CHAPTER FIVE

THE ENCHANTRESS

Xheena knelt before a small alter of silver and gold, the etched image of a gorgeous, well endowed female with long wings of white silver were encrusted on the top of the otherwise plain alter. The Lady of Dreams closed her eyes and whispered a soft little pray and as the last words escaped her lips a bright flash illuminated the tiny and well hidden room and before her stood a angelically beautiful young woman with platinum hair that glistened and cascaded down her slender back, glowing wings of silver and gold spread behind her and the female wore a form fitting mithiril breast plate that showed a very ample bosom and revealed her well toned stomach, she had curvaceous, sensual hips from which her silver and platinum skirt hung and in her hand she held a huge broad sword of pure light that nearly blinded poor Xheena. With piercing blue eyes the young female looked at the immortal and then smiled, her full lips curving up with such love and sexuality it was overwhelming.

“Sister…you are either very brave or very desperate to summon me here!”

Xheena nodded.

“Likewise sister for you to come; have you heard of our brothers’ treachery?”

The beautiful female just lowered her head in shame.

“Nicolette…he has bread dragons with daemons!”

The winged beauty looked at her sister, fear and rage blending as one at the thought of such a perversion brought into the world. She placed one hand on the alter to steady herself as Xheena came closer. Nicolette felt her sisters’ hand fall upon her shoulder, trying to ease the weight of the news.

“Nicolette, you must ask Jeana and Shimmermoon to do what they have wanted to do for so long. Many of the angelus and dragons are lovers and a even mates though none and sired children. Break the rules! If these abominations are loosed upon the world no power; dragon or angelus, will be able to stop them. Daemonic dragons would be the purest form of evil. Sister…release them from their bonds!”

Nicolette looked upon her twin sister for a moment, searching for something more to guide her but the passion of her words struck true and she nodded, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

“I shall lift the bond. Epyon must be stopped. Has the Immortal of Freedom been found?”

Xheena smiled at the question.

“I do believe our twin brother Quintex may have stumbled upon our savior…or she him!”

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Teela was ready to literally burst as one of the feeders poured a small cup of golden milk down her throat, which she hungrily and wantonly gulped down, her gargantuan belly shuddering as it swelled again, more daemonic young filling her already overstuffed sphere. She simply caressed the growth of her massive pregnancy, feeling her body grow and mature to its full capacity, the flesh stretching beneath her finger tips and the erotic sensation of her womb near bursting with life. The big bellied feeder was almost done when she felt the cold grasp of Epyon pull her back.

“No more. This one is quite ripe enough. Feed Cassandra and Heatherlee please. Oh yes, and the young one, Zhoea, she still has far to go.”

He ran his hand along the perfect swell of the human breeder, her flesh so tight he feared he could burst her open with the merest bit of pressure, feeling her shiver with excitement under his touch, absorbing the lust she had for him, the desire she had for him to impregnate her again, the desire she had to give birth. She pushed the great dome up further until it filled his palm with warm, taunt belly. He relished it. The poor baby laden breeder could hardly move, her belly a mountain deliciously tight flesh, rising above her nearly twelve feet. She was nearly smothered by the size of her milk engorged breasts. Epyon looked upon his brood of nymphs and breeders and immortals. The dark prince smiled and though impressive to behold, he hungered for more and the one he wanted now was the Immortal of Secrets, the Lady Sabrina. She was crafty and would be hard to hunt but she, if any, would know of the location of the thirteen and only she would know. She may also have the whereabouts of young Serenity.  He needed to find them and her, soon. Though his daughter and the dragoness Olivia were far from giving birth, his sister and cousin were not, even with his command of Trinitys’ power. To control the thirteen he would have to see them and unleash the power of both Trinity and Lethan upon them and their sires. With haste he exited his play pin and headed to the summoning chamber. It wasn’t long before he arrived at his local. Though the Lady of Secrets was a hard one to find, she had two nymphs who were not, Fawn, her big breasted nymph of truth and Lovette, the nymph of lies. Those two would be somewhere where truth and lies flowed like water. He pushed open the oak door to the summoning chamber with such force it nearly threw the old wooden slab off the hinges. The chamber was small and dark; two low burning torches barely illuminating the room, bare and lifeless room. Within the very tight confines of onyx stone stood a small mirror framed in silver, incrusted with the names of the thirteen immortal lords on one side and the thirteen daemon lords on the other, and in the center on top and bottom were the names of Epyon and another, the name of the Immortal of Freedom, unread by any and unreadable by all. He looked upon the name with hatred and distain and fear. The dark prince waved his hand in front of the mirror fluidly and instantly an image appeared. The image was that of a female; gorgeous, lustrous brown hair tinged with red, long sleek thighs incased in tight leather chaps, exposing a deliciously sculpted ass. Her bare belly was flat and toned and her mammoth breasts were barely held in by a leather halter, the straps begging to release the heavy titans. A long sword, sheathed in a stone hilt hung off her curvy hip and she coiled a metal laced whip on her other side. Slowly she turned toward the mirror, her eyes the color of the forest.

“Epyon? Why have you summoned me cousin?”

“Huntress, I need your expertise in the manner of a hunt.”

She eyed him cautiously. Even in her exile she had heard the rumors of Epyons’ coupe. Her hand softly nestled with the hilt of her whip.

“The prey?”

“There are three that I seek. Lady Sabrina and her two nymphs, Fawn and Lovette. I know you would love to get your hands around Sabrinas’ throat, would you not? It was she who told the thirteen of your hunting of the golden pegacorn. It was she who caused you banishment!”

A flash of rage danced over her eyes as the dangerous female snapped her fingers and from the shadows two monstrosities appeared. They stood nearly eight feet in height, looking like a mix between drow and daemon, long white manes flowing down their muscled backs, their long, sharp clawed arms hanging to their sides, a pair of smaller arms excitedly rubbing together near their upper rib cage, their duel hinged legs taunt with anticipation, razor like claws scratching at the earth. Thick droplets of clear fluid dripped from their canine like maws, their dark almost black flesh glistening with sweat and there eyes burning coals of red. They were the Dracoloth!

“Come my hounds, we hunt!”

Even as the mirror went black, Epyon smiled; for the Huntress never missed.

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Lord Crimson arrived at his lair after a three day flight from Epyons’ keep. Nataku had followed him through most of the journey but turned off a mere twenty miles away to investigate his own horde. The ancient red fully expected his lair to a shattered ruin, for Iceburn was not one to leave anything standing in his wake. But as he passed over the volcanic ridge of Hells Gate he saw to his astonishment that the coldfire wyrm had visited him…yet. With a great roar that shattered rock and crumbled peaks the dragon of flame swooped down into his home. Even as he landed he resumed his more human form, his wings changing into a long robe of crimson and black, his dark brown skin shimmering in the heat of the great volcano in which he lived, the peak known as Stars Tear. He strolled his cavern calmly, as a prince would his castle; tall, muscled draconians emerged from the lava filled rock to bow before their lord. Crimson hardly acknowledged them for he was in a need; his hunger to breed had not been satisfied with the daemoness Ebony, though his loins still surged at the mere thought of that full bellied creature, the soon to be mother of his young. Soon he approached his destination. Two long winged creatures stood before a great door of ever flowing molten rock. The two twins, more dragon that draconic but more intelligent than any mortal, their eyes swirling pits of lava, long horns rising and curling back before their faces as a rams would, were armed with long double blades axes, a great tower shield and covered in draconic plate mail, their wings tucked in tight to their bodies. They were the sons of Allycea. Crimson smiled in the remembrance of their birth, oh how that one swelled, an image he soon hoped to see again. He would have to visit the other who had been there, Isis, to how much she had grown in the past weeks. She was a personal project for him and would bare him many young warriors. As he drew closer he could see the two nervously twitch, and then he heard the moans and gasps of erotic play within his sacred harem. Though his expression did not change the aura around him did, his eyes becoming red hot embers growing brighter with every step until they were a blurry white, the heat from his body causing the stone earth beneath him melt and soften, the shadows darkening around him. Both the twins quickly moved from their masters path, one drawing his shield close to protect him from the heat that radiated off the great wyrm, the other cowering in the corner for the awe of an ancient such as he was to overpowering for the poor creature. With a simple wave of his hand Crimson magically opened the simple stone doors. Light of a million candles poured out into the dim hall and the old wyrm drank it all in as he stepped into his personal horde. He looked upon his harem with pride, the hundreds of females gathered up by his late son Bragon, all for his father to enjoy. They were all the most beautiful of there towns or tribes or kingdoms and all virgins at that. Bragon had had such spectacular taste. Then his eyes narrowed as he watched three of the late Bragons’ minions having their way with his personal breeding stock; two bodies lying off to the side, their bodies swollen and plump, their bellies splayed open as if the dragons intentionally burst them for the shear pleasure of it. A thought that did not surprise the wyrm but it was a fate meant for lesser stock…not his! The other five of the dragon warriors, in their mortal forms, were watching the graphic, sexual display, surrounded by nearly a hundred of the beautiful, half naked females within the harem, all different races; most of whom were chained and huddled close together. The three in the center of the room, Fallenstar, Diablo and Strongarm were focused on the task at hand. Fallenstar, handsome a powerful, nearly seven feet in his human façade was driving a young, busty little drow elf up and down his cock, her pussy dripping from the multiple orgasms she had already had. The young females head lolled back and forth, her over sized tits bouncing angrily, sweat running down her tiny body, her red mane matted to her soaked, shinning flesh. Her cries of pleasure were like sweet music, ringing throughout the grand chamber. Crimson could tell by the way Fallenstar was grunting that it would soon be over. Diablo was standing proud as a human with long blonde hair sucked his length with amazing ferocity, globes of spit dripping on her full, bloated breasts. He too looked ready to unload as the skillful female inhaled his girth until her nose tickled his stomach, the girl nearly choking on his meat. Strongarm, a fat, bloated yet powerful dragon was cumming even as the dragon lord was entering the room. The poor half elf below him was moaning and panting, her hands clawing the earth beneath her, her knees noticeably bruised, her body drenched in perspiration. He proudly smacked her round, succulent ass and pushed her to the side, her flat belly already beginning to swell with false life. He knew she wasn’t ready for dragon offspring, he knew what he had planted in her would not bear young but it would be entertaining. She was writhing about in a mix of pleasure and pain as her belly lurched for, distended already as if she were near term with twins, her large full breasts accepting the milk naturally and growing heavy upon her chest.

*“Hold it young one!”*

Though even as the thought crossed his mind the young dragon heard the command as did all the others and a flash of bright red cut across his upper shoulders and blood splashed over the floor and the swelling female, her belly round and full, glistening with sweat and now blood, her large breasts growing rapidly, the nipples stiffening and areole darkening as the filled with milk. She was panting heavily, though now she was the only thing making a sound as both Diablo and Fallenstar froze, the other five turning and fear, true, pure fear turned even their fiery blood to ice. Crimson smoothly and calmly stalked forward before exhaling again, looking upon the five now cowering warriors, the many females scattering the area in fear, the spell of charming released and then hell fire breath severing Diablos’ head from his neck. He turned to regard the young squirming form on the ground, the half elfs’ tummy looking like she was pregnant with nearly twelve big babies, her huge breasts double the size of her head, her eyes wide in a lustful, pained gaze, veins starting to map out the dangerously explosive sphere. She was sweating like a pig now, her mind caught with the command of the dragon lord though her body continued its life ending growth, her turgid sphere shuddering with false life. Fallenstar looked at the girl to his right, her belly a massive gravid ball of quivering flesh, her succulent breasts bursting with sustenance and then back to his master just in time to see a beam of white hot pierce his heart and then the world turned black. Crimson slowly moved next to the young female, her whole body quivering as she felt her greatest orgasm on the verge, she looked as if she carried a hundred and fifty pounds of pure belly. He was truly disappointed at the waste of such a good breeder but he would enjoy the show.

“Ah, my poor, poor darling, well, I would have so much rather you been mine. Show me what you hold within. **Now!”**

 Cruelly the old wyrm gave the hyper sensitive dome a gentle stroked that pushed the half elf over the edge of control, her mouth going wide as cum gushed from her sex, her pussy quivering with excitement, even as her immense tummy, the skin so taunt and tender, painted in sweat and blood, exploded in a mess of flesh and gore. Clean, without a soil on him Crimson turned the last of the Bragons’ brood, Fallenstar finally falling to the ground.

***“Find Iceburn and kill him. NOW!”***

Nearly falling over themselves the five hunters rushed from the room, scrambling to remove themselves from the wyrms’ wrath. Crimson turned coldly and looked upon his harem, searching for the right girls to brighten his day, his gaze finally falling upon the angelic face of an Embezarian, long platinum hair falling upon her shoulders, bright gray eyes still loving life, her breasts full and succulent with delicious milk and stiff, tingling nipples awaiting to be sucked, her young thighs firm and strong and her belly, already round and swollen, her body a gorgeous painting of pregnant splendor, looking as a mother ready to give birth to a quintet of young in her seventh month though she was not even yet with child. As she caressed her taunt swell, the old wyrm smiled. She noticeably tried her best to squirm away from his hungry gaze but Crimson was upon her almost instantly. He had first wanted to have a private meeting with whichever of his personal stock he chose but after the slaying of three adolescent drakes and the loss of one of his own horde with no young to show for it, he wanted his treasures now and onlookers just added to the eroticism of the sexual deviancy. Before she even moved a foot the wyrm grasped her arm and pulled her forward, forcing her to look upon his eyes burning with lust and carnage. She was his.

“What is your name?”

The young Embezarian wanted to resist but she lost all strength within his gaze. With a deep gulp she answered, almost remorsefully yet with an unnatural hunger.

“My name is Kiana of the Lighters Tribe.”

***“Well Kiana, of the Lighters Tribe, you are going to be the host of my*** ***offspring****.* ***And you***”, looking directly at a young human, an island native, a plump curvy female with curly ebony locks, chocolate colored skin and the largest breast he could imagine, each mammoth mammary at least two and a half times the size of her head, **“*shall grow large and******heavy, your belly* *swelling with my seed until you burst for OUR pleasure!”***

The islander stood and waited for her master to get done with the other heifer for to the great wyrm they were just that, cattle. All the others in the harem watched intently as Kiana, carefully pushed herself to her knees; her big belly shiny in the light, her huge tits resting to either side of the full, distended orb, and then with a hunger she could not fathom she gripped the nearly eleven inch rod of manhood between his legs and slowly stroked it, her small hands gliding and twisting up the length of the smooth flesh until it began to slowly but steadily stiffen and thicken in her grasp. Eagerly she licked her lips to moisten them up before she wrapped her silken lips around the bulbous tip of the shaft. A low growl rumbled from the dragons’ gut as he felt her hot lips softly caress his hardening member. In response the spellbound Embezarian opened her mouth as fully as possible, swallowing up nearly eight inches of the now fifteen inch monstrosity, her hands jerking and sliding up whatever bit of cock she could not fit into her mouth. Crimson gripped her head tightly, forcing her to engulf more of his stock than she was able, the gorgeous Embezarian gagging on the thickness but still hungrily chocking it down. With her mouth full of cock Kiana hoisted up her heavy udders and wrapped them about the girth, squeezing tightly as much of the abundant tit flesh as possible, making a cleavage pussy for the wyrm to enjoy, which he did with utter delight. Her huge breasts were like silk along his shaft, tight and warm, urging his cum from his body as she sucked hard on the bulbous head of his shaft, quivering with the anticipation. Crimson knew he would not last long now, he was ready to erupt right then, the combination of her hot, hungry lips and her ultra smooth mummeries were taking him to the point of no control but somehow he held fast. With the will power of only an ancient wyrm, the beast slid from her grasp and pulled her up with force, her huge orbs bouncing with milk, her massive gravidity quaking, the taunt flesh teasing the vile dragon. He spun her around quickly, her belly noticeably swollen on either side of her body, her ass full and ripe, leading into firm strong thighs. Bending her over in haste, griping her hair like the reigns of a horse, Crimson buried his entire length into Kianas’ plump, wet sex, her lustful yelp like a command for more. Nearly a full thirteen inches drove deep into the Embezarians’ body, as the dragon pounded away at her cunt, her whole form shaking and bouncing with the force of his thrusts. Sweat dripped from his brow, Kianas’ own body was sleek and shinny from it as now nearing his climax he increased his furious entry. Her huge orbs sloshed about against the shelf of her immense orb, Crimson ravishing her with a angered purpose. The young female was panting without care, openly displaying her need to be filled, her voice quivering as she begged him to fill her.

*“Cc…ccuu…ccuuumm…mmy…my lll…llordddaaaaaggghhhhhh!”*

He felt a hot surge of liquid splash over his length as Kianas’ orgasm came in mid thrust, her plea a musical demand on his body and he was happy to oblige. Crimson grunted as he unloaded his seed into her depths, his molten cream shooting into her womb in thick gouts. Firmly the wyrm held her at the waist, feeling her growth as his young began to fill her belly. Baby fat rolled beneath his grasp, Kianas’ sides and hips expanding, her full ass growing rounder, her thighs thickening with meat and muscle. With strange and unbecoming care the ancient beast aided her to the ground, her once quintuplet sized sphere now twice as big, the flesh perfectly smooth, her belly jutting out from her plump thighs nearly five or more feet; the utter roundness of the gravidity amazing to all in the room, a gasp of shock and want echoing through the harem. Her breast where gargantuan melons now, milk leaking whole heartedly from each overly taunt nipple, Kiana moaning and purring in orgasmic pleasure as she felt her body expand to new, voluptuous, delicious dimensions. When she was done with the initial growth spurt, her belly had swollen to almost seven feet of super tight flesh, sensitive beyond words, her ass and legs, plump and succulent, her face rounder with baby fat, her breasts, taunt quivering boulders in need of milking. Kiana was a picture of pregnant beauty and sexuality; even if it came by such perverse means. Crimson grinned wickedly as he turned to the islander, her breath heavy with excitement, the wyrms spell overpowering her senses.

“What is your name?”

With a stare of shear hunger she blankly nodded as she answered.

“Midori.”

Crimson smiled, stroking his shaft as he approached.

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From the darkest shadows came a small ripple as two orbs, a shadow upon a shadow appeared to watch the last moments of the young islander, swollen hugely with pregnancy, her desperate moans and cries for more even as Crimsons’ newest son was violently born. The two eyes blinked once and then faded into the darkness.

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As the great wyrm finished with young Midori he felt coldness, a familiar presence about him and then just as suddenly as it came it was gone. Without another thought about it he left, leaving Kiana rubbing the great swell of her belly; the young growing slowly with every passing moment, the old red heading to go check on his pet; Isis.

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Far along the coast of the Nightingale, Raze watched the sun slowly sink below the shelf of the horizon. He turned to his crew, a silent order to clear the deck for when the protection of the sun was gone, the five undead lords which darkened even his ship, would rise.  The one eyed orcish pirate watched somberly as the three suns began their descent and the great twin moons *Shannrea* and *Thannrea* rose from eastern horizon as a gust of cold swept over his bow and all became dark around him, even under the moonlight. Slowly he turned and nearly took a dangerous step back for right behind him stood the Fallen; five of ten undead spirits whose master was the embodiment of evil. They stood like statues of darkness, their ragged cloaks wafting about in the breeze of the sea. Paying the captain of the *Killjoy* little heed, they watched as the twin suns finally laid to rest.

“As we said, Lady LeMay commands us not!”

Raze merely nodded for what the beast said was true, the lady of the sea had not made her presence felt, though Raze knew she would not forget what he had done and he would pay that dept in full. Turning back to Epyons’ wolf pack the wiley orc appraised the situation.

“We have reached the Nightingale coast, but if we dock any number of pirate hunters would have us. The question I have for you is do we need to dock?”

Finally the creature turned towards Raze and he suddenly felt that he liked it better when they did not face him. The hulking cloaked form seemed to study the very cautious captain, the orc realizing that it was trying to decide whether or not to destroy him and his crew or face Eypons’ wrath. Raze prayed that they feared the hell that would be brought upon their already tormented for killing the expensive though valuable mortal and as the creature turned, its’ shadowy cloak whipping about in the cool breeze of the sunset, Raze knew somehow his prayers had been answered. The five unholy things rose upon their wickedly beautiful steeds almost effortlessly as the black beasts spread their massive wings and with a great gust of air and a shrieking howl that clawed at the naked bone under Razes’ flesh they rose into the growing darkness of night. For the first time in many weeks, the pirate felt free.

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Nataku raised his chalets of wine as he watched the two lovely females before dance a seductive tale, their beautiful full hips; widened with their condition, their heavy breasts sloshing about upon their massively swollen bellies, each looking as if they were to term with dectuplets. The first, a moon elf, her silver skin shiny with sweat, her huge, turgid sphere quivering wonderfully as she swayed to and fro, her sensuous hips writhing about, her hands caressing every swollen succulent curve of her enormously pregnant body; the young females mane of snow white whipping about as she swung her head with the sexual hum of the flute; played by a small halfling male, sprawled out along the window sill of the dragon lords’ keep. He wore only a vest and loose fitting leggings that ballooned out it he stood. A handsome little fellow the halfling piper played his erotic tune; the second female, a Batarian, her monstrous belly smooth and creamy, stretched and swollen so tight that her fur along the great globe was nearly nonexistent. She wrapped her winged arms around as much of her gravid dome as she could as slid up in front of the moon elf, their twin mountains of belly flesh rubbing against eachother, the two females cooing with the sexual electricity that passed through their turgid tummies. Nataku merely grinned at the sight, enjoying the erotic display from two of his favorite breeders; the great wyrm lounging upon his throne, one leg draped over the arm of the pearl carved chair, the mighty head of his sire, Lord Crimson, engraved upon its top. Nataku, a soldier and normally regal dragon allowed himself this time of pleasure, allowed himself to loosen up his usually stifled demeanor for Iceburn had not ravaged his lair as both he and Crimson believed the volatile and deadly wyrm would have done. Nataku had seen what the coldfire dragon had done to Bragons’ lair and the utter rage that he saw throughout the little remains of the once mighty castle within the heart of the Sunder Mountains was unnerving, even to a skilled and undefeated warrior such as Nataku. The Batarian had clamped down upon a milk heavy tit of the moon elf, the girl literally crying out as she came with the mere touch of the overly sensitive orb, the winged beauty working wickedly with her tongue along the highly engorged nipple. The moon elf was grasping and squeezing her other swollen breast, warm liquid spraying out and sprinkling the shelf of her pregnancy, her other hand stroking and caressing the batarians’  round, firm ass, when Nataku felt the sudden gust of cold. The halfling felt it too, his wonderful music faltering slightly as he looked to the dragon he considered friend.

“Continue Whistler, I shall only be a moment.”

The great draconic knight stood, his robes folding back upon his broad shoulders, his long black hair falling behind him neatly. Reaching down next to the pearl throne Nataku drew his miraculous blade, the *Assassin*, from its sheath, it’s blade burning like molten rock, smoke billowing from it and confidently began to stroll out of his throne room, pausing to give his two lovelies a hungry look. He would find out just how many they could carry once he dealt with the problem at hand. Whistler played and watched as the dragon left the room.

Nataku had only walked some thirty yards from his throne room when the body hit the floor, a huge barbarian; at least a blue dragon in barbarian form, one of the dragon lords’ guards. The old red glanced to the side to see another body, a hole punched through it’s chest. Almost on instinct the warrior spun, swinging the *Assassin* about shoulder level and just missing a shadowy figure, the intruder spinning back against the red dragons’ attack to give himself room. Nataku twirled his mighty sword and stepped back around to face the intruder. As they stood face to face, the shadow soon took shape, long white hair forming; a handsome face under the skin of pure ebony, the male looked like a slender though extremely muscular drow, standing almost six feet tall, only a few inches shorter than Nataku. He wore only a black leather vest; unbuttoned to reveal tight toned abs and a sculpted physique, his arms rippling with strength, leather breaches that fit but not tightly against his flesh and bracers that seemed to be swirling shadows. Around his neck hung a silver ring dangling from an all too delicate chain, glinting brightly upon his midnight colored flesh. The intruders’ eyes were black upon black and full of anger and hatred and cunning. He smiled at Nataku, baring his wicked fangs. Natakus’ voice almost failed him.

“Shh…Shadow King!”

The ebony male just cocked his head, his voice, deep and smooth, flawless like the shadows that surrounded him.

“Did you miss me…or did you truly believe that Bragon and his goons could so easily kill the first shadow dragon? I have paid Crimson a visit, though he seemed preoccupied in his gluttony, so I decide to visit my young pupil and I find him with sword in hand; I thought I taught you better.”

With that Shadow King rushed in and even as Nataku moved the ancient wyrm disappeared into the low lit hall. The red, though old himself, was still a child compared to Shadow King, the first of all dragons, long before even Crimson had been born, older than the platinum dragon Khlendros. Nataku felt his old friend and teachers’ freezing hands before he could react and then he was hurled into the near wall, shattering the stone with the force. With the sense of mind that only a warrior could have, the red ducked just as a foot crashed through the stone where his head once was but even as fast as Nataku was he was no match for a warrior, fighter and assassin over a millennium old.  Shadow Kings’ knee met the over balance dragon in the chest as his elbow crash down upon the back of his spine. Even as Nataku hit the ground he felt the warmth of blood fill his mouth. Spinning along the ground, sweeping his legs to force the shadow master back, Nataku twirled to his feet, bringing the *Assassin* to bare but even as he caught his footing he felt his sword arm become wrapped up and pulled rigid, the circulation and strength leaving it almost immediately as two powerful and almost unnoticeable blows to the chest took his air and then a hand, stronger and mightier than he had ever felt gripped his throat leaving him breathless and vulnerable, his grip on the *Assassin* failing him as he heard the loud ***“crack”***, the master warrior twisting his arm and breaking it under his bicep.

“You should have come! Bragon lost twelve to me…though I suppose he told you I perished when the mountain fell. Stupid wyrmlings, I am the ***FUCKING SHADOW!***”

Nataku was pushed back to arms length as the Shadow Kings’ foot flew up, catching him under the chin, the red feeling his jaw shatter even as he bounced along the ground. Desperately trying to regain his feet the dragon lord; though now he felt like a young little wyrmling, coughed and gasped for air just as Shadow King kicked him in the gut, lifting him in the air and with the same foot struck him across the face, sending him flying nearly the thirty feet back towards his throne room, all in one fluid movement. Nataku rolled and once again tried to move but he felt the Shadow King against him, reminding him of the horror and fear that he felt during their old training sessions before Crimson became jealous and fearful of the most deadly dragon of all and attempted to rid the world of lord of shadow dragons. Even Epyon, the immortal of shadows could not control the dark like this one for Shadow King was just that, the elemental dragon lord of the element of shadow; he was as he said; the essence of the shadows. The young wyrm felt more blows pummel his prone form but he had not the strength or the courage to stop them.

 Nataku was beaten and bloody and the fight had lasted only a few moments and he hung there in his old teachers grasp, dangling by one arm that he was sure to be broken, Shadow King holding him like a rag doll. He was nearly unconscious as he heard the footsteps of his guardsmen rushing down the hall to his aid.

“Know this little pup; I will come for you soon! You need not worry about the coldfire dragon; his anger has been sated, while mine…mine has just begun to kindle!”

With those last words he hurled Nataku threw the mithiril doors of his throne room; denting the solid stuff, his body hurtling over the two stunned and immensely pregnant beauties, Whistlers’ magical tune coming to a sudden halt as his friends body crashed into the pearl thrown, shattering and splintering it like rotted wood. The two females scurry, waddle to the corner of the room, terrified by the man that had bested their master as Whistler rushed to see if his old dragon friend were still breathing. Even as he knelt beside the defeated wyrm he heard the screams and cries of battle that lasted for only a minute or two before abruptly ending with a loud shriek and the female head of an elven warrior rolled through the now open doors. Whistler watched as the Shadow King melted into the darkness, his gaze piercing the little halfling like nothing he had ever felt before. Looking upon the beaten and nearly destroyed Nataku, the little halfling thief suddenly felt the need to make a new friend.

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   Celeste had grown quite plump, eating almost four times a day as the group rested a few days before they restarted their journey, apparently heading towards the forest of the Enchantress. She looked nearly eight months along with quadruplets, her belly a perfect, nearly three foot sphere of pregnancy jutting out from her curvaceous frame as she stood before a full length mirror. The flesh was smooth and tight, creamy with a bit of shine to it. What was amazing to her was that this was only her second month and the Batarian Queen told both she and Charlize would carry the full nine months. As she cupped the under side of her ever growing swell she wondered just how big she would grow. Her butt had grown round and big, but extremely sensuous, leading into thick, shapely thighs, smooth and intoxicating. She ran her hands gently across the expanse of her milk laden breast, the mere touch of the highly sensual flesh sending ripples of pleasure trough her body and she nearly swoons with orgasm as she brushes her perpetually taunt nipple before resting upon her distended belly. Her face had grown rounder, baby fat beginning to cover her body but her glow and radiance made her all the more sexy and she knew it. The captain looked upon her new, radiant shape; loving and drinking in every curve and swells as one of her many lovers for the past few nights entered the room. Dantrag wrapped his arms around her deliciously, swollen middle, gently rubbing the taunt flesh easing the tightness of the gravid sphere, Celeste grinding her big, full rear into the drows’ crotch, feeling him harden under his leggings.

“When are we expected for dinner dear Dantrag?”

His hands wandered over her full, smooth mountain of flesh, sliding up and under her immensely swollen breasts, weighing each one in his palm.

“We do have time for the appetizer!”

With that thought he slid to her side, relishing her pregnant splendor, the shear immensity of her hugely pregnant tummy while gently kneading and massaging one of her milk engorged breast, Celeste moaning with the sensational feeling. The large drow kissed the fullness of Celestes’ bosom, trying to love all her flesh before getting to the main course. His hands roamed and pinch as he licked around her rich areole, feeling her quake within his touch, her breath growing heavy with his every stroke and touch. As he touched and roamed about her breasts, her nether lips became wet and hot, her juices flowing in desire. Celeste, though her knees were growing weak with his very motion as he finally tasted her painfully erect nipple; crying out with the sudden pleasure, sliding underneath his leggings and blindly grasped his own muscle, his cock thick and swelling within her hand. She jerked the powerful muscle as his kisses lathered her huge breast until finally he locked his lips onto her nipple, a gush of milk filling his mouth. At that sudden sensation the ship captain loosed a feral, almost animal like groan as warm fluid gushed down her leg with her first orgasm, her beautiful belly bouncing as she shuck through the overpowering feeling. She wanted him to feel him within her aching pussy; she wanted to taste his juices in her mouth. Still grasping his huge manhood the wiley human drug him over to the bed; the drow male marveling at her pregnant glory, her body a plethora of curves to caress and treasure, her ass round and inviting and her belly so taunt and shiny it looked almost surreal, as she waddled towards her furniture, gracefully resting her heavily ripened form on the plush mushroom bed, allowing her full view of the treat before her. The ebony cock was pulsing within her palm as she gave the handsome drow a sultry glance with her rich brown eyes and eased the huge muscle along the surface of her tongue, the satin flesh embracing him like a pillow. Dantrag just stood before her, breathless as her succulent lips wrapped around the body of his tool. Her head slowly bobbed up and down his length, taking in his entire splendor into her mouth, her tongue twirling and twisting over the bulbous tip, sounds of sucking and slurping filling the air, one hand cupping his heavy nut sack while the other loved her over filled middle, mesmerized by her expanded size, the softness of her belly and amazing curvature of her hips and waist. As she touched and teased herself Celeste vigorously engulfed Dantrags’ sex, her mouth sucking, pulling cum from his scrotum, her hand was squeezing and milking it of its prize, the fortunate drow looking upon her with half closed eyes, desperately holding back his rapidly approaching orgasm. Her mouth was so full that gobs of drool began to roll down her chin, the gorgeous beauty now using both hands to get her lover (for the moment) off, now more excited by receiving his precious nectar than fucking. As her mouth worked over the quaking muscle Celeste jerked him off feverously, deep gulping and sucking noises like an aphrodisiac to the elven male, his eyes rolling back into his head as he felt the first twinge of his climax. He had fully intended to please the full bellied human but her oral skills had over whelmed him and Dantrag knew he would not last long. Somehow the drow managed to pull free of the female captains’ unbelievable embrace, Dantrags’ cock was literally ready explode with cum. He spread her now plump legs, his hands massaging and loving the swollen underside of her marvelous swell, Celeste so horny by that point she came again at the mere touch of her belly, as the sneaky drow plunged his solid member into her quivering sex in mid orgasm, pulling her round, fertile form down his entire length. Celeste lost her breath for a moment as waves of intense and utter pleasure racked her wondrous body, her massive dome of flesh shaking, her huge over filled breasts bouncing along the great sphere as her dark elven lover drove his thickness into her depths, her juices still pouring out over his stock as she came repeatedly. The warm and tightness of her sex, the slick fluids that caressed him as he entered her threw Dantrag over the edge as him erupted within her, his seed blasting into her full womb.

***“Ooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ffffffuuuuuuuuccccccccccccccckkkkkyyyyyeeesss!”***

Celeste howled as their fluids mixed within her body, searing hot juices churning inside her nether lips, her entire being shaking and wet with the excitement and over flowing pleasure. She lay there breathless, her eyes nearly shut, Dantrag; empty and exhausted, resting upon her taunt gravidity, his cock going limp within her. They rested there for another hour before they moved.

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Raylenethos looked at the mithiril figurine given to her by the thankful drow female days before. She lay upon her bed naked, her slender hips and full, voluminous breasts glowing a soft gold in the candle light, like a goddess of pure, raw sex. Next to her rested her best friend Charlize, lightly stroking her enormous belly, the sphere looking as if she where almost seven months along with sextuplets, grown larger over the past few days. She had also put on some weight, almost all of it in her belly and rear, some in the thighs and in her breasts, her face a bit fuller and softer, but all these changes only made her even more sexual and desirable, full heavy breasts the size of over ripe melons, her hips wide and curvy, and her belly, the almost four foot globe of distended tight, flesh, the smooth cinnamon skin shinny with health, and all topped by a wickedly angelic face. The gypsy princess was languidly looking at the small figurine that Raylenethos had set in the center of the grand bed, her new size sapping most of her strength until she became accustomed to the weight. Her huge, liquid filled udders rested upon eachother as she ran a single finger along the curves of the statue.

“Well?”

Raylenethos looked up at her friend.

“Well, are you going to call her or not?”

Again the rouge looked at the gypsy, this time more questioning than concern.

“Should I Charlize? We don’t need any help yet but she has been trapped for a while as well?”

“Ray, let her out. It could be fun!”

Raylenethos just grinned at her swollen friend, still awestruck at her beauty now that she was with child. With a swipe of the hand the olive skinned half elf picked up the mithiril form and placed it upon the center of the floor. Charlize pushed her girth up into a sitting position with a heavy grunt, still trying to manage her new and rapidly growing size, her legs spread making her shinny belly looking even larger than before, the candlelight, giving the beautiful sphere a sensuous iridescent glow. Again Raylenethos was amazed at her beauty. The half elven female slid up next to the enormously pregnant gypsy; who had finally managed to get comfortable.

“You ready?”

Charlize just nodded a twinkle of excitement in her eyes. Raylenethos looked down upon the statue and began the incantation on that she found carved along the bottom of the figurine.

***“Chase the wind, chase the stars, and let Lita the Chaser into this world of ours!”***

With those words a gray mist slowly began to rise from the statuette, swirling and tumbling about, as if searching for some form or something to grasp hold of. Within moments the mist began to take on a very noticeably shape, a head, a seemingly lithe body, slender yet curvy hips, big round firm breasts and a smooth full rear end. As the mist took shape, the gray melted away and before them stood a strikingly beautiful, naked young woman, with shoulder length blonde hair, burning blue eyes, a devishly cute face, a slim, trim physique with curvy womanly hips, sleek thighs, a flat smooth belly and two huge breasts topped by thick nipples surround by rich, pink areola. The lovely female stretched long and sultry, pushing out her full bosom, almost like a cat after a long nap. After warming herself up she turned, taking a good look around the candle lit room; both Raylenethos and Charlize admiring her sexy little frame, until her gaze finally fell upon the two females. The young female placed her hands upon her hips, not even bothered by her nudity or theirs, and bowed.

“I am Lita, Lita the Chaser and I am at your command.”

Her voice was sweet, with a slight husk to it that gave it a sensual undertone. Both females on the bed looked at eachother, almost unable to believe that the spell worked. Lita stood there looking at them, patiently awaiting for her new masters to ask for their wish. Raylenethos was the first to speak.

“I am Raylenethos, and this is my friend Charlize.”

Lita bowed to them both and then looked at the gypsy again, for in her three thousand years of life she had never seen someone so pregnant nor lovely. She bowed again respectfully.

“I am at your service Mistress Raylenethos.”

The two almost burst out laughing when the genie said the words but they managed to hold their tongues.

“Well Lita the Chaser, I have not freed you from your bonds not to just have placed in others. I wish you Lita the Chaser free!”

The ancient genies’ mouth dropped open at the words and tears welled up in her eyes. Charlize, not only emotional due to her condition but also understanding what her long time friend had just done so effortlessly caused her to begin to cry as well. Raylenethos just smiled proudly and slid off the bed to stand in front of the openly weeping female.

“Are you okay?”

All Lita could say was, “Yes!”

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In the small crossroads town of Harden Dale a portal opened just off the main road and two great beasts covered in purplish black flesh and long white manes stepped through, sniffing the air about them. One of the dark creatures looked back into the portal, sniffed the ground and the nodded as the other bounded forward, its’ prey found. Behind the great beasts a cloaked figure stepped through, her head making sure no witnesses were present.

“Find Lovette! Bring her here. If any stand in your way…kill them!”

Then beast leapt forward after its companion. The Huntress smiled.

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Kasornin rested in her chambers that night after dinner. A new female had been brought into the folds, the freed genie Lita the Chaser. She and Serenity were apparently old friends. The Yuan Ti female was simple huge, most of her body consumed by hr pregnancy, her great belly nearly distended eight feet, tight and spherical orb flawless as rubbed the massive dome, her slightly greenish skin pulled so tight it was almost shear flesh colored, her tail wrapped tightly about her bulging mountain of pregnancy. She was growing slower now but the Yuan Ti young within were going to be ready soon. Even as she pondered on what to do; for though she carried the young, she felt no love for them, there came a knock at her door.

*“Enterrr!”*

Slowly the wooden slab moved and before her stood Sebron. He looked upon the gorgeous female, her exotic serpentine looks not as sleek as before because she had gained nearly forty pounds of young, her huge breasts looking as if they could pop, her monstrous belly ready to burst at any moment, shiny and quivering as the lives inside jostled about and yet she was the most alluring sight he had ever seen. Since his night with her, only a few days ago, Sebron had not been able to keep the beautiful woman out of his mind. It was the spirit within his intuitive and very blunt blade, Crimsonsbane that had told him what he already knew. He had fallen in love with Kasornin and now he had to tell her.

The gorgeous Yuan Ti looked at the powerful mage, noticing the change in his stance, as if he had something were very important to tell her. Something very special to tell her. She had always felt a strong attraction to the handsome mage, something strong and soulful with him but she had never had the courage to bring up the subject. Yet now it suddenly seemed an appropriate moment to let out her feelings.

With a warm, loving and accepting smile she greeted Sebron, and though they spoke no words they seemed to know what the other was thinking. Sebron, a mage of nearly god like power, an immortal within his guild, had had many lovers in his life time; among them the Lady Lethan, Lady Kira, Lady Sabrina, the Enchantress whom they would soon visit and many others and through them all he had never sired any young. But what he felt for Kasornin was different, deeper in a way that he could not explain. Sebron could feel the different emotion, this feeling within that had neither cause nor explanation but yet grew and intensified as he drew closer to the hugely pregnant beauty until he stood directly before her, his eyes openly dripping with magic, their greenish glow reflecting off her serpentine orbs and taunt, overly stretched flesh. He placed one hand on her monstrous sphere of pregnant beauty and took hr hand in his other, and then he leaned in close and kissed her.

Kasornin nearly climaxed from the raw power and emotion that swooped throughout her swollen body as the multitude of young she felt tussling about within her greatly, turgid belly began to change; she felt her heart open to them now, welcoming them as she knew that they were no longer the bastard children of many but the young of the man she loved, the man whom had just committed himself to her in one selfless act of love.

For many moments they stayed together, one long kiss, the great magic of a new and sudden love burning within them though the love did not seem so out of the ordinary, it seemed as if it had just been a long time in coming. They broke their kiss slowly, Sebrons’ eyes returning to normal though his love and desire for the beautiful Kasornin, the soon to be mother of his children still simmered in his eyes. Though no words were spoken, none needed to be for the smiles and expressions told all.

