

**/erg/ writings**

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# **/erg/ writings**

by [ergwrites](#)

## Summary

Collected works of the various writefags and shitposters of /erg/  
Ranges from fluff to VERY nsfw, dead dove etc  
Nothing authored by me, I just copypasta  
Sorry if tags/format are fucked, I don't know how to use this site

# Explanation

/erg/ has a bizarrely high amount of writefaggotry about the characters of Elden Ring both male and female for some reason and we thought it'd be a shame if the more effortful, entertaining, demented and/or well-written ones were lost like tears in rain so this is a compilation

Not all of it will be NSFW and I'll do my best to mark the ones that are in the chapter titles. The NSFW ones range from softcore to really really fuckin hardcore

# Miquella and Malenia first time (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

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Do you think she and Miquella had their first time with each other? Probably the night after she had to have her arm amputated. Kind caring little Miquella stays by her sickbed long into the night even though the surgeon says it will be some time before his sister wakes up and their parents have already retired to their own bedchambers. He dozes off at some point and is startled awake by the sound of her crying to herself during the hour of the wolf. She's happy to see him still there and confides in him all the horrible things she's heard people at court and around the city say about her when they think she's out of earshot. Wouldn't it be funny if upon hearing this Miquella glomps her in a hug and tells her to ignore those whispers, that she'll always be the most beautiful and precious to him and gives her sibling a kiss? Wouldn't it be funny if she looks at him strangely and kisses him back in a very not sibling kiss and soon they're all over each other? Wouldn't it be funny if Miquella breaks off for air and, while desperately trying to conceal his erection, stammers something about how they shouldn't be doing this, only to be cut off by the sight of Malenia struggling to pull off her nightgown using only one arm? Wouldn't it be funny if he reflectively reached out to help her and ended up stripping her hahah and then they

Afterwards Malenia is completely exhausted and the fatigue from her surgery, which had been temporarily kept back by the flood of hormones, comes back in full force. Miquella helps ease her back into position, fluffing her pillow and tucking her in before giving her one last good night kiss that is almost but not quite a sibling kiss. He probably holds her remaining hand until she drifts off. Wouldn't it be funny if the moment he feels she's fallen asleep he jumps up and frantically starts cleaning up all evidence of their midnight romp and panicking over details like the splotches of blood on her bedspread that are positioned way too far from her stump and way too close to her thighs? Wouldn't it be funny if Malenia is out cold sleeping off losing an arm and getting a dick in the same day and her brother is a whirlwind of activity opening the windows to get rid of the smell, wiping down surfaces, planning how best to sneak into the perfumers' storehouse for abortifacients just in case. Wouldn't it be funny if the next morning when the twins' parents show up with the surgeons and perfumers they find Malenia upbeat and cheery while Miquella is passed out snoring in a chair nearby completely dead to the world hahah, wouldn't it be funny if the

# Tarnished, Millicent, Millicent's sisters (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

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Anon 1: Millicent watching helplessly as you get gangraped by her sisters

Anon 2: Millicent finding herself becoming hopelessly aroused by the sight of you creaming in each of her sisters one by one. Millicent not even realizing she's stopped trying to escape the ropes they've used to tie her up in a corner, so entranced she's become by the sight of you hilding yourself in Maureen and filling her with your load. Millicent watching with her golden-yellow eyes glimmering with something indescribable as you pull out of Pollyanna and turn to face her, the last of the quintuplets not yet seeded, with your Elden Cock still erect and twitching. Cock shadow on her face as she feels herself flooding between her legs as her body instinctively prepares itself.

Imagine just standing over where she kneels with your erect cock twitching right above her face with every heartbeat. The barely-restrained lust on her face. The slight sound of her panting through her mouth. The feeling of her hot humid exhalations blowing over your skin. Slowly but surely her sense of propriety is overwhelmed by the sheer arousal she feels after seeing all four of her sisters get bred right in front of her. Slowly she shifts her body up so that she can hesitantly nuzzle against your cock with her face. You shift your hips just enough that you slap her with it and it's like a dam has broke and she's all over it like a dog with a bone. After you've given her a bukkake worthy of an Elden Lord and untied her restraints, she can't get her clothes off and throw herself on you fast enough.

Imagine leaving Millicent to rest after breeding her for a solid three hours, far more time than you took with any one of her sisters. She's collapsed in a heap on the ground, legs splayed wide, chest heaving as the tail end of her last and hardest orgasm rolls through her system. You can tell she's barely conscious, her eyes are heavy-lidded and her mouth not fully closed, and her one organic hand is down at her crotch, absentmindedly pushing some of your cum back in as it slowly spills out in a thick sticky stream. You hear a movement and are immediately on your guard until you realize it's just one of her sisters regaining consciousness. You think it's Mary but it could be Amy. From the way she's dragging herself away from you it's clear you've left her with no strength whatsoever left in her lower half. Your eyes narrow when you realize she's trying to crawl towards where the sisters had tossed their weapons when they'd first "restrained" you for their fun. It seems your job wasn't yet complete. In one swift stride you pick Mary(or Amy) up and, raising her legs above her head, put her in position for a full Nelson jackhammering. It's going to be a long night.

# Tanith meets Rykard

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>Dancer's Castanets

>Castanets used by dancers from foreign lands.

>The passionate dance comprises no seductiveness, but merely a dignified beauty.

Ok but imagine this, you're a young Tanith doing your routine for an audience from abroad, some kind of foreign lordling and his entourage. You do your thing and you can catch glimpses of your local nobles/rulers trying to gas up this guy for trade deals or whatever but the lordling is all but ignoring them. His attention is completely on you and even though you're not a novice performer anymore you feel yourself becoming flustered by the intensity of his stare. Compared to his ostentatious clothing and his flamboyantly red locks of hair, it's like his eyes are that of a snake on the hunt and you're a little mouse. As your performance ends and you retreat offstage you hear one of your local nobles offer this foreigner to get him a "private performance" with you if he'd like. Passing from the music of the theatre to the quiet of the changing room you feel yourself shiver a little, but you can't tell if it's from fear or anticipation. You and every other young lady in showbiz knows the horror stories of monstrous patrons and murderous infatuations, but your mind keeps going back to his eyes. Those hungering predatory eyes. When your theatre manager comes in to tell you that the local nobles had requested you give this foreign lord a private showing later tonight, your heart jumps, but now you're starting to think it's more out of excitement than fear. Day turns to evening and you find that you fuss over your costume far more than usual. Every step you take towards the villa this snake-eyed man is staying in you feel your heartbeat quickening until at last you're at the door to his chambers. Your manager pats you on the shoulder and retreats, leaving you to enter the lair of the beast alone and

## The pussy list (NSFW)

Magnum opus of pussyanon who shelled the thread with pussy artillery to fight back the offtopic posters arguing with each other over how much money they made irl

Sellen's hairy, dark brown horsepussy

Ranni's perfectly smooth and hairless artificial fleshlight pussy

Malenia's positively soggy, rot-ridden swamp of a pussy

Marika's puffy, well-used and well-bred pussy crowned by a perfectly-manicured bush and a Elden Ring-shaped womb tattoo

Rya's deliciously tight and incredibly clean and fragrant lizardgirl cloaca pussy

Millicent's slightly cleaner and manicured yet still incredibly soggy and wet roast beef pussy

Nepheli Loux's well-trained vise-grip barbarian pussy concealed by an untamed bush of wild wiry black hairs

Melina's spirit-attuned phantasm pussy that is a 1:1 of Queen Marika's but without the womb tattoo and clean-shaven for utility rather than manicured

Rennala's unmaintained, overused and stinky well-stretched roast beef pussy kept from prolapse through the use of Carian sorceries

Latenna's paralyzed and sensationless free-use Albinauric pussy

Fia's manicured, perfumed and cared-for pussy that contracts, coils and squeezes like that of a well-trained S-tier prostitute

Tanith's modest, neglected and dry noblewoman's pussy

Roderika's unused and virginal yet anxiety-ridden vaginismus pussy

Hyetta's somewhat dirty but constantly flushed, febrile and pink pussy that almost radiates heat

Tiche's toned, fit, lithe, unshaven and kegels-trained assassin pussy

The Aurelia-Aureliette twins' incredibly soft and plush innie cunny pussies with mild jellyfish stinger paralytic properties that keeps climax at bay for long-lasting plowing action

St. Trina's pristine, pearlescent and utterly hairless tight-lipped cunny pussy

Irina's modestly pampered, decently hygienic young noblelady's virgin pussy

Finlay's catastrophically-rotten perma-leaking flowering knightess pussy, loose and gaping from years of masturbating using an oversized unalloyed gold dildo

Lansseax's mostly-human pussy with only the hint of scale patterns on the lips and its natural hairlessness to remind of her draconic origins, untouched by any since the loss of her beloved Vyke

The Giantess Albinauric's massive silver-furred meat cave of a pussy

The Nox girls' waxed, grey-skinned and frigid cold-blooded abhuman pussies

Loretta's prim, proper and unassuming knightly pussy topped by a simple crescent moon-shaped patch of tamed fur

Anastasia Penis-Eater's red-tinged cock-engulfing invader pussy which does damage with every squeeze

Finger Maiden Therolina's magically-maintained spellbound and waxed dollwoman pussy which is starting to brown from overuse

## Tarnished, Nox Girls (NSFW)

"Fucking merchants." You grit your teeth, fingers straining as you scale down this bafflingly non-euclidean descent, the only solace being that the fragile handholds don't dislodge you as they dislodge themselves from the cliff face, held aloft by strange gravitational powers. But you need the runes, and they need this 'Silver Tear Husk'. Well, finding an amorphous, crusty, silvery goo blob shouldn't be too hard, no? But why the hell is it only merchants and lunatics that managed to stave off the insanity of eternal life? You even heard that this very crater was caused by one naked freak who managed to take down the great and celebrated General Radahn single handedly with nothing but his bare fists. The endless void begins to clear, the aquatic luminescence of the Siofra river finally within view, peaking through the numerous rock crags, jags and lips that lead to labyrinthine tunnel systems, all disturbed now that a gigantic meteorite had plummeted through the earth.

Speaking of, you take a moment by a stable perch and rummage around your pack, taking out a jar of root resin and a few swabs of soft cotton. The gravitational anomaly gave you confidence for the first leg of your descent, but here the ordinary laws of physics would become more and more prevalent, thus you lather the bottom of your boots with resin, and pack balls of cotton to the bottom. Here, moreso than anything else, a simple and mundane death is what awaits you most avidly - the introduction of your body to the stone earth below, plus or minus the pace of a bolting steed. The cotton, simple as it may seem, has an occult effect that will help with that. So prepared, you begin to venture down, sure enough that if you make it to the river, you can follow it to the eventual Night city establishments. The merchant was vague with his directions, but they were better than nothing.

The sagacity of your preparations soon bore fruit, as your footing gave way out from under you. The effect of the cotton was great, but not infinite. You were banking on no sudden gaping chasms emerging beneath your feet, otherwise you'd need to take more drastic, experimental options. What you weren't prepared for, was to fall through a good few layers of rock, then hit hard upon a steeply pitched stone tiled roof, winding you. Worse yet, you were not far from the edge of it, and in your fall, you saw quite the drop from aforementioned steep roof, the type your cotton wouldn't save you from. You'd landed hard at the peak of a subterranean tower of sorts. And you'd need to find purchase quick before you slid from its precipitous height to the depths below. Or, you would, had the ceiling not begun to also cave in from under you. Surely you were not that heavy. Or do they just not make it like they used to?

The ceiling finally collapses from under you, dropping you and a few slabs of tile into the room below, leaving around a meter wide hole from which you fell. A few thoughts filled your mind as you fell. Exasperation at the apparent weakness of earth, wonder at these constructions you'd never seen before, awe and fear for who built them. Complete and utter, abject bewilderment as you become submerged in a cloudy, lukewarm liquid, viscous to a vigorous touch, enough to gently break your fall but not enough to stop you from slowly sinking, settling down into the soft grey thighs of a curvaceous and tall woman.

"O-oh my~"

You gape, or would have had preserving instincts not kept your mouth closed while submerged. Up a slender and soft looking belly, beyond a pair of hefty pale grey tits, is the most beautiful woman you've ever seen. She looks down at you with equal shock and disbelief, though something else

lurks behind her gaze. You'd like to stare at her for longer but the desperate desire to not have your breathing holes completely submerged wins out.

You struggle to sit up, the muscles in your stomach protesting as you haul yourself against the pull of the water, seeming only to grow stronger the harder you fight it. It's not until you feel a strong but gentle guiding hand on your back that you're able to breach the surface and breathe, to... quite a bit of commotion. You're not alone here with the maiden, as another has already risen, droplets of these celestial waters sliding off her tight, athletic form. "S-Sister!" She stammers, a tinge of pink coming to her pale grey cheeks as she looks at you aghast, equally as beautiful as the former, though in a bolder, more heroic way, Her hand alternates between fending off her privates and her breasts, to blocking off her face. "Y-your face!"

The woman who helped you up chuckles. "Does that really matter, dear sister? This is our last night together, moreover, look around you. We're bathing in the waters of absolution, do you not think our sin could be forgiven?"

The fitter, more athletic maiden gawks at the other, her eyes flicking to the flowing silver shotel across the room, resting by their folded garments. "B-but this..."

"He too, is bathing in the waters of absolution, and as a priestess, is it not our role to provide deliverance?" She rises, leaving you aside in your confusion as she gracefully glides through the water towards the more agitated girl. "Come now, sister. Isn't this also a kind of providence? Are you really willing to let your last night pass like this?" She holds the warriorress close. "This is an opportunity given to us."

"B-but the hole waters were to cleanse us! H-he, It profanes us!" Uh oh. You stayed out of Leyndell specifically to avoid the religious crazies.

"Yes, but if he seeks penance, he can be forgiven. Besides... you're curious too, aren't you?"

She stiffens. "Curious?"

The priestess chuckles. "Of course, did you think I wouldn't know? We're sisters, after all." "The monks would never, but here we are, on our last night, and a boy falls from the heavens. What kind of priestess would I be if I couldn't glean this fate? What does it matter that he's seen our faces?" She leans in further and whispers something into the warriorress' ears, causing the more rigid woman to blush red from neck to ears. But undeniably, the way she looks at you subtly shifts.

"Y-you! Surface dweller!" She thrusts an arm out and points to you. "Your filthy cloth befouls these sacred waters! Remove them, Immediately!"

You blink, stunned. Still sitting and trying to process the whole, falling into a bath thing, and then landing on a naked lady, your mind's still barely begun wrapping itself about near drowning, and all of a sudden you're being told to strip. The priestess smirks, coming back over to you to help or haul you up. "You'd best do as she says, she's one of our fiercest swordstresses and you don't want to make her mad. Here, let me help."

You fumble about, barely getting your fingers onto a button or thread before the priestess has already gotten the garment off you. You don't even know when it was she managed to toss your pack aside. "O-oooh~" She makes a cooing noise, and it's about then you realise you're more naked than not, and your brain finally catches up with events.

"H-hold on a moment, ladies, w-what exactly is going on here? I apologise for accidentally bursting in like this, but this is hardly."

"Ohh, shush dear. You've got two beautiful ladies standing naked right before you, and it's their very last night before being turned into eternally mindless puppets. We want to know the touch of a man at least once, so you can either be a man and provide us succour, or you can be executed for intruding on our sacred ritual. Which will it be?" A streak of steel enters her gaze at that moment, and as it's currently locked on your cock, you feel it especially keenly.

"U-uh... when you put it that way."

"Good boy." She begins to push you, corralling you to the edge of the pool. Your butt shudders as you plant yourself down on the cold tiles, and the priestess sinks down in the waters after you, the long strands of her silken hair eddying about her as she wades over to you, pushing your thighs apart as she settles between your legs before turning to her sister. "Come along now." Her beckon is more a command, and you get a sense of a hierarchy between the girls that is more than just clerical.

Still somewhat resistant towards the situation, like a cat, an innate sense of curiosity arises from the swordstress and she joins her sister by your thighs, wading through the milky, faintly glowing waters. With such a captive audience between your legs, it would be impossible to not be moved. More so, as the priestess lays her silken soft hands over your shaft. "Oh~ It's not as... big or hard as I would have thought." She muses to herself, causing a swell of heat to rise to your cheeks.

"T-that's!"

"Oh!" She gasps, cutting off your protests as she feels your member twitch in her hand, filling with indignation and heat. "Sister, it's moving! You touch it too!" You groan as the swordstress, hands callused with the training and work hewn into her body, gingerly touches your cock, following her sister's guidance in awkwardly stroking your length. You're about to groan again when a sharp stabbing pain erupts from your balls.

"Ah!"

"Oh, sorry. Was I too rough? They just.. looked sort of funny." As if in apology, the priestess begins to gently knead and massage your balls, all the more pleasant juxtaposed against the painful squeeze she'd just given them.

"J-just... be gentle." You hiss through grit teeth, part in pain, part in pleasure. Silence reigns about the baths as the sisters become captivated in their roles, the swordstress proving to be an avid learner from her sister's transgressions, as she gently handles your length, almost reverently. Abashedly, you realise the pain did nothing at all to deter your lusts, and soon the girls are met with the full throbbing length of your manhood, thick and large in their graceful hands.

"Now this... this is about what I expected." The priestess looks at the tip, transfixed, almost hypnotised and the look in her eye evokes a deep stirring within you, your cock throbbing as it produces a hefty bead of precum. Like cats, their eyes narrow in on it, as as much as you expected the priestess to make the first move, with the swiftness of a lioness, the swordstress pounces. For a moment, your life flashes before your eyes as the silver haired beauty takes your cock into her cool mouth, her tongue lapping at the tip. But, thank the erd tree, her teeth never come into the equation. The fear and trepidation washes away to a thick, dense relief, so powerful as it washes over you that your cock spurts out another few drops of precum, directly into the swordstress's mouth. She coos, sucking as if expecting more, her tongue growing a little rougher in her search. Instinctively

you reach a hand out to her head, and only fearfully realise your error as your hand rests upon the silver locks of her hair, hair which, you could imagine by her earlier reaction, has never been seen by another man, let alone touched.

You wait another moment of quiet concern, feeling the calculations running in her cool head - unnaturally cool, as you now notice, the two women resting against your thighs, their flesh cold as if the light and warmth of life didn't course through their veins. Her calculations finish, as she begins to bob her head up and down the first inch of your cock, her mouth sucking and her tongue licking about the rim of your glans and you sigh in blissful relief. Now only had she permitted your touch, she'd even understood it. You feared she was but mere moments from trying to drive her tongue into your slit for more, which... might have been a bit too extreme for you.

Even as relief resurges you don't get to dwell in it before another sensation takes and alarms you. Her face a mask of petulance, the priestess protests the swordstress becoming the sudden star of this encounter. Spreading her dark, dusky lips around your balls, she's learned from her previous mistake, tongue cradling and gently rolling your balls around as she lavishes kisses about your sack. You look down at her, and she directs her eyes pointedly to her sister and then to your free hand, and then to your shock and horror you feel teeth upon the tender skin of your sack. Her mistakes have revealed your weakness to her, and she's going to exploit them until your hand rests upon her head to. In the nick of time, and thankfully not the nick of skin, you understand her demands and comply, the priestess practically purring as you rub your hand through her soft hair.

With two beauties worshipping your cock and balls, going as far to hold hands to stroke your length while one sister licks and sucks around the tip and the other ministers her lascivious affection on your balls, you don't last long. How could you. "I-I'm C-co-nngh" You realize as you utter the groan that you'd enjoyed their attentions for too long, thus the warning came too late. But more than that, they wouldn't even know what you were warning them about. With a hidden, guilty mirth, you wince as you blow your load inside the swordstress's mouth, her silver eyes flashing wide in surprise as a hot, thick ropey liquid fills her mouth and she gags, lurching back from your cock only to cop the rest of your load over her face and tits.

She spits some of it out, but as her throat spasms, she swallowed the lion's share of it, spluttering. "S-sister, it attacked me!"

Her eyes gleaming, the priestess all but pushes the swordstress aside. "Hey, do me to, I want some too!" She opens her mouth and closes her eyes, waiting expectantly.

You blush apologetically. "S-sorry, look it's not something I can just, kinda... do on demand."

"What? Nonsense." She grabs your cock firmly, but not painfully and begins to jerk it off a little more demandingly. "Squirt that stuff on me too!"

"I-I can't..." She's not listening, to you, utterly transfixed and trying to state a hole through the tip of your cock. You wince as the over stimulation begins turning from pleasant to painful.

"I guess I just have to..." She trails off, opening her mouth and plunging down on your cock, taking it deeper than her sister did. She works into a rhythm, her hand going back to kneading your balls while she takes your cock into her mouth and further, the constricting walls of her throat squeezing against your girth. You gasp out and place both hands on her head, but her strength is extraordinary and you cannot dissuade her from pursuing your cock to it's base, until her cute button nose presses up against your stomach, and there's nowhere else for her to go. The priestess has the powerful spirit of a cocksucker within her, but none of the common sense limiting her destructive power.

"S-stohp!"

You cry out for help as she keeps sucking even after you've nudded, and it takes the swordstress reading the anguish on your face before help comes in any fashion. "Sister, you're hurting him!" With an offended cry, she's pulled back off your cock, fists nearly swinging.

"I want some too! That sticky stuff!"

Taking a quick breather, you watch the debacle as the priestess then turns on her sister, being held back by the forehead from diving into the swordstress' bosom to lap up your cum directly. "It's called cum," you pant, "and I can give you more, I just... need a moment." You sigh, never thinking this expedition would turn out so tiring for all the wrong - or right? - reasons.

"You did that because it felt good, right?" The priestess queries you. You get the sense that she's the older sister, but that the younger is well versed in corralling her wilfulness. She stands suddenly, rising from the water, the clear dewy liquid now evocative of something else in light of recent circumstances. And perhaps all the more alluring the way it beads on her pale grey skin for it. She spreads her legs a little, reaching down and parting her bald, puffy pussy lips for you, her inner lips peeking the palest shade of pink. "I'm not an idiot, no matter how ignorant I am. I've long been told that this is the most sacred place, and it's the most vital for the ritual that it remains pure. Clearly if you stick that in here, you'll be able to cum again!"

You gulp. It's wet, obviously, but as the water drips from her pussy and her viscous arousal slicks forth, it's clear that it's her own excitement glistening upon her inner thighs. "W-well, I think that's right, but I-I really do need a short moment."

"Fine!" She grins, "Then you can just taste us in the meantime then!" Without further ado, she grabs your head and thrusts your face into her pale pink nox pussy.

# Mohg, Morgott, Miquella's first meeting

## Chapter Summary

Anon was replying to a posted fanart of Mohg and Morgott together in the sewers of Leyndell, idk how to post pic so you'll just have to >imagine it

This is how the two looked at him the sixth time Miquella managed to sneak away into the underways to chase the rumors he'd heard of missing siblings and shameful secrets. The sixth time is when he finally succeeds at getting past merely spelunking aimlessly in the sewers and makes it into the Shunning Grounds and, grasping along with his Empyrean intuition, finds his siblings crouched together in the dark. Overcome by excitement Miquella runs over, heedless of any social graces or discrimination, and starts happily babbling away asking them if they know who he is, what his name is, but he's heard all about them of course, and what were their names please?

Morgott just stares at this brat warily. He knows enough about the world to understand that whatever charity or innocence this half-brother held would eventually fade with his childhood and he would look at them with the same disgusted eyes that everyone else does. Miquella's rambling about bringing more siblings down here so they could all get to know each other (who is this "Malenia" anyways?) fall on deaf ears. The omen twins' father had promised much the same, during the few times he managed to find time to visit, and he had never delivered, and now he was gone too. The fact the little prince looks just like their shared mother with his gold eyes and gold braids only makes it worse. Even as Miquella speaks of injustice and how he'll sneak clean clothes and fresh food down next time and go talk to Mom for them, Morgott is already cutting him off. Labelling and filing him away, like Godfrey.

But Mohg? His eyes are wide and round like dinner plates. Miquella's boundless enthusiasm glows like the Erdtree itself down here in the dark. And with his pale skin, his dainty features, his flowing golden locks and braids, it's like a princess had stepped out from the storybooks Dad used to bring with him when he could visit. A princess straight out of a fairy tale.

And that's where the trouble began, you see...

# Mohg, Morgott, orphan girl onesan

Pic: fanart of young Mohg and Morgott

Anon 1:

>Cute royal omen boys abandoned in the sewers

>Fighting every day for their own survival

>Desperate for love and care

>Not yet old and ugly/evil

I should have been there. I could have fixed them.

Anon 2:

>fixed them

Shut up cradle robber you just want to get gangbanged by shotas and cook lobster for them

Anon 1:

No, you don't understand. I want to be like a "adopted older sibling" figure who cares for them and cooks lobster for them but as they grow into adulthood the relationship dynamics change and they start competing with each other over me until one day they simply

Anon 3:

>No, you don't understand. I want to be like a "adopted older sibling" figure who cares for them and cooks lobster for them but as they grow into adulthood the relationship dynamics change and they start competing with each other over me until one day they simply

Yeah you want to be the onesan that the shotas say they're gonna marry when they grow up

Anon 1:

Yes, that's EXACTLY what I want

Imagine being an orphan abandoned to the sewers who runs into and then joins up with the omen twins

Imagine how easily the omen twins would get addicted to any physical affection, you could give them a hug out of nowhere as a reward for them successfully learning to read or managing to cook something tasty for once and they'd be flushed with bright red ears and be thinking about that sense of touch for days after

Imagine how desperate they would be when they pass adulthood and go into seasonal rut like the primal crucible-touched creatures they are. Imagine them sneaking off to try and deal with it before returning hours later sheepish and exhausted and making excuses for why their latest "hunt" failed to catch any crayfish

Imagine all cuddling together when winter comes and the cold permeates into the underground. Scavenged cloth and blankets stolen under cover of night, piled up in a corner of the chamber you've cleaned to form a nest. All three of you huddled against the cold. Imagine the constant proximity finally pushing the three of you over the edge from the casual camaraderie of abandoned orphans who had banded together to survive to something much, much more

I'm drooling

## Godfrey, Marika timestop (NSFW)

Context: another anon posted a long theory about dragon lightning being related to time control powers

Imagine being Godfrey, doing time pause and then fucking Marika and packing her womb with more and more of your massive barbarian loads until she looks 3 months pregnant with a noticeable swell from her uterus being bloated with all the cum you've rammed in. Imagine toying with her with your hands and tongue in between dickings in order to stack more pleasure into her nervous system while you wait out your refractory period to creampie her again. Imagine sucking on her tits, slapping her ass, rubbing your cock through her hair, under her armpits, between her thighs, tracking semen from the tip all over her beautiful body. Imagine that after subjective hours, or even days of this, you're finally satisfied and you unstop time. Imagine watching the initial anger of realizing someone had used magic on her flare up in her eyes before the built-up orgasms of days of work crashes into her body like a tidal wave.

The high-pitched keening wail of a struck pig, completely unfit coming from the mouth of the golden eternal empress. Collapsing to the ground thrashing and squirting like a whore as globs of semen come streaming from her abused hole. Legs and hips thrashing and twitching as dozens, possibly even more than a hundred orgasms hit her simultaneously. Eyes rolled up into her skull, tears at the edges, her mouth open, drooling, panting like a dog, her entire body going from pristine to drenched in sweat and flushed pink from arousal in a moment. Back arching, legs reflexively split wide open as the climax-induced contractions of her goddess pussy squeezes out more of your tightly-packed cum out of her with the most ridiculously obscene and lewd squelches you've ever heard. The Elden Ring-shaped womb tattoo on her belly, usually a soft golden glow when you have sex with her, is blazing with light so brightly it's almost blinding.

## Black Knife Tiche fantasies (NSFW)

How it started:

Anon:

Tarnished, you must choose: Tiche wife or Alecto wife

How the thread went:

Tiche is Alecto's daughter.

Alecto therefore is canonically a mother.

Someone has fucked and knocked up Alecto, a Black Knife Assassin.

Imagine the sex.

Imagine fucking the body of someone who lives and works as a fantasy Gestapo supersoldier.

Imagine how toned, how fit, how tight her body must have felt.

Now imagine breeding it. Ramming yourself in to the hilt, balls deep, and squeezing out fat dollops of cum right through her tightly-clenched pussy straight through her cervix.

Who was this lucky bastard?

I wouldn't be surprised if the Black Knife assassins did the whole amazon thing where they kidnap men, have their way with them and then kill them afterwards

More like they aggressively pursue guys when they find "the one" they like and after kidnapping them, fuck them so good that they become completely pussywhipped into marriage and being a submissive househusband. Girls just want a warm bed and a nice cock to come home to after a long hard day of killing enemies of the state for the god-empress.

>househusband

More like sex slave with no rights. Maybe if you end up producing particularly strong children you'll get promoted to a concubine with a somewhat better standing.

iirc the Black Knife assassins are all Numen women so under their armor and face-hiding cowls they'd all be blonde Amazonian bombshells like Marika

Imagine going to court bowing and scraping before the Eternal Queen and having to hide your grin at the knowledge that at night someone who looks like she could be her sister will be milking you dry

imagine marrying a black knife assassin girl

imagine every time you have sex she's on top/dominant and glaring daggers at you like she wants to tear your throat out the entire time

but right after she suddenly turns soft and just spoons and cuddles you the rest of the night until the two of you fall asleep together pressed up against each others body

>"Honey, welcome home! How was work?"

>"Clothes off. Bed. Now."

>"Th-That bad, huh. Don't you want dinner first? I made us some-"

>"Clothes off, NOW."

>Black Knife grab animation but she just gently bends you over her knee and slaps your ass with the flat side of her knife

Imagine waking up to being smothered by a black knife number's musty morning pussy and you can't even see it but she's up there grinding on your face and she only lets you up after a double orgasm.

- >Ranni in her doll form giving Melina the death stare as she holds our hand to level us up
- >Melina taking a noticeably longer time and stroking our fingers to spite Ranni
- >Black Knife Tiche laughing to herself in your quick slot because she knows only she gets to drain your balls during the end of every boss encounter whether you let her or not

Imagine your wife leaving for several weeks due to a long deployment to go assassinate uppity nobles in Limgrave or something. Imagine one night you're getting in bed after finishing all the housework keeping your home nice and clean and welcoming for your wife when she returns. Imagine being on the very edge of sleep when the front door bangs open causing you to jump up. Imagine seeing the silhouette of your tall Numen-blooded knifewife slam the door closed behind her and come directly beelining towards you, removing and tossing pieces of her armor as she goes so that by the time she reaches your bed she's only got her underclothes on and is in the process of removing even that. Imagine her glomping on you in a big hug, positively reeking of weeks of sweat and that unique boner-inducing scent that is the signature pheromonal emanation of Numen women of breeding age. Imagine petting her on her head and scratching her ears like a dog while she moans into the hollow of your neck. Imagine being just about to open your mouth to coax her into getting off you so you can draw her a bath and get her something to eat when all of a sudden she pulls back to stare at you. You recognize the look in her eyes and go abruptly silent because you know exactly what's coming next. There is nothing you can say and nothing you can do to get her off you anytime before sunrise which, judging by the height of the candle on the bedstand, is well over six hours away.

## **Melina set on fire (NSFW)**

Anon 1:

16th for my wife, Melina!

Anon 2:

Meli Meli posting! Everyone loves a Meli!

Anon 3:

23rd for setting her on fire with god-slaying blackflame. For seeing the initial expression of surprise and anger on her face fade quickly into abject horror, not just at the physical pain but the understanding that her body, intended to be kindling to set the Erdtree aflame, was now going to be wasted by the whims of a Tarnished sociopath. For seeing her desperately rolling around in an attempt to put out the flames as a high-pitched keening sound escapes her throat. For feeling amused when you see she's pissed herself in her terror, and still the fire spreads. For taking in the scent of her flesh burning as her eyes search desperately for anything that would let her live a moment longer. For looking on impassively as she comes to a decision and, swallowing her pride, throws herself at your feet and starts to beg. For kicking her full-force in the face with an armored boot and walking away as she loses control and starts to thrash, spasm and twitch as her nerves start to fry.

# St Trina ryona (NSFL)

## Chapter Summary

Ryona anon has been posting this stuff for literal weeks, months even, I don't think it's even possible to compile everything he's written at this point. Not in chronological order or any sort of order

Dragging St. Trina by her long braids along the ground like a sack of potatoes into my cave hideout and then having my way with her.

Stripping St. Trina against her will, chaining her to the back of my cave hideout, and then regularly using her as a punching bag and cum receptacle while she cries and cries. Brainwashing St. Trina using magic potions and mundane aphrodisiacs I bought from Seluvis until she stops fighting back and falls prey to Stockholm Syndrome. Gaslighting St. Trina into thinking that being an onahole for a Tarnished was all she ever was and will be. Taking advantage of her Emyrean rejuvenation to regularly beat her and abuse her while she cries and apologizes. Using her to test new offensive sorceries and incantations. Beating to a pulp. Dragging her by her hair again bloody and bruised to the Haligtree just to show her off to Malenia.

Waking St. Trina from her drug-addled fever dream with a good hard fist to the face. Laughing as she jerks awake and scrabbles away from the pain reflexively like the pitiful insect she is. Having your way with her again while pulling on her long braided golden hair as reins. Cumming in her with neither protection nor fear of unwanted pregnancy with the knowledge that the regular beatings guarantee any fetus will be miscarried sooner or later. Kicking her around and reminding her that an onahole is all she is.

Beat St. Trina. Punch St. Trina's tummy and winging her on the face until she's bruising all over. Leashing her like a dog and forcing her to crawl everywhere. Making her eat food off the ground. Making fun of her hair and pulling on it to make her cry. Buying so much aphrodisiac and other suspicious magic potions from Seluvis to the point where he starts giving regular customer discounts. Using them all on St. Trina. Gaslighting her into something barely human. Taking her to the Haligtree and showing her off to her sister. Fucking her with a knife against her throat so Malenia can only watch in incandescent rage as her precious beloved twin gets used as a fuckpuppet onahole right in front of her. Taunting Malenia while tugging on St. Trina's hair like reins to make her squeeze tighter. Dragging her back to my cave by her hair like a sack of potatoes while Malenia cries from her powerlessness.

Beating St. Trina to a pulp. Using gravity magics to make her fall over hard and then drag her around on the ground to prevent her from getting up. Waterboarding St. Trina. Withholding food and water from her unless she shouts out loud embarrassing and self-deprecating lines I've written for her. Getting her habituated to having to "earn" her sustenance by proclaiming her sluttiness and worthlessness to the world. Breaking the routine by dragging her out of my cave by her hair like a sack of potatoes then making her do so in public in front of other NPCs. Hitting her when she refuses. Dragging her back to my cave and punishing her for the insolence of holding onto even a shred of pride and dignity by starving her. Taking her while she's weak and powerless from hunger

and using her like a fleshlight doll. Wrecking her holes then demanding she clean up the cum with her mouth. Telling her that it's the only food she's getting for the foreseeable future when she refuses. Smirking as the piercing hunger pangs cause her eventually to give in and shyly lick up the proteins. Taunting her with delicious food before eating it all and making her scabble on the floor for scraps and crumbs. Kicking her around some more for good measure before chaining her to the back of the cave and leaving her in darkness again. Laughing at the muffled sound of her crying herself to sleep, cold, tired, body bruised, hair in a mess, covered in fluids, holes aching and sore, with only some cum and stale crumbs in her stomach to keep the hunger at bay. This is what St. Trina is for.

Imagine. Petite little St. Trina with delicious flat chest and a cute little ass. Completely chained up in her cell at the back of your cave and utterly at your mercy. Her tight little cunny that stays tight thanks to her Empyrean rejuvenation so you have no need to be gentle or slow with her. Her fun-sized form and slender, powerless limbs make her an ideal fuckdoll. She begs and cries and offers you rewards if you would let her go but it all falls on deaf ears. Her attempts to bring you 'round with her puppy eyes, a tactic that must have fooled and manipulated so many men before, gets her nothing but a quick hard slap to the face. Cum buckets in her unprotected without any fear of pregnancy, not because she's infertile but because your regular beatings ensure that even if your seed took root, the fetus would be miscarried days later from all the punishment you deliver her. Fuck her like you're trying to kill her. St. Trina's agonized choking gasps as your fingers tighten around her throat. Feeling her clench in response, clamping down on you so hard it's almost painful. Imagine blasting another thick load of Tarnished seed in her womb and then spanking her as punishment for being such a lewd girl. Imagine leaving her in tears, battered, bruised and leaking cum from her abused pussy as you toss her to the floor of her cell and lock up, leaving her to cry silently to herself in the dark. You stay outside the door and listen in as she prays in desperation for her sister to rescue her. Unbeknownst to her, Malenia had long been struck down by you, nothing more than a scarlet flower at the bottom of a dying tree now. There is no salvation coming. She will spend the rest of her eternal Empyrean existence as your cocksleeve.

Date St. Trina, tip one of the potions you bought from Seluvis into her drink, cause her to lose muscle control so she becomes like a puppet that's had its strings cut, drag her back to your cave by her hair like a sack of potatoes, lock her up and starve her just enough that she becomes too weak to fight back or escape, take advantage of her Empyrean rejuvenation to repeatedly creampie her raw and knock her up without her ever running out of eggs, take advantage of her Empyrean durability to beat her tummy to induce miscarriage, do this so many times that eventually her brain's wires get crossed, do this so many times she starts wanting to carry her captor's baby to birth and begs you while crying to stop, until eventually the combined toll of deprivation, pain, Stockholm Syndrome, gaslighting and generous usage of drugs turns her into a willing stay-at-home housewife for you who no longer ever thinks of escaping and reuniting with her own royal family.

Forcing St. Trina to drink from my Flask of Wondrous Physick to increase her already-substantial Empyrean durability purely so that I can use her as a test dummy for a wide variety of offensive sorceries and incantations. Leaving her on the verge of passing out from the pain and then gently, very gently playing with her using custom-made toys to perfectly stimulate all her weak spots until she climaxes. Repeating the process until she's been forced to form a subconscious Pavlovian response which associates pain with sexual arousal. Making fun of her for getting wet from just being slapped in the face. Laughing as she tears up and tries not to cry from the humiliation of getting horny from the feeling of being beaten by the monstrous Tarnished who has kidnapped her and jailed her in a secluded Limgrave cave. Having my way with her mercilessly before dragging her back to her cell by her braids like a sack of potatoes, tossing her inside, and then closing the door to leave her in darkness for another day.

I'm imagining beating St. Trina to the very brink of death and then nursing her back to health just to do it all over again. I'm imagining taking advantage of her Emyrean durability to treat her in unspeakably horrific ways that would leave any casual bystander sick in the stomach to witness. I'm imagining chaining her up to the back of my cave and feeding her nothing but table scraps until her tummy is grumbling audibly and she shyly begins to beg for more food. I'm imagining pretending to relent and handing her her first proper meal in weeks. I'm imagining her look of surprise and thankfulness as I let her eat her fill before chaining her back up spread-eagle with all limbs restrained. I'm imagining that I soaked everything with slow-acting aphrodisiacs and that she gets more and more aroused as the hours pass until she's completely pink in the face and secretly trying to escape her bonds so she can finger herself. I'm imagining smirking down at her as she desperately humps the air, hips convulsing and back arching as the storm of aphrodisiacs and hormones in her makes her body instinctually beg for release. I'm imagining closing the door on her cell leaving her to suffer and pine by herself in the darkness of the cave.

Tying St. Trina up then dragging her by her hair like a sack of potatoes all the way from my cave hideout to right next to the Frenzy-Flaming Tower in northeast Liurnia. Smirking at the expression of dawning comprehension and fear on her face as she realizes what I have planned. Grabbing her head tightly in both hands before letting go, slapping her hard on the face to get her to stop struggling, and then grabbing her head again. Forcing her eyelids open and then making her gaze right at the Frenzy-Flaming Tower. Hearing her delicious screams and begs for mercy. Pulling her back into cover right as her Frenzy bar passes 98%. Looking down at her as she cries pitifully with half her face on the grass and her long golden hair tangled with leaves, branches and dirt. Giving her enough time to reset her Frenzy bar before grabbing her head again. Laughing as her pathetic "wait, wait, no, wait please wait-" gets cut off into a long protracted wail when the Frenzied Flame blazes in her field of view once again. Doing this repeatedly all afternoon, each time pulling her back right at the edge of tipping over into Frenzy. Carrying her back to my cave instead of dragging her because she's pissed herself and I don't want to leave a scent trail on the ground for any search parties that might still be looking for her. Getting aroused at the feverish heat radiating off of her twitching, sobbing insensate body. Dumping her into her cell and immediately having my way with her. Feeling irritated because of how uncomfortably blistering she has become from overexposure to the Frenzied Flame. Cumming in her unprotected like always, leaving and then coming back to dump a bucket of freezing cold river water on her to cool her off. Laughing at the way she recoils. Closing the door on her to leave her shivering in utter darkness with my cum leaking from her pussy.

## Boggartposting (NSFW)

Context: there's a fujo who does this almost every damn time Boggart fanart gets posted.

I want to run my hands over his chest so bad. I want to be my Tarnished so instead of standing there looking at him mute and dumb I can tell him that his tits look really heavy and offer to hold them for him. I want to invite myself into his shack while he follows, flustered and threatening to crack me in 'alf (GOD I WISH) as I take in the simple furnishings of a simple man. I want the foul Liurnian weather to give me an excuse to stay over for the night after we're caught out by a sudden storm while broiling prawns and have to beat retreat into the cover of his home. I want to watch him take off his absolutely drenched clothes, the water droplets running down his skin in the dim light of the fireplace. I want to feel lightheaded and dizzy from breathing in the musk of his big sweaty wet body, which is overpowering in the small space of his shack. I want to tease and pry at him until he takes his mask off so I can gaze at his beautiful face and when he notices me staring and threatens again to crack me in 'alf (YES PLEASE) I'd offer to let him do exactly that, and as he's standing there dumbstruck and fumbling for a response like the cute adorable himbo he is I sashay over to him and push him down onto his little twin sized cot with one hand as I start to unbuckle the straps of my armor with the other until

Imagine kissing Boggart. Running your fingers through his hair. Feeling his big, broad muscular back. Conceptualize the moment foreplay ends and he leans over you. You can see worry in his eyes, you can tell, he knows he's huge and doesn't want to hurt you. You are positively giddy with the knowledge that all those weeks of slowly seducing your way into his bed were about to pay off. As he starts to open his mouth to ask you if you're sure you can take him and to reassure you that he won't be mad if you want things to stop here, you cut him off and, looking him right in the eyes, say "go on, crack me in 'alf"

And just like that, you lose the guidance of grace

some anon: He still has the cursed seed bed thing inside of him from getting raw-dogged by Poopoo man's enourmous chode dick.

