

Stat Maxxing

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

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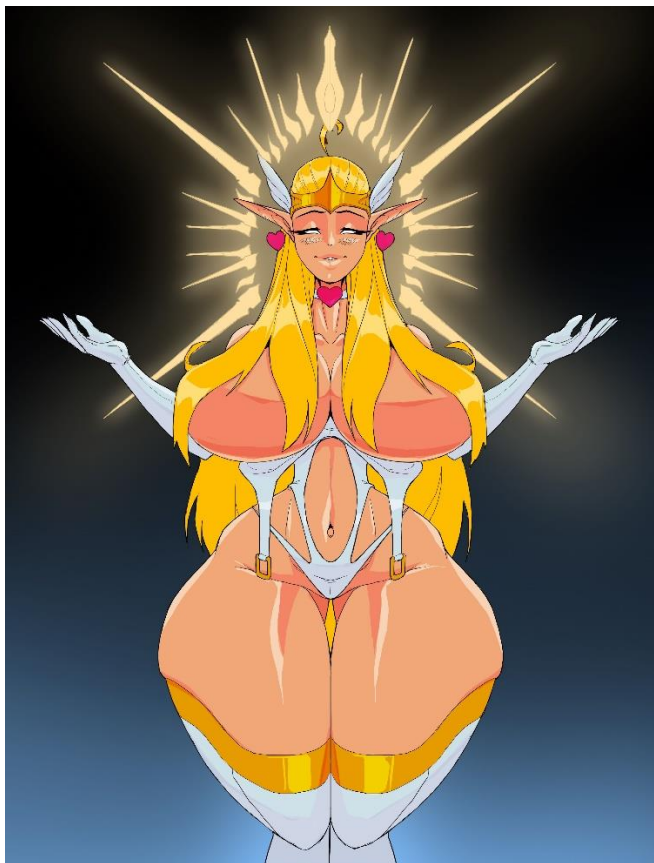
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New Game



You Died.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah. So this is heaven?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And humble."

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

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

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

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

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

“Right. I follow.”

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

“An outrage!” you say sympathetically.

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

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

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

“Ah,” you say. “I see.”

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

[Agree](#)

[Refuse](#)

[Negotiate](#)

Negotiate

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So?” she asks. “Deal?”

“Well...”

[Try for a Titjob](#)

[You’re in!](#)

Try for a Titjob

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

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

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

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

[Negotiate for Her Pussy](#)

[Sounds Good to You!](#)

Negotiate for Her Pussy

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

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

Damn. “Oh, well-”

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

You blink. “W-wait. But-”

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

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

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

Down.

Down into the endless darkness of utter nothingness...

Bad End

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

Refuse

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

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

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

"Sorry," you say.

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

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

End

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

Agree

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

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

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

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

"Wha-"

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

"Sorry, stats?" you say.

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

Then keeps moving back.

And back.

And back.

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

Then you suddenly stop.

[Awakening](#)

Sounds Good to You!

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

And hoo boy does it happen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Then you suddenly stop.

Awakening

You're In

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

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

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

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

"Play with them, mortal," she murmurs.

Can do!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Then you suddenly stop.

Awakening

Awakening

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

Wait.

Birds?

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

Woah!

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

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

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

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

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

ASTERIA'S SUPER AWESOME DUNGEON TOWER OF HOT ADVENTURES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stats:

Strength: 6/20

Agility: 4/20

Intelligence: 5/20

Willpower: 4/20

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

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

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

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

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

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

"DAMN STRAIGHT!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Max Strength](#)

[Max Agility](#)

[Max Intelligence](#)

[Max Willpower](#)

Max Strength

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

And damn but it feels goood!

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

But you don't.

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

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

And, conveniently, its head brought level with you.

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

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

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

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

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

[Level 1](#)

Max Intelligence

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Level 1](#)

Max Willpower

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

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

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

The fists hits.

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

Whoops.

Bad End

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

Max Agility

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

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

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

Amazing!

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

"Missed me," you call.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bad End

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

Goblin Queen



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

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

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

“A goblin queen?” you say.

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

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

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

“Just thought I’d ask,” you say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Sneak Through](#)

[Fight Through](#)

[Negotiate Through](#)

Negotiate Through

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

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

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

"You stops!" she cries.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So far so good. So to speak.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I came to talk," you say.

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

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

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

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

Interesting development.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hot babes.”

“Sorry?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Overpower Her Physically](#)

[Business Opportunities](#)

[Offer Her a Fuck](#)

Business Opportunities

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

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

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

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

Gabriella blinks. "Hm?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Of course."

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

"I have my moments," you say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Move On](#)

[Stay with Gabriella](#)

Offer Her a Fuck

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

“Eh,” she shrugs. “I get by.”

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

She licks her lips. “Maybe...”

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

“Well...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll be bolder yet," you say hotly, kissing her again.

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

"You really needed this," you chuckle.

"Shut up and fuck me," the goblin queen pants.

You can do that.

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

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

"Is that a royal command?" you ask mockingly.

Her golden eyes flash dangerously. "I'll give you a royal ohhhh!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh you will.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ooooooh...” Gabriella moans.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Move On](#)

[Stay with Gabriella](#)

Move On

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

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

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

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

[Level 2](#)

Overpower Her Physically

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

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

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

"Good. Then-"

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

"Wha..."

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

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

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

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

And then goes dark...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Goblin Stud

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Because that’s what a stud is for.

And you’re a good stud.

A very, very good stud for your gobs.

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

Stay with Gabriella

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Business Gob](#)

Business Gob

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

And the last few months have been amply demonstrative.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You know I do,” you husk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And she does.

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

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

“Like that?” you ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frankly, not bad for a second life.

Not bad at all...

End

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

Sneak Through

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

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

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

In retrospect, maybe there was a reason for that.

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

Heh. Spores. What a funny word.

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

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

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

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

"Oooh, look! Humie!"

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

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

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

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

You just hope it feels goooooood...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Fight Through

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...good...

[Goblin Stud](#)

Level 2: The Witch



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

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

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

“I-”

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

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

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

“Sorry, paws?” you say.

“You’ll find out soon enough!” she cackles, the flames swirling as she fades away.

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

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

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

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

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

Aside from the tree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Er-"

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

Uh... alright.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Her familiar?"

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

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

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

“I did?”

“Yeah! That was her out front.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh... Right. So, basically you-”

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

“Sorry, fuck?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

[No Way](#)

[Hell Yay!](#)

No Way

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Uh-"

"One way or another!" she screams.

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

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

Shit.

[Strength Max](#)

[Agility Max](#)

[Intelligence Max](#)

[Willpower Max](#)

Strength Max

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

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

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

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

And it is.

Except there's suddenly more tentacles.

Dozens more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your face flushes. This is so demeaning.

Yet, it's also kinda...

Nice?

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

Magic. A spell!

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

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

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

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

Especially one in particular.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"W-woof," you manage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Witch’s Pet](#)

Intelligence Max

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah?” you press.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Huh?”

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

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

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

[Become Her Familiar](#)

[Move On](#)

Move On

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

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

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

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

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

[Level 3](#)

Willpower Max

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Woof!" you growl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Woof," you gasp.

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

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

[Witch's Pet](#)

Max Agility

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nice.

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

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

[Level 3](#)

Become Her Familiar

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fine, actually.

In fact, you feel good.

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

But the big change has to be the magic.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the collar is making it even better.

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

And fuck does it feel good.

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

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

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

And you’re gonna.

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

It feels so good. Too good.

Fuck.

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

Fuck.

Fuck!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

End

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

Witch's Pet

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

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

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

"Oh Pet! Come here please!"

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

God but she's gorgeous.

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

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

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

"Woof!" you say, nodding eagerly.

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

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

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

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

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

A spell?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You growl again, draw back, then push home.

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

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

And you give it to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For you are the witch’s pet.

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

Bad End

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

Hell Yay!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh fuck, this is the good stuff, baby.

This is what you're here for!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Witch's Pet](#)

Level 3: Holy Cow



As you step through the portal you pause to take in the 3rd floor. You stand in a stone reception hall of a... church? Temple? Gotta be one of those with all the pillars around and frescoed walls. It all seems to be made of marble, the white stone veined with grey, which is both impressive and has to have been ludicrously expensive. Peering ahead, you see a great looming entrance at the back of the antechamber. A doorway filled with darkness and lit by braziers at intervals. Statues flank it, and it's impossible not to get a bit leery given your recent experience with them. They're of the goddess of evil too. Though they're a bit more... er, artistically liberated than what you've seen before.

It is definitely her though. They have the same face and the clothes are hers. But she's a bit more... well, blessed in the chest, shall you say. Not that the goddess herself lacked bust, but these figures take it to a whole new level. It has to be magic that keeps them from toppling over. Not to mention her horns have a distinctly bovine curve to them.

Taking the room in, you barely flinch as one of the braziers flare with emerald flames, the dark goddess predictably taking shape within it, her expression far from pleased. "I'm

getting rather sick of you ‘hero,’” Asteria says, going so far as to make air quotes with her fingers. “You try my patience!”

“Really? But I’m usually so charming,” you say with a playful grin.

The goddess glares at you. “You think your suave confidence, bravery, and flawless physique will sway my wrath? Well you are wrong!”

“Flawless physique, huh?” you say, raising an eyebrow. “I’m flattered.”

“And just why should you be flattered?” she flares, the flames of the brazier surging with a hungry crackle.

You hold up your hands soothingly, but can’t help but smile. It’s probably not a great idea to antagonize a wrathful goddess of pure malicious evil, but on the other hand it’s not like you can make her try and kill you harder. She’s clearly giving it her all here.

“Well, can you blame me?” you say. “Who wouldn’t be flattered to be complimented by such a gorgeous woman.”

“Ha!” the goddess exclaims, combing her fingers through her hair with a scoff as the flames settle. “Well, true enough. And you are right to be in awe, mortal. But it will not save you from my wrath! Because your quest for my sister ends here.”

“It does?”

“Yes! For now, you must take on one of my most loyal followers, Bovara, the Priestess of my cult, and a gorgeous heifer!”

“Heifer?” you say with interest. “A cow girl?”

“That’s right!” Asteria says smugly. “And good luck taking this cow by the horns, mortal. She will crush you! Destroy you! Rip you to itty bitty shreds! So be prepared for doom. Doom! Dooooom! Ah ha ha ha!” she cackles as she fades away, the brazier returning to a simple flutter of greenish flames.

Hmm... Not an encouraging conversation, but you didn’t really expect it to be either. What with the whole ‘goddess wants you dead’ bit. Still, an immensely busty, lactating woman with cow horns and religious ideations? Frankly, it hits enough of your kinks that you’re curious enough to see where this goes.

That in mind you start off through the dark doorway.

Your steps echo back at you in the marble emptiness of the corridor. Braziers burn along your path, illuminating the way, and before long you reach a branch. Two doorways confront

you and you glance at them skeptically. Signs are erected over both, the one on the left saying *Be Cleansed* and the one on the right saying *Be Brave*.

“Huh,” you mutter, fingering the hilt of your sword thoughtfully. Now, which are you going to take...

[Be Cleansed](#)

[Be Brave](#)

Be Cleansed

You're still new to this whole 'goddess' business, but you have a feeling that Be Brave is going to involve some sort of physical fight. Be Cleansed though implies either prayer or baths, both of which are a bit less 'physical pain' coded. And you'll gladly take a soak or a couple muttered platitudes to a vain goddess over fighting a monster.

Mind made up, you turn your steps down the corridor and enter the Be Cleansed passage. You've barely taken two steps before a groan has you spin back around, observing huge stone doors gliding shut to seal the way you came.

"Well, that's that," you murmur, turning back around and heading forward once more.

