

*And I say without exaggeration that Raphael has the potential to become the most powerful exorcist ever known, living or dead. To be candid, his magic potential far exceeded mine from the day he came under my tutelage. If you are in need of an exorcist's services and turn him away, you are a fool.*

*Sincerely,*

*St Alwin Sagar, Premier Exorciste Royal*

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"Raff!"

Raphael poked his head up from his studies, wide-eyed and, as always, slightly terrified. "Ah! Yes! Coming!" He stood a moment later, returning his quill to its inkwell and knocking his hip against the corner of his desk. "Urk- Sorry! I'll be just a moment!"

Raphael didn't know which was worse: that he could hear everyone grumbling at his tardiness — as if he could be late to something he'd only just found out about — or that none of them seemed to think he was tough enough that they could air their grievances aloud. Regardless, he stepped from his cottage at the edge of the village and found himself face-to-face with Fleur, Elodie...and Edith, the village's Grandmarm.

"Ah! Miss Edith! What a pleasant surprise!" He forced a smile, even as his blood ran cold. Raphael stepped to the side. "Please, come in! I was about to brew a pot of tea, and-"

"No, you weren't," the Grandmarm huffed, unamused. Fleur smirked behind her, and Elodie giggled into her hand. Pale terror gave way to flushed humiliation on Raphael's face, but the Grandmarm didn't seem to care, leaning heavily on her cane. "You finally get around to learning that spell of yours?"

"Petit feu? Ah-" Raphael looked over his shoulder, as if there was something in his house that would help him. He faced the Grandmarm once more, his smile looking a bit shakier. "I was just working on that, actually! I think-" He couldn't quite meet the Grandmarm's eyes, his gaze trailing lower as he twiddled his fingers. "I think that I'm on the verge of truly *understanding* it, you know? Saint Alwin always said-"

"Elodie showed it off for me earlier today," Edith rumbled, thumping her cane against Elodie's shin and sending the slender blonde yelping in pain. "Oh, come off it! Act like a woman for pity's sake! Anyway-" Edith sniffed. Her vague irritation turned briefly to reluctance, but only for a moment. She

looked back up at Raphael. "I'm gonna need you to cede that letter of commission."

Raphael's eyes went wide, and his heart sank to the pit of his stomach. "I-" Nervousness didn't quite cover this particular revelation, and as he blinked uselessly down at Edith, his smile vanished. "I- Look-" He stepped past the doorframe, trying not to sound desperate. Or pathetic. "It's not that I can't *cast* the spell, it's just a question of doing so *safely*, and-"

"And how long afore you can cast it *safely*, then?" Edith's brow furrowed, and she leaned heavier on her cane. "A monster comes, you're either gonna do piss-all to stop her from doing as she pleases or you're gonna wreck half the village tryna stop her!" She shook her head and sighed. "I'm sorry, Raff, but it's just no good."

"Beauchamp needs someone *capable* to- *Bleh!!*" Fleur stepped forward with a smirk...before Edith elbowed her in the gut.

"Hesh! He's done nothing wrong, don't *mock* the poor boy!" She growled, glaring over her shoulder. When Edith looked back to Raphael, though, there was an uncomfortable grimace on her face. She opened her mouth to speak but couldn't manage the words.

"Well," Raphael murmured, staring at his feet, wilting under Elodie and Fleur's smug delight. "I suppose she's right." He took a deep breath and steadied himself, standing up a bit straighter. Still didn't look up from the ground, though. "I haven't done much to keep my commission. But-"

He looked up, eyes misty. If he could at least keep from crying in front of those two *awful* girls, that'd be a victory of sorts. Raphael grinned and leaned in conspiratorially to Edith. "Maybe we could amend the record regarding the goblin last month?" He traced a line in the air with one fingertip. "Instead of *her* chasing *me* from the commons...maybe it could be such that *I* chased *her* from the commons? Chased her *away* from the commons?"

Elodie rolled her eyes. Fleur clicked her tongue. Edith rasped with laughter and gave Raphael a pat on the hip. "Aha! Well, my eyes and ears aren't what they used to be. Anyone asks, I'll let *you* explain it." She looked up at Raphael, smiling sadly. "Ah, I'm sorry, hun. You know it's nothing personal-"

"Of course not! You have the village to worry about. Besides, I think pastoral climes are a bit too much for my more *sensitive* constitution. In any event!" Raphael turned to step into his cottage once more. His shoulders sagged. "I'd best finish up my studying for the afternoon. And then I seem to have some packing to do."

