. The shadows even longer and the chill nearly making your teeth chatter. Huge funereal buildings now line the road. Walls half buried in sand loom pale white like bone. Half broken statues guard the tall, narrow doorways of monolithic tombs, the sand hissing like snakes in the stirring wind.

You reach a plaza and you stop abruptly, staring.

Something happened here.

Sitting in the shadow of an imposing white tomb, the plaza is defined by a large, empty pool that no doubt once entertained great crowds of priestesses and supplicants, now only occupied with dust.

But there's also a more modern addition. A number of carts are scattered about the dry pool, their gaily painted wood looking oddly faded in the dark city. No horses are about, nor people. You climb warily down from your seat.

Lamera pushes from the back of the carriage, peering about. "How curious..."

You make your way over to what had once been a firepit. You nudge some of the blackened wood, which collapses with a flutter of embers. "Looks like they tried to camp out during the night," you say.

"Idiots," Lamera scoffs.

You have to agree. Everyone knows the Pillars of the Forgotten are cursed, and none dare the city during the night, when it's said the ghosts arise to claim the intruding living. As your eyes wander

over the dust, you suddenly pick out a number of footsteps in the sand, winding their way up towards the tomb at the end of the mausoleum square.

"Not good," Bovara says as she descends from her palanquin, her eyes sweeping the plaza.

"It's not?" you say.

"No," Bovara says, looking at the tomb. "The fools have strayed, and disturbed the Last One, Domara."

"So..."

"I must check the tomb."

"You must?"

"I must," she says firmly. "It is my duty."

"Well!" Lamera says, leaning over the edge of the wagon, planting a hand on your shoulder. "If the cow wishes to speak to the dead, far be it for us to impede her. And we certainly wouldn't want to leave you unguarded. Apprentice? Go with the cow."

"What?"

You feel Bovara's gaze upon you, scrutinizing you thoughtfully. "That may be wise," she says.

"It would?" you say.

"Yes," Bovara confirms, turning her eyes to the forbidding tomb, the entrance flanked by statues of the goddess wielding fierce looking blades, each figure deep in niches carved in the walls.

"Why?" you hiss over your shoulder.

"Does this not seem a touch too coincidental, apprentice?" Lamera purrs beneath her breath, her hand squeezing your shoulder. "We arrive in the tomb city, only for the cow to visit the grave of the last priestess to have seen the Black Pyramid? She's up to something. And I will not allow her to steal a march upon us."

"And that's why I get to enter into the ghost's tomb?" you say.

"Surely you'd not leave our dear priestess alone to face the menaces within?" Lamera murmurs coyly, patting your shoulder. "Do try and come back alive, apprentice."

"Your concern touches me, mistress," you say dryly, loosening your sword as you follow Bovara towards the temple.

The cowgirl says nothing of you bringing your weapon into the sacred space, which isn't exactly encouraging. You keep your eyes peeled, weak sunlight bleeding through the door you came in. Huge pillars line the interior, the dust of ages pushed against the walls by the winds that hiss through the narrow door behind you.

The interior grows dark, only a ray of weak sunlight spilling after you illuminating the faded grandeur of the tomb. Murals on the walls depict fields of rich green and grains, while figures of bovine

priestesses attend to lines of worshippers and rich waterways. Memories of a better time in the dead kingdom you now wander within. It's all quite impressive, if somber in the silence.

You reach the end of the corridor, the light growing ever dimmer. A turn of the corner has you dig out a torch and light it, the flames crackling in the darkness, throwing weird shadows upon the walls. The air has grown colder as you follow Bovara through another chamber of pillars, the pale stone yellowed in the light of your flames. Another doorway bars your path, and you step through first, gripping the hilt of your sword tight.

You stop dead, the glow of your torch falling upon a small chamber. More murals paint the walls, but these are of destruction and flames. Figures flee across the walls from a churning storm while people lament and weep in barren fields and broken cities. In the middle of the room lies a richly painted sarcophagus, carved to shape a female figure on ample dimensions and bovine horns.

And all around it are figures kneeling on the ground.

You stare at them in quiet shock. They wear the robes of merchants from across the desert, but are terribly still. Bovara stops beside you, the priestess's face growing tight.

"Er... hello?" you say, stepping forward warily. "You alright?"

The figures do not respond. You move closer, the hairs on your arms and back of your neck tingling. You reach out and try and shake the nearest man.

He falls at your touch, tumbling aside with a hollow thumping sound like dropped wood. You recoil as you look upon a wizened face, mouth agape and skin dried and withered like the bark of an oak tree.

"Ugh!" you gasp, looking about. Now that your eyes have adjusted, you see that the rest of the bodies are in a similar state of shrunken petrification.

"Fools," Bovara says, walking up beside you, gazing at the stone coffin before you. "They were warned not to wander from the path, nor stay the night." Bovara stretches her hand out towards the slab of the sarcophagus. "I must put my forebear back to her rest. And you must guard my body."

You glance back down at the withered corpses. "Right. Okay. From what, exactly?"

"I do not know," Bovara says softly, raising her arms and closing her eyes.

Alright then. Drawing your sword you put your back to Bovara, eying the mummified remains of the dead merchants. You swallow hard, hefting your weapon as Bovara dips down to her knees and begins to chant.

Her words are not in any language you know, but you can feel the power in them. It tingles on your skin like the air were growing electrified. A wind whispers about the room, stirring the scattered dust, sending it whisking across the floor. You swallow hard.

The chill grows. The air seems to crackle and pop with frost. You shiver, then hear a whisper beyond the chanting of the priestess behind you.

You turn slowly back towards Bovara. She kneels in a trance, swaying, and as you watch, the sarcophagus before her glows. Markings blaze along its surface in a cold white flame.

“Uh oh,” you say.

A sudden darkness envelops the space around you, nearly snuffing out your torch. You tense as Bovara suddenly falls, collapsing in a heap.

“Woah! Hey,” you say, rushing forward and catching her in your arms, the buxom cow priestess’s head lolling. “Bovara? You okay?”

She doesn’t respond. Her eyes are lidded and slow steady breathing escapes her. She’s in a trance.

And you’re in trouble.

The first hint is the laughter that sings on the swirling wind. Your eyes slowly travel up and to the slab burning before you. Ancient sconces along the chamber’s pillars suddenly flare with blue flame, burning with a cold fire that hisses in the dark. The lid of the sarcophagus grinds open a crack. From this bleeds a silvery mist, one that seeps into the air forming before you a figure of growing definition.

Large breasts float atop a chest. A strikingly beautiful face looks down upon you and limbs from which dangle tattered bandages take shape. The garments of a priestess of the Moon drape her in all their resplendent glory, marked with the glorious signs of the goddess. But all of her is faintly transparent, a phantasmal beauty whose eyes glow with blue flame and gaze down at you in terrible intensity.

“Mortal,” she breathes, her voice swirling in the wind of spirits. “You dare enter the domain of the goddess?”

“Uh-”

“Your crime demands payment,” she says, her eyes flaring, her figure descending slowly. “It shall be taken now!”

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

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Wait

You move Bovara, keeping an eye on the phantasm, but even as you try and lay the holstaur priestess down the phantom rushes towards you. You suck in a breath, jolting to your feet and swinging at her, but your sword passes through her without effect, and then, quite suddenly, she's before you.

"Boo," she says, and kisses you.

Fireworks burst behind your eyes. You gasp, stiffening as the ghostly priestess folds you in her arms, pulling you against her pillowy breasts. A groan of pleasure escapes your lips, your body aching in sweet ecstasy as her lips move against yours, lovingly kissing you.

Something seems to be drawn out of you, rushing into the ghost's mouth. She moans in pleasure, eyes growing lidded as she sucks at you. She's... she's draining your lifeforce!

And it feels goooooood.

You whimper in ecstasy, eyes rolling back as she deepens the kiss, her lips working against yours lovingly. You shudder in pleasure as she breaks the kiss, her tongue licking her lips, which, you can't help but notice, look even more solid than before.

"Do you want more, human?" she asks sweetly.

"O-okay," you wheeze, the words escaping you before you can stop them.

Her smile grows. The lights in her eyes blaze, and she kisses you again. You groan, tingling from your head to your toes as her lips move against your own, that draining feeling no longer a sensation of loss, but something different. A pleasure. An aching, wonderful feeling of heady release. You feel like you're floating, hovering in a void of endless desire as she kisses you, your tongue drawn into her mouth, wrestling with her own, which seems to have become much more tangible.

She breaks the kiss suddenly, gasping, moaning, her ample breasts bouncing as she throws back her head in ecstasy. "Oh goddess yessss! It's wonderful. More, human. Give me more!"

You're far beyond objecting. You can't even remember what you would be objecting to! Everything other than her kiss seems so woefully unimportant. Pathetically pointless.

She shoves you back suddenly and you fall to the ground. She grabs your clothes and tears them off, and is it just you? Or does your shirt and pants feel awfully... loose compared to before.

But there's no time to think of that. The ghostly priestess is already on you, her burning gaze hot as flaming pitch. She moves over you, hands pressing you down to the floor, legs straddling you, bandages writhing around her like tentacle ribbons as her loincloth flutters aside, revealing the lushness of her pussy. She descends, and sheathes you within her!

"Ohhhhh yessssss!" the holstaur moans as her inner walls tighten around your cock, a shudder of pure ecstasy rippling through her as she begins to ride you, hips pounding you into the floor, her pussy devouring your cock.

“Goddess! Yesssss!” Domara cries as she rides you. “Yes! Yes! Thank you for this gift! Bless you for... ah... for this priiiiiize! Oh goddess... Goddess yes. Yes! Cum in me, human. Cum in me, slave! Show me your... Ah... your devotioooooon!”

You can’t resist her. Can’t disobey her. Every fiber of your being begs you to cum, and when you do, it’s like an explosion of whiteness fills you. You cry out as you pump your seed into the phantasmal priestess, her pussy devouring your cock and cum, drinking it up with a hunger that only leaves you more drained. Weakened.

But no less horny.

“Oh goddess yessssss!” Domara moans, fairly glowing with light as she continues to fuck you under her. “Yes! Give it to me, human. Give me your essence!”

Your vision blurs, darkens. You cum again and again. Every high surrendered to the altar of buxom loveliness astride you. Every orgasm another reminder of just how wonderfully lovely, how physically perfect, how potently pleasurable the goddess atop you is.

And you’re still thinking of that as the world turns dark, the last thing you feel the sweet release of your final orgasm.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Attack

You let Bovara crumple to the floor and whip up your sword. You give a shout and lunge for the spectral priestess, your keen blade plunging into her breast.

And through it.

You gasp as you pass through the phantasm, then whirl about to face her again, only to find her hovering an inch before your face, her smile lovely.

And hungry.

"Foolish human," Domara breathes, reaches out, cups your cheeks, and kisses you firmly on the lips.

The kiss shoots through you like an electric shock. You jolt to your tiptoes, a groan torn from you as you quiver with a high of pleasure like you've never known. Domara moans, the flames of her eyes flaring as her arms wrap around you, drawing you deep into her embrace, pressing you against the soft pillows of her breasts. No longer as intangible as you first met her. But real. Soft.

Lovely.

She breaks the kiss and you gasp, panting, feeling like you've run twenty miles in an hour. Your arms and legs quiver, your body aching with fatigue.

"More," Domara moans.

"Uh-"

She kisses you again. Harder. Your legs turn to water and you topple over and to the ground, groaning as her tongue pushes into your mouth. Your arms move around her, but not to push her away. Instead, you find yourself pulling her closer, smothering yourself beneath her, her body soft as marshmallow but so much better.

You hear her chuckle and her kiss deepens. You whimper, arms quivering with the strain of clutching her against you, but you can't seem to stop. You want her so badly. Need her. Desire her. Why? You can't remember. Your head feels like it's wrapped in cotton clouds. You only know this feels so good.

So terribly... terribly good...

Her tongue toys with yours, drawing it into her mouth, deepening the kiss beyond anything you've ever known. In fact, it feels almost like you're being sucked into her kiss. A part of you drawn into her lips. Draining away. You feel your racing heartbeat slow, your kiss growing weaker, weak as you, but unable to stop. Unable to escape her body.

As your vision begins to darken, Domara leans back, breaking the kiss. You gasp, wheezing, lips so dry they're cracked. You catch a glimpse of your arms and gape at their twigginess, little more than bone sticks wrapped in desiccated flesh like paper.

“Would you like moooore?” Domara coos, her breasts wobbling, her eyes burning bright.

And even then, witnessing your state, you can’t help but gasp, “Y-yesss.”

“Good boy,” Domara says, leans down, and kisses you again.

Kisses you hard enough to make you moan.

Melt.

And the darkness creep in until it’s absolute.

Bad End

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

Magic

You've never faced a ghost before, but you have a pretty good idea which of your skills might work against her. You lay Bovara down and rise to your feet, gathering mana into your hand, static crackling around your fingers. The ghost's eyes blaze as she rises before you, the wind swirling about her.

"*Nakayam!*" you shout, hurling the bolt of thunder at the phantasm. Your arcane attack blazes towards her, striking her full in the chest.

And then goes through her.

Your eyes widen in shock as your barrage of lightning detonates against the back wall of the tomb, exploding in a flash of dust and stone. Not good! You hastily try and gather another spell, but the phantasmal cow woman rushes upon you in a swirl of spectral silks and power.

"*Avira-*" you begin, only for her lips to close with yours, kissing you hard.

A shock of pure pleasure crackles through from where your lips meet, shuddering down you in a surge of pure orgasmic bliss. You moan, sagging, the sudden rush of adrenaline and pleasure sucked away and into the lovely specter, taking with it a surge of vitality that sends you sinking to the floor.

Domara follows you down, her lips continuing to kiss you, her hands moving through your hair like the tossing of a desert breeze. She lifts her lips from yours with a wet popping sound, the lovely ghost looming above you, smirking in amusement.

"Shall I put my lips to more use, human?" she says.

"O-okay," you gasp, still dazed by her kiss.

Her smile deepens and she slides down your front. You lift your head, holding your breath as she undoes your pants, tugging them open. Almost instantly your cock springs up to rigid attention, as hard as the obelisks outside the gates.

"Mmm. There it is. Oh little human," she breathes, inhaling your scent, her eyes lidding in delight. "I'll make this so good..."

Before your whirling head can formulate a response she's dipped down and swallowed your cock. A throaty moan escapes you, head falling back as her soft lips move up and down your manhood.

The sensation is like nothing you've known before. A headiness stuffs you as you watch her suck you, faintly able to see your cock within her semi-translucent form. Giddiness envelops you. You moan, quivering, arousal burning through you. And yet, so does a heavy weakness. A sense of lethargy that floods your veins and muscles. You feel like you could barely lift your arms, let alone try and resist the gorgeous cow-girl currently sucking you off with a skill as otherworldly as herself.

"Ah... ha... Oh. Oh f-fuuuck," you groan. "That's... that's so... so... F-fuuuuuuuck!"

Your pleasure cannot be denied. With a whimpering cry you cum, shuddering as you spill your seed into the phantom's hungry mouth. She gives a moan of appreciation, throat working as she swallows your load.

And... something more.

The sensation that hits you is more than mere post-orgasmic weakness. With every spurt of your cock you feel like your limbs grow more leaden. Sensation bleeding away along with your seed. You groan, sagging on the floor, panting hard and fast, head spinning with almost drunken pleasure. Your body aches with fatigue and tingles with pleasure. It all feels so good.

And you're still hard.

"Mmmm," Domara moans as she keeps sucking, her body glowing as she drains your essence. You groan, your fingers clutching the floor as you cum again.

Again.

Again.

Every spurt withering your limbs. Every orgasm draining you of your life force. Soon, you let out a rattling, wheezing gasp, your eyes rolling back into hollow sockets. Merely another mummified corpse left to rot on the tomb's floor.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Parlay

You've never battled a proper ghost before, and no spell in your knowledge could overcome a phantom like her, leaving you with only one option.

The gift of gab.

"Wait!" you cry, putting out your hand that isn't holding Bovara. "Spirit! You misunderstand our purpose here!"

"And what purpose might that be?" the spectre says. "Is it not to sate my hunger? My constant... agonizing hunger? I will make it so wonderful, human," she says, opening her arms. "Please, give me that blessed relief..."

"We were!" you quickly say. "Bovara was merely trying to put you once more to rest before we ventured towards the Black Pyramid."

"The Black Pyramid!"

Domara pauses in her advance, her tattered silks swirling from her form as her head cocks inquisitively. "What do you know of this thing, mortal?"

"Uh, well," you say. "We seek out the Black Pyramid to learn the lore hiding within its halls."

The spirit is silent, thoughtful. Her burning gaze takes you in silently.

"So," she says at last. "It has come to this at last."

"It has?" you say uncertainly.

The spectre smiles. "Oh yes, mortal. It has. Do you think I was unaware of the suffering of this land? Do you think I did not know of what became of it?"

You shuffle your feet uncertainly. "Well, you've been dead for a few centuries. So..."

"The sands of time may move beyond me, human. But I saw when the deserts first arose. Yes. I witnessed the end of this kingdom under Queen Lashas. What do they tell of me, mortal?"

Recalling Bovara's explanation, you say, "That you were the sole survivor of the doomed city of the serpent queen, and stumbled here after the great Blight claimed the land."

"Yes. I did. But that was not all."

She beckons you nearer, and warily you obey, moving towards the ghost. She floats from above the sarcophagus and gestures to it. With a scraping sound the lid slides further off the coffin, revealing more of what it contains. Curious, you look.

A mummy lies within, bound tight in bandages, which conform to the curves of the spirit who hovers above you. Her mask is wrought of gold, painted with red and blue in a crown of the priestess,

sporting the disc of the moon. And in her clasped hands is something strange. A canopic jar, its top the head of a cow.

"That is what doomed this realm."

You look up at her. "Beg pardon?"

Domara hisses with regret, her burning eyes squeezing shut with the pain of the memories. "The Queen bid all her priests and priestesses to aid her in her spell. To fashion for her loci of power. Things that would grant her the might to become a goddess. But I knew the truth. That her spell would cost this land its fertility. Would wrest it away and imbue the Queen with its life. She would become a god, and we would fuel her rise.

"So I stole it. As the cymbals rang in every street, the people thronging the great plaza, singing in worship of she who would use their very souls to bring her new life, I slipped away! And with this, the spell was incomplete. The land was made barren, but Lashas was not made a goddess!"

Your eyes snap back to the jar. "Oh."

"It needed to be done!" Domara cries, her voice an ephemeral moan of despair. "Lashas could not become a goddess! We could not suffer such a cruel overlord as she! An eternal egoist to whom the lives of her subjects were mere playthings. I made the choice, and though it doomed the land, we were not beholden to so cruel a creature. A living god mad with power and wrath! As the desert winds blew, devouring the city, it nearly overtook me. But I escaped! The goddess granted me grace, and led me to her sacred city. Ruined in that apocalypse.

"But it seems she has chosen a champion," Domara says, her gaze returning to the present and turning to you.

"She did?" you say.

"Yes," Domara says, reaching down. Her hand grasps the jar and eases it from her mummy's grasp, holding it out to you. "She and the others of the heavens have decided that this land has suffered enough for our transgressions. Had you come any other day, my hunger would have been too great, and you would already lie upon this floor a husk. But I have sated myself on these intruders, and my mind is my own. And so I might give you this. And with it, the spell may be completed."

"Woah. W-wait. Isn't completing the spell a bad thing?"

"That depends entirely on who claims its power," she says, eyes flaring with light. "And what kind of god they shall be."

"I... see," you say, carefully taking the relic. Even as you do you feel a jolt of pure energy shoot through you, making you stiffen, gasp. Merely holding it you can feel the immense power within, churning like a storm trapped in a jar.

"Choose well, mortal," Domara says.

"I-I'm sorry. Me?" you say, baffled, realizing what she's telling you to do. "But, I-"

"Fate bids great destinies on some," Domara says, her form beginning to fade. "Have courage, human. And wits. Share this with no one, and keep your truths to your breast. Or else you may find yourself merely a puppet... in another's prophecy..."

Her spirit fades away, and with it the swirling hiss of wind dies. The cold dissipates, and the sarcophagus slides shut with a groan of stone.

You stand there, stunned, the canopic jar gripped tight in your hand. You look at it blankly, feeling the arcane power that swirls within it. You're so lost in the shock, you almost miss the groan of the waking cow priestess.

"Bovara!" you say, hastily sliding the jar into your satchel before bending over and helping the priestess to her knees.

The bovine priestess shakes her head, the jewelry she wears chiming with the movement. She looks about the chamber dully, her eyes clearing and she takes a shuddering breath.

"Goddess," she breathes. "Never have I heard of the Last One being so strong. She fed deeply this day. But she rests now. Once more."

"Y-yeah. That she does," you say uneasily. "Does that mean we can leave now?"

"Yes," Bovara says, letting you help her rise. "Yes, we may."

You let Bovara lean on you as you guide her out of the tomb, casting a final look back at the sarcophagus. As you do, you think you catch a faint flicker of blue fire around the lid. You self-consciously touch the satchel at your side, then turn your attention back to the exit.

You emerge once more into the sunlight, and even the gloom of the Pillars of the Forgotten seems brighter after your encounter in the tomb. As if the daylight strengthens her, Bovara seems more sure of her stride, leaning less on you as you approach the palanquin.

"I'm alright now," she says as she reaches the palanquin, touching the curtain and twitching it aside.

"You sure?" you say.

"I am," Bovara says, giving you a grateful smile. "A mere momentary weakness from the spell. Thank you, Alistair."

"Any time," you say.

She brushes her hand along your arm, sending a tingling racing through you as she vanishes within the palanquin. You step back as her bearers heft it into the air, already moving down the road again. You hasten back to your wagon, climbing into the seat and snapping the reins, spurring the horse after Bovara.

"Well?" Lamera says, once more poking her head out from behind you.

"Well what?" you say.

"What did she do in there?" the sorceress asks.

You shrug. "Said some prayers, passed out a bit. Nothing much, really."

"Is that right?"

"Yes."

Lamera gives you a shrewd look that sends unease squirming in your gut. You again feel the weight of the canopic jar in your satchel. But to your relief, the lamia merely gives a soft hum, receding back into the shade of the wagon, the stirring of her coils faint as she makes herself comfortable.

With a sigh you click your tongue, spurring the horse into a canter to catch up with the palanquin. Your meeting in the tomb of Domara weighs on you, and you appreciate the time to organize your thoughts a bit. Soon, the north gate of the city looms ahead, the dusty road cutting deep into the desert beyond. The wagon's wheels rock as you make your way from the dead city, the chill of the ruins fading in the face of the heat of the desert. You roll on through sands that practically bury the ancient road. You're not surprised it's so ill used. There's nothing in the north but endless desert and a few scattered tribes scratching a living from the barren lands ahead. You sigh, settling back in your seat, the endless sea of sands ahead.

And somewhere out there, the Black Pyramid, and godhood itself.

[Bandit Attack](#)

Seduce

You have no idea if a ghost might be tempted by pleasures of the flesh, but now seems like a good time to find out.

"Priestess," you say quickly. "Forgive my transgression! But upon hearing tales of your unearthly beauty, I couldn't help but wish to see the truth."

Domara hovers, an amused expression on her ethereal face. "Is that so, mortal?"

"Absolutely!" you exclaim quickly.

"Then who is that?" she asks, pointing at Bovara.

