**Expecting the Cost of Betrayal;**

or, **The Unkindest Cut of All**

by Del Ken

Amanda couldn't believe it.

She had read the incantation three times now and three times now the results had been the same. Still, she was having trouble wrapping her mind around it; the entire idea was just so absurd.

Her head buzzed with a potent combination of disbelief and excitement, firing her wildest fancies and tugging at threads that threatened to unravel the tapestry of her perceived reality.

Her husband was a nether-dweller; a hell-fiend. That was the long and short of it and she found the entire idea to be completely ludicrous. It wasn’t the possibility that demons were real that astounded her, of course. She knew of the existence of creatures that originated from beyond the veil of the familiar that most of humanity took for granted, having studied their origins in passing. She knew that they moved among humans from time to time for reasons that were, more often than not, perplexing to those that tried to fathom their motives and methods.

No, what she found so utterly confounding was the fact that he’d been able to not only disguise his true nature but also any hint that were was any sort of supernatural trickery at play. Usually an eye trained well in any sort of bewitchment could detect tell-tale signs that would unveil the fact that some sort of majik was at work, much like finding the zipper of an unearthly costume. Whatever he had used to conceal his true nature for so long had to be of the most powerful charms conceived by any user of thaumaturgy in the modern era.

A wolf in sheep’s clothing, living among the flock.

She clicked her manicured nails noisily against her teeth, the wheels in her mind turning at breakneck speed.

She had known since she had met him two years ago that the tattoos that adorned his chest seemed to be supernatural, if not in construction then surely in purpose. Even though she had studied their meaning on and off since they had spent their first night together, their exact purpose remained dense and obtuse, even to Amanda.

Charles had always dismissed her repeated attempts to question him about the markings with an ease that often made her feel slightly foolish for suspecting the markings bore some sort of supernatural potential. Now that she had discovered their purpose, she felt even more feebleminded that she had allowed herself to be blindsided and for not trusting her instincts.

She knew this couldn't be coincidence. Those that were familiar with the practice of majiks and those born outside of the natural order could readily identify one another. He had to know who she was and what she was capable of. However they had come together, whether by ecumenical design or by a more direct manipulation, she was certain her trust had been betrayed and her abilities to uncover this deception had been underestimated.

Though her excitement generated by her ascertainment was quickly turning to thoughts of bitter reprisal, it didn't matter. Already Amanda was planning how best to turn this turn of events to her benefit now that she felt she had the upper hand in the situation.

At the tender age of twelve her coven had been reluctant to accept her as even a subordinate. Even now, eight years later, they remained skeptical of her motives and abilities, despite the fact she had blossomed into one of their most powerful enchantresses. Few could match her aptitude for mixing the most potent of concoctions or diagramming improved runic circles for the various rituals the students were called on to perform. However, because she was not of “old blood”, she always felt the others were looking down their nose on her.

She would not simply expose Charles and bring him to the Order. In fact, the more she pondered the circumstances, she was certain her own coven had more than likely had something to do with this.

Amanda realized that since she had used the Order's resources for much of her research, they would have access to the same data she did. Eventually, someone would arrive at the same conclusion she had and then she would lose whatever advantage this knowledge offered. She cursed herself for not being for more careful but it was now too late to do anything about it. Whether she liked it or not, she was on a timetable and whatever it was she was going to do, she had to do it quickly.

Absent-mindedly, she reached into her purse sitting on the counter for her birth control pills. She popped the lid on the little while plastic container, removed one of the tiny octagonal tablets, and was holding it to her waiting tongue when she paused. The corners of her mouth drew back the full silken curtain of her lips, revealing the whitest and wickedest of smiles.

The beginnings of an idea had begun to take shape, Amanda’s ambitions and desire for retribution feeding the twisting roots of a darkly clever plan.

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A week later Charles came home from the office, where he was working as the assistant director of sales at some large corporation downtown. Amanda was never quite sure what it was his duties entailed but she had met several of his co-workers on more than one occasion and she knew for a fact that no one suspected there was anything more to him than what met the eye. To them he was just a clever fellow with a wisdom that defied his youth and who told good stories at company picnics.

He leaned down and kissed her gently the top of her head, her herbal shampoo smelling of something like magnolias. At six foot one, he didn't exactly tower over her but he had enough of a physical advantage over her to necessitate a little subterfuge on her part for what she had planned for this evening.

"How did class go today?" he asked,

"Fine," she said, humoring his desire to make small talk. "In fact, looks like I may pull down an 'A' in political science for the term after all." The simple truth was that her coven was very adept at falsifying transcripts and receipts for textbooks, a way for the young women with no discernible income to justify they time they spent away from home during the day. The era for "tea parties" and "bridge games" while the husbands were away earning their daily bread had long passed.

"That's great," he exclaimed, genuinely enthused. "You were really sweating that, weren't you? I think this calls for a little bit of celebration."

"I couldn't agree more," she said, tugging on his tie and pulling him closer to her. "What did you have in mind?" He seemed to ponder this for a bit.

"How about dinner? Vince says there's this new Greek place that just opened up over at Northshore. It's supposed to be really, really good."

"How about we stay in tonight?" she purred, pulling her self up to him, her lips meeting his. "What do you think?"

"I think you should get good news more often."

She kissed him, a deep passionate kissed that conveyed in no uncertain terms exactly what it was she had in mind. The fact was that she knew her own anticipation was so palpable that she was really working too hard to convince him to stay in for the night. At the same time, she couldn't help herself. She wanted this much, much more than she'd wanted anything before and it was spilling over and heightening her sex drive.

