

Level Draining 3

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Level Draining - Book 3

A Vore Fantasy

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Book Three

Level Draining - Book 2

“You’re staring,” said Dula, flitting along beside Andred like a parrot on his shoulder. “Lech. Pervert.”

Andred swiped vaguely at her, but the fairy easily dodged his hand. “Quit it. I’m not staring.”

“Yeah? There’s nothing in your field of view that *interests* you?”

Andred tried to ignore Dula, even as her smug grin hovered in his peripheral vision. Ahead of him, something else was demanding his focus: *Leah*, her long orange hair waving in the breeze as she led her band of adventurers onwards. She’d abandoned her breastplate at the onset of their journey – to better attract adventurers to her cause – so her enormous cleavage jiggled free through the gap in her monstrously strained shirt. Her chest was so huge it was visible from *behind*, twin weights shifting from side to side behind their fabric prison... and that was only the start of her charms. Before Andred could grow too engrossed in the view, Dula pinched his cheek.

“That’s the weirdest expression I’ve ever seen you make,” the fairy complained, glancing between him and Leah with annoyance. “Are you sure *she’s* not the succubus? Her giant sloshers have hypnotised you...”

Andred rubbed his sore cheek. “You jealous?”

“What? No way! You humans and your... *lumps of fat...* couldn’t be more unappealing! To a fairy, sleekness and efficiency are the—”

As Dula rambled on, Andred let himself stare at Leah again. Right now she was chatting to the newest member of their party: a dark-skinned witch, somewhat shorter than Andred and a *lot* shorter than Leah, yet stupendously busty in her own right. The tip of her pointy hat bobbed with every step as she tried to keep pace with the looming knightess, wearing an expression like she wanted to ingratiate herself with Leah. She was the only other female member of the adventuring band, and just like Leah, she was attracting plenty of subtle — and not-so-subtle — stares from the surrounding men.

Andred shook his head. Perverts, the whole lot! A good thing these ladies had someone noble like his own esteemed self to watch over them as they carried out their heroic quest!

“What disgusting thoughts are going through your head...?” Dula grumbled.

Their mission: to track down the succubus Alitza and put an end to her malign influence. For months, no adventurer had been brave enough to attempt the bounty on her head, but Leah had changed all that. Andred knew firsthand how astronomically strong she was — Dula’s fey sight put her level at 1,202, a prestige that could only be attained through a lifetime of slaying powerful monsters. Andred was less than half her level, and he was willing to bet he was stronger than most of the adventurers here. When a tree had fallen across their path, it’d taken two firm chops of his sword to break it into halves. Without blinking, Leah had picked up the halves and tossed them back into the forest.

“Okay,” said Leah, drawing to a halt. She adjusted her swordbelt and looked around the forest trail. “Let’s find a clearing and make camp for the night. Andred?” she said innocently, turning and meeting his stare. “Help me set up my tent.”

Dula groaned as Andred rushed forward to help. “Enjoy your fat lumps,” she said.

“A-Andred, so *rough!*”

Andred couldn't help himself. The moment he lifted Leah's shirt over her colossal chest – and let those humongous, sloshing globes tumble out into the open – he had no choice but to open wide and stuff *both* of her big, mouth-filling nipples into his maw! “Hmmpff!” He sucked on them like his life depended on it, tasting her sweaty skin inside his mouth, groaning as he secured a tight vacuum and tugged on her monstrous teats. All the while, his hands ran along the flanks of her tits, stroking her smooth flesh, stuffing as much of it into his mouth as he could possibly *fit--!*

It was always this way. They'd lain together only a few times, and Andred couldn't get enough of her. He came at her with a ravenous hunger, stuffing his mouth and filling his hands with her ridiculously huge boobs, sucking and mauling as he squatted over her with his bare cock grinding on her stomach. “Mmmpfh!”

“I'm happy to see you, too,” Leah breathed, and clasped his hair in a powerful hand. Already, she was shuffling into position, spreading her legs to expose her soaking pussy. Andred exhaled shakily as he guided himself into position, letting her nipples *schlop* from his mouth and aligning his dick with her inviting womanhood. Her lips pressed against his head, and she hissed two words that raced through him like electricity: “*Take me.*”



THWOP! Andred ploughed forwards, driving every last inch of his cock into Leah in one thrust. Juices flew, her larger body convulsed beneath him, and he shuddered as a wave of honeyed bliss threatened to drown his thoughts. “Oh-!” he called in ecstasy, before clenching his teeth and thrusting again, and *again!* As he sank into a hungry rhythm, Leah pushed down on his back and curled her fingers against his skin, clawing him gently but possessively, encouraging him to keep on *pumping!*

“Leah!” Andred breathed her name in desperation. Thanks to her size, only now – as he began thrusting hard and fast – did her tits start to bounce in time with their sex, sloshing and bounding against his face. He rolled his lips across her giant mounds as he fucked her devotedly, committing every ounce of his attention to his knightly lover... Nothing less would be able to please her, after all.

Together, they panted and crooned, locking their bodies even tighter together with each minute that passed. Leah’s legs came up alongside his waist, wrapping him in her warmth, while he buried his head between her tits and used them to rest his upper half... while his lower body worked itself into a frenzy. **Smack, smack, smack, slap!** In and out, he fucked her with all the strength of a level 500-and-something adventurer (what had Dula told him is was, last time she’d checked?), which was more than enough to send juicy ripples up Leah’s thighs, through her tits, and across her plump belly. “Ungh! Unf! Uff!” Andred puffed in time with his pumps, so used to exhausting the ladies at any brothel he visited, but now pushed to his limits by Leah’s demanding body!

“Fuck! Fuck... Slow down for a moment,” Leah sighed. For a moment Andred worried he’d failed to please her, but when he lifted his head from her tits and saw her blissful expression, he knew he’d done anything but. “I have... an idea.”

“Oh?”

Leah bit her lower lip, clearly shy about saying more. Andred felt his heart thump: she was *adorable*. An adorable powerhouse who could rip him apart without spending much effort at all, but still cute enough to fill him with a protective instinct.

“You’ve probably noticed how stretchy I am,” she said as he nuzzled along her right breast. Her fingers curled in his hair, and she guided him once again to her nipple. “I’ve been thinking... maybe you could help me try out a new sex position?”

Andred had never heard of *this* position before.

“You’re sure this is safe?” he asked. “That you can... handle it?”

“Andred, I’m nearly indestructible,” Leah puffed, bending even further forwards. Her asscheeks reared up, huge and freckled, blocking Andred’s view of her face and overwhelming him with lust. He growled, a low note of pure desperate desire, as he started stepping up and lodging his cock into position against her sopping pussylips—

No. Focus. Leah’s suggestion was... mind-blowing, of course, but he couldn’t just blow her off and ignore her. Stepping back, he caught his breath, fists clenched tightly by his sides, chest blowing in and out... Once his mind was steady, he laid his hands on Leah’s *astronomical planetoid asscheeks*, squishing into her doughy flesh, and spread them wide – exposing her bare asshole. It clenched rhythmically, winking at him, inviting him to... well...

“You’re... *sure* you’re sure--?”

“Andred, stop stalling and ***get in there!***”



Andred hooked his thumbs into Leah's asshole and *stretched* her wide. She immediately dipped her head lower and *hummmned* in pleasure, her back muscles readjusting as she gripped the bedroll beneath her. Her muted groans built in volume the further he gaped her asshole, his expression changing from a worried cringe to a fascinated stare as she just... kept... stretching! He could see inside her, all the way back to her colon, her insides yawning before him and radiating warmth in his face. He could see, now, how her suggestion was possible. He groaned faintly, then set his brow and gathered his determination.

"Okay."

Andred pushed, and Leah **MOANED**, a long and wavering wail of bliss as he plunged his head and shoulders straight up her asshole, deep into her guts, socketing himself amid her slippery inner walls until her rim sucked around his waist!

Yes, *sucked*. From the moment he started to push himself into her, Andred felt a strange reaction from Leah's insides. Her muscles flexed and clenched around him, and he found himself having to brace his feet on the floor to avoid being pulled forwards... He grunted and groaned with effort, hooking his hands into the sides of her massively blown-out asshole and quivering with strain. Fuck, fuck...! Just what the hell was he getting himself into!?

"Hahhhnn... That's right, that's... uhn, *perfect...*" Leah was elated, drooling into the pillow and quivering with full-body **fuck-spasms**. She arched her back and pushed herself against Andred, growling like a beast as she did so. "I feel so... so *full!* Mmmnghh..."



Despite his circumstances, Andred was sporting a full-on boner. How could he *not*, when such a perfect woman was groaning in desperation for him, and him alone? Heart pounding, he adjusted himself, using his elbows to push Leah's asshole wider...

...and lifted his knees, one by one.

Soon, Andred was lodged as deep as he was willing to go. His entire upper body, both knees, and the vast portion of his thighs were lodged inside Leah's asshole, schlucked back and forth by the obscene muscular motions of the high-levelled knight. She howled into the bedroll, muffling herself by biting down on her pillow, eyes rolled back in wild bliss as Andred squirmed inside her. At last, he finished the act she'd so coquettishly whispered in his ear: he managed to slot his cock into her asshole along with the rest of him, and with stiff, horribly restrained bucks, he started to fuck her like that.

"Hnf! Hnf! Hnngh!" He growled deep inside Leah's guts, astounded that this act was even *possible* for them. He thrust his massive dick across her quivering anal rim, shunting it into her along with the rest of him, all while he wrestled against her tugging convulsions, fighting to avoid being sucked in entirely!

"K-Keep going!" Leah called, her voice vibrating from all around him. "Please! You have to keep... nnnhh...!"

As her near-orgasmic shudders clamped like a vice around his body, Andred strained all his muscles to their limit, just to resist her! "Haahh! You're gonna pull me in, damn it...!" he howled, but his panic didn't stop him from thrusting away, humping and pumping at her mega-gaped asshole while her huge asscheeks surged even further around his hips... threatening to enclose his own asscheeks entirely.

