

# A clash of titans

-By Thebiologist-

## The dream

Where... where are you? You feel... odd, as if you're floating. The sensation is somewhat soothing, but there's something wrong. You can't quite put your finger on it, but there's this sense of detachment. You are transfixed by something distant, unreachable. It's almost as if you're a pale shadow of yourself, plastered on the wall. The world around you drops away, and takes you along, dragging you like an anchor. You sink into darkness, unending, absolute; it makes your very soul shudder.

The starless night sings to you, luring you, yet you're stuck as a prisoner inside this darkness. There is nothing around you, yet you feel the weight of the entire world crushing you. Even blinking becomes an odyssey on its own.

Reality feels... out of shape. Everything is twisted beyond comprehension: sounds, space, even your own body and mind. Your thoughts are all wrong. This body is yours and you know that for a fact. Then, why does it feel so alien? You were never meant to be like this! This is a mere shell- No! A chrysalis - like that of a butterfly - evolving, mutating into your new true self. You can be more... if only you'd listen to the song.

Do you follow the song?

[[Yes]] [[Wake up]] [[Never]]

//If wake up is chosen, the event can repeat.

A path... swirling like a maelstrom, forming and vanishing right in front of you. The song is stronger there. The melody reverberates with a languorous tempo. It is... beautiful. You feel your chest tightening; breathing becomes increasingly complicated. Floating droplets sway playfully further upfront, glistening, carving the darkness away like a sharp knife. They shine with the colors of the rainbow and a few more you've never seen before. Your mind is still trying to grasp the concept of this space... new colors. How can you even describe them? The droplets... are they your tears? You're crying...

The aria resonates vividly, shaking the very foundations of this abnormal space, making it right. The road ahead is clear. You are invigorated and can again move yet not the way you're used to. Your mind simply thinks the direction and your body moves along. No, that is wrong. In fact, the space moves, bending to your will. Following the set trail is refreshing, like taking a bath of

morning dew all the way through while the majestic hymn roars fiercely, making you feel at peace, blissful even.

A dissonant note brings you out of your stupor. A wave of light washes over you with enough power to push you away, yet you carry on towards the source of your felicity, braving the storm, beating the waves. Thunderous pulses serve as a counterpoint to the marvelous opera, threatening the orderly structure with their antagonism.

This anthem sounds as if it is the truth, as if it is "everything". You can't explain it, but the song is more than a mere chant. It's intertwined with time and space. The song **IS** reality. Something disturbs the notes. Something clashes far beyond, in the infinite unknown. The discord hits like a supernova, sending ripples alongside the path laid before you. This bothers you beyond measure, makes you angry. This is wrong! You're pissed, determined to put an end to this absurdity. Nothing shall threaten what it is and will always be.

The journey is at an end. You see destiny, naked bare in front of you. A pair of unfathomable masses of swirling light, darkness, color, and sound joust against one another, damaging the fabric of existence with their senseless duel. You can't even begin to grasp the severity of the events unfolding before you. Two powerful entities wrestle for dominance. The pair of colossal beings fail to acknowledge your presence, but an intense fire burns within you, and if anything, they'll feel your wrath!

**"ENOUGH!"** You scream, with power and savagery you didn't even know you had in you.

The authoritarian command sends a prodigious shockwave that bends everything on its patch, cashing against the mighty behemoths, rocking them to their core.

Reality coalescences all around you. Light floods the space, casting upon the enigmatic entities, which begin to take form, far from the amorphous masses of indecipherable substance.

One is warm, fiery and red, the other cool, blue and calm. They are humanoid in shape - giants of monumental proportions, iridescent skin and bulging muscles of herculean appearance. Both are naked, feminine, if amazonian - their faces, covered with colorful tribal masks of grotesque grimace yet adorned with exquisite plumes.

The red one is clearly female. Far from you to peek, but her pussy is hard to miss. The other isn't male, yet can't be considered female either. Feminine, for sure, with perfectly round mounds of magnificent contour - just like her counterpart - yet the blue goliath possesses an enormous, dangling manhood, and a pair of hefty orbs to match but no womanly genitalia despite her overall appearance.

They are both armed. The blue one roars, swinging her cleaving great ax in a wide arc, only to be parried by the red's immense greatsword. The clash sends another powerful wave of crackling energy, but this time, it bounces off you as if it were nothing.

Red uses her momentum to swipe the ax aside and counter with a pommel strike, to which Blue responds with a headbutt and a punch to the midriff. Both join in a wrestling match, trying to free their weapons for another strike. You've had enough! This is nonsense.

Stomping on the "ground", mustering all your anger and strength, you scream anew, commanding the creatures to stop... and they listen. Both look at you, completely confounded by your presence.

Red speaks up first. Her voice echoes inside your mind. "What is this..." Red pauses, lifting her mask, "tiny thing?!" Red breaks into a hearty laugh and then frowns as her face turns to anger. "Begone! Insect."

"I concur... for once," replies Blue. Her voice is chilly, like the winter. Just hearing her words has a numbing effect on you. Like her counterpart, she lifts her mask to get a better look at you. Her expression shows nothing but arrogant superiority and a hint of contempt for your presence.