The sudden knock at the door startled them but only slightly as one of the drow warriors peaked his head, looking around until Sebron bade him enter, his hand still holding Kasornins’ firmly. She only smiled the wider.

“Master Sebron. My lady. The Lord Khlendros, the Dragon King wishes your presence. An urgent matter he insists. His older brother has come home.”

For the first time in nearly a century, Sebron felt suddenly very afraid. The Shadow King had returned.

All the heroes gathered within the great hall of Xherhe’zephena, Khlendros, his wife and daughter to either side of him, the drow queen on his left and the batarian queen to his right. Silverfox and Iceburn, Quintex and Sebron, with the Dragon Arcane and Hollee who had seats near them and the others followed suit. Once all were present, those many females baring young made comfortable, the majestic and painfully handsome dragon king, regal beyond rose and began to speak.

“I would like to thank you all fo…!

“Oh fuck the pleasantries little brother, you know I need them not!”

The voice was smooth and cold, deadly and mysterious in such an alluring and attractive way that many females gasped or swooned upon hearing it while the men sudden felt lesser, for a moment. Every once in the room felt the air grow cold, the lights dim till they almost went out, the lesser warriors backing away from the main door as shadows upon shadows began to billow in, rolling and tumbling atop one another, until in the center something far darker began to form. From the darkest depths of the shadows a great, massive paw bigger than Iceburns’, blacker than the any shadow, its scales appearing as blades upon blades upon blades of all shapes and sizes, rolling up the muscular draconic arm, though no one could really tell if it was or not for it looked like a deep void in the space. The claw landed upon the stone without a sound as the creatures’ maw exited the darkness. Many of the drow warriors fell in fear or ran out of the room entirely for as beautiful and wonderful Khlendros, the Lord of the Dragons, was; majesty and power, this dragon was purely wicked and sinister, beautifully evil but not, it was as if the darkness itself had chosen a form in which it could be both smooth and gorgeous as well as truly deadly. In almost one thousand years, the dragon lord; the first of all the beasts, spawned from the loins of a fallen angel and a forgiven daemon, the entity known to all as the Shadow King, emerged from the darkness.

“Well, well, well. Did you miss me little brother?”

Khlendros just stared. Rows upon rows of blood stained teeth glinted in the dim light, the rest of the great wyrms’ body absorb all the brightness from the room, making the creature appear as on great swirling shadow of blades and darkness. It was hard for any to describe the beast for he was simply an entity of utter blackness. Once the majority of his body entered the hall the cloud of black tumbled forward, covering his form completely and then exploded out, dissipating as quickly as it had came and standing before them all was the Shadow King. He appeared as very muscular and dangerously handsome drow, long silver white hair pulled back taunt into a pony tail that hung over his shoulder to his waist, his black leather vest was unbuttoned revealing a tight rippling chest and strong, well shaped abs. His arms were well defined and big but not bulky and upon his wrists he wore bracers; that looked more like twirling shadows. The leather pants the dark warrior wore fit nicely but not too tight and covered his boots so much so that only the tips were revealed. His skin was as black as onyx stone and his eyes were even darker. Upon the Shadow Kings’ was a necklace with a silver ring hanging from it. For the most part he was not to impressive except for the shear power that flowed from his very being. Gracefully and smoothly the dark individual strode forward until he stood before the Dragon King and his council. He bowed once and then took Queen Crysteenas’ hand and placed a respectful kiss upon it. Then he turned back to the platinum king and their eyes locked.

“You never answered my question. Did you miss me little brother?”

Khlendros just nodded. What made Shadow King so dangerous was that he was neither good nor evil, he was simply the shadows incarnate and shadows give just as much as they take, they are neutral in the ways of life and that meant the taking or giving of life was as easy a decision to make as whether or not to drink or eat or sleep. If the wyrm of shadow wanted he could kill the Dragon Queen and be gone before anyone could strike and he could do it justifiably because it was Khlendros and Crimson who accidentally killed his mate so long ago.

“Good. I thought you had forgotten about me. Still… you did let me stay entombed under the Wilder Mountain for almost a thousand years. Bragon and his horde were very good, not that good but what had surprised me, allowed them to incidentally gain the upper hand,” his eyes glinting wickedly, “was the appearance of you…carrying the body of my wife.”

Everyone in the room was very quiet and very still.

“She had apparently been killed while you and little Crimson were fighting about the mountain. She was loyal to you, her king, and was ready to die for you and the truth is that it should have been me! I should have died that day little brother. Love was taken away from me but,” his hand gently, carefully stroking the chained ring upon his neck, “I was given a better idea.  Do not think I was not upset with you…but vengeance against you would not be worth it. Besides, you ARE king. I want Crimson, Nataku, Olivia and everything that they cherish, and I hear, through echoes in the dark that this little band plans on fixing that problem.”

Shadow king turns to regard the group; noting the many pregnant females in the room, pain washing over him but none would have ever noticed as a truly wicked smile crossed his face, his sharp, almost vampiric fangs coming to bare.

“Allow me to travel with you to face the red and I will aid you after that against Epyon, for he too has something that is rightfully mine. Isn’t that right Quintex?”

The Immortal of Swords’ eyes narrowed at the matter-of-fact statement.

“Yes Shadow King. Epyon does have something that belongs to you. But if we allow you to work with us, for I know whether or not we say yes or no to you proposal you would act anyway, you would have to work with us. Agreed?”

Raylenethos then stood up. She was not about to let anyone make choices for her or her friends without saying a word.

“Who in the hell do you think you are?”

The Shadow King looked at her inquisitively and before she could blink he was before her, melting through the shadows effortlessly. As he spoke his words were smooth and truthful, no malice or threats hidden within.

“My lady, I am the rightful Lord of Shadows, and Epyon fears only one other than I. Now…my question to you is have you figured out who you are yet?”

Raylenethos stood there for a moment as the Shadow King disappeared once again and was now in the center of the room. Charlize, her hands stroking the immense sphere of her belly looked to her friend, worriedly and questioningly. Was there something that her dear friend had not told her or did not know? Raylenethos stood there…unblinking.

“I agree to your terms Lord Quintex…and Lady Raylenethos. For now!”

With that he was gone, falling into the shadows leaving the group in an awestruck silence. He would return in the morning when they were ready to travel.

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That night Sebron and Kasornin met once again.

“My powers have allowed your young to begin a change that, if you allow me to finish, will make them mine. I would like you to be the mother of my young; I would like you to be with me. I can take you my keep once the spell is complete where you can give birth and we can raise them together. Will you allow me this honor?”

Her smile was ear to ear as she kissed him with such passion it stole his breath. As she released her kiss she breathlessly answered him.

*“Yesss my love! Finish your ssspell!”*

Their lips met in a fiery lust, as Sebrons’ hands sliding under the folds of the Yuan Ti’s robe, cupping as much of her milk swollen breast as he could, his other hand running along the shear expanse of her amazingly full belly. He could feel her serpentine tail curling hungrily about his legs, her hands pawing beneath his robes until they found that which they hunted, his cock literally swelling as soon as she grasped it. The pregnant beauty jerked and stroked the already rock hard phallus, her hands running along it smoothly, effortlessly as she could feel him grow beneath her fingertips. She broke their lip lock and bent low, her snake like body twisting about, allowing her to engulf her lover while positioning her swollen girth in such a way that Sebron could still feel and caress her delicious curves, which he did greedily. She sucked and slurped at the head of his swelling meat, her forked tongue flicking along its length, the great mage shivering with pleasure as she held him in her mouth, warm, wet and wanting. Kasornin urged him deeper, gripping his hips and pulling him forward as her head bobbed up and down the massive shaft, saliva glistening off his quivering flesh. She tugged him along until they reached her bed and she shoved him on his back, the half-elfs’ cock, long and thick, rising like a great tower above him. Teasingly she rubbed her taunt, smooth belly flesh against the rigid stalk before allowing her great melon sized breasts wrap around the mages’ shaft, the tight cavern of her cleavage giving him an over whelming calm, his eyes, now glowing green with fae, rolling back with pleasure. Squeezing as much of her boulder like tit flesh about Sebrons’ shaft, Kasornin ran her bountiful bosom over his schlong, the huge organ pulsing between her massive mammeries as she tit fucked him. Milk leaked from her huge spheres, the nipples constantly erect due to the pressure. With his cock still firmly encased in her wondrous breast flesh, Sebron managed to sit up and engorge himself on one of her milk laden juggs. Normally this would be impossibly but Crimson had already changed his lower body to accommodate his loves bulging shape and sexual abilities. His tail slipped around hers, entangling them both as he drank from her bouncing orb of sloshing milk. Their bodies twisted and writhed about as they made love, kissing and rubbing, stroking and caressing eachother to bliss, their robes falling t the ground, their bodies intertwining and melting together. Sebron wrapped himself around her and slide his thickness into her magical womb, Kasornin, dripping now with sweat and lust crying out passionately with the slow and deliberate entry, their eyes meeting as if for the first time, the mage gently, carefully grasping her hugely distended belly as he began to pump his masculine, serpent like hips. Her hands fell upon his as he filled up her sex, thrusting deeper and deeper into her body, her nether lips gripping and hugging his cock until they both knew he would soon erupt. Normally their love making would last for hours but this was passion and caring mixed into one and Sebron quickly felt himself on the verge. Kasornin had felt him fill her before but she felt the difference of his thrust, careful and slow, allowing her to drink in every sensation of his body moving with hers, the care and perfection he put into his movements built up her orgasm rapidly, her pants and moans and hisses for more filling the mages ears as he came closer to bringing her to bliss. For much longer than they expected the two moved together, slowly, sensuously, dancing erotically with eachother, building up to the point where their passion would boil over. Finally they reached their limit. Her claws dug into his hands as her body began to shudder, Sebron quickening his own movements for both were on the edge of climax. Again their eyes met and simultaneously they cried out as Sebron released his seed for the first time into a women’s womb and Kasornin had the most wondrous of orgasms, not from wild passion but from the slow sensuous love making of her new mate. The amount of seed that Sebron pumped into her was mind blowing, their breaths deep and exhausted as the mage slumped over the Yuan Ti’s immense sphere, which was suddenly shrinking. Kasornin gasped and looked at the mage, wonder, excitement and fear upon her face.

“The children within are no longer nine months along as they once were. You are now pregnant with twelve very healthy young at only five months. They will grow slowly, allowing you to relish your pregnancy as I will, so in ten months you will be full term. I hope this pleases you.”

She looked at her amazing and powerful love, caressing and stroking her belly, though still quite big with a dozen young, but no longer the explosive sphere of evil she once held. Kasornin could now enjoy her pregnancy, savor it as her body swelled naturally with life. Unable to tell him, the joyous mother simply pulled her lover down and kissed him. That night they made love several more times before Sebron opened a portal to his keep where Kasornin would be safe and waited on hand and foot until and far after his return.

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Epyon watched as the creatures tentacles poured into the swollen bellied Neith, a rare catch from his young and wicked son, Witchhazel. The winged elf, her long reddish blonde hair matted to her face with sweat, her wings battered and torn, was moaning in orgasmic pleasure and horrific fear as the***Violator*** burrowed into her gravid, turgid form, her abdomen swollen as if she were pregnant with twenty young, and the flesh taunt and tight yet rippled as the daemonic thing fed. It was an erotic torture that villainous immortal had dreamt up. Gripping and crying out in the torment of sensation and fear the winged beauty watched as her belly expanded and grew with the beasts probing and hungry tentacles, burrowing into her distended pussy and anal canal, her belly filling up with the wicked things feeders until her now monstrous orb, the flesh shiny and taunt, slick with slime and cum reached its limit. She could feel them crawling through her body, searching for room and food, her belly quivering as it continued to grow painfully and erotically. The young female finally moaned in one last agonizing orgasmic cry as the tendrils, with no more room to explore burst from her overly swollen belly, the flesh tearing apart as slime and blood sprayed the room, her body nearly ripped in half. The ***Violator*** quickly wrapped up the unmoving and lifeless form, dragging it out of sight so it could feed. Killing a Neith was like killing purity and beauty and goodness, all the things Epyon now despised. He felt just a little better than he had in days but that all came to an abrupt end as Corbios opened the door to the small viewing room. Epyon looked at his eldest son coldly, the daemon lowering his head as he spoke.

“Father…Crimson and Nataku have just arrived by portal. The younger does not look so good.”

Both daemons swiftly exited the tiny antechamber, Corbios in his elven façade. They moved through the corridors as fast as possible until reaching the meeting room. There stood Crimson, his eyes shimmering like burning rubies, the heat radiating off him almost unbearable. On the ground lay a wounded and battered heap that must have been Nataku.

“What has happened Crimson?”

  The great red did not look up from his wounded friend but he answered as best he could.

“After I checked my lair for any signs of the coldfire dragon, I returned to Natakus’ keep to see if any trouble had befallen him. Most of his guards were dead or dying and he was left in a pool of blood, a young teifling name Whistler watching over him. All he said was that a white haired shadow attacked him! Why Epyon?”

Both Epyon and Corbios looked at eachother questioningly and then sudden realized that Crimson was accusing him. Before he could banter the red loosed a stream of hell fire at the two daemons, Corbios leaping to the side and Epyon throwing up a quick field that was melted away by the flame but left him unscathed. The daemon was far to wise to try to explain himself but he had no desire to kill the king of the red dragons; if he did so then Khlendros and Nicolette could band together and all his plans would be lost. He had to think fast for Crimson breathed again, this time blasting a huge hole in the immaculate room and killing two unsuspecting daemons on the other side, shaking the entire building. Corbios came in a rush but the red saw him all too quick and launched a spell of displacing on the daemon. In a wink he was gone.

Corbios appeared near the door guarded by the great minotuar, Sergo, crashing before the guardian. The beast quickly aided the daemon prince to his feet. Corbios didn’t hesitate until he remembered what Sergo was and why Epyon had enslaved him.

“Come frost lord! I need your help!”

Sergo moved towards the opening portal.

Epyon rolled low and back up, dodging a deadly blast from the enraged wyrm, and bringing his hands together launched a force of energy that blasted Crimson off his feet. Just then a portal opened and wave of icy air filled the room as Sergo, the great white minotuar, his ivory horns shinny and polished, stepped into the room, his great axe twirling before him. Corbios followed soon after, the icy attack forcing Crimson back on his guard. Sergo was the chosen of Wintershade, the Immortal of Cold, whose chosen form was that of a forty two foot tall ice titan. Epyon had “won” Sergo in a bet, though the trade was really for the titans’ daughter; and Sergo knew it. The minotuar was hurled back as flames clipped his shoulder, as Dynna the red mistress of Olivia entered the fray!

***“What is going on?”***

Crimson slowly picked himself off the ground, his eyes now pure white with heat and rage.

“That is what I want to know Epyon! **What is going on?”**

The dark immortal composed himself quickly, for before him stood two of the deadliest creatures he had ever known and though they could not kill him out right, the pain and destruction they could inflict and rift between their delicate truce would be terrific and extremely costly, too much so for Epyons’ liking. Sergo slowly spun his mystic blade, his eyes narrowing on Dynna, Corbios; still in elven form, held a jeweled cutlass and smirked as Nataku stirred. Before anyone could blink, the daemon prince had his blade upon the wounded wyrms’ throat, awaiting the command from his father.

“Let us ask Nataku the truth,” his voice calm and cold, feeling the upper hand of the conflict turn his way, his sons’ action turning the stalemate, “Nataku…who did this?”

Epyon was kneeling next to the badly injured creature, his wounds more internal than external and far more painful, holding his head up so the young one could speak. Nataku was barely conscious but enough so to understand the urgency in the immortals/ voice, both Crimson and Dynna ready to carve Corbios apart in an instant, though both knew one would take a very deadly hit from the strange minotuar. Nataku nearly choked on his first words but soon his cleared, though it came in gasps.

*“I…it...w…wa…was Sh…Shadow…Kkk…King!”*

If silence were a force its power would have been concentrated in that moment. Epyon eased the wounded dragons head back down as he looked into Crimsons’ eyes which had completely lost their burning luster and now looked like dull, dead rubies. Epyon feared nothing in all existence; he did not even fear a fight with the two powerful dragons though he would not enjoy it. Yet as much as he believed he did not fear Natakus’ statement it horrified him more deeply than any other words could. The rightful heir to the throne of shadow had returned and if he and the Immortal of Freedom aligned then Epyons’ reign would come to a swift and assuredly abrupt and painful end. He needed Serenity and Lady Sabrina in his control and he needed them now!

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The heroes met early that next morning to finalize there planes and to discuss who would come and who would not. The discussion lasted for nearly an hour and those who would continue the journey would be Raylenethos and Khambien. Charlize and Celeste; who, at the suggestion of their newest ally the Shadow King, would remain at the tower of the Enchantress; their obvious condition would soon render them rather vulnerable. Quintex, Serenity, and Iceburn would go as well as Sebron. Both Toc and Ruby were in along with Odin, Lita the Chaser and Caylani Seawhisper, the arcane archer who would be their guide. Lady Kira would also accompany the group but she too would stay at the Enchantress’ tower, her dragon filled belly now rendered her powerless to fly saves with the use of magic’s. The rest would stay behind and help Khlendros fight the armies of Crimson and Olivia, though the tide of the war had turned swiftly at the arrival and reemergence of their long lost king, and the sudden addition of the dwarven, drow and Batarian armies. Once ready to go, Khlendros and the other leaders of the nations stood upon a great out cropping in a large chasm of the underdark and saw the heroes off, as they once again made their way into the lightless bowels of the planet, Caylani and the Shadow King leading the way.

They traveled for nearly two days without incident on their two week journey. On the third day their good fortune ran out.

“Hold!”

It was a mere whisper but even then it chilled Raylenethos’ bones, as Shadow King stepped from the darkness. Caylani turned as he appeared, her bow knocked and drawn back but she relaxed as she recognized the figure.

“How many?”

The handsome dragon smiled at the question.

“A dozen Yuan Ti, mostly male, three female mages though. The halfling can take them. There are eleven Gravidian Witches and a small host of undead; apparently two of them have released their brood for added protection. You, Lady Kira and our too young mothers can attack them from afar. One of them is far too large; she may be a Covent mother. Be wary!”

Iceburn stepped up to the front, as well as Quintex, Raylenethos, Odin and Toc. Lita, now dressed in tight battle leathers, her every curve accentuated by the second skin, opened her palms as two wands appeared. Celeste, the always ready pirate, withdrew a long golden rod from her bag, patted her enormous belly and slid next to Charlize and Serenity who both had begun to cast. Lady Kira also began a spell and Khambien readied himself. Sebron drew *Crimsonsbane* with a smile on his face, mage armor wrapping over his body. Caylani and Ruby slid up the sides of the cavern wall for many more yards until they heard the voices of the group. The arcane archer peeked around the corner.

Most of the Yuan Ti were spread out, encircling the Gravidian Witches. Five skeletal archers walked around the group and thirteen armed zombies filled the gaps. The three female mages formed a triangle around the witches and they all sat in a circle, the eleventh one, her belly absolutely enormous; swollen and tight with undead spirits, sat in the middle. Above them was hovered the image, just the face actually, of a gorgeous raven haired female, her eyes dark, her full lips as black as night. The elven arcane could just make out the words.

“Lady Dhonytae is dead my sisters. A sacrifice for our Lord Epyon. I am now Covent Mother. Sister Nakita, you shall join me here at our masters’ keep. The rest of you meet up with the Covent outside of the Enchanted Forrest. They cannot seem to penetrate the defenses of the wood. Mane, the Wilder King has seen to that! With the aid of the Yuan Ti and your powers that may change! Our treacherous sister, the Enchantress must fall. Nakita…come!”

With that, a portal opened behind the immensely swollen female and magically she floated up into air and through the portal. It closed as the image disappeared. One of the witches then rocked herself to her feet, her belly appearing as if she were ready to deliver dectuplets in her twelfth month, and began issuing commands. But even as she stood, she cried out and then fell suddenly silent, her form consumed into the shadows, but only to her waist, blood leaking from her severed body, the many spirits within her rising and encircling another witch, the entrapped dead looking for another host.

Everything exploded at that moment for the Shadow King had made the first move. Both archers whipped around the corner and fired, Ruby’s shot slicing through the nearest mages skull, Caylanis’ piercing the heart of one of the witches, the dumbfounded female falling to her knees and then to her belly; more spirits rising. The host of apparitions dove into one confused female and she cried out in orgasmic glee and fright as her massive tummy began to expand with new undead.

The five dead archers stepped up and loosed a volley as six of the Yuan Ti slithered forward. Tocs’ axe came hurling out of the darkness to connect with one of the approaching warriors, blasting him away as Odin came barreling forward, his warhammer rippling with electricity as it too flew out of his hand, and crackling as it struck another Yuan Ti in the skull. Both axe and hammer returned to their masters.

The back Yuan Ti guards began to respond as did their two remaining mages but the sudden snap that seemed to only sound in their ears caught their attention, as the nearest female mage; closest to the Gravidian host turned to see one of her soldiers fall, his neck twisted 180 degrees. Just as she was about to warn the others she felt the strong grip about her throat then the sharp pain as her head and vision turned to such an extent that she now looked upon her back and rear as all went dark.

The last of the mages saw the shadowy figure dissolve into the darkness as a streaking silver arrow cut through her heart and she fell dead.

A sudden explosion from the center of the room blasted back the startled Gravidian witches and knocked some of the Yuan Ti to the floor as three fire balls erupted simultaneously within the main group of undead approaching; sending a dozen of the living corpses up in flames, their bodies crumbling to ash. Coldfire leapt up about two other undead as Iceburn came from his hiding place, breathing his all too deadly breath about the stalking creatures. They disappeared almost as quickly as the flame came to life about their bodies. The dragon smiled. Quintex and Raylenethos emerged from the caverns mouth to meet the remaining Yuan Ti, *Wicked Lady* loping off one snake fiends head while Quintex brought one blade in low then back slashing upward as he slit one throat, spinning around and driving his other blade into another’s heart. The last of the charging creatures started to retreat as Odin leapt from out of nowhere, bringing *Thundercharger* down upon his head, the snake mans’ skull exploding from the force.

In the rear group a grunt could be heard as Shadow King did his dirty work, renting a Yuan Ti’s head nearly off his shoulders. Now the last three of the back host turned on the master of darkness, swords drawn and waiting. Even as Raylenethos buried her beautiful blade to the hilt into a skeletons skull she could see the blur of motion that was the Shadow King; the ancient assassin ducking one blade as he kicked out to deflect another sword coming in, then spinning to entrap the third Yuan Ti, twisting his serpentine body around to catch the first attackers second swing full in the back, severing the snake mans’ spine instantly. The Yuan Ti looked at his dead companion in utter shock and then nothing, Shadow King turning his head around; completely snapping his neck. Before the third could react, Shadow King collapsed his face with a single spin kick, concaving his spine with the force of the blow. In mere seconds the last of the Yuan Ti had fallen.

Sebron then step forth, *Crimsonsbane* glowing intensely, the powerful mage leveling the weapon to the few remaining undead that were not ash from Celeste and Litas’ fire wands or Charlize, Serenity’s or Lady Kiras’ spells.

*“Go home.”*

The command was simple and unyielding as the bodies crumpled to the earth. Another explosion sent the skeletal archers into dust and rubble as Lita loosed another volley from her fire wand. Between Caylani, Ruby and Toc; whom had carved a swath through the full bellied Gravidian witches, only one of the vile necromancers remained, all the spirits of her Covent now within her, her belly a towering dome of quivering flesh, her mind lost in the orgasmic bliss of such fullness, her mind drunk with power, the great mountain of skin ready to burst with life, her hands digging into the rock as she held the cataclysmic birth. To the surprise of all within view; save maybe the Shadow King and Quintex, and even herself, Raylenethos stepped up to the hugely gravid female, and placing a single hand on the taunt, shivering dome and whispered.

*“You are free.”*

The witch moaned with pure ecstasy as all the spirits within her rushed from her quivering sex, laughter and cries of joy filling the air. Quintex caught the half elven beauty as she lost consciousness, the sudden use of unknown power immediately draining Raylenethos; the witch still panting with the explosion of sexual energy hardly noticed the darkness or the cold sharp claw sliding across her throat as she died.

“Well…that was entertaining. Shall we proceed?”

Quintex just glared at the dangerous shadowy wyrm, Raylenethos wrapped in his arms, as they all regroup and moved on.

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The Huntress had found her prey. Most of the patrons in the tavern were splattered about its walls, her two pets revealing the nymph Lovette at a local tavern of the small crossroad town and slaughtering all who tried to protect the bubbly, voluptuous nymph. Now, echoing throughout the streets of Harden Dale, were her cries and moans of unwanted pleasure as one of the two dracoliths impaled her on its cock. She was literally bouncing off his steel hard rod, her twin titanous breasts wobbling about madly upon her chest, her plump sexy frame jiggling about everywhere with every pain filled, orgasm inducing thrust of pure, raw sexuality and lust. The blonde haired nymph groaned, her normally cute face was now twisted in beastly desire, the vile creature holding her legs tightly, wrapping them around his waist with his lower arms, while he grips her arms and pulls them back forcefully; causing her to arch her back painfully but erotically, pushing out her boulder like spheres rapid as they dance about as he fucks her. Her eyes were shut tight with a cauldron of emotions and sensations, tears and sweat running down her soft cheeks and slightly pudgy frame which seemed to only enhance her sexiness. The dark skinned monstrosity continued to bury its full length in Lovette, her volumous lips parted as she moaned and gasped with unwanted pleasure, the Dracoloth filling her dripping sex beyond her imagination, her huge udders clapping loudly as he fucked her.

 Another moan could be heard as the second Dracoloth had seized an unfortunate bar wench; her slender body shuddering as the creature stabbed her tight cunt with his all too large member. She was lost in a horrified sexual bliss; knowing that she would not survive this encounter but yet lusting for the animalistic lust and sexual power that overwhelmed her. The huge daemonling was fucking her doggy style, her large firm breasts shuddering with his every powerful entry. The older, more powerful of the daemons, grinned evilly as pounded away relentlessly at the poor human, her head whipping about to and fro, sweat soaked chocolate brown hair sticking to her face as she cried out for more, literally begging for the Dracoloth to finish; the pleasure feeling so good it hurt. Drool dripped on her round, firm ass, the flesh of her cheeks slapping against his inner thighs as the Huntress’ pet howled out in glee as he jerked and spasmed, black oily seed filling her womb and infecting her eggs, fertilizing them with evil.

Lovette was fairing no better as her beast slammed her onto the bar, or what was left of it, blood mixing with her already wet blonde locks, as he spread her legs wide and the Dracoloths’ cock filled, growing larger within her, distending her poor pussy even more. She grabbed his forearms tightly as the nymph of lies pulled herself further up his shaft, gasping as her plump little belly expanded as he filled her.

The human laid on the bloody, gore covered ground panting breathlessly, and her hands running over her slightly rounded cum-stuffed tummy, a warm tightness gripping her as the bulge in her abdomen began to swell. The Dracoloth smiled, at least the young girl thought it smiled, as it walked by her and moved before Lovette, pulling her back and stretching the nymph out fully, and then he shoved his still hard cock down her throat, cum residue on the tip. She gobbled it up hungrily, Epyons’ creations for the Huntress exuding his lustful power. None of this mattered to the human as she writhed about on the floor, her belly ballooning at a steady pace, allowing her to feel every sensation of the growing thing within her, the tatters from her dress becoming tight and painful as her body swelled, the young female looking eight months pregnant with quintuplets in mere seconds. Her firm breasts grew softer, fuller as they too began to change, her body rushing through the stages of pregnancy as swiftly as possible, her belly, taunt and smooth, the flesh pulling so tight that it became shiny under the pressure, her leftover garment pulled thin against her still expanding womb, drawing blood from the explosive flesh. The poor girl was lost, her mind literally consumed by pleasure as her pussy continually spasmed with orgasmic fury, the exhilaration of pregnancy and birth, and the slim, dulled knowledge that her belly was literally ready to burst with something horrible and wicked. She clawed the ground as pain and pleasure swept over her, her gargantuan gravidity nearly swallowing up her body, two liquid filled mountains smothering her anguished face. The great mountain of belly was almost seven feet tall and seven feet wide, a perfect sphere if pregnancy, taunt and tight, shivering with pressure and weighing so much that it was crushing her lungs. Even so the young woman gave a blood curdling scream of ecstasy and pain as two huge claws tore through her massive distended pregnancy, splitting the monstrous orb like over ripe fruit as a third Dracoloth emerged from it “mother” and roared its arrival. Then it viciously fed on the human corpse.

Lovette heard the horrific, orgasmic cry but she was lost in a sexual haze, she heard the roar but this only made her suck harder on the Dracoloths’ huge cock. She was literally on fire with hunger, a desire to breed overtaking her as the younger fiend began to thrust faster and deeper, its climax approaching, hers already there. The nymphs’ juices squirted out of her overfilled cunt as the warm rush sent the young one out of control and he came with power, bucking and shuddering. Even with all the commotion below her, Lovette skillfully sucked the elders’ stock, her tongue swirling over his tip. He growled low as his black goo jetted down her throat. Both Dracoliths’ continued to hold Lovette prone as their seed germinated within her and the plump little nymphs’ belly began to swell and expand rather rapidly. She was still sucking the elder dry as her waist and hips expanded and widened, her tummy growing tighter and rounder, her huge bouncing juggs swelled up with milk, baby fat washing over her, making her seem all the more luscious and fertile, the ripe sensuality of pregnancy bathing her in its glow. Lovette was moaning with joy, Epyons’ seed controlling her like it did the many others that she would soon join, her belly a mammoth ball of pregnant beauty, resting near four feet tall and four feet wide, her soft yet firm breasts taunt with milk, her dark brown nipples stiff with the excitement, milk dribbling from them. She was exhausted, gently caressing her new, full figure with blood covered hands, relishing the succulent beauty of her new curves and swells. Oh how Epyon would indulge himself upon her pregnant ripeness.

The Huntress then strolled into the tavern, fresh blood dripping off her long sword, black tendrils licking up the life liquid. She moved up to the hugely pregnant nymph, gently touching the great swell of her belly, drawing a lustful coo from the newest acquisition. She merely chuckled and looked to her three pets; the third licking himself clean.

“Fawn. Find her!”

The three bounded for the door and disappeared into the night. A portal then opened as a huge four armed daemon, nearly twelve feet tall stepped through, looked at the Huntress, the scrumcious looking, massive breasted, titanic bellied Lovette; licking his lips he scooped her up and stepped back to Epyons’ domain. The Huntress spat on the ground and then sped off to follow her hounds.

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The Halls of Light were truly beyond words. No muse, no singer, no minstrel nor bard could describe the home of the angelic guard. The crystalline citadel in which they stayed was placed in a great floating castle of gold, platinum and jewels, quite similar to Dragonhorde Keep, set among the clouds it was known as Sky Home. As much beauty and splendor and light that dripped from every crevasse of the great place it could not diminish the dark cloud that hung over Nicolettes’ heart. The winged beauty stepped off one ledge and flew up among the towers of the Sky Home until she landed upon the golden balcony that she looked for. The gorgeous female landed deftly on the warm metal, carefully looking through the silk drapes that fluttered with the gentle breeze.

“Jeana? Are you there sister?”

After a moment the drapes parted and a breathtaking young female stepped through; her hair a lush platinum blonde, her eyes sparkling sapphires, full succulent lips parted in a welcoming smile. She wore a simple cassock that parted at her feminine neck, just hiding two very large, full breasts, a flat tummy, leading into a slender waist but widening in to sensuous hips, long sleek thighs and feet adorned in sandals that wrapped up about her smooth, muscular calves. A loin cloth hung low about her hips, just above her sex and her wings spread as she moved, long and blonde, tipped with white at the ends. As beautiful as Nicolette was, Jeana was even more so. She rushed up to her visiting friend, embracing her in a warm, loving hug. As the two parted Nicolette looked long and hard at her amazing sister, the sexuality and beauty that seemed to flow from her being. Jeana too looked at her sister and could feel the worry upon her.

“Nicolette, what troubles you?”

Her head dropped. For some reason, asking her sister to do what she most desired out of necessity rather than acceptance tugged at her heart. She answered in a whispered voice.

“Epyon.”

Jeana stepped back at the mention of the fallen angel; he who was once their brother. She remembered how wonderful he once was until he stole the Shadow and his heart grown dark.

“What must I do sister?”

Again Nicolette looked at the angelic female with a heavy heart.

“Where is Shimmermoon?”

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“So…all this craziness is because of you, huh Serenity?”

The white haired nymph looked at her old friend sheepishly. Lita was sweet but had a way of getting straight to the point.

“It’s not all my fault. Epyon had a lot to do with it!”

Lita just smiled. She was enjoying her time with her old friend ad even more so she was enjoying her freedom. The one thing she was missing though was some much needed satisfaction. She had been cooped up in that damned statue for a few hundred years, all by herself without a man or woman to relieve her own natural desires. As the group traveled through the lightless underdark she took inventory on who was touchable ad who wasn’t. It was quickly apparent that Toc, Khambien and Charlize were all temporarily off limits. Serenity was always up for some fun and she could tell that Celeste, the gorgeous, hugely pregnant ship captain would be willing. Quintex…he was questionable, something about the way he looked at Raylenethos was a bit more than protective or lustful…almost awed, like he were looking at someone greater than he. Then of course there was Raylenethos whom she owed her freedom, she could think of so many ways to “thank” her. Odin, well as burly and smelly as he was, he could be entertaining. Caylani was a mystery but Ruby had a glow about her that screamed orgasm. And of course there was Shadow King. She had felt power before, in fact she was one of the most powerful of her kind and he made her feel like a child. Lita was daring but not *that* daring! Even as she watched him now, dipping in and out of the shadows, she could feel the control and strength and raw emotion that seemed to form him into the entity that he was and that was untouchable to her.

Shadow King looked upon the darkness of the caves before them, every nuance and crevasse as bright as day to his eyes and he smiled. It had been nearly five days since they had slaughtered the Gravidian host and their guard, five extremely boring days. But in the shadows, things looked as if they were about to pick up. He watched them as they moved about, a dozen or so of the corrupt, cursed creatures, their spider like legs taking them up the jagged walls of the caverns as they prepared their traps. Smart and wicked. Shadow king slowly raised his hand, signaling Caylani to halt, placing the rest of the group well out of the sight, if not the smell of the Driders, which was incredible and who may have set their web like nets. Once again he dove into the shadows, his home, and his domain and reemerged behind the creatures, half elf-half spiders, and in the darkness he looked for one, the leader, and the matriarch of nasty brood. She wasn’t hard to find and Shadow King merely smiled for he could see why she hid behind the hunters. Near the rear wall she sat, her eight long spider like legs pulled in close to her arachnid half, her elven torso, beautiful though wrong, long jet black hair hanging down her well muscled back, slender though firm arms caressing one of the largest bellies the ancient assassin had ever laid his eyes upon, nearly an eight foot swell of pale flesh, camouflaged with the natural dark spots that all the driders shared. Two twin mountainous breasts rested upon the great orb the surprising attractive matriarch licking her lips for she could smell the fresh aroma of humans and elves and even a dwarf and ogre. Her red eyes glinted with hunger, her jaws lean and straight, and her nose sharp and angular. If she were still an elf Shadow King would have found her appealing if not gorgeous, but she wasn’t and he didn’t care. Shadow King admired her lush, gravid beauty, the elven part at least, it had been sometime since he had drank from the blood of mortals and he was quite hungry; nor had he felt the pleasures of the flesh but, the ring about his neck glinted, he would not touch another until he kept his promise. For a moment he contemplated informing the others of what he was about to do but then he decided that answering to any one was never his way. Again he fell into the shadows, this time arising right next to one of the driders guarding the egg filled female and before it could speak he tore out the things throat, killing it instantly and then pulling it into the realm of darkness. The second drider watching his queen, admiring her full, ripe beauty should have been paying better attention as he was wrapped up around the head and silenced, his neck twisted and torn off his body. Blood ran freely from the open wound, his body melting into the shadows to join his comrade. Shadow King, once assured that he and the drider matriarch were safely alone rose from her shadow, a long slender claw, nearly as black as the wyrm himself slid across her throat, not cutting the skin but making sure that the heavily pregnant creature got the point.

“Well, well, well…it has been some time hasn’t it Thimbre ‘Dahl? Last I saw you, you were a mere hatchling. Now look at you…a matriarch and all! Funny how things change in just a few hundred years.”

 Her voice was weak, quivering as she spoke.

“My lord…we thought you dead.”

The feral claw slid into her flesh, causing her to wince as the pain bit her.

“You thought wrong.”

All she could do was blink. The claw next to her throat was warm as it sliced into her flesh, just enough to draw blood. Shadow king loved his work.

“We are going to go out into the main chamber and you and your…mates are going to let us go or it shall be you I feast upon this night. I believe you understand?”

Again, all she could was blink, as her world became suddenly black and lifeless and then brightened as she was now out in the main chamber of the cavern, facing the three trapped caves.

Caylani thought she had gone crazy for a moment as Shadow King and a hugely pregnant creature, part elf, part spider; a beast known to her as drider, emerged from the shadows of the main chamber. Suddenly the cavern exploded into movement as about fourteen driders, their spidery legs clacking along the ground, emerged from trap holes about the ceiling and floor. Both she and Ruby drew their bows, Raylenethos, Quintex and the others drawing their weapons while all the magic users, save Sebron and Lita, began to cast. Iceburn just began to walk forward.

“Hold,” Raylenethos whispered holding her hand up, “I think Shadow King has it under control but be ready just in case.”

Khambien slid up beside her.

“You trust him?”

“He didn’t have to tell us or show us that they were here.”

“Good point!”

The heroes sat in the darkness, awaiting the outcome of Shadow Kings ploy.

“Myself and those who travel with me shall pass, free of harm. If you wish to feed, there is a small band of plump young humans less than a mile away. They are slow moving and should be easy prey. The decision is quite simple. If I kill her, your tribe ends…if you go about my suggestion, you feed well and your tribe lives. Any objections?”

One of the larger driders strode forward, a large tower shield on one arm, a cruel looking morning star in the other.

“There are more of us I say. We kill you, and your friends, then feed upon the humans.”

None of the heroes could see Shadow Kings smile as he exhaled and wicked looking beam of pure shadow shoot straight through the males chest, leaving not a trace but a shadowy whisk of smoke. The driders face became surprisingly less harsh, almost remorseful as he slumped to the ground and fell dead.

“Anymore suggestions? Good. Let’s go!”

The last sentence was loud enough for the group to hear as carefully they left their cavern. A mental question slipped into Shadow Kings’ mind.

*“Why not fight?”*

The return was truly genius.

“Because the group of humans I spoke of is another host of Gravidian bitches and allowing these two to fight it out saves us time and energy. Besides, this was far too much fun!”

Sebron almost blurted out in laughter as he stepped by the dangerous creature. Shadow King waited until his group was far enough away down the safest corridor before he released Thimbre Dahl. She looked at him in relief and a bit of anger, her pride the greatest wound of them all. He merely smirked as he melted into the darkness.

An hour later the halls shook with a massive explosion. The weary and battle hardened heroes began to draw their weapons but halted as the lord of shadows began to chuckle, as did the arcane light mage. Raylenethos looked upon the two, fully aware that they were not close friends.

“And what is so amusing?”

Shadow King continued to move forward though Sebron politely answered the gorgeous half elf.

“Our silent friend here offered a…easier meal for the driders…though the last host of escaped Gravidian witches may prove a bit harder to feed upon than the driders may expect.”

Raylenethos looked at the dark silent assassin as he continued to guide them along; a new appreciation for his like filtering into her thoughts.

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Ebony was immensely pregnant, her massive belly; wonderfully taunt, distended flesh, pulled to its fullest and yet still grew as her many young matured. Her face, beautiful and soft, rounded with layers of baby fat, was almost kind, save for her wicked feline eyes as she, from a perch far above, looked upon her fathers sister Lethan slumber, the immortal female larger than even the daemoness, her unimaginably mammoth breasts leaking continuous gallons of milky white ambrosia, collected by plump, round bellied feeders. About her lay the many nymph and breeders that her father had collected as his personal concubines. Two of them looked ready to explode, a lovely blonde by the name of Teela and an eastern elf called Mynka, their gargantuan bellies spherical and smooth, breasts so full of milk they looked hard to the touch, the monstrous swells undulating with the growing lives within. She stroked her own magnificent belly, plotting her move to over throw her father as soon as her young were born. The young daemon had decided that she would take Crimson as her lover and together they would rule, though her fathers’ armies were vast, and the coupe would take sometime. It was hard for her to think as she looked hungrily and lustfully upon the lush, plump, fertile brood before her, her mind racing through all the perverse sexual pleasures they could give her and the power if she fed upon their flesh. As if one were reading her mind, the door to her chamber was opened and Tabitha, her own middle quite full and round; twin boulders resting atop her gravidity, entered, escorted by two lovely halflings, young virgins by the smell of it and Khlabec.