"Her? Uh, no one important," you say, quickly laying aside the buxom holstaur, who slumps on the floor with a low moan.

"Hmm," Domara says, smirking. "Then, am I all you dreamed, human?" she asks, her hands running down her curves, hefting the impossibly glorious orbs of her breasts for your dumbstruck gaze. "Am I the beauty you envisioned when disturbing my tomb? Do I inspire in you the lust you dreamed upon coming in here?"

"Absolutely," you say, and that's not a total lie. Despite her semi-transparency, she's unspeakably gorgeous. As curvy as Bovara, she also has a certain ethereal beauty that you're more than ready to respond to. Not to mention the longer you spend talking to her, the less and less you're afraid, instead feeling your cock stir and thicken at the sight of such a gorgeous beauty.

"Then come to me, mortal," she says, opening her arms, drifting down until the tips of her toes touch the floor. "Come, and pay homage to my beauty."

Well, why not? This was the plan. You sheathe your sword, moving towards her. Domara's smirk grows as you reach out and heft her breasts, her body faintly intangible, but still real enough for you to feel a subtle weight and firmness. You cradle her tits, their weightlessness making them seem even fuller, her nipples stiff and needy, and you've never met a holstaur who doesn't love getting her tits sucked.

You bend your head and fit your lips around her needy nipple. Domara moans softly as you gently suck, molding her breasts together.

"Oh yesssss," Domara moans, her hands grasping your head, pulling you in closer. "That's iiiiiiit. Mmmm. Is my breast wonderful, mortal? Do you yearn to suckle from my teat? Do you wish to taste my blessed cream?"

"Mmm. Suuuure," you murmur between loving kisses around her nipple.

She laughs throatily, her breasts jiggling teasingly. "Hmm. I fear I cannot supply you with that sweet liquor, human. But do not fear," she says, taking your chin, tilting up your head. "We can still exchange... mmm... essence."

“Oh?”

She pulls away, much to your disappointment. Up until she turns about, bending over her own sarcophagus, her plump, ethereal bottom lifted in tantalizing anticipation of your cock. “Come then,” she purrs, wagging her ass before you, her embroidered loincloth swishing like a tail. “Indulge in me, mortal.”

Well, you’ve come this far. You reach down and flip up her loincloth, revealing her plump bottom to the midnight chamber. Her ghostly rear glows faintly like the moon she worships, and right now you can certainly see a divine purpose in this. You get down on your knees behind her, her legs parting, revealing her pussy. You grasp her ass as you lean in and run your tongue along her folds.

“Ooooooh,” Domara moans, rear twitching up. “You are eager, mortal. Do not hesitate. Pleasure me as you wish.”

“Yes, my lady,” you say, leaning in and licking her again, your tongue stroking along her folds in a strange way. Almost impossible for you to describe. Like licking at a bowl of malleable cream, feeling her pussy stir and shift around your tongue, the holstaur moaning in bovine pleasure as you do your work.

“Oh goddess yessss,” Bovara sighs happily, her hips rocking back to push you deeper into her cunt. “There it is. Deeper, mortal. Show me your true devotion. You’re doing so well. Ah. Yessss. Higher. Higher! There! Mnnnn! Right there! Oh mortal... you spoke t-true. You do loooove this...”

Well, that’s hard to deny. You really are giving it your all. How often does one get a chance to fuck a ghost?

“Stop!”

You jerk back at the sharpness of that command, your tongue tingling with the spectral taste of her pussy. “S-sorry! Did I displease you?”

“No,” Domara moans, looking over her shoulder, the flames of her eyes crackling with lust. “But I’ll not cum, mortal, without your cock in me!”

That’s a condition you can get behind. Literally. You rise eagerly to your feet and undo the front of your pants, freeing your cock. Hard and ready, you grasp her hips, barely able to grip her phantasmal form, but it’s enough. Aligning your cock with her pussy, you drive forward and home.

“Ohhhh yessssss!” Domara moans.

“Holy fuuuuuck!” you gasp as her inner walls tighten like a gossamer sleeve around your cock. You moan and begin to saw in and out of her, your hips spanking her ethereal ass in a beat of pure desire.

“Yes! Ah, yesss! Fuck me, mortal!” Domara moans rapturously, her body moving with yours as you fuck her across her own coffin. “Give me your cock! Fuck me, mortal! Cum in me! Give me your seed! Yes! Ah! Yes! Cum! Fuck me full! Give me all your essence!”

“Oh fuck yessss!” you groan, unable to help yourself. You slam yourself home a final time and cum, groaning as you pump your seed into the ghostly goddess.

But it's not your seed alone she takes.

You feel it like a sudden emptiness. A weakness beyond the pleasure of post-orgasmic bliss. You groan, sagging against her, panting hard and fast, your body feeling oddly drained and weakened.

"What's wrong, human?" Domara asks, seeming to glow faintly as she looks over her shoulder at you. "You have more, don't you?"

You realize you do. You're still hard. Still full. Your veins burn with lust and tingle deep within you. Before you know it you're thrusting into her again, fucking the ghost, who strangely seems much more substantial now. The ethereal transparency of her pale flesh more solid. The slapping sound of your hips against her bum more audible and enticing. Even her pussy feels tighter. Softer. Wetter.

"Yessss. Fuck me!" Domara moans. "Ohhhh mortal yesss! Fuck me! Don't stop! Never stop! Take it! Take your pleasure! Show your love to me! Give it to me! Give me your sweet cuuuuum!"

"Oh f-fuck," you moan, chest heaving, heart pounding as you feverishly rut into the ghostly priestess, driven by a lust you can't deny. You have to cum in her. You need to spill your seed within her. Feed her pussy your cock and your cum. You can't stop. Won't stop. Won't ever stop!

You cry out as you cum, feeling again that sweet draining sensation, the ache of orgasmic bliss throbbing through you. Your thrusts grow weaker but no more desperate. You catch a glimpse of your arms and see how thin and wasted they've become, but you can't seem to figure out why. A distraction soon forgotten.

For there's only this.

Only now.

Only fucking this gorgeous, glorious, unbelievably sexy cow woman.

You cum again.

Again.

Each time sucking away your energy. At last, you can't even grip her and you fall back, cock coming free with a wet sound as you flop onto the stone floor, chest heaving with exhaustion, head spinning with pleasure and spent ecstasy. You try to lift your arms, but can't even raise them an inch. You're just... just too spent...

Domara moves over you, and where you feel weak, she is strong. She fairly glows with vitality, the flame of her eyes burning hot as she looks down at you with amusement.

"Poor fool," she coos, kneels, and sheathes you in her a final time.

You groan in pleasure, and it only takes her a few strokes of her hips to drive you to orgasm, and as the last few spurts of your essence escapes you, the world goes dark, and you slip away into the sweet void of death...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Bandit Attack



The desert rolls on, as monotonously deadly as ever. Hills of gold rising in distant dunes and dreary flatness. But that doesn't last forever. As you ride on through the wastes, you make out sharp, jagged cliffs in the not-so-distance, breaching the sands like pockmarked whales. A cleft in the stone shows where the road runs through in a canyon, and you make your way towards it.

Shading your eyes, you peer at sky, picking out distant winged shapes spiralling above the crags. Vultures? It's too far to say, and before you can make out more they wheel away beyond the cliffs.

As you ride into the shadows of the ravine, you a chill rolls over you. You peer at the high ledges soaring above, noting a number of alcoves carved deep into the stone. Statues fill them, towering in imposing grandeur only partly faded from the gradual erosion of the sands. A tingling sensation works its way down your back. A sense of danger and unease you're too smart to ignore. You lean forward, scanning the cliffs for some ambush.

"Something wrong?" Lamera says, peeking out from the curtain of the wagon.

"I don't know. I feel like something's off..."

Lamera hums, looks up thoughtfully. "What are those?"

"Those?" You look up at the wheeling birds now once more high above you. "You mean the vultures?"

Lamera's eyes narrow. Her lip curls revealing a fang and you hear the bangles on her tail rattle with agitation. "Those aren't vultures."

You look up sharply, but as you round a bend in the canyon your attention is jerked back to the road. Ahead of you, made of crudely assembled wood, is a barricade.

You pull on the reins, halting your horse. "What the..."

Shrieking laughter calls your attention once more to the sky where the very much not vultures have begun to descend. A gaggle of harpies wheel above you, slowly circling with flaps of wings. Robes draped them to their knees, their hair like porcupine needles and pierced with beads. Huge, scything talons grasp the top of the barricade and sharp, pointy teeth grin at you from fiercely beautiful faces.

You flex your hands on the reins, itching to draw your sword at the sight of the winged women. Harpy bandits are a well known menace on the highways, but you never dreamed of encountering them on this derelict road.

"Ka ha ha ha ha!" one of the harpies laughs. "Sorry! But the road is closed! If you wanna pass, you gotta pay the toll!"

"Toll? What toll?" you say.

The harpy who spoke before grins and leans forward. "You wanna pay the toll, you gotta talk to the Queen!"

"We don't have time for this," Lamera hisses from behind you. You stiffen as you sense her gathering magic around herself, the canopy of the wagon rustling in the arcane wind she's summoning. "I will move them!"

[Negotiate the Toll](#)

[Charge Through](#)

Negotiate the Toll

“Hold on,” you hiss under your breath. “There’s a lot of them. The last thing we need is them chasing us all the way to the Black Pyramid.”

“You have a better plan?” Lamera asks pointedly.

Well, you wouldn’t say it’s better, but it’s probably less likely to result in open war. “Let me talk to this queen. You know how good I am with words.”

The stirring of magic behind you lessens. Lamera chuckles, and you feel her hand on your shoulder. “That’s true, apprentice. You’re very good with that tongue of yours.” You shiver as you feel her lick your ear, the sensation shooting down to your groin. “Very well. Try your negotiations. But if you’re not back within two hours, I’ll be blasting through this thing anyway and leaving you behind. Keep that in mind.”

“Will do,” you say.

She gives your arm another squeeze, then slips back into the shadows of the cart. You roll your shoulder and rise, stepping off the cart and into the dust, moving towards the harpies.

“Alright,” you call out. “I’ll speak to your queen.”

“Ooooooh! Hear that sisters? He wants to jaw with the Queen?”

Another cacophony of laughter erupts from the harpies and the leader leaps from her perch. You try not to flinch as she swoops down, grabbing you by the arms in her wicked talons. Your feet rise in a gust of dust as the harpy bandit takes flight, shadowed by a half dozen of her sisters as they carry you up into the air.

As you ascend, you spot your destination. A number of holes pockmark the upper cliffs, like they’d been attacked by rock-eating termites. A great number of them are also closed off by curtains of burlap, tarp, or canvas. Clearly the spoils of the harpy’s attacks. Though no one you can think of has used this pass, you don’t discount it, and the harpies surely would have little trouble ranging far afield to raid elsewhere.

You’re borne higher, coming up near one of the highest openings, which unlike the others has a doorway made of strings of shiny glass beads. You’re deposited on its ledge, and you almost fall as the watery sensation in your legs threatens to send you to your knees. The bandit who bore you smirks as she struts up to the door and dips, her wings fanning out in a respectful curtsy.

“Mother?” she crows. “I have come with the stranger. He wishes to speak of the toll.”

You hear a soft crooning sound within. “Has he? How lovely. Send him in, daughter.”

The harpy gives another bob and steps aside, gesturing inside with a sweep of her wing. You give her a wary look, but obey, pushing past the beads with a clinking rattle.

You have to squint at the interior. It's dim inside but far from unlit. The daylight bleeding through the bead-door flashes off countless treasures both impressive and mundane. Gold coins dangle by threads from the ceiling while shields of polished bronze flash from corners. Mounds of cloth hump off the floor amid jewels and pieces of glass. It's like looking into the nest of some giant magpie, but the woman who resides in the center is anything but.

The queen of the harpies is a buxom beauty. She's beautiful in a mature way; not fat but curvy, and clearly has no qualms showing it off. She's nearly naked, but is far from nude. Necklaces made of glass, jewels, and other bits of shiny knickknacks hang around her throat and wrap around her wrists and ankles in glittering glory. She's almost blinding in her radiance, her crown a mass of twisted tin whose spires are wrapped around rubies, sapphires, and even more glass.

She preens royally, looking down on you as she ruffles the gold and brown feathers of her wings, radiating queenly glory. "Well well! A guest. It has been some time. I am Queen Zaveera, and I see you are admiring my glory."

"Uh, yes," you say, unable to quite look at her due to the flashy brilliance of her jewelry. "It's quite impressive."

"As are you. It has been many years since a male has come this way. And yet you wish to pass me by? I am hurt, human. Hurt indeed."

"Well, I didn't really know you were here," you say.

"But now you do. And wouldn't it be so good to stay a while?"

"Stay?"

She rises, the movement accompanied by a jangling of jewelry. She moves with great pomp, but it's hard not to watch her. She's lovely in her own way, her plush figure enticing.

"I spoke of a toll, human, and that is a simple one. I find myself lonely these days. My daughters are of fine company, but I require other... services."

You stiffen in more ways than one as her wing rises, brushing her soft feathers against your face. "Is that right?" you say, starting to get a pretty good picture of where this is going.

"Very," she coos, smiling. "But if you are reluctant, then I suppose I could entertain you with a dance. A most wonderful thing."

"And... that's the toll?" you say dubiously.

"I can hardly trust my daughters to provide honest feedback, can I? And I would need you to be honest with me. I would be most... grateful," she says with another throaty chuckle.

[Enjoy the Dance](#)

[Enjoy Her Body](#)

Enjoy Her Body

Well, if fucking this gorgeous milf of a bird woman is the only way to move ahead on your quest, by the gods you'll bite that bullet!

"It has been a long time since I've seen such a regal beauty," you admit.

Zaveera preens at your words. "Has it?"

"Oh yes," you say. "I mean, I've seen queens. Princesses. Priestesses and noble ladies from every land, but none can match your sheer... presence, your majesty."

"Am I more beautiful than all of them?" she asks coyly, fluttering her lovely lashes your way.

"Absolutely," you confess.

She cocks her hip, her transparent veil glittering as she coyly tilts her head towards you, her long lashes fluttering. "Tell me how beautiful I am, human. Show me you speak the truth."

Sounds like an invitation to you. "Oh my queen," you say, stepping nearer, your hands reaching out and grasping her plump hips, stroking them admiringly, your hands running over her flawless skin and the belts and chains of precious gems she wears. "You are a vision of beauty without compare. The glitter of your treasures only accents your loveliness. Like a goddess descended from the heavens and onto the world, I can only kneel in awe of you."

"All that, hmmm?" she says, veiling her mouth with a wing as she giggles. "Well, I cannot deny it. But I do notice that despite your words, you do not kneel."

"Remedied at once," you say, doing as she bids and getting down on your knees.

Zaveera coos at the sight, her wing moving and revealing once more her velvety pussy. "Then, I suppose you might be interested in worshipping as well, human?"

"As if I could do otherwise," you say as you gently grasp her hips, ease her forward. You let your tongue run along her pussy, gently licking her out.

Zaveera croons, her ornaments jangling with a shiver of pleasure as you get to work. "Ooooooh! That's quite... mmm... goood."

Good? You can do better than good. You tease your tongue up her slit, coaxing her lower lips apart until you find your way to her budding clit. You flick it, Zaveera gasping.

"Oh! Yes. There, human. Right there. Worship me... mmm... there."

"As you wish," you say, gently strumming her clit, teasing it from its hood with flicks of your tongue.

"Ohhhhh," Zaveera moans, her quaking legs giving way. She topples back into the softness of her bedding, the impact making her jewelry slap her curves and ring like a percussion band. You follow

her down, shrugging her legs onto your shoulders as you push forward, driving your tongue deeper into her cunny.

"Mnnnn! Oh yessss!" Zaveera cries, her legs hooking on your shoulders, pulling you eagerly against her. "Yes. Ah... ha... There. Just like... mmm... that. Get your tongue in deeeeep! Oh gods yessss!"

"You're so beautiful," you say, laying it on thick as honey between stroking laps of your tongue, giving her pussy your loving ministrations, culminating in teasing swirls around her budding clit. "So gorgeous. Brilliant as the diamonds you wear. My queen, you're wonderful. Perfect."

"Yes. Yes! I am! Ohhhh! I am! But... ah... but your tongue should be... ha... should be busier, human!"

She reaches down and grabs your head, playfully pushing you back into her pussy. You chuckle but obey, your tongue strumming her clit, lapping at her pussy, getting her closer and closer to her final release. Feeling her thighs twitch with her jolts of pleasure. Her keening moans growing louder. Stronger.

"Yes! Yes! Oh human... oh gods. I... I'm... Ohhhhhh!"

She cries out, cumming at last, quivering with the high of her orgasm. You lap at her juices as she cums, her body shaking with the sheer intensity of her pleasure.

You ease her down, tongue stroking her from her orgasm. You shift your shoulders from under her thighs and begin to stand, only for her legs to wrap around your waist, pulling you against her. You grunt as your bulge rubs against her mound, your cock practically bursting from your pants with your arousal.

Her smirk shows she can tell, a coo of excitement escaping her as her hips rock, rubbing herself against your bulge. "Mmmm. Surely you're not done, human? What kind of queen would I be if I left my subject so... needy?"

"A kind offer, my queen," you say.

"I can be a kind ruler indeed," she coos, rocking her hips, rubbing herself against your bulge. "Now, give it to me, human."

"Of course, your majesty," you say, opening the front of your pants and pulling out your cock. Her eyes spark at the sight of your length, then flutter as you stroke your shaft against the seam of her pussy, teasing her entrance.

"Oh gods yessss," Zaveera moans. "It has been so long."

"Then I'll make it special," you say, leaning down. You kiss her, the harpy queen cooing like a dove in pleasure as her soft lips answer your own. She gasps, and you feel her tense as you ease your cock into her.

"Mmmm," the tin tyrant moans as you begin to thrust into her, her charms and necklaces chiming as you rut her into the bedding, the ornaments that dangle from her nest ringing cheerily as you fuck the gorgeous harpy woman. You brace yourself over her with one hand against the nest, her moans grow deeper as your other hand begins to play with her plump breast.

The chiming music of the ornaments and the heavy slap of flesh on flesh fills her lair with their mingled song. An instrumentation broken only by the gasps and moans as your and her lips part for frantic breath. You can feel her mounting urgency in the way she rolls her hips, her moans growing in need.

“Yes! Oh gods yessss! Take me! Fuck me! Fuck your queen! Oh gods... oh gods yes. Yesss! Give me your cock! Take me! Ah! Yes! Yessss! Oh gods yessssss!”

You groan as you feel her cum, the sudden squeezing of her pussy pushing you helplessly past the edge. You hilt within her a final time, nearly sheathing your entire length into her spacious pussy as you cum, filling her with great bursts of your hot load.

Moaning, Zaveera sags beneath you, her plump breasts heaving with her exertion. Her lashes flutter and she gives you an admiring look.

“Oh gods,” she pants. “That was... it had been so very long...”

“Now that’s a tragedy,” you say, giving her another kiss. She coos in delight, quivering in lingering pleasure even as you pull back. “And I hope that will satisfy the toll?”

“Very much so, human. Although...”

You feel the first tingle of unease. “Although?”

She gives a soft humming sound, her back arching lazily, pushing her impressive breasts out. “Mmmm... It seems a waste to let a male such as you go. And I have been looking for so very long for a proper mate. How about it, human? How would you like to be my king?”

“King?” you say.

“The rewards are... mmm... great,” she coos, her pussy flexing around your cock even as she gestures grandly to the baubles that decorate her curvy figure.

[Accept Her Offer](#)

[Decline Her Royal Offer](#)

Decline Her Royal Offer

"I'm flattered you think so highly of me, your majesty," you say. "But I fear I must return to my mistress. She has a long way to go yet, and I'm needed with her."

Zaveera pouts but sighs. "Oh, very well. I suppose I did promise. And the word of a queen is binding."

First you've heard of that, but you'll take it. "Truly there are few royals who understand the duty of their rank better than you. My deepest thanks, your majesty."

"Yes, yes," she sighs, waving her wing even as she basks in your praise. "It is true, I am royalty in its purest form. Farewell, human. I do hope we one day meet again."

"As do I," you say, bowing respectfully, and that's the truth.

You shuffle backwards until you exit the bead doorway with a clinking rattle. Turning around, you find yourself confronted by the same harpy who brought you up. Her knowing grin is a little disconcerting, but you clear your throat.

"The ah, queen said we may pass."

"I heard. Among other things," the harpy says with a lewd wink. "Almost a shame to let you go. But mother's orders are orders."

She spreads her wings and gives a few beats, rising into the air. The gust of wind forces you to squint and brace yourself, and you try not to flinch as her talons grab you once more by the arms.

Your feet rise off the ground as the harpy wings her way from the ledge and down towards the pass once more. She descends in slow circles, which does a number on your stomach, and when she finally sets you down you stagger to lean against the side of the wagon lest you collapse in a heap. You hear a clatter and look aside to find the harpy warriors dismantling a part of the barricade, creating a path through.

Ah, excellent.

You heave yourself into the wagon's seat and take up the reins once more. You hear a scaly slither from behind you and feel a hand on your arm.

"Good to see you back, apprentice. How did things go with the bird?"

You shiver as Lamera's tongue flicks against your ear. "Oh, things went... well. The toll was quite affordable."

"Mmm. I bet. By the way," she says, her tongue stroking your neck. "You have some lipstick here."

You slap your hand to your neck and the lamia chuckles, slithering back into the dark. You shoot a look her way, then grumble and urge your horse into motion, the rattle of wheels sounding as your wagon rolls through the opening left by the harpies in their barricade.

“Come back soooooon!” one of the harpies calls, others cackling and waving farewell as you roll away. You feel a blush tinge the back of your neck, but pay them little mind. For the road ahead awaits, and you’ve still got traveling to do...

[Guardian of the Pyramid](#)

Accept Her Offer

Kingship over a tribe of beautiful winged women is a hard thing to say no to.

So you don't.

"How could I refuse such a royal proposition?" you say happily.

Zaveera's eyes flash with delight and the harpy queen smirks, easing back among her plush and glittering bedding. "Mhmm. How indeed? Then come to me, my king," she says, extending her wings towards you. "Come, and let us consummate our union."

"Yes, my queen," you say, grinning as you climb onto her once more, meeting her lips with a heated passion. Zaveera moans as your lips move against hers, her wings wrapping around you and pulling you close.

Time for some royal fun...

[King of the Harpies](#)

King of the Harpies

Ladua truly is beautiful when looked at from above.

It's a sight you can enjoy every morning, since you moved the harpy tribe into one of the city's old palaces. The lower floors were in ruins, but the upper levels had survived admirably, its towers now playing roost to the harpy clan.

And an excellent seat of power.

Arms crossed behind your back, you stroll through the apex tower, looking down upon the city below. A lot of changes have come to Ladua since your return and the coming of the harpies. The lawlessness that once plagued the city has been beaten back, and with order has come many other benefits. From above, you can make out a number of buildings that have begun to be rebuilt, while here and there you spot the shapes of harpies perched and keeping an eye on the trading districts. Ladua has always had the potential to act as a powerful trading hub, but no one had ever been willing to develop it.

Until now.

And speaking of...

You make your way to the steps, deftly working your way down them and into the palace's old dome. Your queen was kind enough to install them so you could get around, her own coven having no need of such things.