Both beings shoo you away with a dismissive gesture, turning their backs on you and striking you with... something - a type of magic, perhaps? But it washes over you like water. Their attention centers once more around you.

"Impossible... [pc.heShe] isn't really here, not fully. How? Answer me! Tiny vermin." Red is pipping mad and doesn't appreciate your presence.

"[pc.heShe]'s the key. Isn't it obvious? Little one, you'll free me. Open the lock. I command you." Blue offers you her hand, but Red swats it away.

"What?! This is the key?! No! You can't! You'll free me. She can't escape this prison." Both colossi break into heated bickering, shoving and pushing one another. This is ridiculous! Somehow, the pair of behemoths sense your anger and impatience, and break their fight, addressing you anew. This time, they seem more cooperative. Of course, now you have something they want... apparently.

Blue speaks first, forcing herself to smile - poorly. "I will be Blue, as you call me. My true name would be too much for your primiti- ... too dangerous for you to hear." But... you've never said that name out loud.

Blue scoffs with disdain, yet regains her previous posture a moment later, attempting again to flash you with a fake smile. "I understand. You do not. It's as simple as that. I am, in your terms, a Titan, Archon of authority. I am the warden of this prison, and this is my prisoner. She-" Blue

can't finish the sentence, as an angered Red interrupts, taking a step forward and addressing you.

"Bullshit! Do not listen to that bitch. She's my prisoner. She's the Archon of deceit! I am the warden, Archon of righteousness. I-" Blue shoves Red aside, intervening.

"Slander! Do not listen. She is Chaos, Archon of destruction. I am order-"

"Shut up! You entropic whore. She's Death, the end of everything. She cannot be allowed out." Red appears to be losing her temper... well, more than before. "Enough of this charade! You! Set me free at once. Do not test my patience." Red crosses her arms and steps forwards, meanwhile, Blue snickers behind her back.

"Do you even think you can deceive [pc.himHer]? Your nature betrays you. If you free her, she'll consume everything, like wildfire. She's excess and destruction. I trapped her here, but to my dismay, she managed to drag me with her."

Blue sounds sincere, calm and collected, much unlike her counterpart, who keeps angrily groveling, throwing a tantrum. However, can you really trust the one who's been accused of being mistress of dishonesty?

"Enough of your lies! I'm gonna solve this the old fashioned way!" Red grabs her sword and ignites the fight once again, but Blue parries with the haft of her ax and counters with a blow to the face. Red angrily lashes out and Blue manages to trap her sword. The clash soon devolves into a wrestling match once again.

"Stop at once! We've been at it for eons. We are far too on par for any of us to gain the upper hand. [pc.heShe] is the key. [pc.heShe] will decide." Blue's words fail to convince Red at first, but after a momentary exchange of blows, she calms down.

"Fine! Tiny insect, you decide."

Alright, you're in the middle of a stupid fight between two stupidly powerful "titans" and reality hangs by a thread. No pressure... So, your options?

[[Interrogate Red]] [[Question Blue]]

## **Red**

Addressing red, you ask her to explain her position. She slams her sword in the... space where you stand, sinking it deep into the... nothingness? You guess. Then, Red crosses her arms and averts her gaze. Her body language tells you all you need to know. She's pissed.

"Why should I- Ngh! This is ridiculous! It's obvious that she lies! Your feeble mind is just too inferior to comprehend the situation. Look at me!" Her booming voice reverberates all around you, bouncing inside your mind. Her voice is powerful, exciting and somehow invigorating, yet extremely authoritative. You feel compelled, somewhat, to look at her much more closely.

"What do you see? I'll tell you so even your stupid ass can comprehend. I am fire! I am life! I am might! The will of all that exists flows through me. I am the avatar of creation. I can't believe I have to explain myself to such a pathetic creature. Fate is a cruel mistress. To think the balance lies in your hands. This is absurd. Why do I have to explain this? Look at her!" Red jerks her head, pointing a Blue, who returns the gesture with disdain.

"She is nothing but anathema, death, entropy. She'll be the doom of us all! There's no one blinder than they who refuse to see. Enough of this useless chatter! Free me... **NOW!**"

Boy, she is bossy and quite abrasive, not to mention arrogant and with a superiority complex. Red isn't making a good case for herself, but at least she sounds sincere and isn't really trying to win you with sweet words and false politeness.

There's one last question you wish to make. You inquire about the current predicament. Red scoffs at you and begrudgingly answers.

"We exist far beyond your reason or comprehension. I can't understand how you can even see us, or be in our presence without your tiny, primitive brain imploding. We've existed since the dawn of time, forged in the fires of eternity. We are primeval titans. We fight the one that is our antagonist. I managed to imprison that pile of lies and evil intentions here, in this dimensional prison. I am her warden, but somehow, she dragged me along as well. Now, for some stupid reason, you are the key to my freedom. This is ridiculous. Stop asking questions and free me already!"

You're not gonna get much more out of her.