“My lady, dinner is served.”

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Xheena and Haarlei moved through the dark corridors. Tyra had returned with news. The two beauties awaited their batarian spy, listening for every slight whisper or creak for Epyon was growing impatient and desperate, especially after learning about Shadow Kings return. Nestled safely in a small alcove Tyra finally emerged from the shadows, her wing like arms wrapped around her abundant bosom, her frame tall and curvaceous, yet lithe and muscular. She smiled at the immortal and nymph as they greeted her with open arms. They spoke in whispers as Tyra conveyed what her batarian had uncovered.

“Lady Xheena, the dragon lord Khlendros has been freed and has returned to his throne within the Dragon Horde, and with him he has brought the batarian, dwarven and drow armies to join with the titans and Neith that already fight along side the dragon kingdom and whispers of Silverfoxs’ return also run about. The underdark city of the drow has been freed by a band of heroes, among them Serenity and Lord Quintex and the Light Mage Sebron. Rumors also have it the ancient darkness, the true lord and master of shadows has returned though his whereabouts and intentions as of yet are unsure. But the tide has seemed to turn my lady. No batarian have yet seen hints of the fallen, they have kept themselves well out of sight, yet the Huntress is loose and is on the trail of someone, though her quarry has remained a secret. Though hope is abundant…the danger is far from gone.”

Xheena smiled at her loyal friend, rubbing her winged hand.

“Thank you Tyra and your sisters. Continue to watch for us and be careful, Daphne would never forgive me if you were to come to harm. Haarlei, ready a scrying so that I may speak to the Enchantress; I have a feeling that is where Master Sebron will lead them for a brief sanctuary once they are free of the underdark.”

With that, the gorgeous nymph dashed off.

“Take care Tyra…we shall see you soon!”

The brown furred lovely smile as she fell into the shadows. Xheena sighed and made her way back to her trusted friends. Aloof in the darkness, the young creature known as Witchhazel watched and remembered. He was becoming quite the keeper of secrets.

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Fawn hurriedly packed her scrolls and tombs. Her mistress, Lady Sabrina had sent her warning that she was being hunted by none other than the Huntress herself and far worse, her sister Lovette had already been taken. Fawn, her long chocolate brown hair draped over her shoulder, big brown eyes darting from scroll to tomb to scroll again, desperately trying to decide what was necessary and what was not, hardly noticed as the floor shook in the great libraries tower. Hardly noticed, but she did notice. From below her she could hear the beginnings of a battle. The Huntress had found her.

An explosion from below rocked the great structure and an ominous and horrible howl echoed through the chamber. Fawn nearly toppled over as the foundation shook again but then a strong yet gentle feminine hand grasped her by the wrist, steadying her. With big brown eyes she looked and a wide smile crossed her lips as her mistress looked upon her. Sabrina was quite lovely, though her figure was as much a mystery as the many secrets she held. Shrouded in dark violet robes that seemed to flow about her, her form was hidden as were her movements. Only her beautiful face was revealed, soft sienna brown skin, large almond shaped eyes the color of her robes, a slender button nose and full ruby hued lips, curled in a sly and yet worried smile.

“Come Fawn. I know what the Huntress seeks and if she finds you, us, her employer wins. We must go!”

With that the Lady of Secrets pulls the young nymph, who is desperately trying to grab her remaining scrolls and through a mystical and unseen door the two slip away. Even as Fawns’ cloak disappeared, the door to her chamber is blasted away by a greenish blue fire ball and through the sundered door enters one of the Huntress’ dracoliths. It growled low, a long serpentine tongue running over its drooling maw, sniffing the air until it arrived at the spot where Sabrina and fawn had escaped. It again growled and then loosed and frightening howl that was answered moments later by its two brothers, the three sniffing the area. The Huntress stalks in and looks upon her pets.

“Go!”

With that the first beast tears open a rift in time and space with a swipe of its claw and the three hounds bounded through the portal, their prey unaware that the dogs were upon them.

The Huntress smiled wickedly as she stepped through the gateway, her revenge would soon be at hand.

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     Far away, along the port of the Nightingale, The huge minotaur Broxton stood on the deck of the *Shadowdancer*, next to him, the enormously huge breasted priestess Chelsea the Charmer. She had a cloaked wrapped tight about her burgeoning boob flesh and was huddled close to the black furred creature. Yet this was not an evening stroll, the two were watching as another great galleon docked at the port city, one the recognized all to well. The Charmers’ eyes were glowing blue, as were Broxtons’, her magical sight allowing them to view the deck of the ship as if they were only a ship away.

Upon the deck of the *Lady Death*, a voluptuous female snow elf was talking to a creature of pure black shrouds. It was evil, no questioning that and as it left the young female, the two spies could tell she was noticeably shaken. Then four more creatures appeared from the darkness, atop massive black winged steeds and then like great ravens they took wing and were gone into the night. The female pirate then began to bark orders as her crew hastily made preparations to leave the city that they were still hunted in.

Chelsea, her eyes still glowing a brilliant blue just shook her head.

“I think the captains in trouble big guy?”

***“Yoz’ and mez’ both!”***

With that he turned and began to bark orders as well. Chelsea the Charmer smiled at her large friend. They knew they couldn’t help their beloved captain from here, unless they had a few answers, and Thara of the *Lady Death* was going to give them those answers.

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Lethan fed slowly, her body plump and soft, her belly a gargantuan model of pregnant splendor, too large for words or imagination, and her titanic breasts exuding gallons upon gallons of powerful milk by the minute, the tight flesh of her sphere shivering with the many young with, dozens upon dozens of spawn. Epyon had forbid any to touch her or Trinity for they were both completely full, their bodies no longer able to hold any young without exploding horrifically. As a massive bellied feeder poured red crimson down her hungry gullet, the curly haired Cassandra, her own body three lush spheres of pregnancy wobbling about while she stroked and kissed and teased as much of Lethans’ smooth, taunt flesh as she possibly could, sending waves of pleasure through the immortal. Nareel and Rachelle were upon Trinity, each guzzling down her delicious breast milk, their bodies swelling and fattening with every swallow. Among them lay the newest member of the dark immortals horde, Lovette, the nymph of lies. She was also the smallest and Epyon wanted his harem full and ready to pop with his young, which two large daemons, one of whom was the dark prince Corbios, were happy to accommodate their immortal lord. Most of the hugely, monstrously gravid females of the collection were circled about, rubbing, cooing, licking, caressing and teasing , kissing and sucking eachother into continuous mind numbing orgasms as they watched; in between animalistic climaxes, poor Lovette get impregnated repeatedly to the two fiends delight.

As before with the dracoliths, the blonde beauty was stuffed with daemonic meat, her blood engorged pussy lips gripping upon Craxios’ huge schlong as he held her smooth, rounded sides, her plump flesh squeezed tightly between his fingers as the vicious creature bounced her off his huge cock. She was panting and purring between thrusts as she desperately tried to suck off Corbios’ thick member, her full lips spread wide over his thick head. In full beastly glory he gripped the back of her head and forcefully fucked her cute face, the young nymph happily chocking on his size, gobs of spit running down her chin and dripping on the sweat covered expanse of her swelling tits, Craxios already cumming within her twice. Her belly was growing as well, noticeably even as she was fucked into mind shattering orgasms; Corbios’ cock had muffled the sounds of her pleasure filled screams. The prince eased out of Lovettes’ mouth to admire her ripe, sensuous beauty, all the more sexy as she was pounded with cock, her plump, shapely legs spread wide as her huge, swelling sphere giggled with each ramming thrust, her two twin mountains bouncing madly about. Now her cries of unwanted joy filled the air, deep bellyful growls of intense stimulation coursed from clenched teeth. Craxios tensed for his third time as jets off hot seed filled her and she screamed with orgasmic madness, her titanic dome surging forth with new life, curves and delicious swells billowing out over her already large frame, her hands tiny against the size of her belly, and nearly a dozen young filling the wonderfully gravid dome. The daemon grunted a little as he shifted her new weight to the side and slide from her, exposing her smooth, round full ass, each cheek smothered in untainted baby fat, making them all the more tantalizing. As Craxios slinked away tiredly, Corbios moved in for the finale. Corbios lifted up a shapely thigh, exposing her pink pussy, cum still dripping from it, and her tight, untouched sphincter that brought a wicked grin to his face as he drilled it unmercifully. Lovette let loose a howl of pained sexual fury, her body reacting immediately as she came right then, her juices squirting out from her silken sex, her fattened frame quivering with delight. He pounded the tight hole relentlessly as a third figure emerged, and all gasped for it was the dark lord Epyon himself, his muscles tight and glistening, his thick phallus hard and awaiting her hungry mouth, a wickedness glinting in his golden eyes. Even as his son, his claws digging into the layers of flesh on her rear, fucked her ass; Epyon gently eased his thickness between Lovettes’ ruby lips, her sapphire eyes blurry and dull with excitement, his hand cupping what he could of her hefty, meaty tit, milk sloshing about within. With amazing concentration she gave the wicked lord a amazing blow job, taking him deep into her mouth and down her throat, swallowing him up as if she where going to eat him. A loud smacked echoed through the chamber as the daemon prince spanked the poor baby machine, making Lovette suck all the harder on his fathers’ shaft, Epyon noticeably shivering with pleasure. Corbios had not touched a female in some weeks, since Penelopes’ premature delivery and he was desperately trying to hold his climax but her pussy was so soft, so wet, the folds of her lips egging the seed from him as he finally tensed up, his muscles flexing with power, his razor like claws biting into her plump rear as he came, endless jets of hot, creamy fluid blasted into her too full womb. The shear force of the daemons climax sent a wave of utter ecstasy through Lovette who herself loosed a monstrous orgasmic scream, her mouth humming over Epyons’ rigid girth, the sensation bringing the wicked fiend to eruption, the panting female suddenly choked as sticky fluid splashed down her throat and she swallowed between orgasmic waves, her pussy and mouth flooded with daemonic seed, gobs of thick pearly sauce covering her mouth and face, running down her cheeks and into her sweat matted hair. The baby heavy nymph amazingly rolled to her back, coughing up cum as she gasped with fearful pleasure, her already enormous belly began to swell and grow, the all to tight flesh stretching seemingly beyond its means as half breed young filled her already too full womb, her hands clutching the smooth stone floor as her own fluids splashed between her plump thighs, her body shuddering with orgasmic fury, her massive breasts swelling with delicious milk, the skin seeming to grow hard as they too were flooded by mother natures’ and Epyons perverted will. Within moments Lovette was another gorgeous picture of sensuous gravidity, sexy curves and swells dominating her hugely pregnant beauty, glistening with wet from all the excitement and exertion. Cum still covering her face and dripping from her stuffed sex, her huge middle still expanding slowly, Lovette fell fast to sleep; Shaeri and Kellsa worked their plump, swollen bodies up to the newest female and somehow managed to lick the thick wads of seed from her soft, beautiful face, their own bellies quivering and swelling slightly as they impregnated themselves. Lethan simple licked her blood covered lips and closed her eyes, to fall fast into slumber and welcome Lovette to their sanctuary within the realm of dreams.

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She was beautiful, exotic beyond words and for the moment she was all hers. The lovely, long lived and powerful female looked on as the voluptuous dark haired, brown sugar skinned, chocolate eyed female dance and undulated before her; large heavy breasts swaying along with wide, feminine hips and a full, round ass, her thick though muscled legs flexed with her every movement, the soft, smooth curve glistening slightly with sweat; Chari-Mharhi was one of the most wonderful sights the Enchantress had ever seen. The lovely dancer wore only a shear loin cloth that barely hide her shaven sex and jeweled bracelets adorned her wrists. Though the Enchantress herself was among the loveliest of creatures on this realm, a supine beauty in her own rite, long dark hair cascading down sleek feminine shoulders, just barely teasing the tops of two large ripe, flesh covered melons topped by large dark colored areola and thick nipples. Her face, smooth and youthful, flawless in grace and beauty, her eyes entrancingly dark as the name she bared, her lips full and succulent, curved up in an mesmerizing smile. What made her even more amazing to gaze upon was her lush, sensuous stated of pregnancy. If one were to just meet her one would guess she fully along with quadruplets, her nearly three foot dome of smooth, taunt flesh, the skin tight yet silken to the touch, her navel protruding out from the wonderful pressure from within, all of this adding to her own voluptuous beauty, her thighs sleek and strong, her body and picture of delicate curves and swells, glowing with life and an aura of sensuality and power radiating from wondrous figure.

The buxom half elven belly dancer moved with grace and rhythm for her two person crowd, man and woman lying comfortable on a bed of cushions. Sitting next too the lovely, enchanting spell caster was human male, clad in soft leather breeches and a loose fitting silk shirt that revealed a very well toned body, a large wide brimmed hat lying next to him along with a pair of diamond studded rapiers. He was handsome, a regal air cast from him, his hair was a soft cinnamon, neatly cut and a slender mustache just tipped his thin lips. The mans eyes were grey and glinted with life and intelligence and between the two angelic beauties before him he would have believed himself in some mythical fantasy that was meant for the heavens. Too those who knew him, he was Phillipe the Silver Tongue, and to those who did not, he was a seeker of adventure and a lover women.

Chari-Mharhi continued her erotic, seductive dance for the duo, feeling their arousal build up as her own grew within her, her inner thighs growing moist as she could see the Enchantress’ breath grow heavier and deeper, her hands slowly stroking the great mass of her belly, and a very noticeable bulge growing in Phillipes’ breeches. She smoothly, as if she had planned it from the start, slid between them and planted a deep, soulful kiss on the lips of the Enchantress, their lips fighting for room in eachothers mouths, her hand cupping and caressing the bulk of one of her milk laden breasts, teasing the taunt nipple as milk squirted from the full orb. Her other hand gently stroked the ever growing bulge in Phillipes’ trousers, the feel of him quivering at her touch fueling her lustful fire. Unable to remove her hand from the buxom Enchantress’ to her own garment she rubbed her swelling clit against the soft, silken tautness of the gorgeous females burgeoning belly; the Enchantress’ joyful moan muffled by the two females intense lip lock, the slickness of her pussy warm against the Enchantress’ hot flesh. Chari-Mharhi finally got her hand down Phillipes’ breeches and then it was her turn to gasp. He was huge, nearly a foot of hard cock rose from his pants and her hand worked to fell every inch, caressing and teasing the rigid muscle, squeezing the thick phallus with wonderment and desire. She had to taste it! Reluctantly she released her embrace with the pregnant beauty and bent downwards to ease the head of his huge member into her hot, wet mouth and as the swollen head pierced the dancers’ lips the both cooed with delight. She had never tasted something as good as his cock nor had she ever had a lover so well endowed. Phillipe though was just as impressed with her oral skills, and her shear beauty. Hungrily he wrapped his mouth over one of her massive mammeries, her nipple tender and erect as her lightly bit it, causing her to suck all the harder on his cocked. Chari-Mharhi would have cried out in utter bliss had her moth not been full of cock, as the Enchantress spread her shapely legs and buried her face into her silken sex, the pregnant druid ravishing the engorged and high sensitive nether lips with her own skilled tongue. The picture was an erotic masterpiece, the lovely dancer stretched across the bodies of the lush, ripeness of the pregnant Enchantress and the well muscled, devishly handsome rouge, her head bobbing up and down the full, thick stock of Phillipe, one hand cupping his full sack, her other holding his neck for balance while he sucked and kissed and licked the heavy breast smothering him, with her legs spread wide for the angelic druid who was working her mouth over Chari-Mharhis’ slick twat with unheard of skill, the belly dancer noticeably shivering with pleasure, a powerful orgasm already welling up within her being. The Enchantress worked her clit with a fury, her tongue circling over it, teasing it then driving deep into her pussy lips and then back to the clit, just keeping the gorgeous, voluptuous female on the brink of climax. The succulent half elf was breathing heavily, hardly able to continue her efforts on Phillipes’ thick manhood, the Enchantress controlling her with her skillful tongue. The dashing rouge, not to be undone or left out, slide free of Chari-Mharhis’ embrace and carefully eased the lovely druid onto her back, while the half elven dancer maneuvered to rest atop her face, the Enchantress licking and sucking voluptuous beauties pussy hungrily, her moans melodic and passionate. Phillipe the Silver Tongue quickly undress and then sat back for a moment, admiring the beauty before him, Chari-Mharhi grinding her wide, feminine hips over the lovely Enchantress’ face, cupping her full heavy breasts, licking and pinching her nipples between blissful coos and oh's while the Enchantress ate her tasty, honey sweet pussy like she would never again taste such pleasure while her own hands explored her ripe lush form, rubbing the tight, smoothes of her distended belly, her firm legs spread wide, her nether lips slick with her excitement and he just smiled. The Silver Tongue eased between her silken thighs, savoring the wonderful aroma of her sex before darting out his impressively long and duel pierced tongue. The Enchantress screamed out as the fire of her loins exploded at the mere brush of her clit, her great swell lifting from the cushions as she arched her strong, muscular back, her sudden orgasm blasting through her and right into Chari-Mharhi, her juices suddenly exploding from her pussy lips, her wonderful nectar pouring into the druids’ mouth. Phillipe held her quivering body tight, the balls of his duel piercings glinting with their magical enchantment, feeding off the pleasure of the females and then returning it to them two fold as the masterful rouge buried his tongue between her plump, quivering pussy lips. The Enchantress was in pure and utter ecstasy, waves of orgasmic fury coursing through her full swollen body, so intense was her pleasure that no sound could be heard from her cry of passion, her mouth agape, her gorgeous dark shut tight as she relished the Silver Tongued master at work, Chari-Mharhis’ pussy quivering still dripping into her open mouth. The panting, breathless dancer turned herself around on the pregnant beauties face, her sex still teasing the druids open mouth but now her glorious ripe form, her huge belly full of young and her milk swollen breasts were set before her hungry eyes and she quickly latched onto one of her massive utters, sucking deeply, drawing creaming, wonderful milk forth, the white liquid quickly filing her mouth. Again the lovely Enchantress moaned with orgasmic glee, her sweet wine splashing over Phillipes’ enchanted tongue, her breath hot and deep against the horny belly dancers’ cunt, her body shivering as if a huge cock were slamming into her slickness and with every breath she too was panting heavily, another wonderful orgasm welling within. Phillipe worked his mystical tongue over the Enchantress’ clit with deft skill, taunting and teasing it, then penetrating her quaking, tight nether lips, the duel piercings bouncing off her erect clit and sending waves upon heart pounding waves of pleasure throughout her round, curvaceous form. With her mind literally blind with lust and drunk with ecstasy the angel like druid pulls Chari-Mharhis’ juicy sex to her lips and within two or three strokes of her tongue the voluptuous half elf is lost in orgasm, nearly falling unconscious with the shear force of her climax, her head whipping about in a fury, her gorgeous young face twisted in the painful pleasure of the moment, her soft brown orbs rolling back as her body stiffens and quakes repeatedly before going limp, her large mammeries mashing softly against those of the Enchantress, her head rested comfortably upon the large, soft yet firm mountain of her belly, both lovelies breathless, shivering and dripping with sweat. Phillipe sat back, his cock hard and begging for release but he felt fully satisfied. Chari-Mharhi carefully eased herself off of the hugely pregnant Enchantress, whom herself managed to prop her heavily gravid form onto her elbows, her sleek, firm legs still spread, her sex wet and inviting. Her dark eyes were deep and feral with lust as she looked upon the rouges’ steed.

“Oh my, I do believe we have forgotten someone.”

Her voice was smooth and rich and with grace and wondrous agility she rolled to all fours, her great swell hanging low, her breast heavy with sweet nectar and then she stood before Phillipe, her titanic orb gently coaxing the rouge onto his back until he lie flat and his massive towering cock rose high above him. The Enchantress gave him a hungry grin and eased herself upon the thick stalk. Phillipe nearly came right then, her sex was hot, as if passion itself burned within her and yet it was comforting as if he belonged there, her nether lips nestling about his quivering member, and then her pregnant weight pushed him even deeper into her wondrous silken folds, his hands immediately cupping the smooth, taunt flesh of her baby filled womb, her gravid sphere tight and soft at the same time, forcing such thoughts of primal lust through him that the Enchantress came as she finally settled upon his glory, his cock literally swelling within her. The amazing man was so big and thick the Enchantress fear he may split her in two and she loved, the fullness of her swollen belly and pussy an all too powerful aphrodisiac to her. Slowly she began to rock her full hips back and forth on his waist, his cock sliding in and out of her wet, ripe sex; the Enchantress cooing with his every matching thrust and then moaning as Chari-Mharhi swept up behind her, the half elfs’ large orbs pressing warmly and softly against her back, small delicate hands cupping her full, weighty breasts, massaging and caressing them until the duel pleasures soon took form in another heart pounding orgasm. But the skilled dancer teased poor Phillipe as well, occasionally reaching down and tickling his swollen sack with a long nail or squeezing the all too full orbs. As good as he was, even Phillipe knew he was going to be done soon, the Enchantress’ sex more wonderful and soft and gripping than any he had ever had and the Enchantress knew it, slowly picking up her pace, her ripe mountain bouncing heavily off his chiseled chest, her huge orbs sloshing about in Chari-Mharhis’ small hands. It was a sight to behold. Leaning back, the Enchantress rested all her weight upon Phillipes’ massive cock, her grand belly a glowing sphere of rich, succulent beauty as her body rhythmically undulated and gyrated upon the quivering muscle, her hands interlocked with his and Chari-Mharhi balanced her from behind while she pawed and caressed her more than abundant boob flesh, warm and malleable within her tiny hands. The lovely Enchantress ground her wide, full hips, the muscles of her pussy squeezing and milking the swollen muscle thrusting ever deeper into her hot sex. The two moved like a burning piston, her legs flexed as she lifted herself against the powerful thrusts of the rogue, their bodies slick and slippery with passion, Phillipes’ breath short and labored as he desperately fought off his welling climax, trying to time with that of the Enchantress, who herself was ready to explode in an orgasmic fury. Feeling her lover in desperate need of release and she wanted so badly to feel the hot gush of his seed within her so with amazing control she contracted her nether lips around his all too sensitive and immediately sent him beyond his threshold of control. Together they cried out as Phillipe literally erupted within her wonderful womb, gouts upon gouts of jetting cum blasted into her depths as her own body quivered and shook as she came with the sudden sensation of hot jism flooding her silken sex. Chari-Mharhi squealed in delight, plunging her fingers into her own pussy and cumming almost instantly, the aura of sexual delight literally overwhelming the room. All three collapsed, exhaustion finally overcoming the three lovers and both Phillipe and Chari-Mharhi cuddled up within eachothers arms though the Enchantress was fully recovered and lounging outside her deceptively small appearing cottage, within the warm waters of a small pond in the center of a miraculous glade, lush and full of life, flowers and fruits bursting with energy and beauty, thick vines of grapes and berries framing her homey “little” cottage, wild flowers and strong full trees creating a natural canvass over the wondrous glade and all of this was held within the depths of the Emberza Wood, which itself was surrounded by the Enchanted Forest, owned and protected by the fierce and deadly Mane, the Wilder King and Planet Lord of all Animals. Yet he allowed her to remain in her wood, and protected her almost like an older brother for she was a natural creature of the wood and all creatures, save a mere few, were his domain and under his protection. She thought very highly and fondly of her surrogate brother as the waters around her began slowly to ripple about her lush form.

The Enchantress had many protections of her own, besides that of her wilder companions and closing her eyes as she drew forth the power of the earth and wood, the water swirled about the center of the pond and then curled up as a giant serpent wood and then slowly took shape, forming into a huge mirror, dreamy cupids and wisps of watery clouds framed the liquidy mirror and within it the lovely, sexy image of Xheena appeared. Even as her image took shape the Enchantress smiled, for rare was an attack on the lovely druid for as wide spread and well known as she was; few knew where the beautiful and powerful female dwelled. As she opened her eyes, glowing white with power, she greeted the message from her long time friend, whose eyes were fixed on the two ghostly Kodiak bears standing tall and proud behind the Enchantress. The druid smiled all the wider as from the woods behind the watery message the longest, blackest serpent that she could image slithered from the shadows, the light around the beast darkening it was so black. The nearly eighty foot long serpent curled smoothly, effortlessly around the trunks of one of the many trees and almost seemed to disappear. The Enchantress knew her guardian would never be too far, even if his own borders where under attack. The Wilder King had come, and he brought friends with him. Behind Mane came two very hard and powerful looking creatures, one a magnificent black panther, standing almost six feet at the shoulder, the other a black tiger, massive and regal, almost seven feet in height, both were not natives to the wood but they were under the Wilder Kings protection and service and a huge roc; a massive golden eagle, swept over the opening of the glade. None of this did Xheena see but if she had even the Lady of Dreams would imagine it to be a nightmare.

“Enchantress, I have something I must ask of you…and the Wilder King, if you will allow it. My brother Epyon is making a move to overtake the Throne of the Immortals and he has come up with an ingenious way to do it. He has taken our sister Lethan and our cousin Trinity and there nymphs, and now he controls their powers…almost. He still needs the sir nymph Serenity and the location of the Thirteen Immortals, so I fear he seeks out Lady Sabrina for all secrets are bestowed upon her. There is hope though, a small band, led by a young half elven female and my brother Quintex is out to seek the Immortal of Freedom. Once found this immortal can release both Trinity and Lethan from my brothers grasp and possibly even him from those bonds that have held him in darkness for so long. Anyway, I believe they are making their way to you through the Underdark and with them,” and the winged immortal glanced about, as if making sure no other ears or eyes were watching and once sure she continued, “and with them is Serenity. Some travel with them that may need to stay with you for they are full with child, among them Lady Kira Amberwing. They would only be in danger for the group travels to face Crimson and break the alliance with him and my brother. There is other news but that is a matter I must take care of from here,” as she spoke, the Enchantress sat back, taking in all the information pouring from Xheenas’ lips, worry and hope and amazement tumbling about in her mind as she processed it all, “but they are coming and I would ask that you aid them as best you can. Oh and Master Sebron travels with them as well,” a smile grew on both females faces. The ghostly creatures soon returned to their ethereal plane and the small host that came with the Wilder King also departed though Mane himself stayed, listening in on the news of the outside.

“Xheena, you have dropped a large bit of information for me to absorb but if Lord Sebron is with them, and Lady Amberwing, them this is a great undertaking and I will aid them all I can. They are welcome in the Emberza Wood.”

Then she looked to where she last saw Mane but even before she moved she felt the smooth scales slide over her ever sensitive flesh, wrapping around her lovely, taunt swell of belly, teasing the flesh of her enormous milk filled breasts, the nipples instantly hardening and then the huge serpentine head, the cobra like face looking directly at Xheena who had stepped back for the great creature had appeared almost from nowhere. The massive head nodded once and then the Wilder King began to return to his own duties for the Gravidian witches were attacking his lands, but before he left Xheena spoke again.

“Thank you Mane and I have heard rumor that your older brother has returned and seeks his throne.”

The great serpent turned once and both Xheena and the Enchantress would have sworn he was smiling and then the eighty foot long cobra king was gone.

“They will be welcomed, but I must go and prepare. Farewell and take care friend!”

The image of Xheena smiled and the mirror splashed into the waters of the pond. The Enchantress made her way back into her cottage, water dripping from her ripe femininity, pearls of wet rolling down the curves of her full breasts and huge, swollen belly, the tight smooth flesh glistening in the light of the sun that beamed throughout her home. She began casting, adding food and drink in stores and preparing birthing rooms if any of the mothers to be happened to be full term. As her spell worked, she went to go visit her two guests, for maybe Phillipe would like to join the band of heroes. She heard a light rustling from within the room and smiled at the sight before her; the lovely belly dancer with her face buried in a pillow and her big beautiful ass high up as the Silver Tongue had his huge cock plunged deep into her slopping pussy. Instantly the Enchantress was wet, her condition causing her to be hungry for sex almost constantly, or maybe because a daemon controlled both the powers of lust and pregnancy, either way she quickly made her way to join them, her lips pressing fully against Phillipes’. She would ask him…after they played.

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Lilith purred as she floated among the plethora of hugely swollen beauties, rows upon rows of massively pregnant females of all races, their monstrous bellies, taunt and round, greatly distended spheres of undulating life, bloated and fattened until they looked ready to burst from the shear gravidity of their pregnancies. There must have been hundreds of females within the chamber, chained to the walls, their great spherical bellies hanging low with weight and size between thick, full thighs and full, plump asses; with breasts the size of giant melons resting atop the mammoth orbs, tight with the increasing pressure as delicious sustenance continued to pour in, for their bodies…their bellies, still grew, the vile lives within still maturing with every passing day. Lilith, now the Gravidian High Mother licked her lips as she passed through the great chamber of Breeders, the host delivered by Raze and Thara some many weeks ago. She stroked her own gargantuan belly, grown to nearly twelve feet of taunt, pregnant splendor, her twin-mountains of breast, full with milk trickled with the white stuff, her hips wide and volumous as she approached the rear of the herd and then smiled. At the end of the isle stood a gorgeous creature, a long flowing mane of red, streaked with gold framed the smooth bronzed skin of a truly breathtaking face; deep soulful eyes of amber, draped in long red lashes, a thin delicate nose, lips full and thick, the color of the sunset set on a oval shaped face, rounded and soft due to her condition. As Liliths’ eyes followed the picture of unmatched beauty which was hard in the room they stood in, her gaze fell upon two titanic breasts, milk over flowing from the thick dark nipples which jutted out stiffly from large brown areole. So swollen were her utters that the veins could be seen through the too stretched flesh and yet as big as they were, the two mountains compared little to the females unimaginably swollen belly, tight and taunt flesh stretched smoothly over the globular sphere that teased the ground her womb was so gigantic and yet behind her, on her horse half, her second tummy hung low and spread slightly as it too was stretched beyond words, the young within her furred half kicking her ever so often, forcing a coo or moan from their mother, her animal legs thick and strong, trying to keep standing, her reddish brown coat shinny with life and surprisingly clean for her dilemma. The centaur princess was drunk from Epyons’ continual bombardment and was hardly concentrating on the monstrously gravid female witch before her, until she felt the sharp; painfully pleasurable nails of Lilith stroke her taunt, ever sensitive pregnancy. She looked upon her sexy, gigantically pregnant visitor in her lustful haze and smiled, trying desperately to stroke her grand sphere as well, but her hands were chained tightly to the wall, her strong arms flexed, pulling the metal taunt, the groan from the chains resounding between the moans and gasps of the chambers splendid beauties. The Gravidian moved to stand next to the frighteningly swollen Centaur, one hand caressing the unbelievable gravidity as the other rub her own belly jealously as she leaned forward and gave the female a deep, hungry kiss. The lip lock lasted for many moments, neither female really wanting to end the pleasurable experience until at last Lilith spoke, her voice breathless and wickedly sweet.

“Grow big and fat my dear Princess Brandah’lea, for in your vast swelling belly you hold the young of Witchhazel and our newest prince will have many, many more for you to bear, before you are to deliver.”

As she spoke, her hand cupped and teased one of Branda’leas’ monstrous tits, the pleasure so great and sudden that the half horse half human came instantly, white cream shooting from her animal pussy. Lilith chuckled evilly and engaged her in a passionate kiss again, thoughts of seeing the centaur burst with life exciting her perverted mind.

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 “Lady Kira must rest Caylani! She has been out of the open for some weeks and it is weakening her.”

The gorgeous and rugged arcane archer looked at the worried archmage and then to the winged druid, her belly so large it pulled her robe tight, framing her every wonderful curve and swell. The lovely Neith looked so tired and frail as Charlize and Lita did their best to comfort her claustrophobia. The underdark ranger slowly nodded.

“I understand and you are right, we must rest. We’ve been traveling for days now with almost no sleep but we can’t stop here Master Sebron. We are only a days travel from the surface and between us lies Frostbite, the choldrith, a creature similar to the driders save for she is far less elven and far more dangerous. We are too close to her lair and though I am certain we could deal with her, this is her land and she may have more allies and drider than we are ready for.”

Then she felt the chill as Shadow King stood up behind her.

“Frostbite huh…rest here for a while. I think I’m going to go stretch my legs.”

Before anyone could argue, he was gone. Raylenethos shook her head, standing near Quintex and Celeste.

“Funny thing is I’m actually starting to like him.”

Quintex just looked at her as the captain of the *Shadowdancer* just laughed, her hands gently caressing her quintuplet sized belly.

Shadow King moved through the darkness with ease and fluidity, dipping from shadow to shadow as he hunted for the creature known as Frostbite. As he maneuvered through the twisting tunnels a sharp, frigid wind caught his attention, the ring about his neck twinkling to life. He smiled at that.

“I know my love. I’ll need your aid and protection against this one.”

Again the ring sparkled and the assassin fell into the darkness once again. He could feel her every magical denowmer and trap and he knew that in coming alone this groups chances increased ten fold, even as powerful as many of them were, she was ancient and wickedly clever, using traps to weaken even the mightiest of foes, save those whose methods were even more ancient than she. When he emerged his face was grim. About him were the bones of thousands, piled up neatly by race, from human to drider to even that of an ettin. The air reeked of death and decay and something more foul and noxious; Frostbite herself. She was fat and swollen; her bulbous spider like torso was huge and round and hung low upon her bed of carcasses. Her face was round and full, with plump cheeks and a fatty, obese body, shorter and squattier than a driders and far fatter, her breasts, beefy meaty orbs that actually hung almost seductively if it weren’t for the rest of her being so damned grotesque. She had huge bulbous eyes of red with long sharp ears that resembled horns. The eight legged bitch was hunkered down on her rear six legs, the other two were designed for more humanoid functions, as Shadow King watched the cruel creature bury her mandible jaws into the fleshy belly of a pregnant drow female, a gift from her pet driders whom he knew where at constant odds with the dark elves. He scanned the area and then fell into the shadows, arising in a room full of a dozen hugely pregnant and bloated females entrapped by the webbing of driders, all drow and all fattened for Frostbites pleasure. Quickly he moved towards a rear opening the chamber, the tell tale clicking of the sentry was echoing up the hall, even above Frostbites’ disgusting feasting. Even before the drider entered the room it was dead, the ancient vampiric wyrm twisting the beasts’ neck with one smooth motion. He then ran a sharp claw over the confining webbing, releasing the lovely, big bellied captives. As they slowly came out of their drugged state he quickly quieted them and opened a shadow portal back to Xherhe’zephena in which they groggily waddled through. The best way to a woman’s heart was through her stomach, the thought running through his devilish mind. Then he dipped into his realm once again and resurfaced; this time right before the daemonic bitch and her eyes had never been wider in surprise. She dropped the meaty carcass just as Shadow King grabbed her face and slammed his head into hers, sending her reeling back as her skull split open, and thick purplish ooze spurting from it. Frostbite howled in rage and fear and utter shock at this tall, handsome and large drow attacking her without fear or remorse and exuding power, beyond any she had ever felt. But this was no mere beast and she was not falling without a fight and from her hands a dozen blackened fireballs shot out, twisting and spinning towards her assailant and then bursting into harmless puffs just before they struck him, his ring flashing briefly and then twinkling, almost daring the choldrith to try harder. Frostbite eyed the glimmering jewelry with such spite and hatred that even Shadow King could feel its weight but undaunted he leapt forward, deftly side stepping one of her massive legs, which moved surprisingly fast for a creature as obese as she was and then just as easily ducking a huge curved scimitar that glowed with a rich, deathly blue energy, the tracers rippling with power. A vopal blade; that, the ancient killer had not expected, nor had he expected the second one, a katana, which cut down in front of him as he smoothly flipped backwards, out of harms way, and fell into a deep shadow as he landed.

Frostbite had faced more enemies than most could imagine, her shear size proof to that statement but this foe was different, far more powerful than any drow hunting party or even the great ettin, Shormerburg, whom she had killed over two hundred years ago. This she realized as the swift drow fell into the shadows as if he owned them and then she felt such pain, more than she had ever imagined as one of her rear legs was torn from her body, rent from her with ease and effortlessness and tossed passed her as she wailed an awful, ear bleeding sound that echoed terror and hate through the underdark.

Somehow she moved her hugely bloated abdomen around, swiveling her massive frame, just managing to dodge Shadow Kings’ fist slamming into the stone floor, a good ten foot crater left in his wake. It was her turn to attack now. The choldrith were renown throughout the realms as some of the most powerful spell casters among all the magic users and Frostbite was one of the deadliest among the deadly. As she spoke, her words were like graveled stone, scraped over a flat piece of shale.

“By what creeps, what crawls, by what does not! Let all before me recede and rot!”

The shear force and magnitude of her spell blasted the great wyrm back into the chamber in which the drow females were once kept, sending him into the stone with such velocity that he shattered the rock as he hit and sunk in nearly two feet deep. All that was left in the wake of her spell crumbled and rotted away, falling to dust or shriveling up into death and decay.

Frostbite smiled wickedly, acidic drool dripping from her mandible like jaws, hissing as it the floor. She stepped forward, winching in pain at her lost limb, dragging her fat body into her snack chamber; her smile evaporating and forming into a dreadful scowl as she looked upon the empty room.

“My pets! Where are my pets?!”

  She howled out, a violent wave of energy exploding away the rock where Shadow King was mercilessly imbedded. As the dust cleared and settled, her eyes went wide for nothing was there, no body, no parts, just stone, rock and shadow. Then bluish pink iquor sprayed up before her eyes, and a burning sensation ached in her gut. The ancient beast, whom had not feared death in centuries, looked down to see her meaty belly torn open and her insides piled up in a grotesque pile below her. Dumbfounded she looked up to see Shadow King, causally leaned up against the stone wall, a smug and almost bored look on his face and not a scratch or wound could be seen upon him, his vest and breeches still looking as fresh as the moment he walked in. How was all Frostbite wanted to ask him but she suddenly felt very tired and she was still attempting to put her guts back into her body as she slumped and fell into the death?

“Thank you my love.”

The lord of the shadow realm slipped into the darkness.

Far down the tunnels the sounds of battle could be heard, but only briefly and then a deathly silence. Raylenethos almost worriedly looked towards Quintex who merely regarded Iceburn, the almost knight like dragon standing dead center of the cavern, his eyes dripped with coldfire. Then he smiled, more sounds of battle erupting from the halls and out of the nearest cavern, two driders scurried free from the dark, only to have their heads severed from their bodies by a wicked blue white beam, Iceburn ending their retreat. From out of the deep under night came Shadow King, his aura like a faint glowing darkness about him, his smile slender, handsome and dangerous. He stepped to the center of the cavern a simply waved the group on. Toc and Sebron had to assist the lovely Lady Kira, for not only had her size encumbered her, her belly massively jutting forth with Iceburns’ progeny, but the weight of confinement had finally broken her stout and impressive will. As they moved closer to the escape of the underdark, Quintex stepped up to the powerful assassin, again leaning against the far wall of the entrance to Frostbites’ layer. He looks at the obsidian male closely; his own keen eyes glinted with respect.

“I take it that Frostbite shall not greet us?”

“Parts of her may.”

The casualness and ease in which he spoke sent even a chill down the Immortal of Swords spine, Shadow King falling back into his realm of dominance, smiling the whole way.

The travel through Frostbites’ layer was slow going; both Celeste and Charlize becoming very aware of the weight and size of their bellies, not to mention the baby fat and plumpness they had gained while in the drow capitol, Khambien assisting his love the best he could, Toc now with his captain and Ruby, who had been extremely sick as of late also accompanied them, Celeste helping her keep her little secret. Iceburn took care of his friend and mother of his young, the beautiful, and huge bellied female taking comfort in his actions. The remainder of the troupe spread out about them, Odin and Quintex actually taking up the rear, the center of the line was Lita the Chaser, then Khambien and Charlize, ahead of them are Celeste, Lady Kira, Ruby and Toc, like a great orcish shield before them. Iceburn moved about the trio, watchfully and just before them were Serenity, Sebron and Raylenethos, Caylani further up ahead and Shadow King on point. The chamber was horrific and disgusting, the less constitute, Lita and Serenity and pregnant females becoming sick often, even mighty Toc was nauseous but he fought back his urge to vomit but the sites and stenches like those of a nightmare, bones and bodies strewn about, some very old, others more recent; most of those were drider corpses. One room so foul was that of Frostbites experiments, female bodies scattered the room and covered the walls, their bodies bloated and fattened, with huge swollen breasts on those bodies that had remained that intact, their bellies obviously burst open for the choldriths’ children, her driders! Iceburn incinerated this as the others past, finally putting to rest the poor souls entrapped there. When they entered the main feeding chamber most everyone was stunned or horrified at the carnage about the room, especially that of the thing that once was Frostbite, her huge, grotesque shape cleanly, meticulously laid out before the heroes, almost as if a wizard or sorcerer were attempting to study her parts individually. Near the far wall, in another opening that had once been hidden, Shadow King stepped out.