Voices rise from the gullet of the tower, and as you reach the crude balcony that overlooks the main chamber, you're treated to a view of your queen at court.

Well, court might be a little generous. The upper chamber of the palace once served as the harem bedchambers for its former ruler, and though years and thieves had robbed it of much of its old splendour, Zaveera wasted little time in making it her own, and restoring its value.

Banners that are really little more than curtains of cloth hang from the walls, their weave laced with gold and silver. Glass, gems, and more hang by threads from the ceiling like stars of an alien sky. Latticed windows lay down bars of daylight from outside, while piles of jewels, treasures, and ornaments are piled on the floor, fairly glowing in the daylight and rising in a heap that would make a dragon proud.

But it is not a lizard of flame which sits at the apex of this treasure pile, but your beloved Zaveera. The harpy queen reclines indolently atop a heap of silks, some of her favorite gems and treasures near at wing. Her crown was been fixed with even more jewels and gems, and her bosom is nearly buried in the array of golden necklaces, her legs weighed with anklets of gem-studded precious metals. Even her earrings are great hoops of glittering gold.

A number of her daughters are in attendance on roosts hammered into the walls, but two of her robed children stand before her, flanking a grovelling merchant holding forth a treasure box.

“Your majesty,” the man says. “A gift, from the Soma Merchant Group. A tribute to such a beauty, whose grace and indulgence allows us unworthy ones to conduct business in your gem of a city.”

Zaveera cocks a brow, her feathers fluttering, shimmering with gold dust. She gestures to one of her daughters, who picks up the box and hops up the treasure mound to her queen. Taking it, Zaveera opens the box, and her eyes light up with delight at the sight of the jewels within. You can’t quite suppress a chuckle at that. Your queen does love her shinies, that much is for sure, and even the fortunes that surround her fail to dim her delight in getting more.

“A worthy gift!” Zaveera says, tipping over the box and spilling its contents into the pile around her. “I believe we can do business after all. Provided, of course, you agree to the terms. You know them?”

“A... a tenth of all sales shall be taxed by the crown, of course,” the merchant stammers.

You nod to yourself. That one had been your idea. A not unreasonable amount, really. And the gains made from such business have only made your queen richer.

“Good! Then, you may go,” Zaveera says with a flick of her wing. “Escort him away, my dears. All of you.”

“A thousand thanks, your majesty!” the merchant gasps as the harpies around the room take flight. “I will tell my brothers in the Soma Group that you are as wise as you are beautifuuuuul!”

The merchant yelps as his arms are snatched up by a pair of harpies, the winged women cackling as they carry him into the sky and out the hole in the wall that serves as the door.

You watch them go in a fluttering of feathered wings, and only once the chamber is empty do you grasp the rope hanging by the balcony’s hole and slide down.

Zaveera is examining one of the merchant’s jewels when you make your appearance. She lowers it as you near, looking your way with a smile. “My love!” she coos.

“My queen,” you say, making your way towards her. “Did you find his offer worthy?”

“I did, my king,” she giggles, showing you the gem. “Look! Is this one not beautiful? It would be so lovely in my crown.”

“It is pretty, my queen,” you say as you climb the treasure mound, moving over her. “But not so beautiful as you.”

Zaveera stretches out beneath you, plainly enjoying every moment of your attention. “Am I really that beautiful, my king?” she coos, feathers fluttering in delight.

“My queen, no star in the heavens or jewel on the earth is your equal,” you say, cupping her impressive breasts as you lean down and kiss them. “You are more fertile than the fields of Amlin, and more regal than a priestess of the Moon.” You kiss up the slopes of her breasts, your tongue teasing her nipple, flicking the diamond-studded piercings that gleam there. “You are a goddess in the flesh, and far grander in stature than any that line the roads of Ladua.”

"Ohhh my poet," the harpy queen moans as your tongue takes a break from singing her praises, instead circling her nipples one at a time, flicking the piercings until they chime. She suddenly seizes you, pulling you closer. "Enough talk," she gasps. "I feel the quickening upon me, my mate. Give me your seed. Give me more daughters to rule this land."

"Your wish is my command," you chuckle, kissing her, filling your hands with her breasts and giving them a greedy squeeze.

"Mmmmm," Zaveera moans, melting at once to your skilled touch as you gently fondle her breasts. She's as sensitive as any holstaur, but you can't dream of a more appealing beauty. She's almost always ready to be bred again and enlarge her tribe. Not that it's really necessary anymore. Many of the other desert harpies have come to pay homage to your queen and join her flock, taking a share of the spoils and swelling the numbers of your queen's flight. In fact, the concentration of harpies in Ladua has likely made the desert safer than it has been in generations.

But you'll never complain about having a chance to breed your gorgeous queen. And she needs it so badly. Her body rocks beneath you, her thighs parted, baring the slick groove of her pussy. You take a hand from her breast, sliding it down her and stroking her slit, making her moan and flutter, her jewelry chiming and jangling like a brass band celebrating her desire.

"Mmmm! Nooo! Do not ah... ha... t-tease me, my beloved," Zaveera moans. Her hips rock eagerly, dislodging gems from the pile to ping their way down the treasure horde. "Just... ha... just fuck me!"

"Of course, my queen," you chuckle. Ah well. You suppose you can always torment your love later. For now, she needs your royal cock.

And it'd be churlish to deny her.

You shift atop her, hand abandoning her pussy and undoing your pants. Your cock fairly springs into the open and your hand, stroked to full length as you tease her entrance with your tip. A throaty chirp escapes Zaveera, and you sheathe within her.

"Ohhhhh yesssss!" she groans as you fill her, beginning to slowly thrust, pumping in and out of her steadily. "Yessss! Ha. Ah. Ha. Give it to me, my beloved! Give me your cock. Ah. Ha. Mnnn! Yes. Oh by the gods yes. Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me, my mate! Breed me. Breed your queen! Breed me noooooow!"

"Yes. Yes my queen. Oh fuck yesssss!" you groan, pounding her, fucking her. Gods she's gorgeous. Gods she's beautiful! The urgency to give her what she needs hits you. You thrust into her harder. Faster. In no time you're hitting in her a final time, moaning as you cum, your body flexing as you pump your seed into your gorgeous harpy lover.

The feel of your orgasm pushes Zaveera to her own. With a cry she bucks beneath you, aftershocks hitting her in jolts of delight. She groans, cooing, sagging beneath you, panting hot and fast as her warm eyes gaze up at you.

"Ha... ha... Oh, my king," she croons, reaching up and stroking your cheek.

"My queen," you murmur, bending down and meeting her lips in a hungry kiss.

You feel her respond happily, and can't quite suppress a chuckle as your cock stirs anew. Zaveera will want to be sure she has been bred this day, which means you're far from done. But that's just part of being a harpy's king.

But you'd surely not trade your crown for anything...

End

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

Enjoy the Dance

You're more than a little suspicious about this 'dance' business, but if you have to sit through it to pass the harpies (and get back down from the roost), well, you've been forced to sit through worse.

"Alright, I'll watch your dance," you say, taking a seat on a convenient chest.

Zaveera smirks, her long lashes fluttering as she rises from her nest with a flash of gems. "Good. Then, I shall begin."

The harpy queen begins to slowly sway, her hips rocking side to side. You prop your chin in your palm, watching the act with little interest.

At least, at first.

But as she continues, you find yourself paying more attention. There's something about her movements that catches your attention. Something about the way her jewelry flutters and gleams about her. You blink as she sways closer, hips moving seemingly independent of the rest of her. The girdle of gems and glass that drapes her jangles and chimes. Ringing like silver bells.

"That's it, human. Watch me. Watch my lovely hips sway. Watch my pretty jewels shine and glimmer and flash," Zaveera coos.

You blink slowly, your eyes feeling a bit...

[Itchy](#)

[Heavy](#)

Itchy

You squint, the sparkles of her dancing alluring, but it gives you more of a blinding headache than anything else. She's obviously casting some sort of spell. But her power is weak. If you can just resist it, you're sure you'll be okay.

"Do you like my dance?" Zaveera coos over the chime of gold and jangle of gold.

"It's pretty," you say.

"Are you sure that's all?" she coos.

"I..."

"Aren't your eyes feeling... heavy?"

[Heavy](#)

[Still No](#)

Still No

“Not at all, your majesty,” you say. “How could I let my eyes close before such a stunning display?”

Zaveera narrows her eyes. Her swaying grows more exaggerated. Her dance fiercer. Faster. The gold and treasures that bejewel her flashes, sparkling, as if throwing gold dust into the air all around her. She whirls before you, her jewels sparkling across her curves. Her breasts heaving with the effort of her dance.

“How do you feel, human?” she gasps among the chime of music and song.

You watch, stunned by the sheer glitter of the dance. You blink.

Blink.

Watch.

The dance makes you feel like...

Feel like...

[Kneeling](#)

[Waking Up](#)

Heavy

Your eyes feel so heavy. Not enough to close fully, but a lethargy seems to seep through you as you watch Zaveera move. Her hips sway side to side.

“Are you watching, human?”

“Yes,” you murmur.

“Do you like my dance?”

“Yeah,” you say groggily.

She giggles as she sways, breasts bouncing. Gold glittering. “Good. I knew you would. I could tell. I could tell you’d love to watch my hips sway...”

You do. It’s so... nice to watch her hips swing and breasts bounce. Watching the pretty gems flicker.

Flash.

Spin.

Sparkle.

The sight making you feel even heavier.

Even lazier.

Makes you feel like...

Feel like...

[Kneeling](#)

Heavy

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Flash.

Spin.

Sparkle.

The sight making you feel even heavier.

Even lazier.

Makes you feel like...

Feel like...

[Waking Up](#)

[Kneeling](#)

Waking Up

You catch yourself, giving yourself a shake. No. No! You're better than this. You're not going to get enthralled by some tin tyrant in the desert and her sparkling sorcery.

"I'm okay," you say.

She frowns. "Are you sure?" she says with another swing of her hips, a twirl, her figure flashing like a golden dervish.

But you've seen through the magic now. You'll not be fooled again. "I'm sure," you say. "Your dance is beautiful, your majesty."

Zaveera slows, winding down her dance. She finally halts, her breasts heaving with the exertion. Carrying around all that gold had to be heavy, and its plain she's too worn out to keep it up.

"Is your dance over, your majesty?" you ask.

She pouts at you. "It is," she admits.

"It was a wonderful display," you say quickly. "Truly! A show worthy of such a regal being as yourself."

She perks up a little. "You think so?"

"Of course! Your radiance was simply divine, your majesty. I apologize I could not give it my fullest attention. I fear my mind is troubled with my journey, but no doubt on my return I will find your dance even more enthralling."

Zaveera preens at your words, still looking disgruntled, but her ego soothed. "Well," she says, brushing her fingers through her dark locks, sending hairpins and locketts glittering. "I suppose I can't help if your mind was so... occupied. You may pass, human. And," she adds with a smoky look, "I shall look forward to your return. Next time."

You rise, bowing to her. "Until then, your majesty," you say, backing out of the bead curtain.

The harpy bandit waiting on the other side seems surprised to see you emerge, but begrudgingly takes to the sky once more and grasps you in her claws. Your feet rise off the ground as she wings her way down off the ledge and down towards the pass once again. She descends in slow circles, which does a number on your stomach, and when she finally sets you down you stagger to lean against the side of the wagon lest you collapse in a heap. You hear a clatter and look aside to find the harpy warriors dismantling a part of the barricade, creating a path through.

Ah, excellent.

You heave yourself into the wagon's seat and take up the reins once more. You hear the hiss of scales behind you and feel a hand land on your shoulder.

"Good to see you back, apprentice. How did things go with the bird?"

You shiver as Lamera's tongue flicks against your ear. "Oh, things went... well. The toll was quite affordable."

"Mmm. I bet," she says.

You shiver as the lamia chuckles, slithering back into the dark. You shoot a look her way, but only the gleam of her golden eyes meet you. You sigh, turning back around and urge your horse into motion, the rattle of wheels sounding as your wagon rolls through the opening left by the harpies in their barricade.

"Come back soooooon!" one of the harpies calls, others cackling and waving farewell as you roll away. You feel a blush tinge the back of your neck, but pay them little mind. For the road ahead awaits, and you've still got traveling to do...

[Guardian of the Pyramid](#)

Kneeling

It makes you want to kneel.

To slip off the chest.

Down to your knees.

Watching as her hips swing side to side.

Watching Zaveera dance closer.

Her wings fanning her feathers.

Flashing the gems and jewels.

Her rump swaying.

Ass coming closer.

Closer.

“Watch me, slave,” she coos, her voice seeming to reverberate, joining with the music of her dance. The chime and ring and jangle of her jewels. “Watch me. And worship. Obey. Obey mistress. Obey your queen...”

You blink.

Blink again.

Your eyes so heavy.

Your jaw going slack.

Your head empty.

Thoughts flying away.

She sways nearer.

Her hips rocking.

Her pussy glistening.

Aroused.

Her breasts heaving.

Ringling.

Nipple rings bouncing atop her plump teats like off a drum.

“Worship me, slave,” the queen’s voice croons, the sound wrapping around your fluffy thoughts, scattering them like clouds.

Yes.

Yes.

Worship... worship the queen.

Yes.

Yes.

“Yesssss,” you moan as you ease forward, grazing your hands on her hips. Inhaling deeply the sweet perfume she seems to have bathed in. Your tongue slides out, laps at her pussy.

Like a good slave.

A good slave for your queen.

You dimly hear Zaveera giggle. Feel her hands rest on your head, her hips now rocking forward, pressing her lush cunny to your lips while the jewels of her girdle bounce above you, letting you kiss and lick her like a good slave.

A good slave for mistress.

“Gooooood boy,” she coos. “That’s it. Mmmm. Worship your queen. Adore her royal pussy. What a good slave you are. What a gooooood, obedient servant for mistress. Mnnn. And such a... ah... a skilled tongue. Oh yesssss,” she moans, rocking forward more insistently. “Yes. Thaaaaat’s it. Oh yes. Deeper, slave. Your queen commands it.”

Yes.

You must obey the queen.

You must obey.

Good slaves obey...

You drive your tongue into the harpy’s honeypot, her taste tingling on your tastebuds. So good. So sweet. So alluring. Stars gleam in your eyes as you stare raptly at the jewels and glass that flicker and bounce on her rocking hips. Back and forth. Up and down.

Her hands push you harder against her mound, practically grinding herself on your tongue as she ruthlessly rides your face, using you as her personal pleasure toy. “Yes! Oh yes! Gods yesssss! I’m so close... Ah... my slave. Your queen is so... so... Mnnnnn!”

Her cry of pleasure rings out around you. A note of purest ecstasy pinging off the jewels and glass of her lair, ringing in your ears as she cums. You groan, quivering in delight, almost cumming yourself as her cry rains down upon you like shards of glass.

Panting, Zaveera eases you from her pussy and looks down at you, her face rouged with a blush and eyes warm and smoky with desire.

“Good... good slave,” she pants, beaming. “That was... mmm... So goood. It’s so good to be my slave, isn’t it?”

“Slave?” you say, a tingling of uncertainly sparking in your brain. “I-”

“Isn’t it?” she croons, giving her breasts another bounce, her nipple rings chiming.

Flashing.

Sparkling.

Doubts evaporate in your mind. A dull smile alights your face as your eyes dim obediently. “Yes, mistress,” you say raptly. “Good slave... Good slave for you...”

She giggles, fondling your hair. “Mmm. That’s what I thought. Now back to work. Your queen demands it.”

You happily obey the press of her hand, returning you to her pussy, lapping obediently at her sweet honeypot, moaning as you serve your queen.

As a good slave should...

[Harpy Slave](#)

Harpy Slave

Your sword flashes as it comes down, slicing through the neck of the caravan guard. He falls with a gurgle and a spray of blood, and you turn to face your next foe.

Only to find none. The survivors of the ill-fated caravan flee into the desert, but few will make it far. The sands will kill them, if the harpies don't.

A triumphant shriek goes up from the sisters of the harpy clan as they wheel above the abandoned train of baggage. The winged women descend upon the goods, claws bloodied on the merchants now tearing open bags and pouches, revealing their bounty. You watch with satisfaction. Your plan went off without a hitch. The poor fools never knew what was coming until the harpies descended, screaming out of the sun's rays and upon the hapless caravan. You'd been carried with them, deposited in the lead to take the front as the guards scattered and scrambled to defend themselves, to no avail.

You watch the harpy bandits relish in their triumph, and as you do, a distant pang of... something sparks in your soul. You frown a little. Is this... right?

"Human! We have won!"

You turn in surprise to find Aneera fluttering towards you, the harpy bandit grinning widely. She slows as she comes near, giving you a closer look. "What's wrong? Are you injured?"

"Oh. No. I just..."

Her eyes narrow a little. "You doubt?"

"I..."

She raises her hand, and you see a gem in her talons. She gives it a flick, sunlight flashing through the stone.

Spinning.

Sparkling...

You feel your doubts melt away as you watch the stone sway. Calmness and happiness fill you once more. You smile dimly. "No," you say. "I do not doubt. The queen will be delighted by our prize."

Aneera nods, smirking. "Yes. Mother will be pleased indeed! But we've been away for too long. Come! I shall bring you to her once more."

You relax further. You always do when the prospect of seeing the queen comes up. Just the thought of your wonderful mistress fills you with ease. Aneera takes to the sky with a beat of her wings, her claws grasping your arms, lifting you into the air.

You soar away from the looted caravan. The rest of the flock will take their time gathering their spoils before returning to the rookery. There's no real rush. Your plan worked flawlessly, as always. Ever

since you took over planning the harpy's raids, losses have been cut nearly to nothing, and their takes have only grown. Your familiarity with the trading routes across the desert has allowed the bandits to range farther and more successfully than ever, and the spoils pour in.

Though, your own rewards are less material than the treasures taken.

Just the thought makes your body tingle in anticipation. It's been almost a week since you went from the rookery. The caravan was late, but now that you're on your way home, you can relax. All your doubts will be assuaged once you see your queen.

Once you return to mistress.

Soon the cliffs of the rookery rise in the distance. You perk up as Aneera bears you upwards along an updraft, sweeping towards the hollow of the queen's roost. Aneera sets you down, landing ahead and pushing past the door of beads, you quickly following.

Entering the chamber is blindingly dazzling. Almost every inch of the floor is coated with gems, jewels and gold. A chamber of unspeakable fortunes, all gathered around the nest of your queen.

She's resplendent in her golden array. Threads of silver girdle her and hang from her. Necklaces of polished gold dangle from her throat and rubies flash from settings ranged in a belt around her waist. She's currently admiring herself in a mirror, fluttering her feathers in awe of her own beauty, and you can hardly blame her. Is there anyone as lovely as your goddess?

She tilts her head as Aneera approaches and whispers in her ear. Zaveera nods, turns to you, her impressive breasts bouncing at the motion.

"My slave," she coos, opening her arms, glowing with gold and treasure. "You've returned."

Her glory is nearly blinding. Jewels, glass, silver and gold flash and glitter all over her. You feel your mind blanking. Your jaw going slack, drooling a little at the sheer array of treasures before you.

"Y-yes," you stammer, your mind struggling to think through the glitter and shine filling your thoughts. "Came... came back..."

Zaveera coos in amusement at your fumbling words. "I am pleased! Ah, my favorite slave. Once so eloquent. You're always so tongue-tied with me."

You warm at her condescension, but yearn for more of it. She moves towards you, every step sending her ornaments chiming. She reaches out, a hand bejeweled in rings gently pushing your jaw shut. She giggles, shading her face with a wing like a veil. "What a silly slave mistress has," she coos. "My silly, sexy, obedient boy."

You swallow, your cock throbbing in your pants, your body tingling with desire for this goddess of gold. She glances down, no doubt noticing your state. She coos, feathers ruffling, then nods at Aneera. With a leer, the younger harpy departs, beads clicking as she presses past the door.

"Undress, slave," Zaveera purrs.

You do. Eagerly you shed your clothes, soon naked, the reflecting warmth of the gold all around you tingling on your bare skin.

Zaveera's eyes flash as she admires your figure. She sways towards you lazily, medallions, gold plates and ornaments slapping off her thighs and plush rump. "Lie down," she coos, pushing you back.

You go down among the silks of your queen's bedding, never tearing your eyes from her gorgeous curves. She squats above you, thighs on either side of yours, the groove of her pussy pressing against your shaft. You groan as she begins to rock her hips, grinding you against her lush cunny. Her ornamentation chiming with her motions.

"Do you love me, slave?" she asks.

"Yes," you gasp, enthralled by how her jewelry flickers and flashes across her curves.

"Do you want me?"

"Yes."

"Do you adore me?"

"Gods yes!"

"Will you be my slave forever? My obedient bimbo? My dumb breeding stud? Will you do it for me, slave? Will you be mine? Mine forever? Always?"

"Yes!" you gasp, quivering with lust. Pulse thumping. Cock throbbing. Your hands quaking where they grasp her hips, clutching her desperately, almost overcome with lust for the glorious beauty atop you. "Please! Mistress! Anything. Anything for you!"

She smirks at the desperate earnestness in your voice. "Mmm. Good slave," she coos, hips rising, your cock bouncing up. Just in time for her to descend.

Sheathe you in her.

And begin to bounce.

"Ohhhhh yesssss," Zaveera moans as she fucks you beneath her, her jewelry once more bouncing, flashing, flickering and dancing before your enthralled eyes. "Yesss! Give me your cock, slave. Fuck your mistress! Good slaves obey. Good slaves fuck their mistress! Yes. Yes! Ah. Ah! Mmmm! Fuck me! Fuck me, slave. Fuck your mistress hard!"

"Yessss!" you moan, clutching her hips as you thrust desperately up into her. "Oh g-gods yes! Mistress! Love you... ah... ha... L-love mistress. Love you soooo muuuuuch!"

You can't hold back. Not with her. Not under her curves. You arch as you cum, moaning, shaking as you pump your hot cum into the gorgeous goddess astride your cock.

"Ohhhhhh!" Zaveera moans, her inner walls clutching your cock as she milks you of your spurting cum.

And yet you're still hard.

This isn't surprising to you. How could you soften when your queen still wants your cock? Still desires your lust? And you must serve your queen. Your goddess. It's what you live for. Exist for.

To love your shiny, lovely queen.

Forever and ever her dumb, obedient slave...

Bad End

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Charge Through

You have no intention of giving yourself over to some harpy queen's mercies.

"Do it," you hiss back to Lamera.

The lamia smirks, and you feel magic gather further about her.

"Well, human?" the bandit above the wall shouts, her talons carving gouges from her wooden perch.

"I think maybe we'll... not," you say.

And duck.

The bolt of magic booms over your head, raising the hairs on the back of your neck with a crackle of static. The scream of your horse and the harpy bandits is almost lost in the thunderous explosion as a chunk of the barricade is blown apart. Harpies flap into the sky like startled pigeons as you snap your reins, urging your plunging horse forward.

Your steed needs little urging, charging towards the smoking hole in the barricade with a franticness born of fear. You hear the thudding of feet as Bovara's minotaurs race after you, bearing the palanquin in a mad dash.

Shrieks erupt from the harpies as you escape, wheels rattling and bouncing over the wreckage of the barricade. You look back as the harpies wheel above you, several surging after you and through the narrow ravine.

You spot Lamera throwing open the back of the wagon's canvas cover. "Don't kill them!" you shout. "Or we'll never see the end of them!"

