

# Delving the Dungeon

**For Mallmannequin**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A knight agrees to be transformed into their mage partner's new staff to get out of a tight spot and discovers the experience is as pleasurable as it is addicting.*

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Camden cursed as he limped along the cave's dark corridor. He and Morgana had been successful in their mission, they'd delved into the depths and managed to defeat the drake that had been causing miners all over the mountain so much grief. However, the battle hadn't been without costs.

The great creature had crushed Morgana's staff beneath its taloned feet and would have consumed the mage whole if it weren't for him getting a final killing blow. He'd been desperate to save his friend, Camden had been reckless. He'd jammed his sword into the creature's skull, but not before it had clamped its jaws down on his leg.

Now they faced the perilous journey out of the depths, past the goblins and other monsters they'd avoided on the way down, with him barely able to walk, let alone be stealthy. Morgana was up ahead and looked back over her shoulder with a mix of pity and irritation; normally it was him going first, he was a knight after all, he was supposed to be on the front lines.

"Dammit," Camden groaned, "Morgana I have to take a rest or my knee will give out."

"Alright, but not for long, I can sense the goblins running around, if they catch us unaware that'll be it."

They sat against the cold stonewall feeling glum; what was the point of winning the battle if you couldn't make it home afterwards?

"If only I still had a magical focus. Without one my magic isn't very powerful." Morgana muttered, "Goblins wouldn't pose a threat at all if I had a staff..."

Camden didn't know much of the magical arts; Morgana had tried to explain it to him in the past but it had never seemed to make any sort of logical sense to him. He sat back and let her words wash into the background and foolishly tried to will his leg to heal.

“Camden?”

“Hm?”

“Did you hear what I said? I think I have a solution!”

“What? A healing spell?” He said hopefully but Morgana shook her head.

“Without a staff my magic is unfocused and weak but if I get a new one, one empowered with your will, I am sure I will be able to get out of here unscathed.”

“My will? I don't have any magic.”

“No your essence is magic though, all souls are. If I can transform you into a new staff, just until we get out of here, then I can escape and change you back afterwards.”

Camden blinked into surprise.

“Turn me into a staff?? That sounds powerful, if you can do that why can't you cast a few fireballs.”

Morgana rolled her eyes.

“Because if I have your soul as a conduit I can focus my own magic and cast more powerful spells, the transformation included, but only with another living soul as a base. You see the third rule of controlling mana states-”

“Yeah, okay I get it. Arcanery is complicated. I'll just trust you I guess.”

He shifted uncomfortably; being turned into an inanimate tool wasn't exactly appealing. They had managed to bandage his wound but that was no guarantee he was safe from infection, if he let Morgana use him as a staff not only would he not be in pain, but he wouldn't have to

worry about it festering. You never knew what was hanging around in dungeons like this, one wrong step and he was in a pool of filthy water.

He looked at Morgana and sighed; she was tired and trying her best; if they got caught because of him and she got hurt he'd never forgive himself. As nervous as the idea made him, he knew it was the only option they had left.

"Alright, what do I have to do?"

"Nothing." Morgana brightened, "Just lay there, close your eyes and relax. This won't hurt but you won't be able to see once you're an object so it's probably less disorienting if you already have them closed."

Camden nodded, secretly glad; he didn't really want to watch his body twist into a wooden staff. He settled back and took a deep breath, probably the last one he would take for a while. A cold sweat broke out on the back of his neck; would it hurt not to breathe? He couldn't imagine it. Anxiety bubbled under his skin as he felt the familiar sensation of magic wafting over his body; but instead of feeling a sudden rush of adrenaline, or a wound knitting closed he felt...coolness.

It wasn't unpleasant either; more like stepping into a refreshing river on a hot summer day. The pain in his leg disappeared in an instant; soothed away as he felt his muscles becoming solid and his physical shape changing. Morgana was right; it didn't hurt, in fact it almost felt pleasant. No more sweaty skin, no more wound, not even the ache of his spine or feet after days of trekking through dungeons.

Everything snapped into place and somehow Camden knew he was a staff now. He had the vaguest idea of his shape, long and cylindrical, about the thickness of his wrist and seven feet tall. There was...something, near his top, a gem perhaps or a crystal ball. He had no sight to tell and yet, it didn't feel uncomfortable at all.