“Are you all just going to stand and gawk at her or are we going to leave?”

Almost as one they eyed their very deadly, powerful and vengeful ally.

The rest of the travel went by fairly easily and swiftly. It was Khambien who brought up the obvious question.

“Can anyone tell me why we didn’t just gate ourselves here? I mean with Sebron and Lady Kira, it should’ve been simple…right?”

Sebron patted his shoulder.

“One does not just pop into the Enchanted Forest. It is not wise to come unannounced or carefully.”

“Besides, my little brother hates unwelcome guests…good or evil.”

Khambien turns to Sebron, the question written on his face.

“Shadow King is both the oldest of the dragons; he is also the Planet Lord of Shadow. We are traveling with the most dangerous assassin of all time…the only vampiric creature of nature in our history.”

“Vampiric”, was the only word the snow elf could muster as they approached a mammoth boulder, blocking their exit out into the sunlight. Both Toc and Odin step up to it and positioned themselves to push as the others gathered themselves, just in case their welcome was just as unwanted as Shadow King stated. For once, he was right out in the open. With a nod from Raylenethos, the two astounding warriors push the many ton stone from the opening, the gorgeous rays of sunlight pouring into the darkness. Shadow King narrowed his eyes, not because of the brightness of the sun but because he could hear the immediate sounds of battle.

Sebron waved his hand and the sudden blindness that had effected them all was gone, their sight immediately adjusted as shouts, and howls and creatures and steel and spells filled the air. Shadow King was moving before anyone could stop him and so was Raylenethos, though she did not know why.

Both Toc and Odin were racing after them almost immediately, Iceburn had already ran off behind Raylenethos and Quintex was about to follow but then stopped, for he saw why the others had charged off in such a fury before the remaining heroes could get into view. He turned as Sebron moved forward.

“Master Sebron, you, Lita and Caylani go and aid the others; Khambien, Ruby and myself will act as guard for our three mothers and Serenity.”

Sebron, not one to back down from any fight but also not a front line fighter just looked at him.

“Sebron, there are Gravidian Witches out there, attacking the Enchanted Forest, they are led by Melphio! Go!”

The name of the fallen sorcerer nearly made Sebron swoon with rage and his eyes exploded with fae as he levitated off the earth and swiftly moved forward. Caylani and Lita, now brandishing a thin silvery short sword, darted after him. Lady Kira moved next to the immortal swordsman.

“Who is Melphio?”

A sadness fell over Quintex then as he looked and the entrancing Neith.

“His older brother.”

The battle before them was like none they had ever seen in all their lives. Hundreds of undead creatures, from skeletons to a twin headed dracolitch, from zombies to wraiths were assaulting the front of a beautiful, nearly heavenly, untainted wood. Behind them, cross legged on the ground, their huge breasts bare, resting atop their magnificent bellies were almost thirty Gravidian witches, a full Covent. All of them were chanting, controlling the massive undead horde that launched volleys of magic and missiles into the forest but all of it seemed to bounce off the wood, the natures’ purity rejecting the evil. At their lead was a female that they had all seen before, the one that had been taken from the underdark days before, Nakita, her eyes glowing red with hatred, her great swell pulsing as she lay there, legs spread wide, her body going through the motions of birth, giving life to death and from her womb emerged a giant among men, a barbarian nearly seven feet tall, adorned in bone and hide armor, wielding a two handed sword meant for a giant in one hand and great war mace in the other. Beneath him arose a steed of blackened ash and together they rode into the mists of the undead, leading the awful charge. A lone, slender figure stood behind the panting and breathless Gravidian female and with a wave of his hand she disappeared, for the general had been delivered as promised. He was young, or relatively so, with dark malicious eyes, long black hair hung down his black and red swathed robes. He was thin, skeletal, with thick eyebrows and a long goatee, but handsome and familiar. In his hand was a long, smooth staffed with the skull of a dragon and his features, as Raylenethos noticed, looked remarkably like Sebron, though, older, gaunter and wicked, almost perverted if that could be. Beside him stood the great dracolitch, spitting a ghastly flame that seemed to deflect off the forest. Then came the roar and the woods exploded as beasts and creatures of all kinds rushed from the Enchanted Forest. Three giant eagles swooped down upon the undead dragon, wild animals attacked and ravaged the undead horde mercilessly, but none could approach the Gravidian as Yuan Ti appeared by them, cutting down every creature that came by; though strangely, some of those creatures change from animal to halfling or elf as they fell to the ground. The barbarian general began to cut his own path but two giant felines, one black panther and one black tiger, leapt upon his steed rendering it to the ground and throwing him free. He landed with ease but then he face a huge, monstrous serpent, nearly eighty feet in length and ten in thickness and faster than any snake should move as it dodged both sword and mace, then wrapped around his trunk like leg, and whipping its tail around to catch the other. Shadow King made a b-line for the two. A great shadow passed over Raylenethos and as she looked up, she gasped, Iceburn, the Coldfire Dragon had taken flight and as the second Roc fell; the dracolitch was buried by the magnificent force of Iceburn, the two great dragons tumbling about the earth. The slender mage ducked the chaotic tackle but when he looked up, his face became a mask of anger and fear, for Sebron the Light Mage was coming. Raylenethos looked about and with a nod to Toc and Odin, she charged the Yuan Ti. Caylani watched with wonderment and anger, wonderment at how this group went into the fray, fearlessly and without question, and anger at her home under attack. She took aim and loosed, her arrow piercing an invisible field around the Gravidian host and boring itself into the nearest bitches belly, her cry horrific but cut short, the second arrow slicing into her throat. Then it was chaos. Shadow King ducked and tumbled through the furious battle, occasionally ripping off the head of an undead or tearing the essence of a litch from its undead body with his breath, but always moving towards the great serpent and the barbarian. The vile dead lord had the jet cobra in one hand, raising his might sword as if to slice the long creature in two. In those moments, very quick moments, he was there and air borne, Shadow Kings’ body twisting about in the sky and then coming down feet first, his left foot slamming into the undead generals face, and then spinning around with his right foot across the side of the head, landing deftly to the ground. The blows sent the general crashing to the ground, the Wilder King rearing back and lunging forward, his huge maw latching to the seven foot barbarians’ leg and hoisting him up, whipping the warrior about and then slamming him headlong into the earth, the ground shattering with every hit. Finally the animal lord released the barbarian, the general leaving a twelve foot crater as he slid away. Then it looked towards the Shadow King, and with a nod the assassin was gone and rising up behind two lovely, chanting Gravidian females. Neither screamed nor made a sound as he snapped there delicate necks. Their Yuan Ti guards were so shocked that one of them didn’t even see Tocs’ axe as it carved through his head. The others’ eyes went wide, the ancient dragon punching a hole into his chest.

Raylenethos came in smoothly, dipping low and bringing *Wicked Lady* up under the cut of a Yuan Ti scimitar and then spun beautifully around to bury her magical blade into the deep cleavage of the female necromancer the evil creature guarded, her dark eyes popping open in her silent scream and in that same motion, the nimble rogue withdrew *Wicked Lady*, flipped her over and swiped twice, carving open a second Yuan Tis’ chest. It slowly dropped its blade and fell face down. Toc was there then and his great fist smashed the skull of the unseeing Gravidian witch, just as his axe returned and he brought it down with authority, the blade slicing cleanly into another witch, cleaving her in two.

Silent for some time Lita dove between the two warriors and in an astonishing blur of motion made short work of an approaching Yuan Ti, cutting up and down his frame with her gleaming sword and then watching as he fell to pieces. She looked back, as if saying, “I’m full of surprises!” Toc chuckled but went quiet as he heard the mighty dwarven battle cry. They all turned, even Shadow King, surrounded by Yuan Ti, one caught in an arm bar, another trapped under his foot, the remaining five trying to get in a good blow.

In the mists of a horde of undead, skeletons and zombies and other undead, Odin stood alone, a great glowing cross and hammer on his chest, that none had seen before, his spiked mail shimmering white and his mighty, lordly weapon *Thundercharger* crackled with electricity and his axe, *Devilsbane*  hummed, the edge, glowing blue.

“Ye beasts o’ death come to me for I be Odin, son o’ the Thane, First Charge and Steward to our **Father** whom ye have been denied! Allow me to be sendin’ ye home to **Him**!”

And then there was a seen that none could take their eyes off of, even the remainder of the heroes still watching in the caves, for Odin unleashed with such fury that all around him shuttered, *Thundercharger* exploding waves of undead away from him as *Devilsbane* cut a swath in the unliving host, bodies launching into air away from him. Never before had any of them seen a true Paladin Berserker of the **Father**; none save Shadow King, who laughed out loud with excitement for the battle would soon be over. Raylenethos turned to regard the laughing wyrm as Gravidian witches fell unconscious, their control over the dead was torn away and it was like a hammer slamming against their minds, with such force that some of them she knew would never awaken.

There came another roar and the two halves of the barbarian general came falling to the earth. From there on the battle was a route, for Iceburn then returned, unscathed, a flaming spire of white and blue dancing behind him on the remains of the dracolitch.

Elsewhere a battle of such power and force was happening that if Sebron had kept it near his friends, none would have survived. High in the skies of an alternate dimensional plane, two brothers reconcile their very ancient differences. Stars littered the sky as Melphio and Sebron stood looking at each other, floating on one of the many rocks that seemed to defy any gravity for there was no surface, no up or down, just space, a great vast void of space. As they spoke, their words seemed to echo throughout the great emptiness, confirming that they were all alone.

 “Well little brother…you have grown up nicely. Are you ready to join me yet?”

Melphios’ smile was short lived as Sebron of Darken Wood, the Light Wizard of the North merely looked towards a cluster of floating boulders and mentally sent the barrage at his lost, fallen brother. Melphio turned with a quickness that somewhat startled Sebron and with a wave of his staff blew the stone apart before him. Quickly the wicked mage came back, launching a tidal wave of fire that curled and rippled over the rock, melting it with the heat. Sebron thrust a hand forward, palm out and then closed his fist, splitting the wave and sending the two sides harmlessly away. Then instinctively he dove forward, a great iron hand just missing him, Melphios’ iron golem forming up behind the half elven mage. Quickly recovering Sebron blew air at the giant metal beast as with his free hand he balls of coldfire blasted at Melphio. The golem froze in its tracks and then shattered, its parts falling with a clang to the stone. Sebron turned to see his counter attack explode on the surface where his brother once was, the flash of light in the corner of his eye alerting him that he had missed and that it was time to move. In a blink he was off his meteor and on another as the huge rock, nearly the size of a small forest was blown completely apart. This fight was not going to be a short one, unless Sebron used all his power and that was something to behold.

***“Do not forget about me my friend! I am yours!”***

The powerful mage grinned as he heard the call of *Crimsonsbane* in his mind; she ached for this battle as much as he did. He tapped the wondrous blade lightly, lovingly and then brought his hands together before him and then opened them wide; Melphios’ platform was instantly torn in half, the inertia knocking his vile kin to his knees. Then with a twist of his wrist he sent Melphio airborne, slamming him into the underside of a near by meteor, the sickening thud resounding through out the space. Yet Melphio was far from beaten and with a blinding flash he was gone ad even before Sebron could react he felt the searing heat as gouts of flame ruptured beneath and exploded about him, the molten rock splattering about his robe, igniting it and his flesh. But then the flames spun about the light mage and poured into the gorgeous female tipped hilt of *Crimsonsbane*, leaving not a mark or scorch upon Sebron. Melphio, the Dark Reader, was stunned, for when he and his little brother last parted ways it was this very spell that nearly destroyed the younger. By no means was it his most powerful but it was highly effective unless its target was master of an artifact created by a spirit bent to destroy a creature, a wielder of hell fire itself. The thin, wicked sorcerer began to spin his staff in a flawless circular motion, the seemingly airless land suddenly growing very breezy as a whirlwind formed, its force directed at Sebron. Then Sebron laughed, so openly and brazenly that the magical wind parted before him and left Melphio opened and exposed. The two once again stood face to face and it was the younger brother who spoke this time.

“Melphio, you are banished from this plane.”

 The older, villainous mage moved once and then froze and convulsed and then screamed as the magical banishment ripped him from the plane and thrust him unceremoniallessly back to his lonely keep upon the Isle of Sodom, hidden within Hells Ring, a reef of impassable mountains. Sebron stood their looking at where his brother, his bane and his curse once stood.

“After we deal with Epyon, we shall rid our realm of that abomination, won’t we *Crimsonsbane*!”

***“Yes!”***

Even as he emerged, Sebron was greeted by Lady Kira and the others. Bodies of undead, and Gravidian witches and Yuan Ti littered the ground, as did many animals and wilders; some elf, mostly halfling. Lita and Charlize were going about healing those that they could, as was…Odin, who looked very different from what Sebron remembered. A great shadow that loomed out behind him to let the mage know that Iceburn was now standing guard and more than likely was paying his respect to the Planet Lord of Animals, Mane, the Wilder King who was standing face to face, as well as the halfling sized immortal could with his older brother, Shadow King. It was a very interesting and quiet meeting for Mane was not one known for talking, let alone taking his humanoid shape which was as frightening and impressive as Shadow Kings, the halflings’ flesh was jet black, tufts of white hair peeking out from the serpent helm that wrapped about his head perfectly. His extremely well muscled body was covered, or wrapped in the scales of an ancient king cobra, the body suit reflective in the light, a long snaking tail seemed to slither and move behind him yet it was simply apart of the pelt. Shadow King smiled and Sebron thought he saw Mane nod and the huge, eighty foot long cobra was turning as another impressive creature was approaching, with another host of wilder elves. It was somewhat disconcerting to watch Mane for his transformation from one form to another for it was so quick and subtle that if one blinked or stared to try and see it they missed it. The new figure was tall, nearly seven feet of muscle and yet he was lithe like, cat like which fit for he was half cat half elf, he was Krahn, the Panther. Like Mane, he had become infused with the spirit of his animal, so much so that even in humanoid form he looked like a panther, walking on two legs. His only clothing was a loin cloth that just hid his impressive manhood. He was a sight to behold, tall ad lean, regal almost, his fur jet black with only the memory of spots, wild feline eyes of ember and his ears were pierced multiple times. Once he stood before the Wilder King he bowed low before the great hooded snake. It was strange, for though Sebron knew their roles, he felt that Krahn was just as kingly as Mane, and yet the power and leadership that dripped from the Wilder King, gave proof to why he was who he was. Shadow King stepped before Krahn who again bowed, as the massive tiger and panther trotted up beside Shadow King, the huge beasts giving him a loving nudge and then sitting, almost like they were at attention.

Raylenethos and Quintex had moved up beside Sebron and Lady Kira.

“So, that’s the Wilder King? I thought he and Shadow King were brothers?”

Quintex looked at her then Sebron, the knowledgeable mage answered.

“They are, for Shadow King is both dragon lord and planet lord.”

“And if all goes correctly, he will also be the Immortal of Shadow.”

The lovely half elf looked at Sebron and then Quintex.

“Okay, one of these days you are going to have to sit down and explain all of this to me!”

They all shared a smile, which grew all the bigger as gorgeous vision of beauty materialized above them, her dark eyes lush, exuding life, her smile welcoming, beckoning.

“Welcome Heroes of the Dragon Horde, you have been expected.”

With a cock eyed glance, Raylenethos nudged Quintex.

“The Enchantress, right?”

 Again he just smiled.

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Raze had been free of the *Fallen* for nearly a week and he was enjoying it. They had taken to open sea and now, far from any waters he was wanted on, the orc pirate captain was quite ready to relax, which he was doing with the stunning beauty before him, her full lips wrapped around his greenish gray cock, the thick foot long, swallowed deep into her warm throat. Her name was Chloe, and she was one of five tasty treats that Raze had felt the need to rescue from a fate far worse than he could imagine and besides, Epyon would never know. Her deep, rich brown eyes cloaked in long thick lashes looked at him lustfully, drinking in his masculinity as she sucked and slurped his towering muscle, spit rolling over her palms as she stroked and jerked the base, while engulfing his delicious tool. The ever horny orc ran his fingers through her nearly black hair, the curly mane damp with lust, as he pumped his strong hips, filling more and more of the gorgeous elfs’ wet, steaming mouth. Skillfully her tongue worked magic around his shaft, twirling about the flesh until rolling over his swollen, twitching cockhead. Her huge, milky breasts mashed against his inner thighs, the lean orc lounged back within his high chair, Chloe on her knees before him, her tiny hands resting on his thighs and hanging low and perfectly beneath her enormous, liquid filled juggs was the beautiful, perfectly round sphere of her belly, swollen as if she were pregnant with sextuplets in her seventh month, the flesh taunt and smooth, lightly tanned  and pulled tight with gravid, distended so much so that it was shinny with pressure. The rest of her was just as sensuous and sexy, her hips had widened nicely, making her ass fuller, rounder, leading into thick, muscular thighs, curvy calves and delicate feet. Her face was smoother, softer, and a layer or two of baby fat gave her that full, ripe look and the ever present glow of pregnancy radiated off of her very being. Yet, like a skilled, educated sexual master, she worked her mouth over Razes’ member, occasionally cupping one of his full, cum heavy balls, teasing it with long, sharp nails. With a pop she released his thickness from her wonderful lips, only to lick and suck on his nut sack while stroking his stone hard cock. The orc captain was sweating profusely now, cum swelling up within him for it had been nearly three months sense he last touched a woman, and having been surrounded by all the delicious, big bellied beauties, ripe and full, their sexual desires in a rampage and unable to taste even one had been torturous to the sub-daemon, for his species was meant for breeding, creating more and more of orc kind. Now he had five mothers from which he could build a large healthy brood, and he was going to enjoy everyone. With strength he pulled the luscious Chloe to her feet, she was heavy in his grasp, her belly ballooned with young and he drank in her marvelous sexuality and beauty. He turned her around and slowly eased the hugely pregnant elf onto his rigid staff, the head of Razes’ cock slowly penetrating her plump, tight nether lips, the sudden rush of pleasure shooting up through Chloe like electricity, her swollen body quivering as he went deeper and deeper into her womb, her mouth agape in a hushed moan of delight as he filled her more than the actual father of the elves inside had, so much so that she thought he was going to split her open and yet she yearned for more until finally Razes’ entire length was buried in her hot, shivering sex. Raze himself was quaking, he had never entered a pussy so tight, so inviting and warm, hungry to be filled that he nearly climaxed upon entry. With slow, deliberate thrusts he pleased her, mounting his desires as he pumped as deeply as he could, his hands exploring her ripe swells and curves, marveling at her melon sized breasts as they bounced with their increasing pace. She cupped one of the giant orbs, plunging the stiff, erect nipple into her mouth and drinking heavily, gulping down her own sustenance between erotic gasps and moans of pleasure. Tightly he gripped her expanded waist, his orcish strength aiding him as Raze began to lift her up and down on his cock, furiously, burying himself as deeply as possible into her wetness, her succulent form giggling everywhere with delight and desire, her moans and cries of more a battle song in his ears, the jewel eye patch reflecting her swollen beauty as he fucked her ravenously. He, carefully, gently eased her back, her weight now in his arms as he pounded away at her dripping, shuddering sex, the skillful pirate feeling her orgasm on the threshold. Raze kissed her neck and ears, grunting along with her hungry pants, until her deep inhale of breath gave him his queue and he stopped, leaving her on the edge of such and orgasm that it was almost painful to contain.

*“P…ppl…pplleeaassee!”*

He just had to hear her beg. With that mere plea, he thrust one last time as together they came, his seed shooting into her womb in thick, heavy gouts as her juices spilled over his cock and balls and thighs like a waterfall. It took many moments for Raze to finish, cum rocketing into her depths and immediately taking hold. She was still on his softening muscle when she felt it, Choles’ eyes widening with ecstasy as her already massive belly began to surge forth with new life, the orc seed combining with the elvish young, changing them into a whole new race, the great orb expanding and tightening, the flesh pulling as taunt as a drum, healthy fat rolling over her as her lower body thickened, the twin boulders on her chest becoming even heavier with nutrients. Chloe gripped her new heavy bundle, the increased weight and size of the gravid orb shocking her and pleasing her at the same time, the lovely elf now appearing explosive with octuplets in her eleventh month. Raze eased her off him and allowed her to steady herself as she adjusted to her new size, her plump legs wide to balance herself. Wet with sweat she rubbed and caressed her new fullness lovingly and Raze had to admit that she looked quite amazing, rich and swollen with pregnancy.

“Cord! Teiago! Come help Chloe back to her room.”

The door to his chamber opened as a thick muscled, eight foot tall hobgoblin and a slender, handsome human walked in. They both looked at Chloe in awe and lust, her ripeness dripping desire and carefully they each took an arm and began to help her waddle towards the door. As they began to exit, the simple warning brought them from their lustful dreams like a sledge hammer.

“If anyone touches her, or the other four, I will feed you to the *Fallen* personally.”

They quietly and somberly left the room. Raze was exhausted and had not slept for sometime. Chloe was the second of the females he had impregnated since the *Fallens’* departure. The fist was a human, her name was Ariana, a gorgeous exotic creature, with soft sienna brown flesh, shoulder length purple hued hair, bright hazel eyes, plump succulent lips, and mountainous breasts, larger than Chloes’. Her belly had grown marvelously, unbelievably immense, she looked ready to pop with young, a nearly six foot orb of tightly swollen gravidity, distended wonderfully with his offspring and thanks to Epyon, she had more room to grow; though neither Raze nor Epyon knew that. His thoughts were on a second outing with the hugely pregnant human and maybe the other elf, Sareena when the watery form pooled into his chambers. The pirate was laid out on his plush bed, naked and half a asleep, his fantasies of Ariana and Sareena forming as he felt the strong grip on his cock and the sharp steel just below it. Slowly he opened his eye to see whom had managed to slip by the many wards upon his door and windows and before him she stood, full bodied, voluptuous and beautiful, her eyes pools of cool water, her blonde hair darker with wet, clinging to her naked shoulders, curvaceous sexy hips, two mammoth sized tits bare on her chest, a sea shell thong hiding her sex, a long robe of translucent scales adorning her beautiful body. Her face was older, maybe thirties in human standards. Lips of glittering blue, and her skin tinged in sea green, Lady LeMay, the Immortal of the Seas had come to pay Raze a visit.

He looked down at his semi-hard cock held precariously in her amazingly strong grasp, with a thin, razor like tooth placed just at its base. But Raze wasn’t who he was for nothing.

“My lady, may I help you?”

Her voice was smooth and rich, with a watery undertone that made it all the more alluring.

“Why did you bring my cousins abominations across my waters?”

“The choice was not mine my Lady LeMay. Epyon has his will, to defy it is suicide.”

She gave him a cock-eyed glance.

“And to defy me?”

“Just as suicidal”, the superbly intelligent orc replied, “but far safer, for you are not mad with power as he is. The *Fallen* have been delivered as were my instructions and now my dealings are done. Yet I have defied you and will have to make amendments. What is it you ask of me?”

Her smile was devilish to say the least but not alarming.

“You will have to do me a service in the future Raze. As for Thara, her punishment will be to carry your young. I warned her once and she still disobeyed. When you next meet, take her, deliver your seed and for nine months she shall learn what it is to defy the Mother of the Seas.”

With that she leaned forward and engulfed Razes’ now stiff cock, slurping loudly upon the hard shaft, her watery mouth and suction like nothing Raze had felt before, his cum already prepared to explode from his loins. In mere seconds she had brought him to the brink, her gargantuan udders mashed softly on his legs, his body quivering with climax and just as release was near she stopped. Lady LeMay gave the flustered and frustrated pirate a wink and then fell into a pool of water, disappearing into the floor boards. Raze was panting, his cock ready to burst with cum.

***“Cord! Get Sareena in here…NOW!”***

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 The Wilder King had led them all through his homeland to the Emberza Wood, deep in the center, the small hide away for the Enchantress. Her home appeared as a small, quaint cottage, covered and framed by life and beauty, the glade bursting with fruit and vegetation. It was breathtaking. Mane had not changed since they had entered the forest and Shadow King was gone all together. Krahn and Caylani acted as guides when the Wilder King was not present and no one really spoke, they were all just absorbing the splendor of the Enchanted Forest and Emberza Wood, for nothing had ever been so beautiful, not even the Dragon Horde or Xherhe’zephena, both miraculous in their own rite.

When they finally reached the Enchantress’ cottage, they found her with both Mane and Shadow King, along with those two monstrous cats lazily plopped down on the earth. She was as her namesake, enchanting, standing naked before them all, her lustrous hair hanging about her shoulders and framing her angelic face, her dark eyes deep and soulful, and her smile warm and motherly yet sexually intoxicating. Her body was spell binding, two full, milk laden breasts resting atop a four foot dome of wonderful gravidity, tight and perfectly round, her quadruplets resting within. Her thighs were sleek and smooth, her body a sculpture of curves and swells and pregnant magnificence. Khambien gripped Charlize hand as if asking forgiveness but she felt no jealously for her thoughts were the same as his. They moved up and she greeted them all, kissing Sebron and Iceburn as long lost friends and lovers. Hugging Caylani and Quintex and Lita the Chaser, along with Serenity and Lady Kira. She then bowed to Odin, whom graciously bowed back. Toc bowed to her, as did Ruby but then the Enchantress stopped and placed her hand on Ruby’s belly and before them all it grew quickly, her belt popping open, her leather shirt pulling up tight, her breasts swelling and busting open her shirt, it was almost comical, the halfling looking about five months along with quintuplets. The red headed beauty looked at her, not angrily but just inquisitively. Her voice was mesmerizing, though not as much to Raylenethos.

“It was your hearts desire. Caylani will take your place and you shall stay here with Celeste, Lady Kira and Charlize. Shadow King filled me in. Do not worry little one, we will still be able to aid them.”

She leaned forward and kissed the joyful halfling on the lips. The Enchantress then hugged Celeste and Charlize, Khambien bowing to her as she welcomed him and the she stopped before Raylenethos and bowed low and deeply, surprising for her swollen mid-section. The half elf started to chuckle but everyone just looked in astonishment, though Sebron, Mane and Quintex all shared understanding and approving glances. Shadow King was, as usual, not surprised.

“Aren’t I suppose to bow to you”, Raylenethos whispered?

The Enchantress stood and gave her a gentle kiss. Then she looked at Mane.

“Sire, may Krahn escort Lady Raylenethos on the rest of their journey?”

The serpent moved once, coiled up tight as if to stand and then, as if stepping from a great darkness, before them stood the jet halfling. His voice was as frightening as his persona and as smooth as Shadow King.

***“If the Panther wishesss, heee may go!”***

Then the great king cobra curled about, again coiled up tight, resting close to the cottage; the animal lord tired from his battle. Krahn proudly stepped before the Enchantress, a low growl rumbling from inside. With a mighty roar he answered yes. Both the great panther and tiger roared their approval. Then the door opened and dashing young human walked out, his face handsome and daring, grey mischievous eyes darting about, a large brimmed hat upon his head, a black silk shirt opened to bare a chiseled chest, over that a leather vest with dark brown leather breeches with thigh length riding boots, upon his waist rested two diamond studded rapiers. He bowed.

“Phillipe the Silver Tongue, at your service.”

Shadow King shook his head.

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Olivia was titanic, her great belly swollen beyond measure and she still had months to go. Her monstrous breasts were constantly being milked by Breeders and she had grown considerably fat, though it all gave her a sensuality and splendor that was nearly irresistible. Her smooth, rounded face was content, for she had just fed and though no males were allowed to touch her, many Breeders and even some of the Feeders were enough to satisfy her cravings. Her second, Dynna had been busy with her brother. The dragon queens’ mind was consumed by her pregnancy, feeding and sex the two largest concerns. Olivia hardly worried about Shadow King though deep in her mind she knew that he was the most dangerous of all their enemies. Presently, Rhachelle, one Epyons’ favorites was given to Olivia as a gift and what a gift she was, the delicious drow female, her hair long and flowing was laying down flat beneath Olivias’ wide spread legs, the immortal wyrm squatting over the explosively huge drow, her tongue exploring the depths of the dragonesses nether lips, her own massively turgid orb resting between her plump ebony thighs, rising high off her baby fat covered frame. The heat radiating off the female dragon reflected on Rhachelle, thick droplets of sweat rolled off the giant swells of her monstrous belly or melon sized breasts, tight with milk. Yet she hungrily, feverishly continued to please the self proclaimed queen, her searing juices leaking from her tasty pussy freely with every lap of Rhachelles’ tongue. Olivia was panting, the drow female far more experienced than she ever imagined and just as beautiful, as waves of delight rolled through her hugely bloated body, her great sphere undulating with excitement and the multitude of young dancing within. Somehow she managed to hold her titan sized tits, gushers of warm milk spraying as she squeezed them tight, her fourth orgasm quickly approaching. Surrounding her were three other monstrously pregnant beauties; Breeders, gifts. Each were chained to the wall and they were to serve as playthings for the wicked red, or snacks if she so desired, though Rhachelle was totally off limits to any but Epyon. Tifa, the largest of the three, her gargantuan belly a sphere bulging out nearly seven feet forwards and almost three to each side, with two milk laden breasts topped by thick stiff nubs and thick areola to match, was by far the cutest the trio with long chocolate brown hair, soft creamy skin, eyes the color of the desert and soft pouty lips that hungered for cock. She was pleasantly plump due to her heavily pregnant condition but it only added to her adorability. The second, Nadine, was the fattest and the perfect snack for Olivia, though like a prize cow the red continued to let her grow fatter and plumper and thicker for her flesh would be all the more succulent. Her tits were monsters with saucer sized nipples and her belly was a distended sphere almost as large as Tifas’ but the amount of fat that covered it made her seem far larger. Seleena was the elf of the group, sleek and smooth, her gravid orb and liquid juggs were the fattest and most dominant features on her otherwise slender frame, her hair as black as the raven and her eyes the color of the moon, she was simply a piece of astounding pregnant art and Olivia loved it. Even as her sex exploded in Rhachelles’ mouth, Olivia decided she would keep Tifa and Seleena to breed for *her* when the brood she held was born and Nadine was going to be her long awaited desert.

***“ Ttt…Tabitha…f…ooooffuuucckkk,”*** Rhachelle was chewing on her clit, **“*ff…yyeesssss…faatteeenn u…up N…Naaddinne! I…ooooohhhh yyyeess…moore, hhuunnger ff…ffoorr MORE!”***

 In the corner, the beautiful and obedient Tabitha listened. The huge bellied Breeder bowed as best she could, her hefty mammeries held up by a thin, over stretched loin cloth from which they looked ready to burst and then she looked to her servants, their own swells quite round indeed, who waddled over the bloated sandy blonde haired human and poured thick honey milk down her throat, Trinitys’ milk fattening and impregnating Nadine simultaneously, her belly swelling rapidly with new life, as did her tits as rolls upon rolls of baby fat soon smothered her already delicious frame. Olivia shuddered, pinching her tender nipple as the super pregnant drow buried two fingers into her mistresses wet sex. Olivia was biting her lip at the intensity of her orgasm, her head whipping about shamelessly, Rhachelles’ fingers drilling the dragoness cooing and moaning with ecstasy, multiple climaxes crashing over her swollen figure, shaking the great sphere of her belly with her excitement, panting exhaustedly through her pleasure. The baby laden wyrm was so overloaded with stimulation, her thick pussy lips quaked as her juices exploded from her repeatedly, her ebony lover drinking in her wine with delight. Finally Olivia let loose a roar that shook the stone walls of her room, dust fell from the buttresses, glasses toppled and shattered on the floor and she came with such power that Rhachelle ceased her oral teasing and nimbly, astonishing for her sized slid from under her mistress and rolled to her side, her distended belly resting on the hot floor, her spell bound eyes watching as Olivia spasmed and undulated and writhed about, falling heavily upon her expanded ass for her knees had become weak with the intensity of her climax, arching her back, her hands thrown back for balance as liquid gushed from her wide, quivering nether lips. From the unknowing onlooker it would look as if the gigantically swollen dragon queen were about to give birth, her monstrous dome undulating and shivering, her breath coming in labored gasps; chest heaving, her great milk filled mammories rising up and down as her mind blowing orgasm passed, her entire body shaky and weak, as she sat there, spent beyond words. Rhachelle managed to maneuver herself behind the monstrously pregnant queen just as she fell back upon the great expanse of the drows’ belly, falling fast asleep. Rhachelle stroked her turgid sphere as Olivia slumbered upon the soft fleshy dome, Tifa and Seleena cooing at the erotic show while Nadine was fattened up for the feast; her grand swell ballooned nearly nine feet, fat lathering her body. Tabitha smiled, patting her gargantuan obesity for she would feed the red queen well.

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Nataku and Crimson sat and awaited Epyon to arrive. Nataku had healed nicely, at least physically he had. Mentally, his courage and his pride were wounded deeper than any could imagine, especially those as compassionless as Crimson or Epyon. The proud warrior hide it well, his anger at the beating that Shadow King had given him masking his heart pounding fear of the ancient shadow wyrm. The room in which they sat was truly lavish, leather couches made of old oak, and masterfully carved fireplace, full, round bellied nymphs danced around its frame whit a multifaceted chandelier with dozens of long candles illuminated the room. The two sat, sipping on blood wine, the four, gorgeous females serving, the breasts large and firm, barely hidden within their chain mesh bikini tops, thin silver loin clothes dangling between their long sleek thighs just revealed their clean shaven sex, each of the females had wide, sauntering hips that moved seductively as they walked about the room. The slender of the quartet was a stunning elven female with long flowing silver hair and rich bronze skin, her eyes a shimmering silvery hue with large but not overwhelming sized breasts. Two others were half elven twins, their hair bright red, green eyes like the grass at dawn and huge breast like melons rested upon their chests and their hips were curvaceous and feminine, perfect for breeding. The last was a tall, muscular half orc, her skin a soft gray, her eyes onyx orbs and her tits were like great boulders, wobbling about as she moved. Her raven hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail and though she was half orcish, her exotic features made her all the more beautiful. Nataku knew that they were Breeders, Epyons’ personal stock, only to be touch by his whim or for his enjoyment.

Just then the doors opened and Epyon with Dynna entered, the dark lord carrying a long mithiril staff, a huge amethyst stone; shaped like a great lordly king, resting on top of it, the purple stone radiating ancient magic. The female red coolly took a seat near Crimson, the three now forming a semicircle. With a wave of his had the four females scattered to the four corners of the room. Then Epyon stepped to the center of the room, with the dragons’ half circle, where he whispered something even more ancient than Crimson could understand and with a gust of magical wind, symbols formed, glowing and pulsing on the floor. He drove the tip of the staff into the center of the rune and spoke, loudly and clearly, the names of two kings that were great and mighty when Nataku was merely a hatchling.

***“Teppish! Char’nazal! Answer me, your master!”***

The stone began to grow brighter and brighter until suddenly it burst with light, an eerie purplish flame shrouded in darkness, cold evil filling the room, the light of the candles dying away at the wickedness that entered the room as two huge shadowy wraiths formed, their ghastly frames shrouded in black cloaks of hatred, sorrow and despair. Each of them looked like cloaks of flowing shadow as they bowed to Epyon and stood back to their full height. The four females were cowering and whimpering in the corner, even Dynna was shying away, standing up and out of her seat at the unnerving sight of the *Fallen*. Though Nataku did not openly move, his hand was upon the hilt of his blade, yet Crimson calmly sipped his blood wine. They spoke as one.

“*Master! You ask and we have come. What do you wish of us?”*

Epyon smiled smugly at the control he held over the fallen lords of men.

“I wish you to change your hunt. Find me the Shadow King. His power will draw you to him. Kill him! Now go!”

Again they bowed and as swiftly as they had come, they were gone. Epyon retrieved his staff and clapped, the four females snapping out of their fear. He handed the long rod to the twins.

“Take this to my chamber,” then looking at the half ogre, “Tessa, bring us something to eat.”

She bowed low, her breasts almost pooping from her top and then followed the twins out of the chamber.

“Tavalia, more wine.”

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Sabrina and Fawn had magically jumped from the tower and then many alternate places until the Lady of Secrets had exhausted herself. She knew better than Fawn how the Huntress and her dogs worked. More importantly she knew tat stopping was not wise but they needed rest and she needed time to think. The gorgeous immortal could feel the subtle tug of Epyon, his will seeping into her mind and thoughts, dreams of lustful decadent pleasures and having her belly growing large and round with his seed continually filtered into her thoughts but as long as Fawn was free she could fight off the urges. The two sat on the upper alcove of a lush tavern, eating a small bit to regain their strength, poor Fawn was usually in a study or great temple, her head buried in scrolls or books; running was not what she was known for. A sudden chill ran down Sabrinas’ spine as the bar wench approached. Then the doors blasted open, throwing a group of patrons across the room. Without hesitation Sabrina turned and threw up her hand, opening a gate and just as she began to leap through the grey furred leg of a dracolith emerged, and then his huge, tooth filled maw, roaring his arrival. He grabbed the poor wench, a young female, not even in her late teens and impaled her on his throbbing cock, the beast not even wholly through the portal. Fawn screamed and then leaped from the table, her mistress grabbing her wrist and pulling her into motion. She heard the blood curdling cries as the Huntress and her pets tore through the patrons below. As Sabrina opened up a second portal she glanced back, just in time to see the poor bar girls belly grown so full it was tearing from her bodice, her breasts swelling and splitting her blouse, her hair whipping about in orgasm and the dracolith leaping towards her and Fawn but not in time to catch them.

The air was cool in the forest and both females looked about in surprise. Then Sabrina opened another portal and she and her nymph ran through it arriving in an alley near a bustling port city near the North Sea. The wiley female looked quickly into the crowd and found two prostitutes that fit her needs. Her eyes flared as she whispered towards them.

*“Come here!”*

The two females moved into the alley almost trance like. Moments later, as Sabrina and Fawn, they walked out and took their spots on the near corner. The Lady of Secrets looked at them mournfully for they would not deceive the Huntress for long but hopefully long enough. With another wave of her hand a portal opened and they were gone.

The Huntress screamed as her dracolith slammed into the wall, splintering a beam.

***“Kill everyone! Breed my dogs! Breed!”***

And they did. A loud, gurgling pop from above along with a spine shivering cry of orgasmic lust signified the birth of another dracolith. The others grabbed females at will, fucking them quickly, mercilessly and senselessly as bellies all around swelled and burst with vile life. The Huntress cut down any who tried escape and any male who attempted to play hero was torn apart. Within ten minutes, twelve dracolith stood before the gore covered immortal.

“***Find the two bitches and bring them to ME!”***

Her pets roared their obedience and then moved to make their mistress happy.

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      Jeana was resting on her bed of satin and silk, her blonde wings draped about her like a blanket. Her dreams were a mix of excitement and fear. It had been almost a week since her sister had asked her to conceive with her lover, the ice dragon Shimmermoon. He was traveling from the Coldmoors, the icy city of the north in the Mountains of Frost, a trip he always took to see his long time friend Wintershade. She had dreamt of her body, beautiful and swollen with life and she dreamt of the dark land in the clutches of Epyon. The gorgeous angel was having one such dream when she felt the cool, loving touch of one that was nearly apart of her. Slowly her eyes open and there he was, her lover and friend and mate, Shimmermoon. She gazed upon him and he was amazing; flesh the color of cool ice, his hair a silvery frost with wings covered in pure white feathers layered in a deep frost, his face was chisel and sharp, his eyes liquid ice, his body a statue of tight muscles carved from glaciers. He wore a long kilt of chain mesh and a marvelous sword upon his hip with two bracers of solid frozen liquid wrapped around his wrists. A necklace of silver was placed around his neck and the rest of the stunning creature was naked before her. Shimmermoon smiled as she stirred to life, her own frost colored eyes looking back at him with love and lust, and in her gaze he saw something else, a joy that he had never before witnessed. Like the frosty wind upon the tundra his words came.

“My lady, I came as swiftly as I could. Is everything okay?”

