

Role Playing Games

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

Normally, the third weekend of every month was the time Mike looked forward to most. He and his closest friends from college all got together in their virtual tavern and played Dungeons and Dragons for a full forty eight hours. It was fantastic and not too long ago they had finally wrapped up a year long campaign. Last month had been their planning time, meaning tonight was supposed to be the start of a brand new campaign. An exciting time for everybody.

Daniel had acquired a new preplanned campaign and sent the files to all their VR headsets so all he had to do was slip on the goggles and he would be good to go. Unfortunately for Mike, this particular campaign came with a twist for him.

"Fucking idiot." He sighed, remembering the stupid decision that had gotten him into this mess in the first place.

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The dragon raised its head and breathed a boiling jet stream of fire down upon his shield. Luckily, he'd had it enchanted so that it protected not only him but Richard's wizard as well. Which was fortunate, without armour that would have been a one hit knockout if it connected. The pair of them ducked behind a large boulder where their cleric and rogue, Clair and Henry, were waiting.

Mike gripped his sword tightly, his shield strapped securely to his arm. The group of friends stood in a semi-circle, their determined faces illuminated by the flickering flames still burning against the hot stones. The dragon towered over them, its scales glistening in the dim light. Its eyes burned with a malevolent intelligence.

It snarled, revealing rows of razor-sharp teeth, and smoke billowed from its nostrils. Things were bad, they were out of healing potions and Clair was out of spells, any more hits and they were at risk of a total party wipe, a year long campaign ending with them all dying was hardly satisfying.

"I'll try to get behind him, that way he can't aim his breath at all of us." Henry whispered, disappearing into shadow for a moment thanks to his magical items.

The dragon seemed to follow regardless, reaching out a great claw and plucking the invisible rouge from the air and tossing him through the air. The rest of the group groaned as his hit point hit zero and his avatar disappeared. No doubt the real Henry was now awake in the real world cursing.

Mike, undeterred, took advantage of the dragon's momentary distraction and charged forward, his sword gleaming in the torchlight. He expertly deflected the dragon's claws with his shield, his muscles straining against the force. With each clash, he pushed himself harder, determined to seize victory. It was then that he made his mistake.

"ScorchFang's weakness is his wings, we need to aim for those!" He called, jumping high into the air and bringing his sword down on the delicate membranes and tearing a great hole in one.

The dragon roared in pain and the other three all jumped in after him, even Clair managed to do a little damage with her tiny little mace. The wings shredded and they all cheered watching the HP bar slowly diminish until there was barely anything left. Victory in his eyes, Mike gave a mighty leap, he thrust his sword upward, aiming for the underbelly of the beast. His blade found its mark, piercing through the dragon's scales and sinking deep into its flesh.

A thunderous roar reverberated through the cavern as the dragon crashed to the ground, its immense weight shaking the very foundation. Mike stood his ground, his sword still embedded in the dragon's body. The dragon's breath weakened, its fiery gaze flickering and fading.

A moment later, the campaign victory signal appeared in the air and Henry was back, looking thunderous.

"I was watching in spectator mode." He said curtly, "How did you know his weakness? We never found that out, we lost the with the information about ScorchFang's weakness' scroll before we could read it."

Mike blinked. Oh yeah, he'd forgotten that.

"You read the module, didn't you!" Clair cried, "You cheated!"

"Well..." Mike blushed, "I just really didn't want to lose right at the end! And I figured we went to all that trouble to get the scroll, it wasn't fair that Richard fumbled one dexterity check and we lost it!"

"That's just how the game goes." Richard growled, "Come on man, we agreed no meta gaming."

"Alright, I promise not to do it again." Mike said sincerely, "Scouts honour."

He did feel a little guilty, it hadn't seemed like such a big deal really.

"Once a meta gamer, always a meta gamer." Henry crossed his arms, "You need some sort of punishment."

"Punishment?" Clair raised an eyebrow, "What are we, seven?"

"I'm with Henry." Richard nodded, "Mike broke the rules, I think he should have a disadvantage next campaign."

*"What?" Mike gaped, he **hated** being debuffed.*

"I think it's fair." Clair shrugged, "That or we can't trust you to play."

Mike bit his lip; his Dungeons and Dragons weekends were his favourite thing in the world and campaigns could go on for months, years even. The idea of missing out for that long was unthinkable.

"Alright, what did you have in mind?"

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What a stupid question that had been to ask. He should have suggested some sort of debuff himself rather than leaving it up to Henry and Richard of all people, Clair was a pushover, she'd just go along with them no matter what. He picked up the VR headset and sighed; the little campaign and character chips were already inserted.

"Your punishment," Henry had told him last week at session 0, "Is that we get to decide the race, class and appearance of your character for the next campaign."

To an outsider, that might sound like he was getting off easy but Mike knew Henry better than that. He was diabolical, he had a tendency for playing edge, dark characters and indulging in some of the darker aspects of their fantasy adventures. If he was in charge he was probably going to end up as something humiliating.

“Oh and standard role play rules apply.” Richard had added, “You’ll get a profile when you log in, you’d better stay in character the whole time or else!”

“It’s better than no game at all.” Mike sighed, laying down on his bed and slipping the headset on. He pressed the button at the side and felt the familiar tingling sensation spread throughout his extremities as the VR took hold.

For a moment his whole body was numb; the newest VR tech was really something else. It was more than just visuals, it was the whole shebang; you could feel, taste, smell, hear and see everything as if it were the real world. Of course pain was diminished, unless you jailbroke your headset but other than that your virtual body felt just as real as your proper one. There was also the time manipulation; months of in game time passed in hours. So thanks to the tech, could spend weeks in the game only to wake up and find barely a weekend had passed.

He floated in the void for a moment before the campaign chip loaded and a popup appeared. Normally, it conveyed a familiar array of stats and the bio he’d written himself but this time it was all new to him.

‘Illandra Greenleaf, a bright eyed, optimistic wood elf ranger. She loves animals more than anything and isn’t particularly good with people. She’s bubbly, cute and energetic.’

Mike groaned. Of course they made him a woman, wasn't that just peak hilarity. Oh look at our friend Mike having to act like a lady, how original! With a roll of his eyes he selected the character and watched as another pop up appeared.

‘Would you like to turn on Personality Shaping?’

He hesitated for a moment, normally it was a no brainer. Their group had a strict rule about staying in character unless something IRL happened. The Personality Shaping program was something loads of players used to help them; it was hard to be a charismatic bard or a hyper intelligent wizard when you were none of those things in real life.

Personality Shaping helped nudge you in the right direction, it didn't force you and it could be ignored or turned off at any point so it wasn't too invasive. But Mike had no idea what sort of parameters his group had put on this personality. Still, he had no idea how to be a bubbly, wide eyed innocent barely out of girlhood so with a sigh he selected YES and let the game world load around him.

For a moment his body was made out of static and he couldn't feel anything but the odd sense of pins and needles as his nerves adjusted to their new shape. Then, like a light being turned on, his feet slammed into a wooden floor and he found himself in the archetypical fantasy tavern. Complete with busty wenches, dwarves singing drinking songs and a handsome pair of elven bards performing on a small box stage.

As Mike looked down at his new elven ranger body, he was shocked to find that it was slender and elegant. He'd expected something much uglier knowing Richard and Henry but perhaps Clair had made them take pity on him. His skin had a faint iridescent glow, making the golden skin look even more smooth and supple.

His slender form was clad in intricately crafted armour, moulded from dark brown leather and adorned with delicate engravings of elven symbols. The armour hugged his body snugly, providing both protection and flexibility for his agile movements. Not to mention, it showed off his new feminine assets.

As was traditional in any fantasy game, his armour opened at the top to display his cleavage which was...ample to say the least. He was thankful the stiff leather kept the breasts from bouncing around but the fit was so snug his breasts were pushed up and on full display. He felt like he was one wrong move from them both spilling out entirely.

He turned on his toes, trying to take in the rest of his form and immediately found himself hit in the face by his own hair. It was a flowing cascade of silky, chestnut waves that fell all the way to his hips. With braids placed seemingly randomly and tied with what appeared to be twigs and feathers.

He twisted and blushed, in examining the hair he'd gotten a glance at his rear only to find that the tight fit on his armour extended to those curves as well. At least he was wearing tights so no skin was on display but still; there was no hiding the surprisingly curvaceous figure Illandra possessed.

He ran his fingers along the shell of his ears; they rose gracefully from the sides of his head, extending to delicate points. An elf then, instantly he realised his sharp hearing kicked in. It had been a while since he'd played an elf, he forgot that was one of the advantages.

"Illandra! There you are!"

It was Richard, wearing his usual shit eating grin. He was in the guise of his usual wizard with Clair in her cleric garb and Henry in his rouge attire stood by. Funnily enough though, he noticed a greatsword strapped to his back; guess he was taking a few levels in fighter then.

