

The sun shone brighter than it usually did in the dull brown sky over what was now known as the Eastern Plaguelands. The slow, constant clattering of hooves on cobblestone could be heard as a rider made their way through the plague-ridden lands, following the narrow path. Creatures watched her as she moved slowly, observing her surroundings.

They were hidden everywhere, she sensed. Behind trees, in holes, in the destroyed remains of the houses of the people who had once inhabited this land. But they dared not attack her, as they sensed the powerful aura radiating from the blonde paladin and, similarly, she sensed just how insignificant the evil creatures were. Her senses were particularly attuned to the Undead, the Scourge as they were called, when under the service of the Lich King and his necromancers.

One could tell the woman was a paladin by the deep red platemail armor she wore, marking her as one of the Scarlet Crusade, which also meant she was a human. The Crusade not permitting any of the other races to join their ranks. Her weapon, a large two-handed axe slung across her back, shone with pure light, the weapon crafted with the sole purpose of eradicating the Undead. If one looked close enough, they could see the very light blue aura radiating from her, protecting her from the corrupting evils of the land. She wore no helmet, preferring not to limit her eyesight, especially in a place such as this. Instead, she had wrapped her head in a simple red bandana, matching the colors of the Crusade.

Finally, she arrived at the small town she was sent to liberate from the Scourge. Reaching into the satchel tied to the side of her brown steed, she pulled out a folded map. Inspecting it for a moment, she realized that the town didn't seem to have been given a name. It contained no more than ten buildings, of which only two still stood intact, not having been ravaged by the flames of war. They stood, but they did not seem very comfortable. Nothing in these lands did.

She slowly slid from her mount, letting it follow her into town. She dared not leave it alone, not with the plaguehounds, gargoyles and vampire bats running around. Axe drawn, she slowly made her way into the town square, not sensing any of the foul Undead, though the stench of death was omnipresent.

Coming upon what seemed like an inn, its door bashed in, she observed what little she could see of the dimly illuminated inside of the building. Nothing but ruins, it seemed. The wooden floor beneath her heavy steel boots creaked with each step, the glow of her axe doing little to illuminate the ravaged inn. Chairs had been thrown about, piles of bones lay in nearly every corner. Some skulls seemed far smaller than others, which sent shivers down her spine as she thought of the atrocities that had been committed here.

Her breath slowed so she could better hear any approaching foes, her eyes scanning every darkened corner. Slowly, she made her way up a flight of stairs, a large hole in the middle of them. Careful not to put too much weight on the badly damaged steps, she finally reached the top. It seemed as empty as the rest of the building. If every other building was as empty as this one, she wondered why she'd even been sent here in the first place. Maybe some adventurer had cleared it out recently, she thought to herself.

Just as she was about to turn around, she noticed a dim blue light coming from one of the rooms at the end of the corridor. Frowning slightly, she decided to investigate. Though she wasn't being as quiet as she would've liked, it was quite difficult to conceal one's presence when wearing platemail.

She burst into the room suddenly, axe in hand, ready to take on any foe within. But there was none to be seen. Grumbling to herself, she turned around to exit the room, but before she could do so, the door slammed shut right in front of her, as if pushed by a powerful gust of wind. Frantically trying to open the door, she heard a deep, slow laugh coming from behind her.

The paladin spun around, still holding her axe firmly, its warm glow contrasting with the cold blue light of the fire that had been burning in the hearth. Her eyes were greeted by the sight of a tall, bearded necromancer. His beard nearly reached his waist, hanging over the deep blue silken robes he wore. His garments were adorned with skulls and all manner of deathly trinkets. She had faced such foes before, their apparent frailty hiding their deep cunning and ruthlessness.

Knowing that speaking to such a foul man was useless, she started running towards him, holding her axe up over her head. She knew she had to make quick work of him. As her glowing weapon struck downwards, she was ready to feel the familiar crunch as her blade would slice through his skull. Instead of that, however, she found her strike halted mere inches from the dark spellcaster's face by a thick wall of bones that he had conjured from the bones lying around. His lips twisted into a wicked grin, he thrust his hand out in her direction, those bones flying out in her direction.

Unable to react quickly enough, she found that her hands and feet had been bound to the nearby wall by the animated bones which had been quickly reshaped to accomplish that task. Unable to pull herself free from the foul restraints, she tried to conjure up a shield around herself that would push them away. But she seemed to be out of luck, her holy powers unable to assist her.

