

## Dungeon Town: Challenge Room

Novus Peregrine

Reba slowed as she passed carefully through the new door of the Dungeon. This wasn't a new floor for them, not even remotely. Which meant that this was a new *door* where there shouldn't have been one. Where there, in fact, *hadn't* been one the last time they passed through this area. Which, in turn, likely meant the Dungeon had done a remodel.

That wasn't particularly uncommon, of course. Even in a more normal Dungeon, the Dungeon's intelligence would often make alterations as it figured out new things. Different sorts of traps, new types of summons, more or less attractive rewards. All Dungeons changed, to some extent or another. Admittedly, however, *this* particular Dungeon, changed far more frequently than most. So far as anyone was aware, of Nirvana Dungeon was utterly unique. It didn't kill save when pushed to extremes, just for starters. Then there was the fact that it was, for lack of any other way of putting it, an utter pervert. Despite having been delved for well over a decade at this point, it also seemed nearly endlessly creative. The fact that its creativity was always channeled into its...unique preferences...was the only reason the place wasn't a death trap of the highest order.

All of that meant it wasn't at all strange to find a change when you were delving. That did *not* mean one should be one iota less than *extremely* cautious when exploring that change. The Dungeon might not kill you, but it would 100% *absolutely* fuck with you. Literally, figuratively, and thoroughly imaginatively. If you had two braincells to rub together, you double and triple checked anything new, lest you become the first person to discover exactly what kinky or humiliating shenanigans the Dungeon was up to this time. Sometimes that wasn't bad. Sometimes, it was even downright pleasant. But you didn't always get encounters and experiences that fit *your* preferences. Which meant it could also be downright *unpleasant*.

That was the risk people signed up for, quite willingly, in exchange for a Dungeon that wouldn't kill you and *would* drop some pretty spectacular, if often embarrassing, loot. It was a fair trade...but it also meant Reba was treating this new room like it was a new room in any *other* Dungeon. Just in case there was something afoot that she wouldn't enjoy. It was with a profound sigh of relief, then, when she finally examined enough of the room to realize just what this place was. They weren't out of the woods yet, but it wasn't something that would be sprung on them without them deciding beforehand to go for it. Pitching her voice to be heard by the rest of her waiting team, she called out the all clear.

"It's alright everyone! It's a Challenge Room! You can all come forward!"

The rest of her four-person party did just that on swift feet, though their expressions were very mixed as they entered the room. Anna looked serene as always, a look she somehow managed even when in the throws of orgasm. Most of the time, at least. Something which had only grown extra annoying when she'd decided to keep the white cat ears and tail the Dungeon had given her a few months back. There was a certain extra smugness to catgirl Anna's serenity that just itched at Reba's soul.

Tilly, their normally-enthusiastic token human, was looking a little leery. Not unexpected, since the redhead was still dealing with the results of an entirely different challenge room. One that had unexpectedly given her a rather large extra 'endowment' that no one had figured out how to get rid of yet. It likely had something to do with the number, written in glowing script, on the underside of said cock. Unfortunately, even after three weeks, the counter hadn't budged even once, leaving them all confused about what it was supposed to be counting.

It was their newest member that looked the most uncertain. Not that Reba could blame the girl. The half-elf was the bastard child of some noble house or another, but one that had been well taken care of. At least, she had been until her human sire died and the jealous brat that was his actual heir threw her out. Shiara was an *incredible* healer. But she wasn't much for violence and had been sheltered for most of her life. Dungeon Town, and the perversions of Dungeon Nirvana itself, had been a hell of a culture shock to the kid. On the plus side, the Dungeon seemed to actually *like* her for some reason. Which had kept her from being totally overwhelmed. But Reba knew the girl was still...adjusting...to how their strange little corner of the universe worked.

Ah, well, at least she had absolutely no prejudices against dusk elves like Reba. So Reba was 100% fine with helping the kid learn about herself and the world. The fact that she was cute as hell and willing enough to be...exploratory...even outside the Dungeon, didn't hurt. The kid just needed a guiding hand, and Reba was willing to be that for her. It was even a little fun. Like having a little sibling. You know, if you regularly had kinky sex in front of, alongside, and occasionally *with* that sibling. Which...ick. Maybe that hadn't been the best comparison to make.

Yep. Definitely more like a roommate or something. No. That sounded too much like that one warlock who'd ranted about his Patron named Patreon not liking him calling his roommates 'little sisters.'

A mentee?

