

Geralt liked ale. Ale was good. Ale didn't get jealous when you drank other drinks or leglock you during risky sex or lovingly coerce you to try prostate stimulation. Ale was simple, it tasted good and didn't cause unnecessary drama.

He'd never been one for drama. Ironic, considering that a cynic could have easily labeled his life one big fat drama. He could be hanging out in the middle of the tavern with all the other local drunks. Laughing out their goofy local drinking songs, horribly out of key of course. But no, he preferred to have a wall behind his back. Corners—like this one—were even better. They blocked off two angles of attack instead of one and they were nice and dark. All the better to hide the swords slung over his shoulder.

Was it a cliché? Maybe. But he'd done it first so it was *his* cliché! He'd hunted a lot of monsters to earn it and nothing would stop him from enjoying it—

BOOM!

...son of a bitch. Why?

The whole tavern stopped at the fiery explosion. Orange light washed through the windows. Nobody screamed though, that was good. That meant nothing had been damaged.

“Demon hogging skank!”

Except for Yen's feelings, maybe. Tentatively, the patrons went back to their drinking. But the song didn't pick back up. To her credit, the barmaid kept up her rounds. Passing out drinks and wiggling her plump breasts whenever a man slipped a some extra coppers in her cleavage. She was cute, as far as non magical brunettes went.

Of course she saw him easily. The second she locked on to his feral eyes and rugged good looks, well, she cut the closest thing she could to a beeline straight for his corner.

“Can I get you something, hun?” She leaned in. Breasts balanced on the edge of her top. “Anything at all~?”

Geralt smirked. “I’d love to say yes, miss.” He angled his head toward the open window. And the naked women fighting outside. “But I’ve already got a woman, out there.”

Some months had passed since Triss’ transformation. In the grand scheme of things it had changed absolutely fuck all. Not even a day later Yennefer had come flouncing back on the scene with an even bigger pair of tits than Triss had seduced him with. She’d almost suffocated him with them!

Fortunately—or unfortunately—their enhancements had been temporary. Gradually they’d returned to being slender and classy ladies. But their brief touch with bodies which bent the edges of decency had warped something in them.

Yen and Triss had grown obsessed with their potential for hypersexual beauty. They stuffed the chests of their dresses with melons and dreamed those were their tits. Hourglass shaped bimbos with fat pouty lips and big perky soft breasts and tight round bouncy butts. The phrase ‘too much’ had fled their collective vocabulary in terror. Hell, Geralt was pretty sure it wasn’t even about him anymore. It was about which of them fucked better.

And to make their bodies match their fantasies, they’d started draining demons. Raw hellish energy pumped directly into their flesh. But there was only so many to go around. They could only conjure, suck dry, and banish so many at once before reality started to get all flobbery. How many could they do safely?

Not enough. Hence the fight.

The barmaid followed his gaze. Noting the two mud-covered sorceresses wrestling in the street. Tit to tit and thigh to crotch. Fingers interlaced so that neither could cast a spell.

“Which one?” She asked. “Black hair or red?”

“That’s a good question.” He held out his stein for her to refill. She obliged him.

“They’re really pretty.”

Geralt chuckled. “I’ve noticed.”

BOOM! ZZAP!

“...are they gonna hurt each other?”

“They haven’t yet.” Geralt downed half his ale in one go. “As long as Yen doesn’t break out one of her curses they’ll be fine.”

“Grevet mughul skrevkss... Ain pais tahl vayn del’svergheldd...”

Yennefer invoked the venomous words of the sorceress-devil Zahb. Her whisper carried through the inn’s thick walls and froze the drinks solid. The sky turned red as blood. Geralt’s head hit the table.

“Kill me.”

“We should probably do something about that.” The barmaid tapped two clawed fingers together.

“We?” Geralt smirked one eye at her.

Heart of Fire realized her disguise had dropped, and sighed. “Okay, you’ve got me.”

Geralt got up, dusted himself off, and left the comfort of his corner to face the mess his love life had become. Heart of Fire floated after him, invisible to mortal eyes.

This was easily the most dangerous thing he had ever done. Geralt approached them like he would a pack of rabid succubi. He cleared his throat.

“Hey! What the hell is this about?” He snapped.

Yennefer stopped mid-curse and snapped her blackened eyes around in his direction. “What happened, Geralt, *dear*.” She gave him a crooked grin. “This mop-haired little slut stole one of my lemures! Blatantly! Right from under my nose!”

“Mpphhhgurgle...” Triss’s retort would’ve been more eloquent But Yen was quite literally sitting on her face.

“Yen, let Triss talk.” Geralt facepalmed.

She made a face. “I will do no such thing. She might blow me up!”

Geralt’s headache ratcheted up another notch. “Yennefer...” He said her name again, slowly. “She already did that.”

He flung his arm at the nearby library. The one with the gaping scorched hole in its west wall and shredded pages fluttered inside like dying butterflies. It couldn't be called a library anymore; it was a VERY well-ventilated warehouse for expensive confetti.

"Im' ah 'efense." Triss mumbled through Yen's thick ass. "At 'ath an ackthident."

"And what happens when the baron musters an army just for us?" Geralt folded his arms.

"We will blow it up. Just like the last one." Yennefer said nonchalantly. Enjoying the pleasure of having her romantic rival's face in her pussy too much to be concerned.

He really should've seen that response coming. The logic behind it made a twisted kind of sense. Yen had been very forthright with this new philosophy of hers; all authority was only as good as the level of force backing it up. And ever since she and Triss had swelled so tremendously in power, nothing on this plane could stop them from doing whatever they wanted. Geralt threw up his hands. He gave up, he couldn't control his women. Nobody could!

He mouthed 'help' to Heart of Fire.

"If I may interject." Their new... friend? Companion? Acquaintance? Whatever she was. "I have to agree with Geralt, this rivalry is getting rather silly. But first things first. Yennefer, I know it turns you on, but please stop sitting on my apprentice's face."

"But—"

**"Stop sitting on my apprentice's face."** Heart of Fire's plump lips spread into a grin of ivory daggers. Wider than her face should be able to stretch. Eyes alight with emerald fire and oozing green smoke. **"Please."**

To her credit, Yennefer only let her fear show for a split second. Then she covered it with a huff.

“Oh, fine. Those silly horns of hers were scratching my backside anyway.”

Yennefer did as she was told. And even went so far as to—grudgingly—help Triss stand on her own two feet. Once she did, Heart of Fire reverted to her... *slightly* less demonic self. She even cleaned all the mud off both her toys, magically of course.

“Now, the two of you could continually play tug of war with poor little Geralt for the rest of your lives.” Heart of Fire said. Geralt grunted at being described as poor and little. “Or we play a little game to settle this rivalry once and for all.”

Triss and Yennefer glanced at each other, confused. Then remembered they were supposed to hate each other and stuck their noses in the air.

“I’m listening.” Triss spoke for them both.

Heart of Fire fluttered her wings. “Wonderful! Now, I know you two have become quite adept at pleasuring demons. So that is what we’ll make this contest about. Whoever can...” She circled her hand to find the right word. “Sexually dominate and drain the greatest number of demons within a time limit. As long as our resident male has no objections.”

Geralt shrugged. “I’m not a moralist. If it ends this whole mess.”

Triss and Yennefer paid close attention, but Heart of Fire could see their thoughts. Already these scheming sluts had plans in motion. Long lists of the softest and most easily dominated beta males the infernal planes had to offer. Heart of Fire made a face, that would be boring!

“However, there’s a catch. Each of you will be choosing the demons the other woman wishes to fuck. Triss, my dear, you will be choosing Yennefer’s opponents. And Yennefer, you nasty skank, you will be choosing for Triss.”

Oh, that made them scheme even harder~<3 Heart of Fire caught flashes of the filthiest creatures they had discovered in their studies, perverted devil beasts of elemental lust. Naked undulating clenching squeezing smothering depraved old sinners. Things which they would have *never* offered their own pussies to. But things to which they would *happily* feed their love rival. What a perverted pair of skanks!

“And to make things more interesting. You can both modify your bodies on the fly after each round.” Heart of Fire stuck a claw in the air. “However! You will only be able to choose your own enhancement if you win. If you lose, the demon will change you however *it* wants. Also any changes that do occur *will* be permanent unless overridden by a later modification so... try not to lose too much.”

That put a damper on their parade. Victory meant permanent and irrevocable beauty. But loss risked devolution into a sexual mutant! The fact Heart of Fire seemed to be getting off on their jittery nerves only made things more disturbing. Those fat nipples of hers were harder than daggers! Their benefactor steepled her fingers.