Soon enough the air starts to get warmer and misty steam begins to coil down the corridor, wafting to you. There's a smell you pick up on as well. Something... creamy.

Intrigued, and kind of lacking any other options, you keep walking, the mists getting thicker and hotter. Soon, you're thankful you were given clothes more suitable to a Frank Frazetta protagonist than anything else, as sweat drips off your toned body.

Fortunately, it doesn't get hotter. Doubly fortunately, you soon step through a doorway and find yourself in a new chamber.

And holy shit, you've hit the jackpot.

The clouds clear a bit and you find yourself gazing out over what looks like a massive, religious steam bath. Albeit, one that appears to use fresh cream rather than water. Alabaster white laps at the lips of huge tiled pools surrounded by marble pillars. At the far end of the room, towering over everything, is an immense holstaur statue of the goddess. The cowgirl figure kneels there, her palms outspread, her head tilted back rapturously. She has no top on, and instead her massive breasts spill out, and from her nipples pour endless streams of cascading cream that gather in her lap before spilling forth to feed the baths of the room.

And then there are the women.

Dozens of them fill the place, idling in the baths or chatting on some benches. All are easily DD to G cups, and some seem even higher. Bovine horns emerge from their hair, their faces human and strikingly beautiful, their figures flawless and flaunting their loveliness. Some wear towels, but nudity appears to be the order of the day for most. Mirrors ring the bath chamber, reflecting an endless parade of voluptuous beauty half-obscured by the steam.

Ho mama.

Your entrance doesn't go unnoticed for long, and a redheaded holstaur talking to others lifts her face and sees you. She brightens and strides forward, making no attempt to cover the immense breasts that wobble on her chest. The movement draws attention from the rest of the bathers, and almost at once you've got easily twenty pairs of eyes staring intently at you.

"Greetings," the redhead says, dipping in a respectful curtsy. "I am Maya, acolyte of the goddess. You must be here to see Priestess Bovara."

"I am," you say, trying not to stare at her chest and failing pretty miserably. "Is she ah... in?"

"She is. And you're here to be cleansed, yes?" she asks.

"Can I speak to her without that?" you posit.

"Oh no," she giggles, gesturing at the statue. "The gateway will not open until you have been wiped of your sins and shriven of the weight of the world before meeting with the High Priestess."

"Uh huh," you say. "And how do I do that?"

"Why, by wiping yourself clean in the milk of her bounty."

"Ah. I see. Then I guess that's what I'm here for."

Maya claps her hands in delight. "Wonderful!" she cries, bouncing in place. "How excellent! And," she asks with a hopeful look, "will you be needing any assistance in your bathing?"

"Assistance?" you say, and notice the way the other cowgirls strain to listen.

"We are at your service," the holstaur says happily. "And we'd all be eager to help you be fully... cleansed..." she says with a meaningful glance back at the other cowgirls.

[Bathe Alone](#)

[Bathe with Help](#)

Bathe with Help

Come on, what man could resist that opportunity?

"Now that you mention it," you say contemplatively, "I always did have some trouble reaching my back. And I'd hate to not 'cleanses' myself sufficiently. So if you're offering to help..."

Maya smiles knowingly. "With pleasure! Oh girls?" she calls, turning back to the rest of the cows. "He's here for a cleansing!"

Squeals of delight erupt from the cowgirls, and they crowd you eagerly. You tense, but don't sense any danger from the lovely holstaurs, and even if you did you're pretty sure you could take the lot of them. They're more soft than strong, more curves than hard muscles, and so you offer minimal resistance as they strip you of your meager clothes. When your cock comes into view more than a few eager gasps escape the cowgirls, which is quite flattering in its own right.

In short order you're being hustled over to one of the milk pools. You slow at the edge, dipping in a toe, but you feel nothing alarming, and so step into it the rest of the way.

And fuck but that feels goood.

You groan as you sink into the creamy waters, helpfully guided in by the cowgirls.

"Just relax," a brunette says.

"Yes! You're going to just love it," a blonde coos.

"I... nnn!" you grunt, tensing as you feel a hand brush your cock. You glance around, but there's so many cowgirls clustering around you that you have no idea who's doing it.

Especially once many more hands start touching your body.

"Here," Maya says, pouring something sweet smelling into her palm. "Oils to help your body relax."

"Well, that's... ohhhh," you sigh as she begins to rub it onto your muscular chest.

"Your shoulders are so very tense," another cowgirl coos, your head coming to rest on the pillow of her DD breasts while her fingers knead your shoulders.

"Such an impressive build," yet another holstaur coos, joining Maya in spreading the oils across your form.

You sigh in contentment, sinking into the milk as the giggling cowgirls lovingly spoil you. The feel of the milky waters and the many hands seem to simply bleed all the stress and tension out of your body. You feel warm. Tingly even. The only thing that remains hard is your cock, and that's because you've easily got three pairs of hands stroking and admiring it.

Fuck, this is the life. If Asteria ran her cult like this, no wonder she had no problem populating her dungeon. You groan as your head sinks back deeper into the cleavage of the cowgirl behind you, your head growing light. Thoughts sluggish and body heavy with content exhaustion.

Fuck, this is perfect...

"Would you care for a drink?"

You open your eyes (when did you close them?) and find Maya beside you, standing half out of the pool. Milk pearls her body, and she hefts a breast demonstratively. She gives herself a squeeze, and a bead of cream drools from her nipple.

You... probably shouldn't. But when you open your mouth to refuse, you surprise yourself by saying, "That sounds lovely."

You blink, startled. Because while true, you're not sure that's a good idea. But before you can think about it Maya has leaned in, pressing her plump teat to your mouth.

And then you're latching on.

Sucking.

And as warm, wonderful milk floods your mouth, you stop worrying, and learn to love the boob.

"Mmmmm," you groan, stretching, your body aching pleasantly. Utterly at ease. Utterly content. You don't have to do anything. Just float, and drink, and get spoiled by the lovely faithful of the goddess. You wonder how long before you should get out of the tub?

Well, it doesn't matter. You're sure the girls will tell you when it's time.

And until then, just relax.

Just drift.

Just feel your mind grow heavy. Torpid. Your thoughts swirling. Why did you need to get out of the tub anyway? You can't remember. Even thinking is so... hard. So... pointless. It's so... so easy to just relax.

To enjoy the milk of the cows.

The touch of the cows.

Sexy, sexy cows...

Your eyes slide open and you glance around at the dozen gorgeous cowgirls cooing and touching you. Your nostrils flare, and you realize you can actually smell their lust. How do you know it's their lust? How can you smell that?

Doesn't matter.

Nothing matters but the heavy, throbbing need radiating from your massive cock.

"Are you horny, Wanderer?" Maya asks.

You grunt, taking your lips from her breast. "Yeah," you grunt.

She beams. "Then, please, let us liberate you of that need as well."

Your eyes snap down as you're eased back against the cowgirl behind you. Your lap floats up, and your girthy cock emerges from the waters. Cooing, several cowgirls move in, pressing the huge, milky orbs of their breasts against your length. Squeezing you between their breasts.

Oh fuck.

You groan, head falling back as your cock is massaged between huge cowgirl teats. Their slippery breasts rubbing up and down your girthy shaft. Your breathing grows hot. Heavy. Panting in rough pleasure as you're pleased and you fuck. Pressure builds in your balls and your brow. A throbbing headache that can only be assuaged with relief. Release. With cumming your brains and balls out!

And you will.

Fuck but you will.

Closer.

Closer.

You feel your orgasm near until... until...

"Roooooo!" you moan, body tensing, cock throbbing, pulsing, unloading what feels like a sudden deluge of your thick cum in great, mighty spurts.

Cries of delight come from the cowgirls, who quickly start licking it from their compatriot's breasts. You grunt, easing back, breathing hard and heavy.

But still hard.

Still horny.

Very horny.

In fact...

You idly reach up and touch your forehead, specifically where the pressure in your skull has eased. Your face dips with confusion as you feel something growing there. Horns.

You have horns.

That... that's...

"Something the matter?"

Your eyes drift to Maya, who's looking at you with concern. And as you look at her breasts, all your worries vanish.

"No," you grunt placidly. "Just still horny."

She smiles then, warm and gentle. "Of course, my bull," she coos. "How silly of me. A true bull isn't satisfied until he empties inside a cow. Here, allow me."

Your eyes watch her as she wades away from you, then turns around, drawing herself half-up onto the rim of the pool. The peachy curve of her ass bobs to the surface, and you actually drool at the sight of her lush pussy just begging to be stuffed by your massive cock.

A low rumble rises from deep in your chest. You stir, rising languidly. Heavily. Every movement defined by the ponderous weight of strength. You don't question why you seem so much taller than the cowgirls compared to a short while ago. You don't even think about it. Like you don't think about why your cock seems so much bigger. Your balls so much heavier. Every thought is overshadowed by the sight of the fertile pussy bared to you.

And your need to give it what she needs.

"Fuck her, Bull," the brunette cowgirl coos from beside you, still stroking your chest.

"She needs it so badly," the blonde giggles, kissing your chest.

You merely nod, reaching out and grabbing Maya's hips. The holstaur gasps, then coos as your cock pushes against her folds. Filling her up. Moos of pleasure escape Maya as you begin to rut into her. Slow. Then faster. Faster. Every movement sending your hips swinging as you begin to ruthlessly mate that gorgeous cow. Relentlessly rut her. Fuck her.

Breed her.

You grunt, smiling as cowgirls coo and kiss you. Stroking you. Urging you into their sister. For you to fuck and mate her. Breed her. And when you finally empty into Maya, stuffing her with your cum, your cock barely leaves her pussy before you're sheathing it in another cow. Fucking her. Rutting her. Because you must. You need to. For this is your purpose. This is why you're here.

To be a bull.

A good bull.

A good breeding stud for your gorgeous cowgirl congregation.

[Bullish](#)

Bathe Alone

Though tempted - fuck but you're tempted - you have a feeling that there's a trap in there somehow. One doesn't build a temple to a goddess of evil, fill it with flirty cowgirls, and not have some dark design in there.

"Thanks," you say. "But I think I'll do it on my own."

The bovine ears of the cowgirl wilt, and soft moans of disappointment come from those behind her. "I understand," Maya says with an inviting gesture to one of the smaller pools sunken into the floor. "Then please, avail yourself of the bath, and inform me when you are done."

You thank her and step around the gorgeous cowgirl. You do your best to ignore the bathing bovines who watch you undress, though you do feel your ears warm as your loincloth is abandoned, resulting in gasps and eager murmurs as your cock is revealed.

Warily you step into the creamy waters of the small pool. Oh fuck. A shudder courses up your leg as you dip a foot into the milk. That feels... feels amazing! Smooth. Silky. Yet thick and warm. It's like a full body massage tingling over every inch of your flesh.

You groan softly as you sink into the bath up your chest, your cock instantly hardening as the warm, milky waters envelop your shaft and balls. Fuck, you feel so sensitive in the cream. So... so good. You haven't felt this relaxed in... well, ever, really.

Would it... really be so wrong to enjoy the moment a bit?

[Bathe Quickly](#)

[Bathe Slowly](#)

Bathe Slowly

This feels way too good to hurry up. With a sigh you sink into the milk, toes curling at the warm sensation that seeps through your muscular skin. Fuuuuck, that feels amazing. You let your head sag back against the rim of the pool, now up to your neck as you float just under the surface, flexing your muscles as every ache, pain, or tension you've accrued in your quest gets washed away. Undone. Dismissed.

And fuck but it feels good.

Soon you sink further, letting your head slide into the waters. Only your face remains above the alabaster pool as you float, basking in the sensation of warm relaxation. Mmm... this is the liiiiife.

Your eyes slowly drift closed, another sigh of happiness leaving you as the warmth of the cream spreads through you. Your body feels strange. Tingly, but in a good way.

