

CHAPTER ONE



Everett questioned his brother again, "So... you've done this before? And you... what... walk around shooting stuff?" James shrugged, "You can if you want. It's just like the old park, but there's so much more! For starters unless you have a Platinum VIP account you become your opposite gender, it's the only way into the park."

The younger brother stood stunned looking at the vid-log of the park's many offerings. "Yeah, but what about that scandal the original park had about people abusing sentient drones and missing guests?" recounted Everett. Again James shrugged, "That park was the first of it's kind, and whoever developed this park doesn't do things the same way. For starters: gender swap, which the park says helps create an environment less focused on violence and aggression. Their story loops work a little differently, too. First time guests can't just go from the starting area and jump into complex and violent plots meant for more experienced participants." Everett looked over from the vid-log to his brother's eye-glass framed face, "Why not? Uh... what would stop me from murdering the townsfolk and becoming king?"

His shorter, older brother rolled his eyes a bit before continuing, "First off, you would be Queen because you wouldn't have any balls. Second, every first time guest must complete their 'character' intro before being able to access stories outside of their path. Even if you group with me, there's only so far I can take you relative to your Main Story Path. It's supposed to keep guests from doing really heinous shit

without any consequences. And then you have the Paladins."

Everett rolled his shoulders inside of his red t-shirt, one hand rubbing his neck nervously, "you mean to tell me that there are sentient drones in the park, and they can act on a guest with impunity?" James seemed to get nervous, "No, Everett, not 'impunity'. Remember everyone has their MSP... Main Story Path... even these sentient drones. That's why they're called Paladins because they're like law enforcement, but you never really know which drone they are so it keeps people from abusing the system."

"I can already tell that I'm coming with you this time, aren't I?", whined the younger brother. "I thought it would be a great bachelor's party for the two of us," James intoned, "You're getting married and I thought it would be great for me to take you out on an adventure, just the Miller brothers against the world!" Everett was going to have to give in to what his older brother wanted, not because it was just his dashing, charming and successful older brother getting what he wanted - again - but because the idea seemed to make James genuinely happy.

Everett allowed a slight smile to creep into his expression, "Don't you mean sisters, James? If I go with you, don't you mean that it would be the Miller sisters against the world?" James tightened his hold on his younger brother, "Yeah, I'm glad you're going to do this! I've already talked to your fiance about this and she's cool with it." Now it was time for Everett to be shocked, "Wow! You've talked to Jane about this already? And I'm guessing as hard as it is to believe that Emma knows, she's okay with it, too?" Everett couldn't believe that James' wife Emma would be okay with him going to Wench World, it had a... certain reputation.

James brushed it off, "yeah, don't worry about Emma. We're gonna have a blast!"

CHAPTER TWO



-A Month Later

Everett found himself checking into the Wench World Main Hub and Human Facilities building. He met James there, albeit briefly before they were both ushered into the locker rooms to change out of their normal clothes and prep for Character Transition. Since this was Everett's first time at the facility he would also be going through Character Creation and would meet James again after transition in the Character Kit Assembly Room, where Everett assumed they would pick out their gear before starting out.

Surprisingly, once he doffed a soft robe Everett was lead to a small room with a cot built into it. A glass of water and small dish with one orange pill lay on a small shelf beside the cot. The instructions were simple: he was to swallow the pill and all of the water, then lay down on the cot to relax. It was meant to be an anesthetic prep for the transition, Everett didn't know what to expect as he lay on the cot comfortably waiting for something to happen.

>WELCOME TO WENCH WORLD, EVERETT MILLER. ARE YOU READY TO PROCEED?

Woah! When did I fall asleep? I'm definitely in something like 'twilight', I've been there before for surgery but this seems like a different kind of unconsciousness and... there is this voice... in my head with me. Wait... I can actually see the voice's prompt! How is this possible? Waiting doesn't seem to do anything, the prompt is just staying there always settling into... view?

"Yes." I thought... to the question...

>BEGINNING CHARACTER CREATION. GENDER SELECT - FEMALE

"Yes." It didn't, or couldn't give me any other options.

>G: F> RACE SELECT - HUMAN

"Human." Astonishingly Elf and Dwarf were available, too.

>G: F> R: H> CLASS AND ALIGNMENT SELECT -

What an interesting series of questions... is this like a personality test? "I wouldn't attack the bandit, I would wait to see if they had more friends and if it was an ambush." "No, just because the money belonged to the City Guard doesn't mean that it was lawfully acquired. I have as much right to it as the beggars I'm going to give it to." "Help the Madame of the Brothel, if her girls are attacked by a paying customer it shouldn't matter if he's the mayor's son." "I can seduce the innkeeper into telling me that he steals from his guests." "Orcs are attacking the inn, I would rather find the treasure the innkeeper stole from them and give it back." "If seduction turns into sex it's okay as long as it's for a good cause." "Bandits raided a goblin caravan stealing the gold, I can sneak up on the bandits and knock them out to get the gold back." "Given a choice of erotic sex, anal sex is the most erotic though vaginal sex is what I prefer." "After returning from an adventure it's always good to stop by my favorite inn for some grog and sex!" "I don't care if the townspeople feel that I have a 'certain' reputation..."

>G: F> R: H> CLASS: ROGUE, ALIGNMENT: CHAOTIC GOOD

What? My character's class is going to be a rogue? That's unexpected, and 'chaotic good' to boot. I wonder how that is going to work?

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> CHOOSE ABILITY SCORES

This is so cool! These stats are just like my RPGs! Well, if I'm a rogue I'm going to need a high DEX... but if I'm supposed to be good I'll need more than DEX... CHA should help but what to do about INT and WIS?

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12

Strength seems kinda low, but there's nothing else to sacrifice here. If I'm going to take a hit in combat I need some stamina, but if I'm going to be spending most of my time trying to sway guards and innkeepers then CHA has to be second highest right behind DEX!

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> PERSONALITY AND BACKGROUND

Interesting... I wonder how personality comes into play. What about 'Mischievous'? That seems perfect

for a rogue! What about these backgrounds... woah... the Criminal get's a bonus to Deception... but... the Noble get's a bonus to Persuasion.

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> P: M> B: N> PATH

Okay, now I chose a path. This must be what James was talking about, my character's Main Story Path: Midnight Princess, Street Sweetheart or Bride of the Law. That last one seems really interesting... I guess a lot of undercover work but I get Cityguard Support. Street Sweetheart seems really powerful but I get no other benefits as a Noble because I start as an orphan. Maybe Midnight Princess then? I keep my bonuses of Nobility but I have the penalty Dual Life... so I'm like a super hero, kinda. Okay, in that case Street Sweetheart seems like the way to go with Ancestral Heirloom unlocking at level 3 and giving me bonuses across the board!

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> P: M> B: N> P: SS> EQUIPMENT

That's weird. I've been in Character Creation now for a while and I feel... weird... like... heavier, as if my whole body is being pressed inward and... something else... something inside me? Oh well, let's take a look at what gear is available: light armor... funny, it's usually 'leather' but okay... rapier... shortbow... an explorer's pack, daggers and thief's tools.

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> P: M> B: N> P: SS> E: LA/R/SB/EP/D/TT> STARTING TALENTS: EXPERTISE, CUNNING ACTION, GET IT FROM BEHIND

Great! It looks like I'm nearly done... I don't know how much more of this I can take. My butt feels sore... and my throat, nipples and... especially my groin...

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> P: M> B: N> P: SS> E: LA/R/SB/EP/D/TT> T: OR1, CUNT, ASS1> CHARACTER NAME

FINALLY! Wait, I don't get to choose?

