

The Dungeon Town

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Wibrix Stoutfoot yawned as she rolled out of her bed at the Golden Hoof inn. The bed was comfortable, there was no pretending it wasn't. Far more so than most Dungeon Town's would have managed in what was otherwise a pretty basic inn. She still wasn't sure if she regretted coming to this particular Dungeon Town, despite that fact...or more accurately, because of it. It was, after all, just a sign of how *odd* this particular Dungeon was. Another such sign was the *shower* she stepped into a moment later, turning on the hot water to begin a quick ritual of getting clean. Certainly, she'd heard of showers before coming to see the new dungeon...two months ago now? Closer to three, now that she ran the numbers in her head. She wasn't sure if that was disturbing or not, how much she'd grown used to the town in so little time. Particularly given just how *weird* the situation here was. Advanced systems like showers shouldn't be in a random inn. But, then, this *wasn't* a random inn.

It was part of the Dungeon.

No one had been prepared for that, not even the Delver's Guild, who thought they'd seen everything. They'd rolled up to the site of the latest Dungeon, only to discover that this Dungeon was *much* older than it should have been. The initial exploratory delve had found some perfectly normal low-level monsters...with an odd twists that most of them were *cute* or *suggestive*. Then, when they'd gotten down to floor five, a depth that shouldn't even *exist* in a new dungeon, they'd found the Town waiting.

Frankly, the whole thing had freaked them the fuck out. After all, normally floor 5 was a boss floor. Instead, what they found was an entire sprawling Town, all of it a 'safe zone,' with dozens of scantily clad spirits and dungeon fairies running all the usual delver-town services. The only party member who'd been stupid enough to try attacking one had very quickly discovered the floor *did* have defenses. Specifically, god-awful over-leveled security golems that shouldn't have appeared before floor *fifty* of a usual dungeon. That party member hadn't been killed, they'd just been manhandled *out* of the dungeon and magicked in such a way that the word 'Banned,' and a three day count down timer had appeared in lurid pink on his forehead.

Obviously, the guild had gotten the hint. They'd also had...concerns.

That, however, had been almost fifteen years ago, and now the Nirvana Dungeon was a known and mostly trusted quantity. Sort of. Kind of. More or less. It was the still *strangest* dungeon anyone had ever encountered, and its popularity was mixed, to say the least. On the plus side, it had *really* good loot, a nearly zero-kill rate, and the Dungeon Town offered a ridiculous amount of luxury by nearly anyone's standards.

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If only the Dungeon wasn't a bloody pervert!

Wibrix sighed as, now done with her shower. She quickly dried off with a stupidly fluffy and amazing towel...then started putting on her boobplate. It was excellent armor, stat wise. Extremely protective against both physical harm and elemental damage. A stellar find for a relatively low-level delver like her! Now, if only it didn't accomplish all of that with copious overuse of magical forcefields, leaving her considerable cleavage practically popping out the top. The fact that it had a cutout around her navel, left half of her legs bare due to his groin piece being more like a pair of skimpy panties in shape than armor, and had balance *boosting* six-inch stripper heels, did not help at all. Well, not in looking like a serious adventurer at least. Admittedly, it actually did make her both more agile than 'proper' plate would have been *and* help her actually look people in the face more often. She was a halfling, after all, so adding six inches to her height was actually sort of nice a lot of the time. Particularly for a tank like her.

Even so, if it wasn't for the fact that this sort of armor was pretty normal here, Wibrix wouldn't have the courage to step out of her bedroom wearing it. As it was, she was simply glad she wasn't a spellcaster. Some of the 'robes' the dungeon dropped for them were equally good...and barely had enough cloth to count as a handkerchief. Worse, the one rule all of the gear from the dungeon shared was that *covering it up* would make its magic stop working. Which left a whole town full of delvers running around in embarrassingly stripperific versions of armor, all of which somehow worked better than virtually anything you could get outside this specific dungeon. The less said about exactly why the dungeon *also* had a near-zero kill count the better, as well. Brix was just thankful she hadn't fallen afoul of any of the reasons in a serious way, yet...well, not *too* serious a way. For the most part.

