

*16 days after Frieren's corruption,
the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells.*

“Mppph! Mmm! Mmmm! **Shoooo ghuddd!**” Frieren bounced atop a bed of writhing tentacles. Whenever Puck was busy—recently the dungeon’s de facto master had so often been busy—Frieren joined the other mana batteries in the core chamber and nourished the dungeon with her bottomless magical power.

Once, the brain-drained elf had voiced a rare thought to her proto-demon master. “**Like**, if my mana keeps getting smaller, ‘**cuz** I keep getting dumber, won’t I, **like**, **totally** run out?” Puck had smiled at her and she had blushed with pride as she eagerly returned to his blowjob.

“Don’t you worry about that one bit,” he had told her. As always, Frieren followed his command rigorously—no sooner had he said it than the worry slipped from her mind, never to return again. But being a kind, dutiful, and indulgent master Puck went on to explain: “When’s the last time you checked your earrings? No, no, not now, keep sucking, you bimbo.” She did. “The earrings are smart—smarter than a bimbo like you, anyway. They skim a little magic off the top whenever you cast a spell and use that to strengthen their own effects. What you give up in capacity you get back in regeneration.” He saw the confused look in her clouded eyes and treated Frieren to his awesome patronizing smile. “You can’t cast big expensive spells, but you’ll never run out of mana and you can cast a bunch of small dumb ones.”

That had made her so happy. Especially since all the bimbo magic she was learning was super cheap! She could cast as much as she wanted and never ever run out of mana! It was every mage’s dream. There was even a line in her grimoire that said something about mana costs reducing in proportion to her Intelligence. But she didn’t really pay attention to *why* her **yummy** new spells were so inexpensive.

Frieren wasn’t much of a reader.

She was an excellent mana battery, though. Her output outstripped all the other women the dungeon had enslaved, even after she had used her magic to make them dumber and more productive. Frieren glanced over the others as she deepthroated a tentacle and wished it were Puck. Fat tits, fat asses, dreamy smiles. Frieren had spent the last. . . however long, tweaking their bodies and their minds with her new spellbook. Making the dungeon’s small crowd of captive mana batteries perkier, prettier, and more and more and more **jiggly** until the dungeon’s heart was full of moaning, mewling, sex-addicted bimbos.

Just like her!

Frieren giggled, proud of the work she'd done. But she wasn't one to content herself with past accomplishments, so she focused on attending to her tentacle bed. She was slick with her favorite aphrodisiac slime—she loved how glossy and smooth it kept her skin, and how she was never *not* horny thanks to constant exposure to the potent drug. Tentacles writhed beneath her indestructible leotard—they *loved* the pressure in there, and Frieren loved how they felt against her bare flesh, and *super* loved when the tentacles slid between her huge boobs and tittyfucked her. Or when they latched onto her perverted nipples and—

“Cummingcummingcummingcummingcumming!”

Like that. Nipplegasms were one of her favorite ways to get off. Puck played a game with her sometimes when she was on secretary duty—that's what he called it when he made her follow him around the dungeon as he checked on things and didn't have sex with her. She thought he liked watching her get more and more desperate for sex, and he played the game by accidentally flicking his tail against her perverted nipples every so often. He said it was accidental, but he'd keep doing it until she eventually came, and then he'd gloat over how easy she was and she'd cum again just from his nasty looks. Puck made her cum a lot.

“Ohhhhhnnnn! Ohyoooooooooooo!”

So did the tentacles. Frieren felt like most of the time she spent awake she spent cumming, and that was really great. Frieren liked cumming. Cumming was like magic, or magic was like cumming. She tended to do the two together. They had become rather inextricable, which was also really great. Her two favorite things were practically just one favorite thing!

But her job wasn't just to squeal and moan and cum lots. She needed to make the tentacles feel good too. That helped, *like*, increase the mana absorption rate *or whatever*. Puck had talked about it once but Frieren hadn't really been listening. He had asked for a buttjob and she was still practicing those so she had devoted most of her attention to throwing it back really hard and good.

She had gotten so much better at buttjobs since then, so now whenever a big fat tentacle wedged itself between her cheeks she knew *just* how to move her hips. A big fat tentacle chose that moment to wedge itself between her cheeks and so Frieren showed off. Rather than move straight up and down, she knew to incorporate lateral movement as well—a heart-shaped figure eight was the very best way to jerk off tentacle cocks with her big butt.

Though, realistically, with an ass like hers she could move it any way she wanted. Her huge round ass was *designed* for milking cocks—just like her lips, tits, thighs, hands, armpits, elbows, all of her. Frieren took pride in her status as the dungeon’s top dick milker and she practically purred with satisfaction when the tentacle sprayed her back with a wonderfully thick and potent deluge of aphrodisiac slime. Smaller tentacles rubbed it in and Frieren convulsed—fresh slime ejaculate was so much *stronger* than the stuff they oozed passively. It made every successful dickmilking a reward and had turned Frieren into a total cum junkie.

Her throat, pussy, and ass tightened around the tentacle cocks enjoying each and her hands pumped the tentacles impatiently waiting their turn with increased urgency. Frieren was good at her job, and soon she was completely soaked with fresh tentacle cum, inside and out. Her eyes—always dull and cloudy—assumed a far-off look and a satisfied smile spread across her lips, even as she continued to bounce her hips and bob her head and pump her hands. Just because she was cumdrunk didn’t mean she was going to work any less hard for the dungeon. For Puck.

*31 days after Frieren’s corruption,
the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells.*

“Shlurp! Shrrhlurp! Shrrrlurp!” Frieren was again bouncing atop a bed of tentacles. It was Fellatio Day (she had decided) and so she was working to polish her blowjob skills to the max. Tentacles were ideal training partners—the corkscrew phallus she slobbered on proved a challenging and rewarding test of her abilities. Frieren constantly adjusted the tightness of her lips to maintain a prefect vacuum seal while her tongue got lost in the tentacle’s grooves, flicking and stroking the twisted flesh to get it to cum even just a few seconds faster.

She was hollow cheeked and breathing heavily through her nose when Puck entered the dungeon’s heart. Frieren gave an excited snuffle; Puck signaled for her to continue. The tentacles were excited too and they squeezed, groped, and fucked Frieren so enthusiastically she nearly let the member in her mouth escape—the elf looked like a fish caught on a line as she chased after it, her head jerking back and forth as she struggled to regain proper blowjob form.

The tentacles finished first, coating Frieren in another layer of brain frying, skin luxuriating slime. Frieren came after, moaning softly as she rubbed the lotion in. She paid special attention to her thick, creamy thighs.

“Kehehe. Good work, bimbo.”

“**Thaaaaanks**.” Her voice always pitched up when she spoke to Puck. She never meant to, it just sorta happened. She did mean to exaggerate how she gripped and squeezed her chest—her indestructible leotard was highly absorbent, and once saturated allowed for a slow, measured release of aphrodisiac slime onto her tits that kept her nipples pert and stiff for the whole day. Frieren knew Puck loved how her huge dumb tits looked in her leotard, and she knew just how to heft and shake them to get him in the mood.

“I have a special mission for you,” Puck said, disappointing Frieren. Unless that special mission was getting tittyfucked super good by a proto-demon, she wasn’t interested!

She didn’t say that out loud, though. Instead, Frieren made kissy faces and asked, “What kinda mission, Master?” Maybe if she agreed with him like she always did he’d tittyfuck her after.

“I want another magical battery. A high-quality one, such as yourself. Any ideas?”

“**Umm**,” Frieren wasn’t really following along. She was massaging her tits and staring at Puck’s cock, willing it to get hard from her stupid huge boobs. She arched her back to make her boobs stick out more and thumbed her nipples to show how hard they were. She was rewarded with a mouthwatering throb. “I dunno. . .” she trailed off.

Puck smirked. “What if I said I won’t fuck you—or let you fuck the tentacles—until you come up with an answer?”

“Fern!” was Frieren’s instant and embarrassingly desperate reply. “You can have Fern! She’s my, **um**, apprentice or disciple or whatever. She’s just a human but she’s really good at magic! Not as good as me but she’d be a way better battery than the others I promise!” She was staring wide-eyed at Puck’s stiffening dick, as he would take it away and she’d never see it again.

“You never mentioned having an apprentice,” Puck observed. He knew about Fern—had known about her ever since the dungeon stuck tentacles in Frieren’s head and read her mind—but it was fun to screw with cock-addicted bimbos. “Were you hiding her from me?”

“No!” Frieren protested, panicking. She drew herself into a formal squat with her thighs spread so Puck could see her dripping crotch. “No I swear I would never— The thought just

never crossed my mind— You know I would never keep anything from you, Master!” she whined, like a disciplined puppy.

“You expect me to believe that you’re so stupid you forgot all about your precious student?” Puck asked, hand on cocked hip. He didn’t sound convinced.

But Frieren saw the angle she could work. She scooped up all the pink fog in her head and squeezed it, compressed it until it became a dense pink pill. She swallowed the pill and let the pink take over.

“I mean, I’m just **soooooo stupid!**” She giggled. “I’m just, like, a **big dumb bimbo** who can’t think about anything other than demon cocks!” She made a ring with her fingers and enthusiastically pantomimed fellatio. “I’m just a **brainless bimbo mage** who spends all her time sucking and fucking! Of course I forgot all about my student! How could I think of anything else!”

The best part was she wasn’t even lying!

“You’ll like her, Master! Fern’s got, **like**, these **stupid huge boobs**. I swear she must be **part cow** or something. I mean, I’m bigger *now*”—Frieren bounced her massive rack for emphasis—“but you did to Fern what you did to me she’d be enormous. **Titanic!** And then you can have the tentacles fuck her too and she’ll give so much mana I promise, Master! I’m so sorry I didn’t think of this sooner!”

Frieren dropped open her mouth and stuck out her tongue in apology. Her dull, unintelligent green eyes sparkled with tears of contrition. Even her eternally grabby hands were still, balled into fists resting atop her thighs.

“I forgive you,” Puck said, allowing Frieren to begin her reconciliatory blowjob. She did her best to keep her wet slurping sounds as quiet as she could—Puck wouldn’t want to have to speak over her just as they were making up. “But you’re mistaken about one thing, bimbo. I won’t be doing anything to your student.” Frieren gagged a question, and Puck answered. “She’s your responsibility, Frieren. That’s your special mission: to find your apprentice, subvert and disarm her, then bring her back to the dungeon.”

“Buh!” Frieren pulled Puck’s dick out of her mouth, then spoke again. “But Master, I can’t leave the dungeon! I have to supply my mana!” She peppered his length with kisses between breaths.

“Kehehe. Don’t overestimate yourself, bimbo. This dungeon existed without your mana before, and it will exist just fine without it while you’re away. Though you *will* return, and bring a new mana battery along with you.”

“**Hyes!**” Frieren squeaked, trying to disguise the fact she was getting off huffing his scent. If she was getting sent away she needed to memorize it *now*.

“Good. I’ll see that you’re properly equipped. You go out, you capture Fern, you return. Is that clear? No detours, no distractions.”

“I understand, Master,” Frieren gasped out on the edge of hyperventilation.

*44 days after Frieren’s corruption,
the remote township of Ulm.*

Fern was worried. Miss Frieren had always been prone to wandering off, and while Fern understood her concept of time was skewed by her longevity, it had been over a month! Nearly two! There was a limit to how much Miss Frieren could wander before Fern’s feelings were hurt.

Fern was worried, but not for Miss Frieren’s safety. She understood better than anyone still living that while her teacher might oversleep in the morning, or overpay for a cheap inn room, or get sidetracked for nearly a month and a half by something seemingly inconsequential, Miss Frieren was reliable in her own way. She was an expert mage, and possessed of a wisdom befitting her age—even if Miss Frieren was clueless when it came to love.

Fern was worried that Miss Frieren had forgotten her—or at least forgotten how much faster time moved for a human. She might consider herself taking but a short detour, but Fern had felt every one of the forty-four days they’d been apart, starting on the day she woke up to find a note from her teacher.

Off to scout out a dungeon. Rare magic. Might be dangerous. Could be a learning opportunity. Wait there for me.

Fern knew her teacher well enough to read between the lines—Miss Frieren had heard of some rare new magic and went chasing after its source. Fern was upset her teacher hadn't thought her strong enough to bring along.

When was Miss Frieren going to stop treating her like some sort of kid! "I'm already twenty," she grumbled. She looked around the inn room—Ulm was a small town with small town accommodations. Two beds, one of which had gone unused save as a place for Fern to lay her and Miss Frieren's trunks. Little else decorated the sparse room.

Money was no issue—Fern insisted Miss Frieren let her hold the majority of their traveling funds in case of a situation exactly as this. She had money enough to stay in Ulm for years if she needed to, but Fern had begun to worry that years might not be enough. If Miss Frieren had grown distracted—if she had conquered the dungeon and set herself to testing the new magic she had discovered—Fern could wind up spending a decade in Ulm, waiting on Miss Frieren's return.

Fern trusted her teacher, but she also knew her. If Miss Frieren hadn't yet returned, it was Fern's duty to track her down.

Just as Fern finalized her decision to leave Ulm in search of the stray Miss Frieren, she heard a commotion from the town commons. Without a window in her cheap inn room to peer out of Fern could only hear it—a voice raised in agitation, or maybe surprise, as well as another calmer, slower, airier speaker.

