

The Dungeon of Lewdity: Origins of a Merchant Princess

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It was a chilly night or, at least, it certainly seemed that way to Katrina Belasco as she stood before an ancient stone door in nothing but her smallclothes, trying to work up her courage to take off those as well. Despite all her research, despite her *need* for this, it was proving far harder to take the plunge than she'd thought. Still, she wouldn't go back. Her father had left her no choice. That thought sent her mind spinning back to the beginning of her mad plan and she let it go. Perhaps going over the reasons she was here, again, would push her over the edge into taking the plunge.

On the surface of it, the idea that the sole heir of the wealthiest trade ship line in the Kingdom of Idyl would be in dire need of money was ludicrous. But her father, Garland Belasco, had never wanted his daughter to be anything but another piece on his gameboard. She certainly wouldn't inherit his empire. That would go to the carefully selected 'husband' he would choose for her. A fate she had no interest in. He either didn't understand or else didn't care that she'd inherited the full measure of his own intelligence...plus a healthy dose of the passion that had drawn the otherwise cold-fish of a man to her late mother. She would never be content to simply be someone's trophy and she'd grown to hate her father for his attempts to force her into that mold as she grew up.

Of course, the more she resisted, the more she'd tried to prove herself to him, the more the fucking bastard had clamped down. When she'd gone behind his back to make her own business deals, he'd cut off her funding and used his own influence to crush the upstart companies that had helped her. She'd gone a step farther, pawning some of her own possessions to try again using middlemen...but eventually he'd found out. Her middlemen had come to violent ends. All of them. Even a few who'd hadn't had a clue who they were working for.

That had scared her.

She admitted that, to herself. It had pushed her growing hate for the man over into fear as she realized just how ruthless he could be. She'd known then that she had to get away, had to remove herself from the coasts where her father had the most influence. If she wanted to be free, she had to set herself up in the kingdom's inner regions, where the influence of the nobility was stronger than any merchants. More problematical, she needed do so with enough starting capital to make crushing her businesses impossible without him pissing off people more powerful than him. But where was she to get the money? She couldn't steal it from him or he'd just turn the army upon her. Nor would anyone give her a loan, risking his ire on the mere *chance* that she would be a better option than him. Well, no one she wanted to be indebted to, anyway. No, she had to get the money from somewhere none could dispute or control. It had to be *hers*.

She'd considered a dozen options. Adventuring had seemed promising, as had treasure hunting, she was a fairly gifted and well-educated mage, a skill her father had allowed as it would be 'useful to her future intended.' But both of those options would take years to show the results she'd needed. Longer if she was unlucky. Unfortunately, that sort of timeframe would have opened her up to the risk her father would try something drastic, like kidnapping or magical mind control. She'd been on the verge of despair when she'd finally hit upon an idea, one so crazy that not even her father would think she'd actually try it. The Dungeon of Lewdity.

Traditionally, The Dungeon, which even all of her research hadn't turned up the original name of, was a last resort used only by the peasantry. In part, that was because there were a few things the nobility and richer merchant houses knew about the place that the commoners did not...but none of those things were outright prohibitive to what she had in mind. Indeed, after she'd begun quietly putting her remaining contacts to use in pulling together all the research that could be found on the place, she'd discovered something interesting. The Dungeon wasn't cruel. Indeed, from everything she'd been able to dig up, it actually seemed to be a force for positivity in the lives of even those who failed its challenge. Not in the ways they had wanted and sometimes it could backfire...but the actual effects people were left with tended to improve whatever part of their lives had driven them to such extremes in the first place. The only exceptions seemed to be those that actively attempted to fight the dungeon's will...or those that broke the rules in a serious and intentional way. Those were the cases that people thought of as extreme and repeated as horror stories.

Discovering and confirming that detail had meant that her insane idea might just work...particularly since she'd dug up a few accounts of people who had gone into the dungeon already possessed of some kink the dungeon approved of. Such people seemed to have both a higher chance of success and results that reflected their pre-existing desire. Finding that pattern had been the last piece of the puzzle for Katrina, the one that made this an acceptable gamble rather than too great a risk. She could *not* afford to be mentally affected to the point she couldn't fulfill her dreams, after all, or this whole thing would be pointless. But physical changes...she could accept those, even dream of them if need be. And so, in very possibly a first for anyone who'd ever attempted the dungeon, she'd deliberately and intentionally sought out an interest in a kink the dungeon might enjoy.

It had taken months of clandestinely acquired porn and quite a bit of admittedly enjoyable masturbation...but in the end it hadn't been as hard as she'd thought it might be. Every girl dreamed, usually only sometimes and often only idly, about bigger boobs or a tighter ass. With that as a jumping off point, it had been surprisingly easy to desire something *more*. To want a cute little bunny tail, milky tits, or a large cock to experiment with. She'd done her best to avoid being too specific in her new preference, not wanting to deny The Dungeon it's fun and risk it doing something else entirely, but she had to admit that certain things appealed more than others. Like having a tail. She thought that would be amazing!

And so...here she stood. She might well know more about The Dungeon than any other who'd ever entered. She'd stacked the deck as much as possible in her favor. But...she was still afraid. Well, afraid and embarrassed, actually. The fear she'd figured would happen and casting her mind back over why she was here had given her courage of a sort. The embarrassment though...that was more unexpected and proving a bit harder to overcome. She wasn't exactly a prude, sure, but she'd never even been naked in front of a boy! Let alone stripping down outside and walking into a place that she knew was going to lead to lots of sexual things happening to her...possibly even sex with the monsters that lived inside!

She shook her head roughly, trying to force away the blush that had crept unto her face despite her best efforts. That should be a good thing! Yes, another thing that would upset her father and fun besides! Yes. Yes, that was the way of it. It would be *fun*. Without giving her mind time to overcome that idea with worry, she pulled off her panties and threw them aside, following them with her bra.

Okay. Okay. She was naked in public. That was fine. She was just going to go into the dungeon, no one would know. Deep breaths. That was the thing. Deep breath—

There was a noise in the bushes behind her and she looked over her shoulder, spotting a blonde elf in a barmaid's uniform coming through the trees. Katrina yelped and dived for the door....

She groaned from her spot in a awkward heap on the stone floor. Okay, so maybe diving through the door hadn't been the *best* instinct reaction, as her bruised body was so kindly informing her. But...at least she was inside now! Yes. Best look on the bright side. Every bruise has a silver lining maybe, or something like that!

Determination renewed, slightly at least, she untangled herself from the heap of bruised limbs she had become and managed to right herself, at least enough to sit up and take in what sort of place her ill-advised dive had landed her in. The room was...well-lit at least? There didn't seem to be much in it. One door at the far side and a solid table she couldn't see the top of from her current low vantage point. Annoyed at that, she took a deep breath, let it out, and groaned her way to a standing position. She winced at the ache of a few pulled muscles but nothing seemed seriously wrong, so after giving her body a once-over she hobbled toward the stone table on naked feet.

She came to an abrupt halt as she finally got a good look at what was on the stone table, swallowing hard. She'd been expecting a puzzle...but she didn't think that was what she was looking at. Taking the last few steps forward, she reached out to run her hands over the objects resting there. A blindfold, a medium-sized dildo, an anal plug...and a chastity belt. Her own talent for magic was more than strong enough to let her know each was quite heavily enchanted...and that they seemed to be a set. Except for the blindfold. Curiously, it barely whispered of any enchantment at all.

She rocked back on her heels, looking from the toys to the door and sorting through what she knew about the dungeon. Okay, puzzle rooms were *typical* but not the only thing inside. She more than suspected that the dungeon was sentient and she'd come here with the *specific intention* of letting it play with her. So, if this isn't a puzzle...a test? Something felt subtly right about that thought. That, just maybe, the dungeon was asking her... '*How serious are you?*'

She gulped, took one last steadying breath, then reached for the first toy with a rock-steady hand. Bending over the table with the dildo in one hand, she took a few moments to rub her clit with the fingers of the other to make penetration smoother. Her body had been halfway ready as it was, simply from the situation she was in, and it didn't take much effort to get her proverbial fire burning. Without further hesitation she spread her legs a little wider and pressed the dildo home, noting with pleasure that the dildo itself was apparently self-lubing.

She'd practiced with several toys larger than this and thus it was soon buried to the hilt. She took a moment's pause to adjust to the situation...only then noticing that there must have been something odd in the lube or the magics of the toy, as her pussy was pulsing with warmth, almost like what was buried in her was—

She blushed reflexively at the thought, shook her head, and reached for the butt plug. She moved it to her rear hole without preamble, noting with relief that it began lubing itself the moment she touched it to her rosebud. She worked the toy around, using its enchanted lube to properly prepare herself, then relaxed and popped it inside with practiced ease, thankful that she'd been through in her explorations in preparation for today. She shuddered in pleasure once the toy was fully seated and it began to pulse just like the dildo...

With a hand that was only slightly less steady, mostly due to the distractions now inside her, she reached for the chastity belt and stepped confidently into it. She didn't second-guess, didn't stumble or hesitate as the moment came. She simply locked it, the click and surge of magic afterward sealing her to

her path in a way even the choice to enter had not. Then, with a determined glint in her eyes, she reached for the blindfold too. It wasn't part of the set, she already knew it wasn't from it's feel. But she would not deny The Dungeon what it wanted. She wrapped it around her head and tied it off.

The moment she began to lower her hands a warm wind swept through the room and a feeling of...happiness? Almost a friendly sort of giggle, actually. Whatever it was, it brushed against her soul for just a heartbeat...

Then the blindfold disappeared and she found herself somewhere completely different. In place of the largely empty room with its stone table, she found herself in a lush jungle. Rich loam squished beneath her naked feet and alien trees she'd never seen even in her books were all about her. Wide eyed, Katrina looked up, a shudder of relief going through her as she saw bits of stone ceiling just visible in places above the jungle-canopy. That was enough to know she was still in the dungeon, not somewhere half a world away, even if the new ceiling was a good 40 feet above her head. She reached out with her magical senses...then squeaked and let them go as the toys within her came brutally to life, vibrating wildly.

The toys stilled again as she let go of the magic and she nodded half-dazedly to herself from where she'd fallen to her knees. Okay, so that was a clear enough message. No magic. Which meant...she was supposed to explore this place rather than try to figure out it's secrets. That wasn't exactly a shock, even if she'd reflexively tried to use her magic to help. After taking a moment to center herself, she thrust herself back to her feet, picked a direction, and began cautiously advancing through the jungle on shaky legs...

Katrina crawled dazedly toward the pool of clear water. She didn't know how long it had been since she entered the dungeon. She didn't even know how many times she'd cum her brains out since discovering that the toys inside her were set to cycle on and off at random intervals. What she *did* know was that her legs were felt far too much like jelly to walk properly and she was *seriously thirsty*. She reached the pool and scooped water with her hands, drinking joyously off the crisp, clear water. She noticed a slight tingle of magic as she did, but paused only a moment before her second scoop when she realized it was the familiar tingle of restorative magics.

She was on her third scoopful when a voice startled her from behind.

“Okay, I'm seriously impressed, kitten.”

Katrina jerked so hard that she fell forward into the pool of water, spluttering and struggling as laughter came from the same husky voice. Thankfully, given how desperately exhausted she still was, aid came from the voice as well, in the form of a hand that grabbed a flailing arm and towed her back to solid ground with casual strength. She laid there, gasping and trying to calm her heartbeat for long moments, before finally braving a look at her...rescuer?

The moment she registered what she was seeing she did a double take. Then a triple take. She...was *she* even right? Whatever. *She* was well over six foot, well-muscled, and sporting a truly enormous pair of breasts. All of which was rather less important than the fact that she wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing, she was covered in a fine layer of black fur...and there is a rather large, half-erect cock dangling between her legs. The cock twitched as Kat stared at it, notably a bit harder than it had been just a second ago, and the movement snapped Katrina out of her daze. Forcing her gaze upward, she met the smirking face of her rescuer.

“Well, well, the kitten seems to like my equipment, if it’s staring is any indication.”

Katrina tried to speak but only stumbling stutters came out as her face turned bright red. The cat-futa giggled at the sight, which wasn’t helping...

“Relax, kitten. You impressed me with your determination. No one has reached the pool in my little room in *ages*. Not without me helping them in some way. And given that you came at least twice as often as most who passed out, it’s doubly impressive. You must have quite the hair trigger, huh?”

New shades of red were being discovered right on her face, but Katrina was finally managing to get her brain to work. She struggled upright, accepting the helping hand the cat-futa offered her halfway up, then nodded as best she could. “Uhhh...I am kinda...sensitive...”

“Oh, goodie. That will make my offer so much more fun if you accept.”

Katrina blinked. “Ummm, offer? Oh, and what’s your name! Mine’s Katrina.”

That seemed to take the black-furred woman aback for the first time. “Nylara. My name is Nylara. You know, I think you might be the first person to ask me that right up front? Some of them don’t ask at all. Very rude, but I’ve gotten used to it.” The futa shook her head ruefully, then refocused on Katrina, her eyes gaining a smolder as they raked Katrina’s body. “As for my offer. I have a choice for you. I can release you from that belt you’re wearing...but there will be a price for my help.”

Katrina offered a half-bow, getting another blink of surprise from Nylara. “It’s nice to meet you, Nylara. Thank you for pulling me out of the pool. And...do I get to know what the price is?”

Nylara stepped back, leaning against a tree. “Hmmm, so polite. A virgin too, I think, from your smell. Do you know how rare... No matter. The price is two things. First, I get to make use of what I’m releasing.” She gestured down at her now mostly-hard cock. “I’m going to fuck you silly...and since you’re polite, I’ll tell you upfront that I’m not settling for just one fuck or just one hole. I haven’t gotten to break in a virgin in *ages*, so I’m totally keeping you here all day. Possibly a bit longer, depending on how often you pass out on me.”

Katrina didn’t flinch, she’d never had any delusions that she’d get out of this place quickly or without having her brains screwed silly. “And the second price?”

Nylara’s eyes had as much respect as lust in them now. “A single bite from me. Normally, I wouldn’t warn you what that means...but you’ve impressed me so far. My bite will transform a single random part of your body to be more cat-like. You *might* get off with slit pupil eyes...or you might end up with fur.”

“Done!”

Nylara blinked. “What, just like that? I haven’t even told you the alternative yet...”

“What, leaving the belt on and going down a route of ever-increasing bondage or something?” Katrina’s voice was deadpan and the cat across from her gained an almost comically surprised expression.

“Uuuuuuhhhhh...yes, actually. Though I’m not really supposed to tell you the second part. How the hell did you...?”

Katrina beamed, proud of herself. “I did my research on The Dungeon before I came! One of the first rooms is usually a choice of some sort that sets the tone for what happens to each person. I figured the first room might not have counted toward that and made a guess.”

Nylara laughed. It wasn't the giggle from before but a full, hearty laugh that ended up causing her to slide halfway down the tree she'd been leaning on. Katrina's blush, which had mostly faded, returned in force and she twiddled her thumbs as the cat-futa tried to get control of herself again.

Eventually, Nylara pulled herself back together. “Oh, oh that's amazing. No wonder The Dungeon likes you, kitten.” Suddenly seeming to notice Katrina was looking embarrassed, the black-furred futa bounced to her feet and roughly patted her on the head. “It's not a bad thing. Not at all. The dungeon is likely quite happy that someone actually took the time to try and understand. People coming in blind to how it all works is so common as to be almost boring to it most of the time, but someone who truly understands what they're getting into and came anyway? That's something else.”

Katrina shuffled from foot to foot, trying to hide how good the head-pats felt. Telling herself it was just the fact that her body was hyper-sensitive from all the orgasms, she tried to get things back on track. “Ummm, so the belt?”

“Right, right, the belt. Don't worry, I can take it off whenever we're ready and I already disabled the toys so you could focus fairly on your choice. Once you've recovered a bit more, I'll take you to my treehouse. No reason for either of us to be uncomfortable when I claim my prize.”

Katrina nodded and moved to lean against a tree of her own. Her legs were still a bit shaky despite the healing properties of the water slowly working on her. “Thanks for that, I'm pretty sure one more climax would have done me in.”

Nylara grinned at her, showing off some serious fangs. “Be grateful you lasted. I might not have bothered talking to you otherwise.”

“...aren't you part of the room's challenge, though?”

The cat-futa shrugged and propped herself up properly on the tree again. “Yes, but I get to choose what I want to do to the people that enter my room. So long as they make a choice, how I go about it doesn't really matter. A lot of the time I don't bother actually showing myself, I just use the various vines and stuff to mess with them.”

Katrina cocked her head to one side questioningly. “The dungeon really lets you have the much freedom in how to do things? I didn't come across anything like that in my research?”

The cat-futa shrugged. “Yes. I'm not surprised you didn't, though. You see, unlike some of the monsters you'll meet in here who either came in from the outside for their own reasons or used to be dungeon delvers themselves and simply decided to stay, I'm one of the rarish ones born here in the dungeon. Normally, the effects of the dungeon don't allow pregnancies to happen, but the monsters here can sort of petition to be allowed to have kids. If they *really* want it and they've given good service to the dungeon, it will allow it and given them a safe place away from the delvers for a while to raise the kid. I was the result of a case like that and those of us who were born inside have a deeper connection to the dungeon itself. It can communicate with us much more clearly than it can with anyone else.” Her nose crinkled as she paused, clearly trying to figure out how to explain something. “It can't...talk, not exactly. But...”

“But you can sort of feel it brushing against your soul?”

Nylara jerked in shock, tail puffing straight out behind her as she stared at Katrina. “What! How did you? You can *feel it*?”

Katrina raised her hand and made a so-so motion by titling it side to side. “Sort of? I felt it when I made my first real choice in the dungeon. It might have something to with me being a mage, or maybe with the fact that I was already fairly certain the dungeon was alive when I first decided to enter?”

Nylara’s fur settled, slowly. Eventually, she shrugged and leaned back against her tree. “Okay, that just makes me more certain that the dungeon will be okay with me doing whatever. It also explains why it sent you my way as your very first room. I knew it had to have taken a liking to you to do that...but to think you can actually feel it...” She shook the thought off after a long few moments of pause. “Okay, kitten, you ready to go? The pool water should have taken the edge off your tiredness by now.”

“Yes!”

Nylara giggled at the instant response. “Quite eager to have a proper fucking, huh?”

Katrina blushed...but nodded. Getting another giggle from Nylara.

“Oh, goodie. So certain, yet such a blushing maiden at the same time. You’ll be soooo much fun to play with...”

Her cat companion brushed a black-furred finger along her jaw, then pulled her to her feet, not letting go of her hand afterward, using it to drag her into the jungle. Distance was hard to judge in this place, but Katrina was fairly sure they must have walked for at least a quarter of an hour before they came to Nylara’s home. The treehouse was exactly that, a small but well-constructed dwelling twenty feet above the ground in a hidden clearing, next to a gently flowing stream and a small garden. The entire scene was remarkable peaceful and homey, seeming just slightly at odds with its blunt, mischievous owner.

Katrina’s companion waved her to the woven-vine ladder that led up to the treehouse. She obeyed the gesture without protest, climbing swiftly into Nylara’s home. She paused for a moment to appreciate the aesthetic of the room. It had a rustic, almost barbaric décor, a carved wooden bed covered in animal pelts and a natural wood table mixed with various carved-bone decorations, plus a very few worn looking books with leather covers. Despite its primitiveness, it felt pleasant...with undertones of raw primal sensualism that seemed to fit with the large cat-futa much better than the tranquil jungle clearing outside.

Nylara entered behind her as Katrina finally moved into the room proper. They turned to face one another and there was a moment of pause, of anticipation. Then Nylara pounced. Katrina ooffed in shock as the much larger woman scooped her up and deposited her on the bed with a hungry smile and a haze of lust coloring her eyes. Before Katrina could recover, the futa grasped both her wrists in one hand and drew them forcefully above her head, then leaned in for a searing kiss.

Katrina saw stars at the sheer power and passion in the exchange, her half on-edge body immediately beginning to ache with need despite the multiple climaxes of the last few hours. Nylara’s hungry mouth let up only in fits and starts, darting away to nip at her neck or suck on an earlobe. Then, suddenly, she felt a hand on the base of the dildo inside her, her eyes popping open as she realized that the chastity belt had disappeared somehow! She tried to move her hands to check, only to discover that the belt being gone wasn’t the only thing she’d missed in her kiss-induced distraction. Her hands were tied to the frame of the bed above her head!

Nylara pulled away and chuckled when Katrina whined vocally at her realization. “Oh, kitten. You didn’t think I was going to let you cum until I say so, did you?”

Katrina started to whimper as the husky words registered, but the whimper turned to a moan as the plug inside her ass sprung to vibrating life and the hand holding her dildo pulled and pushed it slowly in and out. Her eyes closed and she humped back against the toys, only to whine again as the dildo disappeared. Thankfully, a moment later powerful fingers replaced it, plunging in and out of her sopping cunt at a feverish pace. Then, just as she was about to cum, the fingers stopped. The plug didn’t, keeping her near the edge, and she murmured pleas for Nylara to finish her.

Her tormenter only chuckled. “You’ll have to do something for me first, if you want to cum.” The black-furred futa climbed over her, kneeling with legs spread wide and rock-solid cock coming to rest on Katrina’s tits. “Hmm, these aren’t quite large enough for just a boobjob, but I bet if you use that pretty mouth of yours as well, you can make me cum. If you manage it, I promise I’ll fuck you until you scream my name.”

Katrina gasped a little at the sheer size of the futa’s endowment, but blowjobs were something she’d practiced too! She could do this. And she wanted to cum, darn it! She lunged forward but couldn’t quite reach the cock, whining at her failure. The cat-futa giggled, then reached down the fold Kat’s breasts around her cock as far as they’d go. Her breasts were decently sized, even if not huge, and they covered a good two thirds of the futa’s cock. She thrust forward through the cleavage and Kat finally managed to get the cock in her mouth.