She could barely contain herself as sat up in her bed, her full breasts giggling softly upon her chest. Jeana merely smiled, and looked upon him with hunger, with such hunger that it startled the old dragon and then she wrapped her arms about the handsome male and kissed him, deeply and fully, her tongue ravaging his mouth, her lips soft and yet firm against his, the passion of her embrace shaking him to his core and he relished it. Shimmermoon returned the kiss, his desire, his love, intoxicating as they fed off one another’s’ want and need for many moments until they were drunk with lust. It took only a few seconds before Shimmermoon was unclothed and the two were rolling around together upon herbed, his huge length rubbing and pressing against her warm flesh, large full breast smashed hard upon him, her small hands desperately searching for it, until grasping it tightly. She rolled on top of her lover, looking at him wantonly, stroking his manhood slowly, and feeling him as he hardened in her hands. Shimmermoon had had many lovers in his time but Jeana was beyond a doubt his most favored and loved and with her he had neither fears nor doubts because he truly did love her. Jeana gazed at him for a long moment, her eyes searching his heart for they had always talked about children but laws and rules had forbade them and now those bonds were gone and she wanted to carry his young, their young but he had to want it as well. As if the ice dragon was reading her thoughts he pulled her close, smiling at her beauty.

“My love, my lady, I want you as my mate, as the mother of my young and if the fates allow, that time shall come.”

She was glowing as he spoke, tears welling up in her icy blue eyes.

“It has!”

He was upon her instantly, his lips pressed so tight against her, the love that flowed was unbelievable and she felt his frozen tears fall upon her breast as strong hands lifted her up and the thick bulb of his cock rested at the tip of her aching sex, her lips swollen with excitement for she had wanted this for more than three hundred years and with their faces so close her breath steamed as it met his, Shimmermoon lowered his love onto his thickness. She gasped as he slid slowly into her hot womb, her nether lips accepting him greedily, twelve inches traveling into her slick depths until their flesh met as Jeana took him in completely. Never had she felt him like this, so strong and hard inside her, filling her beyond her comprehension. They were shivering with the mere excitement of what was to come, her hands wrapped in his and slowly she lifted herself up and down his member gasping and squealing and crying out with each slow, wonderful thrust. Jeana soon got into a rhythm, rocking her hips back and forth upon his great muscle, his cock driving into her deeper and deeper with her gyrations, her muscles flexed with her seductive like dance upon him. The angels’ moans and cries of pleasure increased as Shimmermoon quickened the pace, his shaft like a piston into her body, her moist lips leaking with her fluids, sweat forming upon her body and his, a soft sheen causing them to glow in the light of candles. She rode him as if she were meant for no other, her back arching as her round; beautiful ass rolled to and fro, her great wings spreading wide, his own spread flat, the tips draped over the bed. Their bodies fell together as one, his great girth driving into her with maddening speed, their lips locked into a lovers’ embrace, her moans of delight muffled by their kiss. The feeling of Shimmermoon inside her, his hands exploring as if it were the first time they had made love made Jeana wet and hungry for his seed than she thought possible. Suddenly they moved and though she could not see it Jeana knew they were standing for she could feel him penetrate her further, his big strong hands gripping her ass cheeks with tenderness and yet holding the winged beauty firmly. Jeana opened her eyes though everything was a blurry haze, now drunk off their passion, their lust, their love, his icy blue wings had wrapped about her and she was kissing him soulfully, hungrily, her body welling with orgasm. Carefully Shimmermoon laid her upon the bed, allowing her to move her glistening wings comfortably yet never removing his thickness from his lover. Now their bodies were soaked with desire and he thrust into her slowly, lovingly, wanting her to feel every moment of what was soon to come. Her strong legs wrapped about his waist and pulled the wyrm deeper into her slick, tight sex, filled by his girth utterly. Jeana wanted to beg him to cum for she knew her orgasm was about to explode through her like a force of pure love and she needed him to share it with her but all she could do was whimper and moan and cry out with pleasure and ecstasy. Breathlessly Jeana locked eyes with Shimmermoon and she knew he felt the same, his cock bulging within her, her clit quivering as he pumped once, then twice and then finally she knew it for her body was quaking with anticipation and the gorgeous angel grabbed the wyrm by the face and pulled his to hers and they kissed, a kissed fueled by such want and need and love that it triggered them both as Shimmermoon exploding inside her as went rigid and then her body acted own its own in her orgasmic dance, her juices gushing from her as her lovers seed poured in, flooded in, her flat belly bulging with the amount cum. He collapsed next her, shivering and exhausted and spent, Jeana lying tiredly next to him, purring from the wonderful feeling, the womanly feeling of conception. Then she felt it, tightness at first, then the pleasurable sensation of her body changing, her flat stomach bulging slightly and slowly until she looked nearly four months pregnant, her belly a soft mound of lightly tanned flesh. Shimmermoon tiredly but excitedly sat up, and he grasped her hand as he watched her belly swell, now looking quite full, as if she were in her third trimester, her waist a delicious round mountain of flesh. Then the rest of her body joined in on the act, her ample breasts soon stretched and ballooned as gallons of warm milk poured in, her hips widened to match her ever expanding belly, her thighs and ass thickening and filling out, curves forming making her even more shapely, more lush and ripe, as her pregnancy swiftly progressed. Baby fat began to role over her once sleek frame, her face softening, and growing rounder as her belly, a giant mass of ever swelling gravidity continued to expand and become more spherical, heavier, a monstrous dome threatening to overwhelm her, now looking pregnant in her fifteenth month with dectuplets, her belly clearly over five feet and rising, her free hand exploring her new, amazing shape, spellbound by her increasing shapes and abundant swells. With aid from Shimmermoon, Jeana sat up, her full figured thighs spread wide as her belly, the tight turgid sphere of wondrous pregnancy rested between, distended nearly seven full feet of stretched, smooth flesh, her breasts full of liquid were swollen thrice the size of the largest of melons, her nipples were tight and pink and erect straining to contain the gallons of milk inside, her areola darkened grown to the size of saucers. They were wet with sweat as the two lovers rested in eachothers arms, exploring the wondrous shape of Jeanas’ pregnant glory. Shimmermoon leaned in close to her ear, his breath cool upon her, sending a delicious shiver down her spine.

“I love you.”

Jeana just closed her eyes and fell exhaustedly on his broad shoulder, sleeping easily for the first time in a week, dreams of motherhood filling her head.

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  The *Shadowdancer* cut through the waves as it followed the *Lady Death* through the waters of Nightingale. They were far enough away from the pirate ship as not to be noticed and with aid of Chelsea the Charmer they remained virtually invisible. Broxton stood at the stern, a beautiful blonde haired elf, her skin a deep, sun kissed bronze tinged with a forest green, adorned in only a furred thong, her big round breasts resting firmly on her chest, a long bone bow almost twice her height rested in her hand, the quiver strung across her back. She was painted in the colors of the sea, the camouflage nearly perfect. Her eyes were the tint of the sea, her nose small and delicate, and her lips full yet pert, with sleek toned thighs, smooth slender hips, and a flat stomach and tasty round ass. The elf looked up at Broxton who merely gazed out at the *Lady Death*, worry and anger flashing in his eyes.

***“Whatz’ youz’ lookin’ at Devon?”***

The gorgeous female looked at him and then across to the running ship. The wild elf glanced at her bow. The wily elf gave the huge minotaur a devilish wink, as she drew one single arrow.

***“And what in the fuck youz’ goin’ doz’ wit’ that?”***

She merely sauntered towards the bow, near the ever chanting Chelsea. Devon looked at the arrow and gently tapped it against one of the Charmers’ monstrous, giant sized breast, the massive orb wobbling slightly as the arrow suddenly turns golden and flakes of golden dust that turn to harmless sparks of flame dance off the shaft. Chelsea, lost in her chant was oblivious to the entire seen but Broxton just snorted, even as Devon notched the arrow into her bone carved bow, many of the Shadowdancer’s sailors also being to watch the mysterious wild elf. As she drew back upon energy seemed to ripple off the creature, her weapon appeared to melt into her hand and Devon looked more like a goddess than a wilder, her mane of golden hair flowing back in an unseen wind, her teeth gritted tightly, her muscles flexing and rippling as stretched the bow string taunt. Suddenly Chelseas’ eyes burst open, flames licking from them as if she were on fire from within. Broxton was so startled that he whipped his great maul from his back but eased as the Charmers’ words flowed forth, powerful and yet soothing and commanding.

*“Now Devon; loose and you shall strike!”*

With that the wilder archer loosed her arrow and like a shooting star it streaked across the waters of the ocean, its speed leaving a wake in the waters as it flew. A flash and burst of light told all that she had struck her target and Broxton was the first to catch her and Chelsea as the two collapsed from exhaustion. The strong beast was soon aided as other sailors joined him to place the two lovelies onto the deck and others went to fetch water.

***“Last timez’ Iz’ doubtz’ youz’ Devon,”*** the humbled warrior looking upon the gorgeous slumbering female, ***“or youz’ to Chelsea,”*** gazing upon the unconscious beauty. But now their prey was wounded and soon their answers would come.

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“Father, is it unwise to seek that ones’ help. He follows Malice as if she were a queen; feeding the Lady of Perversion until she is drunk from his raw lust. Belkar is a daemon prince, hell father he is my older brother but even you said he was mad! Why seek him now?”

The handsome immortal looked back to Corbios, again sporting his elven façade.

“Because Corbios; where Belkar goes, cousin Malice follows, and where Malice goes, her drider army is close at hand. Plus Belkars’ own small force will give us even greater strength.”

The daemon son of Epyon simple glares at him incredulously.

“I would not call Belkars’ progeny a small force. His sons rank in the thousands!”

Epyon gave him a familiar and condescending glance.

“Besides, it could have been easier placing you down there rather than he. My power over Lethan grows as her young mature within her and my power over Trinity is nearly complete. I could impregnate cities if I wished but the children would be mortal not daemon. Belkar can aid us with his wicked horde. Trust me.”

The hint was subtle but crystal clear, the discussion was done. His fathers’ power had grown; he could feel it; now he worried if it had grown too much. Together they traveled down into the lightless depths of the dark Tower, into its’ very bowels until the faint sounds of painful, erotic, joy filled orgasms and the liquidy pops of young, delicious feeders echoed in the halls; Corbios could hear their blind cries of joy and ecstasy as their bellies swelled with life and burst open horrifically and happily as they gave birth moments after conception. Belkar was very busy this day.

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The Enchantress treated the tired and weary heroes to a feast beyond compare. Her apparently tiny cottage was merely a magical façade for a castle that could house hundreds, each room spectacular and different. Yet it all had an earthen, natural feel to it that gave comfort and hope and still filled the body with desire, the Enchantress’ own present state feeding her keep with her essence. The soon to be mothers ate until even their huge bellies felt as if they would burst if another morsel passed their lips. Charlize cooed as Khambien softly rubbed her bare belly, his hands soothing her taunt flesh, her eyes closing as his mere touch made her body hot and flushed as she licked her lips hungrily. Shadow King took note as all in the room seemed to be falling under their hosts’ natural aura, one he and Mane were immune to. Krahn seemed to be resisting it but his own naturally desire to mate was not helping and the two brothers knew another pregnant warrior was not necessary, not yet at least.

Sleep seemed to want to overwhelm them but another; more powerful force took control in the house of the Enchantress. Since they had left the city of the drow, the entire group had placed their every want and desire on hold but now, within the confines of safety and comfort, their desires, their lusts held sway and all; save only a few, were happy to fall victim to its power. As dinner finished, and the conversation drifted, worry and caution soon lifted from their tired hearts and souls. Even as Caylani spoke the Enchantress was preparing to retire for the evening, her long hungry looks told her, her old friend Sebron was in dire need.

“My lady, what of my Lady Lysandra, she comes with Julian, the Wemic Prince. They shall soon be arriving.”

Still looking at her would be lover for the eve; she turned to regard her old friend.

“Of course Caylani, what of my manners. Please, go to great them.”

“At once Enchantress.”

The buxom beauty rose, respectfully bowing to everyone, her deep cleavage accentuated by her low cut blouse, the female now out of her travel gear. None could deny that she was a beauty among beauties. Shadow King, whom had eaten nothing, though there, was food for an army stood up and looked to Krahn and the monstrous serpent coiled in the corner, watching as always.

“My brother and the Panther here and I have things to discuss. Lady Raylenethos, we shall see you in the morning.”

With that the age old creature passed into the shadows and was gone. Raylenethos looked to the others, her face blank and surprised as the great feline Krahn stood and with a nod to all and a bow to the Enchantress stepped out of the wondrous dining hall. Quintex looked for Mane but the Wilder King was nowhere to be seen. His smile spoke volumes. When he looked back he caught her looking, gazing at him. The immortal in all their travels had never realized just how splendid and truly gorgeous Raylenethos was. Even she had not realized that she was staring until Serenity nudged her.

“If you keep looking you may stare through him,” the stunning white skinned beauty said teasingly. The half elf gave her a quick puzzled look and then took a deep draught of her wine. She clearly was not feeling right. The Enchantress brought her attention back to table.

“Heroes, my home is your home, and for some of you it shall be that way until you are blessed to give birth. For the others, you travel across the Deep Plain to the Mouth of Hell, Crimsons lair. It is a two week journey with many trials along the way. Rest here while you can, enjoy what I can offer and too you I grant entrance into my home, if ever the need arises and your hearts remain true. Now I must get some rest,” as she gently caresses her immense gravidity, her huge swollen breasts held up tight in a silken gown, split open just below her heavy titans and moving with grace beyond words, “and, if an old friend wouldn’t mind, I would like to catch up on old times with him.”

Sebron smiled and stood, giving a warm smile to all.

“In the morning my friends, we shall choose our course. Good night all.”

With that, he took her hand and escorted the lovely female from the hall. Phillipe stood up and moved in behind Celeste and the now big bellied Ruby. The halfling looked up at him as if he were stepping on hallowed ground, but eased as she looked into his grey sparkling eyes. Celeste was quite up front, smoothly taking his hand as he offered it to them.

“Ladies, my I escort the two of you around our hosts’ wonderful home?”

Ruby had to have help getting from her seat but then all became easier and as she looked about to thank the unseen help she noticed Raylenethos looking at her, smiling although weakly. Quintex noticed it as well.

“Are you okay Raylenethos?”

Her gorgeous soft green eyes looked at him and with a smile she shook her head. The immortal swiftly walked over and eased her chair back and smoothly lifted her from her seat. Toc and Odin both stood, as did Khambien, Charliezes’ eyes opening as they watched the immortal carry their friend from the dining room. Toc was by the door as they were about exit.

“Shez’ okay?”

Quintex nodded, “Exhausted good Toc. I shall watch her tonight, if it’s okay?”

Toc gave him a wink and opened the door.

“Hey lover, since your up, think you could give a lady a hand?”

Khambien looked down at Charlize, beautiful beyond his words and his love and life. As he helped her to her feet she moved in close to his ear.

“Do you still have that little gift from the dark elf city?”

“A little, why?”

Placing his hands on her hugely swollen orb, tight and perfectly spherical, full of their young, warm and soft to his touch.

“How many do you think we can get in here?”

She gave him a gently, teasing kiss as they slowly exited the room. Toc bowed and went to go to sleep but Lady Kira called him back.

“Toc, this gift was given to me by Lady Rebekah; I believe your wife would love to hear from you.”

The Neith thrust out her hand and from it leapt a jeweled mirror. It flew across the long room into the ogres’ grasp, his dark eyes wide with excitement.

“Just say her name.”

Speechless, he bowed and left the room, tears welled up in his eyes.

“Very generous of you my Lady.”

“Yes…now it is time you be generous to me!”

She gave Iceburn a knowing wink and the two rose, bowing to those few left and retired to bed. Odin stood and wished Lita and Serenity a good night and then also retired to his room. Only the two beautiful busty beauties remained. The lithe blonde looked at her old friend, a truly seductive smirk on her cute genie face. No words were spoken as they kissed, deep and soulful, their hands immediately searching and feeling their bodies, Lita sliding her hand beneath Serenitys’ flowing gown and cupping a full, heavy tit. The nymph shivered for it had been so long since she felt a lovers touch and Epyon had been berating her with thoughts and desires that she had silently fought off, she believed do to her closeness with many powerful friends and allies. But that was no longer needed for now she could release her burden and relish the moment as Lita wrapped her lips around Serenitys’ stiff nipple, her tongue dancing about it as she felt small, delicate fingers stroking her just above her sex, grown moist and wet with hunger. She heard the genie breath as her robes disappeared and she was naked in her friends’ arms. As Litas’ fingers plunged into her nether lips Serenity cried out, the genie kissing about her ample breasts, the nymph shivering as she nearly came from the sudden and long awaited touch. Deeper and deeper they delved, exploring her insides and sending waves upon waves of ecstasy throughout her gorgeous body, aided by Litas’ expert tit tease, gently pinching one erect nub with her teeth while she squeezed and massaged the other heavy orb, Serenitys’ flesh soft and yet cool to touch. The neglected nymph was panting heavily as the genie palmed her clit, rubbing gentle circles over it until Serenity felt as if she would explode; so much sexual desire had built up that she knew she would cum soon and many, many times and she let them come as her first climax swiftly overtook her. Serenity clutched Lita by the waist as her body shook and spasmed and then she cried out in ecstatic bliss as her juices flowed over Litas’ pumping digits. Her white mane whipped back and fore as she spasmed and jerked wildly with orgasm, until it seemed she was unable to move as she collapsed on Litas’ shoulder. The genie helped her weak kneed friend stand just enough to place her on the table. With a look a jar leapt from the table to Litas’ hand. Serenity was still blurry eyed and spent from an orgasm built up for nearly a month. Slowly Lita opened the jar and coolly poured its contents upon Serenitys’ dripping sex, the sweet golden honey rolling out like a creeping waterfall until it finally fell upon the nymphs’ quivering lips and like lightening Serenity shot up onto her hands, shrieking with the pleasurable sensation of sudden coolness upon her burning loins. Then she felt a wet firm tongue flat across her vagina and a shiver of lust ran up her spine, her sleek legs shaking with hunger. As it rolled over nether lips Serenity could feel another tsunami of pleasure rising to a peak as she cupped and teased her own malleable orbs, licking and kissing her taunt nipples, perspiration forming like a second skin upon her. Finally Litas’ tongue swept over her tender clit and she exploded, arching her back in orgasmic fury, her mouth open in a soundless scream, clutching her giant breasts painfully as her fluids flowed free into Litas’ awaiting lips, the genies own fingers diving into her wet slickness. Breathlessly and weak Serenity pulled Lita up to her and kissed her hungrily, pulling her on top of her, grind her pussy into Litas’, feeling the moist sex burning hot against her own. They gyrated together for many moments, Serenity breaking the kiss to engulf one of her voluptuous partners perfectly round orbs, licking slowly, carefully about the fleshy areola before taking in her thick nipple. Litas’ body shivered at the erotic touch, the warm softness of her old friends’ lips upon her sensitive nub sent shock waves through her body, enhanced by the groping, exploring fingers, teasing and tantalizing her aroused flesh, there bodies becoming damp with sweat and excitement, the genies’ breath growing sharp with their gyrations. Nimbly the gorgeous beauty swivels herself atop Serenity so her wet sex is directly in the nymphs’ sights and the delicious pussy of Serenity is spread open before her hungry mouth. Just before she begins her oral play a jolt of orgasmic bliss shots up her spine into her lust filled mind, forcing her to cry out; Serenity wrapping her lips around Litas’ nether lips in a passionate, voracious kiss, her tongue splitting her flower and exploring her sweet depths. Instinctively the genie drove her hips against the nymphs’ open mouth, feeding her more and more of her incredibly nectar. Now it was her turn to squirm as the fires of lust that had been sealed and entrapped for so very long quickly began to boil over until like a slumbering volcano ready to awake she erupted, Litas’ body going rigid as her wine exploded within Serenitys’ gulping mouth, filling her belly as if the genies’ juice was the sweetest liquid that had ever touched her lips. It was so powerful, so fulfilling that the poor genie nearly collapsed.

The two friends explored their bodies and their sexuality far into the night, their screams and moans of orgasm filling the air, blending melodically with the many other lovers that night.

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Both daemons stopped as they approached the lower halls. Epyon could here the orgasmic moans and then painful, joyous cries as the female slaves gave birth to his eldest sons’ progeny, the death music filtering out from the great steel door. Standing tall before the door were three extremely dangerous creatures. As he stepped forward the two beholders guardians sprang to life, huge bulbous masses of flesh shaped like a brain, their eight eyed tentacle stocks bearing down on the oncoming daemons while their great center eye opened and immediately Epyon felt his own magic wane, but only for a moment, for that was the nature of the eye of the Beholder. Corbios, though powerful, was not an immortal and immediately fell to the ground, his very essence, born of magic negated by the beholder. The third figure quickly recognized the two guests and with a snap of her fingers the beholders closed their deadly eyes. She stepped forward into the light; leading first was her hugely swollen belly, tight and full of young, minotaur young. It was smooth and gravid, distended as if she held a good dozen within, the belly button vanished long ago, and her animal like legs flexed with her every step. Nearly nine feet tall, strong and powerful with a mane of flaming blonde coursing down her back. Her face was distinctively feminine, her horns long and black, her deep crimson fur shiny with health and life. She wore an armor breast plate that seemed far too tight against her enormous bust; her taunt nipples dented the metal. In her hand she bore a hulking giant claymore with flame licking off its blade. Black, smoldering eyes looked back at the two daemons, Corbios finally regaining his feet. She gave a snort, flames shooting from her nostrils. Epyon looked at her and bowed with respect. She was Firemare, the true mate of Sergo, chosen of Hannomon, the Immortal of Fire. Firemare nodded to the immortal and bade him forward. Boldly he moved onward, the orgasmic and fleshy pops music to his ears. Lightly he patted the females’ belly, who only snorted her reply.

He pushed open the great purple stone door and a rush of smells hit him, blood, flesh and cum all in one delicious aroma. He looked about and saw his form of delight; hundreds of young maidens of all races and planes growing round and full and then crying out in orgasm as their bellies burst open with the daemonic centaurs, each fully grown, knowledgeable and powerful, an endless army of deadly clones. There were thousands on these beasts, grabbing the nearest slave or slaves and impaling them on their gargantuan cocks, tearing the females pussies wide and cumming so much so that the girls can literally taste it and like used scrap they toss the females aside, their bellies swelling, their breast ballooning to great boulders until the females deliver, with their tummies monstrous orbs of flesh bursting open and spawning new abominations. As Epyon walked through the crowd he could see the aguish and pleasure on the females’ faces as their gargantuan bellies ruptured with new life, tearing their bodies apart. Their orgasmic howls and pleas for more a sweet, perverse melody to his wicked ears, filling him with lust and then causing him to release more of his stolen power into the room with vile and devious results. The room was hot, the floor cracked with rivers of lava navigating the arena. At its end stood Belkar, black as night and evil to the core, a huge muscular centaur, clad in brimstone forged armor, tight rippling biceps and a massive animal body, thick and strong, powerful trunk sized legs, a mohawk of blood red fur running down his spin to his same colored tail. His head was animalistic, a handsome goatish appearance. The abominations eyes glowed with that of blood and gold, ink mixing and curdling about with wickedness. A look of sheer evil was etched on his face as a young halfling lay before him, sprawled out and panting, her hands digging into the rock, her eyes rolled far back into her head, her dirt filled blonde hair clung to her face like a spider web, her lips quivered while her tits lolled to either side of her nearly seven foot spherical belly, nearly three times her height, fleshy imprints of the beast within pushing on her over-tight and stretched-beyond-words womb. Her taunt, globular orb shuddered as the creature inside matured and prepared to enter the world. She spread her thick, baby fat covered legs as wide as she could and then screamed as her son was born; his head splitting her open from her clit to her nonexistent bellybutton as blood sprayed out and a creature with the same features of his father or brother stepped forcefully from the remains of the female that gave birth to him, ripping her asunder, a mask of orgasmic joy and fear etched eternally on the halflings face.

The creature bowed to Belkar and then with its powerful hind legs it bound forward, instantly grappling up a dark elf and half orc, his lower cock burrowing into the half orcs’ cunt while impaled the dark elf on his upper phallus. Epyon merely smiled at the sight, the dark elfs’ belly already beginning to swell. The huge hulking beast; the daemonic thing known only as Belkar looked down upon the handsome immortal, his multicolored eyes glinting with recognition and a mix of respect, hatred and admiration, the closest Belkar could come to love. With a respectful bow it lowered its head to the Immortal of Shadows and then it narrowed its’ gaze on the regal, blonde and rather unimposing elf standing proudly next to the daemon lord. The great beast took one heavy step forward, his hoof crushing the halfling corpse beneath it and then he was there, tall and wicked before Corbios, sniffing the air about him. Recognition lit in his eyes as he smelled the familiar though distant aroma of his little half-brother. Again the villainous grin appeared on his face. With a snort, hot flame licking Corbios’ face, he stepped back with perfect balance.

**“Well, well, well! Welcome…father. Or should I say milord?”**

His voice was deep and booming, like great boulders smashing together and exploding into words.

**“What has been, nearly seven hundred years since you locked me down here? As you can see; I’ve kept myself busy,”** and he looked around, his sons doing their perverse work, females bursting all about them and for the first time in his unholy life, Corbios actually felt sorry for the poor girls and yet he could feel the twinge in his cock and his hunger to join them in their play, **“but I digress, you have come to me father so what is it that you wish?”**

Epyon looked at him, long and hard, a liquidy pop nearby and a great roar told him that the drow was done and second one, lead by a deep animal like howl hinted to the half orcs’ fate.

  “Son, I have a proposition and a gift for you.”

Corbios looked at his father awkwardly though Belkar made no signs of caring, picking a piece of flesh from his fanged maw.

“I plan to take the seat of power, I plan to overthrow the Thirteen Immortals and I have a feeling that to do so I will need and army and an army I have. What I need are generals…generals that can lead the greatest daemonic horde in a millennia! Your sons are just that. And as an offering,” he waved his hand in the air nonchalantly and with a rippling of the air around him entered a huge, beautifully swollen dome of taunt, ebony flesh that shined with life and health. For what seemed an eternity it came, nearly twelve feet long, almost four feet wide of glorious belly, followed by two huge, thick and erect nipples, attached to a pair of gargantuan boulder sized breasts, full to bursting with milk, her hard nubs constantly spraying sweet nectar on the expanse of her belly, dribbling down her bulging sides, then came a deliciously beautiful, slightly rounded face, framed by snow white hair; eyes the color of freshly fallen rain, her full plump lips coated with white, a stark contrast to her midnight colored skin and with a perfect nose. Her shoulders were slender as were her muscular arms though her hips were wide and plump, her ass round and big yet firm and most notably a pair of plush, long, silver feathered wings that skimmed the coarse rocky ground. Corbios’ eyes went wide for though he did not know how his father had caught her or when but before him was Magdelena, the most dangerous warrior priestess of Neith, Guardians the Romania Tower within the depths of the Darken Wood and half sister to Lady Kira Amberwing, a foe that all daemons were leery of. As beautiful and amazing as she looked she was equally deadly. As she finally entered the hellish room, her gaze blurred by Epyons’ will, her naked pregnant glory for all to bear, only a jeweled necklace dangling between the deep crevasse of her bountiful cleavage, she lowered herself before the heartless creature. Belkar growled low and deep and slowly placed a hand on her gargantuan belly, the lives tossing about within her.

**“What good is she if she is already pregnant?”**

Epyon almost looked amused. He smoothly strolled up to the entranced beauty, running his hand over her over tight flesh, hearing her purr with excitement.

“You see son, all these young are female and as we know, her kind can hold our young and bear them numerously. You will have cattle and your sons will be more powerful than even you could imagine!”

The centaur like daemon gave him a side long look.

**“I can imagine a great deal father.”**

“I have accelerated her pregnancy so that in only a few days she will deliver and her daughters will become fertile in less than one months time. If I am wrong, then you can have any of my harem. Including Lady Lethan! If I am right, then I shall have your sons as my generals! Agreed?”

“Agreed.”

The voice was silken and soft, almost royal, the word crisp and clean and yet evil wove upon it as from behind the monstrous Belkar a drider, a beautiful drider, with skin as black and flawless as Epyon or Magdelena, a slender, regal and heavenly face with wicked blood red eyes that dripped with intelligence and vileness. A pair of large, wonderfully firm breasts, great melons topped by small but acceptable nipples, rested atop her slim, well muscled frame. Her hair was a long mix of blood and silver that cascaded down to what would’ve been her ass but instead it was a huge bulbous spider like shell, as eight long, powerful arachnid legs moved her effortlessly forward. Power, perverse power seemed to pour off of her, like a thick rolling stream. Belkar turned to regard his mistress, lover and advisor, as the female moved towards the captured Neith. She too reached out to feel the impossibly immensity of the pregnant beauty.

“She will do…for Belkar. If you wish my drider to join you, I want something to play with! Something important to you.”

“As is your way, Lady Malice. What do you wish?”

She looked at him incredulously.

“I want one of your precious pets! Not a nymph or one of our own kind but one of your cherished breeders.”

The immortal eyed her carefully. The Lady of Perversion was thirsty.

“Well it appears that my other son Witchhazel has provided just such a specimen!”

There was an edge about his voice as a chained beautiful, bat winged batarian; her long dark brown hair fell like water over her shoulders, her black orbs were dull and defeated; her body slim and beautiful, graceful hips and large heavy breasts resting atop her chest. Malices’ eyes lit up with cruelty.

“Her importance to me cousin is that she is a spy, for whom I do not know for even Witchhazel could not rent it from her. She has information that I do not and I give her to you!”

Malice smiled and with a flick of her wrist she drew the batarian to her.

“Her name?”

“Tyra.”

“Well Tyra,” patting the lovely winged females trim abdomen, “have you ever wondered what it would feel like to be so full that you begged to burst, to have your body explode from the inside out?”

There was a sudden fear in those, deep, black defeated eyes. Tyra had only heard of the Lady of Perversion, an old tale that her elders had passed down through the ages, but looking up the vile female, and the huge centurion daemon and Epyon and Corbios and poor Magdelena; the thousands of females giving life ending birth to hellish abominations, Tyra knew she would never see the light of day ever again, or her beloved Daphne, she was going to die. Tyra watched as her chains were torn free by the half spider immortal and then blackness as rock rolled over her like a tube, a wide tube for someone her size, yet not wide enough for flight and her power of the shadow had been taken from her by Epyon. The stone seemed to melt away and form into glass, smooth and perfect. The five stood before her as one of the daemon centaurs trotted before Lady Malice and Tyra could see and hear her begin to chant and the creature loosed a horrific sound that echoed within the tube as the daemons’ two gigantic cocks seemed to stretch out towards her, elongating like vile deformed snakes, rising to the top of her tubular cage and then melting together as one huge member. Tyra gasped and then realized her mistake as the snaking cock shot forward and drove into her mouth, penetrating her full lips. She tried to pull away but it only followed her as she back against the wall. Quickly she attempted to pull it free but she couldn’t, her lips were adhered to the things flesh by some sticky fluid and she immediately recognized that it tasted like…cum. Helpless she tried to yank it free, all the while watching Malice as two females; their bellies slowly and noticeably swelling, one elf and one human approached the beast, the origin of the magically altered cock, and one, the human knelt before him and began to stroke and lick the extended cock and hanging ball sack while the elf lay on her back beneath the beasts animal half, her belly looking full with twins too far along, her breasts filling and ripening, and she slowly tickled and tongued his other full scrotum. It took mere seconds for the daemon to cum and poor Tyra saw it, saw the gushing fluid as it traveled and with such speed, and the loyal batarian spy could only watch as it passed over the top of the tube and unable to close her teeth, the cockhead forcing her mouth wide, she felt the first deadly gush. It was sweet and bitter at the same time and Tyra tried to cough or gag it back up but she could not, she had to swallow it, part of her wanted to swallow it. And so she did. At first she felt nothing, but that lasted only moments as she felt the sudden heaviness in her gut. Quickly her batarian hands grasped her belly and there it was a slight paunch to her once trim stomach, a paunch that was swiftly growing. Tyra looked over to the beast and his servants and her heart sank as the human fell heavily upon her widened ass, her huge, expanding belly forcing her to the ground and spreading her thicker thighs and yet she still sucked the beasts’ sex. The elf was clearly sweating, her glistening belly the size of a female full with at least a dozen large babies, was growing beyond her means to hold, though her mouth worked over the dangling sack, unwavering. But a sudden tinge of pain and Tyra was quickly brought back to her own plight as her paunch had become a pot belly and she still continued to swallow. In her mind she knew she needed to fight her urge but her body was failing her, sucking on pure instinct, her belly now ballooned out as if she were pregnant in her second trimester, her chocolate brown flesh was becoming tight, the color brightening as her belly grew full of daemonic cum and no young, only weight, and as she looked down, her thighs and hips had widened…no, had fattened up. She could feel her ass cheeks as they thickened, her belly pushing out her winged like arms, as it grew beneath her. Tyra moaned between gulps as her distended belly grew beneath her wing tips, now looking like a fifty pound ball of smooth, taunt flesh. Looking over she watched in horror as the human, her great belly, tight and turgid, quaking with the inevitable birth, so swollen it hid the females face, her thighs spread wide and shaking before the tube until it finally burst, blood and meat splattering the glass as her belly exploded open and nothing came out. It was sickening, cruel and Tyra knew Malice was teasing her. She frantically beat against the glass confines, trying to startle the elf free but it was too late. The elf suddenly arched her back, pushing up her eight foot globe as high as possible, her lips still working about the daemons ball sack even as her own belly ripped itself apart, bursting with false life. Sadly Tyra almost felt relieved, hoping that their deaths would stop the creatures’ ejaculation, only until when a great gush more of the creatures cum came, as if watching the females pop excited him all the more and a single tear rolled down her now puffy cheek. The batarian had grown quite fat by now, bulging everywhere, her belly was so large that it was pressing against the front of the tube, pushing against the material fighting for more room to grow, to expand, her sides widened, and she could feel her self growing rounder and through it all the painful stretching of her skin and the increasing heaviness of not only her belly but the rest of her body. Her legs were thick and seemed to be growing shorter as she swallowed and gulped down the sweetly evil fluid. She knew her face had grown fatter, smoother, her huge breasts growing in size, trying to keep of with her rapidly swelling form. She was panting between swallows, her body looking for some release to the severe pressure.

*“Uuuunnnnnnnnnnggghhhhhhhhh! Unnnnnnngghhhhmmmgghh!”*

Too much liquid poured down her throat for the batarian to speak. Suddenly her winged arms began to rise; her expanded sides forced them upwards as her spherical middle began to engulf her extremities, filling and inflating. Still she almost hungrily took in the ever flowing seed and the pressure was now intense, painful, overwhelming. Tyra could feel her body reaching its limits, and she again moaned when she felt the hot rock against her sex, her ball like shape lift her from her feet, though her legs had been pretty much swallowed up by her round, fat frame. Her body, now off balance rolled backwards against the glass and she knew it would soon come to an end. The once spacious tube now felt very confining, and Tyra frantically batted what was left of her arms in a desperate fight for balance but it was soon unnecessary, for her body had filled up the lower edge of the tube, her feet, all that remained of her once sleek legs, scratched harmlessly against the glass. She released a throaty, cum thick moan as the pressure seemed to double; her tight flesh now stretched to a soft beige in color, nearly transparent and decorated by bulging blood vessels squeezed tight and her belly made a soft hiss against the tube. Tyra looked pleadingly at Malice, her vision blurry as her cheeks puffed up more and her pain increased. She was almost relieved as the growing slowed until she realized that it was because she had nowhere else to grow. Her body would have been a perfect sphere with five small points had it not been squeezed into this tube. Great blood filled veins creased and mapped out the globe of flesh Tyra had become, her once huge breast engulfed now by her spherical body, sweat poured over her from the stress and trauma it caused her physically, each moment a painful, throbbing reminder of her terrible fate. Soon the swelling slowed, now only coming in horribly ominous spurts. And even though swelling stopped, his cum did not and she felt the sharp pain as she had another growth spurt. Tyras’ mind began to race, dreaming, hoping that her dear friend Daphne would come, her sight now blurred by pain and fear, panic and despair and anger, as she gulped again, and gritted her teeth against the stretching and the pressure. With each gulp, her glass cage grew firmer against her monstrously swelling body and her fear was that it would soon pop her all too tight frame. Agonizing heaviness welled up in her increasingly swelling body; Tyra could feel herself filling as she voraciously swallowed up the spunk. The skin of her body was growing oh so tighter, it was so shiny with fullness, her ballooned flesh pushing upward against the too small cage, bulging and squeezing tighter and tauter, her flesh growing ever so thin. Tyras’ immensely bloated body throbbed, and began to pulsate, her critical mass at hand. Another gulp and surge and she knew this would be it. She tried not to breath, not to think, to numb herself to her painful and horrific end and then she felt the last coup de gras. She immediately eyed to Epyon as her pussy quivered and began to throb. Oh how she wanted to feel it, needed to feel it but another aching throb twisted her mind and she could no longer focus. Tyra was going to cum, and yet it was not to be a pleasurable feeling, it would add to her horrific bursting body a sense of utter perverseness. Another throb, far more painful than any other and Tyra knew that the next one would end it. She was so, so close. All she wanted was to burst now; the pains, the orgasm, the pressure, too much, too close. Suddenly she remembered Malices’ words, ***“having your body so full you’ll beg to burst!”***

Those words rang out in her ear as she felt it, it was coming. Had she been swallowing the whole time? Tyra wasn’t sure if it was relief or just sheer terror that gripped her as she felt her final, explosive growth spurt. She tried to brace herself as best she could. Her cheeks were so swollen that her vision left her; good she thought.

*“Unnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggggggggghhhhhhhh!!!!!!”*

She groaned desperately against the bulging, the final serge of growth, and the excruciating inevitable end. Her flesh tightened, stretched beyond its bounds, she could feel herself starting to tear apart. Tyra flexed everything for one last time, her once gorgeous face now bloated and swollen contorted into a grimace of pain, then panic and then resolution, she faintly felt her pussy throb over the great tightness, her teeth clenched tight against the last gout of cum, as she gave one final, pitiful, pleading whimper…

 The ground shook with noise, the boom echoing above the lustful panting and groaning, the entire horde pausing for a moment, the females faintly appalled, saddened for they would share that fate. Malice purred as the glass tube nearly shatter, almost gave way to the force of the liquidy explosion. The onlookers were amazed; nothing remained of the batarian that was once Tyra, nothing but a red mist upon the glass cell. Epyon looked towards his cousin.

“The driders are yours to command.”

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Daphne ran down the hallway, her breath shallow, and sweat running down her purple skinned brow. Her white mane was damp and yet flowed behind her, as did her cloak. She was desperate, fearful and needed answers. The nymph had received word that Tyra, her friend and lover had been captured. She finally reached her destination, breathlessly and gasping for air the nymph threw open the door. Standing there were Xheena and Haarlei, the latter with tears welled up in her lovely eyes. Daphne looked at her mistress and then to the sorceress and finally towards the glowing scrying pool and she rushed forward. Xheena tried to stop her but with the strength of pure love she shoved the immortal aside. She looked into the pool and immediately recognized Epyon and Corbios and…Malice. The winged drow was not known to her nor was the daemonic centaur. She saw the transformed daemon howling, two dead females, their bellies split like fruit beneath him, and a cock or something leading into a glass or crystalline tube, gorging a person, a female to dangerous proportions, her body round and bloated, her flesh a tight, soft tan. Suddenly Daphne saw the face, though fat and swollen, contorted into a pained, heart wrenching grimace of fear and excruciating torment, she could see Tyra. It was horrible, she not could lose Tyra like this and her body trembled with anger, fear, sadness, and hopelessness; yet she had to look, to see her love one last time, the agony, the perverted cruelty overwhelming. The nymph watched as the batarian filled the solid tube, her flesh stretch, her body pulsate, she could almost hear last desperate moans, the horrified look on her face as she swallowed again, then again, her body trembling under the pressure, quaking under the stress, straining to hold on, throbbing with the incredible fullness of it all. She saw the panic on Tyras’ face as her body contracted once and again and then… then Tyra was gone, bursting right before her eyes into nothingness. Daphne heard a scream, a scream of sorrow and death and she looked towards Xheena, then Haarlei and soon realized that it was her. Her vision grew blurry and the room spun and Daphne never felt herself hit the floor as she fainted.