"But first a drink." Amanda said, pulling herself away and leaving Charles a little short on breath. She walked across the kitchen, standing tip-toed and rummaging around in the cabinet next to the sink and produced a rectangular bottle of dark liquor, capped with an old-fashioned cork stopper. With it she pulled down two small fruit juice glasses. Amanda caught Charles' puzzled look.

"It's my secret stash. I don't tell you everything, you know," she said with a grin. It was the truth.

"Apparently."

She filled the bottom of the glasses with a half inch of the liquid, which even in such small amounts retained the same dark color as that in the bottle. Amanda handed Charles one of the glasses which he took without hesitation. She smiled inwardly at the fact that he placed so much unquestionable trust in her. It made this all so much easier.

"I warn you, it's good but it burns like hell," she said, raising her glass. He raised his own and tinked it against the side of hers, returning the toast.

"To you, future Mrs. Political Scientist."

"To us," she corrected him, turning up the glass and knocking back the liquid in a single gulp. Taking her cue, Charles did the same. Amanda couldn't help but giggle a bit as she watched his eyes water and bend over in a coughing fit as the alcohol seared his esophagus.

"Told you so."

"Holy *shit*," he managed between coughs.

“Now, go to the garage and get some vegetables from the freezer and I’ll get started on dinner.”

Charles headed for the garage door, getting halfway across the room before pausing. He hesitantly took another few steps then put his hand on the counter to steady himself. He seemed to be having trouble keeping his balance.

"Honey, are you okay?"

"Yeah, fine, just a little...tipsy,” he said, turning to her. “What did you say that was again,” he asked, unconsciously loosening his tie. “It's got some kick."

"Actually, I didn't say. It's a mix my roommates taught me my first semester at school – our own special cocktail."

"That's a potent…po…oh, my head." Charles was holding his fingers to his temple and she knew it wouldn’t be long now. "Amanda, what is this?"

"You really have no idea, do you? “ She gathered up their glasses and set them in the sink, filling them with water from the tap. "I was a little worried that particular concoction would clash with the alcohol but apparently not enough for you to notice. Try to relax. It’ll be easier if you don’t fight it.”

Charles tugged at his collar, battling against the enveloping darkness as he bobbed and swayed on his feet. When his balance gave out and he fell to his knees, Amanda kept her distance, cautious of what he might do to her if she came within arm’s reach. He collapsed forward, hitting the polished wooden floor of their townhouse with a solid thud.

Amanda watched him for a few moments as he lay there, studying his breathing and when she was satisfied that he was fully unconscious, she set to work. He would be out for a few hours but she had much to during that time.

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Charles awoke a few hours later in their bedroom, Amanda watching him stir in the mirror as she applied the final touches to her makeup. As she touched up her cheeks with a fine, subtle blush, she watched him discover then test the bindings she had placed up him while he was unconscious. She had taken those metal shackles, engraved with runes of enslavement, from the Order’s vast collection of apotropaic devices, many of which predated written history. She had been able to procure them without too much difficulty, but she knew that removing them from the grounds would most likely raise unwanted attention from the Order’s quartermasters. She just hoped that by the time anyone noticed they were missing, it would be too late.

He called out to her.

The room was lit by innumerable candles that adorned every flat surface. They were dispersed around the room a variety of scents, some pleasant and others less so. An assortment of exotic oils and strange solutions decorated the tabletop beside the bed.

The crimson satin sheets she had purchased especially for this evening were of the finest quality, embroidered with special patterns. The clock radio played a looping recording that consisted of chants and chimes from an unknown instrument, its rhythms designed to enhance the mental processes that accompanied the performance of majiks and, not so coincidently, sex.

The curtains were drawn and the shades were down. Outside, the low evening sun had given way to the rising moon.

Amanda stepped out of the bathroom into their bedroom. She was wearing sheer black lacy lingerie, a deep "V" one-piece teddy that left little to the imagination. Thigh-high stockings adorned her shapely legs. She had even picked a matching set of heels to complete the ensemble. Her bright green eyes, rimmed by dark of eyeliner, almost glowed with a look mischievous anticipation; twin emerald fires set ablaze to represent carnal desire and triumphant intellect.

She gave a little twirl to give Charles a good look at just what it was she was about to bestow upon him.

"You like?"

"Yes, I do but what is all this? I knew you were a little into the kinky stuff but this is way, *way* beyond anything I…” She leaned forward and placed her finger gently to his lips, shushing him.

She knew his mind must be reeling at this point, waking up from the deep drug-induced sleep that she had forced on him. She had never let herself come across as anything approaching meek around Charles but he knew she was not the hot-blooded vixen he saw before him this evening. Tonight was different though. The studious and serious girl that Charles had married was feeling exhilarated to the point that it was empowering her darker appetites.

"Here." With great care she slowly undid the delicate zipper on the front of her teddy and revealed to him her flat and well-toned midsection. A look of surprised recognition flashed across his face and but was quickly masked by incomprehension.

"What is that on your stomach?" She smiled coyly. He was feigning ignorance, as she thought he might, but his initial reaction has betrayed the fact that he knew exactly what it was.

"I'd think you'd recognize it." She saw his puzzled look. "Has it really been that long since you found yourself among those with preternatural tendencies?" She grinned again. "Either way, whether you think you're being sly or not, I'd think you'd remember a fertility circle when you saw it."