In becoming an object he had achieved a level of relaxation a human never could; he no longer needed to do anything at all. He didn't have a heart that needed to beat or lungs that had to breathe; he was simple and utilitarian. Even his sense of self was dulled; his personality and gender subdued into simply *being*. It was...wonderful.

Camden was no longer a he, but a they, genderless. They could sense the word around him, even if they couldn't see it. Muffled sounds; too indistinct to make out but their sense of touch was still intact. Camden felt a warm hand close around them, Morgana's no doubt. But they could feel it so much more strongly; every inch of smooth skin right down to the grooves of her finger prints. It felt almost intimate.

Then, just as they were about to settle in and rest a new feeling surged through their being. It was orgasmic, a sort of primal pleasure that they couldn't explain. Pleasure filled every fibre of their being and flowed through them like water. If they'd still had a mouth they'd be moaning like a whore. In fact, it felt so good it took Camden an embarrassingly long time to realise what exactly it was; Morgana funnelling her mana into them to cast a spell.

Suddenly, the mana that had been building inside their form rushed out of the top and the ecstasy doubled. It was just like cumming; but instead of pumping seed from a cock they were pushing mana out of their new rod like form. It was almost as if their entire body had become a hard member ready to cum at a moment's notice.

A flash of heat accompanied the feeling and Camden knew, on some instinctive level, that Morgana was using them to cast fireballs. It was incredible, they'd never felt so powerful in their entire life. They could sense movement, Morgana's grip tightening around them as she moved through the dungeon as well as quick flashes of magical energy.

They'd never understood those who could 'sense' magic but now they were fully intune with the arcane energies that flowed through the earth. They could sense the bursts of magic from what were likely goblin assailants, and magical items that they wore. They wished he had some way of telling Morgana where they were so they could pick them up; but they were just an object.

A strange thrill went through them at that realisation; they had stopped being a person and become merely a tool to be used. The idea somehow made the sexual thrill even stronger as Morgana continued to pump them full of mana and release it at random intervals. The pleasure made everything mix together into a beautiful, orgasmic haze.

Tingling pleasure, like the warm touch of a lover's fingers, ran through them. The tickle of protective wards as Morgana put up a shield. It was like being wrapped in a hug; or sleeping in late and making love on a summer morning. Then sharp bolts of pleasure mixed with the slightest scratch of pain; enemy strikes at his shields.

If they had blood, it would be pumping. This entire experience was orgasmic, they couldn't believe the heights of ecstasy they were reaching; did Morgana know how good this felt when she offered to change them? Camden threw themselves into the pleasure, savouring every stroke and bolt for pleasure that flowed through their form, then all of a sudden, it began to drain away.

The connection to magic dissolved, taking the good feelings with it as their vision returned and they found himself lying on the ground; a man once more. No...flesh and blood but not a man, Camden can tell something had changed; the body they were now in felt...different. Soft curves and wide hips with full lips; she was a woman now.

Camden felt oddly at peace; had she been told this would happen back when she was a man it would have bothered her but after experiencing what it was like to be a physical

object with no sense of gender or sex at all being a woman felt just as natural as being a man.

“Oh!”

Camden turned to see Morgana sitting beside her, a warm campfire crackling beside her. The night was dark and the moon was high in the sky; time seemed to have lost all meaning while she had been the staff.

“You’re...a woman.” Morgana blinked. “That wasn’t supposed to happen.”

“It’s alright.” Camden replied, it felt odd to be able to speak again. “I don’t mind. But how did it happen?”

“My essence must have mixed with yours.” Morgana blushed, “I might be able to fix it if you want me to try?”

“No.” Camden waved her off, “This is fine, you even fixed my leg.”

She got to her feet and examined her new body; Morgana had even put her armour back in place, though it was fitted to her new curvy body. It felt a little odd, that heavy metal against her sloped shoulders but she could get used to it. She almost wished Morgana hadn’t bothered so he could explore this form more but oh well.

“You’re taking this remarkably well.” Morgana said, sounding surprised. “Most men wouldn’t take kindly to being turned into a woman.”

“You’re right, I think I would have been bothered if I hadn’t been a staff in between. There is something oddly calming and...indescribable about simply being. Ideas like gender don’t seem as important as they did a few hours ago.”

