

Transformation Party Chapter 1

By Kallie

Character Sheets

Immeral, Drow Oathbreaker (he/him) - played by Edward, Dungeon Master (he/him)

Rhyim, Aasimar Warlock (they/them) - played by Florence (any)

Therimi, Satyr Bard (he/they) - played by Folimi (she/her)

Vauneo, Goliath Artificer (he/him) - played by David (he/him)

Marithaena, Half-Orc Ranger (she/her) - played by Hanifa (she/her)

Nadak, Fire Genasi Rogue (he/him) - played by Jack, (he/him)

The long-awaited sight of sunlight, while dazzling for a drow like him, filled Immeral Lianodel's heart with hope as he sprinted and scrambled through the last few narrow tunnels, leading his adventuring party to the surface - and freedom. The six of them had been trying to escape from the Underdark for what had felt like an eternity, and they had been harried and pursued every step of the way. Even now, this close to the world above, they weren't safe. Immeral could hear all manner of footsteps coming up from behind them.

"There!" cried Therimi excitedly, the satyr struggling to keep balance as the stones shifted under his hooved feet. "We're close!"

"Not close enough!" panted Nadak. The fire genasi's red skin was even redder than usual with exertion. "Keep running!"

None of the party were inclined to disagree. They all kept running as fast as they could, the sun's rays giving them the strength to push through their exhaustion. The distance to the end of the tunnel grew shorter with each passing moment until, one by one, each of the adventurers made it up the final slope and out through the narrow crack into the surface world. Each of them then collapsed in a heap, relishing the chance to finally catch their breath and rest their weary limbs.

"Is that it?" asked Rhyim anxious, the aasimar glancing back at the tunnel they'd just escaped from. "Are we safe?"

Immeral nodded, offering his beloved partner a reassuring smile. "They won't follow us up here."

Rhyim let out a huge sigh, and collapsed flat on the ground.

Immeral was similarly overcome with relief, perhaps even more so than the others. The safety of his friends meant everything to him, and he'd never have been able to forgive himself if any of them had come to harm, especially at the hands of people he'd just betrayed - the cult of Lolth. In a way, betrayal had cost him everything. He wasn't even a paladin anymore, just an oathbreaker. But it had gained him his friends, and to Immeral, they were far more important. Rhyim most of all. They'd fallen for each other hard and fast, and nothing had ever made him happier.

"Is everybody OK?" Vauneo asked suddenly, picking himself up off the ground. The goliath artificer sounded eager to help, but as ever, a little panicked at the same time. "Anybody hurt?"

Marithaena, the half-orc ranger, took a few moments to look over each of them in turn. "I... I think we're all good?" she ventured.

"Good," Nadak grunted. "Luckier than we deserve, no doubt."

"Now, now," Therimi tutted playfully. "None of that, rogue. We made it out in one piece! That's cause for celebration."

Nadak smiled gruffly. "Trust a bard to see it that way."

"Of course." Therimi flashed a winning smile. "Our escape is one for the tales! I have no doubt of that."

"Well, Therimi, I'm afraid there's no audience here," Immeral put in, smiling at their banter. "I hate to say it, but we have another long journey back to civilization ahead of us. As far as I can see, we're right in the middle of nowhere."

The others looked around, and realized he was right.

"I can see a road, a few leagues north of here," Marithaena said, scanning the horizon. "Follow that, and we should find a town eventually. Or at least an inn."

"Then we should probably get moving," Immeral concluded. There were a few groans, but no disagreement, and the party collectively struggled to their feet, ready for yet more travelling.

Before they could take a single step, however, a booming, inhuman, unmistakably feminine voice filled the air. It seemed to be coming from everywhere, but most of all, from the narrow crack that led back down into the underdark. The party readied their weapons, but

there was no enemy in sight.

"Fools!" The voice cried. *"Thieves! Betrayers! You have... you... you..."*

"You have... you... you... ah, fuck."

Edward abandoned the deep, imposing, feminine voice he had been attempting, collapsing into a helpless coughing fit. His distress brought forth a round of good-natured laughter from around his cosy, crowded living room.

"Are you alright, my darling?" asked Florence, from next to him on the couch, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"I... I'm fine," Edward insisted, doing his best to recover his composure. "Just... going from the Immerral voice to the Lolth voice is a little tricky, you know?"

The others nodded. The six of them had gathered, as they did every Saturday night, for their weekly game of Dungeons and Dragons. Edward, dungeon master and Immerral's player, was the host, and was fervently attentive to his duties - especially his theatrical duties.