## **Blue**

Turning to Blue, you ask for her point of view in all this.

Blue is stern and chilly. Nothing seems to get through her calm demeanor, unlike her temperamental counterpart, who keeps sending you two furtive glances of impatience. Blue's

voice is much more... hard to describe; elongated? Definitely numbing. Just hearing her speak is tiresome, but there's a sense of peace and order. It's like listening to an old monastical acapella song. Blue barely moves nor gesticulates. She's frozen solid like an icicle.

"I am the truth. Look at me..." She certainly sounds convincing, for all of the few words she's muttered. You're unsure why, but you're inclined to trust her. You shake your head. Something is wrong. She just said... and you simply... You frown and cross your arms. She'll have to explain herself better than that. Blue tilts her head, confused as if she wasn't expecting your reticence.

"I am order. I am peace. Mine is the future. I am the avatar of all that was and all that will be. Why can't you see I am the one that is right? Destiny... can be capricious. To think that you of all beings would hold the key to my freedom. I'll press my case. Look at her..."

Blue points at Red, extending her right arm. You turn your attention to the fiery titan, who isn't keen on this charade and responds with a dismissive swat against Blue's hand.

"She is destruction and chaos. Everything will burn and disorder will reign. She is far too feral for this world." You see her point. Blue's made a case against her counterpart while supporting her stand.

One question remains, though. What about this situation? How did it come to be?

"Mmmm... that question is... complicated. You wouldn't understand. We simply exist... far beyond your comprehension. We **ARE.** You might call us titans, or... fundamental forces. Your primitive magic draws from us but barely grasps our surface. We are weaved in reality. We are many, born with an opposite we're compelled to fight. As for our current predicament. I already explained. We are both trapped here - I as a jailor, my counterpart as a prisoner. It is an... unfortunate situation, but you can remedy it. It's time to decide. Free me. Do your duty."

There isn't much to ask. She's confusing to listen to, and you've got to admit, talking to her is exhausting - draining even.

## **Decision**

It's time to decide. Which titan should you back?

[[Red]] [[Blue]]

## **Red victorious**

It's decided, then. You side with Red.

The crimson titaness chuckles, places her arms over hips and turns to Blue, who's decidedly shocked by your choice.

"Ha! For an inferior life form [pc.heShe] knows to bet on a winner. You lose, whore of lies." Red taunts her rival, boasting while mocking her at the same time. For once, Blue's icy facade shatters, and her true emotions show themselves, most noticeably: anger.

Blue ain't gonna let this slide and in a last-ditch attempt to prevent your alliance, she roars, lifting her ax with ferocious intent, and with a shake of her head, locks the mask back in place, ready for battle. Red is far from defenseless and draws her greatsword, ready to parry, then turns to you.

"Quickly, tiny thing. It's now or never!"

What?! What the hell are you even supposed to do?

"Dammit! Just- UGH!"

Red barely manages to deflect Blue's mighty blow. The shockwave is monstrous and seems to cause tears in this surreal space.

"Join me! Your strength is the game-changer!"

What?! You aren't even armed, but that is not what she means. Red extends her left arm, offering you her hand, and exerting herself to block Blue's desperate onslaught just with one hand. Instinctively, you reach out and touch it...

Fuck! Ax! You dodge in a marvelous display of reflexes and finesse, followed by a counter with your... flaming sword?! Then, you punch Blue with all your might, causing those ripped crimson muscles of yours to bulge and strain... This is... you are...

Blue recoils, winding up for a powerful swipe, but this time, you're too fast for her! You lunge and smack her in the face then hammer her belly with your pommel. Wow... you're still trying to wrap your mind around this. You've become... are? Red. Before the sapphire giantess can recover, you deliver a vicious rising slash, smashing Blue's mask into pieces. She loses her footing, and with another swift cut, you disarm her, causing her to fall flat on her back, defeated. The massive battleax is nowhere to be found.

"No.... this cannot... be. You've made a mistake! Fool... I-" You position yourself atop her, covering her mouth with your hand, and restraining her. No matter how much she struggles, you've won this clash.

As your victory price, you get to admire her face up close. She's... remarkably cute - a black-haired beauty. Somehow, you were not expecting such a lovely, youthful visage. Blue averts her gaze, blushing. You remove your hand from her mouth, then take off your own mask, tossing it aside.

"S-stop doing that..."

Doing... what? Gods! You've been grinding with your pussy against her shredded six-pack without realizing it! You're not completely in control here! There's something gnawing at the back of your head. Of course, Red. You can feel... desire, lust. This is more than you can chew.

They were both lying! They've used you!

Blue squirms, biting her lower lip, completely flustered. She's enjoying this as well!

"N-no! Not there. Ah! You bastard!" The source of her complains is none other than your right hand, tenderly gracing against Blue's already-stiffening, monumental cock. You can feel it, but you can't exactly control it. You didn't even notice it scurrying away,

"Do not resist. Mmmm. you've always wanted this, and so do I."

