Adventures of Tosaki: Rive

Rive was a small town, on the outskirts of the main kingdom, built as nothing more than a waypoint for travellers. That was the intent. It grew over the years into a hub of activity, purporting large businesses all its own, including a thriving merchants hall. Any travelling merchant would go there to try and make a name for themselves, but that’s a mistake. There would never be a time where backstabbing wasn’t prevalent. One foot in there, one hint that you sold something another merchant didn’t have, and you were a target for life. Or until you killed them.

Tosaki had made that mistake at other towns and cities. She leaned against a tree, stretching after her cursory investigations of the town, going over a mental list of her items, her prices and her marketing plan. All in order. She tugged at her half-length shirt, stretched around her prodigious bust, and undid her buttons. A slew of cleavage spilled into the open.

“Right,” she took a deep breath and flung her wares onto her back, then headed into the town. Noise greeted her, generated by sweaty people shouting to one another, or the horses trotting by on long-beaten roads. Pickpockets danced between them all, hands flashing and previous steals shimmering on their bodies. Most were young, no older than twelve. Their skinny arms and fingers made them ideal for this job.

Tosaki allowed herself a slight grin as she approached the thicket of stolen goods. They spotted her soon enough, and the goods she toted on her back, also the long, pointed ears that broke past her crimson hair. One noticed the smile on her lips, but wrote it off, probably as nothing more than a naïve target.

They swarmed her, eager to see if she had any good items for their grabby hands. Tosaki resumed her usual expression of indifference as she tracked them all. Her eyes darted between legs and people, ears raised and alert for their feet and breath, while she kept weaving through the traffic. One made a sly grab at her waist, where an ornate dagger swayed. Another went for the bundle on her back, and a third waited on the side, watching. Tosaki made a simple step and evaded both, then slipped from view of the third. Others went for her and earned scrapes and bruises for their efforts.

An older girl, fourteen she assumed, stepped in her way. Tosaki only then noticed the lack of people in the immediate area. Several stalls and houses formed alleyways, perfect spots for muggers. She didn’t stop. What was there to fear from a frail girl?

When she took one step, the space was filled with others girls. Some were adults, others still children, but all shared the brown rags made from potato sacks. Unlike the pickpockets, these were muggers, the scrappy ones who scratched and bit their way to victory, even if they got messed up in the process. And they would.

Tosaki shifted her weight from foot to foot, testing the dirt. It was firm from the foot traffic and calm weather for the last few days. The sun was to her back and forced the muggers to squint in her direction. Most had their eyes on her weapons. The older girls were cautious, wondering if she could use the daggers to either side of her broad hips. For once, they didn’t underestimate her. So many people believed she was inept, given her physique.

“Drop the shit and no one gets hurt,” the leader girl said. She had bright, blue eyes and dark hair, frazzled from mistreatment.

Tosaki exhaled and checked her earrings. The runes were in effect, as they would be for another few years so long as she didn’t have another lapse. A group of stray girls wouldn’t trigger one. She asserted her neutral mask, refusing to show any concern over the situation, and stepped forward.

They struck at that moment. Instinct, refined after years of going after stronger targets, demanded that they attack instead of retreat. Tosaki stepped past them all, swaying to their swipes or hopping over their legs. One had good reflexes and changed their angle as she moved. One moment, her fingers brushed the sack on Tosaki’s back, and the next she was flat on the ground. Another girl went for Tosaki, who grabbed her arm and bent it back until she heard a visceral pop. The girl went down clutching her dislocated shoulder.

Others followed. Tosaki grabbed two outstretched hands and spun, flinging the pair away, at the same time she whispered a short paralysis spell. Magic whipped through the air, invisible to all without power themselves, and struck those on the floor. That caught everyone’s attention and cowed their efforts.

“You’re a Mage.” The leader whispered.

“No,” Tosaki said and walked to her, “Just a travelling merchant. Care to tell me the best corner to set up?” She summoned an inkling of power to her fingers, where electricity crackled, then was snuffed out like flame, leaving faint tendrils of smoke to rise and dissipate. The message received, her new informant gave clear directions. Tosaki thanked her and left, daggers still unsheathed at her sides. Her would-be muggers dissipated to spread word of the newcomer.

Once in the clear, a green shape hopped down from a rooftop to scurry beside Tosaki. This was Hayden, a goblin, and Tosaki’s personal stalker. Or she would be if her activities weren’t obvious to the elf. Long ears weren’t a simple aesthetic, but a useful addition, capable of picking up sounds too faint for most humans. So it didn’t surprise Hayden when Tosaki spoke.

“What’s your plan this time?” She asked, not turning to look.

Hayden sighed and hurried to the front, stout body jiggling along, one hand on her front and back, supporting her fecund form, “Nothing much this time. Just gonna get you an audience soon.”

“I’m not a bard.”

“No, but you could be huge in this world,” Hayden said and threw her hands up, “I’m talking Nobles, maybe Queens and shit. No more travelling. Seriously, if I have to fuck another bandit to get some, I’m gonna go crazy. Ever seen a goblin go crazy? Things get weird.”

“I like travelling,” Tosaki said and settled in a clear street. Few people were about, but she trusted the muggers. There was no better encouragement for truth than fear.

“Why?” Hayden pouted and sat with her, stomach resting over her crossed legs, “Got any idea how hard being pregnant on the road is?”

“No, because I can control myself,” Tosaki said. Hayden opened her mouth, then closed it as Tosaki added, “Most of the time.” She busied herself with setting up her goods, concealing the slight frown that creased her face. Magic was volatile under the most restrained masters, those who knew their own power and knew how to channel it, but for someone with a still untapped depth of power, whose every spell required careful consideration, focus and a set of runes to keep from becoming something unnatural, it was a monster waiting to break out. As Tosaki had learned several times when she’d morphed into various creatures.

She rolled the set of thin bands across her fingers. With her earrings, she had almost a dozen rune-inscribed rings of gold or silver on her body. For reasons beyond any scholar, gold and silver were best suited to be imbued with magic. Tosaki suspected it was merchants who perpetuated the idea and just paid off any Mage who knew otherwise.

These runes channelled her magic, siphoning the more dangerous effects. After a while they would break like an overstuffed balloon, at which point she’d replace them with her spares, kept in a small pouch strapped to her waist. The pouch itself was imbued with magic to ward off pickpockets. It was for those reasons that Tosaki kept a set of daggers on her, and a short sword in her bundle should the situation demand it.

“Ever thought of letting loose?” Hayden later asked. They’d been sat there for an hour. So far, Tosaki had sold a pot, a couple of bags of fruit, and some assorted knickknacks she’d stolen from those who did her wrong. The sun was setting, drowning the sky in a smouldering lake that cast all below in its fiery radiance. She’d stay a little longer, then head to an inn.

“No,” Tosaki lied. Of course she had. Sparks of desire flitted in amongst the patient boredom of being a freelance merchant. Her fate with Hayden had come about from a lapse in control. It might not have been so bad, if her libido and magic weren’t intertwined.

Elves were notorious for their sexual desires. Humans often wandered into an elven village and are left dumbfounded at the lack of repression found there. Nudity was as common as clothes, bare breasts or asses, dicks or pussies, none of it was deemed illicit. Only the weather changed their habits. Tosaki was the worst of them all.

But after decades of work, she was confident in her self-control. That didn’t mean she was impervious to her body’s desires. Which Hayden was eager to exploit on a regular basis. She was a stalker, but fantastic in bed. A problem for someone like Tosaki.

“Aw, come on,” Hayden said and cuddled closer to her, milk-heavy breasts squishing into her arm, “I can take anything you dish out. *Anything*.”

She wasn’t lying. Their first time together had seen Tosaki lose any semblance of herself, with only faint recollections to fill in the blanked out evening, and yet Hayden was more than happy with the night. Hence why she followed Tosaki everywhere, offering temptation at all hours. Unless Tosaki evaded her. But there was no point in doing so. Hayden was pleasant enough company. Better than a certain noble Tosaki avoided like a hurtling meteor.

Tosaki’s ears drooped as she sighed and packed up. A familiar energy hummed in her body, it was a mixture of magic and lust, each fuelling the other. Her rings pulsed and glowed under the dwindling sunlight. They took a pink-red hue as her imagination burgeoned. Rive, like all flourishing towns, had gained a nightlife. The sun set on a poor day and let the moon awaken its people; the prostitutes, the drinkers, and the voracious lovers. She avoided those people and headed to a nearby bar.

Surprisingly, it was mostly vacant of other merchants. Men she assumed were guards, given their crimson armour, occupied most of the space. Few people drank alone, either flaunting money or exerting pressure to keep a barmaid with them. Tosaki placed a simple spell on her goods, sealing them to all but her, and took a place at the bar itself to venture through the various patrons.