Yeah, mentee was good. Shiara was her mentee. A cute mentee who had a *very* dutiful and dexterous tongue. Perfectly normal for Dungeon Town. Now, focus Reba! Figure out what his challenge room is all about! Think about the delights of your *mentee's* dutiful tongue later!

Shaking off the very strange series of thoughts, she moved with the rest of her party to the Challenge Pedestal. All Challenge Rooms started this way. A single pedestal with a few very vague hints on them. Just enough to give you a clue what sort of shenanigans you'd have to get up too, without detailing specifics. At least in Challenge Rooms, the Dungeon seemed to want you to commit knowingly. The rewards were *always* good, though. So, unless there was something that was an absolute, hard 'fuck no' from a group, most people went through with them. And, well, most people with hard 'fuck noes' like that tended not to last long in *this* Dungeon anyway...

Clustering around the Challenge Pedestal in the center of the room, everyone read the name and hints off, each of them processing and theorizing at their own speed.

### **Challenge of Mutal Temptation:**

*Bound and helpless you will be, experiencing all the pleasures of the flesh. Split the temptation to finish among the group, and last as long as one can. The longer you go unfulfilled, the greater the reward...*

It took a few moments for everyone to mull that over, before Shiara stuttered out a question.

“D-does that mean what I *think* it means?”

Reba shrugged and nodded. This one didn’t seem to be too complicated. Hopefully.

“Probably. Best guess is that the Dungeon will bind us and pleasure us, with our ‘challenge’ being to resist cumming as long as possible. It’s the ‘split the temptation’ bit that I’m less sure about. It could mean that it will only pleasure one of us at a time, in sequence, giving each a chance to recover. Or...well, it could mean that we each take a share of each other’s pleasure. Which would amplify the difficulty instead of reducing it.”

Shiara was slowly turning a shade of red that was both amusing and a little worrying, Anna was serene as always, and Tilly was grimacing and looking down at her groin. Right, she would be getting double the fucking, probably, given that she still had her pussy under her temporary cock, and the challenge read ‘*all the pleasures of the flesh.*’ Depending on how mean the Dungeon was feeling, this could be extra rough on Tilly, if they went through with it. Reba was the closest thing they had to an actual leader. Which meant it fell to her to figure out if they were doing this thing or not. Personally, she didn’t think it was so bad.

“I don’t see any reason not to do this one, gals. Worst case, we embarrass ourselves a bit my cumming our brains out too quick and end up with crap loot. There’s no punishment for failure listed, which means it won’t do anything unless we try to cheat.”

The Dungeon was always straight with you about any penalties on Challenges. Even Tilly’s current cock issue had been the result of a partial fail, where the Dungeon had explicitly listed ‘Genital Roulette’ as the failure result. It was a fairly common ‘punishment,’ with the only frustrating part for her being that she’d hit one that no one in the town recognized. Or, at least, no one that they’d talked to so far. Thankfully, the redhead was the most *enthusiastic* about the Dungeon’s perversions most of the time, so she was quick to chime in despite looking slightly dubious about her chances.

“Well, I think I’m likely the weak link, given my...current condition. But I’m game if everyone else is.”

Anna, annoyingly serene as always, smoothly added her two coppers.

“I’m fine with it, of course. The Dungeon always provides interesting experiences.”

Ugh. Frustrating girl. It had taken Reba forever to realize that Anna really did just float along with the flow like that. The only time she ever emoted anything but serenity was when she was cumming her brains out. Though, come to think of it, if they ended up being edged repeatedly for like an hour, maybe the woman would finally crack and make interesting expressions? That thought

put a smile on her face as she looked to the final member of the group. Shiara was biting her lip, still beet red, but she nodded when Reba looked her way. Good girl.

“Well, that’s everyone in agreement then.”

Reba reached forward and tapped the green gem that indicated the party’s agreement to the challenge, and the pedestal faded away. The door behind them abruptly slammed shut and locked, and a large chest faded into place where the pedestal had been, a sign floating above it.

### ***Challenge Started – Strip***

Oh good. It was one of these. All of them let out a sigh of relief as they began to divest themselves of their gear and put it in the chest. Sometimes, traps and challenges were a bit *rough* and removed everything forcefully. Items made by the Dungeon would be repaired or replaced if they were damaged. But more ordinary gear was sometimes a loss when the Dungeon did the aggressive version. Thankfully, this time it was allowing them to strip and secure their items themselves. Though it would likely get impatient if they dithered. Even Shiara knew better than to do that, even if her blush had spread clear down to the tops of her delightfully-more-than-a-handful breasts by the time they were all naked.

