

## VIPER RSR - "CALA'S GAUNTLET"

### 01 - MARANELLO

"Hehehe! Look at you! How shameful, a high Holy Knight such as yourself, made to please a lower-class monster. I never get tired of seeing it." The odious lizard-like creature laughed, looking down on the beautiful pink-haired girl.

Cala pulled away, letting the creature's hard, spotted phallus slip out from her mouth for a moment, though she still maintained a firm grip on it. "Are you going to say that every time?" She looked up defiantly, her bright-green eyes searing through the bipedal salamander who loomed, far larger than herself.

Maranello laughed again, shaking, his huge purple tongue drooping and dripping from his snout, yellow eyes darting about the dank dungeon chamber. "Hehehe! You talk big still, but you know better than to defy me. Yes, that's right... I can see it in those eyes. You'd love nothing more than to sear me with your electric magic. Hehehe! All that power, you could easily kill me, but instead, you're down there, naked, on your knees, obediently sucking my cock."

"For now! You just wait and—Mmph!"

"Tsk ts! It's not polite to speak with your mouth full. Hehehe." Maranello chuckled, having grabbed at the woman's head, he pulled her lips towards his member once more. "There! Feast all you want. Keep on sucking." He said, maliciously eyeing the female as if daring her to stop. "Good girl. Hehehe. You know your place, despite the way you talk. You've given your body for us monsters to mate, so we don't do the same with the girls we take from surrounding villages, and you know what happens if you go back on your word. Hehehe! I intend to take full advantage of it! I'll fuck you ten times a day, and sooner or later, you'll bear my child. Hehehe!"

"Never!" Cala managed to force her head back to shout.

"Don't stop sucking, bitch!" Maranello forced the pointy-eared woman's head to him again. "I'm close! I want you to swallow it all! I'll fill your stomach before I do your womb! Yes! Yes! Look at me! Look at me with those angry eyes. I want to see them when I cum in your mouth. Hehehe!"

Though she loathed to do it, Cala complied. Whatever else he might be, Maranello was certainly not wrong in his assessment of the situation. For now, she had to endure every manner of abuse

that came her way, or else some other innocent girl would end up on the receiving end of the same.

“That’s right! Hehehe! Look at me just like that. Think about how all your power means nothing as you taste my cock. Hehehe! Ooh, I’m close! Here it comes... Keep... Looking! Aaaaah!”

Cala almost gagged when the salamander beast climaxed in her throat, filling her mouth to the brim with salty monster seed, more and more as his cock jerked, to the point where excess began to run in a stream, down her chin.

“Careful there. Don’t want to waste any of my valuable sperm.” Maranello said, pulling out from the woman’s mouth while holding her cheeks with a huge, clawed hand. “Go on, swallow it! Swallow it all!”

Closing her eyes, Cala did as she was told, trying to shut her mind away from the taste and texture.

“Good! Now open wide and stick your tongue out. I want to see it, that you drank the whole load.”

Once again, Cala complied.

“Hehehe! Good girl! Now lick that drop down your neck. Yes... And now...” Maranello presented himself to the female, his cock dripping, coated with her spit, mixed with his own seed. “Lick it clean! Do it! And don’t neglect my balls. Yes...”

Perhaps not arguing was the way to make the ordeal end more quickly, Cala thought. She cupped the monster’s balls with a hand, and grabbed his shaft with the other, then went on to lick his cock clean, lapping at each drop of cum that still lingered along the shaft.

“Ooh! You were born for this!” Maranello said, taking a step back when the woman was finished. “But look at what you did!” He added, showcasing a renewed erection. “You only have yourself to blame, with a body like that. Stand! Lemme have a good look at you.”

Cala went to her feet, averting her gaze from the foul creature ahead.

“Mmm, yes! I’d certainly give up every villager girl for a taste of this body!” Maranello stated, examining the female Holy Knight. She was lean and shapely, with breasts as large as her head, so firm it was hard to believe. Her lithe, toned frame housed more curves than should be possible. She stood fully naked, if not for a pair of sandals, and a collar about her neck. Her fair

skin was covered with goosebumps, from the cold night wind which entered the stone chamber cell through a barred window high above. It made for a stark contrast to her short, pink hair, and the colorful green of her eyes, both of which perfectly complementing the delicate features of her face. “Yes... You’ll keep me hard again and again! And every time the thought of fucking you gives me a boner, I’ll come back here to do just that! Hehehe!” He played with her breasts, touching her ass and thighs also. “You say you don’t like it, but each time, your pink nipples get as hard as my cock. Hehehe! Well, at least you can do something about the latter!”