Lamera scoffs. "You have too much sympathy, apprentice. But fine," she says, gesturing towards the winged women.

A blast of wind erupts from her hands, making the rear of your wagon jump with a creak of wood. The pursuing harpies shriek in surprise as the blast of air throws them off, two crashing into the walls of the canyon while the others plummet with ungainly flaps of their wings.

You dismiss them, all your attention ahead as the end of the canyon gleams in a cleft of the cliffs. You burst from it and back onto the long-abandoned highway, horse galloping across the sands and desert. You peer back, but see no sign of pursuit. Looks like you made it.

For now.

But you have a feeling you'll be sleeping without a fire tonight, and maybe some enchanted wards, just to be safe.

Guardian of the Pyramid



The road winds on. For two more days you journey through the desert, resting when the sun rises high and brings its searing heat, sleeping when the night brings the biting cold. Now and again you pass through the vestigial remains of towns or villages, their ruins baked in the heat and hollowed like broken pottery, but the destruction always angled in the way you travel. It's not an encouraging sign for sure.

And then you reach the end of the road.

Literally.

You halt the wagon as you crest a hill and look down onto... well, a hell of a lot of nothing. The road cuts off suddenly, swallowed by the endless sands.

"Oh great," you grunt.

"Hm? A problem?" Lamera says, slithering out from behind the canvas.

"Yeah. We ran out of road," you say.

The lamia's eyes flash and her smile grows. "Then it seems we've arrived."

You look back at her. "Come again?"

Lamera slides forward, and you find that she's holding the disc from before. The light, however, is no longer near the end, but hovering near the center.

"Hmmm. Little wonder the city has eluded searchers for so long," Lamera purrs as she slides onto the highway and directs the disc this way and that, the light sliding around inevitably towards the empty horizon. "It has not been lost. It has been hidden. How fortunate that your brilliant mistress had you go out and fetch this device, hm?"

"Then, we're here?" you say dubiously.

"Would I lie to you?"

There's a trap if you've ever heard one. "I'm sure you never mean to," you say tactfully.

Lamera gives you a measured look, then smirks. "Right you are, apprentice. Right you are. But in this case, I was utterly honest with you. This is the key to revealing the lost city, hidden away until its true heir could discover it again."

"And that is you, then?"

You look back to find Bovara has joined you both, the busty holstaur looking strikingly out of place in the barren land in which you stand. Her fertile curves are garbed in a few strips of teasing cloth, two crossing her chest in an V that hefts up her voluptuous bust, barely covering her nipples before sliding between her legs into the girdle and transparent skirt.

"Of course. Who else would it be?" Lamera says with a smirk.

You shift your weight, feeling once more the weight of the canopic jar hanging from your pouch. You clear your throat. "So, the ah... the disc thing can reveal the city?"

"That it can," Lamera says, looking about. Her eyes alight on a lump of sand not far and her expression brightens. "Ah, there we are," she hisses, slithering towards it. She says a word of magic and a sudden blast of wind blows away the pile of sand, revealing a stone plinth that had been buried within. A number of strange signs are written in the stone, and among them is an indent with a quite familiar shape.

Lamera's eyes glow with satisfaction as she moves forward. "With this," she says, lifting the disc above her head. "I shall reveal the hidden city of my heritage. I shall reveal the truth of my birthright. I shall reclaim what was once my family's! Today, I shall be made a queen!"

You find yourself holding your breath as Lamera lowers the disc and places it in the groove of the stone with a faint click. And then...

Nothing.

You look about uncertainly, but the desert remains dry and drab. The sun is out, no dramatic clouds unveiling. No beacon of light breaking upon the world to illuminate the truth. You shift from one foot to another.

"Well?" Bovara says.

"Patience, cow," Lamera hisses.

"Maybe you put it in upside down, mistress," you suggest. "Try... you know. Jiggling it a little."

"I put it in correctly, apprentice," Lamera says sharply. "It just maybe needs some time to settle in."

"Maybe some sand was still in there. Perhaps try blowing on it?"

Lamera glowers at you, then glances back at the stone. Almost suspiciously, she picks the disc up, leans in, blows on the hole, then puts the disc back.

And still nothing happens.

Or, so it seems. But is it just you, or is the wind a little stronger?

You look down as grains of sand scrape around your feet. Your hair flutters as the wind picks up, drawn towards the emptiness at the end of the road. You turn as more wind gathers, sands beginning to stir, rise, lifted into the air as a whirlwind builds before you. The canvas covering of your wagon flaps and snaps in the sudden wind. You squint against the grit, bracing yourself against the sucking wind as it grows to a deafening howl, swirling ahead in a blinding cyclone.

“What the hell!” you shout, but doubt anyone can hear you in the roar. Yet even as you watch the wind begins to die, the screen of sand drifting away.

And reveals the city.

You first make out the towering peak of what looks like a black mountain, but as the sands die down it reveals the vast, sleek slopes of smooth onyxian stone. The sides of the pyramid slide down until they vanish among the sand-choked ruins of a once mighty city. Carvings are etched all along walls, depicting strange, serpentine figures in the acts of ruling their realm, standing astride fields rich in crops, leading armies against fleeing foes and more. Every structure a monument to a glory long ago, preserved for ages in the enchanted sands.

The storm dies, and a massive gateway lies before you, its keystone depicting a great snake’s head. Into this leads the road once more, going down a perfectly straight avenue and into the city proper. Niches carved about the gateway are filled with four different fantastical statues of beastwomen found all across Ladua. A bovine, a cat, a snake, and a harpy.

You stare, for a moment unable to do anything but gape in awe at the sight before you.

It was true.

The Black Pyramid does exist.

And yet, strangely, you don’t feel happy about that.

As you gaze at the dark mountain rising ahead, you feel a tightening in your chest. A creeping fear at the glossy darkness that seems to eat the light, dulling the world around that dark edifice, like a cloud has passed over the sun. Your skin prickles with an instinctive fear. A dread that seizes your very soul. This is a cursed place. A dead place. A place that was hidden for a good reason. Here lies the grave marker of an empire. The death of a land and its people.

Laughter breaks you from your shock. You look quickly to Lamera to find her standing before the gate, arms upraised in pride, her eyes glowing with ecstasy. “You see?” she cries. “You see! I was right. All along, I was right!”

You realize your jaw is hanging open and hastily close it. “Uh, so you did, mistress,” you say quickly, even as you feel a tingling of unease about the whole display. “So uh...”

“Come!” she cries, slithering forward through the sands and towards the gate. “Come, apprentice. You too, cow. You both may join me in witnessing my ascension!”

Albeit somewhat nervous, owing to the dead city, you nonetheless follow Lamera past the blasted gate. It’s a journey of worrying length down the long avenue. The whole place reminds you uncomfortably of the Pillars of the Forgotten in their choked sand, save that here, the buildings are almost pristine. Yet not a soul is about. The city seems even emptier for it, as if it were holding its breath. The whole sensation makes you loosen your sword, and keep an eye out.

Yet not a mouse disturbs your journey to the face of the Black Pyramid, and soon you walk down an avenue lined with onyx obelisks like spires rising from the dunes. Ahead lies the glistening dark edifice, a towering doorway awaiting, set deep within the base. The black, glistening smooth doors are sealed tight, the symbols of an ouroboros twisting upon the great portal.

“At last,” Lamera breathes, putting on a sudden burst of speed, rushing towards the doors.

Movement catches your eye and you lunge forward, grabbing the back of Lamera’s dress and yanking her back an instant before a descending axe could bisect her.

Lamera stumbles back and so do you as the weapon hits the paving stones with a clang that rings in the dead air. You see one of the statues within the entranceway move. But she’s not a statue, you now realize. Instead, you look upon a sphinx. She resembles a lovely human woman but for her faintly feline face, tail and ears. She reminds you strongly of the catgirls from back in Ladua, save that this beauty stands in regal confidence and dignity. A crown frames her face and crests her head, and long hair tumbles beneath. What you took for black stone is in fact silky black fur and skin, her figure strikingly beautiful, and the axe she almost cut Lamera in twain with looking quite menacing indeed.

“Hmmm? You’re fast, human,” the sphinx purrs, straightening, swinging her imposing blade back over her shoulder. Her golden eyes aglow with amusement and power, her grin menacing yet alluring. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had visitors.”

“Visitors!” Lamera snaps, rearing up with anger. “How dare you! I am the heir of your throne!”

“Is that right?” the sphinx says. “Well, I am Capria, the Headtaker, bound guardian of the Queen’s Pyramid. And none may enter without answering to me.”

“Answering what?” you ask.

“Oooh! A question. I do love questions. And unless you have a royal invitation, I might be convinced to let you in, provided you answer mine.”

You can’t help but groan. “A riddle game?”

“Precisely,” the sphinx says with a flash of teeth.

How cliché. “So if we answer your riddles you’ll let us pass?” you say.

“Of course! One of the terms of my contract to guard the gate. And how convenient! There’s three of you. So here’s the deal, mortals. Answer my riddles three, and for each given right, I’ll let one of you pass into the pyramid. A fine offer, no?”

“What happens if we guess wrong?” you say.

Her eyes flash and smirk deepens. “Mmmm,” she says, stretching lazily, her axe whooshing as she sways. “Well, it has been a such a loooooong time since I have seen any guests, and I get so very bored. So if you fail to answer me true, I’ll take one of you as my prize. You, specifically,” she says, pointing your way.

“Me?” you say.

“Fine! We’ll do it,” Lamera says.

“What!” you yelp.

“Excellent!” the sphinx exclaims, clapping. “You have made a wise choice. And since you’re in such a state, I suppose it would only be fair to give you a sporting chance, mortal. If you don’t know the answer, you can ask one of your companions to try and answer. And if they get it right, they may pass through. Now, let us begin!”

“I-“ you begin.

The sphinx cocks a finger your way. “Let us see you guess this one!

“The heaven’s cream that cannot be touched.

“Only at night can I be sought.

“What am I?”

“Um...” you say.

[A Rabbit](#)

[Have Lamera Guess](#)

[Have Bovara Guess](#)

A Rabbit

"Is it... a rabbit?" you say.

Capria smirks. "Hmmm. Afraid not, mortal," she says as she extends a hand towards you. "And that means you belong to me!"

Oh shit!

You reach for your sword, but before you can even draw it the sphinx snaps her fingers. A sudden wave of sand rises before her, bearing down on you. You bring up your arms as the sand hits you with a crash, tearing you off your feet. Your sword is ripped from your grasp, and you tumble down.

Down.

Down in the hissing sands...

[The Eternal Palace](#)

The Eternal Palace

The hissing grittiness swirls around you, then suddenly vanishes like a passing storm. You tumble back, and land on something soft, which is almost as surprising as when the sand fades away like mist in the sun. You cautiously open your eyes, then blink in surprise.

The sands are gone, and that's not all. You're utterly naked, as if the storm had stripped you to the skin. And even more surprising, you're on a bed. The sheer strangeness of that is almost as bad as when you look around and find yourself in a massive bedroom. Carpets decorate the floors while windows fill the walls, their curving peaks ending in delicate filigree like teardrops. Through them, you see a starry void like a blanket of darkness ribboned with starry purples, greens and violets. The chamber itself has no doors, and the furnishing, though plush, is sparse.

"What the..."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Shit!" you gasp, spinning about and scrambling back, discovering the sphinx sitting right behind you.

She grins, showing off her fangs. "Aw, don't act so surprised! Remember our deal?"

"Uh..."

She smirks, leans forward, her hand coming up. You freeze, watching her fingers slip under your chin.

And ring something.

Your eyes widen. Your hand slaps around your throat, only to feel the smooth leather of a collar waiting there, complete with a bell. You look at the sphinx in shock. "You-"

"I've always wanted a pet," Capria says, giggling. "And here you are! It can be so boring in the worlds between. But finally I have a plaything."

"I'm not your-"

"Good dog."

Your words are cut off with a shuddering moan as pure pleasure surges from your collar. It tingles down your arms and into your fingers, spreading down your chest to your groin, your cock suddenly jutting right up, twitching with arousal.

Capria's eyes flash and her smirk widens. "Mmm. There it is," she croons, her hand sliding down from your collar, her fingers wrapping around your shaft. "A nice, big cock for mistress to play with."

"Mnnn!" you groan, trembling. "I... I'm not..."

"Now now! Doggies don't talk. Doggies just bark."

Another crackle tingles from your collar. "Woof!" you say. Instantly your jaw slams shut with shock. "W-woof?"

Capria giggles with delight, still stroking you. "Oh, this is too much fun! What's that, doggie? You want to lick mistress's pussy?"

"Woof?"

"Well, if you really want to," the sphinx coos, easing back, knees pulled up against her tummy while her eyes grow lidded and teasing. She parts her thighs, revealing the pinkness of her cunny. "Now, doggy, show mistress you know how to use that tongue."

Your eyes widen, but you find your body obeying her commands before you can even process it. You move forward onto all fours, crawling towards her. Your tongue slides from your lips, panting like a dog as you shuffle between her legs.

"Mmmm. There we go," Capria coos, reaching down and grasping your head by the hair, shoving your face into the delta of her pussy. "Give mistress a good licking. Like she knows her pretty dog wants to."

You groan, but you cannot disobey the collar. Like a mere passenger in your body, you begin to lap at Capria's cunny, licking the pussy's pussy with relish. Shame burns in your face, but worse is how desperately aroused you are. Your cock twitches under you, the tip brushing the blankets with your every lap, the taste of the sphinx's pussy tingling on your tongue. Dear gods this is humiliating.

So why does it feel so good?

It must be the collar, you reason quickly. Yes. It feels so good because you're being forced to enjoy it. You're certainly not relishing every lash of your tongue on the sphinx's pussy. Shivering with pleasure as you tease the hard bead of her clit, easing it from her hood before lathing it in adoring strokes of your tongue.

It's the collar that's making you shamefully rub your cock against the silky sheets beneath you, stroking yourself with awkward bucks of your hips. Shyly yet frantically masturbating yourself against the smooth fabric.

It's... it's all the collar.

So... so maybe it wouldn't be... be too wrong to stop fighting.

"Ohhhh yessss!" Capria moans, her head tilting back, her hips rising as she yanks you harder against her cunny, her legs wrapping around your head. "Yessss. Lick me there. Oh goood boy. Gooooood doggy. Ah. Oh f-fuck yes. What a good dog... ha... ah... I have. Oh fuck. Oh f-fuck yes. Yes! Oh doggie... Doggie. I'm... I'm gonna... Ohhhh!"

Her thighs suddenly tighten around your head, squeezing hard. Blood pounds in your skull, your eyes fairly rolling back as sweet ecstasy rushes through you. "Mmmm!" you moan, your tongue still buried in her pussy, tasting the sudden gushing of your orgasmic juices. A sudden shot of pure pleasure spikes through you, rocketing up your cock as you slide it forward a final time, a throaty moan escaping you as you cum, spurting your seed over the sheets as Capria rides your face to orgasm.

Panting, moaning, the sphinx loosens her legs around your head, sighing as she relaxes atop the sheets with a soft sound of ecstasy. "Oh yesssss..."

You groan, trying to pull back. Only for her legs to tighten around you, trapping you against her muff. Capria lifts her head, her feline ears flicking, her smirk amused.

"And where do you think you're going, doggy?" she says coyly.

"Mmm?" you say.

"Oh no no!" she laughs. "Did you think I wouldn't notice what you did all over my sheets? Naughty doggie. I'm going to have to punish you for that."

You swallow hard, even as your cock twitches, hardening anew at the prospect. Punishment?

Capria's thighs give your head another squeeze, and then she releases you, only for her foot to press against your chest and shove you back. You grunt as you topple, finding yourself on your back. You begin to rise, but then Capria's foot is on your chest, pressing you down once more like some conquering hero, her eyes gleaming with cruel mirth.

"Ah ah. Doggy lay down. It's time for his punishment."

"Woof?"

"Yep," she giggles, turning around and revealing her surprisingly curvy ass. Your eyes widen as she kneels down, burying you under her shapely bottom.

"Now get licking, doggy," the sphinx croons.

You have no choice but to obey, your tongue gliding along the seam of her flawless ass, humiliation burning in you as you tongue out her rear, kissing those soft globes and pushing your tongue into the tight divot.

"Oh yesssss. Good doggy," Capria moans, grinding her ass on her face, almost suffocating you. "Really get in there. Mistress is feeling very naughty today. And she knows you want to be a good boy for her. A good doggy. A good, obedient, fuck pet."

You groan, every degrading word sending shocks shooting from your collar to your cock, your manhood twitching as it stiffens anew with helpless arousal. But it's only because you have no choice. That's all. You have to be turned on by this. You need to be. That's the only explanation. You aren't really enjoying this, deep down. You're sure of it. Honest. And... and as long as you keep that in mind, you're sure you'll find a chance to escape. Some day. She'll let her guard down, and you'll figure out a way to escape the collar.

Yeah.

Some day...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Have Lamera Guess

You have no idea what the answer could be, but surely Lamera has studied the ruined city enough to have an idea of the riddle of the gate.

“Lamera?” you say, looking back at the lamia. “You want to take this one?”

The lamia smirks. “Of course, apprentice. I’d be delighted to. Hmm...” she says, tapping her chin, narrowing her reptilian eyes. After a moment, she suddenly snaps her fingers. “Of course!” she laughs. “It’s a cow.”

You look back confidently at Capria.

Only to see her smirk.

“Not quite,” she purrs, grinning at you. “And you know what that means.”

“W-wait!” you cry, going for your sword.

But it’s already too late.

The sphinx snaps her fingers at you, and from her feet the sands swell, rising, rushing towards you in a tide of gold. Your blade has just left its sheathe when the wave hits you, ripping you off your feet. Your eyes squeeze shut against the grit as you tumble, feeling your sword ripped from your hand, tossed in the storm.

And you’re falling.

Down.

Down.

Down...

[The Eternal Palace](#)

Have Bovara Guess

The word 'cream' immediately catches your attention. And you know of someone who has plenty of experience in that field.

"Bovara?" you say, looking back at the busty priestess. "Do you want to field this one?"

The cowgirl nods, stepping forward. She purses her lips thoughtfully, eying the sphinx. "Is it..." she says slowly. "...The moon?"

Capria frowns, her eyes glittering in annoyance. "Hmph," she says, crossing her arms. "Fine. I suppose you can have that one." She jerks a thumb over her shoulder, and with a groan of stone the serpentine ring in the door grinds, halting after a moment and sliding apart, revealing the dark pit into the pyramid. "Go on. Get in."

Bovara nods, glances back at you. "See you within," she says, striding towards the open gate. You tense when she gets near the catgirl, but the sphinx does nothing to impede her, Bovara vanishing through the black stone before it slides shut again.

Capria sniffs, then turns back to you with a smirk. "Alright, try this one.

"I can sizzle like bacon,

"I am made with an egg,

"I have plenty of backbone, but lack a good leg,

"I peel layers like onions, but still remain whole,

"I can be long, like a flagpole, yet fit in a hole.

"What am I?" she finishes, smirking at your confidently.

"Um..." you say.

[A Crippled Chicken](#)

[Let Lamera Answer](#)

A Crippled Chicken

"A crippled chicken?" you venture.

The sphinx gives you a sympathetic pout. "Mmm. You're not that smart, are you?" she says.

"I-"

"But that's fine," she says, raising her hand. "I like 'em dumb!"

Uh oh.

You reach for your sword, but have barely bared an inch of steel before her fingers snap. Like a wave the sand at her feet rises, rushing towards you in a mass. You pull your sword free, the word of a spell on your lips just as the sand hits you.

You're ripped off your feet, your mouth automatically closing along with your eyes against the grit. You try and struggle against the weight of the sand, but are dragged tumbling down.

Down.

Down.

Down into eternity you cannot see.

[The Eternal Palace](#)

Let Lamera Answer

Well, you're stumped. But your local sorcerous serpent surely has the answer.

"Lamera? What do you think?"

The lamia snorts, smirking at you as she reaches out and pats your head. "Ah, my sweet apprentice. I would have hoped you'd realize it after spending so much time in my glorious presence." She turns back to the sphinx. "Why, the answer is a snake, of course!"

Capria spits in annoyance, kicking the sand at her feet. "Fine," she growls. "You can pass."

"See you inside, my dear apprentice. Do try and keep up," she says, giving you a smirk as she slides forward with a hiss of the sands. Capria watches the lamia pass through the black stone gate with narrow eyes, but when the door shuts again with a boom she turns all her attention your way.

Uh oh.

You tense as her eyes narrow, her grin widening.

"Well," Capria purrs. "And then there was one."

"Can I just get the question?" you say uneasily.

"Of course," she purrs, her eyes glinting.

Oh, you don't like the look of that.

"Here's your riddle, little mortal," the catgirl says. "Some try to hide, some try to cheat;

"But time will show, we always will meet.

"Try as you might to guess my name.

"What am I?"

[A Clock](#)

[Death](#)

[A Monkey](#)

A Clock

“Is it a clock?” you ask.

“Oh,” Capria croons, her tail swishing in amusement. “I’m sorry, but it wasn’t. And you know what that means, don’t you?”

“Uh...” you say, playing for time as you grab your sword. “You’re going to let me go?”

“Not quite,” she says, and snaps her fingers towards you.

The sand at her feet suddenly bulges, rising and rushing towards you in a growing wave. Your eyes widen in horror and belatedly you turn, trying to run away. Capria’s laughter follows you as you pound your way back towards the ruined city. You’ve nearly reached the buildings when you risk a look back, only to find the wave of sand has risen over you like a titan of grit, swallowing the obelisks as it sweeps after you. As if waiting for that moment, the wave falls, crashing into you and sweeping you off your feet. Your sword is torn from your grasp, and you’re sent tumbling through the sands, sucked down deeper into the whirling storm.

[The Eternal Palace](#)

A Monkey

“Er, is it a monkey?”

Capria bursts out laughing. “A monkey?” she says incredulously. “Are... are you serious? A monkey? Ha ha ha ha!”

You shift your feet uncomfortably. “You don’t have to be mean about it,” you say.

Giggling, wiping a tear from her eye, the sphinx shakes her head. “No, no, you’re right. He he! You’re right. I should be kinder. After all, you’re going to be my pet now.”

“S-sorry, your what?”

She merely grins, raises her hand, and snaps her fingers. The sands around you suddenly swirl, and you look down in horror as your feet sink to your ankles in their sucking grasp.

“Shit. Shit!” you cry, trying to pull your legs out, but the whirlpool of sand only draws you down deeper into their sinking grasp. You scramble for purchase, but there’s nothing to hold onto. You tilt your head back as you sink to your neck, the last thing you see before your face goes under the sands is Capria cackling with mirth.

[The Eternal Palace](#)

Death

"Is it death?" you say.

Capria's lips compress like she just bit into a lemon. She grits her teeth, baring her fangs, rolling her head and letting out a low growl. The sound makes you tense, grasp the hilt of your sword tightly.

"Rrrrrr fine!" she snaps at last, fairly spitting the word out. "Dammit! That was my best one," she growls, kicking the sand.

"So... I can go in?" you venture.

"Yes," she says spitefully, stepping aside, the black stone door grinding open with a heavy sound.

"Oh. Wonderful," you say. "Um, thank you."

"Don't thank me yet, mortal," she says spitefully, her eyes glinting. "After you meet the denizens of the pyramid, you'll wish you became my personal pet."

"What's that supposed to mean?" you say.

