

## The raid

Icealton, a level 100 Holy Paladin, rode her stallion through the forest of *Serreba*. The snowy owl spurred the damn animal before checking her inventory; she cursed when she realized she didn't have her warhammer of fire +30 radius...

"This mace will have to do..." She said as she equipped the item then closed the menu swiftly.

When she arrived in front of the cave, she unsummoned her horse and waited for a couple of minutes and looked around. The paladin did that until she looked at the time: "*I'm* the one who's late!"

The holy owl armed herself and entered the dungeon quickly to look for her teammates. She followed the trail of dead monsters as she wondered how the whole party survived without her. The character hoped she could still beat a few monsters and confront the boss for a bit of loot. After all, this dungeon was renowned to drop legendary items if a large, experienced party could be assembled to beat it.

When she entered a large room, Icealton froze as she saw the graves of all of her friends in the middle of it. Their items were all left on the floor for the taking. She didn't have any time to think, because the door slammed shut behind her. The paladin jumped and she yelped in surprise; she was now all alone in the middle of a square-shaped chamber with no escape route in sight, and green vines that slithered towards her slowly...

## Battle!

The snowy owl snickered as her hands shook. She had just switched her standard mode out for detective mode as she needed to know what that monster's weakness was in order to survive the trial. What had been revealed to her was that the weakness were the huge bags in the corner of the room; they bore an unpleasant resemblance to a man's ball sack!

She changed mode again as she ran towards her target, mace and shield in hands. She smacked her weapon directly into the *testicles* of the monster, dealing - according to her HUD - **168,322** physical damage! Unfortunately for her, attacking the weak spot of the creature activated its hidden ability.

As the other tentacles in the room moved in her direction, those closest to the holy paladin each lashed out and dealt **32,846** magical damage. She realized she was in trouble - her attacks did not have the splash damage radius her warhammer would have granted her to deal with the tentacles at the same time as the *nuts*. She clenched her beak as she attacked one of the tentacles to test its resistance. When she realized it was not worth her time to attack them, they attacked her again - and this time, in greater numbers. How could she even win this battle?

She drank one of her potions and hit the *berries* again as she prepared for a war of attrition with the vines. Unfortunately her next turn was interrupted by one of the tentacles wrapping itself around her... Critical hit! She growled in frustration as the game denied her any attempt at struggling. More damage would be dealt to her because of the thorns over the next few turns...

## Game over

Icetalon had one last chance at saving herself; her aura of purification! She never used it because it wasn't leveled up. If she remembered correctly, it would burn off the tentacles because they were plants; fire was their weakness. She activated the spell just in time as a sort of hood at the tip of one of the tendrils was pulled over her face and locked her ability to do anything at all!

Horror washed over her as the UI warned her of the magical property of the vines; they absorbed most of the damage to heal the rest, slowly draining her mana. She never did more than squirm as she was forced to breathe the perfume into the hood and was undressed. Then the snowy owl grunted into the hood and writhed as suction cups began to milk her breasts. She slowly realized it wasn't probably fragrance she was inhaling because her breasts produced great quantities of milk while her pussy started to become super wet and sensitive!

A feeling of helplessness overcame the poor owl as huge tentacles were slipped into her tail hole and cunt to fuck her swiftly. Other vines whipped her rump, groped her big tits and occasionally even teased her exposed clitoris as they held her arms and legs spread. She moaned "GG" softly before feeling the user disconnecting and leaving her alone to be raped for hours before he'd be permitted to revive her at any of the nearby towns...