

# THE CARNAL LABYRINTH

A trait swapping story by JohnManTD

*Here is the state of each character at the end of Round 3:*

## **Caleb:**

**Physical:** Possesses Aria's original vagina.

**Mental:** Retains his power of persuasion.

## **Iris:**

**Physical:** Has large D-cup breasts and a magically receptive vagina (both modeled after Aria's originals). She is completely naked.

**Mental:** Cursed with Breast Obsession, Exhibitionism, and a crippling 400% magical libido. She is armed with a "Redirect" card.

## **Marcus:**

**Physical:** Has large D-cup breasts on a now soft, non-muscular frame.

**Mental:** Cursed with Forced Honesty.

## **Aria:**

**Physical:** Possesses Caleb's original penis and testicles. Her chest is flat, but her nipples are enlarged and lactating. She has a large, shapely bubble butt.

**Mental:** Freed from the magical libido curse. Normal.

## **Owen:**

**Physical:** Possesses Marcus's original powerful, muscular physique. He also has a large, shapely bubble butt.

**Mental:** Still has the 400% libido curse Status.

## Round 4

The ten-minute reprieve felt like both an eternity and a split second. Time had become as pliable as flesh within the confines of Caleb's apartment. The sounds of raw, desperate coupling from the guest room had eventually subsided, replaced by a charged quiet that was almost as unnerving. When Owen and Iris finally emerged, they were a strange diptych of satiation and predatory energy. Iris, still gloriously naked, moved with a languid grace, her D-cup breasts swaying like heavy fruit. Owen, a monument of sculpted muscle and shame-inducing female ass, walked beside her, his hand resting possessively on the small of her back. They weren't holding hands; they were staking claims, two predators who had found a temporary, mutually beneficial truce in a shared jungle.

A moment later, the master bedroom door opened. Marcus and Aria stepped out, and the change in their dynamic was a physical presence in the room. He, in his soft, breasted body, seemed to lean on her for support. She, in her new, phallic form, stood with a grounded strength that was entirely new. A fragile peace treaty had been signed in that dark room, written in the ink of shared trauma and strange, new intimacy.

Caleb watched them all reassemble, a faint, metallic taste of fear in his mouth. He had lost the reins. The game was no longer his bizarre party trick; it was a living entity, and his players were evolving into things he couldn't predict. He had to reassert himself.

"Alright, show's over," he announced, his voice imbued with the smooth, compelling magic of his persuasion. The words slid into their minds, not as a command, but as the most sensible, logical course of action. "The board awaits."

The scattered players, drawn by the invisible strings of his will, returned to their spots around the coffee table. The air was thick with the scent of sex, sweat, and ozone. Iris coiled onto her pile of cushions, a contented jungle cat. Owen stood behind her, a sentinel watching over his prize. Marcus and Aria sat on the loveseat, a small, crucial distance between them. The game began anew.

It was Caleb's turn. He scooped up the polished bone dice, their coolness a familiar comfort, and let them fly. A five. His gryphon token dutifully slid onto a blue Ascension tile. Self-enhancement. A relieved smile touched his lips. After the chaos of the last round, a simple, selfish upgrade was exactly what he needed. He plucked the card from its slot and

read it aloud, his voice regaining its theatrical confidence.

*“That which is hidden, a wellspring of pleasure,  
Shall now be enhanced beyond all known measure.”*

“Genital Size Increase,” he announced, a brow furrowed in thought. “Well, that’s... interesting.” He looked down at his crotch, a wry, almost academic curiosity on his face. He had a vagina now, a fact he’d confirmed during the break with a detached, exploratory session. What would an ‘increase’ even mean?

He didn’t have to wonder for long. The sensation began not as a growth, but as a deepening. A strange, hollowing-out feeling, as if an invisible sculptor was carving out the space within him, expanding his internal architecture. It was a phantom stretch, a feeling of being made more... cavernous. Then came the external change. The soft folds of his new labia began to swell, plumping up with an influx of sensitive tissue. They grew thicker, fleshier, pushing insistently against the denim of his jeans. The subtle cleft he’d possessed was gone, replaced by a prominent, undeniable mound that was impossible to conceal.

He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, the friction of the fabric against his newly engorged vulva sending a startling, distracting jolt through his system. With a hesitant hand, he reached down and traced the outline through his jeans. It was... significant. The cameltoe wasn’t just visible; it was a statement. He felt an absurd, unwanted blush creep up his neck.

