**Chapter Two**

**The Journey**

            The three companions and their “new” friend traveled for weeks, heading north to the Copper Warwood, a massive port city set in the lush lands on the coast of the Black Spiral Sea. There they hoped to find their friend and occasional business partner, the half elven Captain Celeste Highsprite. She commanded one of the grandest pirate ships in the Three Tear Seas; which included the Black Spiral, the Teardrop and the Dragons Breath, the mighty galleon the *Shadow Dancer*. Only a week hard ride away the travelers rest in the lightly forested area within the northern lands between the Harbringer Peaks and the Firestone Mountains or Cold Vail Valley as the area had come to be known.

            Raylenethos stands on a rocky plateau of the valley, just a small hike away from their camp, looking out over the wilderness, wearing tight leather breeches and her leather halter-top, just containing her abundant cleavage, a black furred cloak protecting her from the chill. The breathtaking view of the white sun just setting behind the blanket of trees and both the red and golden suns just begging to dip in the evening sky was enough to fight off the fearful thoughts of what she and her friends were getting themselves into. Serenity had told them of Epyons’ plan to impregnate all the female immortals and their folk, effectively creating a whole new race of immortals…under his command. She needed to clear her head of the mind numbing feeling. Lost in thought she barely heard the beautiful Charlize stepping up behind her. The two friends, sisters, stand silently and watching the ivory orb disappears in the depths of the valley.

            “Are you okay?”.

            The olive skinned elf smiles but does not look at her companion.

            “Can we just sit here and watch the sunset? For right now I do not want think about what we’ve gotten ourselves into; I just want to watch the sunset.”

            Charlize smiles, her cinnamon skin glowing in the hues of both the red and gold suns. The stand and watch the sunset until the stars blanket the night and Khambien yells out that dinner is ready.

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            Epyon stalks through the dark corridors of his palace, placed deep within the depths of Maljestic. His handsome face twisted in a mix of pride and anger. The dark lord waves a frustrated hand at an onyx wall near the end of the hall. The stone face disappears and opens up to a magnificent chamber; within it two gorgeous robe females with rich lavender skin, huge heavy breasts with large dark nipples, look up at the annoyed immortal. With long muscular legs and wide, curvy hips the females make their way towards their prince, strolling along the circumference of a huge pool of blood red liquid.

 Ignoring the approaching nymphs Epyon concentrates on the calm surface of the pool. Soon his eyes glow like shimmering rubies as the liquid starts to churn; slowly building momentum as his orbs grow brighter and brighter. The first of the robed beauties kneels before the dark prince, easing down his tight leather pants and releasing his giant of a cock. With a silky touch she runs her fingers along his length, a small smile forming on her black lips, her eyes burning white. Methodically she guides the python between her pursed lips and swallows the grand organ. Gripping the monstrosity with both slender hands the blue skinned nymph strokes whatever of the thick shaft she can, choking herself on the rest. Haphazardly Epyon grips her delicate head, his black fingers a stark contrast to her long white locks. The busty nymphs’ head bobs up and down his length; her tongue drawing teasing circles around its dome.

The other nymph watches her sister, her spotted tongue licking her ebony lips as she massages and teases her own mammoth mammeries. She hardly notices the strange reflection appearing on surface of the murky pool, a delicious pleasantly plump female with curly blonde hair, monstrous breasts and purple eyes glowing with rage and holding a lovely ebony skinned nymph, fat and swollen with pregnancy; her belly a huge gravid mass of shiny flesh, her heavy tits laden with sustenance and her hips and thighs plump and juicy. The dark lord glares at the image, confirming what his two minions had already told him before their abrupt demise; the trap failed. He wraps both hands around the nymphs’ head and stuffs his cock down her warm, wet mouth. Growling with frustration Epyon fucks the gorgeous females mouth viciously; her sister now plunging her hand deep into her own dripping cunt and gorging herself on her erect nipple.

The purplish-blue skinned beauty engulfs the immortals staff as he crams it down her throat, her hands squeezing his cum filled balls, her lips brushing his muscular abdomen, taking the entire muscle down to its base. That does it, Epyon jerking as he cums, pumping ejaculate down the females’ hungry gullet. The nymph shivers as she gulps down his seed; waves of orgasms hit her with every splash of salty semen on her tongue, her juices spilling down her thigh. As if on queue she releases the empty tool and grabs her growling abdomen. The female looks down and gasps, her belly surging forth, filling and swelling into a beautiful round bubble on her thin body.

 Watching as her sister’s tummy stretches beyond the most pregnant of women, the other nymph masturbates herself to a violent climax; her sex pouring in a gush over her hand, squeezing her tit so tight it bruises, her head flailing about and her white mane whipping around wildly.

The nymph rubs and strokes her now immense belly, still swelling with children, the weight forcing her to lean against the side of the pool as it continues to grow, becoming heavy and full, dropping between her fattening thighs and spreading hips. Her gorgeous boobs balloon as liquid fills them until they leak in a steady flow, resting atop her mountainous sphere. Epyon looks down at the sexy nymph, her once flat belly now an immense gravid orb, ripe and distended; the flesh stretched taunt and hard, ready to pop in an instant, her lower limbs fat and plump to accommodate her new girth and her breasts so full they leak with milk. She lazily relaxes, joyfully content with her new sexy shape.

            “I do apologize Calipso, but ***I feel much* *better.*** Daphne, come help your sister. She will be hungry soon so have her join my sister and her handmaidens.”

            Cold as ice the younger nymph complies.

            “Yes lord Epyon.”

            The dark immortal turns, waves his hand and strolls down the dank hallway. Daphne rubs her twins enormous belly, Calipso moaning with each orgasmic stroke. Daphne eyes burn!

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            “Now what?”

            Khambien tries not to laugh as three ugly goblins stumble from the tree line. The foul beasts, wearing armor pieced together from other successful raids and wielding crude spears and shields, snarl at the handsome snow elf as Charlize crawls from her tent, half dressed. The rouge lazily draws his twin elven blades, *Wintermist*; glowing a soft green, and *Summershade*; a red hue emanating from its edge. The half elf crosses her tone tan arms across her large, half naked chest and watches the show. Apparently the goblins had mistaken the wily elf for easy prey as the first and smallest of the three rushes in with a mad howl, his spear tip pointed directly for Khambiens’ heart. The skilled rouge side steps the wild attack and whips *Wintermist* back at a wicked angle, the shimmering blade slicing easily through the creatures’ skull; freezing the flesh around the killing blow. The poor goblins’ body continues its charge, not realizing that it was dead. The other two look at eachother for a moment and blindly charge, each with their shields up. Khambien, standing only five foot eleven towers over their four-foot stature and makes full use of it. He kicks the leading goblin square it the shield, completely halting his momentum causing the other one; the bigger of the two, to crash into him. The smaller goblin flies forward past Khambien as the second lowers his shield to see what he hit and is dead before he can blink, *Summershade* severing his head from his shoulders, the sizzling from the blades intense heat. The rogue turns to the last assailant only to find Charlize with her own magical rapier thrust through his heart. Khambien just looks at her, beautiful and apparently bored. Then he realizes that both Raylenethos and Serenity had slept through the whole ordeal.

            “I had it covered.”

            “Sorry, I got bored.”

            He just sighs, a grin crossing his face

            “Thanks.”

            “Oh no, you’ll just ***have to*** ***thank*** ***me*** ***later!”***

            The elfs’ cock almost leaps from his breeches right then as she gracefully slides into her tent, her ass firm and round. He nods and to himself thinks, “Defiantly!”

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            The young woman awakens her vision blurry from unconsciousness. Teela can feel that she is chained to a wall and that she has an unbelievable weight and pressure emanating from her chest, belly and lower torso. She can’t remember much of the previous night but she does know that her elven lover had been amazing. Right now she was afraid; unable to see and knowing something was extremely wrong with her, especially when she felt the tiny kick from within her womb. Without warning the flames burst from torches sporadically about the chamber. Teela blinks until her vision is adjusted and then wishes she had not. All about the chamber were females, ***PREGNANT FEMALES!***  All of them chained to the walls with their bodies swollen and plump, each of their bellies monstrous balls of flesh, gravid and round, hanging low and heavy between fat thighs. Each of the women were moaning, almost orgasmicly. That’s when she looks down and almost cries; her own belly a huge bulbous orb, swollen almost five feet from her extremely fat body and her tits, now giants, hung sore and heavy; leaking with creamy milk. What startled her the most was that she was suddenly not afraid but rather extremely horny and hungry. The huge woman couldn’t do much but moan with desire as an unseen pressure weighs on her sensitive clit that was begging to be filled. Almost on command two grotesquely hung, naked gnolls enter the chamber, pulling behind them a massive crate full of raw bloody flesh. Teela just licks her lips in anticipation as the wolf like beasts begin to feed the heavy females the fresh meat. She hardly notices that as the impregnated women feed their bellies and bodies plump up ever so slightly. When they finally reach her the spellbound female devours every bite, blood running down her crimson lips and full cheeks, spilling onto her massive tits and increasingly growing belly. The two beasts finish the disgusting feeding and then smile; one approaching an rose haired beauty; an elven female whose breasts look like two ripe watermelons and her belly so immense that the flesh looked as if it could split any second. The other steps up to Teela and spreads her fat thighs, exposing her soaking wet snatch. It growls to her in common as he slides his gargantuan cock into her hungry clit.

            “Time feed the kids!”

            Teela screams in lustful glee as the massive organ pierces her lips, his clawed hands gripping her distended and full tummy. With evil abandon her fucks the pregnant human, her huge belly and bountiful tits bounce and jiggle madly. She pants and moans as the gnoll fills her with dick. The other female is screaming joyfully as her creature drills her cunt. The entire room of females plea and beg for them to be next as the gnolls beast fuck the big bellied females. Soon the gnoll screwing the elf howls as he fills her with his seed. He fucks her until he is completely empty and then slides out of her gaping hole. The girl moans with absolute pleasure as her immense belly surges with growth, the sound of her already over stretched flesh pulling even tighter. Within moments her womb is a gigantic mass hanging heavily between her juicy legs which are now permanently spread as it sits as low as her knees and distends almost six or more feet.

            Within her own pussy Teela can feel her gnoll on the verge of eruption, sweat and blood running down her rippling stomach and boobs, his fur shimmering with wet.

            “C…cu…cummm f…for … Te…Teela!” she pants heavily.

            Happily the wolf thing obliges, shooting gouts of hot cum into her baby full body. She squeezes her meaty thighs together, milking all the sauce from her capture. Finally the exhausted beasts steps away from her and stares in wonder as her ripe belly surges forward. Already a monstrous orb, Teelas’ belly swells with life, the flesh pulling so tight it’s almost transparent, veins spider webbing the colossal dome of skin, growing even larger than the rose haired elf. She can feel the fat building in her ass and thighs, the weight of her belly pulling her painfully towards the ground. Her plump legs spread as the swelling girth of her abdomen rounds out between her thighs and spreads to her round sides. Teelas’ tits even grow, meat and milk filling them until they are taunt and sore and leaking freely with creamy liquid, her flesh tender to touch. So massive and gravid is her eight-foot orb that her belly button is stretched to oblivion. She whimpers as her juices run down her beefy underside and her udders dribble with milk.

            The other gnoll had moved on, fucking a cute brown skinned woman with raven black hair and a large and perfectly round belly and gorgeous tits. Running a razor sharp claw down the gargantuan sphere on Teela, her flesh pulled so taunt that he fears that if he just poked he could pop her, literally. He licks his gnarled lips.

            “Ah the master will like you. So will his plump little pets.”

            With that he pats her humongous belly with a wicked smile, the moans of the other females in the chamber filling his ears.

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            Two nights out from Copper Warwood Charlize slips into Khambiens tent. She places one finger on his lips as she rubs his crotch beneath through his furred blanket. He looks at her with a questioning look. The stunning half elf just smiles as she slowly pulls back the covers, hungrily looking at his huge, thick cock. She cocks an eyebrow and teasingly licks the length of the muscle as it grows hard beneath her tongue. The lucky snow elf moans his approval; Charlize easing the full thickness between her velvet lips and gliding down his shaft. Her movements are slow and deliberate as she sucks hard and long with every up stroke and allows her silky tongue to caress his flesh as she goes down. Her long cinnamon hair tickles his thighs, her pace quickening slightly and her hands gentle massage his full ball sack. As she sucks and strokes her young friend orally she teases and tickles his sphincter causing him to squirm at the strange though pleasing feeling; his cock being driven deeper down her throat. With dept skill Charlize begins sucking on the extremely sensitive tip of his cock as she strokes the rest of his exposed shaft, her hands twisting about his length, pulling cum up from his swollen scrotum. It isn’t long before Khambiens’ breath shortens and his muscles tense. Charlize sucks and licks, teasing his engorged cock head, as her hands are a blur of motion on his muscle. The young elf can no longer hold back and with a grunt his cum blasts the inside of Charlize mouth. Without pause the gorgeous female continues to suck her companion dry until he is completely drained, his cock falling limp between her lips. She wipes the tiny bit of cum left from the corner of her mouth and looks at the drained elf.

            “Now that was ***a thank you!”***

            Then as quickly as she came she was gone.

            Serenity looks in awe and desire as the enter the giant port city of Copper Warwood; people of all races, shapes and sizes, beautiful and grotesque, smells of all kinds filling her delicate nostrils, the sites and wonders running through her hypnotic eyes. Raylenethos almost laughs out loud as the young nymph looks at the wonders within the melting pot of the city. The four casually ride through the packed streets, the beautiful warriors pushing off the drunk and rowdy sailors, fights breaking out all around and open displays of sex surrounding them; a young elf sucking off a troll, two dwarves stuffing a big chested human. Only Serenity feels the oddness, knowing that Epyon is the cause the great lose of inhibition. After an hour of working their way the four travelers reach the docks. The harbor is full of ships and galleons, of all design. From the crews one could tell that most of the massive vessels were trading ships, or battle galleons from the North Elven Nations or the Kingdom of Helmsley; the largest human kingdom within the northern realms. Amongst them all stood one, larger and grander than the greatest of the galleons; a twelve masts, five-story vessel with two giant ballista at her bow, numerous other weapons and weapon ports and on her nose, a sculpture of the big breasted immortal of the seas, LeMay. Her name is *Shadow Dancer*.

            “Is that it?”

            Charlize rides up next to the inquisitive nymph.

            “Yes. That’s Celestes’ ship, the *Shadow Dancer*. We’re hoping she give us a ride across the Black Spiral Sea to a port along the coast of Nightingale Island. From there we ride to Dragonhorde Peak and hopefully find Quintex.”

            The angelic nymph just smiles and looks in awe.

            “Ray, do think Celeste is still pissed about last time?”

            Playfully she looks at Khambien and winks.

            “We paid her back so everything is okay. Right?”

            The snow-white elf nods as they approach the towering vessel. Droves of sailors, male and female and of all races, from halfling to minotuar, load and unload the abundant cargo of the *Shadow Dancer*. Raylenethos lifts a hand to halt her companions as she moves up to speak to a well muscled minotuar standing almost eight feet tall and wielding a massive twin bladed battle-axe. He turns is black horned head; horns which have been capped with silver, his fur a shiny, healthy black, a huge golden ring pierced through his nostrils and his eyes looking like onyx stones. What appears to be a smile crosses his giant maw and in a booming voice he welcomes the gorgeous elf.

***“Ha, ha, ha! Been a long fuckin’ time Ray. Where in the nine hells have youz’ been?”***

            “Sorry Broxton. I’ve been down south in Glenndale; Charlize and Khambien have been working with me.”

***“Youz’ brought those twoz’! Celestes’ goin ta luvz seen’ them, and youz’ of course!”***

            “She’s not mad about the last time we were here?”

***“Celeste holdz’ grudges for a lil’ while but youz’ paid her back soz’ itz’ okay.”***

            “Are you sure Broxton?” a cool smile forming on her beautiful lips.

            The giant beast just huffs and waves a massive clawed hand at Khambien, Charlize and Serenity. With broad smiles they kick their steeds forward.

***“Hey Ray, whoz’ the snow elf wit’ ta’ juggs? Shez’ gorgeous***!”

            “She’s our client big fella.”

            He just nods his monstrous bullhead. The three ride up and dismount. Broxton gives both Charlize and Serenity a gentlemanly kiss on their tiny hands. Then he looks at Khambien.

***“Youz still pretty.”***

            “Not as pretty as you Broxton.”

            Once again the beast just nods, grinning.

***“Followz’ me”,*** and the minotuar leads them through crowd, yelling for someone to watch his post.

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            Lethan rubs as much of her globular belly as she can. She lies on a reclined couch that supports her immense weight and size; her plump legs spread out wide to accommodate her expanding swell. The gorgeous immortal could feel the creatures growing within her belly, now numbering at least twenty or more, more of Epyons’ brothers having planted their disgusting seed. In her heart she knows that this is wrong and these creatures are daemon abominations but her brothers spell is to strong and all she wants is carry more until she pops. Lethan can still feel the flutter of hope though, even as the door to her surprisingly lavish chamber opens. Two voluptuous females enter the room, a blue skinned female with big curvy hips, mammoth tits, a fat tummy and a top knot of flowing gold hair that tickles her plump ass and a elven female whose meaty tits and abundant pot belly jiggled softly, her blonde hair bounces gently and her green eyes are shiny with life. The blue skinned woman carries a tray of fatty flesh and a jug of liquid. Lethan uncontrollably licks her full pouty lips as the female scopes up a handful and shovels it into her hungry mouth. As she gorges herself on the meat, the elf pours a golden substance on the painfully tight flesh of her belly. The liquid runs over the expanse of her immense orb and eases the pain as her belly slowly expands with her every swallow. Lethan can feel herself plump up and she grimaces, her steel blue eyes full of anger. She tries to push away the tray of fat but the elven female begins to rub her huge pregnant tummy and the soothing touch displaces the anger. The blue skinned female finally feeds her the last fattening morsel and then proceeds to massage one of

Lethans milk laden breasts. A steady stream begins to run from her tender nipple and the plump female quickly attaches herself to the udder and begins to suckle. The immortal almost orgasms right then, the sudden release of pressure sending a surge of pleasure through her obese frame as the female furiously feeds herself on the magical milk. As with Lethan, with each gulp the females belly swells until she soon looks hugely pregnant. The elf finishes rubbing down the titanic dome and then attaches herself to the other gargantuan boob. This sends an orgasmic wave through Lethan who shudders as her juices splash against the underside of her belly and run down her thickened inner thigh until they soak the cushion. After almost half an hour both females leave the slumbering immortal, their bellies full swollen balls, full of fattening and fertile milk. They waddle away; their big round rears jiggling slightly, as from the shadows Xheena watches painfully.

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            The *Shadow Dancer* cuts through the waters as if where floating through the air. Men and women of all races scurry about the deck pulling this and roping that; all of them wearing very little; young females with full bouncing breasts and young men with carved muscles, as the sun warms their flesh and the sea breeze refreshes their spirits. Deep within the bowels of the mighty galleon Raylenethos explains their quest to Celeste; a gorgeous female with soft but mischievous features, bright sultry brown eyes, large rounded tits almost the size of Charlizes’ mounds just hidden behind a silky blouse, a flat smooth belly with a slender waist nice curving hips and long sleek legs. Adorned in only the sea green blouse; buttoned just enough to hide her incredible bust and low riding leather breaches that hang on her hips and reveal the thong she wears oh so wonderfully and a belt set low as well with a jeweled saber, sheathed, she is the most beautiful pirate in all the land. In the small but quaint and comfortable cabin Raylenethos, Serenity and Celeste discuss their options.

            “So you travel to the Nightingale and from there…?”

            Serenity looks at her as if she should already know the answer.

            “To the Dragonhorde Mountains and to my mistresses brother, Quintex.”

            Celeste looks at Raylenethos inquisitively.

            “You agreed to this?”

            “I really wasn’t given a choice in the matter but the girl seems to have a problem and maybe we can solve it.”

            As the two females talk, neither of them notices the suddenly hungry and glassy eyed stare of the angelic nymph.

            “It’s your ass but I’ll give you passage to the Nightingale and I’ll even wait for you at the port…just in case.”

            Serenity jumps from her seat and wraps her arms around the lovely captain and kisses her fully and deeply. Raylenethos looks in awe but is soon enjoying the show as the two females continue to kiss; Serenity’s hands cupping Celestes’ perfect orbs and gently rolls the hardening nipples with her thumbs. Raylenethos slowly slips her fingers into her moist cunt and begins fucking herself with abandon as Celeste moans deeply as the air nymph suckles on her erect nipples. Serenity nibbles chews on the thick nub, massaging the beautiful orbs, the soft flesh mashing together in her hands. She leans forward and passionately kisses Celeste, sucking on her long tongue before licking her way down the womans’ smooth sun tanned skin until she reaches her belt. With a wave of her hand the buckle unclasps and the leather breeches slide down to Celestes’ ankles. By now Raylenethos is moaning and panting heavily and loudly; her fingers are buried into her dripping hole as she squeezes and fondles one her own large orbs. She can feel herself on the verge of cumming as Celestes’ lets out cry of pure lust; Serenity’s head planted between her thighs and her tongue drilling into her soaking snatch. With the skill of ages the nymph brings Celeste to the point in moments; a thin film of sweat covering her face and chest as Serenitys’ masterful muscle hits her clit repeatedly, driving her to an animalistic orgasm as she looses a soundless scream of ecstasy. Her juices flood the gorgeous nymphs’ mouth as she hungrily swallows the sweet nectar. With that amazing climax Raylenthos has her own powerful finish as she shudders and quakes, her milky cum spilling over her fingers and splashing onto the wooded floor. The three lie in the room motionless for many moments not fully understanding what happened but enjoying it most triumphantly.

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            Within his own dark chambers Epyon smiled. Though he could not find the last of Lethans’ maidens he could sense her and on occasions send his own lust into her causing her to uncontrollable with sexual hunger. Wherever she was hiding this new found ability would defiantly slow her and her companions, if any, down.

He opened his eyes, glowing like burning embers and he looked down upon his conquests. The four sisters sat low at the foot of his throne; Shaeri her belly a glistening dome of blue flesh slumbered soundlessly, as did Nareel with her shiny bronze mountain that look ready to burst. Avangelyne rubs her swollen sphere, soothing the painfully tight flesh as a fat bellied human female suckles on Kellsas’ massive juggs; the immensely pregnant nymph moaning softly as the young females belly continues to swell with every swallow; the immense mountain of flesh wobbling with life as the creatures within hungrily feed and grow. To Epyons’ left sits his monstrously pregnant sister Lethan; her steel blue eyes closed to mere slits, her titanic melon sized breasts rising and falling with her every breath as they rest upon the gigantic gravid sphere of her belly; full and distended and growing ever so slightly as the creatures mature within her womb. Thin streams of milk leak from her heavy orbs and run down the slope of her colossal dome of creamy flesh, pooling near her thick thighs and rolling over the seat of her onyx throne. She, as if in a trance slowly lifts the great weight to her precious pouty lips and begins to drink deeply, her already frighteningly large globe swells as she gulps down the fattening liquid. Epyon can see her visibly fatten and plump up, her face becoming a bit rounder with baby fat as her body gains the much needed weight. Soon it would be time for her to deliver but she could still postpone the birth as long as Serenity was about and free. And he had to continue to feed the unborns the flesh of mortal females or they would come out pure hearted half-breeds and would lack the blood lust of demons but would enjoy the powers of life eternal. That was unacceptable.

