

10



11

tight lead

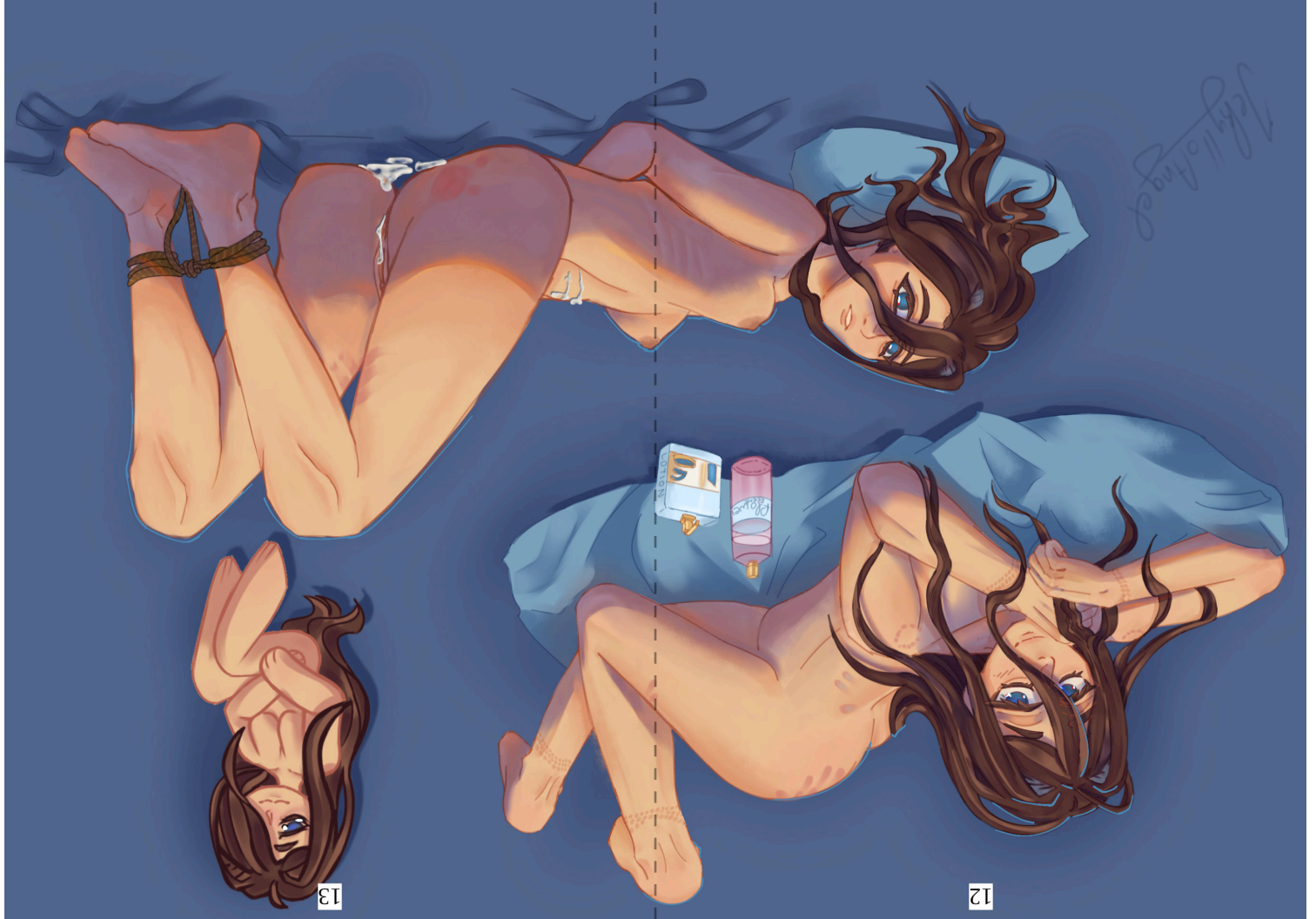
"Just watch, puppy, just watch," Skizz chuckles, pats Ren's head. False eyes his hard cock bobbing in the air, precum dribbling off the tip. Wild, because she's still clothed, she's still clothed and Ren's so needy, so ready to fuck her. Skizz's fingers drag down her crotch, over her clit, make her rut her pussy against his thigh and clutch his wrist out of need, and he laughs at both of them. "Animals, both of you," he chuckles. A fingernail scritches over her clothed clit a few times, and she might lose herself over it. "Never would've expected it out of Falsie, but, just look at her..." Ren's staring at her, still captivated with need. Naked, just a collar, the lead in her hand. And she could be the one to pull him to, break the spell, let him fuck her—

But this teasing is just delightful, too.