Edith sighed. "Yah, lemme know if you need a hand with anything. Gotta lot of layabouts not doing anything otherwise. And, ah." She sighed once more, turning to leave. "Jes' drop off the letter whenever you've got the chance."

"Of course," Raphael nodded. He managed a smile and a wave. "Always lovely seeing you, Miss Edith! Would that it could've been on more pleasant terms." With that, he shut the door behind him and turned to trudge back to his bedroom.

He heard Edith's voice through the door as he made his way sluggishly back. "Feck's *sake!*" Elodie yelped, and Fleur did too a moment later. "Would the two of ya ever shut the *feck* up! Boy's got enough to fret over without two little *wastrels* like you poking at him!"

That brought a smirk to Raphael's lips, at least, but his smile shivered a moment later when he sat back down at his desk. He'd find the letter in a moment.

Right now, he needed a good cry.

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The packing wasn't going to take long, thankfully. No, the real issue was going to be finding arrangements for lodgings. An exorcist's "wages" were often just food and boarding if they were to operate out of a smaller village. Raphael looked over some of his books ruefully. He didn't *want* to sell any of them, but given he'd be leaving Beauchamp all but penniless...

He flopped back onto his bed with either a groan or a sob, it was hard to tell which. Had he known this was coming? He hadn't done all that much as the exorcist, but- But not much had happened during his tenure! No one could *really* say he hadn't been doing his duties!

Even he had to admit, though...it wasn't as if he'd be able to carry them out if a serious threat reared its head someday soon. Had he become complacent? Just whiling away the months, paying a token effort at learning spells on his own? Maybe, Raphael worried, he *deserved* this "sudden" dismissal.

As the sun crept towards the horizon, he was thankful, at least, that he had some cured meats and vegetables to have for dinner. The idea of going into town to get ingredients for a meal was a miserable one, and the thought of running into Elodie or Fleur in the process bordered on nightmarish.

Raphael felt tears well up in his eyes, and he ineffectually punched one of his pillows. Of all the villagers, why had *Elodie* taken to spellcraft? Always

sneering and smirking, practically *reveling* in his failures. And *Fleur's* only talent was parroting whatever Elodie said! It wasn't...*fair!*

Raphael pulled a pillow over his face and screamed into it.

His chest rose and fell with a few deep breaths in its wake...and then he sat up, feeling a bit better. Not *much*, considering he'd been cast from relative comfort by his own inadequacy and Elodie's infuriating competence, but...a bit.

Part of him wanted to cling to the letter of commission for as long as he could, if only so Elodie couldn't have it. A more *responsible* part of him thought it'd be best to square away that particular loose end as soon as possible. And there was always the chance that Elodie would push for some kind of ceremony if she had the time to think of something so humiliating. Raphael cringed at the notion. Handing over the symbol of his legitimacy to her in front of everyone...!

He shook his head. No, that would simply *not* be allowed to happen. Raphael sat up and moved to his desk. Raphael lit a candle, set it by the windowsill, and sighed. He'd pack up his papers and bring the letter over to Edith *immediately*. Or maybe after the sun set fully and everyone was more or less inside. Didn't want to have to explain what he was doing in the village, considering his presence in the commons was such a rare sight already.

Maybe it'd be best to do it while everyone was eating? Urgh! Raphael capped his inkwell with a grimace and set it aside. He just didn't want to *deal* with anyone at the moment, least of all nosy villagers!

Then, interrupting his fretting, there was a loud sound, wood splintering under tremendous weight. Or in the face of tremendous force. Raphael blinked and looked up from his papers. "Eh?" He looked to the window. That had been *quite* the crash. But...something was wrong about it.

He looked out towards the forest. And... He jolted, another thunderous crack ringing out. Raphael's eyes went wide. This one confirmed it: that *hadn't* been from the forest. It had been from the *village*.

