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This Story contains sexual content not suitable for those who don't like fun, which is a shame. And if you are one of the people who are under the age to be reading this, then you know the drill. You'll have to close this file, replace your retinas, and erase the memory of reading this fine piece of literature from your brain... Hey, I don't make the rules but I just enforce them. With that out of the way, enjoy the smut, my Fellow Connoisseurs of Culture!

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Story by Paul Michaels

The Sorcerer's Wives.

Ch.1: Searching for the Sorcerer of Kundun

The forest was enveloped in an almost tangible silence, a profound tranquility broken only by the soft murmur of the breeze as it delicately weaved through the snow-laden pine trees. Each gust set off a cascade of shimmering white snowflakes, loosening them from their perches atop the sturdy branches, where they twirled and danced elegantly through the frosty air before landing gently on the ground. There, they joined an ever-thickening blanket of pristine powder, transforming the landscape into a winter wonderland.

This year, winter descended upon the regions surrounding Mount Visor with an unsettling swiftness, wrapping the landscape in a thick, glistening cloak of snow. The once vibrant fields that stretched across the farming village lay smothered beneath the frigid blanket, transforming the familiar, bustling scenery into a serene but ominous winter wonderland. The farmers, who had toiled diligently throughout the warmer months, managed to gather most of their precious crops before the icy grip of snow enveloped everything. However, this early onset of winter was anything but ordinary. Typically, the first flakes would not grace the ground until well into the season, but this year's cruel twist of fate hinted at something deeply amiss. In the distance, the darkly majestic silhouette of Mount Visor loomed over the valley, casting an unsettling shadow that only deepened the villagers' concerns. It was then that he appeared—the Sorcerer of Kundun, a figure thought to have been lost to legend and time, reemerging from the depths of myth to bring about this chilling turn of events.

Whispers filled the air about the enigmatic sorcerer who had made his lair high atop the craggy peaks of Mount Visor. It was said that he spent his days shrouded in secrets, immersed in forbidden rituals that sent shivers down the spines of those who dared to speak of them. On nights when the moon hung full and ominous, draped in a mantle of dark clouds, a faint red glow would flicker ominously from the mountain's summit, drawing the eyes of the curious and the brave alike.

Those who dared to trek into the shadowy realms of the mountain often returned home, but with a haunting emptiness—they could never recall how they had come to find themselves back in their own beds. The same sensation enveloped anyone who caught a glimpse of a mysterious cloaked figure gliding silently through the forest. Even the local farmers, who lived seemingly idyllic lives, claimed to hear the haunting echo of chants drifting through the trees on every full moon, a chilling reminder of the sorcerer's presence. The air was thick with mystery, and Mount Visor stood as a sentinel over the strange tales that surrounded it, beckoning the adventurous and the foolhardy to uncover its dark secrets.

Fortunately for the village of Silverhelm, a wealthy merchant known for his enigmatic presence and generous spirit, decided to invest his considerable fortune into the local Adventurer's Guild. Desperate to rescue their small farming town from the brink of despair, he hoped to attract a legendary band of adventurers who could tackle the dire challenges they faced. This mysterious benefactor seemed to blend into the shadows of the town, with few able to recall his appearance or even his name. If it hadn't been for his quiet yet impactful intervention, it is unlikely that the guild would have ever taken notice of their plight, leaving the villagers to fend for themselves against encroaching difficulties.

Thanks to the merchant's fervent request, a formidable group of adventurers known as the Armstrong's Finest has come to the village. This all-female troop had been making waves in the realm for the past five years, led by the indomitable Cinna Armstrong—a warrior of extraordinary strength who could wield a greatsword with one hand as easily as others brandish a dagger. Her two other female companions were not weak by any means either, as they dealt with the toughest of foes. So, when they were in the area, and this strange occurrence was going on, they took it upon themselves to investigate. Plus, the reward was far too good to pass up.

As the trio began their journey to locate and confront a sinister sorcerer, the snowy forest landscape seemed peaceful—almost serene. With no monsters or traps to impede their progress, they felt a sense of confidence swell within them, blissfully unaware of the lurking dangers. However, as they ascended the mountain, a dark, roiling storm cloud crept ominously into view, swallowing the once-vibrant blue sky in its shadow. The adventurers paid it little mind; their focus set steadfastly on the path ahead. But suddenly, without warning, the winter storm struck, catching the brave band completely off guard. Determined to press on despite the elements, they rallied together, ready to face whatever challenges awaited them.

As they forged a path through the treacherous terrain of the mountain's second level, the daunting depth and weight of the snow slowed their progress to a grueling crawl. Each step was laborious, demanding immense strength from their weary legs. At the forefront of the group

strode Cinna, the undeniable leader, her imposing figure swathed in a thickly layered, hooded robe of rich furs and sturdy wool. A massive greatsword rested comfortably against her shoulder, its hilt adorned with intricate designs barely visible beneath a veil of frost. Streams of frosty breath billowed from her lips, twisting into ephemeral clouds that vanished into the biting cold air. At the same time, the ache in her muscles served as an incessant reminder of the grueling journey they had undertaken.

"We should take a rest soon," Cinna suggested, her voice unwavering and steady, betraying none of the exhaustion coursing through her body despite the relentless chill and strain of their arduous trek.

Trailing closely behind her were two steadfast companions, each one a pillar of strength in the biting cold. Vela, the keen-eyed bow-woman, kept her gaze sharp, scanning the swirling shadows of the storm for any lurking dangers. The fierce wind and biting snow whipped against her face, turning each moment into a test of resolve. "Rest? Where, Cinna? We're out in the open here," she replied, her voice threaded with a note of worry about their perilous position in the heart of the tempest.

Cinna pivoted slightly, determination carved into every feature. "We will find shelter, Vela. Trust me. It's not like we haven't faced worse." Her words bore the weight of countless trials, igniting a flicker of hope in the chilling air between them as they trudged forward, bracing against the merciless wind that threatened to devour them whole.

Vela shot back, "True, but that doesn't mean we have to enjoy it! It's not like you to lead us into a slow death."

Cinna huffed defiantly, "I would never guide us to our end! Honestly, when the going gets tough, you two are drama queens. We simply need to find a place to wait out this storm. Once it passes, it's back to tracking down that elusive Sorcerer's hideout. And then—oh, the beaches of Vorn! Picture it: azure waters, golden sands, and you, Alis, skinny-dipping with mermaids."

Alis, the elven sorceress, rolled her eyes, scoffing lightly. "As if! I'd turn into an ice cube before I'd ever get near a beach, and don't count on those mermaids welcoming a human any time soon—not after the last war with the merfolk."

Cinna waved a hand dismissively, "I wasn't speaking literally! I thought a little humor might lift our spirits. What did I ever do to deserve this constant complaining?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," Vela interjected, trying to lighten the mood. "We just don't always see eye to eye. But let's be honest here—the storm is only getting stronger. If we don't find shelter soon, we'll face a lot more than just snow. Silverhelm is too far away to return now."

The snow swirled around them, a mesmerizing yet merciless curtain, as they pressed on through the heart of the storm. Their bond ground them against the chaos of the world outside.

"Just give me a moment," Cinna called out, her breath visible in the frigid air as she squinted against the raging storm. The blizzard was relentless, swirling snow blurring her vision, but she was determined to find some shelter. Her gaze caught sight of a towering cliff wall about 500 feet away, and within the maze of trees, a dark cave entrance lurked like a promise of safety.

"There's a cave over there!" she shouted, her voice nearly swallowed by the howling wind. She pointed decisively in its direction as hope ignited in her chest despite the fury of the storm.

Both Vela and Alis turned, straining to see through the swirling flakes. At first, it was just a shadow against the gray rock, but they clung to that hope, a small dark spot amid the chaotic white.

"Let's move! If we don't find cover soon, we'll freeze out here," Vela urged, her voice echoing urgency.

With determination, the trio began trudging through the deepening snow, the wind battering them from all sides. The snow fell heavier, its icy fingers forcing them closer together as they leaned into the storm, relying on each other for balance and warmth.

Step by painful step, they pushed forward, the cave seeming to shift farther away with each gust. Numb legs and shivering bodies threatened to halt their progress, but Cinna's voice cut through the noise, breathless yet resolute: "We're... nearly... there."

"I see it... just a little further," Vela grunted, her determination never wavering as she fought against the elements. The cave loomed closer, a beacon of refuge amidst the chaos, driving them onward through the fear and the cold.

The trio trudged onward, their boots sinking into the deep, powdery snow as they fought against the elements. Just a hundred feet away from the cave's mouth, a ferocious gust of wind howled through the wasteland, sending them sprawling into the cold, white drifts.

"Damn it!" Vela exclaimed, her voice cutting through the howling wind.

"Get up, girls! We can't afford to stop now!" Cinna urged, a sense of urgency lacing her tone. She scrambled to her feet, reaching down to help Alis and Vela regain their footing.

"We're almost there. Just a little more," Alis encouraged, her breath visible in the frigid air as they rallied together.

With renewed determination, they pressed forward, finally reaching the dark maw of the cave. The entrance loomed before them, shrouded in shadows yet offering an inviting stillness away from the biting wind. Cinna hesitated for a moment, peering into the inky depths, before stepping inside. Vela and Alis quickly followed, leaving the chaotic storm behind as they ventured into the unknown darkness.

"There's not enough light for me to see how deep it goes," Vela murmured, her voice echoing slightly in the dimness of the cave.

Cinna turned to Alis, urgency in her eyes. "Could you use one of your illumination spells? We need to see what we're dealing with."

A spark of determination lit Alis's face. "Got it! Firelight!" she called out, conjuring a glowing orb that soared into the air, casting flickering shadows across the rocky walls.

As the bright light filled the cavern, the trio squinted against the sudden glare, adjusting their eyes to the dazzling glow. To their surprise, the cave stretched much deeper than they'd anticipated, revealing a smooth stone floor that embraced the shadows beyond.

"Looks safe enough," Alis exclaimed, a mischievous grin spreading across her face as her curiosity ignited at the mysterious cave's hidden depths.

"Sure, but let's not get too comfortable," Cinna replied, her tone laced with caution. "I'd rather not have any monsters lurking in the dark, hoping to surprise us."

"That won't happen. That's why you have me around. I'll put an arrow in between their eyes before they get the chance to surprise us," Vela said, smirking.

"You better, Vela... Anyway, you two know the drill. I'll take the lead, Vela will have the rear, and Alis will be in the middle," Cinna said, taking a few steps deeper into the cave.

"Why is Vela always in the rear?" Alis grumbled, her voice echoing slightly off the frozen walls.

"What?... Did you suddenly master sword fighting while I wasn't looking, Alis?" Cinna shot back, raising an eyebrow.

"Um... no," Alis admitted with a reluctant sigh, her shoulders slumping.

"Then it's settled—middle it is," Cinna said, a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth.

"Fine, fine, I'll go," Alis huffed.

The trio stepped gingerly into the depths of the frozen cave, each sound echoing against the high, icy walls. The legendary adventurer, Cinna Armstrong, led the way, her presence commanding. A formidable warrior, she was armed with a magnificent greatsword, its blade gleaming even in the dim light. Clad in a heavy robe that blended thick cloth and luxurious fur, she exuded a rugged elegance. A sturdy metal cap sat atop her head, framing her striking

features—her short, fiery red hair and piercing green eyes conveyed both warmth and fierce determination. Her physique was impressive, a testament to years of rigorous training, with broad shoulders that hinted at her strength. While her pretty face could have been seen as inviting, the rough edges of her warrior life gave her a more androgynous appearance.

Following from the rear was Vela Greenwood, a skilled human ranger whose lean, athletic form moved gracefully despite the bulk of her leather armor and fur-lined coat. The rich, earthy tones of her attire complemented her warm brown hair, which danced lightly in the chilled currents of air. Her striking blue eyes were sharp, aware of every flicker of movement in the shadows. With a quiver of arrows slung across her back and her bow expertly held in hand, she was ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.

In the center stood Alis Shadowborn, the elven mage, radiating an aura of mystery and latent power. Her long, silver hair cascaded around her shoulders like liquid moonlight, contrasting beautifully with her vivid purple eyes that sparkled with untapped potential. She was draped in a flowing blue cloak that shimmered subtly, the fabric whispering against her petite frame. Underneath, she wore a fitted blue short-sleeved shirt paired with a stylish black skirt, complemented by dark stockings and sleek boots that allowed for nimble movement. Although new to the group and the least experienced of the trio, her talent was undeniable, which led Cinna to extend her a chance to prove herself.

As they delved deeper into the cavern, the murky darkness enveloped them, but the cacophony of the storm outside gradually faded into a haunting silence. The smooth, even stone floor beneath their feet felt surprisingly warm, an uncanny contrast to the biting cold outside. A soft, ethereal light beckoned them from further within the cave, illuminating their path and urging the adventurers to press forward with cautious anticipation.

"Be careful. There could be something dangerous up ahead," Cinna warned, her massive sword gleaming as she unsheathed it, the metallic sound echoing softly in the stillness.

"Right, right," Alis replied, her fingers tightening around the staff she had drawn, feeling its familiar weight.

With hearts pounding, they moved cautiously toward the source of the glow until they finally emerged into a clearing.

"Wait, is that... a cottage?" Vela gasped, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"It is!" Cinna echoed, equally astonished by the unexpected sight.

Before them stood a quaint little cottage, the walls adorned with flickering torches that cast dancing shadows on the stone. The atmosphere was thick with mystery, and their surroundings felt alive with unspoken stories.

The trio exchanged uneasy glances, awareness of the unknown hanging heavily in the air, but curiosity propelled them onward.

"Well, this is certainly unexpected," Alis mused, glancing around as she took in the absurdity of the situation.

"Right? What are the odds we find a deserted cottage in a place like this?" Vela replied, her gaze darting suspiciously around as if expecting a hidden presence to materialize from the walls.

"Maybe it's the Sorcerer's secret lair," Cinna chimed in, a hint of mischief in her tone.

"You'd think a sorcerer would choose something less obvious. I mean, where are the wards or the eerie green flames to alert him that an intruder is here?" Alis countered a skeptical eyebrow raised.

"Or maybe it's just a clever ruse, a decoy to throw us off his trail," Vela speculated, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "What if his real hideout is at the top of that mountain?"

"That could be... Or this might be a halfway house... We should search it, just in case," Cinna said.

"Agreed," Vela and Alis responded.

Ch.2: A Cottage in a Cave?

