

# Seasonal Quests

By Victor Waite

*A deer and his friends team up to take on the last leg of a seasonal, VR dungeon in the world's most popular MMO. Rumors of bugs and glitches in the final boss fight have run rampant, but just as many seem to get through unscathed. Is there any merit to these stories, or will the group bail before they can find out?*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Deer, Male Supporting Characters, a VR Environment, Fat and Chubby Characters, Teasing, Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunction, Hyper Latex Creatures, Encasement, Transformation, Corruption, Hypnotism, Hyper Cock and Ball Growth, Soft Cock Vore, Non-graphic Digestion, and Cum Inflation

The sharp crinkle of a plastic bag broke the room's quiet ambiance, briefly rising above the hum of fans before giving way to a loud crunch. John popped another chip into their muzzle and repeated the noise, then leaned back in his seat and took inventory. A spread of snacks covered the parts of his desk not taken by his computer, and a small selection of sugary drinks sat off to the side, ready for consumption. The deer's belly peeked from his shirt as he rose his hands over his head in a deep stretch, and his chair squeaked when he twisted side to side. He slumped down once limbered up, then opened what would be his focus for the evening. The soft clicks of keys filled the air as he logged into his game, and he slipped on his headset when prompted. The device was little more than a headset and visor, though it represented years of cutting-edge research and development. A shiver ran down the cervine's spine when a set of pads along its inside edge made contact with his head, forging a neural link that seeped into his every sense. The details of his room grew fuzzy and indistinct as a virtual reality bubbled forth, and a rush of cold washed over his form as a wintry menu materialized from a blizzard background.

John nodded through the screens, selecting his home region and server, until a wheel of characters greeted him. The digital figures waved to him with familiar warmth, which he returned as he cycled through them. He stopped on another deer that may as well have been his twin, then stepped forward and put on the guise of his counterpart. The weight of thick robes settled on his shoulders as a magical fire kindled within his core, a fantastic representation of his arcane strength. A staff materialized in his grip, and the edges of a hood fluttered in the edges of his vision. Vitality surged through him as his HP module activated, and the menu's neutral landscape bled into a bustling city. Cobblestone roads materialized under John's hooves and stretched between stylized buildings, accented with festive decorations and lazy snowdrifts. A myriad of players filled the spaces between, some role-playing, others preparing for adventure, but the cervine ignored them all and ran toward the city's largest tavern. The dull murmur of a hundred conversations wandered into his ears as he entered, and he scanned the multi-level inn for his party. He found them mercifully quick, then dashed up the stairs while praying he wasn't the last to arrive.

"THERE HE IS," boomed a hukling bear of a paladin. "I told you guys he didn't forget."

Beneath the tavern's table, a feline bard passed a fistful of gold coins to a wolfish rogue.

"Sorry guys," John said sheepishly. "I guess I lost track of time a little."

"It's cool," the bard smirked. "We know no snacks means no heals."

The wolf reached and patted the deer's soft belly. "Aye. I'd rather you be late than have us stall for food," he teased.

John blushed hard enough for it to show on his character. "Anyway, we're all here now. Ready to start?"

The bear pounded his chest with an armored fist. "I've been ready since last week!"

The bard and rogue nodded in agreement.

"Let's rock and roll then!" The deer chugged a drink from the table and slammed it back down, tempting the wolf to slosh his middle once more.

"There'll be more roll than rock, methinks."

John brushed the comment off and opened the dungeon menu before his friends noticed his blush, but their snickers rose above the tavern's murmurs regardless. The cervine cleric scrolled down the list of dungeons, all the way to the bottom, where the seasonal bonus quests resided. He recalled their runs through the first three as he passed them by, and his expression ever so slightly hardened when he reached the end of the series. A stout wall of flavor text sprang from the side of the interface as he lingered on it, but he paid it no mind. Instead, he focused on the horror stories surrounding the trial. Rumors of game-breaking bugs ran rampant, despite the lack of evidence or first-hand testimony to support them. Many had cleared the boss unscathed and uncrashed, vastly undercutting their credibility. Still, the shadow of doubt lingered, and he almost considered delaying their expedition until the developers released a patch or addressed the stories. Before he could make his concerns known, however, the ursine paladin made the choice for him. As a complete preformed group, they warped into the dungeon instantly, peeling away the warm tavern walls to reveal an icy and unforgiving landscape.

