

Return of the Mad Psion

The moth! Now with a name and lots of illusion magic!

Appearance area: Windy Peaks, Zone 1, random encounter

Conditions for appearance: completed **The Demon of Ice**; met the Mad Psion in the Dragonbarrow; did not choose [Kill Her] option after defeating her; she is not currently imprisoned

Parsers:

[diane.inDungeon|true|false]: The Mad Psion/Diane is at large or imprisoned.

[diane.nameKnown|true|false]: Whether the player character knows her name.

[diane.fucked|true|false]: Whether the player has done at least one sex scene with Diane.

Initial encounter

As you clamber towards a ridge once more, your ears pick up something on the howling wind. You pause[party.hasCompanions], stopping your [party.oneCompanion|companion|companions] in their tracks]. There's no mistaking it.

Laughter. Wild, demented laughter.

You creep up the last segment of the slope as quietly as you can. Peeking over the lip of the ridge, you look down into a wide ravine.

[dayNight|Beneath a ruined wall, shaded from the sun,|Bathing in the moonlight] sits a lone figure clad in flowing black robes and a pointy wide-brimmed hat. Under the shadow of the hat you can just barely make out a pair of lengthy moth antennae, as well as two short, yet undoubtedly demonic, horns.

The mad psion is leaning back in a full-on belly laugh, her eyes half-lidded and unfocused; her hands, raised skyward, reveal cerulean starlight winking in the sleeves of her robe. You look around, but try as you might, you can't see anything funny anywhere.

[party.has viviane]"Well, well," sighs Viv, "If it isn't the consequences of my actions."]

[party.has etheryn]"Gods, why is she still like this?" Ryn whispers by your side. "Daliza was cured once we left the keep."

You can't say for sure, but she was down in the crypts for a lot longer than Dal was. Presumably whatever power the ancient Dracian tombs held had much more time to affect the mothgirl.]

[party.hasCompanions|Your party steps|You step] out from behind the ridge, and as you do, the psion's laughter ceases immediately. Her gossamer wings flutter, and she turns and locks her golden irises with your [pc.eyes], breaking out into a wide toothy grin instead. "Oh, if it isn't the queen's favorite [pc.raceCute]! Come, come! Join me! The gods await!"

You think back to your time on Dracia: when you returned from defeating Alissa, the mothgirl had vanished without a trace. "How did you even get here?"

"I flew, of course. The gods told me to come here, and here I am!" She replies with a giggle[silly]. "According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way that I should be able to fly. My wings are too small to get my thicc thighs off the ground. I, of course, fly anyway — because demons don't care what humans think is impossible!" and throws her arms into the air theatrically.]

You can't help but doubt if she's speaking the truth; more likely, she snuck onto a ship with the rest of the demons and imps who fled Dracia. That being said, so what if she did fly across the entire ocean? It's not like you haven't seen demons pull off impossible feats before. [party.has arona]"She's just batshit insane," Arona comments. "Back in the Sailgraves we exile those who end up like this. Send them onto the sea to die."]

These thoughts are cut short by a flash of motion. [pc.agilityRange 0 50|You bring up your [pc.weapon] barely in time to block her bone blade as it slashes down on your head|You leap backwards as her bone blade flashes down before your eyes, just missing your [pc.nose]], and once more you are reminded of the speed she hides beneath her languid appearance. As [party.hasCompanions|your party|you] close in on her, [party.hasCompanions|weapons|weapon] drawn, she tilts her head back and lets out another peal of eerie laughter.

"Serpent be my witness, the dance is ON!"

It's a fight!

Combat

The same as her Dracia combat encounter, with one change: she now has the Banishment ultimate power.

Rewards: 3750 XP, 1500 EC

Victory options

With a pained gasp the moth demon falls onto her back, her robes falling open to reveal her chest and thighs, while a visible tent forms above her crotch. She stares up at you with those slitted pupils, breathing heavily.

"What are you waiting for? Can't you hear them singing to you?"

Hear who again?

"The gods! The Serpent, she's telling me to get fucked by you! Now!"

You have serious doubts that Nareva is actually speaking to the corrupted psion and urging her to fuck you, but the ball's in your court anyway. What, if anything, do you want to do with her?

Interrogate

Button: [Interrogate]

Tooltip: You probably won't get many straight answers, but it's worth a shot.

You step close to the prone mothgirl — but much to her surprise, you don't touch her. Instead, you squat down by her head and push her chin up with your [pc.weapon].

"What are you really doing here?"

She has the audacity to giggle — no, wait, she just completely lacks situational awareness. "[silly|Your mom|You]."

Well, so much for that. You try a different tack: "Those gods of yours, what did they tell you to do here?"

The psion actually quiets down for once, her golden eyes taking on a faraway gaze and her voice a tone of wonder. "There's ancient knowledge in these peaks. Things left behind from centuries ago... forbidden magics. The gods want me to find them. To use them and help the queen."

[party.has etheryn|[etheryn.confidenceRange -100 25 75]"Wait, y- you mean Alissa?" Ryn speaks up fearfully, then clams up. You continue instead: "She's [wayfort.hasAlissa|a prisoner|gone].]"Wait, you mean Alissa?" Ryn speaks up, a hint of fear in her voice. "She's [wayfort.hasAlissa|a prisoner|gone].]"Wait, you mean Alissa?" Ryn speaks up quizzically. "She's [wayfort.hasAlissa|a prisoner|gone].]"Queen? Alissa? She's [wayfort.hasAlissa|a prisoner|gone]."]

She blinks. "What? [party.has etheryn|No, elfling!|No!] The dark queen. My beautiful Red Queen, whose song will shape this world."

A smug giggle escapes her lips. Before you can come up with another question to grill her with, her gossammer wings snap open, and she lifts herself off the ground. The winds of the peaks lend her speed as she vanishes from sight amid the myriad valleys and ridges.

Fuck

Button: [Fuck]

Tooltip: Who are you to defy the gods? Just in case. Any sex scene with the psion may become an illusion orgy.

Get Serviced

Button: [Get Serviced]

Tooltip: Stick your dick in crazy.

Requires cock; otherwise, Tooltip: You need a cock for this!

+3 corruption

You [diane.inDungeon|put down your [char.weapon] and] stand over [diane.nameKnown|Diane|the moth], smirking. She sits up against a [diane.inDungeon||ruined] wall and her eyes dart expectantly to your crotch, then to her own, but instead as you undress you press her face close to the stiff [pc.hasCocks|poles which strain|pole which strains] against your [pc.underwear].

"Let me see your tongue," you whisper. She complies, opening her lips with a soft "ahh". This reveals a set of huge fangs, far too large to fit inside her mouth normally without the aid of shapeshifting magic, but also a soft moist tongue. It wiggles enticingly when you hook your thumb into her mouth, and she tries to say something, but it comes out muffled. You take your finger out, and she pleads, "Just put it in!"

You have to oblige. Pulling your underwear down to expose your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cock] and [pc.cockOther]][pc.cock]], you let [pc.hasCocks|them|it] fall in front of her lips. [diane.fucked|pc.hasMagicock|She draws back in surprise, and in response you softly [silly|boop|tap] her nose with the glans of your ethereal strapon. "Never seen one of these?" you grin. "Don't worry, it feels just like the real thing. For me... and for you."]] She gasps, inhaling your scent, her antennae wiggling expectantly, and her tongue extends to lick at the underside of your member.

You carefully align [pc.hasCocks|one of your cockheads|your cockhead] with her plush lips. Even before you push it in, she shivers in delight, and lets out a small chuckle, her hands sliding beneath her robe. The vibrations as she giggles travel pleasantly to your dick, and you can't wait any longer. Foreplay be damned, you're going to feel those lips pressed against your [pc.knotBallsHilt]. Now.

You place your palms on the back of her head, and with one smooth motion, you slide your [pc.cockRange 0 10|entire length|first few inches] into her eager mouth. Her eyes roll back, and she gives a deep moan. At the same time, her fingers wrap around her own cock and begin pumping back and forth. Her antennae twitch in pleasure, almost dislodging her hat — in fact, you're certain it should have fallen off the moment you thrust into her, [viviane.fucked|but just like Viv's it stays stubbornly put|but you suppose witch hats are magic like that] — and she smiles, seemingly wanting to say something.