Raphael's heart pounded in his chest as he pulled on his coat, slipped on his shoes, and grabbed his exorcism kit. Terrified, he sprinted from his cottage towards the village commons. "No, no, no!" He squeaked under his breath, running as fast as he could towards the cluster of houses he had been- that he *was* tasked with protecting.

After around ten seconds of running, though, Raphael found himself *quite* out of breath, and thus his running turned to a purposeful walk. Fortunate,

considering what he heard lilting from the commons a moment later. There was music on the air, singing and panflutes, each of them so soft and gentle that soon Raphael found himself smiling as he plodded forward, panic turning to dreamy delight. And soon after that-

Soon after that, Raphael remembered his *training* and plucked two pieces of whaler's wax from his exorcism kit! No, no, *no*, there was nothing *natural* about that music, especially after the cacophony that had alerted him to something wrong! Without a moment to spare, Raphael mustered the willpower to stuff his ears with wax, its magic protecting him from whatever compulsions the music carried. For the first time ever, by his estimation, Raphael was grateful for his scholarly constitution. If he'd sprinted head-on into the commons, after all, there was the chance he'd be too close to the mesmerizing music's source to resist.

Of course, the aforementioned music meant there was a *monster* in the village. Raphael's blood ran cold, and he slowed to a stop. He'd reacted on instinct, as an exorcist should. After all, when a few seconds meant the difference between falling under some insidious spell, it was important to act first and think later, lest one be prevented from thinking at all.

But now that he had the time to think, Raphael was less than keen on pursuing the matter. There had been panflutes *and* singing. That meant two monsters at least, both of which were well-versed in the magical arts. No pun intended. Add to that a monster capable of *terrifying* strength — or a sufficiently burly human ensorcelled by the first two monsters — and that was at *least* a trio of villains.

A trio of villains Raphael was going to have to deal with *alone*.

He gulped, idling nervously at the village outskirts. Raphael didn't know a *single spell* to wield against them, *whatever* they were. He wouldn't even be able to rely on *Elodie* for help. Maybe he could broker some semblance of peace? But he had nothing to bargain with! Maybe he could- He could threaten them with Saint Alwin's name? If they'd *heard* of Saint Alwin, that might work.

Raphael began to shiver. He could run. He could run back to his cottage, pretend he hadn't heard anything. He could turn his nose up at the village that had spurned him. He could be done with the whole thing!

Or he could be an exorcist for once in his life. He could at least *try* to do his job, try in the face of utter, obvious, *assured* failure.

Raphael realized he'd been holding his breath and released it. Then he slapped

himself hard against the face, braced himself, and ran towards the commons once more. Before he slowed to a walk once more, that is.

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"You really oughta be *thanking* us," came a deep, female voice. Raphael was inching his way steadily closer to the center of town, body pressed flush against wall after wall in some amateur attempt at stealth. "Oh, can you make them do that, actually? I wanna have one of them *thank* me for *only* taking their silver."

The wordless singing rippled with a giggle, and a few moments later, a villager slurred a response. "Thank you. Oh, gracious Alexis. For being so magnanimous. As to only take our silver." The first female rumbled with laughter as the villager continued. "You are truly. As kind. As you are beautiful."

"Aw, and I didn't even ask for that last bit! Daphne!"

The singing took a note of amusement for a moment, and soon after that, the panflutes stopped. Another woman started panting before speaking, her voice strained. "Hoo, I'm gonna have to pause for a mo'. We more or less just need'em to sit still right now, yah?"

"Mhm. Catch your breath, Teresa." Alexis sniffed. "Bit of a shite haul, though. This all you got?"

There was quiet for a moment, just the beauty of an enchanting song and the ominous silence of a bandit waiting for an answer.

Then, a slam. Raphael flinched in his hiding spot, not daring to look. "When I ask a *question*, I expect an *answer!*" Alexis snarled. "Yer hearing's not *that* bad!"