Fern could do Ulm a good deed before she set off. Fern grabbed her and Miss Frieren's suitcases and tromped down the stairs, intending to mediate whatever small-town dispute had sprung up.

"I said lay off, lady! I'm married!"

"C'mon, don't be such a prude! You can, like, just ask your wife to join in!"

One of the villagers was being accosted. Fern recognized the man—he owned one of the outlying farms and had tried on more than one occasion to give Fern free vegetables from his harvest. She had acknowledged his generosity but insisted she pay a fair amount for the ingredients—she would later give them to the innkeeper and they would feature in that night's dinner. He was a good man, if pushy.

The woman pushing herself onto him was hard to describe. Fern couldn't in good faith call her unattractive, but what she was was an exaggeration of femininity so intense that she shot past conventional beauty standards entirely.

For starters, she was chesty enough to make Fern look flat in comparison. Even from behind Fern could see the woman's boobs bounce and wobble exaggeratedly as the farmer fended her off. And, from behind, Fern had no choice but to ogle the woman's absurd ass. It was a peach at the height of ripeness, huge and jiggly. The woman's strange clothing did nothing to hide its bloated shape—her black pantyhose were striated with runs from merely attempting to cover the vast surface area of her ass and impractical thickness of her thighs.

The woman's hairstyle reminded Fern of her master—though again, this woman was such a caricature that comparisons to real women ultimately fell flat. Her white twintails reminded Fern of Miss Frieren—but even they were too long and too poofy to properly match her master's cute hairdo.

Even the woman's earrings were like an exaggeration—of specifically Miss Frieren's own. Fern's teacher preferred a pair of slender red cylinders, but this woman had gaudy pink globes dangling from her elven ears.

Dangling from her *what* ears?

"Miss Frieren?" Fern blurted out. The face that spun at the sound of her voice and smiled confirmed her worst fears.

"Fern! I've been looking all over for you! Where did you go, silly!" Frieren tossed her staff to the ground—Fern hadn't even noticed the dead giveaway, she had been so distracted by Miss Frieren's curves—and bounded over to her student, wrapping Fern in a warm and utterly inappropriate hug.

"Miss Frieren, I—"

"I missed you soooooo much Fern you have no idea!" Frieren gushed, swinging Fern this way and that and finally jumping up to wrap her legs around Fern's waist. Miss Frieren was *heavy*. Fern couldn't decide where was safe to touch her—Miss Frieren's body was soft everywhere and no matter where Fern placed her hands it felt naughty. Miss Frieren didn't seem to mind at all. "Gimme a kiss, Fern! Gimme a welcome back kiss!" Not waiting for Fern's response, Frieren peppered her apprentice with sloppy smooches—even her lips were exaggerated, huge plump kissers optimized for. . . tasks other than speaking.

“Miss Frie—Mmph!” Frieren found her lips at last and muffled Fern with a troublingly skilled kiss. Fern was no prude, as Miss Frieren had accused the farmer of being, and she knew the difference between a childish kiss and an adult kiss.

With Miss Frieren forcing her tongue into her mouth Fern knew this was a high-level adult kiss. There was no avenue for escape, not with Miss Frieren hanging off her—doubly not when Miss Frieren grabbed the back of her head. Miss Frieren did something *incredible* with her tongue and Fern’s wide-eyed protests turned to nothing more than inarticulate moans. She gave up looking for somewhere she could safely touch her teacher and let her arms fall limp and useless to her sides.

It wasn’t the worst way to be reunited.

“Miss Frieren, what happened?” After twenty-five minutes of welcome-back kisses Fern’s legs gave out and Frieren finally seemed to realize that the village square wasn’t the best space for the sort of affection she was lavishing on her student. Fern had apologized to the farmer (who was more confused than upset) and pulled her teacher up to their inn room to debrief.

So much for setting out.

“What do you mean?” She sat on her bed, and Fern on hers, though more accurately Miss Frieren sat atop her enormous ass. She was so much shorter than Fern standing, but sitting like this she appeared a full head taller. Miss Frieren’s face had changed, more subtly than her body but it *had* changed, and Fern was trying to take note of all the differences.

Miss Frieren’s lips were the most obvious—nothing subtle about her fat pursed lips, and Fern had already grown *intimately* familiar with how they’d changed. Her eyes, which were normally cool and calculating, were unfocused and cloudy, having dulled from clear jade to oxidized copper. Miss Frieren was prettier, Fern decided. Not that she had been unattractive—if anything Miss Frieren was a rare beauty, but even she had had slight imperfections like anyone else.

No longer. She was gorgeous. And she was confused. “Fern, what do you mean, ‘What happened?’ Did something bad happen while I was gone?” Miss Frieren leaned forward and her

boobs brushed against Fern's leg. She had been focusing on Miss Frieren's face to document the changes there, yes, but also to be polite. If Fern stopped being polite she'd let her eyes drop down to Miss Frieren's massive chest and there they would stay for the rest of the debrief. Miss Frieren had traded her fashionable cloak, shirt, and skirt for a white-and-gold. . . something that Fern couldn't quite name. It looked almost like one of the bathing suits popular among aristocrats in the Coastal City. Swimsuits, they called them. Like a white-and-gold swimsuit with a severe cut that left Miss Frieren's wide hips uncovered (save by sheer pantyhose) and her breasts shaped into perky perfection.

Perky perfection Fern tried her best to ignore as she answered. "What happened to you, Miss Frieren? You've changed so much! I could hardly recognize you at first."

"Whaaat? Really?" Miss Frieren covered her mouth in shock. "It's not like I was even gone that long! And you almost forgot what I looked like?" Her dull eyes grew misty.

"Miss Frieren!" Fern protested. "You've changed! Physically! You don't look like you used to! You have breasts! Breasts! Why are you pretending like I wouldn't notice!" She didn't mean to shout.

"Oh. **Ehe**," Miss Frieren giggled guiltily. "I don't know what you mean Fern, I'm just like I've always been," she said, suddenly very interested in the wood grain patterns on the wall. Puffy as they were, her lips still managed the wobbly smile Fern knew well, and even weighed down by her new earrings Miss Frieren's ears still wagged playfully. "Boobs? You know I've always had boobs," she giggled again. Her back arched—as if merely acknowledging her chest filled her with a need to show off her huge breasts.

"Miss Frieren," Fern said slowly, with a sharp edge. "Please tell me what happened to you. Is this the magic you discovered? Did you use it to change your body?"

"Yeah, that! **Totally** that!" Miss Frieren latched onto the explanation too enthusiastically for Fern to believe it outright. Her teacher wasn't telling the whole truth. "Yeah, I found this grimoire of spells and it had all these cool spells in it so I cast the spells on myself and yeah!"

"Miss Frieren."

She gulped.

"Do you expect me to believe that?" Fern didn't want to do it but Miss Frieren wasn't giving her much of a choice—she pinched one of Miss Frieren's conspicuously thick nipples.

“**Kahyun!**” was Miss Frieren’s unintelligible reply. Fern marveled at how her whole body straightened and stiffened at a single touch. She wasn’t being very rough.

“Miss Frieren, please tell me what *really* happened.” She didn’t try to escape Fern’s fingers—Miss Frieren actually leaned *into* them with startling enthusiasm. Fern’s hand disappeared.

“Not my nipples! They’re so super sensitive,” Miss Frieren *moaned* and grabbed Fern’s other hand, holding her palm against tits, guiding her fingers to Frieren’s free nipple.

It was not the effective interrogation technique Fern had hoped it would be. She decided to change tacks.

“Miss Frieren, tell me what happened to you or I’ll *never* touch your nipples again.”

Mortified, her teacher began to tell the story.

“So, you were changed by this imp?”

“Master Puck, yep!”

“In the dungeon you went to explore.”

“Mhmm! The Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells.”

“And this imp—”

“Master Puck!”

“—sent you out to capture me and bring me back to this same dungeon, to turn me into a—”

“Bimbo like me, yup!”

“And are you going to do that, Miss Frieren?” Fern wouldn’t have believed such an outlandish story if the supporting evidence weren’t sitting on the bed opposite her. It was something out of the cheap pamphlets she sometimes saw sold in the Holy City. A tawdry and inappropriate story that didn’t match her cool and competent master at all. “Are you going to turn me into a bimbo like you?”

To her credit, Miss Frieren looked conflicted. “I mean,” she started weakly. “It’s really not bad at all! It’s kinda awesome, actually! I’ve never had more fun in more than a thousand years!” She smiled awkwardly. Fern didn’t smile back. “And Master Puck ordered me to, so. . .”

Fern reached for her staff but Miss Frieren surprised her. She reached into a coinpurse that hadn’t been there a second ago and pulled out a dull gold rectangle and a small wooden mallet.

“I’m really sorry, Fern!” she squeaked, wincing, and struck the rectangle—the elongated bell—with the mallet. It clanged louder than its size suggested.

Tonk.

Fern hesitated. Something about that sound. . .

Frieren held the bell with its open bottom facing Fern and struck it again. It clanged.

Tonk.

Fern stopped moving altogether. It was Frieren who stood up, holding the bell out like a weapon and placing it inches from Fern’s face. She struck it again. It clanged.

Tonk.

Fern’s eyes clouded over. Frieren struck the bell. It clanged.

Tonk.

Fern zoned out.

Frieren paused. Was Fern under? She hunched forward, examining Fern’s face for any signs of awareness. “Fernnnnn?” she asked, prodding her apprentice with the butt of the bell. Fern’s head rolled limply. Her open eyes stared at nothing. “Okay, great! Just like Puck said! Um, so now I should. . .” She had been sucking Puck’s cock when he explained how the bell worked so she only half-remembered. “I need to, **like**, say something, then ring the bell.” That part was easy enough to remember. Say something, ring the bell. “Okayyyyyy! You gotta make sure and listen good, got that Fern? Everything I’m about to tell you is suuuuuper important.”

Tonk.

“Oh, um, so I know you’re listening, make sure to nod after I ring the bell, okay? I tell you something important, I ring the bell, you nod to let me know you got it. Got it?”

Tonk.

Fern nodded.

“Okay perfect! Uh, where to start, where to start. . . Oh, right! Forget everything I said about the dungeon and Master Puck! That was all just some crazy dream you had, and you’ll forget all about it when you wake up.”

Tonk.

“I definitely didn’t go to the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Forbidden Spells and get turned into a bimbo mage by an imp.”

Tonk.

“And I’m definitely not trying to turn you into a bimbo just like me!”

Tonk.

Fern’s head dipped perfectly in time with the bell’s clanging, slipping down then jolting back up like someone fighting off deep, all-consuming sleep. In Fern’s case, she was neither awake nor asleep, but somewhere in-between that made her super susceptible to hypnotic suggestions! Puck had said something like that.

“You think my body is perfectly normal.”

Tonk.

“Wait! No. Cancel that. Um, hold on. You think my body is **super hot** and **totally yummy**. But you don’t think it’s, like, strange or anything! My huge boobs and big butt are super awesome so you aren’t suspicious of them at all!”

Tonk.

Fern nodded, and her blank expression turned Frieren on.

“Actually my hot bod makes you **super horny**! You can’t stop yourself from staring at me and thinking about all kinds of naughty things! You can’t help it, **it’s natural to get horny from a bimbo body like mine!**”

Tonk.

“Okay. Got off track. Made you forget about the dungeon, made you like my body, what else? Oh, right.” Frieren coughed and cleared her throat. “Hm-*hm*! You have to focus on the cowbell.”

Tonk.

“Hearing the cowbell makes you suggestible.”

Tonk.

“You can’t think about anything else when you hear the cowbell.”

Tonk.

“The cowbell makes you docile.”

Tonk.

“The cowbell makes you easy to control.”

Tonk.

“When I ring the cowbell you will return to this trance.”

Tonk.

“When I ring the cowbell its effects will grow stronger.”

Tonk.

“You will not remember anything that happens while entranced.”

Tonk.

Almost done.

“You will not be suspicious of the cowbell.”

Tonk.

“There! That should be good. No nasty surprises.” All that was left was for Frieren to give Fern the command to wake up. She readied the mallet—and stopped, staring at Fern’s blank expression.

She’d done such a good job following Puck’s instructions. She could afford to have a little fun herself, right? She set the cowbell down, careful not to ring it, and opened her magic book. There was one spell she’d been dying to try out—but at the dungeon where she was constantly on tentacle-milking mana battery duty there just weren’t many opportunities to use a spell like this.

“**Dick-Growing Magic! Ahyin!**” The backlash from her Orb Earrings of the Bimbo Mage made her squirm, as always, but an especially strong burst of pleasure radiated out from her crotch. In just a split second Frieren’s clit had engorged and a long thick bulge raged inside her leotard. “Too good! Too good!” Frieren gasped, hopping from one foot to the other while she tried to free her magical dick from its outrageously stimulating confines. Trapped between her soft belly and tight leotard Frieren already felt a strange gurgling coming from her cock. Just in time she pulled her leotard to the side and her dick bounced free.

Bimbo Mage Frieren sprouted a cock!