"Good!" replied Florence, Rhyim's player, in a bright, peppy voice. "Let me know if you need a glass of water."

"I'll be fine in a moment," Edward muttered. "I just need a moment to clear my throat."

"All this smoke probably isn't helping." David, Vauneo's player, waved a hand through the air, leaving patterns in the strong-smelling smoke that hung about them. "I don't know if incense was one of your best ideas, Eddie. Where did you even get this stuff?"

"I... well, I got it from this weird old lady I ran into," Edward explained, a little embarrassed. "She just kind of gave it to me. She made it sound really good, too. Something about 'helping me and my friends get more comfortable with ourselves.' It seemed like fun, so I bought a little incense burner for it."

"So, just to be clear, we don't even know what's in this?" Jack, Nadak's player said gruffly, nursing the brace on his wrist. "Maybe David's right about this being a bad idea."

"I just thought it would be fun, OK?" Edward shot back, more than a little defensively. "It's atmospheric, right? The gloom of the Underdark? I don't think it's that stupid."

"Hey, Eddie, of course it's not stupid." Fola, Therimi's player, bent forward from where she was sitting on the floor to rest a hand on his knee. "I'm having a good time with it. But..."

maybe a little less smoke, next time.”

Edward nodded gratefully.

“I like it too,” added Hanifa, Marithaena’s player. The goth girl was lounging on her side, her robe pulled tight against her curvy body from the way she was sitting. She took a moment to adjust her hijab. “It’s making me feel really relaxed. Or really... really something, anyway. But Jack’s got a point. You don’t want to smoke weird shit old ladies give you. Could be some weird, dangerous alternative medicine nonsense.”

Edward nodded again, accepting the point.

“How about we get back to the game?” Florence suggested. They looked over to Edward. “Got your voice back.”

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Edward said, raising his hands, a smile returning to his face as he prepared to launch back into his well-practiced Lolth voice.

“Fools! Thieves! Betrayers!”

All around him, Immeral’s friends reached for their weapons, looking around frantically for any sign of an enemy. Immeral, however, was momentarily frozen on the spot, struck dumb by the deep, imposing, irresistibly magnificent voice that seemed to be coming from everywhere and nowhere all at once. It was a voice the drow oathbreaker knew all too well. It was the voice of the goddess he had just turned his back on: Lolth, the Queen of Spiders. The arachnoid patron goddess of the drow, she was infamous everywhere for her ambition and malice. If she had turned her attention upon the party, they were all in grave danger.

“You have trespassed upon my domain,” Lolth continued. Her fury made the earth tremble with each word. *“You have betrayed me. You have stolen from me - magical items, from my own sanctuary! I do not forgive those who take what is mine, including my sworn faithful.”* Immeral sensed the rest of the party glancing at him. *“And now, you will face my wrath!”*

“Yeah?” Therimi spat. As ever, the bard was the first to find his words. “And what are you going to do, exactly? Spook us with a big loud voice? You’ll have to do better than that. We’re beyond your reach now, and the reach of your followers. You’re powerless.”

Lolth laughed; a cruel, sadistic sound. *“Is that what you think?”* Therimi’s bravado melted away. *“Fools! You have my treasures in your possession. And more important, I have a claim on the oathbreaker’s soul. He is mine!”*

“Not anymore!” Rhyim cried, moving to Immeral’s side protectively. “He’s not yours

anymore! He's ours, and we love him. I love him!"

"Is that so?" Lolth sounded amused. "I wonder if you will still love him after he falls prey to my curse. Oathbreaker! You may have turned your back on me, but I am not so easily forgotten. From this day forth, anyone who looks upon you will know that you are mine!"

Her words resounded, like the air around the party was holding its breath. Immerral could feel something building; divine power beyond any mortal ken. And then, it hit him. Immerral bent double, gasping in pain before collapsing to the ground on his hands and knees. It was like a knife to his gut. Rhyim was immediately kneeling beside him, face wracked with concern, but even they froze once Immerral started to transform.

It started just below Immerral's waist. Everything above that felt fine, but everything beneath that contorted in pain for a moment, before suddenly turning numb. At first, Immerral thought the moment was simply going to pass, but once he looked down at himself properly, he realized with horror that his body was changing and warping beyond description. Beneath his waist, his torso bulged and distended impossibly, expanding in all directions before beginning to shape itself into a huge, dark, rounded abdomen. His legs twisted, bones and joints snapping before reforming like wax into a far more arachnoid shape, then splitting nightmarishly into four on each side, leaving him with eight legs. Once the changes subsided, Immerral was clearly and obviously a spider from the waist down.