"It's all we got!" Raphael's eyes went wide, and he peeked around the corner. No! Sure enough, it was *Edith* cowering before the brutish bandit demanding her answer. There were times where Edith seemed to loom over the villagers for her sheer presence, but in the face of this minotaur's axe, she looked helplessly small. "All we've got here is wheat and bread! Please, we won't tell anybody about what happened-"

"Oh, we know *that* well enough." Alexis laughed, leaning against a wall. She towered above just about everyone else, a full four heads over Edith. She had a holstaur's curves — namely, the biggest breasts Raphael had ever seen in his life — with a foundation of muscle underneath. Tanned skin rippled as Alexis hefted her axe up over her shoulder. She blew a strand of long, black

hair out of her eyes before smirking down at Edith once more. "Daff's gonna make sure *none* of your boys and girls remember a thing."

"Exactly!" Teresa showed herself, a faun with short, black hair, wickedly sharp eyes, and *staggeringly* wide hips. They swayed from side to side with each step, her lower half covered with black wool. Her tail flitted from side to side as she sidled up beside Edith and placed a hand on her shoulder. "Which means we'll know *precisely* who said something if we find out any of the kingsmen are looking for us!"

"Well, hold a mo'," Alexis straightened up and looked to the distance. "What about that cottage we saw coming in? Let's not be rash, Terry. Could be someone in *there*."

"That's-" Edith squeaked, gripping her cane tighter. "That's the sickhouse. Empty right now." She shrank as Alexis looked back to her. "Just a bed and a water basin. That's all."

"Hm." Alexis looked back out — towards Raphael's house, bless Edith — and narrowed her eyes. She sniffed the air. And smirked. "Yer a *bad* liar. You know that?" Alexis leaned her axe against the wall and stood a bit taller, grinning wider as she peeked between buildings and over rooftops. "Ha! Empty, eh? There's a *candle* lit in there, *idiot!* Teresa, you keep an eye on this old *bitch*. I gotta go see what's to see in the *sickhouse*."

Teresa snickered, giving Edith a bump with her hip. "Oh, no worries at all! I'll make sure she doesn't go *anywhere* until you get back. And then we can talk about what sorta thing happens to *liars!*"

Raphael shivered. No, his body full-on *quaked* with fear as he shut his eyes and bit his lower lip. Act first. Think later. That's what an exorcist did, wasn't it? Wasn't that what Saint Alwin taught him?

"I-It's not-" He pushed himself from the wall, stumbling into the commons and trying *desperately* to look Alexis in the eyes. He managed for a second or two before his gaze trailed to her hooves. "It's not the suh-sickhouse. It's. It's." He went silent.

After a few moments, Teresa piped up, incredulous. "Are you *seri-*"

"Let him finish," Alexis rumbled, stomping towards him with a smirk. "What *is* it, *little boy?*"

If there was one victory Raphael could claim, it was that he didn't piss himself in front of her. Gods, she was so *tall*. He had to crane his neck all the way up to look at her face, and he had to take a half-step back to see past her *tits*. His

face flushed red in humiliation. "It's the *exorcist's* house." He gulped, glancing down. "*My* house."

He steeled himself as best he could and looked her right in the eyes. "My name is Raphael, Exorcist to the village of Beauchamp." He tried to furrow his brow in a display of righteous determination, but he couldn't *quite* manage it.

Alexis' grin faded for a moment before turning to a wide, toothy, *predatory* smirk. She narrowed her eyes down at Raphael. "Is that *so*." She leaned down, tapping her chin and putting her tits right on Raphael's eye level. "The old woman over there said this place didn't *have* an exorcist. You telling me she lied to us *twice*?"

Raphael looked to Edith, the pair of them looking back at each other, mutually helpless. He looked up at Alexis, already wilting once more. "Well, I-" He gulped. "I'm an exorcist. But she- Shuh-She told me to get out earlier today." Alexis tapped her chin once more, and Raphael managed a small smile and a shrug. "So. Tuh. *Technically* it's the truth?"

"Ha! Ooh, he's *clever*, ain't he?" Teresa sashayed from Edith to Raphael, looping her arms around one of his and pressing up against his side. "But why would she send such a *pretty* boy like you away?"

"Maybe she doesn't like blonds." Alexis murmured, bringing one calloused fingertip up under his chin to force Raphael to look up at her. "And he's kinda *scrawny*, too. Not quite a bull as much as he is a *calf*."

"Or a little lost lamb!"

"Ex-cuse me!" A beautiful voice called out, unmistakably marred with irritation. "Getcher hands off the fucking *ponce* and help me pack everything up!"