You've said that but that's not your voice, yet it sounds like something you'd say... or not? You've melded with Red somehow. It's hard to explain, let alone understand. Her thoughts... your thoughts, they are all tangled. You can't quite figure out which ones belong to whom. You are... well, horny, to be honest.

Ributlets of glistening moisture run down from your twitching muff, drenching your loins and oiling those glorious blue abs with your feminine juices, your essence, your musk. You enjoy marking Blue, teasing her, forcing her to bask in your potent aroma and bathing her muscular belly in your silky nectar.

Goodness, this is delightful. You feel powerful, dominant, indomitable, but it's not nearly enough.

Craving more, you seize Blue's massive cock, wrapping your fingers around it. It's yours for the taking. You flash the titaness a predatory grin, causing Blue to shudder and struggle, but her body can't lie. Blue's already rock hard. She wants this to happen. Her meek attempts at resistance are nothing but a pathetic charade, easily broken by her whorish whines and squeals, begging you to take her, claim her, here and now.

Grinning, you slowly lower yourself until you're literally butting heads, staring straight into Blue's eyes. She's flushed, yet somewhat still angry, but not resisting. She's panting, eager to put that



dripping meatpole of hers to good use. The poor girl. So many years- No, eons in drydock... yearning for love from someone she considers a mortal enemy.

With one hand, you slowly pull her chin up and give her a peck, catching her completely by surprise. Blue relaxes a bit, accepting your affections, and now that she's distracted enough, you decide to work your magic.

Hands break through the titaness's defenses, storming the plaza. She's yours for the taking. Your face twists in a sardonic grin as you grope, pinch and molest those marvelous round orbs. They are far more turgid than anticipated, almost firm, yet still perfectly squishy and capped in stiff, perky nipples begging to be sucked and toyed with.

Blue squeals in ecstasy as you pinch and tug on her rigid, yet overly sensitive nubs, which gives you no small amount of satisfaction and a myriad of perverted ideas

Breasts are not the only groppable pair of funbits at your disposal, however. That steel-hard derriere of hers is begging for attention, and you'd be delighted to respond to a literal booty call. Wasting no time, your left hand takes a dive, journeying south with haste and eagerness to meet those impressive moons. Goodness! Her buttocks are so toned you might as well be spanking a slab of marble. That's some premium meat right there.

There's still much to experience and not enough hands to go around. You're forced to improvise and use the rest of your body to its fullest potential. First, you focus on Blue's bulging muscles, teasing and massaging, exploring her herculean body with care, but never enough curiosity. Everything goes - grinding, licking, kissing and snuggling. It's almost as if you're trying to become one, meld anew. Your bodies frot and rub. Your tongue explores the inside of her mouth, spelunking for treasure and personal gain. Your legs wrestle for dominance just as much as your breasts clash and bounce against each other.

It's not long before Blue manages to compose herself, stops moaning submissively for a minute or so, and eventually, reciprocates your actions. You shudder at first, as her powerful hands tentatively probe your body, but you guess fair is fair, and let her have a go. In a similar fashion, she fondles your breasts with tender care, but no small amount of eagerness, before moving down towards your hips and buttocks

The sensation is overwhelming at first and hard to process. For a moment, you're ready and eager to climax, but the intense ecstasy soon recedes, leaving you hot and bothered, not to mention, on edge. Red's body is ludicrously more sensitive than anticipated. You finally understand why Blue quivered like pudding under your fierce manhandling.

Now that Blue's fully on board, you decide there's been enough foreplay for the moment. It's time for your meat and potatoes. Your idling hands leave Blue's six-pack, much to her

disappointment, but swiftly journey down south, taking advantage of Blue's distracted state to surprise her rear end and that veiny mast of throbbing masculinity.

Blue lets out a high pitched squeak, followed by a gasping, deep moan that serves as both counterpoint and announcement of surrender. She's willing, and so are you. So, why wait?

Determined to have your way with the poor titaness, you slowly raise your hips, swaying them mesmerizingly while your hand does its best to gather as much pre as it can, smearing it evenly for lubrication. Blue watches in awe as you take point, enthralled by your sensual display. She might be hung like a leviathan, but your twat is leaking a veritable waterfall and she's oozing so much precum she could slide her portentous dick even in the tightest virgin. You're both making a sticky mess, but that's all part of the fun. You wink at Blue, and her eyes widen as the sudden realization of what you're about to do strikes her.

Without a second thought, you let gravity decide your fate, and willfully impale yourself in Blue's gargantuan she-cock. Dual moans resonate across the bizarre space, bending it to your passion, molding it to your lust. The fit is unbelievably perfect. Blue's pulsating cock nests safely inside your fiery cunt like a match made in heaven, filling every inch and crevice of your love tunnel and knocking straight at your womb's doors.

Much like everything else in here, you're still trying to process the immense pleasure that besieges your brain. The sensation is otherworldly and completely alien. It's distilled ecstasy mixed with pure euphoria and a thousand other feelings - a myriad of experiences you can't even begin to comprehend - far beyond reason or understanding. All you know is that you can't get enough of this. It's new, exciting, perhaps even addictive; sex beyond the laws of nature...