What followed was a half-frustrating learning experience, trying to get the timing right while Nylara made sure Kat stayed at her own edge by tweaking nipples or leaning back and playing with her clit regularly. The futa was patient with her fumbings, thankfully, and gently guided her into getting it right until, finally, the futa-girl thrust forward harshly and grunted as she unloaded. The first jets of cum were swallowed by a startled Kat, then the dominant futa pulled back and spread more shots all over Kat’s face and chest. She finished with a growl, pausing with eyes closed for long moments.

Eventually, quite whimpers from the desperately horny and squirming girl below her focused her again and she smirked down at Katrina. “Good kitten. Now, I promised you a reward.”

She reached down and stroked her cock, rapidly bringing it back to life before the hungry eyes of her prey. Then she dismounted from Katrina’s stomach and moved between the girl’s legs. She played with the end of the plug for a moment. “Hmmm, perhaps I should remove this? Nah, I think I’ll leave it so you can feel properly stuffed.”

Katrina’s eyes widened, alarm cutting through the haze of lust at that. Nylara was a bit bigger than the largest dildo she’d ever tried...and she’d never dared to pair that one with a plug! She’d be— Her thoughts were cut off with a whimper as Nylara’s surprisingly gentle claws toyed with her. A finger entered her, then two, then three, working her up to almost-climax before pulling away again. There was no chance to plea this time, as the head of Nylara’s large cock replaced them, slowly pressing into Katrina’s desperately needy sex. A half moan, half whimper was wrenched from Katrina as she was stretch to the point of *almost* pain. But Nylara knew what she was doing and was as gentle as any first lover Katrina could have hoped for. Toys had insured that there was no physical virginity to break and the cat-futa worked her cock slowly in and out, getting ever-deeper with tiny micro-thrusts.

Neither could have said how long it took, but eventually Nylara bottomed out inside the smaller girl, Katrina’s nearly virgin-tight pussy putting vice-like pressure on the futa’s cock that even the more

experienced woman wasn't going to be able last long against. A slow thrust began as Nylara split her attention, playing with Katrina's clit and nipples as she rocked back and forth. Overwhelmed with sensations, it didn't take Kat long to lose it, screaming Nylara's name as she was finally allowed to climax. The cat-futa grunted in return, thick ropes of cum shooting out in her own climax as Katrina's insides spasmed powerfully.

When the cat-futa was done filling the girl's pussy, she pulled out, a trail of cum surging out after her. When Katrina didn't even twitch, she looked up to see the younger girl passed out. She chuckled. "Oh no, dear kitten. You won't get out of it that easy. I still have another hole to claim and more positions to try you out in! Now, where did I stash those recovery and stamina potions..."

Katrina was bright eyed as she stood before Nylara at the edge of the jungle. She'd been here for...days she thought. But that was finnnneee! Awesome even! The sex had been sooooo goood. Half of her was disappointed she'd waited this long to try it properly! But...the other half was glad she had. She couldn't possibly imagine someone who could have made her first time more awesome...and kinky... than Nylara had. Though she was pretty sure she'd surprised the older woman with how eager she'd been after that first time... Now, all that was left with a little bite...and then she'd have to leave her new lover. That dampened the light in her eyes a bit. At least it did for a few moments, until said lover spoke.

"Hmmm, you know, I like you kitten. How about I come help you with your delve for a bit? I can get you some of the more fun rooms...assuming you trust my idea of fun?"

Katrina goggled in shock. "Wait, you can do that?"

Nylara shrugged. "Meh, sure. With anyone else I'd probably only be allowed to go a room or two with you, and couldn't guide the rooms, but The Dungeon really likes you for some reason. Pretty sure I could guide you to an exit, even, so long as we took our time about it...though it might be hoping to Lure you you into staying by letting me go with."

Katrina frowned at that, then shrugged. She wasn't going to stay...but she wanted more time with her new friend. "Okay! That would be awesome! Lead on. Oh...after you bite me, I mean."

Nylara chuckled but complied, leaning in and nipping at Katrina's offered neck. She'd done that during sex, of course, but this time she did it while channeling some transformative power from the dungeon. A moment later she leaned back, watching the wound rapidly heal and waiting to see what would happen. The effect truly was random, even The Dungeon wouldn't know...

It took a long few moments...but then Katrina yelped and her hands darted to her back. Or they tried to. Nylara leaned in and caught them, knowing it would be better to just let the transformation run its course without interference. Katrina squirmed as jolts of mixed pleasure and pain rushed through her, then she settled down and tugged at Nylara's grip with doleful eyes. Nylara grinned and let them go, watching as her hands darted to the base of her spine.

She had a tail! A tail! Ohhh, this was soooo totally awesome. Katrina hugged the tail to her, rubbing its amazing softness against her face for several minutes. Then, with a sigh, she finally let it go...mostly. She kept it pulled around so she could study it.

Then something she probably should have realized a while ago finally hit her. She looked up at the dungeon ceiling and spoke with a half-pout, half-grin. "Really? I'm becoming a cat. It's because of my name, isn't it?"

There was no direct response to her deadpan statement but there was a feeling of...amusement? Sort of a gentle good-natured giggle tickling at the back of her soul. Oh well, she had an awesome tail! If it made the dungeon happy to make the type a play on her name, that was fine. A little approval cut through the gentle feeling of laughter at that and she blinked. Huh, was the dungeon really that willing to respond to her? Well, she wasn't going to protest, particularly when Nylara thought—

Katrina flinched and looked over at her completely forgotten companion. The black-furred futa was on the ground, holding her stomach as she tried to suppress her laughter at Kat's antics. As Katrina blushed violently, realizing how ridiculous she must have looked for the last few minutes, Nylara finally lost it, rich laughter spilling from her massive frame as she pounded the dungeon floor.

Katrina sulked, crossing her arm and sticking out her lower lip in a pout. It didn't seem to have any effect...save for perhaps causing the laughter to redouble. She sighed and sat down on the dungeon floor to wait it out...maybe by the time the laughter stopped she'd be less mortified...

<End of Part 1>

Well...she wasn't sure being soothed by having her hair petted like a cat's was any less mortifying. It was, however, strangely enjoyable, so she hadn't really minded. In fact, she'd been a little reluctant to move on from the sensation when Nylara indicated they should get moving. Of course, part of that might be ever-so-slight trepidation for what the dungeon had in store for her, but after the first didn't think so. That had been an overwhelmingly positive experience, after all. At least, she thought so, though she supposed others might have thought the grueling slog at the beginning torture enough to hate the whole thing.

And...they just entered an small empty room? Katrina looked over at her companion, who simply shrugged at first. Though when Katrina waved around pointedly the futa rolled her eyes and gave a verbal answer.

“An ante-chamber for whatever the next room is. Sometimes, there's a bit of prep-work to do.”

Suddenly remembering the room with the chastity gear, right after she entered the dungeon, Katrina nodded. “Right, I think I encountered something like—Ow! What the fuck?”

Kat clapped her hands to her rear end, finding a dart of some kind there and pulling it out of her stinging ass. “Whhhhhyyy? And...what was in this thing?”

Nylara stepped closed and took the dart, bringing it to her nose and sniffing gently. “Ohh, this should be a fun one!”

“...is that a good thing or a bad thing? And what is it. Also, seriously, why I freaking dart! Couldn't it have just used magic?”

Her companion chuckled, a pleasantly deep sound that sent shivers through Kat. The she patted her on the head slightly condescendingly. “The Dungeon has a flair for the dramatic. Using magic for everything would be boring, silly.” She grinned at Kat's puff-cheeked pout, then waved the dart to bring attention back to it. “Good or bad isn't for me to say. But as for what this is...it's a combined magical and chemical aphrodisiac that will induce a type of pseudo-estrus in its target. In short, once it kicks in fully you're going to go into heat. Horny out of your mind and desperate for a good fuck...which is also the only way to work the stuff out of your system, as it happens.”

Katrina just looked blankly at the dart. Then at Nylara. “Shouldn’t it be harder than this? I mean...you can just fuck me silly again and that’s it, right?”

An instant head shake was her response, followed by the cat-futa waving at her...flaccid cock. “No, the idea of you in heat should have me raring to go. It’s totally the sort of thing that would turn me on something fierce, normally. The fact that I’m not even hard, let alone trying to jump you, means there’s some ambient effect going on as well.” Nylara stops suddenly, pointing behind her. “And it’s purpose will probably be more obvious once we go through that door.”

Katrina spun, gaping for a second at the door that hadn’t been there before. Then she mentally kicked herself. Duh. Magic Dungeon. Of course, it could make or remove doors at will. Heck, there might not even be a set path through this place, just a bunch magical portals that lead wherever the dungeon’s intelligence wants them to. Before she could get lost in that interesting thought and it’s implications, she was derailed by a warmth rapidly rising through her body, starting at her sex. Uh-oh.

“Umm, we should probably find out what it is, I can feel the drug taking effect...”

Nylara didn’t say a word in response, just stepped forward and opened the door, pulling an increasingly horny Kat into the next room. Which...was a stage with a pole in the center and lots of empty chairs all around? What?

“Hmmm, I see. So that’s what it’s all about.”

Kat’s confused gaze snapped to her companion. “You know this room?”

Nylara shook her head. “Not specifically, no. A lot of the rooms in the dungeon change regularly. Too regularly for even the most curious of residents to know all of them. But, after a while, you get to understand how The Dungeon thinks. I can guess at the basics of this room easily enough.” The cat-woman points at the stage. “Given the presence of the stripper pole, my bet is that you’ll have to entertain an audience, with only your actions on stage effecting their arousal do to the ambient magical field in the room. You’ll need to titillate your audience into full arousal in order to get fucked...which you’ll become increasingly desperate for. I’m guessing the room will be ‘complete’ only after a certain number of your guests are serviced. Do a good job and it probably won’t be too bad...but take too long and there might be some side effects.”

Katrina gulped. “Side effects?”

Nylara shrugged. “Nothing horrible. I’d personally put money on either another step in the transformation process, or a permanent arousal increase, possibly on a cycle like estrus is for cat-girls.”

“U-um...that doesn’t sound too bad, really. Which is probably a good thing...”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

Kat twirled a lock of hair nervously. “Uhhh...because I’ve never even heard of a stripper pole...and don’t know how to dance beyond formal ballroom stuff...”

Nylara looked blankly at her for a long few moments, then smacked a hand to her face and drug it down, staring at Kat incredulously over her fingers. “Seriously? What, were you some sort of spoiled rich girl?”

Katrina fidgeted, not answering.

“...wait, you’re serious? You were a...why are you even in... You know what, never mind. We’re running out of time and you need a solution.” Nylara scratched her head for a moment, then nodded sharply. “Okay, you might not know how to do this, but I do. There’s such a thing as paired pole dancing. I’ll dance with you, helping you get the hang of it and show off to the crowd. It’ll probably be a bit rough at the start, but we should get through it.”

Kat sighed in relief. “Oh, thank goodness! I soooo totally owe you...again. Thank you, thank you, than—Wait, the dungeon won’t be upset will it?”

Nylara shook her head. “Nah, I’ll likely have to accept getting fucked silly myself, which isn’t normally my thing. But it’s okay...though I’m totally calling it that you *do* owe me one.”

Kat nodded her head rapidly. “Yes! Totally will!”

With a last, resigned puff of air, Nylara grabbed her and towed her toward the stage. “Well, we better get to teaching you something before you mind fogs over from the arousal.”

Given that she was already starting to feel a little...out of it...that was probably wise. She went willingly along...and only trailed a bit behind due to the enchanting view of Nylara’s naked—Right. Focus! She needed to focus! She climbed onto the platform with her companion and then...just kinda looked at the pole in uncertainty. Nylara rolled her eyes and moved to grab the pole herself.

“Okay, I’m guessing things won’t start properly until you actually touch the pole, so let me give you a quick show of a few basics. I’m not really an expert...and my particular ‘equipment’ will mean the motions aren’t completely the same, for that matter. Still, hopefully it will give you the basic idea.” The black-furred futa grabbed the pole with her hands, placed her feet at the pole’s base...then started to *move*.

It started with a slow spin, Nylara’s body arching away from the pole as she picked up speed, then there was only one hand on the pole and Nylara’s body was shown more fully as she spun down low the pole. The spin slowed and her free hand grasped the pole again, her legs straddling the pole now, pressing it right up against her crotch as she went horizontal, spinning faster again for a few revolutions before coming to a stop eye-to-upside-down-eye with an open-mouthed kit. The futa grinned, not breaking eye contact as she slowly raised one leg up the pole, until she was doing the vertical splits. Kat’s eyes trialed from the eye contact to the pose...then just about popped out of her head as the other leg joined the first, one knee bracing against the pole as the first moved away. Then, braced by just the one leg mid-way up the pole Nylara let go with one hand and started to spin again!

Several minutes later a much fuzzier-minded Kat was staring from Nylara to the pole and back. “I’m...supposed to do that? I mean, it looks awesome, but there’s just no way!”

“Relax, it’s not as hard as it looks. For one thing, come here.” Kat obeyed the accomanyingly gesture and her companion placed her hand on the pole. Nylara’s hand rested over hers then...twisted? Oh! “See, that’s one of things that throws most people when they learn about it. Most pole dancing poles like this actually turn, so those fancy spins were really just my body following the spinning pole. Not all poles do that and I’ve seen some *incredible* dancers who can do impressive things with a stationary pole, but this is the normal setup.”

Okay. Okay. This...might be doable.

“Besides, I’ll be helping you along. Normally, paired dancing is actually harder, but in this case it’ll really just me manipulating you around the pole and you... Well, to be blunt, you’re already drooling

down there. You're not going to have much issue instinctively humping the hell out of the pole, which will be totally hot."

Katrina looked down, blushing as she realized Nylara was right, there were not-so-thin trails of her natural lubrication winding there way from her enflamed and aching sex clear down to her knees. Nylara chuckled at her blush, patting her on the head like a child.

"Come on, then. Better get started before you can't think at all. Besides...you touched the pole. We have company."

Kat's head snapped around, looking at the seats surrounding them. A spotlight snapped on just as she did so, blinding her for several seconds. As her vision adjusted she saw them...an entire crowd of shady silhouettes. Most looked male, she thought, but against the brightness of the spotlight it was hard to tell even that, let alone make out any details. She whispered urgently to Nylara, who had switched from holding just her hand to pressing up behind her. "Where did they come from?! I didn't hear them come in or anything."

Nylara surprised her by responding in a calm, normal-volume tone of voice. "Neither did I, which is good news."

"...it is?"

She felt the futa nodding against her. "Yes. If even I didn't notice them come in, it means they're constructs rather than residents. That means you're probably going to be fucked senseless...but that you can think of them as just elaborate sex toy if you want. I was a bit worried that The Dungeon was a bit to eager to throw you into the deep end, given your inexperience, but this...is reassuring."

Much of the fear-induced tension in Kat's shoulders faded at the explanation. "Oh. Oh, yes. Thank you, that *is* better."

Nylara didn't answer, instead using her larger body to frame Kat's, guiding her to place both hands on the pole, pressing herself into Kat's back, and starting to sway. Kat was drug along into the motion, half-distracted by music beginning to pour from somewhere. A whispered order to focus got her mind at least sort-of back on track and she fell into the rhythm Nylara was getting as best she could. Then, with a suddenness that caught Kat off guard, the pole was spinning and the pair of them were moving around the stage, Nylara guiding the spin as Kat simply hung on.

For the first few minutes, minutes that must have looked painfully awkward, Nylara kept guiding her through different tricks. Then, she began repeating them, and this time Kat was able to help herself along. They went through the whole set several times, in different orders, and some part of Kat's mind was pleased to feel her companion's cock begin to stiffen against her, a hopeful sign that they were getting somewhere. The rest of her, however, was beginning to lose coherent thought as her body's arousal started becoming a near-painful thing.

Nylara seemed to realize it, urgently and commandingly ordering Kat to repeat the last set, then breaking from her place directly behind her. Kat whined at the loss of contact, arching instinctively, unaware that doing so was actually enhancing the show. The, suddenly, Nylara was on the pole opposite her, spinning upside-down above her, legs scissoring around the pole. The part of Kat still able to think gaped at the show of dexterity and control but, thankfully, that part of her mind no longer had much control of her body and she kept up her routine. It was a little shakier without Nylara's guidance...but the

spectacle of the pair of them dancing opposite each other on the same pole more than made up for it. At least, the cheering from the crowd of constructs seemed to indicated it did.

Then the set ended and Nylara was behind her again, grinding a now rock-hard erection into her ass, drawing a whimper of longing from her. Rather than starting another spin, Nylara grabbed Kat's hips and began to grind her into the pole, facing the audience, letting them see it split her lower lips as the pole grew wet with her arousal. Kat moaned lowly, hips instinctively bumping and undulating along with Nylara's, alternating between humping the pole desperately and grinding against Nylara's erection. Loud whistles and cheering came from the crowd, adding their own burst of endorphins to Kat's frenzied actions.

Abruptly, she was pulled away from her pole-humping, half-flung to the floor of the stage as Nylara lost control of her own desires, fiercely kissing Kat even as she forced her legs wide open to out her on display for the crowd. Then the black-furred futa pulled back, causing Kat to whine and desperately hump into empty air.

"You have to ask them to fuck you, kitten."

Nylara's voice was half-growl and she had to repeat herself twice for it to percolate through the haze of lust thrumming through every cell and fiber of Kat's body. When it did, she gasped an invitation of some sort out, though she had no idea what exactly she said. Whatever it was, the crowd surged forward in response, male bodies climbing onto the stage. Between one moment and the next, Kat found a cock thrusting into her face where there had been only air before. She greedily and eagerly lurched forward onto it, sucking it down her throat so fast she barely felt her gag reflex trigger.

She and the cock-bearer were both startled when a growling Nylara grabbed her and flipped her over by man force, barely pausing to pull Kat's ass into the air before ramming her cock home in a desperately needy pussy. Kat screamed around the cock in her throat, cumming hard and eyes rolling back, but Nylara didn't slow...and somehow Kat's body wanted more. There was no hyper-sensitivity, just pleasure, and she rocketed toward another climax even as the construct buried in her throat grabbed her by the hair and began fucking her throat raw.

What happened next came in fits and starts of coherence. Nylara emptying into her only to shift to her ass, another male body crawling under her fuck her cum-filled sex in counter-time to Nylara working over her ass. More climaxes. Her hands working over cocks that sprayed their loads of her tits as she rode a red-skinned woman's face. Nylara riding her hard a second time as she ate the same woman—a succubus some distant part of her mind noted—out. A period where a werewolf's knotted cock sealed inside her, putting her pussy off-limits as she had to service the seemingly endless cocks with her tits and mouth.

Then...it was over. Not between one moment and the next. In fact, she was almost certain she'd passed out for some time. But as she came to with a snap, feeling all glowy and clean and awesome, it seemed like it had been only a moment ago that she was stuffed full of...oh. She *was* stuffed full of cock. Just Nylara's, though, and in such a casual way that it felt restful. She was in the cat-futa's lap, impaled...but remarkably clean and rested feeling?

She took a languid look around, snuggling into the warmth of her furry teddy-bear. They were still on the stage, but nested in a small pile of cushions. The audience was gone and she seemed to vaguely remember them fading away one-by-one as they were service. Did that mean she had serviced *all*

of them? There must have been thirty or forty constructs in that room! Surely not? A rumbling laugh from behind made her blush as she realized she'd asked that last bit aloud...

"No, kitten, you serviced a lot of them. But I got fucked by a fair few of them and Suska got excited enough to help out to. You *did* probably take half of them yourself, though."

Suska? Kat's eyes suddenly focused as she realized they weren't alone. All of the audience had faded away...except one. The lone succubus woman that Katrina had noticed as being out of place among the constructs was still here! She was leaning into a similar nest of cushions to her and Nylara's, straight across from them, and grinned hugely at Kat's widening eyes. She spoke...but it was directed over Kat's head, at her companion.

"Ooooh, you found such a lovely one, Nya! So, so...pure! Inexperienced, yet so *eager*." The succubus propped her head theatrically on one hand as she lounged on a cushion. "So obedient, too! You've *got* to let me have her to play. Pllllleeeeeeeaaaaaasssssseeee?"

Katrina looked up at her futa companion. "You...know her? And knew she was real!" The last came out as a sort of betrayed-sounding squeak. She started to pull away from the furred-woman's warmth, but strong arms pulled her gently back in, settling her back onto the erection she'd been leaving behind.

"Yes. I knew Suska was real. But I also knew you needed to relax if you were going to get through the pole dance. So, I didn't mention that there was a single real person in the mix of constructs...particularly since I hoped if you gave a good enough show she'd ask what she just did."

Kat stopped struggling as she considered that. Tentatively, she asked. "It's a good thing that she wants me to come...play?"

She felt Nylara nodding against her. "Yes. Given what you told me about your desires...the chance of you getting out of The Dungeon without going through a room like hers is remote. Very remote. And Suska is a friend, so I know she won't...break you on accident."

Before Kat could ask just what sort of room she was talking about, the pouting succubus broke in. "Ohhhh! You *like* the little kitty, Nya. That's soooo sweet. Of course I won't break her if she's yours! I'll just...teach her a few things..."

The blissful, lust filled grin on the succubus's face left Katrina filled with trepidation...but Nylara hadn't steered her wrong yet. And...was what Suska said true? She glanced up at her companion and—wait, was that a blush? It was hard to tell through the fur but that looked like a blush. Nylara was blushing...blushing about liking her? Um, Kat didn't know what to think about that. Part of her was pleased and honored, not to mention a little interested in return. Unfortunately, the other part of her remembered that she'd be leaving this place eventually. Maybe Nylara would come with her? Was that even a thing that was possible?

She shook her head, thrusting that thought aside for later, and relaxed back into Nylara's arms, feeling a subtle tension leave the cat-futa as she did. "Well, if you think it's best I go to her room...I will."

Suska squealed in joy, then suddenly popped out of existence for a moment before reappearing inside the circle of Nylara's arms. She was in a smaller form, somehow, and was latched onto both of them in a group hug. "Ohhh, this will be awesome, I promise. You're totally just the type for soooo much fun~!"

“Alright, I’ll meet you afterward.”

Kat blinked, a small thrill of uncertainty and fear rushing through her. “Wait, you’re not coming with us?”