"Toss *off*, Daff!" Alexis roared, glaring over her shoulder. "We've got all the time in the fucking *world*! Now shut your *fucking* gob while I have a bit of fun with the *one* interesting person in this *poxy* little village!"

"Fucking put him in the sack for all I care! Here, lemme see this little *prat* that's got your cunt wet."

Raphael craned his neck to look at Daphne, only to swoon against Teresa when he set eyes on her. She was a siren, of course, gorgeously attractive in all ways but one. Of course, keeping in mind her luscious hourglass figure, the waves of honey-blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, framing her angelic features...Raphael was certain he'd be able to live with a temper as sour as hers.



Daphne stomped towards the three of them, hips rocking from side to side with each step, drawing Raphael's eyes like a magnet. She glared at him, but even her scowl looked more like an adorable pout than anything else. Hip cocked to the side, Daphne looked Raphael up and down, apparently unimpressed.

"*This* titchy little wimp's caught your eye?" She shook her head and rolled her eyes. She cupped Raphael's cheek to make him face her, and he slumped forward at her touch. Daphne seemed to like that. She laughed at it, at least, cheeks dimpling adorably with her smile. "Fuck's sake, look at him!" She gave Raphael a pat on the cheek that was just a *little* too hard to be playful. "He's got the wax in, but he's head over heels for me already! What, you a *virgin* or something, boy?"

Alexis' nostrils flared at that, and Teresa hugged his arm just a little bit tighter, too. "Are you a virgin?" Alexis mumbled, leaning in. She set her axe against the wall of a building, her full attention on Raphael. Her breathing was heavier, and Alexis reached up to the well-worn fabric covering her chest. It was already strained by the sheer size of her tits, and one stray tug threatened to send all that pillowy softness spilling out. If this was a holstaur's method of interrogation, Raphael wasn't sure if he'd mind being subjected to it.

Still, she *was* eyeing him as if he were a hunk of meat, and- Teresa started to grind her lap against Raphael's side, pressing little kisses to the nape of his neck and cooing against his skin. Goodness, they were getting- Affectionate-

Raphael gulped, thoroughly cornered by three aggressive and *curious* monsters. No, it was more than just that. Three aggressive, curious, and *breathtakingly attractive* monsters. Alexis and Daphne were still waiting for an answer in very different states of interest. Alexis was all but forcing her tits into Raphael's face, and Daphne's sneering disdain had turned to bemusement. Admittedly, Teresa hadn't so much asked any questions, but she showcased her attention *very* physically. In any case, he needed to say *something*, even if the subject matter left him red-faced and, frankly, humiliated.

With three sets of eyes focused on him, Raphael avoided each of their gazes and stared at his feet instead. He gulped. Shivered. And eventually whimpered "Yes."

Alexis started salivating, reaching a hand down to Raphael's back, forcing him against her chest. "Don't you worry, I can fix that *real* good," she rumbled, heart pounding in her chest.

"You can! Here, I'll ask him if he wants to spend his first time with a proper *lady* like myself or some rotten *slag* like you. Darling..." Daphne smiled beatifically at Raphael, guiding his eyes to hers once more. "Let *me* take care of you. I'll make sure it's the *sweetest* release you've ever had."

"Thuh..." Raphael stared into her eyes, spellbound and slumped towards her once more. "The villagers..." Subsumed by sensation, he still had to at least *try* and do his job, but...it seemed like all *four* of them were inching towards a more *important* subject. Why they were all so suddenly smitten with him, he wasn't *quite* sure, but he certainly wasn't complaining.

Because it kept them from menacing anyone else! That was the reason why. Naturally. The only reason he was stiff in his pants was because of their collective, uh. Menace.

"We weren't gonna hurt any of 'em!" Teresa brushed his worries away and pecked at his lips a second later. "They'll wake up in a few hours, same as they ever were! Everything's going to be *fiiiine*." She grabbed Raphael's wrist and planted his hand square on her own flank. "You just grab a handful of my wool and *relax*."

"No!" Alexis suddenly snapped, tugging her top down and pressing a nipple insistently at Raphael's mouth. "You're not just gonna get him that easy! Here, baby, just drink up and let *mommy* take care of you." Her hand went to the back of Raphael's head, firmly insisting that he focus on her massive teat instead of anyone or anything else.