Cala paced back, aware of what was to follow, matching the monster’s steps as he trod towards her. He did not seem to object to her retreat for some reason, though she ultimately understood why, when her uncovered back pressed against the hard, stone wall, and she was caught between its coldness and the similarly chilling touch of the huge magenta-hued salamander creature. “Ah! No!”

“No? Yes! Hehehe! Just like that!” Maranello spoke, fastening his hands around the woman’s buttocks. “Open your mouth!” He commanded.

“Why?!”

“Holes don’t get to ask why. They just get to be filled. Open it! Wide! Stick out your tongue.”

Nauseated, Cala did as she was told once more. Maranello’s enormous, phallic, purple tongue drooped inside her mouth. It was revolting, and it only got worse, as he raised her up by the ass, hoisting her from the ground, so her face would be at a level with his, causing his tongue to fill not only her mouth, but her throat also, stretching it nearly all the way to her belly! “Ghh! Mmh!”

Once his tongue was deep inside the female, Maranello raised her further, lining her smooth, vaginal lips to the tip of his erection. He then allowed her weight to fall over it, impaling her in a single motion! With one more step ahead, he pinned her roughly to the stone wall behind. Then, taken by a lustful frenzy, he began to move his hips!

“Mh! Uhhgh! Mgh!” Cala’s screams were stifled by the monster’s wet appendage, which drilled her throat much like his cock drilled her sex! She squirmed, her limbs shaking, as her torso was pressed to the creature’s, trapping her large breasts between them. He squeezed her ass, clawing it as he thrust, making her drip. What humiliated her most, was not the violation of her body, however. It was the fact that at any given moment, she could bite this beast’s tongue off, and subsequently kill it with her magic. Only she could not; would not do it, and he knew it!

“Ohh, I love it!” Maranello said, having finally pulled his tongue from the woman’s mouth. “No matter how many times you’re fucked, you’re always just as tight! Yes!” He licked her breasts, leaning back, fucking faster and faster. “Or do you just like my cock that much? Eh?! Say it, bitch! Tell me you like my cock!”

Cala gritted her teeth, squealing, shutting her eyes as hard as she could.

“Go on, say it! I can’t hear you! If you won’t say it, I’ll find a girl who will!”

“I... Like your cock.” Cala mumbled, looking hatefully at the slithy monster.

“Hehehe! That’s right. I know you do. How else could you squeeze me so tightly? Ooh! I’m close again! Yes! Here it comes! Ohhh!”

Leaning back enough that Cala’s breasts could freely swing, Maranello thrust up as fast and hard as he could, still pushing her to the stone wall. She screamed, shaking her head from side to side, eyes closed, bobbing up and down with each pump! “Nah! No!” She couldn’t help shouting, when she felt the burst of hot seed ooze down her buttocks, pooling among the monster’s fingers, before dripping to the floor. For many more seconds, he jerked inside her, slowly decreasing the speed of his humps, if keeping their might. “No...” She mumbled, breathing heavily.

“Ah, that was a good one!” Maranello said, stepping back and letting go. Without him keeping her aloft, the female fell to the floor, still oozing excess sperm, much as he also did. “You liked it, didn’t you? Tell me you liked it!”

“I liked it.” Cala spat, looking down.

“Hehehe! Yes, me too! I liked it so much, I think I’m still ready for more.”

“What?!” Cala yelled, hearing the words, finally finding the strength to look up. To her dismay, the giant salamander creature’s cock was still as hard and large as it had been inside her. “No!”

“Hehehe! I told you, it’s your own fault. Such a shapely body, my cock is helpless before it. All you can do is satisfy its needs. Hehehe.”

“Enough! Not today. No more!”

Ignoring the female’s cries, Maranello simply went on laughing, while he bent down to grab her again. Pulling her by the wrists, he then twisted her around, so as to take her by the back.

Following that, he snuck both his long arms under hers, and finally interlaced his fingers together, with palms pressing behind her head.

