

18+ This story contains explicit descriptions of sex, body transformations, breast expansion, dominating behaviour, and crude language. All characters are over the age of 18.

The Diary of Lyra Knox

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Lyra, the most accomplished student of archaeology at the prestigious Cambridge university, heads out into the field to seek the secrets of her family's curious heritage.

Jake tags along, hoping to score with the infamous 'Ice Queen' of Trinity College. At the very least, he'll settle for some good views of her A-class bod.

What they discover changes both their lives forever, and Lyra learns that her family's abstinent tendencies are hiding a most salacious secret.

21st June, 2007

At long last, the stone portal has opened! Just as I predicted, the clockwork mechanism was triggered by sunlight at the summer solstice. Only a slight push was needed for the cliff wall to swing open! What a miraculous device for such an ancient culture to have created! This discovery alone would be enough for my entire dissertation, and yet so much remains to be found inside. At last, after a decade of research, I can uncover my family's connection to this ancient place.

The expedition is off to a great start, my only regret is that my friend Jennifer was unable to be here for this miraculous moment. Jake has been a poor substitute and of little help thus far, just moping around and trying to impress me as usual. Men. Pah! He was not my first choice, but at least he is useful for carrying the tents and setting up the camp. Since then I've had little to occupy him, but that changes today. The boulder trap in the first chamber was but a taste of what's to come.

Today, we will attempt to cross the chasm. Good thing I came prepared.

Jake

Jake leered appreciatively as Lyra clambered across the extendable metal ladder they had placed across the chasm. Her shapely ass stretched out her tight cargo-shorts and provided ample eye-candy to keep him entertained as she traversed the gap one rung at a time. He drank in the sight of those creamy thighs and slender legs, the exposed skin so rare a sight back in Cambridge.

Hot, smart, athletic, sole heir of a wealthy family, needless to say Lyra was highly popular with the male students. Her refined, aristocratic beauty and (at least) D-cup tits made her the obvious target of many a would-be suitor at their privileged school, but the ice-queen famously never reciprocated their attentions. Usually, Lyra was to be found wearing a (very expensive) blazer and (likely equally expensive) trousers that left as much as possible to the imagination. For someone so well-proportioned it was a criminally missed opportunity that she never wore anything that showed off her figure, in Jake's opinion.

Until now, that is. Despite Lyra's affinity for stuffy clothing, just as Jake had hoped, the tropical heat and humidity had rendered such attire totally impractical. In her usual pragmatic manner, Lyra outfitted herself as befitted a noble explorer: Tank-tops, cargo-pants, khaki shirts – all the usual exploration gear one would expect from a scion of the wealthy British elite finally heading out into the field. While his gaze followed the archaeology student's shapely figure swinging across the

chasm, Jake congratulated himself once again for inveigling his way onto this crazy trip to bear witness to sights most of his peers could only dream of. It even made up for the Indiana Jones' shit that was getting a bit too much for his taste.

Indeed, the boulder trap had been a nasty surprise. Jake hadn't believed that people *really* installed that stuff in their forbidden tombs. How was it even functional after all this time? What was next? Spike traps? Snakes? Nazis? Jake shook his head. He wouldn't be letting his guard down again, that was for sure. Let it not be said that Jake Sullivan would allow any harm to come to a woman under his protection.

His wandering eyes settled once more on Lyra's swaying caboose.

Lyra

Lyra could tell he was watching her. Typical. Just like in high school, back when her body first began to develop and became subject to boyish attention. The stares, shy or obvious, had always infuriated her. Didn't men think about anything else? Lyra would have given up her womanly figure in an instant if it meant less bother from such boring people. Instead, she had resorted to carefully selecting her attire to conceal her body's proportions and dull their interest. She cursed again for the hundredth time that she hadn't brought her sports bras and heavy jackets with her from England, climate be damned. Well, not much that could be done about it now. Concentrate on the mission.

This trip was too important to let herself get distracted by Jake. Almost a decade's work culminated in this moment. Ever since she was old enough to read, Lyra had devoured the contents of the extensive library in Knox manor. At first, it was simple childish fascination with accounts of far off lands and fantastic stories. Then, piqued curiosity about the family history and her own lineage. It was at age fifteen that Lyra stumbled precipitously upon the manuscripts that contained mention of her Varangian heritage.

Lyra shivered as she recalled the thrill at discovering that her stuffy, boring English family may in fact be of more exotic origin. History became her passion overnight. Countless weekends were spent buried in dusty old books in the library learning about Viking mercenaries seeking their fortunes in the ancient Byzantine capital, taking riches and trophy wives back to their homelands. Was this how her bloodline had migrated to England? These were the kinds of questions Lyra Knox pondered while her school friends got up to the things teens do with boys like Jake and then brag about at Monday lunchtime. Lyra considered it no great loss that she had never felt the slightest inclination to participant.

Everything traced back to this remote area of the Peloponnese mountains, a day's journey by scooter from the nearest town. By virtue of the Knox family's long history with Trinity college, they happily agreed to sponsor an expedition as part of her thesis. Her notes already overflowed with her findings from the ruins outside – ritual stones, marble statues, ornate carvings. Lyra was sure now that, whatever lay within this underground complex long hidden beneath the mountain, it would satisfy both her own curiosity about her family and secure her academic success. She was already imagining the title of the paper she would write – 'Religious rites of the Hellenic people and their societal rituals'.

For this was clearly a site of great significance to some ancient people, the earliest carvings long predating the Byzantine empire. From the scattered stonework outside to the elaborate mechanisms of this sunken warren, it was apparent that this complex had been a magnificent and affluent temple in its heyday.

An unfortunate fire in the west wing over a hundred years ago had destroyed many of the family records, barely enough clues had remained to pinpoint this area where her Viking ancestor had

found his fortune. Looting this temple may well have been the origin of their wealth. Had they also found a woman here to take home as their wife? And, was her family really... cursed?

Lyra's scientific mind rebelled at the idea of a 'curse', but it strained the limits of probability to be a mere coincidence. Over a dozen generations since her family had returned to England, with each generation producing only a single daughter as heir to carry on the their line. What were the chances of that? Miniscule. With no sons to bear it, her family title had passed maternally since their unexplained exodus from Greece so many years ago. Perhaps that was why they had survived the Norman purge of the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy: such a family would have few alliances and be of little threat to a fledgling king. The sparse documents that survived the fire made reference to this genealogical phenomenon as though it were to be expected, yet none explained why.

All these mysteries Lyra hoped to solve on this trip. This precarious chasm may even be the final obstacle. With one last push, she leaped the final few rungs of the ladder and landed on the solid ground on the other side. Lyra stood and dusted herself off, pinching her sweaty shorts and top to unstick them from her skin, before glancing back at Jake to find him grinning at her in familiar way men always did. He waved cheerily.

Studiously ignoring him, Lyra turned and examined the pedestal they had sighted from the other side of the chasm. It stood about 10ft tall, the pinnacle just out of reach for her. Upon it stood the mysterious ebony-black totem she had been unable to properly identify through her binoculars. Illuminated by the light of her torch, she could tell it was embossed with intricate glyphs. Lyra desperately wanted to take it down for closer examination. Straining on her tip-toes, she stretched as high as she could go, but it was just beyond the reach of her 5" 6' stature. She cursed under her breath, knowing what this meant.

The metallic clatter of the ladder behind her heralded the arrival of Jake. He dusted himself off, and smirked at her. 'Need a hand?'

'Can you get it down?' Lyra wasted no time on pleasantries.

Jake reached up effortlessly and lifted it down, ignoring her outstretched hand and instead holding it up to his eyes to examine it himself. Lyra huffed internally, but settled for examining the totem from afar until his childish curiosity was sated, rather than seek a confrontation.

'Is this some kind of... medieval dildo?' Jake's incredulous question broke her disgruntled train of thought before she could get a proper look.

'What? No, of course it's not.' Lyra snatched the artefact from him. 'Medieval would be late 6th to early 16th century, this temple is at least as old as the early Roman Republic...' her rebuke died on her lips as she took in what she was holding. Warmth rose in her cheeks. Beneath Lyra's hand, the bumpy surface of the rod seemed almost like...

An angry rumbling sound brought them both back to their senses.

'Oh shit, not again.' Jake reacted first, grabbing her arm and pulling Lyra back from the edge of the spike-pit that suddenly opened up around the plinth that they had just lightened of its load.

22nd June, 2007

The glyphs on the totem are new to me. The script is similar to the language at the entrance to the cave system, but more angular, as though designed to be carved rather than written. Perhaps an older dialect? (Runes?) There are some that share similar shapes I recognise from the murals:

‘Key’, ‘Vessel’, ‘Gateway’. Without the context it’s difficult to say what the others might mean, though a translation should be possible with time.

As for the totem itself, it measures approximately 30cm lengthwise by 5cm across, roughly cylindrical, the form is... ‘priapic’ in design...

Lyra sighed, putting down her pen and glancing over at the totem that stood erect on her make-shift desk. Despite her protests to the contrary before the spike trap dramatically changed the topic, it really was very clearly intended to be phallic. Not that she would ever admit it to Jake. Though she had little interest in participating in the vulgar acts of procreation until it was strictly necessary to carry on her maternal line, Lyra had studied enough theory of human anatomy to recognise a penis when she saw one.

She picked it up again, turning it over and running her finger along the embossed glyphs that criss-crossed the otherwise silky-smooth surface like bulging veins. She shuddered. It felt strangely warm in her hands, giving her the unsettling impression that it was living flesh beneath her grip rather than polished ebony. The longer her skin stayed in contact with it, the stronger she felt a slight tingling on the tips of her fingers. Static electricity?