This deep, Andred could hear the low churn of Leah's internal organs... and always, intensely, the hot **thudding** of her heart. Her blood was boiling, her heart racing quickly... Andred felt a strange surge of pride, that he was affecting her so deeply. *Come on, he told himself. Keep going, even if it BREAKS you!*

With all his might, Andred fucked Leah's ass *while he was lodged inside it!* His balls jiggled with each shunt of his hips, sweat dripping down every inch of his body as he drove himself closer and closer to orgasm...

As he wavered on the brink, he felt Leah's insides crashing around him even tighter, threatening to crush him! Was she about to—?

A muffled *howl* from Leah told him he'd achieved his goal, and with one more hard **thrust**, he pushed himself over the edge.

"Hrrrrnnghhh!"

Andred came hard, blasting hot ropes of jizz up past his own body and deep into Leah's guts – while she **CLENCHED** around him so tight that he slid forwards another couple of inches, totally at the mercy of her insides! His ass actually slid *all the way* past her anal sphincter, his entire body contained inside her own as they jerked, shivered, and convulsed together in perfect orgasmic bliss.

"Haahh..."

"Hnnghh..."

"Ghuahhh...!"

After almost a minute, their shared orgasm finally began to subside, their blissed-out twitches growing further apart, Leah's asshole relaxing around Andred's body...

...he wriggled for freedom, but he couldn't do it by himself. He was stuck fast, totally entrapped by Leah's body. "Hnn... Fuck, Leah, I'm..." He wheezed for precious air, which was hard to get so deep inside of her. "Haahh... Your body is... too crazy..."

Leah groaned and shifted around him. Gravity flipped slowly as she rolled over onto her back, legs spread wide and knees lifted. She stroked her clit with two fingers, and with a ferocious expression on her face, she *pushed*.

Andred slipped free from her asshole slowly, squeezed out by her muscles as though she was using the bathroom. He flopped out onto the bedroll, wet and panting, feeling strain in all his muscles. He'd somehow... avoided being crushed...

"Hohhh..." Leah let out a huge breath, her chest sinking as she released all her pent-up tension. Andred had barely enough strength left to meet her eyes, but what he saw there was glimmering adoration. "Thank you," she breathed. "I always... wanted to try that..."

Despite his exhaustion, Andred's heart beat faster, red-hot with love for this woman. If she'd ordered him to do more, he would have sprang up to obey, tired or not... though thankfully, she appeared sated for now.

For now...

As Andred passed into a deep slumber, Leah sighed longingly. All that, and she *still* wasn't sated.

She pulled the handsome mercenary into her lap and embraced him, tucking his head between her breasts and curling her fingers through his hair. "Hmhmh..." She hummed over his head, gently and thoughtfully. She hoped she wasn't draining too many of his levels: she needed him strong for when they confronted the succubus. But she just couldn't *help* herself. She was really starting to adore Andred, and that was an entirely new experience for her. She wanted to get carried away, to lose herself in him... but if that ever happened, she might not stop until she absorbed him into her body.

Leah wouldn't let that happen. Gently, she lowered him onto the bedsheet and, once she was certain he wouldn't wake up, she gathered a few pieces of clothes.

Time to go for a walk.

The campsite was dark, the fires flickering low as the adventurers drifted asleep one by one. Most had no tents of their own: they slept on bedrolls out in the open, well used to the depredations of life on the trail.

Leah peered out through the tent flap, checking her surroundings carefully until she felt it was safe to rise and step outside—

Dula had been watching. Waiting. The little fairy huffed and puffed at the moans, claps, and slaps sounding from within the tent. She wished her magic was stronger – that she could cast an x-ray spell and peer through the tent's fabric – but instead she was stuck using old-fashioned voyeurism: holding her ear up to the tent and hoping no one noticed.

Finally, it ended. Dula had no idea what those grotesque squelching noises toward the climax meant, but by the time the sounds settled, the fairy was blushing dark red, balling up her fists and trembling with jealousy!

...Of course, she'd never confess such feelings, not even to *herself*. "That Andred," she puffed. "He's letting that big cow distract him... She *must* be up to no good!" In her mind, she alone was responsible for keeping Andred on the righteous course, and if some interfering *slut* wanted to take him from her, then she'd... She'd...!

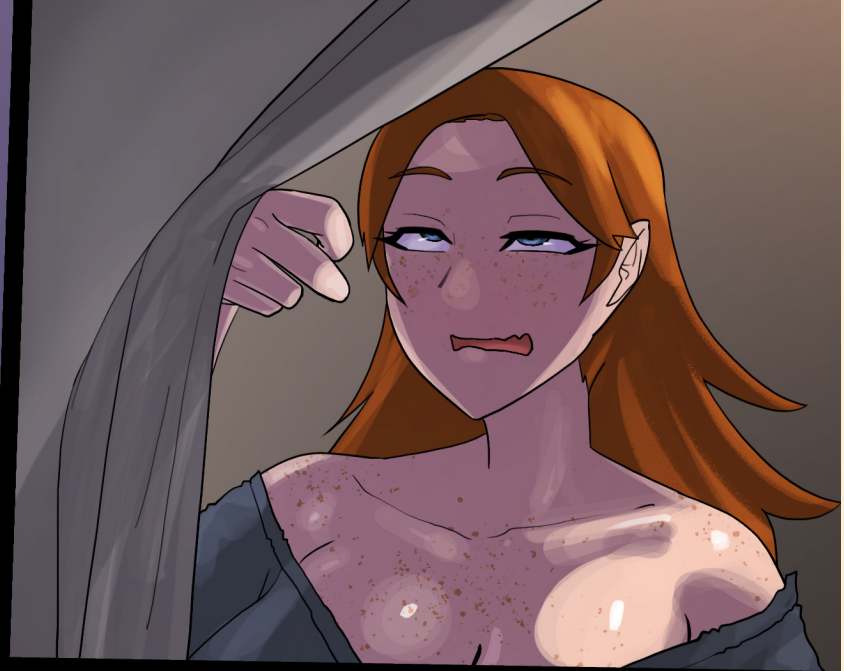
She'd give Leah a piece of her mind.

She heard movement inside the tent, a slow shifting, too loud for it to be Andred. She heard the tent flap being pulled aside. Okay, time to show Leah who was boss! Dula zipped around the tent, right up in front of the knight, and said—

"—Well, look who's still awake!"

Leah gasped – and *glmp*phed, eyes going wide, as the tiny fairy floating in front of her was sucked into her open mouth!

"*L-Let me go!*" Dula cried from inside her cheeks, her magical glow visible through the skin. "*What the heck!?*"



Leah frowned. So Andred's fairy companion had waited outside the tent, just to give her an earful the moment she stepped outside. The jealous little bitch! Leah hadn't intended to suck her up, but now she had her trapped...

"Mmp!" Leah sealed her lips tightly shut and marched across the campsite, ignoring the muffled shouts of the fairy. She jostled her on her tongue, swirled her from cheek to cheek...

...while inside, Dula wrestled and fought with all her might! She was engulfed in slippery warmth, sluiced through tides of oozing saliva atop the knight's lewdly curling tongue. That long, pink muscle slithered up between Dula's thighs, making her straddle its writhing bridge, and began stimulating her groin while she held onto the roof of Leah's mouth, whining helplessly as the constant, slippery *stroking* made her uber-sensitive and too molten-*horny* to resist!

"A-Ahh... You'd better... better spit me out... right now, or I'll... uaahh..."

Leah, on the outside, could barely hear Dula's increasingly simpering moans, but she heard enough to make her smirk. She marched across the camp, to where a supply chest had been set down, and began rooting through it even as she worked her tongue under Dula... tormenting the fairy, making her gurgle and groan and *sway* her hips to an uncontrollable rhythm...

Dula's clothes were drenched her pussy so excited that she couldn't *think* straight. At last, unable to stop herself, she stabbed a hand down to her groin and rubbed her slick little cunt while riding Leah's tongue in a state of pure ecstasy. "Ah! Ah--!" On the verge of orgasm, she bucked her hips and arched her back, stiff nipples tenting the fabric of her dress. "Ahn...!"

She came hard, open-mouthed and blurry-eyed, flopping back on Leah's tongue and squirting like a geyser as she writhed in her full-body climax. Even then, Leah's tongue didn't stop its assault – not until the fairy had cummed

herself senseless, all the energy wrung out of her body by the bliss-spasms she'd just endured. Only then, when Dula could barely move...

...did Leah spit her out into a glass jar and slam the lid on over her.

"Sorry," Leah told Dula through the glass. "I need you to stay here for the night."

As Dula moaned in barely-conscious annoyance, Leah stuffed the jar into the supply chest, then stood up and stretched.

Now... Where was she?

Oh, yes. Sating her desires. They burned hot inside of her, growing to a truly uncontrollable level. She didn't want to do this, but she knew deep-down that, if she failed to quench the hunger she was experiencing, she'd end up revealing her true self to everyone.

And that could never, *ever* be allowed to happen.

In the sparkling moonlight, Eltora bathed. The babble of the stream blocked out all intruding sounds: it would have been easy to spy on the golden-haired elf as she cleansed her bare body... not that she would have minded. Her culture was one of free expression, and being seen naked hardly bothered her...

But she should have been more cautious. Having allies nearby had emboldened her: she'd never paused to consider there might be predators lurking among her own ranks...

Eltora threw back her long hair and gazed at the full moon, her full bust heaving in the moonlight. She didn't hear the rustling from the shore, the sharp hike of breath as her observer saw her in such a vulnerable state. She didn't feel the water ripple as another body entered it, so much larger than her own.