“You’re... Hurting me! Ah! Stop it!” Cala cried out, lifted from the floor again, this time under a full-nelson hold. Her feet dangled, helplessly kicking at the air, in a vain attempt to break free.

“Hehehe! It’s too bad it’s only us here in this room now.” Maranello laughed. “I wish I could do this in front of your entire kingdom. Just imagine them watching.” He raised the woman enough that his erection poked from under her; her wet slit resting just over his shaft. “Try to picture all their faces. Hehehe. Now, raise your legs!”

“N... No! Please!”

“Do it! You’ll milk every last drop from my cock, or some other girl will!”

“Bastard!” Cala cursed, elevating both legs, making it so her hips and lips both were positioned to be penetrated once more.

“Hehehe! Good girl. Here’s your reward for being so obedient.” Maranello lowered the pointy-eared girl onto his cock, jamming his hips upwards to meet hers! In but a second, he was balls-deep inside her warm depths again! “This time! This time, you’ll bear my children!” He shouted, cackling all the way, as he began to thrust, even more brutally than before!

“Nooo! Ah! Ah! Sto... Aaahh!” Cala squealed, shaking with each stab of the scarlet member! Her shoulders ached, and so did her neck. Once more, hands and feet were left to shake about, lacking any support. In this position, she was wholly vulnerable. Held up by the monster who fucked her, legs spread, sex split and exposed, frothing and oozing with a disturbingly abundant buildup of cum alongside her own fluids. Incapable to hold back her mind from doing so, she imagined what it would be like to be seen like this; to be used as a fuck-hole, and potential breeding mare, by a lowly, vile beast, as all her loved ones watched. She felt the shame of it all, and just how much she’d been reduced, from her former position of power and prestige. “Nooo!” She cried, as the intensity of Maranello’s thrusts only ever grew!

“Ohhh! So good! I’m close again! Get ready, sow! Yes! Oh! I’m... I’m cumming! Oh, yeeeahhh!”

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Cala cried on the floor again, having been tossed down, once the monster was finished with her.

“Ooh, that was great! Nothing better than fucking a Holy Knight!” Maranello teased, pacing around the humbled female. His clawed feet clicked on the stone, just as his tail scraped it, producing a repulsive noise. “Looks like my cock’s finally sated.” He pointed at himself, showcasing the soft member. “Don’t be sad though. I’ll come back tomorrow, ready for more. Hehehe! I’m sure you’ll be dreaming about...” Suddenly, his mockery and laughter were interrupted, by the sound of a heavy metal door squeaking open.

“Time for her healing session.” A voice echoed from the cell’s entrance. A raspy, gurgling voice.

“Urus?” Maranello inquired, recognizing the misshapen frame which stood by the chamber’s only entrance. “What are you doing here?”

Cala looked up, squinting to see who, or rather what, it was that spoke with the salamander monster. From beyond the doorway, there shone the light of torches, contrasting with the darkness of her cell, making it so she could only make out an odd silhouette in the passageway.

“Lord Veloce ordered the Holy Knight female be kept healthy. All the strain her body is being put through is too much to handle.” The strange figure spoke anew.

“Are you here to give her medicine then?” Maranello asked.

“Alchemical treatment. Special ointments and potions. Bring her back to full health, each day.”

“Bah!” Maranello spat, looking down at Cala. He did want to leave, despite no longer being able to perform. Teasing the woman was just as exciting as fucking her, after all. Nevertheless, it was wisest not to challenge an order coming from above. “I’m done with her for the day anyway.” He added, moving away, but not before turning for one last remark. “See you tomorrow, bitch. Hehehe!”

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## **02 - “URUS”**

“Nah!” Cala exclaimed reflexively, cowering in a cold, stony corner of her cell, against the wall opposite to the chamber’s entrance. At the end of each day he came; that odious, misshapen figure, who stood outlined by the light which shone beyond the opened doorway.

“Happy to see me again?” Urus, the Troll asked the naked Holy Knight. He mocked her as usual, chuckling while he stared greedily at her exposed body.

