

The
Five Forms
of Kimber



by the Perv Otaku

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CHAPTER 1: FIRE STONE

The figure of a female rose from behind the sand dune. The fine face, slender arms, small but shapely breasts, and the slim, uncovered belly showed that this was a beautiful woman. As she crested over the top of the dune, however, the truth revealed itself. Rather than legs, a long, brown scaled serpent's tail appeared below her waist, with a regular pattern of darker brown spots along the length. Her smallish breasts were covered by a matching snakeskin bandeau. Behind her head flared a cobra-like hood, though some short brunette hair covered her head on the front and sides. Her green eyes had vertically slit irises, and when she opened her mouth it revealed that her upper canine teeth were long, sharp fangs, and her tongue, though normal size, was forked at the tip.

This creature was a naga, or some would call her a lamia, still others would say neither name applied. A dagger in a leather sheath was strapped to her left arm and she carried a knapsack on her back. A round golden medallion hung from her neck, resting high on her chest, between her collarbones. She consulted a map and a compass, and nodded to herself as she slithered down the dune towards the cliff face. As she got closer, she said to herself, "There you are. I've found it at last." Though crumbling from age and worn by many sandstorms, her trained eyes could still discern the once majestic carvings that designated this spot as a crypt of a great king, lost in the desert for ages and thought by many to be only a myth. Though

the mountain was one of the few landmarks in the vast expanse of sand, without knowing where to look or what to look for, a great number of travelers had probably gone right past the tomb, unaware of the riches that legend said lay inside.

She searched the rock face for a way inside, the opening secondary to the sealed main doorway, which was a common feature to the architectural designs of the era that built this tomb. It took some climbing up a nearly unrecognizable statue, but she finally located it. The tunnel was low and narrow, an adult human male would have probably become stuck had he attempted passage this way. The snake girl removed her knapsack and pushed it in front of her, lowering her nearly human upper half to the level of her reptilian body, and slithered through. It was still a close fit, but she made it through without incident.

She emerged from the tunnel into total darkness, and lit a torch that she retrieved from her knapsack. As her eyes adjusted to the dim light, she saw two great beasts before her. Her hand went to her dagger, but the creatures did not move. She slowly moved closer and found that they were merely stone statues. One was a griffin, the body of a lion with the head, wings, and front legs of a bird of prey. The other was a manticore, again the body of a lion, but the tail of a scorpion and face with a flattened snout that gave it a more human appearance. She moved past the statues and used her torch to light some braziers that were fortunately still loaded with burnable fuel.

Once there was enough light to see properly by, she

was amazed by her surroundings, unseen for untold ages until now. The sarcophagus lay in the center of the large room, the walls were covered in carvings and painted figures, and all around were a variety of treasures. Some were precious metals and jewels outright, others were valuable only for their cultural significance. She removed rolls of cloth from her knapsack and started wrapping the pieces in them for safe transport.

As she gathered the relics into her knapsack, she heard faint growling. She stopped, and turned towards it, drawing her dagger. The growls grew louder, and then was joined by a screech. "Oh, shit," she muttered as she saw that the beastly statues now looked much less like stone and more like living fur. The griffin and mantichore turned towards her slowly and then suddenly sprang into action, the griffin launching into the air for a diving attack and the mantichore rushing towards her and lashing forwards with its poison tail. The snake girl moved quickly, narrowly avoiding death. "So this is the protection curse. Well, I have a nasty bite too," she said with determination.

The mantichore pounced again, its sharp teeth and claws formidable in their own right but nothing compared to the sting of its scorpion barb. She dove to the side as the tail struck, then with a swift bend of her snake tail, reversed her direction and launched herself at the beast. She landed on its back as its tail came up. The beast thrashed, trying to throw her off, but she plunged her dagger deep into its shoulder and hung on to it. As the beast roared in pain, she sank her

fangs into its neck, injecting deadly venom.

Just then, she felt the talons of the griffin close around her tail. "Shit!" she shouted as she lost her grip on the manticore and was carried up into the air. The griffin did not in fact have much room to fly, but as it approached the walls it twisted its body around and kicked off of them in the other direction. The momentum caused the snake girl to slam into the wall painfully, before pulling her back away. "Oww! Gods dammit!" she shouted.

She desperately grabbed for a tall stone obelisk as she flew past it. Luckily, she managed to get her arms around it securely, and this time it was the griffin that was betrayed by its momentum as the snake tail pulled tight, sending it crashing straight into the sarcophagus. She let go and dove after it. As the beast rolled to its feet, the snake tail pulled tight around it, pinning its wings to its body. It struggled to escape as the fangs rapidly descended, but to no avail.

The snake girl caught her breath as the griffin and manticore breathed the last of theirs, and then turned to stone once more. "Oh, fuck," she said as she tried unsuccessfully to pull free of the statue corpse that her tail was ensnared in. "Stupid tail. Fine. Fuck it." She pressed her fingers against the snake figure on her medallion. Her body started to glow softly, and the tail faded away, leaving behind two normal human legs clad in loose black trousers and light boots. Her other snake features were also replaced by hazel eyes and wavy, dirty blonde hair that fell several inches past her shoulders. Her breasts were larger now, but

the sleeveless white tunic showed only a little cleavage, with the medallion hanging above it.

Kimber stood up on the griffin and jumped down to the floor. "Pain in the ass monsters," she grumbled, retrieved her dagger from the mantichore's back, and returned to packing up as much as she could carry back across the desert. The snake form was quite well suited to the arid environment, and she would have to return to it once she got back outside. At least from in here she would be able to release the proper door and simply walk out.

She stopped at the sarcophagus. The impact of the griffin had knocked the lid off onto the floor. Inside lay the decayed corpse of the ancient ruler, wrapped in bandages. It had a red stone clutched in its hands. Not a red gemstone like a ruby, just an ordinary oval-shaped rock, roughly five inches long and three inches wide, that looked like it could merely have been pulled from a river bed and dipped in red paint. A strange symbol that Kimber didn't recognize was marked on its face. "Well, you must be important," Kimber said as she plucked it out of the mummy's loose grip. She noticed something etched on the inside of the lid as well, a list of four locations, one being the very crypt she was inside, the other three were similarly ancient sites, scattered around the known world. She filed the information away in her mind for further consideration at a later time.

"These are amazing! I have not seen the like in many years!" exclaimed the fat, balding man whose

name Kimber had already forgotten. She had journeyed back to the desert country's major city, and was showing her discoveries to the local merchant who dealt in such things. They were sitting in the back corner of a seedy tavern filled with thieves and scoundrels, the perfect place for a tomb robber to deal in illicit wares. "I must have all of it. I know the perfect buyers for several of these already. Oh, all except that stone. I do not know why such a thing would be protected along with riches like these, but it is of no value."

"Very well, I could use a memento of the desert anyway," Kimber said. She named a price for the collection.

"Oh, no, no, I could not pay you that. I have mouths to feed, you know. Are you trying to starve my wife and children?" the merchant said, before making his counteroffer. With the boundaries set, the haggling continued as it always does, until a final sum was agreed upon and exchanged. The merchant gathered up his new prizes and said, "Such a pleasure doing business with you, my fine beautiful lady. Be sure to come to me with any other treasures you find. Oh, come to think of it, about that stone. I do seem to recall another northerner like yourself asking around about a simple stone with a strange symbol on it. Such a pedestrian thing to be hunting for, it nearly slipped my mind. I will make some inquiries, see if he is still in the area. Perhaps you have completed his search for him, yes?" He laughed as we walked away.

Kimber smiled, not at the merchant but at the large

amount of money now in her possession. It was time to celebrate, and that meant getting drunk and getting laid. She looked around the tavern at the possibilities and spotted a scruffy but handsome young man looking her way. "Oh yes, you'll do quite nicely," she said to herself with a broad smile. He smiled back and she motioned with her fingers for him to come over.

They tumbled up the stairs of the small inn, already kissing and groping each other, unable to wait. Kimber hadn't even asked his name, but he'd been more than happy to share a bottle of wine and a bed with her. She fumbled the key in the lock and barely got the door open as he pulled her tunic open and took hold of her breasts, rubbing and squeezing them gently. She pulled him inside, shut and locked the door, and immediately pulled his pants down, revealing his quite sizeable manhood. She had chosen well.

The room was small and dirty, with a single window that looked down onto the street. The bed looked on the verge of collapse. Perhaps they would be able to finish the job. Kimber pushed him down onto it, dropped her knapsack and tunic on the floor, and then laid down next to him but facing the other direction. Her mouth went straight for his cock and she stuffed as much of it as she could into her mouth. Her new lover moaned in appreciation and helped free her from her own pants so she could return the favor. She groaned into his hard rod as his tongue moved across her pussy lips and teased her clit.

Kimber fucked his cock with her mouth, swirling her tongue around the sensitive head, while he licked and sucked on her pleasure spot. The pair of muffled moans was interrupted as he screamed into her pussy and pumped his warm jism into her mouth. The taste of the salty spunk send her over the edge as well, and she shook and came, her juices getting eagerly licked up by the man beneath her. She sat up and swallowed the load, then pulled him up to her and kissed him to taste herself as well.

Her hand went to his shrinking cock and starting stroking it back to life, and she pushed his face towards her breasts, which he was only too happy to lick and suck, pulling her nipples into his mouth and gently biting them. "By the Gods yes, don't stop," she demanded before moaning again. Once his tool had regained full size, she laid down on her back and pulled her legs up. "I need you inside me. Fuck me hard!" He didn't need any further encouragement, he pushed his entire length into her damp, waiting pussy and began pounding. The bed creaked as she yelled, "Oh fuck yeeeeeess! Give it to me! Oh just like that, aaaahhhhhh!"

She clutched the bed linens as her orgasm built inside her. She felt it getting ready to burst. Instead, it was the door that burst in. The glorious cock pulled out of her pussy as its owner stood up and advanced on the newcomer standing in the shattered doorway. "What the fuck? Go away, asshole!" he shouted. The intruder walked inside and nonchalantly put his hand up and spoke a short incantation in an unfamiliar

language. One of his rings glowed, and the glow turned into a white blast of light that shot out from his hand and launched the other man out the window.

Kimber gasped and jumped to the window to look out. Her now former one night fling was unconscious, though a barrel of fruit had somewhat broken his fall. She turned towards the stranger, furious and looking about as imposing as a beautiful naked woman could. Her hand went to her dagger, ready to draw it from its sheath. He remained stone faced, however. He was a northerner, dressed in fancy clothing. Probably a noble of some sort. He had stern eyes, with dark hair and a full beard. "You are the woman in possession of the fire stone?" he asked.

"Word travels quickly, it seems," Kimber said. "If you mean the red rock from the tomb, yes, I have it." The nobleman removed a small bag from his belt and tossed it onto the bed. Kimber dumped its contents out. Gold coins. A lot of them. Worth many times what she had gotten for the entire rest of the haul. She nodded and retrieved the stone from her knapsack, then tossed it to the nobleman.

He inspected it, and said, "Finally. Now I can leave this Gods forsaken desert and return home." His business concluded, he turned to leave.

"I don't suppose you're interested in the other three stones?" Kimber ventured. It was a guess, but an accurate one. He turned back to face her.

"You know their locations? Tell me," he said.

"That won't do you any good. The list of locations I found alongside that are all virtually unknown ruins.

You've been searching for just that one rock for how long? And yet I just stumbled across it my first week here. You'd never find them, but I can get them for you." The nobleman stared at her, assessing the likelihood that she was both serious and capable of this. A nod of his head indicated that he was willing to entertain the notion. "Triple this amount for each stone," Kimber said.

"Double," the man countered.