>G: F> R: H> C: R> A: CG> AS: 9-13-10-12-11-12> P: M> B: N> P: SS> E: LA/R/SB/EP/D/TT> T: OR1, CUNT, ASS1> CHARACTER NAME: Evelyn Sweetheart

Evelyn Sweetheart!? That sounds really girly... but... Sweetheart is the name of my character's family, the only thing remaining of my noble lineage... what... what's happening...?

CHAPTER THREE



Everett awoke to the surreal sensations that her body was now feeling. Finding herself back in the cabin on the cot in a soft robe were the only familiar sensations, apart from that everything was different. Everett could feel from the pressure around her torso and over her shoulders... the humid sensation on her chest that she was now wearing a bra to cover her breasts. As she sat up her breasts seemed to move inside her bra ever so slightly, her nipples pressing into the cups.

Opening her robe she peered down over the gentle mounds of her breasts to the dramatic curves of her hips and thighs. She also happened to be dressed in panties that covered her garters and stockings. She was momentarily surprised to discover her reaction to the ensemble was one of pleasure; Everett found she liked her underwear set, she thought it was cute.

A soft knock at the door pulled her attention away from her garments and the body they firmly encased. "Hello, Evelyn Sweetheart?" said the soft voice of the young attendant, "are you ready for the Equipment Room?"

"I-", she started and stopped immediately. The tone and timber of her voice was far higher and far more melodic than what she was used to, it was an effort for Evelyn to utter even a few tentative words. "I- uh, yes! Uh... on my... er, way...", She stumbled through the words even as she pulled herself from a sitting position into something more ambulatory. Evelyn's hips and butt seemed to drop into position, sensuous and curving to either side of her body. Her walk seemed automatically fluid and graceful, as if she had been born in this body.

"Please, come with me Ms. Sweetheart", said the attendant and Evelyn followed her into the successive chamber. She didn't remember her cabin having the same hallway configuration so it was fair to say that she had awoken in a different location than where she first slept. The chamber revealed a variety of clothes with textures, colors and designs that Evelyn immediately responded to. Feeling overjoyed she ran into the racks of blouses, vests and jackets falling into their soft smell.

"You really seem to enjoy getting into character, and here we are not even in the park!" As soon as the words were uttered, Evelyn turned to see one of the most stunningly gorgeous women she had ever seen in her life. The woman was tall, taller than her, with lustrous raven-dark hair, vibrant blue eyes and an impish smirk gracing plump ruby lips. For a brief moment Evelyn felt trapped and planned to flee in a moment of near panic, but the woman raised her hands defensively, "Everett, calm down... it's James!" She said in a soothing tone, "well, Janice actually... Janice Elmtry."

"Janice Elmtry!? Now I don't feel so bad that I'm Evelyn Sweetheart!" At that, the two broke into laughter. After which came only more giggling and slowly dwindling chuckles as a result of hearing themselves laugh, which sounded like they both had too much helium. Finally Evelyn was calm enough to form coherent words, "Janice, you are smoking hot... like a ten at least!" She found herself drawn to her sister, as if she was falling under a spell, "Wait, you're a wizard!? A spell caster?" blurted Evelyn. "And... what's with that huge bulge in the crotch of your pants...?"

It would seem that "Elm Tree" wasn't just referring to Janice's magical abilities, as Evelyn's sister (half-sister in the game) was a hermaphrodite... and a very well endowed one from what she could

see. Despite being a rogue and feeling rather ordinary standing beside her sister, Janice assured Evelyn that it was totally normal for level 1 and meant as a smooth introduction to the game and her character. Janice continued to explain that by the time Evelyn reached level 3 she would have access to her background bonus and it would probably give her a bit of a power boost as it had for Janice.

Janice held Evelyn by her slender new waist, as they both admired her new form. "Sis, let's hurry up and get your gear on... I want to get into the park, 'cause there is SO much fun waiting for us!" said the older sister. "Huh? Oh, yeah, the park!" Replied Evelyn as she managed to break her gaze away from Janice's crotch, once again...

CHAPTER FOUR



The duo geared up, and while Janice's equipment seemed very impressive she assured Evelyn that her gear would be just as impressive in no time. Again she looked over her outfit, "this gear is for a rogue?" Evelyn asked with curiosity once more. "Well, not every class looks the same," Janice conceded, "and you are using starting gear which can be a little funky. But I suspect that your starting gear might be influenced by your background just as much as your class. Do you recall your character's background?"

"Yeah", said Evelyn, "I am- I mean- she is an orphan but from a noble background..." The ledge that they came to opened to the sky, with a balcony built large enough for a house to sit on. Two attendants stood on either side of the pair of creatures that crouched poised towards the skyward exit. The creature's brilliantly colored feathers covered bodies larger than a horse and with a casual move one tilted what appeared to be a wing towards a great beaked head, preening for the moment. Four great clawed feet suspended these creatures from the ground, but it was the saddles that gave Evelyn the inclination that she would be riding one of these things.

Janice looked towards Evelyn with a smirk, "are you ready to ride a griffon into town?" Evelyn's stomach bottomed out, she was excited by the idea of riding a mythical creature into the starting area but, "Janice! Those things fly!" Janice appeared giddy, "I know! Just hold on tight, the griffons take care of their riders. This is going to be awesome!" and Janice swayed over to her mount, the attendants easily helping her into the saddle. Evelyn's own mount seemed to sense her apprehension and regarded her with warm soulful gaze. As she shakily climbed aboard the saddle she realized she could smell the griffin! Not horse or cat or bird but something in between.

With her feet secured in the stirrups and her harness strapped to the saddle, Evelyn looked up to see Janice on her griffin heading towards the ledge. As it grew closer Janice's griffin unfurled huge wings that appeared to engulf the span of the balcony, then at a slight hopping gallop it leapt over the edge and Janice disappeared from sight with a whoop of excitement. Evelyn's griffin surged forward at this point, with the balcony to itself it would seem that it didn't want to lose sight of its' companion. In a few short bounds Evelyn found herself tilting over the edge of the balcony. Her screams of terror gave way to screams of pure joy as the landscape opened up beneath her and the great beating wings surged, with the wind roaring around her!