Raphael would've protested, but a wave of warm, pleasant drowsiness washed over him as soon as his hand touched Teresa's wool. And when sweet cream began to trickle from Alexis' nipple, he gulped it down on instinct. Suddenly, his cares seemed to just...drift away. He squeezed Teresa's wool. Had another sip of Alexis' milk. And. Mm.

He couldn't be tense, not right now. Not with a soft, huggable faun snuggling up against him and a holstaur filling his belly up with delicious cream. He felt hands brush up against his ears, and as the wax popped out of them...suddenly he had a siren crooning a gentle lullaby to him. Alexis in front of him, panting as he gulped down more and more of her milk. Teresa to his right, grinding up against him and easing his clothes off so more of her wool could press to his skin. And now Daphne to his left, guiding Raphael's free hand to his crotch, encouraging him to just listen and obey, to do what felt good, to stroke, stroke, *stroke* himself to get him warmed up for her.

"Poor baby," Alexis cooed. "You need *mommy* to take care of you, don't you? Need me to milk that pretty little *cock* of yours until you're a *real* man. Come with me, and you can suck on my big, bouncy boobies as *much* as you want." She licked her lips, and her voice dipped to a rumble. "Gonna get you *hooked* on mommy's milk, make sure you're *drunk* off my cream. I'll make sure you grow up into a big, strong *bull* by making sure you *always* drink your milk before you *empty your balls for me*."

"Doesn't that sound like a lot of hard work?" Teresa giggled, trying to angle Raphael towards her. "Feel how soft I am? I'll make sure you never have to lift a *finger*. You can just sit back and enjoy yourself and have a nice, *soft* cum while you're counting sheep." She was just *inches* away from rubbing Raphael's now naked cock against her wool. "Bounce on your lap nice and gentle while you're asleep so you can wake up satisfied and refreshed! Ready to spend another day in bed with me."

"Or..." Daphne's song paused for a moment, but her voice was no less beautiful for it. "You can have the *perfect* lover. Some men cum *just* hearing me sing." Her lips went to the shell of his ear, her breath hot against his skin. "Now imagine me giving you a *private* performance of that song. As I *bounce* on your lap and get you *addicted* to my pretty, pink *cunt*." She kissed his ear. "And when I'm not fucking you? I'll be making you cum hands-free with my siren's song. You can't resist me. Why even try?"

Raphael's eyes had fallen shut by this point, the previous pillaging entirely forgotten as he weighed his options. Well, he wasn't quite deliberating as much as he was being tugged in three directions. The decision wasn't up to him, it was up to the three beauties that had him entranced in three different delicious ways. His cock had never been harder than it was right now, but somehow the arousal wasn't urgent. He could just bask in the pleasure, knowing instinctively that his eventual climax would be absolutely *explosive*. Right now, though, he was content to just bask in their warring attentions.

As the three beauties peppered him with promises, Raphael barely noticed how they guided him away, step by tiny step out of the night air and into a house. No, he was far too preoccupied letting Alexis' milk soothe him from the inside out, leaving him pleasantly drowsy with a fully tummy. Which, of course, only made Teresa's body more enticing, a soft, living blanket that he could just snuggle up against...with the knowledge that as soon as he dozed off, she'd mount his cock and *pamper* him with sex until he emptied his seed into her. And with Daphne's song blotting every thought but *sex* from his mind, Raphael was happy to let himself be manipulated into bed, leaned back and vulnerable on its sheets.

As soon as he laid back, though, the three monsters pulled away, their attentions on each other as they fought for their newfound prize.

"I get first crack at him," Alexis asserted. "I'm the boss."

"You'd break the bed!" Teresa whined. "I'll fuck him to sleep, then one of you can have him. Poor thing's almost asleep already! He *needs* a good nap."

"What he *needs* is more of my milk. Listen, you know how this goes. First cumshot's going to be with my teat in his mouth, then you can *try* to get him off." Alexis smirked. "Not that it'll matter, considering he'll be hooked on *my* body." She seemed to shrug, feigning guilt...poorly. "Sorry, girls! Not my fault I'm a holstaur!"