Once the door closed and her eyes adjusted to the dark, Cala beheld, filled with disgust, the creature who waddled inside. Though not smaller than her in mass, he stood almost a head shorter, due to a hunched back and arched, short legs. His greenish skin was leathery and completely wrinkled, perpetually covered in a translucent slime which gave him the appearance of perpetual wetness. His arms were long and thin, as his legs were stubby, bearing large, clawed hands and feet. What little hair grew over his head was long and black, and stuck to his forehead and nape, framing an unspeakably hideous face. He had a large, hooked nose and matching pointy chin. His cheekbones were pronounced, making his milky-white, deep-set eyes that much more disturbing in appearance. Most repulse of all, however, was the evil grin he always bore, full of malice as well as small, pointed teeth.

“Easy!” Urus flinched when the woman raised her arms as if threatening to defend herself. “No use trying to fight.” He grinned. “You’re too tired, and...” He grinned “You need Urus.” He said, brandishing a large leather bag that echoed with the sounds of clinking glass. “Yes... Help you heal. Heal for Urus.” He added, before placing the bag on the ground to search for something in it.

“No...” Cala said meekly. “Not again.” She cried, watching while the Troll paced around her. He wore nothing but a loincloth, though it did little to hide the large balls dangling behind it. The sight of them made her shiver. Despite the efforts monsters made trying to impregnate her, she always took solace in knowing hers and their kind could not mix. Nevertheless, to imagine that if it could ever happen, of all creatures, this one might be the one to breed with her was a terrifying thought.

“Here. Get you cleaned and strong first.” Urus stated, uncorking a bottle that began to release a thick, reddish fog. “Breathe.” He added, reaching for another vessel. “And now...” He opened another flask, and shook it over the woman, splashing her with an oily substance. “There. We begin. Heh!”

As soon as she was exposed to the Troll’s alchemical potions Cala could feel her body heal. All the bruises began to vanish, and the dried monster sperm which coated her skin melted away. Her strength returned to her; or some of it did, at least, for she could not will herself to move, despite feeling as if she’d rested. The fog clouded her mind, making her sluggish and docile, all the easier for the hideous Troll to abuse her. “No...”

“Yes!” Urus smiled. Feeling safe to do as he pleased, he grabbed at the woman’s breasts, squeezing and pulling on her nipples, making them hard against her wishes. He ran his odious hands all over her body, making it shine with the oils he’d spread and massage all over.

“Nh... Mmph!” Cala moaned, shutting her eyes. The Troll rubbed her thoroughly, claspings her breasts and buttocks alike as often as he could, intermittently sliding a finger in her ass, pussy, or both, then into her mouth, forcing her to suck it.

“Mmmm! Urus will make you strong. Strong to bear his children. Then Lord Veloce will give you to me! Heh!” Urus spoke, still playing with the Holy Knight woman’s body. “Here.” He pulled another potion from his bag and pressed it to her lips. “This will prepare you.”

“No... Nnnh!” Cala tried to resist, but soon enough she imbibed the foul-tasting formula yet again.

“Make you a match for me. Not the others. None of the others!” Urus chuckled. “We begin now.”

“Please...” Cala opened her eyes, only to see that the Troll had removed its loincloth, and was already hard and ready to have his way with her. He was no more well-endowed than a man, at least under normal circumstances, but it seemed for every limitation, the creature had a magic potion at the ready.

“You taste now. We eat each other.” Urus said as he poured and rubbed yet another formula over his genitals. “But rub first. You help me, no? Hehe!” He added, guiding the woman’s hands to his cock.

Knowing better than to try resisting, Cala began to slide her hand up and down the Troll’s member. Though it was already fully hard, the potion he used had a most peculiar effect, causing both the organ, as well as the testicles to increase in size greatly, ever-warmer, as she caressed it.

“Good! Yes.” Urus said, laying on his back. He pulled the woman to lie over his potbelly, them each facing each other's groins, and readily jamming his nose and mouth between her cheeks.

Presented with the Troll’s vile erection, Cala held it with both hands, then took the head into her mouth. She sucked and moaned, making noises that mirrored those made by the creature who buried its tongue into her moist slip. “Mmph! Nnh!” As if in a daze, she could not help but comply with the monster’s desires. The more she touched him, the weaker her will to resist. The Troll’s skin felt cold, and touching it was not unlike touching a giant slug; the more contact with it, the more covered in his slime she got.



Urus took one hand away from the woman's ass to reach for another vessel in his bag. He pulled his face away for a moment also, to sip on yet another potion, before returning to licking and fingering, spreading her lips with both hands when diving in again.