Fighter was usually his domain, he loved being the white knight from all the fairy tales. Now he was stuck as this busty elf woman. Still, he wasn't going to let this spoil his time playing; leaning into the Personality Shaping he let a bright smile to his face and he skipped over to meet them.

“Hiya guys, I am SO excited for my first ever quest! What are we doing?”

The three of them snickered, except Clair, she took her role playing *very* seriously.

“You shouldn’t laugh.” Clair scolded, “It’s her first quest, she is allowed to be excited.”

Very serious role playing indeed. He could see the unspoken message in her eyes though ‘if Mike can stay in character despite the humiliating character you guys need to as well.’

“Of course, lovely to meet you, Illandra, one of our party caught dragon pox so we are in need of some extra help with work for a while.” Henry cleared his throat, “How about helping us with this bounty of bugbears?”

A bugbear bandit camp? Wasn't that a little low level for them? They just finished hunting down a dragon after all. A ping in his Personality Shaper reminded him that Illandra had never gone on any quests before at all though and he acted accordingly.

“Oh! Bugbears! I’ve never met them, are they more bug or bear? I love bears!” He sighed dreamily, “Do you think I could tame one and keep it as a pet?”

Henry patted him on the head like a little sister and Mike tried not to enjoy it quite so much. Apparently Illandra was eager to please and such affection really made her blush.

“Well, let’s get going!” He bounced on his toes, “I really wanna be useful to you guys!”

At least being over eager meant he could get to the fun stuff quicker; namely kicking ass and taking names. He spun on his heels, hefting his bow over his head and gave a little excited jump before skipping toward the door ready for adventure-

And slammed straight into the hulking goliath barbarian he hadn't seen behind him.

"Eh? Watch it, pointy ears!" The goliath grumbled.

The Personality Shaper kicked in before he had a chance to think.

"Oh I'm so sorry mista!" He pouted, "I hope I didn't poke ya eye or anything with my bow."

The goliath huffed and grinned cockily. His jawline was strong and his muscles bulged as he flexed in confidence. Mike felt an odd tingle spread through his legs and lower body and to his horror he realised he was blushing. Had Richard really gone so far as to program sexual preferences into this character!?

"That puny thing couldn't hurt a bunny."

"Could too!" Mike insisted, leaning forward and stamping his foot. "In fact, I'm going to use it to get a whole load of bugbears."

"I'll believe that when I see it." the goliath smirked, "bring me back a skull and maybe I'll be impressed."

"I will! I'll show ya!" Mike shook his fist at the goliath and stomped away toward the door with his nose in the air and a grin on his face. That was actually pretty fun! And if he impressed that Goliath NPC maybe later they could-he shook his head free of such thoughts.

"I'll be getting that bounty, little lady!" The goliath called after her, "Just try not to get in my way!"

The rest of the group met him outside and they began heading in the direction of their quest. It didn't take long before they had left behind their charming little hamlet and were surrounded by tall trees and mountain air.

"So...how are we gonna track down these bugbears?" Mike asked.

The other three shared a look.

“Well, you’re the druid, can’t you track?”

“Oh yeah!” Mike smacked himself on the forehead, he legitamitly had forgotten that was a skill his class had.

He peered around the forest, checking for any signs or sounds until eventually he saw something, a tiny tuft of fur snagged on a tree branch. Illandra’s knowledge poured into his mind, identifying it immediately as bugbear fur.

“This way.”

He crept through the undergrowth, silent as a cat stalking a mouse. Mike couldn’t help but feel slightly awkward, crawling along the ground on the tips of his fingers and toes. He could feel his bust dragging against the cold grass and his ass in the air. It felt slightly obscene, though deep down, he had to admit it was sort of fun, being the sexy hunter.

He stayed low to the ground at first, sneaking and taking his time until he realised the tracks and fur he was following was quite old. Several days old actually. He glanced back at his companions, all watching him keenly and blushed.

“Uh, I think it miiiiight be a few days travel.”

They all groaned.

“Why were you moving so slow then?”

Mike giggled nervously and twirled a finger around his hair.

“Sorry! I was just so excited to do my first ever mission! I wanted to do it right, y’know?”

“Well, it’s getting late.” Sighed Henry, “Let’s find a place to make camp for the night.”

“Oh oh! I can do it!” Mike volunteered, “Ummm, lemme see...there!”

A squirrel hopped across the branches of a nearby tree and Mike felt his druidic nature take hold; his magic swirled and he reached out a hand in friendship to the furry little creature.

“Hello little friend.” he smiled, “Could you tell us a safe place to stay for the night? Pretty please?”

The squirrel didn't respond in words, more like feelings, but Mike seemed to understand them all the same. The rodent told him of a small grove of trees that were thick enough to hide firelight and he passed it on to the group. The squirrel scampered up onto his shoulder and he giggled in delight as its bushy tail tickled his neck.

“Aw, so cute!” He cooed, “Can I keep him?”

“So long as it doesn't become a habit.” Richard shrugged.

The squirrels squeaked and Mike felt his heart flutter.

“But he has babies!” He informed them, “I can't separate them! I'll have to bring them all.”

The others seemed to roll their eyes but he didn't care. With elven grace he climbed up the tree to gather the rest of the squirrel family in his arms, letting them all scamper over his body to find a secure place to sit while they travelled. The Personality Shaper was going haywire; Illandra loved animals and Mike felt genuine affection for the tiny rodents blooming in his heart. He hoped he could keep them safe during their hunt.

They set up camp and Mike spent several long minutes trying to get comfortable. His new friends all snuggled up with him which helped but it was so odd trying to sleep with all these new curves! His hips dug into the ground when he curled up on his side and his hips felt too high thanks to ass when he was on his back. Of course sleeping on his stomach was completely out of the question, he didn't even bother. Somehow though, he eventually managed to fall asleep.

When the morning light finally pierced the trees he found himself waking bright eyed and ready despite the rough sleep. Something about being out in nature just made him feel alive and at home.

“Gah! Illandra!” Clair cried, “Your rat friends ate a hole in my waterskin!”

“They're not rats.” He cooed, “Their squirrels and they don't mean no harm.”

“Well they did some.” Clair grumbled, “Why don’t you scout ahead with them today and let us bring up the rear? I need a break from those things.”

Mike felt a burst of excitement; they were giving him another chance to lead!

“You betcha!” He bounced on his toes, “I’ll move lightning quick and find those bugbears before ya know it!”

With a wide smile he jumped up to the branch of a nearby tree and began leaping through the forest canopy, his rodent friends at his side. It was hard to resist the urge to giggle as he went; this was exhilarating! His elven speed had him moving like the wind, tree to tree, as steady on his feet as he would be on solid ground.

His now sharp tenses twigged; the sound of footsteps nearby causing him to pause. He peered through the trees only to find another figure bent over a tree examining the deep scores in the wood; the goliath from the tavern. How had he gotten so far ahead?

Mike felt his temper flare and he dropped down to the ground, his new squirrel friends fleeing for the safety of the trees.

“What are *you* doing here?”

“Oh, it’s you, little lady.” The Golaith smirked, “Having fun playing hero?”

“This is my bounty. I ain’t letting you take it.” Mike crossed his arms over his chest but the goliath threw back his head and laughed, not looking intimidated at all.

Mike felt his cheeks go red as he stood up as tall as possible, trying to look serious to the towering figure. It was impossible; the Golaith was almost two feet taller than him and twice as thick; his tiny, curvy elf frame just wasn’t built for intimidation.

“You know, I like you.” The Goliath crossed his huge arms over his chest, “You’ve got balls, for a lady I mean.”

If only he knew.

“You know, I reckon we could be friends.” The goliath leaned down close and Mike felt his cheeks heat for an entirely different reason.

His heart began to race and he felt his palms begin to sweat as the personality shaper added to his fluster; this Illandra was clearly not very experienced and well...even he had to admit the towering goliath was quite handsome. He couldn't do anything with these feelings though, could he? He'd never tried sleeping with anybody in game before, it just hadn't been a focus but now the Personality Shaper was making it very hard to think clearly as the goliath got closer and closer.

One of those strong hands reached out and cupped his chin and a tiny squeak escaped his lips before he could stop them.

"I am supposed to be hunting down these bugbears but I could take a break." He rumbled, Mike felt his mouth go dry.

A second later that hand dropped to his chest and a small 'oh' escaped his lips. Wow, he always knew the VR made everything feel real but this was...wow yes, he wanted more of that. Or Illandra did. Or both. He didn't care which. What he cared about was the lovely sensation rippling down from his breast to his pussy as the Goliath slowly began to undress him.

"I get the feeling you haven't done this before." He chuckled as Mike gripped onto his arms for dear life.

