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Eventually they reached the cave again, totaling probably twelve hours of walking. He felt fine. Not thirsty, not hungry, just a bit tired. As long as he didn't get injured, he could live a long, long life without needing a bite to eat, supposedly. Would that be true if he had to do something that really drained him? Sprint up a hill? Lift something super heavy? He'd find out eventually.

Once Jes and Dao pushed the boulder back into place, hiding them inside their oddly cozy cave, Jes motioned for David.

"I'm not letting you have any weapons, but you can keep the cloak and armor and shit, when we're out. But when we're inside, hell no. Strip."

"Come on, really? You think I snuck in a weapon under the cloak?" *Ww.n0V@LW0Rm.C0m*

She came up to him, growling quietly as she glared down at him. With over a foot of height on him, it was impossible to not find the gargoyle woman imposing, let alone the claws, fangs, and horns and whatnot.

"We're going unarmored. You're going unarmored."

"You got skin like armor, and--"

She poked him with one of her wings' thumb claws.

"Don't make me regret being nice to you, fresh meat." She took a step back, and held up her arms. Without hesitation, Daoka came up behind Jes, and undid the straps of her armor. More than a few times, the satyr poked her head out from behind Jeskura, and grinned at David, particularly when she removed the breastplate.

Clicking and chuckling, Daoka cupped both of the gargoyle's large breasts, and squeezed. The skin might have been very hard and firm, still dark red, but that didn't mean it didn't look amazing, Dao's three fingers and thumb encompassing and hugging the two mounds while she stuck her head out to the side again. Even without eyes, it was obvious Dao was looking straight at David.

All he could do was stare.

"Dao, you horny little bitch," Jes said.

More clicks, playful and bright.

"Fine fine. But not until the fresh meat is tied up. I trust him but I don't trust him that much." Laughing, the naked Jes marched up to David, and undid the knot clasp holding his cloak to his neck with barely a flick of her claw. He didn't resist. His life was in her hands already.

And he was having a hard time absorbing what he'd just seen.

Don't get hard. Don't get hard.

Jes took off his armor and loincloth with the same precision, tossed them aside, and pointed back at the wall she'd bound him last night. Well, fuck. He sat back down, put up his hands, and Jes bound his wrists to the weird hooks coming out of the wall, same as before *Www.N0(v)E1W0rM.C0(m)*

Naked, sitting on the stones again. Ugh.

"You're gonna have to trust me sooner or later, you know," he said.

"Ha. Yeah, maybe. For now, how about we give this some time, fresh meat. We've known each other one day and a bit. Not exactly long enough for trust."

"I... suppose that's true." *Www.N0(v)E1W0rM.C0(m)*

Jes laughed as she stood up, flaring her wings as she clutched her naked stomach. *www.N0(v)E1W0rM.C0M*

"God damn, David. You are so damn reasonable, it is fucking hilarious."

Before she could laugh any more, Daoka clicked a few times and held up her arms. Jeskura made short work of her armor, too, and tossed the pieces onto the pile next to David's. He only had the cloak, half-breastplate, and the skirt, or kilt or whatever it was. A much smaller pile of stuff, compared to theirs. Maybe he'd get more if he survived? Gamer loot instincts kicking in.

Seeing Daoka naked yanked his brain out of gamer mode, and deep into sex mode. Jeskura had a taller, slimmer build. Daoka was slim too, not quite as slim, and her breasts were massive, each as big as her head, or maybe bigger. David couldn't help but stare. With the way Dao had been treating him, it took every bit of effort he had to not drool.

"And you!" Chuckling, Jes pushed the now naked Daoka onto the bed, earning some giggling clicks from her lover. "You have been a hornball all damn day."

More clicks. Daoka sat up on her knees, and looked David's way before she reached out and pulled Jeskura into a hug. Bodies, together. Breasts, squishing together, the satyr's body growing redder and softer by the minute, and Jeskura's not far behind.

"Ha, you really think it's because of the fresh meat?"

Insistent clicks as Daoka put kisses on Jeskura's neck, facing David. He gulped.

"If I'd known getting a pet would have had you this horny all the time, I'd have suggested a betrayer earlier."

Daoka shook her head, and gestured to David as she clicked.

"You really got a soft spot for the nice ones," Jes said. "The fuck did I tell you about romcoms? You're watching the scrying pool way too much."

Daoka grinned at David as she clicked softly, before again putting kisses on the gargoyle's neck.

"Really?"

Dao clicked gently, nodding.

"Poor guy is going to break, Dao, watching that. He can't even jerk off."

That only seemed to make the satyr happier, her grin growing. She let go of Jeskura, crawled up to the edge of the bed, facing David, and got down on her stomach. With her weight on her belly, she used her elbows to keep her chest up and face aimed at David, huge breasts half squashed against the blankets.

All he could do was stare.

Jeskura grinned at David too, before she got on her knees around Dao's legs.

"Look at the size of this thing," Jes said, grinning at David as she slapped the satyr's ass. Even with Dao's head and her huge horns blocking his view, he still saw the rippling of her ass cheeks. All that hopping around meant Dao's legs and ass were firm, curvy, and large, and Jes took full advantage, slapping Dao's ass a few more times and earning some playful clicks from the satyr. And, with Jes being nude as well, her breasts rippled on her chests with each slapping motion. David stared at it all.

Dao clicked a few times, gentle and playful sounds, but she never looked back. She kept her eyeless face pointed at him, and licked her lips.

He glanced down. He was hard. A perfectly normal penis, standing and pointing up and out, since he was sitting. No point in squirming, or twisting or anything, he was trapped, with two naked demons not even ten feet away from him, staring right back at him, getting ready to fuck each other. Wet warmth soaked the tip of his length.

"Really doesn't take much to turn on, does it?" Jes asked, grinning at him.

He blushed, head to toe.

"This... isn't much?"

"Fuck no! We're just starting. Gonna be an hour of torture for you." Grinning, Jes let her head hang a bit, and let her long, long pink tongue dangle from between her sharp teeth. And with a wink, she lowered her head down, and ran the tongue up and down the riiva's big, firm ass. It was a very long tongue.