“There is one more catch. I can of course facilitate a game such as this. But to maintain all these intricacies. I will need an... *external power source*<3” She licked her lips at Geralt’s crotch.

Geralt backed up. “No way. I’m not doing it.”

“Oh, Geralt. Why so uptight?” Heart of Fire pouted. “You’re not seriously afraid of one little succubus are you?”

Geralt shook his head. “A normal succubus, yeah I’m fine. I know how the succubi around here work. You’re not from around her.”

“Oh, Geralt~<3” She purred again. “Are you afraid of being drained?”

“Frankly, yes!”

Heart of Fire let out a girlish whine. Then her tail attacked. Lashed out longer than its apparent reach and coiled around his waist like a rubbery red anaconda. Faster than he could grab his sword Heart of Fire dragged him into her bosomy embrace. Face to tits and hands pinned to her thick muscular ass.

“Let me tell you how my people feed.” Heart of Fire licked his stubbly cheek. “We don’t steal souls. Too much trouble. Our method is much simpler.” She purred the secret in his ear. “*Fluid loss~<3*”

Neither Triss nor Yen had ever seen Geralt blush. He shut his eyes to block out the delicious sight of Heart of Fire’s downright bovine tits squashed on his chest. He struggled to control himself. But there was no blocking out the feverish feel of her, or the sweet scent of damning pleasure.

“The changes don’t have to be permanent.” Geralt began. Trying to find some way where he wouldn’t have to risk it all between Heart of Fire’s legs. But this game was not up to him.

“He’ll do it.” Yennefer said. “We will force him if we have to.”

“...uh, yeah! What she said! Geralt, honey, you’ll be fine.”

Geralt groaned into Heart of Fire’s fat boobs. “You two will be the death of me.”

Heart of Fire’s devilish grin returned with a vengeance. “Then let’s begin.”



Heart of Fire clapped her hands and exploded everything into flames. There was no portal, no sign of the location change, only the roar of hellfire. Triss, Geralt, and Yennefer hurtled millions of miles away from the comfort of their home dimension. Screams and bellows were drowned out by howling hell wind. Through the void, Heart of Fire's sweet laughter pursued them. Ivory hands the size of castles loomed from the dark, one for each woman. Enclosed them like baby birds and whisked them laterally away across the astral plane.

Geralt tried to grab their hands but by the time he did, they were already thousands of miles away. Then nothingness solidified into somethingness, an alien place and time. An enormous hallway of gothic obsidian turned lengthwise on its side. Marble statue pillars showing naked women of impossible beauty and obscene proportions held up a glass ceiling. Through which he saw a white sky full of black stars and a green moon.

He fell like a stone. Hundreds of yards below a great set of double doors opened. He fell into the throne room beyond. When the weird castle's throne of flesh colored stone serpents rushed up to him he covered his head and braced for impact. This was going to hurt. But it didn't. He stopped in midair and hovered inches above a bone-shattering impact.

"Well, what do you think?" Heart of Fire leaned into his field of view. Against all laws of gravity, she was standing on the floor; perpendicular to him. "Please tell me you like it. I decorated this plane just for us."

Just for us. The implication behind those words made Geralt shudder. But not only from fear. Geralt bit down on all those unprofessional emotions and barked:

"Dammit woman! You almost killed me!"

Heart of Fire cupped his stubbled chin. "Oh, honey. Why so grumpy? You like this, don't you? Being thrown around by a powerful woman." A black claw traced his jaw. "That's why you put up with those two."

"...Just let me down." He grunted.

“As you wish.”

Heart of Fire clapped her hands again. His gravity rotated and aligned with hers. Then she gently deposited him onto the throne. Geralt shifted around in his new chair.

“Not bad.” Geralt wiggled his feet. They didn’t reach the polished floor. “Heh, little tall for me don’t you think?”

Heart of fire smiled with a mouth full of pointed teeth. “Tall for you? What makes you think this is your throne?”

Heart of Fire erupted in red light. Her conservative dress dissolved into indeterminate matter. Then shrunk and resolved into a different shape. Clothes which would have seen her abducted and punished as a whore in his world. Shiny black cloth poured over her limbs from fingers and toes to hips and shoulders. Golden chord laced itself in pentagram pattern up them. An obscenely low cut half-bodice covered and lifted her breasts. Cut so low that a man could hurt himself trying to catch a glimpse of peeking nipple.

But that paled in comparison to her lower body. Beyond a glorified garter belt cinched on to hold up her thigh high boots; Heart of Fire wore nothing over her crotch. Bottomless and without an ounce of shame she swayed before her new toy. Taunted him with the supernaturally virginal folds nestled between her toned thighs. Sweet and pink...

“Oh no, Geralt of Rivia, that’s not your throne. It’s mine. *You’re my new cushion~<3*”

The snakes came alive and bound him. Two around each wrist and ankle and a fifth pair around his waist. Geralt swore and thrashed against the bonds but they only tightened more. As if they were absorbing his strength.

Clap. His clothes exploded into ash. Clap. His swords teleported across the chamber and appeared on a rack of devilish blades several yards away. Heart of Fire stroked his rugged face, careful to use her soft fingers and not her dagger-like claws.

“Shhhhh... Don’t fight it, lover. You’ll only make things harder for yourself.” Heart of Fire’s vagina drooled like a predator’s maw. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

She licked her forked tongue around her plump red lips--now as thick as his fingers—and then across her perfect tigress teeth.

“Much~”

A flourish of the hand conjured a familiar bottle in her palm. The succubus draught! The elixir which had let him fuck Triss without being broken in half. With her thumb Heart of Fire popped the stopper while her other hand pulled and wobbled one of her depraved breasts free of its cup. She drank her own demonic milk. How much was hard to say but he saw her aquiline cheeks plump from the volume. Then she did the same with the potion.

<These witcher potions are wonderful things, Geralt.> She purred in his mind. <So similar to my own nectar. I wonder what would happen if I poisoned you with both at once?>

She leaned in for a kiss. Geralt tried to pull his face away but her cupping of his face suggested a truly monstrous amount of strength. More than even he could overcome. Her lips smothered his. Pink fire erupted behind his eyes. Liquid ecstasy burned within his mouth. Manly instinct took over and he gasped, which opened his throat. Heart of Fire drove her tongue down there and all the tainted potion with it.

Geralt roared into their kiss. Muscles and veins bulged all over his naked body. Unnatural stimulation beyond anything even a witcher could endure. At least not without the venomous kiss of a true demon. Then all that tension, all that excess volume compressed and forced itself down his torso. Muscles swelled to frightening size and then shrank down like they were breathing.

Down his chest, down his hips, converged into his groin. An ominous fleshy rumble vibrated his cock. Heart of Fire broke the kiss and left him hanging. Limp and with no strength in his great limbs. All concentrated in the one part of a man she craved most.

Heart of Fire unleashed her true scent. Succubus pheromones filled Geralt's head and arched his back. She smelled of campfires and spicy-sweet cinnamon and pleasantly of sweat. Flesh surged into his cock and bulged it to the size which had so enchanted Triss.

Then another wave whelmed inside him. New flesh slow and sludgy and traveling towards his distended penis.

Heart of Fire pivoted around and showed him her back. Wings unfurled, she sat on him, tight round ass cradling his obscene organ. Then pushed up it until her sleek labia kissed his glans. She pushed down but he felt resistance. Only an inch of him slipped inside. An inch entered steamy pink folds tighter than any maiden's unspoiled slit.

"Ooh, not bad. But maybe if I plumped myself some..." Heart of Fire's vagina swelled as if it'd been stung by a bee. Hot steamy woman honey oozed down his shaft. Tightness yielded to hardness and he *schluhped into her*~<3

"ARRRRRGGGHHH!" Geralt howled. He tried to buck into Heart of Fire but her immense weight held him in place.

"That's more like it..." Heart of Fire bit her lip and shimmied her shoulders. "Not bad. I can see why those humans like you so much—Ooh!"

Her lips oh'ed when his second growth spurt hit. Geralt didn't now how thick or long his penis swelled but it plunged deeper and deeper into Heart of Fire's depraved body. A vagina with seemingly no end. Just endless variations of naughty textures clinging and shifting around his distended meat.

Heart of Fire milked him. Pelvic muscles clenched and sucked with force enough to lift his hips off the throne. She set a steady bouncing pace. Balanced on one foot with her legs crossed like a queen. Fingers laced with his while they gripped the arms of her throne.

“Now, let’s see what demon Triss picked for Yennefer.” She gasped. “Oh, you naughty little minx. You want Yennefer to face Medeina the Pack Queen? At the beginning?”