-One Short Griffin Ride Later

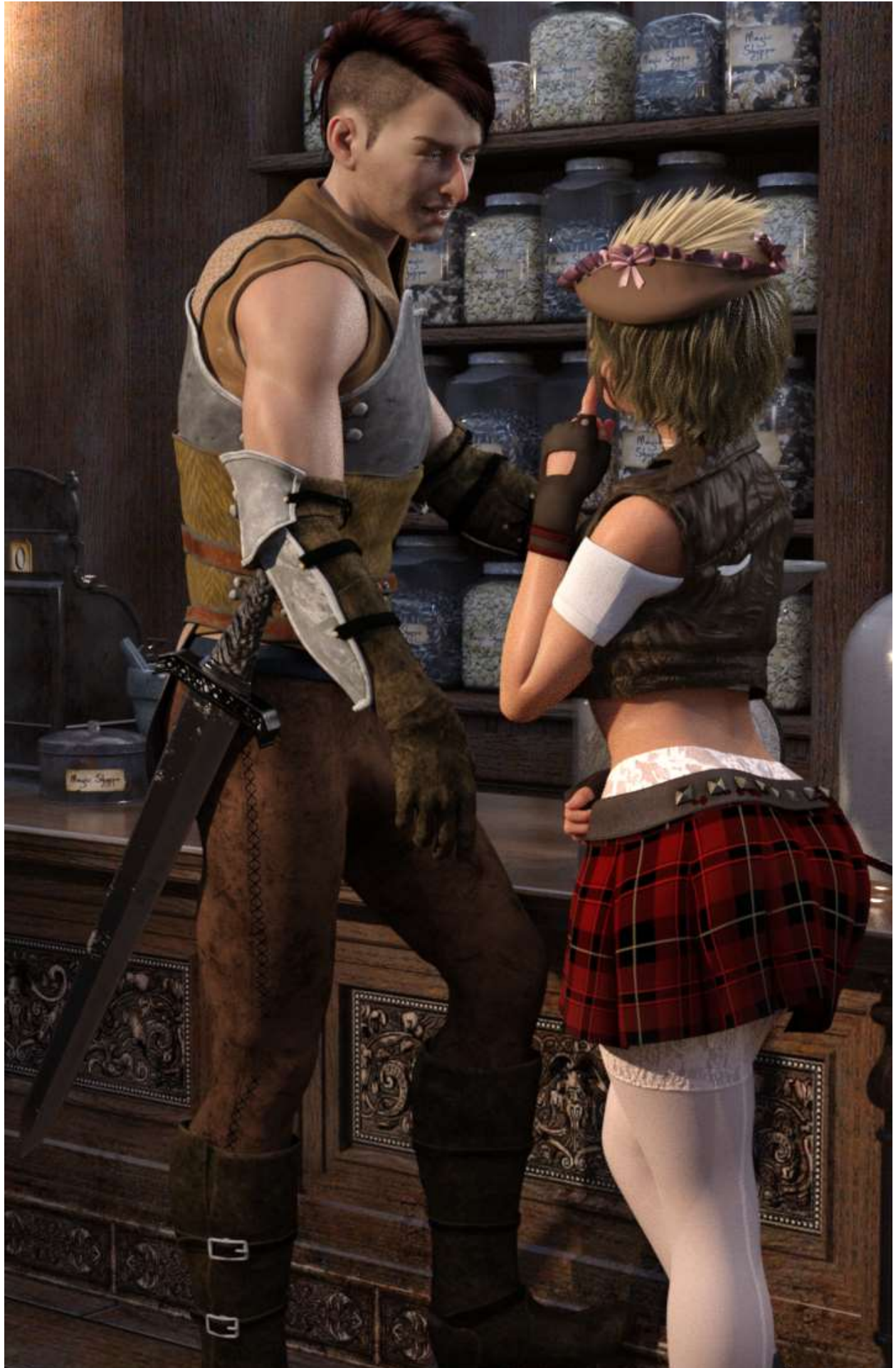
Strolling through the marketplace, Evelyn was trying to keep up with her older sister but she was having a tough time being shorter. She made a mental note to walk a little slower with company when she returned to her body after this. In the present, they had just left the Bank where Janice retrieved some important gear for them and was able to equip Evelyn with a Belly Button Piercing- of all things. "It's an item slot that starting players don't usually get gear for, but at level 1 you can always equip something there to boost your stats", Janice had said. It was all Evelyn could do to remain focused on following her sister to the Green Dragon Inn, where Evelyn could also start her first quest and start getting some real gear!

Along the way she was continually distracted by baubles, merchants, the occasional flicker of something expensive but... strangely it was hard to admit the male characters around her kept over-riding her

awareness. Evelyn felt that something was wrong, "why would a rogue be distracted by men, like that pretty one over there?" she said under her breath. Thankfully Janice stopped, lost in her own thoughts it seemed and it gave Evelyn time to consider another tall hulking beast of a man selling what appeared to be dried fruits and spices. She had become more accepting of her new body in short order, but there was something else at work as Evelyn felt a warmth building within her as well as a twinge right between her thighs.

Evelyn wondered what it would be like to be perched on top of the merchant's broad chest and meaty shoulders, adorned by thick hair while his hands gripped her womanly hips...

CHAPTER FIVE



It seemed like hours that Janice had been dragging Evelyn around the grand city of Stromgaard. They had gone to the bank, stopped to talk to merchants, visited friends at The Green Dragon inn and picked up Evelyn's starting quest, visited the armorsmith, then the weaponsmith, then the auction house. Now they were on their way to the magic shop for potions, or perhaps it was a potion shop for magic items they were going to. Evelyn sighed in frustration, despite all of the walking and the bustle of the city around her the warmth in her loins had been slowly building to a point that became a continual distraction. Evelyn's gait wiggled a bit more as she squirmed feeling the pulsing sensation of her new anatomy.

She followed Janice, staring as her sister's bubble-butt bounced and swayed through the crowds. There was often a hand of an admirer on it as Janice would stop occasionally to talk or ask for directions. It was a sensuous strut that couldn't even be dampened by the times Janice would have to stop and adjust her junk trapped in her tight pants. Evelyn fiddled with the hilt of her rapier looking around the busy street waiting for Janice to start walking again, though she turned towards Evelyn and said something. It was difficult to hear over the din of the crowds and the sound of blood pumping through her hears...

"I know this is taking a while, but if we're going to go out and level you up I want to make sure we both have enough gear and pots to cover us. Just one more stop, I promise, and then we can leave Stromgaard for your Ancestral Ruins," Janice studied her a moment longer, "What? What is it?" asked Evelyn. Janice regarded her sister whimsically, "Aren't you feeling... a little pent up? I mean, I know it didn't take long for me to pop my cherry here but you're looking downright sodden, little sis!" chortled the buxom sorceress. "Holy cow, how do you deal with this!? If I don't do something soon I think my head is going to explode!" Complained the petite rogue. "Don't worry Miss Sweetheart, I have a surprise planned for you. You're gonna love it... and I... I'm going to haggle with the shop owner," Janice winked knowingly, then turned on her heel and strode off towards a sign proclaiming Magic Row.

It was only a short walk later that they finally arrived at the Ye Potion Shoppe, but Evelyn was very well aware of her wet panties. It would seem that she had begun dribbling into her lacy undergarment from her over-worked bodily sensations, which at first could be ignored or played off but no longer. Inside the potion shop it was, well, a typical potion shop that she would have expected in a fantasy story or game. Mysterious glass jugs, flasks bottles and containers with numerous reagents and ingredients. As Janice was greeted by the shopkeeper, a silver haired man in robes with deep-set eyes, Evelyn surveyed the only other customer which by his looks must be some kind of warrior. She surmised he was a newbie, like her, from the appearance of his patchwork armor.

As Evelyn looked around for her sister, Janice and the shop keeper were nowhere to be found. They must have stepped behind the small ratty curtain separating the store from the back supply room. The warrior or possible paladin still hadn't seemed to noticed her and was inspecting a container of something that looked like dandelion fluff. She never thought to really consider how women truly see men; he seemed kind of goofy with a nose that was nearly too big for his face but with his rich dark brown hair, blue eyes and sexy cheekbones it worked. For her. He looked like one of those flag bearers for the Palio in Siena, except brought to swaggering life with his heavy leather boots and sword at his hip leading up to broad shoulders and bare biceps. This stunning beauty had opened the glass jar of dandelion fluff and examined it more closely, only to blast half of them out of the container in an

explosive sneeze that left her giggling.

The poor guy looked up at Evelyn simultaneously knocking over the jar, and attempting to scoop up the spilled pile of fluff balls without dropping the lid or the container. He was so hot, how could Evelyn not pass up the opportunity to help him with whatever he was going through? She had been there herself what felt like numerous times. Evelyn tried to pick up the jar lid but the tall, dark haired beauty was ahead of her and she mistakenly put her hand on top of his instead. She looked up at him with a startled "eep!", right into eyes that seemed to stop her heart, pierce her soul and set her on fire all at once.

"Hi." He said in his deep voice, but she was already drowning in his beautiful gaze. Evelyn struggled to say something -anything- but it felt like her head was stuffed so full of fuzz. "Hi," she managed to squeeze out, absently noticing what felt like literal butterflies had taken control of her stomach. "I'm Jack, well... Giacomo," the tall dream boat said smoothly, Evelyn seemed to return to her senses as he began to pull his hand away from hers and she snatched her own back, "I'm sweet! Uh... Sweetheart- I mean Evelyn Sweetheart!" she babbled. He smiled, and it lit his face up like the blaze of the morning sun.

