

hey there! uh...hope you enjoy this! i had a lot of fun writing this! it's my first public story so let me know what you think!

Destressing in the Tavern

Two adventurers return to their makeshift home in a tavern after a successful albeit rough adventure. Arguments are had, floods happen. a good time is had by all...Contains Gallons of that sticky stuff, Small dom on big sub, a lot of lust and some magic!

Black-bilge wasn't the most reputable place for adventurers in town, honestly it barely could be called 'reputable' to begin with. The drinks were watered down but cheap. The food came in two varieties; Hot-ish and cold-ish, but they were hearty, and like the beer, cheap. The rooms that were available for rent were the bare minimum of furnished. A decently sized straw-filled bed, a chest that most likely wasn't a mimic, a table with a chair and if you paid a bit more you'd even have your own water-closet, add on to that the fact to at least 1 meal and drink came with renting a room and it was a bargain that seemed too good to be true for traveling adventurers.

The building itself was old, it creaked when the slightest wind rattled its old bones and if the rumors were to be believed, haunted by more than one specter. It was the perfect paradise for a couple of down on their luck travelers to call home.

“Listen here the first thing we're doing is getting drinks and food, I'll fucking wash up later...” a deep voice spat out, sounding more annoyed than angry “Caius, I appreciate the suggestion but i'm starvin' mate. S'bad enough I got covered in ocre slime.” the voice carried on as the speaker pushed his way into the taproom of BlackBilge.

He was a curious sight. A small, curvy Gablyn covered in a gaudy amount of finery. The short gray-green man scanning over the room with his unnaturally green eyes, noting that the taproom was mostly empty, save for the Cambian Bartender and a few small groups of people huddled in corners engaged in their own conversations and not even looking up. The small green man took a moment to try and make himself look presentable, running a hand over his thick gray hair, brushing back an errant strand behind one of his small horns. He shook his arms causing the loud jangle of dozens of bracelets and trinkets to pierce the once quiet atmosphere of the taproom. Absent-mindedly he kept adjusting his normally well kept clothing, though currently they were stained with splotches of black ink-like splotches that refused to dissipate no matter what spell the Gablyn threw at it.

“It might be poisonous, Praax” came the deep and breathy reply from his companion, Caius, The man having to bend down to enter the building. “Ocher slimes burn things”

A stark contrast to the Goblyn Praax, Caius could be summed up in one word: 'Massive.' The human's dark russet skinned man demanded eyes roam over his wide frame whenever he entered a room, looking closer to a well muscled behemoth than to a purebred human. His Soft golden yellow scanned over the room quickly looking for people paying a little too much attention to him and his loud companion, a habit he picked up for staying in seedy areas with loose laws and corrupt Guards. His skin was covered in a variety of deep scars, some old and some new, that stood out in bright colors over his skin. He was imposing to the point of being a visual deterrent for most bandits. The massive studded tetsubo on his back acted as the deterrent for the few that thought they would make trouble for him and Praax.

Praax turned on his heels, having to crane his head back to look up at his companion. The two had been traveling together for years and it still struck him as strange that for all his size and ferocity on the battlefield Caius had a tendency to act more like a mild-mannered den-mom. Normally Praax found this endearing, but right now the Gablyn was hungry, and pissed over a routine fetch quest ending with him in his current state

“actually that's acidic no poisonous” Praxx replied with a smug grin “I'm not about to eat my shirt”

“Yo...you still should get't off” Caius replied ignoring the look on his companions face “just to be safe”

“Oi! big'n I didn't die” Praax grumbled, poking at Caius's leg “I'm doing jus-”

“Yew got knocked out” Caius interjected matter-of-factly, leaning down to be as close to eye level with Praax as he could, not wanting to agitate the fussy Gablyn any more than he already was.

Praax had an argument ready to go but seeing Caius bend over towards him caught him off guard, thanks to the large man's obscenely large chest squeezed into the leather harness he used to strap a gnarled looking tetsubo on his back. For a moment the nagging berserker's wide pecs dominated his field of view.