Lolth had turned him into a drider.

Immerral was left shaking. How could this have happened? Maybe Lolth was right. Maybe there was no escaping his past. He was a drider, a twisted abomination, outcast amongst the drow and both feared and reviled on the surface world. Who would want to even so much as look at him now?

"Yes," said Rhyim, still kneeling next to him, in a quiet but firm voice.

"What?" Lolth's voice hissed.

"Yes," Rhyim repeated, a little louder. "Yes, I still love him."

"Rhyim..." Immerral breathed. Rhyim took his hand in theirs and clenched it tight.

"It doesn't matter to me what form he's in," Rhyim continued. It was unlike them to sound so firm and so defiant, but Immerral had never been more grateful for their courage. "He's my beloved, and you don't have the power to change that. I love him."

"Likewise," Nadak piped up. The rogue wasn't normally given to sentimentality, but his face was resolute. "He's one of us. How many legs he has doesn't change a thing."

“That’s right!” Mari, the half-orc, rushed to Immerral’s side to grab his other hand. “We’re friends. That’s what counts.”

Therimi and Vauneo nodded their approval, and from the looks on their faces, it was obvious that they had no doubts. Immerral’s heart felt tight and warm, threatening to explode with gratitude and happiness.

“Fine. Have it your way, fools!” Lolth hissed again, furiously. *“Maybe the rest of you won’t be having so much fun once you see what I have in store for all of you.”*

With those final, foreboding words, Lolth’s presence vanished. The party breathed a sigh of relief, and all of them rushed to Immerral’s side. In their haste to make sure he was OK, they quickly forgot about Lolth’s sinister warning, and not one of them noticed the way their stolen magical items were glowing eerily.

“Immerral, are you OK?” Therimi asked, already stringing her lyre, ready to try and use her bard’s magic to help him.

“I... I think so,” the newly-transformed drider answered. All pain had subsided, leaving him only with a sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity with his new body. That, too, subsided as he started to pick himself up, his eight legs moving automatically in perfect co-ordination as if he’d been that way his entire life. Immerral wasn’t sure if that was reassuring or terrifying.

“Is there anything you can do?” Vauneo asked Therimi. “A healing spell? Something to remove a curse?”

Therimi shook their head slowly, a look of pained regret on their face. “This is a curse placed by a god. I can’t... I can’t do anything. I’m sorry.”

Vauneo put a hand on their shoulder. “You have nothing to be sorry for.”

Rhyim still had eyes only for Immerral. “How do you feel, my love?”

“I... I...” Immerral’s calm demeanour cracked for a moment, and his head slumped. “I’m not really sure how to answer that right now.”

Rhyim nodded, their big eyes full of concern, and reached up to wrap their arms around Immerral’s waist in a tight hug.

“I hate to be the one to say this,” Nadak grunted, after a moment. “But we need to get moving. Won’t be long before it starts getting dark. I’d like to make tracks away from these Underdark tunnels before it does.”

“Right.” Marithaena nodded. “I can lead the way.”

Just like that, the plan was made. Immerral's companions started busying themselves, collecting up their gear and making ready to march. Immerral, though, just stood there, Rhyim hanging close to his side. He wanted to reassure her, but he didn't know what to say. The acceptance of his friends had warmed his heart, but he was still plagued by doubts - along with other, less familiar urges that had appeared within him alongside his transformation. Once they were all ready to set off, Immerral allowed Rhyim to take his hand and lead him after Mari, the half-orc ranger's keen eyes spotting a suitable trail for them to follow.

"A drider, huh?" David leaned back on the couch, tapping his chin with a fingertip. "Well, I didn't see that coming."

"I thought it would be a fun curveball," Edward replied with a smile, before reaching down to scratch his legs for a moment. All of a sudden, they had started itching fiercely.

"I'm into it," Florence said, winking suggestively and snuggling up to Edward for a moment, pressing her small, chubby body into his. The rest of the room groaned good-naturedly.

"Of course you are," Hanifa said, smiling and rolling her eyes. She looked to Edward. "I'm curious, is it going to get reversed?"

"Hmm," Edward mused. "We'll see. I think I want to play around with it for a while, see how it fits the character, you know?"

Hanifa nodded.

"Fine by me," Jack said gruffly. "But it better not make you overpowered!"

Edward waved away the concern. "Relax, it won't. Immerral's an oathbreaker. He needs something to make up for losing his paladin abilities."

"Can we get back to the game?" Folimi asked, eyes shining. "I'm really into this."