"I wondered how it would feel if we met in here, would I recognize you?" Giacomo asked, "Would you recognize me? But now I guess we know, don't we? It's so different being a guy but everything stops when I see you... Everett." Now it finally clicked in Evelyn's mind, his eyes. There weren't a simple blue- if she looked long enough and deep enough there was a slight tinge of green that turned his eyes the same color as the Mediterranean sea. "Jane!" she cried and leapt up, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his pouting lips. The feel of his stubble scraped her sensitive and delicate skin as Jane (Jack) returned her kiss with full force, their tongues meeting in her mouth, caressing and massaging one another. She broke the lip-lock to whisper in his ear "I need you!" then paused, "now!" she huffed and true to his Italian heritage Giacomo did not hesitate to unleash his full member to consummate their passion.

Evelyn's could feel the heat of Jack's hard cock nestling between her dripping sex, she spread her thighs along his waist gripping him and gyrating her hips; her wet heat on top of his rod. Evelyn smiled as she stopped to think that this time it was her guiding this thick cock into her steaming sex. Giacomo sat her on the counter knocking over the dandelion fluffs and other jars, pumping into her and splitting her sopping womanhood apart, kissing her all over while freeing her breasts from the confines of her bra and top. Evelyn couldn't see or even think, she could only feel lost as she was to the demands of her body and the rising tide of pleasure building within every cornice of her being. Her lover had found her here in this stupid potion shop and now they were fucking with unbridled passion she hadn't felt since they had first met. They fucked on the counter, they fucked by the weird bird cage, on vials of spilled random fluids; the two were one and the feeling of their lust pushed her beyond all cognition as a pulsing wave took over washing out her senses in a white-hot blinding light.

----moments later

Slowly coming back down from her staggering earthquake of orgasms, Evelyn realized her head was

planted askew on the floor of the shop with her ass propped in the air. She could feel the drool coming out of her mouth and something else leaking down her thighs, with a wet sensation all over her face and tits. She was pulled to a standing position, though her legs could barely support her and her head lolled to the side. Attempting to see if Giacomo was there she instead found Janice, or her boob at least, to which she rested her dizzy head while trying to stand as she was lead to a small cramped room. "Jeez, Evie! I was hoping you'd pop your cherry and get it out of your system but the shop keeper is pissed with the mess you made of his store!" Evelyn still couldn't muster the will to care, she was far more upset that Giacomo wasn't there to hold her with his strong arms so she held on to her sister instead.

"Jack?", she asked peering up through her tousled hair, at Janice. "No, I think you guys kinda wore our your welcome. Alastor chased him right out of the shop, balls out and everything!" Janice giggled and Evelyn sighed at the thought of her fiancee's gaze and deep passionate kisses. "Come on! Help me get you straightened up, I couldn't find your bra and your panties are useless now but we have to go otherwise we're going to get thrown out as well." It was not going to be Evelyn's first struggle to put herself back together after a sex-filled tussle but it was certainly the most memorable.

CHAPTER SIX



"Holy fuck, what happened to my tits!" Cried Evelyn. The pair had just stepped out of Ye Potion Shoppe when Evelyn began to notice some of the changes to her body. She leaned against the shop front groping her breasts attempting to come to grips with how much bigger her chest was. "Stop panicking they're not even as big as mine," the brunette mage said while sizing up her own chest. To Evelyn her chest seemed larger, perhaps almost twice as large from when she had entered the shop, "How can this be happening? Am I having an allergic reaction?" she whined.

Janice took a moment to study her sister, before commenting, "did you happen to, you know, roll around in any of the stuff you knocked over during your little fuck session?" she asked. Evelyn stopped to consider, "Um, I think so... why?" she licked her now glossy lips. Janice believed she knew the cause of her sister's enlarged bust and explained, "to me it would appear that you must have rolled around in some stat bonus potions. Your boobs are bigger, you're wearing makeup and it almost looks like your face has changed, too. And you smell like you're wearing some kind of fruity perfume."

Evelyn blushed in anger, "How the fuck are we supposed to go on quests hunting kobolds if I look like a tart and don't even have any underwear!?" The mage tried to calm her sister, "relax! Once again, your boobs aren't that big. Two, kobolds are going to attack you with spears and aren't really concerned with your perfect makeup. Last, you don't need panties to use a bow or stab something with your rapier. Now, come on! Let's get out of here finally and take care of your quest!"

Janice wrapped her arm around Evelyn's waist to guide her away from the potion shop before the owner came out to yell at them, urging the blonde rogue towards the gate of Stromgaard. "Remember, once

you get to level 2 I can give you a whole other gear set but you can't level until we finish some quests." Evelyn sulked as she stalked towards the Golden Valley Gate, "fine! Wait, that was Jane in the potion shoppe, did you see? How could she have become such a hunk!?" the blonde suddenly gushed. Janice waved it away, "I told you I had a surprise planned for you. How do you think I got Emma to agree to let me in here in the first place? She's got a room at the Green Dragon Inn, Lord Erik Lightbringer. Probably getting a massage or in a sauna... who knows? The guys are basically having spa treatments while hanging out in town, so that we can do quests and go adventuring."

The younger sister paused her swaying hips for a moment, "Wait, Emma allowed herself to be turned into a guy? I can't believe that!" Janice nudged her with an elbow and a wink, "she seemed okay with it when I checked in with her this afternoon." "You are such a bad influence, Janice! Jack and I literally had sex on the floor of a potion shop!"

The two laughed and joked for a bit longer outside of Stromgaard before Evelyn reached the first checkpoint in her quest. They came upon a merchants wagon that had been overturned, the horse or mule was nowhere in sight. On a closer inspection they found the body of the merchant driving the wagon who had a sealed note clutched in his bloodied fist. The wax emblem matched Evelyn's necklace that she wore around her neck, so she pried it from his stiff fingers and opened the letter.

With Janice reading the note over her shoulder she was able to cast a spell to make some sense of the message despite being soaked with blood:

"To my Dearest Evelyn,

Should you find yourself reading this message it would mean that you have come of age. That a courier has been dispatched with this note and the attached Sweetheart signet ring. You must seek out the area of the Golden Valley to find the ruins of the Sweetheart ancestral tomb. Inside of the tomb are the last family relics bequeathed to you despite your dying lineage. You must be true to your lineage and worthy of it's power in order to unlock the secret treasure with your signet ring. May the Goddess of Heart watch over the journey that awaits you.

Love,
Your Mother and Father,
Titty and Fredric Sweetheart"

CHAPTER SEVEN



Evelyn and Janice traveled through the valley hills attempting to track down her lost signet ring. They encountered Evelyn's first kobold along the way, she was excited to take on her first creature and she used her stealth ability to sneak up on it before striking it from behind with her rapier. The rest of the fight with the creature was routine but it happened to take a lot out of her and she had to rest, and bandage herself before continuing. Janice was very smug that she managed to bring so many healing kits and potions, "It's for your benefit so you can get the hang of combat and pick up more xp." All the mage did at the start was stand around to make sure Evelyn didn't wind up dead and have to 'respawn'. Though, Evelyn wasn't in a hurry to figure out how respawning worked.

"You should work on your ranged attacks, too!" Janice encouraged her sister. "I can't figure out how to switch weapons.." said Evelyn feebly. Janice stood in front of the rogue to demonstrate, "It's easy, just imagine your other weapon and it will appear" she said, her staff disappearing and replaced by a bladed dagger. In another moment the dagger disappeared and the staff was once again in the mage's hand. Evelyn concentrated on her other weapon, "I don't think it worked- oh," she said as she opened her eyes to the bow in her hand. "See, you got it, sis," Janice said with a smile.

