


Quest Reward

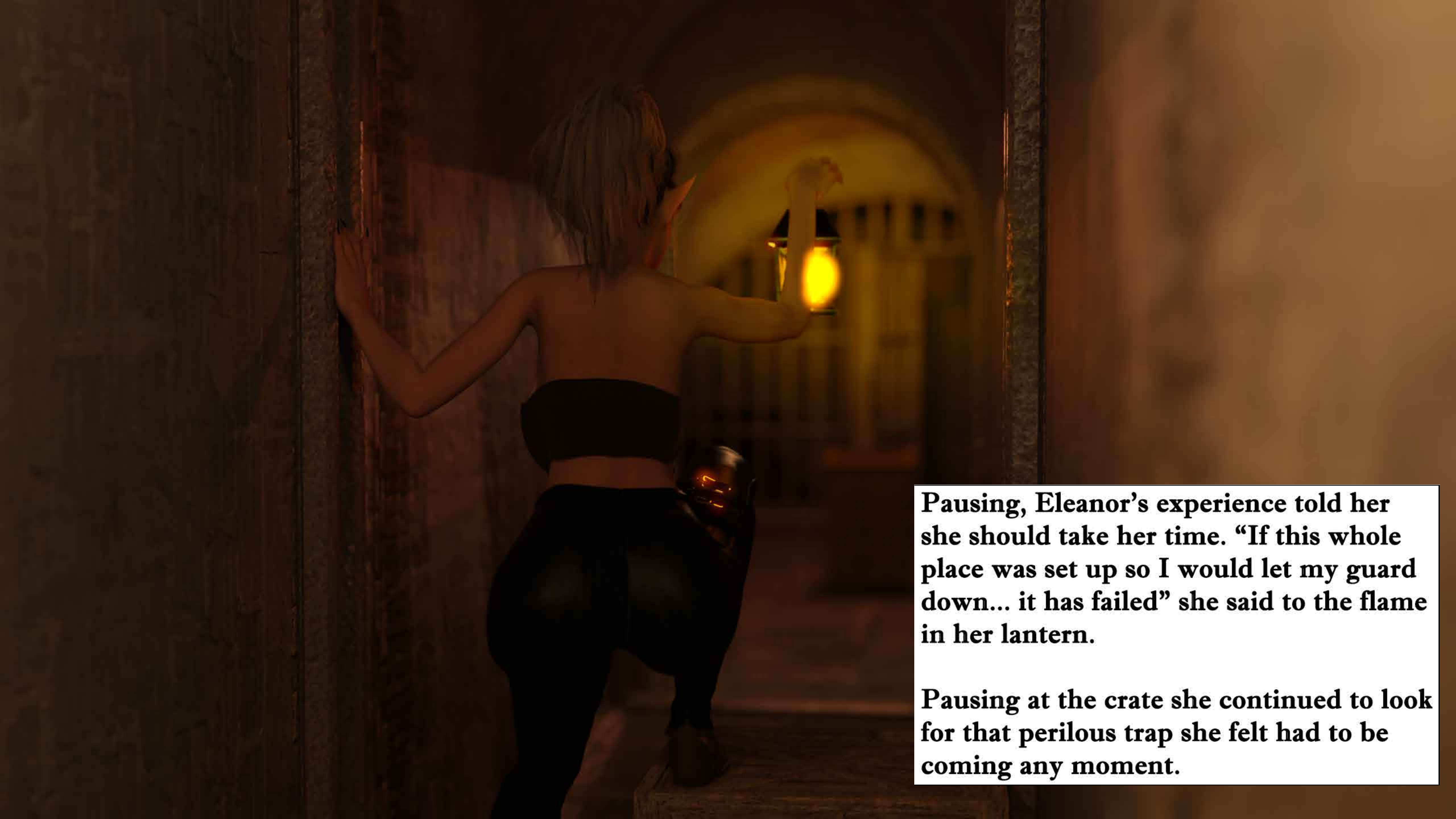
A close-up photograph of a hand reaching towards a pile of gold coins on a wooden surface. The coins are scattered and some are stacked. The background is blurred, showing a wooden structure and a green object.

By: Braden-GTS

Eleanor had long lived a life supported by doing the jobs others may find dangerous. Today was no different, at least, when it started out. A local merchant had tasked her with finding an ancient dagger. She set out for the ancient structure that had long since been abandoned.

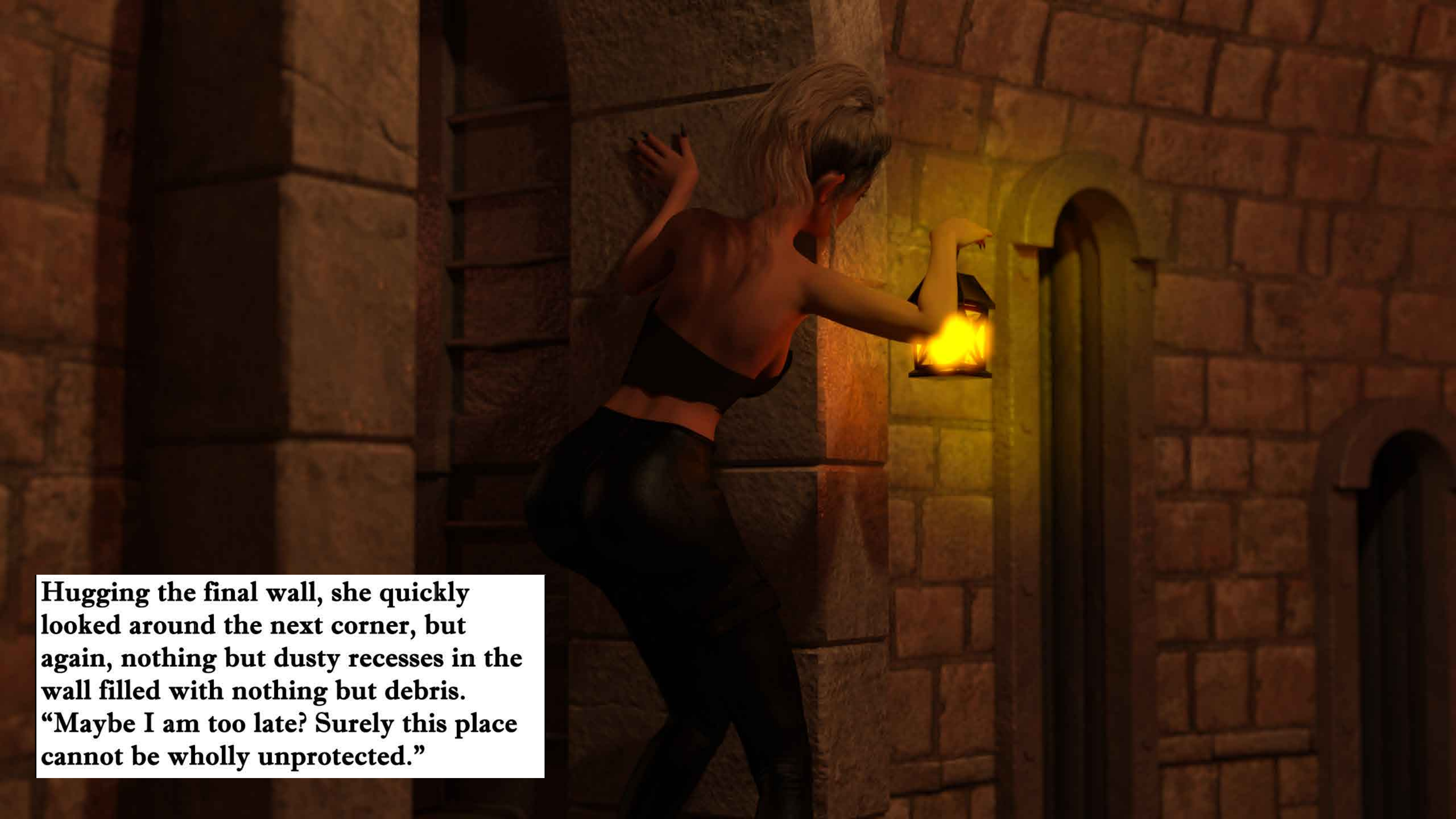
What made today different than other days is the danger seemed to be missing. Traps that should have been disguised were clearly visible. The path was lit with torches that seemingly lit moments before she showed up.

