

Description: Vin has returned to the grave of his former steed Sisyphus and intends to raise his old departed steed from the dead with the help of his new Squire Sucky but the spell is a lot different than Vin's expecting.

Series: Laying the Dragon Chapter. 4

Kinks: Humaned, Cock and Ball Worship, Cock Growth, Size Theft, Titjob, Horse and Dragon Anthro, Mild Hyper, Lots of Cum, Rimjob, Transformation, Shemale, Futafication, Large Breasts, Bimbo and Musk

Laying the Dragon Chapter.4

Betty landed in front of Bargath's old dwelling, creating a large dust cloud which blew off towards the tree line as she landed. Her talons dug into the dirt as she squatted down on all fours, breasts pressing against the ground as she exclaimed, "We're here, master! And in record time too."

"Yes Betty, no faster steed has existed," Vin gave Betty a little pet on her scaled head between her horns.

"Hehe, thank you~"

"So is this where you buried your old steed, master?" asked Sucky as he hopped off Betty's back.

"Yes right over here," Vin stepped off his dragon bimbo steed and led the pair to a short dusty path off to the side of the cave. A short walk led into a very large clearing where a large marble monument of a horse stood above a pile of recently disturbed earth. The statue was finely detailed, showing both the horse's taught muscles mid gallop with even strands of engraved hair running up the hairs and around the hooves.

"Such an impressive gavestone," Sucky walked up awestruck by the craftsmanship, "surely you valued your seed highly."

Vin gave an affirming nod, "It was a statue in Betty's old hoard and I thought it would be put to good use as a grave for my dear departed horse."

"I dug the hole!" added Betty, her tail wagging as she noted her contributions to the site.

"Well master, if you wish for me to revive your old steed I need access to the body," said Sucky lifting up his clawed scaly hands, "shall I start digging?"

"Nah, I want you to reserve your strength," Vin gave his steed a little nod, "Betty will do the digging."

"Yes sir!" Betty gave a giddy salute as she scampered over the grave on all fours and put her claws to good work, exhuming the grave of poor Sisyphus.

"So do you need anything for the ritual?" asked Vin, watching as Betty tossed dirt behind her like a dog burying a bone, "My uncle is nearby and would surely have whatever we need."

"Oh not at all master, my faith in you is all I need."

"That's good—"

"And your bejeweled holy symbol I use as a butt plug."

"What."

"Look my master," Sucky bent over, lifted his tail and spread his thick boi-cheeks. His little fingers sunk into his cheeks as he showed off his puffy little bright red donut capped by the base of a large butt plug with Vin's face on it, behind him a small draconic visage of his seed Betty and a lance. All carved it what appeared to be gold with varying sizes of ruby gems making most of the detailing like; eyes, talons or finery. It was surprisingly accurate considering its primary function.

"How did you make that so quickly?" asked Vin, there were more questions but that was the first to come to his mind.

"Magic," he replied, proudly puffing out his massive boi-boobs as he stood up straight, "Now I will never lose my holy symbol!"

"Of course," said Vin, "now is there anything I should be worried about?"

"Hmmmm," Sucky stroked her chin, "not really master, the members of your Kobold clergy that have undergone the right always return stronger."

“That’s good.”

“But I will pass out for a few hours,” he continued, “the right does take it out of me.”

“I won’t let anything happen to my squire, you have my knightly vow!” Vin drew his sword and pointed it skyward. His form almost seemed to glow, his regal visage inspiring to behold (at least that’s what Sucky thought).

“Thank you oh noble master,” Sucky clasp his hands together, eyes wide and watery, his tail wagging fervently, “I will begin the spell as soon—”

“Done digging master!”

“Good girl,” Vin sheathed his sword and held out his hand to which Betty excitedly scrambled towards him. Her big old dragon boobs slapped against her stomach as she moved to Vin’s side, nuzzling against him. Vin gave her a pet on the head, scritching behind her horns as he peered into the grave of his dearly departed steed Sisypus.

The skeletal remains of his horse lay in that ditch, mostly excavated but completely picked apart of any flesh. Vin looked over to Sucky, “Is this enough to bring him back?”

“More than enough my master, a full body is best but in truth only a skull is truly needed,” continued Sucky as he leaned over the pit and Vin stood back.

Suck clasped his hands together, letting out a low guttural hum, his little nostrils flaring as he took deep breaths, getting deeper by the moment until he held for what felt like too long but before Vin said anything Sucky’s exhaled. His eyes glowed a pale red, flaring as from his maw exhaled a thick green gas with streaks of black. The twisting black vapors undulated, shifting in form; between twisting tendrils and claws. Demonic faces shifted behind the veil of that thick cloud, almost seeming like a revelry was going on just beneath the veil of that murky cloud.

Vin winced at the horrible sight, almost stopping Sucky but he remained stalwart, clutching the handle of his blade. There was a moment he felt an encroaching sense of doom as he saw visions dance in the caustic breath, reminding him of Bargath. Though as quickly as the gas flowed out of Sucky’s maw it swirled around the skeletal remains of Sisypus, cradling the skeletons on little clouds as it was lifted from the pit.

The loose horse skeleton hovered just a few feet off the grounds, the bones raising to make the rough outline of an equine. Smoke seeped into the joints and eyes of the sharp equine skull in little black tendrils. There was so much to take in but Vin realized that something was off. Not in a magical way or any sense he could feel but the way the spell had arranged the bones looked rather humanoid.