“Ah-..Yes. Well You got me up and again, I didn't Die!” Praax replied after he brain restarted. He was angry now, he could be horny later. “Besides who's fault was it that we had to trek back with no food!?”

Caius stopped for a moment, his normally stoic face growing dark.

“Zactly! We pack for 3 days there, three days back. That's what,6 days of rations?And we run out on day three. So we had to do what? Praax huffed poking at the giant man's chest, partly out of anger and partly to marvel at just how soft the mounds were. Pillowy with a bed of muscle underneath.

“So we get there, run out of food and then in the catacombs some large, behemoth sized human decides to set off every trap between here and Bomcader. Including an ochre slime trap” Praxx ranted his indignant pokes turning into furious, albeit harmless punches to Caius's chest before just planting his face into the cavernous cleavage and screaming, his head being more than engulfed by the human's breast.

“....sorry Pra” Caius huffed out, sadly. He'd seen Praax get like this before. After their first job botched years ago Praxx ranted and paced for almost seven hours. “We got the artifact”

a Mumbled “yeah” was the response

“we didn't die” Caius said in as much of a hushed voice as he could make.

The same mumbled yeah

“and we get paid tomorrow, upon delivery”

there wasn't an audio confirmation but he felt the Gablyn nod yes

“So, deal? You go upstairs, change shirts and i'll order food n' drinks fer you” Caius said gently now that the Gablyn's fury was starting to die down.

Praxx heard not a word of what was said however, being so enveloped by Caius's chest quickly

drained the anger out of him, leaving him to fully enjoy the soft flesh that surrounded him. While the giant was talking Praxx's hands started to roam with a purpose.

“So what do you want to D-” Caius started before he felt a small, ring adorned hand grab at one of his uncovered nipples, the nub of flesh being too large for the hand to fully encompass it, that didn't stop Praxx from giving the apple sized nipple a squeeze and a tug.

To his credit Caius didn't immediately moan out loud, it took him a moment to regather his though as he felt blood rushing from one head to another, the Goblin's molestations causing his stiffening member to pump out a few gushes of thick, almost honey-like pre onto the ground with loud splotches

“He...Hey Pra” Caius panted out, his face going flush as he squirmed though he didn't do anything to remove the Gablyn from his chest “m gonna make a mess”

Thankfully, or regrettably, depending on who you ask, the Bartender spoke up first

“Oi! Fuckbirds, not in front the door” The Cambian spoke directly into both of their minds, breaking Praax and Caius's concentrations

“ugh, Fuck you Drav!” Praxx yelled out loudly, breaking the silence and startling a group of people sitting in a booth a few feet down.

“Right, You order drinks, im gonna go torch this gods damned shirt Big'n” Praxx grunted out as he headed towards his room, pointing a finger at the Bartender Drav “Ya get in m'head like that again, i'm going to freeze yer fuckin nuts mate, ya hear?”

Drav just rolled his eyes and went back to watering down a bottle of beer “Maybe next time ya don't try have your wall fucking blocking my entrance, you little shit”

“Yeah well...Fuck you!” Praxx snarled as he skulked out

Caius smirked while the exchange happened. It wasn't an uncommon thing for those two to go at each other. It's happened almost every day in the 2 months he and Praxx have been staying at the Black-bilge.

“One day...” Drav said, eyeing the Gablyn as he walked up the stairs, eyes focused intesely on small green humanoids wide ass “I'm going to fuck him speechless.”

A short time later, having burned the unsalvageable shirt in his room and making sure to leave the ashes for Drav to clean up later, the gablyn made his way back down stairs. He surveyed the taproom. It was mostly clear by now, except for one group in the corner sharing drinks and playing a card game. His eyes however fell upon the wide back of Caius, the human having to use two bar stools to sit comfortable at the bar. After getting stuck in a booth once he refused to try again.