“No.” Nylara sighed, reaching up to run her fingers through Kat’s hair gentle for a moment. “I can’t help you through *every* room or the dungeon wouldn’t like it. It’s not supposed to be *easy* to get through, after all, even if the dungeon likes you. I made sure you would end up in a room with someone I trust not to screw you over...but that’s the best I can do for this one. I’ll meet you on the other side of Suska’s room. If you still want me to?”

Nylara actually looked shyly uncertain at that. The out-of-place expression dashed all of Kat’s concerns...or at least buried them under her surge of affection for the cat-futa. She darted forward to give a startled Nylara a hug, then peck her on the lips and firmly told her. “Of course, I do! I’ll see you in a bit!”

She turned about, marching off to an amused looking succubus, never noticing the flustered look on the futa she left behind. Looking straight into Suska’s eyes asked. “Well, what are we waiting for!”

The succubus cooed, then grabbed her in a hug, pulling her face firmly into cleavage. “Ohhhh, you have fire in you! No wonder Nya likes you so much! You’re even more awesomely fun than I thought you were. Come now, kitten to be!”

Not giving the red-faced Kat time to ask about that comment, the succubus grabbed her by the arm and took off down the corridor, towing Kat along behind. Kat’s eyes popped out at the strength she felt...and from the fact that this somehow wasn’t painful, despite the fact that her feet had just left the floor and she was trailing behind the succubus like a banner. What the fuck? Before she could figure out just what sort of weirdness was happening to her, Suska came to an abrupt stop, causing Kat’s face to...plough straight into her shapely ass. Which made no sense and thus *had* to have been done on purpose. Somehow.

“Alrighty! We’re here sweet kitten!”

Kat fell forward, only just catching herself on her hands and knees, as she heard the opening thud of one of the dungeon’s heavy doors. She looked up just as Suska’s ass swayed through the door, beckoning Katrina to follow her. Pushing herself upright, she did so, hesitating only the barest instant at the doorway. With a subtle deep breath, she took the plunge and followed the succubus inside.

The first thing she noticed was the cages. They lined one whole wall...and calling them cages just didn’t do them proper justice. Some, of varying size, were just the sort of square affair you think of when you think ‘cage.’ But others were in the shape of people, kneeling on all fours or squatting on their hind legs with hands in the air. Still others had attachments of clearly lewd inclination. And all of them were empty...which was both reassuring and frightening at the same time.

When she managed to tear her eyes away from the cages, her mouth went a little dry, her roving gaze giving her a much clearer idea of just what sort of ‘room’ this was going to be. One wall contained a collection of floggers and whips, another an incredibly varied series of dildos and vibrators. Bondage furniture of all sorts, only some of which she recognized from her clandestine reading, was joined with all

sorts of other paraphnilla. The only things that kept Kat from freaking out completely were the entire room's vibrant and happy décor and color...and pet bowls, collars and other such things that made the specific sub-type Suska was interested in fairly obvious. This was clearly a room for training...

"Pet-girls. You train petgirls in your room, don't you?" It made sense, both given what she was seeing and the comment Nylara had made about a room like this being inevitable. She could fully understand that comment now and, even inexperienced as she was on the subject of the dungeon, had to agree it was probably true.

Suska looked excited at her conclusion. "Oohhh, you know about petgirls? I wondered if you were too innocent for that. It's always so boooooorriing to explain the withertos and whyfores of the fetish. Can you believe that some people have never even heard of it? Wait...how on earth *did* you know about it? I didn't think you were that experienced..." Suska actually looked a bit disappointed at that.

Katrina blushed, scratching the back of her head. "Ummm, I...kinda did a lot of reading on kinks and fetishes before I came to the dungeon? I only found a little bit out about petgirls, though. It seemed kinda interesting, but I wasn't able to track down much literature."

Suska's disappointed face brightened back up immediately. "Oooohhhhhh, that's soooooo adorable! You tried to read up on everything!" She sprung forward and pulled Katrina back into another face-to-cleavage hug. She held it for several seconds, during which Katrina noted that this was actually pretty nice, before pushing back off. She began whirling around the room, darting from place to place as if in thought.

Eventually, after several minutes of this, Kat dared to break in. "So...uh...that is what you do here, right?"

Suska turned to her and blinked, almost as if she'd forgotten Kat was there. "Oh, yes! I specialized in training the very best doggies and kitties, even the occasional bunnygirl!" Suska frowned, then crossed her arms in an over-the-top-warding gesture. "No bunny boys, though! That's was a fucking disaster." The succubus's hyper-happy voice disappeared for a moment as her expression took on a thousand-mile stare as she remembered something. Then she shook herself and her happy, exclamation point happy persona was back in full force. "But no bunny girl's today! You've already started down the awesome road to kittidom and you only need some proper training! And I think I've figured out where to start. It'll be so much fun~~~!"

Katrina gulped as Suska reached for something on a table, wondering just what the dungeon...and Nylara...had gotten her into this time. **(Part 2 End)** So filled with a wild mix of dread and anticipation was she that she was almost let-down when Suska's hand came away from the table holding a simple leather collar with small silver studs and a heart-shaped lock. The Succubus seemed able to read her expression quite easily and chuckled at her reaction.

"Everything has to start somewhere, kitten, and this collar is a symbol of much more. Stay still."

The request wasn't exactly hard to obey, so Katrina did so without thinking about it, letting the Succubus come around behind her and raise the collar to her neck. With deft hands, Suska moved her hair out of the way and began fastening the collar, talking as she did. "With this collar comes some rules, kitten. Listen well, for you will be punished if you do not obey them." There was a heartbeat of pause for that the sink in, agile fingers threading the collar and beginning to cinch it to a proper fit. "There are four rules, for now. Simple to remember. Firstly, once collared you must obey every order from your mistress, that is me in this case, that won't cause you direct harm. Second, you must not speak unless spoken to

first, you are a pet for my pleasure and I will let you know if I wish you to bother me with words. Third, until I say otherwise, you will not walk on two legs. You will use your hands and knees as a proper kitten should.” The collar was fastened with the click of a small lock, Kat’s breathing slightly fast as Suska’s hands left her throat. “And lastly, perhaps most importantly for your training...you are never to pleasure yourself without my explicated permission. That rule will be judged most harshly of all...and the collar has magic in it that will let me know if you disobey on that count.”

Kat shivered, uncertain herself if the shiver was one of dread or arousal. Perhaps it was both. When Suska demanded her acknowledgment, she managed to utter a ‘Yes, Mistress’...and went to her hands and knees. Grinning, clearly pleased at Kat’s rapid obedience of the rules, the Succubus gently ruffled her hair, then summoned her to follow and headed closer to one wall.

“Very, very good. So good, in fact, that I believe I will raise the challenge level of what I was planning for you. Though that will be to your enjoyment, I think. It might have been a little dull for you if I’d kept to the original breaking-in plan. You’re such a good girl already that I think I can work in a little reward for you.”

Kat gulped at that, considering that the Succubus was now tapping her chin and eyeing a wall of toys, some of which looked positively terrifying. After a few long moments where Kat tried not to sweat, the Succubus reached forward and plucked a cat tail that was affixed to...a plug? What...oh, right, she’d seen things like that in her research! They were used for...well Nylara had broken her ass in and it was much smaller than the futa woman’s cock. So this wasn’t really that scary.

“Present yourself, kitten.”

It took Katrina a moment to figure out how best to do that, but she obeyed as soon as she could, raising her naked ass, legs slightly apart, for the Succubus to access freely. This earned her another muttered ‘good, kitten’ and a gentle caress of her upturned ass. It felt good...and the fingers gently rubbing warm lube into her rear entrance a moment later felt even better. She moaned, getting a giggled that made her blush from the Succubus.

“Oh, I like you dear one, you’re so much more pliant than many who end up in training with me. I wonder if you were always this way, or if Nylara has already had an effect on you.”

Kat instinctively went to answer, only for the plug to be shoved abruptly into her ass. She yelped instead, the pleasure being a bit overridden by the sharpness of the sensation. A moment later she understood why Suska had been so ungentle.

“No talking without permission! Since you didn’t quite get it out, I’ll let it go with that for this first offense.”

Katrina gulped and nodded submissively, resisting the temptation to protest. The Succubus’s frown turned back to a smile at this and she stroked Kat’s hair gently. Then she began moving again, demanding ‘kitten’ follow her. Moving with the tail-plug in proved...interesting... but manageable. Some part of her wondered if it would have been more or less so if she’d been standing. As it was, she was more focused on not either moaning or whimpering as she followed Suska to a comfortable looking couch. The Succubus flopped into it with an indolent grin, waving in her direction.

“Alright. Now for your first real training in obedience.”

Suddenly, there was a crude ruler-like paddle in one of the Succubus' hands, making Kat's eyes go wide. Was she about to be spanked? She wasn't sure how she felt about that. Thankfully, when Suska starting speaking again, that didn't seem to be her immediate fate.

"As your first test of obedience, you will take the poses I command you to and hold them until I command you to stop or take a new pose. If you fail to get a pose right, you will be corrected with our little friend here until you are properly sorted out." She waved the ruler-paddle and Kat's mouth went dry. "On the other hand, if you get it right you will be rewarded. Now, nod if you are ready."

Katrina took a deep, deep breath, ignoring the twinge from her plug this caused, then nodded her head resolutely.

"Excellent! Now, we will start with something simple. Present yourself to me as if you were waiting for an inspection. Keep in mind, you are a pleasure kitten, not an animal. Well, that's what I'm going to train you as, at least."

Kat opens her mouth to ask about that, then remembers the rule about speaking and closes it. She stared for several more moments, a new problem asserting itself even as she dismissed her questions about what being a 'pleasure kitten' entailed. What, exactly, does posing for inspection look like? Her mind whirs, trying to correlate everything she learned about this type of thing with the few hints Suska has given. If she's supposed to be a pleasure kitten preparing for inspection...nodding to herself, she sorts through a couple of possible poses and goes with one halfway between slutty and simply submissive.

She comes up to rest on her knees, body vertical but face respectfully down toward the carpet. At the same time, she pushes her ample chest out by arching her back, presenting her naked breasts for 'inspection.' With a final thought, she widens her knees just a bit, leaving her pussy a bit more easily accessed and on display. Suska hums thoughtfully when she stops moving.

"That is the pose you wish to go with? You may answer verbally."

"Yes, Mistress."

The Succubus hums again and rolls to her feet from the lounging position on the couch. She walks all around Katrina, stopping to caress this or that part of her body, taking the most time with an 'inspection' of her breasts and pussy, using the ruler-paddle on the latter, just a gentle run through her lower lips. She gives a few nudges here and there to correct her posture, Kat readily obeying, hoping not to be smacked with that paddle.

"Hmmm, very good. For a beginner, at least. Good kitten." Suska gently runs a finger along Kat's jawline, then rubs her head. It feels surprisingly good, Katrina instinctively leaning into the sensation just a little. "Now, another pose..."

The next few poses weren't anything special, coming with more detailed orders that actually made them easier to assume. Though, as she progressed through them, Kat doesn't fail to notice that they put her in increasingly lewd and accessible positions. Eventually, she found herself actually sweating a little and somewhat tired from holding the various positions...and very much aroused to the point of dripping more than sweat as Suska's hands had gotten more and more...involved...in correcting poses. It was with an odd mix of relief and disappointment that she greeted the news that the next pose will be her last for the day.

"This time, I wish you to pose as you think you should if you were presenting yourself for me to do as I wish with."

This bore a little thought. She *could* duplicate something like her initial pose, but somehow that didn't seem good enough. After a moment of considering and looking around her for inspiration, Kat focused in on a smallish ottoman off to one side. Not sure if, strictly speaking, she was allowed to use props, she hesitated a half moment, then went for it. She moved to the small ottoman and, wanting the best chance of not being scolded, moved it with her body rather than her hands. Once it had been pushed in front of Suska, Katrina moved around it on her hands and knees until the Succubus was to her right side. Shuffling forward, she moved over the ottoman until it was under her belly. She spread her legs a bit to lower herself onto it, then lifted her hands, crossing them behind her back. This left her with her weight pulling her tits and head down a bit below her ass in front of the ottoman and her ass in turn slightly raised in the air, legs spread a fair bit to provide perfect access to her pussy. She froze as best she could in that position, waiting for judgement.

Suska actually laughed a little when Kat had stilled. "Perfect. Even to the point of bringing in the ottoman to make a more interesting position. However, that position will strain your arms quickly without some help. Give me a moment, kitten."

The Succubus disappeared out of Kat's position-limited vision for a few moments. The creak of an opening chest was followed by the sound of leather bits rubbing together and, moments later, Suska returned with something dangling from her hands. An instant later Kat understood, as the Succubus fastened a pair of cuffs around her wrists, then two more around her upper arms. Fastening them together with straps a few moments later did, indeed, take much of the load off her own muscles. Though, in turn, it also left Kat feeling even more helpless and vulnerable than before. Had she been an iota less aroused, it might have left her uneasy. But as it was, it was merely exciting!

From there, Suska began another 'inspection,' though this time there was no attempt to pretend it wasn't erotic in nature. A caress to her back was followed by a firm massage of Kat's raised ass...and then the Succubus leaned over her, pressing her own naked breasts into Kat's back. She leaned in to whisper in her kitten's ear.

"You've been *such* a good girl, haven't you? Normally, I wait until a few days with the special food you'll get in a bit before I give my pets the release they desire...but I think I'll be more lenient with you, as you seem more than half-tamed already. Besides, I haven't forgotten how well you ate my pussy back in the dancing room."

Despite her arousal, Kat blushed at the memory of that, much clearer now that she'd been reminded of it specifically than it had been when she'd first awoken in the aftermath. Suska giggled at the hints of red in Kat's cheeks, then grasped her hanging breasts from behind, beginning to knead them with skilled fingers. Kat moaned immediately, unable to help it as aroused as she already was. Her eyes closed and any thought of embarrassment fled as she mewled and whimpered, instinctively pressing back into the Succubus, wanting for anything to add to her pleasure.

Suska didn't oblige, at first, instead taking her time with every inch of Kat's breasts and nipples, very nearly managing to make her cum just from the prolonged efforts and previous arousal. She didn't quite manage it, tisking and muttering about needing to fix that as she pulled away and traced nails gently down Kat's back, raising goosebumps and shudders as she went. Then, with no warning at all, she thrust two fingers of her other hand deeply into Kat's drooling slit. Kat cried out in climax, pussy spasming around the fingers, but the Succubus wasn't anywhere near done. Her fingers fled and she leaned back onto Kat, grabbing her breasts again...and a mere moment later her broad tipped tailed thrust in to replace the fingers. Kat's vision swam as she screamed in shock and pleasure, peaking again before the first had fully finished. The minutes following were a blur as the Succubus let her just barely come down before

striking again...and again. As the fourth climax wracked her body, Kat's blurry vision darkened and she knew no more for a time...

When Katrina woke again it was slowly, basking in the wonderful feeling of someone stroking her hair as her head lay on something soft. It was only after a long few minutes of relaxing into the sensation that her brain finally engaged and her eyes fluttered open. A softly smiling Suska was idly running fingers through her hair with one hand while holding a book with the other, eyes focused on her reading. Kat almost spoke, before her brain caught up with her situation and remembered the rules. Instead, she nudged her head just a bit into the hand petting her, letting the Succubus know she was awake.

Suska blinked and turned her gaze to Kat, smiling down at her as her hand stopped. "Ah, awake at last. And just in time for dinner, I think."

She pressed Kat's head a bit and, reluctantly, Katrina obeyed the silent command and slid off the Succubus' warm lap. Hopefully, she could get more of that later! Suska rolled to her feet and stretched languidly, Kat's eyes unconsciously gluing to the wonderful things that had done to the other woman's chest. The Succubus caught her staring and grinned a bit but didn't comment on it.

"Alright. There are a few ways meals can work for pet girls such as yourself. Normally, I go with some proper bowls of food for immersion, but I've decided you just aren't right for that sort of thing. We'll be training you as more a neko-girl than a proper pet, I think, though at least for sleeping we'll stick with the usual plan for a day or two. Just to see how things go. That and I haven't decided which variety of neko-girl to go with, something about you..." She trailed off, shaking her head, then gestured Kat to follow, padding softly over the thick carpets of the training room and down a hall Kat hadn't noticed before. Katrina followed after stretching out a tiny bit herself first, noting that she was getting sort of used to moving around on her hands and feet this way. She barely even noticed the tail-plug still inside her at this point.

She followed the Succubus into what was clearly a dining room a moment later, Suska speaking again as they entered. "Like I said, normally I go with bowls of kitty food. My own special blend. But occasionally I feel like training a slightly more...human catgirl, I suppose. Which I refer to as a neko-girl. One of my past victim, a few centuries back, used that term, though I haven't been able to track it down in the years since." She paused, seeminh to realize she'd wandered down a mental side-trail and got back on-topic. "That just seems to fit you better. So, for now, you may stop crawling and join me at the table. I believe I still have some of my special blend in proper fish-steak form, just give me a minute to find it."

A bit grateful to get off her protesting knees –no matter how thick and soft the carpet was, her body just wasn't used to this—Katrina used a chair to help herself up, then seated herself at the small table in the room. A moment later she found herself staring at the Succubus's swaying tail and rear as the woman more than half pushed herself into some sort of food storage device that radiated cold. She caught herself wondering how that ass felt, regretting having been too far gone when she was eating the other woman out before to properly remember. She stopped cold, wondering at her thoughts. She'd...always admired the physical form of other women, but she'd had little enough desire to try them as sexual partners. Had she changed so much in this place? Well, perhaps she had, but her wits were clearly still about her and she could feel her magic as strongly as ever. What did a little change in her appreciation of her own gender really matter, compared to those points? Besides, the thought of Nylara's cock was still much more tantalizing than even Suska's rather amazing ass.

Anymore thought was cut off as the Succubus exclaimed wordlessly and pulled herself out of the cold-storage device with two packages in hand. A moment later, she placed them both on plates and unwrapped them, showing a nice Salmon Steak on one and some meat Kat didn't immediately recognize on the other. A click of fingers, which Kat felt through her magical senses had included a cancellation spell, and the two dishes were steaming hot. The Succubus added a few fruits and greens to each plate, then placed them on the table with a satisfied nod. Adding a glass of wine for herself and a tall glass of milk for Kat.

Sitting down to join Kat, the Succubus finally spoke again. "Okay, you can talk as you wish again for the remainder of the meal. Now, tell me a bit about yourself! I'm really curious about the girl Nylara seems to be properly smitten with..."

Blushing, Kat nevertheless called upon her years of social training and began to chat with her temporary mistress...

The next morning, Kat crawled out of the large cage Suska had led her to for sleeping. She had been back to her hands and knees all night, 'getting the full experience for at least a day' as her mistress had put it, and she was now idly wondering why she wasn't sore. Sure, the cage had plenty of room to move around it...but it was much too low to stand in even if she'd dared disobey her trainer's orders never to stand without permission. She supposed magic was the obvious answer, but she hadn't noticed any, other than that mixed into the...right, there was probably something else in the food besides the aphrodisiacs she'd noticed the night before. The ones that had been driving her up the wall half the night, since she wasn't allowed to get herself off. That made sense. The unimportant thoughts were gone a moment later as Suska ordered her to sit up on her knees. She complied instantly, grateful not to be straining her neck to look up at her mistress.

"Well, it looks like you were a good kitty last night. You didn't cum, despite how horny you must have been. You barely even touched yourself, which is much better than most who've had a taste of my special blend. That will have to be rewarded today, but first there is a new rule for you to be aware of." When Kat simply nodded, the succubus smiled and patted her gently on the head. "That rule is that you are allowed to speak for twenty minutes every day, without needing permission. It will always be first thing in the morning, like now, and it is for you to ask any questions you have about the training. During this time you are also encouraged to tell me what things you liked and disliked so far. There are many types of pet behavior, and not all of them suit everyone. I have a good idea what I want to do with you, now, but feedback from you *will* effect that choice if it proves less suitable than I believe it to be."

Kat sagged in relief, then mustered her courage and tested the new rule. "So, I can ask questions now, Mistress?"

Suska smiled down at her. "Yes, was there something you already want to know?"

"Yes! You said at dinner last night that this training might take many days, even weeks...but what about Nylara? She was supposed to be waiting for me?"

Suska blinked at her in surprise, then laughed. Before Katrina could become angry or embarrassed, Suska held up a hand and slowly got control of herself. "I was laughing as much at myself as the question, dear. I quite forgot, from how well behaved you are, that you haven't actually been in the dungeon long. It's not a stupid question, kitten, don't worry yourself about that. In fact, it's good you asked, as it reminded me that I need to take it easy with you, a bit. Normally, I don't see dungeon delvers

until they're well into their dungeon journey and more...adjusted to the happenings in here. Nylara's presence and arrangements sort of put things a bit out of order."

Kat looked at her in sudden worry, "That won't cause a problem, will it?"

The Succubus shook her head. "No, nothing like that. It just means I need to keep in mind that you don't know much yet. The relevant case in point being that time doesn't quite run a straight line inside The Dungeon. Getting into the magical metaphysics would take much longer than we have right now but suffice it to say that Nylara won't be waiting for you more than a few days, no matter how long this takes. And she was aware it could be that long."

"Oh. Ummm, I hope I do get a chance to study that sometime, that seems both fascinating and useful."

"It is, and I'd love to discuss it more if we ever get a chance, but for now you're twenty minutes are just about up. Unless you have an important question, it's time to start you're training for the day."

Kat considered asking about the magic that may have been in the food, but decided it wasn't important enough and Suska might get annoyed if she wasted her time with a question like that. Instead, she simply shook her head in the negative.

"Good kitten! Come along now."

With that Suska sauntered *away* from the training area, back to the hallway she'd come from. Confused, Katrina followed obediently on hands and knees. Thankfully, the carpeting continued down the hall and she soon found herself...in a large bathing room. Ah, suddenly not heading straight to training made sense. Her trainer led her right to a large, steaming tub of sudsy water.

"In you get! I've got to give you a proper scrub down."