The trio made their way across the cold, rocky floor of the cavern, their footsteps echoing softly in the expansive underground space. In the center stood a quaint cabin, a charming blend of sturdy stone and warm timber, its inviting presence somehow at home in the middle of this underground cave. The roof, topped with weathered shingles, featured a neatly constructed chimney that hinted at the warmth and comfort within. Candlelight filtered through the windows, casting playful patterns on the ground, while a solid wooden door stood guard, its craftsmanship suggesting it had withstood the test of time. Overall, the cabin exuded an air of resilience, as if it were a sanctuary in the midst of the wild, intricately woven into the very fabric of the cavern itself.

Cinna stepped forward, her senses ignited by a sweet aroma wafting from within. "Do you smell that?" she asked, her brow arching in curiosity. Behind her, Alis and Vela exchanged puzzled glances, their noses twitching as they breathed in the enticing scents.

"Cinnamon!" Alis exclaimed, a look of intrigue sparking in her eyes.

"And apples and oranges, too!" Vela chimed in, her voice rich with wonder.

Cinna, ever the cautious leader, furrowed her brow. "It's unusual... We should tread carefully. Who knows what awaits us in there?"

Her gaze shifted to Vela. "Can you detect any traps?"

Vela concentrated, her expression serious. After a moment, she shook her head. "I don't sense anything. It feels safe enough."

"Good," Cinna said, determination creeping into her tone. She grasped the door's knob, and with a creak that echoed in the stillness, it swung open.

The sight that greeted them was enchanting. The room was bathed in warm light, drawing their eyes to a charming kitchen on the left and a crackling fireplace on the right, filling the air with the mouthwatering scent of a feast. A table sat in the center, elegantly set with bowls and plates, waiting to welcome guests. It felt like the calm before the storm, a strange and alluring contrast to the raging chaos on the mountain.

"Huh, I wasn't expecting this," Cinna remarked, her eyes scanning the surroundings in wonder.

"This feels... off," Alis murmured, a frown creasing her brow.

"Let's not jump to conclusions just yet. We need to investigate," Cinna replied, her grip tightening around her weapon. "Vela, keep watch. Alis, look for any clues or unusual signs."

"I'll check out the kitchen," Alis declared, striding confidently towards the enticing scents wafting from the culinary space.

"And I'll examine the fireplace," Vela chimed in, intrigued as she approached the flickering flames and poked at the burning logs.

"I'll explore the rest of the place," Cinna said, venturing deeper into the room.

As she wandered, Cinna took in the details around her: a sturdy desk cluttered with papers, a bookshelf brimming with stories, and a wardrobe that piqued her interest. Off to the side, a door led to a spacious bedroom featuring one of the most lavish beds she had ever encountered.

"What's this all about?" she pondered, her curiosity stirring within her.

With a gentle tug, she opened the wardrobe doors, only to be met with a surprising array of women's clothing, each piece varying in size and style.

"What the...?" Cinna exclaimed, startled by the unexpected discovery.

"Everything okay over there, Cinna?" Alis called out from the kitchen, her voice laced with a mixture of curiosity and concern. She peeked back, eyebrows raised in intrigue.

"Yeah!... It's just... this wardrobe is bursting with women's clothes, and they're all these extravagant dresses," Cinna replied, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"That is definitely odd," Alis remarked, a look of puzzlement crossing her face.

"Right? It's as if a woman used to live here. What if she was kidnapped?" Cinna suggested, her imagination started to run wild.

"Maybe... But I can't find anything unusual in the kitchen, aside from a pantry that could last us weeks," Alis shrugged, glancing back at the stocked shelves.

"True, and I found some delightful herbs! We could whip up a feast," Vela chimed in, her eyes sparkling at the thought.

"Hmmm..." Cinna pondered, her mind racing. Why would someone construct a home in the middle of nowhere and then abandon it, leaving behind such a lavishly furnished space? It felt like a riddle wrapped in a mystery. What if it was a trap or a diversion? Nothing about it added up, yet the enticing aroma of cinnamon lingered in the air, teasing her senses and stirring her hunger.

"I'm at a loss here. Vela, what do you think?" Cinna asked, turning to her friend with a mixture of puzzlement and hope for clarity.

"Hmmm. Well, I've been thinking. If this is the Sorcerer's halfway house, then we should be okay since he is probably pent-up in his real hideout. Maybe he has been keeping a woman here for his own twisted purposes. Or maybe those clothes are trophies from his past conquests," Vela mused thoughtfully.

"Seriously? You've been binge-reading too many romance novels," Cinna shot back, rolling her eyes with an amused grin.

"Hey, they're captivating! Plus, a little imagination can't hurt," Vela defended herself, ready to counter with another witticism when her stomach rumbled loudly, cutting her off. "Oh... right. I'm starving..."

"Tell me about it," Alis groaned, patting her belly dramatically.

"Me too. The smells coming from the kitchen are driving me crazy. I could eat a whole feast!" Cinna exclaimed, her eyes lighting up at the thought of a delicious meal.

"Well, if Cinna believes it's safe, I say we take a break and indulge in a meal. A little feast could be just what we need to recharge," Vela suggested, a spark of enthusiasm in her voice.

"Absolutely! I'm all in," Alis chimed, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Then it's settled! Let's eat and regain our strength. We can unravel the mysteries of this place after we've satisfied our appetites," Cinna declared, sliding her sword back into its sheath with a sense of finality.

"Yay! Food!" Alis squealed, dashing across the room to the table and plopping down with glee.

"Hehe, I'm absolutely starving! What's on the menu?" Vela asked as she joined her at the table, a grin spreading across her face.

"Looks like someone whipped up a hearty stew and some freshly baked bread!" Alis exclaimed, surveying the tempting spread laid out before them.

"Perfect! I could go for a delicious stew any day," Vela responded, her stomach growling in agreement.

"Me too! Nothing beats a good meal," Cinna added, settling down beside them with a satisfied sigh.

"Wow! This table has an enchantment on it—it's keeping all the food warm and fresh! And oh, that aroma! My nose is tingling! It smells incredible!" Alis exclaimed, practically bouncing in her seat.

"That is unusual," Cinna noted, taking a deep breath. "It smells overwhelmingly like cinnamon. Why does everything in this place have that delightful scent?"

"It's coming from the mugs," Alis said, pointing to the cups on the table.

Cinna and Vela carefully lifted the mugs from the table, their fingers brushing against the cool, smooth ceramic surface as they examined the pieces. The intricate image of a graceful deer, with its delicate features and gentle expression artfully painted on the side, captured their attention. The mugs, with their earthy tones and glossy finish, radiated a sense of warmth and craftsmanship, inviting them to savor a comforting drink within.

"Gods... This stuff feels like it was made for a winter's night," Cinna exclaimed, holding the steaming mug close to her nose to savor the aroma.

"I can only imagine," Vela replied, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Both friends took a hearty sip, and the warm, sweet, spicy liquid enveloped them like a comforting blanket, melting away the chill from their bodies and soothing their weary souls.

"This is absolutely the best thing I've ever tasted!" Cinna declared, relishing every drop as she eagerly drained her mug.

"Couldn't agree more," Vela chimed in, her pleasure evident.

Meanwhile, Alis had already plunged into her bowl of hearty stew, her expression almost blissful.

"Mmm... This is so good," she said, her mouth full as she savored each bite.

"Indeed, this is quite delicious," Vela remarked, nodding in approval and raising her mug in a toast to their newfound winter comfort.

"I know, right? It's like something straight out of a dream," Cinna breathed, savoring another sip as the warmth of the liquid danced on her taste buds, sending waves of bliss through her.

"Mmmmm. We should indulge in this while we can because I have a feeling the storm is only going to get worse," Alis remarked, slurping her bowl with unabashed pleasure.

"Good point," Vela chimed in, her brow furrowing slightly. "But I can't shake the curiosity about who left all this incredible food behind and where they vanished too."

"My hunch is it was the sorcerer," Cinna said with a satisfied sigh as she brought her empty mug back down to the table, only for her to do a double take as she witnessed her empty mug refilling itself; it was as if magic was shimmering in the air.

'What the...' Cinna was left dumbfounded, her jaw slackened in disbelief as she witnessed the impossible. But when the new scent of fresh cider filled her nostrils, she was quickly tempted to take another sip, the warm beverage washing over her and quenching her thirst. 'This fricken sorcerer knows how to live in luxury, but why would he just leave it all behind?'

Vela noticed that her mug had replenished itself as well. "Now that is impressive," she gasped, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Right? Whoever set up this place has some incredible magic skills," Cinna exclaimed, bringing her freshly filled cup to her lips for another sip. Only for it to taste even better than the previous one. 'Holy smokes, this is divine.'

"I think you're right about this place, Cinna. It feels like a magical retreat. I'm feeling better already," Alis said, her cheeks flushed from the heat and her stomach contentedly full, but it was still demanding more.

"You know what? I think I'm starting to see why someone would build a home like this in the middle of nowhere. But would anyone really abandon such a fantastic place? If the sorcerer was here, what could have driven him away? Perhaps he was summoned by a Demon... or went out to gather more supplies," Vela pondered, her imagination whirring.

"Regardless, it's a fortunate twist of fate for us," Alis replied, wiping her mouth clean and reaching eagerly for the third mug. She finally tried the spiced apple cider, letting out a satisfied sigh. "Whoever was here is a great cook and a great alchemist, too. There's nothing quite like the power of magic."

"True, but we need to stay sharp," Cinna warned, a note of caution in her voice. "This could all be a clever trap."

"Absolutely," Vela and Alis responded in unison, the gravity of the situation settling in as they exchanged wary glances, but the sweet scent coming from the mugs washed away those fears.

Cinna and Vela savored every spoonful of the hearty stew, dipping warm, crusty bread into the bowl as they enjoyed the depths of flavor. To top it off, they each took a hearty sip of the mysterious apple cinnamon drink, its warmth cascading through their bodies like a comforting embrace.

"Ahhh... I'm so full," Cinna declared with a satisfied sigh, her hands resting on her belly as if to hold in the delightful feast.

"Absolutely!" Vela chimed in, a satisfied smile lighting up her face.

"Same here," Alis chimed in, a content smile lighting up her face.

"Mmmm... This is the life," Cinna said, relishing the cozy atmosphere as she sank deeper into her chair.

"Seriously, we should consider sticking around for a few days. The weather isn't going to improve anytime soon," Alis suggested, her eyes twinkling with the thought of a relaxing stay.

Cinna looked around, her mind shifting back to their mission. "I get that, but we still need to find the sorcerer's lair. We have a job to finish."

True, but let's be real," Vela continued a playful gleam in her eye. "He's probably hiding away somewhere, away from all this chaos." The ladies couldn't help but laugh as this place was nothing but peaceful and inviting.

Their laughter echoed through the cozy room, but a sense of purpose lingered in the air. They had more than just leisure on their horizon—they were adventurers, and the quest awaited them.

"You're not wrong, but the people in Silverhelm are counting on us. Besides, the gold for this job feels almost too good to be true—Augh..." Cinna squirmed in her chair, discomfort washing over her as she felt an unexpected shift in her body. It was as if her narrow hips were suddenly widening, her toned butt filling out, and it was fighting her leather pants that were growing increasingly tight.

"You okay, Cinna?" Vela asked, a hint of concern in her voice.

"Yeah, just a little wobble in my seat. It's strange," Cinna replied, readjusting herself once more, her brow furrowing in confusion as she felt the leather press tightly against her thighs, the sensation almost foreign to her.

Alis smirked, a playful light dancing in her eyes. "Maybe it's time for you to go on a diet," she teased, suppressing a giggle as she took a big gulp from her mug, watching her leader squirm uncomfortably.

Cinna shot her a skeptical look. "What's so amusing about that?" she demanded, her brow furrowing deeper while her leather pants grew even tighter.

"Nothing, nothing at all," Alis chuckled, feigning innocence as she took another long, drawn-out sip of her drink.

"Really? Because it sounds like you're laughing at me," Cinna retorted, crossing her arms defensively.

"Come on, it is a little funny! You, the strongest member of our party, stuck squirming in that chair," Alis pointed out, her laughter bubbling over. She was acting like she was getting buzzed on the apple cinnamon concoction.

"I'm not squirming! My butt is just... sliding off," Cinna insisted, trying to maintain her composure despite the discomfort of her pants pressing tightly against her thighs, causing a wedgy to form.

"Sure, sure," Alis teased as her cheeks looked rosy and her lips curled in a grin.

"It's the truth. My ass is just slipping in my seat for some reason," Cinna protested, her frustration mounting as the tightness in her pants seemed not to go away, and the fabric was becoming more and more restrictive.

"Right, and it has nothing to do with all the food we just ate," Alis teased, her expression growing even more mischievous.

"What are you getting at, Alis?" Cinna questioned, her voice dripping with suspicion.

"I'm just saying you've been eating a lot more lately. It's bound to catch up to you eventually," Alis replied, her tone playful but with a hint of seriousness.

"I have not!" Cinna shot back, her voice sharp with indignation. In her haste to stand, she was met with an unwelcome surprise—her body felt like it was encased in lead. Her once formidable warrior legs trembled beneath her, wobbling like gelatin, while her head spun as if she had just downed her first mug of ale. Little did Cinna know the enchanted drink had been laced with an extra splash of magic, leaving her mind foggy and disoriented. Yet, with a fierce determination, she battled through the haze of intoxication, fighting to reclaim her senses and rise to face whatever awaited her.

"See? It's because I've been sitting down for a while. Nothing to do with food," she huffed, her eyes blazing with conviction. She grabbed her enchanted mug off the table and chugged it down, the sweet liquid swirling and filling her with a comforting warmth that spread across her entire body.

"Whatever you say," Alis replied, stifling a giggle and shaking her head.

Ch.3: The Magical Elixir's Effects.

With a bemused smile, Vela watched the exchange unfold, sipping from her enchanted cup, which seemed to have a mind of its own and refill endlessly. The scene was amusing at first, but as the antics continued, she felt a growing urge to intervene and lend a hand to her friend.

"You are being awfully rude today, Alis," Vela said, arching her eyebrow.

"Sorry, I can't help it," Alis replied with a giggle as she took a sip of her drink.

"Why is that?" Cinna inquired, her gaze intense.

"Because I'm a little drunk," Alis admitted, her grin broadening with a playful mischief. A warm thrill coursed through her, leaving a trail of goosebumps on her skin as she savored another sip from her mug.

"You are drunk? But you've only had two mugs of this stuff," Cinna retorted, incredulity dripping from her voice.

"No... I mean, yes, I have, but I'm not drunk. At least, not on alcohol. This drink is magical. It's making me feel so good," Alis explained, her words flowing freely.

