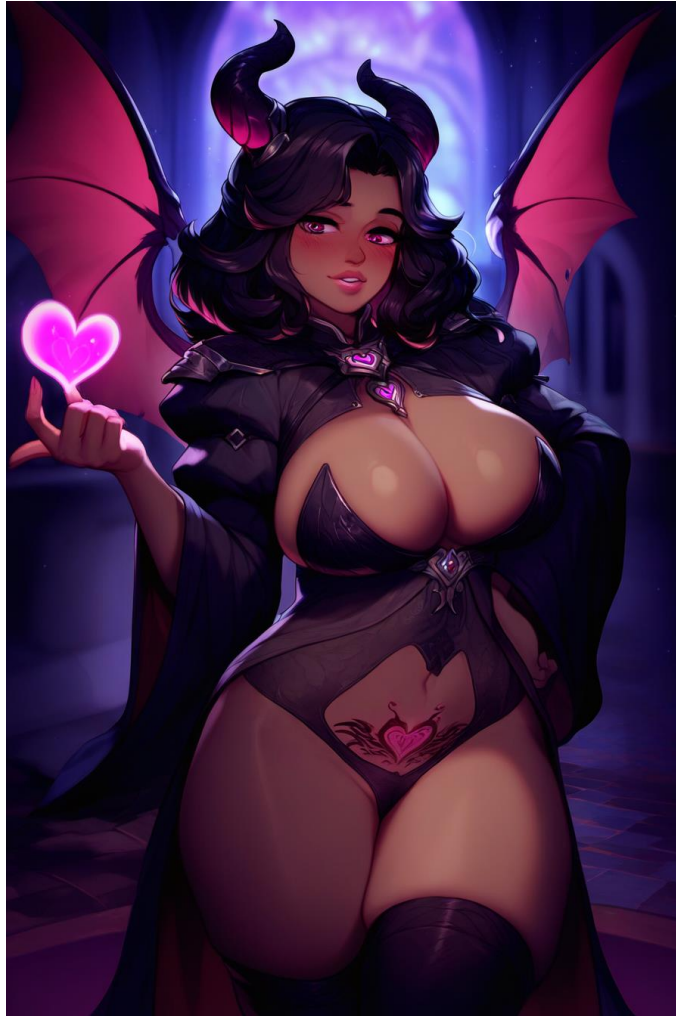




Oh, this was not good. Not good at all.

Cynthia Spellman bit her lower lip as she looked in the cracked mirror, her robe hiked up, baring her slim stomach, her lacy panties and, more importantly, the red mark like an elaborate heart tattooed on her mons. Throbbing.

Pulsing.

Beating with an insidious heat that wormed its way through her and to her core.

She groaned aloud. Ohhhh dammit. Dammit dammit dammit! She knew they should have recruited a priest into the party when delving into the Demon's Dungeon. If only she'd been able to torch that imp to ash before the bitch got off that spell. Because Cynthia knew the curse mark she was looking at. Any mage would.

A breeding rune.

She swore again. An insidious mark, and one with only a 2% chance of landing. Honestly, she hadn't thought any demons would be stupid enough to cast it. But that imp had looked awfully pleased with herself, right before Cynthia blasted the little harlot back to the pit that spawned her.

But the damage had been done.

And she was stuck with it.

Cynthia chewed on her lip worriedly. What she needed to do was get it dispelled, asap. Because a breeding rune was one of the more sinister magics. It enchanted a woman to desire a man to cum in her by any means. To be filled with seed and quicken with child. Which was bad enough, but the real danger was the longer she held out, the more the curse would change her in order to get what she needed. Corrupting her body and soul until she was just a demonic trollop begging for a good fucking. Not a problem if she got the curse banished. But if she ended up giving in, she'd be locked into whatever state she was in when she finally got that much needed fucking.

And how in the hells was she supposed to explain that?

A knock sounded at the door. "Cynthia? You okay?"