What appeared to be a series of ornate circles within circles adorned her belly, crafted with a love and precision that rivaled anything the grand masters could have produced in marble or fresco. Only here the medium was henna and the canvas was Amanda's own torso. It was a monumental undertaking, done over the course of several days in secret so as not to arouse his suspicions.

"I've made a few modifications of course. I've augmented the circle with a little something to strengthen my vessel," she said, tracing the smaller inner circle with her fingernail. "It wasn't easy, of course. The whole point of a fertility circle is to make the womb more susceptible. Adding reinforcement to the equation took quite a bit of finesse on my part." She felt like a student delivering an oral report during a peer review. She had long yearned to discuss her work outside the confines of the Order with someone. Finding she had an audience who could perhaps appreciate her craft living with her the entire time had given her an urge to gloat a bit at her own ingenuity.

She sat on the bed next to him and, as she did up the little zipper with one hand, she produced from between her breasts a small vial, filled halfway with a dark purple liquid with the other. A sly smile crossed her dark red lips as she held out the bottle for Charles to see and removed the glass stopper with a dramatic flourish.

“What is that?”

“Something to make take the edge off and to make the evening go a little smoother,” she said, rolling the vial between her finger and thumb.

With that she downed the liquor, tossing her head back and emptied the contents of the small vial into her mouth. She leaned down and kissed Charles, meeting his weak refusals with a vigor that caught him by surprise and allowed her to force some of the liquid into his mouth.

“What are you doing?” he sputtered. “Have you lost your fucking *mind*?”

She swallowed what was left in her mouth and wiped the dribble of violet from her lips. After setting the empty bottle on the night stand, she turned and climbed on top of Charles in a slinking, feline motion. She leaned forward and reached behind, producing a long cedar box from beneath the pillow. She gently undid the clasp that bound the lid and reached in to produce an ornate ceremonial dagger, its blade etched elegantly with various runes.

"Okay, game's over," Charles announced, something a lot like genuine fear beginning to displace the annoyance in his voice as she held the fingered the tip of the glinting dagger. "Whatever it is you're after, it's yours. Now get off of me."

"I've already got what I want. Now I'm going to give you what you want."

"This isn’t a game, Amanda! I don’t know what it is that you think you know but you have no idea how dangerous any of this is!” The bindings rattled against the headboard as he pulled and tugged but they held him fast.

"I *am* right, aren’t I? You’ve been walking among us for Goddess knows how long and now you’re scared.” She held the dagger to his chest, poking the flesh just above the runes etched there, drawing a drop of blood. “Did you think you were being shrewd by bedding someone who practiced the arts or were you trying to use me to misdirect anyone who got too close to your little secret?”

"Yes, I am scared! Amanda, if you do this, I won't be able to protect you. Please, stop this." His pale blue eyes pleaded with her.

"Silly boy, all along it was you who need protecting from me." She slid the knife down through the tattoo in a slow deliberate motion, making Charles feel every second of the cut at it sliced through the dermis. He struggled against the bindings but did not give her the satisfaction of crying out.

"You can't tell me you enjoy this. Being bound and tortured like this by a mortal woman. Why did you do it? For bragging rights? I have a hard time believing that someone like you could ever be that naïve.”

At first the cut did nothing but bleed. Amanda had not known what to expect when she damaged whatever strange hex but in her mind she had expected something dramatic to occur. At this point, she was feeling a little disappointed and was wondering what sort of subtle signs she should be looking for that the power of the runes was fading.

She felt something touch her left buttock from behind. Startled, she turned and what she saw there made her flush with an unexpected lasciviousness.

His dick was swelling, thickening and elongating in a way she’d never seen in a man. She realized this was more than simple arousal at work. It snaked toward her and where it bumped against her flesh tingled with goosebumps. Though she had never outright measured it, she estimated his erect penis to be around six inches. As she stared at it now, she figured it was closer to nine and appeared to be still be inching north.

"Oh, this is lovely!" Amanda cooed. "Why on earth would you disguise this part of yourself with something so...average. He moved his hips with small, involuntary thrusts at her touch.

She had heard tales of the nether-dwellers' purported sexual prowess in several of the fanciful and often pornographic stories the young girls traded when the adults were not around to squelch their musings. Their late night studies often devolved into obscene discussions of who had read what from the less refined volumes that adorned the upper shelves of the Order’s extensive collection of Old World texts.

While sex majiks were not within the realm of her normal studies as a member of her coven, Amanda knew she was more than up to the task.

There were other changes as well. His modest build was becoming leaner, his muscles becoming more pronounced and rippled with sinew. The inner strength of his true potential seemed to be manifesting itself physically now that he was free of whatever charms had been holding him back. She sensed that raw power and it excited her greatly. She wanted to possess it and wield it as her own; bend it to her own purposes.

Her face and bosom began to burn with a passion that went beyond normal desire. Seeing the physical transformations she had caused to occur in Charles was only part of it. Even the aphrodisiac which had been contained in the vial she had shared with Charles did not totally account for her escalating horniness. No, it was the promise of new life that excited her most.

Tonight, she would conceive a child.

She hoped the unborn child she would carry within her would act as a mystical battery, strengthening her own abilities and allow her to blaze a trail through the hierarchy of the Order. The Order, steeped in their traditions and overconfident with their bloated sense of self worth, would have no choice but to acknowledge the power she would bring to bear.

While Amanda didn't necessarily consider herself a power monger, she knew others wouldn't see things from her perspective and that there would be resistance for what she had planned. She was prepared to deal with any opposition she might encounter with whatever force she deemed necessary.