15

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Window Shopping

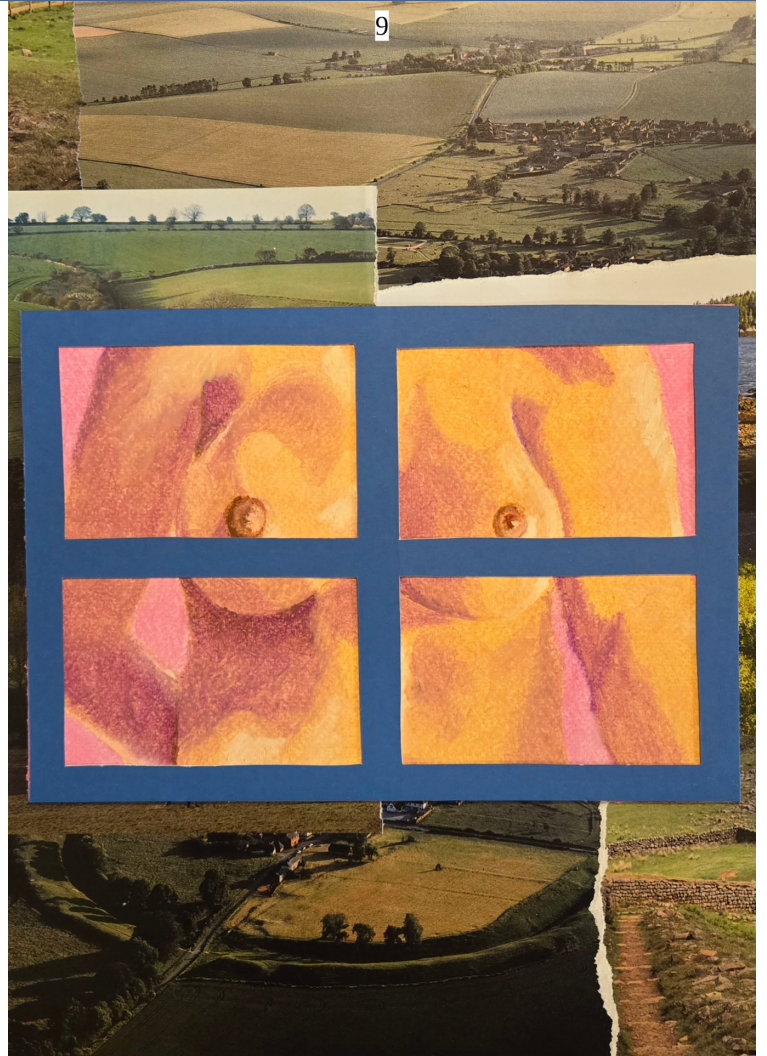
It's not befitting of his status to do something so obscene, but just once, Welsknight wanted to experience some kind of overt perversion.

He's nude under his armor.

It's atrocious, the bite and pinch of the joints of metal must be leaving bruises and the heft of it on his bare skin burns. The thought that one of his friends might approach him here in the shopping district and spot flesh where they expect fabric or metal, though, it burns heavier than the weight of his armor.

To his shame, his dick spurts a bit of pre into his codpiece.

He'll polish it twice tonight once he's done with his depraved trek back home.



“Really romantic quote, that one. ‘I would know him by touch alone.’”

“I think it’s true for me, I’d know you just from that.”

“Care to test that theory?”

“How do you mean?”

“Eh, maybe I tie you up, put a blindfold on ya.”

“That’s certainly one way to proposition me, love.”

“Hey now! We’ve said and done weirder!”

“That’s fair, that’s fair.”

“So what do you think? I mean we’d have to be mindful of the snakes, but..”

“Cover my eyes so they don’t turn you to stone, hm?”

“I mean, you make me hard regardless.”

“Pearl?”

“Yeah?”

“That’s the worst thing you’ve ever said.”

“Awwww, c’mon! It can’t be that bad, you’re laughing!”