“Whoa,” Iris purred from her spot on the floor, her breast-obsessed eyes instantly drawn to the new topography of his crotch. “Someone’s packing some serious heat down there. What does that even feel like?”

Caleb swallowed, his own voice sounding distant to his ears. “It feels... full. And very, very sensitive.” He shifted again, and a small gasp escaped his lips. “Everything feels... closer to the surface.”

Aria stared at him, a complex storm of emotions in her eyes. That was her anatomy he was describing, her stolen parts being upgraded and discussed like a new car model. A part of her felt a fresh wave of violation.

The dice passed to Iris. Still naked, still radiating a palpable aura of self-worship, she rolled

with a flick of her wrist. A red Metamorphosis tile. Target. Her eyes, gleaming with mischief, scanned the room before landing, inevitably, on Aria. She had a swap trait card. A slow, wicked smile spread across her face.

*“To grant a new feature, a price must be paid,  
From one player's body, a sacrifice made.”*

“Oh, honey,” she cooed, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. “Those things look so ridiculous on you. Let me take them off your hands.” Before Aria could even protest, Iris declared, “I’m swapping your lactating nipples onto me.”

The transfer was immediate and visually stunning. On Aria’s chest, the large, dark areolas and thick, rubbery nipples faded like a watercolor painting in the rain, shrinking back to small, pale, and utterly inert points of flesh. It was a relief so profound it almost made her weep.

Simultaneously, on Iris’s magnificent D-cups, the transformation was a dramatic blossoming of color and form. Her pale, pink areolas darkened to a rich, chocolatey brown and spread outwards, each one becoming the size of a coaster. The nipples at their centers puckered and swelled, elongating into thick, formidable nubs that jutted out proudly.

Iris let out a gasp of pure, ecstatic delight. “Oh, yes! A new accessory!”

Without a shred of shame, driven by her exhibitionist curse, she presented her altered breasts to the room. She cupped them, lifting the heavy orbs, and with a practiced squeeze of her fingers, forced a single, perfect bead of pearly white milk from each tip. The droplets clung there for a moment before tracing slow, erotic paths down the lush curves of her breasts.

“Look at that,” she murmured, her voice thick with self-adoration. “Functional and beautiful.” She caught one of the droplets on her finger and brought it to her lips, tasting it. “Sweet,” she declared with a satisfied hum. She then began to play with them in earnest, rolling the thick, sensitive nubs between her fingers, making them dance and twitch, all while narrating the experience. “The texture is divine. So pliable. And the sensation when the milk comes... it’s like a tiny, warm secret being told right to your skin.”

Owen, who had been watching from behind her, let out a low growl. The sight of her, naked

and lush, manipulating her own lactating breasts was a spectacle of pure, primal eroticism. His erection, which had subsided to a semi-aroused state, sprang back to life, straining painfully against his jeans. He reached out and wrapped a hand around her waist, pulling her back against his hard body. "Careful," he rumbled in her ear, "or we'll need another break."

Iris just giggled, leaning back into his embrace, the friction of his muscular chest against her bare back sending a fresh wave of pleasure through her.

Marcus watched the display, his face a mask of revulsion. His honesty curse, however, painted a more complex picture. "That is the most disgusting, unnatural thing I have ever seen," he said, his voice flat. He paused, his own body betraying him. "I also can't look away. My brain knows it's wrong, but my dick, if I still had one, would be trying to tunnel its way out of my pants right now."

The confession, so visceral and contradictory, hung in the air. The dice, however, were now in his hand. With a sigh of pure resignation, he rolled. A seven. A red Metamorphosis tile. Self-enhancement. He read the card, and the last vestige of color drained from his face. He looked at Aria, his eyes pleading, as if she could somehow stop the inevitable.

*"A change in the plumbing, a shift in the frame,  
No longer a 'he' in this twisted new game.  
The last of the Adam that in you resides,  
Is washed away now by feminine tides."*

He whispered the words, a final, choked eulogy for himself. "Complete gender feminization."

The transformation was quiet but total. What little remained of his masculine frame was irrevocably erased. His shoulders narrowed slightly, the line of his jaw softened into a delicate, feminine curve. A subtle shift in his hips gave his new form a gentle, womanly sway. The faint stubble on his chin vanished, leaving his skin impossibly smooth. His Adam's apple dissolved into the graceful column of his throat. His voice, when he finally spoke, was not his own. It was a clear, melodic alto, laced with despair.

