

Kobold Dungeon

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The following story is adult in nature and contains graphic scenes, minors should stop reading here.

The following story contains: Mind control, Size difference, Transformation, and Ambiguous Sexual Consent

Also Kobolds.

Male/Female, Female/Female content.

Shall flexed her footpads onto the uneven stone floor. Blunt tipped black claws grazed noiselessly over the formerly interlocking stone slabs. The ruins were over-worn from many years of rain and wind. Errant holes from critters burrowing and cracks formed from growing brush littered the barely recognizable arrangement of a once sprawling structure. Shalls' mariner-blue scales had a dull glisten to them in the waning moonlight, more caused by the half hearted drizzle of rain misting her hide than her own natural shine. She swept over her surroundings with lively red eyes. The eerie surroundings were a puzzling find. Occasional pillars of rock, just regular enough to be unnatural, blended in with the overgrowth. The breadth of the runes would have gone unnoticed, save for spotting the odd right angle protruding from the normal disarray of nature.

Topa, her golden-scaled companion, trotted alongside her. Her tiny soft padded feet glided along in an unconcerned manner. Her vibrant apple-green eyes darted from landmark to landmark, but without the concentrated caution of her companion. She was investigating for clues to answer questions she hadn't asked yet; she was done worrying about threats. What and why were words stumbling around in her head as they explored. They were reasonably certain nothing else was out here, and she yearned to press on, but didn't fault Shall for being overly cautious. She was familiar enough with their scouting task not to let her guard down, and Topa was glad to have Shall there to keep her from getting ahead of herself.

Shall relaxed her shoulders. Her shield arm dipping just a bit, "Alright, Topa. We've checked the perimeter," She scraped her foot over the stone tile, right next to a similar mark she had made the same way when they started hours ago, "No traps, no ambush. No one's been here for a while."

Shall craned her neck back and slightly upward at the taller gold scaled kobold. Topa only took a moment to jump on the nonverbal prompt, "Well, there was the central wall. I wanted to get a closer look. No need to go back? Right away I mean." She

straightened up for a moment, clearing her throat with her loosely closed fists at her chin, "I'd hate to return to the others without a single word to say about 'What' these runes are, right?" She punctuated her final word with a pleading stare, a subtle tilt of her head, and a downward twitch in her left ear.

Shall groaned, her head craning in exaggerated tandem with her eye roll, "You don't have to do that shit with me. Another hour, fine. I want to be gone before sunlight."

The kobolds moved forward with precision. They were silent save for Shalls' feet making the occasional light tack sound of claw against stone, or the light shuffle of tightly bound leather armor. Topa was the truly soundless one, her minimal attire bobbing silently. The tall kobold only dressed in bits of fabric. She was gold scaled mostly in name. In truth her scales ranged from an unimpressive tan to a soft cream underbelly. Her dull red cloak being the most luxurious piece about her. Her pert and modest bosom was covered in tightly bound linen wraps. The darker gray bundle of fabric that made up her loincloth was loose, but neat. Her apparel looked common, and for all intent and purpose it was, but it was chosen for function and she maintained as much regality as one could in such simple coverings.

The two were systematic in their search upon arriving at the central wall they had seen previously. It was easily the most prominent landmark, being the only one raised high enough to provide some bit of cover. Vines wove in and out of the cracks, and moss covered raw stonework. The kobolds' small claws clicked and clacked against the stone structure as they scrambled around, about, and over it. They explored every nook and cranny, combing over the H shaped section of wall.

Pulling back a bit of vine and moss Topa discovered script etched deeply into the stone. Blocky letters that, if she were right about the wear, were placed on the stones in time with their Construction. Unfortunately the script was either too ancient or too foreign for her. She noted down the clue to point out to Leyff or anyone else that might know something. Her excited curiosity was interrupted by Shall overturning a bit of earth.

"Well, well," Shall muttered, her voice filled with triumph. "Looks like a path down. Topa. This could be our chance to uncover what these runes are."

Topa's short and thick tail flicked eagerly. "Indeed, indeed! Let's see where this burrow takes us!"

Underneath the tangle of root and vine that Shall had torn away was a staircase. Dark and ominous even under Kobold vision. It took a bit more clearing to make a path easy enough for a kobold to slip into without effort. The two split the work. As the two kobolds descended into the mouth of the staircase, they noticed more of the foreign runes etched into the walls. Shall furrowed her brow, trying to decipher their meaning.

"These runes They're different. Magic, perhaps?," Shall mused, a touch of frustration in her voice.

“I don’t think so,” Topa tilted her head back explaining over her shoulder, “there were more above, underneath the moss on the walls. Leyff can translate them, later? When we bring her back here. For now, let’s forge on ahead.”

Shall took a moment to consider. Her pragmatism only reached so far. She might have hid her enthusiasm better than Topa, but she too wanted to answers, and didn’t want to wait. With a determined nod from Shall, the two kobolds descended into the depths of the dungeon.

The runes behind them lit up, emitting a faint green magical glow that rose off the surface in tiny specks like a scattering of fireflies. The dungeon's ancient magic was starting to wake up.

The staircase led on for a long way. The two cave dwellers knew they were traveling down past the layers of topsoil and loose earth. The long path from the surface runes was something Topa and Shall expected. Neither of them were surprised by a middling walk down rain-worn stairs. They came to an unassuming entry chamber with long cold sconces and torch holders. Once decorative low relief carvings were worn away into amorphous shapes. Halls branched off in opposing directions. The pathways were irregular, shifting and tilting with age, but much less battered than the surface.

Left and right were equally unassuming, no doors, and no markings to inform them where to go. So Shall chalked out a marking on the floor and picked at random. Topa was familiar with the practice and made no comment about it. She produced a small glowstone, a very common and minor bit of Kobold magic. The simple smooth stone emitted just enough pale pink light for the pair to see. Dark vision was fine for stalking and maneuvering about, but not so great for noticing the small details that they were looking for.

The two kobolds found the place eerie quiet. The passages were tall, made for larger beings than them. The way their footfalls, as faint as they were, echoed through the dead silence made the two veteran explorers unnerved.

There was much to map out, Shall continued making marks here and there on the floor as they went. Unbeknownst to them, as they delved deeper into the unfamiliar labyrinth, pale green runes began to glow in their wake. They flickered to life just behind them, in whatever room they had just left behind. Always just out of sight, but growing in intensity as the two explored.

Topa and Shall began to lose track of their way. Oblivious to the enchantment over the place the magic slowly began seeping into their heads. A fog rolled through their consciousness, clouding their thoughts and dulling their senses. The effects appeared subtly; Shall taking a few extra seconds to jot down her directions became the norm. Topa's formation gave way to errant wandering, only being tugged back to her proper place when Shall whined about the lack of light. A slow and methodical tracing of the dungeon was eroded away, bit by bit.

