

XX years after the death of Himmel the Hero,  
in the wilderness beyond the Holy City.

“A dungeon of forbidden spells, huh. It looks the part if nothing else. I was right to come alone.” Frieren summoned her staff as she looked up at the dungeon’s massive entrance. “Is it even bigger than the Demon Lord’s castle?” she wondered. An elf, a mage, and a companion of the hero Himmel, Frieren had nothing if not experience—a thousand years’ experience, a precious short ten years’ experience, and the new experience that was her travels with Fern that had no end, not yet.

She knew demons and she knew dungeons and most of all she knew magic, and she could tell that this place was truly evil and truly dangerous.

Which was, of course, why she had come and why, staring up at the ornate metal doors with a carefully composed expression her heart raced in her chest. There was magic here—magic she had never encountered, magic that could change the world. The air was thick with magic, electric with it like the sky just before a thunderstorm.

Frieren held her staff high and commanded the doors to open. They did, and magic wafted out from the dungeon’s open maw. Strange magic, tasting new to her tongue. “As expected of forbidden spells.” Frieren’s neutral expression was ruined by her wiggling ears—the elf mage was beyond excited. There was nothing she loved more than magic.

No, there may have been one thing she loved more, but she hadn’t realized that yet.

There was nothing she’d admit to loving more than magic. Great magic, small magic, complex magic, simple magic. But more than any other, it was new magic that excited her. “Ah, Fern will be mad at me,” Frieren sighed. She could already picture the pouting face of her disciple. Why hadn’t she been allowed to come with? Didn’t her teacher trust her at all? “That’s that and this is this,” Frieren explained to the imaginary Fern. “Dungeons are dangerous places. More dangerous than any one demon. It’s a teacher’s job to deal with that danger firsthand. If this dungeon isn’t so bad I’ll bring you next time and we explore together.”

Frieren definitely didn’t want to savor the taste of new magic all by herself, free from judgement. Definitely not. She was just being responsible. If this turned out to be the kind of place she could bring Fern, she would. But she had to find that out herself first.

“I’ll be going on ahead,” she said. Frieren’s mouth squiggled into the troublemaking smile her student had learned so well.

The great dungeon doors slammed shut behind her.

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“A treasure chest,” Frieren observed. It was indeed the very image of a treasure chest—rich red paneling, gold embellishment, a big fat latch that begged to be thrown open. And, after nearly an hour walking through the mana-rich but otherwise empty dungeon halls, Frieren was eager to taste some of the forbidden spells supposedly sealed within.

“Of course, it could be a mimic.” She’d have to be stupid not to consider that possibility. Frieren had experienced embarrassment at a mimic’s tentacles before—it was the sort of experience one wasn’t quick to forget, even as a long-lived elf. Standing at a careful distance, Frieren pointed her staff at the innocent, tempting chest.

“Mimic detection magic!” she called. Her magic swelled and took shape, coalescing into a transparent hand. The hand floated lazily toward the treasure chest and, after pausing for effect, rapped the lid. The box juddered, jittered, and popped open to bite empty air.

“Knew it!” Frieren readied her next spell as the treasure monster clattered toward her. After her humiliation, Frieren had studied mimics intensively. They were ambush predators that specialized in incapacitating their prey at close range. But when kept at a distance, mimics were only too easy to deal with. They were slow and awkward. Should their surprise attack fail, they had no choice but to do as this one—awkwardly hop after their prey, mouth agape.

Frieren knew a spell that could render a revealed mimic inert. After casting it, she’d be able to safely rummage through the mimic’s insides for the treasure it used as bait. Still unpleasant, but much better than investigating its belly face first. Her magic circle formed with time to spare and just as she was about to release the spell Frieren realized her mistake.

She had been so focused on the mimic and so used to the constant press of magic in the air that she hadn’t properly assessed her surroundings. She had failed to notice the carefully concealed magic circle worked into the floor until it activated with her standing dead in the center. The mimic had been but bait.

***Frieren triggered a trap!***

***Frieren had her mana drained!***

Frieren had a moment to appreciate that she had fallen victim to magic she had never seen before. Her anti-mimic spell imploded as the magic circle scrambled her mana. A mage as powerful as she had too much mana for a single trap to fully drain, but the disruption and strange emptiness opening up inside her was enough to cause her spell to fail.

“It’s fine,” she muttered. “I can just cast it again.” But as she struggled to shape her diminished mana pool into another spell she ran out of time.

***Frieren was attacked by a Mimic!***

***Frieren was grappled!***

The mimic lurched forward and swallowed the mage from her waist up. Frieren’s staff clattered to the floor. Despite appearing like a snapping jaw, mimics didn’t truly have teeth—inside the treasure chest was a writhing nest of tentacles. Tentacles that quickly wound around the mage’s arms and grabbed onto her clothes to pull her in further. The chest’s lid and rim sealed around her waist like a giant pair of pursed lips sucking on a straw. “Let me go! This is why I hate mimi—”

***Frieren was silenced!***

A particularly thick tentacle darted into her open mouth, shutting Frieren up. Its tip oozed a tangy, sweet mucus that Frieren knew was venomous, poisonous, or both. She thrashed ineffectively as the tentacle’s peers slid beneath her jacket, then her shirt, to rub their sticky lengths against her bare skin. One particularly bold tentacle stared her down before spritzing her face with a blast of slime. Several other tentacles followed its lead and began to rub the oily secretions into her skin as if it were a beauty creme and she were at a spa—and not half-swallowed by a dungeon monster.

***Frieren was inundated with hypnotic slime!***

***Frieren’s resistance to mind control plummeted!***

Frieren’s struggling grew weaker as the tentacles continued to lather her with their slime. She had been kicking and kneeing the treasure chest in an attempt to make it flinch—to no avail, since she lacked Eisen’s physical brawn. But even knowing that, she still tried to escape—at first. After one minute of the tentacles’ ministrations, however, her flailing slowed and finally stopped. *It’s obviously ineffective, she reasoned. I should conserve my energy.* Her legs fell limp, twitching occasionally from the stimulus her top half received.

*I have to—“Slurp!”—escape somehow. I can’t just—“Slurpslurp!”—give in.* Frieren didn’t realize the tentacle in her mouth had stopped moving, content to simply to fill her mouth with tasty poison that formed a glossy froth as it mixed with her saliva. Frieren was fellating the tentacle unconsciously and enthusiastically. Her head bobbed dutifully as she tried to think of a way out of her predicament—but for some strange reason she couldn’t quite place her normally clear and quick mind was muddled and murky.

*It’s like something—“Schlllllrp!!!”—is interfering with my ability to think. Is this—“Schlurrrp!”—the mimic’s doing? Or is there a spell I haven’t noticed?* Frieren’s mouth was full so she swallowed—and her limp body twitched and jerked as she let out a whorish moan around the tentacle cock in her mouth.