She took one of the bottles from the nightstand, a colored oil with a musky scent, and rubbed him down with it. As she did she found herself exploring every new line and feeling every unfamiliar indention that came with his new physique. As she finished up, she reached between her legs and moved aside the cloth that covered her shaved pussy, feeling the dampness that signaled her readiness. There was only a small strip of red hair that remained to decorate her pubis. She rubbed the remainder of the oil’s residue between her own thighs.

“Make it last.”

She grappled with great handfuls of his dirty blond hair as she pulled his head forcefully to her breasts, demanding he taste them. Plied by her concoction, he obliged. She rubbed herself up and down the length of his throbbing shaft, stimulating herself. His immobility made the reciprocation of foreplay impossible, but she was already so turned on it scarcely mattered.

"Ungh, it's so tight," she gasped as she took him inside. She had never had anything so large inside of her before and it frustrated her that she would have to take it slow in order to give herself time to adjust. She had only managed half his length but she already felt her body's resistance.

The seal she had placed on herself reinforced all of her reproductive capacity. After a bit, she found she was able to take much of his length with no pain, only insurmountable pleasure at the incredible influx of sensations at she allowed the huge organ to poke and prod every pleasurable spot within herself. His enormous poker stoked the coals that burned within her feminine oven, forged to an unreal hardness in the heat there.

She bit her bottom lip, moaning in ecstasy, her red curls bouncing up and down in time with the sounds of their exertion. She glanced down, the top half of Charles' shaft shining in the flickering candle light, slick with her juices. She closed her eyes and gave a small shudder, the sight of their meeting flesh turning her on just that much more. With every stoke, she made a conscious effort to lower herself more and more onto him, feeding some growing need to get as much of him insider her as possible.

She rode him for a long time, alternating her rhythm and position, enjoying him as freely and in any regard she liked. Charles was holding back and she knew it, his demon traits afforded him a stamina that put mortal men to shame and she was enjoying every second of it. Amanda was getting close to coming herself and she would not let him best her in this sexual arena. She reached behind her and gently tickled the underside of his scrotum with her fingernails, trying to coax the seed that boiled and churned within them to release.

"Give it to me, my love," she whispered into his ear. "We both want this. Don't hold back." He grunted his reluctance to give Amanda what he wanted, whether it was to prolong the experience or to deny her wish she did not know.

She made a little game of it, holding back her own orgasm as best she could. She was now teetering dangerously close as she felt the impending climax building relentlessly within her. Her clit was absolutely on fire, and as dropped her head she saw Charles' huge dick pounding in and out of her, heightening her arousal. She clenched her teeth and tried to use her vaginal muscles to milk him every time she lifted herself.

At last he could hold back no longer and he spewed into her with a force that was beyond anything human. His climax drove Amanda over the edge into the throes of her own full-body orgasm. She convulsed on top of him, her back arching and her mouth gaping, her toes drawn.

She collapsed on top of him, sweating profusely, her laughter almost hysterical.

Amanda couldn't believe what she had been missing out on all along. She had taken several lovers in her young life, numbering somewhere in the neighborhood of a half dozen. Charles had always ranked among the best but what she had shared with him before tonight was a pale, tepid imitation of the sort of raw crazed sex they had just experienced together.

At this point the potent aphrodisiacs she had prepared had taken full hold and she couldn't control herself even if she had wanted to. Her need for sex, any kind of sex was too great for her to simply leave this fine specimen she'd uncovered.

"Our child will need a little protein in order to grow up big and strong," she giggled. Ordinarily she didn’t much care for oral sex, at least the giving of it. However the amative potion was driving her on now and she gently kissed the tip of Charles’ penis before placing the head in her mouth, her tongue working the underside with an enthusiasm that more than made up for her lack of experience. It seemed to be working; already his dick was hardening again and, to her delight, his erection seemed even larger than before.

She felt a tingling sensation in her nipples, small at first but growing stronger. She instinctively rubbed them along the sheets and her head bobbed up and down on Charles' cock. This enhanced sensation was intoxicating and she transmitted her increased arousal to her performance.

Her smooth breasts were feeling swollen and they were absolutely on fire as she roughly tweaked her sore nipples, the pain adding to her pleasure. Her jaw getting stiff, she lifted herself up and began rubbing Charles' throbbing muscle between her sloshing breasts. Her improvised tit fuck elicited loud moans from him as she squeezed him as tightly as she could.

Amanda's breasts were now swelling visibly, filling with what she could only assume was milk. In the candle light, her areole darkened and her nipples stiffened as she continued stimulating her husband, rubbing them along the length of his gigantic shaft.

There was no doubt; she had succeeded. She was undeniably pregnant and Amanda realized her hormones were raging. They were interacting with the aphrodisiacs in interesting ways but she didn't care. She only wanted to taste the salty white of her husband’s juices. She had become pure lust, her sexuality highly tuned like a sixth sense. She felt apart from the natural world, transcended to an existence of pure hedonism and bliss.

She watched Charles' reactions closely as she teased the tip of his turgid dick with her tongue, trying to calculate his impending eruptions. He did not fight her this time, thrusting his hips up and down in unison with her own motions.

She read him perfectly, jamming her head down and wrapping her lips around his bulbous head at precisely the right moment, the ropey white fluids splashing against the back of her throat. She struggled with trying to gulp it down, ravenous as the need to breathe became secondary to filling her gullet with all the sticky nectar possible. Her hand worked up and down the sizeable shaft, milking every last drop she could from Charles. She was a mosquito, gorging herself on cum instead of blood; Charles' dick was the proboscis feeding her fluids.