The bit of chalk snapped in Shalls' hand, she swore a common draconic curse while bumbling around for the bits of chalk. A few more twists down the line she made her first forgetful mistake, leaving their return trail left unsigned. Not long after, the duo found themselves wandering aimlessly through dark corridors, unable to find their way like a pair of novice hatchlings. Shall scratched her head, her once sharp instincts now muddled in confusion. "Uh, Topa, do you have any idea where we are?"

Topa blinked, her normally sharp green eyes unfocused for a moment. She had been so excited and attentive at the start, but all of that energy had just . . . gone. She had been moving automatically without thought, for how long she wasn't sure.

"I wasssss...I mean, I can't . . . don't." She took a long moment, her eyes opening wide and then settling down as she regathered herself, "Um, weren't you keeping track of that?"

Shall furrowed her brow, she stared down at the bits of chalk in her hand as if she'd forgotten what they were for. Then, after a wavering pause she looked around for the nearest mark. One 'should' have been within eyesight. That was the rule; wasn't it? She huffed second guessing her own system.

Shall and Topa shared a long wandering look, neither having any insight. Both expecting the other to step in for their own faults. Didn't Shall have some resourceful trick tucked away? Topa wondered. Wasn't Topa always so bright, didn't she have a snappy answer? Shall contemplated.

Shall just stared, far off into nothing. A long drawn out, "Uhhhhmmm" filled her maw. Escaped her unsure lips. Echoed off the impassive walls. Topas' vision wandered back around at the now much more intimidating dungeon. Feeling her head spin at the enormity of the space they were lost in. Both would have said they were trying to get their thoughts straight, to think of what to do next. But in truth it was a thoughtless moment, long and drawn out with blank passive stares shared between the two.

Around them the dungeons' enchanting green glow began reawakening at a more rapid pace. Glowing runes hid at the edge of the doorways. High at the edge of the ceiling, or carved into the floor, the runes now glowed with a more intense sickly green. Still just out of sight of the two kobolds, but now it encircled them. Every path from where they stood now glowed with lively magic. If they had not been so befuddled they may have noticed the faint flicker of green just at the edge of the threshold.

Topa moved first, her instinct to keep moving broke out against the enchantment fueled blankness filling her head. She took unplanned steps, meandering this way and that through the large junction room they were in. The slender kobold found herself at a doorway. She wasn't sure if it was heading back, or deeper in. Her sense of direction had been rendered mute. Her foot touched the other side before she remembered to call out to Shall.

Shall remained motionless for a long moment even after her name call pierced the silence. Slack jawed disillusionment felt sticky in her head. With a groggy motion she came to. A mix of confusion and disapproval at herself for not snapping to more readily. Topa was already in the next room, Shall had to follow the pale pink light to the correct doorway out. Her pawpads disconnected from the stone floor just as the dungeons green-lit runes filled in. A wave of enchantment shadowed behind her as she sped after Topa. The junction room filled with light just as she slipped out of it.

The room was unremarkable. A sharp L shape that promised to lead further on, but delivered a dead end once Shall rounded the corner. An uncomfortable sensation crept over them both. An anxious feeling had the two scanning the room and the connecting doorway for some external influence, oblivious to what was really setting

them off. It was more than just the oppressive mood of this place and the daunting faceless wall ahead of them.

The enchantment strengthened its hold on the two of them. Now piercing green light pulsed at the frame of the doorway, faintly the runes within the room began to radiate with unrestrained magic. A mixture of the kobolds clouding judgment and the subtle nature of the changes left them unaware. It took the two valiant kobolds a long moment to place what was happening, that 'something' was happening.

Their clothes began to shift and morph. The leather armor Shall wore, once practical and sensible, now hugged her body like a second skin. Topa's linen wraps thinned out showing more of her already exposed cream-colored abdomen. Gaps began to unweave revealing what little cleavage Topa possessed. Sluggish realization pulled their attention away from their surroundings and toward themselves.

Shall turned her head, noticing a bit of green out of the corner of her eye, but felt something off. So used to seeing the upper edge of her pauldron in her vision she was off put when it wasn't there. The once high ridge of iron had smoothed down to a rounded dome over her shoulder. Outside of her vision it had shrunk down to its now reduced nature. Shall stared down at the thing only now that it was finished, perplexed at the change and more so that she hadn't noticed.

Shall's Leather armor slimmed down more. The edges crept inward, the material disappearing without explanation. She found that her once protective leather smock had reformed into a common midriff exposing leather top. The material was lighter, thinner, while still hugging her more tightly. Her confusion redoubled as she realized the transformation was continuing under her watch. The bottom hem continued to slide upward. The collar widened out, and shifted down. The two receding edges met at her sternum, soon after the whole of her chest was exposed. Her once armor had become just a set of triangles over her bosom. An array of intricate belts and fasteners remained in an abbreviated form. More decorative than functional, and all in service of a minimum of actual coverage.

All ready to ask what was happening, Shall froze. Startled, she noticed Topa's perky nipples outlined through the ebbing opaqueness of her chest wraps. She stammered out an inarticulate noise. Her companions' undressed form wasn't unfamiliar to her, such things were incidental to long scouting expeditions through the wilds, but in this instance it caught her off guard. She stared like some gawking puberty struck kobold. Shall's jaw returned to an increasingly comfortable slackened state. Unexpected interest in her slender body made the normally confident kobold trip over her words.

"Wha' in th' name of all the gawds happened to our clothes?" Shall tugged at the skimpy garment barely covering her assets.

'What was Shall talking about,' Topa wondered until she blinked with regained awareness and realized the difference in Shalls garb. When she looked at the leather bikini top the word 'armor' still came to mind. She questioned how that worked, and through a mindful haze she worked out that it didn't. That wasn't what Shall was wearing before, she affirmed for herself. She did look nice in it though, Topa pondered errantly before wondering where the thought came from.

Then Topa gasped in startled amazement. She saw, SAW, fabric recede into . . . nothing. The loose purple britches that covered Shalls lower half were sucked form fitting against the kobolds ample but stout thighs. Ovaloid gaps began to appear, like worn out tears, only without the distressed fraying of natural wear. She watched in curious fascination as bit by bit the garment was reduced to tatters. Acoustoelastic plinks and snaps rang out, making Topas' heart jump. Then slowly the remaining threads reformed into a triangular cut cloth that cupped her mound snugly. Somehow now it was also a more vibrantly attractive shade of purple.

Topa was confused, and worried. She made an equally unintelligible sound back at Shall. Articulating exactly what she observed didn't seem pertinent, not with her mind racing with the possibilities. Little bits of information were strewn about her thoughts like an over cluttered desk. Every piece was important; nothing stood out in the sea of noise. She felt herself involuntarily rising up on her toes. A mixture of inquisitive fascination and dread pounding away, both in her heart and her head. She held everything tightly in her mind . . .

Right up until she, just, wasn't. It was the strangest feeling of being so utterly focused and then to completely lose her thread of thought. The dungeons magic had been working its hold over her mind, smoothing over her insights, and now her attention just slipped away from her. Everything that seemed so important a moment ago skimmed out of her mental grasp. Her mind still raced, but it was only the momentum of thought carrying her forward. As the mental gears and widgets lost traction and slowed down Topa found herself overcome with a surreal sense of amusement. A concerned and concentrated stare softened.