*Wha—“OHHHHHN!!!”—What just—“OHOOOOHNN!”—What is thissss???*—*“HAHHHHNNNNNN!!!”* In her surprise Frieren gulped down another mouthful of poison and nearly blacked out. Her flat chest burned, her nipples stiff as the mimic rubbed and massaged them. Her splayed legs were locked in place by rigor erotis—stuck straight and propped up by her curling toes. Frieren was thrashing again—but not in a vain attempt at escape. The thousand-year-old elf was overwhelmed by simple, raw pleasure.

This token nonresistance, too, was subdued when Frieren took her third, followed by her fourth swallow. The tentacles increased their production to keep their prey under control. Thick, lazy spurts of poison filled her mouth and every inch of her from the waist up had been drenched in slime. Frieren’s mind swam in an ocean that tasted like addictively sweet tentacle juice. She was just getting used to the constant barrage of pleasure inflicted by the tentacles when she felt something new and strange and dangerous.

Thin filaments poking around her ears. An elf’s ears were a source of pride as well as a weak spot. Erogenous zones known only by rumor—an elf would, naturally, always deny any such claims. Frieren’s ears were more sensitive than most—and having spent an unknown length of time bathing in hypnotic slime the feather-light touch of the tendrils jolted her back to awareness.

“Stop! Don’t! Not my ears!” She managed to spit out the fat tentacle gagging her. Spit and slime trailed down her chin. Frieren’s voice was flat and loud in the closed-off confines of the mimic’s stomach. “Not my—oooghu! Ouuughouoooo!!!” Frieren’s desperate entreaty devolved into guttural moans as the prehensile filaments wormed their way inside her ears—searching for direct access to the mage’s brain.

“Ogyo! Ogyu! Ogyiii!!!” Frieren’s face, so often an impassive mask, transformed into something obscenely stupid. As the tentacles crawled through her head she felt an unbearably pleasant itching between her temples. Just above and behind her nose. Frieren’s eyes crossed and rolled up and her dignified dot brows knit together. Pleasured squeals forced her lips into a whorish “O” and Frieren’s face could not be described as belonging to anything but a bitch in heat. To a woman receiving sexual pleasure greater than any she had ever had before.

Pity that for Frieren it involved an intimate violation inside her head.

From the dungeon’s perspective Frieren was a pathetic sight. A woman half-swallowed by a mimic—hips jerking, pantyhose drenched, leg muscles strained and trembling. Pathetic also because the elf was so unsexual—narrow hips, sticklike legs. How had a woman so uninteresting heard tell of the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells, and what was her goal in coming there?

To dismantle the dungeon, perhaps? In which case she was a serious threat that warranted equally serious action. The dungeon shifted its layout—adjusting to the threat it was assessing. The elf possessed an uncommon density of mana. A mage of the highest caliber. The dungeon was factoring that into its analysis. Mages were trouble, mages were dangerous, mages were the number one risk for a magical dungeon. But despite this elf’s power, she was a fool. Evidenced by the muffled cries that rose and fell as her brains were toyed with by the mimic.

The Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells was equipped to deal with fools. Using the information the mimic’s tentacles were pulling from the elf’s memory, the dungeon learned more about the intruder. Frieren. An elf mage. A member of that hero’s party. The Hero Himmel. The dungeon’s creators had hated Himmel, and the dungeon dutifully inherited that hatred. This was an opportunity for revenge. For justice. A mage from the hero’s party. Frieren. A mage who enjoyed collecting odd spells. The dungeon could take advantage of that.

“Ohiiii! Ogoh! Ohgyu! Fuh—Fuuhrn!!” Fern. The elf had a disciple. A disciple with sizeable magic power as well as sizeable curves. Curves that made her teacher jealous. Curves that the flat Frieren fiercely envied.

The dungeon could take advantage of that too.

“Oghi! Furn! Ogyo! Ahm shorry! Ogyi! Suhave me Fuhrn!” Frieren couldn’t help but think of her apprentice as the tentacles teased out her memories of Fern. Not that the elf realized the dungeon was sifting through her mind and making a catalog of her vulnerabilities.

Frieren simply felt like a failure of a master who had overestimated her own abilities—and whose soon-to-be-orphaned student would suffer as a result of her indiscretion.

As the mimic finally began to draw her fully into its stomach and as its iron lips snapped up her hips and her legs and her boots, Frieren's last thought was of Fern.

No, more accurately, as Frieren finally slipped into blissful unconsciousness while monstrous tentacles stirred up her brain and messed with her head, Frieren's last thought was of Fern's **huge chest**.

***Frieren passed out!***

***Frieren was swallowed by a mimic!***

***Frieren equipped a **cursed item**!***

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"I hate mimics." Frieren was slow to wake. Her head felt like its contents had been rearranged. Assessing her surroundings, she worked to unjumble her mind. "I don't recognize this room. The mimic must have brought me back to its den. I *hate* mimics," she said again, just to say it.

Frieren really did hate mimics. She didn't feel any need to explain why.

"It must have left shortly after bringing me here," Frieren observed, taking note of the evenly spaced scratch marks on the stone floor—tracks left behind by something with unnaturally even dimensions dragging itself along. "I need a bath. And a new change of clothes." Her outfit wasn't damaged so much as it was defiled—the fabric stiff and unpleasantly sticky with residual slime. She felt it on her skin, too, like overapplied moisturizer.

"Where's my staff?"

It was gone. Discarded in the front entryway in all likelihood, dropped and forgotten as the mimic had gobbled her up and hurried back home with its prize. At the very least her staff wasn't in the den—which was unfurnished, empty, and featureless save for a heavy iron door that was closed tight when Frieren tried the handle.

“Locked? Probably. By magic? So I imagine.” Frieren considered her options—which weren’t many. She lacked the strength to throw open a door that sturdy. The best she’d manage would be a swollen shoulder and a bruised ego were she to try and brute force her escape. Waiting for the mimic to return, then escaping when it opened the door itself was a possibility—but she had been humiliated by the creature already and wasn’t eager to face it a second time. The safest, most practical option, the one she considered the only real answer to her dilemma and indeed, the answer to many of life’s problems was—

“Magic. Can’t help it. It’s a spell I really shouldn’t use, but I don’t have a choice!” Frieren was fooling only herself—her ears wiggled happily. This was a spell she had been eager to try out—but it was difficult for an earnest, honest, good master of magic like herself to find an opportunity to use lock-opening magic.

For some reason, the short-lived humans thought of it as thieves’ magic, and were highly prejudiced against anyone who could pop open a lock with a wave of their hand. Frieren had never quite understood the stigma, but she didn’t understand quite a few things about humans.