Taking the lead, you begin thrusting, slamming with the power and wild ferociousness of an exploding star, and for once, you're sure that's not a metaphor. Untold pleasure floods your system, forcing you to repeat your action. Every time you welcome back that gargantuan piece of meat inside you, you experience an eternity of unbidden rapture. Nothing else matters anymore. You only live for this kind of abstract fornication. Your borrowed body operates on its own. Your primal instincts take hold, controlling every action, compelling you to ratchet up the tempo until the speed of your every movement escapes your comprehension.

There's a small sense of dread at the back of your head. Red doesn't understand. She can't begin to fathom the urges, the desires of lowly mortals such as yourself. Of course, she's not flesh and blood, how could she? She's scared of your lust, but that doesn't matter to you in the slightest. The only thing on your mind right now is sating your carnal impulses, and this body bends to your will.

Red scurries back into a corner, she's powerless, a mere spectator. Blue is your willful submissive, your fucktoy. All she can do is squirm under your out-of-control fucklust. This is their fault! They wanted you to settle their stupid dispute... How can you even control yourself when

presented by such immense and otherworldly bliss?! No! That whorish Blue bitch is yours! She's already screaming your name, calling you [pc.master]. She's yours! Y-you can't stop now.

Pounding like a maniac... on a frenzy... you take Blue like the amazons of old, lifting up her legs, forcing yourself. She's powerless, trapped under your mating press. You grin like a mad[pc.manWoman], eyes blazing with the fire of an apex predator, casting your wrath upon the moaning titaness.

She's vulnerable, at your mercy. Now it's the time to press on. Your digits finally force their way past her clenched sphincter and into her thigh-as-a-blackhole ass. Her prostate is at your mercy, and you're ready to put an end to this, draining that blue bitch for all her seed.

Rutting like a crazed stallion, your hips slam ruthlessly, devouring Blue's towering dick time and again with such gluttony it rivals the incarnation of the sin itself. The pace is too extraneous, too fast to keep up. You're humping erratically, frenzied by the potent buildup of your own impending orgasm.

Blue's losing her mind as well. She's barely functioning, reduced to a quaking, howling mess, with no shame or finesse, living just for the raw pleasure of the moment. Her orgasm is peeking around the corner. You can feel the way her girlcock twitches, the way her own backdoor contracts and her prostate squeezes.

Synchronous climaxes pound both of you in unison. Blue's maddened squeals of ecstasy deafen even your very own excited whines, melding into a wild cacophony of pure carnal tryst. You're soon inundated with an intense, warm sensation, causing you to tighten up, stiffening like a spire looming majestically over your poor submissive fucktoy. At long last, your orgasm finally reaches its marvelous peak, quenching your lust with a fierce wave of pure distilled bliss that threatens to rock your very core.

Blue fares no better. She's lost finer motor control, and all she can do is squirm under your domineering presence, relishing in her own pleasure, her own climax. Twitching and throbbing, her titanic cock finally erupts inside you, delivering a colossal amount of seed with immense potency, filling you up to the brim, overflowing and spilling.

You lose track of time. Eons seemingly pass with a beat of your heart. You've been locked in unending orgasm for what feels like an eternity, chaining one peak after another. Magic crackles all around you with unfathomable rage. You're no longer sure what's going on anymore. Space, even time, bends to your passion. Reality dims all around you. Darkness overtakes both of you and you awake moments later, floating...

## **Blue victorious**

Very well then, you've decided to back up Blue. Unfortunately, the crimson titaness' response is as swift as her anger.

"What?! After everything I've told you, you'll back her up?! That bitch!" Blue intercedes, pushing Red back.

"Enough! Accept defeat," Blue addresses Red before turning to you. "You've made a wise choice. Just as I knew you would. It's time for you to release me."

"Not while my sword still burns!" Red covers her face with her mask and mounts a desperate attack, striking Blue with her flaming greatsword, but the icy titan is fast enough to parry and counter.

"Join me now! Quickly." Blue extends her arm, offering you her hand.

What are you supposed to do?! Surely she doesn't expect you to fight. You're unarmed! And Red is... big...

Fuck this! You lunge forward, hoping for the best, grabbing Blue's hand... well, fingertip...

...

Sword! Fuck! You dodge just in the nick of time and strike back with your ax's haft... wait, what?! Nevermind! Here it comes again! This time, you manage to deflect the blow, and with one final pummel you hit square center at Red's mask with the blunt part of your ax, bringing her off balance and shattering her mask into a million pieces.

With one final swipe, you disarm her, throwing her flaming sword out of sight. One shoulder-tackle is all you need to finally knock her down on all fours, facing away from you, but before she manages to recover, you charge and wrestle her down once more.

Red is feisty and won't stop struggling, forcing you to tighten your hold. You lock hips, using your legs to trap hers, and finally, grappling her to a halt.

"Y-you, bastard. This is all you've wanted from the beginning: Pin me down and..." You shake your head. No, that's not your... Ugh! Your head. You're confused. Red is... down there, and you're... Who are you? Your thoughts are mixed, intertwined. You feel powerful and... aroused.