"Well uh, n-no. But it's really niiiiice."

"Just you wait, it'll get so much better."

A thrill passed through him. This was so naughty; if his friends knew what he was doing right now...what would they think? Fuck the idea of getting away with something so taboo, all with the added excitement of it being his 'first time' all over again was such a turn on.

The goliath wore much lighter armour than him, it was easy to slip off to reveal the bulge in his underclothes and Mike felt hesitant for the first time. He was an elf, the Goliath was a giant compared to him, could they even do this without getting hurt? Then he remembered the safety measures; he literally couldn't feel pain past a certain point; that meant all he would feel was the pleasure of being totally filled.

It wasn't something he'd ever realised he'd wanted but thanks to Illandra's personality he now felt desperate for it. And it wasn't as if anybody ever had to find out. The excitement began to build inside him and he couldn't help but grin ear to ear as the goliath finally lifted a hand to his belt buckle and pulled down his breeches.

A moment later those strong arms were around him, hugging him close and pressing that bulge against his mound. There was only a single layer of thin cloth between him and the man's cock and it sent sparks flying across his skin. It felt as though his mind was short circuiting. The temptation was far too great for him to back out now.

He whimpered with need and desperation as the goliath finally lowered him down to the forest floor and turned him on his hands and knees. He could see his squirrel friends up in the trees gazing down at him; having an audience seemed to add to the thrill of it. That and the fact that he never got a good look at the man's cock, he only had the vaguest idea of what to expect as he felt the head press against his hole.

He'd never been in this position before; submissive, being pushed into by another man. Mike truly marvelled at just how much he'd been missing. The man's thick shaft pushed into him, parting his inner folds and making his eyelids flutter in an effort to keep them open. The sheer intensity of the pleasure was beyond anything he'd ever encountered, mingled with a slight pain from the stretch of his inner walls.

The goliath was as long as he was thick, longer even, every time Mike was sure they were about to be flush the length just kept coming. He felt fuller than he ever thought possible and when he finally felt the goliath's balls come to rest up against his ass he shuddered; already close to orgasm.

Then his partner began to move.

The goliath was not a gentle lover, quite the opposite. He didn't take things slow or gentle, instead thrusting hard and fast into Illandra's tight, virgin hole. Mike loved it. He moaned, pushing back and undulating his hips as much as he could to try and gain more friction. His heart was racing and he felt a sense of exhilaration close to what he felt racing through the treetops. There was something wild and bestial about fucking doggy style on the forest floor. It fed into his wild, druidic nature and he loved it.

He could feel his pussy tightening as he got closer, the goliath pressing hard against his G-spot over and over again.

"Uhhhh....oooohhhh...yes, yes, just there! Oh, OOH!!"

Mike felt himself cumming, a gush of pussy juice pressing against the tip of the goliath's cock as he came. The man filled him too much to let it escape. With a loud howl his partner finished as well and Mike shuddered feeling himself filled with thick seed. Oh fuck; he'd never realised just how hot that could feel.

He gasped with the sudden loss as his partner pulled out. It almost left him off balance and he flopped down into the grass, a soft smile on his face as he snuggled into the

warm greenery to enjoy the afterglow. After a few minutes his pussy had finally stopped pulsing and he rolled onto his back to find the goliath had...fallen asleep?

"I guess that old stereotype about men falling asleep right after is true." He breathed with a giggle. "Oh well, I guess I'll be going on ahead and getting to the bounty first after all."

He quickly redressed himself, finding the trail the Golaith had been examining before their little tryst. He was still on his back, snoring away in the midday sun and Mike giggled.

"Thanks for the fun, big boy."

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As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the forest floor, Mike's heart pounded in his chest. They were getting close, he could feel it. After leaving his goliath lover he'd found traces of the bugbears making camp for the night and ran back to gather his party. Now they were back, close to where he'd picked up the trail and ready for action.

He clutched his bow tightly, feeling both excitement and trepidation. He could feel the Personality Shaper making him nervous; this was Illandra's first battle, and her nerves made his hands tremble with anticipation.

Finally, they peaked over a ridge and saw their quarry; the bugbear's hideout, a ramshackle series of tents in a small clearing. Mike peered through the foliage, his keen elven eyes catching glimpses of the bugbears moving about their camp.

"Remember, stay quiet and wait for my signal," Whispered Henry and he snuck forward, even more quickly and quietly than Mike had managed.

The rest of them gave a nod of understanding, Henry tightened his grip on his warhammer, and Clair whispered an incantation under her breath, preparing a spell.

Mike took a deep breath and exhaled, attempting to steady his racing heart, he was getting caught up in the game. He drew an arrow from her quiver and carefully nocked it onto her bowstring. With great effort, she focused her gaze on a bugbear sentry patrolling the perimeter.

As the bugbear wandered closer, oblivious to the approaching danger, Mike's finger trembled on the bowstring. It was an accident, his fingers were shaking so badly they fumbled and released the arrow early, before Henry's signal. It missed its mark, embedding

itself harmlessly into a tree trunk. The bugbear's head snapped up, alerted to the presence of intruders.

Cursing his luck (and the Personality Shaper), Mike saw the bugbears scrambling for their weapons, bellowing in anger. His friends sprang into action, charging forward to meet the oncoming threat. Henry swung his warhammer with thunderous force, crushing one bugbear's skull, a critical hit. Richard expertly dodged and weaved through the chaos, his daggers finding their marks with deadly precision. In a matter of moments he'd thrown all of them and was hefting his new greatsword off his back. Mike's heart ached with jealousy; he was really missing his melee weapons right about now. Clair unleashed a burst of magical energy, sending a bolt of lightning crackling through the air, incapacitating another bugbear.

Mike frantically nocked another arrow, his hands still shaking. He drew the bowstring back, aiming at a bugbear rushing towards him. She released the arrow, and this time it found its target, striking the creature in the shoulder. But the bugbear, fueled by rage, pressed on.

Panicked, Mike fumbled with his quiver, trying to reload as quickly as possible. Suddenly, Henry charged past her, intercepting the bugbear with a mighty blow, forcing it to the ground. Richard leaped onto the fallen foe, swiftly ending its struggle. The halfling extended a hand to Mike, pulling her back from danger.

"Keep fighting, Illandra! We've got your back!" Richard shouted over the clash of steel.

Emboldened by her friends' support, Mike took a deep breath, finding newfound determination. He rolled to the side, dodging attack after attack; Illandra's personality bubbled to the surface and to his embarrassment he began to give a hope filled, passionate speech.

"You creatures will never win!" He cried, firing off another arrow, "You are cold and cruel, we have something you'll ever have, the power of friendship! That is a power stronger than any other."

Oh God, kill him now. This was so humiliating.

"I may have only just met this group but I believe in them and they believe in me!" He cried, tears of passion stinging at the side of his eyes, "Together we can do anything!"

Somewhere behind him Mike swore he heard Clair give a snort of laughter. He couldn't even blame her, he sounded like a Saturday morning cartoon character. He let loose another arrow, this time hitting his target square in the chest. The bugbear staggered backward, clutching the wound, and fell to the forest floor.

"We did it! We did it!" Mike bounced on his toes ``We actually won! I knew we could accomplish anything with the power of friendshi-!!"

He never got to finish the sentence as suddenly there was a sharp burst of pain, immediately dulled by the game but it knocked the wind out of him regardless. A second later a warning flashed before his eyes; POISON. Mike scrambled, trying to think if he had any starting potions on him but it was too late, his HP hit 0 and the world cut to black.

He died!? On the very first mission of the campaign, well that is just embarrassing. At least it would make for a suitable tragic story in game. Perhaps now he could go back to his usual knight character at least though he had to admit, it had been fun trying out something new, even if it was a bit saccharine and embarrassing.

He was about to log out and reinsert his usual character chip when suddenly another message appeared and his jaw dropped.

RESURRECTING...

"Wait what?"

A second later the world popped back into existence; he was laying on his back in the forest with Clair kneeling over him. His vision was slightly blurred but he could feel the telltale tingle of magic fading from his skin.

"It worked! Oh I am so sorry, Illandra." Clair gushed, "It was the only spell I knew that could bring back the dead."

He expected his Personality Shaper to push him into instant forgiveness, to hug her and begin to cry about how scary it was to die but to his shock when he opened his mouth that wasn't what he said at all.

"You could have at least laid down a blanket before casting it."

His voice didn't sound at all like the innocent and sweet at all. It was sharp and curt and as he looked down at his body he noticed it looked quite different. Before he could focus on it however, he noticed just how dusty and dirty his armour felt.

“Oh! Don't you have a spell that can get all this mud off me?” He gasped, sitting up and trying his best to dust it all off. “Disgusting, I hate these dirty forests. Can't we take a job somewhere civilised?”