Now, through nothing but some light climbing and the occasional spider web, Eleanor approaches the central chamber.

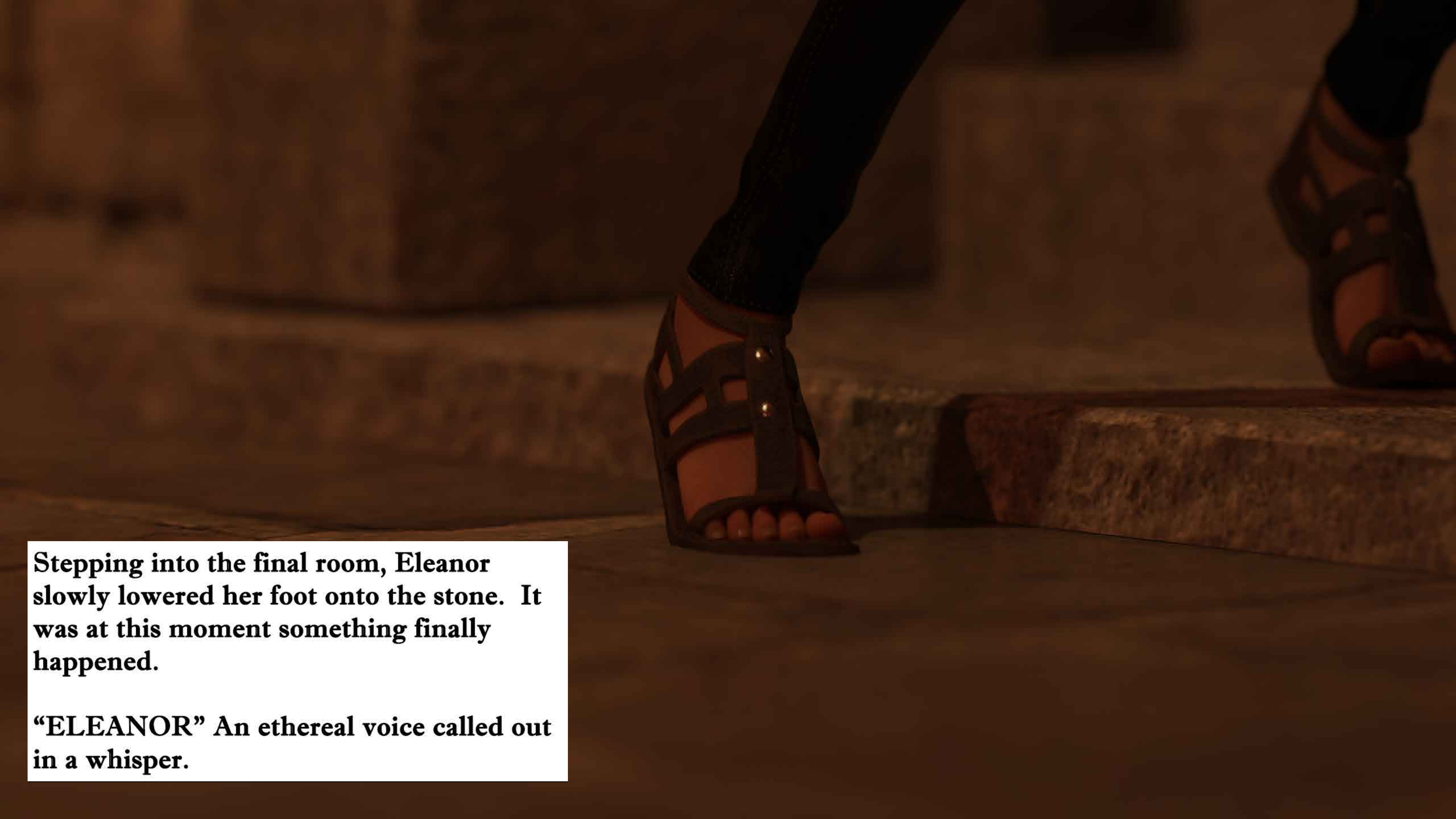


Pausing, Eleanor's experience told her she should take her time. "If this whole place was set up so I would let my guard down... it has failed" she said to the flame in her lantern.

Pausing at the crate she continued to look for that perilous trap she felt had to be coming any moment.