Lyra frowned, struggling to find an explanation for the curious physical properties of this ancient artefact. Setting it aside, she picked up her pen to record her observations in her journal. While she worked, alternately handling the mysterious totem and jotting down notes, the muggy evening air slowly descended on their camp. As the sun settled, the crickets began their nightly chorus. Jake’s footsteps trudged about outside as he put the camp in order. Lyra began to shift uncomfortably in her seat. It was only after adjusting the biting strap of her bra and unsticking her tank-top from her clammy skin for the third time that she began to notice that the humid atmosphere was not her only discomfort.

So subtle that she had not sensed it while intent on studying the mysterious totem, a slight warmth had been building in her abdomen. It felt somehow disconnected from her senses, like touching a hot oven tray through thick gloves. When she concentrated on the sensation in her belly, it began to grow stronger. Like dipping a foot into a hot bath, the warmth spread across her skin but rather than from the hot humid air, it originated from deep inside her, near her groin.

Confused, Lyra laid a hand on her stomach. A shiver ran through her body. Her fingers felt like ice on feverish skin. As though in response to her touch, the hot glow began to flow out from her belly, upwards towards through her torso and into her chest, and she looked down to find to her surprise that her nipples were visibly tenting her top, even through her bra that was clearly outlined beneath the moist fabric.

Lyra had never felt anything like this. Her head was heavy, her breaths coming fast, her cheeks beginning to flush. Her first thought was that she had contracted some exotic tropical disease that caused her body to flare up a fever to drive it off. It was only when she felt the sensation of moisture on her thighs that she noticed the damp patch spreading across her shorts.

‘What in the world?’ Lyra murmured in consternation, pushing away from the desk and leaning forward so she should see past her chest.

She stood, staggering away from her desk as she frantically unzipped her shorts and pulled down her underwear to check for signs of infection. Her fingers came back moist with some clear, sticky discharge from her vagina. Lyra shivered as the warmth that had been spreading across in her body began to fade, leaving her feeling cold and strangely bereft, but she couldn’t tell why. Lyra stared at stringy fluid lacing her fingers in confusion, before it dawned on her.

Was this... arousal? The 'less-academic' girls that hovered around Lyra's friend group were always talking to each other about their exploits with boys and how hot it made them feel, but these were entirely foreign concepts to Lyra. Even back in middle school, teachers had warned Lyra's class that as they progressed through puberty they would begin to feel new and exciting things as their bodies matured, yet for Lyra the steady, unrelenting growth of her secondary sexual characteristics was simply an annoying (and frequent) cause to buy new clothing. The subsequent increase in attention from boys had been an unwelcome distraction from her studies rather than something to be excited about, hence why she took to smothering herself with heavy blazers and tight bras to deter their interest.

It had been a point of disbelief among her close friends in high school that their (supposedly) 'sexy' friend had no inclination to flaunt herself or explore her sexuality. Jennifer, her closest friend since childhood, had persuaded Lyra to try one of her 'little helpers', yet after following her instructions and probing her vagina with the slippery little dildo for a good five minutes, Lyra had felt nothing but an uncomfortable numbness, not the mysterious pleasure Jen had assured her she would feel.

Concerned that she was somehow different from other girls, the teenage Lyra had rather awkwardly broached the subject with her mother. She sat Lyra down for the 'talk'. Her mother told of how it was much the same for her all her life, but for one short period. Mum had been in her late-twenties when she had suddenly felt the irresistible urge to find a partner. After marrying Lyra's father, she had conceived her almost immediately. But, as soon as Lyra was born, she went back to feeling nothing, and could now barely recall it being otherwise.

Was this what her mother had felt? What everyone else felt? This, this warmth, it had evoked a temptation to touch more, to feel something... inside her. As the sensation subsided and the usual numbness in her sex returned, if not for the evidence on her hands and shorts, Lyra might have been left wondering if she had imagined the whole thing, just like Mother said. Hesitantly, Lyra lowered her hand to her long-dormant sex, almost scared to touch in the face of an unknown, but her insatiable curiosity couldn't let her leave this mystery explored.

She felt nothing. Lyra carefully ran her fingers around her folds, pinched the clitoris, all the sensitive places her girlfriends said should feel delight at the slightest touch. Nothing.

Lyra's eyes flitted back to the totem on the table. It was many times larger than Jen's little sex-toy. She reached for it, and as her fingers closed around the veiny surface, the hot temptation in her groin began to glow once more.

Jake

It was fully dark as Jake trudged back from the latrine pit he had so painstakingly dug at the edge of their camp. Hiking up his shorts and buckling his belt, he picked his way along the path by the dim light of the twin glows emanating from their tents and the dying embers of their fire. The sun was well and truly set, the crickets having long since finished their evening concert. Yawning, he glanced over as he passed Lyra's tent, expecting to see the usual silhouette hunched over her desk, toiling away by lamplight late into the night. Instead, his eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

Lyra was not at her desk, but the lamp on her desk was still on, casting a perfect silhouette of Lyra onto the tent's translucent fabric. Her curvaceous figure was on full monochromatic display, like one of those old Bond intros that teased the audience with the dark silhouettes of women dancing sensuously.

Except, Lyra was not dancing. One shadow hand was pressed to her ample chest, while the other snaked between her legs. She writhed, stumbling around the tent, before collapsing onto her bed, just on the other side of the tent from where Jake stood, only meters away. As he stood there,

stunned, he strained his ears to hear the desperate gasps and suppressed moans coming from inside Lyra's tent as her legs began to kick the air as she bucked upon her bunk.

Jake couldn't believe what he was seeing. Was this really the prudish Lyra!? The ice queen of Trinity College? 'She-Who-Scorns-Pleasure'?

It was almost a relief to find that, under her icy exterior, Lyra was only human, with urges that needed sating. Turns out that even she couldn't last this long in the wilderness without letting off a bit of steam. Jake's pants twitched. He quietly turned off his torch and found a comfortable spot where he could enjoy the show. Speaking of letting off steam...

Lyra

Why had she done it!? Lyra moaned as she thrust the totem inside her once more. The smooth bumps of the ancient glyphs brushing past her rapidly moistening lips sent pleasurable jolts of joy arcing through her nerves and into her unprepared brain. She hunched over, the muscles in her belly clenching as it went deeper, deeper, moulding and spreading her pussy, satisfying a desire that she never knew she had.

It had been so tempting. The curious warmth her fingers had awoken by fondling her groin while holding the totem had felt so good, so enticing, the thought of what that... that 'thing' would feel like in there had been too much to resist. All the stories her friends had told at school suddenly filled her mind, of how satisfying it was to have something deep inside, how the pleasure was unlike anything else. She had never felt it for herself, always pretended to herself that she never cared. And now...

As soon as the totem had slipped smoothly past her lips into her vagina, the strangely distant warmth in her belly that had been bothering her while she worked at once erupted into a raging bonfire of arousal, like a curtain being torn aside to reveal the furious midday sun on her face. The numbness of her loins was abruptly replaced by a hot desire pouring into her body through the totemic phallus, spreading out from her belly and setting every tiny hair standing on end. Her whole body buzzed with the electric excitement, muscles twitching and skin prickling with goosebumps, but it was her chest that demanded her attention most.

Her breasts felt taut, the skin stretching as the delicious warmth flowed into them, as though something inside her was pushing outwards, another her that fought to be free of the confines of her outer shell. It was growing stronger. Bust heaving as she panted her pleasure, the pace of her frantically bucking hips increasing as the pleasurable pressure in her breasts approached some climax she knew instinctively would be the most incredible experience of her life.

And yet, she couldn't reach it. Lyra gritted her teeth, arcing her back as she thrust the totem deeper, deeper. The place from whence all this pleasure flowed from was just out of reach. She was nearly there, it was building, just a little more...!

All at once, the delightful sensations died. Just as the totem was about to find its source, as the peaking pleasure hurtled towards climax, her whole body suddenly went numb. Like a door slamming shut in her face, a power cut just as the orchestra crescendoed to the final note, the promise of that incredible experience was snatched away. Lyra collapsed back onto her bunk, exhausted. Unfulfilled. 'Urggh...' she groaned. The whiplash of the usual numbness after experiencing that salacious warmth left her shivering miserably in the sudden chill of her tent, despite the humid air.

24th June, 2007

I feel... strange. The feelings were so intense, yet ended so abruptly. Is this yet another facet of my family curse? What connection does this totem have to me, to my family? Since discovering it, my body feels more... aware. Aware of every sensation, every touch. Especially... in those places. But when I give in to the urges, I can never satisfy them. Something clamps down inside me and holds it back.

Now my clothes chafe. I think I might be growing again, as my bra no longer seems to fit right. Just like those few months in high-school where I got through a bra a week. There must be something wrong with me, I'm long past puberty now.

I can't talk to Jake about this. I must concentrate on my work and not let it show, Jennifer will be here soon and I can ask her for advice.

Jake

Jake frowned as Lyra crawled across the ladder once more. Something was different about her today, and it wasn't just that she had neglected to do up the two middle buttons of her khaki shirt, leaving an uncharacteristic diamond-shaped window into her impressive cleavage, though he certainly wasn't going to complain about that. Nor was it that her shorts seemed to hug her ass tighter than yesterday, though he could certainly appreciate that too.

No, she moved differently. It was as though suddenly after all these years she had become aware of the figure she had been blessed with. Earlier, he'd seen her hike up her rucksack and accidentally brush her right breast with the strap, and she had blushed! Lyra! Blushing! He swore afterwards he could see the outline of a nipple through her too-tight top. No one back in Cambridge would ever believe him.