As the last of the shiest member’s gear vanished into the chest, it faded back out of existence...and the room shifted. Someone yelped, more in surprise than anything else, as the floor seemed to buck under them. It was only as bits of floor shaped into pillars, shackles, and other restraints, that any of them really processed what was going on. The Dungeon was literally just *reshaping the room* to capture them. Each of them caught up quickly in their own custom bondage device.

Shiara ended up with her hands trapped above her head, shackled to a stone pillar, astride a sort of saddle-shaped device with raised bumps pressing up between her pussy lips. Tentacles with suckers on the end wrapped around her breasts, the suckers hovering over her nipples. Anna was, to Reba’s delight, wrapped up in a human shaped cage, bent over forward and looking right at Reba. A trio of tentacles hovered behind her, two of a penetration type and another of the sucker type like the ones wrapped around Shiara’s breasts. An additional set of needle-tipped tentacles had already pierced the catgirl’s rather stacked rack and seemed to be busy pumping some concoction into them. Given that there were another two sucker-tentacles hovering nearby, Reba had an idea what that was all about. With any luck, she’d finally get a chance to see the woman’s composure shatter entirely!

Tilly was farther away, but Reba’s own bondage had lifted her up on a pillar with a cross-bar, forcing her into full splits that made her *very* grateful she kept up with her flexibility exercises! Her neck was locked to the pillar in such a way she couldn’t look down far enough to see just what was pressing against her pussy and rosebud, but they felt enough like dildos that she could hazard a guess. Regardless of what was in store for *her*, though, her elevated position *did* give her a view of Tilly as well.

The poor redhead really *was* looking like she was in for a rough go of it. She was arched over a curved platform backward, her cock pointing straight toward the heavens...and encased in what looked like a glass sleeve full of *feathers* on little spindles. Add in more tentacle suckers for her

nipples and a pair of dildos nudging at both of her lower entrances and it was quite clear her torment was going to be rather *complete*. That was a little disappointing, in a way, as it meant she might not be able to resist long. That could ruin the chance Reba had of finally seeing Anna completely crack. Oh well.

She'd only just had a chance to assess everyone's position when the needle-tentacles withdrew from Anna. That seemed to be the signal for *everything* to begin moving, and Reba was momentarily distracted by her own intruders. The two pre-lubricated didoes pressing into her pussy and ass were mostly what she'd expected. They *were* a bit more life-like than anticipated, enough so she could almost believe they *were* the real deal, complete with a feeling of heat. But, ultimately, their slow-and-steady double penetration was expected.

The warm slither of a dexterous tongue directly on her clit was *not*. Reba couldn't see what was doing that, which was a little disconcerting. Particularly since she didn't think the various sucker tentacles could manage something like it. Still, the rest of what she was experiencing was distracting enough not to dwell on the tongue's flicks and flickers. After all, those sucker tentacles *had* zeroed in on her breasts and nipples, wrapping her modest breasts up to squeeze and latching on to both of her nipples to nibble and suck. Combined with the slowly building speed of the dildos, working their way deeper with every thrust, it was certainly enough it was quickly going to become an effort to resist cumming her brains out.

Nor was she alone in that. Tilly was already moaning like a whore in heat, the poor girl getting everything Reba was *plus* that torturous looking feathered-teasing device tormenting her cock. Shiara was quieter, attempt to suppress her moans out of embarrassment, even as she squirmed helplessly atop her saddle, unable to escape the thrumming, pulsing vibration of the sex saddle. Her own sucker tentacles were mimicking Reba and Tilly's, but for all that she was squirming and shuddering, the half-elf was probably the getting the *least* intense treatment.

Anna, much to Reba's delight, was certainly not getting off that lightly. Reba's guess had been completely correct, regarding what those injections had been all about, as the catgirl was currently being *milked* rather thoroughly by four tentacles. Two that were acting as suckers, along with two that were thicker and more thoroughly wrapped around her dangling breasts than those servicing other party members.

That second set of tentacles was firmly 'massaging' Anna's breasts, which had gained at least two cup sizes and were spurting copious amounts of milk into a semi-transparent version of the sucker tentacles. The sensation must have been intense, particularly when added to the trio of tentacles that were fucking her from behind and attending the other woman's clit, as Anna's face was already distorting a little from the sensations. As much as it ever did when she was in the throes of pleasure. Now, if only she'd break a little bit more from the need to resist actually cumming...