Cynthia squeaked, dropping her skirt hastily. "F-fine Roland!" she called. "Just fine! Just... just making sure this new hood fits! That's all."

"Alright. But be careful. We're not out of this dungeon yet."

Gods, and didn't she know it. She felt again a flush. They'd delved pretty deep into the dungeon today, and the way out was quite far. But she felt sure she could manage it. The curse would take time to take effect. Honestly, she could last a few hours without jumping Roland's bones. Fine bones that they were. Making the knight so big and strong and tanky. Always ready to take a hit for her. Let her do her stuff. So protective and sweet and...

She felt the heat within her stir and grow and she quickly shook her head. Get it together, girl! All she had to do was last a few hours and she could get out of the dungeon and head straight to the nearest temple to get the curse removed. For brief moment she considered telling Roland, but instantly dismissed the idea. The thought of admitting such an embarrassing thing appalled her. She couldn't tell him she'd done something as silly as getting cursed by some low-level imp. Not to mention he'd ask to see it. Ask if he could do anything for her, because he was such a good man. A kind man. A sweet, lovable, hunk of man who would be such a gentle lover and...

She groaned and slapped her cheeks again. Focus, girl. Focus! Turning on her heel, she marched to the door and opened it abruptly.

Roland waited on the other side, and just the sight of his handsome, worried face almost melted her legs out from under her with a sudden needy heat that shot from her core. Blonde hair curled about his face. A broad build confined by his heavy armour, a large shield and sword sheathed on his back, and an expression of genuine concern, he was what every mage dreamed their tank would be.

"Did you try on the hood?" he asked.

"Hm? Hood? O-oh! Yes. Mhmm. Yes, absolutely. It ah, it didn't boost my stats quite as much as I'd hoped. Haha!"

"That's a shame," he said, his eyes wandering down to her chest. "But uh, why are you leaving your robe a bit open like that?"

Cynthia looked down in surprise, realizing her collar was a bit undone, revealing a hint of her bust. "Oh, yes, that. Just... been feeling a bit hot in here. Thought I might get more air circulating. Cool myself a bit. Not a big deal."

"If you say so," Roland said, though she couldn't help but notice that his eyes lingered on the teasing hint of her breasts. A sensation of amused triumph thrilled through her, but she quickly tamped it down.

"Let's get going!" she declared, quickly passing him. "Gotta get above ground soon. Can't delay!"

"Oh, yes. Um, right. Of course," she heard Roland say, then the reassuring clank of his armour as he followed her. Cynthia breathed a sigh of relief, focusing on the present and what she needed to do. Just keep moving. Just keep going.

And try to ignore how comfortable it felt to put a bit of wiggle into her walk.

#

Gods, why was it so hot!

Cynthia groaned as she sat on a rock, feeling the heat like her clothes were stuffed with burning coals. With every step she'd been feeling the curse mark pulse on her mons, threading more of its feverish warmth through her. Roland had gone to scout ahead for a bit, giving her a blessed opportunity to take a break. Gods, but she just needed a bit of relief. Just a little bit to get further.

She hesitated, reaching for the enchanted bell on the collar of her robe. She knew she shouldn't adjust her clothes. But if she did nothing, she'd pass out from heatstroke before reaching the surface. And if she did, then Roland would surely check on her. Maybe undress her. Then he'd see that mark and think she was a dumb bimbo and... and...

She grimaced and tightened her lips. Reluctantly, she touched the bell on her collar, gripped it, and willed a bit of relief.

Almost at once the fabric around her chest loosened, stretching and exposing more of her cleavage. She sighed with satisfaction, sagging a bit. Gods, that was so much better! But she still felt warm. Blushing a bit, she willed the sides of her robe to open, creating long slits that left only a strap of cloth covering her mons and ass. Somewhat scandalous, true, but there was no denying it was far more comfortable.

And... dare she say, cute?

She looked down at her chest and a worried frown marred her face. Was it just her, or was she... bigger? She cupped her chest, and had to bite her lip to suppress a sudden moan from escaping her. Oh... oh gosh, that... that felt good. So... so sensitive.