The heat of the bath suffuses you. Becomes something more. A pleasurable throb that pulses through you in waves. It feels a little like when the goddess of good kissed you. A feeling of strength filling your arms and legs. A sensation of vitality and power.

You smile dimly as the throbbing moves up into your head, your mind sinking into the pleasant aching sensation. You moan softly, flexing your fingers and toes. Oh. Ohhhh, that feels wonderful. You don't know when you've felt better. You can't remember a time when you felt more at ease. More relaxed. More powerful and strong and... and anything.

Come to think of it, you're having a bit of a hard time remembering anything.

Not that this bothers you. You're too relaxed to worry. Too relaxed to do anything but soak in the milk of the goddess. You inhale the sweet scent of the cream, and another scent reaches your nose as well. The scent of women. The scent of sex.

The scent of cowgirls in need.

A low hum grows from your chest. Your cock throbs, aching with desire. The pressure in your head becomes painful for a moment, then there's a sharp moment of relief, like all the tension in your skull just burst free.

The sound of frolicking maidens reaches your ears. Soft coos and gasps of delight. Again you feel the dull ache of pent-up desire in your heavy balls. That sense of need.

Your need for relief.

Your eyes peel open and you finally find the wherewithal to move. You heave your bulk slowly upright, easily standing, though you didn't seem tall enough to touch the bottom of the pool when you first got in.

Still, you don't think about it.

Not with your body so densely muscled.

Not with your nose stuffed with scent.

Not as your furry hand grabs the edge of the pool and hauls you out of it. The sight of your bullish muzzle in a foggy mirror barely gives you pause. The weight of the bull horns growing from your head feel perfectly natural. You feel so normal. So right.

"Oh," a busty cowgirl gasps as you come up to her, her eyes going wide as they wander up and down your mighty frame before locking on to your face. You see her legs buckle a bit and smell the desire from her pussy. "Hello there," she says, smiling as she takes your hand. "Would you... like to join us in cleansing the body? And perhaps some... worship of the divine form?"

"That... sound... good," you say, even those simple words hard for your foggy mind to grasp.

"Lovely," the holstaur giggles, pressing in against you and guiding you towards a bath filled with cowgirls, all of whom are staring at your powerful figure, their eyes riveted to your mighty, flaring cock as it twitches, hardening with desire.

Well, they don't need to stare, you think with a lazy smirk as you wade into the pearly cream of the pool. They'll get their fill of it soon enough...

[Bullish](#)

Bathe Quickly

Despite how good the waters feel, you fight the urge to just relax and soak. Like a teenager sharing one bathroom with their family of five, you hastily wash yourself in the creamy waters, always keeping one eye on your stuff piled on the edge of the pool. The milk of the bath feels glorious on your skin, and seems to wash away every ache and pain you've accumulated on your journey, but once you've dipped your head and combed out your hair, you climb back out.

Even that is a surprising trial. The cream of the bath seems to cling to you, your body aching to delve back under that glorious whiteness. But you manage to drag yourself free, grabbing a towel and hastily drying yourself.

By the time you've donned your clothes again you feel a bit more like yourself, and approach the holstaur from before, who is sitting on the edge of a pool, speaking with several other bathing bovine beauties. She looks up in surprise as you stop before her.

"Right," you say. "All cleansed up and ready. Time to get moving."

"Already?" Maya says, a surprised pout on her face. "Are you sure you're properly cleansed?"

"Clean as a whistle," you assure her. "It was wonderful, but I really must meet with the priestess."

The holstaur frowns, but sighs. "Very well," she says, reluctantly getting up and walking towards the statue.

You follow her, the holstaur leading you under the waterfall cascading over the statue's lap. There you find another dark doorway which she gestures down. "Through here," she says. "And may Her blessing go with you."

"Yeah, thanks," you say, ducking down the corridor quickly before you can reconsider leaving a bathhouse of very eager and very available buxom maidens.

There's no torches down here, forcing you to shuffle on slowly and carefully. Soon the steam and scent of cream fades, and you make out a faint glow ahead, outlining a doorway. Wary, not sure just what you're walking into, you draw your sword and creep onwards through the dark.

At the end is a curtain of silk blocking the way. You pause there, listening, but hear nothing at first. Then, a soft, throaty voice says, "Come in. I've been expecting you."

Well, no sense in delaying now. Gripping your sword tight, you brush the silk curtain aside, and step beyond.

[Priestess Bovara](#)

Be Brave

Since being reincarnated, there's exactly one thing you're really confident in, and that's your new body and what it can do. Being cleansed sounds like the kind of thing that'd have some sort of trickery involved with it. But being asked to be brave implies a more physical confrontation, and you feel confident enough handling that.

With that in mind, you turn down the corridor with Be Brave written above it. As you pass the threshold you hear a grinding of stone. You tense, sword in hand, but all that happens is a great stone slab slides shut behind you, sealing the way.

"Well," you say. "So much for that."

With no other options, you can only head down through the silent darkness.

The way is gloomy, the braziers doing little to illuminate the marble corridor you walk down. But as you go, you begin to make out a red light ahead, glowing like the mouth of a furnace.

Or a forge.

Your steps slow as you draw nearer, but the heat you'd expect isn't there, so at least you're not walking into an oven. But when you reach the doorway, you realize that might have been a mercy.

Ahead of you is a large, rounded chamber of veined marble. Four braziers are lit, rising out of the walls. Their red flames are banked, casting the whole place in a hellish crimson glow that accents the lurking darkness.

And the bull.

It's made of gold or maybe bronze and is bigger than a semitruck. Standing at the far end of the room, polished to a shine, its horns curl forward with menacingly sharp points. Red fire burns in its eyes, and you can feel them snap instantly to you. Watching.

Waiting.

What it's guarding isn't hard to see. A dark doorway yawns behind it, open to the room. Nothing to stop you from progressing onward.

Well, aside from the monstrous metal bull, anyway.

You twist your lips with thought, fingering your sword as you consider the challenge. Which is obvious, really. Get past the bull. But how will you do it...

[Stat Max Strength](#)

[Stat Max Agility](#)

[Sat Max Intelligence](#)

[Stat Max Willpower](#)

Stat Max Strength

Taking in the shining bull, you recognize this is a job for overwhelming strength. That in mind, you mentally call up your stat screen and activate Max for strength.

In an instant the familiar burst of power rush through you. Red steam radiates off you as your muscles bulge with newfound might. You grin at the bull and take a step forward into the room.

The second you cross the threshold the bull lets out a bellow and charges you, legs pounding like pistons.

"That's right, you big cow. Come and get it!" you declare, readying your sword. An instant before the bull would have hit you, you duck aside, your blade slashing down at its metal neck.

And bouncing off with a clang.

Smug confidence vanishes as your sword catches on the bull's shoulder, ripped from your startled hand and sent flying across the room. You take a quick step back as the bull halts with a spray of sparks, twisting around to face you again. Steam heaves from its nostrils with a sound like a train picking up speed.

"Shit," you say.

The bull scrapes the floor with a hoof, lowering its head and aiming its horns at you. You look back and spot the unguarded exit. Can you make it?

No, you realize as the bull suddenly barrels at you again. And worse, your indecision robbed you of a chance to prepare to dodge. Lacking an alternative, you can only reach forward and grab the bull's horns before they hit you.

Your feet dig into the floor, cracking the marble as you skid backwards, your inhuman strength holding the bull at bay. But only barely. You grunt, veins popping out on your arms and neck as you hold the bull, sweat dripping from your body as the metal monster continues to press against you, hooves banging off the floor as it tries to force itself forward.

And it does.

Inch by inch the tips of its horns come closer. Panic rises in your chest as those deadly points close with you. You struggle to force it back, but make no progress, the two of you locked in a deadly contest.

One you lose.

With horror you see the timer of your stat maxxng hit zero, and in a rush your sudden strength abandons you. In that instant the bull lunges forward, your arms buckling, the bull's horns slamming into your chest.

You're dead even before you get pinned to the marble wall.

Bad End

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Stat Max Agility

That bull looks awfully ornery and those horns very deadly. Your new body is strong, but you're really not feeling the urge to go blow to blow with that metallic bastard. So what's left?

Well, not getting caught by it sounds pretty good.

Bouncing on your toes, you call up your stat screen and glance at the numbers before you. You mentally push the Max button beside Agility, and feel the world slow down.

Man, this feels goood.

You grin as the flutter of the braziers becomes a lazy, hazy sway of the flames. The sound of the room grows dull as the waves take longer to reach you. Blue steam radiates off you like you're burning time itself. And with that, you step into the room.

Sluggishly, like it's moving through jello, the bull surges into motion. Sparks crackle under its hooves as they pound on the marble floor, its horns low and aimed straight for you.

Cute.

Grinning, you run towards the metal monster. The two of you hurtle towards one another in a matter of seconds. But at the last moment you tilt yourself back and slide under the bull like you were stealing third base.

The bull tilts its head, incredulously following you as you slide under it. You wiggle your fingers in farewell as you skid under its iron form, even giving its tail a tweak as you clear it and spring back to your feet, bolting for the exit.

"Mooooooooo!" the metal monster bellows, the sound drawn out in a metal groan as it tries to arrest its charge, hooves skidding across the marble as it ponderously turns itself about. But it's far too late, and you've already cleared the exit.

You bounce as you turn around, waving farewell to the bull, which merely glares, sulkily pawing at the floor but making no effort to follow. Looks like it's stuck in that room. Good news for you, as you feel the world start to catch up with you, your ability boost fading and returning you to a more human speed.

Having no wish to push your luck further, you turn around and hurry off down the dark corridor cutting deeper into the temple. There's no torches down here, forcing you to shuffle on slowly and carefully. But soon though you make out a fluttering glow ahead, outlining a

doorway. Wary, not sure just what you're walking into, you draw your sword and creep onwards through the dark.

At the end is a curtain of silk blocking the way. You pause there, listening, but hear nothing at first. Then, a soft, throaty voice says, "Come in. I've been expecting you."

Well, no sense in delaying now. Gripping your sword tight, you brush the silk curtain aside, and step beyond.

[Priestess Bovara](#)

Stat Max Intelligence

This looks like a job for brains over brawn. And how lucky for you, you've got that.

Or, you will.

...That came out wrong. But as you hit that Max button next to your intelligence stat, you feel your mind work overtime, filling your thoughts with data sets. Things like the friction of the bull's hooves. Speed of an object versus mass. Hmm. Yes. Very good. You can use this quite well. But the most important data is not yet here. You need to see what that bull can do before you formulate a stratagem to get around it.

Fortunately, judging by the layout of the room and the bull's behaviour, it seems to only attack when one is within the room with it. Typical boss behaviour. And with a simple enough solution.

With a smirk, you step forward and into the room.

A bellow like a clanging bell leaves the monstrous bull as it surges into motion, charging at you, hooves striking the marble floor hard enough to raise sparks. Ah, yes, it seems it accelerates quite rapidly. A top speed of fifty miles per hour, you estimate. Turning will be difficult though on a floor like this, but dodging the machine will be simple if you max out your agility. All you need do is wait for the cooldown to finish, then max out that stat.

Smirking, you step back into the corridor to wait for the bull to turn around and return to its place.

Except it doesn't.

Horror dawns on you as you rapidly realize your miscalculation. That the speed the bull is moving at means it won't stop. It can't stop! And you're in a suddenly alarmingly narrow corridor. One perfectly sized to let a metallic bull tear down it.

You turn in a panic and start pelting down the corridor, but the bull is hot on your ass, shooting past the doorway and hot in pursuit. Your mind scrambles to think of a solution, designing and discarding ideas at a frantic rate.