"Struggle as you will, little paladin. No one is coming to save you. The Light cannot reach you here," the necromancer said, his words stretched out as he spoke, each syllable spoken with such a sinister intonation that she could not help but shiver.

"Unbind me, foul necromancer, so that I may put an end to your dark plans! Your death will be swift, I swear it!" she shouted, rage pooling within her as she kept on struggling against the skeletal bindings that kept her against the wall.

He let out a soft chuckle, visibly amused at her obvious anger. "Oh, dear, you're not doing anywhere. Not until I'm done with you, that is," he answered, walking every so slowly towards his victim, savoring every little squirm and struggle from his helpless prisoner. The necromancer looked her up and down once, and with a wave of his hand her plate armor undid itself, falling in pieces to the ground as though it were made of dry dirt.

Beneath her armor, she wore nothing but very simple linen trousers and a tunic. Her body was nothing to be ashamed of, but nothing to be exceedingly proud of, either. She was toned, like most paladins her age were. Her breasts weren't large, by any means, barely more than a handful.

"I will not partake in your experiments, necromancer! I will not become part of your Scourge!" she shouted, hoping the sound would alert any nearby allies to her current situation. Yet, no help

came. The more she tried to channel the Light, the less it seemed to work. Not even a spark escaped her open palm. Considering the spellcaster's power, she doubted it would do her any good.

Another chuckle escaped the man's bearded lips. This one a bit louder than the other, betraying his excitement at the prospect of bending one of the Scarlet Crusade's holy warriors to his will. "You will serve me just fine, in death..." he said. She could smell his foul breath as he spoke so near to her. "But first, I should amuse myself. I was surprised that you did not detect me. Perhaps you are not as powerful as you think you are, my dear."

His boney hand reached for her face, his palm raised upwards so that she could see the small black flame that he had conjured. "Ohhh, this will be most excellent..." And with that, the spell in his hand doubled in size, then doubled again as he fed more power into it. As it approached the size of his head, he thrust his palm outwards, causing the black flame to be absorbed through her nose, eyes and half-open mouth.

She shook violently as the darkness spread within her, her eyes turning black as the necromancer cackled. "You are mine, now!" he shouted with glee, betraying his usual, much darker tone. Thinking this was the end, darkness seeping into the corners of her eyes, the paladin let prayed silently, hoping her soul would know peace once she was dead, hoping the necromancer would be unable to turn her into one of the numberless undead that roamed the land.

Her prayers went unanswered as she felt the darkness overwhelm her body. Every nerve in her body burning with intense pain, though she suffered through it as best she could, not wanting to let the necromancer have the pleasure of knowing how much pain she was going through. It felt as though her body was filled with an intense fire.

"Yesss... Let the curse seep into your soul!" The bearded man's voice shouted, his stare as intense as the pain his dark spell was inflicting upon her.

Then, just as she thought she would pass out from the pain, light suddenly burst forth from her body, shattering the shackles from which she hung from the wall. A bony splinter struck the necromancer, cutting his cheek. Stunned, the robed figure barely had the time to register the paladin, who had sprouted a pair of what seemed to be wings made entirely out of light. He thrust his hands out as he had done before, only to find that his spell was entirely ineffective against the woman whose eyes seemed to glow a bright yellow as her being was filled with holy energy.

He shouted but she would hear none of it. Her axe came crashing down into his skull, splitting it in two with the ease of a knife running through water.

She kicked his limp body to the ground as the wings of light dissipated from her back, her eyes returning to normal at the same time. Breathing heavily, she fell on one knee before darkness overtook her.

---

Her vision was hazy as she woke up. Above her, a purple skinned woman was staring at her with silver, pupil-less eyes.

“Hello? Are you awake, miss?” Her expression was one of worry as she shook the paladin, slowly bringing her back to consciousness.

“Ugh... Where am I?” Slowly sitting back up, the blonde human rubbed her forehead. Her entire body felt sore, as though she’d spent an entire week running nonstop.

“Well, you’re about a day’s ride west of Light’s Hope, if that makes you feel better. I found your horse not too far away and I found you unconscious in an abandoned inn. I’m not sure what you were doing there with what you were wearing and no weapon. Couldn’t find anything else of interest in that place. Are you from here? Were you hiding from the Undead?”