In fact, it was kind of hard to stop.

Stop feeling her big, soft chest. Giving it a bounce. A squeeze. Ohhhh, that felt goood. She squirmed, legs rubbing together. But... but what would feel even better would be getting a big, studly, strong man to fill his loving hands with her big breasts. A man like...

"Roland," she breathed.

"C-Cynthia?"

She squeaked, snatching her hands back and looking up in shock to find the knight standing at the end of the tunnel, staring at her in amazement.

"Roland!" Cynthia exclaimed, bounding quickly to her feet, and as she did, she caught his eyes riveting to her chest as her breasts bounced in her top. A feeling of satisfaction filled her, but she dutifully ignored it. "What um, what did you find?" she asked.

Roland seemed to shake himself, blinking as he looked back up at her. "Find? Oh, yes. It seems clear ahead. Looks like the ah, monsters haven't respawned yet."

"Wonderful!" Cynthia said, snatching up her staff. "Then we should get going, shouldn't we?"

"Er, yes. We should. But uh, Cynthia, your clothes. They look..."

"Oh! That," she giggled, giving a quick twirl. "Do you like it?"

"I um..."

"Just getting a bit of cooler air. So hot down here, right?"

"It is?"

"Absolutely!" she said, smiling encouragingly. "So hot. Gets me all sweaty and warm. Just needed to, you know, get a bit of airflow going. Right? Anyway! No time to waste. Better get back on the move."

"I... guess," Roland said uncertainly.

"Exactly! Let's go," Cynthia exclaimed, bounding past him, trying to suppress the knowledge of how good it felt to have that strip of cloth swishing between her thighs. The way the silk stroked her panties and slick mound.

But she also noticed the way Roland watched her breasts bounce in her tight top as she went by.

And maybe she enjoyed that gaze a bit more than was proper...

#

Hells but her migraine was just killing her.

Cynthia groaned, rubbing her temples.

"You sure you're okay?" Roland asked her.

"Fine," she sighed. "Just fine. Have a little headache, that's all."

"Can I do anything to help?" he asked.

Bend me over this fucking rock and rail me until I'm begging you to stuff me with your fucking stud baby batter!

Through an incredible force of will, Cynthia managed to not scream that out. But she needed some relief. The heat in her was coiling its insidious tentacles all through her, and she needed SOMETHING to take the fucking pressure off.

Her eyes slid back to Roland.

"Actually," she said slowly, rolling her shoulders with a pained expression. "I'm feeling so... stiff at the moment. And you have those wonderfully talented hands. I was thinking maybe you could give me a quick massage."

"A massage?" he said uncertainly.

"Yeah," she said, already warming to the idea. Well, her body was anyway. Just the thought of getting those strong hands on her made the tension coiling in her ease just a bit. "Just a bit. Help me relax."

"Of course," the knight said, beaming that lovable smile of his as he took off his gauntlets. Cynthia bit her lip. Gods, just the sight of that goofy smile made her want to cram his head between her thighs and ride his tongue to a dozen screaming orgasms.

But she'd take what she could get. And as he moved around and sat down behind her, she tried not to shiver at the smell of him. That sweet medley of leather and sweat and manliness.

And that was before she felt his hands on her shoulders.

"Ohhhhh," she groaned, arching.

He paused. "You okay?"

"Better than ever," she sighed.

"I haven't even started."

"Then don't wait," she fairly growled. "Get those strong fingers in there."

"Sorry?"

"Just... please, start."

She stifled a moan as his fingers began to gently knead her shoulders, soon growing more confident at the familiar motions. Cynthia exhaled heavily, her eyes drifting half-shut as she enjoyed his touch. His wonderful, gentle yet firm touch. Gods, those fingers were incredible. She could actually feel herself start to drift away, even the headache easing.

"Is that good?" Roland asked.

"Wonderful," she breathed, sinking back against his touch. Oh gods it was so good. "Lower."