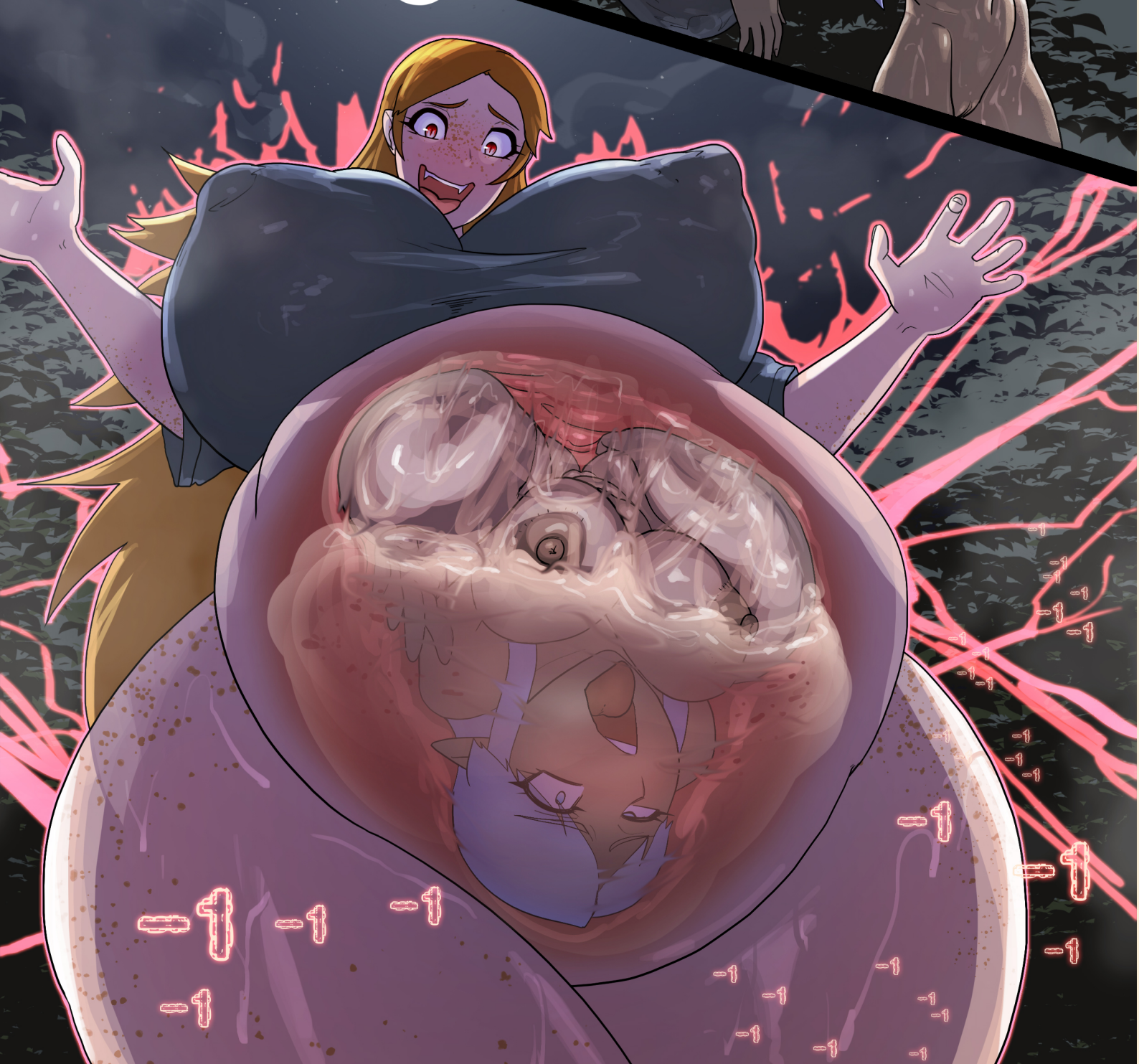
In fact, she didn't notice anything at all amiss... until a massive pair of breasts smushed against the back of her head, and a soft hand clamped gently over her mouth.

Eltora stiffened and blinked, looking up into Leah's passionate blue eyes (or were they red? She hadn't noticed before). Leah held her firmly but softly, a lover's embrace. After a moment, her heart racing, Eltora nestled back into Leah's softness. The elf's body language became inviting, any resistance melting away, and she rose on her tiptoes, pursing her lips to invite something else...

Leah leaned down towards her, and once again, Eltora's lack of awareness proved her undoing. The knight's lips stroked her own... and then parted wide, *impossibly* so, to encompass her face and head in loving warmth. By the time the lithe elf started to react – to kick at the air, to squirm in fright – it was already too late: Leah's lips were sliding around her chest, and her hot, hungry throat was tugging her down, gulp by gulp.

Hmmph...

GLNK! GLNK!



Leah's eyes lolled in their sockets. Her tongue extended, searching its way down Eltora's writhing, kicking form as she devoured her, letting her predatory instincts run wild in a way they just *couldn't* when she was with Andred. For now, her human side was stowed away, all possible regrets about the situation pushed into a hole at the very back of her mind. She caressed her prey with both hands, adoring her slim, beautiful form... so supple and smooth, as all elves were, sliding down her expert gullet like the sweetest of treats. Another hard **GLUCK** forced Eltora down past her hips, and Leah slid her long tongue up and around to stroke at the elf's pussy, delving into her honeyed cunt with sensual, ravenous swirls that got her thrashing all the harder.

Gods, she'd needed this. Leah basked in the sensation, a monster under the moonlight, wild and free in her predilections. Come morning she'd feel ashamed, but ultimately, both halves of her believed this was necessary: a moment's indulgence to steel her focus, to help her concentrate on killing the *true* villain, the full succubus who threatened an entire *region*, not just the occasional lone adventurer.

Leah felt Eltora shudder in orgasm, its sweetness across her tongue, and knew she'd basked for too long. Leaning back, she finished off the elf: swallowing her legs down in three huge swallows, then gulping her feet with a final, satisfied **GLUCK!** Her neck pulsed out and then in, and Leah caressed her bare, expanding belly as the whining elf settled into it, curled up by the natural cavern of her stomach...

...Of course, those frightful whines were mixed in with croons of pleasure. Even as a half-succubus, Leah possessed a host of skills to ensure her prey remained as meek and unresistant as possible. Her stomach made digestion a deeply pleasurable process, rendering Eltora a tight-packed ball of bliss for as long as the process lasted.

"Settle down," Leah purred, petting the mewling bulge. The only parts of Eltora that remained distinctive were the bumps of her head, knees, and elbows, and

even they would be gone before long. “Enjoy yourself, and...” She sighed. “Know that your sacrifice won’t be in vain.”

The shame was already setting in. Leah gulped and settled down to bathe, trying to ignore the growing sense of sympathy for the girl moaning and groaning in her stomach.

Nanette had never felt so powerful before. It proved an effort – a *supreme* one – not to demonstrate her skills to her new ‘adventuring party’. When they came upon a band of goblins, she came *this* close to incinerating the pests in a show of force that would have put most archmages to shame. When they came to a cliff and spent two hours scaling it, it took every ounce of Nanette’s willpower not to simply teleport them all to the top.

Sorry fools. They followed Knight Leah like a band of sad puppies, captivated by her beauty and proud words, but Nanette knew the truth: their quarry, the succubus Alitza, was far stronger than any of them could fathom. With just a fragment of that monster’s strength, Nanette felt she could defeat any of these so-called ‘heroes’ with barely a thought... with the exception of Leah, whose true power remained a mystery.

But what irony! What a bitter taste! Nanette now ranked among the strongest mages in the world, but it all meant nothing with Alitza’s shadow looming over her. If she didn’t obey the monster — and lead these adventurers to their doom — Alitza would consume her just as easily as swatting a fly.

Enormous power. And no freedom at all. Nanette grit her teeth as another adventurer bumped her by accident, without a word of apology, squishing back

one of her massive tits and making her grunt in anguish. “Excuse *you!*” she barked, but the adventurer just shoulders on, saying nothing.

Nanette glowered... but then her gaze shifted to the head of their little column, to the people walking upfront. There was Leah, of course... and there was the little man walking in her shadow, never far from her side. ‘Little’ was a relative descriptor, of course. Andred was taller than Nanette, but Leah dwarfed him utterly... It was clear who was the dominant one...

...and if Andred was the *submissive* one, then perhaps Nanette could make a wedge in their budding relationship.

The adventurers marched on, completely unaware of the huge, evil grin scything its way across Nanette’s face.

At the end of their travelling day, the group was exhausted, worn to the bone by their march. Only Leah still seemed sprightly: she needed Andred to tug on her sleeve and tell her when it was time to halt.

“Okay, everyone, let’s set up camp!” she called down the column, while Andred leaned against a boulder and massaged his legs. He was shocked by the sheer depths of his exhaustion: surely, he was stronger than this?

Still... They *had* been moving at a slight incline, making their way from the forest up into sparser, rockier terrain. A hike like that would tire anyone...

...but he still felt like he should have more energy left over.

Sheer relief followed when someone called out, “Natural hot springs!”

From there, it was a mad rush to secure a spot in one of the steaming pools that had been discovered beyond the ridge. As the day darkened and the adventurers settled down, Andred found himself in a small hot spring all by himself. The steam rising from the hot water made for an efficient barrier, blocking out the world around and letting him sink into a contemplative, almost meditative state of mind.

“Hahh...”

It was good to relax – properly relax – for once in their long trip. He could feel the stress draining from his body and melting into the pleasant waters. He felt lucky, astoundingly lucky to be Leah’s partner, so much so that he often wondered if all this was real, or just some prolonged dream.

His reminiscence was disturbed by a ripple in the water. Andred gasped as a beautiful red-haired woman lowered herself into the spring beside him, naked except for a pointy mage’s hat. Even before Andred fully focused on her, the shape of her body in his peripheral vision startled him. Her breasts had to be twice the size of her head, each, rivalling Leah proportionally. Her hips and ass were just as fine: the kind Andred could spend hours running his hands across... As she sank into the water, the woman nudged Andred with an elbow and snickered.

“Hey there, handsome. I’m Nanette.”

Andred couldn’t help but blush. He’d spent every night on the trail with Leah in his arms, but that didn’t make him immune to *other* beauties, and Nanette was truly beautiful. Her skin glistened wet, droplets of sweat and spring water trickling down her overwhelming cleavage as she smirked across at him, clearly enjoying the attention he was showing to her body. She tipped her hat slightly

and leaned back on the pool's edge, arms spread out wide, one of them going behind Andred.