"Double and a half," Kimber responded.

"Done. I am Duke Harold of the Verdant Lowlands. Are you familiar with that area?" Kimber nodded. "Good. Retrieve the stones, bring them to my castle, and you shall have your bounty."

"Agreed. Now get the fuck out of my room," Kimber snarled. The Duke snorted, turned, and left. Kimber flopped down on the bed. Dammit, now she wasn't even in the mood to masturbate herself back to that orgasm she'd nearly had.

Once she reached the northern boundary of the desert and the terrain started converting to grasslands, she switched from her serpent form into a centaur. As this creature, her human top half was affixed to a horse's body where its neck would be. Her fur coat was a uniform dark brown, with a black tail. Her matching black hair was long enough to flow all the way down her human back, resembling a mane. Her leather top reached all the way up to her neck (from which hung the medallion, as always), extended out into simple shoulder guards, held tightly around her

very small breasts, and extended down to just above her navel. She was glad for the much reduced breast size, even smaller than the naga's, as galloping with breasts of her normal size would have them bouncing uncontrollably. Brown eyes were set in her otherwise unchanged face, fortunately no horse characteristics carried over to there.

It was a long distance to cover, and she was glad to come upon a farm, as her supplies were beginning to run low. A wooden split-rail fence, which she jumped over easily, enclosed a small apple orchard. A majestic tan colored stallion with white facial markings also milled about inside. "Well hello there, aren't you a fine looking gentleman," Kimber said to it as she trotted over. "Is your master around? I'm sure he won't mind if I take a few apples, don't you think?" The stallion snorted and whinnied.

Kimber continued on to one of the trees, plucked an apple free, and took a big bite. It was delicious. She took another bite, juice running down her chin. Suddenly the stallion was there behind her, jumping up on her backside. Kimber yelped with surprise and dropped her apple. "Whoa, what are you doing back there, boy? Get off of me," she ordered. Then she felt something poking around under her tail. She panicked as she realized it was his penis. "Whoa, whoa, down boy! Bad horsey! Bad!" she shouted, then gasped as it struck home, entering her equine vagina. "Oh shit! Get out of there! Aaaahhhh!" She braced herself against the tree trunk with her arms as the stallion started pounding with incredible strength and vigor.

"Fuck! Gods dammit! Fucking horse!" she yelled as the horse cock rammed into her. She panted and whined as she continued to be the recipient of the forced mating. She was surprised to hear her cries of distress slowly turn to moans of pleasure. "Oh no, no no no, not like this, I can't, I, oooooohhhhhhhhh." She realized her horse pussy was just reacting naturally to the very thing that was supposed to be inside it, but that was of little comfort. As the intensity built though, she couldn't contain herself anymore. "Shit, shit, ooooooo, yes, fuck me you fucking horse, yeeeessss! By the Gods! Fuuuuuck!" She screamed as she came, her hands gripping the apple tree tightly. The stallion whinnied loudly and she felt its seed spray into her. Satisfied at last, it dismounted.

Kimber leaned against the tree, catching her breath and moaning. She looked back at the stallion. "Well that was certainly... something," she said. She reached up and picked another apple, and held it out to the stallion. It happily ate it while she patted its neck. "Good boy. You'll make some mare very happy someday, I'm sure. It's just not going to be me, okay?" The stallion neighed. Kimber sighed and shook her head, then collected several apples into her knapsack and continued on her way.

CHAPTER 2: EARTH STONE

Kimber crept quietly through the nighttime forest, looking for a decent clearing to start a fire in order to cook the rabbit she'd caught and killed earlier. Instead, she noticed the glow of an existing fire up ahead of her. She approached with caution, but found that it was tended to by a lone figure, a young man wearing light armor. His pack of gear and provisions, including a bow and quiver of arrows, rested on the ground near him. She touched the medallion and transformed back to her human shape, then stepped out of the darkness into the clearing. The man stood, drew his sword, and said, "Ho there! Identify yourself."

"Just a lone traveler, like yourself. If you are willing to share your fire, I am willing to share this rabbit," Kimber replied, holding it up for the man to see.

"Such an offer I cannot refuse. Please, come join me, my lady," the man said, gesturing toward the fire. They erected a spit, prepared the rabbit, and set it to cooking. "If I may ask, what is your name and what brings you to these parts?" he asked.

"You may indeed," she replied. "My name is Kimber, and I seek the ruins of an ancient temple to a forgotten goddess that is said to be located in this forest."

"I am Jonath, and you have nearly found it. The place of which you speak is but another hour's travel in that direction," he said, pointing. "It has been taken

over as of late by a tribe of ogres that infests these woods. I have journeyed here to exterminate them. I managed to locate their stronghold and I've been scouting the site for several days now. I dare not take on so many all at once, though I have felled a few that have strayed from the group."

"An ogre hunter, are you. I would not have guessed it from the look of you. Is the bounty on them high in these parts?" Kimber asked. Ogres were repugnant creatures, most rulers actively encouraged killing them on sight and/or driving them as far away as possible from areas settled by humans.

"Not especially," Jonath said. "Mine is a personal vendetta. Ogres raped and murdered my family, and I have vowed to spend my life putting them to the sword."

"That's horrible!" Kimber said. Now, the thing about ogres is that their cocks are covered in hard, boney ridges that make getting fucked by them extremely painful. Even female ogres find it unpleasant, so rape is the sole means of perpetuating the species. When just wanting to get their rocks off rather than procreate though, most ogres prefer to rape human women, as they are much weaker prey. Female ogres even rape human men, as it is the only way for them to have sex they can actually enjoy. The men do not take any pleasure in it however, as ogres of both genders are quite ugly and smell horrible.

"I was but a farm boy, with two sisters. My father sent me to learn basic archery skills from a master teacher, and I took to it well, but upon my return I

found the farm ransacked, the house and barn burned to the ground. Only my younger sister yet survived the brutal treatment, and she followed my parents and older sister to the afterlife mere days later. I returned to the archery teacher and begged him to take me on as a long-term student. He later introduced me to his friend, a master of the sword, who similarly agreed to teach me his talents."

"No one should suffer that as a boy. At least you were able to channel your energies into something positive," Kimber said.

"Aye, and I hope that in part through my efforts, no child need suffer so again," said Jonath. "So your vocation lies in the exploration of old ruins?"

"Indeed yes, I have studied much of long-dead cultures and uncover the things they have left behind so that we may continue to learn of them, and enjoy their craftsmanship," Kimber explained.

"That's a curious medallion you have there. One of your discoveries?" Jonath took a closer look in the flickering light of the fire. The golden disc hung from a gold chain that itself hung from either side of another chain that closely encircled her neck. A circle was engraved in the center of it, and the outer ring was divided into five segments by radial lines. Each segment bore the visage of a creature. The upper segment depicted the outline of a bird in flight with its wings outstretched. To the left of the bird was a silhouette of a horse's head in profile, and to its right, that of a cat's head straight on. On the lower left was the shape of a fish, and the lower right showed the

winding shape of a snake.

"It is, though I have been unable to determine where it originally came from, what lost civilization created it," Kimber said.

"So then, I propose we both enjoy your rabbit, get a good night's sleep, and I shall guide you to the temple ruins in the morning. You shall have to settle for looking at it from afar, though," Jonath said.

"As you say," Kimber replied. "I don't want to tangle with ogres of that number."

As soon as Jonath was asleep, Kimber quietly walked off into the woods. Once she was out of sight of Jonath's fire, she touched the shape of the cat head on her medallion. Her body glowed as she transformed to her cat shape. Her straight black hair fell just past her shoulder, with a cat's ears atop her head. Her eyes were yellow with vertically slit irises. She had fangs, but smaller ones than as a snake. Black fur covered her arms nearly to her shoulders, and her legs to halfway up her thighs. Her furred fingers and toes bore retractable claws and soft, pink paw pads. A matching black fur cropped top, supported from her right shoulder, covered her breasts, which were now a little larger than they were normally, though a generous amount of cleavage was visible. A black leather belt held up the black fur breechcloth, which split into two in the back just above her ass to allow space for her tail. Her dagger and knapsack remained, as always. This was the best form for night travel, as a cat she had the keen senses

of a nocturnal predator, as well as excellent physical agility and reflexes, and the ability to move quickly yet quietly.

Even though she'd shared the rabbit that this cat form had so easily caught, it had been a sufficient meal, and she made good time to the temple. It was in decent shape, considering the age and the forest growth that assaulted it. The outside was nearly overgrown with vines, the roof collapsed in a few places, but all four walls yet stood, which was more than she could say about some other ancient temples she'd been to. Thin wisps of smoke rose through one of the gaps in the roof. She could smell the ogres and the remains of their fire. She looked in through the wide doorway. The temple was a single room, with a stone floor, an altar at the far end, and statues in various conditions positioned periodically along the walls. There were dozens of ogres, but all were asleep, mostly in the middle where they had constructed their fire pit.

She snuck inside quietly and made her way through the shadows along the side wall to the altar. Being the location of highest significance in the building, it was the logical place to begin the search for an item of apparently great significance such as the earth stone. The altar was a large slab of stone supported by two small boulders, forming a wide workspace at table height for whatever rituals or sacrifices that once took place in here. Kimber looked underneath the slab, and started clearing away cobwebs, moss, and various bits of rubbish that the ogres had clearly thrown there.

One of the stone floor tiles looked a little out of place. The type of stone didn't match the others, it was slightly too small for the space it was in, and the mortar around it looked soft.

Kimber pulled her dagger from its sheath and used it to dig around the perimeter of the tile, and then to pry it up. She pulled the tile free and set it aside. Etched into the underside was the same list she had seen on the lid of the sarcophagus. Her instincts had been spot on. She reached into the hole where the tile had sat and sure enough pulled out a rock that looked very similar to the fire stone, but brown in color and bearing a different symbol. She stashed it safely away in her knapsack and started back towards the door along the same path she'd used coming in.

About halfway to the door, her fortune changed. One of the ogres stirred. Kimber leapt atop the nearest statue. Its head and part of a shoulder was missing, and she perched there on all fours, with her hands between her feet, clutching the stone figure's neck and trying to breathe very, very quietly. The ogre yawned, stood, and shuffled across the floor directly towards her. He stopped in front of the statue she had desperately and perhaps futilely used as cover, and then pulled out his cock and proceeded to urinate on it. The sound, and worse, the smell, of fresh ogre piss assaulted Kimber's senses, but she sat as still as the stone figure beneath her. The ogre gave a satisfied sigh as his stream of pee reached its conclusion, and then for the first time he lifted his gaze from the floor and looked straight at Kimber.

His face changed to an expression that combined puzzlement with the fact that he was still half asleep. He gazed at Kimber for several moments, then reached his hand up slowly and poked her with a finger. Kimber instantly sprang from her perch, leaping over the ogre's head, and ran straight for the door. The ogre shouted, "Hey! Stop her!" Kimber was confident she could make it to the door. She was fast, and the ogres had to wake up before they could catch her. The stone arch of the entrance loomed, the forest outside beckoned, and suddenly she was tumbling sideways across the floor.

She tried to shake off the hit, to get up and run again. She heard an ogre command, "Bring her to me." A gruff hand clamped around one of her ankles and started dragging her towards the middle of the temple floor. Her tail fluffed up in fear and she clawed at the stone tiles with her hands, but to no avail. The ogre that was pulling her yanked her leg and threw her the rest of the way to his leader's feet. The ogre chief wrapped his hand around her neck and lifted her up to inspect her. "Well, what have we here? You're an unusual looking creature. But definitely a woman of some kind," he said, groping her breasts roughly with his free hand. A cruel grin spread across his face as he forced his hand between her legs. After ascertaining the nature of the breechcloth that separated him from Kimber's pussy, he drew a large knife from his belt, slid it under the breechcloth between her legs, and slashed downwards, cutting it in two and exposing her fuck hole.