"You saw how he *melted* for me," Daphne sneered. "I could steal him from *either* of you in a *second*. Lemme claim his virginity and maybe I'll let you two suck off my new *toy* when I get bored."

"Fuck off!"

"Oh, so you think I won't do it?!"

"You think I'll *let* you?"

"So fucking help me-"

In the midst of their squabbling, Raphael just laid back and dozed, his cock still jutting up into the air...and beginning to drool thick pearls of pre. The three thieves seemed to sense his now palpable arousal instantly, their argument dying mid-breath.

Then, Daphne began to sing, a soft, seductive tune that made Raphael gasp and begin to squirm...and reach for his cock, pumping it clumsily. Teresa gasped and pranced towards him, slapping his hand away and hopping onto the bed with carnal urgency. She mounted Raphael in seconds, woolly legs pressed on either side of his thighs. Alexis would've shoved her off, but the brutish holstaur was more occupied trying to force a nipple into Raphael's mouth once more, fumbling and cursing before she felt his lips latch onto her teat and start to suckle.

Warm, soft, sensuous, it was absolute *bliss* for Raphael, his body little more than a toy for these *intoxicating* women. And with Daphne's song crooning sweet promises of addiction, obedience, and *pleasure*, all he could do was mindlessly indulge. He had to give them what they wanted. Always give them what they wanted.

So Raphael gulped down mouthfuls of cream and let Alexis' milk soften his mind. Soon enough, she'd mold him into the *perfect* bull, even if he'd be more

like a helpless calf milked for his seed. Still, he didn't exactly mind being taken by a larger woman, hefted up like a toy and *conquered* by a woman as domineering as her-

Of course, Daphne seemed to be aiming for a more seductive conquest, utter, outright addiction and infatuation. Her siren's song filled Raphael's mind and left him utterly mesmerized, an empty-headed idiot ready to pump his cock for his goddess. Had to obey Daphne. Loved Daphne, *needed* Daphne. Behind shut eyelids, her hips swayed, her body slithered, a *private performance* designed to leave him hypnotized and enthralled-

But despite the other two sculpting his mind as best they could, it was still *Teresa* in his lap, feather-light, just as she'd implied. She was so soft, she made Raphael so deliciously drowsy...but her *cunt* was still *wringing* his cock dry. Every soft little bounce on his dick was accompanied by a coo of delight, a little whispered word of encouragement...or a command to *sleep*.

It was all so overwhelming, too much to bear, too wonderful to resist, and — to Raphael, at least — so pleurably *new*. Sensation gradually faded except for the three most important things in his life at that moment. He nuzzled up against that warm, pillowy teat, he let that wonderful, soothing song sweep his thoughts away, and he *savored* the cunt all but *suckling* his cock, hot and wet, clenching around him with its steady, encouraging rhythm.

The thing that eventually interrupted his reverie was actually Raphael's orgasm. There was a sudden rush of pleasure, a toe-curling peak that sent Raphael's eyelids fluttering and his eyes crossing with ecstasy. His hips bucked up, and he pumped spurt after splurt of hot, thick load of seed into Teresa's slit. Balls clenching, he *emptied* himself into her, mind going utterly blank before he sagged back into the mattress.

Afterglow set in a few moments later, and his eyelids sank back down soon after that.

But even moments from sleep, Raphael still heard Teresa giggle as she kept up her delicate pace. "Hmhm! Mmf, not a virgin anymore, is he? Gimme a mo', I'll be off him, and..." Her words trailed off into a contented sigh. "Mmmm. Mmmm. Alrigh', maybe juss. One more ride. Thass. *Sho* good-"

There was a long, wet *schluck* as Raphael slipped out of Teresa's sex, followed by a loud *THUD* as Teresa fell off the bed onto the floor, giggling dreamily all the while.

Raphael didn't think much of it, drifting away to dreams.

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"You have the fucking *nerve*," Alexis growled, "to act like you've got a single *fucking* say in this?" She glared down at Edith, arms crossed and nostrils flared. Even seated, she was still big enough to reach across the table and pick Edith up with one hand.

Edith, however, didn't seem to care. "I'm more *feckin'* surprised you think *you* do!" Edith glared right back, knuckles white as she gripped her cane. "We gotta field you can *graze* in if you need a reminder where your place is!"