Frieren accessed her magic—and was pleasantly surprised. She had almost completely recovered from the mana drain trap. Frieren frowned. She had recovered too quickly for a short nap—had she been unconscious for longer than she realized? Or was there some element of the dungeon aiding her recovery? She made a note to return to such thoughts later—without her staff her spellcasting efficiency was greatly diminished, so having a large pool of mana to work with was to her benefit. Frieren pressed her hand flat against the door.

“Lock-opening mag—**hiiiiiiiiiiiic!**?”

Three things happened when Frieren cast her spell. First, she noticed an odd ambient glow to both her left and right. Second, the lock’s internal mechanism clunked loudly and the door swung open. Third, Frieren dropped to the floor.

“Wha—huh?” The ancient elf was at a loss for words. With one hand between her legs and the other grasping at her chest, she was masturbating in the middle of her escape attempt. “Why did that—? Why do I feel so good?” She had been excited to try out an untested spell, yes, but her interest in magic was academic. She was an eccentric, not a pervert. So why had casting some simple lock-opening magic made her so **horny**?

“The glow!” she gasped, forcing her hands away from her body—and up to her ears, from where the strange glow had come. Frieren realized there was a weight on her ears that hadn’t

been there before—something she hadn't noticed at first, focusing instead on her surroundings, her missing staff and the locked door.

Frieren was wearing earrings. Her fingers told her they were large spheres, about the size of a gold coin in diameter, maybe a bit larger. Dragging a nail across their surface she surmised they were either blown glass or some similar material—smooth and hard, thick but still too light for their size and therefore likely hollow.

Frieren was wearing earrings that were not her own.

“When did—Was it the mimic?” she wondered. She could wonder all she liked but if she were wearing earrings of unknown import the first order of business was to take them off.

After thirty seconds of ear-bending pulling and twisting, Frieren conceded that the earrings were not going to let themselves be taken off. Which left her no choice.

“Identify Magical I—**tehyiinn!**” The earrings glowed and Frieren was beset by another inexplicable surge of arousal. No, not inexplicable—she had suspected the earrings were behind her first pleasure attack and steeled herself against the second. She clasped her hands as if praying for temperance and waited for the unwanted pleasure to subside before she read the results of her spell, projected in the air before her:

***Orb Earrings of the Bimbo Mage (Cursed)***

***Mana regeneration tripled***

***Spell casts become orgasmic***

***Casting a spell permanently lowers maximum mana***

***Casting a spell permanently lowers Intelligence if above Bimbo***

***Cannot be unequipped***

***Forget all but first two lines of effects***

“That. . . explains it,” she groaned. The good news, she hadn't been unconscious longer than she feared; the earrings were bolstering her mana reserves significantly. The bad news, maintaining her concentration while casting spells was going to prove difficult. She had been



prepared for the backlash from her identification magic, but even then it had been more intense a compulsion than her unlocking spell.

“The feedback may scale in,” she paused, searching for a word. “Proportion. The feedback may scale in proportion to the comple—comp—*hardness* of the triggering magic,” she posited, a little uncertainly. It must have been the two back-to-back pleasure barrages that impaired her ability to articulate her thoughts.

Frieren felt a **fuzzy fog** lurking at the edges of her mind. Easily written off as a product of her time with the mimic—she was still doused in its juices, lest she forget. But still, there was something else that bothered her.

“. . .what’s a bimbo?” she mused. Never in all her years had she heard such a term. “Judging by the enchantments on these earrings. . . a ‘bimbo’ must be someone with an incredible affinity for magic.” Frieren nodded sagely, ears wiggling. “That explains the sensitivity. A ‘bimbo’ must be a type of spellcaster so in tune with their mana. . . that they experience magical backlash.” Frieren’s ears continued to wiggle with pride at how quickly she had thrown together a working hypothesis. She might not know what a bimbo was, but she already had a pretty good idea.

She figured she was close enough.

“Now, to get out of here before the mimic returns.” cursory examination of the outside hall revealed familiar drag-scratches leading off to the left. So naturally Frieren decided to go right, away from the mimic.

For some reason the normally canny Frieren failed to consider that following the mimic’s tracks was the surest way for her to navigate back to the dungeon’s entrance.

Her new earrings bounced cheerily as she took the path deeper into the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells.

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*If only my boobs were as big as Fern’s.* The thought did not come unbidden—it was very naturally bidden by a strange door Frieren had found as she explored the dungeon. The spell

holding the door shut was needlessly complex and difficult even for her to pick apart—and the condition for the door to open was as simple as it was blatant.

The door opened for women with big boobs. It was obvious—there was a silhouette of a well-endowed female form painted on the door itself. Slightly taller than Frieren, with breasts so large that even a two-dimensional shadow seemed suggestive. And while there were still other paths to explore, Frieren was vexed by the locked door.

She was a proud elf.

She was a millennial mage.

She was flat as a washing board.

Frieren hadn't been bothered by her comparative lack of figure for a thousand years, as she had no one to compare it to. Himmel's party had been all men save her. But then she had taken on a disciple, a human disciple, and she had watched as Fern in a span of mere years eclipsed her in height, weight, and bust.

*If only Fern's boobs weren't so big*, Frieren modified her earlier thought. If only Fern didn't have such unnaturally large breasts, her teacher wouldn't feel so. . . insecure? Uneasy?

Inferior. Frieren chewed her lip as she stared at the taunting door and thought about how unfair it was. She was the master mage. She had so many years of experience. Why was she cursed to be so unappealing?

She knew what boys liked. Boys liked big boobs; they liked girls like Fern with abundant curves. Anyone who claimed to prefer a figure like hers was a deviant.

Regardless of any insecurities she may or may not have, Frieren wasn't going to let a door like this stand in her way. What did this dungeon think it was, telling her she couldn't proceed because she didn't have big boobs?

“Lock-opening maa-**haah**-aaagic!” Having braced herself Frieren endured the spell's backlash. The pink fog surged forward but she was growing accustomed to it. She managed to stay standing, though her thighs rubbed together, while her magic sank into the boob door and sought to prod the locking mechanism open. Frieren waited with stiff nipples and trembling legs.

Nothing happened.

“No way. My magic wouldn’t lose to a dumb stupid door like this!” Frieren pouted. Stamping her feet she tried again. “Lock-ooo-hooo-pening mahhh-gic!” Casting two spells in quick succession had a much more pronounced effect—to keep from dropping to the floor Frieren planted her hands on either side of the big-boobed silhouette and braced herself against the door. She glowered at the buxom outline as her spell again failed to open the door. “Don’t underestimate me you stupid door! Lawk-ooo-hooo-pahning may-jik!” The third cast—with Frieren’s mana flowing right from her palms into the door—made her eyes roll back and tongue loll out. Her hips jerked and she looked like nothing more than a dumb elf trying to hump a busty picture painted on a door.

