

Dungeon Town: Unexpected Exchange

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Renna gasped as the floor abruptly fell out from below her feet. She instinctively attempted to catch the edge of the drop, only to miss, her reactions slowed by having been caught completely flat footed. Which, to be fair to her, was completely excusable in this case. This wasn't a new level, not for her and not for the dungeon in general. Nor had they noticed any changes on this run. Since the Dungeon virtually always made lots of little tweaks and changes at once, to an entire floor rather than a single room, that *should* have meant she was safe. Triply so since their rogue had already checked the room...which they'd *already finished the fight in*. Renna had been simply idling, waiting for her mana to regenerate before they moved on, as the others picked up the loot drops or stood watch.

Of course, none of that was the slightest bit of comfort to her as she fell into the waiting grasp of tentacles. These were, for better or worse, not the fuck-every-orifice sort that would have at least been predictable. Instead, they were the type that wrapped around her limbs, holding her thrashing body in place, pulling her spread eagle as her magical protections were stripped away. Moments later, magic got involved more blatantly and the light armor of her healer's kit followed suit. It was far too dark to see, the top of the unexpected pit-trap having closed after her, but she certainly felt it when a small, C-shaped trough full of some sort of gelatinous substance was pressed up between her legs. The semi-pliable apparatus kept right on pressing, forming a tight seal around her pussy.

She squealed a moment later as the gel substance inside that oddly shaped cup injected itself *into* her pussy, whatever the gel was made of causing instant arousal as it injected itself. It filled every crevasse, pumped her full to an uncomfortable degree...and then began to glow. She winced at the sudden light, felt something *shift* down below, and then found herself flying back up into the room, still naked but with her armor kit flying out behind her.

For long moments she was simply too stunned by the odd and unexpected chain of events to react...then she shook herself to find the rest of her team looking at her with concern. Their leader, Terrance, was politely looking away from her nudity. An odd fellow that refused to get involved with the rest of the party in a sexual sense, outside of necessities. Certainly unusual in *this* dungeon, but not unappreciated given that eighty plus percent of the men in town were more than happy to fuck their entire party, even if they generally weren't bastards about it. The Dungeon had a way of driving off the more abusive personalities, thankfully. One of the reasons people put up with its perversions.

Her other two party members were the ones looking at her with concern. There was *appreciation* in Gerald's eyes, but also sheepishness. He was their trap-finder, and he had clearly missed something. The last member, Lilliana, was their mage. Not to mention the only other female of the group. Given that she and Renna both swung both ways, as it were, they often helped each other with...trap effects. Which was probably why she spotted what had happened before Renna had managed to get herself reoriented properly.

"Renna, dear...what happened to your pussy?"

Renna blinked, then looked down at...wait. She spread her legs and bent as much as she could to get a better look.

“That’s not my pussy!”

It was the first thought to cross her mind, and she was so surprised that she blurted it out. She wasn’t new to the dungeon, had been transformed a dozen ways before. But this was certainly out of the norm. Mostly because she still had a perfectly ordinary pussy, in its usual place...it just wasn’t *hers*. The skin color was slightly wrong, even if it was blended into the rest of her. More to the point, her own intimately familiar lower bits had a slightly asymmetrical set of outer lips, with just a little bit of cute inners poking out through the outers. But *this* was...not that. Instead of her usual genitals, what she was seeing was a fully-blown ‘innie’ with much thicker/meatier outer lips than hers, ones that fully concealed inner lips, leaving her looking perfectly and smoothly symmetrical.

Once the shock half-faded, she instinctively reached down to touch herself...and felt...nothing? Increasingly confused and a little worried, she pried ‘her’ lips apart to find a significantly larger clit, one which was just as aroused looking as her body felt after that gel invasion...but which failed to produce any sensation when she gently caressed it. Frowning and anxious, she tried inserting a finger in the clearly-wet pussy, and still felt absolutely nothing. Forcing herself to remain calm, reminding herself that this Dungeon was *mischievous* and *perverted*, but not *malicious*, she withdrew her fingers and looked up at Lilliana. She opened her mouth to ask her friend to give it a try, thinking maybe it was a case of someone *else* having to touch her. Instead, her eyes popped wide open as she felt two fingers plunging into her pussy and questing around. Except...she wasn’t touching herself any longer.

