

Revelations

“Take a moment to realize what you’ve gotten yourself into. Do you know who I am? What I am? Take a moment to stare deep into these draconic eyes.” a voice exuding authority and power impeached upon you, sounding neither male nor female. The way those words passed through you, was as sharp as a dagger. Anxiety sent ablaze through your nerves like a fire, dark claystone eyes stared at you from across the room. “Well?”

Dropping to your knees, you felt the cold cobblestone floor beneath. You pilfered through your ragged pockets to find some spare coin. A couple of skipped meals were worth preserving your life or gratifying yourself with a moment of pleasure. You dropped the copper onto the table, altogether there were thirty coins. When you did the math it was ten for a hot meal, twenty for a bed to sleep in, but it was better than getting the snout kicked out of you.

“Are you trying to bribe me?!” The impeaching voice lost some of its weight, defaulting back into a feminine tone. You cupped the money into your palms sinking your head lower into the cobblestone, it had a faint reek of dust and dirt from all the passing busybodies. “So you refuse to say not one word but expect to win me over with your impoverished wealth. I’ve wasted enough of my time

with the likes of you. Do not seek out my attention if you plan to do nothing with it."

The woman stood up, her stature almost made you consider she must have been part giant. She ranked almost 6 feet tall, cloaked in black clothes, all the way down to her stitched sown slippers. Even striking a glance at her skin it was a delicate yellow almond blend. Long dark hair faltered over her sharp chin, where black enveloped paint smeared over her top succulent upper lip. Yellow paint stroked the top of her eyelids. With an idealistic aim for a savage look, this woman managed to look as beautiful as she did deadly. You knew that which is why you intended to bribe such a woman with coin...But it didn't work for you this time. She was already heading towards the exit of the Inn.

You didn't want to see her leave, the speechlessness was eating away at you. She was on her way out until a vicious typhoon of air exploded from outside. The wind pressure was strong enough that the wooden planks surrounding the Inn broke apart layer by layer. Townfolks buckled down under their tables for cover. In a panic, the innkeeper rushed out of the kitchen

"A storm?! A typhoon? What is it Epahtos?!" The innkeeper asked. The woman had a name, Epathos is what the innkeeper called her. She peeked out of a nearby window witnessing dark magic bleed through the fabrics of space and

time. It created a rift, tearing through thin air, as rainclouds formed in the skies above.

“Magic! A very powerful source is being unleashed here!” Epathos shouted. The rift became larger, clouds cracked pouring rain down in a hellish torrent. The inn trembled under its might, until the rooftop protecting their heads, started to crack from the immense pressure. Suddenly a flash of light beckoned through the dark magic, eclipsing a small passageway as a figure stepped through.

You managed to hide behind a table, but you kept close eyes on Epathos. The faint sound of heels clicking against cobblestone could be heard within earshot from where you hid. As Epathos stood her ground, the figure became more clear. The patrons quietly whispered “*witch*” you gazed deeper to see a wide set of hips, shrouded in see-through leggings. You could see this supposed witch's perpetual dark brown skin layered in black and midnight blue fabric. She wore a large hat, long black hair, and a noticeable yellow star beneath her right eye. You found yourself staring at this mysterious witch just as much as you did Epahtos.

As bystanders remained huddled underneath tables, this auspicious witch pulled out a large book, the spine of the book was tethered and worn. “That wasn’t the right spell...No no, I don’t believe I could have mixed them up.” Her voice was soft-spoken.

“Who are you? Have you come to terrorize these people with your witchcraft?!” Epahtos said.

“Terrorize? Heaven’s no! I-I... Oh no! Did my magic do this?” The woman sounded truly heartbroken. “Silly me. I should have expected as much, that teleportation spell took a lot out of me.” She fanned herself. The amass bundle of bosom she carried, could breastfeed an entire village. Gawking at her naked underboob, your hands trembled.

“And you’ve taken a lot out of my establishment whomever you are.” The innkeeper was brazen enough to approach her.

“Please, call me Evie. I humbly apologize for this unanticipated intrusion. Perhaps I can fix things with a bit of spell weaving an –”

“No magic! How are we supposed to believe nothing worst will happen?” Epathos said.

“Well I’d hate to say this, but you’re one to talk Epathos. Do you remember the damages you caused during that last unruly bar fight?” The innkeeper insisted.

“Those men were gossiping over my body. I warned them at least...” Epathos mumbled.

“No good it did for my bar, I’m still paying off damages.” The innkeeper said.

Evie stepped forward clasping her hands together. “Perhaps there is another way we can help. Where I come from, it’s plenty of ways to make money. Please allow me to pay you back the best way I know.” Evie insisted.

“Hmm, well if it’s going to award me some compensation, I’d be a fool to reject your help. Evie right? “

Evie nodded her head. Epathos still wasn’t sure to trust her. She shot her a crass look. “I don’t know if I can trust you," Epathos said.

Evie gave a wholesome smile, “Good, I don't expect you to. Trust is earned. And once you see my money-making scheme, you’ll have no choice but to trust me.”