“Craxios, bring some of the breeders in. Its feeding time.”

The monstrous demihuman left the wide chamber and in moments he returned, three massive bellied females in tow; a humongous blonde whose belly larger than that of Lethan and breasts twice the size of her head; a raven haired elf with stiff erect nipples jutting off her bountiful bosom and a belly the size of one ready to deliver dozens and a dwarven female who was more stomach and tits than anything else; waddled almost comically. The dark lord purred, as he looked the luscious females up and down and then back to Lethans’ turgid sphere.

“Today Lethan needs only a *small* meal; the dwarf will do. Who are these two?”

The elf walks forward and drowsily speaks.

“I am Mhinka master.”

“I am Teela master”, the young human spoke; waddling before Epyon and holding as much of her pregnant dome she could manage. She was extremely cute for a human and Epyon was starting to notice that he was enjoying being surround by all these big bellied, huge breasted and extremely horny and sexy females. He was going to enjoy ruling as a god.

“Teela, hummmm…well Teela, I wish for you and Mhinka to help relieve my sister, Lady Lethan. As for you little one” as he looked upon the dwarf, “you shall serve us soon enough. Jelux come.”

Teela and Mhinka stepped to either side of the Lady of Lust and slowly Teela removed the milk-laden melon from Lethans’ lips and began to feed. Her belly instantly grew as she hungrily gulped down the delicious honey. Mhinka fed off the other massive mammary and her belly swelling rapidly, her thighs growing fat and thick. Lethan moans, her babyish voice a sultry whisper, her hands rubbing her colossal globe of flesh.

*“Drink. Grow for me. Fill your bellies.”*

Epyon smiles. She still had *some* power but now it was under his influence as the two females fed and fattened up like cows in the pastier. He then turned to the dwarven female and a squat gray skinned demon with a large gut, big pale white eyes, overly muscled arms and legs and a cock that just touched the floor.

“Ah Jelux, good to see you. Fuck her for me.”

Jelux turned the round mortal so her wide full ass was to him and roughly pushed her forward, her heavy juggs dangly and her massive belly tickling the earth. Avangelyne slides over and lifts a hefty udder to her lips and suckles on the fat nipple as the short daemon enters her from behind and she squeals in pleasure. He wastes no time; gripping her wide beefy hips and pulling the rotund female further up his monstrous organ. The nymph of the hunt greedily swallows the dwarfs’ milk; rubbing her grand sphere as she feels it bloat further and the painful pleasure of her bellies flesh pulling tighter. The dwarven female is lost in a lustful bliss as the gorgeous and hugely pregnant nymph indulges herself on her milk and the bulging cock penetrates her tight pussy. It isn’t long before she starts shuddering as waves of orgasmic joy wash through her, her own milky cream spilling forth and covering Jelux’s powerful beast. The vile little demon grins and begins pounding into her hot cunt harder and harder.

Lethan looks at Epyon, hunger and lust masking her angelic face as the two mortals continue to gorge themselves; Teela looking as if her shimmering swell could burst at any moment and Mhinka becoming quite full too but they still continue feed. With an almost annoyed but masterful glance he looks at Jelux.

“Finish.”

On command the demon looses his load, cum flooding into her already too big belly. Avangelyne crawls away as the dwarven cutie grips the step; cracking the stone as her more than immense belly swells and grows further; fat pouring into her taunt tummy, her ass and thighs thickening with meat and her tits filling to capacity; milk shooting out like a stream. Her pussy quivers as the pain and pleasure combine into a life ending orgasm. She looks up and moans, deep and low, her eyes glazed in erotic joy, as her gravid, distended globe spreads wide, the veins mapping the ready to explode bubble. The orgasm hits her hard and furious as her belly; finally too large for her fatty frame, splits down its summit in a spray of flesh, meat and gore. Shuddering in the last throws of orgasm the poor dwarf falls lifelessly in a fatty heap. Craxios picks up the plump corps and rips off a tender thigh, feeding it to Lethan with relish as she ravishes the flesh, her own body fattening up. The luscious immortal was nearing her term and her size was spectacular, her globe a vast sphere of soft, though tautly pulled flesh and she radiated sexuality. Teela and Mhinka finally release her lovely orbs and fall into a heavy slumber, their monstrously gravid bellies tight and taunt and full of fattening, fertile milk.

Epyon laughs as Lethans’ belly grows and grows. Soon his sister would be ready.

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It took the *Shadow Dancer* almost a month to get to the coast of the Nightingale. The journey was most uneventful except for a run in with an orcish battle cruiser but that fight did not last long; one of the galleons priestesses of LeMay, a large breasted human by the name of Chelsea the Charmer who managed to charm half of the horny crew and turn them against one another. Using her massive ballista the *Shadow Dancer* then punctured the ships hull and sent it into the depths of Black Spiral Sea. The voluptuous goddess paid the crew a visit, sensing the presence of Serenity. They informed her of the situation and she went quickly into her realm to gather her nymphs, but she also sent skilled warriors of the sea, Xhalantians or sea elves, whom protected the *Shadow Dancer,* the rest of her journey. The adventures on board were a different matter; Serenity at the mercy of Epyon managed to fuck half the crew and both Raylenethos and Charlize had their own special friends to keep them busy. Khambien on the other hand had made fast friends with female weapons smith Chalrisa. The fiery haired human was well muscled and stood a little shorter than the snow elf.  She had massive melon sized breasts that rest atop her extremely pregnant belly; though her legs and ass had remained quite firm and toned; though had grown quite thick do to her standing by the hot smithing fire throughout the day. She was in her eleventh month of pregnancy, carrying half-elven octuplets and her belly was *huge*. As they approached the port Khambien made one last visit, until he saw her again of course.

“So you’re off to save the world huh?”

Khambien nodded; admiring her stout frame; her immense bust and titanic belly literally burst from her leather smock; stretching the strong material to its limits, that protected her from her shavings of her work.

“You gonna be back soon?”

“Of course my lady!”

“Good!”   

            She leans forward but her massive tummy blocks that path so the snow elf steps to her side and the two kiss deeply. He easily undoes her smock and reveals her beautiful bronzed flesh, sweat running down the expanse of her round sphere and dripping off her bountiful orbs. The elf rubs her slick dome as they kiss, the sensitive flesh sending waves of pleasure through her body. Chalrisa squeezes and strokes the growing mass in the elfs’ breeches and slowly eases them down, his thick log springing forth. The cute female gently strokes the delicious muscle; its tip tickling the flesh of her grand dome. Slowly she drops to her knees and looking up at the glistening elf; her mesmerizing green eyes peering deep into his pale blue orbs, she eases his manhood between her soft moist lips. He shivers as she caresses every inch with her lips and tongue; slowly sucking on the huge cock but quickly gaining momentum, slurping loudly as eases hand on her head; twirling his fingers in her crimson locks. She strokes the base of his handsome tool while teasing his cum full balls. Khambien gently pumps his hips; fucking the voluptuous vixens face as his nut begins to build. Twirling her tongue around on the tender tip of his rod, Chalrisa can feel his cock twitch with anticipation.

            “Not yet.”

            He looks down as she continues to stroke his thick log and then she gingerly stands up; her great girth making her a bit off balance but with her powerful legs she manages it. The big-bellied beauty leads him to a bench near the far wall and sits him down. The glow from smith radiates behind her, giving her the appearance of a pregnant goddess. She lowers herself to her knees again and with her mammoth tits she engulfs Khambiens’ staff with her boob flesh. The poor elf can hardly contain himself as the satin flesh pulls at his rigid muscle, her cleavage as tight as a young virgin. She squeezes her mounds tight and strokes the pulsing tool, tit fucking the warrior like never before. Cum begins to rise as he pumps his shaft rapidly through her mamms, its tip never penetrating the depths of her bust. Chalrisa gives Khambien the boob balling of his life and as soon as she feels his climax approach she stops short, allows him to recover and then continues. After about five times of the off and on breast fuck she finally stops and with his help gets to her feet. Easing one leg onto the bench she displays her clean-shaven pussy, once hidden by her distended mountain of belly. Licking his lips Khambien leans forward and delves into her sweet sex. She purrs as he tongues her fleshy labia and erect clit; pushed out by the weight of her abdomen. The two hundred-year-old elf skillfully finger and tongue fucks the pregnant human as she bucks and shudders, putting her hands against the wall to steady her rotund form. Khambien licks her sensitive under belly and she lets out guttural moan as the sheer pleasure on the tight flesh rushes over her. Soon the elf has Chalrisa panting and grunting as her orgasm begins to build. He slows and quickens his pace until the pregnant smith gives out an ear-shattering cry, thick milky fluid pouring over Khambiens lips and tongue. With surprising strength the red haired wild woman pulls up the elf and plants a passionate and powerful kiss on his juicy lips. Pushing him roughly back down on the bench Chalrisa straddles the well-hung elf and impales herself on his thick stock. They both moan in pleasure and lust as her wet cunt greedily draws in his meat. The sheer weight of Chalrisas’ belly knocks the air from his lungs but the pure ecstasy of her gripping cunt pushes him forward. He squeezes her plump flesh as he helps her lift her massive girth on his rod. Her crimson hair was dark with sweat and stuck to her young face as her oversized belly glistened with perspiration, rivers of liquid streaming over the taunt flesh. Soon Chalrisa could feel her lovers climax approaching as he breathed deep and heavy, her massive tits bouncing madly off her protruding abdomen, Khambien squeezing the expanse of her wide, firm buttocks. Flexing her inner thighs sends the happy elf over the edge and with one last thrust he erupts, his seed pouring into Chalrisas’ baby filled womb. She continues to ride his cock until she is sure she has milked the skillful warrior for all his hot cum. They stay in that position for some time, enjoying each other’s bodies; Khambien giving her swollen belly light teasing kisses. After a while the door to the smiths open and the familiar horned head of Broxton pokes in, smiling broadly.

***“Yo, wez’ about intoz’ port so get ready.”***

“Thanks Broxton.”

The beast nods and shuts the door. Slowly Chalrisa eases off of Khambien and waddles over to a large chest in the corner of the room. She opens it and reaches, pulling out a small bundle wrapped in silk. When she turns the snow elf is standing with his breeches on and heading for the door.

“Hold on elf…I have a gift for you.”

“Chalrisa?”

 “Shush. Now these might help you if you run upon any reds or whites in the Dragon Horde okay.”

He unravels the bundle and inside are two bracers, both a deep red fading into almost pure white. He looks at her with thanks and gratitude.

“Be safe.”

They kiss and hug each other before Khambien leaves to join his party.

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Trinity stalks down her crystal halls until she finally reaches her destination. The doors open into a brightly lit room with a massive mirror on each wall. Lying on a couch near the center of the room is the gigantically pregnant Penelope, her ebony flesh shiny and tight on her mammoth belly and fat breasts. With a look of sadness and rage the lady of fertility waves at one of the mirrors and a thick cloud forms within it. When it clears a beautiful blonde female appears; with a youthful and angel like face, her long golden hair hangs low to her slim waist, and wide curving hips; her large tits sitting nicely on her chest as she leans upon a sword meant for a titan. She looks at Trinity and then her sky blue eyes focus on the gravid form of her handmaiden.

“What has happened?”

“Epyon has happened! Where are they Jeana?”

The gorgeous female can only shake her head.

“They are in hiding. News of Lethans’ capture has reached them but no one knew who or how but now that I know it is Epyon to blame I am terrified. If he manages to gain her power through her handmaidens as he has attempted with you then none of us are safe save the warriors and the dragons. Where is Honeymoon?”

Trinity suddenly looks scared.

“Find her! If Epyon controls both Lethans’ power and yours then we are all lost.”

With that the mirror goes black and then shows another image. A young nymph lying in a bath near one of the mirrors.

“Honeymoon!”

The dark haired olive skinned nymph looks up startled, her huge juggs and pleasantly plump body dripping with water.

“ My mistress!”

“Return at once. We are in danger!”

Even as she spoke the walls of the bathing room explode and as the dust settles two demons and a handsome blonde haired elf enter the room.

***“NOOOOOOOOOO!”***

Trinity watched in horror as the two demons; a large scaly reptilian and blue furred beast covered in thick muscles swiftly overtook her young voluptuous nymph. They pulled her roughly out of the marble bath as she screamed and struggled, her heavy breasts bouncing madly, but to no avail. The Lady of Fertility glares at the handsome elf; her eyes burning a rich purple, as he steps before the magical mirror. He is strikingly handsome in a fiendish and dangerous way; his smile revealing razor sharp fangs and his glow like molten lava.

“Trinity, my father wishes me to tell you to prepare. Soon you shall be one of many immortal mothers to a new race…now that your powers belong to Lord Epyon!”

He turns and the trio along with their prey disappears through the dust.

Trinity slowly approaches her beloved Penelope; moaning in an orgasmic haze, stroking her four foot mountain of belly. She rubs it softly, enticing a light purr from the pregnant nymph. Then she felt very scared as with a flash of energy a magical door appeared and two demons stepped through; drool dripping from their gnarled teeth as they smiled wickedly.

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Mhinka sucks on the demons thick shaft as Lethan watches hypnotically, her burgeoning belly being massaged by the massive tummied Teela, her steel blue eyes mere slits as she rubs her milk engorged breasts; tweaking the plump nipples until they’re stiff and erect, a soft sensual purr slipping gently from her pouty, pert lips. The cretin grips the pregnant elfs’ head and buries his snaking organ deep into her gullet as she hungrily rubs her immense belly. Soon the gray skinned Jelux is grunting as his cum rises to the boiling point. He quickly pulls out and stands before the gorgeous Lethan who quickly gobbles the stiff rod up just as he erupts. She swallows each heavy gout of his seed as her titanic bubble surges with more young; pushing Teela back as she excitedly kisses the enormous swell. The Lady of Lust moans deeply as the cum continues to fill her ballooning form; her angelic face now rounded and full as her unbelievably immense breasts grow a size larger; her taunt belly flesh stretching and expanding until her dome rests almost seven feet in diameter, sitting heavily past her knees and spreading her legs uncomfortably wide. Still she rubs her beautiful, sensuous girth as Jelux steps tiredly away. With Epyon not present the four sisters rest, the weight of their tummies sapping most of their strength. Lethan purrs almost cat like as Teela caresses her sensitive belly flesh; rubbing and stroking the tender silk until the Lady is fast asleep. She was ready to burst; small bumps forming here and there along the vastness of her abdomen as the many, many children within grew and explored their confines, unfortunately Epyon was far from finished.

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The port of the Nightingale was not large for it was designed as a watch post for the Dragon Horde Mountains that lay some twenty miles to the north. Raylenthos, Charlize, Khambien, Serenity, Celeste and two of her best warriors; a female halfling by the name of Ruby Happyfoot, her figure nice and curvaceous, her breasts large, heavy and round, rich crimson hair; the color of her namesake, that hung all the down to her round and full ass and a large almost seven foot ogre name Toc; a barrel chest brute wielding a massive axe, a greenish brown ponytail of hair cascading down his broad back and eyes as black as coal. Leaving the *Shadow Dancer* in the faithful hands of Broxton the seven companions quickly rode through town and began their journey north to the land of dragons and the immortal sword master Quintex. It would be a weeklong ride and for the first two days nothing happened. The third day was much different.

 “Toc, what do you smell”, Ruby asked with her thick but sexy accented voice?

The huge ogre sniffed again thin growled, his mohawk of hair bristling. Celeste and Raylenthos moved up to his side.

“Well?”

“We be havin’ giants fo’ dinner!”

The two gorgeous females look to eachother, then the halfling and back to the ogre. Together.

***“GIANTS!?”***

Just as they said the word a heavily armored foot crashes right behind them. The small hill that had served as the base of their camp had turned out to be a very hungry ettin; or two headed giant, one head sporting a hide eye piece; the other a bronze nose ring and standing almost fifteen feet in height. His voiced boomed as he spoke.

“ Mal, Looks like fresh flesh for dinner”, the first head spoke.

“And a delicious female for desert, heh Sal’”

There went all chances for a nice quiet trip. The three females rush to the sides, both Celeste and Raylenthos drawing their blades, *Wicked Lady* glowing happily. Ruby rolls behind a thicket and whips off her glinting silver bow, knocking and loosing a burning arrow through the air and striking the one eyed head. It howls out as the other head looks over at the little female and turns to attack. Suddenly bright sparkles and flashes form in front of its face and the beast stops. Unfortunately for the brute he is too startled to notice Toc and his twin headed battle axe. The seven-foot warrior just smiled and with a wicked spin whips his huge blade in a wide arch, cutting deeply into the giants’ hip and pushing him to the side. The ettin cries out in pain just as another arrow scores a painful hit on the head wearing the patch. Raylenethos rushes in, as does Khambien who had been standing guard over Serenity and Charlize as the two women had cast their spells. Without warning a bright purplish flame crawls over the ettin and though it doesn’t appear to harm it does make the huge creature a wonderful target. *Wicked Lady* slices deep into the ettins’ left thigh as Khambien nearly severs the leg with *Summershade* and *Wintermist* carving into the things knee. Completely off balance the great beast drops to its wounded knee as Ruby’s’ aim is true and a burning arrow pierces the right heads one good eye; blinding it. Celeste looks at her saber, sighs and then flings out her hand; four quick daggers stabbing into the giants exposed neck. Toc then stepped in and with one powerful blow lops off the blinded head, greenish liquor splattering his gruesome face. The other head cries out before the body slumps over dead.

“Sal…!”

With a loud crash the ettins’ body falls at Tocs’ feet.

“Thought he be harder!”

Celeste just shakes her head as the others laugh, all but Serenity who had never seen such things before. Charlize searches the body and finds a large golden key.

“Want to find out what this opens?”

Khambien chuckles, “Well after you my lady.”

The ogre scratches his hairy head as Ruby tugs at his belt, Raylenthos and Celeste leading the way. Serenity looks back at the dead brute and blows him a kiss; his body suddenly blows away like dust as his clothes and items fall to the earth. She smiles and heads into the wood; Charlize just looks back in awe.

“That, I’ll have to learn!”

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Not far from the heroes’ eight young, gorgeous females were waiting, begging, for rescue. Each of the young women were pregnant, monstrously so; their bare bellies bulging with delicious ripeness, as they huddled together in fear as their captors moved about. They sat in a cage, each wearing the shredded remains of their once magnificent clothing, their flesh naked for all to see. Yet these females were more than captives; they were prisoners of war and very important prisoners indeed for they each carried the young of dragons within their sensually gravid forms. One of the abductors, another foul ettin, stood maliciously before the cage and opened the barred door. With pure strength he forcefully pulled out three of the females; a buxom gypsy with a large delicious swell whom he kept hold of, a young wild elf whose exotic luscious form fell hard on her expand rear and a melon chested blonde with a belly that looked ready to explode. The other two creatures with the camp; hobgoblins standing a good seven feet in height and covered in fur; one wearing the robes of an Epyon priest grabbed the wild elf and blonde. The giant then closed the cage and locked it.

***“What of Sal and Mal,”*** one of the hobgoblins questioned?

The ettin looked at him with both heads as he lowered his breeches. The young girl gasped as she looked upon the largest phallus she had ever seen.

“He has the fuckin’ key, he can get his own,” looking upon the gypsy, “Now suck bitch!”

He drove his trunk like cock between the gypsy’s’ thick, full lips as she struggled to push him away. The poor female almost gagged as the muscle penetrated deeper and deeper down her warm throat, her tongue caressing its course flesh. She wanted to stop, to push away but an enchantment placed upon her long ago revealed its downside as she slowly began to want more and more of the cretins cock; the dick meat tasting salty and strangely wonderful upon her lips. With one hand she rubbed her distended flesh and sensitive swollen tits and with the other she tickled and stroked his hefty and cum filled testicles.

The hobgoblins wasted little time with foreplay as the mage lifted up the wild elf only to bend her over; her grand and taunt belly preventing her from going too far; she struggled to hold herself up, her arms quivering. He opened his dirty, brazen robes and grunted as he buried himself in her sex. Gripping her bulging sides he hastily, hungrily fucked her tight cunt, fleshy pussy lips squeezing his cock, milking it for its seed. The elf moaned and gasped with the unwanted pleasure as he drilled deeper and deeper into her womb; her glorious breasts wobbling to and fro as her huge abdomen jiggled ever so slightly. All she wanted was him to go deeper into her ripe plump form.

His brother harshly pulled the lovely, heavy breasted, titanic bellied blonde upon him as he then impaled her with is rigid shaft. She cried out in fear and in lustful desire as he moaned low and guttural, the human swallowing him with her vaginal muscles. He held her firmly under her plump ass cheeks; her soft flesh pinched between his digits, as he lifted her up and down on his girth, grotesquely spreading her sex. The lust filled blonde; driven with an uncontrollable desire to breed, quickened her pace, her glorious sphere bouncing heavily off his gut, the flesh of her belly slapping against his, her gargantuan milk laden orbs flopping about madly; the girls cries of sexual hunger and pleas of release blending together in an erotic melody.

The five girls in the cage watched in desire and in fear and in anger, but each of them begged for a savior to return them home and away from this living hellish nightmare. Little did they know that freedom was close at hand?

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Trinity awoke, groggy and soar, the back of her head throbbing painfully and all before her was blurry to look at. But she could hear; and what she heard was sex, raw and animalistic. She desperately wanted see but it was a slow recovery. As her vision cleared what she say before her caused her cry out.

The ebony skinned Penelope was bent over a stone step as two gorgeous and magnificently pregnant nymphs; one with crimson skin and raven black hair, her gravid dome looking as if it would split at any moment and a delicious bronzed beauty; her golden hair tented in green sticking to her ripe pregnant form, her belly a luscious sphere of flesh, her plump breasts mashed softly against the stark black flesh of Penelope, drank heavily from the nymphs milk filled tits, their bodies fattening with every swallow. Behind her a four-armed monstrosity gripped her beefy hips and pillowy belly flesh tightly as he stuffed the lust filled female from the rear. She moaned in pleasurable agony as her sensitive body is taken to the heights of bliss, the hungry nymphs gorging themselves on her delectable fluid, her taunt abdomen being clawed maddeningly by the daemon. As they caresses and grope, suck and lick, drink and fuck through her body her orgasm builds to terrible heights.

Trinity the looks upon Honeymoon, her gigantic udders are squeezed tightly around a large yellow-eyed beasts snaking shaft; the rest she swallows hungrily. Her large round butt jiggles happily as a second gray skinned daemon pounds his cock into her ripe little cunt.

She gazes between the two groups and gasps as sitting on the onyx steps are four unbelievably pregnant females; a blonde human who lazily rubs her almost nine foot swell, a charcoal haired elf with a shiny swell that looked ready to explode. Between them sat a busty and very heavy lightly blue skinned nymph with a titanic dome of flesh; her wonderful curves arousing the ancient immortal and an extremely well muscled nymph with a belly that could sport at least two full grown men, her mane of red hair burning in the dim light. Sitting in thrones of shadow above the four lovelies is her cousin Epyon, naked upon his crimson cape and his thick cock being stroked by her gorgeous cousin Lethan. The Lady of Lust was pregnant beyond words and her sensual glow poured over Trinity as her own powers of fertility filled the room and all the females within the chamber could feel the slight and enjoyable swell of their globes becoming impregnated by the immortals mere presence. Lethan massages the minute portion of her grand belly that she could reach as Epyons’ searing eyes burned into Trinitys’ and he tapped a third empty throne to his left.

