

Gwendolyn Visits the Goddess

An elven paladin of love visits the pocket plane her goddess calls home. A dress code is enforced. A TF short by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"Are you sure about this?"

The nervous reindeer looked back at the armored elven paladin perched upon her back, turning over her shoulder to give her companion a quizzical look. She held the expression for a moment as the elf rummaged in her pack for something, waiting to make sure she saw her concern.

"Of course, Lus. We've planeshifted before without incident, and to far less friendly places. I see no reason why this would be an issue." The paladin responded, producing a scroll from her satchel and unfurling it in front of her.

"Something about a quest in the capital palace of 'The Plane of Pleasure' seems... it just sounds too good?" The reindeer shrugged her withers as she returned to facing forwards, slightly jostling her rider. "Usually quests take us to either some dreadful backwater cavern or something more urban full of even worse monsters."

"I know you've got mixed feelings on big cities and particularly palaces, but this is different. I've heard the people are less... people-y. Both in appearance and demeanor." The elf gave her friend Lus a reassuring pat on her neck floof as she double checked the contents of her bag, confirming she had all the supplies she needed for both herself and the shapeshifting cervine sorceress. "Besides, my dear deer, but I'm an instrument of the goddess of romance, passion and lovemaking. She said She needs my help to retrieve some things on Her plane, and She was the one who provided me with the spell to get there. I trust that the magic She has given me will have no ill effects."

"If you say so, Gwen..." The reindeer responded, trailing off unconvinced.

Gwendolyn nodded to herself, whispering the incantation to herself under her breath to get a feel for the pronunciation, before raising her mace and repeating it again, with conviction.

"Erusaelp elbidercni fo noitacav a htiw snoinapmoc reh dna noipmahc ym drawer!"

With a pink flash both the reindeer and rider were gone, their woodland campground empty and quiet, save for the distant sounds of nature.

As the blinding flash of pink light cleared, the goat creature opened her eyes. She quickly shook her head, casting off the disorientation from the teleportation and taking stock of the landing.

She sat bareback atop her rubbery, inflatable reindeer in a field of tall, green grass that swayed gently in the slight breeze, aside a path of weathered pink paving stones. Her cock was slowly extending from its furry sheath, poking around the apron embroidered with the pink hearts and golden swirls that she wore in a half-hearted effort at decency. She looked down at her bare, white-furred legs at her pink caprine hooves, then down her fuzzy arms at her two pink hoof-fingers and thumb, before reaching up and touching them to her curly golden horns, confirming nothing was singed.

She leaned forward, feeling the dildo that protruded from the painting of a saddle she was sitting on stretch out her drooling anus, causing her to leak onto her friend's smooth, rubber back.

"You see darling? Everything just how it was. I told you there was nothing to worry about teleporting into the plane of pleasure." She patted Lus reassuringly on the side of her slightly over-inflated neck floof, just below where her cock was dribbling pre onto her, before leaning forward and giving the back of her head a nuzzle with her own short snout. She held there for a moment as her pats spread the musky goat pre around, sniffing deeply at her own enticing scent.

Lus didn't respond immediately, but Gwendolyn could feel the tension easing as her friend's barrel became slightly squishier between her legs, and the dildo that the goddess had formed from the seat of her perfectly smooth, painted-on saddle started to vibrate happily.

"Unh. Almost nothing. I think we skipped some time and missed my afternoon milking. I feel so full..."

Gwendolyn couldn't see the doe's udder from where she sat, but she could see the way her rear legs bowed slightly outwards, and hear the rubber-on-rubber squeaking from her back legs as she slowly shuffled in place.

"The goddess wants us to be at Her palace in time for supper, and we need to make good time lest we leave Her waiting."

"I've got so much eggnog..." The doe moaned as she wiggled her haunches, the goat hearing the sloshing of thick, rich dairy down below.

"I'm sorry darling, but if you can hold off until your evening milking, I'll see you get rewarded for it. Maybe I can stretch out that valve under your tail a bit, give you some of my 'goat creme' in return?"

The reindeer didn't answer, instead simply launching down the paving stones at a full gallop towards the distant silhouette of a city, the impact of her hard rubber hooves and the motion of

her soft rubber joints creating a rhythm of clops and squeaks. Gwen quickly grabbed onto the rubber straps that extended back from the painted-on bridle of her mount, using them to help hold herself upright as she bounced up and down upon the dildo that kept riders both on the doe's back and entertained throughout their trip. Soon they would be in the goddess' palace, and while returning Her two favorite toys in time for the evening's fun was it's own reward, She was sure to have some additional blessings for them as well.