While the tone was brisk...something in the Succubus's eye alerted Kat to the fact that this might not exactly be an innocent act of getting clean. Considering how painfully horny she still was, that thought only made her mounting of the steps and hop into the water more enthusiastic than even the idea of getting properly clean could have made her. Which, considering she hadn't properly gotten clean in a couple of days of dungeon delving, was saying something. The Succubus entered the large bath behind her, but disappointingly didn't tackle her and fuck her brains out against the tub edge. Instead, Suska produced shampoo with a snap of her fingers and began lathering it in Kat's hair. After a few moments of this, Kat decided the mindless animal sex could wait, her mistress' hands felt sooooo goood...

Minutes later, as Katrina's hair was being rinsed, Suska finally spoke, having remained thus far completely silent since the bath started. "After having slept on the thought, I've decided you truly are better trained as a Lady Cat, rather than as a typical pet. I rarely have a chance or interest in training such, it's typically too much work. But, not only do you have the natural beauty and pose for it, but it also became clear to me last night as we spoke during dinner that you have the education to make my task much simpler. Unlike the majority of those who seek The Dungeon, who tend to be ill-educated peasantry desperate for a chance at a better life, you've already been educated and fully trained in refined mannerisms. Indeed, I think your table manners were actually better than mine, much to my chagrin."

Katrina cocked her head to one side quizzically, wanting badly to ask what a 'Lady Cat' was, but biting back the question since the Rules were still in force, so far as she knew. The Succubus grinned, seeming to read her thoughts even as she snapped her hands again to summon soap and begin lathering up Kat's body. "A Lady Cat, as I call them, is a catgirl that I've trained to be more a companion than a sex

toy. Normally, that means I have to educate them properly and a bunch of other boring stuff. But, in your case, it just means a small amount of obedience training and advanced sexual skills lessons.”

Katrina moaned at the last, partly because of the idea of it...but more because of the hands that were now ‘washing’ her breasts with no sign of professionalism. Not that she was complaining, letting out needy whimpers as one of the Succubus’ hands drifted farther south, just barely tracing Kat’s sex with one finger.

“Hmmm, I suspect if I’m going to get any more intelligent thought out of you this morning, though, we’ll need to give you your reward for obeying your instructions not to pleasure yourself. Normally, I’d keep most kittys in a constant state of mind-bending arousal for the first week...but I need your brain not to be quite so much mush. Don’t misunderstand, you’re going to be seriously gagging for it the entire time you’re with me, but for now...”

Suska’s fingers plunged into Kat’s pussy and she cried out in climax, having been so close to the edge that even that little bit of penetration drove her over. But that wasn’t the end, her mistress turning her around and pushing her against the edge of the tub even as she was recovering. Suska grinned wickedly, standing up in the water so that her pussy was just an inch or two above the steaming pool.

“I’ve already had you eat me out, so I think I’ll see just what Nylara so liked about your body...” Magic swirled around one of the Succubus’ hands and she brought it to rest on her mound, then Kat’s eyes almost popped out of her head as a lightly glowing cock grew right out of the other woman’s sex! It grew to a ridiculous size...then shrank just a bit to be slightly smaller than Nylara’s. “Wouldn’t be very nice of me if I ruined you for my friend, I suppose. Assume the position, kitten!”

That confused Kat for only a moment, then she ripped her eyes away from the glowing cock and did what she figured Suska most likely wanted, flipping herself around to face away from the Succubus and grab hold of the pool edge with both hands, standing just enough to raise her pussy out of the water, straight toward the other woman. Or was that futa now? No matter...

That must have been exactly what her mistress wanted, as the Succubus made a pleased sounding noise and closed in from behind. A hand caressed her raised ass lovingly...then Katrina yelped in a mix of pleasure and surprise as the tail-plug she’d nearly forgotten about was grasped and smoothly pulled out. She almost came again at the sensation, even as Suska pressed the head of her cock into the gape it had left. With one swift thrust that earned another moaning yelp, the Succubus buried her large cock in Kat’s ass, thankfully stopping to let her adjust as she bottomed out. Her mistress leaned into her, breasts squishing against Kat’s back, and whispered in her ear.

“I’ve wanted to fuck this ass since I first saw you shaking it on stage. We’ll get back to your pussy later...when you’ve earned it. For now, let’s see how many times I can make you cum just from reaming your asshole.”

Kat moaned at the thought...then gasped and moaned again as the Succubus started moving. Somehow, she didn’t think it was going to take long for her Mistress to discover the answer was ‘more than once...’

End of Part 3

It was some time later, after Kat had eventually passed out in the tub and been carried out to the loveseat in the main room to sleep it off, that the Succubus began the next part of her plan for her new kitten. The first thing she did was release the hold she’d subtly added to the girl, hiding both her actual

tail and the memories of gaining it. The tail-plug was a time-honored tradition, one that she'd not been about to let her friend's new toy off of. Tail and memories properly restored, Suska set about making a few other changes. A sleep spell started things off, putting the girl into a deeper sleep so she wouldn't feel the mild discomforts that the other spells were going to cause. A permanent polymorph spell, easy here in the dungeon due to the transformation magics spilling everywhere, added a pair of cute little cat ears. Another spell isolated the mild version of heat the girl had picked up in the previous room and twisted it, making it apply on a trigger rather than on a cycle. It wasn't anywhere near strong enough to make her do something against her will...but it would certainly add some extra spice to the already pleasant effects of getting her new ears scratched.

Suska stood back after the pair of spells, tapping a finger on her chin, trying to decide what else to do. She considered paws but dismissed the idea immediately. The girl was going to be a Companion Cat, not a true pet, so effecting her manual dexterity wouldn't be good. Claws were right out as well, of course. A subtle layer of fur was more tempting, considering Nylara's own looks, but Suska decided to leave that alone for now. In the end, maybe less was more? On the other hand...she nodded and waved her hands, throwing two more minor spells onto the sleeping girl. The first added slit-pupils to her eyes, complete with the darkvision of a cat, so it wasn't entirely cosmetic. The second...well, that was for her a Nylara's enjoyment. An ever-tight pussy with enhanced lubrication would make her a better companion. Both less and more at the same time. A good compromise.

Ending the sleep spell but not waking the girl, deciding she could sleep it off naturally, the Succubus took the opportunity to sit and plot. It had been quite some time since she tried making a Companion Kitten, instead of a pet-girl slut, and she wanted to get this one right. Not for the girl, much as Suska was beginning to like her, so much as for Nylara, who was clearly interested in more than just a toy. That the girl clearly had a head for magic that would be tragic to spoil by making her a bimbo or something was also a point, though a minor one in comparison to helping her friend out. Besides, if the girl was on good terms with the dungeon, the bimbo thing probably wouldn't stick even if she decided to have fun with it. Either way, she'd have most of a plan put together by the time the girl woke up...

Katrina awoke slowly, brain and body fuzzy from the *most amazing feeling ever*, or so her brain was insisting. Half sure whatever was causing it must belong to the land of dreams, she resisted the pull of the real world much more stubbornly than was she usual wont. But, despite her resistance, ever so slowly the other sensations, the ones spiraling out from her core, beat back the sleepy feelings despite her best efforts. Eventually, between one sleepy moment of semi-wakefulness and the next, she became fully aware that the sensation was real rather than belonging to a dream. This finally got her brain firing, eyes cracking open even as she tried to figure out where she was and what was causing that amazing feeling. As her eyes blinked into focus, she saw...a sideways view of a sex-themed room? Right. She was in The Dungeon, in the hands of...no, in the lap of Suska the Succubus. The extremely comfortable lap. And, come to think of it, the hands thing seemed to be accurate too, and they were scratching her ears ever so nice!—

Wait, ears? Her brains stutter for a moment before speeding up even farther. There was clearly something on top of her head beyond her hair, she could feel them twitching! Did she have cat-ears now? Excited at the idea, she bolted upright, nearly bouncing off the Succubus' breasts, throwing her hands up to feel...yes! She had kitty ears! This was aweeeesssoooooommmmeeee.

A clearing throat next to her made her freeze and she reluctantly looked to her left, seeing Suska sitting with a frown and crossed arms. She started to open her mouth, paused at remembering certain

rules, then tried to make as sheepish a visual apology as she could with her face and hands. Thankfully, a moment later the Succubus's expression broke and she giggled.

“Don't worry, little kitty. Your reaction was gratifying, even if you did almost give my boobs a new bruise! Just don't make a habit of it, right?” At Kat's frantic nod, she giggled again and waved her off the loveseat, standing herself as she continued to talk. “You've been out for a few hours...which might have a bit to do with me adding a bit of magic so your body had time to adjust to the new ears. Which look quite good on you. I must say, I did excellent work there.”

Suska led her to a small two-person side table and gestured Kat to stand from where she was crawling and sit across from her. “While you do me proud to have adjusted to the rules so well, we're about to change them a little, so sit across from me and listen for a bit.” When Katrina had obeyed, the Succubus went on. “Right, I imagine you remember your tail properly now, too?”

Kat blinked, looked behind her, and made a startled sound. “Ho—” She cut herself off, looking fearfully at her temporary mistress.

Suska, however, merely waved the lapse off. “We're about to change the talking rule and that one was really my fault anyway. The tail-plug is something of a rite of passage for all the girls I train, so I stuck a subtle spell on the doorway to the rooms. You're gifted enough that you might have spotted it...if there weren't such a high saturation of magic in the dungeon anyway. As it was, it worked well to hide your tail and the memories of having it, and we got the traditional first day or so out of it. Now, however, I've had to rethink things a bit since I decided to make you into a Cat Companion, or a Kat Companion, if you prefer?”

Kat groaned at the bad joke, rolling her eyes and motioning her mistress to go on. Suska grinned unrepentantly but picked up the conversation again smoothly.

“Companions are about emotional support and encouragement as much as sex, so I'm formally revoking the rule against speaking, we'll have to properly train you to think of your companion first when you speak, but that will come later.”

Kat's shoulders sagged in relief. “Oh, thank goodness. I've never been very good at being quiet.” The frank comment startled a laugh out of Suska, a pleasant sound that the world could do better to hear more of. Though not, Katrina noted, quite as nice as Nylara's!

“Well, be that as it may, we have other practical matters to see too before we worry about conversational skills. We've got to teach you how to walk the kitty walk. The primer on the body language of a true catgirl rather than just a fuck toy to ears and a tail. Not to mention grooming, play, and how to properly eat pussy and suck dick like the catgirl you will become!”

Katrina blinked at the building enthusiasm in the other woman's voice. “Umm, is it really all that much different?” Her voice was a bit hesitant, not wanting to offend the Succubus, but she needn't have worried, as Suska just nodded and raised a hand...

A moment later, a spell of incredible complexity, a thing of beauty to leave Kat breathless, left the other woman's fingers. Almost reluctantly, she took her focus off the weave of the spell to see what it had actually done, then blinked in surprise as a pair of illusionary catgirls, half see-through but remarkably detailed, appeared standing in the center of the room. As the two began to move, it became clear immediately what Suska had been talking about. The one on the left was acting like a human...but the one on the right had a different set of mannerisms. Mannerisms that made her feel remarkably more

catlike as she moved around the room, just like the counterpart was doing. Seeing the two, Katrina couldn't deny that the second one sold being a catgirl infinitely better.

“Yes, you can see it, can't you? The way the motions of walking, be it on two feet or four are different. The way that they react to being startled or curious, the motions of the tail and ears being truly a part of one, but not of the other. One of these girls is a catgirl, the other...just has a tail and ears.”

Katrina nodded. It was plain to see for anyone with eyes, let alone someone like her, who had been fully trained to read body language. “Okay, when do we start, and with what?”

Suska smiled, warm and genuine. “That's a good kitty, ready to dive right in, eh? Well, here's what I've got planned...”

“No! A little more sultry than that. The hips are correct but the tail is a bit too swishy. And remember, you don't get to cum until you get this right! We've been working on this for two days...surely you want me to remove the spell keeping you from finishing? Try harder!”

Katrina bit her lip on a whine, trying to channel her desperate horniness into the right 'strut' for her mistress. Suska had been working her up all day...and all yesterday too. She'd never needed to cum so badly in her life. Yet, the Succubus' magic wouldn't let her, not until she got this movement right. She concentrated on putting every iota of her need into her swaying, provocative walk, ears cocked just so and tail swishing in a hypnotic rhythm. Or so she hoped. She reached the end of her walk and spun, waiting eagerly for the verdict.

The Succubus looked at her blandly for a long moment before nodding. “That was good enough. You get one orgasm before we start on the next set.” She raised a hand and magic flashed out, striking Katrina's core. Then the Succubus stood and leveled her dripping cock, there to taunt Katrina with earlier. “Now, bend over...if you're good enough, I might make it two orgasms.”

“Yes, mistress!”

Katrina spun around the pole, sweat plastering her hair to her head as her mistress counted out a timing pattern. Two beats, four, nine, on the tenth she wrapped a leg around the pole and left the ground, body arching back as she spun down toward the floor. Then a flip after six more beats so she could plant her feet and increase the rotation speed as she whirls rapidly around the base of the pole. Using the power from the spin, she moved upward again, resetting for the next trick. The beat counting continued as she flowed seamlessly through a dozen different moves, then it dropped as Suska let her mix it up freestyle. She finished after nearly 10 minutes, doing the splits facing her mistress, arms raised, back arched and chest heaving. It felt amazing...

Her mistress clapped enthusiastically. “Bravo, kitten! When you asked to add this to the menu for our training, I wasn't sure it was worth it. But you've got the touch! Why, when I'm done with you, you could perform in any strip club or exotic dance competition in 9 kingdoms!”

Katrina...wasn't sure what she thought about that comment. But, when she considered showing off her new moves to a certain futa of her acquaintance, it all seemed worth it...

As her tongue split the lips of the pussy before her, Kat tried hard to remember everything that her mistress had told her and everything that had ever felt good when she, herself had been eaten out. She finished her long, slow lick with a flick of her tongue over her mistress' magic button. She reveled in the Succubus' shudder and moan, redoubling her efforts by capturing her clit between her lips and sucking for just a moment. Then it slipped away, too small a target without steady hands...which were held behind her for the duration of their practice. Kittens didn't need hands to eat pussy properly, according to Suska...

Shaking off the thought and baring down on the task at hand, she flicked her mistress' clit twice more with the tip of her tongue, then shifted her target and plunged as deeply inside the Succubus' sex as she could. She tongue-fucked Suska's pussy for several seconds, before withdrawing and nibbling gently at her inner lips. The Succubus groaned it that, her breath becoming shallower and hands moving to fist into Kat's hair. Obeying the guiding motions of those hands, she returned to mistress' clit, sucking and licking for a bit. Then, she got an idea! She folded her tongue over, something she'd always been able to do, and made it a sheath around the exposed portion of Suska's button, rocking her head back and forth to fuck the magic button with her tongue.

Suska froze, then went wild a moment later, legs clamping around Kat's head as she screamed her pleasure. Kat didn't let up, trying her best to remain in contact with her target, then giving up and simply attacking whatever she could reach as her mistress howled through a climax...or perhaps more than one. When the Succubus finally pushed her away, Kat's face was covered in Suska's pleasant-tasting cum. She cleaned it off with fingers and tongue as best she could while she awaited her mistress' verdict.

Finally, after several minutes of catching her breath, Suska weakly raised her hand and patted Kat on the head. "You pass that one. Most definitely. Though I may need a repeat performance...just to be sure..."

Katrina smiled happily and pressed her head lovingly into her mistress' palm...

Suska caressed Kat's face gently as she stood for inspection. The Succubus smiled in approval, gesturing for Kat to stand at ease as her mistress stepped back to highlight the plan for the day. "Good news, kitten! Your training is nearly complete. All that's left is your final test. However, you have a choice to make on what form that test will take."

Katrina blinked in surprise. She'd only rarely had choices of any sort in the last weeks, let alone one that sounded important. "A choice, mistress?"

"Yes, a choice. Today you will be spending several hours at one of two establishments elsewhere in the dungeon. Both the Cat Café and Kitten's Bordello are staffed entirely by catgirls...and your goal will be to fool the majority of patrons that you are just that. The patrons will know that one of the girls isn't a true catgirl and will have the chance to place their guesses on which girl it is. If more than half guess right, they all get a day of service completely free. So, they'll be motivated to figure you out. You, on the other hand, will be forced to stick around until you've paid back the owners if they end up having to give out that free service. And, just to raise the stakes...time will flow normally in those places, so you'll be stuck in the dungeon for real-time months if you fail."

Katrina flinched at that, then tentatively asked, "What's the difference between the two?" Suska smiled a smile that was half shark and half friendly. It was kinda terrifying.

“The difference is in difficulty and...exposure. The Cat Café would be easier, since it doesn't offer intimate services. You might get groped a bit but otherwise it would be pretty straightforward service industry stuff. You've long since mastered the walk and talk, so unless you flub it entirely, you'd make it through the day with a pass.”

Suska paused for dramatic effect and Kat swallowed, hard. “So...why would I choose the second option?”

“Ahhh, option two, the Bordello. You won't be expected to serve clients one-on-one, but you would be available for a few blowjobs and some...hands on entertainment, while clients wait for service. It would be a far more complete test of your training and much harder to pull off as a result.” The Succubus paused to lay a hand atop a velvet-covered box sitting on the small side table of the main room. It wasn't a big box...but it had never been there before and Kat had been dying of curiosity since she first spotted it after breakfast. “As for why you would try? Because I have a reward for you if you choose the harder challenge and succeed. I won't tell you what, exactly, it is. I do, however, give you my personal word that I hand-selected it as something that you'd not only enjoy, but would be useful to you if you make it out of the dungeon successfully.”

Kat stared, mind whirling as she tried to figure out what on earth it could be. She'd told Suska about her dreams, about what she intended to do with the fortune from the dungeon. The Succubus had been quite delighted and supportive, seeming to take a personal offense to her father's machinations. If the other woman thought it would help...then it almost certainly would. She made her choice.

Katrina was nervous as she approached the rowdy group waiting in the Bordello's main room. She thought she'd managed well enough, so far. The madam had started her out on the pole, dancing for the customers enjoyment as they waited. After Suska's tutelage that much had been easy, if a little nerve-racking to have an actual audience. After that, she'd been pulled onto the floor to spell one of the other girls waiting the handful of bar tables...ending in keeping a customer from leaving early by entertaining him with a well-executed blowjob. The madam had been quite pleased with her performance...but had given her one last challenge in the form of a rowdy group of regulars that needed to be calmed down a bit before they went back to see the working girls.

She took a deep breath and added a strut to her stride as she approached the group. She knew better than to simply ask them to settle down. No, she needed to distract them. She projected every bit of sultry confidence she'd ever seen her mistress use, adding it to the careful flirt of her tail and suggestive tilt of her ears. She locked her slanted eyes on the leader of the group, sliding right through the others and pouncing on her prey with a searing kiss that left him struck dumb when she pulled away. Then, with perfect timing, she gave a grin and a wink to the rest of his crew, causing them to break out in appreciative laughter and wolf-whistles.

“Well now, boys. I'm supposed to keep you company while they change out the rooms. Whatever shall we do with ourselves to pass the time?”

More laughter was followed by a bolder member of the group grabbing her by the hips and pulling her roughly against his chest. He reached around, pulling down her skimpy dress and cupping her breasts in his hands, roughly but skillfully groping them. Kat deliberately let a moan spill out and felt him grin behind her in response. “Well, I can think of a thing or two, girlie...”

It didn't take long for the others to join in, passing her around as they stripped her and played with her sensitive body. At one point, one of them scratched her ears and Kat's half-faked moans became real, her priorities shifting as she started freeing cocks with agile hands. They take the hint force her down into the center of a circle of cocks, Kat reaching out immediately to stroke two even as a third is thrust into at face to suck. She obeyed, greedily, even as she began working the other two in her hands...

Kat lost track of time as they unloaded in ones and two...then someone picked her up and ripped off her thong. She knew she technically didn't have to allow what was coming...but she really wanted to be fucked right then, so she caught the madam's eye and indicated it was okay. Their leader, long since recovered from the earlier ambush, was the first one to plough into her from behind. His dick was only a bit above average...but Suska's magic makes sure her kitten's nice and tight, so the feeling of him stretching her out was divine. Kat moans around the cock in her mouth as the leader and his follower spit roast her...

Eventually, after the group settles down from cumming in and on her, they're called into the back. She laid there in a pool of cum, mind blissed out, until a few of the girls came to help her get cleaned up...

"You passed. With flying colors, I might add. Only two people guessed right about you, both of them cat morphs with some magic training. The madame was quite disappointed when I said she couldn't have you back permanently. Apparently, you did better than some of the girls who've been there for years."

Katrina gave a happy, if slightly exhausted, smile. She'd been worried when she passed out for over an hour...but the madame had been thrilled with it only being that long. Apparently, that group had a reputation for putting the distraction girls down for the rest of the evening. Kat, on the other hand, had actually managed to spend a little longer helping out after she woke up.

"So, here's the reward I promised." Suska opened the box and gently lifted out two objects, a thick tome and a small, smoking vial of potion. She placed them gently on the table in front of Katrina. "I imagine you'll need a bit of explanation, though."

Kat reached out with her magical senses. The tome only had a moderate magical presence, a decently powerful book of potential spells, but nothing to gape over. The vial on the other hand...Kat stared in shock at the sheer roiling power of the tiny potion. She gulped and looked up shakily at Suska. "What on earth?"

The Succubus grinned at her as she slid into the seat opposite. "Nothing alarming, despite the amount of power you can feel in it. But first, the book." She tapped it, to focus Kat's still wavering attention, then continued. "This tome contains a cross selection of catgirl aligned spells, chosen for you by yours truly. And no, they aren't all about sex magic. Only about...70%!" Suska grinned mischievously, even as Kat rolled her eyes at her mistress. "But, seriously, the other 30% are hand-selected combat and support spells that I think, based on our conversations on magic, would suit you well. Of course...they are catgirl aligned spells. Technically, you could learn most of them as a human, eventually. Magically speaking, humans are the jack-of-all-trades species, as I'm sure you're well aware?"