Vin looked to his steed, expecting to see Betty spooked but she seemed pretty uncaring. She had continued to nuzzle against Vin completely ignoring the horrific spell's infernal sequence. Betty looked up, tail slapping the hard earth as she asked, "So can we fuck now?"

"Not now, Betty. I think something is—"

THUD!

Sucky made quite the concerning sound as he fell on his back. Vin's eyes went wide for a second surprised before he uttered a quick, "Oh yeah, that's supposed to happen.

"Yeeees! Now I don't need to share," she exclaimed as she watched her master kneel beside Sucky, draping the bimboi in his red cloak.

"Sorry Sucky, should've caught you," Vin sighed as he quickly picked up Sucky and laid the body against a tree. He looked so peaceful, passed out with a big dumb smile on his face as he let out little snores. Vin was happy his new squire was alright, but...

"Hey master, was this horse supposed to be on two legs?" Betty pointed to the body of Sisyphus and Vin whipped his head around just in time to see the transformation finish.

The swirling black clouds had finished seeping into the bone structure and quickly the necessary meat began to grow. Muscle fibers sprung out from his skeletal joints, wrapping around his skeleton in thick fibrous bundles, nerves growing along the bones like roots. The entire process was rather short but left Vin speechless as that final layer of black horse fur started to grow. However instead of a normal stallion, the quickly forming body of Sisyphus was far more humanoid and feminine than expected of a steed.

Black hooved feet lead up into long digitigrade legs, covered with thick wavy fur around the hooves and packed with muscle. Thick thighs lead up into wide feminine hips, nearly rivaling Betty but between her legs sprouted a long equine cock. A long black equine shaft nearly eighteen inches, with a wide flared tip flopping out Sisyphus' sheath and

beneath, a round pair of saggy black horse nuts. Her stomach tightened, showing off a row of fuzzy well defined abs which lead into a pair of perky breasts like big jiggly melons.

The noxious cloud still clung to Sisyphus' body, sliding up her contours and into her quickly forming mouth and pointed horse ears. The sound of bone cracking was followed by the equine skull taking on some human features: smoother brow, larger forward facing eyes and a less pronounced snout. Though the ram horns that sprouted and spiraled from the sides of her head were new, alongside a long black unicorn-like horn completed a demonic nightmare visage. Yet, the fluffy horse tail and long black mane were unmistakably Sisyphus' (and so was the cock for that matter).

Then the thick black vapors dispersed as the anthropomorphic nightmare lowered to the ground. Vin gathered his courage, pushing back his doubts as he asked, "Sisyphus, is that you?"

The tall black haired equine's eyes opened, two large purple pools with animalistic black slits looked over their new body. A smile crept across her thick black lips, eyes seeming to fill with malice before they stared down at Vin. Almost expecting Vin to say something.

Vin grasped the handle of his sword, "I have brought you back from the dead with help from my squire but there is a chance you're possessed. If you are my loyal steed give me some answer that would prove that—"

"What are you doing to master!" Betty stood up on her legs and hissed, but the newly formed nightmare didn't pay her any mind as she leaned down to Meet Vin's eye. The spell started with a horse's mass and only so much could be allocated to tits and ass. Sisyphus' new body was easily a foot and a half taller than Vin, putting her height on par with Betty.

Sisyphus grabbed her former rider by the collar of his plate, leaned in and pulled him in for a kiss, pressing her fat freshly conjured lips against his as her long tongue twisted with Vin's. Sisyphus swapped saliva with her rider for a moment, her new nostrils flaring as she sucked back air in an attempt to keep her lips locked with Vin.

She had to eventually pull back, her long pink tongue trailing right behind her lips. Its length quickly slid back from Vin's lips; tongue tip forked like a snake and covered in sticky spit which she savored as it retracted into her salivating maw. She gave Vin a smile, almost sinister as she looked at him, "Does that answer your question?"

“No, why would it?!” Vin looked extremely confused but rightfully assumed that such a sloppy kiss would be the last thing a demon possessed horse would do. However he was still not sure it would be the first thing Sisyphus would do, even if he had returned to the land of the living as some sexed-up demonic nightmare.

“Before you were a horse,” he continued, “and now you’re a nightmare or a demoness or—”

“*Hehe*, well I’m not fully a mare, just look~” Sisyphus’ voice was smoky with deep yet silky tones. As she spoke she stepped back and bent over, spreading her firm furry ass cheeks, revealing an extra puffy horse asshole. A thick rim like a donut and a hole that gaped slightly as Sisyphus spread her cheeks. Beneath was her sweaty taint that led down into her fuzzy horse balls.

“Though I don’t mind being referred to as a mare, it feels more apt with my new body,” she continued, “Don’t you agree, Vin?”

“I suppose~”

“And didn’t I always present like this to you when I am in heat?”

Vin rolled his eyes, “Yes you did but somehow you’re less pushy now—”

“Wait you fucked a horse?” asked Betty, her expression shifting from mistrust to surprise.

“Kind of,” Sisyphus rubbed her flush cheeks as she continued, “my lordly knight used to fist my fat black donut every couple weeks. Mercilessly teasing my balls and prostate until I sputtered over the ground.”

Betty gave Vin a rather wide eyed look and he shrugged, “What? No one mentioned the ugly side of raising steeds. They go into heat and it makes it hard for the males to reach full speed and I need full force behind my lance.”

“*Huh*, I guess ya do the same for me, master!” giggled Betty, “so I shouldn’t be surprised.”