Most were men. Several were already drunk. She passed them over, looking to the lone woman in the room, who was secluded in a corner, sipping at a mug. She was good-looking for a human. Full lips and dark eyes framed her sleek, hooked nose, while her dress stretched around her bosom. Tosaki had no doubts the rest was just as voluptuous.

Not that she equalled Tosaki. Few humans matched an elf for beauty or curves. Some liked to think it was a matter of how the different cultures evolved, where humanity gained a religious defiance to their own urges over time, the elves relished their own depravity. Perhaps that was why. But it didn’t matter. The woman could be a, albeit attractive, orc and Tosaki would go for her. She didn’t have the luxury of selectiveness.

Tosaki stood and brought her drink to the woman’s table. Her skin bristled along the way as eyes latched to her ass. Someone mumbled a spell under their breath, one that let them peer past her clothes. She maintained the same expression as always, as if unfazed by their leers, and sat before her own target. The woman raised her eyes in the middle of a drink and gagged on it. Tosaki grinned and offered a handkerchief.

“Sorry.”

“Thanks,” the woman rasped and coughed up the last of her wasted drink.

“So, what made you decide to drink alone?” Tosaki asked and slid her own beverage towards her. Alcohol was but another path toward another lapse. Also it tasted horrible, bitter on bitter. Even the ‘sweet’ drinks were sour to her tongue.

“I like being alone,” the woman answered, though she didn’t dismiss Tosaki.

“As do I,” Tosaki said, “But if you wanted to be alone, why not in a room? It’s loud here and people are bound to approach someone like you.”

“I like the atmosphere. The noise is comforting in a way.”

“So you don’t have to think?” Tosaki guessed.

“Basically,” the woman nodded. She arched an eyebrow at her, “So, what brings an elf to my table?”

“Well,” Tosaki’s eyes wandered, crawling across her companion’s body without any hint at subtlety. Her gaze lingered on the woman’s lips – Tosaki licked her own – then slithered down to her bust and held, waiting to see how she reacted, “I think you can guess.” If not from the look, then she could from how Tosaki’s breaths shallowed and her cheeks burned. The heat was stronger between her legs, her snatch gorging off her desires and salivating at the potential delight before her.

“You elves really have no standards,” the woman said with a shake of her head, “Going after a woman like this.”

“It’s because you’re a woman like ‘this’,” Tosaki said and walked around to her back, then leaned forward, mashing her melon-sized tits into her back, while she reached around and cupped the woman’s smaller pair. They were firm under the dress, yet yielded to her touch, just as the young should. Faint nubs poked through the material and into Tosaki’s palms. The woman sighed and leaned into the touch.

“My name’s Serena,” she said, looking up with bright blue eyes through thick lashes, “I suppose if we’re doing this you should know my name.”

“It’s up to you,” Tosaki breathed and sank lower, until her luscious lips met Serena’s neck. She trailed along the skin, leaving soft kisses and traces of saliva behind, “I’m Tosaki. You’ll be screaming that word before the night is out.”

“Damn, you elves are cocky,” Serena chuckled, breathless as she offered her neck. If Tosaki were a vampire, the kill would be done by now. She wasn’t, thank god. They were creepy, cowardly monsters, skulking around despite their profound beauty and strength. Instead, she nipped the nape and licked along the faint marks left behind, which she repeated lower until she reached Serena’s shoulder, pulling her blouse to the side. Whole inches of her breast came into the open.

“We should head upstairs,” Serena said, though it was a struggle to say so.

“Hmm, alright then,” Tosaki murmured and smirked at the shudder that passed through her evening’s partner. She stood and pulled Serena with her, then led her up the stairs, certain this woman had a room waiting. She did, second on the left. The door slammed then clicked shut as Tosaki pushed the woman to her bed, hands cupping her supple ass. Once Serena was pinned, hands trapped beside her head and legs akimbo under Tosaki’s, the elf finally spared a moment to savour the view.

Luxurious locks of blonde curls fell about her head, framing it like a halo. Her lips were parted, breathless with anticipation, and her cheeks were flushed, eyes wild. Her blouse was tented by her nipples. The garment bunched up around her hips, forced there by Tosaki’s knees, and allowed the air to fill with her ripe pussy. Tosaki grinned and fell forward to capture her lips.

They writhed as each sought to indulge in the other, but it was clear who was in control. Tosaki ground her crotch into Serena’s thigh, while her hands cupped and groped and feasted on everything in reach. She would arch her back and toy with Serena’s full tits, or push her ass high to tease her slavering cunny. Sometimes she forced Serena up so she could enjoy the woman’s plump rear.

She was perfect for Tosaki. A commoner who knew better than to deny themselves life’s many joys, such as food. Nobles, for all their wealth and influence, often made the mistake of staying frail twigs. Except one, though she was an exception. Tosaki pushed the distractions from her mind and sat up to remove her ill-equipped shirt.

It would be a simple matter to get one that fit over her enormous bosom, or something that didn’t squish them, but she preferred it this way. There was a certain thrill in keeping the bottom halves of her tits on display, while her shirt squeezed at the sides, and it gave the illusion that they were even greater than they already were. Now free, they slapped against the soft pudge over her abs and jiggled into submission. Her nipples extended from plump circles into soft, pink towers all their own.

Serena gawked at the set. They dwarfed her own, and she was considered massive in Rive. Flirts came from all over to have a chance with her, but few aroused the way Tosaki did. Sight and smell mixed into a banquet for her senses, then touch garnished everything, as her hands sank into the pudding-like mountains hanging over her. The softest squeeze had her fingers swallowed to the second joint.

“God, you’re…” Serena trailed off, uncertain if she had the correct word to describe the sight.

“I know,” Tosaki said and stood, this time to remove her shorts and panties. Arousal drenched the underwear, webs of her stewed juices clung to her thighs, all from the drooling mound between her legs. Musk poured from her, sweet and hot and entrancing. She grinned and descended upon Serena again. She licked up a line of drool and tutted at her.

“Tell me what you want,” Tosaki breathed, once again lashing the woman beneath her in affection. Teeth, lips, tongue, palms and fingers all worked in concert, playing the delicate symphony of passion. Serena only gasped from beneath her, before Tosaki pressed into her own underwear and the clit beneath.

“You! I want you! All of you,” Serena said.

“Then hurry and strip for me.” At her words, Tosaki rolled off and laid on the bed, legs splayed apart. Serena hopped to her feet and yanked her clothes off, not wasting time on a striptease. A hint of the same arousal plaguing Tosaki was evident on her own snatch, which glimmered in the light. Tosaki stroked her pussy as she watched, cooing at how wet she was. Her rings burned as they corralled her magic. She hoped they’d hold out for the entire evening, though she had her doubts.

Just this light play had her craving a climax. Serena hadn’t even tasted her pussy, nor had she touched it, yet her juices flowed over her trailing fingers and onto the bedsheets. The room would reek of her sex before the night was done. It couldn’t be helped, although she doubted anyone would complain. Her pheromones lingered for weeks, even months, after she had a good night.

And this promised to be a good one indeed, Tosaki thought as Serena bared all to her. The woman was bereft of pubic hair. Her hips blossomed from her waist with an elegance few women managed, and her breasts rested just past her ribs, hovering over her navel. The nipples pointed straight to Tosaki, and bloomed as they neared her beckoning hands. Plushness moulded to her fingers as the nipples folded into her palms.

“Amazing,” Tosaki said and pulled Serena down to the bed, where she straddled her once more. Her knee pressed firm against Serena’s pussy, which dribbled onto it as her desire flared, “Tell me what you want.” Tosaki repeated, confident that she knew the answer.

“I want to taste you,” Serena rasped, every inch of her body heated with lust. Her eyes were only half-focused, thoughts doused in Tosaki’s musk, leaving her in a haze of want. Fresh warmth spilled from her snatch. It burned hotter and swelled, the clit peeking out and grinding into Tosaki’s subtly bouncing knee. With the words said, her next move was set in stone. A single breath of pheromone laced air passed, then Serena’s senses were drowned in elven cunt.

“Then taste me… as much as you want,” Tosaki said, though it was a lie. This wouldn’t end until she was exhausted or her libido was sated. More likely, however, was that Serena would pass out. With or without her volatile magic, Tosaki was an insatiable lover. As the human woman moaning into her pussy would soon discover.

It was clear that Serena had no experience with the same sex. Her lips kissed and her tongue moved, but both lacked finesse, until Tosaki grabbed her by the hair and rode her face.

“Get your tongue in there. Deeper! Deeper! That’s it,” Tosaki moaned, using the woman as her lust demanded, smearing her face in juices. A trickle ran down her cheek, mostly drool but as Tosaki worked the ratio changed. Moments later and Serena’s hair and face were drenched. Magic danced beneath the elf’s skin, tamed only by the many rings she still wore, yet its power couldn’t be restrained. As her pleasure rose, so too did her power.