"No!" she cried about as well as one can while being held in the air by the neck. She reached under his arm and pulled her dagger, but the chief punched her in the stomach and her fingers opened from the shock, the dagger clattering to the floor. The ogre chief loosened his clothing to expose his hard cock, then transferred Kimber to his other hand, holding her neck from behind. He forced her face to the floor, on her knees with her ass up. He pulled her arms behind her back and held them there with one hand while his other got a grip on her hair and pulled on it, yanking her head back painfully. She knew that begging the ogres for mercy was futile, so she directed her fearful pleas elsewhere. "No, no, please oh Gods, help me!"

"Sorry, they aren't here," the ogre chief mocked as he forced his large, boney cock all the way into her pussy in one thrust. Kimber shrieked in pain. The chief began fucking her with fast jabs of his cock deep inside her. The violation aspect was bad, but the agony of the ogre cock was much, much worse. It felt like tumbling down a rocky cliff, but coming from the inside. The ogre grunted while thrusting. Kimber screamed and sobbed, tears running down her face. The protrusions on the ogre's member weren't actually sharp, but they felt like knives as they scraped back and forth along the walls of her cunt and stabbed over and over against her cervix.

After a few minutes that seemed like much longer to Kimber, the ogre moaned loudly and trembled as his noxious load of cum sprayed into her abused vagina. Kimber screamed and her body shook in response to

the excruciating pain as the ogre spunk stung her non-ogre insides. The chief ceased his fucking motions, and with his cock still inside her announced, "Who's next?"

"Noooooooooooo!" Kimber moaned. She had barely survived one. Getting gang raped by every male ogre present would be worse than death, though death would surely follow as well. Suddenly, the ogre chief screamed out in pain, falling backwards and releasing Kimber's wrists and hair. She looked back over her shoulder to see an arrow was lodged in his eye.

"Miss Kimber!" a voice shouted from the temple entrance. She recognized that voice.

"Jonath!" she called out.

"Miss Kimber?" Jonath repeated, this time less certain, as he saw that she didn't look quite the same as the woman he'd met earlier that night. He stood at the doorway, bow still raised.

"Kill him!" the ogre chief bellowed. Jonath reached for his quiver and loosed more arrows into the crowd of ogres. Kimber tucked her head down and rolled forward, grabbing her dagger off the floor along the way. When she was back on her feet she sprang into the air, directly into the face of another ogre. She hissed and stabbed him in the neck, then leaped off of him into a aerial backflip. She landed feet first on another ogre's face, knocking him to the floor on his back. He stabbed him in the gut, then sheathed her dagger and made a dash for the door. This time, due to the general confusion and thanks in no small part to Jonath's barrage of arrows, she made it out safely.

As she ran past Jonath, not slowing down in the least, she spoke a single word, "Run!" She trusted that he was smart enough to do so. She didn't look back. Jonath already had an arrow notched on his bowstring, so he fired it off into the ogre-filled temple, turned, and ran as fast as he could. He caught a last glimpse of Kimber as she vanished into the woods. He took off in a different direction so the ogres would have to split up to follow.

When Jonath reached his campfire once more, he found Kimber already there, laying on her side with her knees pulled up to her chest. Despite the warmth of the fire she was trembling, her tail twitching nervously. Jonath sat down on the opposite side of the fire without saying a word. Kimber didn't look up at him, but after several long moments, she quietly said, "Thank you for saving me."

"When I awoke and found you gone, I feared you had gone to the temple alone, against my advice," he replied.

"I needed to retrieve an artifact from inside. Night was the best time to do it. I didn't want to involve you. It was a simple in and out job, I very nearly pulled it off without anything..." her voice trailed off as she couldn't finish her sentence.

"And did you find it, your artifact?" Jonath asked.

"I did," she said.

"Was it worth it?" he said.

"I'm going to get so much gold from this simple, stupid rock, but maybe... maybe it wasn't. It certainly

wouldn't have been had I not come across you."

"You are welcome. I was honor-bound by my vow to come to your aid. But please do not ever do that again." A long silence fell between them as neither wanted to continue talking about the vicious experience Kimber had just gone through. Jonath's curiosity eventually got the better of him though, and he said, "How is it that you... that is, those ears of yours..."

"Oh, did I forget to change back again?" Kimber said. "It's this medallion. It's magic, it allows me to change my body into a few different forms."

"But magic doesn't exist," Jonath protested.

"No, it does. It very much does," Kimber said. "It's becoming a lost art though. Fewer and fewer people study it these days. I'm not surprised you haven't encountered it before."

"You said it was but a trinket, of unknown origin," Jonath said.

"That much was true, all my attempts at researching it have come up empty. I found it in a cave, around the neck of a man's skeleton that was inside the belly of another skeleton that I can only describe as greatly resembling what a dragon might look like," Kimber explained. "Once I fastened it around my neck I was unable to remove it again, another of its magical properties it would seem. Once I discovered how useful it is though, I didn't mind so much."

After another long pause, Jonath ventured, "May I... touch them?"

"Touch... my ears?" Kimber said, puzzled.

"Back on the farm, there were barn cats, and we always enjoyed each other's company immensely," Jonath said. Kimber considered it silently, then crawled across the ground on her hands and knees, with her tail waving in the air, and sat up beside Jonath to his right. He tentatively reached his right hand out and stroked his fingers across her feline ears. When she did not protest, he laid his hand fully atop her head and rubbed her scalp at the base of the ears. Kimber sighed quietly, and he began running his hand through her hair from her forehead to the back of her neck. Kimber's eyes closed slowly as she started leaning into Jonath, eventually settling her head against his chest. Eventually a low rumbling noise emanated from her throat. "You're purring," Jonath said with surprise.

"I'm what?" Kimber asked, her eyes opening. "Oh. I didn't even know I could. This is *so* relaxing." Jonath lifted his left hand to her cheek, and she pushed her face into it. His fingers brushed across where her human ears would have been, indeed they were not hidden beneath her hair, but rather there was just more hair in their place. He let his fingers trail down her jaw and rubbed under her chin. She raised her head in response, sighing contentedly, and found herself staring into his eyes. His right hand had not ceased its petting. She leaned in and pressed her lips to his. The kiss built slowly, their lips parting more and more until at last their tongues touched and started dancing against each other.

Then Kimber pulled away, put her hands against his

chest and pushed him onto his back. She settled in on top of him, hands on his shoulders, and licked his face from chin to nose before resuming the passionate kiss. Jonath's right hand moved quickly to resume petting her head, while his left hand was attracted to her tail swishing from side to side. He moved it across her ass, gently took hold of the tail at its base, and pulled his hand out along its length. Kimber's back arched as her ass lifted slightly.

After a long while of this, Kimber moved her legs to straddle Jonath and sat up, kneeling over him. She pulled her top off, then undid her belt, freeing the two halves that remained of her breechcloth and casting them aside. She knew it would become whole again the next time she changed into her cat form. "I can't get mine off that quickly," Jonath teased.

Kimber rolled off him to the side and said, "Hurry, then." Jonath did indeed have several individual pieces of armor to remove. Metal pauldrons protected his shoulders, and a shirt of chain mail, the hauberk, protected his body. The rest was splint armor, strips of metals attached to leather cuffs. Rerebraces for his upper arms, vambraces for the lower, cuisses over his thighs, and greaves that wrapped around his lower legs. All of it wasn't quite as effective as a full armor suit, but it allowed for much greater mobility and was less costly. He shed the armor, one piece at a time, until finally he was able to remove his undergarments.

Jonath retrieved a blanket from his supplies and spread it on the ground. He laid upon it, his long, stiff cock standing tall and inviting. Kimber returned to

her previous position, lowering herself down upon Jonath's rod and guiding it inside her. She lunged forward and hungrily resumed their kiss while her knees pumped her pussy up and down along his hard member. She still felt a little sore inside, but her current excitement was doing much to diminish that. Jonath, for his part, went right back to petting her ears and tail, and was rewarded by a long moan from Kimber. The moans increased in volume and Kimber's hips bouncing up and down on Jonath's cock increased in speed until finally she came, breaking their kiss to scream out from the pleasure. The orgasmic contractions within her pussy brought Jonath over the edge as well, and his warm jism gushed like a fountain deep up inside her.

Satisfied at last, Kimber collapsed into Jonath, her head on his shoulder, her pussy still enveloping his cock, and her legs straightening out, moving down alongside his. She resumed purring and was soon sound asleep, and Jonath finally stopped petting her as he too fell into slumber.

Kimber's eyes opened just before dawn. She could finally see Jonath in the full view of daylight. He was not an especially large man, but his muscular chest paid tribute to his training and the physical prowess needed to be an ogre hunter. His face still spoke of youth, with wavy brown hair and a scraggly beard. His eyes opened as he too awoke. They were deep green, and held the distant look of a boy forced to grow up too fast due to a hard and tragic life, but also

a deeper warmth of a man that strongly believes in family and protecting those he cares about.

"We need to move quickly, those ogres will be on our trail much faster in the daylight," Kimber said.

"Quite right," said Jonath. "We best be away from here with haste. I hate to leave a job unfinished, but I no longer have the benefit of them not knowing that I am here stalking them." Kimber gave him a quick kiss and then arose to allow him to don his armor. "So where will you be off to now, more treasure hunting?" Jonath asked.

"Indeed," said Kimber from behind him. "The next stone is located a great distance from here, along the ocean coast to the west."

"The sea? I have never seen it. Is it as majestic as I've heard?" Jonath said.

"Every bit, and more," she replied, but her voice was now coming from a greater height. Jonath turned around to find not a feline woman, but a centaur.

He gasped, and exclaimed, "Astonishing!"

Kimber nonchalantly stated, "This is better for speed over larger distances. I doubt that the centaurs of myth allowed humans to ride them, but for now I think it best that I serve as your steed. Although, my apologies, but the medallion does not provide a saddle."

Jonath replied, "I'm an old farm boy, remember? I'm well accustomed to bareback riding. As long as you don't mind my arms around you when you gallop."

"Is that a promise?" Kimber asked with a wink. Jonath folded his blanket in half and placed it on

Kimber's back as a pad, gathered his belongings, and then mounted her with a swift and well-practiced motion. "You know, there could be ogres along the way to the ocean," Kimber said as she started off traveling west.

"All the better," Jonath replied.

CHAPTER 3: WATER STONE

Kimber and Jonath stood in the sand, with the newly risen sun behind them, looking out at the waves as they lapped against the shore. It was the end of a long journey, which had indeed included some ogre-slaying, as well as a generous amount of sex between the two of them. Sometimes Kimber remained human for that, but more often she used her cat form. Jonath's gentle touch across her fur was astonishingly addictive, and for him as well.

"Magnificent. As far as the eye can see. So this water stone you have been tasked to find is here?" Jonath asked.

"Yes. Out there, can you see it?" Kimber said, pointing.

Jonath peered into the distance across the endless ocean. "I think so. Some kind of spire? An errant rock formation perhaps?"

"It is in fact the tallest tower of a sunken castle. This kingdom was once ruled from here, a castle built along the shore on a outcropping of good, solid rock. Then one day, some sort of cataclysm struck and the sea claimed both the castle and a good part of the land surrounding it. Legend has it the king at the time did something to offend the Gods. This area maintains a reputation in these parts for being cursed, and the locals tend to avoid it. Apparently, while it still stood above the water, it was the recipient and keeper of the stone," Kimber explained.

