

The two Tarnished walked up to the top of the keep together. One, who vaguely recalled his name as Jun, was lanky and muscular. He conjured the image of an ancient hero, brought back from death to embark on a new quest. A once pristine shield was slung across the back plate of his heavy armor which has seen many marks and scuffs even before his renewal. The sword at his side was always eager to slay any foe that blocked his path. At the moment, his path felt rather aimless, but something had called to him when he approached the keep.

So he had given his spectral steed Torrent a respite and dismounted. The other Tarnished was a surprise. Upon seeing the fallen warrior, he'd made no reply to Jun's words, but he had also not raised his great warhammer to strike him, so Jun's blade remained in its scabbard. The other Tarnished had skin that was black as night, with a body far larger and fatter than Jun's. Jun did not see him as an enemy, but he was not sure he counted the porcine man as an ally against the dark creatures plaguing the Lands Between.

They both saw the woman around the same time. She might have been missable, given how still she was, but her white oversized hat and thick feather-covered coat revealed her. The two Tarnished stood before the mysterious woman perched on the ruined walls.

"Who are you?"

"I am Ranni the Witch. This is strange. When word reached me that Torrent rides, I only expected one Tarnished,"

"Let us hope this is a blessing,"

Jun did not understand what she meant. In his new 'life,' he had not seen much in the realm that gave him any sense that hope or lightness could survive in this world. And yet, when he looked at the woman, he felt she was not like the other denizens he had encountered so far.

'If hope could blossom anywhere in this forsaken place, I have the strangest feeling that this woman could guide me to it. Somehow,'

Ranni tasks Jun with finding the hidden treasure of Nokron. Then she turned toward the other man.

"If you wish to join my service, you must travel forth and slay the Warden of the Mists. Doing so will free my movements and I will take you into my service as a reward.

The other man scoffed and folded his hands across his thick belly. June was shocked by the man's response. Could his fellow Tarnished not feel the power emanating from the maiden as he could?

"I would rather suck on those big titties hidden under that dress,"

"It is not for me to obey such a command. Nor do I wish to, Tarnished. Learn well, my mercy this day. You shall not feel it again,"

The other Tarnished let out another rude scoffing noise and turned to face Jun. "What are you looking at? I want to get paid for my service. I'm about to go kill someone just to get a job,"

"You are free to choose your path, Tarnished," Ranni said, her soft, dulcet tones ringing through Jun's mind. Even if she was powerful, the undead warrior felt drawn to her. He wanted to help her, to protect her. A part deep in the recess of his mind secretly wished that once he joined her service, she would have no use for the coarse man standing with them.

'Surely one 'honorable' soldier will be more than enough for her needs. I must prove myself,"

Jun stamped his armored boots together and snapped his body to attention. "I will seek out this hidden treasure and return it to you, Ranni,"

With that Jun left Ranni and the other Tarnished and quickly summoned Torrent. He reared up the horse, and then spun the spectral steed around with a flourish. The Tarnished was no longer aimless. He had a goal, a purpose. He would find the lost treasure and return it to Ranni, a fitting gift to enter into her service. She would no longer have any need for the uncouth peasant, if he survived his own challenge that was.

Unfortunately, when Jun returned to Ranni's keep, he was shocked by what he saw. The whole way up to the top of the keep, he thought of nothing more beyond taking a knee before the four-armed woman, presenting the Fingerslayer Blade he had risked so much to obtain, and professing his hidden feelings for Ranni. Even if she did not share any thoughts of affection with him, he was sure that in her service, and given time, she would see not only his purpose but his potential to bring some light into her life.

Imagine his surprise when he laid eyes on the woman and saw that she had abandoned her flowing white dress for something quite different. It almost looked like the woman was in her

night clothes or some exotic form of garb, generally reserved to show a husband the first time a bride revealed her sensual nature on their wedding night.

It was not just her clothes that had changed. She no longer sat with poise. Now, he found the beautiful witch nestled with a small smile on the other Tarnished' lap. The man's belly was so large, it was almost like the woman was sitting on a small lounge chair. Jun let out a shocked grunt when he realized that something foul was amiss as his eyes took in an even stranger development than her change in attire.

As he approached, Ranni let out a strange noise while one of her hands was clasped into a fist near her lips, while the other Tarnished had his hands on her breasts. Her nipples remained covered by the reduced white outfit, but Jun felt that at any moment, her body might be revealed by the other man's coarse treatment of her flesh.

"Unhand her at once,"

Jun's hand balled into a fist. His helmeted gaze wanted to look down or away, but the moment the black man pulled at Ranni's top and revealed her soft, almost bluish nipple, Jun felt his body stiffen. The sudden pulse of animal lust emerged from a cave Jun didn't think existed any longer. Somehow the grace that brought him back to life contained enough of a fire to feel the heat of passion still when he looked at such a beauty like the witch.

The feelings of lust and attraction did not last long, however. Almost immediately, they fell to a storm of jealousy that raced down his spine while he watched the other Tarnished fix his hand on Ranni's tit and give it a nice squeeze right in front of the armored warrior.