Seeing Caius sitting at the bar, conversing with Drav and noticing he's sitting like he always does, kilt open over the seats, Praxx decided it was time for him to have a little bit of fun. He stalked over, staying behind Caius so that neither the human or Drav could see him as he made his way across the room.

When he got close he took a moment to stop and just admire just how immense his friend was. Praax wouldn't openly admit it but he'd grown quite fond of Caius over the few years. The Human's back was wide, and even with all the extra padding Praax could still make out how much muscle was hidden. The dark skinned man was the definition of a living teddy bear, albeit one that could tear you apart like an actual bear. Yet he was the nicest guy on the planet.

'The fuck does he hang around me for' Praax thought to himself. Shaking the thought from his

brain as he made his move. The Gablyn carefully moved under the rim of Caius's furred kilt, thankfully he always sat wide legged for comfort. Once in that dark mostly private place he saw his target. Caius's plump asshole...

After such a trying week, dungeon crawl and trek back, once he had made sure they weren't pulling any undue attention when they arrived at the Black-bilge, Caius allowed himself to not be in 'on' mode for the first time since they made the trek out to the mountain caves to retrieve whatever they were paid to grab. He pulled up a couple stools and after ordering for him and Praax he let himself relax, the giant's shoulders untensing for the first time in what felt like forever while he chatted with Drav.

"Any trouble while we were gone?" Caius asked, his large hand dwarfing the wooden beer stein he was idly sliding in circles. The amber liquid half drunk already "anyone come look'n fer us?"

"Cai. I told you, no one came looking for you" Drav replied in a voice dripping in boredom."...or your little green friend"

"Are ya su-"Caius stopped and took a deep breath before he downed the last of his cup, a fresh one already ready for him before he put the cup down "I'm doin' the thing again. Sorry"

Drav chuckle, a small across the red-skinned Fiend's face "Hun, it's adorable you're so protective but you know, he could stand to get his ass kicked once or twice"

"Yeh, he's a lot but he's more bark than bite" Caius said after draining the new cup in a few gulps.

The conversation went on for a while until Caius and Drav eventually ran out of things to talk about. Though Caius was just distracted enough that he didn't notice the Gablyn sneaking across the tavern and sneaking under his kilt. The same Gablyn that was just enjoying the heat under the furred kilt he wore, the fabric acting like a portable, musky sauna for him.

Praax spent the time in the shadow of the giant's clothing just staring at the human's asshole. Like the rest of him it was thick, the muscular ring demanding enough space that it caused the dark globes of his muscular legs to part a bit. Praax loved how the skin on the slightly pulsing ring was lighter than the surrounding skin, making it look like a target for the Gablyn. There were plenty of nights while they traveled where he'd spend a large chunk of the night just lavishing as much attention on Caius's donut as he could, he loved to make the big man squirm.

Maybe it was a pang of guilt from how harsh he was to him earlier, maybe it was for his own stress relief, maybe it was both but right now he wanted to really treat the giant's hole before him.

"c'mon don't notice this..." Praax said as he started to mumble, making a few arcane hand signs. Anyone looking from the outside would have seen a brief soft illumination under Caius's kilt and a pair of small legs before it darkened again.

Caius was none the wiser

"Perfect" Praax thought as he licked his lips, the Gablyn's tongue glowing lightly as he made his move, having to stand up to get lip to ring with the human's winking hole.

In that moment whatever conversation he was having we immediately ended as Caius let out a uncharacteristically high pitched yelp, followed by a deep rumbling moan in his chest as he melting onto the bar, his arms barely able to keep his head up while he drained what was close to his seventh drink.

"I'm going to go check on the food, since your friend is here." Drav said with a chuckle.

Caius paid him no attention, the big man's submissive nature starting to take the forefront when he felt the familiar tongue of Praax start to probe into his ass. Though it felt different. It felt larger. Thicker. Caius felt his dick come to life, he squirmed a bit as the Gablyn probed and stretched him on

that invading muscle, each time it crept deeper, or curled inside of him his balls let out a powerful jet of viscous clear pre. The first shot hit the ground with a loud splash, giving the impression of someone throwing soup at the floor, though soon it was just a steady flow, the Gablyn's four-toed feet soon squelching around in the musky gunk.