"Ah! Nah!" Cala moaned, letting the Troll's veiny cock slip from her mouth. His balls began to swell even more than they already had. Knowing what this meant, she took them by a hand, then held a firm grip on the creature's shaft, keeping the member steadily aimed at her open, welcoming mouth; tongue sticking out, waiting. "*Why? Why am I so compliant?*" She thought, closing her eyes. There was no time for pondering, however. Within seconds, the creature burst all over her, dowsing her face, as well as her tongue and neck with sticky, hot cum, in such amounts she could hardly believe. Meanwhile, he growled against her privates, tightening his claws around her cheeks. Though the taste of his seed was as foul as his appearance, Cala could not hold herself back from swallowing the Troll's spunk, and subsequently licking every last drop, both from herself and from his augmented, erect member.

"Good! Yes. Now..." Urus flipped the woman over, then took a seat on the stone floor beside her. "A little gift for you." He said. Yet again, he went for more alchemical mixes. First, he took a sip from a flask, causing the hue of his skin to grow increasingly reddish soon after. Then, he bid the female sit, so that he might pour something down her throat.

After wiping and licking the last drops of cum from herself, Cala sat up as ordered, sticking out her neck and tongue, head leaning back, ready to receive the elixir.

"You'll like this one." Urus grinned. He raised the vessel up a foot or so above the woman's face, then let it drip, splashing over her mouth, overflowing onto and down her bosom. "Drink. Drink! Good! Hehe."

As Cala swallowed, it was as if the potion became sweeter by the gulp. The mental fog was not enough that she didn't know what the Troll was doing. He'd subjected her to it enough times by now. Only, in these dire circumstances, beyond her control, she grew to relish the illusion; to cling to it as a lifeline amid all the surrounding despair. Before her eyes, the mist became denser, of at least it appeared to do so; such that anything beyond it could not be seen. Now there was only she and him inside it. She and... Him?

"Come!"

"Wh... E... Elan?" Cala asked, shaking her head. Before her, she saw the handsome features of her Holy Knight companion taking shape, replacing the Troll's monstrous visage. His red hair, fair, smooth skin, comely visage, and strong, lean body. "Elan." She stood, looking down on him, who extended his arms to her in an inviting gesture, sitting, waiting, ready.

With no hesitation, the Holy Knight woman came to him. Urus embraced her gladly, guiding her sex onto his as she sat to meet him face to face. Soon their hips were as one, and she'd taken him to the hilt, moaning with ecstasy all the way, ignoring the pain of being so deeply plundered, so widely stretched.

"Anh! Ah! Elan! I... I love you!" Cala whispered, looking on at her lover. "We're together now. Everything will be fine. Ah! Yes. Uh!"

"Hehe! Yes! Good woman. Good! Fuck Urus now! Belong to Urus later! Urus will fuck you always then!" The Troll uttered with glee. The woman began to ride him with surprising gusto, if not downright ferocity. She took his enhanced member like a champion, and if not for his formula to provide him with added stamina, he'd barely be able to last more than a few seconds inside her. "Ooh! Yes!"

"Yes! Yes!" Cala echoed. "Take me Elan! Make me feel good! Ah! Yes! Ah! Ah, Ah, Aaah!" She embraced her lover about the neck, kissing him over and over as she rode his cock! Her sex gushed, tightening around his, twitching with pleasure, as a feeling of heat built in her gut, and up her spine. "Ah! Ah! More! More! Yes! Ah!"

Urus took the woman by the waist and leaned back. He relaxed, letting her do the work as his hard rod stood tall, talking all of the onslaught she had to dish out with mirth. She rode him. Wildly and with abandon she bounced up and down the meaty, veiny shaft. Her large breasts swung heavily, her hair shook, both dripping and spraying sweat! Her beautiful body shone with moonlight, coated with a mix of oil, monster cum, and slime! Her skin blushing, her voice loud and shrill! Soon she'd climax about him; soon he'd do the same inside her!

"Ahhh! Yes!" Cala shouted, leaning forward, falling over the red-haired man, embracing and kissing him while her hips maintained a perpetual motion. "Mmmh, Elan... I'm... Oh! Oh! Ahhhh!" Her body shook with pleasure, her outstretched sex engulfed his fully, oozing and spraying with climatic joy!