'How can he touch her like that?' From what little he'd learned about the witch, he suspected she was an Emphyrean, the descendant of the Demigod Radagon and Queen Rennela. And yet when she was fondled like a doll, the two Tarnished both heard the woman's breath flood out of her lungs in a wanton moan.

As much as Jun could not believe what he was seeing, Ranni could not believe how the other Tarnished were making her feel. It was highly improper what was happening. No one, god or man, had ever assaulted her so coarsely. The big man with a fat belly and dark skin was incorrigible, even in death. When Jun left her side, this other Tarnished, Darius, revealed that he had already slayed the Warden of Mist. He'd placed the proof in front of her, and Ranni grew excited, knowing she could withdraw from the world again to regain much of her greater power. Unfortunately, that was just the start of the surprises she experienced from Darius.

She should have snuck away from the man, but his words, foul and loathsome as they were, captivated her. Ranni had known fear before, but this... this strange abuse and the oppressive flavor of the man's hungry gaze enthralled her. Try as she might, the witch could not find the will to send him away or flee from that gaze. Darius' requests started out simple enough, the reward of a kiss for one of the witch's enemies. It seemed so simple and innocuous, but the moment his lips met her own, she realized just how terrible of a mistake she'd made. He pushed his tongue deep into her mouth and struck his hand forward to capture her breasts. The weight of his fingers through the once unblemished fabric of her white dress set her mind ablaze.

"I... Nuraah... I will be finished with this Tarnished soon enough. He will face... swift punishment,"

"I can kill him right now, Ranni," Jun declared, with a tone and uncompromising pose that would have made many of the bravest knights of the Golden Order proud of his bravery.

"No!" Two of her four arms raced up, nearly before she had the thought. "I mean... no... I have him... Oouhaah... right where I want him,"

The doll woman chewed on the material of her bottom lip, hoping that the magical transformation she'd undergone to take this body would be able to cover up the bloom on her cheeks as more pleasure snaked out from her tit as Darius squeezed it again. What was the power of this man to make even the body of an enchanted doll feel weak? And wet.

Jun watched Darius' fingers sliding up and down over the woman's blue nipple. The proud warrior felt his teeth starting to grind in his mouth, and for a moment, he thought about disobeying Ranni's words. Surely she was some kind of hostage, or the other Tarnished had put a spell on her.

'I must... I must free her!' Before he took a step, the other Tarnished spoke again.

"Rest easy, Jun. Ranni has everything under control. But... come to think of it..." Darius spoke slowly, almost lazily. His attention seemed completely focused on Ranni's body. To add insult to the witch's dishonorable situation, he nudged his hips forward, pushing his thick erection even more forcefully against her asscheeks.

"Ranni... didn't you have something else you needed,"

Ranni almost gasped while she fumbled over her words. Darius's hands were starting to make her feel better and better. And the sensation of his thick, *warm* erection pushing in against the crevice of her ass was making it hard to keep her single open eye squarely on Jun.

"Yes. There is something, a lost ring. Find it for me, and I will forever be in your debt, sir..."

Jun flinched and fell to his knee. He would do anything for her. This ring (he felt in his heart) must have contained the missing piece of the puzzle she required to cast the foul Tarnished into oblivion. That had to be the case.

"What is the name of this ring, my fair maiden,"

"Muhaah... oh... it has been called... muurah... many things. When their eyes fall on it, you will know it as the Dark Moon Ring. Pleusaahuah..." Ranni finally had to clear her throat. Secretly, out of sight of Jun, one of her arms slid back to reach down between her body and Darius'.

'Perhaps, if I stroke him, he will stop distracting me. If this other Tarnished loses patience, they will... surely come to blows,' The beautiful woman with faint blue skin could barely even think straight in her current predicament. The touching and groping were one thing, but the added fact that she was being abused in front of someone else made the situation all the more intolerable and scintillating.

"Please Tarnished... Jun... find my missing ring. Look for me... beyond the Lake of Rot. I'll be waiting there..."

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Through fire and water, Jun finally found the Dark Moon Ring. The road was perilous and he faced scores of foes, including some creatures of the most gruesome and deadliest caliber. Many times, the hero did not know how he managed to press on, but he held his quest and quest giver close to his heart and never gave up on his hope to see Ranni the witch smile when he finally presented her with the ring. Getting the ring was merely one task. The Tarnished had to find Ranni once again. Through painstaking effort, Jun ventured through the tormented waters of the Lake of Rot and finally found his way to the Grand Cloister. Jun expected to find Ranni somewhere in the structure. He found Ranni, but to his immense sadness, she was, once again, not alone.

"Haha. Welcome back," Darius said while he rubbed his thick gut and then gave Ranni's ass a slap. "We were beginning to think you lost your way, my *friend*,"

Ranni couldn't bring herself to meet Jun's eyes. Part of it was shame, and the other part was because she was busy attending another big black cock when he arrived. The penis didn't even belong to Darius. Arrayed behind and around the exquisite witch were three other black men, not the least of which was lying down in front of Ranni, naked with a long thick cock halfway into the witch's mouth.

