

Fey Market Blues

Jay Aury

https://twitter.com/aurj_jay

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

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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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The Job



You pick out Jezebel Jennings as a demoness the second she walks through your door. But that doesn't prejudice you against her. There are plenty of demons in the city these days, and they always have cash. How they got it was none of your business. Your business was what she wanted with a private wizard.

She was easy to look at, that was for sure. The slinky dress she wore clung to her like a snake's skin, a long coat with kitsune fur trim thrown over her shoulders, open at the front to reveal a generous swell of her breasts. Her eyes were gold like fresh minted bullion, and were lidded with lashes of dark promises. Her smile is deep and smoky, carrying with it a sense of power that instantly makes you shift in your seat. Tall horns run straight up from her hair, and her skin is the deep purple of a ripe plum. The revolver weighing on your hip holster reassures you some. Your fingers reflexively run along the grip, feeling the enchantments engraved along the barrel warm in anticipation.

"Lukas Lynch?" she asks, and even her voice carries a purr that shoots right to your groin. A demon of pride, or you're an apprentice. Dangerous. Vain. But powerful.

"That's what it says on the door," you say, nodding and standing up.

She puts out a gloved hand. "Jezebel Felman," she says.

You take her hand, shake it. Her palm is warm as you take your hand away and gesture for her to take a seat in the chair across from you. "What can I do for you?" you say.

She sits down, but not on the chair. Her hip bumps onto the edge of your desk, her figure outlined starkly in the half-open blinds of your office. Her perfume is thick in the air, scented like lavender but rich as whisky, and you hastily stroke the enchanted medallion of True Seeing hooked on your belt, clearing your head a little.

"I need your help," Jezebel says, one hand planted on your desk as she leans towards you, giving you a gander down the purple valley of her breasts. "Discretely."

"I'm nothing if not," you say, not quite able to stop yourself from stealing a peek down her dress. Damn, but those orbs are distracting. As is the perfume that's rapidly filling the air.

She chuckles warmly. "That's so good to hear," she says. "You see, my brother has gone missing."

"Your brother?" you say.

She nods, sorrow etchings itself on her face. But you bet it's only skin deep. The family ties of demons are deep, but not in the way of humans.

"I'm afraid he was running with a bit of a bad crowd," she says.

You raise your eyebrows. "And that's surprising?" you say.

"No. But it wasn't with our crowd, of course," she says.

"Of course," you say mildly.

"I want you to find him. Get him back."

"Have you gone to the police?" you ask.

"Oh no," she says. "They can be terribly... indiscreet, you understand. I'm sure my brother has simply... forgotten what he's about. And we'd be ever so grateful if you could find him and bring him home."

"I see..."

"I'm prepared to offer two thousand gold coins."

Your eyebrows jump at that. That's a lot of cash. Enough to pay rent for your office for ten years easy, and enough to spare to fix up your car. If you ever needed confirmation she was monied, that was it.

"You must really love your brother," you say.

“Oh yes,” she says, her voice dropping another octave, the sound reverberating below your stomach. “Like you wouldn’t believe. My father is simply broken without him. And so am I. Will you take the job?” she says, reaching out, running her hand up your arm. “Please?”

You shiver under her touch, but your mind focuses on the money. Work’s been slow lately, and that kind of cash is hard to say no to. You wet your lips, then nod. “Well,” you say. “The price is right.”

Her eyes flash and she smiles again. “So good to hear,” she says. She leans back a bit, her gloved hand rising, dipping between the orbs of her breasts. You watch raptly as she pulls out a photo from between them, laying it on the table.

You lean forward, peering at it. The photo is faded a bit. Demons never take good pictures. He’s male, handsome but slender, sitting in front of a curtain. A pair of short, curled horns rise from some curly dark hair, while a pair of spectacles sit before his eyes. A short jacket hangs off him. He has a bookish look, but there’s something about his dark eyes that make you wary. Something cruel about them.

“My brother,” Jezebel says, as if there were any doubt. “Luger Felman. He’s a good boy.”

That you do doubt, but you take the photo, which is still warm from her body and scented with perfume. You resist the urge to shake your head. Demons. Never do something normally if you can do it with sex appeal.

“I’ll see what I can find out,” you say, sliding the photo into the pocket of your overcoat. “What crew was he running with?”

“I heard him call them the Newgates. Apparently they stake out territory in the Fey Markets.”

You wince. Shit. That complicated things. The Fey Markets were dangerous territory. Though there were plenty of non-humans in the city, they had to accept human laws. But the Fey Markets were a law unto themselves. Run by various cartels of fey, spirits, demons, and other mystic creatures, humans rarely went there except for the most illicit of items. Partly because it was frowned upon. Also because humans had... uses among the fey that were not wholly above board. A hotbed of smuggling, gambling, and worse, normal people didn’t stand a chance in there, and the cops wouldn’t even try going in. No wonder she wanted a wizard.

“I’ll see what I can find out,” you assure you. “I’ll try and bring him back. But if it’s the Fey Markets, I need to warn you, he might be dead.”

“I understand, of course,” she says, nodding gently. “We just need to know. Please.”

“Of course,” you assure her. “I’ll do what I can.”

“I appreciate this, Lukas,” she says, reaching out, touching your tie. You suck in a breath as her fingers play with it, stroking the silk between her thumb and forefinger, no longer teasing the gap that reveals her breasts, but positively flaunting it. “Really, I do. And I’d love to show you how much I appreciate it. May I?”

[Agree Submissively](#)

[Agree Aggressively](#)

[Not now](#)

Not Now

"I appreciate the offer," you say, delicately removing her fingers from your tie. "But I'd better get to work sooner rather than later."

She gives you an unreadable look, then smiles. "Of course," she says, rising smoothly off your desk. "I understand completely, and look forward to seeing what you come up with. Until then, Mister Lynch."

She turns, her hips swinging as if taunting you with what you could have enjoyed, then she vanishes out the door. You take a deep breath, inhaling again the heaviness of her perfume, and let it out.

Hoo.

You get up, moving to the window and looking through the shades. You see her emerge from the building and enter a waiting cab. Didn't come here in her own car. Interesting. You're starting to get the feeling there's more to this case than you first thought.

You sigh, rubbing your face tiredly. Well, no sense dawdling. You check the gun in your holster once more as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver's side.

Well now, what to do?

You drum your fingers on the wheel as you start the engine. You know you have two options, but neither are exactly appealing to you. If you want information about a Fey Market gang, you'll have to go to one of your contacts. You could hit up Gabria, who runs a gang of goblin smugglers running out of a speakeasy down on market street, but she can be... difficult at the best of times. She's always had a thing for you, which is useful, but she'll always try and trap you into becoming her new 'husband.' And goblin maids have very... aggressive flirting.

Then there's Marina, the information broker. The poppy alraune has her roots in everything, but she's always pretty cagey. It's easier getting blood from a stone than info from her, and being a plant fey, she doesn't take payment in money. You shiver at the memory of the wasted figures typical of her grove. But you need info, and one of those two will surely know about the Newgates...

[Head to Marina's](#)

[Gabria's Speakeasy](#)

Agree Submissively

"Well, ah, if you insist," you say.

Her smile grows. The predator sensing her prey. She lazily moves her legs over yours, straddling your lap. Her arms wrap around your neck, pulling you closer, her eyes molten with lust. You inhale sharply as her mound rubs against your bulge, taking in a lungful of sweetly smooth perfume, sending a shot of lust through you like a .45's slug.

"Thank you," she purrs, her hips moving with almost uncanny ease, grinding herself against your manhood, the heat of her desire radiating through her skirt and your pants. "You don't know how good it makes me feel, knowing such an... impressive man is going to find my brother."

"Well, I'm just ah... h-happy to help," you gasp.

"Oh, I know," she purrs, leaning in closer, reeling you in by your tie. "But I want to show you."

Her lips meet yours like someone lit a firework in your brain. Bursts of pleasure shoot through you in crackling ecstasy, sparking through your nerves and curling your toes. You groan, your eyes growing lidded, your hands instantly around her. One grabs her ass, squeezes. The other goes to her back, pulling her closer.

She gives a throaty laugh, the sound vibrating through you as she rocks her hips against your bulge, her lips breaking the kiss with a popping sound. "Eager, aren't you?"

"I-"

"That's good," she purrs, leaning down again. "I like them eager."

Her lips meet yours again, and you groan in ecstasy as her electric kiss shoots through you once more, your body trembling in pleasure. Your hands frantically grope her, pulling her closer, your mouth adoring her.

Jezebel groans, arching against you, her hand slipping into your lap. You gasp as her finger undoes your zipper, your cock fairly bursting out into the open, twitching with desperate desire.

"Mmm. So virile for me," she purrs, nipping your lip as her fingers leisurely stroke your cock. "Good. I need a virile man to take on this job."

"Happy to... to..." you gasp.

"But I also need a man who knows when to keep quiet," she purrs. "So stop talking. And just... enjoy..."

Works for you. Obediently you shut up, kissing her again with adoring passion as her hips rock. You feel her dress slide up her smooth thighs, and then the slick heat of her pussy presses against your manhood.

Good gods, you wish all your clients were this much fun!

And the fun is just beginning. Evidenced by the motion of her hips, riding against you, her moans of pleasure hiking as her tight pussy grips your manhood.

“Oh yessss,” Jezebel moans, shuddering as her hips rock, your cock sliding in and out of her with unspeakable pleasure, your body quivering in ecstasy. Fucking hell, demon girls are the best!

“Fuck!” you gasp. “That’s... ah...”

“Give it to me, detective,” she growls hotly, increasing her pace. Bouncing on your lap. Her breasts nearly knocking your chin as her ass slaps your lap, her hands on your shoulders, holding you down, her fingers digging into you through your overcoat. Her golden eyes flare. Hot. Molten. Coins catching the gleam of infernal light. “Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Give me your seed. Ohhhh, I want it. I want you! Work for me. Find him! Find my brother and you’ll get so much more, detective. You’ll get so much glorious pleasure from me! But you have to find him. You have to bring him to me. You have to serve me!”

“Yessss!” you cry, gasping with pleasure. “Anything! I will. I will!”

“Good boy,” Jezebel purrs, her teeth flashing in the thin rays of fading daylight, her face cast in shadows and eyes glowing with desire and triumph. “Then... ha... cum!”

Her lips descend to yours anew with that command. The shock of it hits you like a punch in the face. Your body arches, your cock pulsing. You moan in shameless pleasure as your cock gives up, surrendering, jolting as you cum in bursts of hottest pleasure.

“Mmmmm,” Jezebel purrs, still kissing you, relishing the pleasure of your orgasm, her tongue dominating your own. It feels like she’s sucking at your mouth. You feel a shudder of light-headed weakness surge through you, making you swoon where you sit.

She suddenly breaks the kiss, panting, her eyes lidded, her breasts heaving with ecstasy.

“Ah... ha... ha. You’d... you’d best be careful, detective,” she purrs, her eyes still hot and hungry. “If you’re so willing to surrender... then I fear that... you won’t last long enough to find... find my brother.”

“Ooooh,” you groan, sagging in your chair, your head spinning from the experience.

Jezebel chuckles softly and pats your cheek. “You’ll recover fast, detective. But once you finish this job to my satisfaction, perhaps I could be enticed to let you experience the true ecstasy of a succubi’s hunger.”

Her words tingle in you with mingled fear and delight. To have your soul fucked out by a succubus would truly be an experience. It would also be your last as a thinking individual. Those whose souls are drained by a demon become little more than husks or, if the demoness is particularly fond of them, thralls. Mindless toys of their infernal mistress, unable to defy or even think of anything without their unholy patron’s say so.

You feel another shudder as you recall the few thralls you’ve seen before. Revulsion, surely. But... perhaps a little envy?

You blink, realising suddenly you're alone. Looks like Jezebel left while you were still recovering, leaving nothing but the tantalising aroma of her perfume in the air. Flushing, you hastily tuck your cock back into your pants, then rise from your chair. Well, no sense dawdling. You check the gun in your holster as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver's side.

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Then there's Marina, the information broker. The poppy alraune has her roots in everything, but she's always pretty cagey. It's easier getting blood from a stone than info from her, and being a plant fey, she doesn't take payment in money. You shiver at the memory of the wasted figures typical of her grove. But you need info, and one of those two will surely know about the Newgates...

[Head to Marina's](#)

[Visit Gabria](#)

Agree Aggressively

"I think I'd like that," you growl, your voice hot. Heavy.

She raises a brow, but her lidded eyes are smoky with promise. "Mmm. Well, if you wish it," she purrs. "But however shall you have me?"

[Suck you Off](#)

[Over the Desk](#)

Over the Desk

There's really only one choice for a beauty like her. You stand, Jezebel arching an eyebrow as you move around the desk. She turns to watch you, and you suddenly grab her by the hip, tugging her upright and against you.

She starts at the motion, but her body melds against you almost instantly, as only a demon of pleasure could. Her breasts soft cushions pressing against your chest, the scent of lavender filling your nose. "Hmm. Aggressive, aren't you?" she says, glancing up at you, utterly unperturbed by your actions.

"That's why you're hiring me," you as you grab her hip, your hand sliding up it, hiking up her skirt, the feel of her smooth skin under your calloused fingers delightful. Alien. Strange, yet acutely attractive. You suddenly turn her around and push on the small of her back, making her gasp as you suddenly bend her over your desk. "You want a man that can get the job done. Well, here I am."

"Mmm. So you are," she says, lazily arching, curving her back and pushing her ass out, pressing those perfect curves against her coat. "Why not show me what that means."

Fuck but she's a tease. Well, that's fine. You can work with that. With one hand you undo your pants, drawing out your cock, stiff and ready for the seductive succubus. With your other hand you slap her on the flank, making her gasp, moan, her ass bucking in delight as you grab her skirt and flip it up, revealing the soft globes of her purple bum. You slide your hand down the crease of her rear, your fingers finding their way between her thighs where you discover the dampness of her desire.

"Look at that. All ready for me," you murmur, leaning over her, her ass pressing against your pelvis as you rub your stiff cock between her thighs.

"Yessss," she groans, rubbing herself back against you. "Take me."

"Well, you are paying me," you say, nipping her ear, making her moan as you push forward, filling the hot tightness of her pussy with your cock.

Ohhhhh fuck. Demons are always the best lovers. Her pussy squeezes around you like a flawless sheathe, massaging your manhood as you begin to rut into her, your hips spanking off her firm ass, your breath hot in her ear as you plow the gorgeous demoness. You plant one hand on the top of the desk for stability, the other on her shoulder to keep her steady as you claim her with sharp, hungry motions of your hips. Fuck she's good. Oh fuck she's so tight! So hot. Every sound that escapes her lips a croon of pleasure enticing you to do more. Fuck her harder. Faster. Ever more eagerly to make her finally cum. To reach that glorious pinnacle of final ecstasy.

You have to. Because gods know you won't last long.

You can already sense it as you pump into her. Your orgasm thumps in your fluttering pulse with growing urgency. You can barely hold back. She's so good. Oh fuck.

"Oh! Ohhhh yessss," Jezebel moans, thrusting back her ass, meeting your cock with the slap of flesh. "Keep going. Ah. Ah! Yes. Yes! Give it... give it to me. Give me that cock!"

“Fuck! Take it! Take it you demonic... ha... b-bitch! Take it... a-alllll!”

You groan, pushed past the brink, unable to resist her any longer. You bury yourself to the hilt in her a final time, squeezing her shoulder, groaning in pleasure as you cum. “Fuuuuuck!” you cry out.

“Oh yesssss!” Jezebel groans, her inner walls flexing deliciously around you, squeezing your manhood as she cums, her pussy milking you of your seed in hot bursts of rippling pleasure. “Yesssss!”

The ecstasy of that moment is like none you’ve known before. You feel light headed, your vision swimming as your legs grow weak. You groan, sagging against the succubus, only for her to slip out from beneath you like a dream in the morning.

Planting a hand on the desk, you manage to prop yourself up, giving her a long look. Jezebel smirks, brushing back her hair casually.

“Not bad, Mr. Lynch,” she says, straightening her skirt, looking for all the world like she hadn’t just gotten fucked in some twobit private eye’s office. “Not bad at all.”

“High... praise,” you grunt.

“Let us hope it well deserved,” Jezebel says. “You have your information, detective. I look forward to hearing of the results. Until then.”

With a final flick of farewell she turns and departs, her hips swinging, drawing your eyes with their sultry sway until she vanishes around the corner.

You manage to push yourself upright, heading to the window. Just in time to see her get into a cab. Didn’t come here in her own car, you note. You’re starting to get the feeling there’s more to this case than you first thought.

You sigh, rubbing your face tiredly. Well, no sense dawdling. You’ve always recovered quickly, and this is no different. You do back up your pants and check your gun in its holster once more as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver’s side.

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Then there’s Marina, the information broker. The alraune has her roots in everything, but she’s always pretty cagey. It’s easier getting blood from a stone than info from her, and being a plant fey, she doesn’t take payment in money. You shiver at the memory of the wasted figures typical of her grove. But you need info, and one of those two will surely know about the Newgates...

[Head to Marina's](#)

[Visit Gabria](#)

Suck You Off

You know you shouldn't, but the temptation of getting those luscious lips around your cock is too much to ignore. You kick back your chair, sliding back a bit on the rollers. You spread your legs and gesture towards your lap.

"Let's see what that lovely mouth of yours can really do," you say.

A flash of amusement quirks her smile. Her eyes grow lidded, dangerous. "Many would consider what you just suggested an act worthy of your death."

"Is that where we're going with this?" you ask lazily, though your hand wanders near your holstered pistol.

"On the contrary," she says, sliding off your desk as sleekly as a jungle cat. "I find it quite... appealing."

You chuckle as she slinks down between your legs, her deft fingers brushing your bulge. You gasp as your zipper seems to come undone almost of its own accord, sliding down, releasing you from its fabric prison. The sight of the temptress before you has more than stirred your blood, and instantly your shaft bursts free, thick and turgid with arousal.

Jezebel's immaculate eyebrows quirk and her lovely lips deepen her smile, then pucker up and kiss the tip of your length.

Oh fuck! You jolt at the sensation that shoots through you from 'head' to toes. Arousal sings through you, making you suck in a sharp breath. Tense as you feel your balls tighten in anticipation of her full affections. Gods! This might be tougher than you thought.

Jezebel clearly sees the effect she has on you, her smirk deepening as she opens her lips and takes the crown of your manhood between them.

"Mnnnn!" you groan, head thrown back as her lips run up and down your throbbing cock, sucking you off from tip to root with unholy expertise. "Oh f-fuck. Oh fuck yes!" you gasp your hand landing on her head, pushing her down harder, shoving your cock deeper into her mouth. Your toes curl as her tongue gets to work, wrapping around your shaft with prehensile skill, her lips drawn up, down, sucking you off slow but hard.

"Fuck!" you pant. "Yes. Suck. Suck my f-fucking cock. Use that tongue. Faster you... you s-slut. Oh fuck. Oh fuuuuck! Fasterrrr!"

Jezebel complies, doing as instructed, her lips increasing her pace. You gasp as you feel her fingers cup your balls, lazily fondling them as you thrust into her mouth.

"Yes!" you groan. "Oh f-fuck yes! That's... that's iiiit. I'm so close. So... ah... f-fucking close! Almost there. Almost... Mnnnnn!"

You let out a throaty groan as you reach your peak, your cock throbbing, balls tightening as you surrender your load into the lips of the seductive succubus.

Jezebel moans, sounding almost as ecstatic as you as her throat works, swallowing your thick seed deep down her hungry throat. Her lidded eyes burn hot with pleasure, her lips slowing their loving sucking, milking you back down from your peak.

Weakness sweeps over you. Drains you. You knew to expect it. The sensual power of demons suck the essence from their victims, and if a man wasn't careful, a succubus could drink him dry, reducing him to little more than a helpless thrall to her will.

But Jezebel doesn't go that far. She lazily lifts her lips, sliding them off your cock with a final deep kiss. Her lips smack, popping free from the suction, leaving your twitching manhood slick with her saliva. "Mmm," she hums, licking her lips, her eyes lidded, hot with satisfaction. "Delicious, Mr. Lynch. It's been a while since I've tasted a man of such... vigour."

"I... try," you say, still breathless.

She chuckles, rising from the floor in a swirl of her skirt. "Of that I have no doubt. Your reputation is quite... substantial," she says, the tip of her index finger gliding around her lips, as if investigating a sensation lingering upon them. She smirks. "Let us hope it well deserved," she adds. "You have your job, detective. I look forward to hearing of the results. Until then."

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[Head to Marina's](#)

[Visit Gabria](#)

Head to Marina's



You decide to visit Marina's. With a job like this, she's the likelier bet to having some information. And you'll have far more success getting any news about the Fey Market out of her.

You drive off into the city, night washing out the streets in a slow flood. You flick on the headlights, steering on towards the east side, where Marina keeps her place of business. You cruise into the seedier side of town, the streetlights dim despite the dark. Few people are about, and those who are hurry on their business.

You finally grind to a stop outside a narrow building, its front a wedge sitting on the corner, the rest of the building curving along either side of the street. Behind it, you can make out the angled glass that form the greater greenhouse. Three lamps glow above a sign declaring it the *Pollen House*, but that's just a front. An accurate one, sure. But there's far more than roses behind those glass panels. Far more.

Parking, you get out, closing the door. You doubt there's anywhere else in the world with an all-night florist shop, but Marina's main business always comes in after dark. You make your way to the door, a bell ringing with a gentle chime as you walk in.

The teasing suggestion of perfume awaits you through the door. Potted plants surround you, while vases hold roses, chrysanthemums and other flowers displayed to their greatest advantage. The walls above them hold photos and paintings of different flower arrangements, while the wooden counter takes up the entire back of the narrow shop.

A man stands there, his eyes dim, and a dreamy smile on his lips. He wears a bowtie and an apron, his hair slicked back, though his dazzled look belies the trimness of his appearance. "Hello," he says. "How can we help you?"

You move forward, eying some of the posters before leaning on the counter. "Hi," you say. "I'm looking for something to give to my beloved. Something that says, 'Dreaming of you.'"

His smile widens at the password. "Of course," he says, opening the small counter flap. "I think we have something to satisfy you in the back."

You force yourself not to hesitate as you follow him. He leads you into the trimming station, the wooden counter holding the scissors, ruler, and other tools of the trade. A lonely radio sits on the wall, popping and crackling with the distant warbling of classical music. The shopkeeper opens the glass door at the rear leading into the greenhouse, ushering you through.

Even though you knew it was coming, the perfume that saturates the air inside nearly chokes you. The heaviness of the scent stuffs your senses in a rush, and you nearly stagger before you find your footing. You blink, barely able to see through the haze of pollen.

But what you can see makes the hairs on your back rise with unease.

Plants don't just grow here. They riot. Glass as elegant as the stained windows of any church arch above, the moonlight bleeding through and glowing among the pollen like you stand in a mist of hues. Flowers bloom from all around you, overflowing from beds and pots, their sprawling roots making the floor uneven, their petals shimmering with colour. Vines drape the way through the garden like curtains, and from beyond them you can hear gentle laughter and soft cooing voices. Moans of men and sighs of women, wrapped in blissful ecstasy.

A woman in a short skirted dress gleaming with sequins, her skin green as summer leaves blocks your way deeper into the greenhouse. Her eyes are like emeralds, and blooming from her hair is a large rose, unfurled like a frozen explosion of crimson.

"Welcome, dear guest," she says sweetly. "How might the garden please you?"

You try and ignore the obvious implication, and the soft moans from the hidden revelers on either side of you. You brush your hand against the amulet on your belt, clearing your head for the moment of the corruptive scent which saturates the greenhouse. "Yeah," you say rigidly. "I need to speak with the Mistress."

Her eyes flicker brightly and she smiles wider, bowing, the rose blooming in her hair bobbing. "Of course. If you'd follow me..."

She turns, her ass swinging tantalisingly in her tight, short dress. You force yourself not to stare as you follow her down a thin path that cuts through the greenhouse's jungle, though as a result you can't help but looking at everything else around you.

Men and women lounge in cushions of moss and vibrant greens, their clothes dishevelled, their expressions rapturous. Flowers dangle above them, petals dancing like swishing skirts, raining golden pollen into the faces of the addicts. A man to your right inhales deeply, peacefully, his face dim and sated. Drugged by the opiates that he inhales. In another bed, you spot a woman sprawled among the flowers, her shirt open and a pair of bulbs pressed to her breasts like starry bras, the stems softly pulsing, feeding like a suckling newborn. Draining her life force slowly.

You feel your skin crawl at the sight. For that is the coin which Marina charges. The essence of humans, given freely in exchange for the opiate bliss of her garden. Peace. Ease. All for a taste of their life force. A business without compare in the city.

A taste her patrons can't get enough of.

You don't know whose palms Marina greased to get her business out of the Fey Markets and into the human city, but she did, and she's here. More's the pity. But you'd be stupid not to use her. Many a whisper has passed numbed lips lost to the throes of the floral hunger. Many useful secrets.

You move deeper into the garden, trying to ignore the desiccated figures that sleep among the flower beds this far in. Only the deepest addicts can enjoy this degree of pollen, and their cost is all too clear. Some you see are so wasted their skin resembles bark, veined with the roots that seep into their flesh, pulsing as they feed upon their victims. The faces slack, eyes sunken and staring. They'll be dead soon. Drained to the dregs, unable to even stumble from Marina's home, their bodies buried in the plots to feed the plants further. But you have no time to linger on them. For before you rises a gazebo, so draped in foliage it resembles a green bell. Curtains of moss hang around the walls, while through the small doorway cut in the vegetation you make out a soft, violet light.

Your guide stops before it and gestures for you to enter. You linger a moment outside, the heaviness of pollen like a mist leaking through the gap. But you've come this far and, after firming yourself, you step through.

Something between a lounge and a jungle greets you inside. Several violet flowers bloom around the ceiling, their pollen glowing softly as it rains down in dreamy slowness. Couches and tables fill the cramped space, either made of foliage or so covered in it you can't tell the difference, and on them sprawl the tenders of the garden.

The tenders are like your guide in their uniformity. All stunningly beautiful. All dressed in revealing, tight clothes, their skin vibrant green, and in every one's hair blooms a flower. But Marina herself is a completely different beast. She drapes herself on an immense flower like some indolent queen upon her throne. A tight, slinky gown of ivy clings to her flawless curves, her green skin so lush it fairly glows in the low light. Lazily dangled between her fingers is a long cigarette holder still smoking, the fumes swirling among the raining pollen like dancing snakes. Her hair is pressed down around her head, and her eyes are lidded with lazy pleasure.

Your entrance stirs the mistress of the *Pollen House*, and she tilts her head up, a smirk alighting upon her lips.

"Hmm? What have we here, girls?" she hums, sitting up straighter and eying you lazily. "The illustrious detective has come to pay us a visit. How amusing."

"Hello, Marina," you say, trying not to breathe too hard and inhale more of the thick pollen soaking the air. "I was wondering if we could have a chat."

"Of course," she drawls, gesturing at an empty chair. "Take a seat, my delightful fauna."

You don't want to. Just being in the pollen saturated air is making your head throb and your body tingle with the effect of the perfume. Few can stand such a heavy dose of her opiate perfume, but thanks to the rune on your belt you manage. For now. But it's a race against time. The longer you're in her presence, the more you'll inevitably breathe in until you're little more than an addled slug. Normally you'd try and speak to Marina outside the gazebo or through an intermediary, but time is of the essence tonight.

Reluctantly, you take a seat in one of the mossy chairs, the greenery sinking under your weight. Alarmingly comfortable. The kind of chair you could just sink into and let the world drift by like cotton candy clouds...

No! Snap out of it. You shake your head, glaring at the alraune. But she just smiles at you, her cooing thralls pressing in around her.

"I need information," you say, cutting straight to the point.

"Of course you do. Why else attend me? But what do you need? Some news of political intrigue? Perhaps the dark mutterings of murderers? The desires-"

"Anything you have about the Newgates," you say, cutting her off sharply.

Her eyes flicker and her smirk deepens. "Mmm," she says, lifting herself up, more attentive now. "That is interesting indeed. I know some things about them, silly fauna. But the price shall be high indeed."

"I have gold," you say, making the effort, even though you know it's futile.

As expected, she merely laughs. "Amusing, my fauna. But I will need more than that. The essence of a wizard is so... delicious. Even one as wearied as you."

You glance up as one of her bulbs peels from the base of her flower. A plump thing, the petals closed, but looking so wonderfully soft, drooling with a sap that you just know is going to feel incredible.

"How do I know your info is legitimate?" you ask warily.

Marina laughs. "I would not last long if I gave bad information, little fauna."

Well, she's right. Much to your annoyance. But you're still not reassured at the thought of letting her suck you off while you lounge in her brainwashing pollen.

[Pull Out Your Gun](#)

[Pull Out Your Cock](#)

Pull Out Your Gun

You have no interest in fucking around here longer than you have to. Your hand slips to your holster and you draw your gun, taking aim straight at Marina's forehead.

"Or you just give me the information I need and we both go our way," you say, the arcane runes on the barrel of your revolver flashing with charged magic.

Marina's eyes lid, flickering with their emerald glow. "Hm? What's the matter? Afraid of spending time with me?"

"Frankly, yes," you say. "Now give me the info, and I'll just walk out of here."

"Yes. I suppose I could do that," she said sweetly.

You catch a flicker of motion from the corner of your eye. You turn sharply towards it, but only see a flower growing from a stem.

"Wha-"

A blast of pollen bursts from the flower, engulfing your face in a cloud. You gasp, accidentally sucking in a lungful of it. Coughing, you frantically wave your hand before you to clear the air, but too late! You try and blink your vision clear. But something feels... feels...

Heeeeeavy.

"What... the..." you groan, squinting. But the room doesn't want to stay still. It all seems to blend together, like paint being mixed into swirls.

It looks kind of...

Spinny.

"Why, what's the matter?" Marina says, the colours around her blurring, her voice seeming to stretch like taffy. "Feeling... off?"

"Y...you..." you gasp, trying to lift your gun. But your fingers feel so thick and numb. The gun weighs down your wrist, but somehow you manage to lift the weapon, the barrel swaying. Gotta... gotta concentrate...

You hear a playful rustling sound, and then a vine has wrapped around your arm, yanking it up. You look skyward, and discover a mass of vines descending. You try and pull away from them, but your reflexes are shot, your strength non-existent, and instead you tumble off the chair and flop onto the floor.

You hear the garden girls giggle at your efforts, then feel the vines twine around your limbs like lover's arms and lift you into the air, dangling you off the floor, which seems to spin and tilt before your eyes. The... the pollen. She must have... must have given you the heaviest dose she could.

"You... you..." you gasp, your tongue feeling thick and clumsy.

Marina smirks at you, seeming to be the only thing not melting into psychedelic hues as she rises, stepping towards you lightly. "You come into my house? Threaten me? And think you'll walk out of here? Oh dear, dear fauna," she coos, squishing your cheeks between her hands. "That was very, very stupid of you."

She gives your head a shake, your thoughts swirling like sloshing water.

"Stupid stupid fauna," she says almost affectionately. "Honestly, it's really a mercy I'm removing you from the gene pool."

"Wha... what was..."

"Don't think too hard about it. In fact," Marina says, grasping your jacket. "Don't think at all."

You gasp as she rips open your clothes, tearing them with ease. You jolt in surprise, but then her lips are suddenly on yours, the taste of her lipstick shooting through you, curling your toes. You groan with ecstasy, your thoughts instantly jumbled once more as you shiver, trembling, wriggling in impossible pleasure.

"Mmm," Marina purrs, deepening the kiss, her hands moving over your body. Stroking your sensitive flesh. Making you shiver and tremble in terrible delight. Her hand suddenly cups your throbbing length, making you groan. Ohhhh, it feels so goooood!

"Good fauna," Marina purrs against your trembling lips. "Don't think. Don't resist. Just... feel..."

You couldn't think if you wanted to. Her every touch rushes through your veins like electric wires. You're panting, every breath dragging another swirl of pollen into your lungs. You whimper as you feel something soft against the tip of your cock. You look down, trying to comprehend the bulb that strokes the head of your manhood before its petals part like loving lips, swallowing your length in a single gulp.

"O-oh f-fuuuuuuuck!" you cry, eyes rolling back, your body shuddering in helpless ecstasy as you cum instantly, surrendering a burst of your hot seed into the flower. You can actually see it drink it, the stem of the plant bulging as it swallows.

And you're still hard.

Something about that seems... off. But as the flower continues its leisurely, loving sucking you can't seem to focus on it. A lethargy flows over you, filling the void left by your orgasmic pleasure. Pleasant weakness consumes you in ripples, your body growing slack in the grasp of the vines.

"Ohhhh..." you moan. "What... what's..."

"Shhhh," Marina whispers, a finger on your trembling lips. "Don't question. Just give in, little fauna. Just... enjoy..."

Her words soothe you. Ease you. You sink into the grasp of the vines, feeling your heart slow while lazy, relaxing sensations radiate from your cock.

You sigh, giving in, letting all the tension ooze out of you and down into your cock. Your balls feel sooooo heavy. Your arousal warm and pleasant as the flower continues to lovingly do its work.

“That’s it. Gooood fauna,” Marina croons, her hands stroking your chest. “Just give in. Just surrender to the flowers. It’s so good to give in. Good fauna always give in. They don’t resist. They just breathe... and relax... and surrender...”

Her words swirl in your mind as you obey. Relaxing does feel good. So good. Your cock being sucked, drawing you once more towards the peak of orgasm is so wonderful. You groan as you feel another sweet wave of tension surge through you. Drawn up through you until you gasp, cumming again in a burst of shuddering pleasure.

You sink deeper into the pleasure, orgasms running into each other. One after the next after the next. You sag in the vines, never realizing it’s because your skin is sinking into your body. Your muscles shrivelling. Your head lolling as the strength flees your limbs. Only your cock stays strong. Stays vital. Only your cock as you cum again and again and again.

Soon darkness edges your vision. Crowding in. The last thing you see is Marina’s smirking face.

“Good fauna,” she purrs as you whimper, gasp, a final spurt escaping your cock.

And darkness closes in...

Bad End

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Pull Out Your Cock

You're both eager and reluctant to do this, but getting your information takes priority, and so you reach down and undo the front of your pants. "Alright," you say. "Let's get this over with."

"How hasty you are, fauna." Marina purrs, even as her eyes become riveted as you draw out your cock. Unsurprisingly, you're rock hard, much to your chagrin, but not surprise. Marina licks her lips, and her hungry gaze sends a trill of alarm and shameful anticipation surging through you.

"Then, let us begin," Marina purrs, and the bulb of her flower eases forward, the petals slowly opening, revealing its velvety pinkness. You tense as it gently caresses the tip of your cock, a gasp of delight involuntarily escaping you as the petals stroke you, the sap drooling onto your shaft before the flower gently encases your cock in its warm tightness.

"F-fuck!" you grunt, unable to suppress the word as the sensation rushes through you, the petals kissing your cock like a dozen adoring tongues, the sap drooling around your shaft, lubricating you wonderfully. The flower begins to gently bob, sliding up and down your manhood. Rippling with tender adoration that makes you moan and quiver in pleasure.

"That's it," Marina breathes, licking her lips as if already tasting your mana infused cum. "Enjoy. Let my pretty flower do its work. You'll love it so much, pretty fauna. So very much..."

Her teasing words make you breathe harder. Your blush glowing on your face. Your head pounds like you're gripped by fever. Fuck. Oh fuck it's good. You can feel your balls grow heavy under the caress of the petals. Your orgasm thudding in your veins. Fuck. Fuck that feels good.

"Give it up, fauna," Marina breathes, leaning forward a little, her lush lips parted, her eyes glowing hot through the haze of pollen that saturates the air. "Give it to me. Give me a taste. You know you want to. All you have to do is give in. Give in, fauna. Give it to me."

"I... I... Mnnnnn!"

You shudder, your jaw tightening, your hands clutching the arms of your chair as you feel your release rush through you. Your balls ache. Your cock throbs, and you surrender your cum in a sudden hot burst of ecstasy. You cry out, sagging in your seat, heaving with exhaustion as you feel the flower milk your manhood, every spurt of your hot seed swallowed greedily down its stem and into the base of Marina's flower.

The alraune moans softly, her eyes lidded in pleasure as she tastes your essence through her connection to the garden. Her eyes glow brighter, her teeth nibbling on her lower lip as she relishes your magic infused seed.