That evening, as the sun began to set over the horizon, the party made camp. Sleeping in the wilderness wasn't glamorous, but they were all well-practiced at it, and they built a fire and set out their sleeping packs without complaint. There was some conversation, and some fussing over Immerral, but for the most part, the party were all too tired for anything more. They had been fleeing the Underdark for what had probably been days without rest, and so it wasn't long before they all settled down to sleep.

All except Immerral.

Rest eluded the drow oathbreaker. He had far, far too much to think about - matters related to his transformation, but also things that ran deeper. He needed to clear his head. Once he was certain all of the others were asleep, he rose, and crept out of camp as stealthily as he could. He needed some time alone to think.

For the longest time, Immerral had known his place. He was a drow, and a paladin. A servant of Lolth. Drow society was dangerous, but it had always made sense, at least to him. Then, he'd started doubting. He'd met people: Rhyim and the others. People who had shown him that life could be more than servitude and ambition. Betraying Lolth for their sakes had been the most difficult choice of his life, but it had also made him feel happy like never before. He felt safe, and he felt loved. He had a place in the world - a new place, a better place.

And now... what?

Now that he was a drider, what was he supposed to do? Where did he belong now? With the party? Immerral hoped so. He knew they'd accept him without a second thought. They'd never give him any reason to doubt them on that count. But at the same time, it felt impossible. It felt too good to be true. It felt better than someone like him deserved. Having a drider around could cause the others all kinds of problems. Moreover, Immerral was worried about all the new feelings he was starting to experience. All the new appetites he was suddenly tempted to indulge in. His new, arachnoid body was full of strange desires. Immerral was keeping a tight lid on them, but would he always be able to? He couldn't risk hurting anyone, especially not Rhyim - both the person he loved, and the person his new desires were most concentrated on.

Maybe he should just leave.

"Immerral?"

Immerral froze at the sound of Rhyim's uncertain voice coming from behind him.

"What are you doing out here?" the aasimar asked, a pained look on their face.

Immerral turned away, and did his best to keep his voice even. "I needed some time alone."

Rhyim shook their head. "I don't think it's such a great idea for you to be alone right now."

"Perhaps." Immerral shrugged, defeated. "I don't know."

Rhyim took a few steps closer, speaking slowly. "I know you must be scared, my love. You don't have to, but if you want, you can talk to me about it."

"I... just..." Immerral let out a long, ragged breath. "I just wish I could stop thinking about it for a moment," he admitted.

Rhyim looked up at him and nodded, careful to give him all the space he needed.

"I just can't stop noticing all these little things," Immerral continued, the words starting to flow out of him. "About the way this body looks. About the way it feels, about the way it moves. About the... the things it wants. It's like I'm getting my face rubbed in it, all the time." He smiled bitterly. "It's a constant reminder that I'm probably stuck like this. Even as a drow, I thought maybe... but now, I'll never be accepted."

"That's not true," Rhyim insisted firmly. They were keeping their voice calm, but their big, round eyes shone with intense concern. "We accept you. All of us do. I promise you that. And I know there's not that many of us, but we're a family. You do have a place - with us."

"But what if I ended up hurting you?" Immerral sagged. "What if other people end up hurting you, because of me?"

"They won't," Rhyim replied fiercely. "They won't be able to. We'll be stronger - always."

"It's not that easy, Rhyim!" Immerral groaned. He realized they weren't going to understand. Not unless he told them. "There's more to this curse. More than just physical changes. I... you know I wasn't always a good person, right? Or even a decent one? I'm not making any excuses for that. But, down there in the Underdark, none of us really get a chance to be good people, you know?"

Rhyim nodded.

"I'm worried the curse is doing something to my mind," Immerral confessed unhappily. "I'm worried it's taking me back to that."

Rhyim nodded again, but Immerral could see they didn't quite understand. "Why?"

"Because... there are things I want to do. To people. To... to you." Immerral's nostrils flared. Rhyim being so close to him was making self-control even harder. "Cruel things."

"Like what?"

Immerral's head filled with images, and the spinneret at the tip of his new abdomen twitched. "I... I can't..."

“Hey, that’s OK,” Rhyim assured him, reaching up to squeeze his hand. “You don’t have to say it. I just want you to know that, whatever it is, I accept it. I accept you.”

Immeral fell silent for a moment. He blushed faintly, and looked aside. “You can’t say that,” he muttered. “It’s not that easy.”