The next group of kobolds they found were in threes. Evelyn and Janice would strike one with their ranged attacks, once it fell they would strike the next and deal with the third in close combat. The rogue caught her sister staring over at her when she had been launching arrows and made a note to mention it after they finished off the latest batch of kobolds. "What are you looking at?" Evelyn inquired, "You know, just about every time we start combat you're looking around. I thought you were bored but... is there something wrong with my skirt?" The rogue attempted to smooth her brief skirt to cover her

rear. Janice giggled, then explained, "I didn't want to distract you but I noticed that every time you use your bow you stick your butt out. It's adorable! Did you realize you were doing that?" The rogue was briefly shocked and embarrassed, "I do not! I'm just firing my bow naturally... are you sure you're not just making fun of me?"

The rogue re-equipped her bow and prepared to fire a test shot, she got into her combat stance then tried to look around. Sure enough she was hunched over at the hips, on pointed toes with her behind sticking out. Now that Evelyn noticed her stance she could also feel a draft on her nethers, which were probably exposed. She attempted to cover her skirt and fire her bow at the same time, but she could only do one or the other. "Why can't I fire a bow like a normal rogue!?" She whined, to which Janice just fell to her knees in laughter. Eventually the brunette was able to compose herself enough to give her sister a comforting hug, "it's super sexy, and if I were you I wouldn't change your combat stance one bit!"

Eventually, their quest led them to a stone hut guarded by a lone kobold, Evelyn had enough xp that she was about to level. With stealth she crept up behind the kobold and eliminated him on her own, but as Janice walked over to inspect the corpse of the dead kobold the sister noticed a problem. "We're being ambushed!" Yelled the mage. At that, Evelyn turned to begin firing her bow, shocked by the sudden appearance of a dozen kobolds surrounding them. Janice was charging a spell next to her and before Evelyn could fire her first arrow, a bolt of purple energy sizzled towards a cluster of kobolds splashing them and draining all of their life away. A red haze appeared around Janice, probably regenerating her life as she fired off another spell. There was a chime and Evelyn was suffused in a gold glow.

"Holy, shit! That's Death Magic, sis! What the hell??" yelled the rogue as she continued to fire at the kobolds brave enough to charge the sisters. "Yeah, I'm a Dread Mage, sis! And so what? No body is going to mess with me or my little sister. Besides, you just got a level off of my first attack and now it's my turn!" A crackle of purple lighting lanced out and attacked the nearest kobold who turned and began attacking his companions. The next kobold to fall triggered another chime and Janice was now suffused in a gold glow. Janice could feel the post-leveling hornies start to creep up on her and could see the same from Evelyn as well, as the rogue was wiggling her ass as she fired arrow after arrow downing the last remaining kobolds.

Finally there were no more kobolds surrounding them, but the two were panting and sweating from the exertion of battle and their own lust taking over. "Now, little sis..." said Janice while removing her chest plate, "let me show you how to finish leveling up and assigning your stats..." Evelyn had her hands under her skirt furiously trying to work the tension from her dripping cunt, and relented to her sister's advances. "Oh, please, sis! Help me level, I need it so bad!" she moaned.

CHAPTER EIGHT



Heat radiated from her body as if she had become red hot steel, the deep cinnamon smell of Janice's thick luxurious hair blanketed her senses but it was not enough cover up the mildew and death that were apart of this place. The walls scraped her back as she was pushed and pounded against it, the sweat dripping from her body caused little pebbles to stick to her shoulders and ass grinding their way further into her skin. It was painful but a small candle of sensation next to the raging bonfire Evelyn felt with her vagina tightly wrapped around her sister's giant cock. The monster was twice the size of Jack's in length and girth; she hated to compare, but under her present circumstances she had no choice.

There was no comparison for how deep it was diving into her, how hard she was being pounded in an act that had to be considered mercy. After Evelyn had heard the chime and saw a pulse of golden light she put it off as her imagination but once she saw the same occur to her sister she realized the building lust was the result of some twisted purpose from the game. There was no denying herself, there was no escaping the lust that soaked through her barriers and willpower driving her to the singular purpose of ramming her pussy on the nearest object that could slam the back of her walls. This lust was unlike the feelings she had for Jack, it was an animalistic rut waged by either hormones or mind control- it didn't matter.

The only thing that mattered was spending the cream of her blazing pussy on the most worthy of fuck-tools, riding wave after orgasmic wave to have her senses showered with a hale storm of synaptic pleasure over and over again until the inferno was finally quenched!

She must have blacked out. Evelyn awoke to the feel of being curled up in something soft and fuzzy, the crackling warmth and light of a campfire near by and a throbbing tenderness between her legs. What the fuck had she done? The thought froze her, it caused all of her cares for the aches and pains of her body to disappear. Despite the despair she felt for betraying her true love and the disgust of having done that with her sister, Evelyn could not ignore the sense of vitality and power she felt. Even though she sniffled through tears, she knew it wasn't from true sadness.

"Are you awake?" The melodic and enchanting voice of her sister caused Evelyn to curl up further into her cocoon, grunting from the tension in her crotch. Janice leaned down to Evelyn gently trying to rouse her sister, but the rogue pushed her away. "I can't believe I cheated on Jack with my own sister!" Evelyn shouted and sat up, throwing the blankets above her head yet too stunned to continue her rant. Before her crouched Janice, but it was not the Dread Mage she had known before but a somehow more beautiful, entrancing and sinister version of the person she fought beside ambushed by kobolds.

It was as if every aspect of her charm, grace and sly qualities of her authority and chaotic magic had been enhanced. Evelyn could feel it in her own body as well: her hair felt like a curtain of silk spilling down her back instead of ticking her shoulders, her breasts bobbed and swayed betraying their newfound heft with nipples that sought to pierce the air, her hips were certainly wider and she could even sense that her butt must have gotten bigger, too. None of this seemed to compare to the sorceress before her with her dark abyssal eyes, overly full blood-red lips and the pendulous mounds of breast, each as large as the woman's head!

"Are you done staring at my tits or do you want to work off some more lust, dear sister?" The mage said with no small sense of mischief or irony. "What we did was wrong!" Did Evelyn's voice seem a little... breathy... now? Or was it just her own ears? "Oh, my dear sparrow!" said Janice compassionately, wrapping her sister in a warm embrace of tit-flesh. Evelyn tried to resist at first but her sister's breasts were so big and warm, they smelled of candle light and exotic spices. She murmured something to her sister up to her eyeballs in creamy, swelling mammary.

Janice relinquished her hold but still sought to comfort her sister, "What we did would be wrong in the real world, but you have to remember dear sister that this is a game. Every player level comes with certain... enhancements and bonuses and a whole lot of sex! It's one of the primary drivers that give players more perspective for other people, here and in the real world. You should also know that when the boys level they can go through an entire brothel, so don't feel bad about needing a little release. Can you imagine what you would have done if not for my extra package here?" Janice said patting her flaccid yet plump tool hanging out of her new lace panties. Evelyn sighed, "okay, it felt really amazing so I guess that's important, right? Besides, what's with the new outfit?"

Janice stood demonstrating her new, more suggestive attire. "Do you like it? Once I got my next level I was able to equip all of this stuff, which I think should last me for at least a few more levels because this stuff is all blue." Evelyn perked, "Blue? You mean, epic level gear?" Her excitement was palpable, "Damn that stuff looks really cool!" A menu flickered to life in Evelyn's periphery vision with various items and goods. Janice's sultry smile melted Evelyn and began to heat her loins up once more, "And

don't think that I forgot about you, sister dear!" Janice curled her hips and propped her hands on her waist causing her bust to jostle one another. Evelyn struggled to pry her eyes away from her sister's melons to switch over the inventory Janice gave her and change her equipment.