"Are you sure about that?" Vela questioned, her brow furrowed in concern.

"Absolutely. Because my face is feeling warmer than normal, and I'm starting to feel randy. The Sorcerer must like to drink this stuff to relax and get in the mood," Alis articulated her thoughts with a soft and deliberate clarity, her tongue brushing against her lips, which appeared fuller and invitingly plumper than before as if they had just been kissed by the sun.

"You're absolutely right about the relaxing part," Cinna said, a hint of a smile playing on her lips. Her warrior's physique, honed by countless battles, now felt pleasantly at ease, a rare moment of stillness washing over her. A gentle tingle danced just below her navel, igniting a flicker of excitement within her. She knew that meant her womb was ripe for exploitation, but there wasn't a man in sight to take advantage.

"I've noticed it too," Vela agreed, her cheeks taking on a rosy glow.

"What is this stuff, anyway?" Cinna inquired, her curiosity rising.

Alis was sipping her mug and staring out the window. "Well, if I had to guess, I'd say it's some kind of love potion," she remarked, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"A what?!" Cinna exclaimed, her cheeks flushing bright red.

The elven mage giggled and shrugged. "Just kidding," she said, her gaze mischievous and playful.

"Very funny," Cinna replied dryly, her lips pursed into a frown.

"Hey, I'm just trying to lighten the mood," Alis said, feigning offense before she tried to answer Cinna's question. "I think it's more of an enchanted beverage. I can feel the magic inside me. It's making my body tingle," she added, a dreamy expression settling on her features. "It's meant to relax a person and make them more willing. I bet the sorcerer was going to use this on the town's women," Alis continued, a smirk creeping across her lips. The mage's small chest seemed to have bloated up a bit, and her nipples had begun to poke through her thin, blue silk shirt.

Cinna's heart began to beat faster, her pulse racing. The thought of being drugged, of having her mind and body manipulated by magic, sent a chill through her.

"So, should we stop drinking this stuff?" Vela asked, a hint of concern in her voice.

"Nah, it's fine. This stuff won't do anything permanent. Besides, it feels so good," Alis purred, licking her plumper lips.

"Yeah, it does. I've never felt so good in my life," Vela replied, letting her brown hair cascade around her shoulders. A warm blush radiated from her cheeks, and her lips appeared fuller, hinting at a newfound confidence.

Cinna was conflicted. On the one hand, she was worried about the potion's effects, but on the other, she couldn't deny the soothing warmth radiating throughout her body, easing her stress and leaving her feeling utterly relaxed. In the end, she decided to keep drinking.

"Alright, I'll take your word for it. Besides, there is no harm in enjoying ourselves for a little bit. We deserve a break," Cinna said, letting her guard down while taking another long sip from her mug. The warmth of the liquid traveled through her and made her skin tingle. A wave of arousal washed over her, leaving her unsteady on her feet. As she stumbled back, the weight of her greatsword seemed to double. The weapon, once her greatest asset, was now an anchor weighing her down, while her armor, usually her greatest defense, felt like an unnecessary hindrance, as her warrior's body was slowly transforming into something softer, curvier, and infinitely more feminine.

"Whoa!? Careful," Vela said, helping her up.

"I'm fine. My sword just felt heavy all of a sudden," Cinna replied, shaking her head as if to clear her thoughts. "It happens sometimes when I've had too much to drink. But I'll be okay. It's nothing to worry about," she assured them, her voice steady.

"If you say so," Vela responded, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Cinna took a deep breath, regaining her composure, but as she glanced down, she realized her armor was beginning to feel tighter, the leather straps constricting her, cutting into her flesh. She shifted uncomfortably, the metal plates chafing against her, the fabric digging into her flesh. A strange sensation tingled between her legs, an unfamiliar itchiness growing more prominent as if her loins were swelling and begging to be scratched. Her mind clouded further, the sensations muddying her thoughts, yet the heat radiating throughout her body felt so deliciously good.

The muscles of her warrior's frame had softened, giving way to feminine curves, and her once firm butt had swelled into a voluptuous, pillowy ass. Even her waist, once narrow and toned, had become plump and shapely, her hips and thighs widening as they struggled to accommodate the sudden changes. Meanwhile, her breasts, which had always been small, began to blossom, expanding from A cups to full, luscious C-cups, straining against her tight, constrictive clothing.

"It must be my imagination, but my armor feels a little snug," Cinna said, adjusting her breastplate and trying to relieve the pressure.

"Really? It looks the same to me," Alis replied, examining her friend's attire with a curious expression.

Vela smirked at first, but then her armor started feeling tight, too.

"Hey!? My armor is getting tighter, too. It feels like it's shrinking," Vela said, her voice rising an octave as her body was beginning to follow suit. Her slim, athletic physique had slowly softened, giving way to more feminine curves. Her toned, muscular thighs had expanded, filling out her armor as they plumped into a pair of thick, juicy thighs. Her slender hips had widened, her ass swelling and growing rounder, fuller, and fatter. Her changes weren't as noticeable as Cinna's, but Vela hadn't been drinking as much of the enchanted elixir as Cinna did. Meanwhile, her flat, toned stomach had rounded, her abs disappeared, and her belly pooched out. Her armor groaned under the pressure, the fabric digging into her soft, supple flesh.

Alis giggled, "Well, that's what you get for wearing stuffy armor," the elf teased, her face flushed with warmth. She puffed out her chest, which seemed a little larger, and her nipples had hardened.

"It's not like I have a choice," Vela replied defensively, shifting her weight in an attempt to get comfortable, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Hey, don't give me that look too. This armor has always fit perfectly," she protested, struggling to maintain her composure.

Cinna huffed softly, her brow furrowed in mild frustration. "Not everyone has the luxury of wearing such light clothing as you do," she remarked, her voice laced with a hint of exasperation. Stumbling toward the cozy couch near the flickering fire, she felt the weight of her greatsword pulling her down. With a grunt, she finally managed to slide it from her back and leaned it against the wall with a dull thud. Collapsing onto the couch, she let out a long, contented sigh. "Ahhhh, that's much better," she breathed, the warmth of the flames enveloping her in a comforting embrace.

Vela was finally able to loosen the leather straps that were biting into her skin. "Oh, much better," she declared, a satisfied smile lighting up her face. That's when her mind cleared enough to remember that they were on a mission and should not be getting drunk on some mysterious brew.

"As much as I enjoy relaxing here, I think it's time we start a watch. Just in case the Sorcerer or a monster wanders into our cottage," Vela suggested as she grabbed her bow. "So who's on first watch?" Vela asked, looking around.

Cinna had already laid her head back and closed her eyes, but they snapped open as if awoken from a pleasant dream. "First watch?" Cinna asked, her mind feeling fuzzy and her loins warm and wet.

"Yes, first watch," Vela repeated, a hint of urgency in her voice.

Cinna shook her head to regain some clarity, but the enchanted drink continued to cloud her mind. "O-Oh yeah. Right, right. We can't let our guard down," Cinna said, a hint of a slur in her voice. "Um? Alis can be the first to sleep. And you get the second rest after four hours, Vela. I'll be the last one to rest after your nap..." Cinna instructed as her mind was waking up a bit, and her logic and tactical instincts kicked in. "Now, I'll take the front of the cottage while you take the rear," she said, and her armor seemed even more restrictive than before. She tried to ignore it as best she could, but the tight, constricting pressure of her armor was becoming increasingly distracting.

Alis cheered, clapping her hands with glee. "Yay, I get the first sleep," she squealed with delight.

Cinna and Vela exchanged an amused glance. "It's not exactly sleep, but call it whatever you want, Alis," Cinna remarked, her voice dry.

"Sounds good to me. But, you sure about sleeping last?" Vela asked, raising a concerned eyebrow.

"I'll be fine," Cinna answered, her cheeks flushed, and she looked a little unsteady on her feet. "I've stayed awake for a lot longer than that before when I was far more drunk," she assured her friend. "Plus, there are some things I need to think about," she added, her mind drifting to a certain blonde-haired man back in Silverhelm that made her loins tingle.

"Okay. Then I'll head outside and make a perimeter," Vela declared, picking up her quiver and heading out.

"I'll see you later," Cinna called out.

"Be safe," Vela replied, and with that, the back door swung shut.

Cinna sighed before she sat back down. As she did, her armor groaned, the leather creaking and the metal plates grinding against her soft, supple flesh. It felt so tight and constricting,

almost as if her body had grown in all the wrong places. The warrior's chest heaved as she fought to catch her breath, the fabric digging into her plump, pillowy tits.

"What is happening?" Cinna mumbled to herself as her mind fogged, her thoughts becoming increasingly hazy and disoriented.

"Mmmmah! I think I'll turn in for a little nap. That was a delicious dinner and drink," Alis cooed, her voice soft and dreamy. The elven mage stood up and headed toward the room that had the single bed. Her hips seemed to sway more as they widened, her waist slimmed, and her breasts swelled to a full B-cup.

"Night, Cinna," the mage said with a sweet smile.

"Yeah, sleep tight," Cinna replied with a wave of her hand. She watched the fireplace and felt her body warm.

Alis entered the bedroom and closed the door, and Cinna was left alone with her thoughts.

Ch.4: Cinna's Growth Spurt.

The warrior sighed heavily, the weight of the day's events bearing down on her. The heat and warmth radiating from her body felt so good, thanks to the warm enchanted liquid flowing through her veins and making her horny. She wondered if she should give in and take care of her desires.

Unknown to her, a layer of fat had formed throughout her body, and her once proud muscles had melted into a plush layer of softness. Her cheeks, which had always been defined, now had a soft roundness to them. Her toned abs had disappeared, replaced by a soft, supple belly, and her tight, muscular ass had grown plump and round, filling out her tight pants. Even her eyes seemed a little bigger, with her eyelashes becoming longer and fuller, giving her a more feminine appearance. However, it wasn't just her appearance that was changing; something deeper inside her was beginning to transform as well.

As the effects of the potion coursed through her, a tingle of pleasure shot through her, her loins hot and wet, aching to be touched.

"No. I must stay strong," she whispered to herself, shaking her head with determination. For a fleeting moment, clarity washed over her, but then something shifted. Her broad warrior shoulders began to diminish, her biceps softening and losing their hardened edge. As if in sync with the change, the knotted drawstrings of her pants slackened, giving way to her widening hips that were blossoming into childbearing curves. The armor, once a perfect fit that hugged her frame with ease, now constricted her every movement, the harsh fabric digging

uncomfortably into her now supple, soft flesh. Her once modest A-cup breasts now surged against the leather, straining against the confines as if eager to burst free, transforming her silhouette into something unfamiliar and alluring. Cinna could be mistaken for a barmaid at a tavern rather than the proud warrior she used to be.

"Gah!... I-It's just that drink that's making me feel randy. That's all," Cinna reassured herself, trying to keep her lust in check, but the sensations were undeniable, and the tingling warmth radiating through her only grew stronger.

As she sank deeper into the couch, a wave of exhaustion washed over her. The armor she wore felt more like a heavy burden than protective gear, its awkwardness gnawing at her focus. Her mind began to drift, thoughts becoming hazy and distant. She couldn't help but bite her bottom lip, which had grown plumper and a vivid shade of red, a subtle contrast to her fatigue.

'F-Fuck! Why do I feel this way? Damn it, Alis. You could have warned me about this drink,' Cinna cursed, her mind reeling as her thoughts drifted back to that handsome blonde-haired man back in the village. His tall, athletic frame and deep, masculine voice sent a shiver through her.

Her thick legs began to open wider, a growing wetness building between her thighs.

'No, stop it, you dirty girl. You have a mission to do. Get a hold of yourself, Cinna,' the warrior scolded herself, trying to regain control of her thoughts and her lustful urges. The only thing that was keeping her from indulging in her carnal desires was her armor fighting against her soft, feminine curves.

The leather straps were relentless, digging into her skin and sparking a sharp pain that wove through her focus. She knew she needed to shed the constrictive armor, yet her fingers seemed to betray her, feeling delicate and clumsy as she fumbled with the buckles. A surge of frustration bubbled within her as she struggled to free herself from the very thing meant to protect her.

She had always taken pride in being the master of her own body, a vessel she knew intimately. But now, with each passing moment, that body began to feel increasingly foreign, as if it belonged to someone else entirely. A low curse escaped her lips as she wrestled with the confines of her armor, the leather protesting with creaks and groans against her softly expanding figure.

Cinna was ensnared in a battle of epic proportions, but her once short, fiery red hair had undergone a transformation of its own. No longer the cropped style of a fierce warrior, it had softened and lengthened, cascading in gentle waves that framed her cute, round face. Now, the luscious locks brushed against her shoulders while her helmet, once snug, slipped dangerously down over her eyes, prompting her to mutter a string of frustrated obscenities as she tried to adjust it.

If only she could catch a glimpse of her reflection, she would see a vision starkly different from the fierce warrior she had been just an hour before. The shift was not merely surface-level; it

had seeped into her very essence. The enchanting effects of the spell slowly morphed her body and mind in ways that felt increasingly irreversible.

She remained blissfully unaware of the true extent of her transformation as the change had unfolded so gradually, wrapped tightly within the heavy layers of her winter gear, which clung stubbornly to her shifting form. Moreover, the enchantment coursing through her veins left her feeling delightfully inebriated, coupled with the comforting warmth radiating from the nearby fire. This cozy embrace lulled her into a sense of contentment, dulling any urge to strip away her winter gear and risk the chill of the air. Yet, the constricting armor became ever more suffocating, making it difficult for her to draw a steady breath amidst the confusion of her changing self. She needed to loosen it a bit so that she could breathe better, but it was taking her longer than normal to remove it.

"Oh, come on! This is ridiculous. It's never been this hard before," Cinna said, her hands beginning to tremble, and she fiddled with one of the buckles. Her slender fingers, which were usually deft and quick, seemed clumsy and weak, unable to undo the simplest of tasks. The leather was stiff and unyielding, and it became harder to loosen as her body pulled them tighter.

"Aaahh. Damn it! Stupid buckles," Cinna huffed, her breath coming in short gasps as her supple C-cup breasts continued to grow, taking up whatever empty space remained. Her frustration grew with each passing moment as the leather gloves she wore felt increasingly loose. It was as if her fingers were transforming, becoming more elegant and delicate, causing the once snug fit to slip away. She couldn't help but feel a mix of annoyance and intrigue at this unexpected change.

The more Cinna struggled, the harder it became to concentrate, her mind clouded with desire. She bit her lower lip, fighting the urge to touch herself. She couldn't believe how wet she was, and her fingers had a mind of their own, drifting down to her loins, eager to feel her arousal.