"Any idea where in the castle it's located?" Jonath

said.

"None at all. It's a lot larger than that temple was. It may take some time to search. Do you want to swim out there with me?" Kimber asked.

"I would be delighted to accompany you, although I'm not a practiced diver, I may not be of much assistance." Jonath replied.

Kimber smiled and said, "Don't be silly, I'm not expecting you to help me look." At that, she set her knapsack down, then laid down in the sand at the water's edge and touched the fish symbol on her medallion. The usual glow overtook her body, and when it receded her legs were joined together, covered in shimmering silvery-blue scales, and ended in a large tail fin where her feet used to be. Curly blonde hair flowed halfway down her back. Her eyes were as blue as the water, and on either side of her neck was a series of three slits that pulsed open and closed. Her breasts were positively enormous, the largest Jonath had ever seen on a slender woman. Her nipples were barely covered by a pair of small scallop shells, scarcely larger than her areolae, that were held somewhat loosely in place by strings of pearls that ran between them, around her back, and over her shoulders. Jonath gaped at the sight. "Close your mouth, you can't fuck me like this, mermaids don't have a pussy," Kimber said, smiling even wider now.

"Well, yes, but, but, wow!" Jonath stammered.

"Oh, alright, I'm sure we can find some way to calm down your big, hard, cock," Kimber winked and then rolled herself into the water far enough that she could

swim properly. "The water feels wonderful! Get your clothes off and get in here!" she shouted. Jonath disrobed, revealing that his cock was indeed hard and ready. He pulled a rope from his pack and tied his bow and quiver to his back before wading into the water. Kimber laughed. "Always prepared for anything, aren't you? Here, take my hand." Jonath did as instructed and was startled as Kimber started pulling him through the water with incredible speed.

About halfway to the castle, Kimber slowed and then stopped. Jonath treaded water while Kimber floated beside him, her hair now slicked back wet, and her gigantic breasts floating in front of her, not subject to the pull of gravity while in the water. She moved close and gave him a peck on the lips, and said, "Now take a deep breath, and don't close your eyes." He gulped in as much air as he could, and Kimber dove beneath the surface, pulling him down after her. The sight he beheld was even more wondrous than on the surface. The sea floor below them was teeming with life. Plants of various shapes and sizes waved from side to side. Schools of brightly colored fish swam among them. There were strange growths that were forked like a multitude of deer antlers, they looked like stone but he imagined they must be some living, growing thing. It was positively the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen in his life, with the possible exception of his diving companion, in all the shapes her body could take on.

He looked over at Kimber. She was smiling broadly, and her hair floated freely around her head.

He felt his cock stiffening again. He also suddenly realized he needed air, as the urges of his lungs overcame his awe. He let go of her hand and started floating back towards the surface, and kicked his legs to help speed his ascent. He took a grateful breath as soon he arrived. Moments later, Kimber burst out of the water, leaping through the air, and dove back under. She did it twice more and then swam up close to Jonath. "Having fun?" he asked.

"Not as much fun as we're about to," she said, and pulled him in for a deep kiss, her breasts squeezing against his chest. When their lips finally parted, she pulled away slightly and tugged the scallop shells up to her collarbone, next to the medallion. Jonath wasted no time in placing his hands on her breasts, rubbing and fondling. Kimber leaned back to lift them out of the water more, and Jonath leaned in to suck and lick her nipples. They tasted of ocean salt, of course, but he didn't mind one bit. He let his hands roam downward, running them over the scales where her legs would normally be. Kimber moaned quietly in appreciation.

She reached out, took hold of his hard cock, and gave it a gentle squeeze. Then she leaned back all the way, plunging her head into the water. Her tail came up and then disappeared under the water as she swam down beneath Jonath. She righted herself and came back up head first, but stopped short of the surface. She grabbed his cock again and guided it into her ample cleavage. She pushed her breasts together and as Jonath felt them tighten around it he started

thrusting his hips, fucking her mermaid titties. The pleasurable stimulation made him moan aloud.

After several minutes of this, Kimber released her tits and lowered herself ever so slightly, and took Jonath's cock into her mouth. She sucked it down greedily, her nose buried in his damp hair. She was pleasantly surprised that this was much easier to do when she didn't have to breathe with her nose or mouth, instead her gills sustaining her. She held onto his hips and bobbed her head back and forth, fucking his cock deep into her throat. It wasn't long before she felt him shudder and tasted his warm, salty cum in her mouth, not too much different from the ocean itself. She swallowed every bit of it and rose up through the water. Jonath watched as her face emerged slowly, first her sparkling eyes, then her nose, and finally her luscious mouth. "So how was that? Do you like the ocean so far?"

"I have no words," Jonath replied.

Due to the aquatic aptitude of Kimber's mermaid tail, they made the rest of the distance to the castle quickly. They discovered that the roof of the section of castle adjacent to the tower was only a couple feet beneath the surface, so Jonath was able to stand comfortably. The tower loomed over them now, they could see there were small windows all the way around at the top, beneath the conical spire. "It must have been an excellent vantage point for spotting approaching visitors from both land and sea," Jonath observed. The remains of the castle beneath them

were still quite majestic, though completely overgrown with sea life.

"Time to go exploring," Kimber said. "This is always my favorite part. Will you be alright here by yourself for a while?"

"It's a pleasant day and we seem to be alone out here, I don't see why not," Jonath replied.

"Hopefully it won't take too long to find where they hid the stone," Kimber said before disappearing beneath the water. She swam down into the remains of the courtyard, found a door that was stuck open, and entered the castle. The great hall was easiest to find, even with the untold generations of sea life taking it over, the majesty of the room was undeniable. She began methodically swimming down the various passageways, doing her best to mentally map out the building as she went: the kitchen area, servants' quarters, and so on. Though architectural stylings had changed, the needs of a family of nobles remained the same as always.

She swam down a stairway to a lower level. The light was much dimmer, only a few rays of sunlight were able to penetrate both the water and the small windows just below the ceiling. It might be a good place for a treasure storeroom, however, or perhaps just some dungeon cells. She suddenly sensed movement in the water near her. She started to turn to see what it was, but the tentacle was upon her before she had the chance. It wrapped around her tail where her hips would normally be, and then around her midsection, and up to her breasts. It pulled her closer

to its owner, she could see now it was the arm of a rather large squid. The clubbed end landed on one of her tits and she could feel the cling of the suckers on her skin. She let out an underwater scream, both from the surprise of the beast and the sudden sensation.

She drew her dagger from its sheath just in time before the squid took hold of her arms with its shorter tentacles. She struggled against them, trying to maneuver the blade to somewhere it could do some useful damage. The squid continued its assault, catching her by surprise again as it slipped a tentacle into her mouth, and then pushed it down her throat. She could feel the tip of it squirming inside her, halfway down to her stomach. Jonath's cock still somewhat fresh in her mind, she instinctively started sucking on it, while the tentacle's own suckers stuck to her tongue. Maybe she was just getting caught up in the moment, but it even seemed like the overgrown cephalopod was doing a really nice job fondling her ample breasts with both of its main arms. It had already eased her scallop shells away from their place and had managed to plant its suckers directly on her nipples. She closed her eyes and moaned.

The squid yanked her in closer again, she opened her eyes and could see its mouth drawing closer. Time to get serious. Rather than pulling away, she twisted her body around and used her tail to thrust her towards the squid. This caught it off guard enough she was able to plunge the dagger into its flesh. At the same time she bit down as hard as she could on the tentacle in her mouth. The squid thrashed and

released its dark ink into the water. Its grip on her body, tits, and arms loosened just enough that she was able to pull the tentacles off and squirm free. She yanked the tentacle out of her throat and swam blind back towards the stairway and returned to the main level. If she had been breathing air it would have been deep, heavy breaths, both from the close call and from the stimulation. She wanted to go back to the safety of Jonath's arms and fuck, but there would be time for that later. She still had a stone to find.

It was taking longer than she'd expected. As far as Kimber could tell, she had explored nearly every room in the castle with no luck. She was running out of places to look. She swam through a doorway she had not yet checked, but only found a small, empty room. Something seemed different here, though. Then she realized what it was. She couldn't see the ceiling. She swam straight up and broke through to air. The walls continued upwards with windows at the top. There were signs that there had once been a floor up there with stairs leading up to it. She'd found the tower. She called out, "Jonath!"

"Kimber! Is that you? Where are you?" she heard in return.

"Here, in the tower!" she shouted back, straining her neck to project her voice up through the windows.

"Ah, of course. Any luck finding the water stone?" Jonath yelled.

"Unfortunately not, but I'm not ready to give up just..." Kimber paused, then muttered, "Son of a

bitch." Shouting again, she said, "It's in here! At the top of the tower!" So it was. She had just spotted it, blue in color, tucked in an alcove high above her. It looked like it had originally been hidden by the ceiling, long since rotted away.

"That's great! Can you get to it?" Jonath asked.

Kimber considered it. The walls didn't have any decent handholds, not even for cat claws. There was nothing for a snake to slither up on. The space was too narrow for flying as well. "Not without a rope or something!" she called back.

"No problem! Hold on!" Jonath replied. Kimber heard a few unsuccessful attempts of a bundle of rope hitting the outside of the tower, along with Jonath uttering some mild oaths in frustration, before the rope finally hit its mark and unfurled down to her from one of the windows. "You climb, I'll pull!" Jonath shouted. Kimber took the dangling end and tied it around herself under her arms. She touched the fish on her medallion and returned to human form, then braced her legs against the wall under the window.

"Ready!" Kimber shouted. The rope pulled taut and she started to walk up the wall. Suddenly, she heard a splash beneath her, and two long arms reached up and took hold of hers. She screamed as the squid pulled her back down towards the water. The rope pulled tight again with her head barely above water, Jonath clearly hadn't been prepared for the sudden yank on the rope but had recovered it just barely in time.

"What happened? What's wrong?" he shouted.

"There's a fucking giant squid in here that wants a piece of me! Shit! I can't reach my dagger or the medallion!" Her arms were completely helpless, held tight by the squid pulling down on them. The clubbed tips ripped her tunic open and resumed their previous assault on her breasts. The squid's tentacles reached up to her legs and crawled over her thighs. They made their way to her waist and discovered the top of her trousers. They promptly moved inside them and pulled down, ripping the trousers apart. Her remaining undergarments were just as easily removed, exposing her pussy to the oceanic monster. The tentacles grabbed her now bare legs and spread them apart, and Kimber could feel a tentacle moving across the outer folds of her sex, the suckers pulling on her lips and her clit. "Shit, get away from there!" she demanded, before a small involuntary moan escaped her lips.

The tentacle continued its examination of her nether region and eventually discovered her fuck hole. "Oh noooo, no no stop you accursed thing!" Kimber cried as the tentacle pushed inside her pussy. The squid forced the tentacle into her, thrusting it over and over, pushing deeper each time. She could feel her cunt filling up with it, the tentacle reaching greater depths than any man's cock ever could, before long she was stuffed all the way full. The squid continued thrusting however, trying to get it further in. Kimber was moaning continuously now, in a mix of panic and unwanted pleasure, as she struggled to keep drawing breath as the water splashed at her cheeks.

Another tentacle explored up her backside, and it discovered her asshole. "Fuck no, not in there too, dammit! Aaaaahhhh!" Kimber screamed. The squid paid her no heed, and the tentacle jammed up her rear passage, slowly but surely filling her ass. Eventually it felt like it was even deeper up her back entry than the one fucking her pussy.

"My word, what's going on down there?" Jonath said, his voice echoing down the tower from the window, where his head was poking in.

"Jonath! Help me! It's trying to drag me under and fucking me in both hoooolles!" Kimber moaned back.