What the hell was going on? Why did he suddenly sound like some jumped up posh lady with a weirdly consistent British accent?

“That's Resurrection spells for you,” Henry shrugged, “You never know quite what you'll get.”

“A mirror.” Mike demanded, holding out his now pale hand taking note of the perfectly manicured nails. When nobody produced a mirror he snapped his fingers a few times before Clair finally fumbled around in her bag and produced a small one.

A pale face with sharp features that had been taken to the Elven extreme; perhaps a high elf rather than the homey wood elf he had been before. Gone were the rounder cheeks, replaced with sharp cheekbones framed with pale gold hair and icy blue eyes. Mike ran a finger over his full lips and smiled; his woof elf form had been cute but this body was devastatingly beautiful.

He took a few steps and returned the mirror to Clair's bag and felt a smile tug at his lips. His posture was ramrod straight, forcing out his chest which seemed to have grown with the magic, making his armour now painfully tight; he would have to do something about that.

“Well then, I take it you took care of the brute who killed me?” He asked haughtily, “So we should get going? I want to get back to civilization, not that a Tavern in a small town counts but it's better than this dirty place.”

He grimaced, pushing away one of the dead bugbear arms with the tip of his shoe.

“Disgusting creatures.”

He walked over to the cleanest log he could find and sat himself down, wincing as his butt squashed against the too tight armour. The others could gather supplies and enough proof to

gather their bounty, that sort of dirty work was beneath him. Mike felt a sense of superiority and smugness flow over him; that'll teach Henry and Richard to put him in a woman's body, now he could sit around and let them do all the heavy lifting for once without them complaining. After all, he was only doing what his character would do. . Henry shot him a frustrated look and Mike just smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“You're rules...” He whispered

While the others went about their work he set about fixing his outfit; this armour was so...rough and tumble. It suited a wild girl, not a creature of regal refinement like his new self. There were far too many buckles and straps to be practical but at least that made adjustments easy enough.

He lowered the bodice a little more, showing off more of his chest and clavicle while removing the shoulder pads entirely so that all that remained was a strapless top. He then fastened his cape back around his shoulders and shook out his hair so that it cascaded down his back in soft waves.

He looked down at the tight pants and sighed; they really didn't suit this new body; perhaps he could find himself a nice skirt in town. There wasn't anything embarrassing about wearing feminine clothing in this body after all, did it even count as cross dressing if you weren't technically a man at the time?

“Hey, princess, think you could handle carrying a few extra bags?” Richard called out teasingly.

Mike felt his lips quirk; in this new form at least he could have some fun with them as well.

“And risk my delicate hands blistering?” He gasped, before the Personality Shaper stepped in to help. “Never, I am a woman of noble birth don't you know? Such tasks are beneath me.”

“I resurrected you, you're still the same person.” Clair deadpanned but Mike wiggled his finger at her and shook his head.

“Evidently not! Just look at my...features, I am clearly a whole different breed from that scrawny thing who took an arrow to the back.”

He blushed a little at the double meaning to his words, he was struggling to find a way to tell Clair to check his stats without breaking character.

“Either way, you are all doing a marvellous job already, no need for an extra cook around the pot I say. Now, shall we get going?”

The three of them grumbled and for the first time Mike saw some regret in Richard’s eye, perhaps he went a little too far with this little punishment. No matter; Mike was having the time of his life! He’d never really played any characters too different from himself. The Personality Shaper always weirded him out, he just used it to help him be a little braver sometimes. This was a whole new ballpark and it was fabulous fun.

As he walked he held his nose in the air and stepped with confident strides that made his hips sway. He found himself humming happily to himself as they travelled, eagerly awaiting their reward. Hopefully they would have enough gold that he could buy this new body some fine clothing. How wonderful he would look decked out in full, regal regalia!

Such daydreams disappeared as soon as they returned to town though. The little village was barely more than a few streets with the Tavern and general store being the only shops in sight.

“How far is the closest city?” He asked, “Who has the map?”

“I do,” Richard announced, unrolling the parchment. “With the gold from this job we should have enough to make it to Silverharst, staying at the road taverns along the way.”

Mike snatched the map from his fingers and pouted, Silverharst was a week away even by horseback and yet it was still the closest large city.

“Oh, why did this campaign have to start in the middle of nowhere?” He groaned only to have Clair smack him across the back of the head.

“No breaking character.” She hissed.

“How dare you hit me!” Mike huffed, “You’ve probably got dirt all through my lovely hair! You’ll be combing out each and every knot tonight to make it up to me.”

For a second Clair’s lips threatened to break into a smile before she forced it into an angry scowl.

“You can’t just order me around, you’re not this group's leader.”

“I don’t see why I shouldn’t be.” He replied haughtily. “I have the best appearance, the most eloquent way of speaking, not to mention the breeding. I should be the face of this group, we’ll get more high profile, high paying jobs that way.”

“You haven’t even done anything yet.” Henry grumbled.

“That’s not true, I have brought this little group something it was sorely lacking.”

“Oh, and what’s that?” Richard rolled his eyes as he put away the map.

Mike tossed his long hair over his shoulders and held his chin up high.

“Class.”

He turned on his heels and began to strut down the street toward the tavern. He was subtle but he was sure he heard Richard muttering.

“I liked the first character you made more.”

“Shhh, stay in character!”

“Ow!”

~

They collected their reward without much issue and Mike immediately took ownership of the gold and took the liberty of booking them rooms for the night. Even the nicest rooms were dirt cheap so he didn’t mind splurging a little to get a room to himself, if he was going to take over this group as leader he needed to assert himself after all. Besides, he didn’t want to share a room with a bunch of grubby adventurers.

His eyes slid across the room to where that same Goliath man was drinking and scrunched up her nose. He was wearing furs that looked threadbare at best and barely covered half his scarred body. How had another version of him ever thought that man could be attractive? He was far too beneath him.

“You get a room all to yourself?” Clair complained, “How is that fair, I shouldn’t have to share with the guys, we should split the rooms equally.”

“I have had a very traumatic day.” Mike said dramatically, “I died, I will remind you. I need space to myself to...work off the trauma.”

“You’re just being a snob.” Richard scoffed.

“Well whose fault is thaaaaaat?” Mike whispered wickedly leaning in close enough that Clair couldn’t hear him break character.

He gave Richard a wink and the guy groaned, clearly regretting his decision.

“Fine.” He sighed, “But just for tonight!”

Mike nodded but was barely listening, he was tired and very keen to get out of this awful armour. It was simply not his style. Not that he had anything else to wear to sleep but there was no way he would be able to get his needed beauty rest if he kept it on. He had to admit, even if it was just quietly to himself though, he was curious as to how far this simulation...went down.

He knew from experience playing that his male bodies were anatomically correct so had Richard and Henry gone to such lengths with his new female characters? He had to know.

With a sigh of relief he finally removed the leather entirely, taking his cloak and underclothes between his fingers and gently folding them in neat piles to be placed on the least dusty furniture the tiny room provided. He then looked around and huffed in disappointment; of course a drab place like this wouldn’t even have a mirror. He’d have to rely on his eyes.

With that he began his examination; sun kissed skin had been replaced with paleness. Like smooth cream; not a scar or mark anywhere to be found to break up the silkiness of his flesh. He ran his fingers down the flat of his stomach, over the small bump women had and alone the curve of his hips.

While his wood elf body had been bountiful this body was slimmer in the middle while still possessed the huge curves most women dreamed of. It almost gave him a sort of artificial look; women this skinny simply did not possess asses and breasts this round and large yet here he was. A sly smile quirked at his full lips; Henry and Richard probably

designed these characters together; so which of them was into this sort of lady? The idea of playing with them a little to find out was simply too tempting.

His fingers cupped his round rump and gave it a squeeze; warm pleasure pooled in his stomach but he turned his nose up at it. Women of his refinement certainly didn't touch themselves; especially not in a dirty place like this. Oh no, he would abstain; but that didn't mean he wouldn't have some fun teasing himself first.

He let his fingers trace over his body with feather light touches. Leaving tingling trails across his skin that left his nipples hard and pink against the night air. Mike took a shaky breath in, watching as the shudder made his breasts jiggle. Moonlight poured over his pale skin from the window, giving it an almost ethereal glow and he realised with a start that he'd never felt more beautiful.

There was no lingering sting to his pride at all; in fact, he felt oddly powerful and proud. Smug satisfaction pooled inside his chest; he couldn't even tell if it was his own or the Personality Shaper; it didn't matter. Their plan to humiliate him had well and truly failed. As he curled up in bed, naked and hugging his own soft body with a smile he fell to sleep peacefully, dreaming of the revenge to come.