“Speak of, who is this... half-dragon bimbo?” Sisyphus wasn’t sure what she was looking at. The bimbo nuzzling up to her rider was definitely draconic and far more

endowed than even the most stacked harlots. Yet, there was something familiar about her aura.

“I’m Betty!” she cheered, “I’m Vin’s loyal mount and fuck pet.”

“That... that actually sums up her place rather well,” Vin pointed over his shoulder at the snoozing Kobold, “and that is Sucky my loyal squire, it was him who revived you.”

“I see, congratulations on finding such a powerful squire but what of what of Bargath,” Asked Sisyphus, “I assume—”

“That’s me!” giggled Betty.

“What?”

“I used to be super duper mean but Vin set me straight!” she continued in a voice filled with pep.

Vin rubbed the back of his neck, wondering how best to word the next part, “I used a spell on the dragon and this was the result—”

“I’m master steed too!”

Sisyphus narrowed her eyes at Betty but before she could speak up Vin said, “she’s completely harmless now, drained completely of her—”

“Murderous evil, blood lust and sadistic tendencies?” interjected Sisyphus in an annoyed tone.

“I was going to say brain cells.” Vin looked down into Betty’s glassy eyes, her tongue was out of her mouth as she panted, clearly horny.

“Well now you have no need for that stupid dragon.” Sisyphus pulled Vin into her embrace, grabbing his cheeks as she continued, “With this new body I can still serve as your steed and,” Sisyphus rubbed Vin’s codpiece, “do so much more.”

“Wait, hold on!” shouted Betty as she pulled Vin out of Sisyphus’ grasp and into her own, smushing her rider’s head between her soft dragon boobs, “I don’t wanna share—”

Vin looked up through his steed's scaled mammaries, "but you had no problem with me fucking an entire city's worth of Kobolds."

Sisyphus' eyes went wide at that comment, surprised at the sheer magnitude of that claim but before she could speak Betty continued, "*Uuuuummm*, yeah? It's like totes fine to use Kobolds, they're basically little fucksleeves. It would be weird if you didn't use them."

"But Sisyphus becoming my steed again is going too far?"

"Well, *duuuuh!* Kobolds are like made to be servants," Betty rolled her eyes, her voice plain and almost condescending like she was stating facts, "tool or toys, it's totes no big deal if you let'em do their thing."

"Sound Logic," Vin acknowledged.

"But like it's super cheating if you get another steed, give her a saddle, ride her and let her take your cock afterwards!" blurted Betty, her tone frantic and gaining in pitch, "It's my job and I won't hand it off to some gloomy horse bitch."

"I'm only gloomy cause you killed me," growled Sisyphus.

"You got better," she waved at Sisyphus dismissively, "so get over it sweetie and stop trying to muscle in on my knight."

Sisyphus's equine nostrils flared as she inhaled and let out a loud neigh, "*Hmmmmph*, how dare you"

STOMP!

STOMP!

Sisyphus' hooves planted themselves right in front of Betty, her sizable tits pressed against Betty's bimbo boobs. They were a fair bit smaller but their firmness pushed against the dragoness. Her pointy black nipples hardened, pressing against Betty's pink ones as she continued, "I was Vin's steed for years before he handed you a beating!"

"Who cares about time, I'm better," Betty pouted, sticking out her tongue at Sisyphus, "so Vin can leave you in a stable or somethin."

"Oh really," said Sisyphus, "How long have you been together."

“Like a couple weeks, I didn’t count.”

“And how many battles did you help my knight win?”

“Well, *uuuummm*... do the Kobolds count?” asked Betty as she peered down at Vin, who was now stuck between their tits.

“No they do not,” answered the smug equine, “and what do you know about the laws of chivalry or the nobility of the land?”

“Well not a lot... I do know that weird fae dragon is a—”

“You know nothing and have gained Vin no victories,” she interjected, “while I intently watched Vin grow from a young lad and helped him slay his first quarry.”

Vin poked his face up through the suffocating tit flesh, “to be fair Betty is new but Sisyphus has been with me forever, I don’t think I could send her to rot in some stables.”

“That’s what I thought.” proudly stated Sisyphus, gaining the upper hand.

“*Yeeeeeeah*, but... but I can fly!”

“So can I,” Sisyphus’ closed her eyes for a moment and from her back sprouted two large bat wings, big enough to match Betty’s wing span.

“*Mmmmmhhh*,” Better clenched her fists, poutiness turned to bratty anger as she shouted, “Well forget about that silly shit! I’ve drained master’s balls hundreds of times since I became his steed and I bet you’ve not tried to drain his balls once.

Sisyphus paused, she’d been infatuated with her rider for years. Vin was a wonder (albeit dense) master and she had developed as much of a crush as a horse could. Even faking heat for more intimate time together with her lord. Yet she couldn’t deny that not once had Vin accepted what she assumed were obvious advances. Probably due to the fact she was a horse. Sisyphus felt defeated but her Knight came to her rescue.

“Betty, he... she was a literal horse.”

“Does that matter?” asked Betty, “I was like a super big dragon and you still split me in half!”

“I—” Vin let out a sigh, “we both know that isn’t one hundred percent how it happened.”

“It’s close enough!” she blurted, squeezing Vin tighter.

“Betty is right,” interjected Sisyphus.

“She is?” asked Vin, nervous as the implications rushed through his brain.

“I should’ve serviced my knight,” Sisyphus knelt down in front of Vin and started unbuckling his armor, “but now we have to make up for lost time.”