Topa snorted. She languidly pointed down at her companion, she swayed on suddenly unbalanced legs. "Haha, Shall, look at your 'armor'! It's getting all . . . all . . . small! 'N Silly . . ." She laughed, guffawed even, every bit of importance dissolving into amusement at their situation.

Shall balked and blushed furiously. "Watch your words, Topa! And... 'nd ...why is your bust line . . . 'bursting' out of that flimsy wrap?" Shall snapped back. She was eager to throw her tension out, and an inappropriate comment made for a good place to start. Shall took pride in her level head in danger and combat, but these changes had her insides in a peculiar knot. The sudden release from her outburst felt good. Unintentionally, she shared a heartfelt chuckle with her friend. The absurdity was hard to confront, mirth was easier. The laugh was infectious. Topa tittered back, Shall

snickered a return. The reciprocating back-and-forth morphing into a pair of giggling kobolds lost in the bleak dark tangled corridors.

Topa lifted a claw to her 'flimsy wrap' and watched in wonderment as it tore away like dry autumn leaves, leaving her top bare. In that moment everything important seemed to sift away leaving behind giggles. Her mental faculties were being dulled to the transformations occurring. Her sharp wit ground down by the dungeons spell.

Shall recovered her breath from the laughing fit and stared up at Topa as she still tittered away. Her now exposed bosom jostled cutely with her giddy chuckles. Shall watched the action for a moment longer than she should have, maybe two.

"Topa, get a hold of yourself." She commanded, or attempted to sound that way. She 'was' the one in charge, wasn't she? She no longer felt like it. It was the first time in a handful of years that she'd used her authority with the gold scale beauty, "This is no reason to laugh. We're lost."

And they needed to get out. Shall continued in thought. Also there was something happening to both of them. Right. She frowned mentally scolding herself for not itemizing that bit of the situation. She felt like things were getting away from her, she failed to stop a nervous laugh as she turned her thoughts inward.

"Aw Shall," Topa soothed. Her delicate hand tracing over Shall's shoulder. Her bare shoulder, Shall noticed with a start. The simple pauldron had vanished? No, there was a piece of metal there. An armlet now. Snugly fitted between Shalls deltoid and bicep. She stared at it while Topa walked around behind her, fingers touching and feeling around uninhibitedly. Her pauldron was simple, functional, well worn but cared for. This armlet was . . . decorative. Frivolous. Intricate little carvings and detail that just . . . was not Shalls appeal.

"Silly Shall," Topa grinned at her incidental alliteration, "Jus' now noticing?" She poured the question into Shalls ear. Lips closing for a moment around the tip. Shall shuddered.

Topa pressed a finger to the girlish armlet, gliding along its smooth edge. Shall blushed feeling Topa behind her, bare chest pressed to her back. Bare back, she noted with confusion. Topa's finger moved, drawing her attention: down, across, over. Her pointer landed squarely between her breasts. The transformed bits of leather left ready access. Topa giggled again, a reverberating sound that tickled down Shalls' stubby ear, bounced around in her skull, and then echoed out of her own agape mouth.

Shall managed to push the word "Serious," out of her mouth between amused tones, but whatever other phrasing was attached to that concept came to a halt when Topa tugged at Shalls new thong. Topas' fingers wrapped around the junction of strings just above Shalls' blue scaled tail base, and she pulled with a . . . rough but playful force. Shall yelped, yipped, maybe even squeaked. Her hips trembled, her whole body trembled right down to her finger tips. Topa's hands played at the straps, running down

the length of Shalls wide hips. The diminutive triangle covering her netheres was near. Fingers approaching swiftly. Entirely too close.

Why aren't I moving to stop her? Shall thought to herself

In one swift motion she spun around to face Topa. Shield slid between the two of them, and she pushed. It wasn't a harsh movement, she didn't intend to strike her, but Topa tumbled backwards. Uncoordinated legs crumpling underneath her. Shall found herself gasping for breath, a sudden wave of panic overcoming her after what she had done. Topa wasn't hurt, unless giggling inanely was her new cry of alarm, but still Shall winced to herself. It had to be done, right? Topa was getting all . . . handsy. Why was she acting like that?

At that moment Shall had the first real look at herself. Fully taking in her new apparel. This was something some pleasure kobold would wear, tight and revealing. She admired the look, strictly when worn by 'other' kobolds. Not on her. Not for her. No matter how well she filled it out. Puzzled, she furrowed her brow. She did fill it out rather well, she remarked as she stared down over the ridge of her breasts.

"Wha' in the . . ." She breathed out between slowing gasps. Her bosom was . . . more. She thought to herself unsurely. Testing, she moved her chest in a twisting motion. Her bosom wobbled with ease. She blinked, added more force, and watched her swollen mounds undulate back and forth. As a test.

Giggling uncontrollably from the floor, Topa pointed at her own bosom, which had swelled to much more than her previously tiny bumps. "Seems like we're...*snicker*...growing in more ways than one!"

Shall glanced up from her study of her bounding . . . boobies. The word wasn't right. There were other more formal words for them. She tried to latch onto one of them with slack jawed befuddlement.

Topa shook her own set. Her breasts wobbling cutely; and then, wobbling with a little more mass. Pink nips swayed enticingly on top of generous mounds. They grew a little more generous with another oscillation. The pink caps on top grew a little more too, possibly even a bit more vibrantly pink. Topa smiled a dim cheery grin as she caught Shall's eyes dancing back and forth at the display. She arched her back just right, giggled to add the appropriate amount of jiggle, even brought her hand up to lightly cup her newfound assets.

Shall whined, feeling her mind slowing. 'Sticky disillusionment' gummed up her thoughts, sabotaging her mind. Somewhere in the distant recesses she registered the force of magic on her, but it was nothing more than a final alarm going off before her thoughts ground to a halt.

Being smothered by enchanted fascination felt like an altogether much more enjoyable venture. Abjectly, she was aware now of the spell placed on her. The dungeons' glowing runes were no longer subtle. But she didn't care. She couldn't dredge up the ability to do so. Her dull stare transformed, open mouth curling up at the

edges, widening into a blithering blissful grin. Happily she felt her worries turn off, and get replaced with a pleasant inebriating buzz. She swayed on her feet, a tipsy calm washing over her. The same feeling that had Topa stumbling about as she got back to her feet.

As the severity of their situation faded from her mind Shall became aware of the previously imperceptible changes, still working through her and her close partner. Dully Shall noted the extra mass of her own hips, the widening gap between her thighs. The extra weight on her chest and the shrinking bits of leather holding them.