*“Soon this seat shall be yours.”*

Trinity hungrily licked her lips. She was to fulfill her calling, or at least Epyons’. Her gaze once again dropped to her beloved nymphs. Four powerful arms dug onto the fat ebony flesh as he drove himself deeper and deeper into her womb. The nymph of shadow squealed and panted like a women possessed as the shear ecstasy of the two gorgeous females tweaking and sucking on her erect and meaty nipples and the daemon fucking her cunt with abandon behind drove into a maddening orgasm; her eyes becoming glazed with lust, her milky juices spilling from her thick lips and covering the creatures rigid shaft. Epyon smiles and nods to the wicked fiend Khlabec. The beastly animal behind Penelope soon howls out in terrible glee; all is unearthly muscle tense and rigid as he erupts into the ebony nymphs’ immense sphere. She gasped and released a low, husky moan as she came repeatedly on his knob, the two immortals bodies shivering and quaking from the heated sex. The two nymphs mournfully release their famished grip on Penelopes’ wobbling orbs and quickly turn her over as she begins to writhe in wild lust as her huge belly once again begins to expand; the midnight colored flesh stretching fearfully as her massive tummy and laden breasts swell with life. Soon the poor female is almost doubled in size; the grand slope of her belly pushing her enormous tits to the side of her chest, the flesh on her ass and thighs thickening and fattening with necessity. She is a beautiful and ripe figure of pregnancy when her almost seven foot high tummy finally stops growing; the two horny nymphs massaging the titanic swell, the sensitive flesh rippling orgasmic aftershocks through her luscious form. Penelope was almost too large, but it mattered not.

The captured immortal moans with desire as Penelope is impregnated again and again, her belly looking frighteningly swollen with young. She looks to her other nymph and almost cums on the spot. Honeymoon sucks and slurps on the shivering purple head of Craxios’ cock as it just penetrates her mammoth breasts. Her muffled moan fills the air as she cums hard on the daemons cock, her sweet nectar pouring over his body, her eyes becoming frosted and glazed. Jelux drives his hips upward with force as she bounces herself of his shaft. Trinity can feel herself growing wet as the first daemon fucking Honeymoons’ tight sphincter lets looks in her womb, Epyon giving him the allowing nod. She cries out in a sexual frenzy as he pumps his seed into her and her already fleshy belly quickly grows full and ripe; beginning to swell at a maddening pace as she soon looked almost full term with many, many young, the globe filling out almost past her knees; her waist widening and her hips and thighs fattening and becoming thicker. This only drove her further as she gobbled up the yellow-eyed freaks organ as he speared her juggs. She continued to ride Jeluxs’ snake; squeezing his semen from his tool as sweat runs down her full ripe figure, Craxios’ muscle pounding away at her deep cleavage as perspiration drips off his midnight blue scales, his cum filled balls begging for release. Growling low he looks to his master and with a nod looses a monstrous battle cry as he shoots load after load into her deliciously round belly. Honeymoon gulps down the thick liquid as she feels her womb swell and stretch; dozens of young fill her rapidly growing sphere. Soon the young nymphs dome is so immense that it smothers Jelux beneath her, as he desperately holds up her plumping belly. Then he cums, in a powerful burst, a villainous smile on his face. Honeymoon cries out joyfully as she continues to grow with delicious pregnancy. Craxios shudders as the last of his seed fills her mouth and the monstrously pregnant female rolls heavily off of the beast beneath her; her titanic wobbling orbs; over filled with precious milk, falling to either side of her tight and taunt seven foot globe, the weight of her belly pressing her flat on the stone. Teela lazily and hungrily waddles over to the hugely gravid female and stuffs her mouth with the nymphs’ juicy nipple; warm sustenance gushing down her throat and her own frighteningly massive body begins to fatten even more. Soon Mhinka makes her way over and she too begins to feed. Avangelyne watches with desire; massaging her painfully swollen dome, the flesh tight but to fat to be hard.

Trinity shudders in an orgasmic fury. The Immortal of Darkness smiles broadly and viciously as the three daemons and his evil son Corbios approach the voluptuous lady. Lethan licks her own full, pouty lips; imaging how big she would get once Epyon had the Immortal of Fertilities power and loosed it upon her.

Corbios morphed out of his elven form, massive horns sprouting from once handsome face; jet wings tearing out of his muscular body, his muscles thickening and growing as he soon stood almost eight feet in height; tall over all the others save Khlabec. The chains holding up Trinity loosen and lower her to the four foul beasts, saliva and rare sex dripping from their maws. She hardly touches the cold floor before Jelux plunges his shaft into her soaking snatch and the wicked Craxios slides behind her and impales her sphincter with his thick mass. She squeals out in hunger as her mouth is suddenly filled with the snake like cock of Khlabec, his lower arms grasping her plump wobbling udders. He squeezes her juicy mammeries tight, his claws digging painfully into her flesh as the other two wretched fiends pound away at her gorgeous form. A muffled moan slips from the immortal; sinfully inhaling Khlabecs’ shaft down her warm throat; her hands tiny around his girth feverishly stroking the muscle, pulling seed from him. Trinity is soon drenched with sweat as her body is ravaged by the three daemons; her own lust filling her every cell as her eyes become starry and clouded. Epyon licks his crimson lips.

Honeymoon watches her beloved mistress as the creatures fuck her senseless. The gargantuan bellied nymph tries to watch but the intense feeding of Teela; hugely round, her distended orb growing with every swallow and Mhinka; her gravid and tight orb swelling as well, sends her into orgasm after orgasm until tears are rolling down her fatten cheeks; her chubby face a twisted picture of pain and pleasure. Penelope was almost unconscious, the swollen nymphs Nareel and Kellsa massaging her unbearably tight belly flesh. The two hardly notice as the wall to the north suddenly becomes clear; hundreds of mortal females are being fuck viciously by Epyons’ daemon horde, moaning and panting as they are impregnated; their flat bellies swelling and fattening with meat and flesh, their breasts ripening like melons until the females burst with orgasmic glee! Twenty or more monstrously pregnant slaves walk, no waddle, around the room, collecting the plump limbs, place them in a cart and begin to make their way to the room.

The immortal of fertility wished she could scream as she had the most powerful of orgasms; her creamy juices flowing in streams over Jeluxs’ cock. Of course Jelux is the first to cum; his body tensing as his seed takes hold and Trinity begins to swell; more quickly than any of the others; her belly looking full and heavy, as if she were full term and ready to deliver dozens of young. Trinitys’ husky moan was muffled by Khlabecs’ girth. Slowly Jelux moved away and knelt by the Lady Lethan; who was now stroking her brothers’ shaft. Corbios stood silently as Trinitys’ distended belly wobbled slightly; her already beefy rear pluming up and her superior breasts become heavier in Khlabecs’ hands. He gave her a toothy grin as she sucked on the thick tip of his cock and tongued the opening. It was too much for the beast and he loosed with her mouth. She hungrily gulped down the salty liquid as her full term belly grew again; doubling and the tripling in size; the weight pushing her back on Craxios. The skilled daemon hardly paused, her milk filled udders wobbling and swaying wildly as he drove into her. She panted and moaned softly but loudly as the bluish beast fucked her like a wicked animal. Finally he came within her and she rapidly expanded; more rapidly than any of the others, her belly swelling so large it pushed her titanic orbs to the side and stood tall on her fattened body, almost six feet in height. Corbios stepped between her plump thighs and lifted her to view her wet and dripping sex, which had been hidden by the slope of her belly. He plunged into her. Trinity moaned low and guttural as she came again, almost repeatedly after every stroke.

Soon the flesh arrived and the *feeders* as they were known; mortal females with ***some*** immortal blood who could hold the seeds of minor daemons and deliver them; some survive and others do not; but as they entered they were craved. They fed Honeymoon and Penelope first; their juicy bellies and bodies quickly plumped up. Next was Lethan whom they gorged until she looked ready to pop; her shiny belly flesh quivered with expectancy, her steel blue orbs faded in tired fullness. The others were fed too and afterwards almost all the females soon fell fast asleep; their tummies filled with mortal flesh. Teela and Mhinka had fed until they could no longer feed and they rested upon their backs or sides, their ripe bellies and swollen breast quivering softly as they slumbered. Lethan, whom sleep could not always find, once again began to stroke her masters’ cock and they watched together as his son continued to fuck the delicious form of Trinity. Almost a full hour had already pasted when he asked his father for permission. Lethan bent down best she could and began to suck furiously on the ebony tip of his shaft. Epyon groaned and nodded, his eyes closed with intense pleasure.

 Corbios came with power, his seed gushing into her womb like a warm flood. Trinity screamed in pure, raw ecstasy as she felt her already immensely pregnant dome grow fuller and heavier; the tight flesh pulling and stretching, her belly button all but disappearing; she could feel the warm milk gush into her ripe breasts, the white liquid leaking from her erect nipples and ran warmly down her flesh. Her dome pushed her plump thighs wide as it grew and grew; the slope of the grand sphere like a mountain, until her belly rose almost seven full feet and she could no longer move; her globes and fatten body glistening in sweat. The *feeders* were quick and began to stuff the poor immortal with flesh as she continued to grow and fatten; becoming an even sexier; scrumscious picture of fertility. Epyon smiled, haphazardly as he came in Lethans’ mouth; her gorgeous globe swelling slightly; sitting well past her fleshy thighs by some many feet, her ripe breasts leaking openly with ivory milk. The two were soon slumbering in their new forms.

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Toc waved the others to drop down as they crawled up to the ledge of a sloping hill. The companions looked over and Serenity almost cried out. A camp had been made with a blazing fire in its center almost forty yards away. Heavy brush hide them from the flames light. Another ettin sat with his legs spread wide and trousers down as a dark brown skinned gypsy with enormous tits and heavy nipples and a hugely pregnant belly; she looked as if she could deliver at any moment, was sucking on his massive cock with wild abandon; trying to get the beast off as quickly as possible as he pushed her head further down his girth, gagging the poor girl. Off to their left two other females; a mammoth chested blonde with a nice full ass and a belly so big that it brushed the ground and a young elven female with soft brown locks; almond eyes, bronzed brown flesh, glistening in sweat and full perfect tits and a big, thick swollen waist, were being fucked like animals by two stout hobgoblins. They could here the girls begging for the savages to stop through moans of unwanted pleasure. Near the back of the camp was a cage were five more big bellied beauties sat; two blondes; one an elf, a full breasted brunette who looked half elven and a chocolate skinned half elf with melon sized orbs, and one halfling who looked ready to explode her belly was so large.

“Apparently the other one was the sentry…to bad”, Khambien said with a wink.

“I can kill the ettin from here.”

Raylenethos looked over at Ruby. Celeste nodded her agreement.

Behind them Charlize smiled.

“I’ll take care of the hobgoblins”, and she began to cast.

Ruby stood up and whispered something inaudible then loosed her arrow. The streaking missile began to glow with vibrant colors as it sang through the air and struck the ettin mid back. He howled out for only a moment as his upper torso exploded in gore, the stunned and relieved young pregnant female crawling away towards the cage as quickly as she could. The hobgoblins turned as a multitude of streaking balls of light pounded into their muscular bodies and exploding, blasting the foul beast into the next world. The two girls collapsed in tired and relieved humps, crying and whimpering in joy.

Raylenethos looked at the two.

“What do you need us for?”

“Laughs. Now lets see who we just saved”, Charlize winking as she spoke.

The group made their way into the camp sight; Charlize rushing over to the cage where the young gypsy was trying with all her might to pull open the locked door. Khambien and Toc began to remove the corpses as Raylenethos and Celeste helped up the big-bellied females lying and whimpering on the earth. Serenity watches, as her guardians became heroes and heroines to these distressed young women. She smiles proudly.

“I choose well…my sisters and my mistress will be free!”

Soon the camp was cleared of the foul things that once ruled it and the group gathered round a giant fire. The gypsy stood; her grand belly shinning in the soft light of the flame, her laden juggs sitting atop the sphere majestically. She was the oldest of the camp but exotic in her beauty; soft brown skin and sexy full lips that were thick and wet; and her already sensuous body ripe in her pregnancy added to the allure. Her accent was thick but understandable.

“I am Angelique, head of this small group. We, the bearers of the dragon seed thank you. Our guardians; the Ice Giants of the Dragonhorde lost us when our convoy was attacked by surprised. These foul things have held us captive for the passed week. The Ice Giants have been searching for us but that hobgoblin, the mage,” pointing to one of the bodies in the brush, “used magics to hide us. But now they are dead, it shouldn’t be long before they find us. The children we hold are calling them as we speak,” patting the firm dome of her belly. Raylenethos and the others smile.

“ I am Raylenethos, and these are my friends. You are most welcomed. We were heading towards the Dragonhorde Mountains and luckily stumbled upon you.”

“If you stay with us until our guardians return, they shall grant you safe passage into the mountains; after they learn of what you have done for us.”

The buxom warrior nods and looks towards the group, especially Serenity whose grin is ear to ear.

“We accept. Now what do you do for the dragons?”

This time the young blonde, her hair cascading down her soft shoulders, with soft lips, sapphire colored eyes and huge wobbling tits that bulged from her all too small top. Her belly was that of one bearing dectuplets, creamy flesh pulled ever so tight, full and distended, smooth without flaw; the immense slope just hiding her sex. She looked like and angel. Her body was plump and curvy and oh so sexy, that it had both Toc and Khambien readjusting themselves as she stood.

“I am Typhanye. We are the bearers of the dragon seed. Since there are so few female dragons, the Council of Dragons, looked upon those of us who could bear their young, which we do so happily and proudly. When the child is born we are impregnated again and thus the cycle continues. We carry their young for two years and then we go into labor, unlike female dragons that bear them every fifty years. For our service we are granted immortality and our every wish and desire, plus the love and respect of all dragons whom serve council. We are not taken, we volunteer and they accept upon our capability; some cannot carry and would perish upon birth…those the goodly dragons do not except. Some of the more darker of their kin do not care either way. I am currently carrying the first four young of Glitter, the silver dragon.”

Charlizes’ mouth drops open.

“Four!”

Typhanye nods proudly. Serenity looks upon the group and finds the biggest bellied female. One young girl stood out. The blonde haired beauty had rich blue, blue orbs and full ruby lips. She was quite lovely; her features slightly softer with baby fat. Her huge breast sat full and swollen, the skin tight but soft, her thick nipples jutting out; even beneath her soft leather top that was stretched almost to ripping. The twin melons sat upon a monstrous mountain of bulging belly that was far larger than even Typhanyes’ oversized middle. Her plump thighs were spread wide as the colossal orb of flesh lay heavily upon the earth. She rubbed the grand globe of pink skin lovingly as she soothed the jostling dragons within.  She looked up as she noticed Serenity and Charlize looking at her in awe and a bit of jealousy and want. Her smile was breathtaking and with the size of her belly she was even more desirable.

“Hello. They call me Brytanee,” she then looked down at her immense gravidity, “I am bearing the seven young of the bronze dragon, Greenmane.”

“You are beautiful.”

The young female just smiled at Toc. The others soon introduced themselves. Dominique was a chocolate skinned female with sharp features and regal beauty. Her belly was a giant, round and full and tight. She was voluptuous by nature and her hips and ass had expanded as such, giving her even more sultry curves as she waddled about. The halfling; who could hardly walk due to her massive swell and jiggling breasts was by far the fattest of the group but no less sexy; her plump little body filling out in her thighs, hips and breasts. Her name was Terra Goldknot. Carrinia, another half elf, had long gentle flowing brown hair and a glorious belly that looked to be containing at least a dozen young. The flesh was extremely taunt, though looked completely natural next to her fleshy thighs and heavy hanging juggs that begged for release. The elven blonde went by Traacyn. She was thick and beefy in al the right places and her belly was a frighteningly massive spherical globe of lightly tanned flesh. Her boobs were one and a half times the size of head and looked ready to burst with milk. Little Songhilee was the by far the most exotic of the luscious females, being a wild elf from the eastern realms. Her breasts, though swollen were almost perfect in size and her bell was a radiant dome of soft brown flesh that jutted wonderfully from her lightly fattened body. She looked like a goddess in that shape.

After the introductions Khambien, Ruby and Toc went among the forest to hunt for food; the two males happy to leave allowing them to relieve the sexual desire that had come to overwhelm them. Celeste and Raylenthos saw to the camp while Serenity sang a melody so gentle and warm, touching all as a summer breeze and putting the eight pregnant females fast to sleep.

The three had strayed a good distance and both Toc and Khambien were quiet; each having their own little fantasy of the lovely females they had just rescued. Toc was having a wonderful dream of Typhanye, his cock lost between her enormous liquid filled juggs. Khambien had been taken by the delicious, exotic wild elf, Songhilee. How he envisioned her bouncing off his member, rubbing the smooth flesh of her gravidity. Lost in lustful daydreams neither noticed that Ruby had stopped walking all together until she spoke.

“Are you two quite finished?”

Khambien whipped around as if he had never remembered walking to this point and Toc was equally startled. They looked at the busty halfling with questioning and embarrassed glances as she slowly moved between them, shaking her head with frustration and a bit of amusement. She eased off her top and allowed her two full, lush breasts; nearly the size of overfilled melons, bounce softly upon her lithe chest. They were round and perfect, tipped with thick nipples and soft pink areola. Toc stared, his dark eyes as wide as they could get. Khambiens’ one thought besides awe was how did she ever stand up with boobs that large.

“Here boys, let me help!”

Standing at crotch level with the ogre and just shy of the snow elfs’, Ruby easily undid Tocs’ trousers and released his semi hard girth. The head of the shaft was almost too much for the red haired beauty but she managed and the hulking warrior just looked at her with under shock and amazement. One handed she slipped down Khambiens’ stiff member and stroked it with dept skill. He was quickly taken aback but refused to move; her hand feeling to him like a young maidens’ sex. Ruby sucked on the orges’ huge shaft, easing more of his thickness between her full lips with each bob of her head. Soon she had managed to work almost half the trunk like organ into her warm mouth and was even quickening her pace. Toc gyrated his hips slowly, as the halfling gobbled up his manhood; her educated tongue swiftly bringing him to the heights of desire. He had never had such oral satisfaction given to him with Rubys’ amount of grace and he was in bliss. Rubbing the back of her neck, Khambien fucked her hand happily as she gently caressed his cock, squeezing and milking it of its contents. With a loud pop she let go of Tocs’ quivering member and slurped up Khambiens’. He moaned deeply as her head slide down his length. Ruby sucked loudly on his cock, saliva dripped from her fingers as she orally pleased the happy snow elf. Her hand ran up and down the orges’ slick prick, her hands; surprisingly strong, pulled cum up from Tocs’ swollen sack. The voluptuous halfling eased Khambiens’ from her crimson lips as she turned and devoured the grayish brown muscle of Toc. Feverishly she sucked and slobbered on Tocs’ cock, her bright, red hair whipping about like a wild womans, her huge bosom jiggling pleasantly as the warrior tensed, his climax swiftly approaching. Soon the ogre was grunting and huffing as Ruby concentrated on the tip of the snaking rod until she knew he was done and eased the shuddering tool from her lips, allowing her hand to become a blur on his veiny shaft and without warning thick gouts of cum shot from its tip splattering upon her bare, creamy breasts. It was an immeasurable amount of ogre seed that splashed and covered her gargantuan udders, some of the yellowish sauce splashing into her ruby locks. After what seemed an eternity, Toc slowly backed away as Ruby swallowed up all of the snow elfs’ girth, her nose rubbing across his lower abdomen. He was already on the verge of climaxing. The gorgeous halfling twirled her lips and tongue over and over on the young elfs’ wood, his body shivering as he struggled to hold back his release. In one fluid motion Ruby eased the bulk of the elfs’ cock between her cavernous cleavage, completely engulfing the thick pole; all the while keeping the head quivering between her lips. Her boob flesh was like hot silk as he pumped between her enormous orbs, her tongue torturing his tip and soon Khambien could no longer hold back. Hot jets of cum shot from the depths of her breasts, splashing in heavy wads on her tongue as she continued to lap away at the spasming organ. The elf shuddered and jerked as Ruby sucked up the last drops of his seed. Ruby licked her lips, smiling.

“Now, can we get some work done?”

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Epyon left his pregnant horde as they slept soundlessly. Calipso had joined them, her huge blue dome shiny and glistening...her sibling had escaped Epyons’ wrath and had joined Xheena in other preparations…not by Epyons’ orders. The dark lord had watched Lethan sleep; small bulges popping up here and there across the mighty expanse of her belly, each time instigating a soft, heavy whimper from the pregnant immortal. His children were growing strong. He strolled his halls until he reached a room guarded by two wolf headed gnolls. They quickly and fearfully stepped to the side as he opened the stone door; light pouring into the room with abundance. His burning eyes glared about the room, twenty beautiful, monstrously pregnant females of all races hung heavily from walls; chained at the wrist. They moaned with lust and hunger as he walked the chamber, each sticking out their bellies and begging for him to fill them. He grinned evilly as he saw the two he liked; one a strawberry blonde with large orbs that hung heavily and a belly on the verge of bursting; gorgeous and perfect, the flesh wonderfully tight, the other was an older raven haired female, nearing thirty human years, with immense round breasts that looked solid and hard they were so swollen as did her belly that glistened as sweat dripped down the grand slope of her sphere, he could feel the weight of the giant globe.

“Tomax!”

One of the gnolls quickly entered the room.

“Who are they?”

First he pointed towards the blonde with the tint of red.

“Cassandra master,” then to the other, “She they call Sophia”

“Fatten them up and then send them to my chamber. I have a need and the others are going to be ready soon. Any more and I fear they may pop! Which, “as he pats Sophia’s bulbous dome, “is what is about to happen to you. *You want it to happen to you!”*

The older female moaned with anticipation as Tomax and his brother Xamot brought in four juggs of thick red liquid.

“Cassandra; you shall join Teela and Mhinka. I shall enjoy watching you give birth.”

Even as Epyon spoke the sexy female guzzled down the fattening blood as her already plump body thickened and filled out. The dark immortal licked his lips and as Sophia swelled, her belly flesh growing even tighter. He was going to enjoy his evening. With an approving glance he left the breeders chamber; the last thing in his view was Tomax dropping his tight leather breeches.

Cassandra purred as the wolf like beast unclasped her painful chains and lowered her heavy form to the ground. Almost as if planned the titanic bellied female gripped his shaft roughly and gobbled up the thick head hungrily. Tomax loosed a happy growl as she sucked his member voraciously; the loud slurping could be heard over the wanton pleas of the other monstrously pregnant females that hung limply from the walls. Beads of sweat began to roll down Cassandras’ creamy pink brow, over her rounded cheek and splashing heavily onto her wobbling breasts. The gnoll sneered.

Sophia faired even worse; her bulging sphere of flesh spread wide to her sides as Xamot fucked her wickedly from behind, slapping a clawed hand across her expanded buttocks, drawing thin lines of blood with his claws. She moaned in lustful glee as he drilled her cunt, which grew wetter with each thrust. He wasn’t one to last long; more dog than man and in moments he was digging into her meaty sides as his cum finally spewed forth; mixing with the sopping juices of her sex. Her head whipped about wildly as her distended gravidity surged with life, more creatures filling her womb. Sophia rolled to her side, her hips and belly spreading as fat took hold of her bloated frame. She panted in orgasmic gusts.