"Gah!... No! You're a warrior and a member of the Order. Stop this," she chastised herself, but the more she thought about the man back home, the more turned on she became. And the more her breasts were squeezed inside her breastplate, the more turned-on she got. Her nipples ached for release, begging to be caressed.

A wave of frustration washed over her, the simmering tension palpable as her patience teetered on the brink of collapse. With a determined sigh, she made one final attempt; her elegant fingers deftly worked at the stubborn buckle, but it stubbornly eluded her grasp. A deep grunt of defeat escaped her lips, echoing in the stillness of the room. She never envisioned that among all the fierce battles she had faced, the most daunting opponent would be a simple set of armor, its cold, unyielding exterior mocking her efforts.

"Fine! I'll leave it on—for now," she snapped, frustration bubbling just beneath the surface. Her arms crossed tightly over her chest, and a wave of heaviness washed over her, every muscle aching as if they were bearing the weight of the world.

'Maybe if I take a break, I'll have better luck,' Cinna thought to herself, hoping a few minutes would help clear her mind and calm her nerves.

As she sat there, the tingling heat between her legs grew stronger, fueling her growing lust. It took everything in her not to succumb to her desires, but she had never felt such an overwhelming urge to touch herself before. She bit her lip, the desire burning in her loins. The fly to her leather pants began to open, giving her more breathing room due to her widening hips, and the waistband was loosening, giving her womanhood some much-needed breathing room.

'Ah, much better. That's right, just relax, Cinna. Don't fight it,' she reassured herself, allowing the tension to melt away from her muscles as her muscles literally started melting, becoming soft and pliable. The fly to her pants opened up enough for her red bush to peek out, and her panties were now visibly soaked, her pussy practically begging for her attention.

The effects of the enchantment were taking full hold, her transformation becoming more pronounced as the magic seeped deep within her, altering her very being. Cinna was about to find out the fun way that her body had transformed from the rugged warrior's build to the curvy and soft-bodied frame of a fair maiden. Her warrior's body had given way to softer, more feminine curves, and the transformation continued to spread, reaching her mind and her attitude.

"Gods, I'm so tired... and my whole body aches. I can't wait to lie down," she mumbled as her vision became blocked by something red and hairy that was coming from her scalp. "What the...?"

Cinna slowly moved her hands up to take off her helmet and let out a surprised yelp when she realized it was her own hair that was getting in the way. She lifted the helmet off, and a waterfall of her long red hair spilled down her back.

"When did my hair get so long?" she asked herself, staring in shock and awe at her new locks. She couldn't remember the last time her hair was this long. The enchantment was changing more than her body; it was also changing her preferences. Normally, she hated long hair because it never looked good and would get in the way of her training, but now the idea of growing it out sounded appealing to her.

"Huh? Why is my voice so high-pitched and... girly?" Cinna exclaimed as her voice rose in pitch and had a soft, melodic tone. Her eyes widened with surprise as she reached a hand up to her throat.

"This isn't good. Am I getting sick or something?" She wondered, placing a delicate hand on her forehead. To her relief, her skin felt warm and flushed but not feverish.

'M-Maybe there is something else in the cottage that is making my hair grow? Not that it's a bad thing, but I should make sure,' she reasoned, trying to explain away her sudden transformation. She quickly scanned the room for any other potential threats, her eyes darting about frantically. Yet, the room was quiet and still; the only sound was the crackling of the fireplace.

After a few moments of tense silence, she decided that the only thing she could do was wait until her watch was over and Vela came back. Surely, the ranger would know what was happening to her and maybe even how to fix it.

"W-Whatever. I don't care if my hair is this long as long as it doesn't get in the way. It doesn't mean anything sinister is happening to me," Cinna tried to convince herself, but her mind was foggy, and the enchantment was making her hornier and hornier.

She leaned back on the couch and tried to relax, but her womanhood was throbbing, and it was distracting. She couldn't stop thinking about a certain blonde-haired man back in her town, and her cheeks were flushed and her loins wet.

"Ugh. This is so annoying. I can't believe how hot and bothered I am. It's so distracting. And I can't shake this annoying crush on a guy that wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole," Cinna complained. "Why do I always fall for the handsome guys who aren't interested in me?" she wondered aloud, letting out a sigh of resignation.

She stared into the flames, mesmerized by their flickering dance, and felt her womanhood pulsing, almost begging for release. She tried to ignore the sensation, but it was persistent as her plump legs started to rub together.

"Ugh. This is ridiculous. I need to stop thinking about him. I have a job to do," she reminded herself as she stood up. Her balance was off, and she fell back onto the couch, a startled gasp escaping her lips.

"What the...? What is going on with me? Am I getting sick?" she asked, trying to get her bearings.

Cinna placed a hand on her breastplate, feeling the tightness and the warmth of her own breath trapped inside. She desperately wanted to remove her armor, but the constricting pressure kept her bound within its confines. Her mind was slowly becoming more docile and subservient, and her thoughts about finding a man and having his babies were becoming more dominant.

"This isn't good. Why can't I get up?" she whined. Her breasts were getting bigger and fuller, her hips wider, and her ass fatter. She started noticing the room beginning to look bigger as her 6-foot height was shrinking, her armor growing larger on her, but her breasts started to grow outwards and push the breastplate tighter and tighter, the leather squeaking and straining against her DD-cup tits.

The armor that had once clung to her body like a second skin now appeared oversized, sagging in places like her arms and shoulders while remaining uncomfortably snug around her chest and hips, creating an awkward contrast. The breastplate, which had once been a perfect fit, now looked a couple of sizes too big, but her impressive growing bosom kept it in place—making her look comedic and awkward.

"Huh? I don't know why I feel so weak. This doesn't make any sense," Cinna said as she shrunk down to 5 foot 6, which gave her a cute, petite look with an outrageous hourglass figure. Her armor was becoming bigger, but her DD-cup breasts kept the armor from sliding off. The leather squeaked and groaned under the strain, and her breasts continued to grow and press against the breastplate.

"Why doesn't my armor fit? Did I gain weight?" Cinna squeaked in her higher-pitched voice, which had a feminine and delicate edge. "No, no, no, this can't be happening! How could I gain weight? I don't eat that much," she protested, struggling to understand the sudden change as her waist became narrower and her buttocks fuller.

"This doesn't make any sense. Ugh. I'm so thirsty and horny," she muttered, licking her dry lips, and she noticed the enchanted mug on the table next to the armrest of the coach. If her mind was in a better state, she would have remembered that she left her mug back on the dining table.

"Huh? I forgot I brought this with me! Hehe! Sometimes I'm smarter than I give myself credit for," she giggled cutely. The armor creaked and groaned, the leather straps stretching and pulling tighter around her expanding curves.

She reached for the cup and brought it to her lips. The sweet and warm drink tasted so good that she found herself drinking the entire cup without realizing it.

"Mmmm... This is the best. I could drink a thousand of these," she murmured, a satisfied sigh escaping her lips as she placed the mug back down on the table. The enchanted liquid flowed through her veins, making her body grow warmer and warmer.

She closed her eyes and let the pleasant heat envelop her.

"This feels soooo good. My armor's really tight and uncomfortable," Cinna groaned as the enchantment took effect, and her DD-cup breasts continued to swell into E-Cup tits and grow out, causing the battle between the metal buckles and the leather straps of her armor as it was about to reach the apex of her growth spurt. The leather was so stretched that she could hear the sounds of the fabric tearing and snapping.

Cinna was still blissfully unaware of her body's transformation. Her mind was fuzzy, her body was on fire, and her pussy was so wet that her leather pants were soaked.

"Gods. I can't wait for bedtime. This armor is driving me crazy," she said as her hands slowly moved down to her pants just as the fly opened up wide thanks to her hips and ass expanding, which made the pants become loose, and her panties were completely visible. Her fingers slipped under the waistband only for her panties to rip open at the seams, revealing a trimmed triangle of red pubic hair.

"W-Wait a minute! What is this?" Cinna exclaimed, her eyes growing wide with disbelief. A wave of confusion washed over her, and she hastily yanked her hands away from her pants.

Her weary mind started to realize that her body had been slowly changing ever since she took a sip from the enchanted mug, and the enchantment coursing through her was changing her body in ways that were beyond her comprehension. A shiver ran down Cinna's spine as her adventurer's instincts kicked in, warning her that this place held a sinister trap and that she should try to find a way out, but her lust-addled brain was making it difficult for her to come up with a plan.

"Oh, fuck! I-Is this a trap—Aunh!? Oh? Why did that feel good?" she gasped as her breasts tingled and her loins throbbed, sending a wave of pleasure throughout her body. Her eyes grew wide with shock, and she let out a low moan.

"No! S-Stop, you naughty girl! I-I have to figure out a way to stop this," she chastised, clamping her mouth shut and willing herself not to make any more noise. But it was too late as all the leather straps burst open, and her breasts spilled free from her armor and winter clothes, the massive globes bouncing and jiggling while the breastplate popped off, causing the armor to fall and clang to the floor. Her body was now completely naked except for her leather gloves and boots.

"Oh, no! W-What is happening to me!?" Cinna wondered out loud as she saw her massive chest rise and fall with every breath. Voluptuous, feminine curves had replaced her once muscular and toned body, her once flat stomach now round and swollen, and her hips were wide and full, accentuating her hourglass figure.

"When did they become this squishy? My hands feel different, too, and my skin is so smooth and soft. Even my nipples are bigger. Gods, I look like one of those women at the brothel," Cinna realized, her eyes growing wide as she looked at her reflection in her old breastplate armor that was lying on the ground in front of her.

Cinna willed her urges to play with herself to the side as she needed to warn the others. Her transformation was complete, and her body had finally settled down. She stood up from the couch, her breasts swinging wildly and her hips swaying with every step.

"Th-This has to be a trap! I need to warn the others—huh?" Cinna squeaked and stopped mid-step when she spotted someone standing by the kitchen table with a playful smirk on his face.

Ch.5: Is This a Dream?

'I-It's Blondy!'

He had the same blue eyes, strong jawline, and blonde hair that she had dreamt about for weeks. He was tall and lean, with an athletic build that showed off his toned physique.

"Hey there, babe. Are you feeling alright?" he asked, smirking as he started walking towards her.

Cinna looked around the room to make sure she was awake and not dreaming. But she was still in the same room, and this man was standing in front of her.

'I-I must have fallen asleep! Yeah! That explains everything! I'll just close my eyes, and when I wake up, he'll be gone,' she reasoned, and her eyes shut tightly, her mind racing and trying to calm her breathing.

She was still trying to understand what was happening, but her heart was pounding against her rib cage, and she was getting aroused. The thought of him seeing her like this was turning her on.

'Okay, Cinna. You're still dreaming, and this is a very strange dream. But you'll wake up soon, and this will all be over—' Cinna felt a strong, manly hand touching her forehead, and she opened her eyes.

"W-Wait, what are you doing?" Cinna squeaked, looking up at the blonde-haired man in surprise.

"Just checking your temperature. Your cheeks look red, and you're breathing pretty hard. Are you feeling alright, Cinna? Do you want some help?" the blonde-haired man asked, looking deep into her eyes. His gaze was warm and inviting, and Cinna couldn't help but get lost in them. But in the back of her mind, she was trying to yell at her that all of this was wrong and not real.

"Y-You can't be here. This is a dream. How do you know my name?" Cinna questioned.

"Of course, I know your name, babe. You're one of the most famous adventurers in all of Kaldar. Not to mention, I've seen you around town quite a bit," the blonde-haired man replied with a wink, causing her to blush even more.

"I... I didn't think you knew who I was," Cinna admitted, her cheeks burning bright red. "WAIT!? How did you get here!? The blizzard outside is a white-out!"

"I have my ways... and this is my place, babe," the blonde-haired man replied.

'His place? This is his house? Then, he's the one who cast this enchantment on me!' Cinna realized, and a mixture of anger and lust coursed through her body, but her lust was winning out.

"B-But what about my team? Did you do something to them!?" she exclaimed.

"Hm? I haven't seen either one of them. I just walked into my cottage to find you enjoying my enchanted mug. But, no matter. You seem to have enjoyed it a lot," the blonde-haired man answered with a smirk.

Cinna stared in disbelief, her mind racing to comprehend the chaos unfolding before her. She yearned to accept the reality of the moment, but the pieces just didn't fit. Just when she thought she'd never understand, a sudden realization pierced through her confusion. It had to be the enchanted mug. Alis said that it was meant to relax and soothe anyone who drank enough of it, and she must have drunk so much that she fell asleep. But her conscience was still active while dreaming of being transformed into a sexpot, and her crush was right here, right in front of her.

'Gods be damned... I'm dreaming... That's why everything feels so surreal... Should I wake myself up?... Or should I enjoy this?' Cinna thought while she bit her lip, a mixture of anxiety and anticipation coursing through her as her fear slowly dissipated. Her gaze roamed over his body, taking in every chiseled muscle and confident stance, a rush of admiration flooding her senses.

She was feeling incredibly horny and wanted nothing more than to give in to her desire. But her stubborn pride refused to accept the situation, and she tried to regain control of her thoughts.

'You should wake up, Cinna. This isn't real, and you'll be in trouble if you—Aungh!? W-What's this?!' she wondered, her eyes growing wide as the man's hands reached up and squeezed her plump breasts, causing a moan to escape her lips. It felt incredibly real, and Cinna began to panic again, but when this man began massaging her massive tits, that defied gravity and looked and felt like two large pillows, it felt so good that all rational thoughts vanished, and her mind became cloudy with desire.

"You poor thing... You seem to be a little pent-up. Is there anything I can do for you?" the blonde-haired man teased.

"Uh..." Cinna blushed, biting her lip and looking away, her mind filled with desire and need. She wasn't used to men coming to her and wanting to please her. She always had to do the work. But not today, and she loved the feeling of her big boobs being massaged and her nipples being pinched.

"Well? I'm waiting for an answer, Cinna. Tell me what you want, and I'll make it happen. Anything for such a pretty lady," he said with a seductive smile.

"Ooooh. Y-You can't do that. Ahh," she protested as her warrior's spirit was trying to warn her, but the pleasure and the need for release overrode her thoughts.

"Don't you want some relief, babe? You're all tied up in knots, and I don't want you to die because I was neglectful," he said while massaging her breasts and squeezing her nipples.

"A-Ahh! No. Y-You can't d-do th—Ohh gods!" she cried, her whole body quivering as he continued playing with her tits. Her pussy was so wet and slick that the juices were leaking down her legs.