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Far away, in a paradise like grove, within the hidden halls of the Enchanted Wood; the heroes relaxed and played, and loved. Sebron had gone back to the Enchantress’ room, escorting the beautiful, voluptuous, pregnant beauty and talking of his love Kasornin all the way. The Enchantress hung on every word as the handsome half elf spoke of the Yuan Ti female. The two entered the Enchantress’ chamber. It was spectacular, regal and yet homey. Her bed was a great king sized, four poster structure of oaken wood, but the posts were actual trees, grown up and their leaves and branches creating a canopy for the dove feather mattress. The floor was a blanket of flower peddles and distinct aromas filled Sebrons’ lunges and yet melted together in one delicious fragrance. Then sun shown bright through her open roof, though it was more a blend of oranges, purples and reds for dusk had come. There was no place for furniture or clothing for the Enchantress needed neither, all of nature provided for her. The most notable decoration in the comfortable room was a huge mirror set on the wall across from the bed. The glass within seemed to twirl about, as if it were alive, a living entity. In some way it was; a living entity of mystical magic. Though very graceful, the Enchantress, caressing her amazingly taunt belly, bustling with life, saunter wobbled to her bed and carefully took a seat on the edge, her dark eyes watching her long time friend and often lover, drink in the smells of her favorite place, as he did so many times before. He was so handsome, so mysterious and she could feel the weight he held on his broad shoulders. The lovely female had left dinner with deep hunger but from her chat with Sebron she knew another’s permission was needed, and she knew he needed her, his Kasornin, his love. Melphio had left a left Sebron scared more deeply than any battle could. This place could heal those wounds, she could as well…with help.

“Sebron, I have a gift for you.”

He turned towards her, her radiant beauty lit by the softness of the setting sun, painting her swollen, voluptuous body in the warm hues of red and pink, orange and yell, her full, firm breast looking like great suns resting in orbit around the even grander swell of her belly, jiggling slightly with her quadruplets. She had a smile that no mortal could resist and that even he found difficult to. Yet he did, and Sebron smiled back at his long time friend, curiosity getting the better of him.

“Seeing you Enchantress has been gift enough. And your meal and the shelter you have provided and will provide far out dose anything we deserve.”

Her chuckle was like birds singing t the ancient mage.

“You and your friends have helped save my wood. You defeated Melphio. And you have left your love to save this world. My part is very little compared to that so I offer you a gift.”

The Enchantress was far older than any, save maybe Shadow King or Mane knew. Her father was Greenock, the Immortal of the Woods and her mother was a wood nymph who sadly gave her life for the Enchantress long ago. Her real name was forgotten by all, and her powers where as mysterious as her name sake but to her friends she was loving, caring and true. With a wave of her hand, circling about in the air she began to speak.

“Kasornin, your love wishes for you. Awaken.”

Before Sebrons’ eyes the pooling mirror swirled about, swiftly like a whirlpool, then it began to open up at its center, radiating outward. In the opening an image began to form, distinctive, beautifully familiar image to Sebron as he looked upon his love Kasornin, her serpentine tail curled up beneath her, sleek slightly scaled hands gently resting upon a full, round swell of splendid pregnancy, curving low into her tail, her belly taunt with her dozen young, approaching her sixth month. Her reptilian eyes went wide with delight as they fell upon Sebron, her wonderful lover and some day husband. The Yuan Ti female was even more beautiful than when the arcane last saw her, the smooth, gently angled features of her face, her smile breathtaking as it had always been, more so now in his relieved mind, soft and inviting, alive with her pregnancy, flawlessly framed by her blondish brown hair, resting atop her twin milk heavy utters, full beyond belief, her greenish tinted nipples tight from the pressure. Full lips curled up into a smile that beamed with love. She almost reached out to him but immediately remembered the danger. Yet, the pregnant beauty ventured to reach out and stroke the clear vision of Sebrons’ face.

*“Hello my love!”*

Sebron looked back at the Enchantress and then to Kasornin, his heart lumped in his throat. Slowly he touched her hands, or at least the vision of them.

“Hello! How are you…*all of you?”*

She grinned joyfully at that, the concern he should for her and their children. Caressing the sizeable orb of her midsection she hugged it tightly, *“We are well, though they miss their father, as do I.”*

Almost as an after thought she looked past Sebron, to the beautiful, enchanting, and heavily pregnant female behind him. The female gave her a warm yet alluring smile and then she glanced at the joyful mage. Kasornin immediately recognized who the female was.

*“My Lady Enchantressss, thank you.”*

The Enchantress merely bowed to the Yuan Ti. Kasornin could feel the sexual air about the female and her need; she too had felt it, badly since she left Sebrons’ side. It was obvious what the Enchantress wanted, if not needed but why with Sebron, her Sebron? Then a voice seemed to echo in her head, a sweet melodic and sensuous voice; the Enchantress’ voice.

“M’lady Kasornin, I wish to offer a gift to allow you to stay close to your love, Sebron, and that would also aid me for my body beckons, as does his and your own. Allow my magics to join you and I. In this manor, everything that I feel, you too shall feel, as long as Sebron is my lover. This gift will stay with you and if you ever feel the need, hunger for him, allow him to take a lover of your choosing and everything that female feels you too shall feel, as if Sebron were right there with you. All I ask is that you allow me to be with him tonight. Please M’lady?”

Kasornin looked at the female, studying her and it was not hard to know, to understand that her words were true and from her heart. The warm, gracious smile that she gave the Enchantress told all, and even Sebron, though enthralled by his love, could see the unspoken conference. *Crimsonsbane* suddenly leapt from her sheath and floated next to the mage, aligning all three persons in the room.

***“Precede M’lady Enchantress.”***

Sebron looked over at his long time friend as she easily got to her feet. With an outstretched hand greenish blue energy shot forth and struck Sebron directly in his heart, He looked at it, then her and watched as it coursed through him, shooting from his chest into the jeweled cross guard of *Crimsonsbane* and simultaneously from his hand, through the mirror and into the heart of Kasornin. Though magics could pass through portals safely, living users could not; for their essence could be tracked, thus why the Enchantress chose this spell in particular. They all felt the connection and something radiant and wonderful passed through them that no word or words alone could describe. Then the beams withdrew from the Enchantress and Kasornin and finally *Crimsonsbane*, cooling within Sebron.

***“It is done”,*** and with that the wondrous blade re-sheathed itself and flashed, appearing in a corner on the room, along with all of Sebrons’ robes. He could only look at the sword but a gentle brush against his cock brought his attention to the lovely Enchantress. Her great belly pressed softly against his trim abdomen, her nipples poking at him. A soft purr from behind told him volumes at that point and he hungrily bent down and embraced the Enchantress in a hot, passionate, hungry kiss.

Kasornin caressed and squeezed her milk tight nipple, her mouth, her body reacting as she felt Sebron cup her breast through the Enchantress, kiss her soft, silken lips, her tongue wrestling with his. She grasped her side, feeling the gentle stroke of her lover, as he rubbed the others taunt sphere. It was so strange and yet so amazing to her lover again. She moaned when her lips were parted from his “Enchanted” kiss but she cooed when the sucking began on her stiff nipples, milk gushing out as if he were suckling from them. Kasornin felt him with her.

The Enchantress cooed as the handsome male drank from her over filled juggs, her warm milk filling his mouth while he cupped and caressed every luscious curve of her swollen splendor, her belly tight yet soft, full and ripe with young. Spurring him on was the fact that with every touch, every sensation he was pleasing not one but two gorgeous women but even more importantly, he was pleasing two women he loved. His tongue worked over the Enchantress’ stiff nub, her back arching with pleasure, her massive bump pressing into his gut, her belly flesh hot against his rigid cock. He loosed an excited moan when he felt the gorgeous females hand wrap softly around the aching muscle, her touch as soft as satin. Hungrily the mage drank from her enormous bosom while she slowly, carefully stroked the thick stock, feeling him grow thicker with each draw of her hand. She was purring as Sebron slide to her side, his lips playfully biting her exposed neck as the lush beauty glanced into the mirror, Kasornin running her hand through hair that was not there, her free hand stroking an unseen cock, unseen but felt. The Enchantress was too enthralled by the enormous bellied Yuan Ti that she hardly noticed her own hand tangled up in Sebrons’ slightly wet hair. He had moved up behind the Enchantress, his eyes flashed with lust as he looked upon her perfectly pare shaped ass, round and firm, slightly big due to her pregnancy and oh so delicious. The skilled the mage knelt down, taking in the aroma of her scrumcious backside, her moist pussy slick with excitement from the tit play earlier. Almost knowingly she spread her luscious thighs, the mere touch of Sebrons fingertips on her electric flesh almost sent her over the edge. Hungrily, desperately the Enchantress groped and pawed her milk laden breasts, clamping down on one huge nipple, her own tongue immediately drawing milk from her engorged nipple. It was so sweet but another, more powerful and wonderful feeling struck her just as Sebrons lips kissed her nether regions with such tenderness and love that she buck and arched, purring and panting as she had her first orgasm, her juices filling the mages’ mouth and  her hulking belly quivering with the powerful feeling. Still shaking, surges of her orgasm, she was awe struck at Kasornin, her body undulating with the Enchantress’; her serpentine body shivering with love, passion and lust and then Sebrons’ tongue plunged into her wet sex and the Enchantress lost her breath, her very thoughts as another orgasm tidal waved within her.

Kasornin screamed out with pleasure and groaned with orgasmic fury. The Enchantress was so attuned to her sex that mere touches sent waves of delight through them both. As her love licked and sucked on the others hot pussy, Kasornin leaned forward, grasping the edge of the mirror as her lower regions, her sex hidden beneath reptilian scales quivered almost violently, orgasms racking her body and she loved every, deliciously pleasing moment. The Yuan Ti beauty was panting, her massive belly shuddering from her ever orgasm. She wanted to stroke her tight fleshly dome and as if on cue, she felt two strong yet gently hands stroke her ballooned middle. Through sex hazed eyes she watched her lover caress the Enchantress’ taunt, perfectly rounded belly, soothing and titillating her tightly stretched flesh. It felt so good tears began to well up in her reptilian eyes, love and desire melting together.

As one the two females cry out with a gasp of pure, raw, animalistic pleasure as Sebron slowly eases his rigid cock between the hugely swollen and tight nether lips of the Enchantress. Its girth filled her up completely, so much so that the angelic and ancient beauty thought he would split her in two if he thrust too hard. She was gasping for breath as he began to slide in and out of her slick yet gripping sex, her plump lips squeezing his cock with every thrust, urging him to cum and quickly, but Sebron fought the sensation, rather allowing himself to absorb the wondrous feel of her sex and watch as he pleased hi love Kasornin, her body bucking in front of the magical mirror as he made love to both women. Skillfully the old elf began a circular motion with his hips; he touched every inch of the sexy, enchanting beauty while softly nudging her swollen clit with one hand while stroking her swollen sides with his other. Literally bucking like a wild stallion the dark haired female erupted in another series of quaking, sensational orgasms; as did Kasornin crying out and groaning with sheer delight, feeling every thrust of the powerfully built half elf. Sebron wanted to feel the gorgeous Enchantress upon him, his muscle ramming her sex like a multi-speed piston and she loved every throbbing moment.

Kasornin groaned solemnly when she felt him slip from her and the Enchantress’ sex and looked up, a hungry, lustful smile appearing on her lips just before her appreciative gasp of pleasure as she watched the big bellied sorceress, still facing her; lower her heavy girth down upon the tower of Sebrons’ manhood. The “O” her lips formed was representative of what both females felt. Pleasure, utter pleasure. She could sense every throbbing inch of Sebrons’ cock sliding in and out of her womb, pulsating with his delicious seed, begging to explode inside her and yet he just continued thrusting, pleasing, feeding her mounting orgasm. As with the Enchantress, Kasornin cupped and caressed her milk engorged breasts, or stroked her immensely swollen gravidity, the young inside jostling about with the activity. Suddenly she felt it, her orgasm and his, reaching their peaks but hers came first; thunderous and beautiful, her juices splashing from her sex as she cried out in pure, uninhibited joy and love; then, exhausted yet wantonly, as if on instinct she stopped riding the phantom shaft that seemed to be milking her for more pleasure, only to wrap her slender hands about the unseen thickness and start to suck.

Sebron pumped his cock between the Enchantress’ full lips and yet as he did, he felt a second, more sensuous and softer set of lips that he knew and desired and looking up he saw his beloved sucking hungrily on his member even though he was not there. It was a marvelous sensation as the two angelic beauties stroked and tongued and sucked his cock, urging him, beckoning him to release his seed and it was long before their wish was granted. Sebron, under the power of such sexually talented masters, soon grunted and shuddered as he exploded in orgasm, his seed gushing down the females’ throats, his own body quivering under the intense pleasure. The mage, exhausted by the effort, collapsed on the bed; beside him laid the Enchantress, her hugely swollen belly caressing his left side while he could feel Kasornin on his right, her tail gently stroking his leg, her taunt, smooth gravidity warm against his flesh. The three lovers slept soundly that night.

Not far from them, Khambien and Charlize made love, passionate and free; the gypsy princess’ belly swelling with even more young until her lover had finally impregnated her with ten, large, healthy young…with the aid of his drow potion. That night he rubbed her gargantuan belly until she was fast asleep, knowing that he had indeed filled her as she wished. Elsewhere, Phillipe the Silver Tongue gave Celeste and Ruby pleasure beyond their imagination, each experiencing orgasms of such magnitude that it literally rendered the beauties unconscious; before poor Phillipe could even get off, though that morning the two apologetic mothers sucked off the rogue until he filled each of their hungry bellies with cum. Lady Kira had never held so many young, a full eighteen grew within her miraculously swollen sphere, after she and Iceburn made love twice that night, each time the great wyrm releasing his potent seed into her womb, at her exhausted urging. Both she and Charlize needed aid waddling to the dinner hall that next morning. That evening Toc and his wife, his love Angelique talked their twelve beautiful babies to sleep.

Outside, two powerful entities discussed the importance of the quest that these special heroes were undertaking. Krahn stood next to the Wilder King and Shadow King as they quietly talked about a certain mysterious immortal. Not far away stood Caylani Seawhisper, awaiting the arrival of a very important individual.

“Are you ssuuurreee itsss herrr?”

“As I stand before you little brother; she’s the one.”

***“****Krahn”,* Mane spoke as the wilder prince stepped forward, “Raylenethos is your charge. Quintexxx protectssss her and you sssshall protect her assss well or you answer to meee!”

Krahn only nodded, the implications of what his lord may do to him if he failed was beyond him to even try to fear; let alone what Shadow King may do before hand. Admittedly the wilder prince feared none save those two, though he was wary of the coldfire dragon. Suddenly Caylani whistled to them. Their guest had finally arrived. Upon a great, albino Wemic, a beast with the lower body of a huge and powerful lion; the upper torso of a extremely well muscled man and a handsome feline face; rode a gorgeous dark haired, lightly tanned female with large almond shaped eyes, an exotic beauty, a lithe, trim figure with wonderful natural curves and mountainous breasts adorned in revealing mage armor, just covering her titanic orbs which bounced as she rode in on Julian, her lower arms grasping his snow white mane, her four upper arms folded smoothly across her enormous bust, and there she sat; the Arachna Highmage, Lady Lysandra.

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Far, far away from the Enchantress’ wondrous grove, on an tropical, exotic island alone in the great Blood Sea, stood a lone tower, deep crimson and forged from the hearts of a hundred red dragons; created for one purpose, for one man. There Melphio awakened. His room was neat, meticulously so, vials and potions place perfectly on the shelves along the ruby stoned walls, spell books, anatomy books: books of beasts and creatures also decorated the great, circular room. In its center was a round bed of black silk, on it laid Melphio. His head and body ached with pain, for only hours ago he had been torn from an alternate plan of existence by his pure hearted brother, Sebron; in a battle in which he had planned to take the Enchantress and her powerful essence, thus making him more powerful than any other, than many immortals. Alas, his brother surprised him and returned him home, painfully. Though defeated, he was not thwarted, yet. The wicked sorcerer slowly got up, rubbing his throbbing forehead. With a wave of his hand his midnight robes wrapped about his body and his magical staff fell up into his hands. He slowly walked from his room, his steps determined though weak. From there the old villain entered moved across the hall into another room, though smaller, much smaller and placed what would seem in the center of the tower. It was clean, spotless save for the glyphs etched in a circle pattern on the floor. Melphio tapped his staff once and with a bright red flash, he was standing in a completely new room and this grand auditorium was far different from his room and far beneath it. The stadiums, far larger than the size of the tower was what could only be described as a bee hive, and in each of the hundreds of combs were females,  hugely pregnant females in various states of pregnancy and of various races yet no humans; their bellies taunt and smooth, rounded out to perfect spheres and distended full and far. In the center was a bulbous, pulsating creature, a daemonic beast known as the Deep Spawn, with no apparent features save the hundreds upon hundreds of slithering, waving tentacles that seemed to move from comb to comb, unloading its seed into one of the poor captives, impregnating them even more, the females’ belly surging with the daemonic brood. Soft moans echoed the room as the females gave birth to dozens of seed pods, or something resembling that and then large hulking humanoid creatures, with pale, bluish skin and no mouths nor hair, would collect the pods and take them into another arena. Melphio made his way along the edge of the Deep Spawns’ place, watched the beast re-impregnated a very full wilder elf, whom looked ready to burst. A cruel smile etched his lips as he passed and entered another, much smaller room. Here he smiled, broadly, as he looked at his spell components. Lined up along the four corners of the room were four cages, the fronts, though open in appearance were sealed off by magic, the floors dotted with drain holes. Within the each of the cells, resting upon their knees, was a female, an elven female; one snow elf, one wild elf , by far the furthest along, one high elf, and one drow their bellies big and round, their bodies plump, fattened for a purpose. Each already had a snaking, slithering tentacle shoved in their mouths. In the center of the room chained up and placed the in a spread eagle position, her huge belly tight and distended, sloping so much that it hid her sex, her mammoth breast firm and swollen with milk, hung a Dhovarian. A long tube was placed in her mouth and her lips were magically attached to it, her head facing upward so she could see nothing but hear and feel everything. Below her was another hole, sealed off by a small cap. Melphio looked over his “components and then tapped his staff. Almost immediately the female elves began to moan fearfully as they were pulled to their feet by the tentacles and the each of them started to uncontrollably suck on the phallic like tentacles. A single tear rolled down the Dhovarians’ golden cheek.

Cher Whisperstar had been among the greatest spell casters of her house, even the elven kingdom and when the high elf council had attempted to destroy the evil known as Melphio she was among their lead. Beautiful, and powerful with bright crystal eyes, lustrous golden hair, a slim yet curving figure and large, round breasts; she was even a Lady in Waiting for her queen. Still her power and her beauty could not save them that day; for he had made an alliance with the Gravidian Witches and apparently the immortal Lady Malice and the high elven army was defeated, Cher taken as a captive. While the men were changed into mindless drones for Melphio, she and all of her female companions were placed within the cells in the adjacent room and for almost one hundred and thirteen years they served as seed breeders for the cruel wizard. The last couple of days had been different though. She and the other three were taken from the hive cells and placed in these magical holds where they had been fed constantly, until they were plump and heavy and the seeds were absorb into their bodies, fattening them up even more. Now she was here, in a cell, watching him, serving him in a way that for some reason she knew she would never walk away from. All she wanted was to see the sun again and even as the thought came to her he tapped his staff and she began to uncontrollably suck on the Deep Spawns’ seeder. Cher moaned as she sucked on the squirming thing and whimpered as she felt it pulse, the first drops of its sickening sweet fluids hit her tongue and then shoot into her mouth like a volcano erupting. And though she did not want to, the high elven mage gulped down the liquid, hungrily, as if she needed to do so, was meant to do so and then she felt it. Her belly began to grow full, very full in fact and daring to look down at her already swollen middle she groaned as she watched her gravid belly grow, slowly but noticeably. Cher grasped her swelling stomach, the full orb aching as she continued to swallow, filling up her expanding belly beyond its means. Only then did she notice her ass growing fuller, rounder, her thighs bulging as she swelled, even her arms wobbled with fullness. Looking over she gasped, for the wild elf had already become enormous, her once pregnant with quadruplet sized belly was now the size of a female full with at least a dozen big young, and yet as the girl drank, her body began to change, no longer taking on the pregnant appearance but more spherical and round and still the wild elf drank. Cher winced as she felt her skin become tighter about her body, her belly and sides widening and she felt herself growing heavier with each gulp. With a glance she noticed the drow, whom was actually stroking the huge cock as she sucked it and seemed to draw more liquid from the beast. Her ebony skin started to have a shiny appearance as her now globular form swelled rapidly, far faster than the other three and yet Cher could see the terror on the females face, her yellow eyes puffy from crying as she ballooned swiftly, now the largest of the three. Slowly Chers’ arms began to rise as she felt her sides stretch out and plump up so much that she could no longer keep them down. As her body changed, as it filled with liquid and fat for that was how she felt, hugely fat; she noticed her legs and arms plumping up and shortening as the sphere that Cher had quickly become started to absorb her appendages. She felt so full, so heavy and her body was starting to throb with pressure. Cher took a look to her fellow captives, the moon elf was immense, and her hands arms flailing about as sucked more and more. The wild elf was so incredibly large that her body was one great ball of flesh, sweat rolling down the taunt, greenish brown flesh, her once large milk filled breasts absorbed into her round form, her face a mask of fear, hatred and excruciating pain. Cher felt it to, her body throbbing from the expansion, grown far too full and large and then the thought hit her. Melphio was going to burst them; he was going fatten them up and force them to explode. Why? Even as she thought it a loud groan from where the drow was caught her attention. She wanted to scream, to do something for the appalling scene. The drow had the full attention of the room and the Deep Spawn for that matter. She was impossibly full, her flesh quivering from the pressure, expanding and contracting awkwardly. She was so huge that she completely filled her cell; her bulging sides restricted by the crimson walls, her eyes puffy, swollen almost shut, her hands clenched into tight fists as she sucked more and more liquid. The poor girl had to be in so much pain, still ferociously gulping down the cum and then Cher saw it, the last two growth spurts from the drow, the panicked grimace on her face, she heard her last fearful groans, her body filled beyond measure as then she suddenly exploded with loud liquidy pop, bursting into a red mist, nothing but blood and scraps of fatty flesh dripped off the walls, running down into the draining holes at the bottom. Cher whimpered with sadness and growled with rage and then gasped as she watched the remains of the drow slowly begin to drip and the course down the tube in the Dhovarians’ mouth as the hole beneath the golden creature opened and the same tentacle that just burst the drow shot up through it, spearing the magical females hidden sex, the Dhovarians’ eyes popping open with surprise and an amount of unwanted pleasure, even as her belly began to swell from the drow flesh. Melphio was feeding the Dhovarian the elves magical essence.

*“Mmmmmggghhhhhhhhhhhh!”*

It was all Cher could do as she looked over to the wild elf, who seemed to have finally reached her limits. The swollen elf was panting, Cher could tell, she was desperately trying to hold herself together, her huge spherical form pressing tight against her confining cell. She had a pleading, plaintive look on her face, Cher sympathizing with the horrible pain, the high elf wincing as her own sides began to graze the ruby sides. Slowly she began to notice how off balance she felt, wobbling forward, her nether lips, stretched and bloated out growing her nearly nonexistent legs. The pressure was so intense, her flesh taunt under the weight and still she sucked down the fluid. Again she looked to the wild elf; her eyes closed tight, her body so tense, struggling against itself but to no avail. How could she grow any more? She couldn’t. With a deep groan followed by a grotesque liquidy explosion the wild elf was nothing more than a pool of blood and fat. Cher wanted so badly to just get one chance at Melphio, for what he had done, for what he was doing but that would be another day, her now perfectly round body pressing tight against her stone cell. She felt the sudden increase of pressure as larger amounts of cum filled her beyond her physical means. Looking over to the moon elf though, Cher knew she would be the last one for the panic filled anguish on the other females face told her that the moon elf was soon to be done. Looking back at the Dhovarian, through her pain blurred vision she watched as the golden beauty took in what had once been a wild elf. So full! The high elf groaned sorrowfully as the wild elfs’ tentacle broke through the hole in the floor and burrowed into the Dhovarians’ pussy, her body quaking through the duel sensations, erupting in a wicked orgasm even as the moon elf erupted in a red, wet mess. Cher never looked, she didn’t want to, the last pleading moan echoing in her elven ears.

Now the Deep Spawn concentrated wholly on Cher who was rapidly reaching the dangerous point. The tension on her flesh was nearly unbearable, her body bulging and throbbing, beginning to pulsate with pressure. She was wet with sweat, her hands pushing hard against her cell; she needed more room, she was growing to fast and still she gulped down the liquid, growing fuller and fuller, her sphere grown far too tight for her prison. It wouldn’t be long, she knew. So much more, too much more, her body bulging with such impossible fullness. Had Cher been able to concentrate on anything but her own very explosive growth, she would have seen the third tentacle drive into the Dhovarians’ plump buttocks. Another painful growth spurt it her, Chers’ mind reeled with the numbing pressure, the unbearable throbbing, her body was too full. It was so close, so very close and now she wanted it to happen, Cher was begging to burst, anything to quench the constant pressure, its intensity increased with every swallow. Only then did she notice that her swelling had stopped. She was completely full; her body had no more room. Cher felt the twinge of pain in her skin; so, so tight and growing tighter as she stretched vertically up her cell. Cher winced and then groaned as she felt it, her last growth spurt. She flexed, tensing herself, preparing herself for the excruciating finale. Cher Whisperstar let out one sad whimper before she exploded, splashing against the walls of her cage.

Melphio smiled as the last elf burst before him. That one he particularly enjoyed, for she had always been the fighter. The fourth tentacle entered the Dhovarian and his spell was nearly complete. He softly placed his hands upon her swollen girth, her belly so round and distended it must have weighed nearly twice her weight, hanging low between her thick thighs. She was dripping with sweat, her body being torn between pleasure and the uncontrollable stuffing, her body plump and heavy yet the tentacles pumping inside her drove her into an orgasmic fury, moaning between gulps. Melphio tapped his staff again and at once the four seeders erupted. The Dhovarians’ huge swell surged forward, the golden flesh growing tighter, distending by the second; her milk heavy orbs becoming fuller every moment. When the mountainous sphere of her belly had reached nine feet in diameter the Dark Reader knew his spell was complete. Then Melphio saw it, the first kick, the Dhovarian moaning with painful, agonizing pleasure, the last of Cher finally empting into her mouth. Suddenly there was another kick and another and then liquid gushed from the Dhovarians’ sex, her water breaking. The huge globe of her belly quaked, the poor female moaning as her legs spasmed with contractions. There was a loud crack as her hips separated, the golden skinned beauty scream in horrific pain, blood pouring from her sex as a wolf like head slowly began to emerge, then two broad shoulders tore free, the Dhovarian loosing a sound that was a mix between a howl and cry of sheer terror and pain and then she fell silent, her body falling limp. Within moments the creature emerged, tearing a gaping hole in the now dead Dhovarian. It stood nearly nine feet and was covered in blood red fur, the Dhovarians’ blood absorbing into the shaggy hair. Its face was that of huge wolf yet intelligence covered it completely. Muscles bulged everywhere and it howled with hunger before narrowing its gaze upon Melphio, its eyes a wicked yellow. The evil half elf smiled.

“Welcome Bloodhunt. It’s time for you to seek your prey!”

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     She felt completely drained. Raylenethos did not understand, could not understand what was happening to her but she knew who could and they weren’t about to say anything. Even as she sat up in bed, her huge breasts shifting from one side of her chest to the other, the half elf knew something was going on and yet she, somehow, wasn’t quite sure she really was ready for the answers. What did Shadow King ask her, “Do you know who you are?”

That statement rang through her exhausted mind as she looked about her splendid quarters groggily. It was elegant and marvelously furnished, the gorgeous stone fire place carved of pure ivory, the flames crackling lightly, softly illuminating the room in a golden red hue. It was quite romantic. Though still in a slight daze, Raylenethos saw him, sitting quietly in a corner, almost motionless, yet he was as handsome as a sculpture cast from stone.

“How long have you been sitting there?”

Quintex smiled slightly. He never moved as he spoke.

“Ever since our hostess’ attendants undressed you and put you to bed.”

“But you carried me?”

He merely nodded. The attentive rogue noticed how the immortal was not looking directly at her. The handsome swordsman was just sitting in the shadows of the immaculate room, watching her, guarding her. It was…comforting to say the least. So comfortable that Raylenethos hardly noticed that she was sitting before the immortal naked, her heavy bust cupped under her folded arms. For some reason, her naked before Quintex seemed, natural; though even she had to admit she had not been feeling exactly normal as of late.

“Were you going to watch me all night? Or did you plan on sleeping anytime soon?”

For the first time she felt his gorgeous gray eyes upon her. Like warm steel they bore into her and yet the sultry female never budged, she just grinned playfully at him.

“I was going to stay and read, maybe, less the lady has other ideas?”

Before even she realized it Raylenethos was motioning the immortal to join her in the king sized bed in which she lay. He stood up and began to slowly, almost tentatively approach the bed, wearing only leather pants and a soft leather vest; looking much like Shadow King. Something was very different. She felt very different. Somehow Raylenethos felt closer to the immortal, but she couldn’t understand why and she had no desire to. Her desires had become far more lustful than the mere answers to why she felt so strange. It had been month’s since she and Charlize had been with Khambien and since her sexual appetite had been thoroughly unsatisfied. The Enchantress’ natural sexual radiance had finally become far too much for the half elf resist and at that point Raylenethos didn’t even care. She needed to feel the warmth of a lover and as Quintex stepped next to the bed she had chosen that lover. His dark eyes gazed into her greenish gold orbs and she could tell that he knew what was coming and he was afraid of it but she could feel how much he needed her; to feel her touch, her warm, her caress and the tension finally exploded as Quintex wrapped up Raylenethos in his arms, their lips meeting with such passion, such hunger that it stole her breath. His embrace was strong and Raylenethos let herself fall into it, their soulful kiss expressing what they had felt for so very long. He could feel her heavy breasts press firmly against his hardening and thickening groin, her body relenting to him, allowing herself to be uninhibited, unbridled; she was allowing herself to be free. Yet, a soft stroke against his cock told him that if he wasn’t going to take the lead in this adventure, she would. Before Quintex could take a breath, Raylenethos had released his thick member and their kiss only to engulf his thickness between silken lips that immediately beckoned him to cum but he fought off the powerful sensation; barely. Her mouth was hot over his rigid length as she purposely made loud, obscene yet sultry sucking and slurping noises, her eyes never leaving his while Quintex gently but firmly held the back of her head as it bobbed back and forth along his twelve inch shaft. Skillfully her tongue caressed and stroked his swollen tip, sending a wondrous shiver down his spine. Quickly his vest hit the floor and the immortal was lying back on the bed, Raylenethos between his legs still sucking vigorously on his amazing length. Full soft and yet firm breasts stroked his throbbing sack, her taunt, pink nipples tickling the sensitive flesh as she rose up and down on his cock. Strong, smooth hands, lubricated with her saliva, jerked and stroked his huge thickness as she sucked as much of the tower of flesh as she could. Quintex had been with many women, mortal and immortal alike but none of them compared to Raylenethos, as she wrapped up his meat with her wonderfully, round tits; her cleavage catching him like a vice. He gasped with pleasure as her satin pillows fucked his quivering muscle, her bountiful boob flesh almost spilling out of her hands as tit fucked him. He was amazed at how is huge steed became lost in her valley of mammary flesh, Raylenethos’ tongue just lapping the bulging head as it managed to peak out from between the two huge boulders. Squeezing her humongous tighter and tighter, Raylenethos gave Quintex the breast balling of his immortal life. Gentle beads of sweat rolled down the handsome immortals brow as the amazing half elf worked her massive orbs over his aching manhood until he was ready to explode, his orgasm on the verge of his control. Gently she slackened her hold on his cock, the throbbing muscle just resting between the globes of tit flesh. Mischievously she ran her exquisite tongue up the entirety of his cock, twirling it about the tip, leaving the immortal on the brink of orgasm before carefully relenting, allowing him a few spare moments to recover. But only a few. Slowly she crawled upon the bed, straddling Quintex so that her beautiful ass cheeks graze the painfully swollen tip of his manhood, his body shivering in anticipation. Their faces moved close, so close that their lips could brush eachother in a teasing moment. Her fragrance was intoxicating, and her pussy was so wet that it left a warm, slick trail on Quintex’s tight abdomen. Then slowly, oh so slowly, she lowered herself upon his girth, allowing her body to feel and absorb every throbbing inch until her pussy could take no more. Raylenethos could hardly breath, she couldn’t believe a man, immortal or not could have something that big and she took it all in. It had been so long that upon his first, long awaited thrust, Raylenethos cried out in pained pleasure, her nether lips tight around his flesh spasmed and she gushed in climax. Even as her juices flowed she began to rock against his thrusting form, her body relaxing, allowing more of Quintex to probe her sex and slowly their pace increased; as did her musical moans of lustful glee and his own grunts of pleasure. Her body gyrated against his as if she were like a serpent, smooth and graceful and erotically beautiful at the same time. Sweat soon covered there bodies, each looking like bronze statues, grinding and moving together as if they were one. Each seemed to know the others rhythm because they moved together like old lovers and yet with the newness, the hunger and passion of new lovers. The sound of skin clapping against skin soon filled the air as their lustful cries rose to a magical crescendo. Warm, soft breast pressed firmly on Quintex’s chest, her nipples poking firmly into his pecks. All she could think was how good he felt inside her, and Raylenethos wanted more. With skill and grace, like poetry in motion, the half elf twisted about on the monstrous phallus and laid back against her immortal lover, his hands desperately trying to caress her mountainous, bouncing orbs. Her sex was so tight, so hot, it was pulling his cum from deep inside, yet Quintex held back his orgasm, kissing her delicate neck, her reddish brown mane failing about like she was a wild beast, a stallion on the planes, free from all bounds. His heart leapt as he suddenly realized that he couldn’t, mustn’t release with her, her importance far out weighed his desire.  Raylenethos could feel him ready to erupt, her own climax was at its peak but she knew he would not cum inside her, he couldn’t. She pushed herself off his throbbing, shivering cock and once again dropped between his legs. With ease his cock nestled in between her sweat soaked tits and he quickly squeezed tight, fucking them with abandon as Raylenethos plunged her fingers into her wet depths, thrusting against them wildly until she finally loosed a delicious moaning purr, her juices gushing from her sex and drowning her fingers as she came. Still panting, her fingers dripping with her cream, she pressed her hands atop her lovers’ and a moment later his cum erupted from his huge cock; volcanic gouts of milky seed splashing against her olive flesh. Quintex shuddered as he drained the gallon of cum onto her tits and in her hair. Unbothered by the sticky fluid, Raylenethos merely rubbed it into her bosom like lotion and then laid next to Quintex, both falling into a well deserved slumber.

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        Crimson stood upon his balcony, to his left the handsome and fully recovered Nataku. Together they watched as a distant mountain exploded in a furious eruption. A stream of lava and flame, ash and soot rose from the destroyed tower of ancient rock, the earth incinerating beneath the unholy heat. A roar that sounded like something between two tectonic plates colliding and the flaming breath of a great red, echoed throughout the valley.

“I can’t believe you summoned them. Fire King will not be pleased.”

Crimson looked to his second, even as two giant flaming wings, emerged from the crumbling rock; sharp, jagged razor-like blades covering them, their edges sharpened wickedly.

“With the gollums here, Iceburn won’t dare attack this place.”

He was so assured of himself that it almost unnerved Nataku.

“And Shadow King?”

“He belongs to the *Fallen* now.”

Again Nataku was not so sure.

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Lethan cooed softly as her gargantuan belly shuddered, a mass of plump flesh bulged slightly as one of her numerous, half breed young. Through her drunken haze she watched as two more daemons pounded Lovettes’ sex and sphincter, the blonde nymph being impregnated again since her arrival. She had been stuffed full of cock almost constantly since the Huntress had delivered her. Again the immortal of lust cooed, her constant orgasmic state keeping her inline. Most of Epyons’ harem had been filled to capacity; both she and Trinity had become completely off limits, swelling slightly everyday as their young continued to mature within. Teela, Mhinka and Cassandra were on the verge of bursting, the trio slumbering together; unable to move do to their monstrous sizes. Honeymoon was also off limits, almost giving birth twice and each time Epyon staying the delivery. None had seen Penelope but from what Xheena had told them in the dream world, she had given birth to hundreds of daemonic hybrids; she was a literal baby machine and was on the verge of madness. Calipso and Avangelyne were very close to being full, as was Kellsa; one of the first to arrive. Shaeri and Nareel though just kept taking in more and more young, each of their planet sized bellies literally shuddered with expectancy and yet Epyon continued to allow his horde to fuck the two. Their sizes almost matched that of Lethans’ or Trinitys’.

The breeders were occasionally visited by sub-daemons but mostly they were fed and fattened like cattle. Lilith and her new second, the enormously swollen Nakita floated among the fearfully pregnant beauties.

“They are so full Sister Lilith, so delicious. I do so wish we could have one.”

Lilith hardly looked at the younger witch, her gaze fixed upon the hidden room in which Ebony rested, and schemed. Yet she did hear her.

“I do not wish to join our late Dhonytae anytime soon. Do you young Nakita?”

The subtle threat sunk home swiftly as the two left Epyons’ throne room.

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 Within the halls of platinum and gold, deep in the depths of the Dragon Horde Keep, Lord Khlendros, the great dragon lord, his daughter, the Priestess and Princess Khellia O’dell and the gorgeous Silverfox, walked briskly to his throne room. His wife, the Queen Crysteena was resting, her labor had begun a few days ago but it would still be a little while before her young arrived. Now they moved for a similar but alternate purpose. The Immortal of Magic had come and she had come with a purpose.

“What does she want father?”

The great dragon gave no answer. She looked to Silverfox.

“A barer, such as you young one.”

 Khellias’ eyes widened at the blunt statement. Shattergold, a handsome a proud gold dragon, now appearing a bald dark skinned human with fiery eyes and two golden scimitars and Alexarae, a female copper and Lord Marshal, her hair a rich reddish copper, two full, heavy breasts just hidden in her scale mail armor, holding a shield and mace awaited the group. Rivin had come as well, though Hollee was not with him.

“What does she want”, Khlendros spoke calmly. Both Khellia and Silver were floating; their respectful bellies far too massive for either of them to move with any speed, unless assisted by magic. Alexaraes’ voice was almost musical, soft and cleansing as she answered her king.

“She claims that the time has come. If she does not give birth soon, the balance of power within the Immortals hierarchy will be off and Epyon may soon have a new, yet unwilling ally. She asks for Lady Wildheart.”

As Alexarae spoke, Rivin nodded behind them as the gorgeous and much slimmer female strolled towards them. She had given birth shortly after Angelique and had yet to find another mate but Rivin suspected why.

“I heard I was summoned my Lord Khlendros?”

He merely bowed to the lovely barer. She respectfully bowed to him and to the others present; taking both Princess Khellia and Silverfox by the hand and kissing each one in turn. It was the highest honor from the Embezarian royal to give to the two very powerful ladies.

“Lady Rebekah, what is it that the Lady of Magic, Lady Shylarra would like with you?”

The gorgeous female looked up to her handsome and majestic king, a slight smile on her face and a twinkle in her sea blue eyes. He felt he knew the answer but he wanted to make sure that the beautiful and well loved barer knew what she was agreeing to.

“The Lady Shylarra wishes me to bare her children for her. She has already me to do this for her but at the time I was with young. She has held them far past time and if she does not allow them to be born by a mortal, as much as we Embezarian are, her triplets would be born pure blood immortals and as Lady Alexarae has stated, the balance of power within the Immortal ranks would dissolve and Epyons’ hand would be far greater than it already is. I know what she asks of me my lord and I accept the responsibility. The children will never know their true heritage but they will be loved by me, and if it is alright with you, the many other barers who have offered to assist me in raising them. They would be our children, not just mine.”

The great platinum king again nodded to the lovely and honorable female; as did those around him.

“Permission granted, Lady Rebekah Wildheart. Alexarae, Shattergold, the doors please.”

The two nodded to their king and slowly drew open the massive jeweled doors the throne room. It was in itself an auditorium; though not even in his true form could the lord of the dragons fit it to the massive room. Along its walls were full sized statues of each of the dragon lords, carved out of the very stone that represented their individual colors; a great ruby likeness rested near the end, with a ruby-diamond blend that represented Iceburn was placed directly across from it. The only statue that was not present was that of the mysterious Shadow King. Legends say that no artist could ever render the complexities of one such as him and Khlendros was the first to decree that no one would attempt such a rendering. Lady Rebekah walked slowly into the throne, in awe of the dozens of wyrms that lined the wall, each magnificent sculpture reverently looking down the guest. At the end of the two hundred yard hall the lovely female could see and equally stunning woman awaiting her. She was a striking beauty with long glistening brown hair, so dark it looked black, curling lightly at its ends; her skin was slightly tan but the color was creamy, delicate with eyes unlike anyone; swirling mists of mystical energy. Two large, liquid filled orbs rested heavily upon an even greater orb, one that was nearly twice the size of what the Embezarian had once held only a day ago. It was a perfect swell of delicious pregnancy, round and swollen, the flesh taunt under the great bundle inside, the gravid orb shinny with sweat; easily seen from even Rebekahs’ distance. She swooned slightly, knowing that soon she would be caring such a load. Gracefully, reverently she approached the powerful immortal and only then could she hear the light, breathless pant of Shylarra, the Lady of Magic. She was stroking her monstrosity of a belly, the smooth flesh taunt and flawless before the Embezarian princess. Rebekah listened to the gorgeous female, a soft, pained moan escaping her lips; the massive womb rippling slightly, Shylarras’ eyes partially closed as another contraction coursed through her magnificent body. The swirling orbs of energy, long lashes covering them like silken tarps, widened just a bit as Rebekah placed a gentle hand on the hugely gravid sphere.