"What the hell?"

"You were taken too long," the bear shrugged. "Plus, the tank is the leader, right?"

"I guess, if you don't want heals," the deer grinned.

"Fiiiine, lead the way," the paladin sighed.

"Oh hell no I'm not taking point. That's what tanks are for."

"Can we just get inside already," the bard piped up. "It's freezing, in case you haven't noticed."

"You think they can feel this blizzard," the rogue retorted. "This is a fine day for them."

"No, it's actually pretty cold for me too," the bear admitted. "Bad day for full plate."

"Then let's get inside before we start taking damage,"

The others nodded and followed John into the dungeon.

An imposing entrance awaited them, constructed from hardened gingerbread and

reinforced candy-cane. Fortunately, someone had already done the hard work of breaking and entering for them. A massive hole smoldered where the door used to be, reaching through several feet of structure into the open rooms within. Freshly fallen snow obscured most of the blast marks, and a chill wind howled through the gaping wound. The party formed up, paladin at the front, and advanced into the frigid structure. The bright ambiance of snowblind gave way to a darkened interior, highlighted by streaks of neon blue and flashing points of light. There was no mistaking it for the North Pole's central server building, and the group cautiously drank in the sights as they pressed on. Hundreds of thousands data banks lined the frosting walls, each containing enough information to rule a naughty or nice verdict over anyone and everyone in the world. Though it was purely for show, John couldn't help but imagine the delicious secrets contained in the vast vault. His attention drifted back to their mission as the lights and displays sizzled and sparked, inadvertently betraying a corrupter's presence. The party collectively sensed a tension in the air and tightened their formation, just in time for an ambush to leap from the shadows.

The trials leading to the final challenge prepared them for much, but the sight of their foes stunned them regardless. Standing with the expected manifested viruses was a group of rubbery humanoid golems, who pushed the game's rating into adult ranges with their presence alone. Within the trio was a male, a female, and someone between, all abundantly so and brandishing their sexual features as weapons. The party stood stunned while the golems' visors flashed with digital tells, granting them the first strike through inaction. The paladin thought their presence was an elaborate prank until the smooth and shining male leapt through the air and slapped his chest with his massive cock and balls, dealing more than enough damage to get their attention. John boosted his group's defense and mended the bear's bruises, and combat properly began as the rogue and bard charged to action. The ursine paladin let loose a savage war cry that forced the attention of their foes, then raised his shield and braced for impact. The deer's protective magics mitigated the worse of the retaliation, through becoming their punching bag still took its toll. The bear took pleasure in the fact the wolf and feline repaid the golems and viruses twofold, and a steady stream of healing stopped the damage from accumulating and empowered his resolve.

The digital fiends fell quickly to the adventurer's coordinated assault, but the golems proved much more resilient. More over, they utilized attacks and patterns unseen anywhere else in the game. Their swift doges and counterattacks, most of which involved their oversized assets, caught the party off guard and scrambled their strategies, forcing them to adjust and improvise. John called upon seldom-used spells to chip away at the strange creatures' health and keep his friends standing, while they experimented just to connect blows. Their creeping arousal did little to help their wavering concentration, though it didn't truly cause a problem until only the intersex golem remained. The party surrounded them and prepared to rain down their finishing blows, until it answered with a reversal of its own. The creature's rubbery hide gleamed with energy and let loose a bright flash of light, stunning the group and stumbling them back. Before anyone recovered, the needy mob slipped behind the rogue and caught him between their breasts, binding him in place while they grinded their cock against his comparatively tiny ass. The wolf's armor smoked and corroded at the points of contact, but the paladin came to and knocked the creature out

before the grapple became even more amorous.