Morgana looked awkward for a moment.

“Actually, it’s been a little over a day. The goblins had obviously been out hunting in greater numbers when we first passed through, it took me a while to get back out onto the surface.”

Camden felt her eyes go wide; she knew she'd lost track of time but not to that degree. She'd been an object for that long without even realising it? Feeling nothing but orgasmic bliss? She felt her face go red at the memories of it and her eyes darted down to Morgana's hands. She'd never cared much for them before but now she knew them intimately and her mind couldn't seem to forget how soft they were. How right it felt to be grasped within them, nestled against her palm...

"I hope it wasn't too uncomfortable being my magic staff." Morgana pressed her fingers together, "you were really amazing, powerful too. Normally it takes a while to get used to a new focus but I was able to attune to you instantly. Wielding you was as easy as breathing."

An odd sense of pride burned in Camden's chest and she felt a blush spreading across her new breasts, heating the armour from the inside slightly. For a moment she considered lying about just how good it felt to be used like that but in the end, couldn't help but gush about the experience.

"Oh, it was wonderful!" She smiled, "The rush of all that arcane energy filling me, then shooting out it was...honestly Morgana it was the most pleasurable thing I have ever experienced mmmhh..."

She rubbed her knees together without thinking, feeling the heat between her legs growing as she got turned on recounting the adventure.

"Really?" Morgana grabbed out her notebook, "Can you describe it in more detail?"

"Well, there was this sort of rush and...and this wonderful oh...so good feeling like..."

Camden sighed as her cheeks turned red for more than one reason.

"I'm sorry, there just aren't words."

"I sort of understand what you mean." Morgana replied, "How it feels to cast spells is hard to describe to people who have never experienced it. But using you...it was different, it was like you were made for me."

Camden met her eyes and watched as they widened in realisation.

“Like, as a wand, I mean.” She added quickly.

Arousal spread through Camden’s new female body; knowing she had been a good object, it filled her with pride and made her so damn horny. She swallowed, this was so embarrassing! Morgana was her friend and now all of a sudden all Camden could think about was being her toy.

“We’d better go to sleep.” She suggested, “I’m pretty tired.”

It was a lie, she’d never felt more awake; every nerve in her body felt alive. So much so that she didn’t even bother removing the armour. Instead she curled up on the ground hoping the hard edges would discomfort her enough to stop feeling so turned on.

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The next few days felt like torture for Camden. Not because she was a woman now, in fact, she’d adapted to that quite quickly. No, what bothered her was being human again. Having to breathe and walk and *think* for herself, it was a nightmare after the peace and pleasure that had been existing as Morgana’s staff.

They made their way out of the forest and into a nearby city easily enough and Camden felt herself burning with jealousy as Morgana shopped for a new arcane focus. It was so humiliating to be jealous of sticks and crystal balls but she just couldn’t help it. As she waited in the dark corners of each shop, watching Morgana try out different options all she wanted was to take their place.

Her mind filled with fantasies, what would it feel like to be a thin wand, or a smooth crystal ball nestled within Morgana’s hands? She was so jealous that she was actually glad each time when Morgana sighed, shook her head and walked away without buying anything.

“All the really powerful ones are too expensive.” She said as they walked. “After using you, I don’t want to go back to less powerful options but the gold costs are just so much more than we have...”

“Well... you could always use me again.” Camden suggested, trying to sound nonchalant. “I mean, if you want to. We could take on more dangerous missions and earn more.”

“Really? You wouldn’t mind?”

“No, not at all?”

Camden tried to contain her excitement at the idea; she looked cool on the outside but inside her heart was pounding. Another chance! Just the idea was making her wet. She had to sweeten the pot, if Morgana said no it might just break her.

“Plus, you’ll look pretty impressive! Fighting all by yourself, nobody needs to know I am your weapon.”

“You wouldn’t want people to know it’s you? That doesn’t seem fair.”

“Oh no it’s...embarrassing. Yes, I wouldn’t want people to know but I am willing to change for you, Morgana.”

“Wow.” She breathed, “You’re such a good friend.”

Camden felt a little guilty manipulating Morgana like this but she couldn’t help it. She had to be a staff again, she had to feel that bliss. Plus the idea that nobody would know she was anything but a hunk of wood and crystal filled with magic somehow made things all the hotter.