Yet she recovers fast, shifting atop her flower, tucking her legs under her as she gazes at you from behind the veil of her long lashes. "Mmm. Was it good, fauna?" Marina asks coyly, her garden girls giggling at your predicament.

"Just... just give me the information," you gasp.

“So hasty, fauna. You should learn to enjoy life. Relish existence. So much pleasure awaits if you only... experience it...”

“We had... had a deal...” you growl.

Marina sighs. “So impatient. But if you insist on ruining your own experience, so be it, silly fauna.”

She waves her hand, and the flower reluctantly slides off your cock, leaving your shaft utterly coated in her sap and aching with sensitive pleasure. You gasp, panting, quivering with arousal after the experience. Good gods. That was a close one. You can still feel the lethargy, your body aching with want for more of her flower’s exciting kiss. But you shake it off as best you can, sitting up and clutching the amulet on your belt to try and clear your head. “Tell me.”

Marina holds out her cigarette holder, and one of her flower girls instantly lights it. The plant girl inhales the pungent smoke, then exhales a lazy cloud. “The Newgates,” she says, her voice rolling with a throaty purr of pleasure, “are a gang in the Fey Market. They were never large, originally coming from a number of smaller clans that immigrated a few centuries ago. However, recently they have become more powerful, and aggressive.”

“What changed?” you ask.

“They have a new leader,” she says, taking another drag on her cigarette, blowing the smoke to further thicken the air with pollen. “Rumors have it she’s come from across the veil. A demon outcast by her family.”

Outcast? That is interesting. Demons are rarely outcast from their families. Far more often, if they fuck up bad enough, they’re just killed outright. If this demoness manages to survive being cast out, it was either because she was particularly cunning, or incredibly strong.

Then again, it might just be an orphan demon. Far more common are lesser demons too weak to belong to a clan, but selling themselves as an outcast can really elevate their street cred when they pass the veil. It’s common among lesser demons, and works well, until it doesn’t. It might be a demon that used a good story to bluff the Newgates.

But some instinct tells you it isn’t.

“Bad news,” you say.

Marina shrugs irreverently. “Perhaps. But the Newgates have been more aggressive of late. They’ve even been seen beyond the Fey Markets, running certain items.”

“Weapons?” you say, instantly alert.

“Not quite. Magic.”

“Magic?” you say.

“Oh yes. Arcane crystals, apparently. They’ve been peddling them all over the city for the last few weeks.”

That's not good. Arcane crystals are very rare and hard to manufacture. Whereas fey's magic is a part of their nature, humans draw on their own innate mana pools to shape sorcery in a number of ways, and if you're not a mage, the only way to do that is with arcane crystals. Only wizards can make them, but it's hard to do, not to mention draining. Few wizards are inclined to it.

But the rewards are big. Fey love the stuff. Raw magic is better than any drug for them, and can not only empower them, but bring them to highs of ecstasy mortals can only dream of. It's partly why fey are always after mortal humans for sex. A taste of an unmagicked human is more than delicious. It's downright euphoric. And an actual wizard? Forget about it.

But how could a gang like the Newgates be manufacturing them?

You've got a feeling it has something to do with your target. And it's not a good feeling. Dammit. You knew this job was too good to be true.

But it's not like you were hired to break up a magic smuggling ring, so if you play your cards right, maybe you'll be able to avoid this whole business.

"Where do the Newgates hang out?" you demand.

"Near the warehouses up along Pawn Street. They work out of a place called *The Pump House*. You know the way?"

You nod. Shit. That's deep in some mean Fey Market territory. You consider whether to ask her about Luger. She might have information. But it might also tell her who you're working for, and you don't exactly trust the cunning alraune.

[Ask About Luger](#)

[Leave the Greenhouse](#)

Ask About Luger

“Fine,” you say. “And what do you know about... Luger Felman?”

Marina’s eyebrows flick up. “Luger?” she says.

“Yeah. What do you know?”

Her smile grows coy. “Mmm. I know a few things. But that will cost you... extra...”

You shiver at the emphasis she puts on that word, feeling your balls throb and your blood warm with anticipation for the suckling lips of her flower. You swallow hard and eye the bulb. Can you hold out?

[Pay Up](#)

[Back Off](#)

Back Off

As tempting as that information might be, you can already feel your body floating where you sit. Another taste of her flower could only end badly for you.

“Pass,” you say, rising from your seat, your legs feeling like rubber under you, further reinforcing that to stay in this hothouse would be a recipe for disaster. “But thanks for all you know.”

“And thank you for the meal,” Marina says, licking her lips.

You try not to let the movement distract you further. You can already feel your head float from the pollen filling the air. You turn and manage to make your way out of the gazebo, shaking your head to clear it as you move down the corridor running through the greenhouse, trying hard to ignore the pleasured moans and gasping cries from beyond the curtains of vines and leaves.

When you hit the street outside the florist shop you suck in great, greedy gulps of air. Your head throbs with pain, but the clean air soon helps clear your thoughts. You shake your head, and soon you can only smell the faint tang of car exhaust and the cool, fresh air of night in the city.

“Fuck,” you say, wiping your face with a hand as if to rid you of the grit of the pollen. You still feel tingly, but it’ll pass soon. Good thing you got out of there. Another couple of minutes and you’d be just another dazed addict in Marina’s lair.

But you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. Opening the door of your car, you slide in and start the engine, cruising onto the freeway. You’ll need to head to the Fey Market to get them, but you can handle that.

But first, you think, adjusting your rearview mirror so you can better see the car nosing along behind you. Yes. First, you better figure out what do about whoever is tailing you...

[Being Followed](#)

Pay Up

"Alright, fine," you say, trying and utterly failing to hide the eager quiver in your voice.

You can tell Marina isn't fooled. Or maybe she is? It's getting hard to tell. Her face seems to waver before you. Your vision swimming in strange hues, your limbs tingling pleasantly.

"Good fauna," she says, and oh, her voice just vibrates wonderfully in your balls as her flower eases forward, its petals once more stroking your twitching manhood. You groan, head falling back.

But you... you have a job... a job here. "T-talk. About... about Luger..."

"Of course, my dear wizard," she soothes, her voice sending tremors racing up and down your spine. "Of course. Luger. Yes. I know of him. A member of a demon family, isn't he?"

"Y-yeah. Yeah he iiiiiiis!" you groan as the flower slides forward, devouring fully half your cock in a single motion.

"That's right!" Marina coos, plainly enjoying every second of your humiliating pleasure. And to be fair, so are you. "He's quite tall as well. Physically imposing but not too much so."

"Y-yeah," you gasp, panting hard and fast as the flower sucks your cock. You clutch the arms of your chair for some stability as pleasure thumps through you in waves. You try and hold back. Really, you do, but with how sensitive your cock is, addled your mind is, and desperate you are, you never stood a chance. With a groaning cry your body tenses, your cock throbbing as you cum in bursts into the sucking flower.

"Oh fuuuuuuck," you moan, sagging into the chair, every limb feeling pleasantly numb and buzzy, like your arms and legs were filled with radio static. Your heaving breaths fill your lungs with more pollen and your head with clouds.

And you're still hard.

You groan as the flower continues its sucking. The sap drooling onto your lap and legs, sticking you to the mossy chair.

"Was that good, fauna?" Marina asks.

"Uh... uh huh..."

"Of course it was. Now, where was I? Oh yes. Luger. Such a cunning devil. His horns are quite sharp and straight, aren't they?"

"N-no," you say, your brow furrowing a little, a memory of the photo resurfacing like flotsam in a storm. "He... they were... um... curled...?"

"Were they? Silly me," Marina croons.

How did she get that wrong? Doesn't she know who she's talking about? She wasn't... lying, was she? You open your mouth to say something, but just then the flower around your cock seems to swirl, and instead you whimper in ecstasy as your cock throbs anew with unspeakable pleasure.

"Is something wrong, fauna?" Marina croons.

You try and focus on her, but it's hard. So hard. Everything is so hard when you do anything. "I um... uh..."

"Poor thing. Just relax," Marina whispers, exhaling another plume of smoke. "Just... breathe..."

Yeah.

Yeah, that sounds... sounds good. You can... can do that. You inhale deeply, another rush of pollen making your head swirl pleasantly. Like you're stuck in a whirlpool.

A whirlpool sucking you off.

"Ohhhh..." you moan, sagging deeper into your chair.

"Breathe," Marina coos, her face seeming to swim from the colours that swirl before your eyes. "Breathe, silly fauna. Just breathe. And cum..."

You nod dimly, vaguely wondering at that nagging feeling. Like you were talking about something. But trying to think is soooo hard.

And cumming is soooooo easy.

You sigh in sated satisfaction, your breath hitching as you cum again. Again. Your orgasms seem to come in bunches. Radiating from your cock and through your body in steady swells of pleasure. You stop focusing on them. Stop caring. Just floating in the wonderful sensations oozing through you.

"Good boy," Marina coos, her voice whispering in your ear. Her face radiating hues above you like some goddess painted in the heavens by every swirling colour. "Good fauna. Just keep cumming for me. Give me all your wonderful essence. Poor, silly mortal. You should have known better than sniffing around the Fey Markets. Asking about men you shouldn't be asking about. But be happy, dear fauna. I will be rewarded well for dealing with you. And your end will be far more pleasant than you could have ever dreamed."

"Yeaaaaaaah," you say, smiling dimly up at her wonderful face, another orgasm making you groan and quiver, the edges of your vision darkening. Fading.

And finally going black.

Bad End

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

Leave the Greenhouse

You got what you came for, and every second you spend in Marina's presence runs the risk of never having you leave, until your drug addled body is used for fertiliser.

"Thanks," you say, rising from the chair, barely swaying as you adjust your hat. "That's all I needed to hear."

"And thank you for the meal," Marina says, licking her lips.

You try not to let the movement distract you further. You can already feel your head float from the pollen filling the air. You turn and manage to make your way out of the gazebo, shaking your head to clear it as you move down the corridor running through the greenhouse. You try hard to ignore the pleased moans and gasping cries from beyond the curtains of vines and leaves as you rush by.

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[Being Followed](#)

Gabria's Speakeasy



Considering the industry, you suspect Gabriela will have more information on the Newgates. Thanks to her speakeasy, she gets the news from every quarter with considerable regularity, and she can play the strings of the criminal underworld like one of her guitarists.

The trick to that is you'll have to talk to her in person.

It's not that you have anything against Gabriela, exactly. If anything, you sincerely respect her. Not a lot of fey manage to make it in the city proper. Plenty of groups and people would love to see a goblin maid fail, but she's bucked the trend and made her fortune and her mark. She's got businesses all over the city these days and a green finger in every pie worth eating.

But that force of will can be a problem too. Sure, there are plenty of false rumours about goblin maids floating around. Always have been. But one that is accurate is that they rarely take no for an answer from a man they want. Sure, they'll never force the issue, but fey are funny that way. They see nothing wrong with 'convincing' the target of their desires to come over to the other side, and goblins especially so. Many a maid found a husband through her enchanted pastries and brews, and every goblin maid is on the lookout for a man.

And Gabria has made no secret that she wants you.

You feel heat glow in your face at the memory. You still get love letters from her off and on. Very... explicit love letters. And sometimes even photos. You're both flattered and alarmed at her forceful affection, so on the one hand you know she won't turn down meeting you. But on the other, you know that getting her to give up the info you need won't be easy. Someone's going to get pumped tonight, for information or otherwise, and it might not be her.

Your stomach sinks as you swing around the corner and cruise near the Baker's Dozen, the pastry factory which Gabria uses as a front for her more lucrative business. You'd been worried before, but now you're positively alarmed. There are dozens of cars parked along the street, and you doubt they're here for a midnight donut.

Dear gods.

It's Couples Night.

You wince. That place is going to be simply crawling with goblin girls looking for a new husband. Couples Night is a common ploy for goblin maid families. They'll have some live shows and truly tempting performances, but with the caveat only those men with a goblin date can come in. A shockingly effective tactic. No one can ignore a goblin burlesque show.

You park and get out of the car, making your way towards the front doors of the factory. You slip inside the foyer, which is tastefully decorated with wood panel walls and lamps in delicate metal filigree. A goblin girl receptionist dressed in a bellhop's uniform and flattop cap mans the counter.

"Here for something sweet, hot stuff?" she says with a grin.

"Something like that," you say.

"I'll bet," she says, eyes running up and down you shamelessly. "Mmm. Some gob's getting lucky tonight," she says, reaching under her desk. She presses something and there's a subtle click.

There's a soft hiss and the nearby wall slides open, revealing a set of stairs. Electric lights glow at intervals as you descend into the coolness of the limestone caves underneath the factory, and as you go, you pick out the faint sound of music.

The sound builds to a swinging jazz along with the hubbub of conversation as you reach the bottom of the stairs. There, a crowd of goblin girls await, all dressed to the nines in heels and shameless gowns that leave little to the imagination. The scent of perfume is potent in the tight confines, but far from unpleasant. Most of the gobs are fawning over suited men who are waiting on some couches arranged along the wall. At the far end of the room, you make out a pair of doors built into the raw stone of the bedrock like some dwarven hold. A pair of massive trolls stand guard there, pugnacious faces

craggy with surly purpose, skin rough like crudely cut stone. They wear officious suits, which would invite ridicule if anyone was brave enough to antagonize eight feet of ambulatory rock. Getting a punch from one of them would be like taking a landslide to the face.

You make your way across the receiving room, earning a few looks from idling goblin maids who perk up when they notice you don't have a short, green girl hanging off your arm. Most of them have already found a date, and are clearly enjoying their time with the blushing men before heading into the club, but more than a few are clearly waiting for some poor bachelor to show up. Lacking males in their species, goblin maids are always on the lookout for husbands, and not all of them are patient enough to romance their beaus. Many human women hate the gorgeous green girls for stealing all the good men, which is why goblin bars are usually underground. The Temperance League has not been fond of gobs, but the police haven't exactly been eager to try and shut things down. Gabria probably has half the force in her clubs most nights.

Still, you'll need to try and get in there some way. Easiest way would be to grab a date, but it might be tricky to ditch her once inside the club. Also rude.

[Grab a Date](#)

[Talk to the Troll](#)

Drink It

Naturally, the beer is probably enchanted, but being a mage, you have a pretty impressive resistance against most arcane toxins. You can handle some goblin brew easily enough.

"Of course," you say, taking the first bottle and popping the seal. You ease it back, taking a sip of the brew.

It's good. Surprisingly so. Smooth and easy, with a carbonation that seems to tingle through you in a rush. But you keep your senses keyed up for any hidden catch. You do sense magic in it, but not much. Not enough to taint you anyway.

After savouring the drink for a moment, you take another pull. Mmm. That is good. Really good. Before you even realize it you've polished off the bottle.

"Like it?" your date says with a saucy grin.

"Yeah," you say, voice thick. You find yourself staring at the tightness of her top, the strapless tightness straining around those impressive breasts. Gods but she's sexy. You've always had a thing for goblins. Like compressed sexual appeal. You blink and refocus on her face.

"Like what you see?" she says with a grin.

You feel heat rise in your head. "Uh-"

"Still got another bottle to go, big guy," she observes, pushing the second towards you.

"Oh. Right. Sure..."

You lift the second bottle and take a swig, and the second is even better than the first. You feel the soothing warmth spread through you in a haze, and you find yourself smiling, muscles relaxing pleasantly. Damn but that stuff is good. And you're not drunk at all. You're sure of it.

You find yourself circumspectly taking another gander at Lizzie's tits. Fuck she's hot. So gorgeous. You lick your lips. For some reason, you still find yourself thirsty...

"Want another brew, big guy?" the goblin croons.

"A-another?" you say.

"Sure. Here we are."

You stare at the bottle. Did she always have three? Wasn't it two? Or was it one? How... how many have you drunk? Couldn't be more than one. You'd never be stupid enough to drink more than one.

You find your hand wrapping around the bottle. And why not? It tastes good. And mere goblin brew won't be enough to intoxicate a wizard of your class. You grin at the goblin maid. "Bottoms up," you say cheerily and tilt back the bottle.

Mmm. This one was even better than the last one. You shiver in delight as your body grows warm and light, feeling like you're filled with helium.

"This's good stuff," you say.

"You know it, big boy," Lizzie says with a grin. "And you wanted to talk to someone, right?"

Did you?

That does sound right. But you're having trouble remembering who.

Your brow furrows in concentration. "Um..."

"Was it me? Because ya know," Lizzie says, sliding closer, her long dark lashes fluttering as her hand rests on your leg. "I got lots to talk about with you, hot stuff."

"T-talk?"

"For a start," she says, grinning. "How about we get outta here. Have ourselves a real...show. Hm?"

Your eyes are glued to her breasts as her hand strokes the tight fabric of her top. A green finger teasing under the band, tugging it down a little more, baring the dusky dawning of a dark areola. You swallow, rock hard in your pants.

"S-sure," you say.

Her grin widens. "Attaboy," she purrs, taking your hand and pulling you out of the chair.

You stumble after her, eyes glued to the sway of her ass. Fuck she's hot. What were you doing? You're still not sure, and before you figure it out you find yourself moving up some stairs. It's dark here. And her perfume is so strong. So good. You inhale deeply, shivering with ecstasy.

A lock clicks and you find yourself stumbling into a bedroom. You stagger, blinking. Why are you here?

"Have a seat, cutie," Lizzie says, poking you.

You topple at the light touch, your ass bouncing on the edge of the bed before you sink into the enveloping softness. Instantly, the goblin girl is on your lap, straddling your legs, trapping you under her weight, her breasts squishing against your chest as she leans in close, her eyes shining with excitement.

"So you wanted to talk, right?" the goblin maid says.

"Uh, right. Right. That um..." you stammer, trying to focus.

"About how good a kisser I am?"

"G-good?"

"Oh, you want proof?"

"Yeah," you say without thinking.

Which becomes more common as she leans in and plants an adoring kiss on your unresisting lips.

You groan in pleasure as her soft lips work against your own, her tongue teasing into your mouth. The heat of the kiss grows, her tongue twining with yours as you slump back deeper into the bed, utterly sinking into the softness of the seat. In fact, the only thing that isn't getting softer is your cock, which is absolutely throbbing in the prison of your pants as Lizzie grinds her ass down on your bulge.

"Mmmm," you groan in pleasure, eyes rolling back with delight.

Lizzie breaks the kiss, licking her lips greedily. "Mmm. That's good, big boy. You a wizard?"

"Y-yeah," you gasp.

She cackles in delight. "Fuck yeah! Hit the jackpot. How about some more, stud?"

"M-more?" you breathe in excitement.

"Oh yeah," she purrs. "So much more."

That does sound good. In fact, it sounds like exactly what you need. You have a niggling feeling like you should have been doing something else, but what could be more important than loving Lizzie?

"Yeah. More sounds... sounds good," you breathe.

"Good boy," the goblin says, and kisses you again.

You groan as the heat of her passion melts you. Your hands grope for some purchase in the blaze of pleasure devouring you. At last, your hands manage to find her plump ass, grabbing it, the tight fabric feeling strange under your fingers, but the pliable firmness of her ass so wonderful.

"Mmmm," Lizzie moans between kisses. "Yes. Oh yesssss. Grope my ass. Squeeze it. Kiss me harder. Oh fuck yes. You wanna... wanna fuck me, stud? Wanna fuck your hot, green babe?"

"Yeah," you pant, manhood throbbing in the prison of your pants. "Yes. Wanna... wanna do that..."

"Good stud," she purrs, pushing forward again, kissing you hard, ass rising off your lap just so her hand can slide between you. You gasp as you feel her fingers brush your crotch, teasing open your pants. Your manhood fairly bursts into the open, quivering with arousal. You groan as you feel the molten heat of her cunny brush it, then slowly sheathe you in her.

"Oooohhhh," you moan, eyes rolling in ecstasy as your cock is enveloped in the tight heat of Lizzie's cunt.

"Fuck, you're a big one," the goblin gasps, biting her lower lip in delight. "Just... the way I... like 'em!"

"Like... you... t-too," you manage to gasp out.

Lizzie giggles. “Aw, that’s sweet, studmuffin. But I hope you more than like me. I hope... you... fucking... loooooove meeeee.”

You cry out as she begins to bounce in your lap, her pussy devouring your cock with every sway of her hips, the slap of flesh on flesh nearly drowning out the music from the dance floor. Your hands tighten on her ass, bouncing her frantically atop your cock, your moans rising in volume as she rides you.

“Oh f-fuck! Fuck! Yes! L-love you! Love you, L-Lizzie! Love... ah... love youuuu!”

“Yes!” Lizzie cries eagerly. “Yes! Love me you fucking magic stud you! Gimme that... ah... gimme that cock! Gimme that c-cum! Fuck! Don’t stop! Fuck me! Fuck me haaaaard!”

You can’t hold out anymore. Your declaration of love seems to escape you like a burst of pure emotion, and with it goes the last dredges of your resistance. You thrust up into her a final time, groaning as you cum, pumping great gouts of your hot cum into the busty goblin maid.

The rush of your release makes your head swim and you slump back in your seat, breathing hot and slowing as you begin to relax.

You stir as you feel something slide onto your finger. You look down, finding Lizzie holding your hand, and a golden ring around your index finger. The goblin smirks and kisses it.

“Looks good on you, stud,” she says.

You shiver. “Th-thanks,” you breathe.

Her smirk deepens, and your new fiancée lifts your hand and begins to lovingly suck on your finger, making you shudder in bliss, hardening once more within her.

Time for the honeymoon...

[Trophy Husband](#)

Fake Drinking It

You smile as your hand slips to your belt, taking off the amulet and pinching it between your fingers. "Well, if you insist," you say as you take the beer, feeling the amulet vibrate subtly with power as it presses against the glass. They magicked the beer, of course. Well, time to disappoint her.

You knock back the bottle with satisfaction. You can still taste a faint buzz of magic, but it's very much reduced. And even then it's a good beer. Smooth and tasty, with a faint hint of something sugary. No surprise it's good. Goblins are premier alchemists, even without their fey magics, and you have no doubt that the brew would be ten times tastier with sorcery mixed in. But that would also likely sink you into a state of drunken dumbassery, so you'll take it as is.

You put down the drink and instantly Lizzie has pushed the second towards you. "Here ya go. Looks like you enjoyed it."

"I did," you say and take up the other bottle, your hand lingering on the glass as you blink drowsily, feigning growing befuddlement. No sense betraying your hand now. Looks like she's buying it, because as you drink the second bottle, the goblin maid smirks, her lashes low and sharp with cunning triumph.

"Ah. Good shtuff," you slur. "Damn good."

"Wasn't it?" Lizzie says, grinning.

"Yup!" you say, smiling stupidly. "Sho good. Think I could go for some more."

Lizzie's eyes sparkle with delight. "You got it, cutie. You just stay right. There," she says, tapping your nose prettily.

"Shore," you say with another dumb grim.

Lizzie giggles and slips out of the chair, vanishing through the crowd in the direction of the bar. The second she's gone you're out of the seat. You feel a little bad about leaving her like this. But on the other hand, she was trying to magick you into being her dumb husband stud. You shake your head.

Fey.

You slip across the club, heading towards the rear. There, a set of stairs carved into the rock of the cave climb to a low part of the ceiling, where a window is cut in the stone like a private box at some subterranean opera house. Another troll stands guard at the foot of the stairs, his expression stolid and grim as you approach. But this one you recognize.

"Granite," you say.

His beady eyes narrow, then a craggy grin shifts his lips. "Lukas," he says. "Good see you."

"Yeah, yeah. Listen, is Gabria in?"

"Hm. Me check," he says, turning and stumping up to the door.

You wait uneasily, glancing back at the floor now and then until, at last, Granite returns and nods up the steps.

“Waiting for you,” he says.

“Thanks,” you say, nodding his way as you move past him.

When you reach the door you give it a knock.

“Enter,” purrs a familiar voice.

Well.

Here goes.

You turn the handle and walk inside.

[Meeting Gabria](#)

Meeting Gabria

You open the door slowly to find a cross between a sitting room and an office. Expensive carpets drape the floor and some electric lamps are turned low. The low light hides many of the details of the room, for Gabria is a woman of the shadows, and her beauty is only enhanced by it. You manage to make out a pastoral painting draping the far wall, showcasing hills of green and frolicking goblin girls wearing nothing but floral crowns. A functional, plain desk sits in the corner along with a number of ledgers, but it's the couch in the middle of the room that draws your attention.

There reclines Gabria, the gorgeous goblin maid sitting casually in the seat, watching the stage through the large window at the front of the office. She's got all the curves of a goblin maid, but added to that is a confident, commanding presence that's positively magnetic. A sequined gown strains against her swelling bust, while a fan of feathers jut from a tight hat pressed around her head, only a few locks of dark hair escaping the band. Her eyes are ochred with dusky suggestion, her long lashes sprinkled with silver that flash as she flicks them at you suggestively, her lips rouged a deep crimson that glistens in the faint light. In one hand she lazily dangles a shot glass, the rim pinched between her fingers and nails painted black.

"Well well!" she says. "If it isn't Lukas Lynch. And to what do I owe the pleasure, hm? Did you reconsider my offer?"

You don't need to ask her which one. Goblins like humans, and not just for social climbing. A goblin's rank among her clan is directly proportionate to the quality of the man she's been wedded to. Though most goblin maids are satisfied with your average Joe who can only think of how much he adores his goblin bride, a gob of Gabria's status demands a certain level of human mate. And apparently she's decided that was you.

It's a bit flattering, truth be told. Sure, you're handy with a revolver and you haven't gotten killed in this business yet, but at the same time that's why you've been reluctant to be Gabria's stud. A man doesn't just marry a gob. He marries into her family, which means you'd have to abandon your work if you said 'I do' to the gorgeous green gal. Still, be a hell of a career move, you muse, eyes running up and down her figure.

"Not this time," you tell her with a shake of your head. "I need some information."

"Mmm. Shame," Gabria says as she returns to watching the show through the window, a lazy wave of her hand beckoning you nearer. "But you've come to the right gob, I'll give you that. So take a seat, stud. Spill. What do you need to know?"

You slide into the seat next to her on the couch. "It's about a missing demon."

Her eyebrow flicks, the only sign of her interest. "Hmm? A demon? Doesn't seem like your usual line."

"It was a good offer," you say. "Anyway, I need some info on the Newgates."

The change is subtle, but you catch it. The slight stiffening of Gabria's spine, the flash in her eyes and subtle tensing of her lips. "Oh?" she says, idly picking up her drink again. "What about them?"

"Anything you've got," you say.

Gabria idly swirls the burgundy liquor, her eyes growing lidded and contemplative as she watches the next singer take the stage, the band picking up a humming warble. "Hmm," she says. "You really have no idea the kind of trouble you're getting yourself into here, do you?"

"What's the big deal?" you say. "They're a gang in the Fey Markets. Nothing that special."

"That what you really think?" she says.

"I-"

You suck in a breath as you feel Gabria's foot brush your leg. You eye her, but she merely smirks at you, resting her cheek in the palm of her hand, eying you flirtatiously.

"Gabria," you say.

"Why do you do this, Lukas?" she asks idly, her foot gliding up your leg, stroking you through the fabric. "Why do you take these jobs that are so... beneath you?"

"It pays well," you say defensively.

She snorts. "We both know that isn't true. Ah, Lukas," she says, leaning a little towards you, the feathers in her hair bobbing tantalizingly as she looks at you with lidded, suggestive eyes. "You could be so much more with the proper girl behind you."

"Like you?" you say.

She flicks her fingers. "Of course! I have an excellent eye for men, you know," Gabria says, her eyes running up and down you once more in obvious appreciation. "Mmm. And there's a lot to admire here. Why won't you work with me, Lukas? With you, I could rule this town."

"I think you're overestimating me," you say, growing a little awkward at her praise.

"I think you're underestimating yourself," she says, her painted nails flashing as she takes a sip of her drink. "Mmm. You take these penny ante shit jobs and debase yourself getting candid photos of cheating wives and finding lost cats, and for what? To pay for your trashy apartment? An office in a rotting building? A broken-down car? Come on, Lukas. You could be so much more."

"Like the husband of a goblin bootlegger?" you say.

"For a start," Gabria says, grinning evilly.

You roll your eyes, but you've never been a man who lives by a lie. She's right on some counts. You can't say being a private wizard has been lucrative, this job aside. And you can already taste the danger in it.

"Gabria..."

“C’mon, hot stuff,” Gabria purrs, her foot gliding further up your leg, teasing near your crotch.
“Let’s work together. Whaddya say?”

[Accept the Offer](#)

[Refuse Her Offer](#)

Accept the Offer

Gabria has a point. If you're honest with yourself, your career isn't terrible, but hardly going anywhere meaningful. You turned down Gabria before, sure, but you wanted to make a go of the detective thing.

But maybe it's time to throw in the towel.

"It's a tough economy," you admit.

Gabria's eyes flash and her smile widens. "Sure is," the goblin purrs, sliding in closer, her hip resting snugly against yours. "And there's plenty of perks to the job."

"That right?" you say, your arm snaking around Gabria, pulling her closer.

"Mmm," the goblin purrs, the feathers in her hair fluttering. "Absolutely. For one, you get to marry the most gorgeous goblin you ever did see."

"And what are the perks to that?" you ask.

Gabria grins and leans up against you, practically crawling on your lap. "Wanna find out?"

For answer, you return her smile and pull her closer, your lips meeting hers with a hungry passion.

Gabria moans as you kiss her, her lips soft, yielding as your hands grasp the gorgeous curves of her rear. Her hands grip the lapels of your jacket, pressing herself against you with a growl like a jungle cat. You slide back in your seat as Gabria moves fully into your lap, your hands squeezing her luscious bottom, feeling how yielding yet firm her rear is, the sequins of her dress pressing into your palms.

Fuck she's hot.

In a completely unsurprising development, you rapidly get hard, and as Gabria grinds her ass down onto your bulge you can't suppress a groan of pleasure. The saucy goblin maid breaks the kiss, licking her lips greedily and fluttering her lashes up at you. "Looks like you've got a problem down there," Gabria says.

"Wouldn't call it a problem exactly," you say, voice rough, your mouth still tasting her lipstick and the subtle alcohol flavour of her kiss.

"Then you don't want me to offer my tailor-made solution?" the goblin croons teasingly.

"Didn't say that."

"That's what I thought," she smirks, wriggling out of your hands and lap, sliding down onto the floor. You instantly part your legs as the gorgeous goblin maid finds herself between your thighs, her lashes low as she undoes your pants. You grunt as she draws your cock out of your pants, your full length almost slapping her in the face.

“Oh ho! Look at what we’ve got here,” Gabria coos as she nuzzles your manhood, her hand already slowly stroking. “Looks like a resounding endorsement for our engagement.”

“Going to put a ring on it?” you ask

Gabria raises a brow. “Mmm. Kinky. Maybe later. For now, I think I’ll just... mmm... enjoy myself.”

You laugh, then groan in pleasure as her soft lips kiss your balls. Oh fuck, those lips should be declared dangerous weapons. Gabria moans softly as she kisses her way up your sack and along your length, every press leaving a lipstick mark flush on your cock, tingling with sensitivity. Ooooh, looks like she’s using drugged lipstick again. If you hadn’t already agreed to be hers, you’d be worried right around now.

Good thing you’ve already expressed your desire to be hers. And it’s already paying dividends as Gabria’s adoring lips kiss the tip of your cock, lingering on the twitching crown before her lips part, and she slowly swallows you.

“Oh f-fuuuuuuck!” you groan as Gabria’s head dips, her lips gliding along your manhood. Lower. Lower. All the way down to the root. You shiver as you feel the heat of her breath from her nose on your skin. Then she comes back up.

Down.

And really begins to suck.

You’ve always known Gabria had a silver tongue. Part and parcel for her job, but those lips are showing you just what she can really do. You groan, grabbing the seat of the couch, your other hand resting on her head, the feathers in her headdress tickling your fingers as you spur her down faster on your cock.

“Oh fuuuuck,” you groan. “Gabria. That’s... mnnn...”

“Hmmm,” she purrs, going slow, passionately, a master at work.

And damn but it’s good.

“Fuuuuck,” you groan as her hand slides under you cock, her fingers gently fondling your balls as she sucks you off. You grab her head with one hand, fingers tensing as she gives a particularly passionate suck.

“Oh fuck!” you gasp. “Gabria... can’t hold out much...”

“Mhmm,” she moans, the sound vibrating down your shaft, nearly pushing you over the brink right there. But she doesn’t. She draws it out, making your muscles tense and breathing grow hot and laboured. Fuck she’s good. Oh fuck yesssss.

“Gabria,” you gasp. “Oh f-fuck. Gabria. I... I’m... Mnnnnn!”

You groan in delight, tensing as you finally cum, cock throbbing as you unload a burst of your hot seed into her mouth. With a moan of pleasure the goblin girl swallows, deftly taking every drop of your

spurting cum in her mouth, her eyes lidding as your magic infused seed fills her in a burst of euphoric pleasure.

You gasp, sagging back against the couch as Gabria draws her lips back off your cock, licking her lips, breathing quick and shaky from the sudden infusion of magic. She brushes a hand across her brow, calming herself as she suppresses her reaction, and then she gives you a saucy smirk. "Mmm. Liked that, stud?"

"Fuck... That was... fantastic," you confess.

"Damn straight. And it's only gonna get better," Gabria says, standing, her smirk widening. "Because you and me? We're just getting started."

[Married to the Gob](#)

Talk to the Troll

Gabria will want to talk to you, that you know, so your best bet to get in would be through the big guy at the door.

You slip through the crowd and head towards the bouncer, who raises a heavy brow slowly.

“What you want?” he says in a voice like gravel grinding.

“Just looking to get in,” you say.

The troll slowly crosses his arms, looking down on you with a beady eye of disapproval. “No one in without date.”

“Look, Gabria knows me,” you say.

He scoffs. “Sure! Pull other one.”

You scowl. Damn. A new guy. How to deal with him...

[Trick Him with Magic](#)

[Demand to See Gabria](#)

[Grab a Date](#)

Trick the Troll

Trolls aren't exactly known for their brains, but are known for their ability to break rocks with their heads. Hence their popularity as brute muscle. So maybe it's time for a bit of trickery.

"Listen," you say, sliding in closer and pulling out your wallet. "How about we make a bit of a deal?"

The troll frowns heavily. "Deal?"

"Yeah," you say, drawing out a couple copper coins. You jangle them in your hand, a crackle of magic tinting the dun orange to a richer hue. That should do it. You open your hand to reveal the flash of gold. "But I think you saw me with a date. And when you did, you let me inside, right?"

The troll's beady eyes stare at the gold you hold. His heavy brows knit as he tries to dissemble your attempts to bribe him. "But... I didn't let youz in."

Good gods. "You say I had a date, and I give you this gold. Deal?"

Realization illuminates the troll's face. "Ohhh," he says, grinning. "Dis a bribe?"

"Yeah. Yeah it is," you say in exasperation.

The troll holds out his hand and you drop the coins into it. He raises it to his ear and gives it a shake.

His grin vanishes.

He shakes it again and his eyes narrow, his face scrunching in anger. Oh fuck. Did he figure out it's fake?

"You thinkz you can trick me?" he growls.

Shit.

"Listen," you say quickly. "I was just--"

His massive hand grabs you by the shoulder. "You'z gonna find out what happens ta smart guys," he bellows.

You try and pull free, but his grip is unbreakable. The troll forces you up the stairs and past the crowd. When he gets to the front door, he throws it open, and then throws you.

You sail through the air and hit the boardwalk hard, pain shooting up from your shoulder where you land, tumbling a bit further before stopping.

"And don't let me catch you'z around here again!" the troll bellows before turning and lumbering back inside.

You groan and climb back to your feet. You brush your long coat to try and salvage some of your dignity, which doesn't really go too well, and soon enough you just give it up. Sighing, you pick up your hat and fit it back on your head.

Well, guess you've got to try and talk to the alraune now.

Turning on your heel you make your way back to your car and get in the driver's side, wincing at the pain that throbs from your arm. Nothing broken. Bruised, along with your ego, but oh well. Not much for it now.

You drive off into the city, night washing out the streets in a slow flood. You flick on the headlights, steering on towards the east side, where Marina keeps her place of business. You cruise into the seedier side of town, the streetlights dim despite the dark. Few people are about, and those who are hurry on their business.

You finally grind to a stop outside a narrow building, its front a wedge sitting on the corner, the rest of the building curving along either side of the street. Behind it, you can make out the angled glass that form the greater greenhouse. Three lamps glow above a sign declaring it the *Pollen House*, but that's just a front. An accurate one, sure. But there's far more than roses behind those glass panels. Far more.