“Yes it is!” Rhyim insisted frantically. “I mean it! I mean it, with all my heart. Look.” Rhyim reached a hand down their collar, and fished out a small pendant. They held it up for Immeral to look at. It was in the shape of a small, fiendish sigil made from some kind of glistening, black metal. “I’m a warlock. This was a gift from my patron. A reward. They told me that when the right moment came, it would give me something I’ve always wanted. I don’t know what that means exactly, but I do know that it’s important, and that right now, I want to show you how much I mean this.”

Rhyim wrapped a hand around the pendant and squeezed it as hard as they could. They closed their eyes, wishing fervently. “I swear to you, Immeral, I accept you. Every part of you. Especially right now. Especially like this. I swear it.”

There was a flash of light.

At first, Immeral thought it was a bolt of lightning, even though the sky was clear. Then, he realized the light was coming from the pendant. It was blazing with a magical glow, the brightness spilling out from between Rhyim’s clenched fingers. Rhyim seemed paralyzed, like an electric current was running through them. Immeral wanted to do something - hold Rhyim protectively, or snatch the pendant from their hands, but some unseen force pushed him away. He was left watching powerlessly as Rhyim was consumed by a corona of blazing energy.

“Rhyim!” he cried, but his cry was drowned out by an almighty thunderclap as the glow cocooning Rhyim split apart and dissipated.

The shockwave sent Immeral reeling to the ground, but he picked himself up as quickly as he could, desperate to make sure his beloved was unharmed. Once he caught sight of them, however, he froze solid. He wasn’t sure what he had been expecting, but seeing Rhyim transformed into a demon wasn’t it.

Rhyim’s clothes had been blasted into dust by their transformation, and that left the most eye-catching of their changes on full display: their skin had turned a rich, deep, demonic crimson all over. But that wasn’t all. A pair of long, thick, back-swept horns sprouted from their head, and a pair of massive, dark wings now unfolded from their back. From behind them, Immeral could see a pair of long, bone-tipped tails swinging gently from side to side as Rhyim swayed in the gentle breeze of the dusk. There was no denying it. They had become a demon.

Immeral couldn’t believe what he was seeing. But if anything, he had an even harder time clamping down on the rabid, frenzied desires that suddenly filled him. They hit him like a

wave, making the blood flow into his cheeks - and other places. There was just something about the way Rhyim looked now, and about the way they were standing, that was driving him crazy. They had a new, undeniable, sensual quality that oozed from every pore. Immeral had been attracted to them before, of course, but this was something more than that. It took the drider a moment to figure out that was more than just physical. The feeling Rhyim was giving him was something he'd encountered before, as a drow paladin. Suddenly, he knew exactly what had happened to Rhyim.

They weren't just a demon. They were a lust demon.

"Rhyim!" Immeral called out again. "Are... are you... are you OK?"

His voice was thick with emotion. They had to be OK. They had to be. Immeral couldn't believe what was happening. Two awful transformations in one day? It was more than he could handle.

"I... I feel..." Rhyim's voice began distant and empty, but as they came back to themselves, energy and life suddenly snapped back into their tone. "I feel great!"

Immeral blinked. "You do?"

"Yeah!" Rhyim was holding up their arms, looking at their red skin and feeling at their horns and wings. A look of awe was on their face. "You have no idea. This is just what I always wanted!"

"But you're a... a..." Immeral realized he wasn't sure what the right term was.

"A... a fuccubus!" Rhyim giggled. "Like... a succubus? But less gender?"

Immeral blinked again. "Right. Wait... you always wanted to be a sex demon?"

Rhyim pressed the tips of their index fingers together and flashed him a coy, bashful look. "M-maybe."

Immeral couldn't help but laugh - mostly with relief. He was still concerned, but he was glad that Rhyim seemed to be OK with whatever had happened to them. Moreover, he was astonished by how genuinely happy and carefree his partner seemed. He'd never seen them quite like that before. It warmed his heart - but at the same time, their coy giggling and blushing was pushing his self-control to their very limits.

Rhyim clearly interpreted the look on his face as one of confusion, and began to explain: "Look... you're not the only one with some weird kinks! Or desires, or whatever you want to call them. I'm not ashamed of them, I just... hadn't got around to mentioning them yet. They're a little strange, sometimes. I know I'm usually a little timid. Sometimes people aren't quite ready

for how, um, wild I can get.”

“I understand,” Immeral assured her quickly. “For what it’s worth, I accept you too. I promise. In this form, or any other, whatever your desires might be.”

“Thank you.” Rhyim nodded gratefully. Then, a thought seemed to occur to them. “Hey, if this is my innermost wish granted, then I wonder if...”