"Hey," he replied. "The name's Andred." He could imagine Dula scowling at him, berating him for being a pervert, but the fairy wasn't around right now. In fact, he hadn't seen her since they'd settled down to camp: where in the world *was* that little—

"You're sleeping with our leader, aren't you?" Nanette asked. She studied him closely, tracing his muscular body with her stare. "Lucky guy. Or maybe *she's* the lucky one?"

Andred was sporting a massive, throbbing erection beneath the water now. He simply had no resistance to feminine wiles – especially from a woman as clearly skilled as Nanette.

Still... he could feel a faint itch from deep in his soul, his heart's voice demanding he stay faithful to Leah. Even *if* Nanette looked like she'd drain his balls all night long, without a second thought...

Damn it. Andred had it rough. These world-class she-perverts just wouldn't leave him alone! They—

Oh, gods, her hand was around his cock. She was leaning against his side with her huge breasts, and *squeezing his dick so good that he could only **groan** in response!* Her lips curled into a smirk, a feather's distance from his cheek, and she wrung his shaft in a long, slow stroke from its broad crown to its thick, pulsing base. He released a shot of precum, quickly dissolved by the water, as Nanette whispered in his ear:

"I *love* a man who can handle a strong woman... Maybe you'll pay me a visit, one of these nights?"

...And then she stood, rising from the hot water, dripping droplets across Andred's head and chest as she peered down at him past her own jutting bust. Her bare, shaved pussy was inches away from him for a moment before she climbed out of the spring and trudged away across the damp rocks, vanishing into the steam.

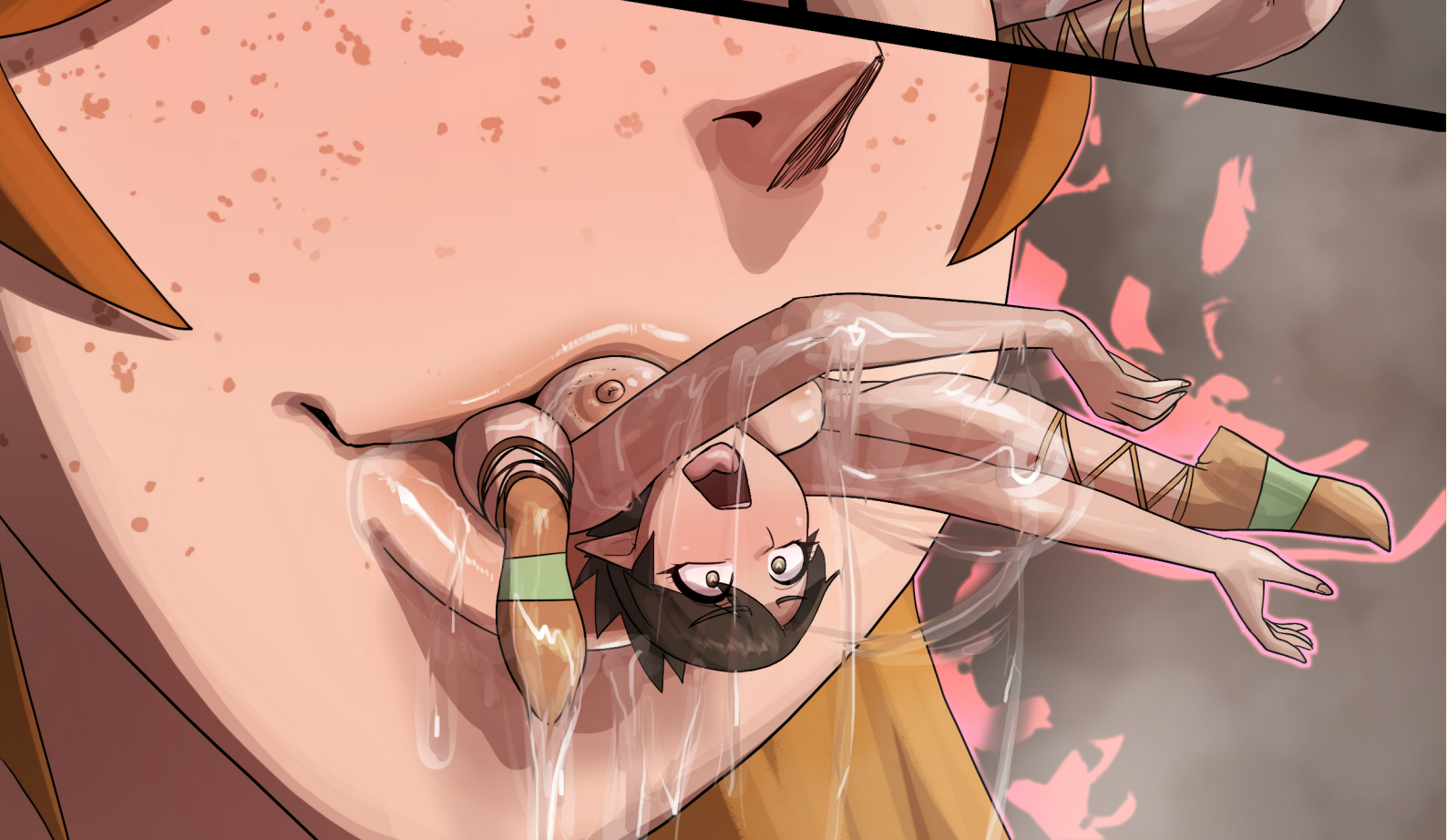
Andred sank back against the water's edge, panting for air. He could still feel her touch around his dick, aching with promise.

"Fuck."

"Yes... yesss...!"

Dula shrieked in glee as Leah's tongue plunged inside of her, stuffing her pussy and bulging her belly out around its squirming mass! It lurched back and forth, wriggling and writhing, stimulating the fairy so mercilessly that she was reduced to meaningless jabbering even before Leah had bottomed out inside her.

She sprawled in the knight's palms, gripping her fingers in iron-tight fists, spreading her legs wider to invite deeper, firmer thrusts. "Hnngh—Fuaahh...!" Quivering from head to toe, yelping in total glee, Dula jerked her hips toward Leah. "K-Keep... going...! If you're gonna steal my partner, then the least you can do... is make me cum!"



Leah rolled her eyes, but she did as the fairy said, humming to send vibrations through her tongue as she *schluck, schluck, SCHLUCK*ed it as deep in Dula's honeyed cunt as it could reach. The fairy couldn't contain her moans and groans, not when such a skilled tongue was *ravishing* her so thoroughly! She lifted her lower body into the air and panted through clenched teeth, so overcome by her pussy-spasms that she could barely fill her lungs with oxygen, barely able to gasp out her supplications of "more, more!". She was getting close, so close to orgasm that her words slurred into an incoherent babble!

Damn Leah! Dula couldn't believe she'd fallen for the big, curvy knight's charms just as hard as Andred had, but here she was, about to cum around her tongue! "Uhh—uhhnn...!" Her wild groans rose in pitch, her eyes turned to love-hearts — a special feature of a fairy in bliss — and her tongue flopped out in the open air, a moment before she—

"Leah!"

It all happened too quickly for Dula to process. One moment Leah was roughly tonguing her, and the next, the tent flaps were shifting aside. Leah's eyes widened with panic, the prospect of being caught overriding all sensibilities. For just a moment, she met Dula's gaze... and in that instant, the fairy felt a sinking feeling.

A moment later, she felt a *different* kind of sinking feeling — as Leah tossed her backwards into her maw! **Omph!** The beautiful knight's mouth slammed shut around Dula, and the fairy saw her plump lips from behind for the *second* time during this journey of theirs.

"Hey, Leah, how's it going?" Dula heard Andred say. Just her luck, that he'd walk in at this very second! Of course Leah couldn't reply, not with a mouthful of fairy, so she felt a brisk up-down motion as the knight nodded.

“Not feeling talkative today, huh? I get you. Then maybe you can help me with a big problem I’m having...”

What kind of idiocy was this? Did Andred want Leah to help him polish his sword or something—ohhhh no...