"That's... certainly unexpected. Alright, hold on." Jonath pulled his head back outside and maneuvered his bow through the window in its place, then notched an arrow and pulled back.

"Hurry! Oh shit, the Godsdamned thing is going to make me cum! Fuck! Fuck!" She had been trying to resist it, but the orgasm building within her could no longer be denied. She shrieked as her body tensed within the grip of the squid's arms and tentacles, and Jonath's arrow plunged into the water beside her, then floated back to the surface. She panted and then coughed as she took in a mouthful of salt water.

"Shit, I can't quite see what I'm shooting at, and the water is problematic," Jonath said as he loosed another arrow down the tower. It hit the water inches away from Kimber on her right side. She tugged with all her might on her restrained arm and managed to catch it in her hand as it lost the last of its downward momentum. She aimed the arrow at her leg and

stabbed it several times into the tentacle holding it, then bent her wrist and sliced the arrowhead as best she could across the arm wrapped around her forearm. The squid thrashed wildly in the water beneath her, but she could feel it starting to release her. She gave it more encouragement by jamming the arrow into its flesh again, including into the tentacle that was still buried deep in her pussy. Finally it pulled out of her, let go, and retreated back into the depths of the castle. Kimber floated up to the surface on her back, exhausted.

"Well done," Jonath said, jutting his head back in through the window. "Are you unharmed?"

Kimber breathed deeply as her body recovered from the excitement and exertion. "The only damage is to my maidenhood, and certainly not for the first time. I'll be fine." Her clothing was ruined in addition, but that was of minor concern.

"Thank the Gods for that," Jonath said. "Well then, where did you say that stone was? Wait, never mind, I see it." Jonath pulled an arrow from his quiver, removed the arrowhead, and fired it as the stone's perch. His aim was true, and the stone fell from its place. "Coming your way!" Jonath warned. Kimber lunged for it and caught it easily. "Well done again!" Jonath said.

"Thanks to you, my friend. How did you manage to get up there, anyway?" Kimber asked.

"When I recovered the rope, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold it for long and so I tied it off to a roof ornament, and then climbed it to the window," he said.

"Well done, yourself. I owe you my life yet again." She drew her dagger and cut the knot on the rope, since after the load it had borne there was little hope of untying it. "I'll be right out, and then let's away from here. I've had quite enough of the sea for a long time."

CHAPTER 4: AIR STONE

Kimber and Jonath hiked along the path leading up along the mountainside. It had been a long journey already, they were deep into the mountain range and quite a distance up. Jonath was glad that Kimber had forced him to leave his armor behind temporarily at a village in the foothills, even though he was accustomed to the weight it would not have been pleasant hauling the extra load up the steep route. "Shit! Do you see that, the path up ahead is gone!" Jonath proclaimed.

"That just means we're in the right place," Kimber replied. "It's all part of the legend."

"Another legend is it? So what's the story this time?" Jonath asked.

"There is a tower stronghold up in these mountains. It is told that it was originally inhabited by a wizard, a secluded place to work his experiments. But it became better known for a different purpose. The princess of the kingdom nearby was approaching marrying age when a seer foretold that she would bear a son who would one day slay her parents and bring the kingdom to ruin. The king and queen were devastated and imprisoned her in the old, abandoned tower, to be safe from any suitors that could give her a child," Kimber said.

"I suppose sending her to the tower led to a peculiar series of events ending in the prophesy coming true," said Jonath.

"Not at all, in fact," Kimber said. "The queen and

many others died of an illness that swept over the land, and the king was later deposed by a conspiracy of traitorous knights, who were themselves set upon by the loyal knights, and they killed each other to the last man. When somebody finally remembered they needed to send another batch of provisions to the tower for the princess, or perhaps to just release her, the only path up the mountain had been completely destroyed by a rockslide."

"That's a sad story. But if they couldn't reach the tower, how do you propose that we do so?" Jonath asked.

"You should know by now, I have a few advantages that others do not," Kimber said, touching the bird symbol on her medallion. The familiar glow enveloped her body. The most striking feature revealed when it receded was the pair of large, majestic brown feathered wings that had sprouted from her body along the entire length of her back. They resembled the broad slotted shape of hawks and eagles, and from tip to tip spanned nearly three times her own height. She gave them a few gentle flaps, then they folded up neatly onto her back and sides, nearly reaching the ground and almost completely covering her arms as well. Another cluster of feathers spouted from the back of each leg at her calves, put together they resembled a bird's tail feathers. These, too, folded down into a rest state along her legs, above her bare feet. Brown feathers also covered her head, in place of hair, but resembling a shoulder-length hair style. Her garment was of a backless maillot design,

supported by a strap around her neck in order to not interfere with her wings. It too was covered in brown feathers, the softer body type rather than the long wing variety. The neckline plunged low enough to show a fair amount of cleavage. Her breasts were smaller than her normal ones but larger than those of the serpent girl form.

"Oh, my!" Jonath exclaimed, while stepping closer to her. "I'd been wondering if that bird icon meant you could grow wings, but these are beyond amazing." He reached out and ran his hand down a wing, feeling the feathers.

"I know that look," Kimber teased, with a mischievous look in her own brown eyes. "I promise you can fuck me like this later. I want to do what we came here for first, though."

"Fair enough," Jonath said, trying to hide his eagerness. The cliffside wasn't a good place for dalliances anyway.

"I'm going to scout ahead, then I'll come back and pick you up," Kimber said, unfurling her wings. "Even without your armor, you're more weight than these wings are meant to carry, so this isn't going to be easy, but it's the only way across." She leapt into the air as her powerful wings flapped downward. She leveled off into a stable glide, arms at her sides and her legs flat out behind her with calf feathers spread wide, and flew off in the direction that the ruined mountain path must have taken.

After a brief wait, she returned, and called out, "Hold your arms up!" before circling around. Jonath

did so, and as she swooped down they grabbed hold of each other's wrists. In an instant he was off the ground, his feet dangling free beneath him. He resisted the urge to cry out, whether in fear or excitement, he wasn't sure. Kimber beat her wings repeatedly and grunted with effort as she struggled to keep them both aloft. "By the Gods, this is even more difficult than I expected," she said as her breaths became heavy and rapid.

Jonath could see the intact path picking up again ahead of them. He could also tell they were not going to land upon it, Kimber was losing too much altitude. Her wings flapped quickly as she futilely tried to regain some height, then began to panic, crying out, "Shit, shit, shit!" As the cliff wall approached, Jonath pulled his knees up to his chest, thrusting his feet forward, and bent his arms down towards his back. His boots impacted against the rock, and only his boots, as he had forced Kimber to collide with his backside. He released her left arm, freeing his own to grab hold of a small ledge, and let his boots slide downward until they found purchase.

Kimber put her left arm around his neck, then her right, holding onto him as she panted for air, her tired wings collapsing to her sides. "Are you alright?" Jonath asked with concern once her breaths started to slow.

"I'm getting there," she replied. "That was quick thinking. Thanks to you, only my pride has suffered." She opened his pack and retrieved his rope. "Give me a few moments and I will yet still see you safely up

this mountain." Her wings spread once more, and she released Jonath as they carried her up to the path. Soon after, the rope came tumbling down to him. "You climb, I'll pull," Kimber called down.

Jonath wound the rope around his right arm before grabbing hold of it, then took hold with his left hand as well. "I'm ready!" he shouted upwards. Despite that claim, he was caught off guard by the rate of his ascent, his feet could barely keep up with the speed Kimber was pulling the rope. When he reached the path and hauled himself up over the edge, he could see why. Up the trail, at the far end of the rope, he could see a horse's backside topped by Kimber's backside. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure he was all the way up, then used her medallion to return from centaur to human form. She walked back towards him, coiling the rope as she went.

"Perhaps a bit of a rest here before continuing on?" Jonath suggested.

"Most definitely," Kimber replied.

Fortunately the remainder of the path to the tower was unhindered. It was a majestic sight, jutting almost organically from the side of the mountain above a sheer cliff, no mere fortification tower or decorative feature, but a fully livable building constructed more vertically than horizontally. The metal rings affixed to the door and frame, as well as the massive lock securing them together, looked out of place, no doubt they were added when the princess was sealed inside. Kimber examined the lock and said, "I should be able

to pick this."

"No doubt, but I think the direct approach would be more expedient," Jonath said, and then brought a large rock down on the lock with enough force to break the ring free from the old wooden door.

"So it is," Kimber acknowledged. She pushed the door open and stepped inside. Jonath followed and closed the door behind him. Kimber looked around at the first level, which held an inviting foyer, what looked to be storage areas, and a stairway leading up to the other rooms. She suddenly stumbled and fell to one knee, catching herself with her hands on the floor.

"Kimber! Are you alright?" Jonath said with concern.

"I'm... fine. Better than fine. I feel fantastic," she stammered. She stood up and looked down at herself, then around the room again, and then her gaze fixated on Jonath. She gasped and rushed towards him. "And you... are also fantastic! There must be a bed in the upper levels, let us find it and lay together."

"You want to have sex? Now?" he asked. "But you said we wouldn't do that until after—"

"Never mind what I said, let's go," she said excitedly, interrupting him. She took him by the hand and nearly dragged him up the stairs. They found the bedroom on the top floor. The bed itself was large and plush, though covered in dust like everything else. There was also a balcony that protruded from the side of the tower and overlooked the mountain below. Lying on the balcony floor was a skeleton wearing a fine dress.

"The remains of the princess," Jonath observed.

Kimber's clothes were already off, her beautiful naked form waiting on the bed. "Yes, Princess Rowena, the poor dear. Nobody should be made to suffer like that. Now come join me, let me see you," she said. He smiled and disrobed. She gasped, reached out, and gingerly touched his stiff cock. "Oh yes, I am ready for this."

"Good, because so am I," Jonath said. He took her in his arms and kissed her deeply, his hands venturing to her breasts and caressing them. Then he got on top of her and pushed his member into her waiting pussy. She squealed as it entered, and moaned loudly as he slid it back and forth inside her.

"Yes! Take me! Take all of me! Ohhhhhh!" she cried, her moans steadily building into a screaming orgasm. Jonath slowed his pace to allow her to catch her breath. "No, what are you doing? Don't let up, give it to me," she pleaded. He obliged and quickened his thrusts again, and was rewarded by her pleasure-filled moans that soon built to a second orgasm. Jonath himself yelled out as his cock unleashed its load deep within her. His lips returned to hers, and she returned the kiss with surprising fervor. "More..." she demanded, and then turned over with Jonath to put herself on top. She moved her wet tunnel up and down on his cock as it rapidly regained hardness, and rode him to several more orgasms.

By the time they were finished, the sun had gone down. "Well, I suppose we'll just have to search tomorrow then," Jonath said. "I'm quite ready for a

good night's slumber anyway, how about you?" She nodded, pulled in close against him, and fell asleep straight away.

Jonath awoke first. He looked to the beautiful, naked woman sleeping beside him and felt his cock twitch and rise to life. He decided there would be plenty of time to search for the stone later, and moved down the bed. He gently spread her legs open and began to lick her pussy. She stirred in her sleep, moaning softly, as he could taste her juices starting to flow. Finally her eyes flew open and she let out the last few loud moans before her orgasm slammed through her. "Good morning," he said, sliding two fingers into her wetness, then resuming his tongue's assault on her clit.

"Yeeeeees," she yelled out as his skilled manipulations of her pleasure points brought her again closer and closer to cumming again, and then completed the journey when he sucked hard on her clit. Her back arched as she screamed. "Don't stop, please, don't stop," she begged, and he was happy to oblige, licking and sucking her to several more orgasms before flopping over on the bed to rest his mouth.