"Oh, god," he said, the sound of his new voice making him flinch. He ran a hand over his face, his now-slender fingers exploring the new contours. He looked down at his body, the

soft, doughy torso, the heavy D-cups, the lack of anything between his legs, and for the first time, it all fit. The breasts no longer looked like a ridiculous appendage; they looked like they belonged on his soft, feminine frame. He was, from head to toe, a woman.

Aria stared, her heart a cold, heavy stone in her chest. Her boyfriend was gone. In his place sat this person, this stranger with his eyes. And the most painful, twisted part of it all was that he was beautiful.

“Marcus...” Aria whispered, but the name felt wrong on her lips.

“I hate this,” Marcus said, his new voice breaking. “Aria, I hate this so much. You have my dick, and I have... your everything else. I’m more of a woman now than you are.” The honesty of the statement was a fresh, brutal stab wound for both of them.

It was Aria’s turn. She grabbed the dice, a numb automaton. She just wanted this round to end. She rolled a six. A purple Subversion tile. Self-enhancement. A new obsession. She read the card, and her eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“The grotto of Venus, the pearl in the shell,  
A sight that will hold you in its rapturous spell.  
No longer a mystery, but a glorious prize,  
The cunt is the scripture you’ll now idolize.”

“Pussy obsession,” she stated, her voice flat.

The world shifted. Colors seemed to mute, sounds faded into a dull background hum. The only thing that mattered, the only thing that was real and vibrant and glorious, was the promise of that hidden, sacred geometry. It was a mirror image of Iris’s breast obsession, a primal, hard-wired need to see, to understand, to worship the female sex. Her penis now felt like a crude, clumsy instrument. The real art, the real power, was in what she had lost.

Her gaze settled on Marcus. He was sitting there, legs slightly parted in his despair, and all Aria could think about was the treasure hidden beneath the denim of his jeans. She felt a familiar, powerful stirring in her own crotch, her penis hardening with a will of its own, but the desire wasn’t for release. It was for discovery. She wanted to part those folds, to see the glint of the pearl within, to map the intricate textures with her fingers, with her tongue. The thought was so powerful, so vivid, it made her gasp.

“Marcus,” she said, and her voice was a low, hungry growl that made him look up, startled. “Later... you and I are going to have a long talk.” The promise in her voice was absolute, and it sent a shiver of fear and a confusing, traitorous flutter of anticipation through Marcus’s new, female body.

Owen’s turn. He’d been watching the drama unfold, a smirk on his face. He rolled the dice. A four. A blue Ascension tile. Self.

*“That which is ample, a burden to bear,  
Shall shrink to a size that is cultured and spare.”*

“Butt reduction,” he announced with a sigh of profound relief. The magical humiliation that had been clinging to him for the last hour finally receded. He stood up as the ridiculous, shelf-like posterior he’d been saddled with shrank back down, the excess flesh melting away until he was left with the tight, powerful glutes of a natural athlete. He turned, giving the room a quick, confident look at his restored proportions. He was, once again, the idealized image of masculine power.

Marcus watched him, and the envy was a physical ache in her chest. Her honest voice, now high and feminine, dripped with bitterness. “Of course. The one person who gets to look normal again. You look... you look perfect. You look like what I’m supposed to be.” The contrast between them couldn’t be more stark: Owen, the pinnacle of sculpted masculinity, and Marcus, the soft, beautiful woman who used to be him.

## Round 5

Caleb, ever the opportunist, started the next round. He was growing accustomed to the deep, sensitive space between his legs, and his mind was already calculating the new possibilities. He rolled an eight. A purple Subversion tile. Self.

*“The lines become blurred, the preferences sway,  
You’ll find your desires now go both ways.”*

“Bisexual,” he announced, and a slow, contemplative smile spread across his lips. This wasn’t a curse. This was an upgrade. It doubled his potential targets, doubled his potential for manipulation and pleasure. His gaze, now hungry with this new, expanded palate, swept the

room. It lingered on Iris's magnificent, lactating breasts, then on Owen's powerful, masculine form. Then it settled on Aria.

"Aria," he said, his voice a silken, persuasive command. "You and I have something in common now. We're pioneers. I think it's time for a little show-and-tell." He tilted his head. "Show me your penis."