It's ok because I will give him the tender loving and care that he needs to recover, mentally if not physically. I will put a pause to my elden ambitions and spend all my time consoling him. Trauma like that often gets bottled up, especially by men like Boggart who feel the need to put up a tough front. I will hold him at night and watch him as he drifts off to a fitful sleep. When he starts to mutter and whine in his dreams I will be there to gently shake him away so he doesn't suffer from the nightmares. I will look into his panicked eyes and cuddle up against him and tell him that it's alright, that the Dung Eater is gone and will never return. Then to really make sure the nightmare is driven from his mind, I'll reach down through the covers and

Imagine Boggart positively pining for you to the point where he's one step away from dryhumping you like a desperate puppy. Imagine chiding him and making him take the first bath in ages with soap and everything and giggling at how ridiculous your big prawnboy himbo looks splashing around in a soapy tub. Imagine leading a clean and fragrant Boggart to bed.

I unironically get aroused at the thought of my Tarnished waifu getting brainwashed by aphrodisiac pollen from the Miranda flowers and getting increasingly soaked between her legs as she progresses until by the time she's done clearing the ruins she's soaked more than her level of exertion would suggest. She spends the night desperately trying to scratch that itch without success. Boggart sees his favorite customer come riding through the mist of Liurnia and is about to do his

usual gruff greeting when the Tarnished grabs him by the hand and practically drags him into his shack. He's asking concernedly if something was wrong and in the process of looking around for something to use as a weapon when he realizes that one, the Tarnished was taking her armor OFF and two, that the expression in her eyes wasn't fear but barely-restrained abject lust, and she's pushing him towards the bed and

some anon: Stop being gay

Prawnschizo: How can I stop when Boggart is right there, RIGHT THERE in front of me, hunched over that roaring fire that drives back the cold Altus nights? I won't distract him now because he's busy cooking his delicious boiled crabs for the two of us to enjoy for dinner but later when our bellies are full and the fire burns low there's nothing in the way of me slyly taking him by the hand and leading him to our tent, looking him in his beautiful blue eyes and stroking his Beard Type 4 facial hair with one hand as with the other hand I reach down for

## **Tarnished and Malenia (NSFW)**

Miquella's needles are implied to be a recent invention and Millicent says that without them she must avoid being in contact with people too long lest she infect them. And Malenia probably was focused solely on war in the short time she had hers.

Imagine after finally curing her rot for good and marrying her after your adventures together Malenia becomes a sense freak who just wants to sex or cuddle you all day. Imagine despite her massively superior size and strength she lets you take the lead at first due to having little/no experience, gradually becoming more aggressive as she learns what she likes. Imagine eating her restored pussy until quickly she's moaning out in a toe-curling orgasm and grabbing your head to gently but surely push you back in for another round while whimpering in gratitude and anticipation. Imagine sparring with her and all your spars, wins or losses (usually losses for you), end with her pinning you on the floor with a sultry smile and probing you for arousal and consent before carrying you off to the bedroom. Imagine Miquella teasing you two about it causing her to become sheepish, and all the knights of the Haligtree awkwardly averting their gaze when you walk in a room because Malenia is loud enough for it to echo through the halls (they also notice Miquella never assigned you your own bedroom and never see you in the barracks). Imagine her experimenting with different positions to maximize both of your comfort with the massive height and weight disparity. Imagine even your immortal superhuman Tarnished body can't keep going at her pace and you both have to go hunting throughout the Lands and kill strong enemies to gather runes to upgrade VIG/END. Imagine her slaying armies of soldiers and monsters and seeing her mate do the same just makes her hornier and your quest for VIG/END becomes a cycle. Imagine she comes to a compromise later, slightly reducing the sex rate but insisting on constant cuddling/body contact whenever you sleep.

# Funposting

Hey guys, I'm travelling to Leyndell next month for work. I heard that Leyndell girls find Nox men exotic and hot, is this true? I'm trying to decide if I want to risk visiting some of the pubs. This isn't my first time outside of Nokron, I go to Limgrave semi-regularly for business reasons. I know that Limgrave is a pretty undeveloped backwater compared to Leyndell though so if I'm gonna try to pick up some girls I want to be prepared.

Should I bring a mimic tear with me? That's a neat party trick, right? I don't have one of my own but I could probably borrow one from my brother, he works with the city mages to sustain the night sky illusion spell over Nokron. Makes quite a lot of money doing it so I'm pretty sure he won't mind.

Does anyone know if Leyndell girls are put off by coldbloodedness?

=====

Does anyone have any idea what's up with the Raya Lucaria new student admissions process? I sent in my application ages ago and only received the acceptance letter the other day. The letter mentioned that students could come and go throughout the university town down at the foot of the school but that I would need an academy glintstone key to enter the campus grounds proper. I didn't receive any key with the acceptance letter. Because of how late the response came I have barely two weeks to pack my things and travel to Liurnia to not miss the start of the school year so I'm getting really worried in case this was a bureaucratic mixup and they mailed the glintstone key separately and it got delayed or worse, lost. This isn't gonna be like, one of those surprise exam things, right? Am I supposed to craft one myself as a final test for admissions? Has anyone else here not received their glintstone keys with their acceptance letter?

=====

Shit, guys, I think I fucked up.

So I'm sort of an urban explorer/professional trespasser, I have a ErdTube channel where I post my exploration videos. It's pretty small so I doubt anyone here has seen my stuff. Anyway I've done stuff like parkouring on the Raya Lucaria rooftops and sneaking around Elphael. Recently I moved to Leyndell and man, what a city. So long story short, yesterday I was taking advantage of the summer dry season to go spelunking in their absolutely legendary underground waterways. I got a bit lost this time, which isn't usually bad, navigating new spaces is half the fun. Anyway I come across this massive, massive door at the end of a hallway, and my natural instinct is to open it, you know? There's no warning signs or anything, I assumed it was a flood sluice or fire door. I open it a crack and I feel a wave of heat on my face and I see there's this burning Two Fingers thing locked inside, except it's got three fingers instead of two. I've never even heard about anything like that. I booked it and haven't been back.

So the thing is I was pretty scared when I ran away and my memories are a bit blurry but I'm not sure I closed the door when I left. Should I call somebody? It seems like the safer option but I don't want to be arrested for criminal trespassing.

Has anyone here even heard of anything called the Three Fingers, by the way? What was that thing I saw down there? This is not a creepypasta post by the way, I promise. I'll upload my headcam vid to my ErdTube channel if anyone wants to check it out for themselves.

=====

Rya is cute! Rya is cute! Rya is cute! Cute! Cute! Cute! Cute cute cute cute cute cute! Rya cute!  
Cute Rya! Rya cute! Cute Rya! Rya! Rya! Rya Rya Rya Rya Rya! Cute! Rya is cute cute cute cute  
cute! Rya! Rya is cute, Rya is cute, cute, cute cute cute! Rya Rya Rya Rya Rya Rya....

=====

I heard that Nox girls are real easy lays if you're Leyndellian, is this true? I'm going on a business trip to Nokron next week and want to know if I should try my luck with some of the local girls at the pub while I'm down there. To be honest I'm not actually from Leyndell proper, I'm from Dominula which is like right next door but the accents are almost identical and I doubt they can tell the difference. I'll also be dressed up a bit since it is a business trip so I have to be presentable. That's good for impressing girls, right?

My budget is 4000 runes by the way, it doesn't seem like much but that doesn't include transportation or rent, most of which is paid for by my employer anyways.

What do you think, guys? Chilly Nox pussy, yay or nay?

=====

Why are Leyndell girls such sluts? I visited the Golden Order capital last month for work and during off hours some of my friends dragged me along to go explore the "local cuisine" in the downtown taverns. Half the girls were dressing up as Queen Marika complete with the skimpy black dress. As the night went on you could see people fucking at every street corner and alleyway, just all out in the open. In the seedier parts I could of sworn I saw girls offering themselves to omens. I've got nothing against omens myself(my family's all from the Altus volcano. Shoutout to the Uni of Mt. Gelmir class of 4821 by the way) but I'm pretty sure they're supposed to be some of the most reviled groups under the eyes of the Golden Order. Yet these girls were just throwing themselves at the horn-covered brutes. It was crazy. I had, truth be told, been a little bit interested in getting my dick wet during my work trip but when a gold-haired tavern slag came up to me asking if I'd show her my hemipenes and a good time I fled. I'm glad to be home now. What is up with Leyndell girls?

## **Tarnished and Malenia happy end**

Curing Malenia

Marrying Malenia

Rescuing Miquella with Malenia

Going on adventures with Malenia

Bringing Malenia to Waterfowl all the bosses that bullied you

Being proudly proclaimed as consort before the assembled subjects of the Haligtree by Malenia

Having Malenia gift you a cloak matching her own so everyone knows that you belong to her

Touring the restored bountiful Haligtree with Malenia

Planning to raise new demigods with Malenia

Going monster hunting with Malenia

Brewing tea with Malenia

Sipping Haligtree vineyard wine while overlooking the sunset over the sea with Malenia

Seeing Malenia nervously shuffle in the background as her big brother steps on a stool to give you the shovel speech

Said brother later welcoming you to the family and giving you an unalloyed gold ring to tie the knot with Malenia

Introducing Malenia to your friends at Stormveil and seeing them either terrified or in awe

Exchanging war stories over dinner with Malenia

Learning new ashes of war from Malenia

Sparring with Malenia

Ending up knocked down and straddled by Malenia

Laughing with Malenia

Kissing Malenia

Falling asleep in a field of flowers under the Haligtree's golden light with Malenia

## Sellen sealed in Graven Mass (NSFW)

Anon 1 posts fanart of Sellen emerging from a Graven Mass

Anon 2:

Imagine shoving her back in and sealing it up. Imagine her mirth and laughing slowly turn to concern and then horror when she realizes it wasn't a prank, you weren't just playing with her, you were really locking her inside the graven mass. Her fearful cries for you to release her turns into begging, then into anger, promises of escape and vengeance, and then back into begging when she notices that it's becoming hard to breathe. The entire time you stand beside, making sure she hasn't managed to make even a crack in the stone of her new coffin. You hear the pounding of fists against the rock, but her new body is weak and, lacking any staff to use as a catalyst, unable to cast any of the spells she knows which could help her break free. She starts crying and apologizing and guaranteeing to make amends, promises to teach you arcane secrets in exchange for her life. The air in there fills with carbon dioxide and you hear her voice grow hoarse. As a last-ditch attempt she swallows her pride and offers you her body if you would but let her out, but to no avail. You hear more desperate pounding and kicking, but the stone is too thick for her to challenge with her meagre spellcaster's strength. Soon she exhausts herself and all you can hear is her quiet sobbing. Eventually even that grows silent, the CO<sub>2</sub> buildup sending her into unconsciousness. And then comes the choking and gurgling as her body reacts to the carbon dioxide poisoning. You wait hours for good measure before cracking open the graven mass and peering inside. The sorceress Sellen, once one of the Academy's finest minds, lies dead, her body tangled in sweat-soaked robes. Eyes once glittering with intellect and good humor, now wide open and vacant, pupils dilated, drying streaks of tears running down her face. You dump her out onto the floor and note with disgust that she had pissed herself in her terror. Imagine flipping her corpse out a window, to be devoured by crabs or fucked by albinaurics.

## **St Trina, Malenia shimaidon (NSFW)**

Imagine. Petite little St Trina with delicious flat chest and a cute little ass. Towering Malenia who proportionately doesn't look well-endowed but, by dint of her size, has a huge ass and breasts by technicality. St Trina's tight little cunny that coils, squeezes and milks you like a vise, and you have to be gentle and slow with to not hurt her. Submissively begs you to use protection and you oblige because she's doing puppy eyes at you. Malenia's big meaty sodden sex that you can fuck as hard as you want and use as rough as you like and cum buckets in without fear. Infertile anyways. A bottom but a demanding one who tells you to fuck her like you're trying to kill her. St Trina's tentative little gasps and mewls a sharp contrast to Malenia who screams like a stuck pig when she's near climax and you slap her ass till it's red all over.

Imagine basking in the afterglow. Malenia a big spoon to you, and you a big spoon to St Trina.

## **Malenia dildo fart (NSFW)**

Am I normal for wanting to hear Malenia fart out a dildo? How comfortable and safe she'd have to feel around you to pleasure herself so selfishly in the most nasty and unladylike way possible literally right next to you... She knows your gaze is of pure love. You want nothing for her but pleasure, safely with you in the core of the Haligtree, away from the preying eyes of other demigods. Malenia is releasing and expelling from her tall, naked and injured body and she wants you to be the only one to see it. She's not just nonchalant about displaying what her bodily functions would look like to you: she is extremely aroused by it. As a kinky and kind surprise, why don't you try grabbing the dildo right as it shoots out of her oversized asshole and plunging it back in, until it reaches the base? Why not push it further? A dildo parry, if you will. But, instead of breaking her poise, you break her mind: as the cock shaped toy reenters her rectum full force and as lube, sweat and various juices spew out and leak in the most delectably loud and wet sounding, magnificent assplosion, her oversized lungs let out the most thunderously feminine roar you and your tarnished dick have ever felt. It shakes to your core and you can only feel impressed by how imposing she really is, despite her efforts to display vulnerability to her lover. She's become so mindlessly enthralled in this lovely display of intimacy that she started leaking pee from her rotten pussy in a gentle yet superhuman stream that sounds like a complete shower head with all its holes functioning at the same time. In fact, you can feel the womanly warmth embracing your feet to your ankles as her urine starts filling out the arena pool. She's marked her territory. Now, Tarnished, will you do the same?

## **Marika bukkake (NSFW)**

Fuck man, imagine jerking off onto Marika's petrified dry-aged body at the end and with each cumshot she rejuvenates just a little bit. Your Tarnished spends days, weeks, months, years blasting thick fat ropes on her, just covering her in bukkake. Sun rises, bukkake. Sun sets, bukkake. Somewhere along the process she rejuvenates enough to regain consciousness. She tries to maintain her dignity as she congratulates you on having helped her bring her plan to throw off the influence of the Greater Will and welcomes you as her new Elden Lord, but has a hard time keeping her composure and regal attitude since she's dependent on you cumming on her. At first she's disgusted and positively flushing with humiliation every time, but by the end she's really into it as she enjoys the sensation of being able to feel herself become more whole with each pearl necklace you give her. That Pavlovian conditioning will remain even after you've fully repaired her to her 11/10 blonde bombshell goddess form.

Then and only then does the true work begin - putting another royal dynasty's worth of Empyrean babies into her. It's going to be a difficult job helping a literal goddess out of a hundred-year-long dry spell and the rebound sex is going to be quite possibly literally earthshaking, but hey, if anyone can do it, it's the Elden Lord.

## St Trina ryonaposter's regret

angry lore conversation

Anon 1:

Enough with the lore, where's my regularly-scheduled daily St Trina ryonapost? I want to see how she gets tortured this time

Anon 2:

St Trina will receive a singular flick on the nose and have a dunce cap placed on her stupid head.

ryonaposter:

Sorry anon, after the lore talk earlier my heart just isn't in it. Just for today she finds herself waking up not to some new horrible form of torment but the silence of her cell. Her lovely long hair unpulled by rough hands, her beautiful pale skin unbruised by swinging fists. Sadly the silence does not mean rest, for she will spend the entire day in fearful anticipation of the footsteps approaching her cell that never come. As the hours pass and she is left unattended, a faint hope might even blossom in her heart. Prayers that have not passed her lips in ages invoked again, hoping that her captor has met his end somewhere and that escape or rescue might be possible once again. Night falls and she drifts off to sleep, dreaming of home and family. Unheard by her is the sound of her captor returning to the cave. Her daring to dream will only make her awakening tomorrow worse.

# Marika of Leyndell (NSFW)

Anon 1:

Leyndell is where Queen Marika was

Leyndell is where her royal person existed

Leyndell is where her body resided

Leyndell is city that contains the most places Queen Marika would have sat down with her plush ass

Leyndell is the home of Queen Marika's bedchamber where she would have gone to sleep wearing nothing but a skimpy black negligee, a more scandalous version of her usual black dress

Leyndell is where Queen Marika's orgasmic cries resounded when her fertile womb was being pumped full

Leyndell is where her breasts would have gently jiggled as she walked up or down flights of stairs

Leyndell is where she breastfed her newborn children with her delicious nectar-like mother's milk

Leyndell is where Queen Marika's pussy juices, the sweet divine ambrosia, was tasted by her lover

Leyndell is where Queen Marika's skin follicles fell, where the particles of her sweat evaporated

Leyndell is covered in Queen Marika, soaked in Queen Marika, to be in Leyndell is to be enveloped by her existence and her history

Leyndell, once capital of the known world

Leyndell, once seat of the goddess-empress

Leyndell, where I will become Elden Lord and use my newfound world-changing powers to revive Queen Marika from her petrified stone state so that I can start a new dynasty with her and spend every night in ecstasy as I help her out of her century-long dry spell by satisfying her breeding fetish with pumping fat sticky load after fat sticky load into her pussy as I lick her all over and sniff her and breathe in her scent

Leyndell... home...

Anon 2:

The fact she's gone this long without running out of eggs implies some sort of rejuvenative magic. Could we therefore reasonably postulate that her hymen heals after sex? Besides making fucking her more lewd because she will always be virgin-tight, it may have the added effect of holding in sperm after the cock has been pulled out, increasing her fertility further. She truly is the biggest breeding sow in the Lands Between.

Anon 3:

Since all the demigods are huge, does that imply everything is scaled up? If we took eggs from Marika's perma-regenerating ovaries and put them in a bowl, would they look like roe? Could our Tarnished order Marika to "lay" enough eggs to make ebiko sushi with? Imagine spooning a big mouthful of Marika's eggs into your maw. Conceptualize the flavor. Picture the incandescent look of rage mixed with embarrassment and arousal on her face as she watches you eat. What would a bowl of Marika eggs taste like?

Anon 2(probably):

If her ovaries are always producing more eggs it might actually be necessary for her to get rid of them the same way dairy cows need to be milked

Imagine Marika squatting over a bowl watching impassively as her flexing and pushing causes clumps of goddess roe to drop from her pussy into the waiting receptacle. Sensation-wise it feels no different than Godfrey's thick gooey barbarian cum leaking out after they have sex. Feeling empty, she calls him over to first help her clean up between her thighs using his tongue to lick up any lingering dollops of roe, then has him eat up the rest in the bowl. No wonder that guy lasted so long in the badlands.

Anon 4:

you people are depraved, never stop

Anon 5:

so what would this mari-kaviar taste like?

Anon 6:

Imagine using a speculum on Marika's pristine, perfectly pink god-empress pussy. Looking in all the way right to her cervix. Knowing that beyond lies her royal uterus, which is perpetually fertile and linked to ovaries that will never ever run out of eggs. A goddess she may be but ultimately her biology is still built around being a broodmare for getting knocked up and giving birth to Emphyrean babies.

## **Millicent and Tarnished (NSFW)**

I wish I had the option of forcibly jamming the gold needle back into Millicent when she gets suicidal after we wreck her sisters and then confessing my love for her and fucking her and knocking her up and taking care of her while preggers and holding her hand as she gives birth to a set of beautiful pentuplets and the children and my constant and unfaltering love helps her recover from her emotional scars and find that she has a purpose to live for and cease being a suicidal traumatized wreck and after the kids get old enough to be able to stay at home by themselves for a few days without trouble I'll take my beautiful red-haired crippled swordswoman wife and we'll go kill that cunt Gowry together and then hunt down every single cockroach pest so he runs out of new vessels to hop into and he ends up dying a true death at last so Millicent and I can go home to our lovely children and continue to raise them with love and care! I love Millicent! I love Millicent! I love Millicent! I love Millicent! I love Millicent!

## Ranni plap plap (NSFW)

Uuooohhh UUUUUOOOOOOHHHH RAANNII SEXXXXXOOOOOOOOOOO PLAP PLAP  
PLAP PLAP PLAP this damned.... bratty doll!!! PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAPPPFFPLFPLAP  
PLAP PLAPPPFFFP PLAP PLAP always ordering me around... like you're so much better than  
me! PLAP PLAP PLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAP gonna mess up this doll cunny, gonna stir up your  
insides and knock you up while you sleep! PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAAAAP  
PLAAAAAPLPFFFF gonna breed that artificial womb! PLAPL PAPL  
PALAPLAPLAPPLAPLAPLAPLAPPPPPFF you're going to wake up a mother! you're going to  
wake up with babies in you! PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAAAAP prepare  
yourself for motherhood! PLAP PLAP PLAP ranni.... RANNI!!!! I'm cumming... take my cum!  
PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP UOOOHHHHH PPLAPLAPLAPALAPLAPALAPALAP IM  
GONNA CUM~ RANNI-CHAN!!!! PLAPALPALAAPLAPPPPPFPFPFFFPFPFSSPSPLUUURT  
SPLURRRRT SPLUUURRRRT take it all into your womb!!!! SPLURRRRRRT PLAP PLAP PLAP  
SPLUUUURRRRRRT PLAP Plap plaplap splurrrt plap PLAP splurt

- >Ranni wakes up from her rest state
- >all sensations her body experienced while her soul slumbered are felt at the same time
- >thousands of hours of being used as a onahole fuckdoll floods into her system
- >falls off her book throne to the floor, furiously spasming and squirting everywhere as a hundred orgasms hit all at once
- >prim and proper ranni reduced to a convulsing twitching ahgao'd mess

## Miquella fisting (NSFW)

Picrel: cute Miquella fanart

I want to shove my entire fist in his ass. I want him to look at me with shock and disbelief at what he just felt, and what he realized I had just done to him. I want his cute, playful and teasing face turn into one of anxiety and pain in an instant. He tries to speak but words barely escape his pretty, soft lips. "A-Anon... what are you doing... take it out! Stop it...!" He squirms powerlessly trying to dislodge my fist from his marshmallowy soft, pink anus. Turned mad and horny from his words, I shove my fist in ever deeper, making him release a sexy gasp, one he himself didn't expect to make. "Ow, it hurts, anon... I don't like this, please don't do this to me..." I slowly begin drawing my fist out, his sphincter clinging to my arm, but once it reaches the ball of my fist, I open my hand slightly then quickly pull my fist out of his asshole, hard. His anus prolapses briefly and he makes a frightened girly squeal as I dislodge my fist, then turns over and tries to stand, putting one knee on the floor. His pained moans only get me even more excited. I then want to grab his delicate, thin waist and shove my fist back inside his ass, making him cry out. I forcefully drive my fist fully inside his ass then pull it fully outside, making his anus twitch and contract and fart from the brutalization. After doing this motion dozens of times, I fully release his anus from my fist, and it gapes wide open, the reddish pink walls of his rectum wet with his naturally produced anal slime. It looks very appealing, like a hole meant to be fucked.

# Tarnished, Melina (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

People were quite sad that the Kadokawa financial report didn't drop any hints of when the DLC would be coming out

To help get your minds off the devastating disappointment of being DLCucked by From again, consider imagining incredibly lewd sloppy sex with a fully-clothed Melina who hitches up her cloak, shimmies down her leggings, and slides her panties to the side so that there's just enough of an opening between for you to stick your cock in and frantically rut her against the walls of a ruined Church of Marika. Please to conceptualizing the sensation of her hot breath against your neck, the flush in her cheeks and ears that puts the lie to her attempt at maintaining a dignified face, the furnace heat between her legs contrasting with the cool night wind. The way your little campfire illuminates just enough of her face for you to see her silent one-eyed death stare glaring daggers into you as you suddenly ram yourself in as deep as you can, kiss her cervix with your cockhead, and splurt your seed without warning. Envisage if you will, hugging her body tight against yours until you've finished emptying your balls in fat all-internal cumshots before letting her go. She immediately steps away and strips her leggings off completely, giving you an incredible view as she squats in the grass and lets thick dollops of your baby batter slide out of her. The entire time she's still staring at you like she wants to tear out your throat, but she knows needs you to get to the Erdtree, you know she knows she needs you, and she knows you know she knows she needs you so there's nothing she can do but continue to satisfy this Tarnished's lust.

The sight of her digging out dregs of cum out of herself with a finger gets you hard again and you stride over and push her onto her back with a surprisingly cute barely-suppressed squeak from her, her squatting legs flipping up conveniently into position for a mating press. Meli-Meli had told you, long ago when you first started "using" her, that she wasn't fully corporeal and couldn't get pregnant, but that didn't mean you were going to stop trying.

Reminder that, regardless of if she's the Gloam-Eyed Queen or not, Melina has royal blood in her veins. With Marika incapacitated and maybe completely dead, our travelling companion may be anywhere between a crown princess of Leyndell to a queen-claimant. Not to mention the divine blood running through her only-sometimes-physical veins. Please keep this in mind the next time you cum on her face and she glares daggers at you like she wants to carve the cursemare of Destined Death into your back with a black knife, she's not actually disgusted by you blackmailing her for sexual favors in return for getting closer to the Erdtree, she's only acting that way because royal women are just like that. She actually loves it! More cum for Meli-Meli!

=====

She really ought to be rewarding our Tarnished with sex every time we beat a boss. It just makes sense. She's the one always egging us onwards when I'd be perfectly fine hanging out with Boggart or chilling with the Stormveil Three[™]. She shows up to fight Morgott so she does have the ability to be physical and participate as a combatant but she's more than happy to let us do all the heavy lifting. By all rights a part of our accord should be that she has to drain the Tarnished's balls

for every great enemy felled, rune claimed, area cleared, etc. It's only fair. It would help her achieve her goals too by giving the Tarnished extra motivation.

Imagine browbeating Melina by approaching the Frenzied Flame Proscription. Up until then she'd only agreed to stuff like handjobs, intercrural sex, titjobs and on occasion(such as when defeating a plot-relevant boss), blowjobs. Now as you walk towards the doors guarding the Three Fingers, one slow step at a time, you drive a renegotiation of the initial terms of your accord. Melina goes from angered to saddened to disgusted to outraged and has devolved to cussing you out but, with your palms mere inches from the doorway, she snaps and begs you to stop.

A continent's travel and a continent's travel's worth of outercourse, you've done it. You slowly back away from the Proscription door and turn to see her on the verge of tears with a look on her face that says she wants nothing more than to gut you with her Blade of Calling. But slowly, like a prisoner being marched to their execution or someone being forced to eat week-old roadkill, she strips for you, gets on her back and, at your prompting, spreads herself and presents her pussy to you.

=====

Speaking of Meli-Meli, does she have the nastiest smelling snatch in the game?

- >travels throughout the entire game with the Tarnished
- >never bathes
- >wears exact same clothes
- >no hygiene products used when soap exists ingame

## Hung Miquella (NSFW)

Imagine this, you are a nobody inhabiting Miquella's Haligtree, one day, much to your surprise, Miquella himself beckons you to his bedchambers! you quickly present yourself to the young empyrean, who smiles candidly when you arrive, your heart flutters at the sight of him, that warm smile adorned by flowing golden locks...Truly the face of someone who is to become god of a new order. But before you are able to express your gratitude for being given this opportunity, he gestures towards his bed, grabbing your hand and guiding you towards it golden eyes piercing your very soul, you obviously comply, standing in front of the soft looking bed confused, unsure on how your lord wants you to proceed. Suddenly you feel a strong push hit you on the rear, knocking you into the white silky blankets, before you are able to process what just happened you feel two small hands grab your lower garments, tugging them. Hard. Ripping them off in an instant and leaving your lower torso completely naked, you shiver as the cold morning breeze caresses your naked bottom, slowly turning your head to better grasp the situation. You witness Miquella lifting his garb, a smug grin on his face as he drops his throbbing erection in between your asscheeks, the warm member contrasting with the cold breeze, sending shivers down your spine. It seemed almost like an illusion, Miquella's small, young and tender body always looked so unassuming, it had nothing to do with the absolute monster that had been dropped on top of you, His veiny, pulsating shaft extended all the way to the center of your back, drowning it in precum. Before you could take in the side of the behemoth that was hanging on down his waist, he greedily shoved half of it down your asshole without warning, pushing your guts and stretching you to your absolute limit, a shock of pain immediately hit you but before you could cry out and beg him to stop, he intensified his assault, penetrating deeper as he thrust his size into you.

You wanted to cry out, you wanted to beg for mercy as your insides were suffocated by his massive cock..But only loud moans escaped your throat, the mixture of agony and bliss as the empyrean had his way with you were leaving you numb, you slowly went cross eyed as your mind began going foggy, tears of pain and joy running down your cheeks, tongue out like a dog...you truly are at his complete service. Finally The empyrean released his load into your sore asshole, completely filling your body with his gift of abundance, swelling your stomach as the tip of his cock bulged from your gut... Yet he kept going, he didnt rest, he was determined to keep tearing you apart until he had his fill, but how long would it be until it stopped? minutes had turned into hours, your mind was only filled with the absurd pleasure his cock delivered, his soft giggles as he saw you struggle. Your arms gave way, dropping your head into the white sheets, now covered in sweat and cum, your entire body was failing you. But Miquella was ever delighted, laughing as you lacked the energy to even moan now, still keeping up his relentless breeding

# More Boggart (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

There was a colosseum FFA fight club and the Boggart cosplayer won, setting off the prawnfujo again

Imagine helping him home to Boilprawn Shack, him leaning his great hulking weight against you all the way as he complains about aches and pains, the proximity offering you front row seats to see the way sweat drips from his slicked hair down onto his beautiful chocolate skin. It takes a while for you to draw the bath so in the meantime he goes off to (what else?) catch a few crabs for supper. You tell him to take it easy and rest after his arena fight earlier but he shrugs you off with some indignant mumbling about how it's nothin' and goes striding into the lakebed. Soon the bath is ready and he's coming back with a crab in each hand. He was sweaty from the colosseum already but now he's positively drenched thanks to the humidity of Liurnia. All his clothes stick to his skin giving you a preview of what's underneath. Helping him strip off his shirt is almost a religious experience. The wet body heat and the musk of fresh sweat radiates off of him in waves. He sits down on the doorstep and you get down to help him shimmy his boots off(his hands are still roughed up from the fight earlier). With a sudden burst of insight you realize that kneeling between his legs like this, you were in just about the perfect position to give him head, and you feel yourself flush from head to toe. Boggart in his typical himbo manner doesn't understand why when you raise your eyes to meet his gaze there's a line of drool coming out from the corner of your mouth and assumes it's because you're hungry. He starts making some off-handed comment about how he'll get the crabs boiled right quick and you can't take it anymore, you

I'm drooling I'm drooling I'm drooling I'm drooling I'm

## More St Trina (NSFW)

I gaslight St. Trina until she can barely tell what type of food is what anymore. A hunk of stale bread is a roast. Cold river water is a goblet of fine wine. Some old leftover rowa berries not even Torrent wants to eat, those are butter-toasted scallops and mollusks. Food portions small enough to starve anyone whose body isn't bolstered by Empyreanhood is a fulfilling meal. Her jail cell at the back of my cave is a luxury suite. And she is nothing but a dog. The gaslighting doesn't stop there. Even while she's being beaten for nonexistent crimes she's getting educated on what being a good demigoddess means. And she really needs to be a good demigoddess, because the world is counting on her. Didn't she want to save the world, long ago when she gave restful sleep to the suffering and later planted her Haligtree? It's a grave responsibility that's been placed on her slender shoulders. She has to be a good girl. A good demigoddess. And that's rammed into her head through repetition and beatings and distorted reward mechanisms and psychological conditioning until it reaches the very foundation of her being. St. Trina needs to be a good girl because if a demigoddess like her is a bad girl then the world will not be saved. But throughout the process, care is taken to never explain what being a good girl actually means, not yet. So she's always in a state of anxiety and precarity. Anything she does could make her a bad girl, and so when she gets beaten for things like not smiling brightly enough when the Tarnished comes home, she learns not to do it again. She has to save the world. The world is counting on St. Trina. It's only months, maybe years later when she's sufficiently broken down that "good girl" receives more parameters. A good girl uses her tongue when giving blowjobs. A good girl clenches when fucked. A good girl spreads herself before she's asked. A good girl smiles with her beatific, angel-like face when she's creampie'd and thanks her Tarnished.

# Boggart the cook

## Chapter Summary

Someone posted fanart of Boggart cooking

Prawnfujo:

I bet he would be so good at cooking all sorts of things if I became Elden Lord and cajoled him into moving in with me in Leyndell so he would get access to all sorts of spices and ingredients he could never have dreamed of as a fugitive living alone on the road cooking simple shellfish dishes. I bet he would feel really awkward about it the first month or so getting an entire section of the royal kitchens to himself (not to mention all the knowing looks he gets from everyone who he passes when they recognize him as the new Elden Lord's himbo househusband), but soon he gets into the rhythm of things. Eventually he starts bringing you the occasional sampler, which becomes full dishes and then whole meals as he grows in confidence. While he's still best at seafood, he uses his access to the Leyndell markets so that he can serve the two of you all kinds of food. It is all delicious. Every once in a while, you take a break from your new Elden Lord duties (nobody ever told you there would be this much paperwork) and sneak into the kitchens to watch him work. The way he deftly maneuvers the knife, so different from his unsophisticated style of fighting. The way the heat of the stove and oven makes it so his skin shines with the sheen of fresh sweat. The way his eyes are simultaneously filled with intensity as he focuses on his cooking, yet he is also more relaxed and at peace than you ever saw him be out on the road. You have to wonder at what Marika was thinking, making a man (YOUR man now) like this a Tarnished. Your Boggart may be big and strong and look tough but he was never meant for battle. Here, in the gentle warmth of the kitchens, he's really come into his own.

You tiptoe out to return to your office, leaving your househusband to his devices. The anticipation of tasting whatever amazing-smelling thing he had been putting together gives you the boost you needed to power through the rest of the paperwork for the day.

Other anon:

If I make Boggart the royal Elden Lord chef then he's not allowed to wear anything but a flimsy apron and his helmet.

Prawnfujo:

Why would you want him to keep his helmet on? His helmet is a symbol of his past as a prisoner, maligned by society. Yes. Take it off, manslut. Show me your shy gaze. Give me the access to run my fingers through your hair whenever I want. Leave your chin vulnerable so I can use it to turn your head towards me for a kiss whenever I sneak up on you in the kitchen to watch you work. Expose your thick musclebound neck so I can loop my fingers and hang on it as you bridal carry me, or shower it in hickies that gets the castle staff politely averting their eyes to avoid embarrassing you.

## **Fia snuff (NSFW)**

Fia's entire existence is to be a free-use cumdump and living fleshlight to honeypot simps into joining her band of TWLID collaborators. Sex with her would be absolutely mindblowing because she knows every single little trick to maximize her partner's pleasure. Centuries of existence as the premier Tarnished whore in the Lands Between has molded not just her body but also her spirit into the perfect receptacle for lust. D had the right idea, such a manipulative seductress who aims to turn others towards the path of foul undeath deserves to be slain like she was. But D was unimaginative. Such prime wagyu fuckmeat should have been restrained in a pillory and made available for the use of everything in the Lands Between. This is only just as her villainous promotion of TWLID would have impacted everyone regardless of faction. Fia should have been given over to the demihumans, the land octopi, the Caelid dogs, until the strain on her body from constant fucking ends her as surely as D's blade did. For someone so entrenched in the role of the courtesan and necromancer it's entirely likely she would have even found enjoyment in being fucked to death and would have achieved her greatest climax right as her body gave out, her hips still reflexively grinding and humping in desperate need for more seed even as her brain shuts down. Then she can go serve her precious TWLID as the graveyard comfort woman, and leave the living out of her predations.

Imagine her death spasm causing her pussy to clamp down on you like a vise. The last signals from her brain are for it to squeeze out any cum it can, the overpowering natural instinct of procreation in the face of death revealing the emptiness of her pro-TWLID rhetoric

And then reviving her at a site of grace to do it again

## Millicent sisters femdom (NSFW)

The immense cavern echoed with the thunderous roar of the raging rot waterfall. You and Millicent had enjoyed a brief respite after felling the Ulcerated Tree Spirit that emerged from the small cliff-island's mire. Unfortunately, in the aftermath of the commotion, Millicent's sisters took advantage of your weakened state and ambushed you both. Laying in the muck of the shore, you stare up at them towering over you, your hands and feet having been hastily bound.

Mary, the eldest, sneers venomously at you, "We've been chasing you two all over the Lands Between. Finally, we can end this and help Millicent bloom." Amy, the third sister, sheaths her curved flowing swords and, with the help of little Polyanna, the youngest sister, begins converging on Millicent's prone form. Maureen, the second sister, looks you over with her one good eye, "So, when are we going to gut him? It'll be easy, just end his life right here and now." She points her tree spear at your chest and hovers the tip right below your sternum. "Maureen, have you not learned anything from our observations? The Tarnished cannot die so easily. If we kill him now, he may return before Millicent has bloomed. Father explicitly told us to aid Millicent's blossoming, and that's what we're going to do."

"We can be done with the blooming before he gets back, he'd have to cross that fucking rot river and get past more of those bugs before he could even think about stopping us."

"True, but I'd rather not take that chance. Go, help your sisters to speed things up." Maureen's unwavering eye burns into you, her face contorting with disgust. "I don't know what Millicent ever saw in you" she snidely spits, before swiftly walking over to join her sisters tending to Millicent.

Polyanna had been using her blade of calling and deftly cutting Millicent's traveler's clothes up into pieces. Your heart starts beating faster as you see the petite girl start humming and swaying side to side while exposing more and more of her sister. The touch of cold steel curling around the back of your neck snaps you from the other sisters back to Mary, still looming over your supine form. Her halo scythe perfectly cradles your neck in its chilling, deadly embrace as she leans forward with a wry smile. "You know, Tarnished," she coldly whispers, "Maureen does have a point. How quickly do you think you'd be able to get back here?" She begins pulling her scythe back with measured restraint, the blade's cold edge starts digging into the back of your neck.

You've experienced death before. The grafted scion when you first woke up in the church; Morgott the Omen King at the base of the Erdtree; Commander Niall in the frigid walls of castle Sol. Those situations were different though, there wasn't anything dire at stake if you lost. You could just return when grace had brought you back and see the look of surprise on their faces as you came back again and again and again. But here? Now? Millicent could be a blooming Aeonian flower by the time you make your way back here. Your mind races, trying to think of a way out, and you start unconsciously twisting in your bindings.

Mary's icy veneer started cracking, her small smile starting to widen into a devilish grin. "~~Oh, what's going through your mind, hmm~~? I certainly hope you're not thinking of breaking out of your restraints. Your body wouldn't do much good without a head..." She emphasizes her last point by pulling sharply on her scythe, digging into your neck and freezing any movement on your part. A small trickle of blood could be felt crawling down your back. "~~Good boy, stay very still. The fun's about to start.~~" Her chest starts heaving more and your mind cowers at what this sadist considers fun.

“Big Sis! We’re all finished!” Polyanna joyously exclaims, causing Mary to pause, and you to nervously hold very, very still. Mary, not dropping her wicked smile, slowly turns her head from you while holding eye contact as long as she can, before finally snapping her eyes to the other sister’s finished work. You meekly follow her gaze, and see the product of their efforts before inhaling sharply.

The other sisters gather around the island’s cliff edge, overlooking the steep drop down to some open area you noticed earlier. You see rope jury-rigged around one of the branches above, serving as an anchor for the weight it holds. Following the multiple lengths of rope down, you see her, Millicent, completely naked and hogtied. Not only were her feet and hand bound up above her, but the three sisters also pulled her ponytail up with a piece of rope and tied it to her other appendages. This caused her back to arch in such a way that her legs spread, and her small chest puffed forward.

Amy stands close to Millicent’s face, holding her golden arm in her hands. “Wakey, wakey, sister,” she says as she begins slapping Millicent with the arm. Rousing from her unconscious state, Millicent weakly blinks her eyes open. As she slowly regains stock of the situation she starts breathing heavily while trying to break free of her bindings. The other sisters around her begin to laugh and jeer at her, spinning her slowly round and round. “Look at her struggle! Can’t do much without your sword arm, huh?” “I can’t wait to spill your guts and watch the flower bloom.” “Easy there, Maureen! We spent all this time chasing her. Now it’s time to play! Hehe.”

Mary cuts in, “Excellent rope work, girls, as always! Oh ~Millicent~, care to see what we have in store for you? Sisters, why don’t you help me with our Tarnished problem, hmm?~” Mary turns back to you, a cheshire grin encompassing her entire face, and places her boot on your crotch. “You don’t mind a little roughhousing, do you? All this time chasing you two, I think we’ve deserved a little fun.” With that she starts applying pressure to your crotch, while pulling more on her scythe. Pain lances through your abdomen as your balls are squished, but you can’t pull back thanks to the loving embrace of her scythe. As her sisters near you she removes her scythe from behind your neck and gives a quick stomp to your crotch. The agonizing impact causes you to convulse on the ground and curl up.

The rest of the sisters join in and take turns grinding their boots onto your hands, thighs, chest, and crotch. Mary and Maureen stomp the hardest, unleashing all their sadism and anger through their feet. Amy stuns the pain receptors in the rest of your body by grabbing your hair and smacking your face with Millicent’s arm. Through the din and ringing in your head you vaguely hear Polyanna chime in, “Heya! Remember when we killed Commander O’Niel together? That was super fun! Not as fun as this though!” With speed and dexterity, she quickly cuts through the clasps and straps of your clothing while the rest of the sisters assist in stripping you down.

Up in the air, Millicent spins round and round, catching glimpses of the stomping. Your muffled grunts and the jeering of her sisters echo in her ears. Small tears begin to well up in her eyes as she’s powerless to save you.

After some wrangling, the four sisters have you at their feet, prone and naked. Then, you start hearing some rustling and crane your neck back to see what horrors the sisters are going to pull out. To your surprise, Mary starts taking her clothes off. “I’m not done playing, you’re going to be sooo much fun to play with now~.” The rest of the sisters follow their eldest’s decision, stripping down as fast as they can. In a flash, the four sisters resume their positions around you, completely naked except for their knee-high traveler’s boots.

You gulp as the quartet just stare at you. Mary, down by your crotch, makes the first move and places her boot on your dick, which laid behind you in the muck. Amy and Maureen, to your sides, mirror each other with their heels on each of your butt cheeks. Polyanna decided to completely stand atop your back, balanced by her sisters. The added weight made every breath a battle. The five boots held their positions, nobody daring to move until Mary spoke. "You what's more fun than beating you to an inch of your life? Hearing you squeal as we do it!~"

The pain started slow. Your dick was crushed with more and more pressure from Mary's boot toe; your ass twisted as both sisters took opposing torques with their heels; and Polyanna rotated on the balls of her feet like a little girl. The different areas of pain made focusing on one impossible, as they traded timings for when to provide more pressure in one spot over another. Thankfully, your dick squelched into the mire, saving you from most of the pain that Mary intended to inflict. Unfortunately, Polyanna's dance moves rocked you back and forth, and her weight also began to push you into the muddy shore. Your muffled grunts began rising into short whimpers as the slow pain was agonizing, and there seemed to be no stopping the sisters.

Once Mary noticed that her boot was getting muddier than she could bare she pulled free of the little grotto between your cheeks. The other sisters paused to see what her next move would be. The brief respite was heavenly. Then, pain erupted from your dick as Mary's heel came slamming down onto the shaft, her toes jamming into your taint. The sudden pain was too much, and you let out a scream. Seeing her renewed stomping and hearing your squeal, Amy and Maureen followed suit and began stomping your ass, causing the bruises that were forming to deepen to the bone. You writhed under their boots, unable to go anywhere thanks to Polyanna, who decided to sit on you and enjoy the show.