“Hussy you get your hands—”

“And to prove my determination I demand a duel; the steed that manages to make our lord cum the most gets to be his steed for this day forward.” Sisyphus’ thick black lips curved into a smile, “unless, you don’t think you’re better than me.”

“Whatever!” Betty started to peel off Vin’s armor, “I may not do a lot of thinking or know about nobles but I won’t lose when it comes to milking master’s massive lance.”

“Don’t I get a say?” asked Vin as he felt the armor plates start to slide off his body.

“Yes, you could just pick one of us right now.” said Sisyphus as she started to slide down Vin’s trousers.

Vin sighed, “then continue.” He wanted to avoid offending either of his steeds (former or current), hoping they’d be a little less rowdy after they’d completed their “duel”.

“You’ve certainly gotten bigger since I last spied on you~” Sisyphus salivated at the sight of Vin’s cock. She cupped his heavy nuts, the ball flesh nearly spilled out of her hands as she cradled his mighty cum churners. They were matted in strands of his bright blond hair and so was his crotch. While his sizable shaft laid half hard overtop his nuts. Not quite the size of the newly revived demonic horse but truth be told, size didn’t matter to Sisyphus so long as it was her knight.

“You’re not the only one with more powers,” Said Vin, he put his hands on his hips and declared, “I’ve gained some girth befitting a knight.”

“It certainly suits you~”

“Master, why don’t you show your old steed your real size?” asked Betty, innocently fluttering her eyes, “If she is to be your steed she should know the true extent of your knightley lance.”

“Real size?”

“Good idea Betty,” Vin closed his eyes and concentrated for a second, then;

“Holy fuck!” Sisyphus’ eyes bulged, body shaking as Vin’s member swelled to over two feet long, tip nearly touching the floor. His fat cum churners fattened, both full and sagged slightly reaching his knees; each nearly the size of Sisyphus’ head. It was a member that Sisyphus could shove her snout into and smother herself with. She wondered if her new demonic body could handle it because this new lance was way too big for a normal horse.

Betty lifted her chin up and let out a bubbly giggle, “Quit now bitch and save yourself the embarrassment of being broken by master’s—”

“Sorry can’t hear you, Vin’s cock is in the way,” interjected Sisyphus as she buried her snout between Vin’s heavy nuts.

“Whore,” Betty pouted as she planted a kiss on the tip of Vin’s quickly hardening dick.

“*Mmmhmmm, snoooooot, snooort~*” Sisyphus gave only the barest grunt of acknowledgement as she filled her new lungs with Vin’s sweat. How many times did she dream about doing this when she was still a stud? However, such thoughts were now unnecessary, not while she got to indulge in her knight’s manly musk and by the smell he’d been riding for over a day without pause.

Sisyphus couldn’t hold back and indulged her new desires, black horse cock hardened and throbbed building with thick dark purple veins. Her new body carried with it so much lust, Sisyphus felt like every breath was bringing her closer and closer to squirting her brains out. The tingle she felt as her long forked tongue snaked around Vin’s nuts, made her cock leak with every drop of sweat she lapped up.

“You’re super hard,” giggled Betty as she squished over half of Vin’s shaft between her tits. Nearly a foot and a half of dick was gently squished as she continued, “that forked tongued whore might actually be a half decent fluffer.”

“Mhhnnnggh-huuuhn~” Sisyphus barely registered the insult, her brain absolutely fried on boy musk, she had less than zero experience servicing a man but her new demonic half gave her some much needed instincts. Her tongue slithering from her thick black lips as it tickled every inch of Vin’s sack. Little rivulets of horse slobber oozed from her thick lips as she kissed his balls, trickling down Vin’s heavy nuts and dripping down onto the ground in thick ropes.

“Hmmpmmph,” you’ll have to do better than that,” spat Betty, giving her competition an evil glare, “Vin’s mighty meat needs more than a bit of sloppy ball worship to cum. I bet you’re brain completely shut off when you—”

“Betty, why don’t you put that mouth to good use,” ordered Vin as he let out a tired sigh.

“Totes!” giggled Betty, forgetting about whatever the hell she was on about to obey her master’s orders.

Betty stepped up and started squishing her elbows into her massive tits, making sure they formed tight’n soft fuck sleeve. While her draconic maw started to swallow inch after inch of Vin’s mighty lance; Sisyphus wasn’t the only one with a long tongue. The soft interior of Betty’s maw was accompanied by her tongue wrapping around Vin’s shaft, tickling and teasing all his thick veins as she took every inch she could into her throat.

“Pheeew,” you two certainly are loyal steeds,” Vin clenched his teeth, trying not to cum so quickly. Yet, it seemed like neither of his steeds were content to let him enjoy their sloppy cock worship. Both girls were attacking all his most sensitive spots, trying desperately to be the one to push Vin over the edge. However to Vin there was little difference and their frenzied cock slurping all morphed together as his fat cock pulsed.

“Alright Betty, I’m going to cum—”

“Mmmhhhoohoo!” cried Sisyphus as she quickly pulled her face out of Vin’s nuts and pushed her way beside Betty, her voice a low whine as she said, “cum on me too~”

“Ahhhnn, hu-hey bitch what are you—”

“Mmmmghhr,” Vin interrupted his steeds as he blasted a hot load of cum over their faces and tits. A thick stick of rope of hot human cum painted their tits and filled their open mouths, shutting up both mewling steeds the second they felt the taste of their master overwhelm their senses. By the time Vin was finished cumming they were both practically painted white from their faces to their tits.