An empty moment hung in the air before John eventually spoke up. "Well, that was something that happened. Is everyone alright?"

"A little confused, but fine otherwise," the ursine bear admitted. "When did they add the sexy stuff?"

The feline bard shrugged, then shook the wolf from his lingering fantasies. "What about you lover boy? Should we have waited a little longer?"

The rogue blushed fiercely and his leather top fell to the ground. "I mean, I wouldn't complain, but we didn't come here to fuck and be fucked by the mobs."

"We kinda did, just not so literally," John murmured.

"The next fight will go better," the paladin countered. "We know what we're up against now."

"I hope so," said the wolf. "I don't think it'd be a good idea to lose to them. That one kept saying something about 'becoming naughty to fight naughtiness'."

A second pause hung in the air, this time broken by the bard. "Then we'll just fight better."

The four nodded in unison and pressed on.

Ambushes awaited them at regular intervals, but as hoped, their fighting strategies improved with repetition. Each squad that blocked their way featured at least one of the curious golems, which always put up more of a fight than its supporting units. They came in an extensive mix of fetishistic figures, which dictated their horny fighting styles. Despite their differences, they all sported the same digital visor over their eyes, and physical contact corroded weapons and armor. Initially, the daring party relished the challenge, as well as the thrill of indulging in hidden kinks, but their enthusiasm wore thin as quickly as their protection. The smallest touch was enough to compromise their gear, and though it would be restored upon completion or exit, it made each battle slightly more perilous than the last. Their loss of defense snowballed as reduced stats made it harder to dodge, and the situation came to a head when they reached an open, circular chamber. It was the unofficial hallmark of an impending boss fight, and its presence gave the tattered group pause. The friends looked between each other and the intimidating room, reading expressions and looking for willingness to return, but no one wanted to be the one to give up first.

So they steeled their nerves and stepped into the arena.

A holographic wall rose in their wake and blocked their retreat, sealing them in a ring of battle. A faint whistling drew their attention upward as the mini-boss dropped in from a

hole in the ceiling, and when the dust settled, it became obvious there was nothing mini about him. A manifested virus rose to twice the party's height and rivaled them collectively in width, and it wobbled toward them as it pulled an intimidating cannon from its back. Corrupted data poured across the creature's digital hide while it spun its weapon up, and the party scattered as it took aim. The ursine paladin hurled his shield at the jolly look-alike and drew its attention, then braced behind a wall of shimmering magic as it let its first volley fly. A jet of pressurized eggnog pounded the arcane barrier and sprayed in all directions, littering the area with delicious, hazardous pools. The puddles froze over with the creature's next attack, scattering slippery patches around the room. The bard and rogue wove between them while John took shelter with the bear, and the team glowed with his magic as he refreshed his protective spells. The paladin charged when the caloric jet ended, knocking the villain's aim off with his shield and opening him up for a counter. The towering virus staggered with the blow, though it quickly recovered and answered the bear with a festive bayonet.

The mini-boss landed strikes on the bard and rogue as well, but they grew fewer and farther between as they learned its patterns. Still, their lack of armor ensured their mistakes were fully punished. John pulled double duty to keep everyone off the floor, draining his arcane reserves faster than anticipated. The color faded from his vision as he reached the limits of his abilities, prompting him to reach into his belt and produce a small flask of glowing blue fluid. The deer's focus lapsed for just an instant when he lifted it to his muzzle, leaving him open for the virus's attack. Locked in animation, he could only stand and watch as the mini-boss spun its cannon up and took aim, and he squeezed his eyes shut as a jet of eggnog blasted him squarely in the chest. The neural feedback knocked the wind from his lungs, sprawling him back in his chair while he struggled to recover. The feline laughed while the wolf and bear covered him, and John eventually picked himself up off the floor once he could breathe again. At that point, it became obvious the blast had some additional, lingering effects.