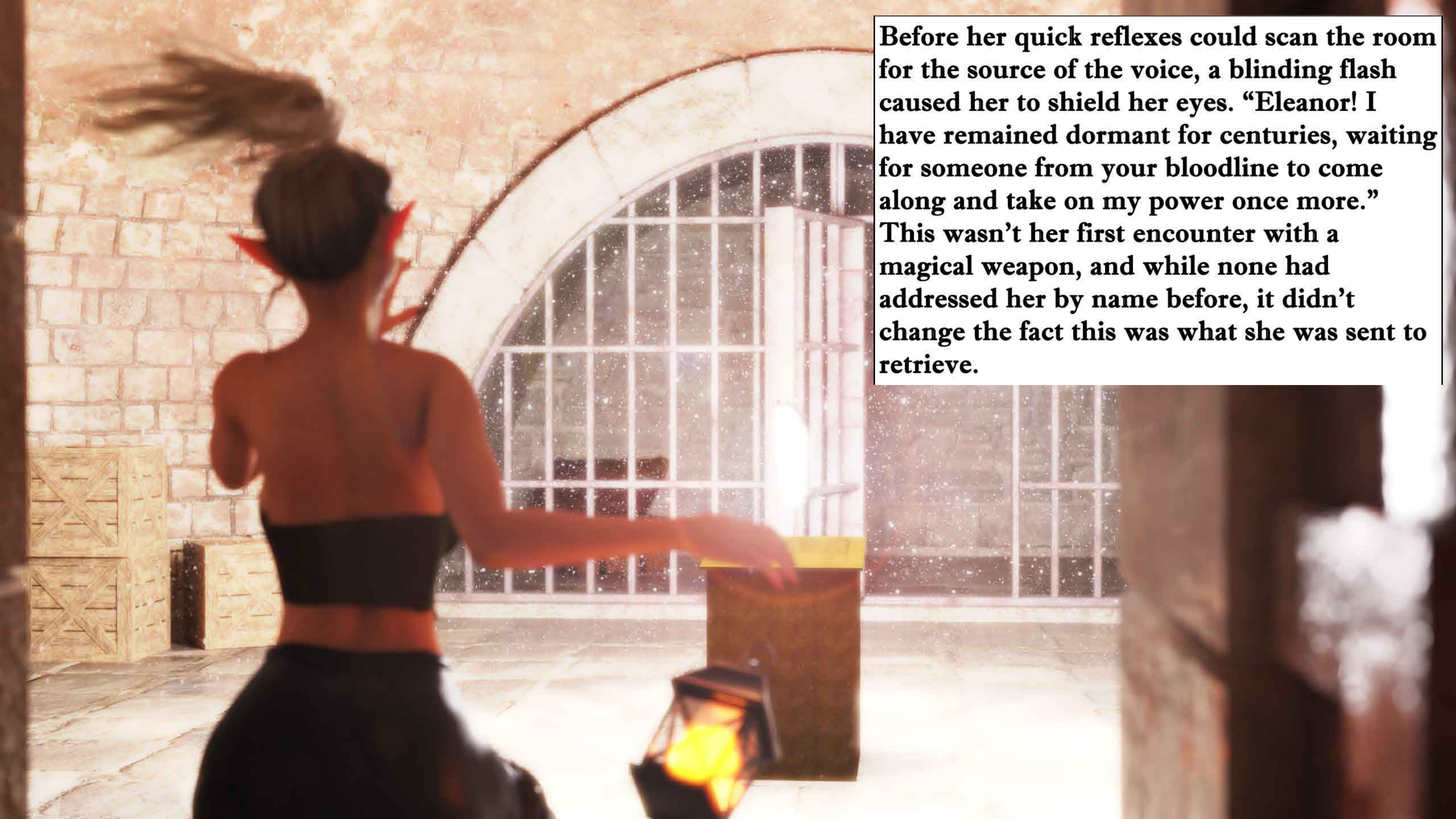


Hugging the final wall, she quickly looked around the next corner, but again, nothing but dusty recesses in the wall filled with nothing but debris. “Maybe I am too late? Surely this place cannot be wholly unprotected.”



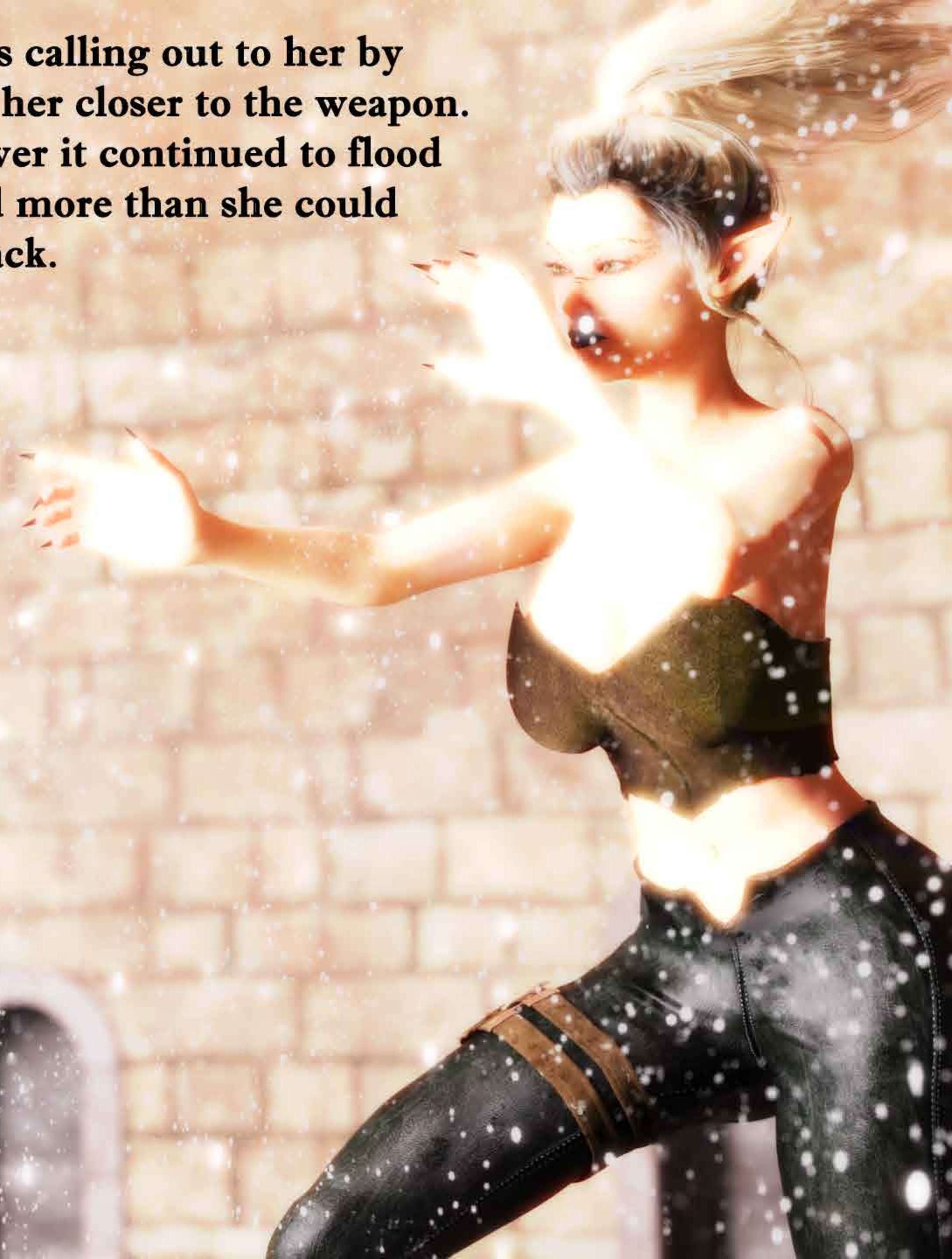
Stepping into the final room, Eleanor slowly lowered her foot onto the stone. It was at this moment something finally happened.

“ELEANOR” An ethereal voice called out in a whisper.