~

This was shaping up to be the most fun Mike had ever had in a campaign. Being Illandra was so much fun! He'd joined the group the next morning for a meagre breakfast and had to hold back a laugh as they caught sight of his new outfit.

"Isn't that a little revealing for armour?" Clair asked tactfully, eyeing the bare shoulders and legs. "It's basically just a leather leotard with a cape and...is that a half skirt?"

"Yes." He smiled proudly, "Turns out sewing isn't all that difficult, and that leg armour was too tight on me. Until I can find something better this will have to do."

"You look...interesting, that's for sure." Richard blushed only for Henry to elbow him and hiss.

"That's still Mike you dumbass."

"Oh yeah."

Clair glared at them both and they snapped back into character while Mike daintily lifted a spoon to his mouth. Oh yes, this was going to be a lot of fun. They hired horses and set off along the road with the cool morning air at their backs. Mike pouted as Henry took the lead, not that he could really complain, he had no idea where they were going. It just felt irritating not being out in front; where he felt he belonged. Still, he found other ways to keep them entertained.

He rode alongside Richard, enjoying the man's not so subtle glances toward his body. He liked being the centre of attention, it felt right. As they rode on he decided to push his luck, 'adjusting' his bodice and outfit under the guise of getting saddle sore. It wasn't even that much of a lie really; his delicate noble skin was starting to feel bruised bouncing up and down on this hard leather saddle. His ass was aching and he leaned over multiple times to rub and massage the sore skin with a sigh.

One such time he caught Richard full on staring and put on a face of mock embarrassment.

"Richard! Are you staring at my ass?"

"Wha-no!!" He denied far too quickly.

"Hmph! How rude." Mike crossed his arms over his chest, subtly lifting his breasts. "I never realised you were so uncouth."

"Uncouth?" Richard snorted, trying to hide his laughter.

"Yes, just because you all speak like commoners doesn't mean I have to. I have some classes." He tossed his long hair over his shoulder and stuck his nose in the air. "Really, I should be leading."

"Do you even know where we are going?" Richard raised an eyebrow.

"It's a road, I can follow a road." He scoffed. "Now, get behind me and listen up like a good boy, okay?"

He watched as Richard's ears turned pink at the orders and smirked; who knew his friend had a secret sub fetish. He tucked that knowledge away for later. As the sun began to hang lower in the afternoon sky they stopped to water the horses. Mike sat himself daintily down on the cleanest rock he could find and cleared his throat.

“Richard, be a dear and get me my water skin.” He ordered.

“It’s just there on your horse.” He blinked.

“I said, get me my water skin. Now.”

Richard blushed once more before shaking his head to clear the no doubt sinful thoughts. He did get the waterskin, but quickly made himself scarce. Mike sipped at his water and idly wondered how many orders it would take in this domineering voice to get Richard to beg on his knees. The idea sent a thrill through him before he pulled back; that would be going too far surely.

The sound of cart wheels and hoof beats had him look up as a stranger approached. A merchant passed by and stopped to water his own horse by the river and his wares instantly caught Mike’s eyes. Cloth, buttons and most importantly, clothes. There were simple every day tunics and pants but also dresses and finer hidden deep within the man’s wagon, only visible when he took a peek inside. A wicked idea formed in his head and he had to resist the urge to skip with excitement as he made his way over to their rogue.

Henry was sitting on a log, sharpening his daggers and staring off into the horizon moodily; being his usual edgy self. Mike cleared his throat before sitting himself down next to him just close enough that their hips and legs brushed.

“Henry.” He smiled coyly, twisting a pale golden lock around his finger, “Do you think you could do a girl a little favour?”

“What did you have in mind?” His voice was even but Mike caught how his body tensed slightly.

“Well...” He demurred, leaning his shoulder against Henry’s so that he could whisper and still be heard. “I know you’re good with your hands.”

Henry’s cheeks were bright red.

“So do you think maybe, you could give a girl some relief...and snatch a new dress from the cart.”

Henry gave a bark of nervous laughter, looking all at once disappointed, relieved and disturbed by the double entendres and his own reaction to it.

“Y-you want me to steal a dress I thought you were going somewhere else with that uh heh heh...”

“Where else could I possibly have been going?” Mike asked innocently, “I am a lady of refinement and manners after all.”

Henry opened his mouth to say something that would have no doubt been out of character but then Clair shot him a look from across their makeshift camp and he closed it without saying anything.

“Uh sure, I could use a little test for my sleight of hand.” Henry cleared his throat and got to his feet a little too quickly.

“Oh thank you Henry, you’re such a life saver.” Mike batted his eyes, “You have no idea how uncomfortable it is wearing this hard armour, my skin is so soft and sensitive. Noble birth and all, I am used to a certain level of luxury.”

Henry turned away, cheeks still pink and while he couldn’t make out the words, Mike was sure he was muttering curses and reminders of Mike’s true identity under his breath. Mike covered his mouth to hide his cackle of delight; this was too much fun. It felt nice ordering these common folk around.

He sat, straight backed and calm waiting patiently for Henry to return. After a few minutes the merchant returned his cart, hitched the horses and waved them goodbye, never noticing the rogue rolling out of the back of his cart as he rode away. Mike felt his heart flutter in excitement as Henry stood, revealing a bundle of cloth clutched to his chest. Without hesitation Mike dashed over to him and grabbed it.

“Careful,” he chastised, “You’ll crease it! Oh!”

He gave a small gasp of wonder as the dress unfurled itself. The dress was a masterpiece of craftsmanship, woven from flowing fabric with a heavenly light blue hue. It seemed to shimmer with a subtle iridescence, as if tiny specks of stardust were embedded within the threads. As he peered closer he saw that indeed there were threads of silver mixed in with the blue, giving it a subtle shimmer as the fabric caught the light.

"Oh Henry, thank you." He sighed breathily, leaning in just that little bit too close to make him blush again. "I will change right now"

"Here?" He squeaked.

"No, of course no, behind those bushes." Mike replied haughtily, "Do you really think a lady such as myself would allow men to see her body while still unmarried?"

"He sure is comfortable calling himself a lady now..." Richard whispered to Clair only to be elbowed in the ribs. Mike simply smiled.

"I am sure you'll look lovely, Illandra." Clair smiled, "Though, Henry, I am not sure how I feel about stealing."

Mike left them to squabble as he put on his new outfit behind a row of thick trees, glad to finally be free of the constraining leather. The bodice was elegantly fitted, accentuating Mike's figure while providing comfort and ease of movement. Delicate embroidery adorned the front, forming an enchanting pattern of interwoven vines and blossoms that trailed gracefully upwards. Giving the illusion that they were almost cupping breasts and making sure the eye was drawn there.

The sleeves were a sight to behold, flowing and billowing like gentle waves. They were adorned with delicate lace trim that added a touch of ethereal beauty. As Mike raised her arms, the sleeves danced in the air, creating an aura of enchantment around him and he felt a flare of magic beneath his skin. The skirt of the dress cascaded down in gentle pleats, reaching down to his delicate ankles. It swirled and twirled with every step she took, the light fabric whispering against his skin.

He stopped out from behind the trees with a newfound confidence, enjoying how even Clair's eyes widened in surprise. Acting as nonchalant as he could, Mike tossed his hair over his shoulder.

"Shall we continue?" He smiled, "And stop staring, you three, it's rude."

~

The next few days were actually quite relaxing, they continued on their way to the city with Mike having a grand old time flirting and teasing the guys. Funnily enough though, they

never asked him to stop. He could see Clair torn between being jealous and not wanting him to stop and break character; the roleplayer's dilemma.

They were only two days from the city when their peace was finally disturbed. They were riding when Richard suddenly stopped, brow furrowed.

"I sense dark magic." He whispered.

"Now that you mention it, it is oddly quiet here. No birds or anything." Clair replied.

He was right, his dormant magic, the one he had felt flare a few days ago, felt odd. There was a strange creeping feeling moving up his spine, like something was wrong. Mike opened his mouth to ask what could be causing it only for the answer to present itself in the form of a low groan.

An undead, half rotted to a skeleton stumbled from the treeline, then another, and another. All carrying rusted weapons and shabby armour. Clair screamed, sending a bolt of divine energy toward them and instantly turning the small horde to dust, only for another to take its place.

"Skeleton horde!" Henry cried, his horse stomping its feet in fear. "Move, move!"

Mike whipped the reins of his horse but they barely got two steps before an arrow flew from an undead archer's bow and struck his mount in the flank. It was only thanks to his own quick thinking that he managed to leap from the creature, landing awkwardly on his ass. Fortunately, the horse didn't land on him.

Quickly he got to his feet and brushed the dirt from his long skirt only to realise a sword wielding zombie was heading straight for him. With a shriek he ducked out of the way, fumbling for his bow only to realise he wasn't quite sure how to use it anymore; evidently his class had changed as well.