She moved down, bringing her face close to his rock hard dick. She gave it a tentative lick, then another, then took the tip into her mouth, running her tongue around on it. Jonath moaned in appreciation. She starting lowering her head, taking it deeper into her mouth, slowly at first, and then she threw caution to

the wind and slammed her head down, taking it all in at once. She began bobbing up and down on it, slurping and sucking, pausing a few times to swirl her tongue around the head before once against sliding her lips all the way down the shaft. When he could take no more, he screamed out and pumped his jism into her mouth. She looked surprised and unsure briefly, then closed her eyes and swallowed as her hands moved to fondle her pussy and one of her breasts.

He watched her fingers disappearing within the folds of her sex, then grabbed her wrist and pulled it to him, slipping those same fingers into his mouth to once again taste her dampness. Then he pushed her down on the bed and bent down to resume tasting it from the source. She moaned and put her hands on the back of his head, pushing him into her. He ate her to another orgasm, then replaced his tongue with his cock and fucked her to two more, as well as another of his own. In the end they were both exhausted, and fell asleep again in each other's arms.

Jonath woke up to the feeling of her hands all over his body, mostly running over his chest and stroking his hard rod. "We'd better start at exploring the tower now," he said.

"I'd much rather explore you," she countered. He chuckled, shrugged his shoulders, then pulled her on top of him. He turned her around, and guided her head to his cock while her pussy hovered over his lips. She got the idea immediately and they both began licking and sucking each other's genitals, muffled moans emanating from both of them. When he came,

she swallowed it all without flinching, and he drank in as much of her juices as he could summon.

When then finally pulled away from each other, he forced her to her hands and knees on the bed, knelt behind her, and moved his cock into her pussy from the rear. He held her hips and thrust over and over, slamming his meat into her drenched hole. He reached forward and took a fistful of her hair, pulling her head back gently. She screamed, "Yes, yes, harder, more, do it harder, don't stop!" He pushed her head down to the bed, pounding into her, ramming himself deep inside. Her moans nearly joined into one continuous moan, until finally she yelled out as her orgasm struck. Jonath came as well, spewing his hot seed into her body. They both collapsed, exhausted.

They continued this the rest of the day and into the night, wearing themselves out by fucking, and then picking right back up again as soon as they were able, barely stopping for meals only at Jonath's insistence.

The next morning, Jonath again was the first awake. He rose from the bed and got dressed, then picked up his pack, and Kimber's knapsack as well, in case some tool within it would be useful when he ventured down into the tower. He had decided to do this while he was able, for once she woke up she might very well keep him in bed all day again. He descended the staircase and searched the floors one by one. There was a comfortable sitting room, a library filled with books, a kitchen area, and the foyer. He examined every corner, nook, cranny, cabinet, and item of furniture

thoroughly, and found nothing.

He returned to the sitting room, determined to start again. If he'd checked all the obvious places, perhaps there were some non-obvious spots he'd overlooked. He had no idea how to discern what those would be, however. He idly pulled the earth and water stones from the knapsack and stared at them. "If I were hiding one of these in this tower, where would I put it?" he asked aloud. No answer was forthcoming. He wished he could count on Kimber's help for this, she was clearly better at it than he. Perhaps the stone was hidden in the bedroom, and he would have to fend off her sexual urges while looking for it.

"Here you are, I've been looking for you. Why did you leave the bedroom?" she said, coming down the stairs. She was wearing a dress that she must have taken from the princess's wardrobe. She looked quite beautiful in it. The medallion around her neck seemed to glow along with its splendor.

"I was just searching for your treasure," Jonath said as she walked up to him.

"Ah, but I have found my treasure, and it's right here," she said, reaching down to squeeze his cock through his pants.

"Perhaps so," he said, smiling. "However the companion to these two is still somewhere in this tower." He held up the stones for emphasis.

"Oh, I know where that is," she said, almost dismissively.

"You do? Where? Take us there," he said.

"I'd rather you take me back to bed so we can have

more of the sex," she said, running her hands up his chest.

"I tell you what, you lead us to the stone, and in return I'll fuck you in the ass," he offered.

She gasped. "Oooo, do people really do that? How naughty! Do you promise you will?" He nodded. "Alright, then. Follow me." She led him down the stairs to the foyer, and explained, "You wouldn't know by looking at it, but this tower was actually built on the mouth of a cave." She entered one of the storerooms, and walked directly into the far wall. "Owww!" she exclaimed, stepping back and rubbing her nose and forehead.

"If there is a cave behind this wall, there must be door concealed here, and some mechanism to open it," Jonath said. He'd examined these walls for loose stones, but a secret door would never had occurred to him. He started looking for the switch. There was a torch holder mounted to the wall, he'd passed it over before but now he took hold of it and attempted to move it. Indeed, it rotated an eighth of a turn, and then pulled out a short distance from the wall. Old gears creaked behind the wall as a portion of the stones swung inward, revealing a doorway.

Jonath lit a torch and entered first, cautiously. The space inside the cave was clearly a wizard's laboratory, filled with strange, nearly indescribable items. The air stone, however, was in plain view in a small glass cabinet. A list, four items long, was etched into the glass in a language he couldn't read. He opened the cabinet and took the white stone, then

retreated back to the tower. Though nothing seemed to be alive in the cave, it was decidedly creepy and he didn't care to dwell there any longer than necessary.

He passed through the door back into the storeroom, held the stone aloft triumphantly, then placed it in Kimber's knapsack. She had waited there for him. "Mission achieved. Let's go," he said. She clapped her hands and squealed with glee. He took her by the hand and led her out to the foyer, and to the door to the outside. He pushed it open and started to walk though.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "You promised to give me a fucking in my bum."

"And I will, once we leave the mountains. We're done here," he said, pulling on her arm.

"No! Come back to bed with me!" she demanded. She held her ground quite well, he could not pull her beyond the threshold of the doorway, and she wasn't even holding on to anything.

"Alright, the bed it is, then," he said, finally agreeing. They returned to the top floor and stripped out of their clothing. Jonath bent her over the bed, spread her ass cheeks, and positioned his hard cock at her back door. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, give it to me!" she pleaded, then cried out as he pushed inside her rear entry. She moaned more as he slid all the way into her, then began thrusting in and out. He reached a hand around her and started massaging her clit, forcing her to moan even louder. Before long she reached orgasm, and as her ass muscles squeezed his cock, Jonath came as well,

depositing his spunk deep up her asshole. He pulled out of her, flipped her onto her back, and dove into her pussy, licking and sucking it. She screamed in appreciation. They were soon deep into another full day alternating between marathon sex and fatigue-induced naps, lasting well past the setting of the sun.

As morning returned, Jonath stood out on the balcony, his hands on the parapet wall, looking over the edge. It was a long way straight down. He was again fully dressed and bearing both his and Kimber's packs. She eventually walked out to fetch him, still naked. "Return to bed, I want you back inside me," she said, while snuggling against his backside.

He turned to her, clutched both her wrists and pulled them up to her collarbone next to the medallion. He pulled his body tightly against hers, holding her with one arm around her neck and the other around her waist, trapping her own arms against her chest. He kissed her deeply, then looked into her eyes and said, "I'm going to need my friend back now."

"What... whatever do you mean?" she asked.

"Come now, Princess. Did you really think you could carry off your ruse?" he said. "I don't know if it's the residual magic in this place that kept your spirit confined here, or your anger at your unfortunate life, perhaps a combination of the two, but I must leave here now, with Kimber."

"No! I won't leave her! She's mine!" she said, panic creeping into her voice.

"Rowena, please, you have to. We ran out of

provisions yesterday. We can't stay."

"You must! Never in my life did I feel such pleasures! Remain here and we can do sex at least a few more days! Please, I need it!" She was on the verge of tears now. Jonath also noticed that the medallion was definitely glowing with its own light. He'd begun to notice it earlier but thought it his imagination. No matter, whatever the cause, it was not important to his plan. He started leaning backwards over the parapet. He could feel it as once more the tower resisted letting its captive go, and they hovered on the brink, beyond what should have been the tipping point for their weight to carry them over.

"I hope that your soul can one day find rest. Perhaps I have even helped you with that. But now I must bid you farewell." He pulled his legs up, planted his feet against the parapet, and pushed off with all his might.

"Nooooooooooooo!" she screamed as Jonath pulled her off the balcony. He could faintly see her ghost as it was ripped from Kimber's body and yanked back into the tower, still screaming in protest. The two of them dropped, head first, from the tower.

"Kimber! Kimber!" he shouted into her face, which bore a dazed expression. "We need wings, now!" Somewhere between the urgency in his voice, the air rushing past her ears, and the feeling of being upside down, Kimber snapped awake and pressed the bird symbol on the medallion. Jonath closed his eyes as the glow overtook her body, granting her the vital wings. With great effort she was able to pull out of free fall and away from the mountain before it was too

late, and eventually achieved a level glide.

"Well, this is a better hold than what we tried before," she said, referring to his arms clutching her back above and below the wings. "You're not as much of a drag on the air this way, though you're still too much weight for sustained flying."

"That's okay, I'll settle for a slow descent and safe landing," he replied.

"What just happened, anyway? Why were we falling?" she asked.

"So you don't remember anything," he observed.

"There's... something. It's fuzzy, like recalling a dream. We were in the tower. There was a very nice bed, and you... we were fucking in it."

"You were possessed by the spirit of the imprisoned princess. Suffice it to say she's no longer a virgin, many times over." Kimber grimaced.

"I'm not sure whether to feel violated, or sorry that I missed out on that." She paused to consider. "I don't suppose you were able to find the air stone by yourself in between all that sex?" she asked hopefully.

"Unfortunately not," Jonath answered.

"Dammit. I had hoped this would be the conclusion of the quest. I do know someone that can craft us an exorcism spell, but it's going to be a long journey there and then back to here."

"However, the princess was able to lead me right to it," he finished. "Apparently in her spectral form she had easily discovered the wizard's old hidden laboratory."

Kimber stared at him blankly for a moment, then

reached her arm up and nudged him playfully in the cheek with her fist. "You scoundrel," she said with a broad smile. She looked up ahead, and said, "Hey, are you hungry? I'm hungry."

"That I am," he agreed. He could feel her start turning and heading downward.

"Let go when I say," she ordered. He nodded. "Ready... now!" He released his arms and fell just a few feet into a bush. He turned and watched her climb again, then she peaked and started into a dive. The familiar glow covered her body as the wings were replaced by a fish tail, and she plunged into a mountain lake. In short order, she surfaced at the shore, dragging a sizable fish with her. She returned to a human state and prepared the fish for cooking while Jonath gathered wood and built a fire.

After they had both eaten their fill, Kimber stood and activated her bird wings once more. She held them spread out behind her as she reached behind her neck and unfastened the clasp on her garment. The front promptly fell forward, fully uncovering her breasts. She pushed it down her legs and tossed it aside with a flick of her foot. She smiled slyly at Jonath and said, "You've earned this."

Jonath disrobed as quickly as he could and approached her. He guided his hard cock into her pussy and then placed his hands on her shoulders while he started thrusting with his hips. Kimber folded her wings into their rest position at her sides, they partially enclosed Jonath in a feathered embrace as he fucked her. She moaned in pleasure and her wings

started twitching as his dick rocked into her. She backed away from him, then spread her wings and leaned over onto a boulder, spreading her legs wide to give access to her warm, dripping wet cunt. "Take me hard," she requested.