The deer's mostly-exposed frame wobbled with a fresh layer of flab as he scrubbed the shock out of his eyes, which taxed his remaining gear. There was almost nothing left to constrain his softened chest, but his thickened hips and thighs strained his tights to transparency. His belt had burst loose and spilled a handful of his potions, but his plush figure squished around his remaining clothes enough to keep them in place. A heated blush burned in his muzzle while he surveyed the damage, but the virus cut his assessment short and charged the party once more. The bear rushed forward and broke the boss's momentum, giving the others time to regroup and resume their attacks. John finished his mana potion as the rogue and bard flanked the over-sized virus, and the flow of healing magic returned as he fell into the rhythm of battle. Still, he couldn't shake his mistake from his thoughts. A faint breeze blew across his plush middle, playing on the edge of his perceptions where he couldn't distinguish its source. His movement was slow and sluggish with his added weight, setting him on the unstable edge of a runaway effect. Thankfully, the paladin held the boss's full attention, and he avoided immobility until the battle eventually ended. A fanfare announced the party's victory, and the gate surrounding the arena faded and restored their freedom.

The group visibly relaxed, then turned to John. "Can't say I've ever seen that debuff," the wolf remarked, "But it looks good on you."

The others snickered and the deer hefted his added flab. "It wore off, so this shouldn't still be here, right? Is this one of the bugs people have been talking about?"

The feline bard shrugged. "Beats me, but it shouldn't be a problem if its not slowing you down."

"I guess... Let me just check something real quick before we start the big boss."

"Try not to let this break turn into a twenty minute snack run," the wolf called.

John switched his headset to standby before he could answer the wolf, which given the colorful nature of his reply, may have been best. The frigid world around him dissolved into a thick, smothering fog, which the details of his room imprinted upon. His desk rematerialized, with all his snacks and drinks intact, followed by the walls and ceiling. His head swam with the sensory shift as his visor reverted to transparency, and rubbed his temples and clear the digital haze. The deer fully returned to reality quickly, though the consequences of his combative carelessness followed. A bleat of surprise burst from his muzzle when he looked down to find his stomach squishing from beneath his shirt, coaxing a round of laughter from his friends through their voice call. The cervine tugged the garment down in a vain attempt to push the squishy roll back in its place, though he only succeeded in stretching it out. His voice left him while he struggled to process his expanded middle, drawing increasingly curious and fat-centric questions from his party. After a final squeeze to confirm his belly's reality, he spoke.

"Guys, that boss made me fatter."

"Yeah, we were there," the bear laughed. "Busted you right out of your leggings."

"No, I mean sitting here, in my chair. My shirt doesn't fit right now."

A curious silence filled the conversation, until the feline broke it. "You don't need to make stuff up. We're not gonna think any different of you for getting a little heavier."

"Some of us might even encourage that," the wolf added.

"Are you sure it didn't just shrink or something?"

"No, it fit fine a few minutes ago."

"How much snacking have you been doing tonight," the bear questioned.

"Not enough to do this," John murmured.

"Maybe you've been hitting the snacks a little harder than you give yourself credit for," the bear shrugged. "Don't worry about it though. A few extra pounds is no big deal, and I can help you start losing it tomorrow if you'd like."

"Thanks," John sighed. He truly appreciated the support, though it didn't address the root of his concerns. Still, they could be right, and that possibility restored enough peace of mind to coax him back into the dungeon.