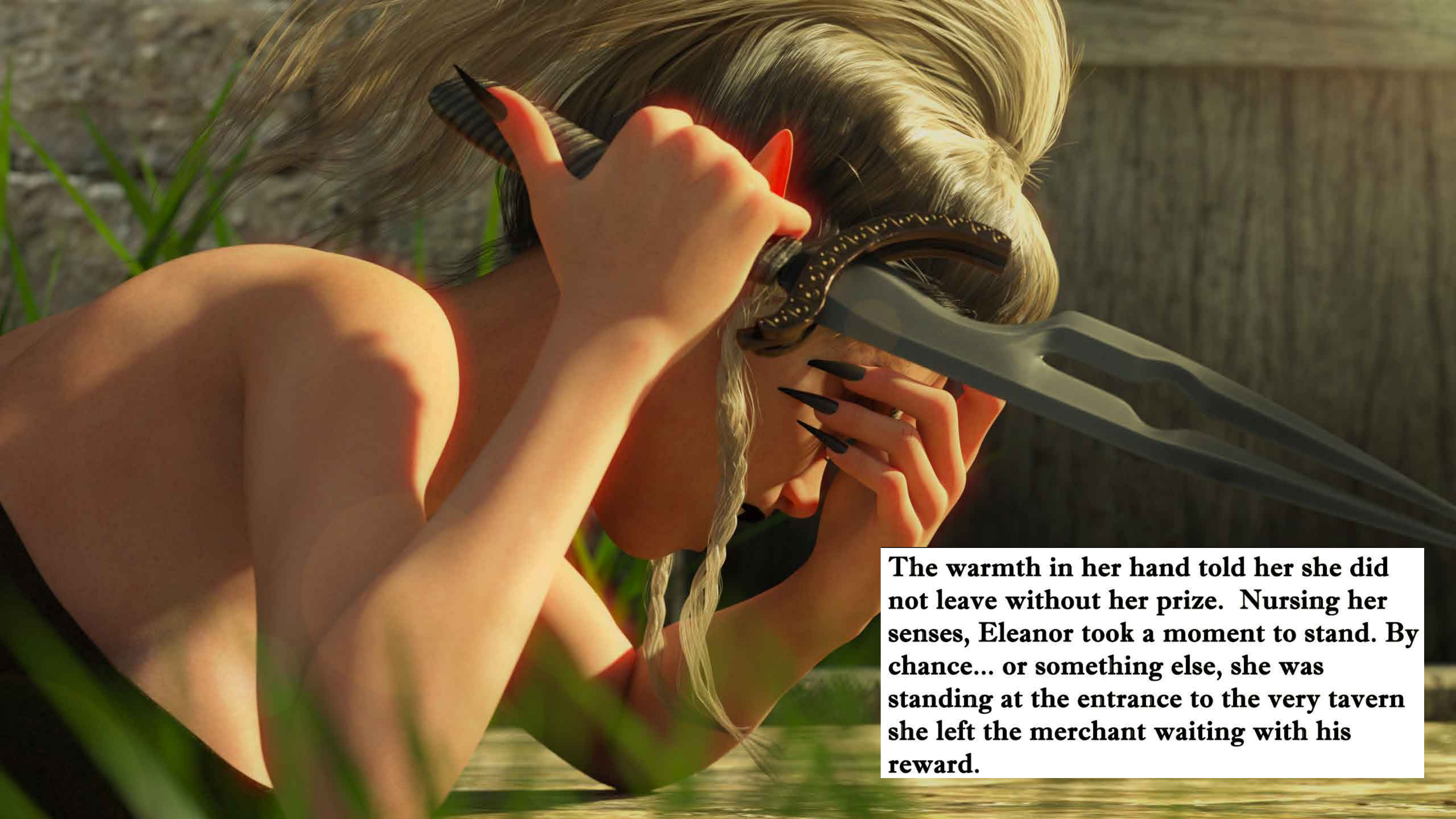


Before her quick reflexes could scan the room for the source of the voice, a blinding flash caused her to shield her eyes. “Eleanor! I have remained dormant for centuries, waiting for someone from your bloodline to come along and take on my power once more.” This wasn’t her first encounter with a magical weapon, and while none had addressed her by name before, it didn’t change the fact this was what she was sent to retrieve.

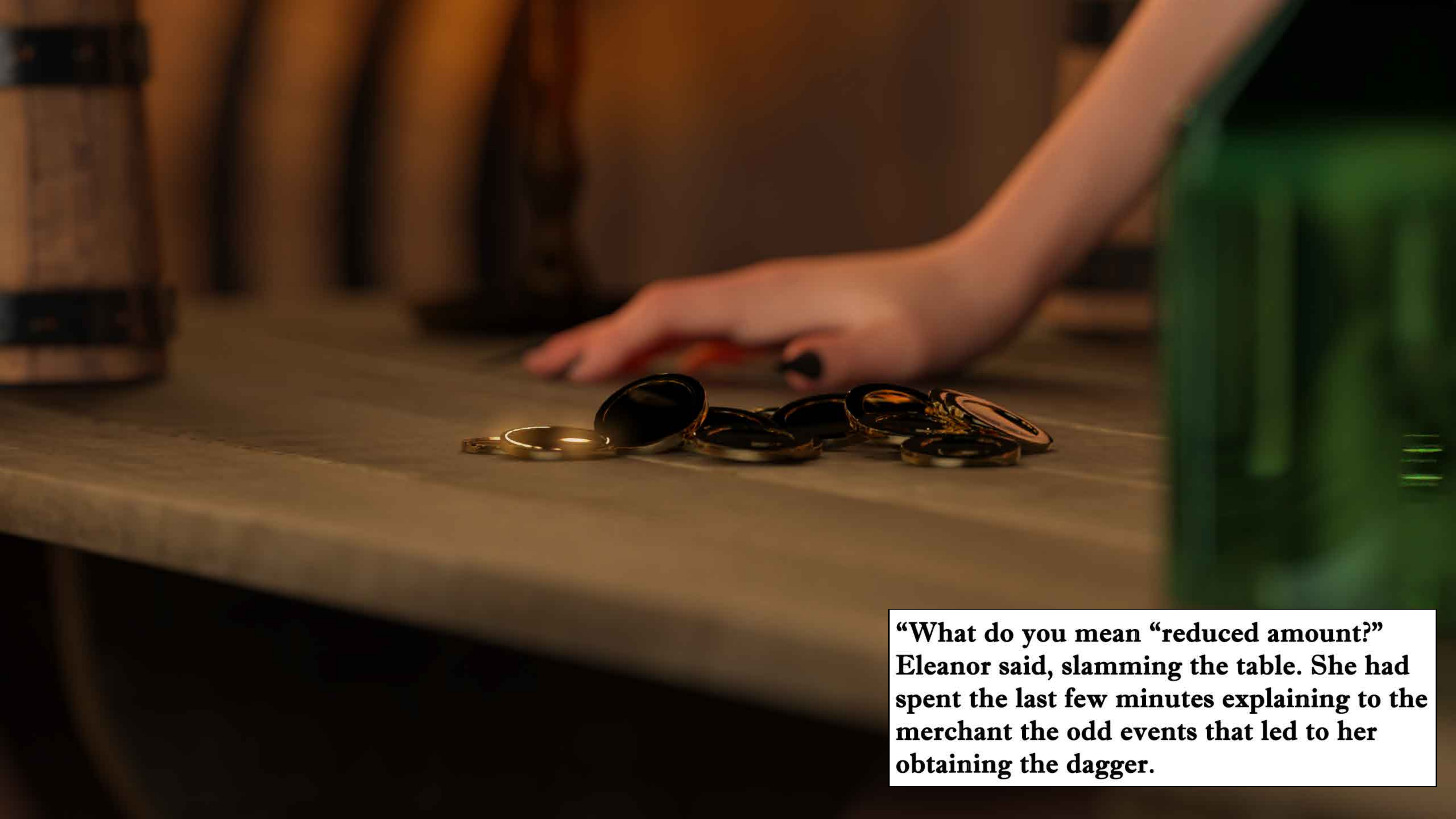
Eleanor was a professional. Ignoring for a moment the dagger was calling out to her by name, she began pushing through the light, careful steps brought her closer to the weapon. As she got closer, her body seemed to react, responding to the power it continued to flood the room with. The rush of energy into her was instantaneous and more than she could manage and as she felt her hand grab the hilt, everything went black.