Well, time to go meet with her delving group for the day. At least, she considered, she'd managed to snag an all-female party. Not that it was hard, given that female adventurers outnumbered males in this town for...reasons. Dungeon related reasons. Ones that she was both annoyed about and relieved over. She would *not* admit that she was, just possibly, also a little bit *intrigued* by some of those reasons. Not out loud, at any rate.

Brix smashed the Greater Boner in a hip-joint, causing it to half-collapse to one side and miss its own swing. It was always so, so tempting to hit it in the erect 'boner' between its legs. That was an auto-critical after all. But if you did that the Dungeon would sort of *wince* and everything for the rest of your run would get harder. Worse, according to the old-timers, if you did it too often the Dungeon took real exception and started making your runs miserable right from the start. For now, the miss and vulnerable moment from the Greater Boner was good enough. She took full advantage to whip her Warhammer back around and clock to skeletal monster right in the ribs. Two of them broke and the monster shuddered...then collapsed. She let out a relieved sigh, then growled as she heard moans behind her. Ignoring the Lesser Boners that were being off-tanked by two of her party, she whipped her head around and growled as she saw exactly what she expected.

"Damnit Julia! I told you to stop *letting* the Dickhead's bite you!"

Her mage, a somewhat short human woman, was kneeling down and frantically masturbating, the aphrodisiac-venom of the Dickhead snake species working on her. Most people could resist, but Julia

liked the result, so the venom worked stupidly fast on her. She was about to call her something far more *impolite* than her name when the party healer spoke up.

“Not her fault this time, ‘Rix! It dropped down from right on top of her and bit her in that juicy ass of hers!”

Ria, who as a goblin shaman was roughly Brix’s own height, pointed to the snake that she’d apparently crushed the head of with her staff, then pointed to a hole right about where Julia had been standing. Blast. The Dungeon had moved them again. It really *wasn’t* Julia’s fault this time.

“Fuck. Fine. We can spare you for the moment, get her back in the fight!”

Brix rolled her eyes at the gleeful smile on the goblin shaman’s face as she dropped her staff and dove between the masturbating mage’s thighs. That was the really debilitating part of the Dickhead snake’s crowd control venom. It would make you unbelievably horny to the point that you were compelled to masturbate...and it didn’t clear out until you came. Worse, you couldn’t cum at all until you’d burned through the venom. Which burned out at a rate relative to the pleasure you were getting. Thankfully, Ria was a complete pervert and was gleefully willing to ‘help’ anyone that got bit to speed things along.

Sighing, she turned back to the remaining fight. It was just the two Lesser Boner’s left in this wave now, both already hurting from the rest of the party’s efforts. She waded in against the first one, hoping the goblin did her usually good job of getting someone back in the fight quickly. This room always had three waves, after all, and they were only on the second...

“Fuck!”

That was the only word that Brix could get out as the trap closed on her. She’d never seen this one before, but she’d damn well heard of it. It wasn’t supposed to *be* on this floor damnit! She struggled, but already knew it was useless. Not only did the small pit she’d fallen into have fleshy sides her hammer couldn’t really hurt, but her armor was already glowing with the telltale transformation magic of the trap. Her thoughts warred for a moment between irritation and, though she’d have *never* admit it to anyone, intrigue. The results of Transformation Type Traps were all different, after all. At least to herself, she would admit that the one or two she’d been caught in before had been sort of fun. There was more than one reason that people kept using the Nirvana Dungeon. The fact that it would never *intentionally* kill you was one, the fact that it gave very good if...odd...loot was another.

Ultimately, though, it was fact that most of those who stayed either secretly or not-so-secretly enjoyed its theme and little ‘defeat’ conditions, that kept the Dungeon Town lively. That was the one truth that few people mentioned, but everyone knew. The last time Brix had gotten caught in a trap of this type, for example, she’d spent a week as an anonymous bunny-girl ‘NPC.’ A *horny* bunny-girl NPC that was available for a bit of fun at the right prices. The completely anonymous week of kinky sex with two dozen different delvers had been...fun. It had also opened her mind up to the fact that she was into women almost as much as men. But that was beside the point.

Specifically, the point that she was currently caught in one of the more complex types of Transformation Traps. One that didn’t target *you*, so much as it did your *gear*. Her boobplate armor

started shifting, even as her curiosity spiked, and then she gasped as the most obvious change took hold. Two thick shafts speared her lower holes one after another, both textured and knobbly in interesting ways. She'd already been wet, of course. No one made it more than a floor or two in the dungeon without sporting whatever their gender and species-specific signs of arousal were. As a result, the penetrations were merely surprising, not painful, particularly as the rear-entering shaft had been well-lubed in preparation.