“Soooo guuuud, mmmmmph~” Sisyphus was the first to let out a sloppy mewl. She retracted her cum coated tongue into her mouth and savored the thick cum before letting out a heavy groan, “this seed could impregnate an entire stable of greedy mares, how are you this virile now?”

“Master is the fucking best,” mewled Betty after finishing the load Vin so lovingly shot over her long pink tongue, “his stupid little dragon is so happy to be fed his tasty seed. I don’t have to eat anything else other than his tasty jizz jelly!”

“Really, mmmmmph~” Sisyphus felt her tongue tingle and cock leak as she lapped a glob of Vin’s cum off her tits. Somehow she completely believed Betty, something about the way Vin’s seed filled her belly and clung to her tongue made surviving on a cum based diet seem possible and it tasted a hell of a lot better than hay.

“Now clean up Betty and then we’ll continue once you’re presentable~”

“Yes master,” cooed Betty as she started lapping cum off her own face and snout. Her tongue easily had the length to clean up her frosted tits and snout, wriggling into all her contours as it eagerly cleaned up Vin’s load. Little mewls escaped her mouth as she sucked down Vin’s thick seed and in the moment she seemed to forget about the competition.

While Sisyphus took a moment to watch, wallowing in the stink of Vin’s load. She felt utterly marked by her lordly lover and didn’t quite want to quickly lap up his load like a bitch drinking water but she had no choice. She didn’t want to seem inferior to the dumb bimbo dragon and put her new tongue to good work. Which made Sisyphus realize many things about her new nature.

What should have been a humiliating act; lapping cum off her own body didn’t even cause an ounce of shame, if anything it made her even more horny. Every single mouthful of her beloved knight’s nasty nut sludge made her cock pulse and leak, her fat black nipples twitching and ass puckering with every drop of cum swallowed. Sisyphus was pretty sure she came at least once in the haze, leaking out a pathetic load of mare

cum as she gobbled down spunk like a hungry succubus but despite her new body she still couldn't suck down spunk as fast as Betty.

"Mmmmp, all done, master~" Betty opened her maw and showed off her completely clean tongue, every drop of seed had been swallowed and this was done while Sisyphus was still cleaning cum off her snout.

"Good girl," said Vin, "now present yourself and we can get started."

"Yaaaaay, really fuck up my insides master, I wanna show off how much I can stretch," Betty went down on all fours and lowered her fat dragon ass to Vin's crotch height. She lifted her tail and wiggled her butt against Vin's crotch while giving Sisyphus a smug little smile.

"Mmmmggh, but—" blurted Sisyphus, blowing a cum bubble as she tried to get Vin's attention.

"Don't worry, you'll have your turn next," he interjected as he slowly slid his cock into Betty's butthole, "For now you can relax and watch—"

"No!" Sisyphus pouted and quickly scraped up every last drop of Vin's seed. He watched, a little awestruck as she even lapped up the spit globs on the ground. He almost didn't notice Betty start to move her hips up and down his cock.

"Ahhhnnggh," Sisyphus' head sprung up and she opened her maw, covered in strands of spit and cum before drooling, "I'll show that I'm way better than that stupid whore!"

"Ahaha, fat chance slowpoke~" Betty let out a smug laugh as she started moving against Vin's meat.

"I will not lose to that stupid little lizard and I know how to please you better." Sisyphus crawled behind Vin and spread his twinkly man ass open, revealing his slightly hairy anus which was a lovely shade of pink and rimmed by little blonde hairs.

Vin got a little nervous as he saw Sisyphus' cock start to wag and shake between her legs, *"Uuuuhmm, what are you doing, Sisyphus?"*

Sisyphus licked her black lips as she moaned, "Just returning the favor, *mmwaah~*"

"Mmmhnnnn," Vin let out a masculine grunt as he felt Sisyphus' lips press around his rim, her tongue prodding his asshole.

"Does that feel good my lord," asked Sisyphus, easily speaking as her tongue tickled her master's prostate; another natural talent.

"Mmmhhhhmmm!" grunted Vin as he bucked his hip, his heavy nuts slapping against Betty's thighs.

"Good, I will make sure you're milked dry, unlike that silly dragon... *mmmmph~*" Sisyphus buried her snout between Vin's cheeks, happily tainting every breath with her master's scent. The raw sweaty stink clung to her nostrils and filled her lungs, making her brain fuzzier with every sloppy wet kiss.

She wondered if she'd be like Betty soon? A big dumb bimbo that was utterly addicted to Vin, unable to do much if any thinking without being prompted. Though, the thought Sisyphus would be kissing Vin's ass for the rest of his life didn't seem so bad, in fact it made Sisyphus very excited.

"Nyyppphhmm," she snorted as her thick black cock burst, shooting ropes of cum under Vin's nuts and over Betty's feet.

"Mmmnn, eeeewww! Aim that nasty cock somewhere else," sputtered Betty as he stomach got bulged she kicked back, slapping Sisyphus cock, "I don't want you getting any of that stinky cum on me or *mmnnn—master~*"

"Mmmhnnnnn," Sisyphus felt her cock sputter and shoot ropes at the sudden kick. There was a moment when masochistic pleasure threatened to completely break her brain, Sisyphus' cock felt like it was going to keep spewing cum forever, but she managed to hold onto what little senses she had. She paused, taking a deep breath, gathering what senses she had left as she continued kissing Vin's asshole.