Her idiotic grin flourished with newfound energy. Topa was still presenting herself wantonly. Or rather her focus was half in presenting and half in exploring her body for herself. Greedy fingers pulled at plump pointed nipples. Shall, teasingly answered back with a display of her own. Pushing her expanding melons upward with her one free arm. Her shield arm hung limp behind her, the heavy slab of steel was the last remaining bit of her old self. She 'adjusted' her small triangular top. Running her fingers under the strap, peeling leather away from her mammary for a moment, letting her now engorged purple nipples free to the air, and open for Topa's ogling, just for a moment.

They took turns back and forth, presenting, and gawking at each other. It was exciting play. A silly game, for two silly kobolds. Their worries were far far from their minds. Their intelligence dwindled to new depths, their bodies followed suit. Thicker and more voluptuous, their figures became increasingly erotic, their soft curves emphasizing the allure that had begun to pervade their very beings.

The two kobolds tumbled into a fit of laughter, clutching each other at the sides as they struggled to remain upright. They swayed and spun as the world around them seemed tip and lean. The echoes of tittering laughter fluttered throughout the dungeon. Neither of the two kobolds paid their surroundings any attention. In a giddy drunk like stupor their game of communal display graduated to communal groping. Each of them reveled in turning the other on. Each of them jittery at the prospect of being the one to be teased.

Distantly, heavy foot falls clopped through the dungeon. A regular percussion rhythm that juxtaposed to the kobold giggling. Artiodactyla keratin clashed roughly with the craggy stone floor. Two brutish figures moving steadily through the dark corridors. A steady line of glowing runes pulsed down the corridor, enchanting guiding lights directing the two in the otherwise pitch darkness of the dungeon. Distantly the soft pink light from Shalls glow-stone was an unmistakable beacon to their final destination.

Shall and Topa were facing each other, standing intimately near. Shalls shield was errantly discarded on the ground. They both breathed heavy, sharing a moment of anticipation before embrace. Their heads spun with delight as they prepared to surrender to the overwhelming arousal they had each been fostering in the other. The kobolds snouts bushed against each other, while in the shadowy distance the two brutes clambered through the open doorway. Their bulk of fur and muscle barely illuminated by the kobolds light from the other end of the long room. They stood motionless, evaluating the tiny little creatures that were now beginning to press their bodies together.

A sudden and loud snort woke Topa out of her stupor. More than just grabbing her attention, it wrenched her consciousness back up from the comforting shroud. Her ensorcellment broken for the moment, she gasped as a flood of realization hit her. The dungeon, their predicament, and now, her gaze turned automatically toward the sound, their new situation stared back at her with implacable intent. In the dim lighting she could just make out the two. Towering brutes, easily 3 times their height, with rich thick fur, one in earthy browns and the other smokey black. Forward curving horns, wide based and slimming down into a narrow sharp and spearlike tapper stood out imposingly from their wide brow. Their broad flat snouts, with power jawlines, were of unmistakably bovine genesis.

"Minotaur," Topa mouthed out the word. She untangled her hand out from underneath Shalls leather top, leaving the one heaving breast expose. Shall tittered on wavering feet, a bemused smile and glassy stare still etched on her face.

"Shall." Nothing. "SH-all!!" She stared with the faintest hint of recognition. A forceful shake at the shoulder stirred up enough sense for her idiot grin to falter. She blinked like a girl just waking up from a long slumber in an unfamiliar bed. Her eyes lazily rolled from Topa, to the glowing runes, to the two minotaur towering over them. The reality of the situation washed over her, stark shock cleared away mental soup.

The two kobolds jumped into action. Years of trained muscle memory letting them act first and think second. Shall bared her blade, a worried but determined concentration burned in her. Topa stepped back, her loose grip on her bow tightened. Nimble she thumbed an arrow out of her quiver, set the back notch against the string.

As the two minotaurs, closed in on the unthreatening and corned kobolds, Shall and Topa felt panic rise within them. Their hands trembled, and their hearts raced as

they desperately clung to their weapons. Every bit of kobold ideology revolved around avoiding a stand up fight; yet, here they were face to face with two minotaur with no point of egress.

Shall stepped forward, sword arm coiled to thrust. She took her first step, the second sent her wobbling on an uncertain path. There was no third as she sprawled out on the floor. Her newly enhanced proportions were both meak and unwieldy. The whole of her body was unfamiliar. Her grip faltered and to her horror in the moments before her jaw slapped against the stone she saw the thing strike the floor. It didn't simply clatter away, instead snapping, shattering. Craggy beak points spiderwebbed over its surface before a thousand tiny bits chimed against the stone. Shall grunted with the force of her impact, her newly ballooning chest doing little to soften the blow. A shockwave of impact rocked through her, her body rippled in a way that her taught and trim muscle had never done before. There was no time for her to dwell on the sensation; Shall stared in startled perplexing as the iron remnants of her blade dissolved into a dark lackluster smear of grey iron shavings.

Topa drew back her bow string, arrow aimed at the nearest of the two. Confidence in her expert skills. Hope bubbled up within her. No matter how tough; a well placed arrow head could blind, or even kill. She had hit smaller points at farther ranges a hundred times, in and out of practice. But her bows draw weight felt heavy in an alien way. Her arms wavered, the arrow flew, but with less effect than if she'd thrown the thing. It plinked off the wall to the side of the two minotaur like a falling tree branch. She drew another arrow. Her fingers fumbling around, somehow she gripped three out of the quiver, shafts errantly arranged and interlaced between her fingers. The rigid wood bent in her fist like wheat stalks. The twine lashings unraveled themselves. Feathers and arrows heads rained on the ground around her feet. She let out a sharp startled yelp as her bowstring snapped and tossed the stick out of instinct.

Shall and Topa looked at each other, realization dawning on their faces. They couldn't fight, not in their new bodies, certainly not while whatever enchantment cursed them. Never before had they felt so defenseless and vulnerable.

The minotaurs, towering over the kobolds with their intimidating size, stopped. No brutal strike, no crushing stomp. They stared down mockingly at the kobolds feeble attempts at resistance. Topa then realized their lack of weapons in hand. No clubs or axe that she thought were common for their kind. Not even . . . garments to cover themselves, Shall noted. She was unwilling to extract a conclusion from that observation.

Shalls eyes wandered upward from where she lay on the ground. The dominating stature of the beast poised nearly directly above her. Her view of two pillarsome legs converged on a heavy set of balls. They had an implacable sway. Covered in short haired brown fur and a fuzzy tuft line of black.

"Look, pitt-teh-full ko-bold," The one sneered, his short bursts of vocabulary dripping with contempt. "No weapon! Pah! Thet-ick."

Shall swore she could feel his voice reverberate through the floor. Maybe even inside her head. She wanted to rise up and crawl away, but sprawled out between his gruff oversized hooves she found herself stricken with inaction. Images of being crushed were . . . superficial. Beneath the surface, her thoughts swirled with images of awkwardly stumbling and clambering around so close to . . . mid thought, the minotaurs thick stubby fingers wrapped around his swaying shaft. He squeezed and pulled, working in a practiced motion, until the smooth black member lengthened and rose up away from his pelvis. Shalls' concern was constrained by morbid fascination. She had seen minotaur before, but never . . . like this. His maleness was daunting. It was unfair to make a comparison to any kobolds size; however, it must have been 'impressive' even for minotaur standards, she had to assume.