Alexis snarled, cheeks flushed furious red. She balled up a fist, twitching, and *slammed* it down!

"Alexis, *please!*"! Raphael rose from his seat, palms pressed to the table. "Edith is the Grandmarm; this affects her more than *anyone!*" Alexis pursed her lips, fist uncurling. "And Edith." Raphael leaned towards her, voice dropping to a whisper. "Any *frustration* is all ultimately going to be taken out on *me*, so..." He clasped his hands together and smiled. "If we could all get along? For my sake?"

Alexis drummed her fingers on her forearm, arms crossed once more. Edith looked up at her, at Teresa and Daphne, and finally back to Raphael with a smirk. "I can give it a try." She turned her attention once more to Alexis in a wicked glare. "But let's not forget how they treated me."

Alexis huffed.

"I don't intend to! Which is why this deal is being *brokered*, I should think!" He sat back down, smiling wide. "And I would say that *all* parties involved have a great deal to gain from this! To wit, Beauchamp's liable to be the most fortified village for miles with *these* three defending it! And!" He turned to the three monsters. "The promise of steady, *legal* occupation must be a nice change of pace from petty banditry!"

Alexis rolled her eyes. Teresa slumped against the table, sighing. Daphne turned and spat on the floor.

Raphael wilted. His cheeks touched with heat, and he sank back into his seat. "And. You know." He sighed and mumbled. "The pleasure of my company, I suppose."

Teresa perked up at that. "Whenever we want, yeah?" She beamed at Raphael, tail wagging excitedly.

"Whenever I'm *ready and willing!*"

Teresa slumped back down, grumbling.

"Still feels like you're getting all the fucking *benefits*," Alexis huffed, eyes cast downwards.

"It's because they *are*," Daphne sneered, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "I still say we just pinch him and leave this pile of shite to the old bitch."

Edith snorted. "What, so he can run right back when you three are drunk off your gourds from his seed?"

Raphael buried his face in his hands, if only to hide how red it was.

"You three were giggling like *idiots* when Raff came back outside. If we *wanted*, we coulda done a lot worse than just *tie you up*." Edith snickered. "But, you know, if you don't think Raphael's cum is *worth* it-"

"Shut the fuck *up*, Daphne!" Teresa slapped her palms to the table, glaring daggers at the siren. "You wanna fuck this up for *all* of us?!"

Daphne frowned, glanced at Raphael, and grumbled. If she had something she wanted to say, she kept it to herself.

She hadn't said a word prior, too terrified of the three monsters to speak up, but it seemed frustration finally overtook fear. Elodie sighed loudly and looked at Edith. "It's just-" She threw her hands in the air. "It's just some little wimp's *semen*! It can't be *that* good! He's so *scrawny*! And am I going to get a new *bed* out of this?!" She crossed her arms, glaring at Alexis...only to wilt when the holstaur met her gaze. "I mean, uh." Elodie gulped. "You, ah. It. It *did* break."

Alexis held her attention on Elodie for a few moments before looking away and speaking. "I'm not saying it's not *worth* it-"

"So worth it," Teresa swooned against the table. "Izzat how the guys we normally fuck feel, y'think?"

Daphne's lips curled into a smile, and she sighed dreamily. "Probably. Fuck's *sake*, I'd do *anything* for another shot."

"But it's not gonna run out, right?" Alexis leaned in, nostrils flaring. "It's not gonna *stop*, is it? If it turns *normal*, we're gonna-"

"It's-" Raphael stammered, wishing so desperately he didn't have to explain this. "It's likely a result of magic potential. In other words, it's an intrinsic part of me. It's unlikely that my." He paused for a moment. "My, ah. My *ejaculate* is going to lose any magical properties in the immediate future."

"So Alwin wasn't wrong, eh?" Edith smirked at Raphael. "Prolly never thought you'd use it like *this*, but if it does the job! Anyway-"

"Anyway," Raphael agreed, pouncing on a chance to talk about *anything* else, "now that we've all more or less calmed down..."

Raphael looked at Edith, at Elodie, at the first three monsters he'd defeated single-handedly...after a fashion. Then he smiled and sat up a bit straighter.

"Shall we proceed?"