Praax was lost in the heat of it all. With Caius's legs spread the way they were he had an almost perfect position to take his time stuffing the human's ring with his magically changed tongue. He let his hands roam on the brute's fat rump cheeks, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as he pulled back, his tongue almost as long as his arm and almost twice as wide, admiring the face that the human's ring was refusing to gape before he started to noisily make out with the thick ring. The twitching donut squeezing like it was trying to make out with Praax.

Caius had his head laid on the bar, face in his hands as he was slowly turned into a large flushed mess. He had to bite on a knuckle to keep the heated moans to a minimum, though when he felt the Gablyn's hands start to roll and tug at his swollen nuts he let out a moan loud enough to draw the attention of everyone in the taproom. Causing the room to go completely silent aside from the lazy ropes of pre splashing against the floor and the loud greedy smacks of the gablyn currently eating his ass like he was starving.

Praax could care less if folks were paying attention. He had a job to do and right now it was making out with the succulent asshole of his friend and getting him to flood the bar. He would say he's doing a great job right now. He pulled back from his friend's ass again to watch the donut again, noticing it taking more time than the first to clench back, the ring of muscle throbbing in time with the jets of sloppy pre splashing against the ground. The Gablyn took a moment to readjust himself in his pants, a wet spot starting to form in his crotch. Praax licked his lips, his tongue easily covering his tongue and face before he shoved it back into the fat ring, this time crushing against the swollen lump of Caius's prostate.

Caius' posture changed almost immediately. He sat straight up as a board, a long low groan escaping his heaving chest as his back tensed before his dick lurched, the wide underbelly of his cock swelling as a fat glob of pure alabaster cum shot from its bloated head.

The berserker's club of a cock lurched heavy as the first torrent of cum shot out in a long thick unbroken rope, heaving the side of the bar heavily like a fresh coating of paint. His ring spasmed, clamping down on the invading tongue like a vice for a few unbroken seconds before relaxing, then squeezing again in time with the second shot of hot dick syrup. Caius's nuts roiled and sloshed loudly, to the point of being louder than his labored breaths, squeezing tight to his taint before relaxing with each volley.

Praax had to hold on to the muscled ass as the behemoth shuddered and unloaded. The clear puddle he was standing in now back-splashing up his pants and giving them a stain deeper than the ochre jelly for earlier. It occurred to him that for the entire trek up to their job and back that he didn't see Caius unload not once, and he was so focused on either how much money they were going to make or how hungry he was on the walk back that he didn't even offer to help relief the poor guy.

He was brought out of his thoughts by an exceptionally strong blast that sounded like it was trying to dent the wood of the bar, the hot gush backfiring and soaking him from neck to knee. The shots started to slowly taper off at first going for 10 seconds pulses to 5 and then eventually to a lazy river of dickslime that eventually went from almost unnaturally white to a cloudy, nearly clear drip.

Caius tried several times to say something as thanks but all that came out were soft gasps and moans as aftershocks rocked his body, the swollen pleasure nut still getting prodded and poked by the Gablyn as he stood in a lake of cum that covered most of the taprooms floor.

The Gablyn took his time to extract his tongue from the gripping donut of the panting human, enjoying every little twitch and moan he could while doing his best not to gunked up floor, one good thing about Caius's cum was that it was always so thick, like cake batter. He licked his lips when his tongue was free, slowly shrinking back down to it's normal length and gave the ring a kiss before he

coming up for less intensely musky air and climbing the giants back, licking at his face from over his shoulder

“You feeling better big?” Praxx asked in a husky voice before he nibbled on Caius's ear, the human just nodding while trying to catch his breath.