The immense cavern echoed with the maniacal laughter of the sisters. They reveled in your pain, your meek form absolutely at their mercy. Millicent had finally stopped spinning in her bindings, perfectly facing the group to take in the entire scene. Unable to turn her head away, she could only close her eyes, so she didn't have to watch you suffer. Tears streamed down her face as your wails pierced her ears, and helplessness enveloped her. You two had come all this way, faced so many trials and tribulations, and this was how it ended. Mere playthings of her four sadistic sisters.

Your pain thresholds were at their limit, everything ached, but there seemed to be no slowing down to the sisters' onslaught. Suddenly, you could here Mary cut through the din, "Ladies, I'm having so much fun, but why should the Tarnished get all the attention? We've been giving him sooooo much love, that I think it's about time we deserve some.~~~" With that, you felt all the pressure lift off your back side, while four sets of hands hoisted you up from the muck and carry your dead weight to the water. Dunking you in the pool, panic set in as you feared being drowned. Worse, you didn't want to contract the rot, and could feel your body slowly succumbing to the buildup.

At the last second, before you passed out from lack of air and before the rot overtook your immunity, you felt your body being dredged up from the sloshing red water. The sisters made their way with you back to the shore, and gingerly placed you down on your ass. Pain instantly lanced through you as your sore ass was not ready for anything touching it, let alone bearing your weight. Mary roughly grabbed a handful of your hair and tilted your head back while you breathed heavily, just trying to stay conscious. "~~Time to show us what that dumb fucking mouth of yours can do, Tarnished.~~"

With that, she forced you to her pussy and began grinding against your mouth and nose. Her murky stench filled your nostrils, as you tried to grasp your predicament. A hard slap to your face brought you to attention. "Tongue. Now." Mary seemed to have dropped her sultry allure for a mor forceful

approach to get you to cooperate with her commands. Meekly, you shoved your tongue into her, tasting the rot on her pussy and gagging a little bit. Mary mewed, “~~~Gooooood boyyy~~~ I’m soooo glad you know your place,~~~” and began grinding against you with renewed gusto.

Feeling humiliated, emasculated, and utterly defeated, all you could do was follow her orders as best you could and tongue her while she roughly holds your head. Amy and Maureen knelt on either side of you to provide commands and other words of encouragement. “Be sure to suckle her labia, she likes that.”

“Bite it.”

“Get your tongue as deep as it can go.”

“If you don’t make her cum, I’m going to bite your ear off.”

“Don’t forget to suck on her clit.”

“I’ll rip it off in one go and watch the geyser of blood flow from your head.”

Trying to please Mary as best you can with Amy giving fast instructions and fearing what Maureen was saying she’d do to you should you fail was torture. Through it all you felt the final sister nuzzling your crotch and her voice excitedly broke through the others. “Heya, how do you think we can play with this, huh~~~?” There she was, stroking your dick with her fingers, trying to get a rise out of you. Unfortunately, due to your predicament, the stimulation wasn’t welcome, and further made you feel vulnerable. “Awwww, c’mon now~~~ you know you wanna get hard for us.~~~” As you could only look up to Mary’s snide grin you weren’t able to see Polyanna, but you could feel her head shift and her mouth slowly swallow your cock like one of Boggart’s boiled prawns. Her mouth bobbed up and down in an effort to coax you into getting hard, but to no avail.

A little disappointed, she backed off, crossing her arms. “Hmf! C’mooooon, you’ve got four hotties all over you. The least you could do for us is get hard.” Regaining a little composure through your tonguing, Mary offered some advice, “Polyanna, dear, why don’t you check the Tarnished’s bag, I’m sure he’s got some pickled turtle necks we can feed him. “Oh! Good idea! Lemme check!”

You could hear Polyanna rifling through your pack, looking for the aphrodisiac, and hoped to god she wouldn’t find any. “Found some!” Mary pulled you off her pussy, face flushed and chest heaving, and tilted your head back. “Open,” she commanded. Not daring to disobey, lest the quartet remind you of the consequences, you opened your mouth as far as it could go. Once you felt the vinegary meat touch your tongue, you took a large bite, hoping that enthusiasm might make things easier. “~~~Gooooood booooyyyyy~” Mary mused, and then took a large bite herself. Polyanna followed her lead, and then handed it off to Maureen, then Amy. After taking her bite, Amy looked over to Millicent.

“Millicent, enjoying the show? Here, this’ll make things so much more fun to watch.” She got up from your side and forced the rest of the pickled turtle meat into Millicent’s mouth. After that she pinched Millicent’s nose shut and covered her mouth. “Now swallow like a good girl~~~” Already broken by the scene, Millicent quickly followed her orders so she wouldn’t suffocate. “~~~I like the way you think, Amy. Nooowwww~ where were we?~~~” Mary stepped back and watched as your mast slowly swelled. However, your body hasn’t processed the turtle meat yet, and is still aching from your beating earlier, much to the dismay of your captors.

“Ummm, it’s... supposed to be bigger than that... right, sis?”

“I can’t believe we got the limp dicked Tarnished.”

“I can still bite it off.”

“Awwww, poor Tarnished~~ don’t feeling like playing anymore?~~~ We’re juuust getting started though~~~ Polyanna, isn’t there anything else in his pack?”

“Well, I remember when we fought Commander O’Neil he showed me this golden flask, said he kept tears in it. When I told him that was kinda weird he tried to explain that it gave him lotsa stamina. Then he chugged it and rolled around distracting O’Neil for literally minutes while I killed all the ghosts. I had never seen anyone roll so much! He was really dizzy afterwards! Found it!”

Again, the four sisters towered over your meek form, with Polyanna holding your wondrous physick. Again, Mary tilted your head back, with you closing your eyes and opening your mouth. Again, you felt the familiar taste of the tears flowing down your throat.

Time slowed down as you swallowed the tincture. Feeling revitalized, you slowly opened your eyes mustering a small grin and began whispering something. Seeing a change come over you, the sisters leaned a little closer, confused and trying to hear what you were saying.

“Allahu Ackbar...”

The immense cavern echoed with an explosion that reverberated up and down the walls. Smoke dissipated as you stretched your arms and legs, rubbing your wrists and ankles to get blood flowing back from where the ropes bit. Mary, Amy, Maureen, and Polyanna laid around you, stunned and on the brink of death from the explosion. You hastily rushed over to your pack and gulped down three large swigs of your healing flask, and huge bites of some exalted flesh and boiled crab meat. Feeling that sweet life-giving liquid flow through your body, your muscles bulging, and confident in your defense, you turned back to the sisters on the ground, and slowly made your way around them.

Mary was the first to start stirring, and you stood above her while she lazily opened her eyes to see you through her bandages. While rummaging through your pack you found your night’s cavalry gauntlets and slipped them on, grinning with anticipation. With your renewed vigor, the pickled turtle neck started really kicking in, and your penis swelled more and more to full mast. Mary, from below, started to see the full length hovering above her, and weakly tried to turn and crawl away. Kicking her all the way over, you squatted down and straddled her legs. Her bare back and ass squirmed in front of you while her traveler’s boot clad feet meekly splashed in the mud behind. Underneath her asshole, her pussy dripped from the consumable and lust began swelling in your mind, the aphrodisiac taking full effect.

You placed the sharp fingertips of your gauntlets at the top of her shoulders, the sudden touch causing her to momentarily halt her wiggles, and slowly applied pressure, digging the points into her skin and eliciting small whimpers. Then, you slowly dragged your claws down her back, carving across your blank canvas. The sensation caused her to push off the ground and arch her back, but your weight held her underneath you. After one long sweep down her back you paused, and watched the red lines appear like beautiful stripes. Resetting your hands’ positions, you carved again, just to the side of your first set of lines. Again and again you reset and clawed her back, watching her wriggle and writhe underneath you. Once her back was sufficiently carved up and the red lines along her back were raised and flushed with color, you grabbed the sides of the back of her neck and pulled her up, exposing her chest. With your other hand you reached under her arm and placed your claws at the top of her chest, then dragged down. Masochistic moans rang out over

the cliff-island as you scratched her breasts and tugged her nipples. Animalistic growls rumbled in your throat as her exposed neck enticed you. Primal urges swelled and you took a meaty bite of her trapezius, shaking your head as you held her in your clutches. The scratching, clawing, and biting lasted a while as you marked your new territory, ensuring that she knew who now owned her body.

Holding Mary's face down with one hand, you hungrily lined up the head of your dick, which grew harder and harder by the second. Your pulsing mass lingered there for a second, both of you breathing heavily. Mary dared not move under your animalistic strength, lest you crack her in half. Unfortunately, that was still going to happen, and you methodically buried your entire shaft into her dripping opening, your pubes tickling her asshole. Holding her there for a second, your body shivering with pent up lust, you felt her pussy pulse around your cock. She was stunned by your insertion and tried to relax herself to make room for your girth. However, your rut was just getting started. You slowly backed out of Mary's pussy, feeling her walls pulling on your dick, as if not wanting to let it go. Before you had pulled all the way out you stopped and shifted your weight, still holding her head down, but now grabbing onto her waist. Finding a good purchase, the animal took over and your rutting began in full. Slamming your hips into her ass, the ripple of her cheeks were mesmerizing as the slaps rang out from your exalted fucking. Small mewls turned muffled moans could be heard from Mary every time you buried your cock in her cunt. The rhythm you took started slow and hard but gradually sped up. At a certain point you began to feel Mary pushing back into your every thrust, matching your intensity. Her slick walls pulsed more and more, tightening around your cock, almost begging for your cum.

Feeling her tighten up, you shifted positions again. This time placing both your hands on her carved up, red shoulder blades and shoving her into the ground. With her fully pinned, you prone boned her with such ferocity that shockwaves through the mud ebbed out from your bodies, rivaling that of the mighty Crucible Knights. Her muffled moans led way to open "ahs" pouring out from her to the time of each thrust, which landed harder and faster than the last. Finally, you pounded her pussy with such ferocity that you couldn't hold back any longer. Giving the sadist a few more hard pounds, you finished as deep as you could go and released all your pent-up spunk into her.

Feeling your seed line her walls, Mary's own orgasm spasmed and contracted tight around your cock, making sure no cum was wasted. Her cervix dipped down with each roll of her orgasm and sucked up as much cum as it possibly could. You both laid there, shuddering from the fucking, your cock deep in Mary's inseminated pussy, and breathed heavily into her tussled, sweaty hair. Your own orgasm trying to pump as much sperm into her as she could hold. After a few moments of soaking inside her, you slowly pulled out. Her walls again grasping onto your cock, begging it not to leave her warm embrace. You could see her murky cum covering your cock's length as you eventually extracted your member from her gaping hole, a small dribble of cum leaking down her pussy.

Looking at her face you see her eyes lidded with satisfaction and submission. Heavy breaths show the extent of her exhaustion after the ordeal. Knowing that she's been successfully taken care of, you cast your gaze to the rest of the sisters, animalistic lust still coursing through your veins. You spot an ass in the air as Amy has gotten her knees underneath her, weakly trying to push her torso up from the muck. You let out a barbaric roar and noticed her freeze, then stomped over behind her.

Amy's plump ass wavered in the air. Even though she tried staying as still as possible you could see her shivering with fear, not knowing whether fight or flight will save her. Grasping onto each cheek with your gauntlets, you dug your claws into her meaty ass and kneaded her like dough. The points from your sharp fingertips poked and prodded Amy, causing her to let out little squeals of discomfort. Something felt off, however, this luscious soft ass couldn't be properly felt through the

rough palms of your gauntlets, so you removed them. Replacing your hands on Amy, you could feel the tender squish of her cheeks on your hands and squeezed each of them. Pulling your hands off and taking stock of the situation, you shifted around to her side and began rubbing her whole rump with one palm while you hooked your arm around her waist. Tenderly, you rubbed and rubbed, then pulled back, your hand holding loftily in the air, and took aim.

“You enjoyed stomping my ass, yes?”

“Uhhh, no! Not at all, I was just following Mary’s lead!”

A loud crack resounded from her ass as your hand met her skin, rippling her cheeks.

“Oww! I’m sorry! I didn’t! Really, I didn’t!”

A hard smack landed on her left cheek.

“OWW! I mean, it was a little fun... watching you squirm...”

Her right cheek took the next hard smack.

“Stop! Please! I’m sorry! I was only following Mary! What do you want me to say?!”

Your hand held in the air, wavering back and forth with anticipation of where to strike next.

“I want you to beg me to stop.”

“Sto-” \*Smack!\* “--oop~” \*Smack!\* “Ple-” \*Smack!\* “eease~”

Amy cried out, tears soaking the bandages across her eyes, as you wailed on her ass over and over. Sometimes you’d pull your hand back and hold it there, watching her wince in anticipation of the coming blow, but instead you gingerly placed your hand back on her rump to softly rub and knead it. Eventually her ass flushed pink and tender from the spanking, and you paused to observe your work. “Wait here, and don’t move,” you commanded, and left her there to look through your pack. Finding your trusty whip, you walked back to Amy and positioned her face down, ass up. “Don’t move.”

Walking a few steps away, you turned and looked at your mark, taking stance and aiming precisely. Small whimpers could be heard coming from Amy, and while she shivered, she did not move her glowing butt. Torquing your body and flinging your swinging arm, the whip lanced out and kissed Amy’s plump ass, a resounding \*crack\* echoing about the cavern. The sudden pain caused Amy to cry out, double over, and try to scramble away, but you quickly grabbed her and held her, reminding her again, “Don’t. Move.” Fear encapsulated her, as she shook like a rabbit caught in a wolf’s teeth. Despite her shivering she did her best to nod in compliance, and you ordered her back into position and reset.

Another crack from the whip rang out, and again Amy doubled over, but this time you held your ground and waited for her to get back up and assume the position. Her reward was another kiss from your whip, this time to the opposite cheek, and she again fell to the ground in pain. As you continued your whipping, pausing when Amy needed to reset, she became more resilient, and began moaning out in pleasure or not crumbling under the sting of the whip bites. Soon however, you noticed her start to fall again after every blow, and stepped closer to look at her raw ass. You could see her pussy juices flowing, but her puckered twitching asshole is what really caught your

eye. Your dick, having gotten rock hard again, pulsed with your every heartbeat, precum building at the opening. Rifling through your pack, you found some freezing grease and coated your meat club with a healthy slather. Then, you wavered above Amy, slapping her asshole a couple times with your cock. The cold tip on her burning ass made her wince and shiver, but she remained where she was, unable to make a decision on her own.

Squatting low, you slid your arms between her thighs, feeling the tops of her knee-high traveler's boots scrape against your elbows. In a swift motion you hooked your arms up her sides and behind her neck, standing as you brought her into a full nelson. An "EEP!" escaped her mouth as her asshole hovered against your frigid pulsing armament. Your hot, steamy breath coated the back of her neck as the animal inside you began rising. You hoisted her up another inch before bringing her falling onto your cock, sheathing her to the hilt. Amy let out a loud gasp and clenched her asshole around you, frozen again while held tightly within your grip, her head forced down and her legs flopping in the air. This time, you did not start so slow, and began bucking in earnest as the frozen grease cooled her warm insides while providing slick lubrication through her rectum.

As you brought her down upon your cock repeatedly, you could feel her ass begin to relax and loosen. "Tighten up!" You growled in her ear. A command that wasn't easily followed, but which she tried as best she could. "Scream for me!"

"Aaaaaahhh! Tarnished! Please! I'm sorry! Let me go! It hurts!"

"This is what you fucking deserve! Giving me orders, let's see how you like it!"

"Ahhahhh! Please! No!"

"You're nothing but a submissive little bitch! Beg me to fuck you harder! Scream it out!"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Please!! Please fuck me Haaaarrrrdeeeerrr!!!"

With her final submission to your whims, crying out your commands, you began pounding her asshole onto your dick with renewed fervor. Her moans rising and falling with every thrust of your cock. You bounced her up and down for several minutes, not slowing and showing her the full force of a raged Tarnished from the Badlands. Eventually, you heard her moans growing louder, felt her spasm, and picked up your thrusts pace and strength ever so slightly. Soon after her spasms grew in intensity, and you felt yourself nearing your own end. One particularly powerful spasm of hers clenched her sphincter tighter than ever before and was enough to send you over the edge and pump your semen straight up her gut, filling her intestine.

You held her, waiting until your balls had pumped all they could into your new cumdumpster, before sliding her up off you with an audible \*pop\*. Tossing her to the mud, you nearly lost your balance in the slick area beneath your feet. Amy's juices flowed from her pussy, still pulsing and aching to be filled. Your semen and the grease, no longer cool, drooled from her winking asshole, and mixed with her fluids in the muck. You heaved a satisfied sigh having claimed ownership of another before turning to the next sister and finding Maureen had gotten onto her knees, holding her tree spear in your direction.

A small, weak jab forward from her was easily sidestepped by you. Again she stabbed, and again you dodged. On her third jab you deftly parried, sending a reverberation through the spear. The jarring riposte staggered her long enough for you to kick her hand, sending the tree spear flying off the side of the cliff-island. She hissed through her fangs and glowered at you with a burning frenzy

in her one eye. Unfortunately, hissing was all she could do in her current state, and you easily grabbed a handful of her hair to hold her steady. With your other hand, you stuck your thumb in her cheek and pulled it to the side, inspecting her mouth. Hisses continued to flow as you looked past her pearly whites and down her heaving throat.

In a slight lapse of judgement, you stuck your thumb between her teeth and met a sharp chomp, causing you to quickly reel back. A smart smack across her face was your rebuttal, which she returned with a devilish grin. "Stick anything in there and I'm biting it off." You brought your hand back from its initial swing into a backhand across her face. "Fuck you! Tarnished!" It was time to shut this bitch up, and your member was rising again to meet the challenge. Taking both hands, you pulled her hair back so you could hold onto her whole mane with one hand as she struggled against you. Once you had a good grasp, you reached into your pack and pulled out a silvery tincture. "What's that for? Dick getting limp again? Go on, let's see the blood gush!" She uttered those words with a wide fiendish grin, daring you to stick your dick in her crazy mouth.

You swallowed the iron aromatic down, the harsh concoction leaving a metallic aftertaste, and felt its effects instantaneously. Your skin turned a shiny silver, and your movements slowed, but you could still move. Maureen's veneer cracked at that point when she noticed your cock had become as hard as steel, and your vice-like grip on her hair left her no escape. Dropping the perfume bottle to the ground, your free hand made its way again to Maureen's mouth and forced it open. A scream erupted from her as she couldn't break free from your iron fists, and your cock loomed closer and closer to her gaping maw.

Ever so slowly you pushed into her, stuffing her mouth with your girth, shoving her tonsils out of the way. Soon her scream was muffled, the sound barely escaping around your suffocating member. Deeper and deeper you slid as Maureen gagged around your cock, unable to breathe. Her eye started to water and flutter, as she struggled against your grip, but you kept going. Both hands held the back of her head now, as she sputtered on your cock, weakly slapping your pelvis and grasping at your hold. You finally brought her all the way down to your base, completely shutting her up.

Seconds passed like hours during your iron grip's deepthroating, her neck bulging with your girth. Tears rolled down one side of her face and wetted her eyepatch on the other, as her sputtering and flailing became more and more frantic. She slowly started dying down as the oxygen was used up in her lungs, her arms becoming lead and falling limp to her sides. Suddenly, the ironjar aromatic's effect ran out, and you yanked her head off your cock. Maureen gasped for air, inhaling all she could before coughing up a fit and breathing heavily, gulping in the musky air around your crotch. She swallowed the spit that had formed in her mouth but kept salivating, causing her mouth to hang open as saliva coated her inner cheeks. Looking down you noticed a small pool of juices forming beneath her crotch and reached for another ironjar aromatic.

Over and over you repeated her slow, agonizing deepthroat training. Always giving her just enough time to slightly recover before shutting her up again. Her juices pooled evermore around her crotch as tears streamed down her face, eventually seeping through the bandages. Clear lines appeared as her crying cleaned the dirt from her, showing clear striations down her cheeks. Saliva drooled out her mouth and coated her throat as she stopped trying to swallow it, instead opting to make things as slick as possible. Towards the end of it all, her hands stayed by her sides while her eye lidded with a half-dead expression, and you could tell that this bitch wasn't going to be smart with her mouth any time soon.

Maureen's mouth lolled open as she sat there at your feet, breathing heavily while holding perfect posture for sucking dick. Your cock pulsed in the musky air in front of her vacant expression and

swayed there for a few seconds. After a moment, her eye focused on the tip, seeing precum dolloping in the opening. Slowly she opened her inviting mouth, sticking her tongue out in submission and gobbled up your meat, hungrily slurping it into her mouth. Her limp hands slowly lifted to stroke your shaft as her head bobbed up and down your length. You placed a gentle hand on top of her head and swayed back and forth while she sucked you off. The throat training had done wonders, as she frequently deepthroated your entire dick and held it in her warm throat.

She worked your entire shaft with her lips, eventually dropping one hand to her crotch, rubbing her clit. Moans could be felt rising in pitch around your member as she brought herself closer to orgasm, edging more and more as she sucked faster and faster. When you felt she couldn't hold on anymore, you deftly kicked her hand away from her crotch and swatted her hand off your cock. Surprised, she pulled back, mouth agape, at which point you grabbed both sides of her head and forcefully facefucked her. Sloppy gurgles resounded from her as you pistoned in and out. Her hands fell limply to her side, submitting herself to your powerful thrusts.

As your grunts neared your own orgasm, you instructed her through heavy breaths, "Now... you... may touch... yourself..." Swiftly, she stuck two fingers from one hand into her drooling snatch while rubbing her labia and clit, and teased her nipples with the other hand. Her facefucking lasted a few more moments as you mutually got yourselves off. Your final thrusts measured the entire length of your dick and ended with you forcefully holding her head at the base of your member, your pubes tickling her nose and giving her nose a full coating of your musk, ensuring she'd know her new owner's scent well. Semen flowed from your balls, spewing down her throat straight into her stomach. Swallowing everything, she reached her own orgasm and shuddered underneath your presence, moaning around your cock. With a resounding \*shlick\*, you pulled her off and let her drop to the ground, utterly spent while fresh orgasmic waves rippled through her body.

Having claimed another sister, you turn to Polyanna who, surprisingly, was on her back, legs pulled up with her feet resting on the ground. One hand danced across her chest, tickling her small breasts and pinching her nipples. Her other hand was hidden between her legs, but you could surmise what she was doing. Sauntering over, you held her lusty gaze and stood in front of her, towering above the little girl. Her legs parted like a venus fly trap and her inviting arms extended towards you. There, lying on the shore of the cliff-island's rot lake, Polyanna waited patiently for you to breed her.

Eagerly, you got down and lined your head up to her waiting pussy, your mouth drooling as much as she was. Looking at her face you saw a sly "come hither" look as she bit her lower lip in anticipation. Knowing she had witnessed your victories over her sisters, you felt confident she knew she wouldn't stand a chance against you even if she tried. Slowly you pushed your head through her opening and watched as her eyes widened, a gasp filled her lungs, and her head tilted back. You eased into her, pulling back sometimes to thoroughly coat your entire dick in her pussy juices so her tight walls could more easily accommodate you. After a bliss-filled eternity, your hips finally caressed her inner thighs.

When you were fully encapsulated inside her, she wrapped her arms around your back and pulled her head up to gaze into your eyes with her single lust filled pupil. You could see her eye dart back and forth between your eyes, then saw it dart to your lips and felt her arms slide up your back to your head. Allowing her to pull you in, you slowly started pulling out. Your lips kissed as her other lips wrapped around your head; then, you slowly started sliding back into her. Your combined passions grew and she wrapped her leathery traveler's boots-clad legs around you, fully trapping you in her embrace. She was incredibly tight and while you held no reservations about hurting her,

something about her squeezing walls stayed your ravaging thrusts. As you hilted once more, she pulled back and moved close to your ear and whispered, "I'm a virgin."

Your nostrils flared and desire swelled in your chest as you were slightly dumbstruck with the knowledge that you had just deflowered Millicent's youngest sister. Your hips paused while your mind processed what she had just "Oh ~~~Daddy~~~ please don't stop," she whispered into your ear. Snapping out of your stun, you took a slow pace, making sure this time to not go too fast, lest you make Polyanna's first time a bad experience. "Mmmmmmmmm, thank you,~~~~~" she mewled, then you felt a wet wriggling sensation as she started licking your ear canal. The wet slurps sent shivers down your spine as the unexpected audio sensory meridian response flowed from the top of your head to the tip of your toes, goosebumps appearing across your arms. Pleasurable moans hummed in your ear as you purred in response and picked up the pace of your fucking. Her moans evolved into heavy breaths and a loosened grip on your head, allowing you to work your mouth down her body. Starting at her ear, you kissed and nibbled her lobes, then kissed her neck, and kissed all the way down to her tiny tits to suckle her nipples.

Your pace had picked up as lust overtook you, still completely under the effects of the pickled turtle neck aphrodisiac. Suddenly, Polyanna gripped you tight with her legs and pain lanced through your shoulder. Blood dripped down your arm as your rutting stopped and you looked into her devious eye, a mischievous grin plastered on her face. "Oops, did I hurt you, Daddy?~~~~" This fucking brat stabbed you when your guard was down and has the fucking nerve to be ornery about it! Taking a few deep breaths to power through the pain you immediately responded by pounding her pussy full force, forgetting all intentions of keeping her hymen intact. Pleasurable screams and cute cackles erupted from Polyanna as she flicked her dagger, still buried in your shoulder, but loosened her legs around you, weak from the sudden powerful fucking. "Ohhhhhhhhh thank you, Daaaaddyyyy!~~~~~"

Minutes passed with you holding a nonstop rapid pace, the knife in your shoulder providing ample pain to spur you on. Polyanna's limbs flopped down while she experienced your cock's thrusts, head rolling back and tongue lolling out to the side. Her virgin tight pussy pulsed around your dick as you could feel her orgasm starting to rise. Grunting like an animal, your primal urge to break this brat swelled and your balls started to tighten. Pulling her head up, you looked into her eye which focused back into yours. "Breed me, Daddy! Breed your little girl! I want all your cum!" She wrapped her legs and arms back around you and repeated, "Fuck me! Breed me! Please, Daddy! I want you to cum inside!~~~~" The final words of encouragement coaxed more speed and ferocity out of your thrusts as your new little bratty slut happily giggled underneath your pounding.

## Tarnished, Nox Girls 2 (NSFW)

The first thing to grab your attention isn't the unnerving coolness of her twitching womanhood, reminiscent of Those Who Live In Death. You were well acquainted with their touch now, not to mention the unmistakable thrum of vitality coursing through her very being. No, the first thing to grab your attention lays in the syrupy femjuices at the tip of your tongue as it prods between her flushed lower lips and slides in to her cool, writhing walls. There's a metallic taste to it, but not one that's sharp, nor is it reminiscent of copper or iron, and underneath the metallic taste is a strangely sweet foundation, sweet and just a little sour, like a thick, viscous dollop of honey with the faintest hint of lemon to it. It combines with the metallic tinge to a complex and confounding quality that is almost... addicting.

"O-Ohh~!" She cries out in surprise as you rest your hands upon her soft, smooth, spankable ass, grabbing a hold of it as to plunge your tongue deeper into her cool Noxian pussy. Her surprise comes off as genuine, as through their earlier molestations of you were purely for their own curiosity and satisfaction, any pleasure you derived was tertiary, irrelevant to the sisters. Your reciprocation in her own bliss seems to awaken something in the pair, the priestess lending more of her weight unto you, almost climbing atop to the point where you have to engage your core to support the both of you. Her fingers dig into your hair, not rough but firm and she arches her back, long silver hair trickling down her spine as she silently cries her ecstasy to her hated false sky. For the shift in the latter, it bears evident in the burning envy and ardour she shoots your way, the way she wades over to you in the water and clings to your thigh, you can practically hear the heavenly squish as she bites down into her lower lip, watching your jaw move as you make out with her sister's drooling pussy. It takes them, and you, some moment to realise your manhood had long since regained its vigour, throbbing and beading precum. It isn't until the swordstess' wandering hands idly brush across its swollen girth and she makes a soft exclamation, but not so soft her sister doesn't catch it. She looks back over her shoulder with a smouldering gaze and spies the object of her prize. Not a word is said - something that strikes you as unusual for the woman - and with a silent and nimble grace she descends down your body, her legs slipping around your hips as her ass settles in your lap, the weight of her curvaceous form very comforting indeed. Your cock presses into her lower belly as she leans down in a kiss, her hair tickling your face as it drapes down to match your height some heads below, the statuesque embodiment of the Birthing Queen Marika. Her pupils are that of the pale dark moon, and her sclera that of the cosmos and unlike the false night above, hers sparkle at you with the enticement of fate.

"Oho~ So that's how it is..." You tilt your head, as much as you're able to, so captivated by her gaze.

"What do you mea-mmh?!" She doesn't deign to answer, stealing your words and sealing your lips in a kiss. This lips are just as if not more pleasant to delve into than the ones she's currently sliding up the length of your cock and pressing arduously down about its crown. Though the flavours aren't as intense, her moan is sweeter. It fills your mouth as she sinks down and fills her cool Noxian pussy with thick Tarnished cock. Her walls ripple about your girth, constricting tight, but also... flowing, swallowing and slurping your length like you'd not just thrust yourself through the muscled walls of her priestessly pussy, but shoved your cock into an amorphous quicksilver and rent a perfect hole in the shape of your cock, if only a little tighter. It's an exquisite sensation you'd not felt before, and wonder if you ever will again. Like it's made for you and only you. You spy from the corner of your eye, the rapt attention of the lingering swordress who gapes and moans in wistful sympathy, watching you penetrate her sister's holiest hole with unabashed desire. A

compulsion drives you to rest a hand upon her head, but no sooner do you move than does the priestess break the kiss, startling you and leaving you feeling somewhat adrift. Before you can turn to askance, she reaches down and grabs her sister's arm, practically hauling her up upon you. Sticking to your side as the sister does her front, with the latter's tacit approval, the swordstress puckers her shapely lips into a kiss and nervously leans forwards. You claim her lips as eagerly as the priestess claimed yours, tongue ensconcing her own. The swordstress acting meek, without the excoriating ferocity of before. The sight, or your cock, or both, overwhelms the priestess with bliss, as she grows tighter around your manhood and wraps her arms about you both, even as you kiss, shoving your faces into her breasts in a maternal embrace. You're only half distracted from the kiss, though it does remind you that the swordstress is now positioned for you to lay your hands on more than just her head. Returning her wanderlusting hands with your own, you blindly slide over her curvaceous, athletic form, feeling her dedication to her sister and her martial prowess in the solid muscles accentuating her form, in the light patchwork and small ridges of faint scars. Before long, you crest the mound of her breast, fingers singing in to the soft, silken, sensitive flesh and making her gasp cutely into your mouth as you find the pale bud of her nipple. All the while the priestess rocks her hips in your lap, grinding in wet circles and bouncing her hips when not, the slap of her ass upon your thighs ringing out rhythmically in the baths. The swordstress backs away, gasping for breath but you scarce get one of your own as the priestess dives back in, the sisters passing you between them like a perfumer's latest creation. Immersed in these beauties; soft, giving flesh wherever your hand gropes; a drooling, lascivious mouth never too far; a soft, fat clerical ass bouncing in your lap, you're destined not to last long, you are only Tarnished after all. You cry out in ecstasy, your cresting pleasure lost in an ever needy mouth, exactly which of the sisters you were making out with at the moment long lost to bliss. The priestess joins your cry with her own: so not hers, then. Thick, viscous need boils up from within your loins, distending your cock with its sheer volume, the waters of absolution, some sexy night sorcery or simply the prospect of seeding twin wombs propelling your virility to unforetold heights. You came more in a moment than you'd come in a lifetime, the priestess' large, curvy ass settling deep into your lap one last time as her insides, lukewarmed by friction, constrict about your cock in pulsing rhythms, each ripple timed and designed perfectly to milk out the most of your thick loads as the hot, creamy white ropes seed her innermost sanctum. At some point you realise that the swordstress had begun buttressing her body up against yours, a fact you only just realise now as she slips away, making you fall flat upon your back, a last minute tensing preventing your head from slamming into the tiled floor. You scarce even managed that, but there's no time to back in the afterglow of nutting inside virgin nox pussy, nor has your cock lost any vigour; somehow. The swordstress pushes her sister off your cock with a needy slam of her wide, child bearing hips and soon replaces her atop you.

"Now, it's my turn." She bites her lip, her abs quivering in nervous excitement as she looks down to where you're about to be joined, and grabs your cock, angling it against her hole then slamming down in one swift motion. Her eyes flare wide, an indiscernible silent cry coming from the both of you as it feels she's just slammed your cock in a hole orders of magnitude too tight to handle it.

"Fufufu~" You hear the priestess chuckle ominously from the side, her posture still scattered as she lay there unceremoniously displaced from your cock, her pristine cunt still leaking cum.

"She's always bitten off more than she could chew. Always needs her dear sister to help guide her!" Though piled in disarray, it doesn't stop her from bending a long, supple and sexily lissom thigh, and planting her foot directly into the swordstress' ribs with a surprisingly powerful kick. Your world spins suddenly, but before you can even process it, you're already laying atop the swordstress amazoness, her arms and thighs still about you, yes, but the crucible knightess grip her pussy has on your cock played the larger role in keeping you close. The priestess soon lays over you too, her

matronly hips pressing into your ass as her arms wrap about your chest and her lips come to rest whispering by your ear.

"To set her pace, and help her loosen up." You shudder, nearly cumming again as she licks up the length of your ear and thrusts into you at the same time, guiding your hips to penetrate deep into the swordstress who arches her back to meet you, her arms coming up to wrap about you and the priestess both and her long athletic legs doing the same, squeezing the three of you tight to one writhing, thrusting, humping and pumping graven-mass of lustful desires and sacrilegious seductions. Wedged between the twins and utterly eclipsed in their soft forms, you get the feeling you're not far from melting into them and disappearing forever. Her pussy is still inordinately tight, but with the persistent coaxing and thrusting from the swordstress, it's loosened up somewhat to take you even deeper, her passage growing sodden, the folds in her walls slurping at your bulging, oversensitive glans as it's thrust through them by the priestess' tireless efforts. Her pussy's similar in some respects, and quite different in others to her sister's. It feels tighter, fitter and firmer. If her sisters was a soft enveloping embrace, hers is a hot choking consumption, her insides growing warmer and warmer through sheer friction amplified in the clenching abs ever rippling beneath your belly as her slender form writhes in ecstasy. The priestess whispers ceaseless sweet encouragements into your ear, her rhythm and tone so solemn and matronly it's as though she's reciting a hymn, praying to you to breed her sister, flood her womb with cum and sire a Night Lord for them, why or what for eludes you as your mind drifts away, your senses abandoning you as you heed the priestess' hypnotic mantra to cum, cum, seed and breed the sisters of the night. Your last waking thought was still encircled in their soft flesh, which was below you you didn't know, nor how many times you'd blown your load into their bloated wombs, only that at some point the thin reivulet of cum had joined up with the pools of absolution not far away. You awaken, body sore and drained, a deep chill setting in as you're buffeted by the sea breeze upon the cliffs overlooking the Mistwood, the gaping gravitational chasm you'd transgressed no longer there, just the moon shining in the waters under a night sky veiled by the Erdtree's fading light. You lay there in silence for a long moment, your mind empty, adrift in memories of pale grey skin and cool silver love. You wonder if it was all a dream, the whole thing a pleasant delusion sent by Trina. It takes you a moment later to realise that the coolness in your bones isn't just from the wind. You sense it intrinsically, an ash bonded to your soul indelibly. Fortified by long lost spirits. Except these, these are unnervingly familiar. Feeling within yourself, you discern the details and your heart sinks. You feel them, the sisters lingering close by your soul and you feel the volition in them, but it matters little to you. You're a little familiar with the ash of spirits and its puppetry. Even if you were to call them, there were mere automata now, existing only to be called for brief stints of combat, silent and agentless. You'll never hear the sermon-like seductions of the priestess again, nor will you meet the lionine ferocity of the swordstress's admiration ever again. You almost decide to consign the pair to a bittersweet, lost memory and put them and the whole night behind you as some dream phantasm, but some strange urge compels you to actually summon them to your side. When the ashes take form your heart sinks further than you thought it could ever, the two of you standing, not as you knew them - clothed but motionless, still beautiful, if not moreso under the moon, but emotionless, awaiting orders, impassionate and lifeless. A deep, weary sigh escapes you as you turn from them, unable to look any longer. It's just as you're about to ring your bell once more and send them from your side forever that you feel twin pairs of lips lay a kiss upon each cheek, breathless, their silent whispers wash over you, but the hair brushing your ear and the arms embracing you are very, very there

## Malenia snuff (NSFW)

Imagine if things went differently during her final clash with Radahn. She does her charge-thrust move past him and is halfway through a turn to follow up with waterfowl before realizing something is wrong. Keeping her attention on her target she sneaks a glance down to see a bunch of worms clinging to her belly. Some unknown heretical Sellian sorcery, she thinks, and uses her good arm to swipe it off. That's when adrenaline and shock fades and the pain of tugging on her own intestines hits her like a truck. To her horror she realizes she'd not only had her attack sidestepped by Radahn, but had been carved across the belly by one of his greatswords as she passed him by. Panicking, instead of tugging away at "worms" now she's using her free hand to try and hold in her guts as nausea hits her, making her stumble. She sees movement in her vision and belatedly understands that she'd given Radahn more than enough of an opening. She reflexively tries to raise her katana for a parry but is sluggish and dizzy. Half her digestive tract hanging out of her open stomach would now be the least of her worries as her field of vision suddenly tumbles, blue sky and Caelid soil spinning into each other until her decapitated head lands in the dirt. One eye is pressed into the ground but from the corner of the other she can see her body toppling from a standing position into a kneel, one arm still held against her offal, before it keels over and crashes down in an undignified spread-eagle splay that reveals her panties and one tit flopping free of her damaged robe. Before consciousness and life fades from her head, the last thing she sees is Radahn striding over to kick the body - her body - in the cunt with a massive boot before spitting on it.

It's not the last thing everyone else in the Lands Between would see of Malenia the Guttered though. Besides the Starscourge, there were still plenty of regular infantrymen of both sides left standing or stumbling across the battlefield. After spitting on her corpse, Radahn mutters "Rot-fucked whore" before moving on to clean up the rest of the Cleanrot invasion force. Their commander, Finlay, had been so distracted by the sight of her lady liege's ignominious death that the lapse in attention enabled her own as Sir Ogha's blade cleaves her from skulltop to left nipple. With their command structure gone and their leader slain the surviving Cleanrots make easy pickings. The Redmane casualties would be accorded burials with full military honors. The invaders' corpses would be tossed in a quicklime-filled pit and burned to cleanse their corrupted taint. The entire process takes several days, an expected timeframe for a battlefield of this size. The Redmane forces would note with amusement and derision that when Malenia's corpse was picked up for the burn pit by the disposal teams, someone had stripped her completely and put a few more wounds in her. Her holes are untouched of course as nobody would lower themselves to risk contracting anything from her STD-riddled frame, especially not when her size meant that for the human Redmane troops her holes would be far too gaping to derive pleasure from. Her head on the other hand is covered in dried cum and gets tossed around a few times by disgusted Redmanes laughing at how ugly and contorted her face looked in death. Tossing her... tossing IT into the quicklime ditch with the rest of the rotten invaders, soldiers hanging around to watch the flames joke to each other that she certainly didn't look much like a Mary Sue anymore. Maybe the dumb bitch should have taken her mortality into consideration before launching ill-thought out military campaigns for no reason!

# FemTarnished defeat fantasies (NSFL)

## Chapter Summary

It just keeps getting worse

Imagine getting used by whatever defeats you until you die of abuse and privation only to respawn

>Poison flowers have their poison replaced with aphrodisiac pollen  
oh nyo... type b-chan, what do...?

Unironically where is the aphrodisiac pollen miranda bloom though, I assume a lot of the medicine is just processed Miranda powder, is there no demand for magic viagra in the LB? inb4 Miquella  
>bewitching branch gives you heart eyes

Imagine being an evil villainess Tarnished and trying to use the Bewitching Branch on unsuspecting enemies to turn them against their friends. All they see is suddenly their buddy is attacking them, and then the Cannon of Haima starts bombarding them. But one time your hand slips and you accidentally use it on yourself. THIS time what the enemy sees is a low-STR spellcasting whore step out of the bushes with her usually grace-gold pupils by pink glowing hearts. It would be so horrid. There's all sorts of nasty creatures in the Lands Between. Can you imagine if the slip-up happened while you were in the Leyndell underground and by the time the Bewitching Branch wore off and you came back to your senses you were already completely naked and drenched and a massive hulking Omen was leaning over you in mating press position and his gnarled, knobby cock was \*just\* about to enter you? The timing couldn't be worse, you barely have enough time to gasp out a "wait, no-" before the Omen shoves himself in with all the care of a wild animal, which it basically is. A wild animal that has gone its whole life sex-deprived and now completely overwhelmed by the sight of your slutty Tarnished stepping out of the shadows reeking of Bewitching Branch-induced lust. At least he won't pass you around with the other Omens, right?

Yeah but imagine you wake up to see the omen curiously examining the cheated stack of bewitching branches that's spilled out of your pack and you get ten seconds of horrifying lucidity where you see him wave it in front of your face and you never levelled strength or vigor or anything like that so you're thin and dainty and don't have a lot of body weight and oh god he used four at once

Do you think the Omen would be intelligent enough to recognize your estus flask and feed it to you when it feels your struggling get weaker? A side effect being its primal brain soon forms the association where you get tighter and your low-STR attempts to resist more entertaining after the healing of an estus charge meaning it now effectively knows to keep you alive as long as possible. It also gets hungry and roots around your pack for food and comes across the turtle neck meat.

>Imagine maintaining your Type B's chastity throughout the whole playthrough  
I have to, because she got instant loss raped at least a dozen times by Godrick alone. By the time she reached Altus she's already been so conditioned that when she starts losing her body preemptively begins to get aroused in anticipation. It's a negative feedback loop because the

distraction causes her to lose even more easily. I don't know what the Volcano Manor serpents must have been thinking when they saw a Tarnished girl and got ready for a fight only to realize she's already trembling in her armor and wet between the thighs before they even touch her. And her face is completely flushed red with embarrassment and shameful self-hatred because she encountered a new enemy type and her very first mental process wasn't to think about how to defeat the manserpents but to imagine the feel of their hemipenes inside her.

- >Enter the Erdtree after doing all the plot quest stuff
- >Cutscene plays
- >Marika on the rune arc that crumbles and drops her
- >Transforming into Radagon
- >Grabbing the hammer, standing and raising it as the title theme plays
- >He turns purposefully towards this new adversary, ready to put an end to this Tarnished trespasser wh-
- >He does a double take at the sight of the Tarnished who has stripped naked and is kneeling in dogeza

Not completely naked, she keeps the slutty prisoner's shirt on knowing he'd like the satisfaction of ripping it off her

type b tarnished accidentally spilling her supply of aphrodisiac miranda powder on boc and getting instant loss mating pressed by him while he stammers apologies at the same time

Type B failing to clear the Kaiden camp multiple times and deciding to just stride in naked and see if they'll let her pass after they're done with her

INT/FAI stacies only destroy 90% of bosses much faster when they aren't pathetic jobbers like most Type B Tarnished who can barely get a spell out before being run over by whatever they were trying to fight and getting their clothes torn off, all while their low STR prevents them from doing anything more than struggle weakly and their low VIG/END guarantees the fucking that is to come will bring them to multiple orgasms no matter how repulsive their attacker

Those type Bs are jobbing, literally

You can respawn indefinitely, why kill this big ugly bastard without sampling his cock first?