Cassandra had wrapped her plump udders around Tomaxs’ veiny shaft, the saliva slick muscle gliding through the virgin tight, pussy soft flesh as if it were meant for that one purpose. She swallowed the tip every time it emerged from the depths of her cleavage, sucking on it painfully hard before releasing it. Tomax could feel his climax rush upon him and he gripped the back of the blondes head, his dark fur intertwining with her soaking locks; holding her there to receive his seed. She suck deep and long as the gnoll reared back his head and howled, his cream filling her mouth in thick, steamy gouts. Hungrily Cassandra swallowed and rubbed the overly stretched flesh of her colossal sphere as the gravid dome swelled with life. She could feel her waist and thighs thickening, her gigantic juggs becoming fuller, heavier as more boob flesh squeezed between her fingers as she continued to milk Tomax. Exhausted the gnoll stepped back, the sensually ripe female looking as if ready deliver or burst.

The Master will be pleased,” he rubbed her plump, round mountain of pregnancy; the flesh jiggling with his touch, “Very pleased indeed! Xamot…get them dressed!”

Almost three days had past since the group had rescued the dragons’ surrogate mothers and the sexual tension was finally too much to bear! A few hundred yards away from the lay a stream found by Ruby. Brytanee and Songhilee had waddled down to the cool refreshing waters, Khambien acting as their escort. Brytanee who was so large that it was difficult for her to even move save for magics placed upon her by the dragons’, loved the gentle cleansing waters for they eased her immense weight even further. She lay lazily near the bank, allowing the warm sun to massage the taught flesh of her belly. The wild elf used the stream for other purposes, swimming strongly from bank to bank, her huge full breasts and immense belly seemingly not bothering her at all. The snow elf could only stare in awe and desire as she moved gracefully through the calm water with ease and hardly any effort. Unbeknownst to the handsome elf his desire was becoming quite apparent as he watched the bronzed beauty; her hefty orbs just surfacing the water, her full-bodied hair dark and clinging to her ripe form, soon a thick bulge grew within his breeches. Nor did he notice as the immensely pregnant Brytanee exited the stream and approach him until she stood before him in all her glorious splendor. The young elf lost his breath; her blonde hair, darkened at the tips, cascaded easily over her shoulder; water dripping over the soft full curve of her swollen breasts, the nipples slightly erect as the breeze teased them, then dropping heavily onto her grand sloping belly that protruded out full and ripe; her curvaceous figure a sensuous picture of pregnancy and one that Khambien could not ignore. Her voice was smooth and flowed lightly as she spoke.

“Master Khambien,” looking down at the bulge of his crotch that pleaded to be free, “you are in a need!”

Her smile was desire and pure sexuality and it poured over the elf male like a waterfall. She slowly knelt down beside him and with skillful hands undid his breeches and armor, easing them down his waist as his cock rose to its full mast. Her eyes seemed to glow with lustful energy as she took him into her warm satin lips and he groaned, low and hungry. The tips of her wet hair were cold and tickled the skin of his defined abdomen as Brytanee worked her way down his length with precision and purpose. The sound of her sucking and slurping his muscle was musical and rhythmic and his eyes soon closed as Khambien became lost in her pleasure. The goddess like female gorged herself upon his stalk; feeding it into her mouth until her nose tickled his stomach, her lips tasting his ivory pubic hair. Hungrily she sucked off the warrior, stroking his shaft with long strong pulls as his breath soon became shallow as he struggled to hold his climax.

Neither noticed Songhilee who lowered herself between Brytanees’ thick thighs and teasingly licked the fleshy underside of the blondes’ sphere. The young bearer purred with intense delight, her sex becoming wet with anticipation. The wild elf kissed and nuzzled the hidden side of Brytanees’ belly, light kisses, then deep sucking kisses; working all around her full, plump pussy that grew wetter and wetter, clear fluid began to dribble out of the tight lips.

This pushed the horny female further as she maddeningly began to work on Khambiens’ thickness, her hair flailing wildly as her gorgeous head became a blur of motion on his cock. Using one hand to hold herself up, she rubbed his tight ball sack, full of cum and begging for much needed release; one finger teasing the pleasurable flesh on the behind. Sweat covered the snow elfs’ brow as she bobbed up and down his manhood. She was amazing and Khambien couldn’t last much longer. Nor could Brytanee!

Songhilee finally ended her cruel and erotic torture; Brytanees’ sex flowing fully as the luscious wild elf plunges her long tongue deep into her friend. The full-bellied female looses a muffled moan on Khambiens’ knob that almost sends him over the edge. With her hands roaming and massaging her own ripe form; the sensitive flesh of her belly causing her own passion to swell up between her soft, plump legs, she licks and chews on Brytanees’ clit and vulva; the delectable female grinding her hips despite the shear weight of her belly. The action causes the young within her immense globe to move and this sends a wave of exhilaration through the pregnant beauty and she moans with intense, lustful power as she cums; her sweet nectar pouring and splashing over the lovely Songhilees’ face as she laps up the delicious sex. All the writhing and wiggling causes her to actually release Khambien from her lips as she moans and pants, orgasm after wonderful orgasm flowing through her rotund and gravid body. Breathless and pleased she looks up at the exotic elf and then to Khambien.

Khambien sits up, “My turn!”

Lust fills his glare.

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A lifetime away in the dark halls of the Castle of Shadows two hugely pregnant females are led into a small room lit by what seems like an eternity of candles. Within the room is a masterful work of art; a chair of black diamond with ebony cushions of silk, on either side of the well-lit room are twin couches of the same make. Seated in the chair is Epyon, handsome and naked; an angel in his regality but wicked to his core. He sits comfortably sipping from a blood red liquid as to massively bloated, two luscious, full and ripe pregnant females sit on either side of him. A lovely blonde, her face full and radiant, heavy burgeoning udders filled beyond reason hanging to either side of her magnificent globe, her belly so large and the flesh pulled so tight that it looked ready to rupture with offspring as she looked at them with frosted heavy lidded eyes. The other was an eastern elf whose milk fill juggs were swollen taught and the thick nipples leaked an endless stream of sustenance. Her belly was not as large as the blondes but it was a glorious sphere of pregnancy, everything a mother would wish to be. Both females, Teela and Mynka were the perfection of femininity, fertile lusciousness and pregnant sensuality.  The girls vaguely recognized them; their hunger and lust blinding most rational thought. Sophia had purpose; a dark sinister purpose implanted in her head by the lover of carnage. Cassandra was hungry and the sensuous pictures of fertility before her tugged at her with power and force. Epyon cocked his villainous brow and guzzled down the remnants of the wine, blood from one of the many feeders.

“Let us begin. Cassandra, sit; eat and enjoy the show,” an unbelievable bounty of meat and white and red liquid appeared before, as did a hulking mule; tattooed from head to toe and standing proudly at almost seven feet, his cock thick and long. Cassandra didn’t hesitate and she lounged upon the satin couch as the mule began to feed her at a hasty and feverish pace, her enormous belly growing visibly, her full udders swelling as her body displaces the nourishment, her curves becoming even more rounded and sexy.

“As for you Sophia, come, please your lord!”

The older female slowly made her way towards the ebony form of masculinity, her massively distended orb leading the way as she gazed upon the two pregnant beauties that looked at her as if she were a meal and this only heightened her anticipation. She stepped before the living evil and took in his semi-hard shaft; which quickly stiffened in the depths of her warm mouth and pillowy lips. Teela leaned over and pulled one of Sophias’ monstrous juggs to her lips and inhaled its sweetness. Mynka found a comfortable place for herself and began to place soft teasing kisses on the females’ grand sphere and on the underside of her  watermelon sized tit. Sophia replied in a deep thick moan of intense eroticism as she proceeded to suck and fuck the immortal orally.

Cassandra was fed swiftly and she inhaled every bit without hesitation or fear of stopping; her belly already a half size bigger of fleshy fat though this only made her appear even more pregnant, more erotic. Feeding her with one hand and rubbing the expanse of her growing stomach or tweaking her milk-swollen juggs with the other, the mule was sending waves of pleasure through the young female and fueling her approaching orgasm, her sex growing moist between her thickening thighs.

Epyon pumped his hips slowly and methodically, the females oral talents surprising him as she sucks feverishly away at his rigid girth, her hands stroking the swelling of his balls as cum filled them rapidly. Sophia was coated in a thin film of perspiration, her every sense was being overwhelmed as Teela continued to drink deeply from her laden mammeries and the voluptuous pregnant elf had made her way behind the raven haired beauty and was lapping away at her plump vulva, her snatch dripping with her fluids. Mynkas’ tongue worked with skill and precision, darting in and out of the female in a heated blur of motion that sent shivers of painful glee through Sophia. Her immensely pregnant body was jiggling everywhere as she sucked on Epyons’ tool. He gripped her head with a strong unyielding hand and shoved her head farther down his snake like length until his entirety was buried between her full-blossomed lips. The poor, poor woman gagged contently and sucked harder; her tongue twirled around the tip of Epyons’ staff as his other hand dug into the very diamond as he hissed his pleasure. Sophia began to buck her hips as Mynkas’ twat tonguing was bringing her to the very brink. Teela lapped away at one of her dripping nubs as she caressed and squeezed the other pliable breast.

Most of the meal fit for dozens was gone, in fact all of it was save an enormous jug of milk; a gift harvested from both the ravishing immortal of Fertility and the perfect immortal of Lust. Cassandra opened her mouth as the mule poured in the rich, honey sweet substance and its effects were marvelous as Cassandras’ already pregnant to bursting belly surged forth in seconds, stretching and strengthening, growing thicker with plumpness as Trinitys’ milk impregnated her to mythical dimensions as her belly button soon disappeared, the flesh frantically searching for every inch of skin as it grew and she was twice the size she had been, almost a half size bigger than Teela; her gorgeous milk laden tits now shooting full, continuous streams as she herself grew rounder and more curvaceous, a stunning form of pregnant, sexuality and loveliness. Once the container was empty, it was Lethans’ gift that overwhelmed the two as the young female without a pause or thought gobbled up the mules’ phallus. He grunted and she purred as she pulled it into her warm, wanting mouth with vigor.

Sophia screamed loud and deep as she came on Mynkas’ tongue, her milky stream filling the elfs’ mouth. Her body bucked and writhed, a delightful dance with her bulging midsection quivering with her violent movements. With glazed eyes she looked pleadingly to her master. Raw and animal was her voice as she begged Epyon.

*“Fill me till I* ***burst*** *with your seed! Please master!”*

Two pillars rose from the ground behind the heavenly pregnant females, silk sashes placed at ankle level and high above head level. Sophia rose, waddle to the stones and stood between the stone columns, her full, rotund ass beckoning the vile immortal as with a wave of his hand the sashes wrap themselves around her bloated ankles and her thin writs, pinning them to the pillar; her arms raised above her head, spreading her wide for all. Epyon stood and admired the woman for a bit, her waist almost a foot and half to each side, her plump thighs thick and soft, her ass full and wide and inviting. Long sweat soak locks hung down her back and he could see the curve of her grandiose  belly through her spread legs and the backside of her bountiful bosom. She was ready. As he walked towards her, thick, cock headed tentacles emerged from his well-defined back and like striking serpents entered the females quivering snatch with force as he roughly penetrated her tight sphincter. Her squeal was music to his ears, his cocks penetrating her with lustful abandon, causing her full pregnant body to jiggle sexily.

The mule was nearing climax as Cassandra swallowed up more and more of his bulk, licking and slurping; her hands magical blurs upon his shuddering shaft as he grunted with her last efforts, the female deep throating as much of the organ as she could until finally he exploded between her lips, hot jets of his seed splashing against the back of her throat and she swallowed it all. Unlike full daemons who can impregnate a female through any oraphus, sub-daemons such as mules, goblins, orcs and the like could not; normally. But Cassandra had the milk of the Lady Trinity and the taunt and shimmering globe of belly swelled again as another batch of young filled her insides. Within moments her dome was a seven-foot ball of tightly stretched flesh, her breasts were painfully sore; bursting with milk and Cassandra loved it all. A figure as deliciously sensual in burgeoning fertile femininity as Teela or Mynka who at present were gorging themselves on Sophias’ succulent breasts as Epyon pounded away at her plump frame. Full beyond reason Cassandra fell fast asleep.

Her round, turgid form was glistening with perspiration, multiple rivers of sweat rolled down her glorious curves as she panted with wanton pleasure, her cunt and ass filled beyond belief, every burning inch sending shivers through her as the two females assumed their rolls; teasing and lavishing her heavy breasts with licks and kisses. She was being consumed with lust as her mind became clouded, then consumed and her only wish was the orgasmic savor of her belly growing, swelling until it could swell no longer and then explode with passion, as she would give birth. Epyon felt one of his climaxes approaching as he whispered in her ear.

*“First I will fill you until you beg fo…r more a…and…then I shall…ooooohhhhh…make you* ***BURST****!”*

Even as he spoke the snaking cocks in Sophias’ cunt shot their contents into her womb and her belly grew, in an amazing pace. It swelled rapidly, appearing to carry dozens upon dozens of young, the skin stretching fearfully tight, almost transparent, as it lifted up her swelling breasts that the two lovelies continued to tease and tantalize. The intense pressure built and grew as the enormous, now eight-foot globe began to envelope the woman as her pants and moans grew deeper and deeper, her body becoming heavier with every expanding moment; the weight of her child an immeasurable delight upon her over sensitive cunt, planting the base of the most explicit and horrific of climaxes. The pain, the pleasure was a deadly aphrodisiac and it was consuming her. A dark line soon appeared up the expanse of the dome and the powerful sensations of her swelling body, the enormous cock buried into the depths of her ass and the drinking from her lush breasts flooded her being as an orgasm of such power formed in her quivering cunt. The flesh of her distended belly was at its end and was ready to tear itself asunder and she savored the excruciating sensation. Epyon continued his feverish fucking into her undulating and frightfully swollen body until he knew he was ready to cum. He stopped. He waited. Sweat covered her now like froth on a horse, her eyes were heavy and lazy, her ebony hair matted to her lust ravaged face like a spider-web, in her heart she knew she could hold no more, her belly was ready to erupt and the pleasing pangs of labor were just beginning to crawl into her shattered mind and still Sophia begged.

“A…aga…again my mas…master!”

***“As you wish!”***

Sophia was in an erotic bliss; she was about to deliver her child, the most sensual, sexual passion that any woman, any mother could feel and it was all hers; her massively swollen orb stretched to its fullest, grotesque crimson lines criss crossing the apex of the volatile gravidity, perspiration covered her like a second skin, drenching the floor in slippery puddles and her belly was ready to burst with life. She looked lush and beautiful in a sickening erotic way as the women pleaded for more. Sophias’ only conscious desire was to breed for her master, even if it cost her, her life!

*“Fuck mmee…fi…fill m…mmeee…ccc…cuuummmm fffoorrr MMMEEEEE!”*

Epyon came, without motion, allowing his seed to gush into her freely and slowly of its own accord. This was an excruciating painful, pleasurable erotic torture as Sophias’ orgasm grew and matured, as did the beast that filled her extremely, monstrously gravid sphere, the flesh pulling and expanding slowly so she could feel every bit of explosive pressure. It was a prism of emotions and feelings and experiences that hit her in the last moments as her titanic belly split in a thin, bloody line down the glorious summit and another across the fearfully massive expanse of its equator; love, hate, lust, passion, pain, sadness, fear and desire to name a few.

*“I…I…am going to…****CCCUUUUMMMAAAGGGGHHHHH!”***

And with her last erotic, agonizing scream, Teela and Mynka still suckling upon her giant udders, her belly on the dawn of bursting, Sophia has the most wonderful orgasm of her thirty years, hands clawing the air frantically as she wished to feel her explosive belly as she gave birth. Her juices pour over Epyons’ thickness like a waterfall as she bucks and shudders wonderfully; her moans low and primal, her belly growing so large with his seed that no words can describe the beauty and the eroticism contained within her motherly appearance. For a moment, as her inhuman child filled her womb her monstrous belly pulsed and quivered with life. The pressure was inhuman in its magnitude as Sophia, panted and moaned; gasping for breath as she pushed out her immense and still swelling belly, the pleasing pangs of labor filling her, washing over her like a waterfall. Then, at last she delivers, her erotic torture coming to its omega; her eyes glaze over and roll back, mouth agape, her body still shuddering of orgasmic wake stiffens as her ungodly swollen dome splits at the center, the four folds of flesh ripping open in an explosive spray of blood and gore; the sickening sweet sound of overly ripened fruit splattering against a hard surface echoes in the ears of all her child is born; a full grown daemon spewing forth, scales of ebony drip with the remnants of its mother as it stands tall, proud and statuesque; as for the first time in a millennium Epyon gazes upon a female daemon; the only female daemon! She is fearfully beautiful, with feline features fine black fur that conformed to her every sensuous curve; eyes burning of rich blood, her hair long a wet with gore and meat, with full heavy breasts and delicate curvy hips and long sleek legs. Sophia hangs motionless with the look of orgasmic bliss, a smile of happiness etched upon her lifeless face.

Everyone in the room is quite as they watch the female daemon lick herself clean as smoothly and gracefully as a cat. The dark lords eyes narrow for now things have changed or maybe they had grown even more favorable. Her words were low, rich and husky.

**“Hello…father.”**

And her name was Ebony.

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Khambien knelt down between Songhilees’ plump thighs with a smile on his face. His tongue darted this way and that as he traveled down the thickened leg and each touch sent a shiver down the elfs’ rounded body as she squeezed her perfect milk filled udders; a thin, though perceivable stream of her milk squirting into the air. Brytanee was quick to the offer and greedily latched onto the stiff nipple; her extreme suckling sending waves of pleasure through her companions spherical frame as did the snow elf with his educated tongue as Songhilee felt every craving inch of her sex get touched in every delightful way so that she was soon huffing, and panting with passionate joy, sweat covering her like a gentle rain. With her free hand Songhilee massaged and squeezed and pinched the gargantuan melons of the human female, Brytanee letting out little squeals of lust as the elven woman caressed every tiny, minute inch of her laden flesh. The elfs’ hand snaked its way down between Brytanees’ mammoth udders and gently brush the tantalizing silk of the young womans’ enormous gravidity and the lush, sensuous female purred with ecstasy; this drove young Khambien as he concentrated his efforts on the erect clit of the wild elf and succeeded with marvelous results. Songhilee shuddered as her juicy legs squeezed and flexed, the elf working a magic against her tender clitoris that she had never experienced before and it was heaven; her orgasmic fury burning within her distended belly. It was an explosion of pleasure as Khambien licked up the expanse of her sphere; tasting her sweet, taut flesh with the gentle lap of his tongue as he slide his rigid member into her swollen, protruding sex. Her twat was moist and tight and held his thickness firmly as he slowly thrust his hips back and forth, wrapping her shapely legs around his muscled shoulders, slightly lifting her delectable rear off the earth and allowing him to travel even deeper into her womb. She moaned and gasped with feverish delight as he quickened his pace, the flesh of his thighs clapping wonderfully with that of her fleshy ass. Brytanee continued to milk the elven maidens’ milk swollen orbs, relieving the intense pressure and sending waves of ecstasy through Songhilees’ rounded, baby fat covered framed. Her face was a mask of joy, lust and orgasmic tension as her climax became unbearable.

“Oh…oh yes! Yes! Fuck me…fuck me!”

Her voice was like music to Khambien as he slammed into her as deep as he could, her trained vulva squeezing his cock as he withdrew and pulling him in as thrust forward.

“By…byy…t…the GGGWWWAAAADDSSSSS! YEEEESSSSSSS!”

Songhilee squealed as her orgasm rocked her rounded body, her beautiful figure glistening in sweat. Writhing and moaning, the elf thrust against the handsome snow elf as her nectar squirted from her cunt in creamy streams. She was panting heavily and deeply, shivers of bliss coursing through her veins as she lay there tired, exhausted and satisfied. Khambien slowly pulled out, allowing the pregnant goddess to feel his every inch and sent secondary shocks of orgasm washing over her. Brytanee continued to drain Songhilee of her burden but stopped and loosed and passionate breath as Khambien slide into her box from behind. The blonde human looked spectacular, her hair wet with desire, sweat shimmering off her lightly golden skin which was tight around her bulging sides and waist which extended almost two feet. Her ass was full and shapely, her heavy bosom hung free; her stiff nipples tickled the grass, as did her enormous belly that indented the earth with its very girth and weight. He wrapped his hands around the plump, tender sides of her belly and slowly eased himself into her juicy cunt that was almost as tight as Songhilees’. Her purr was primal and hungry as Khambien pumped to and fro into her spherical body; her mammoth udders bouncing with sweet claps; his slow pace gradually gaining momentum. The wild elf moved her full feminine frame just in front of Brytanees’ wobbling tits and quickly grappled them up, taking the thick nipples into her satin lips and fed; spurring an even louder cry of pleasure from the human female. Still stroking her wide and rounded sides, Khambien withdrew one hand began to tease and tweak her sensitive clit, causing her budding orgasm to swell to unimaginable magnitudes as she bucked wildly, pushing against him as he fell deeper into her snatch.

*“OOOHHHHH GGGGGWWWAAADDDD!”*

Khambien shudders as Brytanees’ body stiffens, her plump flesh quivering just barely as her juices spill over his stiff muscle and his own climax grows painfully unbearable. He pulls out and stands as both girls crawl to their knees and face him. They both are radiant figures of lush fertility, their breasts full to bursting with milk, their bellies round and ripe spheres of delicious flesh. Khambien licks his lips as he moves forward enough for both Songhilee and Brytanee to taste his burgeoning shaft; their tongues just tempting his tip, their bellies pressing softly against his thighs. Holding their heavy, laden juggs aloft and sucking and licking the snow elfs’ swollen tip it is only a matter of moments before Khambien is grunting happily as he shots thick gouts of cum onto the gorgeous flesh of breasts and bellies. The lovely females hoist up their individual orbs and lick the precious cream off their vibrant flesh. Khambien drops to the ground, happy and extremely tired. Almost a half hour later the three return to camp and fall into a deep sleep. Back at camp Raylenethos lies on the floor of her tent, her lips slightly part, and her breath hardly a whisper and her lovely brown eyes glowing a rich violet.

While Khambien, Brytanee and Songhilee found pleasure in the woods, the campsite was the witness to one stunning, and rare conception. After the three had returned from their “bath”, most of the camp ate a hearty dinner and prepared for a good nights rest. Near dusk only Toc, whom had agreed to take the watch till the moon was full and Angelique, apparently not very tired, were still awake. The two sat by the fire quietly; the gorgeous and pleasantly plump female leaned on the ogre as she massaged her lush gravidity. The stout warrior tried in vein not to watch the site but the mesmerizing belly massage that Angelique was giving herself, plus the soft purrs that escape from her lips as she did so was causing the ogre to become a little hot and extremely horny. Somehow the pregnant beauty felt the growing discomfort within the warrior and turned, as best she could, to look at him, her breathtaking breasts rolling to her side.

“Is everything alright good warrior?”

Surprised that he was staring Toc quickly turned away. That was second time he had been caught off guard. These females were distracting him; his own part daemon nature to breed was beginning to overwhelm him. He began to talk but refused to look at the marvelous female.