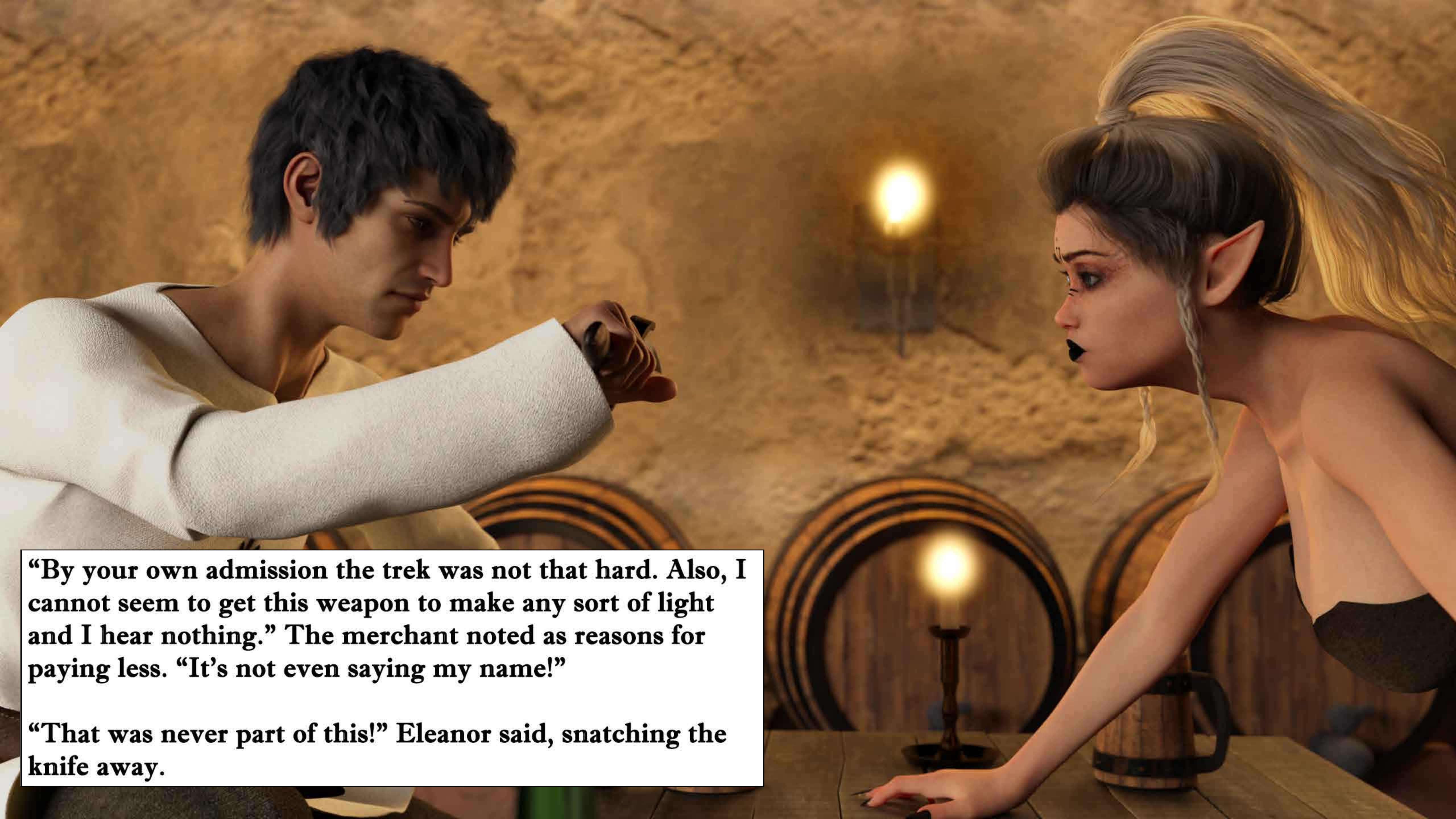
Birds chirping, some distant hoof beats on a well-traveled path, and the creaking of a mill nearby gave Eleanor the knowledge that she was no longer in the dark, damp dungeon.



The warmth in her hand told her she did not leave without her prize. Nursing her senses, Eleanor took a moment to stand. By chance... or something else, she was standing at the entrance to the very tavern she left the merchant waiting with his reward.



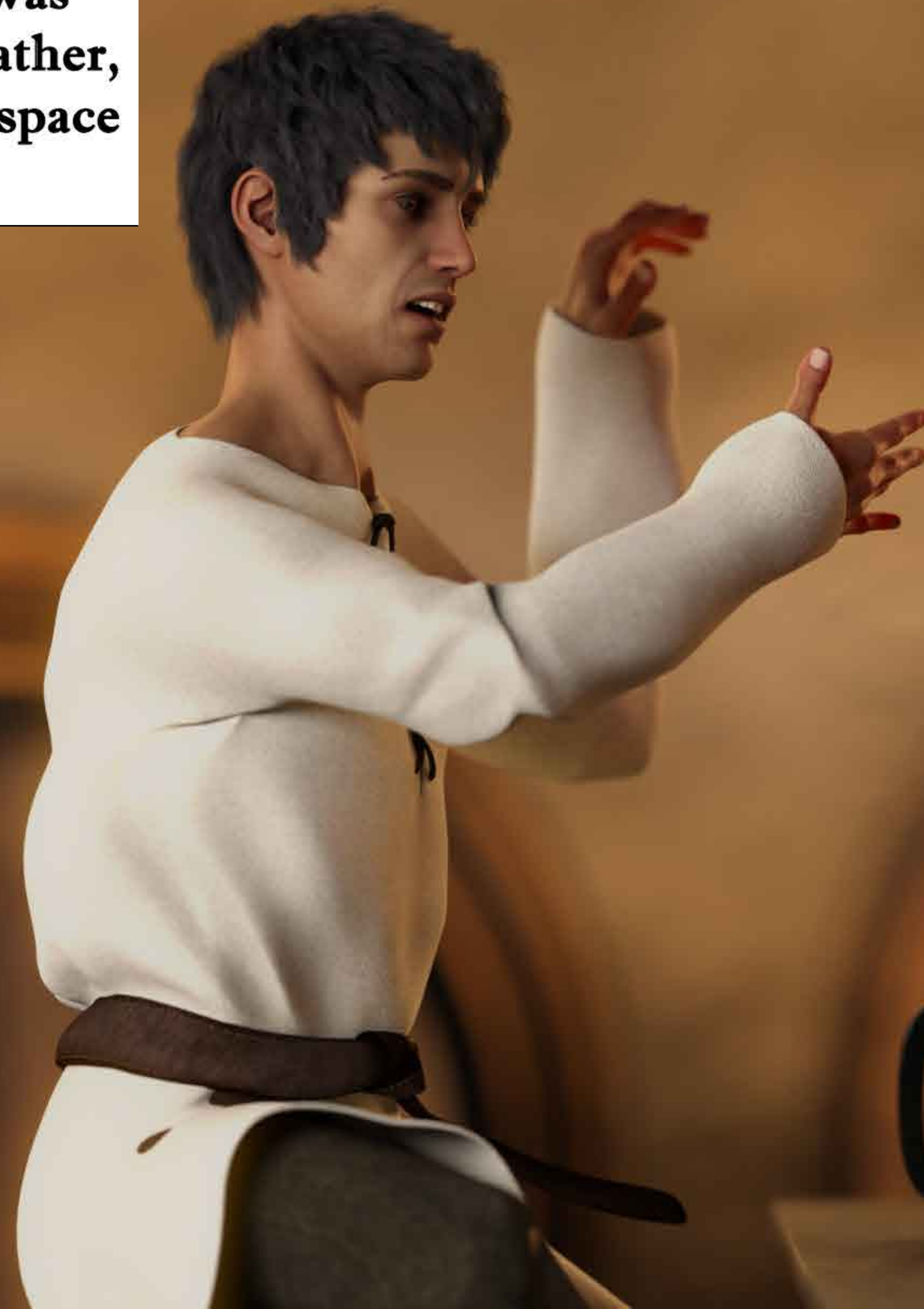
“What do you mean “reduced amount?” Eleanor said, slamming the table. She had spent the last few minutes explaining to the merchant the odd events that led to her obtaining the dagger.