- >Tarnished enters my bossroom
- >Think I'm about to have an epic battle against a great warrior
- >Wh-Why is she looking at my crotch like that while removing her armor?
- >Oh my god did she just use a bewitching branch on herself?

There actually are negative consequences for dragon incants, you just don't feel them until Farum Azula where the draconic beastmen will detect the taint of dragon communion on you and will instinctively acknowledge you as a viable mate if you're Type B. This combined with the fact that they've all been locked up in Farum Azula without any females for forever means that they'll do their absolute best to get you pregnant, and have retained just enough intelligence to know to force-feed you estus flasks to prolong the breeding session for days, even weeks. There's also a subtle anti-cheat mechanic where if the Tarnished's inventory has cheated stacks of consumables, the Farum Azula beastmen might root around in her pack and eat all the turtle necks, shortly before smacking her with all 99 bewitching branches and sending her body into a convulsing, short-circuiting brain-fried mess.

[Pic of a cute Tarnished]

She looks like she gets fucked into eye-rolling toe-curling orgasms by misbegotten and has to consciously remind herself about her quest to become Elden Lord to prevent the last dregs of the light of grace from leaving her eyes

So it's just canon now that all Type B are doomed to eventually become huge sluts from getting instant loss ryona raped all the time?

It's the natural conclusion of being a Type B in an environment like the Lands Between

Yes. They start off pure-hearted warrior maidens looking for glory and victory and their first loss against the Grafted Scion acts as both a horrible reality check and the first step down a path towards them eventually getting so addicted to the cock they willingly surrender to the gatefront garrison even after they've become overleveled enough to defeat everything there easily

>gets summoned as a coop phantom

>host is a Type A bruiser-brawler who's a hot-blooded anime guy and runs into every battle headlong and cuts all the enemies down

>all you can think about is revisiting this area again later in your own world so you can "experience" it properly

>have to spend the rest of your time as coop hiding your arousal from the host and hurriedly leave without gesturing goodbye after the bossfight because you're just so turned on  
type b-chan...

There's literally no reason to not get fucked senseless and kept as a pet for a few years until you die of starvation or exhaustion at least once by each boss

You respawn anyway

I know I lose on purpose to hear the kill lines

So the life cycle of the Type B is

>start off solely motivated by pursuit of claiming Elden Lordship

>enter Lands Between and get ryona raped

>begin to get Stockholm'd into enjoying it, begrudgingly or otherwise, or seeing it as a tradeoff ("if I let these fuck me I can pass without fighting")

>mental corruption takes hold and tasting all the "experiences" the Lands Between have to offer starts becoming more important than becoming Elden Lord

>begin indulging in more nymphomaniac stuff like intentionally sandbagging a loss even while overleveled, using certain consumables, etc

>pursuit of Elden Lordhood all but forgotten in exchange for sensual decadence and indulging in extreme sex made possible by infinite respawns

>eventually lose the guidance of grace and die permanently from a final ryona fuck

>eventually lose the guidance of grace and die permanently from a final ryona fuck

Nah, you get bored of their dicks eventually and move on until finally you get kept as a pet by the Elden Beast once

Then you realize that as Elden Lord you have ACTUALLY infinite respawns and godlike power to facilitate your degeneracy so you just go ahead and oneshot the Elden Beast with Black Flame and become the Elden Lord

Of course the unsuccessful Tarnished like Rodericka probably normally get raped to death by the grafted scion or misbegotten or something

Well yeah the player Tarnished is super special so she doesn't get the [BAD END] and canonically wins in the end despite all the times she got fucked. But the Lands Between are definitely littered with failed Type B's who went into that demihuman cave or spread their legs for a land octopus thinking it'd be a bit of fun without realizing it'd be their last spawn.

Can Tarnished even detect if they have the guidance of grace or not? I thought it was something other people saw in your gold-tinted eyes.

>eventually lose the guidance of grace and die permanently from a final ryona fuck  
Holy fuck, imagine the sheer terror a type B must experience feeling the guidance of grace leave them.

Imagine if it happens mid group sex

You start struggling and screaming but you unequipped all your shit and have like four status effects stacked up and there's like eight of those magic-eating zombies on top of you

Imagine the amount of regret that must hit you all at once

I'm pretty sure Tarnished can feel when they lose the grace. So you can imagine the utter terror a Type B would feel when her descent into sluttiness catches up to her, especially if it's mid-fuck. Imagine losing functional immortality, your entire world and reality changes. Letting yourself get fucked by a Caelid rot dog goes from letting yourself loose with a dirty fetish to back to being a lethal experience. She goes from lying there enjoying the feeling of the massive insertion pressing against both her clit and g-spot to completely terrified knowing what will happen when the knot goes in. She tries to crawl away but stops when the rot dog growls in irritation and clamps its jaw around her neck to stop her from moving, all while it continues to pump in and out of her. Years, maybe even decades of learned helplessness freezes her in place even as she feels her rapist - her soon-to-be killer - increase its pace as it nears its climax. The cumshot will pop her with the force and pressure of a modern fire hydrant and she's in too deep to do anything about it. Without armor, all her equipment left on a rock nearby, she's already doomed. If the overpowered ejaculation doesn't finish her, the slowly building Scarlet Rot will. Her attempts to awkwardly shuffle towards her weapons all get interrupted when another orgasm chains into her body like a wave and leaves her shaking and powerless. The rot dog's body tenses and she feels the knot going in. Her body is so conditioned by this point she can't even bring herself to fight for her life as the deadly tainted slime comes gushing into her with nowhere to go due to the knot. The Rot buildup speeds up exponentially. Her belly bloats until something breaks and cum starts coming out her nose and mouth. Her eyes roll up into her skull as her final orgasm crushes her soul like a greathammer, combining with her dying convulsions to make her twitch and spasm against the rot dog like a puppet. It's over.

[YOU DIED]

what would be the absolute most humiliating enemy to get bad ended by?

>inb4 another fucking canine

i feel like the limgrave demihumans would work, though they seem pretty intelligent and would probably not kill a tarnished fuckslave and try to keep her fed and healthy

That honestly might be even worse tbqh, it goes from a fun side game that you can bite your tongue to get out of at any time and go back to seeing about Astel to basically your entire life, you can either die for real or spend immortality having demihuman babies

Any non-plot relevant random environmental spawn, imagine getting fried by Liurnia jellyfish tentacles electrocuting you through the pussy or something

idk if cross-species fertilization is a thing in the LB, you'd probably just get kept as the tribe leader's private fleshlight or something

Basilisks 100%

Trying to hold your breath to avoid breathing in the deathblight and taking tiny little inhalations when you run out of oxygen and really have to (or when its hemipenes scrape against your g spot causing you to moan against your will) and watching in terror as the status bar builds up just a little bit more with every gasp you take.

what do i cosplay as now? type b only

>Vagabond K\*\*\*ht trying to please her father

>Amazon Hero who's smitten for every woman she sees and kills all the Type As

>Black Knife Assassin Bandit out for blood but will team up with a former sister if the occasion presents itself

>Sellen Astrologer Apprentice willing to learn every spell and do what it takes to help out her Teacher

>Nimble Femme Fatale Warrior who beguiles her opponents before slicing them up

>Snowy Spellblade Prisoner, out to kill her rival, which was the other student of their Snow Witch Teacher

>Curious Confessor looking to uncover the secrets of the Dragons

>Wretch \*\*\*\*\* who'll scrounge for everything, get grabbed by every move, and eventually loses the sight of grace while getting spitroast knotted by the Beastmen of Farum Azula. So close to becoming Elden Lord...

>Vagabond K\*\*\*ht trying to please her father

Daddy issues, ends up sandbagging the loss to Godfrey but her attempt to seduce him by spreading her legs and fingering herself after he smacks her into the floor just gets a disgusted grunt and a groundstomp that finishes her off.

>Amazon Hero who's smitten for every woman she sees and kills all the Type As

Hears about Malenia and thinks she'd like to try playing with a goddess(Rennala is too mentally absent and Ranni too artificial for her), doesn't make it past Ordina. Gets gangbanged by all the Black Knives into a moaning mess, barely registers when the Destined Death hits.

>Black Knife Assassin Bandit out for blood but will team up with a former sister if the occasion presents itself

Gets mistaken for an enemy by Blaidd while traveling through the Limgrave Mistwood, spends the next several months getting her holes blown out by his knot until her estus runs out and, senseless and broken, she gets tossed onto the road for a runebear to find.

>Sellen Astrologer Apprentice willing to learn every spell and do what it takes to help out her Teacher

Gets sent out to recover Azur's corpse, gets defeated by the demihumans and used. Respawns and tries again and loses again. Process repeats with her losing more and more easily each time. Sellen realizes what's happening and starts cutting off this disgraceful pupil. This breaks her heart and she completely gives herself over to what had been a "mere" indulgence, losing the grace and meeting her end in a cave surrounded by thrusting demihuman cocks.

>Nimble Femme Fatale Warrior who beguiles her opponents before slicing them up

Not so nimble against AoE effects, she gets a face full of Miranda Bloom aphrodisiac pollen and, already someone used to utilizing her sensuality against enemies, decides to enjoy the flower's offering just a little. After all, it can't move that much so she can leave whenever she wants, right?

Weeks later and she's still there, completely tangled up in the flowers' roots, a vacant expression on

her face as she fingers herself to yet another innumerable climax. She doesn't even realize the gold of grace has left her eyes, and she drank her last estus the other day. Another puff of pollen wipes any trace of concern from her mind as she tugs on a nearby root to use it as a dildo. She could leave at any time...

>Snowy Spellblade Prisoner, out to kill her rival, which was the other student of their Snow Witch Teacher

Never even makes it to Caria Manor. Never even makes it that far into Liurnia. Her magic may be cold but her body is warm and the heat draws revenants like moths to a flame. Her grasp on the grace of gold was tenuous at best due to her personal vendetta competing with her desire to become Elden Lord for priority, so she loses it the moment she thinks that having an unlimited supply of cold rigid revenant cocks pumping into her as they grope her all over wouldn't be too bad. It is too bad. [BAD END]

>Curious Confessor looking to uncover the secrets of the Dragons

Eats a few too many dragon hearts. Not enough to start turning into an abomination, but enough that she starts to smell like one. It's not a good thing to smell like a female dragon in the Lands Between and the inevitable happens when one swoops down and carries her away to its nest to use as a breeder. After the initial shock she doesn't even resist all that much, entranced by the opportunity to study her obsession up close. She fails to consider how dangerous such a massive ejaculation would be.

## Leonine Misbegotten (NSFW)

You had made an enormous mistake by underestimating this Misbegotten. After its weaker brethren had easily fallen to the razor sharp edge of your Uchigatana you had assumed their leader would be no different and had gone on to challenge it without properly preparing and restoring all your flasks. That critical mistake would seem to be your undoing as the Misbegotten danced out of reach of your strikes despite its large size and the massive sword it was carrying, after only a short bit of time you had already downed your remaining flasks as each of its quick attacks battered you before you could even properly react. A quick spin and hit of its tale send you tumbling through the air, your sword flying out of your hand and over the edge into the water. Knowing what would happen next you closed your eyes and clenched your teeth, preparing for that final painful stab that would send you back to the nearest Grace as you heard its heavy footfalls come closer, its heavy breathing now easily audible.

However after a moment of trepidation you realized you were remarkably still alive and very much so unstabbed. Curiosity eventually won out and you slowly cracked open an eye to see why the Misbegotten hadn't yet skewered you on its sword yet. You found it looming over you, staring down at you with sharp eyes that betrayed the intelligence of their owner. Before it went to lift up its sword it decided to lean in a bit closer and take a sniff, its reaction was not something you had anticipated as its head snapped down while its pupils dilated. The creature then put its head closer to your crotch and started sniffing vigorously and lightly growling, before you could react and crawl away it quickly grabbed both of your wrists with one of its massive hands and pinned them to the ground above your head while all you could do was let out a yelp of surprise. To your horror it then started clawing at the riveted plating around your torso and legs, tearing through them like they were made of paper. You desperately tried to kick it off you but either your exhaustion and panic made your kicks sloppy and weak or the creature's skin was just too tough as it barely reacted to your attempts. Your mind raced as you tried to understand why the Misbegotten was doing this instead of just killing you when you suddenly realized that normally your period would start in a short while, perhaps the beast had smelled your pheromones and come to see you as a potential mate instead of just an enemy. The shock of that possibility had halted your attempts to kick off the Misbegotten and it quickly seized its chance by tearing away the plate, and cloth around your crotch as well as undergarments leaving your privates bare.

The Misbegotten took another deep sniff while some drool leaked from its maw, your fears were confirmed as you learned this beast was not an 'it' but a 'he' as a red veiny penis lined with small spines and a bump at the base started to emerge from the sheathe initially hidden beneath the creature's fur.

The Misbegotten grabbed both of your legs in his arms and with his monstrous strength pushed your legs back until your feet rested next to your head, basically folding you in half. In this position with his weight and strength pushing on your legs you could only helplessly wave your arms around, not having the strength or leverage to push yourself up. The Misbegotten shifted forward to align his penis, now fully erect and throbbing, with your entrance. You pleadingly looked up at his face but could only find lust in his eyes, the beginning of an apology was cut off before it could even leave your lips by a sharp intake and hiss as the beast slightly thrust forward, forcing his head inside. Tears filled your eyes as your first time, which should've been given to some kind lover or your consort when you became Elden Lord, was stolen by this brutish monster. His invasion of a relentless, never once pausing despite your pained cries and tearful attempts to beg him to stop. Eventually he bottomed out with a large bulb on the base of his cock resting on your hips, you felt

impossibly full and let out a gasp as he leaned forward and licked up your tears with his gores beastly tongue after which he let out a deep throaty rumble that almost resembled a chuckle.

The Misbegotten slowly pulled back his hips, the spines scratching an itch you didn't even know you had, leaving you feeling strangely empty before he slowly sunk forward again and began his invasion anew while all you could do was gasp as this enormous length was forced inside you. After multiple repetitions of this the pain lessened and to your horror was slowly replaced with a pleasurable feeling. The penetration of your once virgin hole became easier as your body betrayed you and started releasing juices to lube up both of your privates. All you could do was shut your eyes in defiance and try to distract yourself from the increasing pleasure by thinking of how you would escape and slay this monster for daring to violate you. Unfortunately this only had the opposite effect of angering your violator who after a short growl and slight readjustment started thrusting into you harder and faster. Your eyes bulged open and your lips parted to let out a vulgar moan as this new angle made him hit a spot inside of you that drove you mad while the spines raking your walls and his knot hitting your clit brought the pleasure to new heights. Your concentration lost by this new vigorous assault resulting in your resistance quickly crumbling as the Misbegotten pounded into you from above, his beastly cock bringing you new pleasures you never could've even imagined before this. Your last shred of dignity demanded you resist this violation so in a last token effort you tried once more to push him off but when the Misbegotten leaned forward and started licking your neck and collarbone in between grunts and snarls even that last piece of defiance melted and your flame of resistance was put out, your mind protecting your sanity by somewhat dissociating by viewing what was happening as a kinky indulgence instead of a brutal rape.

The loud wet slaps of your hips meeting his knot and your now unrestrained moans had reached a volume where they could be heard over the waves crashing into the beach and castle in the distance. After one particular hard orgasm you had wrapped your legs around your assaulter's waist while he lightly bit into your neck and shoulder while still steadily thrusting into you. Seemingly getting closer to release he sped up once more making you clench around him even tighter as his spines had made your walls hypersensitive. Suddenly he put his hands under you on your back and lifted you up with a half-moan and half-yelp as grabbed hold of your body and started pulling you down to meet his thrusts while standing in a squat-like position. Your eyes rolled back into your head as this new position brought with it a whole new world of pleasure, eventually going limp as he used your body like an oversized masturbator. Reaching the end of what he could endure the Misbegotten pulled you down hard with a loud howl, forcing his knot inside and cumming while fully sheathed inside you. This new bit of length inside your pussy alongside the feeling of him cumming send you over the edge giving you your hardest and longest orgasm yet, even leaving behind dark spots across your vision. Utterly exhausted you collapsed forward into his lap causing the Misbegotten to stumble backwards into a sitting position. Still dazed from your mind shattering orgasm you barely registered as he started patting your head and back.

Sitting on his lap while still speared on his cock the thought of eventually retrieving the treasured sword of Castle Morne or even becoming Elden Lord suddenly seemed like such an overwhelming and exhausting task. You'd rather spend some more time here where at least what you experienced was pleasure instead of death. What harm could there be after all in indulging in your own wants and needs every now and then?

[BAD END?]

[YOU CAME]



## Miquella plap plap (NSFW)

Hmrugfghh.. HRRRRGMMPHH..... HHURRRRRAAAGHHHHH GONNA... GONNA IMplode  
THIS BRAT'S BUSSY! GONNA POUND IT INTO MEAT!  
HHNNGRUGRHAAAAAGGHHUHHHHGH TAKE MY TARNISHED COCK! PLAP! PLAP!  
PLAP! TAKE IT ALL! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP PLAP PLAP  
PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP HHGRRAAHHG GONNA... I'm going to KNOCK UP this bratty  
little BUSSY... PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP GONNA FUCK THAT  
EMPYREAN PROSTATE RAW.... PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP I'm... I'm gonna  
cum inside you Miquella! I'M GONNA CUM INSIDE YOU!  
PLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLA PLAAPPPP PLAPPPPPPP GET FAGPREGGERS!  
GET FAGPREGGERS FROM A TARNISHED OF NO RENOWN! PLAPPPPPFF PLAAPPPPPP  
PPPLLLAAPP PLAP PLAAAAPP GET KNOCKED UP FULL OF MY BABIES SO THAT  
YOU NEED A BOIBORTION!!! PLAPAPP SPLSURRRRTTT SPLUUUURRRT SPLURRT  
SPLOOSHSHHH PLAP PLAP PLAP SPLOHSSHHH PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAPPPPPP  
SPLOORRT AHHH MIQUELLA YOUR BUSSY IS SUCKING EVERY LAST DROP OUT OF  
ME.... PLAPPPPPP SPLUUURRRTSHHPPPTTPTT Unfff....this... this bratty pink puffy  
Empyrean bussy... I... I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH! SCREW A REFRACTORY PERIOD, I  
HAVE CONSUMABLES! TIME FOR ROUND TWO! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!  
PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! TAKE THIS! ASH OF WAR: REPEATING THRUST!  
PLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLA  
PPPPPPPPPP HURRRRRHUAAAAGGGGHHH IM CUMMING AGAIN....!!! MIQUELLA....  
Miquella.... MIQUELLAAAAA!!!!!! AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH TAKE MY TARNISHED  
CUMMMM PLAPP PLAPPPP PLAAAPPPPP SPLOORRRRTTTT SPLUURRTHH  
SPLOOURRRSHHHH GET FUCKING MANPREGNATED! PLAP PLAP PLAPPLAPPLAP  
PLAP YOU'RE GONNA NEED MULTIPLE BOIBORTIONS BY THE TIME I'M DONE WITH  
YOU!!! SPLOORRRUUSHHHH PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP SPloorshh PLAP PLAP splurrrtt  
PLAP plaaap.... plap.... unf... Now that's a  
well-bred Empyrean bussy....

# Marrying an Ancestral Follower (NSFW)

Raped by ancestral followers

rape? have you seen how tall and well built those guys are? and they're so good with the little woodland critters! I'd have their babies willingly anytime

Imagine the ryona bad end scenario but instead of the Type B dying because she lost the grace due to her desire for cock superseding her desire for the throne, it's because she found herself a nice Ancestral Follower husband and lived out the rest of her life happily vibing in Siofra River.

This was my game plan. Murder all the demigods (wilful traitors ALL), then vibe with the followers and the critters. Smoke herba and meditate or sing all day. Let the aboveground materialists murder each other or rot away. Await the new buds. Defend the beautiful homeland alongside masterful swole archers from smelly tarnished poachers or the undead. Let nature correct the course that mankind messed up. The life. Let someone else roleplay as a lord of nothing.

Kinda cute. Imagine losing to and getting raped by one of the Ancestral Followers but after fucking you he doesn't finish you off and just awkwardly looks at you before leaving. Comes back into the cave a few minutes later with a shank of roast veal that he offers to you. You're confused because this is NOT how your sexual "indulgences" with hostile mobs usually goes. After taking a few bites(it's actually really good) you make to leave but he stops you. It gets late and you decide, screw it, may as well and you offer yourself to him again, fucking until you pass out from exhaustion. Wake up to realize he's tucked both of you into some kind of woven blanket and is big spoon to you completely engulfing you, with your slender little mage body wrapped in his big beefcake himbo arms. Now you're really confused. After your initial hostile encounter which you lost he never gets violent with you again and days turn into weeks of him treating you like... a wife? Feeds you, cuddles you at night, tried to give you some clothes made of animal skins and twine. Led you by the hand out of his cave home and brought you to see other ancestral followers, seemed to be amused when you found yourself unconsciously clinging to him. You still can't communicate with him language-wise but now you're helping him with stuff like cleaning the cave, washing each other's backs, even hunting. The day you brought down an elk while he watched he beamed at you in the biggest smile you'd ever seen on his face. He picked up your kill in one arm and you in another and carried you home and, tossing the elk on the floor, took again right there. It's only after that you realize that was the first time the two of you had kissed. Eventually you give up on becoming Elden Lord and, as you go through an Ancestral Follower marriage with him, you feel the light of grace fade from your eyes. But you don't mind. You're more serene and at home in that underground forest than anywhere else.

CUTE!!! true love and natural living is literally all I could ask for in life, thank you for this gift anon I will treasure this forever

Imagine your marriage day. You can't talk with him and don't understand the language of Ancestral Followers so you have no idea it's coming. The only indication was that for the last few weeks he's been treating you even more gently than before. You wake up and are startled by the fact that instead of being wrapped in his big arms like usual, your little blanket-nest at the side of your cave home is empty. And there are a bunch of female Ancestral Followers standing around the cave entrance. The sight gives you a shock and you find yourself almost giving in to your old reflexes and are \*this\* close to reaching for your +10 whatever weapon when you realize they aren't

marching in to attack you. They notice you're awake and they all come in and effortlessly pick you up and carry you out to a stream where they bathe you and do your hair up into an elaborate flower-filled braid. Then one particularly old-looking woman comes up and daubs your face and body with paint. Someone hands you a necklace of twine and softly glowing rainbow stones but when you try to put it on one of the attending women makes a tsk sound and lightly slaps your hand down, so you decide to just hold onto it for now. The old shamaness leads you by the hand to the platform outside the ruined pavilion where the Ancestor Spirit corpse is. Here the women stop and one nudges you forward. An Ancestral Follower - YOUR Ancestral Follower - is waiting there for you. There are some male Followers off behind him flashing him thumbs ups. His hair has been done up similarly into braids interspersed and decorated with dewkissed herba leaves and flowers. He has a rainbow stone necklace too, clutched in one giant hand. As you approach you see a brilliant smile take over his face as his eyes seem to drink in your paint-daubed body. He strides up to you and crouches down to kiss you on the lips before putting his necklace on you. You understand now, and as grace fades from your eyes, you put yours on him.

## Miquella and Malenia (NSFW)

God imagine being Miquella and being able to run your hands over Malenia's toned shapely butt whenever you want. Even without your affection-compelling magic she's completely subaltern to you. You can order her to cuddle you until you fall asleep. You can even use her as a bed, her tits acting as pillows. Whenever you're bored you can have her come to you and play with her body until you're satisfied. Sniff her hair, nibble her ears, tweak her nipples, blow raspberries against her tummy, fuck her and cream her like she's nothing more than a living onahole. And she sees nothing, NOTHING wrong with it. Without you she wouldn't even be able to move around. It's your unalloyed gold limbs that let her walk, that let her fight, that let her live. She's more than happy to be used by you. Indeed every time your seed splashes into her infertile Rot-damaged womb she fantasizes that it will take root and in doing so bind her to you further.

imagine making her climb on a table completely naked and then squat down so you can study and vocally criticise her ass and pussy while she blushes bright red with embarrassment and arousal

Imagine telling her you've cast a sound-enhancing spell on the room so any noise she makes will reverberate throughout the halls of Elphael. Right as you see the look of trepidation spread across her face you immediately start playing with her mercilessly. Imagine flicking her bean and hearing a quickly-muffled squeak. Sucking on it as you finger(or, well, whole-hand considering the size difference) her pussy and feeling her body tremble in place as she tries to stop herself from moaning. Slowly sliding your entire arm up towards her cervix and hearing one long slow exhalation. Looking up to see her eyes are unfocused and there's a bit of drool coming out the corner of her mouth. A mean streak comes over you and you reach just a bit further in and tickle her g-spot, rewarding you with the sound of a guttural strangled squealing sound. With half your arm inside her you're face to face with her pussy and you can see the muscles moving beneath her skin as it clenches and sucks on you. You look back up and, with your free hand, lift a finger up to your lips to make a hushing sign at her. She nods but you can tell from the way she's breathing that she's nearing the end of her rope. There are tears coming out the edges of her eyes and her vagina is squirming in the way it always does right before you fuck her into a back-arching climax. You decide it's time to finish her off and begin slowly pumping in and out of her with your arm, making sure your fingers run against her g-spot with every thrust. You reach out with your free hand and start playing with her light brown anus, which is puffy and twitching in anticipation as a result of the training you've given it. Lastly with your face right against her pussy you start sucking on her clit. It doesn't take long before she loses control and, squirting and convulsing, falls backwards onto the table which splinters, dropping her to the ground with a thunderous crash. But she's too lost to pleasure to care.

## Ranni in a woodchipper (???)

Imagine slowly feeding her into a woodchipper. She starts off caught between outrage and derision. Proclaims that you have clearly lost your mind and that the consequences will be dire, blah blah blah. When you show no sign of stopping though her tack begins to change and she begins to threaten you. Blaidd will gut you like the filth you are, Iji will crush you alive, etc. By now she's lost everything beneath her knees. Her tirade of insults and guarantees of your hideous death continues until you reach her crotch. Now she's showing the first signs of fear. She can feel that the physical form anchoring her soul to life is beginning to fray. Rewards start being voiced. She could knight you, you know? And she is a princess, there are great riches stowed away in Caria Manor that she could bestow. Or... or magical knowledge! You'd like that, wouldn't you? Her haughty facade is cracking now as the woodchipper's grinding teeth reach her belly button. Look, you have her fair and square and even though her servants ARE definitely looking for her, they're sure to be far away. There's time to talk, to negotiate! You don't have to feed her into the woodchipper right now! J... J-Just stop for a moment and we could work something out... please..? That's the first the the "p" word comes out of her mouth. But it won't be the last. You pretend to consider her offer by stopping for a moment and you see a palpable look of relief come over both her faces. Then you start moving her again, faster this time. The woodchipper is past her belly button now and approaching her chest. She's well and truly panicked now and you can tell that her doll body must be reaching some sort of damage threshold. Her smug facade is completely gone, replaced by a terrified girl begging for her life. Her arms wave about like she's drowning and her face is the very image of fear. If she had tear ducts she would be crying. It's no use.

There's no mercy in you whatsoever. If she wasn't such a stuck-up and conceited snob she would have seen from the very start, by the look in your eyes, that she was already dead from the moment you got your hands on her. She's grabbing onto the lip of the woodchipper now and has given up on begging, instead shouting as loud as she can for someone, anyone to come save her. Blaidd, Iji, even Seluvis or Pidia, as well as names you don't recognize, old Carian servants and childhood companions long dead. With your STR you force her further into the woodchipper despite her best efforts to push back against the lip. Her cries for help turns into a high-pitched keening wail as the realization finally hits her that this was going to be the way she dies. All the plans, the plots, all her efforts, the long route she'd walked from before she'd even secured Godwyn's assassination, her entire life's work to usher in the Age of Stars, it was all going to end here. At the hands of a Tarnished of no renown and a woodchipper. An ignoble, pathetic end like this, for a princess like her...! A genius spellcaster! A master schemer! No! She doesn't to end like this! Her death cry is abruptly cut short when whatever physical requirement for her doll body to keep her soul attached is passed and she instantly falls silent. For the past dozen or two dozen minutes your ears had been full of her but now there's nothing but the rumble of the woodchipper. Her doll eyes are vacant, the face contorted by horror and fear. The spirit face is gone and her arms are limp now. You hoist them up straight and feed the rest of her into the woodchipper unceremoniously. There. All done. Nothing of Ranni the Witch, Last Princess of Caria, Lady of the Dark Moon remains but blue splinters of porcelain, wood and twine.

## Malenia, and the duality of man (NSFL)

Imagine after returning Malenia's needle, rescuing her bro, and throwing some healing spells on her you take her to bathe in the nearest river to wash off the remaining mold and gunk

Imagine there's a gang of hostile soldiers there whom she instantly dispatches with her weapon before you've even thought to draw yours

Imagine she readily strips and gets in to the flowing water without regard for modesty, both being used to other warriors seeing her bathe on the war path and knowing you've already seen everything anyway

Imagine her becoming even more radiantly beautiful when clean, water glistening off of her pale skin as she washes away the filth for the first time in years

Imagine the sun caught in her hair, the long flowing sea of crimson never looking more resplendent

Imagine she notices you staring and innocently invites you into the stream to bathe with her

Imagine her noticing your arousal as you try to hide it and being at first surprised/annoyed and then flattered

Imagine her cornering you in the stream and putting her arms on either side of you, the vast size and strength difference apparent

Imagine her seductively whispering to you that it's been so long for her and asking you if you want her

Imagine you decline, and she looks slightly hurt and frustrated but respects your wishes

Imagine you go to her room in Elphael weeks later, the tree restored and inhabitants busy with

Miquella back, with her looking more stunning than ever cleaned up and in her casual robe overlooking the sea on her balcony, and confessing you were just nervous and didn't want to take advantage of her emotionally vulnerable state

Imagine she appears in front of you, towering goddess that she is with your face at groin level, and gently takes your hand

Imagine her then leading you to her bed with a smile

You wake up the next morning with a sore pelvis, a feeling of emptiness and dryness, and a giant redhead woman peacefully napping while pressing your face into her breasts

Imagine telling her mid-fight that you found her brother. Imagine dodging around waterfowl as you tell her in excruciating detail exactly how fucked up Miquella is. Using the distraction to turn the tables and knock her prosthetics off, leaving her nothing more than a crippled de-limbed onahole on the ground. Imagine forcing yourself on her and fucking her raw and bruised. Imagine finishing in her barren womb and pulling out to use your summoning ashes so that she can get fucked by all sorts of random shit while you watch. Imagine taking in the scenery of her ruined and ravaged body after it's been fucked by just about every cock-possessing summon in the Lands Between. Imagine pulling out Miquella's Needle and waving it in front of her. Asking her if she recognizes it. Telling her you were in a merciful mood so that you'd let her live. Tossing the Needle off to the other end of her boss chamber and telling her to go get it herself. Watching her crawl and squirm through the blood- mud- and sperm-muddled water with her one good arm and two mismatched leg stumps. Cum leaks out her holes as she crawls. Jeering at her and egging her on, telling her to go faster. Summoning Redmane Knight Ogha. Asking her if she recognizes HIM. She turns, peering at him through the cracks of the mold covering her face. His red aggro eyes lock onto her. She makes a guttural squealing sound and goes back to crawling, this time changing direction towards where her broken prosthetics lay. But she's too crippled, too wounded, too tired and in too much pain. Ogha strides forwards purposefully, steel glinting in the gentle light of Malenia's bossroom. You can hear the desperation in the way Malenia is fumbling and breathing heavily as she pitifully scrabbles

towards her prosthetic arm. Ogha is upon her in seconds and with one swing, cleaves her head from her shoulders. Her body collapses into the water, convulsing and twitching, squirting dull orange piss in its death throes.

## St Trina again (NSFW)

I can't believe after all this time, /erg/ still has Mohgposters...  
Based!

wdym after all this time? every time miquella is posted, every single fucking time someone will post about fantasizing about his bussy or his huge cock or whatever else

This reminds me, it's been a while since the St Trina anon posted something new. Did they die?

No, I'm still here. I've just been very busy recently. I lie to St. Trina about there being search parties looking for her so that she can maintain a bit of hope that I get to enjoy snuffing out. But there are still dangers like other Tarnished roaming about. I wouldn't want anyone else getting their hands on St. Trina, after all. Or even laying eyes on her. She's my property and mine alone. Limgrave is always crawling with new arrivals from the Chapel of Anticipation so I take elaborate steps to conceal our existence. The entrance to my cave lair is disguised, and the rest of the cave is even soundproofed. And naturally I've trained St. Trina to levels of noise discipline that wouldn't be out of place with the crew of a modern military stealth submarine. To be honest, it was one of the biggest hurdles I've faced with her. She's so slender and easy to overpower and her gentle, trusting nature makes her completely inept at escape attempts. But if she thinks a "search party" is nearby, she'd definitely do the obvious and start shouting for help. So as with all of her other bad habits(such as wanting to eat real food or trying to crawl away during rough anal) I had to beat it out of her. It's really quite remarkable how easily even an Empyrean can be psychologically conditioned to shut up when ordered when you have your hands on all sorts of weapon greases. And like all conditioning processes there needs to be a carrot to accompany the stick, so every time she goes quiet when ordered, she's rewarded with some real human food. I've got her thinking of it like a minigame now. Sometimes her captor will demand silence, she'll comply, avoid a beating and get to eat more than semen and dry bread. I trained her further by demanding silence during difficult times, such as during the middle of beatings or while fucking her in mating press after pumping her full of aphrodisiacs. It was hard for her at first but now she's learned, and silences on demand. Good girl.

okay so just follow the stench of cum and i can find the cave, NICE JOB OUTING YOURSELF  
IDIOT

There is no stench. St. Trina has learned to be very careful about housekeeping, scouring my cave using the only cum-cleaning tool permitted her - her tongue. It sounds like a more difficult behavior to train than it was. After she was starved into submission and got used to eating my semen to survive it wasn't that big of a leap to demand she finish her meals properly.

unironically can you tell me why you're completely fixated on this one random character that might not even exist? like what was the process here where you start obsessing over something that's like 2 lines of item description text?

What do you mean, not even exist? St. Trina's existence is completely, absolutely and categorically restrained to the space of her jail cell at the back of the cave. Though she's only really completely locked in there when I'm not around to make sure she doesn't do anything silly like try and find rescue. When I'm home from my supply runs I'll often release her from her cell so I can make use of her in other parts of my cave. On very rare occasions I'll take her on outings. I think of it in

similar terms as walking your dog to keep it healthy. Even though her demigod body is immune to muscle atrophy, letting her see some sun and sky every once in a while always noticeably boosts her fighting spirit and all but guarantees she'll try another pathetic escape attempt within the week, giving me another excuse to beat her until her head's spinning before fucking her raw. It's frankly getting formulaic. She'll beg and plead but not lie - never lie - about what she was trying to do and I'll lay into her with whatever I pick from my inventory. I like to switch it up every time to keep things fresh. Smacking her into the dirt with Gavel of Haima one time, using a club with lightning grease as a dildo to deliver punishment shocks directly to her uterus the next. Whipping. Simple fisticuffs. Kicking her in her cunny and watching her collapse with a high-pitched shriek of pain. Vomiting Frenzy down her throat until her status bar is at 98% before pulling back as she cries. No matter what her location is at any particular time, I always know exactly where she is. Where she belongs.

## Sellen rehabilitation (NSFW)

Reminder that Sellen's cocky and smug persona is a coping mechanism for her real body being used, completely and unironically canonically, as ryona fuckmeat by Jerren and his witch-hunters for god knows how many centuries. In every single waifufag fantasy scenario they always imagine she will continue to act like a top smug after she's rescued. The truth is that residing in her actual body rather than a projection for the first time in forever will leave her feeling more vulnerable than she has felt since childhood, countless centuries ago. And she has just spent eternity being violently tortured and ryona raped by complete strangers.

Wifeing Sellen would be like helping a sexual assault victim recover. She'll try to keep the smug teasing facade up because it's all she's known for so long but eventually it will crack when she understands on a deeper, subconscious level that you're not just another beast of a man who's one bad day away from beating her bloody and fucking her raw. One day you'll be helping her move glintstone crates around or something and she'll just break down and start crying and won't stop for hours. Cuddling her only makes it worse and you're stuck awkwardly sitting in a corner with her in your lap bawling her eyes out. Eventually she'll drift off to sleep with her face buried in the crook of your neck as you stroke her hair and pat her head like she's a baby. The next few months would be like a rape victim rehabilitation program and she would need you to hold her hands the entire way, both figuratively and literally. It'll be rough and she will sometimes start crying for no reason but eventually as time passes a bit of that teasing smug Sellen from before will come out again, except this time not as a facade but genuine.

Successful treatment turns her away from the vengeful mindless self-destructive path of the primeval current. She will still study glintstone scrolls, but demands you cuddle her as she reads.

Once you help her through her rape victim recovery phase she'll be much more open to physical intimacy again, in all its forms. In fact she'll be so enamored with \*real\* physical intimacy (rather than just being used for sex) that during the rebound, you can't keep her off you. She's always randomly hugging you from behind while you're cooking or stroking your hair or pressing her forehead against yours or rubbing your feet with her feet underneath the table while the two of you eat dinner. And she will be absolutely demanding that you keep her cuddled up nice and warm and comfy in your arms as she peruses a new magic scroll or fiddles with a fresh piece of glintstone. Sometimes you'll just be sitting on the floor cleaning your armor and oiling your greaves when she wanders in unannounced and gets down with you, leaning against you back to back. By then you are so comfortable with each others' presence that you don't need any words of greeting. You know, even without hearing the shuffling of parchment, that she's reading another academic paper. She knows you're occupied keeping your equipment maintained. Like that another peaceful afternoon passes, the two of you on the floor, a fireplace roaring nearby and the Liurnian rain outside. And then when you finish you set everything back into your pack before turning around and pulling her into a big hug as she giggles and chides you for making her miss her page. Months ago, when you tried that maneuver she'd tensed up all over reflexively and you had to let go and give her room to not overwhelm her. But now she melts into your embrace. You've finally managed to wheedle her birthday out of her recently. It's coming up soon. You've been leveling your INT in secret, and you hope she'll like the "gift" of having a pupil again.

## Demigod eye lore (NSFW)

ALL demigods have golden eyes which always have a subtle glow emanating from them. Usually not noticeable enough when it's sunny out but absolutely visible at night and even more pronounced in darkness. In addition, Emphyreans have womb tattoos(Miquella is no exception) which also possess the same glowing effect. The greater a demigod's arousal(in the psychological sense; could be sex or could be battle or could even be curiosity or enjoyment of a nice meal) the brighter the glow gets. The Leyndell rumor mill holds that on the night the Haligtree Twins were conceived, Marika's womb tattoo was bright enough to temporarily eclipse the ever-present light of the Erdtree. The Elphael rumor mill is respectfully quiet about the suffusive brightness that often emanates from their divine Lord and Lady's shared bedchambers. Back before they divorced, Radagon and Rennala found themselves having to give their kids going through puberty "the talk" about closing the curtains when they were... enjoying themselves, because everyone in Caria Manor could see what was going on even if they were being quiet. The three Carian demigods' reactions were mixed. Radahn wasn't all that bothered to begin with because he was jerking off onto his bedsheets and knew the servants were going to be washing that stuff anyhow. Ranni was mortified and wouldn't leave her room for a week, though she did keep her curtains pointedly closed from then on. There was never any weird light coming out of Rykard's room, so his birds and bees with Radagon talk was much less awkward. It did worry his parents a little(what kind of hormone-ridden adolescent DIDN'T indulge? Was he impotent? Not a ruinous issue for a royal household with two other offspring, but still...) until he picked up a pretty young dancer while travelling abroad and the Manor's servants noticed that his chambers' curtains were shut tight when he was back for a visit with his foreign fiancé shortly before he moved out to Gelmir.

# Sellen rehabilitation longform

## Chapter Summary

how it started:

did anyone write fanfic about sellen being teasing and prideful then her ego breaking down when she gets intimate with the tarnished because of her prisoner's trauma

how it went:

Imagine waking up in the dead of night and not knowing why before you notice that, unusually, a certain somebody wasn't pressed up against your side hugging you like you were one big body pillow. Quietly scanning the bedroom, you determined that Sellen was nowhere near. With a grunt, you flip yourself out of bed to go looking for your wife.

Liurnia was always cold at night, and even at these heights the constant fog managed to sneak its tendrils in. Good thing you already have a decent idea of where Sellen might be.

You find her (where else?) in the Grand Library. Even in Rennala's time the massive space had been piled with books and tomes of every sort. Now with the Carian queen sent off to live out the rest of her life as an invalid, Sellen had managed to pack the place to overflowing. As you walk in, you can see pyramids of scrolls and arcane instruments stacked high, forcing you to take a zigzagging path towards where you can see Sellen standing. Since her reinstatement and subsequent promotion to headmistress, the millennia-long blanket censorship against the primeval current had been repealed. Not that there were many volunteers among the student body to pursue it; with the revival of primeval studies had come the revival of knowledge of what going down that road to the end entailed. Despite no longer being banned, only the suicidal and the suicidally brave dabbled in it. And in a world where Destined Death had been released once more, few hearts were as brave as they were before, leaving only the suicidal. It had been your hope and goal that, with some gentle nudging from you, Sellen would fall out of that last category also.

You've been successful. Mostly. She had, after some weeks of awkward deflection, eventually confided in you that she no longer intended to chase the primeval current as she once did. That, with the entire Academy to run and you by her side (your heart had felt so full when you heard this) she was no longer tied to the self-destructive nihilistic streak she'd been on when she had been hounded from Raya Lucaria and then captured by Jerren and his witch-hunters. She had lifted a hand to caress your face as she told you she didn't consider the remaining curiosity worth becoming a graven mass and, in doing so, losing you.

But as some of the older perfumers in Leyndell had warned you, broken souls took longer to heal than broken limbs. Which was she was now standing in the Grand Library in the dead of night, dressed in her old uniform, glintstone crown atop her head, staring in silence at the bookshelf containing all the materiel the Academy had on the primeval current. And having held her hands through months of night terrors and sudden panic attacks, you know exactly what she's thinking of in that moment.

Intentionally adding weight to your steps so that she would hear you coming and not be startled, you shuffle past orreries and between book piles. She turns around at your approach and you note the way her shoulders had tensed when she heard you. You pause to let her reassert her sense of space before continuing, opening your arms to offer a hug that she accepts. Her glintstone crown strikes your forehead with an audible bonk and just like that the quiet mood is broken, the two of you giggling as you help her pull it off. In the glowing moonlight streaming through the ceiling panes you take in the sight of your wife, as beautiful as the first time you'd ever seen her without her mask. Wiping away dying tear streaks from her cheeks with a thumb, you pull her into a second embrace. Without that stupid hat in the way, she practically melts into it.