“Sorry…it’s just you and yours are very pretty and I some times can’t help but look! Please forgive.”

“It’s okay”, as she moved even closer to the stout warrior, her hand sliding easily between his legs and gripping the thick bulge of his groin, “We understand the needs of males and especially your kind. For saving and protecting us, this is the least I can offer you.”

Angelique slowly undoes the warriors weapon belt and yanks down his breeches revealing a huge, thick gray skinned cock. She smiles at the tusked faced Toc, warm and inviting as she eases his thickness into her mouth, her full lips pulling the flesh deep into her throat. The ogre groans hungrily as the luscious female stuffs her face with his organ. Her head glides down the saliva slick shaft as she gazes at him with gleaming brown eyes, fill with sexual desire. She looks radiant in the fire light, her brown skin glowing yellow and bronze as her round, turgid belly grazes the grass beneath her and her head bobs up and down Tocs’ length with increasing speed. The ecstatic male reaches up with his thick paw like hand and gently squeezes one of Angeliques’ enormous, milk laden udders, the malleable flesh feeling like a pillow of feathers as it dwarfs his palm. Her erect nipples poke at the inside of his hand, the delicious beauty sucking and slurping on his formidable erection that has filled her mouth completely. With a loud slurping pop she releases the massive tool from her lips and strokes it with impressive skill, just licking the tip with her long, snaking tongue. Tocs’ eyes are almost closed as he revels in her masterful touch, each stroke and pull drawing up his seed from his swelling cock sack. Her hands a virtual blur on his cock, Angelique gives him the most enticing, sensuous look he had ever imagined.

“Would you like to fuck me good Toc? Would you like to plant your seed in my fertile womb, to watch my big belly swell hugely with your children? Would you like this good Toc?”

Her voice was a mesmerizing purr and Toc could nothing but nod his desire.

“Then do so!”

With that statement Angelique released Toc from her firm grip and knelt before him; her full, wide ass beckoning him to enter, her plump pussy lips spread just enough to draw him in, her huge, gravid belly swollen out to either side of her beefy frame and her gorgeous face, softened with baby fat, peering over her shoulder, awaiting her lover. The ogre, spellbound, slowly knelt behind her ripe form and eased his girth into her tight, warm box. The pussy was hot, and it felt good; no it felt wonderful! Toc thrust himself deep into her juicy cunt, a full, lusty squeal of pleasure shooting from her lips. With long deep strokes the ogre slid in and out of her tight sex, every inch of his shaft feeling her distended vulva. His pace slowly quickens as he pumps in and out of her plump body, his strong hands gripping Angeliques’ widened, silky belly as her enormous breasts bounce to and fro off her distended sphere, clapping softly against the fattened flesh. The luscious beauty pants heavily as the ogre fills her with cock. With powerful arms Toc pulls Angelique back as he lays on his back and she sits up tall and majestically, her immense belly protruding full and ripe as she rides the ogres’ stiff rod, her plump, full body giggling everywhere, her monstrous, milk laden udders bouncing off the flesh of her gigantic swell. He loves her heavy weight lifting off his juice-covered rod, the delightful feeling drawing his cum closer to release. Moaning loudly, loudly enough to wake the camp, she fucks Toc with wild abandon. Their skin, hot and covered with perspiration, claps loud as Angelique rises and falls on his girth, his hands supporting her full round dome of flesh. With one hand to balance her pregnant body, Angelique tickles her erect clit as Tocs’ full pole continues to glide into her wet box. Soon the voluptuous bearer his gyrating frantically as a massive orgasm builds within her. Gripping the ogres’ muscular thighs the full-bellied female grinds her pussy passionately over his cum swollen shaft until she looses an orgasmic howl of glee, her sweet nectar spilling in a gush over Tocs’ shaft. The powerful warrior continues his voracious fucking, sending Angelique into one marvelous orgasm after another, feeling her shudder in his strong hands. Finally, after many climaxes the lush female slid off Tocs’ painfully rigid muscle. Wet and glistening with sweat, the gorgeous bearer sits in front of Toc who is now kneeling, his stock at full mast and begging for release. Slowly, painfully methodical, Angelique eases the organ into her mouth and gives Toc the most wonderful blowjob he had ever felt, better than Rubys’ earlier that week. Her head was a piston on his shaft has he stiffened, his muscle tensed and he was on the verge of climax when she stopped him.

“I want you to cum in me!”

Nodding with painful anticipation, Toc aided her frantically onto her back and swiftly penetrated her twat. Her thick, tight pussy lips literally siphoned his seed for his body.  Within a few quick thrusts the ogre was cumming in thick streams into her womb. Angelique cried out in joy as she felt the oncoming spurt as ogre young were conceived within her. Toc shot load after load of his seed into the lovely female and almost gasped as he witnessed her already gigantic belly swell unimaginably; the flesh of her dome becoming taunt and rigid, yet retaining its soft and fleshy demeanor. Toc kissed and stroke the expanding tummy as his young filled her body; which was plumping and fattening, her waist full with life as more beings crept into her womb. In moments her gorgeous, ripe tummy was an immense balloon; looking as if it would burst at any given second. She looked even more beautiful to the proud warrior.

“Th…thank…thank you my lady.”

Tiredly Angelique pulled Toc close and kissed him deeply, their tongues a twirl of love and respect.

“You are welcomed…father!”

Toc smiled proudly.

Before anyone else still within the camp could release their own growing sexual tension the arrival of the bearers guardians interrupts them. On the north side of the camp, facing Charlize and Ruby who had been attending the fire the trees split with a thunderous crack as a mammoth foot steps into view. Both women look up in awe, as a very handsome titan stands tall above them. He looks down at them with a queer look then smiles. How in the nine hells did they sneak up on the camp without ***anyone*** hearing them?

**“It looks like someone as already done our job for us lads!”**

            The entire group emptied from their tents and they all looked up as the handsome titan dropped to a knee, strangely never making a sound in the process. Then two more huge figures emerged from the shadows of the forest; a large broad shouldered titan, his head was shaven clean and his skin was dark, almost black but he was no less handsome than the first titan. The third was a gorgeous female whose beauty rivaled all in the party, her eyes were bright purple, her hair was a frosted platinum and she had a gorgeous figure; wide curving hips, a flat though soft appearing belly and two huge, gargantuan breasts that looked even larger because she stood almost eighteen feet tall. All of them wore armor of an exotic sort and each wielded a long sword save the bald one who had a twin bladed axe strapped to his back. Angelique smiled and hoped about joyfully, her even more massive belly swaying heavily and her gorgeous laden orbs bouncing happily of her dome.

            “Kashca, Burxon, Tonysha you found us!”

            The female titan knelt down and carefully hugged the dark skinned beauty, gently caressing her immense swell. Though her voice boomed it was still very feminine and sexy.

**“I see you have found some protection in our absence. For that I am sorry!”**

            Angelique just smiled and hugged her as the other big-bellied beauties joined her and greeted the titans, Raylenethos and her companions standing back and waiting for…anything. The leading titan looked down upon the quartet, his smile broad and welcoming.

**“Well, for the rescuers of the Sacred Bearers, we have not enough words of thanks. But maybe our sire, Khlendros the Platinum Wyrm will be able to do so. Please, join us and we will provide you safe passage to Dragonhorde Keep, castle and home to the Council of the Wyrm. I am Master Kashca, Master of Arms to the Titans of Dragonhorde; I am at your service.”**

            They nodded and swiftly broke camp.

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Lethan opened her eyes, the sleep and drowsiness weighing down her eyelids. But even in her sleepy haze she felt something different; something that she had believed lost to her forever…the sun. She opened her gorgeous sapphire orbs and relished the pain of the bright sun. As the immortal regained her vision she dared to look around and became quickly apparent that she was no longer in Epyons’ chamber of darkness. There were trees that reached for the heavens all about her, she could just see the snow capped peaks of a mountain range behind them. A gentle was breeze caressed her sensitive flesh, her full nipples perking up, and the sky was blue and dusted with whisking clouds. Lethan eased herself up; the immense weight of her monstrously distended belly had lessened though her waist and belly had not shrunk. Looking beneath her curvy, lush frame she realized she sat upon a bed of cushions placed in the center of a perfect flower garden. Wherever she was it was the most wonderful place she had seen in a long time. Lightly she hugged the turgid dome of flesh and savored the warmth and light of the sun.

“Are you comfortable sister?”

Lethan turned, her movements, though graceful were still slow due to her fattened form but she was not frightened by the lovely winged female who approached her, a warm and inviting smile on her face.

“Where am I Xheena? How did I get here?”

The gorgeous female stepped close to her quite intoxicating and sensuous sister, amazed at the shear size of the immortals immense belly, her milk filled juggs lying heavily upon the field of taut flesh. Lethan was so beautiful that it ached in the nymphs’ heart to be just like her. Epyon had not lied when he said she would grow ***even bigger!*** Xheena knelt beside her and gave her the most loving and saddened hug she had ever had. Their eyes locked and the winged immortal could tell that she and Daphnes’ spell had worked; Lethans’ eyes were bright with life and the dull, lust filled haze had all but vanished.

“Sister you are in a realm of dreams, a place that myself and the young nymph Daphne created for you and yours to be free of Epyon…at least while you sleep, and dream.”

Lethans’ smile consumes her face as tears begin to well up in her eyes. She kisses her sister long and passionate, not as a lover would but as a sister who had been lost for ages and was returned to her. Xheena smiled and tried not to laugh or cry; both being rather appropriate at the time.

“Lethan, silly; have you forgotten that I am the ***Lady of Dreams!***”

The two shared a long, and pleasing laugh! It had been a long time.

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Lava flowed about her feet like the waters of a stream. The gorgeous crimson haired female relished in its heat; the flames licking at her bronze skin like a cat would purring against its owners leg. She strolled through the burning caverns of the volcano until she reached her destination. The stunning women smiled as she gazed upon the mountain of treasure looming high before her. There was so much; gems, gold, silver, platinum, armor, clothes, weapons and much more that it was a treasure hunters dream and it was all hers. A serpentine figure slithered from behind a ruby throne placed before the horde. The figure was an attractive female with large perky breasts and a thin lithe frame covered in glittering red scales and with reptilian eyes she gazed at the amazing woman before her; long crimson hair cascading down gentle sloping shoulders, with strong feminine features upon her face; glowing red eyes, plush crimson lips, her breasts were enormous and full, she boasted a chiseled and muscular stomach, full, rounded hips and muscular thighs, her only garment was a ruby encrusted necklace she wore around her slender neck. The woman was sinfully beautiful.

**“Mistresss Oooliviaa! Wwee hhavvee gguessttsss!”**

The delicious female continued to stroll towards the throne without a word. When she finally sat she acknowledged her servant.

“Let them in Dynna.”

Dynna bowed and slid off. She returned shortly afterwards with a very handsome elf, escorted by a hulking three horned, four armed monstrosity and a young drow elf, naked and voluptuous. The lovely women looked at the three curiously.

“Greetings Lady Olivia, Queen of the Crimson Dragons. My father, Lord Epyon has sent me to invite you to join him for a very important dinner…one you may find very enjoyable”, as he looks towards the daemon and drow, “A sample of things to come. Tago, please prepare the meal.”

The daemon stepped behind the drow and happily hoisted up the tiny dark elf and impaled her on his throbbing organ. She howled in pleasure as she reached back and wrapped her arms around the fiends’ huge neck, arching her back fully, her gorgeous tits wobbling frantically about as he stuffs her sex. The poor girl bounces off his staff ferociously as he pounds away at her gaping cunt, her moans and pleas coming in hectic and wild bursts. Tago growls low as he feels the drows’ vulva quiver around his shaft, her pussy lips gripping at him with hunger. Olivia visibly perks up with arousal as does Dynna. Even Corbios gets a bit of lust in his eyes but self-control gets the better of him. It isn’t long before the drow female is ready to cum, her ebony skin glistening with sweat, her red eyes glazed with passion, her moans; breathless gasps for more. Corbios nods. With a howl Tago erupts in the small elfs’ womb. She cries out with glee and begins to pump and pant as her flat belly swells with life. The daemon grips her legs and arms as the drow arches painfully, her belly already large enough for at least eight young; tight and round, shinny with perspiration, her large tits growing heavier as milk pours into them uncontrollably, her hips and waist widening as her body naturally grows thicker, plumper, all the sharpness in her face becoming soft and smooth. Within moments her monstrously gravid mountain of flesh looks ready to burst, as if she were many months overdue, spreading her shapely legs even wider as it heavily drops between her beefy thighs, the explosive orgasm within the drow reaching its finale.

*“Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmeeeee!”*

 Then it hits her like a hammer and she cries out with orgasmic fury, her swollen body gyrating and giggling, her belly so swollen and stretched that the flesh looked as if it could hold no more as a thin, bloody **X** formed on the summit of her almost eight foot globe. With one last beastly groan of lust her belly exploded in a spray of flesh and fat; most of it sizzling as it hit the searing hot ground. The drows’ body shuddered with the remnants of orgasm and then finally went limp. Corbios stands and grins. Olivia just licked her lips.

“Dinner is served.”

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Epyon watched with intrigue as the three round, hugely pregnant mortals danced before him; their massive milk laden juggs bouncing with wild passion, their monstrously swollen bellies wobbling with their full loads, each girls wide and curvaceous hips a sensual gyrating movement; graceful and elegant and sexual, the dark lord feeling the swelling of his own cock. Cassandra rubbing her immense tummy against Mynkas’ turgid sphere while Teela licked their heavy and sore breasts was a sight to behold. Lady Lethan sat next to him in a strangely peaceful slumber, as did all the nymphs, save Trinity who was hungrily squeezing and milking her masters filling ball sack. He sighed heavily with her touch as he continued to watch the mesmerizing display of luscious sexuality before him. Behind the three beautiful ladies a feast was being prepared as Epyons’ daemons filled the air with mortal moans and pleas of uncontained lust; the feeders being fucked wickedly until their bellies swell unimaginably and final burst in orgasmic sprays and pulps of meat and flesh. He looked upon them with satisfaction though something was bothering him. He had sent his lust spell to Serenity a dozen times in a month and he had not felt her. She was either learning to resist or she was near someplace where his power was over whelmed by “good”! That was an annoying thought to say the least. He turned his gaze back to his lovely dancers.

Soon the dance turns to passionate play as Teela drops to her knees and spreads Cassadras’ fat ass cheeks. She inhales the aroma deeply then darts her tongue furiously into her sphincter. The hugely pregnant beauty squeals in agreement as Mynka hungrily lifts one of Cassandras’ liquid heavy tits and licks her dark and sensitive areole, her plump nipple becoming instantly erect in her mouth, warm milk shooting down her gullet freely. It was sweet, like honey, and the elven female drank deeply. Using Mynka as a form of balance, the gorgeous lady rocked back and forth on Teelas’ darting tongue. The feeling of the wet muscle against her tight hole was amazing but incomparable to the two long fingers that suddenly plunge into her tight twat. She almost cums right then as the blonde beauty fills both of her holes, while Mynka continues to lap and suck on her sore and tender breast.

Epyon smiles broadly and then moans his surprise as Trinity slow engulfs his thick, erect shaft. Her lips felt like satin pillows as they slide over his veiny surface, her spit coating his flesh. She still stroked and milked his naked balls, her other hand lightly jerking the base of his foot long tool. Trinity was going to get him off quick and she knew just how to do it. Slowly her purple orbs began to pulse and she looked upon the three beauties enjoying themselves before her.

As Cassandra spread Mynkas’ shapely legs, lapping away at her puffy cunt lips she could feel the tingling in her gargantuan belly. She hardly skipped a beat as she kissed and licked the elves grandiose sphere and she felt it gently swell and expand beneath her touch. Mynka purred as the soft, sexy strokes complimented the stretching of her frighteningly immeasurable belly and it made her even more wet with desire. Teela merely laid her free hand upon her fattening globe, as she licked feverishly away at Cassandras’ delicious sex and tried to concentrate on her hard clit that lay open as red haired females’ pussy spread more and more as her belly grew larger and larger.

This made the dark ones lust jump as he rapidly began to pump his cock deeper into Trinitys’ mouth, her silky tongue encircling the swollen tip with a masterful skill. To his surprise, Epyon was on the verge of cumming and Trinity could feel it as she quickened her pace, her head a good blur on his tool. He lowered his head and focused as Mynka, her belly now one half size bigger and still growing, was howling on the ground; Cassandra buried between her shapely thighs, her orgasmic fluids spilling forth in her climax. After a few moments, panting heavily the young female lifts her pussy wet face out from the elfs’ dripping box and is on the verge of cumming herself as Teela tortures her engorged clit, looses an animal moan and her milky sauce shoots out in a gush over the humans’ cute, plump little face. Mynka, her belly still growing oh so slowly, can just make her way behind Teela and buries her hand into the vice like cunt. The suddenness of the move causes the beautiful, ripe female to yell out in joyous lust. Cassandra manages to turn around and begins to suckle on Teelas’ malleable and engorge tit. The combination of sensations with the feeling of her swelling belly becomes to much for her to handle and soon she is panting and grunting as her orgasm bowls over her, creamy pussy juice splashing over the elfs’ fist. The dark one quickly decided he must have two more; a drow perhaps and one with brown hair, or another red head but at the moment his mind was far to occupied to deal with it.

Epyons’ eyes widen as he cums, in a heavy gush, Trinity swallowing every drop and placing her hands on her expanding gravidity. The dark one releases gout after gout of sauce, his seed pouring into her wonderfully distended mountain for almost five minutes. She doesn’t even slow down as her belly reaches the point of rupturing. The flesh so shiny and turgid it looks as if a mere pinprick would cause her to explode in a gory mess. Epyon gazes upon her with a evil glee. She would be ready to deliver soon…very soon!

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The group traveled up the grand peaks of the Dragonhorde. Two more titans had joined them; Shay, a voluptuous brunette with massive, almost frighteningly large tits and a husky, furry titan named Byron. They stayed near the rear close to the four heroes and just beyond the tree line. The journey was quite easy since to two new warriors had cleared a very wide and smooth path in the thick forest for the bearers. It was a good and refreshing hike, as the group of bearers and warriors traveled for a good three days up to the majesty of the Dragonhorde. A day out they were met by one of the great creatures and for the first time Raylenethos, Charlize, Khambien, Toc, Ruby and Serenity saw the beauty of a dragon. Celeste only smiled for she had visited the Dragonhorde on a few occasions. Shay was the first to see him and announce his arrival, her voice deep and sexy.

“Kashca, Shattergold approaches!”

The companions look up as do the titans as in the distance what seems like a huge bird swiftly approaches. In seconds though they could see the reality of what flew towards them. The creature glinted in gold’s of yellow and white, its eyes sparkled like burning pools of gold, a long mane of white scales cascades down the expanse of its body and it wings spread out wide and powerful almost two hundred yards from tip to tip. He was handsome as he came closer to them. His snout was long and chiseled, with a fury beard running udder his jaw and a crown of scales that curved back around his head that turned into four long ivory horns. Within moments of noticing the dragon he was upon them and with slow flaps of his strong wings he landed and yet no wind disturbed the group; though the brush around them moved as if in a hurricane. The massive creature stood tall over the huge titans and moved with amazing grace as the guardians took a knee before him and he bowed in return. Then he looked upon the lovely, massively swollen bearers and bowed low. After the wordless greeting he dipped his head until it almost touched the ground and his gaze dropped upon Dominique who waddled up to him with sudden speed and lovingly kissed his golden snout. It was almost comical for as big as she was she hardly took up a scale on the great dragon. His lips curled into a proud smile.

“I was worried about you but I heard Kashca had taken care of things so I came out as soon as word got to me that you were on your way to the keep.”

She looked at him with a lovers hunger but then her face became slightly fearful.

“You know you shouldn’t be out even this far, Crimson or Olivia could be watching!”

The companions looked at eachother haphazardly, not understanding whom she spoke of. He just smiled at her. At that point the dragons’ gaze dropped on them and they were truly I awe.

“You are the ones who rescued our mothers; my Dominique?”, Raylenethos nodding the groups unified answer and the great creature smiled, “Then welcome to Dragonhorde Keep and the Council of dragons greets you!”

With a wave of his monstrous paw a huge burning sphere of gold appears before them and then grows clear and in the great window they could see a city of platinum, gold, silver, copper, brass and jewels; diamonds, rubies, sapphires and pearls. The buildings were stories tall and titans clad in armor walking about in military formations, or standing around as civilians. Above them flew dragons, hundreds of them of all sorts of colors; from gold to blue, flying from building to building, landing and talking with the titans or the elves or dwarves that lived in the wondrous city. Then they saw the women, women of all races, shapes and sizes, all beautiful beyond belief and all of them massively, unbelievably pregnant, with bellies so round and taunt, their gravid, turgid bodies gorgeous sculptures of lush, ripe, sensuous fertility and all of them drawing lustful breaths from the companions.

“Enter and be welcome as our guests and heroes!”

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Epyon walked casually into the well-lit room. Within it, on a huge plush bed of satin and silk lay his wonderfully pregnant sister, Lethan. He had separated her from the others as he always did when he was going to do some “personal” work for his grand scheme. She was magnificent, her gorgeous, ripe melon sized breasts resting to the sides of a ten-foot mountain of flesh. Her sides were swollen nearly two or more feet on either end and her hips were wide and welcoming. Layer upon layer of baby fat covered her smoothly, making her appear plump and shapely rather than fat, her curves growing ever more sensuous with each feeding or breeding when necessary. He had never seen her as sexy, as luscious as he did now, but by the immortals he would swear she was ready to burst, her smooth taunt belly flesh quivering with movement as his young and the young of many others of his kindred tussled about within her womb. Lethans’ lips would part every time one of the children touched a sensitive area, a soft, erotic moan escaping into the air. He walked over to her, his hand rubbing across the flawless skin of her gravidity. The pregnant immortal purred and even managed to arch her back, pushing more of her belly into Epyons’ touch. He smiled. Once filled with young, immortal females were quite submissive and though their sex drive increases immensely, they are still very dangerous. Lethan though was well under his control, as far as he knew. But she still held off the birth! Serenity! That nimble wind bitch!

“Well as long as you cannot give birth…I might as well fill you up! Craxios would please.”

The monstrous beast gazed upon the ripe female. He had filled her a dozen times and each time he enjoyed it even more. She tried to sit up but the shear weight of her belly, topping almost sixty to seventy pounds of baby alone, held her at bay. Lethan could sense the daemons approach and spread her beefy, thick thighs as far open as she could, opening up her already wet, pink pussy to him, as he gripped the base of his shaft and slid his schlong into her moist, hot cunt. The enormous bellied immortal purred at his size as he filled her tight sex with his steed. She knew he would waist no time and she was right as the fiend gripped her burgeoning sides tightly and began to pump away, his entire snaking length penetrating her body as far as it could. Lethan squeezed and massaged her milk filled orbs, the abundance of boob flesh like dough in her hands, her dark nipples quickly growing hard under her touch. Soon her purrs of passion became moans and pants of pure ecstasy as Craxios pounded into her plump, pregnant body, her fatty flesh jiggling everywhere, her massive tits wobbling fiercely in her small delicate hands. Epyon watched her steel blue eyes grow dull and gray as her sexual peek came closer and closer, her pants growing shorter and more breathless. She released her huge tits, allowing them to flop about freely, her hands gripping the sheets tightly, her knuckles soon turning white. Sweat was now running off her turgid form, her massive belly glistened from it, soaking the sheets under her big, round ass, which clapped loudly against the daemons flesh. He too was growling and covered in a film of perspiration but he just continued his unrelenting thrusts.