Even as she moaned at the unexpected sensation, she looked down in confusion, seeing no evidence of anything happening. More, that felt like a stranger’s fingers in *her* pussy, not in this altered one. A moment later, her hands both flew to her sex as she felt a second hand join the first and rub her clit. The sensations hesitated a moment when she touched herself again, then restarted more tentatively. Renna herself was confused enough to feel around, noting that nothing *she* did was causing any sensation...but that whatever was happening to her certainly reacted to it. Then the feeling of fingers vanished, leaving her feeling empty and confused. Moments later, she felt cloth over her pussy...only her clothes and armor were still in a pile nearby. What the fuck?

Lilliana was at her shoulder, shaking her, and Renna gathered herself. This was weirder than usual, and she only had vague guesses about what was going on. But they *were* still in the middle of a delve. Whatever was causing the stimulation, it had stopped for the moment. If they could get through the rest of this run, there were plenty of people back in town to consult and see if they knew just what sort of trap she’d run into. For now, she thanked Lilliana for checking on her, reassured her she was probably fine, then reached for her kit to get back on task...

Neia stumbled as she left the table, feeling intrusive fingers once again playing with the not-her-pussy between her legs. Quickening her step, she headed for her room at the Silver Wine Inn, half-formed ideas of what was going on in desperate need of testing. No one else in town, or no one she’d been able to ask so far, had known exactly what had happened to her. So far as she knew this was either a new trap or, more likely she thought, an *undiscovered* trap with specific activating conditions. That

happened from time to time, traps with odd activation conditions being discovered on floors that hadn't changed recently and were otherwise well-mapped. Given what she suspected about this particular trap effect, it even made sense.

Thankfully, she made it to her room before the foreign fingers in her absent pussy got *too* aggressively curious. She stripped in record time and threw herself on her bed, noting that the not-her-pussy between her legs was only mildly aroused. Wanting to get the attention of what she was *almost* sure was another person in a similar situation, she firmly flicked its clit. Firmly enough that it had likely stung just a bit along with the pleasure. She could practically hear the yelp from what she *hoped* was another woman, as the fingers exploring her missing sex stilled. Focusing now that she hopefully had their attention, she carefully drew a letter in the common tongue over the insensitive flesh, to her at least, between her legs. She paused, then repeated it. Paused again, and repeated it a third time. Then she waited.

Neia breathed a sigh of relief, even as she suppressed a moan, as tentative fingers repeated the letter back across her own flesh. Though they only traced the L once. Hopefully, that only meant they were waiting for more, instead of confused or illiterate. Hoping for the best, Neia repeated the L, but then followed it with an I, N, and K, pausing between each one. Would the other woman get it? Thankfully, after a brief moment of pause where she assumed whoever had her pussy was working out what had been spelled, their own slow letters came across. 'Y-E-S.' Oh good. Literate then. With just a little luck, they'd made the needed leaps of intuition to understand what Neia meant by 'Link.' Now, to try and communicate one more thing. She drew the universal sign for number over the other woman's mons, then followed it with the number 7 and a question mark.

She held her breath, only to sigh in relief as 'Y-E-S' followed by 'B-A-C-K' was drawn in return. That was good. It meant, assuming they were both interpreting things correctly, that the other woman had found the same mark on her lower back that Neia had. A slightly glowing, pink number 7. Numbers like that *usually* acted as a magical counter for the number of things that needed to happen before a Dungeon Trap like this reversed itself. Now they only needed to figure out exactly what it was they needed to do to make that counter go down. Grinning, she got on with the fun part, slipping two fingers inside this stranger's pussy that had replaced her own, trying to imagine the effect on the woman as she did. After all, the most likely thing to try was orgasms, right?