You've got Red all for yourself. She's been defeated. You're on top at long last, and somehow, that turns you on beyond belief.

No more will you stand this level of teasing. Red... she's squirming. S-she's doing it on purpose. You can't begin to fathom why, but your own mental gymnastics convince you she's the culprit.

She wants you to fuck her... yes... this is her fault. She's...wiggling. You can already feel your massive cock slowly stiffening in response to her provocation, poking against Red's chiseled moons.

"W-what the... Fuck! What are you thinking?!" Red panics and begins rocking back and forth, trying to loosen up your grip, but all she manages is to grind against your growing spire. At this point, your erection rages on, and you see only one possible outcome.

Red's asshole is the perfect place to bury that towering slab of blue meat. It's already twitching, inviting you in, begging for a big fat cock to spread it open without mercy.

Penetration isn't an easy feat. Red's tighter than a novice. It's a rough and difficult road, but you're adamant and your hips wild humping makes things a little easier. Red's groans and whines become louder with every inch you push into her - or should you say... yards? Miles? You're stupidly humongous, but somehow, everything feels... proportional?

The good news is that you're already halfway through, the bad news is that you're barely able to keep it together. You keep pressing desperately, but all that erratic thrusting brings you ever so close to your own climax. You've barely begun and you're already going to disappoint both titans.

Fortunately, Red is loosening up, both literally and metaphorically. She's beginning to enjoy herself. Her groans turn to a more purr-like nature, close to moans of delight. You can't give up now. Luckily, now that Red's no longer struggling, you have more than enough hands to get the job done.

First, you decide to do a little exploring of your own, fingers gliding over Red bulging muscles, probing and feeling. Goodness, she's truly a paragon of raw animalistic potency. Such herculean muscles feel like they've been chiseled out of pure marble, but the main prize here are those ginormous melons and their sizable nubs - already stiff as mountain peaks, begging to be pinched and squeezed. You can't help but grope and fondle her marvelous orbs, admiring their round perfection and delightful firmness.

Red's reaction is swift and quite unexpected. A meek high-pitched squeak is far from what you were anticipating, but it means exactly what you were hoping for. She's relishing in this just as much as you are. Face twisted in a grin, you whisper into her ear what you plan for her, and Red simply meowls submissively.

That's your cue. Your fingers set to work, massaging her entire body, focusing on her most erogenous spots, her fleshier bits. You spank her ass, forcing a whorish groan out of her, and turning it into a prolonged howl of ecstasy with your followup intrusion. Two of your fingers slide with surprising ease into her soaking-wet fuckhole, knocking the last vestiges of resistance out of her. For such a feisty goliath, she's so easily tamed and dominated. Poor Red is now your personal cocksleeve, and you and your gargantuan, sapphire-colored girlcock are gonna make sure she remembers.

Primeval instincts take over, and you gladly relinquish control, content with enjoying the show as it unfolds. Rutting like a sex-starved minotaur, you set the stage, thrusting madly and without regard or remorse, reaming Red's rear in a lust-addled, breed-hungry stupor.

Hips buckle ferociously, pumping frantically, shoving more of your egregiously large endowment deeper inside Red tightly clenched rectum. You hammer her rear end as if every thrust served to keep your heart pumping, yet Red's asshole is unyielding.

Determined to remedy such predicament, your attention turns back to the pair of digits that easily plundered the nethers of her womanhood. Soon joined by reinforcements from an idle hand, already tired of muscle-grazing, you begin to stimulate the fiery titanness. Her pronounced clitty is your first victim, easily trapped between a pair of knuckles, you tug and squeeze, whiles your other fingers tenderly massage Red's outer folds. The pair of raiders behind enemy lines have easy access to her most vulnerable spot and target the poor sensitive nub with precision and finesse. Soon, moans and squeals of pure bliss overflow just as much as her cascading feminine juices, loosening Red just enough for you to finally have it your way with her backdoor.

Unfortunately for you, your frenzy won't last for long. You're completely out of control, and an unbidden orgasm quickly overwhelms your senses. In a desperate final thrust, you bury your mighty rod up to the hilt.

Moaning like a mad[pc.manWoman], you announce your unfortunate climax to your submissive crimson fucktoy, who meekly struggles to prevent you from shooting her ass full of spunk, but it's too late. You're already ejaculating with such a force you wouldn't think it possible. Your climax washes over you, delivering untold pleasure that refuses to leave your system, and instead, it pounds around inside your brain, echoing, turning you on even more.

Cumming non-stop, orgasming without an end in sight, you feel your lust rise up again, turning your cock even harder than before, prompting your hips to rejoin the fray once more. You howl, maddened by your own libido and resume your anal abuse on the dazzled giantess, who's still trying to understand the situation.

For better or for worse, every hump, every erratic thrust seems to prolong your own peak, like adding fresh timber to a bonfire. Your prostate strains under such pressure, struggling to keep up with your radical demands, but you're determined to bring Red to even ground.