Geralt felt something inside him break. Thick semen gushed up his bloated pipe and into her cursed flesh. Heart of Fire absorbed the offered life essence. Twisting runic patterns crawled across her skin, leylines to empower her magic.

“One werewolf gangbang coming up!” Heart of Fire banished Yennefer to her destination. “Now let’s see what Yennefer had for cute little Triss... Lavo the Dread Alchemist? Interesting. I’ve never seen a human survive a wombful of his LSD infused semen. But I suppose if anyone could...”

Someplace far away in dimensions unimaginable. Triss Merigold fell into the wet slick and cold laboratory where the Dread Alchemist brewed his naughty potions.

Geralt of course knew none of this. He knew only Heart of Fire. Only her flesh and her voice and her heat and her delicious curves and her perfect skin. Before he could even think he’d pumped another bolt of semen into her. Then another and another!

His tormentor’s back transformed. Her wings retracted and a perfect waist-up duplicate of the succubus emerged in their place. Topless and with forearms pressing her plump firm breasts into his face. Smothered him in her cleavage’s sweet scent. All the better to melt his brain and burn out all those unnecessary neurons. After all, the only parts of the brain a man needed were his *pleasure centers*~<3

Geralt’s mind would recover from this assault. But he would never be the same.

Heart of Fire's pussy sucked and chewed his tool in a way nomortal female could. Her soft skin sizzled sweet against his. Her thick nipple filled his mouth and soothed him with tenderness he'd never known. Maternal sweetness seeped into his mine, splashed down his throat as creamy milk.

Only for that liquid gold to turn on him the second it touched his stomach. Bubble and curse him with yet more potency. Refilling his testicles for the next long...

Powerful...

Shot!

He lost track of time. Hours passed between slips in and out of awareness. Geralt was drained, refilled, and drained all over again. Names and faces drifted out of his memory. People he loved and people he hated passed on, leaving him with no indication of whether they would return. Let them go, most of them were bastards.

But not Triss. Not Yennefer. One who'd brought him a peace he'd never known and another who stood by him no matter her own flaws. Heart of Fire cooed and kissed and licked and bit and clawed him but he would not let them go. But that was fine with her. She didn't want Geralt's heart.

She wanted his cock.

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Yennefer stuck the landing in a dark forest. One with trees so enormous that they seemed to drag on forever. Huge shapes lumbered across the horizon, bigger than the mountains bit indeterminate through miles of ominous mist.

“A cursed forest?” Yennefer laughed. “Is that the best she can come up with--”

Something brushed her ass. Yennefer whirled around and blasted the thing with lightning. But she only cut the air. Her attack vanished into the fog. The undergrowth rustled and ate another lightning bolt. Still no casualties.

Then the howling began. Echoing off the ancient trees. Branches snapped and something crashed through the undergrowth. It was a wolf’s head. Skeletal and driven by a jet of spectral red flames from its neck. Lipless jaws parted and issued another deafening howl.

Yennefer covered her ears and ran. Ducked behind a tree and teleported ten miles to the south. Only for more howling to ooze from the dark and another wolf wolf’s head to attack! From above! Yennefer rolled left, the creature bit the ground where she’d sat to catch her breath. She blasted it point blank, but only stunned the thing.

She fled before it could recover. Teleporting farther now. High into the air fifty miles away and then levitating herself to the forest floor. Now two came after her! Yennefer seized one in a telekinetic hold and slammed it into its brother. Both ate dirt.

But then she saw two red dots of fire approach over the treetops. Her other two assaulters were coming. There were *four* of these things!

Yennefer spat and thrust her hands to the sky. No more running, no more love taps. She robbed the sky of the moon and stars and replaced it all with boiling black clouds. Thunder shook the air and lightning sparked in her eyes.

“Die.”

“No.” Greyish womanly hands seized her wrists from behind. Skeletal lupine jaws parted next to her ear and whispered. “You just took away my moon. Bad girl.”

Her assaulter spanked her hard across the ass. Yennefer staggered forward and almost fell into the jaws of the wolf spirits.

“Heel, children! This one is mine!” The demonic she wolf barked.

The spirits obeyed. Yennefer did not. She brought down hell on this monster. She knew what this woman was. Medeina the Maiden In The Moon. Yennefer fried her with forces that, in the old days, would’ve been hailed as the wrath of god.

“Mother!” The wolf spirits howled in unison.

But Medeina did not buckle beneath the assault. She did not even burn. Bent back so that she could watch the sky, Medeina absorbed the lightning with ease. Yennefer spent all the power she dared. Once she cut the feed, Medeina slouched forward and lifted her gaze to meet her prey’s. Those fanged jaws lacked the dexterity to smirk, her six golden eyes made the expression instead.

“I’ve had worse.” Medeina cocked her long head at Yen. “From a child. Is that all you’ve got, fuckmeat?”

In terms of raw power, yes. But this wolf bitch didn’t need to know that. Yennefer ignored her cold sweat and analyzed this predicament. The spirits were nothing more than minions, Medeina was the main body. Yen inclined her chin at her opponent.

“Give me your energy now, demon. And I won’t have to embarrass you in front of your boy toys.”

All five demons laughed. Medeina fell slack and then pounced. Yen saw her coming but she clawed clean through the barrier her prey conjured. Six foot six of solid sleek muscle bowled Yen backwards into the Medeina’s child minions. Whose exhaustes of clear red energy solidified into humanoids bodies. MALE bodies, conjured from Yen’s darkest and



most muscle-fetishizing nightmares. Her back hit the abs of one muscle-bloated freak, the glans of a spectral cock throbbed against her left asscheek.

Oh god that thing had to be as big as a human heart. And it was *throbbing like one*. A-and that was just the tip, what was the rest of it like? Yen had no time to fantasize. All the wolf studs converged around her. A cocoon of translucent bloody-red muscle blocked out the rest of the plane. But Medeina's presence dominated them all. The she-wolf's frightening visage stared into her soul.

The middle stud pinned her wrists overhead to his barrel-wide chest. Medeina pressed her palm to Yen's face. Another naughty surprise. At least it explained why Medeina's hands and forearms were so bizarrely long and thick. She had a vagina built into her hand, a plump weepy one with steaming inner folds. Medeina smothered her mouth with its lips.

"I'm not a great kisser, sorry." Medeina hissed between double rows of fangs. "That's what this is for."

Musky pussy scent filled her nose Yen fought down a whelm of sapphic thirst while her mistress trailed her other hand down her flat tummy. Claw retracted to plunge into her—

"Mmmmmgggghhhh!" Yen fruitlessly kicked Medeina's smooth rubbery slate-grey flesh.

Thick fingers stabbed her scarred cervix.

"Feh, a hysterectomy? You humans are barbarians." Medeina grumbled. "Let's fix that~<3"

Medeina withdrew her fingers and smothered Yen's sweaty core with her own palm pussy. Something squirmed inside the wolf mother's forearm, sleek muscle bulged and squeezed and *birthed* a squirming ball of flesh into her cunt.

Yennefer squealed and kicked harder. Oh god, it was like she was being penetrated by a jellyfish! Long tentacle tongues trailed behind the nasty creature as it crawled up her birth canal. Licked everything they touched. Finding soft spots she had never shared with anyone, not even Geralt!

She'd lost a lot of feeling in her cervix because of the scar tissue and yet...

*Mnnnnfuuuuhhhhk~<3!* The creature's pulsating bell melted with the knotted end, fused with the useless flesh and... *Aaaaaahhhnnnn~<3!* It slithered into the scooped out space and took over. Nerves linked, demonic flesh replaced her womb.

Medeina's powerful hands held her up, she could never have stood on her own with all the nerve-loaded, plasticine-pink flesh squirming in below her shallow navel. Her new and improved pussy came a full pint of girl honey down her thighs.

"Now *that's* more like it!" Medeina howled with laughter. Her stud-children followed suit.

Yen had received a boon from the wolf mother, awful in both senses of the word. Not a place of life but *hunger*~ A barren, ravenous sexual weapon built to maximize *any* cumshot aimed at its sucking mouth.

Medeina was not done with her. A blinding blur of speed dragged them both to the forest floor. Sleek muscular thighs clamped Yennefer's face to Medeina's third vagina. This one alive, unlike hers, ripe and fertile and kissing her...

*"Lick puppy~<3"*

Smothered in rubbery skin from her nose to her chin, Yen could not breathe--she didn't *want* to breathe—but she could see. She saw one of the studs slap his grotesquely phat phallus across his mother's flat tummy. A preview of the monster poised at her possessed cunt, eager to wreck her insides.