It was such a dramatic transformation that he felt he should say something. Maybe she wasn't well? Twice he had started to speak when he saw Lyra with a faraway look on her face, biting her lip. The words shrivelled on his lips when Lyra turned her usual icy stare on him. Memories of her awesome figure projected on the wall of her tent, writhing in throes of pleasure, intruded into his mind and each time he quickly turned away lest she notice his involuntarily reaction downstairs. That memory would serve him well for years to come, he was sure.

Maybe he'd ask her about it tonight at the campfire. For now, he would simply take pleasure in the fruits of his genius idea to come on this trip.

Lyra

Once more, Lyra felt Jake's eyes on her as she crossed the canyon. She shivered. Rather than the outrage she *should* feel at his lecherous gaze, the thought of his eyes wandering over her for some reason conjured up a shadow of that mysterious warmth in her belly last night. That only further infuriated the logical part of her mind that rebelled against such frivolous things, even while her traitorous knees quaked as she clambered from one rung to the next, the strength in her legs wavering as the steady waves of desire rose up inside her.

She made it across and leaned against the plinth that had housed the totem while she waited for Jake to catch up. Ever since that night, everything was so sensitive. Like her whole body had been numb and now she could feel for the first time. Her skin prickled at the slightest breeze. Her clothes clung to her skin, which even in the chill air of this cave temple glistened with sweat. Picking at her tank-top to unstick it from her chest, unwittingly she found her fingers lingered overlong.

Her breasts... Though it paled in compared to the eruption of pure pleasure the totem had stirred in her loins, as she peeled the fabric from her oversensitive skin, just the echo of those sensations that small motion stirred was enough to part her lips in a silent moan. Lyra pulled her hand away quickly and pinched herself on the arm, struggling to hold back the sudden urge to turn that incidental touch into a full on grope.

The shorts were worse. Her underwear clung to her, and the dampness down there was not just sweat. Gingerly, Lyra reached down, down to where that delicious warmth now residing in her breasts had flowed upwards through her belly. She wasn't going to feel herself up, she told herself, just unstick things a little. Breathing quickly, Lyra pulled at the hem of her pants and shivered all over as the fabric peeled away. An electric tingle went through her, so exciting and fresh a sensation that Lyra desperately wanted to feel it again. But she couldn't. Jake couldn't see her like this. Forcing herself to calm down, Lyra bit her lip and controlled her breathing. Breath in, hold, breath out. Breath in-

'Uh, you okay, Lyra?' Lyra jumped as Jake's voice came from right beside her. She'd completely lost track of time. Oh, God help her.

'Y-Yes.' She muttered, pulling her hands up guiltily from her groin. 'Yes, I'm fine.'

'Are you sure? You look a little flushed.' Jake's tone sounded concerned, but his expression looked like he himself wasn't sure if it was sincere. His eyes met hers, but from their fleeting movements she could tell they seemed determined to travel downwards.

'I said I'm fine. It's just a bit hot down here. Let's go.' Mustering her usual confident tone and not giving him a moment to respond, Lyra strode purposefully onwards, leaving him to follow in his own time. He called after her, but she paid no heed.

After the canyon and the plinth, the wide chamber narrowed down to a single corridor once more. Hesitating only for a moment to check for traps, Lyra plunged onwards into the gloom. It was reckless to go so fast, and she knew it. What happened back near the canyon had left her flustered, action was the only way she knew of to move on from the feelings that left her confused and angry.

The path sloped steadily upwards, and after a while Lyra was forced to slow her pace as the relentless climb took its toll on her muscles. At least now she had an excuse for her flushed face and quickened breath when Jake caught up and they trudged on together in silence, both breathing hard.

Eventually, they reached the summit and passed through a rough-hewn archway into a new chamber. They both stood there, agape at what they saw.

'Incredible,' Lyra exclaimed, casting her light around the chamber and settling on the far wall. 'That mural must be a good ten meters across!'

Though faded by time, enough colour remained as evidence that this had once been a magnificent painting. It was a great sweeping vista, featuring at the centre what must be the mountain containing this very cave system. Flowing green fields and a prosperous looking town spanned out on either side beneath the mountain. They approached the left-side of the wall. It was only on closer inspection that the subject of the painting was made evident.

'These your ancestors, eh? I can see where you get your looks!' Jake wiggled his eyebrows in that infuriating way men did when thought they were being subtle as they pointed out the obviously crass. Lyra threw him a scowl, then turned back to study the mural. Her belly ached at what she saw. She pointed her torchlight away into the room, lest Jake see the blush suffusing her cheeks.

The painters had not been needlessly explicit, but they made no effort to hide the extent of the debauchery that must have taken place during the period depicted here. Men and woman cavorted together in pairs while the discarded tools of their livelihood lay strewn around them. Bountiful fields laden with grain looked ripe for harvest, while the workers shirked their duties in favour of this... orgy.

Lyra moved her the beam of her flash-light to the cursive script above the mural, muttering under her breath as she attempted to translate using what she knew of the ancient writing. 'The... *'Plague'*? Of... *'Need'*? *'Desire'*? No... *'Lust'*.' Lyra shook her head. 'That can't be right, there's no disease in recorded history that could have caused an entire town to do... this.'

A whistle broke her out of her concentration. Jake had already moved further along the wall, and was gawking up at the scene depicted at the centre of the painting. Lyra's gaze followed the sparse crowd of cavorting couples as they steadily formed into an orderly line up the mountain, towards the temple perched near the top, possibly the very temple in which they stood now. The scale of their depiction shifted as they neared the summit, from the size of her finger to about a two-hands tall. In front of the temple stood a semi-circle of what appeared to be priestesses, by their garb. They surrounded some kind of alter, the perspective shifting until it filled half the height of the wall, where upon lay...

Lyra snorted in disgust, but her belly flipped excitedly. Even Jake seemed taken aback. 'Was this place some kind of... sex cult?' Jake sounded a little disturbed, his jaunty manner vanishing now that he had time to examine the context of the scene rather than simply gawk at the ancient pornography.

Upon the alter lay a woman. From the white sheer-robe that hung loosely on her shoulders and the bronze bangles on her wrists and ankles, it seemed she was some kind of shrine-maiden. Or had been. Maiden no longer, her legs were splayed apart and the man before her was buried between them. The girl was young, perhaps early twenties, while surrounding her in a semi-circle were a dozen older priestesses. They all had varying expressions of sorrow and mourning on their wrinkled faces.

More of the ancient writing was scrawled ornately above the painting. '*Maiden*', '*Sacrifice*', '*Vessel*'? Lyra mouthed the words she recognised while biting her lip to stay focused, trying to piece together the ones she did not from the context. She had never seen anything like this mural in all her years of studying ancient cultures. Not even the famously lusty Roman's with their lurid artworks uncovered in Pompeii had produced smut on this scale. What kind of people would deem it prudent to spend resources on a painting of this size, in a temple of this complexity, only for it to feature vulgarity like this? No, there must be some explanation. It must have had some importance beyond recreational pleasure.

Wordlessly now, Lyra and Jake moved as one to the final part of the mural. The men and women, presumably those who had already partaken in the activity atop the mountain, descended the rocky slopes into fields and a town that was like a mirror to the first part. These villagers went about their business as normal with no hint of the nymphomania that plagued their fellows westward.

Her torch rose once more to the runes above. '*Prosperity*', '*Relief*', ... '*Restrained*' Lyra murmured the words she recognised, skipping over any she didn't. 'Are they suggesting that *'ritual'* cured the people of this... this... supernatural eros? That's absurd.'

It was absurd, so why did it make her feel so excited?

'Yeah...' Jake sounded a bit queasy, for once even his childish jibes were struck dumb. 'I'm getting bad vibes from this place.'

25th June, 2007

The mural spans around 15 meters across the rear of the chamber, the wall curved slightly and a stone altar at its focal point. The only other feature of note is a free-standing stone pillar in the centre of the chamber. There is a curious egg-shaped carving atop it, but it is too tall to investigate closely. The pillar is otherwise unadorned with any text or images, so its purpose is thus far unknown.

As for the mural, it featured three 'segments', not unlike a triptych from the early renaissance. Above each work is a short sequence of runes that I am working to translate. By the motion of the framing it is evident they are to be read left-to-right. Of the three, the first two are most explicit, the first featuring hundreds of cavorting couples eschewing their work for voyeuristic sexual activity. The middle features a young woman (about my age) and approx. six or seven older women, arranged around the first woman in a circle. The younger woman appears to be the focal point of the entire work. She is lying upon a stone altar (same altar as the room? Cross-reference next time in cave). She appears compelled by something, magic or duty to the mourning crones surrounding her, to copulate with the people of the first panel. Despite the unusual situation, she does appear to be in pleasure, her breasts are of exaggerated size and have slipped out of the white robe, while her thin tummy bulges with the size of the cock fucking her...

Lyra moaned as she dropped her pen, her hand flying to her chest as she finally gave into the tempting tingling that was spreading through her breasts. While she recorded today's findings, she couldn't help but imagine what that women must have felt. How many of those men had penetrated her? How had it compared to the feeling of that totem? With a distressed groan she dropped her head to the makeshift desk, one ear cushioned on her thick journal as her other hand reached down to grope her moistened lips, all strength fleeing from her muscles until even supporting her own head was secondary to the pleasure that racked her body.

Clumsy, inexperienced fingers cupped her boobs, pinching the tips of her nips through her tank top and evoking electric spasms of pleasure that set the muscles all down her arms and legs quivering. Her eyes flitted up to the totem standing proud on the desk beside her. Its phallic form was a constant temptation to Lyra as she worked. She had tried covering it up, or hiding it away in her luggage, but it always seemed to gravitate back to her desk as her growing fascination with the artefact had her examining it again and again.