She could feel other changes and shifts happening to her armor, but between her distraction and the dark of the fleshy trap, she couldn't sort them out. It was over a mere minute or so later, anyway, with the only additional obvious change being a sort of stinging sensation through both of her rock-hard nipples. Pierced, probably. The trap spat her back out, sending her tumbling in front of her girls, who had obviously been waiting for her. Ria wolf-whistled before she could get her wits back about her...but the sounds of glee from Julia were a bit more distressing. That girl had a specific range of fetishes that meant her current changes were likely to be...irritating.

As she blinked the spots out of her eyes and started examining the changes to her armor, Brix groans as she quickly discovered why Julia looked a little jealous. The fact that her armor was slightly skimpier was far less important than the fact that all of the pieces now have *locks* on them, with heart shaped motifs around each lock. Oddly, some locks had more hearts, drawn within other hearts, than others. A few quick tugs and attempts to remove anything prove her thoughts right. Aside from her gloves, which thankfully come off without issue, everything else is locked onto her body. Add in the impaling shafts which are already proving to be *distracting* as she moves and twists, and this is absolutely right up Julia's alley. Sighing, she turned to face the mage and gave in.

"Alright. You clearly know something Jules. Spit it out. What's up with the armor?"

Julia squealed happily, bouncing on her toes with excitement as she practically tripped over herself to explain.

"It's the Chastity Heart Set, boss! I'm sooooo jealous!"

Brix groaned. That was...probably not great news if Julia was *jealous*.

"Tell me about it, please."

Her mage practically danced around her as she cheerfully did exactly that.

"Well, it's a chastity set, obviously! But it's the *best* kind. See those hearts on each piece? The number of them around each lock tells you how many actions you have to do to get out of each one! This set is the *best* because it escalates! Looks like...one session of oral to unlock the bra, two titjobs to unlock the anal plug, three rounds of anal to unlock your pussy, four rounds of regular sex to revert the whole set to your regular armor!"

Julia sighed dreamily as she came to a stop before her party leader.

"You're going to be at it a while boss! And the best part is, the set only lets you cum at each unlock! So you're going to be *teased* so awesome for like, probably a week, before you can cum! Then you'll cum *super hard* since it strings together all the climaxes you would have had! Oh maaaannn, I wish it had gotten me!"

Brix winced. Yep, she wished it had gotten Julia too. Julia was super into this kind of thing, after all. Brix, on the other hand, was probably going to go a little crazy. Even if the idea was a *little* bit hot. Ria, predictably, was quick to offer her help.

“I volunteer for helping you with the oral part!”

Of course you do Ria, of course you do...

Brix had, of course, taken Ria up on that offer of helping with the ‘oral’ unlock. The lewd nature of the Dungeon meant that every member of a party was on *intimate* terms with one another sooner or later, even if people weren’t always as enthusiastic about it as Ria. It wasn’t the first time she’d gone down on the goblin shaman as a result, which had made things considerably less awkward. As an important bonus point...it had let her remove the Chastity Heart Bra before sleeping. Since said bra had easily been the most uncomfortable part of the adjusted armor, that had been a heck of a relief.

The only real disappointment was that, with no way to get enough pleasure, she hadn’t been able to get the release of cumming from the unlock. Which was triply irritating, as she’d discovered that Julia had been very right about being ‘teased.’ The Chastity Heart armor’s inserts had been designed in such a way that even the slightest movements set them moving, and they actively buzzed when she gave someone else pleasure. The result hadn’t been nearly enough to cum when the bra had unlocked, but it had certainly left her horny as fuck.

Which was probably a good thing, given that she now needed to brazenly offer two people titjobs today. Well, at least people in Dungeon Town were used to the weirdness, and she was certain that her first stop would be a good sport about her request. With a final sigh that expressed her exasperation while disguising a certain amount of anticipation, she knocked on the frame of the leather shop. Not the front door, it was too early for Tana’s Tannery to be open yet. Brix had gone around the back, to where she knew Tana would be working on setting up the workshop area before she opened up for actual business. Something that had been readily proven as the door to said workshop had been half-open to let in the morning breeze. Yes, the 5th floor of the Dungeon had a breeze. No, no one was sure how and everyone had stopped asking questions at this point.