Yen hadn't seen the results of Geralt being distended by both the succubus draught and Heart of Fire's milk. But the wolf-son's nasty pecker rivaled that one in size. Human-shaped but red and with a thick knob of vascular flesh around the base.

Yen felt the press between her thighs and squealed into Medeina's crotch. The wolf mother laughed and then gasped when the first thrust drove Yen's tongue into her. Yen slapped Medeina's waist-thick thigh, tapping out, but that only made her captor squeeze harder.

Thrust! Shove! Scream! Moan... The mutated penis awakened her demonic womb. Driven by her subconscious need, its tongue tentacles descended and licked the monster's throbbing shaft. Two slithered clean out of her slit to tongue-bathe the trained stud's fat nuts.

Yen couldn't see the results, but if the rattling gasp was any indication, it really liked her new pussy. She could use that. Yen gripped Medeina's thick ass and held on for dear life. The four brothers ran a train on her. Each lubricated by the previous stud's fired semen. Around and around they took their turns with her hot, *tight* cunt. Enough jamming rough cock to blow out an experienced whore's money maker. But she held on, gripped onto her sanity even while venomous ecstasy butterflies fluttered inside her hips. Unnatural levels of pleasure, too extreme to be healthy and very, very addictive.

If she hadn't been a nymphomaniac before, she was now!

On and on the gangbang dragged. Rough jostling artless dick-shoves with spectral cold stud torsos pressed against her back. Slavering jaws grunting next to her head, fat tongues lolled out and licking what little of her face they could reach.

Yen didn't know how much cum they pumped into her, but she felt bloated. Not the I'm-getting-fat-and-I'm-coping kind of bloated. No, her new womb *felt* pregnant, or at least a water balloon stretched with hot slime. But the studs were slowing down, they had no idea how to pace themselves.

And their semen was packed with demonic essence, raw power begging to be exploited. Yennefer's sex-addled mind ran the calculations. Medeina's pussy was definitely magically enhanced. And these studs were an extension of her. Meaning their power was hers.

She wouldn't need much to turn the tables. Yen drew motes of venomous purple energy from the cauldron of demon semen. Channeled it up her torso—ooh, that tickled her nipples nicely—through her shoulder and arms and hands. Medeina felt what was coming and roared a warning.

“Idiots! Stop cumming in her! You're giving her more power!”

But they would not stop. Yen's pussy felt too good. And she leveraged that against the wolf mother. Her hands glowed and spread runes of charming and pleasure all over's Medeina's thick demon butt. Alive and vindictive, they spread all over the she-devil's hip area. Throbbled and pulsed in time with expert clit-licks. Spread the pleasure across Medeina's hips and all over the insides of her demonic pussy.

Medeina's orgasmic howls shook the trees. Her concentration broke and her minions dissipated. Four lifeless skulls bounced and rolled all over the clearing. The she wolf's iron strong thighs fell slack open. Yen dragged herself upright, one hand pressed to her pooched-out cum belly. Eyes amethyst aglow with Medeina's power.

She drew out all the energy into her tits. Hot throbbing fleshy pulses filled her chest and she clutched them. Gasping as they pulsated out of sync. Nipples lengthening, orbs fattening until they overflowed her hands. Meaty DD-cups to fill her hands.

“Ooh, that's much better than Yig~” Yennefer shook her new fat tits side to side. “No cursed silicone. Just warm sweet flesh.”

Yen grabbed Medeina's ankles and dragged her lower body off the ground. Yen stood tall and straddled her crotch. One leg in front of the wolf mother's hips and the other behind. Yen scissored her with force and fury. Pulling her legs up so that pale pussy kissed grey. Then she contracted her new, prehensile womb.

“Nooooo...” Medeina whined.

Pints of demon semen flowed into Medeina’s fertile snatch. Then forced in when the snug tunnel filled, pushed into her uterus.

“There. Now you can have some real pups, bitch<3” Yen purred. Then planted her foot on Medeina’s head.

She had won.

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Triss stuck the landing inside a laboratory. Dark everywhere, lightning flashes strobed through the space. Beakers steamed on tables of bone, simmering with thick ichors of sickening colors. She felt a cold and sticky stone floor underfoot.

Some...thing hunched over a table in front of her. A huge bulging hulk of a machine creature. Shaped like a humanoid turtle with a hunched back, but constructed from some bizarre bio-organic metal.

It’s featureless head was nothing more than a beak emerging from its sloped body armor. Triss wondered if the monster was blind, but then it showed its eyes. Its jaws split open left and right; Triss stared into a writhing mass of sensory ganglion. The whip-like limbs handling its alchemical glassware set down their delicate experiment. While its thick main arms wrenched their curved blade claws free of the table.

Lavos, the Dread Alchemist. Triss gulped.

“Okay! Give me your power and nobody has to get hurt!” Triss conjured a flame in her palm.

Lavos opened his arms to her, the upper ones only. The lower ones gripped and stroked the thick and knobby-purple trunk of flesh hanging between his legs.

“Come and take it.” The demon gurgled, it had the voice of a drowning man.

Triss model-strutted up to Lavos and roughly grabbed the demon’s penis. The cybernetic beast man responded in kind by *slamming* her onto the nearest table. Beakers scattered and shattered. Multicolored fumes and sweet scents filled Triss’s senses. Details blurred and melted into each other.

She began to hallucinate. She smelled music and touched the color blue and when Lavos’s crotch piston drove his chemically-slathered cock up her cunt; she tasted her own orgasm. It was instant! Euphoria driven by a lewd nightmare-version of MDMA.

Lavos’ cock was mounted onto a hydraulic piston. It hissed steam with every thrust while its master loomed immobile over her. Long flesh tendons acted as tubes that fed unknown drugs into her cunt. Sourced from the glass globes of multicolored elixirs embedded in his torso armor. Cumshotted continuously into her through a medium of synthetic semen.

His true testicles hung out of reach. Scrotum bloated like a cow’s udder and hanging between the living fuck machine’s legs. Gravid with the source of the demon’s power. Held back so that she could not steal it.

Triss became her world’s first ever psychonaut. She lived a dozen lifetimes within her own subconscious. Teased and tormented by every fantasy she had ever entertained. The nightmares of her childhood sprouted big fat throbbing penises and fucked her on her childhood bed.

But she swam through even this whelm of hallucinogenic madness. Wracking her brain to figure out how she could slay this demon. Then it hit her, metal fatigue! Sudden rapid hot and cold flashes played havoc with Geralt’s steel and silver swords. Maybe she could do the same with Lavos’ steel and silver body.

The gambit paid off. Triss pulled all the heat in the room into herself and then held it for as long as she dared. Then blew it out with a wave of her own fire. This of course spattered over Lavos's armor. But one wave was not the goal. She battered him with them. The dread alchemist was so focused on taming her hot snatch. He didn't notice his experiments freeze in their beakers. Expand and crack the glass and them explode into steam!

He didn't notice his claws freezing onto his table. But he did notice when his arms snapped off. Lavos had long ago tuned down his pain receptors, but still.

“ARGH! You little slut—!”

Triss snapped off his legs next. Lavos hit the floor like eight hundred pounds of scrap metal. Limbless, penis automatically thrusting into naked hot air. Triss worked her fat clit like a cow udder. And used the contractions from multiple chained orgasms to squeeze out Lavos' drug-laced jizz.

Once that was done, she staggered over to Lavos and laid herself across his massive body. Haggard and with running mascara, but smug. Her fingers melted into his chestplate.

“S-stay back! I'm warning you human!”

“Aw, whatsamatter you big metal geek?” Triss laughed. “Can't take the heat?”

“Damn you... female...” The dread alchemist gurgled.

Triss grabbed his cock under the baseplate and forcibly pulled it up into her. When his groinal piston's machine-tendons fought the pull she melted them to slag. To Lavos' horror. She squat-fucked herself *hard* onto his synthetic penis. Fast and hungry with no regard for his pleasure. But with how many aphrodisiacs the monster had dipped his tool in over the eons; he could've gotten off on being stabbed.

All of Lavos' chemical tanks were empty. There was only one place to cum from now, his testicles. The core of his virile power. His scrotum contracted like a pregnant woman's belly and fired deep into Triss' molten core.

She burned all his sperm to death so that there was no chance of it impregnating her. Only one man in the multiverse was allowed to do that. But she did extract its power. Raw purple plasma throbbed inside her hips. Lit them up violet from the inside like a silicone-filled breast pressed to a flashlight.

Bigger boobs, that was her first impulse. But she'd already indulged in that. Maybe it was the drugs, but she wanted to try something new. Triss willed the energy into her hips. Into her ass.

“Mmmmm~<3!”