"Uh, I can't equip these weapons but this armor looks good. Wow, it's a full set of greens! Damn, this is going to be a huge stat boost... and... panties!" Evelyn cheered, even though the outfit seemed quite feminine for her tastes she was now much more armored and was at least able to cover her lady-bits. "So, now what?" Inquired the rogue. "Sadly," replied the mage, "the good news is that I'm fairly certain that this was your ancestral tomb but the bad news is that it's been looted already. However, I found your signet ring and judging from the craftsmanship of the weapons left here I can guess with certainty that our grave robbers are orcs."

"Orcs?" Evelyn blurted with trepidation. She regarded her sister nervously, "Yes, orcs." Said Janice. The rogue stomped her booted foot in frustration, "Then why are you so calm about this? We may have gotten a huge bump in... power... but we can't attack a band of orcs by ourselves!" Evelyn whined.

"We may not have to," continued Janice, "the only orcs I know of in this area have a town in the West Hills, and they should be willing to make a deal." Evelyn thought for a moment, "Okay, but how can you be so sure?" Her sister's smug confidence was really beginning to bother her, she was getting angry... but horny, too. "That's because I've met their chieftain before, and I'm pretty sure that he's a Paladin." They had in short order packed their camp and were now moving on from the embattled tomb, the pair stood for the moment outside the gaping doors.

"Wait, are you saying 'a Paladin', like, not the Paladin class but Paladin, like, the chieftain is Aware?" Evelyn asked, though not without a certain tremble of fear and excitement reaching her voice. "Yes. Now, lead on rogue! If I'm not mistaken you now have a Tracking ability since you've gained a level, which should take us right to your orc chieftain and next quest line." Evelyn seemed to think for a moment, a look of amazement suddenly dawning on her face as she fluidly turned and swayed into the darkness of the night heading towards the West Hills, her buxom sister in tow.

CHAPTER NINE



The landscape continued to change around them as they journeyed from rolling hills with copses of various maples and oaks and brush to taller hilltops with steep sides of thicker wilderness. Evelyn had a sense, like a compass in her head, that directed her through foliage to a path that led them to their destination. Though her upgraded armor was a bit breezier and her boobs jiggled way more, it wasn't much of a distraction for Evelyn in combat. The bands of kobolds that dotted the Golden Valley were no match for the Dread Mage and the rogue, and the sisters would often try to pull neighboring groups to have a more engaging fight.

Thankfully the beauty of the land was enough to keep total boredom from setting in, but Evelyn noticed that there was much more chatter between the two of them than she expected. As brothers they'd gone hiking or camping at some of the national parks, which occasionally led to connecting on a more personal level but they talked about their relationships with the girls, definitely not about sex or penises. "Tell me again why Jack's dick is better than mine, and I'll tell you if Erik has a dick or not." Janice had been trying to pull Evelyn into more sex talk the further along they traveled. With the way that Janice kept touching and readjusting her package in her skimpy panties Evelyn felt it was highly probable that the girl was getting horny.

"Are you jealous that I love Jack? I know I technically cheated on her or him or whatever, but... you can't compare... love." Evelyn said attempting to avoid answering her sister's question. "Love or not, remember that I was the one who picked you up off of the floor of the potions shop while your fiancée ran off," the mage continued, "and you could barely stand, after that!" Evelyn turned to correct Janice, but caught her sister staring at her ass again. It wouldn't bother the rogue as much if she wasn't almost

certainly staring at her ass every chance she got, and if it also didn't have the effect of heating up and loosening her hips. Evelyn couldn't help swinging her hips a little more as she felt her newfound urges becoming more dominant, as the pair made their way through the hilly woods.

"I know that when we were having sex I had an orgasm so big I black out, not in small part to your big part but with Jack there's something more because we love one another." Evelyn pointed out to Janice's disbelief, her sister's face scrunched for a moment as if she could tell that the statement wasn't entirely true. Evelyn knew it wasn't entirely true, but did everything she could to keep herself from admitting to her sister that a bigger dick felt substantially better crammed into her tight box.

"What was that?" asked the brunette. "What?" replied the blonde sheepishly, as she rolled her hips surreptitiously but it was a movement that did not escape the mage's keen perceptions. "That, girl is what it looks like to have a hungry need coming from below," Janice persisted, "I don't think you're being honest with me or yourself. It's okay to know how you feel about someone, but you have to be honest about all of your feelings." Evelyn stopped to tell her sister she was wrong, but instead turned to see that her sister had removed her member from her make-shift banana hammock. It drooped between her legs, semi-firm and stiffening in the breeze; the rogue quickly wiped some saliva that dripped from the corner of her mouth.

Evelyn was transfixed and adjusted her hips trying to shake off the pulsing sensation coming from her lady parts at the sight of her sister's stiffening cock. Janice smiled at seeing her sister's reaction to her member, "I understand how you feel about Jack, but maybe you could do me a favor since I'm feeling kinda horny- if you also think you might need some relief..." Evelyn moved to pull her panties over her full butt cheeks and down her curvy thighs, "yeah, it seems like these bodies... are, you know... always on a hair trigger... and stuff-" huffed the blonde as she stepped out of her panties and found a comfortable patch of foliage that formed a kind of blanket upon the ground.

The mage followed her sister slowly pumping her hand along her stiffer, growing cock. Evelyn laid back on the foliage, spreading her thighs and looking away in embarrassment but that wasn't enough for the brunette, "that's not going to do it, sweetheart. You should play with those two perfect melons of yours." Janice crouched over her sister to unfetter the blonde's breasts while her erect penis poked Evelyn in the stomach doing strange things, causing her anatomy to feel like it flopped and rolled around. "Go ahead, play with your tits," whispered the mage as she gently began to rub her sister's plump and dewy lower lips. Evelyn spread her thighs further at her sister's touch and moaned as her hands cupped and massaged her sensitive breasts.

Janice slowly rubbed her cock head along Evelyn's dripping slit, while she asked huskily, "What do you think? Can you wait until you get little Jack back between your legs or do you need something to take care of your needs, right now?" Evelyn panted and bucked her hips driving her lips against Janice's huge cock, squirming at it's touch, "J-Janice, I-" the blonde tried to fight the words at the edge of spilling out, I need your big dick. She was helpless as the brunette began to push her member into her wet folds, out and in- just a little further. Evelyn gasped as stars formed in her vision and small orgasms already began to course their way through her system.

"Do you want me to give it all to you?" Janice panted slowly easing her girth out from between her sister's clenching walls with an audible slurp. "YES! Give me everything!" Evelyn couldn't help the overwhelming need to have all of her sister's heat filling her again, it seemed like her sole purpose as the thick shaft once again plummeted through the depths of her sex setting off another shockwave of pleasure. The pair pumped away moaning, panting and crying into the sounds of the forest, themselves lost to their pleasure and unaware of the audience they had gained at some point in their fuck-session.

As they lay curled up together, their passion finally spent, Evelyn's danger senses began to creep through- they were no longer alone in the forest together. As she tried to shrug off her sister's embrace and sit up to assess their situation a curved sword point stopped her, not more than an centimetre from her nose. "You sluts have entered the territory of Chief Larok's stronghold," said the gravelly voice from the orc holding the heavy bladed weapon, "come with us peacefully, or if you prefer you can try to fight us and we can tie you up like sows after we defeat you in combat, instead!"

CHAPTER TEN



They were surrounded by all of eight orcs. Their captain, while not the tallest, was certainly powerful and swift by any measure Evelyn had. The others, male and female alike, lumbered quietly and smoothly beside them as they marched towards Begh Ghiboz, their town... or stronghold, or whatever. A range of emotions pulled at her as she stomped along with the group; anger, embarrassment, lust but above all she felt a palpable sense of real fear at being "escorted". Though she and Janice were not bound their weapons were taken and any move away from the direct center of the orcs was met by the points of swords or spears reminding them to stay put.