Staring up at it like this made her dizzy. Not in some figurative sense, no. She felt the world ebb and pitch around her. Her head **ached** looking at this thing. His shaft bobbed in the air above her, and she twisted in rhythm. Her perception rocked with each up and down motion. Unable to take any more, she found herself consolidating her limbs into an upright posture. At least a kneeling one. In her head the motion lessened; though, now she was closer to him. His meaty bulbous head pointing down at her, filling her vision. Her head naturally began following along with the pumping motion. The minotaur continued to laugh and stroke himself.

The other minotaur joined in the mockery, his voice less guttural, as he rumbled with laughter. "What's this? Their feeble kobold minds, already so addled that they can't even speak? Amusing!"

Topa found herself the target of the second minotaurs jeers. Shall, looked to not be paying attention, fixated on the lofty brute intimidatingly performing before her. Topa felt a knot in her throat keeping her from speaking, not that she had the wherewithal to retort. This minotaur was less bulky than the first, a bit shorter. His rusty brown fur was less ruffled than the firsts' thick mat of black tangles. He seemed more articulate; potentially, he was more reasoned as well? He didn't stroke himself to arousal. He didn't need to, Topa reluctantly noted as she watched his member come to attention.

Her heart was thumping in her chest. As the standoff dragged on Topa found herself wishing something would break the tension. Gods, she felt so dizzy standing there, hands clutched to her collar. The fattened mass of her enhanced chest under her wrists didn't help. Her eyes kept wandering around the minotaurs bulk. Certainly waiting for some action, she kept reassuring herself. Except it was harder for Topa to keep repeating her affirmations each time her gaze lingering over that engorged member. Gods was it impressive, she errantly fantasized.

“Well? Tell us.” The orangish-brown one barked, “Do you even know what you’re doing here?” There was an amused chortle between the two. They bellowed with exaggerated quivering. Topa couldn’t stop noticing how it made his cock bounce.

Topas’ brow creased in concentration, her head was swimming with the effort. Answering the question was a dumb use of her time, but the way the minotaur lingered passively left her too much room to think and ponder. They, Shall and Topa, were there for a reason. She set that affirmation on solid mental ground, but her wooziness redoubled when she tried to articulate what that was. Searching? Exploring? Those words seemed intangible just then.

She clutched her temple, shut her eyes, tried to stop herself from rocking side to side like an intoxicated kobold. But that was how she felt. Her face was flush, extremities numb. Everything was off balance.

“We were- kobolds were- ummmm . . .” Topa just needed to **start** the thought. She couldn’t keep standing there dumbfounded, “Topa, Shall, search dun . . . dun . . . dungeon.” Topa let out a long held breath, her tension deflating out of her. The two dimwitted minotaur laughing to themselves did little to improve her ego.

“You dumb.” The black furred one rumbled out, “Is stupid ko-bold.”

“No!” Topa shrieked back, “You two- you d-dum mino-”

“HEY YOU!” The black one interrupted Topa in a thunderous voice. She winced, her eyes shut and her body shuddered. Topa stumbled to the side wall from the force of his words. She blinked her vision back at him, she realized the command wasn’t even directed at her. The black minotaur gazed down at her companion.

“You tell. Why Ko-bold here.” He grumbled down at Shall.

Shall was still gaping, mouth half open, transfixed at the now throbbing turgid black cock. Her head no longer bobbed as the brute had stopped stroking himself. Now her gawking stare wandered over the glistening shine and the droplets of pre that sloppily dangled. Her arms were slack at her side, her back arched at a strained angle. She looked like she might tumble over with a strong enough gust of wind.

The minotaur snarled out one more command for her to speak. Shall pulsed to life, like someone had tugged at invisible marionette strings. Obediently she opened her mouth,

“Uhnthh . . . bagh . . . shlluughh . . .dahh du dahhh.”

Laughter erupted in that tiny room. A great rattle of mocking cachinnation. It reverberated throughout the room, echoed down the empty halls. In the surrounding darkened rooms the glowing runes pulsed away in rhythm with their mirth. The diminutive blue kobold was drowning in a torrent of derision. Once resourceful,

methodical, and confident in her leadership, Shall now knelt on the ground oblivious. Her mouth hung open, ears drooped, eyes both hazy and crossed.

She'd been falling deeper and deeper into her trance and farther away from her senses. Her babbling speech was a moment to realize just how far gone she was. This minotaur, with his dominating presence, had pushed her to act, and she failed so miserably. It was comical. As their laughter spun around the room and around inside her empty skull she couldn't help but agree. She couldn't help but giggle along with them.

"Hey, we can't hear you from down there. Stand up, you dumb kobold. Tell us why you're here." The more articulate of the two directed Shall.

She giggled, with a little shake at the shoulders. The slow processing of his command was evident in the flickering of her eyes. Then she slurred out, "k'-aye" before all at once rising up to her feet. There was no thought to the action, just a direct line from command to movement, and certainly no cognisense of her surroundings.

The minotaurs cock head brushed against her face as she came to her full height. Copious pre-slicked over her brow and across her snout. She faltered on her feet, took a stumbling step backwards. The collision had sent her head lolling around in circles. The minotaur's fat cockhead bouncing in a similar counter-ark. The dance between her swirling open muzzle and his loping cockhead was brief. When they eventually met his girth easily plugged up her slack jaw. Shall made appreciative noises around her mouthful. She'd found something to steady herself on.

Her mouth began to work on its own, her tongue automatically wrapping around the intruding member. Shall was bemusedly thankful that she didn't have to think about what she was doing. She found thought so difficult right now. She was supposed to have been explaining something? Well, at least she was using her mouth.

Topa tried. She **tried** to move, she tried to call out, she tried to think. None of her attempts manifested into anything. Her feet petered out only a few steps from the wall, leaving her squarely facing the active fellatio. Her throat tightened around the beginning of her outcry, letting only the slightest chortle of alarm bleat out of her. The current of thought in her head was spiraling too quickly to really formulate any idea. Questions came and went half formed, unable to mentally grasp at anything Topa felt a growing blankness overcoming her. It was a familiar thoughtless void that she'd just woken up from. She watched Shall's mouth and tongue slide effortlessly over the minotaur's veiny rod. Slowly she realized there was a fantasy of her doing the same thing, planted deep underneath a torrent in her head. With a dreading giggle she realized that as her thoughts slipped away that fantasy was becoming clearer.