“Ehehehe. It’s my first time having one of these.” Frieren stroked her dick, in awe of its size. “Is it okay to fantasize about getting fucked by your own dick?” she wondered. Because she was. Frieren was so **bimbo-brained** that the mere sight of a dick flooded her mouth with saliva. Drool leaked unchecked from the corner of her mouth to drip into her breasts. For the very first time in her life Frieren considered having smaller breasts. With her huge boobs in the way she could only see maybe a third of her big juicy cock! She immediately discarded the idea. She had worked *hard* for her big boobs and she wasn’t about to give up an ounce!

Frieren’s dick twitched, reminding her *why* she had it in the first place. Fern was right in front of her, still in a trance, completely defenseless. Her dick twitched again, urging Frieren to pin down that purple slut and breed her. Frieren considered it. She was surprised at how much she *wanted* to do that. She’d only had her dick for a few minutes and already she was dangerously malebrained! “Fuuuuuuuck, that’ll wake her up, though,” Frieren complained, stroking her dick. She needed both hands to really pump it, and with her hips bucking against her handpussies and her boobs shelved atop the V formed by her arms, jerking off was a wobbly full-body endeavor.

Fern’s blank stare only turned her on more. She had no idea her teacher was jerking off to her with a magically grown penis.

“Fuuuuuuck! Fern, you’re so hot! You’re so hot when you’re hypnotized! I wanna fuck you soooooo bad but I can’t ‘cuz it’ll break the spellllll!” Frieren pumped faster. Precum bubbled from her cockhead like lava out a volcano and her hands were a slippery frothy mess as Frieren used her own overflowing desire as lube. “Fuck! Fuck! Fern! Fuck!” She was so close her boobs overshadowed Fern—she saw only her student’s hands laid out on the bed to either side. But she felt Fern’s gentle breath on her cock and that made Frieren stand on the very tips of her toes. “Fuck! I’m sorry, Fern! I’m sorry you have such a naughty teacher! I’m sorry you have a cock-crazy bimbo teacher! Ohgawd! Gonnacyum! Fern I’m gonna cummmmm!” Frieren was helpless to stop her first-ever male orgasm from ripping through her body. Her thighs tensed and trembled. She hunched forward, resting her boobs on Fern’s head. Her tongue lolled out and her eyes rolled back.

It felt like every other part of her was merely accessory to her dick. It did what it wanted and she was just there to assist. She grew lightheaded, on the verge of collapse.

“Itscummingitscummingitscummingitscummingitscummingitscummingg!!!” she groaned, and then she really did collapse; falling forward and pinning Fern to the bed beneath her. She was at risk of suffocating her student but she didn’t think about that at all—Frieren humped Fern’s head in a base breeding frenzy. Frieren was in shock at just *how good* it felt to cum with a penis. Each guilty splurt made her hips buck wildly against Fern’s face, grinding against her delicate, blank features and coating them with a sticky layer of bimbo goo.

“Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh!” There wasn’t enough space for Frieren to fuck Fern’s mouth. She wasn’t fucking *anything*, just dumbly humping her apprentice’s face, marking her with her scent. “Dangerous,” she panted. “Dicks are dangerous! Dicks are too strong! Cumming with a dick is dangerousssss!” Frieren’s ejaculation was finished but she didn’t stop humping. She was already imagining blowing a second load, followed by a third. “I’m gonna get a-dick-teddddd,” she giggled, and promptly passed out.

“Please don’t hate me please don’t hate me please don’t hate me—okay, wake up!”

Tonk.

Fern blinked awake. When had she fallen asleep and for how long had she been out? She remembered talking to Miss Frieren about her trip and then—blank. She was oddly unrested as she sat up and rolled her shoulders. Her hair was a messy bird’s nest and her neck had an awkward ache as if she had slept all wrong or not at all. “Miss Frieren? Did I fall asleep in the middle of our conversation?” Her teacher was tucking something vaguely familiar away in her coin purse, some rectangular thing, and she jerked guiltily at Fern’s question.

“Yeah, you did! You musta been so relieved to have me back,” she said, snapping her purse shut and tucking it away under her leotard. Fern wanted to protest—she had been relieved, yes, but not enough to pass out from it. When would Miss Frieren realize she was made of tougher stuff than that?

Fern wanted to protest, but she got distracted. Miss Frieren’s huge boobs were pretty distracting. Fern knew they were **perfectly normal**, but that didn’t stop her from staring at her master’s **super hot** tits.

“Hey, Fern, you listening?” Miss Frieren snapped her fingers and Fern looked up. How long had she been staring at Miss Frieren’s chest, fantasizing about how heavy it was?

“I’m sorry, Miss Frieren. Did you say something?”

“Yeah, I said we have to head out today. It’s a solid walk back to, um—we have a long journey ahead of us!”

“And where are we going again?” Fern massaged her forehead. There was still some sleep-related fuzziness that hadn’t gone away.

“Oh, you know. It’s, um, a surprise! You’ll know when we get there but, uh, it’s about the journey. Yeah, the journey! We gotta set out today so we can start the journey, and then on the journey we can get where we need to go!”

“That’s. . . if you say so, Miss Frieren.” Fern’s head hurt. She wanted to go back to sleep—she *definitely* didn’t get any good rest last night. “Where we’re going is a surprise, but can you at least tell me our next stop?”

“Oh, sure, that’s easy! We’re going to the bewitching woods!”

Any lingering sleepiness burned away as Fern forced herself to full wakefulness. “Miss Frieren, you cannot be serious. You yourself told me that the bewitching woods should be avoided at all costs. Has something changed?”

A year prior, Fern had heard rumors of the mysterious woods full of magical beasts and asked her teacher if they could go explore there. She still recalled the look of revulsion on Miss Frieren's face as she explained that only fools traveled there. "The bewitching woods are the creation of an evil demon," she had warned Fern. "An evil and perverted demon, whose evil and perversion bled into the very soil of the forest and warped everything living there until they were just as evil and perverted as the demon herself. Stay away from the bewitching woods. Nothing there is worth the time of a mage your caliber." Miss Frieren had said that then.

Now, she contradicted herself. "I mean, doesn't it sound exciting? Who knows what we could find there, right?" She twirled her hair around her finger.

"I refuse."

"Perfect! Then let's get g—huh? You refuse?"

"I refuse, Miss Frieren. Something is wrong and you aren't telling me what. I refuse to go unless you explain why we are headed somewhere you previously warned me against."

"Oh, I did do that, didn't I? Huh. Shucks. Okay, give me juuuuust one moment. Oh, this much probably isn't too good for you, but. . ."

"Miss Frieren?" She was fishing out her coin purse.

"Sorry, Fern, but you're being too stubborn!"

Tonk.

"Aaand wake up!"

Tonk.

"Miss Frieren?" Fern cocked her head to the side. "You were saying?"

"Nothing worth repeating." She snapped her coin purse shut. "So, ready for our trip to the bewitching woods?"

“Truthfully, Miss Frieren, I’m still skeptical,” Fern admitted. Miss Frieren unclasped her purse. “But I trust you.” She reclasped it. “If our journey brings us through the forest it must be for a good reason.”

“That’s right, that’s right!” Frieren nodded emphatically. “I’d never put you in danger. You’re my precious apprentice! We’re only going to the bewitching woods because it’s absolutely necessary. Yup, absolutely necessary! Can I rely on you to pack up our things?”

“Of course, Miss Frieren.”

“Oh but before you do that, I almost forgot!” Miss Frieren rummaged through her purse. “I got you a gift!”

*Fern equipped a **cursed item!***

*60 days after Frieren’s corruption,
the Bewitching Woods.*

Fern adjusted Miss Frieren’s gift for the umpteenth time. The collar was tight around her neck and uncomfortable. She had no idea what the loop in the front was for. “Is this the place, Miss Frieren? The bewitching woods certainly look the part.”

Tall, poisonous-looking beech trees crowded at the forest’s edge, reaching toward them with curling, gangly limbs. The space between the trees was thick with a purplish mist, and the combined effect was that of an enchanted wood where danger lurked beneath every bough.

Which was exactly what it was.

“Woah. Doesn’t it look cool?” Miss Frieren asked, awed. Fern had never seen her awed before—Miss Frieren usually managed a cool “been there, done that” attitude. But, she reminded herself, change in someone as old and experienced as Miss Frieren was a good thing. Their journey together was as much about Miss Frieren’s personal growth as it was her own.

“C’mon, I can’t wait to find out what’s in there! The bewitching woods!” She set off with an excited strut—Miss Frieren seemed incapable of walking any other way.

Calling for caution Fern followed after. “Miss Frieren, please don’t rush on ahead!” In reality, it would be easy to catch up to her teacher—but if she did that, she wouldn’t be able to stare at Miss Frieren’s **totally yummy** ass. Miss Frieren had a way of wiggling it while strutting that did horrible things to Fern.

It certainly made her want to do horrible things to her teacher. Not that she could—or would—act on those desires. She owed Miss Frieren a great deal for teaching her magic and taking her in. Fern knew that viewing her mentor as a sex object was wrong.

But it was so hard not to, especially in those heels.

Before Fern realized, she had followed Miss Frieren’s swaying backside into the forest. The air was damp and claustrophobic and Fern had to duck as a low-hanging branch swiped at her. It hadn’t *moved* but Fern swore there hadn’t been a branch at head height last she checked.

Which, admittedly, had been some time. Miss Frieren’s ass really was distracting.

“Miss Frieren, please slow down. It’s dangerous.”

“Oh, don’t worry so much,” Miss Frieren teased. She didn’t seem bothered by how thick the purplish mist had grown, how it grabbed at her like ghastly hands, how visibility had decreased to a scarce five feet in any direction. She did slow down, however, stopping to dig through her purse while Fern stepped close, carefully watching the mist for any signs of movement. None made themselves apparent to the purple-haired mage. Not that the absence of movement made her any less certain there were teeming creatures hiding just out of sight.

Intuitively, Fern understood that the bewitching woods *knew* they were there.

“Here, if you’re worried, why don’t you test out the gift I gave you?”

“The choker?” Fern said, bemused. She had figured it was just some fashion piece her teacher really wanted her to have. “It’s a magic item?”

“**Like**, duh! Since when do I give gifts that *aren’t* magic, dummy?”

Fern swallowed her initial retort of “Since you got hot.” Instead she asked, “What does the choker do?”

“It’ll be faster to show you.” Frieren attached a glinting trinket to the empty loop on Fern’s collar.

*Fern's **cursed item** activated!*

And explosion of purple mana blinded Fern. The mana licked across her skin like a tepid flame, burning away her clothes but leaving her unharmed. Brilliant purple energy condensed on her chest, arms, legs, and waist. It wove itself into shapes that became increasingly solid until Fern was left to make sense of what she was wearing while the rest of the mana diffused into the mist.

“Miss Frieren, what *is* this?” she asked, struggling to understand how her new outfit was a boon.

“You changed class, silly!”

“Changed class to *what*?”

*Fern changed class to **Bikini Warrior**!*

Attack: +

Swimwear: ++++

Magic: ---

Fern regarded her situation with open dismay. Her nice long jacket and nice white dress were *gone*—chewed up by the magic and replaced with a disjointed ensemble. Her hands had it best, encased in gleaming bronze gauntlets that went up to her elbows. A few experimental flexes proved her dexterity wasn't all that hampered by the heavy armor. They looked sturdy enough to protect her hands and deflect blows.

If only the rest of her wardrobe followed that theme. The boots weren't the worst—Fern had reservations about her ability to move quickly in five-inch heels, but at least they went up to her knees and, similar to the gauntlets, were forged from battle-ready bronze. Fern didn't have to worry about branches scraping up her hands or shins, at least.

It was everywhere else she needed to worry about. The only protection she had for her body was a purple bikini—the same rich dark purple as her hair, but she didn't appreciate the color coordination much as she stood in the middle of a dangerous enchanted forest. There was

bronze worked into the purple swimsuit's top and bottom, but Fern had nothing but doubts for its ability to deflect a direct blow—assuming an attacker chose to target the minor percentage of her pale skin that was actually covered up.

“Miss Frieren, I don't think this is going to help,” Fern said as diplomatically as she could. Was her teacher *stupid*?

“It'll help, I promise! Just summon your weapons!” Miss Frieren giggled as she swung and imaginary sword.

Keeping a carefully neutral expression, Fern mimicked her swing—and to her surprise, with a flash of purple magic, a sword appeared in her hand. She repeated the motion with her off hand and a buckler sprang into existence, belted to her arm. “That's better,” she admitted. “The collar did this?”

“Yup! You probably have the gist of it now, but just for clarity's sake: Identify Magical Item! *Cumming*!”

“Cumm—?”

Class Change Collar (Cursed)

Enables wearer to class change via trinkets

Provides suitable equipment for new classes

All classes become erotic

Unmastered classes have reduced stats

Cannot be unequipped

Forget all but first two lines of effects

“See?” Miss Frieren panted, not from exhaustion, while leaning on her staff.

“I guess I do.” The magic didn't tell her anything she hadn't already surmised for herself: Attaching charms—trinkets, it called them—to her collar allowed her to change class. For the Bikini Warrior, that charm took the form of a small sword pendant. The collar would supply her with equipment—though apparently not *much* equipment. “Maybe it ran out of magic halfway

through?” she wondered. That would make at least a little sense—the class change prioritized giving her a sword and shield, and had run out of energy while generating her armor.

It wasn't a perfect explanation, but she could swallow it.