You pull back out to let her speak, and she breathlessly whispers, "You're as delicious as the gods said you would be."

"Want another taste?" Grinning, you thrust back in. Her throat yields to your cock, her eyes shut as she savors your taste, [pc.cockRange 0 10 15]and you sink into her moist oral embrace[although you still need a few more thrusts to hilt yourself in her oral embrace]whimpering softly as the sheer size of your cock overwhelms even her demonic anatomy].

For the time being, you're content to stay deep in her oral tunnel with short, quick thrusts — and if the lust in her glazed-over, slightly teary golden irises is any indication, she's content to take you like this, too. Pressing your [pc.knotBallsHilt] against her face, you lean over her, propping yourself against the wall with one hand while your other keeps her impaled on your manhood.

After a few moments, the demon finally can't help but gag; yet she doesn't pull away. Instead, her lips are pursed around your shaft, her ridged tongue is pressed flat against its underside, and with every thrust she massages your head with an enthusiasm to rival the best heartlands courtesans. If anything, the gagging has just made her tighter, the delivery of pleasure more concentrated as her throat constricts around your tip.

She looks up at you for a moment, her irises glowing with psychic power, and you make eye contact.

[Next]

Immediately, you feel like your mind explodes. The mothgirl hanging off your dick becomes two, then three, then four — and the sensations on your nether head quadruple accordingly, [pc.hasVag]some even spreading to your soaked pussy]. You gasp suddenly, your legs giving way under the redoubled pleasure, and sink unsteadily to the [diane.inDungeon|stony floor|rocky ground], so that [silly|your big tiddy moth gf|the mad psion] has her head between your spread thighs. But she's not done.

Beside the four psions at your crotch, two demonic elves appear beside you, placing their hands seductively on your thighs; while a third starts massaging your back and moaning into your ear. More gradually fade into your consciousness, [etheryn.isLover]some of them bearing an uncanny resemblance to Ryn,]surrounding you on all sides with nude bodies and lurid moans. You stare in shock at the orgy around you, as your pleasure-hazed brain tries to tell whether you're still in a [diane.inDungeon|dungeon|mountain ravine] or if you're back in Alissa's demonic court on Dracia.

Your attention is quickly drawn back to the fuck at hand, however, as the corrupt elf behind you gives your neck a teasing nibble. You're in no state of mind to resist as she turns your head to

face forwards — straight into a pair of waiting lips. Then your eyes go wide, even wider than they already were.

The illusion you're making out with is the goddess Nareva herself.

She's {met Nareva in CoM|exactly as you remember her|exactly like [pc.bg acolyte scholar|her depictions in your old books about the Seven|the statues of her which dot places of learning across Savarra]}. Black scales complement her pale skin, and her robe has been cast aside to reveal two jet-black nipples on her ample breasts. Her serpentine tail archs over the moths sucking you off, and her long forked tongue invades your mouth in search of yours. You acquiesce, [pc.hasTongueTags prehensile|tangling your own flexible tongue with it|letting it coil around your own]. A nagging voice at the back of your mind tells you that this is blasphemy, and that the real Nareva would absolutely smite you in a fit of embarrassment-turned-rage if she finds out about this, but is quickly pushed out of your consciousness when illusion-Nareva moans into the kiss and pushes you down onto the ground.

You're only given a moment to wonder how you're being pushed back by a figment of your hijacked imagination before Nareva coils herself around your waist and two demonic elves push the goddess of magic aside to take turns making out with you. All this while, the psions — all four of them — are still taking turns milking your cock with their throats[pc.hasVag| and sliding their tongues across the folds of your pussy].

One of the [etheryn.isLover|illusion-Ryns|illusion-elves] gives a throaty sigh as she scoots forward, before raising her thigh and putting it down on the other side of your head. Her pussy, shining with clear fluid, hangs squarely above your [pc.lips], and she wiggles her hips enticingly.

Take Control

Button: [Take Control]

Tooltip: Tell her to cut it out.

You push the elf off you. She gasps in indignant shock, but you're here to get serviced — not to service her. As you sit up, you can see Nareva and the rest of the illusions flickering and fading: it seems that you've broken the mothgirl's concentration. Grinning, you swat them away. Your hand passes straight through them, the moth's hold on your imagination having diminished.

The real psion looks up at you, surprise in her eyes, and you put one hand firmly on the back of her head. [pc.dcb|If she can't be trusted to please you even after you've won, you'll have to punish her until she can follow orders...|She might have other ideas, but you want a cock-sucking, plain and simple; you tell the demon that in no uncertain terms.|You giggle. "Oh, you look so cute like that! Forget 'em, I want to see more of that <i>adorable</i> face."]

[pc.dcb|You pull your cock most of the way out of her mouth, then spear it right back in. This time she actually chokes as your cockhead slams into the back of her throat, and a tear wells up

in each of her eyes.|You pull your cock out of her mouth to let her respond; she takes a deep breath before nodding, fluttering her antennae, and giving you a reassuring — if smug — smile. That settles it then; you thrust back into her welcoming throat.|She tries to nod, but speared on your cock as she is, all she can manage is an obstructed smile, a flutter of her antennae, and a lustful moan — as well as showing you another look of surprise, though her eyes are filled with anticipation instead.]

You start to facefuck her properly, sliding in and out of her blue lips. She leaves no ring of colour around your hilt, which means she's not wearing lipstick — a shame to be sure, [viv.fucked|especially compared to the witch who made her hat,]but you're not about to let that ruin the mood. While you're thus occupied, her hands are not idle: one wraps around her own foot-long cock, and the other gropes its way across your [pc.hip], finally stopping with a firm but gentle grip on your [pc.butt].

Your pace is slow at first. Soft squelching noises come from the ring of her lips around your manhood, her spit frothing and thoroughly moistening its length to ensure smooth entry. After the first few thrusts, she matches your rhythm: with every slide of your cock past her lips, she responds with a forward push, forcing your [pc.hasCockType equine|flare|head] into her throat. Then on the outstroke, she pulls it back. Each ridge on her tongue catches slightly on your crown, bringing a series of sudden pleasure spikes as you withdraw most of your length from her.

As she grows acclimated to the new position, she blinks, and a gentler wave of psychic power sweeps over your mind. The illusions reappear in the corners of your vision, pink elves tangling with blue; but this time they keep to themselves, simply filling the chilly air with a chorus of feminine moans.

Under such treatment, it's no wonder you can't last very long. It barely feels like a handful — mouthful? — of seconds since the blowjob began, but the pressure of climax building in your nethers is already insistently urging you to release. You see no reason to deny yourself that, so with a loud [pc.mf|grunt|moan] [pc.hasKnot|you force the girth of your knot past the moth's welcoming lips.|[pc.cockSNV|you thrust into the back of the moth's mouth.|you force your [pc.cockHead] as deep into the moth's throat as is physically possible.|you thrust your full length into the moth, bulging her slender throat.] Her eyes roll back, her face forming a perfect orgasm face for you to gaze at as you breed her pharynx.

And that's exactly what you do.

Your cum splashes out in [pc.cumVol 0 100 1000|alabaster ropes|a flash flood of white|an unending white torrent], filling her throat and backflowing out of her mouth. She twitches, [pc.cumVol 0 1000|draining every sticky droplet into her stomach|trying her best to swallow your massive load even as pale fluid seeps from the corners of her lips]; then the twitches become spasms of climax, her eager masturbation sending her own seed fountaining into the air and spattering across her thighs. For several blissful minutes you remain,

[pc.hasKnot|knotted|embedded] in her mouth, panting slightly as your manhood slowly goes soft in a bath of her saliva and your cum.

Eventually you pull out. Once she's had a moment to recover, she flashes you a well-fucked grin, and an exaggerated swallowing motion[diane.inDungeon], licking her lips to clean off any seed that had leaked out. With your lusts sated, you bid her goodbye for now, returning to the upper levels of the Wayfort., before taking flight and disappearing into the clouds. You faintly hear manic giggles echoing off the cliffs as she vanishes from sight.]