“Kehehe! Stupid bimbo!”

With gritting teeth Frieren twisted toward the nasty laughter—and the shock of what she saw helped clear some of the clinging pink fog in her head. The creature had purple skin and stood barely four feet tall. Its yellow eyes and whipping tail erased any doubt as to its nature. “A proto-demon? Come back here!” Frieren lunged at the creature but it was already running off down the dungeon hall snickering evilly as it disappeared around a corner.

Also known as an imp, a proto-demon was as its name suggested—an immature demon that had yet to acquire the requisite amount of mana to complete its maturation. Typically, an imp accumulated enough mana to become a true demon around its one-hundredth year.

“That size. . . seventy years old, maybe?” Frieren wiped the drool from her chin. Demons were of interest to a former companion of the hero Himmel, and Frieren had gathered knowledge of demonkind during as well as after her journey to slay the demon king. If there was such a thing as a scholar of demonology, she was that.

And she was not about to let an imp escape from her so easily. Not one that would become a full-fledged demon in a mere thirty years. She would snuff it out now while it was still helpless.

Juvenile or not a demon deserved no mercy. Frieren staggered after the imp, vowing to return and defeat the boob door later, when the demon threat was quashed. She stumbled around the corner and was rewarded to glimpse the imp’s spade-tipped tail as it disappeared at the next junction. Frieren followed and the process repeated. Each time she feared she’d lose sight of the imp but there was always a glimpse telling her which turn to take.

She tailed the fleeing imp deeper and deeper and until she finally cornered it in one of the dungeon’s treasure vaults. The creature still smiled, all teeth, as Frieren stood in the door

blocking its escape. Frieren was exhausted and out of breath from the chase but she had more than enough mana to finish the thing off.

“Zoltra—**ahahn!**” Frieren’s Zoltraak flew askew, vaporizing a treasure chest. The imp, as if finally realizing the danger Frieren posed, began casting a spell of its own. But it was merely an imp, a proto-demon yet to see its hundredth year. Its clumsy hand motions and hissing incantation were slow compared to the highly optimized spellcasting of an elf who had been practicing magic nonstop for a thousand years.

“Zol—**tohaaaahiii!**” Frieren was having trouble compensating for both the stress of combat and the unfortunate drawback of her earrings. Her killing magic once again missed, gouging out a chunk of the ceiling as though it had never been.

It was hardly a duel between mages at all. The imp was still struggling through its first spell as Frieren began work on her third. Setting her burning desire aside and trying her best not to think about how much she needed to masturbate right there and then, trying her best to think through the pink fog that was back in force turning her thoughts vague and indistinct Frieren called on a millennium of practice and discipline to ensure her third cast would find its mark and end this pathetic excuse for a duel and the pathetic excuse for a demon she faced.

“Zoltra—”

**“Endarmonet!”**

Frieren’s eyes crossed as the imp’s spell struck her. The pink fog, sensing an opportunity, billowed forth, swallowing up any further attempts at killing magic. Zoltraak was safely hidden away behind smothering soft clouds. Frieren swayed uncertainly from side to side as the imp approached, evil grin restored. Its whiplike tail coiled around her thigh and pulled Frieren to her knees. The proto-demon pressed its thumb against Frieren’s forehead.

**“Seputfy! Endarmonet! Seputfy! Endarmonet! Seputfy!”**

Alternating spells passed through the demon’s finger into Frieren’s head. Spit dripped down Frieren’s chin as her mouth fell open. Her eyes glazed over, fixed on some distant horizon. Demonic tendrils curled around her brain, hiding in the pink fog already encroaching on her mind and sliding insidiously deep as the imp expended all of its stored-up mana to subdue the most dangerous spellcaster it had ever encountered.

The imp knew a number of perverted spells—it was a denizen of this particular dungeon. But it was a demon who had survived seventy years already—it understood before it could have

its way with Frieren it first needed to guarantee its own safety. And to that end, Endarmonet—affection magic—and Seputfy—gullibility magic—were its greatest tools. It repeatedly cast the two spells until its mana dwindled nearly to nothing. Ensuring that Endarmonet and Seputfy took effect was more important than preserving its built-up magical power. The imp could always get more mana—and in fact was face-to-face with the most powerful mana battery it had ever seen.

Frieren returned to her senses slowly. When she finally blinked away the worst of the pink fog she realized the imp was standing in front of her with an expectant smile on its face. It regarded her as she regarded it.

Why had she been so set on killing the poor thing, again?

The thought came floating out of the fog like a bubble and when it popped Frieren pursed her lips in a contemplative “O”.

It was only a proto-demon, not even the real thing. Imps were understudied—it was rare for any nondemon to encounter them. They lived, as this one, almost exclusively within the safety of dungeons until they had gathered up enough magical power to mature to full demonhood.

The demon smiled, its tail swishing playfully to either side as Frieren followed this new line of thinking.

If it were only a *proto*-demon, a demon that had yet to become a demon, couldn't she take a different approach? Wasn't it her *responsibility* as a student of magic to explore alternative solutions. Yes, demons deserved no mercy. But an imp?

Surely she could afford to show mercy to an imp.

“Hello,” she ventured, weakly. And then, “Um—Sorry? For trying to kill you.”

“It's okay,” the imp said. “You didn't really mean to. That's why you missed.”

Frieren was sure really had meant to—but the imp's explanation made more sense. She was an unmatched spellcaster. There was simply no way for her to have failed to kill her target with Zoltraak twice in a row. She must not have realized it at the time, but surely her hesitation had caused the killing spells to misfire. “You're right,” she agreed with a smile. “I didn't really mean to. Um, if you don't mind me asking—What spell did you cast on me? Endarmonet, was it? I've never heard that incantation before.”

“Oh, Endarmonet is just a simple communication spell. It helps imps and bimbos understand each other.”

“Oh, okay. You called me that earlier,” Frieren said, frowning. “And these earrings—they belonged to a bimbo mage. What exactly *is* a bimbo?”

“ ‘Bimbo’ is a term of endearment we imps give to special people.”

“But you called me a stupid bimbo. . .”

“Kehehe! Don’t worry about it,” the imp said with a smile, so Frieren didn’t. Her curiosity and confusion were swallowed up by the fog and disappeared. “You were really angry at that boob door, huh?” the imp observed.

“I was furious!” Frieren confessed. “How could a dumb door like that tell me I wasn’t good enough! I wish I could have a word with the person who made this dungeon.” Sparks flitted between her fingers.