Katrina nodded acknowledgment. It was true that humans had no special affinities, their sole redeeming quality being that they had no racial weaknesses, either. In theory, a human could actually

learn a lot of racial magics from other species as well but it was generally prohibitive time-wise to do so. In practical fact, most human mages stuck to general spells instead. That included Kat herself. She only knew a single racial spell, and that was an extremely simple but useful cantrip to help make herself unnoticed by others.

Her mistress, seeing that she understood, moved her hand from the book to the vial. “That is where this little beauty comes in. Should you choose to accept it, this potion will realign your magic to that of a catgirl. As you know, the transformation magic has, up until now, only added catgirl *features* to you. This, on the other hand, will realign your actual innate magic to that of a catgirl, with all the benefits and weaknesses thereof. It will also, of course, bring out the full potential of the spells in the Catgirl Grimoire that I’ve made for you.”

Kat’s mind reeled. Realign magical potential? Change it to another racial type altogether? She hadn’t known such a thing was even *possible*. Yet...yet, the sheer power roiling off that little bottle made her believe. If she took that potion...she tried to steady her mind, to go over the pros and cons...what were those, exactly? She knew some about racial potentials, every decent mage did, but catgirls were rare in her part of the world. Well, she did have an expert on hand, right? Turning to her mistress, she opened her mouth. “What effects will this have? On my magic, I mean. I’m not sure what alignments catgirls even have?”

Suska nodded and calmly began to lay it out for her, clearly having half-expected the question. “To be honest, most of what you’d be gaining would be a higher sensitivity to magic than you already have. There’s also some affinity for healing, luck, and clairvoyant magics involved, though each is fairly minor.” The Succubus grinned salaciously, adding. “And, of course, they actually have the second-highest affinity for sex magics, behind only my own species. Interestingly, it’s actually an even higher affinity than tentacle monsters have!”

Katrina actually blushed...something she hadn’t been sure she was even capable of at this point. Her mind wandered off, imaging just what was in that grimoire, but Suska brought her back down to earth with a chuckle and a prod of a finger. The Succubus’ voice was more serious as she continued.

“Honestly, Katrina...I think you should do it. I questioned you more carefully than you probably realize, when we were talking magic. You’re not going to lose much. Just a tiny bit of control as you readjust to the new feel of your magic. And, given that catgirls have a better natural connection to their magic than humans, even that likely won’t last more than a few days of hard study and practice. Meanwhile, you’ll gain several advantages, including a boost to your, already frankly impressive, magic sensing abilities. Once you adjust, you’ll never be caught off guard by magic again, even in places like the dungeon with high magical saturation...like the spell trap that caught you that first day with me.”

That...made Kat’s decision for her. One of the things she most feared was her father managing to slip some sort of control spell on her. She reached for the potion with a steady hand, looked to Suska for final permission, then uncorked it and took it in a single quick pull when her mistress nodded. For a heartbeat...two...three, there was nothing. Then, on the fourth beat...fire raced through her veins and she cried out. She was so completely distracted by the full-body pain that she never even noticed Suska chopping her on the back of her neck, knocking her out to sleep it off without risking adding any more magic to the mix....

Katrina woke to the familiar, pleasant sensation of her mistress running hands through her hair, humming softly as Kat's head lay on her warm thighs. Her whole body throbbed, just a little, but it was fading quickly. She pushed her head into Suska's hands to indicate she was awake.

"Ah, kitten, you're back among the land of the living. Any ill effects?"

Kat took a more complete stock of her body and magic. "I don't think so. A little bit of soreness along my magic pathways, a little loss of control as you predicted. Otherwise, nothing noticeable."

Suska stopped playing with her hair, sighing regretfully. "That's good...but it also means it's time for you to go, my kitten. I admit, I'm a little sad about that, you were quite excellent company. If you decide to stick around the dungeon, don't be a stranger, yes?"

Katrina sat up so she could look at her mistress- no, her former mistress, in a few minutes at least, in the eyes. "I will...even if I don't stick around, I'll find a way. I'd like to think we can be friends?"

The Succubus smiled warmly, nodding her head and reaching up to give Kat's ears a last scratch. "I'd like that, if you do figure out a way. Now, up we both get! Let's go deliver you to Nylara... Oh! I arranged for your book to be held for you until you're about to leave the dungeon. It would probably get lost in the various rooms you have left to experience if you took it with you now."

Kat thanked her, then stood and followed her to the exit...

End of Part 4

"Nylara!" Kat couldn't help herself, jumping on the half-startled woman with a pounce. Nylara grunted but managed to catch Kat's weight, chuckling as the smaller woman purred into her breasts.

"Well, I can see Suska didn't spoil your enthusiasm. I was a bit worried she'd make you boring."

There was a half-cackle from the door Kat had come through, the Succubus in question swaying through with a huge grin. "Of course not! She's way too fun as she is...and I knew you'd be disappointed if I altered her *too* much." Suska's voice trailed off teasingly, then she went in for the kill. "On the other hand... Kitten! On your knees!"

The crack of command in Suska's voice had Katrina on her knees, eyes-to-cock with Nylara before she even truly processed the order. She blinked, then blushed as she realized she was drooling a bit at the sight. Nylara's appreciative chuckle didn't help her blush any...but she didn't protest. She was both grateful and disappointed when Nylara countermanded the Succubus' order. She stood and the three of them stopped to chat for some time, catching Nylara up on events. Eventually, however, it was time for Nylara and Katrina to move on. With final goodbyes, they moved deeper into the dungeon, catching up a bit more before finding themselves at a new doorway.

"You ready, kitten?"

Katrina smiled and nodded. She was back with Nylara and ready for anything! Plus, it's not like she hadn't had fun in each room so far, the dungeon was awesome! She blinked, feeling a warm, ethereal caress somewhere intimate at that thought, then simply smiled and mentally reiterated it. She reached forward and pushed the door open, stepping through without a second thought...

The room was dim, causing Kat to slow her steps uncertainly even as Nylara stepped in behind her. The door closed, lowering the light even farther...then both of them yelped in surprise as ethereal hands and ropes, only barely visible in the dim lighting, darted in and grabbed at their bodies. Katrina instinctively struggled, only stopping when she heard Nylara sigh and saw her shadowy form simply go limp in annoyed acceptance. Trying to mimic her more experienced lover, she immediately noticed the hands and bindings becoming gentler as they worked on her. She relaxed farther and let them have their way with her.

The first thing they had done, even while she still struggled, was place black-leather cuffs on her ankles and a matching collar around her neck. Her arms were pulled behind her, the ethereal hands lacing them in some sort of leather sheathe. As her eyes adjusted to the dimness, she saw the same thing happening to Nylara...but from there the path of the hands changed for the two of them. Nylara growled as a cock-cage captured her dick and a chastity-bra bound her breasts, while Kat gasped and moaned as weighted clamps captured her own nipples. The gasp allowed a hovering ring-gag it's opening, inserting itself quickly into her open mouth, a harness threading itself around her head to hold it in place. Even as she got used to the feeling of her mouth being forcefully held open, a gentle pressure against her ass drew her attention. She relaxed instinctively, a trained response from her time with Mistress Suska, allowing the fairly small (and thankfully well-lubed!) toy into her tight ass. Her thoughts about its size were proven wrong a moment later as she felt it inflate with a rush of air, locking itself inside her ass!

An inflatable plug! Something she'd seen in Suska's home but had never gotten the chance to try it during her time there. Even as she processed that idea, her legs were pulled slightly together, a short chain threaded through them to prevent her from walking very fast, even as she watched Nylara being fitted into 6-inch heels that would test her balance with every step as they forcefully arched her feet. The lights in the room started coming up even as the hands put their final touch on Nylara, a simple blindfold, before releasing the both of them to fall gently to the floor from where they'd been suspended.

Kat stayed as still as possible, not wanting to test her balance with the new bondage-gear until she'd had a look around. What she saw was...a room full of bondage devices and a long table full of glass cases? Even as she puzzled over that, Nylara, a bit wobbly on her slave-heels despite her usual cat-like grace, tottered over to her. She stopped shy of Kat, seeming to be able to tell where she was, making her wonder if Nylara could actually see? She got her answer a moment later, despite the gag preventing her from asking questions.

"My whiskers aren't obvious, but they're there. I can sort of sense my surroundings with them, at least a little, but I'm still going to need you to guide me. Which is super annoying, if I'm right about this room." The futa woman grumbled a bit before sighing and speaking again. "Alright, I didn't get much of a look before the blindfold, but does this room have a bunch of stations and a table of glass cases, or similar?"

Kat...couldn't answer, obviously, struggling to say something from behind the gag.

"Right. Gagged. Of course. Um, try to tap my right shoulder with your head for 'yes,' left for 'no.' And be careful, please. These heels aren't easy to stay up on."

Kat lit up at the suggestion, then internally frowned at the second bit. It would be hard to help Nylara back up if she fell. Instead of immediately trying to answer, she took several small, tentative steps around, getting a feel for her balance in her bindings. Nylara sensed her movement, humming her approval and waiting patiently. Finally, after a couple of minutes of moving around the other woman, she

tentatively approached and *very carefully* tapped her head to the futa's right shoulder, answering her original question in the affirmative.

"That's a yes, then?" Kat repeated the motion and the other woman nodded. "Okay, that's both good and bad. Good, since I know what type of room this is, bad because it's both super-annoying *and* we likely won't get completely out of our bindings." Kat made an interrogative noise past the gag and the other woman half-grinned at her. "Go check out the glass cases while I explain, please?"

Kat moved off...slowly, to obey. Nylara followed at an even slower pace, her balance being sorely tested by the combination of bindings and slave-heels. Even so, she talked as they moved. "Okay, if I'm right, each of those glass cases will have two emblems engraved on the top. Inside should be a key, with each key accessible only after you finish the station that relates to the case. The two emblems show which station the case belongs to and which key is inside each case. Once you get there, confirm with a 'yes,' that this is the case, please."

Katrina made it to the table well before Nylara, studying the cases even as the black-furred futa finished her explanation. For the most part, the description matched what she was seeing...but there was a key difference. Namely, that there were THREE emblems, not two, and the keys were two-tone in color. Two of the three emblems were filled with color and seemed to indicate which bindings the key fit. The colors were a black to match Kat's own bondage gear and a dark red to match the leather of Nylara's. She hesitated, trying to figure out how to communicate the difference to Nylara, then she shrugged as the other woman finally arrived and asked her to confirm her thoughts. She carefully tapped a 'yes,' rapidly followed by a 'no,' hoping Nylara might be able to figure it out.

The futa-woman paused for long seconds, face scrunched up rather cutely in confusion, then nodded to herself. "So, both yes and no. Most of what I said was right but not everything?"

Kat nodded, making an affirmative noise, then tapped a quick 'yes,' just to be sure. Nylara puzzled over the response for a minute or two, then nodded again.

"Okay, is the difference because there are two of us?"

Kat eagerly tapped a second affirmative, almost hitting the other woman too hard in her quickness, causing both of them to stumble a bit. Once they recovered, Nylara spoke again.

"Careful!" After that admonishment, she continued, processing Kat's hints as best she could. "Okay, without you being able to say more, I think I'll have to assume that there are either two keys or one key that does two things." She paused for a moment as Kat made a negative sound to the first and positive to the second. "Right then, one key in each case that does two things? At least, as far as you can tell?" An affirmative noise and quick head tap had the black-furred woman nodding. "Alright. Best to assume that the keys will only do one-or-the-other. So, we'll have to choose which is more critical in each case. That's in keeping with this sort of room, which is why I mentioned we probably won't be getting completely out of bondage. This seems to simply be an adaptation of the rooms I'm familiar with, making it more suitable for teamwork."

When Kat just hummed agreement as best she could, Nylara sighed and told her to look for the station responsible for her blindfold key. Katrina, agreeing that it would be much easier to do this without the more knowledgeable of them blind to what was going on, set about finding the right case. She quickly spotted it, seeing a picture of a blindfold across from...her ankle chains. Bugger. She sighed but didn't bother trying to explain. Even having her movements hobbled like this was better than having her guide guiding blind. She studied the stylized third emblem and lifted her head, trying to match it to the

‘stations’ of bondage devices. It didn’t take long to make the match and, thankfully, it was nearby. Making a noise that tried to mean ‘follow me,’ she slowly moved off toward the station in question. Thankfully, Nylara picked up her intent and followed along, nearly keeping up as she’d gotten somewhat used to moving in the tottering slave-heels already.

Arriving at the station, Katrina scanned it, trying to sort out what they needed to do. There was a saddle with an inert sex toy, somewhat large and intimidating but otherwise manageable. Then there was a second dildo just forward and mounted horizontally at waist-height, with a kneeling cushion under it. Internally shrugging, she externally grimaced as she struggled to kneel before the horizontal toy without falling. She managed it, somehow, and leaned forward to insert the toy through her ring-gag. The moment she took it into her mouth, she heard a humming sound and stopped. The humming stopped when she did and, for a moment, she frowned. Then the proverbial light came on in her mind and she started sucking the dildo again, stopping and starting a few times as she did. As she thought, the humming came and went with her actions! This toy was linked to the other. She would have to...wait, no. Nylara was trapped in a chastity cage. Making her get off will cause the futa agony, if it was possible at all. Kat winced as she realized that *Nylara* would have to give the horizontal toy a blowjob, while she herself rode the saddle-toy. Presumably, when she came, the case would open. Hopefully. Of course, now she had to explain it to her lover...

Struggling to her feet was hard. Getting Nylara to kneel had been even harder, mostly on account of the communication issue and blindfold rather than unwillingness, thankfully. Eventually, she had the futa woman in position and nudged her mouth to the horizontal toy. Nylara grimaced when she realized what was going on, but she complied nevertheless, sucking the dangling fake cock with visible reluctance. Her sensitive ears clearly heard the buzzing and she stopped her reluctant blowjob, only to repeat Kat’s own stop-and-start tests a couple of times. She pulled away, cocked her head in thought, then nodded.

“So, giving this a blowjob makes a toy vibrate, possibly thrust too. Since I can’t really get off with the cock-cage in place, you have to use the other toy while I get you off with the remote blowjob, right?” Kat made an affirmative noise and Nylara shrugged, as much as she could with the armbinder in place. “Well, I prefer to be on the receiving end of blowjobs, but I’ll live. Mount up, please, the sooner we get rid of this blindfold, the better.”

Kat could only agree and quickly mounted the saddle, lowering her already-wet pussy easily onto the largish dildo...Suska had trained her on bigger, after all. After indicating as best she could to her lover that she was mounted, the black-furred futa began her blowjob again...and Katrina moaned as the powerful thrum of the toy hit her core. The vibration built and ebbed in power as Nylara went to town on the toy, the futa clearly knowing how to please a cock even if she preferred having her own serviced instead. After a couple of minutes, the toy began to buck, pistoning with rough power up into Kat’s pussy. It was all she could do to stay mounted, even as the pleasure built and moans spilled through her gag. Finally, after another minute of rough action, she came with a muffled scream!

...

...

She recovered, after a bit, half-falling off the saddle and barely managing to catch herself on wobbly legs. Getting Nylara to her feet was even harder but they managed somehow, tottering over to the table and the shattered glass case holding a key. For a moment, Kat was stymied, as she didn’t have her hands free to use the key and even her mouth wasn’t practically useful in this case. Eventually, after some minutes of fumbling, she managed to knock the key to the floor, where she and Nylara joined it. More

exhausting effort to get the key in her toes and lift it to the blindfold...and thankfully merely touching it to said binding released the seal, causing them both to release tired sighs of relief as the strip of cloth fell away. Thank goodness for small mercies.

It was some minutes before they managed to struggle to their feet again, Nylara now able to see the cases and their emblems. As the key had vanished, as they'd half expected, she quickly realized the choice Katrina had made. She smiled at her kitten. "Good girl, you made a choice to favor me. Thank you. Though I think it will do us more practical good, as well."

Katrina nodded, then made a questioning noise.

"What next? Hmmm, one of us really needs her hands free. Let's check out the options there." Nylara walked the table slowly, checking on the emblem combinations. She frowned at the first one, then grinned at the second. "Well, well. Looks like you get to take another for the team. We can get my arms free if you accept that plug for yours...and I was going to demand you keep it for me to play with anyway."

Katrina gulped a bit, shifting in place, uncomfortably aware that the plug was only half-inflated and she already felt full. Nevertheless, she lowered her head submissively, getting a 'good girl' from her lover even as Nylara matched the emblem to the station and led the way. With Nylara able to see the setup, discovering how to use it was easy, though it made the futa grimace. It was a see-saw, with a pair of plugs one side and a single plug on the other. Kat was confused for a moment...until she shifted and was reminded of the plug in her ass. She wouldn't be able to take the dual-pronged side herself. She glanced sideways at her lover. She knew, from having been close enough, that the futa still had her lady bits under her cock, even if she hadn't used them so far. But using it would undoubtedly stimulate her trapped cock, double so since the anal toy would stab at her prostate as well. And since there was a bell at the top of a climbing ladder attached to the see-saw, it was clear Nylara was in for some pain. Nevertheless, the futa climbed on and, with a bit of help from Kat to pull her cock out of the way, inserted both toys on her end. Kat had a bit of a struggle to get onto the other side, partly raised as it now was, but managed it in the end. The two of them awkwardly see-sawed, to moans from Kat and mixed moans of pleasure and groans of pain from Nylara. Eventually, after nearly five minutes, the ladder hit the bell and they heard glass crack. Relieved, they struggled off the device and limped back to the table. There, they had to rest for several minutes, leaning against the table, before they could use the key...

And then, thankfully, one of them had their arms free. They wouldn't have to struggle with the keys again. Thank goodness! With Nylara's balance largely restored, she helped Kat along as they looked over the remaining options. One set showed Kat's armbinder and Nylara's slave heels, the second showed Nylara's chastity bra and Kat's Nipple Clamps, with the third set showing the Cock Cage and Ring Gag. Taking in the options, Nylara sighed. "Okay, now I feel a little bad about making you keep the plug. I *really, really* want my cock free. Are you going to be okay stuck with the gag?"

Kat wilted a bit but nodded, causing the futa woman to gnaw on her lower lip for a moment. "Okay, fair is fair. Since you're taking another hit, I'll take the other two. With my arms free, I can manage the heels, and having my boobs locked away is less painful by far than your nipples being clamped anyway." Kat perked up, thankful that she wouldn't be taking ALL the hits, and nodded eagerly.

"Right, then. Much as I'd like my cock back, let's get you out of that arm-binder first." Nylara looked at the depiction of the device needed and brightened. "Oh, I know this one! We can use you as the 'victim' with it. You might have trouble walking afterward but that'll just be from cumming really hard...several times."

Katrina shrugged, having gotten used to that from her time with Suska...the Succubus was very literally insatiable, after all. She followed willingly behind her lover, appreciative that the other woman wasn't making her wait until she got her cock free. She was still having serious balance issues with her arms forced behind her like this...and her shoulders were starting to ache a bit as well. Not badly, as it had been yet another thing a certain Succubus had conditioned her for, but enough to annoy. When they reached the station, Kat took one look and realized why it would always have had to be her. The 'victim' would lay inside a bed-like device, with a pair of nipple suction devices and a piston-powered dildo providing stimulation. Technically, Nylara could have been the victim, though it would have been painful with the cock-cage. However...Katrina couldn't have done the other half, for the entire device was 'powered' by a treadmill. There was a forward bar with handholds, so even with the slave-heels she was trapped in, Nylara would be able to get up a fair speed to power the devices...but with her ankle-chains Kat would never have managed it very well. Still...this device actually looked kinda fun! Kat shuffled over to the bed...only to squeak as a quick hand darted in and gave the pump of her anal plug a firm squeeze. The squeak turned into a moan as felt it growing inside her, not yet quite uncomfortable but now utterly-impossible to ignore, shifting against her insides with even the slightest of movements!

"Well, well. Looks like this plug's the type with no release valve. You'll just have to wait until the *slow* leak of air from it lets it back down. Hmmm, maybe I should give it one more squeeze?"

Kat frantically shook her head 'no' and all but leapt into the safety of the sex-bed! Nylara laughed but didn't push things, instead helping her kitten arrange herself, attaching the suction devices to her painfully-clamped nipples and aligning the dildo on its piston. Then, her futa lover set herself up on the treadmill and grinned wickedly over her shoulder at Kat.

"It says I have to go five miles. I wonder how many times I can make you cum in that distance?"

Kat gulped as the other woman started moving...then moaned as the suction devices started pulling at her strained nipples in a mix of pleasure and pain. So distracted by that was she, that she didn't notice the approaching dildo until it pushed her lower lips forcefully apart. She gasped...then howled as the still-wickedly grinning Nylara abruptly moved from a slow walk to a jog! The dildo plunged home with brutal strength, almost causing Kat's already on-edge body to cum. Her mind hazed out as the strength of the suction on her breasts and the pounding of the dildo into her core joined the constant pressure in her ass, driving her rapidly out of her mind with pleasure. She came, hard, inside the first thirty seconds. After that, everything becomes a blur. She had no idea how long the five-mile run took and quickly lost track of her climaxes after the third consecutive monster ripped through her body. Some part of her subconscious mind both blessed and cursed a certain Succubus for altering her body and mind to handle continuous multiple orgasms...

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Eventually, the machine stopped with even more suddenness than it started, leaving a gasping, incoherent Katrina only barely conscious within its confines. She smiled wanly but happily at her lover approaching her...then passed out.

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She woke up to the taste of water on her tongue, being gently poured through the opening of her ring-gag. She greedily slurped it down, just another skill she'd learned during her previous training, something she was thankful for now, with no chance of getting her gag out in sight. The water, plus the little nap she'd apparently taken, revived her mind and body and she was suddenly aware she was propped against a new bondage-station, arms free! She looked up to see a smiling Nylara holding the cup of water.

“The Dungeon was kind enough to provide some of the water from my own healing spring. You should be feeling better fairly quickly. I admit you gave me just a bit of scare, passing out like that.”