Muscle and fat plumped around her hips. Triss gripped her burgeoning glutes and squeezed together her thickening thighs. Careful to maintain the balance of soft and firm flesh. Until her butt bobbed and wobbled to an obscene size. One which would have earned her scores of porn contracts in the modern day. You could've bounced a whole roll of quarters off it. Supported by sleek, lumberjack smothering thighs as thick as her waist.

A shake of that new ass was the last thing Lavos saw before his mistress disappeared. Leaving him to pick up the pieces of his broken body. He would repair himself and then there would be hell to pay.

Literally.

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Yen was feeling as cocky as any skanky enchantress could be; until she appeared at her next destination. Blinding green sunlight beat down on her, steamy rays which almost



brought her to her knees. Sunlight which streamed down the endless slopes of Grazz'ohkt's quartzite pyramid, illuminated the old blood anointing its steps cherry red.

There was no base of it, not as far as she could see. The city-sized palace of the king of serpents rivaled a mountain in height. The steamy, sex-monster-infested jungle below spread out for hundreds of miles like a jade carpet.

"There you are, ssssslut." Grazz'ohkt's voice crawled across her back like a swarm of stinging insects. Emittes from dozens of tiny mouths.

Yen shivered she had rendezvoused with the silicone lord before but only ever on her terms. Once she'd bound him tight under triple layers of goetian wards. Entering his realm would have been suicide. Not for her body but for her mind. Everything that made her Yennefer of Vengerberg.

No, she would not submit, not to this monster. Fists clenched, she turned to face her old 'friend'.

Grazz'ohkt lounged on a throne of living serpents, towering anacondas coiled together on a raised golden platform. A platform surrounded by a steaming moat of liquified silicone gel. Grazz'ohkt had chosen to be green today, and wore nothing save for a white silk loincloth and gold bands around his biceps and thighs.

Muscles so huge they turned grotesque drove the demon from its throne. Two-toed feet walked him across the surface of the silicone, clawed hands clasped behind the back. The eye on his chest opened vertically and slitted blue. Grazz'ohkt had no head, instead there was a writhing mass of viper coils sprouting from the full span of its shoulders, eyeless vipers which issued forth Grazz'ohkt's voice.

Grazz'ohkt stopped mere feet before Yen, crotch level with her quivering eyes.

“I’ve dreamed of this day, sorceress.” Grazz’ohkt tore away his loincloth. “All those years of being summoned into your ridiculous magic circles. Trapped while you flounced that naked body around *right in front of me*. Fuck Heart of Fire’s conditions, I’m going to break you.”

Yennefer snickered.

“...what? What’s so funny?”

“Pffffthahahahaha!” Yennefer laughed so hard she clutched her stomach. “Your dick is tiny! Oh my god you’re barely as big as my pinkie! You couldn’t break a *gnome*’s hymen with that pathetic thing!”

Grazz’ohk bulged in a rage. The king of snakes could not raise his voice, his many mouths were too small. But his open hand expressed his fury; SMACK! Yennefer didn’t see the slap coming, she was too busy laughing at Grazz’ohkt’s cock. So caught up in the cruel joy of mocking an undersized male, she forgot all the past times he’d positively re-arranged her insides.

She hit the ground like a battered housewife. Grazz’ohkt hissed.

“Ignorant slut. I remember now, your shallow self likes your men big.” Three of Grazz’ohkt’s vipers slithered down to his crotch. “Then I will break you with a cock as big as your ego!”

Yennefer screamed in rage and blasted him. Lightning chained between her fingers and struck the silicone lord point blank. Grazz’ohkt’s counterspell defused her attack inches before his chest. The recoil hit her instead, and rolled so far across the pyramid’s top that she almost fell off the edge.

Grazz’ohkt vanished and appeared in front of her again. His vipers bit him on the genitals. One bite in the base of his penis and one in each testicle. No venom was dispensed but the holes they left behind did not bleed.

A wave of a clawed hand animated the silicone. Tendrils of its escaped the seethe the crawled toward their master. Toward his groin. Plastic entered through the bites.

“Ghhhhrrrrr...” Grazz’ohkt doubled over and clenched every muscle he had.

Yennefer stared in horror at his genitals. His cock lurched and swelled right before her eyes. Like a cucumber struck by fertility magic it inflated until it matched the thigh-sized slab of meat she’d seen in the basin lusted after all those months ago. Smooth and bloated like an overstuffed sausage, it cut a frightening image. More intimidating than desirable, it salivated synthetic surgical jelly onto her face.

Primal fear and brain-dead lust fought for dominance in her infernal womd. Yen swore she would *kill* Triss for this.

“Worship me, Yennefer of Vengerberg.” Grazz’ohkt hissed.

She did, she had no choice. Yennefer rose on unsteady legs and buried her face in that squishy-erect shaft. Gazed up at it in drooling awe between affectionate nuzzles to its underside. Kisses to its cum slit. Love bits around the base of the glans. Long sumptuous rubs along its inflated trunk.

Yennefer made herself forget Geralt—no easy feat—and pretended she loved Grazz’ohkt the king of snakes. She knew how to make a man feel like a king, and a king like a god. She cooed and babbled like an airheaded maiden. Kissed the shaft and giggled sweet nothings about how he had the best dick she’d ever tasted. The biggest, the longest, the thickest and the hottest. Leagues better than Geralt’s tiny little wiener.

Everything the demon wanted to hear.

By the time she finished, that bloated mast jutted like a sailing ship’s bowsprit. Horizontal and unbending thanks to an iron core of erectile tissue. Even though its outer layers still yielded to pressure like an uncooked sausage.

Grazz'ohkt lifted her like a doll and dropped her onto it. She would have died were it not for her augmented snatch's fresh and new elasticity. He stuffed her like nothing else and even dominated her new womb tentacles! Yennefer felt her defined abs stretch into a lewd cock. But didn't see it, because he had already begun his work on her tits.

It began with one snakebite an inch below each nipple—Ouch! Ouch!—then the silicone flowed in. Yennefer screamed at the stretching of her skin. But her pleas for help melted into moans at the silicone lord's next trick. A touch to her feed lines turned them periwinkle pink. Cursed them with pleasure...

Ecstatic fireflies flew around inside her inflating melons. Pleasure lightning arced between them and scattered through her nerves. Re-wiring her brain to love, no, to *fetishize* her enhanced knockers. Those big round jutting orbs of pure pleasure. The vipers licked them, their tongues ignited the pleasure centers in her brain and made her clit throb against Grazz'ohkt's shaft.

Yennefer heard herself wail in joy and could not stop it. She grabbed and kneaded her new knockers and could not muster the spite to find them disgusting, even as obscene and bloated as they were. Jutting spheroids as big as her head. She was blown out like her benefactor's penis. A soft and clingy outer meat layer stretched around a firm core. They didn't jiggle with Grazz'ohkt's thrusts, they shifted up and down.

Rule number one of being a sorceress was to keep your body augments subtle. Plausible so that you could blend in with polite society. There was nothing polite about these new tits of hers. They weren't there to look pretty in a dress or to feed a baby. They were there to make a man erect. To make his balls full. To make him cum buckets down her throat.

She didn't know when Grazz'ohky came inside her. The silicone overflowed her pussy and she slid off his cock. He let her drop twitching to the white floor. Cunt burbling synthetic lubrication while she pawed her ridiculous porno tits. Clit stimulated every time she rubbed and pinched her new chest spheres.

“Good whore.” Grazz’ohkt hissed. “But that’s just the start. Let’s see how much those tits can take.”

More silicone surged toward Yennefer. A wave of it, aimed for her chest. Eager to inflate her to a truly ridiculous size. But then the fabric between planes tore open and chains attacked Grazz’ohkt. Red hot ones inscribed with pentagrams. Their manacle ends snapped at his limbs like jaws. The serpent lord snarled and staggered back from them. Lest he be captured.

“Ridiculous woman. She is mine by conquest, Heart of Fire.” The chains pulled back a second or two. Then lunged for him again. “Fine, take her for now.”

A third fiery portal opened beneath a half-conscious Yennefer. She fell to her next destination.

“But I am *not* done with her.”

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Triss crashed onto a pile of mold-encrusted plates, still slathered in iridescent sex fluids. Ego bruised more than her soft flesh, she dragged herself out of the mess. Thick ass wobbling the whole time.

Slow footfalls shook the wooden door at the kitchen’s far end. Triss recognized the name and shivered cold, despite the sweltering heat. Grendel the Eater of Whores! Yennefer had thrown her into Grendel’s lair! Oooohhhh she was going to pay for this. Triss ignited herself and readied for the monster’s arrival.

“Slut... Grendel smells fresh slut...”

Thoom! The door shook.