She slowed her motions to try and calm herself, but Serena had learned well. Lick, kiss, suckle, nibble, trace, flutter… all at random, surprising Tosaki with bursts of pleasure. Her body refused to be removed from it. She focused on maintaining control, on shutting out the delicious shivers rocking her cunt, but it was futile. Every second of reprieve she gained was shattered by ten seconds of uninhibited lust. Her nipples ached and called her hands to them, while her hips moved unbidden.

“Yes,” Tosaki moaned, drawing out the word as she relinquished a shred of discipline. It hadn’t been long since her last tryst, so tonight shouldn’t devolve into a nightmare of debauchery. *Shouldn’t.* She could do little about it, however, as her pussy clenched and her core coiled in on itself. Pleasure sang to her, building into a shriek that escaped her lips.

Her thighs clamped around Serena’s head and pulled her flush. The woman gagged and sputtered as she was drowned in fem-cum, despite missing a majority. What didn’t squirt into her mouth and down her strained throat, splattered onto the pillow and bed, thick and murky with Tosaki’s magic. The power activated and diminished quickly, its purpose done.

A purpose which became obvious as Tosaki laid back and yanked Serena to her. Fear flickered in the woman’s eyes, then she took a breath. Her pupils dilated and her eyelids drooped, her lips raised in a lustful smirk, and her tongue slipped out to lick up every drop of Tosaki’s cum.

After an incident several years prior, Tosaki began to emit pheromones. They were weak until she became aroused, then they concentrated, affecting whomever she desired at the time. Now, imbued with her power, the once mind-addling scent had become a fine mist, one that clouded all inhibitions and self-worth. For all purposes, Serena had become a slave to Tosaki’s lusts with just one inhale.

Fortunately, it stayed at that. Tosaki used the woman as she saw fit, almost crushing her head between her thighs on multiple occasions, even sating her own wanton desire for pussy by laying atop Serena. Not one second passed without her pussy being attended. Whether it was simple fingers, slipping to and fro, or an ever-thirsty tongue lashing her clit. In her lusts, Serena managed to force her fist inside. She unfurled it inside Tosaki, stretching her in delicious ways.

Sometimes her magic slipped out. She created invisible bonds around Serena’s limbs, moving her into whatever position she craved she might crave. From a simple spread-eagle while Tosaki enjoyed her mouth, to hog-tied or knelt with her hands and knees clasped together. At one point, Serena’s ass was raised high, proud cheeks concealing her anus. Tosaki gladly fingered, licked and spanked the woman in that pose. She didn’t stop until Serena whimpered for mercy. By then the woman’s rump was a glossy crimson and her thighs were drenched in cum.

Even after that, Tosaki continued. She reciprocated the earlier fisting, then took a step further, uttering an elasticity spell that let both her hands fit inside. She bit and pulled on Serena’s nipples, leaving them swollen and red. A flash of power engorged both their clits until they were the length of their fingers, at which point Tosaki chose to grind their cunts together.

Tosaki stopped only after Serena had collapsed, exhausted. She forced her to drink some water, then spooned her and drifted off to sleep, hands clasped tight to Serena’s breasts. The scent of her sex filled the air, with undercurrents of Serena’s own prolific orgasms. They slept in a ruined bed, bodies caked in the others juices, though mostly Tosaki’s.

Morning came, and with it the wonderful ache of a licentious night. Tosaki sat up, pulling her arms from Serena’s slumbering form, and stretched. The sun had just broken the horizon, dispelling its sister in a wave of amber light. She got dressed, using magic to clean her clothes. It was best not to be there when her partners woke. If she was, they would lose themselves once more. Such was the potency of her pheromones. Besides, a day had passed since those muggers encountered her. Word of mouth should have gotten out.

As she’d suspected, Rive’s people were eager to see the elf. Her wares were a massive bonus, however, as she sold refined golds or other materials at the cheapest price anyone would find. She had no reason to charge much for them, having stolen everything. Even a copper coin for a platinum necklace was profit for her.

“What’s your game, girl?” Someone asked. He was a gruff man, tall and imposing with his gut and bulbous arms. His nose was hooked, broken time and again from fights, and he had a set of scars scattered about his face. Despite that, he was no threat. Not when his eyes couldn’t sway an inch from Tosaki’s voluptuous chest. Her face remained placid, unconcerned with his presence, or any other’s.

“I collect things and sell them. Life is too complicated for my liking. Simplicity is my game,” Tosaki said. Not a lie, but not the whole truth either. If she told him all her reasons for being a merchant, the day would pass and she would lose money.

“No one sells a gold-plated breastplate for five silver,” he said.

“Then I am No One,” Tosaki said, “Would you leave? You’re bothering my business.” She let a flash of power seep into her gaze as she fixed it to his. Only a glimpse, but enough to make it clear how dangerous she could be. The man grumbled to himself and left, kicking at a plumed helmet. She caught his foot before it touched the merchandise.

“Leave.” He left.

“I’m amazed you aren’t in the Merchant’s Hall,” a customer, one without any insolence the previous man had.

“I don’t get on with my co-workers,” Tosaki said, offering a disingenuous smile. Emotions were a danger. She only displayed them when interacting with others, to manipulate them that is. Or on the rare occasion that she let her self-control slip.

“So I’ve heard,” Hayden said, slipping down from a rooftop. Her belly had grown since yesterday, whether by natural development or with a fresh child was uncertain. Goblins were peculiar creatures. They were breeders and little else. It rarely mattered what species they mated with, the goblin female would fall pregnant. Even if she already carried one – though they usually nurtured several at any time, “Did something happen?”

“Not yet. I’m just cautious,” Tosaki said, addressing her customer and not the nuisance.

“Smart. There’s dozens of stories about merchants hiring assassins to take out one another. Some of them prefer the cheaper method though,” the customer said, studying a noble’s short sword. It had jewels encrusted in the hilt and at the base. The weapon was useless in such a state, but that wasn’t its purpose. It’s a conversation piece, like most of a noble’s possessions.

“Yikes,” Hayden grimaced, “It’s a wonder there’s any left.”

“They usually make a deal. One sells this, the other sells that,” Tosaki said, “Works long enough for one to outsmart the other.”

“You speak from experience?” Her customer asked.

Tosaki let a tiny smile slip free, an elusive one, neither confirming nor refuting what they implied, and said nothing. The person bought the sword and left, advising to watch out for Watchmen. An hour later, another one mentioned the same thing. They seemed scared of being seen by them.

“Are they dangerous?” Tosaki asked. Most guards were, more so when they were employed by powerful nobility. Under such protection, they could escape most charges. Even murder wasn’t beyond them.

“Very. A count arrived not long ago, set up his estate here and took control of the Merchant’s Hall,” they gestured to a mansion that towered over most houses, even the requisite Guild building not far from it. Alongside the mansion was the Merchant’s Hall, a massive complex designed to house thousands of people.

“And he waves any charges against his people?” Tosaki guessed.

“Yes. They were crimson armour, so they’re not hard to see. Keep safe,” they said and left.

“Not like it matters,” Tosaki said and leaned back. The road was empty, so she could relax for the moment. Hayden did the same, though it was more to indulge in her rotund middle than anything. A day later and she would leave. Where wasn’t important, though she hadn’t gone home in months. Her garden would need tending to.

“Oh? Someone’s thinking naughty thoughts,” Hayden said, sniffing and shuffling closer, “What? Last night wasn’t enough for you?”

“You were spying on me,” Tosaki sighed, “When are you gonna stop?”

“Dunno. Probably when I meet someone who fucks me better than you did.”

“So… never.”

“Someone’s cocky,” Hayden chuckled, “But I like that in a lover.”

Tosaki ignored her and closed her eyes, savouring the reprieve. Passion was great, as was being crowded by eager buyers, but moments of near total silence were, as the saying went, golden. No obnoxious questions or footsteps to distract her from her thoughts. Even Hayden noticed how her body went lax, though warning prickles of energy sparked through the air. Relaxed or not, Tosaki was ready for her.

The goblin kept to herself, silently loving the growing young inside her womb. Gentle coos slipped out but went ignored. They were nice if anything, reminiscent of how Tosaki’s own mother would comfort her. Images of her smiling face warmed Tosaki. Maybe it was time to visit? It had been half a century. Was she really that old now?

Time seemed strange wandering around humans. Back home, amongst her kind, age was inconsequential. They aged year by year, then it just seemed to stop. It didn’t. Their puberty was a peculiar thing, even by magical standards. Once complete, the aging process slowed immensely. Elves living past three-hundred weren’t uncommon. And yet humans, those she spent more than a few days with, seemed to gain years by the hour. Strange, but interesting.