Go With It

Button: [\[Go With It\]](#)

Tooltip: [You know what, you're fine with this becoming a psychic orgy.](#)

[etheryn.isLover|That nagging voice in your mind tries to tell you that Ryn doesn't have a vagina, but it's quickly forced away as you devote yourself to pleasuring her.|You deftly start work on pleasuring her.] It's difficult, what with the sensations of cool scales sliding around your [pc.stomach] on one hand, and the quadruple blowjob you're receiving on the other. You would thrust upwards into the psion's mouth, but illusion-Nareva keeps you pinned solidly to the ground — how's an illusion doing that again? — so you content yourself with passively receiving the pleasure she's inflicting upon you and repaying it upon the elf sitting on your face.

Your lips meet the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. She's delectably cool just like a real pale elf, the slight salty taste of sweat mixing with the sweet pussy-nectar on her skin to create a concoction you can't get enough of. Every time you kiss her, she moans, her thighs tremble, her delicate waist arches, and her legs spread further to bring her lust-swollen blossom closer to your face.

You'd like to tease her a bit more, but at this rate you're going to cum before you even start properly eating her out. With some reluctance, you finally sink your tongue into the elf's dripping pussy. Your [pc.tongue] gropes its way across [etheryn.isLover|illusion-Ryn's|the elf-demon's] folds and finally alights on her clit, seeking out the spots that make her moan – and moan she does, with the psions and Nareva joining her in bliss. The elves around you work up a chorus of sighs and cries as they tangle in each other's limbs. You realize they must all be linked, that the real mothgirl is expressing her pleasure through the illusions, and also receiving pleasure from them. Nothing for it, then. You have to make her cum.

Your tongue dances across her pussy with slow, measured strokes, gradually picking up the pace. You make long licks from one side of her engorged clit to the other, taking care to tangle yourself into the deliciously wet folds. With every pass, she gasps and writhes above you; every time you brush against her love-button, her fingers dig deeper into the dirt on either side of your shoulders. [pc.hasTongueTags long|That's not enough for you, however; your elongated oral organ spears itself into her, sliding through her lubricated passage until you hit a point that makes her arch her back and shiver. Jackpot.]

It gets harder and harder to concentrate on your oral task, however, as your [pc.cock] throbs and pulses under the four psions' assault on its tip. [pc.hasVag|Your [pc.vagina] is finally attacked by a long ridged tongue, teasingly sliding its way across your clit before lapping at your folds.]At the same time, you're pleasantly surprised by cool scales massaging your shaft as Nareva's tail joins in the cock-worship, its prehensile tip coiling around your [pc.cock]. Yet you power through, trying to get [silly|your big tiddy moth gf|the real psion] to climax; the illusion-elf's moans and twitching toes tell you that you're close. You're getting closer yourself; your cock twitches, and you feel pressure building inexorably in your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls] and prostate|prostate].

Just a little longer... she's almost there...

Alas, you soon feel yourself crossing the point of no return. As the moth's throat milks a thick spurt of precum out of you, and the pressure in your nethers starts moving up your shaft, a moan escapes your lips and your tongue thrusts up into [ryn.isLover|Ryn's|the elf's] pussy.

And that does the job. She screams in pleasure, sinks her cunt into your face, and a deluge of clear girlcum floods your mouth. You're given a split second to gulp it down and gasp for air, before all thought vanishes in a wave of orgasmic pleasure magnified fourfold. You arch your back out of instinct, spewing your cum into the psion's throat.

Which doesn't stop her from milking you for all you're worth. You know she's reached her climax — you could hear the smack of her jizz hitting the ground — but her tongue continues to rub back and forth over your cockhead. With every pass it makes, another wave of pleasure hits you; overwhelmed, your eyes snap shut as you dig your fingers into the ground. [pc.hasVag|Your pussy clenches violently, and voluminous streams of girl-cum splatter across the psion's neck and chest. At the same time, y|Y]our dick pulses and twitches, dropping as much of its [pc.cumRange 0 1000||vast]creamy payload as it possibly can[pc.hasCocks| and your second shaft liberally paints her deep cleavage white.|.]

[Next]

After a few moments, you're able to open your eyes. A quick look around shows that you're alone but for the mothgirl, a trickle of your spunk marking a line down from her mouth to her chin; the illusions must have faded away while your eyes were closed. She grins and winks, tucking her now-soft dick back into her robes, and stands up.

[diane.inDungeon|So do you, giving her a quick farewell as you return to the upper levels of the Wayfort proper.|"Oh, the gods chose well to send you to me," she giggles. "Shall we dance again sometime?"

You don't bother to answer as she takes wing and disappears into the distance.]

Ride Her

Button: [Ride Her]

Tooltip: Take your fill of moth cum.

+5 corruption

You eye the half-undressed demon hungrily — especially the hint of her half-hard cock beneath her clothing. The [pc.dcb|smirk|grin|excited smile] on your face is all the indication [diane.nameKnown|Diane|she] needs to understand your plans, and she chuckles as she hikes up the hem of her black robes to display their starry inner surface — and more importantly, a rapidly stiffening pole of indigo flesh, half a foot long.

Quickly you make your move, dropping to your knees besides the prone mothgirl. Appraising her cock with your eyes is perfectly well and good, but you're impatient for something more. [pc.hasVag|Dipping two fingers into your already-dripping pussy, |Producing a small vial from your [pc.gear]]you lube up your palm and give her an experimental jerk which already gets her throbbing and biting her lip; further strokes make her audibly gasp, her thighs rubbing back and forth as she squirms.

Unwilling to let you lead completely, she props herself up on her elbows and locks eyes with you. Immediately, an overwhelming wave of psychic energy slams into your mind; you go cross-eyed for a moment, and when you recover, the demon isn't alone any longer.

Your vision is dominated by a black serpent tail. Following it upwards, you see with no small shock the goddess Nareva looming over you in all her divine [silly|goth-snek] glory. The demon's cock is temporarily forgotten as the illusion — it **must** be an illusion — thrusts her hips forward, a plump-lipped slit spread to reveal purplish-pink internals front and center before your eyes. At the same time, delicate hands come to rest on your thighs as two elves materialize on either side: on your left a nude pink-skinned amazon pressing her rack into your shoulder, and on your right a dainty blue half-sex [etheryn.isLover|eerily reminiscent of Ryn] clad in black lingerie giving you a salacious smirk. Behind them, more such illusions appear and fondle each other, filling the cold [diane.inDungeon|mountain] air with throaty moans and sharp pants.

You gasp in surprise as the illusion-elf on your right lifts up your thigh, carefully placing it down on the other side of [diane.nameKnown|Diane's|the psion's] legs — how can a figment of your hijacked imagination move your body? — but all confusion is quickly wiped from your mind as you feel the tip of a moth-cock press against your [pc.vagOrAss]. Thankfully you had already lubed her up; even so, your back arches and your mouth becomes a silent 'O' as you gradually sink to her hilt. She's *thick*, spreading your [pc.vagOrAss] wide open, and you love it.

Open lips are an easy target, and before you can start properly riding the moth, your tongue is suddenly overwhelmed with slightly sweet snake-pussy. Nareva's hands are firm on [pc.hasHorns|your horns|the back of your skull], keeping your tongue between the folds of her flower. Your senses are split between the wonderful fullness of having the psion's twitching cock in your depths, the [pc.hasTongueTags long|clenching of soft divine flesh around your

tongue[taste of divine girl-juice on your tongue], and the choir of moans that are the illusion-elves around you; and now the pink-skinned one is grinding herself on your thigh and moaning into your [pc.ear].

[pc.isBimbo|Wow, a <i>real</i> illusion-orgy? You can't wait to start having, like, the best fun of your life!|How inconsiderate of the psion, having her fun before you; you had better turn this around.] And you do exactly that, raising your hips off her length in preparation to start riding — but that's when the [etheryn.isLover|dopple-Ryn|halfsex elf] decides to bring her palm down on your exposed [pc.butt], making you yelp and flinch back in [pc.isDK|indignation|surprise].