“So, how about it? Let’s go to the guild hall, I’m sure this city has one, pick up a mission and give it a try.”

Morgana beamed.

“Okay!”

Camden felt so much lighter, her feet practically skimmed the ground as they rushed over to the hall to see what was available. Morgana’s eyes found a posting for a rogue selkie that had been luring men to their deaths in a nearby river and immediately picked it out.

“We could never fight something as dangerous as a selkie before, especially when you were a man. This seems like a good thing to try, don’t you think?”



Camden almost blurted out that she'd take a mission to fight bunnies if it meant getting to be a staff again but she just managed to hold back. Biting her lip instead and nodding. Morgana must have mistaken the action for nerves though as she placed a hand on Camden's arm.

"I really appreciate you doing this for me."

Camden just nodded again, it was all she could do to keep from moaning.

The trek out of town seemed to take an age but finally, they were back in the forest away from prying eyes and Morgana held out her hands, already sparking with magical energy.

"Ready?"

"Oh yes." Camden sighed, closing her eyes and groaning with delight as she felt the magic flow into her.

Her body shifted once more; all the tiny irritations of being human disappeared as she slowly morphed into that beautiful, genderless object once more. It was like coming home; the pleasure was instant as Morgana immediately began to pump mana into them. That same bliss filled them and Camden knew this was how they wanted to be forever.

They had no way of following the fight other than vague guesses based on the spells that pleased them. They felt the salacious tingle of charming magic, the explosive, orgasmic bolts of evocation and the warm tingles of shields once more. Camden could feel their magic battling with the selkie's and they almost wished they could groan. It was like a sexual battle, pain and pleasure all mixing together as one. Followed by the cool, blissful feel of healing spells afterwards.

It was far too soon when the feeling began to fade and Camden felt themselves becoming a her once more. The battle had been so fierce the pleasure had been overwhelming, as she felt it leave her Camden realised to her horror that one final orgasmic bolt was yet to leave her form. She was human once again but right on the edge, all it took was the slightest brush of her legs to bring her pussy lips together and she was cumming, hard. Right in front of Morgana.

It was humiliating but she couldn't help it, all the pleasure of being a staff overwhelmed her as she laid on the forest floor, moaning and cumming from the memories and residual pleasure alone.

“S-sorry.” She murmured when it finally faded away. “Being your staff just feels...so good.”

Morgana’s face was red with arousal but she smiled.

“That’s okay, I am glad it’s enjoyable...”

“Um, I sort of made a mess of myself.” Camden blushed, she could feel her juices dribbling inside her armour; she never realised women could squirt before now.

“Do you think maybe you could change me back again? Walking like this would be pretty uncomfortable.”

It wasn’t a lie but Camden knew her real motives were obvious. She had only been human again for a few minutes and already she was desperate to be back as an object. The whole experience was far too addicting; just knowing total bliss was a few muttered words away was almost torture. Morgana smiled though and held out her hands.

“If you’re sure...”

“Oh yes, please.” She couldn’t help but beg, she was desperate to be inanimate again. All this...living and thinking for herself was getting overwhelming.

Morgana held out her arms and Camden practically fell into them, welcoming the addicting flow of magic as they transformed back into their true self once more. Addicting really was the word; Camden kept on volunteering to be Morgana’s staff even after they’d completed three more high ranking missions and had more than enough for her to buy a staff of equal power.

Soon they were spending days at a time as an object, then full weeks. Every time Morgana turned them back into a woman to check they were alright Camden would beg to go back. They craved the pleasure that came with being a pure utilitarian item. Pretty soon, Morgana stopped asking or turning them back at all. She no longer gave them any more attention than she would a particularly useful tool. It was oddly satisfying.

It was a shame really, they lived so many years as a human. What wasted time, all that walking and breathing for themselves, not to mention thinking. Being an object was much better, no troublesome thoughts, worries or stresses, no life hanging in the balance. Just ecstasy and orgasmic bliss.

Camden thought giving up their personhood would be harder, or that after a while they could come to regret the decision but they didn't. In fact they embraced it. A lifetime, potentially an eternity as they no longer aged, of bliss. What more could they ever want?