And just as you think you might have a plan, the bull reaches you, and tramples you and your brilliant brain under its metallic hooves.

Bad End

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Stat Max Willpower

You think you read somewhere that bulls respond well to confidence. If they think you aren't intimidated or afraid, they'll back off. So why shouldn't that work with a magic beast made of metal?

It just makes sense.

That in mind, you summon up your stat screen and mentally tap the Willpower Max button.

The moment you do you feel a swell of certainty rush through you. Your decision solidifies, and you know you've made the right choice. This stupid bull isn't going to intimidate you. You're badass! You're awesome! And you've. Fucking. Got this!

Smirking, you stride forward into the chamber. Immediately the bull bellows and hurtles towards you, hooves striking sparks off the floor. Steam belching from its nostrils.

Not that you're worried. It'll pull back any second as you strut towards it, the bull barreling at you like a train.

Aaaaany second now.

Maybe right now.

Now?

Um... now?

Your last thought before you get skewered and trampled was that it'll surely turn now.

Bad End

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Priestess Bovara

As you brush aside the silken curtain you find yourself entering a stunning room of warm hues and pleasant air. Silky banners hang from pillars and billow here and there along the walls from a hidden breeze. Candles float all over the place, their soft glow casting the chamber in a low, contemplative red and golden light.

But despite this view of stunning grandeur, your eyes are automatically drawn to the woman at the head of the room. A huge example of the goddess's cowgirl statue sits just behind an altar, and kneeling before it, horned head bowed in prayer, is another cowgirl.

You hear her voice murmur in prayer, but as you step into the room, she whispers an, "Amen," and stops.

"I've been waiting for you," she says, rising to her feet and turning to face you.

"Yeah?" you say, taking the opportunity to drink her in. It takes you a minute, as there's a lot to see, that's for sure.

First off, she's tall. Nearly a head taller than you. And speaking of heads, her breasts are easily bigger than yours, and positively strain her lewd habit to an almost ludicrous degree. Said habit is also... well, revealing isn't quite right. More like slutty. There's a number of holes cut out of it, all strategically placed so you get the most tantalizing hints of creamy flesh. A window of it shows off the deep, fertile valleys of her breasts. Two more hug her hips, leaving little more than a strip to slide between her thighs, and even that presses so tight you swear you can see the outline of her pussy.

Her face is dumbfoundingly beautiful, with long lashes, soft kissable lips, and expression positively rapturous. Her wimple does nothing to hide her luscious blonde hair, and her eyes are lidded, but burn with a religious fervency that makes you swallow, for more reasons than one.

"I have," she says sweetly, curtsying, which makes her bust bounce invitingly. "I am Bovara. Head Priestess to the Cult of Pleasure. We who worship the glorious goddess Asteria, She of the Dark and Delights. And I am pleased to welcome you to our temple."

"That'd be a first," you admit, handling your sword. "Are you going to try and fight me?"

She laughs throatily. "Goodness no! I have no skill in the martial arts. I am a daughter of the goddess. I live my life in prayer and worship."

"Uh huh."

"And sex."

You stare. "Scuse me?"

"Yes," she says eagerly, beaming. "Sex! The rawest, dirtiest, most shameful and delicious sex. Pleasures of incomparable delight. Physical ecstasy of unfathomable depths! Plumbing the darkest pits of deviant physical pleasure, all in Her name!"

"Uh..."

"Once," she sighs, "I was but a lost lamb, wandering and confused. I was told that my desire to be railed by huge males was somehow wrong. That letting big, strapping men bend me over and plow my fertile pussy with their fat hogs was not right. Somehow cheapening to myself. Oh, what I fool I was to listen!" she cries in despair. "I valued my virginity! My chastity! I even wore a belt, not for the delights of orgasm denial, but because I wanted to save myself! I was such a stupid cow. A dumb dumb Bessy!"

"Then," she continues, her eyes glowing as she opens her arms, her chest wobbling, "I learned of the goddess of evil. One who delights in the indulgence of instinct and flesh. I prayed to her, and she spoke to me! Told me that my feminine urges were not only natural. But right! I should want to have half a dozen tentacles stuffing my holes as they squirm and writhe. It was only proper for my fat, bouncy milkers to be pumped and squeezed by handsome bulls. I should be allowed to put on a collar and be walked in public by some alpha male who's not afraid of showing me my place. Spanking me. Rutting me! Making me watch as he fucks some floozy, then forces me to lick his spent seed out from her fat pussy before I can have my turn!"

...Woah. That is one hell of a sermon. You can feel your face getting a bit warm at this whole thing. "Uh... right. Got it," you say. "But see-"

"And when the goddess saw my need, she knew what needed to be done," Bovara continues happily, clasping her hands as she gazes upwards in prayer. "She swept me away from my pasture and to this temple where she and I indulged in countless sapphic delights. She trained me in every skill of feminine pleasure. Showed me how my tongue can bring another to the heights of sweetest orgasm. How it feels for my nipples and breasts to be the toys of sadistic torment. Then she set me to teach other maidens who yearned to be owned by fat monster cocks. For to be fucked is divine! To be ridden holy! And to prostrate in prayer is the perfect pose to get a good, thick dicking!"

"...Uh huh," you say roughly, your own pants growing increasingly tight. "Well, I'm glad you found your... uh, calling. But I still kind of need to get past you in order to advance up the tower. So..."

"Oh, of course. The portal is just behind the statue," she says, nodding at it.

Wait, for real?

"It's that easy?" you ask.

She giggles. "Of course it's not," she says with a roll of her eyes. "For to enter it, you must first get past... these!"

And she grabs the boob window of her habit and literally tears it open.

Your eyes goggle as her breasts bounce into view. Huge. Heavy. Her plump nipples pierced by rings, and you swear you can hear those bovine mammaries slosh with cream.

"Wha-"

"For we await the chosen one," she says breathlessly, fondling her fat breasts as she takes a step towards you, her eyes glowing with fanatical eagerness. "A man who shall come to us and give us the tool to worship the goddess in her more divine form. Who will lead us in recruiting more sisters. Who will take our milk and breed us for all days! A male whose virile cock will pleasure the whole congregation in worship to Her name! Who shall become our champion! Our mate! Our bull! And if you remain, it is you! If you do not, then so be it. So choose, mortal. Choose!"

"Ch-choose?" you say a bit shakily, having a hard time looking away from that bust. "Choose to go through the dungeon or... or fuck you all?"

"Yes!" Bovara exclaims happily. "So it was written!"

Damn, you'd love to get a gander at that book. But the situation here is almost fiendish in its simplicity. A trap designed purely to tempt your cock into the cowgirl. Refuse, and you can go on. Remain, and be the stud to a bevy of bovine beauties.

It's a harder choice than you'd think...

[Stay as a Stud](#)

[Go Be a Hero](#)

Go Be a Hero

Being the hot bull to a herd of horny cowgirls into every kind of sex imaginable is sorely tempting. Fuck is it tempting! But your code of honour (and fear of a vengeful goddess of good) stands in the way of that.

“Sorry,” you say, forcing yourself not to stare at her chest lest you reconsider. “But I gave my word I’d clear this dungeon. So, while I do appreciate the offer, I’m afraid I’ll have to turn it down.”

Bovara wilts a bit at that, her shoulders slumping and bovine ears turning down. “R-really?”

“Yeah. Sorry,” you say, shuffling away. “So, portal just behind the statue, right? Just need to step through it.”

“That’s right,” Bovara says miserably.

“Lovely. Thanks. Best of luck with your whole... getting reamed by hot monster dudes. I’m sure the right guy will come along soon.”

The pretty cowgirl perks up. “Really?”

“Absolutely,” you assure her. “Hundred percent. Ah, there we are.”

You’ve made it around the statue by now and have spotted the portal to the next floor. Your relief is palpable as you squeeze behind the statue’s wide hip and, frankly, fantastically carved rear. Man, if this thing turns out to be another golem, all it’d need to do is lean back and you’d be crushed under that glorious ass. Well, there are worse ways to go, you suppose. “Good luck!” you call to Bovara.

“You too!” she chimes, smiling.

Nice girl. You genuinely hope things go well for her. And for you as you finally manage to get to the portal and slide through.

[The Gardens](#)

Stay as a Stud

Now true, you did come to this dungeon with the hopes of getting that trinket of the goddess's back. But come on. What man could resist the offer being thrust upon you? Not to mention all the other thrusting you're being promised here. It's a hard thing to refuse.

So you don't.

After all, Limistra can just shove some other dead person into this dungeon as a hero. But you're not likely to get another offer to be the stud to a herd of horny, holy cows. Asteria conspired one hell of a trap here, and damned if you're not gonna fall right into it.

"Well, as a hero," you begin magnanimously, "I can clearly see that your need far outweighs that of the goddess's mission. Therefore, it is only right that I, nobly and with great sacrifice, aid you in this."

Bovara gasps, clasping her hands before her and her bouncing chest. "You mean it?" she asks. "You truly mean it?"

"Absolutely," you confirm. "It'd be my pleasure."

"Oh how wonderful!" she cries, doing a little spin of delight. "Oh, this will be magnificent! Alright, first thing you must do is shed your clothes, symbolically casting aside your old life. Which also makes it easier to fuck."

"How religiously relevant," you say, gladly yanking off the meager clothing you wear. In moments you're naked, and Bovara's eyes are glued to your cock.

"Wonderful!" the bovine beauty breathes. "Now," she declares, opening her arms wide. "Ravish me!"

"What, right here?"

"Yes! Here in Her place of worship! Under Her eyes! Show my goddess our dedication to the carnal!"

You glance up at the imposing statue, then back down to Bovara. You shrug. "Alright," you say, advancing on the cowgirl.

She watches you come with eager expectation, and you don't disappoint. She wants it rough? You can do rough. Without preamble you grab what remains of her clothes and literally rip them off her.

“Oh!” Bovara gasps as her filmy garments are reduced to further shreds, only rags hanging off her. And far from enough to keep your hands from admiring every inch of her lush flesh. You immediately push against her, one hand grabbing a teat, the other her hip. She steps back in surprise at your strength and her ass knocks against the altar, trapped.

Perfect.

You kiss her, hard and fierce. Bovara moans, her lashes fluttering as she absolutely melts to your lust. You palm her breast, her fat udder gloriously soft and malleable as dough. Milk dribbles from her plump nipple as she coos and moans, her tongue moving against yours as she relishes the feel of your domination.

And it feels good to you too. Your cock is absolutely rock hard and you grind it against her thigh, relishing how she whimpers and squirms under your rough touch. The perfect slut, just begging to be used as a living cocksleeve.

You break the kiss, growling. “Ready for me?” you ask hotly.

“Yes,” she gasps. “Please! I need it. Need your c-cock!”

Works for you.

You kiss her again, pressing her against the altar until she’s partly sitting on it. Your hand abandons her hip and presses against her pussy. Bovara lows with pleasure as your fingers strum her slit, slickening her with her arousal as she whimpers and squirms in ecstasy. Milk spurts from her needy nipples as your tongues writhe together.

“I-in me,” she gasps between kisses. “Put it i-in me. Fuck me. Milk me! Please. Please! I w-want it. N-need it!”

“Horny cow,” you chuckle, but you can’t deny the heat that’s surging in you. Without further ado you line up your cock and sheathe it in her hungry pussy.

“Mooooo!” Bovara moans as her inner walls clamp down on your manhood, devouring it hungrily. Fuuuuck, she’s a tight heifer. You grunt as you begin to hammer upwards, fucking the gorgeous bovine with sharp thrusts of your hips.

“M-milk me!” Bovara gasps. “M-milk me too! Drink my cream. Ohhhh! Bless your... ah... your t-tongue with my milk!”