“I know, and I hate it! Stop looking so smug, this is pity laughter!”

“Sure, sure.”

Medusa and The Moon

19

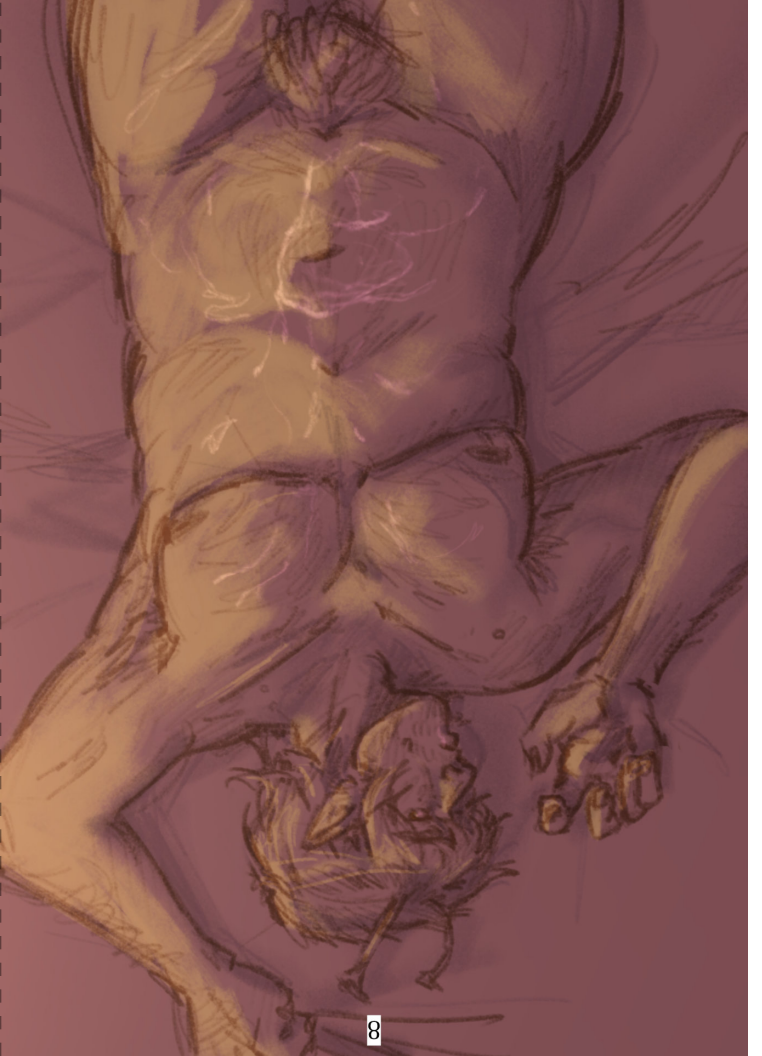
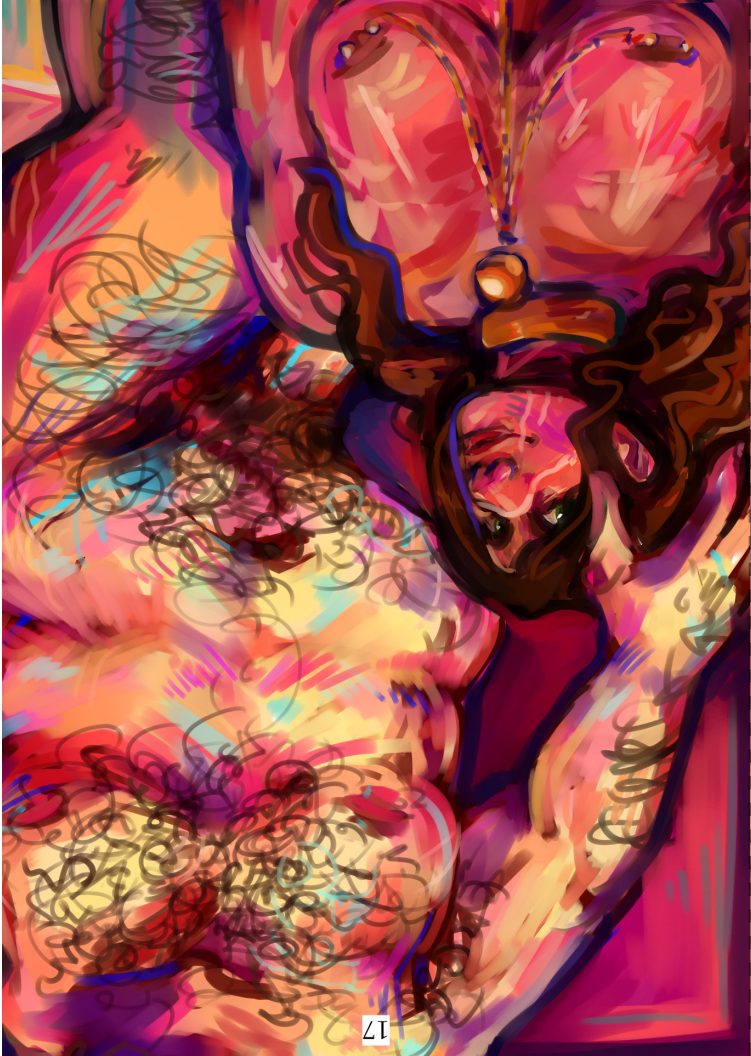
81