"Oh nothing. Nothing at all," she snickers, seeming to regain a measure of her playful nature. "Enjoy your time in the pyramid, human. I'm sure you'll be the first to reach the end..."

Well, that's an even more concerning point, but you don't like the way she's looking at you. You hurry past her, the hairs on the back of your neck tingling under her hungry gaze. Reaching the stone door, you hasten through, hearing it boom shut behind you, sealing you within the pyramid.

And facing the dangers which lurk within.

[The Trial of the Pyramid](#)

The Trial of the Pyramid

You step into the pyramid and then stop dead. Two torches burn with a cold, smokeless blue light on either side of you, but by their glow you see neither Bovara or Lamera awaiting. Instead, the silent halls stretch on before you, lined with more torches.

“Bovara?” you call. “Lamera?”

But only echoes answer.

Not good.

You take a step forward, your footsteps echoing weirdly all around you, swallowed by the darkness. You try and peer about, but cannot spot any other doorway. But then, where are Bovara and Lamera? Did they both go on without you?

Or... is something else afoot?

You feel a chill work through you, and instinctively you draw your sword, the weight of the blade a comfort.

On your journey, yet as you go, you notice the glow of the flames grows weaker and weaker. The darkness deeper. Your mouth feels dry, the flesh between your shoulder blades tingles with unease as you move forward through the darkness. You raise your hand, conjuring a glowing orb of light, but its illumination does little more than give you a bubble within which to walk into the black tomb of the dead land.

As you venture onward you come to a sudden stop. You can sense the air around you is different. You're no longer in the tunnel, but in a more open space.

“Hello?” you say warily.

Fire suddenly burst to life, illuminating a domed chamber you stand in the middle of. Hieroglyphs are scrawled on every inch of the walls like the prison cell of a lunatic. A door awaits at the far side of the room, framed by braziers that provide the light.

And revealing the humanoid figure who looms within.

Your head tilts back, jaw dropping at the sight of the massive statue standing in the middle of the room. A jackal warrior, he is wrought of stone and is decorated with embedded jade and gold. The paint upon his body looks pristine, as if it hasn't been touched by the wear of time or wind, his stone face carved in grim purpose. His whole bearing inspires an idea of stolid protection, and the curving twin khopeshes he grips across his chest gleam in the light of the flames.

Oh, you don't like this. You warily level your sword in a guard and look around. You pause on spotting the writing on the door behind you. In the ancient script of the lost kingdom, it says '*Face the Trial of Strength.*'

“Uh oh,” you say, feeling your stomach drop as the low grinding of stone reaches your ears. You turn back around, and as you’d feared, the looming statue has begun to move. Dust rains down from its mighty limbs as its arms move, head dropping, affixing you with a terrible gaze. The guardian’s eyes burn red with crimson fire, its curving blades rising, clashing with a ring of metal on metal.

“Aw fuck,” you say, tensing with readiness.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Magic](#)

Wait

You tense, waiting for the statue to make the first move.

You're not left waiting long as, with a sudden burst of movement that belies its heavy appearance, the jackal statue lunges for you. The speed of it shocks you, but you manage to recover in time, diving forward as its two blades come down, smashing into where you stood moments before. You hit the ground in a roll, coming back up and slashing at the thing's leg with your blade. Steel meets stone with a shrieking sound, but does little more than score a cut in the thing's leg.

Well, that could have gone better.

But no time to lament it. Even as you dash around the statue it turns on its heel, blades swinging about. You frantically block the blow, but speed isn't the only thing the guardian has in spades. The impact sends you flying across the room, hitting the wall so hard it drives the air from your lungs. You gasp, slumping against the wall, struggling for breath as the anubian statue moves towards you, its implacable gaze burning hot. You try and lift your sword, but strength has abandoned your arm, and before you can recover the jackal raises its blade.

Then brings it down.

Your vision spins, and you have just enough time before darkness rushes in to realize the head does, in fact, live for a few seconds after being separated from the body.

Bad End

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

Attack

Waiting for this thing to act is clearly not going to go well. You give a shout, rushing towards it, sword at the ready. The jackal statue draws back, raising one of its curving blades and bringing it down in a vicious slash.

You parry, deflecting the impact, sending its cruel blade singing along your sword and off. You smirk at your skill.

And then gasp as the statue's second sword is plunged into your chest.

You look down at the blade in dull wonderment, then raise your head to the statue. With grim, methodical movements the statue plants its foot on your chest and shoves you off the khopesh, leaving you to collapse limply, your quest ending in a widening puddle of blood on the floor.

Bad End

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

Magic

You've dealt with guardian golems before and if there's one thing you've learned, it's that swordplay ain't gonna cut it. But magic still has a chance.

You raise your arm, palm facing towards the statue. "*Ixiagnite!*" you shout, the words of the spell crackling in the air, immediately followed by a literal crackling as a ball of fire ignites in your hand and bursts towards the statue. The fireball takes it full in the face, exploding with a thundering boom, the rush of heat hitting you like a wall, smoke billowing around the room.

You lower your arm, but even as you do the statue suddenly bursts from the smoke. Static magic crackles over its form and you curse. Of course it would be magically reinforced! Frantically, you start reciting another spell, but it's already too late! Even as your palm crackles with power, the jackal warrior raises its blade and brings it down in a sudden slash. The cut hits you so hard you barely feel the blade slice you from your shoulder through to your chest, bisecting you savagely.

Overall, a sad end to the quest that would make your name.

Bad End

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

Parlay



A guardian statue! Not good. You don't know if you've got enough magic to even put a dent in this thing.

But... maybe you have something else.

As the jackal tenses, then rushes towards you, you frantically reach into your satchel, your fingers closing on the canopic jar you were given. A long shot, but the best you have. You tear it free, holding it in front of yourself desperately.

"I bring the Queen's prize!" you shout.

The statue halts so fast its feet scrape on the floor with a sound that puts your teeth on edge. You tense, but it makes no other move, its burning gaze staring down at you, weapons still held at the ready.

"...I... I have come to... to make right what was wrong," you say. "And wish to deliver unto the pyramid that which was stolen so long ago."

For a moment nothing happens save your heart pounding like a drum. Then, slowly, the statue straightens. Its arms rise, but instead of smashing you like a gnat, they cross before the statue's chest, and its head dips, standing at the ready, just as you first found it.

Heart thudding in your chest, ready to bolt at the slightest sign of aggression, you began to edge around the statue. It makes no move, and were it not for the continuing glow of its burning eyes, it would look like just another pile of stone.

But you don't relax. Not even once you reach the doorway at the end of the hall and slip into its darkness. As you begin to walk down it, tucking away the canopic jar once more, you keep stealing looks over your shoulder, even though you know the statue can't even fit down the corridor which you now walk.

And that, perhaps, is why you fail to realize you're about to enter another room until you're at the doorway.

You stumble to a halt, looking around in surprise. Darkness permeates the place, but the glow of your orb of light glitters faintly off nearby piles of treasure and glows against fine rugs and cushions. A room half like a treasure vault, and half like some decadent pleasure chamber, you can feel the depths of the place in the dead air, but little else. You peer about, a scent teasing your nose. Something strange and faded, like the lingering perfume of someone who just left the room. You grip your sword and raise it warily.

"Ohhhhh..."

The sound pulls your attention to a shadowy corner. Not far, you can just make out a mound of cushions piled high atop a hill of gold coins. Scales gleam atop the silken heap, and you warily creep closer, blade raised. The light of your glowing orb glistens off black scales, and as you lift your light higher you behold...

"Lamera?" you say in shock.

The lamia sags atop the cushions, her head lolling, eyes lidded. You've never seen her look this weak and relaxed before. Like every iota of tension had been massaged out of her. She gives a soft moan as your light falls across her face, her head tilting, eyes fluttering opening a little more.

And reveal dilating rings surrounding her glassy pupils.

"What the hell?" you gasp.

A sudden flutter of braziers spreads a glow throughout the room. You turn sharply, the entire room revealed in a flash. Pillars surround you, while geometric patterns paint the walls and tiled floor. Heaps of treasure, chests, and more fill the space. You spot a chariot made of solid gold with wheels of silver. An ark made of fine wood and panelled in gold. Not far, a fountain rises out of the middle of the room, and before your eyes it begins to flow, but the fluid looks rather... red. Blood? You sniff. No. It's... wine.

"Take a drink, if you so desire."

The words whisper through the dead air behind you, sending tingles racing up your back. You jump and look quickly to the rear of the room. There sits a throne of satin, and upon it is a lamia even more beautiful than Lamera, and considerably bigger. She lounges among her coils, utterly at ease, her eyes framed with ochre, her scales buffed to a shine. She wears nothing but some gold chains that dangle from her figure, her firm, bronze breasts pierced with rings from which more gold chains lead from. A circlet of gold studded with rubies dips in a V down her brow, and her dark eyes gleam a blue as shiny as sapphires, while black concentric rings radiate from her pupils.

Yet there is something... metallic about the beauty. Her skin seems more like metal than flesh. As soft and supple as skin, yes, and yet there is a sheen to it that makes you think she's more metal than mortal, but womanly indeed for all that. Her face is sharply beautiful, radiating a confidence and assuredness that makes you straighten.

"It has been a long time indeed since a guest has come among us, let alone two," the bronzed lamia says, sliding out of her throne, the gold chains which bedeck her chiming softly against her skin. "And as the mistress of the Queen's Harem, it behooves me to greet supplicants properly. I am Cyria," she says, bobbing a bow, the movement sending her whole serpentine figure undulating and chains chiming like a royal orchestra.

"Uh, hi," you say uneasily.

She smirks a little, then glances at the limp Lamera. "A friend of yours?"

"Uh..."

"She spouted off some absurdities about being an heir of the Queen," the new lamia says. "Such silly words. There is but one Queen, and she awaits in the heart of the Pyramid," she says as she lazily sidles among the pillars and treasures, her eyes glinting. "But it has been a long time since we have seen intruders. A long, long time..."

"Right. Okay. But what did you do to her?" you say, nodding towards Lamera.

"For now? I gave her a dream."

"A dream?"

"Oh yes," Cyria croons, slipping around a stunning statue of a naked woman made all of gold. Her bronzed fingers trail up the statue's slim stomach, circling around glittering golden tits. "Her education will take some time, but she attempted to cast some magic, and that would not do. Oh no. Not at all. But I have trained many prideful ones in my day. Princes and princesses. Kings and queens. All taught how meager they were before the true royalty of Her Majesty. All trained to serve her as her obedient concubines."

"I ah... see," you say, then glance around the chamber. "And where are those concubines now?"

"All gone."

"Gone?"

She flicks her fingers sorrowfully. "Gone. Poor, poor dears," she sighs, leaning her back against one of the dark pillars, her head tilting coquettishly, her long lashes fluttering before her eyes. "Poor

things were summoned to attend the Queen in order to witness her ascension, and they have yet to return.”

Oof! Well, you’re pretty sure they won’t be coming back in that case. “I see,” you say carefully. “Well, I’ve come here mainly to see the Queen, so...”

“Have you now?”

She suddenly pushes out from the pillar, rising above you. The crackling blue flames of the braziers gleam off her jewels, glow against her figure and shimmers off her bronze skin and scales. You tense, jerking back reflexively.

“No male may see the Queen lest he is chosen as her plaything, and she has not chosen you,” Cyria says, her voice low, laden with authority. “Only I may let you pass.”

“And... and what do I have to do to pass?” you say.

Her smile deepens. “Simple. I need only ensure that you are worthy to join her harem.”

“Wh-what?” you yelp. “But...”

“You’ll not pass me by easily, human,” she says, her blue eyes shining bright as she looms above you, the rings of her pupils beginning to pulse. “Now, how will it be?”

[Convince Her with Violence](#)

[Convince Her with Words](#)

[Convince Her with Sex](#)

Convince Her with Violence

“Like... this!”

You whip up your sword and lunge for the lamia, aiming straight for her heart.

Cyria’s eyes flash and she jerks back atop her coils, avoiding the sweep of your blade with uncanny ease. You stumble and try to turn to keep your eyes on her, only for her tail to come out of nowhere and slam into your chest like a bar of iron.

“Ooof!” you gasp, thrown off your feet. You hit the ground hard, skidding across the floor before crashing into a pile of treasure. Golden coins and goblets bounce off your head, stunning you. And in that moment of weakness, Cyria’s tail snaps out, wrapping around you, pinning your arms to your sides.

“There we are. Mmm,” she purrs as her bronze coils tighten around your body. “A fine figure indeed. You’ll make an excellent concubine for the Queen, mortal, once you’ve been properly trained.”

“Grk!” you gasp as you’re lifted into the air, feet kicking helplessly.

“Shhh,” Cyria says, leaning in closer. “No more fighting. Now...look into my eyes...”

You are before you realize it. No sooner do you do so, you see the rings around her pupils begin to vibrate, seeming to radiate outward in infinite patterns, seizing your will like a whirlpool would a ship. Your mouth falls open in shock, your attention sucked in by those compelling eyes.

“N-no...” you gasp, voice growing weak.

“Yessssss,” she breathes, drawing out the note like a song, a thread of sound that pulls you deeper into her spiraling gaze.

“Gnnnn!” you groan, trying to tear your gaze from the compelling spirals, even as you know *it’s futile. You’ll never escape those pools. Those compelling rings.*

You won’t?

Of course not.

But... but how can you be sure?

You just are.

Utterly sure.

Completely sure.

Helplessly sure.

You're certain beyond anything you've ever known before you'll never escape her eyes. Never regain your freedom. Never ever have a thought that she didn't put in your head. *Because you're just a good harem slave. An obedient pleasure toy for your serpent mistresses.*

"Thaaat's it," Cyria croons as you slowly go limp in her coils, your jaw slack, practically drooling as your head is emptied, thoughts sucked away into the spirals of her eyes. "Just give in, little human. Just surrender. Just become a good... obedient... slaaaaave."

"Yessssss," you groan, head lolling a little as she draws you closer, her eyes seeming to devour your world with their spirals. Ah! You jolt as you suddenly feel her hand cup your bulge, your breath sucking in with a gasp as she fondles you through your pants.

"Hmmm. Gooood slave. It has been a long time indeed since your mistress has had a chance to properly train a new concubine, and I've been wondering if I've gotten rusty. Will you help me figure that out, slave?"

"S-sure," you say drowsily. "I-"

"Shhhh," Cyria coos, touching your lips with a finger. "No need for words. Let me show you... what I mean..."

Your voice fades, words dying in your throat, but a moan rises from you as her fingers tease open your pants, freeing your throbbing cock. Her fingers wrap around your manhood, lazily stroking you, making you quiver and groan in the confines of her coils, squeezed tight as her spiralling eyes continue to drink your mind, her metal fingers warm yet supple for all their metallic sheen.

"Ah. Ha! Mnnnn!" you groan, straining against her coils in helpless ecstasy as she continues to stroke you.

"That's it," Cyria croons. "Let all your silly resistance out, slave. Let us crush it all at once. Let us show you how good it feels to surrender. To give in. To offer yourself utterly to mistress and her power. We'll make it so easy for you, slave. So easy to cum. Cum those pathetic brains out so we can start over. Start fresh. Start building the new, wonderful, obedient you."

You shudder, a little in fear, but far more in anticipation. "Mmmmm," you moan.

"Good boy," Cyria croons. "That's very good. So very good. Now, I want you to push all those bad memories deep inside you, slave. I want you to push all those thoughts of freedom... of resistance... of anything other than being an obedient slave deep down. Deep into your balls. And when you cum, my slave," she purrs, leaning in even closer, her forked tongue flicking your ear, making you whine in anticipation. "When that happens, you'll forget all of it. You'll cum away all those silly thoughts of freedom. Of what there was before. You'll only know pleasure. Purpose. Your need to obey your mistress. And you're going to love it."

You will.

You know you will.

You can feel it as she pumps your cock faster and faster. You squirm in ecstasy but there's no escape from her coils. No chance to give yourself the relief you need. You're utterly at her mercy.

Utterly helpless to her. You quiver, moaning louder and hotter with every stroke of her hand. Oh gods. Oh dear gods you... you have to cum. It feels so good.

“Are you ready, slave?” Cyria coos, her voice a whisper of wind in the emptiness of your mind. “Are you ready to give it over? To cum? To surrender you mind? Your freedom? It will be so good, slave. So wonderful. So perfect. And all you need to do... is... cum...”

Oh gods.

Oh gods, it really would be worth it. You know it. Can feel it. Like a core of heat burning deep in your chest. Your balls are so heavy. Aching. Needing to release. Oh gods. Oh sweet gods! You can't hold back. Can't resist! You... you...

“Ohhhhhh!” you cry out, shuddering as you cum, pumping your seed and thoughts in great bursts of ecstasy. You moan, every throb of your balls sending another wave of sweet weakness surging through you. You sag in her bronze coils as she milks your cock of the last dredges of your seed, a pleasant lethargy flowing over you like a warm balm.

“What is your name?” Cyria asks.

You blink dully up at her.

“You can speak again, slave,” she adds.

Oh, good. You open your mouth, but the answer just... doesn't come. You frown and try to think back, but there's just a blank. You... you're not sure.

“I um... I d-don't know,” you say, feeling the first tightening of panic. “I...”

“Yes you do,” Cyria says, and her eyes begin to spiral again. “You are slave. That's all. That's all you need, isn't it?”

You relax, your momentary bout of terror fading. That's right. That's all you need.

Cyria's smile deepens as she sees you accept this perfect truth. “Good boy,” she croons, leaning in closer. “Now, I believe it's time to properly begin your... training...”

[Pleasure Slave](#)

Convince Her with Words

“Look, I’m not here to be added to your queen’s harem,” you say firmly.

“Then why are you here?” she asks, her eye glinting in the gloom.

“Uh... well,” you say, touching your satchel, feeling the relic within. “I guess I’m here to... deliver... this!”

You pull the cow canopic jar from your pouch and show it to her.

Cyren’s eyes widen slightly, but the sudden tension that fills the air makes you wonder if you just made a terrible mistake. The silence stretches between you, the crackling of the fires in the braziers the only sound.

“Um...” you say at last.

“How do you have that?”

“What?”

The harem mistress suddenly lurches in close, looming over you, her burning gaze staring down at you. “How do you have that? That was meant for the ritual! It should be with the Queen!”

“It... it was taken!” you say frantically. “And I’m ah... returning it to her. To properly complete the ritual.”

Cyria’s eyes narrow. “You were?”

“O-of course! Why else would I be here?” you say quickly. “I wanted to make sure the ritual goes off without a hitch.”

Cyria eases back on her coils, her eyes still narrow, still looking you more thoughtfully now. “Hmmm...” she murmurs with a hiss. “Perhapssss...”

“It’s why I came here. And uh, also why I came with the other two,” you say, glancing down at where Lamera lies. “Her and ah, a holstaur as well. Any idea about where she is, by the way?”

Cyria tsks, glances at Lamera. “I know nothing of a cow, but doubtless the pyramid has matched her against some other denizen of my Queen’s court.” The tip of her tail prods Lamera, making the other lamia groan and roll over. “But what need you of this one?”

“Well...”

You pause at that. Do you... need Lamera?

[Move on Alone](#)

[Insist on Bringing Lamera](#)

Convince Her With Sex

If proving you can pleasure a queen is the price you must pay to go deeper into the pyramid, than by the gods you'll do it!

"I'd be delighted to show you my skills, so I might prove worthy to serve her majesty," you say, adding a quick bow for good measure.

Cyria smirks, her ringed eyes gleaming. "Is that so? Then show me, mortal. Undress."

Well, fair enough. You disrobe without delay, revealing yourself to the lamia's hungry eyes. Her smirk widens, her forked tongue flickering from between her lips as she devours the sight of your muscled naked body, firmed by training and trials.

"Hmmm. Not bad, human," she hisses softly as her bronze tail steals towards you, lazily winding around your legs. You force yourself not to flinch as her coils twist around your naked chest, the feel of her metallic scales stroking your bare skin both sinfully delightful, yet terribly concerning. "Not bad at all. So many of the slaves who come to me are so soft. So... decadent."

"Is that r-right?" you gasp.

"Very," she says, her forked tongue flicking as she moves in closer. "But I have a feeling you will be quite the specimen indeed."

"I aim to please," you manage to say as her coils give you a lazy squeeze.

"Of that I have no doubt," she purrs, then leans down and kisses you.

You've kissed lamias before. Heavens knows Lamera never misses an opportunity to lock lips with you. But this is something else. You can't suppress a groan of pleasure as her unspeakably dexterous tongue winds around your own, her kiss so deep you almost feel like she's trying to swallow you whole. You're starting to understand why she got the job managing the queen's royal harem.

Her coils squeeze you passionately, the feeling strangely thrilling, though by all logic you should find it alarming at the least. Instead, you reach out and quickly fill your hands with Cyria's breasts. The lamia gasps, moans softly as you squeeze and massage her breasts, plush despite her metallic skin, her coils tightening deliciously around you as your thumbs find her nipples, rubbing them and flicking them, making the rings that pierce them chime softly.

She breaks the kiss with a moan, her ringed eyes lidded hotly. "Mnnn! You have... experience," Cyria hisses.

"Ample," you gasp in reply.

"Then show me," she commands.

Well, if she insists.

You lean down, cradling her firm breasts in your hand as your lips lock onto one of her nipples. A low hum of pleasure escapes the lamia's mouth as you get to work, gently sucking on her teasing bud. Rolling it with your tongue before gently nibbling on it with your teeth.

"Ah!" the lamia gasps, crooning hotly with pleasure. "Ha. You are... hmmm... indeed experienced with... with this."

"I did tell you so," you note.

"So you did," Cyria moans. "So you... did. Ah. Now, keep showing me, human. Oh yes. That's it. Delicately now, slave. Show me your... your skill..."

Encouraged by her evident appreciation of your skills, you resume your efforts at pleasuring the sultry lamia. Your tongue flicks and caresses her nipples while you gently mold her breasts, your hands then sliding from them and along her waist and then her hips. You can feel the shudder of tactile delight race through her. Clearly, she hasn't had any attention for a long time if this is all it takes to get her purring.

Among other things.

As your hands mold and admire the lamia's figure, her coils tighten and squeeze you, flexing with her pleasure. You really hope she has good control over her own body. Otherwise, you might just be crushed when she finally cums. It's a concern you've known often before with Lamera, whose affections often threatened you with a good time along with some broken ribs, but Cyria dwarfs your sorcerous serpent quite a bit, and her needy constrictions are even stronger for her pleasures.

You shiver in delight as her own hands find your hair, running through your locks as she softly hisses with delight, her touch sending tingles of pleasure racing through you from head to toe. "Mmm. Good, slave. But it will take more... more than that. Now, how shall we prove your skill? Shall you pleasure me? Or shall we test your... self-control," she says, gently cradling your bulge and giving it a squeeze.

[Pleasure Her](#)

[Be Pleasured](#)

Pleasure Her

“Seems to me... the main task of a slave sh-should be to pleasure the mistress,” you gasp.

“Mmmm. So true, slave. So very true. Let us see if it is so,” she purrs, her body sliding upwards along your own. “Let us see what you can do.”

Her nipple slips out of your reach with a jangle of gold, but you haven’t time to miss it, for almost at once she has slithered up enough that you find yourself level with her lush pussy. Cradled in the valley where her human half meets the snake, it glistens tantalizingly before your eyes. Her hands gently grasp your head, and she pushes you forward against her cunny.