Her ears twitched and raised. Someone yelled, a woman by the sound, and men spoke afterwards. A slap was followed by the clatter of armour and more noises of flesh being hit. Tosaki opened her eyes and looked to the source. Several yards away, just outside the inn Tosaki had slept at, was a group of men, all dressed in crimson-dyed armour. It was expensive too, made from high quality metal. They were the Watchmen.

Tosaki closed her eyes to ignore the violence. Her getting involved wouldn’t do any good. People such as those didn’t take a beating and lay down. They returned with blood in their eyes. Several towns were off limits to her for such a reason.

“Get off me!” The woman said and grunted as she struck again. Tosaki recognised the voice as Serena’s. She sighed and stood, leaving Hayden to mind the goods. The goblin watched her and also sighed, knowing what was about to happen, but powerless to stop it.

One of the men knocked Serena to the ground to a guffaw from his allies. They were drunkards by night, and by day given how strong the reek of alcohol was, with flushed cheeks and noises. Their bodies were large, built with muscles honed through pummelling things over and over. Clearly a band of former mercenaries that believed themselves to be capable fighters.

Tosaki tripped one as she stepped towards them. The others stopped and turned to face her, but all they saw was a huge busted elf with a blank expression. Even with the malice in their eyes, they were puny to her. Pitiful really. Brutes who had gotten a big head by impressing an insecure Count. She arched her pierced brow at them and let out a chuckle. One of them reached for his weapon, a long sword. Another had a halberd and the other a simple axe. Even barbarians were skilled enough to recognise a threat it seemed.

“Leave,” Tosaki said. She didn’t use any magic, none that didn’t naturally seep from her. Despite their instincts, the three believed their numbers gave them safety, as did their weapons, armour and unsightly muscles.

“Now why would we do that?” One asked. He had a sharp Northern accent, one that already slurred his words before he drank what smelled like half a pint of whiskey. The one she’d tripped clamoured back to his feet, cautious at the silence with which she’d approached.

Tosaki heaved her shoulders in a theatrical sigh, then rolled them and bounced from foot to foot. She brought her hands before her jiggling chest and folded them into loose fists, ready to strike or catch at a moment’s notice. They chuckled again and surrounded her in a triangle. Their weapons were raised, feet planted firmly and their eyes glimmered with glee, which soon vanished as Tosaki dashed and pivoted between them. Her hands flew in jabs and knocked all three to the floor.

Despite their dumbfounded expressions, she didn’t relax. Only a fool did so. An errant stab or punch could spell the difference between victory and death. Though she doubted they would kill her. Their employer would want to ‘meet’ her, after they’d had their own chance of course, not that it would come. Chances were given by idiots and saints, not Tosaki.

They collected themselves and attempt a swing all at once. Without training, they didn’t understand the idea of teamwork. One could’ve have swung at her back, forcing her forward into a second swing, while the other waited to deliver another blow if needed. Instead, their weapons clanged above her head as she sank low and swept their legs from beneath them. They fell with their chests towards her, creating perfect targets for her swift and powerful fists. When she stood, all three were sprawled out in the road. Several onlookers watched in shock and delight, including Serena.

Two stayed down. The one that didn’t soon had his head pushed into the dirt by Tosaki’s foot, he grunted and strained, but failed to so much as move her an inch. He cursed at her until she filled his mouth with filth. Nobody could hope to count how many shoes travelled this road, tracking faeces and disease along their soles. Even if he didn’t swallow, he would likely fall ill.

“Leave.” Tosaki said and removed her foot. His cronies followed the command, but he lashed at her with a hidden dagger. She sidestepped the stab and ducked the subsequent swipe, before striking his wrist. The weapon fell into her other hand and flashed as it jabbed his throat. She didn’t sink it in. A drop of blood welled and broke into a stream down his neck. He ran this time.

“What the fuck?” Serena said when they were gone. Tosaki looked to her and shrugged, then headed back to her goods. Tomorrow would be too late. The last thing she needed was another noble’s blood on her hands.

“Who are you?” Serena asked, striving to keep up.

“Tosaki. Didn’t I introduce myself last night?”

“You did, but that was… what the fuck? Where’d you learn to fight like that?”

“Just picked it up,” Tosaki said and packed up her belongings.

“Over here!”

Tosaki frowned and looked to the shout. It was one of the brutes, and behind him was a horde of Watchmen, though one stood out from the rest. They, for their armour concealed any distinguishing features, carried themselves with an aura of certainty, not the desperate bravado the others exuded. And magic oozed from the armour. It would be best to avoid an altercation with them.

“Come,” someone hissed from an alley. Tosaki didn’t hesitate and ducked between the buildings, following a cloaked figure deeper until they came into a small clearing, out of the way of any foot traffic not generated from the circle of dilapidated houses. The roads she’d seen hadn’t shown any signs of poverty, and it was clear why. They were hidden. She caught a hint of movement in a cracked window and recognised one of the muggers from yesterday. The figure drew back their hood and faced her.

He was an older man, white hair and wrinkled from stress. The laugh lines around his eyes were deep, but clearly underused, buried among the meagre fat left on his body. Tosaki wasn’t in danger here. No magic but her own stirred the air, and hostility was non-existent. Even the muggers eying her weren’t aggressive, just desperate.

“Why’d you help me?” Tosaki asked.

“Because I think we could help each other. My name is Liam. I guess you could I say I look after the people here,” Liam said with a weary gesture to the houses.

“Okay. Explain.”

“The Count is bleeding this town dry. Women and children aren’t safe, and the men that don’t fall in line are no better. He taxes the Merchants ruthlessly. Many have already left. At this rate, Rive will fall to ruin.”

“You want me to kill him.”

“I saw you. You can do it.”

“Except I’m no assassin. And if I was, my fee would be too much for you to handle.”

“The Count collects things of great worth. If a Merchant can’t pay him, he takes their most valuable goods. Whatever you can carry, it’s yours,” Liam said, “Please. Help us.”

Tosaki ran a hand through her hair and scratched at a stray itch. Hayden wasn’t around, having fled the second she took down the Watchmen. If she was, the goblin would urge her to accept. It wasn’t a difficult job; the Count didn’t hide well and killing a human was no harder than running a dagger along their throat, and the rewards could be priceless. So long as no one saw her face, she would walk away a free woman.

And help out a struggling community in the process. Tosaki pinched the bridge of her brow and sighed. She looked up, “Fine. I’ll do it.”

The old man’s face lit up, “Thank you. Thank you. Our team will gather at nightfall, then you can make your way into the mansion.”

“Team? I’ll do it alone, thanks.”

“No, you mustn’t. The head of the Watchmen, they are fierce. People call them a monster. They might very well be. No one has seen their face or body without armour.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“I insist.”

He wouldn’t back down. That was obvious from the steadfast frown on his aged face. Last thing he needed were more wrinkles. Tosaki shrugged and looked to the sky; it was mid-noon now. Another few hours and she would kill a man. Again. At least this one was for a reasonable cause.

Once the stars assembled and the moon cast its borrowed glow, Tosaki and a small team of assassins headed into the mansion. It was easy. The others were quick to poison any guards that might spot them, though she would’ve been fine without them. A Count always had a ‘visitor’ at night, one beautiful and curvaceous, for which Tosaki filled the role. Even so, once inside, she scuttled from corner to corner.

The Monster Watchman, as most seemed to call them, was nearby. They were a whole other calibre from the rest, that was obvious. Despite its regularity in culture, magic wasn’t as common as most believed it to be. Perhaps one in a hundred had any affinity for it, and several of those people went their lives without learning how to use it. Those that did were dangerous to fight.

Her companions were getting cocky now. They slipped up and almost knocked several busts and vases over as they moved through the shadows, snuffing out lanterns as they went. Or they were just inexperienced. Either possibility was unfortunate.

The mansion itself wasn’t overtly extravagant. Not like those Tosaki had seen, and raided, before. Murals decorated the occasional wall, and aforementioned artworks lined the halls, yet the carpet wasn’t anything special, and the walls were made from a common wood. Few nobles were this frugal with their wealth, much less when they had a ready supply such as the Count. The guards were similarly uncommon.

When they’d reached the Count’s door, only a dozen bodies trailed behind them. None were dead, except those that fought. It was better to be quick and silent instead of extending a fight and risk noise. Tosaki hadn’t raised a finger. The others were all too eager to prove their ability by killing the guards themselves.

She checked the door for magic and saw none. Odd. Anyone with magic would have cast a ward on the wood, something to detect intruders if nothing else, but not a trace tainted the material.

“We should find another way,” Tosaki said but went unheeded. Someone forced open the door. Then she realised why she couldn’t sense any magic. Someone had dampened the room, preventing any magic from leaking past a certain point. Now, with the door open, she saw the Monster Watchman and another, weaker source of magic. Dozens of other Watchmen crowded the Count’s bedroom. They circled a large, exuberant bed.