John hit the reengage button on his visor, his room melted into a Dali-esque ooze of colors to reveal the frozen dungeon. He rubbed the disorientation from his temples, and once fully reintegrated in the virtual world, regrouped with his party. The quartet dragged themselves to the far end of the conquered area, where the imposing door to the central server room loomed over them. A set of four sigils on the metal barrier glowed as they presented their trophies from a previous dungeon, and once all were energized, the titanic portal unlocked. The room trembled and the air filled with the harsh screech of machinery, and the room beyond revealed itself. The chamber resembled the interior of a donut, a disk revolved around a central pillar. The smothering noise of electronic static poured over them once the gate fully opened, drowning out the fortress's frigid ambiance. A transparent walkway led the group to a circular platform around the column, which they followed with hesitation. A closer look at the chamber's walls revealed a vast array of TV screens, flashing between an infinite set of camera feeds. They gripped the party's attention while they wandered down the glass path, until a loud boom rang out behind them. The adventurers turned to find themselves sealed within the chamber, revoking their chance to retreat and forcing them toward the big boss's arena.

The walkway shattered the instant they stepped onto the central platform, and walls of digital fire raced from the pillar and subdivided their arena. They watched three other parties power through the same hesitation that plagued them, until all the groups reached their positions. Each band claimed a quarter of the circle, and their fates twined together as the villain stirred. Brilliant red screens popped into existence around the pillar, spiraling up from its base and culminating in four massive displays at its peak. A sharp face appeared in every monitor and spat at the adventurers with disdain, then readied itself and lashed. A grid etched into the floor and soft green light filled the open squares, with the exception of where someone stood. The occupied tiles shifted from green to yellow to red, then unleashed a bolt of vindictive energy. Those with faster minds or reflexes dove out of the way, though some felt the rogue AI's sting before the battle properly began. Hi-tech posts materialized within the grid as they recovered, and the fight began when the boss exposed its cooling array. John split his attention between his protective spells and the ground while his friends moved in, dividing their damage between the supercomputer and its defenders.

Harsh, metallic sounds filled the open chamber as swords and knives and axes cut into vulnerable fans and tubes, only stopping when the boss sealed up and forced them to dodge its retaliation. The color-coded security floor kept everyone in constant motion, bouncing



between striking posts and the computer itself. The dangerous nodes charged electricity as soon as they emerged, and if let unchecked, let loose a burst strong enough to stun the party and strengthen the malicious AI. The wolf and cat ensured that never happened, though the other groups found difficulty in juggling their responsibilities. Bright sparks and loud explosions shook the platform as they others slipped, though in a stroke of luck, everyone survived. The villainous AI crackled in digital tones and announced its actions as it moved into its next phase, granting a single party its full attention and leaving the others to manage threats. John sighed with relief when they voided its first pick, but their respite was fleeting. Several posts sprung from the ground across their section of the arena, each with a floating, holographic portrait above it. Some featured generic icons, while others bore the visages of players. A red ring of light surrounded the base of each post, and with the AI's booming resolve to level judgment on the adventurers, John quickly figured out what to do.

The cervine directed everyone to target the posts analyzing the other players, and they rushed to conquer the mechanic before the computer finished its analysis. A constant procession of nodes sprang up to replace what they destroyed, testing the limits of their skills and coordination. Their task devolved into a mad rush as windows of opportunity shortened and evermore targets rose from the ground, until a bright flash overtook the arena. A flashy explosion announced the lead group successfully completed their phase, granting a brief respite to all until the AI sparked and rerouted its resources. John's hackles raised when the boss set its sights on them, which in a slight mercy, disable the troublesome security grid. An empty ring formed around their feet to replace it, which gradually filled as the AI amassed information on their yearly conduct. It was up to the others to stall for time while they attacked, and with luck, they would inflict enough damage to interrupt the verdict. Unfortunately, luck did not seem to be on their side. John's gaze darted to the other groups while he fought, and the frequency of his looks increased as the ring about his hooves crept toward completion. The bear talked him back into his healing groove and took his mind off it, until a chime rang through the room.

#### *VERDICT REACHED: JOHN - NAUGHTY*

The cervine's friends snickered, until the floor ring snapped shut around his ankles and trapped him within a barrier. Everyone able to rushed to his aid and beat against his restraints, though the futility of his rescue became obvious as a laser sight fixed upon him. His party backed away to avoid becoming collateral damage, and he closed his eyes and braced for impact.