“Well, I don’t know about the second part—but I *can* help you get past that door,” the imp offered. “If you agree to let me join you.”

Frieren considered the imp’s offer critically. The imp almost certainly knew the dungeon layout better than she did. Having a guide who could alert her to traps and inform her of dangerous foes ahead of time would be invaluable. More importantly, the demi-demon was cuter than she first realized—its smile was appropriately impish and, while androgynous, it possessed a manly appeal that much pleased the pink fog increasingly making itself at home inside her head.

“Are you a boy or a girl?” she blurted out.

“What do you want me to be?” the imp returned.

“I’m, um, I’m more used to travelling with men, so. . .”

“Kehehe! You really are a bimbo! In that case I’m a man,” he said. As the imp spoke, his features shifted subtly, androgyny lessening just enough to make Frieren wonder how she had ever taken him for an “it” at all. He was clearly male, with nice toned forearms and a roguish glint in his eyes.

“Please come with me?” Frieren surprised herself with how needy she sounded saying it.

“Gladly!” the imp replied.

“Do you have a name?”

“Hmm. Call me Puck!”

***Frieren was charmed by Imp Puck!***

***Imp Puck joined Frieren’s party!***

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“While we’re here, you really should equip some better gear,” Puck said, leaning conspicuously on one of the room’s three treasure chests. He rapped the lid. “No mimics here! Kehehe.”

“That’s good,” Frieren said, trusting Puck’s evaluation. He kicked off from the chest as she approached and lifted the lid. She paused. “What is this?”

“Powerful magic armor! Put it on, I promise I won’t look. Much! That’s a joke, I really do promise. Kehehe.”

The treasure was thin and stretchy and made from some sort of silvery-white fabric that was glossy and silky between her fingers. “Give me a moment, please.”

***Frieren equipped a cursed item!***

“What strange fashion.” As she had struggled to put on the armor, Frieren realized she needed to first doff her jacket, skirt, and undershirt. Which also necessitated pulling off her boots. Once she was stripped own to her underwear and hose, she stepped into the armor and pulled its straps up over her shoulders. “This looks more like swimwear than powerful magic armor. . .” she said, twisting as she looked at the silver-white leotard that clung to her like a second skin. Accent lines threaded in gold traced her body’s curves—which was to say they ran straight up and down uninterrupted. It was as if the armor itself mocked her unremarkable figure. “I should take this off.”

She reached for the straps but Puck intervened, brushing her hands away. “No, no, trust me! It really is a powerful magic item! And if you want to get through that boob door. . .” he trailed off, letting Frieren grapple with the implication. “If you don’t believe me”—he sounded so incredibly hurt by the possibility—“then use your magic to identify it. You can do that, can’t you?”

“I can,” Frieren replied guiltily. What was she doing, doubting Puck like that? They may have only just met, but she already trusted him as dearly as Himmel and the others. “And I’m sorry for doubting you, Puck.”

“Don’t worry about it!” He beamed at her. “It’s good practice to identify an item after you’ve put it on, anyway, right? Go right ahead!”

Frieren nodded seriously. She focused, gathered her magic, and “Identify Magical I—**hyem!**” squirmed in front of Puck as she cast her spell.

***High-Cut Leotard of the Bimbo Mage (Cursed)***

***Magic targeting wearer has increased potency***

***One size fits all and Indestructible***

***Zero protection against erotic attacks***

***Increased likelihood of erotic attacks***

***Cannot be unequipped***

***Forget all but first two lines of effects***

“See?” Puck said, drawing close to read the floating text before Frieren. “Indestructible armor! Exactly the kind of thing you want in a dungeon. And it increases the potency of your buffs. That’ll come in handy later. Kehehe.”

“Mhmm,” Frieren moaned her agreement. “Puck, do you think you could?”

“Could what?” Puck asked innocently.

He was rubbing her ass. Frieren’s armor was indestructible and fit all sizes but its cut was severe and the ensuing V left her hips and her ass unprotected except for the thin fabric of her pantyhose. Not that any monster would ever take advantage of that, she reminded herself. It was powerful magic armor. Puck said so. The same Puck who seemed unbothered by how thin Frieren was and continued to grope her ass.

“That’s. . .” Frieren blushed fiercely. “Your hand. . .”



“What’s the matter? I’m just getting more familiar with my party member. Don’t you know this is the best way to strengthen our bond, Frieren?” He massaged her butt in circular motions. Frieren had never heard of this kind of bond strengthening, but Puck made it sound commonplace. Was she that inexperienced?

“A—Anyway! There are still two more chests, right? What’s in those?”

“Why don’t we find out?” Grope. Squeeze.

***Frieren equipped a **cursed item!*****

***Stiletto Heels of the Bimbo Mage (**Cursed**)***

***Strutting increases strut proficiency***

***Boosted poise while strutting***

***Strutting attracts enemies***

***Strutting replaces walking***

***Cannot be unequipped***

***Forget all but first two lines of effects***

***Frieren equipped a **cursed item!*****

***Beginner Spellbook of the Bimbo Mage (**Cursed**)***

***Grants access to Bimbo spells***

***Spellbook levels up with use***

***Bimbo spell incantations impart verbal tics***

***Bimbo spells overwrite conventional spells as mastery increases***

***Cannot be unequipped***

***Forget all but first two lines of effects***

Two orgasmic spell casts later and Frieren had identified her new gear. A pair of white-and-gold high-heeled shoes that were surprisingly easy to walk in—though she would have preferred her boots—as well as a magical grimoire. While ambivalent about the shoes, Frieren was ecstatic at the prospect of learning an entirely new school of magic. While her first instinct was to sit down and page through the book, memorizing each new spell in turn, Puck firmly suggested otherwise.

“You want to prove you can get through that boob door, right?” he reminded her.

“Oh. Right. You’re right.” Frieren paused. “I don’t think I can find my way back to the door on my own. Could you please lead me there, Puck?”

“It would be my pleasure,” said her trustworthy, reliable, and charming companion.

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Retracing her steps would have been impossible without Puck guiding her—especially in her new heels. Frieren struggled to put one foot in front of the other—without swinging her hips back and forth exaggeratedly. She tried to take simple, short steps but they were somehow more difficult than the swaying struts her shoes urged her to take.

By the time they made it back to the boob door Frieren had given up and strut as her magical footwear so badly wanted her to.

“Now’s where all your magic items will come in handy. You can go ahead and open that grimoire now. The spell you’re looking for is called Bimbo Body.”

Frieren eagerly did as she was told. How could she not, when she’d been aching to crack the spine on this book since Puck had first urged her to take it? It didn’t look like most grimoires—it was small and had a little gold chain that let her loop it around her wrist when it wasn’t in use. Red hearts were painted onto the gold cover, and the whole affect was that of a fashion accessory rather than a magical tome. But it positively *seeped* magic as Frieren flipped through the pages, looking for. . .