From the corner of her vision Topa saw the other minotaurs' maleness creep into view. She hadn't noticed him move behind her, and now his cock hung ominously over her shoulder. Her vision split between the smooth grey texture of his daunting size and the rhythmic motion of her fellow kobold. Her heart skipped a beat as she watched the

thick squiggly veins pulse. She gasped as she saw Shalls mouth somehow fit another inch of improbably girthy meat. Her pupils darted down with shaky fixation as his length flexed and wavered like a windswept tree branch. Her ears perked, swiveling as hard as kobold ears could, toward the sudden 'plop' Shall made. Her mouth had just disconnected from the associated meaty piston. Saliva strung thickly between her slack orifice and his rigid dick. Cross-eyed and seemingly happy her head fell back onto his length with a wet schlorp before even a drop of spittle could fall. Topas' attention continued to bounce back and forth between the two points of interest. The looming spire of flesh beside her, and the impending display of what was in store for her future.

That whirl pool of consciousness was washing away from her. Each little shock left a tiny crack for her thoughts to sluice out of. The growing tension pulling those cracks into open tears. Shall helplessly felt her eyes start to cross. Her tongue fell heavily out of the front of her pointed muzzle. Her open mouth filled, salvation rolled down her tongue, thick clear drool dripping down onto her enhanced bosom.

The minotaur took charge with a wicked grin. He wrapped his chunky fingers around Topa's horn and with steady torsion turned her panting maw to face his massive, throbbing cock.

"Suck"

His voice hit her with a wave of dominance that resonated through her empty mind. Without hesitation Topa's lips attached themselves to his length. She ran her tongue around his head, let the ridge plop out from her lips with a slick schlup noise, only to then kiss and lick down the length of his underside. Her tongue nimbly swirled on instinct. She danced over those undulating veins with an animalistic fervor. Her ministrations slipped down along him until her angular muzzle tip pressed into the soft junction between his hard shaft and the weighty pouch beneath. His massive member lay splayed across her face, the head of it bobbed in the air past her skull. Her nose filled up with the musky scent. With a deep inhale it traveled right up to the heated spot between her eyes; where it ignited into a reasoning engulfing fire. She shuddered, made little sputtering noises, as the reaction set off pleased sparks throughout her body.

She pulled back, leading her muzzle back to the tip of his dick. The Topa that emerged just then was wholly different. Her curiosity filled gaze was transformed into eyes that sparkled with lust, freed by a diminished state of intellect. She giggled with newfound energy, cutting off her churring noise as she plunged her mouth down over his shaft. Her dainty little clawed fingers joined in with new life. Greedy digits groped and massaged while she effortlessly gobbled down the length of his cock.

Topa had all at once caught up with Shalls degeneracy. The pale pink lit room filled with the sounds of wet slurps and high pitch kobold moans. They moved with an eager and drunken clumsiness. Each of their mouths worked tirelessly to please their respective minotaurs.

Shall's muzzle pressed down to the base of the hefty cock. Her throat bulged with his mass, but she felt only bliss. She gulped and glucked away not even realizing her dark furred partner hand lifted her by the hips. Her toes dangled and kicked in the air as she tried to push herself further down his bulk.

Topa churred with a giddy eagerness as she too managed to bottom out against her partner. The length of her esophagus was pleasantly stretched out by his member. Neither girl questioned the way their bodies continued to transform; allowing for such impossible sexual acts. The absurd size of their companions became irrelevant as their inner works reshaped to better serve as sleeves for whatever monstrous cock wished to impale them.

Topa receded back partly before shoving herself down over the minotaurs cock again and again. Her fingers grasped at muscular hips to help herself better pull down along his length. Her tongue darted out of her mouth, with newly growing length the tip grazed against his sack.

Shall on the other hand had no such coordination. She attempted to add what she could to the act of pleasuring her minotaur, but her muscle headed partner left her little room to work. With her nostrils pressed to his pubic mane he thrust his hips forward. Suspended from the ground as she was, her body simply arced up along his cock before sliding back down to his base. Shall's limbs flailed with the exercise. Quaking pulses or erratic ecstasy restarted with each mighty thrust. She made muffled squeals, and attempted to swallow or lap at his manhood. Between thrusts she managed to gently stroke at the heavy bovine sack that swung with a mindless fluency. Mostly, she just enjoyed the ragged ride up and down each time he bucked his hips.

The minotaurs' desire reached its peak. Their labored breaths turned into guttural growls. Their hips bucked with quickening pace. The cocks jammed down the two kobolds wanting throats spasmed sporadically. There was a moment of pause before each of them quaked and shook. Muscles tightened to build pressure. An avalanche of cum cascaded through their glands.

Shall's eyes widened, her body froze, as the shaft twitched deep inside her. It was the first expression outside of hazy bliss since her lips had come into contact with his member. A mess of hot white cream poured into her belly. It pumped into her with an almost mechanical force. Her dumbfounded shock turned into overwhelming bliss. Her eyes rolled back, iris rims barely visible. Her legs and arms twitched in her own orgasmic delight. Her body bloated with seed. Her once muscular frame relaxed and became pliable for the sole purpose of accepting more jizz. Her belly distended and continued to round out, stretched absurdly.

Topa beside her made a blubbing whimper of satisfaction as the brownish minotaur poured his essence directly into her core. With her hands resting on his hanging balls she felt the sudden surge as his pouch pulled upward against his taint. His whole body tensed around her, and then his flow of cum overwhelmed her. His

spooage hit her belly with force. Thick ropes piled up inside of her until her insides were coated and filled. Her belly distended, but didn't warp the way Shalls' had. Somewhere between ejaculating pumps Topa stumbled backwards. His length popped free of her slobbering maw. She stared dumbly at its end before the next blast of batter splayed ropes across her dimwitted grin. She was splattered across her brow. Thick tendrils of goo flung over her muzzle. The torrent continued down onto her magnified chest, a solid line painted from left shoulder to right hip with webbed tendrils dripping over her bosom. She left her mouth open, a vain attempt to catch the remaining sputters of semen. Her face became further drenched; she resigned to lovingly kissing and slurping out what remained. Spindles of snotty cream dangled off her chin.

Drunkenly Topa stepped back. The spent cock plopping from her mouth. She stumbled, twirled, and then collapsed backwards. There was impact, without sensation of pain, as her plump rear struck the ground. A cascade of errant jizz flung off her body into splatters around her. The larger black furred minotaur, now finished with Shall, released her bloated body from his grasp. Shall is a dreamy stupor let gravity take hold of her. She slid off his extended cock. Her ragged body crashed beside her friend. Her rounded middle quivered with the impact before she rolled back, shoulders striking against Topa shoulders. The two adventurous kobolds gently panting, back to back, in a cum engorged lethargy.

Time trickled by in the same way that a cracked pot drains empty. The two minotaur came and went as they pleased. Shall and Topa were in no state, mentally or physically, to consider escape. Sometimes they lingered in silent observation, sometimes with passing insulting remarks. The words washed over Topa and Shall, neither of them had the brain power to process language in their current state. The guttural voices of the bovine creatures were mocking in a jovial tone. Sometimes, one or other of the two kobolds would giggled or moan in response, mostly they simply drooled. Back to back they remained on the moss-speckled floor. The glow of runes wavered like reflected pool light against their distended bellies and cum slicked scales. The need for secrecy and subtlety was long past. The squiggly and fluid runes had formed a tight circle around the two. The intense neon glow was blinding. Their pink glowing stone had been taken at some point, leaving them washed in the light of the dungeons enchantment.