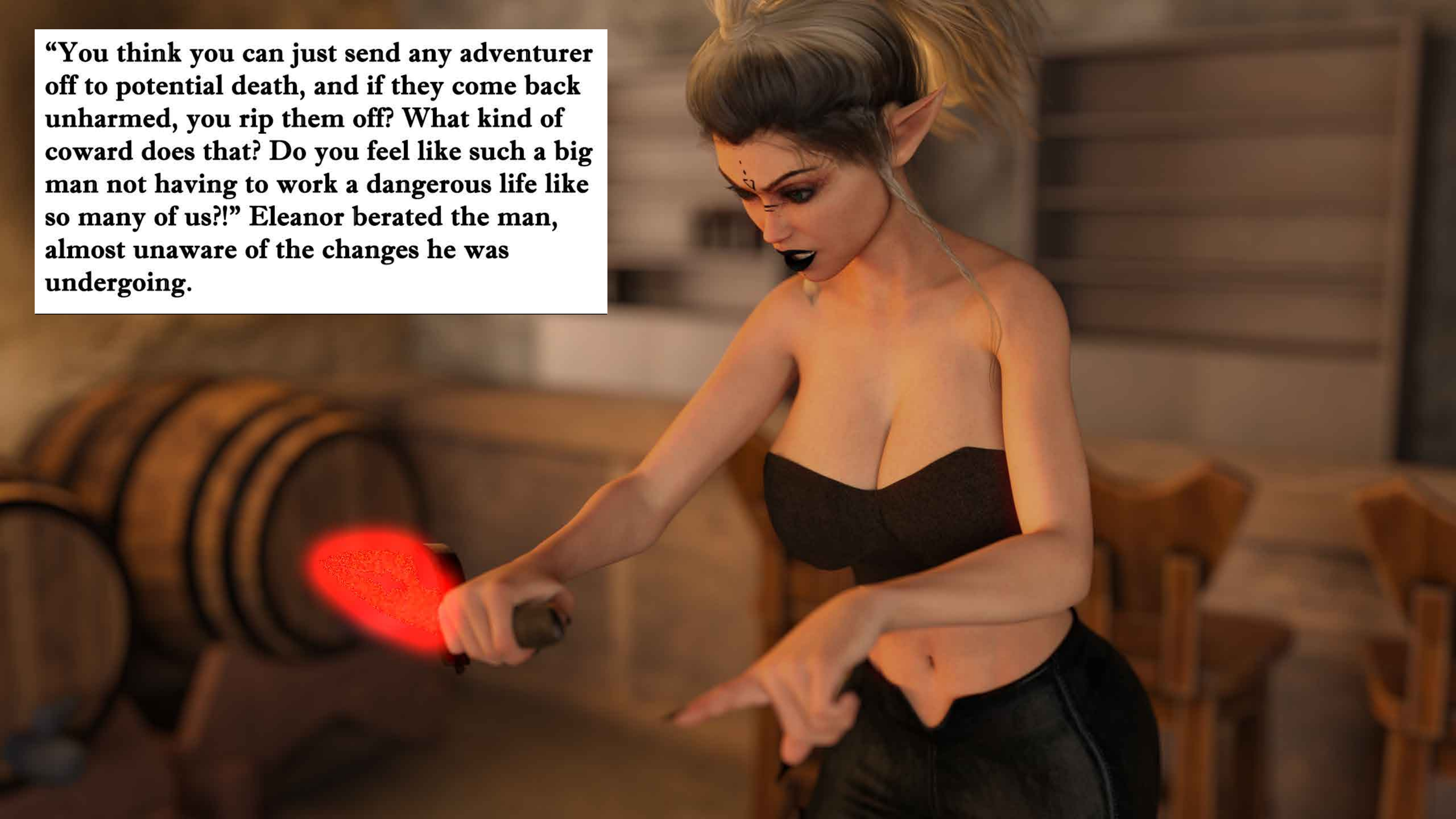
“By your own admission the trek was not that hard. Also, I cannot seem to get this weapon to make any sort of light and I hear nothing.” The merchant noted as reasons for paying less. “It’s not even saying my name!”

“That was never part of this!” Eleanor said, snatching the knife away.

The merchant didn't react to the knife being pulled away, but from the realization that the room was quickly growing in size. Or rather, he was quickly taking up less space at the very table he sat at.



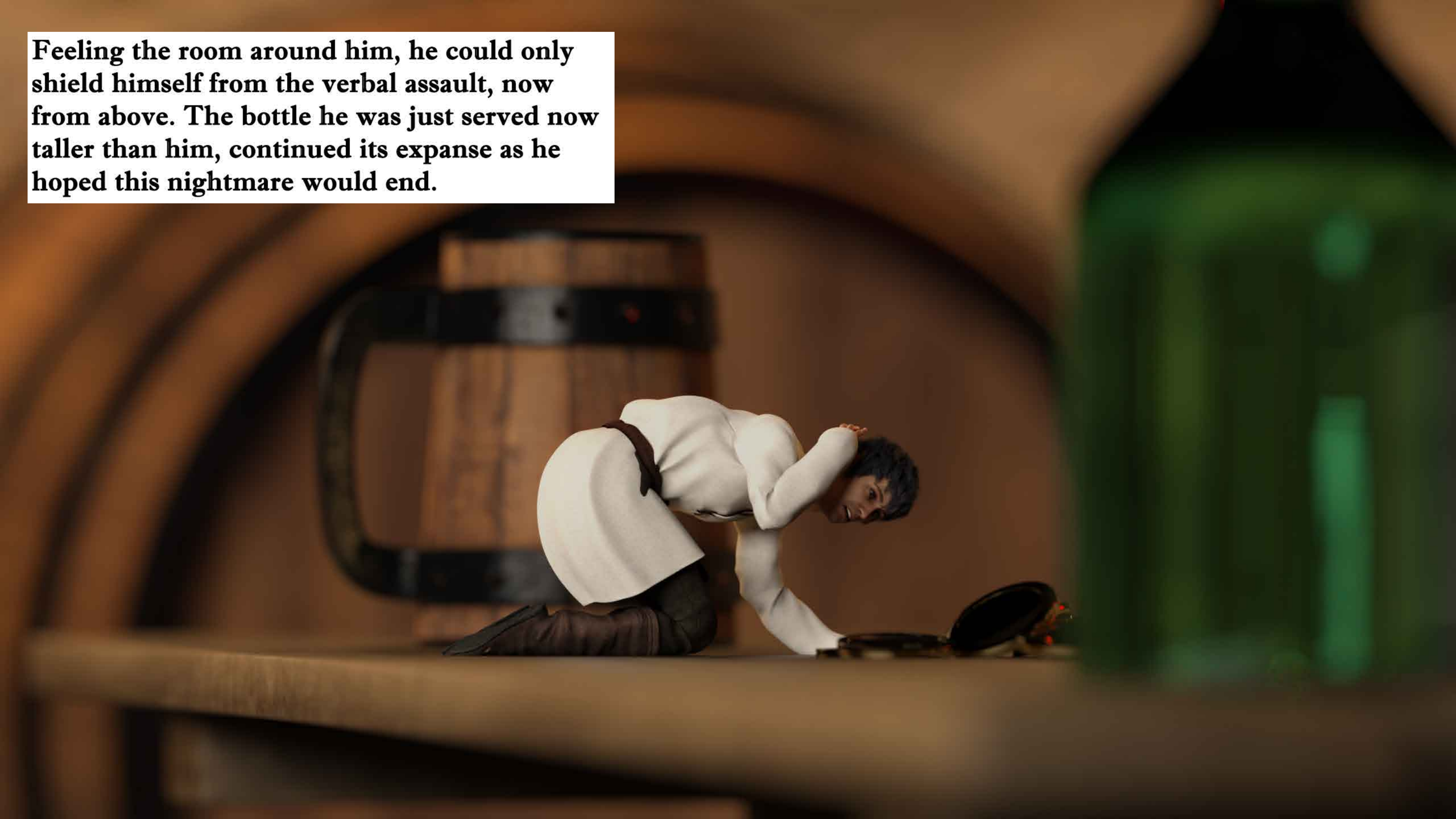
“You think you can just send any adventurer off to potential death, and if they come back unharmed, you rip them off? What kind of coward does that? Do you feel like such a big man not having to work a dangerous life like so many of us?!” Eleanor berated the man, almost unaware of the changes he was undergoing.