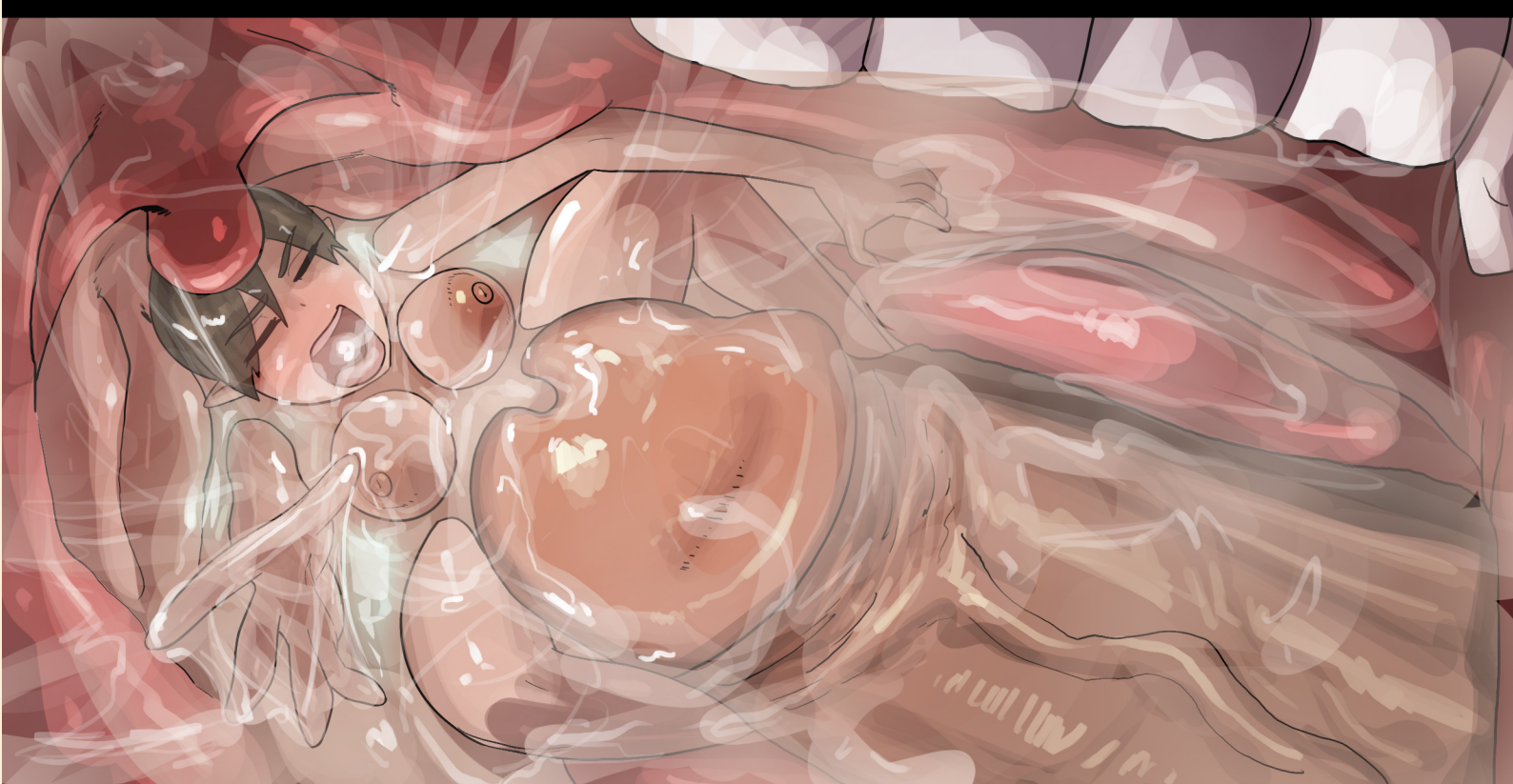
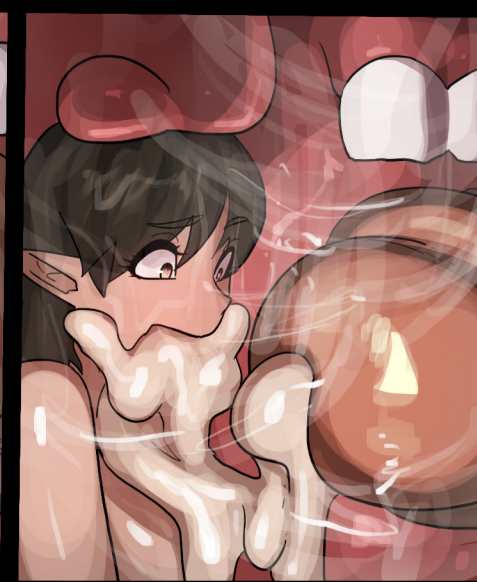
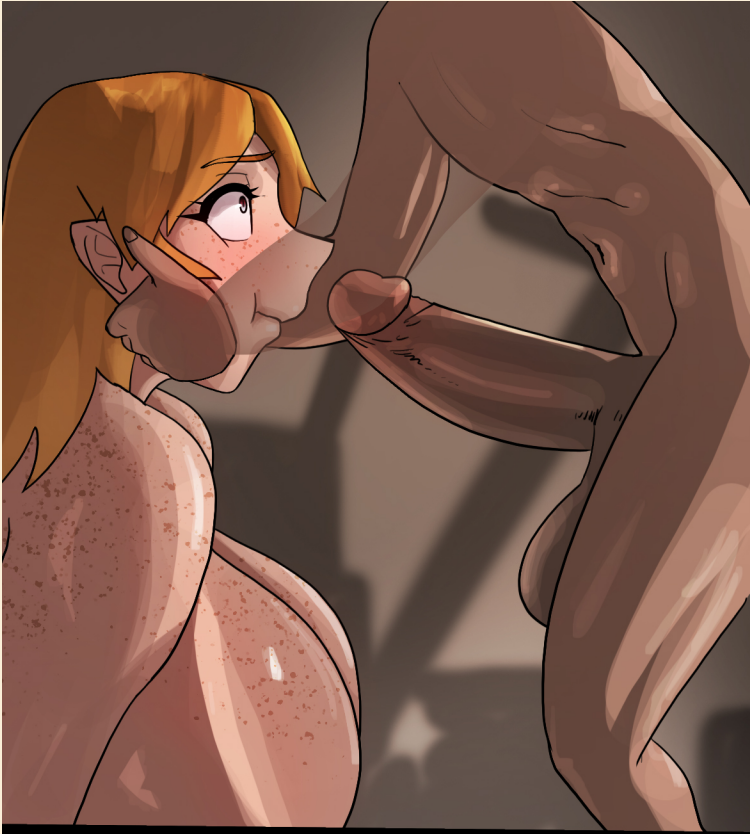
Dula scurried back on Leah’s tongue, her head bumping the knight’s dangling uvula, as her lips parted – and through that gap pushed something big, something fat, something **throbbing**. Andred’s monstercock slid into Leah’s mouth right in front of the horrified fairy: she watched Leah’s tongue bob and curl along its underside, flicking and slurping as her wet lips wrung that needy shaft...

Dula gasped as Leah started to sway, to suck Andred’s cock with long and soaking strokes. His cock pushed in and out of her mouth, sliiding closer to Dula with every thrust, forcing her to inch backwards... until there was nowhere left for her to hide. Andred’s cockhead smushed against her bare breasts and her exposed face, his cockslit giving her a kiss that *slurped* strings of precum all across her face. When it pulled back, long ropes stretched out and snapped, flecking her entire body with jizz.

“Ugh--!”

Andred couldn’t hear her in here, so she could moan and grunt as much as she liked. Frantic with lust and shock at her situation, Dula plunged a hand down between her thighs and started to **schlick, schlick, schlick!** — masturbating as Andred’s masculine fuckrod stroked her again and again, slathering its sticky seed across her naked body!

This... this was bad... She was *totally* losing it now, as one of her deepest and most pined-after fantasies played out in reality, albeit in twisted form. Andred’s cock was so big... so hot... she couldn’t *believe* this was happening...!



The next time Andred's cock plunged forth, it did so with enough force to **SMUSH** Dula back against Leah's tonsils! The fairy wheezed for air between huge, sopping kisses across Andred's cockhead, hoping he didn't notice her but unable to stop herself. "Muahhh...!" Each time he pulled back, he left her coated in an even thicker glazing of seed... which oozed off her body and down Leah's long, darkened throat.

In the brief moments when Leah's lips parted a little wider, Dula glimpsed the knight's fist pumping up and down Andred's shaft, goading him towards his orgasm with frantic speed. Each *thump* of her vice-tight fingers made him undulate with pleasure, filled with the kind of blissful shivers only Leah could give him... Neither Leah nor Dula knew he was using her to work off the boner Nanette had given to him, but hell, they were *all* hypocrites here. **Schluk!** **Schluk!** Leah slurped along his cock faster and harder, gazing up into his eyes, all but DEMANDING that he unload inside her!

When the moment finally came, Andred's cock fattened up, its head seeming to grow even more bulbous as it mashed forwards and squished Dula against the back of Leah's mouth. The fairy cried out as she hit a ferocious orgasm of her own, squirting against the underside of Andred's cock as he gasped, tensed... and **erupted** inside Leah's mouth!

SPLORRRRRRT! Hot, abominably thick jizz blasted Dula at point-blank range, huge gushes of her crush's seed cascading over and around her, sluicing off her body by what seemed like the *gallon*, quickly flooding and starting to fill the soft, wet chamber that was Leah's maw!

"W-Wait," Dula muttered as the cum rose around her. "Wait, I'm gonna... drown..."

By then, it was too late. Andred's power-pumping jizz slopped over her head and filled Leah's mouth entirely.

...

On the outside, Andred panted for air. His softening cock flopped from Leah's mouth, and he groped his meat in the aftermath while glaring down at Leah's bulged-out face...

She held his cum inside her mouth, every last drop of it, bulging her cheeks out like a hamster's. All that dense cum, sloshing around while she held his gaze like the world's biggest slut... Unghf.

"Swallow it all," he panted. "I wanna see it go down your neck..."

Leah hesitated. She looked to the side, apparently deep in thought... but the moment was brief. She met his eyes again, clenched her fists...

...and **ULP**ed all that thick, syrupy jizz down her throat.

Her neck lurched out in a massive, spherical bulge that, a moment later, vanished behind her collarbone, shot down into the pit of her stomach with all the force of her huge gulp. For just an instant, Andred thought he heard something from the region of her neck — a faint squeal, maybe? — but it must have been his imagination. Andred let out a shaky sigh and bent down, hooking a thumb into Leah's mouth to pry it open. She opened *wide* for him, her long tongue splaying down her chin, showing off the glossy, spit-strung interior of her mouth — completely cleared of jizz, and totally empty.



“Unnngh.” Andred stepped away, feeling a little dizzy with lust. A shame he’d just blown a mind-melting load, or he would have pounced on Leah right there and then. Instead he sank onto their shared bedroll and groaned happily as Leah lay down beside him, cradling his head against her chest.

“What brought *that* on?” Leah asked.

“I was just... thinking about you,” Andred said, his voice muffled by her overwhelming breasts. His soft cock continued to twitch against Leah’s thigh. “You know, as usual.”

“Mmm...”

As Andred drifted into a deep sleep, unaware he’d lost a few more levels from his blowjob, Leah trailed a hand over her rumbling belly and stifled a burp. She could feel tiny fists pounding at the walls of her stomach, the desperate struggles of the devoured fairy...

“Sorry,” Leah muttered while her stomach **grooOOooned** noisily. “Andred has no sense of timing, does he? I’d love to let you out, but... if I *don’t* let my belly have its way with you, I’ll end up eating my lover instead.” She sighed, frowning with closed eyes. “It’s a necessary sacrifice, okay!? You people are all just... you’re just too *delicious!*”

She pressed a hand on her belly and embraced Andred, pulling him even further into the softness of her body. Soon, the squeals in her stomach faded to wanton moans. She could feel Dula’s levels flooding into her, energising her, staving off the *hunger* that gave the lie to her mask of civility.