Illusion-Nareva "tch"s in disapproval, applying gentle pressure to [pc.hasHorns|your horns|your head] to keep your tongue mired inside her. The guilty elf giggles, and instead leans in behind your back to kiss her counterpart on your other side. With them thus distracted, you're at last able to sink back down on the mothgirl's thick cock, earning both you and her a moan of satisfaction.

The psion's cock may not have received any demonic modifications, but its girth alone makes it immensely pleasurable for your [pc.vagOrAssNoun]. It doesn't take long for you to find a rhythm, a pace that makes your back arch and your breath catch — even as each inhalation you make is filled with the intoxicating scent of god-pussy. Judging from the way the demon writhes beneath you, she's enjoying it as much as you are, if not more; her moans are indistinguishable among those of the illusions and your own lustful pants. You let your eyes drift closed, bouncing up and down on her girth under pure instinct.

The minutes pass distorted, their length unmarked, time itself yielding to pleasure. On your left, the amazonian elf has long since been pulled away to become the filling in a sandwich of two other illusions; that left the [etheryn.isLover|Ryn-clone|halfsex] temporarily wanting for a partner, but soon Nareva has speared her tail-tip through a slit in the elf's lacy black panties and into her plump butt. She's now on her hands and knees beside you, panting as a thick tail slides in and out of her ass in time with your downstrokes on the mothgirl's cock. [pc.hasCock|Meanwhile, a third elf — fully female, but light indigo in skin and lithe in build — has taken up position behind you, passionately kissing your neck and reaching around to stroke your [pc.cockNoun].]Is this a cold [diane.inDungeon|dungeon cell|mountainside], or is it Alissa's depraved court on Dracia? You can't quite tell anymore.

You eventually remember to check back on your actual partner: the moth's face may be obscured behind illusion-Nareva's tail, but a quick look backwards plainly shows the trembling of her thighs and the curling of her toes. She's almost there — and trying to hold back, it seems.

Whatever her reasons, it's apparent that she won't be able to hold on much longer. Do you let her cum...

Inside

Button: Inside

Tooltip: Make her fill your [pc.vagOrAss] with demonic seed.

Inflict Vaginally/Anally Filled status effect, 3000 mL

If in pussy, PC imp preg (generic) chance

[pc.isDK|If she wants to dictate where she puts her cum, she'll have to try harder than that.|You want to feel her seed in your [pc.vagOrAssNoun] now.] Gasping and moaning with unrestrained pleasure, you pick up your pace — to find a familiar tightening in your [pc.hasBalls|balls|loins]. Were you this close already? You didn't even notice...

But the psion is closer. The illusions flicker with a wavering in her concentration. Nareva gasps as if in realization, pushing more insistently on [pc.hasHorns|your [pc.horns]|your head] to milk as much pleasure from your tongue as possible before the inevitable finish. You oblige, but your focus is more on the approaching tidal wave of your pleasure — what promises to be a mind-numbing orgasm, the hints of which already caress your illusion-wracked brain.

With a final flex and throb of her cock, the psion lets out a lurid scream, and thick white seed sprays forth into your waiting depths, [pc.vagAss|[pc.hasFertileVag|filling your fertile womb to the brim.|filling your womb to the brim.]]filling up your backdoor.] Her twitching against your [pc.vagAss|most sensitive spots|[pc.hasCock|prostate|most sensitive spots]] sets your nerves alight and brings you over the last edge.

"Fuck!" You [pc.mf|grunt|moan] passionately, your fingers digging into the gravel. The vanishing of the illusions escapes your notice as your eyes snap shut, your entire body trembling as waves of white-hot pleasure radiate out from your [pc.vagAss|filled womb|prostate]. The moment of climax feels like an eternity, and by the time you recover your senses, you're lying face down on top of the psion; she giggles, giving you a teasing peck on the lips.

When your rapidly beating heart finally slows enough for you to push yourself off her, a cascade of her seed leaves your gaped hole and trickles down your thigh, which you take care to wipe off. She, on the other hand, simply drapes her robes over her cum-coated cock[diane.inDungeon] and blows you a kiss as you leave her cell.|, blows you a kiss, and takes off.]

Outside

Button: Outside

Tooltip: Let her spill her seed all over herself.

You pick up the pace, clenching your [pc.vagOrAss] around her thick cock — to find a familiar tightening in your [pc.hasBalls|balls|loins]. Were you this close already? You didn't even notice...

But the psion is closer. The illusions flicker with a wavering in her concentration. Nareva gasps as if in realization, pushing more insistently on [pc.hasHorns|your [pc.horns]|your head] to get as much pleasure from your tongue as possible before the inevitable finish. You oblige, but your focus is more on the approaching tidal wave of your pleasure — what promises to be a mind-numbing orgasm, the hints of which already caress your illusion-wracked brain.

You shift your hand to your [pc.hasVag|clit, rubbing your pleasure-button vigorously.|cock, stroking your shaft vigorously.] The additional stimulation makes your toes curl, and it doesn't take long for you to finally crest the edge.

[pc.hasCock|As your love-tunnel spasms around the mothgirl's cock, your [pc.cock] fires off warm spurts of [pc.cumColor], splattering all over her tummy.|As your love-tunnel spasms around the mothgirl's cock, a stream of warm girlcum splatters all over her groin.] You [pc.mf|grunt|moan] passionately, your fingers digging into the [diane.inDungeon|stone floor|gravel], as your eyes snap shut. Waves of white-hot pleasure radiate from your [pc.vagAss|g-spot|prostate], making you tremble; but you ride out the climax quickly enough to pull yourself off her when her cock twitches, heralding her own orgasm.

With a lurid squelch, she slips free, her length flopping onto her belly. This apparently sets her off: with a panicked scream and an arch of her back, [diane.nameKnown|Diane|the demon] cums, spraying alabaster all over her stomach and tits, adding to the mess you've already made on her. The vanishing of the illusions only registers as an afterthought to you, focused as you are on watching viscous seed fountain from her blue cock-tip and pool on her skin. You can see her balls shifting as her body draws on its reserves to supply what it must think is the seeding of a fertile womb; in fact, each load of virile cum merely serves to cover more and more of her blue skin with white[pc.hasCock|.], her own tainted seed mixing with yours on the supple platform of her belly.]

While she *is* gifted in the virility department, she still runs dry after a few seconds. Breathing heavily, she tries to sit up, collapsing back down on her first attempt — glaring daggers at you when you open your mouth to tease her for it. Her second is successful, however, and she simply drapes her robes over her cum-coated body before blowing you a kiss and [diane.inDungeon|watching you leave|taking off].

Doggystyle

Button: Doggystyle

Tooltip: Your cock, her pretty blue ass.

Requires cock; otherwise, Tooltip: You need a cock for this!

+3 corruption

[pc.dcb]"Oh, I don't know... say 'please'," you smirk, lowering yourself beside the defeated demon.]"Don't mind if I do," you tease the defeated demon, lowering yourself beside her.]"Oh! That's such a good idea!" you gasp. Of course, you had planned to have sex with her anyways, but it's so nice of her to suggest it! You lower yourself beside her.] As you do so, you take a glance at her equipment — behind her throbbing cock and full balls, she doesn't seem to have a pussy. That doesn't matter though.

"Get on your hands and knees," you whisper.

The psion complies. Her robe falls away completely, leaving her full, round asscheeks plainly visible. Between them, her buttocks winks and clenches in anticipation. She glances back at you and gives a throaty laugh. "Ah! Ready to take me?"

"Yes! But first..." You give her a spank on one supple cheek, that triggers a surprised yelp. And then one on the other cheek, that makes her arms tremble and her back arch. Her breath comes fast as she pushes her ass back at you, seeking more of your touch. Which you give, kneading the flesh of her ass with both hands as she moans and giggles.