Eleanor continued to shout, the reverberation of her voice slightly rattled glass as the merchant quickly leapt for the table, his stature dwindling every moment she berated him.



Feeling the room around him, he could only shield himself from the verbal assault, now from above. The bottle he was just served now taller than him, continued its expanse as he hoped this nightmare would end.



Bringing over the flier for the original job, Eleanor slammed the dagger through it, and part of the table. "Nothing her says the dungeon **MUST** be dangerous. It asks simply for a return of this weapon!" Eleanor said down to the man, shielding himself with the heavy coin.



BRANDY!



“I will pay in full!” The merchant shouted up at the irate elf.

“Only because you were threatened!” Eleanor said, snatching the miniscule man from the table.



“Had I been less ‘persuasive’ you would have ripped me off, much like others before me I assume...” Eleanor trailed off realizing the stark difference in the merchant’s stature.



**“You... are nothing now!”
Eleanor chuckled, swapping
anger for amusement.**



“Please, I will give you anything you want!” He attempted.

“Oh, you surely will.” Eleanor started. “But I don’t want money... I just wish there was a way...” The dagger began reacting to Eleanor’s desire.




**“Yes! So, it wasn’t just a light show.”
She thought, noting the fearful man
dwindling even further. He was
looking down, likely from a fear of
heights but she couldn’t help herself...
“Don’t worry, these won’t let any fall
bring you harm.” she chuckled as he
slowly**






Meaning it more in jest, the small man became harder to handle and in adjusting her hand, he actually did begin the plunge into her ample bosom.

A woman with long, light-colored hair and pointed ears is shown in profile, smiling and holding a small, dark, pointed object. She is wearing a black top. The background is a textured, brownish surface.

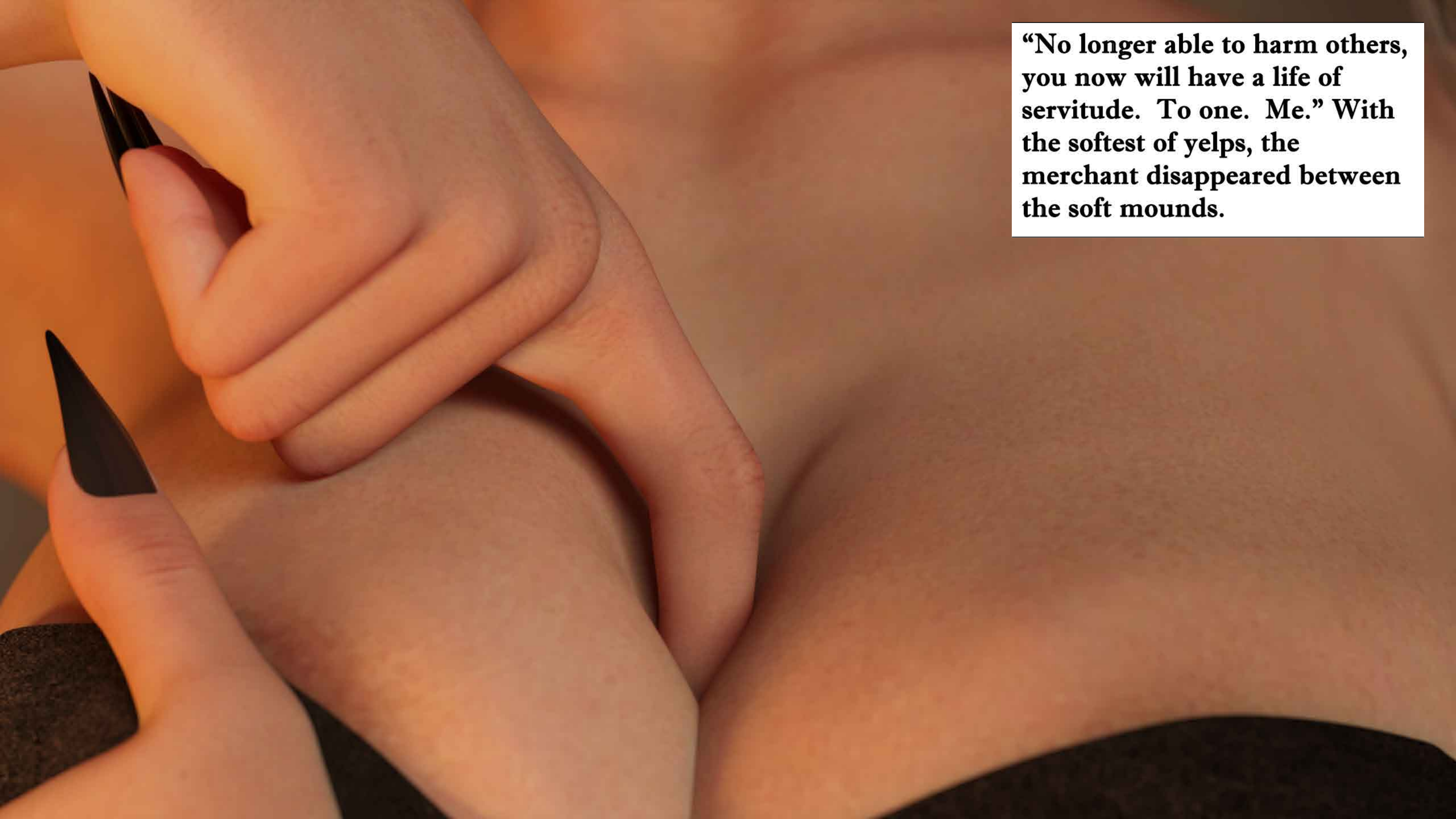
Unbridled excitement was the only way to appreciate the once powerful merchant now cascading towards her chest.