Parking, you get out, closing the door. You doubt there's anywhere else in the world with an all-night florist shop, but Marina's main business always comes in after dark. You make your way to the door, a bell ringing with a gentle chime as you walk in.

The teasing suggestion of perfume awaits you through the door. Potted plants surround you, while vases hold roses, chrysanthemums and other flowers displayed to their greatest advantage. The walls above them hold photos and paintings of different flower arrangements, while the wooden counter takes up the entire back of the narrow shop.

A man stands there, his eyes dim, and a dreamy smile on his lips. He wears a bowtie and an apron, his hair slicked back, though his dazzled look belies the trimness of his appearance. "Hello," he says. "How can we help you?"

You move forward, eying some of the posters before leaning on the counter. "Hi," you say. "I'm looking for something to give to my beloved. Something that says, 'Dreaming of you.'"

His smile widens at the password. "Of course," he says, opening the small counter flap. "I think we have something to satisfy you in the back."

You force yourself not to hesitate as you follow him. He leads you into the trimming station, the wooden counter holding the scissors, ruler, and other tools of the trade. A lonely radio sits on the wall, popping and crackling with the distant warbling of classical music. The shopkeeper opens the glass door at the rear leading into the greenhouse, ushering you through.

Even though you knew it was coming, the perfume that saturates the air inside nearly chokes you. The heaviness of the scent stuffs your senses in a rush, and you nearly stagger before you find your footing. You blink, barely able to see through the haze of pollen.

But what you can see makes the hairs on your back rise with unease.

Plants don't just grow here. They riot. Glass as elegant as the stained windows of any church arch above, the moonlight bleeding through and glowing among the pollen like you stand in a mist of hues. Flowers bloom from all around you, overflowing from beds and pots, their sprawling roots making the floor uneven, their petals shimmering with colour. Vines drape the way through the garden like curtains, and from beyond them you can hear gentle laughter and soft cooing voices. Moans of men and sighs of women, wrapped in blissful ecstasy.

A woman in a short skirted dress gleaming with sequins, her skin green as summer leaves blocks your way deeper into the greenhouse. Her eyes are like emeralds, and blooming from her hair is a large rose, unfurled like a frozen explosion of crimson.

"Welcome, dear guest," she says sweetly. "How might the garden please you?"

You try and ignore the obvious implication, and the soft moans from the hidden revelers on either side of you. You brush your hand against the amulet on your belt, clearing your head for the moment of the corruptive scent which saturates the greenhouse. "Yeah," you say rigidly. "I need to speak with the Mistress."

Her eyes flicker brightly and she smiles wider, bowing, the rose blooming in her hair bobbing. "Of course. If you'd follow me..."

She turns, her ass swinging tantalisingly in her tight, short dress. You force yourself not to stare as you follow her down a thin path that cuts through the greenhouse's jungle, though as a result you can't help but looking at everything else around you.

Men and women lounge in cushions of moss and vibrant greens, their clothes dishevelled, their expressions rapturous. Flowers dangle above them, petals dancing like swishing skirts, raining golden pollen into the faces of the addicts. A man to your right inhales deeply, peacefully, his face dim and sated. Drugged by the opiates that he inhales. In another bed, you spot a woman sprawled among the flowers, her shirt open and a pair of bulbs pressed to her breasts like starry bras, the stems softly pulsing, feeding like a suckling newborn. Draining her life force slowly.

You feel your skin crawl at the sight. For that is the coin which Marina charges. The essence of humans, given freely in exchange for the opiate bliss of her garden. Peace. Ease. All for a taste of their life force. A business without compare in the city.

A taste her patrons can't get enough of.

You don't know whose palms Marina greased to get her business out of the Fey Markets and into the human city, but she did, and she's here. More's the pity. But you'd be stupid not to use her. Many a whisper has passed numbed lips lost to the throes of the floral hunger. Many useful secrets.

You move deeper into the garden, trying to ignore the desiccated figures that sleep among the flower beds this far in. Only the deepest addicts can enjoy this degree of pollen, and their cost is all too clear. Some you see are so wasted their skin resembles bark, veined with the roots that seep into their flesh, pulsing as they feed upon their victims. The faces slack, eyes sunken and staring. They'll be dead soon. Drained to the dregs, unable to even stumble from Marina's home, their bodies buried in the plots to feed the plants further. But you have no time to linger on them. For before you rises a gazebo, so

draped in foliage it resembles a green bell. Curtains of moss hang around the walls, while through the small doorway cut in the vegetation you make out a soft, violet light.

Your guide stops before it and gestures for you to enter. You linger a moment outside, the heaviness of pollen like a mist leaking through the gap. But you've come this far and, after firming yourself, you step through.

Something between a lounge and a jungle greets you inside. Several violet flowers bloom around the ceiling, their pollen glowing softly as it rains down in dreamy slowness. Couches and tables fill the cramped space, either made of foliage or so covered in it you can't tell the difference, and on them sprawl the tenders of the garden.

The tenders are like your guide in their uniformity. All stunningly beautiful. All dressed in revealing, tight clothes, their skin vibrant green, and in every one's hair blooms a flower. But Marina herself is a completely different beast. She drapes herself on an immense flower like some indolent queen upon her throne. A tight, slinky gown of ivy clings to her flawless curves, her green skin so lush it fairly glows in the low light. Lazily dangled between her fingers is a long cigarette holder still smoking, the fumes swirling among the raining pollen like dancing snakes. Her hair is pressed down around her head, and her eyes are lidded with lazy pleasure.

Your entrance stirs the mistress of the *Pollen House*, and she tilts her head up, a smirk alighting upon her lips.

"Hmm? What have we here, girls?" she hums, sitting up straighter and eying you lazily. "The illustrious detective has come to pay us a visit. How amusing."

"Hello, Marina," you say, trying not to breathe too hard and inhale more of the thick pollen soaking the air. "I was wondering if we could have a chat."

"Of course," she drawls, gesturing at an empty chair. "Take a seat, my delightful fauna."

You don't want to. Just being in the pollen saturated air is making your head throb and your body tingle with the effect of the perfume. Few can stand such a heavy dose of her opiate perfume, but thanks to the rune on your belt you manage. For now. But it's a race against time. The longer you're in her presence, the more you'll inevitably breathe in until you're little more than an addled slug. Normally you'd try and speak to Marina outside the gazebo or through an intermediary, but time is of the essence tonight.

Reluctantly, you take a seat in one of the mossy chairs, the greenery sinking under your weight. Alarmingly comfortable. The kind of chair you could just sink into and let the world drift by like cotton candy clouds...

No! Snap out of it. You shake your head, glaring at the alraune. But she just smiles at you, her cooing thralls pressing in around her.

"I need information," you say, cutting straight to the point.

"Of course you do. Why else attend me? But what do you need? Some news of political intrigue? Perhaps the dark mutterings of murderers? The desires-"

“Anything you have about the Newgates,” you say, cutting her off sharply.

Her eyes flicker and her smirk deepens. “Mmm,” she says, lifting herself up, more attentive now. “That is interesting indeed. I know some things about them, silly fauna. But the price shall be high indeed.”

“I have gold,” you say, making the effort, even though you know it’s futile.

As expected, she merely laughs. “Amusing, my fauna. But I will need more than that. The essence of a wizard is so... delicious. Even one as wearied as you.”

You glance up as one of her bulbs peels from the base of her flower. A plump thing, the petals closed, but looking so wonderfully soft, drooling with a sap that you just know is going to feel incredible.

“How do I know your info is legitimate?” you ask warily.

Marina laughs. “I would not last long if I gave bad information, little fauna.”

Well, she’s right. Much to your annoyance. But you’re still not reassured at the thought of letting her suck you off while you lounge in her brainwashing pollen.

[Pull Out Your Gun](#)

[Pull Out Your Cock](#)

Demand to See Gabria

"Listen up," you say, your voice dropping dangerously. "I'm a close friend of Gabria's, and she's going to want to see me. Now you have two options. Either go and tell her that Lukas Lynch is here to see her, or next time I do see her, I'll tell her that her doorman kept me outside."

The troll narrows his eyes and rumbles dangerously, looming over you like a volcano about to erupt. And no one can loom like a troll. It's like staring up at a walking mountain, but you meet his glare squarely, knowing that's the only way to get in the club. The staring contest drags on, a bead of sweat running down your back. Finally, he looks away and to his companion. The other troll shrugs, and the brute you were dealing with grunts.

"You'z wait here," he says before ducking inside the club.

You settle back with a sigh, trying to calm the pounding of your heart. Nothing like staring down a guy that could paste you with a flick of his fingers to get the adrenaline pumping. You doubt he really would have killed you. Gabria wouldn't want that kind of attention, but it wouldn't take much for him to make your life difficult. A couple broken legs for one.

It takes a few minutes, but at last the troll reemerges from the doors. His expression is that careful blank of someone who just got a very explicit talking to from management.

"You'z come with me," he says, jerking his thumb at himself.

"Sure thing," you say, smart enough not to rub the troll's face in it.

Your brutish guide grunts and turns to lumber back into the club with you in tow. The interior of the speakeasy is washed in a pleasant darkness, softened by the glow of electrical lights strung around the cave's ceiling. The only bright spot in the club is on stage, where a band plays a jazzy, cajoling tune like the lazy sidle of a tomcat on the prowl. Several goblin maids are on stage, and so is much of the clothes they'd been wearing. The busty green girls sway to the suggestive music, every motion seeing another article of clothing fluttering aside in burlesque temptation, the sight riveting to the many men and their goblin dates sitting at the tables. Even as you watch, one man is drawn from his seat by his date and across the floor towards a door with a large Private sign plastered above it. As the door closes, the sign lights up.

You shake your head in amused exasperation.

Goblins.

But no time to take in the sights, as much as the stage demands your attention. The troll has brought you past the bar and towards a set of stairs cut into the rock of the cave, climbing to a low part of the ceiling, where there's a window cut in the stone like a private box at an opera house. Another troll stands guard at the foot of the stairs. You recognize him, and give him a nod.

"Granite," you say.

“Ey,” the troll says with a rocky grin. He steps aside and gestures you up. You nod and slip by, climbing the stairs quickly. At the top you grasp the doorknob and take a deep breath.

Here goes.

You turn it and step inside.

[Meeting Gabria](#)

Grab a Date

You certainly won't have a problem finding a date here. You cast your eyes about the crowd thoughtfully.

"Well hey there cutie."

You look down at the suggestive drawl, discovering a goblin maid standing in front of you, hip cocked and dark lashes low and teasing. She's wearing a strapless black dress that remains on her only by the grace of her green bust, squeezing those plump orbs high. Her hair is done up in a coiling beehive, her long pointed ears weighed by two huge earrings, leaving her head to remind you of a pair of scales. Her lashes are long and almost ceaselessly flutter, a purse thrown over her shoulder and her height lifted by a pair of almost absurd heels.

"Hi," you say.

"Looking to take in the show?" she says, eying you like a piece of meat at the butcher's. And by the way her tongue flicks along her ruby rouged lips, she likes what she sees.

"I was thinking about it. But I need a date to get in."

"Well!" she says, taking your arm, pressing it between her plump breasts as she pulls in close beside you. "What a coincidence! Name's Lizzie, and I was just looking for a studly man to enjoy it with. How about it, hot stuff? Want to have some fun?"

Well, that solves one problem. "Sounds like a good time," you say.

Her eyes flash under her long lashes. "Attaboy," she purrs, the sound vibrating from her chest. "Let's go."

She tugs you towards the doors, and instantly the two trolls open the way and bow the pair of you inside.

The interior of the club is washed in a pleasant darkness, softened by the glow of electrical lights strung around the cave's ceiling. The only bright spot in the club is on stage, where a band plays a jazzy, cajoling tune like the lazy sidle of a cat on the prowl. Several goblin maids are on stage, and so is much of the clothes they'd been wearing. The busty green girls sway to the suggestive music, every motion seeing another article of clothing fluttering to the floor in burlesque temptation, the sight riveting to the many men and their goblin dates sitting at the tables. Even as you watch, one man is drawn from his seat by his goblin date and across the floor towards a door with a large Private sign plastered above it. As the door closes, the sign lights up.

You shake your head in amused exasperation.

Goblins.

“Here we go,” your date says, pulling you towards a booth set in the shadows. And near, you can’t help but notice, both the Private door and the bar. “Perfect. Best seat in the house. Besides your lap, hot stuff,” she says, nudging you suggestively.

“You think so?” you say as you take a seat.

“I know it,” she purrs, plopping into the chair beside you and waving at one of the waitresses, who almost instantly struts to your table and sets down two sweating bottles of beer. You pick up one of them, eying the label. The banner lettering names it ‘*Green Babe Brew*’ and wraps around a smirking goblin girl’s bust.

“Cheers!” Lizzie says, tapping the second bottle against yours with a ringing sound.

[Drink It](#)

[Fake Drinking It](#)

Trophy Husband

You love your gorgeous wife.

She's so smart and clever and beautiful, you have no idea how you got along before you married her. Honestly, it's hard to remember your life before her anymore. All your mind ever seems to focus on is how much you love your wife.

And why shouldn't you? She is your light. Your star! The thing that gives your life meaning. It's why you abandoned that stupid detective thing you were doing and got a real job! You still remember the argument about it.

"But darling. I like being a detective," you'd protested.

"Silly. That's such a dangerous job! And you have a wife now. You can't be risking your life like that."

"But honey..."

"Silly husband. Here, have another cupcake."

The moment you took a bite you really started feeling her argument. And then she brought out a beer, her lush hips swaying behind her cute apron, her smiling face watching you take a long, heavy drink.

"Mmm... Well, maybe you're... you're right," you said.

"Of course I am," she purred, moving in closer. "Your darling wife is always right. Now, how about a reward for my studly man?"

Which was when you found out she wasn't wearing anything under that apron.

And it was pretty dumb of you to doubt her. She's got such a good head for things. Sure, accountancy is boring and soul crushing, but as soon as you finish your work and come home to your darling wife, it's like the weight lifts off your shoulders, your mind clearing of all that gloom and emptiness. Then you sit down at the dinner table, sometimes with other families from the neighborhood, men and their gorgeous green wives, and you all eat a sumptuous dinner.

Then, when the guests are gone and you and your beloved are alone, she shows you the real reward for being such a good, loyal, obedient husband. Letting you fall back onto the bed, clothes thrown in a corner, Lizzie climbing up atop you, her eyes shining in the dark like some jungle predator, her purr rumbling, her smooth, warm skin rubbing against you. Her soft breasts pressing into your chest. Her gorgeous lips meeting yours.

Ah.

Domestic heaven.

You can never stop yourself then. You grab her hips, angling your thrusts, sheathing your cock in your goblin bride's lush, hot pussy.

"Oh yessssss!" Lizzie cries, her earrings ringing as rides you, feverish in her need to fuck and have you breed your gorgeous green wife. "Yes! Fuck me! Ohhhh fuuuuck me! Give it to me! Ah. Ah! Yes! Fuck! Fuck me harder you fucking human stud! Oh gob. Oh gob yes! Yessss! Keep going. Keep... ah... going! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"Gods!" you gasp, gripping her hips as you pound her onto your cock, watching in awe as her breasts bounce and her lips form cries of pleasure. "Love... love you. Love you, Lizzie! Love... love... Ohhhhh!"

You cry out as you cum in a sudden flash of orgasmic pleasure, your cock throbbing, aching as you release in a burst of ecstasy. Your head falls back against the cushion, your toes curling in delight as you fill your beloved wife with your hot load.

"Ohhhhh!" Lizzie cries atop you, the feel of your cum stuffing her pushing her over the edge. You feel her pussy tighten, milking you with sharp, jolting bursts of pleasure as she takes your load in a moment of sublime ecstasy.

Then you sag onto the bed, chest heaving, head empty of thought as you languish in the doldrums of post-coital bliss. You grunt as Lizzie leans in atop you once more, her golden eyes once more gleaming like a jungle cat in the night. Her soft lips press to yours, and you sigh as you taste her lipstick. That sweet, heady taste that always makes you feel so good and soft and willing to do whatever your beloved bride says.

Her lips separate from yours with an audible pop, leaving you tingling. "Love you, sweet thing," she coos.

"Love you... too... darling," you breathe.

Lizzie giggles and snuggles against you, your arms automatically moving around her and pulling her close. You sigh in happiness, staring at the ceiling of your home with your white picket fence and beloved wife. It's not the life you imagined for yourself, but anything to make your wife happy.

Like a good husband would.

End

[Index Start Over](#)

Refuse Her Offer

Your career may not be all it can be, but it's yours, and live or die, you'll do it by your own hand.

"Thanks, Gabria. But once again, going to have to decline."

Gabria exhales heavily and leans back in her seat, eying you with pursed lips. "Oh fine," she says. Then she tilts her glass towards you. "But I will put a ring on that finger of yours one of these days. A gob doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit.'"

You chuckle. "Well, maybe one day. But for now, information is what I need."

"About the Newgates, yeah?" she says.

"Anything you have would be good."

Gabria swirls her drink thoughtfully, her eyes wandering to the stage below. "Hmm. Alright. But only because I know if I don't give it to you, you'll get yourself killed."

You frown. "That dangerous?" you ask.

She looks at you over the rim of her glass as she takes a drink. "You got no idea, stud," she says, setting down her glass with a clink. "Even I don't know everything about it. But what I got tells me it'd be stupid to dig deeper."

No idle threat that. Gabria prides herself on her network of information. That she'd hesitate in looking further into the Newgates is a pretty good indicator they're up to shadier stuff than shaking down shop owners. "I'm not looking to bust up any gangs," you say. "I'm just looking for someone for a client."

"Hope you find them quick. For your sake," she says. "The Newgates are a gang in the Fey Market. They weren't ever a big one. Formed from a number of smaller clans that immigrated a few centuries ago. Lately though, they've become more aggressive."

"What changed?" you ask.

"They have a new leader, so I hear," she says, tapping a finger on the rim of her glass. "Rumors have it she's from the old lands across the veil. A demon outcast by her family."

Outcast? That is interesting. Demons are rarely outcast from their families. Far more often, if they fuck up bad enough, they're just killed outright. If this demoness managed to survive being cast out, it was either because she was particularly cunning, or incredibly strong.

Then again, it might just be an orphan demon. Far more common are lesser demons too weak to belong to a clan, but selling themselves as an outcast can really elevate their street cred when they pass the veil. It's common among lesser demons, and works well, until it doesn't and someone calls the bluff. It might be a demon that used a good story to con the Newgates.

But some instinct tells you it isn't.

"Bad news," you say.

Gabria nods seriously. "From everything I've been hearing, it is. But the real big business is Newgate boys have been seen beyond the Fey Markets, running certain items."

"Weapons?" you say, instantly alert.

"Not that bad, but even more valuable. Magic."

"Magic?" you say.

She nods, feathers wagging. "Yep. Arcane crystals, apparently. They've been peddling them all over the city for the last few weeks."

That's not good. Arcane crystals are very rare and hard to manufacture. Whereas a fey's magic is a part of their nature, humans draw on their own innate mana pools to shape sorcery in a number of ways, and if you're not a mage, the only way to do that is with arcane crystals. Only wizards can make them, but it's hard to do, not to mention draining. Few wizards are inclined to it.

But the rewards are big. Fey love the stuff. Raw magic is better than any drug for them, and can not only empower them, but bring them to highs of ecstasy mortals can only dream of. It's partly why fey are always after mortal humans for sex. A taste of even an unmagicked human is more than delicious. It's downright euphoric. And an actual wizard? Forget about it.

But how could a gang like the Newgates be manufacturing them?

You've got a feeling it has something to do with your target. And it's not a good feeling. Dammit. You knew this job was too good to be true.

But it's not like you were hired to break up a magic smuggling ring, so if you play your cards right, maybe you'll be able to avoid this whole business.

"Where do the Newgates hang out?" you say.

Gabria thumbs over her shoulder and towards the east. "Near the warehouses up along Pawn Street. They work out of a place called The Pump House. You know the way?"

You nod. Shit. That's deep in some mean Fey Market territory. "Know anything about a demon named Luger?" you ask.

Gabria quirks a brow. "Luger? You mean that moron from the Felman family?"

"Moron?" you say.

She scoffs, waving her hand dismissively. "Oh yeah. He used to come down to the club now and then. He was one of those demons good at what he did, but not much else."

"And what did he do?" you ask.

"Dunno," Gabria admits, shrugging. "But must have been something. He always had some big minders hanging off him. Kept my girls away, not that I'd have any gob getting involved with demons. Too

sketchy. And whenever he started getting drunk, his minders would get him out. Ran a real tight ship with him.”

Interesting. Sounds like Luger was more important than Jezebelle made him out to be. And it’s starting to sound like there was a lot of info she left out when hiring you. You sigh, rubbing your face. Dammit. This job gets more and more complicated every minute. But you are a private detective, and it’s your job to follow through.

“Alright,” you say, starting to rise. “Thanks, Gabria. I-“

“Ah ah,” the goblin says, lifting her leg in a feat of incredible flexibility, her foot pressing against your chest to forestall you. “What about my payment, handsome?”

“You know I’m good for it,” you say.

“Oh Lukas,” Gabria purrs, her smile widening. “See? This is why you always have such money issue. You always insist on paying in gold, but you should know how willing goblins are to... barter...”

Gabria shifts on the couch, spreading her legs, the slip of cloth that masks her groin slipping between her legs as she lazily rolls her hips.

[Pay in Gold](#)

[Pay in Sex](#)

Pay in Gold

You chuckle, lifting her leg off your chest. "You never quit, do you?"

"Mhmm. Not for a man worth working on," Gabria says with a quirk of her brows.

You shake your head. "All the same, I'll send you the money once I finish this job."

Gabria sighs as her leg slides back under the table. "Oh fine," she says, picking her drink back up and tilting it towards you meaningfully. "But I expect you to deliver it in person."

You roll your eyes. "So long, Gabria."

"Hmph. See you later, handsome," she says, taking another sip of her drink.

You leave her there, exiting the high office and slipping through the club before another goblin maid can catch you and try to make you another offer. Soon you're back outside in the cool night air, getting into your car and starting the engine.

So.

Looks like this job is more complicated than you thought. You'll have to keep that in mind going forward. Not exactly ideal, but so it goes in this business. Either way, you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. You cruise down the street, heading to the freeway. Looks like it's time to head to the Fey Market and get this job over with.

But first, you think, adjusting your rearview mirror so you can better see the car nosing along behind you. Yeah. First, you better figure out what to do about whoever is tailing you...

[Being Followed](#)

Pay in Sex

Gabria is always reasonable with how much she charges you. But if you could get a discount and some glorious goblin sex, hell, why wouldn't you?

"You may have a point," you say, your hands gently lifting her foot, your calloused fingers stroking the flawless green skin, your touch gliding up her leg. "And I'd be pretty stupid not to take a good deal."

"Not that I have anything against stupid men," Gabria purrs as she eases back further in her seat.

"No?" you say, easing forward and off your seat, getting down on your knees on the floor.

"Oh no," she says hotly, spreading her legs teasingly. "They can be a lot of fun."

"And smart men?" you ask, your hands moving up her thigh, pushing back the hem of her skirt.

"Why don't you show me," the goblin purrs.

You chuckle, pushing her dress up fully, revealing the dark satin of her panties and mound. You reach up, hooking your fingers in the lacy fabric and tugging them down, revealing the lush folds of her cunt. You inhale her scent, pulse thumping like the drums playing on the stage below, your cock already hard, but now ready to tear free of your pants. You lean in, your nose tickling the sensitive skin of her mound as you run your tongue up along the emerald folds of her cunt.

"Mnnnn," she moans, her hands crushing your hat to your head as she pulls you tight against her pussy. "Oh fuck yes. You wizards and your magical tongues."

"What spell should I cast?" you say.

"Don't bother being witty, Lukas. Just fucking make me cum!" Gabria says, shoving you back between her legs.

You do like a woman who knows what she wants. Chuckling, you get back to work, your hands holding her legs apart as you run your tongue along her pussy, tasting the heaviness of her pleasure. Above you, Gabria moans, wriggling against the seat as you tortuously pleasure her, her pants growing heavier as she rocks, grinding herself against your tongue.

Soon her clit has revealed itself, and then you really go on the attack. Again and again you lash her tight pussy, Gabria gasping and moaning in naked pleasure. Writhing on the couch as you do your work.

"Oh f-fuck," she groans. "Lukas... ah. Fuuuuuck! Right there. Ah! Mnnn! That's it. L-lick me right nnnn! There! Oh you naughty... ah... naughty wizard. Ohhhh!"

You grunt, flinching in surprise as you feel her foot press down into your lap. Somehow she managed to slip off her shoe, and now her toes in their fishnet stockings rub against your bulge, the crosshatch feeling almost painfully good on your throbbing manhood.

"Mmmm," you groan.

"Can't hog all... all the fun," Gabria says with a saucy grin.

"Not complaining," you say as you delve once more into her tender box.

Gabria moans, throwing her head back, her hips rising as you strum her clit with growing urgency. Fuck! The feel of her foot massaging you through your pants is absolutely incredible! You find yourself moving your hips, grinding yourself against her foot as you continue to lick her out. Gabria moans in pleasure, her one hand pressing your head harder against her, the other hand squeezing her own breasts, a thumb rubbing a nipple through the sequin sparkles of her gown.

"Yes. Yessss! Oh fuck yes," she gasps. "Like that. Oh Lukas. Lukas! Yes. Yes! Oh f-fuck yesssssss!"

She cries out, body tensing, tightening in the sweet throws of utter ecstasy. The sudden press of her foot almost pushes you over the edge as your cock throbs in your pants. The taste of her juices as she cums singing on your tongue.

Gabria sags, moaning in delight as she rides out her orgasm, the gorgeous goblin girl breathing hard and fast, her dress flashing on her chest with her pleased pants. "Ohhhh gob," she groans, her lashes low. "I'm gonna... make you mine if it's the... ha... last thing I do..."

You chuckle, standing. "Maybe some day," you say as you move over her.

Gabria coos as you kiss her, your lips moving passionately against hers. Her hand slides between your legs, loosening your pants and pulling them open. You groan as your almost painfully sensitive cock fills her deft fingers. The goblin hums, stroking you, her touch feather-light but oh so good.

"All for me?" Gabria murmurs hotly against your lips. "Oh baby, you shouldn't have..."

"Then I should leave?" you say as you fill your hand with her breast, her sequins digging into your palm as you squeeze.

"Ohhhh! Don't you daaaaare," the goblin moans.

"Yes ma'am," you chuckle, kissing her anew, pushing forward until your tip nudges her folds. Gabria moans in delight, guiding you into her, her body arching beneath you as your cock fills her.

"Mmnnnn!" she groans in pleasure, and you can't suppress a sound of ecstasy either. Fuck but she's so tight. So ready. So eager to feel you in her. Breathing hot and hard, you begin to saw into the gorgeous gob, fucking the short woman on the couch, your every thrust making her dress flash and glitter in the low light. The feathers in her hair bob and swish with every beat of your fucking. You find yourself thrusting to the frantic pace of the band on stage as the burlesque show reaches its climax. Climbing. Climbing!

"Oh fuck," Gabria pants between kisses, her breath scented faintly of liquor, her kiss intoxicating. "More. Oh gob, give it... ha... give it to me ha-aaaaard!"

A request you're eager to accommodate. Your thrusts grow faster. Harder. No way you're giving it to her easy. You actually find yourself climbing back onto the couch, your hands looping under her soft

thighs, bouncing her atop your cock, her sequined dress clicking musically as it rubs against the back of the couch.

“Oh! Oh f-fuck yessss!” Gabria gasps, her hands grabbing your shoulders, her eyes rolling back with pleasure. “Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like a f-fucking animal! Oh gob. Oh sweet f-fucking gob yes! Yes! Oh yesssssss!”

She wails in ecstasy as you push her past the brink, her head falling back as she cries out, cumming again, and you’re not far behind. Between her earlier teasing and the sudden tightness of her glorious pussy you groan aloud, hilding her on your lap as you thrust upward a final time. You cum, the rush of pleasure making your head swim with its intensity as you unload your cum in the green girl, her legs squeezing you deliciously as you feel the headiness of orgasm swirl around your mind.

You come back to yourself slowly, unsheathing your cock from Gabria. The goblin bootlegger moans, slumping in her seat, a smile of satisfaction sitting loosely on her face.

You chuckle, standing up and cleaning yourself off with a tablecloth before zipping back up. “See you around, Gabria,” you say.

“Mmm. Come back soooooon,” Gabria moans from the couch.

You chuckle, giving her a wink before you adjust your hat and turn away.

Best.

Negotiation.

Ever.

You leave, exiting the high office and slipping through the club before another goblin maid can catch you and try to make you an offer of company. Soon you’re back outside in the cool night air, getting into your car and starting the engine.

So.

Looks like this job is more complicated than you thought. You’ll have to keep that in mind going forward. Not exactly ideal, but so it goes in this business. Either way, you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. You cruise down the street, heading to the freeway. Looks like it’s time to head to the Fey Market and get this job over with.

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[Being Followed](#)

Married to the Gob

It's amazing that people think they can steal from Gabria.

Then again, there's no end of idiots who see a gorgeous goblin maid and think she'll be a push over. Never mind that her businesses are renowned for their ruthlessness. Never mind that anyone who crosses her ends up in the river or worse. And certainly never mind that she's now got a wizard as her personal enforcer/lover.

Namely, you.

Which brings you to the foundations of Gabria's newest club. The Emerald Delight is going to be huge. A concert hall, gambling den, and more all mixed together in a grand display of affluence, sucking in the money of stupid men and, more importantly, giving the goblin maids of Gabria's clan an excellent pick of new husbands. The groundbreaking is due in a few days, but you're here, along with several trolls to make use of the... facilities before there's too many eyes on the place.

"You really fucked up, Gregor," you say.

Gregor groans from inside the barrel.

You shrug and turn back to one of the trolls. "Fill it," you say.

The craggy brute nods and swings over the cement trough. There's a rattle, and then like wet oatmeal the slurry of cement comes down. Gregor manages a final cry before the barrel fills up with the heavy substance, but you still wait until it's up to the brim before waving off the troll.

"Toss it in the river once it dries. Make sure no one sees you," you tell him.

"Sure t'ing, boss," the brute says.

You nod and flick him a gold coin. "Then, get yourself and the boys a drink. On me."

The troll snatches the coin as it spins, his chiseled face spreading in a grin to show literal tombstone teeth. "You got it, boss!"

You pat him on the arm and saunter away from the site, leaving it to the trolls. It's not that goblins are afraid to get their hands dirty, it's just that when Gabria gives you a job, you always follow through. And you were glad to take down Gregor. Imagine! Stringing along a poor, innocent goblin maid, all in the hopes of stealing her jewelry? Poor girl was just distraught when she found it.

And when she told her dear aunt Gabria, well, what loving auntie wouldn't make sure some unscrupulous man discovered the error of his ways?

You shake your head, grinning as you get into your car.

What a woman.

You start off, cruising smooth down the streets and back towards the Baker's Dozen. Your new car was your wedding present from Gabria, and damn but it can drive. Of course, that's not the only gift

your wife has gotten you. Your new coat. Your new house. Your new gun. Honestly, if you didn't know how much Gabria makes, you'd start to worry about her finances.

But that's a worry long forgotten. Especially since she started working with the Newgates. You can't quite suppress a shudder as you remember meeting with their leader. That had been a hard night of negotiations, but Gabria had sailed through with her usual grace and acumen, and come out the other end with the right to distribute certain fey contraband in the city. Good deal all told.

You park out near the front of the speakeasy and get out, making your way inside and past the doorman, who bows you in. The crooning singer on stage sways to the jazz of the band, the sound carrying deep into the subterranean club as you climb to Gabria's office and slip inside.

And there she is.

Every time you see your beloved gob you can't help but take a moment to admire the sheer loveliness of her. She reclines on the couch, elevated to give her an excellent view of the stage through the large window. She's done away with tight sequin gowns lately, choosing more flowy, loose clothes that are nonetheless gorgeous on her. But then again, everything looks gorgeous on her. Especially with her stomach swollen with pregnancy.

You grin at the sight. Gabria was very insistent when you married her that she wanted lots of kids, and she didn't leave anything to chance. The first few weeks of your partnership you barely left her room save to get more chocolate sauce to lick off her body. Hell of a honeymoon, but you're sure not complaining.

"You just gonna stand there or are you comin' in, big guy?" Gabria says with a smirking glance your way.

"Can you blame me for wanting to admire the most gorgeous woman in the country?" you ask as you shut the door behind you.

"Hmph!" she says, trying to hide her smile. "You could do a much better job of admiring me over here."

"Very true," you say, shrugging off your jacket and tossing it over a chair. You cross the floor and sink to your knees beside her, picking up her hand and kissing her fingers. "Mmm. My gorgeous gob. Your champion has returned."

She laughs, pulling her hand free and playfully slapping your shoulder. "You! I swear."

"Swear, please," you say, leaning in and kissing her throat, making her groan and arch her neck to offer more to your affections. "Swear that you'll be mine forever and ever. I couldn't bear the thought of losing you."

"You know I'm yours," Gabria says, her breath hitching as you gently stroke the swell of her tummy, your hand coming up to the plump orb of her breast. "Ooooh..."

"I know. But I still love to hear it. Like I know you love to hear me tell you how much I love you."

"Mmm. And how much is that?" she says, her voice growing hot. Heavy. Rough with pleasure.

“More than all the gold in Craggen’s Vault,” you tell her, your hand rubbing her plump breast as you kiss down her shoulder and her arm. You give her a playful squeeze, making the gob groan in delight. “More than any man can bear.”

“You fucking romantic,” Gabria laughs.

“Guilty,” you say, brushing your hand along her swelling belly. “So very... very... guilty...”

Gabria groans as you brush up the fabric of her dress, baring her stomach. You lean over her, kissing her taut tummy tenderly. She gasps, wriggling as her sensitive skin sings to your affection. She slaps your head and you glance her way.

“Stop playing,” she says, her cheeks flushed an emerald glow.

“Of course, Gabria,” you say, moving back up to her head, your hand gliding down between your legs. “Whatever the gobmother says.”

You kiss her, Gabria groaning as your tongue pushes into her mouth, her voice hitching as your finger begins to glide up and down her pussy, stroking her as she stretches out on the couch. It’s almost painful not to fuck this gorgeous goblin, but she’s too far along for it to be safe. And to be fair, when she first started showing, you and her were practically inseparable. Hormones kept her nice and horny, and you were more than happy to accommodate. Fortunately, every goblin maid wants a big family, and you’ll be more than happy to help make that happen.

Who could have guessed your life would come here? To the office of one of the most powerful woman in the city, her stretched out beneath you as you kiss her, your fingers strumming her pussy until she groans, rocking her hips, riding your stroking touch with growing urgency. Gods but you love her. You love this. You love the life you’ve chosen.

“Oh gob,” she gasps against your lips. “So close... So... ah...”

“Cum, Gabria,” you whisper into her lips, kissing her again and again. “Let it out.”

She doesn’t last much longer. With a moaning cry into your lips she arches, shuddering as she cums in wonderful pleasure, her body tensing, quivering with delight as she’s pushed beyond the edge by your touch.

You milk that moment with a stroking finger, letting her ride the high as long as she can. When she finally settles once more, you get up and join her on the couch, propping her up against your side. Gabria hums contentedly, shifting onto her side and snuggling up against you. At once your arm snakes around her, stroking her thigh.

For a few minutes, you and her simply watch the stage below, the crooning of the singer rising into your booth and the private heaven it holds.

“You take care of Gregor?” she asks at last.

“He won’t be bothering anyone anymore,” you assure her.

“Mmm,” she hums, nuzzling your side. “What did I ever do to get myself such a dependable hunk of stud?”

“Be the smartest, loveliest goblin this side of the veil?” you propose.

She snorts. “That so? Because, I can think of another reason too...”

You grunt as you feel Gabria’s touch on your bulge, her fingers tracing lazy circles around the tenting fabric. “Ohhhh Gabria,” you groan.

“Hush, sweet thing,” she says, her deft fingers undoing your pants. “Let me make you feel real good...”

You smile, eyes lidded with lazy satisfaction as you watch the stage below, your breathing growing laboured as Gabria’s lips wrap around your cock and she begins to bob. If there’s something better than enjoying the music of a goblin speakeasy while your green, gorgeous, and pregnant wife sucks you off, you haven’t found it yet.