Fuck, that’s a hot idea. You kiss down her neck and collarbone. One of your hands heft the weight of her jiggling teat, the rings piercing her nipples chiming with every thrust of your cock. Your lips lock onto that plump bud just as another spurt of cream escapes her.

Oh.

Oh fuck, that's good.

You moan throatily as a burst of milk gushes into your mouth. You eagerly gulp it down, feeling the warmth wind its way down you into your stomach, settling there before spreading outwards through you. Greedily you chug down her cream, the taste tinged by the metal of her piercing, every pump of your cock compelling another burst from her and into your mouth. Fuck that's good. Fuck, this is all so goood. You groan as the warmth of the milk seems to spread through you. Filling you with strength. With energy!

"Yes!" Bovara gasps, clutching your head to her breast, her legs wrapping around your waist as she rides your cock. "Yes! F-fuck me! Milk me! Goddess... Goddess! Your servant... ah... thanks you for this... this gift of... of cock! Ohhhh! Good cow! I'm a g-good cow! Good moo! Good moooooo!"

You pay little attention to her words. Your entire effort of being is focused on the pleasure throbbing from your cock. The surge of strength and virility that you get with every swallow of her cream driving you onward. Harder. Deeper. You can almost feel your body growing. Your mass compiling. Your thrusts growing heavier. Stronger. Faster and more ruthless for pleasure.

Hungrily you pump her breast. Eagerly you swallow her gushing cream. She's no longer taller than you. You stand the same height. You register this dimly, but don't stop your attack. Don't stop milking her. Fucking her. You feel your balls ache. Heavy with seed. With need. A need to breed!

"Yes!" Bovara cries as she clings to you. "Yes! Fuck me! Breed me! Breed m-moo! Moo! Moooooooo!"

Her body tightens around you. Legs flexing. Pussy clenching. She lows with bovine pleasure as she cums, and you can't help but join her. Pulling your lips from her breast, your head jerks back and you bellow with pleasure, stuffing her a final time, cock throbbing as you unload what feels like gallons of thick, virile cum.

You hang in that glorious moment. Floating on a cloud of creamy pleasure. Slowly, reluctantly, you come back down to earth, heaving with the exertion and panting with the effort of orgasm.

Before you Bovara is draped over the altar, mooing softly in bliss, cum oozing from her overstuffed pussy to drool over the dark stone of the altar. She looks up at you, her eyes filled with awe and adoration.

"Did... did moo do... do good?" she asks breathlessly.

“Moo did very good,” you grunt, grinning.

She smiles in rapturous happiness, her hand rising and touching your sculpted chest. “Oooh,” she says happily. “Cream work very good!”

You look down at yourself as well, admiring your physique. Hot damn! You were buff before, but now you’re absolutely jacked! Like you just chugged a herd’s worth of whey all in one go. And it’s not just your arms that are stronger. You can feel your balls throb with renewed need. Your cock pulse as it hardens in her anew.

“Oh!” Bovara gasps as she feels your manhood throb. “D-do you want moooore?” she asks eagerly.

“I do,” you growl, leaning in and capturing her lips again, Bovara eagerly submitting to your kiss. And as you grasp her other breast and feel cream spurt onto your hand, you smile. For it seems like she still has a whole lot more to give...

[Alpha Maled](#)

Alpha Maled

Your hammer slams into the hero's sword contemptuously, smashing it aside and sending the weapon flying. The intruder to your temple stumbles back, panting, the red haze of his strength maxxing steaming from him as he faces off with you.

You merely grin, strolling forward across the marble floor, your war hammer falling into your open palm. "Nice try," you say.

"Monster!" he gasps. "The goddess shall not be denied!"

"Yeah. About that," you say, lift the hammer and swing.

To his credit, the guy's fast, managing to duck under the blow and try to charge you. His fist slams into your midriff with a sound like a ping pong paddle smacking a slab of beef. Which is pretty accurate, honestly. And about as effective. Though you lack more bovine features like a muzzle or fur, you do sport a pair of curving horns, and your body is basically pure muscle. Nothing but a loincloth masks this fact, and you let out a booming laugh as your free hand come around, backhanding the hero across the room.

He flies far, crashing across the floor, and you stride towards him with your hammer at the ready. He tries to get back up, but even with the goddess's blessing, that hit dinged him pretty hard. And you finish the job with a lazy swing of your hammer.

The blow obliterates the poor bastard's head, reducing it to a red smear across the marble wall. His torso topples with it, and you sigh in satisfaction, returning your hammer to your shoulder.

Well, that's that. Decent morning workout. But now it's time for your reward.

Your grin grows as you turn and make your way back into the maze. That's got to be the sixth hero you've dealt with since you became the boss of the third floor. It's an annoying job, but someone's got to do it. Who knows what these so-called 'heroes' might do if they reached your cows.

And nobody - you think with a scowl and a snort - nobody touches your cows.

Your expression brightens as you reach the somber temple chamber. Within its hallowed halls Bovara is leading the congregation, which has grown quite a bit in the last few months, filling the pews before her. Seems lots of girls have been more than eager to join the cult and indulge in the physical delights promised by the goddess. A fact you're all for. Especially as it gives you even more lovely ladies to enjoy.

But your favourite remains the head priestess. Bovara has changed as well in the past while. She's grown bustier and, dare you say, sluttier. Now her habit is open at the front, baring the plumpness of her huge breasts, the nakedness of her pussy, as well as the leash and collar you've commanded her to wear. Now and then the fabric of her habit swishes aside to bare her hip, and the bull-head brand you tattooed into her thigh, marking her as yours. It's a symbol many other cows bear, once they've started to show their pregnancy from your ruttings.

Damn but you love the sight.

"Champion!" Bovara cries, throwing wide her arms and beaming in glee as you approach her. "Is it done? Have you slain yet another of the wretched foe's servants in the name of Asteria?"

"Sure did," you say, though admittedly you couldn't give two shits about Asteria's whims. Unless the goddess comes down and offers her juicy ass to get plowed, you don't care what she wants. As long as you can protect your herd, you're satisfied.

"Hallelujah!" Bovara cries, lifting her arms. "Praise, sisters. Praise!"

"Praise her!" the other holstaurs cry, taking up the prayer.

You roll your eyes. Yeah. Whatever. "I do think a bit of praising is due," you say, threading Bovara's leash through your fingers, giving it a tug so she stumbles forward to press against you.

The cowgirl shivers in ecstasy, her hands landing on your chest, feeling the warmth radiating from your skin. "Assuredly so, Champion," she says breathlessly.

"Good," you growl. "Over the altar."

Bovara nods eagerly and does as you command. The leather of her leash glides through your fingers as Bovara moves to the black stone slab and bends over it, stretching herself across its surface before the whole congregation, her peachy, round ass raised and legs parted in eagerness to taste your cock.

The sight of such desperate submission stirs your manhood, your loincloth rising as your cock thickens with desire. You step forward and grab the hem of her habit, flinging it up and baring the full moon of her rear.

You lick your lips, gazing at the peachy orbs of her ass. Her pussy displayed so tantalizingly ready for you. Your brand tattooed on her rear in permanent marking of your ownership of her. You brush aside your loincloth, unveiling the full heft of your shaft. You're almost comically huge and thick, your manhood faintly flared. Soon enough, you'll have a true bull cock. But you can take the slower pace. It doesn't really bother you.

Little does, really.

You growl, one hand grasping Bovara's hip, the other hauling on her leash so she arches beneath you. You step forward, pressing your tip against her lower lips, feeling them part as you push into her.

"Mooooo!" the gorgeous holstaur moans. "Yes! Sisters! Let us... let us begin our... our w-worshiiiiip!" she cries as you feed her your fat cock inch by glorious inch. Fuuuuuck, that feels good.

And it's only going to get better.

You start to saw into her, slow at first. Building a rhythm. Bovara gasps and moans, clinging to the altar, her hips smacking the cruel, dark stone as you fuck her. The slap of your hips off her ass fills the air with a steady beat, your own breathing growing heavy and harsh. You give her leash another tug, drawing a choking moan from her, her inner walls flexing, tightening with ecstasy as you do so.

Fuck, that's' good. But you can do more.

"You two," you growl, nodding at a pair of worshippers near the front row. "Get up here. My balls need some love."

The pair's eyes light up and they scramble from the pews and between your legs. Their stubby horns rub against your thighs as the pair of them heft one of your balls each, their lips adoring them. Their tongues caressing your churning orbs of virility.

You groan in pleasure, head tilting back, voice growing thick and heavy as you rut their head priestess before them all.

The rest of the congregation is far from unaffected. From the corner of your eye, you see hands grow bold. Lips lock. Bodies press together. Everywhere in the temple gorgeous holstaurs begins to writhe and fuck, devolving into a vast sapphic orgy as you rut their leader on the altar. Your balls adored by the lips of their sisters.

The sight of that, the feel of Bovara riding your cock with needy, submissive cries is almost more than you can bear. You increase your pace, hammering the holstaur beneath you. Fucking her with ever more savage thrusts as your pleasure grows. You choke her with the leash, which only makes her writhe and tighten more. She wants it. Needs it. And you give it to her. Give her what she wants. Give her all she can take!

"Yes! Yes!" Bovara moans. "Mooo! Moo! Moooooo!"

Her final moan marks her peak, and with a cry she cums, inner walls clamping down on your cock with pleasure. You bellow with her, hiltling in her a final time. Your free hand grabs her face and presses her down onto the altar, showing her her place. Showing her your strength as your balls tighten and unload what feels like gallons of cum into her eager womb.

“Mooooo!” Bovara moans, shuddering, bucking in maddening pleasure as she takes your cock, her acolytes eagerly lapping up any of your cum that drools from her pussy and down your shaft.

But even as you come down from that orgasmic high you know you’re not done. You’re still hard, and she’s still horny. Abandoning the leash, you grab Bovara and lift her up, pressing her back against your chest, your arms looping under her legs as you begin to bounce her on your shaft.

“Take it!” you hiss in her ear. “Good cow. Such a fucking slut. Let your girls suck your whore teats, bitch!”

Bovara moans in delight. “Yes! Yes! I’m your... your whore. Your slut! S-sisters! Please! M-milk mooo!”

Two more cowgirls abandon the pews and rush up, their lips locking onto Bovara’s bouncing breasts, suckling from her nipples as you drive her down onto your cock. Bovara lows with pleasure. Throaty cries of feminine bliss escaping her as her cream gushes from her needy nipples into the lips of the faithful while you hammer her with your cock. It’s a sight that drives you wild. Drives you into her harder. Faster. Your grunts of pleasure growing in volume as you plunder her pussy with your cock until... until...

“Graaaaa!” you groan, hiltling her on your cock, plunging your manhood up into her pussy as you give a final bellow of pleasure. For the second time you cum like a fountain, balls tightening as you unload your thick, virile seed into the needy cowgirl’s pussy.

“Yes! Yes! Goddess thank moooooo!” Bovara moans as she cums with you, her juices and your seed spilling from her overstuffed pussy, what isn’t lapped up by the acolytes splattering onto the floor.

You grunt, milking that moment even as Bovara is milked. You slow your thrusts, the high priestess spent upon your cock. But you’re not. You can still go.

And as you cast your eyes about the room and see the many cowgirls staring hungrily at your mighty form, you know you won’t have any trouble finding a partner to do it...

End

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

Bullish

The best part of waking up has to be getting your dick sucked.

To think there was once a time when you rose from slumber without a pair of loving lips wrapped around your shaft, worshipfully gliding up and down it with a slow, steady adoration. With a heavy grunt your eyes slide open and you glance down, spotting a pair of sisters kissing their way up and down your length. Their eyes meet yours and they giggle before one manages to fit her lips around your tip, beginning to suck.