...Was she a monster? The question troubled her. She had to finish this quest quickly, before any more adventurers fell afoul of her secret needs.

“We’re under attack!”

Andred was on his feet, sword in hand, before he was even fully conscious. Shirtless, he had just enough time to tug on his pants before muscle memory had him rushing out into the open air.

Chaos. Total chaos. Monsters loomed through the morning mist, enormous looming shapes, so close that Andred couldn’t believe the lookouts hadn’t spotted them. The adventurers were caught on the backfoot. Most were still dragging themselves from their bedrolls, unarmoured and ill-prepared for the battle they were already engaged in.

A flash of movement. Andred turned just in time to see a healer girl looking down at herself in disbelief. There was some kind of pink, fleshy rope wrapped around her waist, soaking fluid into her priestly garb. A moment later, the giant tongue jerked, and the healer vanished into the mist with barely a squeak of fear. Andred heard a slurp, a **GLUCK**, and a low belch that signalled the girl’s doom.

“Leah!” Andred yelled, but when he looked back...

Leah was asleep. Deep asleep, her snores lifting and dropping her bare tits in the morning light. A line of drool glistened on her cheek.

Andred was about to wake her up – to stomp over to her and slap her face – when a *shape* barrelled into him. He was knocked back several metres, pinned beneath a slimy paw of some kind... and when he looked up at his attacker, he gasped in dismay.

The frog-woman loomed ten feet in height even in her hunched position. She was beautiful, but animalistic: her wide yellow eyes spoke of little intelligence. Her blue, speckled skin told Andred she was among the most dangerous of her kind: she seeped a debilitating poison that could overcome even his resistances... Indeed, even as he writhed beneath her weight, he could feel his muscles growing stiff, locking down one by one...!

“Uuurp,” the frog-woman belched. Her belly was already thick with squirming prey: she’d swallowed another adventurer before moving on to Andred, still hungry for meat... or more likely, driven by some higher intelligence to stop the adventurers before they reached Alitza!

Andred raised his sword, but his fingers were too weak to hold it: the blade clattered on the ground beside him, and a moment later, the frog-woman opened *wide*.

Her tongue lashed around him before he could react, scooping him up into the air. He fought violently, but her tongue’s coils squeezed tighter and tighter around him as she *hopped* – carrying him onwards in huge bounds, away from the chaotic campsite and into the woods. Branches and foliage snapped and rustled around them as the frog-lady stole away with Andred, feeling him getting weaker and weaker with every bound!

When she released him, Andred gasped. He hit the soft earth and rolled, trying to scramble away, but the huge monstergirl was faster – and *stronger*. She pinned him tight and grasped his pants, ripping them away without a shred of mercy.

Even as his cock sprang into the open, Andred heard the frog-girl’s belly squealing, its inhabitant giving off muffled cries. Andred growled and prepared himself to resist, but it was already too late for him: she loomed over him, dripping slick juice from her big, needy pussy... And where it splattered, his skin

felt downright *electric*. He sprouted a massive boner in seconds, wheezing for air as it throbbed and swayed above him. She steadied herself, held her balance, pressing down on him with all her monstrous weight...

...and ***slorrrrp***ing his cock up in her pussy!

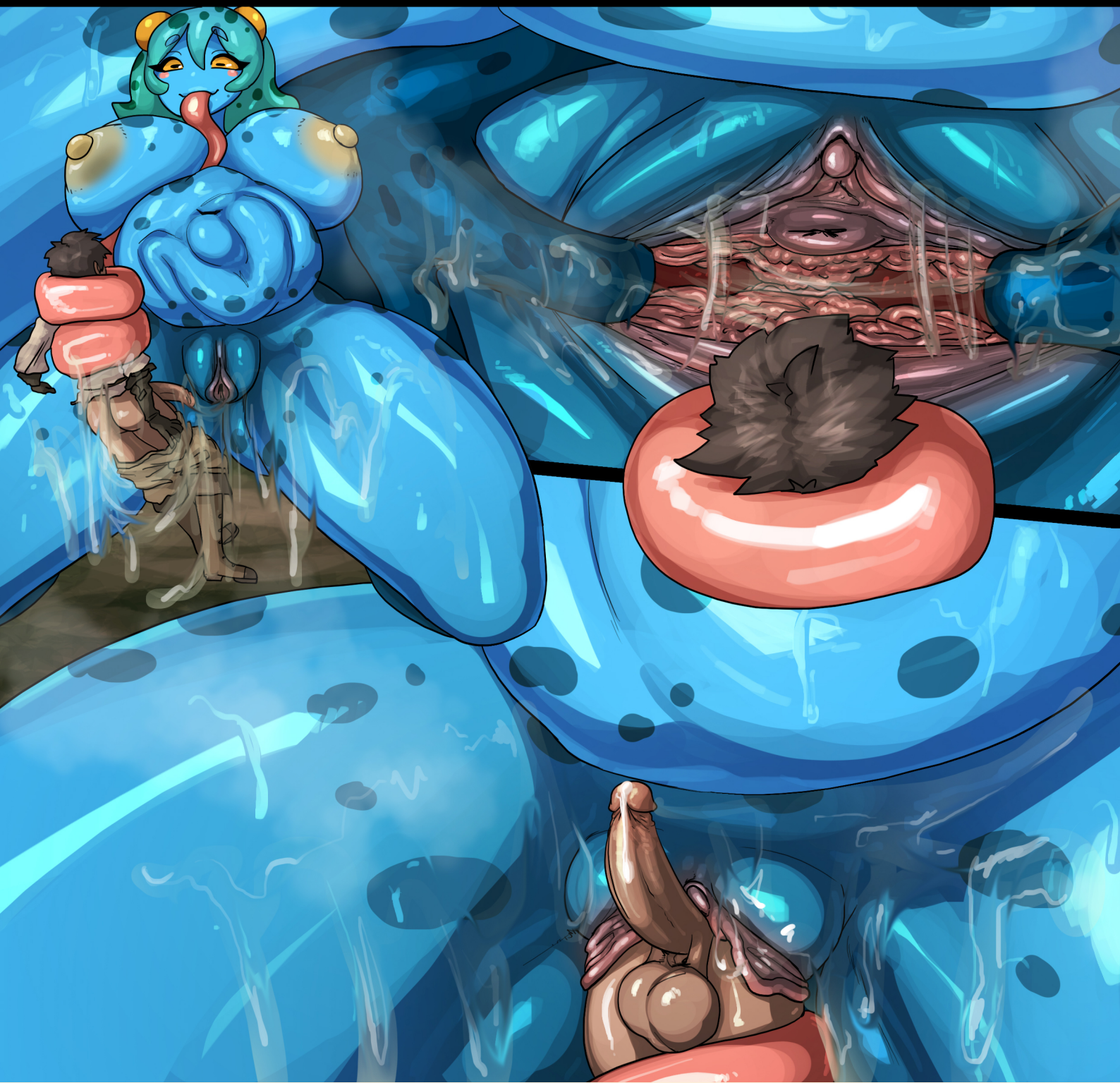
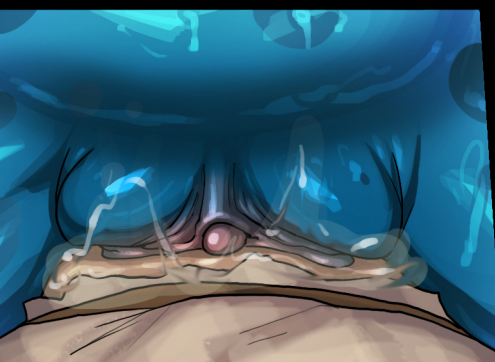
She groaned happily as she started to fuck him, squelching his cock in and out of her needy cunt, teasing and pleasing him beyond his wits! He held on with all his might, digging his fingers through the grass, but even with his steady self-control, he couldn't keep himself from moaning out loud!

Harder and faster, the frog monstergirl plapped him, sucking his entire cock with her all-powerful pussy. ***SCHMUPP, SCHMUPP, SCHMUPP!*** Each time she came down, her pussylips stuck to his groin for a moment, before ***PWOPPING*** free in a splatter of cunt-drool! Andred clenched and snarled in lustful agony, knowing that if this kept up, soon enough he'd...

Before he could cum, the frog girl dismounted. Her soggy cunt drew up his cock with a lurid ***schlorrrrrp...*** before popping off his tip and leaving his dick rock-hard and swaying in the air, flexing all over the place!

As he gasped there, helpless in her shadow, she opened wide again – and again, her huge tongue unfurled...

When she lifted Andred, it wasn't toward her mouth, but toward her big, drooling pussy. Andred had barely enough time to utter a loud cry before she inserted his head into her cunt, plunging him deep inch by slow inch... inserting him from his head down to his waist in a matter of seconds. ***Slurrrrp...*** She pumped him back and forth, back and forth, pleasuring herself with her favourite new toy.



“Let—let me... out...!” Andred roared, wishing desperately that he had access to his full strength. He could have turned the tables on the frog-girl in a heartbeat... but as he was, he couldn’t resist her deep plunges.

She used him faster and faster, grunting and groaning, pumping him deeper into her hungry pussy. His cock schlopped past her pussylips and inside of her, and her aphrodisiac juices tormented him with lust, making him so sensitive that his body – despite his mind’s best efforts – started wanting more and more...!

The frog-girl slowed, and positioned him with the top of his head against her drooling cunt. He had barely a moment to make eye contact with the tremendous monster before she inserted him again – slowly and deliberately. When his hips passed her vulva without slowing, he realised: she intended to push him all the way inside! He wriggled with all his might, starting to panic. If she locked him inside that sensitivity-inducing pit, he’d never be able to break free, even if all his strength returned. He’d be *addicted* to her juices before he knew what was happening!

Just then, the frog-girl stopped. Andred thought he heard something from nearby. A muffled voice? Was the woman in the monster’s belly... speaking?

Then the frog-girl pulled him out in one big **SCHPLORT**, freeing him to gasp in the open air... for just a moment. He found himself hanging, naked, over her wide-open mouth, staring down into her deep, dark pit of a gullet.