*“Oh, ohh, ooohhhh…yy…yyyesss…oooohhhhhhh yeeeessss!*

Suddenly Lethans’ eyes went wide and she stiffened, her tight pussy lips quivered then released as she came like a thunder; her delicious nectar spilling all over Craxios’ cock and thighs, the sweet aroma of her juices filling the air. The daemon continued and poor Lethan came again and again! She was panting, whimpering, orgasms washing over her one after another and she still wanted more. Epyon looked to his warrior and nodded. The yellow-eyed beast grinned and furiously fucked the baby filled immortal. She pushed up on the bed with all her might, squishing her monstrously, gravid belly, causing her pussy to grip the fiends’ muscle like a vice as he drilled her sex. Her eyes glowed vibrant bluish purple, streams of energy pouring forth and locked onto Craxios’ own.

***“Cum for me daemon! CUM FOR ME NOW!”***

And with an uncontrollable sense of fear and erotic hunger he came and Lethan fell back, her spine arching, pushing that unbelievable sphere forward as hot spunk filled her womb. Epyons’ mouth dropped in amazement. *That was new!* Craxios pumped and jerked as he emptied himself into the lust filled Lethan. Once drained he stepped back to watch as her ten foot orb grew and swelled; becoming rounder, tighter, fuller. Her moans of pleasure and hunger were a delight to him as she became utterly immense. Her round cheeks grew rounder, she was now sporting double chins she had become so plump. Baby fat filled out her thighs and ass, her hips widening to accept the swell of her belly but still remained extremely smooth and tantalizing, her curves causing her to have a purely sexual, fertile appearance. Craxios licked his lips, his hunger growing as she did, even Epyon felt the urge but held off. Lethan looked ready to burst and this time he feared she might. Her belly had swollen to almost twelve feet of perfectly, taunt flesh; a sweat covered sphere of delicious pregnancy and he could not have her delivering without his approval or in that way. It wouldn’t kill her but the children would not be what he wanted. She was going to go into labor and deliver them, ALL OF THEM! Her overly swollen breasts, a full half size larger, twice the size of her head, leaked milk in streams, her immense tummy quivered under the pressure within, her body, a scrumscious picture of pregnant, fertile sexuality. Lethan wearily rubbed what she could of her monstrous dome, trying her best to soothe the painfully tight flesh. Epyon dismissed Craxios as two feeders entered the room, one pouring a thick gold liquid on the taunt dome, the flesh soon relaxing and the pain residing. The other fed Lethan milk, very fatty milk and her belly grew again, but it was layers of fat the covered it; this would allow her to conceive again if her master wished it. It wasn’t long till she was full beyond belief and was drifting off to sleep, to her paradise that Xheena had made for her and her nymphs.

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Miles away in a cave of dark shadows two gorgeous females lay on the hot, burning floor; smooth onyx, shackles on their wrists and ankles. They are dripping with sweat, the heat stifling, and both are afraid as a huge, muscular male sits on a throne of ruby, clad only in a silk crimson robe. His eyes look like churning lava and his baldhead glistens lightly. His skin is bronze as if he sun bathed all his life and though handsome beyond compare his evil is unhidden by it. With a cruel smile he stands and approaches one of the females. She is young, in her late teens, early twenties and very voluptuous, her breasts full and ripe, hanging heavy on her curvaceous figure; her hips wide for breeding. Her hair was short with her bangs just covering her precious brown eyes. Her face was round and youthful, her lips full with a small rounded nose. She was clearly half elven, her ears ending in a prominent point and the huge man could tell that she was capable of for his needs and could bear him many young. More importantly she was a *virgin!* He could smell it. Just as he knew that the other one could not, even though it would not stop him from impregnating both of them. The other was elven, and very beautiful with long white hair, creamy, pale skin, a tall, thin, lithe figure topped with big round breasts that sat upon her chest high and proud. She couldn’t carry his young and give birth without being torn apart, though the babies would live and that was all he cared about. Bragon had done well when he abducted them from one of the councils’ caravans. They and a score of others were on their way to be tested by the “goodly” dragons but not even five titans can battle a full-grown wrym like Bragon, especially when he attacks with a pack of younger drakes. His voice silk and deep and seductive but the cruelness of his heart was evident.

“What is your name, bitch?”

The poor girl looked at him with spite and fear but she answered.

“Isis!”

“Well Isis, I am your new lord…***Lord Crimson!”***

He closed his eyes and chanted something that she could not understand and then pointed a finger at each of the girls.

*“Lust and hunger shall fill your hearts, to breed is what you have to start, and with bellies empty hunger grows, with bellies full hunger flows!”*

For all the fear and hate in her heart, Isis could not fight his spell and as his magical shackles fell she lunged at him, tearing open his robe to reveal a statuesque physique and a cock the length of her forearm. It was in her mouth in an instant as she loudly sucked and slurped the hardening muscle. The elf just moaned and gyrated as she was forced to wait, her desire burning even further as she watched. The young half elf worked her mouth and tongue with impressive skill and precision, twirling and sucking about the bulbous tip as she stroked his thick base, allowing her spit to lubricate her palms while she jerked him off. Crimson had many lovers but his spell always worked better with those whose hatred for him was greater and hers was absolute for her oral mastery was better than any before. She let go of his rigid girth and rapidly stroked his sensitive tip before swallowing his meat again. Rocking his hips back and forth he slowly fucked her gorgeous face as she blew him with a desire beyond words.

Crimson, fearing he may cum too soon, pulls out of her mouth and sits upon his shimmering throne. With a wordless command Isis hurries up to the throne, her bounty of tit flesh bouncing with her every step and then she impales herself on his entire length, almost a foot of cock. She cries out in pain and pleasure as her virgin pussy is penetrated for the first time. Tears run down her cheeks as she slowly grinds her pussy on his stalk, her ass rocking to and fro, her supple butt cheeks quivering with her gyrations. Blood and pussy juice ran down Crimsons’ shaft as Isis fucked him in a hurried frenzy, her passion and lust all consuming, her body lifting up and down on his pole, her mammoth boobs bouncing heavily as they pounded eachother, sweat soon covering her young body as her once soft whimpers became loud, lustful grunts and moans for him to fill her.

The young female is literally a piston on his cock and Crimson can feel her cunt shuddering as her eyes go wide with her first orgasm. Isis digs her hands into his muscled shoulders as her head whips about, her whole body shivering and spasming as she cums multiple times on his rock hard member. With strength the huge man lifts her off his rigid staff, her pussy dripping wetly as he carries her to the floor. He places her on the ground, turns her over and marvels at her full, round ass; big and juicy… and all his. Slowly he enters her wet pussy, his cock sliding in to its full length and she moans low  and deep; cumming again from the wonderful motion. *Then he fucks her!* Crimson drills her snatch with speed and villainy, her body rocking with his thunderous movements. Isis is lost in a storm of sexual pleasures and sensations, her orgasms flooding her like a never-ending river. Crimson suddenly stops and with two quick jerks he erupts into her precious womb. It is hot and burning as the dragons cum pours into her and she can feel it gathering in her belly, filling her with his seed. Then she feels the slight quiver of movement and then a building, pleasing pressure as her flat tummy begins to grow, and grow big. Still on all fours Isis looks beneath her as her belly swells before her eyes, already looking five months along even as she starts to turn to lay on her back. In moments the full mound is huge, almost three feet, as if she were full term with quadruplets. Isis is lost in a cascade of pleasure as her belly swells unimaginably, ***her young*** growing strong and heavy within her womb. Soon her already wide hips begin to spread further as does her expanding waist, her ass filling out even more as her thighs thicken, become more shapely in appearance. Isis’ belly is a massive turgid ball of flesh, round and spherical, the skin growing tighter and tighter as she fills out, and the young within grow. Her massive tits grow fuller and heavier as she feels the milk pour inside, and soon they are doubled in size, her areole darkening as her nipples become thick and erect. Crimson watches in pleasurable lust as young Isis’ belly grows into a six-foot sphere of flesh, her body becoming plumper and fatter, layers of much needed baby fat covering her body, her curves becoming more abundant, more sensuous as soon she is a delicious, delectable picture of pregnant sexuality and fertility. She is even more cute as her round face grows softer with the baby fat. Isis moans softly as she rubs her new pregnant figure, her belly rising above her like a mountain, sticking out almost a foot and a half on either side. The full fleshy ball falls gently between her very shapely legs as she pushes herself up into a sitting position, the half elfs’ laden juggs falling to either side of her glorious dome of glistening gravidity, her flesh pulled fearfully tight, stretched to its limit and on the verge of bursting. Isis lazily, drunkenly rubs her monstrous globe, her tits full and sore and begging to be suckled. Crimson gently pats her bulbous, turgid belly and smiles as small bumps appear where he touches, the young inside responding to their father. This entices even more moans from the youthful female. Smiling he looks at the elf lying on the floor, staring at him intensely with lust and desire.

“What’s your name, elf?”

“Allycea !”

“You will do nicely. Very nicely indeed!

With that he begins to cast. As he chanted their eyes began to glow a rich blood red as her shackles fell free and the burning in her loins became unbearable, her nipples becoming hard and erect, a clear fluid running down her creamy thigh, her clear, crystal eyes becoming dull and clouded as her hunger for him became to powerful to contain. She lunged at him without care and gobbled up his length; her lips caressing his sex until her was full with his manhood. Allycea, though not as skilled as Isis, she is no less pleasurable; her tongue swirling all over his bulging shaft. She holds his hard cock by its head in her mouth while she hefts up her sizeable bosom and wraps her milky white globes around it,  and squeezing tightly. Taking the hint, Crimson slowly pumps his hips, his thick monster gliding easily through her satin soft pillows of flesh. Happily he fucked her huge boobs, his rod sliding in and out of her canyon of tit meat. To add to the erotic torture she slipped her tongue out like a snake and lapped away at his swollen head every time it penetrated her mammeries. The muscled warrior felt his sauce surging with his every thrust. He would not last long with her but he had no need to, he had a new mother for his loins and she would join his many others. Allycea would give him a few good dragon kin and he could always use more fodder for his war, and feed for his children.

He slowly backed away and once again took his throne. The gorgeous elf straddled him as Isis did before only she did not face him. From behind he cupped her firm breasts and squeezed and groped them as she gracefully danced upon his log. Her pussy was warm and inviting and seemed to milk his cock for its seed but he wasn’t ready…not yet. Powerfully he thrust into her womb, inciting grunts and cries of spellbound lust. As she bounced off his pole she looked at Isis, her belly a gorgeous mountain of pregnant ripeness, full and ready to burst with young, her breasts full to leaking with milk, her plump body a plethora of sexy curves. Her moans and screams and shouts echoed in the chamber as he furiously stuffed the elf with cock. It wasn’t long before she started quivering, her orgasm on the horizon.

*“Hold it!”*

  A look of  lust filled anguish twisted about her face as she felt him stiffen beneath her a sudden gush of burning liquid splashed against the insides of her womb. Crimson pumped his seed into her, gallons upon gallons until her flat belly was noticeably bulging with the amount of cum within. Then he hoisted her off his cock, sending Allycea painfully to floor and onto her still small, bubbly rear and stood before her. She felt a heavy pressure building within her belly but before she could look Crimson pulled her to her feet, turned her around and proceeded to fuck her savagely. With his every thrust she could feel her belly growing, her flesh stretching as his young matured inside her. She wanted to reach down and feel the swelling, to sooth the painful surge with her hands but Crimson held them fast as he continued to slam into her changing body. He marveled as he watched her ass grow bigger before his eyes, he could feel her cunt lips become tighter around his shaft as her sleek thighs fleshed out; thickening, growing full and shapely. Her sides began to bulge as her waist expanded, her belly looking large enough to carry dozens of young, the smooth skin looking fearfully tight. Allycea wallowed in the wonderful sensation, even the dull pressure that was building up within as her large tits grew heavy and hung low as milk and fat mounted within. They bounced heavily as Crimson pounded away at her pussy, her body quivering and jiggling as fat and flesh layered up on her now abundantly pregnant frame, and poor Allycea was desperately holding onto her orgasm as her new master ordered but it was becoming unbearable and sinfully pleasing to her as she soon felt the first kick within her womb and she finally took a look at herself through blurry eyes. Her breasts had almost tripled in size, the flesh tight and looking hard to the touch, her darkened nipples sore and erect as milk streamed from the taunt orbs freely. Between pants and groans she let out a strangely erotic and joyful gasp as she marveled at her belly which hung low and full, she could feel the flesh pull tighter and tighter as her middle had swollen into a tremendous ball of pregnancy; her skin glistened and shined with sweat and stress, her tummy was so taunt that she could feel herself ready to explode. Where her bellybutton had been there was only skin and a pressure that was building up; it had become quite noticeable by now, coinciding with her mounting orgasm and suddenly she understood what that feeling was. It was her babies preparing to be born  and this urged her on even more as she frantically tried to push herself further up Crimsons’ cock.

Isis looked at the cruel, erotic scene; Allycea unimaginably swollen with pregnancy, she was plump and fat, the sharp angles of her face softer and full, her milk engorged orbs filled to bursting as milk shoots from her nipples like two twin fountains,  the two rigid melons bounce wildly. It was her belly that was frighteningly amazing. It was perfectly round and tremendously swollen, virtually touching the onyx floor beneath her, veins spider webbed her turgid flesh, shiny and hard looking except for the bulges forming here and there across the expanse of gravidity, always converging at the grand spheres summit, she was ready to burst and it was coming soon.

*“P…pl…ppplease let m...mmm…meee…cccuuummm!”*

He grinned wickedly, his eyes glowing brightly. Her begging pleas were music to him.

“Not yet!”

Sweat covered her as if she were in a rainstorm, dripping in heavy drops off her sexy, luscious swollen body, growing in to large puddles beneath her; her pregnant shape filling Crimson with maddening joy as he gripped her sides tightly, his third climax approaching. She was ready to give birth, her monstrous swell on the verge of erupting but he wasn’t going to let her quite yet. Allycea was consumed with an erotic masochist  pleasure; her babies were ready to burst from the confines of her belly as they painfully pushed at the peak of her gargantuan dome, splitting the over stretched flesh, a bloody, bruised point forming and pressing forth as her orgasm was no longer containable and the wicked evil at the cause of it all was pumping furiously into her blood engorged cunt. Then it all hit her in one singular moment, a rainbow of sensations and emotions, lust, joy, fear, pain, pleasure, life and death.

“Now!”

*“Yeeessssssssaaarrrrgghhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhh!”*

Allycea screamed out as Crimson stiffened, his climax powerful within her womb, his fingers turning into claws and puncturing her fleshy sides as she cried out with animalistic fury; her mounting orgasm exploded throughout her fattened body, her hands digging into the jewel throne as her ripe and titanic belly burst with a wet pop, the spray of blood beneath her was immeasurable as three half-breed creatures spilled onto the floor. With her belly a gaping hole beneath her, Allycea shuddered and spasmed with the remnants of her orgasm, looking upon her young with a weird loving smile and then falling lifeless to the ground. The small, bloody, gore covered beasts look hungrily at the fat, meaty corpse. Crimson wipes his brow and looks at the mess.

“Eat!”

Isis can only watch as she rubs her grand, baby filled belly. Just then a shadow falls over her and she looks back as best she can. Behind her stands a beautiful blonde haired elf, a monstrosity with four arms and a plump little human. Crimson turns, his lava eyes burning in rage.

“Pardon us Lord Crimson but my father wanted to offer you a gift. As it is clear that you have not eaten yet. Tago.”

Crimsons’ fire fades as the daemon begins fucking the young human. Isis can only watch, rubbing her immense swell.

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“Haarlei, where is Daphne?”

Xheena paced the room as a strangely dressed nymph mixed potions and spells calmly about her. She wore a tight purple sorceress robe that revealed her grand bustline, and her shapely figure, her light brown hair was littered with streaks of blonde, and she was quite beautiful with large almond shaped eyes. Haarlei only smiled as Daphne stepped through the portal she had just formed. Xheena glared at her in mock anger then looked towards the blue skinned female.

“Well?”

The lovely young nymph suddenly glanced at the floor, not wanting to tell her *new mistress* the bad news.

“Corbios has won over both Olivia and Crimson.”

The three were silent for a long while. Things had just become much worse. For now the two most evil wryms had joined the darkness and Epyons’ daughter was the prize!

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Khambien just marveled as two heavy bellied beauties floated by him, their swollen middles, and full ripe breasts causing his on member to stir. Charlize tried hard not to laugh. The young group of mothers with them were soon greeted by a large contingent of titan and elven warriors; all clad in platinum and mithiril armor. As the companions watched them walk away, Shay, Byron and Tonysha leading the way, Angelique took a long, loving look back at Toc and smiled. The ogres’ face brightened as a huge smile quickly formed. Even as they disappeared into a large golden building resembling a very busty elven female swathed in a flowing gown, a very sexy elf, with platinum blonde hair, blinding bright blue eyes, huge, heavy breasts and a belly that rivaled Brytanees’; tight and full, taunt in appearance but soft with tender flesh, approached them. She seemed to float and saunter towards the group, sexy and proud as her hips swayed back and forth and her immense juggs wobbled happily atop her titanic belly. Her face was smooth and soft, her lips a full, rich and pink, her hips were wide and curvy, with shapely legs though plump still appeared firm. She was naked except for a long flowing cape of lavender satin with a large diamond as a clasp. Her mere appearance made Khambiens’ cock ache. Serenity even licked her lips. Raylenethos was sure that this female was a perfect picture of what pregnancy should look and feel like and though she had no desire for children, to look like this lush, fertile female before her she’d consider it. The gorgeous woman seemed to float towards them; accompanying her were four, big-breasted female guards wearing form-fitting chain mesh with smooth shoulder, forearm and thigh and shin plates over them. Their faces were hidden under masks shaped like dragonheads and on their backs were capes, which they wore in such a fashion that they look almost like wings. The leading elf stopped just short of the companions, her glorious bronze swell shimmering in the light of the city. She bowed first to the great gold dragon Shattergold, then to Kashca and Burxon, and then she addressed the group.

“Welcome to Dragonhorde Keep. Our sisters have informed us that it is you whom brought them back from the darkness…for that we are forever indebted to you. I am Rebeckah Wildheart, High Mistress to our queen, my Lady Crysteena of the Kayon Kingdom and wife to Khlendros, the Platinum Wrym and lord of Dragonhorde Keep. Though the lord is busy at the moment, her Majesty would like to offer you anything you need and will speak with you in the morning when we honor our newest heroes. If you would please follow me. Oh…Master Kashca and Lord Shattergold, her Majesty would like to speak with you. Please, follow me.”

They walked the streets of the golden city and were amazed at the wondrous metropolis. It was sheer beauty and splendor. What was most intriguing was that almost every female was pregnant, each looking ready to explode with child though few looked even close to Rebeckahs’ size.  Khambien could hardly keep his eyes off her big, onion shaped ass that continued to peak out from the cape she wore. They soon approached a massive tower of pure platinum and diamond and it soared above them stories high. Charlize gasped.

“We’re staying in there?”

The lovely big-bellied elf looked at her worriedly.

“Is it not to your liking? We can find someplace more…!”

Quickly the beautiful rouge waved her hands to correct the mistake. Celeste looking at her as if she were mad.

“No, no, no, no! It’s just that it’s so…breathtaking! This is…”

Serenity wisely rescued her.

“Lady Rebeckah, it is perfect. Thank you.”

The elf smiled and spoke as they continued. No one seemed to notice as Raylenethos punched Charlize arm…hard.

“Inside you will meet more of my sisters and they will take care of you; I have to attend those whom you brought back to us for a short time and then I will join you later for dinner”, as they drew closer to the massive doors of diamond; etched in their centers in gold and platinum, perfect depictions of a mammoth dragon and a stunning human female with the biggest belly and most awesome set of breasts that they made Rebeckah looked inferior, “Master Toc, Angelique will be joining you for dinner as well.”

Celeste and Ruby give the huge warrior a queer glance as he once again dawns his proud smile.

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Olivia relaxed on her throne, contemplating the offer to attend Epyons’ dinner party. She knew the dark fiend had more planned than just dinner, but what? She stood and regally began to make her way to her private chambers, her naked body glimmering in the heat of lair. Behind her watched the ever faithful Dynna; slithering in and out of the shadows. The ancient female strolled into her vast room, adorned in the finest of furniture and sculptures, beautiful, tasteful and truly elegant. Even as she entered Olivia noticed the extra presence in her room, besides that of her elven servant and toy Jenetial. The old but still youthful elven female bounced up, an apologetic look blanketing her beautiful face; her belly, swollen heavily with pregnancy; at least ten months along, possibly quadruplets or quintuplets, her darkened skin, smooth and tight, her huge, milk-engorged breasts flopping about. She had blonde hair that seemed golden in the reddish glow of the cave, her eyes were soft and pale and she seemed excited and worried as she approached; her full, wide hips shifting seductively.

“My Lady we have a guest! He arrived unannounced as you requested, through the portal.”

Olivias’ juicy lips curled up in a wicked, purely sexual grin.

“You are dismissed.”

Without a word the full-bellied elf swiftly waddled out of the room. The gorgeous female made sure the elf was gone, then with a wave of her hand magically sealed the entrance. This was to be a *private* meeting. With a bit of excitement she walked to the rear of her chamber and there stood a broad shouldered man, his hair long and black with sharp, chiseled features and tight, powerful muscles. He looked completely relaxed, wearing only a silk robe, opened to reveal his statuesque frame and a long thick cock, almost a foot and then some. She purred as she eyed the muscle, anticipating the pleasure it would soon give her. He had the look of an eastern elf about him, his dark almond eyes burning with desire.

“Won’t your master be upset,” she purred?

His dark eyes narrowed in slight annoyance with her banter.

“You know that answer my queen.”

She slid up directly in front of him, her hand clasping his quickly rising shaft. His thin lips giving her a mere smirk. Olivia drew up close, whispering as they kissed.

*“Natakuummpphh!”*

Before she could finish his name the males tongue was deep down her throat, almost choking her and she loved it; her hand gently, yet firmly stroking his shaft as the one of the elfs’ hands glides up her flat belly until cupping one her full, round breasts in his hand; hungrily kneading the malleable flesh, her nipple growing erect under his touch. She passionately licked and kissed her way down his body; his neck, full pecks, tightly muscled stomach, sucking his hot flesh into her mouth until she reached his lower abdomen, just above his hardened member. He gazed down at Olivia as she ran her satin tongue along his length, causing the stout warrior to shiver until at last he felt the warm confines of her mouth. Her hands looked small as they gripped his phallus and began strong twisting strokes over the shaft as he slid in and out of her beckoning lips. Patiently he relished her wonderful blowjob, her loud slobbering a exotic aphrodisiac. As she took more of him in, he began to gyrate his strong hips until somehow the dragoness managed to swallow all of his monstrous sex, his full balls slapping against her chin. Her hands gripped his sack, her sharp nails teasing the sensitive and vulnerable underside. Uncontrollably he grabbed the back of Olivias’ head, forcefully pounding his cock into her wondrous mouth; she accepted the aggressive nature, whorishly suck away at the elfs’ stock until she felt the first twinge of climax. She knew what he wanted but Olivia had other ideas. The hot female released the thick organ from her mouth, allowing it to fall between her vast bosom, quickly wrapping it up in her tight cleavage. His breath left him as she jerked him off with her creamy tit flesh; the head of his cock barely penetrated the depths of her breasts. The twin orbs bounced in her hands, drawing up the cum from his balls. She lapped away at his swollen cockhead whenever it was lucky enough to emerge from her hefty juggs. Olivia knew how much her lover enjoyed her breasts, he never lasted long when she pleased him like this, his shivering and sweat covered body told her she was right. She licked her succulent lips, awaiting the treat that was soon to cum. Now he was panting, trying to hold back the eruption that was building but her tit fucking became relentless and in moments he lost control. With a few powerful thrusts he blew his load, thick gouts of cum blasting from his strained muscle, blasting in heavy ropes upon Olivias’ tongue. She swallowed all she could of the delicious sauce; it was sweet in her mouth as the rest of his nectar splattered warmly on her heaving boob flesh. When she knew he was empty the dragoness lifted one of cum covered orbs to her mouth and like a cat, licked herself clean, repeating the action with the other plump breast. She looked at him mischievously, her eyes burning lava pools of lust.