“Found it.” The old Frieren would have immediately begun to cast. Instead, she looked to Puck for permission. He was her guide in the dungeon, it was only natural that she deferred to his better judgement before doing. . . anything, really.

“Make sure you’re in front of the door, then cast away! Oh, and to make the spell stronger, you should think about any examples of big boobs you might know personally. Or even

just a pair you encountered that made you think ‘wow those are big boobs.’ It helps to have a strong mental image.”

Envisioning was a basic principle of magic and one of the first things any novice mage learned. But still, Frieren nodded and thanked Puck for his advice.

She thought, of course, of Fern. Her apprentice who she hadn’t spared any thought for since meeting Puck. That struck her as odd but she needed to focus on the spell first. Which, according to Puck’s instruction, meant she needed to focus on thoughts of Fern’s big tits.

Fern’s pointlessly big tits. Fern’s stupidly big tits. Where did Fern get off having tits bigger than her teacher? What possible advantage was there for a mage to have tits that large? Fern’s big dumb show-off tits. If it were as easy as magicking herself bigger tits, Frieren would have done so centuries ago. If there was a spell that did so Frieren would give herself tits far bigger than Fern. She’d give herself tits that’d make Fern envy *her*.

She’d give herself tits that were pointlessly, stupidly huge.

“Cast the spell,” came a whisper.

“**Bimbo Body!**” Frieren’s hands glowed a hazy pink. Magical power welled up inside her and fed the growing twin auras. A lot of magical power. Her entire reserve. Frieren hesitated. What spell was she casting? *Why* was she casting it? There was a time and a place to explore new magic and it was not in the depths of dungeon in the company of a proto-demon. She tried to negate the cast—but it was too late. The spell had the mana it needed and now something else welled up inside Frieren. The sexual thrill she had grown so familiar with. Only this time it felt less like magical backlash than it did an intrinsic part of the spell. Frieren squirmed, arms outstretched, in anticipation of what came next.

“Don’t lose your focus. Remember the big boobs.”

Frieren swallowed. Big boobs. Huge tits. Pointlessly, stupidly huge tits. The pink auras flashed, steadily expanding to swallow her hands, then her arms up to her elbows, and finally Frieren herself. As pink light enveloped her, Frieren thought it may have been a mistake to trust Puck so blindly.

Shortly after, Frieren had no thoughts at all. She floated through the pink fog and there was no end to it. The fog had swallowed her completely and there was nowhere to go. She was aimless, unthinking, adrift. Magic swirled around her. Her own magic, given shape and intent by the spell she had cast. Magic that prodded her, magic that pressed against her with atmospheric

force, magic that pushed its way slowly through the semipermeable barrier of her skin. Magic that poured into her, of her own origin but alien in intent. Magic that massaged her body from the inside, molding it into a new shape, urging it to take a new form. Magic that fed her flesh, warped her bones, and remade her.

Frieren blinked. “**Like**, what was that?” She sounded different. Not just higher pitched but breathless and airy in a way she had never been. “**Omigod** is that my voice?” It wasn’t merely the sound—speaking itself had a different feel. A clumsiness she had never known. As though she needed to take special care to enunciate her words or she’d lapse into a lisp.

“Good job casting! As expected of a stupid bimbo,” Puck snickered. His hand found its usual spot as he casually grabbed Frieren’s ass, but even that felt different. It felt way better, for starters, but also like Puck was grabbing her from further away? Frieren didn’t understand. “C’mon, go stand in front of the door and it’ll all make sense.”

Frieren as always did what Puck told her. It was only a few steps from where she had cast her spell to the door itself, but even crossing that short span felt different, too. Difficult as if she had been weighed down. Her center of balance was all off. *Something* was seriously different but she just couldn’t tell what.

Until she stood in front of the door and the silhouette transformed into a mirror.

“Who is *that*? She’s, **like**, a **total babe**.”

Frieren stared with incomprehension at the woman in the door. She had never seen a more attractive less intelligent specimen before in all her thousand years. She perched pigeon-toed on ridiculous high heels that were incredibly the least ridiculous thing about her. Silky black hose stretched from her feet up long gorgeous legs that transitioned from toned calves to plump thighs each thicker around than the woman’s waist and sinful hips that flared out in an attempt to accommodate both monstrous thighs and a trim midriff.

What could not be accommodated was the woman’s chest. The neat gold lines on her shiny white leotard bulged and distorted around the biggest pair of tits Frieren had ever seen. Fern’s chest was modest in comparison to the pointlessly, stupidly huge tits that were pressed up and together by tight, stretchy fabric that seemed explicitly designed to make them appear as huge and heavy as possible. Twin dents capped the woman’s gargantuan breasts, where her proportionally fat nipples made their presence known as if needy for attention. It wasn’t until Frieren tore her gaze away from the image’s huge tits that she realized whose body she had been ogling.

“Wait, *I’m* the total babe?” She would have struggled to believe it if her slack-jawed reflection didn’t mouth the same words. Frieren realized the difficulty she had speaking was the result of her lips puffing up as if stung until they were thick and glistening. The remainder of her delicate elven features had gone unchanged—the only other differences Frieren noticed was that her twintails were a bit poofier and her ears were droopy thanks to her earrings which seemed to have grown larger.

But everything was secondary to her tits. Even the huge ass that Puck groped like he owned didn’t distract her from just how *big* she was.

“I’m bigger than Fern,” she murmured. She was several times bigger than Fern. It was Frieren who now eclipsed her student. She looked down—and saw nothing but tit. Strictly speaking she saw her one-size-fits-all indestructible leotard that had proved its worth. Her old shirt would have been torn to shreds. Or worse, it could have impeded her growth. She had only just gotten them but already Frieren knew she could never settle for smaller tits again. “I’m bigger than Fern,” she repeated slowly, triumphantly.

“Touch them.”

Frieren’s hands leapt to obey, her gaudy grimoire dangling from one wrist. She paused with her fingers less than an inch away from the huge orbs on her chest. “Bigger than Fern,” she reminded herself before pushing fingers against tits and marveling at the sensation. “Ohhhhh,” she cooed. “My big titties are so, *like*, sensitive!” Frieren giggled uncharacteristically as she played with her huge boobs. “And squishy! I never knew big boobs could be so, *like*, fluffy! Squish! Squish!” Frieren giggled again, completely absorbed in hefting, bouncing, squishing, and squeezing her massive tits. Just for fun she lifted them as high as she could manage—they were *so* heavy—and let her titties drop.

Her breasts slammed against her ribs with enough force to leave her breathless and giddy. Her titties were big enough to use as a weapon. Walloping knockers that could literally knock someone out.