I hope he lets me do this again~ Sisyphus thought as her eyes rolled up into her head, hands groping Vin's firm butt cheeks for support as she felt Vin increase his pace but she wouldn't let up. Her tongue slurping and wriggling in the deep folds of Vin's ass, determined to make him blast the heaviest nut of his life.

"You're both, *nnnggh-* relentless," grunted Vin as his movements got a lot heavier. He had tried shaking Sisyphus off his cheeks but

"Nyygggghh!" Vin felt Sisyphus' nostril's exhale, hot breath caressing his cheeks.

"Hnnnnngghhh, shu-shut up you dumb horse whore, master's getting close!" shouted Betty as she felt more horse cum coat her talons but at this point she didn't care.

Betty's expression melted as Vin bucked his hips, his cock tip bashing the back of her baby box with merciless precision. He'd gotten a little tired of their constant fighting and wanted the comforting sound of sloppy mewls to be the only thing he heard. The tip of his shaft dug deep in Betty's belly, expanding it to the point the massive distended outline of his cock was poking between Betty's tits. Which only fueled his dumb dragon ditz's fervor.

"Yeeeeesh, yeeees, heehee!" Betty drooled over herself, tits swinging as she pushed her hips back, meeting Vin's thrusts, "Fucking fill up your stupid slave and show that wretch that I am yours *foooooorever!*"

Vin grabbed the Base of Betty's tail and supported himself as he leaned over, his squishing against her fat ass. His cock pulsed over and over again, tip swelled and spewed pre-cum deep in Betty's belly. Betty looked back, her tongue flopped out of her mouth like a bitch in heat as she mewled, *"Fuh-fiiill meeeeh!* I want that bitch to watch you bloat me full of seed."

"Take my load you greedy dragon!" Vin blasted his nut deep into Betty's belly, filling up his draconic seed with tons of hot ball spunk. Even more than he blasted on the pair's faces, his load filled Betty to the point her belly touched the floor. Leaving Betty looking like she'd be ready to give birth to a clutch of Dragon eggs.

"Uuuuhnnnn, uhm-impressive my lord," Sisyphus began to mowl, her tongue still slowly exiting Vin's anus, leaving his rim and taint spit soaked as she pulled back, "Only you could produce such virile loads."

"You did good to," Vin reached back and gave Sisyphus a pet on the head, running his fingers through her mane, "not the treatment I expected but nice nonetheless."

"Mmmmmhmmm," Sisyphus expression lit up, losing all its fierceness as the tips of her hooves playfully scraped the ground. She couldn't remember the last time she'd gotten praised by her knight but she didn't want it to end. However....

"Hehehe, look at how much I milked out~" Betty's eyes fluttered as Vin slowly pulled his meat out of her cream packed cunt.

“Not impressive, your hips gave out near the end and you made Vin do most of the moving,” spat Sisyphus.

“He was already cumming you stupid horse.”

“Yes he was,” responded Sisyphus, “and it was thanks to my loving rimjob.”

“*Mmmhhnnph*,” Betty puffed out her cheeks, “*b-bu*-but I could’ve done that too and besides I’ve got the extra hole, do you?”

“No I don’t but Vin can always fix that if he wishes.”

“What do you mean?” asked Vin.

“It’s it obvious my Lord, I want you to drain me dry.” Sisyphus went down on all fours, hooves digging into the earth as she pushed her ass up, “do to me what you did to Bargath the bitch boi and make me a real mare.” Sisyphus went down on all fours, hooves digging into the earth as she pushed her ass up, swaying her hips gently.

“It’s Betty!” she shouted, her expression furious.

Though Vin just pet her on the head and injected, “Calm down Betty.”

“Yes master!” she mewled as she let out little coos.

“But are you sure about that, Sisyphus,” Vin pulled his meat out of Betty’s cunt, allowing some of his thick seed to spill out onto the ground, “I’m not one-hundred percent sure I can control the rate of—”

“Oh no, you might turn me into a mare, whatever will I do~” Sisyphus’ voice went from sarcastic to sloppy as she pressed her anal donut against Vin’s cock, “Now drain me dry, my body exists for my knight to ride.”

“It’ll be just like old times,” said Vin as he grabbed his mare’s hips, pressing his tip against her asshole.

“Except you’ll be lancing *meeeh!*” Sisyphus’ voice broke, hitting a high pitch as she felt Vin’s meat enter her bowls, bloating her stomach with the outline of his dick. There was a moment she thought her stomach was gonna burst but her new body was incredibly stretchy, following whatever magical laws affected Betty.

Sisyphus' belly stretched to take her knight's mighty meat hammer, his shaft crushing her swollen prostate before he was even fully inside. Her fat flared cock tip swelled, cock waving and flopping as Vin started to thrust. The feeling was a hundred times more intense than those masturbation sessions. It was like her cock was being crushed, wringed out for all it was worth. Then the magic actually started and Sisyphus thought her brain was going to melt and dribble out of her ears.

"Hnnnyyyhhhuu!" Sisyphus let out a loud groan, sucking back air as her body started to shine with a pink outline. It crept into the edges of her vision and tickled the hairs from her mane all the way down to her hooves.

"You might not be master's steed," said Betty as she squatted at Vin's side, her inflated cum belly filling the space between her thighs, "but soon you'll be his sex sleeve and maybe you'll manage to be equal to a kobold."