The orc patrol paused for a moment handing water to the sisters and Evelyn sighed again in frustration while she sucked the refreshing water from the skin. As the rogue stood for the moment her own body odor became more apparent to her; on top of the sweat and vague fruity bubblegum aroma she smelled of sex. It didn't help that the orcs gave them no time to clean themselves after their roll in the bushes and they had to leave their underwear behind. Evelyn nearly cursed at the sticky feeling from the accumulation of fluids that dried along her soft inner thighs, and the fact that she was once again without panties which meant she was baring herself to the entire group of orcs.

"Don't worry, princess. We're not going to take advantage of your soft, supple body... yet!" Growled one of the female orcs near Evelyn. "Quiet, Sharn! Larok was right about where to find these sluts, but he was also specific that they were not to be touched before we arrived at Begh Ghiboz. One of them is the princess of legend!" Janice mumbled "huh?", to which Evelyn glanced behind her to see her sisters stiff cock bobbing towards her ass cheeks. She turned forward quickly, feeling a hot blush begin to suffuse her cheeks, ears and the tops of her breasts. "See what you did there, Sharn!?" spat the

captain, "You're getting these sows all worked up, and we don't have time to stop for any of that! Now let's get moving."

"Sorry, Captain Duma." Sharn said, thoughtfully but the damage had already been done and the tension in the group could be felt now, along with a shift in Captain Duma's demeanor. They marched along quietly until reaching a stream that flowed down through a small bridge enclosed by oak and birch trees. As they approached Captain Duma pulled a horn from his side and blew a long note that sounded almost like a buffalo or moose call. It was returned from somewhere up in the trees, the view up caused Evelyn to gasp realizing that the bridge was built around two tall watch towers on either side of the stream. The party was allowed to pass and to her further amazement behind a denser stand of trees an ornate stone door quietly shifted open to a carved staircase leading upward.

After the long hike, six and over 100 stairs Evelyn knew her legs would feel like jelly but her enhanced capacity for fitness didn't leave her or Janice as winded as she expected once they reached the top of the steps over looking the foothills below. Traveling through a carved stone hall brought them to another set of even larger decorated metal doors which the guards opened revealing a splendid paradise beyond. Janice showed little reaction but Evelyn couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh my gosh! It's... like... so beautiful!" Captain Duma turned to the sisters, "Welcome to Begh Ghiboz, rogue... and welcome back, mage." Evelyn whipped her head around to stare at her sister, unkempt blonde hair spilling around her head but the only expression that Janice gave her was a shrug.

"Sharn will show you to your quarters were you may bathe, but you are forbidden to leave them. You will eat with Lord Larok, but he wishes to speak with you first after you are... more presentable." Captain Duma informed the sisters.

---Later that afternoon

Evelyn and Janice stood before the imposing orc leader, who appeared cultured and resplendent in robes, polished armor and finely woven fabrics. Even the way Larok spoke did not at all fit what Evelyn had expected of the chieftain, or his town. This was a place of sophistication compared to the human "built" town of Stromgaard; while it was obvious that there were many guards and soldiers it seemed that there were even more scholars, craftspeople, and scantily clad orc beauties. The introduction had gone smoothly despite the two sister's composed appearances and lack of undergarments.

"Since you bear the signet of House Sweetheart I am willing to grant you the family relic you seek on your personal quest, on one condition however. As the custodian of your parent's final will and estate, I also have the responsibility of protecting your ancestral inheritance and by extension your family tomb. To which I must offer my apologies, as your family tomb had been attacked and looted by kobolds. The most significant item of what rested there has been recovered, I hope, to your satisfaction." At this Lord Larok produced a box that was bigger than two of Evelyn's hands placed side-by-side. As Larok opened it a glow could be seen from inside, where rested on red satin a smooth golden rod which was curved on one end and had a shiny black cap at the other.

"I don't understand Lord Larok, like, what is this?" Inquired Evelyn in confusion. Janice giggled quietly to

her side, which forced the rogue to re-evaluate her situation trying to find the context of what was occurring. "Should you be able to prove that you are genuinely of the Sweetheart lineage this device would be an essential part of your specialty class," Larok explained. "I don't understand how I'm supposed to do that," the blonde pouted. Lord Larok continued unperturbed by the blonde's lack of grasp, "As custodian of the Sweetheart lineage, I am one of the few who knows the blessing the Heart Goddess imbues is to the ass of every Sweetheart so that she may take any girth. I have been able to personally verify this with your mother, and so I am qua-" Janice broke in with loud tittering laughter as Evelyn stood indignantly.

"Wait! You're telling me that I can't complete my quest until I have butt-sex with you so that I can obtain my ancestral dildo!?" Shouted Evelyn. Actually, to her ears it sounded more like a breathy request from a feisty babe, which she was. Janice wasn't even in her chair anymore, her laughter leaving her a crumpled heap with tears streaming down the sides of her face. Then, Larok stood and his imposing size must have been well over two meters in height with broad shoulders and huge muscled arms which he folded across his profound pectoral muscles in frustration. "If you are a true Sweetheart then you will complete your quest for your ancestral wand, but if you decline my soldiers will take you back into Stromgaard territory, untouched. The choice is solely yours," Barked Larok, gruffly.

With such an imposing figure in front of her, Evelyn's head swam staring at all of his bulging muscles and definition. She was so wet. "I-um... like... want to finish... ah... my quest?" Evelyn peeped out, her legs nearly giving out at how commanding Larok was. Larok clapped his hands loudly, and the guards smoothly sprung into motion, "So be it, rogue! We will perform the Ritual of the Heart Goddess to determine your true lineage. Mage; since you are known to the community here you will act as a witness for the outcome of the ritual. Do you accept?" Larok turned to Janice, who seemed to quiver at his gaze, "Yes, my Lord!" The orc chieftain nodded sagely, "Then let us commence with the ritual!"

---Sometime after that

Her senses were slowly returning to her, her brain was downright fuzzy. Once the ritual had been completed, Evelyn realized she had also gained a level and simply continued to ride Larok's anatomically proportional penis as she was suffused with the heat and lust of her stat assignments. Her sense of time told her that hours had passed as Larok speared her asshole and filled her full of his hot seed time and time again. Still, from the moment the orc Lord placed the tip of his glans at her pucker and pushed she knew things were very different back there. Though the chieftain used the ritual lubricant, instead of the expected pain there was in intense pleasurable sense of fulfillment having the entire length of Lord Larok up her magically yielding ass. Evelyn leveled as soon as he went balls deep into her, and she gripped her ancestral wand tightly as she rode this orc for all her ass was worth!

CHAPTER ELEVEN



"Holy fuck, look at what happened to my tits!" Evelyn gasped while hefting her much larger bust, "I feel tiny around here with all of the huge orcs around but with these tits and tiny waist I think I'm really beginning to stand out." Janice was only half listening to her sister's commentary as she turned examining her figure, she arched her back and cocked her hips to exaggerate her own swollen figure. "Do you think my lips look bigger?" She asked. The blonde seemed only interested in examining her altered face and rubbing her new golden artifact along her belly, "Uh, yeah, I guess? Check it out, my ass is a total heart shape now," Evelyn cocked her hips arching her plump cheeks behind her, "look, it shakes!"

Janice rolled her eyes, "Girl, I know it shakes. I saw it shaking when Lord Larok was pounding you, it was shaking when we fucked after that, and-" Evelyn interrupted, "Yeah! I get it! I could also feel it shaking when we sucked off Captain Duma and his squad... mmm". The blonde closed her eyes as she massaged her pelvis with her wand. "I think my lips are bigger," the mage pouted, "Do you think they look too big? Hey! What is it with you and that thing, anyway?"