'I am sorry, Jun. I'm so sorry,' Ranni wanted so badly to speak and give the man some small share of comfort. But her lips never left the juicy cock flooding her body with such pleasure. After she and Darius sent Jun off on another perilous quest, Darius set about using the witch to look for other like-minded individuals who were tired of playing the game against the Greater Will. It was easy once the foul Tarnished learned some of the tricks by which the enchanted doll could traverse and move around the world. She wasn't even trapped in her doll form any longer. With his followers assembled Darius had put them to work finding a relic that turned her porcelain body to flesh, and now his fierce cadre were enjoying the fruits of their labor.

The witch came up for air, if only just barely, her eyes landed on Jun, and her tongue reached out, wet flesh on hard, tasty skin. Ranni's tongue moved eagerly across the man's crown, quickly slurping up more of his taste and enjoying every drop of precum her actions granted her.

"I'm so sorry, Jun. You've caught me... indisposed..."

Darius laughed and spanked her ass again. The woman's initial wince turned into a wanton moan. It felt so good and painful. Ranni couldn't believe just how long she'd been stuck in her previous form. The man stirred something in her the first time they met, but now with her enhanced body, every touch of his hand, or the scent of the cock she was sucking on felt like she was tumbling into new and unexplored worlds, and she loved it with every fiber of her being. Her plots and schemes felt like so much wasted time compared to the bliss of being played with by Darius and his loyalists. Jun is stunned, and Ranni tries to give him a new quest but keeps cumming.

"I promise you, nuuhaah... oh grace. I cannot hold back. I never meant to betray you, my Tarnished. This form... the change must have weakened me. I... nuraha... I never would have done it... if I knew how... good... howahuah,"

She tried to say 'how good it felt', but if she hadn't started moaning again, she knew it would have been a lie. After so long... alone in the darkness, not even daring to hope that some small fraction of light might shine on her, Ranni was only too ready to attempt the spell once she realized just how powerful the magic and relics Darius had assembled.

Her lips fell once the cock once more, and her drive for even more pleasure saw her fittingly rewarded. The man let out a shuddering groan, and his sword wagged against her throat before he spent his offering into her mouth. The thickness and taste were beyond enjoyable, but Ranni still had never managed to learn how to swallow properly. The warrior's seed spilled out from her lips, dribbling down across her chin with some drops splashing against her bare chest. Jun remained where he was, absolutely gobsmacked and on his knees.

With the first member tended to, two more cocks were offered up. Darius pulled up the witch easily and sat her on his wide lap once again. When he pushed into her folds, Ranni praised the Emphyreans that she didn't have to feel her flower rupture once again.

"So big... Jun he's just so big... The first time, I thought I would break and have to return to my old body!" Ranni moaned out while she moved her upper hands to her breasts to squeeze and play with her nipples while she laid the other two on Darius' thighs. There, they worked to give the woman a little extra leverage as she bounced up and down on the glistening, black spear that had captured her heart so completely.

While her inner folds hugged and creamed all over the first big black cock railing her most secret parts, another of Darius' warriors stepped up and began pushing his thick fat cock against an unexpected point. Ranni's eyes widened with fear when she felt him spit on the area above the opening already being spread wide by Darius' mammoth column.

"Oh no. You can't use that. That place is not for- fhuraaah... Incredible!" The woman once trapped in the body of a four-armed doll screamed out. Never before had she imagined feeling the sensation of a dick pushing sharply into her asshole. This time she was sure she would break, but in time, and with moon-blessed slow strokes, a stream of raw pleasure started storming against the walls of her mind.

It took her resolve to look back and catch Jun's eyes again. "Mother's magic... Nuraah... I cannot believe it... These feelings, they're even more powerful than the moon! Jun, do not... give up faith in me. You can... nuraha- mother protect me... I'm going to cum... nuraah..."

The deep blue of Ranni's eyes ignited as she experienced another orgasm, the frankly best part of her new body. The twin spears drilling into her vessel and her back door never stopped pushing, even when her tongue drooped out, and her vision swam. Ranni's fingers twisted hard on her nipples, and another chorus of her cries blanketed the area and battered Jun's ears. Her gasps and squeals of euphoria got even louder when Darius and the other man offered up their scalding essence into her wet, tight holes.

Tears streamed down Jun's cheek. In life, he had experienced a few defeats but many more victories. When the gift of grace had been given to him, he believed his new unkillable status would never allow him to feel the sting of darkness from a loss again. He had been so gravely mistaken.

"Ranni... you must release me from your service,"

"I cannot. One day... I will find out a way to make this up to you. But... nuraah... you mustn't give up hope on me. I will need your strength. You will be my consort, and I will one day leave these men behind. I promise you,"

Darius laughed loudly as he enjoyed the sight of his thick jizz pouring out of the woman's pussy. He couldn't believe the other Tarnished hadn't tried something or just simply gotten up and went. It was starting to bum him out a little. He pulled Ranni up, her legs shivered, and he knew if he didn't hold her up with his thick fingers, she might have fallen since she was still recovering from her last orgasm.

"My consort, weren't you telling me there was another relic that only Jun could acquire?"

Ranni's head dipped, and a small, sly smile crept out across her face. "You are wise, my Tarnished..."