“Okay, I'm starting to see the upside. Especially if I can combine the warrior's physical power with my magic.” She gave a few more experimental swings, growing more confident. The sword should have been heavy but she handled it with the practiced ease of a knight! In a claustrophobic forest shrouded in mist it was definitely to her advantage to be prepared for close quarters combat. “This is an excellent gift, Miss Frieren. Thank you.”

No response.

Fern looked up and her master was gone.

“Miss Frieren?” she called. “Miss Frieren!” she shouted.

The mist swirled around her ominously.

Frieren hadn't *meant* to leave Fern all alone in the bewitching woods. It was just: while her student was getting used to her new totally awesome class (the contrast between the parts of her that were armored and the parts of her that weren't was **sooooo hot!**) Frieren had noticed this super interesting light bobbing through the mist. She was following it before she realized, stepping over grasping roots and ducking under scratchy branches.

She stumbled onto a path and the roots and the branches withdrew. She had no idea what the light was, exactly. But she didn't need exactness to know that the light was **beautiful** and **amazing** and **she needed to follow it deeper!**

And so she did, strutting down a path that wound its way ever deeper into the bewitching woods.

Bimbo Mage Frieren was entranced!

“Miss Frieren?” Fern expected to have been attacked already. There was nothing subtle about her as she cut her way through the undergrowth. Her sword quickly proved its worth as she made good progress. Dry wood scratched harmlessly against her gauntlets and boots and Fern found she was actually *grateful* for the change in outfit. *My coat would have been full of tears by now*, she reasoned.

When a chill hand of mist caressed her back, Fern reminded herself that she was still vulnerable. “Miss Frieren, why did you have to run off like that?” she grumbled, catching a branch on her shield and pushing past it. Fallen leaves crunched underfoot, the sound echoing flatly through the mist. The feeling she was being watched had grown more intense following Miss Frieren’s disappearance, and constant vigilance was beginning to take its toll on Fern’s psyche.

Every half-formed shape in the murk was a potential enemy. Every curling arm of mist could conceal a much more solid threat—or worse, draw her attention away from the real encroaching danger. Whatever that might be. Fern held her arms close to her body—ready to lash out with her sword or deflect with her shield as the situation called for it.

But as she wandered deeper into the bewitching woods, the lurking danger refused to manifest. Fern’s arms grew tired from constant readiness. The canopy had grown higher—she knew she was headed to the forest’s center. The trees were taller now, with thick trunks and dense foliage. The forest was older than she first realized.

Spotting a clearing and a fallen tree that looked like as good a rest stop as she’d get, Fern decided to take a break. “Just for a moment,” she said to herself as she evaluated the scarred, lichen-crawled bark of the tree trunk. She didn’t enjoy the idea of her bare ass touching the mossy bark, so she unstrapped her buckler and set it down on the trunk, then sat atop it. She stuck her sword in the ground, rested her hands on the pommel, and sighed.

“It’s not much of a bewitching forest, is it. ‘Foggy woods’ might have been a more accurate name. Maybe Miss Frieren was right, and this place really isn’t as dangerous as she said before.” Still, Fern kept her guard up. Danger loved to approach during rest. She kept her ears pricked and head on a swivel, looking for the watchers she knew were out there.

“I just hope Miss Frieren is safe,” Fern said as vines slithered down from the canopy above.

“Heyyy! Wait up!” The bobbing light was moving quickly, pulling Frieren along after it. At some point it had become **absolutely essential to keep staring at the light**, and Frieren nearly sprinted through the woods trying to keep that glowing orb where she could see it.

Frieren only nearly sprinted, as it was unthinkable for her to do anything other than strut with increasing rapidity. She wasn’t built for speed—her huge chest threatened to knock her senseless and her huge ass smacked against itself as she almost-ran through the woods.

It was a miracle she hadn’t tripped.

“I can’t! Run that! Fast!” she panted. Her lungs burned and her hair stuck to her face. As if indulging her, the light slowed, blinking lazily and urging her off of the path into a clearing. Increased proximity to the enchanting light blocked Frieren’s awareness of everything else. She moved automatically, one foot in front of the other, arms outstretched as if to cradle the light to her chest.

Instead she embraced the torso of a creature that towered over her. A creature with no head, but a ruff of undulous flesh that wriggled eagerly as it placed the brilliant flashing orb atop its shoulders. With a squelch the creature’s ruff latched onto the orb, fastening it in place. The light dimmed.

“Oh,” Frieren said dumbly, looking up at the giant creature. It wore the shape of a man—but huge, and broad, with too many muscles where men didn’t have muscles, powerful cables flexing and shifting beneath mottled skin. Its forearms were wider around than her waist, and its legs could easily have passed for tree trunks. It was a hulking monstrosity with an impossibly **alluring globe** in place of a head, and that faceless visage regarded her with alien intelligence.

Bimbo Mage Frieren encountered the Headless Hypnogle!

“Hi,” Frieren said weakly, taking great pains to sloooooowly un-hug the monster and step back—only for giant hands to grab her shoulders and hold her still. Color flickered deep within the globe.

“That’s enough resting. I need to find Miss Frieren so we can. . .” Fern paused. Miss Frieren had never told her what they were *doing* in the bewitching woods. She sighed again, sighed until her lungs were empty and continued to exhale, forcing every last speck of frustration and stress out of her body. She took an explosive breath in, squared her shoulders, clenched then relaxed her hands. “I will find Miss Frieren,” she said resolutely. “I will make her tell me *why* we came to these woods. I will chastise her for wandering off. Then we will accomplish our mission—*whatever* it is—and leave.” Recentered and reinvigorated, Fern kicked off from the fallen tree, grabbed her sword, and turned to retrieve her buckler.

She allowed herself a snicker at the peach-shaped print her butt had left on its surface. She straightened up, tightening the buckler’s straps—and finally realized she was surrounded. Lank vines fell like loose ropes about her, filling the clearing and swinging in a strange, jerky manner that suggested they weren’t really plant life at all.

Fern dipped into a low, ready stance. Her blade, an extension of her arm, flicked out and severed one of the vines. It fell to the forest floor with an angry hiss, squirming like a dying worm. Eventually it curled in on itself and fell still. Fern looked about—the fallen tree was dead center of the clearing, and the shortest route back to the relative safety of the undergrowth was thirty feet.

The vines shivered in agitation. Fern adjusted her grip and made sure her shield was strapped on tight.

Bikini Warrior Fern encountered a horde of ???!

“**Ehe, ehehehe, ehehehehe. Pretty. . .**” Frieren wore a giddy smile. The monstrosity bent at an impossible angle—like an upside-down fish hook—and Frieren craned her neck to stare straight up at the pulsing orb it had in place of a head. Frieren was utterly enthralled by the monster’s photoluminescence. It began as a pinprick of color, right in the center of the orb. Then it grew, expanding outward to the rim in a bright pink band. Then another pinprick, electric green, expanding outward. Then blue. Then yellow. Then pink. Repeating. Growing.

Frieren stared. Drooled. Let the light wash over her. Brilliant waves reflected on her dull eyes. Growing duller as the light grew brighter. Until all signs of independent thought vanished.

Until her irises were flat green disks. Until her pupils dilated to let in more of the brilliant light. Light that poured into her head through her optical nerve.

“Ehehuoh.” Frieren’s jaw hung slack. Her tongue rolled aimlessly in her mouth. Her eyelids fluttered, then forced themselves wide open in fear of blocking off even a single photon of the beautiful light bearing down on her. She strained onto her tip-toes. She didn’t react when something large pressed against her crotch.

The floor was littered with dead, curled-up vines, but for every one Fern cut down, more dropped from their hiding place in the high canopy. She checked her progress—a third of the way to the underbrush, where she hoped rather than knew the vines couldn’t follow her.

They grew more animate for each of their number Fern sliced through. Any vegetal pretense had been discarded—the vines whipped at her like striking vipers and it was all Fern could do to fend them off.

“Ah!” But her guard wasn’t perfect. She was outnumbered, and while she blocked two hissing vines a third snapped at her from her blind spot and landed a solid hit against Fern—by latching onto her right tit. The vine had a toothless mouth like a leech and the strangeness of its touch was so intensely *wrong* that Fern immediately grabbed the creature, folded it over on itself in a U, and sliced it like a rushed sailor cutting free from the dock. The monster gave a small wordless scream as it released its bite and Fern was relieved to have it gone—even as two of its peers honored its death by latching onto her left tit, sucking frantically as if desperate to accomplish some goal. Fern chopped them off in a similar manner before suddenly doubling over.

“What?” she gasped. “My breasts. . . ! So. . . *hot*.”

Bikini Warrior Fern was *poisoned* by the Cattle Creepers!

“Uoh! Oh! Goh! Guoh!” Frieren’s moans were guttural and base, matching her predicament. She had her arms wrapped around her partner’s trunk-like chest, embracing it like a lover. Her legs, in a display of debaucherous flexibility, were hiked not around its waist, but over its shoulders. Frieren hadn’t known she was that flexible until her hunky partner picked her up and posed her that way. The monster wore her like a protective vest—her huge tits pooled against its chest, bulging around and trapping her thighs. As if she would have been able to move if they didn’t.

As if Frieren could do anything other than moan and bounce on the Headless Hypnogra’s dick. She had been the one to guide the swollen purple prick to her pussy, pushing her leotard out of the way and using both hands to line the thing up just right so that when the Hypnogra’s hips twitched it shot all the way inside her and she fell limp.

That was when it placed her ankles over its shoulders and wrapped her arms around its chest. Frieren loved the extra closeness—the orb was now just inches away and the colors came at the same speed as the Hypnogra’s powerful thrusts.

It was like her eyes and her pussy were in perfect sync, each enjoying their own favorite treat: light and cock.

“Guh! Hoh! Uhu! Oho!” The lights grew more intense and the cock tensed and Frieren knew what was coming and welcomed it with open legs and an open mind. “Cum!” she gasped. The first word she’d said since the Hypnogra caught her. “Cumcumcumcumcumcumcumcum,” she chanted like a magical incantation, her voice low and needy. Her body matched her lover’s pace, bucking and twitching awkwardly. She could move only her hips, which was just fine for the hypnotized elf, because her hips were the only part of her that needed to move.

Her meaty ass rippled as she brought it crashing down to meet the monster’s thrust and she moaned. “Haaauuuu!” The pleasure nearly blinded her—a horrifying proposition—but the raw spike of pleasure was a reward worth the risk and Frieren did it again. And again. Despite her absurd pose, she worked her ass feverishly, *obsessively, bringing it down again and again and again and each rippling impact threatened to be the one that overwhelmed her that fried her brain for good but she didn’t stop bringing it down again and again her ass juddering shaking rippling cheeks twitching spasming.*

She giggled like mad. “Cumcumcumcumcumcumcumcum! Cum for meeeeeeeee!”

“Safe. Finally.”

Fern watched the vines fruitlessly writhe in the clearing—a clearing she now realized had been a trap. “Well, I survived your stupid trap,” she grumbled. “And none the worse for wear.” The vines had been breast-obsessed—they never struck her elsewhere, and never struck her hard. By the time she made it to safety Fern had lost count of the number of times the vines had slipped past her guard to suck her breasts. A wave of heat accompanied their “kisses,” but dissipated once she cut them off. They never managed to find her nipples, thankfully, and once they were attached they were easy to dispatch. Hundreds of coiled-up vines littered the clearing floor, proof of Fern’s swordplay.

She checked herself over, and was pleased to see the last of the little red circles indicating a bite was almost completely faded—she really had survived the ambush without so much as a scratch.

Fern was proud of that.

“Now to find Miss Frierie—**haaaah**.” Fern stumbled and steadied herself against a tree. “**H-Hot**,” she panted. Sweat beaded on her forehead. “A fever? How did—the vines,” she said. She dropped her sword—it bounced off the mossy floor with a dull rattle. Fern focused on her breathing, trying to center herself as something seeped into her bloodstream. “Poison,” she guessed. “Or venom? I don’t think those were actual plants.” The distinction didn’t matter. Miss Frieren had taught her poison-cleansing magic—which, despite the name, was effective at cleansing all toxins from the body, regardless of origin.

It was the kind of practical spell Fern liked, something simple and versatile. She recalled the incantation—the cast would be sloppy and inefficient without her staff but she could still manage. She reached out to her mana and chanted:

“Anti-Poison!”

Fern waited for the spell to take effect, for her hand to glow and the venom to be purged from her system. She knew the spell worked—she and Miss Frieren had tested it against everything from spider bites to death caps. The spell functioned on a simple principle—it amplified the body’s immune response, reinforcing key organs and accelerating the natural filtering of toxin from the bloodstream. Simple spells always worked best.

Except this time, nothing happened. The heat wouldn’t dissipate. If anything, it grew worse as she waited. Fern tried again, focusing her magic and carefully intoning the chant.

“Anti-Poison!”

Failed!

The Bikini Warrior class cannot cast spells!

“Why not?” Fern moaned. Her hands were sweaty, but as much as she wanted to peel off her gauntlets she knew better. She had escaped the vines but the forest was not her friend. Careful not to scratch up her back, she sat at the base of the tree and retrieved her sword where it lay. She had never had a fever like this—her body temperature was so high she swore the heat wafting off her bare skin was enough to create steam. The ever-present mist gave her a berth; Fern burning too hot for it to grasp at her as was its prerogative.