Renna barley managed to suppress the urge to moan as two fingers were abruptly shoved deep in her pussy and began to slowly thrust. Apparently, communication time was over! Well, two could play at that game...and likely needed to, come to think of it. She responded to the mystery woman's invasion with one of her own, before doubling down by firmly rubbing a finger on the stranger's oversized clit. She grinned as the fingers inside her twitched at the unexpected assault. This was sort of fun, and a little hot, playing with some unknown woman's pussy at a distance, even if that pussy was currently between *her* legs. Pity that she couldn't tell the woman to speed up!

Thankfully, the woman got the hint after another firm rub, picking up the speed of her thrusts and adding a finger to Renna's own absentee clit. The added stimulation began to quicken her breath, as her body really got going, and she sped up to match the other woman's speed-of-thrust. For a few minutes, they both tried to get a read on what was working, missing a lot of the context clues that

would have helped with that. But, before long, the pussy between her legs was spasming in climax, clenching down on Renna's fingers, while Renna was still only maybe halfway there. The woman must have a hell of a hair-trigger! That, or she was really into this already!

To her frustration, her own stimulation stopped for nearly a minute, though at least it did pick back up after that, faster and more determined than ever to make her cum. Despite playing with her own tits, she'd lost a little bit of progress during the pause, and it took several more minutes for the woman to make her cum. When she did, it was a pretty good climax at least, the odd situation being a bit of a turn on as she reached completion to the efforts of fingers she couldn't see...with a pussy that wasn't even attached to her at the moment! The whole thing was surreal as heck, and she suddenly understood the other woman's minute of pause as Renna needed that same minute to collect herself from the odd disorientation. A tap to her clit got her attention, as well as a yelp, and she felt the sign for number being drawn there again...

Right. They needed to see if that had worked. Forcing her wobbly legs to work, Renna managed to make her way to the mirror in her room at the White Stag Inn. A quick turn so she could see her back showed the glowing number...which was still a 7. Fuck. Not that simple, then. Not returning to her bed just yet, she drew a 7 on the other woman's pussy, then wobbled back to bed to await a response. S-A-M-E came back, slowly, with the characteristic pauses to make sure she'd gotten the letters. Awkward, but it worked. There was a longer pause as they both thought through the situation. Then, a slow series of letters came across again. The longest word yet, which made it *very* hard not to get distracted. She caught...*most* of them. Enough to work on the word. Simultaneous. Followed by a question mark.

Simultaneous? Oh! The other woman thought the climaxes needed to happen at the same time! That...actually fit really well with the basic concept of this trap, actually. But it might be a stone-cold bitch to manage without being physically in the same place. Still, Renna didn't have any better ideas. Heaving a sigh, while inwardly half-looking forward to the attempt, she responded with slow letters of her own. 'T-R-Y I-T.'

The fingers returned to her wandering pussy a few moments later, causing Renna to grin. While, even if it didn't work, it would be a pleasurable experience figuring this out...

It had taken *seven* additional climaxes last night for Neia and her unknown fellow victim to achieve their goal of simultaneous release. The good thing about it was that it *had* worked, meaning they'd figured out a way forward. The bad thing about it was that Neia was apparently *much* more sensitive than the other woman and had been left a quivering, exhausted mess by the time they were done. So much so that she'd desperately spanked the other woman's pussy several times when the cheeky minx had tried again in the morning! It had woken Neia up from a dead sleep...and her pussy had still been feeling thoroughly abused, thank you very much! Though, to be fair, that was probably the fault of that sensitivity difference. The other woman had only cum four additional times, to Neia's seven. It had been Neia's own hair-trigger that had caused the biggest problem for them.

Of course, *then* she'd discovered that the other woman was a *healer*. The relief of the healing magic soothing her abused pussy had been bliss...that had quickly turned to pure exasperation as the woman had immediately gone back to trying to work through another simultaneous climax. Seriously!