Since that first time, she had resisted the urge to misuse it. What kind of archaeologist would she be, using such valuable artefacts as a makeshift dildo!? Her interest now was purely academic. Yes, of course she needed to study the runes for her translation work. But the urges kept growing stronger. Often Lyra found herself lost in thought as she pondered her notes, only to find her gaze had drifted to stare longingly at the erect phallus.

'Ooohh...' Lyra gasped as her fingers slipped inside her, the warm juices of her moist snatch drenching them as they began to explore the slippery walls of her depths. 'Yes.... Yesssssss...' Somehow she knew what to do, where to probe her fingers, to pinch her clit with thumb and forefinger while the others messed around inside. Her other hand travelled across her breast, squeezing to elicit the deep throbs of pleasure that flowed out into her body. It was building, guiding her towards a joyous climax.

'Yes.. Ohhhh! YES!' Lyra didn't even think to keep her voice down, so lost was she in the trance of pleasure. 'Oh, oh! Ah! OOH!' Something was coming, she was so close now!

'OOhh... Fuck!' Inevitably, just as the pleasure began to peak, it was abruptly taken away. Lyra didn't often curse, but the frustration boiling inside her left her feeling like a naughty child unjustly

sent to her room. She thumped her head back down onto the desk, tears tracking down her cheeks onto the pages of her journal. 'What is happening to me!?' she sobbed.

26st June, 2007

No visit to the temple today – I must finish translating what I have found so far. Sent Jake to town for supplies, he will be back the day after tomorrow.

27th June 2007

My translation work has finally borne fruit. By crossed-referencing the runic glyphs on the doorway and fragments outside with the mural's more cursive script, I discovered enough similarities to an ancient form of Greek to produce a rough syllabary and a small library of words.

The glyphs on the key totem write of a 'vessel' that can be 'unlocked' (or 'unleashed', 'unchained', the translation is not clear). The alter and pillar are likely important. I must have missed something in the final chamber. The mural speaks of a 'key' to the 'gateway', which may refer to the totem. Perhaps the totem is required to activate the alter? What effect will that have?

Whatever happens, I don't want Jake to see. It's embarrassing enough that he's seen the murals and the totem already. I must go alone to discover what occurred here all those years ago. To discover the secrets of my ancestors. And, hopefully, discover what is happening to me.

28th June 2007

Jake

The screams. The screams! Lyra's tormented cries echoed down the cavernous corridors, bouncing off stone walls and combining together over and over until they reached Jake's ears and filled his head with horrifying possibilities of what fate had befallen her.

When Jake had returned to camp mid-morning, it seemed that Lyra still hadn't emerged from her tent well past the usual time for breakfast. Jake wasn't too concerned, assuming Lyra had worked late as usual and decided to sleep in, until he noticed that the campfire was completely extinguished. Not even an glowing ember among the ash hinted that it had seen use in the last day or so.

Quickly stashing the supplies in his tent, Jake poked his head inside Lyra's to find it in some disarray. Clothes were strewn about without care in a most un-Lyra-like fashion. After wandering the camp calling Lyra's name for a good five minutes, Jake ventured into the underground temple entrance and only then did the echoes of Lyra's distress finally reach him.

'AAAAH! AAAAH!' He pounded down the corridors, past the carefully disarmed traps and shattered remains of the stone boulder until he reached the chasm and forced himself to slow down before clambering onto the narrow ladder.

Why had Lyra come here alone!? He looked down between his hands and counted the small blessing that her screams were not coming from the spikes below. He shook his head to clear the mental image of Lyra impaled upon one of the nasty spurs. But, if she had not fallen here, that must mean some undiscovered trap in the final chamber had got her. Guilt ran through him. Had he not swept the chamber diligently enough during the hours Lyra spent sketching in her notepad?

‘AAAAAAAHH!’ Another pained cry from ahead spurred him onwards. Jake rushed forward, on towards the unearthly red glow emanating from end of the corridor. ‘Ahhh-! Ahhh-!’ Lyra’s screams resolved more clearly as he approached, the reverberations becoming less dominant. ‘Ahh-! Ohh-! Ahh-! Uhh-!’ To Jake’s ear they no longer sounded quite like pain, more like... anguish? Pleasure...? Jake struggled to keep the idea from his mind, but the wanton cries reminded him of the exaggerated womanly sounds from a porno. Visions of shadow-Lyra writhing on her bed on that glorious night floated before his eyes. He shook his head violently. No time for daydreaming. Lyra needed his help!

Jake rounded the last bend in the corridor and burst through the arched gateway to the ritual chamber, which was bathed in a bright red light unlike any field lamp they had brought with them from Cambridge. He squinted in the sudden brightness, his eyes adjusting as he traced the source of the glare to the egg-shaped tip of the mysterious pillar that stood in the centre of the room. The lurid-red glow emanated from within the once-dull surface, illuminating the entire chamber with its light, while a beam of white-hot energy arced towards the alter at the back, from whence came Lyra’s screams.

The alter, upon which Lyra splayed naked in stark symmetry to the young shrine maiden depicted on the mural behind her. Just like the maiden, Lyra’s legs were spread wide, but there was no man between them. Instead, the giant black dildo-totem they had discovered last week was buried in her snatch where the beam of red energy terminated, stretching her lips wide. Both her feet and hands were ringed with the same red glowing energy, holding her arms and legs to the stone as though chained there.

‘Ahh-! Ohh-! YES! OOH! FUUCK!’ Jake’s goggled at the sight of Lyra screaming in wanton pleasure as her tits bounced back and forth in time with the force of the ebony cock thrusting into her again and again. Her fingers were white as they clasped the edges of the table tightly, as though not trusting the red-ringed restraints to hold her in position while the supernaturally animated totem railed her mercilessly.

Jake stepped forward hesitantly, suddenly unsure what to do in the face of such an unexpected scene. He felt his cock swelling involuntarily at the sight of Lyra, the college prude, being exhibited so shamefully, but the utter insanity of the situation kept him from appreciating it.

What the hell was going on? Lyra had come here by herself. Had she triggered this trap somehow? What was this red light that held her to the alter? How was that dildo-totem-thing moving on its own like... like... magic!?

Whatever the cause, he had to free her. Jake began to stride forward, intending to do... something. Anything. Grab her arm and drag her away? Seize the dildo and pull it from her pussy? ‘YES! HARDER! OOOH FUUCK-!’ Would she want him to?

Lyra rolled her head towards him as he approached, the disapproving frown that usually greeted him was nowhere to be found on her beautiful face enraptured with pleasure. Her aristocratic cheeks were flushed, her tongue lolling out from the cute oval formed by her pink lips. Between her rhythmic keening in time with each thrust of the animated totem, he swore he saw her mouth his name. Lyra released her vice-grip of the alter, the light restraints melting away as she reached out towards him with both arms.

Suddenly, his eyes were blinded by a flash of red light. A wave of burning-hot air washed over him, and Jake looked down to find his abruptly naked torso enveloped in the same crimson glow surrounding Lyra. His pants were... gone. Just gone. Blown away by whatever force had overtaken him. His cock stood to attention, and he felt something drawing it forward.

Jake stumbled, the force tugging on his dick compelling him to follow like a dog on a leash, leading him towards the alter table upon which Lyra writhed in otherworldly ecstasy. He could do naught but stare in awe as he drew closer. Had her tits always been so huge!? Jake goggled at their bowling-ball size, jutting so outrageously from her chest in defiance of the normal laws of physics. Larger and more perfect than the fakest tits he'd seen online, yet so softly round and supple as they see-sawed with the thrusting motion of the demon-dildo that no one could doubt their authenticity.

The beam of energy connecting his cock to the dildo-totem dragged him into position before the alter. His legs parted around the stone already slick with something warm and sticky, to lock in place above Lyra's sopping wet pussy, her thick lips spread wide by the totem. He gawped down at her, awed by the outrageously buxom figure of his once-prudish class-mate. Was he dreaming? This position, with Lyra looking up at him with such yearning, would have been a wish come true a few days earlier. Seeing those massive mams bouncing so joyously above her washboard-flat tummy just once would have made him a happy man for life.

But this, in this situation, how was he supposed to feel? What was he supposed to do!?

Jake had no time to think. The second his cock met the red glow surrounding the demon-dildo, another flash blinded him. He gasped as all at once he felt the warmth of Lyra's pussy sucking him in, squeezing his throbbing cock, and all thoughts of right or wrong fled Jake's mind.

Lyra

Lyra floated in heavenly nirvana. Floodgates were opening inside her, doorways to passages never followed in all her life, perhaps generations of lives, down which pleasures untold had waited so long to be free once more. Free to ravage her flesh, free to tease every nerve in her body with forbidden pleasures. Every thrust of the awakened totem into her pussy had seemed to plumb yet more hidden reserves of sexual energies, eagerly welling up from inside some long-sealed spring within her, flooding her body with an ecstasy that was more fulfilling than anything Lyra had experienced in her entire life.

Each euphoric burst of pleasure that saturated her flesh seemed to flow with purpose. First exploding outwards from the phallic totem buried in her pussy, a tingling pleasure spreading to every extremity, bliss seeping to the tips of every curled toe, each clenched finger. Her muscles held taut in a moment of euphoric tension, before the pleasure rushed back inwards towards her chest, where a tense pressure had been steadily building in her breasts. She felt their weight increasing. The thrusting motions of the totem-dildo jiggled them, their rhythmic bounces becoming heftier and longer with every passing minute as all the pleasure cascading through her flooded into her tits.