At last his spasms came to an end and his eruptions ceased. Amanda lifted her head and licked her lips, wiping the corners of her mouth with her finger before placing it in her mouth to suckle. She found that while she had no idea what had come over her she liked it.

"Delicious," she commented, finding it strange that suddenly found all this so very appealing. She absently fondled her bloated breasts, her hands reading their new shape and size.

The tingling in her breasts had faded and resurfaced in her stomach.

Realizing what it was she'd just done, Amanda was beginning to feel a little at odds with herself. A pocket of clarity deep in her mind was gaining a foothold as her thirst for sex had, for the moment, been slaked. For the first time this evening, she was beginning to question whether it had been a good idea to totally give over to her own libido.

The tiny pinpricks of the tingling in her abdomen gave way to a flutter, a tickling deep inside her.

There was a slight pressure at first. She reached down and felt a small lump forming just below her belly button. She held her hand to the small bump and squealed with girlish delight. After a few minutes, the lump has increased to the size of a baseball, then a grapefruit, putting her navel to a slant.

Something was definitely happening.

The lump continued to expand, making Amanda’s abdomen look puffy. From underneath her navel, her stomach began to protrude into a pot belly. Soon the rest of her belly, from her sternum down, was expanding and, as it continued to grow outwards, it began to take on the roundedness associated with impending motherhood. Her belly button was becoming shallower as the indentation around it disappeared.

Her lingerie had become impossibly tight, and as she breathed, the teddy split at the seams along the side, the tiny zipper cutting into her stomach. She tugged at the fly and her expanding waistline did the rest, forcing the zipper open and her flesh spilling out. The skin there was red and indented with the pattern of the zipper that had pressed into it.

At this point, she looked as though she might be five months pregnant and as she swelled free of the confines of her clothing; the subtle lines of her abs filled in and smoothed out.

Suddenly she felt a kick from within her rapidly expanding uterus. She placed her hands there and felt the movement inside, almost giggling to herself. As the child inside her grew larger, she felt a great power welling up within her, as if the multiplying cells inside her were, in fact, batteries, with each one bearing some sort of preternatural potential.

Then she felt another kick. And another.

At first she didn't understand, her thinking altered by the aphrodisiac and adrenaline that continued to move through her bloodstream. Gradually she came to understand what was going on and that something was going very wrong indeed.

"Twins?"

This was a contingency on which she had not counted. Through the drug-induced mental haze and hormone changes, she tried to fathom how this would affect the outcome of what she had planned. This was all happening too quickly.

She found herself forced to sit back on the bed, resting on her elbows her swelling uterus was taking up more and more room inside her abdomen under her ribcage and on top of her pelvis.

"Seven."

"What," Amanda asked, looking up to meet Charles’ gaze for really the first time since informing him of her intentions earlier that evening.

"It's not twins, you stupid whore," he said, lifting his eyes to the ensorcelled bindings that held him to the bedpost. His words were insulting but his tone of voice was flat and even. "Nor is it triplets." Amanda immediately saw where this was heading and, for the first time that evening, her sex-crazed mind felt the nibbling of doubt about what it was she'd done.

"What are you saying, Charles," she asked, trying to choose her words carefully but finding she was still having trouble concentrating. She looked down at her stomach, now in the full bloom of pregnancy, and watched her navel, on the verge of becoming an outie, push in and out with her breathing. "How many are there?"

"Seven," he said, still preoccupying himself with the bindings. "You're carrying seven of our children in your wretched womb."

Suddenly Amanda felt very ill. She sat forward on all fours beside Charles. "You're lying," she said, mustering a smug look. "You don't know and you're just trying to...to...mess with me." She tried forcing the doubt from her mind but it held fast.

"What would I have gain from that, Amanda?"

"I don't know. You want something and you figure the best way to get it is to scare me into doing it. I'm not letting you go so don't think anything you can say will make me."

"Oh, these? Well, these won't hold me for much longer and, well, soon you're going to have other things to worry about so there's no point in trying to frighten you." Amanda felt a chill run up her spine just as she felt her stomach bulge. The weight in her gut was increasing more rapidly now, there was no doubt. She began to break out in a cold sweat.

“Don't forget, the majority of fetal weight gain occurs in the third trimester. I'd say you're coming up on your fifth month, relatively speaking. What you're experiencing now is nothing compared to what's in store for you."

She felt a wave of nausea and for a minute she thought she might be sick. Grabbing her impossibly swollen stomach, she felt the muscles there tighten.

Surely it can't be, she thought. It's too soon. Her belly tightened itself into a ball, and Amanda sighed a bit as it relaxed, hoping against hope that it was not the start of some kind of premature labor. She needed more time to think this all through, cursing herself over and over again for allowing herself to indulge in the amative elixir that clouded her mind. Even now, part of her wanted to crawl back into bed and force Charles to taste the full petals of her womanhood.

She shook the thoughts from her head. What she could only assume to be another contraction took hold, their increasing frequency cutting through the haze of the aphrodisiacs, giving Amanda back a bit of her mental clarity.

For the first time, she considered outside intervention to get her through this.

Mustering all her strength, she rocked herself forward until she was able to touch the floor with her stockened feet. She rolled herself to one side, off her back, and stood up precariously, fighting to keep her balance as the unfamiliar center of gravity threatened to throw her face-first onto the floor. Lifting her enormous belly with both hands, she was able to waddle as far as the dresser when she heard a loud snap behind her. She whipped her head around, nearly losing her balance as she saw Charles rushing her.

