***CW: body modification; magic; transformation; group sex; bisexual;***

Familiar Bonds 9

Dungeon Diving | Part 3

TEASER

by Danni Iridescent

Word Count: 1012/10,000

The corridor went dark as the flash of fire behind them fell away, and Bri turned to the witch Theodmier without being able to see him. Both of them struck up light in differing ways - Bri with a glowing orb that rested in the palm of her hand, and Theodmire with two beams of light that poured from his eyes, illuminating whatever it was his eyes rested on.

Silently, they took a moment to appreciate the others’ work, and started down the corridor - after all, it was clear that the only way out, now, was through. They just had to hold on to the belief that the others in their group had made it out okay.

As they walked down the corridor, the hewn smooth stone on the ground having spots of moss and grass poking through, Bri’s mind turned to Catherine, and to the way she’d looked at she drew the ire of the werewolf. She shivered, and hoped that Catherine was a strong enough witch to take the beast down without hurting the man inside. Then, she laughed at herself a little.

If anyone was capable of doing that, it was Catherine.

‘A part of me thinks we should go back,’ Theodmier said, his voice low like he was wary of being overheard. ‘We could help.’

Bri looked at him, his features in the magical light seeming softer, his eyes lighting up and his worry clear. ‘That door had a magical seal,’ she said. ‘Didn’t you see it? We could spend time trying to get around it - hell, we might even manage it - but I don’t think we’re supposed to.’

‘What does that mean, ‘supposed to’?’

She sighed. ‘I thought you were smart.’

He gave a short laugh. ‘I am! Considering my station, I’m basically a prodigy.’

‘Yet you were trapped in those vines outside,’ Bri noted, registering the sting on his face; that had affected him. She started walking again, deeper into the pitch-black corridor. ‘What I meant is that this place was *designed* to split up a group - all of this was built by someone, right? Which means this place has a goal. A problem to solve, a puzzle to beat.’

‘You can’t know that,’ he said, following her.

‘I think I can,’ she said, seeing a bit of light up ahead. ‘My bet is that, if we pass whatever test is here, we will walk out of here not only alive, but with *some* prize. That’s why you’re here, right?’

Theodmier didn’t answer that, but he did huff a little as they approached the new door at the other side of the dark corridor. He watched Bri push it tentatively, and watched the door open up out to a glade of flowers, blue and swaying despite a complete lack of wind. At the other side, a larger, more important-looking door, with runes all over it. From this distance, Bri couldn’t work out the detail, but it was clear she was right.

This was a puzzle, and she was going to solve it.

~o~O~o~

Jamie felt like he was in another world entirely.

He was sitting on a regal, wide bed, the stench of sex and debauchery filling his nostrils as the sounds of moaning and creaking filled the room; gasps from the two onlooking Demons occasionally broke through, or Kris’ whines as she rocked herself atop Jamie’s thickness, driving herself close and closer to orgasm as Ellie, naked and wet and desperate to be pleasured, sat behind Jamie. She reached around and massaged his chest, kissing his neck and back as Kris rode him to another climax, all while Jamie held the beautiful woman close to him, rocking his hips up into her as they fucked.

Or, to be honest, made love. It would have even been romantic, if it weren’t for the presence of demonic magic overshadowing every aspect of it.

Jamie was in tune with his magic in a way he hadn’t needed to be before - he’d done things during sex like shift his partner’s pleasure, or even change how *he* looked to embody more of the demonic energy inside him, but this was more… holistic. He was listening to how the magic rocked between him and Kris, and even extended to Ellie and the two Demons, Jake and Beth, flowing between them like a river coursing through their bodies, through the air.

The Demons were watching the flow, too, and saw how Jamie was able to tap into the pleasure of Kris as they fucked, as she approached the edge of her orgasm, moaning and whimpering against him, her pleasure creating a surge in the flow as it poured into him, filling him in a way that was alien to them. Not draining, but *growing* the pleasure for sustenance.

It was… beautiful. And sexy.

And the Demons were struggling to hold themselves back for much longer.

‘Ready?’ Jamie asked Kris as she rode him, speeding up with each thrust until they were frantically gyrating into each other, moaning and whimpering into each other’s mouths, until - until-

‘*FUUUUUUUUUU*-’ Kris moaned, as Jamie felt her sex-energy burst from her, a wave of bliss and lust and even love - and he drank it in, and in, and *in*. The Demons watched, eyes wide, as they recognised the way he drank in Kris’ energy. His vampiric absorptions of her energy, however, did not go all the way. It didn’t need to.

As Kris gave him energy, cumming so hard her eyes rolled and her body shook and her scream filled the bedroom, Jamie let it come to a natural close. He let her recover, and quickly that well inside from which he had drank refilled, a new wave of potentially-syphoned sex to drink from quickly building again.

‘That is… remarkable,’ Beth said, slinking up behind Kris, her taloned fingers lightly scratching the shaking woman’s naked back. ‘She could go again.’

‘And again,’ Jamie said. ‘And again. Aside from physical exhaustion and the need to eat and drink and sleep, doing *this* means you’ll never need to kill anyone.’

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