She felt his touch slide over her shoulders. "Like that?"

"Oh yessss," she groaned, shivering in ecstasy, her toes curling in her shoes. "Just... mnnn... like that. Maybe... maybe a bit lower."

She felt him hesitate, then obey. She was breathing deeper. Heavier. That was good. That was nice...

"You smell good," Roland murmured.

A smile stole across her lips at his dreamy voice. "Thank you. Perfume... perfume is new. And lower, Roland."

"L-lower?"

"Please," she panted, wriggling.

Again that moment of hesitation. Then his hands slid down. Slid over the gentle curves of her chest.

Oh gods yes.

A soft moan escaped her as she arched, pushing her breasts into his uncertain hands. Hands that began to grow more confident. Slow. Gentle. Pumping and squeezing her breasts in ways that made her whimper and gasp in helpless pleasure.

Oh gods.

Oh gods that was so good.

She could feel the heat that had been torturing her dull to a pleasant throb. Swelling up into her head, filling it with a hazy warmth. Her headache easing into clouds of euphoric pleasure as her hips lazily rocked.

"Just like that," she breathed, her free hand stealing between her thighs, a jolt of delight racing through her as she touched herself, the silky strip between her legs offering no protection to her hyper-sensitive pussy. "Oh Roland..."

"So soft," he breathed, his face nearly buried in her luxurious hair, his hands still massaging and adoring her breasts. His warm breath panting against the back of her neck.

Oh gods yes.

"Roland," she moaned, her finger pressing against her pussy, stroking herself through her dress and panties. Higher. Higher.

"Cynthia," she heard him gasp behind her, his hands skilled and adoring as they bounced and massaged her soft breasts. She squirmed in delight, hot pants escaping her in rushes, her ass grinding back against him, feeling the bulge in his pants.

“Roland. Roland,” she whimpered, her finger strumming herself harder. Pleasure sparking through her in bursts, the cloudiness in her head concentrating. The pressure throbbing. Feeling so good. So wonderful. So... so...

“Mnnnnnn!” she cried out, quivering as she came, her juices staining her filmy panties and the strip of her robe, her muscles tightening in shameful ecstasy, the pressure in her head releasing in a sudden burst of euphoria that washed her in a wave of bliss.

She sighed happily, leaning back against Roland, who merely moaned softly, still gently massaging her plump teats. A sensation that ached through her wonderfully. Gods but it felt good. Gods it all felt so... so fucking good...

Why hadn’t she done this before?

As that idle thought swam through her mind, she felt another urgent throb from the place above her mons. She lifted her head numbly, and felt a strange weight on her brow. Vaguely, she reached up, touching her forehead.

Feeling a pair of bumps.

Her eyes snapped open in horror. Horns. Oh fuck, she had horns! Her formerly wonderful pleasure vanished like a flash of pink steam.

“Cynthia?”

She looked down in shock at the hands on her breasts and bolted suddenly to her feet, then slapped her palm to her forehead, turning away so Roland couldn’t see her front. “Er, yes! Thank you, Roland. Wonderful job. Very um, good. I’m just gonna go, er, freshen up a bit real quick. Be right back!”

“Wha-”

Before he could object she hurried back around the corridor’s corner and covered her face with her hands. Oh gods. Oh gods, did she really do that? Did she really just get Roland to play with her fat cow tits while she masturbated on his lap?

Yes.

Yes she did.

And it had been amazing.

She felt her blush warm herself anew, even as she berated her response. Gods, the curse’s heat was already back! It was like she hadn’t even gotten a moment of relief from it. But it was fine. It was fine. She could fix this. Just... just get out of the dungeon and find a priest who could dispel the curse. Then she’d be back to normal.

Yes.

Just normal.

So normal she’d never have done anything like that. Let Roland massage her sensitive breasts. Rub her ass against his bulge as she stroked herself to one of the best orgasms she’d ever had.

Totally.

Utterly.

Normal.