"Yes!" Urus growled. He pulled the woman down as hard as he could with both hands, one around her waist, another over her ass. His enormous, swollen balls began to twitch, right alongside the jerks of his shaft. He exploded inside the female, filling her to the brim, then overflowing with thick, white monster cum!

"Elan..." Cala whispered, trying to catch her breath, feeling the warm streams down her legs. Suddenly, her nipples felt something odd. While she lay atop her lover, his skin was not quite as smooth anymore; not quite as warm. There were folds everywhere, leathery and bumpy. She

raised herself slightly, and gazed down in horror, witnessing as the illusion began to break; as the handsome features of the red-haired Holy Knight man morphed back into the gruesome visage of the Troll alchemist. “Noooo!”

“You don’t like Urus’ face? Hehe.” Urus laughed, still holding the woman firmly in place, his cock buried all the way inside her warm folds. “You will! Urus make you his. Give you baby. Then you belong to him, and nobody else.”

“No! No!”

“Yes!” Urus said as he returned to a sitting position. Still holding the female tightly, he reached into his bag again, taking the potion meant for this precise moment. He uncorked the bottle with his teeth then drank deeply, ‘til not a drop remained.

Unable to escape, Cala watched in horror as the Troll’s skin began to take a milky hue, matching its eyes. His balls swelled yet again, growing to be large as big apples each. “Please! Don’t! Not in... Ah! Ahhhh! Nahhhh!”

“Guuuh!” Urus arched his back, as he erupted once more inside the woman! His cock jerked again and again, pumping her insides with endless torrents of monster seed!

“Ah! Oh! Hah!” Cala screamed, feeling the unrelenting pressure inside her. In seconds, the Troll somehow managed to pump her with several times as much cum as all other monsters had done combined, over the course of the entire day! The viscous fluid made her bloat as far as she would, then it flowed from her, escaping her sex in bursts to pool on the stone beneath, under her and the creature both.

“Good! Good!” Urus said, also catching his breath, when the jerking of his cock started to subside, after several minutes of pumping seed inside the beautiful woman. His skin slowly returned to its natural greyish-green, and he could feel the artificial strength given by his elixirs waning. “You’ll be mine soon.” He said, standing, letting the female roll over from him, and onto the pool of cum on the ground. “Yes.” He brushed her pink hair aside, with surprising delicacy, examining the perfect features of her face. “Mine.”

“Ahhhhhh...” Sapped of strength yet again, Cala lay still, heaving, eyes semi-shut. She could barely make the frame of the Troll as he paced around her, collecting his flasks and bag, and re-fastening his loincloth. His balls still dangled huge, apple-like, swinging from side to side.

“Tomorrow.” Urus grinned, touching the woman’s breasts. “More tomorrow. Until you belong to Urus. Yes.” He said, before waddling away.

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“Urus!”

“Wha...?! Maranello?” The Troll jumbled back when his name was called out, just as he left the Holy Knight’s cell.

“What are you still doing here?” The big bipedal salamander creature asked, appearing from behind a corner, looming over the other monster.

“Urus heal the woman. With his alchemy.” The Troll said, shaking his bag of empty flasks. “Like Lord Veloce asked.”

Maranello squinted. “You’re not messing with her body again, are you? You know you’re not supposed to try altering her biology. It defeats the whole point of what we’re trying to do.”

“No! Urus would never defy Lord Veloce’s order.”

“Right. Of course not.”

“No. No.” The Troll shook his head, trying to sidestep around the big lizard. “Must go now. Need to gather materials for more potions.”

Maranello stood still for a moment. Though he did not like the ugly Troll—Few of the monsters did, including Veloce himself—He and others had to suffer him, due to the creature’s unique ability to fashion alchemical potions out of the magical slime which coated his skin. And how some such potions could be used to keep the Holy Knight woman healthy, despite all the abuse she regularly endured. “Yes... Do that.” He said, stepping aside.

Urus nodded, then waddled past, bearing a wicked grin. “Urus will do it. Yes, he will.”

“Hum...” Maranello squinted again, watching silently as the Troll went.