Evelyn opened her eyes, seeming slightly dazed as she rocked her hips back and forth, "Huh? Oh! It, like, feels so good when I rub it over my belly. It makes my head all warm and fuzzy, weird right?" The mage turned towards her sister, holding her close and mashing their larger breasts together, "Just be careful with that. I got a wand from Lord Larok as part of my character quest and it gave me this monster cock." Janice moved in closer to her sister, but Evelyn, sensing their mutual arousal, dove in to kiss the tall brunette on her plump lips and ground her pelvis into her sister's hardening member. Evelyn dropped her wand to the floor so she could use both hands to caress and unburden her

sister's bustier, groping the proud breasts trapped inside.

She wasn't sure if she would ever get used to the idea of having a magical asshole, but Evelyn loved having her pussy filled and straddled her sister on the bed behind them. She planted her plump dripping twat over her the glans of the mage's thick erect shaft and slowly eased it inside of herself. They just needed a quick hump and squirt and then they could be on their way, Evelyn just wanted to make sure they were well-sated so they wouldn't get distracted. Evelyn humped and rode her sister's huge dick with a porn star's skill and passion, it was sensuous and filled them both with immense satisfaction.

---Sometime later...

Lord Larok bowed to the sisters as they met him at the gate, the pair strutted over to him with a salacious sway of the hips. They stood arm in arm looking up to the imposing orc, each twirling a strand of hair or touching finger tips to succulent lips. "I cannot express my gratitude for allowing me to discharge my primary duty as the custodian of your inheritance. I would hope that you both would continue to aid the people of Begh Ghiboz and take this message to the High Council of Stromgaard, in the interest of fostering a diplomatic relationship. Perhaps one day, even an alliance."

The brunette stepped forward and bowed, "It would be our pleasure to bear your message to the High Council of Stromgaard, my Lord." Evelyn bowed with her sister, bending at the hips, "Thank you for, like, trusting us with this mission, my Lord." She knew they had to wrap this up and leave soon, she could already feel Larok's deep and powerful voice having an affect on her body once more. While Evelyn could feel her womanhood fluttering and flopping, she was more concerned with the empty feeling that had developed in her ass.

"My final words are for you, Evelyn Sweetheart," said Lord Larok, "it is clear to me now that you have the blessing of the Goddess of Heart, but your path is bound to her service now as the last of the Sweethearts. You will find that as your powers grow they will be unlike those of any other common rogue, because you are a Thief of Hearts. Just as your sister possesses the unusual spells and powers of a Dread Mage, the Thief of Hearts also possess magic of her own. Even spells." As Evelyn took all of this in, she twirled a lock of blonde hair in thought. "So, like, I'm not a Spell Thief or a Battle Mage where I use a spell book but, like, do I get spells and powers from my Goddess?" She asked.

"That is a good way to explain it, Sweetheart, your magic is bestowed by the Goddess of Heart though you are not a priest, wizard or even a paladin. Much of the Goddess' domain involves the heart, love and passion and in the hands of a discerning rogue can be used to sway loyalties of those you are in contact with beyond any mere enchantress. Even a devoted follower of the god Ghiboz, such is my aspiration, who's domain is fertility and commerce cannot help but to feel your influence."

The Thief of Hearts dropped her gaze at Lord Larok's heartfelt words, noticing his growing bulge under his flowing robes. It was an easy decision to stay a little longer so Evelyn could feel Larok's girth spread her back door once more before they departed. "Lord Larok, let this humble Thief of Hearts thank you for all of your help," the blonde was sure he would also be gracious enough to share with her sister.

CHAPTER TWELVE



"I can't believe it was the Orc food," Evelyn said again while admiring her jiggling chest line as she walked back to Stromgaard with her sister. "It's, like, I didn't have that much to eat at Begh Ghiboz other than Orc dick or Orc pussy. So, like, I have no idea what food you and I could have both eaten to make us, like, so sick!" Janice winced and grunted as another wave of nausea gripped her, automatically placing a gloved hand firmly against her stomach trying not to retch. Meanwhile, Evelyn put her shiny new daggers away to comfort her sister, as Janice leaned on her staff and dry heaved into the grass. The Thief of Hearts held her sister's hair out of the way to ensure the mage's long lustrous locks didn't come into contact with any vomit or debris.

Janice continued to lean against her staff breathing slowly and evenly, attempting to regain control of her stomach and it's urge to turn inside out. "Oh, my gosh. Again!?" Evelyn said patting her sister's slender back with her other hand, "It's, like, been almost three days so, like, your food poisoning probably won't last much longer. I promise! Mine was gone after the first day."

Evelyn's sister struggled to stand upright, though still using her staff to steady herself. "Did you eat the goat?" Janice asked Evelyn, "Gosh, I remember it tasting so good... maybe it was the goat shank..." she wondered aloud. Janice turned to her sister, and asked after wiping her mouth with the back of a gloved hand, "Do my tits seem bigger to you? They've been feeling kinda sore for a while, ya know, swollen I guess." She looked over at the blonde's chest but her sister shrugged, "No? I guess... I haven't really thought about it. My titties are big and perky but nothing compared to your round melons!"

The mage still couldn't shake the nagging feeling that something eluded them and it was right under

their nose. She appraised her sister's assets once again, it was true that Evelyn had filled out quite a bit after a few levels and that was probably in no small part to the potion shop mishap. While she considered their predicament she noticed Evelyn hefting and massaging her plump tits once again and after an insistent twitch from her huge lady-cock Janice knew exactly how to feel better.

"Hey, Sweetheart. I think I know how we can find a way to see if your tits are bigger..." said the brunette rubbing her hardening shaft. "Yeah? How's that?" Panted the blonde as she continued to squeeze and grope her ample breasts, too caught up to notice the mage's full mast.

---Sometime later...

Evelyn considered the non-stop party she found herself in, while laying in short grass generously covered with her sister's spunk. As she absentmindedly licked the remnants of her facial away, she wondered if the pleasures she had recently discovered justified her total and complete abandonment of any morality. Everything about her body and her senses carried with it a warm, fuzzy euphoria that just slowly drowned her doubts and worries in a flood of sparkly pink pooge. She shook her head as the word came unbidden to her conscious mind, asking herself if that word sounded right; floob. Had it changed?

Evelyn sat up feeling the bloodge spill between the cleft of her titties, dripping into her lap. She stood suddenly and called to her sister excitedly, "Janice! I think I may have just discovered, like, a magic spell!" Janice, nodded dopily remaining where she had curled up next to the thief. "There's, like, a word that keeps buzzing around in my head but, like, every time I try to think it... like, it changes!" The blonde enunciated that last word as if she had only just discovered it in that moment. She paced back and forth in irritation, one finger tracing along her cum slicked breast slopes to scoop up and devour more of her sister's creamy deposit.

With a moment of insight, Evelyn stopped her pacing and pulled her finger from her mouth with a wet pop and focused on the buzzy, floating, pink word in her head attempting to push it beyond her lips with all her gathered will. It was as if all of her being was focused on her lips in that moment; feeling their plump, wet curvature and their yawning need to open themselves to the magical word buried far back in the depths of her throat. She pushed herself, pushed her lips open, pushed her mind open, pushed everything open in that moment to feel the magical word coalesce on her tongue with a hot pleasurable need to force it's way past them.

"Spoooge!"

In that instant Evelyn cast her spell feeling the twinkly pink fog as it cascaded over her filling her with magical essence. As her strawberry scented spell dissipated so did all of the creamy magic gooey stuff from Janice that had covered her face, titties and the rest of her body. The blonde was stunned, realizing that the spell she just discovered not only fueled her magic but also left her fresh faced and ready for more sex!

"Yippie!" the Thief of Hearts cheered and clapped while letting her swollen, perky tits bounce against her delicate chest. "J-babe, I did it! I cast my first spell!" Evelyn said, though when she turned to see her sister's reaction only caught a snore as she realized that her sister had fallen asleep and missed the spectacular display in its' entirety.