Caleb's magic was a relentless tide. Her hand moved as if of its own accord, unzipping her jeans. She hesitated for a second, then, with a resigned sigh, she pulled it out. The heavy, thick shaft of what was once Caleb's penis lay across her thigh, a startling, impressive sight.

Caleb's eyes widened. Seeing his own former anatomy on another person, on a woman, sent a bizarre, electrifying jolt of attraction through him. It was a narcissistic, incestuous, deeply confusing arousal, and he loved it. He'd never seen a penis in this way. His horizons were broadening.

"Don't you dare look at her like that, she's mine!" Marcus shrieked, her new voice cracking with rage. The sound of her feminine fury only seemed to amuse Caleb more.

It was Iris's turn. She had been observing the proceedings with a detached, artistic eye. But the last vestiges of the libido curse, the constant, nagging itch of need, were becoming a distraction from her true passions: herself. She rolled the dice. A six. A green Stratagem tile. A card she'd been praying for.

*"Undo the affliction, reverse the dark art,  
One curse on your soul shall now depart."*

"Cancel any effect," she said, her voice clear and decisive. She didn't hesitate. "I cancel the libido curse."

The change was like a switch being flipped. The frantic, desperate heat that had been her constant companion vanished, replaced by a cool, clean clarity. The world snapped back into sharp focus. She looked over at Owen, who had his hand on her ass, and felt... normal. The overpowering, magnetic pull was gone. She gently removed his hand.

Owen looked at her, a flicker of disappointment in his eyes as his own libido increase faded. "Oh," was all he said.

“Sorry,” she said, and she sounded like she meant it. “It’s... hard to focus on the game when you’re constantly trying not to tear someone’s clothes off.” She looked him up and down, a genuine, non-cursed appreciation in her eyes. “It was fun, though.” She gave him a wink, then turned her attention back to her own magnificent chest, her primary obsession still firmly in place. They were no longer sex-crazed animals, but two people who had shared a profoundly weird, incredibly intense experience. A strange, new friendship was blooming in the ashes of their magical lust.

The dice passed to Marcus. He was a wreck, his mind a turbulent sea of gender dysphoria and humiliation. He rolled. A five. Red Metamorphosis. Target.

“Forget your own vessel, your prison of skin,  
A new body awaits, from without and within.  
Choose one you would be, below the sharp line,  
Their form from the neck down will now become thine.”

“Swap bodies below the neck,” he read, his eyes lighting up with a desperate, manic hope. This was it. This was his chance. His gaze shot instantly to Owen. To that powerful, masculine frame. To the body that should have been his. “Owen,” he declared, his voice trembling with need. “I’m taking your body.”

“Nooooo!” The scream ripped from Aria’s throat, raw and instinctive. It shocked everyone, including herself. Her mind wanted his pussy.

But it was too late. The magic was already in motion.

In a dizzying, seamless exchange, their forms reshaped. Marcus, his delicate female head remaining, felt the world expand around him as his neck connected to Owen’s broad, muscular torso. He felt the powerful thighs, the flat stomach, the sheer, intoxicating presence of a male body. He looked down and saw, nestled between his new, powerful legs, a familiar penis. He was whole. He was a man again, mostly.

Owen, however, let out a cry of pure despair. His rugged, handsome head was now perched atop Marcus’s soft, D-cupped female body. He was trapped in the very form that had symbolized his rival’s humiliation. He looked down at the breasts, the soft belly, the lack of anything between his legs, and felt a wave of nausea.

Aria looked horrified at her own outburst. The truth was, she had been minutes away from exploring Marcus's new pussy, from satisfying her own dark, new obsession. And now it was gone.

It was her turn. She rolled the dice. A green Stratagem tile.

*"The form of a friend, a feature, a grace,  
A perfect reflection you'll put in its place."*

"Copy any trait from anyone," she announced, a slow, triumphant smirk spreading across her face. Her eyes locked on Caleb. "Payback's a bitch, isn't it?" She then turned her gaze to Marcus, who was still reveling in his new, masculine frame. "And you, buddy, owe me for my bubble butt."

She pointed a finger. "I'm copying Caleb's enhanced vagina onto Marcus."

Marcus's triumphant grin vanished, replaced by a look of pure, unadulterated horror. "What? No! Aria, you can't! I just got a dick back!"