“Ah…I see…you received…*hhmmmm*…my message. It…it is…*ooohhhh*…time my dear.”

Lady Wildheart just smiled and without a word wrapped her full lips about one of the immortals’ tender nipples and began to suckle deeply, her hands stroking and caressing the great mountain of Shylarras’ pregnancy. The immortal shivered with utter pleasure, the pains of her upcoming delivery washed away by the surrogate mothers sensuous touch. As Rebekah drank she began to change noticeably; her thighs thickening slightly as her hips widened, her succulent ass grew rounder as her full breasts, still laden with mothers milk took on an even greater load. Her belly slightly rounded as she fattened herself up to properly nourish the children that would soon fill up the powerful females’ body. Still, Rebekah took the liberty to ensure that the transfer would be a very pleasurable experience; her tongue twirling and teasing the sensitive nub, feeling Shylarras’ breath grow deeper with every lick. It wasn’t long before the immortal had her first contraction empowered orgasm.

*“Ohhh fffuuuuuuucccckkkkkkk YYYYYYYEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!*

Rebekah, feeling herself plump up and the utter shiver of excitement from the immortal, quickly moved to the other nipple and hungrily ravaged her mistresses other milk sloshing orb. Her nectar was so sweet and it filled her with and even greater desire to carry the powerful triplets within her. Shylarra purred with hunger as the lovely Embezarian suckled her swollen orbs but she swooned when she felt Rebekahs’ fingers plunge into her wet sex. The immortal had never believed this could be such a pleasurable event, the long fingers touching her deeper than she could imagine, the mystical female bucking her wide hips against the intelligent digits. She cried out wildly as her second orgasm gushed through her body, followed by a great pressure and an urge to push. The exhausted female couldn’t get the words out but Rebekah knew what was coming and smooth moved between Shylarras’ plump thighs, her sex; hot and moist, pressing tightly against the immortals. The two began to push and grind against eachother, slowly at first but quickly increasing the tempo as the Lady of Magics’ need to push soon grew unbearable, as did her rapidly rising third orgasm. It hit them both like a tidal wave as they cried out in unison and light, pure and mystical grew within their nether regions and slowly Rebekah felt the transfer and her slightly plump belly began to rise like dough, swelling before her in one steady motion, as Shylarras’ belly did the exact opposite. The blonde beauty moaned in pained pleasure as she felt the first of three drop into her womb, her middle already swollen to a female full with triplets. Gingerly she rubbed her still growing belly, sweat now rolling over her changing body. She gasped and groaned again as the second took its place, now her flesh pulled so taut that she looked to hold dectuplets, her huge liquid filled orbs sloshed about as her womb continued to be filled. The whole event was full of pleasure and understanding and joy, as Rebekah howled with lust and excitement as she came in a surge of fluid and magic, the last of Shylarras’ young filling her entirely. It was finally over. Lady Rebekah Wildheart lay upon the golden floor, her monstrous belly rising nearly seven feet above her, her twin boulders resting to the sides of her gargantuan womb, nipples tight under the pressure of milk within. She was unconscious and sleeping peacefully; her body fattened and full, her body once again the ravishing beauty, ripe and deliciously pregnant, utterly amazing. Shylarra, now trim and sleek and undoubtly beautiful as she was powerful, and completely grateful; knelt down to her surrogate mother and dear friend and kissed Rebekahs’ forehead.

“Thank you princess.”

With a mere thought Rebekah was gone, a flash of mystical energy rolling about her and then she was in her chambers, upon her bed and resting peacefully; dreams of motherhood swirling throughout her mind.

Alexarae and Shattergold spun as the doors opened and the Lady of Magic stepped forth. Rivin and Khlendros bowed respectfully, the others then doing likewise. The dragon king spoke first.

“All is well, m’lady?”

Shylarra looked at him and smiled, her completely new and none pregnant form answering his question.

“Yes Lord Khlendros. Lady Wildheart is resting in her chambers. She will not be able to move from her bed for she is far too large…but she is quite safe and very special. Thank you King.”

Again Khlendros bowed as Alexarae immediately began trotting to the princess’ room. Shylarra smiled at the protective female dragon. Then she was gone in a brilliant flash. Princess Khellia chuckled.

“She does know how to make an exit.”

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Morning came to the Enchantress’ glade and the heroes, rested and satisfied began to gather in the dining hall. Charlize had grown immeasurably, her belly twice as big; swollen heavily with dectuplets. Khambien held her hand and aided her most of the morning as she grew accustomed to her new girth. Lady Kira also came in much larger than before, Iceburn standing proudly near her, her belly jutting out many feet, almost seven plus feet of pregnant splendor. Toc and Odin and Celeste and Ruby came in together, Phillipe the Silver Tongue not too far behind, gentle caressing one of the two or just kidding with them. Lita and Serenity were surprisingly the first two there. Though not too surprising to the Enchantress as she entered the chamber, Sebron her happy and proud escort, who also smiled knowingly. Raylenethos then came in and then Quintex a few moments later. Toc looked at the two but could read nothing from their seemingly at ease demeanor, though Celeste had her own suspicions. Krahn came into the dining hall, along with Caylani and two other very beautiful and exotic quests. The first was a huge half man half lion Wemic, his feline eyes glowed with a pale green light, his snow white fur gleaming with power, his long white man full and majestic, Julian slowly trotted into the room. Behind him was a female of ravishing beauty, long silken black hair adorned in a golden tiara, her skin a soft sun kissed tan swathed in the armor of a mage, the top just holding him her mammoth sized breasts. She was curvy and trim and oozing sexuality, her exotic beauty drawing all eyes towards her, her full lips parted in a soft smile, her façade like that of and eastern elf and human. Yet her most striking features were her six smooth and toned arms that where folded neatly across her massive bosom. She was Arachna, beautiful and mysterious and the perfect foe against the driders. The Enchantress’ smile beamed and spoke volumes.

“Lady Lysandra, Prince Julian, I am very pleased to see you both. Everyone, this is Lady Lysandra the Spellforger. Since you may be dealing with the driders again, the nation of the Arachna decided that they should send some assistance. Lady Lysandra agreed and she is a most powerful alley. Prince Julian, her escort is the prince of the Wemic tribes to the east. They are close allies and friends of the Arachna and myself.”

The group welcomed them appropriately. Then the Enchantress regarded them directly.

 “Was the road difficult?”

The Wemic glanced back to the gorgeous mage who nodded approvingly. His voice was a mix of a lions’ roar and the deep voice of a kingly human.

“The road was not hard…thanks to Coral. She cleared our path.”

Krahn perked up at the mention of the females’ name. The name of his queen.

“I guess the Wilder King did send an escort; a mighty escort indeed.”

Few in the room knew whom the two spoke of but those that did held the Wilder Kings’ mate in the highest regard. She wasn’t as elusive as her husband, nor as under spoken; voicing her opinions at will but she was not necessarily known for making grand entrances either. Still Mane would be the first to tell anyone that as a warrior she was by far the most dangerous of his kin, next to him and the very deadly Shadow King.

Lady Lysandra coolly made her way towards the hugely swollen Enchantress and gently placed all six hands on the swollen beauty, causing a soft purr from the gorgeous female; then the two kissed as passionate as lovers and as gentle as long friends.

“I see you are coming along nicely. How far along are you?”

The Enchantress, looking nearly ten months with quadruplets giggled just a bit before answering.

“Only four months to tell you the truth. The titans young will be very big and very health!”

Raylenethos was stunned by the revelation, as were Ruby, Celeste and Charlize. Lita merely clapped and most of the males, save Quintex and Sebron were too astonished to say a word. Serenity, the oh so curious nymph was up and already rubbing the huge swell, enticing more reflexive coos from the Enchantress. With their attention drawn to the comic erotic scene, none noticed as two huge serpents slid into the room, one as black as jet and the other pure gold in color, as if the vein itself were moving. The two huge beasts moved quietly under the huge table, their presence going unnoticed by all, even the always alert Krahn, though he was the first to see them as they emerged by the Enchantress’ feet. Serenity hoped back just a bit as the duo curled protectively about the Enchantress’ sleek thighs, the golden serpent flicking its tongue out across the expanse of the wondrous females’ turgid swell. Then, as all had seen with the Wilder King, a gorgeous deeply tanned elf was standing next to the full bellied adept. Her body was tone and muscular, sleek and smooth, with a deep golden brown hue. Stark white hair draped down to the middle of her v-shaped back. Resting atop her chest, barley held within a black reptilian hide top were two massive boulder sized tits that were as large as her head; she had a remarkably beautiful face and yet her most stunning feature were her obsidian colored eyes, nearly as black if not blacker than her lover, Mane. With shapely hips, a black dragon scale loin cloth hanging between strong thighs, Coral was a sight to behold. She wasn’t much taller than the Wilder King but there was a significant height difference and she was far thinner yet obviously strong. Everyone in the room jumped back at her emergence and were equally startled as Mane rose up on the Enchantress’ other side. Then from behind them all, the shadows crawled together and pooled up into the mysteriously handsome sculpture of the Shadow King; arms folded about his muscular chest. Somewhat breathlessly the Enchantress welcomed the entire entourage.

“Welcome, all of you and good morning. I do hope all of you are well rested and are prepared for the journey ahead,” as everyone began to take their seats, save the four wilders, both Mane and Coral slipping back into their serpentine forms, and Shadow King slipping into the darkness, just allowing his silhouette to be seen. Krahn moved up and stood protectively by Raylenethos who was somewhat shocked by the act. The group discussed who was to stay and who was to go on the journey against Crimson. Immediately it was decided that due to their conditions, Lady Kira, Celeste, Ruby and Charlize were all to stay hidden at the Enchantress’ home, aiding with spells through the use of scrying pools. In their stead Lady Lysandra and Caylani would join heroes; as would Krahn and Phillipe the Silver Tongue. The Wemic prince Julian also decided to stay and help protect the forest, until Lady Lysandra returned. Surprisingly Iceburn relinquished his spot, suggesting that since he knew Crimson would be hunting him directly it would be easier for him to handle the hunters near a place with very powerful allies rather than risk the party. Reluctantly it was agreed he would stay. Then Coral spoke up, reverting out of her snake body for only a moment, her voice soft and soothing.

“Since Mane must stay here as this is his wood as well as the Enchantress’ I shall take his place. My husband and I have discussed it and though he does not like it, I shall fill in the spot Iceburn has left open.”

 Mane hissed his displeasure but then remained silent. Shadow King nodded his acceptance as did the others though the worry on the Enchantress’ face was evident.

“And what about me? Do I go or do I stay?”

Serenity had been quiet for sometime but she knew it was for her all of this was happening. Raylenethos looked to Quintex and Sebron for advice but it was Shadow King who answered.

“You little one shall stay here, where Epyon cannot track you. Lita,” he said looking over to the startled genie, “you’re our new decoy. You can take her shape and mask her power. When he comes for you…I’ll end it.”

     Iceburn looked at him curiously.

“You seem so sure you can defeat him?”

“He belongs to the shadows and I am the shadows, so he… belongs to me.”

Quintex just nodded respectfully as Iceburn relinquished his line of questioning. Raylenethos chuckled and then stood up.

“Well, I guess it’s settled isn’t it.”

The room broke out into a well needed laugh, though Shadow King merely smirked and the Wilder King curled up about himself. Within an hour the group was ready. Raylenethos, Quintex, Sebron, Khambien, Toc, Odin, Caylani, Krahn, Phillipe the Silver Tongue, Lady Lysandra, Coral and the Shadow King were soon off, heading south towards the lair of Crimson, beyond the mountain range known only as Hell Gate.

As she watched her new and old friends leave Chari-Mharhi stepped quietly behind the Enchantress.

“M’lady, Lady Xheena is summoning you. She requests asylum.”

The powerful mother-to-be looks over towards the Wilder King, his hiss all the response she would need and the two quickly made their way to the scrying pool.

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Days had passed since Lady LeMay had visited Raze. Just coming into view was the *Lady Death*, Tharas’ ship. She wouldn’t be pleased with what he was about to do to her; far from it, but he’d rather have Thara upset with him than have to deal with the very immortal whose seas he lived. The massive galleon *Killjoy* pulled up next to its sister ship the *Lady Death*, the multi-race crews welcoming eachother back with cheers and whoops and various other sounds. Ale and mead, fae wine and plenty of exotic liquors were passed about the ships as planks were settled between the huge vessels, each taking anchor and the pirate party began. Drink, dancing and sex spread about the upper and lower decks of each ship. The two captains toasted their individual crews before meeting back in Tharas’ private quarters. The voluptuous snow had a bottle of fae wine in her hand and was clearly intoxicated, this being her third bottle in less than two hours. Raze merely held a glass of fine purple liquor, that he sipped rather slowly. Though he could tell she was quite drunk, her speech was crystal clear, something she hand a knack for Raze had come to understand.

“So, our mission is done and now not only will be the wealthiest pair of pirates on the thirteen seas we shall have a fleet of galleons and the favor of one very powerful immortal. Even the pirate chasers of the north shall fear us!”

With that she chugged a long draught from her bottle. Raze watched in amusement as some of the reddish wine spilled from her full lips, staining her blouse and coursing down her valley of cleavage. The orcs’ cock immediately stiffened. Since he had been visited by the Lady of the Sea, he had not been able to cum, an insurance measure from the vengeful immortal. All attempts had been futile; Ariana, Chloe, Sareena, Farrah and Myluv, his five mothers to be and yet nothing. His cum was ready to explode from his body, his member swollen and full of seed, and his balls tight that they felt ready to burst. For once Raze was truly sorry for what he was about to do.

“Thara, we; you and I, should celebrate.”

The inebriated female looked up at the ruggedly handsome elf, his diamond studded patch reflecting her desire back at her. Thara stood up, dropping the bottle and rather slowly she moved until she stood before Raze whom had already moved his seat back from the table. Her grey eyes went wide when she saw the huge bulge held tightly in his leather breeches, her hands moving down her curvaceous sides, tugging her blouse free and then tearing it open. Two huge, heavy breasts, peaked by thick pale areole and plump nipples flopped to her healthy chest. Though Thara was far from fat, she was thick and perfect for breeding which caused the orc pirate to groan as his cock surged with hunger, yet he somehow remained calm, keeping himself in complete control. The voluptuous snow elf smirked and seductively eased herself between his legs, running delicate hands across the aching bulge in Razes’ breeches. As if uncovering a rare treasure, Thara peeled back the orcs leathers to reveal the largest cock her eyes had ever seen, for in their fifty years as partners the two had never been lovers, even casually for neither trusted eachother. But the wine and a particular diamond studded eye patch changed all of that this night. Carefully she caressed the thick, foot long member, smiling wickedly before she ran her velvet tongue along the length of the huge tool and then she wrapped her soft, full lips over the bulbous head, opening her throat and swallowing nearly half the massive organ. Raze shivered with such pleasure and pain, his cock ready to explode then and there. With one hand Thara gripped the swollen trunk, preventing any premature release while she cunningly teased his fearfully full and heavy ball sack with her free hand, her head bobbing up and down his staff, each draw allowing more of his cock down her throat. He tasted so good to her and she gorged herself on his manhood, gagging until her throat grew accustom to his size and she was soon deep throating Raze with ease, as he thrust his hips forward, deeper into her hungry gullet; her fingers still tickling his quaking balls. It took all he had not to erupt in her mouth, the wood of his chair splintering beneath his fingertips. Thara slowly eased her lips over his shaft, allowing her spit to cleaning lubricate the stock before wrapping her fleshy, plump pillowy breasts around it. She squeezed her oversized mammories about the quivering rod, holding him like a virgin pussy as he hungrily plowed her more than abundant cleavage; droplets of precum oozed from his swollen tip which she hungrily licked up; her lust blinding her to her current situation as her slight pooch of a belly filled out more, as if she were pregnant at two months… which she was. Raze was sweating now, his nuts aching between her immense bosom. If he continued with her tit play he would unload his predestined load upon her tits, rather than in her womb as Lady LeMay demanded. With strength and desperation he hoisted the snow elf in the air only to impale her on his throbbing cock, tearing through her breeches with ease. Her bright grey eyes went wide, her moan of pleasure reverberated in Razes’ head as he thrust into her astonishingly tight pussy. Gripping his broad shoulders for support, Thara bounced her bubbly ass off his rock hard schlong, filling herself with his cock. Lust driven Raze clamped down on one of her stiff nipples, causing her to gasp excitedly then cry out, her body shivering as her juice spill out over his organ as she has her first of many orgasms; nearly one every fourth stroke. Sweat covered and exhausted, Thara continued to ride the seemingly unstoppable Raze, her platinum blonde locks wet with perspiration, spider webbing her cute, seductive face, her massive tits clapping wildly as they flapped about. Her belly was now noticeable at three and a half months in less than two hours, his precum merely pathing the way. Still she hardly noticed though she did feel a bit more heaviness in her stomach. Raze stood up, Thara speared by his member and flattened her on the table, sweat rolling off his rigid muscles. The snow elfs’ eyes were glazed over with lust, her moans and cry of pleasure the only words she could muster until Raze, his cock shivering with pressure stopped. She looked up at him pleadingly and he only stared, for he had to here it first.

*“Cuumm…ccummm iinn mmeee y…yoou bastard!”*

Raze grinned wickedly as he thrust one last time and came at last, shooting an unfathomable amount of cum into the snow elfs’ womb, just as she and the Lady of the Waters wished. Thara cried out with utter joy as she felt her body begin to change, her thighs suddenly becoming fuller, plumper, as her belly began to rise and swell as Razes’ young filled her womb, her breasts filling with milk for her young. She groaned as her breeches grew tight and then split at their seams, tearing away as her huge orb surged forward, becoming a grand swell of taunt, delicious belly flesh, Thara looking as if she were full term with quadruplets and still she grew, Razes’ cum overflowing the poor elf captain. Within moments her tits hand tripled their size and her belly was a turgid sphere of distended flesh, pale and shiny rising nearly six feet above the five foot five female, her hips wide and full, and her body ripe and quivering with splendid pregnancy, the table groaning with the weight. She was stroking her expanding waist, reveling in her changing body as she grew with life and yet the snow elf seemed to want her body to fill up even more, becoming monstrously full with the orcs’ seed. Thara was breathing deeply, finally falling unconscious under the sudden dramatic change, dreams of her nearly twenty young residing within filling her thoughts erotically. The orc pirate was astonished at the great burgeoning swell of delicate, smooth flesh before him, a mountain of wondrous gravidity that he created and that held his young inside. Thara had been shapely and beautiful before but now she was ripe, and lush, heavy and delicious with pregnancy and her immensity was even hard for Raze to drink in, her body twice the size of his other five treasures. Even as Raze backed away from her, completely drained he felt her presence.

“You have done well Raze. Your task is done and the punishment dealt. She shall know why when she wakes; her sentence shall be delivered in her dreams. You should pick another as captain of this vessel for a long while and I shall have two of my own watch and care for Thara.”

As she spoke two gorgeous female Fronka, amphibious humanoids that served the Lady of the Seas, stepped forward. Their skin was a rich greenish blue, their eyes a deep aqua, with sleek curves and full breasts, firm rear ends and exotic features; Raze felt his loins awakening but contained himself. He was surprised at Lady LeMays’ concern for Thara.  Sensing his thoughts she responded.

“Though she disobeyed me, I am no monster. The children are a new race, one of the seas and shall have my protection. I shall be watching.”

Then she was gone; the Fronka amazingly lifting Thara and placing her on her bed. Raze nodded, got dressed and was off to find Kobetai, a female Scanthian, an eastern elf and the only one who could command the *Lady Death* as well as or better than Thara. He resolved that he would help her take care of the young, for now he had six mothers instead of five to protect.

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Some ten miles away, aboard the *Shadow Dancer*, Broxton and the Charmer watched as the *Lady Death* and *Killjoys’* crews held their uninhibited celebration. Using her magical crystal ball to view the ships at a safe distance she followed Raze and Thara and watched all that had happened. Together, along with the wilder Devon, they watched as Thara was impregnated, growing larger than any female they had ever seen, even Chalrisa; whom had finally delivered her eight half elven young only a month ago, the babies taken special care of by the loving and good hearted crew.

Devon looked up at Braxton; the huge minotaur was obviously deep in thought, as was the sea priestess of the immortal whom she just watched bless the female pirates’ young. Yet Chelsea understood Lady LeMay and was not mad, though in her heart she was quite jealous for it was a great honor to bear young upon the sea. Lady LeMay had been there when Chalrisa had given birth and had christened the babes.

“Wellz’ jumpin’ em’ would be az’ stupid az’ rockz’. I’m bettin’ though, Raze may have a change o’ heart and maybez’ he’ll be helpin’ us out with what wez’ lookin’ for.”

Devon then looked to the fulsome chested priestess as she looked at the minotaur.

“What makes you say that Broxton?”

“Hez’ a father now and he has much more to lose than a damned ship! We’ll just have to ask him the right way.”

“And what way would that be?”

The huge bull headed sailor just looked at the two beauties before him.

“Hell, do Iz’ gotta think o’ everything?”

Both the wilder elf and sea priestess smiled.

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Xheena looked through Haarleis’ scrying pool as Witchhazel and the dragon kin bowed before Epyon and then rushed from his throne room. She just caught the saddened look from Lethan, her monstrous belly, thrust out to far for her imagination, quivering and then jostling a bit as the young inside continued to mature. Then with a wave of her hand the pool cleared. She looked to her friend and nymph Daphne, who had nearly been catatonic since the death of her beloved Tyra. That had been a sickening sight, watching the beautiful batarian get forced to feed and swell, her body becoming a globe of fat until she grew to full and burst in what had to be excruciating pain. Haarlei had begun packing supplies immediately afterwards for they knew that if Tyra had been caught, their ruse was up.

“Are we ready Haarlei? My young brother has given Epyon his wish.”

The sorceress looked about the bare little room and nodded, then from a pouch she tossed some multi-colored dust high into the air and as it fell a golden door appeared and opened. As it did, on its other side was a giant, jet snake, coiled and ready.

“The Enchantress is ready!”

 Gently Xheena lifted the still shaken nymph, her eyes puffy with tears, her body seemed so frail for she had not eaten in days, since the death.

“Time to go dear,” she said softly to Daphne.

Even as the three moved into the magical escape, the door to their chambers exploded open and Vinewhip leapt in and flew at the retreating trio only to be snatched up in mid air by the huge serpent head of Mane and with a twist the Wilder King tore the vile monstrosity in half, it’s legs crashing into Whitemane as he entered the room. With flick of his great neck, Vinewhips’ upper torso landed at the feet of Witchhazel who had the closet look of horror on his face as his prey escaped and the golden door vanished into dust and was blown out the window, by a very curious wind. His father would not be pleased.

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  Sabrina and Fawn, in their hidden disguises had thus far avoided capture but the Immortal of Secrets knew their luck was about to run out. The two ran through the thick woods as swiftly as possible, though poor Fawn; unaccustomed to such strenuous activity, was quickly running out of stamina. Sabrina looked back to her nymph, pleading for her to keep running but even as she turned, it was too late as huge clawed hand, the flesh grey and dark hair matted with blood caught the young female by the throat and slammed her against a wall. The red haired immortal moved to help but two monstrous hands suddenly grasped her waist with such strength that it knocked the wind from her lungs, their disguises falling immediately. The Dracolith pulled Sabrina in close and squeezed as two others emerged from a collapsed section of wall and surrounded poor Fawn, her dress already torn away, her plump thighs wrapped around the beasts waist as it plunged its huge organ into her bushy sex. She cried out in pleasure, horror and pain as it buried its cock into her sex, nearly crushing her against the wall, her full naked breasts mashed about its chest. It licked her lightly tanned cheek as it drove more and more of its thickness deeper into the poor nymph.

Only a few feet away Sabrina watched helplessly as her last nymph became one of Epyons’ pawns. Then she heard a voice full of anger and boasting pride.

“Did you really think those decoys could fool my hounds you little bitch?”

The Huntress stepped from behind the Dracolith that ensnared her; the gorgeous females face a mask of hatred for Sabrina.

“Those two unfortunates gave birth in a very unceremonious fashion. Then we tracked you here and I’ll be damned if I didn’t just snatch you up. Now I’m gonna make you watch your precious nymph get filled until she looks like she’s gonna pop; just so you’ll get a taste of what’s gonna happen to you…and you’ll do it willingly.”

Her wicked laugh was soon drowned out as Fawn screamed in unwanted pleasure, the first fiend stiffing and roaring as it shot its seed as deep as it could into her womb. The immortal gasped as the Dracolith lifted her off his still hard organ only to slam her down a seconds throbbing member, Fawn groaning, gripping her middle which had already begun to swell noticeably, the flesh tightening and looking as if she were pregnant at three months and still growing. Sabrina growled her disapproval and anger as her nymph was stretched out between two beasts, the latter pulling her backwards and easing his thickness into her full, wanting lips, her head arched awkwardly as she hungrily began to suck, her belly, taunt and shinny; now looking as if to hold quadruplets in the second trimester. Now her already huge tits started to join in on the act, wobbling about her chest wildly their size increasing with every animalistic thrust. Beads of sweat rolled off of Fawn as a layer of baby fat spread over already plump frame. Her now massive sphere jiggled obscenely as the twin hounds fuck her mercilessly, their saliva dripping off her fattening thighs or bloated breasts; which were now squirting out gushers of milk from taunt, sore nipples. It was almost sexy, Fawn; her massive quintuplet at term sized belly jutting up like a mountain as the two Dracoliths’ drove their monstrosities into her quivering body, her titanic breast bouncing against her gargantuan distention, then slamming and clapping against eachother and then back again. Globs of spit fell heavily as Fawn desperately sucked the powerful creature off while grunting with the painfully pleasing thrusts of the second Dracolith and trying to fathom the amazing and frightening change as her body swelled and bulged, her belly quaking as the beasts young matured within her womb. Tears rolled down Sabrinas’ cheeks the two brothers came simultaneously, nearly drowning the unfortunate young nymph in salty cum, the blackish  cream spurting from lips, her cheeks bulging with fullness. Strangely the purplish furred beasts laid Fawn down gently, her huge orb surging upward, her creamy flesh becoming fearfully tight, her ass and hips widening; compensating for her pregnant growth. The twin-globes of her breast formed into massive, rigid orbs of milk; the skin looked so tight it appeared hard to the touch, the gushers of sweet honey spilling from her thick, plump and erect nipples only pushed the point.  It stretched incredibly as more and more the daemons grew and filled her womb. Yet Fawn no longer seemed scared, drops of cum running down her lip, she almost seemed content, stroking the great mass of belly, rising above her like a mountain of pregnant splendor, with no signs of slowing. With her beefy legs spread, her greatly distended orb spilled between them. Not until her belly reached somewhere in the five foot range did its growth seem to slow, the Huntress sauntering over to the sex drugged, running sharp nails over the incredible swell; Fawns’ belly looked ready to explode with young. All the nymph could do; behind her boulder sized breasts, was coo and groan as the immortals touch sent surges of orgasmic joy throughout her being. Gently patting the females’ awesome new shape, the Huntress turned back to the captured Sabrina, her face, once beautiful was now a mask of malevolence. The Huntress hated Sabrina to the core; so much so the immortal reeled back at the sheer weight of the emotion.

“Fawn and Lovette aren’t even close to what Epyon has planned for them. And you; well ***BITCH***,” growling out the word, “You do know what they say about revenge…it tastes so sweet.”

With the sound of a portal opening, Sabrinas’ heart sank.

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It had been almost three days since the party had left the Enchantress and nearly another two weeks before they would reach the mountain pass leading to Crimsons layer. Lady Lysandra had offered to teleport them there but Shadow King quickly reminded her that Natakus’ lair still lay between them. Any slip up and anyone of the two wyrms’ watch dogs would have them, which didn’t particularly bother the old shadow but Raylenethos and Khambien were quick to disapprove of the idea.

“We’ll be able to move swiftly on foot, especially since our mothers-to-be are safe and sound. Now our choices to go are straight through the Mist Valley or off to the north; a much quicker route through the Firestone Mountains but there we may have to deal with the Bugeater tribe.”

Lita, in the guise of Serenity stepped between Khambien and Toc.

“The who?”

Softly she felt the broad shouldered Odin rub the small of her back, squeezing in between Lita and Toc.

“T’ Bugeater’s are some o’ Nightstorm and Hollownights’ old lot. Shifty Skull, the storm giant runs them. He and Wintershade have been fightin’ up in t’ hills for a centry o’ two. Wintershades’ joined wit t’ dragons under Khlendros but Shifty ain’t to be facin’ old Winter. That old immortals’ been trained by the best…ain’t he Shadow King?”

The dark assassin merely smiled. They sat there for a few moments, discussing their plans as the Panther watched dutifully behind them. That’s when he saw them, five small ominous specs upon the skyline. Krahn quickly moved towards the old shadow wyrm nodding and pointing towards the skyline behind them. Casually the old wyrm glanced back, his jet eyes turning a black serpentine and then he was gone, fallen into the shadows. Raylenethos looked at the humanoid panther, her gorgeous green orbs narrowing. His own yellow eyes flinched for only a second and then Coral stood between them.

We have to go .It appears that the Fallen, the ancient kings of the north, Epyons’ undead knights are hunting Serenity; Epyon has grown desperate. Shadow King goes to face them…alone. They have powers beyond what we are ready to contend with right now and if we are to deal with Crimson and his minions then our full strength will be our best alley. One touch is deadly; worse if you’re female. Now we must go!”

The two females looked hard at eachother, not angrily but as if learning how to understand eachother. Raylenethos knew that if the wilder queen was taking the time to speak then she better well be ready to listen. Quintex watched, attentively and then as one they spoke.

***“Let’s go!”***

Even as they turned the sky grew dark and chill ran down their spines as Shadow King, the most ancient of wyrms entered the sky. It was a sight to behold and to fear. The wind gust with such force that everyone fell to the ground under its power. Under his power. Only Sebron, Quintex, Coral and, strangely enough Raylenethos seem to be able to stand, somewhat beneath the huge bladed beasts’ wake. He was magnificent, a wyrm with scales darker than any night, yet he had not one smooth point on his body, his outer skin an arsenal of blades and edges that could, and she knew, soon would sever the body or bodies of anyone of their enemies. He was as they had said the assassin of the mortal realm. Sebron smiled, though he carefully watched the mysterious half elven female from the corner of his eyes. Out the entire group Sebron knew the he, Shadow King and Coral were the most powerful and deadly, even over Quintex but Raylenethos was something more and the wilders knew, he knew it and his smile grew all the wider. Covering her eyes from the dust, Raylenethos watched as the huge wyrm rose and dove in and out of large and small shadows, closing the *Fallen* swiftly.

Shadow King moved with such purpose and speed that he was becoming harder to follow.  Centuries ago, he had been the one to help Epyon seize the ten kings. Now it was time he set things right for so many years ago he had made a promise to an old friend, one he betrayed unknowingly and one promise he fully intended to keep. It was time for them to die. As he leapt from his last shadow he knew he had closed the distance on the wicked knights, counting only five. The others he knew would be arriving sometime soon or at least making their way their as swiftly as their daemonic steeds could carry them. With wondrous aerial grace, Shadow King pulled up, less than a few hundred yards from his prey, his reptilian lips curling up in a wicked grin. In a phalanx grouping the lead of the *Fallen* pulled up on his steed. Assessing the group, Shadow King immediately locked onto the dragonlances the five death knights held; Epyon knew a dragon was with them.

“I should have killed Nataku.”

He said it as much to himself as he did the *Fallen*. Those wicked lances were far more deadly than they looked and Shadow King wasn’t to find out how deadly; wisps of black smoke filtering through his clenched teeth.Teppish, the first king to fall so very long ago spoke, his voice as hollow as his soul.

“We are the Fallen and we have come for you…Shadow King.”

And with that he launched his lance directly for Shadow Kings heart. As massive as the dragon was, he could move and out maneuver more than any could possible imagine and he twisted about in the air, yet keeping his sights on the nights as the dragonlance just missed him and then reappeared in Teppishs’ ancient hand. The other four then joined in, directing their lances towards the Shadow King and instead of hurling the weapons, thin beams of reddish black shot out, criss-crossing the sky as the most ancient of dragons twisted and dodged them all, his body changing in mid flight from the great dragon form to that of a Neith, draconic wings becoming long black feathered wings, his body reshaping to his more familiar drow façade and he moved even swifter than before, closing in on Teppish with a quickness. The *Fallen* loosed a howl of anger as Shadow King rose up above Teppish; realizing his lance far too long for close quarters combat, and then the winged drow landed deftly upon that same dragonlance and grinned. In more years than Teppish could remember, he had never known fear, not since his first death and yet he realized just as Shadow King inhaled, he was about to die again, and this time he would never come back.

 Black flame erupted from the Shadow Kings’ and Teppish, the first of the *Fallen* burst into a ball of black hissing and wild flame, and yet he did not scream or howl but whispered faintly, “Thank you.”

Shadow King again took flight, as the soul fire consumed the dead king and his mount, the winged horse neighing and spitting as its flesh was melted away and it fell to the earth below. The other four screamed in agony and then charged forward, anger their fuel, despair their might but it was nothing to one who was much more than even they could dream, if they could sleep.

From miles away, the heroes watched as Shadow King fought the *Fallen*, and they cheered as they saw the first of the unholy things plummet and then disappear into the sky. It was amazing, though many could not see any details, just rays of blood red light, gouts and flashes of blackish flame and then explosions of black and red as another of the *Fallen* would fall in death.

Shadow King ducked under the third of his prey, loosing his breath as he cut beneath it, but rather than using a spray he breathed a tight beam, severing the *Fallens’* mount at the shoulder, and as the creature started to fall he breathed again, the full flame consuming the wounded rider and steed. Shadow King knew it was dead but still had problems as he dove just under a lances strike, turned and caught the point in his hands, pulling it back towards him and he lifted the *Fallen* from his dark pegacorn and then Shadow King breathed, loosing four then five tight beams of soul flame; both the pegacorn and the *Fallen* dropping in pieces in the sky, before being engulfed in a full flame. Shadow King flipped the dragonlance and caught it by the pommel, then spun to face the last of the *Fallen*, who hovered in the sky…waiting. Shadow King remembered this one, his stance, his metal. He was once a friend and the only mortal to ever ride upon the back of Shadow King…he was Rheliux. The *Fallen* nodded to Shadow King, almost honorably and in turn the great wyrm nodded back and then the two charged one another. They came at eachother like the knights of a joust and only one would win, and this day that one was Shadow King, twisting his body at the last minute, his lance cut through Rheliuxs’ mounts neck and scoured him through his phantom body but that was what made the lances so deadly, they were created to pierce and kill the shadows. For a moment all was still, and then, dropping his own lance, Rheliux removed his cowl and looked at his old friend. His face was rotted and decayed, dead and sickening but it was a very good sight to behold for Shadow King had kept his promise. The old gnarled face smiled as the wyrm breathed upon him, freeing him at last. Five down…five to go.

The group was moving along the base of the Firestone Mountains when next to Raylenethos and Lita, Shadow King emerged. The two jumped slightly but then gave his a respectful nod. Lita was about to say something but a nudge from Lady Lysandra, a mystery to the group, gripped her shoulder, keeping her quiet. Shadow King grinned and looked up at them.

“Wintershade huh? Good choice. Besides…maybe old Frost will join us.”

And with that he dropped back into the shadows. Raylenethos looked at Khambien who shrugged and then to Coral, a very serene and amused smile on her face as her fell into her serpentine form and took point with Krahn and Caylani. Lita looked at Lysandra with a slight pout on her Serenity masked face.

“What was that for?”

The beautiful six-armed Arachna just smiled at her.

“Your own good.”

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Far away, the lord of the *Fallen* screamed as his brothers were destroyed. Char’nazal and the last for of the *Fallen* howled with rage and in their fury the *Fallen* descended upon the small village of Way North, leaving death and blood and anguish in their wake. Shadow King would be theirs.

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Alone in his private chamber Epyon fell to his knees, a pain of such magnitude crashed into his skull. His vision blurred as in his mind he saw them; Teppish, Hannomon, Borix, Sha’mirul and Rheliux, they were free. Free! Free of his control, of his power. Released to their **Father**, and Epyon; slowly rising to his feet, knew of only two besides himself who had such power; the Immortal of Freedom and…Shadow King. He was alive and now, now Epyon was truly afraid. He was slightly startled as Witchhazel stepped through the wall, his eyes glistening curiously. Epyon looked up at him; then smiled, keeping his true fears hidden.

“Yes son?”

Witchhazel waved his hand and before them a vision appeared, the beautiful, beaming Huntress. She gave father and sun a respectful bow and then waited, beckoning Epyon to speak. Hardly in the mood, he obliged her.

“Your progress Huntress? It has been nearly a week since we last heard.”

She smiled and by her reddish hair, the Huntress pulled Sabrina into view.

“We shall be to your fortress within the day. My pets are enjoying the Fawn, though I fear she may be too full by the time we arrive,” the vision panning to her left where a great ball of smooth, barely tanned flesh rested, moving slightly as the young jumbled within; two huge orbs sat atop the nearly five foot long, five foot wide swell of belly; Fawns’ plump little legs buried beneath the mountain of flesh. Her round, fatten face was sucking ferociously on one of the Dracoliths’ cocks, her hands stroking milk heavy juggs. There was a groan and liquidy pop to the further left and just at the edge of the view, another hunter was born.

“Good…Very good. Just don’t fill her too much; I have plans for her and Sabrina. We shall be awaiting your arrival. Good work.”

The image faded away and Witchhazel was gone before Epyon could even turn. His day just got better.

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The Enchantress, Xheena, Iceburn, Julian and Mane watched as five huge red dragons sped towards the great Enchanted Forest. They seemed to know exactly where to go and Iceburn silently applauded himself on his thoughtfulness. Now he had work to do.

“I’ll handle this little problem before they reach the forest. Hopefully Crimson nor Epyon will be able to track them here. I shall be back soon.”

Even as he began to move the Planet Lord of Animals was before him.

“Not alone.”

Iceburn looked at the small, powerful halfling and was about to speak but the Enchantress saved him.

“Mane has many forms Iceburn, he’ll help you. Besides, this is ***His*** home!”

The coldfire dragon nodded wisely and the two were off to face Iceburns’ hunters. The Enchantress looked to the others and smiled.

“Julian, please inform Lady Kira, Haarlei and Charlize that Xheena and I need their assistance.”

With a bound he was gone and not five minutes later Haarlei and the plethora of huge bellied beauties entered the room. Lady Kira had grown very big in the last few days and the Enchantress could feel she would deliver soon, but the gorgeous Neith just waddled in happily, stroking that gargantuan swell. The females surrounded the swirling pool and some gasped as they saw the reds for the first time; blood red scales reflecting the sun light as they roared over the land, igniting all in their path. Charlize gasped as the lead drake incinerated a small fishing village not ten miles from the Enchanted Forest. The Enchantress’ eyes suddenly began to glow, just as Serenity entered the chamber. Everyone felt the sudden surge of power and one by one they began to clasp hands, ending at Serenity whose eyes were ablaze with power, blue energy licking out from them like fire. All the female’s eyes then began to glow, a wicked bluish light filling up the room and as one the spoke, though the word was ancient, older than the Enchantress or Serenity, a word created by a dying angel it was said. Through the scrying pool the burning fishing village began to glow as the fires turned from an angry red to a tranquil, soothing, healing blue. Those who were burning were healed, the structures began to rebuild themselves, but those who were dead unfortunately were dead. But as the blue light hit any fertile female within the village a miracle happened for their bellies began to grow, swelling with life to replace that which was lost. Hope overtook fear and despair.