"*No!*"

He was on her in an instant, his claws digging into the flesh of her arm as he threw her roughly backwards onto the bed. She landed heavily on the bed, her colossal belly knocking the wind from her and her breasts slapping against her cheek.

Loose now, he swatted away the various vials that she had laid out in a precise manner upon their nightstand and sent them shattering against the far wall. She had been counting on several of those compounds to make the delivery easier.

Charles got behind her and held her to the bed, his elongated nails like talons tearing into her shoulders as she fought him, trying in vain to break his grip.

"The fertility charm was unnecessary on your part," Charles stated, his voice different somehow; deeper. It was still flat, nearly monotone but carried an edge of malice just the same. "Impregnation was certain when you broke the binding seals."

He grabbed the sides of her head and held her fast, forcing her to watch her own swelling belly. Her navel stood out in sharp relief from her swelling stomach, like the nipple of a very horny woman.

"This is what you wanted. This is what you destroyed our lives for. Now you get to lie back and revel in the mess you've created for yourself."

She could no longer see anything below the fleshy dome that towered above her, her engorged tits like hills in the foreground a of landscape portrait. Hidden vessels became visible, moving closer and closer to the surface of her taunt skin as it stretched and thinned, like rivers mapped on a globe.

The dark ink of the runes that encircled her now fully erect belly button lightened with the expansion of her mountainous form. Amanda was concerned the thaumaturgy of the seal would be compromised but so far it had held. She stared almost hypnotized at the beach ball-sized mound that most likely would've held her in place without Charles' interference. Her belly button began to flatten out against her belly, stretched out along with everything else.

"Agh, *fuck!* Let me go, you bastard! I'll *kill* you!"

He ignored her panicked tantrums and continued holding her down. The weight of the unborn inside her was profound. Her back was killing her and the contractions were coming faster and faster now. Her stomach quivered and pulsed with each one. Her breaths came in shallow bursts, her mouth forming an "O" as she attempted some lame form of Lamaze. She was soaked through with sweat and it trickled down her neck and pooled between her heaving breasts, which of which had increased at least three cup sizes. They ached as they swelled with milk, her pert nipples rising higher and higher in relation to their center.

The contractions came, retarding her growth temporarily and, as they went, the release allowed her to expand again and again. Her girth was increasing in fractions of an inch at a time; her weight climbing steadily.

Time passed slowly, minutes stretching into hours. Amanda had no way of knowing how much time had passed but it scarcely seemed to matter. She was in a private hell of her own making now and it occurred to her that she might spend all eternity here. She was beside herself with terror.

"*Ahhh*, it hurts!" she gasped as a particularly sharp contraction came, much more intense than before. She knew childbirth to be painful but she had no idea anything could hurt this much.

The acute pains continued and Amanda doubled over, her arms around her laboring belly. She could feel the tightly packed contents of her uterus rearranging itself, the weight shifting downward and the look of her belly took a different shape. Amanda howled in extreme discomfort, fighting her biology with rage, bucking her hips up and down in a tantrum as her mind begged her body to end this torture. The violence caused her stomach to churn with a particularly powerful contraction and a rush of fluid erupted from her nether regions. Her water had broken.

"You're getting there, aren't you? It's almost time."

Birth. His motivations were clear to her now; he was keeping her here until she was ready to deliver.

Her maternal instincts were kicking in now, overriding her conscious mind and urging her inexperienced body to begin preparing itself. She became of aware of something pressing down on her cervix, which at this point had to be fully dilated. She felt something large pressing through and her face contorted, a mix of terrible pain and physical need.

"My legs! I need...to spread...my legs!" she cried, her feet scrambling along the sweat-soaked satin sheets to find some sort of purchase.

Instead, with a rough motion, Charles flipped her bloated frame over onto her stomach with an ease that hinted at his impressive returning strength.

"It won't be long now, dear."

He pushed her head down to the mattress and held it there, her rear held in the air by the giant fleshy orb of her profuse belly as she struggled to free herself from his inhuman grip. Her glistening thighs were held apart by the enormity of her belly, her knees barely touching the bed.

"No, *please!* Ow, you're *hurting* me!" she cried. Her eyes widened as she felt the head of Charles' yet again erect member between her legs and with an audible gasp she came to realize just what he intended to do with her.

"You’ve had your fun with me, now I believe I’m entitled to the same. The hex you so carelessly shattered was designed to hold a number of things in check, mental as well as physical, including a demon’s capacity for depravity.”

"You *can't!* I...I think I'm about to give *birth!*" She could already feel the payload nestled in her pelvis begin to move further down. "*It's coming!*"

"This is your first so we have time. Besides there's still a few things you could stand to learn about prolonging the inevitable and how it heightens the experience."

He rubbed the huge engorged head of his dick against her asshole and pushed. Amanda shrieked in shock and pain as Charles pressed into her, her face burning with shame and pain at the terrible violation. Inch by inch, he pressed on, the impalement never ceasing no matter how much resistance her body offered. At last, she felt the leathery skin of his sack against her pussy. As the load in her pelvis dropped further, Charles took a standing position behind her and began to piston in and out of her ass.

"Too bad you never wanted to do this before now," Charles grunted. "You might have been a little better prepared. Now, let me show you a little technique you're sure to appreciate."

It took her a few seconds with all the distractions that crowded her mind but then she squealed as she comprehended what was happening - his penis was increasing in size, getting bigger even as he pounded her!