Freed at last from their long prison, the energies flowing freely through her now concentrated into the sexual centres of her being, transforming her- awaking her. Lyra understood now. Brief flashes of hereditary memories filled in the gaps that her incomplete translations and the partial records of her family library had been unable to explain.

Her ancient ancestor had been the gaol for this pleasure. The Sacrifice, the one to take the supernatural eros that once plagued this land and seal away for the good of all. Upon the Sacrifice and her ancestors had fallen this solemn duty to carry the forbidden lusts of time's long forgotten, their loins sealed for their whole life to prevent the spread of unnatural desires, except only to birth one daughter that would carry the burden after them. So they had dwelled in this place for hundreds of years, until by chance an adventurer from the north had happened across them.

Now, it was free once more. Free to take her. Free to fly her to heights of pleasure no human had ever experienced. Pleasure enough for a thousand men and women was unleashed in her svelte body with no mystical restraints. Her families' predictably attractive daughters had no doubt been the

barest vestige of the malign lust laying dormant deep inside them, and why the last shrine maiden had been taken as a trophy wife back to England so long ago. Now uncaged, Lyra could feel it changing her, transforming her body into a vessel more appropriate for such savage sex.

How long she floated in this divine ecstasy, Lyra did not know. At some point she had become aware of Jake nearby. She had sensed his arousal, the virility of his loins that stirred at the sight of her unfurling glory. She needed it. His seed. The final ingredient to her ascendancy. Then, just like that, Jake had somehow replaced the phallic totem that had unlocked her sealed pussy. Or, perhaps he was simply used by it? She doubted his usual girth could fill her up so fully as that dildo had. No matter, she wanted him inside her now as she had never before in her life.

His seed, inside her. That was all that mattered.

Jake

How many times had he unleashed his load inside Lyra? Jake couldn't remember. Was he still compelled by the supernatural force that dragged him here? Jake wasn't sure. It was hard to think, so hard to do anything but thrust, squeeze, suck, cum, thrust...

From the moment his cock crossed the threshold of Lyra's pussy, Jake had felt himself a man possessed. An overwhelming presence overtook his mind, becoming a version of him with a single mandate: relentlessly fuck the living daylights out of the gorgeous woman in front of him. Concern for Lyra's well-being, even his own need to know what was happening to him was brushed aside as he felt electric pleasure pouring into his body from where his cock was squeezed inside her. Almost at once he'd felt the pulsing, thrusting ejaculation of orgasm, felt the first spurt of cum erupt, the second, the third... yet the feelings of pleasure did not subside. Each climax only provided the briefest of respite as Lyra squirmed, squealed and squirted her own juices over the ancient stone altar. For a moment Jake would feel his energy dimmed, faint hope kindling that this delightful torment might finally be over. Then, with another jolt of pleasure administered through Lyra's supernatural pussy, his penis sprung to life once more and he once again found himself possessed with the overwhelming urge to continue the rhythm of ceaseless sex.

He never consciously decided to grab her tits, but once he found his hands buried in their pillowy softness, he never wanted to stop fondling them. They dwarfed their owner, jutting upwards, each rivalling the size of Lyra's head such that the sides of her slender torso were hidden behind her cleavage. They glistened in the red light bathing the chamber, and so perfectly smooth were they to the touch that Jake thought they must be oiled up, though where that oil came from Jake couldn't say. They yielded easily to his rough touch, the answering gasps and moans from Lyra only served to feed his animal hunger to squeeze and fondle. 'Ah! Yesssh, just like that! Unng!' Stiff nips traced figures of eight as they danced with the motion of their copulation. Jake found himself a handful of titflesh and let it run through his fingers until he had a nipple between thumb and forefinger, and that's when he'd pinch hard and let loose a primal howl of his own at the answering shriek of pleasure that tore itself from Lyra's throat.

Jake could see the bulge his penis made in Lyra's otherwise perfectly flat belly with each mighty thrust. His rational mind told him that was impossible. He a) wasn't that big and b) that would be hell'a' painful for Lyra. Yet, her legs clamped around him, willingly pushing him deeper inside her, rhythmically squeezing in time with his own thrusts to enhance its force at the moment his cock met the depths of her womb. His lustful, animal mind only howled as he felt his shaft being squeezed

and massaged as though a thousand tiny fingers were finding each and every nerve in his cock and giving them their devoted attention.

Before today, Jake had been no virgin. He'd been with a number of different girls of all shapes and sizes in his years at college thus far. Everything he thought he knew of the pleasures of the flesh unravelled in the face of this utter sexpot that had once been his prudish travelling companion.

Was this really the same Lyra? Those breasts alone were at least a dozen cup-sizes larger, each surpassing the usual similes Jake would use. He had never seen melon's so large. Her skin radiated a healthy glow as though freshly oiled at a spa resort. Even from atop her he could see that her tight yet ample ass now comfortably cushioned her on the hard stone, having seemingly swelled to meet those luscious thighs that had appeared from nowhere. Lyra's face held none of the haughty coldness he was used to. Her beautifully sharp features contorted to display every expression of joy, of pleasure, of desire.

She was the very face of fertility. A servant of sensuality. A goddess of gratification. An avatar of adultery. The symbol of sexuality. No sign of fatigue ever crossed Lyra's features. No hint of pain as he manhandled her body and thrust his cock deep enough into her womb to leave an impression on her belly.

Once more he sensed the surge of pressure that heralded his latest climax. 'Grrr...!' Jake gritted his teeth, a guttural growl forcing its way up his throat as every pleasure-soaked muscle in his body began to tense.

'Uh, Uh, yes, yes, YES!' Lyra must have sensed it too, as her breaths quickened and her hips began to buck against him, edging closer, seeking his cum.

Jake threw back his head as the first spurt of semen forced its way up through his shaft. 'Urgggh! Ahh! Grrrr!' Three pulses in quick succession, and no sign of slowing down.

'Ooooh, YES! I'm cumming! I'm cumming! CUMMING!' Lyra squealed and he felt her pussy clamping down on his shaft, the steady pulses of cum from his cock fighting through the pressure exerted by her slippery insides. 'AAAAAH!' Where they joined was a mess of man and girl cum, his white seed overflowing from her pussy mixing with her clear love-juices, spilling down her thighs and mixing with the beads of sweat that was the product of her furious lovemaking.

Jake lost count after a dozen of the tortuously delightful convulsions racked his exhausted penis, but eventually the climax subsided. He stared stupidly down at the hot mess that was Lyra, panting in the afterglow of her own awesome climax. Her chest rose and fell with each gasp, and his eyes felt like they were falling into the chasm between those almighty breasts. Darkness crept in at the edges of his vision.

The last thing Jake remembered before he blacked out was feeling his face smooshing into the pillow-soft tit-flesh.

29th June

...

Lyra

Lyra strode out of the cool air of the underground cave into the afternoon sun. She held up a hand to shield her eyes, and admired the sheen of the warm rays upon her glossy skin. Stretching like a cat, she arched her back to thrust her tits forward, jiggling them gently and basking in the warmth beating on her sensitive skin. It felt like a lifetime ago that she had thought of her breasts as mere annoyance, and not as the centre of her sensuality they now were. Lyra just stood there for a while, enjoying the feeling of her awakened body. Her pussy throbbed temptingly, her tits ached for attention. She felt so alive, more in tune with the present than any time in her life. Nothing seemed important except what she did right now.

The unsteady crunch of footsteps behind her heralded the arrival of Jake. She turned, to find him staggering from the cave, before halting to gaze at her in awe. Lyra knew how divine she must look to him, her awesome figure framed by the sun behind her, after so long in the dark cave. She struck a pose, one hand resting on her hip as she tossed her hair out of her eyes. His eyes widened, his enhanced dick swelling up at the sight of her. She felt a delightful thrill resonate through her body in response to a man's stare, and the sight of that foot-long schlong.

'Lyra...' he stammered, but whatever thought he had died on his lips as his exhaustion caught up with him once more. He fell to his knees.

Lyra felt some sympathy for how bedraggled he looked. While the sexual energies that possessed any whom made love to her had kept him going thus far, Jake did not have the benefit of being the vessel of that energy like she was, despite the enhanced girth the totem had granted him. Unlike her partners, sex would not tire Lyra. On the contrary, as she had made love to Jake's giant dick again and again she had sensed her libido grow, her desire to fuck Jake ever increasing. It fed her, sating not only her lust for sex but also refreshing her as sleep once had. Lyra had no need for rest when sex was available. It was clear that Jake couldn't satisfy her alone, not if she was to fulfil her purpose to copulate with as many people as people.

'Collect your things, Jake. Let's get to the town before nightfall.' Lyra went to her own tent and stooped through entrance. She looked around at the mess that was all that remained of her old life. Though it had only been a matter of days since she last stood here, everything was different. She gathered a few belongings, squeezing into what had once been a loose vest but now hiked up well past her belly-button, leaving a breezy gap while still barely stretching over her bust. Some running shorts just about accommodated her thighs, but it was a tight fit even if they rode scandalously low on her ass. Lyra wasn't displeased with the effect, however.

She glanced towards her desk, strewn with the notes and sketches that encompassed her life's work. Hours toiling alone in the library while her peers were out exploring their sexuality had led her to this moment. She felt no regrets. The diligent, solitary work of her past self had laid the foundation that led her to this place where she could awaken to her new life, her true purpose. She turned away.

Now, speaking of getting laid...

Epilogue

Jennifer

Jen, looking forward to seeing you again.

Meet at the inn on 31st at 3pm.

So much to show you.