For a brief moment, a look of concentration passed over their face. Then, as Immeral watched, astonished. Their body changed yet again.

This time, it wasn’t quite so dramatic, but in Immeral’s eyes, it was equally impressive. As he stared, Rhyim’s chest simply expanded. It was a little like two balloons being inflated. Rhyim’s figure had always been slightly chubby but distinctly androgynous, with pleasing curves that didn’t seem to lend themselves to being called masculine or feminine. Now, though, that was quickly changing. In the space of just a few seconds, Rhyim’s decidedly modest breasts grew through multiple sizes, until they were much, much more than just handfuls. Immeral had to keep himself from drooling.

“Wow,” was all he could manage.

Rhyim giggled in delight - both at the changes to their body, and Immeral’s stunned reaction. “This is amazing! OK, how about...”

Rhyim concentrated for a moment, and then their body shifted again. But this time, it was in the polar opposite direction. Their new breasts shrank away to leave their chest flat, and at the same time, their torso lengthened and their shoulders widened, leaving them with a clearly masculine physique. Most astonishingly of all, as Immeral watched, a cock grew from between their legs. The drider was left light-headed.

“Isn’t this just incredible?” Rhyim was inspecting themselves again, a broad, wicked smile across their face. “It’s so... hot.”

“Hey... um...” Immeral could feel a vein about to pop in his head. Rhyim was driving him crazy. “M-maybe slow down for a moment?”

“Oh yeah?” Rhyim looked up at Immeral, and a look Immeral had never seen on their face before appeared. It was mischievously, sensual, and openly lustful. When they spoke again, their voice was smoldering with demonic charm. “But aren’t we having so much fun? Hm... maybe this is more your taste.”

Rhyim shapeshifted once more. Their shoulders shrank and their chest grew again, restoring them to how they’d been before. But then, the changes went much, much further. Their breasts just kept growing, until they were left with a huge, mouth-watering rack. Their

hips blossoming too, giving them curves like none Immerral had ever seen, and a fat, round, tight ass to match. Within moments, Rhyim shifted from masculine to hyper-feminine - although notably, the cock between their legs remained, with a pussy underneath.

Immerral was powerless in the face of such an alluring transformation, and Rhyim, clearly sensing his arousal, stared to pose and preen, showing off all their new assets to him. "What do you think?" they asked, seductively. "Is this how you want me?"

"I... I..." All kinds of repressed desires were threatening to bubble to the surface of Immerral's mind. He tried to avert his gaze, but it was so hard not to look.

"It's OK," Rhyim told him, sensing his inner conflict. "I want you to look. I want you to stare. It feels so good. Don't you want me?"

"I... hnngg," Immerral groaned.

"I know you do," Rhyim continued, waltzing towards him and licking their lips with a very, very long tongue. "But I want even more than that. I want you to take me, my love. Now."

Immerral snapped.

He pounced forward, his new, drider body moving with incredible speed despite its size. Rhyim didn't flinch, not even when Immerral pushed them to the ground, looming over them with his legs pinning them down on all sides. Rhyim just lay there, with the same, teasing smirk on their face that was already driving Immerral crazy with sadistic lust.

"Wow," Rhyim giggled. They were squirming, but not to escape, just to make their new, delicious body roll and jiggle. "I really did get you worked up, huh?"

Immerral stared down at them with wide, blazing eyes. "Gods, why did you have to... to be so... damn it!" He groaned, and with great effort, managed to ease up on them a little. "Please, get back to the others. You shouldn't have to be near me right now. I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to."

Rhyim sighed heavily, and let the coy look fall from their face for a moment. "You really don't get it, Immerral. I *do* want this. All of it. I always have."

"But..." Immerral shook his head. "No. You don't understand what I want."

"Yes, I do," Rhyim countered, rolling their eyes. "I'm a sex demon now. I can taste your desires. All of them. And they're really, really hot. I want it. So stop being an idiot, and tie me up!"

Immerral blinked. Did they really know? Either way, with Rhyim's eager pleas ringing in

his ears, reminding him that he had their consent, he could no longer hold back. Looming over his partner, Immerral reached down and started roughly splaying out their limbs, treating them as little more than a rag doll in his grasp. Rhyim gasped with delight at his touch, and didn't resist in the slightest. Once their arms and legs were spread just the way he wanted them, Immerral curled his drider abdomen underneath himself, bringing the spinneret at the tip of his body to bear on his lover.

"Fuck," Rhyim gasped. They were starting to realize just how sensitive and needy their fiendish body had become.