And they were *so* much bigger than Fern’s.

“Do you like having big tits?”

“I *love* having big tits.” Frieren had never used that word before. Not one time in a thousand years. But that was only because she had never had big tits before. Now that she did the word came to her tongue so naturally. Tits. Big tits. She had big tits. She had bigger tits than Fern. Her mind kept returning to that fact. Finally, finally, finally she had bigger tits than Fern.

It wasn't that she resented her disciple. She just never liked that Fern had such big tits when she had none. But now she had big tits. Frieren had pointlessly, stupidly huge tits that were bigger than Fern's. She couldn't stop giggling.

"Kehehe. You're a total bimbo," Puck said, and slapped her ass so hard she stumbled.

"Hey!" Frieren yelped playfully, covering her ass with her hands and turning half away from her companion. "Thanks for the compliment? I guess? Oh wow, my butt is so big too. Puck, look, can you believe how *big* my butt is?" Frieren caught sight of herself in profile. Hiding behind her hips was a truly massive ass that jutted out like a shelf. Unlike her tits that were wrapped in a thick layer of armor, Frieren's big ass was warded only by the gauzy black of her pantyhose—a gold-and-white cord flossed between her spherical cheeks and emerged to rejoin her leotard as it sensibly protected her back, but that was all.

The result was that Frieren's phat ass wobbled much more energetically than her tits, which were compressed, constrained, and perked up by her magic armor. Her poor pantyhose even had runs in them, exposing tantalizing streaks of creamy white elf meat. Frieren chewed her fat lower lip as she curled her fingers beneath her cheeks and gave them an experimental twitch. "Cawdddd," she moaned at the result. It was as if her butt was capable of magically absorbing kinetic energy without giving any up to entropy. Which, she realized, was actually a real possibility. No wonder Puck was always grabbing her ass. How hadn't Frieren realized how *erotic* a big round butt could be? She lost another minute making eyes at her reflection and practicing how to stick her butt out *just so* to make it look even larger than it actually was. Despite how much she had to arch her back, it wasn't uncomfortable at all, and even had the desirable side effect of making her huge tits look huger, too! "I'm soooooooooo hawt."

"With a bimbo body like this you should have no problem getting through the door," Puck said, reminding Frieren *why* she had made herself soooooooooo hawt.

"Oh! Right! The boob door. Right." Frieren had forgotten about the door after its surface turned reflective. She'd been too absorbed in her new bimbo bod. She straightened up and displayed her huge tits proudly.

Nothing happened.

"Uhhh, Puck?" She giggled nervously. "How do I open the boob door?"

"With your boobs, stupid bimbo!" Puck spanked her again—Frieren was discovering she quite liked the sensation—and Frieren caught herself on the mirror to keep from falling over. She caught herself but her boobs, instead of pressing against her silvered reflection (as she

secretly had hoped to see) passed through the mirror like two huge stones hurled into a pond, sending ripples cascading out to the edge of the door where they rebounded. “Don’t stop there, push them all the way through!” Puck commanded and after another spank Frieren obeyed.

With her palms flat on the mirror Frieren went cross-eyed staring at her reflection point-blank. She had the sudden urge to kiss the thick bimbo lips in the mirror so she did, fogging the glass as she made out with herself and waited for something to happen. The space on the other side of the mirror was warm and humid. “Puuuhk,” she slurred, leaving streaks of saliva on the mirror’s surface, “nuhin’s hahpenen.”

“Just give it a moment. A bimbo your age should learn to have a little patience. Kehehe.”

“‘M not *that* o—**ohooo—hooooooooooooold!**” Something inside the mirror grabbed hold of Frieren’s huge tits. Many small somethings, feeling like a thousand sticky fingers committed to mapping every last inch of her gigantic bust. “Wha—Whash hahpenning???” Frieren gasped. She reflexively reeled back—to discover that she was anchored in place by her boobs. Whatever had her *had* her and didn’t care to let go. “Puhk it feelsh too ghoo!”

“What part?” the imp asked innocently.

“My nippulsh! My nippulsh feel sho good!” Even with her high heels, Frieren was forced onto the very tips of her toes by the sensation of all the *things* touching her breasts. That she didn’t know what they were, that she couldn’t see what was happening on the other side of the mirror, only heightened her pleasure. “It’sh amayshing! Nippulsh amayshing!” Frieren squealed and moaned and smacked her hips against the glass, humping the door on instinct and smearing the drool from her lower lips across the mirror as well.

“Your ‘nipples amazing’? I don’t understand. Could you be a little more specific? What about your ‘nipples amazing,’ exactly?”

“Nippulsh! Nippulsh!” It sounded more like an incantation than a body part. “Fingursh on my nippulsh! Sho many fingursh! Pinchiiiiii—**ihiiiiing!** Nippulsh nippulsh nippulshnippulshnippulsh!!!” Frieren devolved into wordless moans as she smashed her hips against the mirror over and over producing loud wet smacks.

Frieren had her breasts graded like that for an hour.

“Ehehehe. . . Ehehehehehe. . . My nipples. . . Nipples. . . They made my nipples so perverted. . . Ehe. . .” Frieren sat on the floor, legs splayed, pawing her breasts. Her nipples bulged out obscenely. No longer comparatively modest raised discs capping her breasts,

Frieren's nipples had been developed into thick, fat studs that required at least three fingers and a thumb to properly tug. Which Frieren did, giggling madly all the while.

***Frieren's nipples became perverted!***

"You went through all that trouble to open the boob door. Aren't you curious what's on the other side?" Frieren hadn't even noticed, but the door must have opened after releasing her. She had immediately fixated on her perverted nipples and missed it. Now that she looked there was nothing really to see—the door was open, but the doorway itself was veiled in shadow.

"Do you think I should go through?" she asked Puck with her head tilted uncertainly to one side.

"I think you simply *have* to. You *need* to see what's in there."

"M'kay," she said. Standing up was hard. She didn't want to let go of her nipples but she was too heavy and her heels too tall for her to stand up without the help of her hands. Or someone else! "Puuuck," she wheedled, ears wiggling mischievously. "I just don't think I can get back up on my own. Think you can, *like*, gimme a hand?"

"Of course."

"Wait, huh? Wait no Puck I didn't—  
*notmynipplesmynipplescummingcummingcummingggg!!!*" Frieren wore a manic grin as Puck pulled her to her feet using the two most obvious handles—her super sensitive, super perverted nipples. Frieren was reminded that while it felt great to play with them herself, someone else's hands just felt better.

"I helped you up. What do you say?"

"Th—Thank you," Frieren stammered out meekly. Puck was getting kind of mean. . . and he was shorter than her. . . so why was her first instinct always to go along with whatever he said?