-L

Jennifer stood at the bar of the local inn, where she had been trying unsuccessfully to make the owner understand her for the past five minutes. The beginnings of a headache throbbed between her eyes, where a troubled frown had been growing steadily deeper over the past few minutes. 'Woman. My age.' she gestured at herself. 'Shorter. Black hair. Similar.' Jennifer indicated her bust, fuming at resorting to such measures but determined to find her friend. She was that desperate.

Lyra was meant to meet her here hours ago. She'd tried calling Lyra's mobile, but it didn't even ring. It had been days since Jennifer had last had word from her. That wasn't surprising given the spotty reception around here, but did nothing to assuage her fears.

The man at the reception shrugged again, unhelpfully. Jennifer sighed, and decided to change tack.

'Man? Taller than me. Brown hair. His name is Jake.'

'Ha!' The man grinned as he recognised the name. 'Boy with *pórni*.'

'Pony?' Jennifer repeated back, confused.

'Hmm, how you say. *Pórni*. *Poutána*. P- Pro...' He closed his eyes for a moment, mouthing silently. 'Ah! Prostitute.'

'What!?' Jennifer was shocked. The man grinned again as she felt her cheeks burn.

The misogynistic landlord looked pleased at her discomfort. 'She good. Very beauty. Bring many customer. Busy busy. Might try her myself some time. That Jake boy, he always with her.'

Goddammit, Jake. Typical. Jennifer had suspected the only reason he had wanted to go on this trip was a chance to get lucky, it shouldn't surprise her that he'd get off with some local harlot after finding Lyra too hard to crack. A hundred boys had tried and failed before him. Girls, too. Jennifer knew that all too well. She had played her hand years ago and been gently rebuffed, much to her chagrin. That girl only ever had a mind for her work.

Jennifer cleared her throat. She was aware how much this man was enjoying teasing her, and wary of her own position as a solo female traveller. She needed to find a familiar face, even if it meant some awkwardness. 'Do you know where I can find Jake and his pony now?'

...

Jennifer gazed up at the complex. It had a high wall surrounding it, with a gate separating the grounds and building within from the busy road outside. Almost like a nobleman's home. It matched the innkeepers description, but surely this was too grand to be a brothel?

The gate was unlocked, so Jennifer pushed through and made her way up the path to the main building. As she approached, the big double door opened and two men stumbled out. Their cheeks were flushed, and each had a stupefied look of contentment plastered their face. They leaned on each other as they made their way down the path, knees shaking. They barely noticed Jennifer as she stood to one side and watched them shamle past. The men weren't keeping their voices down, so she easily overheard snippets of what they were saying to each other.

'Jesus... she was incredible.' 'I can barely stand!' 'Both of us at once!'

'Those tits!' 'I must have come at least ten times...!'

Jennifer crossed her arms and huffed. Clearly the clientele of this whorehouse were left well satisfied. At least she knew now she had the right place. She couldn't believe she was really going to enter a place like this, but this was her only lead. There was no other choice.

The men had left the door ajar, but Jennifer still knocked. No answer. She knocked again. It would have been too easy to be able to leave a message for Jake at the door, apparently. Sighing, Jennifer pushed the door open and stepped inside what turned out to be a grand reception hall. Mosaic tiles forming geometric patterns, marble pillars, colourful frescos. It really did look like the residence of a minor noble, not a front for a brothel.

On one side of the hall was a double-door with a line of chairs next to it. What looked like an improvised reception desk was near the door, with a hastily scrawled 'Please wait here' sign.

From behind the doors there came the unmistakable sounds of a man receiving his allotted pleasure. No doubt Jake's turn had just up come, then. Jennifer had no desire to barge in on that, no matter how urgent her mission. Besides, even if Jake was a bit of an ass, he surely wouldn't be patronising a whorehouse if Lyra was in imminent danger. Jennifer sighed, taking one of the chairs and resigning herself to wait for Jake to emerge. At least she could occupy herself by examining the beautiful artworks.

'It's getting so hard, mhmhm. You must be pent-up.'

'I think I heard someone come in, I should go and- ooooh.'

'Mhmm, they can wait. My loyal pimp needs his reward.'

'Shiiit- I've been waiting for this...'

'Mhm, does it feel good squeezed between my hot tits?'

'You know it's amazing... ooooh! If you move like that, I won't last!'

Jennifer tried to close her ears to the dirty talk and muffled sounds from the adjacent room. Yes, that sounded like Jake. Whomever the sultry vixen was, she clearly had him in her thrall. Something was nagging at her, though...

'You deserve a special treat for bringing me all those juicy cocks. Two at once was so delicious. Mhmm, maybe next time you should join in and we can make it a foursome.'

Hmm, it was quite odd that this local harlot spoke perfect English. She even seemed to have a British accent...

*'Aha! You're beginning to leak... mhm- *shllrp*.'*

'Oh, Lyra. Lyra...! I'm nearly there...'

Jennifer sat bolt upright. Did she mishear? Lyra?

'Let it out, Jake. Cum on my aching tits. Make a mess all over me with your juicy cum.'

She stood and crossed to the door, teetering on the threshold. Now the idea was planted in her mind, the woman's voice *did* sound a bit like Lyra. Only, Jennifer had never heard Lyra speak in such a manner. In fact, Jennifer's mind rebelled at the idea. For as long as she had known her, Lyra had shown not the slightest interest in anything sexual. She even confided that it was something of a family tradition, and seemed proud of the fact.

‘Yes! Cum! Cummm!’

Hearing the word ‘cum’ in Lyra’s voice was an impossible concept. She needed to see. To be sure. Steeling herself, Jennifer pushed through the doors.

Jennifer was barely able to take in the opulent décor of the room, royal wallpaper and royal-red furnishings, before her eyes immediately locked onto the sight of the lewd pair before her. Jake teetered on the edge of a massive four-poster bed, pants pooled around his ankles, his arms planted behind him for support. Tendons strained on his neck, his adam’s apple bobbing furiously as his head tilted backwards in the moment of climax.

Before him squatted the naked vixen that was the namesake of her friend. Even from behind, Jennifer could see the round swell of her massive tits peeking around the sides her svelte torso while her hands worked them into Jake. Draped on a chair nearby were some hastily discarded skimpy accoutrements that Jennifer couldn’t imagine *her* Lyra ever wearing. This Lyra’s hair was black, just like her Lyra’s, but there the similarities ended. Jennifer had seen Lyra in the nude plenty of times (she was brusquely matter-of-fact in the tennis changing room), and this girl’s knockers were way larger, and let’s not even mention that ass...

‘Ugh-’ Jake’s hips twitched. ‘Urgh- Uh! Ahh...’

‘Mhmm- so much...’ The harlot dipped her head and there was a soft slurping sound, followed by gulping. It must have been fifteen seconds before the sounds subsided. ‘Ahh, so delicious! Such a good boy.’ The woman relaxed onto her haunches, Jennifer couldn’t help but appreciate how deeply the small of her back curved inwards, an effect only accentuated by her massive ass. How juicy those thighs looked...

Jennifer didn’t know what to do next. She felt a warmth growing below. The sight of this stunning woman was turning her on a bit, despite her urgent mission. With proportions like that, she could be making a mint as a porn star. What was she doing in some backwater town in the middle of nowhere?

The fact they were no longer alone eventually broke through to Jake. He opened one eye a crack and started when he saw her standing there. It took a moment before his stunned expression shifted into one of recognition.

‘Oh, shit-’ He scrambled to stand up and grabbed at his trousers. His cock swung into view. ‘Jennifer! I didn’t- I-’

‘Holy shit, Jake.’ Jennifer couldn’t help but stare. It went up well past his belly-button! That was at least a foot-and-a-half-long schlong if she was any judge. ‘I had no idea you were packing so much heat!’

Jake blushed, and started to pull up his pants, but the buxom vixen laid her hand atop his to stop him. ‘Nuh-uh, I’m not done with that, Jake.’ She leaned over, slowly gliding her tongue up the length of Jake’s monster shaft like a predator savouring it’s kill, pushing his meat gently to one side before letting it spring back and slap her cheek. Their eyes met.

Jennifer froze. ‘L- Lyra...?’ Jake’s monster cock rested upon the unmistakable face of her friend, Jake’s milky cum leaving tracks as it ran down her cheeks from the prior ejaculation. It was definitely Lyra. But what happened to her... not even the world’s most accomplished plastic

surgeon could have turned what had already been an A-class body into such a paragon of sultry sexuality. Those tits alone... that tight, slender waist... that ass...

Emotions flashed through Jennifer. Confusion. Concern. Jealousy.

Jealousy...? Of Jake, for being with Lyra? Or Lyra, for having such an epic bod? Jennifer wasn't sure.

'Oh, hi Jen.' Lyra perked up as she suddenly seemed to realise who it was standing there. 'Shit, is today the 31st? I totally forgot, I was distracted...' Her eyes drifted back to Jake's stiffy still hovering near her face. Her expression glazed over, and she leaned over to plant her lips around his head. 'Mmhmmm...'

'Wait, wait- Lyra, wait!' Jake cock twitched in her mouth as his expression became strained. He grabbed her head by the hair. 'Ohhh...' he groaned, hand twitching as though preparing to push Lyra down onto him. Then, with a massive force of will, he pulled Lyra off his dick and sprung up from the bed.

Hastily pulling up his pants, he rushed over and pulled Jennifer towards the door, whispering quickly in her ear.

'We don't have much time. Something happened to Lyra, up in the temple. She activated some trap, it did something to her. Changed her.'

'Uh, Jake, what on earth could have done *that*?'

They looked back at Lyra, who was now sat on the edge of the bed, toying with her enormous breasts absent-mindedly, lost in her own world. Her casual, sexy pose was pure art, as though she was posing for a nude photography session.