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### **03 - “THE RAT-THINGS”**

An hour of silence had passed inside the cell since Cala was left alone, to rest for the remainder of the night. The moon waned behind the clouds, shining through the little window far above on the stone wall. It provided scant illumination, barely enough to see beyond the spot on the ground, whereon light would hit in a beam. It was during nights like this; the darkest ones, that they came!

The quiet provided little comfort. Aware of what was to happen, Cala crouched against the cold rock, arms raised, ears perked. Soon enough, the sounds began; father, then closer; faint, then loud! Skittering feet and gnashing teeth, betraying growing excitement with each passing moment!

“Get away!” Cala shouted, as she could when she first saw the glimmer of the creatures’ eyes, five or six pairs at least, gathered in a semi-circle about her, inching closer and closer. Soon, she could see their frames, small and stocky, then, their features. Rats, they could be called, if anything, albeit giant ones. Perhaps half her height when standing, the creatures bore all the traits of the ordinary animal, only all somewhat distorted. Their mouths were large and full of crooked teeth, their torsos showed hints of a humanoid ribcage. Most disturbing of all though, was how their bulging red eyes glinted with hints of minds capable of thought; at least the most base of them. Greed, desire, lust! They approached her, drooling with anticipation, their fleshy, exposed members already hard!

“No!” Cala yelled once more, filled with the defiance she was not otherwise allowed. In her mind, it was clear these beasts were not meant to be here. They simply showed, intent on exploiting her capture and current state of weakness. She was not allowed to fight off the other monsters, lest some poor, more docile girl be forced to take her place. These rats, however, would not be given such free access to her body.

Sparks flew from the female’s hands, illuminating her beautiful, naked body. The rat-things scattered, fearful, though not so much it could override their carnal drive. They circled her staring ravenous, certain of their success. Some of them might fall, but as a whole, they would not retreat. In the end, the brood would take her!

Grinding her teeth, Cala unleashed wave after wave of magic lightning from her hands, bouncing it to and fro the walls, harmless to herself, but not so much to the creatures she aimed to hit. Between the darkness and the flashing lights, it was hard to be precise. Furthermore, the rats were fast. The only tactic available was to cover as much area with thunderbolts as she could, hoping it would be enough to strike them all down.

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A couple of minutes passed, and Cala's strength waned. When the sounds of lightning faded, however, they were replaced by a much welcome rekindled silence. It seems she did manage to strike all the vermin down, after all. With the last of the flickering lights, she could see the bodies, half a dozen or so lumps, scattered around the chamber, unmoving. "Hah!" She fell to her knees, after taking a few steps forward. Positioned near the center of the room, she breathed heavily, lit by the beam of moonlight. "My magic..." She mumbled, looking down at her hands, remarking on how truly weakened she was. Though her body was healed daily, the same could not be said about her stamina. She allowed herself to lie on her side, hoping to sleep, when suddenly...

"No!" Cala quickly went to her knees, when she heard the sounds once more! "No!" She looked around, as more and more pairs of eyes came to be in the shadows! "Get away!" She cried, knowing there was no more fight left in her, and horrified to find that however many rats she'd killed were merely a scouting party! All around, those red eyes neared; dozens of them!

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Like a wave, the rat-things swarmed over the female Holy Knight! Their little, cold hands pulled at her arms, legs, and hair. She screamed in vain, struggling in a lost battle against their numbers! Greedy paws squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples. Soon, her skin was covered in scratches as she was dragged along, and repositioned to her back kicking and screaming!

"Please, no! Noo! Ahh!" Cala yelped. Her legs were spread apart, and almost as soon as the room was made, one of the giant rats dove between them! It humped into her frantically, making up for its lack of size with sheer speed and zest. "Ah! Ahhh!" Her head and arms were held down in a stretch, barely able to move; likewise, many furry arms wrapped around her legs, robbing her of the ability to kick. Whichever of the creatures who were left free from the task of keeping her pinned took the chance to touch her, playing with every bit of exposed skin they could find. "Noooo! Ahhh!" She cried out again when she felt her insides coated with rat-thing seed! No sooner did one beast finish inside her though, it was readily replaced by another, fresh and ready to go! "Ahhhh!"

One by one, the rat-things took turns fucking the female Holy Knight. One after the other, in what seemed like an endless succession. They'd cum in and out of her, overflowing her sex, and coating her body with their fluids. As time went on, what was left of her energy dwindled, such that it became less of a necessity to hold her. Thus, their ability to enjoy her body increased in tandem.