The cannon shot rang through the arena, and from its barrel flew something unexpected. A scroll of wrapping paper launched through the air and hit its mark, whipping each end around the deer's back. The effect wrapped him up neatly and tightly in the span of a second, and he flopped to the ground as his cage dissipated.

John writhed and struggled against the oddly strong paper, but failed to free himself before a far more sinister effect manifested.

The edges of his visor faded into the fringes of his vision as the AI's digital visage filled its screen, gradually dominating his senses and worming into his consciousness. His struggles faded with confusion, though he resisted looking into the computer's gaze until forced to. Hypnotic swirls bored into his perception, and his muscles relaxed in submission as the corrupted program spoke directly into his ears. Whispers of redemption and atonement slipped into his mind as the wrapping paper shrank-wrap to his profile, dissolving his gear and highlighting his softened curves. The muffled sounds of combat vanished entirely as the distinction between fur and paper blurred, melting together in a resilient, rubbery coating. The deer's arousal peeked from between his wobbling thighs and rounding belly as the AI initiated reprogramming cycles, tapping into his desires and twisting a sense of a duty from them. John's lips echoed his new directive, to embrace naughtiness to fight naughtiness, and with each repetition, he slipped deeper into his role. The deer's eyes glossed over with newfound perverted purpose, and his decorative cocoon turned and writhed with his attempts to break free and begin his new mission. His temporary prison held together, however, as his body was not yet ready to serve.

Before his lust-drunk eagerness and impatience boiled over, the AI reshaped his body to better suit its needs. It wrestled away control of his muscles and endowed him with strength, both for subduing his targets and for handling his assets. Dense muscles rippled and flexed under his festive hide, creating the foundation on which the rest of him built upon. Soft padding buried his definition as his spine and limbs stretched with new height, and his pelvis subtly popped and shifted as his hips widened. His thighs thickened to fill the newly-formed gap, and his sac swelled into what they didn't occupy. A blaze of need ignited in his core as his virility spiked, and his gait-altering balls sloshed with every tiny roll of his hips. His shaft grew from ample to absurd to hyper, testing the durability of his wrappings as it curled around his sac. His friend's focus frayed as he neared the silhouette of rubbery drone, and their combative responsibilities fell to the wayside when John's transformation completed. A visor emerged from the smooth latex and defined his otherwise featureless face, and an expression of perverse digital glee spread across its surface.

John's friends approached with caution, curious if they could reason him out of the state, until he charged and pounced.

The bard and rogue rolled out of his path, leaving the paladin to take the brunt of his force on his shield. The bulky ursine succeeded in blocking the strike, though it came at a cost. The deer's free-flowing pre spattered against his steel and lingered when they parted, eating through the shield until it fell to the floor in corroded halves. A look of genuine worry crossed the paladin's face while the droned deer relished his victory, though his other friends capitalized on the opening. The wolfish rogue jabbed him in the kidney, and the feline notched an arrow designed to stun. The rubberized servant wobbled with the canine's perfect blow, though his new anatomy dulled the pain to nothing. The wolf hesitated when his foe didn't even flinch, leaving him helpless as John gripped the remains of his armor and whipped him around. A flawless release sent him flying at the cat in the instant he took his shot, knocking the blunted arrow from the air and slamming them

together. The impact sent both sliding to the arena's far wall, and while they recovered in a twitching heap, the needy deer reset his sights on the bear.