New adventures will await you, of course. Fatherhood for one, and Gabria’s business is only going to get bigger, and the challenges for you and her greater. But for now, your adventure has reached its end.

Good End

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

Being Followed



You steal a glance into the rearview mirror again and take a few extra turns, slowing and speeding up at different moments. It's impossible not to notice that, no matter what you do, the car behind you is keeping the same distance, their headlights low between the steel bars of the grill, creeping after you like a steel monster half lost in the gloom. Oh yeah, they're definitely following you. But why? You haven't pissed off anyone yet. You don't owe anyone money.

"Shit," you mutter. It really leaves only one possibility. It's connected to your job. But how? Were you sold out? Maybe.

You drum your fingers on the wheel, grimacing as you try and think.

[Stop and Confront Them](#)

[Try and Lose Them](#)

Try and Lose Them

You got nothing to say to whoever these guys are, and you have no intention of letting them tail you all the way to the Fey Markets. Which leaves you with only one option.

You slam your foot down on the gas, rubber squealing as your car jumps forward and down the dark streets. It takes a second before your pursuers realize what you're doing, but once they do they're hot on your ass, roaring down the street behind you.

Fucking hell they've got a beast of an engine in that thing. Your car isn't a roadster by any means, but it got you out of scrapes before. Sadly, this ain't one of them, and the sleek dark vehicle quickly closes. Alright, time for the alleys.

You swerve down a side street, drifting for a moment before your wheels regain traction. You roar down the tight space, but a glance in the rearview mirror spots the chrome grill of the other car closing in like a steel shark. It nudges your bumper, knocking you forward, your chest banging against the wheel.

"Son of a bitch!" you curse. You try and swerve out of the way, but the narrow alley quickly makes it clear that's not an option. Too late do you recognize your mistake as the bigger car suddenly accelerates, ramming your bumper again. The impact jars your car, making it fishtail right as the alley mouth vomits you into a larger street. You cling to the wheel. Your headlights flash against a lamp post.

You slam on the brakes but the impact still throws you again against the wheel harder than ever, pain exploding in your chest. You rebound back into your seat, breath dragged from your lungs like your chest is in a vice, stars dancing before your eyes.

Headlights blare against the side of your car, and you see a pair of hulking shapes move towards you moments before darkness closes in...

[Wakings](#)

Stop and Confront Them

You've got nothing to hide, and they clearly want something, so you suppose you could just figure this out now. And doing it in public instead of down some dark alley with knives would only be a net benefit. Picking out a quiet spot along the sidewalk you cruise to a halt. The neon glow of a theater's sign buzzes above you as you open the door and get out, turning to face the street.

You lean on the roof of your car, levelly watching the other vehicle where it idles. Once they realize you're waiting for them, the car cruises up behind yours and parks.

It's a nice model, now that you get a closer look. A sleek black whose gleaming shine speaks to a lot of polish and, more importantly, a lot of money. The hood ornament is a naked demon woman thrusting her chest out, wings fanning out behind her like she's leaping from the end of the car. The hood curves up a little bit, giving the whole thing an impression of a shark of the asphalt. The windows are tinted dark so you can't see who's inside, but then the door swings open and two bruisers step out.

You've had enough experience with hired muscle to mark these two as the type. Top-heavy square builds, squeezed into suits and ties, their eyes cold as death. But more concerning to you is that both are demons.

Demons of Wrath if you're to judge. The size and the way the horns curve back are dead tells, and so are the horned skulls that serve as belt buckles. Their noses are flat, mere slits, and their eyes simmer red and black like raked-over coals. The suits and car suggest members of one of the big families. You idly look around, noticing that the few people around have quickly made themselves scarce. You can't blame them.

"Can I help you?" you ask the pair.

One jerks his head towards the car. "Boss wants to talk to you."

"Is that right?" you say, having a grim feeling if you get into the back of that car, you aren't getting back out again. "And who's your boss?"

"You comin' or not?"

You take care not to let your thoughts show on your face. Stay cool. You glance between them. Wrath demons are notoriously tough to put down, which is why most demon families use them as their muscle. You'd much rather not get in a fistfight with them, but if you could get in a good shot before they moved...

Before you can decide, the back door of the car opens with a click. You look between the two goons as a demoness climbs out. She's dressed in a tight-fitting suit, the skirt high as the most scandalous of streetwalker, her upper buttons open, revealing the valley of her full, crimson tits. A hat shades her eyes, two horns rising through the fabric in lazy curls. A tail like a barbed whips coils behind her and her heels click with every step. Her figure is outlined starkly by the humming red neon glow above, radiating a primordial predatoriness, like a panther in pinstripes.

Her eyes run over you in a flash as she walks up to you, passing between her two goons.

"So you're the wizard," she says, her voice a mocking drawl.

"Am I?" you say.

She smiles, which makes her look even less friendly. "Listen up, boyo," she says, striding forward with a lazy swing of her hips, tail snapping behind her. "You and me? We're gonna have a chat."

"Uh huh," you say, eying the muscle she brought. "And, if I say no?"

"I ain't asking," she says.

The demons flanking her crack their knuckles.

"Well, sounds like a delight," you say. "And you're..."

She grins, revealing the pearly gleam of fangs. "Call me Miss Scarlet."

Ice trickles down your spine and a lead weight drops your stomach to your feet.

Oh fuck.

This... could be bad.

Of course, you've heard of Miss Scarlet. There isn't a soul with an ear to the underbelly of the city who hasn't. She's personal enforcer and pet psycho of the Lavira family's, one of the biggest demon families in the whole damn city. And it's every man's mingled dream and nightmare to end up on the receiving end of her attentions. She's better known as the Maneater, and there's rumours that might not be hyperbole. It's utterly illegal for demons to eat a human's soul, but that doesn't stop some, and Scarlet has a reputation for obeying whims rather than laws. And it's well known that she always gets her job done, no matter who she has to skin to make it happen.

And she's come to see you.

Wonderful.

"And, where should we..." you say.

"My backseat is plenty spacious," she says, gesturing to the open car. "Get in." Her golden eyes glint. "I insist."

"Well I-"

One of the goons shove you, and you find yourself banging against the car. You glare at the big demon, but he says nothing, merely staring back at you. You glance at Scarlet, but she's still just grinning. Somewhat reluctantly, you slip into the car.

You're more than a little wary about it, but someone of Scarlet's reputation wouldn't have bothered to hide you if she really planned on killing you. She wants something, and you'll have to play your cards right if you want to see tomorrow. As she claimed, the back of the car is quite spacious, with smooth leather seats and plenty of legroom. They'd need it to fit those two big demons who came with her.

They, however, fail to join you. Instead, once Scarlet slips inside and settles across from you, the two bruises shut the door and take up positions outside.

You eye Scarlet where she sits in the seat opposite you, outlined in shadows, her legs crossed so her skirt rides up, cocky grin gleaming with fang.

“So,” you say at last. “What did you want with me?”

“Information, wizard. The more the better,” she says.

“Information about what? The weather? The news?”

She cackles. “You’re funny, wizard. I like ‘em funny. A barrel of laughs even when they start screamin’.”

She stretches out, rubbing her foot against your leg lazily, her arms crossed behind her head and those buttons on her jacket fight hard to keep her breasts from popping out into the open. “I want to know everything you’ve got on Luger.”

You try and keep the shock off your face, but don’t quite succeed. Dammit! How’d she know about that already? “What makes you think I’m looking for him?”

“Lucky guess,” Scarlet purrs, her foot sliding higher, rubbing your inner thigh, which makes you suck in a quick breath. “Now talk, wizard. Or do I have to make you?”

“You threatening me?” you ask, hand sliding against the holster at your side.

“Only with a good time,” Scarlet says, reaching up and yanking open her top.

Your eyes pop open as her crimson tits spill into the open. Firm, plump, her nipples coal black, they bounce teasingly inches away from you.

“I-”

“Talk, or else I’ll make you my personal bitch,” Scarlet purrs, her eyes burning hot in the shadows of the car. “I’ve been looking for a new one, and wizards make lovely toys. See? I even got a collar for ya.”

Her hand flicks, and coils of darkness form in the shape of a dark band. Infernal runes glow hot on the interior, and is that shiver working up your spine fear? Or anticipation?

“And if... if I say no?” you say, mouth dry and cock thick in your tight pants.

“Then I’ll still work it out of you. One way or another,” she says with a wider grin. “So, what’s it gonna be?”

[Talk](#)

[Compromise](#)

[Refuse](#)

Compromise

You think fast, recognizing what a bad place you're in. But maybe there's a way out of here. "How about... instead, I find him for you?" you say.

Scarlet arches a black brow. "Hm?" she says. "You find him for me?"

"Yeah," you say, shifting where you sit. "I won't give up the information easy, so the way I see it, you've got two choices. Let me go and pay me to find him for you instead, or hope you can squeeze the info out of me before he gets moved. Are you a gambling woman, Miss Scarlet?" you say with a steely look her way.

Scarlet eyes you from across the car, her eyes glowing faintly in the gloom like gold coins on a moonless night. Then, a sickle gleam of white reveals her grin.

"Well well!" Scarlet says, crossing her arms thoughtfully. "Looks like we got ourselves a real thinker here, don't we? But that's good, wizard. That's reaaaal good. It'll take a clever man to bring me Luger. How much was that skank paying you?"

Aha, so that's how she tracked you down. They must have been following Jezebel. "Four thousand gold coins," you say quickly.

"Done. Bring me Luger, and you get that money. And maybe," she adds with a sultry flick of her eyebrows and another teasing bounce of her breasts, "a little extra."

The display almost keeps you from noticing that she agreed to double Jezebel's price without a second thought. Hell, this job really is bigger than you expected. "Sound like a plan," you say.

"Good. And I suggest you don't even think of double-crossing me, wizard. Or you'll be taking a dirt nap quick enough."

"Never dream of it," you say drily.

"Damn straight," Scarlet says as she eases back in her seat, golden eyes glinting teasingly. "Now get out there and make me a happy girl, wizard."

Your hand finds the door handle and you open it, backing out, your eyes never straying from the smirking demoness in the car. Climbing back onto the sidewalk, the two hulking Wrath demons seem surprised to see you come out in one piece. You give them brief nods, then make your way back to your car.

As soon as you're behind the wheel you let out a gasp and melt back in your seat with relief. Fuck! That was close. Too close. You could feel death's scythe stroking the back of your neck in there. But somehow, you managed to talk your way out of it. Though, now you have the psychotic hitwoman of the Lavira family on your tail if you don't bring her back Luger. And who knows what Jezebel will do to you if you fail her instead. Shit. You're stuck between a rock and a hard place with this one. You push your hat back, running your fingers through your hair.

Fuck.

Taking a deep breath, you let it out, shrug, and start your engine. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You'll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

[The Fey Markets](#)

Wakings

You come to slowly, your head pounding with pain. Fuck. What happened? You try and touch your throbbing skull, but then realize you've been tied to a chair.

Well shit.

That's not good.

"You wake quick, wizard."

A light flickers overhead, nearly blinding you as a naked fluorescent bulb comes to life. You're in a warehouse, crates all around you and stacked high along the walls. More pressingly are the pair of hulking Wrath demons standing in front of you, their monstrous visages like a cross between a lizard and a man, their noses slits on their faces and their horns curving back along their brows. They wear a pair of suits that their bulky frames threaten to rip out of at any moment. Big fuckers for sure.

The woman who stands between them lacks the brutal musculature, but radiates a different kind of danger. Viperous. Quick. Lethal. Her skin is red where it shows under her grey suit, the skirt riding high on her hips, the upper buttons undone to reveal the plunging valley of her breasts. A hat shades her golden eyes and a naked viciousness gleams in her smirk. A wrath demon, you'd judge. Same as the two goons beside her, but the females are far more dangerous, you've heard. Fucking hell, what have you gotten yourself into?

You roll your jaw to try and work the kink out of it. "Who the hell are you?" you say roughly.

The demoness raises her foot, revealing a vicious heel. You open your legs a second before the spike would have plunged into your thigh, instead leaving her foot planted on the edge of your chair and right before your crotch. She grins wider, fangs gleaming as she leans forward, giving you an excellent view down her jacket.

"You're out of your depth, wizard," she purrs, forked tongue flicking. "Way out."

"Is that so?" you say. "And how do you figure?"

One of the bruisers moves forward with a growl. "You show some respect," he says.

"To whom, exactly?" you say.

"Name Miss Scarlet mean anything to you, wizard?" the demoness asks pleasantly.

You feel ice pour down your back.

It does.

Everyone's heard of Miss Scarlet, the main thing being not to get her fucking attention. Even for demons she's got a reputation for viciousness that chills the blood. Enforcer for the Lavira demon family, she's left her mark all over town. And those marks tend to be bullet holes. But worse is her taste in men. Literally, if some stories are to be believed. She has a reputation for picking 'favorites' and riding them

dry, then killing them when she's bored. You're not sure if it's true or not, but there's gotta be a reason her nickname is the 'Maneater.' In short, she is not someone to fuck with.

"Well," you say with much more tactful respect, "what can I do for the esteemed Lavira family?"

She grins wider, leans in closer. "Attaboy," she says, her golden eyes burning. "First thing you can do is give me all the information you have on Luger."

You squint at her. "Luger? What do you want with himmmm!"

You gasp as her toe pushes in, rubbing against your bulge. "I'm the one asking the questions here, wizard. And you answer them. Got it?"

"G-got it," you gasp.

"Good," she says, smirking down at you. Her eyes run up and down you and you see her nose twitch, a shiver working through her. "Hmm," she purrs, licking her lips. "And answer me right, and I might just have a reward for you."

"Reward?" you say.

"Sure," she says, her foot rocking, rubbing your cock through your pants. "I'm a fair girl. You tell me what I want to know, and I'll set you free."

The wording in that raises immediate red flags. "Set me free?"

She nods and glances over her shoulder at the two bruisers. A flick of her head has the pair recede into the shadows. After a moment, you hear a door open, close, and Scarlet is looking once more at you, her gaze hungry. Lusty.

"Oh yeah. Free of having to look at me and not fucking my hot ass," she says, her hands rising, grasping the front of her jacket and lazily undoing the buttons. You can't stop yourself from watching as she pulls open her front, the plump orbs of her breasts bouncing into the open, fairly bursting out of her confining jacket. Nipples coal black, heft firm and without sag.

Your mouth is suddenly dry. You swallow hard. "You..."

"Wizards are fantastic," she says, the toe of her shoe making circles around your cock, rubbing you in ways that makes you shift and grunt, your manhood throbbing in your pants. "They last so long. And I've been looking for a new pet. Even got your new collar all picked out, handsome. See?" She flicks her wrist, and darkness crackles between her fingers, forming a dark band. You see scarlet runes glow along the inside, and her grin widens. "So you tell me what I want to know, and I'll make you my bitch. Wouldn't that be fun?"

[Spill the Beans](#)

[Resist](#)

[Counter Offer](#)

Spill the Beans

You've always been weak to forceful women, and Scarlet is like a bulldozer of sex appeal. Besides, you might be able to escape if you play along for now. Your options aren't exactly great. "O-of course," you gasp.

She grins wider. "Good bitch," she purrs, her toe pressing down on your cock, making you whimper as she leans in, wrapping the collar around your neck. "That's what I love in a man. An understanding of exactly where he fucking belongs. Under my heel."

You gasp as you feel the buckle at the front snap closed. The collar warms, the infernal marks hot against your neck as if burning themselves into your flesh. "Ah!" you gasp.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Scarlet coos, her toe further rubbing you through your pants.

Oh fuck, it does. You were hard before, but now you're positively throbbing! Sensitive pleasure pulses down from the collar like a black heartbeat and into your balls. Your head falls back, a moan of depraved pleasure escaping you as you instinctively rub yourself against the bottom of her shoe.

Scarlet cackles in amusement and takes away her foot, but your relief(?) is short lived because in the next instant she's swung her legs around yours and is sitting in your lap. You gasp as she rocks her hips forward, grinding her panty-clad pussy against your bulge, the heat of your arousal sending shudders of anticipation through you.

"Talk," she purrs, leaning in and kissing your neck.

"Mnnn!" you groan as the heat of her lips dance along your throat, the collar throbbing with the force of compulsion, words bubbling from your chest. Your hands twisting in their bindings, searching for some outlet to the pleasure burning up and down your veins. "The... ah... L-Luger is with the... the Newgates down in the Fey Markets. He... I don't know why..."

"Keep talking," she says.

"He ah!" you gasp as she nips your neck. "They have... have a place down on Pump Street. Apparently they... they're dealing in arcane crystals. Not sure... not sure how they're making them. Oh!" you gasp as you feel her hand slide between you and her, rubbing your cock through your pants.

"Did I tell you to stop talking?" Scarlet growls.

"N-no ma'am."

"That's right," she says, her fingers finding your zipper, tugging it down. You groan as your manhood springs into the open, instantly filling her palm. You whimper as she gives you a long, slow stroke. "So keep talking, bitch."

"Y-yes," you gasp frantically, her degrading words sending another ache of submissive pleasure through you. "I... I think he has... has something to do with mmm! With making the arcane crystals. Not... not sure..."

"How perceptive of you. What a good wizard you are," she says, stroking you slowly. Tortuously.

"Th-thank you ma'am."

"Call me mistress," she growls.

A shiver of pure desire rushes through you from the collar and right into your cock. "M-mistress."

"Attaboy," she says, and kisses you hard.

You groan, head tilting back as her lips work against yours, her tongue plunging into your mouth. Dominating you in a single act of lustful aggression. The ropes still hold you fast, your very helplessness only adding to the vicious appeal of her lips. Oh fuck it's good. She's good.

When she breaks the kiss you can only sit there, panting, feeling lightheaded yet undeniably aroused. She smirks down at you and then stands, grabbing her panties and yanking them down, revealing the lush slit of her pussy.

You stare at the shaven mound, her scent hitting you. Something musky and heavy, tingling in your nose. This only becomes stronger when she puts her foot against your chest and shoves.

You yelp as your chair topples back, laying you out on the floor. You don't even have a second to recover before she's stepped over you, towering above you like some crimson goddess, heels on either side of your shoulders, her hands on her hips and pussy dripping arousal right onto your upturned face.

"You want this?" She demands, rocking her hips mockingly. "You want to lick out mistress's pussy like a good human bitch? You want me to make you mine like the pathetic worm you are?"

"Y-yes," you whimper, face burning with shame, knowing you're falling under the demon's thrall and not caring a bit. The leather collar you now wear grows warm with the runes of enslavement, and you shudder at the throb of pleasure that radiates from the band.

"Of course you do," Scarlet says as she kneels down, straddling your chest, her pussy an inch from your face. "Because you're my bitch," she says, grabbing your hair. "And it's time for your treat."

She yanks you forward and into her mound, and you moan, licking at once. The collar throbs with pleasure as you debase yourself, tongue stroking her lush lips eagerly, working at your mistress for her pleasure.

"Oh fuck yesssss," Scarlet moans, her head tilting back, her hips rocking forward, grinding herself on your face, your nose rubbing the smooth skin of her mound. "Yesss! Just like that. Gooood slave. Oh fuck yes! Mortals are so... ah... so much fffucking fun!"

Her praise sends tingles of delight surging through you and you redouble your efforts, your tongue flicking against the bead of her clit, frantic to see her orgasm. Scarlet's breath quickens. Her moans growing louder. Hotter.

"Yes! Yes! Like that! Lick me. Lick out your mistress you worthless fffucking bastard! Yes. Yes! Almost... Almost... mnnnnn!"

Her hand tightens in your hair, squeezing tears from your eyes as she finally cums, her body tensing with the high of her pleasure. Her juices flood your tongue in a sudden rush, making you moan as you strum her pussy, eager for every drop of her desire.

The taste overwhelms you. Every drop of her infernal juices sends heat rushing from your collar, surging through you in waves, gathering in your neglected balls and quivering cock. Finally, at last, Scarlet pulls herself up and off your face, leaving you gasping in disappointment and relief.

Tilting your head back, Scarlet looks down at you with flushed amusement.

"Mmm. Not bad, bitch. Now, let's see what that cock of yours can do."

"Y-yes, mistress," you gasp, her praise sending another shiver of pleasure through you.

She laughs and yanks your chair back up, the sudden vertigo making your head spin. Almost instantly she's in your lap, your cock sheathed right into the heat of her pussy. There's no warning. No hesitation. You cry out as the velvet tightness of her inner walls grip your cock and she starts to bounce.

The collar must be holding you back, because if it wasn't, you know you'd have exploded the second you were inside her. She's just so goood! The tightness of her pussy milks your cock as she rides your lap, her breasts bouncing an inch from your face, her hands gripping your shoulders. Her hair swishing wild about her face, her grin vicious, hungry, triumphant as she takes your cock, the sensitivity in your manhood throbbing at first painfully, then with some strange, wonderful realm between it and pleasure.

"Yessss!" Scarlet growls. "Oh fuck yes! Give me that cock. Oh fuck yes! You wizards... ah... have such wonderful fffucking cum! And I want it all. Give it all to me. Give your mistress your fucking seed you pathetic bastard!"

"Y-yes!" you cry, helpless beneath her, loving it, adoring it. "Yes! Mistress! P-please!"

"Shut it! You'll cum with me, slave. You'll cum when... when I do. And that's... that's... Ohhhhhh!"

Her golden eyes roll back, her body hilted atop you a final time. The sudden tightness overwhelms you. Conquers you. She cries out as she cums, and as she does, you feel at last that sudden heady release. The block that was on your own orgasm breaks, and you cry out at the sudden surge of pleasure that escapes you. Your cock throbs, giving up your cum in sudden hot bursts of pleasure. A giddy sensation makes your head spin, nearly passing out until the crack of Scarlet's hand against your cheek jolts you back into the present.

The demoness looks breathless, her face flushed an even deeper crimson and her eyes foggy with drunken pleasure. Her hair seems to stir and coil around her, as if she were glowing with some inner light. She licks her lips and you feel her pussy again flex around your shrinking cock.

"Fuck," she gasps, grinning. "Forgot how... how good wizard cum is."

"Th-thank you, mistress," you gasp.

"Shut up," she says, rising off your lap.

You obey, wriggling in humiliation before her as she lazily dresses once more, pulling shut her jacket and buttoning it up, leaving you still tied to the chair, face soaked in her juices, clothes tumbled and cock jutting shamefully from your lap once more.

She seems amused by your predicament, and finally pulls out a knife. You tense, but she merely cuts the cords that bind you to the chair.

“Now, follow, slave,” she says, unspooling a leash and attaching it to your collar with a click.

“Yes, mistress,” you say, starting to do up your pants before a tug of your collar sends you stumbling forward a step.

“Keep it out, slave,” she commands. “I’ll have use of that in the car.”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, obeying at once.

Scarlet snorts, amused and gives the leash another tug. Humiliated, helpless, you follow the demoness towards the exit of the warehouse. And yet, with the collar warm about your throat, you shiver in anticipation of what your sadistic new owner has planned for you...

[Demon Slave](#)

Resist

You may be some detective for hire, but you've got standards, and if you talk now, you'll never work in this town again. "I'll never talk," you growl, glaring defiantly at her.

"Oh really?" she says, leaning in close, smirking scornfully. "You have any idea how often I've heard that? Too often. And from much better men than you. But I always get what I want, wizard. And if I can't, there's plenty of girls back at the casino who'll get it all out of you."

You shiver at the cold certainty in her eyes but stick out your chin stubbornly. "I won't give you a thing," you say.

Her grin widens. "And here I thought you were gonna be boring. But fine, wizard. Have it your way. Let's see if the canary will sing."

She snaps her fingers and the two bruisers comes back inside. Taking you from the chair, your brief struggle is fruitless as they force you out of the warehouse and into the car.

And as it turns out, Scarlet was right.

Very right.

To your credit, you hold out pretty well to the fists and bludgeons of the Lavira family goons, but their succubi eventually squeeze every bit of info from you. It's a rough job though, and by the time they're done, you're little more than a husk, mind destroyed by demonic interrogation.

Fortunately, the Lavira family would never let a wizard go to waste, and you spend the rest of your days in a Lavira bordello. A braindead fuck toy to the succubi gangsters of the family looking for a hit of a wizard's magic-infused cum. What answers lay behind Lauger and the arcane crystals you'll never know, for your journey has reached its ignominious end.

Bad End

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Counter Offer

You think fast, realizing pretty damn quick that you're in a terrible negotiating position. But maybe there's a way out of this...

"Enslave me," you say, "and you'll never get him."

"Then tell me what you know," Scarlet says, the toe of her shoe pressing a little harder against your cock.

You grunt, but glare up at her defiantly. "There's no guarantee I'll live if I do."

"Very true," she purrs, toe rubbing you. "But I promise if you don't, I'll show you things far worse than death."

"Or... you could hire me."

Scarlet raises the dark curl of her eyebrow, her foot easing back just a bit. "Hm?"

"Hire me," you say, seizing the chance. "I won't give up the information easily, and by the time you get it out of me, odds are Luger will be long gone. But if you hire me to finish the job, then you get him, and everyone's happy. Right?"

She eyes you, saying nothing. Then, a smirk spreads across her lips. "Well well," she says. "Who said you were nothin' but a pretty face? How much was that skank paying you?"

Aha, so they knew you were on the job because they'd followed Jezebel. Well, one mystery solved. "Four thousand," you say quickly.

Scarlet laughs again. "Ho ho! Looks like we got a man with aunt-tre-prneurial spirit on our hands. But, what've I got that says you won't just cut and run, hm?"

You shrug as best you can. "Who'd be stupid enough to do that? You're Miss Scarlet."

She cackles with mirth. "Damn straight I am," she says, taking her foot off your crotch. She draws a knife from her belt and you tense, but all she does is slice off your ropes. "Alright, wizard," she says. "Looks like you've made a deal. And if you play me wrong," she adds, wagging the knife at you like a scolding finger, "then you'll get to see me when I'm mad!"

You lift your arms, massaging your wrists where the ropes had dug into your flesh. "I'd hate to see that," you say.

"Damn right you would. But how about horny?"

"Hm?"

You look up as she says that and find her reaching forward, grabbing the back of the chair, fairly shoving her breasts right into your face. Your eyebrows flicker up in surprise as she leans over you, smirking widely.

“Uh...” you say.

“It’s been a real long time since I’ve had a taste of wizard cum,” Scarlet says, her voice molten and forked tongue sliding greedily along her lips. “Too long. And I aim to change that. So how about it, human? Want to give me a taste before you go?”

[Fuck Her](#)

[Head Out](#)

Head Out

“Tempting,” you say, and it is, despite the fact that Scarlet is clearly insane and probably very into biting. But all that adds a dangerous appeal to the idea. Still, you have no intention of getting in deeper with the clearly unhinged demon. Let alone balls deep. “But I’d better get back on the trail. I’ve lost enough time as is, and would hate not to get you your prize.”

Scarlet cocks her head. She huffs. “I suppose that’s true,” she says, pulling back, though you notice she doesn’t do her jacket back up.

You rise after her, still shaking the numbness from your fingers as you walk past her.

“Remember to come back soon,” she calls. “Don’t make me come looking for you, wizard.”

You glance back at her, and her grin could promise pain or pleasure. Or both. Either way, you make your way out of the warehouse at a slightly faster clip.

Past the doors await Scarlet’s two bodyguards. They eye you with surprise but make no effort to stop you from leaving. No lights burn along the street, but by the moonlight peeking through the clouds you find your car waiting behind Scarlet’s. They must have driven it here after your crash, no doubt to dump your body and it in the bay if you were a problem. You brush your hand along the hood, finding that fortunately the damage seems largely superficial. Still, you’ll probably need to fix ‘er up after this job. Another thing you’ll need the money for.

You slip into the driver’s seat and start the engine, only one headlight blinking on and groping down the street as you pull out. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You’ll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

[The Fey Markets](#)

Talk

You can handle a bunch of fey gangsters, but Scarlet is a whole different story. “Woah, woah,” you say quickly, raising your hands to placate the sadistic succubus. “I’m just here to find a man. I’m not looking to pick a fight with the Lavira family.”

“Hmm. Good choice. Now start talking, wizard.”

You do, and gladly, telling her everything you know about the Newgates and Luger. It’s not much, but it seems to satisfy the succubus, who nods slowly as you finish.

“And that’s it?”

“That’s everything,” you confirm.

“Good,” Scarlet says, grins.

And faster than the eye can see, she lunges forward and snaps the dark collar around your neck.

You recoil reflexively, reaching for your gun, but before you can draw it you gasp, arch as you feel the runes on the inside of the collar heat up, scorching against your neck like a brand.

“Y-you...” you manage, finally grabbing the handle of your revolver.

“Me,” Scarlet purrs, pressing forward, soft breasts ground against your chest, her hand cupping your bulge.

Pure pleasure throbs from your collar and crotch. You cry out in helpless delight as she massages your cock and balls, every squeeze sending a pulse throbbing through you. You groan, head falling back, your suddenly weak fingers struggling to grasp the handle of your gun.

Scarlet giggles. “Aw, poor mortal,” she purrs, clicking a leash onto your new collar. “Does that feel good? Well, don’t you worry. You’ll have plenty of time to get used to it as my new pet!”

“I... y-you...!” you gasp, trembling at the unholy grasp on your body. “You... you said you’d let me go!”

“Oh yeaaaaah!” Scarlet says in amazement. “I did, didn’t I? Guess I must have been lying!” she cackles, and yanks on your leash.

You’re dragged off the seat and to your hands and knees in the cramped cab. You raise your head and freeze, eyes widening as you find yourself between Scarlet’s parted thighs, the demoness’s skirt riding high, revealing the damp slit in her panties.

“Like what you see?” the sadistic succubus croons, her free hand tugging up her skirt, a red finger stroking herself through the fabric. “Mmm. I bet you do. Mortals just love the thought of licking out a demon. And you look like you’ll do a good job. Reeaaaaal good.”

You tremble, every word of praise sending another wave of submissive delight throbbing from your collar. “I... I d-don’t...”

"Of course you do," Scarlet says. "Now take off my panties, slave. Mistress wants to have some fun!"

The command seems to thrum through you. You whimper, your hands shaking as they rise, your fingers hooking in the band of the elastic. You try and resist, but it just feels so good to obey. You can't seem to stop from tugging off the fabric, her panties peeling off the damp spot, revealing the hairless slit of her puffy pussy.

Oh fuck.

The scent of her arousal hits you like a heavyweight's punch. You sway a little where you crouch, blinking dully. Your mouth is watering. Your cock absolutely throbbing in your pants.

"Good boy," Scarlet croons, her tone mocking, making you blush even as her legs wrap around your head, the heat of her thighs making you sweat. "Now, get to work!"

Her legs pull you forward, shoving your face against her pussy. You groan with humiliation and naked desire, your tongue already teasing past your lips. You try and resist, but the warmth of the collar pulses, urging you onward, your cock throbbing in need. Your body betraying you to the shameful pleasures you know await.

"Lick, slave," Scarlet says, laughter in her voice.

The command surges through you. Your body pushes itself forward, burying yourself in the demon's pussy. You moan in despair and helpless pleasure as your tongue drives forward, tonguing out the demon in frantic strokes.

And it's so goooooood.

Your humiliation seems to only spur you further. You moan obediently and lick out the demon's sweet pussy, every flick of the tongue another nail in your pride's coffin. But you find it so hard to care. The collar just makes it so wonderful to obey. To lick. To debase yourself for the sadistic brat of a demon.

"Oh yesssss," Scarlet giggles in delight. "Keep going. Fuck, that's a good slave. You're gonna be a great pet, bitch. Aw. I can feel you blushing! Don't worry. You don't have a choice. I'm just that incredible."

"It's all... the collar," you gasp between strokes of your tongue.

"True!" she remarks cheerily as she shifts, her thighs tightening around you, soft, but you can feel a strength in them that could crush your head like a melon if she wanted. "But I don't care. You'll love it soon enough. And then, mmm, when I know you're mine, I'll suck your soul dry. Now get your tongue in there deep, boyo. Make me cum!"

You obey.

You can't help but obey.

And obedience makes you shudder in delight as the collar again throbs and tightens deliciously around your neck.

“Yes!” Scarlet gasps. “Yes! Lick me you fucking bastard! Lick your mistress out! Mnnn! Fuck! There! Tongue my clit! Just like that. Yes. Yes! Just like... like... Mnnnnn!”

Her body arches, her cry of orgasm ringing out as she squeezes your head with the sudden rush of her orgasm. The sudden pressure cuts off your air, mashing you against her pussy. Your skull pounds and you gasp, stars bursting in your eyes as you vainly struggle for freedom. But even then you can’t help but lick up the juices that flow freely from her.

Finally, just as stars dance in your vision, her legs ease their grip, releasing you from suffocation against her mound.

“Ohhhh fuck. Fuuuuck that’s the good stuff,” Scarlet coos, easing back in her seat.

Another shudder of ecstasy rocks you from the collar at those words. So much so you almost miss the car rocking and the doors at the front shutting.

“Miss Scarlet?” one of the two goons growls from the front.

“Take us home, boys. And as for you,” Scarlet says, giving your leash a tug, pulling you back against her mound. “If you can make me cum like that before we get back, I might be inclined to fuck you. Been a long while since I’ve had wizard cum. Can’t wait to see if it’s as good as I remember.”

You whimper in shame and futile anger, even as your tongue eagerly gets back to work on her pussy. You feel the weight of your gun smacking against your thigh as the car rolls into motion, but the presence of the weapon only furthers your humiliation. Freedom so near, but the collar will keep you in bondage.

All to the moaning demoness riding your eager tongue.

[Demon Slave](#)

Demon Slave

Your arms ache.

But everything aches.

And it's so good.

You sway where you stand, your arms held above your head by the chain connecting your wrist cuffs to the ceiling. The warm air of the room tingles against your nakedness, particularly the carpet of scratch marks down your back. Scarlet doesn't believe in diminishing her passions for something as silly as your skin.

The pain is acute, but your collar ensures you can only perceive it as pleasure. Something reinforced since you were brought to her personal chambers in the casino. Weeks? Months? You can't remember anymore. The dark room is like a void of time, punctuated only by Scarlet's amusements.

You whimper as your cock twitches again. You're always hard. Needy. Denied. But in addition to its stiffness, your manhood now sports a dark band around the root, just like your neck, which ensures you only ever cum when mistress wants it. You got that right after you received some further interrogation by Lavira family goons. Once they were satisfied you had handed over all the info you knew, you were properly given over to your new mistress, and your new life began.

You've lost track of the number of times she's fucked you, often tying you to the bedposts in order to properly claim your cock with her velvety pussy. She likes you helpless. Exhaustion was your first fear, for Scarlet is as insatiable as she is sadistic, but the Lavira family has many tonics and potions to ensure you never lack for vigour in the bedroom.

Your existence has become one of numbing eternity. Pleasure never ending at the sadistic hands of your new mistress. Your skin is scored with whips and tastes the sting of hot wax. Brands and bludgeons are used. Scourges and clamps. Pains that your collar ensures your body only knows as pleasures, your screams and moans music to the ears of your cruel mistress. Your magic-infused cum is sought by her for a quick high whenever she comes back after a job, your duty her pleasure and satisfaction. There is no end to the services she demands from her new slave.

And you obey.

You cannot do anything but obey.

You stir as you hear the door open, a bar of light flashing in the room.

"Well hello handsome!"

You squint as Scarlet sashays into the room, slamming the door behind her, her golden eyes glinting like a panther's in the gloom. At her presence, candles flutter to life all over the room, revealing in their crimson glow the mess of her home.

"M-mistress," you gasp.

"Aw, is pet happy to see me?" she asks, pressing up against you, her hand toying with your hair as she gazes into your eyes.

You shudder, leaning against her, desperate for her touch. Your collar warms around your neck, prompting the only reply you can give. "Y-yes, mistress," you gasp.

"Of course you are! And so am I. Oh," she sighs, rolling her eyes dramatically. "You would not believe the day I've had, pet. Just soooo exhausting."

You groan as you feel her hand on your cock, her fingers lazily stroking you. "M-mistress," you whimper.

"Those arcane crystals are just flooding the market. It's so annoying trying to track them down, you know? And there's always so many dealers! I can't put them in the ground fast enough. And it seems like every time I torture someone, their info is already out of date! Life is so unfair."

"Ohhhh," you groan, your chains clinking as you rock against her stroking hand, desperate for the pleasure, even though the band on your cock ensures you cannot cum. Instead, need builds in your balls, throbbing in your body, aching in your mind with desire.