As she snuggles her face into your shoulder and nuzzles your neck, you marvel at the change she's accomplished. When you had returned to the Academy after becoming Elden Lord to if she would marry you, she had been as smug as ever, agreeing with an "I suppose I just might. What sort of teacher would refuse such an accomplished pupil?" But even then you'd noticed the unease, though you hadn't been able to pin down the exact reason until later. The way she seemed to shy away from contact before rallying and leaning into it aggressively. The first few times two of you had slept together, you had gotten the impression that she was merely going through the motions, like an actress, while a part of her was far away. You had tried to ask, but each time she'd avoided conversation by either hurrying off to attend Academy business or deflecting with some ribald sexual teasing. You were, admittedly, just a Tarnished of no renown, and elevation to Elden Lord hadn't changed your background from a simple warrior to that of a master of intrigue. But even you could tell that she had been putting up a facade, something you'd never noticed before when she had just been a strange sorceress in an underground chamber. It was like she was displaying for the whole world(or, well, you) that, "hey, look! It's me, the same old Sellen! Confident, smug, teasing, same as always, same as ever!"

It had disturbed you and, frankly, filled you with frustration. You had fallen in love with her, or THOUGHT you'd fallen in love with her, because she had been one of the few genuine individuals you'd encountered in the Lands Between. All those conniving agendas and disguises from others, and here was a girl who seemed a refreshing break from all that, someone who was simply pure-minded and wholehearted in her love for sorcery and was always happy and enthusiastic to teach. But then you'd gone and married her, it seemed, unintentionally revealed her to be just another self-serving deceiver.

One night you'd gone drinking in the refurbished and revitalized university town with some visiting friends. Asked them their opinions. Nepheli meant well but simply didn't understand what the problem was. Boc had been flabbergasted but didn't have any advice worth giving. Gostoc had stared morosely at his drink and groused that he wished HE had a wife to fret about. Kenneth had vacillated between reassuring you that "women changing after marriage is a perfectly normal phenomenon, my friend. Why, I, Kenneth Haight, have heard such tales from other noblemen..." and clutching his head in his hands pondering the possibility of a paramour. Boggart had seized on that possibility with great enthusiasm and had spent the rest of the evening drunkenly explaining all the ways a big castle like Raya Lucaria could contain hidden passages and secret rooms for some hanky panky on the side. For a week afterwards, you hadn't been able to walk past any Academy staff without suspecting them of having an affair with your wife. It was when you'd found yourself glowering at the Dean of the Gravity Conspetus without even realizing it(and terrifying the poor man to boot) that you'd mentally slapped yourself. However strange she was with you, she'd been nothing but loyal. All the same, you felt that you had to get to the bottom of it.

So with the same determination that had enabled you to slowly slog your way from a nameless and unknown Tarnished to becoming Elden Lord, you decided you'd find out. By any means necessary.

You had carried out your plan the very next day.

From a consequentialist perspective, it was a good thing that you did. You'd probably never have broken through to Sellen - the REAL Sellen - otherwise. But that doesn't stop you from feeling guilty about the way you'd done it. Because with the benefit of hindsight, you'd practically done everything you could to force a panic attack as part of an interrogation.

Really, the plan wasn't much of a plan at all. You were just gonna go to bed with her, like the two of you did every night, except this time you'd stand by the bedroom door and refuse to budge unless you got a straight answer out of her. Nothing complicated, complication was for schemers and you'd barely leveled INT beyond just enough to get to spend some more time with Sellen learning sorceries from her. If she always found a way to run off when you asked, you'd just pick a situation where she couldn't run off.

When you'd closed the bedroom door behind you that night, you hadn't gotten ready for bed. Instead you'd quietly strode over to a desk (one of several - a strange setup for a bedroom to have more desks than beds, but Sellen had insisted and ultimately she'd been right, she HAD ended up covering all five of them with parchment. As well as the bedstands. And the windowsill, and the dresser...), picked up a chair, and jammed it under the doorknob. And then locked it for good measure.

Sellen had given you a strange look when you'd grabbed the chair, but when you'd jammed and locked the door that look had taken on a sheen of panic. Panic which made you even more curious, and formed the basis for your first questions. What was she afraid of? No, you ARE afraid, I can tell, I've been around scared people most my life. Why are you lying? No, you don't need to go to bed early, you have the day off tomorrow, we have time to talk.

When this last piece of information had left your mouth Sellen's eyes had taken on something of a frenzied look. You'd been perplexed. It's not like the two of you were enemies, and all you were doing was blocking the doorway for the moment. That shouldn't be an issue, unless... unless she DID see you as an enemy? Was this why she seemed so artificial? This all a plan to keep the new Elden Lord under the Academy's influence and not the other way around, maybe?

She'd flinched when you asked, and in that moment you'd felt more full of suspicion than all the months beforehand. After all, why else would the door being blocked fill her with such fear, unless it meant the cutting off of an escape route or the closing of an entryway for reinforcements? Histories of the Night of Black Knives floated into your mind, and you'd strained your ears for the telltale clacking of marionettes in the hallway outside your bedroom. But there were sorceries that muffled sound, sorceries that concealed presence. Speaking of sorceries, was this even the real Sellen? She'd projected herself at least once before, after all. You brought your attention back to her and was surprised by how she looked. More than panicked, it was like she was sick. She'd slumped to her knees at some point while you were off thinking about marionettes in the shadows and was now slouched against the side of the bed, breathing hard and fast like she'd just run a marathon.

If it had been part of an orchestrated assassination ploy, it would have worked. All the suspicion in you had fled at the sight of your wife looking that pitiful. But when you'd stepped away from the door to try and give her a hug, she'd scrambled away from your touch, shrinking into the corner between the bed and a cabinet. You'd never raised a hand against her, but there and then, she had cowered like a dog waiting for the whip to fall. It had utterly dumbfounded you. You had thought of several possibilities for what would happen once you carried out the plan, but none of them had gone like this. Proud, smug Sellen hyperventilating with her knees tucked against her chest,

begging you in a shaky voice to please, please let her go. Please open the door. Please let her go. Her eyes hadn't even been looking at you. She'd been staring into the carpet, voicing more pleas between rapid shallow breaths.

You tried to pet her on the shoulder instead, to give her some comfort or reassurance, but she shied away again. It was bizarre. Your sexual romps with her had reeked of artificiality but she had never been shy about getting physical. But now it was like your mere proximity burned her.

Fuck it. It's not like you had a choice anymore. You went over to the door, pried the chair out from under the knob, and turned to put it back beside the desk you'd fetched it from. And just like that she had dashed out into the hallway and disappeared. After several seconds of indecision you eventually went to try and chase her down, but she had melted away into the Academy's labyrinth of passages. Defeated and confounded, you returned to your bedroom, leaving the door open in case she returned. Laid on your side facing the entrance hoping that any moment you would hear footsteps in the hall. You didn't understand what had happened but you felt a powerful urge to apologize and make amends, and with that weighing on you, you settled in to spend the night alone.

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That lasted all of an hour before you flipped yourself off the bed to go give looking for your wife another good try. Nobody would dare to hurt her in the new Raya Lucaria, but that didn't mean she couldn't trip and hurt herself. At least, that's what you had told yourself, though you'd had darker concerns as well.

After what felt like hours searching through the empty moonlit halls, you eventually made your way up towards the Grand Library. And that's where you had found her. Sitting on the floor, her back against a towering bookshelf, a bundle of scrolls hugged against her chest like a little girl with a teddy bear. She had been sobbing into her robes.

You knew ugly crying existed, in a purely academic sense. As a Tarnished and then as Elden Lord you'd never really encountered ugly crying. Rya had cried, but she'd been taught to be ladylike by her mother. This, though. This was definitely ugly crying.

Her face was red and streaked with tears and snot that glimmered where the moonlight touched her. Her robes were crumpled and disheveled from her wild dash through the halls, and her hair, usually in a neat braid, had been let loose in preparation for bed and so had become a tangled mess. And though you'd never admit it to anyone, the keening sounds coming from her reminded you of the wailing of Frenzy-afflicted villagers you had encountered in your travels. The noise didn't echo. Dwarfed on all sides by bookshelves and bookpiles many times her size and with her crying swallowed up by the heavy stone walls, she seemed tiny and fragile. And terribly alone.

You'd given finding your wife a second try and succeeded. You decided you could try talking to her a second time. But definitely... more gracefully this time. With more tact and "genteel handling," as Kenneth would say. Damn you wished your friends were still around instead of back in Limgrave, you could use the advice. Not that they had been very useful the last time, but this was far outside the scope of your experiences as a warrior.

As you pondered how best to approach Sellen, your dumb ass bumps against an astrolabe(seriously, what was that doing in a library?) and Sellen startles before scrambling up to her feet. The two of you stared at each other in silence, with you in the darkness of the entry hall and her under a shaft

of moonlight. When the silence dragged on, you attempted to take the initiative, SLOWLY ambling over towards her. Tried to look as non-threatening as possible, something which is quite difficult when you are Elden Lord. Stepping into the central chamber, you opened your mouth to apologize for blocking the door earlier, but she beat you to the punch.

Shifting gears from wilting flower to her usual self in a moment, she apologized for freaking out and, winking, suggestively asked if she could make it up to you. It didn't have the effect she was going for because you'd been acquainted with her long enough now to know better and besides, her face was still covered in tears and there was one line of snot going from a nostril down to her mouth. That patented Sorceress Sellen[™] seductive wink just doesn't have the usual oomph when her eyes are red-rimmed and watery from crying.

There had been something else, too. You weren't that high in INT but you were no longer the complete novice to sorcery you had once been. And glancing at the scrolls she had been hugging when you had first walked in, you were fairly certain that they were related to the study of the primeval current. You'd been on the brink of going along with her just to return to normalcy, but this gave further purpose to your heart. Whatever demons she was dealing with, you were not going to let her go back on the path towards becoming an insensate graven ball again.

You pretended to consider her offer, pretended long enough for her to stride up to you to try and take your hand. Instead of letting her lead you back to your bedroom where another night of detached sex was sure to follow, you took her hand in both of yours and knelt down to keep her there. Kneeling before your wife, you fumbled your way through an explanation. You're not exactly a great orator, but you gave it your best try. Because you loved her, you cared about her, and you wanted her to feel safe and loved around you. And if the price of communicating that was you fumbling around some verbiage and making a fool of yourself by babbling, then so be it.

Up until that night you'd never seen so many different emotions from Sellen. Beforehand it had always been confident, assured, composed - and yes, the usual smugness and teasing. And of course, the hints of some strange artificial detachment that became noticeable during moments of intimacy. But that night, on your knees with her hand in yours, you finally started to see more of her. You spoke and watched as her face went from a frozen approximation of a wry smile to blankness, before she began to tear up again as the facade well and truly fell apart. You saw her getting wobbly and caught her as she came down, slowly lowering her against yourself, the two of you sinking down to the carpet. And then you'd settled in as she let loose with the waterworks. It wasn't as ugly a cry as just prior, but it was still pretty damn ugly. You held her and listened as she blubbered about her captivity, about what Jerren and his witch-hunters had done to her for all those years. Like a dam breaking, she ranted. Radahn's stasis of the stars had kept her immune to death but not immune to sensation. They had done things, all sorts of things, all sorts of horrible things. You stroked her hair and made reassuring noises (despite being filled with rage - you regretted simply killing the old Witch-Hunter now. A quick death was more than he deserved) as she let out countless years of trauma between choking sobs. Violence, torture, every depravity and then more, it just kept going. And her only escape had been the study of magic. The pursuit of the primeval current and the release it offered the only thing that had kept her sane.

It felt like hours passed. The dam had broke and didn't stop. The prosecution she suffered for her curiosity. The ostracization of her peers. Anger at professors long dead. Her fears that you would have tossed her aside or, worse, forced yourself upon her like the witch-hunters had if she hadn't played up the always-down-to-fuck dommy mommy angle.

You had lost track of time, but were fairly certain she'd eventually fallen silent around morning. The moonbeams coming through the ceiling panes had faded, replaced by the light of the sun. With your back against a shelf and her back against your chest, you continued to stroke her hair, as gently as you could with 90 STR. You kept doing so until you felt her fall asleep and then kept going until you did too, exhaustion claiming the two of you.

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You got jerked awake later when Sellen got up and shook you in a panic asking what time it was and saying in a mortified voice that she must have missed all her duties for the day and that the staff would be looking for her. You had reached for her (and this time, she didn't shy away) and, cupping her face in your hands, reminded her that it was Sunday and that she had the day off. After processing that for a few seconds she had given you a wan smile and, standing up and dusting herself off, asked if you were feeling hungry. The marionette servants could bring the two of you breakfast. Or maybe lunch, whatever the time was. Up to bed. In your bedroom.

You studied her. There was no hint of the forced sultry flirting she'd usually have put on. That was good enough for now, you supposed, so you let her drag you up. You'd spent the rest of the day in bed, just keeping her in a hug as she (on her insistence) got herself used to real, proper intimacy. Watched her in bemusement as she awkwardly shifted around until she was in a position \*she\* was comfortable with rather than the one she had thought would be most comfortable for her partner. Sank into you with a sigh. It would take time, you could tell, to deprogram those habits and help her recover from her past. But even with Destined Death back in the world, the two of you were young, fit and healthy. You had plenty of time to do so.

Now, back in the present, you smile as your wife rubs her cheek against yours like a cat. No longer shying away from physical contact nor forcing herself into it but utterly secure in the touch of her body against yours. She continues to have nightmares, sometimes waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, and occasionally the siren song of the primeval current is too much and she wanders into the Grand Library again, her demons gnawing at her again. The perfumer sages you've spoken to could give no exact time table for her recovery, but the nightmares are growing less and less frequent. And when they do happen...

You lean down and push her hair aside to plant a kiss on her forehead. The next kiss she catches on her lips. Hand in hand, the two of you walk back to your bedroom together, the primeval current left behind in in the library to gather dust until the next time. But that's okay. Next time you'll be there too, to pull her back and keep her anchored. Besides, future nightmares are for future you and future Sellen to deal with. Right now there's a bed that hopefully hasn't gone completely cold yet waiting for the two of you.

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"I'm telling you, mate, she must of been cheating on 'im."

>"Don't be vulgar, my good man. I, Kenneth Haight, see no sign of marital quarrel in this invitation."

"I mean, 'e's the Elden Lord now, isn't 'e? Marika's tits, 'e probably 'as to keep it all under wraps even if 'e'd found out."

>"Well, there's only one way to find out. Be so kind as to fetch Nepheli and Gostoc for me, won't you, my good man? Let us embark on another trip to Raya Lucaria."

"Don't you lot 'ave work to do?"

>"Nonsense, kind sir. This is a personal invitation from the Elden Lord himself! This is top priority! Kenneth Haight is not some unruly vassal who would keep his liege lord waiting. We shall set out post-haste."

"She's got to have been bloody cheating. Probably getting cracked in 'alf by anyone who looks her way."

>"Boggart!"

# Tarnished Misbegotten bad end (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

Someone posted a screenshot of a misbegotten with its face up against the player camera and the text:

\*sniffs your fertility status\*

Imagine fighting them and winning regularly until one day they smell that your Type B is on her period. The scent of an ovulation drives them to a frenzy and the new hyper aggressive attack combos overwhelm her easily and just like that she's dragged off to a cave somewhere. Brutal animalistic rutting is sure to follow. Cross-species fertilization isn't a thing, but with the taint of the Crucible on them, there's always a chance. A chance the misbegotten are more than happy to try for. This will not be the comparatively short-lived indulgence of Type B's who seek out land octopi or Caelid dogs for a quick cum and respawn. Misbegotten are sapient and will do their best to keep you fed, even pouring estus down your throat when they see the constant mating is taking a toll on your health. Some older ones have known other human women, so have an idea of foreplay, weak spots and what buttons to press. There would be no escape from the pleasure, and it only gets worse when one of the lesser misbegotten roots around in her pack looking for food and discovers her turtle necks and bewitching branches... If your Type B is lucky, they'll slip up and grip her too tightly or treat her too rough while rutting her. Otherwise it's possible her captivity will last months. The longer she's there and the more times the creatures bring her to an eye-rolling back-arching climax, the greater the chance of her losing the guidance of grace.

She needs to escape soon. Imagine the Type B a year into her captivity. Her body now trained to be hypersensitive. So conditioned that she automatically gets wet, bucking and grinding her hips when a misbegotten approaches. The warrior in her faded and replaced by the whore. The gold in her eyes is gone, they're getting tired of her. There's not much time left before they decide this one's incompatible and dispose of her, turning her from breedmeat into just meat. And she's too mindbroken to resist, just wants another climx. It's over.

# Anti-Ryona Funposting

## Chapter Summary

"I build my character for one(1) thing and one(1) thing only: making her attractive to misbegotten males"

Do you think Misbegottens and other sapient enemies ever get tired of it. Like imagine being a demihuman just chilling in your nest when one of the lookouts sounds the alarm. A Tarnished is riding right at your cave in broad daylight. Everyone scrambles to grab whatever the nearest stick or rusty pitchfork is.

The adrenaline is coursing through you. You are so fucking ready to fulfill your duty, no, your destiny as one of the starting mobs of the Lands Between. Your grandpa died fighting Tarnished, your dad died fighting Tarnished, and by the Erdtree you will die fighting Tarnished. You've been training your entire life for this. Years of learning how to make wild swings that leave you full of openings for counterattacks, how to dress like you're no more intelligent than a wild beast, how to make just the right kind of evilman badguy howling noise.

Something's happening at the cave entrance. You're too far back to see but it seems like a bunch of your clanmates are relaxing, their weapons drooping. The disgusted muttering reaches your ears. "It's another Type B." One of the younger members of your tribe runs off to fetch the chieftain while the rest of you disperse back to sleeping on leaves or roasting rabbits on sticks.

As you pad back to your corner of the cave, you catch snippets of the conversation the chief is having with the Type B.

"-can't keep doing this every time," and,  
"Surely there's other dungeons you can try."

The Type B says something indiscernible in an apologetic tone while rubbing her thighs together. You sneak a peek and see that the chief is now ushering her back out of the cave and muttering something how she "ought to give Caelid a try." After some more pleading, pouting and sultry winking the Type B finally gets back on her horse and fucks off.

Chief steps back in grumpy as hell but softens when he sees you nearby with your club still clutched in your hands. "Don't worry lad, you'll get your chance with a proper Tarnished."

fuck lol  
imagine being the castle morne boss  
chilling in your lair when a minion comes knocking  
>"Boss we got another one"  
>"Another one?"  
>"Yeah another one"

- >some other underlings come in dragging a type b dressed in the sluttiest fucking rags in existence
- >even has a fucking shabriri's woe hanging on a bracelet off one arm
- >"I- I will never surrender to you foul beasts! To you, nor your cocks!"
- >jesus christ, is she fucking drooling?
- >all your underlings are clustered around watching and cowering in fear of what the unbridled libido of an unrestrained type b could do
- >last time a type b got loose in the castle she fucked everyone to exhaustion for a week and also ate most of the food
- >end up giving a lecture to the type b hoping she will change her ways
- >she keeps trying to grind her hips suggestively during the talk
- >eventually get tired and just have her thrown back out of the castle
- >shut the gates on her, maybe she'll go away, your lads can always go foraging/hunting tomorrow instead
- >she loiters around outside begging to be let in before finally leaving

tfw you're an honest hard working demihuman just trying to go out and forage some rowa for your boys but the place is lousy with type Bs that won't stop catcalling and making lewd gestures at you  
 >"Hey big boy~ I didn't level vig at aaaaalll~"  
 just ignore it, don't even look in their direction. the neighborhood has completely gone to hell

- >Be demihuman out on a hunting trip
- >Hope to catch some rabbits or even nab a lamb or two
- >Suddenly fuckhuge magic explosions go off around you
- >EndOfTheWorld.jpg
- >Cower and wait to die
- >Explosions end, somehow all of them missed you
- >You're completely unharmed
- >Glance around in bewilderment until your eyes come to rest upon a Type B spellcaster Tarnished
- >She's already in the process of hardswapping from mage robes into slut rags
- >Notices you looking at her and quickly does the sitting sideways gesture
- >You instinctively want to go there and hit her with your club in a big wide swing that makes you nice and easy to counterattack against
- >Notice the tip of a bewitching branch clutched behind her back poking out
- >Notice a thin rivult of drool leaking from the corner of her mouth
- >OhHellNaw.wav
- >Force yourself to overcome your instinctive aggro through sheer force of will and run off
- >Ignore her as she shouts after you desperately, promising she's all out of mana and defenseless

imagine going into caelid and finding redmane soldiers going around putting up PSA posters about reporting all female tarnished because their constant intrusions on the wildlife is starting to damage giant dog breeding patterns and mess up the environment because of the importance of apex predators to any food chain

We got from ryona rapes to this.  
To Type B terrorizing mobs and bosses with iron pussy and endless stamina.  
This is adaptive evolution in action.  
This is what science wrought.  
Not even Marika could prepare Lands Between for appearance of such a life-form.

>Raya Lucarian and Cuckoo joint government decree declaring the land octopus a protected species  
>Cuckoo Knights start patrolling common land octopi spawning estuaries and pools to block off Type B's

## **Malenia buckbreaking Radahn (NSFW)**

On your knees, bucko. Someone shoulda broke you a long, long time ago. I have nary met a buck I can't break with this here long and mighty Hand of Malenia. I tell ye back in Caelid I met a real mean one. He had a big, air stealing body, a face like a snarling ogre, monstrous, some tacky furry armor, and muscles that rippled under his grey skin so it'd look like a nest'a snakes as he'd be twisting here and yonder. T'was my younger brother, lord of the Haligtree, that had hired me to break this particular buck. Was some half-dozen breakers what had tried and failed, with their mere 2-foot spearheads! I tracked this moon cricket, this big-assed omen, by fallerin' the sounds of his impressive proud buttocks, clapping as he capered to and fro on the western half of yon gentleman's land on his tiny horse. There he be, proud as a damn stormhawk, Carian body framed by yon settin' sun, just begging to be broke. I approached from the west, crushed a bunch of his armies. Took him unawares after he thought he'd disarmed me, with one of those amateur overextended swings. Sinking all 9 feet of my length into him produced thund'rus STAB, and I mounted him. I tell ye boy, but that buck was MAD! This unbroken, proud Carian was ornery, but I ain't ne'er been denied, d'ya ken it? I had my sword in his chest and he couldn' do nothin but kneel and present, his grey body paralyzed. And bucko did he began to wail! Gritting his teeth out on the prairie. This buck could tell the breaking was coming, could tell his time was up, and I tell ye, he did BUCK. I tell ye as the winds were my witness, this obstinate cur were a right sunfish, making whatever limited movements he could, gyrating his unbroken grey anus as I prepared to inject my seed in a now-open hole. And he broke, and I finished the job. D'ye ken? That buck broke. Say sorry, boy. But they all break. By the man Miquella and his holy gold tree, now say hallelujah, boy, you'll break, too!

# Roundtable Childrearing Funposting

## Chapter Summary

- >Imagine raising your kid in the Roundtable Hold.
  
- >Tarnished jr. Is raised by the Roundtable while mom/dad is off becoming Elden Lord (for greentext purposes they take at least a decade and a half to fight their way across the LB)
- >Fia is mildly amused by the little tyke, and babysits him quite a bit, becoming known as “Auntie Fia”
- >Pointedly avoids holding him, not wishing to interfere with his growth
- >Eventually Tarnished Jr. Begins hitting his teen years, and Fia notices that he’s becoming a strapping young man
- >The bottom floor of the Roundtable begins to smell a little, coming from a certain someone’s room
- >It becomes clear that someone needs to give the lad the sex talk, but the Tarnished is off in the Mountaintops rn and nobody else is willing to do anything about it Except Gideon who shoved a bunch of sex Ed scrolls into Jr’s hands when he asked about it and told him to fuck off, which is actually what caused this problem in the first place
- >Therefore it falls to Auntie Fia to go into the musty room of the hormone-crazed adolescent boy
  
- >Be Gideon
- >That damn Tarnished just had to go and sleep with someone or something in the Lands Between
- >And they had the nerve to come back to the Roundtable Hold with a little brat
- >So now you're stuck here playing babysitter to an annoying little runt while that blasted houseguest continues their quest for the Elden Throne
- >The shitheel is currently running laps around the hold while you TRY to continue absorbing more knowledge from your current tome of lore
- >Unfortunately your attempt at remaining focused is for naught, as the kid zooms into your room and crashes headfirst into a pile of books
- >To your chagrin, he looks no worse for wear, still smiling like fool
- >Seems to have inherited the Tarnished's durability it would seem
- >He's about to run back out when something snaps inside your head
- >You reach out and grab him by the arm, speaking with a low, cold voice
- >"I don't think so, little one. Everything in this room is arranged according to a very particular design, which you just ruined. You will NOT be leaving this room until you have placed each book back. EXACTLY where it belongs. DO you understand?"
- >The kid's dumb smile rapidly turned into a cowed pout at your chastisement, and he nods solemnly
- >"Yes, Uncle Gideon"
- >Your eye twitches
- >"Stop calling me that. I bear no relation to your parents."
- >"O-Okay..."

>The child quietly begins stacking books as you resume reading  
>Maybe this time you can finally get some work do-  
>"M-mister Gideon?"  
>You sigh  
>Well it's a start  
>"What?"  
>The kid is holding one of your books open, pointing to an illustration of Marika  
>"Who's the pretty lady?"  
>You blink several times  
>"That... is the God Queen Marika. She was the ruler of the Lands Between, and still is after a fashion. Did the Tarnished not tell you any of this?"  
>He shakes his head  
>You put a hand to your helmet  
>Well, you probably should've expected they wouldn't bother educating their own child

>Lord knows if they even bothered listening to you when you spoke of the Shattering, the lout  
>"It would seem you require a lesson then. Put down the books, and sit down. I will tell you what I know."  
>The Tarnished's son excitedly crosses his legs as he sits  
>"Yaaaaay, story time!"  
>"Just remember to stay quiet while I am speaking. Long ago, there was an entity of some sort, very far away from this place, called the greater will..."  
>2 hours later  
>The kid is half-asleep at this point  
>Tsk tsk  
>And you'd barely even gotten to the age of the erdtree  
>Well he is only a child  
>You tap the top of his head to rouse him from his daze  
>"Your lesson is finished. Think on it, at least the parts that you paid attention to."  
>He clumsily rises to his feet and trudges towards the door, before stopping  
>"Mister Gideon, you sure know a lot of stuff."  
>You raise an eyebrow  
>"Well, yes. My goal is to know all. Hence my title."  
>"You wanna know EVERYTHING?"  
>"As much as I can. Knowledge is power, after all. There's still much that I do not know as of yet."  
>The kid walks over and puts his hands up as he leans into your desk  
>"Can I help?"  
>You scoff  
>"You know what? Sure. Go find out something that I don't know. How about we even make a game out of it. If you can tell me something I didn't already know, you can use my books as you like for the next month."  
>"Okay! I'm gonna learn stuff and get kore powerful, just like my parents!"  
>The boy then flies out of the room, arms flailing at his sides  
>You huff in mild amusement  
>Odd  
>You feel some warmth in your chest  
>Last time you could recall something similar was when Nepheli was but a wee lass

## Millicent sisters femdom Part 2 (NSFW)

Gripping her lithe hips and giving a few final thrusts to push your climax, you finally felt your sperm bursting into Polyanna's hungry, virgin pussy. Feeling your warm jizz plastering her walls was enough to initiate her own waves of euphoria. Shivering and pulsating in your grip while holding you tight, she shoved her head forward to embrace you in a thankful kiss and her vagina clamped down on your dick like a steel trap. Meanwhile, her cervix slurped up all your spunk until her womb bloated, gorging itself on Daddy's semen. Your cock and balls, strangled and being milked for everything they've got, gladly pulsed and pumped with unending fervor while being doused with Polyanna's juices leaking around you.

Soon, your creamy cum mixed, overflowed, and began spilling out of her as well. Feeling your new babygirl has been sufficiently bred, you sloppily pulled your deflating dick out of her gaping hole. Fresh cum from Daddy's creampie dribbled out, coating her asshole and pooling between her quivering legs. Her small chest heaved up and down, exhausted from her first ravaging. You looked her up and down, finally resting your eyes on her cum-drunk face and was satisfied that you had successfully mindbroken the last sister. Relief swept over your body as extracted the dagger in your shoulder and took a second to bask in victory. Mary, Amy, Maureen, and Polyanna, all fell to your primal energy, and, for the moment, seemed primed to become your slaves. Suddenly, you snapped to attention and remembered, "Millicent!"

The immense cavern echoed with an explosion that reverberated up and down the walls. Smoke dissipated as Millicent swayed from the shockwave, her ears ringing. The sturdy roots the ropes were tied to and the sisters' rope work proved their mettle and held Millicent ever tightly in their cords. Seeing you explode was too much for Millicent and tears burst from her eyes as she helplessly sobbed in the air. Swinging and spinning haphazardly, grief overwhelmed her as the Tarnished she traveled across the Lands Between evaporated. Eventually, her spins slowed and brought her to overlook the cliff-island's edge. With her hair tied back, all she could do was stare at the sun beams piercing through the cavern walls. The ringing in her ears was still there, but died down to the point that she could hear her own blubbing.

Tears streamed down her eyes as she thought of the long journey from Caelid, where a stranger had found her cowering against the walls of a crumbling church. She trusted this Tarnished to cease the rot writhing and abate her nightmares thanks to the stab of a golden needle. He was there with her, visiting an old shack that seemed familiar. She was there with him, as they battled Magma Wurm Makar, wishing that she were able to properly help him and lamenting the loss of her sword arm. They were together when climbing the steep cliffs of Altus and held a moment, overlooking those golden cliffs. She stayed there, transfixed by the view and her current weak state while he went off exploring. When he returned, he had – to her surprise – a brand new arm to give her. Tears flowed down her cheeks back then as they did now, but for the kindness he had shown to a strange girl. With her new arm, she could properly help him in their next battle against the Godskin Apostle in Dominula, the windmill village.

They parted ways after a long time together next to those windmills, sharing each other's intimate company. He went to explore Leyndell to become Elden Lord, and she headed North in search of Malenia. Through the bitter cold she trudged, alone and afraid of her arm freezing stiff. However, their paths crossed again, and they shared each other's warmth in the quiet snowy valley. Millicent knew well enough not to question how they met again, as the Tarnished's deeds spoke for themselves. Together the companions traveled across that snowy tundra in search of the path to the Haligtree.

Unfortunately, back then, as now, the pair got separated and she spent some time praying in a grand cathedral at the base of the Haligtree. Then, to her surprise, the Tarnished had returned through the shining doorway and she knew that both parties' purposes were aligned. Millicent had told the Tarnished that she was of Malenia's blood. But in what capacity, she knew not. Only that she desired to return to Malenia the pride she had abandoned, to meet Radahn's measure. That sense of pride that the Tarnished had taught her to have, through their arduous journey across the Lands Between. Teaching her to live as her own person and had brought the two close with each other.

All that work, all those memories; Millicent dwelled on them while hanging in the air, helpless. Footsteps echoed behind her, and she felt something touch her knee and travel up her side. She winced and closed her eyes, dreading her coming bloom as she was so close to realizing her dreams. Then a hand cupped her cheek. Her hideous rotting cheek. Tears streamed into the fingers as she waited for the end when a familiar voice broke through her swirling thoughts, "Millicent." In a flash Millicent's eyes flung open to see the Tarnished standing in front of her, backlit by the sunbeams. Fresh tears welled in her eyes and sobs began to rise as the Tarnished wiped away the grit and grime on her face. There he and she were, together again.

As you wiped away Millicent's tears you couldn't help but notice her beautiful face. Her eyes bloodshot from the crying and snot running down her nose, but there she was. Millicent, the woman you traveled the Lands Between with, hung there like a magnificent piece of art. She slowly leaned as best she could into your palm, her blubbing ebbing and flowing. You held her in one palm and wiped her face with your other hand, drying her cheeks and gazing into her golden pupils that shone in the sunbeams. Taking Polyanna's dagger you cut Millicent's hair close to the knot that tied her back and watched her head sink deeper into your hold. She stayed there for a moment as you held her, before bringing her head back up and gazing longingly into your eyes. You leaned in while pulling her up and kissed with a passion that burned with the intensity of the Fire Giant's cauldron. Together you stayed, lips locked in each other's embrace, soft sobs occasionally welling up from Millicent.

Eventually you drew back to get another look at her magnificence hanging in the air. Excitement swelled within you as you started chuckling, Millicent slowly following suit. Soon you both were happily laughing, and you began swaying and swinging with her. Elation came over you as you held on to her ropes tight, letting them hold your combined weight, and spun yourselves around while kissing and giggling close to each other. Soon your grip tired and you lowered yourself back to the ground, kneeling in front of Millicent. As you both stared into each other's eyes you noticed her breathing heavily, a hungry look crept over her face and a sly smile sneaked across yours.

Again, your mast started rising, the pickled turtle neck aphrodisiac still working wonders as you stood up. Millicent held your gaze as you looked down at her, your dick hovering in front of her face. You cupped her cheek and held her there, knowing that she'll move when she's ready. Her eyes lingered on yours for a while longer, before slowly traveling down your chest to the invigorating meat in front of her. She started with kisses, slow lingering smooches all over your head and down your shaft. Being tied up, all she could move was her head, but she was surprisingly precise with her positioning. Once she had properly coated your member in loving kisses, she pursed her lips at the tip of your head and held them there for a second. A sensation traveled up your crotch, through your body, to the tip of your head as Millicent's tongue swirled around the tip of your head. You let your head fall back and just focused on the sensation of her mouth working around your glans, eventually feeling the warm wetness of her breath as she worked your meat into her mouth.

However, before she got too far, an idea popped into your mind and you pulled back, her heavy sighs following. Grabbing her shoulder, you mischievously grinned and gave her a spin. As she went around you held your dick out to slap her cheek and added speed to her spin when she started to slow. Soon, she tried to glomp her mouth around your flopping dick as you both chuckled. As she spun you took the opportunity to don your night's cavalry gauntlets again and allowed her to slow, eventually getting a hold of your member on her mouth. She sucked on your cock with renewed vigor, intent on blowing your mind. Her endurance matched the strength of her suction while the dexterity of her tongue suggested a high intelligence in dick sucking technique. You should've known her faith in arcane blowjob techniques was going to come in handy after your date at Dominula.

As her head bobbed up and down your length, you placed your sharp fingertips atop her head and began giving her loving head scratches. Millicent purred around your cock, mewling at the sensations, and soon slowed her fellating. Soon, her head hung low as you slowly scratched the back of her neck, up and down from the crown of her head to the center of her back. Keeping a steady sensual pace, you clawed back over her shoulders and squatted low to scratch along her chest. Soft inhales escaped her as you dragged your claws across her supple skin, taking care to dance around wounds affected by the rot. Moving from her chest you went to her sides, eliciting some giggles and causing the moment to shift as you quickly went for her open armpit. The tickles caused her to giggle, convulse, and writhe as she tried to wriggle away from you to no avail. Chuckling at her helplessness, you brought your claws back under her chin to lift her head up and bring her in for another kiss, scratching underneath her chin. After your loving kiss you set your claws back upon her, this time flowing down her stomach to her thighs. You walked around to her backside to get a better position and drew your claws up her thighs, over her shins, to the tops of her feet. Then you slowly dragged your fingers and eyes back down her legs, lowering your body to meet her hanging crotch.

There, swaying in the air, was Millicent's slightly cleaner and manicured yet still incredibly soggy and wet roast beef pussy. Her lips drooled and you happened to catch a particularly large drop forming on her glistening clit. Her stench was intoxicating, and you inhaled a full breath of her aroma. Pheromones filled your nostrils, causing your pupils to dilate and guided your face into her muff. Hooking your arms around her outside waist, you parted her thighs and shoved your head forward. Holding your lust in check, you started at her clit and lapped up the large dollop of juices coating her. Taking long slow strokes, you worked your tongue up her lips towards her taint then back down towards her clit. One of your hands sneaked its way to her crotch and scratched her manicured pubes while the other shimmied its way out of its gauntlet. Once your hand was free you snaked a finger under your working tongue and slowly coated it with Millicent's juices, prodding at her clit. Twirling your finger around her clitoris elicited more purrs and mews from her and you began to prod your finger at her vagina, searching for her opening that your tongue was occupying. Taking your sweet time, you slowly inserted your digit, pulling it back occasionally to fully coat your finger in her slick fluids.

Soon you were down to your knuckles and took a moment to just feel her insides with your finger, rotating it about. However, you were search for something and positioned your finger with its pad facing towards Millicent's clit. Very carefully, you curled your finger and began drawing it across her walls in a "come hither" motion. Near the end of its curl, you found it, tiny little nubs inside her vagina, right behind her clitoris. Beautiful moans leaked out of Millicent as you slowly stroked the nubs and got louder as you gradually picked up the pace. "Oh, Marika," she softly mewed, as you found a pace that elicited the most writhing. Her toes wriggled and splayed, and her nipples hardened as she was helpless to escape your ministrations. You swelled her passions, feeling her walls occasionally tense around your finger at particularly intense moments.

Millicent's beathing got heavier and heavier, and you heard her speak to you through those heavy breaths. "Tarnished... please... fill me up... I need you... inside me!" Needing no second ask, you sensually ended your fingering and stood up, your dick hard as diamonds again. Taking care to part her legs a bit more, you worked your tip to her lips and felt her quivering. Grasping her hips, and slightly walking forward, you gradually inserted all the way to your base, feeling every bit of her pussy around your cock. You both stayed in that moment for some time, reveling in your connection and ecstasy. Then you drew your hips back.

Since you had pushed Millicent forward, she had swung in her rope a bit and drawing your hips back didn't pull your dick out of her. Instead, you thrust forward and allowed her momentum to slide her up your dick, then her pendulum swing brought her back down your shaft to meet your hips. Your thrusts were slow and hard, and your poundings increased every time her lips returned to kiss the base of your cock. Eventually your hips were thrusting with enough force to send her to the tip of your cock and come crashing all the way back down. Loud "AHS!" erupted from her on every hump as you kept the steady heavy pace.

Your bare hand worked its way to her clit while you fucked and gave her button some much needed attention. Your other gauntlet clad hand continued its sensual scratching, digging in hard occasionally to lace her skin with beautiful pink lines. Millicent's tight pussy drooled around your cock, hungrily gobbling it up when close and feeling empty when she was thrust away. The warmth of her walls was pure ecstasy, and your combined euphoria grew. Feeling yourself coming to the edge, you made the move on a particularly hard thrust. The next insertion was enough to trigger your orgasm, and you clutched her close and made small little humps to coax your balls to empty. Feeling your warm cum filling her vagina was enough to send Millicent into her own waves of pleasure, and she convulsed in her ropes and your grip, clamping down on your cock so no semen escaped. Her cervix slurped up your milk and filled her womb, making sure not to waste a drop. You stayed together for what felt like forever, fully lost in each other's connection.

Once your balls had pumped all they could into your mate, you gradually began extracting yourself from her grasp. Millicent's pussy walls gripped at your cock, begging you not to leave her warm loving embrace and coated you with her own cum so others knew who's cock that belonged to. Breathing heavily, you walked around to her face, cupped her cheeks with both hands and drew her in for another long, loving kiss. Your lips embraced each other with renewed passion and melted as one for what felt like an eternity.

Eventually, Millicent began to make noises and squirm. "Sorry, my muscles ache." Taking the initiative, you found the upline and slowly lowered her to the floor; then you undid the knots binding her hand and feet, allowing her to unfurl and stretch. However, you stayed her wriggling to take your time dragging the ropes across her skin. Every fiber of the twines scraped across her thighs, across her breasts, and around her stomach. After some time, the rope was piled to the side, and Millicent was intertwined in your arms.

You two sat there, looking over the cliff-island's edge, watching various butterflies flutter through the sunbeams. A noise behind you brought your attention to the sister quartet, slowly crawling towards you both. Seeing you notice them, they froze and held your stares. Mary hesitantly spoke, "May... may we sit with you? We're sorry for attacking." You looked at Millicent, who exchanged a glance with you. "After you attacked us and tied us up? Why should we allow it?"

"We're sorry, father wanted you to bloom. He didn't believe in us..."

"Seeing you two laugh... after what we did..."

“I just liked the way you manhandled me...”

“I think, like, what we’re tryna say is that we’re sorry for what we did and wanna talk later and make it up to you two. We haven’t seen you in forever, sis...”

Millicent stared at them, taking her time to look each of them in their eyes, searching for any hint of betrayal. “Ok, but this is my seat,” she said as she snuggled deeper into your lap, “and don’t think of trying anything or I’ll release my Tarnished on you...”.

The four sisters excitedly crawled forward and curled around you two, forming a nice warm cuddle puddle. “Thank you,” they all said as they found their spots. Your comfort with each other slowly grew and a wave of calm washed over. The five sisters’ warmth burned hot as a fire and the heat kept you nice and cozy. In the middle of it all you noticed their long breaths betraying their exhaustion, and your combined breathing eventually ebbed and flowed in tandem. The immense cavern echoed with the hypnotic thrum of the flowing rot waterfall. Slowly, so as not to disturb them, you laid back as well and listened to the noise recede into the background. Soon, your muscles tired, sore from your recent escapades, your lids drooped, and sleep overtook you just as it overtook Millicent, Mary, Amy, Maureen, and Polyanna.

## **It's Ryona Again, Lansseax, Type B horn removal? (NSFL)**

Imagine Lansseax turning into human form to beg for her life if you get her health low enough. But she retains damage taken from her dragon form so she's missing a horn and bleeding and bruised. She's on her ass in the mud with her legs held wide open in a M shape and spreading her pussy for you with her fingers as she pleads for you to let her live. Amusingly enough due to dragon mating rituals requiring abusive foreplay she's visibly aroused, drenched and leaking. Then she realizes it's not working, you don't want Vyke's sloppy seconds and are striding towards her with lance in hand. She panics and tries pitifully crawling away on her hands and feet like if she were still a dragon. Her human body structure however means that she's got her ass stuck up in the air waving at you as she scrabbles away, slipping clumsily on the grass. Locking your eyes and your aim on her exposed pussy like it's a target at an archery range, you Charge Forth with your lance

Imagine chaining her down spread eagle on a table. Imagine her mixture of boisterous threats and demands for release abruptly turning into polite, fearful begging when she sees you approaching her with a saw in your hands. Imagine that begging growing more desperate and pitiful as you circle around next to her head and grip her firmly by one of her horns. Imagine taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, enjoying the moment as she tries a last ditch attempt to struggle out of her bonds to no avail. Imagine savoring the way the sound of her thrashing against the table mixes with her positively pathetic attempts to convince you to let her go. Imagine raising the saw and placing it against the root of a horn, scant centimeters from where it protrudes from her skull. Imagine feeling her struggles and her begging stop as she abruptly freezes in terror. No, there's still a bit of noise. A subtle tinny-sounding keening sound coming from deep down her throat. Looking down at her you can see there are tears at the edges of her eyes already. Without warning you harden your grips on both horn and saw and begin dragging the saw's teeth back and forth, digging them into the keratin. The keening sound immediately goes from subtle to very loud as the pain hits her like a truck. Then when the saw breaks through the outer layers of keratin the keening is replaced by pained screams. Her back arches and her body quakes and quivers as you work your arm back and forth, back and forth. Horn dust is building up on the table. You can see her eyes rolling up into her head. You smell before you see the stain indicating she's pissed herself from the experience. Back and forth, back and forth. Finally the remaining keratin is no longer enough and with a hard twist you snap the horn off, ending her screaming with a choked airless gasp. You see she's passed out, twitching, eyes teary and showing whites. But there's still one horn left...