Tosaki drew a pair of daggers and waited. The others didn’t and died. These were the elite, that was clear. One assassin went for a feint and stab, but had it reversed and fell. Another attempted to use a chain, but was outwitted and impaled. The rest were straightforward, a few quick exchanges before steel severed their lives.

Overconfidence was a more prolific killer than any soldier or army. Tosaki could handle the elites, they were small fry compared to who held her attention. The Monster Watchman, silent and unmoving behind their helmet and armour, each bulky enough to maintain a genderless shape. Their shoulders were too sleek for a man, but the sheer size of their arms was unnatural for any human female she’d met. Perhaps it was an ogre, or a troll? Any number of oversized monsters could be behind the armour.

But she wasn’t interested in their identity for the moment, only how to kill them. Their protection offered few openings. Magic would be needed. Tosaki exhaled and let her magic flow, clenching as her rings heated with the excess. The mass of armour tilted its head and nodded to its comrades. Unlike the earlier brutes, they came at her in waves, teams of twos that attacked from multiple directions.

Tosaki parried two, kicked another aside and stabbed a third in the chest. She didn’t withdraw her dagger and, instead, took his short sword and used it on a fourth. The remaining few stepped in cautiously, swiping at her legs, jabbing, probing for weaknesses. With her magic active, Tosaki reacted at the shifts in the air. Her body jiggled as she moved, breasts rippling like bowls of pudding, yet her agility belied her curves.

One of them got desperate and made a punch for her face. She threw her last dagger at his ally – they parried it – and caught his fist, then swung him in a wide arch. On release, he flew into a wall and left a sizable crater. Two remained. She went on the attack. She swung high and low, side-to-side, strong and weak. It wasn’t anything special, however she moved faster than they could keep up.

One fell to a deep slash through his chest plate, and the other crumpled as she severed the tendons in his legs. She impaled his head to end the pain. Tosaki pulled it free as the Monster launched itself at her. Their weapons met. Its was a bastard sword, heavy and dark, designed for power and little else. However that was all it needed.

Tosaki moved the blow to the side and stepped away. She made a jab for its knee, but the weapon bounced off the armour. Her free hand extended, palm open and focused her magic into a series of tendrils. They snaked out and into the tiny cracks. The Monster Watchman grunted and its own power expunged them. Tosaki cursed and leapt at it.

Blow after blow flew and blurred together. Tosaki danced between the corpses and tested their weapons, before settling on a long sword, light and easy to use. The great black sword the Monster used would have shattered it long ago, if she didn’t imbue with magic. Each clash sent dazzling sparks, illuminating her face and its helmet. Tosaki kept her composure, uncertain that she needed emotions for this fight yet.

Then it lashed out with a kick and caught her in the side. She blocked with her arm, but the blow launched her into a wall, knocking the air from her lungs. It was on her again in an instant. Now she knew what it was that unnerved her about this person.

Their magic was like hers. Only focused. It was augmentative magic, a kind taught to warriors. The simplest spell could harden skin to iron, or double your strength and speed. That was what it used, and in abundance. Tosaki still blocked them, keeping pace and even exceeding at times. Even so, the armour deflected any blow she landed.

Flurries of blows detonated into sparks, then both forced the other back. Tosaki stood up straight and exhaled, lowering her sword. The Watchman likely frowned at that and followed suite. Both regarded the other for a moment before Tosaki laughed. Truly laughed.

“You know, I really enjoy a good fight,” Tosaki said and pulled off a ring. One should suffice for now. Without the layer of restraint, her power surged, ripples of strength that poured through every limb, gushing like a river released from a dam. And her joy reflected that. So rare that she found a fighter of this calibre, that she could let an emotion run free. Lust was a beast that couldn’t be chained, only cajoled for a brief time. Happiness, such as what she now experienced, was a true rarity.

The Monster Watchman stumbled back a step before steeling its resolve. Tosaki giggled and hopped from foot to foot, then pivoted around. Her body hadn’t felt so light in years. Perhaps she’d put on some weight? It was possible, the only exercise she’d had in the last few months was the occasional romp with an enthusiastic lover. This was just what she needed. Though she doubted the Monster would appreciate it.

“Shut up and fight!” It shouted. Tosaki paused. That was a feminine voice, though deep and gruff, attempting to cover up her gender by the sound of it. The fact didn’t change Tosaki’s goal of victory. She continued to dance in place, smirking and taunting her foe.

“I’m waiting,” Tosaki said.

“Don’t get cocky,” the Monster said and adopted a more polished stance, “You just used your trump card. I feel it.”

“Oh? Care to try me?” Tosaki stopped and ran a finger down her body, arcing it over her curves, while she pursed and pouted her lips, eyes going wide.

“Stupid bitch!” The Monster took a step forward and stabbed at Tosaki. She ducked the fatal blow and kicked at her shins, denting the armour and forcing the woman to stagger back. Another swipe cut through the air nearby and a sword was buried into the floor near her head. Tosaki vaulted back to her feet, planting them into the Monster’s chest to push her further back and, using their weight, she pivoted away to land on her feet. She resumed her dance.

Little physical damage showed, but her composure was shattered. Sloppy feints and jabs flew but were parried. Tosaki made her own attempts, pouring her magic into each attack. She slashed and left a great rent in the breastplate, a second attempt almost severed the straps on the arms, while a third managed to draw blood. Even so, she wasn’t dominating as she’d hoped. The Monster recovered her senses quickly and settled into a deadly rhythm.

Parry, swipe, dodge, stab… Tosaki stepped up the tempo but the Monster kept pace, even forcing her to adjust to her speed, however the issue was sorted with a simple backstep. By cutting off the flurry, the storm died. A moment of calm settled as the Monster wondered why she wasn’t being attacked. As she recovered from a failed swing, Tosaki kicked her legs out from below and used the momentum to launch a kick into her gut. A wall crumbled as the Monster Watchman soared.

Tosaki crouched to give chase but froze and blocked as her enemy came flying back. She just managed a block, stunned that if she had given chase she would’ve died. The Monster wrestled their swords together and dislodged them, sending the metal clattering into each other. Neither thought to retrieve them and instead fell into a maelstrom of melee.

A punch clipped Tosaki’s ear. She, in return, tore off a grieve and left a bruise. The Monster attempted a grapple, then had it turned on them, but she caught herself and flipped Tosaki instead. The ground trembled from the force. She didn’t pause for long and rolled aside, avoiding a plummeting fist, then pushed off her hand to smash her enemy’s face. They fell back into a standard exchange, each feeling the other out and testing new ground in the process.

Magic swirled amid the flurry. In Tosaki’s vision, it was like a snowfall within her own bubble, specks of brilliant white scattering in the wind they created. Electricity surged as she slowly stripped away the armour and their skin connected. It was here that Tosaki gained the advantage. Control was her weakness, which meant her magic leaked into everything she did. Her recent punch missed, only for her power to surge and snap it into the Monster Watchman’s face. The helmet cracked and revealed an eye.

The more skin revealed, the more Tosaki’s magic took hold. It was instinct. Her foe summoned more power, so her own welled up in response. Muscles swelled as power became more necessary, yet her breasts also expanded, countering the sudden added weight in her rump. No one understood it, but her affinity for transformations constantly made her grow if she left a ring off for too long. If the fight lasted much longer she would gain a few more inches to her curves.

While not nightmarish, and reversible under the right conditions, Tosaki had no intention of letting it last that long. She focused, corralling her magic toward speed, and caught the Monster off guard. For every hit that was blocked, several more struck. Soon, her enemy’s armour was a crumpled mess that flew across the room. Once the final piece was impaled on the floor, Tosaki pinned her opponent. She didn’t look at her face before snapping her neck.

Standing, the elf rolled her shoulders and grimaced at the soreness in her body. Her muscles deflated, though her breasts remained enlarged. Such a nuisance, though not an unwelcome one. After tonight, she would forget about the addition and simply enjoy their enhanced size, with an equally appreciative lover. But first she had a job to finish.

“So, Count,” Tosaki said and strolled over to the extravagant bed. It was the most frivolous thing she’d seen thus far, shrouded with ornate silks and lace curtains, and large oak posts carved with intricate symbols. She didn’t touch it. Less paranoid people had put cursed runes into their belongings. Until he was dead, she wouldn’t take her rewards. She leaned against the wall and stared at the foot of the bed, where a quivering mass of elitist shit hid, “You gonna come out on your own?”

“F-fine,” he said and crawled out. He was a stick, unlike most nobles that she knew, who gorged themselves on fatty foods until their hearts threatened to give out. Then a mage would come along and keep them alive, so they could keep eating like pigs. Sometimes a good humoured mage would turn them into a pig. Tosaki had done so herself several times.

She thinned her eyes at the Count and sighed. How a man like this commanded such power was appalling. Tall, muscular men with wealthy guts were had presence, this guy was closer to a peasant. He was the Count, however, that was clear from how he carried himself like one.