You groan, head falling back onto your pillow as the other girl presses her breasts around your shaft, her oiled teats rubbing your cock between them as they endeavour to get you to spill your morning load. A high honour among the sisters, to be sure.

When you finally do, the giggly pair eagerly take you to the mess hall where you eat with the other faithful cowgirls. Naturally, you eat far more than them. And drink, but that's no worry. There are over two dozen cowgirls eager to make sure you get all the milk you need right from the tap.

After that it's off to the temple to listen to the sermon about the wonders of the flesh and the importance of pleasuring your partner to explosive orgasms. These are less interesting, but the cowgirls who sit beside you always keep you entertained by stroking you while you watch, subtly pumping your cock to get you all hot and bothered. Sometimes they let you spill your load on the floor. Sometimes not. Sometimes you'll grab one of them by the back of her head, push her into your lap, and groan as she sucks you off.

Fucking teases.

After that it's off to the baths to be 'cleansed' again, which really means you take your time plowing every cowgirl over the course of the day. After all, how can a busty bovine beauty know she's truly clean until she's taken almost a foot of bullman cock and you hose her womb with your seed? The faith needs to grow somehow, and just recruiting isn't enough. The divine feminine includes motherhood. And your balls are filled with the seed to make sure every cow is heavy with child. Though, you won't object to spilling it on a pair of massive, bouncing breasts or a tight ass either.

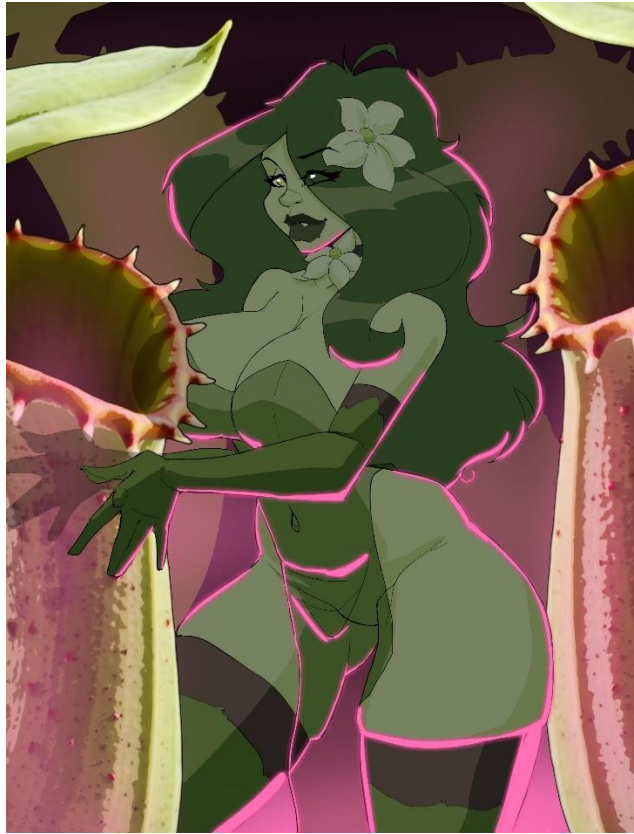
Because even if it's a tough job, someone has to do it. And why not you?

You are, after all, the faithful's bull...

Bad End

[Index Start Over](#)

The Gardens



You step through the portal and the humidity hits you like a wet rag. You gasp, the air sucked out of your lungs before you can take a breath.

Woah.

You seem to have walked into a jungle. Thick foliage sprawls out all around you. A heaviness hangs in the air along with the massive greenery. Vines and leaves crowd you on every side, ivy sprawling up along several braziers that burn around the space you've walked into.

"Well, that's interesting," you say.

A sudden gout of flames yanks your attention to one of the braziers as the goddess forms within the flames. Asteria glares at you, lips pursed and arms crossed under her generous chest.

"This is getting ridiculous!" she snaps. "How many of my servants are you going to carve your way through, dammit! Just die or get taken or... or... something, damn you!"

You shrug. "Sorry. Guess losing is just not my style."

"Your style," the goddess echoes mockingly. "Well! We'll see just what your style can do when faced with Rayaza! Mistress of the Green!"

"So... what? A plant girl?" you say.

"Precisely!" Asteria says with a sneer. "You may have made it this far, but not even you can defeat her! Others have already tried, and all of them have joined her garden. A fate you shall soon share!"

Ominous. "Don't suppose we could negotiate on that?" you ask.

"Ha! Negotiate? Ha ha ha!" Asteria cackles mockingly. "I laugh at your hubris. By the time Rayaza is done with you, you'll be a drooling fool! A hopeless thrall to her, mindlessly rutting into her flowerpot. You'll have wished you were smart enough to fall to your knees and beg to be my slave. My crawling worshipper mewling for an ounce of my attention."

"Is that an option?" you ask.

The goddess starts with surprise. "I... a-are you serious?"

"Well..."

She glares at you, her lips pursed with thought. Then she shakes her head. "You're trying to fool me, mortal. But it won't work! I'll not be taken in by that smile or that body. Nor by your courage and resistance to my schemes!"

"Really? You sure?"

"Of course! I won't... I'd never... Ugh!" she cries, flinging up her arms. "Forget it! Just like I'll forget you once Rayaza has you in her clutches. Farewell!" She snaps her fingers and the fire consumes her image, returning to its more subdued fluttering.

You chuckle. Girl has some issues. Which makes sense, given she's a goddess of evil. Still, she's interesting. But that won't be explored right now, because it looks like you've got some work ahead of you.

There is a path through the jungle made of paved stones, but it's not an easy one to follow. The foliage overgrows it so much you have to draw your sword and hack your way forward. Which probably won't endear you to the local plant woman, but you doubt you're in her good books anyway.

You make good progress though. Yet as you move forward, you become aware of a certain... atmosphere to the whole place. Of wildness yes, but there's something more there

that makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. Something unnerving and faintly disturbing. But what is it?

Then you hear the sound beyond the mere rustle of the leaves. Something that almost sounds like...

Moaning.

Your eyes flick this way and that as you continue moving forward. The sound is soon joined by something else. A delicate wet, slapping sound. A feminine whimper catches your ear and you suddenly hack a way into an open area.

You stand in another clearing, but this one is much different from the one before. It's like you're in a giant chamber of greenery. The walls are made of vines with huge pitcher plants growing against them. Carpets of flowers and moss grow in a sprawl about the floor, and the air is thick with motes of pollen.

But there's something emerging from several of the pitcher plants. It takes you a second to realize what they are, as they're green like a particularly massive vine growing out of the wall. Then one near you trembles, and you gape.

It's a woman.

Or, at least, it was.

Now she's more a part of the wall than human. Her arms are stretched above her and meld into the vines. Her hair sprouts flowers, and her skin is a luscious green. Her breasts are absolutely massive, bulging almost comically from her chest, and latched onto them is what looks like massive flowers. They undulate, their petals stroking her green breasts like massaging fingers, and their stamen swell like they're swallowing gulps something. Which, actually, they probably are.

Her milk.

She's been turned into some sort of... sap dispenser for the garden.

"Good God," you breathe, looking around at the other faintly human figures in the plants, their bodies trapped in the pitchers. Men and women, and though the men don't have the flowers on their chests, the faint way their hips buck tells you they're not lacking in arboreal affection either.

A sudden loud rustling yanks your attention back to the rioting foliage on the far end of the chamber. The leaves pull back like an unveiling curtain to reveal an absolutely massive pitcher plant. Huge petals surround it in a dome. One which unfurls to reveal the beauty within.

Rayaza is everything you could hope for in a botanical beauty, that's for sure. Her skin is a rich green like leaves in summer. Her hair is a cascade of pink curls that frame a face jaw dropping in its beauty. She's utterly naked save for some ivy that crawls over her skin here and there, though you can only see her from the waist up, given the rest of her sinks into the pitcher plant. Her lips are a rich ruby red as they lift in a flirty smile, and her eyes burn with clearest blue.

The strangest thing about her though is that there's an odd shimmer to the air around her. Motes of pollen dance around her as her flower opens, the air becoming stuffed with the rich floral scent you noticed before.

"Oh!" Rayaza coos, touching her fingers to her plump lips as her eyes lid mischievously. "What have we here? A stunning specimen of fauna? Oooh, and male no less," she says, licking her lips. "Mmm. I do enjoy males. So fun to stroke... and touch... and pump..."

You swallow hard, that last word sending a throb of pure lust to your cock. "Um, cool. Great," you say. "Hey, listen, I don't suppose you could just... point me to the portal to the next floor and avoid this whole fighting thing. Huh?"

Her perfect lips fold down in a pout. "You want to leave already?" she asks, her voice so plaintive it plucks at your heartstrings like a musician.

"Well..."

"But I've been so alone for so very long," she sighs breathily, her arms crossing under her immense breasts and hefting those flawless melons. "So alone with my big... soft breasts. So alone without anyone to attend to me. Talk to me. Tell me what a good, busty, easy girl I am. Won't you stay a little while?" she asks, giving you a needy look. "Just for a bit?"

You hesitate, though your memory of the 'garden' around you tells you that'd be an unbelievably bad idea. Yet there's something about Rayaza that's just so... compelling. Makes you want to indulge her. Spend time with her.

Her and her... her wonderful... dizzying perfume...

[Stay a While and Listen](#)

[Wait a Minute...](#)

Stay a While and Listen

Well, you think as you relax, the tension oozing out of you as you breathe deeply and slowly, why not give her a chance? After all, it's not like you know she's the one who turned these people into plant... things. It could just be a coincidence. Hell, assuming she did it is uncharitable to hot, busty plant girls. And you don't want to be a bigot.

Right?

No, of course not, you think, breathing in deeply, your head spinning pleasantly. You're no bigot. You're a modern man, and won't assume based on prejudices.

"That sounds... sounds lovely," you say dreamily.

When you see how Rayaza's face lights up at those words you know you made the right choice. "Really?" the plantgirl asks. "You really want to?"

"Absolutely," you say, smiling woozily. "We don't have to... have to fight."

"Right," she coos as her vines unfold from her flower. "We can just talk. Just relaaaax. Just let everything happen in such a nice... calm... way..."

You offer no resistance as the vines wrap around you. Lift you into the air and bear you towards the gorgeous alraune. For a split second you feel a pang of worry, but then a particular heavy breath of pollen stuffs your senses, and all those worries evaporate. You're fine. This is fine.

Everything is just... fine...

"There we are," Rayaza coos as the vines wrap around you, holding you before her. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yeah..." you murmur drowsily.

"So much more comfortable. So much easier to just relax like that as we talk."

"Mmm..."

"But we could be more comfortable," she says, her blue eyes glowing hot. "Would you like to be?"

"O-okay..."

"Gooooood boy," she coos.

The vines drag you in closer and her hands touch you. You groan as zings of pure tactile pleasure sing through your veins before you find yourself nestled against her breasts, pressed between them. So close, you realize the plant woman is much taller than you. She's huge! Especially her breasts. Your upper body is practically buried between them as her vines slip you into the sticky waters of her pitcher.

"Theeeeeere we are. So relaaaaaxed. So coooooomfy," Rayaza breathes.

Fuck but she's right. You sigh, sinking into the thick sap contentedly, offering no resistance. The fluid feels so good. So tingly. You hear a faint sizzling and glance down, blinking. Your... your clothes are dissolving.

"Wha..."

"Don't worry," Rayaza coos, a vine tilting your chin back up so you're looking once more at her face, just cresting the huge orbs of her massive green tits. "It'll only take care of your pesky clothes. Clothes that are soooo uncomfortable. Soooo unnecessary in the forest. In the wilds. Just flora... and fauna..."

"B-but."

She inhales and blows a gust of pollen into your face. You sneeze, and your head spins. "I... um..."

"Now, we were talking about my breasts, weren't we?" she says.