You waste no time, your tongue gliding up along her slit, making the gorgeous serpent moan in delight, her coils squeezing you, nearly crushing the air from your lungs.

“Oh by the godssssss,” she hisses, shivering in utter pleasure. “Yes. Yessss. Jussst like that. Oh, it has been so... sssssso long ssssince I have known another’s touch. Mnnnn! And yours is quite good.”

High praise, that’s for damn sure. And she’s not lying. The moment you tease her enough to unveil her clit from its hood and give it a flick she cries out, her body tightening exquisitely around you.

“Oh! Oh yesssss!” she cries, her hands pushing you down harder against her pussy, her coils rippling with shudders of pleasure. “Yessss! More, sssslave. Give me more! Ussssse that tongue.”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, getting back to work.

It’s a good thing you’ve had plenty of practice with Lamera. As your tongue dips, tonguing the gorgeous lamia’s pussy, she groans, hands gripping your hair, coils tightening around your chest and legs. She hisses, her voice hitching every time your tongue flicks her clit. But you don’t rush her. Instead, you tease her. Draw her up. Up. Up towards the high of an orgasm she’ll never forget.

And for all her experience, it’s plain the centuries alone have taken their toll. Were she at her height, she could likely resist your affections for days. But now, her pussy ripples, twitches, her orgasm coming nearer. Nearer. Her pants and moans becoming frantic. Hot. Her body shuddering in pleasure.

“Ah,” Cyria gasps. “Ah! Oh yes. Yesss. Yesssss! There mortal! Right there! I... I’m almost... almost... Mnnnnn!”

Her cry of ecstasy heralds a sudden tightness of her coils. Her pussy quivers, soaking your tongue in the sudden flood of her orgasmic juices. You groan, vision dancing at the sudden contraction, your head spinning at the sudden ache of pleasure bursting like stars within you. You float on clouds as the numbness of lack of oxygen fills you, darkness closing in on the corners of your vision.

Then the pressure eases. You manage to take a greedy gasp of air, blinking dully as your vision returns and normalizes.

You find yourself no longer bound up in her coils, but instead slumped atop them like they were a massive beanbag chair. You start as Cyria suddenly looms over you, her satisfied smirk concerning.

“Did uh... did I pass?” you gasp.

Cyria chuckles throatily, her bronzed cheeks still slightly rouged. “Hmm. Well, after that demonstration, I don’t see why I should deny you a chance to make your case to the Queen. You’ve certainly proven your skill.”

“Thanks,” you say with a weak grin.

“You are welcome. Now, mortal,” she purrs, her coils shifting, propping you up onto your feet as she makes a grandiose gesture. “I will permit you to venture beyond my halls and meet with my most illustrious Queen. And good fortune, mortal. My mistress can be... testy.”

“Thanks,” you say, then look over at Lamera’s slumped form. “Uh, but what about...”

“Hm?” she says, glancing down at the other lamia. “Her?” Cyria chuckles. “Oh no, slave. I fear I cannot permit her to venture on. She dared challenge me, and the Queen has little use for lamias who do not know their place. I shall... educate her properly, and perhaps some day, she might be able to join her Majesty as a handmaiden.”

“Oh. I see,” you say uneasily. You’re not sure if you’re sold on that, but you’re not likely to get another opportunity to move past the lamia. “Well, all the best.”

“Indeed,” Cyria says, her tails wrapping back around Lamera, drawing the dull-eyed lamia into her grasp. She gestures, and the looming doors at the end of the chamber grind open heavily. “Then go forth, human. And best of luck meeting with the goddess Queen. Now... where were we, my dear?”

“Ohhhhh,” Lamera groans, shuddering in ecstasy as Cyria’s eyes bore into hers. The sight of your former mistress so helpless in the grasp of an even stronger lamia is both satisfying and oddly thrilling, making you swallow thickly with desire even as you hastily dress again. Picking up your satchel, you awkwardly shuffle through the open doorway, venturing on into the Black Pyramid.

The corridor stretches on before you, walls inlaid with carvings and murals like a silent accompaniment to your travels. The sound of your footsteps are loud in the unnatural silence. You truly feel you’re in a tomb now. And what horrors might await ahead you cannot be sure.

“Ohhhhh...”

You whirl at the sound, already drawing your sword. Stillness fills the corridor. You strain your ears, listening.

“Mmmm...”

You’d know those moans anywhere. Bovara! And she’s either in danger or having a wonderful time. Then again, given what you’ve seen of the pyramid so far, it might be both. You turn your head, peering down an adjoining corridor. That’s where the noises are coming from.

But... do you dare follow through it? Dare you try and save Bovara from whatever creature has her? Who knows if you can overcome the danger, and so close to your final goal.

[Save Bovara](#)

[Continue On Alone](#)

Insist on Bringing Lamera

"I uh, really must insist, my lady," you say with a light bow. "She has come so far to petition the Queen for a reward for this treasure. It's just that we were separated at the gate, and so had no opportunity to explain properly."

Cyria hums doubtfully, but nonetheless winds the end of her tail around Lamera's neck, propping up your mistress. Lamera moans softly, head lolling, her eyes still glazed with radiating rings.

"Awaken, plaything," Cyria says, her eyes gazing into Lamera's. "Awaken. So I command!"

"Nooooo," Lamera moans weakly, yet the needy whine fades as the rings in her eyes seem to contract back into her pupils. Lamera blinks slowly, and when consciousness returns to her she actually starts as if awaking violently from a dream.

"Wh-what? What!" Her eyes lock on the other lamia. Rage fills her gaze. "You! I-"

Cyria snorts, giving Lamera's neck another light squeeze, cutting off the other woman's biting words with a strangled sound. "None of that," Cyria hisses, nodding towards you. "This human apparently has need of your services in delivering to my Queen the prize needed for her ritual. Be grateful, else I'd have enjoyed turning you into a proper handmaiden."

Lamera blinks, then looks your way. You give her a weak wave.

Your mistress stares at you, so stunned by this turn of events she fails to even respond when Cyria unwinds her coils from your mistress's neck. Before Lamera can find her voice and fuck things up, you grab her hand. "Exactly!" you say quickly. "We'd best not delay. A royal audience is so very important, after all. Shall we?"

Lamera continues to gape at you dumbly, but thankfully she does slither after you as you tug her towards the dark mouth of the exit. It's not until you pass through the door, the glow of the harem chamber far behind you that Lamera finally pulls her hand from yours.

"Apprentice?" she says. "What... did you do?"

You look back at her. "Me, mistress? I ah..."

"And what did she mean when she said 'your decision?'"

"Oh. That. It's a... uh... prophecy, apparently. That I would er, decide who would gain the powers of the Black Pyramid."

Lamera narrows her eyes in the gloom. A soft hiss escaping her lips. "Issss that right?"

"Uh, yeah. Exactly. So-"

"Ohhhhh..."

You whirl at the sound, already drawing your sword. Stillness fills the corridor.

“...What-”

“Mmmm...”

You’d know those moans anywhere. You turn your head, peering down an adjoining corridor. That’s where the noises are coming from.

“That was Bovara,” you say, moving in that direction.

“Apprentice?” Lamera says, her tail suddenly winding around your waist, holding you fast.

You jerk to a halt and look back at her. “Huh?”

“We do not need the cow, do we?” Lamera says, her golden eyes glinting in the gloom. “After all, do we not have the prize?”

You stare at her, momentarily dumbfounded. “Sorry?”

“We can go alone. Just you and I,” Lamera purrs, leaning in closer, her eyes glinting in the gloom. “Together, we could reach the Queen’s chamber alone, and claim the power that awaits within. Just the two of us...”

“But...”

“Think about it,” Lamera hisses.

[Save Bovara](#)

[Go On with Lamera](#)

Move On Alone

Do you really need Lamera?

She's been a poor teacher, and an even poorer mistress. You have the bruises to prove it. Sure, there have been good times. But those are dwarfed by the times she's thrown you into danger without a hint of concern. Why should you bring her with you? What benefit is there for you?

There's none, really.

So why bring her along?

Why not let her pay for all she's done to you by leaving her with the lamia harem mistress?

"Actually," you say. "I think she has served her purpose."

Cyria smirks deeply. "Hmm. Good. Then go, messenger, and deliver your prize. I will..." she says sibilantly, wrapping her tail around Lamera's throat and lifting the limp serpent off the cushions, "...educate this one properly."

"Have fun," you say.

"Oh, we shall," Cyria purrs, the rings of her eyes beginning to pulse as she gazes into Lamera's blank stare. "We most certainly shall..."

You shiver a little at the moan of helpless ecstasy that escapes your former mistress as her mind melts under the lamia's hypnotic gaze. Never had you dreamed Lamera could even make such a sound.

Well, at least she'll be happy.

Turning your back on the pair, you venture onwards into the pyramid, the whimpers and croons of the lamias fading behind you as you venture onwards and deeper into the darkness.

The corridor stretches on before you, walls inlaid with carvings and murals like a silent accompaniment to your travels. The sound of your footsteps are loud in the unnatural silence. You truly feel you're in a tomb now. And what horrors might await ahead you cannot be sure.

"Ohhhhh..."

You whirl at the sound, already drawing your sword. Stillness fills the corridor. You strain your ears, listening.

"Mmmm..."

You'd know those moans anywhere. Bovara! And she's either in danger or having a wonderful time. Then again, given what you've seen of the pyramid so far, it might be both. You turn your head, peering down an adjoining corridor. That's where the noises are coming from.

But... do you dare follow through it? Dare you try and save Bovara from whatever creature has her? Who knows if you can overcome the danger, and so close to your final goal.

[Save Bovara](#)

[Continue On Alone](#)

Be Pleasured

Getting the offer to have some fun from the harem mistress from the very height of a decadent empire?

Yes please!

“Well, I’d hate to be rude,” you say.

Cyria smirks. “Of course. Now, relax, human,” she croons, lowering herself towards your waist. “Let me show you a true master in the ways of flesh.”

Sounds good to you. And it feels even better when she leans in, and wraps those gorgeously soft lips around your cock.

“Oh f-fuuuuuuck!” you moan, head tilting back as a shudder wracks your body with pleasure.

“Mmmm,” Cyria moans softly, her head bobbing, her mouth like a seamless seal, her throat massaging your cock as she takes you deeper than you ever imagined possible. The sheer surge of sensation makes your toes curl with pleasure, your head tilting back with a groan of desperate desire.

And then her tongue wraps around you.

“Mnnn!” you gasp, tensing. “Oh f-fuck yessss! I... I... Ah!”

You gasp, your orgasm suddenly cut off as her dexterous tongue tightens around your root, forestalling your needy release. Her sucking slows, easing you back down from that high.

Then keeps going.

Keeps sucking.

Edging you back to that blessed peak.

You groan, head flopping down, chest heaving with pleased pants. You find yourself looking down at Cyria’s face, the bronzed Lamia looking back up at you, her eyes lidded with amusement.

Her lovely...

Ringed eyes...

“Ha... ah... oh f-fuck,” you gasp as Cyria sucks ever harder on your manhood, milking it for all you’re worth. Your face burns with pleasure as she teases you ever on that edge. Dangling you over the brink of an orgasm unlike any you’ve known before. Her prehensile tongue winding around your cock, slithering and sucking you off with unholy pleasure.

“Oh f-fuck,” you groan in helpless ecstasy. “Fuck! I... I d-don’t... I...”

“Mhmmm?” Cyria hums, the rings in her eyes seeming to ebb and flow. Pulsing and expanding. Shrinking and widening. You can’t keep track. The sight seems to pull you in. Drawing you down like a whirlpool while her lips continue to slide along your cock. Up and down.

Up and down.

Feeling so good.

So f-fucking good.

“Oh gods,” you gasp, trapped in her coils. In her eyes. Your cock pulsing as she continues to bob and suck it. “Oh f-fuck yes. Yessss! P-please. Gotta... gotta c-cum. Gotta cum! Mistress! P-please! Mistressssss!”

Her eyes fill your world. The pleasure devours your thoughts. Your will. You need to cum. Dear gods you have to cum! You’d give anything to cum. If you could just cum... Oh fuck... Oh gods you have to... have to cum!

Her eyes pulse. Whirl. You’re gripping sanity by the fingernails here as she pulls you closer to that edge. Oh gods. Oh sweet gods you’re... you’re...

“Mmmm,” Cyria hums, and her tongue loosens around your cock.

You howl as you suddenly climax, an explosion of pleasure tearing through you in orgasmic explosions as you fountain into the lamia’s adoring mouth. As you cum in a desperate, quivering peak.

Cyria moans, her throat working as she drinks down your spurting cum. Yet even then she doesn’t break the stare with you, her ringed eyes pulsing with power, pulling you down deeper into her gaze.

You sag, going limp, weak, spent after the sudden force of your orgasm. And yet it... doesn’t go away. You just seem to go ever limper, all the strength drawn away into Cyria’s eyes. Your mind putty for her compulsion.

Lazily, the lamia lifts her lips from your cock, her tongue flicking your tip mockingly. “Well,” she purrs, smirking as she lifts herself above you, looming over you, your gaze helplessly tethered to hers. “Seems you lack the self-control necessary to serve her Majesty after all, human.”

“Ohhhhhhh,” you groan, even that sound a weak whimper of protest, lacking even a twinge of self-respect.

Cyria cradles your chin, lifting your head so your eyes are once more arrested by hers. “But not to worry. I’m an expert in properly training new concubines for my Queen. It is my greatest pride and joy. And you’d love the benefit of my training, wouldn’t you, slave?”

Her eyes give another pulse, radiating through your mind, and you nod dumbly. “Yessss misssstressss,” you moan mindlessly.

“Good slave,” she purrs, patting your cheek, her eyes glowing molten in the gloom. “You’ll be the best pleasure slave yet. I guarantee it...”

You whimper in delight as her coils give another lazy squeeze. As her ringed eyes give another compelling pulse.

Oh.

Ohhhh.

You can't wait...

[Pleasure Slave](#)

Go On with Lamera

You hesitate, but are you really ready to risk everything you've managed thus far on just the chance you can save Bovara from whatever fiend has her in its grip? Is it worth the risk when you're this close to your goal?

You're not quite convinced.

With only a little regret you turn away from the side passage. "Let's keep going," you say.

"A wise decision," Lamera purrs as she sidles along beside you.

Is it? You're not so sure. But you've made it now, and as Bovara's moans fade away behind you, you firm yourself with your choice.

For the Queen's chambers await.

To be Continued

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

Save Bovara

You haven't come this far just to abandon Bovara to whatever fiend haunts the pyramid.

"We're getting her," you say firmly, pulling free of Lamera's tail and marching purposfully down the passage.

You half expect Lamera to argue, but aside from a heavy sigh and some muttered words, she offers no complain, the soft sussuration of her scales following you down the passage and deeper into the dark...

[The Tar Pit](#)

Pleasure Slave

In the mornings you are trained to use your mouth to pleasure mistress.

In the afternoons, you are properly educated on how to address your betters, from the Queen herself to her servants and slaves.

Then, in the evenings, you are trained in music and poetry, for you are not merely a servant of physical pleasure, but of every other kind of entertainment your mistress could ask for.

It's arduous training, but you have a knack for it. Your fingers are deft for the instruments, and your toned body is able to perform gymnastics quite easily. Handling weapons is almost second nature to you.

But the poetry proves a challenge. Especially when the difficulty is upped.

"Come now. You know the next line," Cyria croons as her coils lazily squeeze you.

"Mmmm..." Lamera hums, her lips wrapped around your cock as she bobs, her ring-filled eyes lidded as they gaze up at you.

"I ah... o-ohhhh," you groan.

"Not quite, slave," Cyria says, chuckling softly. "Dear oh dear. It seems you still need more training, don't you? But don't worry, slave," she says, stroking your hair, sending tingles sparking through you and to your twitching cock and heavy, aching balls. "We'll keep practicing. For as long as it takes."

That sounds wonderful. And you certainly get plenty of practice.

Even when Cyria lets you rest, your fellow slave keeps you busy practicing. No sooner do you lie down than Lamera has wrapped herself around you, kissing you hotly as your body quivers and ruts against her, her silken pussy devouring your cock.

"More... more tongue..." she gasps between kisses.

"Yesssss," you groan, kissing her eagerly.

Such matings are common in the heat of their passion, and when Lamera finally unwinds from around you, releasing you from the tightness of her coils, spent and panting, she snuggles up against you, nuzzling you like an affectionate kitten.

"Do you think the Queen will like us?" Lamera says shyly.

"She will once mistress finishes training us," you say breathlessly.

"I hope so," Lamera coos, kissing you, her coils wrapping around you once more.

Happily you sink into the lamia's arms, kissing her again. You certainly could use the practice. Sometimes it feels like you and Lamera will never be good enough to serve the Queen. That you'll forever be trapped in the harem chambers beneath the Black Pyramid.

But if that is to be your fate, you'll accept it.

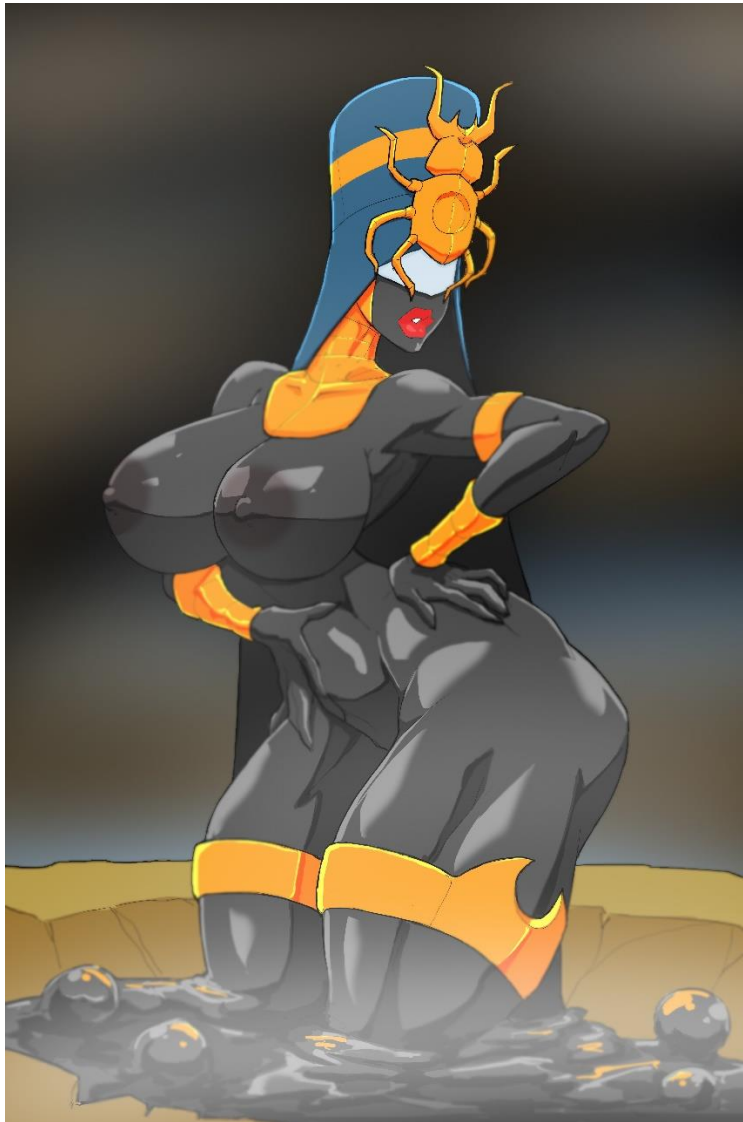
Because you are a slave of the harem.

And good slaves obey...

Bad End

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

The Tar Pit



The corridor winds on, your globe of enchanted light flickering in your hand as you peer into the distance, trying to discern the source of the moans. Your grip feels sweaty on your sword, but you push on, venturing through the inky darkness.

In fact, the darkness seems a little... too deep.

You compel the glowing orb in your hand to grow brighter, and to your shock you realize that the blackness around you isn't just shadows. There's something black on the walls around you.

Warily you peer closer. Whatever it is, it seems to be... oozing out of the seams of the stonework. You sniff. Is that... tar? No. Not quite. Maybe oil? It's something for sure, and you're suddenly quite glad you're sporting a magical light instead of a proper torch.

You press on slowly, and soon the inky blackness is growing deeper. Drooling from the walls to form puddles on the floor. You hear faint pants. Moans. It's coming from ahead, but the absolute darkness defies your eyes. You spot the arch of a doorway and peek through.

What in the...

You stare in wonderment at the chamber you have found. Stone basins rise out of the floor like baths, but it's not water which fills them. Bubbling, tar-like oil drips into the basins and drools from their lips. The wet, burbling sound of it makes your skin crawl as you move the light around and approach one of the pools. You lean over the rim, careful not to touch the stuff. As you do so, a shape bubbles to the surface.

A face.

"Gods!" you gasp, recoiling as a moan escapes the figure, their features smoothed to anonymity by the oily substance. Lush breasts crest the pool as the figure arches, and you can faintly see that tendrils of the oil seem to be pumping into her lush pussy.

Before you can respond the woman submerges once more, only for another figure to disturb the surface, like eels writhing in a bucket. You retreat in horror, looking about at the pools.

"Ohhhhh..."

You whirl at the sound, and your light falls upon a truly massive basin in the middle of the room. A number of pillars rise from it, their sides oozing with rivers of oil, but it's the central pillar which draws your full attention.

For there, at last, you find Bovara, the bovine priestess trapped against the pillar, her arms held over her head by tendrils of the oily substance, her legs swallowed in a second mass growing from the pool. Rivulets of oil drool down her pale flesh, dripping off her plush breasts and between her luscious thighs, her priestly trappings lost amid the oil, her body undulating and rocking as two tendrils of the dark substance throb and swell around her breasts like a pair of slick, feminine hands. Pumping. Stroking. Teasing her with insidious insistence.

You have little doubt that soon, Bovara will join the other victims of this debauched pit. You can already see the oil around her legs seep higher and higher, sucking her into the pool like quicksand. You have to act fast to free her.

[Use Magic](#)

[Use a Rope](#)

Use a Rope

You reach into your satchel and pull out a coil of rope. You never go anywhere without it. Just another tool of the trade. And today, you're dearly glad of your preplanning.

Uncoiling the rope, you whisper the word of a spell. The magic seeps into the hemp, the rope coming alive like a serpent and slithering from your hands and towards the priestess, slipping around her waist before tying itself off.

Sometimes, it pays to be a mage.

Smirking to yourself, you brace your legs and try to pull.

"Ohhhh..." Bovara moans, arching to the tug of the rope, the sticky tar slurping against her body, but holding her to the pillar.

"Come on now," you grunt, straining. Fuck, she's really on there! You heave as much as you dare, but despite your best efforts, Bovara isn't budging, glued to the pillar securely.

Then you feel something wet on your hands.

You look down in horror as you see inky blackness oozing onto your fingers. Your eyes snap up, and by the light you see the oil has flowed from Bovara's curves, and has followed the rope right to your hands.

"Oh fuck!" you gasp, trying to let go, but your fingers are stuck to the rope!

Which is suddenly pulling back.

You stumble as the rope pulls you relentlessly towards the pool. Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit! You try and dig in your heels, but the oil around Bovara has formed a mob of feminine hands which pull you relentlessly towards her.

"Oh no. No no no. No. No!" you cry as your feet skid across the stones, the rim of the pool drawing closer and closer, the oil within churning. Bubbling. Hands forming from the blackness, reaching for you.