"My pleasure," Jonath responded as he held her hips and entered her from behind, ramming forcefully into her. She screamed out loudly and her wings flapped gently up and down in rhythm with his thrusts. He leaned forward and laid his arms out over the wings, feeling their strength as they moved beneath him and caressing the soft feathers. He grunted and moaned as his orgasm built, then yelled out when his cock erupted deep inside her. He pulled out and backed away to give her wings wide berth as she turned around, then she closed the distance to him again and kissed him passionately.

She then pushed him to the ground onto his back, and got down on all fours to pull his cock into her mouth. She sucked and licked it back to full size, then crawled forward and mounted him, impaling herself on his rod. She rode him, moaning loudly, raising and lowering her pussy on his manhood, pushing it deep up into her. Her wings flapped faster and faster and she held onto his body to keep herself anchored to him. "Yes, fuuuck, yes, yes, ooohh, yes, yes, yesyesyes aaaaaahhhhh!" she cried out as she finally came, her back arching and her wings thrusting straight back behind her to their full length.

She collapsed forward onto Jonath, and her wings sank slowly to the ground, then her legs slid out from

underneath her. As she rested, her wings slowly folded back in. She rolled over off of Jonath and onto her back as they tucked in against her body, and sighed with content.

CHAPTER 5: STONES OF SEKENIG

"My liege, I present Miss Kimber and her companion, Jonath," the servant announced.

"Ah, you have come at last," said Duke Harold. He motioned to the regal looking woman sitting beside him, "This is my wife, the Duchess Olivia. My dear, this is the clever young woman that located the fire stone for us, and I presume now has in her possession the other three."

"Indeed," Kimber said, presenting the stones in outstretched hands. "And I presume you have the payment we agreed upon." The Duke stood, came towards her and retrieved the stones. He examined them and nodded.

"My man here will see to it. Take them to the treasury and give her the bag of gold I prepared, then see to it they are well stocked with provisions for their journey." He turned back from the servant to Kimber and said, "I thank you greatly. You have done me a great service."

"Pleasure doing business with you, as well," Kimber replied. The servant motioned for them to follow and led them out of the great hall.

As they passed through the doorway, they could hear the Duke announce, "This is a momentous day! At long last, the four stones of Sekenig are reunited! Make ready the preparations!"

As they left the castle, Kimber giggled excitedly and embraced Jonath. "We did it! We have a small

fortune!" she said with a look of elation on her face that he hadn't seen except when his cock was inside her.

"How shall we celebrate?" he asked.

"There's an inn at a crossroads to the south. Let us go, have a feast, drink as much wine as we can, then rent a bed and exhaust ourselves," she said, with eagerness evident in her voice. They set out southbound, but they did not make it all the way to the inn. As dusk approached, Kimber pulled Jonath off the road and exclaimed, "I can't take it anymore! The gold in our bags is making my pussy drip down my legs. I need you inside me right now!"

She damn near tore her clothes off, then impatiently helped him out of his armor until he was naked as well. She pulled him to the ground and he entered her body with his hard cock. She moaned and urged, "Harder, fuck me harder!" She thrashed wildly with excitement and desire, and soon Jonath's moans turned to a scream as he came inside her. He didn't even pause, but continued to pound into her as she called out in pleasure louder and louder. Suddenly, her voice cut out mid scream. Her face turned from being twisted with the joys of fucking to an expression of worry. "Did he say stones of Sekenig?"

"I... believe so," Jonath answered, halting his actions with his cock buried deep in her pussy.

"Shit!" she exclaimed. "Get dressed, we have to go back. Shit!"

"Wait, what?" he asked as she pushed him off and transformed into her cat shape. Then she went to their

packs and tied the rope around them.

"I said get that armor on! We have to stop him," she said, and with no further explanation, scampered easily up the tree with the rope. She pulled the packs up behind her and secured them high up to a branch where they could not be seen from the ground. She leaped to the ground and changed to the centaur. Jonath was barely finished securing his armor, and got on her back. She took off in a gallop immediately, heading back the way they had come.

When the castle came in sight, Jonath said, "It looks like the portcullis is closed."

"I need you to dismount without me stopping. Do you see that tree branch?" Kimber asked.

"Indeed I do," Jonath answered. She galloped directly underneath the tree, and Jonath raised his arms and caught the branch, pulling him off of Kimber as she continued on. Right away her body glowed and shifted, wings spread and horse legs vanished. Without losing any speed, she rose into the sky, high above the castle's wall, then dove down behind it.

Jonath dropped from the branch and ran towards the castle. He could hear screaming inside. The portcullis opened and he ran under it, sword drawn. In the fading light, he could see Kimber attacking the guards, lunging at them with her snake tail and sinking large fangs into their flesh. So this was her reptilian form. He could see why the guards were afraid, though there was a certain deadly beauty and grace to it. Another guard charged at her from behind, Jonath jumped in and parried with his blade, then struck a

blow deep enough to take him out of the fight. Kimber noticed that he had arrived and waved him forward, saying, "This way, come on!"

"Are those men dead?" he asked while following her across the courtyard, more curious than sympathetic.

"I only gave them a little venom. If they are lucky, they'll recover," she said. Two more guards had stood their ground in front of the large double doors leading inside, rather than rushing out to fight. Kimber and Jonath took them out of commission easily. However, the door was barred from the inside. Kimber looked around for an alternate point of entry and spotted a window high above their heads. Her hand went to the medallion and her body glowed as she changed form yet again. She crouched low, then her powerful cat legs launched her into the air, and she landed gracefully on the window ledge. She broke through the flimsy wooden shutters and jumped inside. Jonath could hear sounds of a skirmish inside, then the doors opened and Kimber said, "Inside, hurry!"

They quickly passed through the antechamber into the great hall, and were met by a gruesome sight. The corpses of four young women hung from the ceiling, arranged in the shape of a square about fifteen feet to a side. Their ankles were shackled to the ends of three-foot-long iron bars, and they dangled upside down from chains connected to the shackles. Their hands were secured behind their backs and their hair had each been woven into a single braid, which now hung down from their necks. They had been stripped naked and skewered on pikes that had been pushed

into their pussies, driven through their bodies, and out through their mouths. Beneath each one on the floor sat a bowl with one of the stones inside: fire, earth, water, and air, one for each girl. Their blood ran down the pikes, dripped from the points down onto the stones, and collected in the bowls. It was only a slow trickle, but it was clear from the blood pooled in the bowls and splattered on the floor that they had suffered as their bodies drained. The Duke stood off to the side chanting an incantation from a large book, with the Duchess next to him.

"By the Gods!" Jonath said in horror.

"The virgin sacrifices," Kimber said, equally disturbed at the sight. "Stop! You've got to stop! You don't know what you're doing!" she shouted.

"Who let them in here? Guards! Seize them!" ordered the Duchess. The nearest guard rushed toward them, but fell to Jonath's blade. Just then, the Duke finished reading. Something stirred in the air in the area between the sacrificed girls. The other guards stopped and stared in awe as a tear opened out of nothingness, as if the very fabric of reality were ripped in two, and flames burst forth from it.

The Duke laughed joyously. "It worked! He is coming!" he shouted.

"What is all this, what wickedness has the Duke brought upon us?" Jonath asked Kimber.

"The lore is inconsistent, save for one thing: we're fucked. Be ready to fight," said Kimber, fear evident in her voice.

A form rose and stepped forth from the tear that

could only be described as a demon. It was like a man, but twenty feet tall, and antlers on his head like a stag's, which added another four feet of height. His skin was bright red, his long hair and long, thick beard were black. His feet resembled that of some sort of giant lizard, and his cock was both thick as a tree trunk and hanging out for all to see. "The mortal world is again open to us! Come, my minions!" the demon bellowed. Its voice grated on the ears, somehow existing simultaneously in a low, deep register and a high, screeching one.

The Duke set his book down on a podium and stepped forward, toward the demon. He called out, "Oh Great Lord of desires, it is I, Duke Harold, who has freed you. I beseech you, grant my most fervent wish, to unify all the kingdoms of this continent together under my rule!"

"That *idiot*. Fucking lunatic," Kimber hissed. "Get ready to throw a sword to me." Jonath nodded and picked up the guard's sword. Kimber leapt onto a tapestry hanging on the wall behind them and climbed to its top, leaving claw marks behind in the delicate design.

"A human, make demands of me? Begone, pest!" replied the demon, with a dismissive wave of his hand. The Duke instantly burst in flames. His screams didn't last long, but the Duchess's screams continued as her husband was reduced to smoldering ash on the floor.

"Sword!" Kimber called. She was now facing out from the wall, crouching against it, holding onto the tapestry with her left hand behind her, her right arm

held out waiting for the weapon. Jonath held the sword with the blade pointed down and hefted it straight up into the air. Kimber caught it and immediately sprang from the wall, her left hand swinging around to touch the medallion. Within moments, she was soaring across the hall on her wings, sword aimed forward towards the demon, screaming a battle cry.

That cry was cut short as her flight came to a sudden halt. She lost her grip on the sword and it continued on, falling uselessly to the ground ahead of her, as she was dragged down by something that had taken hold of her legs. Bright yellow tentacles came into view and grabbed her arms as well, and she could also feel them roughly clutching her wings. They held her in the air, several feet off the ground. She looked down to their source, and saw a new type of demon staring up at her. This one was only five feet tall, all yellow like its tentacles, which it bore in two clusters where its arms should have been. Its legs were stranger still, four of them, placed at right angles to each other.

These tentacles were round, with no suckers, but they showed similar interests to the squid as they ripped Kimber's feathered clothing off her body and coiled around her breasts, squeezing them tightly. Kimber realized their shape actually reminded her of cocks, albeit very long and very nimble cocks. She looked around the room at the growing mayhem. The tentacle creature was the least of her worries, she had lost her chance to strike against the great and terrible dark lord. She spotted the Duchess, still screaming,

but no longer over the death of the Duke. Rather, another of the yellow demons had hoisted her into the air on its tentacles and was just finishing ripping her fine dress to shreds, exposing her naked body. Kimber felt a tentacle push against her pussy. She knew what was coming, and tried to suppress her moan as it entered her, reaching deep up inside.

Shadows filled the air as another type of creature started appearing. These at first glance resembled large, violet-colored bats. As they drew closer, however, it could be seen that they possessed the visage of beautiful unclothed women, with slender legs and bodies, hairless pussies, utterly gigantic breasts, and aside from the large pointed ears and mouth full of fangs, faces most fair indeed. Rather than separate arms and wings, they were one and the same, extending another arm's length past their clawed hands. The wing membrane stretched from there down to their ankles, and between their legs as well, connected to a long tail.

They swooped low, attacking the guards that remained in the hall. Jonath raised his sword to strike as one headed his way. He swung the blade as she came near, but she caught it bare-handed, and then plowed into him, knocking him to the ground on his back. He watched as the skin of the wings shrank inwards, reducing to much smaller webbing hanging from her arms. They were now insufficient for flight but gained her free movement of her legs, which she used to full advantage as she straddled his body. She tossed the sword away and swiped at Jonath with her

hands, claws slicing through the armor like it was nothing, tearing away as his protection until his cock was exposed. It stood quite erect, somehow having failed to receive the message that the impossibly hot naked girl sitting atop him was part of the vanguard of a demon invasion force.

The she-bat lifted herself up, moved forward, and then lowered herself onto his rod, letting it slowly enter her pussy. Jonath moaned as he entered her, it was warm, very wet, and the tightest pussy he'd ever felt. She sank down all the way, completely engulfing his cock within her. She started moving up and down, riding him, fucking him. The sensation was incredible. Some last vestige of reason spurred Jonath to try to push her away, but all he got were handfuls of soft breasts that didn't sag the least bit despite their inhuman size. He squeezed them, with arousal overpowering fear and all notions of not enjoying this slipping away.