"B-breasts? I uh..."

She blows another puff of pollen into your face, stuffing your nose, and you smile dreamily. "R-right. Breasts. Talking about... about..."

"About how much you love them," Rayaza says, cupping her melons and giving them a teasing bounce. "About how much you adore how big and jiggly they are. At how immense and heavy they are. About how much you love kissing and adoring them. Sinking into them and suckling them."

Were you talking about that?

To be fair, it is a fascinating subject. You can definitely see why you might have been. "Oh," you say, a dumb smile on your face. "That... um... Right. Were talking about... about that..."

"And you were telling me about how much you just love getting your cock sucked by my flowers," she says, leaning down, a wave of the sap washing against you, then dragging you

towards her. "How much you adore when my flowers just pump... and suck... and milk that big, fat cock while you worship my tits."

That does sound like you. Especially as the wave bounces you against her breasts, their firm softness incredible. You find your arms enveloping them, your face tingly from the pollen all over you. "Um... r-right. Yeah. Um..."

"So go on," she says, smiling radiantly down at you, tilting her body so one of her massive breasts fills your vision, a plump nub of a nipple showcasing itself. "Give me a drink, handsome. Let me taste a big... virile... fauna..."

Your mouth instantly waters. Her nipples beg for your lips. Your attention. You see no reason not to. No reason to do anything but obey. But be a good fauna. You gotta be a good fauna.

Gotta be good.

Gotta... gotta be good...

You lean in, your lips latching on to the fat bud, and you suck. A shiver of warm pleasure goes through you as her sap spurts onto your tongue. Rich. Thick. Sweet and delicious as syrup. You moan, suckling mindlessly, drowning yourself in her sap as you soak in her pitcher. Press against her.

Like a good fauna.

Good fauna...

"Mmmm," Rayaza coos, her hands stroking your head. "That's it. Gooood fauna. Now, would you like mistress to play with your cock? Would you like to cum and let mistress milk your balls until you're nice and empty?"

Gosh, that... that does sound good. You can't even muster the will to tell her that, so instead you merely nod.

"Gooood fauna," Rayaza giggles, her tender hand stroking your head. "So goooood for mistress..."

That's right. You're a good fauna. You shiver with pleasure, then groan as you feel something tease against the tip of your cock. You manage to glance down, and through the shimmering sap you see what looks like a number of bulbs angling from the depths of the flower. They press their petals against your legs, kissing their way up towards your impossibly hard shaft. Your breath hitches as one's petals stroke your tip. As it unfurls slightly.

And then presses forward, and devours your length.

“Mmmmm,” you moan, eyes rolling back in mindless bliss as the flower’s petals pump around your cock. Undulating and hungrily suckling your dick. It feels amazing. Incredible. Impossibly good. And that’s before the rest of the bulbs resume kissing and stroking your legs, your skin so hypersensitive by the sap you’re soaking in you can only writhe and moan and buck in slavish eagerness.

“Good boy,” Rayaza coos, still stroking your head, pressing you firmly against her breast. “Good fauna. Mmm. So delicious. Going to be sooooo productive for me. Heroes always are. So virile. So strong. So eager to give me all they’ve got. Come on now, sweetling. Give mistress your seed. Give mistress that cum. She’s so thirsty. You want to give it to her, don’t you? Want to submit? Of course you do. You’re a good fauna. My goooood fauna...”

You can barely hear her words. Too busy mindlessly rutting. Pumping. Fucking. Needing to cum. Have to cum. You can only groan and moan and whimper in ecstasy. In need. Oh fuck. Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuuuuuuck!

“Mmmmmm!” you groan, your mouth sticky with sap. Drowning in sweetness as your eyes roll back and your hips buck, cumming your brains out. Cumming like it’s the last thing you’ll ever do. Cumming like you’ve never cum before!

“Yessssss,” Rayaza moans, holding you tight to her teat, her soft lips parting in pleasure. “Goddess yesssssss! Feed me! Feed me everything! Ohhhhh fuuuuuuck.”

You groan, sagging, suspended in sap and pleasure, yet still hard. Despite just cumming you’re still so fucking hard. And on the flower pumps.

On it pulses.

Drinks.

Massaging your cock as Rayaza looks down, smiling radiantly at you. Hungrily at you. “Good fauna,” she coos, stroking you fondly. “Give me all you’ve got. Mmm. You’re going to last so long for mistress. Give mistress so much sweet nutrition, aren’t you?”

“Mmm,” you moan happily. Contentedly.

Dumbly.

The plantgirl giggles. “Of course you will,” she coos as the petals of her flower seal above you, trapping you in the pleased dark. “Of course you will...”

[Flower Boy](#)

Wait a Minute...

Hold up, something isn't right here.

You shake your head, squinting, and see pollen rain down. Oh... oh shit! It's the pollen! It's drugging you. Addling your mind like it did for those poor saps all around you. You curse, jerking your sword back up.

"No more talk," you growl, pointing your blade at the plant girl. "Show me the portal. Now!"

She pouts, but her eyes burn defiantly. "Naughty fauna," she coos, leaning in and spreading her arms. "Looks like we'll have to do it the hard way."

From the base of her flower huge vines arise, writhing about her like half-a-dozen green tentacles. But the worst part has to be the sudden unfurling of the flowers around her, unleashing a thick cloud of pollen that gusts towards you.

Fuck!

[Max Strength](#)

[Max Agility](#)

[Max Intelligence](#)

[Max Willpower](#)

Max Strength

If your previous life of mowing the lawn for a wage of five dollars a week in allowance taught you anything, it's that gardening needs muscle, and you've got just the stat for that. Mentally summoning up your screen, you jab the MAX button beside strength.

Instantly you feel power surge through you, swelling in your arms and legs in a sudden influx of physical might. Red steam seems to seep off you as you heft your sword.

"Oh my!" Rayaza coos, her eyes lighting up. "How impressive! You're so strong."

"Sure am," you growl, blinking rapidly as you try and focus. Every breath comes laden with pollen and perfume. Which... which is bad! Super bad. So, you surge forward with your sword.

"Oh! Are you coming to fuck me?" Rayaza coos as her vines lash out like whips. "Fill your hands with my big tits?"

"Of course not," you bark, easily slashing through the vines, though you have to pause in order to formulate that answer.

"Why not?" the plantgirl asks, her lush lips pouting as she cradles the absolute fucking melons on her chest. "Aren't they so big and soft and bouncy? Don't you want to?"

For a second you can only stare, jaw dropping at the sight. You really do. No. No! You... you don't. Well, you do, judging by how hard your cock is. How it throbs. But, wait. No. You...

With sudden violence you shake your head, trying to clear out the pink clouds suffocating your thoughts. But the motion only makes you stagger, nearly toppling as your head swims.

"So biiiiig," Rayaza coos, bouncing her breasts as she sways in the cradle of her flower. "Soooo stroooooong. Such big... strong... hands should be on my big... soft... breasts. Shouldn't they, pretty fauna? Don't you want my breasts? Don't you want to touch me? Stroke me? Pump my big... soft... breasts?"

You do.

You really really do.

You blink slowly, breathing hard. Fast. Your nose feels like its stuffed with cotton and your head the same. But your body is still aware. Still knows what it wants. Your cock is about ready to burst out of your clothes.

“Put down the sword, sweet thing,” Rayaza coos. “You don’t need that. It’ll just get in the way. In the way of you playing with my breasts...”

She’s... she’s right. Don’t need... need a sword... Your fingers loosen, and the handle of your blade slides free. You barely hear the clatter as it hits the ground.

“Gooooood fauna,” Rayaza coos, her fingers stroking the buds of her nipples, her eyes lidded, cunning, but her smile so radiant. So sweet. “Good boy. Just listen to your cock. Listen to what it wants. And it wants you to come closer. Wants you to submit. Wants you to be a good fauna.”

It does.

It really really does.

Pleasure aches from your balls and you stagger on towards the alraune. Pulses of need throb from your cock. Your hands fumble with your clothes, pulling them off. Leaving them in your wake. Soon you’re naked. Naked as you approach the plantgirl. Naked as you come to a halt outside her flower.

Naked.

Ready.

Horny.

“Good,” she coos, reaching out, cupping your cheeks. “Gooooood fauna. Gooooood boy...”

You stare raptly at her lips as they close in. They press against yours, and a jolt of pure ecstasy shoots through you like a lightning bolt. A whimpering moan escapes you as you’re eased forward, stumbling over the lip of the flower, falling into the sticky sap of the pitcher around the alraune. Sinking into the warm fluid like a tar pit.

All the while her lips work against yours.

Tingles radiating through you.

Feeling so good you almost miss when something wraps around your cock and begins to suck.

Feeling so happy you don’t even notice as the petals close around you, sealing you in her flower.

Sealing you in darkness as she kisses you.

Pumps you.

And you sink deeper... deeper...

Deeper into the sweet syrup of her nectar...

[Flower Boy](#)

Max Agility

Time is not on your side here, so you've got to move fast. And what a coincidence! You have just the thing for that.

You mentally summon up your stat screen and stab the MAX button beside agility. Almost instantly you feel the world slow down. A blue steam begins to seep from your body as the countdown begins. You're so fast. Breathing so fast.

So much.

So...

Um...

You blink, shaking yourself. W-wait, if you're... if you're breathing faster, then... then more pollen um... you'll be... uh...

What... does that mean?

You sway where you stand, trying to remember. But still breathing. Breathing deeper, actually. Yeah. G-gotta breathe deeper. Breathe more. Breathe in.

And out.

Breathe that sweet perfume. Smells... smells so good. So... so relaxing.

So...

So...

"Buh," you say.

Rayaza giggles, the sound strange and distorted as her vines lazily scoop you up. You offer no resistance. Shouldn't you though? You give some half-hearted squirming.

"Nooooo," Razya coos, her voice reaching you with a heaviness that seems to seep into your limbs. "Don't fight it. Juuuuust breeeathe, pretty fauna. Juuuuust breaaaathe..."

You do. Breathing deeply. Heavily. Relaxing. Sinking into the vines that bear you slowly towards the alraune. Who is so pretty. So lovely. So busty and big and wonderful you can't look away. Can't resist.

Can only stare.

Mouth open.

Mind empty.

Stuffed with pink cotton.

Pink pollen.

The alraune seems to shimmer, and suddenly she's moving at regular speed again as you're lifted before her. "Good fauna," she coos. "You breathed it all in so well! Most heroes take a bit longer to sink into my control. But you went so quickly! What a goooood boy you are. And that deserves a reward! Would you like your reward, fauna?"

Reward? Reward sounds... sounds g-good. "Um... I... O-okay," you slur.

"Wonderful," Rayaza giggles, and tugs away your loincloth.

Instantly your cock springs straight to attention, and the alraune smiles wide. "Is this for me?" she asks, putting a finger to her soft, pouty red lips.

You swallow hard. "Y-yeah," you gasp.

"Really? All for me? All for me to enjoy and pump and milk of all your big... virile... energy?"

A shiver rushes through you at those teasing words. "Uh... uh huh..."

"My my," she coos, bending over you. "How very generous... Mmm. Very generous indeed..."

Your breath hitches as her mouth opens and her soft, silky lips envelop your cock. A shuddering moan of pure tactile pleasure escapes you as the gorgeous plant girl begins to bob, her lips languidly and lovingly running up and down your shaft. Soft hums of pleasure rise from her, her lashes low and lidded, her eyes glowing blue with mischievous amusement.

You gasp, tensing as sensations of impossible ecstasy thrum through your veins. You try and grab her head, but your arms are wrapped in the vines. Held hostage. Aches of pleasure strain through you as you writhe against your bindings, not to be free, oh no, but just to express the pleasure that fills you.

Fills your head.