“Poor lover, you have to go sooo soon! You will owe me.”

Tiredly he bowed in agreement.

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Tomax and Xamot walked among the deliciously swollen, bloated bodies of the ready to pop females who hung in the chamber; their burgeoning bellies sticking out fully and ripe with pregnancy.

“He wants a drow!”

The larger Xamot spoke as he gingerly patted the massive swell of one of the three dark elves that they possessed. The plump, round faced beauty moaned with his arousing touch. She was absolutely huge, her belly larger than most of the others, thick and heavy; pulling down that the chains had all but given up the struggle to hold her and she was one of his favorites, usually cumming within her twice or more when it was feeding time. The young elf just coed and him and pushed her mountain out, trying to entice him for a good feeding. Tomax was rubbing a longhaired drow whom they had captured only a few weeks ago and already her tummy was frighteningly large, distending almost four feet. Her tits were spectacular and he gave them a  good squeeze, drawing a joyful squeal.

“Don’t he want a brown hair too!”

“Alright, I pick the drow, you pick the brown hair!”

For Tomax it was a no brainier as he stepped in front of a delectable half elf female with soft brown skin, huge tits that formed into heavy, full spheres and a belly that protruded a good six feet of delicious flesh.

“I likes Heatherlee here!”

Xamot just nodded.

“I choose this one…Rhachelle!”

  At that Tomax releases the young half-breed as her plump, jiggling body is lowered to the dirty ground. As soon as her feet touch the cold earth, the gnoll turns her around, pawing her fat, round ass he buries his cock into her rear, spreading her virgin ass forcefully. She cries out in a lustful pain as he stuffs his beastly tool deep into her sphincter, his hands smacking her meaty rump, a loud clap filling the air between breathless gasps of pleasure. More moans and pleas fill the room as the still captured girls beg for the gnolls satisfy their insatiable hunger. The wolf man is fucking Heatherlee with an animalistic hurry, the poor off balanced girl just holding herself up against the wall as her beautiful, healthy body is racked in sexual bliss. It isn’t long before she is gleaming with a wet sheen and Tomaxs’ breaths are coming quicker and quicker. In moments his muscles flex and warm seed spills into Heatherlees’ over filled womb. Her gigantic boobs bounce wildly against her turgid tummy. She moans with joy as her monstrous gravid swell grows and balloons; her flesh becoming erotically tight and taunt, though layers of fat soon form over it as she grows plumper and fatter; her body adjusting for the young within. Delicious sustenance shoots out in full spray from Heatherlees’ over-filled balloons. Her wonderful belly swells to almost seven feet, squishing painfully against the wall but allowing the poor female not to topple over. Heatherlees’ plump, though deceptively strong legs quiver slightly under her new weight and through it all she pants joyously, and still wanting more.

Xamot manages to hoist up Rhachelles’ extremely heavy girth, her bulbous belly swaying from side to side, just enough to slide into her puffy, twat, her white pubic hairs forming a cute patch on her ebony skin as he quickly fucks away. The drow is panting and huffing as her captor pounds away at her pregnant body, her milk-swollen udders wobbling about madly. Still chained to the wall, the creative female wraps her beefy thighs tight around him, pulling him deeper into her moist slit. He strains as he holds her up, his climax approaching very swiftly as he drills for all he’s worth. Even more swiftly than his brother, the gnoll is pumping cum in thick, powerful loads. Tomax holds her up until he’s finished, knowing her weight will soon be too much of a burden as her belly swells before his dark, yellow eyes. As he lets her go, Rhachelles’ growth is obvious as her shiny tummy surges and fills as his seed takes hold. Rhachelles’ legs uncontrollably spread as her humongous abdomen drops heavily between her thickening thighs. She can feel her ass become fuller, rounder, her waist and hips shifting and expanding, baby fat spreading over her scrumscious frame. Her laden breasts now drip with thick droplets of milk. The chains creak defiantly as Rhachelle soon grows to big for their ability, her belly a beautiful pregnant sphere, protruding almost eight luscious feet. A thin film of sweat covers her midnight colored flesh, her short-cropped hair is slick with perspiration as she breathes tiredly.

Tomax steps back proud and sinister, his cock still dripping with her cream. He looks to his brother with a vile grin.

“Feeding time! Soon you go before the master!”

Both girls moan in anticipation.

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Raylenethos looks in amazement at her magnificent quarters. The room is the size of a small cabin, with a large duel sided fire place, and on either side of it were a bed fit for a king, adorned in silver sheets of satin and silk and an ivory bath filled with steaming water. A full mirror sat just above the headboard, which in itself was a masterful work of art. The floor was a soft fur that felt like gentle sand under her feet. Place near the end of the room, next to two massive crystalline doors that led to a balcony of gold and platinum and a view of the wondrous city, was a grand table in which sat a bouquet rare and beautiful flowers. She lay naked in the soothing water of the bath, her gorgeous body relaxing from the travel that she started almost two months before. Raylenethos, for the first time, began to feel the weight of their situation as she realized that if everything were to work out she might have to fight an immortal. Not just any immortal but Epyon, the Lord of Shadows and now almost the Master of Lust. Why in the nine hells did she let Khambien and Charlize talk her into this?

“Because it was the right thing to do”, she breathed as she slowly dipped under the water. By the gods she hated that!

All of the companions were relaxing in a similar fashion, save Serenity whom had become consumed by a lust that she had fought off far to long and one she now unleashed on two very willing elven males that she had requested from their generous hosts.

*“Yessss…ff…fuck me!”*

The first elf was slamming his long, slender staff deep into the beautiful nymphs sex. He held her slim waist fast as he pumped her with long, fast strokes, burying himself into her wet pussy. His friend, a young elf with long black hair was in a state of bliss as the pure white female stroked and jerked his thick rod with smooth, mastery. Her thin fingers squeezed and tickled every spot along his shaft, drawing forth his spunk as he felt his climax soon approach. No female touched him the way she did and his sexually agonizing groan was a testament as slurped up his sex; her hot tongue caressing him with greater skill than her hands. The older elf fucking her senseless leaned forward and firmly grasped her wobbling juggs; the mammoth orbs dwarfing his own large hands. Serenity wrapped her silken thighs around the elfs’ head, allowing him even greater penetration as he closed his large amber eyes, the sensation consuming him. Beads of sweat formed along his brow, his concentration fully on the task at hand as his companion ran his hands through her damp blue hair, his hips pumping his on stalk deeper down her throat.

The nymph released her hold on both men and slowly got to her feet. She led the two toys to the bed and with a gentle shoved pushed the younger of the two onto the. He held his breath as the sexy vixen turned, her ass forming a ripe, round heart shape before his eyes. Serenity slide onto the bed like a cat and gripping her firm butt cheeks, she spread them wide and revealed her tight little asshole. Carefully she lowered herself onto his rigid pole and slowly took the pulsing organ into depths of her rectum. The lucky elf almost shot his load right then, her sphincter was so tight and hot and literally clung to him as she finally sat atop him. With deliberately slow movements, the nymph of the wind ground her slender waist back and forth on his sex; her upper torso hardly seemed to move. The older elf stood before the sex crazed beauty and she hungrily gobbled up his thin, lengthy trunk. Her hands groped and milked his cum laden balls as he crammed as much of his tool down her greedy little throat. He reached down and cupped her full, malleable tits; they were so big he could just hold them udder the spill over of breast flesh, her erect nipples poking straight into the air. She helped him them lift the hefty orbs and easily swallowed up his entire length. The reared his head back, mouth open. He thought her pussy felt good!

The young elf was now coated in sweat as this beauty worked her hips frantically, pushing herself to make him cum and it wasn’t a long wait. He reached up and placed his hands on her gyrating ass, his seed rapidly rising. She could feel him stiffen through his touch and ground her rear even harder into the young lover.

*“Cu…cuummm…i…in…mmmy…assss”,* she managed a breathless command! And he was quick to answer as Serenity felt him flex beneath her and then a rush of hot liquid fill her rectum. She squealed in delight as he pumped as much cum as he held into her ass.

With the first elf still shooting his load into her ample backside the sex starved nymph gave the other her full attention, squeezing her titanic tits even tighter around his pole, causing him to moan deeply as she tit fucked him. In and out of her silky cleavage the elfs’ cock went, the nymph just managing to tantalize his tender tip light licks of her tongue. She pulled his hands to either side of her orbs and pushed them tight. His grip was strong and firm and wonderful as Serenity quickly dropped her hands between her legs and plunged her long fingers into her dripping snatch. With each pump of his tool she finger fucked herself harder and harder until finally she loosed an animal like cry as her own juices poured over her buried digits. With her free hand she tickled the underside of his sack and sent him over the threshold as with a low grunt his spunk shot between her mountains of flesh like a geyser. Thick, hot droplets splashed onto her expanse of boob flesh and she sinfully licked it up, her icy blue eyes keeping the lustful haze of his forest colored orbs.

“Mmmmm…thank you both.”

The two gave her exhausted bows as they left the room and she lowered herself into a hot bath.

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Hours had passed since they had arrived at the home of the dragons and during that time all of them had had packages delivered to their individual rooms. Written in platinum and gold were these words:

Welcome, Heroes of the Sacred Bearers. Please accept these small tokens and meet me for dinner the grand ballroom of the Tower of Light.

                    With Love,

                         Lady Rebekah Wildheart

In each box were garments of such splendor and wealth that Charlize felt she would make them look worse if she adorned them. She was quite wrong, as was evident on Khambiens’ handsome face as she entered the ballroom, escorted by a lovely robed female, her huge belly protruding from the folds of her cape. The two ladies walked gracefully into the amazing ballroom and Charlize immediately noticed Khambien, who was talking to an extremely handsome half elf, his hair long and golden and clad in the blue robes of a Light Wizard. Next to him was a breathtaking young Nieth, or winged elf with smooth flowing brown hair, plush ruby lips, a delicious curvy figure, her belly protruding nicely in front of her. She must have been at least fourteen months pregnant. The lovely elf fit in perfectly with her big, bulging belly and full heavy breasts; she fit in perfectly save for the set of amber brown wings that extended from her well muscled back. She wore flowing wraps that tightly hugged her tits and sensuous hips and ass but allowed her massive sphere to breath freely. Unknowingly Charlize wantonly rubbed her flat firm stomach.

Charlize wore a silk, cream-colored gown, studded in thin cut diamonds that was cut low to reveal her ample cleavage; a thin piece of cloth was wrapped delicately around her neck holding up the dress. It fit snuggly over her curvy frame and was slit up the front just below her crotch. The gown strung along behind her for a good foot but it didn’t seem to drag, rather float as she walked. Her feet were wrapped in jewel-studded sandals, the wraps running up the length of her thigh. Charlize wore her hair up in a tight bun with the un-tucked strands cascading down her naked back, the dress cut just above the nape of her buttocks. She looked like a queen.

As she approached, Khambien stood politely and Charlize realized just how handsome he was. He stood, a majestic silver silk cassock covering his slender, muscular body all the way down to his knees. His pants were loose fitting trousers were tucked neatly into his black knee-high boots. Around his waist he wore a simple though elegant black belt onto which *Summershade* and *Wintermist* were appropriately fastened. His outfit was regal and simple and worked well for the snow elf. He bowed low.

“You look radiant Charlize. Allow me to introduce you to Master Sebron of Darken Wood, a Light Wizard from the North and his escort, Lady Kira Amberwing, Lady of Romina Tower within the Darken Wood. Master Sebron, Lady Kira, this is my friend Lady Charlize, Gypsy Princess of the Wanderer Tribe.”

She bowed to them politely; her eyes locked on to Khambien in a humored glare, as they too bowed in return, though Kira only nodded her head, her distended waist prohibiting her from such a movement. Sebron reached over and gently took her hand, giving it a polite kiss. The half-elven gypsy had to blush. They smiled as Khambien pulled out her chair for her. Charlize couldn’t help but smile.

Then the door to the hall opened once again and this time Toc stepped into the room, clad in full mithiril plate, his huge axe strapped to his back openly. With him walked in Angelique, her monstrously swollen sphere jutting out far before her, almost six feet. She waddled happily and lovingly next to her lover, their hands clasped together. She was swathed in a satin robe that was held clasped just beneath her milk filled juggs. Khambiens’ mouth dropped at how truly beautiful she looked. All of them bowed and introduced themselves.

And they entered one at a time, each escorted by a beautiful, full-bellied female. Celeste was draped in a stunning gown of platinum white, her marvelous breasts just hidden by the garment, as it was open at the chest and navel. She wore her hair down but braided together and dressed in diamonds and pearls. The satin gown covered even her feet but hugged here figure most nicely. Ruby was the only one not clad in a dress. She wore a full body suit of soft mahogany leather, a cape that was a rainbow of forest colors and her sword sheathed at her waist; her belt hanging low on her hip. Even then she looked extremely sexy. Serenity then entered next, both Kashca and Burxon walking next to her as escorts for her true identity had finally been revealed, each of them wearing full plate, bearing their large blades and she herself was bathed in a lofty flowing sea of silk that revealed everything and hid it at the same time. She was remarkable.

Next entered a warrior. He wore black, chain and plate mess, his jet cloak flowing behind him like a wave and he was strikingly handsome. His eyes were dark and piercing, his features were strong and sharp with short-cropped hair as black as night that would not deter him in battle. In his hands he carried a massive two-handed sword that was hidden within an ebony sheath. The pommel was ivory and Khambien could just make out the thirteen immortals running along its length. As soon as he looked upon Serenity he headed straight towards the beautiful nymph and embraced her as if it had been centuries since they last say one another. Celeste whispered to both Khambien and Charlize, “Quintex!”

“So he is the Lord of Swords!”

Then Raylenethos stepped in and all the males in the room took notice. She was beautiful beyond words. Her dress matched her reddish brown locks that flowed freely, the gown revealing as much as it hid, her ample bosom begging to pop from its snug confines. Raylenethos seemed to glow as she moved, sex and beauty and freedom pouring from her being, as an immortals’ presence would. It was strange and yet fitting and Quintex began to wonder. All in the room would swear that she was an immortal if they did not know better and even Serenity felt the need to bow low before her.

As Raylenethos took her seat next to Quintex, Rebekah walked in. She looked more beautiful than before, her gargantuan belly was squeezed tightly into a satin gown, which made her appear as if she would burst from the second skin if she moved the wrong way. All stood for the lovely and regal woman. Her whole body filled out the form-fitting piece, accentuating every glorious curve and line as she waddled proudly to her seat at the head of the ivory table. It took many moments for her reach her destination and no one was upset by that fact, enjoying her sensuous movements as she walked. As she sat, hugely pregnant servers began to bring in a king like feast to the table. Her smile was mesmerizing.

“Shall we begin?”

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At the same time another banquet was being prepared as several young, newly captured females were being shackled by the ankles to floor in a large banquet chamber. Before them was a large semi-circular table that that stretched almost completely around, with the ability to seat forty or more. A large, circular, steel door was set in the center of the floor. Once there, plump, pregnant females joyfully fed them with milk harvested from the rich udders Trinity and Lethan. Baby fat spread slowly throughout the females’ bodies, each being fattened for the main course and soon they were panting and moaning, for now they wanted, no needed to be fucked and filled with young until they were bursting with life. The feeders began rubbing a soothing jell along the softened, plumped up bellies of the various females. It had a odor as if it were flavoring for meat and it caused the women to grow wet as their pussies soon glistened and dripped. Once settled down the main attractions entered as Tomax and Xamot escorted in five monstrously pregnant females with bellies already on the verge of exploding, distending well over seven feet, the middle female was well over that; her sphere was so large that she could only move with the magical denoumer placed upon her person. Breeders like Rhachelle and Teela. The gnolls locked the two twin blonde haired females up carefully in front of two wide hipped chairs. Then they placed a red haired elf before one of the outer chairs and a chocolate skinned human at the other. The fifth; was a curly haired Embezarian. Embezarian are a race of mystical females whose magical abilities are related to the size of their bellies, which at puberty begin to appear full term pregnant, usually with multiples. The largest bellied women are known as the Ladies of the Gate and their powers are immeasurable. When pregnant these magical properties are doubled and course throughout the females’ body. These abilities could be stolen if one knew the correct spell and the situation that allowed this theft, and Epyon is one such person. The young females’ belly was simply colossal and both creatures licked their evil lips, hoping to see her when dinnertime arrived. She was placed before the large onyx throne of Lord Epyon. They poured milk down her gullet and smiled, as her belly, as immense as it was, grew larger, her face growing rounder, her tits fuller as her ass and waist widened. Feeders quickly approached her and fed her even more until she moaned in erotic agony, her cinnamon colored dome full beyond measure, her milk heavy juggs leaking fully. They could see her tummy shudder with expectancy; her eyes dull with lust and hunger. She would feed their master well. All the females delectable asses and twats were facing the huge circular door in the center of the floor, as if set for something that would soon emerge and satiate the hunger within.

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The dinner was the most delicious any of them had had in some time. They were astonished in how much food Rebekah, Angelique and Kira had eaten though each of them were eating for the small armies within their swollen bellies. As the meal went on stories of travel and adventure entertained the group. Finally Serenitys’ mission was brought to the table and all were quiet, listening intently to her tale, as she then asked Quintex for his aid.

“I must consider something first, even if it is my sister. As long as you are safe Lethan can hold on.”

None of them knew how grave things had become with the capture of Lady Trinity and the birth of the she-daemon. She looked at him with frustration but soon his own mission became clear.

“So Master Sebron, why have you come to this wonderful city?”

Raylenethos took a sip from her fae wine as the handsome half elf pondered his answer.

“Well the truth of the matter is that the Lady Amberwing and myself are here because we made a promise the lord of the keep that when the time came and we were”, he looked over the gorgeous Nieth, her golden eyes staring back at him mischievously, “strong enough that we would aid him in defeating the two great wryms; Crimson and Olivia. That time has come so we are here.”

He said it so confidently and nonchalantly that Khambien almost laughed. But then Quintex spoke, his voice smooth and commanding.

“That to is why I have come, just as Master Sebron and Lady Amberwing but events have presented themselves that may force me to end my quest. Although I have a strong feeling that this just may aid you in your own quest as well”, he was careful not to mention any details or direct comments, he knew Epyons power and now he knew it was beyond compare, “in aiding my sister. First I must aid my old friend. That is why I cannot go with you just yet Serenity. Fear not, as long as you are free my wicked kin cannot control my sister fully; try as he may. I understand that this is a time for celebration but I must ask this of you; aid us in our promise to Lord Khlendros and I promise to you that my sword and powers will be with you when we go to liberate my sisters. I will also be able to keep a close eye on Serenity, for if the dark one has my sister Lethan then he has a certain bit of control over her, over us all. If you refuse, I shall still be there, though it may be a bit late. Please, if you can protect cousin Serenity then you must have power, Heroes of the Dragonhorde.”

The group looked at eachother, slightly embarrassed, somewhat frightened and very flattered. Khambien was the first to speak.

“You want us to help you fight not one but two great wryms; *Crimson Wryms* to be exact!”

Sebron smiled and nodded as Quintex only cocked his head. Kira sat back and rubbed her full belly, watching the group with a wistful smirk. Charlize looked at him almost angrily then to the others who seemed to be contemplating things, all but Raylenthos who only stared at the immortal swordsman.

“Khambien, we have offered to stand against the immortal of Darkness you little shit! What are two dragons gonna matter. Besides…” looking to the Lady Rebekah, then her massive middle, “are we not the Heroes of the Dragonhorde Keep!”

He looked at were with astonishment as did the others, she even drew Raylenthos’ attention. The magnificently pregnant bearer only looked at her and smiled with appreciation. Then Celeste sighed and chuckled.

“This is the most unprofitable adventure I’m ever gonna be on but I’m with you Charlize. I say we help against these two dragons!”

Toc turned to Angelique and lovingly, protectively rubbed her massive swell enticing a soft, sexy purr.

“I go as well!”

Before they could look to the halfling archer she was speaking.

“If you even ask I will be insulted Captain. Of course I’m with you.”

Celeste only grinned. Raylenethos’ voice was surprisingly strong when she began.

“We are all with you Lord Quintex. It is the right thing to do and since we are heroes”, she looked at the wily snow elf, “ it is time we acted like it.”

Serenitys’ smile was broad and proud. She had picked well! Khambien defensively held up his hands.

“Hey, I was just assuring what we were getting ourselves into.”

The whole room laughed. Hope was dawning.

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Within the dark walls of the Castle of Shadows, a parade of darkness walks towards a grand banquet hall. Through the long tunnel the walls were clear, allowing the thousands of fiends outside to view their powerful master. Leading the way is Corbios, in his deceptively handsome elven form, wearing the garments of elven nobility. Behind him walks the sinfully erotic Dynna, naked and proud for all to see. Next to her is a hulking humanoid, his hole body clad in blood red plate mail; dragon scales. His hair runs in a tight ponytail down his back and a huge twin edged axe rests at his hip, his appearance is that of an eastern elf; large dark almond shaped eyes, smooth strong features and thin, masculine lips. Handsome was not enough for him. They call him Nataku. Stalking with a dark yet regal air, is the muscular, devilish Crimson, his blood red cape flowing and shimmering with heat behind him. To his right and behind Dynna strolls the Dragon Queen, Olivia. Her now reddish blonde hair; accentuating on the red, flows in a wonderful cascading wave down her bare, tanned back. She is adorned in a stunning crimson gown that seems to shimmer and twist with all the hues of red, from blood to pink. It fits her perfect, feminine body like another skin, bolstering her every delicious curve as she saunters through the hall. Then come all of Epyons’ pets. These monstrously pregnant females float through the air, the shear size and weight of their distended bellies has simply become too much for their plump bodies to carry. The feeders are first; naked and displayed for all, Rhachelle; her full, baby laden ebony body glistening with wet, Heatherlee; with her massive belly leading wonderfully, then the light, creamy flesh dome of Cassandra levitates with ease, her hands caressing her dominant swell, Mynka is just after her with her yellowy, tan flesh shining lovely in the candle light. Last but far from least is Teela, her almost nine feet of belly shifting and swaying with the abundance of young held within.