"And I mean, who even wants to use arcane crystals, right? They can't compare to the real thing. You know? What am I saying. Of course you do! You're my personal magic dispenser. Aren't you?" she says, her forked tongue flicking your cheek.

"Yes," you gasp, hips bucking into her hand, the pleasure of your cock making you tremble with need. "Yes m-mistress!"

"Good boy! And speaking of, I'm feeling a bit thirsty."

She lazily shimmies down to her knees, her lips kissing down your naked chest, every press like a punch of pleasure, your body bucking and gasps escaping you. She's soon level with your cock, and you whimper again as her lips press against the tip of your manhood.

"Mmm. Good slave," she purrs, leans in, and engulfs you in her mouth.

You cry out, arching, quivering as pleasure more terrible than ever surges through you. The pressure of orgasm denied pounds behind your eyes as your body tightens, flexing in shameless ecstasy while her lips glide up and down your cock, milking you with terrible skill. With wonderful certainty.

"M-mistresssss," you moan in helpless delight.

"Mmm," Scarlet hums, bobbing slowly, lazily, torturing you with the skill of her hot, tight mouth, her forked tongue stroking your underside with every bob.

Sweat stings in the wounds on your back. The heat of your need burns like a fire kindled in your chest and loins. You whimper and moan, wriggling, panting, desperate for relief yet helpless to find it. Only mistress can free you. Only mistress can make you cum.

You haven't long to wait, fortunately. Though at first slow in order to torment you, you feel Scarlet begin to quicken her bobbing, urging you towards the high of orgasm. She wants it too. Wants to taste your mana-infused cum. Drink down that euphoric high only you can give her. You groan, frantic.

“Mistress!” you whine. “Mistress! P-please! Gotta... ah... Gotta c-cum! Please! Please! Mistress. Oh. Oh! Mistressss!”

“Mhmm,” Scarlet purrs, her finger rising, stroking the band around your cock. You feel the quiver of magic, a sudden loosening of the knot within you.

You wail in ecstasy as you cum, exploding in the demon’s mouth like a fountain. Pleasure blinds you. Your mind goes white as your balls tighten, emptying in great spurts into the mouth of the sadistic succubus. Scarlet moans as she drains your cock, her hair floating as if electrified, her golden eyes sparking as she devours your seed, feeding on the power that infuses it.

Weakness claims you quickly. Whimpering, you sag, held upright only by the chains on your wrists. Scarlet slowly lifts her mouth off your cock, her sinful lips popping free of your softening tip.

“Oh fuck yes,” the demoness moans, tongue stealing around her lips. “That’s the good stuff.”

You pant, too exhausted to say a word. Scarlet giggles and rises to her feet, her free hand remaining low to fondle your balls. “Aw, is my pet tired? Poor thing. But rise and shine, slave! Because mistress isn’t through with you yet.”

You know she’s not. Scarlet would never be satisfied just with that. And even as you acknowledge this, you feel your cock growing again under her expert touch. You’re in for another long night, and some day, Scarlet will go too far and finally drink you dry. But that death is a long way off, you know too well.

And for now, you will remain in the demon’s bedroom thrall. A slave for the rest of your days...

Bad End

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

Fuck Her

You know it's probably a mistake, but dammit, she's asking for it, and you can't help but admire her body and her brazenness. Besides, after all this, you have some aggression you'd love to release.

"Fine," you growl, rising to your full height, grabbing her by the waist and yanking her close. "You want to have a taste? Then you'll get it."

You crush her lips to yours, feeling Scarlet stiffen in surprise at your forcefulness, but only for a moment. In the next instant her arms are wrapping around you, her nails digging into your back and through your shirt and coat as she clutches you close, kissing you hard.

Fuck that hurts! But the pain only spices the pleasure, driving you to push against her harder, backing her against one of the large crates. Scarlet groans as your tongue wars with hers, your free hand slipping between you and her, under her skirt, cupping her mound, pressing your index finger against her slit, feeling how wet she is.

"Mnnn~!" the demoness moans.

"Like that?" you growl.

"Ohhhh, I dooooo," she moans, hips rocking, riding herself atop your stroking digit.

"Bet you do, you sadistic bitch," you growl.

Her golden eyes glint and she escapes your lips, leaning in and biting your neck.

"Ah!" you gasp, stiffening in more ways than one as her tongue strokes the wound. "Bitch!"

"Then fuck me like one," she purrs.

What an excellent idea.

You grab her panties, yanking them down, practically tearing them off. As you do that, her hand fumbles with your pants, finally finding the zipper. She manages to undo it, freeing your length, your cock fairly exploding into the open. Hard. Ready.

And so is she.

You slam her against the crate again, her right leg riding up and hooking around your waist, leaving her bare, ready. You thrust forward, your cock filling her with a stroke.

"Mmmm!" the succubus groans, her nails digging harder into your back, clutching you against her. "Yessss! Fuck me."

"Tight... slut!" you grunt, driving forward, rutting into the demon's tight folds with short, ruthless thrusts.

"Yesssss!" she groans. "So fuck me! Fill me up you fucking bastard!"

Pressure throbs in your temples. Anger. Lust. Her scent fills your senses. Spices. Sex. You can't help but rut into her in sharp, brutal thrusts, mating this cocky bitch with a ruthlessness that surprises you. But she plainly loves it, her voice rising in a melody of absolute pleasure as you claim her pussy.

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Oh yes. Yes! More! Give... me... m-mooooooooore!"

You feel her nails penetrate your jacket, drawing blood as she cums, her wail of orgasm ringing in your ears as she tightens deliciously around your cock. You have no chance of resisting that. You groan, hiltling in her a final time before you feel the sudden surge of orgasm. Your body tenses, balls tightening as you unload in the beautiful demoness.

"O-ohhhhh!" Scarlet moans, her eyes rolling back, her hair writhing, glowing softly as your magic-infused seed pumps into her. Her body shudders in euphoria, her golden eyes burning bright in the dark as she takes your cum.

Panting, you draw back, unsheathing from her tightness. Scarlet sags against the crate, her eyes misty with pleasure. You unsheathe from her, breathing hard as you tuck yourself back into your pants.

"S... satisfied?" you say heavily.

"Mmm. Yeaaaah," Scarlet moans, grinning dumbly, her legs twitching as she fights to keep herself standing.

You snort and turn from the demonic bitch. You leave her there to recover and make your way to the rear of the warehouse. Past the doors await Scarlet's two bodyguards. They eye you with surprise but make no effort to stop you. No lights burn along the street, but by the moonlight peeking over the triangular roofs of the warehouses you find your car waiting. The demons must have driven it here, probably with the intent to dump it and your body in the bay. You brush your hand along the hood, and you see that fortunately the damage from the chase seems largely superficial. Still, you'll probably need to fix 'er up after this job. Another thing you'll need the money for.

You slip into the driver's seat and start the engine, only one headlight blinking on and groping down the street as you pull out. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You'll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

[The Fey Markets](#)

Refuse

You may be some detective for hire, but you've got standards, and if you talk now, you'll never work in this town again. "I'll never talk," you growl, glaring defiantly at her.

"Oh really?" she says, leaning in close, smirking scornfully. "You have any idea how often I've heard of that? Too many. And from much better men than you. But I always get what I want, wizard. And if I can't, there's plenty of girls back at the casino who'll get it all out of you."

You shiver at the cold certainty in her eyes but stick out your chin stubbornly. "Yeah?" you say, your hand grasping the handle of your arcane revolver. "Then what've you got to say to this?"

You whip up your weapon, but with viperish quickness Scarlet lunges across the seat. You try and get the barrel under her, but her hand grabs yours and shoves it down with shocking strength. Reflexively you pull the trigger, the gunshot deafening in the confined space, but the round only managing to punch through the floor of the car.

And then the collar is around your neck.

And Scarlet's lips are on yours.

You gasp, stiffening as you feel the crimson runes burn hot against your throat. Almost as hot as Scarlet's kiss, the force of it pressing you into the back of your seat. You feel the strength flee your body, as if sucked into the glowing brands on the collar, your revolver falling from suddenly nerveless fingers, clattering onto the floor.

"Mmm," Scarlet hums, kissing you deeper, and to your shock, you feel yourself submissively kissing back.

What are you doing?

Angrily, you try and pull back, but your body doesn't seem to be obeying you. Instead, your lips continue to submissively meld with hers, a sudden groan escaping you as her hand moves from your wrist and strokes your chest, running down you and cupping your bulge. You groan, stiffening in more ways than one when she gives your cock a teasing squeeze.

"Mmm. Should've pulled this gun on me instead, wizard," Scarlet breathes, her breath hot as sin and scented of rum as she gives your bulge another pump. "We'd both of enjoyed it even more."

You groan, legs feeling like they're filled with water. "I... I..."

"Love this? Of course you do. Pets always love pleasing mistress. And I'm real good at training my pets," she says, her golden eyes gleaming. "Reaaaaal good."

Her words send another throb of submissive bliss from the collar, radiating through you like a hit of opium. You moan, shuddering, and try and answer, but she merely kisses you again, suffocating you under her lips. You shudder, your body surrendering to her kiss.

And your soul shuddering at the thought of what comes next.

[Demon Slave](#)

The Fey Markets



You reach the gate of the Fey Markets in good time. The wall that holds at bay the veil is a vast, heavy stone mass, whose blocks are fitted together without mortar. Foliage grows in a riot atop it, while creepers crawl along the surface like veins.

The gate itself is a huge rounded thing of bronze fitted into the face of the wall. A door of solid metal, it's inscribed with innumerable wards in an artistic spiral pattern whose intricacies defy the eye. An immense guardian stands beside it, leaning on a halberd. There's a number of entrances into the Fey Markets, but this one is the closest, and the one you've used before. You park not far, in front of a sagging building long abandoned, now playing host to what looks like a jungle growing from the empty windows and doorway. Magic tends to leak from the veil, and so the city cleared out the properties ages ago. Now, some fey squat in the places, but you don't need to worry about your car. The guardian will keep an eye on it. And no one wants to piss him off.

He towers before the brass plug of the fey market gate. Made all of stone, the guardian is decorated with brass and copper armour like the statue of some elvish knight of old. The helmet is a beak like a bird's, and eyes of living magic swivel down towards you.

As you near, you pull out your medallion and flash it for the guardian. The latent magic in it shows him that you are a wizard, and with a groan of metal and stone he gestures with his halberd towards the gate.

Stone booms as the locking mechanism slides back, the plug which seals the door opening up with a great creak. A shimmer like a soapy bubble washes in the air before you, delineating the barrier between worlds.

“Enter,” the guardian rumbles.

“Thanks,” you say, passing him by and pushing through the veil. You shiver as you feel the magic that permeates it wash over you. It always feels so strange to pass through, but in a moment you are and into the realm beyond.

Your foot lands on cobblestone of yellow stone, and all around you is the madness of the Fey Markets. You’re in the Aviary District, where harpies and other aerial fey keep themselves. The Fey Market is divided into districts, each held by a particular class or clan of fey, who keep order in their own ways. A cleared plaza stands before the gate, but beyond it is crammed with shops and buildings, all of them precariously climbing atop one another. The sky is lost among the buildings, clotheslines, and banners strung everywhere, but you can just make out a faint pink shimmer between two towering apartment blocks. Sound roars with a thousand voices. The clanks of pots and pans from food stalls, the shuffling feet of residents and denizens, while reedy music escapes from several cafes facing the square, their sloping roofs suspending awnings of dizzying colours over the streets. Steam seeps from food stalls run by various fey, the scents making your mouth water.

The assault on the senses is almost crushing, but you force yourself forward and into the press of bodies that stuff the narrow streets, shoving past peddlers and stalls selling their wares. Much of it is rubbish. Mere trinkets to amaze gullible visitors, but all of it flashy.

You try and orient your mind to how to get to Pump Street. You seem to remember the path was to the east and...

Aw hell. You just remembered.

It’s through the Drow District.

You curse your luck. Dark elves are not exactly friendly at the best of times. They treat their territory less like an administrative outpost and more like a colony. Complete with their laws, which put men on the bottom rung, and anyone not a drow even lower.

And worse, you’ve had business with them before.

Not willingly of course, but a few years back you were investigating an infidelity case. As it turned out, the man had been ‘married’ to a dark elf matriarch and added to her harem. Matriarch Sada had not taken your efforts to free him well. You did manage it, eventually, but had to break into the district to find the poor bastard. So you sincerely doubt the matriarch will be happy to see you again.

You duck past a fountain where several harpy girls are bathing in the arcs of water, and not even your troubles can keep you from admiring their... plumage. But then you are gone, swallowed once more into the depths of the market.

Sooner than you'd like you reach the end of the Aviary District's territory. A gateway passes through the legs of an immense spider laid up against a wall. Shimmers of purple light glow along the spider's facets. Unsurprisingly, the plaza is deserted. A far cry from the crammed rest of the district, but you can't exactly blame them. Anyone living or working near the gate would run the risk of being snatched, and though the Peacock King could raise hell to get his kidnapped people back, he probably figured anyone stupid enough to build something close to the drow gate deserved what they got. Not exactly an encouraging thought, but you're committed now.

"*Lumas*," you murmur, brushing a finger across your eyes. The interior will be pitch black, so a sight spell will be needed. It'll still be hard to see, but at least you won't be going in blind.

And going in is exactly what you're doing.

You approach the spidery gate, and as you do, the ruby eyes of the statue gleam, their facets seeming to fix upon you. The obsidian legs creak around the doorway, readying to strike. You hastily fish out an amulet you'd have made when you last broke into the district. It should disguise you as a drow to the enchanted guardians, but if they've upgraded them since last time...

You tense as you pass beneath the legs, but the spider statue fails to respond. One hurdle past. You reach the doorway and raise your hand, making quick gestures, tapping glimmers of ultraviolet magic against the black doorway. There's a moment's pause, and then the door slides open, the statue above you settling back into its waiting pose.

Phew.

You step over the threshold and into the dark hallways within, your eyes darting about to see if anyone spotted you. Even with your spell, the gloom is suffocating. The interior of the Drow District is very different from elsewhere in the fey markets. The whole district is basically one sprawling palace, spreading itself over the whole area, masking it all in darkness. You stand in a great receiving chamber, banners hanging limply from the walls and more statues arranged in alcoves. Demonic figures of obsidian poised to strike, and likely able unless the proper sign was shown when entering. Good thing you kept that amulet. But now you have to hurry. The guards of the drow patrol the passages, and those bitches would delight to find an uncollared male.

Best hurry unless you want to meet them.

You quicken your steps through the night-choked hallways, your ears straining for any sign of movement. You hear some coming and hastily duck behind a statue, peeking out warily. Moments later several guards stride down the passage with the ring of heeled boots. Tall, arrogant, swaggering in their scanty armour, the drow females are all painfully lovely, even with their cruel smiles. Ultraviolet paint glows on their thighs and arms in sigils affiliating their houses, while dark capes swish in their wake. Between them shuffles a miserable group of human and lesser fey males. All naked, all with heads bowed, their spirits broken. Their only clothes are obsidian collars marked with the ill runes of the drow's enslavement magic.

You shudder as you watch them pass, off to who knows what fate in the cavernous halls of the drow palace. Once they're gone, you slip back out and hurry on. The exit to Pump Street isn't far, if you recall. Just need to pass this next juncture and...

You freeze, pulling up short as the tramp of booted feet comes from around the bend. So close! No time to backtrack. You look around quickly. No statues, but there is a door next to you. Or perhaps you could hide behind one of the hanging banners? It's not much cover, though.

[Slip Through the Door](#)

[Hide Behind a Banner](#)

[Hold Your Ground](#)

Slip Through the Door

You shove the door open and dart inside, closing it behind you once again. Even with the enchantment on your eyes the interior is gloomy, but you make out racks of bottles arranged along the walls, a number of which are filling the room with a strange glow. You must be in an alchemist's shop. And if the countless bottles, ingredients, and mortars and pestles weren't enough, an old sign with *Lunara's Potions* sits gathering dust in a corner. You start making your way towards the far door when you happen upon a table with two potions nestled on a cushion. You slow, eying them with interest. One sports a picture of a bull's head, while the other depicts a wolf's head. They must be the alchemist's latest works.

Who has just opened the door.

You whirl in surprise, facing the doorway and the woman framed by it. A loose robe is untied at the front, revealing the plump orbs of her breasts, her body beneath clad in a rubbery purple fabric so tight you can see the hollow of her stomach and divot of her belly button and pussy. Bone-white hair nestles around her head in twin buns, and a pair of round glasses sit before the twin purples of startled oval eyes.

Her eyes lid almost instantly and a playful smile alights upon her lips. "Well well!" she says, laughter bubbling in her voice as she uses her hip to nudge the door closed behind her. "What a surprise. A human paying me a visit? How fun."

"Didn't mean to disturb you," you say, back tingling with alarm.

"Of couuuurse not," she says with a mischievous smile, her eyes running up and down you. "But you're trespassing all the same, and the matriarch can be very snippy about humans who get away from their owners."

"I-"

"But I'm willing to forgive," she says, approaching, her hips swaying suggestively, breasts faintly wobbling in her tight bodysuit. "So long as you lend a hand with a little... experiment I'm doing."

"Experiment?" you say warily.

"Of course!" she giggles, gesturing at the bottles. "I've just finished my latest creations, and I've been dying to test them out. Well, someone's been dying anyway. But I'm sure I got the recipes right this time. I had better. Cleaning those slaves off the walls was so exhausting."

"Er..."

"Go on, human," she says, glancing at the glowing bottles. "Take a drink."

[Drink the Bull Potion](#)

[Drink the Wolf Potion](#)

[Draw Your Gun](#)

Draw Your Gun

"I have a better idea," you say, drawing your arcane pistol and levelling it at her.

The drow blinks behind her lenses, as if never even considering that. Which she probably hasn't. She's likely only interacted with slaves so broken by drow magic and whips that they'd sooner die than harm any dark elf.

But now, calculations are being redone.

"On the ground," you say.

She frowns but slowly goes down on her knees. "You're a fool if you think--"

You make a quick sign before her face, the words of a sleep spell murmured beneath your breath. Lunara blinks as the dusty magic puffs from your hand into her face, and then her eyes roll back and she collapses onto the floor.

You breathe out a sigh of relief. Drow have a very high resistance to magic, so there was no guarantee that would work. And even though she's down now, it won't be for long. You holster your revolver and dart towards the door she came through, peeking out.

The shop proper is empty, and you don't wait for it to fill up. Dashing through, you open the door and slip back out into the midnight corridors, hurrying along and heading straight for the exit of the district.

At last you reach the way out. It resembles the entrance, with the gaping doorway framed by the legs of a spider like the bars of a cage.

You dash across the silent plaza and approach the doorway, reaching up and making the same sign as you did to enter. There's a rattling groan of stone as the legs rise like obsidian teeth, allowing you to step outside, and into Pump Street.

Into Newgate territory.

[Into Pump Street](#)

Drink the Bull Potion

Well, if you have to drink a potion, the bull one looks the safest.

You take the bottle and uncork the top. You take a pull, grimacing. Ugh! The taste is thick and heavy, seeming to coat your throat with a layer of fuzziness.

“There,” you say, putting the potion aside. “Now, can I...”

You trail off. What’s that smell? It’s pungent yet appealing. Something familiar, yet you’ve never smelled its like. At least, not consciously.

And is it you? Or do you feel...

Heavy.

You grunt, rolling your shoulders. Your arms feel thicker than before. Yet, more vital. More powerful. You feel more powerful, in fact. More than you’ve felt since... since... Well, you can’t remember. And thinking is awfully hard. It almost hurts. Better not to bother with it.

Was the floor always that far away?

And... were your clothes always this tight?

You look at your jacket, seeing the seams begin to strain, even tear. Without thinking about it much you flex, and with a snapping sound your clothes split across your frame. Hm. That’s better. Why were you even wearing clothes? Stupid things. Just got in the way. Of what?

You have a pretty good idea.

You eye the dark elf before you, noticing how she nibbles her lip, her eyes running up and down your impressive frame. The scent you couldn’t identify before is now clear. You know what it is. The only reason you didn’t before was because you were trying to think about it. Unnecessary. Instinct tells you what it is.

Arousal.

“My my,” Lunara says warmly, her hands moving over her figure, stroking herself through the thin fabric of her bodysuit, her hips beginning to sway from side to side, her cloak fluttering tantalizingly. “A very impressive result.”

Her eyes are glued to your cock. Oh, yeah. That was in the open too. Fuck you’re hard. Hard and thick. Your cock seems different. Bigger. Veiny. The tip flaring a bit like a bull’s. Was it always like that? You don’t remember.

It doesn’t matter.

You snort, inhaling a gust of her arousal. A throb of lust radiates from your cock, shooting straight through you, and your brain instantly marks it as your priority. And you have a pretty good idea what to do about it.

Lunara chuckles, leaning against a heavy counter, her hands gliding up her sides and hefting her breasts, her violet eyes lidding teasingly. "Do you want me, my bull?" she purrs.

"Yeah," you growl.

"I know you do. Then come get some."

Sounds good to you.

You lumber towards her, your nostrils flaring as the scent of her arousal gets stronger. Your head aches. Throbbing. But that's nothing compared to your cock. Your headache can wait. You want her now.

Lunara gasps as your hands grip her hips, lifting her onto the edge of the table. She moans, head tilting back as you lean down, nuzzling her breasts. You're surprised when the fabric parts easily at your nudging, her plump breasts pushing into the open.

"Mmm. Do you... ha... like it? Newest product. Slime clothes. It r-responds to the wearer's wants."

"Good clothes," you grunt, one hand moving down, stroking her mound. You snort in amusement as the fabric parts around your finger, revealing the lush gash of her pussy. You inhale again. Fuck that's good. The scent of her lust hangs so heavy now. The heat of her desire coating your finger in arousal.

"Yesssss. Kiss my breasts, my beast," she gasps.

You obey. Why not? It sounds like a good idea to you. And letting her have the ideas seems like a good use of your time. Why think when she's willing to do it for you? She seems to have a good handle on it. Gives you more time to admire her body.

And there's a lot to admire. Your thick tongue lathes her breasts, teasing the plum flesh and coal black nipples, making her moan and grasp your head. Fuck, the pressure in your skull is growing. Throbbing. And so is your cock. You're so hard. Fuck. Need to fuck her. Gotta fuck her hard...

Your hands go back to her hips, pulling her close. Lunara moans as the thick slab of your cock rubs against her slit, her legs wrapping around your waist.

"Yes!" she gasps. "Yes, fuck me, my brute. Fuck your mistress with your big cock!"

Wow, she really does have the best ideas.

You push forward, stuffing her with your manhood. Lunara cries out, her legs tightening around you, squeezing you deliciously as your massive shaft fills her. You're stunned at how deep she takes you, but your surprise evaporates before the heat of your lust.

You growl, low and heavy, your hips beginning to buck, thrusting, fucking the gorgeous drow in sharp, brutal motions.

"Ohhhhh!" Lunara moans, her glasses bouncing on her nose as you fuck her. Bottles rattling in the cabinets along the walls with every pump of your cock. "Yes. Yessss! Give it... Ah... give it to me! Oh fuuuuck! So glad... so glad I drank that... that stretching po-otion!"

You have no idea what she's saying. You don't care. The heaviness of your balls consumes you. Drives you. Your thrusts grow faster. Harder. Her breasts rub your chest as you bounce her atop your massive cock. Your head is pounding. Throbbing. You're so close. You're nearly there. Ready to cum. Ready to fill her. Yes. Yes! Ready to... ready to...

"Rooooo!" you bellow as you hilt in her a final time, body tensing as your cock throbs, pulses, unloads the full heaviness of your cum into the gorgeous drow elf. As soon as you do your head clears. An eruption of relief as two bullish horns suddenly sprout from your head.

"Yesssss!" Lunara cries, shuddering in ecstasy as she cums with you, her pussy tightening deliciously, squeezing you, milking your thick seed into her wonderful pussy. Her hands grab your new horns, clinging to them as she rides out her orgasm, pussy rippling in ecstasy around your thick bull cock.

A soft moan escapes the drow as she comes down from that glorious high. She sags against the wall, still holding your horns, keeping you from moving away. Her smile is hot and her cheeks flushed a deep purple with pleasure.

"A... an astounding success," she pants.

"What?" you say.

She laughs throatily and pats your cheek. "Don't... don't worry about it, stud."

You don't. Especially since you can feel yourself getting hard again. Fuck you're horny. In more ways than one. Heh. That was good.

"What's funny, stud?" Lunara asks beneath you.

You look down at her, and the second you see her soft lips and plump, heaving tits you forget what you were thinking about. You feel yourself harden once more, your heavy balls still so loaded with cum. Fuck but you need more fucking.

Lunara can clearly tell. Her smirk deepens and she leans up again, her soft lips parting.

"Mmm. Looks like my new bull needs some more... relief. Well, I can't let my pet get so pent up, can I?"

"No," you agree, not questioning her claim you're her pet. If that's what she wants, it works for you. So long as you can fuck her.

And as you begin to saw into her once more, bouncing the moaning dark elf atop your cock, you know that's all you'll ever need...

Bad End

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

Drink the Wolf Potion

Well, if you have to drink a potion, the wolf one looks the safest.

You take the bottle and uncork the top. You take a pull, grimacing. Ugh! The taste is thick and heavy, seeming to coat your throat with a layer of fuzziness.

In fact, you feel quite a bit more... fuzzy.

And itchy.

You grimace, scratching at your arms. Fuck, you feel uncomfortable. Why? You pull back your sleeve and freeze, itchiness forgotten.

Because now you see the fur growing on your arms.

"H-hey! Hold on, I... rrrrrgh!" you groan, shuddering as a tension twists in your arms and legs. You grab your coat as the hot feeling spreads. You groan as the earlier tension stretches in your arms and legs. Bursting out of you! You tear your coat to shreds, your fingernails growing into claws. You gasp as pain rips through your legs and arms, your muscles bulging, lengthening, your whole body growing. A pain in the base of your spine makes you cry out as a bushy tail bursts from you. You fall to all fours as more changes sweep you. Your face extends, growing into a lupine snout. Your ears grow into long canine points. Your teeth sharpen into savage fangs.

You lift your head and howl your torment, and howl it is, for a canine bellow tears from your muzzle, echoing in the room.

"Oh my."

Your head swivels back to Lunara, who watches you with undisguised excitement. You growl low, rising slowly from your haunches and back to your feet. Her. She... she did this to you. And... and...

And she smells good.

You blink, your thoughts derailed, and it's hard to get them lined up again. Your senses are suddenly far keener, and are very distracting. Especially your sense of smell. You can smell something on her. Something you never had a name for, but that flicks switches in your brain.

Aroused.

She's aroused.

The bulb sparks in your mind, and suddenly, all your anger turns to something no less hot, but considerably elsewhere directed. You feel your lupine cock harden, emerging from its sheathe as you loom over the sultry dark elf. Lust fires your veins and a low growl rumbles from deep in your chest.

Lunara seems utterly unperturbed by the sight of a seven foot bipedal wolf in her lab. Instead, the drow merely smirks and grasps the rim of a table behind her, hoisting herself onto it and parting her thighs, revealing the sleek fabric pressed against the contours of her pussy.

“Do I smell good, pet?” she coos, reaching between her shapely thighs and lazily stroking herself through the tight fabric. “Do I make you hard and horny?”

Again the growl rises from you, but your nose twitches, inhaling the thick scent of her desire. You slowly lower yourself back onto all fours, leaning in, pressing your nose against her mound.

“Mmmm,” Lunara moans, her legs wrapping around your head, pulling you against her pussy. “Gooood boy,” she purrs, her hands tangling in your mane of fur, her hips rocking, rubbing herself against your muzzle. “Go on. Give me a lick.”

You obey. Your tongue lathing against the outline of her pussy. To your surprise the fabric parts easily, and her scent nearly overwhelms you as you inhale deeply. You groan, your tongue stroking her, admiring the wetness of her pussy.

“Oh fuck yes,” Lunara gasps, her hands tightening in your fur, her hips rising with need, riding your stroking tongue. “That’s it. Gooood boy. Lick me. Mmmm. Do you like my suit? Slime... ah... fabric. Responds to... to the user’s mmm. N-needs. And... and mine is for you to lick me. To lick and... and f-fuck me!”

You growl again, but the sound lacks threat, instead holding only growing excitement and desire. Her taste is intoxicating. More inebriating than the finest wine. And you’re thirsty for more. No. Not thirsty.

Hungry.

You abandon her pussy, rising, half mounting the table pushing between her legs, your tail wagging eagerly as the thick, red length of your canine cock rubs against her folds. Lunara groans in pleasure as you saw against her needy pussy, drawn to the heat of her body. She suddenly twists in your grasp, bending herself over the table, your cock resting in the smooth seam of her ass. Lunara looks over her shoulder, eyes hot like foxfire behind her glasses, lidded with anticipation as she gives her curvy rump a tempting shake.

“Fuck me!” she commands.

The words thrum through you. Spur you forward. You lunge in, burying your cock in the slick heat of her pussy.

“Ohhhhh!” Lunara moans, her hands clutching the table, her legs slammed into the edge with the force of your thrust.

“Rooooooo!” you howl as the pleasure surges up through you in a spike of ecstasy, your pelvis spanking her lush bottom as her glorious pussy devours your cock. There’s not a chance of holding back. You hammer into her, your hot breath on the back of her neck, your body curved atop her, your cock plunging into her slick pussy with frantic, eager thrusts of your cock.

Fucking her.

Mating her.

Breeding her eager cunt.

“Ah!” Lunara cries out, every thrust of your cock spanking her bottom, the sound echoing in the room. “Ohhhh yessss! Fuck me. Fuck me, beast! Give me... ah... that c-cock! Don’t... mmm... don’t stop! Don’t you fffffffucking dare! Keep going. Oh yes. Yes! Ha. Yes! Fuck me!”

You oblige, obeying her. Rutting her like the animal you are. The tightness of her velvet pussy massages your bestial cock wonderfully. Gloriously! Better than you’ve ever known when you were a man. It’s good. It’s so goooood! You can feel the rush of approaching orgasm. You rut into the softness of the elf with growing urgency, the pressure of your orgasm rising. Throbbing. Surging!

“Yes! Yes! Mate me! Mate meeee! Breed meeeee!” Lunara cries beneath you.

The sheer need in that final cry pushes you over the edge. You howl in pleasure, hiltling in her a final time, stuffing her with your inhuman cock. You cum in a sudden swell of pleasure, your lupine cock swelling, knotting the drow beneath you.

Your head swims with the heady pleasure of that moment. You pant slow and hot, sagging atop Lunara as she moans heavily. When at last your knot shrinks, freeing you from the lovely dark elf, you unsheathe your cock from her and slump back.

With a contented sigh, Lunara rolls back over, sitting up lazily, her breasts wobbling in the tight confines of her bodysuit. Her fingers tangle in your mane, petting you.

“Good boy,” Lunara croons. “Very good boy.”

You rumble in satisfaction at her touch, barely feeling the collar she slips around your neck.

“Sit,” Lunara says.

You do at once, never questioning the urge to obey.

“Speak,” she says.

“Woof!” you bark.

Lunara giggles and fondles your ears. “Good boy! You’re so smart.”

You pant in happiness as she fondles your ears, your tail thumping as you crouch before her, the collar glowing with arcane runes. You’ll never wonder or resent your obedience to the lovely alchemist before you. Never consider why you shouldn’t obey her every command like a good boy. A good werewolf to your mistress. You’ll accept the collar, the tug of the leash, and every order she’ll give you. You’ll fuck her when she commands and kill when she says so.

You’re a good dog.

A very good boy for mistress.

Bad End

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

Matron Sada

You're dragged through the halls of the black palace and to a pair of towering doors that open at once. Hauled inside, you catch glimpses of impressive tapestries and pillars carved into the shapes of drow women, looming in grim, aristocratic beauty. No sooner do you register this, your guards stop and force you to your knees.

"Well well. What a surprise."

Oh hell. You know that voice. Reluctantly, you lift your eyes.

A throne atop a pedestal awaits before you. The back is tall and has eight spidery legs carved of stone. Another eight rubies like eyes of fire sit in the peak of the statue, gleaming in the light cast by some braziers burning a violet flame.

Matriarch Sada herself lounges in the throne with all the grim dignity of her house. Dark silks drape her, but do nothing to hide the fullness of her breasts and the length of her legs. Her hair is bone white and frame her strikingly regal and beautiful face, while a tiara of black metal set with a huge ruby sits upon her brow. She looks down her nose at you, a smirk upon her lush lips.

"Hello, Sada," you say.

"That's Matron Sada to you, human," she says, rising elegantly and striding down the steps of her throne to stand before you. Her hands are on her hips, her head tilted back with amused contempt. "But this is quite the surprise. I hadn't expected to see you again. Especially after what you did last time. Stealing my property like that was quite rude of you."

"His wife wanted Lewis home," you say.

"And I wanted him here. Lewis, was it? He was quite an amusing diversion, though much of the sport of him was finished.

"But this, once more, makes me wonder, human. Just what could bring you back to our lands? You surely knew what would happen if we caught you. So speak, human. Tell me why you are here."

[For You](#)

[For Work](#)

[For Pleasure](#)

For Work

"I'm working on a job," you say.

"In my district? How bold of you."

"Not here," you say. "On Pump Street, with the Newgates."

"The Newgates?"

The venom in her voice has you look up in surprise, discovering the matron crouched before you, her violet eyes sharp with rage. Her hand grabs your hair, jerking your head up. "What business do you have with them?" she growls.

You blink. "Same... same as I had with you. I'm supposed to find someone who they took."

Sada's smile grows. "Well well," she purrs, releasing your hair. "You are a clever one. Yes. You just might be able to do it too. How excellent. Yes. Excellent indeed..."

"It is?" you say warily.

Sada straightens, looming over you with her arms crossed under her breasts. "Oh yes," she says. "Quite excellent. The Newgates have been a thorn in my side for months now. They've even dared trying to peddle their wretched crystals near my territory, without offering me any part of the profits. But no matter how many I flay and hang outside the gate, they fail to get the message. And I've caught more than a few of my people partaking in their wretched little crystals. And then here you are," she says, nudging your cheek with her bare toe. "Come to steal something of theirs. Oh yes. I think I'd enjoy that very much."

"Then... you'll let me go?" you say warily.

Sada gestures and her guards release you. You climb back to your feet, brushing your coat clean.

"So long as you give those fools who dared defy me a black enough eye, yes, I will release you. Though I warn you," Sada says with a cruel smirk. "Should you ever return to my domain again, I will see you collared, chained, and reduced to nothing more than my personal plaything."

You shiver. "I won't."

"I know," Sada purrs darkly. She nods at her guards. "Take him to the gate and throw him out."

Aw great. You don't try and fight as the drow guards grab you and haul you back the way you came. But this is progress. Shockingly so, too.

You reach the exit in a short time. It resembles the entrance, with the gaping doorway framed by the legs of a spider like the bars of a cage. The guards halt at the bottom of the steps and their leader shoves you towards it.

"Get going, human. Or maybe we'll 'lose you' in the dungeons after all," the drow guard says.

Cruel laughter and covetous glances come from the other guards. You grimace, trying to ignore them as you slip through the space and approach the doorway, reaching up and making the same sign as you did to enter. There's a rattling groan of stone as the legs rise like obsidian teeth, allowing you to step outside, and into Pump Street.

Into Newgate territory.

[Into Pump Street](#)

For You

Matron Sada is a bitch, but she's also vain. If you can get her to drop her guard, you'll have a chance to escape. And what would be better than a quick high from your magic infused cum?

"To be honest," you say, tone as honeyed as a beembo royal bath, "I came back because I wanted to see you again."

"Is that right?" Sada says, lifting her leg and nudging your face with her toe, turning your head this way and that. "The sight of me when last we met was so inspiring you needed to behold my beauty in its entirety once more?"

"Can you blame me?" you say.

Sada scoffs. "No," she admits. "But you did run from me the first time. Therefore, you must be punished."

Oh, that might not be good.

You open your mouth to reply, but before you can she points at you and says a word of power. You don't recognize the spell, but the effect makes itself known almost instantly. Sticky strands suddenly adhere to your clothes. You yelp as you're jerked off the floor, lifted up, spread-eagle in a web that hovers in the air. You try and pull free, but the strands have very little give.

And then you stop, because Sada has just shrugged off her cloak, and revealed the tight leather corset she wears beneath.