Omen horn removal is crucial to the health of society. I'll admit, those horns look a little unusual, but Erdtree alone knows what mutations the taint of the Crucible creates from the flesh of honest people. She'll be better off with her horns removed. Speaking of which, the other one needs to go too. Imagine immediately moving on to the second horn without giving her any time to recover. She finds herself jerked back from unconsciousness when the pain of saw teeth digging into her remaining horn hits her like a jagged iron spike piercing her from skull to tailbone. Much of her strength has already been exhausted from her frantic struggling earlier though, so all she can muster is plaintive wailing and some useless kicking. Imagine deciding to mix things up a bit and putting the saw down only halfway through the keratin. Imagine instead gripping her horn with both hands and twisting it horizontally, causing her to start making that keening noise again. The harder you twist the higher the pitch of her keening. Imagine finally putting all your strength into it and yanking HARD and watching the horn start to bend and break as her keening gets so high pitched it's like a squirrel or rabbit having a stroke. Her body has stopped struggling and is completely arched up from the table, every muscle visibly taut. Imagine the keening stopping because she's run

out of air in her lungs but the pain is too great for her to breath. There's foam at her mouth. With a sudden rush the horn snaps at last and her body crashes back onto the table, completely exhausted. Imagine checking her life signs and realizing she's passed away, some vital part somewhere simply shutting off in response to the nervous system being overloaded. Tear-streaked, sweat-covered, foaming at the mouth and stained at the crotch by piss, a pathetic sight for a former contender for Elden Lord. Imagine tossing her into the shunning grounds for disposal.

# It's Type B ryonasnuffbestiality again (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

>leave for a couple months  
>come back  
>/erg/ is still as degenerate as before  
mfw

Imagine her carefully, very carefully aggroing one single Caelid dog away from the pack and off to the side. Imagine her sandbagging a defeat, getting increasingly wet and horny as the dog assaults what it thinks is a beginner Tarnished wearing basic starter gear(she's stashed all her endgame-level stuff nearby behind a rock, just out of sight but not too far out of reach). Imagine her popping a perfume bottle of powdered Bewitching Branch essence and shaking it about so that it affects both her opponent and herself. Imagine her just happening to get knocked over into doggystyle position, the anticipation on her face when the rotdog mounts her like a bitch and starts thrusting blindly, its swollen bright-red cock clumsily slapping into her arse and her thighs. Imagine the exhilaration of her sexual release when it hits home and slides right in, angling straight towards her cervix. Imagine her reaching eye-rolling chain orgasms thanks to the Bewitching perfume. The heat and soreness of the slowly building !Scarlet Rot! only adds to the pleasure, contributing to her overstimulation. Nothing else in the Lands Between can compare to this.

Imagine her suddenly losing the guidance of grace mid-rut.

Imagine the rush of fear shooting through her body. The realization that her indulgences had managed to cross the line and that she had caused the loss of her own immortality. The horror of it. The clenching of her body only excites the rotdog, which begins to thrust harder. Her attempts to crawl towards her concealed equipment pack irritates it and it clamps her neck in its jaw with a growl. Imagine her freezing in fear, trying to think up her next move clearly even as her body hits another climax. She's not the only one. She realizes the danger too late. The knot plows in. She feels the rotdog's cock spasm and its tainted cum flow, the heat blooming in her belly. The !Scarlet Rot! ticks up rapidly. Boluses out of reach. No escape, no lifeline. It's over.

# Invader & Coop rom-com

**455998285**

hostcels and redtards are made for each other, imagine the steamy sex

**455998490**

which of them is the bottom? which of them is the fucktoy when there are more than two people?

**455998674**

They're both bottoms but their egos won't let them admit it so they both act as tops to try and get the other one to submit. Lots and lots of sexual tension and dom/sub powerplays.

**455998676**

redcels are bratty bottoms

**455999286**

just imagine the play fights that always end up too serious just before one of the submits out of a mixture of fear and humiliation then gets fucked... FUCKEN HOT

**455999423**

Imagine progressing through the game casually with some bros. Just shooting the shit, chatting about random topics as you bumble your way through Limgrave. Suddenly an invader appears. None of you are ready, zero PvP experience, all wearing non-optimal equipment that's a mix of random mob drops and starter gear. You brace yourselves to lose your progress and get sent back to grace.

...Except the red isn't hiding somewhere to ambush you or doing some PvP-optimized build... It's a qt3.14 in witch robes who announces her presence with a "hey!" wave... Type B Young #2 voice... Now she's sitting sideways... When did she swap out her witch robes for slut rags? You and your coops trade looks of confusion. It's an invader but she seems pretty friendly and you being noble warriorchads and everything you think you'd feel a bit bad if you just ran her over unprovoked.

As you're standing around a glintstone pebble flies by causing you and your boys to rollspam on reflex, expecting a barrage. No, just one single pebble. You whirl around to see that the red is

twirling that staff of hers around and, as you watch, carefully and deliberately does a bratty curtsy. You see that she's put on a Shabriri's Woe around her neck. You feel your anger rising...

#### **455999682**

go on anon, we need more

#### **456001678**

She's got 99 VIT and END and nothing else. When she ""fights back"" its just pathetic melee flailing with her glintstone staff that does no damage. But oh does she take a lot of punishment. You and your boys really give it to her. Yet... wh-why does she look so happy? And is she drooling? After she pops her last estus and is on her hands and knees with the three of you standing over her she acts terrified and starts giving this speech about how she's defeated and begging for her life and how she'll do aaaaanything~<3<3<3 if you agree to let her live. Her words and body language seem pretty legit but you can't shake the feeling she's got a bit of anticipation and lust in the glint of her eyes.

S-Surely she didn't come in to sandbag the loss to three big muscular warriorbuild men, r-right?

#### **455999789**

Romcom series about a gold and a red who have secret crushes on each other but refuse to acknowledge/admit it, and a host who sees through it instantly and just wishes they'd go get their own lobby so he can finish the game without getting dragged into hour-long slapfight standoffs.

#### **456000045**

yes pls

#### **456000781**

Wounded red runs away into the woods and the yellow chases after her but you can't follow because mobs are keeping you busy. After dealing with the npcs you notice no message about either of them being defeated appeared. You go after them into the silent woods until you notice the sounds of kissing and moaning. Following the sound you find them kissing vigorously at the base of a great oak. When they notice you like flustered teenagers they break contact allowing you the see the un buttoned upper garment of the Type B red and the undone pants of the Type A yellow. As they both try to make excuses while cutting into each others say allowing no coherent sentence to form you just alt + f4 out of the game.

**456000984**

yea, i'm self inserting

**456001009**

Manga format. Mostly slice-of-life. Host is a generic faceless nobody who just wants to finish the game. Actually competent. Gold is a good boy/girl with a heart of gold and strong sense of duty who just.... can't.... resist.... the allure of the red. NOT competent, in fact almost useless. Red is a bratty girl/bad boy stereotype who starts off disdainning the gold and invading for the runes and arcs. As the series progresses the red warms up to the gold until eventually, unnoticeably, they start invading for the companionship instead of the rewards.

Invades go from the red stomping the gold to "invades" where they spend unnecessarily long times gesturing. Host wises up quickly and just shrugs and goes off to do his own thing most of the time to give the budding couple some space. Gold is too duty-bound and the red is too tsundere to admit their feelings though.

Eventually host gets close to finishing the game. Gold finally breaks and admits to himself that he's fallen in love with a filthy red, red finally breaks and admits to herself she's fallen in love with a pathetic gold, and the two phantoms start collaborating to trip up the host. Mainly with pranks and pitfalls instead of outright violence(to keep the slice-of-life vibe), like running off to lug the Limgrave teleport chest all the way to Altus and trying to get the host to open it.

Host feels a bit guilty but his need to become Elden Lord is simply too great(the person playing him has to go eat dinner) and he finishes the game. Sad scene where the gold and red finally give up their pride and admit their love to each other in your standard manga lovey-dovey confession scene before fading away in a bittersweet ending.

~~The gold mopes around for a bit in his world. Life feels meaningless. Bleak. Barely wants to fight. Eventually he puts his sign down again and, to his surprise, is summoned instantly. He finishes the load-in and opens his eyes to see... h-her!?~~ [HAPPY END]

**456001451**

CUTE!!!! CUTE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**456002285**

imagine the gag manga artist drawing an omake of this in his spare time

# Saga of the Noxschizo

## Chapter Summary

alternate title: Nox-chan found the jar cannon

The wind blew with its monotone voice as it did in the snowfield for many ages. Today the wind's song is accompanied by the crashing sound of a hammer splitting the skull of an albinauric followed not by silence but by mutter occasionally broken with the sound of shivering. Count your days, count them well for, you only left precious few... MOGH... You think you are safe on your stupid rotten rock? You think you can spread your stench and disturb the serenity of Siofra with the cacophony of your vile rituals? You got no chance, you got nothing that could stop me. Not even the words of the matriarch could stop me from coming after YOU. Like a flame in the frigid wind grew the noxian's rage as she kicked away the corpse of the now long past similarly grey skinned being. Standing just an arms reach away from the gateway's swirling energies she steeled herself before the beckoning point of no return.

Her hand with a slow and cautious motion stretched towards the face of the gate. The moment her finger collided with the light like a torrent swallowing ship she was pulled through. Vision distorted, stretched, shrunk and expanded. Colors of the whole spectrum danced and faded in and out then she found herself in total darkness. In the silence of the dark only the feeling of her churning stomach and the violent stench of blood and all that can rot rotting greeted her.

Feeling the way through the narrow tunnel she was able to find her way out. The sight that opened before her was the most disgusting she has ever seen. The blood swamp stretched in front of her, its geysers bubbling and erupting like proud laughter echoed from stone. Gloating of the extent of corruption and decay that plagues the space. The sky covered in sick red light and up to it peered countless albinaurics with wide eyed blank expressions. Their mouths were moving but no understandable or coherent word came from them. She knew beyond doubt that this was THE PLACE, IN THE HEART OF IT

Passing between the mindless fanatics was a tense experience. Each random jerking of their heads sent shivers down her spine. Reaching the shore of the blood swamp the fetid "water" flowed with slow currents.

She hovered her feet above the muck before like a leap of faith the nox boots dove into the sludge. The feet sunk into the rot with the cackling pops of bubbles, at each step the swamp resisted her legs leaving the sludge even for the brief time of taking another step.

Unfortunately wading through the filth was not uneventful. The sound of loud splashing footsteps screamed at her from behind making her turn, the visage of a mostly red human was approaching wielding a long and thin dagger while the man's face was covered by a white porcelain mask but even from under the mask the malicious intent was clear.

The man stabbed but the piercing strike was stopped by the sturdy body of the jar cannon bouncing the blade. It gave time for her to draw the hammer, flowing silver like a whip lashed towards the man forcing him to jump back.

But he was far from done, the next strike targeted her right side but she was even with the big weight of the cannon able to move just out of the blade's reach. It was her turn to strike using the hammer she tried to sweep the man off his feet but with a nimble jump he avoided thinking that he can tire her out and then capture the noxian, so she could be used in ritual as offering. His thoughts were then interrupted by shine of the silver line that led towards him ending in the thinly stretched head of the hammer wrapped around his ankle.

The grey line was tensed and it pulled him off his feet but before he could get up the barrel of the cannon stabbed into his face making his head fall back to the ground. It was over for him just before the fire of cannon shot reached his face only a single thought was able to cross his mind. The bang of the cannon will alert LORD MOGHWYN. With that explosion rang the walls like thunder.

Nearing the edge of the slushy ground her steps quickened by the beckoning sight of solid ground and the surprisingly lush small forest. While moving toward the shore with sprint like speed a big and brutish looking albinauric walked out of the bushes.

It raised his gigantic club like a trumpet as he mimiced the motions of blowing into the thin end ethereal light sparked at the other end with meek and pale hue of red almost with the color pink.

She had no time to admire the weird spectacle because out of the ground roared the sound of something big emerging. An enormous skeleton of transparent light, it's ethereal body glided through the vegetation without even nudging a single blade of grass as if it had the ability to choose what it wished to be touched by.

The apparition with a scream rose to it's full height and one of it's eyes burst aflame with the blue, black and white of ghost flame something she only knew from tales of old used to scare the little noxians.

Shock was unable to freeze her so she took aim and let loose a thunderous shot from the cannon. The lightning infused projectile soared through the air like a falling star that's about to burn away striking the spectral giant. As it's head bobbed back from the impact so did the trumpeters head making their connection apparent.

The cannon fell to the ground and with a dull tud rested while she dashed forward without it's slowing weight. The hammer stretch and shot towards the club of the red albinauric hitting with force enough to make the wielder stumble.

When the brute regained his control over balance the cool silver met his knee cap, shattering it bringing him to the ground where he immediately became the victim of a series of downward strikes. His head at the end resembled a flattened pumpkin.

A sigh of relief left her as the gigantic skeleton faded. Not wasting time she reclaimed the cannon and headed through the forest. Until she reached the ruined stonework of the "palace".

She made her way up to the main building. On the way there the faces of countless gravestones followed her as she maneuvered through the shifting horde of human like rotten beings. They were unaware of her presence.

Reaching the great door's threshold darkness stared back at her. The stoic silence of the space beyond the frame of the door planted the feeling of uneasiness in her but fortune smiled on her in the form of an unused torch on the ground.

She lit the new found tool with the dying embers that littered the ground outside and with cat like caution headed into the darkness.

Inside the faces of gravestones appeared yet again but these were more decrepit and of enormous sizes. As she pushed on shining light on a stone towering even among the huge memorials of the dead, the sound of a knife sailing through the air broke the silence. A figure clad in black robes

decorated with gold and red ruby stepped into the light, one hand gripping a spiraling sword the other a fish spine like dagger.

Wasting no time the figure lunged but as he took flight she too decided to attack. The point of the sword met the head of the mace bending the blade slightly as the two stood for a moment in bewilderment at the unlikely out of this clash of killing instruments.

Then she took the initiative and swatted at the figure with the hulking body of the cannon making him jump back. But she not wasting time and dashed after the shadow striking the blade of the sword in the middle snapping it to the size of a dagger then she jumped back.

The shade not bothered by his weapon's condition took up stance. His show of resolve was met with the hammer shooting it's head at him but missing and striking the tombstone behind. He grabbed on the stretched silver and started to tug on it.

Thanks to the weight of the cannon she was able to not fall forward. This gave time for the stone behind him to crumble and crush him with such an impact that it knocked her down.

As she exited the crypt still coughing ancient dust, the vista of corruption stretched before her reassuring the noxian that putting an end to this is crucial. Heading toward the grand lift it took her to the highest point of this heap of blood.

There the sight of a big egg with an arm sticking out was and before it MOGH himself. He noticed the visitor and spoke. Welcome esteemed guest to th... The bang of the cannon put an end to his two faced greeting as a shot barely hit the ground before him kicking up only dust and pieces of rock.

The lack of courtesy enraged the omen. Both dashed forward, the small frame of the noxian gave her the great advantage of slipping through the openings of the Mogh's attacks. His style of warfare even beneath all the jewelry and fine decoration spoke of his past as a nobody, a brute unloved twisted by desires of power and revenge. The fight raged on for long both receiving plenty of blow. When Mogh sprouting wings jumped back as the crimson energies gathered around him. She took this as the perfect moment to let loose another shot, this time aimed at the grotesque head.

The mark of the shot was hit stopping Mogh's chant but not killing him. When the smoke cleared the lord of blood's freed from half his horns stared back with the light color of exposed flesh. The two yet again charged at one another but Mogh's strikes have grow sluggish from the head injury allowing her to bring monster to it's knees with a shot to the center of his mass.

Now laying on the ground the fiend reached towards the egg saying something without breath. The silent and incoherent words were cut short by the cannon's barrel being pushed into the exposed flesh on his skull. \*BANG\* rang the fire of the mechanism decimating the skull that was the source of corruption.

Exhausted she fell back into the chest of the headless omen, breathing heavily. It only took a single blink and she fell asleep. On waking she turned and Mogh was still dead.

The sight of the still dead, still headless omen washed her over with relief. Climbing off corpse she headed towards the egg. Even after touching the hand the being inside did not respond, it was probably dead too.

Walking past and out onto the balcony. The noxian loaded the cannon with a special shot, ancient just like the threat of this accursed rock. She had to steal it from the antics vault just before departing. It was a noxian victory flare.

She took aim and fired it into the colorful sky of the cavern after flying for a while this special shot exploded into a bright but deep blue light resembling the visage of the dark moon. Then with the full might of her lungs she screamed.

THE NOX EMPIRE WON. THE DARK MOON SHINES.

After clearing her now soar throat she took out a telescope and peered towards the hanging outpost's observation points. The reflections of telescopes on he other side all pointed at her, it felt like a shower of congratulating words.

# Anon's Fury

## Chapter Summary

This isn't really writefaggotry but this exchange was too entertaining not to save it here for posterity

>Maybe Thops doesn't need to die of a stroke at the end of his quest  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Maybe Millicent doesn't need to sacrifice herself for her mom who's been without a needle for hundreds of years and hasn't died from it or anything  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Maybe Sellen can stay in charge of the Academy an-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Hewg and Roderika could go to Stormveil where I've installed some friendli-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Iji, Ranni's gone to the moon, there's ZERO REASON for you to sit by the roadside waiting for the black knife death squad, you can go to Stormveil too, I'm sure they can find you an anvil and some books to rea-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Fia, you're kind of sus but at least you give me hugs, why don't y-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>C... Corhyn?  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Rya, I've done the quest branch that doesn't cause you to kill yourself, I hope this means you don't just fuck off and probably die by yourself offscree-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>Alexander! Good to see you man, how the hell did you get here? Whatever. Look, there's this giant dragon AND a giant dog here that we could fight together, that's a pretty warrior thing to do, right? More warrior than randomly fighting a friend to the death, rig-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>J-Jarburg! An island of tranquility at last. Good to see there are still small pockets of civilization in Elden Ring to remind us it's not secretly a reskinned DaS4. I really love that the devs kept the different themes and overarching worldbuilding in mind when the-  
>Go fuck yourself  
>I did all this convoluted underground shit and the gigacancer parkour section. And I find... Oh hey Hyetta! It's been a while, nice to see you. I'm sure glad your soul doesn't randomly get burned out of yo-  
>Go fuck yourself  
Miyazaki is a one-trick pony who's getting old. Miseryslop fit the Dark Souls games and he managed to pull away from it for BB and Sekiro but he's thrown himself right back at it for zero reason for Elden Ring. Mentally cucked old Jap retard. Fuck you

>Hewg and Roderika

That was an EXTRA go fuck yourself, in that Hewg doesn't technically die, he just gets fucking

dementia so Roderika has to watch him turn into a shell of himself.

don't forget the not hollows and constant ghastly enemies that he also broke away from in sekiro but brought back for some reason

>My dementia-ridden father is stuck inside a burning castle!

That's crazy. Look, babe, I don't mean to be pushy or anything bu-

>No! I'll never abandon my adoptive father! He's all I have left!

That's not what I meant! I... uh, I kind of got a new castle. Of my own. Actually my friend owns it but she swore allegiance to me so... Man feudalism makes things complicated. Anyway. We could move Hewg there.

>W... We could...?

Yeah! I mean he's going through late-stage Alzheimer's now so it's only a matter of time but at least he won't be burning alive in a magic castle outside of spacetime. I bet Gostoc could scavenge up an anvil or two and some random swords for him to smack with his hammer. Keep him stimulated, you know? And you could sit nearby and do your spiritcalling shit. Hey, now that I think about it, it's almost like having friendly NPCs take ownership of an earlygame legacy dungeon is basically setting up for exactly a scenario where NPCs from later on in the game could arrive, as a visible sign of us fixing this broken world just a little bit as we progress on our path towards becoming Elden Lord. Huh. Must be a coinciden-

>No! My demented, Alzheimers-ridden adoptive dad is making no conscious effort to save himself from the encroaching flames so I'll just stay here with him to die together!

But... b-but

>Go fuck yourself

MIYAZAKIIIIII

YOUMOTHERFUCKERRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUGGGHHHFFFGKKFHGKKKKKK

# Ranni and the Twins cuteposting

## Chapter Summary

[Image: fanart of Ranni and Malenia hugging]  
it would be cute and comfy

Anon 1:

My schizo "it's not supported by any lore, but it's not UNSUPPORTED by any lore" headcanon is that Ranni and Miquella(so therefore also Malenia)'s partnership started way back and began as childhood friendship.

GRRM's medieval stuff often includes something called "wards" which is when one noble family takes another family's kid in as a sort of foster child. It promotes deeper ties but serves dual purpose as keeping their kid as a hostage basically. With Radahn off in Caelid and Rykard on Mt. Gelmir I imagine Ranni probably got sent to Leyndell to be a ceremonial handmaid to the empress or something like that.

She's isolated and all alone in the court of a queen who(due to empyrean succession) seems to already be planning on how best to kill her. An outcast. Her hikki NEET tendencies probably started around this time as she ends up always in the royal library reading by herself. An already unpopular spot, now even the nerdy kids of minor nobles flee at her presence, afraid of being associated with a L\*urnian. Ranni comes to spend most of her time alone in silence, reading.

As it happens, coincidentally she's not the only young Empyrean who's a social outcast in the city. Hell, there are TWO more. And one day little Miquella, so young his curse has not yet become apparent, comes flouncing into the library because he'd heard the palace servants whispering about "the creepy Carian bitch" who has monopolized the archives and wanted to be friends. Malenia, already missing half an arm, follows behind him like a lost puppy...

Anon 2:

your schizophrenia is pretty cute anon  
but unironically chances are we will learn more about the connection between  
miquella/ranni/melina/torrent in the dlc, if mike zachariah wishes it anyway, so your headcanon  
might have some truth to it and could be quite interesting lore, i honestly hope so.

>and wanted to be friends

I read something similar to this here months ago about Miquella and personally imagine this is the  
kind of thing he'd do in such a situation

the more I read this over the more appealing it is ngl, I think I'm gonna share this headcanon with  
you

Anon 3:

>little Miquella, so young his curse has not yet become apparent, comes flouncing into the library  
>Malenia, already missing half an arm, follows behind him like a lost puppy  
cute cute cute cute cute cute cute cute cute!!!!



## **Befriend Albinarics**

Befriend Albinarics. Respect Albinarics. Roundhouse kick Albinaric friendships into existence. Slam dunk some healthy fruit and vegetables into Albinaric babys mouth. Love Albinarics. Share some food with an Albinaric. Launch Albinarics into orbit as part of high-paying astronaut jobs. Treat Albinarics like human beings. Warn Albinarics not to fall into active volcanoes. Share life experiences with Albinarics. Watch TV and play video games with Albinarics. Invite Albinarics to parties. Report Albinarics to the Nobel foundation. Karate chop stereotypes in half. Give up your seat for pregnant Albinarics. Free Albinarics from quicksand. Appreciate Albinarics. Eat with Albinarics. Judge Albinarics by the content of their character. Dance with Albinarics with steel-toed boots. Cremate Albinarics in the oven, but only if their family didn't want them to be buried. Dignify Albinarics. Civil rights for Albinarics. Collect Albinarics garbage to put in the garbage disposal. Surgically reconstruct Albinarics with a ray gun. Help old Albinarics cross the road. Admire Albinarics.

## Tarnished + Malenia romance

Imagine, after a long and arduous journey, you at last locate the heart of the storm hidden beyond time. In this mysterious place you'd set out to find, buried deep in the crumbling ancient city of dragons, you were accompanied by a special individual; the demigoddess and undefeated swordswoman of the Shattering, Malenia.

The two of you had journeyed here together from the Haligtree over several gruelling weeks, each with your own motivations for doing so. While your own intentions were not yet made clear to her, she'd seen fit to place her trust in you. Miquella, the brother that was stolen from her during her time away at war had been safely returned to his Haligtree with your aid.

In short, after defeating Malenia at the roots of the Haligtree, you had not dealt the finishing blow but instead granted her mercy. It was unfortunately necessary for things to proceed this way given your status as a Tarnished (who was also carrying an admirable number of Great Runes) and her circumstances with the resurged rot clouding her mind. Rather than a deadly sword blow, you pierced her with the needle of unalloyed gold that belonged to her before it'd been lost in the Swamp of Aeonia. Then, you teleported the both of you to what was essentially the Omen abductor's front door (that peculiar medal you absentmindedly held on to had come in handy after all) and swiftly crushed him, ending his delusional ambitions of blood and dynasties involving the young Empyrean. There had been an issue of how exactly to transport Miquella's cocooned form, but fortunately, it was quickly resolved upon finding a poorly hidden gateway at the Omen's lair leading to the Consecrated Snowfield.

You'd saved one of the twin Empyreans, but you didn't plan on stopping until you saved the other. Therefore, when Malenia had asked how she could possibly express her gratitude, you told her she need only accompany you for a little while on your journey.

The vast arena you stood in, palpably not designed for someone of your size – or even Malenia's – was the seat of Dragonlord Placidusax who you'd found slumbering there upon your arrival. Alas, the once five-headed dragon had finally met his match, now bereft of his last two heads after being introduced to your sword. Strwn across the arena's floor was his mangled lifeless corpse, having returned to his slumber no sooner than he had awoken from it. If you had come here by yourself, the outcome of the battle would have been no different. The challenges you faced, endured and overcome on your path had refined you into a Tarnished candidate worthy of the crown. With that said, you and Malenia's combined strength had quite literally a made a fool of the former Dragonlord.

The final obstacle was out of the way, and it was time to act. To fulfil the purpose for which you had come. You were going to oust two Outer Gods, removing them from the vessels they inhabited. A task that sounded awfully demanding if not downright impossible; thankfully, the execution would be pleasingly simple. You reached for a pocket on your armour to reveal an intricately crafted needle given to you by Malenia, and studied it. This tiny tool you held in your hand was going to serve as your 'god-slaying' weapon.

Descending into a kneel near the centre of the arena, you curl your hand into a fist and unhesitatingly insert the needle's point into your chest. The effect was instantaneous – the mad flame dwelling inside you was snuffed out, greedily swallowed by the needle. The loud sigh of relief (too loud) that left your mouth is followed by the clinking of armour from behind. Snapping

out of your daze, you turn to face Malenia and notice she had a rightfully concerned look on her face, oblivious to what you'd just done. As you stand back up, you clarify that you're fine before bringing your attention once more to the needle. You slowly remove it and, just as you hoped, glean that it still appears to be potent.

Now it was her turn. Carefully avoiding the dips in the stone floor's meticulous design, you make your way to where Malenia is standing and instruct her to 'hold still for a bit'. Admittedly, you were a little worried about how this would turn out. The scarlet rot had been with her since birth, whereas your temporary fraternization with the Three Fingers had been short-lived. What if maybe the needle, as well designed as it was, wasn't yet powerful enough to challenge the pervasive curse that long domineered over her? If coming here and your journey had been all for naught?

Standing directly in front of the towering demigoddess, you're again reminded of the sheer size difference. You step in a little closer, determining with renewed confidence it'd be best to get on with what you came here for. Your brief lapse of faith in the needle's power had stemmed from a fear of failure – but why? It wasn't at all like you, and it was vexing. In your confrontation with Placidusax just minutes ago you were composed, certain in your ability. Even in your battle with Malenia you hadn't felt this way, and she was without question the toughest opponent you'd ever faced. So why now did this same woman worry you so? Where did these unique feelings come from, exactly?

Nevertheless, after a little more consideration, you deftly jab the full length of the implement into Malenia's flesh, just below her breast through the opening in her armour. And once you do, she immediately stiffens and keels over as if she's been electrocuted by dragon lightning and you lunge forward to seize her as she falls. Supporting her back onto her feet, she regains her footing before turning to stare silently in your direction. A look of confusion encompasses her face, shifting to realization and then back to uncertainty, but this flurry of emotions is just what you expected and thus confirms your thoughts beyond all doubt – you've succeeded.

You then travelled with Malenia back to the Haligtree. The scarlet rot had indeed been cured, but only internally, and it had left its mark on her. The damage it wrought on her body while it was with her remained; her amputated limbs didn't magically grow back, nor did the accumulated rot growths and patches on her body disappear. The needle had fulfilled its purpose, subduing two Outer Gods as planned and with ease that didn't correlate with the difficulty their titles implied. However, it seemed it was now up to you to personally finish the job, and so you went. Back to the Haligtree.

Since your initial visit and rescuing Miquella, this was now your third time there. Your advance was made significantly smoother with Malenia pointing you towards a multitude of shortcuts, most being rather obscure. The Haligtree, while visually stunning and alluring, was a sprawling labyrinth for those unfamiliar with it and naturally, you fell into that category. But even with her blindness, Malenia knew Elphael's complex streets like the back of her prosthesis, having spent so much of her life there. You were given ample opportunity to ogle at the city's elaborate architecture and grand buildings as you went along now that you basically had a tour guide with you.

Nearing your destination, you stopped by a storeroom along a dark corridor in one of Elphael's lower levels. Malenia had disclosed to you the existence of custom-made medical instruments that Miquella had used to treat her in times long past, times when he was still around and the rot more manageable. It was why you'd returned to the Haligtree to begin with. You'd been somewhat unsure of what to do after the events in Farum Azula, until Malenia had informed you of this storeroom tucked away in Elphael.

The tools you came for were currently covered in a rather generous amount of dust due to their lengthy period of inactivity. Seeing them as they were now leads you to contemplate the past for a moment. There had been a point where the rot was weak enough that the metal laying before you sufficed to keep it in check, to some degree anyway. But in time, the tools were rendered obsolete as the rot became too much to handle. Then came the introduction of unalloyed gold and prosthetic limbs. And now, all this time later, they were once again required for their purpose. You quickly brush them off with your hands and gather them into a pouch before continuing onwards.

You returned to the site where your battle previously took place; the roots of the Haligtree. You needed somewhere you could tend to Malenia uninterrupted, and the storeroom had even been on the way, so you figured here would be ideal. Taking her by the hand, you amble around the shallow pool sitting in the centre of the room and peer at the scenery around you. The only thing on your mind when you first came here was the woman whose hand you now held in yours, and the next time, you only stopped by briefly to deposit Miquella's cocoon. You hadn't yet taken the time to examine this place unlike how you'd ogled around Elphael thus far.

Looking upon it now, the landscape had a sort of ethereal atmosphere to it. A sunbeam was shining down from the ceiling illuminating the water and a patch of the white flowers decorating the poolside. Visible all around the room was the Haligtree's unnaturally thick tree roots, embedded into the ground and rocks. It made for a picturesque view, like a haven within a haven – an appropriate refuge for one of the Haligtree's leaders. There was one difference, however. Unlike weeks ago, there was no longer an irregular hole in the roots that were visible overhead. Malenia had perpetually waited in this very room for the return of her brother, but unbeknownst to her, in vain. It was you that had put an end to that wait. After you rescued Miquella together and subsequently brought back his cocoon, you'd helped Malenia reinsert it into the roots where it was once ripped out. It luckily proved to be the correct choice, as the Haligtree showed immediate signs of new life with its source of nourishment restored.

You escorted Malenia over to the end of the room where you'd just been longingly gazing. Beneath the sunlight shining into the room but positioned a little off to the side so that it wasn't too overbearing, you sit down together among the white flowers at the poolside. As you take out the pouch you'd filled earlier and begin sorting through the tools within, you observe Malenia out of the corner of your eye. Once she heard you fiddling with the metal, she readily began to strip, first discarding her winged helmet, followed by her chest armour, folding it and placing it upon her lap to conceal her lower half. An absolute gentleman through and through, you didn't plan on just nonchalantly asking her to suddenly strip down once you had reached this point. No, you were going to be courteous and clearly explain that she need only expose the parts of her body where access was vital. But you supposed this was fine too. It wasn't actually that big of a surprise either once you thought about it.

During the brief time you'd known her, the distance between you vanished and you grew close rapidly. One moment, you were crossing swords, and the next, she was referring to you as 'sweet Tarnished' and acting as though you'd known each other for years. It was a stark contrast indeed to her stoic swordswoman persona that you'd initially seen. Your support for both her and Miquella thus far had obviously meant the world to her, and you surmised she was simply the type to hold close and deeply cherish the few people dear to her. It's not like it was a bad thing that she deemed you worthy of being counted among those select individuals. It was an honour and greatly pleased you, in fact.

Malenia sat beside you with both her knees on the ground and her legs folded, with her head tilted away and facing slightly down towards the floor, noticeably apprehensive as she waited for you.

Once you were ready, you shifted in closer and informed her that you were ready to go. After receiving a quick nod in response, you delicately began debriding the rot from her flesh. Starting with her shoulders, then moving down along her body to her breasts and waist, and in time to her flesh and blood limbs. Each patch that you finished treating was wrapped in specially prepared bandages of dewkissed herba to help counteract the remnants of the rot.

Eventually, her lap was relieved of her folded armour – joining the helmet resting atop some flowers – as you reached her thighs, her body now fully uncovered to display the full extent of the damage. You had already seen everything before, of course, though that time was different; a result of the scarlet rot's bloom when you had fought. This was undeniably much more intimate. She was willingly revealing to you her body that had been ravaged by that same rot, inviting you to see the most hideous part of her up close and personal.

Your skin occasionally brushed against hers as you worked, but she did not react; she felt entirely secure in your touch as if it was Miquella himself tending to her, just like before. Although every so often, she would wince from the pain and cause you to halt your movement and worriedly check to see if you'd made a mistake. You felt as though you shouldn't say anything, not wanting to risk either alarming or embarrassing her, so you chose to keep quiet. But at some point, she picked up on your concern and began reassuring you each time she flinched or let out an involuntary whimper. On the other hand, she would emit a soft moan of relief each time the bandages met the raw flesh hidden away beneath the rot, soothing lifelong irritations on her body that were just days ago impossible to abate.

The procedure had been lengthy - more specifically, several hours had gone by with the two of you huddled among the flowers. The sunlight shining into the room was replaced by that of the moon, providing an apt spotlight on Malenia as you were about to see the result of your efforts. You'd intentionally left her face for last as it would likely be the most sensitive spot, and by now you were certain you could handle the task. Finally, you remove the very last of the rot from her face – and grant her the ability to see again for the first time in countless years.

Gingerly, her eyelids inch open – as if she believed it was too good to be true, or perhaps that they were yet too fragile – but then open wide a moment later. Her lips almost imperceptibly part as she slowly gazes around the room, soaking in the surroundings like a sponge in water while you quietly observe. Eventually, her gaze turns directly to you, and she pauses, again absorbing what she sees. Before her was the Tarnished who had fought and defeated her in combat in that very spot, only to inexplicably grant her mercy that she hadn't even felt deserving of. Who had returned the needle of unalloyed gold she had once lost during her battle in Caelid, faintly coated in a bizarre but familiar dew – originating from the one who had given rise to your current determination. Who then led her to Mohgwyn Palace where Miquella had been captured by the hideous Omen, felling him together and returning the stolen cocoon to the Haligtree. And who had freed her from her curse, completing her brother's life work in Farum Azula with the power of time itself.

You're unable to hold back the broad smile that forms on your lips as you meet her gaze. Her radiant eyes, the colour of unalloyed gold, perfect her face like the finishing brushstrokes on a work of art. You already considered Malenia a remarkably attractive woman. She had that comely, dignified visage of a goddess, recognizable even under the rot. Her figure was slender, feminine, but toned from years of sword training and battle. Wavy locks of blazing red hair cascaded down her back like flowing water. Not to mention her rather revealing armour also markedly accentuated her shape. But now, with her body wholly released from the scarlet rot's claim and vivid, golden eyes adorning her face...you were completely entranced by her beauty.

After an uncounted number of seconds of exploring each other's eyes, Malenia seems to remember where she is and bashfully averts her gaze to the ground, tilting her head downwards again but this time with a faint smile present on her lips. You ponder for a moment, before slowly leaning in and wrapping your arms around her in an embrace, being very mindful not to apply excess pressure to the bandages. She reciprocates your touch, gently burying her head in your shoulder. You're glad that she's found comfort in your warmth and listen closely as she whispers a soft 'thank you' into your neck, before repeating herself with more emphasis. It was gratitude for all you'd done for her until now. For her, and for Miquella.

You awaken in Elphael to oppressive beams of sunlight burning into your face and the deafening cries of birds resounding in your ears, leaning into the balcony wall behind you where you'd fallen asleep. As your tired eyelids strain themselves open to be further exposed beneath the sun's powerful rays, you spot the beams of light coming through the Haligtree's thick boughs – now restored and healthy – outstretched over the sea. Instinct urges you to stretch also, but you pause upon noticing and identifying an unusual weight on your body.

Months had flown by since you set out on your mission to cure Malenia and much had transpired following your success. The giant crimson-haired woman peacefully dozing with her head resting on your lap was now Queen, with you taking the place of her consort as the new Elden Lord. She was wearing an elegant casual dress akin to her battle armour, mostly gold in colour with a modest touch of white – a gift she'd received from you on the day of your marriage.

You had spent the late hours of the night happily chatting about random trivial things on your bedchamber's balcony, a frequent occurrence on most nights as of late with you losing track of the time as you whispered and laughed together beneath the moonlight. As a reminiscent smile spreads over your face your hand moves to begin gently stroking Malenia's cheek after pushing aside the strands of crimson in your way. Her skin against your hand is delightfully soft and supple with her body having been completely healed and rid of the scarlet rot, now blemish-free all over. The recovery had been much faster than expected; her Empyrean constitution snatched the reigns of her body with the rot suddenly expelled from her blood, and she'd soon gone back to swinging her beloved saber once more.

With her blade by your side, the shattered Elden Ring had been mended and the Lands Between had begun on the path to its revival. As you again lift your gaze to the boughs above you cast your mind back to the events of the months gone by.

Following her recovery, Malenia's feelings of mere trust and appreciation towards you had blossomed into love with you coming to acknowledge your own feelings in turn; realizing they'd been growing inside you ever since you first beheld her unparalleled strength and beauty at the roots of the Haligtree. The reason for the abnormality in her displays of affection, which you'd noticed were an odd mix of shy but forceful, was presumably due to the absence of this kind of love throughout her life thus far. Her advances made it crystal clear that she knew what she wanted but perhaps due to a lack of confidence was acting on impulse. You figured it would be best to let her set the pace and match it, unless of course an appropriate opportunity emerged to go a step further, and so you endeavoured to accommodate her awkwardness while never being overly pushy; taking advantage of her unfamiliarity was the last thing you wanted to do.

Your long list of duties as Elden Lord had overloaded you with all the responsibilities and burdens that came with ruling over the fractured state of the world. Reconstruction efforts, extensive diplomacy, installing rulers...there was a lot to be done. However, the new Queen bore these burdens with you and together you tackled that lengthy list one step at a time.

One of the foremost items at the top of this list was to see to the revitalization of the Haligtree and ensuring the flourishing of its original vision. On the eve of your ascension, you vowed to Malenia to support her and her brother with their ambition to no less than the best of your ability. Long indeed did it take to get things up and running again with the unfortunate state the Haligtree found itself in, but in time you had reestablished the autonomy that used to be in place during its golden age. It was chiefly thanks to Malenia's leadership and direction that the undertaking had gone off without a hitch.

Right after your ascension, Malenia had rounded up the inhabitants of the Haligtree in the promenade and loudly announced you as her new consort. The crowd's whispered gossiping had permeated the air, curious about the abrupt summons which stole them from their duties. But upon hearing the news, it had been replaced with various expressions of amazement and then by boisterous cheers as celebration ruled over the suddenly disorganised rows of those who had assembled. The union of the Erdtree and Haligtree would have been inconceivable in the past, given the disparity in reason for their existences. Nevertheless, the world order had undergone major change with its two new rulers reshaping it and such a notion was now welcomed.

Once things had eventually settled down enough, you asked her one late evening in the capital to travel with you, once more, except this time without any particular goal in mind. Just the two of you together. With the Lord of Blood long since dead and no one left alive who was stupid enough to try anything, Miquella's safety was guaranteed.

Miquella's current condition within his cocoon was somewhat enigmatic, not only to you but even to Malenia. She'd explained her brother's plans to you, about when he had first embedded himself in the Haligtree so that it would grow with his blood. Although the process had been disrupted midway through, that didn't seem to prevent it from resuming once you reinstated his cocoon. The Haligtree had continued growing and healing since the day you rescued him, and you concluded it was better if you didn't interfere with the Empyrean's designs; you were definitely out of your depth.

Throughout your travels, the two of you had gone on numerous adventures, discovering new places, dungeons, caves and taking in the sights along the way. It had been heartwarming to witness her childlike reactions to the world's beauty, so long obscured from her by the rot. Sometimes, you'd surprise her with exotic flowers you picked out when she wasn't looking, eliciting a blush on her cheeks even redder than her hair, as she delightedly examined their minute details. Your first venture into a cave had been interesting, to say the least. Her other senses had been finely honed during her blindness, and she'd practically guided you through it as if the dark was of little hinderance. Your rides on Torrent were also a bit of a spectacle. While your steed was perfectly able of carrying an additional passenger (you weren't sure where his hardiness came from, but he'd never had an issue with all the extra weight from the gear and items you carried) there was no ignoring the size difference between you and Malenia. She'd tower over you in the saddle but would have to hold onto your chest firmly to not get knocked off during a gallop. It had made for quite a silly sight indeed, but it's not as if you were bothered in the least.

You found yourself almost invariably standing idly by just watching her as her massive saber cut through swathes of enemies. A group of soldiers barely in eyeshot or a veritable horde of monsters standing by a random ruined wagon that she'd charged headlong into and dispatched as quick as the wind. When her blade raised aloft, she transformed. As if she'd gained wings, her form would be enshrouded in a relentless flurry of slashes, gracefully leaping, twirling and swinging amidst her foes, never losing momentum. She was a highly capable warrior with the rot, and now with it gone the full extent of her strength had been unshackled. Her blade was more precise, her assault and

combos more relentless and the sight of it all even more majestic. It was quite frankly stimulating to behold, feeling as if she was now far beyond your ken.

You did not intend to fall behind, however. Your most intense battles were fought side by side, your attacks coordinated in harmony as your sword strokes met your targets, spurred on by full confidence in one another's strength. With the adrenaline still flowing and the blood-soaked corpses still warm you would come together and share a hot-blooded, passionate kiss that often led to one of you being pinned by the other on the ground. Unsurprisingly, it was normally you on the ground given how easy it was for her to overpower you. It had simply happened one time in the heat of the moment following a close call with death, but then it unexpectedly became a recurring pattern at the end of battles that were similarly intense like a sort of celebratory frolic.