Eventually, though, you need to proceed further. Lining up the tip of your [pc.cock] with her entrance, you slowly push forward. She's tight, her hole not willing to allow you entry, but it has to give way as you force yourself into her. With each inch that goes in, she lets out a hiss of mixed pain and pleasure, her fingers tensed against the hard unyielding ground; but she doesn't protest or resist, instead biting her lip as she tries to accommodate [pc.cockSNV]you. Thankfully, your size is not difficult for her to handle, and you quickly hilt your member in her. [your girth and length. Soon, her belly begins to bulge out with how much cockmeat is entering her, but you don't stop until you're fully hilted in her. [your gigantic member, struggling even with her demonic anatomy. It takes what feels like an eternity before you're fully hilted inside her, by which she's already gasping for breath, a prominent bulge visible in her belly.]

"Yessss! Fuck... goddess, I can feel you deep inside me!"

She gasps for breath, squirming to make herself more comfortable beneath your weight as you bear down on her kneeling form. One hand comes to her belly, rubbing it to feel the hardness of your cock through her supple flesh. That's your cue to start moving, and so you withdraw partially from her clenching hole before plunging back in hard.

She yelps, her back arching and her hands balling into fists. Beneath her, her foot-long cock throbs and jerks of its own accord, translucent precum dripping onto the cold ground — you

can't resist taking it in your [pc.hasClaws|clawed] fingers, teasingly rubbing her tip and making her thrust her hips into your hand. This has the additional effect of dragging another inch of your cock out of her, which you capitalize on by slamming forward again.

You quickly discover a pace that is slow enough for you to sustain, but fast enough that [diane.nameKnown|Diane|the mothgirl] doesn't have enough time to grow accustomed to each of your thrusts before the next one comes. Nevertheless, she seems to be thoroughly enjoying herself, making sure to moan luridly as she pushes back against your invading [pc.cock], her eyes rolling back in her skull...

The demon takes her obscuring hat off for a moment. Her head tilts back, and she locks eyes with you, her golden irises glowing with power; a wave of psychic energy slams into you, forcing your rhythm to falter for a moment. When you recover from your disorientation, the two of you are no longer alone.

[Next]

Where a moment ago you were gazing down at [diane.nameKnown|Diane's|the psion's] slender blue waist, you now see coils of shimmering black scales. A hiss draws your vision upward, and your gaze travels across a toned belly to a set of heaving breasts, and above that, a distinctly serpentine face.

The illusion of the goddess Nareva grins. She looks exactly like the statues and artwork of her that dot places of learning all across Savarra; a forked tongue darts out from between jet-black lips as she gives you a smirk, and you see her coils tightening around the psion. The momentary uncertainty caused by the sudden appearance of one of the Seven quickly resolves itself, when you see the demon — moments before donning her hat again and hiding her face from your view — give you a wink and an exaggerated moan.

If she's so dedicated to submission that she even conjures up a goddess to keep her pinned... it'd be impolite to not honour her wish, would it not? You plant your free hand firmly on her hip, just before where Nareva's scales grip her waist, and begin thrusting faster. [pc.strengthRange 0 66|The wet slaps of flesh against flesh echo across the mountainside|The force of your battering pushes her forward and further onto the ground with each stroke, the wet slaps of flesh against flesh echoing across the mountainside] and trickles of thick pre drip down onto the ground. All too soon, she gives a strained cry and cums for the first time.

Splatters of white coat the ground beneath you, a few errant spurts arcing up to splash onto her own tits. Her arms fail to support her weight, so she collapses onto her full breasts, illusion-Nareva's tail still coiled firmly around her. As she groans and shivers from the shockwaves of her orgasm, the serpentine goddess takes the chance to gently pin the demon's hands against the ground too, leaving her full ass in the air.

Her hat is somehow still on her head.

Not letting up the pace, you fuck her abused ass straight through her orgasm, giving her butt a slap when she protests. She yelps but stops squirming, letting you thrust down on her with extra force in her new, compromising position.

"Good girl," you tease.

"Just cum in me already, darling!" comes a plaintive whine in response.

You would have loved to stretch out the moment longer, but alas, you can feel pressure building in your own loins, even as your cock flattens [diane.nameKnown|Diane's|the psion's] prostate. The motion of your hips becomes frenzied as you piston in and out of her, gasping with effort as you feel yourself about to flood her guts with [pc.cumColor].

And just before you reach your peak, Nareva grasps your face in her hands, and her lips meet yours in a deep kiss. At this exact moment, you cum. Your eyes, instead of flitting shut in ecstasy, are wide open with surprise as Nareva's serpentine tongue worms its way between your lips and tangles with your own.

The psion giggles at her "surprise attack" paying off, before turning it into a long moan as she joins you in bliss. As your cock throbs against her prostate, unloading [pc.cumVol 0 100 1000|warm jets of seed|a torrent of warm seed|a deluge of warm seed] into her guts, hers twitches uselessly from where it hangs, painting the ground beneath her with [silly|a second thin coat of|even more] white[pc.cumVol 0 1000|] and mixing with the overflow of your cum from her gaping hole]. Her hands ball into fists, then unclench again, as she loses herself in pleasure.

Your own moans are muffled by Nareva's lips around yours, or at least you think they are: surely an illusion in your mind wouldn't stop anyone else from hearing your lurid voice. All too soon, the last pulses of your orgasm fade out, and you become aware that the serpent-goddess is fading away; it isn't long before you're bent double over the prone form of [diane.nameKnown|Diane|the mothgirl], both of you panting softly.

Her strength quickly returns to her, and [pc.hasKnot|she tries to flip you off and out of her, but instead gives another shrill moan of mixed pleasure and pain when your swollen knot tugs against her sensitive sphincter. The demon sighs, letting you wrap your arms around her as you both settle in for a mandatory aftercare session. It takes a long while of mutual caressing and kissing before your knot shrinks down enough for you to pull yourself out of her.|she playfully flips you off her, though another shrill moan escapes her lips when that causes your softening cock to slip out.] You catch one more glimpse of her cum-dripping anus, winking as it tries to recover from the gaping it just received, before she throws on her robes [diane.inDungeon|and you make your way out of her cell to the Wayfort proper.|and takes flight. You lie there for a few moments more before gathering your equipment and moving on.]

Get Spitroasted

Button: Get Spitroasted

Tooltip: Bend over for the psion, let her illusions have their way with you.

+5 corruption

Inflict Vaginally/Anally Filled status effect, 3000 mL

If in pussy, PC imp preg (generic) chance

Smirking, you sink to your knees beside the fallen demon. You've [diane.inDungeon|captured her|won], so it's perfectly within your rights to demand she bend you over and fuck you silly.

Realization — and excitement — dawns in her eyes; and lust too, as she takes in the striptease you're putting on for her. Piece by piece, your gear above the knee falls to the ground as you gyrate your hips, showing off [pc.hasBreasts|the swell of your [pc.breasts]]your [pc.chest]]. You maintain eye contact until your [pc.gear] lies in a crumpled pile besides you, at which point you sensually lower yourself onto all fours.

The moth is, as expected, receptive to your command; her foot-long blue cock stands to attention, throbbing lustfully as she tugs off her robe. She's quick to get to her feet and position herself behind your raised butt, [pc.vagAss|giggling softly as her hands grasp your hips and a warm turgid tip presses against your [pc.vagina].|deft fingers rubbing cool lube into your [pc. There's a soft moan from her as it slides inside, your lubricated channel offering little resistance. You join her in voicing your pleasure when she continues, every inch of her girthy cock rubbing against your [pc.vagAss|pleasure-button|gaped opening] as it enters, until she eventually comes to rest [pc.vagAss|at the entrance of your womb|[pc.mf|with her glans resting against your prostate|somewhere deep inside where you can barely feel her properly]].

"Oh, we're a perfect fit! bless the gods for sending you to me..." she whispers.

The mothgirl begins thrusting, her gossamer wings fluttering each time she drives her cock into your deepest recesses. You arch your back to ease her entry, bracing against the hard ground with your hands and knees, your fingers digging into the hard ground. Each impact of her hips against your butt is a wet "plap" that echoes off the surrounding [diane.inDungeon|walls|cliffs], and her grip on your waist is firm as the demon properly makes you her cocksleeve.