"Oh, God!" she cried, the last word catching in her throat as she felt his dick thicken, stretching her ass even more. "*Arrrrgh!* Charles, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! *Please!"*

"Too late, you vile bitch," he said, thrusting only deeper and deeper into her with every widening stroke. "You've returned to me all that which a mortal should fear." The expansion of his penis continued and Amanda feared her ass might tear wide open from the abuse. She screamed curses and profanity at him but he paid her little mind, the only sign that he even heard her was the fact that he pounded her more savagely.

Another contraction wracked her engorged womb, attempting to drive her baby further down the birth canal yet the width of Charles' fat member in her anus prevented the child from moving very much at all. There was simply no room. The contraction did not let up and continued to squeeze the contents of her belly, pushing the baby with more and more force. Charles' penis was now as wide as Amanda's own forearm and even through this intense pain, she could sense the child growing larger within her birth canal. Even without the extra resistance, Amanda doubted she could give birth to something so large.

"It's coming, please! Let it out! Let it come out!"

"Not yet, dear. Just a...bit...longer!"

He took his hand from her head but his thrusts continued driving her forward onto her writhing belly, her hopelessly stretched navel rubbing the bed sheets as she screamed into a pillow. He grabbed her laden breasts and squeezed them hard, warm milk dribbling then squirting freely out from between his fingers. She suddenly felt Charles tense and he fucked her with greater speed and urgency. Knowing that he was close, despite the pain, she bucked against him wildly. She gritted her teeth as the contraction continued to squeeze her. Her buttocks slapped noisily against Charles' thighs as she fucked him back in a state of desperation and helpless rage that defied her fatigue. She was clenching involuntarily with the contraction, reducing the friction but she hoped it would be enough to bring him off.

"Come! *Come!* Please, Goddess, *come already!*" she screamed. "It's killing me!"

She fucked like a woman possessed and Charles erupted with a lowly growl, his warm seed filling her even more. The additional pressure of his semen flooding her lower intestine was torture but the inability to meet the increasing need to push was pure unadulterated agony.

She felt the fat thing in her ass soften ever so slightly and the viscous fluid seeped out around it, tricking down past her pussy and dripping onto the sheets, already soaked through several times over with fluids and sweat. For a moment, she though he might leave it in to harden in order to fuck her yet again but, without any warning, he began to steadily extract himself. Ever so slowly he pulled out, prolonging her agony, and as he did the baby moved further and further down the birth canal, the continuous contraction pushing it along. After a few minutes of this, just as Amanda thought she were going to turn herself inside out, the head lodged against her sphincter and Amanda felt as though she were trying to push not only the baby out of her but an apple out of her rectum as well. She sobbed as he tugged sharply once, twice, three times with her pushing all along and as the enormous head finally cleared her anus here was a twin gush of fluids from both orifices.

At last there was finally enough room for her to birth the unholy infant. The contraction intensified with the stimulation of the extraction of Charles' dick and the head of the demon offspring slammed into Amanda's labia, stretching it paper thin as it widened to its fullest possible extent. She grunted and cried out as she pushed past the pain and fear that the next push would tear her wide open.

The child slid out in another great outpouring of viscous fluid.

Amanda managed to roll over onto her side, panting and exhausted but already she could feel the twinge of another contraction beginning to squeeze her.

She was growing again. Her body had absorbed even more raw protein from Charles' improvised enema and now it was feeding another growth spurt in her unborn brood. Whatever vacuum the birth had created inside her was quickly filled by the maturing bodies of the born infant's siblings.

"Oh, Goddess," she whined, her breath coming in short rasps. "No more, please, no more. I...I can't take anymore."

"Unfortunately, this will be all I need from you, Amanda dear," the thing she had called Charles said as he grabbed her thighs and rolled her over onto her back.

"What...what are doing?" she cried out between clenched teeth. Her own gravidity was crushing her as her belly pulsed and wiggled on top of her vital organs.

"Your skill at the art of enhancement is impressive. This runic circle of yours is truly a functional work of art. Indeed, I would go so far to say that it is the *second* best piece of mortal majik I have ever come across."

He pierced the flesh of her writhing belly ever so slightly with the tip of his long talon. A small trickle of blood ran down past her distended navel.

"But, as you took such pleasure in breaking my charms, I will take pleasure in breaking yours." He moved the talon down through the skin, scratching deeply as he went and Amanda whimpered at the additional discomfort. She felt already stretched to her absolute limit and Charles' offspring were still growing. She already knew what he had planned but couldn't form a coherent plea to talk him out of it - she was too far gone with fear and despair, all her cunning and intellect had left her. He leaned down and whispered to her, his breath hot on her ear.

"Thanks for pointing out the portion that reinforced your womb," he said, scratching through the ornate inner circle.

"*NO!*" she screamed, feeling the hex fade. At first, there was nothing. If anything, the pain lessened slightly and Amanda breathed a shallow sigh.

Then she felt a flurry of renewed activity within her and an intense pressure began building, many times stronger than anything she’d experienced tonight. Her breath caught as the pained redoubled and doubled yet again and she grabbed her enormous swollen belly in shock and agony as another growth spurt took hold. Her belly surged forth and, this time, there was nothing to stop it. Even with the seal intact she couldn't have held out much longer. Her mortal womb was nowhere strong enough to handle the multiple demonic offspring it contained.

Stretch marks appeared, weeping blood as they widened. Her skin became mottled with large bruises as sub dermal blood vessels burst under the intense pressure placed upon them.