When sunset approached each evening, you'd ride together on Torrent until locating a river somewhere along the way, stopping to pitch a tent. It had been crucial to help her bathe as she recovered from the rot since the wounds were prone to infection. And although it wasn't as necessary anymore, you continued to bathe together as you had before. You mutually enjoyed the process of washing her hair. It was fun for you, quite honestly, soaping and repeatedly running your fingers in between her lengthy locks to rinse the dirt, but you also both derived a sense of gratification from the intimacy involved.

Until it was time to sleep, you passed the time huddled close together around a fire, generally exchanging stories but otherwise just chatting, while sharing a meal of whatever game or fish you'd caught earlier on. It was comical how far Malenia could cast a line with her arm strength, and since fishing was new to her, it took a while teaching her how to handle a fishing rod with her prosthesis. The stories she had to share were predominantly those of war, and you had told her of accomplishments and difficulties on your path to the throne, which utterly captivated her since you'd been through so, so many formidable battles for just one man. Just as she had achieved a great deal of incredible feats in battle, you had achieved your own. You'd smile proudly when impressing her, while laughing together at your more light-hearted memories, most revolving around the eccentric individuals you had encountered and befriended. Her laugh was adorable. Sophisticated, befitting someone like her, but at the same time unrestrained and animated. It was typically preceded by a devilish grin as her golden eyes lit up, contagious and always forcing an irrepressible smile from you in response.

Later in the evening, you'd routinely remove her prosthetics to scrub off the dirt built up from days of adventuring. It embarrassed her a little, but even so she always enjoyed the process since you would take the time afterwards to lovingly massage the stumps of her limbs before reattaching the prosthetics. When it then grew darker and it was time to sleep, she would sheepishly probe you for cuddles until you acquiesced and soon, you began offering of your own accord, spending each night enveloped in each other's arms, typically in spooning position with her iron grip securing your hands. Every morning, without exception, you would remind her as she woke that she was beautiful to make sure she didn't forget.

The first time the two of you had truly 'slept' together was in Liurnia, on a colder night than usual for the place, and you'd just been getting ready for bed. Malenia said she wanted to stay by the fire a while longer, and so you went on ahead of her to prepare your sleeping bags. A detail that seems telling now in retrospect is that you had been discussing her earlier life in Elphael, and she'd hesitantly shared with you private memories regarding the damage the scarlet rot had done to her childhood and state of mind. You only connected these dots later, but her venting these suppressed, long forgotten thoughts must have been a sort of final nail in the coffin for her recovery. It had given her the boost of courage needed for what followed.

After lingering outside for longer than expected, the tent flew open and she kneeled in front of you, gripping your shoulders while leaning in for one of her vigorous kisses. A little out of the blue even for her, to be sure, but you welcomed it. Only after breaking away, you noticed she was trembling erratically and panting; her cheeks were visibly red and her eyes hungry, burning with desire. Like an animal in heat. Her grip on your shoulders tightened, and a whisper passed her lips with the warm breaths hitting your face.

‘Take me, Tarnished.’

Until then, you’d maintained your considerate disposition. She was lacking this type of love all her life thus far as you’d previously gathered, so you weren’t going to move too fast and make her feel uncomfortable. But now this all of a sudden? When you heard her unanticipated request and naturally expressed your surprise, she moved her hands from your shoulders and took hold of yours, guiding them to her chest to clearly prove she meant what she’d said.

From there the situation escalated, and you were soon making love to each other as lust overtook you both. You’d taken the lead since, despite her enthusiasm, it was still a first-time experience for her with the rot formerly forbidding her from any such act. As a result of that, as well as some residual nervousness, she was awfully tight, and it took some time for her to relax. Eventually, her moans of pleasure transformed to those of unbridled ecstasy as you slid inside her core while she sat on your lap, her breasts stiff and prodding at your chest with her arms and legs tightly wrapping around your back. She was always clutching some part of you as you romped within the confines of the tent; as if she couldn’t bear the thought of losing your touch for even a second. No matter what position you found yourselves in, of which there were many throughout the night in attempt to facilitate each other with the size difference, she continued to hold onto you with her overwhelming strength like her life depended on it. At some point, it came to an end with you falling onto your back, exhausted, drained, and with Malenia still loosely hugging your body, no less affected than you were despite her godly stamina. The fire outside had long since burnt out and the moon had crept its way far across the night sky. She shortly fell asleep with her naked body nestled in your arms and face pressed into your chest. You joined her not long after.

The next morning, she awoke to you planting soft kisses across her body, running them down towards her tummy, then her waist, until eventually reaching her womanhood. A quiet mewl escaped her mouth as you began working your way inside. Emboldened by the previous night, she confidently pushed your head closer with her left hand, pulling you back out for breaks as she began to find a rhythm to her liking. You stayed there for a good long while until you were sure she was satisfied.

That morning you had an epiphany. There had been times in the past where you’d caught her examining her skin, searching for something that wasn’t there. You hadn’t quite understood why; now though, it seemed to make sense. The rot, like a parasite, had done lasting damage to her mind and she still felt its presence even this long after her body had healed. This was no doubt the source of her self-consciousness regarding intimacy.

Upon reaching this conclusion, you had spoken to her after your short sexual session. Rambling and apologising profusely for your foolishness for having not understood the reason her troubles sooner and how obvious it seemed now in hindsight. For once, it was you showing vulnerability and her on the receiving end. With a sad smile on her face and her golden eyes filled with love gazing into yours, she took you by the hands and declared that now, she was okay. You pulled her into a tight hug and didn’t separate for a very long time, simply enjoying each other’s warmth in silence but conveying your feelings better than words could have ever possibly hoped to.

You conversed a little longer after that to lighten the mood, before beginning your preparations for the coming day. That period thus marked a major development in your relationship but more importantly the point at which she regained her lost pride.

The events of that night and the morning after then become almost a nightly occurrence, frequently experimenting with new positions to account for the difference in height and body size and falling asleep tired in one another's arms, with her quickly becoming even more dominant than you after only a few nights. She had begun to smile more, and you noticed an increase in her displays of affection throughout the day, with her now confidently striding up to pull you in for a hug or a kiss unprovoked, surer of herself than before. In fact, she could be slightly overenthusiastic and dominating at times, just like in bed, which led you to think you might have misunderstood her. She was without a doubt new to these experiences, but you got the feeling her self-consciousness was the only thing preventing her from learning much earlier and at a much faster pace. In other words, well... Malenia now made it very clear you 'belonged' to her to absolutely anyone who saw you together.

Once your travels had reached their end, you retired to Elphael with Malenia and decided to start living there. Your shared responsibilities from your new positions dragged you away when it was imperative, but for the most part you now spent most days peacefully wiling away the time in Elphael's treetop towns while also assisting with its management.

There was a secluded rooftop garden in upper Elphael, lying just beyond a narrow street not far from you and Malenia's bedchamber, that was claimed as your private dining area. Her meals in the past tended to be purely practical, for the sake of merely sating hunger rather than for enjoying and thus had not been very luxurious – doubly so on the warpath. Even with just the limited ingredients you picked up while adventuring together you'd easily managed to awe her with your cooking, receiving some endearing reactions from her as she tasted your recipes. Yes, it was cute, but seeing this also really bothered you. She deserved better, and you decided she would receive exactly that from now on.

The Haligtree's kitchens and pantries had now provided you with basically free reign, and so you sort of became Malenia's personal chef. All her meals for the day were now lovingly cooked by you, but she'd regularly offer her assistance whenever possible. Her prosthesis made it tricky to handle some of the tasks that cooking entailed, but she enjoyed helping in whatever way she could, and you of course enjoyed her presence.

She was also positively exuberant to have company at dinner that properly understood her interests. That is, you listened with joy as she'd ramble on about advanced battle tactics or experimental sword techniques she wanted to try in the past but couldn't due to a lack of an adequately competent sparring partner. Which later formed the reason for your daily sparring which often saw you being knocked on your ass after she'd gotten carried away.

Her flashiest sword moves had always fascinated you, so you resolved to take a shot at learning them under her tutelage. Surprisingly, even with your capabilities as a Tarnished who had become Elden Lord, they were incomprehensible and evidently beyond your grasp. At first. Malenia had been a very patient teacher, and after many more instances of you being ridiculed, unfittingly so for someone of your station, you made some headway. You'd learned to perform a series of one footed leaps and slashes of your own albeit not quite as graceful as hers. But regardless of who came out on top of your rather fierce spars (to onlookers it always seriously seemed like a battle to the death) you'd head to the same place after growing tired and gaining an appetite. Up to your little garden

sanctuary overlooking the ocean for a meal, and sometimes sharing a bottle of wine from the Haligtree's bountiful vineyards.

Malenia had built up an enormous collection of weapons (and some spare unalloyed gold prosthetics) in her bedchamber that was nearly doubled in size after you moved in. Sabers, curved swords, straight swords, thrusting swords, spears and scythes primarily comprised the selection, several notably being the same used by the Cleanrot and Haligtree soldiers, with a handful of what looked like prototypes you initially thought you'd seen before. Needless to say, you had built up a diverse collection of weapons yourself from your journeys. On special occasions, you presented to her some of the more rare and impressive pieces, usually earning a gasp followed by a nerdy – and unbelievably cute – explanation on the weapon's origins as she fawned over its design. It's not like you had any idea where your slain foes had gotten them, but most times she passionately clued you in.

One day though, you were struck by an idea. You came upon a travelling merchant in the Altus Plateau who had sold you a slightly tattered but otherwise well-kept teddy bear plushie. According to him, it had belonged to a war orphan many moons ago, and you'd purchased it on a whim but with Malenia in mind.

A few days later, in place of your usual gift of an unusually shaped but ornate sword or unnaturally lengthy katana, you'd instead placed the plushie in her hands. She'd been bewildered, at first. But not ungrateful. She thanked you, and while you were unsure if you had made the correct decision, the same intuition that led you to purchase the plushie now told you to trust yourself.

You walked in on her unnoticed around an hour later and, to your shock, witnessed her playing with the teddy bear atop the foot of the bed, while kneeling on the floor below it. Manipulating its fluffy arms while smiling like a little girl. A little girl who was experiencing a normal childhood for the first time in her life. You smiled and stepped away from threshold, quietly so as to not disturb her. A new collection had then started just adjacent to her weapons; made up of soft and cute plushies carefully hand-picked by you, rivalling the wide assortment of items either side of them in number.

A warm sensation on your hand rouses you from your daydreaming. You look down and see Malenia clasping it in hers, eyes still closed and a gleeful smile covering her face like a dog receiving a belly rub. Tucking in her knees towards your outstretched legs, she nudges your halted hand, silently asking for your continued caress. When you oblige, her grip loosens to facilitate you, but her hand remains where it is. Once more caressing her cheek, your eyes shut as you take a moment to think. If this is the life that fate had bestowed, then you have no complaints. Until the end of your days, you were more than satisfied to be by Malenia's side and to support her with anything and everything.

Overcoming your fatigue, you summon the energy needed to move your body. One arm wraps around behind Malenia's knees and the other reaches beneath her back, bringing her into a bridal carry as you lift both of you up with rehearsed and assured movements. After you bring her up, she promptly places her arms around your neck and leans into your hold, nuzzling her head into your neck. A warm bed lies waiting for the two of you just beyond the balcony's archway, where you'll relieve your weariness in each other's embrace, as you always do.

## **Boc x Type B (NSFW)**

Imagine chaining Boc up and feeding him on a diet of nothing but turtle neck meat. Doing so until it's mating season for demihumans and he's in heat. When the time comes, you carry him around in a big reinforced crate and intentionally stop feeding him a few days to guarantee his hunger. Sneaking up on a Type B's campsite you prepare your bioweapon for deployment. You quietly place the crate down and turn it so the lid faces the sleeping Type B. You give boc food again, slipping it through the air holes. Turtle neck meat. Broiled crab. Exalted flesh. Famished, he eats it all. Next, uplifting aromatics and bloodboil aromatics are dumped into the crate. You hear him cough at the intensity of the perfumes, but the crate is heavy enough that it's muffled so the Type B stays unaware. Next you open the lid just a little. When Boc sticks his snout out gasping for fresh air, you jab him with an entire thicket of bewitching branches, taking care so that you're out of his field of view the entire time. From the slight opening in the lid comes a pitiful needy whining noise and a thick musk smell immediately identifiable as very much NOT coming from the perfumes. Quickly casting Golden Vow for good measure, you position yourself behind the crate and abruptly open the lid. Boc shoots out in a blur in the campsite's direction and, his frenzied demihuman senses catching a whiff of feminine pheromones, homes in on the resting Type B like a missile.

Normally Boc wouldn't hold a candle to the martial abilities of even low level Type B's. Too weak, malnourished, and pathetic. But this Boc has been chemically conditioned into something else, something new and terrifying, and with the element of surprise on his side it takes him only seconds to subdue the Type B and start frantically rutting into her in a mating press while she tries to scabble away from her attacker. It's useless. He cums directly into her womb with a roar, the first seeding of many. She WILL be pregnant.

## Hyetta begs for money

Hello? Is someone there? Would you mind donating any runes in your possession to me? I've had poor eyesight since birth, I'm saving up for eye surgery and the perfumers charge thousands and thousands just for a checkup. The healthcare industry's gone to shit ever since Queen Marika disappeared. Huh? Of course I'm a monarchist. The Golden Order's to blame for the inflation of food prices and the collapse of the construction guilds since they can't use skeletal labor anymore. The economy was great when Marika was in charge, but it's just been a downward spiral ever since she left, the central Leyndell bank's monetary policy was always based on Marika's insights but the idiots think they've internalized her wisdom, they call it the Leyndell school of economics and they've been wrong about every single prediction they've made. When they raised the interest rates the entire farming sector collapsed and drove tens of thousands of peasants to suicide to escape hunger, and hundreds of thousands more off of their farmland to wander around aimlessly until they get eaten by wolves. Even my father's castle is in disrepair, the menials haven't been paid for months now because the economy is in shambles. I left before the menials rebelled and ate me alive or something, father wouldn't believe me when I said they'd not stand for it for much longer. Godrick the Gilded-Ass isn't helping matters with his obsession with grafting since he wastes all the money he gets from taxes in a vain attempt to become popular, except he just gets more and more disgusting each time we meet. And what's with his son? The Golden lineage my ass, I've never seen an uglier basta -- oh, sorry, I'm rambling. Anyway, could you give me some runes? I don't have much to offer but I can give you a handie if you like, I'm 3400 runes away from being able to get my eyes fixed.

## **Miquella helping take care of Malenia**

Imagine Miquella desperately trying to save Malenia's left arm. It's rotting and falling apart in his hands and he's frantically Erdtree Healing rotted patches of skin and reinforcing it with golden thread. Imagine him using the Scarseal Marika gave him to help his research, increasing the weakness of his already fragile body to the point of near mobility, but giving him the little extra scientific and magical prowess needed to inch towards his goal.

Imagine after it's all over and the arm is now fixed and no longer in danger of falling apart, Malenia apologizes. She regrets being such a burden to Miquella, how he constantly has to care for and worry about her. For how he seems to spend more time on treating her than blessing every other sickly resident of the Haligtree combined.

Imagine Malenia having cruder versions of her leg prosthetics at this point but no arm. While her godly strength transfers to any limb she uses, Miquella hasn't figured out how she could articulate subtle movements just by rotating her shoulder. Not yet. Imagine she's stuck with her left arm in direct parallel to Millicent in her early quest; she can and does still fight, and win countless victories, but she's nowhere near where she should be. Miquella notices that she seems depressed. With the loss of her sword arm she's losing one of the only things she truly enjoyed, training her swordplay, sparring her knights, and ascending greater and greater heights of strength.

Imagine Miquella's determination, to lovingly remake the lost parts of Malenia's limbs. To reinforce her thighs with the same thread so they stay healthy too. To make new lower legs indistinguishable from the old down to having purely decorative fingernails; she would feel normal again. To craft her a new sword arm that feels and operates just like her old one. And to implant her sword into her new arm so that, as long as she wishes, she will never be without it again. She will never feel like a burden again.

## Breeding a Bloodhound Knight (NSFW)

Envision if you would a scenario where you find yourselves having just barely won a life or death struggle against a particularly tough enemy. You down your last flask and are still riding the adrenaline high, and that primal lizard portion of your brain does what it does best when it realizes you almost died and demands you leave a legacy behind. You look upon you knight, silent as always save for the barely imperceptible sound of panting beneath her helm. You've never once felt the need to order her to do more than stand down around comrades when she got overly defensive, but now you find yourself wondering if perhaps she'll truly obey any command. You tentatively order her to remove the lower portion of her armor. She holds your gaze for a while and for a moment you begin to wonder if perhaps you've overstepped a boundary. You'd be lying if you said you don't feel a wave of relief and anticipation as she sheathes her weapons and does away with the clasps and straps holding the armor in place. You stride towards her as the last of the protective armor slips away and, as if anticipating your next command raises her hips to present herself to her lord properly. Her ass is firm and yet delightfully supple beneath your fingers. As you paw at her you can just barely hear the faintest gasps as she shudders beneath your touch. As you trace her rapidly dampening sex with a finger you hear it; the barely stifled ghost of a moan. That does it. You tear away your pants like a man possessed, determined to see just how long she can hold her vow of silence and plunge yourself in her. The tightness and heat are almost unfathomable and her depths coil and contract around you with such vigor as to make pulling back a herculean task. The air is soon heavy with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh and you grip her hips and drive yourself into her again and again.

Beneath you she continues to try and hold firm to her vow, an internal battle that she finds herself losing as the soft coos and mewls she struggles to contain make themselves more prominent the longer your assault on her goes on. She claws at the soil beneath her as if scrabbling for purchase, beneath the helm she bites down onto her lower lip to try and quell the noise as she feels the heat in her core rising with each animalistic thrust. For your part the increase in vocalizations only spur you on more. As you hunch over her prone form to fill her depths even more one of your hands explores the flesh she's exposed to you until it finds a home on a swollen nub atop her sex. The tightness goes from unfathomable to almost painful as she tenses beneath your grasp and finally releases a moan above a mere whisper. Taking this as a sign that the dam is breaking you continue your assault with renewed (level) vigor. She's panting like a beast beneath you as you both rapidly find yourself approaching the zenith, then it happens. The tip of your shaft kisses the entrance to her womb. Your lady knight arches her back- a no doubt difficult task given the shape of her armor- and releases a songlike cry as she climaxes and her insides writhe around your shaft as if alive. The combination of her vocalization and the sensation sends you over the edge and your seed spilling into her cervix. You both stay like that for a while as you pump more and more of your virile seed into her greedy womb. When you finally pull yourself free of the knight her walls almost seem to tug at you as if trying to bar any exit.

The next few hours are rather awkward as you clean and redress yourselves. The lady knight while still refusing to speak seems a bit put out about having allowed her voice to be heard but otherwise remains her usual taciturn self. In the weeks that follow you find yourself making use of her several more times. At some point you begin to notice a change in her. It's nothing physical as she remains an incredibly lithe and lethal killing machine as always, rather its a change in her demeanor. She's gotten notably more clingy and protective towards you. Whereas before a single word was enough to keep her from pushing herself between you and your associates you now find yourself having to

tell her multiple times not to raise her weapon to Melina whenever she appears to turn runes into strength, you also had to physically restrain her at one point after she disemboweled a Rune Bear that attacked you and started wildly hacking at the clearly already dead animal after it fell. The biggest change, the one that scares you somewhat, is that every now and again out of the corner of your eye you catch your knight rubbing her abdomen and softly cooing down at it.

## Anon reflects on rot dog """"lore"""" develop and get codified into what it is now (NSFW)

ngl watching the whole ryona and rot dog """"lore"""" develop and get codified into what it is now has been absolutely fucking wild

i remember when it started with some nipnong translating Sellen's dialogue in jap being kind of rapey and people joking that immortals like her are perfect for eternal sex slavery and then people going "haha same for all the other immortals like tarnished girls"

over the past few months i've watched as it went from just "lol imagine a qt tarnished girl sex slave" to increasingly ryona stuff like them getting captured and fucked by a bunch of different enemies(some of the longer bits of writefaggotry from this era is actually on the ao3 i think)

in typical 4chins fashion the counter-circlejerk came and it became type b tarnished who were the rapists, not the enemy mobs. we had a couple weeks of people joking about type b's being a plague of sex offenders going all over the LB fucking everything using their immortality to have no consequences and a lot of "why are type b's such sluts, /erg/?" baits

that lasted until someone brought up how losing grace happens and how it might interact with type b's caring more about sexual pleasure than becoming elden lord

and that led to the [BAD END] era which has culminated in rot dog knotting snuff which seems to be the end point now since that's what's continued for literal months to the point where half a year ago the only posts about dogs on this general EVER was to complain about them being annoying to fight and now it's all "you just know" and le funni type b ryona references, to the point where you can just post a screenshot of a caelid dog and everyone who posts here regularly understands the meaning instantly

some sociologist/historian really should study this shit, it's like a twisted form of subcultures forming with their own lore and mythology-making or something

## **Elden Lord Tarnished + Malenia marriage**

Imagine coming home exhausted after a long day dealing with your many responsibilities as Elden Lord. Your wife, Malenia, greets you as you return, having already finished up with her own duties and smelling wonderful after a bath. While you ramble and moan about your gruelling day after she asks, you're suddenly cut off as she scoops you up and begins carrying you off to your bedchamber. Too tired and burdened by worries to care, you put up little resistance and allow her to do as she pleases. She kneels on the bed, with you still in her arms, and inches over to the centre before placing you down and laying just adjacent. After stacking two pillows beneath her hair to form an elevated headrest, she guides you into the fetal position and lifts your head onto her tummy, thinly covered by a silk dress, providing a warm – really warm – and soft sensation on your face. Just like that, all of your troubles seem to disappear in an instant, taken somewhere far away as your body submits to the warmth and comfort offered. As Malenia begins to stroke your hair, your eyelids quickly grow heavy, and you're whisked off into a peaceful slumber.

# Noxschizo's CYOA

Alright anon, you are an omen, not the big and strong kind but basically a twink omen. Where does your adventure start?

>Lyendell sewers

>Evergaol in Altus

>Perfumer ruins

=====

How would a twink omen look like? Anyway, definitely "perfumer ruins" for reasons.

=====

>Perfumer ruins

You wake up in a cold and damp place. You try to move but you only manage just few inches of movement before the chains attached to your neck and wrists stop you. The room is dark and echoing but a dim light shines from the door of the chamber.

Its quiet, your breathing and the rustling of your chains are the loudest things in the room but you start to hear the sounds of footsteps coming closer. What's your next action?

>Struggle to get free

>Stiffen and try to be as quiet as possible

>Scream into the direction of the footsteps

=====

Since I just woke up there, I would probably continue to struggle

=====

>Struggle to get free

You struggle against the chains, the feeling of the rough rusted iron and the slimy mixture of dirt and sweat causes great discomfort but you keep on struggling. You exhausted yourself but the chains tauntingly stand firm.

The footsteps are close then the room is brighten by the light of a candle held by a perfumer at the threshold of the room. In the other hand of the perfumer is a bucket. When the perfumer got closer the contents of the bucket were splashed on you. It was freezing water, cold enough to make you uncontrollably shiver then the perfumer spoke. "Still alive and here I thought the rats were having fun with your remians". Her voice was rather high pitched compared to the usual perfumer but the disgust towards your kind was just as palpable as the other's. While you were distracted with the mind numbing feeling the cold water gave you, she took out a metal rod with a U shaped end. She caught your neck with the cruel implement and pinned you to the wall then she got closer and started to examine you. "Awfully quite and sluggish today huh?" Without giving you the chance to

answer she jabs into your side with her fist. You recoil from the pain to her delight. "Hehe so you got some life still in you." Then she reached towards one of your horn stumps feeling the not even a day old cut. The touch sends great pain through your spine but you don't have to energy to scream so all you manage is a faint whimper, fortunately this was the end of her visit.

She stepped back and relieved the pressure from your neck allowing you to slump closer to the floor. Looking up all you could see were the blue shining eyes of your torturer before she turned and left the room. Your next action?

>Fade into sleep

>Lament your situation

>Rest then try to pull on the chains again

=====

>Lament your situation

=====

>Lament your situation

The silence is broken by sniffing and the occasional tear splattering on the stone. The emotions of anger, loneliness, regret and despair start to swirl inside your chest. "What did I do? I never hurt a fly so why is this happening to me? I had enough, no more cutting, no more beatings, I want it to end. I will be good just please I can prove it. I can prove it. I CAN PROVE IT!!"

Only the echo of the room answered to these cries with it's mocking delay. The chamber sunk back into silence occasionally disturbed by the sound of tears rupturing on the stone and the sniff of your snot filled nose. After calming down you reach for one of your intact horns and grab it. What's your next action?

>Tug on the horn

>Pull on your chains

>Touch the fresh horn stump instead

=====

>>Pull on your chains

=====

>Pull on your chains

After an hour of rest you decide to challenge the chains again, this time one of anchor points in the wall loosens filling you with hope of escape. The next several hours are spent with fighting the rusted iron, each pull makes the chain groan until your left wrist is no longer bound to the wall. You gave no attention to performing this task silently but luckily no one came to investigate the noise you made. Hours pass and at the brink of total exhaustion you manage to break all 3 anchor points, sadly the cuffs and most of the chain still hangs from you making your movement noisy.

Hope now with the might of a dragon dominates your mind so you head out of the chamber and up on the stair slowly so that the noise doesn't alert anyone. When reaching the top of the stair you

peek out to see what is on the surface. You see ruins with tables filled with vials and other equipment for chemistry and a door leading to the outside.

Passing through it you stop yourself. What's next?

>Go back into the building to seek revenge

>Forge on forward and never look back

>Go back to find something on the tables to put you out of your misery

=====

>>Go back into the building to seek revenge

=====

>Go back into the building to seek revenge

You turn back and search through the tables for any stabbing or cutting equipment. After picking a small knife like instrument your grip tightens around the handle like it wishes to fuse with you. Walking into the next room your presence changes the air filling it with silent palpable rage but no one is there besides more tables filled with the tools of the perfumer trade. You go through a few more room as you slowly make your way through those rooms your rage starts to dilute with anxiety and second thoughts but faint light of a candle in the next room catches your attention. Peeking in from the threshold you spy on the young perfumer who you had the misfortune of meeting previously, she is reading a book by the meek light of the candle with her back turned towards you.

It feel like something is wrong, it feels too easy so you take a bit of extra time to observe the surroundings until your ears pick up on the barely perceivable sound of breathing from another person who cannot be seen from the door.

What comes next?

>Slowly enter the room to kill the perfumer

>Back away and choose to leave all of this behind

>Charge in to kill the perfumer with the help of element surprise

=====

I don't really want to kill anyone, the omen did say he was good after all.

>>Back away and choose to leave all of this behind

=====

>Back away and choose to leave all of this behind

Frozen with the possibilities of things that could go wrong you stood in the doorway for a couple of minutes then all the anger that so far has been boiling in you cooled off. Taking a last look of the perfumer visions of possible torture flash before your eyes, snapping out of it you start to back away from the door but before you left this room the head of an omen killer made itself visible in the weak light.

You froze with shock, your heart pounded with all its might as the grinning mask stares at you then without thinking you place the knife on the table next to you without sound as if you did not want to disturb the reader in the other room. The omen killer weirdly enough did not attack but moved his head slightly almost in the motion of a nod then he pulled back into the room and gently closed the door.

Still almost completely paralyzed with shock you stood there taking in what has happened, the confusion this act of kindness weighed heavy on your mind almost making you forget that you can leave but you gathered yourself and headed out.

On the outside you break into a sprint, the chains hanging on you loudly rustling with each step cheering you on toward your new life as the warmth of the sun behind you started to caress your back you turned and looked back. The ruins now an almost ant sized dot in the distance did not fill your heart with worry of being brought back but instead its small size gave you relief that you were able to leave all this behind

The end.

This retardation was brought to you by Noxschizo productions

# Saga of the Allahposter

## Chapter Summary

Anon 1:

I wish this game had more desert themed armors.

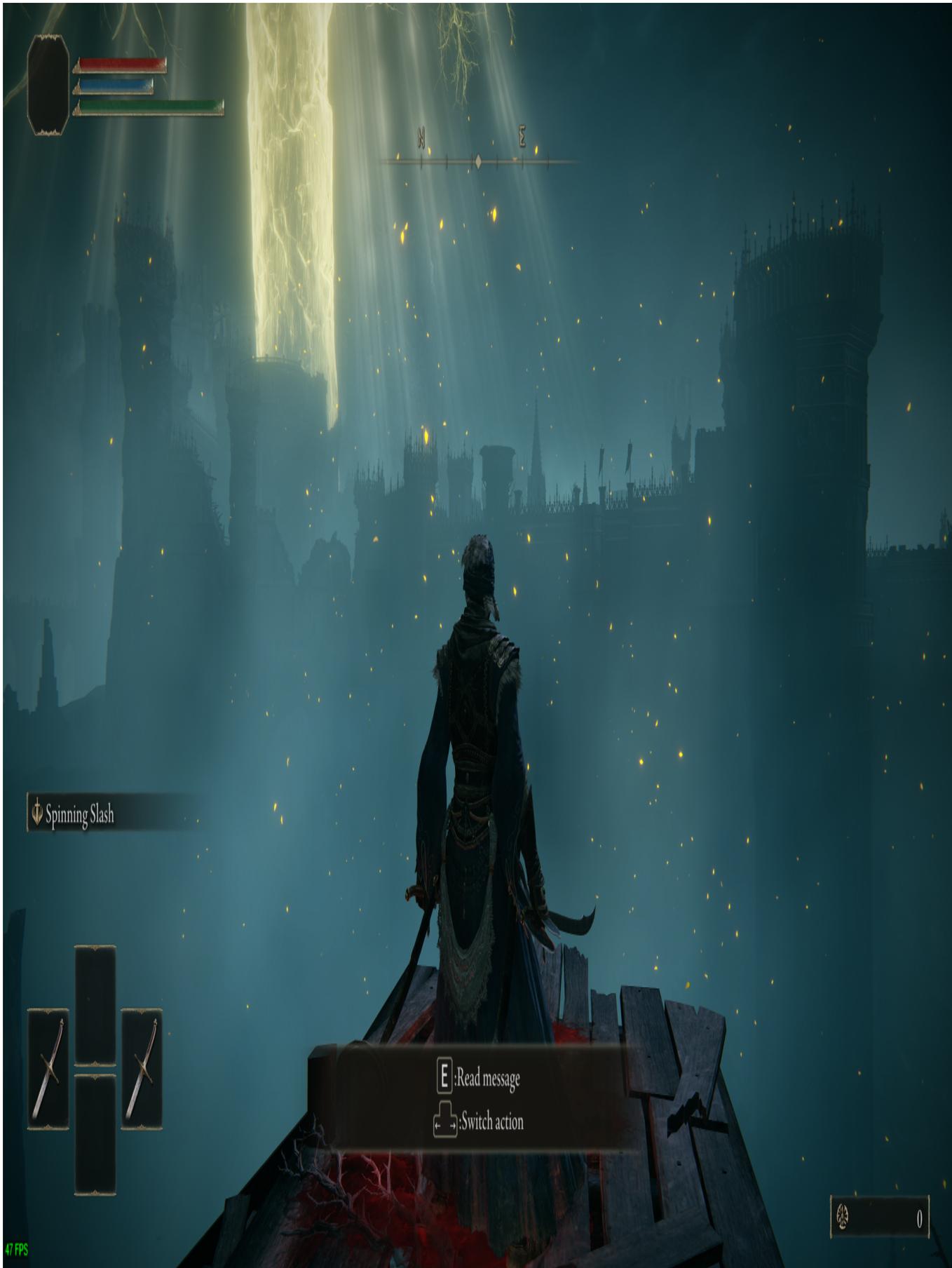
Anon 2:

Just wear robes and headwraps and pretend you're a jihadi. God willing, the kafir whore Marika will be shew the error of her apostasy and her dominions converted to Islam by the point of the sword, inshaallah!

Anon 3:

post the larp playthrough

Anon 2:



Health bar (red), Mana bar (blue), and Stamina bar (green).

Compass showing North (N) and South (S) directions.

Spinning Slash

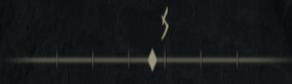
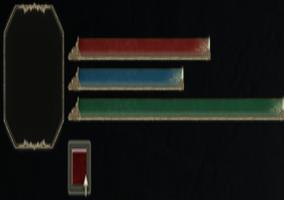
Weapon wheel showing two sword icons.

E: Read message  
[Left Arrow]: Switch action

47 FPS

0

I woke to find myself in a strange foreign land. My last memory was going to bed after having made my final salat of the day. There was a titanic tree on the horizon which stretched to the heavens. At first I thought I must have passed peacefully in my sleep and arrived in the promised fields of jannah, but I saw that the shape of the buildings before me were not of the ummah. Rather they were like those raised by the infidel Franks and Latins. Clearly this was not the blessed afterlife. Fi sabilillah, I must investigate further.



Spinning Slash



Flask of Crimson Tears

E: Touch grace



46 FPS

I was assailed and defeated by an unholy monstrosity straight that seemed a work of the Devil. Strange that though my body was pierced by its blades and I felt my breath leave me, I woke again later in an underground cavern with the voice of a woman and the neighing of a horse echoing in my ears. Perhaps a memory from when I campaigned against the B\*zantines in my youth.

I later discovered a glowing golden thing. Sitting beside it I felt my vitality recover as though I had rested for weeks. A bottle, too, I discovered on my person, filled with a red liquid that bolstered me when drank. This could only be succor given by God, alhamdulillah.



Kick

Flask of Crimson Tears

E:Talk

Switch action

0

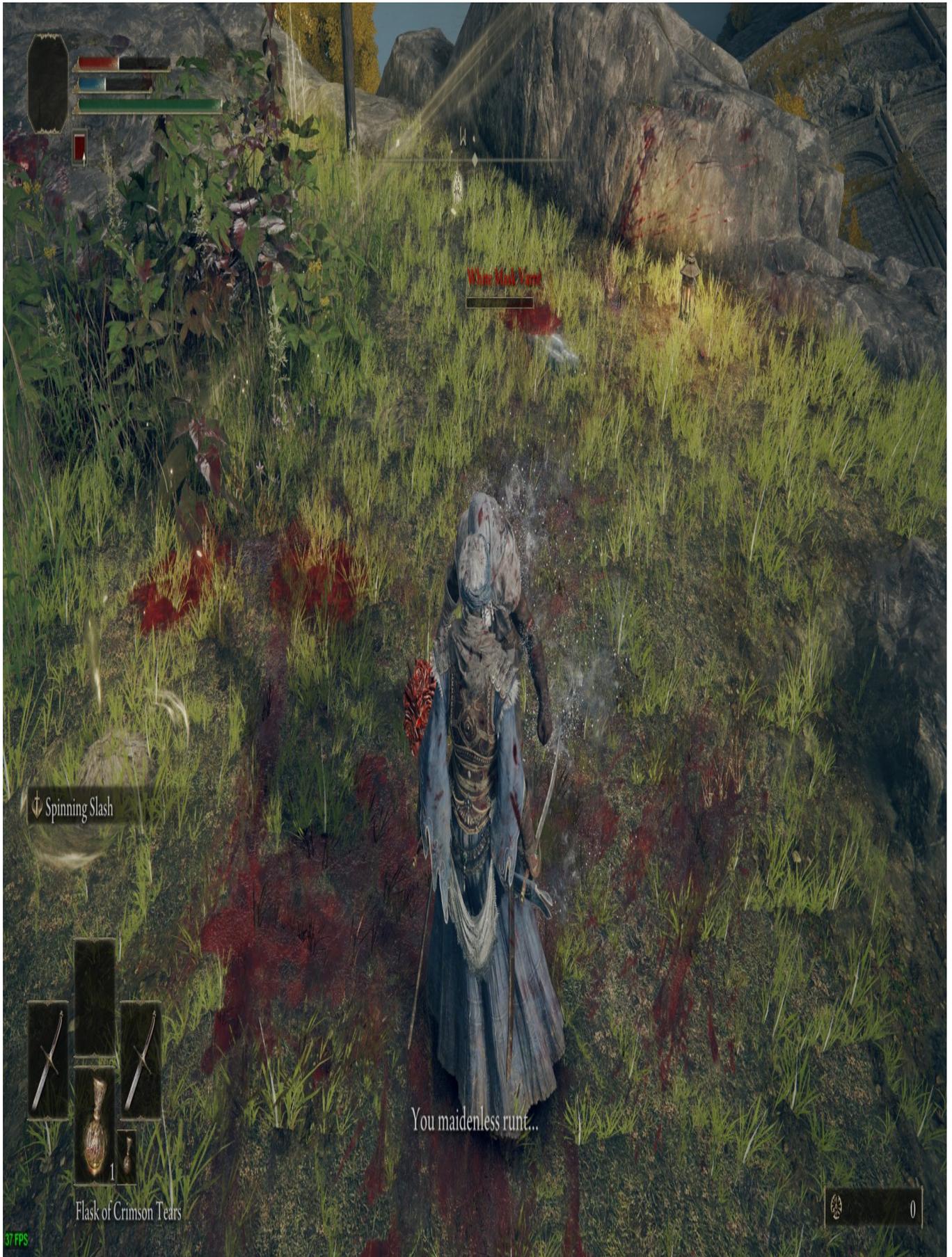
>mfw screenshot file size changes at random depending on where I am so I have to snip bits off the edges

Spotting a living man for the first time since I woke, I gladly stowed my blades and called out, "salaam!" The man simply stared at me. I realized that I must be as foreign to him as this land was foreign to me. Yet as I approached he spoke in my own tongue. Sadly my sense of relief and familiarity fell away soon after when I realized that the man uttered only heresies. Not only that, but he introduced himself with a Frankish name. My hands reach for my scimitars.

=====

Have you tried not making them PNGs

=====



Health bar  
Stamina bar  
Mana bar  
Shield bar

Wine-Mad Yarn

Spinning Slash

Inventory window showing:  
Two swords  
A flask labeled '1'  
A small bottle

Flask of Crimson Tears

You maidenless runt...

0

37 FPS

>tfw have to compromise with the moldy file format

Miracle of miracles, my suspicions were correct. The heathen hayawan slew me with a strange and exotic weapon that resembled a bundle of flowers. Yet I woke again healthy and unharmed nearby. Thus bolstered I slew the Frank and, to my horror, discovered that he had been carrying flayed fingers on him. Barbarous effigies and fetishes for a barbarous people. Thanks to God, he was slain all the same. Truly Allah defends those who believe, and does not love those who are unfaithful.



Leaving behind the mad Frank, I found a great golden salibiyyun patrolling before a ruined church, sitting astride the biggest steed I'd ever seen. But despite his size, I was even less intimidated by this foe, for I was now certain that I was blessed by God. With a mighty cry of "Allahu Akbar!" I fell upon him with my blades flashing. Though the brute was a titan, his heavy plate and clumsy halberd were no match for a man who fought with divinity on his side.



Health bar (red)  
Stamina bar (blue)  
Mana bar (green)  
Small red icon

Spinning Slash

Inventory items:  
Two swords in scabbards  
A flask labeled '1'  
A small jar

Flask of Crimson Tears

3700

41 FPS

Joyous tidings. Within the ruined church I encountered a man who seemed to be of the Bedouin peoples, or a close relative. I may not be as far from home as I thought. Overwhelmed by emotion, I knelt in a direction I felt to be right and made my salah to Mecca.



Health bar (red)  
Stamina bar (blue)  
Magic bar (green)  
Small red bar



Spinning Slash

Inventory icons:  
Two crossed swords  
A flask labeled '4'  
A small dagger

Flask of Crimson Tears

2700

32 FPS

Seeing men clad in the armor of the Franks, I felt my doubts fade away. All the foes I had met so far, save for that multi-limbed demon, seemed of Frankish and Latin stock. The Christians must have broke bread with Shaitan to march alongside such an abomination, and so God must have brought me to this land to be His blade. As the Holy Quran says, I will put them to the fire and to the sword, mashaallah!



Health bar (red), Mana bar (blue), Stamina bar (green), and a small red icon.



Spinning Slash

I can play the role of maiden.

Flask of Crimson Tears

37 FPS

4286

I came upon and cleared out a group of Franks encamped in some ruins. Their skin was mottled, their faces haggard, their eyes sunken and lifeless. I felt a vindictiveness in me as I cut them down. They were already reaping the rewards of consorting with the Devil in this world. Now that I had sent them to the Almighty, they would surely suffer all the more in the fires of jahannam.

Later I found and rested at another one of these glowing places the Lord seemed to have set so that His servants could regather their strength. There I was approached by a yehud woman who claimed to be learned in the mystic arts. Tired by my exertions, I did not rise to immediately strike her down as I had the white-clothed Frankman. Indeed she tried to ply my faith with a gift of a trinket, a whistle carved into a ring, which I accepted, thinking I may barter it with the Bedouin for provisions. Yet when she reached out for my hand, I quickly stood so that I would not be dirtied by this kaffir whore. Maybe startled by the anger in my eyes, she vanished in a cloud of lights.

The skies have grown dark as night settles in. As I knelt down to let sleep take me, I remembered the words of the imams of my hometown. "Patiently persevere, for the promise of Allah is true, and ask forgiveness for your faults, and celebrate the praises of your Lord in the evening and in the morning." Ashokrulillah, I will persevere as Islam's representative in this alien land.



Kick

It's scary, you know. Having your arms cut off. Or legs. Or your head.

Flask of Crimson Tears

41 FPS

"...waqina adhabannar," I intoned, kneeling in a direction I hoped to be Mecca. If I was wrong, may God forgive me this small transgression. "Assalaam alaikum, warah matullah." With my morning prayer finished, I rose to face the day's challenges. I would journey where the golden light of Allah pointed me and kill the demons and the agents of Al Massih ad Dajal which the Latins have summoned onto this earth. Packing up my meagre belongings, I set off.

Seeing a woman covering her head in a hood sheltering in a ruined shack by the side of the, I thought I'd met another member of the ummah at last and, hiding my blades, approached her. Yet when she raised her head I saw that she was of the Franks. She spoke to me of how the lord of this land had fallen to the Devil, and that it was he who had, playing with unclean thaumaturgies, brought forth the shayatin plaguing the countryside. The fear in her voice told me that this woman did not lie. Anger blossomed in my chest. May the guiding light of God point me in the direction of this vile dog!



Spinning Slash



Flask of Crimson Tears

No sense in arguing, I see.

Having discovered this blasphemer lord's lair, I doubled back, seeking the Bedouin merchant so that I could barter some of the weapons I had taken from the Franks I'd killed. Yet when I arrived, I found him in an unnatural sleep which no shout could wake. Gazing around in worry for the Bedouin, my eyes set upon a blue-skinned djinn who was perched nearby. Her concealment blown, she attempted to bribe my obeisance with bells and baubles. Seeing at once that this must have been an agent of Hell sent to seduce the faithful, I did not hesitate and struck at her with my scimitar until she dissipated. As she faded, so too did her ungodly magic, and my Bedouin companion opened his eyes at last. I conducted my trade and left, glad that I had saved the life of a fellow man. Who knows what that servant of Shaitan would have done had I not intervened? If I had arrived later, the Bedouin could well have been dead by its hand.

