

# The Challenge

By Abe E Seedy

"Sab! Sab!"

Sabrith turned, cocking one feline ear to the side as she set down the heavy pallet of equipment she'd been carrying. She couldn't help but tense at the sound of her wife's alarm, and her muscles only relaxed a little when she saw Tayelle storm into the shop, waving a letter over her head.

"What's up babe?"

Now that she was closer Sabrith could see Tayelle was fuming, her hackles so raised her bright pink hair was practically standing on end. "We've been... *slandered*", she sputtered, gesturing angrily at the letter. "You remember the other alchemist that moved in a little while ago across the valley?"

Sabrith nodded. "Sure. You said having another potion seller nearby would let us specialise a little, rather than having to carry everything anyone would need."

"Yes, yes, that's what I thought! That's what would make sense. But instead, the proprietor has sent us *this*" - the letter was waved emphatically again - "accusing us of 'focusing entirely on whatever cheap fancies get us horny at the moment, rather than the true art of alchemy!'"

Furrowing her brow for a moment, Sabrith considered the charge. "Well, I mean, we kinda do. Didn't you just figure out a new formula for the all-day lust potion?"

"And it was *great!*", Tayelle countered. "Just because we enjoy what we do, doesn't mean we don't put in the work! We're just smart enough to realise that if you make stuff that you enjoy, it's a good bet that other people will enjoy it too."

"So, she's not a fan."

Once more, the letter waved. "Worse! She's challenged us! She says, in *writing*, that if we can't keep it in our pants, then we should have someone teach us some manners!"

Sabrith's ears pricked up. She wasn't going to disagree with her wife's righteous anger, but that was an interesting way to phrase a challenge. "What did she say, exactly?"

Huffing, Tayelle finally brought the letter back from above her head, jabbing it with her finger as she read.

"I would like to propose a challenge. I wager that you can't give your wife one of your transformative potions and *not* have her breed with you. If you can avoid that, then I'll cease my complaints immediately. But if you can't, then you'll both agree to be my pets for a week, where I can teach you some manners."

She looked back up, expecting to see the same look of indignation on Sabrith's face, but finding instead only a carefully blank expression.

"You... know she's flirting, right?", Sabrith said eventually.

Tayelle's mouth fell open, her ears first flattening then shooting up straight as she cycled through a series of reactions. "Huh?", she settled on.

"Come on hon', no one would propose a bet to people that involved trying to get them horny and threatening them with a week of petplay if they didn't want to fuck. Right?"

A blush slowly grew on Tayelle's cheeks. "But then, why the petty complaints? Why not just flirt?"

Sabrith shrugged. "I don't know. Some folks are bad at flirting, I guess."

That wisdom landed on Tayelle as she settled into a pout, putting the letter down with a huff. "Well, we've got to take her up on the challenge anyway. We'll show her!"

Crossing her arms and wrapping her thin tail around her leg, Sabrith leaned back casually on a set of shelves. "Well, sure, sure. But before we get into this, I've got to know how hard you want me to go."

"Huh?"

"Like, are you into it? Is this a challenge that we *actually* want to win, or is it more something that you want me to make a *show* of trying to win, but actually just lean in and have fun. I mean, terrible attempt at flirting aside, the whole scenario sounds pretty hot to me. I'm down to enjoy it, but I'm willing to actually prove her wrong if that's what you want."

Tayelle was taken aback, and the blush deepened. "I mean, I guess it *is* kinda hot..."

She trailed off, and Sabrith stepped in. "Tell you what. On a scale of goblin to dragon, how seriously do you want me to take this as a challenge."

Tayelle went to respond right away, but she stopped herself as she thought things through. "Uhm, maybe... minotaur?"

Nodding, Sabrith put a hand on Tayelle's shoulder affectionately. "I do get what you mean with that, but you might have had a clearer message if you hadn't picked a monster we spent like, a whole month fucking not too long ago."

Tayelle sighed heavily. "We've spent a lot of time fucking goblins and dragons too, what do you want from me? Let's just do this, okay? She wanted us to meet her outside her place before noon."

She turned, stalking towards the door. Before she got too far, Sabrith called out.

"Uh, don't we need to bring a potion with us?"

Tayelle stopped, but didn't turn around, her stiff tail showing she was still working through how off-balance going from angry to horny so suddenly had made her. "Sure, yeah. Just... grab one of the new ones. Whatever you want."

Shrugging, Sabrith plucked one of the bottles from behind her and put it in a travel satchel without looking at it. "Lucky dip it is then."

It didn't take too long for them to get to the new alchemist's place, and whoever had challenged them was clearly waiting for them there. She was standing in the doorway; a tall elven woman wearing what could only be described as a gothic lab coat. A high collar, long sleeves and a sweeping skirt of thick black fabric all contributed to her being firmly in the middle ground where science met fetishwear, which made the idea that she was somehow mad at *them* for being too horny completely ridiculous. But, still, she'd come for Tayelle's professional pride, so it was up to Sabrith to see that put right. Or, at least, for as long as it seemed like that was actually what Tayelle wanted. Seeing the look that flashed over her wife's face as she looked up at this effortlessly domineering science woman, it wasn't hard to see her resolve waver just a little. I mean, she even had delicate little spectacles. No wonder this was such a whole thing.

The woman saw them approach, and spoke up first. "Ah, I see the... dabblers are trying to take something seriously after all. Welcome to a real establishment."

There was a tiny delay before the woman swept her arm wide, indicating the laboratory she was standing in front of. Sabrith raised an eyebrow, but the other alchemist seemed not to notice as she continued, almost reading off a script behind her eyes.

"If you would like to challenge a real professional, then I, Lady Jade, would be happy to teach you."

Sabrith blinked. She was a pale woman dressed in all black, and she'd taken the name Lady Jade? What was *happening* here?

Before she could say anything though, Tayelle spoke up. "It's you who will be taught!", she said, striking a weirdly intense pose. "Sab and I will beat you any time, any place. Name your conditions!"

Lady Jade paused, frozen for a moment in her own over-the-top expression of haughtiness. "I... here? Now? Did you not get my note? I could have sworn I put the precise conditions on it."

"Er, yes", Tayelle nodded, wagging her finger as she fought for exactly what to say. "It did, and we're... going to do them. Now. At you!"

Sabrith breathed in and out slowly. Sometimes you just had to accept that a particular scene was playing out around you, and let the two highly intelligent people figure out exactly how they wanted to fuck. It was like watching birds preen and strut, except for if one of the birds had clearly spent far too much money on her clothes to make an impression, and the other was too sweet and distracted to entirely recognise exactly what was happening.

**What bottle did Sabrith take?**

**Canine (turn to path A)**

**Horse (turn to path B)**