“Hungry...” Grendel gurgled. “Hungry!”

The door bulged and blasted open. Grendel wedged himself into the kitchen. He was a horrible creature. A giant fat greenish gargoyle of a beast. With pincer arms in place of wings and a bizarre face. He had no mouth on his face, just a rakish grin of winking nasal slits. Grendel’s stomach was his mouth. A fanged drooling maw splitting open an immense gut. A gut as big as Triss’ whole body!

Grendel uncurled his chitinous fist and beckoned Triss closer. “Sorceress wants Grendel’s essence. Sorceress is a slut. Come to Grendel, feed Grendel~”

Grendel licked his lipless maw. Not with one but what had to be a half dozen slimy tentacular tongues. Too phallic to look human. Grendel had no genitals she could see. The monster’s mouth was its sex organ.

The sex organ opened. A spout of clear liquid splattered her head to toe and put out her flames. Then the tentacle cocks attacked. Stretched far, seized, and dragged her into Grendel’s maw. Triss screamed, sure she was about to be digested.

Only to find herself face down and ass up in a rippling pink chamber full of lube. Anemone-like cilia squished and writhed over every inch of her. Hot and cloying and *sticky*~<3 The liquid filled her mouth and then her lungs, she was sure she would drown; up until the moment she realized the lube was saturated with oxygen.

Blind in the dark and half-deaf, Triss felt the great demon grind forward. Carry her across the kitchens to aid this ‘digestion’. The tongues attacked her from all sides. Disappointed that there were six of them but only three holes. The dumb beast’s sexual organs fought each other for dominance. For the privilege to see which of them got to stuff up her plump pussy.

Which got to taste her hot mouth.

Which got to plug her tight little anus.

No matter how she blazed and sparked she could not maintain a flame. Every time her fingers traced a seal they shook in ecstasy. Hot fluttering stomach butterflies softened her fear. Reduced it to mere spice for a rising depravity. Oh god she was starting to *like this*<3

Grendel swirled and swished her around like a lollipop, back and forth and up and down. He turned her around face up. And then face down and then wholly sideways in his leviathan gut until she lost all sense of up and down. Forgot how long she'd marinated in this delicious hell.

Tendrils licked her phat backside until it quivered. Floating weightless in the soup. Ignited nerve ending Triss didn't know she had. Strengthened the connections between her ass and her pussy. The first whip to her left glute made her moan bubbles...

Wow this felt *amazing*~<3 Maybe Yen wasn't so bad if her taste in demon boyfriends was this good... No! Stop that! Yennefer was an evil skank and this demon was a gross tub of lard! What the hell was wrong with her? Why did her ass feel so damn good?

This lube was doing something to her... upping her sensitivity... making her skin smooth like that temporary burst of unearthly beauty Heart of Fire had given her. Silky and soft as a baby's, sensitive as her inner thigh, by Lilith's tits now she'd be able to cum from a massage—

Massage—*Nnh*<3

Warmth spread from her tits and her pussy, met in the middle and blew up in a chemical cum-reaction. Triss' whole body came so hard her toes damn near touched her back. What was she thinking about again?

Right. Escape! She didn't know what this thing would change about her if it won. She *really* didn't want to know. It had to have a weakness; every monster had a weakness. Triss explored her prison, pulling herself deeper and deeper into Grendel's stomach chamber.

She found her prize hidden inside a protective fold at the chamber's back. A small stubby penis not much larger than her hand. A human penis. She grabbed it, and the effect was immediate. A mighty groan shook her prison, and she felt it tip and roll.

"Slut no touch that! Grendel not like touch there!"

Triss touched him there all right. Oh did she ever. She couldn't squeeze out the tentacle up her ass but she could scorch it out. The inside of her body was every so slightly less wet than the outside. Barely enough to raise the temperature... A few hundred degrees...

"GRRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!"

Triss felt Grendel's scream tremor her prison. The tentacle plugging her ass popped out faster than a stabbed snake. Triss cooled herself down and dropped her fat meaty ass onto Grendel's real penis.

She took it hard and fast. Dominant twerking slaps of firm pale ass meat pounded pure ecstasy into her captor's most sensitive area. Her glutes were so thick now, his cock wasn't even long enough to reach her anus!

Something inside the Eater of Whores gave out. The jaws opened and she spilled onto the kitchen floor. Weak in a puddle of precum. Triss coughed out the oxygenized plasma and sneered up at the demon. Now all she had to do was get up and drain this fat bitch... wait, why couldn't she move?

Oh shit, all that squeezing had drained her stamina. Like a butterfly losing all its strength even when caught in the gentlest of clasps. Grendel glared past its gnashing gut with hate and, shame?



“Grendel done with slut! Slut can take its prize! Get out!”

Purple energy needled her lips. Before Triss could even make her request, the change was done. Her lips plumped until they ached. When Triss begged him to stop her plea came as a lisp.

“Wait, pleath sthop...” She slurred.

He did, but not until they were as thick as her little fingers. Grendel bit a hole into the fabric between planes, picked her up by the leg, and threw her to her next destination.

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Son of a—fuck these things were heavy! Yennefer clutched her chest but not even the full span of her fingers could cover her stretched nipples. Stumbling top-heavy through the church’s graveyard, she had to twist so as not to smack into the church’s heavy oak and steel-banded door chest first. Her shoulder took the brunt instead.

“Nnnh... I’ll turn him into a newt for this...” Yennefer bit her lip, unable to stop caressing her cursed fake tits. “M-make that a dildo. See how *he* likes being used for a change.”

Opening the door took a conscious effort. Yen needed several minutes to find her center, to stop groping her huge porno tits. God, they felt so nice to squeeze. She could actually *feel* the corrupted plastic slosh around inside them—

No. Focus, Yen! Focus!

Cautious, she snuck into the church through the back door she’d found. This church looked like a normal cathedral but she didn’t trust first impressions. No more than she trusted the

rest of this seemingly ordinary plane. This was still demon territory. And even in this first room, she learned her paranoia was well placed.

This was not the store room of a church, it was the store room of a bondage dungeon. All arranged with religious reverence. Intermingled scents of old sex and new incense mixed in the air. Thick misshapen rubber dildos sat on racks on the walls like swords. Chains and straps and other restraints hung from the ceiling. Lit by stained glass windows whose multicolored light colored in thick dust motes.

Yen pushed on into the main chamber. If this church was anything like the ones built by the Cult of the Eternal Fire, then all she had to do was take that door north. As she crept along a tapestry showing women being hung by ropes over a pit of tentacles, she kept low to the ground, easier said than done. These new tits were heavy, she felt like she was going to keel forward and faceplant any second. But she didn't dare touch them, lest she spark another furious masturbation session.

She crept into the nave and saw a sight that would have given any inquisitor of that ignorant cult a coronary. Rows of pews faced not a bonfire in a brazier but an enormous stage. Raised all the better to show the ghosts of pain-loving-depravities past. BdsM machines of every kind lay empty. Open but well-oiled, beckoning, hungry to capture new victims.

Nobody sat in the pews, but the masturbation machines built into their seats lay at the ready like textured silicone antlions. Poised to clamp onto the crotches of any churchgoers who sat on them.

But it was the *thing* on the stage that turned her blood to ice. It could have been a man, after some imagination. But it was too gaunt and its head was too tall. It was not merely wearing a leather parody of a priest's frock; the frock was its skin. Yen's magic felt that the demon was leather to the bones, leather and *tentacles*.

Yennefer didn't bother with her lightning, it had already failed her twice. Instead she charmed herself with invisibility and slunk catlike up to the priest demon's skinny back. All she had to do was grab that big dick from behind and milk all the energy out. Easy.

“Good evening, witch.”

...fuck.

Fleshy leather straps writhed in Innodem’s shadow and then struck like snakes. Yen had no time to blast them. She screamed in fury once and then flew into the sex swing. Ass parked on its padded cushion while the straps pulled her limbs overhead and manacled them to the frame. Innodem approached her like an official, upright with hands folded behind his back. As if he *didn’t* have twelve inches of red cockmeat jutting from his hips like a torpedo.

Yen held in a gasp when its slick weight slapped onto her flat stomach. Its tip prodded the bottom of her left breast. Pushed it up to her shoulder. Innodem narrowed his six eyes and hissed his disapproval between knifelike teeth.

“Plastic, disgusting.” He plunged two fingers into her churning cunt. The same warty silicone texture covering the pew’s traps also lined his hands. They abraded her insides and plunged deeper than they should have been able to. She felt his middle finger hit her cervix.

“And you cut out your womb to make space for a glorified sex toy.” Innodem slapped the offending tit. Yen bit down on a moan and a squeal. “Why have you done this? To increase your own pleasure?”