“If you hold still, this won’t hurt,” Tosaki said and retrieved a dagger, designed to puncture internal organs. She’d only partly lied, death always hurt without numbing magic, but it was best to soothe a skittish nobleman.

“Like I’ll let you!”

Tosaki turned to see him conjuring a curse. She’d missed the traces of magic in his veins, so faint and weak that her conscious mind had ignored it, and now it might come back to bite her. His curse was a frayed thing, a ball of crackling energy that was jagged instead of smooth as a skilled mage could summon. It licked at his clothes, shredding pieces off and leaving his skin charred.

The elf summoned a shield and charged, dagger at the ready. He panicked and launched the curse before it was finished. Horror flashed as it glided through her shielding and struck her. Whatever it was, she wouldn’t let him live to enjoy it. Tosaki stabbed the blade deep into his heart and pulled back. Blood fountained as he staggered back and drenched her. Good thing she had spare clothes.

Once his last breath croaked out, she waited. Most curses, in particular ones cast by inexperienced idiots, often activated mere seconds after being cast. A minute passed and she noticed nothing. He must’ve screwed it up too much. Tosaki sighed and went about arranging the bodies in a more dignified fashion. She paid close attention to the Monster Watchman, affording her some respect after such a fight. The others didn’t get nearly so much.

The other assassins died because they were foolish, and the ‘elites’ weren’t much better.

“I’m sorry we had to do this,” Tosaki said to the woman’s corpse. She snapped the neck back into place and settled her expression into one of peace. What a waste, she thought. The Monster Watchman, despite her name and demeanour beneath the armour, was quite the looker. If the battle could have ended with simple defeat, rather than death, Tosaki might’ve asked her to go for a drink. These jobs were always wasteful.

Tosaki made a sack out of the Count’s bedsheets and loaded up everything of worth. She’d used the curtains to cover the Watchwoman’s body. After some searching, she found his vault, filled with jewels and gold coins. She left the former behind for Rive’s unfortunate. Once finished, Tosaki heaved her haul back to an inn. She would tell the old man about what happened in the morning. For now, she wanted nothing more than some sleep.

Unfortunately, money can buy loyalty, even to a dead man. Tosaki forced her way back through the mansion, evading or subduing anyone who tried to stop her, though she assumed some were just after her haul. Moonlight illuminated the outside, casting a pale glow across the small wealth of trees behind the building. Deep shadows swayed to a mute song. Tosaki inhaled the cool air, savouring the crispness of the night. Perhaps she would camp out tonight, but the old man had said her stay at the inn would be free. It was the least he could do.

Tosaki sighed and headed back into Rive. The Watchmen were still about, unaware of their employer’s fate, so she took the back routes where possible. She dragged her haul into the inn, the River Styx, and secluded herself in her room, where she plopped down on the bed. Regardless of the consequences to her actions today, she would leave tomorrow. That in mind, she stripped and curled up beneath the sheets, and fell asleep soon after.

Several things were responsible for waking her. First was the sunlight flaring through the window and striking her eyelids, second was the viscous squelching that sounded as she rolled over to escape the rays, third was the odd weight that settled on her thigh as she did so. She sat up, brow furrowed tight and her vision bleary, and threw off her sheets. She half expected to find Hayden under them.

But the goblin had left well ahead of her. She knew nobody in town on such a level, and she hadn’t welcomed any lovers last night. Then what could be responsible? Her answer was revealed to a low groan.

“So that’s what it was,” Tosaki pinched the bridge of her nose and stared down at the distinct phallus hanging from her otherwise matronly figure. It was soft for the moment, yet a series of veins mangled the smooth skin, all leading into one another on their way to the head, which was a rich purple tone. As she observed it, a dollop of white seeped from the tip, explaining the mess her sheets had become.

She stood and hissed at the sensations of it moving. Her body had changed in strange, and often fantastical ways before, but always in the throes of passion, often at the point of climax or when her libido reached its limit, and never had they remained after the fact. With the exception of perhaps an additional inch to her chest and butt. They remained as voluptuous as ever, more so after her overflow of magic the night before, unperturbed by the presence of a massive cock. If nothing else, at least it fit into her aesthetic of excess.

It had balls, of course. Two ripe orbs, each too large for her to grip with one hand, and full of the same sludge that saturated the bed. Tosaki sniffed the air. She’d been with men before, and several women with phalli of their own, but none had a scent this potent. It could be the curse, though she suspected her own magic was responsible.

Which meant it had to go. Soon. If her magic had already acclimated and augmented the prick, then it wouldn’t be long before her libido was affected as well. Though obscured, she felt her pussy was still in place as her thighs and new testicles brushed against it. Which meant her lusts could double, or worse. The two could feed one another, sustaining an endless cycle of lurid need. Not a chance she wanted to risk.

Tosaki closed her eyes, shutting out the world, and sifted through the labyrinth of knowledge she’d collected over the decades. She came to her collection on curses, though she hadn’t heard of one that just gave a woman a penis. There were plenty for changing into the opposite sex. Was it incomplete? If so, then that made it dangerous. Removing it could somehow realise the full curse, and she didn’t want to go through turning herself back into a woman. She left her mind and sat back on the bed, ignoring how her night time emissions squelched under her rich derriere.

A series of rapid knocks on the door distracted her. Was it the old man? Come to thank her no doubt, though she had no desire to be seen like this, much less by a complete stranger she held no attraction to. Perhaps if Serena turned up, then she might take advantage of this predicament. She almost slapped herself as her mind emphasised the ‘dic’ in the word.

“Hang on,” Tosaki said and grabbed her clothes. She used a simple glamour to hide the bulge in her shorts and stockings, since her cock was too big to fit inside her once form-fitted pants. It had to be the length of her forearm. Soft. Anyone but herself and she would have jumped them at the sight of it. Even now, with the prospect of a woman outside the door, she felt its desires. Naturally, it messed with her attraction to men. Not that anyone would satisfy her compared to this thing.

“Fuck, it’s really getting to my head,” Tosaki muttered. Curses were designed to do just that. If they didn’t kill, maim or transform you into some abomination, they ruined your mind. This wouldn’t do so. It was too rough, missing too many pieces. So long as she didn’t accidentally finish its work, then she could handle it. She would handle it.

“Yes?” Tosaki asked as she opened the door. Serena stood in the hallway, radiant in a sundress and nothing else. Perhaps it was wishful thinking, but Tosaki believed that this woman had gone sans underwear. Her nipples poked through the fabric after all, and the faint yet potent aroma of a woman drifted through the air. An unwelcome twitch reminded Tosaki to control herself better.

“Richard wanted to thank you,” Serena said. She took a breath, then her nostrils flared and she huffed the air, as if it were a drug she’d grown addicted to and gone cold turkey from days prior. Her pupils receded into pinpricks and she swayed, fingers curling into her dress, lifting it higher and inundating Tosaki’s own sense in the odour of a moist pussy. Both gulped and stared at the other. Restraint warred with lust, a blizzard against an inferno, a storm crackling against an infallible mountain. Inhibitions fell to the wayside as Tosaki grabbed Serena and pulled in tight.

“You will do,” Tosaki said, finding the sense to at least work with what Serena had said. She groped the female’s ass, fingers sinking past the flimsy dress and into the abundant flesh, while her breasts smothered Serena’s. Their lips met and Tosaki soon took command, annihilating any resistance to her desires.

Two days prior, in this same room, she had attempted a gentler night with Serena. Her urges had taken command in the end, but she’d tried. Not now. Serena moaned into the kiss and her scent burgeoned, almost displacing Tosaki’s own. Almost, until her new cock gorged itself on their lusts, swelling into a blunt instrument of pure sex. It rose between Serena’s thighs and stopped against her snatch. If she was surprised by the touch, she didn’t show it. She, instead, rocked her hips and ground her cunt along the shaft.

Moisture dribbled onto and from Tosaki’s member from its sloppy counterpart. Tosaki turned Serena’s back to the bed and pushed until her knees buckled and she fell back. There, legs spread and dress bunched around her hips, the elf could study the luscious morsel. Gravity exerted its power over her tits, forcing them to strain the sides of her garment. A quick flash and Tosaki ripped the dress away. Serena’s breasts flattened under their own weight, though her nipples soon rose up to make amends for it.

Magic flared as Tosaki’s cock twitched. She couldn’t focus on stopping it, her senses attuned to the impatient mewling woman beneath her, even if she could, she wasn’t sure if she would. Whatever her magic did this time was almost welcome, so long as it heightened the moment. It didn’t take long for her to realise that it would do so, as Serena’s eyes bulged and her pussy shone wetter in the sunlight.