John dashed with terrifying speed and ducked under his friend's sword, then countered with his weaponized cock. The heavy thump of its impact resonated through the floor and drew the attention of the other groups, who could only watch the bear stumble to his knees. The corrupted deer pumped his shaft once and unleashed a burst of viscous pre against the ursine's chest, which both dissolved the last of the paladin's protection and cloyed his senses with hazy arousal. He struggled against the mind-numbing pheromones and struggled to reclaim his balance, but only managed to teeter for a step before falling back down. The drone's visor lit up with delight as he sauntered closer, eager to plunge into the bear's history and determine the most appropriate naughty punishment. A familiar ring closed around the stunned ursine in seconds, revealing passionate secrets to the cervine and AI alike. John's grin showed through his latex coating as the results came in, and he wasted no time utilizing them. He grappled the bear with ease and pinned his limbs to his sides, then rolled his hips and adjusted his shaft until it bumped the paladin's exposed toes. His muzzle blazed with embarrassment and he quietly begged the compromised cleric to reach deep and resist showing his deepest kink to their friends, but his peas fell on deaf ears.

The rubberized deer drove his hips forward with embowered muscles, slurping the ursine to his knees in a single thrust. Constrained lust played across the paladin's face as a thick squelch announced his descent, and his non-committal struggles diminished while the drone relished the sensations. Electric bliss raced up and down his spine with every subtle movement, regardless of who owned it. Nerve endings never used blazed paths of bliss through John's trembling figure, paralyzing him with unmitigated rapture. The pair likely would have remained locked in that state, willing to progress but unable to act, but the computer's intervention kept their show moving. Static flashed across the drone's visor as his corrupter seized control, reducing him to a blissed-out passenger while his intimate muscles flexed. The ursine paladin found himself in a similar state, though as a result of unchecked lusts, and his own member peeked from beneath his shaggy belly while the deer grunted and pumped his hips. With the AI's guidance, the drone made quick work of the adventurer's legs and hips, though the overhang of his plush stomach gave him pause. The rogue and bard recovered from their beating while the AI adjusted John's stance, but they were well beyond the point of making a difference.

The ursine looked to them with a wash of emotions, mostly lust with a hint of shame, bringing the wolf and feline to question if he was asking for help or privacy. They closed their consideration when they spotted the ursine's arousal, and their muzzles blazed with blushes of their own as they forgot their decency and simply watched. A split opened in the latex deer's muzzle and his tongue lulled free as he drunkenly jabbed his hips in a needy burst, bouncing the bear's muffin top before his greedy tip climbed its curve. A deep groan of satisfaction filled the arena with his triumph, and distinct, swallowing ripples ran down the length of his shaft as he claimed his catch inch by inch. In that moment, the rogue and bard realized they were in over their heads, and unwilling to share a similarly kinky fate,

reached for their eject buttons. A menu appeared before each of them and asked for confirmation, and they departed from the dungeon in a cloud of shimmering smoke. They mentioned something about meeting back at the tavern before excusing themselves from the voice call, leaving the bear and the other parties to fend for themselves. It took the other parties a moment to realize what had happened, and once they did, they either scattered or gathered around to watch the depraved display.

Their audience only stoked the heat in the bear's cheeks, spurring him to cover his face while John bounced his cock over his chest. The underbelly of his spire bulged grandly around the ursine's widest point and left almost nothing to the imagination, forming almost perfectly to his flabby contours. A perpetual river of viscous pre ensured his journey was nothing less than smooth, while also filling the air with the drone's lust. The distraction easily sabotaged the other groups' efforts to coordinate, meaning it was only a matter of time before the AI created another drone from the groups. Their ignored fight mechanics snowballed out of hand quickly, but the collapsing encounter was of little concern to the deer and bear. The paladin shamelessly embraced his fate when the advancing cock reached his shoulders and forced his arms over his head, completely eliminating what little control he may have retained. A look of climatic bliss crossed his muzzle, and the drone bounced with something of a chuckle when he felt his catch spurting against his interior walls. The ursine's head rolled back in exhausted satisfaction in time for the rubbery cock to slurp up his neck, and he offered no resistance as the slick ring of his entrance framed his vision.