Yen’s face burned. “Spare me your judgment, you sexist pig!

“I shall do no such thing.” Innodem dragged his long implement down her tummy. She felt the leather harness stretched across and along its hardness. Texture enhanced by the straps of studded leather.

*Sq!ch!*

“Ahhhhgfuuuhhhhkyuuuuu—!” Yen’s abs bulged. Twelve inches of harnessed dong stretched her wide.

Innodem grabbed her hair and pulled it to make her look up. To make her see the fresco on the ceiling which shifted to show a picture of her. Barefoot and pregnant and blissful like some domesticated cow! But she was happy, a faceless man—her husband—hugged her from behind while she cooked. Strong hands on her bare belly. The image stung her in places she didn’t like to acknowledge.

“Language, witch. A good wife does not swear.” Innodem’s thrust swung her backward. Inertia dragging her pussy up his long shaft. Only for gravity to bring her pendulum-ing back down his scepter.

“Suck my dick—*ngh...*”

“That is not even biologically possible.” Textured hands gripped and kneaded her enhanced melons. Hands that buzzed and vibrated as if full of bees. “Do these even produce milk? Or do they merely make you cum harder?”

*Squeeze~<3*

“Nnnnggghhhaahhhhhshit...” Yennefer half sobbed, lovely eyes rolling back so far they almost left her skull.

“I suppose that answers that question. Again, language.” *Smack!*

Innodem bounced her with contemptuous ease. Lightheaded she swung back and forth and up and down the self-righteous devil man’s ugly prick. Every time her udders shook into reach he kneaded them again. They multiplied her pleasure even more than Grazz’ohkt had threatened.

The fresco overhead shifted again. Now it showed her joyfully imprisoned in a nun's habit. A form fitting shiny latex one. Squatted like a stripper between Innodem's legs while he preached to his flock. Soft hands gripping his holy member. Bee-stung lips kissing his bloated glans. Domestic bliss could not be her future but service could be. Service to Father Innodem—wait, *Father* Innodem?

Yes.

Father Innodem...

Father...

*Daddy~<3*

...no. There was only one man in the multiverse Yennefer of Vengerberg called daddy! Spite awakened her from her pleasure stupor. Spite and intense images of Geralt and Triss. They'd be eaten alive without her. They needed her. Against her better judgement, Yen embraced her demonic gift. She willed Medeina's gift to awaken. To attack Innodem's big dick.

Innodem doubled over and emitted a noise somewhere between a grunt and a hiss. Hideous face inches from hers. His hips shook against hers.

“What is this, witch? What is this... This *thing* inside you?”

Yen's scornful laugh could've shriveled a minotaur's cock. “Aw, what is it, oh mighty demon? Too used to sticking fat little housewives on your log? Having a little *trouble* with a *real woman~<3?*”

Real woman. She punctuated those words with the hardest squeeze of the hips her demonically enhanced pussy could manage. Yennefer wove a body-changing spell, she grew two more arms and two more legs. All free of the restraints. The straps captured them but not before she locked Innodem balls deep in her molten silk slit. Forced his ugly mug into kissing range of her gorgeous face. Oh, and she grabbed his ass for good measure.

She milked him hard. When he resisted she drove lightning up his ass to forcibly stimulate his prostate. Innodem roared and blew load after accursed load into her. Yennefer absorbed it *all*. She noticed a detail of the fresco. That nun version of her had plump, *plump* lips. Optimized for sucking dick.

So *that* was what Innodem the Wife Maker liked, blowjobs. Yennefer teased him about it. Plumping her lips until they were positively bee-stung. What was left over went to internal upgrades; improvements to the length and strength of her tongue; improvements to the resilience and elasticity of her throat.

When she kissed him her lips smothered his fangs. Coated them in magic so that they would not cut her. Then she drove her long tongue down his throat. Unlike his mighty cock, his mouth was practically virginal. Smooth and weak while the tongue inside was narrow like a proboscis. He was no match for her.

Yen took him for all he was worth. Forced him to cum inside her again and again until he lay sluglike atop her. Spent and spasming still in her pussy but unable to give any more. Only then did Yen swap their positions. A twist of space put him in the swing and her on the outside. Banishing her extra limbs, she rummaged through the back room until she found a vibrating cock ring. This she jammed down the demon priests' holy scepter and forced it to stay erect.

She left him to suffer.

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“Fuck... where is that little bastard?” Triss grunted, back against a tree and with a wad of damp leaves pressed to her cum stuffed pussy. To hold back the flow so the sneaky goblin’s semen didn’t ooze down her legs.

She’d been playing cat and mouse the undergrown shit for hours and not by choice. Smoke the Unseen had jackhammered her fat little pussy twice already and she’d lost most feeling in her legs. God knew what would happen if he got his claws on her ass! Or even her mouth.

Oh god her mouth~<3

Grendel had left her lips sore, and so *big*. She moaned and prodded them. Firmer than they should have been, to maintain their bloatedly sculpted shape. She peered into a puddle to see the damage.

Oh god she looked like a total bimbo! What had she been thinking!?! Those fat pink cock cushions were as thick as her fingers! Curved and resisting her attempt to close her mouth. She had to go out of her way to close her jaw. Lest their elastic force push them apart again. The upper crest of her inflated upper lip had halved the distance between it and her nose. Nobody would take her seriously with lips this absurd! Big boobs were plausibly deniable, they could happen to anyone, but big lips? They just screamed ‘I’m a slut and I love to suck cock.’

Smoke could force her to suck it next. Just drop down on her plant his clawed feet on her shoulders and drive that wrist-thick meatstick of his straight down her gullet—No. No she didn’t want that. Even if he *did* fuck her faster than even Geralt could manage.

Triss pushed on through the undergrowth. She kept her fat ass up against solid objects as much as she could. There were no birds or other animal sounds. Nothing lived in this forest besides some plants. Smoke had fucked them all clear out of his territory.

It was the middle of the day, still, after twelve hours. Apparently there was no night in this plane. But the forest was so huge and old that it *still* cast deep and dark shadows. These shadows were where the king of the forest lived. And lurked and fapped its cursedly big

dick. Apparently a sorceress of ages past had cursed smoke with the 'Hex of the Shillelagh' after catching him in bed with her daughter. The curse had blown up Smoke between the legs until his weapon was 'as long and knotted as a tree branch'. Too much for the sorceress' daughter to enjoy and too much for Smoke's once-civilized brain to survive unbroken.

She almost felt bad for the randy little shit. A branch snapped overhead. Triss caught the sound and hurled a blast of flame skyward. But Smoke still dropped through the blaze. Burtn flesh dissolving into the black gas which was his namesake and then reforming unharmed on the other side.

Triss dove left and Smoke's pendulous appendage penetrated the air where her mouth should have been. Fat ass clapping as she crawled into a shaded clearing. Smoke reformed won the mossy floor, hyperventilating breathe speeding up, body vibrating, another speed burst was coming.

The clearing was empty, there were no rocks to put her back to. Nothing to cover one of her wet and snug ends. She couldn't make it to the treeline in time. With one hand stemming the flow of cum from her pussy, she could only cover one.

Triss offered Smoke her ass. Face down and butt up with her face pretty much in the dirt. Thighs spread to clap her obscene backside in his direction. The grey goblin took the hint, yellow eyes glowing with mischief. *Don't panic*, she told herself. Analyze. Wait for an opening.

Smoke tried to charge into her but shrieked when he entered the patch of sunlight between them. Triss saw him recoil and his vibrations lose their frequency. Grumbling, her tormentor retreated back a step, charged up, and zipped around the sunlight. That was it! He hated the sun—Agh<3!

Twelve inches up her ass in one thrust. Not something a normal girl could enjoy, and Triss only because the last three demons had loosened her up a LOT. Fat grey balls smacked the hand over her pussy. Slow at first but faster and faster, sloshing the semen trapped in there.



“Fucka fucka! Smoke love backpage! Redhead keep backpage clean! Redhead Smoke’s new favorite!”

Thwmmm... *whapwhapwhapwhap!*

Smoke pummeled her so fast his hips blurred. Bounced her bloated glutes like jello balls on a train ride. Triss ate dirt and powered through the bitter taste. Fought all her instincts to resist, to *clench*; she relaxed her lower body. Gave the goblin all the slack he needed to get his rocks off. That would buy her time and—*Nnnnfuhk...*

Triss stifled a moan. Geralt could never know about this. Endure, hold on, Smoke was a quick shot so she just had to let him have his way until he nutted.

“Hng! Hng! HRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!”

