

Day 1

A splitting headache rocked Dorothea's mind. Brain dazed, lying on the floor, her whole body ached uncomfortably whilst her loins burned with fire. The whole world twirled around in her vision, nothing making sense. Dorothea had never been so aroused before in her life, yet she felt like she was about to puke. Between the headache and the lust, she was ready to pass out again at any moment. That is, before a vaguely humanoid figure entered her line of sight. Dorothea stared at the person intently, her vision still a bit blurry. She could definitely tell they were small, but nothing else. Slowly, her eyes adjusted their sight to reveal... A demon?!?!

Instantly feeling a surge of adrenaline, Dorothea shot upwards onto her feet, pulling out her sword into a defensive stance. Her legs wobbled, arms trembling. Before her stood not a man, but a tiny naked red skinned demon with a confident smirk. He barely reached up to Dorothea's bust, and had a pair of horns, a tiny set of wings, and a long pointy tail. Though the most striking feature was his large red cock pulsing between his stubby legs. Dorothea gasped as she saw it. She was so extremely aroused it was hard for her not to get on her knees and suck it. What the hell was going???

"I'm amazed you aren't already chasing down my cock, human." The imp says. "The last Champion was an eager whore for me by the time she woke up. This lust draft made sure of it." He motions to an empty vial in his hand, dripping with an unnatural pink juice.

Dorothea's eyes went blank, the girl trying to process all the information she was given. 'Lust draft'? Was this little imp the reason Dorothea felt such monumental arousal? Because he wanted to have sex with her? Rage flared within Dorothea, mitigating a bit of her lust. She was NOT some sort of sexual object. Regardless of how disoriented and confused Dorothea felt, she wasn't about to let this little demon take advantage of her.

"Take this you little brat!" She yelled out.

Her hand glowing with energy, Dorothea shot out a powerful Thoron from the hand, striking the unsuspecting imp square in the chest. The little demon staggered back, both in pain and surprise, all his cockiness replaced with utter fear. Before he could even say another word, Dorothea blasted the imp again, this time with a thunder. The bolt of lightning hit him as well, though it was not enough to kill him.

Afraid for his life, the demon extended his short wings and started to fly away. "FOOL! You could have had pleasure unending... but should we ever cross paths again you will regret humiliating me! Remember the name Zetaz, as you'll soon face the wrath of my master!"

Dorothea let out a small sigh of relief. That was quite the surprising encounter. Dorothea had seen beasts before, but nothing like this. She was happy to have gotten through such a harrowing experience with her life. Who knows what would have happened had she not woken up earlier...?

Unfortunately, her relief was short lived. As Dorothea began to examine her new surroundings, she quickly came to realize that she wasn't in Fodlan anymore. The sky above her was tinted a demonic red, with clouds roaming quietly yet with a menacing aura. The ground too was colored in darker red colors, completely barren and devoid of life. The entire world looked corrupted and sad, almost as if the apocalypse had come by and this was the aftermath. Dorothea sighed. Where the hell was she?

Taking a few steps forward, Dorothea came across what looked to be a camp. It was a pretty simple affair, just a single green tent and a few traps set about. Dorothea looked around for the owners of said camp, hoping that maybe they could explain what was going on. But the place was completely deserted. Besides a bed inside the tent and a quaint fire pit, it was completely devoid of human touch.

Dread began to fill Dorothea's mind. What an awful world this was. So glum and terrifying... Was this really what laid on the other side of that portal? Dorothea didn't want to stay in this place a second longer, she had to get out! Quickly turning back where she came from, Dorothea ran all the way back to the portal that had taken her here. This arch was similar to the one she'd found before, though a bit more beaten up. It also didn't emit any of the strange energies the first one did. But that didn't matter. Dorothea didn't wish to spend a single second more in this place. She leapt into the center of the arch and through the portal.

Only to fall out of the other side and onto the ground with a loud thud. Dorothea's eyes shot wide with fear. No, no, no, no, no- This could NOT be happening! Dorothea quickly stood up from the ground and shot through the portal once more. But just like last time, it did not teleport her back. She continued to inhabit this horrible demonic place, this absolute hell. Dorothea sank to her knees. Did this mean she was stuck here forever? Was she never going to see her friends again? Her dear Edie?

Tears began to stream down Dorothea's face. She was trapped. She was completely stuck in a strange world away from all her friends. How the hell had she gotten herself into this? How could she have been transported to some other hellish dimension- A literal hell. Dorothea cried for quite a while, harder than she'd ever cried before. The reality of her new situation was finally sinking in. Horrible thoughts about never seeing her loved ones again cursed her mind. Almost an hour passed while Dorothea wept, and when the tears finally ran out, she felt exhausted.

The sun was started to set on this damned land, skies growing darker and darker. Dorothea slowly stood up and meandered back towards the campsite she'd found. After bawling her eyes out, all she wanted do was get some rest. And that camp was the only place that looked suitable. She walked into the tent emotionlessly and thrust herself onto the bed. A few more tears dripped from her eyes, soft weeping moans escaping her mouth. Before long, her eyelids drooped close and the girl fell into a deep sleep.