Tana herself was present, of course, looking just slightly annoyed when she looked up from prepping something or other on one of her workbenches. The annoyance that flitted across the large half-orc woman’s face vanished as she caught sight of Wibrix. Tana was one of exactly two people in the entire town who had known Brix before coming here, and one of her oldest friends too.

“Brix! It’s been too long since you dropped by! And since it’s not working hours yet, I’d wager it’s for something other than selling dungeon drops too! I’d ask business or pleasure...but I think I recognize that armor set. Chastity Heart, right?”

Brix nodded ruefully, not particularly surprised that Tana recognized it. Her friend had been in Dungeon Town a lot longer than Wibrix herself had. Said friend had, in fact, been the one that sold her on giving the dungeon a go, despite its reputation. Or, well, *because* of its reputation in Tana’s case. Tana O’Rillfaa was a big fan of the Dungeon, for the exact same reasons Brix had come to her first today, which was also the most likely reason for her to be familiar with the Chastity Heart armor. The Dungeon

had changed Tana in a very specific way that Tana was a big fan of...and which the more anti-male portion of the town found useful when things like Brix's situation came up. That portion of the town didn't include Brix, but Tana was still a good starting point.

"Hmmm, well, if you're asking what I think you are, I'm hardly going to say no to some free fun with my favorite half-pint! Which stage are you on? If it's the first two we can do it now, latter two and we should wait until later so I can make sure you enjoy it properly..."

Brix snorted but was quick to answer.

"Titjob stage. Figured you might enjoy a morning pick-me-up, and that I could get started on the other unlocks if I manage both titjobs this morning."

Tana's grin widened.

"Ohhh a short stack titjob! Those can be boring if the short stack isn't very stacked...but that's not the case with you! Always kinda wondered what those amazing boobs of yours would feel like wrapped around me cock! Let's find out!"

The cheerful half-orc was quick to pull off literally the only thing she was wearing, a thick leather apron. Which, while it set a bountiful set of boobs of her own bouncing...also revealed the reason why she was a preferred stop by the more anti-man portion of the town when they needed specific help. Namely, the rather large, half-hard cock swinging freely in front of the woman's own pussy. The cock was, of course, a Dungeon Edition, created by a transformation that Tana had zero interest in undoing. As far as the half-orc woman was concerned, the transformation let her have double the fun with the gender she preferred taking to bed anyway. The fact that the more lesbian-oriented groups in town universally preferred to have their cocks attached to a sexy woman when something went wrong that demanded one, just helped ensure that Tana had an easy time finding those bed partners. Partners who helped her satisfy the crazy sex drive it had also given her.

Brix might not be one of those lesbians, but she had to admit that Tana's muscled body went well with that cock. And this sort of thing, at least in Dungeon Town, was a little less awkward with a friend or party member. As such, she didn't bother with more than a bemused headshake at how quick Tana always was to 'whip it out.' Instead, she simply reached up to unclasp the Chastity Heary Bra, now thankfully without a lock. She dropped the bra to the floor, letting her admittedly hefty-for-her-size breasts drop free, lips quirking into a smirk as Tana's cock went rapidly from half-mast to full. Even knowing that the half-orc woman was always horny, it was still nice to know the view was appreciated.

Wibrix considered heights for a moment as she got close. She was particularly tall for a female halfling, being closer to four feet tall than three with the addition of her heels. Which didn't help all that much, given that Tana was six foot five. Sighing and *not* pouting, no matter what anyone else might say, Brix snagged a footstool and pushed it over to Tana, even as her grinning friend leaned back against a workbench, cock proudly raised in salute and humor in her eyes. At least she didn't actually say anything, leaving Brix *some* dignity. Stupid tall other races. She was totally going to find a gnome or a dwarf or something for her second titjob. They tended to have less fun sizes *elsewhere*, to go with the reduced height. But it wasn't really important for this round anyway.