You manage to plant a leg on the rim of the pool, your muscles straining to hold you back. But the pull is as inevitable as time, and suddenly your foot slips.

And you're falling face first into the pit.

You hit the oil hard, darkness closing around you, sucking you in with a slurping sound. You struggle, flailing, surfacing with a gasp.

But something is surfacing with you.

Your eyes widen in shock as a pair of ruby red lips in an otherwise smooth, featureless feminine face form out of the tar in front of you. The lips smile, move forward.

And give you a kiss unlike any you've known before.

Your mind bursts with shock as her lips move against yours. Without thinking your mouth opens and her tongue pushes forward and teases against yours. You groan, shuddering as ecstasy rushes through you like a sudden deluge of heat. She tastes so unusual. Thick yet tantalizing.

You want more.

No.

You need more.

You suddenly realize your clothes are being stripped away by hands forming from the oil, leaving you naked. You try and wriggle free, but the inky darkness is so warm. So smooth and your skin so very sensitive. You shudder, your cock almost instantly hard, your eyes rolling back as the inky darkness encases it, massaging it like nothing you've ever known before.

"Mmmmm!" you moan, writhing in the oil, but that only seems to coat you more in its smooth darkness. You find your struggles easing, and when it does the hold of the oil loosens, instead stroking and teasing you.

The red lips break from yours, the wet smacking sound like a slap, your lips tingling, your breath stolen from you.

"Sink, pretty slaaaaave," the tar woman croons.

You blink vaguely, but can't seem to muster an answer. When your mouth opens, only a groan of desperate pleasure escapes as your cock is sucked. Your arms and legs stroked. As hands form out of the oil, stroking you. Touching you. Teasing you. Pull you down deeper into the pit of oil, into the blessed darkness beyond.

"Feels so goooood," the tar woman croons over you.

You slip beneath the oil, feeling the hands stroke your cheeks and brows. You emerge again momentarily, gasping, feeling the oily substance adhering to your neck and face.

"So goooood," the woman moans as you slip under again, bobbing back to the surface. "So goooood..."

You groan, your head spinning. Your body warm. Sensitive. Hopelessly, helplessly aroused. You squirm and writhe in the oil's sucking embrace, and every time you surface a little less. Every time your face covered a little more. Swallowed in the darkness.

Sinking.

Sinking.

Sinking into sensitive, desperate darkness...

[Tar Lover](#)

Use Magic

You are not letting any part of you touch that oil, and likewise you are not doing anything that might get you close to it.

With all that said, you still need to get Bovara out of there.

You take a deep breath, flexing your fingers. Okay. Well, if this stuff is like regular oil, then you might have a work around here.

You press more power into your orb of light, warmth building in it along with its glow. Then you push your hand forward.

The orb floats from you and towards Bovara, responding to your mental commands. The busty priestess groans in pleasure as your orb moves around her body, orbiting her like a miniature sun, its warmth seeping into the oil that clings to her.

“That’s it,” you say softly, grinning as you watch the oil lose its viscosity, sliding down Bovara’s curves to drool back into the basin at her feet. You have the orb pay particular attention to her feet, and soon the oozing oil recedes, slithering back into the pit.

“Now for the tricky part,” you murmur, moving the glowing orb to her hands.

The warmth soon loosens the grip on Bovara’s wrists, and the weight of her figure drags her forward. Bovara gives a sigh as the oil suddenly gives way, and only a hasty float spell saves her from splashing right into the pool.

But ohhhh fuck is it a hard spell.

You grit your teeth, sweat beading your brow as you float Bovara over the oily pool and towards you. You’ve never levitated anything bigger than an apple, and Bovara’s nipples almost drag over the surface of the tar. But you manage it, and only when she’s actually in your arms do you dispel the magic, grunting as Bovara falls against you, sinking to the floor with a soft moan.

“Bovara?” you say, easing her down, cradling her against your chest, the silver that threads the space between her horns tinkling. “Bovara? Are you alright?”

Her eyelids flutter open but her eyes are still dim and glassy. “Alis... tair...?”

“Yeah. It’s me. Come on. We’re gonna get you... out of... here?”

The last word comes out in a squeak, for the basin that you just floated Bovara out of now bubbles. Churns. Your jaw drops as the dark mass rises, flowing up, forming a figure of stunning beauty.

The oil woman is bustier than maybe even Bovara, her inky figure illuminated in the glow of your orb of light. Her face is smooth, featureless, yet crowned by a tall headdress and a white veil that hides her eyes. Her lips are ruby red and unspeakably kissable, while gold ornaments emerge to decorate her arms and thighs.

She opens her mouth, and she gives a sigh of such unspeakable suggestiveness you actually feel your face flush. “Whoooo?” she says. “Whoooo seeeeeeks to steal Princess Nephaaaaa’s neeeeew plaaaaaything?”

She tilts her head, and despite not being able to see her eyes, you know instantly she’s looking at you.

“Whoooo?” she says, and her lips rise in a playful smile.

[Wait](#)

[Parlay](#)

[Attack](#)

[Magic](#)

[Seduce](#)

Wait

Best not to risk making the first move with a creature like this. Who knows what she's capable of.

Nepha oozes out of the basin, her oily form schlopping across the floor. Her movements are exaggerated and flowing, her oily body swaying towards you, her red lips smiling bright.

"Newwwwww plaaaaythings," she says, her voice a sensuous croon that sends tingles racing through you. "Soooo cuuuuute. Sooooo soooooft. Sooooo neeeedy."

You move your hand, bringing the warming globe lower, letting it hover between you and her. She giggles, pausing, a dripping hand rising to her lips. "Dooooon't you waaaant to plaaaay?"

"Not really. No," you say.

"Awwwww. Then hooooow abooooout thiiiiis?"

A dozen hands of dripping oil suddenly spawn from her body, reaching for you in a mass. You yelp, releasing Bovara in order to slash your sword, severing the first two hands. But there's too many! Dozens surge for you. Two grab your arms, slamming you back into the floor. Two more grab your legs, pinning them as well.

"Gah! Get off me!" you shout, trying to struggle out from under her grasp.

"Awwwww. Whyyyy would Iiiii dooooo thaaaat?" Nepha croons, suddenly looming above you, her immense breasts wobbling above your face, her oil dripping down onto you. "Wheeeen weeee can haaaaave sooooo muuuuuch fuuuuun?"

"I-"

She suddenly lowers herself, her lips coming down, meeting yours. The feel of her kiss shoots through you like an electric shock. You arch beneath her, a moan ripped from your throat as you tremble with a sudden surge of sweet delight.

"Mmmm," Nepha moans as her body descends upon you, her immense breasts mashed to your chest, her oil oozing onto you in great, sticky globs. You groan as oozing darkness slides under your clothes, coating your body in her sticky tar. You shudder at the strange sensation. Like every inch of your body were being painted in something warm and smooth. It makes your skin feel unspeakably sensitive. Just the feel of your clothes is driving you wild.

"Mmmmwah!" Nepha coos, breaking the kiss with a sound like a slap, smiling happily down at you. "Mmmm. Diiid you liiiiike thaaaaat?"

"Uhhhhh..." you groan, too addled to form a sentence, your lips still buzzing and breath stolen from her kiss.

"Ooops! That's riiiiight. No neeeed for woooords," she coos, leaning down again, her black tongue licking her lush lips. "Juuuuust... feeeeeel..."

She kisses you again, and the sensation absolutely melts you once more. You groan, arching beneath her, feeling the warm darkness of her oil encase your body even further. Sliding over you. Perfect. Flawless. Washing away all imperfections as its coats you, swallowing you deeper and deeper under her.

“Mmmm!” you gasp as you feel the smooth, slick darkness wrap around your cock. Sucking your manhood in its glistening grasp. But it doesn’t just encase.

It stimulates.

You shudder, squirming as the slick darkness around your cock seems to move. Vibrate. Throb around your cock and balls. Oh fuck. Oh holy fuuuuuuck that feels so goooooood! You groan, trying to move your hands to touch yourself, but Nepha’s grip doesn’t loosen, leaving you writhing in helpless desire beneath her.

“Enjoooooying thaaaat?”

Huh?

How is she talking? She’s still kissing you. Your eyes flutter open, and discover a second Nepha leaning over the first’s shoulder, her red lips smiling down at you.

“He he! Surpriiiised?” the new Nepha croons. “I can maaaaake as maaaaany meeee’s as I neeeded toooo. And they can do soooooo much fuuuuun stuuuuuff. Waaanna seeeee?”

You’d love to answer her, but your mouth is far too busy kissing her. And then you feel your clothes sliding off, and that alone is almost enough to make you cum. The stunning sensation as the fabric slides over your flesh is almost unbearably good. Your cock quivers at the sudden desperate arousal that shoots through you, but seemingly never quite enough to push you over the edge.

And then her oozing body slides around your black cock, and suddenly thinking becomes very, very hard.

“Mmmmnnn!” you groan, eyes rolling back at the sudden surge of sensations that consume you. Like the perfect sleeve her oily essence tightens around your cock, rippling with unspeakable pleasure. You arch beneath her, but the weight of her body holds you down. Still kissing. Still sucking. Still fucking you under her.

Your mind seems to explode as desperate pleasure tightens in you. The feeling of orgasm so close yet never quite there. A peak on which you stand but cannot surmount. Your body thrashes under her oozing oil but it’s like trying to swim through gelatin. Only her lips keep you breathing.

You realize suddenly you’re being drawn towards the basin. Dragged across the floor by her oozing body. But resistance is the last thing on your mind. You’re going mad from the ecstasy of arousal. The edging of your cock and body making you squirm and writhe and whimper and moan. You have to cum. You need to cum!

But you can’t.

You can’t.

And then you slip over in the basin.

Slide into the oily darkness.

Into the perfect void of utter, teasing pleasure.

[Tar Lover](#)

Attack

You release Bovara and rise to your feet, drawing your sword.

“Ooooh,” Nepha coos. “What’s thaaaaat foooooor?”

“For this!” you shout, leaping for her with a cry. Your sword whistles through the air as you swing for her, which is surprisingly easy as the goopy princess doesn’t even try to dodge. Your blade cuts through her with ease, splitting her in twain, Nepha’s body collapsing into a puddle at your feet.

“Huh,” you say, straightening. “That was easy.”

You turn to make your way back to Bovara.

And realize you can’t.

You look down in alarm, only to find your feet stuck to the floor, trapped in the widening puddle of Nepha’s oil. In fact, her puddle seems to be moving. Spreading up your feet and to your ankles.

“What the fuck!” you gasp. You try and pull your leg free but to no avail. You reach down, trying to add some more force to it, only to snatch your hands back as the oily substance slides further up your leg.

Giggling laughter reaches your ears and you look up as more of Nepha’s form slides along your legs. You straighten with a gasp, feeling her soft breasts suddenly pressing into your back, her laughing lips right next to your ear as her arms wind around your chest.

“Yes. Soooo eaaaaaasy,” she croons.

You shudder as you feel her hands stroke you, her oily substance flowing up your legs, encasing you up to the groin. You gasp as her viscous form seems to slide into your pants, pulling your waist in her body. Oh fuck. Ohhhh fuck, you can feel her slide under your pants, along your skin, encasing your legs and your crotch in her oily substance as if you were being painted with rubber.

“Oh gods. Oh sweet gods!” you gasp, trying to pull free. But it’s like trying to escape tar. Her arms and body cling to you. And all the while you can feel her oily darkness spreading over your chest from under your shirt, melting against your skin, encasing you in strange, warm smoothness.

“Shhhhh,” she coos. “Doooon’t fiiiiight it. Juuuuust let it haaaaapen,” she says, her lips kissing your hair, her breasts rubbing against your back.

You suck in a breath as her hands begin to move over your body, her touch shooting through your suddenly spectacularly sensitive skin. “Mnnnn! What... ah... what a-are you doing to me?” you manage to gasp.

“Making you feel soooooo goooooood,” Nepha coos.

Well, that much is true. You've never felt anything as intense as her body on yours. She's practically absorbed you into herself by now, and as her hands reach your belt, your pants simply slide off.

You gasp as your cock springs into the open, and you gape at the sight of it encased in the rubbery darkness of her gooey oil. Her deft fingers reach down, wrapping around your throbbing phallus.

"Nnnn!" you gasp, head jerking back, body tightening at the sudden surge of pleasure that rushes through you. "Oh f-fuuuuuuck!"

"Feeeeeels goooooood, doooooesn't iiiiiiit?" Nepha croons as her hand begins to stroke you, pumping your throbbing cock with a steady insistence that makes you pant, gasp, shake as if you were with fever. Heat pounds in your skull as the pressure of your arousal builds. Holy fuck. Hooooooly fuck you've never been so close to cumming so quickly.

"Ah! Ha. N-Nepha, I... I..."

"Just relaaaaaax. Juuuuuust have fuuuuun. Juuuuust enjoy... the seeeeeensaaaaations..."

It's impossible not to. Every touch of her fingers threatens to push you over the edge. Every stroke of her hand makes you whimper and moan, the strength bleeding from your limbs, replaced by the weakness of needy desire. You hardly notice the creeping of the oil across your body anymore. How it clings to your flesh. Adhering like a second skin. Devouring you in smooth, flawless darkness.

"Thaaaaat's it. Surreeeeeender. Give innnnnn to Nephaaaaaa," she breathes, kissing your neck.

You groan as you feel her oil coat your chest. Your collarbone. Creep up your neck and about your face. You barely notice. Barely care. All of your attention is focused in your cock. In frantically rutting into her stroking palm. Desperate to cum. Maddened by the nearness to orgasm. It feels like your entire existence has narrowed to that single point of pleasure. That burning star in your cock. The ache in your balls. Oh fuck. Oh fuuuuuck you gotta cum. It's so good. So sweet.

"Relaaaaaax. Enjooooooy," Nepha croons.

"Ah. Ah! Mmm! Mmmmph!" you moan as the oily tar slips around your mouth, muzzling you, the only sound that escapes helpless, muffled moans of desperate pleasure. The pressure in your balls pounds in your forehead. Your eyes rolling back as more of Nepha's hands stroke you. Tease you. Strip you. Adore you. Pleasure you. You can't think straight. Can't concentrate. Every thought burned away by need. By pleasure. By endless desire and arousal.

You don't even notice the darkness close over your eyes, the oil masking you utterly. In fact, the loss of your sight only intensifies your sense of touch. Your sense of those hands pumping your needy bulge.

You barely feel the sudden vertigo as you tilt back, drawn towards the basin.

Slip over the side.

Sink into the oily pit.

Sink down.

Down.

Down into the lightless oblivion of the pleasure pits...

[Tar Lover](#)

Seduce

You doubt negotiating with the princess before you will do much good. But if there's one language she clearly speaks, it's that of the body. Even if hers appears to be made out of tar.

"No need to fight," you say quickly. "Not when we can have fun!"

"Ooooooh. I liiiike fuuuun," Nepha croons as she flows closer.

"Who doesn't?" you say with a somewhat uneasy smile.

She giggles, oozing up to you, her impossibly red lips smiling at you as the globes of her goopy breasts press against your chest. Her arms sliding around your neck. "Theeeeeen leeeet's haaaaave fuuuuun," she says.

Her lips come closer, and before you can reconsider she's kissing you, her immensely plush lips against yours.

And wow is that good!

You've known many lovers over the years, but this kiss is beyond any of them. Her lips work against yours in moaning passion, fairly sucking on your face. Stealing the breath from your lungs. You groan, your hands instinctively landing on her swaying hips, squeezing those soft curves in trembling delight.

"Mmmmm," Nepha croons, her breasts rubbing you, her body pressing against you so close you'd swear she was trying to absorb you.

In fact, that might be exactly what she's doing.

Your eyes fly open in shock as you feel your belt giving way, falling down with a clink of metal. Your cock needs no prompting. Already rock hard, your manhood springs up, slapping against Nepha's figure, sliding into her slick form.

Ohhhhhh fuuuuuck.

That feels so goood!

"Mnnnn," you groan, eyes rolling back as her oily form swallows your cock, coating it in her dark essence. You groan as her oil begins to lovingly suck at your cock, the sensation so intense your whole body shudders in tactile delight.

Nepha's lips break with yours, allowing you a gasp of air. "Feeeels goooooood, doooooesn't iiiiit?" she croons.

"Ah... ha..." you gasp. "I... It's..."

"Waaaaant moooooore?"

More?

You shiver in dreadful anticipation. You know you shouldn't. But you also know you can't resist. "I ah... w-well, if you're um... offering, then..."

Your words die as her red lips smile wider. "Gooooood booooooy," she croons, leans in, and kisses you once more.

You moan in pleasure as her lips work with yours. Your legs nearly give way, but that doesn't seem to be a problem. Somehow, you find yourself able to remain standing despite it. In fact, your legs feel good too. So very good. Like they're being embraced tightly by some sleek fabric. As if your body were being smothered under something tight. Something so perfectly form fitting you can barely feel it.

You moan, your hands gliding up Nepha's back, stroking her as you pull her close. Closer. So close it almost feels like... like she's a part of you. Flowing over you. Covering you in her oily, sticky mass. You shiver and squirm, but that only seems to spread the coating of sensuous darkness over yourself. Fuck. Oh fuuuuuck that feels so goood.

"Juuuuust relaaaax," Nepha coos into your ear. "Juuuuust give innnnnn."

Sounds... sounds good. Only... only...

How is she saying that while kissing you?

Your eyes flutter open but you see only darkness. H-how? Then you feel the subtle tension around your face. In your hair, plastering it down. You're... you're inside her. Inside Nepha. Coated in her essence, trapped in her figure.

And you... you should be alarmed at that.

But it's impossible to concentrate on it long enough while your cock is still being massaged.

You whimper, squirming in the dark void of Nepha's body. Devoured by her inky blackness. Your cock stroked and sucked with impossible skill. It feels like you're floating in her. Your body writhing in unspeakable pleasure as you're stroked.

Sucked.

Fondled.

Played with.

It feels so good. So good you can barely bear it. Your mind cracks under the strain of the pleasure upon your body.

And yet you can't cum.

Every time you near that edge Nepha slows down, easing you from that high. You try and reach your cock with your hands, but you feel so weak. Your limbs can't seem to move through the viscous substance and to your cock.

You strain, but the fight soon bleeds from you, exhausting you, your arms flopping back as you whimper and buck into the sucking of her body. Hands seems to stroke and tease your body, assaulting

you with sensations on every side. You moan and whimper and writhe, but there's no escape. Not that you want to escape. You want more of it.

More.

More!

And you get more.

As much as you can bear, and no more.

Never enough to push you over that blessed edge.

Never enough to cum.

To surrender.

You can only sink.

Whining.

Moaning.

Writhing.

Sink deeper.

Deeper.

Deep into the darkness of the oil...

[Tar Lover](#)

Parlay

"Wait!" you cry, holding out a hand as you rise to your feet. "Hold on! Let's... let's not do anything we might regret, here."

"Noooo regreeeets," Nepha coos, her figure drooling rivulets of oil, her immense breasts wobbling as she sways ever closer. "Only pleeeeeasuuuuure. Only surreeeeeendeeeeeer..."

"Right, yes, I got that," you say quickly. "But uh, surely there's some deal we can make. R-right?"

Nepha pauses, her head tilting, her perfect red lips forming an O of sudden thought. "Deeeeeeal?"

"Y-yeah. A deal," you say. "Everyone wants something. What do you want?"

Nepha hums, then giggles. "Mmm. I waaaaant youuuuur cuuuuum!"

Your eyebrows pop up as you stammer out, "My... ah..."

"It'll feel soooooo goooooood," she coos.

You swallow hard. Well, it's not... not that this is too surprising. Most slimes you've fought have attacked because they were looking for fluids to absorb, and since humans are made up mostly of water, they made convenient snacks.

But uh, this was...

Well...

"And... and once you get my... my cum you'll let us go?" you say. "Do I have your word?"

"Suuuuuure," she giggles. "My wooooooord."

Well, you're not quite sure about that, but neither are you sure you can take her down.

"Alright," you say. "So, should I just..."

"Taaaaake your paaaants ooooooff," she giggles, swaying closer.

You feel heat rise in your face, but do as she says, undoing your belt and shucking your pants off. Her smile grows at the sight of your cock, semi-hard, but rapidly getting to full mast at the gorgeous woman's unrivaled attention.

"Ooooooh," Nepha coos, oozing closer and lowering herself before you, her impressive breasts wobbling. You tense, already the words of a spell in mind in case she tries something, but all Nepha does is raise her dark hands and run them along your shaft.

"Ah!" you gasp as her fingers stroke you, the shock of her touch sparking down into your groin. "O-okay. So, you're gonna..."

“Gooooing to maaaaake you feel sooooo goooood,” Nepha croons as she leans in, her ruby lips smiling widely moments before her mouth opens. W-wait. Is she going to-

“Holy fuuuuuuck!” you moan as her lips wrap around your manhood, sliding down it like a perfect sleeve. Gods damn! That feels unbelievably goooood! Her lips form a perfect seal, her mouth warm and yet tight around your cock. A sheath of glorious pleasure that throbs through you with every bob of her head.

“F-fuck,” you gasp, your shaky hands reflexively grabbing her head, seeking some support as your legs nearly buckle from the pleasure shooting through your groin. “That’s... that’s good. Oh fuck that’s so goooood!”

“Mmmm,” Nepha giggles, her head continuing to lovingly bob, her lips barely seeming to reveal even an inch of your manhood as she does her work.

And oh, such work she does.

Your face grows hot, blood thumping in your brow as she continues to suck. Oh fuck she’s good. She has to be the best you’ve ever known.

So why... why haven’t you cum yet?

Not that you’re complaining. Far from it. You never want this sensation to end. But you’re not so egotistical as to think you could endure this sort of physical delight without cumming almost instantly.

You grunt, starting to swing your hips, fucking her mouth with ever greater urgency. Nepha gives a muffled laugh, her mouth slowing down in answer. This... this bitch! How long is she going to milk this?

And speaking of milking, you suddenly feel her hand on your balls.

“Gn!” you gasp as her hand tenderly fondles you, her middle finger sliding along your sack while the other four pump and tease your balls. “Oh you f-fucking bitch!” you gasp. “Fucking... gods damned... tease! I... d-damn you! Do you fucking want my cum or not?”

“Mmmm,” Nepha coos, her lips far too busy to answer you, but she does put a bit more effort into it. And soon you feel yourself growing closer to the sweet high of orgasm.

“Oh fuck,” you gasp at the sudden increase of suction. The sudden rush of growing pleasure. “Yes. Fuck yes. Just like that. Like... like that. Oh fuck. Fuck! I... I’m gonna... gonna...”

“Mmm,” Nepha croons.

And slows down.

You groan aloud as you feel the peak of orgasm slip away from you. “N-no. NO! Oh you b-bitch! I... Come on!”

You know it comes off as whiny, but fucking hell, you’re desperate! The pressure just seems to build in you. No matter how much you frantically thrust into her mouth she just milks your cock even slower.

“Fucking hell!” you gasp. “Just... come on! I’m so close. So f-fucking cloooooose!”

“Mmm,” Nepha croons, seemingly utterly unhurried as she resumes her tempting work, her lips sliding up and down you. Her hands stroking and teasing your balls.

You whimper. Fuuuuuck. It feels so good! You try and lift your hand off her head to grab your cock yourself, but... but you can't!