Another hour ebbed by unnoticed. The green glow of the runes had begun to manifest on the two kobolds. Tiny flecks on their scaled hide at first. Another firefly of light wafted around to land on their bodies. It gradually melted into their skin. With the passing hours the freckled divots of light overwhelmed their exterior. Separate particles merged together like raindrops, and like raindrops they eventually gained motion with their mass. In the last few moments trickling 'droplets' of magic danced over the surface of each kobolds' body.

The tangible light swept upward, a hundred tiny drops of light converging and reforming as a set of ringed inscriptions. One around each of their horns, and another thickly outlined about their necks. Shall and Topa remained passively still; but their breathing quickened with unknowable anticipation. The runes that now adorned them began to flash and pulse in time with the ring that surrounded them.

A bit of consciousness drifted back into Topa, just enough to be aware of the changes happening to her. The charmed runes shared residency inside her head. It didn't communicate with her through words or language, instead pushing desire and raw concept into her consciousness. Change. That was what Topa was barely able to glean. It was closely accompanied by pleasure and purpose; something that Topa accepted as if the idea had come from herself. The distinction between her own will and that of the dungeon was moot.

Topa felt a pleasurable warmth building inside her. It was a new kind of pleasure from the euphoria she'd been listlessly adrift in. It was an active heat that burbled deep inside her overstuffed belly. The wealth of seed packed inside her began to meld with her body, directed by the whims of the dungeon. Passively she was aware of her control over where her newly absorbed mass would go. The tug of the dungeons' influence was hardly required. They were in agreement. Topa was fairly certain they'd be in close agreement for most things.

Her rear swelled. Topa basked in the sensation; she let out a long contented moan throughout her expanding transformation. Her gluteus fattened and surged into round engorged hemispheres. Her thighs followed suit. She had had ample yet athletic haunches before, but now they protracted into pliable and plush pillowy limbs. Her hips widened out to accommodate her new proportions, and then continued to widen farther. The gap between her legs grew, making room for a new pudgy mound. Her womanhood filled out into a puffy and inviting set of lips.

All over the surface of her body glistening smears of minotaur cum began to face away. In its place Topa's once dull yellow scales took on their glazed sheen. She had always insisted on the distinction of being a gold scaled kobold, now that term had a matching outward appearance. Her inner belly remained creamy white, possibly whiter by comparison, while her other scales turned mirror smooth interrupted by bits of hardened and nugget-like chunks of real scaled toughness. No part of her; however, exuded the sense of golden draconic imperviousness. She was round, and soft, with a fine ornamental shine.

Topa had a dreamy gaping stare down at herself. Her tongue dangled freely between her respectable breasts. A long pink appendage that draped to her sternum. The last of her swollen belly finished slimming down, her bloat of seed tapering out to fill in her new breeding toy hips. That was the new mindset for her lower body, and she was delighted with her developing distinction. Breeding toy. She giggled sluggishly. Her new mound, framed by such exaggerated curves, looked so supple and soft. She rocked gently on malleable ass cheeks feeling a new giddiness overtake her.

Behind her Shall underwent her own transformation. The once reliant leader had been reduced to a creature of ignorance, barely sapient in her awareness. The encircling runes flickered around her horns and collar, bringing back what consciousness it could find. Shall was slow to come around. Her eyes fluttered back to life, but only into a vacant dreamy stare. Her mouth curved up into a simple and stupid grin. She raised her head up to stare at nothing. A strand of drool dripped from her boxy muzzle.

The spell wrapped around her head took charge. A sense of motherly chiding seemed to emanate from the runes over her skull. Shall was the simple minded: that concept was gently ushered into her mind, and with a bit of help processing the concept Shall readily accepted it as true. Her reduced intellect filled up a hazy void in her head where her stalwart sense of pride had once resided.

Her lidded gaze seemed to wake up then, eyes fluttering open. She stared off into the void, head lolling around until she found fascination with the ring of runes around them. A delighted yelp escaped her lips. The intricate runes reflected off her vacant pools until she blinked at them. A slow methodical hazy blink. Each eyelid shutting and reopening with independent rhythm.

Shall felt a tug at her mind. The runes hummed with insistence. Her focus being demanded elsewhere. Without any other impulses she obeyed with thoughtless compliance. She let her gaze drop down to her bosom; in conjunction, her hands drifted up to them. Shall became aware of the pleasant heat radiating through her body, coursing up ward and pooling into her mammaries. Clumsily clutched at her breasts she was just in time to feel their weight begin to grow. A sharp inhale punctuated her reaction as the first feeling of growth jumped into her mounds. It was a mixed reaction between startled jolt and pleasurable twinge, followed closely by later realization to what was happening. Her bloated stomach convulsed inward. Thick sticky goo merging into her body through magical means. A foreign pressure shot upwards and another pulse jolted into her tits. She resteadied her palms to accommodate the newfound weight and marveled at their growing roundness. Like every kobold, Shall's underbelly was more tender, but still scaled. It kept most kobolds' mammaries taut and perky. The next surge of growth altered that. Her fingers easily sank into the now gentle flexible flesh. The lively nature of kobolds' breast was being subsumed by heavy tear drops that completely filled her hands.

Another pulse of magic absorbed her still bloated middle and shot up to her now exaggerated teets. New flesh burbled out between her fingers, and the next surge to follow made Shall yip in shock as the rushing force pushed her fingers apart. She stared down at enormous rotund globes. Fumblingly she cradled them in her uncoordinated arms. Even as she failed, letting her newly inflated sacks spill and tumble out of her reach, every motion sent a delightful stupor rolling through her head. As she finally wrangled her cumbersome melons into the cradle of her arms another inward tug propelled her cleavage up and outward. Softened scales billowed up around her downcast gaze. Her laughter was a muffled moronic noise as tit flesh pushed around her muzzle. Her monstrous pair easily dwarfed her head in size.

After a bit of contemplated struggle Shall managed to pull her still giggling maw from her wealth of cleavage. Errant drool had pooled on the surface of her udders and still dangled off her snout. She gave another slow eye-to-eye blink into the air. She panted, in rapid but euphoric bursts. Her body ached in a way similar to how she felt after a days long journey over rough terrain. Certainly her breasts and middle bore the brunt of the sensation, but every muscle felt tender in that strangely calming way.

Her transformation continued; though, much more subtle in comparison. Too subtle for the anserine kobold to notice. Her belly dwindled down leaving a smooth and rounded belly where taut abdominals had once been. She became more plush, overall. Only faint hints of the musculature Shall was once proud of remained. She was smoothed over with a simple, subsumed, and supple physique. It may have even been subtle if not for the oversized set adorning her chest.

“Hah . . . Hullo, Shh-chall?” Topa fumbled about with slurring words. Her bodily transformations having finished she was still becoming accustomed to her new lurid form. Her tongue was under enough control now to not simply dribble out the front of her thickness enhanced lips. But articulating words was a new challenge.