He cried out as he felt a new, invasive change begin between his legs. His own penis and testicles began to recede, retracting back into his body as a new, deep, and unnervingly large vaginal canal formed in its place. He was once again trapped in a body that defied his mind, a powerful male frame with a woman's head and a massive, gaping cunt between his legs.

"Why?!" he yelled.

"Because," Aria said, her pussy-obsessed eyes glittering as she stared at the new feature she had just installed on her boyfriend. "I'm very, very curious." She looked around the room. "Anyone for a break?"

Caleb, who had been watching the exchange with detached amusement, held up a hand. "Hang on," he said, his voice carrying the weight of his authority. "Owen still has a turn. Then we can take another break. Alright?" His persuasion power was still enough to hold them.

All eyes turned to Owen. He was looking down at his new, delicate female body with a look of profound misery. He picked up the dice, his movements listless. He rolled. A blue Ascension tile. Target.

*“A face that could launch, a form that ignites,  
Your beauty will climb to ethereal heights.”*

“Boost attractiveness by five times,” he read, his voice flat and feminine. He looked at his own new, girly form with disgust. There was no point using it on himself. He scanned the room. His gaze fell on Caleb. Caleb, the architect of all this, sitting there mostly untouched save for his own bisexuality and internal plumbing. He deserved a change. And this was a nice one. A peace offering, perhaps. A way to show he wasn’t a threat.

“I choose Caleb,” Owen declared.

Caleb’s face lit up. “Oh, well thank you, Owen! I always knew you were a good friend!”

“Nuh-uh.”

The voice was Iris’s. She was holding up the small, green card she had tucked into her cleavage hours ago. The Redirect card.

“Sorry, Caleb,” she said, though she didn’t look sorry at all. “But a girl’s gotta look out for number one.” She winked. “I’ll be taking that.”

The magic, diverted, slammed into her. The effect was not a simple change, but a quantum leap in reality. Her beauty became something transcendent. It was an aura, a physical force. The light in the room seemed to bend around her, softening her edges, making her skin glow with an internal luminescence. Her features didn’t change so much as they achieved a state of impossible, divine perfection. Her eyes seemed deeper, her lips fuller, her D-cups and lactating nipples somehow more artistic and less biological. She wasn’t just beautiful. She was breathtaking. She was living art. She was a goddess, and the rest of them were mere mortals in her presence.

## The Break

“Alright,” Caleb said, his voice carrying a fatigue that his persuasion couldn’t hide. “Break time.”

He pushed himself out of his chair and headed for the kitchen, moving with a new, unconsciously feminine sway of his hips. He felt a need to do something normal, something

domestic. Making food seemed like the only sane response to the madness. He pulled out bread, cheese, deli meats, the components of a simple sandwich, a relic from a world that made sense. But as he stood there, his mind was a whirlwind. He was bisexual. He'd seen his own penis on his friend's girlfriend. And Iris... the sight of her, now so impossibly, supernaturally beautiful, sent a pang of desire through him so sharp and profound it was almost painful. He was losing himself, his authority crumbling with every roll of the dice, and a terrifying part of him was starting to enjoy the fall.

In the living room, Owen sat on the floor, staring at his new hands. They were small, delicate, with long, slender fingers. He was trapped in Marcus's female body. He stood up and walked to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He faced the mirror and saw a stranger. A pretty woman from the neck down with D-cup breasts and his own, familiar, rugged face looking back. He pulled the shirt off and stared at the alien torso. He cupped the breasts, the skin soft and sensitive. He ran a hand down the flat stomach, his fingers tracing the curve of the hips. It was a prison, but it was a fascinating one. He was a woman with a man's head, and the scientist in him, the quiet observer he used to be, was morbidly curious about how this machine worked.

Iris, meanwhile, had found her way to the full-length mirror on Caleb's bedroom closet. She stood before it, naked, transfixed. The redirect had made her more than beautiful; it had made her a masterpiece. She watched the way the light seemed to kiss her skin, the way every angle presented a new, perfect composition. She ran her hands over her elongated limbs, down her cinched waist, and up the impossible slope of her breasts. She squeezed a nipple, watching a bead of milk form and drip, a single, perfect pearl on a canvas of divine flesh. She wasn't just an exhibitionist anymore. She was a priestess, and her body was the temple. She could spend an eternity in worship.

That left Aria and Marcus.