"You're so adorable, and you look beautiful like this, Cinna. But I can't let you die on my watch. You're too important to me just to go off and freeze in a blizzard. So, tell me, what do you need, babe?" the blonde-haired man said in a soothing tone.

Cinna's mind was reeling from the intense pleasure, and the need for release was overwhelming. Her warrior spirit was getting beaten by her newly formed maiden spirit, and she knew she would give in to her desire.

"F-Fine! J-Just do it, p-please!" Cinna moaned, and her hands went to his head, guiding him down.

"Do what, babe? You have to say the words," the blonde-haired man smirked, and she knew he was right, and she could no longer fight it.

"Please make me cum, and don't stop until I tell you to," she pleaded, her cheeks burning bright red, and he chuckled and started moving his hands down her body.

"That's my girl. Now, tell me where you need it the most," he whispered in her ear before kissing her on the neck, and she moaned with delight.

She had never been treated like this by a man before, and her body was craving the attention. Usually, she had to pursue the man she wanted to have sex with, and it mostly ended with disappointment. But this guy was the one pursuing her, and her body was loving it.

"M-My pussy! O-Oh, fuck, I want you inside of me," she pleaded, and the blonde-haired man smirked.

"As you wish, babe. But I need to get a better look at something first," the blonde-haired man said. She frowned, but then his hands found her buttocks and gave them a firm squeeze.

"A-Ahhhh!" she cried out in pleasure, and her juices squirted all over the floor.

"Gods. Your tits are amazing," he commented, sucking on one of her nipples and making her squeal.

Cinna leaned her head back as she felt his hot tongue caressing her nipple. Her whole body was trembling with need, and the feeling was intoxicating. He was driving her wild, and her mind was going numb.

"N-No, please don't tease me like this! I need you so badly!" she begged, and the blonde-haired man chuckled.

'Gods! This feels so real,' she thought, her mind turning to mush as her loins were dripping wet.

"You are such a good girl. Tell me, Cinna, are you a virgin?" the blonde-haired man asked her.

"No. I lost my virginity a long time ago," she answered.

"Then they are fools for letting you go," the blonde-haired man stated. Her heart skipped a beat, and she let out a giggle.

'This is the best dream ever! I shouldn't tease Vela about her Romanic novels... E-Especially when I've read some of them behind her back,' she realized as her body was tingling with excitement, and she needed the release. The feeling was building and building, and she was getting so close to the edge.

"I want you inside of me now—Wait!... We need to stop... W-We can't do this," she said, trying to resist him, but her body was on fire and was craving him.

"Why can't we do this, Cinna? Why shouldn't we have some fun?" the blonde-haired man said while massaging her huge, round breasts.

"B-Because we're strangers, and the Sorcerer might be—Ahh. Oh, that's the spot," she moaned as he moved down to her legs and began massaging her inner thighs.

"We don't have to worry about him. He won't be coming back here. We're safe. But the real question is: do you really want to stop this? If you say no, then I'll stop and take care of the others, and you'll never have to see me again. Is that what you want, babe?" the blonde-haired man questioned while he was rubbing her legs.

'What if he's telling the truth, and the Sorcerer's gone?... Then, I'm free to enjoy the rest of my dream. Oh, Gods, his hands are so warm, and they feel so good,' Cinna thought, and she looked down at him. He was giving her the choice.

"Yes..." she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yes, what?" he asked her with a raised eyebrow, then he inserted his middle finger inside her dripping pussy.

"YESSSSSSS! OH GODS! YES!" Cinna screamed, and her juices squirted onto his hand, and she was panting and moaning.

Her breasts were feeling hot, and the man was massaging her pussy and breasts, making her squirm and whimper. She had never been this horny in her life, and her body was begging for something bigger than his finger.

"Your thighs are amazing," he complimented, squeezing her flesh.

"Aaaungh! Ahhh... Y-You can't—Mmmm. Oh gods," she groaned as she was pushed onto the couch, and the man was rubbing her inner thighs.

'This feels too real. Maybe I should wake up and get the hell out of here. No, I have to enjoy this while I can. It's just a dream,' she told herself as the man's fingers were working their magic on her pussy, making her moan and writhe under his touch.

"Ohhhh, I'm getting so close. Please don't stop," she moaned, and the man chuckled and kissed her deeply. She felt her lips part and his tongue entering her mouth, and her mind was going blank with pleasure.

"So soft and tender," he praised her before kissing her plump red lips again. Her mind went numb with lust, and her body was on fire.

"Ahh," she gasped as his tongue invaded her mouth, and her loins were aching.

'Aunh!? How is his tongue stronger than mine? Aahhh...'

She struggled to fend off the foreign invader, determined to take the lead, but her efforts were no match for the sheer power of his tongue. He swiftly overpowered her defenses, capturing her in a dance where she became his willing prisoner, lost in the thrill of surrender.

'His tongue is so strong. Mmmm... He's making me his slave... Aaaaungh!' Cinna thought as his tongue ravaged her mouth, and her pussy was clenching his finger.

"Mmmm, you taste delicious, Cinna. You're such a good girl," he praised her and broke the kiss. Her breath was ragged, and her face flushed.

'How does he know my name? Ugh. This is the best dream I've ever had! My mind is so messed up,' she realized, and the handsome man's strong hand grabbed the back of her head and pulled her head back so he could have better access to her mouth, and his other hand was playing with her nipples. She arched her back and moaned as she was being taken advantage of. She couldn't help but think that any woman who allowed a man to treat her this way was truly missing her own worth. But the feeling of submission and being at the mercy of her partner was a new experience, and it was making her feel very excited and aroused.

"You are so beautiful, and your breasts are perfect. I think I'm going to make you my wife, babe. I can't wait to claim you, Cinna," he said with a chuckle, and her heart skipped a beat.

'He wants to marry me? A-Ahhh... That's crazy... Aaahnn!... No one wants a warrior for a wife... Oh, gods... H-He's making me his...'

The very idea of becoming his wife sent a wave of joy rushing through her, igniting a warmth within her that felt almost electric. Deep down, she craved that future with him, yet a nagging voice whispered doubts, reminding her that her mind might be weaving fantasies. Still, the line between reality and dream blurred, leaving her grappling with the enchantment of a love that felt too good to be true.

'Yes. Take me. Take my womanhood,' she thought, moaning, and he pulled her head back even farther so he could kiss her neck. She was at his mercy, and she loved every second of it.

'W-What am I thinking? He's a stranger, and this is just a dream. There's no way that he's serious about marrying me.'

"Hah. You like that, babe?" he whispered in her ear, and her mind went blank.

"Mmmhm!" she replied.

"Are you ready for me to claim you?" the blonde-haired man asked.

"Yes," she gasped, her body tingling with excitement, and he began to play with her breasts again, which had grown even bigger and heavier as the enchanted drink continued its work. Her red locks of hair were growing longer and looked like it was beginning to glow from the roots and spreading outwards, and her green eyes were becoming more vivid, like the deep pools of a forest. Her body was changing and adapting to its new role, and she was starting to enjoy the feeling of submission.

'Gods, I must be losing my mind. My breasts are too sensitive, and my pussy feels like it's on fire. This is the best dream ever, and I hope I never wake up!' she thought as her body was getting hotter, and her loins were getting wetter.

"I can't get enough of your amazing tits. They're so soft and firm," he commented, squeezing them tightly, and her hips bucked up.

"G-Gods, yes. Play with my fat tits," she encouraged, and he squeezed her doughy flesh and made her squeal with delight.

"That's right, babe. I know what you need," he said, sucking on her plump nipples and making her moan. She gave in and enjoyed the ride, but her body craved him.

'Fuck me. Fuck me now. I need him inside me.' Cinna thought as her legs opened as wide as she could.

"Oh, gods, please. I'm going crazy. Take me, p-please," she begged, her pussy leaking.

"Beg for it, babe. Tell me what you want," he commanded, squeezing her plump thighs.

Her warrior spirit tried to tell her that it was undignified for a woman of her stature and position to beg a man, but the new maiden part of her soul told her warrior spirit to shut up and get out of her way. She needed a man, a real man. She needed this man, and she needed him to take her.

"Fuck me, baby. Stick your fat dick inside me. Please, I need it," she pleaded, and her warrior spirit became submissive, and the new maiden soul was enjoying every second.

"Gods be damned... You're so hot when you beg, babe. I can't hold back any longer," the blonde-haired man responded as he climbed onto the couch, positioning himself between her legs. His massive erection was pulsating and dripping pre-cum.

Her warrior spirit was terrified, but her new maiden spirit was soaking wet and eager to receive him. She wanted him, and nothing else mattered.

'Gods be damned, I want him to fill me up. He's so big, and I'm so wet,' she thought as he pressed the head of his cock against her slit, and her whole body trembled.

"Are you ready, babe?" the blonde-haired man asked, and she nodded.

"Yes. Yessss! Fill me, baby. Make me a woman," she cried out, and he thrust his hips forward, plunging his throbbing cock into her soaked pussy.

"OHHHH, FUCK! YES! OHHH, BABY!" she screamed as his massive dick stretched her walls, and his shaft rubbed her clit, making her scream with pleasure.

"Fucking gods! You're so tight, babe. You're a slutty maiden, aren't you?" he teased, pumping his hard rod inside her.

Her warrior spirit wanted to fight back, but she took his cock like a good girl. Her pussy was getting wetter and wetter as he kept pounding her. She moaned and cried out, her whole body writhing with pleasure as her loins burned.

"Yesssss. Ahhh. Oooh," she moaned, his cock pounding her cunt, and making her feel good. She would have punched the teeth out of any other man who was dumb enough to called her a slut, but it turned her on when blondy said it.

"I thought you were a proud warrior, babe. I never imagined you'd be such a needy little slut. You love this, don't you?" he teased her, his dick slamming her cervix, and her pussy walls were clenching him. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, which sent shivers down her spine.

"AAaungh! Y-YESSS. YES, I LOVE IT. YES, BABY, YES!" she cried out, his cock hammering her womb.

Her warrior spirit was beginning to morph and change into a submissive maid. The spirit wanted to fight, but her body changed like her physical form was changing. Her warrior spirit was no longer fighting her as her knowledge of fighting was fading away and was being replaced by an insatiable desire to be fucked and dominated.

"You're so fucking hot, babe. I'm gonna pump your pussy full of my cum," he growled, his cock swelling inside her, and his balls were slapping her ass cheeks.

"Mmmm. Gods, yes. Fuck me, baby. Give it to me. I don't want to be a warrior anymore. All I want is a fat dick to keep me satisfied," she said, her mind becoming more docile and her body becoming more feminine.

The blonde-haired man gazed at Cinna in wonder, mesmerized by the way her fiery red hair shimmered like flames. Her green eyes sparkled with an otherworldly glow, and a vibrant infusion of mana came from a mana core that formed inside of her.

'My elixir worked! It's connecting her to the arcane! Cinna's ancestors were the great witches of old. They've been said to be extinct! But I'll bring them back. A-And I think I am in love with her. The tomes flowery words don't do a woman like her justice! I need her as my wife. My goddess!' the blonde-haired man thought with excitement that he found a powerful witch to wed, and he began thrusting harder, and faster.

"Yes. That's a good girl. Let me show you what it's like to be loved by a man who will be yours forever," the blonde-haired man groaned, his dick ramming her cunt, and his balls slapping her ass.

"Gods, yes. Make me your wife, baby. I'll give you plenty of children," she agreed, her pussy tingling, and her mind was becoming more submissive. She always scoffed at other women who gave in to men so easily, but now she understood them. They felt protected and cherished, and she wanted to feel the same way. She wanted to have a husband, and she was willing to give him his children.

"Aaaungh! OOOH, FUCK. AAAAUGH! I'M CUMMING! MAKE ME YOUR WIFE, BABY!" she howled, her walls tightening around his cock.

He winced in surprise as he was ready to explode inside her. "Here comes the first one," he grunted, his cock twitching, and her walls were clamping down.

"Aaahhhh. Yes, give me your seed. Claim me as your woman. Give me a child," she demanded, and he roared with satisfaction, and his cock erupted, flooding her womb with his thick, creamy seed.

"AAAAAAAHHHHH! OH, YES, BABY. I CAN FEEL YOU FILLING MY PUSSY WITH YOUR SEED. GIVE ME A CHILD. MAKE ME PREGNANT," she screamed as her loins were on fire, and her walls were milking him for all he had. When his essence began to enter her womb, she experienced an ecstasy, unlike anything she had ever known. It was like an explosion of pleasure was taking over her whole body, and she was in pure bliss.

The flames from the fireplace swirled around the two of them as Cinna's witch powers activated. Her red hair became brighter and was floating in the air. The room was glowing, and the flames were dancing.

The blonde-haired man groaned in ecstasy as his sperm was poured into her fertile womb, and her cervix was swallowing his seed.

Once Cinna's orgasm began to fade, so did the dancing flames as the cottage room returned to normal, and the blonde-haired man kissed his soon-to-be wife, and she responded by kissing him back.

"Mmm. Gods, yes, babe. Your pussy is so fucking tight. I can't stop," the blonde-haired man moaned, his cock still spurting inside her, and her womb was taking it all.

"Yesssss. Keep going, baby. Keep filling me with your cum," she coaxed, and her walls clenched his cock, and her orgasm exploded again, and her body shook with pure ecstasy. The essence that was inside her womb triggered the enchanted drink to do its magic and make her a fertile, pregnant maiden.

"Yes, baby. Give me all of your seed. Make me a mother. I want your baby inside of me," she cried. Her loins were tingling, and her heart was filled with joy. Soon, her body began getting softer and curvier, and her tits grew bigger and heavier, and her eyes turned to emeralds.

'Hehe! It's a good thing that this is all a dream. Or I think a fertility goddess would have blessed me if this had been real. Hehe. I guess this is what it feels like to have a one-night stand. This is a lot of fun, and I wonder if this is the reason why Vela loves Romanic novels.' Cinna realized this as her body was getting hotter and plumper.

The blonde-haired man was lost in his blissful euphoria as his cock was still erupting inside her. His mind was racing, and his heart was pounding. This was the happiest moment of his life.

"Mmmmm... You're so hot, baby," she complimented, licking his neck while his cock was still hard inside of her.

"We're not done yet, babe. I'm going to make sure you're pregnant," he said, flipping her over, and her huge breasts were pressing against the couch. She squealed as he plunged his throbbing dick inside her wet, warm pussy.

"Oh, yes, baby. Fill me up. Give me a child," she pleaded, and his hands went around her waist, and he thrust his cock deep inside her cunt.

'Enjoy the ride, Cinna. I'll give you plenty of children, my lovely wife,' the blonde-haired man said mentally, and then he began moving his hips.