The nymphs then parade in. They are by far the most luscious, sensuous figures of fertility and pregnancy that any of them had ever seen, though the best was still yet to come. Leading the way is the blue skinned Calipso, her belly flesh was pulled so taunt that the pigment of the ripe swell had lightened in color. She is lovely, adorning a shear loin cloth over her hidden sex and backless top, stretched tightly over her full, laden juggs as her burgeoning tummy wobbled slightly as she floats by. The smallest of the nymphs, her abdomen distending a good eight feet, she is by far the plumpest, her ass and waist wide and jiggling, baby fat creating two chins on her fleshy, full body. Just behind her is Honeymoon, with her monstrous breasts held fast by a lovely silk wrap, draped over her immensely gravid and protruding belly. The softness of her every wondrous curve causes many beasts outside to howl in hunger. Honeymoon appears to be pregnant with a full-grown daemon, her round belly shimmering with expectancy. Following that delicious vision is Penelope, her midnight flesh glistening in the gentle heat. Her snow-white hair cascades down over her over-filled breasts; the ends damp as they soak up the bulk of squirting milk. She is gorgeous, her baby ripe form exuding sexuality. With a grand, swollen sphere extending well into the nine-foot range the poor nymph moans softly with pleasure as her hands stroke her hypersensitive tummy, the growing load within dancing about, small bumps forming here and there across the massive expanse. Avangelyne, Lethans’ most powerful nymph follows next, her body glowing joyfully as an expectant mothers would. She is huge! Her belly is too large for mere words, her hands caressing a fraction of the delightful dome. Her rainbow colored eyes are closed to almost slits as she is lost in a haze of pleasures; her young rubbing her fatty insides and sending wondrous sensations through her sex crazed, turgid body. The fiery  Kellsa, cradling what she can of her titanic belly, shimmering red and pink, cues as her young move around hungrily; the orgasmic sensation coursing throughout her bloat, fattened body. She is all curves, each one more sexy and sensuous than the last but none more so that her terrific belly. A necklace of rubies runs down the canyon of her humongous tits and over her sloping globe. Her beautiful, full ass looks so inviting, a string of cloth gliding through her plump, heart shaped cheeks. Looking wantonly at her shapely backside is Shaeri, the ready to burst sea nymph. All ten feet of her taunt, glimmering belly, its soft blue skin stretch to its fullest, leads her as she levitates through the halls. She is naked, all but a jewel tiara that crowns her gorgeous, rounded face. The youngest of them all and the largest of them; her belly protruding in a perfect elven foot sphere is Nareel. Her hair is combed straight, the platinum locks falling softly down her bronze back and tickling the upper part of her own expanded backside. The angelic female adorns only a thin cape of blondish white fur; it covers only the center of her shapely ass. All of the nymphs are wonderfully pregnant and beautiful but are overshadowed by their mistresses.

Her curly blondish brown hair is pulled up in a tight bun, with individual strands dropping harmoniously about her soft, seductive face. Poured into a purple hued gown, designed for her only, floats Trinity. The center of the garment is cut out as to allow the largest, most spectacular belly to spill forth. The almost thirteen foot dome is covered in baby fat, as is the plump immortal. She lets loose a soft hiss or purr every once and awhile as her babies, almost fully matured test the limits of their confines, with the most erotic results. Proudly the Immortal of Fertility and Birth sticks out her frighteningly swollen dome, her monstrous orbs ready to burst from her dress. Trinitys’ purple eyes are glazed in lust and hunger as she feels the birth soon approaching.

Just behind her is the most beautiful, and elegant of them all; pure, raw lust drips from every pore of her sensuous and sexual gravidity. Lady Lethan. She is naked, her body adorned in its own, plump expectancy; her milk engorged breasts straining to contain the abundance within as her twelve foot sphere of gorgeous belly, tight and taunt, struggles with her load, the amazing female carrying over fifty daemon young; all ready to burst from her magnificent swell at any moment. Beyond a doubt she is the picture of sex and motherhood; the perfect breeder, curvy and shapely and exuding all forms of desire. Her eyes are heavy and drowsy, her body saving all its energy for eating, sleeping and breeding.

Strolling proudly behind them all is the Dark Lord himself, Epyon. He wears a cassock blacker than the blackest of shadows, revealing only his handsome ebony features and his own long pure white hair and golden eyes. All his plans were coming together, save the capture of one elusive nymph. The sudden absence of his sister Xheena also troubled him; her relationship with Lethan could pose a threat. But he was not going to allow that to ruin his day, the day he would celebrate his “daughters’” birthday. As thought entered his mind he looked down towards Ebony; she was his crowning achievement though soon that would change and she was the key. First he had to prepare her for his plans and of course the Dragon Queen Olivia. The young feline like female looked up to her father. She was a daemon queen and held power but what she wanted was to mate, to breed, to create an army of daemons to serve *HER!*  She smiled to him, her canines long and sharp and they soon entered the banquet room. Even she gasped at the sight before her. A huge table of onyx and black crystal was set before them in an almost completely closed circle; a small gap near the entrance was cut into it to allow for the “meals” to be set in place. Beautiful chairs of plush satin were set about the table accept directly across from the small opening were five large thrones; large enough for even Lethans’ and Trinitys’ widened swollen forms. Condiments, plates, silverware and wine glasses were set for every seat and escorting them to the tables were feeders; a few humans and elves, pregnant almost beyond the capacity of their bodies. As they moved to their seats, both dragons on either end, next the five breeders and the nymphs, then Corbios, Trinity, Ebony, Lethan and Epyon in the center. The nymphs and the two immortals openly purred with excitement as the looked upon the most beautiful, big-breasted young females they had ever seen. All of them varied in race from elf to human to half elf to half orc, each of them noticeably plumped up. But the one that caught their eye was the hugely swollen, immense bellied Embezarian placed before Ebony. The young brown haired female was full, gravid and succulent in her fattened figure. Four breeders were placed before Epyon, his son and the two immortals.  At the center of the room was huge metal, circular door. Incrested on the door was a strange, frightening picture of a multi-legged creature with a huge eye in its center. Epyon had been known to refer to it as the “cook”! The Dark Lord stood and spoke.

“To our honored guests, my Lady Olivia and Lord Crimson. I have called you here for both business and celebration. First and foremost I thank you both and your lieutenants for attending this rather informal celebration for the monumental event of the first female of my kindred in over a millennia! May I introduce you to my daughter…Ebony.”

Both dragons stand and as do Dynna and Nataku, and they bow in honor. Hoots and cries from outside could be heard as the news spreads of a female daemon.

“After dinner we shall discuss business. *Now, let or dinner be served!”*

His last words came out in a venomous hiss. Even as he speaks the circular door begins to open, the metal pieces spiraling out and away. A thick, heavy cloud of gray green fog rises ominously from the widening hole, within it, it carries a pheromone that causes those lovely prone females to moan and pant lustfully; the desire to breed consuming them as Epyon himself uses his stolen abilities to increase the frenzy that is now the spellbound young women. Then through the thick screen of mist they shoot out; dozens upon dozens of cock headed tentacles, dripping with slim and cum. The air fills with the sounds of erotic squeals and moans, cries of hunger and lust as the tentacles pour into the captured females bodies, sloppily and forcefully penetrating their wet pussies or tight asses; wrapping painfully around limbs and yanking the poor things from their bonds, stuffing them utterly with multiple sets of thick, snaking cocks. The Embezarian groans animalisticlly as three of the huge organs bury themselves into her puffy sex while two others work and squirm until her ass fully penetrated. She reaches out to balance herself as the things quickly entangle her arms and legs, wrenching her from the confining chains to more painful bonds. Ebony reaches out in a faint of aid as the young females swell is thrust forward then pulled away. Some of the weaving phalluses grapple with her overwhelming tit flesh, squeezing one of the milk-swollen orbs until the white liquid shoots out openly only to have one of the penis headed muscles to latch on and drink. They frame her monstrous, quivering belly, forcing her to jut it out prominently, the focus of the occasion. A groan of sexual delight comes from within and is promptly muffled by another roaming cock crawling between her full-lipped mouth, which she happily accepts and sucks on with desire. The red headed breeder is sprawled out on the floor, her shapely legs spread wide as cocks pound into her greedy sex without yielding as she just manages to get her hands behind her head only to have them locked there by the sperm filled vines. As the animated cocks fuck her every hole, her massive tits slosh frantically about with liquid, slapping loudly against her tight gravidity. Her moans are still quite audible even as the cock in her mouth burrows deeper down her throat. Held aloft the two blondes are feverishly trying to fuck the multiple shafts back, gyrating their bodies in the air as they are crammed with as many of the wretched things that can fill their stretched, burning twats, their ready to burst bellies wobbling about. The independent penises rope up the girls squirting juggs and squeeze, spraying milk all about the room. The dark skinned one is spread out flat on her back, her mountain of belly sitting high above her as her tits lay heavily upon either side of the girls protruding dome as she is held fast to the ground, the tentacles simply having their way with her as she takes it joyously. Epyons’ eyes glow as he reads who his meals are. The twin blondes are Lisaria and Whenia. The dark skinned human was Sasha and the red haired elf, Klaricce. The Embezarians’ name was that of one of the royal tribes, she was the second heir to the position of Lady of the Gate, next to her elder sister apparently. Her name was Gwendelyne. By the nine hells she looked spectacular, but the Dark One could tell that all where hungry and this wondrous show would soon have to end. The ever-vigilant host began with his guests.

“Cook, begin with our guests please.”

At the command the four dragons could visibly watch as a never-ending stream of cum shot through the funnel like tentacles and poured into the females before them. Dynna licked her red lips as the blue haired snow elf was set before her, hands held fast behind her back as the organs pumped into her. The elfs’ eyes widen in orgasmic joy as her flat tummy begins to swell rapidly, her tits growing heavy before the reptilians’ eyes as soon the white skinned elf looked hugely pregnant, her grand belly protruding a good five feet in mere seconds. The cock in her mouth dislodged itself and Dynna could hear the snow elfs’ every delicious, mouthwatering pant and plea for more as her swell spread her legs, which had become fat and full. It wasn’t long before the too tight belly began its explosive finale, veins popping everywhere along the nine foot spectacle, the tell tale, blood red **X** forming at her apex. With an orgasmic scream the snow elf burst before Dynna.

  Nataku patiently clasped his hands as the raven-haired young woman before him, a human less than twenty, swelled with life. Her once soft, flat belly was growing at an inhuman rate. The girls mind swam with eagerness as her waist grew and expanded until she was a burgeoning sculpture of luscious pregnancy. She struggled to feel her growing girth but her hands were stuck behind her thickening ass. The humans’ amazing bust soon looked like over grown watermelons as sweat covered her swollen, fattened body, her muscles straining to hold her together but wanting to release the orgasm that built within her eight foot belly. Cum poured through her even as the flesh of her belly gave way and she exploded in a spray of gore and matter, her orgasmic moan muffled by the cock she still continued to suck.

Lord Crimson was well pleased; his beefy young high elf was simply huge now. Her tummy was an immense sphere of flesh and it quivered with expectancy. She was drenched in perspiration and slim as her body shuddered with the creatures’ continual pounding. She squatted before him as if she were giving birth, her belly rubbing the hot floor, tentacles squeezing her plump thighs tightly. She looked into the wryms’ eyes with utter ecstasy as her titan of belly tore itself asunder, her sphere swelling to almost ten feet of round, fat flesh before exploding.

It had taken Olivia up to now to realize that her female was different from the others. She was a Gravidian Witch. These sinister females draw upon the lives held within their wombs to stay young and powerful. It seemed as if this one had volunteered for this job or was given as a gift, for the flesh of one of these women, consumed when they are with child equates to massive amounts of magical power. Just as it does with Embezarian, but their flesh also contains its own contingency that only few understand. Epyon knows it and as Olivia gives him an approving nod, so does she. The pale skinned witch manages to mumble a spell through her breathless pants as her belly grows with speed. She can feel young grow within her gravid dome and as she casts they absorb into her flesh and add to the plumpness of her thickening body, their power remaining in her meaty contents. She smiled, as she knew her spell had worked and hardly seemed to care as baby fat and shear fat spread over her soon bloated, curvy body. The witch loved her shaped and thrust against the massive cocks, her belly on the verge of rupturing, all her magic now flowing through her enormous swell filled with fatty meat. It was an amazing, erotic torture as she felt her ass and hips spread, her huge tits become sore with an abundance of delicious milk and the pressure within her turgid gravid abdomen combined with her explosive orgasm and the organs filling her every oraphus causing her to cum with maddening force as her titanic dome of flesh bursts with magic laced fat. Olivia smiles.

The big-bellied feeders then enter the dangerous circle, hefting up chucks of flesh onto the dragons’ plates or draining blood into the wine glasses. Olivia gorged herself on the witches’ flesh and felt the orgasmic surge flow through her. Then she felt her belly grow tight and puffy as the Gravidian Witches’ young take hold. Olivia understood well enough that Epyon wanted her pregnant but not with half-breeds of this nature. She would find out soon enough as she gulped down another succulent morsel.

Next the Breeders and nymphs were fed. Their females growing spectacularly large until their swollen bellies explode in gory orgasmic furies. The feeders double up on the eleven frighteningly turgid females. Rubbing the gigantic globes of tight, taunt belly with a soothing golden liquid, allowing the flesh to continue to expand as they graze on the mortal flesh while consuming gallons of Lethans and Trinitys’ milk. Each of these wonderfully pregnant females are at least double their none pregnant weight and by the end of the meal they are triple that original number. Needed baby fat covers them as the young fill them and mature, consuming all they put down. Even fattened and plump the gorgeous females are all sensuous and sexy curves. Stuffing themselves, as they enjoy their bodies, growing fuller, rounder and glowing in motherly radiance.

Corbios smugly watches as his big titanic bellied breeder is fucked maddeningly. Her bulbous form giggles everywhere as she tries desperately to fit more of the unseen creatures cocks deeper into her dripping cunt or ass. She is utterly exhausted from the continual fucking; her body is a ravaged, sweat covered baby machine. With the snaking muscles boning her tight cleavage, her warm full mouth, her distended twat and gaping asshole Whenia is completely consumed with her instinct to breed. Even without her hands the pregnant cocksucker causes the thing to cum, its seed filling her mouth with so much cum that her cheeks puff out with fullness. She swallows it all and continues to do so even as the others within her erupt. They pump into her like a siphon, her belly swelling with every shot. Pressure and pain and sexual sensations of unexplainable measure course through out her body as she feels the first kick within. Even Corbios can see it and he looks toward his father. Epyon just nods. Flushed and wet and swelling to unimaginable dimensions Whenias’ mind looses itself in lustful sensations and her instincts take hold as she begins to push, her body going through the natural motions of birth. Even as she plumps up and grows heavier, the tentacles place her in the squatting position before the daemon prince, her body in the perfect position to deliver her young, the titanic swell resting heavily on the stone. Her belly is swollen to almost nine feet as she looks at Corbios with sex crazed eyes, droplets falling from her body as she goes into labor; concentrated into one single moment and she looses an earsplitting orgasmic scream as without warning her grand sphere of belly bursts from within. A huge hulking beast emerges from her and drops to the ground. He is large and reptilian, covered in dark blue scales and before his “mother” falls lifelessly to the ground he leaps and in a single bound lands behind the Queen of Dragons. Olivia stuffed but still eating, her belly so full she looks almost four months pregnant, her huge tits already starting to sag as milk begins to fill them, looks to Epyon and then smiles. Tonight was going to be entertaining indeed. The feeders began to carve up Whenia and serve her fatty remains to a still confused and intrigued Corbios.

    Lisaria panted and moaned with shear delight as she watched her sister give birth. It was so beautiful and she drove herself further onto the many organs. She looked at the curly haired nymph before her and being with child recognized her as Lady Trinity. She whipped her head about in a lustful frenzy, as her baby filled body is racked with sexual bliss. Her huge, laden tits bounce with abandon on her monstrous dome. The young twins globe was ready to explode as the creature pumps her full, beyond capacity with its seed. Lisaria, her mind a haze, hardly noticed the things twitch but definitely felt the hot surge of his cum and the sudden swelling pressure of her expanded waist. The spellbound female grew faster than her sister as the beast shot load after load of sperm into her, her belly ballooning larger and larger. Then with amazing grace, balance, strength and speed she leapt into a similar position as her sister, eyes wide, and mouth agape. Her hands gripped the table as she stared at Trinity who felt the one time contraction and orgasm all at once with the girl. The immortal moaned as she came as did Lisaria who pushed herself on her fat arse, her belly resting like a planet between her shapely, meaty thighs which she gripped tightly, a look of pleasure and pain contorting her gorgeous face as her monstrous gravid sphere surged for on last time and blew open, a huge hand tearing through in a sickening pop. What followed was a beast identical to the first one, which had emerged from Whenia, only pure white. Shuddering triumphantly Lisaria slumps lifelessly and empty as she is served to the huge bellied immortal. The new daemon leaps to join his brother.

Epyons breeder is next to deliver. Sasha, still locked to the ground is filled cocks, each one dropping its seed into her and pulling out, her globe slowly swelling every moment as she can’t move or even whimper the shaft in her mouth has completely gagged her. If her mind were not shattered by the sexual bombardment she would realize that her body was experiencing the most cruel, erotic torture that she would have ever felt. Filling her up slowly rather than just bursting her as it had the others, the “Cook”  was allowing her to feel her skin grow tighter and tighter until it was sure that she could take no more. Orgasms had rolled through her ever since she was first penetrated and now she was just a conduit for the beasts’ seed as it shot its final loads into her, her form fattening and plumpening naturally. Sashas’ dome was so huge now that it was a ten-foot tower of belly flesh. Her belly suddenly quivered and then split like ripe fruit, as Sasha gave birth without making a sound save the wet tearing of flesh. As the remnants of her of her belly peeled away, there stood another daemon, this one shimmering green. Gore covered it joined his brothers as meat was placed on Epyons’ plate.

      Klaricce, the red haired elf in front of Lethan was finally pulled prone onto her back as she was drilled in every hole, Her muffled moans were a villainous appetizer to the controlled immortal as she hungrily rubbed her protruding sphere, her young randomly kicking here and there over the massive orb. The elf simply sucked and moaned in pleasure, her girth was far too heavy but she could feel the slow stretching of her belly, the painfully pressure that centered near the tip, the agonizing climax maturing within her sex. All she could do was suck the slow stream of cum that flowed down her gullet as her sphere, almost eight feet across and elven feet high quivered as the beast within began to push. Then all at once the beast came in unimaginable gouts of seed that simply spilled from her over stuffed body and with a mouthful of sauce, her body held tight she couldn’t release her utter and maddening blissful lust as the combination of giving birth and the mind blowing orgasm within her hit in one moment, her burgeoning dome exploding in a wonderful sight. Lethan came by just watching the grizzly though amazing birth and even as the crimson quadruplet landed behind the female wrym, Olivias’ belly distended as a females in her eighth month with triplets, Lethan fed and fed and fed; the breeders literally shoveling the food into her mouth while rubbing her unbelievable swelling protrudence with the golden liquid, softening the belly flesh as it stretched.

Ebony was starving and horny and watching, the gorgeous Embezarian was the last one left and was drenched it sex and sweat and blood splatter from the others; though not a drip had landed on the table. Gwendelyne was dripping with Epyons’ spell and her natural desire to breed, she felt every inch of the cocks that penetrated her pregnant form and flexed and sucked and squeezed as she tried to milk the beast of its cum. She was the epitome of fertility as the creature slammed into her. Unbeknownst to the dark lord of Shadow this young Embezarian held one last trick up her sleeve and as she was lowered to her feet, her arms pulled wide arching her back and forcing her huge belly to protrude forth she cast one final spell, before her mind, body and soul were consumed entirely with Epyons’ power. She moaned and screamed like a wild beast in heat. Her groans became animalistic growls as she felt her orgasm approaching, her milk-laden juggs bouncing heavily on her monstrous ten-foot globe of brazen belly flesh. Through the haze that still lingered emerged a creature so disgusting that it even made Ebony and the dragons tense defensively. Avangelyne, even through her full, sleepy haze recognized the beast through a faint memory of something she had hunted once some months ago, when her Master “found” her.

The creature, its one huge bulbous eye glared at the fattened remnants that littered the ground before it and then it concentrated on the hugely pregnant female still in its grasp, her ass slick with sweat, her hair drenched and matted to her swollen, fattened body, still fending off her orgasm. Tired and drained the beast loosed the last of its seed and Gwendelyne screamed out with shear, frenzied delight as searing hot cum pumps into her. With her muscles already strained trying to hold her already about to burst belly together she shivers and tenses, her massive middle swelling with amazing speed. Her belly then begins to glow, the flesh tears away as a globe of magic takes its place, with her thighs and ass still thickening and then her orgasm becomes just as unbearable, uncontainable as she finally bursts in an orgasmic moan, her belly rupturing in a grotesque, liquid pop. Her magical flesh falls thickly to the ground leaving something else, the Embezarians’ last gift to those who would stand against Epyon. As her fattened frame slumps to the ground, a beautiful, glowing long sword that radiated a rainbow of colors and magic floated in the air for only a moment and in that moment a portal suddenly opened and engulfed the blade. The Dark Lord stands angry and confused but quickly composes himself as the “cook” returns to its home. The black daemon was to emerge from this one in honor of his daughter. The feeders are already stuffing his daughter and soon he relaxes. He would find out what that sword was and where it was later. He watched intently as his daughter soon began to take on Olivias’ shape. After all had eaten to their fill, the female wrym was lounging contently in her seat, her ten month with dectuplets sized belly resting heavily between her muscular thighs, her breasts, now noticeably swollen with milk lay comfortably to either side. The four daemons stand protectively behind her. Ebony exploring her full term with octuplets sized sphere and enjoying her motherly appearance settles into her chair exhausted. Epyon stands.

“Lady Olivia, Lord Crimson, now that dinner is settling in I propose an alliance between daemon and wrym. Now, both you, Lady Olivia and you, my daughter, have consumed the flesh of magical creatures you are now full with their eggs which are waiting to be fertilized”, both females look upon their distended gravidity hungrily and excitedly,  “what I suggest is a union between my kindred and my son with you Lady Olivia, and a similar union with both Crimson and Nataku and young Bragon when he arrives, with my daughter Ebony. The offspring that you ladies will carry and eventually give birth to will be the first cross breed of daemon and wrym, ever in our worlds history and not even the Lady of Light and her angelic Templar Knights could withstand such powerful entities! Yes, in my presumptuousness, I did take the liberty in preparing the two of you for that purpose; for that, I do apologize.”

Crimson smiled his approval and nodded to the Dark One that he and his would gladly be apart of this historic and beneficial endeavor.

His voice held mirth as Olivia slowly stood, adjusting to her new weight. She looked radiant in her ripe, fully pregnant appearance. Gingerly she waddled between the table, into the center of the gore and blood stained floor and then looked to Ebony. The gorgeous feline-like daemon eased her mammoth belly towards the dragon queen until they almost touched belly to belly. They locked stares and after a few heart pounding seconds they both turned to Epyon. Smiles so sexy and wicked broadened across their lips. Olivia purred as she stroked her taunt dome that would soon be as large as the Lady of Lusts’.

“When do we begin?”

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As the parade left the horrific dinner, all the females stroking their newly, even larger, distended and gravid bellies; all but Dynna, Ebony smiled, evilly as thoughts of treachery swam, her dark mind raced. She would soon have her army, her own army!