

## Bad Ends in a Fantasy Dungeon

Contains: NSFW, fetish, female /d/ bad ends, an all-female fantasy party, a red mage, a blue mage, a healer, a tank, and zero quality or ethical standards. 18+ only.

As the all-female party descended, the traps were getting more elaborate. Gone were the spike traps, the poison darts, even the mimics felt like child's play. The two mages, healer, and tank had decided to explore the deeper parts of the dungeon looking for better loot. After a long trek in, they soon found they were in over their heads.

It all started when the healer, bringing up the rear, stopped underneath a skylight. The party turned around to see what was up, but there didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary. The healer just stopped and had a slightly blank expression.

"What's the matter?" the tank asked.

The healer blinked, returning to reality. "Oh nothing, it just feels...nice right here, you know?"

The red mage chimed in "well we can rest later, we've got loot to find!" she beckoned for the healer to continue with them, but the healer stayed put.

"Just..." her breath was getting heavy, her face started to get flush. "Just a few minutes". The healer closed her eyes and began to ever so slightly gyrate. The light was giving off a warm feeling, and she began to feel a tingle from deep within. She concentrated on the feeling as it grew within her, occasionally letting out an indecent moan as the tingle enveloped her crotch and nipples.

The rest of the party was stunned. It didn't look like anything was happening, but clearly their healer was awash in some kind of magical trap, yet she seemed to be enjoying it.

"Hey snap out of it!" the blue mage piped in.

But the healer was having none of it. She was feeling lighter, as if the light was pulling her towards it. As as it teased her, she knew logically there was something nefarious going on. Yet she didn't want to move. Didn't want to leave the pleasurable light.

"Oh gods, look at her hair" the red mage pointed. The healer's long flowing blond hair started raising, bobbing and floating about as if she were under water.

The healer felt a tug from within. The tingling flared as her breasts began bobbing, as if they were balloons trying to float to the ceiling. "Oh..." the healer moaned, only a hint of worry in her voice. She felt her heels leave the ground as she was brought onto her tippy-toes. "oh my!"

The light was pulling her towards it. Whatever magic this was, it was messing with her mind and the tank knew it. The tank rushed forward, trying to grab their healer out of the light before something bad happened. But as she reached for the healer, she felt an intense tingle in her arms. Not wanting to get caught in the trap, the tank recoiled.

The healer started gyrating her hips even more. Her face was completely flush with arousal. Her breathing was deep and labored. Her toes left the ground as she

floated into the air towards the light. "It feels so good!" yelled the healer as she rose to her uncertain fate. Was she going to float into the sky? Would she become endlessly adrift amongst the clouds? As she wondered, the tingles within flared. The feeling of pure pleasure irresistible, she brought her hand between her legs as she floated through the skylight and into the open sky. It was all so much!

The party heard a throaty moan from their ex-healer from outside. A splash of sticky liquid dropped from the skylight.

"What was that?" The tank asked.

"Hard to say exactly, but it was clearly some kind of magical trap" The red mage answered. "I've never seen anything like it. Our healer was one of the most prudish people I've ever met, yet she was mewling like a cat in heat when the trap snared her."

"Clearly these traps mess with our heads" said the blue mage. "We best keep our wits about us, lest we befall a similar fate."

"Right..." the tank said, looking back at the skylight. Seeing the healer enraptured in so much pleasure was kind of arousing, even if it meant her presumed demise. The tank resolved to keep her wits about her, but she couldn't ignore her sudden libido.

The party continued through the dungeon. Without their healer, they had to be more careful, but they would not leave empty handed. Turning a corner, they came across a curious statue of what looked like an adventurer. The statue's eyes were closed and it's was posed like it was squirming on it's feet.

The red mage was the first to comment. "What an odd statue. though I have to say it's really well done."

"I don't detect any magic on it" said the blue mage. "You think it marks any loot?"

Both mages poured over the statue looking for any kind of hidden switch or compartment. The tank decided to contribute, unable to resist the urge to grope a beautiful girl, even if she was just a stone statue. The tank patted around the statue's waist, then her belly. Unable to resist, the tank tried squeezing the statues breasts which felt good, but otherwise didn't do anything.