Everything finally returned to normal. You weren’t ready to return home just yet. You entertained yourself by watching Evie and Epathos gossip to each other. After some time passed, Evie found herself tucked quietly in the corner of the inn, propping up a makeshift curtain that blocked wandering eyes. She invited Epathos to join her past the curtain. Whatever game it is they were playing had your curiosity stricken like the noisest of cats. Shortly afterward, Evie pulled out a sign with a deposit bowl placed underneath it. It read “For a true sight to behold, 30 copper minimum entry.”

You weren’t sure what the sign could mean, so you quietly staked out the place. Men snuck themselves in, one at a time, or even in groups. Some sessions

took longer than others, but these men always had a stupid look on their faces. You had to get in there, you managed to pick yourself up and make your way towards the inconspicuous set of curtains. Dropping your coins into the bowl, you heard the faintest sound of a bell ring.

“You can come in,” Evie said behind the curtain. You opened the curtains to find Evie and Epathos cleaning themselves off with towels. The vicinity had a rancid aroma. Epathos had a repulsive look on her face, and when she witnessed seeing your face again, she frowned.

“Dear gods not this peeping tom again.” She muttered.

“You know this person?” Evie asked.

“I do not, and I certainly don’t want to.” Epathos retorted.

Sweat accumulated down the side of your cheek. Nervously you hesitated to say anything, you impishly stared at the floor, but quietly your convictions took over. You looked at Epathos straight in the eye. Her draconic clay eyes wained but only for a moment, she scoffed at your failed sense of bravado.

“Well you won't have to, I'd say a few more of these previews should pay off everything.” Evie glanced up at you. She unfolded the top portion of her top. Out dangled beautiful brown enormous jugs with dark chocolate areolas.

“Unfortunately this is all I can show you, good sir.” Evie proclaimed.

Your eyes are glued towards Evie's breasts like a piece of fine art, those succulent brown melons. As she caught your attention, she swayed them side to side, as the jiggle physics made them bounce triumphantly. Evie's sensual boobie dance was only keeping you somewhat interested, it seemed your eyes demanded something more. You glanced over at Epathos, her eyes glared at you from the side.

"Seems our customer here, wants a double preview," Evie said. She nudged Epathos casually in her arm. The tall woman pulled her robe slightly above her neck, you got a good glimpse of a Draconic woman's unrivaled massive tits. She didn't bother to put on a show, the red blush on her face was evident. "Remember what I said about putting on a show." Evie reminded her.

Epathos rolled her eyes, adjusting her hands behind her head, swinging her tits side to side. Rhythmicly Evie did the same, with a dubious smile. Anxiety started to rattle through your nerves. These women got your blood pumping from their soft breasts, smacking into each other, like a game of patty cake.

"Hmm, I see our bodies aren't enough to satisfy you. You must be into something else. " Evie's deduction skills were on point. Indeed, you weren't aroused as you had hoped.

"You find something wrong with us?" Epathos said.

Evie shook her head. “From my world, they’re those that find...other qualities of a woman intriguing,” Evie said thoughtfully. She stretched her legs leisurely across the wooden table in front of you. Could she read your mind? She reached towards her fitted footwear, unfastening the stitched middle section. Slowly she withdrew her foot out, to which your heart was beginning to skip beats, Evie’s hot toes looked pudgy and succulent. The warmth that filled your heart made the blood in your genitals blimp from sexual frustration.

“See. I knew it.” Evie said, removing the other heel. She balanced her feet together, crossing them by the ankles. Her right foot managed to press enough weight against her left to make the soles wrinkle naturally. Each toenail was painted black with white sparkles. The erection in your loins started to horizontally plank from within your pants. Despite being not much of a talker, your member was another topic of discussion. Evie was intrigued, moistening her lips with the side of her tongue.

“How did you make this one...become entwined by your feet?” Epathos asked. Evie lazily flexed out her toes. You tilted your head down towards them. There your face was only inches away, but you got the impression you could smell them. Her feet didn’t appear dirty, they were clean, and kept in good care.

“It’s nothing to it. Some men are just attracted to feet that’s all.” Evie said. She extended her foot out pausing it before touching your nose, a centimeter

distance away. Beautiful soft pink soles, the color separations matched perfectly with her dark brown skin. You felt the air within your lungs pause, saliva sliding down the edge of your mouth.

“You can try it too, Epathos,” Evie said.

“I’m not too sure I want to...” Epathos replied. “I prefer to keep my slippers on,” she added.

Watching you gawk over Evie’s feet made her feel jealous. The erection swelling up in your pants right now made it hard for Epathos not to.

“So be it, but if it’s my feet he’s attracted to, this portion of the pot is mine,” Evie said.

“Like hell it is.” Epathos hunched down, plucking her slippers off arrogantly. You felt the wooden table buckle, as Epathos feet propped up in front of your face. The portrayal of her foot was skinny, as well as her toes. But given how distinct they looked, they made you feel even more aroused. Her toenails were painted black to match the color of her hair. Their feet were desperately trying to catch every bit of your attention. Evie’s wide plushy soles suppressed against Epatho’s narrow smooth arches.