Thankful for Tana's silence as she climbed up onto the stool, Brix accepted the oil that the half-orc had gotten from...somewhere. Given this was a leatherworking shop, various oils weren't exactly an unexpected thing to have around, but as Brix let a little of it spill over her chest and felt the tingle of magic, she was quite sure this wasn't *that* kind of oil. Resisting the temptation to roll her eyes at her friend for having pleasure oil on hand in her workshop, Brix licked her lips, oiled up her hands, and reached forward to run them appreciatively over that thick cock. It was big enough Brix could barely get around it even using both hands, and she resisted the temptation to play with its hefty size as she stroked it just enough to prepare it for the job at hand. Specifically, of course, the titjob at hand.

Once it was properly oiled up, Brix no longer attempted to hide her eagerness. The plugs inside her were already revving up a bit and, even if she knew any attempt to cum would be suppressed this time, she was still horny enough to be eager for more. She leaned forward, grabbing her breasts with both hands and pillowing Tana's cock between them. Halfling women all tended to be a bit larger up top that you'd expect for their height and Brix was even more so than most. She hadn't been, originally, but like Tana's and her cock, Brix hadn't been exactly interested in downsizing once she gained the extra heft from a Dungeon encounter. It did mean she'd had to work a bit harder on her training for a while to compensate for the changed center of mass, but watching even a Half-Orc's oversized cock disappear between them was far too heady a sight for Brix to give up!

Getting into it quickly, Brix threw her whole body into giving Tana the best titjob ever, even if the edging from the plugs was already starting to make her legs a little unsteady. If she worked hard enough, maybe she'd get to cum when she did the second titjob for the anal unlock? With that hopeful thought in mind, she redoubled her efforts, enjoying Tana losing control of her voice a moment later as a result...

It had been three days since she last came, and Wibrix was chanting the name of the random human she'd propositioned as he railed her from behind. He wasn't particularly hung, but he was a *human*, which meant that even his being average size for the species was more than enough to stretch Brix's ass out as she ploughed her. She was sure she was going to be embarrassed as fuck about this in the morning, but as she emptied his balls into her and she felt the lock click, finally releasing her pussy and letting her cum, she didn't care. She howled out her pleasure as her whole body shuddered through the days-denied release.

A few minutes later, she was too busy being half-passed out to complain when the wizard downed a stamina potion, cleaned off his cock, and decided round two was her freshly freed pussy. Oh well, even if it was going to mean she was horny as fuck all over again from not being able to cum, at least she'd been one unlock closer to getting the complete set transformation undone in the morning...

Brix was a little bit manic and a *lot* desperate as she rode the half-troll under her. It had been almost *four* days since she last came this time, having discovered a little detail that Julia either hadn't known or simply hadn't mentioned. You could only remove *one* heart of the same lock type per day, once you got past the first two stages. Something she'd only discovered after trying to speed run unlocking her pussy. That had meant three days between unlocking her ass and unlocking her

pussy...and four to be allowed to actually *cum* from all the sex her pussy had been getting since unlocking it. She'd gone a *little bit* around the bend trying to beat that, fucking her way through what felt like half a tavern on day two, to the point she'd needed healing potions for her one round on day three.

But now, horny and desperate as fuck, she had a subbie troll with a big cock chained to her headboard and she wasn't letting him go until she'd had her fill! She could feel his cock twitching as she road him hard...and then lights exploded behind her eyes even as she distantly remembered a *tiny* little detail that had probably been important. Julia had said *all the earned orgasms* would happen at once at an unlock stage...

Brix passed out, screaming her throat raw, as she was hit with a gangbang worth of orgasms all at once. Well, at least the troll could be able to regenerate the bruising to his dick from how hard she clamped down on him. Given his subbieness, maybe he'd even have liked it...

Wibrix smiled in satisfaction as she put her armor, her *regular* armor thank you very much, on after her morning shower. While she could understand a *bit* more now why Julia thought the sort of thing that she'd been through the last ten days or so was fun, it still wasn't going to be her new obsession. That was alright, though. For Wibrix, it was new experiences in general that were her thing. And now that she was free of the Chastity Heart armor, she could get back to delving to experience all sorts of those new things. The fact that those things were often both kinky and pleasurable was really just a bonus.

Whistling a merry tune, Wibrix Stoutfoot headed down the stairs of the Golden Hoof inn, looking for the rest of her party. It was a good day to go delving in Dungeon Town...

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