She could have let Neia sleep! It hadn't even worked, anyway! After they'd managed it and Neia had somehow recovered from the *additional* four morning climaxes, they'd exchanged a few slow words. The colors of the numbers had changed. Which both of them suspected meant that the same sexual act wouldn't work twice. Which, in turn, meant they needed to find *seven* different ways to achieve simultaneous orgasms! Well, six now, technically. All possibly without ever meeting in person.

The unknown woman had suggested oral. Neia had immediately counted with dildos. Seriously, getting other people involved was going to complicate the heck out of trying to achieve the simultaneous climaxes. Thankfully, the stranger had seen reason and agreed...then suggested tonight. Well, Neia already had a few toys, and sleeping for the rest of the day was about all she was going to manage at this point. So she supposed that was okay. Hopefully. She wasn't entirely sure she was going to survive this if the other woman continued being as *enthusiastic* about making her cum as she had been thus far...

Renna had found herself unexpectedly waffling over her choice of *implement* for the evening. She had choices, of course. She'd been in Dungeon Town for nearly a year and a half at this point, and anyone with that much time put in delving here tended to develop a *collection*. Through drops, trading, or purchases, she didn't know a single woman who didn't have at least a small personal collection of toys. That said, the drops and crafted toys of the town were both *wildly* variable. From the most plebian of phallic objects, to the most realistic of knotty werewolf phalluses, you could find such a ridiculous variety of choices for your collection that she doubted anyone in Dungeon Town had the same set. Everyone collected the ones that were most suited to either personal interests or personal anatomy, or perhaps that of a lover or lovers. Which was, of course, Renna's unexpected conundrum.

She had a dozen toys, eight of them some fashion of dildo. But all of them had been chosen out of either her own personal taste, or because it worked well with her personal anatomy. The problem, of course, was that *her* personal anatomy was somewhere else in the city, while a stranger's disconnected pussy was in its place. A pussy that was very visibly built differently than her own. Three of Renna's toys were a curved variety intended to hit a special cluster of pleasure she hadn't even known existed before Dungeon Town. She didn't know why it was called a G-Spot, but she'd adored it since the day it first drove her to an entirely new level of release.

Two more were vibrating models with 'ears' that worked over the clit, something that could be a problem in this case. For one thing, the foreign pussy between her legs had thicker outer lips that fully hid all the sensitive bits, which might make the 'bunny' style vibes less effective (she honestly hadn't a clue and couldn't exactly get feedback!). Then there was the hair-trigger the other woman seemed to be on. Would making her cum super-quickly really be the best bet?

Thinking on that last part...Renna grinned. Well, it wasn't *her* that had the quick-trigger, and she could always heal the poor girl. Besides, making her cum frequently and often should make it more likely that one of their orgasms would link up by luck! And if the idea that she was going to leave some poor stranger she'd never met a twitching, sodden mess that might even mind-break a little from being heal-fuck-healed, turned Renna on a bit? Well, that would just help her cum quicker to give things a better chance, right?

Whistling innocently, Renna picked out a favorite toy. A monstrously powerful vibe that might not be overly girthy, but had lots of fun little textures and bumpy bits all along its length. She'd yet to have a female lover that hadn't cum unglued on the thing. As it should be, given the amount of trading she'd had to do to lay her hands on the rare drop...

Neia howled through another climax, helplessly humping back against thin air as she came, *again*. Despite the weakness in her body from her sixth climax in half an hour on the monster cock her unknown tormenter was inflicting on her, she still desperately pumped with her own favorite toy. She'd only gotten two peaks from the other woman so far, and at this rate she was going to pass out. She whimpered as the woman failed to cum with her again. Was she *trying* to miss-time things?! Neia couldn't take much more! Oh, thank goodness, she was pausing!

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Neia eyes widened a moment after her climax as her pussy warmed, healing energy pouring into her abused, absent pussy. And then that *horrible, wonderful, amazing toy she wanted to find three copies of*, returned with a vengeance. The moan it drew from her was more than half whimper, but she was already much too far gone to care...