Suddenly, one hand disappears from your hip, and reappears on your cheek. One blue finger forces its way between your lips, tugging on the corner of your mouth and forcing your head to turn backwards towards her — not that you would have resisted. With difficulty, you tilt your head far enough back to look her in the eye.

"Aha! Brace yourself," Her irises, glowing with psychic power, lock onto yours, and your world explodes.

[Next]

The next thing you know, you two aren't alone on the mountainside any longer; a [silly|cookies-and-cream|black-and-white] naga tail takes up most of your vision, an impressive tapered violet cock lined with soft barbs throbbing at mouth-height. Tearing your gaze away from its enticing length proves difficult, but when you manage it, the face that meets your eyes is elegant, fanged, and lined with black scales.

The goddess Nareva herself.

You gasp: the sudden appearance of divinity tends to have an alarming effect, even if it's only an illusion. The image of Nareva smirks, delicate pale hands reaching for your [pc.hasHorns|silly|horndlebars|horns]. Her fingers wrap around their lengths with a surprisingly firm grip,|head. Her fingers [pc.isBald|alight on your head with a surprisingly firm grip,|sink into your [pc.hair], pressing against your skull with a surprisingly firm grip,]] pushing your [pc.lips] inexorably towards the pre-leaking tip of her cock. [pc.isDK|You keep your lips tightly shut though, and look up at her with a challenging half-grin: if she, the loser, wants to sheath herself in your throat, she'll have to earn it.|You open your lips in anticipation, your [pc.tongue] sliding out with a lurid "aah" to welcome her.]

[pc.isDK|Nareva mock-scowls at your bratty behavior, and her pointed cockhead presses forward insistently, hoping to gain entrance to your warm wet mouth. But you hold fast, only giving it a tender kiss — until the psion, who you had forgotten about momentarily, delivers a hard thrust that rams you straight forward, impaling you on the illusion's cock.|As you prepare to slowly take Nareva's cock into your mouth, the psion, who you had forgotten about momentarily, delivers a hard thrust that rams you straight forward and impales you on the illusion's cock.] Your yelp of surprise is muffled by warm throbbing [silly|snek-|snake-]cock filling your mouth and tickling your tonsils. As the psion pulls out partially from your [pc.vagOrAss], Nareva instead pushes further in, the pointed tip spreading your throat apart while the barbs caress your tongue. Under normal circumstances, you may have gagged, choked, teared up; but Nareva's illusion-dick fits you perfectly, filling your throat to capacity but not to the point of discomfort — in fact, you find that you can still breathe. You choose to ignore that for the moment, letting yourself revel in the fantasy of being facefucked by a goddess herself.

The naga withdraws, a thick strand of spit drawn from the deepest recesses of your throat dripping from her cockhead. You inhale deeply by instinct, even though you know you'll be able to breathe throughout the ravaging to come.

Just when you're ready — no sooner, no later — the demon slams herself home, once again pushing you forward onto the goddess' spit-polished rod. Then she pulls back almost as forcefully, jerking your body back, so that your lips barely cling to the ridges of Nareva's succulent glans. The cycle begins anew when she thrusts back in, [pc.vagAss|barely kissing the entrance to your womb.|flattening your prostate and making your [pc.cock] twitch with spurts of eye-watering pleasure.]

A thin streak of [pc.hasEyeshadow][pc.eyeshadow]]tears falls along each of your cheeks to meet a thicker stream of spit on your chin. Your limbs are splayed apart; a demonic leg hooks itself beneath your right thigh, ensuring that you're spread as open for her assault as possible. Sensual moans invade your ears: yours, the psion's, Nareva's, you can't tell. And you register all this only dimly, each violent penetration knocking thoughts out of you one at a time and replacing them with unfiltered corrupt ecstasy.

[Next]

Your hazed mind fails to comprehend the passage of time. For all you know, you might have been spitroasted between a demon and an illusion-goddess for hours. Yet you don't mind; quite aside from the overwhelming pleasure, there's a warm fuzziness somewhere inside you, as if you're fulfilling some deep-seated instinctual need – a need to be <i>claimed</i> and <i>ravished</i>.

Unfortunately, if the frenzied pants and urgent whispers above you are any indication, your time in this role is coming to an end. The psion abandons any pretense of rhythm, rutting your [pc.vagOrAss] with wing-propelled slams, weighty nuts slapping against your [pc.vagAss|clit|taint], and you can't help but let out a muffled gasp of pleasure. In sync, Nareva also switches from long, deep thrusts to short, rapid jerks against the rear of your pharynx, and her knot begins to swell; you go cross-eyed [pc.isBimbo] – even more so than you already were –]trying to focus your sight on the enticing purple bulb.

Soon. Soon it will be in your mouth, and soon you'll feel her warm thick load filling your throat and sinking into your stomach –

It's that thought that sends you over the edge. Your mouth isn't free to scream out your ecstasy, but you nonetheless try, letting out a series of lurid groans and frothing around Nareva's shaft. [pc.cockVagBoth]The tightness in your battered loins has finally given way to a [pc.cumVol 0 100 1000]sweet release, splattering the earth between your knees with strings of [pc.cumColor].sweet release, splattering the earth between your knees with splashes of [pc.cumColor].sweet release, and you spray [pc.cumColor] seed over the earth between your knees as if a floodgate had been opened.]]Streams of translucent girlcum leak out from between your trembling thighs, coating the psion's balls in wetness, as your ravaged hole clenches in an effort to milk out the demon's virile seed.]]Dual streams of translucent girlcum and [pc.cumColor] seed spray out messily, splattering all over the psion's balls and the earth between your knees. Your ravaged hole clenches and spasms in an effort to draw out the demon's virile cum.]

Her climax follows close on the heels of yours. "Oh, goddess, yesss! YES!" Her hands, which had been gripping you tightly to the point of being painful – not that you ever paid it notice – now tremble and slip, and she comes to rest with her full breasts pressed against your back. Her breath comes in short, shallow bursts. And more importantly, her girthy cock twitches once, twice, and finally unloads a wave of warm wetness deep into [pc.vagAss|your waiting womb|the depths of your guts.]

On your other end, your tongue is introduced to the delicious taste of divine knot as Nareva roughly forces your jaw apart and wedges it in. Once her cock is well and truly anchored in your throat, she makes a surprisingly girly moan, and *cums*. The torrent of sticky seed which makes you gag is in sync with the psion's, and you're treated to the sensation of having two virile dickgirls filling up what feels like every inch of your being.

When the last weak spurts of alabaster seed are deposited in your gaped hole, the mothgirl slips out. Yet the illusion-goddess remains firmly knotted in your mouth, until the psychic connection between the psion's mind and yours fades out... and the next thing your pleasure-dazed brain knows, her length has vanished from your now very empty-feeling throat.

The psion giggles and squeezes your waist playfully, [diane.inDungeon|as you get ready to leave and return to the upper levels of the Wayfort.|before abruptly taking flight and leaving you alone on the cold mountainside.] Damn demons, they recover fast...

Never Mind

Button: Never Mind

Goes to [Leave] if victory scene, returns to her main menu if in dungeon.

Kill Her

Button: Kill Her

Tooltip: End this threat to the world's sanity. This will remove her from the game permanently.

Your gaze at the dazed psion, a thin stream of drool hanging from her lips as her unfocused eyes roll, and [party.has arona|Arona's words echo in your mind|you feel a twinge of disgust]. [pc.dcb|What a disgusting, insane creature.|Maybe it would be better for the world, and her, if this all ended.|She's so utterly consumed by corrupted madness! You hate to think of it, but there's only one thing you can do.]]

You slowly take a step closer, gripping your [pc.weapon] so hard your knuckles turn white.

The mothgirl gasps, a flash of clarity visible in her eyes. She stares at your weapon. "No... No..."

Do you really want to do this?

Yes

Button: Yes

She begs, but you know better than to listen. Demons don't deserve mercy.

The moth's eyes grow wide. From her prone position, she raises an arm feebly, but it can't stop the force of your [pc.weapon] crashing into her chest.