“This reminds me of that time in Colswell.” Praxx whispered in the panting human's ear, seeing his eyes go wide as he flashed back to the night in the tavern where he was so needy he offered himself to every adventurer in the tavern that night. A smile crept across his face at the memory, that was when he met Praax.

“Get on the floor” the goblin commanded before sliding his tongue over the human's cheek slowly. Caius was more than happy to oblige, moving with speed that belied his bulky size while Praax nimbly jumped onto the bar, taking a moment to track some of the humans load before climbing down, standing between the legs of the human that was one his hands and knees in the almost wrist deep puddle of cum, ass nearly level with Praax's chest.

Of all the things that Praax was well versed with, one was being a smart ass. The other was his natural affinity with magics. It's something that the Gablyn was extremely proud of. Part of the reason that he got into the adventuring lifestyle was to test himself in his ability to improvise ways to control and contort the Weave. He knew how to make things explode very well, it was the first thing he learned. He learned to create illusions, to heal, but the thing he found himself most infatuated with was the magics of transformation and augmentation.

From the outside it just looked like the Gablyn was wearing a pair of garish and loose harem pants that he liked to adventure in, this was by design. Even now, staring at the wide banquet of flesh ahead of him in a puddle of cum that was starting to dampen the hem of his pants, the patterned material gave the occasional pulse at his crotch, a small wet spot starting to form near where the middle of his left thigh would be.

Around the Tavern more than a few eyes were fixated on the pair, the groups dotted around the establishment having forgot about their drinks and vittles at the lustful display happening in front of them, one group that was closer than the others, a group of two bugbears and a stout dwarf having to adjust in their booth as the berserker's flood encroached on their space.

Feeling the gaze on him and Caius, Praax grinned, this was his favorite part. With one hand digging into the plush flesh of the human's ass he reached for his waist band with the other, a subtle golden glow tracing around the rim of the cloth as he released the magic holding them in place.

With loud clear sound like a wine cork being popped, the Gablyn's pants shot to the floor, as Praax's cock lurched out in a bloom of clear precum that soaked Caius's ass, causing the prostrate human to let off a needy moan, pushing back towards Praax.

The Gablyn's cock was a thing that defied logic. Hanging from his waist, pulsing angrily and firing off rope after rope of thick water clear pre, was a watermelon shaped rod of magically altered gablyn fuckmeat. It was as thick as Praax's waist and when full hard ended just at his chin. The engorged meat was green nearest the Gablyn's hip but the color darkened to almost black-green similar to Praax's arms and was capped with a broad, shiny black head, the yawning cockhole snugly housing a thick onyx ring inlaid with a red spinel.

Praax had to take a moment to adjust his feet to step out of the pants that acted as a pocket dimension for his nethers as his balls started to demand space between his legs, the ball sack taugt and twitching every time the fat schlong pulsed. Compared to his cock his sack was almost modest in comparison, the quartet of nuts the size of his head roiling audibly with a dense load. Almost Modest.

There were a few gasps around the tavern, though one of the bug bears let out a loud “How the fuck did'e hide that!?”

Praax paid them just enough attention for it to cause his dick to smugly lurch a fresh coat of pre over Caius's ass. With his eyes never leaving the human's pulsing rim of muscle he made a few, absentminded somatic gestures and the floor under his feet shone a golden light, albeit muted thanks to

the coating of nut on the floor. He took a small step up, like he was stepping onto an invisible stair, though when he put his weight down in the empty air another gold light appeared, letting him step up into the air. A few more steps and he was in the perfect position.

Grabbing his cock with his right arm and hefting it up he let the full weight of it fall between Caius's cheeks. The impact made a loud fleshy thud sound the few times he did it, each time a fresh blast of sloppy pre soaked the human's wide back, running off him in thick rivulets.

"Please..." Caius panted out, pressing back at the teasing Gablyn.

"What was that big'n?" Praax growled in a husky voice, droppin his cock on the human's ass to punctuate what he was sayin?

"fuck me" a soft moan at an impact that caused his arms to buckle a bit.