"Fire already!" Henry yelled, pushing back an attacker.

"But if I use a bow I'll get finger calluses! That'll hurt!" Mike complained, ducking out of the way, "I think I have magic, Richard, give me a focus! A wand, an orb, anything!"

"For fucks sake, woman!" Richard grumbled, "Here!"

A clear orb of glass flew through the air and landed in Mike's outstretched hands. Immediately he felt that magic inside him flare and Mike began to smile. He'd never played a spellcaster before, this was exciting! He raised the crystal ball into the air and focused, reigning a beam of ice down on the skeletons.

"Back you ugly beasts!" He yelled, "I will not allow your filthy hands to touch me."

Like a dancer he moved through the horde, ducking and weaving as he fired off spell after spell. His body moved so gracefully, despite his large curves, he found balancing easy. No matter how many enemies he froze though, more just kept coming.

"There's no end to them!" Clair cried, "I'm running out of magic."

"A truly powerful summoner must be behind this." Henry cursed, "We need some way to turn back the horde."

Mike could feel his own power waning, he only had so much magical energy left and surrounded like this he doubted he would have the time to even try to switch to his bow. Things were getting dire, they were each starting to take more damage.

A sword swung, slicing into his side and tearing the fabric of his new dress. The pain dulled but Mike felt indignant rage begin to boil up inside him.

"I only just got this dress you monster!" He screamed, "How dare you rip it!"

Somehow the fact that his new dress had been damaged made him even more angry than the fact that his life was in danger. Oh and the lives of his friends, obviously that was a bit annoying as well but the dress was the main point. He forced all his magic into one final, desperate, rage filled attack.

He lifted the orb high, balancing it on the tips of his elegant fingers before letting icy energy explode from it, decimating the line of zombies in front of him. He grinned, feeling victorious for a few moments before he realised there were still more coming.

And that was his last spell.

"Well...shoot."

It didn't feel right for curse words to grace his lips.

“We need necromancy magic!” Henry grunted, stabbing yet another zombie to no avail.

“I don't use necromancy! I'm a cleric of healing and light!”

“Don't look at me, I just do ice apparently.” Mike shrugged, dodging out of the way of another claw, his health bar hovered in the corner of his vision; dangerously low.

Henry and Richard looked at one another and exchanged meaningful glances.

“No hard feelings, Illandra. But we need a different form.”

“Wait, wha-”

And then Henry buried a dagger in his chest.

Clair screamed, and the world flicked back to black again. He...he killed him! Mike was full of rage for a whole new reason now. They never did PvP come on! That was just uncalled for! A moment later he felt the warm tingle of Clair's magic seeping into his bones and he was back, laying on the muddy battlefield with the cleric leaning over him.

“I can't believe they did that. I am so sorry-”

“Apologise later, Illandra, necromancy. Now!”

Mike could feel it, a renewed sense of magical energy within him that felt distinct from the icy cold of before. It felt dark and mysterious, even a little ominous it brought a new, almost sadistic smile to his face.

Filled with a desire for vengeance he stood, the tattered remains of his once beloved gown falling off him in tatters as he raised the crystal ball once more. This time a ring of black and purple energy shot forth, passing harmlessly through each living person but rendering all Undead immobile. For a moment they all shuddered and then, fell, lifeless once more. They all stood, breathing heavily and Mike rounded on his two male friends.

“So...what the fuck?!” Suddenly swearing didn't seem like such a big problem.

“We uh, well we programmed three characters for you, just to be safe.” Henry said awkwardly, “The third was a necromancer so...”

“You guys!” Clair threw down her staff, “That was total meta gaming! Unfair! I mean, how do we explain that in character?”

“We can break character for the sake of fun once in a while, Clair.” Richard deadpanned.

“Oh yes, because being stabbed in the chest is so fun.” Mike growled, “Ugh, look at me, I’m a wreck. Clair, give me some of your spare clothes darling, I’ll go change.”

The ‘darling’ made her start and even surprised himself. The word rolled off his tongue so easily it felt...right. As did the flirtatious smile he gave her in thanks as he took the bundle of travelling clothes behind yet another treeline to change.

The soft blue fabric of his fabulous noble dress was easy to remove, it was barely holding onto his body at all by this point. Such a waste. As the fabric fell away his new body was revealed and he had to say, he liked what he saw. If ever there was a form to embody the term curvaceous; this was it. He had the body of a pinup model from the midcentury; all wide hips, round bum and huge tits. His skin was a dark purplish tone now and as he pressed his hands to his face he could feel sharp cheekbones and round full lips that seemed to be in a permanent pout.

He would never let the others know but Mike was starting to really enjoy this. Each new body came with its own charm; the first cute, the second cool and now this one oozed sex appeal. He couldn’t wait to put it to use. He picked up the clothing Clair had passed him and tutted.

“No, this won’t do at all darling.” He sighed to himself, “A body this good shouldn’t be hidden under long skirts and sleeves.”

Mike let the personality shaper guide his hands, ripping and then magically repairing the fabric until he had a brand new outfit in front of him. To say it was revealing would be an understatement. A long, floor length loincloth that left both his hips exposed, a bra made from the scraps of his blue dress and a half cape. There was more skin left uncovered than covered but somehow it felt right.

As he walked he felt the gentle sway of his hips back and forth and his long raven hair brushed the top of his butt. He could feel his chest jiggling to an almost unnatural

degree, perhaps a quirk of the game world. Richard almost choked on his own saliva when he emerged.

“What do you think?” Mike asked in a sultry tone, resting a hand on his hip and pushing it to the side.

“That’s uuh...quite a look.” Clair replied uncomfortably, her cheeks were bright pink and Mike felt arousal swirl in his stomach.

Before he could stop himself he’d sauntered to her side and gently taken hold of her chin, pointing her face upwards so their eyes met, lips barely an inch apart.

“Quite a look, huh? Would you like to elaborate on that, darling?”

His heart pounded in his chest; flirting a little was one thing but this was...something else. It felt so right doing it too and watching Clair’s face go from pink to beet red elicited such a wonderful feeling of pleasure deep between his legs. On some level he knew he should turn the Personality Shaper off but...he was just having too much fun. Clair jumped back as if she’d been burned.

“W-we should go f-find out where all these undead came from, right? Right. Yes. Let’s do that.”

She hurriedly started walking into the forest, ignoring the fact that they all clearly needed some rest before they went hunting for a new fight. Mike turned to face Henry and Richard, both of whom were staring looking more than a little turned on by the lesbian display.

“Jealous boys?” He smirked, they both walked past him awkwardly and Mike couldn’t help but giggle.

Fun indeed.

~

Mike had decided. This body was definitely his favourite; so much so he wasn't even angry with Henry for stabbing him anymore. He sauntered through the forest, enjoying the way his body seemed to move independent of him; his chest bouncing, his ass jiggling; he was like

sex on legs and what's more, despite the cool environment he wasn't even cold in his skimpy outfit! It seemed to defy all logic but even as the sun began to set he felt just as comfortable wearing almost nothing.

He was also having a lot of fun teasing Clair with his mere presence. As she tracked the undead hordes' prints he made a habit of brushing their arms against one another or leaning over to ask what she was doing. Each time only seemed to fluster her more and Mike genuinely wondered what it would take to reduce her to stammering uncontrollably. It was very tempting to find out.

Eventually, they made their way to what appeared to be the original of the undead, a tower of black stone in the middle of an old battlefield. The bodies littered the ground, fertile soil for a necromancer like herself.

"I bet there is a wizard in that tower using this place to build himself a private army." Henry whispered, "We'd better stop it somehow."

"I vote for Illandra." Clair said a little too quickly, "She's a necromancer, maybe she could get some information out of him before we go in swords at the ready?"

"You just want her gone because she's getting you all hot and heavy." Henry smirked.

"Is that true, darling?" Mike asked innocently, "Do I turn you on?"

"No!"

"Shush! You'll get us caught." Richard hissed and Clair covered her mouth, cheeks dusting pink again.

"You've been red all afternoon." Mike cooed, running the pads of his fingers over her forehead and cheek, "Are you sure you're not coming down with something, darling?"

Clair just squeaked.

"Don't worry, little mouse." Mike patted her on the head, "I will make it all better."

With that he stood and began to walk across the field towards the tower with far more confidence that he normally had. He could feel his necromantic energies building in this

place and in a body this hot he felt like anything was possible. He didn't even bother with stealth as he pushed open the front door and was met with a dank, eerie space.

The interior of the lair was a labyrinth of winding corridors and secret chambers. Each step he took echoed through the gloom as he tread carefully, wary of traps. Tattered tapestries depicting scenes of death and decay adorned the walls, their colours faded and their threads frayed.

"This guy could really use an interior designer..." He whispered to himself.