She trembles, retching up blood, and glances up at you, her stare filled with pain and despair. "The... the gods... they... lied to... me..."

With one more twitch she falls still.

You step back, avoiding the blood pooling from her lips; and go on your way, satisfied that you've made the peaks that much safer.

No

Button: No

She might be a demon, and an insane demon at that, but you're not.

You raise your weapon... and slam it into the ground beside her head, just missing her translucent wingtips. She flinches, and her arms come up instinctively to shield her face, but all that hits her are a few flung-up crumbs of dirt.

As she struggles, gasping, into a sitting position, you turn your back on her and go on your way. Hopefully this warning will have had some effect, but you doubt it.

Leave/Never Mind

Button: [Leave](#)

(no scene)

Defeat

Random Variant 1

+3 corruption

[party.hasCompanions|Your party falls|You fall] to the ground. Your muscles obey you no longer, leaving you limp and helpless. The moth demon smirks and runs her tongue over her lips, leaning back to reveal a significantly-sized bulge beneath her robes. As she reaches for your [pc.gear], her intentions become abundantly clear.

Or so you think. For after she strips you of your clothing, she doesn't touch your body at all; instead, she grabs you gently but firmly by the chin, tilting your head up to face hers.

"Ooh! Look at me. Momma has a special treat for you..."

Her voice carries an imperious psychic undertone that you, in your weakened state, have no chance of resisting. Your gaze travels unbidden over her, from her soft thighs to her full breasts, and at last to her face. You make eye contact with her irises — wait, were they always glowing like this?

Before you can react, your mind feels like it **explodes**. You gasp as several figures materialise beside you: elves, pink-skinned and azure-toned, all bearing salacious expressions and eyes with tell-tale black sclera.

Demons. And not just any demons, the ones you faced on Dracia. They can't be real — you made sure they wouldn't be here now. They are illusions. They must be —

A far more forceful grip makes itself known on your scalp, forcing your gaze back forward. Instead of the psion, you're met with a true amazon of a demon. Skin of cobalt, hair of woven gold, a massive jet-black equine cock, and a haughty expression that you remember all too well.

[party.has etheryn|You mouth a silent thanks to the Seven that the illusion is visible only to you, not to Ryn.]

Alissa grins at your frozen expression, lips curving upwards in a crescent of pure malice. "Well, well. Look what the imp dragged in."

"N... no..." you groan. "Shut up, Alissa, you're not real."

"Does it matter? Real or not, I'm going to be stuffing [pc.hasVag|both your cute little holes|your cute little hole] as payment for taking my sister from me." The last words are a growl, her grip tightening on your chin. [etheryn.isLover|"I know what you've been doing to her. Ruining what is

rightfully <i>mine</i>. I'll just have to do it to you instead."["All that I wanted to do to her — all that is rightfully <i>mine</i> — I'll just have to do to you instead."]

The psion sits some distance away and giggles. "Enjoy!"

You're too weak to fight back as the illusions flip you onto your stomach. Some part of you wonders how figments of your imagination are able to move you, but the thought quickly departs your mind as the blunt tip of Alissa's pre-dripping horsecock rams against your buttohole.

The fallen queen enters you with no preamble, violently splitting your walls apart to accomodate her girth. Your [pc.mf|grunt|moan] is equal parts pain and pleasure, for somehow in her violence she still manages to rub against several of your most sensitive spots. And she doesn't stop, forcing inch after inch into you, until you can feel the throbbing of her flare deep in your guts.

"That's it..." Alissa sneers, leaning over your prostrate body. "Feel it. Feel what you robbed me of when you took Etheryn from me. And know that today, you're paying the price."

You glance over your shoulder at the moth demon. She's fully naked now except for her immense hat, her foot-long cock trembling as she bites her lip in an expression of pure bliss. Ah, she controls the illusions — it would make sense that she can feel pleasure through them too.

Your thoughts are once again shattered as your head is slammed against the ground, illusion-Alissa's muscular arm holding you flat as she begins pistoning in and out. Half her body weight presses down on you while the other half is supported by a pillar of an arm slamming down next to you, demonic claws morphing out of her fingers and digging into the rocky ground. She grunts, one knee catching the crook of your left leg and spreading you wide to give her easier access.

"How does it feel to serve a real queen, brat?" she demands, driving the air out of your lungs with a particularly brutal thrust. The full girth of her massive cock mashes against your [pc.hasCock|prostate|most sensitive spots], and you can feel her flare expand every time she hilt herself balls-deep. The illusion-elves on either side keep you pinned to the ground; [pc.strengthRange 0 66|struggle as you might, you can't escape the grasp of your own hijacked mind|despite your tremendous strength, there's one foe you can't out-muscle: your own hijacked mind.]

Her pace is unrelenting, uncaring for your discomfort, or your pleasure for that matter: you groan as your body betrays you and you feel the first hints of an unwilling orgasm coming on. [pc.hasCock|Your [pc.hasCocks|cocks twitch|cock twitches] helplessly, left to rub painfully against the ground as illusion-Alissa pronebones you.] Clear girlcum smears on the ground, your clit grinding painfully as illusion-Alissa pronebones you.] "Stop..." you hear yourself plead. "I'm going to... going to cum!"

"Stop? Who are you to tell a queen, the greatest queen in the history of all the elves, to stop?" Alissa growls, not letting up in the slightest. Her sentence barely registers in your hazed mind, pain and pleasure warring in the most primal parts of your brain and bringing you over the crest of climax. You let out a strangled, desperate moan; [pc.cockVagBoth|cum spurts out of your [pc.hasCocks|shafts|shaft], smearing all over the ground and sticking to your stomach[pc.hasBreasts|and the underside of your breasts].|girlcum trickles out of your clenching cunt, spraying onto your thighs and staining Alissa's heavy balls wet.|cum and girlcum coats the ground beneath you in unison, your cumvein and cunt clenching together to stain both Alissa's heavy balls and the [pc.hasBreasts|the underside of your breasts|your stomach] with fluids.]

True to her word, the fallen queen does not let up in the slightest, fucking you right through your forced orgasm. You moan and scream as your overstimulated nethers protest with weak spasms of your thighs; your eyes roll back, unable to even process the passage of time; therefore, when illusion-Alissa finally cums, it comes almost as a surprise to you. With a scream, she physically picks you up, lifting your torso off the ground and ramming her cock upwards into your guts; her heavy, sweat-coated breasts with their rock-hard nipples are pressed onto your back, and you can feel her inhumanly defined abs clenching as they work to drive her deeper into you. Her cum comes in a tainted flood, spurting out in ice-cold jets that bathe your [pc.hasCock|prostate|insides] and overflow out of your ravaged butthole.

Alissa's breath comes in low, hissing gasps as she grips you so tightly that she threatens to squeeze the air out of your lungs. [pc.isPregnant|You feel your guts begin to fill with the sheer volume of cum she's stuffing you with, causing your already pregnant belly to swell even further.|You realise with some horror that the sheer volume of cum she's stuffing you with is causing your belly to bulge outward.] Then the impossible happens: you feel a sudden wave of nausea, forcing you to double over as you cough out a spurt of cum. And another. The illusion withdraws from your abused hole with a dark chuckle as you fall forward into a kneeling position. Your limbs still twitch with aftershocks of pleasure, your eyes watering as you try to expel the demoness' tainted seed from your system in sticky white rivulets that trickle down your chin and drip onto the ground.

By the time you've recovered enough to think, you notice that you aren't actually stuffed with cum; what you felt must also have been a product of the psion's magic. Getting up shakily, you see no sign of any of the illusions, or of the moth demon herself.

You'll have to be more careful next time...

Random Variant 2

WIP

Subsequent encounters

As you crest another ridge along the winding mountain paths, a shadow flits over your party. You stop, clutching your [pc.weapon]. The shadow returns, and lands in front of you with a manic laugh; golden eyes gaze out from beneath a gigantic witch's hat, and gossamer wings slowly go still until they overlay the demon's cloak like a translucent cape. The mad psion is back.

"Why, hello there, darling." She giggles, stalking towards you with her bone blade raised.