The drow matriarch certainly has the look. Her breasts are lifted by the leather to seem full and firm. Her long legs carry her towards you with a click of heels and her hand presses against your chest.

"Hmm. An impressive specimen," she purrs as she feels the hardness of your abdominals, her hand wandering low before cupping your bulge. You suck in a breath, straightening sharply as she gently fondles your manhood. Her eyes glow in the low light and her smirk widens. "Very nice."

"I uh..."

"Hush," she purrs, her hand going to your belt. "You are mine now, human. And I intend to see what I have won."

"You..."

Her hand moves up again and presses against your chest. A word whispers from her lips, and you suck in a breath as your clothes dissolve as if being eaten away by a black acid. It doesn't touch your skin, but in moments leaves you utterly naked.

And utterly at her mercy.

"Much better," Sada purrs as her hands stroke your stomach and chest, wandering lower. As she does, she glances at the guards. "Leave us."

"Yes, mistress," the other drow says, the clank of a salute reaching your ears, followed by the click of heels as they depart. As the door booms shut, Sada's attention returns to you, her violet eyes burning like embers of lust, her fingers ghosting down your abdomen to cradle your helpless cock and balls once more. "Mmm. Quite the specimen. Excellent."

"It is?"

"Oh yes. I'd never make a lesser male mine. The strong ones are so much more satisfying to keep."

"So-"

She suddenly leans in, her lips pressing to yours. Your eyes shoot wide open, your mouth gasping with surprise as her tongue pushes in, easily overpowering your own. Even as she does this, one of her hands grabs your hair, jerking your head back, a jolt of pain stabbing through your scalp. Her other hand meanwhile grasps your stiffened cock, her fingers running admiringly along your shaft.

You groan, arching against the web, trembling at the surge of sensations warring for dominance within you. Her tongue seems to slither out of your mouth, leaving you panting and gasping. "Slaves speak when their mistress commands it. Not before," Sada growls, then assault you with another kiss.

You can only groan, her breasts pressing against your chest, her hand pumping your helpless cock as you wriggle with ecstasy.

Everything about Sada is so overwhelming. You can't get enough of her. Her lips. Her touch. You shudder under her skill. A mastery built over centuries and countless lovers and slaves. And you are nothing more than her latest plaything.

And she has such things to show you.

You groan, your body flexing, trying without success to escape the bindings that hold you. But your failure only seems to excite you further. Your cock twitches and sensitivity charges through you like a burst of electricity.

"Hmmm," Sada hums between presses of lips. "Responsive... eager... Yes. It will be fun to train you, slave. You're already nearly there. You yearn to be made helpless. Entranced. Tamed and collared by your betters. And I will, slave. I will show you your true place. Where you belong."

"Y-yes. Sounds good. I ah!"

You cry out as she suddenly nips your neck, the pain a shock that makes your cock jolt, nearly cumming right there.

"You will address me as mistress, slave."

"Y-yes. Of course, mistress."

"I'm not sure I believe you," Sada growls, her eyes flashing dangerously. "No. In fact, I think stronger measures are needed."

She flicks her fingers and you yelp as the world suddenly shifts, the webs tilting you further back. You find yourself at a ninety-degree angle, and Sada easily climbs over you, her thighs pressing into the webbing on either side of your lap, her leather-clad mound grinding down on your cock. You hiss at the heat you can feel radiating from the leather, the fabric woefully insufficient to mask Sada's desire.

"Beg for it, slave," she growls, beginning to lazily rut against your cock, the leather smooth and almost tortuous against your twitching manhood. "Beg for your mistress to fuck you. Beg for her to show you the pleased heights that I alone can give you!"

Her words are said passionately. Savagely. The pleasure and her domineering personality crushing your will beneath her. There's really only one thing to do, and that's give in.

"Please, mistress!" you gasp, face burning with humiliation and desire. "Please... ah... F-fuck me! Your slave nn! Your slave b-begs you!"

"Of course you do. A mere human must beg. But I am generous, slave, and so... I grant... your wish!"

She rocks up high, balancing over you. Her hand grasps the leather band and pulls it down over her hips, revealing the lush slit of her pussy. You breathe in sharply, the scent of her arousal overwhelming. And then she lowers herself atop you.

And you're in heaven.

"F-fuuuuuck!" you moan as her tight pussy devours you, the drow groaning in delight as she begins to ride your cock, her hips working like pistons, the webs just springy enough to bounce you up and down, driving you into her with every twitch of her body.

"Yesssss!" Sada cries. "Like that, slave. Fuck your mistress! Serve her! Mnnn! You pathetic... ah... prideful worm. I will teach you what you are! I will show you what you need. You need m-me! You need my pussy! You need to serve! Serve me!"

"Mistress!" you gasp, head spinning, body straining with the sensations that threaten to devour you. "Ah! M-mistress! Yes! Yes! Yours! All y-yours! Please... Ah... p-please! Mistress. Need... need to c-cum! Mistress! Ohhhh!"

Your final wail of orgasm rings in the black stone halls, your body shuddering as it surrenders to the devouring heat of the drow's pussy. Matron Sada cries out, her body tightening wonderfully atop you, quivering as she joins you in your orgasm, her pussy drinking every spurt of your cum.

A glow soon suffuses the drow matriarch, her body absorbing the pure mana you unload in her, her hair shimmering with every hue in the ultraviolet spectrum, her skin growing lush as a ripe plum.

Breathing hard, hot, and heavy, Sada licks her lips and settles atop your lap, her hand on your head, pressing you back into the cushiony web so you have no choice but to look up at her dominating face, her violet eyes hot as embers.

"Not bad... slave," she pants.

"Th-thank you," you gasp.

“For round one.”

“O-one!”

Sada laughs cruelly. “Foolish human. Did you think one helping of your seed would sate me? I am the matriarch! And I will have satisfaction. And you,” she says, her hand gliding down to your chest, her palm pressing down over your heart. “You will give it to me.”

You jolt as a sudden burst of magic spears through you from her palm. Your body trembles, suddenly buzzing with sensitive arousal, your cock instantly hardening within her once more. Sada laughs at your startled expression, already beginning to ride you once more, the pleasure radiating from your cock even more intense. More overwhelming. You groan, head falling back as you buck upwards into her pussy. Oh gods. Oh gods, how could you think you could overwhelm this witch of the drow? Too late do you realize she’ll milk your cock until you’re nothing more than a lovestruck harem boy.

And you’ll enjoy every second of the process.

[Slave to the Drow](#)

For Pleasure

If there's one thing you know about the drow, it's that they're shameless hedonists. And a matriarch is the peak of that sadistic society.

"Matron Sada," you say, voice as honeyed as a beembo's tits. "Everyone knows that no one can match the drow for pleasures."

"Very true," Sada says, tilting her head as if to see you from a different perspective. A smirk plays upon her lips. "And let me guess. The last glimpse you had of our pleasure pits were too tantalizing to forget, to the point you couldn't resist stealing a peek to know if the tales are true."

"You've hit the nail on the head, matron," you say with an encouraging smile.

"Of course I did," Sada says, leering down at you, only for her eyes to narrow sharply. "And you must think me a fool!"

Your grin drops in shock. "Uh-"

"I do not know why you are here, human, but rest assured you shall never leave again. I will satisfy my curiosity once you have been properly shown your place. But as a final mercy, I shall grant your wish. I have been looking for a new slave for my harem, and you shall do nicely." Sada cracks the whip at her side. "Take him to the Pleasure Pit! I will show him personally the delights he so wishes to see."

"M-matron Sada! I-"

One of the guards clocks you in the jaw, your head snapping sideways and ringing like a bell. You can barely offer a token resistance as the guards hoist you to your feet and drag you back towards the looming doors.

Your ploy has failed, and your fate sealed. And yet, some craven part of your soul trembles in anticipation to know what it truly means to be personally trained by Matron Sada.

[Slave to the Drow](#)

Hide Behind a Banner

Being discovered is the last thing you want, and you hastily duck behind one of the long banners hanging to the floor. You flatten yourself against the wall, listening, breath held as the methodical tramp of the guards come closer.

Closer.

You tense as the ringing heels come near. Your hand slides to the handle of your arcane revolver as the steps come to your hiding spot.

And then, pass by.

You almost dare not hope as the footsteps recede further into the distance, but finally you risk a peek from behind your hiding place, catching just a glimpse of the guards' cloaks as they round the corner to continue their patrol.

You let out the breath you'd been holding. Hell. That was a close one. But no more time to waste. Taking another quick look in the corridor, you dash out and hurry down the way. Several more times you hear approaching guards, but are able to hide until they pass by.

At last you reach the exit. It resembles the way you came in, with the gaping doorway framed by the legs of a spider like the bars of a cage.

You dash across the empty plaza and approach the doorway, reaching up and making the same sign as you did to enter. There's a rattling groan of stone as the legs rise like obsidian teeth, allowing you to step outside, and into Pump Street.

Into Newgate territory.

[Into Pump Street](#)

Slave to the Drow

The crack of the whip echoes in the shadowy reaches of the sumptuous chamber of silk and obsidian. You cry out, arching as its sting lances across your back, your hands clenching in the cuffs that drag your arms above your head, your legs tensing, already stretched to their limits.

The whip hisses as it's drawn back across the cold stone floor of Sada's bedroom, though the room serves many functions for your sadistic mistress. Most dungeons have less complete collections of tortuous tools at their disposal, and your mistress has made sure you have known the tender mercies of them all under her expert hand. Sculptures of her and of spiders are carved into the walls, silent witnesses to your torments and delights.

You pant, whimpering, sweat matting your hair and your cock almost painfully hard, quivering and jutting from your body in helpless desire. Pride cannot survive down here in the realm of the drow. Even the most hardy soul can be bent to the whims of the dark elves. For if force will not break a man, then pleasure surely will.

And Sada is an expert in both.

You did nothing to warrant your current punishment. Nothing you can recall, anyway. But that doesn't matter. Your screams please your mistress, and so you must cry out. The scent of your sweat and blood in the air stirs her desires, and so you must suffer.

And you take it all, for you are her slave.

It took you a while to crystallize this certainty in your soul, but once you did, all things became clear. You are not a man. You are a plaything. You have no purpose beyond your mistress's pleasure.

And she will have it, one way or another.

Pain.

Pleasure.

They meld together in this dark realm you find yourself in. It has been years since you've seen the sun, but mistress doesn't care. You're a house slave, unworthy to be let out of the Drow District and from your mistress's tender embrace. The truth of this is as hard and real as the enchanted gold ring wrapped around the root of your cock, keeping your orgasm bound until mistress wishes it.

At last, you hear the whisper as the whip is wound back up. You can hear Sada's breathing. Hot. Quick. Your nostrils flare, almost able to scent her arousal hanging heavily in the air.

You hear the clicking of her heels as she draws near. You shiver, quivering as her hand ghosts along your back, your shoulder, her fingers grasping your hair, tightening her hold. She turns your head savagely and presses her lips to yours, kissing you hungrily over your shoulder.

You groan, yielding at once, quivering as her tongue pushes into your mouth, writhing with your own. Sada presses against you, her lips bruising yours in the fierceness of her passion. When she breaks the kiss you hang there, gasping for breath, awaiting her next decision.

At last she gestures and the chains around your wrists snap open, dumping you to the floor. You kneel there, panting, every muscle burning.

Sada walks around you and to her bed. Your eyes follow her, her nakedness complete but for her heeled boots, her ass lazily swaying, her breasts firm and high. She takes a seat on the edge, her violet eyes burning in the dark as she looks down on you, a smirk of satisfaction alighting her lips. And even that is enough to make you shiver in pleasure anew. She suddenly lifts her foot towards you.

“Remove it, slave.”

“Y-yes. Mistress,” you gasp and obey, hands trembling as you delicately lift her heeled shoe off, revealing her violet toes. She switches legs and you obey again, drawing it off delicately.

“Good. Join me, slave,” she instructs.

The force of her command compels you to your feet. You crawl onto the bed, on your knees, your back to her. Sada leans over you, her hands resting on your pale flesh, and you whimper as you feel her tongue tease along your new wounds, licking the blood that still flows from them.

You shake with pain, exhaustion and the dreadful anticipation of your next pleasures. Her hands ghost over you, stroking you, the tenderness after the agonies almost more than your mind can bear. Her hand finds its way into your lap and her fingers wrap tenderly around your cock.

You whimper, moaning as she begins to slowly stroke you, pumping your throbbing manhood with tortuous skill. The gold ring which snakes around your root gleams in the gloom. Warm from the heat of your shaft. Tight as the control of Sada’s will.

“Good slave,” Sada says, her breath wafting along your back and neck as she leans against you, her naked breasts rubbing your flesh, her pearly teeth gently biting the lobe of your ear. “Mistress is pleased. Such a good slave. So well trained. So well behaved. You have pleased mistress very much.”

You whimper, relishing every word of her praise, even as some small part of you still rails against your degradation. But that part is so very small, and the humiliation it feels as you’re used only makes the pleasure all the sweeter.

“You’re so hard, slave,” she murmurs, lips kissing your neck, her teeth nibbling on the flesh. “So hard and ready. Do you want it? Perhaps I’ll even let you cum. Your screams were such a delight tonight.”

You feel her rubbing her breasts against you. Her whole body rocking as she strokes your cock. The ring is so tight it digs into your manhood. Helpless whimpers escape you. “M-mistress,” you gasp.

“Are you ready, slave?”

“Yes. Yes,” you pant.

She turns you around suddenly, pushing you down onto the bed. You fall onto it, your cock jutting upward, a pillar of helpless flesh ready for her. Her violet eyes glow like a predator’s in the night.

She's not smiling. Only the intensity of her eyes and the heaving of her breasts betray her need for you. She moves over you, her hips swaying tantalizingly. She angles your shaft up towards her velvet pussy as she crouches above you, one hand pressing down on your chest, holding you in place. She lowers herself slowly.

"Ohhhhhh!" you moan, clutching at the sheets as her pussy sinks down on your cock, the pleasure so good you feel the shuddering of your balls as your body tries to cum, denied by the ring, the tortuous cry of your sensitivity finally bringing a smile to Sada's face.

"Good slave," she purrs.

And begins to bounce.

You gasp, groaning as the drow matriarch claims your pleasure for herself. Her breathing grows hotter the faster she goes. The aching agony in your balls flips between pain and pleasure as your body struggles to decide if you love or hate the sensations throbbing from your cock. And that only makes it all the sweeter. All the better.

All the more wonderful to submit to your dark mistress.

She can sense your torment. Your pleasure. And she relishes it. Her eyes blaze in the gloom. Her hips beat down upon you. Her hands press you down into the bedding until your blood sticks to the sheets.

"Yes! Yes! So close, slave. So close. Nearly there. Yes. Yes! Oh! Oh yessssss!"

She cries out in ecstasy as she reaches that blessed peak, her pussy rippling, squeezing, milking your cock. Her high pushes you to the brink once again. You moan, body numb and tingling at the tortuous sensations that assault you.

"M-mistress! P-please! On mistress! Mistress! Mnnnn!"

"Yes! Yes! Cum, slave. Have your reward!"

Her command rockets to the ring. It loosens as you quiver in pleasure, the peak of your pleasure surging through you in a rush. You wail in pleasure as you cum, your head seeming to float with that unearthly peak. Your mind bursting with glorious pleasure as your orgasm claims you in a white blaze of glory.

You sag atop the bed, breathing hard as your orgasm bleeds from you, your heart thudding like it's ready to explode.

Atop you, Sada hums, her hips lazily rocking as she milks your cock, her hair shimmering with the hues of magic, her skin glowing like a dark sun. "Mmm. Did you enjoy your reward, slave?"

"Y-yes. Yes... mistress," you whimper.

"Good. But we a far from done, aren't we?"

You groan as you feel the ring tighten once more, pulsing around your cock, forcing you back to full hardness. For your mistress is ever insatiable, and her pleasure is your only purpose.

Now and for the rest of your days.

Bed End

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

Hold Your Ground

You hold your ground, staring straight ahead as the tramping steps come around the corner. Several drow guardswomen walk in perfect synch, their skin glowing with ultraviolet hues, their weapons swinging on their belts. They spot you instantly and stop dead, several smiling in amusement.

“Well well!” one says, their leader by the obsidian crown that peaks her brow. “What have we here? Did you slip your collar, male?”

“I think he lacks one, sister,” one of the other guards says. “Look. He dresses like one from the overland.”

“So he does. So he does. And you know what that means, sister,” the leader says, her smirk growing vicious. “We have an intruder!”

The drow grin and reach for their whips. Uh oh...

[Try to Parley](#)

[Use Magic](#)

[Run for It!](#)

Try to Parley

“Wait!” you cry, holding up a hand. “There’s a good reason! I-”

The rest of what you were going to say is cut off as the drow leader’s whip snaps out, wrapping around your neck. You gag, reaching for it, only for the drow maiden to pull hard, wrenching you off your feet.

You hit the floor hard, choking as you writhe against the tightness of the whip. You try and reach for your arcane pistol, but another of the guards steps on your hand, the heel grinding down.

“What should we do with him, sisters?” one asks.

“Oh! Let’s have our fun. I haven’t broken a human in ages,” another says.

“Silence!” the leader raps out sharply. “You know the rules. The matron will decide his fate.”

Oh no. That’s not good. You try and struggle free, but the drow warriors easily grab you, wrenching you back to your feet between them. One loosens the whip from around your neck, allowing you to breathe, but that’s poor comfort as you’re forced down the halls, and deeper into the midnight palace.

[Matriarch Sada](#)

Run for It!

You don't like these odds, which leaves you one choice. Your shoes squeak on the floor as you twist around and bolt back down the way you came, but barely make it three steps before a whip lashes out, wrapping around your ankle and pulling hard.

Your legs fly out from under you and you crash to the obsidian floor with a heavy grunt. Laughter erupts from the drow guards as the whip reels you back, dragging you towards them. You twist onto your back, trying to draw your revolver, but with a crack another whip lashes your hand.

"Gah!" you gasp, reflexively pulling your hand away. Before you can try again the other guards pounce on you. Surprisingly strong, dark hands grab you, wrenching you to your feet and arms behind your back.

"What should we do with him, sisters?" one of your captors ask.

"Oh! Let's have our fun. I haven't broken a human in ages," another says.

"Silence!" the leader raps out sharply. "You know the rules. The matron will decide his fate."

Oh no. That's not good. You try and struggle free, but the drow warriors easily force you down the halls between them, marching you deeper into the midnight palace.

[Matron Sada](#)

Use Magic

You're outnumbered, and no doubt the drow have some potent sorceries they can bring to bear as well. But so can you, and you know their weakness.

Squeezing your eyes shut, you raise your hand, magic crackling between your fingers. "*Ignia!*" you cry.

A ball of light bursts into being above your palm like a miniature sun. Shrieks erupt from the subterranean elves. The spell burns itself out in that one blast of intensity, and as it fades you open your eyes.

The drow are on the floor, writhing as they cover and rub their eyes with agony. Not so tough now.

But it won't be long before their screams bring more guards to their aid. No time to linger. You run over the writhing drow, feet thudding off the floor as you race down the corridor, heedless of stealth. Only speed will save you now.

And even that barely does it.

You reach the exit of the Drow District at a full run, flying down the steps to the plaza before the spider statue above the gate. It's a mirror image of the one you entered through, and as you charge for the door, great booms of sound thunder, the alarm finally tripped. As you cross the plaza, the monstrous statues all around come to life, wrenching themselves into motion, eyes glowing red with their demonic purpose.

The spider statue above the door does the same, eight eyes fixing on you. A hiss comes from it as four of its onyx limbs rise, stabbing for you. You dodge between them, throwing yourself under the creature and against the door. You desperately press the amulet against the stone, and the door flashes, opening up.

You fall through the opening, rolling to your feet on the other side, just managing to get out of reach of another four stabbing onyx legs. You run down the cobbled street, clearing the distance in a flash before the drow guards can get past their statue guardians and follow you.

Because you're free.

Free, and finally in Pump Street.

[Into Pump Street](#)

Into Pump Street



You step into Pump Street, so named for the dizzying metallic fixtures which sprawl throughout the area. Huge pipes twist above you, crowding the rough stone walls that rise on either side. Resembling an underground realm of iron, brick, and steam, canals cut channels in the floor and twist through the space, the waters giving a soft rushing sound. Strange factories climb like crooked towers here and there, while others bulge from the walls like barnacles of metal, wood and glass. Pump Street is the factory heart of the Fey Markets, and owned by no single family. Instead, territory is jockeyed among them in vicious brawls of magic and steel. Here reside the outcasts. The addicts. The craven and the illegal.

And here is your target, if you can find them.

That said, locating the Newgates probably won't be too hard. A gang of their size is bound to have made a name for themselves. Time for a bit of detective work.

Some oblique questions to residents you pass narrows your search pretty quick, along with a few pieces of gold passed along to the right hands. You find yourself nearing the center of the district, and there among the maze of streets, you find the lair of the Newgates.

It sprawls outwards like a tree of metal and old brickwork. Tin chimneys curve from it like branches. Windows peek out, most boarded up but some displaying opaque glass. It's not just one

building, but several seemingly crushed together like a chimera of iron and industry. A nightmarish factory of fey and human influence, with gaudy signs buzzing with lights about the exterior. Waterwheels creak on its sides, turning as brackish looking water cascades down from a pipe jutting from the roof of the district. A faint haze tints everything brownish green, like a swamp.

You manage to find a bar nearby, which is made of corrugated metal but has a layer of moss and mushrooms growing on the walls. Sliding inside the smoky interior, working hard not to draw attention though the place seems empty, you take a seat near the bar, and through a mossy window, watch the front of the Newgate building circumspectly.

It doesn't take you long to notice certain patterns. The Newgates themselves are easy to spot. They dress in flamboyant styles, but all of them sport some set of horns from what you can tell. Loose coats with cut off sleeves bare arms written with arcane ink that glows on bulging muscle. A mad medley of fey make up the group. You spot trolls, sharp toothed elves, and even some short brownies, all meandering through the front doors of what looks like a bar that forms one side of the building.

But there's more than drunkenness going on there. Some other tattooed thugs you spot along the far side, opening a huge metal shutter and waving in trucks that back in, only to leave a short time later, to where you're not sure.

Your fingers tap on the bar thoughtfully. Hmm.

"There's a third way in."

You freeze, tensing, and slowly turn your head. A woman is sitting across from you, but how she got there without alerting you is alarming in its own way. She wears a strange gown made with some kind of rubbery black material with long sleeves, her hair black as the deepest night and wavy as the sea in a storm. Her eyes are gold and her skin is grey, yet has a faint sheen like she's been dipped in olive oil.

You try and keep your eyes from wandering down to her plunging neckline, but she doesn't make it easy by leaning forward, her hair moving strangely, as if floating underwater. Some sort of sea fey, you'd wager.

"Sorry," you say carefully. "But I-"

"Names Marina," she says. "And you want to get in there?" she says, nodding at the factory across the canal. "It won't be easy. You'll have to convince the house mistress into thinking you're a Newgate, and she's very hard to fool.

"But you could also try and hitch a ride in one of the trucks," she continues with a sidelong glance at the building, her smirk widening, her lips purple and glistening like a gumball. "You might get in that way, and find your way through the distillery to the inside, but I hear security's tighter than a nun's panties."

You're vaguely annoyed at how easily she's pegged you, but you are curious about what else she knows. "And the third way?" you prompt.

Her eyes glide onto you, and the curious shine of that golden gaze makes your body tingle. Particularly down below. "My own secret way," she says, her voice low and sonorous. "Only for the smartest men."

You're not sure you like the way she lingers on those words, her tongue gliding along her lips, making them glisten yet further. But still...

[Find Out](#)

[Go Your Own Way](#)

Go Your Own Way

In your experience, following enigmatic grey women into backrooms rarely ends well. You push out from the bar. “Thanks,” you say. “But I’m good. Best of luck.”

“You too,” Marina says, cocking her head, smirking as you edge out of the bar.

Once you’re back outside under the strange, fungal glow of Pump Street, you exhale heavily, shivering at the nameless unease that had filled you in Marina’s presence.

But no time to worry about that. You’ve got work to do. You eye the bulging lair of the Newgates, considering your options.

[Go Through the Garage](#)

[Go Through the Front](#)

Find Out

You have confidence in your skills, but you're not suicidal. A chance to infiltrate the Newgate's lair that's not through the front door is hard to turn down, and you'd be a fool to do so, all things considered.

"What have you got?" you ask.

Marina's eyes lid, the gold gleaming conspiratorially. "Follow me," she says, sidling from her seat. She slips through the door in the back, and after a quick glance around to make sure there's no one else around, you vault the bar and follow her.

She leads you into the back, whose darkness gives you pause until your eyes adjust. Despite the gloom, there is light, but not much. Strange orbs decorate the interior, their glass shimmering with unusual hues of swirling lights. They hang in the air like balloons, their purples and reds looking strangely...

Enchanting.

You shake your head, focusing instead on the grey woman as she glides through the gloom and deeper inside. You follow warily, keeping your hand on the heel of your pistol. The dim shape of a desk takes shape and Marina stops beside it, gesturing at the chair before it.

"Please, have a seat," she says, her voice whispering strangely.

You do so slowly, every movement ready to leap back into guard. "Thanks," you say warily.

"You don't trust me," Marina said, stating the pretty obvious.

"No."

She chuckles. "I don't blame you," she says, moving about the room, her figure melding in the gloom as she walks about the strange lamps. "The Newgates are a powerful organization in Pump Street. Few dare challenge them anymore. And not just for their muscle."

"Is that so?" you say, your head turning to keep her in sight. Yet, it's strange, sitting there as she moves about you. Though you know you should keep up your guard, the sound of her voice is oddly...

Soothing.

"Oh yes," she says, her face smiling as she walks by one of the swirling globes, the light flowing over her features like a wave. "Their supply of arcane crystals has been very good to very many in Pump Street. In fact, many fey would defend them viciously to keep the supply going."

"But not you?" you say.

She laughs throatily as she slips between glow orbs. "Oh no. No no no. Though mana is a delight, my tastes run a bit... different..."

"How different," you say, and squint at the darkness.

Where'd she go?

You jolt as you feel her hands slide onto your shoulders, her warm breath in your ear. "A little... unique," she breathes.

You turn your head and find her right behind you, smiling, her golden eyes lidded, her breasts straining the black, rubbery fabric of her gown. You tense, but then her fingers gently rub your shoulders, and despite yourself, you feel the tightness and stress ease a little within you.

"What does... does that mean?" you say, softer than you intended. You blink, feeling strangely light headed.

Her smile deepens. Her hands stroke your shoulders, seeming to squeeze the tension out of you with her gentle touch. You shiver as something tickles against your ankles. "Arcane crystals make people so... woolly headed. So addicted. Their thoughts so scattered and harsh. Like chewing ice. But I don't want that. I make a career making others so... relaxed. To unburden them of all their worries. I've done it often. Even among Newgate members. So I know all the secret ways in. They'll tell me just anything. Anything at all. And I need their little operation shut down."

"Oh," you say vaguely, only barely listening. "That's... nice..."

"Isn't it?" she says, her voice whispering. Echoing. You shudder. "And I'll tell you how to get in. Everything you need to know. You just need to do one thing for me. One silly, simply little thing."

"Wh-what?" you breathe.

You feel her lean in closer. Her voice drop lower. "Don't give in..."

You blink vaguely. "Don't..."

"That's right," Marina murmurs, the softness of her breasts rubbing against the back of your head. The rubbery fabric which clads her smooth against your hair. "Don't give in. If you can resist, you're strong enough to make a good go of the Newgate bosses. But if you're not, silly thing, then I'd just be sending you to your doom. And what a waste that would be. Such a tragic..." You shiver as you feel something brush your cock through your pants. "Waste..."

"So..." you say dimly. "Just... just resist?"

"Just get up out of the chair," she coos. "Just stand back up, and I'll show you the way."

Seems... seems simple enough. But your body feels so heavy. Your mind so light. You just need to... to get out of the chair. You got to... you got to...

[Get Up](#)

[Give in](#)

[Get Up Later](#)

Get Up

You grimace, teeth gritting. Your legs buzz with pins and needles, your body feeling like it weighs ten tons, but you force yourself upwards, lurching, practically tearing yourself out of your seat with a great gasp of effort.

Marina's hands slide almost reluctantly off your shoulders, and as you stagger back around, glaring at her, the shadows around her seems to shift, like phantasmal tentacles receding into the darkness. And a flicker of movement from the skirt of her dress particularly draws your attention, but it's gone before you can make anything out.

"Not bad," she muses, her eyes lidded and a smirk hovering on her lips. "Yes. Not bad at all. I think you just might be able to do it."

Your head feels clearer as she says this, as if a fog is lifting from your mind. You give her a suspicious glance, but to be fair, if she did mean you ill, that moment in the chair was probably the best opportunity she had. Looks like the Newgates haven't been making a lot of friends in the fey markets.

"So what's this secret way?" you demand.

Her smile deepens. "Why this."

She glides to the back of the room and grasps a ring in the floor you hadn't noticed before. With somewhat unsettling ease, she drags it up with a noisome creaking sound. A soft glow washes over the interior of the room as she opens it, and you peer down into what looks like an underground waterway.

"Shall we?" she says, slipping around and down into the hidden passage.

Though not sure you're sold on the whole thing, you still follow her down the rungs and into the earth. It looks to have once been a sewer, but the water that travels down it isn't raw filth. To be sure it's not water, but this liquid is an oily, shimmering hue of purples, green, and strange, iridescent blues.

Magic.

It's magic runoff!

You stare in shock. You've never heard of something like this before. Magic bleeds of course, but it's more of a radiation, and can even shimmer in the air, but you've never heard of it being concentrated into a liquid form like this. You feel your skin tingle in the presence of so much arcane energy, and you shiver at the dire implications.

"Lots of it, isn't there?" Marina says from behind you.

You look back quickly to find the woman smirking lazily at you. "What..."

She points forward and down the tunnel. "It comes from that way. Once, this was used to dump the chemical waters from the old tannery, but now it's this. Either way, it empties from the Newgate's building. If you follow it to the end, you should be able to go right up into the heart of their fortress."

Encouraging. You glance back at her. “You haven’t gone down to check?”

“The concentration of magic is stronger the deeper you go,” she says, her slick skin glistening strangely in the arcane glow. “And the fumes make fey feel... off.”

You can believe it. All fey are highly attuned to magic, and the slurry here would have all sorts of strange effects on any who remained in its presence long. Even Mariana’s outline seems to blur as she stands before you.

“Thanks,” you say. “I appreciate it.”

“Thank me by dealing with those fools,” Marina says, and for a moment her shadowy outline seems to writhe with anger. Her figure solidifies after a moment, a hand going to her head. “Mm. And now, if you’ll excuse me, I think I’ll... go and sit down for a moment.”

She grasps the rungs of the ladder and hauls herself up. As she does so, you can’t help but notice the dark tentacles that slither from under her dress, helping her along. You feel again a shiver at the sight, but shake it off and resolve yourself, turning down the tunnel as the door is shut above you. Gun in hand, you start walking down the shimmering passage into the unknown.

To be Continued

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

Give In

You've got to give in.

Sink deeper.

Feel so very relaxed.

You sigh, the tension easing from you in that breath. Your limbs growing heavy and expression slack.

"Gooooood boy," croons Marina. "Such a goooooood booooy..."

You are a good boy.

This understanding, this weight of divine truth, makes a smile alight on your face. You're a good boy. A good boy doesn't worry. A good boy relaxes. Sinks.

Sinks back.

Sinks into the soft breasts around your head.

You groan softly as you find yourself easing into the softness. Sinking into the depths. You feel Marina's touch slide along your head. Stroking you. Teasing you. You groan, arching as more hands touch you. Stroke you. So many hands.

So many wonderful, dexterous hands...

Your eyes flutter open unthinkingly and you look down vaguely at yourself. At first you don't understand what those dark tentacles are as they slide over you, stroking your body, sliding across your chest and crotch as they deftly undo your pants and shirt.

Then you stop trying to understand, because it doesn't matter.

"That's right," the soothing voice behind your ear croons, more loving touches stroking your head, every caress seeming to pluck another worry from your mind. "Everything is just fine. Nothing matters. Nothing except feeling goooooood."

You smile dimly at that. Yes. Thinking is so consuming. Just feeling is much better. Much more comfortable. Much more relaxing. You sigh happily, letting all your worries flutter away as you sink deeper into the darkness. As the tentacles finally finish stripping you of your clothes. Did you have clothes? You don't remember.

Nothing matters.

Nothing but feeling goooooood.

And you do feel good. Especially when one of the tentacles wraps around your shaft and begins to slowly stroke you.

“Ah,” you gasp, a sound of purest surprise and pleasure, because it’s never felt this good before. But your emptied head seems to make the tactile sensation on your cock twice as potent. Twice as sensitive. You moan, head tilting back as more tentacles stroke and tease your naked body. Two cradle and stroke your sensitive balls, making you squirm and moan and wriggle in ecstasy as Marina does her work.

Her head suddenly leans over you, her face smirking, her yellow eyes glowing as the illusion of her hair falls away, and more tentacles reach down from her head, cupping your unresisting face, drawing you up towards her.

“Good boy,” her purple lips breathe.

And kiss you.

You groan as you feel your mind blanking. Every thought sucked away by her kiss. Your body bucks, frantically humping the tentacles that pump your cock. You whimper and moan, wriggling, helpless, loving it. Loving the pleasure. Loving the moment. Because no other has ever existed. You’ve always been in Marina’s arms. You’ve always been in Marina’s thrall. You’ve always been a good puppet for mistress. A good slave. A good, mindless plaything for the mistress.

The slippery, wet sound of her tentacle around your cock grows with the slap of flesh. You moan and writhe, so close to orgasm. So close to peaking. You gasp and pant and whimper. So close. You’re so close! Oh. Oh! Ohhhhh!

“Mmmmm!” you moan, shuddering as you cum, as your cock pumps, spurting your seed all over Marina’s dark tentacles, smearing your juices on her with your quivering peak of pleasure.

As you sink down from that high of orgasm, you sink into eternity. Your mind is an empty vessel. Nothingness fills you. A blissful void as you wait to be filled. Marina lifts her lips from yours, smirking down at your blank gaze.

“Good slave,” she murmurs as her tentacles squish your unresisting face, and your cock thickens again with instinctive lust for this creature. For instinct is all you have left.

All you have left from the grasp of Marina...

[Mind Slave](#)

Get Up Later

You can get up later.

You shift where you sit, flexing your muscles, working on gathering the strength needed for that effort.

“No need for that,” Marina breathes behind you, her breasts rubbing teasingly against the back of your head. Her strange touch whispering over your shoulders. Your legs. “Just relax. It’ll feel so good to just... relax...”

Well, she’s not wrong. You are feeling very relaxed. If you weren’t sure you could get up, you’d be very worried. But you totally can. Yep. Absolutely. No matter how good it feels for her fingers to ease and massage your shoulders like that.

But it’s what’s happening lower down that’s really drawing your attention. You slowly open your eyes (wondering when you’d closed them) and peer down to see... to see...

To see a mess of dark tentacles stroking you.

“Wha-”

“Just relax,” Marina croons as the tentacles brush your crotch, the sensation sending an ache of wonderful pleasure throbbing through you. “Just relax...”

[Relax](#)

[Holy Fuck!](#)

Holy Fuck!

The shock of the sight jerks you back to awareness. You gasp, lurching from your seat, the burst of adrenaline almost not enough to spur you from Marina's grasp. But you manage it, nearly falling to the floor as your legs nearly give out under you, leaving you to slam into the desk, leaning on it and panting heavily.

Marina's hands slide almost reluctantly off your shoulders, and as you stagger back around, glaring at her, the shadows around her seems to shift, tentacles receding into the darkness. Particularly around her skirt, slithering back under the fabric as if they were never there.

"Not bad," she muses, her eyes lidded and a smirk hovering on her lips. "Yes. Not bad at all. I think you just might be able to do it."

Your head feels clearer as she says this, as if a fog is lifting from your mind. You give her a suspicious glance, but to be fair, if she did mean you ill, that moment in the chair was probably the best opportunity she had. Looks like the Newgates haven't been making a lot of friends in the fey markets.

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To Be Continued

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Relax

Her words ooze like honey into your mind, and you find your body responding instantly. You groan and sink deeper into the chair. Deeper into her breasts.

Because sinking feels so good.

Giving in feels so wonderful.

Submitting is so right.