Indeed, now that she was coming fully around, Katrina could feel a familiar tingle. She'd almost forgotten about the properties of the water in Nylara's private jungle domain, but she was intensely grateful for it now as it restored her mind and body both. By the time she'd managed to drain the cup, encouraged by Nylara who claimed she'd already had some, Kat felt ready to tackle the next challenge. Which she was apparently leaning against. As she stirred, starting to lever herself up properly with her now-free arms, she made a questioning noise for her lover. Nylara interpreted it correctly, explaining which key they'd moved on to.

“I had a look at the remaining two stations. One of them is going to require both of us to cum quite a bit, so I settled on handling the cock-cage first. Particularly as it won't really take a lot out of us, I think. If our teamwork was bad, it might, but as-is I think we can get through it fairly painlessly.”

Now that she was standing, Katrina got a good look at the station. Once she sorted it out, she had to agree with Nylara's estimation. It was a dildo wall climb, where both of them would have to impale themselves on dildos to hold their weight as they made their way up via hand-peg-dildos on the wall. The pegs were carefully spaced so as not to allow them to use them as footholds, on account of their respective foot-restraining devices, so they'd have to do the device fully as intended. What made it less painful was the harness system that would use the other person's weight to take the strain off each other's most intimate spots. Screw up and it would be a painful experience for both, get your teamwork right and it was a fairly easy exercise. Kat, like her lover, was fairly confident they would get it right. Though they hadn't known each other long, the two of them just...clicked, in a way even Suska and Kat hadn't with several times the amount of time to get to know each other. Making a sharp, confident nod when her lover asked if she was ready, the pair moved forward to tackle the challenge...

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And they blew it away. They could practically hear the dungeon itself grumbling at how easily they'd overcome its little team-building challenge. At the same time, Kat was oddly aware of a warm sort of approval. Abruptly, as she used the key to free her lover's cock from its prison, she realized that the dungeon had just tested her. The warm sensation faded with the feeling almost of a mental nod, acknowledging her thought's accuracy. Huh. Who knew? The Dungeon was apparently kinda parental about its favored residents and which outsiders got into actual relationships with them. She decided not to mention it to Nylara, not wanting to get her hopes up of there maybe being some solution to them staying together, even though Kat was still determined to leave...

As the two of them approached the final bondage station, Nylara hesitated for a moment. “Huh.”

Kat made her best interrogative noise, beginning to really hate how the ring-gag limited her communication. Still, better the gag than her lover's most fun tool of pleasure being locked away from the both of them!

"The station changed. It didn't have a use for my cock, before. I suppose it only makes sense, given that the dungeon couldn't know which order we'd do things in. Though it annoys me a little that we didn't realize it until now, it might have made things a bit easier if we'd realized."

Kat could only nod at that. The nature of the stations may have changed to let them share the burdens better if they'd freed Nylara's cock first. Still, it hadn't really been bad, so it wasn't anything to get too annoyed over. A fact which Nylara seemed to agree with, as she moved on from her moment of pause quickly, shrugging off the realization. Kat, whose movement was still restricted by her ankle-chains, hadn't fully stopped, leading to them arriving at about the same time. Katrina, staring at the odd-looking series of random bits, couldn't make heads or tails of it. Thankfully, Nylara apparently could, she stepped up next to a series of beads on a chain, held at waist height above a treadmill, and explained.

"So, this bit is the original setup. The goal is to cum...but it's not as easy as just masturbating, since we have to keep our hands on the treadmill bar, locked in those mittens you see there." Kat nodded when Nylara pointed the bondage-mittens out, and the futa-woman went on. "The only way to get off is to use the beads, along with..." Nylara reached over and picked up an oddly-shaped dildo, "this grooved dildo. The dildo goes in your pussy and attaches to the beads. As you walk, the beads travel up one side of the dildo and down the other, both feeding a vibration function and providing their own massaging stimulation to your insides, G-spot included given how they travel."

Kat squirmed at the idea. Here was something completely *new* and she was very interested in the idea. Nylara grinned at her obvious interest but continued the explanation at her unhurried pace. She picked up a second, even odder looking, dildo.

"This though, is a new twist, along with the pedals you see on the seat there." Indeed, that was part of Kat's earlier confusion, as alongside the treadmill was a seated bicycle with a second of the grooved dildos and a set of pedals. Her lover turned the 'dildo' in her hands to show Kat the inside. "Hollow, see? And the groove on the outside is screw-shaped with this one, with the grooves cutting all-the-way through to the inside. Unless I'm very much mistaken, this one will go over my cock and the beads will be drawn along to stimulate it as I pedal and you walk. Added to the dildo, which I think I'll take up the ass for the prostate-massaging glory of the beads, this is going to get me off pretty hard. Hopefully, we only have to cum once each...though I suspect we aren't that lucky."

Huh. Kat actually paused to blink at the sheer ingenuity of this one, reaching out to the dungeon and giving it a mental thumbs up. She felt an amused response back...and saw a pair of nipple cups pop into existence above the treadmill. She groaned. Okay, maybe encouraging the dungeon wasn't the smartest thing to do. When she voiced that thought verbally to her confused lover, who was staring at the cups, Nylara cackled...then motioned her over to get her ready.

It took several minutes to get both of them hooked up, Nylara's slave-heels locking into the pedals with a certain air of finality that made them both gulp...then a hose appeared out of thin air with a pop, clearly by magic, leading from the end of Nylara's entrapped cock...to a tall glass on a stand next to Katrina, looking suspiciously identical in mouth-size to Kat's ring-gag.

"Oh...shit. We have to fill that glass with my cum, then you have you drink it. Don't we?"

Kat nodded a bit faintly. Even knowing how much Nylara cum each time, how pent up she must be from the cock-cage, and how fast she recovered...this was going to be brutal. With a deep breath, she steeled her determination and began to walk, actually grinning as much as she could around the gag as she heard her lover actually squeak with the unexpected movement of the beads! Come to think of it, this might be her only chance for a while to have Nylara at *her* mercy, since the futa was going to take a lot more from this than she was...she picked up her shuffle to as close to a jog as possible, grinning at the startled curses and mild threats of her lover. She had no doubt that Nylara would follow through on every single one of them if given the chance...but this was worth a spanking or two...and some of the other threats the futa was making sounded kinda fun, actually. In the dungeon they might actually be physically possible, too...

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Katrina grinned as she chugged the tall glass of Nylara's cum with her newly freed hands, continuing to down the whole thing even when she heard Nylara's own bonds click free halfway through. Her lover was half-heartedly glaring at her when she put the glass down, but her will clearly wasn't in it. She might be a bit...drained...but each of those climaxes had been powerfully delightful and Kat had slowed down for her the futa woman when she'd started flagging a bit toward the end.

When the futa finally recovered and stood up, she swatted her kitten on the ass and growled. "I ought to make you keep the clamps for that...but a deal's a deal. However..." Katrina squeaked and half-collapsed as Nylara reached a bit farther down and gave her plug's pump a firm squeeze. The inflation was just-barely-short of painful now and Kat doubted she could walk without shooting spasms of mixed pain and pleasure with every step.

"There. We'll call that even."

Nylara's grin was predatory enough that Kat somehow doubted that it was *really* even yet, but she didn't say anything as she tried to walk after Nylara...only to fall to the floor with a moan. Okay, yeah, walking was out for now. Instead, she crawled after her lover, thankful that her time as a pet to Suska had broken her of the humiliation factor of this sort of thing...mostly. She still flushed a bit under Nylara's toothy grin.

A few minutes later, Kat was moaning and gasping in turns as blood rushed painfully back into her nipples. Nylara's grin had turned soft, her lover massaging Kat's tits to help tilt the rush of pain and pleasure toward pleasure as much as possible. A few minutes more minutes of recovery later and they heard a soft 'thunk,' looking over to see a section of wall open up like a door.

"Well, I guess that's our cue." Nylara looked down at her kitten, then sighed. "I suppose me making you crawl through the corridors would be a bit mean." Kat squeaked as the powerful futa picked her up in a princess carry and stepped toward the door. "Oh, and fair warning, kitten. I'm betting that our choices here are going to affect the next room. After all, this room seemed slightly out of place, you know?"

Kat considered, then nodded, before snuggling into the soft fur of her lover...the next room could to what it wanted. For now, she had snuggles!

End of Part 5

The journey to the next room seemed far too short, causing Katrina to pout as her lover set her back down just a few minutes later. Nylara chuckled at her but didn't say anything, merely reaching for the door to the next room. She paused for a moment, gathering herself, then opened the door...only to relax momentarily when nothing happened. "Must be a room we have to fully enter, first. You ready?" Kat nodded and the two of them stepped inside.

This time, they weren't seized by phantom hands. Instead, each of their remaining pieces of bondage gear began to glow! Nylara yelped and patted frantically at her chest a moment later as it started to shrink...which Kat only barely noticed as the plug in her ass began vibrating wickedly for a few moments, distracting her. It settled after half a minute or so, but seemed heavier somehow...which was all she had time to notice before she yelped as her height shot up several inches, her ankle-chains shifting to the 6-inch slave heels Nylara had been wearing. It was only after managing a wobble recovery from her unexpected height enhancement, that Kat noticed her voice had come out clear. Her gag was gone!

"Hey, Nyl—" She got no farther as the plug inside her powered up, buzzing with brutal power that started with the first sound she made...and quit the moment she stopped trying to speak. The surprise was too much for her already tenuous balance and she tipped over, falling face-first toward the hard ground...only to be caught in wiry black-furred arms? Wait, wiry? Nylara's arms were nice and muscular!

As her lover set her back upright, she gasped in surprise, then blushed a bit. The explanation was obvious at a glance, the angry-looking bishonen youth in front of her couldn't be anyone by Nylara...but 'she' was very now clearly and fully 'he' and looking pretty pissed about it. Moreover, instead of the powerful body 'she'd' possessed, 'he' was a lithe pretty-boy. Handsome, boyish features...but not much breadth of shoulder or muscle. 'He' was glaring grumpily at the ceiling.

"I bloody well better get my tits back after this! I liked them...and the other bits too, thank you very much."

Kat blinked as she felt a sort of amused-tolerance from the dungeon, then shook her head and tried to focus back on what was going on. "Wha-?" She clamped down on the question, stifling a moan as the plug started up again with an audible buzz.

Nylara blinked, cocking her...*his* head and looking at Kat. "Hmmm, your tail is triggered by speaking?"

Tail? What tail? Kat shifted, slowly so as not to lose her balance, trying to look behind her. She blinked as she found what Nylara was talking about. A tail... one that seemed to be connected to the plug in her rear entrance! It's clearly magic, as it's responding much like an actual tail, flickering back and forth, despite where it's connected to making little anatomical sense... Mentally, shaking that thought off, Kat looked back and Nylara and nodded confirmation of her guess.

"Well, I suppose we should get on with it then. I want past this room quickly, before I can miss my tits too much..." With that, Nylara turns and...opens another door? When did another door appear?

Everything went black for a few moments. Then, the world faded back in around Kat and she felt clothing settle onto her body. Not much of it but more than she'd felt against her naked skin in days, at least. She blinked, finding herself in front of a mirror...then shrugged and took in what she could see. It was quickly obvious that it wasn't just Kat herself that was now dressed, her now fully-male lover was

standing beside her and both of them were dressed in some scanty mockery of traditional black and white waitress and waiter outfits. In Nylara's case, it consisted of little more than a white bowtie and cuffs, combined with an equally white thong that barely contained 'his' now disproportionately massive cock for his body size. These white bits set of 'his' jet black fur quite handsomely...while showing off pretty much everything.

Kat's own outfit was a bit more extensive but no less revealing for all its additional material. A short black and white apron made up the main piece, only just long enough to cover her pussy at the bottom and her nipples at the top. Several black bands of material, bordered with white lace frill, tied it around her body...but didn't cover anything at all from behind. Her whole ass, with its obvious tail plug, was visible from behind, and anything more than small steps would cause her pussy to be visible from the front as well. There were little cuffs and fancy ribbons at her wrists and on her heels, as well as in her hair, to complete the image.

Even as they finished looking themselves and each other over, words swam into existence on the surface of the large mirror. They glanced at one another, shrugged, and read the message:

“Cursed by a wizard who's small...tower...they insulted, the lovers Nyrine and Katylna have ventured throughout the realms. A cure to their troubles lies somewhere in the Mansion of the Duke of Northwatch...but the only weakness in the perverted old bastard's security was to get hired as 'eye-candy' for his famous parties. The two must canvass the party, seeking clues and possibly breaking a few laws, seeking what they are after. Will they manage it? More importantly...how many compromising situations will they have to suffer through before the party is over?”

Nylara sighed. “Oh, joy. It's one of *those*.”

Bracing herself for the burst of pleasure, Katrina spoke the shortest possible response to get her question across. “Those?” She still shuddered as the plug sprang to life...but having expected it and kept it short, she managed.

“A scenario room. Both of us are playing a role and we have to get this mission right...or else end up channeled into some BDSM prison room for failing, or something.”

Katrina shuddered. She wasn't sure herself if that shudder was arousal or fear. Either way, she figured it was probably better to try and get this one right. Once again bracing for the burst of pleasure, she asked a longer question. “Any ideas, specifically?”

Nylara smirked as Kat squirmed a bit under the effects of her last question, waiting until her eyes focused again before answering. “No. Oh, there are a few things that are universal. Ask questions, agree to pleasure a few people, whatever. But otherwise, each scenario is a little different. Even if I was familiar with the template for this one, which I'm not, we'd still be mostly flying blind.”

Kat nodded, then gestured at the door, making an interrogative noise that only just barely triggered her tail-plug to buzz.

Nylara chuckled. “Yes, I suppose we should get on with it. With far surer steps in his own slave heels...which on closer examination weren't heels anymore, but platform shoes or some sort, 'Nyrine' moved to a sideboard loaded with plates of hors d'oeuvres. With unseemly grace in a male body, 'he' scooped up two full trays and passed one on to Katrina. “There, do your best to keep that with you as long as possible. Being loaded down with it will both give you an excuse to circulate *and* keep people from buttonholing you for 'services' as quickly. Not that we're likely to avoid it completely but we'll split up

and drift through the crowd for a bit. There should be clues hidden in a few conversations throughout the room, that's how this sort of scenario usually works. Once you have something, either follow up with it or try to find me, whichever you think will be more suitable."

Kat nodded, taking her tray and pacing a few steps. She sighed in relief as she got the hang of the shoes fairly quickly, thanking her evil posture and grace coach from her childhood. She'd always hated the woman before but now her coaching was paying off as Kat managed to adjust rapidly to the ridiculous heels. Which...wasn't going to keep her from stumbling if she was forced to speak. But she at least wouldn't make a fool of herself or attract too much attention otherwise. With a final supportive glance from her lover, she minced her steps smoothly through the door Nylara was holding open for her. Once through, she paused for a moment to sweep her gaze over the milling crowds filling the lower floor of a strangely familiar mansion, then briskly headed off in one direction, trusting Nylara to circle around in the other.

It was within the first few minutes, between stopping twice to provide finger foods and eye-candy for groups of guests, that she realized why the mansion seemed familiar. It was modeled off her father's lake home! That house was a modest 112 room affair, not their main property, but...she'd always loved the place. Mostly because it had once belonged to her mother's family, not her father, and the servants there had been less...dickish than at home. Not to mention that she'd loved swimming in the lake...

She shook off the remembrances and tried to think logically, based off what she knew of the place. Clearly, the dungeon had mapped this place off her own memories, possibly in an attempt to hamper Nylara, who might have been familiar with many of its usual creations. But if that was the case...then did she have an advantage here? If someone wanted to talk about something private...they'd always used the side rooms, not the main halls. There was some risk in going there, as she might be 'button-holed' as Nylara had said...but maybe it was worth the risk? After two more passes around the larger entertaining rooms produced nothing but idle gossip and numerous attempts to grope her, she mentally nodded to the idea and set out to visit a few of the more intimate chambers.

She got both lucky and unlucky in the first few, finding groups of friendly nobles idling and complaining to each other about the state of affairs in their kingdoms. Typical stuff, really. She had to put up with some groping, plus one man who had insisted she 'help him with his trousers,' but ultimately got out of those rooms largely un-molested. Even the man with the 'trouser problem' had passed out drunk before he got them fully off. Unfortunately, while her escaping farther attentions was lucky, she got only a single hint of information, about something being hidden on the second floor. Far too vague to be actionable.

It was in the fourth room where her luck ran out.

Instead of finding a group of men lounging and talking business, or even a mixed group of amorous young nobles flirting as had happened in one previous room, this room is filled with the trophy wives of the rich. All of them are in their 30s or 40s, you think, but the best cosmetics and natural good looks have preserved their appearances enough to make that hard to determine for sure. Certainly, all of them are dressed to the nines...and looking half-bored out of their minds. Their only source of fun, which you walked in on, seems to be reading from a bawdy book of poems. The woman who was reading, describing breasts in such a flowery yet sensual way that it sounded like she had a fruit fetish, doesn't even have the grace to blush as what you caught them doing. Instead, she grins like a wolf at you. You almost try to run, seeing that expression...but that would rather give the game up...and in these heels you likely wouldn't make it back to the door before she could grab you, anyway.

“Well, well, what have we here? A lost, brave little lamb, cum to entertain the old ladies?”

Another of the women rolls her eyes. “Oh, leave off the poor dear, Patrica. You know the girls here don’t exactly do this sort of thing by choice.”

The first woman’s wolf-like grin abated a little...but only a little. She waved airily at the green-clad woman that had spoken up. “Oh, I know, Jenn. But that doesn’t mean we can’t have a little harmless fun when one of them wanders right into our den so willingly. I mean, why should our husbands be the only ones?”

A few of the others perked up at the idea, though two of the women looked completely indifferent. Not into women, maybe? Despite their disinterest, you think you might be in trouble here. Bracing yourself, you try to back out gracefully without giving anything away. “If the madams don’t need anything?”

You almost managed it.

Almost.

None of the others seem to catch on to your slight squeak near the end, presumably dismissing it as nervousness. But the eyes of the woman with the wolfish smile widen a touch, then narrow with a devious sparkle in their depths. She takes a side-step, sees your tail properly as she clears your body, and...giggles. It’s a melodious, lighthearted sound that you never would have expected from the woman and, in your surprise, you lose any chance of escaping cleanly. She moves swiftly, grabbing your half-empty tray from you and setting it aside, then tows you by a gentle hand on one arm to the front of the room.

“Why, my dear, we *do* need something. We need a better reader than my humble self. Someone that can give the poems just that little something...extra.” She gropes your ass, just out of sight of the others, causing you to squeak again. “Why don’t you read...oh, this one will do.” She shoves the poetry book into your hand and you gulp at the length of the poem on the page. Then she leans in and whispers into your ear. “Don’t worry dear, if you get to into it feel free to moan...but if you do, I won’t tell you what I know about that tail. My husband supplies...certain parties, shall we say...with such things.”

Your eyes sharpen, back stiffening even as she pulls away and glides back to the rest of the sitting ladies, who are looking at you with renewed interest. A clue. Of course this would be a test for a clue! Well...you’ll just have to get through it! Mustering your resolve, you look down and begin to read, determined not to let on what it will do to you...well, not to anyone but the one who already knows.

“Honey dripped down the lush...” you begin to read, forcing back the moans the toy inside you is determined to force out with its brutal power. You read on, your voice growing husky and heavy within the first three lines. The ladies are sitting up now, paying close attention to your every word, even the duo that didn’t seem interested in what you have to offer. You stutter for just a moment, eyes closing as you bite your lower lip on the fifth stanza, but somehow you pull through. You’re virtually panting by the time you close out the long poem...but so are a couple of them women, one of whom even has a hand inside her clothes! The wolfishly smiling woman nods at you, acknowledging your accomplishment...then she adds more fuel to the fire.

“Excellent! Most excellent. Far better than I! Read another!”

The voice is a command that you can’t escape and you look desperately from side to side...then obey with an inner wince. You choose a short one and make it, barely...only for another voice to call for

more. It isn't the she-devil woman this time...but that doesn't matter. You're only a servant here. You make it through a third, somehow...but a moan slips out only two words into a fourth. You hope for a moment that it will go unnoted, given that two of the women are openly masturbating now...but another wolfish smile puts paid to that hope. Before you can begin to despair, however, the woman comes forward and sweeps you away from the others.

"I can see some of you are intent on other things now...so I'll just let our little lamb back out of the trap, shall we?"

There are one or two protests but, clearly, this woman is the alpha of this little pack. She defuses the protests effortlessly, guiding you with one hand on your arm...and the other on kneading your ass. She leads you out of the room but doesn't let go. Instead, she guides you past two other entertaining rooms...and into an empty, half-hidden alcove.

"Don't look so troubled, my dear. You won my little game. You only needed to get through the first one, even if I made you think otherwise. Truly, I'm impressed you made it so far. Now...I know *exactly* why you're here, my dear. My husband sold that cursed tail...as well as another enchantment or two. And I happen to know that the wizard he sold it to *didn't* buy an unlocker spell. Which means you're here to find Duke's copy of the same spell scroll, yes?"

You nod, tentatively, and she smiles.

"Then you've got my interest. You see, I want away from my husband, care to guess why?"

Her voice is teasing, knowing you can't answer without cost, but you muscle through. You need this woman's respect. "Do you have a tail too?"

The woman is still grasping your ass and chuckles as she feels the vibration and your shudder of response. "Not quite, my dear. You see, I was a trophy wife, plain and simple...to outside observers. Indeed, even I thought that was the case. But, you see, once I married him...I discovered he prefers the company of other men. Pretty boys, usually." She finally lets go of your ass, darting a look to make sure no one can see into the hidden alcove. Then she hikes up her skirts...revealing shiny metal instead of panties. "Unfortunately, he doesn't want me fooling around, even if he's not going to get it up for me..." She lets her skirts drop and looks seriously at you. "You get me the key to this belt, which he always carries so I can't get it, and I'll tell you exactly how to get the Duke's scroll. I've made deliveries in person and know where it's kept. Of course, you're probably going to need to get some help from a male servant, which is why I tested your dedication to your own freedom back there. Who knows what you'll have to pay with to get a little distraction working for you..."