Amanda felt the growth come in quick pulses. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she writhed, too far gone for regret at her undoing. All that remained was animalistic terror. The pain filled her consciousness as the final pulse pushed her gargantuan and bloated frame a just a fraction past its limit; such a little thing to have such a ghastly impact. There was a faint sound, like tearing and her screams reached a crescendo. The sound grew louder and suddenly there was a loud, wet gush.

The screaming stopped.

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**Epilogue:**

The third knock came at the door as the elder matron made her way down the darkened corridor, cursing the unwelcome arrival of her whoever had decided to visit her at this dreadful hour. The cold stone, slick with moisture, sucked at the aura of warmth she had managed to accumulate, causing her knees and hands to ache with the dull pain of age. Her nightgown afforded her little insulation and she regretted not taking the time to put on her robe before answering the door. While she was always on call, so few people used this entrance to the outside that it had taken her time to find the proper set of keys needed to undo the locks.

She hanged the antique lantern she carried on a brass hook that jutted from the masonry in order to locate the one key on the ring of dozens that would allow her to open the large solid oak door to the outside.

“Who is it?” she asked gruffly, not making the slightest effort to hide her annoyance. She was old and at this point in her life she considered only two things sacred: secrets and sleep. Violating either of those sacred trusts was grounds for a severe retribution.

“Charles,” came the voice from the other side of the door.

Her brow furrowed in a moment of confusion. She had expected one of the female students or perhaps one of the teaching staff, not a visitor from one of the other institutions. She was about to open the door to send this man away until morning, when a proper visitation could be arranged, when her dilapidated memory coughed up a bloody sliver of broken recognition.

“Charles?”

She opened the massive door inwardly with such a quick motion it nearly threw her to the ground, the rusty iron hinges emitting an ear-splitting shriek. She combed her white hair aside and saw in the doorway someone she had not seen in many years. She knew it was him instantly because he, unlike her, had not been molested by the ravaging touch of time. A rush of memories came back to her in a flood that rinsed her mind clean of the years’ accumulation of mental cobwebs and dust.

“Hello, Marlene.”

“Oh, Charles! I…I didn’t know. Please, please, come in! Come in!”

“You know I can’t, Marlene,” he said, pointing to the decorative runes that ran along the inside of the iron door frame. “Your coven put safeguards in place after my departure to prevent me from ever returning, remember? It’s…uncomfortable being even this close.”

“Yes, of course. Of course. But, what has happened to you?” She read his face, illuminated by the faint light of her lantern. “You’re different.” He did not sigh exactly but, nevertheless, there was a change in his demeanor that suggested despondency.

“It’s a long story but, suffice it to say, one of your students did this to me. She somehow managed to break your enchantment.” It took a few seconds for what he was saying to register.

“Impossible!” Marlene cried, pride speaking for her. “Let me see! Show me!”

He opened his long coat and lifted his shirt, exposing the tattoo and the transversal cut Amanda and made across it with her dagger. It had already begun to heal but still it was evident it still pained him. The old woman slowly shook her head, a look of pity painted plainly across her visage.

“Your poor, poor fool. How on earth could you be so stupid as to take one of our students as your lover?” The remark brought a grimace of shame to Charles’ face that he did nothing to hide. He did not answer but Marlene already knew why he had done it. She too longed for a stronger connection to a past that, these many years later, seemed fraught with limitless unrealized promise and a youthful bliss that knew few boundaries.

“Your intuition continues to serve you well, Marlene.” She ignored his backhanded compliment and studied the ruined hex for few silent moments, poking at the wound with a brittle yellow fingernail.

“These were our strongest majiks; our darkest miracles,” she said quietly. “I…don’t understand how this could’ve happened.” For a moment, as nostalgia and sorrow seemed to well up from somewhere deep inside, she felt as if she might cry. “I’m afraid it can’t be repaired. Of those of us who collaborated in its construction I’m the only one still alive and I have nowhere near the strength to replicate the ritual nor the mental fortitude to endure the madness that comes with the manipulation of such unnatural energies.”

“It doesn’t matter. My time here is done. Whatever it was that bade me walk among you short-lived races has left me.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You’ll want to visit this place.” He took her arthritic hand and slipped a note into it. She took it without hesitation and read the address written there. “You will find seven children sleeping in a townhouse there. I would avoid the master bedroom, as I’d hate for you to become mixed up in the horrors that occurred there. You have only a few short hours before the authorities arrive, so I’d move quickly if I were you.”

“Children? Whose children? Yours?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, Goddess,” Marlene gasped, her withered hand covering her mouth. “Charles, what’ve you done?”

“It was what was done *to* me. I had no say in the matter.” She reached out to him, gently brushing his cheek with one gnarled knuckle but he shied from the old woman’s touch as if it caused him pain. She knew this creature, had even cared for him once, and it broke her heart to see him like this.

“Where will you go?”

“It hardly matters. Nothing does.”

“What about your children?” Her warm brown eyes regarded him expectantly but Charles did not meet her gaze.

"Their half-breed traits will fade by the time they reach their first birthday." He leaned down and kissed her lightly on her wrinkled forehead. “Raise them as human and love them as children,” he said. “Show them the same kindness you showed me once.” As he turned to leave, she called after him.

“Did you love her?” He paused momentarily, answering her without turning.

“I thought I did,” he said. Then he was gone.

Afterwards, the old matron stood in the doorway for the longest time before slowly closing the old creaking door, refastening the locks, and returning to her chambers in order to make a most important phone call to the headmaster’s room.

Marlene knew she wouldn’t believe it.

*My thanks to Swollen\_Sarah for her contributions and support.*

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