“At least this stupid outfit vents heat.” The heat centered on her chest. Fern watched her breasts rise and fall with each juddering breath. She watched sweat drip into her cleavage. She watched her nipples stiffen.

She saw twin wet spots darken her purple bikini top.

“No way,” she exhaled. “No way, no way, no way. They didn’t—”

She had to check. Carefully, with her shield hand, she reached up and pinched a nipple. “**Kyau.**” Milk dribbled onto her stomach. Her other nipple, as if protesting its neglect, squirted milk in sympathy with its twin. The warmth raging through her body flared.

The Cattle Creeper poison grew stronger!

Bikini Warrior Fern began lactating!

“Just what I needed,” Fern complained, but already she was pinching her nipple between gauntleted fingers again. Her toes curled in their boots as more milk spilled through her bikini onto her belly and eventually her thighs. Fern never would have guessed lactating was something that felt *good*. “Maybe,” she murmured, setting her sword aside, “maybe this is how to get the poison out.” She pinched and pulled and twin spurts of white cream drenched her armored knuckles. She bit back a moan. It wasn’t lactating that felt good, she realized.

Getting milked felt good.

“It’s not like I’ll make much progress while the poison’s active,” she rationalized. She pinched again and bit back a moan. “I’d be stupid to try and forge ahead while I’m like this.” She quickly realized she could squeeze out more milk if she squeezed *behind* her nipples and pushed

through them. Like handling a cow's teats. "I just need to get all this—mmmmn—poison out. I'll—hnnn—squeeze out all the poison, then I can look for Miss Frieren. Yeah."

Fern didn't seem to notice how every subsequent pinch, squeeze, and pull produced more milk than the previous.

"I hope Miss Frieren is doing okay on her own. Mhah."

"Nhoooooooooooooh! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Fuck me stupid! Fuck me moronic! Fuck me dumb! Just don't stoppppppppppp!" They hadn't, not for a moment. Frieren was a mess of cum, sweat, and drool. Her leotard and pantyhose were deeply stained—and her pantyhose full of fresh tears. Thank goodness she had indestructible armor.

Thank goodness, also, that her huge ass and fat thighs were the perfect fuck-cushion. The Hypnagre was exploring all the different ways it could fuck a bimbo fleshlight—it was currently taking her from behind, her tiny wrists held in its massive hands. With her back so severely arched, she looked like the figurehead of a pleasure boat—a wanton expression on her face that left no doubt as to how deeply gratifying it was for her to be held aloft and fucked. Her legs dangled uselessly beneath her, swaying like a pair of pendulums as her lover claimed her cunt exhaustively.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Best of all, Frieren felt herself getting dumber with each new position, as if the Hypnagre were carving out her intellect with its cock. It was an incredible relief. In her time away from the dungeon she had felt her intelligence trickling back, and with it awkward thoughts.

Was it really okay for her to sabotage Fern's development? To turn her into a mana battery for Puck like she was? Was it *really* okay for her to prioritize getting her next dick before her next meal? To put sex on a higher pedestal than magic?

With her arms twisted painfully backward and her ass smacking loudly against the Hypnagre's hips, Frieren was elated to know she didn't have to think nasty, complicated thoughts for much longer. Feeding her brain's pleasure center made everything else shrink, malnourished.

It was **amazing**—the better she felt **the better she felt**! On and on and on, forever and ever! All she had to do was make sure she kept getting her brains fucked out by studs and she'd never have to think bad thoughts ever again!

“I can’t—**hahiii**!—wait for Fern—**hoooooh**!—to end up just like me! **Hunhooooooooo**!”

“Can’t wait? That makes two of us.♡”

Frieren stared openmouthed at the figure in front of her.

“My, my, what an *interesting* grimoire.♡ What’s this, hmm? Dick-Growing Magic? What a *wonderful*-sounding spell!♡”

“Just a little more! Just a little more, I’m sure of it.” Despite her thorough efforts, Fern’s milk production had swelled. From thin white spurts, to dripping faucets, to ivory streams, to creamy rivers. Even when she mustered the willpower to keep her fingers off her nipples for a moment, milk continued to flow down her chest. She sat in a puddle—and half expected strange plants to sprout from the ground where her drippings watered the soil. “Why can’t I run out of milk?” she protested loudly.

If it were just the milk, she might have been able to cope. But the venom was still in her system, and her fever still hadn’t subsided. She was covered in sweat and her *smell* hung in the clammy air around her like a counterpart to the forest’s mist. It was a good smell, a strongly feminine smell that Fern herself didn’t detect, even if it alerted every male in a hundred-yard radius.

“This is ridiculous,” she told herself. “I should be searching for Miss Frieren, not—**mmmph**—wasting my time like this. Besides, if the milk isn’t going to stop—**mmmnn**—I have **no choice** but to keep milking myself while I look for her.” The excuse sounded weak, even to her, like something Miss Frieren would say to justify her latest ill-thought-out pursuit. But so what? She was her master’s student.

Standing up without using her hands was awkward—but she managed by putting one foot flat against the tree trunk and pushing *out* while the other pushed up. She ascended shakily and paused. Something about her was a little more *shaky* than usual. “No,” she breathed, looking down with dawning realization. “My boobs were always this big, right?” She wished she could

say it for certain—that her boobs were exactly the same size she had sat down with. But she was too rational to outright lie to herself.

“How heavy were they before?” she wondered, pausing her milking long enough to weigh them in her hands. Fern tried to estimate how much they’d grown—but she couldn’t tell. She hadn’t really been paying attention—was she supposed to have *expected* her boobs to grow after getting poisoned by weird vines?

That seemed unreasonable. But the poison was unreasonable, too, so it’d be consistent if nothing else. “I should probably stop milking myself,” Fern said, finger thoughtfully circling a nipple. That seemed a waste. *Milking felt so good. Fern liked getting milked.* She was stuck in a weird forest and she couldn’t cast any of her spells—surely it wasn’t the worst for her to have *something* she actually enjoyed about her current predicament?

“And maybe,” she muttered, “maybe, my boobs would have grown more if I *hadn’t* been milking myself.” She liked that conclusion a lot more, and immediately sought supporting evidence. “That makes sense. Because if I hadn’t gotten the milk out, where would it have gone? To my tits, obviously. *I need to milk myself or my udders will get bigger.* Yes, yes. I can agree with that. It only makes sense.”

The Cattle Creeper poison grew stronger!

Lactation level up!

Bikini Warrior Fern became delusional!

Relieved to know she had in fact been administering appropriate preventative care the whole time, Fern returned her fingers to her nipples and gave them a guilt-free squeeze. “*Nghooo.* That’s good,” she sighed. The thought she’d have to keep her hands off her tits had made her surprisingly anxious—but with the matter settled Fern was free to work off her stress in her new most favorite way. By pinching, squeezing, and pulling. “*Hooooohh. Nnnnnh. Mmmmmn.*” She kept her voice down; she wasn’t looking for trouble. Her unarmored thighs rubbed together. She was standing, that was enough of an achievement to warrant a short break. She didn’t want to exhaust herself looking for Miss Frieren.

Just a few more squeezes and she’d head out.

Lactation level up!

Now that she was watching for it, Fern saw her breasts swell. No wonder she had missed it at first; it was a surprisingly subtle process. Her breasts grew at the same time she squeezed them—masking the brunt of the change as her boob meat deformed under her grip anyway. But there was no tricking her discerning eye—she was Miss Frieren’s star pupil after all—and Fern watched her breasts grow larger and felt them grow heavier and smothered the voice in the back of her head suggesting her boobs might be growing in response to the stimulus she was providing.

She had already established that things would be worse if she *weren’t* milking herself.

“Ooooooooooh.” Even if she hadn’t been watching her boobs for growth, she’d have noticed it this time—her udders were finally big enough to strain her bikini top and the way the purple strings and purple triangles bit into her flesh was—

“Oooooooooohhhh.”

—hard to put into words. It felt *good*, dangerously good. Fern knew that her breasts growing bigger was a *bad* thing—almost certainly a side-effect of whatever poison was in her system. She should *not* have wanted her boobs to be bigger. But.

“Oooohooooooooooooooooohhhh.”

But it was difficult to construct an argument against how *simply good* her growing breasts made her feel. She swore she felt them *sloshing* with all the extra milk they were producing—she could barely make out the bronze sheen of her gauntlets beneath the milky deluge.

She, of course, began to milk herself with reckless abandon. Her breasts were swelling because she was failing to get the milk out fast enough; if she didn’t increase her pace they’d grow even bigger! Fern’s brow furrowed. She really needed to concentrate or she’d fall behind. Her quiet, intense moans floated through the bewitching woods.

But even amid a burgeoning milky crisis, she needed to search for Miss Frieren. As tempting as it was to stand there and milk the day away, she needed to *get moving*. So she did, staggering through the undergrowth with her hands clamped to her tits, leaving her sword behind, forgotten where it lay.

This was ideal. She could search and milk at the same time. She truly was her master's student.

Lactation level up!

Frieren crawled across the forest floor. The nasty lady perched sidesaddle on her back and held her twintails in one hand like reins. She was humiliated.

“No, no, not that way. To the left, piggy.♡” the nasty lady said, yanking Frieren's head to the left.

“Hyes!”

“And be quick about it.♡” She swatted Frieren's ass and her whole body shuddered.

Frieren was awed by how *amazing* it was to be humiliated! She couldn't keep the satisfied expression off her face—her ears wiggled and her lips curled into a much puffier version of her cat's smile.

“I said be quick, you fat pig.♡” She spanked her again, and the bimbo snorted with pleasure. The nasty lady's words were so scornful, but Frieren knew she was smiling, too. The nasty lady was always smiling—and that was great, because she had an awesome smile! Mischievous, alluring, mysterious, it was the kind of smile could bring a woman to her knees.

Which had been exactly what happened! Or close enough—Frieren had crumpled to the ground when the Hypnogle was finished with her, a twitching, insensate mess. Just as she'd been about to get up, though, the nasty lady cast her spell—her, *Frieren's*, spell!

Her cock jumped at the memory. She wanted so badly to just stop everything and jerk herself off. Just for a little bit! The nasty lady's version of the spell gave her balls this time and they were *so full*! They really ratcheted up her production—glossy precum spurted near-constantly from her dick tip as she pawed her way around the bewitching woods. And when—

“I said *faster*, piggy!♡”

“Pigyou!”

—whenever the nasty lady spanked her, Frieren came. Her belly dripped with cum. The bottom of her boobs was coated, too, and rubbed off onto her arms so that Frieren wasn't just dirty but cum-splattered, too. The heady scent of her own ejaculate mixed with that of the Hypnogra's and with her sweat and the nasty lady's perfume to form a cocktail that she just couldn't *help* but suck down even if it meant snorting and snuffling through her nose while she swallowed down drool.

It was hard going, though, and not just because she wanted to jerk off! Frieren's body wasn't built for crawling on all fours—her boobs were too big and constantly got in the way, trapped between her arms, pushing down against the tip of her dick, dragging her perverted nipples over the uneven ground. Not even her indestructible armor could protect her from knobby roots!

“Aghyi! Nippulsh! Gumming!”

Like the knobby root that just clawed at her right tit. Her arms trembled and Frieren came dangerously close to collapsing. Hauling her huge boobs around was *exhausting*. She badly needed a break, but the nasty lady was a slave driver.

“Did I say you could stop, pig?♡” Swat. “Did I say you could cum?♡” Spank.

“Eym shorrrrryyy!” was Frieren's squealing response. She came again, with both her cock and her pussy, and the combined pleasure of both sexes really *did* collapse her. Frieren's arms gave out and only her airbag-tits saved her from going down face-first into the dirt.

“What an undisciplined piggy you are.♡ Oh well, we've arrived—so I suppose I'll spare you further punishment.♡” Swat. Spank. Swat.

Just before Frieren's eyes crossed and her vision blurred, she saw a pair of boots, elaborate bronzed combat heels. Then she was “Gyummingggg!” and saw no more. But she smelled something really nice. A yummy milky smell that blended perfectly with the cum and sweat and perfume.

“Miss Frieren!”

“Miss Frieren!” Fern struggled to process what she saw. Miss Frieren was Miss Frieren—*obviously*—but in such a state! Her head lolling limply atop her chest, huge dopey smile on her face. Her ass hiked in the air, *something* lurking beneath her and poking out and Fern tried not to stare and it was easy because Miss Frieren was not alone.

There was a demon perching on her master.

“You must be Fern♡,” it said, and Fern shivered hearing her name come from that mouth. The demon smiled—an enticing, cruel smile that promised pleasure if she would just satisfy a select few conditions she knew would be unsavory. “I’ve heard so much about you from this *piggy* here.♡” As it said the word, the demon swatted Miss Frieren as casually as if they were friends and hard enough to make her teacher’s whole body wobble. Fern heard an unsettling squelch come from beneath Miss Frieren, and the pool of cum beneath her teacher grew.

A smell Fern half-remembered wafted through the air.

“Get away from Miss Frieren,” Fern demanded. “At once. Or else.”

“Or else what?♡ Do you plan to fight me off?♡ With what, milk jets?♡” The demon’s smile grew so wide it threatened to split its face.