There was a slight pounding in her head as the Night Elf talked. The human closed her eyes for a moment. “I see...” It seemed the necromancer’s corpse had disappeared after she’d slain him and her weapon had also vanished in the process. She was glad her steed hadn’t been slain and that the Kaldorei managed to bring it along. “Thank you, miss...” she said.

Most other Scarlet Crusaders would have been far more distrustful of a Night Elf, but she was thankful for what the green-haired elf had done for her. For a moment, she looked at the other woman with a slight smile, noting her rather attractive features and medium-long hair, tied in a single ponytail. In her hair hung a few leaves and trinkets and she wore rather plain garments with feathers here and there, quite obviously marking her as a druid.

“Oh, I’m Shalendris!” exclaimed the cheerful elf.

“Lena Trueshield,” replied the paladin. “If you’ll excuse me, Shalendris, I need to get back to my superiors to tell them of what happened...”

The paladin stood up slowly and it was then that she noticed the odd weight on her chest. Looking down, Lena gasped. “Wh-what happened?! Is this some foul trick of yours, Night Elf?!” Her expression rapidly changed to one of anger mixed with confusion as she looked at the Elf. Indeed, her breasts had more than tripled in size, now rivaling her head as they shook and jiggled upon her chest.

The Night Elf threw up her hands defensively at the outraged blonde. “Let me explain, please! I meant no harm!”

“Then explain!” shouted the human, ready to pounce on the Kaldorei to teach her a lesson or two.

Still holding her hands up, the Night Elf tried as best as she could to explain what happened. “You had a few wounds that I tried to heal and, I don’t know how, your breasts absorbed my magic before healing your wounds! I have no idea what could have caused such a thing, I swear!”

Lena frowned, sensing that the other woman was telling the truth. “As silly as your explanation may seem, I believe you,” she said, as she slowly dropped back down on the ground, sitting down. The new weight upon her chest would definitely take some getting used to.

“We can head to Light’s Hope to have you checked out by the priests there. I’m sure they’ll know what’s wrong,” suggested the druidess, eyes casually bouncing down to her companion’s rather large bosom every now and again.

“Yes, I’m sure they’d love to ‘check me out’ as you put it. I’ve heard much about the Argent Dawn’s priests,” she said, mumbling a little. “The Argent priests are about as untrustworthy as the Orcs and Undead they ally themselves with.”

Shalendris frowned at the comment. “Why would you say such a thing? Orcs and Forsaken are far from perfect, I’ll admit, but those who join the Argent Dawn believe in purifying the land as much as you do!”

“That may be so, but their treachery is well documented. You would do well to watch yourself around them,” said the Crusader, matter-of-factly.

The Night Elf’s only response was to roll her eyes before standing up, walking over to her large Nightsaber sleeping next to the paladin’s horse. “Come on now, we have quite a lot of ground to cover before we’re to reach Light’s Hope. From there, you can take a gryphon to wherever you want to go.”

---

The sun was already setting when the druid decided to stop. “This will do.” She slid off her Nightsaber, feeding it before moving to what seemed to be a good enough spot to spend the night. “I hope you won’t mind us not starting a fire. Don’t want to draw too much attention to ourselves, now do we?”

Lena nodded as her feet touched the ground, causing her newly improved bust to jiggle from the movement. She blushed slightly, not used to such movement under her tunic. Her hands shot up to try and calm the two jiggling mounds.

Of course, since they had ridden side by side most of the day, Shalendris had very well noticed just how much the paladin’s bra-less tits would bounce as she rode her steed. It was only with great effort that she managed to tear her eyes from those two magnificent udders. If not for the fact that she would surely end up with the paladin’s fist between the eyes, Shalendris would have loved to try “healing” the woman again, just to see if her magic was truly the cause of her enlarged knockers.

It didn’t take long for the pair to set up camp, two bedrolls having been set on the ground near a tree.

Shalendris sat down next to the tall pine, leaning forward and crossing her arms over her elbows. “I’ll take first watch,” she declared. “You need to sleep.”

Too tired to speak, Lena nodded once more before lying down on her back on her bedroll. Barely ten seconds had passed before she started snoring peacefully.

Though illuminated by nothing but the moon that had risen over their heads, Shalendris could still very well see the other woman in the dark. Night Elves were right at home in the darkness of night, beneath the watchful gaze of Elune. However, Elune was not the only thing gazing that night. The druidess’ gaze went to the human’s heaving chest, noting that even though she wore no bra, gravity seemed to affect her breasts very little. It seemed as though they had kept their perkiness from when they were smaller.