You found your hand gripping at the base of your manhood, the extravagant foot play between these two ladies was intoxicating. Their toes wedged against each other, sometimes Epatho’s had to jerk her foot just to get them free, Evie’s

toes were so plentiful and big, if this was a toe wrestle match, it would be clear who would win.

“Are we done yet? Your feet are sweaty.” Epathos said.

“Mine? Are you sure it isn’t yours? We can let our friend here be the judge of that.” Evie said.

“Makes no difference to me.” Epathos retorted.

This was your cue, not wasting any precious seconds, you reached out to touch their soles. You touched your knees softly to the ground. Softness was an understatement, feeling them in the palm of your hands, was like holding pillows filled with various feathers, foams, and buckwheat. Epathos felt somewhat heavier, the heels of her foot scrunched into your palms. Your engrossing member throbbed between precious seconds. Not paying any attention, you forgot to adjust your pants back, you felt a draft pass between your legs, as you stood naked from the waist down. The women could not see from where they sat, that you were pantless. If you tried putting back on your pants, they would surely notice.

Your hand caressed onto Epathos heel, massaging tenderly into what felt like memory foam. As for Evie, with your opposite hand, your thumb nudged through her bountiful sole. Warm dampness could be felt, as your thumb traveled lower.

“Are you testing to see which one of us is the sweatiest? Or are giving us a massage?” Evie smiled.

“I didn’t ask for a massage whelp.” Epathos folded her arms. She didn’t seem to pull away however, she found your hands favorable. She had nothing to complain about, she only had to enjoy this free massage. “But I won’t deny it either.” She mumbled.

“I won’t either. Do whatever you like to mine.” Evie said.

You managed to take your fingers and clutch them between the pockets of her toes. Evie gasped out in pure bliss. Your grip pulsed deep within the muscle tissue of her foot, her toes spread out to encompass the feeling. Evie tried to withhold her moans, but your fingers were digging too deep, she had to release. “Aaaaaaaaaah!” Evie cried out. “Phew...Excuse me that felt heavenly..”

“Don’t just satisfy her! Do me next!” Epathos ordered. You performed the same trick to her feet next, clutching your fingers deep within the pockets of her toes. You felt what could be dirt or dust bits built up inside. Your penis throbbed excitedly. Using both hands you massaged Epatho's foot. Your focus was so attentive, that you didn't realize the sudden tap against your phallus. Evie’s foot found its way to your palpable penis. Clearly evident to her, she caressed its length, fascinated by its growth. You desperately wanted to stop her but your hands were currently tied. “Don’t stop! I’m starting to enjoy this!” Epathos commanded.

Paying attention to the task in front of you, you tried your best to ignore Evie, who was playfully straddling your cock with her foot. Bit by bit, you felt the

blood curdle within your member. Evie's feet danced across the base of your shaft, the touch of her toes feeling like soft round ice cubes. The cool touch made the hot blood pumping through your cock, feel rejuvenated. Pre-ejaculation foaming out the tip, like melted butter. "Mmmmm!" Epathos groaned, your fingers managed to incite a moan through her. Electric signals traveled through the neurons of your brain. Evie saddled her opposite foot underneath your member, hitching it up so that the foot caressing on top would sandwich it.

Your fingers slipped through Epathos toes, as you clutched the bottom portion of her heel. Evie's feet were squeezing firmly on your penis. You felt a climax itching to blow, Epathos slowly wiggled her toes, seeing you stand there with an awkward pose. "Why have you stopped?" She questioned. She peeked over at Evie who was focused solely on pleasing you. She propped her feet down on the table to witness the sight of Evie stroking you off. You bit your bottom lip as her ebony soles pressed into your penis, thinning out the blood circulating through it. "What on earth are you doing Evie?!" Epathos asked.

"Just helping our friend here relieve some stress... That's all." Evie positioned her toes towards the nozzle that was your head. She embezzled it with her big toe until finally, you felt the valve inside your member disburse open. You gasped for breath, as your seed flooded out, a heavy thick load decorated the entirety of Evie's left foot. Remnants spunked over staining Epathos foot in the

crossfire. Its warm sticky residue made Evie callously grin. Epathos foot remained still, toes slightly scrunching due to the substantial amount of jizz that dripped down her sole.

Relief washed over you in droves, your sack was drained, and the opportunity only cost you 30 copper pieces. “Surely this counts as double the amount,” Epathos said. Consequentially you froze, you didn’t have any more pieces to give.

“It should be...But I had a little too much fun. I couldn’t help myself.” Evie waved her foot quietly inspecting the semen that stained it. “Our friend here needed it.” You put back on your pants in a jiffy. Epathos reached for the towel beside her, cleaning the sight of jizz on her foot. You could tell by her frowning she was already disgusted by your ejaculation. Not overstaying your welcome, you quietly let yourself out, leaving these women to clean up the mess you made.

Days passed, and your moment spent at the inn wouldn’t be your last. Thankfully the money collected that night only managed to pay a fraction of what was owed. You had plenty of chances to reconcile with these women, scrounging up more money to ensure you had a few more happy endings to come. These joyous moments spent were a revelation to your innermost lustful desires.