“Leah!” Andred roared, but it was useless. A moment later he was entering the monster’s slimy maw head-first, groaning as she pushed him into her gullet without pausing to savour his taste. He was so *weak*, damn it! He kicked at the empty air as he sank into the humid swamp of her body, heart hammering, unable to stop her from wrapping her lips around him and...



ULK! GULP! GLUCK!

He shot upwards and inwards with each powerful gulp, his shoulders vanishing, then his waist, then his legs. Finally, Andred's feet were the last part of him exposed to the open air, wriggling atop the frog-woman's tongue... until she snapped her mouth shut and swallowed one final time.

Andred slithered, upside-down, descending the sluiceway of the monster's gullet inch by inch. He felt her hopping, bounding away from the adventurers' camp, making her escape now that her meal was secured. He moaned out in despair, in frustration... and in growing sensitivity, for as horrible as his situation was, he couldn't ignore the way her throat membrane *pulsed* against his most tender areas...

With a *slurrrsh* of splattering drool, the frog-woman's esophagus ejected him into the pit of her stomach, dropping him into a spacious, smooth, and padded chamber with just enough light to see. "Hngh--!" He grunted in shock, as he'd fallen right on top of another person, the monster's previous snack...

"Well, fancy meeting you here," said Nanette.

The mage's clothes had already dissolved, leaving her perfect body completely naked under his own. She lay amid the padded floor of the frog-woman's pulsing stomach, limbs spread out around her... which meant her smooth, sumptuous legs saddled Andred's hips, and her bare pussy pressed against his sensitive groin. There was nowhere else for him to go, no other way to settle, and now *his* pants were starting to dissolve too!

"Unngh..." At least the poison was fading. Andred found he could move again, albeit slightly. He was still sensitive, though: doused in the frog-girl's juices, his body craved sex so desperately that he couldn't will his giant boner to go away. Nanette's nudity only made it worse. "Y-You got eaten too...?"

“It happened before I could react,” Nanette said. She squirmed, as agitated by their physical proximity as he was. “I couldn’t even get to my staff in time...”

“Nnngh.” Andred shifted in an effort to take some pressure off of Nanette, but only succeeding in sending a faint jiggle through her enormous, tanned tits. Andred cursed his own pulsing boner: it was taking over his thoughts...!

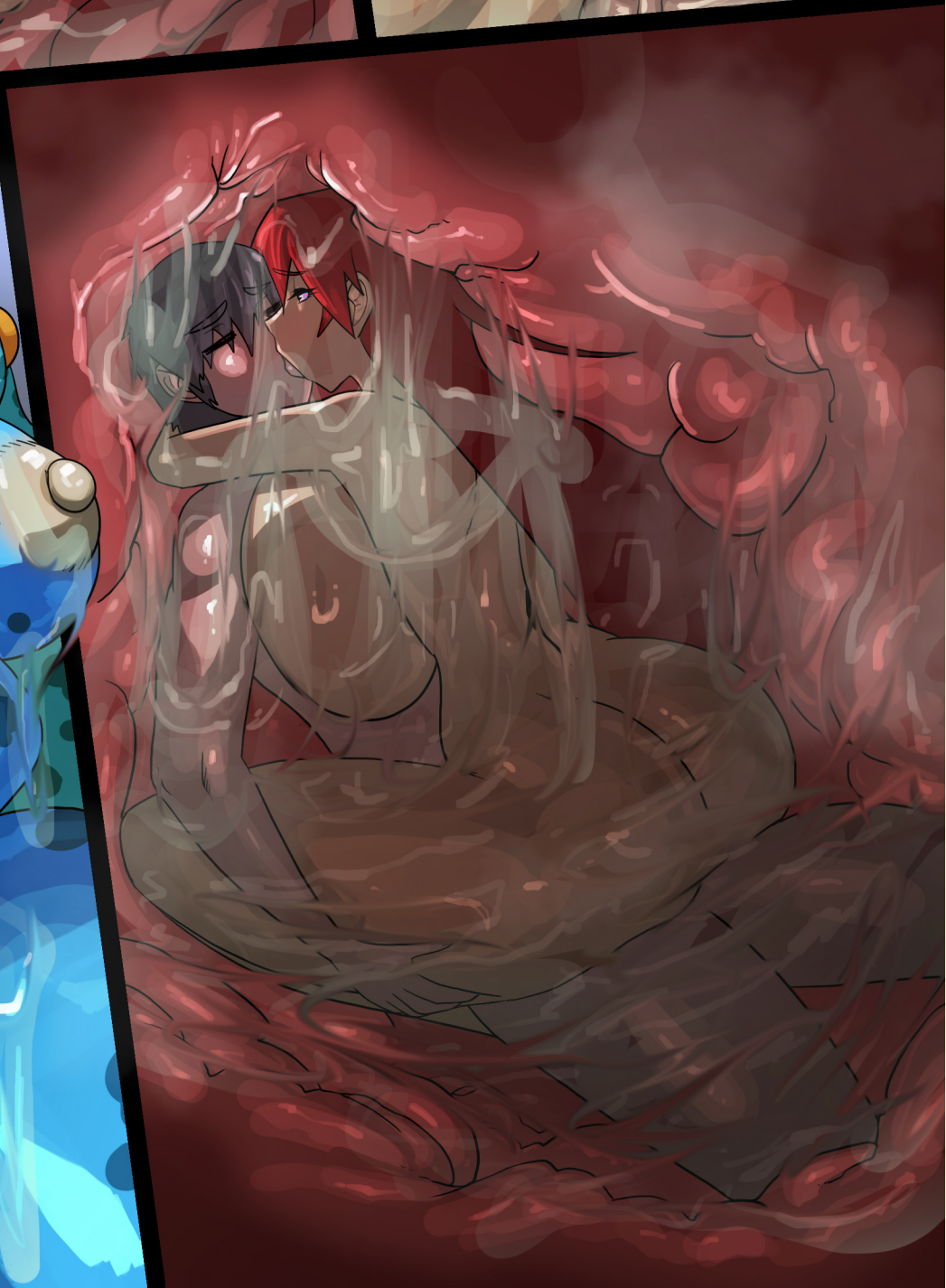
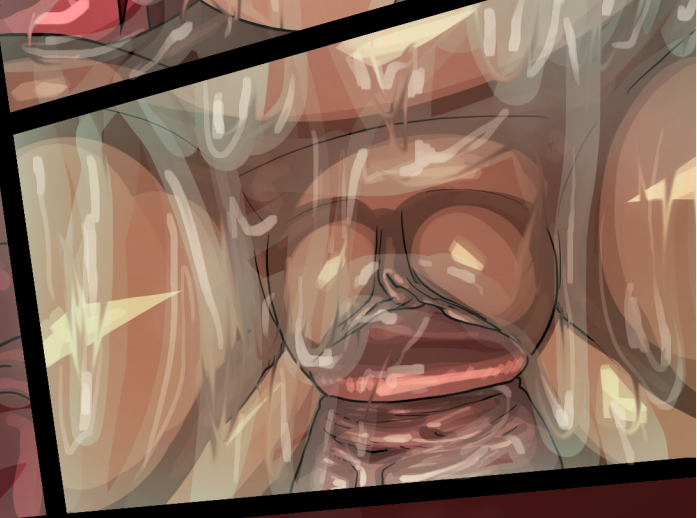
She studied him closely, wincing each time the frog-woman hopped and sent a powerful impact through her belly. “It’s getting pretty hot now,” she muttered. Her fingers crawled along Andred’s side. “We probably don’t have long, especially if our ‘captor’ is making a getaway.”

The air was so thin in here... Andred felt a little light-headed from breathing so hard. He couldn’t take his eyes off of Nanette. She was sweating, made glossy and even more gorgeous by the sauna of a stomach they were in. “What... are you suggesting...?”

She grasped his cock. He tensed up as he felt her grip, the grip that had nearly hypnotised him yesterday. This time, instead of letting go, she guided his twitching cockhead to her clenching pussylips, refusing to break eye contact.

“That we make our final moments as pleasurable as possible.”

Andred grasped her soft waist and **plunged** into her cunt without another moment’s thought. Her lips parted in an ‘o’ of bliss, eyes lighting up with glee as he started to fuck her, tight and cramped, rocking the slick and shifting stomach around them.



“Uhn, uhn, yesss!” Nanette called against Andred’s shoulder, digging her fingernails into his back as he **clap, clap, CLAPPED** his hips against hers! “H- Harder! Don’t... uhnn... hold baaack...!”

Andred couldn’t have held back if his life depended on it. He slammed her harder and faster by the second, using whatever purchase he could to **SLAP** his monstercock into Nanette’s pussy and bulge out her slender belly. Each impact filled him with unbelievable pleasure, made even more intense by the frog-woman’s digestive juices soaking into his skin. Fuck, how did this feel so GOOD!?

All thoughts of Leah blurred away as Andred gave into his base desires, making Nanette’s breasts leap up and down between their chests. She steadied herself by pressing her hands and feet into the soft, squishy walls around them, groaning and crooning for more, more, **more!** Her pleas went directly into Andred’s ear and filled his brain with needy vibrations, dizzying him, goading him to **pound** her with everything he had!

As they hurled themselves into a state of pure, primal passion, the frog-woman’s stomach **blLLLrrrb**ed and churned around them, groaning louder each time they jolted it. Andred didn’t care: the only thing he wanted was to experience the biggest orgasm of his life before the monster turned him to mush. And it *would* be the biggest: he felt it in every atom of his being, getting closer with each red-hot **SCHLUCK** of Nanette’s pussy swallowing every inch of his cock.

Any outside observer would see the frog-woman’s stomach rocking from side to side with each and every thrust, her tongue drooping as she settled down on the rocks and started to rub herself in sheer lust, stirred to a state of bestial horniness by the activity she could feel inside herself. “**Urrrrp! Ghurrrp!**” More deep belches wobbled her lips as she watched her belly in motion, interested in her prey’s furious jostling.