It's a fight!

Capture

Button: Capture

Tooltip: Take her to your Wayfort dungeon.

This option appears after defeating her in the Windy Peaks 4 times. Requires the Wayfort to have been claimed, and the dungeon to have been built.

Pass time (half an hour). Takes the player character to the Wayfort dungeon tile.

Having fought the demonic psion several times now, you know how much of a threat she poses normally — but also how weak she is in her beaten state. This is the perfect opportunity[silly] to add another NPC to your ever-growing collection! You [party.hasCompanions|and your [party.oneCompanion|companion|companions]] quickly tie her limbs together and pick her up.

"Woah! What are you doing?" the mothgirl giggles, struggling playfully against the binds but making no real attempt to escape.

It's quite a walk until you reach the nearest waystone, but after you do, it's a trivial matter to take her through the Ways Between and to your Wayfort. [wayfort.hasGuards|Your guards are surprised, but quickly spring to action; they take her from your relieved hands, and carry|You carry] her to the dungeon, locking her in a cell.

She realises too late what is happening. "Wait! You can't do this! I... okay. We can talk about this." Her voice turns to a soft giggle, and she presses her face to the bars. "Look at me, will you, darling?"

[pc.isCunning|You know better than to comply, but a thought strikes you. Why not use this as a chance to test your dungeon enchantments? You gaze into her golden eyes.|By the time you realise her ploy, you've already glanced at her golden eyes, brimming with power.]

And... nothing happens.

"How! My gifts! Why are they not working?" she screams in fear and rage, clutching the bars of her cell. "What did you do to me!?!"

Looks like your dungeon's defences are up to par. You decide to ignore her and let her calm down on her own, returning to the Wayfort proper.

Wayfort

Button: [\[diane.nameKnown|Diane|Mad Psion\]](#)

Tile blurb

[\[diane.nameKnown|Diane|The mad psion\]](#) sits cross-legged on the floor, humming softly to herself, though you catch her glancing your way when she thinks you're not looking.

First time approaching cell

You step close to the psion's cell. She's sitting with her back to the door.

"It's these bars, isn't it?" she speaks up without turning around. "My illusion magic doesn't work through them. Clever."

She giggles. "But I can still feel the gods in the stone beneath our feet. I'm not done for, yet. And you're not here to kill me either, are you, darling?"

No, you aren't.

Subsequent approaches

The psion looks up as you approach her cell, getting to her feet. "Why, hello there, darling! Here for another chat? Or a more intimate 'dance'?"

Talk

Herself

Button: [Herself](#)

Tooltip: [Talk about this enigmatic demon.](#)

"So," you begin, bringing yourself to her eye level. "Who actually are you?"

The psion sighs, her head drooping. "My name is Diane... used to be Alissa's court mage. Specializing in illusions." She smiled wanly. "As you well know."

"Were you in the palace when Kasyrra took over?"

"Yes! Though I wish I could have stayed longer... she gave me this amazing new body." The demon giggles and runs a blue hand along her curvy form. "After that she sent me to Dracia, to try and claim the Serpent Goddess' ancient magics for her. And then you appeared."

She flashes you a winning smile, her momentary melancholy forgotten.

Your curiosity is piqued. "And that's where you got this... madness?"

"Hey!" She pouts. "I'm not *insane*, darling. I'm *enlightened* to the whispers of the gods."

[pc.swornGod keros lumia nareva]You wonder, just for a moment, what the Trickster who owns your soul would have to say about that. He'd probably find it terribly funny, especially given her past in the very Lumian Winter City.[Given your valkyrie nature, you're really quite certain that Lumia would not bestow her blessings upon a creature like her. Especially given her past life in boreal elf society...][She really is obsessed with Nareva. It makes sense, considering her past as a mage, though you can't help but wonder what it was like for her to live in deeply Lumian boreal elf society in the past.][She would doubtless have encountered many deeply devout preachers in her past life in the Winter City, though none of them would have had the audacity to say that they received messages from Lumia herself. That is definitely an insane, or demonic, thought.]

Speaking of that past...

"And before that?" you question. "Were you born here in the Frost Marches?"

"No! I was born in the south. In Hawkwing. That's where I studied magic. My teacher... she was a genius, but a godless woman. I used to think the same too, that the gods were unimportant, that magic was better off without the shackles of faith."

She raises her head. Her eyes, wide and golden-bright, glimmer in the dim light of the dungeon, and for a moment you can almost believe that the Seven actually speak to her. She whispers, "I know better now."

Set [diane.nameKnown] to true.

Her Research

Button: Her Research

Tooltip: Ask her about her studies on Dracia.

"Did you ever find what you were looking for on Dracia?"

"No." She answers simply. "The Dragonbarrow, it never opened for me. I poured my blood into it, I poured the blood of the elven nobles into it, I even asked Alissa for her blood. None of it

worked. The door refused me, refused everything I did. It had a spirit of its own, something ancient and forbidding."

It makes sense that only a Dracian's blood, like Daliza's, would have been able to unlock the door. "What about your other research? Before you went to Dracia?"

She giggles. [diane.fucked]"Why, you've experienced the fruits of it yourself.]"Oh,] I studied how to use illusion magic to simulate living beings. To conjure the image of a person in someone's mind, as accurate-to-life as the illusionist can make it. I didn't invent the field, of course. The basis of this magic dates back to Old Belhar, and most of my time was spent poring over dusty old books, looking for a scrap or a hint of how I could improve the process."

Is there a spell she could teach you to achieve the same effect?

"No, this sort of magic relies on a psionic connection between your mind and mine," she replies, gesturing to her golden irises. "A simple spell is just too quick and not intimate enough for that."

You suppose that makes sense. Is there anything else you'd like to ask [diane.nameKnown|Diane|the psion] about?

Illusions

Button: Illusions

Tooltip: Ask her about her illusion magic.

Requires having done her other two talk scenes, and fucked her at least once. Otherwise,

Tooltip: You haven't experienced her illusions yet!

As the discussion turns to her illusion magic, you can't help but ask: "Have you actually met Nareva before?" The way she plays the part of Nareva in her illusions doesn't quite match what you know of her[pc.swornGod nareva], especially now that you have a very intimate connection to the goddess herself].

"Of course!"

She stares blankly at you, as if that was the most logical and to-be-expected answer.

"But if you — what did she tell you?"

"Oh, she told me that I needed to serve the Red Queen with all my heart, because us demons are blessed with a form that carries magic within ourselves." As a demonstration, Diane holds up her hand. Before your eyes, her slender fingers lengthen into claws, and the skin up to her forearm turns a deep, luscious red. As quickly as she brought about this transformation, though, she banishes it, turning her skin back to its normal blue hue. "See? We're the most suited to carrying out her wishes! It makes perfect sense!"

Okay, she's <i>definitely</i> delusional. Nareva doesn't champion the unrestrained use of magic; quite the opposite, in fact. The Astrida Order [pc.swornGod nareva]that you are a part of]exists precisely to deal with rogue mages like her.

What about her other illusions, though? She seemed quite attached to the demons in Alissa's court at Dracia.

"Oh, yeah, we had so much fun together! I thought it'd be nice of me to give them a taste of the fun you and I were having, darling. Even if, well, they couldn't actually feel it." Her voice takes a subtle downturn of sadness, but she quickly recovers, as if nothing had happened.

Fuck

Button: Fuck

Tooltip: She's certainly still willing.

[diane.nameKnown[Diane[The psion] catches your gaze and gives you a knowing smirk.
"Darling! It's not good form to demand to lie with a helpless prisoner! That being said..."

"I wouldn't mind if you came in here and had a little dance with me."

You suppose going into the cell would be safer than letting her out, even if briefly. So, you produce a key, sliding it into the lock of her barred door. Once you're inside, the demon fixes with her intense gaze, and you can already feel the power flaring in her wide-open eyes. Without the enchanted bars between you and her, your mind will be powerless to resist her illusions...

That being said, she appears to only be interested in the same thing that you are, for now. What would you like to suggest?

[Goes to her victory sex menu.](#)