Some of the rats would take Cala's hands and wrap her fingers around their members, using them to pleasure themselves whilst other places were occupied. Emboldened by her exhaustion, others

dared to try her mouth, shoving two, at times three cocks at a once, rabidly thrusting to climax, stretching her pink cheeks again and again, while her hair of a matching hue was pulled back. Once she was wholly compliant, it was only imagination that limited the giant rats' ability to abuse her. Cala was flipped over to her hands and knees, and soon many of the creatures crawled all over and under her. Her breasts were licked and sucked, while each of her orifices was viciously assaulted. The creatures' collective ability to contort was rather remarkable. They somehow always managed to squeeze themselves into arrangements where, much as with her mouth, two or three would always be in her ass or pussy at any given time.

Rat spunk began to gather under the woman. From head to toe, she was covered in it, and the abundant excess flowed to the stone ground under her, in warm puddles, which soon merged into a single, large pool. She moaned weakly, through the meat filling her lips, both above and below. Her body was but a frame, for the creatures to climb and ride; and so they did, for hours on end, taking turns that each of them tasted each of her holes, at least once. It was clear that the goal of seeding the female was secondary at best, giving way to the far more urgent urge to fuck the beautiful Holy Knight; a chance, the big rats knew, they'd have never been able to engender on their own.

Later into the night, the floor of the chamber made room for an increasing number of beasts. Creatures who had their fill slumped about, as spent as they were sated, resting with a placated glaze to their wild, bulging eyes; twenty, perhaps thirty of them. Meanwhile, Cala moaned, spit-roasted between the last pack of rats who still had the energy to keep on going. A pair of cocks each for her mouth and pussy, pumping madly in and out of each overflowing hole. "Mmmph..." She exhaled, eyes closed, only hoping the ordeal was near its end. The beasts squeaked, hissed, and chattered louder while inching closer to climax. Then, suddenly, as if having rehearsed it, the quartered burst inside her!

Yet again tongue and womb were both forced to taste vile rat-thing seed! Only then, was the beautiful Holy Knight woman allowed respite, as the last of the creatures dismounted her, to join their many brood brothers on the stone floor. Lacking the unwanted support they provided, her body also crumbled with fatigue, splashing onto the pool of clear monster-vermin sperm beneath; a fluid still warm, contrasting with the rest of the chamber about.

"Ahhh... Oh... It's... It's over." Cala whispered, looking around to see the manifold slumbering beasts she was just forced to service. It dawned on her, as it did outside, that the fact she could see them so clearly now meant the rats had spent the entirety of the night fucking her; filling her with their foul spunk every which way they could. She wanted to kill them all! She wanted to take the chance, as the beasts rested, to burn them all with lightning! Unfortunately, as it was, she lacked the strength to so much as stand on her own. "I can't... I can't take this." She whimpered, hiding her face behind her hands.

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“Shoo! Off!” A voice shouted, accompanied by a sound of shattering glass.

“Uh?” Cala raised her head. She saw Urus, the Troll bounding into the cell, throwing flasks which produced a dark, green cloud of smoke upon breaking on the floor. The rat-things quickly scattered, disappearing swiftly, in the blink of an eye.

“Damn rats!” The troll stated, shaking a fist as the fleeing vermin. He looked down at the woman, examining her, though with not a hint of real care in his milky eyes. “Urus will need to clean you again.” He shook his head as if it was her fault, the state she was in. Then, all but ignoring her, he paced around the room, searching for loose rocks on the walls. “Yes. See?” He remarked, dislodging a boulder no larger than a melon. “This way, they come. Can squeeze through small places, the rats.”

“Huh?” Cala raised her head, ungluing her hair from the stone.

“No worry. Urus fix it, then rats come no more.” The Troll said, spreading an ointment on the wall which appeared to melt the rocks into each other. “There.” He clapped his hands together. “Good thing Urus came in the morning this time, no?”

Cala flinched, gazing at the Troll’s horrible smile.

“Yes. Was working on an experiment. You’ll like it, maybe. If you see it.” Urus said. “But now, Urus treats you.” He added, pulling more flasks from his bag. “Let’s begin.”

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