Renna whimpered and moaned her way through a fifth climax with Lilliana's head between her legs. Another failure. And if she was beginning to feel wrung out, she could only imagine her counterpart was barely coherent. Despite the fact that whoever was assaulting her own pussy was at least as talented with their tongue as Lilliana was, the complete disconnection between what she was seeing and what she was *feeling* was making this completely unmanageable. It was coming down to pure dumb luck if she and her mystery counterpart could manage to cum together, and...Renna wasn't surprised when she felt three firm smacks to her pussy a few seconds later. They'd set that up as a stop command, via their letter-tracing method. The other woman had apparently hit her limit. Pushing Lilliana away, she panted for a long couple of minutes, before ruefully shaking her head at Lilliana asking if it had worked.

"Sorry, Lily. I think this one is a bust unless we can figure something else out. It's just too disorienting to try syncing up."

Lilliana shrugged and smiled, admitted she'd had fun with the attempt anyway, and excused herself. Patiently, Renna waited a few more minutes, hoping that the woman holding her pussy unintentionally hostage hadn't simply passed out. Thankfully, after a recovery period she wasn't surprised the poor, hair-trigger woman had needed, letters began to trace themselves across Renna's absent sex.

N-E-E-D M-E-E-T

She hummed, then nodded. Yeah, this remote attempt thing wasn't working. Not with the variables of other people involved. It wasn't an *ideal* solution from a privacy standpoint. Bit from a practical one, it was time to take care of this in person. The trouble was, that Dungeon Town was Big.

And the only way they had to identify each other was by pussy. Part of the reason she hadn't suggested this already was that their limited communication was going to make this difficult. Sighing, she began tracing letters of her own, starting the process of arranging that meeting.

"So, you're Neia? I'm Renna."

Neia breathed a sigh of relief as an attractive brunette in casual clothes sat down across from her and identified herself. It was *strange*, being so close, and knowing that she was currently wearing this woman's pussy. Just as the other woman was wearing her own. Still, strange was almost normal in Dungeon Town, and she did her best to act nonchalant as she responded.

"Yes. I'm glad you were able to find the place. I suppose we should...discuss next steps, now that our communication is less limited?"

There was a certain twinkle in the brunette's eyes as she waved down a serving girl and ordered both of them drinks.

"Well, yes. But what's the rush? After all, we're not going to solve this all in one day. And now that we're not limited to slowly written single letters, we might as well have a little fun."

A little...fun? What was...Neia stiffened, biting back a moan as she felt fingers brush across her pussy. Her eyes darted to Renna's hands, finding one of them had vanished under the table. Given the woman was wearing a skirt, Neia had a *very* good idea what that hand was doing. She bit back another moan as it pushed apart her outer lips and began to tease her clit. Oh, fuck. This woman was just as much of a tease in person as she had been remotely! She tried to keep a level voice as spoke again.

"Not that I'm not *feeling good* about this. But would you stop that."

Renna grinned roguishly as she cheerfully said 'no,' even following up with how she was quite sure Neia didn't actually want that. It was then that Neia realized she was in *so much trouble*. This woman somehow already had her number, and they hadn't even met before...

Renna was enjoying the gasps and moans of the half-elf under her. She'd been delighted to discover that the pussy she'd been sporting the last week belonged to a positively adorable half-elf, with the cutest ears that blushed right to the tips when she was properly worked up. She'd managed to make the poor thing cum right in the main room, before they even properly got to talking about ways and means to finish their task. Even now she was simply enjoying the aftermath. Neia was a delightfully submissive little thing, easily guided and controlled now that Renna was physically present. Getting simultaneous climaxes from mutual oral had only taken half an hour after returning to the half-elf's room. Now, as she drove the mewling, moaning, mess of a girl to her fifth climax *after* that, Renna was simply milking the encounter. It wasn't like this was going to reduce their counter any more than it had. She was just having fun with the adorable, sexy little slut and her hair-trigger...