"There's a good bimbo. Now go see what's in the room you worked so hard to enter." Puck's hand assumed its usual spot and he gave her ass a nice strong squeeze. Frieren whimpered.

"Y—Yes, Puck."

With her small proto-demon companion at her side Frieren passed through the open doorway into the room beyond and was stunned by what she saw.



The room was claustrophobic and made moreso by the presence of no fewer than twenty women, each attended to by a bed of tentacles. Their moans were muffled by tentacles in their mouths as their bodies bounced and shook from the force of the tentacles fucking them. Their bodies were ridiculous—huge breasts and massive hips, just like Frieren. They had all been transformed by the dungeon and made into sexual playthings.

Just like Frieren.

“Welcome to the beating heart of the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells. Mage Frieren, companion to the Hero Himmel and bane of demonkind, have you enjoyed your visit?” Puck still had his hand on her ass but he was groping it more aggressively than ever, as if burning through long-suppressed anger.

“Dungeon of Erotic Traps? Puck what are you—*ahn!*” Frieren tried to pull away but she couldn’t. She knew she had to help these women but she didn’t know how. If she just had her staff—

“You really are a dumb bimbo. Not that I can really blame you after you cast so much of your intelligence away.”

“Cast my intelli—my smarts? Puck, what are you talking about? We have, *like*, to help these women!” She tried to move but couldn’t stray from Puck’s guiding hand.

“I know it’s by design but it’s almost pathetic how little you realize. Frieren, cast Identify Magical Item one more time, but make sure to use your bimbo book as your focus.”

“Puck I don’t know if this is the ti—*ahnyou!* I—I understand.” She held her book in both hands and centered herself—as best she could in a room full of tentacle sex with a hand mauling her ass. “Identify Magical Item! *Ohgodcumming!*” Frieren clenched the book tightly as she came, then stared aghast at the item text floating before her. “Permanently lowers. . . *mana?* Permanently lowers. . . *Intelligence?* You mean the earrings—”

“Have been making you progressively dumber and easier to manipulate,” Puck admitted. “To the point you lost to a mere proto-demon and allowed them to charm you.” The pink fog Frieren had grown so comfortable with suddenly seemed suffocating. Now that she knew what it was—a cursed item designed to sap her wits—and now that she actually tried to *think* through the fog she was terrified to realize she couldn’t. She couldn’t hold onto a thought longer than a few moments—not before her perverted nipples or Puck’s grabby hand or the women getting fucked by tentacles distracted her.

She was a proud elf mage who had lived over a thousand years and she had become an airhead. “Nooooo,” she whined, trying and failing to push Puck away. “Give it back! Gimme back my smarts! Gimme back my magic!” She sounded like a child throwing a tantrum.

“But Frieren, I *need* your magic if I’m going to become a full demon. You’ve killed so many of us—you and the hero Himmel. I think it’s only fair that that magic is used for a better cause. For my sake and the sake of demonkind.”

“You’re going to. . .” Diminished as she was, Frieren had to connect each piece one at a time. A proto-demon that needed at least a hundred years’ worth of magical power to mature. Cursed earrings that siphoned her mana and intelligence. A room at the heart of the dungeon where captives were kept.

“I already have. Your lovely earrings are full of your magic, ripe for the picking.” They *had* been growing bigger. Heavier, as they stole her mana. Puck released her. “Frieren, squat.”

She had to escape. She had to run away from the imp while she had the chance. Instead Frieren dropped into a wide-legged squat, knees splayed open, huge ass squishing against her heels. Like this Puck towered over her. She felt small. Obedient. Weak.

Puck took out a cock bigger than Frieren thought possible and laid it on her face and all those feelings intensified. “The best part of this is,” Puck sighed happily, “is that even though you know everything now, you still can’t help but obey. I spent seventy years of mana to bring you under my control, Frieren. Every last drop I had harvested from the other dungeon visitors.” He gestured charitably to the women bouncing and gagging on tentacles. “And in most circumstances I bet even seventy years wouldn’t have affected you. Not if you hadn’t already begun to turn yourself into a bimbo for me.”

Frieren was overwhelmed by the huge thing weighing down on her. An instinct—a product of the pink fog—urged her to give it a lick. Just one. Just one long lick up the side. She panted, breathing in the heady air of the fuck room. “I still don’t know what a bimbo is,” she said between panting breaths. She should have said any of a million other things.

“A bimbo is a dumb curvy slut,” Puck told her. He raised his dick and brought it back down and Frieren flinched with her whole body at the impact. “A bimbo is a convenient sex pet who does what she’s told to do.” He cockslapped her again, slow and lazy and dominant. “A bimbo is a mana battery for her betters.” Smack. “A bimbo is a demon plaything.” Smack. “A bimbo can’t fight back.” Smack. “A bimbo submits.” Smack. “A bimbo sucks my dick. Open your mouth, Frieren.”

She sucked his dick. Frieren submitted to Puck. She didn't fight back. She was a demon plaything. She had become a mana battery for her betters. Puck had turned her into a convenient sex pet who did what she was told to do. Frieren was a dumb curvy slut and as soon as she accepted it all she began to enjoy herself.

Her huge breasts pressed against Puck's legs as she bobbed on his cock devotedly, making sure to maintain eye contact as much as she could. The disbelief she had sustained since entering the dungeon's heart melted away—replaced by blissful submission. She had lost. She had been tricked, outsmarted, transformed, and claimed by not even a demon but an imp, and now there was nothing she could do to escape her fate. So why shouldn't she enjoy it?

Why shouldn't she savor the taste of Puck's cock in her mouth? Why shouldn't she run her tongue across his length as he fucked her mouth and her throat? Why shouldn't she pinch a nipple and finger her pussy while she submitted to a superior proto-demon?

"Kehehe!" Puck laughed at the sight of Frieren, *that* Frieren, sucking his dick. He wasn't the Lord of the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells—in truth he was more of a precocious ward that the dungeon liked to look after. The dungeon hadn't wanted him to cross paths with Frieren at all—the plan was to wear her down with more mimics until her mana had been completely drained. But Puck didn't want to win that way. He wanted to take a calculated risk—a risk that was well in his favor but a risk nonetheless—and enjoy the payoff. He had gotten exactly what he wanted.

And he still had so many plans. Frieren had come flat as a board and needed magic to fix her up. But Fern, her apprentice. . . that purple-haired human had all-natural cow tits. She would make a great addition to the dungeon's constantly expanding mana farm. He had no choice. It'd break his heart to separate master and student. He smiled—how else but impishly?

"Good bimbo," Puck told her.

**Frieren in the Dungeon of Erotic Traps and Perverted Spells — End**