A humorous voice in your head notes that you'll likely pay nothing...now. But, if this is going where you think it is, Nylara is certainly going to take it out of your ass later. Possibly literally. Trying not to wince or laugh at that combination of thoughts, you seriously address the woman, who finally introduces herself as Countess Greensfield. Agreeing with as few words as possible to her deal, you set off to find your lover...dearly hoping 'he' is in a tolerant mood...

"...You want me to *what*, now?" Nylara's deadpan, displeased, stare made it plainly obvious that she'd heard and understood exactly what had been said. She was simply making her dislike of this idea known in no uncertain terms.

"Well...did you find any better clues? This is all I've got, so far."

Nylara's frown deepened, then she slumped. "No, the only clue I picked up on was weaker than this. Mind you, that might mean this is a trap...but unless we want to spend a lot of time in this room and risk one of us fucking up by the numbers, your find is probably our best bet."

Katrina frowned. "A trap? You think it might be a bad ending or something?" She was getting use to the vibrations of the tail. She almost managed not to moan that time!

Her lover waved that idea off. "Nah, not like that. It's just that it sounds like it could be the lead-in for another room. Like, maybe the Countess will double-cross us and we end up as her pets or something."

Kat cocked her head, then shrugged. Another room was another room and she'd already been a pet, so that wouldn't be so bad. Her nonchalance got a chuckle from her lover.

"You really would fit in with the rest of us in the dungeon, sweetie. Sure you can't just stay here? The dungeon likes you a bunch, so we'd probably even get out of this room if you said so..." There was a hint of wistfulness in the joking comment and Kat slowly shook her head, sad at what her response meant by unwilling to give up her goals. Nylara shook off the lowering mood after a moment, giving off a melodramatic sigh. "I hope you know, I'm taking this out of your ass later if I end up giving mine up for the distraction."

Kat smiled and agreed...

She couldn't help but giggle as she watched Nylara trying to keep the crowd of amorous men off of 'him.' It was practically a poof convention in there and the murder in her lover's eyes was actually kinda funny, in a way. Mostly since Kat knew her lover wasn't actually against taking dick, normally, it was just in this specific set of circumstances... She shook the thought off and casually swept into the room, replacing drinks from a new tray she'd brought, ignored utterly by the gay men who were enthralled by Nylara's demure act...and the bulge in 'his' thong.

Kat glided in behind the Count, waiting for the moment Nylara suppressed her murder reflex enough to 'give in' and let him 'open the package.' Despite her sympathy for her lover, Kat ignored her plight, deftly employing skills no one would expect her to have by pickpocketing the Count. It took three passes, by which time Nylara was giving a handjob well another poof brought the lube, but she finally got the key. It had been around the man's neck...but she was a *good* pickpocket, a skill she'd learned in her need to pass messages to her agents. Nylara actually shot her an impressed look after she'd made off with the chain from around the man's neck...before 'he' was buried in amorous men.

Kat slipped out with the key, unable to immediately think of any way to help her lover out of the spot she was in. Spotting a couple of other decent looking male servants as she crossed the hall, she took a chance and directed them to the poofer room, hoping they would offer enough distraction for Nylara to extract herself. It was absolutely all she could think to do, short of something dramatic that might get them caught, so she steeled herself and headed for the out-of-the-way room she's suggested to the Countess...

The room was one that she'd known existed, based on her knowledge of the floorplan. It was a leftover from a previous renovation in the original house and it was just as abandoned in this version as in the original...though here it seemed to see some use as a private nook for amorous adventures, even if it

was empty at the moment. At least, that's what the pillows, blankets, and plush loveseat probably said about the place. And...the Countess was already there, naked save for the chastity belt around her groin and looking quite impatient.

“Do you have it?!”

Kat held up the key and the Countess practically teleported to her, snatching it away. She fit it into the lock...took a deep breath...and twisted. The lock popped open with no fanfare at all and the Countess froze for just a moment...then pulled the belt off and chucked it across the room, cackling as she did. Before Kat could even think to ask for her part of the deal, the Countess grabbed her and pulled her toward the loveseat. Kat sputtered...but didn't get a word out before the Countess gestured at her and spoke a few arcane words. A shudder of magic passed through her...and her tail simply vanished, its absence startling her into a moan of relief.

“There. That's my part, technically...but if you want that little friend of yours helped as well, you're going to have to help me break my pussy back in!”

That only gave Kat a moment of hesitation. The Countess was an attractive woman, no question. A platinum-blonde in her early thirties, with a classically beautiful face centered on high-cheekbones and deep emerald-colored eyes. This was hardly an unacceptable compromise, particularly as horny as that blasted tail and a certain poetry reading session had left her! Her companion laughed gaily when *she* started towing the Countess instead of the other way around. As they fell onto the loveseat together, Katrina attacked the older woman's nipples, sucking and nibbling, drawing gasps and moans. The Countess quickly took control, however, pushing her downwards towards her newly freed sex. Katrina meekly accepted the direction, both understanding the desire and largely willing to submit anyway.

Kat trailed downward with light kisses, soon reaching a wild patch of pubic hair. She grimaced a bit at that but understood it wasn't the Countess's fault and dove in anyway. She dove in, surprised to find that the feel of the bush was furry, reminding her of Nylara. Dismissing the oddity, she got started. After a few long moments teasing the woman's engorged outer lips, she reached up with a hand and slid a finger home...or tried to. Holy shit, she was tight! Despite the copious fluid, it took a few moments to work one finger in, her efforts causing the Countess to buck and climax for the first time. She didn't let up, only pausing just long enough to make sure she wasn't overwhelming the woman. As the blonde was howling for more, however, that clearly wasn't the case. So she began thrusting the single finger in and out, even as she nibbled at the woman's clit. Then, as the Countess shuddered through an aftershock, she switched it up, exchanging her probing finger for her tongue even as she slipped her other hand up to tease the woman's magic button.

The Countess's orgasms came in waves, the woman arching and writhing under Kat's efforts. It was a heady feeling of power...that was interrupted a few minutes in by soft hands roughly grabbing her hips from behind and pulling her ass up. Startled, she tensed, looking over her shoulder. Thankfully, it was Nylara that had grabbed her and she relaxed a little... then tensed slightly again as her lover growled.

“You should be grateful you thought to send in a distraction. I might leave you able to walk.”

Kat gulped...but thrust back against Nylara's rock-hard cock, horny enough to look forward to the ass-reaming that she was sure was about to come. She was right. A moment later her lover's iron-hard cock speared her rear entrance in one swift stroke. She moaned into the pussy below her, feeling far more pleasure than pain. The plug had thoroughly prepared her for this and her lover had lubed up with something on the way. Pounding thrusts drove her into the half-incoherent Countess's pussy and Kat tried

to keep up her own efforts. It was an erratic and rough effort, made more so when she added not one but two fingers to the other woman's tight cunt, causing the other woman to cry out and buck. Then Kat was cumming with a scream, Nylara emptying her balls into Kat's ass in turn, and there was no more time for thought...

A dozen rounds later, as the three of them lay in a heap recovering, piled half on the couch and half on the blanket-padded floor, the Countess finally spoke. "Man, that was an awesome scenario, even if I was totally stuck in that belt for a month beforehand. Stupid bet. And stupid delvers never finding the right solutions."

Katrina blinked, sluggish brain only just starting to process that no, the Countess wasn't a construct, but another resident of the dungeon, when Nylara spoke up. "Trixie? I thought that might be you."

"Oh, yeah, right. I guess I can ditch the morph, now." Moments after saying that, 'Trixie' clicked her fingers and her body shifted...as did Nylara's!

After a glance, Kat was sure her lover was merely returning to normal, so she focused on the new form of the 'Countess.' What she found was...a bunny girl. There was no other way to describe her. The girl was petite, easily several inches shorter than even Kat herself, with merely B-cup breasts that, nevertheless, fit her body quite nicely. While she was far more humanish than Nylara, having mostly pale skin, her long bunny ears, as well as the areas around her pussy and nipples, were lightly covered in white fur. It was something like she was wearing a fur bikini, really. Only not quite, since it left her nipples and slit fully visible. Joined to a cute pink nose and big, happy pink eyes, the entire package was frankly adorable...

"Heya, Nya! Your new girly-toy is totally good at eating pussy! But, I totes want some of that cock, girl. Cum over to my place? I'm sure we can make it pass as a room or something, if we add to her transformation." The bunny girl, growing increasingly animated as she talked, abruptly smacked one hand into her opposing palm. "Oh! Right! Shit! Hold on..." She muttered to herself, then pointed at Kat, magic shooting between them. Kat felt the change take hold, feeling familiar magic. This was no spell from the bunny girl, it was The Dungeon's magic, merely being activated...she pushed upright as she took stock of the changes running through her body.

Her tail! Her glorious tail was back! Ohhh and ears, little kitty ears! And...had her tongue changed? She thought so, it was rougher. Ooohhh, awesome. She was becoming a proper cat girl! She even had a fur-like texture to her hair now! She danced around a little in joy, ignoring the smirk of her lover and the giggles from the newly revealed bunny girl. This was soooo awееeesoommee...

End of Part 6

After Kat had gotten over her new appearance and Nya had dealt with a certain bunnygirl's giggle fit, the trio took a series of side-passages that appeared only at the two dungeon resident's request. After about twenty minutes of travel, they found themselves going through the 'backdoor' into Trixie's home. Apparently, unlike Suska who had a training facility that doubled as a dungeon room attached to her private quarters, Trixie lived in a 'village,' which Kat wasn't allowed to go into without permission from either The Dungeon or the village elders. The 'backdoor,' however, allowed them straight into Trixie's home, bypassing the village proper. That said backdoor was a random chunk of wall that opened into Trixie's living room was apparently beside the point.

None of which kept Kat from looking out the window with wide eyes. The village was...a village. As in, a sprawling hillside community with what at least appeared to be a proper sky and sun. The whole thing had to take up at least a dozen square miles, just from what she could see from this one window. If it wasn't for the powerful feel of magic in the air, Kat would have thought she was back in the outside world. As it was, she was simply blown away that this could exist inside the dungeon...let alone that there were apparently more of them, according to the two residents. She mentally adjusted her estimate of The Dungeon's power level upward by a factor of four. She'd know it was insanely powerful, to fulfill wishes, but this...

"Cool, right?! I mean, it's not as super over-the-top and ritzy like the Drow's place or Succubus town, but I think our village has much more charm to it, right?" Trixie was grinning as she presented the view from the window with a flourish and all Kat could do was nod. "Welllllll, annnyyywwaaayyy, we should totes figure out what to do! Though, I think Suska maybe expected something when she suckered me into that bet..."

That statement was enough to draw both Kat and Nylara's attention, despite the distracting effect of the view on Kat. Reeling from her previous realizations, Kat was still getting her thoughts focused again when Nylara responded for the both of them. "Wait...the bet was with Suska? When was this?"

Trixie cocked her head cutely in thought, putting one finger to her lips. Her expression as she tried to concentrate was an odd mix of adorable and hilarious. "Uhhh, well that depends on if you mean in real time or room time? I think it was only a couple of days ago, real time, but part of the bet was for me to take a couple of rooms, so most of a month of subjective time!" She nodded her head firmly, seemingly happy to have sorted it out, then skipped over to her small kitchen. "Anyways, I'll fix us something to eat, Ny-ny! I bet you two are hungry...and we totes got to get our strength up for more fucking! And whatever room stuffs we do..."

As the bunnygirl busied herself fixing an enormous platter of sandwiches, Nylara and Kat looked at each other. Kat spoke first this time. "You don't think?"

"I do. I can guess why, too, though it surprises me a little."

Kat looked questioningly at her lover. Nylara read her face and smiled. "Trixie's an arena specialist, it's actually pretty odd to see her running a room in the dungeon."

Kat blinked. "Arena?"

Trixie jumped in, excitedly jumping on Kat's back, pressing her generous ass into Kat's back even as she answered. "Yep! The village system in the dungeon is pretty complex, waaaaayyy more than most outsiders realize. There's, like, a couple of dozen little towns and villages inside! Along with trade and stuff, we have inter-village arena battles over rarer resources, mostly stuffs coming in from the outside, you know?" She paused, still draped over Kat's back. "Oh, and sandwiches are totally done, by-the-by, come grab a couple!" With that, she pulled off Kat's back and pranced over to her dining table, now loaded with a tall platter of sandwiches and several glasses of some variety of juice.

Nylara nodded, sedately walking over to grab a sandwich, Kat following in her wake. "And Trixie is one of the Bunny Village's best fighters, usually ranking in the top four or five for the entire inter-dungeon tournament." She smirked, "Of course, that's partly because she fights dirty. Her style of combat is all about tricks...which is how she got her nickname in the first place."

Trixie's grin seemed like it would split her face. "Yep! But all my tricks are for adults! And very few of my opponents leave unsatisfied! Even if they lose..." With that she took a huge bite of sandwich, leaving the rest of the explanation to Nylara.

Who rolled her eyes but nodded. "That's somewhat true, at least for most of her fights." Face softening into a smile, she continued. "I didn't realize how much of an impression you made on Suska, though. It's pretty obvious she arranged this to make sure you'd be safe once you left the dungeon. It's pretty unusual for her to go that far out of her way, even for one of her favored projects."

Trixie choked in surprise, quickly grabbing a glass of juice to save herself. When she managed to wash down the large bite she'd half-swallowed in surprise, she looked curiously from one of them to the other. "Wait, what? You've met Suska...and you think that was what the bet was about? I mean, I know I said I thought she expected something, but..."

Nylara was the one to answer, shrugging as she finished her first sandwich. "The timing fits. Suska took our kitten here in for training...four days ago, ish? Real time, of course. But she used a time-dilation field and seemed pretty attached after she brought Kat back."

Trixie's face had gone serious, the wolf-like sharpness back in them as she looked over the pair in detail. She nodded after a moment, voice coming out sounding far more like the Countess she'd been playing a moment later. "Hmmm, that might be true, but I think it's just as much her seeing how you two act together. You know how much of a hopeless romantic Suska is. Add that to the fact she tends to care about all her trained pets and..."

Nylara was actually blushing and quickly stuffed another sandwich in her mouth. Kat grinned at the sight but chose not to comment, instead turning to question this more serious version of Trixie. "So, you think she really might have set you up just for this?"

The bunnygirl shrugged, the sharp focus fading a bit. "Prob a little, you know? She also still has it in for me from back when she trained me alongside a bunny boy! She likes me well enough but she's still a meanie every once and a while, when something reminds her how much that exhausted her."

Kat almost choked on her own sandwich as she remembered Suska's haunted look when she mentioned the 'bunny incident.' That had been *Trixie*?

They all got a bit involved with eating the, frankly delicious, plate of sandwiches after that. AAs they finished up, drinking some after-sandwich juice, Trixie brought the topic of what to do back up. "So...if you two think Suk-Suk the meanie trapped me in chastity for a month just to get you here...why?"

Nylara rolled her eyes at the name calling. "Like I said, you're a top arena fighter, one with a reputation for fighting dirty. Kat here," she waved at her lover, smiling warmly for just a moment as she did, "is determined to return *outside*, despite evidence of how well she'd fit in with all of us. Not that I blame her, she's got scores to settle that need settling, I think."

That comment quickly devolved into Kat needing to explain her background to a once-again sharp-eyed bunnygirl. When she finished, Trixie nodded firmly. "Yeah, I think I get it too. Suska likes her and likes you as well, plus she likes setting people up...and the dungeon likes her too." There was an odd note in the bunnygirl's voice as she added that last bit, but she continued on before Kat could ask any questions. "She wants to make sure the kitty here will survive going up against her father once she leaves."

That tome of spells you say she gave you will help, but only once you study it...and your new body has some tricks of its own. Plus, the book can't give you combat reflexes."

Kat cocked her head to one side, finally putting all the pieces together and feeling slow for it taking so long. "So...she wanted you to, what? Train me to fight?"

Trixie grinned. "Not fight...win! I can totally work with that! Doubly so since I get to make it a room..."

Kat blinked, trying to think how learning to fight could be a 'room.' She glanced at her lover but Nylara just shrugged. "I trust her, kitten, whatever she comes up with will work...and involve lots of sex. She *is* a bunnygirl, after all, and they have higher libidos than anyone else in the dungeon. Well, save some of the summoned tentacle monsters...probably."

Kat looked over at Trixie...then shrugged and nodded.

Kat regretted the things. *All the things*. All the things she had done to lead her to this moment, where every muscle in her body seemed to ache, even a few that she hadn't known she *had*. Her new combat trainer, Trixie of course, had been ruthless in bringing up Kat's 'basic fitness level.' And now she was one mass of soreness that regretted all the...

Ohhhhh, that felt nicccceeee...a little more to the...yessssss, thereeee. Okay, so maybe she only regretted *most* of the things. Those soft bunny-hands were amazing, and so is whatever is in that massage oil, but still, muscles hurt. She soaked in the bliss from the hands, still regretting most of the things...until the hands started wandering farther afield. The moment those fingers slipped over her folds, her eyes popped open as a wave of intense arousal followed behind their path. She tried to push into them...but the massage on top of her exertions had left her barely able to move. She whimpered but needn't have worried as, moments after their first pass, one of Trixie's fingers plunged into her from behind, spreading the 'massage oil' deep into Kat's insides.

Kat moaned wantonly at the slow, torturous thrusts, then whined as they vanished...only to murmur happily as Trixie flipped her over and started on her front, one had focused on her pussy as the other roved her breasts...Kat no longer regretted most of the things. Maybe only a dozen. Possibly less. Maybe even only one or two. Now, if Nylara was only allowed to fuck her, it might not even be one or two...

Kat fell to the floor in a moaning, writhing heap, desperately wanting to touch herself but unable to do so due to the pressure points that her opponent had struck. She could barely feel her arms...but she could most certainly feel the burning arousal of her core and the matching ache in her nipples. Intellectually, she knew that her current state was the result of more pressure points...and of the alchemical concoction Trixie had blown, in dust-form, into her face midway through the fight. Practically...her mind was far too far gone to give a damn about what was causing her arousal, she just wanted to get off! She humped the air as best she could, in the direction of Trixie...who giggled and leaned down to pinch a nipple, drawing a loud moan and screwed-shut eyes in response.

"Oh dear, you seem to have had a rather more extreme reaction to the dust than I expectws...what fun! Don't worry, by the time I'm done with you tonight, you'll be eager to lose to me again! And again!"

Well, maybe not *eager*. Remember, only *I* get Nylara's cock until you manage to win a fight, against me or a trainee, doesn't matter which."

Kat's response was less than intelligent, a whimper and squirm of desire making up most of it. Trixie giggled again...then hoisted her up over one shoulder with a disgusting amount of ease. She might be a speed fighter...but there was still a ridiculous amount of power in that disproportionately busty bunnygirl frame. Seriously, as slim as the rest of her was, Kat still hadn't figured out how the woman didn't knock herself out with those boobs, with the speeds she fought at. Not that she cared at the moment. She just wanted to get wherever the bunny was taking her so she could be fucked senseless...even if some part of her *did* know she wouldn't be getting Nylara's wonderful cock...

Kat tried to control her breathing as she rolled away from the attack, fighting her desire to panic as the near-miss from the heavy blade crashed into the sand-covered floor of the arena pit behind her dodge. Coming out of the roll with more grace than she'd ever considered having, she lasted out with her claws, the new transformation she'd *earned* by passing Trixie's brutal version of a crash course in combat basics. Her claws connected. Just another graze, but that's all she'd been aiming for. She'd been given that crash course by *Trixie, Queen of Naughty Tricks*, after all. She'd learned pump a little magic into her claws, giving them...interesting effects. Effects that were quickly telling as the Minotaur she'd been fighting stumbled only moment later, hand flying to his crotch. Well...*her* crotch, in a few more moments. Not that it was permeant, of course, and it had taken several doses, but the slow transformation was taking hold fully now.

Kat sprang away from the thoroughly distracted Minotaur, using the agility and that speed that came with her catgirl body to gain distance quickly. She began chanting, pushing her manna out into one of her new, signature, spells. On the second stanza, her opponent tried to muster herself and set for a charge, but it was too late and too clumsy. The spell snapped out and hit her between her still-enlarging boobs. Magically tough rope flowed out from the contact point, wrapping around said boobs and darting down between her legs. Kat continuing dodging away from desperate swings even as it spread farther, finally tripping the Minotaur up as it tightened around her ankles. Moments later it pulled tight, hogtying her victim and ending the fight. Her opponent continued to struggle for a few moments...only to whimper as all that did was drag the knots in the ropes across aroused flesh in interesting places. When it became clear that it was over, a gong rung out and Trixie's voice came from the lip of the fighting pit.

"Well-done, kitten! Take five and think about what you want as a reward, gold terms since this was a new tier of opponent for you." The sharp-eyed bunnygirl turned her gaze on the downed minotaur, "As for you, Billy, that was just sad. She's been training for less than two months! Maybe I should have her make the change last to see if you're a better fighter as a heifer?"

Billy grumbled disconsolately, even as Kat dispelled both her ropes and the transformation. They all knew Trixie wasn't serious, just trying to provoke the Minotaur to greater efforts. Which was fairly pointless, given that all of the male fighters (and not a few of the female ones) were plenty motivated by Trixie's 'reward' system. Even a bronze victor, the lowest tier, could ask for a blowjob from the legendary fighter...and a gold reward like the one Kat had just earned could be traded in for whatever sort of sexual escapades you wanted with the woman, so long as they didn't take more than one full day. Of course, they could also be traded for other things, like extra one-on-one training time or access to transformations. Trixie traded her own considerable 'credit' with the dungeon for those favors, most of the time, though with Kat she hadn't needed to since this whole affair was counting as a 'delver room.'

That was highly unusual and only possible since the dungeon itself seemed to like Kat...and Suska, Nylara and Trixie were all favorites of the dungeon's sentience as well.

Kat wasn't interested in more transformations, though. The claws had been the final touch to get fully transformed into a catgirl, the subtler changes like musculature and sensory enhancements having already been earned during the lead up to this fight. Which was the *last* fight, unless she joined one of the villages. It had been her final exam...and had only come after a large number of losses, where Kat herself had often been the 'reward' for her opponents. Or simply Trixie's plaything in the earliest days. No, with this last gold reward, she intended to get a little of her own back from Trixie...not that she imagined the bunnygirl was really going to mind, given that she was openly a 'horny bimbo' as the bunnygirl called herself. Kat felt the bimbo title was misused, given how sharp the woman was when she wanted to be. But had to admit it fit Trixie's usual choice of bubbly demeanor.