"Louder..." Praax demanded, letting his dick crash into the humans back again, and slowly rocking his hips, absolutely drenching the blubbering human.

"FUCK ME YOU SMALL GREEN NUSCENCE" The Human shouted out and quickly hid his hands in his hands on the floor, getting a faceful of his own cum in the process.

"Well since you asked so nicely" Praax said as he got into his favorite position. A Snap of his fingers and two ghostly facsimiles of his own hand appeared on the giants hips, gripping them tightly as he used his physical arms to line his dick up with the berserker's waiting hole, the black cockhead giving the plump ring of muscle a coating while overwhelming it.

Caius let out a loud groan, as those ghostly hands pulled him back into the Goblin's monolith when Praax shoved forward, spearing the twitching hole of the behemoth in one loud go, the sounds of the first thrust sounding like someone dropped a bag of meat down a 10 foot drop.

Caius came again, he couldn't help it. He went from that annoying, uncomfortable feeling of emptiness to having an honestly upsetting amount of oversized meat stuffed in him in less than a second. The shots were loud as they blasted the floor and the underside of his belly, but he didn't care, this is what he needed.

Praax didn't give Caius a moment of rest. As soon as he was in that warm, vice-like grip of the human's ass instinct took over. He growled deep as his own hands replaced the summoned ones, using Caius's wide hips as handles to pump as much of his cock into the human as he could. In that moment, while he was battering Caius's swollen prostate, surrounded by the sweat and pre soaked flesh of his ass he realized that he needed this just as much as his partner. Taking a moment a night or two to drain his nuts by hands was fine but nothing compared to plugging the berserker's resilient donut

Caius was a blubbering wreck. Each time the monstrous cock pulled out he felt empty, and found himself pushing back only to have the breath knocked out of him as the Gablyn went about his duty of rearranging the human's guts to a monumental degree. He felt bloated, a few rubs of his stomach revealed that he was, the Gablyn's torrential output of pre already making his hefty tum start to round out even more the human looking like he'd spent the last week gorging on nothing but meats and mead.

At the renewed flooding of the tavern floor the few remaining groups decided to make their way upstairs, with the exception of the the table closest to the pair, the table of Bugbears and dwarf, having fallen into their own debauchery now, with the dwarf on his back on the table, getting filled from both ends by his fuzzy companions, the third bugbear, one on the heavier side of chubby, happy to sit and watch, idly jacking off a modest but thick member, eyes darting between both groups.

Between heavy grunts as he battered Caius's abused pleasure nut Praax tried his best to whisper into Caius's ear. "Yer not gonna be hungry for the next month after I finish with you." he huffed and gave the human's round cheeks a slap, marveling at the way the flesh moved while the human's ass milked his swollen meat

Caius nodded and let out a moan as the fat meat hit each and every spot of his. His brain was on

fire from so much pleasure hitting him at once he would have agreed to pretty much anything the Gablyn said in the moment. His cock had stopped firing off rope after heavy rope of cum and twitched and throbbed with each dry orgasm. He rubbed at his own side, marveling at how much the Gablyn had flooded him; he wasn't able to lay his head flat on the floor anymore due to the swollen gut pushing him from the floor. The Berserker's was getting close to the point of exhaustion his legs and balls felt battered and bruised thanks Praax's nuts slamming against them loudly each time the Gablyn hilted himself. Occasionally He'd pause and let his cock pulse a few heavy ropes into the humans sloshing belly before he went back to filling the tavern with the sounds of flesh colliding with flesh

Praax was getting close, the Gablyn's hips working double time as he shoved himself as deep as the human could take. He Pulled back, leaving the head of his cock wedged in the pliant ring of muscle, looking down to see his cock throb and twitch, right on the edge.

"Ready for some localized flooding. Big'n" He snarled out, not giving Caius a chance to replay before he shoved his cock in as hard as he could, a low bellow coming from his throat as the dam opened and his balls gave up their load.