"Who goes there?"

The voice took him by surprise; not because it was threatening or intimidating but because it was a woman's. He spun around as the door slammed closed to find a woman in a deep green robe looking at him; her hair was dark red and her eyes seemed to glow with crimson. Perhaps he had some internal biases but he was surprised to find the person behind this was a woman, evil wizards in fiction were almost always male.

"Who dares sneak into my tower?"

"Well, I wouldn't call what I did sneaking." Mike crossed his arms, "I basically strut right on in."

The woman scrunched up her nose.

"I did have an undead horde outside guarding this forest but they seem to have been disposed of."

"Sorry darling, that was me." Mike smiled coyly, "I came here looking for the person who set those brutes on me but I have to say...I am quite pleased with what I've found."

"Oh?" The woman's eyes twinkled with mischief, she didn't seem all that bothered by her sudden guest. "You're a necromancer as well. I can sense your energy, so similar to my own."

The ruby eyed woman spoke softly, almost sensually.

“Are you saying we’re compatible?” Mike teased, taking slow, sensual steps toward her.

The woman laughed and the sound made his pussy ache.

“I have to admit it’s a nice surprise to meet another woman necromancer.” Mike admitted, “Normally it’s a man. All bald and ugly with skulls everywhere.”

“Ugh, tell me about it.” The woman rolled her eyes, “You know, I once trapped a group of adventurers in my dungeon and they thought I was the necromancer’s femme fatale, it took me actually killing one for them to believe me.”

“Men are pigs.”

“You’re telling me.”

The two of them giggled.

“I don’t think this is how it’s supposed to go.” Mike laughed, “I am pretty sure I’m supposed to try and kill you, since you’re unleashing a horde of undead and all. You’re just...really damn likeable.”

“Same here, plus, us lady necromancers have to stick together don’t we?”

Mike nodded, there was something captivating about the woman’s red eyes, the way she smiled coyly as she approached.

“I could give you a tour if you like?” She offered, “I am sure you will find something to be interested in.”

Her eyes dipped as she spoke, flicking to Mike’s exposed cleavage and he smiled at her.

“I’m sure I will.”

They walked through the tower, slowly getting closer with each step. Their hands brushed, then their thighs and Mike felt his skin getting hotter by the second. He looked the woman up and down with hungry eyes; the latent desire that had built up teasing Clair seemed to flare.

This woman radiated dangerous energy and for some reason that turned him on all the more.

His heart was hammering beneath his busty chest and a fire had started between his legs. God he was so turned on right now, more than anything he wanted this woman to touch him. He didn't care if he was 'supposed' to fight her. The party had sent him in here to get information so why not use this body and its silver tongue to do just that? As well as several other naughty things.

He felt his magic flare, almost subconsciously casting out a charming effect to lower the necromancer's defences. He felt it rebuffed in an instant but he didn't have the chance to feel disappointed as she smiled.

"No need for that darling, I have been quite lonely all by myself in this tower. I could use company from my own kind."

"Own kind?" Mike was right in front of her now, their breasts brushing against one another, "Do you mean a woman, or a necromancer?"

"Both."

And then their lips were together. Yes, this was the way; he'd ply her with pleasure then question her; this course of action was totally logical and not him giving in to his own lust. The necromancer woman ran her hands along his curves, sneaking them under the loose fabric that passed as his bra and tweaked his nipples.

"You can call me Crimson." She whispered.

"Illandra." He replied, feeling for the first time he was truly embodying his character.

He pushed forward, letting his dominant side take over and pressing Crimson up against the wall. It felt wonderful feeling his womanly curves pressing against another so similar; his fingers made quick work of her robes, slowly picking them away as she did the same to him until they were nothing but two bare bodies writhing against the cold stone of the wall.

Crimson's fingers found their way between his legs and slowly slipped inside and Mike felt his mind go blank in an instant. It was so different and so good; his inner walls stretched as the fingers scissored inside him. His hips began to buck against his will, trying for more delicious friction. He couldn't let her take control though, no, this Illandra was not one to be shown up; he refused to cum first.

Fumbling slightly thanks to the delicious distraction between his legs Mike finally manoeuvred his own hands between Crimson's legs. The position was slightly awkward but somehow they made it work. He slipped his finger up into her warm passage and began to rub up and down, searching for that rough spot he knew would make her see stars.

"You're c-close." He teased.

"So are you." She whispered, nipping at the shell of his ear.

"If you cum first, you stop making your army." He suggested, "At least for a day or two?"

"A-alright but if you cum first, you join me here."

"You're on."

They were both breathing heavily now, Mike could feel his pussy starting to pulse and tighten as he got closer and closer to the edge. He refused to cum first; he was not some push over, not in this form. He pressed his other hand to Crimson's chest, tweaking her nipples in time with his pressed to her G-spot. Her head fell back and her gasps became full on moans; a wicked smile formed across Mike's face, he had her.

"Ahhhhh...ahhhhhh."

"That's it darling, cum for me." He whispered, licking a strip up the curve of her throat.
"Cum for me."

"AAAAHHHHH!!"

Crimson's whole body shuddered, her fingers basically vibrating inside Mike's hole and pushing him right over the edge. The orgasm was so much stronger than what he was expecting. It seemed to last twice as long as usual and when it finally eased his body was still feeling the rippling aftershocks.

Crimson's fingers slipped out of his pussy and Mike shivered; he felt empty already and the temptation to start up their tryst immediately was strong. Crimson chuckled, pressing a kiss to his neck.

“It’s not many who can charm their way into me without the use of magic.” She cooed.

“Well...I did try.”

Crimson laughed.

“Well, deal is a deal, no more army for at least a day.” She sighed, “Tell you what, if you and your little friends bother to leave my forest and not bother me again, I’ll keep my experiments more contained.”

“I suppose that is fair.” Mike shrugged.

He looked around the lair with interest; this adventure was definitely supposed to be solved with violence like most but he had to admit; that was a lot more fun. The others were probably going to be annoyed he basically completed the whole quest without them but that’s what they got for giving this character such potent social skills.

“One last thing?” He asked as Crimson began to redress, “My party will expect some sort of spoil or treasure for my ‘defeat’ of you.”

“I have plenty of magic trinkets I no longer use, take your pick.” She waved an arm over the wall.

One immediately caught his eye; a black and red leather whip. He picked it off the rack and felt the weight against his palm. He gave it an experimental crack and smiled; yes, perfect. As he left the tower he wondered if that was supposed to be the final fight of this little adventure. If it was, that would mean his punishment was over and he could go back to playing a knight; an idea that didn’t sound quite as appealing as he expected it to. Perhaps he would tell the party the necromancer escaped and they would need to hunt her down. Yeah, just so he could stay this way a little longer. What was the harm?

~

Mike cracked his new whip against the tree, smirking as Henry flinched. He’d hidden his face behind his bandana but Mike could still see the red cheeks poking out where the fabric didn’t cover. A hot, half naked necromancer with a whip was certainly a look.

“Henry darling, I think you may have outed yourself a bit giving me this look.” Mike cooed and the rogue practically flew across the camp, muttering something about going to get firewood.

Mike cackled. This was too fun. When he’d returned with the whip explaining that he’d managed to defeat the evil necromancer all by himself he’d been met with disappointed sighs. The others were clearly itching for a fight and he’d taken all the fun. They didn’t even know the half of it of course. Not that he had any trouble convincing them when he returned sweat soaked with his hair all tangled looking rather short of breath; it wasn’t his fault they just assumed it was from fighting and not other much more pleasurable activities. He was almost sad to leave really, or at least he would be if it weren’t for how fun it was to tease Henry and Richard.

“You did this to yourself.” Clair called after the rogue and Mike smirked.

“Did you just break character, Clair?” He cooed, “Naughty, naughty...”

Her ears turned pink; this was far too much fun. He wished he’d revealed his meta gaming years ago.

“S-so uuh, with the necromancer defeated we need another finale don’t we?” She squeaked, addressing the whole group while desperately looking anywhere but Mike’s body.

“Yeah, we can’t just finish here. That would be boring.” Richard agreed, “But...”

His eyes slid over to Mike.

“Maybe we should let Mike change back to his usual character. I am sure he’s learned his lesson.”

“No!” He replied a little too quickly, “I mean, won’t that be weird story wise, let’s stay in character here. Ahem, so darlings, why don’t we go and see if there are any bounties available? One last job together before your old friends come back?”

The other’s shared looks, Clair and Henry still looked flustered but Richard just sighed.

“Yeah okay, good idea Illandra. We could use some coin anyway.”

Mike punched the air in victory before regaining his composure. He had Clair and Henry wrapped around his little finger already but Richard was playing hard to get. He didn't like that, no, no, no. This version of Illandra was sex on legs, nobody denied her. Especially not Richard.