Cinna cried out as his cock began pounding her from behind.

"Yes. You're going to make a fine wife," he said, spanking her plump bottom, and her ass cheeks were jiggling.

"Oh, baby. That's the spot. Please, give me your seed. Give me a child," Cinna pleaded.

"Not until you promise to marry me," he teased, spanking her ass again.

"Aahh," she yelped, her butt stinging and her pussy leaking. "Oh gods, baby. I need your seed. Please, put another one in me," she pleaded, her breasts swelling and her body growing softer. She resembled the goddess of fertility as her body was filled out, and her breasts swelled to the size of J-Cups, and they were starting to leak milk.

"Gods, Cinna. How am I supposed to say no when you're begging for my seed like that?" he commented, his hands roaming over her soft curves, and his cock was throbbing inside her.

"Yesss. Because I'm a good girl," she moaned as he slammed his cock inside her, and her pussy was overjoyed.

The man smirked as he thrust faster, causing every part of her body to jiggle. He reached around and began squeezing her tits, and she was in ecstasy.

"Just do it, baby. Put a child in me. Give me your seed," she urged, and he groaned as his cock erupted and pumped her pussy full of his thick, hot, sticky semen. Her red hair glowed as bright as a star, and the flames swirled around them once more. Cinna screamed with delight, and her womb welcomed his seed.

"AAAHHHH! YESSSS. GIVE ME A CHILD. I WANT ANOTHER ONE IN ME," she cried out as his sperm filled her fertile womb. The enchanted drink did its work, and her body was filled with happiness. Her body was getting softer and curvy, and her tits grew even bigger.

Ch.6: Aldric's Research.

The handsome blonde-haired sorcerer found himself utterly captivated by the breathtaking beauty before him. Cinna resembled a goddess of fertility, exuding a radiant transformation that seemed to embody the very essence of life itself. A warm glow enveloped her, a luminous aura of happiness and joy, while her hair blazed like a fiery sunset, transitioning into a vibrant crimson hue. Her eyes sparkled like emeralds, rich and deep, drawing anyone who dared to meet her gaze. Her form was soft and voluptuous, the epitome of allure, making her the ideal partner for Aldric, the Sorcerer of Kundun.

Aldric had achieved incredible feats throughout his life: slaying a ferocious dragon, conquering vast lands, and triumphing over his ruthless rival, Magnar the Merciless. He had dismantled kingdoms steeped in corruption and tyranny, yet despite his numerous contributions to the realm, he languished under the title of an evil tyrant. It was a harsh judgment from those who knew little of the sacrifices he had made, and even the gods seemed to turn a blind eye to his efforts. Nonetheless, Aldric found little concern in their opinions; his mind remained focused on perfecting his craft and unraveling the mysteries of magical spells.

Yet, as the years stretched on and his goals were achieved, a profound weariness seeped into his soul. He became a lonely sorcerer, perpetually resembling the youthful figure of his twenties, yearning for companionship. Unfortunately, in the world of Vesperia, most human women shunned the pursuit of magic. The ancient wizards had instilled a fear within them—an anxiety rooted in the belief that women who wielded arcane powers would inevitably become witches.

However, through his exhaustive research, Aldric uncovered a startling truth: the ancient witches were not the malevolent beings depicted in folklore. The stigma surrounding them owed its origin to one Celestial Witch, known as Seraphina the Death. With a heart full of treachery,

Seraphina betrayed her fellow witches, sending shockwaves through the magical community where no one was powerful enough to confront her. This unleashed a formidable conflict that culminated in Seraphina's destructive reign, leading to the near-extinction of mages, witches, and wizards alike.

From the ancient tomes Aldric perused, he learned of the last surviving member of the Fire Coven—a young woman named Morgana the Fireheart. The only daughter of the final Fire Celestial, her powers eclipsed those of any witch or wizard known to exist. Renowned as the Goddess of the Arcane, she ultimately faced down Seraphina, bringing an end to her devastation and restoring balance to the world of Vesperia.

In the wake of Seraphina's demise, however, fear continued to cast a shadow over the populace. Concerns arose that Morgana might follow a similar tumultuous path. In an effort to dispel their anxieties, she severed her bond with the arcane and chose to wed Sir Garrick Armstrong the Brave, one of the most valiant knights of the era. With her lush figure, striking crimson hair, and vibrant emerald eyes, Morgana embodied the spirit of the goddess of fertility. Slowly, the trepidation that had gripped the hearts of the people began to fade as she led the surviving witches in cutting ties with their magical heritage. But despite their determination to forge a peaceful future, the shadow of stigma clung persistently to the witches, a bitter remnant of the horrors they had suffered during Seraphina's ruthless campaign, even as they bore the greatest losses in the face of tragedy.

A new age had dawned upon the world, and Aldric envisioned a powerful witch by his side to ensure his offspring would rise as the greatest sorcerers the realm had ever known. The whispers of a legendary female adventurer reached his ears—Cinna Armstrong—a fearless warrior carving her way through the kingdom, seemingly evading the most dangerous of predicaments with astonishing ease. Aldric's ambition fixated on her.

Though over 5,000 years had passed since the famed Garrick Armstrong and Morgana drew their last breaths, their bloodline continued. However, the Armstrong name had faded, losing much of its former glory. Aldric, however, was convinced Cinna bore the spark of greatness as a descendant of that storied lineage. After delving into her ancestry, his suspicions were confirmed.

To forge a connection back to the arcane, he knew he faced a monumental challenge. For three arduous years, he toiled, perfecting enchanted mugs that held a delightful elixir of pure mana. This potent brew had the power to awaken magical cores in those with the potential to wield such force. Yet, to bring Cinna to him, he would need to spark chaos; he had to lure her to his mountain by conjuring an imaginary evil sorcerer threatening the land.

As cunning as he was, Aldric orchestrated his own demise by covertly requesting the Adventurer's Guild to hunt him down, a plan that surprisingly unfolded with success. But a shadow loomed over his scheme—the companions who traveled alongside Cinna. He was uncertain whether to erase their memories or dispose of them altogether, a last resort he wished to avoid. Yet he knew that allowing anyone to thwart his ambitions was simply not an option. It

was then that he uncovered the ancestry of Cinna's companions, a discovery that could change everything.

Cinna's ranger, Vela Greenwood, hails from a family tree rich with history and complexity. Her ancestry sprawls out like an intricate web, filled with numerous branches that tell tales of generations past. Among these stories is the tantalizing possibility that she is a descendant of a Water Maiden, a mystical being who roamed the world some 4,000 years ago. She was blessed with the ability to commune and wield the elements of water as if they were a part of her body.

Aldric, with his keen intuition, speculated that Vela's arcane lineage might still be lying dormant within her, waiting for the right moment to surface. He felt a spark of hope as he prepared the elixir, believing it held the potential to unlock the hidden powers resting deep within her veins. The idea of awakening ancient magic within her was both exhilarating and fraught with possibilities, urging him to move forward with both caution and anticipation.

Then there was the enigmatic elf, Alis Shadowborn, one of the rare female sorceresses in existence. Unlike human women, elven females were not bound by biological restrictions that prevented them from learning the arcane arts. However, the vast majority lacked the capacity for formidable magic, resulting in a paradox of rarity and potential that fascinated Aldric. While many would assume he might choose an elf for a companion, the reality of elven fertility made such unions complicated. The small size of their reproductive organs often left human men frustrated and elven men unable to please their human partners. Aldric grappled with this challenge that he had a solution to but was unwilling to consider altering his own anatomy to solve it, hoping instead that a suitable human companion would emerge.

However, a twist in Alis's lineage caught him off guard. It seemed her bloodline traced back to a dark elf, a remnant of a race that vanished over 5,000 years ago when Seraphina the Death unleashed her wrath and extinguished their kind. Known for their commanding respect as both powerful shadow sorcerers and fierce warriors, dark elves were both feared and revered, captivating the hearts of humans with their unparalleled beauty and seductive allure and unlike the high elves, their reproductive anatomy was a similar size to humans. The tales of their promiscuity and lust for human males were well-documented, and Aldric couldn't help but wonder if Alis possessed the same qualities as her ancestors.

Intrigued, Aldric set out to determine if Alis possessed any trace of this extraordinary ancestry. He adjusted his enchanted mugs, intent on discovering whether dark elven blood coursed through her veins. Should it fail, however, nothing would change. But if it succeeded, the elixir would awaken her ancient traits, transforming her into a full-blooded dark elf. The stakes were high: should the elixir succeed, Alis would gain not only unparalleled magic but also the ethereal beauty of her dark-elven forebears, surpassing even the most exquisite high elves. His heart raced at the thought of potentially reviving a once-mighty race, all through the extraordinary potential held within Alis Shadowborn.

With everything falling into place, Aldric meticulously orchestrated his plans to win Cinna's heart and make her his wife. But he couldn't help but dream bolder—if fortune smiled upon him, he

might also claim the potent sorceresses Vela and Alis as his wives. The possibilities danced tantalizingly in his mind, each more enticing than the last.

"Yes, baby. Squeeze my massive tits," she cried while her body was on fire.

"You like that, babe?" he whispered in her ear, his cock filling her up.

"Gods, yes. I love it. Please, keep fucking me," she moaned, and her whole body was being stimulated.

'Gods! Please don't let this be a dream... I-I promise to give up the sword for good if this is real,' she swore, her mind-melting.

"Your pussy is the best, babe," he said, spanking her ass.

"Ooooh, yes. Keep praising me," she moaned, her buttocks jiggling and her pussy leaking.

"I don't think I'll ever get tired of your hot body, babe," he said, his cock thrusting inside her and making her squeal. Her mouth was in an O shape, and her body was on fire.

"Y-You're amazing. Gods, you're so big. Your cock is amazing. Aaaaaaaauugh!" she squealed as his member rubbed against her special spot, and her pussy was clamping down on his member.

"You're cumming, babe?" he asked, her body quivering.

"Yessss. Keep going, baby. Please, give me more," she pleaded, and her body was being driven to the brink.

"Alright, babe. Here it comes," he grunted, filling her womb with his seed, and she was in heaven.

"Gods, yessss. Keep cumming. Fill me up. Make me a mother," she cried, her belly swelling and her body growing hotter. Her breasts were engorged, and her butt was plump. She was the perfect picture of fertility as her body was covered in a layer of fat, and her breasts had swelled to enormous proportions.

"Mmmm... That was incredible," Aldric moaned, kissing Cinna's neck.

"Y-Yes. Gods, you filled me up. My pussy is so full of your seed," Cinna purred, kissing him.

Aldric smirked, knowing that he had her now, and there was no way she was going to leave his mountain. His cock was still hard, and the fire was burning, and the night was still young. It was almost time for him to drop his illusion spell to introduce his true self to his beautiful wife.

"Mmmm, I need you to fuck me again. My pussy wants more of your seed," Cinna purred, and his cock hardened.

Aldric kissed her neck, and then he flipped her over. She lay back on the couch, and he spread her legs to get a better view of her sexy pussy, which made his cock throb.

"I'm not done giving you a child yet," he said, his hands roaming her curvy body, and her huge breasts were leaking milk.

'Gods! Please don't let this be a dream... I-I promise to give up the sword for good if this is real,' she prayed to herself. As a part of her thought, the magical elixir made her fall asleep, and it was all a surreal dream.

He grabbed her thick thighs, pushing them back, and her pussy was soaked. His cock was rock hard and eager for more.

"Your pussy is the best, babe," he said, spanking her ass.

She bit her lower lip, and he thrust his cock deep inside her, her walls clamping down, and she was in bliss.

"Y-Yes, baby. I can't wait to give birth to your children. Keep praising me. Make me your woman," she cooed, and he was thrusting his cock deeper.

He leaned down, taking her massive breast into his mouth, and began sucking on it, making her squeal. Her mouth was in an O shape, and her body was on fire.

"Y-You're amazing. Gods, you're so big. Your cock is amazing. Aaaaaaauugh!" she squealed as his member rubbed against her special spot, and her pussy was clamping down on his member.

"FUCK. Your pussy is so damn tight. Gods, yes. I want more. I'm going to cum again," he groaned.

"Yessss. Keep going, baby. Please, give me more," she pleaded, and her body was being driven to the brink of ecstasy.

He pulled away, his cock slipping out, and then he flipped her onto her hands and knees, and she was dripping wet.

"Alright, babe. Here it comes," Aldric grunted, filling her womb with his seed, and she was in heaven.

"Gods, yessss. Keep cumming. Fill me up. Make me a mother," she cried, her belly swelling as her body was becoming more fertile, and her tits were getting heavier, and she was becoming a submissive and loyal wife. She was the perfect picture of fertility as her body was covered in a layer of fat, and her breasts had swelled to enormous proportions.

"For you? You can take it all, babe," he muttered, kissing her neck while releasing another load into her needy pussy that sent her to a whole new level of pleasure.

Cinna's vision went white as his hot cum shot inside her, and she was on cloud nine. Of all the times she's fucked men, no one had ever given her this much pleasure. It was a euphoria beyond anything she had ever experienced. Her entire body was shaking, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as her crimson red hair glowed bright, and the fire in the hearth was swirling around the couple.

Ch.7: Choosing Between Her Lust or Her Duty.

The enchanted drink was doing its magic and changing her DNA into that of a fertile maiden. It was a transformation she embraced wholeheartedly, wanting nothing more than to be her man's loyal and submissive woman. She had no desire to wield a sword, choosing instead to stay by her husband's side and bear his children.

Her stomach swelled to the size of a watermelon, and her tits were like a pair of gravity-defying globes leaking milk. Her green eyes sparkled with a captivating glow, reflecting a vitality that drew you in. Her skin, smooth and creamy, exuded an almost irresistible allure. She embodied the very essence of fertility, embracing her allure with a joyful confidence that was impossible to ignore.

Aldric pulled away, his cock still hard, and her womb was full.

"That's what I want. I can't get enough of your pussy," he said, and then she lay on her side, spreading her legs. Her mind was still recovering from the intense orgasm, but her body was still hungry.

"Y-Yes, baby. Mmmm. You've made me very happy," she cooed.

"Good, because there's no going back. You're my wife now," he stated, and she smiled.

'There he goes again about how we're married, and we should have kids. I can't help but wonder what this says about me as I find myself in the midst of the strangest, most vivid dream—where a dashing man passionately insists that I become his wife. What on earth is going on in my subconscious?... B-But what if it's not a dream?' Cinna pondered as he crawled over her and plunged his cock deep inside her pussy, making her moan with delight.