“Good boy,” Marina breathes as her tentacles stroke you, teasing open your pants, your shirt, stripping your clothes from you with stunning dexterity. “That’s it. No need to fight it. No need to resist it. Just give in. Give in for mistress. Give in... for Marina...”

You whimper in pleasure, hips rocking as a tentacle slithers around your cock, wrapping it in its oily embrace and beginning to pump. Your breath grows hot. Steaming as your body wriggles in pleasure, your eyes swimming in the sensations that consume you. Two more tentacles cradle your balls, gently teasing and squeezing, pumping your needy cock as you draw nearer towards the blessed peak of orgasm. You feel like you’re floating. Floating in a sea of relaxation. A void of thought, filled only by the intensity of sensation, unhindered by the normal effort of thinking and reason.

Just feel.

Just enjoy.

Just know the pleasure of the mistress’s touch.

You groan aloud, for even words seem to slip from your grasping mind. Instinct is all that remains. Dumb, thoughtless pleasure as you rock and gasp, moaning in the sea of her stroking tentacles.

“Good boy,” Marina coos, her voice all around you as you’re turned about, eased atop the desk. You find yourself looking up at her, her grey face glistening in the lamplight. Her smirking lips so soft. Her body so gorgeous. A goddess of the darkest sea. A queen of the void. Her golden eyes glowing as her lips descend towards you, kissing you.

Drinking all you are.

You whimper, your head emptying as her lips seem to suck your thoughts through the kiss. The sensation is like nothing you’ve known before. It surges into you, making you tremble, groan, shuddering as your cock throbs, surrendering. Spurting. Your orgasm shining in you like a star going supernova.

You moan, eyes rolling back, lips falling slack as Marina releases you from the kiss. The gorgeous woman chuckles at your empty expression of mindless surrender.

“Silly silly wizard,” she purrs.

[Mind Slave](#)

Mind Slave

Your hands work automatically, fingers like those of a puppet moving to the pluck of the master's strings.

"Oh yessss," Marina moans. "Right there."

She doesn't need to tell you. Her thoughts guide your every action, inhabiting your body like a hand does a glove. If you had the capacity to have an opinion, you'd be delighted, because the feel of her will filling the empty vessel of your body is unfathomably erotic.

She moans, and as she does you feel her tentacles slide along your naked legs, shivers of pleasure zinging up your spine, your balls aching with their weight. Your body quivers with excitement, for that is all that remains to you. Instinct and desire, for all else is dictated by the fey who has consumed your mind.

Marina knows this, humming in delight as she relishes her power over you, enjoying every second of controlling you like the obedient puppet you are. You can feel her domination shifting in its purposes as her arousal builds. At last, she rises, your hands instantly leaving her shoulders.

"Turn around," she commands hotly.

You obey.

"Walk to the bed."

You obey, bare feet scuffing the cool stone floor to arrive at the deep, sumptuous mattress.

"Lie down."

You obey.

You sink into a mattress with all the softness of a bowl of whipped cream, and then above you Marina moves into view. The rubbery fabric of her gown hugs her heaving breasts, her golden eyes glow with heat and desire, her tentacles writhing like a skirt of darkness from her waist down.

The sight of the unearthly creature of lust and power stiffens your cock to your full length. Marina smirks and moves over you, her tentacles carrying her atop you, her dark limbs wrapping around you, pulling you against the slick, velvety lips of her pussy.

You moan softly. An animal sound of pleasure as she lowers herself atop you, her hands planting into the mattress on either side of your head, her breasts wobbling, her skin shimmering with its glossy shine as she leans in closer.

"Fuck me," she breathes.

You obey.

Your hips begin to thrust, rocking, gasps and moans escaping you as your cock plunges into the rubbery wetness of her pussy. Marina's eyes lid, a groan of pleasure escaping her as her tentacles wrap

tighter around you, pulling you into her as she rides your cock. Taking her pleasure. Claiming it from her mindless plaything. A doll of physical gratification she is eager to exploit.

Your body has no complaint.

Gasps and moans leave you as you frantically rut up into your goddess, your cock squeezed in her silken embrace. Her breasts bouncing as she rides you. Had you still freewill, you'd probably have cum a dozen times already, but Marina's control is as binding as an iron band. You'll cum when she says so.

And she's having far too much fun to let that happen too soon.

The wet slap of flesh and sensuous slither of tentacles fills the air. Your whimpers and mewls of pleasure lost amid the pleased, throaty gasps and groans of Marina as she rides you.

"Yes!" she gasps, her breasts heaving. "Ohhhhh goood boy. Fuck me. Yes. Yes! Deeper! Oh deeper! My slave. That's so... ah... ha... g-good. So good. Oh yes. Yes! Oh yessss!"

Her body quivers, her orgasm rushing through her in a flash of pleasure. You cry out as her grip on your mind slips, your own orgasm following hers, your cock throbbing, balls pulsing as you unload your mana rich seed into her hungry pussy.

Marina moans, her skin glowing with strange, myriad hues as she absorbs the mana in your cum. Her breasts heave, settling slowly as she soaks in the afterglow of pleasure, her tentacles lazily squeezing and stroking you with her satisfaction.

"Mmm," she hums, her face radiant, aglow with light as she looks down on you with amusement. "Good slave."

You say nothing, only feeling the happiness of her will fill you with purpose. For you do not think. Do not want. You merely obey.

Obey.

Obey your dark mistress forever more.

Bad End

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

Go Through the Garage



The garage is your best bet of getting into the Newgate lair without getting spotted, so it's time to give it a shot.

You slip around the avenue and down a direction you saw the trucks coming in from. Fitting yourself into a narrow space between two buildings, you peek out, watching the street.

It takes nearly an hour before another truck comes through, a Newgate just visible behind the wheel. As it rolls past you, you suddenly duck out of your hiding space, throwing yourself under the car and hissing a quick magnetizing spell.

Instantly your hands, feet, and belt buckle attach themselves to the undercarriage. The vibrations thunder through you and the sound of the engine makes it feel like your teeth are rattling free, but fortunately it's not a long trip. The truck slows and you hear the scrape of the gate sliding open. Rolling the last few feet, the truck rumbles to a halt.

"New shipment?" you hear someone shout.

"Course it is," the driver responds, his boots slamming into the earth as he hops down from the cab. "What else would it be?"

"Don't get snappy with me. Let's just unload this crap. Unless you want Doctor Heifara to yell at you."

"No need for that. No need for that. Just give me a hand."

You watch the feet move around the truck and drag something from the back. The two Newgates grunt and shuffle past your head, and as they do you release the spell, letting yourself fall to the ground.

As the two men's feet move around to the front, you roll out from under the truck and to some crates sitting nearby. Climbing back to your feet, you duck behind your cover and take a quick look around the compound.

Not far is the garage door, currently open as the two Newgates shove a crate of cargo into it before going back to fetch more. As they move around the other side of the truck you slip out from cover and race over to the open garage, bounding inside while they're busy unloading.

A quick glance shows you the tangled mess of scores of crates, old machinery, scrap metal, and more crammed into every corner with narrow paths between. You quickly slip among them and out of sight, making your way through the massed equipment and supplies. You keep an ear out for pursuit, and as a result you hear a faint mechanical thumping sound. Curious, you make your way towards it, drawing you deeper into the loading bay until you reach the back, where you find a large door waiting. The sounds are coming from within, and with a last look back, you open the door and duck through, shutting it behind you before looking around at the room you find yourself in.

For a moment, you can only stare in shock at what you've come upon. You seem to have entered a dairy, but not for any cow you've seen before. Huge vats line the walls in coppery curves. Dials and pressure gauges twitch and vibrate, and like some monstrous octopus, a huge pumping machine rests in the middle of the room, pipes spiralling from its tops and into the vats.

And below that are the women.

They're arranged along the base of the machine as if in some medieval stocks, their heads and arms pushed through wooden planks, their rumps thrust back, legs parted while strange bulbs on metal rods rise from the base of the pumping machine to press against the women's pussies, the bulbs vibrating and humming against their sensitive mounds.

No, not just women.

Fey women!

You spot an elf, a beastkin, even a drow among the rows hooked to the stocks, moaning in bliss as the cups thump, massage, and pump at their immense breasts, coaxing spurts of creamy milk from sweat-glistened teats, sucked through the hoses and into the vast machine. The women must have been mutated somehow. Changed into little more than cattle by some magic.

Magic...

Of course! That was where they were getting the magic for the mana gems. A fey's magic was a part of them, so how better to harvest it than their cream? It was well known that holstaur's magic was in their milk, so by changing normal fey women into some sort of bovine hybrid, they could harvest the milk straight from the tap, as it were. No wizard required. You're almost impressed by this... Doctor Heifara's work, if you weren't so horrified.

"Moooo!" chorus the women, many of them so lost in their blissful pleasure they don't even see you, their eyes dim and mouths panting in dumb, bovine pleasure.

You know you shouldn't, but you can't help but feel yourself harden at the erotic sight of the milking chamber. You swallow hard and look around the lab. No one here, but you doubt it'll remain so for long. An operation like this requires a lot of work to run.

"H-help meeeooooo."

You turn quickly at the words, spotting one of the busty cow-women locked in the stocks. A drow elf by the look of her plum skin and pointed ears, she's somewhat less endowed than many other cows in the stocks, and though her face is badly flushed, there's a struggling sanity in her eyes.

She sees your attention and wriggles in her bindings, biting her lip as her efforts rub her harder against the buzzing metal pear nudging her pussy. "H-help m-moo! Need... mooo!"

[Help the Cow](#)

[Press On](#)

Press On

You can't risk it. Even a slight delay might be too much, and even if you did rescue her, what then? Dare you take her along? Through the lair of ruthless gangsters?

Though it pains you, you turn away and move towards the door on the opposite end of the lab. The cow's groan of despair is soon lost in a blissful moo of pleasure as she surrenders to the milking. You reach the far door and open it, peeking through. On the other side is a narrow walkway running over a slew of hissing pipes before reaching another exit on the other side. You step through and quickly cross the walkway.

You're reaching for the knob when the door suddenly swings wide open and a tall woman steps out. She's enormously busty, a fact all too obvious from the tightness of the strip of black fabric she wears across her chest. A pair of round glasses sit on her dainty nose, and a pair of cow horns rise out of a luscious mass of full, blonde hair. A labcoat and skirt complete the ensemble as the holstaur scientist steps through and suddenly sees you, bringing her up to a startled halt, and sending her massive breasts bouncing.

"Oh ho!" she says, a grin lighting up her face. "What have we here?"

[Grab Your Gun](#)

[Grab Her](#)

Grab Her

You move fast, grabbing her by the front of her lab coat and throwing her against the rail.

Or, that was the plan.

But Heifara's got a fair bit more weight on you, and even as you grab her by the coat, she grabs you by the arm, heaving you around and slamming you against the wall.

You hit it hard, the back of your head knocking against the cement, stars bursting in your eyes. You blink them away, but even as you do she's pulled something out of her pocket. "Ah ah ah!" she chirps gleefully. "Bad boys shouldn't try and fight the doctor. Let's get you nice and calm now."

You see the syringe and try to pull away, but she's already plunged it into your neck. You gasp as she presses on the plunger, injecting you with whatever it is.

"Get... off me!" you gasp, shoving her back.

Heifara releases you, stepping away and letting you slide down to the floor. Already you feel the concoction spread through you like your blood was on fire. You gasp, staggering, leaning against the wall as you fumble for your gun. "What... what was that?" you demand.

"Just a little something I've been working on," Heifara says, grinning down at you, cradling the elbow of one arm in a palm, her other hand touching her chin in scientific contemplation. "Should be hitting you right... about... now."

"What are nnnn!"

Your hand spasms on the handle of your gun, dropping it with a clatter. You follow it to the ground moments later, crashing to your knees, gasping as the heat within you suddenly spreads like a wildfire through dead grass, your arms and legs swelling, your shirt and jacket splitting against your back.

You groan as your clothes tear from your expanding form, your head throbbing as thick fur coats your back and shoulders. You feel your face stretching out, forming a bovine muzzle as great shudders of power rip through you, the pounding of your head reaching a peak, and you bellow as two great, bullish horns sprout from your brow.

The pain ebbs, subsiding, and you rise slowly back to your feet, bestial vitality throbbing through you with every beat of your heart. No longer a man, but a massive, brawny minotaur! You tower over Heifara, who looks up at you with an excited smile.

"Very nice!" the mad holstaur says. "Even better than I hoped. You must have had a lot of magic sloshing around in there. Oooh, and down here," she says, her eyes magnetizing to the thick hose of your cock and heavy balls.

You grunt, brows furrowing in the attempt at thought. It's surprisingly hard to do, like your brain is engulfed in a heavy haze. And it's really not helping that Heifara is so... busty. You can't tear your eyes off her impressive breasts. Just the sight of those plump orbs in their tight binding sends a thrum of

excitement racing through your veins, your cock thickening with lust and synapses firing off with base activation.

Heifara instantly notices. How could she not? Her eyes light up and a teasing grin slides over her lips as your thick, flaring manhood stiffens with girthy lust. "Well well!" she says. "Very nice. Very nice indeed! I see my formula is working even better than I hoped! Didn't it?"

"Huh?" you grunt.

"Nothing, big guy. Nothing at all," Heifara giggles. "Say! Would you like to work for me?"

Your brow knits. "Work... for..."

"I pay real well," Heifara says as she reaches down and pulls up the strip of fabric over her breasts.

Your eyes instantly pop open with interest at the sight of her jiggling tit flesh, her thick nipples tantalizingly quivering with arousal. The heat that throbs from your cock pulses even hotter, your thoughts swirling in the haze of desire and need.

"There's also plenty of perks," Heifara says as she shimmies down to her knees before you.

"Perks?" you say dimly.

"Oh yeah. Big ones," she says, winking as she leans forward, pressing your massive manhood between her titanic tits.

You can't suppress a groan as the softness of her breasts envelop your shaft, pleasure throbbing up from your thick cock and obliterating your admittedly spotty attempt at cognitive effort. Without thinking you start to rock your hips, grinding your cock between the warm softness of her titflesh.

"All the food you can eat. Plenty of stimulus to keep you active. You'll never get bored," Heifara says conversationally as the flaring tip of your shaft bobs between her bouncing breasts. "It's really a win win situation for you, big guy. And I mean, what else is such a big, dumb bull good for other than obeying a gorgeous, smart, brilliant cow?"

You can't really think of one. But you also can't think of anything but how good it feels to saw your fat cock between the bouncing orbs of the holstaur's breasts. You nod vaguely, not even caring, all of your attention focused on the sensations radiating from your shaft and the aching heaviness in your balls.

"That... that good," you grunt, breath hot, fairly steaming.

"Attaboy! You're hired," Heifara says with a wink, then leans forward and engulfs the flared tip of your manhood in her mouth.

You groan as her warm mouth suckles at the fat tip of your cock, her head bobbing lazily, her breasts squeezing and pumping around your shaft as she does her work. Your hands move, grasping her convenient horns, feeling the softness of her blonde locks as you push her down, taking her throat deeper with every heavy thrust.

“Mmmm,” Heifara moans, her eyes twinkling behind her glasses as she throws herself into it, sucking you off with growing energy and urgency.

You grunt, bending over her, driving your cock upward into her bouncing breasts and sucking lips. You can’t believe how good this feels! How wonderful it is to fuck her wonderful mouth. Her bouncy breasts. Fuck! If this is the kinds of fun you can expect working for this goddess, you can’t wait to start!

But before that, you’re about ready to finish. The pressure in your balls grows as you fuck her tits and mouth, the silken tightness making your head pound and swirl. You tilt your head back, mouth falling open, a mighty moaning roar escaping you as you finally cum!

“Roooooo!” you roar, your cock fountaining into her, pumping your thick seed like a firehouse into her greedy throat.

“Mmmm,” Heifara moans, her eyes rolling back as she gamely guzzles the great bursts of your cum, her throat working to swallow every drop. You watch in dull amazement as she does so, amazed at her capacity and skill.

At last, the torrent ebbs, the pulsing of your cock lessening as you grunt in satisfaction. Heifara lifts her mouth off your manhood with a gasp, panting, the heaving of her breathing causing her tits to bob around your shaft some more.

“Very... very good, big boy,” she says, smiling up at you, licking her lips in satisfaction. “Mmm. Very good. So, ready for the first day of the rest of your life?”

“Yes, boss,” you say happily.

“Good stud,” Heifara says, smirking as she lazily fondles your balls and strokes the slab of your length. “I think we’re gonna get along reeeeeeeal well.”

[Bull Assistant](#)

Grab Your Gun

Faster than any gunslinger, you snatch up your revolver and yank it free, ramming the barrel under her chin. Heifara freezes, feeling the cold steel pressing against her skin.

“Don’t move,” you growl.

She glances down into your eyes. “You wouldn’t...”

“Want to try me?” you say, the cocking of your revolver deafening in the tense silence.

She seems to consider it for a brief moment, then slowly shakes her head.

“Good,” you say, reaching up and making a quick sign in front of her face.

The arcane symbol swirls before Heifara’s bespectacled eyes, a puff of arcane sleeping powder breathing into her face. The holstaur’s nostrils flare, then her eyes roll back, and like a lead weight she collapses to the floor.

You sigh, holstering your revolver again before bending down and dragging her against the railing. You pull out a strip of cord from your pocket and tie her arms behind one of the bars, then peel off one of her own socks and shove it in her mouth, gagging her securely. It won’t hold her forever, but so long as no one comes down this way anytime soon, it’ll hopefully keep her occupied until you finish your job here. And judging by the comments of the gangsters at the garage, visiting Heifara doesn’t sound like it happens often. Turning from the insensate scientist, you make your way to the door and open it with a creak, slipping through and deeper into the lair of the Newgates...

To be Continued

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Help the Cow

Call you a bleeding heart, but the sight of the evil going on in this room is too much for you. You can't leave her hooked up to that hideous machine, no matter what.

You approach the pumps, trying to get a good look at the controls. Okay, you think you see how it's supposed to go. "Easy now," you say, carefully easing down a lever, shutting off the mechanism to her cups.

"Moooo," the elf moans, sagging in the stocks as the pumps stop working with a dying whine. You ease the cups off her breasts with a soft sucking sound, then toss them aside. A simple lock and latch keep the stocks in place, but an unlocking cantrip is one of the first spells you ever learned. You tap the lock and mutter the spell, and the latch clicks open. You lift the bar off her and take her arms, easing her out of the machine.

"Mnnn," the drow moans, staggering, her legs quaking from the effort as she stumbles away from the buzzing bulb. You ease her down onto a nearby chair and she sags, panting, which makes her immense breasts bounce in a very distracting way.

"Ohhhh," she moans, head lolling towards you. "Th-thank... youuuu..."

"Uh, no problem," you say. "Listen, do you..."

"Just... just give me... a s-second," she gasps, blinking, her face scrunching with concentration. "Been... been trapped in there... But I... Heifara. She'll be... be back..."

"Who?" you say.

"Doctor. Runs the... the dairy. She'll be back soon."

You tense. "We-"

She grabs your arm. "Listen," she rasps, leaning towards you, her violet eyes burning with a terrible intensity. "There's a... a syringe on... on the table. I'll distract her. You... stick her."

You glance at a nearby work table, and as promised, there is indeed a syringe there. "What will it do?"

"Give her what she deserves!" the drow hisses. Her eyes snap to the far door and you hear the knob turn. "Hurry!" she snaps, shoving you away.

You stumble back and knock against the table. You snatch up the syringe, then quickly step behind one of the copper vats as the door swings open.

"Hello my pretty cows! And how is everyone?" sings a cheery voice.

You peek out around the vat and spot what can only be Doctor Heifara. She's a statuesque blonde, a white labcoat fluttering around her, open at the front so her immense, full breasts in a tight tank top can breathe. With a slim stomach and wide hips, she strides into the room with a buxom

bounce, a mane of fluffy blonde hair framing her smiling face, while a pair of stubby cow horns rise from her head.

"Oh ho!" Heifara says as she notices the drow panting in the chair. "What's this? Did someone get out of her paddock? Naughty naughty!"

You tense as Heifara walks past you and towards the dark elf, the holstaur's hips swinging tantalizingly as she leans over the glaring drow. "And how did you get out, Leisha? You naughty thing you. And you looked so happy in the pumps, right where uppity former assistants belong."

"B-bitch!" Leisha gasps.

You squeeze out from behind the tank, silently gliding up behind the mad cow.

"Aw, don't be like that. After all, I found your true purpose in life!" Heifara cackles, reaching out and cupping Leisha's large breasts, giving them a teasing squeeze.

"Mmmmoooo!" the dark elf groans, head thrown back as a spurt of richest cream bursts from her needy nipple.

"Mmm. Like that?" Heifara cackles. "Does my dumb, sexy, needy cow like it when mistress plays with her big tits?"

You swallow hard, trying not to let the lurid scene distract you as you come up behind Heifara. You raise the needle, then plunge it into her ass, jabbing down on the plunger.

"Ah!" Heifara gasps, jolting in surprise before her head twists around. She spots you instantly, and then her eyes go down to the needle.

Her jaw falls slack in shock. "O-oh," she gasps as her face grows flush. "Oh n-nooooo!"

You pull back, yanking the needle out as Heifara's legs buckle under her, the bovine mad scientist sinking to the ground, head thrown back, panting, her eyes misting over as her cheeks redden with needy desire. Your eyes widen as her chest wobbles, straining the already tight tube top until the fabric snaps like an elastic band.

Leisha bounds to her feet, wicked triumph replacing the expression of dull-eyed ecstasy she wore seconds ago. "Quick!" she commands, grabbing Heifara by the arm. "Help me get her into the stocks."

You're not sure how much of a threat Heifara would be now, but neither are you keen to find out. Grabbing the holstaur's other arm, you haul her upright with some effort, her growing chest making it difficult, but you manage to fit the moaning scientist into Leisha's former place in the stocks, slamming down the top and latching it shut.

"Ohhhh you naughty... ah... naughty things," Heifara pants, her face flushed and hot as she wiggles in the confines. "You'll... you'll pay for this!"

"Now now, mistress," Leisha says acidly as she hefts her former milking cups. "You know the rules of the dairy. Cows don't talk!"

Heifara's eyes widen a second before Leisha dips down and deftly attaches the cups to the holstaur's engorged teats. With a sudden whirr of machinery the pumps get to work, thumping as they drink from Heifara's huge tits.

"Oh n-noooooo!" Heifara cries, her voice fading to a bovine moo as she quivers with desperate arousal, milk gushing into the hungry mouths of the pumps as they thump and suck.

"What's that?" Leisha says, clearly enjoying every moment of this. "You want the full cow experience?"

"D-don't you f-fucking dare!" Heifara gasps.

"Wrong answer," Leisha says and grabs Heifara's skirt, yanking it down to reveal her plush bottom and slick cunny.

"N-no!" Heifara gasps as Leisha angles the machine's vibrating bulb towards her quivering lower lips. "W-wait! I'm s-sorry! I didn't... Mnnnnn!" Heifara cries, words escaping her as the bulb presses against her pussy, the holstaur arching, groaning in helpless pleasure as her cunt rubs against the thrumming bulb, her hips beginning to rock, riding with needy whimpers, gasps and cries of pleasure.

"Like that?" Leisha says, stepping back, arms crossed as she smirks down at her former captor.

"M-mooooo!" Heifara moans, her eyes fogging in helpless pleasure, rubbing herself against the bulb as her breasts spurt ever greater amounts of cream into the waiting cups.

"Is this... okay?" you say warily.

"This is the least that bitch deserves," Leisha says, watching in grim satisfaction. "If you knew half of what she'd done, you'd have tried to put a bullet in her head."

"And that would be wrong?" you say.

"Of course," Leisha says. "She deserves far worse."

"Mooooo!" Heifara groans, fairly drooling in dumb pleasure as she rides the bulb and her breasts are pumped by the cups.

Leisha scoffs. "Bitch has been turning fey into those cows for weeks now. I was her assistant, but when she realized I was learning too much, she stuck me with that damned thing too!" Leisha says. "And I doubt I was the first."

You turn slowly to the drow. "Wait. You were..."

"Oh," she says with a flick of her fingers. "I'm over that now. Nothing to sour you on the whole project like getting used as a guinea pig. But what are you doing here?" she asks, turning your way. "You're obviously not one of the Newgates. Too studly for that."

"I..."

"Let me guess. You're here for the formula to make magic gems?"

You force yourself not to tense. "Is that going to be a problem?" you say.

She smirks. “No,” she says, slinking nearer. “But I can hardly let my saviour get himself caught in here, can I?”

“What?”

“Let me come along,” she says with a sly smile, her hand resting on your chest as she leans in close, the wobble of her breasts pressing against you in a most distracting way. “I know all the secret ways around the compound. And the two of us make a great team. Whaddya say, handsome?” she asks with a flutter of her long lashes. “Shall we?”

[Take Leisha](#)

[Leave Leisha](#)

Leave Leisha

It's a tempting prospect, no lie, but you've always been a lone wolf, and carting around this milk addled drow is liable to land you in trouble sooner rather than later. And even if it doesn't, you can't discount the possibility she'll betray you. She did used to work for the Newgates, after all.

"Thanks, miss," you say, gently easing her back. "But I'll have to decline." You nod the way you came. "The garage is that way. You can make it out while they're loading up some crates if you like."

She frowns, pulling back with a pout. "Fine," she harrumphs, tossing her raven hair over her shoulder, the motion once more making her immense breasts jiggle. "But take a last look, hot stuff," she says, her hips swinging as she gives her plump, plum ass a spank. "'Cause this is the last you'll see of an ass as fine as this."

You flush at the brazenness of her. Clearing your throat, you hastily turn away and make your way to the far door leading further into the complex. Cracking it open, you slip through and make your way deeper into the lair of the Newgates.

You're almost there...

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Take Leisha

You're not 100% sure you can rely on this drow. Her kind don't exactly have the best reputation for trustworthiness, and in fact consider betrayal an art. But even above that they consider vengeance an absolute priority, and though Leisha has taken her frustration out on Heifara, you just know she's not satisfied.

And, well, you'd be lying if her figure didn't have some weight to your decision. Her curves are absolutely jaw dropping, and the way she handles herself makes you get all kinds of hot under the collar. You can't stop from glancing at the heft of her chest as she stands confidently before you, utterly uncaring of her nakedness. If anything, she's flaunting it, and has the kind of confidence that you find deeply attractive. Her huge breasts so full and heavy. Her dark hair cascading over her bare shoulders, her full, lush lips and slickened pussy.

"I suppose it couldn't hurt to have a hand," you say slowly.

She smirks knowingly. "Too true," she says, leaning up against you, her breasts rubbing your coat tantalizingly. "Then, shall we go? Or..."

"Or?" you say, feeling your pants grow tight around your tenting cock as her hand glides low, brushing your bulge.

"Or should I show some... immediate appreciation for the timely rescue?" she purrs with a flutter of her lashes.

[Reward](#)

[Move On](#)

Move On

Tempting as it is to see just what this gorgeous dark elf has in mind for a reward, you don't think that standing around in the lab is a good idea. Far too many things could go wrong, and you are still in the middle of the enemy's base.

"When we're done here, we'll see," you say, forcing yourself not to grab a handful of her ass and a hungry, passionate kiss. "Somewhere more... private."

She smirks and taps a finger on your chest. "I'll hold you to that, big boy," she breathes, drawing back. "Now," she adds, striding to a locker and opening it. She throws on a lab coat from inside as well as a pair of shoes, turning to face you. The coat doesn't even try and cover her breasts, leaving those plush, purple orbs bouncing in the open, but at least she's somewhat clothed now. "Shall we?"

You nod, leading the way to the door Heifara came through. You open it with a soft creak and peek around inside. Empty. Beckoning Leisha, you slip down the corridor, and deeper into the lair of Newgates.

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Reward

You've had a rough go of this job so far, so you'll be damned if you'll turn down the busty, gorgeous elf wanting a good time. Gods know you could use a quick bit of relief.

"I think we can manage something," you say, voice growing rough and husky as you grab a handful of drow ass.

Leisha moans softly, her hyper-sensitive skin shivering in your grasp as she rubs herself against you, her eyes lidded and tongue teasing over her lips. "That would be wonderful," she breathes, leaning up and meeting your lips in a hungry kiss.

You feel a tingle like a shock surge through you as her lips meet yours, her perfect curves pressing against you in need, her desire radiating off her like a furnace turned to full blast. You grunt as her hand continues to fondle your bulge, soon tugging down your zipper, freeing the thickness of your cock. You gasp as she begins to stroke you, her body grinding against you at the same time, her milky breasts sloshing with their creamy bounty as they move against your chest, droplets dampening against your coat.

Fuck she wants it bad. And she's got the touch of a master. Her delicate fingers run up and down your thick length with wanton neediness, her violet eyes lidded, glowing softly with the heat of her desire and magic, her lips breaking with yours, plumped, panting, her eyes misty and hot.

"Fuck me," she breathes. "Right here. Right now. Fucking take me. Give me your cum."

"If you insist," you growl.

You scoop her up, Leisha gasping. She's heavier than you thought, but you manage to carry her over to Heifara's desk. Laying her out on it, still kissing her, your hands occupy themselves with her immense breasts, your fingers sinking into the rich plums of her titflesh, squeezing and making her groan and writhe in helpless desire, her legs wrapping around your waist, pulling you in closer.

"Oh g-goddess," she gasps, her eyes fairly rolling back as you squeeze her massive breasts together. Bouncing. Pumping. Playing with her sensitive teats with slow, loving motions, her toes curling with ecstasy and breasts heaving as her breathing grows hotter and faster with every touch of your hands. "Oh goddess yessss!"

"Like that?" you murmur, dipping your head and delicately kissing across the tops of her breasts, your fingers pinching, tweaking and flicking her needy nipples.

"S-so much!" Leisha pants.

"Then you'll love this," you say, push forward, and impale her on the thickness of your cock.

Leisha cries out, head thrown back, her moan joining those of the bovine enchanted women in the pumps, her legs tightening around your waist, pulling you hard into her. "Yesssss!" she cries. "F-fuck me! Fuck me noooooow!"

You oblige, your hips working, thrusting your cock into the hungry tightness of the needy drow elf. Her cries and moans echo in the lab, the desk banging with your every thrust, and before too long, Leisha's breasts are spurting bursts of her rich, thick cream.

You can't resist. Dipping your head, you capture her nipple between your lips and give her a hungry suckle. The heady taste of her cream gushes into your open mouth, making you groan in delight as the rich, heavy, mana-rich flavour hits your tongue, energizing you further to pound this needy elven cow.

"Yes! Yes!" the drow cries under you, your every thrust interrupting her with a gasp. "F-fuck me! Fuck me haaaard! Don't... nnn... don't s-stop. Milk... ah... milk me. Milk my t-tits! Fuck my pussy! Make me cum. Oh goddess. Oh goddess yes! Yes! Don't nnn stop! Don't you f-fucking dare stop! Fuck me! Fuck me! Moo! Moo! Mooooo!"

The bovine moan caps the ecstasy of your joining. She cries it out with shameless joy as she cums, tightening deliciously around your cock, pressed beyond the brink by your thick, hot cock in her tight depths. All the time she spent hooked to the pumps and kept on the edge by the buzzing bulb culminates in a thunderous orgasm, her pussy tightening deliciously around you, squeezing you as she finally cums.

"Fuck!" you groan, not even a moment behind her as her peak sucks yours in along with it. You fill her a final time, groaning as your body tenses, your cock throbbing as you unload the full weight of your cum in her needy pussy.

Leisha whimpers, her violet eyes blazing with arcane power, her body quivering as a glow suffuses her skin, absorbing the mana of your essence. Her mouth falls open, a dreamy sigh escaping her as her breasts wobble, seeming to grow an entire extra cup size from the sudden arcane infusion.

You grunt, panting at the force of your orgasm. Gods damn. That was good.

Leisha seems to agree, simply basking in the literal afterglow of your joining, even as you ease out of her and hastily do up your pants. "All good?" you say.

"Soooo goood," she moans.

You can't suppress a chuckle, offering your hand to the drow. She takes it, letting you pull her upright, albeit somewhat shakily. She blinks vaguely and shakes her head, seeming to clear it before giving you a sated smile, the glow of her skin fading.

"Seems you're quite... full of surprises," she says hotly.

"Helps with the job," you say.

"I bet," she says, giving you a smoky look before pushing herself from the table and making her way towards a nearby locker. She throws on a lab coat from inside as well as a pair of shoes, turning to face you. The coat doesn't even try and cover her breasts, leaving those plush, purple orbs bouncing in the open, but at least she's somewhat clothed now. "Shall we?"

You nod, leading the way to the door Heifara came through. You open it with a soft creak and peek around inside. Empty. Beckoning Leisha, you slip down the corridor, and deeper into the lair of Newgates.

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Bull Assistant

It's hard work as Heifara's assistant, but someone has to do it.

There's the materials to be dragged in from the warehouse, maintenance to be done on the pumping machine, tending the cows, flexing for her amusement as she furiously masturbates to the sight of your immense form, and of course satisfying her when she gets too horny to think right. She always says that she gets her best ideas when mounted on your cock, which means she always has plenty of need for you.

But working with the cows makes it all worth it.

The trouble, you've discovered, is that the bulbs can only satisfy the cows up to a point. Eventually, they get so randy and needy that they need a taste of the real thing, or their milk production dips. And fortunately for them, you've got plenty of cock to go around.

"Moooo!" a former elf cries, her stocks rattling as her trapped arms and shoulders knock against it, her eyes rolling back, mouth open, panting, mooing for all she's worth as your thick, veiny bull cock plunders her needy pussy. "Mooooooo!"

You grunt, giving her plush bottom a spank, something that makes her cry out, bucking as a great, heavy spurt of cream sloshes into the hungry cups of the pumps. You don't know the names of the cows. They don't really have names. Heifara gave them serial numbers, but you can't be bothered to remember them. But that's fine. You don't need to know their names. You don't need to know anything.

Other than how hard to fuck.

How fast.

How much the cow under you needs before she cums in helpless orgasm, her brain pounded to mush from the relentless thrusting of your veiny girth.

And you can feel the elf is getting close. The tightness squeezing your cock almost too much as she rides you, her orgasm approaching fast, your own close behind.

"Moo! Moo! Moooooo!" the elf cries, her body tightening, flexing, her orgasm rushing on her in a sudden burst. You haven't a prayer of holding back against that, and with a throaty roar you cum as well.

Your cock throbs, pulsing, sending bursts of your hot seed rushing into the cow's hungry pussy. The cow's eyes roll back, her body quivering as she surrenders to the orgasmic bliss, riding even higher that plane of pleasure as she takes your seed. The cups bounce on her plush teats as she cums like a geyser, quivering as cream gushes greedily into the hoses, fed into the machine behind you.

With a heavy grunt you unsheathe her from your cock, the cow moaning, knees knocking together, barely able to hold her upright.

"Fantastic work," Heifara says as she comes up behind you, looking fondly at the bovine elf. "What a good cow she is," she says, stroking the elf's rump fondly.

You grunt. The elf was okay, but nothing special. You should know. You've had dozens of cows, sometimes in one day.

Heifara chuckles as she eases the buzzing bulb back against the cow's pussy, the elf groaning as she resumes rubbing herself against the pleasure tool. "Good cow. Nice and milky. Well!" Heifara says, turning your way, her breasts bouncing tantalizingly in her tight top, instantly gaining your full attention. "Great work, stud! She'll be good for a few days."

"What's next?" you grunt.

"Lessee..." Heifara says, checking a chart hanging from the pump. "Hmm. 11134 and 17654 will need a good fucking in about an hour. But before that," she adds with a sly look your way, her hands gliding over the curvy swell of her teats. "I think I might have forgotten to get some... relief this morning. How about it, big guy? Feeling like giving me a hand?"

You perk up a little, your muzzle grinning. "Yes, boss," you say.

"Good stud," Heifara says with a flirty look, grabbing the strap of her top and pulling it up. Her massive breasts wobble into the open, already damp with cream. Your eyes are instantly arrested by the sight of her teats. No matter how often you see them, it's a delight every time. "Go take a seat in your favourite chair, and we'll get started."

Happily, you move away and to the chair. Your favourite spot in the lab. Big, heavy, it's made of stainless steel with strips of leather bolted onto it for comfort, the metal for sturdiness. Anything less easily breaks under your mating bulk. You settle into the chair contentedly, and Heifara strides up to you, smirking, her breasts wobbling with every step.