The moment Caleb called the break, a silent, powerful understanding passed between them. Without a word, Aria stood up and jerked her head toward the master bedroom. Marcus, his mind reeling inside his new, powerful male body, followed her. The moment the door clicked shut, the air crackled with a tension that was thick enough to taste.

Aria turned to face him, her eyes burning with an intensity that was all-consuming. Her pussy-obsession curse was in full command.

"Take them off," she said. It wasn't a request.

Marcus stared at her, his heart hammering in his chest. He was in a body that could easily overpower her, but he felt utterly helpless. Her gaze was pinning him to the spot. "Aria... what are you doing?"

"I'm satisfying my curiosity," she said, her voice a low purr. She took a step closer. "I gave you a gift, Marcus. The very least you can do is let me see it."

His resolve crumbled. He was exhausted, and a deep, confusing part of him wanted this. He wanted her to take control. Slowly, his hands went to the hem of his t-shirt. He pulled it over his head, revealing Owen's powerful, chiseled torso. It felt strong, it felt right, but it wasn't his. Then, his hands went to the button of his jeans. He unzipped them and pushed them down, kicking them aside along with his boxers.

He stood before her, a bizarre chimera. A handsome male body from the neck down, his own delicate, female head on top, and between his muscular thighs, the impossible feature Aria had grafted onto him: Caleb's massive, enhanced vagina.

Aria's breath hitched. She circled him like a shark, her eyes devouring every detail. It was even more jarring, more fascinating, up close. The thick, fleshy lips of the vulva, so starkly feminine against the rugged, hair-dusted skin of his inner thighs. The sheer, pronounced size of it. It was a biological contradiction, a masterpiece of magical absurdity.

"My god," she whispered, her voice filled with a reverence that was both terrifying and deeply arousing to Marcus. "It's... perfect."

She knelt before him. Marcus's legs trembled, but he stood his ground. He felt like a statue on display, a specimen under a microscope. Aria reached out a hand, her fingers hesitating just inches from him.

"May I?" she asked, her voice soft now, almost gentle.

He couldn't speak. He just gave a short, jerky nod.

Her touch was electric. Her fingers, calloused and strong, traced the outline of the outer lips. Marcus gasped, a jolt of pure, alien sensation shooting through him. It wasn't entirely unpleasant. It was just... profound.

“So... sensitive,” Aria murmured, more to herself than to him. Her touch became bolder. She used her thumb to gently part the lips, revealing the glistening, pink flesh within. Her eyes were wide with wonder. “It’s so deep.”

She leaned in closer, her face just inches away, her warm breath ghosting across the sensitive skin. Marcus’s powerful new body betrayed him. A deep, guttural groan escaped his lips. His penis, which had briefly returned, was gone again, but the phantom memory of arousal was still there, now rerouted to this new, alien center.

“Easy, boy,” Aria said, not even looking up. Her focus was absolute. She shifted her position, bringing her other hand up to gently explore the area. “Let’s see how this all works.”

She slid a single, tentative finger inside him.

Marcus’s world exploded. The sensation was utterly alien. A deep, invasive pressure that was both a violation and a strange kind of fulfillment. He felt a sense of being filled, of a space he didn’t know he had been occupied. He gritted his teeth, his knuckles white.

Aria was in heaven. She could feel the soft, ridged walls of the vaginal canal, the sheer depth of the space. This was the blueprint of female pleasure, magnified and laid bare for her to study. “Incredible,” she breathed. She pushed her finger deeper, then added a second. Marcus let out a choked sob, his hips bucking involuntarily.

“Aria... please...” he begged, his voice a broken whisper.

She looked up at him then, her eyes dark with a lust that was terrifying in its purity. “Please what, Marcus? Please stop?” She rotated her fingers inside him, eliciting another agonized groan. “Or please don’t?”

She didn’t wait for an answer. She pulled her fingers out with a soft, wet sound and replaced them with her mouth.

The shock of her tongue on his most sensitive, alien flesh sent Marcus over the edge. His mind went white. All thought, all identity, all humiliation was incinerated in a blast of pure, unadulterated sensation. He was no longer Marcus. He was just a collection of nerve endings, and Aria was playing them like a virtuoso. Her tongue was relentless, exploring every fold, every crevice, lapping at the sensitive nub of the clitoris she had created. His unending

stamina meant he could take this, that his body wouldn't give out.

And as Aria continued her worship, a single thought echoed in the silent, screaming space of his mind: this was his life now. This was the new architecture of his desire. And the game was only just beginning.