Cynthia bit her lip at the thought. She... she did want to be normal again. She was pretty sure of that. No, no. She was absolutely sure of it. Even if it had felt amazing. Even if she'd relished the thrill and the sound of Roland's voice becoming dim and hazy. As if drunk on her presence. Her beauty. Even if she now had horns which she really needed to cover up. Yes, a hood. That's what she needed.

And... maybe let the chest out a bit more. All of Roland's pumping had made her even bustier.

Again she touched the bell on her neck and willed the changes. She sighed in relief as a hood formed from her top, looping over her hair, while an even larger boob window opened in her robe. As she looked herself down, she frowned at a sight below. The strip of fabric between her legs now sported a very apparent stain.

"Gods dammit," she groaned. Look at that mess. She was NOT wandering through the dungeon with a big stain on the front of her robe. But how to hide it?

A sudden vision entered her mind, and well, it was a bit out of character for her, but why not? She'd be out of the dungeon soon anyway. Another press on the bell folded the strips of cloth between her legs, her robe shrinking even more, hugging her curves in a form-fitting leotard that showed off her every incredible curve. Cynthia smirked and turned this way and that, admiring her bared thighs and curves of her breasts. A perfect hourglass. Gods she was hot. That wasn't the curse talking. Just... confidence.

Yeah.

Just confidence at being so gorgeous.

Smiling, she turned and went back into the chamber. Roland was still sitting on the rock, bent forward, his head in his hand like he had a headache.

"Ready, Roland?" Cynthia asked.

He looked up, and Cynthia had to bite her lip to keep from smirking at his expression. His jaw positively dropped at the sight of her, the awe in his eyes sending another shot of pure heat into her pussy and tingling through her veins.

"Cynthia," he gasped. "You..."

"Just needed to let my body breathe a bit more," Cynthia said coyly, turning this way and that to let him admire her further. "Do you like?"

"You... you look amazing," he admitted.

Cynthia giggled. "So glad you think so. Now, come on, Roland," she said, crooking a finger and beckoning. "Let's get going."

He rose instantly, and Cynthia felt another thrill at how quickly he obeyed. How his eyes grew dim as he breathed in deeply, as if just the sight and scent of her threatened to drown him in her presence. Arrogant of her to think so, perhaps, but as she turned, leading the way forward, she was hit with the delightful feeling like she was leading a puppy through the black stone halls.

And enjoying every moment of it.

#

The heat was back.

And strong.

So fucking strong.

It had been okay for a bit, but now the coiling warmth of desire was consuming her like an inferno. Cynthia was blushing, feeling her pulse throb and mons ache as if begging her to bathe her womb in the seed of a man. And it really didn't help having such a handsome, willing man right behind her. Gods, she just wanted to push him down, kiss him, smother him under her fat tits and grind herself to a dozen orgasms before she even got his fucking pants off.

"Look! The exit."

The words snapped her from her fantasies. Cynthia raised her head and through the blur of her vision she saw the white glow of the way out. The shining end of the tunnel beckoning her on.

Out.

Out of the dungeon.

Excitement surged within her. Bloomed with euphoria. "Yes!" she gasped. "Yes!"

So overcome, she whirled around and wrapped her arms around a startled Roland, leaned forward, and kissed him adoringly on the lips.

She felt him stiffen reflexively, but then he moaned, his eyes lidding, growing hazy as his lips moved against hers, his arms wrapping around her, pulling her tight against him. Cynthia whimpered in delight as she felt her mound press against his front. Grind against his bulge. Her sensitive breasts rubbing against the steel of his chest.

The kiss deepened. Her tongue pushed into his mouth. Her hands slid up his neck and to his head, her fingers running through his hair as his own arms moved over her back as if tracing every inch of her winsome figure.

More.

She needed more.

The compulsion radiated from her mons. From the mark. She pushed him back and Roland hit the cavern wall. She broke the kiss, panting. Hot. Needy.

"We... we shouldn't," she breathed, her hands already moving, finding catches and buckles of armour and stripping them away with uncanny precision.