For a few minutes, as the efforts of the Dungeon to make them cum built, Reba actually forgot about the 'shared temptation' thing they'd been uncertain about. What little attention she had to spare was paid to a pink orb that seemed to be slowly filling with light. The orb had appeared where the Challenge Pedestal had been and there were actually *three* orbs present, stacked in a row. But only one had any color, and with her brain still *mostly* working at this point, it wasn't too

hard to connect the orbs to their promise of 'better rewards'. The more they filled the orbs, the better the result, she assumed.

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Tilly wasn't sure if she was in heaven or hell. The sheer pleasure she was experiencing said heaven. The need to *not* cum when she desperately wanted to said hell. The dual pounding her pussy and ass were taking, along with the suckers working her nipples, were bad enough. But the true hell she was facing in her attempts to resist was the odd, seemingly-glass sheathe lowered over her straining cock. Inside that devil sheathe were dozens of feathers, each of them different, and all of them rotating around the cylinder at equally different speeds. Some tickled, some caressed, some were nearly pure pleasure when they hit special spots *just* right.

She was pretty sure, if the stimulation had been consistent, that she would have cum within the first minute. Even *without* the pounding and sucking happening to her other sensitive bits. As it was, the wildly inconsistent, sometimes outright discordant, nature of the sensations engulfing her cock were the only reason she hadn't peaked yet. And even then, she knew she wasn't going to last much longer. Desperately trying to hold back, she barely managed to croak out a warning to the others.

"G-guys, I'm not going! I-I'm going to..."

Cum. She was going to...wait, why wasn't she? She should be *cumming*, she'd lost the will to resist. **WHY WASN'T SHE CUMMING?!** Her mind couldn't make sense of it, rapidly overcome by the *need* to cum, her thoughts washed away by the frustrated pulse of *need* and the feeling of being *blocked*. Pleasurable pressure built with no release, a stopper in a bottle that wanted to explode. Building and building impossibly far as her mind came unglued and she started to gibber and plea...

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Reba was simultaneously horrified and satisfied as she felt an echo of Tilly coming unglued, of her desperate need to cum, but inability to do so. An echo of that pleasure was flowing like alien fire through Reba's own veins. Not quite hers, but *enhancing* the sensitivity of every bit of pleasure that *was* hers. Even as she enjoyed the sight of Anna losing her mind completely for the first time *ever* in Reba's sight, lewd moans and desperate whines beginning to stream from what could only be called an ahegao-face, Reba's mind made the connection.

"*Split the temptation to finish among the group, and last as long as **one** can.*"

It hadn't meant either of the things she'd thought! It meant that they *all* had to fail to hold back their release...before *any* of them would be allowed to cum. As long as one of them held strong, the others would be held right at the edge, unable to finish after they failed their temptations. Yet, for each one that failed, the sensations would be amplified for everyone else. Even as she realized that, Anna failed at her own resistance and the sensations bombarding Reba amplified again. Her mind began to slip, but she saw the first Orb had filled with pink, the second rapidly flowing toward full as well. Desperately, she got out a command before her own mind was pulled under.

"S-Shiara, b-be a Good Girl and hold off as long as you can!"

Then there was no more room for thought, only mentally gritted teeth as her mouth became only a means to moan. Reba's setup was less intense than Tilly's or Anna's, and despite now getting threefold sensitivity from every thrust, grope, and suckle, she was determined to hold onto her release by her fingernails, for all long as she could. To buy her Good Girl as much of a chance to resist as she could get. Maybe, just maybe, if she held out until the second Orb filled, Shiara could finish the job.

She let that thought fill her, let it be the only thing in her mind other than pleasure...and just *barely* managed to hold out until the second Orb was full. Unable to resist, she tried to allow her body to release, only to get caught on the edge, her mind melting and breaking under the onslaught as she so desperately needed to cum, but couldn't...

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Shiara whimpered and moaned pitifully, trying to hold out as the woman she'd begun to think of as her Mistress had ordered her too. But as the Mistress slipped, the intensity of her sensitivity upped again. Not doubling, this time, as it had the first, thankfully. It only increased the same amount as it had with each failure by one of the others. But the fourfold sensitivity of her every erogenous zone was still *beyond* intense.

Only the fear of disappointing Mistress Reba kept her mind on task, kept her from letting go. She'd made the same connection as her Mistress, noticed the Orbs filling. And now the third was halfway full and creeping upward quickly. Employing a desperate bit of the self-hypnosis she'd used for years to fight her shy, introverted nature, she clung to the idea that she could only cum when the third Orb filled. That would be enough. Surely, certainly, Mistress would be pleased with her if she managed that much?