“Ah, ah, ahhhahh, gonna cum...!” Andred winced as he neared his limit, physically quaking from the sheer pleasure he was experiencing. He bucked into Nanette, thrusting his entire cock inside of her and mashing his balls across her asscheeks, bulging her belly with the outline of his rod, a moment before those big cumtanks clenched and surged an incredible, *impossible* amount of jizz into her womb!

Andred crooned, taken aback by the sensation of so much hot seed rushing through his dick, blinded by ecstasy for as long as it took to inflate Nanette’s belly to the size of a balloon. He just kept *cumming*, jerking as he sprayed rope after pressurised rope of thick, potent jizz inside of her, gurgling and closing his eyes tight!

They opened again when Nanette pinched his chin. He had just enough time to meet her stare before she kissed him deeply, with tongue, and wrapped him in her arms as he bucked the last shots of his immense load into her...

...

As Andred trembled in her arms, Nanette buried her face in his hair and smirked evilly. Of course, the frog-woman wouldn’t be digesting anyone. Nanette was the one who’d summoned them, after all, and the only thing they could do to their prey was fill them with aphrodisiac.

A good thing that Nanette’s sleep charm had worked on Leah, too. The knight’s magic resistance was too high for most hexes to take effect, but a subtle, easily-breakable spell like Grand Sleep had the benefit of being able to bypass most defences. Leah would have awakened if anyone had so much as pinched her arm, but Nanette had designed her ambush to prevent that from happening.

And now... Now, as far as Nanette was concerned, Andred belonged to her. Once she'd blitzed his mind with orgasms, he'd be far easier to manipulate... and then her plan could truly begin to take shape.

I hope you're watching through your scrying ball, Alitza, Nanette thought as she lathered kisses across Andred's scalp. You chose the right girl for the job, you wicked bitch!

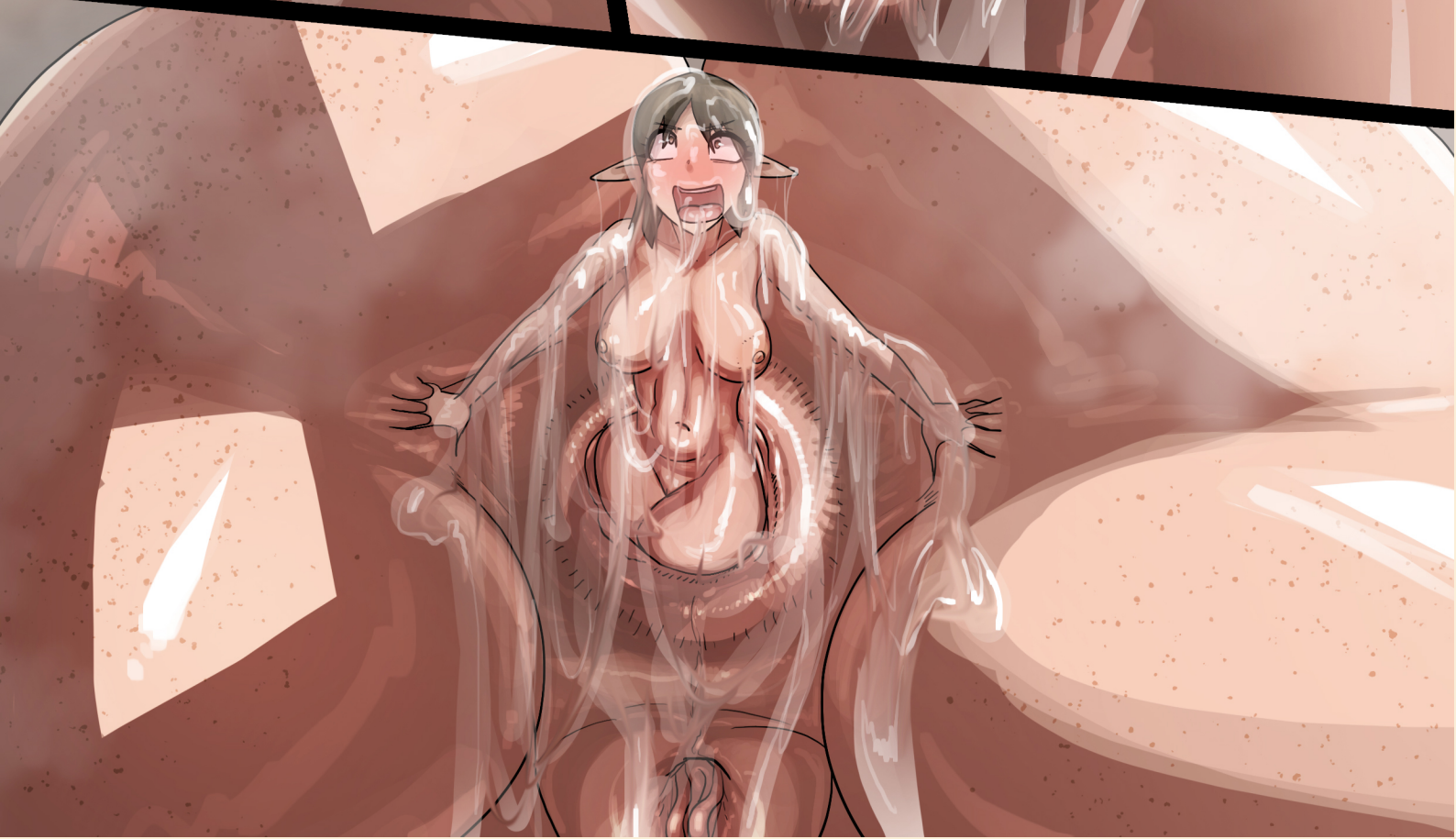
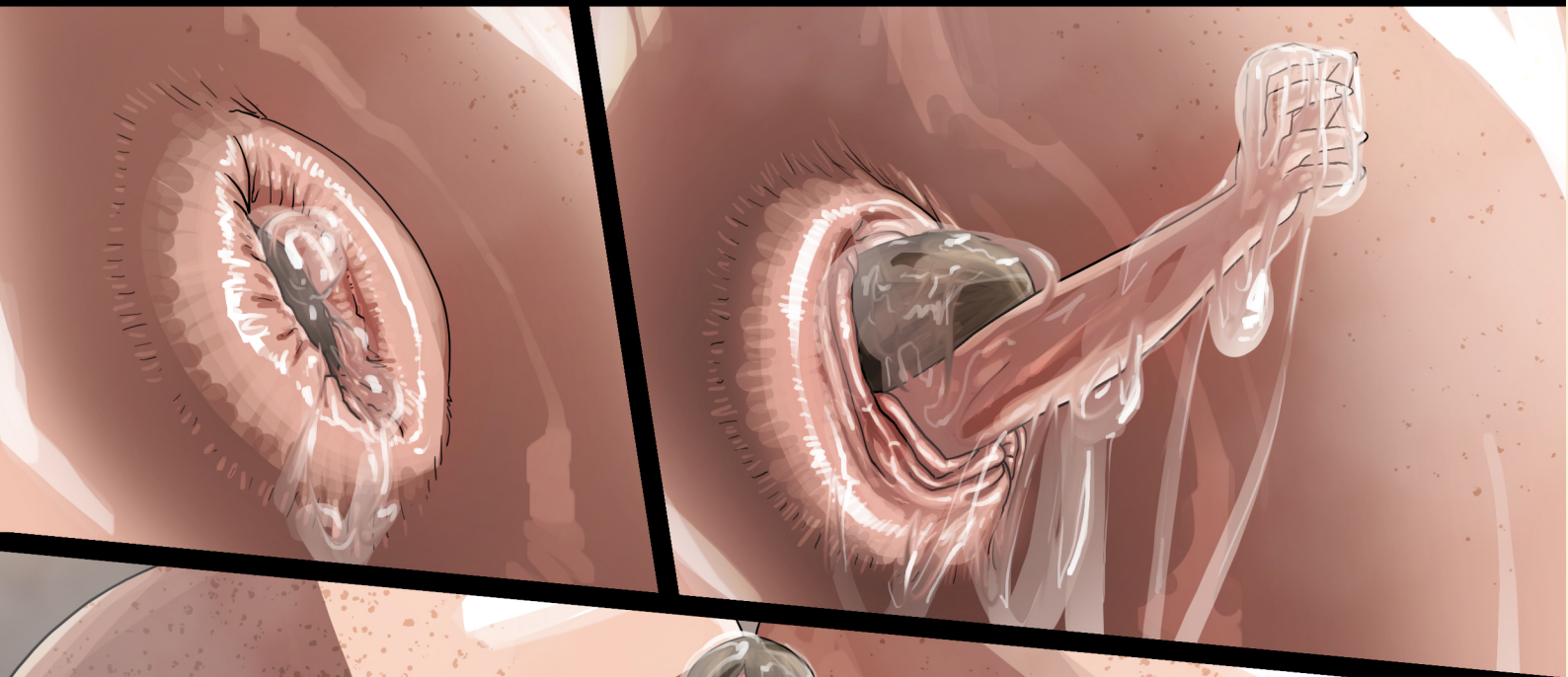
With a final, exhausted heave, Dula pushed her head out of Leah's asshole.

Gods. It had cost all her stored-up favours from the Fey King, all her extra lives, but she'd done it. She'd crawled what felt like *miles* through Leah's soft, slippery intestines, and now she was pulling herself out through the sleeping knight's anal sphincter, gasping as she collapsed onto the bedroll, naked and tense all over.

Lucky, lucky her. Leah didn't wake up. In fact, when Dula turned to study her would-be devourer, she realised Leah was under some kind of enchantment. She switched on her fey sight to determine its nature...

And at that moment. *That moment.* Did Dula realise the full, horrid scope of events.

Until now, she'd thought Leah was some kind of psychopath who'd swallow and digest a fairy for fun. She'd planned to tell Andred the truth, and flee without him if he refused to tag along.



But now, staring at the astronomical number floating over Leah's head – so much bigger than it'd been the last time she'd checked – the pieces clicked into place. The pleasure she'd experienced on Leah's tongue, and inside her stomach... Andred's growing weakness...

"Succubus," Dula hissed.

So she'd found out. But what was she supposed to do *now*?

TO BE CONTINUED