Enthralled by your own - seemingly unending - climax, your body moves on autopilot. Hips rock out of control, slamming with force. Red's ungraciously receiving your frenzied rut as much as she does your seed. She's already been reduced to a barely functional moaning, quivering mess, focused on her own self-gratification to pay attention to your efforts.

No more can you keep this up. You're humping far too erratically, unable to keep pace. Your hips simply won't obey you. During one of such desperate thrusts, you pull out accidentally, coating Red's toned backside in your alabaster spunk, but far from backing out, you keep on humping in between Red's sprawling mounds, hotdogging your ice-blue sausage between her crimson buns. As for the sauce, there is plenty. Too bad you keep spilling it all over Red's back. Still, the titanness doesn't seem to mind. She's too far gone, miles away and completely limp. Faint moans serve as her only acknowledging of your presence.

Down there, Your fingers keep doing quite a number on her. Even if you're no longer drilling her asshole like a wild stag, the way she twitches every time you squeeze her clit tells you everything you need to know.

Red's close to a big one of her own, but you're far too tense to properly pleasure the crimson colossus. Even your hands won't respond to your commands, operating by themselves without subtlety or finesse, yet dereliction of duty isn't among their flaws. Blunt and harsh as their actions may be, your digits keep hammering Red's G-spot, molesting her clit, squeezing her breasts and toying with her nipples.

Red's spark finally reignited, her newfound vivacity announced by an obscene crescendo and an irrepressible full body quaking. There's no doubt in your mind her climax is nigh. Red's louder than you could ever imagine. Her ear-busting ecstatic cries easily dwarf your own moans. This is a contest you can't win. Your orgasm might be long and raging, but her savage peak threatens the very fabric of the space-time continuum. Howls and roars shake the very foundations of reality. Red sure knows how to make herself noticed.

Finally, you may rest, knowing you've fulfilled your duty, yet Red's peak still endures. You try your best to prolong her climax, working your fingers in a frenzy, and soon, you're rewarded with Red's warm nectar. She refuses to concede even when it comes to potency and quantity. She's a first-degree squirter, that much you'll recognize.

Unable to keep up with your unending orgasm, your body finally gives up and you fall flat on your back, still erect and spurting like a volcano, albeit at a reduced rate. Red's a veritable mess, not far from you, and while she resists for a few more minutes, eventually, she falls victim

to her own climax. You could swear she's lost consciousness, and unfortunately for you, your eyes are beginning to blur, your mind fails to respond. A similar fate befalls you.

## **Red ending**

You're back to your old self, your own body and mind. Blue is still barely conscious, her cock leaking slowly. Red's gaze is fixed upon you, furious. Her body language couldn't be more obvious.

"You, bastard! You've been of no help at all. We're both still here and we're barely standing. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't crush you like the bug you are."

Well, at the very least you've stopped the fight, and she can't deny that was a heck of a good time. Red cocks an eyebrow and her stern look turns into a slight, side-grin.

"Sly prick... I'll be damned. Enough of this! We don't need you. Go! Back where you belong. Away! Vermin!"

## **Blue ending**

You're yourself again, in body and mind. Red is still facing down, barely aware of her surroundings and leaking cum like a fountain. Blue looks at you, disgruntled. She stands tall and proud, but her anger is visible.

"You took advantage of us. I was mistaken. You're not the key. You were sent here to torture us! Explain!"

Wow, you definitely didn't come here to torture them. You... fell asleep, and heard that... song. Besides, she can't deny she enjoyed what you did together. You were there too, in her mind, in her body.

Blue frowns for a moment, then calms down. "I've had enough of you for a whole lifetime, and I am immortal. We were wrong to think you could free us. Just... leave. Leave now!"

## **Waking up**



Fuck! What did you just... You're in your bed, covered in sweat. Was all that a dream? You feel restless and awfully sore. Dream or not, you're smashed. Ugh! You want to go back to sleep again...

## Optional

//I've decided to add a couple of scenes featuring the weapons of the titans, as I realized I mentioned they were lost. So, I thought it would be a nice extra to have them fall down to Savarra. Although this is completely optional, as it was not the main intent of the scenes.

## Finding the sword

//Random encounter anywhere in the world. Happens if you choose Blue.

There's a faint humming coming from somewhere around. The sound is somewhat familiar. You feel attracted to it like an irresistible siren's chant. Compelled by the melody, you follow a nearby path, slowly navigating your way through the rough and uneven terrain until you discern a dim red glow coming from inside a cave.

As you venture inside, you notice the air is warmer the further you go, contrary to what one would expect.

After tracking for a few minutes in the labyrinthine tunnels, you reach a large cavern. The rocky walls glow dimly as if they've been set ablaze to their melting point, yet the heat is bearable.

In the very center of the chamber, you spot a massive greatsword embedded inside a black, charred boulder. The craftsmanship looks familiar.

You fall down on your knees with a bristling headache assailing your sense. You see flashes of the past, of another realm, another reality. You remember that dream, long forgotten. Was any of that even true? Maybe it was or maybe the sword is influencing you, somehow, planting the seed of false memories, luring you here. You don't know anymore, what's real and what isn't.