Which meant that a few minutes later, when Trixie was done dismissing the other trainees, she'd drag her mentor off to get exactly what she wanted...

Kat grinned manically as she fastened the last strap, leaving Trixie helpless in her bondage. The device she'd chosen, from Trixie's considerable collection, was a versatile bondage frame that's only drawback was the need for its victim to be quite flexible, well beyond human norms. It had also been one of Trixie's favorites to use on Kat, supposedly in an attempt to drive home for Kat just how flexible her own changes had made her. Personally, Kat thought it was just the perverse sight and exposure it offered that kept the bunny coming back. Which, she had to admit, was really fun from this side! The frame held the bunnygirl helpless in with her spine lightly arched, like she was slouching in a chair...except that her legs were pushed back toward her head. Indeed, her ankles were shackled into the frame side-by-side with her wrists! This pushed her naked and dripping pussy out into mid-air, at an adjustable height for easy fucking.

Which wasn't what was actually going to happen. Taking advantage of one of the frame's features, Kat grinned and flipped the bunnygirl over. Trixie hadn't been expecting it and yelped through the ring-gag Kat had secured between the other woman's lips. The bunnygirl found herself face-to-drooling mouth with Nylara's half-hard cock and made an appreciative noise when it was quickly shoved through her gag and down her throat. While the bunnygirl was distracted, Kat gave a wicked chuckle and raised her hand, bringing it down with considerable force on the exposed buttocks of the white bunny!

The yelp was glorious! Her mentor had taken a positive glee in turning Kat's ass red when she screwed up in the ring, and Kat was determined to have her revenge! Not that it hadn't been sorta enjoyable...but that wasn't the point! She snatched up the flogger that Trixie had used most often on her and gave her helpless bunny another smack, getting another yelp...mixed with a moan. She rolled her eyes as she spotted the leaking liquid coming from the woman's pussy. Of course she'd get off on this. Between her constantly horny bunny-body and the pain tolerance from her arena fighting...any hesitation Kat had left fled and she started whipping the flogger around to experiment with the best effects!

It felt a little odd to be on this side of things, almost unnatural after all the times she'd submitted since coming into the dungeon...but at the same time, it was thrilling. She'd learned enough about herself since coming here that she doubted she'd ever want to be a true dominant, being far more inclined toward

submitting in the bedroom. But for special occasions? She brought the flogger down on Trixie's exposed ass with another hard slap, enjoying the mix of yelp and moan that resulted, as well as the slowly spreading red on the bunnygirl's ass. Even the slight jiggle, despite the hard muscle of the bunny's ass, was rather fascinating. Yes, for special occasions she thought she could quite enjoy it...

She kept it up until she'd gotten a nice red glow evenly around the other woman's buttocks, then took up the soothing balm that Trixie had always used on her afterward. Spreading it on and massaging it into the bunny's rear, knowing that it both soothed...and simultaneously dosed the victim with a mild stimulant. Once she finished, Kat gestured for Nylara to back off from where she'd been face-fucking the woman. Nya had already climaxed once, leaving cum dripping from the dazed bunnygirl's lips as Kat grabbed the next piece of her pseudo-revenge plan and stepped around to where Trixie could properly see her.

"You can choke on that cock all you want...but tonight, only I am going to fuck it. While you watch. Don't worry, though...I've got something to keep you busy!" Kat dangled a familiar chastity belt in front of Trixie's face, causing the bunny to freeze.

"Waat, wuut?!"

Kat giggled at the horror in the white rabbit's expression. "Oh, relax, I've modified it, see?"

She turned the belt around to show that it had dual plugs, both wicked looking, with extra knobby bits and interesting textures. There was also a counter ticking down, currently showing just under 24 hours. "See? You'll be cumming, *lots*, for the next twenty-three hours and forty-seven minutes, whether you want to or not! I programmed them to be...ruthless. But, knowing you, you might not even want to take it off!"

Trixie's face had from horrified to interested, making eager noises through the ring-gag in her mouth. Kat giggled again, then spun the frame so that the helpless bunny was faced upright but looking toward the bed in the room. Trixie's drooling pussy was once more in full view as Kat slipped around her and placed the belt around the bunnygirl's waist. Once it was properly under her she reached down with a lube-coated finger and pressed it into the exposed and willingly bunny-rear below her. The rear-entry plug had already been lubed, of course, and from the amount of natural lubricant drooling from the bunnygirl's pussy, nothing extra would be needed there. Trixie moaned lowly and bucked a bit as a single finger penetrated her ass, pumping in and out a few times to make sure the lube was spread properly. She whimpered when it withdrew in turn, only to moan far louder as Kat pressed the plugs forward, slowly sinking them into holes that were eager for them. She was extra careful to align the last feature, an indented bump intended to mold around Trixie's largish clit, making sure it was placed perfectly...then she snapped the belt closed with a smirk. Even as the plugs began to immediately whine to life, she patted the crotch-plate and grinned at the bunnygirl.

"Happy cumming...don't pass out before you get to see all the fun things Nylara does to me!"

Trixie tried to pout at that...but pouting is surprisingly difficult when one is moaning. The resulting expression, combined with the ring-gag still holding her mouth open, made Kat giggle again...the she grabbed Nylara's cock firmly with one hand. "Now, for you missy! Your cock has been dipping away from its proper home for much too long! Come make me cum!"

Startled by Kat's dominant attitude, her Mistress chuckled, then reached forward and lifted Kat off her feet, causing her fellow catgirl to squeak. "I think someone needs a reminder of who orders who around...but I will certainly be making you cum..."

Kat's newfound interest in being the top faded in moments, sagging agreeably into Nylara's strong arms and accepting as her mistress tied her hands behind her back and pushed her facedown onto the bed. As Nylara's cock plunged home with rough force, to the soundtrack of moans from Trixie, Kat added a mental note to her idea that dominating others was for special occasions. Maybe it was just for special threesomes...since Nylara was clearly in charge and Kat loved it that way...

End of Part 7

What was originally intended to be a short stay with Trixie turned into a several days. The bunny girl was fun, Kat needed the break, and Nylara had actually been a little clingy. Adding to that oddity, just a bit, was the grimoire of cat girl magic Suska had gifted her showing up after the first night, in the hands of a runner. Katrina had been happy to have it, using the learning of a few new spells as a way to retrain her slightly lessened magic control, which had resulted from the catgirl transformation potion Suska had given her what felt like half a lifetime ago. Even if, in reality, it had only been a few days? Maybe a week at most? Time was hard to follow in The Dungeon... Regardless, the time at Trixie's had been well spent, and it was with some disappointment that Kat had found the bunny girl waiting for her at the breakfast table with news about moving on.

The disappointment hadn't lasted long.

Katrina Belasco stared, mouth slightly open and spoon full of colorful cereal halfway to her mouth, mind whirling. Eventually, she slowly lowered the spoon back to the bowl and took a deep breath. Eyes piercing Trixie with a disconcerting seriousness at odds with her behavior around the bunny girl so far, she asked for clarification. "You're telling me that The Dungeon of Lewdity itself, is...offering me a deal...or a job maybe?"

Trixie looked worried at the change of expression, until a slightly sad looking Nylara reached over and stroked the bunny's ears. That settled the usually-hyper girl down and she nodded eagerly. "Yep! It totes doesn't happen often! But the Dungeon, like, really wants you to be one of its suppliers!"

Kat silently switched her gaze from the bunny girl to her lover...or mistress? What even were they and how would this affect them? Nylara seemed to read all her questions and worries in a glance, speaking up to provide more details.

"It's actually the arrangement I was quietly hoping for...but it's not something I had any influence over. You also don't have to accept, as it will void your wish reward if you do. Which isn't to say you won't get what you really want out of The Dungeon, anyway." With a wave of her hand at the grimoire laying on the nearby couch, Nylara continued. "Between the magic you've gained and your new physical transformation, you've got quite some protection from your father. More to the point, The Dungeon *needs* these outside connections, in order to supply the villages with things it can't make, as well as fuel parts of the village system with outside prizes and rewards. Given how hard it is to find trustworthy merchants, ones that won't try to exploit the residents, The Dungeon is ready and willing to provide you with solid starting capital and a cross-selection of exotic goods to begin your trading company with, as well as transportation to an area of the continent where your father's influence is minimal..."

Nylara paused, taking a deep breath, seemingly to actually be a bit nervous. "And, on a personal note, it would also mean you could see me again? As well as Suska and Trixie of course!"

Katrina's mouth quirked into a grin, unable to resist at the sight of her badass mistress actually looking shy. Just for form's sake, she applied all her considerable skill to rapidly examining the proposal

for a few seconds. As she hoped, her professional instincts weren't finding a downside...which was excellent, given that she knew she'd have accepted the deal anyway. She might only have known Nylara for the month or so since she'd first entered the dungeon...but she was fairly sure she'd completely fallen for the nervous black cat woman in front of her.

Rather than letting her Mistress wait a moment more, Kat bounced up from her seat and leapt across the table, in a perfectly executed pounce that took said woman completely off-guard. The chair the larger woman was sitting in tipped backward and she fell to the, thankfully carpeted, floor with a startled 'oof,' accompanied by an equally startled yelp from Trixie, who'd been awkwardly shoveling her own cereal into her mouth in an attempt to ignore the charged atmosphere. Taking advantage of Nylara's stunned state, Kat leaned in and kissed her, hard. It only took a moment for the black-furred futa to start responding automatically to the kiss, though it took several more before she really processed what was going on and reached her arms around Katrina, pulling her in happily and deepening the kiss.

It was several minutes of making out before they parted, panting and gasping for air. Nylara met her lover's eyes with her heart in her own. "I take it that means you're staying...or leaving but coming back, rather?"

Katrina kissed the other woman's forehead, then cuddled into her arms properly. "Of course, silly. I'd never turn down the chance to keep being with you and fulfill my dreams at the same time. I'll want more details of course...but I doubt there's anything The Dungeon could want that would make me say 'no' at this point." Before her Mistress could reply, there was a quiet, awkward cough from one side. Both of them blushed, abruptly remembering that they were still in Trixie's kitchen. They both turned their heads, spotting the grinning bunny.

"Can anyone get in on the celebratory fuck? Or will it be a private affair?"

Kat blushed deeper but Nylara merely chuckled, already getting back on balance. The black-furred woman kept one arm wrapped around her lover while moving the other to lever herself upright, dragging her smaller partner to her feet along with her. The hand now resting on Kat's lower back caressed bare skin, even as Nylara spoke to the bunny. "Oh, I think you're invited. You did bring the good news, after all...and this is your house, anyway."

The grinning bunny nodded and jumped into the ongoing hug. With the attention of the amorous hands of a perpetually horny bunny now added to the romantic cuddle, the mood didn't take long to shift. Somehow, Kat soon found herself lying on Trixie's massive bed, sandwiched between the two other animal girls. None of them had been wearing a stitch to begin with, the result of several days of casual sex, and the less-than-feminine part of her lover was rock hard and pressed firmly into Katrina's naked rear. Kat would have been grinding back against it...if she wasn't currently registering surprise at what she was feeling from the front. She broke free of a passionate tongue duel with Trixie to look down between them, then cocked a confused eye up at the bunny girl. Last she'd looked, just a few minutes ago, Trixie hadn't had a dick...

Trixie giggled at her expression, thrusting her hips forward to rub against Kat's leg. "I took a potion while you two were having your moment. They aren't that hard to come by here in The Dungeon, and I thought you deserved an extra special reward..."

A hot rush of anxious anticipation rushed through Kat's already on-fire body. The only time she'd had two 'real' cocks in her at once was clear back in the dance stage room. And by the time the life-like constructs had gotten to her back then, she'd been so far gone into artificially induced heat that she barely

remembered anything. This would be almost new...and whatever potion Trixie had used hadn't been a half measure. While the white bunny's cock wasn't quite as girthy as Nylara's, it had almost as much length...and if she was reading their position right she'd have her lover's even larger cock in her ass simultaneously. Sending a silent thanks out to The Dungeon for the physical changes her body had undergone, she mustered her courage and reached down for her host's new appendage...

Only to be stopped before she could quite reach it.

Nylara made a scolding noise even as Trixie giggle, then captured Kat's other wrist and rolled the both of them, ending with Katrina laying on top of her lover, back to the futa's front and with her wrists captured in one furry hand, held tightly over her head. Their bed partner rolled away for a moment, only to return swiftly on her hands-and-knees, holding a bottle of lube.

"We've got to get you ready first, silly!"

Kat didn't get a chance to respond, distracted by her lover gently trailing kisses up her neck. As she moaned and squirmed in Nylara's firm grip, Trixie smirked and reached forward, coaxing her to spread her legs. Kat obeyed without a second thought, then moaned as a gentle finger, covered in thick lube, found her rosebud and drew a soft circle around it. She whimpered when it didn't immediately plunge inside, getting a gentle nip from her lover in response, to remind her off her place. Just as she submissively stilled out of reflex, Trixie took the plunge, driving one finger into Kat's ass with an abrupt thrust. An involuntary gasp and hip thrust were followed by more gasps and moans as Nylara switched to nibbling on sensitive ears even as Trixie thoroughly applied the lube with first one finger, then two, then finally stretching her out a bit with a third.

Eventually, the bunny girl must have deemed her prepared, as she withdrew her fingers and reached down, grabbing Nylara's iron-hard erection and stroking it twice before guiding it to its target. Despite the preparations, not to mention previous experience, Kat still gasped as Nylara thrust forward firmly, hilding her entire cock in one long stroke. Her lover stilled at full plunge, simply waiting. Kat already felt full to the brim and couldn't help a tiny spike of fear as the bunny girl between her legs scooted forward to join in.

Even as the bunny girl approached, Nylara seemed to sense her lover's slight fear, leaning down a bit to nuzzle Kat's cheek from behind, murmuring encouragement. Kat relaxed into the warmth and reassurances, letting out a mewl that drew a giggle and quick head pat from Trixie. A moment later, Trixie's magic cock was pressing against her lower lips, demanding entrance. The bunny girl had apparently taken the time to lube her new cock, which was probably a good thing, even if Kat wasn't exactly lacking in natural lubrication, at the moment. Between the natural and artificial lubrication, Kat's pussy gave way easily at first, but quickly tighten as the Nylara's thick dick pressed through the thin walls of flesh to challenge the new invader. She groaned as Trixie forced her way in, gently but with implacable insistence. By the time the bunny girl bottomed out, Kat was a panting, gasping mess, eyes closed and trying not to move as she felt fuller than ever before in her life.

Her pair of partners gave her a minute, letting her adjust to the feeling of them. Then Nylara slowly withdrew. Kat whimpered at the loss, having adapted to the pleasantly full sensation...only to moan as the cock stopped just shy of popping free of her ass and reversed course in a slow thrust. She barely had time to enjoy being filled fully again as, the very moment Nylara hilted fully, Trixie began her own slow withdraw. The next few minutes turned into a torturous haze of pleasure as the pair of them thrust a slow counterpoint, one in and one out in a constant and consistent rhythm. Katrina's mind was mush, only Nylara's firm hands keeping her hips from frantically humping in an attempt to increase her

pleasure. Then, even those hands weren't enough, as the two of them stopped working counter to one another. The first dual withdrawal drew an unconscious protest...and the first dual thrust into her depths drew her first potent climax.

Which didn't make the two stop. They didn't even pause or slow, building a steady head of steam as Kat's writhing body, cumming anew every few thrusts, partially escaped Nylara's control, humping and thrusting in jerky, uncontrolled bursts. There was no way even her enhanced body could take the brutal pounding they were giving her for long, not with her climaxing in rapid sequence. But she didn't need to. The entire experience had felt almost as unbelievably pleasurable for the other two as for her, and somewhere around her fifth or sixth consecutive peak, Trixie began to lose it. The joint rhythm became less steady and Nylara picked up the pace in response, wanting to get there at the same time as the bunny girl, for best effect. They managed it, almost. Trixie came first, triggering another climax from Kat as she hilted fully and blasted a load straight into her womb, but Nylara was only a few moments behind, pumping an even larger series of pulses into Kat's rear. Kat howled until she had no air, the second load forcing an aftershock almost on top of the first peak. Her vision blurred...then faded to black as she passed out from the overload...

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It had taken nearly three weeks to finalize the deal with The Dungeon. Not really negotiations, so much as simply outlining the extent of the operation and picking out what cargos from the various dungeon villages would make the best initial trade goods and where those goods would be best delivered. That this could have gone a bit faster without constant breaks for sex didn't bother anyone. Not even The Dungeon itself, which wasn't in any particular hurry. It had other trade partners, with other deals, even if Kat's promised to be one of the more useful in recent centuries. That had been another thing that had delayed the project, as Kat had insisted on understanding the needs of the denizens fully to create the best plan possible. She'd visited each race's village, usually in company with Nylara, Kat, or when neither of them were welcome in a particular village, occasionally Suska.

The succubus had appeared just a few days in, triggering the first of several celebratory foursomes. That there were hints *she* might have been the one to sell The Dungeon on the idea, was something that Katrina took careful note of. She'd known the succubus was old and powerful, but more and more it was seeming like she was something beyond just another resident of The Dungeon of Lewdity. Certainly, some of their discussions on magic hinted at vast experience from outside the dungeon, at the very least.

Eventually, with various amounts of reluctance, they all had to admit that preparations were complete. It was time for Katrina to return to the outside world. All four of them stood at the exit from The Dungeon, which Kat had learned in the past weeks could open to any number of locations in there world. Or on other planes and dimensions, for that matter, which was another thing Kat took note of. Once she had proved herself, she hoped she might be allowed to trade with some of those Other places. For now, however, she was being pulled between desire to be about her new, improved, life...and the heartache of leaving her Lover and friends. Suska and Trixie had already said their goodbyes, Trixie tearfully and Suska nonchalantly, then backed off to ready her magically-drawn wagon, leaving the two lovers to have their moment...

"I don't want to leave!" Kat blurted the thought out, despite the fact that it was only half true. But Nylara just smiled and reach up to stroke her cheek.

“Of course you do, kitten. You want to fulfill your dreams! Just as I have faith you’ll want to return to me, as well. Just remember...you might be allowed to play out there...but you’ll always be mine. Right?”

Kat smiled through tears, nodding into her lover’s fur as the larger woman pulled her in for a final hug. A final kiss to the top of her head, between her new cat girl ears, and Nylara gently pushed her away. Katrina stopped after a few steps, taking a deep breath, then nodded. She refused to look back as she mounted the magically-powered cart The Dungeon had provided, loaded with far more trade items than its appearance would lead you to believe. Suska waved the door open...and Katrina Belasco drove the wagon out without looking back. Knowing if she did, she might never be able to leave...

Epilogue

Kat leaned into the hand scratching her ears, eyes half-closed and making little sensual sounds of pleasure. The rotund man across from her smirked, but she didn’t react, focusing on the ear-scratches. He wasn’t the best at it...but it was good enough. He murmured something, a counteroffer to the deal they’d been making. She sighed in contentment and agreed to it. Only moments later, he stopped and pushed a document with the new deal across to her. She signed it, eyes still half-closed, appearing to be in a haze. As the man stood with a self-satisfied flourish and flounced out, her eyes opened fully and rolled at the tent-flap he’d just exited through.

Seriously, she might love ear-scratches, but how most of these idiots didn’t have their trading houses stolen out from under them was a wonder. After all, *she’d* been the one to spread the rumor about how to get the best deal with her. And it was *her* deal that they’d just signed. The real one, that was actually fair to both parties, even if the fool man would never know it. He thought she’d be barely making a single coin on the deal, not aware that her supplier, The Dungeon of Lewdity, had means to produce what he wanted for a fraction of the usual price. She’d be making plenty of money...and he’d make a handsome profit as well. So much, in fact, that he’d be utterly willing to defy even her father’s long reach to help keep him out of her corner of the continent.

Not that she needed much help with that, to be honest. At this point, she’d driven her sire’s interests away from her territory...and easily dealt with the numerous kidnappers and assassins he’d sent after her. It had helped that she’d started in an inland town where he had little influence...and it had helped even more that her physical appearance had changed enough to make her harder for his people to find. They were looking for a rich human girl, not a cute cat-girl, after all. By the time he’d realized that ‘Kat Belnya’ was actually his daughter ‘Katrina Belasco,’ Kat had already established herself as a serious player and power. That she had, in the intervening years since then, become one of the youngest archmagi in the history of their world, had merely solidified her protection. He couldn’t touch her and was close to being completely run out of the kingdom, due to her value to the ruling family as a friendly archmage that could be called upon in times of great need.

Of course, while the fulfillment of her dream was something that filled her with deep satisfaction, it was her Mistresses back in The Dungeon of Lewdity who really filled her life with contentment. The luster of her relationship with Nylara had never truly faded, perhaps only made ever-new by the months at a time she spent roaming the outside world to manage her business empire and fulfill her contract with The Dungeon. That Suska had, eventually, managed to wedge herself into the relationship as well...that had actually been something of a surprise. A pleasant one, certainly, and she’d come to love the succubus every bit as much as Nylara, but still a surprise.

Trixie, as well as others she'd met in over the years, often joined them for a night of fun, but only her two Mistresses were in a real relationship with her. She bore Nylara's collar...and a magic brand from Suska, to mark her as there's...and to allow them to mess with her even when she was away. Seriously, as fun as randomly finding herself horny enough to fuck a nice looking tree-stump that didn't protest could be...there were a few times that it had gotten her in trouble. Like that threesome she'd somehow gotten the Queen and Princess into. Thankfully, the king had ultimately found the scene he'd stumbled into so hot that he'd forgiven her...after a month of service to the Queen and himself in the bedroom!

Katrina shook her head, leaning back and caressing Nylara's collar in fond memory. She was sure many more adventures awaited her. But for now, she could only reflect that it had been the best idea she'd ever had, that night when she'd entered, *The Dungeon of Lewdity*.