“Lord help me take that monster,” Serena prayed, though her fingers were playing over her nipples. What god would help her now? From now until Tosaki tired, she was at the elf’s mercy. A fate that neither could predict. It could end in minutes, perhaps Tosaki had a man’s refractory period, or the sun would set long before she was satiated. The latter was impossible, however, as her magic poured into her dick.

When she removed her gaze from Serena, Tosaki saw the reason for her shock. What had been an idol to masculinity, on a woman’s otherwise voluptuous form, was now a monument. Egregious veins coated it from base to tip, each thicker than a finger. One dominated the bottom and was twice the others girths. The skin had darkened but taken on a strained sheen from the sudden growth. Moments later the sheen faded and the skin once more matched her own. To the inexperienced, it looked natural. Despite its size.

Tosaki wrapped a hand around it and groaned in pleasure and awe. Her fingers didn’t come halfway around its girth, and she’d misjudged the veins. They dwarfed her fingers. Each one would be like another small prick on a woman’s sensitive insides. She licked her lips and caught a line of drool before it could escape.

Every beat of her heart was echoed louder by her cock. She could penetrate this woman and hold still and she’d still cum, but that was no fun. In fact, standing around here was no fun either. Tosaki leapt onto the bed and angled her cock down, snagging it between her engorged balls. They, too, had exploded in size and now matched Serena’s head in size. The pair listened as the balls settled, viscous liquid sloshing within.

Serena panted with her lips mere inches from Tosaki’s blunt crown. The elf turned, facing Serena’s body, but kept her cock poised at her mouth.

“Open wide,” Tosaki said and magic enforced her wishes. Under her lust, it turned Serena’s rigid physical form into that of elastic. Despite that, Serena still stared in utter disbelief. Another command, followed by an irritated slap, and the woman forced her jaw open. Her eyes darted around as her lips were spread further than they should be. It almost looked like a snake about to devour its oversized meal.

Once wide enough, Tosaki plunged into her. Serena squeaked, moaned, gagged, then moaned again as, in one swift motion, her mouth and throat and oesophagus were violated. Tosaki’s cock bent along the path, somehow harder than bone but malleable like leather. Teeth grazed along her length, but they were subtle accents to the penetration. In this state, nothing could deny her pleasure.

She stood and squatted again, repeating the same stream of sounds Serena had made. Her retreats were shorter each time, leaving more of her inhuman length inside. The shape passed through Serena’s throat twice every second, then remained there, shifting to and fro as Tosaki exercised above her.

Soon Serena saw nothing but glorious flesh jiggling as Tosaki fucked her throat. She reached up and grabbed each ass cheek, massaging and pulling them apart, admiring the elf’s puckered hole and delightful pussy. Another descent smothered her face in scrotum, blinding her to all but the sensation of having her body violated deeper than anyone had done before. Even the fact that she couldn’t breathe, or escape, detracted from it.

Saliva and mucus poured from her lips at every thrust. It clung to her cheeks, suffocated her nose when the balls were lifted, and oozed down Tosaki’s cock. Tears overflowed from her eyes, yet she wasn’t in pain. This was, though she couldn’t hope to understand how, heaven.

If it was this good to have her throat fucked, then what about her pussy? Serena gave a muffled cry as her cunt exploded, dousing her spasming thighs. Pleasure fired along all synapses, setting fire to her nerves and turning any resistance in her brain to blissful ash. She rocked her head, wriggled her tongue and moaned to Tosaki’s thrusts.

Was this what men felt when she favoured them? Did they also feel overwhelmed in the honeyed insides of her throat? No. Of course they didn’t. They weren’t like Tosaki. They didn’t have what looked to be entire feet of cock to plunge down someone’s gullet, nor the magical affinity to make every inch of said cock sensitive like a clit, much less the pleasant ripples of pleasure from her curves bouncing with each thrust.

Tosaki groped her heaving tits as she undulated her hips. She was almost sat upon Serena’s face, her balls rested against the woman, covering her head in sweaty, musk saturated flesh. Pussy juice trickled down the heavy orbs, a hint of heady sweetness joining the array of scents. And yet, despite her inability to breathe, Serena urged her to go faster, harder, which Tosaki was eager to do. She reared back until her balls lifted an inch, then rammed back inside.

The smack of flesh on flesh turned wet and was accented by her cum splashing within her balls. The Count hadn’t much understand of the human body it seemed, otherwise they wouldn’t contain nearly such an amount. She was glad he didn’t though. They offered strange but entrancing sensations.

Sensitive flesh was bombarded by what felt like kilos worth of sperm with every swing of her hips. And, as she sped up, they only got better, her testes grew heavier, their egg-shapes rounding out as her body struggled to contain every last drop of cum. At the same time, she was still producing more of it. Magic burned with her lust, demanding the best from her body. Sperm formed by the millions, packing the already dense space and swelling it. It became too much and leaked from her cock.

And Serena was hungry for it all. Tosaki’s cock spat its excess into her stomach, each drop the same viscosity of curdled milk, spilling more by the second as pleasure and magic surged. She turned her attention back to Serena’s body and marvelled at the sight. Her girth and length were beyond human. That fact became more pronounced as she stared at the tube bulging from Serena’s throat, down her sternum and into her stomach. It shifted back and forth with Tosaki’s thrusts, pumping in tandem to the separate heartbeat beside it.

Not far beneath the tube-like protrusion, Serena’s legs writhed. Her thighs were clenched tight, rubbing together, trying to offer her pussy a taste of the treatment her face received. Tosaki wondered what her partner’s face looked like. It was buried under her enormous balls, obscured by her pumping ass, so all she could see was the woman’s chin. If that was any indication, then Serena’s face was a mess.

It must be covered in spit and pussy juice by now, Tosaki thought and notched the rhythm up. Serena moaned and fresh slobber oozed from the seal of her lips, wrapped tight around a cock almost the size of her thigh. The lewd mixture of saliva and mucus had thickened to a foam with the addition of Tosaki’s pre-cum. No air made its way in or out past the mammoth cock and froth that saturated her nostrils. Her face had long since turned a deep red.

On a whim, Tosaki extracted every egregious inch and stood. Serena sputtered and spat heaping volumes of sludge that had coated her throat. She wiped her face, spreading the lurid mixture across her face. Despite her teary eyes, crimson complexion and filthy skin, she was smiling. Her hands reached up to fondle Tosaki’s cum-barrels. They were smooth despite the dense circuit of veins under the skin.

Tosaki didn’t leave her for long. She hopped down from the bed and pulled Serena with her, forcing her to kneel, back slumped to put her defiled face level with the elf’s unsuitable cock. A quick prod from it and Serena opened her mouth once more. She had the sense to take a deep, deep breath before Tosaki rammed it inside.

The breath didn’t do much. Tosaki powered into her with a strength none could except from her soft, luscious form. Her balls swung like iron maces into Serena’s chest, knocking the air from her lungs. What remained after the initial blow was freed on the second and third. Serena kept her hands between her thighs, however, not interfering as Tosaki robbed her of oxygen. The thought of fighting back didn’t even occur to her.

Nor would it ever. Not here. Her senses were shrouded in Tosaki’s pheromones. They clouded every thought, every impulse, turning her into a human cock sleeve. Tosaki could fuck her ass in that moment and she wouldn’t react beyond a mindless moan for more.

But that wasn’t her goal for now. Dense pleasure built and coalesced inside her core, rising to a familiar tightness that preceded her orgasms, except this was double the sensations. She bowed her legs, allowing her balls to swing freely. They flew back into her pussy and left splattered in pussy juice to swing into Serena’s chest. It might have hurt if her magic didn’t surge in response, and if Serena didn’t possess two excellent pillows.

Tosaki grabbed the human’s head tight and poured her indominable stamina into every thrust. What might have broken bones in battle were little more than thunderous, sloppy slaps against flesh. Her orgasm built, forcing her to double over as her sensitivity spiked. Then she hilted herself inside Serena.

For a second, nothing happened. The only sound was her rampant breaths and the occasional drop as Serena drooled onto the floor. The stillness was broken as Tosaki’s cum rocketed through her length, swelling the main path along the belly of her dick, and flooded Serena’s belly. She listened with bated breath, waiting for the tide to end, yet it persisted. Tosaki’s moans were drowned out by the roar of her first conscious shot of cum.

All men she’d been with had taken only seconds to finish, usually with a few spurts and dribbled the rest. Tosaki, instead, spent a minute locked in the initial flood of bliss as her cock erupted. It dwindled and gave her a brief reprieve, then the second blast came. It didn’t last as long. The third explosion soon followed. Then a fourth and fifth. Six, seven, eight… She lost track at ten.

By the time her orgasm had stuttered to its end, though her pussy continued to convulse with its own pleasure, Serena had swollen like a balloon. Stepping back, Tosaki let her cock dribble its final drops onto the human’s face and chest, while she admired the newly rotund woman before her. Serena didn’t seem concerned as she massaged her massive gut. Even Hayden had a hard time reaching such a size during breeding season.