Eager to achieve his own release, the drone hugged the underbelly of his length and pointed it upward, employing gravity in his favor. Between his inner slickness and the bear's complicit cooperation, the last of the paladin quickly disappeared. John slurped his wrists down with a lewd sound and traced their bulge down his shaft, and his gaping tip clenched shut as they sank toward his churning balls. A steady flow of pre spilled across the floor as the first of the ursine's legs poured into his sac, swelling his soft rubber down to the floor and out across his feet. The drone threw his head back and let out a computerized groan as his friend's widest point followed, stretching his intimate chamber and spiking him with pleasure. The bear's descent quickened as the drone's inner muscles clenched down to their original size, squeezing the last of his catch into his heady, sweltering chamber. The paladin's outline was obvious, even through the resilient latex, revealing his squirming bulk as the deer's walls churned and sloshed him about. Viscous seed leached from the sides of his prison and pooled around him, cloying his mind with a lustful trance and seeping into his pelt. Digital patterns flashed within the drone's interior as the mad computer began its analysis, and once finished, rewarded the deer with one of his fantasies.

The corrupted deer squished his body pillow-sized cock to his soft middle and brought its tip to his muzzle, then rocked his hips and indulged his carnal curiosity. Though his oral skills were out of practice, the fantasies he fulfilled made the effort more than worth it. Copious waves of pre slathered his narrow muzzle and gave his face a viscous shine, and hedonism took over as he pressed his lips to his spurting tip. It was difficult to say where the deer's depravity ended and the computer's began, but it seemed an unimportant distinction. Regardless of his desire's origin, the deer fully devoted himself to getting off,

running his hands and thighs up and down his throbbing length. The rhythmic motion stirred the deepening pool of rubbery seed around his passenger, sloshing it against every square inch of his figure and strengthening the computer's grip on his being. The AI rapidly seized control of the paladin's consciousness and imported it to another drone, narrowly succeeding as the deer's unrestrained lust took its toll. The bulges in his balls softened to nothing, increasing the volume of his sloshing until it rivaled the sounds of battle. The other parties were far too occupied with their own drones to notice or care, however, leaving John to finish himself off in relative privacy. Pent up from consuming the ursine paladin, his stamina gave out quickly and he unleashed a tide of festive cum into his muzzle.

A muffled cry of bliss resonated in his chest when he filled and overfilled his cheeks, and it became more so when he relaxed his muscles and opened his gullet. His neck bulged with substantial swallows as he raced to keep pace with his enhanced virility, and once he grew accustomed to his output, he didn't spill a drop. The deer's belly ballooned out and squished against his spire, assaulting his senses with a second source of bliss. His inner gluttony and hedonism twined together in the single greatest climax of his life, which seemed to stretch on for hours. The drone guzzled the transformed bear with equal parts conviction and glee, however, eager to prove his competency in the eyes of the computer he served. His balls gradually shrank and revealed his thighs as his middle eclipsed them, until they reverted back to their modest, yoga-ball sized baseline. The corrupted deer stumbled against the arena's wall and recalibrated to his new point of balance once his climax finally waned, then awaited his orders while the AI tended to the other drones in the instance. Before that command came, however, his connection to the game lapsed. The battle arena fell away in a abrupt rush, stranding him in a foggy void until error recovery measures kicked in. Indistinct static filled his senses for a timeless span, until the features of his room slowly emerged. John let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding as a sensation of abrupt grogginess lifted, and he stood from his chair to stretch the stiffness from his legs.

Or at least, he tried.

Panic welled in the deer's chest as his body ignored his orders, stranding him in his chair. He began to wonder how often the sleep paralysis glitch occurred and was and how long it'd take someone to find him in his room, until his finger broke free from the anatomical quirk. A weight lifted from his shoulders as he stood and stretched, until a familiar face flashed across his vision, revoked control of his muscles, and banished the illusion of his old body. His cum-swollen belly sloshed when the computer stood him up, and a list of names scrolled across his vision.

*I HAVE JUDGED THESE PLAYERS AS NAUGHTY. FIND THEM AND BECOME MY PUNISHMENT.*