"Don't move," Immerral grunted. Obeying instincts he was barely conscious of, he started tapping into his new, drider abilities, spinning ropes of sticky silk out of his body to keep Rhyim stuck to the ground. It was effortless. Within moments, Rhyim's arms and legs were completely cocooned. Immerral could see them pulling against their bonds experimentally, to no avail. The sight of Rhyim looking so helpless only added to his arousal.

"Fuck, this is so hot," Rhyim breathed, arching their back as far as they could. They seemed energized by the pleasure that was hitting them. "I've been craving this for so long. You have no idea."

"This isn't about what you want," Immerral spat fiercely. It felt unbelievably to lean into this repressed, sadistic side of himself, knowing fully that Rhyim wanted that treatment too. "You got me worked up like this. It's your job to take care of it. Besides, you can't move. You're mine."

This time, Rhyim's squirming wasn't just for show. Immerral already knew how hot they found it when he acted possessive, and now, he didn't feel the need to hold back.

"Let's see what this fuccubus body of yours is good for," Immerral snarled. Raising his abdomen for balance, he bent forwards, lowering himself so that he could reach out and touch Rhyim with his hands. Painfully aroused as he was, he had no interest in foreplay. He sank his hands into Rhyim's huge tits, carelessly groping them and twisting their nipples, without a care for how rough he was being. The sweet little gasps and whines that Rhyim let out made it clear that he was hurting her in just the way they wanted.

"I'm yours," Rhyim moaned in a lurid, breathy voice. It was clear that they had recovered a little of their composure and were eager to keep performing and keep driving Immerral to fresh heights of frenzied lust. "I'm all yours. Your prey. You can do *anything* you want with me."

"That's right," Immerral growled. He was fully under the control of his own urges now, and it felt incredible. "You're mine. I own you. And I need to be inside you."

"Yes!"

Immeral was already harder than he'd ever been in his life. As part of his transformation, his cock seemed to have grown to match his new stature. It now hung beneath his abdomen, almost a foot long. Rhyim's eyes went as round and wide as the moon as they caught sight of it, their breath catching in their throat as they were filled with raw, consuming need.

"I was worried this would be too big for you," Immeral smirked. "But now you can shapeshift, I bet you can take whatever I tell you too, right?"

"Gods, yes," Rhyim hissed. They were writing manically now, unable to keep still as Immeral's webbing cruelly denied them the ability to touch themselves. Between their legs, the cock they'd given themselves was dripping with precum. "Please, Immeral. Please, I need it. I need you to fuck me with that thing. It's going to feel so fucking good."

"I bet it will," Immeral replied, a twisted expression on his face. "And since you're a sex demon, I bet your cunt is going to feel incredible. So let's find out."

Spreading his arachnid legs further apart and lowering his abdomen, Immeral thrust forward and buried his cock inside Rhyim as deeply as he could.

The moment he was inside them, they both moaned in concert. Rhyim's pussy was unbelievably right around Immeral's shaft, like their body was instinctively trying to milk him for cum already. And for Rhyim, Immeral's new, huge cock was by far the biggest thing they'd ever taken. With their new powers, they could accommodate him effortlessly, but the sex demon still felt like they were being split in two. The sensation was total bliss. Rhyim had never been filled up quite like it before. Immeral's dick was reaching so deep, and hitting all their most sensitive spots.

"Oh fuck," Rhyim gasped. They had moaned all the air out of their lungs, and Immeral clearly wasn't going to give them a chance to catch their breath. He was already drawing back only to plough into them again, setting a nice, regular rhythm as he started to fuck Rhyim's brains out. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuckkkk."

"You're so tight," Immeral gasped. "I love what that pendant did to you. Guess being a sex demon really just means you're a slutty cum dumpster, huh?"

"That's r-right," Rhyim whined. They want to keep teasing the drider, but it was so hard when all they could think about was his cock filling their pussy. "Yours. Yours. Your cum dumpster. Your sex demon."

"Mine," Immeral growled in agreement. The thought that Rhyim was *his* only made him want to fuck them even harder. To leave his mark on their body. "Your cunt is mine."

“U-use me!” Rhyim pleaded. They knew they were drooling, they knew how slutty they sounded, they knew their cock was leaking desperately, but they didn’t care. They just wanted Immerral’s cock. Somehow, despite how rough Immerral was being, it wasn’t enough. The fuccubus wanted to push them even further. “Harder, please, harder! I know you can do it. You can be so rough with me. I can take it. P-please treat me like your sex toy. Fuck. Come on. What are you afraid of?”