7



9



Maybe he should've taken his threats of "making his Shishwam rest" more seriously. Maybe the thought of his hands in his code was stronger then his common sense.

It doesn't matter, when the weight in his chest caresses his heart and he's stifling back a moan, waving to a passing hermit and smiling through a conversation he doesn't know the topic of. Once, Keralis explained. There are no hands in him, no fingers slowly pushing in and out of his lungs, making his legs slime. It's just his mind rationalising it.

His cock is still achingly hard when he sits down at home, finally. Unsure of how he got here, but desperate enough to beg.

"Keralis-" There is no one to hear him, but the pressure in his gut gets too much and his vision whites out.

Pleasure wrecks through him, and leaves him desperate all the same.

It's gonna be a long night.



23
22

2
3

Nothing's Inside of Xisuma

Something is inside him. There can't be. His armour is still on him, he's working on his base and there's nobody anywhere near- It twists inside his stomach, caresses his organs.

Phantom fingers curl around his heart, part his lungs a bit- And suddenly he's panting, leaning against hard stone and wishing he could feel the cold of it despite his helmet. Xisuma's head spins, his knees buckle, the floor is his next destination. Then it stills. Tighy, but unmoving.

A breath. He's fine. Nothing's inside him.

Another block placed, and he nearly topples to the floor at the angry rush of pleasure whitening out his vision. For a moment, he thinks he's come, right here in public, in his armour- And then its gone, over with, and he's just left painfully hard.

It's hard to think, but he can string together enough. One name.

Keralis.

Table of Cumtents

-  Cover: *Tying the Knot* – contrarian1103
-  P. 2: *baby blue* – slabber
-  P. 4: *Melt* – jackalopesketch
-  P. 5: *Bendy Joe* – Anxious_Mess19
-  P. 6: *upskirt* – verdantfucklights
-  P. 7: *Jealousy Munching Bananza* – Mothi/
@GothiMothi
-  P. 8: *smallishbush I don't think so* – slabber
-  P. 9: *Hypno's Titty Window* – contrarian1103
-  P. 10: *pixel bound (AKA ZedanGO to the POLLS)* –
verdantfucklights (**wrist bondage**)
-  P. 11: *A Moment Between Friends* – Mothi /
@Gothimothi
-  P. 12 & 13: *Pearl's definition of a good time <3* –
JekyllOsinner
-  P. 14: *Tickled Pink* – verdantfucklights (**tickle kink &
bondage**)
-  P. 15: *tight lead* – jibbingjibberish (**pet play**)
-  P. 16: *Window Shopping* – contrarian1103
(**exhibitionism & slut-shaming**)
-  P. 17: *Convex* – jackalopesketch
-  P. 18: *Camera* – Anxious_Mess19 (**Forcefem**)
-  P. 19: *Medusa and The Moon* – gorgons-garden on
tumblr
-  P. 20 & 21: *etho gets her balls thwacked* –
jibbingjibberish (**cock and ball torture**)
-  P. 22 & 23: *Nothing's Inside of Xisuma* – Anxious_
Mess19 (**Organs mentioned/touched**)
-  Back Cover: *The Consummation* – jibbingjibberish
(**Breeding Kink**)