“With my sword, obvi—” Fern’s face fell.

“The only sword I can see is attached to this piggy.♡” *Smack*.

“**Buhgyu!**” Miss Frieren squealed into her tits.

“My sword,” Fern repeated dumbly. Her sword, which she had left behind. Her sword, that she had forgotten about in her eagerness to keep milking herself.

“By all means, use Miss Piggy’s sword to defeat me,♡” the demon bubbled. It tossed its head back and laughed haughtily, *smack smack smacking* Miss Frieren instead of her knee. The noises Miss Frieren made were horrible. Hoarse, squealing grunts like the pig the demon claimed she was. It infuriated Fern to see her master abused so.

She was so mad she even managed to take her hands off her nipples, to point with an armored figure at the fiend that was making a fool of her esteemed teacher, and proclaim: “On my pride as Miss Frieren’s apprentice, I will make you regret what you’ve done.”

“On your pride, I like that.♡ Why don’t I reply in kind?♡ On my name, Nimane, I vow to strip you of your pride.♡ As well as a few other things while I’m at it.♡”

Bikini Warrior Fern encountered Succubus Nimane (Elite)!

Fern waited for the demon to make the first move. All it did was recross its legs, using Miss Frieren's back as a stool.

"You're calling me an it, aren't you?♡" it sighed.

"What?"

"You're calling me an it.♡ I can see it in your eyes.♡ So remote.♡ You're a cold one, aren't you?♡"

Fern frowned. "I'm not—"

"Yes you are.♡ But don't worry, I'll fix you.♡" The demon's eyes flashed purple-green and Fern tried to look away—to discover she could not. "Really, treating me as an it.♡ Is my body anything *but* feminine?♡ Go on: **Look it over.**♡"

Fern found herself doing exactly as she was bidden—taking in first the demon's face, which was remarkably feminine. Aside from its striking eyes, purple mottled with flecks of greenish gold, it had thick lashes, appealingly lazy eyelids, full lips lacquered a toxic purple, a cute nose, and an artfully sculpted chin.

"It gets better as you go down, promise.♡"

It did. The demon was enormously chesty. Not as much as Miss Frieren, but shoved into a shiny black microdress the demon's boobs punched above their weight—which must have been considerable. Unlike Miss Frieren in her closed-up leotard, the demon had a long, tantalizing valley of indigo cleavage, amplified to an absurd degree by the tightness of **her** dress. Fern idly mused if a stone tossed between her tits would come out a diamond.

"Oh I love how *hard* you're staring, but don't stop there.♡"

Beneath her pushed-up chest, Nimane had an engrossing waist that somehow managed to curve like an hourglass while still appearing sinfully **plush** within the constraints of her minidress. Her hips flared out leading to an ass that *could* compete with Miss Frieren's. At least her teacher didn't have to suffer a bony butt digging into her back. Nimane was leggy, with squishy-looking thighs that went on and on until they gave way to elegant indigo calves and dainty feet tucked into the most hellish heels Fern had ever seen.

Small wonder she preferred riding to walking.

“Much better.♡ *Really*, just because I’m a demon doesn’t mean you can just go ahead and think of me as an *it*.♡ I put *far* too much effort into my looks to allow that.♡”

Nimane’s eyes flashed and Fern’s were her own to move again. She wasn’t about to allow the demon to trick her—no matter how **good she looked** a demon was a demon, and Nimane came complete with a curling horn and a furled wing—one of each, opposite each other on her left and right, a similar ebony black as her minidress, and **awfully fetching** against her sometimes-blue-sometimes-purple skin. Fern shook her head, trying to escape the odd thoughts that cropped up whenever she stared at the demon for too long.

“You’re so serious, I love that.♡ You’ve never met a succubus before, I can tell.♡”

“So what if I haven’t?” For the second time, Fern cursed herself for forgetting her sword. She had a feeling that letting this demon speak was a bad idea—but what was she supposed to do, tackle her off Miss Frieren?

As she thought about it, in the absence of other more practical options, tackling was not a bad idea. She tried to be subtle about how she bent her knees, and made sure to stare at Nimane’s chest—so that the demon’s eyes couldn’t catch her again. She waited for the sound of Nimane’s voice. She’d pounce while the demon was prattling on.

“Because you’re standing there like an idiot instead of going to get your weapon.♡”

Fern jumped Nimue and the two fell intertwined. Miss Frieren let out a surprised snort. Why were *they* on all fours? Were they bimbo pigs too?

“That’s more like it,♡” Nimane said, her voice joyous. She and Fern tumbled end over end, with the warrior leveraging her superior strength in an attempt to pin the succubus beneath her. To her surprise, she succeeded. Fern dug her knees into Nimane’s thighs and pinned her arms to either side.

“Not so dangerous after all,” she said, trying to keep any smugness out of her voice. She hadn’t won yet. Merely incapacitated a demon that had beaten her master. She’d tease Miss Frieren about that later. “Now. Undo whatever spell you cast on Miss Frieren.”

“There are several spells, I’m afraid you’ll have to be more specific.♡” Nimane didn’t talk like someone at the end of her rope. She smiled up at Fern and it made her deeply uncomfortable.

“All of them, then. Or I’ll grab you by the horn and bash your head until the spells undo themselves.” Without her sword, brute force and extreme violence were all Fern could rely on.

“How barbarous, I’m so scared, I’ll do whatever you want, please don’t bash my head in.♡” Nimane didn’t mean it, and made no attempt to act like she did. Her tone was blatantly provocative. Fern dug her knees in harder and tightened her grip on Nimane’s arms. “Oh, won’t somebody please save me from this barbarous cow?♡”

Fern surprised herself by snarling. “Nobody’s going to save you, demon. Fix Miss Frieren.”

“I think I like her just as she is, though?♡”

Something bumped against Fern’s butt and she froze. That same something bumped again and an icy feeling unfurled in her stomach. Another bump, this time accompanied by hands on her hips. Fern didn’t want to look. She didn’t want to make her suspicion reality. Her heart wasn’t ready for this kind of betrayal. For this disappointment. Fern wanted to think she was better than this. Fern wanted to believe in her teacher.

“**Buhubuhu**,” Miss Frieren snorted. Her dick—the dick Fern had tried so hard not to notice—throbbed between her ass cheeks, already spilling precum onto Fern’s back.

Fern shifted, trying to dissuade Miss Frieren, but so did Nimane, threatening to wriggle free from her pin. The succubus laughed, hugely amused. “I don’t think you can afford to be distracted right now.♡”

Fern wondered if it was time to stop affording “Miss” Frieren so much respect.

Frieren’s brain simmered in a lusty, horny soup. Without the nasty lady to smack her, Frieren had to discover her own way to vent her arousal—and she wasn’t terribly clever. Her hands went to her dick—the organ that was pumping her full of horny male thoughts and polluting her mind. The comfy bimbo fog she loved was getting pushed to the periphery, replaced by an all-consuming need to obey her dick.

Was this how guys felt all the time? No wonder they made such poor mages. If the choice was between beating off or practicing magic, Frieren would *never* have made it as far as she had! She giggled dumbly as she imagined what it would have been like to have had a dick all her

life—how she would have spent the last thousand years fapping her dick instead of getting smarter.

Her giggles turned to snorting as came. She had lost track of how many times she'd come—no, in truth, she had never even tried to keep count. Every time her dick went *spurt spurt* her brain flickered like lightning striking across the night sky and she forgot who she was, where she was, but never what she was doing.

She was making her dick feel good, and that was all that mattered. She giggle-snorted as she felt the tingly feeling that told her her balls were using her mana to fill back up. The nasty lady had explained it to her, but she'd mostly forgotten. She did remember that she could use her mana to cum more often, that was super important. When she told the nasty lady about how her mana came back super duper fast, she had laughed. “You’re just *perfect*,♡” she had said, then gave Frieren’s ass a slap. She came, obviously. Then she got all tingly as she recharged.

Just like she was tingly right now! But, Frieren’s cock-addled brain realized, beating off didn’t feel as good as getting spanked. She *liked* beating off, and she’d keep doing it, no doubt at all, but she yearned for something *more*. Her hands were just an adequate lover. She wanted—

“Oh, won’t somebody please save me from this barbarous cow?♡”

Her head swung toward the source of the noise, the two women she had so quickly forgotten in her haste to get her hands on her dick as quickly as possible. Frieren’s ears twitched. Two women. Frieren’s cock throbbed powerfully. Women. Her balls jumped.

Females.

Urges she never had before her dick screamed at Frieren to go to them, and she did—crawling on all fours with a manic smile curling her lips. She remembered the inn—how *badly* she had wanted sex, and how *horribly* she had denied herself. Whatever self-control she had then had burned away somewhere around her fifteenth or fiftieth cumshot. Frieren didn’t recognize the warrior lady as anything other than a woman, a potential partner who had her ass facing her way and whose hips looked oh so grabbable.

So Frieren grabbed them. She squeezed them and they were meaty. She snorted, “*Buhubuhu*.” The purplish nasty lady said something, then the purple-haired warrior lady said something, but Frieren wasn’t listening. Her cock was so hard and the warrior lady’s ass was so soft. Frieren squeezed it between her hands and groaned. Her hips thrust automatically, a reflexive response. Dumbly, Frieren realized she couldn’t fuck the warrior lady unless she took

her hands *off* her hips and guided her cock in. Frieren didn't want to do that, but she also didn't want to be stuck rutting between the warrior lady's ass cheeks.

Her dilemma solved itself when something coiled around her cock and tugged it into place. Frieren's lips pursed whorishly and she nearly collapsed, resting her huge tits on the warrior lady's back before her hips jumped forward.

She was in. She was fucking a real pussy with her cock.

It felt so much better than her hands.

She couldn't help it.

She squealed.

Like a pig.

“**Bugyu! Bugyi! Buhiiiiiiii!**”

Fern didn't know what to do. She had been told her first time would hurt, but that wasn't true at all.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Miss Frieren fucking her felt **damningly good**. She had experimented—with her hands, with toys (toys she very carefully hid from the investigative Miss Frieren), even with some “multipurpose” vibration magic she'd taught herself on the sly—but no amount of experimentation prepared her for the real thing. She grit her teeth, afraid of biting her tongue, and tried to think of a way out of her predicament.

She was trapped between a cock and a soft place. Nimane kept trying to squirm free, and Miss Frieren was fucking her *forward* not down so her added weight was no practical help at all. “Stop moving,” she growled through clenched teeth.

“Me, or Miss Piggy?♡” came the flirty reply.

“Both.”

“Yeah, that's *not* gonna happen. Isn't that right, piggy?♡”

“**Pugyu!**” Miss Frieren squealed her agreement. She was stuck rutting, and Fern stuck dealing with the constant intrusion of her cock on her thoughts. As it turned out, it was hard to think clearly and rationally while your teacher fucked you.

“**Hnnn!**” She couldn’t keep it out of her voice. Miss Frieren’s movements were artless and animalistic, but they were effective. Every thrust caused an explosion of color in Fern’s head and made it harder for her to keep the succubus immobilized.

Eventually, her grip slipped. Just for a moment. A particularly strong thrust from Miss Frieren made Fern seize up, and that was all it took for Nimane to tear her hands free—and plant them on Fern’s chest.

“Finally.♡ You know, I *really* don’t care for stubborn girls.♡ They’re rarely worth the extra effort.♡ But with udders like these, I think you just might be.♡”

With the succubus free Fern needed to move. She tried to bolt—but was anchored in place by Miss Frieren’s cock and Nimane’s fingers. Milk spurted from her nipples.

“So *productive*.♡ You must have spent some quality time with my pets.♡ Did you enjoy their kisses?♡” she teased, expertly tugging and squeezing. “You must have played with yourself a *lot* to get this big.♡”

Fern had stopped paying attention to her tits’ growth during her search for Miss Frieren, but the demon’s words made her flush with shame. “I didn’t—**mmmn!** If I *hadn’t* they would have grown even bigger!” she protested, and the succubus burst out laughing.

“Is that what you told yourself?♡ Maybe you really are worth it.♡ How delusional can one cow be?♡ You’re a perfect match for your master, both such **stupid cattle**.♡”

“**Stuuuupid! Pugyu!**” Miss Frieren was bent over, hugging Fern’s waist, and Fern was reminded once again just how *heavy* she was. And how soft. Fern groaned and hated how horny the sound came out.

The warrior lady was so soft. Frieren couldn’t get enough. Something about her was familiar, but Frieren didn’t have the patience to puzzle that out just yet. She had **dick-for-brains** and the only cure was to bury herself deep in the pussy before her. All her blood, strength, and

intelligence drained down to fill her dick and Frieren flopped forward, wrapping her arms around the warrior lady's stomach and planting wet kisses up her back.

But even a cock-crazy fuck-frenzied elf had her limits, and Frieren was quickly approaching hers. Her thrusts became shallow, frantic bunny-humps rather than the long powerful thrusts she yearned to breed the warrior lady with. She spewed cum in a constant, tepid stream, and the warrior lady's pussy foamed where Frieren's increasingly thin sperm spilled out.

She was slowing down, but she couldn't stop. Her cock *demand*ed she continue, and Frieren was a slave to the male organ. Her bimbo brain meant she was subordinate to any and all cocks—even including one attached to her. So she kissed, squeezed, and humped until her kisses were all tongue, her squeezes were strong as a kitten, and her humps resembled a slug's slow crawl. She continued to convert mana to cum, continued to spurt inside the warrior lady's pussy, but Frieren was done. She couldn't move any more.