The fire crackled as he pondered what to do; the actual mission completely gone as Mike let himself fully fall into character. He had seduced Crimson, he could easily take Clair or Henry behind a tree and have them begging for his body in a matter of minutes, which was tempting, but far too easy. No, he wanted a challenge now and Richard's stubborn refusal to look at this body with desire was just what he was after.

He thought back to his other bodies and what had gotten Richard's attention and eventually fell on his ice queen persona. He'd gotten so easily flustered when he'd spoken with authority; he was clearly a secret sub.

A wicked smile formed across his ruby lips and he thought about exposing that side of his friend. There was no way Richard would ever admit being ordered around by a woman got him off; the idea of having him under his thumb, begging for more was just too delicious. He went to sleep with a smile on his face; eager for the next day to come so he could put his plan in motion.

~

The wonderful thing about this new personality was that he was now in possession of so much seduction knowledge. He wasn't sure where it came from, but he knew exactly how to get Richard to break.

Mike started subtly, stretching in the morning as he woke; making sure to stick out his chest and bend over at the hips so that his ass was in the air. He heard the sound of Richard clearing his throat as he packed up camp, trying hard not to watch as he stretched his long legs out. Step one, get in his head; achieved.

He kept it going all day, accidentally bumping into Richard, flirting with the others while he was looking, even suggesting they all bathe in the river together. It had taken every ounce of personal strength he had to hold back a laugh as all three of his companions turned beet red at that suggestion. He was almost tempted to keep the teasing up indefinitely. It was so much fun, but even he had his limits now. This body craved sex and he was eager to have a man for the first time to see what the difference was between his first tryst as a wood elf and this one.

Mike planned on pouncing that night, he made sure his outfit was perfect; loose enough that it could fall off at any moment and went in search of Richard who was off getting

more firewood. Firewood, he might add, they definitely didn't need. The man was practically inviting him to come and seduce.

"There you are, darling." he cooed.

Richard jumped almost a foot in the air, dropping all the sticks he'd gathered.

"Come here, I want to talk to you." Mike ordered slyly, curling his long finger in a come hither motion.

"Uh, I uh...no sorry I should get these back to the others."

Richard gathered about half the sticks awkwardly in his arms and brushed past before Mike could say another word. Leaving him alone in the cold night air. Mike felt his temper boil; nobody denied him! Especially not when it was obvious how much Richard now wanted him; he'd seen the man's face as he passed; red with a locked jaw and hard eyes, desperately denying his own arousal.

Mike felt any small doubts he still had fall away; when Illandra wanted somebody, she got them. Nobody, not even Richard was going to stop her.

~

A few batted eyelids and pouts the next morning was all it took to convince Clair and Henry that he and Richard should scout ahead together. They both looked equal parts relieved to be free of his tempting presence and jealous that Richard got him all to himself.

Richard stood stiff as a board as they walked, having left the horses behind to more easily move through the trees, leaving the main road behind them. Mike walked lazily, humming to himself and occasionally taking the lead so he could wiggle his hips suggestively as he walked. Richard for his part kept trying to get out in front where his eyes could look forward without distraction but there was no way Mike was letting him get away with that.

"Richard," he pitted, "Did I do something wrong?"

"What? No, why would you think that?" He replied without looking at him.

“Well, you seem to be avoiding me,” Mike let his body brush up against the man’s, “You won’t even look at me darling, it hurts my feelings you know. I don’t like being ignored.”

“I’m not ignoring you.”

There was a sheen of nervous sweat forming on Richard’s brow now, Mike let himself smirk.

“Is it because you think I’m hot?” he asked with a coy smile, “It isn’t it. You don’t want to admit you’re horny for me.”

Richard choked on air and finally turned to face him, eyes wide.

“N-no it’s not-well okay you’re kinda hot b-but we programmed it to be embarrassing and uh...why are you standing so close?”

“Am I? I hadn’t noticed.” Mike lied, leaning forward so that his breasts rested against Richard’s chest.

Richard didn’t move, he seemed frozen in place. Mike could see the war going on behind his friends wide eyes; being torn between the knowledge of who he actually was and the character in front of him.

“Nobody has to know...” Mike cooed, running a sharp nail down the centre of Richard’s chest. “And if you give me a little relief, I’ll tell you a secret in exchange.”

“A s-secret?”

“Yeah, I didn’t really defeat the necromancer, well, I did, but not through combat.”

He curled a leg around one of Richard’s and lops his arms around his neck; the man was standing ramrod straight, still obviously frozen in shock. But Mike knew he was winning, as he pressed his bikini pant bottoms against his crotch he could feel the bulge forming there. He leaned in close, whispering low enough that his voice was almost part of the wind, letting his lips brush against the shell of Richard’s ear.

“I fucked her into submission.”

Richard made a strangled sound in the back of his throat.

“She was a woman and I finger fucked her until she came, multiple times. She was far too tired to keep going after that...”

“...Oh fuck.”

“That’s the idea, yes.” Mike giggled.

His pussy was on fire. Watching Richard war with himself was the hottest thing he’d ever seen; the man’s body was clearly yearning for more as he trailed his sharp nails along his skin, leaving little pink trails. Richard swallowed again, tongue darting out to wet his lips.

“It’ll be our little secret...” He whispered once more, pulling his face back so that their lips brushed against one another, “Come on, I won’t tell...”

With a groan, Richard broke, pressing forward to claim Mike’s lips. Victory surged through him, and pride warmed his stomach, mixing with the arousal till it felt as though his body was on fire. Yes! Finally he had won; everybody thought Illandra was hot, he knew nobody could resist.

Unlike in his wood elf form though, he was not about to let a man lay him down on the grass and fuck him like a dog, oh no, he was in control here and Richard knew it. Eagerly he began to tug at the man’s breeches, unbuckling his belt and removing his sword scabbard, chucking it aside without thought as he dragged the man down to the ground.

With a flick of his fingers Mike’s armour fell away, not that it covered much to begin with, leaving him almost fully naked atop the still clothes man. Richard gaped but Mike just smirked; this was all his doing after all.

With ease he pushed the strong knight onto his back and mounted his hips, hovering above the bulge in his smallclothes before grinding down to bring him to full hardness. The desperate, gasping groans that escaped Richard’s lips were like music to his ears.

He didn’t bother fully undressing the man, all he needed was the cock between his legs. Slowly, almost torturously he used the sharp edges of his nails to cut through the thin fabric of his underwear until he could simply lift it away, revealing the hard length already leaking precum.

“I knew you wanted me.” Mike giggled, “Naughty boy, so taboo.”

“Ahhh oh fuck...oh fuck we shouldn't...”

“We will though.”

Mike wrapped his now long, delicate fingers around the man's cock and gave it a few pumps, any hesitation in Richard's eyes vanished. Good.

Without another word he raised up his hips, leaning over so that his heavy tits hung over Richard's face.

“Suck.” he ordered, trying to channel a bit of his ice queen's demanding persona into this one.

Richard practically wailed before complying. Mike smiled blissfully as the pleasure came in strong bolts with each suck, with a shiver he sunk down on the cock and began to ride, timing his bounces to Richard's sucks so he didn't dare slow down.

“Uhhhh....oh yessss.” He hissed.

He wasn't as big as the goliath but it didn't seem to matter. His pussy in this body seemed even tighter than before and it pulsed and squeezed around his length. He bounced up and down eagerly, taking the full cock each time to maximise both of their pleasures. Richard was trembling beneath him, obviously trying hard to hold on; what a gentleman.

“No c-cumming till I do.” Mike breathed, “That's an order, darling.”

Richard gave a muffled moan around his nipple and sucked harder. Mike was in Heaven; he brought all three of his persona's together, the druid's eagerness to please, the bossiness of the ice queen and the sheer sex appeal of his current form. All of them mixing together to create the most perfect coupling possible. He let the ecstasy move through him as the pressure built and built until finally it all came crashing down. With a low moan he came, still riding hard and teasing every last drop of cum out of Richard's cock as he followed suit.

Richard's whole body arched before relaxing back against the ground, breathing heavily. Mike stared down at him, memorising how his post coital face looked for later, not even caring if it was weird before finally pulling off his softening cock.

“Oh fuck...” Richard breathed, “Oh God I can't believe I just...fuck.”

“Don’t worry darling, I won’t tell.” Mike giggled, “It’s just a game after all.”

“Y-yeah, a game...”

Mike smirked; he was never playing a boring fighter ever again, or a man for that matter. Already plans for another sexy female form were being built in his mind. He’d gotten Richard, perhaps now he could work on seducing all of his friends, not to mention all the other NPC characters he could try out. There was a whole world of sexy adventures waiting for him and he couldn’t wait to try them all.

And to think he used to just use this game to fight dragons.