"Please Betty," grunted Vin, picking up pace, "I am~ *mmmmph*, *tuh*-trying to concentrate."

"Sooowwwy master, it's just so hot watching you drain britches," commented Betty as she nuzzled against Vin's thigh, "I'll be good until ya finish."

"Huuuuhhhnnn!" Sisyphus' eyes fluttered, brain melting in her skull as she felt Vin's massive cock scrapping out her bowels with ease. There was no pause to his thrusts; each one causing his balls to smack against her smaller horse nuts.

A sudden jolt of pleasure shot up Sisyphus' spine, every thrust was making her cock shake and shoot out ropes of hot cum over the ground. It was like she was cumming multiple times from both ends, but the thrusts didn't just feel good. Each one eroded what was left of the Nightmare's masculinity.

With every rope Sisyphus shot she lost an inch of cock length, her hips increasing in size as her breasts climbed up the cup size. Sisyphus looked down and watched her former manhood diminish, muttering, *"Huuuhhnn, suuuh guuuud~"* The pleasure of finally becoming her knight's sperm dumpster outweighing whatever value she placed in her inches.

Sisyphus was more than willing to give up every inch of her former imposing cock size. She could feel Vin's size swelling with every bit of her essence Vin absorbed, virility

climbing higher by the second. Vin' cock pulsating with her stolen masculinity, pressing down on her p-spot with brutal accuracy as her body bimbofied.

Those thick black lips got poutier, hips reached out wider than her shoulders, her breasts nearly doubled in size reaching the point she could rival Betty's boobs in size and perkiness. Vin's hands sunk into soft, fluffy, quickly expanding hip flesh, nearly disappearing as the biggest booty he'd seen pushed back against his thrusts and finally she grew a puffy slit. A needy wet horse muff with a big pink clit, which winked from under its hood.

However unlike Betty the Bimbo she managed to hold onto two things, her intelligence and her cock. Between Sisyphus' legs remained her greatly diminished cock. A tiny horse penis, no larger than three centimeters wagged like an excited dog's tail while her little tangerine sized testicles throbbed, unable to keep up with the constant orgasms. Now Sisyphus could only spew pathetic droplets of clear cum as Vin scraped out her anus, completing the total erasure of whatever male parts of Sisyphus' brain that still existed. She deeply hoped Vin would put her inches to better use than she ever did.

"Ahhhnngg, muh-m-my lord..." Sisyphus' smoky voice was weak, her breaths deep and labored as she turned back with pulsating black hearts in her eyes, *"du-did you enjoy sucking me dry~"*

"It was exhilarating," exhaled Vin as he paused his pumping, his voice showing signs of tire, "but it doesn't look like I drained you dry~"

Vin balls rubbed against Sisyphus' little dicklet as he continued, "you've still got this cute little colt cock."

"Mmmhmmmm, it's just decoration at this point," she moaned, new pussy throbbing like crazy, "you're free to take that too, my inches look so much better on you, my lord."

"I think it suits you, Sisyphus," continued Vin as he moved his hand up, gently tracing Sisyphus' new clit, "and so does this mare pussy. Now you're no longer down a hole."

"Hehehe, thu-thanks," wheezed Sisyphus, her new drooling mare muff squirting over Vin's nuts, "I've always wanted one."

"I'll make sure to break it it probably before—"

“Why wait?” she wheezed, drool dripping from her lips as she reached back and spread her cheeks, hooves dug into the ground as she braced herself, “Just shove it in my new muff and break me in hard!”

“Then let’s get you used to the hard rides!”

“Ahhhhnnnnnggg, fuck my muff!” she cried as her virginity was brutally taken by Vin ripping his cock out of her gaping anal donut and shoving it deep into her fresh slit.

Then without pause Vin mounted her ass; he climbed on the back of her digitigrade legs and thrust deep into her cunt, his heavy nuts swinging and slapping against her thighs like heavy wrecking balls, filling the grove with the sound of hard: *plap, plap, plaping!*

“You’re as tight as a maiden,” grunted Vin as he grabbed her demonic ram horns for support.

“*Issshhh aaahmm aahn muh-mahy-duhn!*” cried Sisyphus experiencing a sensory overload as her virgin cunt went from fresh to stretched in seconds. The entire length of her rider’s massive human meat was churning up her new folds, using every last inch of space to pleasure his penis. While Sisyphus panted like a bitch in heat, wheezing as she tried desperately to stay standing during the onslaught.

“Not anymore!” shouted Vin as he started rutting deep, pulling Sisyphus’ head back as her expression shifted to a sloppy ahgao.

“*Wooowie*, you’re really given it to her master,” commented Betty as she clapped her hands, “now that you’re like done with the magic n’stuff, I’mma gonna show this dumb mare what real ball worship is~”

“Oh really?” grunted Vin as he mercilessly pounded his

“Totally, I used to be a god, meber? I know a thing or two on how real worship is performed,” Betty licked her lips as she crawled behind Vin and laid his heavy nuts on her tits, cradling them gently. She grabbed Vin’s thigh and started to gently kiss all over the back of Vin’s sack as he rutted, leaving big sloppy wet kiss marks all over his balls.

Then her tongue started quickly darting over every inch of his sack, even tickling the exposed base of his cock while Vin remained balls deep. Betty’s ball lapping was very fast unlike Sisyphus’ slow snake-like movements. She ran her long draconic tongue

over every inch of Vin's balls, teasing all his sensitive spots as her hands slowly massaged his cum factories, edging out tons of pre-cum.