"Y-yeah. Shouldn't," Roland said dimly, offering no resistance as his hands continued to stroke her, tracing the curve of her ass, pressing himself against the tight fabric of her leotard.

"Gotta... gotta resist," Cynthia panted as she tugged his pants down, her fingers grasping his stiffened cock.

"Nnnn," Roland groaned.

"Can't give in," Cynthia breathed as she sank to her knees, Roland's cock finally in her hand. Before her eyes. Thick. Throbbing. Begging for her attention. The scent stuffing her nose. Her head. Her tongue teased over her lips. Her mouth opened, and she swallowed him deep.

"Ohhhh!" Roland groaned, head falling back, body jolting with a gasp.

"Mmmm," Cynthia agreed, her lashes fluttering in ecstasy as she began to bob, her tongue swirling over his tip and length. Gods. Gods above, he tasted so good. So thick and powerful and virile. Her free hand slipped beneath him, cradling his balls, and she could fairly feel his seed churn within them. Stirring from her ministrations. Begging for release.

She'd release him.

Gods she would.

She'd suck him dry. Swallow without missing a drop. Gods, what had taken her so long to do this? How could she have kept herself from pushing him down and just fucking choking herself on his fat cock!? Her throat seemed to accommodate his every inch with uncanny ease. Moaning, bobbing, she sucked him deep, going down to the root, her tongue lathing and wrapping around his manhood with utterly shameless need.

"F-fuck!" Roland gasped, his eyes misty. Foggy. His hands groping down to her head. Cynthia bucked as his fingers pushed aside her hood and wrapped around her horns, the sensation throbbing into her like a bolt of lightning. For a brief moment she felt panic, but glancing up at his face showed Roland didn't even seem to notice. His eyes were fogged, his mouth open, panting in needy gasps as he pumped into her waiting mouth.

Pheromones. A demon's trait, now hers from the curse.

And he was utterly drunk on them.

She knew she should feel bad about that, but she didn't care. She wanted him too much. Too badly. She needed his cum. Needed him. The heat from her mound pulsed in a throbbing beat like drums urging her on. Urging her to suck harder. Massage his balls. Tease and pump him until his face was flushed and desperate gasps were escaping him. Until he was feverishly pumping his cock into her mouth, fucking her face until... until...

"F-fuuuuuuck!" Roland cried out, head thrown back, groaning as he came.

And Cynthia was in heaven.

She moaned, her eyes lidding as the hot heaviness of his load pumped into her mouth, eagerly swallowed down into her stomach. She sucked him gently, relishing every spurt, feeling the swirling delight ache through her.

Gods.

Gods, it was... it was so fucking perfect...

And yet, it wasn't enough.

Cynthia pulled her lips off his cock, her whole body feeling like it was on fire. Her head throbbing. Thoughts swirling with a single need that she had to satisfy. "More," she gasped.

"C-Cynthia?" Roland panted, looking down at her blankly, his jaw slack.

She knew he'd do anything she wanted him to. She could tell. He wanted her as bad as she wanted him. And she'd have him. She rose, no longer hesitant. No longer caring of consequences or doubt. Her hand rose, rang the bell on her collar.

Every stitch of clothing seemed to burst from her, baring her glorious figure in all its glory, her skin so flushed it seemed red, her breasts so huge and full they seemed to float upon her chest. Her hips were wide and her legs parted, the curse mark blazing proudly on her body.

Roland stared at her, mouth agape. "What..."

"Don't question," she commanded, and he fell silent. Another thrill surged through her as she turned around, bent forward, planting her hands against the far wall, her ass thrust out. "Fuck me, Roland," she growled, glancing over her shoulder. "Fuck me like you've wanted to ever since we met. Fuck me. Mate me. Breed my fucking pussy! I need your cock, Roland. I need it in me. Now!"