"Nothing, well at least it makes a good landmark" the red mage declared as she beckoned the party to continue. As they moved on, the tank looked back at the statue and noticed her expression: the statue was biting her lip.

As the party moved on, they found more statues. All of them were female, and all of them looked like they were squirming or writhing somehow, as if they were meant to depict someone undergoing a very intense sensation. When they came across a particular statue of a rogue with her hands between her legs and her mouth open, it clicked.

"They're orgasming!" the tank blurted out.

"What?" asked the red mage, a bit startled by the lewd declaration.

Collecting herself, the tank cleared her throat. "The statues. They're all of adventurers having an orgasm of some kind."

The red mage blushed. Observing the statues again, she realized their tank was correct. Whoever carved these was indeed a massive pervert.

"Hang on" the red mage said as she approached a particular statue of a mage girl. "This one looks familiar. She almost looks like..." The red mage walked to the front of the statue and peered at it's face. "This one is of my old roommate, back at the academy!" The red mage suddenly remembered the hot scandalous nights she'd spent with her old roommate. How they would tease each other with all kinds of magic. She got wet just thinking about it.

Suddenly, the mage girl statue's eyes flared a neon pink. The red mage's eyes began to glow pink as well as she stared at the statue. Realizing that this was some kind of trap, the red mage pulled away.

"My goodness, are you okay!?" The blue mage interjected.

The red mage stumbled back, completely caught off guard by a sudden sensation. It felt like her old roommate's tongue was once again between her legs. As she stood, she could feel something invisibly stroking her nethers. She closed her eyes and let out an indecent moan. Her hips began to move.

"Get ahold of yourself!" the blue mage shouted. "What's gotten into you?"

"I'm...hah...sorry" the red mage responded between breaths. "It's like I'm with her again....it feels so good!" The red mage proceeded to bring her staff between her legs as she cupped her breasts with her free hand.

The tank simply watched, stunned in both shock and arousal. Their red mage was just randomly pleasuring herself at the mere sight of her old friend. The blue mage was trying to figure out something to do, but was ashamedly also enjoying the show.

The red mage grabbed her staff with both her hands and pulled it into her crotch, moving her hips up and down on it. "I can't help it!" She shouted. "I can't stop... I can't..." her body began to shake as she held a deep breath, her mouth open as she tensed. "I..."

And with that, she instantly turned to stone. All that was left of her was an exquisite statue of a red mage grinding on her staff while having the most intense orgasm of her life.

The tank and remaining mage stood there for a solid minute. Looking at each other, they both saw how utterly shocked...and aroused they were. Blushing even harder, they looked away.

"Come on" the tank said, "We shouldn't linger."

The duo left their statue of a red mage behind and continued delving the dungeon. Both felt vulnerable and tender after witnessing how aroused their friends were when they were trapped. The blue mage felt a familiar sensation between her legs as her pussy dripped. The tank couldn't shake the sensation of her nipples rubbing through her bra against her armor. Both of them needed relief, and the dungeon was happy to oblige.

Soon, they heard a faint moaning from down the hall. As they walked closer, it grew louder. No doubt some poor adventurer was caught in another trap down the hall. "Come on!" the blue mage quickened her pace. "Maybe we can help her!"

The tank hesitated for a moment. While she secretly loved the shows she was treated to in the dungeon so far, she still didn't want to be caught in a trap. At this point, anything could happen. What if she was caught in a creature's maw and it oozed aphrodisiac as it swallowed her whole, her lust-riddled body unwilling to

resist? Or what if she was tagged by an inflation dart, causing her body to expand into a sphere as she floated through another skylight? Maybe there was a werewolf waiting to pin her down and add her to the pack. The tank shuddered, only now realizing she had her hand between her legs. Collecting herself, she hurried ahead to join the blue mage.

As they rounded the corner, they came upon the source of the moaning. There was what looked like a giant gorged blueberry in the middle of the room. Curious, the blue mage approached it and poked it with her wand.