Neia gasped and quivered as Renna tweaked her nipples, even as the futa orc woman behind her continued to plow the brunette's pussy from behind *Neia*. Another futa, this one a human woman with biceps the size of Neia's waist, was pounding into Neia's pussy from behind Renna. Their swapped pussies were once again making this an disorienting experience. But these two futas were *professionals* and their location was a local brothel Renna had been familiar with. She was almost certain they'd already achieved their joint release...and was equally certain that Renna had paid the duo to make sure they didn't stop until Neia passed out again. Her mist-...counterpart! Her counterpart just loved to push Neia to her limits...

Renna grinned, moaning in happy delight as Neia enthusiastically rode the catgirl's tongue. This time, it was a pair of twins, who hadn't needed paid to be interested in this little romp. She'd known Tiole and Tiola for years, and the two were always up for something *new*. When they'd heard about the Pussy Swap problem Renna was having, they'd been eager to volunteer their help in exchange for information on where both sides of the trap had been. She wouldn't be at all shocked if the kinky pair went and tried to trip it on purpose, to swap their genitals between them.

Of course, the fact that both of them were cheerfully willing to go along with Renna's end game, helping her properly adopt Neia as her own personal pet in the long term, was only a bonus. A bonus on top of the fact that these two knew how to push Renna's own buttons in all the right ways, so she got to cum almost as often as her adorable future-pet was...

Neia wasn't afraid as the double-dildo bottomed out in her pussy for another stroke. Mistress Renna had been training her to cum on command for the last two months! She knew she wouldn't cum until she was told. She was a Good Girl, after all! Even so, she was excited that she'd be getting her own pussy back, tonight. Mistress Renna had drawn out this last experience for a month, wanting to make it perfect...and Neia didn't really mind. Not since Mistress had collared her and taught her all sorts of fun things. Still, she did sort of miss her own pussy, even if Mistress Renna's was nice too. She thought it would be way better to show off her control for Mistress once she was fully back to herself! And it might be nice to be able to properly masturbate again, what with her mistress always teasing her...

"Cum!"

Neia obeyed, letting go of the orgasm she'd been barely holding off. It crashed over her in a wave...then a second spike of mind-numbing pleasure hit as her entire lower body started to glow! Her mind blanked, only her and her Mistress's joint moans filling her thoughts. Then, slowly, she came back to herself. Tentatively, she looked down to where she and Mistress Renna were still joined together by the thick double dildo. To her happiness, yet slightly regret as well, she could see that their pussies were back where they belonged! She reached down to touch herself...only for Mistress to bat her hand away.

"Bad girl! Even if it's back on you, that pussy is *mine*. You don't get to touch until I tell you to..."

Neia shuddered, half in desperation and half in delight. That possessive tone told her Mistress wasn't going to leave, just because they'd gone back to normal! She hadn't truly thought she would, but there *had* been a faint fear in the back of her mind. Thankfully, her Mistress made her intentions clear

by offering the new collar she'd shown Neia earlier, this one with a proper owner's name and a lock! Neia presented her neck, ecstatic at the symbolic claiming Mistress Renna had promised. She'd always fantasized about something like this! If she'd known the Dungeon was this good at playing Matchmaker, she'd have asked it for dating advice years ago...

Renna sighed happily as she locked the Dungeon Made collar around Neia's neck. The half-elf was an absolute delight. Truly, the strangest things could happen in Dungeon Town. But this one was easily her favorite so far. She grinned and wondered just how her new pet was going to react to the chastity belt that was waiting for it? It wasn't going to be a long-term thing, sadly. That just wasn't practical with Dungeon Delving, as the Dungeon itself wouldn't put up with it's toys being so protected for long. But for now, it would be entertaining to see her new favorite little slut's reaction to realizing she'd gotten her pussy back...just in time to have it locked away from her touch for a few weeks. Maybe a month or two, even. Not that she wasn't going to get plenty of chances to cum her adorable brains out, that hair trigger of hers was *far* too fun to play with. But Neia wouldn't be touching *herself* again for a long, long while. Years, if Renna could contrive it. And she was almost certain she could. There were so many different options in Dungeon Town to prevent it, even once she had to give up on the belt to appease the Dungeon, after all...

<<The End of This Entry of Dungeon Town!>>