"B-But if we are to be married, I need to know your name. How can I be a good wife if I don't even know the name of my husband?" she inquired, and he smirked.

"You'll know soon enough, babe. You're so tight, and your tits are delicious," he commented, thrusting his hips, and she squealed.

'Damn, this guy is too good. His cock is the best, and he knows just how to make me scream. I've never been this satisfied,' Cinna thought, her pussy clenching his throbbing cock, and her walls were leaking juices.

She gazed deeply into his striking blue eyes, but to her astonishment, they began to shift and glow like molten lava, transforming into a deep, mesmerizing ruby red. A chill ran down her spine as she recalled the tales of the Sorcerer of Kundun, whose eyes were said to burn with a fierce crimson light.

"Are you alright, baby?" Aldric inquired with a playful smirk.

"Y-Yes, just fine," Cinna replied, trying to mask her confusion.

'Hehe! She still has some fight in her. Let's remove my illusion spell and see how long it takes her to figure out who I am,' the sorcerer said mentally, his hands roaming her curvy body.

It only took him a moment before his hands found her huge, swollen breasts, squeezing them as his cock continued plunging in and out of her sopping pussy. Before long, Aldric's hair reverted to its deep, rich black raven hair that framed his face as it transformed back to its recognizable features. He was undeniably handsome—perhaps even more so than the blonde guy who Cinna thought she was making love to. His physique appeared more robust, leaving Cinna in a whirl of confusion and intrigue. What had changed to make her dream about this guy that resembled the sorcerer she was hired to stop? Suddenly, everything felt different, and the air between them crackled with unspoken tension.

Cinna's heart raced. This was the man who had slain the dragon, the evil sorcerer who had conquered the kingdoms, the sorcerer she needed to defeat to save the village. As the reality of her situation set in, her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts.

Aldric leaned forward, capturing her lips, and the taste of the elixir lingered. He knew that this was the last hurdle to overcome. Her body was ripe, and her mind was fertile. It was a perfect storm, and it would take just a little more coaxing before he won her over completely.

As their lips parted, Aldric smiled. He had her right where he wanted her. Her body was ripe, and her mind was soft and yielding. He knew her spirit was on the verge of surrender, and it was only a matter of time before she succumbed to his charm.

"My name is Aldric... But for the ones that I love, you can call me Al," he said, his cock pumping in and out of her tight pussy, and her brain was still foggy, but the sound of his name sparked a memory.

"A-Aldric? That name sounds familiar," she wondered. Her brain was fuzzy, but his name triggered a memory, and she felt a spark of recognition as she bounced on his lap.

Aldric's lips curled into a sly smirk. "You ought to recognize the name... I am the Sorcerer of Kundun," he revealed, his voice dripping with confidence. In an instant, her eyes widened, panic flooding her senses. This was the man they had been sent to eliminate—the target they had been hunting all this time. It was like cold water was thrown over her, and the haze she had been lost in cleared.

'G-Gods... How could I have been so stupid!? No. It has to be a dream. Please let it be a dream.'

"N-No! Impossible," Cinna cried, and she tried to push him off her, but his cock was deep inside her, and her body was too weak.

"You didn't know? Well, I guess my illusion spells worked like a charm... But enough hiding; I want you and the others to see the real me," he said, kissing her on the neck, and her body was on fire. Cinna's protestations grew weaker as his skilled hands roamed her curves, stroking her body with a deft touch that left her yearning for more.

"O-Oh, gods. A-Al... No! Huh?" she whimpered, and her resistance crumbled, and he kissed her. His tongue delved into her mouth, and his fingers massaged her clit, making her squirm with pleasure.

Aldric's illusion had worn off, as his true form showed itself as her muscles swelled, and Cinna discovered that he was far more strikingly handsome than she had ever imagined, and his cock was becoming thicker. Her heart fluttered as he kissed her.

'D-Disguise? Gods... This is real. H-How is this possible?' she wondered as he began sucking on her nipple. 'Aungh! I-I need to grab my sword... Aaaaah... But it feels so good. G-Gods, don't stop. Ahh,' she moaned as his cock rubbed against her special spot, and her toes curled.

"I can't... We're supposed to be enemies, and you're the Sorcerer of Kundun. Ohhh! Mmmmh! Cumming again. Fuck. Don't stop," Cinna whimpered, her walls clamping down on his shaft and her body tingling.

'NO! Control yourself, dammit! Gah! If I can get him to cum then I can grab my sword and—Oh, that's the spot! Mmmm. He's hitting me so deep. It feels so good. Aaaaaah.' Cinna's head snapped back, sending her long, luscious red hair flying as her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she came. Her body was shaking, and her tits were leaking milk, and her womb was flooded with his seed. Her body was in a state of bliss, and she struggled to keep her mind clear.

"Mmmmh, so warm, and I think that was your most powerful load yet," she panted as she had a blissful look written over her beautiful face.

'Focus, girl. You need to focus. Auuugh!? Gods... I can't think straight. Mmmmh... This is the best. Ahh... He's the best... Gah! NO! I need to fight this. He's evil! He'll throw me away once I've fulfilled his purpose! Augh!? Which was what again? I'm losing focus. Ahhh! H-He'll probably

have his fun with us and then throw us away. Aaahh! Gods, I'm such a whore. He's going to use and abuse me. No! I can't allow that to happen. I can't die here. If he wants my body, then I'll give it to him... But when his guard is down, I'll make my move and end him,' she thought, her resolve renewed, and her mind was slowly clearing, and then his cock plunged deep inside her again, and she was in heaven as her battle between her lust or her duty began.

"Aaaah... You're so rough, honey," she teased him as she was struggling to keep her sense of duty alive while her pussy was clamping down on his cock, trying to make him cum.

"And you're loving every second of it," he teased back, and her body was in a state of pleasure, and he was suckling her nipples. "Your body is mine, Cinna... You've changed into the perfect woman to carry our children," he said, and Cinna felt her body getting hotter, and her womb was pulsing.

"Yes, honey. It's yours," she agreed, moaning only partly, going along with the charade to lower his guard, and the fire in the hearth was flaring.

Aldric chuckled as he was pleased with her response. His cock was still rock-hard, and he intended to make the most of this moment.

'Th-That's it, Al... You may have changed my body, but I'm still a warrior... Once you've had your fu—OH, GODS—f-fun, I'll get my revenge. Just wait, and you'll—Aungh!?—pay for humiliating me, Sorcerer of Kundun. You'll pay with your life, and then the village will be saved, and I'll be a heroine. Ahhh! Fuck. Yes! Harder, baby. Mmmm. Your cock is amazing. So thick. Gah!? N-No. Concentrate, girl. Mmmm. He's going to be dead, and I'll be hailed as a heroine. Gods. Yes! Fuck, I'm so close. A-Aaaaah. Yes. Oh, Gods. I'm cumming,' she thought, her mind going blank, and her body was quivering. Her conscience was in a tug of war between duty and desire, and her brain was struggling to process all the intense pleasure.

"Cum for me, Cinna. Let me fill your womb with my seed," he grunted, and his balls were aching, and his cock was throbbing, and his mind was on one thing.

"Oh, thank you, honey," she cried, his cock making her see stars, and her womb was pulsing.

"Call me by my name," he demanded, and she was melting.

"M-Master!? Oh, Gods. I'm cumming. Yesss!" she squealed, her legs wrapping around his waist, and she came for what felt like the hundredth time. Her eyes were shut, and her tits were leaking, and her pussy was gushing fluids.

Aldric grunted in frustration, "Cinna, you're my wife, not my slave. Say my name," he said, thrusting his cock deep inside her, and she was in heaven.

'Ngh... D-Damn you, Al. I-I hate you... But why can't I get you out of my head!? M-My pussy is crying out for your cock... It wants to be your whore. No! I-I can't say it. I won't...'

Cinna gritted her teeth and tried to resist him, but her mind was on fire, and her body was screaming for more.

"Come on... Say it for me, Cinna," he said, his hands groping her breasts.

"O-Okay. F-Fine. A-Aldric. There, I said it. Now, please, keep fucking me," she begged, and her mind was on fire, and her body was screaming for more. She couldn't do anything until he finished inside her, and then she'd strike.

"I know you can do better," he teased, his cock thrusting deeper inside her, and she was moaning.

'Aaaaaaah... Gods, he's too much. N-No. Don't lose your edge, Cinna. He'll turn you into a bimbo if you let him. A-Al? No. I-I won't say it. Never! He's just a horny, old sorcerer who looks surprisingly young. Ngh! But his cock is so good... Oh, fuck. His balls are full, and I can feel them slapping against me. G-Gods, it feels so good. No, concentrate, girl. Think of the village and all the innocent people he's terrorized. Yeah! I got this. Just wait, Al, and when you least expect it, I'll kill you,' she vowed as the fire in the hearth flared.

"Say my name, Cinna," he ordered, thrusting his hips, and the couch was rocking.

"O-Okay, okay. F-Fine. A-Aldric. Al, Al, ALDRIC! Ahhh," she screamed, her pussy leaking, and her breasts were growing bigger.

"Good girl," he praised, kissing her on the cheek, and her pussy was clamping down, and she was in heaven.

"Ahhhh... Oh, Gods. Ahhhh," she moaned, her mind becoming mush again, which made Aldric grunt and release his seed inside her.

"C-Cumming," she squeaked, her whole body shuddering, and her already bloated belly took on even more volume as her womb was filled to capacity, her pussy was gushing, and her brain was foggy, and she was seeing stars.

Aldric's member throbbed as his hot, sticky cum filled her pussy to the brim. "D-Damn! You're sucking me dry, babe," Al groaned as his magical essence triggered Cinna's ovaries to release three viable eggs, ensuring that his seed would impregnate her. In fourteen hours, her eggs will find their way into her fallopian tube and then into her uterus, where they will develop into babies.

Hearing Al's moans made Cinna's heart swell with pride as she achieved her goal of making him cum. However, before she could revel in her triumph, a strange feeling came over her. 'Hehe! H-He's one hell of a man. I knew I could make him cum, because my pussy is the best! Hehe—GAH!? Stop it! Get your head in the game, Cinna. Y-You are not some loose slut. You're a warrior! Now, take your sword and end him,' she told herself; her heart was beating faster,

trying to remain strong, but his warm seed was so comforting, and she couldn't help but feel her will weaken.

"Mmmph. That was incredible, babe," Al murmured, his lips trailing kisses along her neck.

Cinna sensed Aldric's grip beginning to loosen, and in that instant, she knew it was time to strike. With adrenaline coursing through her veins, she sprang into action, rolling awkwardly but determinedly off his lap. She has never been so slow in her life due to her warrior body becoming more curvaceous and soft. Her breasts, which were swollen and leaking, were bouncing everywhere, and her round, juicy ass swayed back and forth as her legs carried her toward her sword. Her eyes locked onto her greatsword, propped against the wall of the charming cottage. Somehow, she managed to push through all the distractions, her heart beating fast, and her womb was full, but it shrank a bit as Aldric's cum was flowing out of her pussy from her "quick" getaway. She lunged for the handle, heart racing. Aldric watched her, a hint of amusement dancing in his gaze, clearly entertained by her bold move.

"H-Ha! I've got it!" Cinna exclaimed, her voice barely above a whisper. Her fingers wrapped around the hilt, the cool metal sending a shiver of familiarity down her spine. As the weapon settled into her grasp, a surge of confidence surged through her, clearing the fog in her mind. Memories of past challenges flickered in her thoughts—each moment where this trusty blade had been her ally in the darkest of times. She could feel it now; she was ready to face whatever lay ahead.

"Let's see what you've got, babe," he said, his hands on his hips, and his impressive cock was still hard, and the fire was roaring in the fireplace, which showed off his god-like body, and his muscles rippled.

Cinna flashed a fierce grin, locking eyes with her adversary, her gaze aflame with unwavering determination. Clenching the hilt of her sword tighter, she steeled herself for the challenge ahead. The massive greatsword leaned against the cottage wall, just waiting for her command. "You've grown careless, Sorcerer!" she declared, her voice cutting through the tension like a blade, ready to reclaim her strength. "Now face my wrath—Uh! I-I said face my—ugh!" she grunted as her sword wouldn't budge. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"You were saying, babe?" Al smirked, and Cinna glared at him as she used two hands to grip the hilt of her weapon.

"C-Come on!? Why can't I lift this stupid thing," Cinna groaned as her feminine arms were too weak to lift her heavy weapon. The more she tried to pull it off the ground, the heavier it felt and the weaker she felt. But with each attempt, her crimson hair would glow a bit as her witch's core activated, and she summoned her warrior's techniques. She was unaware that she was a Fire Witch.

'Ngh! D-Dammit! Why is it so heavy? My strength should be returning. Gods. It must be the effects of that damned elixir,' Cinna growled, her face reddening from exertion, and she was panting. Her body was jiggling, and her pussy was dripping his cum; with each failed attempt,

the glow of her hair intensified, and all the flames in the room burned brighter as her new powers began to awaken.

"You've lost some of your physical strength, babe. Don't worry, I changed your class for the better," Al assured her, and Cinna frowned. Her mind was foggy, and her brain was trying to process the information.

'M-My strength? Class?' she thought, her heart was beating faster. She shook her head to clear her thoughts and refocus on the task at hand. 'T-This is his fault. I'll kill him, and then everything will go back to normal... I-I just need to move this thing, but why is it so heavy?'

The sorcerer chuckled, finding her efforts adorable. He crossed his arms, his cock still rock-hard, and his eyes were a mesmerizing ruby red, but Cinna couldn't let that distract her. 'T-This is his fault. I'll kill him, and then everything will go back to normal... I-I just need to move this thing, but why is it so heavy?' Her arms trembled as she finally began to move the massive blade off the floor. 'N-No! This can't be happening. H-He did something to me, but I'm a warrior... I can't give up now. G-Gods. Why do all the evil guys have to be so handsome? Wait, what am I thinking!? I can't let my guard down. I have to—UGH!?'

Cinna dragged the blade across the floor and tried to approach the handsome sorcerer, but she tripped, and her sword clattered to the floor. The flames roared as she landed on her plump, bouncy ass. 'Oh, Gods. What is happening to me? He took away my strength and made me into his toy. H-He's going to use and abuse me, and I'll become his personal breeding cow, and then the village will be destroyed. T-This is all my fault. Gods. Please help me.'

Aldric couldn't help but chuckle at Cinna's antics. She was blissfully unaware of the true extent of her power now that her witch heritage had finally awakened. The weight of her sword seemed to pull her down; it was far too hefty for her witch's frame. As her hair shimmered with an increasingly vibrant glow, a clear sign of her expanding mana core, it became evident that her warrior's techniques were of little use to her now. She was destined to embrace her identity as a Fire Witch, and Aldric was ready to guide her through this transformation.