They looked back at each other.

'There was some magic, a big red light that surrounded her, when I found her she was already-'

'Magic?' Jennifer scoffed. 'Magic isn't real, Jake. No matter what the ancients believed.'

'I'm telling you, I saw it-'

'Hah... Hah...' The soft panting coming from the bed distracted them both. They both turned their heads again towards the sound. Lyra had both hands between her legs now, one pinching the tip of her thick folds while the other had three fingers buried inside her pussy. Jennifer's stomach lurched. If magic wasn't real, what could have turned her celibate friend into this sexual deviant that would rather masturbate to herself than greet her oldest friend.

'I'm serious Jennifer. Her libido is unstoppable. I can't get away from her, I tried to run, I tried but I just... I just couldn't. I had to come back. She's dangerous now. It's too late for me, but you should leave while you still can.'

'Just let me speak to her.' Jennifer announced. Jake's talk of magic and curses was nonsense. She could just ask Lyra what had happened. There was surely a rational explanation. Lyra always had the answer.

Pushing Jake gently but firmly to one side, she strode across the room towards her best friend.

‘Lyra, it’s me.’ Jennifer began, then wondered what to say next. Bit of an awkward conversation to start. How does one tactfully ask ‘Why are you jilling yourself off in front of me?’ and ‘Why are your tits five times the size they were last month?’

Lyra gave no indication she had heard Jennifer. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her lips puckered yet slightly parted to let her moans out. ‘Hah..... Hah.... Hah... Hah- Hah- Ha-’ Her breaths came quicker as her fingers worked faster. The muscles in her tight belly started to twitch. Jennifer forgot whatever she intended to say next. She just couldn’t take her eyes off those massive mams jiggling with the motion stirred by Lyra’s fingers working her pussy. Even on her back, they stood proud with nary a care for gravity’s pull. As Lyra arched her back, they tilted outwards ever so slightly to reveal the tiniest strip of flat chest between the ravine of protruding cleavage.

‘Oh fuck, fuck-’ Lyra’s hot moans turned to frantic curses as her hips began to buck, knocking her tits together as she threw her head back onto the ruffled sheets. ‘Fuck, fuckfuckfuck- Hnnngnh!’

Jennifer flinched as something warm and wet struck her cheek. ‘Hnngh- AAH!’ Another spurt covered her tee, and she stepped aside quickly. Lyra was a squirter, apparently. Jennifer never would ever have guessed. An answering warmth in her own belly grew as she took in the sight of her friend’s epic climax, easily worthy of a top-tier porn-star.

What could have done this to her celibate friend?

‘Lyra... Lyra?’ Jennifer asked gently after a moment as rain of girl-cum subsided. She tried to ignore the warmth where it had touched her, the heat seeming to seep into her skin. ‘Lyra, what on earth has happened to you?’ She sat down on the edge of the massive bed next to her friend.

What was that scent in the air? Honeysuckle? She sniffed at her hand, her tee. It was coming from Lyra’s... juices. It was so heavy, so heady. It smelled of sex, yet sweeter and more delightful. Her legs twitched, and she squeezed them together involuntarily. Jennifer shook her head. Don’t get distracted.

‘Oh, Jen...’ Lyra panted, those breasts rose and fell seductively with every breath. Despite everything, Jennifer struggled to focus on anything else. ‘I’m... I’m so...’

Jennifer leaned in closer, placing her hand on Lyra’s thigh. So soft, so smooth. Every lungful of Lyra’s seductive scent seemed to spread more warmth through her body. To her chest, her belly, and lower... The sight of her glorious bod and her friend’s breathy voice, she was getting so horny.

Lyra finally opened her eyes, turning her head and smiling serenely at her. Her cheeks were still flushed, and her eyes shone with happiness. Jennifer had never seen Lyra look so content. Where was the sharp intellect? The icy gaze that had turned a hundred suitors to stone?

‘I’m so... so...’ Lyra murmured in that low, breathy voice, lifting an arm and reaching her hand out towards Jennifer. Jennifer took it in hers, assuming Lyra intended for her to pull her upright. ‘So... fucking... happy... to see you!’ Just as Jennifer pulled, Lyra pounced, using Jennifer’s own weight to push her down onto the bed and swing herself on top of her, straddling her with both knees, pinning her to the sheets.

It took a moment for Jennifer to register what had happened. She stared up at Lyra, whose face was mostly obscured from this angle by the gigantic tits jutting from her chest. All she could see were those eyes, glinting with naughty intent through the locks of jet black hair that had fallen over her face.

‘Lyra! What are you doing-?!’ Jennifer protested outwardly, but inside, something was eager for this. Whatever this was. Her whole body felt hot. That honeysuckle scent drilled into her, tensing her muscles. She felt her toes curl involuntarily as she began to shiver.

‘Oh Jen, I cannot explain how good it feels. I never believed you when you talked about sex. How could I have been so naive!’ Lyra wiggled her ass, settling herself atop Jennifer’s legs while simultaneously coddling her tits together with both hands so they bulged and jostled around so enticingly. They gleamed, the low sun outside the windows reflecting off their smooth white surface made Lyra look angelic. Little pink aureolas seemed to dance with the gentle swaying of her body.

‘But- but- how? What’s happened to you!?’ Jennifer asked again, ‘What did you find in that temple?’

‘Oh, so much. So very much. It turns out my family had a dirty secret,’ Lyra smirked, pushing her hair out of her face and tucking it behind her ears as she giggled. ‘We thought we were so pure, so many generations of us celibate crones congratulating ourselves for serving our higher purpose, when really...’ She dropped a hand to her crotch and pinched, teeth clenching and her eyes lighting up with glee. ‘Mmmmmm- we were really nurturing the potential to be the most debauched women in all of history.’

‘But- I- how-’ Jennifer stammered, struggling to piece together what was going on. Her mind was made sluggish by Lyra’s sweet scent permeating her senses. ‘You said your family was descended from Vikings, or something. What... what does that have to do with a higher purpose!?’

‘Mhmm- fuuuck.’ Lyra tilted her head back as she began to gyrate her hips. Jennifer felt the warmth of Lyra’s pussy juices spreading across her shorts, mere inches from her own sex. ‘Mmm- It doesn’t matter, Jen. None of that matters now. All that matters is that you and I are here, together again.’

Lyra shimmied up the bed, leaning over so her tits brushed up along Jennifer’s blouse as she drew closer to her head. ‘You’re my closest friend, Jen. I spurned you before, but that was the old me. This time, I’m all yours!’

‘Wait- mgmmmmgh-’ Whatever Jennifer intended to say was smothered by the passionate kiss. Jennifer flailed her arms and legs as Lyra’s tongue pushed past her lips and found hers, their saliva mixing as their tongues twined. A tingling spread throughout her mouth. Her tongue, her cheeks, it felt like she had eaten some fizzy sherbet, so sweet, yet tangy. She felt hands pawing at her chest, gently squeezing her breasts through her clothes. ‘Mhhhh-! Mmmgh-! Mmmm... Mmmh...’ It wasn’t long before Jennifer’s protests died away, and she found herself moaning as more of that delicious tingling spread down her throat, developing into a heat that spread into the rest of her body.

‘Mmmm-mwaaaaah-’ Lyra broke the kiss at last, pulling away but leaving trails of saliva between them. ‘See what I mean, Jen? It’s so delicious. So impossible to resist.’

Jennifer couldn’t reply, the only sound that she could muster was a groan as she felt her belly ache hungrily. Her tits throbbed, suddenly sensitive as though a whole evening’s worth of foreplay had been teasing them. When Lyra’s hands pressed down upon them it elicited deep pangs of pleasure, her fingers groping rhythmically with the thrumming that stirred in her crotch. ‘Hnnngh-’ Her hips bucked suddenly, and she found her voice. ‘Ahh- Ooohh- Lyra- hghngh-’ Her hips bucked again, fighting against the weight of Lyra’s caboose. ‘What have you done- hnnngh-’

These sensations were beyond anything she had felt before. All this from just a kiss and her breasts being massaged? Was she infected with whatever Lyra had? Jake's warning echoed in her mind. *Her libido is unstoppable.*

The climax hit Jennifer like a truck. 'Ah- AH- OOH!' It couldn't have been more than a minute since the kiss, and yet she felt the unmistakable hot rush in her belly. Her legs thrashed of their own accord and she screamed as the pleasure in her crotch flooded outwards into the rest of her body.

'Oh Jen, you're a screamer! Just like me.' Lyra's laugh echoed in her hears. 'Oh, I just can't wait to see how you turn out.'

Jennifer opened her eyes blearily, and was shocked to find those massive mams hovering mere inches above her face. Her vision blurred as her eyes crossed, struggling to focus on the taut nips protruding a good knuckle-width from pink aureolas.

'Suck em', Jen!' Lyra's voice came from somewhere far above mount titula. 'My gift to you!'

Jennifer's lips were forced open for the second time in as many minutes as Lyra smooshed her tits into her face. Lyra's honeysuckle scent filled her senses as she breathed in the soft skin of Lyra's bosem through her nose. 'Mmmgh! Mmmgh-! *ssslrp*' Unerringly, one rock-hard nipple found its way towards her mouth and in her post-orgasm daze, it was almost instinctual to start sucking.

What flowed into Jennifer's mouth was sweeter than any milk. *ssslrp* *ssslrp* spurts of a delicious nectar danced across her tongue, the taste unlike anything Jennifer had tasted before. Like the heady honeysuckle scent surrounding Lyra condensed into a concentrated liquid, it poured down her throat and filled her belly with a sense of weightless bliss. Every muscle in her body began to ache, itching to move and expend the excess energy that began to fill her body. She writhed beneath Lyra, kicking her legs, thrusting her hips, anything to keep that sense of poise from building.