Breed… Tosaki licked her lips. Her cock was still hard as steel, harder even as it fed on her thoughts. Despite its size, it projected straight from her crotch, while her balls remained heavy with seed. How was that not enough? She had turned this woman into a human ball of cum, yet she wanted to fill her more. So much more. If she could do nothing else, she would need to find a way to control these urges.

Another time that is. She stroked her slobbery cock, squeezing the last vestiges of her orgasm onto Serena’s waiting tongue.

“Bend over the bed,” Tosaki said. It took a moment for Serena to do so, her new centre of balance and lack of oxygen threw her off, but she eventually stood with her legs splayed, hands firm against the bed, and ass high in the air. Her tits were squashed against the mattress, while her belly hung off the edge. A clueless onlooker might believe she was heavy with children.

And perhaps she would be once Tosaki had her way. She stroked her massive dick and held it against the woman’s drooling cunt, the lips red and swollen, then dragged it along the folds. A button slipped into her urethra. Her moan was echoed by Serena.

“My, what a slutty clit we’ve got here,” Tosaki said and leaned down to find the engorged nub. A spark of magic shot from her fingers, burgeoning the hub of pleasure to the size of a ripe grape. Serena shook as it was toyed with, then cried out and splashed Tosaki in fem-cum, “Consider that my little gift to you.”

“Now then,” Tosaki said and reared back to place her cock at the woman’s entrance. Pre-cum and pussy juice merged into a viscous waterfall, which puddled around Serena’s feet and seeped into the floorboards. Even engorged on lust, Serena’s pussy was dwarfed by Tosaki. If not for magic, or the miracle of childbirth, she doubted her cock would fit. But it did. She pushed and the lips unfolded to accept her with the same hunger as above.

Tosaki was slightly taller, so she angled downward. A perfect position, as it let her cock bulge through Serena’s crotch and up her abdomen, before it melded with the giant semi-sphere attached to her. Her approach paused against the woman’s cervix. It held firm against her, a bastion of stubbornness, but one that would give in all the same. Tosaki reared back, dragging out a lurid moan as her cock was squeezed by her lover’s drooling walls, then stabbed forward.

Like the steel her cock seemed forged from, her tip slipped straight through. On the momentum of her thrust, she hilted Serena in seconds. The woman shouted at the sudden, complete penetration. Her walls spasmed and tried to squirt, however the seal of her cunt around Tosaki’s herculean cock was watertight. That didn’t stop her ecstasy. Her head fell onto the bed and her legs locked into place, robbed of strength.

“That’s right,” Tosaki said and gently sawed into Serena’s pussy, testing the confines of her womb, “Just let me fuck your womb. Oh, is that your belly? Feel that? It’s so full of my seed. Good thing I didn’t push too hard, otherwise you might’ve given up a lot of it. Then again, I can always replace it. How’s that sound?”

Serena couldn’t answer. Her throat was coated in cock juice, her tongue beaten into submission, and her mind trapped in a blissful abyss, from she could only wait to escape. The longer the better.

“Right? I thought so too,” Tosaki giggled. The runes on her rings kept her emotions and magic under control, however lust overrode everything. It bolstered her power beyond the rings abilities and shut them most of them out. Only the ones in her ears remained active, preventing her most dangerous gift from letting loose. For now.

But what did she care? There were more important matters ahead of her, such as fucking her young into this woman. That seemed another part of the curse, or perhaps it was a part of having a cock. She’d met several women like herself and they all adored it when she teased them with siring their babies with her. Though none quite matched her. She’d almost done it with a centaur that came close.

Nothing short of a troll approached the length she had buried inside Serena. It had to be two feet, perhaps two and a half. Whatever the logistics, she refocused her attentions and reared back. She kept both hands on Serena’s luscious hips, holding her steady, and pulled on them as she surged forth. A wet cough from above preceded a wet splatter. She checked and saw that Serena had spat out some cum. Another thrust yielded the same result.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Tosaki moaned and let loose a flurry of thrusts. How could she describe the feeling of knowing she’d filled this woman with so much semen, with just one orgasm no less, that she was fucking the excess out from her? Just the thought of it made her cock ache and her balls churn up a thicker load. Each thrust, even those she considered gentle, forced Serena to spew more seed. The bed was already covered in a new layer and yet her stomach remained huge.

She couldn’t decide what she should watch more. The jiggle of Serena’s bountiful ass as she slammed a foot of cock inside, or the lurid filth of her lover spewing cum from above. Tosaki leaned around and glimpsed the ceaseless ripples in Serena’s belly, still round and heavy with seed. She released her hips and grabbed the enormous orb, groping it as she would a tit or ass. This urged greater gushes of jizz to escape.

“That’s right. Make room for my next load,” Tosaki said. She leaned into Serena’s back, tits mashed into her body. The woman could moan and gurgle, but no words left her, “My next load… right inside your womb… I wonder if your ovaries can handle it. Imagine it, my sperm ganging up on your eggs, pouring into your ovaries by the trillions. My magic can be unpredictable. Maybe you’re completely fertile already? What if your eggs are all ready and waiting for me to cum?”

A series of clenches signalled Serena’s bliss at the idea. Tosaki’s gut clenched, ready to unleash another flood, one on par with the first, straight into the unprotected womb of this human. Elves had a high tendency to birth multiples. Would the same hold true for half-elves? Tosaki hadn’t looked into the few inter-species couples spread throughout the world. Maybe she’d come back to Rive in a year to check and see?

Thoughts for later, she decided. She raced onward, two or three thrusts a second. Her retreats were ushered by gushes of Serena’s cum and her pre. Tosaki’s thighs and crotch were splashed with it, while the floor pooled with more. As she approached release, her pre-cum thickened and turned a milky white. Her balls gurgled above the rapid smacks of flesh and bellowed outward.

“Come on, tell me you want it,” Tosaki said and squeezed Serena’s stomach, releasing a heavy flood of her earlier load, “That’s what I like to hear. Get ready.”

Tosaki leaned back and placed her hands back on Serena’s hips. She slowed her thrusts to a gentle rhythm, then smacked the red marks her thrusts had left on the human’s ass. Serena moaned at each strike. Tosaki replaced her grip and froze. She took a slow breath, then jumped to a brutal tempo, the same speed she had used to overwhelm the Monster Watchman.

Serena found her voice at last. Her head reared back, mouth agape, cum spilling over her lips as she cried out a single work, “FUUUUUUUCK!”

Tosaki ignored the shriek and maintained her pace. Her gut twisted with her encroaching release and her balls ballooned, swelling to the size of watermelons and larger. The slap of flesh resembled bricks smashing one another, until Tosaki’s rhythm faltered and her body locked. She gave a final series of jerks, then her balls bunched up against her groin and delivered their viscous cargo. She spread Serena’s ass wide and watched as her cock burgeoned with cum and stretched the already whitened cunt further.

Serena’s cry renewed and was echoed by Tosaki’s as she came once again. Cum flooded the human, ballooning her deformed womb into a sphere half the size her stomach had been minutes ago, all with a single shot. The next brought the two organs to par, while the pressure, trapped by Tosaki’s unmovable cock, forced sperm through Serena’s fallopian tubes. They had nowhere else to go.

Though hidden by the sheer size of her engorging womb, the woman’s ovaries also swelled with cum. The next shot made them burgeon even greater, yet still not a drop escaped around Tosaki’s cock. She kept herself flush against Serena’s ass, groping the woman’s gut as it inflated past the size of her belly. Whether this bore any children or not, neither would forget the experience.

In a second of lucidity, Tosaki noted that she’d found herself another fetish. One she intended to sate whenever possible. Then her thoughts turned to white as another tide of seed packed Serena’s saturated womb. After several minutes, and gallons upon gallons of cum, Tosaki pulled free. Her final spurts, pitiful by comparison, basted Serena’s back. Each glob of sperm was too viscous to be swayed by gravity, instead running down her skin at their own languid pace.

Upon her escape, the floodgates were opened. Tosaki stepped aside to avoid the pressurised current. It exploded against the opposite wall. This was the last room of the inn, so the wall was comprised of bricks instead of the usual wood. Even so, it cracked under the force, until the pressure gave out.

“Okay,” Tosaki sighed. Her libido was sated and her thoughts were clear. She leaned against the windowsill, unconcerned with her nudity, and pondered her phallus. It had shrunk back to its normal, flaccid size, as had her balls. Getting rid of it would make more sense. The thing had effectively hijacked her magic and gorged itself on it, not to mention the mayhem it could wreak on her sex drive. That said… she couldn’t deny how intense that had been.

She looked to her fingers, each with a single digit without a ring, “Gonna need another rune to keep you under wraps though. Last thing I want is these failing,” she said, rubbing the runes in her ears. The last time they did so had been a disaster. But a glorious one.