As this phenomenon happened the five hunters turned, startled to say the least and enraged that someone would dare change which they had destroyed but even as they began their attack, another force of nature changed their minds for a great beast dove from the clouds above, his scales topping his body in blood red then melting away into a silver so pure it reflected the horror of their reptilian faces. Iceburn had come. The largest of the young hunters was known as Reddeath, Bragons’ younger brother. He inhaled once and loosed a spray of molten flame at Iceburn who accepted the blast without fear. The group of reds knew why he, Iceburn, was so deadly; they had faced him for centuries with Bragon but the coldfire essence that he was had left him immune to both fire and cold attacks. How did Crimson expect for them to defeat such a creature, especially without Bragon or better, Nataku. The answer was clear; Reddeath then knew they weren’t sent to kill Iceburn at all, but they were to die; Crimsons’ idea for an honorable execution. Just as he was about to warn his companions a great flash of icy blue caught his eye. The youngest brother to Bragon, Crimsons’ son turned as the Planet Lord of Animals rose before him; his dragon body seemed to be made of pure ice, spikes of ice jutted out from his shoulders and tail, his sleek, narrow maw lowering to face Reddeath. Two ancient wyrms against five dragons…Reddeath suddenly felt very small, his body engulfed by the shadow of the mysteries ice dragon. The other four broke out wide and immediately went after Iceburn, sensing him to be the greatest threat and they hoped to be there in time for their leader as the coldfire dragon came in and without slowing exhaled, a beam of coldfire piercing the first of the four through the heart, a second beam struck him square in the head and a third removing his head from his neck. The remaining three all breathed at once, hoping to over power the wyrm but from their flames another beam of coldfire shot out, this time cutting one of the reds in half, from head to tail. The other two, the last two began to run.

Reddeath stood there staring blankly at the huge icy wyrm before him, death reflecting back at him as Mane loosed his deadly breath; a coldness that chilled the very essence of the fiery red dragons soul, death touching him at that moment before his heart stopped and all went black, the icy mist freezing the young dragons head until the wind blew it away, the crystalline shards falling like rain drops to the village bellow, his headless body descending to the earth. Mane watched as his prey fell and began to search for his next target. The Wilder King turned just as one of the reds came into range and he cut down the retreating dragon, icy claws piercing scales, then flesh, muscle, bone and finally punching through the drakes chest, the young ones heart beating its last in his in his claw.

Throwing the body free, Mane fired at the last dragon, as did Iceburn; the two igniting the young one in an icy, coldfire explosion.

The two wyrms got rid of the remaining bodies, taking care as to not approach the repairing village and then swiftly made their way back to the Enchanted Wood. Below, a small fishing village began to truly heal.

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 Deep within Crimsons’ lair, hidden from all sun light, the female watched as the five dragons were executed. She smiled solemnly for she knew their deaths were inevitable, without Bragon, Crimson had no need for them. The pale glowing mirror then went opaque, the then show ending. She moved silently about her lightless home; whispering to herself as candles burst to life about her passageway. As the flame light illuminated the hall, the older but still beautiful face was pale, nearly bluish white. Her eyes were light, a diamond white, and from her full, blood hued lips two fang tips penetrated. Her hair was long, curly and platinum, cascading down to the tip of her spine, just above her full, round and succulent butt. Two monster sized tits sat upon her chest, each thrice he size of her head, topped with large, pale pink areole and stiff, almost rigid nubs, revealed under the ruby broach that held her midnight colored cloak together. What was more striking was the shear size of her belly, her middle jutting out more than five feet, the flesh taunt and smooth; the female looking as if she were full term with octuplets and still it looked ready to burst. Her thighs and hips were thick and wide, giving her a ripe, a thin silken loin cloth hiding her nether regions, sexy appearance, but only added to her sensuous movements. She was Countess Chese A’maro, the Blood Mother. Chuckling she strolled ***her*** halls as, stroking the great globe of her belly. The huge swell grumbled slightly and the Countess chuckled, the enormous mountain jiggling lightly. It was time to feed. The hugely swollen beauty moved gracefully through the halls before reaching her destination a few minutes later. Opening the ruby formed door, Chese eased her way in and smiled. Hanging by his shackled arms was a handsome, if not broken elven paladin. Yet his handsome, though sunken and saddened, defeated features did not match his frail, beaten and bruised, weathered and frail frame. He looked drained, as if someone had sucked or drank the life from him, and that someone now approached, her massive distended sphere jostling before her, the flesh taunt and smooth that without want or knowledgeable desire, the one thing that had remained unanthropic upon him was his ten inch thickness, which sprung to life at the sight of her. The Countess smiled, fully baring her dreadful fangs and sauntering up to the dying elf. With care she cupped his balls dangling low and heavy. They were so full with her special drink that she nearly engulfed his thick, blood filled cock right then, licking her ruby lips as they bled to black. She could feel him tense, his heart beat; what was left of it thumping as Chese A’maro slowly, seductively ran her tongue down the full length of his absurdly huge cock. It quivered, beyond his control, beyond his every want or desire, it was nature and he could not control nature and silently he screamed, as he had done everyday since Crimson had delivered him to this seductive, voluptuous, ripe, full bellied abomination. He was a peace offering and she had fed upon him for centuries, gorging her enormous swell on his life’s blood, killing him oh so slowly and he hated every erotic and painfully pleasurable moment. As she began her sexual feeding the old, ancient elf thought back, far back to his days as one of the great generals to the elf legions, to his friends who thought him dead; an assumption that was not to far off, and to his love, his wife, Ehlarra Shining Moon. He could feel the silken tongue; the cool lips and delicate, sharp fangs glide over his thickness, the rush of blood as his cock rose to the attention of its unwanted lover. Hungrily Chese A’maro began milking the old elfs’ balls, lustfully watching them as his blood surged through, filling with cum and her precious red nectar. Long, razor like nails tickled his sack, the helpless elf groaned, his life, his essence pouring into his cock as his face; once handsome and strong, proud and regal in his nature and his faith, but grown tired with desperation, sadness, hate and fear had finally become resolved. Gildar Shining Moon would at last know peace. As weak as he was, the old, tortured elf found strength as he thrust slowly against the vampires’ mouth, the cool wet lips and smooth tongue gliding down his length, fully erect at thirteen inches and she swallowed it all easily, her jaw seeming to open uninhibited. Her head bobbed coyly, twisting about the huge shaft, as she tormented his full and swelling balls, the skin upon them growing tight. Then his body began to change, become more shriveled, smaller, the flesh sinking in wrapping around bone as all of who Gildar Shining Moon once was poured into his sex for the last feeding of the Blood Mother, Countess Chese A’maro. Her purr was as beautiful as it was vile; the Countess’ head driving down the impossibly long length, icy saliva drooled down the ever growing muscle, dropping heavily upon her enormous breasts and even larger belly. The elf was now merely a shelf of life, his body, what was left of it acted instinctively to her wondrous oral pleasure, Gildars’ mind almost completely gone, saves for the faint sliver of love, his one and only love. The huge phallus quivered and pulsed, and the elf, the general, the man was gone as blood gushed into Cheses’ awaiting mouth. Her cheeks bulged at the sheer amount of fluid that poured into her and her eyes, once a steely, ice turned red, then deep crimson and finally black. The twin melons of her breasts ballooned to a monstrous degree, filling with blood, growing one and a half their previous size, her nipples so rigid from pressure droplets of blood began to dribble out. The most dramatic change was that of her belly, the octuplets sized orb literally shooting forward, almost alarmingly so as her swell nearly doubled its’ sized, her full, strong legs nearly buckling as she took in the life essence of a nearly three thousand year old elf. The vampiress drank and sucked the degenerating cock until it, and his swollen ball sack were shriveled husks. Power was all that could explain Chese A’maro, her gargantuan belly burgeoning nearly nine feet from her extremely plump and lush form, her pale flesh now taking on a warmer, almost human appearance. Drunk on blood and lust, the Countess swooned, just catching herself on the stone wall. Jet eyes radiated power as she looked upon the husk of Gildar, but even with all of who he was swirling and churning about in her magnificent gravidity; the skin so taunt it was hard, pink, blood engorged veins literally mapping the flesh covered globe, looking as if a mere touch would make her burst, the Countess reared back and thrust her hand in the dead elfs’ chest, the bone shattering under the force as she withdrew a still warm and blood filled heart.

***“Love,”*** she cursed, literally spitting out the word!

   Then a wicked, baneful smile crossed her full, luscious lips as she opened her mouth, her six inch fangs bared in full and with simple gulp, she swallowed the heart whole, her great belly lurching forward another foot, her sides distended and swollen impossibly so. She drunkenly patted her bloated, gigantic orb, wallowing in the sheer power she held within. The ancient female could nearly rival Crimson in power now, for all her undead life she had fed upon only the strong and powerful, growing with each feeding. Amazingly she manages to waddle to the door, her body shifting and swaying seductively, sexily and then she stops, turns towards the dangling corpse.

 “Aren’t you coming?”

The shriveled husk that was once a proud, great paladin and general responded by tearing free of the chains that had held them for thousands of years and dropped to his feet. Flesh and muscle sagged off his rotted form, his eyes sunken holes of black, his teeth though were perfect, a pair of razor sharp fangs sprouting from were his canines once were. Slowly, gracefully, the vampiric death knight Gildar Shining Moon followed the new master of his heart. Again Chese stroked her monstrous belly lovingly.

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As Mane and Iceburn returned to the Enchanted Forest, the Wilder King turned and swooped in low, his body changing in mid air from the ice wyrm to the seemingly small form of the jet black halfling king to his preferred body, the enormous, eighty foot long black cobra. He hit the ground smoothly, even as Iceburn continued overhead, to the soon-to-be mother of his children, Lady Kira. As Mane slid and began to move he smelt something; faint, tainted, unfamiliar and evil. With amazing speed he moved, much faster than any serpent should be able. From the woods two enormous feline forms leapt out, landing easily upon either side of the Wilder King, the tiger, Gabrielle and the panther, Tyriel, both named from old friends of Shadow King. Together the three moved to a spot the smelled of foul perversion and pure taint. Neither of the two cats would approach the scorched and blood soaked earth, the stench almost unbearable as Mane tasted the air, and hissed. He knew what it was, though not its form for an animal, an old, extinct creature had been reborn, a beast created by death, by evil and by blood. A blood hunter was loose. He turned and Gabrielle and Tyriel were already on the move, roaring their orders as the Enchanted Wood came to life, every wilder and beast on the hunt. Then, alone, Mane returned to his halfling form, his obsidian eyes narrowing angrily. No one had the right to return such creatures to this world save for the Father, and it was He who ordered their destruction, Mane, Shadow King and Jonus the Frost King, their brother of winter, with Georin, the Immortal of Rock and Earth, with Stone King, his son and their brother and a much younger Sebron, tracking down the blood hunters and destroying them. Smoothly, as if he knew, Wilder King stepped back as a great earthen hand rent up from the ground, tearing up the corrupted ground, blood soaked into the dirt beneath, the flesh as metal, adamantine and mithiril swirling about, yet it was as smooth a slate. The body slowly, unhurriedly emerged from the ground; a handsome, rugged male, large and muscular, no hair at all. Two dark eyes looked angrily up at the tainted land. His features were smooth and yet rough where needed, black diamond plate was wrapped around his body, perfect for his hulking frame, the man standing roughly ten foot at the shoulder which were about eight feet from shoulder to shoulder. Upon his back was strapped a massive, double headed warhammer, the hammerheads forged with deep silver, the heads pure white in color. He was old, ancient. Only two were older, besides the Thirteen Immortals, Shadow King being one, the second his brother, Filorin, whom arrived shortly afterwards, the grass shooting upward and twisting about, coalescing into a solid shape. Filorin was just as handsome as his younger brother, though much smaller and regal, standing only at six feet, his skin a rich black, or brown, like pure soil, a farmers’ dream, his eyes glowing a forest green in color. His clothing was made of the wood, armor of earth and tree but it looked just as effective; and Mane knew it was, as any suit of mithiril plate made. Filorin looked over to the torn chunk of earth, a good twelve feet gone and waved, and the earth growing back to what it once was. Then he turned and looked at his old friend and companion Mane. They nodded to each other, as did Georin, who then tossed the rotted earth into the air and with amazing speed whipped off the twin headed hammer and swung, connecting with ease and blasting the taint into nothing. Though they had not seen eachother in years, they knew there was little room for small talk.

“Mane…you know what must be done. I and Georin cannot aid you in this hunt for what Epyon has started. The immortals are in hiding, though some of us have heard of this band that seeks to free our cousin Lethan and our sister Trinity. We wish we could assist but we cannot. He would have us then.”

The booming voice of Georin then broke in. He was angry.

“Fool females. We warned them that the nymphs would be vulnerable but this was not expected. We thought Epyon could handle this immortality, this power, though Shadow King should have been the one. I wish he had not been lost.”

Mane smiled and looked to Filorin.

“He lives. Shadow King lives. And the Immortal of Freedom travels with them! There is hope my brother.”

The huge Immortal of Rock and Stone smiled and loosed a great battle cry. He then looked down to Mane, the small bundle of power.

“Stone King comes. He will help you track the blood hunter. Filorin and I will watch your wood. Be swift! Our sister Sabrina has gone missing and she holds the knowledge of where the Thirteen hide. We must find her.”

Mane smiles again, this time looking into his hand and then he is off, the eighty foot long serpent a flash of black, the scent of the blood hunter fresh. A rolling of rock then shot past the two immortals as Stone King arrived.

Filorin smiles brightly.

“**Gods** speed.”

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Sabrina awoke, naked and cold, hanging spread eagle and in the birthing position between two obelisks, her body revealed for the first time in millennia. She was quiet beautiful, full firm breasts, a trim tummy and wide hips, perfect for breeding and as she opened her eyes and looked about the room, Sabrina was horrified and entranced all at once. Upon their modified thrones rested Lethan and Trinity. It was impossible for her to believe how pregnant they were, bellies stretched beyond words, the flesh plump and yet tight, claws rolling underneath the surface, the mothers cooing at the touches. Lethan was fat, ripe and on the verge of bursting. Her boulder sized tits just streamed with milk, which voluptuous, heavy bellied females of all races collected in huge jugs. A same train of waddling wenches flowed by Trinity, who was being fed and as the blood poured down her gullet, her belly somehow grew. Sabrina was in disbelief and even as Epyon stepped down from the darkness, as if he were emerging from a hidden room above them all. Immediately she looked about to find her two nymphs, Lovette and Fawn; being fucked wickedly by some centaur like daemons, their bellies already enormous, Lovette looking literally ready to pop and she wasn’t near as large as some of the other nymphs, or breeders who were all slumbering, except three, the three largest; Cassandra, Teela and Mhinka, each so full that a hard wind looked like it would pop the fearfully pregnant beauties. Most of the nymphs were huddled about the base of the throne, stroking as much of their absurdly mammoth bellies as possible or being fed from the same jugs that the mortals collected Lethan or Trinity. Then fear passed over Sabrinas’ eyes as from a long, silken spider web, Malice lowered herself to the ground, amongst the hugely pregnant beauties, her spider-like legs clacking against the dark floor. Once she got close to Sabrina and laid a hand upon her belly, her wickedly beautiful smile revealing doom. And the Immortal of secrets just looked at her relative, for she had just condemned her to death. With Epyon came the Huntress and Corbios, behind them a lone, slender shadowy figure and two hugely pregnant females, a gorgeous though seductively wicked looking female with lustrous black hair, the Coven Mother, Lilith and her second, the enormously swollen Nakita. If this weren’t enough, he came, galloping in and he roared; the pregnant females shying away as much they possibly could, those who slept were fearfully awakened. Belkar was here. Epyon strode up to Sabrina, touching her trim, bare belly and looking coldly into her eyes, silently they both knew she was about to die. He was cold, calculating and composed as he spoke.

“I will have my answers young Sabrina. Now I can save you if you wish, change you back. All I ask is there location. If not, you will die today, giving birth to one who will serve me and I will have my victory anyway. Pick!”

Sabrina, the Immortal of Secrets looked down and then back up to Epyon, the resolve on her face and a very amused look in her eyes.

“I have one more secret little Epyon…one that may just surprise you.”

Suddenly the handsome, normally calm Epyon turned, his face contorted in rage and frustration erupted.

***“YOU! You die tonight! Sons, fill her…till she pops!”***

Belkar needed no prompting as he reared up behind her, his hooves on her shoulders; driving the cock of his upper torso to nearly the base, as his lower cock buried its top region into her sex as Sabrina, the virgin screamed in pain, in fear, in pleasure unwanted and in hate. Corbios changed to his true form, growing to his full twelve foot in height and in mid scream drove his own monster into her mouth. Sabrina felt the lust, over powering her, over whelming her and she sucked voraciously upon the huge organ as Belkar drove his duel trunks into her womb. Her body was wrent through a juggernaught of daemonic sex. Her arms were strapped in tightly to the formed rock, her body looking like a T as the two daemon sons of Epyon stuffed her body. She gagged on Corbios’ length, desperately choking down the huge muscle as she moaned in unwanted and unmeasured delight, thrusting against the two trunks pounding her ass and cunt. Her every hole was filled with cock, the Lady of Secrets was choking herself on the monster filling her mouth. Sweat soon began to drip off the poor immortal, her breasts bouncing wildly with the constant thrusting and her heart sank as her two nymphs, so pregnant the it was impossible for them to move on their own accord; Lovette looked so full and round that her belly was nearly transparent, Fawn her breast appeared ready to pop, milk gushing from over filled nipples, her belly, a mountainous dome of distended gravity, and yet the both looked so beautiful, so sexy and Sabrina wanted nothing more than to join them; and still something lay hidden deep within the immortal something that even Epyon could not prevent, or foresee and in her death, Sabrina knew she would win. Unconsciously, desperately she swallowed up her daemonic lovers’ rod, hungry for the prize inside, spit rolling down the meaty length with every bob of her head. Even still, in the back of her mind, she knew victory and just as the thought hit her, Corbios stiffened and grunted and a gush of salty seed poured into her mouth and down into her belly. A sudden tightness hit her, and the red haired beauty groaned as her middle immediately began to swell. Sabrina sucked every ounce of cum from the daemon prince; the huge beast literally had to yank his cock free from her hungry lips. Even he was astonished at how quickly she was growing, her breast had already doubled their size, and it had taken mere moments. Her belly now hung low, wobbling with Belkars’ continued thrusts. The ancient female looked as if she were just beginning her third trimester…with quadruplets, her belly button popping out do to the lack of room as her womb filled and stretched with vile young but it was very obvious that this pregnancy was far different. Pain racked her arms as the weight of her belly became apparent, Sabrina now looking twelve months along with octuplets, as still she grew, the swell had to be at least nearly a hundred pounds of flesh. Belkar could feel the flesh of the females’ ass and thighs and pussy thicken and grow tighter around his twin stocks, drawing his seed from his own aching balls. Now her moans and cries of delight echoed throughout the room and Sabrina and Lethan and Trinity locked eyes, there was such a wave of power that for a moment, a sudden and brief moment all of them had their powers, fully and completely and in that transfer a gift was passed, and Sabrinas’ plan was complete. Epyon staggered for that mere moment, one that seemed only caught by Witchhazel as he glanced to his momentarily weakened father and then back to the captured immortal, her belly a grand sphere nearing seven feet in diameter and looked ready to burst, and still Belkar had not released. Epyon had ordered the younger to only concentrate on mating with the centuarian princess held below.

High above them Ebony watched and learned. She saw her father, the great Immortal of Shadow and Fertility and soon Secrets, falter; loose his hold and then swiftly regain it. Maybe overthrowing him would not be as difficult as she once thought.

Finally, when Sabrinas’ taunt, swollen belly was just grazing the stone surface o the floor, veins mapping the overly stretched skin, tears and sweat glistening of her fattened body as the sheer weight of her were beginning to break her arms, her teeth clenched tight and her womb quivering with life, Belkar came. He never made a sound; he just smiled and watched, emptying both huge organs at once. Sabrinas’ eyes went wide as his seed filled her. Once he knew that every drop had been deposited, the greater daemon slid from her body, enjoying the show. The obelisks suddenly closed from the back, Sabrinas’ body still thrusting with the lack of cock within her. Then the huge slab began to fall flat, pulling the hugely pregnant Sabrina with it. Just short of a 45 degree angle, the rock bed stopped, leaving her in the perfect position to deliver her offspring. It was amazing; Sabrinas’ gut was swollen nearly eight feet, every inch of her taunt flesh aching to burst with the life, the power held within, the immortal drawing up her plump, thickening legs, pressing them firmly against the slab which was now wet with perspiration, her red hair now dark with sweat, each part of Sabrina was drenched with the excitement of her rapid pregnancy and the ensuing labor as contractions began to ripple over great gravid sphere jutting from her tiny frame. Somewhere her body recognized another, more pleasurable sensation that had welled up within her throbbing pussy and they contracted as she thrust against the memory of Belkars’ cock. Soon the pain of her increasing contractions drowned out the increasing pressure of her orgasm. The immortal began to pant as her abdominal and vaginal muscles contracted, desperately trying to release the growing entity held within. Finally the growing stopped at almost ten feet and Sabrina began to push. Epyon smiled as blood and fluid gushed from her sex. The pained female hunkered down and began to push; her muscles tensing rapidly and contractions increasing in volume. The onlookers smiled with malice, while tears rolled down their plump cheeks, Trinity and Lethan shared a hidden smile with a much hidden and very special secret, one to be greater than even they could imagine.

Suddenly light, liquid light began to pour from Sabrinas’ womb. It was pure and true light, so blinding that it burned at Epyons’ eyes painfully, Corbios fell to his feet in agony and Malice retreated up her web. Ebony was forced to close her eyes, while Witchhazel melted into the darkness, hiding from the infernal flame, leaving only Belkar, the Gravidian Witches and the Huntress to witness the birth. She screamed a sound of pain and absolute bliss split the silence, so much so it was nearly deafening. The light began to actually take shape beneath the huffing female, her eyes bleeding with liquid light and glowing with power. Her belly suddenly surged forward, growing immensely, becoming as if it would burst from the sudden tightness within, and then her nether lips spread, wide, as a giant orb of energy pushed free, cracking the bones in her hips, tearing the female apart from the inside, power, utter power leeching off the egg, pulling Sabrinas’ essence with it. She grunted, groaned and gasped as it tore her from the inside, blood spilled from her clenched teeth, her eyes rolled back in her head as it finally fell free, dropping into the form beneath her. Both Lovette and Fawn began to cry, Epyons’ hold over them unable to keep them from mourning the loss of their mistress, for before them all an immortal was dying, and the balance was changing. The egg fell into the body of light and it flashed, a ripple of power crashing through them all. Then Sabrina fell silent, her belly somewhat smaller but still swollen and appearing full. Blood now ran from the gaping hole of her sex as the light form took its final shape and stood. Epyon darkened the room and yet the form, the female, still glowed. Her body was pure white; long obsidian hair flowed down her back just touching the lovely curve of her firm yet rotund ass. Her hips were wide, leading into thick, muscular thighs. Her slim waist made her butt appear even larger but this added to her attractiveness. Full, firm breasts rested atop her chest, pink nipples capping large areola, with a trim, flat stomach and an exotic, angelic face completing the picture. Most impressive were the twin set of long, jet black wings, the feathers were so dark the looked like one solid mass. Her eyes went reptilian for a moment then went black. She slowly walked up to Sabrina, taking her beautiful face in her hands, the females’ soft brown eyes locking on to hers. The dying immortal smiled.

*“With a kiss, you will remember who you are.”*

The whisper left her breath, and the form kissed Sabrina on the lips as the Immortal of Secrets died. The unnamed female stepped back and watched as Sabrina began to fade, like stars her body floated away until her head became a glowing star and at last the female was gone, though her final words stung Epyons’ ears.

*“As I said little boy, I had one last secret.”*

 Sabrina was gone, dead, and before them stood her daughter, for Epyon felt no connection as he had with Witchhazel or Ebony, but he was going to play his part, leaving no hints to weakness. More importantly though, Epyon had broken the one law, the only law set by the thirteen immortals, ***no immortal was to kill another***. The dark prince smiled at that. He stepped up to the new female, his power and strength returned. Upon looking at her he recognized her immediately and smiled, not truly understanding Sabrinas’ last words. Before Epyon was the mirror image of Shadow Kings’ dead wife.

“And you shall be named…”.

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Far away, upon the lower slopes of the Firestone Mountains, Quintex stopped, as did Shadow King and Sebron. Raylenethos did as well, as if she felt the sudden loss of a friend or family member and the approach of power, not malicious but power none the less. By then, the whole party had stopped. A tear rolled down Quintex’s cheek and Shadow King just nodded then looked down to his necklace which glowed suddenly with life anew.

“I’ll be damned. Little lady pulled it off. I guess she does keep her promises.”

Raylenethos looked at the mysterious shadow dragon.

“Who?”

Sebron placed a hand on Quintex’s shoulder. The Immortal of Swords held his head low.

“Sabrina, the Lady of Secrets is dead. My guess is the Epyon killed her…trying to find the Thirteen immortals. He finally went too far.”

Shadow King smiled and then winked at Sebron.

“Yes he did…now it’s our turn. I think Sabrina left him one more surprise though. Come on. We have some dragons to kill.”

Sebron had never had Sabrina as a lover but he did have her as a friend. Yet something in Shadow Kings’ demeanor told him everything was okay. Where a great shift in power should have happened, there was nothing and Sebron knew it. The immortals’ gifts belonged to someone else now…or someone else was holding on to them. As Raylenethos softly pulled Quintex forward, Sebron looked at Shadow King and grinned. Sabrina was far from dead.

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Tabitha chuckled. She had served Epyon for years and become accustomed to her job and pregnant state. Within her were twelve of Epyons’ first brood and she had been given a gift from Lady Trinity, back when Epyon and the Lady of Fertility were still friends; plus she owed him a favor, and every one hundred years Tabitha would go through one month of pregnancy. She had been carrying this bundle for nearly seven hundred years and had not aged a day. Now, swollen and full bellied, Tabitha served Epyon, feeding and fattening those he picked and then serving them, to those whom the dark one wished fed. Today would be no different as she emptied the second larder of Lethans’ milk into Nadines’ hungry mouth. The female was so fat, her belly bulging out nearly eleven feet, swollen and tight, literally quaking with plump, juicy meat. The breeder looked impossibly pregnant, her gravid sphere taunt and distended with false life, aching to explode from the confines of her overly stretched flesh. Yet Nadine giggled like a little pig as her hugely bloated middle swelled even more, growing fatter, plumper, heavier with meat, overflowing over thick thighs, her breasts ballooning with milk, her body still believing itself to be pregnant. The sheer weight of her ponderous gravidity, a glorious globe of perfection was astonishing. Nadine licked her lips trying to get the last drop of fattening liquid. Her mind was gone into the throws of Epyon; the breeder wanting nothing more than to grow with her make-believe young, to feel her belly balloon too large to hold the offspring inside until it finally burst when she would deliver them. Becoming fat meant they would be healthy and as fat and bloated as she was, they would be very healthy.

Sitting upon a large, comfortable chair Olivia watched as her meal was finally prepared. It had been days since the fattening had begun and as big as Nadine was, the dragoness knew she would not need to feed for sometime. Preferably she wanted to feed in her true form but her condition left her too tired to make the transition, her own gargantuan belly protruding out remarkably. She had grown quite a bit in the past weeks and large meals, like Nadine were needed every few days, though Olivia had allowed Tabitha to fatten up Nadine till she looked ready to burst. They would have to pop her for Olivia to feed in her human form. The girl was far too big to stand so she would have to do it herself. The daemon of choice slowly left Olivias’ side and made his way to Nadine. Patting her stuffed womb, the female wyrm smiled as Nadine gulped down her third and final larder.

“Feeding time kids.”

Poor Nadine was drunk with gluttony. Rubbing what little she could of her belly, the young breeder just lost herself in her fattened state. Her arms were plump and fleshy, her thighs thick and her ass was enormous and round, spread almost painfully to accommodate her twelve foot globe of flesh. In a blissful stupor she regarded the hulking daemon as he approached her, his great cock hanging low and begging for attention. Something far in Nadines’ mind clicked…more cum meant more babies, more babies meant a bigger belly and that made her master happy. The brute was a succubus daemon, very handsome, very alluring, and very human looking. He mates, delivers his eggs and watches as his young burst from their mothers swollen bellies moments later. Then his young mature in an hour or so to repeat the process. They were perfect for wiping out towns or cities. Now he was going to feed his masters ally. Rhachelle silently watched it all. Both Tifa and Seleena were sleeping soundlessly.

Nadine was suddenly alive as she swallowed up the great length of the daemons cock. Slurping and sucking and gagging noises soon filled the room as Nadine worked feverously on the huge organ, hungry for its seed, wanting her belly to grow so large it exploded with life. Plump hands cupped his balls, gently squeezing the full orbs, working desperately to feel cum gush from them to her awaiting belly. Drawing back on the steel hard length, Nadine focused her attention the sensitive head of his muscle, using one hand to stroke the thick trunk of his organ. Whorishly the breeder sucked the beast off, who wickedly grabbed the back of her head, stroking it almost lovingly while cupping one heavy, milk gushing utter, squeezing gently and forcing milk to spray out. She was good, for the daemon already felt the urge coming upon him. For Olivias’ pleasure he would hold off his release; as well as his own pleasure, Nadine jerking off the monstrous foot of cock while licking the bulbous tip with her tongue. Mashing down on her massive orbs, ivory sweetness shooting forth, the young breeder inhaled the huge stock, to the base. It was too much for the unsuspecting succubus as cum erupted in Nadines’ mouth. Almost instantaneously her already gargantuan belly began to grow, to swell unimaginably. She giggled proudly, then grimaced as she felt her skin becoming too tight, but she knew what would help her, she had heard it before and voraciously Nadine began sucking on the beasts’ still hard member. Her globe was filling with fat and the pressure was becoming unbearable, the contents within ready to explode from her confining flesh, and Nadine just continued to suck, begging for more cum to fill her before she popped. Suddenly the growing stopped, just for a moment and a ripple of pleasure ignited in her swollen clit. Then it happened. It was pain and pleasure as her womb, so full of fat surged forward and the tell tale  bloody X began to form, her skin looking so tight that it was hard, and Nadine lost her control as her pussy quivered and gushed, an orgasm so intense rushed through her, just beating the inevitable. She screamed in utter ecstasy, and then went rigid and pushed. Nadine moaned in her last efforts, reaching for the cock with an unsteady hand as her swell began to rupture. Her tremendously turgid belly finally burst in a spray of fatty chunks and blood before Olivia, and then the dead Nadine slumped backwards, the weight of her belly no longer holding her up. Feeders immediately began to collect the flesh and deliver it to their mistress.

“Yummy, yummy.”

Tabitha just bowed.

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Crimson admired the gauntlet on his arm. It was almost entirely forged of brimstone; the design was that of a great dragon, with a beautiful, well endowed female lying upon it with her hands stretched out to her sides, her eyes closed. That figure was not brimstone though, she was black pearl, a stone which negated all magics, save for that of its’ wielder. Four claw-like prongs jutted out near the back just below the elbow.

“It was so good of Whistler to steal this for me. I did thank him did I not?”

Nataku smiled. Even though the black pearl was affecting him, he was still a dragon, a wyrm.

“He still lives and Fire King will not come after him. Especially now that you have his gollum.”

“Gollums”, Crimson was quick to correct, “one does not go with out he other.”

The door opened suddenly and Dynna entered the room, her face holding a bit of doubt and uncertainty to it. Nataku looked skeptically at his sire.

“Five of the *Fallen* have been destroyed. Just on the edge of the Firestone peaks. Shadow King and whom ever he is with are heading this way. Nataku, he will be at you lair within the week; unless Shifty Skull and his mindless cretins get lucky.”

Crimson was obliviously not pleased, even as Nataku gave him a slide long glance. Nataku was proud and his own confidence was his greatest strength and downfall. He was also smart and as he stood he looked to Crimson.

“The gollums?”

Crimson smiled and swiftly removed the gauntlet and slid it onto his seconds’ arm. He knew the hold over the gollum was not yet complete. Then he waved his hand over it  and recited the dark enchantment. The claw like prongs clasped shut, cutting deep into Natakus’ flesh and as the blood flowed the gauntlet began to feed and glow. The entire mountainside shook as the gollum roared to life.

“Brimstone and Scarlet are yours. If you loose the gauntlet…I suggest you run or be prepared to die. Those two are not the most forgiving and they can destroy you.”

Nataku nodded and made his way to the door. He stopped just before Dynna.

“Are you coming?”

Her grin was evil and she followed the handsome warrior. Crimson grinned as the two left and he truly hoped to see them again. With the gollums, they had more than a fighting chance. He then turned his attention to the two female breeders in the room. He would need more sons, true sons with the death of Bragons’ group. No, these females would have to carry full term; too bad for them. He looked at the two, admiring Epyons’ taste in breeders, one was a full figured blonde human with wide birthing hips, a chubby little face and huge, heavy tits that ached to be licked. Rosa was a slimmer though full figured female, a half elf with shapely thighs and big firm breasts that rested atop her chest, her cinnamon flesh was smooth and soft, long reddish brown hair just cresting her round backside. They looked at him with wanton desire. They needed him, they needed to breed for the powerful creature and they needed him now.

“Samantha. Rosa. Ladies…I’m waiting.”

They walked to him slowly, their eyes literally ablaze with lust. Samantha, the human, dropped to her knees and without hesitation swallowed up the wyrms’ massive cock, her full lips embrace the shaft like a warm pussy. Crimsons’ eyes closed as he welcomed the wonderful sensation, relaxing as her mouth encompassed every inch of his thickness. Clear blue eyes looked up at the extremely satisfied, saliva glistening off his pole as her head bobbed up and down the shaft. Rosa knelt down behind him, gently tickling his scrotum, her lithe fingers working magic on his cum filled balls. A strong hand gripped Samanthas’ head as Crimson thrust forward, his hips pumping his manhood deeper into her wet, cool mouth. She gripped his thick base and stroked him with draw of her head. The dark skinned overlord clenched his fist, control was what he needed; Rosa hungrily sucking on his tender ball sack. Amazingly Samantha hefted up her titanic mammeries and somehow managed to wrap the two monsters around the full trunk and squeezed tightly. The duel sensation almost sent the masterful wyrm over the edge, her silken flesh was cool against his searing hot flesh, the giant pillows gliding smoothly along his length as her tongue lapped away at his swollen tip every time it managed to escape the depths of her cleavage. He pounded away at her cleavage, fucking the humans’ twin titans fiercely, his cum just beyond the threshold of release. All the while Rosa sucked and licked on his sauce bags, feeling them bulge with seed. It took an amazing amount of control to pull his cock free of Samanthas’ pleasure globes, but he did this only to turn and find the hungry gullet of Rosa, who cleaned every inch of his steed with her tongue before inhaling the huge muscle. Her oral work was spectacular, and he gripped her shoulders tight as he pumped her luscious lips. Samantha stood up next to him and pulled his head down to one of her mighty globes and filled his mouth with her taunt, erect nipple. She cried out in pleasure, electricity shooting through her body at his touch. His serpentine tongue lashed out at her nipple, sending waves of lust tumbling throughout her body. Below, Rosa swallowed the entire length of his cock, never gagging once, and then let her lips slide back along the length. Crimsons’ body trembled, he was ready to explode into her mouth and still he held on. It had been at least a week sense he satiated his carnal desires. Impressively , Rosa scooped up her full bosom and engulfed the dark muscle in a sea of boob flesh. Her tits were tight against his aching schlong, not as soft as Samanthas’ but equally enjoyable. She slammed her breasts along his shaft, fucking the wyrm with her firm orbs mercilessly, desperately trying to get him off. Crimson gave way to the females momentarily, falling into the valley of cleavage before him as his cock speared Rosas’ abundant mammeries. Finally he could take no more. He stepped back from the half elf long enough to yank her to her feet and push her to a nearby sofa, bending her over the piece of furniture and driving his cock deep into the folds of her nether lips. Rosa squealed with delight, her pussy afire with the desire to breed. It was so tight and so warm, *it was warm,* in her sex, her juices squirting slightly as he thrust as deeply as possible into her womb. Their flesh began to clap loudly as he fucked her senseless, Rosa moaning, purring, shouting with every piercing thrust of his loins. Samantha dropped down behind him and immediately took over Rosas’ previous task, her tongue flicking the bulging nut sack. It was taunt, filled beyond measure, Crimsons body preparing for the duel load. The wyrm gripped her waist tightly, his body tense. Rosa had never been taken like this before and the utter thrill and the need and want to breed embedded in her psyche blossomed into a powerful orgasm. Her juices flowed like a river over his cock and flood of sex finally sent Crimson over the top. His roar caused the room to tremble with power as his scrotum tightened in Samanthas’ mouth and cum exploded within Rosa. Her eyes went wide as she felt the fluid pour into her, filling her womb with seed and immediately she felt it take hold, her belly had already begun to bulge, the first signs of the lives within.

His cock still dripping with his and Rosas’ sauce, Crimson desperately lifted Samantha in the air and slammed her on his cock. The suddenness of the penetration shot through the sex crazed human and she shuddered and gasped with her first orgasm; spurts of milky fluid squirted from the tight confines of his cock and her swollen labia. With a glance he looked at Rosa, his member turning solid in its  new home. The half elf rested in a nearby chair, her belly distended as if she were pregnant at six months with triplets. Her firm breasts began to droop with a new heaviness as milk flowed into them. The swell of her tummy was become tight and taunt, fast; her belly button popping out in protest as her turgid gravidity continued to march forward. Crimson smiled when her darkened areola became almost black and her stiff, fully erect nipples showed their first droplets of milk. Then in his ear he heard her speak.

“Make me bigger! I want to be the biggest of yours, m’lord!”

Crimson was happy to oblige.

A few moments later Crimson smiled as he sipped the blood wine, standing proudly on his balcony. Behind him Rosa was sleeping, her huge breasts like ripe melons resting upon her huge, burgeoning swell, five feet of distended, overflowing delicious flesh. Samantha looked ready to burst, groaning with the sheer weight of her rotund, monstrous six foot globe of gravid, taunt and tightly stretched belly. Milk leaked openly from her titanic utters and Crimson just chuckled.

“A mere nine more months to go; my dear breedmares.”

In the distance he watched the gollum known only as Brimstone fly towards destiny.

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The Enchantress watched through a scrying pool as the group tackled the peaks of Firestone Mountain. She and her new guests, Filorin and Georin stood by her watching as well. She had been disturb by the news of a blood hunter but it explained where the Wilder King had disappeared off too and why the forest was so alive. Now the animals of the wood answered to her, the wilders watching the edges of the forest almost none stop. She was happy to hear that Stone King had come down from the mountains and took up the hunt with Mane. Earlier that day the three had felt the loss of Sabrina, both Filorin and Georin knew it immediately and the Enchantress felt the sudden shift in the fae lines and had tracked it, surprisingly to Shadow King, or rather his necklace but there was something different.

“The essence of your sister is not lost…it feels as if she has joined with another, as if she has completed herself. What I can tell you is that her secrets now belong in the safest hands. Shadow King, Sebron, Quintex, Coral and Odin will see to that.”

Georin nodded though he was still in shock concerning his sisters’ demise. Filorin on the other hand was intrigued because he too had not felt the shift in power. Epyon had not gained what he wanted.

“That is news to be happy about m’lady, “his face went inquisitive for a moment, “Is there a way that you can find our two hunters? I had sent word for my son, Rock, the Wood King, to join them.”

The Enchantress immediately began to cast. Filorin was not about to take any chances.

Not too far from their room, Chari-Mharhi and Julian, the Wemic Prince, were becoming fast acquaintances. He had succumbed to the pure essence of the Enchantress’ home and to his own feral desire to breed. Chari-Mharhi had come at the Enchantress’ summons and because a Gin by the call of Pharaoh, had been seeking her as a prize for his harem. When she had been introduced to Julian, Sebron saw what she desired in her heart as well as Julians’ and had informed the Enchantress of this before leaving. The two where finally given their wish and as the Wemic lifted one of the belly dancers’ full, heavy breasts to his mouth, his feline features in a haze of lust as he runs his course tongue over her light brown flesh, feeling her quiver in his powerful arms as she softly strokes his white furred mane. His hind quarters tensed, the beautiful half elven female running long, thin nails up the course of his wash board abdomen, drawing circles around his thick pectorals, his nipples stiffening. Hungrily he immersed himself in her bosom, teasing her tender mammaries with his canines causing her to coo with delight. Slowly he eased one hand between her thighs, titillating the sensitive area just before her sex, feeling the heat exude from her body, her hips shivering and grinding as they awaited their prize. Smoothly Julian ran a single finger over the wet, plump lips of her pussy and Chari-Mharhis’ knees almost buckled from pleasure. Then he slid one, two and then three large digits into her warmth, the gypsy female crying out in lust.