Jennifer barely noticed when the nipple was finally pulled free of her mouth, leaving a trail of steaming hot milk down her clothes. Her whole body was on fire. Just like a minute ago, she moaned as the heat concentrated in her breast. Except instead of rushing headlong into a screaming climax, the intensity only kept building. So hot! Jennifer felt beads of sweat on her forehead. Her hands moved on their own, clawing at her chest, tearing through her blouse to free her burning-hot bosom.

The fresh air was like ice on her skin, but that only made the horny heat more intense by comparison. 'Ohhhh....' The moans forced their way from her as she groped her chest, unable to resist the throbbing desire welling up inside her boobs. 'Oh- UHH- OOH-' Something like a climax hit her, the pleasure peaking suddenly and setting her legs thrashing. Yet unlike an orgasm where the pleasure spread throughout her body and faded away, this delicious heat seemed to siphon back from her extremities and burrow into her chest, only to then start building once more from a higher elevation. 'Ohh- OHH- What is happening... Mhmhmm... Fuck! Fuuuck- Fuckfuckfuck- Hhhngh!'

'Holy shit... what did you do to her?' From far off she heard Jake's voice, muffled as her heart pounded in her ears. Her fingers pinched her nipples harder and harder as the throbbing in her breast demanded her attention. Jennifer didn't even care that Jake could see her feeling herself up. Her chest was on fire. Each pseudo-climax only increased the intensity of pleasure each touch elicited.

... and they felt... firmer? Every time the throbbing delight burst from her belly and rushed into her tits, she felt a little resistance against her fingers as she groped them. 'Ohhh!' There, again! Just as

her hips bucked with the joyous pleasure, she felt the soft flesh fighting against her finger's grasp. 'Fuckfuck- AAAHH!' Slowly, inexorably, her fingers were spread further apart as the flesh beneath them swelled up.

'Jen once told me she loved my titties, and that was even before all this. With the two of us, it'll be so much more fun!'

Jennifer barely registered what was being said around her. Her conscious self had taken a back seat, content now to sink into the pleasure and let her lust-addled animal mind ride out what was happening to her. That was why, when the sweet scent of Lyra drifted past her nose once more and she cracked open her eyes to find a dripping pussy right above her, there was zero hesitation before she lifted her head and buried her mouth between Lyra's lower lips.

'Oooh fuuck, that's it Jen.' Lyra arched her back, thrusting her jiggling tits forward. 'You know just where it feels good- Mmhmh! Oh- fuuuck.' Jennifer basked in the pleasure that flooded from Lyra's wet snatch into her mouth, as though every sensation Lyra felt in her fat pussy was transferred to Jennifer via the love juices pouring onto her face.

'Oh Jake, stop gawping and get those pants off. Give Jen some love with that monster dick of yours.'

Jennifer's burgeoning tits dominated her senses – every millimetre larger they swelled increased their sensitivity tenfold. While her tongue whipped around Lyra's snatch, her hands were busy squeezing, fighting to cradle the swelling flesh that fought against her grip as their girth began to exceed what her fingers could grasp. Swollen nipples demanded attention, razor-sharp diamonds formed by the pressure of condensed pleasure rippling through her teats. It wasn't until she felt her lower lips parting that Jennifer realised how much her belly had been aching to join the fray.

'mmmghmMGHMM-!' Her pussy-muffled moans rose in pitch as the monster shaft slid deeper into her. Lyra dismounted as Jennifer's hands flew to grasp the sheets, instinctively bracing herself against the impending force. She had never felt anything this big before. It just kept going, and going, and going. 'Wait- wait-! I can't take any more! Ahhhh-!' Jennifer howled as she felt the monster dick's passionate heat creeping up her body, past her belly-button, stretching her further than should be physically possible. Why wasn't this painful? Why did it feel so good!?

'AAAH- Ohh...' Finally, the relentless mass of cock reached it's limit. Jennifer covered her face with her hands, screwing up her eyes as the steady pressure of that big hot thing inside her throbbed with Jake's heartbeat, sending periodic sparks of pleasure arcing through her most sensitive spots.

Jennifer cracked opened her eyes, peering out through her lashes and fingers up at Jake's impressive torso. With a six-pack like that, he looked like he had been working out for years. Her gaze travelled downwards, down to where his monster cock would be thrust into her aching pussy. Her eyes widened, her hands falling away from her face as she beheld in wonder the twin mounds of tit-flesh that obscured her view.

'Is this...' The watermelon-sized mams jiggled before her eyes, more perfectly round and firm than she could possibly have imagined breasts of that size could be. 'This is... me?'

'That's right Jen.' Lyra had crawled round beside her now. 'They're all yours. How do they feel?' She pinched the nips atop those tits, and everything went white for a moment. A tremor rippled through Jennifer's body.

‘Ooh fuck, she tensed up.’ Jake groaned. ‘I can’t wait any longer-’

The great pressure inside Jennifer began to retract. It gripped her insides and pulled, dragging a moan from deep in her throat as her pussy tightened around him, resisting the retreat of that comforting presence. ‘Ooohhhh...’ Jennifer’s moan trailed off as the cock left her, ‘ooOOoHHHH!’ Only to rise again as Jake slid himself back in.

‘OoohhOOOOhOOOhhhhOOh!’ Jennifer’s undulating howls resonated around the room as Jake thrust into her, rhythmically ramming his massive cock into her stretched pussy, scraping her deepest places with every smack of his hips against her crotch. Everything below her waist had become an amorphous blob of pure pleasure. Jennifer was sure from the intensity of the sensations that she must have climaxed a hundred times already. That was, until Jake began to orgasm.

‘Guh.. Guh, Guh!’ Jake increased his pace. ‘Gonna cum! Gonna CUM! Uuurrh!’

An explosion of heat erupted in her belly. Pleasure poured into her womb and flooded into the rest of her body. Her mind went blank. Time seemed to stop as she was suspended in the moment that delight connected with her brain, like a bolt of lightning from Jake’s cock grounding itself her head.

‘.....aaaaaaaAHHHHHHH!’ Her hearing returned slowly, a scream from far off getting closer by the second. Suddenly, she realised it was coming from her own mouth, the only outlet for the indescribable joy that had infiltrated her very being.

‘Urgggh!’ Again, the thrashing cock buried inside her flooded her belly with red hot delight, leaving Jennifer floating on the cloud of nirvana until the flow of time resumed with yet another screaming orgasm thrashing her body. ‘URGGGH!’ Again and again, Jake’s preternatural penis spurted inside her. The pressure in her belly grew, and Jennifer wondered somewhere in the back of her pleasure-addled mind whether her belly was visibly distorted by the volume of semen being loosed inside her.

At long last, she felt the pressure down there lessen as Jake pulled out with a wet slurp. Jennifer collapsed back onto the bed, eyes closed.

‘Mmhm, well done, Jake. I think Jen understands herself better now.’ Lyra’s sultry voice came from nearby. ‘But all that watching you fuck Jen has left me feeling horny... I hope you’ve got some left in the tank.’

Jennifer lay panting on the damp sheets, the bed vibrating with the steady slapping sounds of Jake pounding into Lyra next to her. Her own body trembled with anticipation. The post-climax exhaustion was clearing, and every part of her buzzed with sensations at the slightest movement. She shifted her weight, and her breasts jiggled into a new position, sending sparks of joy zipping through her nervous system.

Somehow, Jennifer knew this was only the beginning of an amazing new life.

Jake

Jake closed the doors to the bed chamber, shutting out the hyper-erotic sight of the two buxom goddess’s stroking the lucky man’s chest as they stripped him of his clothes.

He placed the €2000 in the drawer and made a note on the ledger as he took his seat at the makeshift desk, carefully adjusting his pants to not pinch his cock as he sat down. In its constant semi-erect state, it almost always bulged against his pants uncomfortably.

As the moans started up next door, he studiously resumed his work on their upcoming travel itinerary. If he let himself dwell on the noise, the pants would need to come off, or he'd have to make another embarrassing trip to the town store.

Thanks to the generous fees offered by clients and Lyra's tireless work ethic, plus a generous donation by owner of the mansion they had set up in, they had accrued enough funds to charter a private jet to carry him and the girls back to England in privacy. And a few favoured clients, of course, for in-flight entertainment.

Jake knew he should be troubled by what had happened to him and the girls. Yet whenever his doubts surfaced, Lyra, and now Jennifer, soothed him as only they could. This small town was barely enough to sate Lyra's appetite, let alone the two of them. And the wives of the enthralled locals had begun to make their displeasure known as rumour spread of the two premium prostitutes fucking their way through the menfolk of their town.

No matter. Soon, they would be back in London where the population and the money would be a thousand times more. Jake wondered when Lyra would reach her limit.

A howl of womanly pleasure thundered through the building.

Jake wondered if she had one.

Fin.

Thank you for reading! I've been picking at this story for for a while now, at least two years (!!). The seed of the story was the scene where Jake sees Lyra's shadow through the tent. From there, the idea of a woman who eschewed sex, yet had some innate sexual desires that slowly leaked out started to unfold, her body becoming sexier as the power inside her slowly escaped. Chuck in some casual English/Viking history (I've been reading a lot about Harold Hardrada and other Varangian adventurers), and we've got a framing story.

I do hope you enjoyed reading, please check out my other works on this site and on my own website if you'd like to read more of my work. Don't forget to leave a rating or review where you found this piece, it really encourages me to write more!