“Piggy, who said you could stop?♡”

That was, until she felt something poking around her crotch, pushing her heavy, occasionally jerking nutsack out of the way. The slack-jawed bimbo elf shuddered as the thing traced her labia. It had a strange texture, like sealskin. Frieren wondered what it was, then immediately discarded all thoughts entirely when it plunged in and gouged out her pussy.

“**Pogyu!**” Frieren squealed.

“What did you do to her?!” a familiar voice demanded.

“Nothing, really, I just thought her piggy pussy needed a little attention.♡ I'm woman enough to handle both of you at once, and besides, it's just my tail.♡”

Frieren tightened her grip around the warrior lady into a bear hug. Stimulation from her dick alone had almost driven her mad with lust—with something eel-like thrashing her pussy she was going well and truly insane from the combined stimulation of her male and female pleasure centers.

It was the kind of hedonistic experience that forever ruined normal sex.

Fern thought it was over, that she'd get a break from one of her two major problems—then the succubus started fucking Miss Frieren *with her tail* and suddenly she was worse off than ever. Fern didn't think men could keep cumming like Miss Frieren did. There must have been some magic involved, because Fern's belly was starting to bulge—modestly—from the sheer volume of semen Miss Frieren was pumping into her. Her womb was drowning in steaming hot girlspunk.

If she got pregnant would—

No! Fern shook her head. She was slipping. And who could really blame her? Miss Frieren had mounted her like a horny pig and was smacking her hips against Fern's in a breeding frenzy that proved infectious.

And if had been just Miss Frieren breeding her pussy, Fern might have been able to manage.

“You *really* thought that milking yourself would *impede* your growth?♡ So De♡Lu♡Si♡On♡Al.♡” Miss Frieren's nuts refused to run out of cum, and Fern's tits refused to run dry of milk. Nimane squirted some in her mouth and made a show of savoring the taste. Contentedly smacking her lips, she said, “It's the *opposite*.♡ If you had simply let the poison run its course *without* giving in to the temptation of touching your tits, you'd have been just fine.♡ But you couldn't do that, and these slutty tits are proof.♡”

Between the two, the succubus was somehow *worse* than Miss Frieren. She must have used some magic; Fern couldn't believe that *getting milked felt better than being bred*. It didn't make any logical sense, but she couldn't deny her feelings—and her nipples sang with pleasure under Nimane's ministrations.

And as if to prove the demon right, her boobs grew at a steady pace, swelling fatter, meatier, and milkier as Nimane's sharp nails pulled titgasm after titgasm out of her alongside her creamy bounty.

“Stop,” she finally begged. What other option did she have left? What could her pride accomplish when it had been trampled on so thoroughly? Miss Frieren was humping her hips like a dumb animal and she herself was hardly in a better state. The demon was intelligent, maybe she could bargain with it.

“Stop what?♡ Again, you have to be more specific.♡”

“Stop pulling on my nipples,” Fern whimpered.

“Oh, of course, I can do that.♡” Nimane released Fern’s teats and they dangled heavily, swaying like pendulums as Miss Frieren made her body rock. Fern had a moment’s respite before the succubus grabbed her tits and *squeezed* and a fountain of milk sprayed forth.

“You saiddddd!” Fern whined piteously.

“We never said anything about squeezing.♡” The demon’s indigo cleavage was splotted with white. Whatever her minidress was made of, it was hydrophobic: Fern’s milk spilled off in fat beads.

“Stoppptt.” Fern knew she sounded pathetic—she barely recognized the sound of her own voice. Impossible as it seemed, she needed to do *something* and fast. Miss Frieren showed signs of slowing down again—her squeals were ragged and broken up by breathless panting. Even the demon was distracted—Nimane had released her tits to rummage through Miss Frieren’s glitzy coinpurse. For a moment Fern wondered what use Nimane had for money, why she would allow Fern a chance to escape like this, but that was a mystery she could question later, when she was safely away.

Shrugging off Miss Frieren took most of Fern’s remaining strength, but she managed—Miss Frieren gave a plaintive squeal as she grasped at the air and fell. In a stroke of good fortune, Miss Frieren immediately prioritized the next-closest mate and grabbed Nimane’s thigh to hump against.

Fern didn’t have it in her to be thankful to her stupid teacher, but an obstacle was an obstacle. She’d get away from the demon, *not* touch her boobs while she waited out the poison, circle around for her sword, and come back ready for a fight. It wasn’t much of a plan, but she didn’t have much in the way of alternatives. Nimane’s voice rang out just before Fern barreled into the underbrush.

“Found it.♡”

Tonk.

Fern froze midstep. The sound carried further than it should. It was a sound she knew but couldn’t remember. The contradiction held her in place, familiarity mixing with peculiarity.

“Haha, it works just like piggy said.♡”

Tonk.

Fern’s eyelids fluttered. She had to escape, but—

Tonk.

She had to focus on the cowbell.

Tonk.

Hearing the cowbell made her suggestible.

Tonk.

She couldn't think about anything else when she heard the cowbell.

Tonk.

The cowbell made her docile.

Tonk.

The cowbell made her easy to control.

Tonk.

Fern's eyelids settled on a deep half lid as she slipped into a trance. She swayed uncertainly from side to side. Her arms dangled purposelessly. She wasn't thinking—just listening for the sound that held so much power over her. Nimane cleared her throat.

“March back here and stand at attention,♡” she ordered, and with the certainly uncertain gait of a dreamwalker Fern parade stepped back to stand before the demon, who had reclaimed Frieren as her chair. “At attention,” Nimane said, “means shoulders back, tits out, hands behind your head.♡”

Tonk.

Nimane struck the bell and Fern obeyed. Like a mannequin given life, she slowly posed for the demon, exactly as instructed. Her arms went over her head, then folded back to counterbalance her jutting chest. Her armored fingers twined together behind her head. Nimane smiled up at her from her perch atop Frieren. “Oh and bend your legs; you're too tall.♡”

Tonk.

Fern began to crouch and the demon nudged her legs open so that she settled into a bow-legged squat. Nimane pressed the arch of her foot against Fern's cum-dripping pussy. “Good.♡ Now make the most stupid, slutty face you can imagine.♡”

Tonk.

She did, and Nimane nearly fell over laughing. “You look *just* like your teacher.♡ That’s incredible.♡ Is this proof of the inseparable bond between master and apprentice?♡ Okay, that’s enough foreplay: Return to your senses, but move only as I direct you.♡”

Tonk.

Fern blinked. Last she remembered she was fleeing the demon—How did she wind up in front of it in such a compromising position? She tried to shy away from the foot rubbing her crotch, but found she was frozen in place. “What did you do?” she asked lamely. She could speak, at least, and shoot daggers from her eyes.

“Nothing altogether too much.♡ I simply borrowed something from Miss Piggy.♡” Miss Frieren’s cowbell rattled as she waved it and for a moment Fern’s eyes clouded over before refocusing. “And before you begin your whole ‘You can’t do this! Release me!’ spiel, *spare* me.” For once the demon’s eyes were frighteningly cold. “Bare your neck like a good cow and keep your mouth shut.”

Fern, who had been just about to exclaim that Nimane couldn’t do this and to release her, had her mouth snap shut, unwilling. And though she tried her hardest, Fern could do nothing to stop her head from tilting back, exposing her neck.

“There’s an obedient cow.♡” Nimane clipped the cowbell to Fern’s neck, then gasped as the Bikini Warrior’s sword charm dissolved into a mote of bright light that the cowbell absorbed. The bell sounded on its own—**Clang, Clang, Clang**—with its new, sword-like clapper.

Fern’s **cursed item** activated!

Bikini Warrior and Dairy Cow class prerequisites met!

Prestige Class unlocked!

Fern changed class to **Slingkini HuCow Champion!**

Strength: +

Endurance: +++

Swimwear: ++++

Sensitivity: +++++

Lactation: MAX

Willpower: MIN

Magic: N/A

Nimane clapped delightedly, like a spoiled girl getting everything she ever wanted for her birthday, while the Class Change Collar hijacked Fern's magic, wrapping her in a cocoon of crystalline purple mana. Fern's lewd moans and muffled groans continued for a long half-minute before the cocoon shattered, revealing the Slingkini Hucow Champion to a wildly grinning Nimane and a stupidly snorting Frieren.

Fern's tits had finished their development into **proper udders**. Huge, heavy, and spraying milk without any stimulation, they jutted out more than a full two feet from her body, massive fat tits capped with appropriately wide areola and nipples even more perverted than Frieren's. Each individual tit was three times the size of Fern's head, and together they likely constituted about half of her total body weight—fluctuating depending on fullness. Her thighs had fattened up, her ass had thickened, and her belly had grown soft and alluringly squeezable, but the rest of her curves simply didn't compare to how her cow tits *utterly dominated* her figure. It didn't matter how shapely the rest of her was—**she was a titcow and only her gigantic leaky udders mattered**.

Fern was wide-eyed, terrified at the changes she felt. She was *heavier*. Heavier all over, but more than anything else she felt **top-heavy**. To keep from falling on her face she had to bend the small of her back near ninety degrees, and turn her ribcage into a **titty platter**, like she was serving up her massive boobs for a breast-eaters' buffet. They were too heavy to be so poorly supported, but poorly supported they were, and her spine-straining trick only served to keep her boobs from pulling her *forward*. It did nothing to stop them from pulling away from each other, sliding to either side of her chest until their escape was arrested by the absurdly thin, blessedly elastic *thing* that circumnavigated her torso longitudinally.

Fern had never heard of slingkini, but in action it was aptly named—if wildly inappropriate. Two white strings sprouted from her collar and traveled over her breasts, waxing into wide white-and-black speckled bands as they approached her nipples (though failing to cover her areola at *all*) then tapering down to floss-thinness as they converged at her crotch, digging into her exposed pussy and threading up between her ass cheeks to attach to the back of her collar. She wondered if she even *could* straighten her back, ignoring the monumental task of balancing her tits that had her spine bent at a near right angle, with how tight the string was. It was filament-thin, but woven from some material incredibly resilient, else her tits would have

already snapped free from their constraints instead of bobbing threateningly on either side of her chest.

“You even have little ears, how cute.♡” Fern bristled at that, but how could she rebut? She could only feel the headband nestled behind her real ears, and judging on Nimane’s reaction it really was no doubt capped with dainty horns and floppy cow ears.

Her new class was anything but subtle. And while she couldn’t confirm how insulting her headband was, Fern was able to twist her head around to confirm what she felt: her warrior’s gauntlets had shrunk to ornamental bronze half gloves—the same color bronze, she realized with a grimace, as a cowbell. Underneath her tiny protective layer, Fern had additionally been equipped with much longer, much less practical opera gloves that reached all the way to her upper arms, gripping her biceps so tightly her soft flesh indented.

They were, unsurprisingly and damningly, speckled white and black. As, she was convinced, were the stockings similarly biting into her thighs. With her nice sturdy boots reduced to hoof-like platform heels, she’d bet.

Fern was humiliated. More humiliated than she ever thought would be possible in her life, and she couldn’t even cover herself up. She was stuck in the awful slut squat Nimane had put her in, allowed to shift only to keep her **debilitating, dehumanizing, disastrously huge udders** from pulling her off balance.

Fern had always been busty, and had always been stared at for her big boobs.

She had never felt so much like **meat** before.

“That look on your face, it’s *delectable*.♡ Shame, anger, frustration, and of course my very favorite—*lust*.♡” Nimane’s expression was one of such naked desire that for the first time, Fern properly acknowledged what she was. This was a demon, a succubus, a creature that existed of and for sex, with an appetite that could never be sated, and desires that were fathomless. She and Miss Frieren were but idle distractions, momentary indulgences that entertained the demon because of their novelty, because of the meager challenge they posed.

Because they were projects that could be abandoned at any time. The demon would take them, twist them into hollow mockeries of themselves, and discard them when she grew bored. Like a child playing with toys, she would lose interest as soon as she spied something newer and more exciting. A new project that she could take further than the old, a life she could ruin in fresher, more thrilling ways.

“And despair, too!♡ Oh I owe you a *sincere* apology.♡” Nimane leapt from Miss Frieren’s back—her wing unfurling and her tail lashing—and cupped Fern’s face in her hands. She bent down—perfectly at the hips, with straight legs, like a true seductress—and brought her face inches from Fern’s. “You have been worth every once of my time and effort.♡ To make it up to you, how about I share a secret, just between us girls?♡” The demon’s fell aura washed over Fern and she trembled, unable to move, unable to shield herself with her hands or scrabble away, as some base animal instinct urged her. “Lots of people *assume* a succubus’s charm magic is some kind of mental compulsion or mind control, but it’s not.♡” Nimane’s teeth were pearly white and distressingly sharp. “A succubus’s gaze is *actually* a form of telepathy.♡ A simple, basic, limited spell that most mortal mages would scoff at—after all, what’s the point of a **one-way emotional transfer**?♡ Surely there are more effective means of magical communication.♡” Her perfectly manicured nails revealed a hidden sharpness as they traced Fern’s jaw. “Mortals always underestimate the *potency* of empathy.♡ Is there *anything* stronger than emotion?♡ Especially emotion that’s *long, hard, and irresistible*?♡” She thumbed Fern’s lip. “You’ve seen what happened to your teacher.♡ Poor Miss Piggy couldn’t *handle* what I have inside me.♡ Her little piggy brain melted after just a few minutes—though I’m pretty sure someone else got to her before me, so what does that count for, really?♡” Nimane pressed her forehead against Fern’s. Her eyes seemed to glow from within.