Roland stared at her, and oh how her curse mark rewarded her for that stare. That look of helpless lust. Of frantic desire. He came towards her, his hands reaching out, grasping the soft swell of her ample hips. She cried out, cooed as the rewarding heat of her curse mark surged through her again, tingling in her tailbone and back.

"That's it," she breathed, waving her rear, smirking as she saw his cock rise, hardening once again at the sight of her needy figure. "Fuck me, Roland. Fuck me hard. Mate me like the slut I am. Just a bitch in heat. Needing your cock. Now fuck me. Fuck me!"

"Yes," Roland gasped, squeezing her soft rump, aligning his cock with the steamy gash of her pussy. "Yes... mistress..."

For a brief moment that word shocked Cynthia. Raised a doubt in her. She opened her mouth to order him back.

Then he pushed forward.

Filled her.

And hesitation was burned away by the fire of pleasure as she got what she so desperately needed.

“Ohhhhh!” Cynthia cried out, arching, tightening deliciously around the thick cock impaling her. Heat bloomed in her, but no longer tortuous. No. Now it surged in her in a euphoric blast. “Yesss!” she cried out. “Fuck me, Roland. Mate me! Fuck me haaaard!”

“Yes,” Roland panted, not hesitating a beat, beginning to thrust, pumping his cock feverishly into her hot pussy. Driving into her with a desperate urgency, every smack of his hips off her ass sending another throb of pure pleasure rocking her to the core. “Yes! Mistress. Fuck mistress. Fuck her!”

“Yes!” Cynthia cried out, uncaring, lost, relishing the feeling of him finally inside her. Finally giving her what she needed! “Yes! Fuck me. Mate me! Breed me, Roland. Breed your mistress! Mistress ah! Mistress needs your c-cum! Give it to her. Give it to me! Fuck me! Fuck me n-noooooow!”

Pleasure pounded through her. Throbbled behind her eyes. In her back. In her ass. As she wailed her ecstasy, she felt the pressure burst. Felt a dark tail twist from her rear. Black wings sprout from her back.

“Breed your demon mistress noooooow!” Cynthia howled in triumph.

“Nnnnn!” Roland moaned, filling her a final time, his cock sinking deep inside her as he gave in. Cumming in a sudden rush of his hot seed.

The feeling surged into Cynthia. She wailed in pleasure, her orgasm flowing through her after his. Her pussy tightening, quivering, urging the hot gush of his cum into her womb. Feeling it fill her.

Wake her.

Consume her in bliss.

She moaned, her eyes rolling back, her arms shaking as she felt the curse mark burn itself into her skin. Marking her forever. Glowing like a brand.

And she couldn't have been happier.

With a shaky breath she stepped forward, unsheathing Roland's cock from her. The knight fell back onto the ground, his strong chest heaving, his eyes staring at her in worship and hazy love.

Cynthia smirked down at him, her hands lazily stroking her figure, her dark wings fluttering, her tail lashing.

Beautiful, she thought to herself. Utterly beautiful.

“Am I lovely, Roland?” she asked.

“So... so lovely,” he gasped, worshipping her with his eyes.

Cynthia giggled, her hands cupping her breasts, stroking them and sending them bouncing, her fingers tracing down onto her hips. “Mmm. And you'll love me forever, won't you? Be my obedient stud forever and ever? Pumping me full of children whenever I want?”

“Yes,” Roland panted. “Yes!”

“Adore me?”

“Yes!”

“Worship me?”

“Yes!”

“Do anything for me?”

“Gods yes!”

Cynthia purred, the desperation in his words filling her with intoxicating power. “Good boy,” she cooed, crooking a finger. “Then get up, lover. It’s time for you to get dressed and head out. There’s a whole wide world out there for us, isn’t there?”

“Yes,” Roland breathed, dragging himself to his feet. “Yes, msitress.”

“Good boy,” she laughed, strutting towards the exit of the dungeon, her obedient love slave stumbling after her, still pulling his boots on as he did. Maybe she would visit the temple after all, Cynthia mused.

After all, the sisters there would surely love to examine her curse mark. In intimate detail...