Smoke blew his spume inside her a second time. In that tiny breath between escape and tension was an instant of unawareness. Where the demon swayed around still hilted in her butt. Triss sprung her trap. She clenched his sensitive, empty penis as hard as she could. Smoke’s cry had nothing masculine about it and it came with plenty of tears. Triss held him in place with her ass muscles and lit up.

All the fire she had in *every* direction. Tidal waves crashed over the trees and scorched trunks free of their roots. Smoke continued to scream but not because the fire would burn him. Something else would. Triss incinerated all the cover he had, for miles around. By the time it was done, vapor choked everything and blotted out the sun. Skeletal corpses of scorched trees loomed through the gloom.

Then Triss banished the haze; and Smoke greeted the sun. His screams hit a peak and Triss let him pull free. He tried to run but couldn’t muster his power in sunlight. Helpless he thrashed and steamed on the scorched ground. Beaten.

Until relief came in the form of Triss' shadow being cast over him. She was a giantess compared to him, the demon's bald little head bare reached her mid-thigh.

"Um, nice Redhead? Smoke is good demon." Smoke put up his hands in surrender.

"Good demon?" Triss raised an eyebrow, smirking. "Yeah, right. You're mine now."

Triss dropped to her knees and double-fisted his softening member. Charm magic resurrected his erection despite the sensitivity. She milked that big bumpy cock while the hapless molester attached to it flailed and kicked. Triss milked a big load into her mouth and converted ALL its substance into demon energy. Time to balance her figure.

WOOMP!

Her breasts ballooned to their original, glorious size. The tits which had dominated Yen all those months ago. Their familiar weight summoned a heated thrill in her clit. Nipples hard now, she clamped her new tits around Smoke's exhausted member.

Meaty plaps drowned out the goblin's cries for help. Triss tittyfucked load after load down her throat and into her breasts. Pressure and softness increasing with every cumshot until her muscular back hit the maximum of its load bearing capacity. And still she voided his balls several more times; all over his face.

Triss left him emaciated and twitching. Not dead, demons could not die. But it would be days before Smoke found the strength to crawl the dozens of miles to a patch of un-burnt forest.

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Yen and Triss delved deeper into the broken shards of the abyss. Each realm a lewd nightmare ruled over by its very own petty tyrant. Sometimes they won, sometimes they lost but they were always neck and neck.

Triss bound an enormous female balrog named Larkspur in sealing chains and climbed into its sweltering cunt to make it pop. The deluges of juice the infernal giantess secreted mixed with the lava of her volcano kingdom. Adding the cow-titted colossus' scent to the air of her kingdom.

Yennefer submitted to a hideous frankenstein creature with no less than three long trunklike cocks stitched to its groin. Two messed up her insides while the third erupted over her gorgeous front. And erupted and erupted until the dumb brute burned all its own stamina. She clung on to the end and walked away victorious.

An entire flock of demonic eagle men gangbanged Triss two thousand feet in the air. Clutched by the thighs in their clawed hind legs, struggling to properly roll her hips while a ground of rocky spikes wheeled miles below. Dizzy but determined she persevered even when the twisted bastards tossed her amongst them. From claw to claw and cock to gnarly veiny cock.

Yen got slimed. There was no other word for it. Her next opponent was the plane itself. A living ocean of multi-colored hot muck that sucked her into its depths. A hastily conjured air bubble over her nose and mouth saved her from drowning. But that couldn't save her nipples or her other two wet holes from the filthiest of filthy tickling.

Over time their victories outweighed their defeats. Energy bent toward undoing the most humiliating and debilitating 'upgrades'—neither woman could walk with tits the size of beer barrels kegs—and then perfecting their already gorgeous figures. Caricatured hourglass parodies of the female form so sexualized they would give the average rag journalist an aneurysm.

And when their tits and glutes could not grow anymore, their lips could be no plumper without ruining their speech and their waists could be no thinner and their legs no more sculpted. Their excess beauty spilled into auras of pure desire. Jaded dull eyes turned saintly and expressive. They almost glowed with beauty and lustful-come-hithers. The best of both worlds between a supermodel and a pornstar.

But they were not some distant idols confined to a magazine page. They were right there, in front of you. Breathless and gasping and begging to be grabbed. To be cradled and penetrated and kissed and fucked and fuck and fucked...

Until there was no strength left. Only aches and sweet exhaustion. A long slumber sandwiched between the most beautiful women in the world. Naked and touch-hungry~<3

This was what they had become. Barely human and built for glamorous sex. Addicted to long hip-rocking orgasms and eager for a man willing to slake them.

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Triss staggered through the portal. Exhausted and barely upright she fell into Heart of Fire's throne room. She may have lost to Larkspur but she had survived. Blearily she cracked open her eyes to see her score. Two losses and eighteen wins. Yennefer had the exact same score.

She didn't notice her rival flop on top of her at first. Not until her firmer breasts squished her fleshier set up to her chin.

"Hi." Yennefer panted. Too tired to be bitchy.

"Hi yourself." Triss said. "We tied, didn't we?"

Yennefer glanced at her score. "Fuck, apparently. What does that mean?"

"I dunno. I thought I had you when I sicced Innodem on your slutty ass."

Yennefer laughed, then winced. "The creep deserved it. I hope those shocks burned out the nerves in his dick—Ow ow, fuck. Laughing hurts."

"Where?" Triss stroked her rival's side. She winced.

"Ribs. I think that balrog cracked one."

"Here." Triss pressed a warm hand to her bruise. "It won't fix it but it'll heal you faster."

"Thanks." Yennefer rolled off her. Fattened breasts wobbling on her chest. Breathing labored from their weight. "What the hell happened with Smoke? I didn't think anyone could dominate him."

“I burned his forest down.” Triss shrugged. “After that he had nowhere to hide.”

“Well it’s about time somebody torched it! Sneaky little prick.”

With labored breaths, both women cleaned each other. Conjuring water their heads to douse themselves clean. Pornographic bodies swelled up to the very limits a human body could support. Their naked crawlings and scrubbing of each other caused a veritable buffet of swaying breasts and bouncing butts. And plump shiny lips drifting dangerously close...

But then a broken groan pulled them apart. The sound of a man who a woman beyond imagination had *utterly* devoured.

“Geralt!” Triss and Yennefer half ran and half stumbled to the throne, fatigue forgotten. Heart of Fire was nowhere to be seen.

Their beloved stud lay broken on the throne. Heart of Fire’s scent had soaked into his skin. His great bloated wreck of an organ laid across his thigh like an obese python. Salivating precum despite the thorough draining it’d suffered.

“Geralt, baby? Speak to me!” Triss shook his shoulders. “Come on. You’re in there, you have to be.”

Yennefer slapped him. “Don’t you dare give up on me! Say something! Anything! Call me a whore if you want!” Her forehead touched his. “Please...”

“Aw, how sweet. The sluts really are nice girls after all.” Heart of Fire clasped her hands.

Both women whirled on her and attacked. Lightning and fire washed over creamy skin. Hexes and curses—the most vile they could conjure—hailed after those. Multicolored raindrops which spattered off Heart of Fire.

“So cute~” Heart of Fire waved her hand. Unseen forces drove Triss and Yennefer to their knees. “It’s funny when you think about it. You two were so focused on fighting over your precious man toy, you didn’t notice me moving in.”

Yennefer fought to raise her head. The glare she shot the succubus could have killed a man. “You infernal skank. When I get my hands on you I’ll—”

Clap. Yennefer’s mouth disappeared. “Yes yes, I’m sure. You’re both missing the point. After all this fuss about marking this man’s cock as your territory. Well, I just had to see what was so great about him.”

Heart of Fire drifted past them and cupped their beloved Geralt’s beaten-soft penis with both silken hands. He groaned, too sore to enjoy the touch but also too weak to pull away.

“Quite the natural talent I must say. Especially when trained up to *my* standards~<3” She smirked over her shoulder at them. “I’m afraid I did ruin him for normal women, though. He’ll need both of you to satisfy of his... *needs* from now on.”

Heart of Fire began to dissolve around the edges. By the time she let her rivals up—and returned Yennefer’s mouth—she was nothing but a gorgeous mouth and a pair of slitted emerald eyes. She blew them a kiss.

“Keep him warm for me~<3”

A portal appeared where she had stood. Triss and Yennefer looked at each other and then at the man whom their rivalry had almost broken. ...In a roundabout way. No more words were exchanged because they both understood that something needed to change, for his

sake. Together they helped him stand. His powerful body hung between them. Geralt could walk after a fashion but he was not coherent.

Neither woman knew which of them said 'Stay with us.' But it didn't matter; they both meant it.