Rhyim was expecting Immerral to start pounding them even harder, and they got exactly what they wanted, But what they weren’t expecting was for Immerral’s hand to snap around their neck, threatening to choke her.

“You really are such a tease now, huh?” he said, eyes smoldering. “That’s funny. Asking me what I’m afraid of, when you have this dumb, fucked-silly look on your face. Fine. I’ll be rougher. I’ll make you eat those words.”

Without breaking rhythm, he started to squeeze, gradually applying more and more pressure to Rhyim’s neck. Rhyim’s eyes flew all the way open, and they tried to fight through the fog of their pleasure to snatch a final few breaths before their air was completely cut off.

“F-fu... fu... fff... fuck...” Rhyim’s moans were turning into strangled, high-pitched whines as Immerral choked them. Every time Immerral thrust into them, it forced all the air out of their body, and now that Immerral’s grip was tightening around their throat, they couldn’t replace it. Each moment took them further into pleasure-filled, oxygen-starved, delirious bliss.

“Gods,” Immerral moaned loudly. “Your body feels so... fucking... good!”

From the thick, feral tone of his voice, it was obvious he was close to orgasm. Rhyim was close too. They found being choked unspeakably hot, but moreover, the lack of oxygen was making them dizzy and light-headed, and that only made the pleasure feel all the more intense. Only the sticky webbing holding them to the ground was preventing Rhyim from squirming and writhing all over the place. Still, though, the fact that Immerral was about to cum penetrated their brainfog, and focused the demon’s remaining thoughts on that alone.

“U-u-use m-me,” Rhyim croaked weakly. “F-fuck... cum... I need it... please... give it to me!”

With a huge groan, Immerral came. His drider cock pulsed and throbbed for a few moments inside Rhyim, before it started pumping load after load of cum inside them. The instant Rhyim felt what was happening, they exploded into orgasm too. The feeling of another’s orgasm was everything their new form craved most desperately, and the gratification it gave them was immeasurable. Rhyim saw white as their whole body was electrified by pleasure, their back arching impossibly and their new wings stretching out and going stiff. It was the by far, the best orgasm of their life.

Once Immerral's orgasm subsided, he slumped down onto the ground beside Rhyim, who was slowly reverting to a shape that was closer to their original, androgynous body. The two of them looked at each other tenderly. Immerral had a hundred questions and anxieties, but the moment of pleasure between them had brushed them all aside. He could see plainly on Rhyim's face just how much they had enjoyed it and wanted it. That was more than enough for him.

"Well..." Rhyim said slowly, voice shaky and filled with a little of their old timidity. "I guess we're gonna have some explaining to do back at camp, huh?"

Edward's incense-filled living room was silent. Edward and Florence looked at each other, their cheeks turning red as it slowly dawned on them how extensively they had described their characters' intimacy. Edward couldn't believe it. He knew none of his friends would be offended by something like that, but even so, it was more embarrassing than he could possibly deal with. What had possessed him to take things so far? Was it the incense? It did feel as though it was making him a little light-headed. Maybe his friends had been right. Maybe he should have asked what it was actually made with.

"I-I-I'm so sorry!" Florence stuttered. "I... we... um... wow..."

From his seat on the couch, Jack sniffed. "Maybe you two lovebirds need to take it upstairs?" he suggested, winking.

The comment broke the awkward silence, and the room was once again filled with uproarious laughter. As the ground traded quotes and comments. Edward and Florence were relieved beyond measure.

So relieved, in fact, that they didn't notice the redness started to spread across Florence's skin, or the odd way Edward's legs were starting to shift.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Special thanks to these wonderful patrons, who helped to make this possible:

Autumn, Lucy, Dex, Ember, Acelin, Samantha, Artemis, Dasterin, Matthew, RayneDrone 4800, Eraa, Pierre, Aspen, Aaron, J White, Gggttt, Gayle, Tomi, GSR, Patrick, Tori, Ember, Darkenedone, Counterpoint, Carrie, TheSecretSubject, Sean, Katie, Emily, William, Mia, Tomotron, Seph, Mandy, Tim, Red, Chloe, Chloe, Jaina, Blanket, Elundrias, Invictus, Scarlett, Silgon, Flluffie, The Flock, dmtph, Aleksandra, Zoomp, Matthew, Scarlett, skittles, Okay Dude, shoktherapy, Luke, Eraa, Yana, Corvidae, Violet, Olivia, Francisco, Jon, Michael, Cbz, salmonandsoup, Steb, marenus, darkbookmage, Red Panda Seven, henry rangel, nicholas