"Mmmmmhmmm, don't hold back that thick load, master," cooed Betty.

"Hnnngghhh, I agree!" mewled Sisyphus, with cross eyes, *"p-puh-lease fill meeeh!"*

"Totes, that way you can get back to fucking me sooner!" Betty let out little giggles between frenzied licks up and down Vin's dick. While the entirety of his shaft was being wringed out by Sisyphus' tight muff. All those demonic muscles devoted to milking out a hot load of extra virile cum. How could Vin resist?

"I could pull out just in case—"

"Nuuuuuh, fffhiiii meeeh," wheezed Sisyphus, her voice weak but incredibly desperate. Her new cunt clamped down, practically sucking the load out of Vin's cock. Her womb entrance sealing around his fat tip, she wanted to make sure every last drop of his thick cum was deposited as deep as possible.

"Then hopefully you can handle the flow," shouted Vin through gritted teeth. The squeeze on his shaft was heavy but he still burst. His thick sperm ropes filled up every single centimeter of space in Sisyphus' new womb, swelling her belly to the point she looked packed with clots.

"Nyyyyggghhnn," Her little black dicklet shook, throbbed and sputtered a pathetic rain of clear pre-cum as her belly pushed up against her swollen tits, her prostate absolutely crushed as Vin's nuts throbbed against her

"Mmmmph, your cum churns didn't even shrink, unlike this sissy," Betty retracted her tongue into her mouth and gave Vin's sack one final kiss.

"Sooooo fuuuull," Sisyphus wheezed, rubbing her cumflated belly.

"I made sure to fill you to the brim," exhaled Vin as he dismounted Sisyphus, stepping back off her back legs, "give you something in return for those inches."

"Mmmmhnnnn, you're too kind—"

"She looks a lot better with a micro penis master," giggled Betty, "She might be smaller than a Kobold now~"

"Mmmhhhhmmm, I completely agree," she continued, her voice sloppy, "now tell me my lord, who is the better steed."

"Clearly me," interjected Sisyphus as she stood up straight, wobbling for a moment as she found her balance.. Her distended cum belly jiggling as she stood up and looked down at Betty, "Look at how much our lordly knight filled me, surely I would be a better steed than this lowly lizard."

"Lizard!!? You fucking thot," Betty got in Sisyphus' face, her brow narrowing, "clearly master likes my tight dragon muff *waaaaay* more than you dirty mare pussy. Just look at my belly!"

Sisyphus' distended belly pressed against Betty's as she spat, "Look at mine your bubbly idiot!"

"Then let's ask, master!"

"Yes lets," Sisyphus turned to face Vin, giving him the side eye as she asked, "who did you fill up more, your loyal steed or this used up draconic whore."

"Shut it, horsie!"

"Uhhhh," Vin stammered, to him both girls looked equally filled. Betty's belly pushed up her fat bimbo tits and Sisyphus' belly sagged, covering her little girl cock but neither seemed to have the edge on the other.

Vin let out a shrug causing Sisyphus to snort, letting out a loud angry, *"Neeeiigh!* But my lord, this horrid monster killed me and may do the same to you one day!"

"I got better!" shouted Betty, her demonic face seemed flustered by the comment.

"Why don't I just get a carriage and both of you can carry me around?"

"But what if we have to fly?" asked Sisyphus.

"You both can just alternate," Vin said with a shrug, unsure if his suggestion would actually satisfy his cumbloated pet's competitiveness but the pair shared a glance.

"Agreed," said Sisyphus.

“Totes, now can you stuff it in my ass next?” asked Betty, wiggling her hips. Her tail was up and her cheeks were pressing up against Vin’s cock within a second, “It’s been too long since I got a butt fucking!”

“Fine but after this I want to return to some more normal adventures,” exhaled Vin.

“And you will, my knight,” Sisyphus placed her hands on Vin’s shoulders as she leaned in and whispered, “but first you must take care of your steed’s heat.”

Vin smiled and let out a sigh as he sunk his cock into Betty’s asshole, her anal rim tightly squeezed his meat as it slid inside. He turned his head as he grabbed the base of Betty’s tail for leverage and said, “Of course, Sisyphus and you should return to your duties if you want your turn to come quickly.”

“Yes my master,” moaned Sisyphus as she dove to her hands and knees, belly pressing against the ground and face melting as she started kissing Vin’s asshole again, rimming his hole as he continued to satisfy his steeds.

Author’s Notes: For those who like goofy details. The spell that Sucky cast;

Call of the Dreth Draketh

Conjuration (Healing)

Level: 8th

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One Minute

Range: 15 ft Cone

Target: One Dead Creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Yes

Spell Resistance: Yes

The breath of the Blasphemous Dragon is baleful, carrying the spirits of thousands of plague demons but can also give life when channeled by his priests. You breathe a small cone of baleful green and black vapor. The smell of brimstone and

sharp caustic aromas fill the air as the vapors are absorbed by the subject's corpse, igniting the spark of life in the once deceased.

Their bodies are animated, returning to true life but at a terrible cost. The dead return with demonic zeal granted to them by the dark god but they must make a DC:25 will save or be consumed by the demon, returning as a wretch but if they succeed the subject returns wholly themselves with the half-fiend template.

The casting of this spell will cause the caster to collapse for 1d6 hours, better bring guards in case the spell backfires.

Note: Becoming Infernal may change different beginnings in different ways.

Focus: A Holy Symbol worth 10,000 gp