Everything else faded away, her mind narrowing to only the Orb, the thought of her Mistress's order, and the *pleasure*. The Orb filled, seemingly in fits and starts, black and purple haunting the edges of her vision, her will fraying. She clung to her Mistress's order. She only needed to last. Just to last a little bit more. A few minutes? An hour? She wasn't sure.

Then, the Orb filled, and she couldn't stop. There was no more thought. Only bliss. Her body was wracked with spasms and the shudders of a dozen back-to-back orgasms. Distantly, she thought she heard other voices crying out their release. But she couldn't care about that, as her eyes rolled back in her head...

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Four women slowly came too in an empty room. Naked and sore, dazed and still just a little mind-fucked, but slowly regaining sanity along with consciousness. The first to stir was Anna, who actually blushed as she looked around at her companions. How unseemly that their leader, at least, had seen her so undone. She shook it off to assess herself, quickly noticing that she was still considerably larger in the chest region than she'd started the day as. Groaning and sitting up, she tentatively squeezed a nipple, and had to suppress a giggle-moan at the highly unrealistic stream of pressurized milk that spurted out.

It was ridiculous, but it had felt *very nice*. Maybe she'd keep the new feature? If it didn't wear off naturally with time, at least. It didn't quite go with the catgirl thing, but it was sort of a fun addition nevertheless. Ah well, she could wait and think it over if it stuck around for more than a day or two. For now, she worked on getting her serene expression back in place, fully intent on continuing to annoy their fearless leader by pretending nothing the Dungeon did affected her...

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It took a bit more time for the rest of the party to come back to awareness and focus. Reba had been the second to do so, annoyed she'd missed the chance to see what Anna had looked like as she recovered. Shiara had, perhaps unshockingly, been the last. The girl had slipped and called her 'Mistress' when she woke to Reba hovering over her. But Reba didn't mind. Maybe they'd even make it something a bit more formal later. Shiara had been a Good Girl, after all, and held out far longer than any of them. Enough, in fact, to max out the loot! Or at least the first three Orbs. It was hard to say if there was something beyond that, after all. Before Reba could move on to checking out said loot, Tilly made a surprised noise.

"Hey! The counter on my cock went down! Like, a lot, actually?"

Reba blinked at that, mind shifting tracks as she frowned, then groaned in realization.

"It must count the number of times you were *edged* without being allowed to cum!" Reba paused as an odd thought occurred to her. "Huh, I wonder if the Dungeon was annoyed with you not finishing the previous challenge yet, and gave us this one as a hint?"

It was an odd thought for sure. But, with this Dungeon? Reba could totally see it doing that. Even if she also sort of pictured it pouting about having to give a hint? Well, whatever! She had loot to check, while ignoring the exasperated and annoyed whining of Tilly as the redhead realized what she was going to need to do to finally get that cock-challenge taken care of.

Reba popped open a gawdy pink chest at the dead center of the room, whistling at the contents. A lot of straight up gold, which was nice! But there were items mixed in, too. Potions, a new sword that looked like it would suit Tilly, and...four butt plugs? Picking one of them up out of curiosity, she used her Appraise Skill on it.

### ***Orgasmic Plug of Energy Storage***

*This plug is a special Epic reward for completing the final stage of a difficult Challenge! While wearing it, the user cannot orgasm. Instead, each orgasm that should-have-been will be stored as Energy suitable to their class typing! The stronger the orgasm **would** have been, the greater the energy you get is!*

*So long as they are wearing the plug, the user can choose to retrieve that energy as a boost at any time! But beware! When your energy charge is given to you, so too will the orgasm you used to create the charge! Using it during combat might be too much distraction, if you don't have an iron will!*



*User may store up to nine charges in the plug, but all charges are lost on removal. All orgasms are also returned on removal, and user retaining consciousness if they all returned at once is not guaranteed...*

Reba blinked, then made a noise that was somewhere between a whimper, a groan, and a moan. They were *good* items. Far too useful, particularly for anyone that used mana of any stripe, not to use. But it would mean deliberately delaying up to *nine orgasms* before every delve! Just the thought of it was enough to make her pussy ache with a mix of arousal and dread.

Well, they could worry about how and how often they wanted to use the things later. For now, this was certainly a good haul, and it was time to call it a day. She sort of doubted any of them were up to continuing their original delve any farther, given that Reba herself still felt like her legs were made of rubber, and she wasn't walking all that straight even after a healing spell or two from Anna...

Grinning abruptly, she realized that this might turn into a way to more regularly see Anna lose her shit. So there was that, at least! Whistling a jaunty tune, she turned to share the news about their loot with the others. Sometimes, it was good to live in Dungeon Town!

<<End of This Particular Entry!>>