Your gasp in shock as you realize your hands are stuck to her head. Her... her sticky oil or tar has glued you to her!

And... and what's going on with your cock? Looking down, you see that it looks like... it looks like it's being coated in something dark and... and rubbery.

“Ah... H-hey! Hey! What... what's... Mnnn!”

You cry out as she suddenly increases her pace again. Your legs can't take it, and they crumple under you. But if you thought that would pull you free from her mouth you're sadly mistaken. She goes down with you, still sucking. Still stroking.

And suddenly, you realize you're kneeling in a puddle of her oil.

Your eyes widen as the pool of darkness oozes up your legs and waist. You groan, trying to pull away, but it's like all the strength has been bled from you and into your cock.

“Oh f-fuck! Oh fuck. Please. Please! I... I...” you whimper, not even sure what you're trying to say at this point.

Nepha merely croons, still sucking.

Teasing.

Edging.

Torturing.

Drawing you ever closer to orgasm.

Never quite over.

Playing with you.

You whine, barely caring about the oil that coats you, your skin tingling, impossibly sensitive. Your body trembling. Your chest heaving with your gasping breaths. You've got to cum. You gotta cum! You can't bear it anymore. Can't stand it! You need to cum. You have to cum so badly!

“Please!” you whine. “Please! Oh f-fuck!”

And then, something new happens.

As you watch, a second Nepha grows out of the first. Rising from her back to lean her palms upon the first's head, her lush, ruby red lips smirking at your face.

“Ooooooh. Not letting you gooooo,” the second Nepha giggles. “Noooooot untiiiiil you cuuuuum!”

Only now do you realize the truth. The danger. She never intended to let you go. She was never going to let you cum. It was a trap from the start. And you walked into it dick first.

“P-pleeeeeease!” you gasp.

Nepha merely giggles, easing forward, her hands grasping your cheeks, and you shiver as you feel more of her oily coating drool onto your face and down your neck, under your shirt to cover your chest and meet the same substance from below.

“Gooooonna have sooooo muuuuuuch fuuuuun,” she coos.

And kisses you as the oily darkness closes over your head.

[Tar Lover](#)

Tar Lover

The pleasure never ends.

It has no beginning.

No conclusion.

Only highs and lows and endless delights.

You don't know when it began.

You don't remember what there was before.

Your sanity has broken long ago.

Your mind shattered in the Pits.

You writhe and buck and moan in the endless darkness. Another faceless being in the oil pits of the princess's cursed realm. Now and again you bump into another. Another person trapped in the oil, their body coated in the darkness, their identity lost to the tar.

You don't care.

They don't either.

You writhe with them.

Touching them.

Sucking.

Fucking.

Stroking.

Anything to get off.

Anything to end this agony of endless delight.

Hell.

Heaven.

It all becomes the same.

And inevitably, you and your playmate drift away.

Drawn apart by the uncaring eddies of the oil pit.

Occasionally you surface, moaning, feeling the dryness of the air kiss your rubbery coating. Taste the air of freedom.

But inevitably you sink back down.

Down.

Down into the darkness where only pleasure awaits.

Down in the eternity of the tar where no future or past exists.

Down to buck and moan as your cock is forever pleased.

Forever stroked.

Forever enjoyed and pleased and edged until you enter into the blessed nothingness past insanity, becoming nothing more than a mindless thing of pleasure. A writhing worm of instinct and delight. Faceless. Submissive.

Another subject to the chambers of the Black Pyramid, and its fallen princess.

Bad End

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

Magic

You've faced various kinds of slimes before in your adventures. None quite like Nepha, but you know there's only two ways of dealing with their kind. And since fire is likely to consume you as well as her, that leaves only one option.

You point your arm at her, palm out. Magic swirls around you, gathering in your hand in a blistering cold.

You give a shout as you recite the spell, a blast of freezing air screaming through the humid room as if summoned from the deepest reaches of the north. Nepha reels as it hits her, the gelatinous princess wailing in unexpected pain, her form hardening almost instantly as the cold wind sweeps into her, her limbs creaking as they stiffen, glittering with frost.

But you're no fool. That won't hold her long. Already you can feel the warmth in the room grow again. The ice cracking around her dark form. You grab Bovara, hefting her arm over your shoulders as you surge to your feet. Oof, she's heavy, but as you lift her the bovine priestess staggers, finding her footing slowly.

"Come on!" you gasp, hobbling towards the exit. "We gotta go, Bovara. Almost there. Almost there!"

The priestess moans, her eyes distant, but she obeys instinctively, staggering onwards alongside you.

"Nooooooooo!"

You risk a look back at Nepha's cry, the tar-woman reaching for you. But when you pass the threshold of the door she stops as if running into some invisible barrier. As you suspected, she's trapped in there.

Good thing too.

You stagger on down the hallway until you reach the familiar intersection you'd been moving down before Bovara's moan drew your attention. You ease the busty priestess against the wall, conjuring another ball of warmth and melting off whatever oil still clings to her.

As the last of the oil sloughs off her Bovara's eyes flutter open. Her head rocks, her eyes dimly taking in the corridor until they land on you.

"Alistair?" she says blearily.

"Yes! It's me. Are you okay? How do you feel?"

Bovara groans as she sits up, holding a hand to her horned head. "I feel... By the goddess," she murmurs, her eyes clearing. "I remember... Yes. I remember. The creature in the tar. It trapped me. And..." She looks down at you and suddenly beams. Before you can respond she's grabbed you and pulled you tight into her impressive bosom.

“Thank you!” she gushes.

“Mmm?” you say, your face currently sandwiched between two impossibly perfect, sloshing tits.

“Ah!” she says, suddenly realizing what she’s doing and hastily letting you go, composing herself as best she can. “My... my apologies, Alistair. I was a bit... overcome for a moment there.”

“N-no problem,” you say, a bit dazed.

Bovara laughs softly and stands, a bit wobbly but straightening despite it. “Perhaps, but I truly do appreciate what you’ve done. I feared that place would be my end, but thanks to you, it was overcome. And all that remains...” she says, looking down the dark passage.

You feel the same tension and nod, standing as well. “Yes,” you say. “Apparently, the heart of the pyramid is just ahead. Where the Queen performed her ritual.”

“The one who would become a god,” Bovara says grimly. She looks again your way. “Then let us go, and see what became of such hubris.”

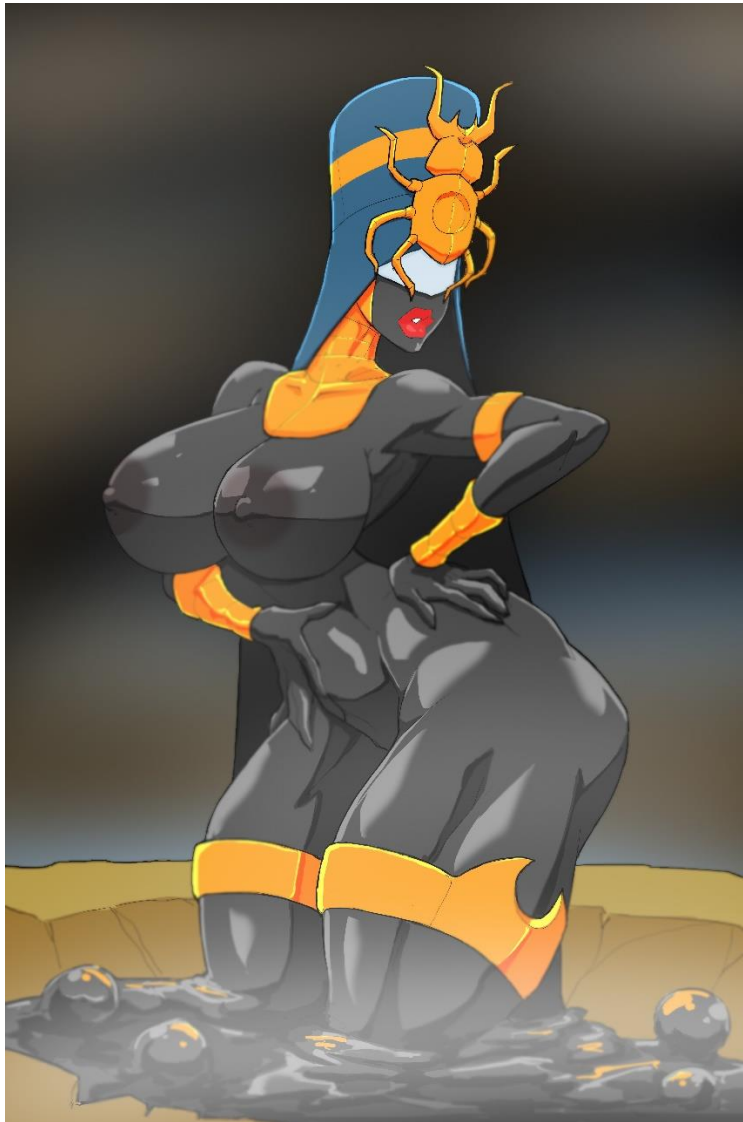
Well, you’re a bit less excited, but touching your pouch you feel again the canopic jar awaiting within. One way or another, you’re going to be claiming the prize of the Black Pyramid.

And it’s time to see what that will be.

To be Continued

[Index Start Over](#)

The Tar Pit



The corridor wanders on, your light flickering in your hand as you peer into the distance, trying to discern the source of the moans. Your grip feels sweaty on your sword, but you push on, venturing through the inky darkness.

In fact, the darkness seems a little... too deep.

“Do you smell something?” Lamera asks.

You do, actually. Something vaguely familiar but you can’t put your finger on it. You compel the glowing orb in your hand to grow brighter, and to your shock you realize that the blackness around you isn’t just shadows.

There’s something on the walls.

“Ugh!” Lamera cries, grimacing at the dark stuff. “What is that?”

You draw a little nearer, peering closer. Something is... oozing out of the seams of the stonework. You sniff. “I think it’s... tar? No. Maybe oil?” You realize you’re reaching out to touch it and snatch your hand back. Well, it’s something for sure, and you’re suddenly quite glad you’re sporting a magical light instead of a torch.

You straighten as another moan echoes from ahead. “Let’s keep moving,” you say grimly.

Lamera sighs, and you just know she rolled her eyes, but the soft sound of her slithering scales follows you all the same. And honestly? You’re pretty glad she’s here. Delving into this nightmare of a tomb would be even worse if you were alone. And as aggravating as Lamera can be, she’s still an accomplished sorceress. It’s good to have her by your side, no matter what you face.

You press on slowly, and soon the inky blackness is growing deeper. Drooling from the walls to form puddles on the floor. You hear faint pants. Moans. It’s coming from ahead, but the absolute darkness defies your eyes. You spot the arch of a doorway and peek through.

What in the...

You stare in wonderment at the chamber you have found. Stone basins rise out of the floor like baths, but it’s not water which fills them. Bubbling, thick oil drips into the basins and drools from their lips. The wet sound of it makes your skin crawl as you move the light around.

“Some sort of storage house?” Lamera muses, but her tone implies her doubt.

“Maybe,” you say, warily approaching one of the pools, leaning over, careful not to touch the stuff. As you do so, a shape bubbles to the surface.

A face.

“Gods!” you gasp, recoiling as a moan escapes the figure, their features smoothed by the oily substance to blank anonymity. Lush breasts crest the pool as the figure arches, and you can faintly see that tendrils of the oil seem to be pumping into her lush pussy.

Before you can respond the woman submerges once more, only for another figure to disturb the surface like the writhing of eels in a bucket. You retreat in horror, looking about at the pools.

“What?” Lamera says, her tail rattling with agitation, even she disturbed by the room you find yourselves in.

“It’s... they’re...” you stammer.

“Ohhhhh...”

You whirl at the sound, and your light falls upon a truly massive basin in the middle of the room. A number of pillars rise from it, their sides oozing with rivers of oil, but it’s the central pillar which draws your full attention.

For there is Bovara, the bovine priestess trapped against the pillar, her arms held over her head by tendrils of the oily substance, her legs swallowed in a second mass growing from the pool. Rivulets of

oil drools down her pale flesh, dripping off her plush breasts and between her luscious thighs, her priestly trappings lost amid the oil, her body undulating and rocking as two tendrils of the oil massage around her ample breasts like a pair of slick, feminine hands. Pumping. Stroking. Teasing her with insidious insistence.

You stare, jaw slack in shock.

“Well,” Lamera says, her voice a bit shaky, but with some of its acerbic bite back. “Not a bad look for the cow.”

Her words shake you from your shock. You have little doubt that soon, Bovara will join the other victims of this debauched pit. You can already see the oil around her legs seep higher and higher, sucking her into the pool like quicksand. You have to act fast to free her.

[Use a Rope](#)

[Ask Lamera for Help](#)

Ask Lamera for Help

“Would you mind,” you say, gesturing at Bovara.

“You want me to help the cow?” Lamera says with undisguised amusement at Bovara’s predicament. “But she seems to be having such a grand time.”

“Well, I was hoping you would,” you say. “After all, surely the traps that occupy this temple couldn’t defeat you a second time.”

Lamera’s eyes narrow a fraction. “My... predicament before was unexpected,” she said tersely. “It wasn’t my fault. That harem slut got the drop on me.”

“Of course,” you say soothingly. “I certainly wouldn’t imply otherwise, mistress. But if you really don’t want to, I suppose your apprentice will have to...”

The serpentine sorceress glares at you. “I know what you’re doing, apprentice,” she says.

“I’m sure I have no idea what you mean,” you say innocently.

Lamera slowly leans towards you, her lips pursed. She taps your nose with a slender finger. “You are lucky you’re cute,” she says.

“I thank the gods every day for it, mistress,” you say.

She scoffs with amusement, then turns towards the tar pit. You shiver at the sudden tingle of magic with grows in the room, the sparks of power popping across your skin like static. Lamera raises her arms, icy blue magic surging around her, words of power flowing from her lovely lips.

She claps her hands, and a sudden blast of freezing air washes over the chamber. The wave of magic flash freezes the oily substance in a sudden crackle, the entire basin turned to ice in an instant like a lake of sparkling diamonds.

Bovara gasps, jolting as the cold hits her, but Lamera plainly accounted for the priestess, or perhaps some enchantment shields her, for aside from a sudden stiffening of Bovara’s nipples, the priestess herself appears unharmed.

The oil that was oozing over her, on the other hand, hardens almost instantly in the blast of freezing temperature, sparkling in the glow of your spell.

You look about the room, stunned at the sheer force of power Lamera displayed. Sometimes, you forget just how much of an accomplished sorceress she is.

Lamera smugly lowers her arm. “Satisfied?” she asks.

“Uh, yeah. I think that’ll do it,” you say. But you’re still careful as you climb over the rim of the basin, testing the newly frozen surface with one foot before risking the rest of your weight on it.

Once assured the ice will hold you, you hasten across the frozen surface and to Bovara. The holstaur blinks uncertainly, her eyes hazy as she looks at you.

"A-Alistair?" she murmurs.

"Yeah. It's me. Hold on, let me just..."

With the hilt of your sword you shatter the frozen oil, catching Bovara as she falls forward into your arms. You grunt, bracing yourself, but it's the faint cracking under your feet that really makes you tense.

"Come on, Bovara. Let's go. Let's go," you say.

Uncertainly, like a newborn calf, Bovara stumbles beside you and over the icy surface of the pool. Every step is accompanied by a heart-stopping creaking, and in the end you practically throw yourself off the edge and back onto the reassuring stone floor.

And just in time.

You look back to see oil bubbling up from between the cracks, breaking up the ice like a river in spring. But the sound that escapes the basin is anything but natural. A shrill, shrieking sound like a hundred screaming voices splits the air, growing as more oil bursts out of the ice.

"Leaving. Now. Now! Now!" you gasp, hurrying towards the exit.

Lamera wastes no time, slithering alongside you, though you notice with some surprise she doesn't run past and leave you behind. Indeed, she actually throws another blast of freezing air back into the chamber, the wall of cold slamming into the surging oil. The cold hits it, freezing the first wave like a wall, but it buys you mere seconds before another wave of the black stuff crashes through the frozen one, surging after you.

But it's enough. Soon Bovara is moving, barely leaning on you and you're past the entrance to the chamber, racing back down the hall you came from.

You hear a wail of anger and look back to see the oil frothing and bubbling at the doorway, unable to pass due to some invisible barrier. Thank the gods! You'd suspected that was the case, but the confirmation makes you sigh in relief.

You slow, panting, as you reach the juncture in the corridor you came from. Bovara stumbles from your arms and plants a hand against the wall, leaning against it and breathing hard and heavy. You try not to stare at the hypnotic motions of her impressive chest. Which becomes much harder when she suddenly grabs you, pulling you tight into an absolute suffocating hug.

"By the goddess! Thank you!" Bovara gasps.

"Mrf!" you gasp, smothered by the quivering orbs of her immense bosom.

You suddenly feel something wind around your chest and pull, yanking you from Bovara's arms. You sway, head spinning as Lamera's tail lifts you up, the lamia giving the holstaur a cold smile.

"You're welcome," Lamera says. "We were both so very worried at seeing you in such a predicament."

The sight of the lamia seems to recall Bovara to herself. The holstaur draws herself up seeming to shake off the last of her shock from the oil.

"Yes. No doubt," Bovara says.

"However did you find yourself trapped like that?" Lamera asks slyly.

"Trickery," Bovara replies stiffly, then smiles. "And, where might you have been while I was... occupied?"

Lamera's smile vanishes, her eyes narrowing.

"Um," you gasp as the lamia's tail tightens around your waist. "Ladies?"

Lamera gives you a startled look as if suddenly remembering you were there. "Ah," she says, loosening the hold of her tail around you. "My apologies, apprentice. I was thinking of... other things."

"No problem," you say as she sets you down. "But uh," you add, looking back the way you came. "We should probably keep going. Just in case whatever held that oil back weakened over the years."

"Quite right," Bovara says, stepping near and taking your arm in hers, tugging you against her breasts.

"Indeed," Lamera says, trapping your other arm in hers.

You give the two women uneasy looks. Not to say you have any objection to being so close to two such beauties, but the glares they give each other over you makes you distinctly uneasy.

"Shall we?" Bovara says.

"Let's," Lamera says.

"Uh, right," you say, starting off, sandwiched between the pair as you head deeper into the pyramid, and the end of your quest.

To be Continued

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Use a Rope

You reach into your satchel and pull out a coil of rope. You never go anywhere without it. Just another tool of the trade. And today, you're dearly glad for your preplanning.

You can feel Lamera's curious eyes on you as you whisper the word of a spell. The rope seems to come alive, slithering from your hands and towards the bound priestess, slipping around her waist before tying itself off.

"Not bad, apprentice," Lamera says.

"Thanks," you say, bracing yourself and giving a pull.

"Ohhhh..." Bovara moans, arching to the tug of the rope, the sticky tar slurping against her body and the pillar.

"Come on now," you grunt, straining. Fuck, she's really on there! You pull harder, but despite your best efforts, Bovara isn't budging past that point.

Then you feel something wet on your hands.

You look down in horror as you see inky blackness on your fingers. Your eyes snap up, and you see by the light that oil is crawling from Bovara and along the rope like writhing snakes.

"Oh fuck!" you gasp, trying to let go, but your fingers are stuck to the rope!

Which is suddenly pulling back.

"What?" Lamera says, giving you a sharp look.

"The rope!" you cry.

Lamera looks down at it in shock even as you stumble forward, pulled relentlessly towards the pool. Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit! You try and dig your heels in, but the oil around Bovara has formed a mob of feminine hands which pull you relentlessly towards her.

"Apprentice!" Lamera cries, her tail wrapping around your waist and pulling you back.

For a moment it seems to work, your inexorable advance halted.

But only for a moment.

Then, to your horror, you and Lamera both begin to be dragged towards the basin.

"Oh no. No no no. No. No!" you cry as your feet skid across the stones, the rim of the pool drawing closer and closer, the oil oozing. Bubbling. Hands forming from the blackness, reaching for you.

You manage to plant a foot on the rim of the pool, your muscles straining to hold you back.

"Let go of me!" you gasp to Lamera. "Don't let it grab you too!"

"I can't!" the lamia cries.

You look down, and realize she's right. The oil has oozed from your arms and onto her tail, sticking her to you.

"Oh fuck. Fuck!" you gasp, trying to resist the pull of the rope.

But inevitably your foot slips.

And you're falling face first into the oil.

You hit it hard, darkness closing around you. You hear Lamera shriek as she's dragged in after you. You struggle, surfacing with a gasp.

But something is surfacing with you.

Your eyes widen in shock as a pair of ruby red lips in an otherwise smooth, featureless face form out of the oil in front of you. The lips smile, move forward.

And give you a kiss unlike any you've known before.

Your mind bursts with shock as her lips move against you. Without thinking your mouth opens and her tongue teases into yours. You groan, shuddering in ecstasy as her tongue teases against yours. She tastes so unusual. Thick yet tantalizing.

You suddenly realize your clothes are being stripped away. Hands forming from the oil and tugging them off, leaving you naked. You try and wriggle free, but the inky darkness is so warm. So smooth and your skin so very sensitive. You shudder, your cock almost instantly hard, your eyes rolling back as the inky darkness encases your manhood, massaging it like nothing you've ever known before.

"Mmmmm!" you moan, writhing in the oil, but that only seems to coat you more in its smooth darkness.

You find your struggles easing, and when they do the hold of the oil loosens, instead stroking and teasing you. You feel Lamera's thrashing do much the same, but when you manage to look her way you find her in much the same state as you, her efforts only coating herself further in the oil. And when her upper body emerges, her eyes are rolled back, her body trapped in the embrace of a dripping woman made of the oil, the lamia's mouth trapped in a torrid kiss.

The red lips break from yours, the wet smacking sound like a slap, your lips tingling, your breath stolen from you.

"Sink, pretty slaaaaave," the tar woman croons.

You blink vaguely, but can't seem to muster an answer. When your mouth opens, only a groan of desperate pleasure escapes as your cock is sucked. Your arms and legs stroked. As hands form out of the oil, stroking you. Touching you. Teasing you. Drawing you down deeper into the pit of oil, into the blessed darkness beyond the surface.

"Feels so goooood," the tar woman croons.

You slip beneath the surface, feeling the hands of oil stroke your cheeks and brows. You emerge again, gasping, feeling the oily substance adhering to your neck and face.

“So goooood,” the woman moans as you slip under again, bobbing back to the surface. “So goooooood...”

You groan, your head spinning. Your body warm. Sensitive. Hopelessly, helplessly aroused. You squirm and writhe in the oil’s sucking embrace, and every time you surface a little less. Every time your face covered a little more. Swallowed in the blackness.

Sinking.

Sinking.

Sinking into sensitive, desperate darkness...

[Tar Lover](#)

Continue On Alone

Though it pains you to do so, you cannot risk saving Bovara here. Not when your goal is so close. Not when godhood is so very near. You tear yourself away from the passage, continuing on through the Black Pyramid, Bovara's moaning cries soon fading behind you.

And on you walk.

On.

On to the very heart of the Black Pyramid.

To Be Continued

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Save Bovara

Though you may not have been willing to rescue Lamera from her fate, Bovara doesn't deserve whatever evil has her in its clutches. Recalling the kindness of the bovine priestess (not to mention some of her other impressive assets), you firm yourself, gripping tight your sword and redirecting your steps down the adjoining passage. You're off to save the priestess.

Or die trying.

[The Tar Pit](#)