Your cock.

Your aching, heavy balls.

Balls so full.

So needing release.

To spurt.

To pump.

To unload in the alraune's loving lips.

"Fuck," you whimper. "F-fuck! Feels... nnn! Feels g-goood!"

"Mmm," the alraune coos, still going slow. Steady. Milking your cock tortuously until words fail you. Only babbling whimpers leave your lips as you squirm and writhe and wriggle in helpless delight. Oh fuck. Oh fuck, you can feel the pressure of your orgasm rising. Surging in you. Throbbing in your balls and veins as you near sweet release. You can't hold back. Can't resist. You're... you're going to... going t-to...

"F-fuuuuuuuck!" you cry out, every muscle tightening in pathetic pleasure as your cock fairly explodes, unloading great gouts of your pearly essence into the alraune's hungry throat.

"Mmmmm," Rayaza moans, her lashes fluttering, her throat working as her lips suckle at your cock, milking you of every drop of your cum as you buck and quiver in the confines of her vines. Helpless. Hopeless.

Horny.

Panting, gasping, you sag, aftershocks of pleasure spurting desultory last bursts of your seed into the plantgirl's mouth. Lazily, Rayaza lifts her mouth off your cock, her tongue chasing any remains of your seed, making her ruby lips glisten plumply.

"Mmm. Good fauna," she breathes. "That was delicious! Humans truly are the best."

"Th-thank you, m-mistress," you gasp, head and nose so stuffed with pollen you can only sag in her vines. Boneless. Sated.

But still so very hard.

"Would you like to give mistress more?" she asks, smirking down at you.

More?

"Y-yeah!" you gasp, nodding feverishly. "Wanna... ah... wanna g-give more..."

"How wonderful," the alraune coos. "Well, don't you worry," she says, a finger tapping your nose playfully. "You're going to give your mistress plenty. Oh yes," she says, licking her lips, her blue eyes flashing with greed and hunger. "Yes. You're going to give mistress every drop."

You shiver, a touch with fear. But far more with anticipation.

You can't wait...

[Flower Boy](#)

Max Willpower

Your head aches and throbs from the effects of the pollen. You realize that at this rate you won't last long enough to beat this floral foe. You need to think clearly, which really gives you only one choice.

You quickly call up your stat screen and stab the MAX button beside Willpower. Instantly you feel your head clear. Your mind sharpens and the haze lifts from you. That's right. You're not here to get drunk on some arborist's nightmare. You're here to fight! Here to win!

And that time is now!

"On guard!" you shout, springing to attack.

Rayaza starts with surprise at your sudden assault. Her vines belatedly swing to try and grab you, but you easily cleave through them, barely sparing a moment to do so as you hurtle at the surprised plant creature. She yelps, drawing back, but she's quite literally rooted to the spot and so used to addled victims she's slow to respond.

In fact, she's too late.

You bound onto the lip of her pitcher plant, one foot on it, the other landing on the heaving orbs of her breasts. Your sword darts in, resting against her throat, causing the plant woman to freeze, staring up at you in shock.

"Now that I have your attention," you say, "where's the portal to the next floor?"

The plant girl licks her lips nervously, and you can practically see her mind race for a solution. "It--"

You press the sword to her neck a little harder, a trickle of green sap oozing along the edge of your blade. "Now," you growl.

She swallows and her eyes flick. You glance behind her to see a mass of leaves part, revealing a ring of crudely mortared stones built around a swirling blue portal. One you're now very familiar with.

You give a faint nod. "Good," you say, edging along the pitcher, your eye trained on the rapidly falling countdown of your Willpower stat. "Much obliged."

"I... I was only going to make you feel so good," she says, pouting a little.

"Yes, well, I think I'm good. Bye!"

You leap off her, shoving her back in the same moment. You hear a cry of anger and annoyance, but before the alraune can attack you again you plummet through the portal and straight through to the next floor.

To be Continued

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Max Intelligence

Your head pounds from the pollen. Fuck. You... you need to think to get out of this one. Have to be smarter. You summon up your stat sheet and jab Max button next to your Intelligence score.

Instantly the number cranks up to the maximum, and you feel your mind go into overdrive. Which would be great, but it's still so hard to focus! Sure, your mind is working faster, but concentrating on one thing is like trying to catch smoke. It's... it's because of... of the pollen! Yes! You um... you need to s-stop breathing it um... it in. But... but how would... how do you... uh...

In your distraction of wrestling with that problem, you completely forget the issue before you. Right up until it literally grabs you. You yelp in surprise as your arms are suddenly caught by a pair of vines. Two more snatch up your legs, binding them together and pulling them out from under you. You topple like a felled tree, the impact with the earth driving the wind from your lungs and scrambling your thoughts. And when you suck in a breath, it comes so saturated with pollen it's like breathing in cotton candy.

Which is... is bad.

Because um...

Uh...

"That's iiiit," the plantgirl croons as you're reeled in towards her. "Just breathe, silly fauna. Just breathe deeeeeply. Breathe..."

Y-yeah. Gotta breathe. You gotta breathe to um... to live. And it's... it smells so good. So floral and pink and happy. You find yourself smiling, and why shouldn't you be smiling? You feel so good. So happy.

So horny...

Fuck but your horny.

Now that you're not thinking about unimportant stuff, you can focus on how incredibly aroused you are. Your cock absolutely throbs with pent up need. You moan, squirming, humping the air with a feverish desperation. If only you could reach your cock, but your hands are still tied up! You can only writhe and whimper and pant for something - anything - to relieve the growing pressure of your balls.

"Aw, poor fauna," Rayaza coos as you're dragged to the base of her flower. "Does someone need some help? Is someone's cock so achy and pent-up?"

"Y-yeah," you pant. "Gotta... ah... gotta..."

"Shhh," she coos, touching your lips, silencing you instantly. "Don't worry. Mistress knows what you need." She straightens above you, her hands squeezing the massive orbs of her breasts. "And she's gonna give it to you sooooo goooooood..."

You stare in wordless need at her as she bounces and massages her breasts. Pumping them slowly. Teasingly. A throaty moan escapes the plantgirl, and a sudden gush of thick sap erupts from her nipples. You gasp as it splatters you, and wherever it touches your clothes melt with a sizzle.

"Wha... what... Ohhhhhh!" you moan, head falling back as the sap reaches your skin. Tingles of desire surge through your body in a sudden swell of pure lust. A moan of pleasure rises from you as your cock is freed from its fabric prison, ripping free of the corroding rags to stand tall, erect, throbbing with arousal like a pillar of virility.

"Ooooooh, there it is," Rayaza coos, smirking down at your helpless form. "There's that big... fat... cock. Do you want me to touch it, fauna? Do you want mistress to milk that big dick of yours? Pump and suck it until you spurt all of that heavy... heavy... cum?"

"P-please!" you gasp, shuddering as more spurts of sap fall on you from her bouncing breasts. "Please!"

"Well, if you're begging for it," she giggles, glancing down.

You follow her gaze and your breath catches. A flower on a long vine has slithered over the lip of her pitcher. It's tipped by a bulb whose petals part, revealing a mass of nubby nodes oozing with sap.

Oh...

Oh fuck yes.

You hold your breath as the bulb snakes its way closer. The petals part and their tips stroke the tip of your cock. The sensation hits you like a truck and you throw your head back with a sudden cry of pleasure.

"Enjoy, my pretty fauna," Rayaza coos.

Oh you will.

And you do.

As the flower engulfs your cock a strangled moan of pure ecstasy escapes you. The bulb pushes further up, devouring your shaft. Rippling lovingly around your dick. Strangled moans and cries escape you as it passionately sucks you off. Caresses you slowly and steadily. Pumping up and down, sap oozing around your root and coating your balls.

“Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuuuck!” you groan, every muscle tightening as your balls throb with approaching orgasm. As you pant and whimper and writhe in helpless pleasure. Oh fuck. Oh fuck yes. Yes! “Fuuuck yesssssss!”

The cry of pleasure escapes you in a wail of pure bliss as you cum like you've never cum before. Your peak is like a white-hot explosion in your body, consuming you in a sudden swell of orgasmic delight. You cum like a fountain, every drop sucked down by the flower. Devoured in bulges down the stamen and into the roots of the plantgirl.

And still you cum.

Still you're hard.

And you never want it to fucking end.

“It won't, sweet fauna,” Rayaza coos as her vines draw your unresisting, boneless body towards her pitcher. “I'll make you so very happy. Forever and ever and ever.”

Oh, you think as you slip into the sap of her pitcher. As the petals close above you, trapping you in pleasant gloom. That sounds... sounds simply...

Wonderful...

[Flower Boy](#)

Flower Boy

Time has no meaning.

Thought has no meaning.

You might have been hanging there for days. For years. For hours. None of it matters.

Nothing but your next orgasm.

“Ah... ah... nnnnn!” you moan, shuddering as another sweet swell of pleasure rocks you, your cock pumping into the flower attached to your crotch. You doubt there’s a distinction between it and you anymore. Much of you is like that, actually.

From the waist down your body is engulfed in your personal pitcher plant. You haven’t felt your legs for so long, in brief moments of lucidity you wonder if they’ve fused to the plant, or withered away like berries unplucked from the branch. It’s a thought that would once fill you with horror. But you’re not that man anymore.

You’re just a fauna.

And one day, you’ll be a flora.

Your head lolls, and you see the vines that twine around your arms, holding them up towards the tangle of the canopy. You’re barely human. You barely feel it. Your skin has gained a greenish tinge and you never question your fate as you hang among the flowers, your every breath laden with mind-numbing pollen. Hell, you’re barely sentient anymore. Just a feeder. A reservoir of essence pumping away into the flower that forever sucks your cock.

And it’s so very wonderful.

You look down again, and once more find Rayaza. The flower girl reclines below you, idling in her pitcher, humming to herself as she lazily massages her immense breasts. spurts of sap drool from her nipples and into the pitcher she lounges in, but your movement draws her eye.

“Aw, is someone jealous?” she asks teasingly.

“M-mistress,” you whimper, voice hoarse from so long without speaking. Only moaning.

Only cumming.

She giggles and gestures. At once the pitcher she resides in rises, lifting her up and level with you. Her eyes roam over you, her breasts wobbling an inch from you, but just a bit too far for you to reach. So close, but they may as well be in another world.

“Mmm. Poor thing. I suppose I could spoil you a little. After all, a certain someone has been very productive lately.”

You wonder who she could be talking about? It’s a bit too hard for your mind to follow, given the state you’re in. Not that it matters, because in the next moment Rayaza has leaned forward, pushing the immense melon of her breast right into your face.

“Now drink up, my precious flora,” she coos. “Let’s make sure you stay nice and delicious for mistress.”

Happily, you obey her command. Your lips wrap around her plump nipple and immediately you begin to suckle. At once a gush of sweet, delicious sap floods your mouth, Rayaza giving a soft moan as you work her bud.

Yes.

Oh fuck yes, this was just what you needed.

With every spurt of her sap, you feel your cock revive. Growing more sensitive. Your balls more full. A low, throaty moan escapes you as the flower around your cock begins to caress and stroke you with renewed urgency. A whimpering moan escapes you as you cum once again, mindlessly pumping your seed into the flower.

“Mmm. There we are,” Rayaza coos, tenderly stroking your head. “Good flora. Such a good flora for mistress. Give me all your essence. Just cum for me. Mortals are so simple. Play with their cocks, and they just can’t help but obey. Such silly creatures. Such... mmm... delicious creatures...”

You barely hear her. You certainly don’t comprehend her. You simply keep sucking. Keep moaning. Keep doing everything that a good fauna should do. For this is your purpose. This is where you belong.

And as your skin tingles, growing yet greener, you smile happily.

And cum once more for mistress.

Bad End

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