Topa cupped her generous breasts, marveling at their newfound size. “Llloo’sh. Look. They’sh soooo big . . . and! Mmmmm,” She pressed her palms harshly up against her puffy areola, “Sooo . . . s’uish”

Topa eventually emerged from her mammary based idolatry, realizing that Shall hadn’t yet responded. Whistle memories came trickling back to the front of her mind. She closed her eyes and relieved a gleeful moment when she’d been watching Shall service the minotaur without a single thought in her head. She snapped her eyes back open, realizing that Shall had probably undergone her own transformation. The prospect enraptured her fantasies. With a stumbling coordination, Topa cranked her body around to look.

The gold kobolds eyes lit up in shock. From over Shalls shoulder she was greeted with the expansive view of two dominating scalie udders.

“Wahhhh . . . *thlurp*” In her surprised Topa let her tongue dribble free again. She made a swift gulping motion, both recoiling her new slithery organ and her shock. “Shhoooo . . . bi-hg”

She slumped forward, letting her own plush breasts rest on Shalls shoulders. Topa grinned devilishly as she let her hands slip down across the soft blue scales of Shalls magnificent form. She was so enraptured with the soft mounds she hardly noticed Shalls blank stared stupor. Topa pressed her body tenderly against Shall even as her greedy hands scooped up engorged flesh with a possessive desire. Topas rump raised up as she leaned ever forward. Her thick heavy rear unconsciously presented to the open air. Now on the tips of her toes Topa stubby tail swished invitingly. Her over tuned delta dripped with frenzied juices.

“Wahhhh!” Shall cried out. The sensation of her friend groping and mauling her sensitive globes finally pushing the stupor out of her head. She bounced on her plush rear, arms daintily flailing at her sides. Her outburst did nothing to dissuade Topa’s exploration. It only caused the two of them to jiggle and sway. In a pleasurable way. In truth Shalls sporadic motions weren’t intended to disway her. Likely; there wasn’t any intent to find.

“Awwww . . . poor Shall.” Topa cooed and gracelessly licked along Shalls cheek. Her tongue just sort of slithered out with her words. It was an unintended gesture that she didn’t regret, and she didn’t stop herself from repeating. Topa’s thumbs found there way to the wide purple disks around Shalls fattened nipples. A tiny squeeze here and a press there made Shall whine and shudder. Running her finger pads over the glossy susceptible surface in a clockwise motion made Shall blubber out nonsense sounds.

Cycling back the other way elicited a motor like chortle that was locked in her throat behind clenched teeth.

“Gods.” Topa said between long passes of her tongue, “We’re like . . . like, little sex toys now!” With the right press and pull she made Shall agree with a sharp ineloquent gurgle, “Heeheehee, yeah. I know! Jus’ a pair ah’ dum’ ko-bolds”

Topa mirthfully giggled before playfully biting at Shalls ear. That sensual bit of shrill teasing was the tipping point for Shall. In an eerily familiar motion Shall spun around to face Topa; only this time, it was a pair of massive swollen tits that she placed between the two of them instead of a shield. Topa laughed and inane shrill comedic laugh as she was bowled over. Her backside hit the ground with a dull plop. The circle of runes scattered apart like a swarm of fleeing insects.

Through hazy kobold dark-vision she saw Shall stumbling toward her. Hunched forward her breasts moved in an exaggerated pendulum. A blissful and excited idiot grin on her face.

“Sh-all . . .th-urn.”

Topas’ laughter was refueled by the comedic attempt at intimidation. But her gest was cut short as the stockier kobold lunged forward. Even as off kilter as her movement was, the shock made Topa yelp in surprise. Then she yelped again when Shall found her target. Her boxy muzzle pushed in deep against Topa’s pliable folds. Topa’s body seized up all at once, splayed arms and legs crimping inward. Her thick thighs rounded over Shalls blue head. Her skull disappearing beneath monstrous thighs, save for the curvy black horns sticking out.

Shalls’ tongue slithered in hungrily, her potent and unsympathetic delving deeply into Topa’s wetness. The once reserved and calculating fighter was reduced to insatiable animalistic urges. Carnal instincts took over as she writhed and snaked her dripping glossus appendage into Topas’ pudgy yielding slit. Topa raked her fingers over her scaled chest uselessly, She whined and cried while bucking her rounded hips, her fleshy rump rippling with each wild movement. But Shall was undeterred by Topa’s half-hearted, spontaneously automatic, protests. She pressed her little blunted black claws into Topas rump, pulled her hips back to the floor, and with a cruelly tender caress, clasped her pillowy lips over Topas’ engorged clit.

Pinned, Topa’s squirms came out as body wide shudders and spassims. The jerking motion of her hips smoothed out into a copasetic rhythm in time with Shalls ministrations. As Shall continued to feast upon Topas’ core, Topa felt something in the back of her mind. A promise of more to come, granted by the enchanting magic of the dungeon. Topa was now a denizen of the dungeon, and her life would be filled with moments like this. In time she’d forget she was ever anything else. Topas’ maw drew slick with pavlovian motivation as she realized; once she climaxed moments later she’d be using her own tongue on Shall. She couldn’t be sure if she wanted this moment to linger on, or to race forward to the point where Shall straddled her face.

The Dungeon promised a return of Griss and Tregg, Topa not even questioning how she simply understood that to be the hulking minotaurs names. Faintly she understood that there were other monsters for her to pleasure, or for her to be taken by. Shall would remain by her side, like the two masculine brutes the dungeon had used to convert them.

Topas hazy thoughts didn't last long. An insurmountable wealth of pent up lust began to crescendo within her. Her body had been moving of its own accord for some time now. Her gasps grew shrill, shriek by shriek her sounds became louder, higher pitched. She took in longer breaths before letting them out as longer agonized cries. Shall for her efforts was treated to a gushing flood of liquid joy bubbling out of Topas' snatch. The gelatinous set of thighs around her temple flexed, quivering with Topa's orgasm, until her rupturing petered out into soft quakes and eventually her legs parted, fanned out on the floor.

Topa lay there on the dungeon floor, gulping down breaths, letting her heart slow. Her tongue hung listlessly from the side of her jaw. Inside her euphoria addled mind the enchantment took hold of her impression of her fellow kobolds, green runes around her horns flickering with the minor effort, and subtly twisted her thoughts. Distantly Topa remembered the rest of their band, who would be looking for them before long. Yes, Topa agreed internally, those silly kobolds coming to rescue us. They'll make wonderful additions to the dungeon.

That was the last lucid thought before Shalls clumsy lumbering form crawled over her. Udder like breasts dragging up Topas' body. Shall placed one knee on either side of Topa's head. She couldn't see Shalls face beyond the kobolds lovingly cradled boobs, but she could picture the amused, eager, and arousingly stupid face she made just before sinking her pussy down over Topa's snout. Dark purple folds spreading over her muzzle. Topa simply closed her eyes and let her tongue play.