Shalendris licked her lips, silver eyes glued to the bountiful cleavage the human paladin showed in her straining tunic. "What's a little experimentation?" she thought to herself as she slowly rose from her spot next to the tree, crawling silently next to her companion. From this close, she wondered just how she had managed not to pounce on the busty human before.

Slowly, as she didn't want to wake the human, the druid's hand slowly slid beneath the pale-skinned woman's tunic, reaching up until her hands rested gently upon the large mounds hidden beneath. She could feel those hardened nipples poking up against her palms in the chilly air. Her heart racing, she started focusing on the healing spell she had used earlier that day. Usually, the plants would lend her their life force to help with the spell. However, there was very little of it available in the Plaguelands. The surrounding plants gave what they could, but that proved to be very little, especially considering what the druid had in mind with her spell.

Frowning as the human's breasts absorbed what little magic the druid put out. With her hands directly on the huge tits, she was sure that the energy flowed directly into them. "Come on..." she muttered under her breath. Suddenly, she felt a slight jump from the huge melons as they grew a little under the elf's hands.

She had never seen someone with such a condition. Typically, her healing energies would flow to the wounds she was trying to heal but with this human, it seemed that her breasts acted as sponges, absorbing as much magic as they could, using the leftovers to heal the wounds. It was getting increasingly hard for the Kaldorei to think of such things, however. Very, very hard.

Looking down, she could see the large tent created by her growing erection. She bit her lower lip, eyeing Lena's melons for a moment. Unable to resist, she pulled her robes up to her waist, revealing the enormous, throbbing she-cock hidden underneath. Not even fully hard, it was already slightly longer than her forearm and equally as thick. Huge veins throbbed along its length and underneath it, a huge, full set of balls hung like two overripe oranges.

She placed one knee on either side of the human, pulling her shirt up and over those deliciously huge breasts. They were pale, each one topped with a tender pink nipples which seemed a bit smaller than a pair of breasts like these would have. She didn't care if she woke the paladin anymore as her hands groped and fondled the big, jiggling chestpillows before her.

With her palms, she moved them around slowly, admiring their weight and size. She could look nowhere else, her gaze locked onto the twin peaks. That would not keep her attention for long, she realized and before she knew it, she was straddling the human's waist, sliding her cock inbetween the jiggling fuckpillows.

Her cheeks were red as her heart raced. Both her hands placed on either side of the paladin's rack, she slowly started moving her hips back and forth in her cleavage, her fat nutsack dragging along the other woman's torso. Slowly but surely, she started gaining speed and every now and then a drop of precum would ooze out the tip of her gargantuan phallus, rolling down the human's collarbone and down into her golden hair.

Her speed now to her liking, her hips would smack against the tits' undersides, causing them to bounce and jiggle madly. The constant smacking, of course, woke the exhausted paladin who was

greeted by the sight of Shalendris' one-eyed python poking out of her cleavage twice or thrice per second.

Noticing the human's eyes were now open wide, the Night Elf froze. "I-I'm sorry!" she exclaimed.

"Don't be sorry. Keep going. I've seen the way you've looked at me all day. I am not a fool," replied the paladin. Moving her head forward, she licked the monstrous cock's head, ridding the tip of a droplet of precum that had just oozed out.

Not needing anymore encouragement, the Kaldorei started pumping again, hands groping the massive udders, her speed nearly doubling what it had been before that small intermission. Lewd slapping noises could be heard as her frantic thrusting continued, her fat cockhead lubricating Lena's cleavage to such a degree that it could reflect some of the moonlight.

Before long, her large nutsack tensed. Trying to hold back was impossible. The Night Elf hadn't been intimate for over a year and she had a lot of pent up energy to release.

The first shot caught the human by surprise, her cheek and eyelid covered in a sticky rope of semen. The second, she was prepared for. Opening her mouth, she managed to swallow most of it, except for the small strand that reached from her upper lip to her nose. The oversized pillar of meat kept on throbbing as it released what seemed like an unending amount of the warm, sticky cum.

When it finally stopped, she was absolutely covered in the stuff. From her tits to her face, it seemed no part of her upper body had been spared.

"Hope you brought towels," Lena said as she watched the Night Elf stroke the last few drops of cum from her slowly deflating cannon.