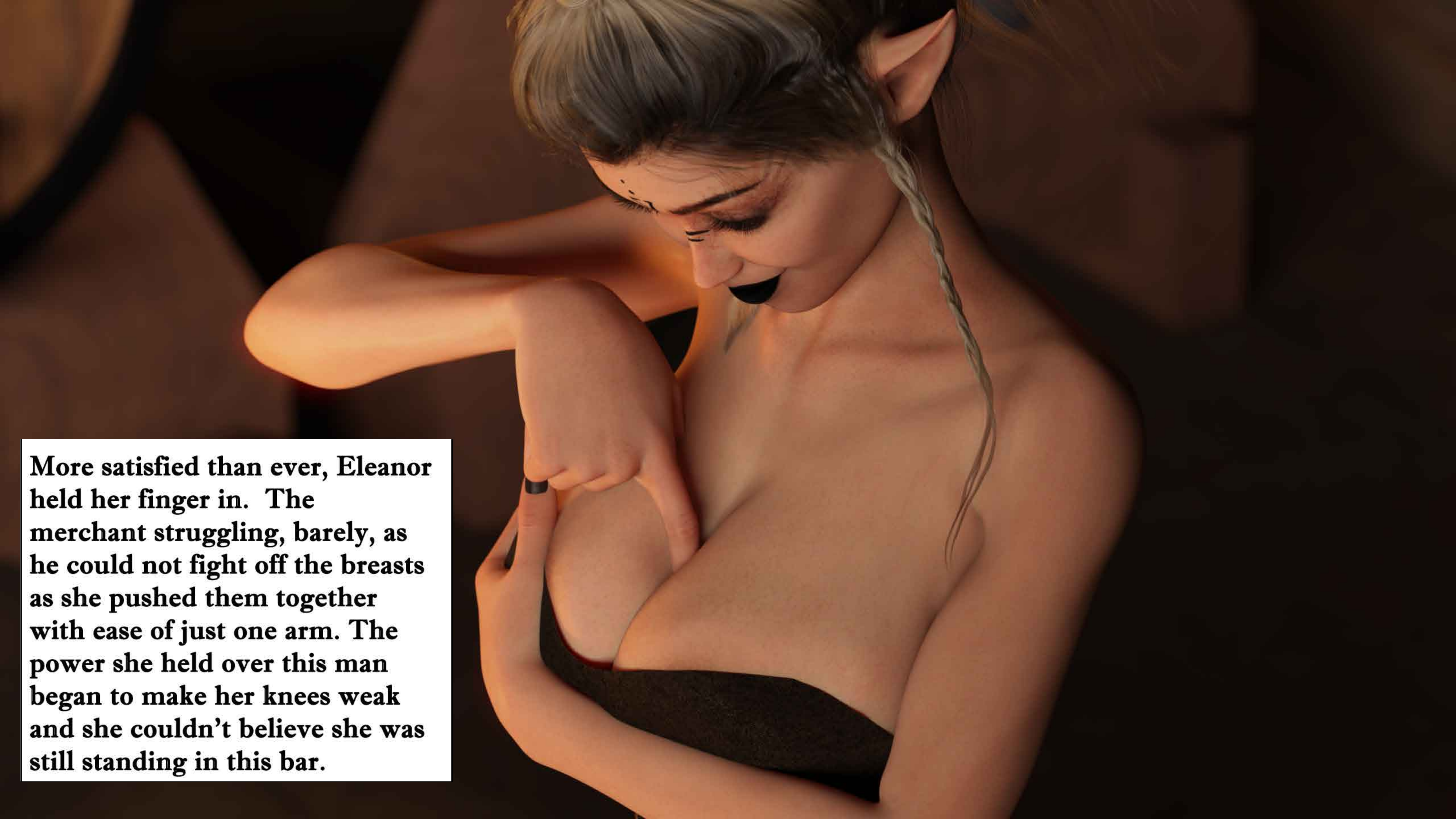
“I can barely feel you little man.” She said, placing her hands around her chest, keeping her cleavage together.

A woman with light-colored hair styled in a bun, wearing a black bra and having pointed elf ears. She is looking down and adjusting the bra with both hands. The background is dark and out of focus.

The man squirming in her cleavage gave her such a feeling of power she had never thought possible. It was along with the tingle in her loins that made her decision...

A close-up photograph of a person's hands holding a pen. The hands are positioned as if about to write on a piece of paper. The lighting is warm and soft, highlighting the texture of the skin and the metallic sheen of the pen. In the upper right corner, there is a white rectangular text box with a black border containing a quote.

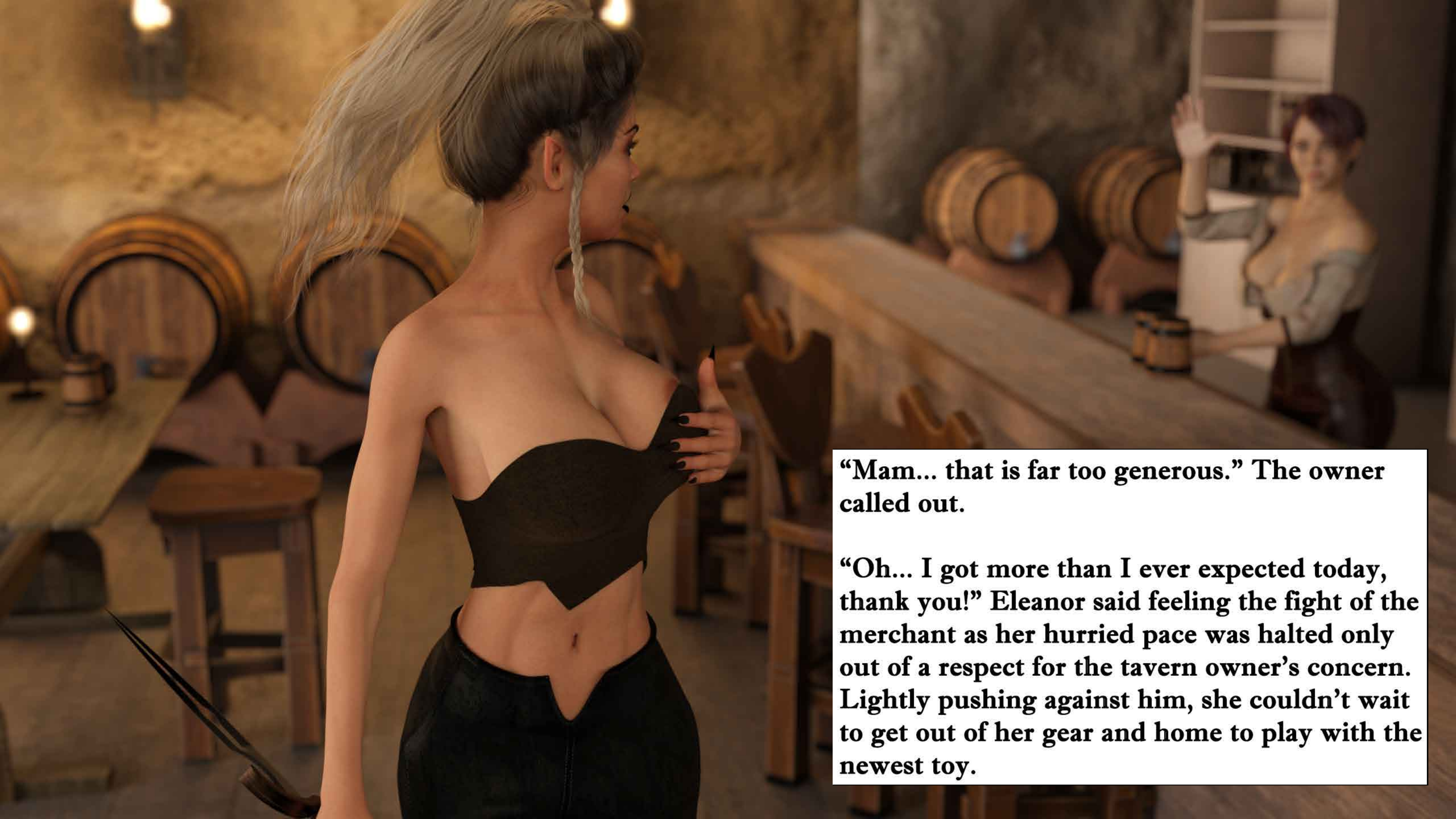
“No longer able to harm others, you now will have a life of servitude. To one. Me.” With the softest of yelps, the merchant disappeared between the soft mounds.

A woman with light-colored hair styled in a bun, wearing a black strapless top and a black ring on her finger. She has pointed ears, suggesting an elf or fantasy character. She is looking down and slightly to the side, with her hands positioned near her chest. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting her features and the texture of her hair.

More satisfied than ever, Eleanor held her finger in. The merchant struggling, barely, as he could not fight off the breasts as she pushed them together with ease of just one arm. The power she held over this man began to make her knees weak and she couldn't believe she was still standing in this bar.

Removing the dagger and taking a single coin, Eleanor looked around and began to make her way to the exit.





“Mam... that is far too generous.” The owner called out.

“Oh... I got more than I ever expected today, thank you!” Eleanor said feeling the fight of the merchant as her hurried pace was halted only out of a respect for the tavern owner’s concern. Lightly pushing against him, she couldn’t wait to get out of her gear and home to play with the newest toy.