"What a good bull," she purrs, lazily straddling your lap, her legs parted around your legs. You grunt, feeling the heat of her arousal, no panties under her skirt. Well, hardly surprising. Heifara loathes inhibitions, and taking off her underwear when she feels the need to fuck is just an extra step to getting what she wants.

And today, she wants you.

Already your cock thickens, drawn towards the warmth of her desire. Heifara can sense it. The heat of your bullish manhood radiating against her inner thighs. She moans softly, leaning forward, her hands resting on your shoulders and her eyes lidded and Your hands come up, huge mitts resting on her ample hips, squeezing them hungrily and easing her down.

"Mmmmm," Heifara moans as the tip of your cock rubs against her pussy. She arches lazily, pushing her breasts into your face as she sinks down on your cock. You take the hint, your thick tongue lathing her breasts, tasting the cream that leaks from her plump nipples.

"Oh goooood stud," Heifara gasps as she sinks further on your cock. "Fuck. Employee of the month... mmm... material right... there."

You grunt, words unnecessary. Your mouth is better spent kissing, licking, and suckling on her fat teats, Heifara gasping, her cheeks reddening with a flush as she sinks further atop your cock.

“Oh gooooooods,” Heifara moans as she sinks down to your root, your massive cock stuffing her insides to the brink, her eyes rolling back from the sheer sensation of fullness. “Yes. N-now fuck me. Fuck me now!”

Sounds good to you.

You barely have to try, your powerful muscles easily lifting the moaning holstaur, dropping her, letting her ride the fat heft of your veiny cock. The sensation is exquisite, had you the vocabulary to even know the word. Her inner walls tighten, flex, squeezing you as you bounce the busty holstaur atop your cock with growing urgency.

“Yes!” Heifara gasps, her arms trembling around your head as you milk and fuck the holstaur. “Oh gods! So mnnn! So fucking deep! Ah. Science... ah... always so good. Fuck yes. Don’t stop. Harder. Fuck me harder! Make me s-scream. Make me cum!”

You can do that.

You increase the pace, your hips rolling, thrusting up into her, pounding the panting holstaur as she whimpers and cries out in delight. Driving her towards an orgasm as wanton and shameless as those of her cows.

“Yesss!” Heifara cries over the slapping of flesh on flesh, her jiggling teats spurting milk with every downward stroke. “Yes! Don’t nnn stop! Don’t stop f-fucking me! Fuck me! Yes. Oh gods yes! Yes! Moo! Moo! Moooooo!”

With that final bovine cry of bliss she drops down upon your cock and cums, her inner walls tightening around you gloriously, milking your cock as surely as you milked her tits. And she’s not long in getting her reward. You bellow with bliss, your manhood throbbing, pulsing, pumping great gouts of thick seed into her greedy pussy.

Heifara moans in bliss, settling atop you, panting hard and fast, a smile of blissful satisfaction on her face. You grunt and ease back into the chair. Soon she’ll recover, and it’ll be back to work.

But for now, you’ll enjoy a well-earned break.

Bad End

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Go Through the Front



Logic generally dictates that going through the front door of the enemy fortress is not an easy path. But then, those who've tried probably weren't wizards.

Taking that into consideration, you lurk for a bit outside the lair of the Newgates, waiting for a good opportunity. It comes soon enough, much to your satisfaction, when one of the gang members stops near an alley and lights up a smoke. He's about your build, his arms layered with tattoos, as well as his face. His teeth are sharp like a shark's, and he's got what looks like gills on his neck. Some kind of water sprite. Well, whatever, you can work with that.

You move up to him and give him a grin. "Hey man," you say. "Got a smoke?"

The Newgate smirks grimly at you. "Sure," he says, taking his cigarette out, fitting it in his fingers before jabbing it at your eye.

Which might have worked, but you duck the attempt and drive a fist into his stomach.

He gags, slumping over, which puts his head in prime position of a follow-up punch to the jaw. He flops backwards into the alley, laid out on the ground with a meaty thud. You look around quickly, but no one was around to see. Before someone can notice, you duck into the alley, grab shark-boy's hands, and drag him into the dark.

Propping him up against the wall, you scrutinize his face closely. Alright. Alright. You can do that. You raise one hand to your face and place the other on his forehead, a spell of mimicry whispered under your breath.

Ugh, you hate this spell, but the effect is undeniable. You feel like a layer of wax has been poured over your face and arms, morphing and taking on the features of the unconscious Newgate. You lean back, shuddering from the sensation, and quickly check your reflection with the blade of your knife. Hm. Not bad for a rush job. It'll get you inside, at any rate.

Tucking the knife away, you turn around and make your way towards the Newgate's lair. You rap your fist against the metal door, and it opens a moment later. The bulk of a troll frames the doorway, his head crouching down as he peers at you, the tattoos of the gang twisting up and down his arms.

"Hey," you say, guttural voice mimicking the Newgate you clocked.

The troll grunts and steps aside, letting you in. You slip past him and scan the interior with a glance.

...Well, not exactly what you expected from the bad guy bar of a bunch of fey gangsters, but it fits.

The inside looks like a cross between a bar and a deep sea drilling rig. Huge, brutal steel equipment populates the room, with piping twisting all around the place like rusty roots, dials and switches decorating them like flowers of glass and metal. Tables and booths are scattered between them, and in the far back is a bar backed by a wide mirror. It's gloomy inside, with the lights some upturned pipes burning red like the flaring of an oil rig. The sullen glow flutters in the room, half-illuminating dark figures lurking in the booths, growling and swearing at one another as they gamble, play dice and drink. Several waitresses cruise through the smoky gloom, dressed in short one-piece gowns that are more like pink sleeves hugging their waists, breasts and upper thighs. All are painted in the inks of the Newgates, their hair done up and eyes dark and smoky. Something about them sends an uneasy shiver up your spine, as if they were the true danger in this realm of shadows and men who walk with death.

Your eyes adjust fast, and you manage to make out a door leading deeper into the facility. Adjusting your jacket, you make for it in a roundabout way, winding your way through the room. You force yourself to move casually. No need to draw more attention to yourself than you want. Especially in a place like this. Your disguise is far from foolproof. If anything breaks the illusion, the whole thing will slough off like wax under a blowtorch.

You almost make it when a hand grabs your arm. "Hey there, sugar! Where've you been?"

You turn your head sharply, and to your shock find a woman sitting in one of the booths. A cocky grin sits on her lips, her arm written with tattoos and a large-brimmed witch's hat on her head. Her gown

is suggestively tight and white, fairly glowing in this shadowy realm as it hugs her curves, and her eyes gleam pink as bubble-gum, her lips plush and the same hue.

A shiver races through you. Oh no. A sugar witch!

There are countless schools of sorcery. From the bombastic Combusters to the gloomy Resurrectionists, but few would guess those witches who delved into the realm of sugars and sweets would be among the most dangerous.

But they are.

They absolutely are.

Not just because they're, to a tee, a bunch of sugary sweet bimbos. Not just because their mastery of happy, bubbly, sweet magic means few can resist their charms, curses, and spellwork.

No.

It's because they're doing it FOR you.

They see it as their divine purpose to make the world more romantic. To make gooey happiness and giggly joy the order of existence. To ensure that everyone they meet is as dopey, happy, and filled with sparkly joy as themselves.

By any means necessary.

Regular witches tend to run sugar witches out of town, which usually results in them setting up gingerbread cottages out in the boonies, but every now and then one manages to sneak into the city and open up a cakeshop, or get to work for some politician or other. You'd wondered how some new leader could have so thoroughly taken over the Newgates in just a few short months. You have an uneasy feeling you now know.

"Er-" you begin.

"Come now! No need to be shy," the sugar witch giggles, pulling you into the booth beside her before you can escape. "I've been looking for you! I've been thinking really hard about that girl you wanted to romance, and I agree! You're a bit too rough around the edges yet for her."

Your eyes flash to the rest of the booth, where a number of waitresses sit, giggling in the dark, their eyes glassy, empty, yet filled with blissful love as they gaze at you knowingly. "I ah..." you begin.

"But not to worry!" the witch chimes happily, beaming in delight. "By the time we're done, you'll be quite the catch! Miss Mixia has never let one of her boys down."

"I uh... right," you say, thinking fast.

[Feign Illness](#)

[Ask Her to Elaborate](#)

[Pretend You've Moved on](#)

Feign Illness

"I... I'd love to," you groan, clutching your stomach. "But, I got... got a hotdog sold by a hobbit up the block and don't think it's agreeing with me."

Mixia gasps. "That suspiciously tall hobbit on twentieth street?"

"Er, yeah."

"Oh sugar! You never should eat his food. I hear he makes them with rats! And not good rats. He uses the sorts of rats you get in the sewers. Well! Come along, sugar," she says, rising out of the booth and helping you out as well. "I'd better get you to the medical room."

"Er, I could-"

"Nonsense! I insist," she giggles.

You dare not make a bigger fuss, and with that she's got you out of the booth. But then you notice that she's leading you to the heavy metal door deeper into the complex, and relief rushes through you. This could work. And she's going alone. You might have a chance here...

You let her lead you on and through the heavy door. A world of tangled pipes and steam awaits beyond, and you have to squint to find your way through it. Mixia moves with easy confidence, and you'd be lying if you said you didn't admire the way her figure is flattered by her robe. She's not fat, but she's got plenty of curves, you will say that.

You blink as a door suddenly opens before you, and you find yourself pushed into something like a nurse's station, if said nurse moonlighted as a mediaeval torturer. You eye surgical tools spread along one wall, while harsh lamps burn overhead. Another side of the room sports an examining table that has some alarming looking restraints at the corners, and the medicine cabinet has a concerning number of glass jars filled with things like eyes, toes, and unidentifiable lumps.

Before you can consider further, Mixia has pushed you in so you plop down onto the examining table. The busty witch smiles beatifically down at you and does a twirling motion, her fingers trailing sparks.

Your eyebrows shoot up as her tight clothes melt into an even tighter white nurse's outfit, the hem scandalously short and a red cross tracing the swell of her breasts and low collar, while another cross paints her white witch's hat.

"There we are," she giggles, leaning suddenly forward, one hand planted beside you, her breasts pushed into your face as she smiles down at you, red lips parted, her perfume smelling strongly of cherries and sweetness. "Now, let's take that temperature. Hm?"

[Try to Overpower Her](#)

[See Where This Is Going](#)

Try to Overpower Her

As she leans over you, you reach up and grab her shoulders. A sultry smirk alights her face as you suddenly flip her around, pressing her into the bed.

“Ooooh,” Mixia moans, pushing out her chest further, arching suggestively beneath you, making the rubbery fabric across her breasts creak with strain. “Whatever are you going to do to me?” she purrs, stroking your face.

As she does, you feel the mimic spell give way. Your features slough off as the magic dissipates, revealing your face. Mixia’s sultry smirk changes to shock as your hand flashes before her eyes with a knockout spell. The spiral pattern whirls before her face, and Mixia’s eyes roll back, leaving her to slump on the examination table.

You straighten with a sigh. Well, so much for your disguise, but you’re inside the lair of the Newgates now, so it did its job at least. You move quickly, hooking Mixia’s limp arms and legs into the table’s restraints before you straighten. There. That’ll hold her for a bit. Many sorcerers have an innate resistance to magic, so there’s no telling how long it’ll keep her out.

Although...

You eye the softly snoozing sugar witch, considering. She probably knows every nook and cranny of this place, and would surely know where Luger is being kept. Maybe it would be worth waking her up for a quick interrogation...

[Interrogate Mixia](#)

[Leave Her](#)

Leave Her

You consider the idea, then dismiss it. The risks are too high to attempt. Sugar witches are notoriously tricky, and you were lucky to get her off-guard as is. You slip back up to the door and open it a hair, peering through. The corridor is empty, so with a last look around, you slip through and down the winding passage of pipes, and deeper into the Newgate lair.

To Be Continued

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

Interrogate Mixia

The risk is high, but the information you could glean from Mixia would be well worth it. You check the room, and looks like it's pretty sound proof. The reasons for that are best not dwelled on, you muse with an eye at the sharp equipment all around. Locking the door, you move back to the sugar witch, noting idly that her perfume is really starting to fill up the room. Whatever. You pat Mixia's cheek.

"Wake up," you order.

The sugar witch moans, her head lolling and breasts heaving. "Mmm... Five more minutes, daddy..."

"No. Now," you growl, giving her shoulder a rough shake.

Mixia's eyes flutter open and she stares up at you with befuddlement, and then sudden understanding. "Oh!" she gasps, glancing down, then pouts. "And you didn't even strip and ravish me? How disappointing."

"What?" you goggle, then growl. She's trying to throw you off. You draw your revolver and press the cold barrel under her chin. "Listen," you say. "I have some questions for you, and I'm going to need answers."

She glances down, seemingly completely unperturbed by the presence of the gun. "Hm? And what might you want to know?"

"Where's Luger?" you demand.

She laughs prettily. "You want him?" she says. "Oh, you poor boy. You have no idea what you're in for."

"What are you babbling about?" you demand.

Mixia rolls her eyes. "Oh, nothing, sugar. Nothing at all. But, what do I get out of this?"

"Your brains not splattered all over the wall," you tell her.

"Violence doesn't scare me," she says. "I'm a Newgate, sugar. But... well, I suppose I could tell you. For a price."

"And that is?" you demand.

She whimpers, stretching out on the table. "It's just that... this outfit is so awfully snug. I didn't expect to be in it so long. Do you think you might... take my top off? I'd be ever so grateful."

"You... you want me to..."

"Top. Take it off. Yes, sugar. But I don't want you to think I'm that kind of girl," she adds with a sultry giggle. "It's just eeeeever so tight."

You glance down again at her bust. Hesitate. But you've come this far. You reach down, grabbing the zipper at the front and yank it down.

Mixia moans as her ample bosom bounces into the open, and with it, the scent of her perfume grows much stronger. "Mmm. There we go. Oh, thank you, sugar. It was so confining in there."

"Uh, yeah. Whatever," you say, trying not to stare at the creamy orbs thus revealed. Dear gods. They were even bigger and softer than you first thought. You clear your throat. "Now, that information?"

"Of course, sugar. Luger, poor dear. Such a silly thing he was. But so clever in ways that matter. He's the boss's favourite, you see, and she loves to keep him close."

"And where might that be?" you say.

"Oh sugar, I'd just looove to tell you, but I just can't think straight at the moment."

"And why's that?" you demand.

"Well," Mixia says with a coy smirk, a lazy undulating sending her breasts bouncing. "I'm afraid the girls are sooo awfully uncomfortable after spending all that time in that tight strap. They're terribly distracting. Don't you agree?"

"Yeah," you say, watching those creamy orbs wobble, then quickly blink away your distraction and add, "what's your point?"

"Why, that they need a massage, sugar," Mixia giggles. "What else?"

"A... a massage? Are you kidding me?"

"Oh no, sugar. Quite the contrary! I never joke about my breasts. My big... soft... bouncy breasts. Why, that would be so wrong. Mmm. And yet, soooo right."

Mixia wriggles in her bonds, her ample teats heaving tantalizingly. Gods, you can't seem to look away from them. You swallow hard. "I..."

"I can tell you everything, sugar. Once you give me a bit of... relief..."

You know there's a trick here, but she is tied down. And you do need that information awful badly...

"Alright," you grunt as you move in closer, reaching up and cupping her breasts.

"Mmmm," Mixia moans, arching lazily. "Attaboy. Just... give them a nice, slow massage..."

"F-fine," you say, trying not to pay too much attention to the feel of her ample tit flesh. So firm, yet soft. Perfectly malleable as you gently lift and stroke them, your fingers sliding over her pale titflesh admiringly. Almost like kneading dough... "Now, tell me where they are."

"Oh of couuurse, sugar. I'll do anything you want," Mixia hums, her eyes lidded with lazy pleasure. "Mmm. Anything for a man with such... skilled hands. So gentle. So sure. You've done this before."

"Yeah," you admit, then shake your head. You didn't need to tell her that. But you are feeling strangely warm... "Just... talk," you grunt.

"Sure thing, sugar," Mixia giggles, which makes your face warm as you feel the vibrations through her breasts. "Well, Luger has just been an absolute peach, doll. Just an absolute peach! He came all mooning over the boss, and she just couldn't say no to such a cutie. And he was so eager to work with her. Would do just anything for her, and he had so many fun ideas."

"Like what," you say, licking your lips. Gods your mouth is dry. Your skin warm. And yet, for some reason, you feel like you can taste something sugary...

"Oh, sugar! A girl shouldn't kiss and tell, but if you must know, things like whips. And chains. And all sorts of nasty things that he just loved getting from the boss. Not like me, of course. I prefer a more... tender touch for my cuties. Makes them so sweet. Sweet as sugar."

You're breathing a bit harder now. Your hands still molding and bouncing her breasts. "Uh... uh huh..."

"Gosh, you are looking hot in that big coat, sugar. Don't you think it'd be smart to take it off? You'd hate to pass out in here. Just hate to let yourself get taken advantage of, wouldn't you?"

"I uh... y-yeah," you say. That would be... be bad. So bad. You'd hate for Mixia to take advantage of you. That'd be wrong. Dangerous.

...Tempting...

You shift, your pants so tight. Without quite thinking about it, you shrug your shoulders, your long coat slipping off one arm, then the other. One by one, lest you take your hands off Mixia's big, soft, bouncy breasts for too long...

"There's a good boy," Mixia giggles. "Such a good boy. Makes you feel good when I call you a good boy, hm?"

"I um," you say, blushing, your head so hot. Yet light. Soft and fluffy as candyfloss. You inhale deeply, her perfume so sweet and soothing. "I just..."

"Oh I know, sugar. But don't worry! I'm utterly at your mercy, you big handsome stud you."

"Y-yeah. Exactly."

"Right? Such a good boy."

You blush again. So hot. So confused. What is going on? But you can't let on that it's getting hard to think. She might turn the tables on you somehow.

"Worried about me taking advantage, sugar?" Mixia asks.

"N-no," you say.

"Exactly right! Because I've got none of my spell components on me. And I can't cast magic like this without moving my arms. Why, if I wanted to take advantage of you, I'd of had to do something like cast a spell beforehand. A spell that would work even if I wasn't conscious. Something to make a boy like

you nice and thoughtless. Nice and pliable. Something like... oh, maybe some enchanted perfume. Hm? Something that, the longer you breathe it in, the hornier you get. The dumber you get! The more obsessed you become with my big... bouncy... breasts..."

You nod along, barely paying attention. So much easier to focus on her breasts. What was she talking about? Doesn't matter. She's utterly at your mercy.

Even as you feel something touch the back of your head.

Ease you forward.

Forward towards the jiggling valley between her breasts.

You slow, blinking, and look up. Mixia smiles down at you. Yes. Down. Because now she's sitting up, her arms free, and one hand on your head, pushing it in.

"I do love bondage," Mixia coos teasingly. "Makes me a real expert on shimmying outta some tight ropes."

"Huh?" you say.

"Nothing, sugar," Mixia giggles, and pushes you into her tits.

You groan as those creamy orbs envelop your world, your nose stuffed with her scent, your mind swimming in submissive bliss. You offer no resistance as she reverses your positions, laying you on the table beneath her, her thighs trapping your waist, her legs twinning with yours as she cuddles you like a gigantic teddy bear.

"Good boy," Mixia giggles, nuzzling you lovingly. "So silly. So easy. Mmm. But maybe you wanted it this way, huh? Being so dumb to fall for Mixia's bags of tricks. But don't worry, sugar. I'm going to make sure you never regret it."

You can barely understand her. Your mind is drowning in her perfume and a blissful surrender. You wriggle beneath her, not resisting as she pulls open your shirt, your belt giving way, your trousers down and your cock freed.

Only to slide into heavenly, silken tightness.

"Mmmm," you groan into her tits, your eyes rolling back as her adoring pussy swallows your shaft.

"Oh yessss!" Mixia moans deliciously, her hips lazily rocking, riding your cock, milking it with unspeakable skill and pleasure. "That's iiiiiit! Give it up, pretty boy. Give up your cock. Give up your mind! Ohhh, we'll make a Newgate of you yet, sugar. Going to make you such a good... mmm... obedient boy for me. Yes. Yes! Fuck me! Give me that cock. Give me that cum! Cum for mistress. Cum... for... Mmmmixia!"

Her voice peaks with ecstasy, her inner walls milking you wonderfully. You cum, moaning, surrendering, your thoughts drowning in cotton-candy pleasure swallowing you up like sugary sweet clouds.

Down.

Down.

Into sweetest, wonderful submission...

[Newgate Thug](#)

See Where This Is Going

There's no harm in waiting a little bit before making your getaway. Especially with such a gorgeous woman. As long as she doesn't touch your face and break the spell.

"Well, nurse," you say with a flirty grin. "I'm afraid my head is pretty cool. Is there somewhere better that you can get a feel for me?"

Mixia's smile widens. "As a matter of fact, there is," she says, swaying a little, her breasts bouncing in her tight top as she slinks down before you, level with your lap. "Take off your pants."

Now we're talking! Eagerly, you shuck off your trousers and boxers, your cock springing into the open, thick and throbbing from her teasing.

Mixia's eyes spark, glowing with hearts as her soft lips rise in sweet excitement. "Mmm. There we are," she coos, leaning in, running her tongue lazily up your length.

You shiver in delight, toes curling as her tongue lathes your shaft. Oh fuck, that's good. "This a... new technique for taking the temperature?" you gasp.

"Very new," Mixia says with a wink, giving your cock a loving kiss, a smack of lipstick left on your twitching shaft. "Only a nurse with some very... very sensitive lips can properly do it. Shall I demonstrate?"

"Please!" you say with an inviting gesture.

Mixia giggles, her tongue running over her red, red lips until they shine like glossy bubble-gum, then she leans in and takes you right to the root.

You groan, head slumping back, body tensing as ecstasy sparks down your veins from your crotch. A shudder takes you as she begins to bob, those sinfully good lips sucking you off like nothing you've ever known.

"Holy fuck," you gasp. "Hooooooly fuck. That's... that's good. So fffffucking good!"

"Mmmm," Mixia moans, going slower now, drawing it out as you moan and clutch at the rim of the examination bed, your toes curling in pleasure as she adores your cock.

"G-gods... gods damn. That... I don't know... know how much m-more I can... oh fuck. Oh fffffuck! Like that! Suck it just... ah... like mnnn. Like that. Oh fuck. Just... just like... tha-aaaaat!"

You let out a groan as you cum, your cock pulsing with pleasure, balls tightening with ecstasy as you give up every drop in a sudden swell of orgasmic pleasure. You sag back on the examining table, feeling the strength drain from you in post orgasmic bliss as those soft, sinful lips slide off your cock.

"Mmm," Mixia coos, popping her lips with evident delight as she rises to her feet, leaning on the table and smirking down at you. "Delicious."

"Th-thanks," you pant, grinning.

And stop as her hand comes up and playfully taps you on the forehead.

You shiver as the enchantment melts off you like a mask of wax, revealing your true face. Mixia giggles. "Mmm. Had a thought you were human, sugar. And that taste... Mmm. So much magic. Too much for a fey."

You try and move, but your arms feel like lead, as do your legs. Mixia giggles as she rises fully to her feet, a finger at her lips.

"Aw, did someone think the naughty witch wouldn't enchant her lipstick?" Mixia says, blowing you a teasing kiss. "Such a silly boy. But not to worry," she says, her eyes sparkling with hearts and magic tingling around her like a nimbus of sugar. "By the time I'm done, we'll be such very... very good friends..."

[Newgate Thug](#)

Pretend You've Moved On

"Oh! Her," you say with a begrudging sigh. "I ah, I've moved on. She didn't take my romancing well and, you know how it is."

Mixia's face drops with sorrow. "Oh, didn't she? Poor boy. She doesn't know what she's missing."

"Yeah. But I found someone new, and I'm confident that this time will turn out better."

She gives you a pitying glance and pats your arm again. "Of course, sugar. Of course she will. But, just in case. Have this," she says, slipping a small phial into your hand. "A little present for her to help you... make your case," she says with a saucy wink.

You feel a shiver course through you at that double entendre. You fix an eager smile on your sharp-toothed face. "Will do! Thanks, ma'am."

"Any time, sugar! Now, you go run along and have some fun."

"Gladly," you say, hastening away as she suggested. You quickly reach the heavy metal door leading deeper into the Newgate lair and try the handle, finding it unlocked. Phew! That's a relief. You open the door, squeezing through and finding yourself in a tight corridor. Piping flanks you on either side, twisting across the walls like a map to some monstrous brass labyrinth. You take a look at the potion the sugar witch slipped you and shudder. You have no idea what this thing was supposed to do to you, and you don't intend to find out. Open your hand, you drop the potion through a convenient sewer grate, then hurry forward and deeper into the lair of the Newgates...

To be Continued

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Ask Her to Elaborate

You know this is a bad idea, but you also know the sugar witch in the booth is impossibly sexy, and you've always been a sucker for a pretty girl. Besides, maybe you can squeeze some info out of her. And if you're really lucky, you muse with a glance down at her chest, you'll get to squeeze some other things too.

"Could you... maybe tell me more about that?" you say, sitting down in the booth beside her.

Mixia giggles, scooting over and pulling you against her soft curves. "Of course, sugar! What kind of den mother would I be if I let my boys not know how to get plenty of pretty girls. Right, ladies?"

A giggling chorus of agreement comes from around the table. You can barely keep track of the lovely faces, all of whom are making fluttering bedroom eyes at you, and all of whom are wearing some pretty heavy perfume. Your head is already spinning from the sheer potency saturating the air around you.

"So you see," Mixia says, leaning in closer against you, her soft lips enunciating every word, entrancing your stunned eyes. "We figured out just the most wonderful, perfect, clever way for you to get your lady love. And it's so easy!"

"It is?" you say, in awe of those lips. So soft. So plump. Gods, your head is just spinning! It feels like you're floating.

"That's right. And it's... kissing," Mixia says.

"Yeah," you say dimly, then your mind manages to catch up on it. "W-wait. You-"

"Every lady wants a man who knows how to kiss," Mixia coos, leaning in closer. "And we got just the way to help you get some practice."

"I uh..."

"We're gonna get lots," Mixia breathes, her arms lazily wrapping around your neck, her face moving in closer, hearts sparkling in her eyes, "and lots... of practice..."

Your mouth opens to say something, and in that moment Mixia leans in and locks lips with you.

You stiffen in shock, then groan, melting in pleasure like chocolate fondue as the sugar witch's glorious, pillowy, perfect lips meld against your own, kissing you with such hunger you can't resist. Her tongue teases against your lips, sliding into your mouth, deepening the kiss like nothing you've known before.

Fireworks go off in your mind, your eyes rolling back and cock feeling ready to rip out of your pants you're so gloriously hard. Mixia's breasts rub against your chest like perfect, soft cushions, and you moan in helpless pleasure.

At last, after what feels like an eternity, Mixia leans back with a smirk. "How was that?" she breathes.

“Uh...” you gasp, panting, trying to get your breath back.

“Silly thing!” another voice chimes, and you look to your left, only to find one of the women from around the table has plopped into the seat beside you, her own lovely lips smirking in amusement. “You need more experience before you can tell her.”

“I-”

Before you can answer, the waitress leans in and kisses you as well. You groan, a taste like peppermint singing in your mouth as she lovingly kisses you.

And she’s far from alone.

When she finishes, another woman seems to appear, pulling you in close and meeting your lips. Another follows after her. Another. Another. An absolute cavalcade of women eager to kiss you. Touch you. Sit in your lap. Stroke you.

You don’t resist. Who could? Who’d want to? Every press of perfect lips is a new experience of pleasure. A new flavour of delight. Your head swims and swirls. Your body trembles and mouth whimpers and moans. It’s so good. All so good.

You emerge on the surface of sanity for a brief moment, finding yourself slumped in the booth, your jacket open, baring your chest, your pants down and cock twitching in the open as Mixias hand lazily pumps your length with exquisite slowness. The busty sugar witch is right beside you, smirking down at you with mocking concern.

“Well, intruder? Is it everything you dreamed?”

“Ohhh,” you groan. Then, something she said filters through. “I-intruder? I...”

Mixia giggles, joined by the other women. “Oh sugar,” she coos, leaning in closer, her breasts wobbling in her tight top. “Your silly little disguise melted like chocolate the second I kissed you. You were just too distracted to notice. But don’t worry,” she continues, moving over you, her gentle touch like a lead weight on your helplessly relaxed and horny body. “We’ll take good care of you.”

Again she kisses you, and again you moan, sinking into submissive bliss as her lips work against yours. Sinking even deeper when one of the waitresses takes your cock between her drugged lips and begins to suck you off.

Drowning you in blissful sugar kisses...

[Newgate Thug](#)

Newgate Thug

The shopkeeper's face slams down on the rubber mat where he once counted coins, but will now be counting his teeth.

"Two days!" you snarl, grinding his whimpering face on the unyielding surface. "Two days to get that protection money, Loudan. And if you don't have it, then you'll see what happens when the Newgates aren't looking out for you. And you'd hate to have that happen!"

"M-hmm," he whimpers in pain.

You sneer and let him go, your tattooed hand brushing your coat contemptuously. You force yourself to, because you feel a soft pang of guilt in your soul. Like what you're doing is somehow wrong. Ugh. These twinges of conscience have been getting worse the last few days.

Better take care of that.

You turn, prowling out of the shop, knocking over a rack of elvish sweetroot as you do. You hit the street, the few people on it hastily averting their eyes. They know what your tattoos and black coat mean. What gang you work with. And no one wants Newgate attention.

You smirk at their fear, contemptuous of them all.

And yet...

Something about your job rankles at you. Some twinge of guilt stirring deep within you. It's an uncomfortable feeling to be sure.

Fortunately, you know the cure.

Sliding into your car, you put it in gear and rip off down towards the lair. People bolt from your path, and they're wise to do so. No one dares mess with the Newgates. There's even talk the human cops won't try and arrest a member who is outside the fey markets anymore. The gang works with utter impunity.

So why the guilt?

Could it be you regret your actions somehow?

But that's, of course, absurd. Ugh. These pangs of conscience are starting to piss you off. You waited too long to get them taken care of. But no longer.

You peel to a halt before the Pump House with its tangle of pipes and iron and get out, slamming the door behind you. Shoulders hunched, glaring at everything, you make your way to the door and bang a fist on it.

Gober, the ogre bouncer, opens it with a glower.

"Lemme in," you say shortly. "I need to see Mixia."

The ogre hastily gets out of the way, and he's wise to. You've got a reputation in the gang for brutality, which has helped you rise rapidly through the ranks to your current position. You push into the lounge, the dusky interior fluttering with red light and the wailing jazz from the stage. You scan the room quickly.

And finally relax.

There she is.

Just the sight of the gorgeous sugar witch is enough to loosen the knots in your shoulders and ease the tension that's been tightening within you. A smile alights your face and you make your way towards Mixia's table.

The sugar witch is lounging there lazily, draped on the seat, her white robe hugging her curvaceous frame in a way that instantly makes you hot and bothered. Her hat is tilted back on her raven hair, her eyes lazily watching the show.

You make your way towards her, and as you draw near her head turns, a sultry smile playing on her lips.

"Well hello, sugar," she says.

You shiver, exhaling, all the worries just melting from you like gooey syrup. "Hello, Mixia."

"Mmm. Something the matter, sweet thing?" she asks, rising with a flutter of her scandalous robe, the slits in the legs revealing her thighs as she moves towards you.

She knows you so well. "Just... wanted to talk," you say.

"I hope that's not all, sugar," she says with a saucy wink, giggling as she trails her fingers up your chest, over your shoulder before giving you collar a playful tug.

You follow the pull like a puppy on a leash as Mixia saunters into the back of the club, swinging open the curtains to reveal her private booth. Low red lights glow above as she guides you inside, pushing you down in the seat and closes the curtains with a rattle of the rings on the bar.

"Now," Mixia says playfully as she plops herself down in your lap, smirking down at your rapturous face as her curvy rear presses down on your crotch, "what's gotten my favourite boy all bothered?"

You swallow hard, gazing up at her adoringly as you breathe in the sugary sweetness of her perfume. "I... I just finished some work, and I felt... bad."

"Bad?"

"About getting him to pay," you say. "I know we have to, and he should, but I..."

"Shhh," Mixia says, putting her finger on your lips, instantly quieting you. "It's all okay now, sugar. I understand. You're just having a bit of a crisis of conscience."

You relax in the booth and nod. "Yeah," you say.

"But you don't need to," Mixia says as she slides her hands along her thighs, up her waist, tracing the curves of her breasts, instantly arresting your full attention. "Because all you've gotta do... is exactly... what I tell you. Right?"

"Right," you breathe, watching her hands move, breathing in slow and deep of her intoxicating perfume.

"Sure do," Mixia says, outlining the swell of her breasts. Lifting them. Bouncing them. Squeezing them in that tight, tight fabric. "You don't need to worry. You don't need to think! You just have to be a good boy for me. Can you do that?"

"Absolutely," you say, nodding along as her thumbs rub the nubby suggestion of her nipples.

"Such a good boy," Mixia coos, her fingers teasing to the neckline of her dress.

Then pulls.

Her gown bursts into sparkles that rain down around her, her naked body revealed in a flash that makes your jaw drop, your eyes drinking in the sight greedily. Perfect. Flawless. Her breasts heavy orbs of pale flesh. Her stomach softly curved. Her thighs lusciously plump.

She smiles down at you, drinking in your worshipful gaze as she leans in, her hands stroking your face fondly. "Such a good boy you are, sugar," she coos lovingly. "So willing. So ready to tell mistress Mixia everything that's wrong. So ready to do whatever the Newgates need. You've been so good, and I hate to think you've been having doubts. So let me just... empty that pretty head of yours of all those worries. Okay?"

"That sounds... sounds wonderful," you breathe.

"Oh, it is," Mixia giggles, her eyes hot, lidded as she leans down, soft lips smirking. "It is."

She kisses you, and you groan in submissive bliss, sinking back into the cushion as her lips work against yours. You moan as you feel her hips rock forward, rubbing herself against you, your cock straining your pants in its eagerness to meet the silken folds of her pussy. So close. So wonderfully close.

"Mmm," Mixia moans, breaking the kiss, her tongue stroking her lips. "Ready for it, baby?"

"Gods... yes..." you pant, breath stolen by her passion.

Mixia giggles, leans down, and kisses you again.

You groan, shuddering as you feel your head empty, filled instead with cotton-candy clouds of bliss. Something that only increases as she snaps her fingers, your clothes melting away like hers did, leaving you shamelessly naked, the warmth of your body melting the strength in you, your cock springing to attention, rubbing against the silken folds of her pussy.

"Mmmm," Mixia moans, shifting atop you, her breasts rubbing your chest, her kiss flavoured of cherries and sugar sweetness as your cock presses against her folds. Her hips drop, and a whimper of pure bliss escapes you as her pussy swallows your manhood. Squeezes you as her hips work, riding your lap, the floppy brim of her white hat bouncing with the motions.

“Mm. Mmmm,” you moan into her mouth, drunk on pleasure. On her. On her touch and body and wonderful love. Your hands stroke her hips and thighs, settling on her waist, driving her down with even greater urgency, desperate to reach your final peak. That final release. To give up again the tension and stress and agonies of indecision for blessed, mindless obedience to your gorgeously curvy mistress.

You can feel your orgasm building. The tensions of guilt, shame and uncertainty knotting in you. The tension focusing in your balls. Preparing to release. Preparing for that blessed climax. You thrust upwards frantically, moaning happily. Oh. Oh! Ohhh!

“Mmmm!” you groan into her kiss, eyes rolling back as your body surrenders to hers, your cock pulsing, cumming, pumping into her all your doubts and stress in a single explosion of blessed surrender.

“Mmmm,” Mixia groans, her lashes fluttering in bliss as she joins your orgasm, her body tightening exquisitely around you with her climax, milking your cock with quivering jolts of pleasure and joy.

You sag, drained to the dregs and loving every moment of it. Mixia lazily straightens atop you, breaking the kiss to smirk down at you, her body gleaming with beads of sweat. “Well... sugar? Do you still feel... all that naughty guilt?”

“N-no,” you gasp, beaming with brainless joy. “No, mistress.”

“What a good boy,” Mixia giggles, leaning down and pressing a gentle kiss to your brow. “Just how I love you. Dumb, happy, and so very sugar sweet.”

She giggles, and you smile happily at her mirth. Because when Mixia’s happy, you’re happy.

And you do so love being happy...

Bad End

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