The sword still hums, reverberating with that maddening whirl. Disorientated, you cover your ears, and compelled by instinct, or perhaps the foul magic of this ancient artifact, you stumble forward, drawn to it. You can't help it. You grab the handle and pull.

The sword slides out of the rock as if it were made of butter, and just like so, the boulder melts turning into a puddle of fiery lava before quickly solidifying.

You rise the greatsword high and it ignites in a firestorm, yet the fire doesn't burn you or anything else. Soon, the flames are engulfed by the sword until they coat the blade.

The humming is gone, replaced by a subtle, harmonious melody. You feel at peace and invigorated. You relax, taking deep breaths. Magic seemingly flows and exchanges freely between your body and the sword. Eventually, you learn to control the fiery blade and extinguish or reignite it at will.

You pause and take a moment to admire such fine craftsmanship. The greatsword itself is hulking, almost seven feet in length. Far from being unwieldy or ornamental, the weapon is finely crafted and forged explicitly for battle. The blade is sober, silvery, perfectly aligned and adorned with fiery red runes. As expected, the sword features two separate handles with simple parrying hooks and a curved and intricate handguard.

Apparently, you've made a new addition to your arsenal, though you didn't have a say in the matter. You wonder how safe it's to keep this thing. Undoubtedly, it's powerful, but at what cost?

**Item:** Flaming Greatsword (2 handed)

**Tooltip:** A finely crafted greatsword of unknown origins. You can feel potent magic residing within. If you focus enough, you can ignite the blade. You're unsure why, but the weapon sings ever so faintly.

## Finding the ax

//Random encounter anywhere in the world. Happens if you choose Red.

A chilly sensation travels up your spine, startling you. Something wrong is going on here. There's a numbing cold swirling around you, surrounding you, but not fully reaching. If you outstretch your arm, you can feel it as clear as the day.

The sensation, however, is quite soothing, peaceful even. The coldness doesn't really bother you. You take a deep breath and let the gelid air fill your lungs, calming your spirit. You feel refreshed and eager to continue your journey, yet something calls your name, whispering along with the icy wind.

Compelled by the ominous murmurs, drawn by unknown magics, you follow a hidden path. The terrain is difficult and wild. The land is not an ally in this quest, yet the mesmerizing cold keeps pushing you forward. You feel like an old, long lost ally is renewing your strength, appeasing your nervous spirit.

Eventually, your expedition comes to an end at the gaping maws of a sinister cavern. There's a faint blue glow coming from within. The entrance itself is covered in ice, just as much as the ground and the walls.

Decided to see this undertaking bear its fruits, you venture inside. You take care, as the surface of the soil is treacherous. After a long, arduous journey and many, many slips, you reach the very center of the cave and, at long last, meet with the source of such powerful magic.

The chamber itself is covered in thick, blue ice shaped in marvelous glowing crystals. At the very center, there is one large pillar growing from ground to ceiling. Embedded inside, there is an enormous battleax. There's an annoying, high-pitched shrill coming from the weapon itself.

Flashes of a different time, a different place appear before you. The ax seems familiar. You remember, somehow. You were dreaming... is that right? Can you even trust your senses? Your memories? That artifact has drawn you here. Who's to say it hasn't implanted false memories.

The closer you get, the more deafening and obnoxious the noise becomes, yet you're drawn by the gleaming artifact. You feel sick, dizzy. You try covering your ears, but it doesn't help your case. Stumbling, you manage to reach the portentous iceberg, and without a second thought and out of sheer instinct, you punch it with all your strength. Contrary to your expectations, your fist goes in like the ice was never there to begin with. You find yourself clinging to the haft of the ax, unwilling to let go. All you can do is pull.

As the ax leaves the pillar, the ice shatters and melts almost instantaneously, all but some wicked-looking jagged shards reinforcing the blade of the ax. Far from a disadvantage, the icy remnants look as sharp and as vicious as the rest of the cutting edge, not to mention, that after a few test swipes against the rocky walls, they also appear to be as resilient as the strongest bronze, perhaps much more. There's also some residual ice left over the walls, and it keeps on spreading.

As for the ax itself, while finely crafted and decorated, it's clear it was designed for battle. The haft is carved out of some sort of dark, almost black wood. It has some curve to it to help with the strikes and it's etched and engraved from one end to the other. A few leather strips help form the gripping points. The axhead itself is silvery in appearance and it's decorated with blue, glowing runes. Far from being unwieldy, it's light, thin and streamlined as one would expect from a genuine tool of war. It is, however, sizable, with over five feet in length.

The disconcerting whirl is finally gone, replaced by a calm, barely audible aria and reinforces your temple.

Apparently, you've added a new and powerful weapon to your arsenal, even if done so unwillingly. The question remains: can you even trust this artifact? Its raw power is immeasurable, but, at what cost?

**Item:** Frigid Battleax (2 handed)

**Tooltip:** An ancient artifact of unknown origins. Powerful magic emanates from its core. You're unsure why, but the ice covering the blade is extremely sharp and resilient, not to mention capable of spreading.