"Why don't you come back to the couch, babe? We can cuddle and unwind a bit," he suggested playfully, patting the cushion beside him with a warm smile.

"Y-You won't get away with this, Sorcerer," she growled, but when her head turned towards the couch, her gaze locked onto Aldric's handsome form, sending a familiar shiver down her spine. Her eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed. 'N-No. Focus, girl. Don't be distracted by his perfect body. H-He's a villain, and you're a heroine. Y-Yeah. Remember your mission,' Cinna tried to tell herself, but his body was irresistible, and her pussy was leaking, and the fire in the hearth was getting larger, the flames were dancing wildly, and the whole cottage was warm, and the smell of fresh bread was wafting through the air.

"Cinna, are you done playing around? Come back to the couch, and I'll make you feel better," Aldric said. His words made her heart flutter, her stomach churn, and she became hungry.

'N-No! It's a trick. I can't let him win. I-I need to kill him, and then all will be well... I-I can't trust him. He's a bad guy. H-He's just using me and will throw me away when he's done with me.'

"You can't fool me! I-I won't lose to the likes of you!... N-Now, tell me how to reverse this curse... So I can kill you," she said in the most threatening tone she could muster, but her voice was too soft, and her cheeks were bright red.

"Cinna? You are no longer a warrior... And I made you better. Come here, my lovely wife," he ordered her, and Cinna's will was wavering.

"W-Wife? No. That's not right... I-I'm a warrior," she protested, shaking her head furiously. "J-Just tell me how to undo this, and I'll kill you," she repeated as her knees buckled when she tried to lift her sword from the floor.

Aldric rolled his eyes with a teasing smirk as he approached her, effortlessly scooping her up into his strong arms. "Eek!? P-Put me down, Sorcerer!" Cinna squealed, laughter mingling with genuine protest as she squirmed in his grasp. Though she tried to fight him, her body felt weak, and a hidden thrill coursed through her. Deep down, a part of her reveled in the sensation of being lifted by the man who held so much power. "I'm a warrior, not a housewife," she asserted, her voice trembling with defiance. But as he gently lowered her onto the couch, sitting beside her and running his fingers through her hair, her resolve began to waver. "J-Just tell me how to undo this, and I'll kill you," she whispered, the strength in her words fading beneath the warmth of his touch.

"Shhh... You are no longer a warrior, Cinna. You are a witch, my wife," he said, kissing her neck, and her skin was hot to the touch.

"A-A witch? N-No! That can't be right," she muttered, shaking her head. 'N-No way, that's crazy, right? I-I've been told that human women didn't have the talent to become a mage. I-I was always told I was born with the gift of a warrior, but... W-What if he's right? What if I am a witch? Oh, Gods, no! I'm a warrior, and that's all. I took on this quest to save the village, not become a sex toy for some horny sorcerer,' she thought, and her stomach was in knots, her pussy was leaking, the fire in the hearth was roaring, and the smell of bread was making her mouth water.

"Do you know who put in the request to slay the sorcerer, Cinna?" Al asked her, and his words were making her mind foggy, and her heart was beating faster.

"O-Of course, I do. The people of this city are the ones who hired us," she answered, her eyes locked on his, and his eyes were a mesmerizing ruby red.

Al chuckled and shook his head, "No, it was me... Once I heard that the legendary Cinna Armstrong and her comrades were in the area... I had to take the chance to get the women of my dreams," he revealed, and her heart was beating faster.

"Y-You? T-That can't be true. A-All the villagers feared you... Why would you hire us to kill you? That makes no sense," she argued, trying to wrap her head around this new revelation. 'H-He's

a crazy man. A-And yet, I can't deny that he's handsome... Wait, what am I thinking? N-No. He's a bad guy,' Cinna told herself; her heart was pounding in her chest.

"I needed the strongest woman in the world to become my wife, and when I found out that you were a descendant of a powerful line of Fire Witches... Well, it was only natural that you would be the one. I've waited years to meet you, Cinna. Your strength, beauty, and spirit are second to none. And you've become even more powerful, my sweet Fire Witch," he told her, and Cinna's head was spinning, and her stomach was churning, and the fire was blazing, and her hair was shimmering, and her pussy was wet.

"I-I'm a descendant of a witch!? I-I'm evil!?" she cried, and her cheeks were pink with embarrassment as she thought that she was corrupted into an evil being.

Aldric gave her a warm smirk and slowly shook his head. "No, not evil. A witch is merely a woman born with a unique talent for manipulating the magical energies that exist in the world... And you're the most powerful witch alive, babe. And the most beautiful one as well," he assured her.

"T-That can't be," she mumbled, her mind trying to make sense of all this. "S-Stop... I-I don't want to be a witch," she whined, but her pussy was getting wetter, and her breasts were growing as her witch heritage was released.

"I want a worthy wife and for her to give me children, Cinna... and there is no woman more suited than you," he said, kissing her, and her resistance melted away.

'I-I have the ability to use the arcane?... B-But I don't know how to use magic, and if what he says is true, then maybe I can defeat him if he trains me. Y-Yes! I'll take my time, and then I can avenge 'us' and save the village. But first, I'll have to convince him to train me. OH!? Maybe I can buy some time for the villagers if I promise to become his wife! I'm a genius!' she thought, her cheeks flushed, and her hair was shimmering.

"I-If I'm to become your wife... T-Then you have to promise me that you'll never hurt anyone," Cinna told him; her heart was beating faster, and her cheeks were rosy.

Aldric held back his smirk as he didn't care about harming the village. He only needed them to draw Cinna to his mountain, and then he was going to leave the village be. So, if this helped Cinna stay with him, then why not agree to her terms?

Aldric nodded his head and held up his hand, "You have my word," he promised her, and she felt a surge of confidence.

"A-And you have to train me," she said, her eyes locked onto his; her heart was pounding, her cheeks were warm, and her hands held his.

"You'll be an incredible Fire Witch, Cinna," Al assured her, his hands touching her skin, and her body was hot. Her breasts were growing, and her pussy was getting wetter the more she

thought she could seduce him into training her. A flicker of hope ignited within her—a notion that by marrying him, she could somehow shield the world from his dark intentions. Yet, unbeknownst to her, Aldric had long been captivated by her, and the intense emotions swirling inside her were signs of her own unraveling heart, drawn to him against her will. The sinister plans she once harbored would fade into the background, eclipsed by a powerful love that would bind her to Aldric for eternity.

'Gods!?... M-Maybe I won't have to kill him if I can control him... I-I'm a genius! Now, where was I? Oh, yes, I need to make him fall for my charms. Hehe, he's just like a fly caught in my web. I got him right where I want him, and soon, the village will be safe.'

"W-Why are you doing this?" she asked, beginning to fall for him. She tried to resist his handsome face, but her resolve crumbled as she was tired of not finding a partner to love.

"Because I'm tired of living alone, and I've accomplished everything I wanted in life. With the exception of one thing: a family," he replied, and his words made her heart flutter.

"D-Don't lie. If you're a good guy, then why do you hide yourself away from the villagers?" she questioned, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Because people are afraid of what they don't understand, and a lot of them see the arcane as something evil. So, I lived alone... But now that I have you, everything will change, Cinna," he assured her, his hands touching her thick thighs and slowly working their way upward.

Cinna's face grew flushed, and she squirmed, trying to ignore the growing ache between her legs. 'T-This is okay! I-It's all part of the plan, and soon, he'll be under my thumb,' she told herself; her heart was racing, and her breasts were leaking milk.

"So, will you stay, babe?" he asked her, his fingers caressing her inner thighs, and she bit her lip.

"Y-You aren't going to throw me away after I give birth?" she asked, and her cheeks were rosy.

"Why would I do that? You're my number one, Cinna. No matter how many children you give me, you will always be number one," he said, and her heart fluttered. Cinna tried to tell herself that she was charming him, but it was only she who was falling in love.

"I-I don't know. W-What are you going to do to my friends?" she asked him, and her mind was foggy as his fingers came closer to her needy pussy.

"I think the fates have smiled upon them, and they'll live with us as your sister wives," he said, and Cinna's eyes widened, and her face flushed.

"M-My friends are going to be your wives!?" she cried, her heart racing, her body was hot, and her breasts were growing. For some reason, she liked the idea of seeing Vela and Alis get

fucked, and she couldn't stop herself from getting wet at the thought of them getting pregnant with Aldric's children.

"Yes, my sweet. Now, please. Don't worry about anything. Just relax and let me take care of everything," he said, his fingers slowly spreading her pussy lips, and her face turned bright red.

"F-Fine. O-Only because you said so," she muttered, and her hips bucked involuntarily as his fingers began stroking her dripping wet cunt.

"And I promise to train you. Together, we'll be the most powerful couple in this world," he vowed, and she squirmed under his touch. She gave in as she fell head over heels for him.

"Y-You're such an idiot. J-Just kiss me already," she said, her legs were trembling as she felt the heat in her belly intensify. She didn't care anymore about trying to kill him as a new chapter in Cinna's life began. She kissed him and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him closer. His hands gripped her soft, plump ass, and he kissed her deeply.

"I love you," he murmured into her lips, his hands groping her asscheeks.

"Y-You love me?" she asked, and her pussy was pulsing as his cock entered her with open arms.

"More than anything," he confirmed, and her vision went white as she gave in. Cinna's journey across the Continent was already filled with excitement, but the thrill of embarking on a new adventure alongside the man she loved made her heart race like never before. The world felt alive with possibility, and every moment together promised to unlock unforgettable experiences waiting just around the corner.

"I-I'm cumming, baby!" she cried, and her hips were moving faster as she was reaching her climax.

"M-Me too, babe. Let's cum together," he groaned, and his member swelled.

"I-I love you, baby," she whimpered. Her hair was shimmering, and the flames roared in the fireplace as the fire witch was giving herself completely to the Sorcerer.

'HE'S CUMMING AT THE SAME TIME!?!... I-I LOVE HIM! I DON'T CARE IF HE'S CHANGED ME! I'M HIS WOMAN NOW!' she thought as their loins were on fire.

"Oh, FUCK, babe!" he cried, and the room was filled with the sounds of their moans as they orgasmed together, and his seed flooded her womb.

"Gods, yessss! Fill me up, honey!" she begged, her pussy clamping down on his meaty shaft, and her stomach was bloating a bit as she felt his seed flood her womb again.

'I-I'll bear his children, and we'll have a happy family. I-I'll make sure he treats my sister wives well, and we'll raise our kids together. Gods, it's going to be the best. Yes. Yesss! I can't wait,'

she thought, her mouth wide open and her tongue sticking out as her eyes were crossed. The legendary female warrior, Cinna Armstrong, died that day as she was reborn as the Grand Fire Witch, Cinna Kundun.

They were locked in place as the two enjoyed the moment, and her body was still quivering with pleasure. She couldn't believe how incredible it felt to orgasm together. She felt whole and complete, as if they had been destined for one another.

"Y-You did so good, babe," Al said, as he was panting, and his cock was still hard inside of her.

"T-Thank you. I-I'm glad I could satisfy you, Al," she squeaked, her face flushed.

"Are you still hungry?" he asked her, and her pussy was leaking his seed.

"Y-Yes, b-but what about my friends? T-They'll be looking for me, and if they find out you've changed me... Th-Then we're screwed," she said, her hands rubbing her pregnant belly.

"Don't worry, babe. They'll be changing soon, and they'll join us," Al assured her, and she bit her lip.

"I-I hope they'll be okay. I-I'll talk to them and convince them," Cinna said, her heart racing.

"No... Your body needs rest, Cinna. I'll give those sister wives of ours a visit to make sure their mana cores are expanding," he said, and Cinna nodded her head.

'But should I warm them?... I-I don't know... No man had ever wanted me like this before, and I didn't think it was possible... Hehehe!... Sister wives... It has a nice ring to it,' she mused as her whole body was tingling.

"Okay, babe. Please, go easy on them," she said, and her pussy was wet, and her exhaustion and hunger were getting to her.

"Of course, babe. Don't worry, and let me handle it," he said, kissing her.

"Thanks, babe. I trust you," she said. The fire was roaring, the room was cozy, and her stomach was grumbling. She hugged Aldric tightly before closing her eyes.

'Sister wives... Yes! I'll do anything for my hubby, Al. Anything to protect him and our babies,' she mused before Al's cock began pulling out of her needy pussy; that was sad to see his dick leave them. With the absence of his dick, she could feel his seed oozing out, and she whined a bit, missing his warmth, but his seed was enough to satisfy her. Her breathing had steadied, and her body was exhausted.

'Gods!? Am I really acting like a slut? Mmmm... Yes. Yes, I am... But I can't help it. His cock is amazing,' she thought, watching him go, and her pussy was quivering. She tried to sit up, but her body was too weak, and her head was spinning.

"Ah, fuck... H-He didn't lie... I really am exhausted... Haah... So, I have a mana core?... I never thought I could use magic before," she muttered, looking down at her belly, and her stomach was swollen with his seed. Her tits were massive and were leaking milk, and her body was curvier and plumper than ever before. Her past self would have laughed at her, but now that she does have these assets, she couldn't wait for him to fill her up again.

'Damn... I hope my stomach goes back to normal. Mmm... And I could do without these gigantic tits...' she thought, but when she touched them, she shivered in delight.

"Ngh! I-I changed my mind! The breasts can stay. P-Plus, they could be useful in other ways, and I'm sure my sister wives would love them as well... Hmmm? I'm so tired,' she thought as she fell asleep on the couch with ease.

The legendary warrior Cinna Armstrong, once a beacon of strength and valor, had met her match in Aldric, the cunning sorcerer. In a twist of fate, Cinna was not just defeated; she was transformed into a powerful Fire Witch. Her fiery essence was bound to Aldric, who now claimed her as his formidable wife, whom he was going to love for the rest of his life. This transformation granted Aldric a formidable ally in Cinna, enhancing his status as the Sorcerer of Kundun.

Yet, Aldric's ambitions did not stop there. He set his sights on Vela Greenwood, a striking beauty with an unwavering spirit, who patrolled the perimeter of their secluded cottage. Aldric knew time was of the essence; the enchanted elixir he had brewed would soon lose its effects, and with it, his chance to transform Vela into the Water Maiden—a vision of grace and power that would solidify his grasp on the magical dominion. With urgency pulsing in his veins, Aldric prepared to set his plan into motion, determined to woo Vela before the fleeting opportunity slipped away.

To be continued...

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