Fern failed to protest. Her voice wouldn’t come out. Nimane’s was a bedroom whisper.

“**Charm**.♡”

Succubus Nimane (Elite) attempted to charm Slingkini Hurow Champion Fern!

Fern’s irises gleamed as her natural purple was overtaken by a poisonous flat pink. Her lips perked to a perfect “O” that blended surprise and concentration. Fern felt what Nimane felt—an echo of feeling, a diminished reflection of what was inside the demon. As advertised, it was a simple, inefficient spell. Most of the emotion didn’t survive transit through open air. It leached into the atmosphere, radiating aimlessly until it dwindled down to nothing. What was beamed to Fern through Nimane’s eyes was fractional, one half of a quarter of a percent.

It was enough to make Fern squirt like a Geyser spell.

“**Ohgahhow**—!?”

How did Nimane *function*? How was she able to walk, to talk, to act, to *think* with this typhoon inside her? Fern knew what it was like to be horny. She had experienced what it was like to be pent up. In the bewitching woods alone she had explored the limits of her libido and even expanded upon them. But never at her most desperate had she approached the *fraction* of Nimane's lust she now experienced.

“**Makeitstopmakeitstopmakeitstop**—!!”

Her pussy continued to squirt. Her huge anchor-like boobs actually *shifted* from the pressure exerted by her spraying milk. Foamy drool poured from her mouth like water bubbling forth from a spring. Everything was sex. Everything was pleasure. Anything that wasn't was discarded. There was simply no room. Her eyes wanted badly to roll back, but they were transfixed by Nimane. Nimane, whose own eyes glinted and flashed as if lanterns transmitting a coded message meant for her optical nerve. Fern's eyes glowed brighter in response, brilliantly pink.

She bared her clenched teeth, lips still stuck in an “O,” and she looked every bit the hardworking whore Nimane urged her to become. It was like she was stuck beneath a waterfall made entirely of impure desires, while the unceasing deluge poured over her head, soaking her through to the core.

“Incredible, isn't it?♡ It's enough to drive anyone insane, wouldn't you agree?♡ All that *lust*, all that *desire*, all that *want*.♡ You never knew there was that much raw *need* in the whole wide world, did you?♡ You couldn't *imagine* that one simple succubus had that all bottled up.♡ I hope this is a learning experience for you—Fern, was it?♡ I hope this opens up your mind to all the wonderful *possibilities* that are out there.♡ All the things you can do to feel this good forever.♡”

She was cumming. She was **cummingcummingcummingcummingcumming** but Nimane's words were crystal clear.

“I hope most of all that this *ruins* you forever.♡ Turn into a hedonist.♡ Chase this pleasure until you die.♡ Never live a single moment more without remember *this* moment, right here, shared between you and me.♡ You'll *never* feel this good ever again.♡ And you'll never, *ever* forget it.♡”

Slingkini HuCow Champion Fern failed to resist!

Slingkini HuCow Champion Fern became a hedonist!

“And that’s all you get.♡ Charm off.♡” The light in Nimane’s eyes reduced to a simmer and Fern’s irises slowly regained their proper, dark purple hue. Her cunt dripped instead of sprayed, and the weight of her breasts reasserted itself over the flow of her milk. “So how did it feel?♡”

“Sooooooooo gooooooooooooooooooooooood.” The words slipped out before Fern could stop them. The lust was gone but it had left a stamp on her psyche—an impression she knew would never fade, never fill. Fern had felt *everything*, and now she felt nothing, and in that nothing she caught echoes of sensation, phantom feelings that reminded her just how *incredible* it had been to experience one one-thousandth of what Nimane felt *always*.

“Now, I think it’s *your* turn to apologize to *me* for being so nasty and combative.♡ You were so very rude and resistant, don’t you feel bad about that?♡ Oughtn’t you be *grateful* for the gift I’ve given you?♡ The lust I *allowed* you to borrow from me?♡ I should get something in return, don’t you think?♡ An apology would be a great place to start.♡”

Fern stared at the demon as if she’d gone insane. She expected her to *what?* To *thank* her for—for forever warping Fern’s perception of pleasure and arousal? But there was an opportunity there. Fern smiled. Her jaw was sore from clenching. “I would love to do that, but I can’t thank you *properly* if I’m posed like this,” Fern said, hoping she had injected enough innuendo into her tone. It was her best attempt at imitating Nimane.

“Great point,♡” the demon agreed. “But if I give you back your limbs, that means you *really* have to impress me.♡ Mobility is a *privilege*, not a right, for cows like you.♡” Nimane reached out and gave Fern’s cowbell a swift two-fingered flick. Fern’s eyelids fluttered as it rang.

Clang, Clang, Clang.

“I give you permission to move, so show me your very *best* apology.♡”

The compulsion to pose lifted and Fern fell to her knees. It was as if the magic had suspended all her muscle fatigue and now it came rushing back. Her thighs burned. How long had she been squatting? How had she *ever* kept her balance with her **enormous cow tits** trying their very hardest to drag her down?

Forget getting away—how was she ever going to manage to stand back up?

“Great start,♡” Nimane said, as if grading a musician’s warm-up notes. “You really do look just like your teacher like that.♡” Fern did not enjoy the comparison. No matter *what*

feeling Nimane's lust had done to her, she knew she couldn't remotely resemble Miss Frieren in her pitifully diminished state.

Still, curiosity gnawed at her. She needed to double-check. "Miss Frieren?" she called, sounding timid, almost scared. "Miss Frieren, could you please turn this way?" Her teacher's huge ass was ever a distraction, and watching it wobble and twitch as Miss Frieren slowly turned was torture in itself. As was facing the reality that her huge bimbo tits were *smaller* than Fern's. Fern had thought her master's boobs incomparable, and yet she was now weighed down by a pair that was their clear superior. And Miss Frieren didn't have to worry about dried milk making her skin sticky.

She consoled herself by observing Miss Frieren's face. There was simply no way that she and Fern could be said to look similar. Miss Frieren's expression was one of **pure dumb animal lust**, and Fern knew she was much better than that. She also noticed that Miss Frieren's eyes had a pair of outlined pink hearts superimposed over her irises. Probably a side-effect of failing to resist Nimane's charm.

And since Fern intrinsically knew that *she* would never have fallen to the charm like Miss Frieren had, she marked that as another important difference between them. Fern absolutely did not have magical pink hearts flashing in her eyes.

"Still waiting on that apology.♡ Or are you going to make your teacher apologize in your stead?♡"

"Sorry, um." Fern had gotten sidetracked. She evaluated her situation once more—debilitatingly horny in a body that was debilitatingly thick and her opponent was a powerful demon who had power over sex and Miss Frieren was in no state to do anything but snuffle excitedly. "Sorry?" she said weakly.

"Not even *close* to being good enough, I'm afraid.♡" Nimane lazily kicked at Fern, who flinched away. Nimane still struck her target.

Clang, Clang, Clang.

"A proper apology requires you to twist your nipples in repentance,♡" she instructed the dazed Fern. The slinkini huco^uw obeyed.

Fern found it much harder to articulate herself with twin tempests of titpleasure distracting her. "**I'm shorry**," she mewled, wishing her fingers were gentler while simultaneously relishing their aggression.

“For?♡” Nimane prompted.

“**For reshishiting**,” Fern offered. Her boobs were on fire. She *felt* them making the milk that sprayed down her front. Like mana reactors embedded in her chest, turned to debaucherous ends.

“And what about for being a stupid, horny cow who didn’t know her place?♡”

Fern swallowed hard.

Nimane reached for the bell.

“**I’m shorrry for being a shutpid horny cow who didn’t know my place**,” she quickly babbled out.

“And?♡”

Fern stared uncomprehending.

“What noise does a stupid horny cow who *knows* her place make?♡ It begins with an M.♡”

“No,” Fern begged.

Nimane smiled. “It begins, with an **M**.♡” She pressed her middle finger to her thumb, ready to flick.

“M-Moo. . .” Fern’s voice was quiet. She had never felt so defeated.

“Mmm, no.♡” Nimane’s finger struck the bell.

Clang, Clang, Clang.

“**You are a cow**,♡” Nimane told the twitching Fern. “**Cows go moo when their nipples get touched.♡ Mooing makes cows dumb and milky.♡ Dumb, milky cows can’t keep their hands off their nipples.♡**” She flicked the bell again.

Clang, Clang, Clang.

“**Moo!**” The sound came out automatically. “**Moo!**” Fern’s confusion was written on her face. It was as if every time her fingers tweaked—“**Moo!**”—her nipples—“**Moo!**”—she was—“**Moo!**”—forced to—“**Moo!**”

Gushes of milk accompanied each bovine utterance, and the more milky moos she let out the less Fern was worried by her new habit. It felt *right* for her to make that noise. Mooing made her milky, milky cows got milked, and a milked milky cow mooed.

For a stupid horny cow who knew her place, mooing was second nature.

*76 days after Nimane's victory,
the Bewitching Woods.*

Relentless, starved sucking sounds filled the air. Fern and Frieren knelt before Nimane worshipping her cock. While normally an exaggeration, for the piggy teacher and her milk cow student, worship could not have more accurately described the act. Repeat exposure to Nimane's charm, combined with the succubus pheromones drooling down her dick in the form of demonic precum, made this a de facto religious experience. As well as a front for the endless competition between master and disciple.

"Miss Nimane, please fuck my mouth! Moo!" Fern pressed her massive breasts together, spraying them all with milk, and mooed again, more emphatically, as the light drained from her eyes. When she first woke up any given morning, Fern possessed her full intelligence. But with full achy udders it was only ever a matter of time before a failure cascade began: she'd accidentally (or "accidentally") brush a nipple, which made her moo, which made her dumb and milky, which made her grip her tits in both hands and squeeze as hard as she could. The longest Fern had managed to maintain her full intellect was twenty-five minutes. The longest she had spent dumb as mooing could make her was thirty-three hours. *That* had been an intense milking session.

"Pugyu! Snrrrt! Gurhk!" Frieren's appeal was less eloquent, but far more enthusiastic. Fern at her dumbest still operated under a pretense of self-preservation. Frieren's mind had been so warped by pleasure that she would happily suffocate herself on Nimane's dick were she allowed to and even now, with the two barn animals fighting for room at the base of her cock where the pheromones were most potent, Frieren affixed her mouth to Nimane like a sucking leech, breathing loudly and grotesquely out her nose.

“Energetic today, aren’t we?♡ Hmm, I wonder who I should choose.♡”

“I—I’ll give you a titjob, **moo**!” Fern stammered, trying and failing to heft her huge bust. The milk spurting from her tits was as wasted as her efforts.

“**Buhibuhi**!” Frieren squealed, taking one of Nimane’s bloated succu-balls into her mouth to give it a lavish bimbo tongue bath. Once attached, it would be nearly impossible to remove her.

“Oh, I know.♡ First one to cum loses cock privileges.♡” Nimane liked this game. Originally she had made it so the first one to cum *won*, but her cute barn animals were just too good at that and the game always ended in seconds. She discovered that making them play *against* each other lead to a much more entertaining spectacle.

Fern’s hands flew away from her chest and Frieren’s greedy snuffling quieted. For a pregnant moment student and teacher gave each other the side-eye. Then they attacked. Frieren went for Fern’s tits and Fern, anticipating that, smacked Frieren’s hands away and hooked her fingers in Frieren’s nose.

“**Buhhu**?” Frieren squealed in confusion while Fern leveraged her nose-hold to bring them both down—a pile of tangled limbs and enough bitch meat to keep a modest brothel in business for a year. Fern had the bigger tits, but Frieren was more well-rounded, literally. It was almost impossible for either to truly hurt the other when the scrapped—neither were strong enough to overcome just how *padded* they were. Fern’s milk doubled as lubricant and soon the bimbo pig and dairy cow were sliding off each other with slapstick energy.

It was a lethal game that could end at any moment. If Frieren caught Fern’s leaking teats, she won. If Fern hooked even a single finger in Frieren’s piggy pussy, she won.

Ultimately, having two weak points to one was simply too much a handicap. Frieren trapped Fern’s nipple between two fingers and pinched and the cow mooed and came and came and mooed.

“Well fought, piggy.♡ Come get your reward.♡” Snorting happily, Frieren crawled over to kiss her mistress’s dick dip and see if this was the time she’d be allowed to black out with it bulging her throat.

With hearts flashing in her eyes and a sense of deep satisfaction bubbling away in her belly, Frieren forgot completely that this trip to the bewitching woods was only ever meant to be a detour. She had succeeded at her mission to prime Fern for. . . something, but she forgot what.

She hoped Mistress Nimane would let her grow a dick again soon. Frieren knew she forgot a lot of things, but she knew she loved dick.

*116 days after Nimane's victory,
the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Forbidden Spells*

“What could *possibly* be taking her this long.”