Kimber had long since lost that same battle. She continued to moan and yell in primal enjoyment as the long tentacle plunged in and out of her pussy, pounding deep up into her. Her pleasure had only increased when another had invaded her asshole. They fucked her together, filling her pussy to its limit and stuffing her ass equally as far. She had lost the ability to care what source it came from if her body could feel such ecstasy. The tentacles grasping her breasts and wings treated them roughly, but the discomfort oddly only intensified the sensations filling her. She could feel a powerful orgasm building inside

her, and urged it on, desperate for its release and as many more as the yellow monster could create in her.

In between his own moans of pleasure, Jonath could hear similar moans from the Duke's guards, all of whom had also fallen and were being fucked by the she-bat demons. One of the guards was nearby, just a few yards away. The pitch of his moans increased, indicating that the release of his load was imminent. Then he screamed, but it was a scream of great pain rather than of orgasm. Jonath watched in horror as the demon female rose up on her knees, and he could see that her vagina was filled with triangular teeth! His eyes drifted down to the helpless guard, and where his cock should have been there was only blood. Then the demon's pussy opened wide, and a tendril launched forth from her clitoris and wrapped around the man's testicles. She lowered herself once more, as the tendril pulled them inside her fanged cunt. The guard screamed with renewed vigor as his balls were separated from his body, bitten off and swallowed by the demonic snatch.

"By the Gods!" Jonath swore. He began to hear more cries of pain from the other guards, and realized how incredibly fucked he was. The only thing sparing him so far was the romp he'd just had with Kimber, he had blown his wad then and it was delaying his orgasm now, but not by much. He would succumb soon. However, he had another advantage these guards did not: he was an archer. He moved his hand down to his waist and withdrew several arrows from his quiver. He clutched one in each hand, pointing

downward from his fists, then reached up and stabbed them into the demon's breasts, directly through her dark nipples. The monster roared in pain, and Jonath moved his hands to the backs of the arrows and pushed them in even deeper.

He grabbed two more arrows, then rose up and drove one into the creature's throat, and the other into her head through the bottom of her jaw. Though not yet fully dead, the demon fell limp and Jonath shoved her to the side, freeing himself. He retrieved his sword and scanned the room, looking for Kimber. The great demon lord still stood in the center of the room, apparently enjoying the chaos around him. Jonath spotted the Duchess, naked and held aloft by a demon creature that was raping her as she struggled and screamed in fear. Then he saw another of the same, this one with Kimber in his clutches, and she was definitely enjoying the fucking it was inflicting on her.

"Kimber!" he shouted as he began running towards her. He could hear her moaning now, he knew from the sound that her climax was nearly upon her. He raised his sword, preparing to strike the demon down as soon as it was within reach. He was too late. The very instant before she would have cum, a multitude of sharp spines popped out along the full length and circumference of every tentacle. They stabbed into her along her arms, her legs, her wings, her breasts, and deep up inside her pussy and ass. Jonath could even see a few protruding out of her skin from within her, just above the entrance to her pussy. She screeched in agony at the top of her lungs.

"No!" he cried as his sword struck, beheading the vile creature. The strong tentacles fell limp, and Kimber crashed to the ground on her back. Jonath ran to her and knelt beside her. She moaned in impossible agony, blood draining from her wounds, and almost pouring out around the tentacles in her holes. "Kimber!" he again said, watching helplessly as she suffered.

"Kill... me..." she somehow managed to say.

"What? No! I... I can't!" he protested.

"Can't survive this," she said. "Dead anyway. All of us. Put me out... of misery. Please! Please, kill me... kill me..." She began sobbing, occasionally moaning out those two words again. Jonath froze, at a total loss of what to do. Was this really how it ended? Suddenly it registered on him that her medallion was glowing, just like in Princess Rowena's tower, only even brighter this time. The center circle, always blank before, had developed an animal symbol of its own. It resembled the cat head silhouette, but with the addition of a snout extending from the bottom of the face. He nervously reached out his hand, extended two fingers, and pressed them to the new shape.

Nothing happened. Of course, it would only work for her. He looked to the spined tentacle holding her arm, starting at her wrist and wrapping around it all the way to her shoulder. He used his sword to sever it at her wrist, and again at her elbow, restoring mobility to the arm. He took her hand, gingerly pulled it to the medallion, and touched her fingers to the center.

The bright flash of energy forced him to shield his

eyes with his arms. When he lowered them again, Kimber was gone. So were the tentacles. He stared in disbelief at the empty floor for a moment, then felt a presence looming over him. He raised his head to look up, and gasped.

Kimber hovered in the air some ten feet above, her body completely healed of the wounds the spines had inflicted. She was wearing a white jacket of sorts, with wide sleeves that hung down from her arms, and a bright red pleated skirt that hung from above her waist down to her ankles, with white stockings and sandals on her feet. The jacket was tight across her large breasts, rating in size between those of her cat and mermaid forms. Her long hair was reddish-orange, with pointed furry ears tipped in back. On her rear were several bushy tails with white tips. A fox, she has become a fox. A fox with... at least seven tails, perhaps as many as ten. They were difficult to count. Her eyes glowed bright white. She pointed a finger at the demon lord and announced, with a voice that echoed upon itself, "You do not belong in this world. Return to whence you came."

The great demon turned towards her and laughed, a slow, wicked chuckle. "You have great magic in you, but nothing close to what you'd need to stand against me," he said.

"I don't have to defeat you in combat," Kimber said. She held up her hands, and a metal spike appeared in each one with a puff of smoke. She flicked her wrists, and the spikes revealed themselves to be bladed folding fans. She drew her arms back and then threw

the fans forward. They spun through the air and sliced through the chains that the sacrificed girls hung from, then embedded themselves in the opposite wall and finally disappeared with another puff of smoke. The girls, however, did not fall. They stayed suspended in mid air, held in place by an invisible force. Kimber was still holding her arms forward from releasing the fans. Then she raised them up, and said, "I just have to close the gate."

The great demon finally caught on. "No! Stop her!" he ordered. Kimber thrust her arms down. The sacrifices followed suit, falling much faster than they should have from that height. The points of the pikes that had been each girl's savage death impacted into the stones, breaking each one into several pieces. "Nooooo!" the demon roared, as the tear that had admitted him to the castle began to waiver, and a strong wind started blowing into it.

Jonath could hear the wind, felt it against his skin and through his hair, but it applied no force against his body. He got up off his knees and stood his ground with no effort at all. Kimber was similarly unaffected, only her hair and clothing were caught by the wind, and it looked both dramatic and beautiful. The demons, however, were entirely affected by the wind. The she-bat demons were sucked in, leaving behind the guards they had castrated, all of whom were already dead or close to it due to blood loss. The corpse of the tentacle creature that had brutalized Kimber, missing both its head and its tentacles, was sucked in next.

The other tentacle creature was hanging on with its tentacles to both a stone pillar and to the Duchess, whose body hung limp in the spiny tentacles. She had clearly succumbed to pleasure at some point despite her putting up more of a fight. Another metal fan, summoned by Kimber, flew through the air and sliced the tentacles off the demon. The Duchess fell to the floor as the demon was pulled into the closing tear.

Only the great lord remained, at first holding his own against the gale, but finally he too was drawn in with one final howl of "Nooooo!" As he vanished into the void, the tear sealed itself and disappeared.

Jonath stared in amazement, then turned towards Kimber and asked, "Are you alright? That was quite a display."

Kimber sank through the air slowly until she reached the floor in front of him, and said, "The magical energies that saturated this place and allowed the nine-tailed fox to emerge are beginning to disperse." Then she closed her eyes and tilted her head forward, as if concentrating on something. When she reopened them, they had ceased glowing, revealing them to be brown with golden flecks. She grinned widely and spoke again, but no longer with an echo. "So if you want to fuck me like this we need to do it now."

Jonath immediately realized that his cock was still swinging free, having been exposed by the she-bat demon, and was currently very erect. Although given their history together, Kimber didn't need to see that to know that he certainly would like to become intimate

with her newest incarnation. He returned the smile and said, "Perhaps we should find a bed, then."

"Yes, good idea," Kimber replied. She took hold of Jonath's hard cock and he felt the floor fall away as she levitated both of them. They moved through the air towards the wall, but passed right through it, and continued on through several more of the castle's walls until they reached an opulent bedroom that could only have belonged to the Duke and Duchess themselves. Still hovering above the floor, Kimber made a motion with her free hand and Jonath's armor and clothing passed through his body and crashed on the floor below. He looked down and noticed that the damage to it had been magically repaired as well. She motioned again and her own clothing fell away and drifted to the floor.

Jonath reached his hand behind her head and pulled it to his own, their lips meeting in a fierce kiss. His hand moved up the back of her head to her fox ears, and began stroking and fondling them, while his other hand moved to her breasts to do the same. She guided his hard cock into her dripping pussy and they started thrusting against each other, plunging his rod in and out of her fuck tunnel while they moaned into each other's mouths. Kimber broke the kiss as her head went back, her back arching in pleasure. Jonath leaned in and set his mouth to work on her breasts, licking and sucking them while squeezing them gently with both hands.

As he teased her nipple between his lips, his hands ventured around to her back, and then down to her

large set of tails. He stroked his hands along their soft and fluffy lengths, moving them from tail to tail, trying to pet all nine of them in turn. Kimber squealed in delight. He pulled his dick out of her and moved around behind her, both of them still floating in the air, over the large, plush bed now. Kimber pulled her legs forward to expose her pussy towards her rear, and Jonath grabbed her hips and plunged his manhood back into it, pushing deep and hard. The furry mass of tails moved against his chest now, he couldn't even see Kimber beneath them, though her could hear her moaning just fine. As he thrust over and over into her, he pushed his face into them and felt them stroke against it. He groaned long and loud as he came and unleashed his seed into the depths of her cunt. This put Kimber over the edge as well, and she screamed out her own orgasm as her muscles squeezed against his cock.

Jonath pulled free of Kimber and contemplated his next move. He was still hard and didn't want to change positions again. He pressed his member to her tight asshole. "Yes! Yes, do it!" Kimber urged. He pushed hard into her rear passage as they moaned together, and then began ramming her hard. He leaned in close against her back, trapping a few tails between them while the others splayed to the sides, surrounding his body with orange fur. He reached forward and grabbed her hair, then gently pulled it back, forcing her head up. He reached with his other hand and ran his fingers over her ears. "Ohhhhhh, fuck me, all of me! All that I am is yours!" Kimber

said as her fingers went to her clitoris and rubbed it furiously.

Her moans reached a crescendo as she came again, and as her ass tightened around Jonath's cock, so did he. Finally satisfied, he pulled himself around to Kimber's front side again and resumed kissing her, with one hand on her ears and the other buried in the midst of her tails. Their bodies, tight against each other, slowly sank down, coming to rest on the plush bed with Jonath underneath Kimber. With a quick flash of light, her fox features vanished and she was again fully human, and still quite naked, since in her hurry earlier she hadn't bothered getting dressed again. She moaned softly as they continued to kiss, then nestled her head against Jonath's shoulder.

"In the morning, let's find a cart and get some horses from the castle stables," Kimber began. "Then we raid the Duke's treasury, his pantry, his wine stores, and his library, including the book that got left behind in the great hall. I know a place where such dark knowledge will be kept safe. We'll quickly retrieve our things from that tree and be away from this place."

"That sounds like an excellent idea," Jonath replied. "So do you have any more mad quests for us to pursue that will end in disaster?" he asked teasingly.

"I'm sure something will turn up," she said with a smile.

THE END

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Calf tail feather design for winged human developed by Cheryl Hensley, dymira128/jerica128 on DeviantArt.