Another moan echoed through the room as the blueberry bulged slightly, causing it to roll towards the blue mage. The mage stepped back as the stem of the blueberry rolled into view.

Only it wasn't a stem.

Attached to the blueberry was the face of a woman which blushed a deep magenta. The party realized this wasn't a blueberry, but an adventurer turned blueberry. She was panting hard in a lustful daze. Her violet hair drooped to the floor. Her eyes were wide open and crossed, her pupils replaced by bright blue hearts.

The tank had a bad feeling about this and backed away. The blue mage approached the berried adventurer. "Are you okay? what did this to you?"

As if in response, the blueberry adventurer quickened her breathing. Her body bulged even bigger. Blue liquid began to geyser out of her nipples. The blueberry began to moan. "...hyes....yes....Yes..YES..YEEEEAAAAA--"

SPLOOSH!

In an instant, the blueberry adventurer burst violently. Blue liquid flooded the room, drenching the blue mage. The tank managed to climb onto a crate to avoid the flood. When the flooding settled, the liquid drained beneath the stone flooring. No trace was left of the blueberry girl.

"By the gods" The blue mage blurted. "how horrible!" Her tone was not quite one of disgust. Almost envy.

The tank leapt off the crate and approached the blue mage. The mage was wringing the liquid from the blast out of her robes and brushing it off her skin. The tank pulled out a cloth and helped to clean her party member. They had gotten most of it off, but there was a spot on her nose that wouldn't budge.

"I think it stained your skin" the tank remarked.

The blue mage seemed to be lost in thought as the tank tended to her. The tank was speaking, but the blue mage wasn't listening. That big blueberry was a woman. A human being! What could have turned her into that? How did she feel as it happened?

"HEY! are you listening!?" The tank slapped the blue mage, snapping her back to reality.

"What!?" snapped the blue mage, but as she beamed at the tank she caught her nose in her peripheral vision. It was all blue, much more than a second ago. She felt it start to tingle.

"Your nose! that blue stain is spreading!"

The blue mage felt the tingling spread across her face. It felt warm and relaxing,

but she knew this wasn't good. She began to feel her nipples tingle as well, sending an erotic sensation through her body. She instinctively brought her hands to her chest, squeezing her breasts through her robes and letting out a slight moan. The tank could see the blue spreading further on the mage's face, creeping down her neck and even dying her hair from the roots. The mage felt the tingling slowly spread down her face and torso. As the arousing feeling spread she couldn't help but tease her nipples, getting lost in the sensation. The tingling spread through her stomach, a lewd and tender sensation filling her very being. As it reached her legs, the tingles began to envelope her crotch. The pleasurable ripples across her body exploded as she collapsed on her knees. Her hips began to gyrate slightly, seemingly on their own. Her eyes rolled up as she panted and moaned in pleasure. As the tingles spread through her legs and arms, the mage brought her hand up to see the blue creeping up her wrists, enveloping her palms, her finger tips.

She chuckled between moans. Now she really was literally a blue mage!

The blue mage looked up at the tank. "I think...it's happening to me too!" She said with more excitement than worry.

A gurgle was heard as the blue mage moaned and doubled over. She felt pressure in her breasts and torso as her body began to swell. Her bra strained against her growing breasts, stimulating her nipples. Her stomach and ass pushed against her robes as her clothing tightened on her. The pressure only stimulated her further, each press and rub causing pleasure to reverberate through her body. She panted more as her growing torso and belly forced her to lay back, her limbs starting to swell into cones on her now round body. Staring at the ceiling wide eyed, she fully surrendered to the pleasure, her pupils morphing in to blue hearts.

Her robes began to stretch, barely containing her body. The mage could feel her bra digging into her breasts, her panties digging into her nethers. She couldn't contain herself. She writhed on the ground in absolute pleasure as her body swelled into a giant blueberry. She was feeling tight all over, everything digging into her from all directions. It felt so good. It feels so good. It-

RRIIIIIPPP!