The sound in the tavern changed, the sounds of groaning and flesh slapping against flesh was drowned out by the audible sound of Praax's nuts churning before that bloated meat blasted volley after volley of his syrupy load into the overloaded berserker. Hip hips never stopped moving, any cognizant thought Praax had replaced by the carnal desire to make sure that his human was as full of his cum as possible. The Wet sound of sex loud enough to be heard through the tavern, maybe even outside, where a small lake of seed was starting to gather near the front door.

Caius knew he wasn't going to be walking anywhere for a few hours at least. When a heavy, cum flavored burp forced its way from his lips he knew it'd be a day or two. His hands grabbed at his swelling middle, while the well was gentle at first, with each blast of hot batter he felt paint his insides his stomach leapt to new sizes.

The Berserker let out a concerned groan when he felt the Gablyn stop thrusting and just hold onto his hips. A single coherent thought raced through Caius's head as he grabbed the edge of the bar, splinting the wood a bit as he picked himself as best he could to his feet, still being doubled over due to the sudden change in his center of gravity. Standing wide legged and bent over, The human took a moment to catch his breath as he felt the Gablyn's load finally taper off, right when his belly was reaching past his knees

The remaining group grunted loudly as the two bugbears let loose into the pinned dwarf, causing the muscular short stack to fire off a blast of cum that showered the two at either ends of him. The Dwarf eruption quickly quelled by the third Bugbear swallowing the stout dwarven's jawbreaker of a cock.

Praax huffed and ground his deflating dick into Caius, milking out a final few moans before his cock flopped out in a cascade of gooey jizz.

"F-Feeling better Big'n" he almost coo'ed into Caius's ear, feeling as if a fog had been lifted from him.

The human groaned and nodded, still using the bar to keep himself up right as his legs twitched and shook. "F..full-" His back arched as he was hit with an aftershock, his dick twitching wilding "mean"

Praax chuckled, sitting on the bar and grabbing the humans face gently, pulling him into a kiss "I'm sorry for snapping at you earlier" he began in a gentle whisper, one of his hand wiping away a viscous glob of cum from the human's face "If ya need some relief on the road-"

'WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE TO MY TAVERN' Drav screamed out as came back out from the kitchen. The Cambian's hair disheveled, his pants missing, and his flat stomach looking quite a bit rounded. Over his shoulder, in the flash before the door closed Caius could see the cook, a potbellied orc looking quite satisfied with himself.

Praax and Caius looked at one another, then at the tavern. The floor was saturated in the

human's load and the load of the Gablyn that was gently leaking from his ass. The group that had stayed behind were still going at it, the chubby bugbear sitting in the dwarfs lap while the other two made out on the table.

"We...We can explain" Praax started

A week later

After the initial fury and two hours of yelling at the two, Grav eventually struck a deal with Praax and Caius. They could either pay for the repairs or they could do it themselves. Praax decided to take the easy way and spent the next few days magically cleaning every surface of the tavern, with Caius doing the woodwork repairs himself, much to Drav's surprise. He expected the two to either pay or skip town.

"m Sorry, we got carried away" Caius said as he put the finishing touches on reinforcing one of the barstools. Praax was a few feet away, hands aglow before he magiced away the last of the more saturated cum

"Yeah...and my tavern still smells like sex..." Drav grunted as he looked over the handiwork. He had to admit to himself that they did good work

"I think it smells good." Praax shot off, Caius rolling his eyes before dropping a small bag of coin on the fixed bar. "That's enough for me and Praax to rent a room for a year..."

Drav held up a hand to pause the human and took his time to count the money. He let out a satisfied grunt and nodded for Caius to continue

"This is a good place, and you didn't throw us out. It'd be a nice place to hole up between jobs"

"Yeah, sure." Drav said, siding the bag into a compartment behind the bar, a playful smirk on his face. Before he turned to Praax "Just don't flood my tavern again, ya lil shit"

The Gablyn returned the grin in kind, "No promises..."