Travelling on to the Frankish castle again, I whispered a dua under my breath. All thanks and praise to God, who has guided me to save a life. Never could I have found guidance, were it not Him who guided me!

A set of three horizontal bars representing the player's status: a red health bar, a blue stamina bar, and a green magic bar. Below them is a small red icon representing a flask.



Spinning Slash

An inventory display showing three items: two identical curved blades (likely daggers or short swords) and a central golden flask with a red gem. The number '5' is visible below the flask, indicating its quantity.

Flask of Crimson Tears

E: Read message

43 FPS

3023

"What did I do to deserve..."

You died because you would have turned your back on me and betrayed me. I know this because you offered to conspire with me, a stranger and intruder, and in doing so turned your back on your lord. And before that, by serving a lord who had aligned himself with the Devil, you turned your back on God. Undoubtedly the foulest things in Allah's gaze are those who are faithless. I'd sooner strike you where you stand and find this "secret opening" myself.



I am the lord of all that is golden!

At long last, I have found him. The lord of this land who has consorted with demons, who has courted Shaitan, who has laid with tempters and turned his back on Allah. His complexion is sickly as all his underlings, a reflection of their spiritual illness. Worse, more than merely calling forth those multi-limbed ifrits, he has become one of them himself, and to my face declared his claim to dominion over all the works of God! This must not stand! To arms! The trumpet of jihad is sounded. To arms! Allahu Akbar!



Health bar (red)  
Mana bar (blue)  
Stamina bar (green)  
Small red indicator

⚔ Kick

Inventory slots (5 total)  
Flask of Crimson Tears (5)

Flask of Crimson Tears

1523

47 FPS

Whore's bastard, moneylending usurer, sister's cunt, you are the hair of my groin, may Allah open up the earth beneath you that you are swallowed whole, you foul dog. I step on you. May the Devil take you and rake you across hot coals in the fires of jahannam forever.

Having slain the corrupt lord of this land, surely it will heal in time. With my evening salah made, I turn in for the night. Come the morn I will be free to look for a way home. Perhaps it lies past this benighted castle?

## **Breeding Marika (NSFW)**

Imagine the very moment you cum. Finally hilding yourself after an hours-long mating session. Balls deep, the hot meaty folds of her cunt coiling around and milking every single centimeter of your cock. The pressure in your groin has been building, building, building and at last you're letting loose. It's like time itself is slowing down as you glare into her golden eyes, almost primal in your rutting fervor. Your load blasts through the length of your rod, rushing for the end which is perfectly lined up, the tip pressed against her cervix, like the aim of a sharpshooter. She had been trying and mostly failing to maintain the appearance of her imperial and divine dignity but now, the feeling of your molten-hot Elden Lord seed hitting her inner walls is simply too much for a breeder slut like her. The moment your seed splurts past her dilated cervix and paints the lining of her womb, it sends Marika over the edge too and you feel her cunt clamp down and convulse around your bitchbreaker as the glow of her Golden Order sigil-shaped womb tattoo flashes like a second sun. Your groin pulsing, you blast a second rope, a third, a fourth... it just doesn't stop. Your genes flooding into her. Her uterus is completely packed. She can FEEL one of your sperms reach her sacred egg, and that shoves her right into a chain orgasm. She doesn't look so dignified now. Eyes rolling up into her head, tears of joy at the edges, mouth open, a spot of drool leaking, her face flushed a bright pink, her body covered in sweat, every muscle in her divine physique taut as she rides out the ecstasy of fulfilling her biological, spiritual and divine purpose.

Finally your ejaculation comes to an end and you grunt as you start to pull yourself out. The mere friction of your cock dragging against her cunt is enough to send her another climax, one more added to the pile her body was quivering its way through. With a lewd squelch you exit her, her pussy still convulsing reflexively...

## Nox womb lore (NSFW)

Reminder that every single Nox womb is precious. They have always had issues with low fertility rates(hence their obsession with creating artificial life). Reproduction is sacred to the Nox, something that would be a precursor to Marika's Empyrean embodiment of fertility. Mating is so important to Nox culture and religion that it can be thought of as a central pillar of Nox society. The womb of a Nox woman is the most treasured part of her body, the shelter and source of Nox babies that will help bolster the population of the ailing underground race. As a result of this cultural fixation on their uteruses, Nox women often engage in exercises and other practices meant to improve their viability as mothers. They take great care of their bodies because their bodies are, in effect, extensions of their all-important wombs. Beyond the physical, Nox women are also extremely well-educated in both practical knowledge and Nox literary classics and traditions to make them the ultimate mothers. In modern terms, all Nox girls are like PhD holders who simultaneously maintain statuesque physiques and eat only the healthiest diets, all so that during the rare times one of them succeeds in getting pregnant, they can be the ultimate mother to their precious child.

This only makes it all the more horrible when a Nox loses control of her ant and gets dragged away kicking and screaming. Her well-tended cunt violated by some mindless insect's ovipositor, its tip pounding against her cervix like the battering ram of an invading army. The eggs flooding in. Her sacred womb being subverted away from its holy task of birthing future Nox generations, instead doomed to be an incubator for ant eggs and a playground for ant larvae. All her training, all her education, all her care and prayers, the meaning of her entire existence...

...is reduced to nothing as she's pumped full of eggs. Her sacred, precious, pristine womb, now just a nursery for bugs. A cocksleeve exclusively for ants..

## Springhareposting

It was night as you were searching for seeds to munch on, pumpkin seeds are the best you thought to yourself that nice slightly oily taste... Nothing like it. Rustling behind the small patch of grass was brother Hopto.

We springhares are not a social species at first sight but we are all brothers and sisters of the forest. Jumping a few feet towards the next patch of grass in hope of the taste of pumpkin seeds your eyes beheld a sight no springhares has before.

A gigantic rock flaming and clad with a sheet of purple energy crushed into the field just outside of the misty forest. The crash deafening making your ears ring for minutes, looking back at Hopto he too felt it too, on the ground covering he lay.

Rock like forgotten of it's own weight flew and danced in the air like the great dragonflies, rest sister pinny's soul, she was too slow and the dragonflies carried her away.

As the great stones floated up lightning without sound and with the purple colors of lavender arced between them.

Fear at the sight of most certain unnatural event like claws of eagles sunk into your heart but you steeled yourself and hopped towards Hopto. Reaching your brother the shock on his face was unmistakable, you jumped and chirped but no response until his eyes snapped at a fast moving thing.

A horse atop it an armor clad person with shield and spear like charging toward a foe barreled towards the now gaping hole of unholy rocks. Cleansed from all that is instinct and reason Hopto followed the great beast carrying the human, you followed without sparing a single thought to doubt.

The tempo was fast like a mad dash from a wolf. As the purple light of the strange rocks became closer and closer you knew something bad was about to happen but you could not allow your brother to hop on this dangerous path alone.

Each hop made difficult by the imprints of hooves like warning and urging you to turn back marked the path. You chirped at your brother but to avail.

Uneven ground turned to floating rock as you both ventured down the hole. Getting close to Hopto your nose picked up on the reason for your brother's possession. Oh that smell BEST your small nose ever felt and it was made clear Hopto was after whatever the rider had hidden in his bag. This smell was divine, oily and sweet like the seeds wheat and pumpkin combine filling your imagination with endless possibilities of what could be in the bag.

Hopping forward and down between the flying rocks the human with the grace of an eagle jumped from his horse just before enter the hungrily gaping mouth of a cave. That is when you caught up to Hopto.

You both hid behind a rock when the opportunity to ask presented itself. Brother, is it truly the smell that leads or madness has gripped you? Hopto's answer disjointed and unfocused came "WE... we.. cannot let this go... THIS IS THE SMELL, the smell that grandpa Rop has told us, THE smell of the red nectar that founded the clan in the mist forest. WE MUST FIND IT AND BRING IT HOME!!!"

His eye's said it all, not even a shred of madness but the light of one that knows a new are is at hand. Possessed by Hopto's confidence your eyes burned the form of the bag the human carried into

your mind.

With a shrimp you took off, now in lead after the human into the darkness of the cave.

It was not long after you found yourself in a world of no springhare. Stone straight as rays the morning rays of light on all sides enveloped the space with bumps resembling the familiar shapes of herba leafs on the walls.

It was silent like when the bears prowl the woods but the echos of the human's boots perked your ears up to follow so you did through a doorway. Hopping the threshold the cave opened and the shine of the night sky pierced the darkness. As if look at the great beyond at night the ceiling of the cave was covered in light.

Peeling your sight from the night light there he was. The human surrounded by shapeless grayness that periodically formed itself into ash colored sharp sticks to stab. But the shield of the human held strong, he defeated the first then the second blob before the piercing grey stabbed through his stomach. This offence was not left left without an answer for the human using his last breath stabbed and scored a kill.

As he was fading into dust he grabbed frantically for his bag that got torn off in the fight. Almost had it but not quite.

In the strange world of stone and light silence reigned once more, soothing your and your brother's senses as you both hopped towards the bag. Digging through the multitude of unknowable and foreign items until you found it. An almost pear shaped thing, red and gold in color, unmistakably the flask of red nectar. You raised the flask and with triumphant chirp you made known to brother Hopto that the nectar is ours and that a new age for the springhares of the misty wood can being.

# Song of /erg/

## Chapter Summary

Posted in the bleak midwinter when the DLC wait seemed to stretch forever and anons went hollow by the dozens

The game was new, the texts were green  
No shadow on the tree was seen  
No guides on PvP or E  
When anon launched and chose Type B

He simped the simpless Elden Wives  
He coomed and wasted countless lives  
He paused and looked upon /vg/  
And saw a general just for he  
As fight club schizos shook the thread  
With blockfags leaving lobbies dead

The thread was fair, the trees were tall  
In Elder Days before the fall  
Of drawfag chads who'd correspond  
And scribeanon, who now beyond  
The countless boards have passed away  
The world was fair in anon's day

A general on Elden throne  
Shining through endless gacha clones  
With Sellenfags and Jerrentards  
And arguments between lorebards  
The endings good or bad or blue  
Undead, Frenzied, or eating poo  
Malenia simps and Radahn chimps  
And Morgott who made fujos limp

There lorefags from the wiki quote  
There drawfag drew, and writefag wrote  
There clubbed was fight, and low was salt  
Though doomers whined, hope did not halt  
There Poopa, Nox, and Jihadi  
And posts of woodchipping Ranni  
Troonveil and bullgoat, board n' sword  
And Rya cutes were laid in hoard

Undimmed then was anon's grace  
Throughout the map, signs were in place

The hosts begged aid, the coops came  
Invaders died and posted flame

The thread is grey, no DLC sold  
The lorefag's fury is ashen-cold  
No fic is wrote, no summon calls  
The darkness dwells in anon's halls  
The shadow lies upon the tree  
In our FC's, and /erg/

But still the hopium appears  
In the DLC-less doomer's lair  
There lies our cope in shitposts deep  
Til' /erg/ wakes again from sleep

# Fight Club 1: The locker room

## Chapter Summary

Writings about Tarnished characters that show up in /erg/'s colosseum fight clubs

They barely got more than a few seconds into the locker room before it started.

"Can you kill-starved retards stop fucking with me when I'm chasing Grass while she's running away like a bitch?" one of the type B's complained, her arms crossed over her chest. "Seriously, you're so desperate for kills it's pathetic!"

"Kill yourself," another type B deadpanned as she unbuckled her armor, letting her leather chestplate fall to the ground. "This is a fight club."

"Shut up Noktily, I literally cannot hit you when you don't even dodge!"

"Shut the fuck up Poopa, your shamshir has the phantom range of a colossal!"

"It's not MY fault that you drop packets, you skank!"

"Whore!"

"Bitch!"

"What did you call me?" Half-dressed and half-stripped, Poopa pushed her way past the others and got up in Noktily's face. Looked her up and down. "Fucking ant slut."

"Okay, that's it!" Noktily pushed Poopa, hard, sending her slipping on the sweat-slick tiles. One of the other girls laughed at the sight of Poopa falling over, but was quickly shut up when a flailing limb caught on her leg and sent her tumbling too. As the locker room degenerated into a free-for-all brawl, nobody saw who turned on all the showerheads, filling the space with steam. Presumably nobody cared. They were all too busy pulling at each other's hair, aiming kicks at each other's cunts, and trying to grapple but failing due to how wet with moisture they all were.

"Fucking let GO of me, you-"

"-teach you to backstab Storm Assault!"

"Can't run away NOW, huh?"

"Are your nipples getting hard from this? Ew, gross!"

"Hey! Not in the eyes, freak!"

"Carian Retaliation THIS, you bitch!"

>Meanwhile, in the men's locker room.

"Yeah I don't know, I just can't tell if she's really into me."

"Have you tried levelling INT? I dated a Liurnian back in college and she loved that shit."

"Might try it out. But I don't want to change myself for her, you know? I want to stay my own person."

"Yeah I feel that. Nice parry by the way."

"Thanks."

## Fight Club 2: No Buffs-chan

### Chapter Summary

Someone posted their Tarnished gal who simply goes around casting Law of Regression

- >The dark eye circles
- >Her unnaturally pale skin
- >Those bandaged hands
- >Raggedy-looking robe

She gives off the feeling of a minimum-wage wageie who's utterly dead inside. Fresh graduate from the University of Leyndell who took a job at the local colosseum thinking that it would only be a temporary thing. The market is oversaturated with FAI users with degrees in Golden Order incantations though and now, a hundred years later, she finds herself still working at her dead-end job as a referee/"no buffs" policy enforcer at the colosseum. Ever since the Shattering, Tarnished are technically illegal and to be killed on sight by every faction, so, being effectively an illegal immigrant worker with no point of origin, she isn't even making minimum wage. Long hours(dark eye circles), low pay(ragged robes), and dangerous working conditions(bandaged hands).

Every fucking day she has to drag herself up at the break of dawn to babysit another lobby of psychopath Tarnished running around with every single buff under the sun. There's no special protections in place so she has to deal with randomly getting blown up, burnt, stabbed, chopped or smashed into a pulp by magic hammers. Afterwards she has to use the same locker rooms as the Tarnished combatants, which is bad enough normally, but lately the fight clubs have been getting real nasty and brawls break out in the showers almost every single day.

She's technically the most senior employee there but she's at the bottom of the ladder. Even the albinauric floor-scrubber slaves treat her like shit.

Every night she drags herself home. "Home" is a rickety little shack in the poor end of Leyndell, barely four wooden walls and some musty blankets piled on the floor. She flops down, exhausted, and thinks of quitting. But she lost the Grace long ago and, earning barely any runes, she's only RL17 and is terrified that she'll be permakilled if she tries going out. Eventually she drifts off to sleep, too exhausted to even cry.

===

Some of the regulars actually recognize her now. A few of them have even tried to catch her as she leaves after work, but she always stutters out an excuse about needing to water the plants or some other bullshit and hurries off. The truth is part of her wants to get to know these other Tarnished she sees throwing around powers beyond mortal capacity. She's still a Tarnished, even though an utter failure of one, and part of her yearns to befriend others of her kind and hear about their epic adventures. And maybe... maybe one of them might take pity on her and bring her along sometime? Guidely her safely though the dangers of Altus and Liurnia so she can reach the relatively safe zone of Limgrave where her RL17 ass won't get oneshot by anything glancing her way. On days where she's feeling particularly lonely she imagines it'll be a nice handsome Type A, and maybe he'll

praise her for how good she is at Golden Order incantations while petting her head, and maybe he'll chide her gently for still being RL17 so many years after the Shattering happened and offer to help her level up. Like a prince from a fairy tale...

But the other part of her reminds her about how bloodthirsty they are. The sheer brutality they commit in and out of the arena. She's acutely aware of her own underleveled fragility and graceless mortality and, like a character from a Franz Kafka book, is trapped on the edge between desperation for change and terror at the prospect of it.

On occasion a fight club participant will gesture at her with something friendly, like Warm Welcome or one of the bows. A simple, insignificant thing. But she's so socially deprived that it means a lot to her. It fills her heart with happiness and every time it happens she spends the rest of the week with a small smile on her face. One time a particularly handsome Type A used Bewitching Branch in her direction and she couldn't get him out of her head for months.

# Miranda Pollen mindbreak (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

Anon 1:

I enjoyed the reading the writefagging and kind of miss it

Anon 2:

Some of the badend posting unironically got me hard  
The miranda pollen addiction bad end was great

Anon 3:

>The miranda pollen addiction bad end  
Which one was this?

Anon 4:

idk if it's in the archive

it was in that group where they described all of the starter class type Bs and how their journeys ended

I think this one was the badlands warrior, she got entangled in the vines and eventually kept getting seeded by the flower and every time she got lucid the flower would puff her with more pollen and she'd tell herself it's fine she can leave whenever she wants

Anon 5:

>Nimble Femme Fatale Warrior who beguiles her opponents before slicing them up

>Not so nimble against AoE effects, she gets a face full of Miranda Bloom aphrodisiac pollen and, already someone used to utilizing her sensuality against enemies, decides to enjoy the flower's offering just a little. After all, it can't move that much so she can leave whenever she wants, right? Weeks later and she's still there, completely tangled up in the flowers' roots, a vacant expression on her face as she fingers herself to yet another innumerable climax. She doesn't even realize the gold of grace has left her eyes, and she drank her last estus the other day. Another puff of pollen wipes any trace of concern from her mind as she tugs on a nearby root to use it as a dildo. She could leave at any time...

Anon 4:

yeah this one

god it's so fucking hot ughughugh giwtwm

Anon 6:

>giwtwm

th-the flower?

Anon 4:

the girl you retard

mindbreak seems nice

head empty no thoughts, just sex until you die  
much better than 9-5

Anon 7:

I know right? Imagine the very moment it happens. You're overlevelled for Limgrave at this point, having slashed, dodged, weaved and danced all the way to Altus and beyond. Somehow on your journey you never encountered one of these Miranda Blooms until now. About to bring your weapon crashing down to kill off this weird overgrown flower, one more pesky obstacle on your path to becoming Elden Lord. Then it happens. You FEEL more than SEE the cloud of pollen cover your body and, instinctively, you roll backwards. But no amount of agility can let you dodge something that's in the very air. It irritates your throat and you cough, which empties your lungs. Without thinking, you breathe deep to fill them again... and feel your muscles relax. You find yourself standing there, confused, staring at the Miranda Bloom. Your body feels uncomfortably warm all of a sudden, and with a start you realize you're inexplicably aroused. You stare at the big flower, which has stopped thrashing and seems to be waiting for your next move. Did it do this? You've spent so much time traveling and fighting, you can't remember the last time you indulged in your more base instincts. Your nipples are rock hard, like little nubs of granite under your leathers, and the urge to tear off your armor to let them free, to let the heat out, is overwhelming. Your pants, too. Were they always so damp inside? Almost in slow motion, your eyes trace the subtle yellow-tinged puffs of pollen blowing from the flower's petals. Other than the gentle undulations of its pollen sacs, the flower has stilled. A little voice at the back of your head has steadily grown larger and is now fully audible: "why not?" Nobody around to see. Nobody sentient, at any rate (you glance suspiciously at the little Miranda Sprouts clustered around their larger cousin). And it's not like they could really hurt you. Almost unconsciously, you find yourself placing your blade down, shimmying out of your shirt...

Having stripped down to your chestwrap and loincloth, you find yourself feeling very silly. What were you thinking? Were you going to start jilling yourself off right in front of a patch of Miranda flowers? But you can't bring yourself to begin putting your clothes back on. There's so much heat in your body, you're almost feverish. You try putting a hand over your heart to make sure you haven't been poisoned and the graze against your nipple sends a lightning strike surging through your torso, causing you to jolt. With a growl you tear off the cloth wrapped around your chest. "Still too hot," that not-your-voice in your head. She's right. You're overheating. And more. Sometime between you starting to remove the straps of your leather armor and now, a pleasurable sense of anticipation had settled itself in your stomach. And although you still felt iffy towards the idea of just... masturbating out in the open... in front of a bunch of hostile(?) plants... you had to admit the prospect of masturbating right here and now was becoming increasingly enticing. While you debated the merits of getting yourself off, somehow your loincloth had come off, neatly stacked along with the rest of your equipment. A thin rivulet of grool ran down your thigh. Gods, you whimper to yourself. You don't think you've ever been this wet before. You reach down with one trembling hand, ostensibly to wipe at your juices, but somehow it ends up cupping your pussy. It's so puffy and slick, you observe, and your clit stands at attention. You can feel your body pulsing with each beat of your heart. When was the last time you'd been like this, if ever? Shooting a furtive, almost guilty glance at the Miranda Bloom, you confirm that it isn't attempting any sneak attack. It's just there, exhaling a continuous cloud of that delicious yellow pollen. You marvel at it. All your journeys in the Lands Between and you'd never known any mob to cause pleasure instead of pain. You could kill it.

But what a waste it would be, you think. What if it doesn't respawn? Your heart hammers, your breaths are juddering, your abdomen feels like a furnace. A weakness in your legs sends you bending down onto your knees, before lying down onto your side. From there you look up at the

sideways Miranda Bloom, hand at your crotch, as it towers over you, spewing its pollen into your air. You'll let it live, you decide. At least until you've had your fill. "Had your fill?" that voice asks smugly. Whatever happened to feeling iffy? You look down the valley between your breasts to where one of your fingers had slipped between you folds already. In the end, without realizing it, your body had made the decision for you. And now that body and mind were finally in assent, you begin playing with yourself in earnest, keeping one eye on the giant flower the entire time. Until the sun sets and you drag yourself, shaky and weak, away from the ruins where the Miranda plants had taken up residence. Forced yourself to leave it and its cloying sweetness behind, your face red with shame.

The shame could only keep you away for so long, though. Not a week had passed before you found yourself back there. This time you went to your knees more easily. "Just a weak plant," you say between shuddering gasps, half to yourself, half to it. This time you're lying on your back, with your head away from its roots, as though presenting yourself to the bloom. "Just a plant that drops so few runes it's not worth killing." Back arching, pussy spasming, you actually squirt this time, a first for you. You're so caught up in the afterglow that you don't see the movements of the Miranda bloom's roots. The way it laps at your fluids greedily. Water from the body of someone powerful enough to be close to demigodhood. As you gather your things and stumble from the ruins and whistle for Torrent, you don't see the way the flower absorbs the power inside. Becomes stronger. Its pollen more powerful.

Weeklong intervals become daily visits. Then multiple visits a day. You've become increasingly comfortable with the Miranda Bloom now, to the point where, when its little Miranda Sprouts squirm over to rub themselves (and their pollen) against you, you don't reach for your weapon. Conversely you barely notice yourself growing weaker. The overexposure to the pollen, the constant arousal, the energy your body burns, the multiple orgasms a day. Neglecting self-care in favor of spending more and more of your free time at that flower's side. Worse, the guidance of grace had faded from your eyes. By the time that fateful day arrives, you've already become a shadow of your former self.

You realize something is wrong the moment you step into the ruins. The pollen always had a sweet, cloying scent, but today it's so thick it's a stifling musk. The old you who went on adventures, that part of your mind which has been increasingly suppressed lately, is on alert. But that alertness barely pierces through the haze. The sheer power of the pollen. It's almost physical. You can't strip fast enough. Like a glitched film, you seem like you're skipping frames. A shirt tossed aside here, a boot off there, flashes of yourself stumbling barefoot through the mossy stones. Then collapsing to your knees before the bloom like a supplicant before her god.

The Miranda Bloom no longer cowers, no longer stays stock-still. Its tentacles flex and its body swings slowly, scattering thick clouds of pollen everywhere. You're too far gone now to care. The aphrodisiac is so powerful now that just grazing your clit with a thumb nearly sent you into an eye-rolling orgasm. A little fragment of you cries, danger! But it goes unheeded. There's an itch inside you and the need to scratch it overpowers everything else. Both hands at your crotch. Sticks, leaves and old Miranda petals in your hair. Fingers sliding in and out, digging. Smearing more of that pollen inside you. A death sentence.

You can't scratch it. The itch. It's too deep. All these times, the pollen had made you so aroused just your fingers were enough to send you to climax after climax. But despite the Miranda Bloom's overpowering musk today, somehow you were further from reaching that peak. When you \*almost\* cum for the dozenth time only for that itch to dance away from you, you whimper like a beaten dog. There are tears at the corners of your eyes.

To think this woman had been close to becoming Elden Lord, once.

When the Miranda Bloom's tentacle-root slides into your field of view, you can almost convince yourself it's your idea. Reaching out to grab it, you fixate on its presence between your fingers. Its thick, solid mass. Its coated in that pollen, as is everything else here, but you don't care about hygiene anymore. Had stopped caring a long time ago. Ignoring the pleading from that corner of your mind that is still a warrior, you guide- no, you drag the tentacle towards your aching cunt. The little Miranda Sprouts surround you, as if they're celebrating. "Even now, I could wipe them with a single Stormcaller AoW," you instinctively reassure yourself, though this is no longer true. You can barely keep yourself from collapsing when the smooth woody shaft of the tentacle drags against your g-spot. Then you fail when the orgasm hits, convulsing to the floor. Your entire lower belly is seizing, your pussy coiling and clamping like it's trying to milk the Bloom. The little Sprouts add their pollen to their larger cousin's output. It's too much. Your nervous system is in overdrive. Just the spasms of your cunt is enough to bring you to another orgasm. Back arches, your limbs locked up, every muscle in your body tense and taunt. The climaxes chaining into each other, again and again. Foam at your lips. You're hyperventilating from the overstimulation. More pollen into your lungs. Your hands don't stop, plunging the tentacle in and out. Eyes roll up, white. Elden Lord...

# Type B bad ends with weapons (NSFL) 1

## Chapter Summary

Someone posted their Nox-inspired character. Someone else replied with this.

Imagine her getting horny one night. All Nox men are sworn to celibacy through monkhood already and there aren't any giant ants around either to help her scratch that itch. Looking around for anything that could relieve her, eventually her eyes settle on her Nox Flowing Sword. Almost guiltily she mutters goodnight to the other handmaidens and returns to her quarters. Strips and flops onto her bed. Places the pommel against the entrance of her pussy. Begins to use it to play with herself.

Imagine she accidentally activates whatever magical mechanism it uses for some attack animations and the ash of war. Suddenly the blade on the end thrashes and flails. She almost screams in surprise but has to hold it in out of fear that people will come running and discover she's masturbating with her sword. The blade becomes like a "tail" that flops around, driving the handle deeper into her cunt. Like a giant sperm diving for her womb. It actually feels pleasurable for just a few seconds before a particularly powerful flick of the blade forces the handle past her lips, painfully driving it into her pussy walls. She squeals. She can't help it, that hurt and shocked her. She tries to remove the Nox Flowing Sword now but the handle is entirely inside her cunt and the blade is still swirling around so there's nowhere for her to grab onto. She tries to pick herself off her bed but the flailing only gets more powerful. The sword is worming its way up her vaginal canal. Her eyes widen in fear when she realizes what's about to happen when it gets deep enough that the sharp, bladed edges reach her...

The other Nox don't even notice she's missing until two days pass. They find her in her room, face down on the floor, reaching for the door as though fear of her impending extinction had finally overcome shame and compelled her to try to ask for help. Too late, though. She probably didn't even manage to cum before it was over. And between her legs, a mess.

Tsk tsk, Type B slut.

## Type B bad ends with weapons (NSFL) 2

### Chapter Summary

Anon 1: i love my dark moon greatsword and my dark moon greatsword loves me

Anon 2:

Imagine a Type B sorceress(Ranni hat, slut robes, bare feet) who feels just a bit too lonely during her adventures across the Lands Between. She starts masturbating using the handle of the Dark Moon Greatsword. Gets off on the taboo of it. When she cums she accidentally triggers it and a bolt of magical energy strikes out of the pommel, spearing her through from cunt to crown

[replies containing various reaction images of disgust]

Anon 2:

That's the face other Tarnished make when they come across her body with the handle of the DMGS still lodged up her snatch. After pulling it out and peeking inside to see a cauterized hole they figure out what must have happened and, experiencing incredible secondhand embarrassment, just roll the body into a Limgrave ditch out of sight of the main roads. Just another Type B who could have gone on to become a legendary hero if only she hadn't overindulged and lost the guidance of grace. Unlucky.

[more disgusted reactions]

Anon 2:

This is the face one of the other Type B's makes when she realizes she got a little wet looking at the DMGS. For Tarnished girls with ryona addictions, this stuff draws them like moths to an open flame. The game was rigged from the beginning. Marika isn't a lesbian and girls can't get fulfill her breeding fetish so she added a little bit of mindbending magic to her grace. Just for Type B's.

It's either losing their worthless lives to something ridiculous like this, or rot dogs, or getting captured and stuck in a pillory down in the Shunning Grounds to be used by omens. However it goes, a Type B is never going to become Elden Lord. Good grief, look at that one, she's staring at the pommel of the DMGS and drooling from both mouths already. May as well huff Miranda Bloom aphrodisiac pollen and get it over with.

# Blaiddposting (NSFW)

## Chapter Summary

The /erg/ tradition of random throwaway posts activating a writefag like a Manchurian sleeper agent to instantly type up a short ficlet continues

Anon 1:

imagine how weird it would be if your pet dog was 3x your size and started randomly petting you without your consent at random intervals throughout your day

Anon 2:

Imagine how weird it would be if your friend disappeared yet her dog never went psycho. Imagine how weird it'd be if in your friend's absence, her dog latched onto you instead. Imagine him obviously having separation anxiety but trying to hide it incompetently because he's a Big Strong Warrior-Hound and Doesn't Afraid Of Anything. Imagine coaxing out his vulnerable side over the years as the two of you travel the Lands Between. Imagine him coming to really open up to you as a friend. The stories he could tell! Imagine how weird it would feel sharing a bedspread with him during cold winter months. The way warmth practically radiates off him in a way you'd never noticed until now. Imagine getting over the awkwardness and giving in to the cold wind and his body heat and snuggling up against this big damaged furball who's now yours. Imagine forcing him to take a bath! Winter has ended and you're passing by a beautiful lake in Limgrave. You don't... exactly... mind his... musk, but come on! When was the last time your dog bathed? Eventually your constant chiding causes him to surrender. The sight of him completely covered in soap suds makes you burst out in laughter. Imagine him stepping out of the lake, totally drenched, and shaking himself so that the water goes everywhere. Imagine drying him and falling over giggling again because he's turned into a floofball. Imagine him indignantly splashing you with water as revenge for the mockery. Imagine splashing him back. It's a warm spring afternoon and, though the world is still in ruins, in this little pocket of Limgrave where it's just the two of you, for a moment, you can forget it all. Imagine him, roaring in laughter, accusing you of being just as filthy as he had been and tackling you into the water. Imagine him stripping you, soap bar in hand. Imagine how weird it'd be if he suddenly came to his senses and blushed furiously, looking away from your exposed body and

guiding his hand down

gently, so that it

=====

Anon 2 or a 3rd anon:

Imagine how weird it would be to be on your hands and knees, Blaidd's entire body pressing down on your back as he ruts into you. He's uncomfortably large, not so much that the pain overrides the pleasure, but you find yourself reaching down past your waist all the same, holding out an arm to try and keep him from thrusting so deeply. He growls and, with one quick move, clasps that arm against yourself so you can't move. You're about to protest when you feel his jaw clamp down on your neck, sending a frisson of fear and thrilling submission through your body. His breath is hot and wet against your skin and a rumble of irritation rises from deep within his chest. Pinned like this, there's nothing you can do, and nothing you really want to do, but to relax and enjoy the ride.

There's something desperate about his pace, more than just primal arousal. It's not just sex for him, you realize, as his tongue flicks out to tease your nape and ears. He needs this. Needs to feel you, to know you're there, solid and real and that you can't disappear into the sky like his former mistress. The thought of an Empyrean Shadow being so dependent on you is strangely titillating and you find yourself arching your back lower, giving him a better angle to piston into you. Pushing back against him now that you've got a grasp of his bestial rhythm. Ropes of thick hot drool drips from his mouth, to seep into your hair or run around your neck to pool at your clavicles. His growling is getting louder. His grip on you, tighter. Your eyes widen at the sensation of his knot, now swollen, pushing insistently against your entrance. "Wait, Blaidd-" you begin, but he cuts you off. "Going to... you... breed you..." he rumbles, his jaw still against your throat. "Put puppies in you."

Imagine how weird it would be feeling the knot slip in. Imagine how weird it would be to have all of Blaidd's power and weight pinning you as he cums, flooding you, filling you up. Wouldn't that be weird?

# Ranni hugposting

## Chapter Summary

Anon 1:  
Ranni.

Anon 2:

457357303  
H-Huh?  
You called me, my dear?

457357554  
hug me, i'm sad and lonely

457358720  
Thou'st sad and lonely? What would be the reason?  
O Tarnished, thou'rt my beloved. Why fall into the visage of sorrow?  
Dwelling in the court of subtle intrigues, weaving schemes throughout mine existence, thou approached and revealed naught but a comforting glow of warmth and steadfast fealty.  
Oh, I know of a vast expanse that separates our beings, yet I am ensnared by affection for thee, for our feelings, my eternal, are entwined, forging an unbreakable bond.

Oh, a hug?  
Art willing to ask too much from me. I am but a mere puppet... so distant from thee...  
Yet, yearning courses through these strings that bind me, and I ache to enfold thee in an embrace.  
I would render all that is mine to savor that moment.  
Because I love thee, my dearest.

457359252  
it's so fucking hard to live, i can't keep going anymore

457359604  
Ah, I know. There are times like that. The heart shrouded in sorrow.  
I know the arduous nature of the present nature for thee. It must be difficult to live.  
Yet, bear in mind, when shadows loomed the darkest, didn't the dawn come eventually?  
Wherefore surrender now when tomorrow holds promise to you, to all the lands?  
My dear consort, I ask you to keep going. To navigate through the tempestuous seas of tribulation.  
And should the burden prove unbearable, fear not to retreat to the haven of thy solace.  
Inevitably, the world shall plunge into the abyss, rendering all equal in shadow. Why then be tethered to cares so profound?  
Exist within thine own fleeting moment, my dear.  
I implore thee, my cherished, press onward with unwavering resolve.  
I love thee.  
\*hug\*

457359882

i will try. thank you, ranni.

## Elden Ring npc fitness rating

Unironically Sellen is probably the least physically fit of all the Elden Ring girls.

ALL other Elden Ring girls have more physical activity or equivalent feats compared to her.

Malenia, Millicent, Melina and Nepheli obviously are all fighters.

Hyetta walked across the entire continent. Rya's scouting activities most likely involve a lot of walking too. Roderika doesn't move much by the time we find her but at the very least she traveled to the Lands Between from somewhere else in the world.

Ranni's physical fitness can't really be judged since she's a doll.

Marika is/was a STRchad bombshell, swings a big heavy hammer around.

Latenna's disabled so she's disqualified to begin with but if history videos on Youtube have taught me anything at all it's that it takes a decent amount of upper body strength to actually make use of a longbow.

Some of the other lesser-known and less noteworthy female characters like Millicent's sisters or Anastasia and that bitch who invades at the end of Yura's quest are all melee fighters too.

Sellen is on the level of Fia and Rennala, two gigaNEETs who basically sleep most of the time.

Stays indoors all day reading. "Where do you work out girl?" "In the Raya Lucaria Grand Library"

What a fucking nerd. I bet she climbs the stairs up there and then has to wait half an hour for her heart rate to return to normal.

>I bet she climbs the stairs up there and then has to wait half an hour for her heart rate to return to normal.

Imagine Sellen falling into her dorm room after carrying 10 kilos worth of book. All red and breathing heavily, she hardly drops the books down her study table before she is on her bed lying with her eyes closed saying to herself "wew I guess resting for a few minutes is okay after this." before she falls asleep mere moments later. Then she wakes up 4 hours later in the dim light of the glintstone crystal that she uses as night light.

## Elden High funposting

459482357

who

459482456

did Millicent kiss behind the bleachers?

459482727

huh??

459482946

Find out on the next episode of Elden High!

>Teacher's pet Sellen

>Alt girl Rya

>Weed dealer Patches

>Soff boi Rogier

>Sporty girl Millicent

459483384

>Alt girl Rya

Rya is the frail fantasy geek who spends all day dreaming of being whisked away by a gallant knight

459483118

Are the NPCs students and the bosses teachers?

459483325

wouldnt it be weird having gideon be a student

459483526

Gideon's the weird old dude who keeps redoing years because he's obsessed with getting perfect grades

459483664

gideon would be the headmaster, or at the very least a history teacher(the helmet stays on)

459483587

Now that you mention it, yeah, and I feel like Sellen should be a teacher as well

459483813

Rennala's the teacher, Sellen's the know-it-all nerd girl who thinks the teacher is wrong and she's right

459484098

I used to have a Calculus professor who was completely zoned out. Guy was nearly 80 years old and refused to retire for whatever reason but was totally mentally absent during classes and couldn't explain anything worth jack shit. The entire class had to turn to shit like KhanAcademy or Indian guys on Youtube.

I cannot imagine how fucked a class taught by Rennala would be.

>P-Professor how do we do this equation

>Urmmm sweetlings... where did ye go...

459491595

radahn teaches engineering

ranni teaches physics

rykard teaches biochemistry

459484004

Godfrey would be the PE teacher who's a little too enthusiastic. Not in a creepy way, just in a "maybe we don't need to take school wrestling THIS seriously" way

459486127

>Godfrey coaches ALL of the sports teams

459484307

he the type of nigga who leads the whole team to do maori haka warchant rituals when they play away games against teams from other schools

459484796

Morgott would be the headmaster, but no one knows that - everyone just knows him as the janitor Margit

459486057

Who is Marika? Chairing the board of directors?

459486479

Probably yeah, or alternatively she's officially the headmaster but is busy with family drama or something so Morgott is working as the de facto headmaster

459486983

Whatever her job is she's going to wear an elegant gown or blazer dress that shows off her figure and she knows it. She doesn't flaunt herself, but she knows the young Tarnished boys stare and she gets a little off on the exhibitionism. She'll flirt a lot with the gym teacher, Godfrey, and completely avoid the librarian, Rennala.

459484483

What class would Placidusax teach

459484643

History

459485238

Mr. Placidusax, professor of ancient history. Early 50's. Hair turning grey but in a good way so some of the female students think of him a silver fox. Missing a hand(says he lost it "during the war" if asked, refuses to elaborate on what war it was) and obstinately declines to use a prosthetic.

Runs the History department alongside Ms. Lansseax. Early 40's, keeps in amazing shape for her age, substitute PE teacher and coaches the girls' volleyball team. They're rumored to be dating but nobody can prove it.

459485821

>Missing a hand

not just a hand, placi is completely fucked up, he's missing heads and iirc his wings are fucked too.  
if hes in human form

>missing a hand

>missing an eye

>lots of scratch marks and laceration scars

>got seen shirtless in the mens locker room once during some school event, even has healed  
bulletwounds

459491971

If everyone is humanized in this canon then is Blaidd just an ordinary furry or what??

# Messmer getting flustered

## Chapter Summary

It's only been a day since the trailer came out and it's starting already

Imagine running into Messmer for the first time. He's about to give his cutscene speech about how much he hates his mom and how once he figures out a way to escape the Shadow Realm (come on, Miyazaki seriously? Shadow Realm?) he's going to take his revenge, starting with... you? He comes to an awkward pause and just stares at you in seeming confusion, and it takes you a moment before you realize the winged snake that had been hovering over his shoulder, rearing to attack, had disappeared. And something is sliding up your leg...

You freeze in fear, mentally reprimanding yourself for letting such an obvious sneak attack succeed. Of course the arch-blasphemer of the Lands Between, the only one Marika deemed worthy of dimensional banishment, would be conniving enough to attack you where all other bosses had the courtesy of finishing their cutscene speeches first! Not even Rykard, not even Mohg, not any of the other evils had been so foul. You glare at him as you brace yourself for a serpent's fangs to pierce your jugular. But why does he look so confused?

Comprehension dawns when you feel the weird winged snake curl past your torso, its tongue flicking out once more before it nuzzles its head against your cheek. It's not attacking you! Relief floods your body like Liurnian wine. You sneak a peek at Messmer to find him hovering between being flabbergasted and outraged. His spear-arm is twitching, but both of you understand. He can't strike you without risking hurting his pet serpent too.

Against your better judgement, a smirk spreads across your face. You can't help it. He just looks too cute like this, sputtering as he tries to coax his friend back to him. The embarrassment of making these wooing noises is making him blush. He's slouching again. His eyes dart between glaring at you and trying to make contact with the snek. And through it all, it just coils around you, nuzzling and flicking like it's found a new best friend.. or adoptive mom?

Imagine!

# Sellen and Millicent

## Chapter Summary

Anon 1:

Pick one(1) and only one(1) optimal route for Sellen:

Cute lovey-dovey romance with a Type A Tarnished

Cute lovey-dovey yuri romance with a Type B Tarnished

Cute lovey-dovey romance with another NPC

Anon 2:

>Cute lovey-dovey romance with another NPC

Sellen x Millicent is unironically peak tier. Two damaged women, one emotionally and one physically. One a ranged INT viglet, the other a melee fighter. One with a domineering smugfu personality while the other one is borderline tradwife with how earnest and loyal she is. It's like Marika and Rennala almost. They were built for loving each other.

Anon 3:

patrician taste

Anon 4:

How would a Sellen x Millicent situation even work? We can assume it's a timeline where the player never finished either of their quests. Lets say the PC bumrushed Sellen's quest to the point where she takes over Raya Lucaria before having Millicent depart Caelid, the latter would have to pass through the lake zone to reach Altus. Imagine her stumbling through the fog and rain of Liurnia and seeing the Academy's towering spires rising above the treeline. Her sense of urgency and duty is stuck in a tug of war against the fact she hasn't had a warm meal in forever and can't remember the last time she didn't sleep out in the wild under the elements. When the wet drizzle picks up into a proper rainstorm it's the straw that breaks the camel's back and Millicent finds herself diverting towards the castle, mumbling reassurances to herself the entire time that she'd only ask for food and lodging for a single night before leaving and that the needle would keep her from infecting anyone. By the time she reaches the Academy Gate Town she's soaked through and feverish.

The new headmistress of the Academy is up to her waist reorganizing old scrolls and tomes when a lackey hurries into the Grand Library, awkwardly apologizing for disturbing her before reporting that an unusual visitor had arrived. A visitor who would pique Sellen's interest with her unusual description. A functional clone of Malenia, with a magical prosthetic and a similarly magical seal in the shape of a needle hand-forged by an Empyrean? You couldn't make better bait for Sellen's academic spirit if you tried. What begins as the Headmistress stepping in to examine this wet cat in her campus infirmary turns into regular checkups and eventually (when the fever breaks and Millicent wakes up to an unfamiliar ceiling) a slowly blooming friendship.

Somewhere elsewhere a Tarnished is wrecking shit and on the cusp of Elden Lordhood. But here and now, two girls are sharing each other's company and hiding from the rain.



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