Her robes tore open as her body expanded through them. Her bra and panties snapped. Her cloths fell to the ground as the now naked blueberry swelled. Her body bulged left and right as it grew, blueberry juice beginning to leak from her nipples and crotch. She was no longer present. Her mind absolutely gorged with pleasure, all she could do was writhe and moan as her limbs were sucked into her body, making her a near perfect sphere with large tits. Juice spurted from her tight nipples.

The tank, once again, couldn't look away. The lustful moans coming from the blue mage were intoxicating. She felt her body become lewd and tender, her face becoming flush as she was aroused beyond her wildest dreams.

Yet she knew the danger she was in.

It took immense willpower, but when the tank heard a rumble from deep within her party member, she steeled herself and rushed away from the room. As she ran, she could hear it in the distance.

"yes! yes! Yes! YES! YE-"

SPLOOSH!

After running for what seemed like miles, the tank stopped to catch her breath. She

was the only one left. All her party members had been ensnared and dispatched by traps.

And they all enjoyed it.

The look on the healer's face as she floated into the sky, never to come down. The moans of the red mage as she orgasmed herself into stone. The wails of pleasure as the blue mage burst. It was all so much, and the tank was feeling it. Deep within herself she felt what could only be described as a lewd arousal. A yearning. Begging for some kind of release. She panted deep raspy breaths as her face went flush. Her knees almost shook with some kind of anticipation.

Almost stumbling, she trudged on. At this point she wasn't even looking for loot, nor was she looking for a way out. She didn't know what she was looking for, she just wanted to find...something. Every fiber in her being wanted it, whatever it was.

When she rounded the corner to see a courtyard with a single potion on a pedestal, she knew she found it.

The courtyard had no ceiling, giving her the first glance of the sky since the skylight way back. The potion was a bright pink and sat on a stone pedestal. There was graffiti engraved in the stone:

T H I S . I S . A . T R A P .

The tank's lust flared. A trap. Just like the others. What would it do to her? How good was it going to feel? None of these questions were even worth pondering. She rushed forward, uncorked the potion, and downed it.

A warm fizzy sensation flared within her. She felt funny, like there were a thousand bubbles popping under her skin. It tickled everywhere, especially in her sensitive areas. A hissing sounded in her ears as her armor began to feel tight. Her breasts pressed against her breast plate, straining the buckles. Her thighs felt constricted by her leggings. She wanted to feel herself up but the armor was in the way. Everything felt tighter and tighter, tickling her lust.

Her armor creaked and bent as her body inflated, eventually snapping the buckles causing all of it to fall to the floor. She was now only in her bra and panties, which strained against her skin. Her breasts were bigger than melons. Her thighs were as thick as pillars. Her belly looked pregnant with quadruplets. Even her arms were puffing up. She brought a hand to her breast and squeezed, sending more pleasurable shivers throughout her body. Her skin felt elastic, like a balloon. Her breasts filled her palms as she inflated continuously. Letting go, her breasts floated upwards into her face. She then grabbed her belly, which was threatening to envelope her whole torso. It now boasted a diameter greater than the red mage's staff, and it was still inflating.

Eventually she had to let go as her arms and legs began to take on cone shapes. Her belly forced her legs apart as she sank to the floor, now balancing on her crotch. The grass of the courtyard tickled her nethers. She began to bounce a bit which stimulated her more. She moaned as her immobile body slowly became spherical.

A new sensation was forming. An urge. A tug. She was still inflating. Still bouncing on her crotch, but suddenly her crotch briefly left the ground. She hovered a few centimeters in the air before gently settling on the grass. She reveled in her last clit massage from the grass as she floated into the air again, this time not coming down. Her body tumbled in the air as she slowly rose higher than the pedestal. Higher than the dungeon walls. Way into the clouds.

The view was breathtaking, but the feeling was more orgasmic than anything she had ever felt. Her skin tightened and creaked as she could feel it coming. An impending explosion. Her explosion.

Only the slightest twinge of fear gripped her as she shuddered and came. She screamed screams of pleasure into the sky. It was so good. So perfect. She wanted it. She wanted to expl-

BOOM!